

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

MAY 1955

NINEPENCE



FRANK
FINCH

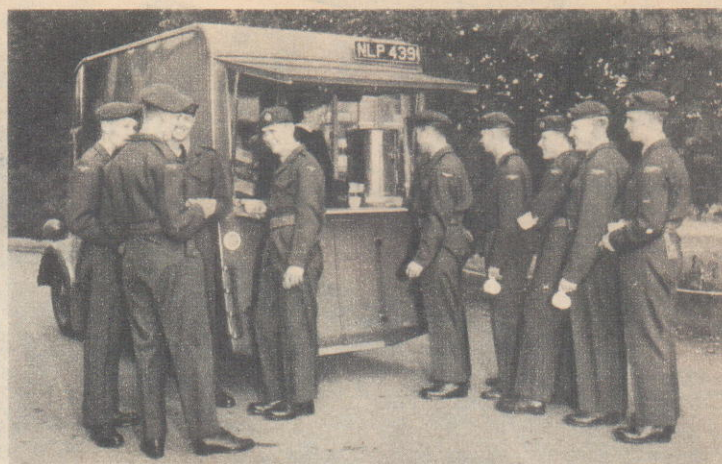
from Mobiles

Napoleon's pertinent remark that an army marches on its stomach remains true for all time. But the fighting man is no longer dependent upon the resources of the country in which he campaigns. Today, it is the vital role of the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes to provide a catering service to Her Majesty's Forces, wherever they may be.

For this purpose Naafi has a skilled buying organisation that samples, tests and purchases all necessary requirements which are despatched to Naafi establishments the world over. H.M. Forces are catered for from their nearest centre which may be a canteen, a club, one of a fleet of between 400-500 mobile canteens, or a messing store.

Moreover, the payment of cash rebates and discounts and the provision of clubs and other amenities give to the Forces direct benefits from

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NAAFI

The official canteen organisation for H.M. Forces. Imperial Court, Kennington, London, S.E.11.

QUEEN ANNE
RARE
SCOTCH WHISKY

**SCOTLAND'S
GIFT TO THE
WORLD**



HILL THOMSON & CO. LTD.
EDINBURGH Est. 1793

By Appointment Wine & Spirit Merchants
to the late King George VI

If you were Evelyn Laye

—sweet-singing star of
“Wedding in Paris”—and you had
a few minutes interval
between scenes,

*what would
you do?*

**Have a
CAPSTAN**



*—they're made
to make friends*



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.

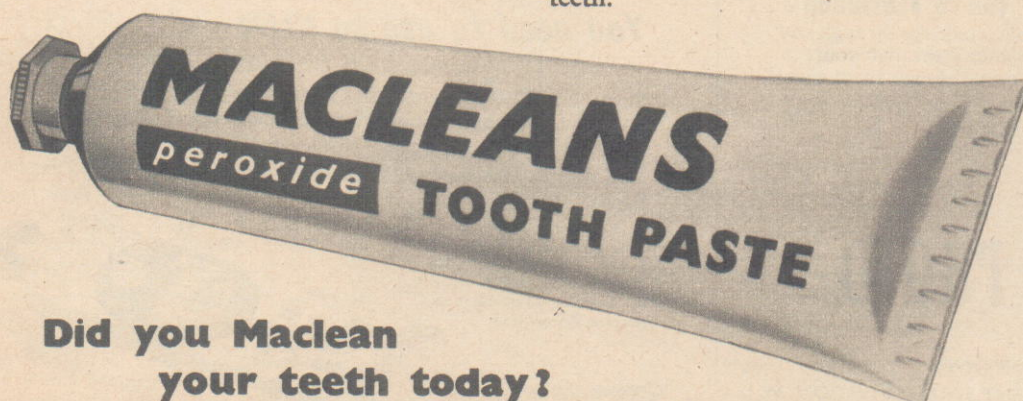
Scientists prove teeth whiter with **MACLEANS**

Healthier, too! Safer from decay!

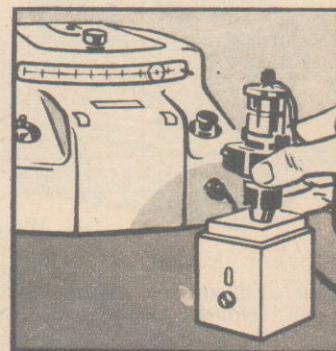
AFTER one brushing with Macleans your teeth are $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 degrees whiter. That is a scientific fact. It was proved in every single case after hundreds of tests with a spectro-photometer, or "whiteness-meter".

Dental authorities agree that to avoid

decay teeth must be really *clean*. Brushed regularly with Macleans (you'll love its clean, fresh flavour!) they'll be cleaner, whiter, healthier — and your gums will be firmer, too. Millions are proving for themselves that Maclean-white teeth are healthy teeth.



**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.

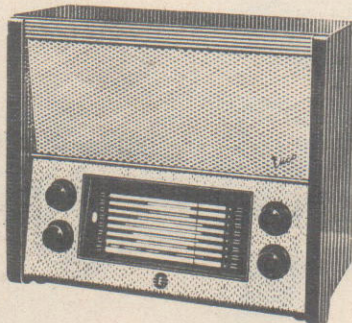
RADIO AT ITS BEST

All that is best in British radio is incorporated in these four fine EKCO receivers. Clear, faultless reception, quality engineering, clean-cut design, and long trouble-free service all combined to heighten your listening pleasure. Wherever you are, at home or overseas, buy EKCO and you will get fine performance and quality plus real value for money.

FOR WORLD-WIDE RECEPTION

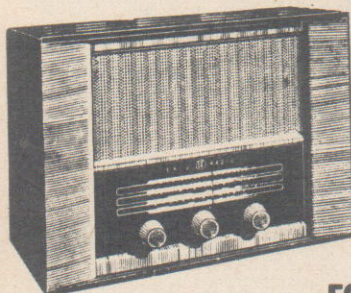
Model A214

A six-valve superhet receiver with six electrically bandspread short-wave ranges in addition to the standard and short-wave broadcast bands. Housed in a delightfully styled walnut and 'bird's eye' maple veneered cabinet, it is fully tropicalised. A.C. mains of 100/150 volts or 200/250 volts, 40/100 cycles.



Model A193

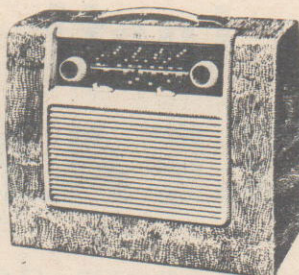
A 5-valve superhet receiver covering three wave ranges. It is fully tropicalised and has a rubber-floated chassis. Operates on A.C. mains of 100/135 volts or 200/250 volts, 40/100 cycles. Handsome walnut-veneered cabinet with large tuning scale.



FOR EUROPEAN RECEPTION

Model MBP183

The 'Stroller III', the newest version of this now famous AC/DC mains/battery portable. For use indoors or out, it can be plugged into the mains or immediately switched to use its self-contained batteries. Medium and Long Waves, 4-valves plus rectifier, in-built twin aerials. Grey lizard-skin Rexine case. Weight, including batteries, 19 lbs.



Model TR6229

Compact 5-valve, all-wave, 3-speed table auto-radiogram, in walnut veneer, plays up to ten 7", 10" or 12" records automatically. Its special 6" moving-coil speaker and sensitive tone control ensure an unusually high standard of reproduction. The large tuning scale is illuminated and all controls are easily accessible. For A.C. mains.


Wherever you're stationed...

At Home you can buy your Ekco receiver through any registered Ekco Dealer. In BAOR you can obtain it through your NAAFI. Overseas it is distributed only through Ekco agents.

... that's where you'll find

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*A smart start
lasts all day
with*

Tru-gel

CRYSTAL-CLEAR HAIR DRESSING

Tru-gel contains no water, so cannot dry out on your hair. Its clear, glistening sparkle remains throughout the day. A small amount of *Tru-gel* spreads itself as a transparent, microscopically-fine film over each hair. It disciplines your hair completely without plastering it down in a mass. *Tru-gel* is crystal-clear, so cannot possibly leave a residue of white flakes in your hair. It is the cleanest hair-dressing imaginable.

You need to use so little

Tru-gel is highly concentrated. A "bead" of it, no larger than your finger-nail, is sufficient for the average head of hair. There are 120 such "beads" in each tube. So you get many weeks of superlative hair dressing for 2/9.



Tru-gel is manufactured by E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES LTD., MANCHESTER, and is sold by all chemists, hairdressers and stores at 2/9 per tube.



WHY TRADITION?

AN agreeable story is told by Brigadier Bernard Fergusson, of Chindit fame, about an officer in one of our oldest regiments who was asked by another in a junior corps whether his regiment celebrated annually the anniversary of its raising. He replied loftily: "Not annually. Only once every hundred years."

"In no other army," says Brigadier Fergusson, "could such an answer have been given."

This year several of our older Line regiments are celebrating their 200th anniversaries. Another—the South Staffordshire Regiment—is preening itself on its 250 years. It would be a very proud regiment which could pass that landmark without notice.

Why celebrate anniversaries, anyway? The answer is: to keep alive tradition. If anyone feels disposed to ask, "Why keep alive tradition?" the answer is to be had from Brigadier Fergusson:

"Fire in the belly is essential to the profession of arms and tradition is the proper fuel with which to stoke it."

"The soldier to whom his profession has become merely a source of bread and butter, or of bully stew, is a weak link as well as a pitiable person."

ANNIVERSARIES—and the ceremonies which mark them—are only one way of keeping up tradition. Writers and historians do their bit; historians like Sir John Fortescue, whose impatience with human fumbling and folly never stopped him paying tribute to human courage; and in the present day, Sir Arthur Bryant.

Poets also used to play a part in preserving tradition. But the veins of modern poets flow with pump-water. They have forgotten how to honour courage; the sad stuff they write is the better for being almost unintelligible. A stanza like this by Sir Henry Newbolt would deeply shock the modern poet:

*To set the Cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honour, while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes;
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth.*

Yet it could fairly have been written about the Glosters in their stand beside the Imjin.

A verse will inspire one person. Another will respond to a paint-

regimental museum is as inspiring as it might be. Part of the trouble is that in these days of ready-made entertainment many imaginations are dulled, and do not respond as easily to the sight of a blood-stained red coat or even the regimental VC for which the Colonel paid £50 at an auction. Much improvement may be expected in regimental museums from that exceedingly handsome sum of £100,000, donated for the purpose by Colonel R. J. L. Ogilby DSO. It is familiar knowledge that money can buy weapons and supplies but that it cannot buy discipline and morale. Yet a sum like this, judiciously spent, may do much to enrich the treasure-houses of regimental tradition.

In SOLDIER's view, the purpose of a regimental museum is primarily to inspire, not to serve as a repository for old buttons. More paintings would be a help, but they are hard to come by. Which raises another point.

Where are the famous war paintings? To find them a man may travel far enough. A few may be seen in London galleries; many of those of the two world wars are in the Imperial War Museum. Where are the rest? In regimental and headquarters messes, in stately homes, in art galleries all over the world. Where, now, is that famous picture of the Royal Scots Greys at

Waterloo—the picture for which the artist, Lady Butler, sat on a camp stool while the Regiment charged straight at her? Where is the same gallant lady's picture of the Glosters' square at Quatre Bras? There is no national gallery of war paintings where a soldier may be sure of finding a generous selection of paintings showing British military valour down the centuries.

The Royal Navy is luckier. Many fine canvases in the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich recall the great days of Rodney and Nelson. There is, in fact, a low-priority plan to establish a National Army Museum. When it comes, let it be stocked with as many striking battle-pieces as may be bought or borrowed.

IS there a place for the "professional private" in an atomic army? Is the man who is willing to serve 22 years without taking a stripe worth his pay and pension?

The United States Army (which knows its job) is "sacking" more than 5000 Regulars who are below "mental and aptitude standards."

Some of the British Army's greatest battles were won by illiterates, "professional privates" who could have passed no tests, except for bravery and endurance. Victoria Crosses have been won by men who were not temperamentally suited to wearing stripes. A "professional private" may be a steady, seasoned, well-disciplined soldier who prefers to obey orders rather than to give them; he may also be a "legal minimum wallah" who is, in effect, a passenger. Carrying passengers is the responsibility of British Railways, not the British Army.

The Army does not, of course, sign on as Regulars the more vegetable types of being; they are eliminated by aptitude tests. It accepts many who are near the illiteracy line, and educates them. It then hopes that some day every man will be willing to accept a measure of responsibility. If he is unwilling to do so, it expects him to pull his full weight in the lowest rank, which is still as honourable as any.

SOLDIER to Soldier

ing, or the sight of a "moth-eaten rag on a worm-eaten pole," or even the words on a tombstone. In Lucknow is a stone in memory of the very valiant founder of Hodson's Horse, slain in ferocious combat. On it is written:

HERE LIES
ALL THAT COULD DIE
OF
HENRY HODSON

No finer epitaph was ever written for a soldier. Hodson wrote new traditions for the Army, and whoever penned his epitaph was determined not to let him down.

WHAT else helps to preserve tradition? The regimental museum.

Let us admit that not every

Watching a mock atom bomb exploded in Germany is the British Army's newest field-marshal (see page 13).



Five days to VE-Day: on Luneburg Heath, out of earshot of Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery's headquarters, the German delegates prepare to sign away, unconditionally, all land, sea and air forces in North-West Germany, Denmark and Holland.



Triumphal music: guns of 60th City of London Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment fire the first victory salvo near Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery's camp.

Brussels, of course. How many of these passengers are officially listed on the work ticket?



END OF AN OLD-

TEN years ago—on 8 May, 1945—nobody knew that the war just ended was an old-fashioned one. It was still three months to the atomic age.

So, in the big cities, Victory-in-Europe Day was celebrated on old-fashioned lines: bonfires, street dancing, climbing on lamp-posts, promiscuous kissing. Not all those who led the revels had done the most towards winning the war.

In Brussels, Paris and many freed capitals the British soldier joined in the mafficking. Photographers incited him to throw his beret in the air, to drop swastika flags in bonfires. But in the field, far from photographers, revelry was more subdued. "I don't think anyone was too festive," wrote an officer of the 11th Hussars in his diary. "Perhaps it was all too big for that—or too near. We were merely damned glad that we had got through OK and that was all."

Most units contrived to hold ceremonial parades and services of remembrance. They listened to the broad-



FASHIONED WAR

casts by the King and the Prime Minister. If they were lucky, there was an official rum ration. Fireworks were improvised; in one unit "much of the tracer ammunition and all the flares were expended in a giant *feu-de-joie*." Drivers of trucks had to steer as best they might, peering between the shapely calves which dangled over the windscreen. The Belgian girls wore officers' pips as ear-rings and their young brothers sported the flashes of the Grenadier Guards. Quaint home-made Union Jacks were waved, and slogans like "Tank You, Thommy!" spanned the houses. Everywhere—in Britain, France, Flanders, Italy—church bells jangled in happy discord.

In the Middle East they celebrated too. After all, the war in Europe had been won in the Desert as much as anywhere else. In the Far East VE-Day meant little; it was time (thought the jungle-bashers, sardonically) that some of those playboys riding round Brussels covered in glory and lipstick came out to do some real soldiering. As, in fact, quite a few of them did.

On the Elbe: "Wave your hats, and cheer!" cried the photographer, who thought this was the right way for a war to end.

One of VE-Day's solemn moments: troops in a town in Holland listen to the Prime Minister's broadcast.



VE-night: a lamp-post in Piccadilly.





Five of the first families in Akaba. The tents are their temporary homes and the sands are the children's playground.

Middle East SPECIAL

The third in a series of articles by SOLDIER Staff Writer E. J. GROVE. Photographs by W. J. STIRLING

YES—

IT used to be said that Army wives would follow their husbands anywhere in the world—except to Akaba.

Those who said so will have to start eating their words, for the first Army wives are already settling down in this ancient Jordanian port which is one of the most torrid spots in the world.

Here, amid the wilderness of sand and rock in the parched valley that runs along the boundaries of four countries—Egypt, Palestine, Jordan and Saudi-Arabia—the Army is building a new home, with many modern amenities.

The first of the 59 married quarters, built to tropical design, are nearing completion. Meanwhile six Army wives and their

WIVES AT AKABA NOW

The torrid garrison on the Red Sea acquires a new importance as Britain pulls out of the Canal Zone of Egypt. The troops there will be lonelier than ever—but more comfortable

families are living in temporary quarters—concrete-floored double tents with built-in wooden walls and doors.

The Army decided to make Akaba into a families' station when Britain agreed to evacuate the Canal Zone of Egypt. No time has been lost. A families' village, containing eight shops to be run by NAAFI and local Arabs, a school, a cinema and a community hall, is taking shape and should be ready by the end of the summer. The hospital is being enlarged. Existing docks are being widened and deepened to receive the large ships bring-

ing supplies to be housed in the new permanent stores sheds.

The rusty Nissen huts which have been in use since the Army re-occupied Akaba in 1949 are being pulled down to make way for tropically-designed canteens, messes, dining halls, an education centre, showers and bath-houses.

The Garrison Commander, Lieut-Colonel J. Longbottom MC, of the West Yorkshire Regiment, hopes to receive permission to erect a typically English-style public-house which will be run by NAAFI. He has been promised supplies of beer mats,

ash trays, advertising posters, dartboards, rubber floor mats and dummy beer handles by a British brewing firm to complete the illusion.

"The pub will help the troops to feel more at home, in spite of the heat," he says.

Most of the work is being carried out by Arab labour, but much is being done by the soldiers themselves. Working parties from the Queen's Bays and the company of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers go out every day (sometimes voluntarily in their spare time) to erect cattle fencing, plant trees and help make

their own lido on the sandy, palm-fringed shores of the Gulf.

Already 1500 fir, eucalyptus, acacia and cypress trees, gift of the Jordan Government, have been dotted about the camp. Each one is watered every day until its roots strike.

The Royal Navy gave the Army an old anti-submarine net which the soldiers themselves cleaned, repaired, painted and then set up off shore, anchoring the buoys into concrete blocks on the sea-bed. The net will keep out the baby shark and octopus which have an unpleasant habit of coming close in-shore in the evening. Diving equipment from the Army's swimming pool in Suez is being installed. Later two clubs—one for officers, one for men—will be built by the seashore.

Sports fields are also being carved out of the desert. Sea water is used to harden the playing surfaces.

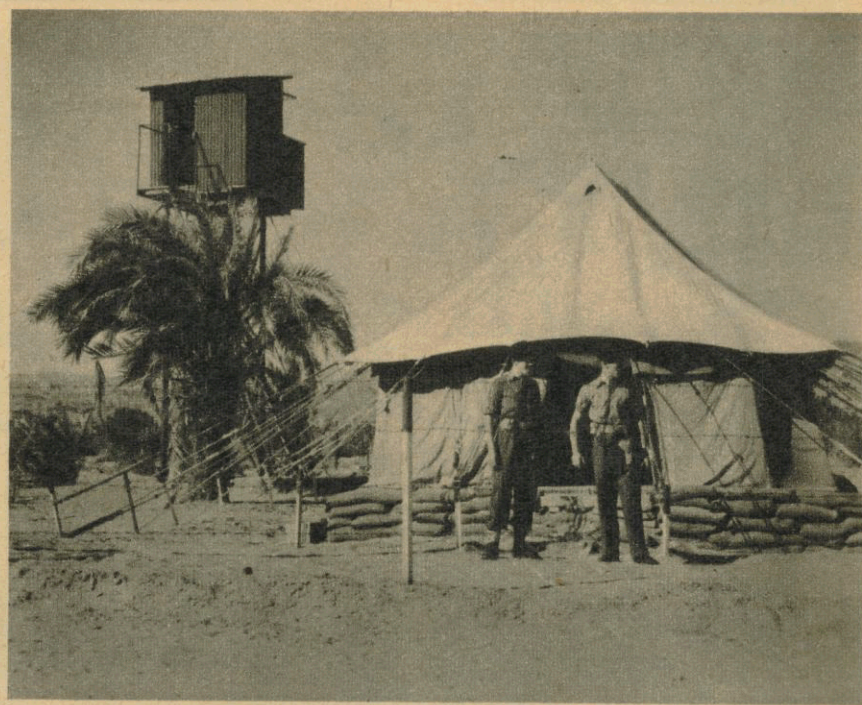
When the rebuilding programme is completed Akaba garrison will become self-contained, with its own workshops and stores depots. For some time it has operated its own bakery, cold storage depot, wells and electric generating plant. The garrison will continue to be known as "O" Force, after Lieut-Colonel R. H. L. Oulton, commanding officer of the 1st Battalion The Royal Lincolnshire Regiment, which re-occupied Akaba in 1949 to guard against possible encroachment by Israeli patrols. From the observation tower among the sand dunes at the edge of the Red Sea soldiers will still keep watch on the Israeli Army camp, a mile away in Palestine.

A lone garrison already, Akaba will become even lonelier when the Army leaves the Canal Zone. The nearest British troops will then be in Cyprus, 400 miles to the north, at Tobruk, 700 miles

OVER



Right: a view of Akaba from the Queen's Bays camp. Israel and Egypt are across the Gulf; Saudi-Arabia over the hills (left)



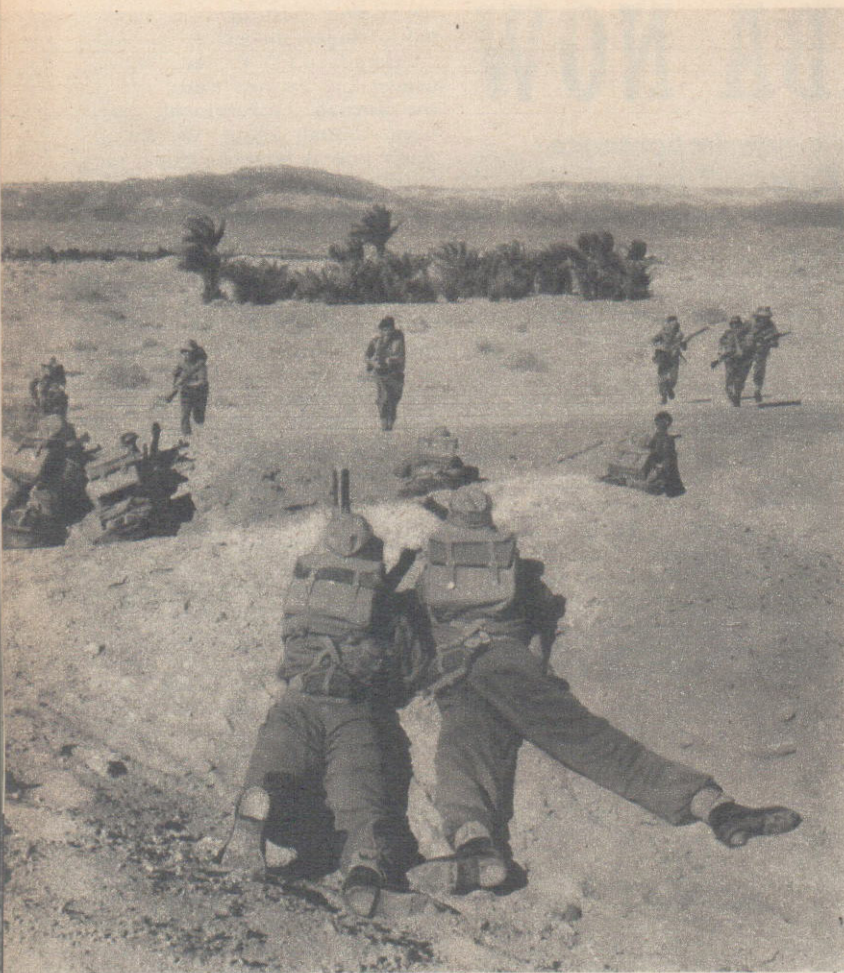
From this observation tower the Queen's Bays can view the Israeli Army camp a mile away. Left: Trooper E. McGregor on duty with the periscopic binoculars.



Regimental policemen and an Arab Legionary patrol Akaba village.



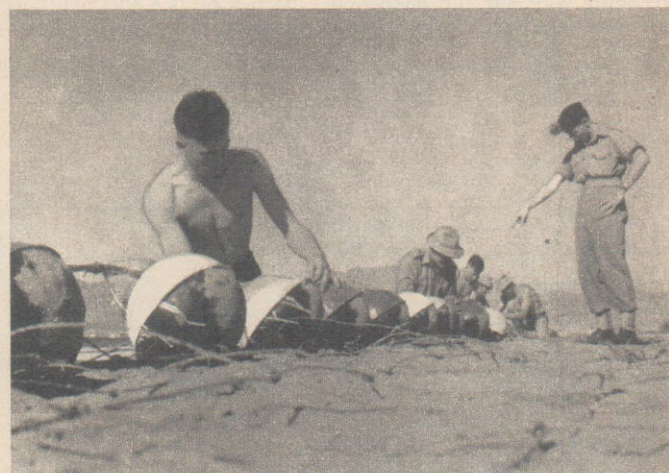
The Garrison Commander's children feed their gazelle.



There is plenty of scope for Infantry training in Akaba. The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers charge a strongly defended position in the sand dunes.



Akaba's Garrison church, built in 1949, lends a touch of England to the scorching sands. Below: Men of the 2nd Battalion The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers paint the anti-submarine net (a Navy gift) which will keep shark and octopus out of the new swimming area.



continuing **WIVES AT AKABA**

to the west and Aden, 1300 miles to the south.

Eighty miles from Akaba, at Ma'an, is one of the best tank training grounds in the world. The Queen's Bays recently spent a fortnight there with their Centurions on manoeuvres with the Arab Legion, anti-aircraft Gunners and Infantry. At Ma'an, too, is a field firing range where the Gunners shoot at sleeves towed by Royal Air Force jet planes. When in camp at Akaba they sight on Royal Air Force planes coming in to land on the garrison's airfield and on the Arab Legion's light aircraft which patrol the Saudi-Arabian border.

Sometimes ships of the Royal Navy call at Akaba and for a few days their crews become welcome guests of the Army, taking part in shooting competitions, sports and sometimes assault landing exercises. In return the Royal Navy entertains the soldiers on board.

Arrangements are being made once more for parties of soldiers to spend week-end camps at Petra, the 4000-year-old city, 70 miles from Akaba, whose houses, temples and tombs cut into the red rock inspired the famous line "a rose-red city, half as old as time." Sightseeing trips to Jerusalem are also planned for this summer.

With the redeployment of the British Army in the Middle East, Akaba assumes more importance than it has enjoyed since World War One, when Lawrence of Arabia captured it from the Turks and set up his headquarters there. When the Canal Zone is evacuated it will be the only garrison in that part of the world where the British soldier can show the flag and make his influence felt.

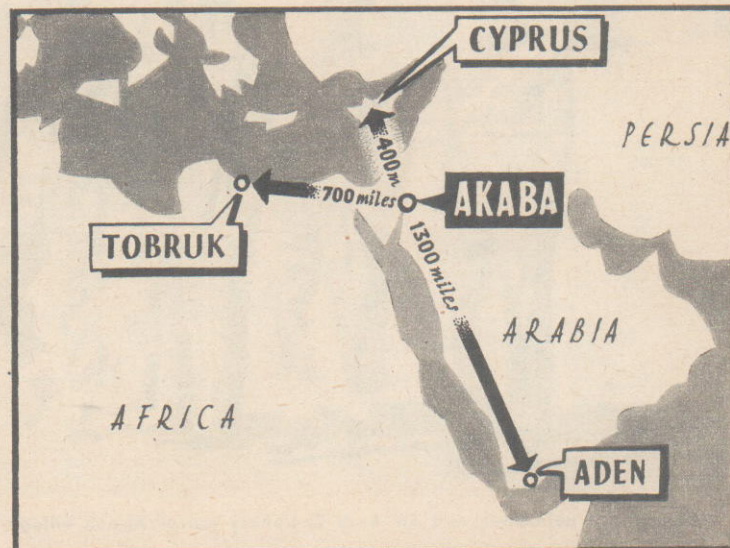
In World War Two Akaba was earmarked as the port through which supplies would be sent to the Allied garrisons in Palestine and Syria if Egypt and the Suez Canal had been occupied by the Germans.

It also had another valuable rôle—it was the Allies' training ground for their assault on Sicily. Indian troops were landed at Akaba, where the shores were marked out to resemble the D-Day beaches at Sicily, to defend it against a seaborne assault by the British Fifth and Fiftieth Divisions. A few days later the attackers were sent to Sicily to do the job in earnest.

Akaba's history goes back before the time of Christ. It is mentioned in the Bible under the name of Eloth. Moses and the children of Israel passed that way and the Queen of Sheba is said to have stopped there on her visit to King Solomon.



The Army is growing trees in Akaba. Fusiliers plant some of the 1500 saplings presented to the British garrison by the Jordan Government.



"OUR BERT'S BEEN ON A CAMEL"

Cairo is in bounds again—to soldiers in plain clothes. On British mantelpieces once more are snapshots of Our Bert on a camel's hump

DEAR Mum, I have just seen the Pyramids, and had a ride on a camel. They don't half smell—the camels, I mean, not the Pyramids."

Messages like this, on the backs of postcards showing the Sphinx against a staggeringly blue sky, are being delivered again at Wick, Widnes and Wolverhampton. Snapshots of Bert on his camel follow on later, to share the mantelpiece with the faded print of the Old Man on his camel, period 1919 ("I'm the one wearing the topee").

The ban imposed in 1951 on sightseeing in Egypt's capital was one of the British soldier's major frustrations. It was like being dumped down in Agra, and forbidden to look at the Taj Mahal.

Now, early every Sunday

morning, a fleet of civilian buses leaves Fayid and Moascar on a fifty-shilling tour of Cairo. All the soldier-occupants wear civilian clothes, for British uniforms are banned in Cairo.

The 80-mile journey to the capital takes a little over two hours. First, empty desert, then the green fertility of the Delta, then mosques, trams and snack-bars.

First stop in Cairo is at the



Wolseley's men were photographed like this, too—but Wolseley's men wore uniform.

Left: the solid gold head mask of King Tutankhamen, found in his tomb at Luxor.

Heliopolis Palace Hotel—a British military hospital in World War Two—where tarbushed waiters bow the soldiers into the coffee-room. Then the buses ride slowly through Cairo's main streets while Egyptian guides, in uncertain English, point out places of interest. One of them is a car park which stands where Shepheard's watched—until the 1951 riots.

At the Citadel, highest point in Cairo, the barracks which used to house British troops are now occupied by the Egyptian Army. **OVER**

Below (left): Mohammed Ali Mosque at the Citadel is once again open to soldier sightseers.



"Nice alabaster Sphinx, Johnnie? Very cheap, look pretty in home."

MIDDLE EAST SPECIAL

continued

Troopers of 3rd Royal Horse Artillery survey one of Tutankhamen's gold sarcophagi in Cairo's Museum.



The visitors are taken to the Mohammed Ali Mosque, the alabaster columns of which are said to have been brought from the Pyramids. Before entering the mosque the soldiers line up to have *baboushes* (canvas overshoes) tied to their feet in accordance with Moslem religious custom.

At the Cairo Museum they are suitably impressed by the gold sarcophagi of King Tutankhamen and the rich array of jewels found in his tomb at Luxor.

In the native bazaars of the Khan el Khalili the soldiers' experience of bartering in the native shops at Fayid and Moascar helps them to buy leather

wallets, hubble-bubble pipes, tarbushes and trinkets at bed-rock prices (they hope). Then comes a four-course lunch at one of Cairo's leading hotels.

In the afternoon, the Pyramids ("Any more geezers for Giza?"). Some are impressed, some are disappointed. A few try to climb to the top, but most

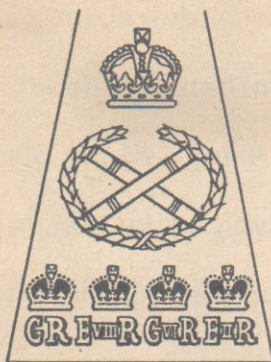
are content to watch Egypt's champion Pyramid-climber race up and down Cheops in six minutes, which is one of the hardest ways of earning piastres.

Then back, from the chrome and the Cadillacs, to the desert and the white-washed stones . . . and the cry of "Get those flower-pots off your heads!"

With the smile all but wiped from its face: the Sphinx, with Cheops' Pyramid in the background. Two soldiers are wearing tarbushes.



THE NEW FIELD - MARSHAL



The Duke has served as aide-de-camp to four Sovereigns: hence this unique assemblage of insignia now borne on his shoulder.

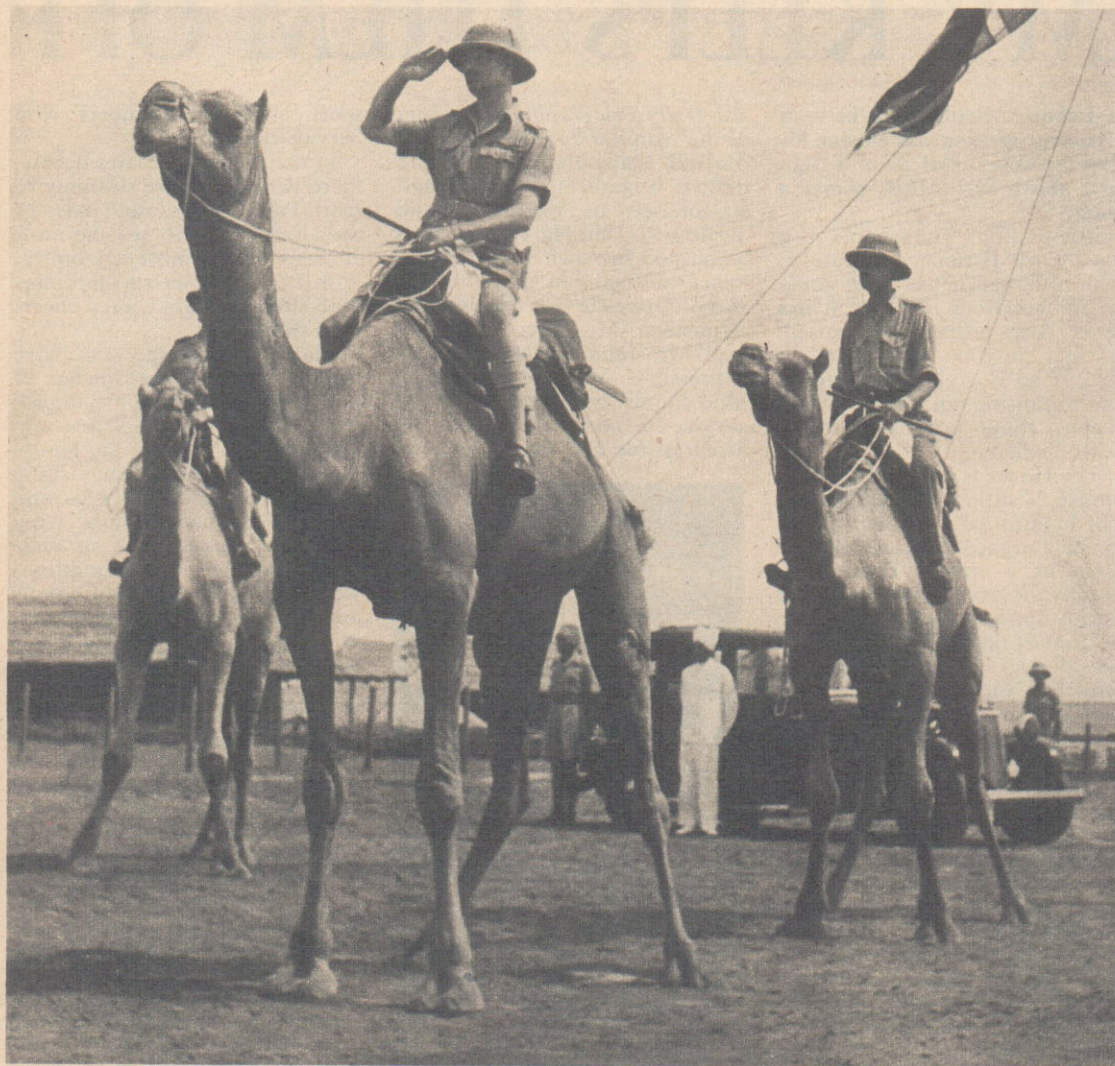
ON many a score of saluting stands His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester has watched the Army march by.

He has taken the salute of Cavalry regiments in crimson and gold and of desert levies in khaki. He has ridden in the Trooping on Horse Guards Parade. He has presented swords of honour and sporting trophies innumerable.

When the Queen informed him that she was raising him to the rank of field-marshal he had just returned from a visit to Rhine Army.

The Duke was commissioned in 1919 and served regimentally for six years with the 10th Hussars.

In 1939, when he was Chief Liaison Officer to the British Expeditionary Force in France, one Corporal Harrison of the Sherwood Rangers, en route to Palestine, locked himself and his sick horse in a French railway waiting-room and rang up the Duke direct to ask for help. Within an hour a special carriage was hooked on to the next train—with three veterinary officers. Corporal and horse rejoined their regiment.



Camel-borne, the Duke took the salute of the Aden Camel Corps in World War Two.

On a squally day in Rhine Army the Duke, visiting the Scots Guards on exercises, examines a rifle fitted with a grenade projector.



A recent photograph of the Duke of Gloucester on a ceremonial parade.



SOLDIER looked down at the Members of Parliament debating the state of the Army. Many great thoughts were voiced in the small hours, and most went unreported

THE ARMY KEEPS THEM OFF

FROM the Strangers' Gallery, a Labour Member can be seen gesticulating on the floor of the House, opening and closing his mouth without apparently saying anything. But from a high corner of the House, behind and above SOLDIER, comes a confident voice declaiming about bedpans.

The confident voice from on high is, of course, the voice of the gesticulating Member down there on the floor. Thanks to the microphone system, Mr. J. P. W. Mallalieu is made to appear a ventriloquist of no mean order.

Disconcerting though the illusion is at first (it is almost like being in one of those stereophonic cinemas where the cries of the bandits ring out from the ladies' cloak-room at the back of the circle) the proceedings in the House are much more audible than of old.

The debate on the Army Estimates has been in progress for nearly three-and-a-half hours. It is one of those sessions which traditionally drag on to dawn. Every Member who wants to say something about the Army has his chance; he need not fear (in the War Minister's phrase) "going to bed with an ingrowing speech." His only worry is whether he will be able to say his piece in time for tea, or in time for lunch next day.

So far only six Members have made their speeches, but 16 others have risen to interrupt them on 58 occasions (in fact, there are so many interruptions that the Deputy Speaker threatens not to call one Member, which brings about more interruptions). At this stage there are considerably more people in the onlookers' gallery than there are sprawled on the paper-littered, blue-grey benches below. The attendance of Members seems to be hovering on the danger line, for while SOLDIER is there two attempts are made to count out the House on the grounds that fewer than 40 Members are present. The attempt fails. When the alarm goes, Members pop up mysteriously out of the floor.

There appear to be no soldiers in the Strangers' Gallery. Other forms of continuous entertainment in London have claimed

their attention. The trouble with the Army Estimates debate is that, although it has been going on for hundreds of years, it has never been properly advertised. In fact, anyone can attend it free, if he is prepared to sign a chit promising not to take photographs, shout slogans or throw down leaflets.

The House is not, in the Army phrase, "sitting to attention." The handful of Members sprawl in the fatigued attitudes of soldiers in a train. Those who occupy the front benches are able to put up their feet on the table in front of them; the rest relax as best they can, short of lying outstretched on the leather. The appearance of lassitude is, of course, deceptive; a Member half-prostrate with ennui (as it seems) will suddenly jump to his feet with the craftiest of interjections. When his turn to speak comes, he will deliver his choicest phrases to Members who are whispering to each other, or walking out and in (with a bow to the Speaker), or yawning behind their order-papers, or mentally rehearsing their own speeches (never mind, the Hansard shorthand writers are taking it all down). He will deliver a stinging retort to an honourable Member who, unfortunately, has just left the chamber (but who, with luck, will read it in Hansard); then, quite possibly, he will demand an explanation from the Minister of some enormity, and go home to bed without waiting to hear it. (Hansard again.)

The Members down below are the Army enthusiasts. On the Government front bench sits the War Minister, Mr. Antony Head, who once wore the cuirass and plumes of the Life Guards. He presented the Estimates in a 76-minute speech without a single note (a feat which earned him a well-deserved leading article in

the *Daily Telegraph*). Beside him is the Minister for Defence, Mr. Harold Macmillan. Behind are fellow brigadiers, colonels and ex-colonels of regiments, and restless Mr. Ian Harvey, who has published his own book on defence problems in these nuclear days. Opposite are two ex-War Ministers, Mr. Fred Bellenger and Mr. John Strachey, the irrepressible Mr. George Wigg, who claims the longest period of service in the ranks, the equally irrepressible Mr. Emrys Hughes,



He spoke for 76 minutes without notes, was interrupted 37 times: Mr. Antony Head, War Minister.

who recently told the House he had been court-martialled five times, Mr. James Simmonds, who lost a leg at Vimy, and many other faithfuls. (It is pleasant to hear Mr. Simmonds described by Brigadier Peto as "the honourable and gallant Member"—though Hansard seems to have missed this courtesy; usually "and gallant" is used only in re-

spect of those Members with Service ranks.)

In the Army Estimates debate, there is no excessive straining to score Party points. Both sides of the House want to see the most efficient and the most economical Army. A dull speech depresses both sides; a bright speech cheers both sides.

Many of the speakers have recent first-hand knowledge of the Army and are anxious to pass it on. Take Mr. Mallalieu and his bedpans. He tells the House that he has recently been visiting a number of Army hospitals, and assures them that the Royal Army Medical Corps is doing an absolutely first-class job in conditions which are often unfair to staffs and patients. In a hutted hospital at Catterick are two-and-a-half acres of corridor linoleum to be kept clean. In the Connaught Hospital at Hindhead is a corridor three-quarters of a mile long; "to keep that warm the wretched officers have to anticipate a cold spell by a week, because it takes a week to get the air out of the pipes before the heating system becomes efficient." If the honourable Members appear unsurprised by these statistics it is possibly because they have already read Mr. Mallalieu's article on the subject in the *Evening Standard*. Only one Army hospital, Mr. Mallalieu says, has bedpan washing machinery, and unhappily this cannot be used because the existing bedpans do not fit it.

This causes a certain titter. Isn't that the Army all over? There are not a great many laughs to be had in this debate, so the audience must make the most of what there are. (The next smile does not come until nearly an hour later, when Mr. Fitzroy Maclean reveals that more babies are born to the Royal Air Force than to the Army and Royal Navy. Why this should seem so funny is not quite clear, but it does.)

Among other Members with recent Army contacts is Mr. Nigel Nicolson, who has been



Left: He found a corridor three-quarters of a mile long in an Army hospital: Mr. J. P. W. Mallalieu.

Centre: He called for light raiding forces, able to penetrate and subvert: Mr. Julian Amery.

Right: He spent "a fascinating if rather terrifying day" in a jeep with General Festing: Mr. R. T. Paget.

THEIR SLEEP

touring Service schools in Germany. (Mr. Nicolson's speech is reported below.) Dr. A. D. D. Broughton tells the House about his fact-finding tour of Rhine Army. Mr. John Strachey has been breathing the gentle airs of Cyprus, but his enjoyment was clouded by the thought of the vulnerability to nuclear attack of the new headquarters at Episkopi. Mr. M. Philips Price stood on a tower beside the Great Bitter Lake, sombrely contemplating the acres and acres of stores (which included a newly discovered collection of lances possibly used at the Battle of Omdurman).

Then there is Mr. R. T. Paget, who recalls that he spent "a most fascinating if rather terrifying day in a jeep with General Festing" watching Territorials exercising in tanks on Salisbury Plain. To what end? "What conceivable rôle were they exercising? . . . Do not let us have this nonsense in future. The home defence army has no conceivable other job in an atomic war than salvage. Let it be trained for that." Warning to his theme, he says:

"The job of the Army will be to bulldoze a way out for the people who are cut off by the blockage of rubble in the cities that have been destroyed, and to

seal off, it may be with machine guns, areas which are contaminated. In these circumstances, if people are to be saved the most brutal methods are very often necessary. The military must be brought to realise this."

A sombre picture. Mr. Paget raises a laugh, however, when he talks of the Army's widespread commitments. A man in a police court once pleaded inability to support his wife because of his commitments, "which turned out to be another lady and two children." From this Mr. Paget draws the moral that commitments are sometimes something one cannot afford, which will only destroy one if one goes on trying to afford them.

The debate jumps as always from topic to topic—from the hydrogen bomb to NAAFI

One Member launched a debate within a debate. He had been touring Germany studying the lot of—

THE ARMY CHILD

A "SILENT social revolution" is going on in Army overseas schools.

In the class-room there is no snobbishness. "A colonel or brigadier will not for one moment think it strange or unusual if his child is sitting in class next to the child of his own corporal."

"The children have no sense of rank. We might have expected some of them to have adopted among their schoolmates the ranks of their fathers in the unit, but they never do so, and the rivalry, such as it is, is healthy inter-unit rivalry and never inter-rank rivalry."

This is an extract from a Parliamentary speech on Army schooling by Mr. Nigel Nicolson, who was a captain in the Grenadier Guards in World War Two. He initiated a "debate within a debate" during the Estimates session in order to urge the Government to make better provision for educating Army children overseas.

The factor which most upset Army children abroad, said Mr. Nicolson, was "disturbance,"

known in the Royal Air Force as "turbulence," and in educational jargon as "chronic discontinuity." In Germany, where the Army had the best school conditions, fewer than seven per cent of children had spent more than two years in the same school. The average length of time spent by a child in a primary school was three terms, and in a secondary school five terms.

"This means that the child is moving constantly from school to school and from teacher to teacher. He is taught in one school to learn his lessons in a certain way and in another school . . . he may be taught in quite another way."

"When I was in Germany last weekend I talked to a child of 13



He found, in Germany, an Army child who had been to 14 schools in 13 years: Mr. Nigel Nicolson.

who had been to 14 schools. These children arrive in the middle of a term, they leave in the middle of a term, and they have very little opportunity to finish courses which they have begun."

As a result children lost not only continuity but companionship, and teachers were thwarted at losing bright children.

In Dusseldorf Mr. Nicolson visited a primary school where he saw children from two separate

prices, from the pontifications of Liddell Hart to the rundown of Anti-Aircraft Command, from the quaint employments of batmen to the perils of war by infiltration, from the length of the call-up period to the Aldershot Tattoo. Brigadier Christopher Peto argues that a lieutenant-colonel after 25 years service will be drawing £1770 a year, but that if he had entered a big department store, instead of the Army, and had shown similar talent and enterprise, he "could not be drawing less than £3000 or £4000 a year." Mr. Wigg boldly announces that he thinks a mistake has been made in allowing soldiers to marry too early. "I think the Army requires a number of single men . . . the privilege of allowing young men—officers as well—to get married and have married quarters does, in fact, create tremendous hardship and works against the efficiency of the Army." Mr. Julian Amery calls for the formation of light "counter-guerrilla or raiding forces" capable of acting swiftly by land or air, and of penetrating and subverting hostile movements. "Such forces would appeal to a number of people who would not otherwise think of joining the Regular forces."

Soon after two a.m. Mr. Head, the War Minister, answers some of the points which have been raised, explaining to anxious Members who have not yet spoken that the night is still young. He tells Mr. Strachey that it is not reasonable to vacate every headquarters on the basis that there will be a thermo-nuclear bomb waiting for each one. He also says: "I wish the press paid more attention to the Army's good deeds, especially overseas, than it pays to the bad deeds in the more squalid establishments where people get into serious trouble." As for reviving the Aldershot Tattoo—"I could see a large tattoo taking place, and hon. Members in this House asking why so-and-so joined the Army and spent six months making cardboard scenery for a tattoo."

The Members who speak after this know they have no hope of being reported in the morning newspapers, and by the time the evening papers come out the debate will be stale news. But they get it off their chests just the same. To Mr. Fitzroy Maclean, Under-Secretary of War, falls the final winding-up of the debate. He says that one of the Members has complained of the difficulty some soldiers encounter in getting suppers in their units. This is a matter on which he feels strongly—"I have not had mine yet."

Not until five minutes past five does the white light over the top of Big Ben (the sign meaning House in session) go out. But a week later Members, having got their second breath, are worrying at the Army Estimates again.

CONTINUED NEXT PAGE

THE ARMY CHILD continued

battalions. One battalion had just arrived from a year's tour in Berlin; the other had been in the locality for a year and a half.

"I could tell, simply by looking at the children's copy books, which belonged to the men of the first battalion and which to those of the second. The children who had come from Berlin were a long way behind the others." This was not because the teaching in Berlin was in any way inferior; the difference was caused, Mr. Nicolson said, by the psychological upset caused in the children by the move from Berlin. "I found that difficult to believe, but I was assured that it was so and that if I had come a few weeks later I should have found little difference between the two sets of books. If a move from Berlin to Dusseldorf can produce that result, what must be the result of a long trooping journey out to Malaya?"

The children of secondary schools were even more handicapped, because theirs was a more impressionable age. Mr. Nicolson visited the co-educational secondary school at Hamm, site of the famous marshalling yard. "I can only say that, in spite of all its other virtues and qualities, it had the characteristics of an educational marshalling yard. The children were being shunted in and shunted out, and the teachers, who were of the highest quality, were sometimes in despair about the abilities which they saw going to waste."

"I suggest that there should be teachers upon troopships."—Mr. Nigel Nicolson.

As a result of constant movement, the average child dropped below the average, and the bright child contrived to keep just level with the average child in Britain. It was the bright child who ought to be encouraged, and given a chance of a university education.

But there was a cheerful side to the picture. The Army occupied better premises in many parts of the world than in Britain. In Germany classes were smaller, allowing more individual attention by the teacher.

"The very fact that the children travel so much broadens their minds. They have an astonishing maturity and elasticity. They learn languages with remarkable facility. To them geography is not a matter of books; it is a matter of places which they have actually visited. The teachers of languages and geography sometimes find themselves embarrassed by the knowledge possessed by their pupils."

Mr. Nicolson made these suggestions:

1. To lessen the disadvantage

of constantly changing schools the Army should adopt, throughout the world, standardised syllabuses and text books.

2. There should be teachers on troopships, to save wasting six weeks or two months education on long voyages.

3. Children ought to be given holidays at the same time their parents take their leave.

4. The Ministry of Education, in conjunction with Service Ministries, should reserve places in existing boarding schools for Service children, and if necessary wings should be built on to grammar and secondary schools, or even special boarding schools built, for Service children. Pupils would have the right to one air, sea or rail ticket a year to join their parents on holidays. This would be "infinitely cheaper" than building secondary schools overseas.

From Mr. Nicolson's speech, and the reply by Mr. Fitzroy Maclean, emerged these facts about Army schooling:

Since 1950 the number of pupils in Army schools has in-

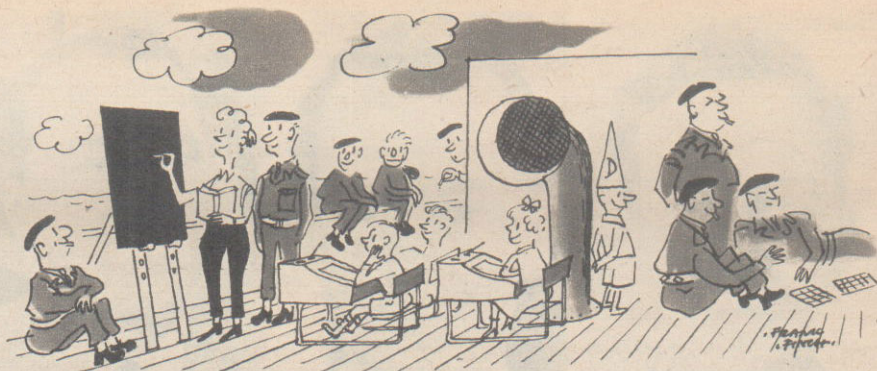
creased from 4000 to 20,000; the number of schools from 60 to 160; the number of teachers from 300 to 1000. [The take-over of Foreign Office schools in Germany by the Army in 1952 accounts for much of this increase.]

About 7500 Army children attend schools in Germany. Six hundred children from Rhine Army are being educated in Britain, at their parents' expense.

Secondary schools cannot be set up in areas where there are fewer than 40 pupils. In these circumstances the Army must fall back on all-age schools. At Tobruk is an all-age school attended by 10 infants, eight juniors and six children of secondary school age.

If there are not enough pupils to justify starting a school of any kind, children are sent elsewhere in the command, if necessary as boarders, or to local civilian schools.

The results obtained in the General Certificate of Education in British schools in Germany were two per cent better than in Britain.



Simpson and His Donkey



At Melbourne they remember a Gallipoli hero.

IN the shadow of Melbourne's great Shrine of Remembrance stands a simple marble block surmounted by the bronze statue of Simpson and his donkey. It never fails to attract the notice of the thousands who visit the Shrine, particularly on Anzac Day.

Who was Simpson? Not, as many think, an Australian VC of the Gallipoli landings. Nor was he even an Australian. Nor, for that matter, was his name Simpson. He was born John Simpson Kirkpatrick, a "Pommie," or Briton. But Australia is proud to honour him.

Though Simpson (the name his mates gave him) was a very gallant soldier, his gallantry earned him only a Mention in Despatches. That is perhaps why public opinion in Australia urged the authorities to build this monument in his honour.

Simpson was a medical orderly. In those desperate days on the Gallipoli beaches, in 1915, with Australians, New Zealanders and British fighting side by side, he grew increasingly concerned over the plight of the wounded. Deciding that he could best serve them by working alone, he obtained the necessary permission on condition that he reported once each day to his am-

bulance headquarters. His first move was the acquisition of a donkey from a nearby Greek camp where the animals were being used as water-carriers.

For 25 days Simpson walked backwards and forwards across open country, 1000 yards by 2500 yards, holding wounded men on the donkey's back, bringing the victims safely to Monash Valley (named after General [later Sir John] Monash, the Australian commander). Every step he took was marked by the enemy, but Simpson miraculously escaped death until that morning when he left the Indian camp where he often had his breakfast, refusing to wait as the meal was not quite ready for him. "Get me a good dinner for when I return," he shouted, as he waved to the Indians. A few minutes later he was dead—shot through the heart.

In 1953 a Turkish captain who had served with the Commonwealth Forces in Korea marched in the Anzac Day parade through Melbourne, and placed flowers on Simpson's statue—a tribute from a former enemy to the bravery of a man whose conduct drew admiration from foe and friend alike.

LESLIE HUNT

THE BULLET FROM NOWHERE

In an age when one weapon can wipe out a capital city, there is still a place for the soldier whose motto is "one bullet, one man"

Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT

A SPANISH guerrilla had been caught. Two French troopers stood holding one end of a rope, which ran over the branch of a tree. The other end was a noose around the neck of the prisoner, who had been lifted until he stood on the saddle of a horse.

As a French corporal moved forward to slap the horse's side, a single shot rang out. The branch splintered and the guerrilla tumbled safely to the ground. More shots followed, and the troopers fled, leaving their prisoner.

This is said to have happened during the Peninsular War, and is one of the most spectacular stories in the history of sniping, a history which is less notable for dramatic high-lights than for accounts of calm, painstaking, scientific stalking.

Sniping has been called a Cinderella art, sometimes with justice, and there are those who believe the Army should pay more attention to it today. The art, however, is far from forgotten. Every battalion has the weapons and men to form a section of snipers; the Small Arms Wing of the School of Infantry, at Hythe, runs an annual course on which officers and sergeants are trained as sniping instructors; and there is an up-to-date training pamphlet of 89 lessons on the subject.

Sniping's biggest handicap just now is that there is little call for it. Neither Malaya nor Kenya offers much scope. Snipers found some work to do in Korea, but mostly distances between Allied and enemy positions were too great. So far as they could, tank guns took over the snipers' role.

Unlike most other aspects of front-line soldiering, sniping has gained little from the scientific advances of the last 30 or 40 years. Rifles and ammunition may be a little more accurate, but telescopic sights still magnify about three times—which is enough—and the rest is left to the sniper's training and cunning. True, the Americans have developed an infra-red ray "sniper-scope," which British troops used in Korea, but the Army has none of its own. It consists principally of an infra-red lamp and telescopic image-tube mounted on the weapon. These enable the sniper to see a target at night by invisible light. The device can also be used for reconnaissance, directing the fire of other weapons, or for making signals invisible to the enemy

(unless the enemy also has infra-red). It first came into use in World War Two. The Americans have recently announced an improved version, the main disadvantage of which is its weight, 31 pounds, mostly in a battery pack carried by the operator. This the scientists are trying to reduce.

What effect the introduction of the 7.62-mm. self-loading rifle will have on the British Army's sniping remains to be seen. Trials with telescopic sights are not yet complete. Certainly, the high rate of fire of this weapon will be of little assistance in a job the essence of which is to be able to kill with the first shot. In sniping there are several hours of watching for every round fired, and men are taught not to shoot until it is two-to-one on that they will get a hit.

Sniping is an exacting art which demands, it has been said, patience, perseverance, pluck and precision. One expert describes it as "the art of the hunter coupled with the wiles of the poacher, and the skill of the target expert armed with the best aids that science can produce."

Usually snipers work in pairs, one with a telescopic-sighted rifle and the other with a telescope, finding targets for him. Their constant observation of enemy positions produces much information about the enemy and his activities, which is carefully noted in a log-book and passed back to Intelligence. Thus sniping is inextricably bound up with scouting and Intelligence. A World War One story illustrates this point.

A pair of snipers

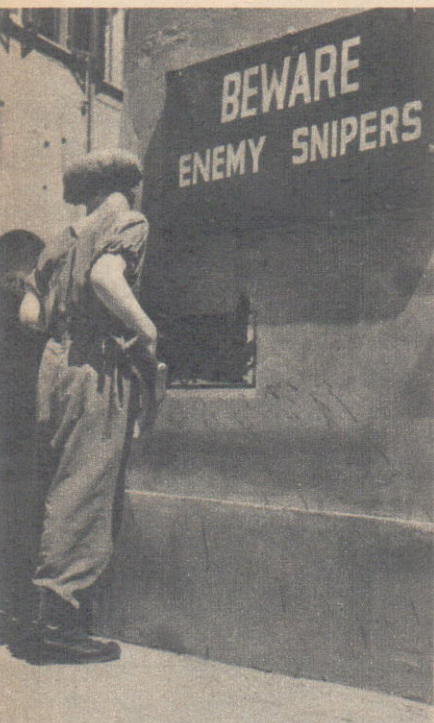
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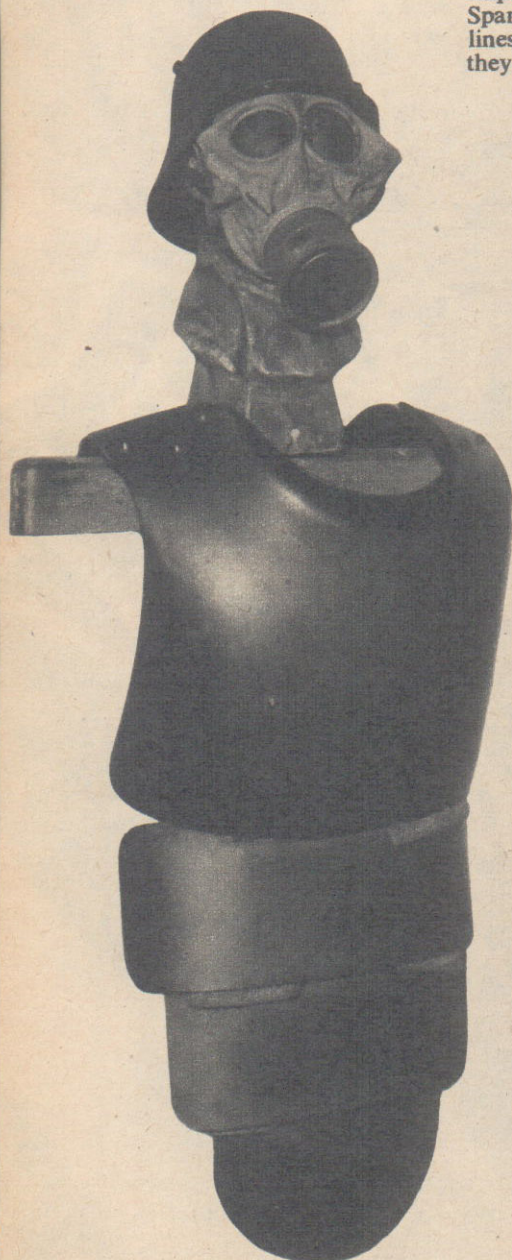
The sniper's badge.

Face blackened, netting over his head, a sniper waits his opportunity. He fires only when the chances of a hit are two to one on.





World War Two: This notice appeared in the streets of Florence. Below: A German sniper's armour, from World War One, now at Hythe.



continuing

THE BULLET FROM NOWHERE

observed a tortoise-shell cat sunning itself on the parapet of a German trench which was believed to be disused, and reported the fact to their officer. A glance at the sniper-post log-book showed that snipers on duty two days before had noted the same thing. The officer reflected. Trenches in that sector were over-run by rats; cats were at a premium. Therefore the cat indicated that the sector was occupied and that its owners were probably privileged people — officers. Aerial photographs were taken of the sector and revealed unsuspected headquarters, which the Artillery immediately wrecked.

Sniping is not a very ancient art. The word was coined in 1773 by troops taking part in a minor siege in India; they put their hats on the parapets of their trenches for the enemy to shoot at. The first weapon accurate enough to encourage marksmanship was the Baker rifle used in the Peninsula, but Wellington's men did little sniping. That was left to the Spanish guerrillas on the French lines of communication, where they wrought havoc.

In the 1890s, the word was used to describe a tactic used by Indian tribesmen, which was similar to one employed by Japanese jitter-parties in World War Two. Three of the tribesmen would operate together at night. One went off by himself and fired at random towards the British camp. If a sentry fell for the trick and fired in the direction of the flash, then the other two tribesmen fired at the sentry's flash.

A classic sniping story comes from the siege of Paris in 1870 where a patient French marksman, firing through a window of a deserted house, took heavy toll of the German outposts. An equally patient German officer kept concealed watch for three days, seeing only the flash of the Frenchman's rifle from the back of the room. On the evening of the third day, however, the Frenchman ventured to look out of the window into the fading light, to see what his last shot had done. A single bullet from the German ended his career.

In the Boer War, with men on both sides reluctant to waste bullets, sniping thrived. At Mafeking, experienced shots from

Rhodesia would choose positions overlooking the Boer guns, dig in at night and cover themselves with window-blinds of a colour which blended with the ground. They waited until evening, when the light was behind them. Then their shooting was deadly and the Boers, with the light in their eyes, could do little to retaliate—and that usually on carefully-placed dummies.

The sniper's hey-day came in World War One. There was not a single telescopic sight in the original British Expeditionary Force, but the Germans began the war with 20,000—and men trained to use them. In addition, a German duke, no less, was touring the countryside gathering sporting guns with telescopic sights from hunting gentlemen. The casualties inflicted by the German snipers were considerable; their effect on morale even more so.

Advocates of sniping within the British Army were mostly big-game hunters, who had used telescopic sights in Africa and Asia, and Bisley experts. One of the arguments they used was: "Now,



On the ranges at Hythe, Kent, a pair of snipers take post in a ruined pill-box.

Right: One sniper uses the telescope, to find targets for the other's rifle.





Bait to trap the enemy sniper, in World War One trenches, was a *papier-mâché* head, with a cigarette smoked from below through a rubber tube.

if every battalion killed one German a day by sniping — an absurdly low figure—think of the total number of dead Germans by the end of a month.” Formation commanders were not hard to convince.

There was much unofficial activity. One of the pioneers, Major H. Hesketh-Prichard, DSO, MC, wrote a book in which he recorded that for several months he received no pay because there was no place in anybody’s establishment for an officer engaged in the encouragement and training of snipers. Major Hesketh-Prichard, a noted big-game hunter, started his duties by taking a week’s leave and going to Britain carrying with him steel plates from behind which German snipers shot. Using all kinds of rifles, including elephant guns, he experimented with these. John Buchan (later Lord Tweedsmuir), the author, raised a fund from three peers to provide the rifles and the fund was later continued by a well-known London editor. It was used to buy all sorts of things, from football jerseys for a sniping school to dummy heads.

The dummy heads were used for a variety of purposes, including confusing the enemy, as when British heads were carefully shown in trenches occupied by French troops. *Papier-mâché* heads were also useful for discovering enemy snipers. A line from the hole through which the bullet left the head to the hole through which it entered gave the direction from which the bullet had come, and so helped to show where the enemy sniper was sited. Sometimes the *papier-mâché* heads were given “life” by a cigarette stuck in the mouth and smoked by a soldier through

a rubber tube.

Snipers were trained to watch for officers or non-commissioned officers. The German snipers found it all too easy to distinguish the British officers because, as one prisoner put it, “the legs of the officers are thinner than the legs of the men.” Major Hesketh-Prichard reports that hundreds of officers lay dead in France because of the cut of their

riding-breeches. It was no use adopting the soldier’s tunic and webbing if tell-tale trousers were not replaced.

Schools of sniping were set up in France and at home, and telescopic sights were issued. Major N. A. D. Armstrong, a British Columbia big-game shot, who ran the Canadian sniping school in France (he also published a sniping text-book in World War Two), summarised the background to sniping thus: “Use of telescopic sights is not new in warfare. Used in Indian Mutiny 1856, American Civil War 1865. Telescopic sight does not increase accuracy very much. Will not make a marksman out of a bad shot. Merely enables aim to be taken at small and indistinct objects.”

Major Hesketh-Prichard thought that sniping in a dangerous sector was like a very high-class form of big-game shooting, in which the quarry shot back. The German sniper was more dangerous than the lion, the most dangerous beast to hunt in Africa. Sometimes opposing snipers matched courage and cunning in a duel to death.

Says the official history of the war: “The best of the British snipers developed an individuality and inventiveness superior to that of their opponents.” By the end of the war, there were men with 50 or 100 kills to their credit.

One writer records that during the second battle of Ypres, 200 deliberate shots fired at close range by a winner of the King’s

Prize at Bisley accounted for nearly 150 casualties.

Thus, when World War Two broke out, there was plenty of sniper lore ready to be taught to new snipers. British snipers came into their own only where the war slowed down—on the Dutch-German border, for instance, in the winter of 1944-5, and in Italy. The Northamptonshire Regiment records that its 2nd Battalion opened a sniping competition in the Anzio beach-head. Each verified hit entitled the sniper to make a notch in his rifle-butt and the commanding officer gave a prize for the first sniper to score ten.

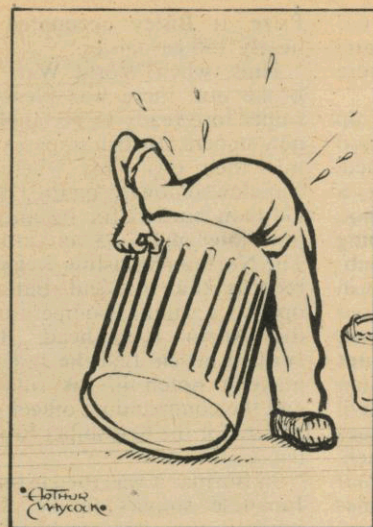
In Burma, it was the custom of Japanese snipers to tie themselves into trees and await advancing 14th Army men. This method often produced casualties, but meant almost certain death to the sniper since as soon as his tree was located it was sprayed with fire from an automatic weapon.

The visible mark of today’s sniper is a skill-at-arms badge. At the end of a training film, which the students at Hythe see early in their course, a sniper rubs his badge and says, “I’m glad I’m a sniper.” This becomes the war-cry of each course, to be echoed derisively as the students crawl through thorny bushes or dig into sodden ground. But pride goes with the sniper’s badge. It indicates a man who has in a high degree the disciplined initiative and independence which are the hall-marks of the British soldier.

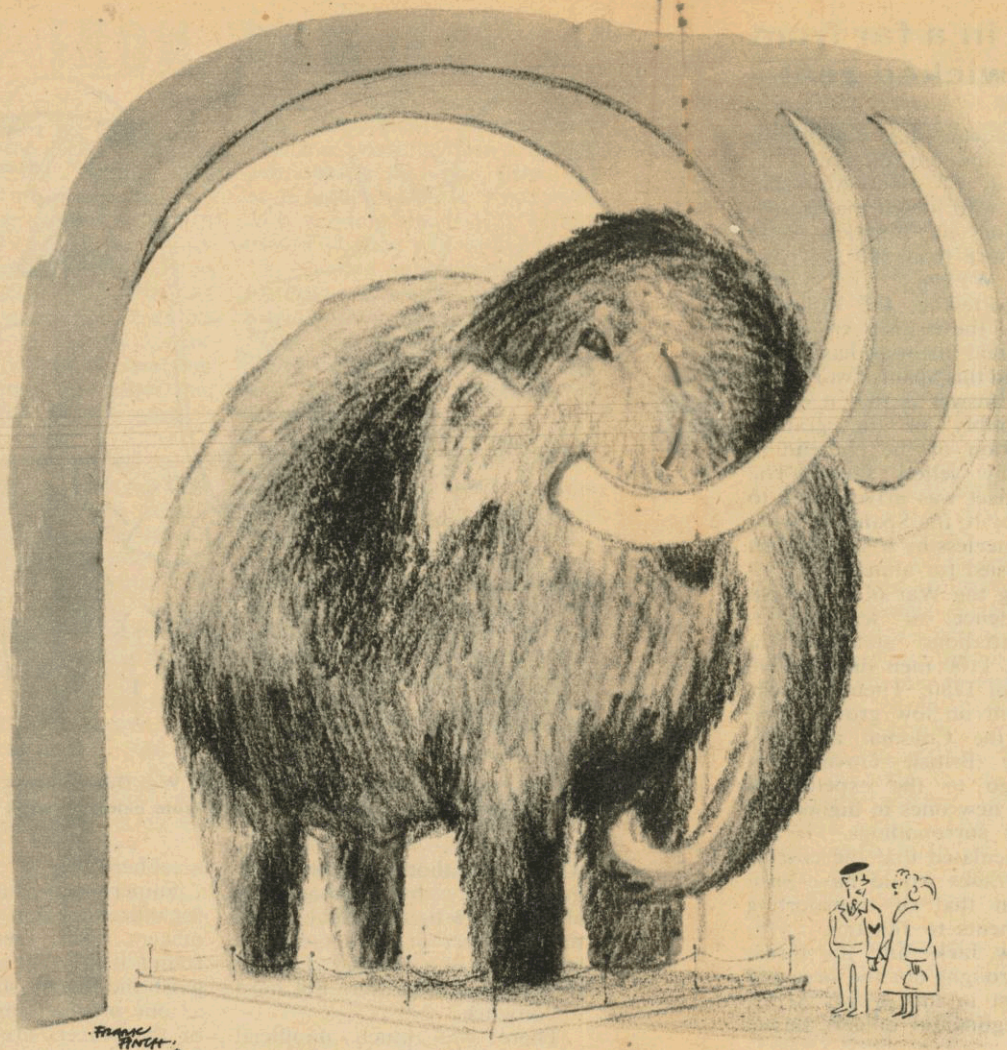
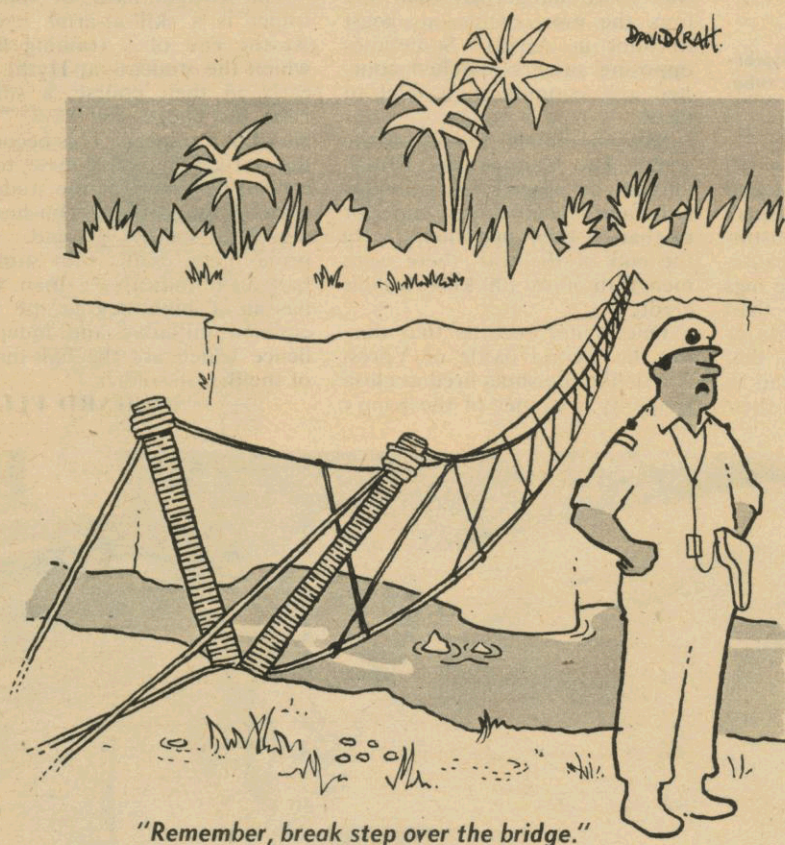
RICHARD ELLEY



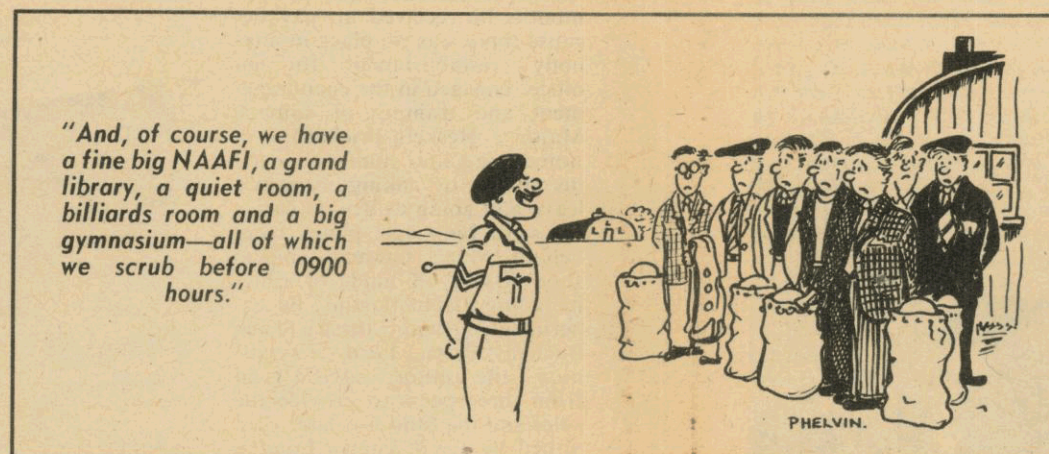
At Hythe, a Royal Marine and an Australian demonstrate the use of the special steadying sling on a sniper’s rifle.



SOLDIER HUMOUR



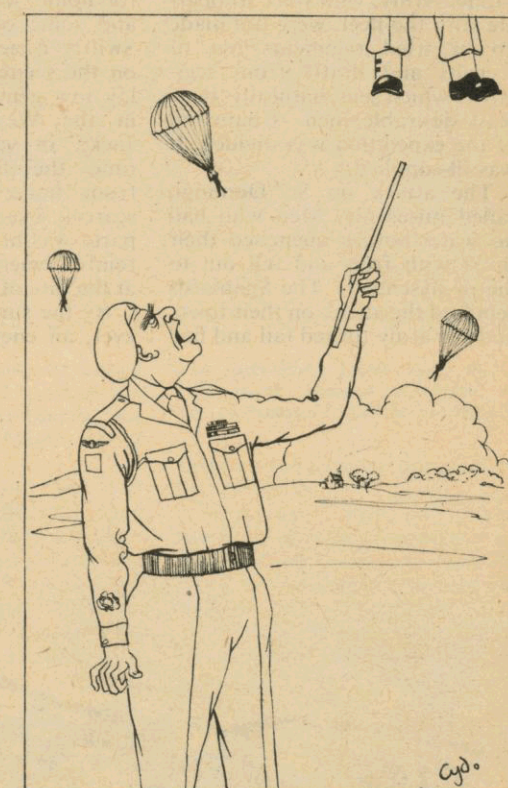
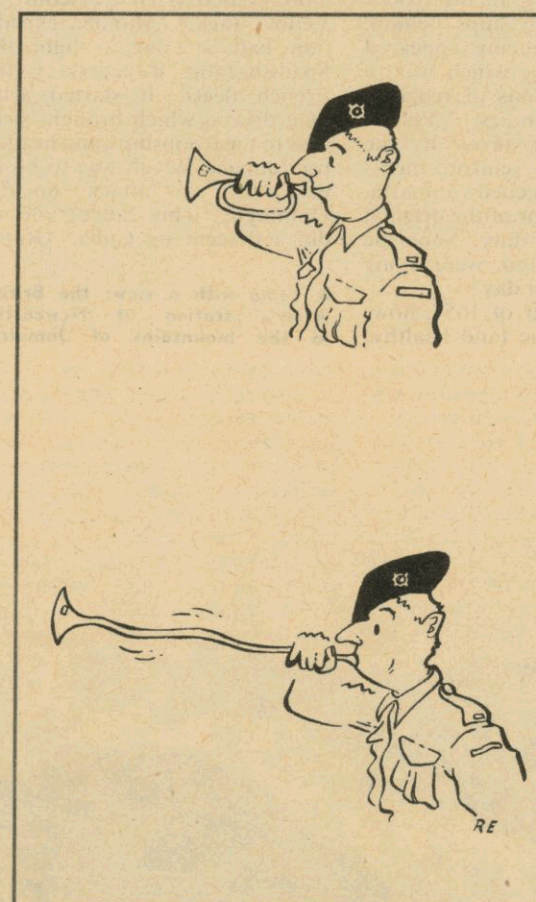
"Well, no, I can't say that it makes ME feel insignificant."



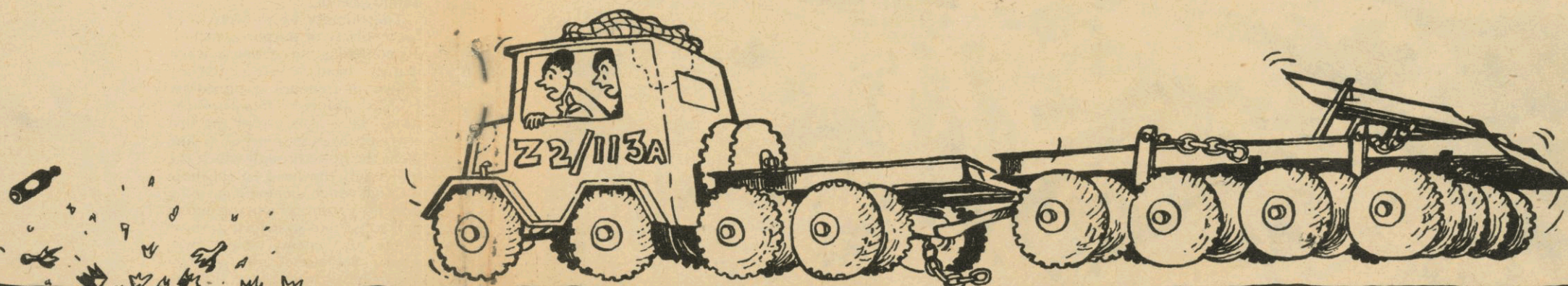
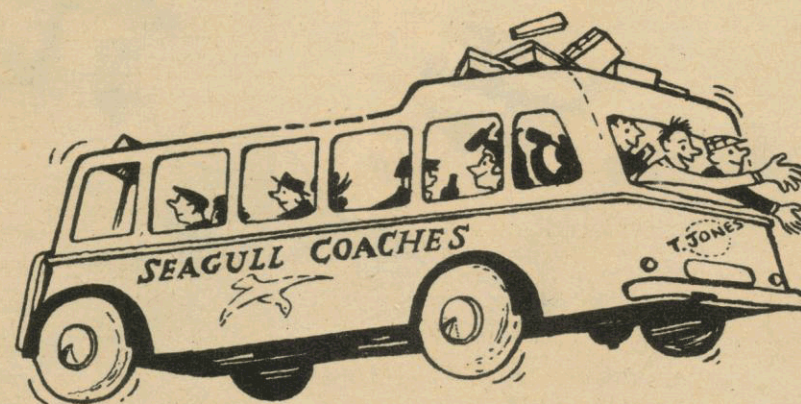
"And, of course, we have a fine big NAAFI, a grand library, a quiet room, a billiards room and a big gymnasium—all of which we scrub before 0900 hours."



"I still say it's dam' silly, sending them all on leave when the general's coming tomorrow."



"Get your boots re-studded."



Ray Evans

300 years ago this month British forces captured Jamaica in a far from classic campaign. The isle was a costly prize, for with wicked zeal—

IN its 300th year of British rule, Jamaica has been visited by Princess Margaret. She saw a smiling island, and a smiling garrison.

No soldier dreads a Jamaica posting nowadays. But in the old days it was the equivalent of a death warrant.

The island was Oliver Cromwell's consolation prize. In 1654 he decreed an expedition to the West Indies, with the Spanish colony of St. Domingo as the main objective. Once British forces were established there, they would battle the Spanish for control of the whole South Atlantic.

It was an ill-starred expedition. The 6000 soldiers of the New Model Army, who were to operate with the fleet, were not made up of tried regiments but of recruits and drafts from regiments which sent, naturally, their least desirable men. Command of the expedition was divided. It was ill-supplied.

The attack on St. Domingo failed miserably. Men who had no water-bottles quenched their thirst with fruit and fell out to die of dysentery. The Spaniards repulsed the attack on their town, and the army turned tail and fled

YELLOW JACK BURIED THE BATTALIONS

to the ships, where the sailors taunted them.

The expedition moved on to Jamaica. Here the Admiral, saying he would not trust the Army, led the attack with his boats. A handful of Spaniards resisted bravely but hopelessly and the island fell on 11 May, 1655.

Now the soldiers and sailors, including the officers, fell to fighting among themselves. The admiral and the general sailed for home, leaving all the troops and some of the ships behind. Swiftly a new enemy appeared on the scene, one which was to lay low generations of redcoats in the West Indies: "Yellow Jack," or yellow fever. By the time the first reinforcements from home reached Jamaica, scarcely a survivor of the original party was fit for duty. Soon the reinforcements, too, were dying at the rate of 20 a day.

By the summer of 1657, however, an energetic (and healthy)

commander, Colonel Edward D'Oyley, had so improved matters that two strong attempts by the Spaniards to recapture the island were beaten off. Many of the invaders were scattered into the woods where they were hunted down mercilessly by escaped slaves who had previously served Spanish masters. British possession of Jamaica was firmly established.

In the years 1740-2, hundreds more redcoats fell victim to Yellow Jack. Another expedition had set out to fight the Spanish (and, if necessary, the French fleet). It started after long delays, which brought sickness to the troopships, and headed for Jamaica, which was to be its base for an attack on St. Domingo. This failed, and so did a descent on Cuba. Of the

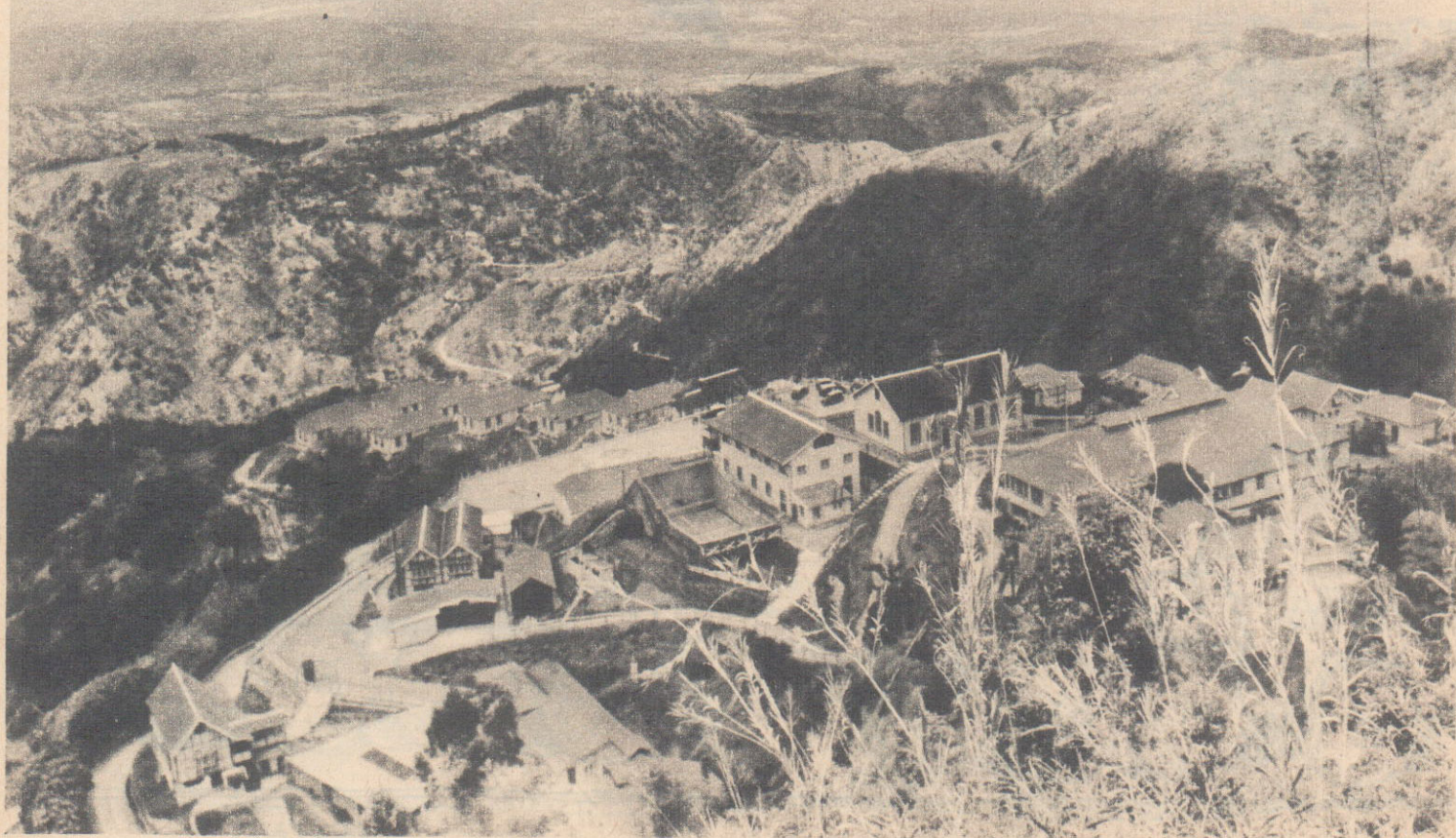
regiments which had sailed from Britain, nine out of every ten men died; of 4000 American colonists who joined the expedition in Jamaica, little more than 300 survived.

Writes Sir John Fortescue, the historian of the British Army: "A great historian has asked, 'When did this Spanish war end?' and the answer is that it ended imperceptibly in the gradual annihilation of the contending armies by yellow fever. The French fleet was driven back to France by it, the Spaniards were left defenceless by it, the English were palsied for attack by it."

During the War of American Independence, of seven-and-a-half battalions stationed in Jamaica, 1100 men died in five months of 1780. Their barracks were built on low ground, and neither the Colonial assembly nor the British Government would go to the expense of building new ones in higher and healthier surroundings. It has been calculated that the cost of new barracks would have been less than that of transporting replacements to Jamaica.

Yellow Jack—and the threat of it—brought out the best and the worst in the British Army. Some regimental officers stayed

A camp with a view: the British Army's station at Newcastle, in the mountains of Jamaica.



by their men and died trying to succour them; others awarded themselves indefinite home leave, and in the corruption of the day were rarely disciplined. News that a battalion was destined for the West Indies was the signal to the least conscientious type of officer to exchange or buy himself into another regiment (often though he might have joined in the old toast, "Here's to a bloody war and a sickly season!"). Those officers without influence found themselves aboard ship. Men risked barbarous floggings in order to desert—if they could.

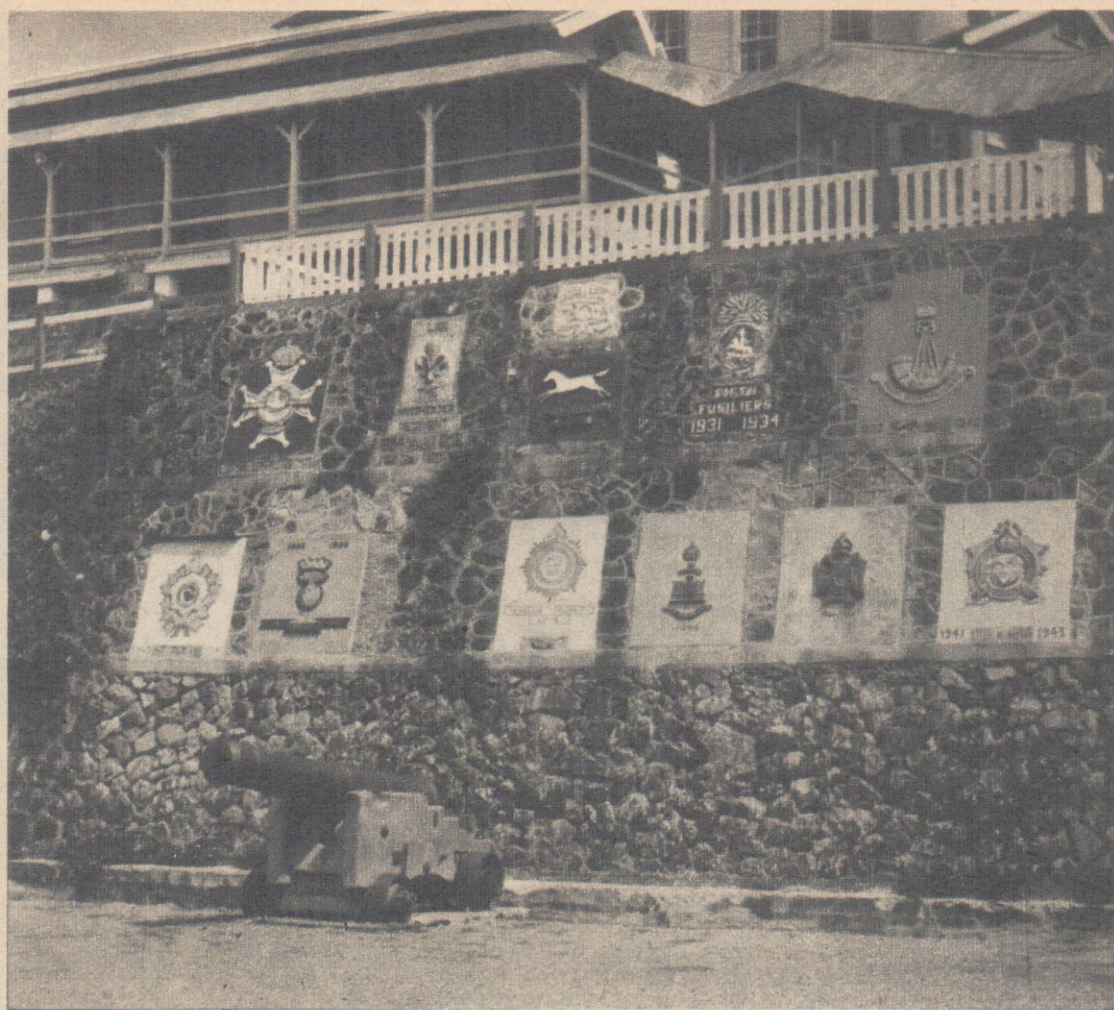
Nor did the men-of-war escape Yellow Jack. Pestilence from the smiling green shores gripped the vessels one by one as they lay at anchor. The surgeons' notion of treatment was bleeding; and if Captain Marryat is a reliable chronicler, the water round the proud ships ran with more blood than in a major battle, and the sharks gorged themselves on an unaccustomed harvest of corpses.

In the last years of the eighteenth century, to add to the garrison's worries, came the Maroon wars. The Maroons were descendants of runaway slaves who had taken to the mountains and lived by brigandage. Against these cunning fighters little progress was made until a thoughtful officer took two troops of the 17th Light Dragoons, dismounted them and trained them to fight with the Maroons' own methods. The men were to operate in pairs, so that one could hold the weapons of both while the other climbed in or out of the rocky, steep-sided glens in which the Maroons lived. In many small operations, the men of the 17th, supported by a single howitzer, penetrating country in which no white man had previously set foot, drove the Maroons to surrender.

The final scene was dramatic. A party of Maroons and one of the 17th faced each other across a ravine. After heavy firing, the Maroons began to blow horns, as if for a parley. Both sides were deadly marksmen, and no man of either dared show himself until a volunteer of the 17th jumped up and called on the enemy to surrender.

The Maroons were willing, but neither side trusted the other, and it was agreed that they would remain in their positions until a certain colonel could be brought to the scene. They stayed where they were all night, enduring agonies of thirst, though a spring bubbled in no-man's land, at the bottom of the ravine. Finally, the Maroons begged to be allowed to drink, and it was arranged that both sides should drink in turn, then go back to their positions until the colonel came.

Various shifts were adopted, from time to time, to augment Jamaica's garrison. American prisoners of war, captured at the Battle of Camden, were invited to serve the British, and did. In



1792 the islanders raised their own cavalry regiment, known as the 20th Light Dragoons, which took part in the Maroon wars and saw service in various parts of the world. Its honours are now borne by the 14th/20th King's Hussars. From an early period Jamaica had its own Militia. In the 1790s were formed West India regiments composed of negroes. The plan was that slaves should be bought from the planters (at not more than £70 a head) as recruits. The planters, however, were reluctant to part with their human investments, and disliked the idea of teaching the recruits that they were better than other black men. Ultimately, the Army had to resort (in great, face-saving secrecy) to buying direct from the West African slave-traders—probably the only time the Army has ever been driven to buying slave-recruits.

The formation of the West India regiments led to a feud between the Jamaica Assembly and the British Government, a feud which was fanned by the threat to abolish the slave-trade. The Colonists vented their spite on the unfortunate British soldiers in the island, and maintained their refusal to provide decent barracks.

Sir John Moore, who served on the island, thought that much of the sickness would have been prevented if the commanding officers had introduced a "Roman discipline"—with more exercise and bathing. There was

much in this argument, for troops were allowed to loaf most of the day in stifling, airless camps. But not even Sir John Moore could rout Yellow Jack.

The combination of bad quarters, disease and salt food drove the troops to seek consolation in the rum which the island produced. In 1808 one regiment was reported completely useless after a 13-mile march over easy country. A general gave it as his opinion that if there was active service, three-quarters of the troops in the West Indies would break down at once. Good officers, however, saved hundreds of soldiers' lives by moving units to the mountains, where they lived in

The battalions leave their mark: regimental badges mounted on the cantonment wall at Newcastle.

deserted towns once occupied by the Maroons.

Nowadays, Jamaica, which has built up a thriving tourist industry, does not care to have the story of the Army's battle with Yellow Jack told too often. There has not been a case of yellow fever on the island for many years.

The island houses the headquarters of the Army's Caribbean Area, the best-known camp being at Up Park, near Kingston. Today, one Infantry battalion suffices to keep the Queen's peace in the Spanish Main.





THE CONQUEROR

Conqueror in the mud. The driver seems to face obliteration. Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman ARTHUR BLUNDELL

As the Conqueror sets out for trials in Germany, more facts about the new heavy-gun tank are released

BOLDLY, the Conqueror, big brother of the Centurion, has made its first appearance in front of a battery of press cameras, including SOLDIER's.

The occasion was the departure of the first batch of Conquerors to Rhine Army for troop trials. The tanks paraded at the Fighting Vehicle Research and Development Establishment on Chobham Common, Surrey. For the first time, it was permitted to publish pictures of the Conqueror taken from all angles and while the tank was on the move.

With this relaxation of security restrictions came more informa-

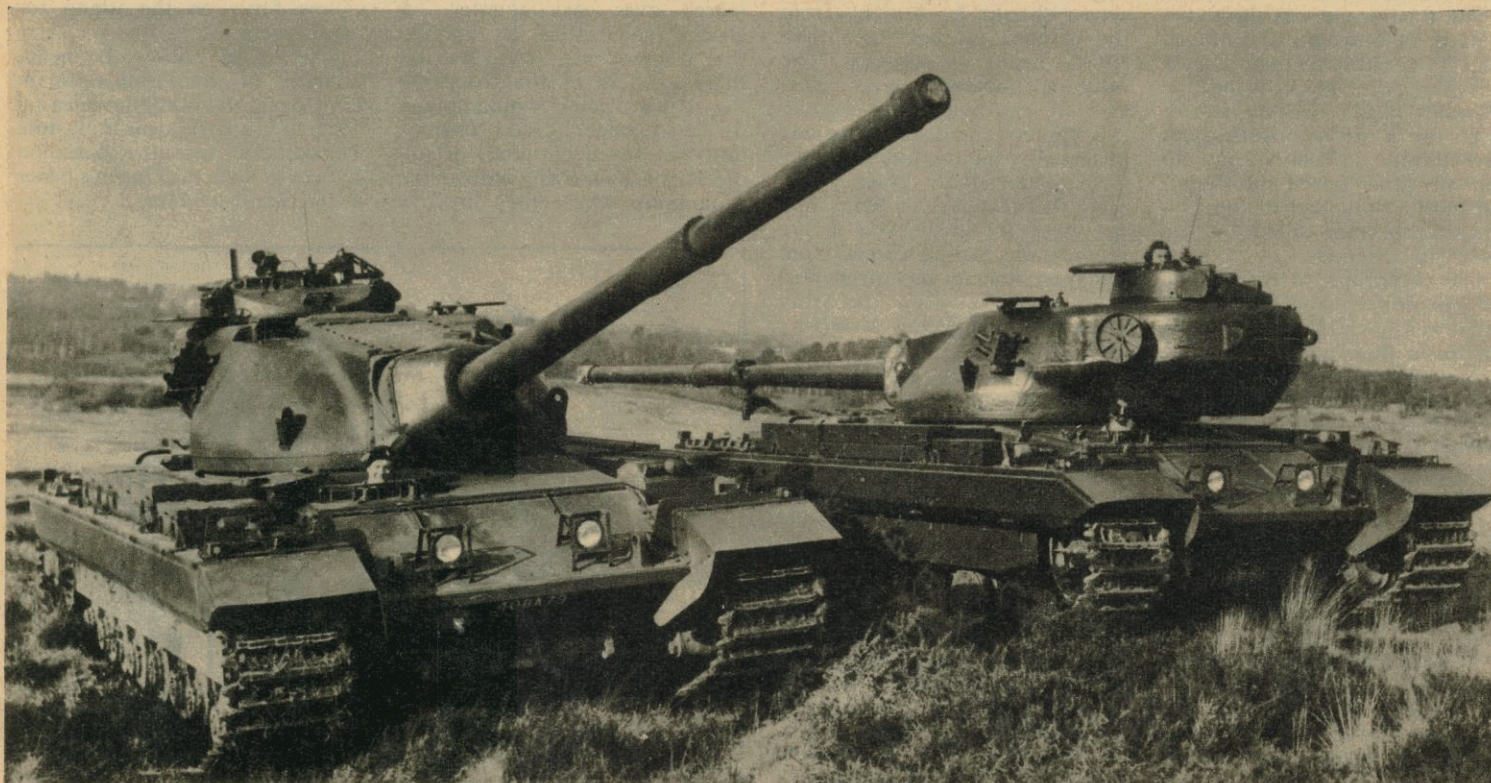
tion about the Conqueror. The great tank weighs 65 tons. Its hull is 25 feet nine inches long, and with the gun in the travelling position the length is extended to 39 feet. The tank is ten feet four inches high and 13 feet wide.

The Conqueror's Meteor en-

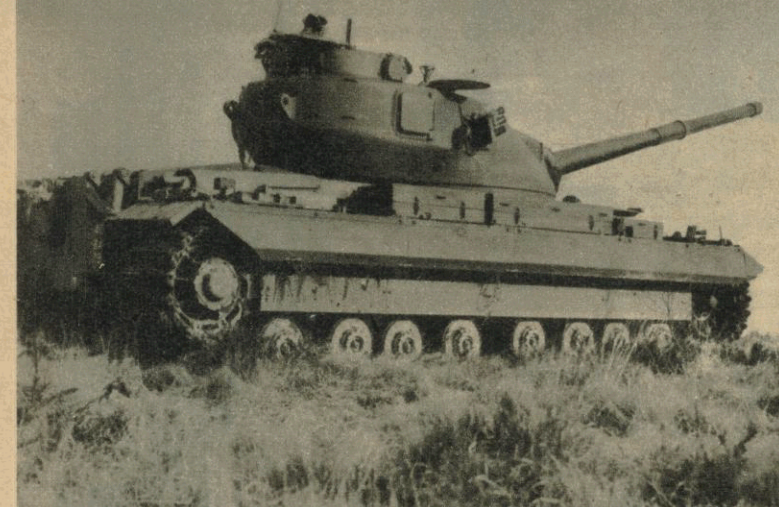
gine develops 800 horse-power at maximum speed and gives a top road speed of about 20 miles an hour. Suspension is of a new and improved design.

The four-man Conqueror, it had previously been announced, is to operate with the Centurion. It has been developed by the same team that was responsible for the earlier tank. They had to tackle many new problems in gun-control, suspension, power and transmission.

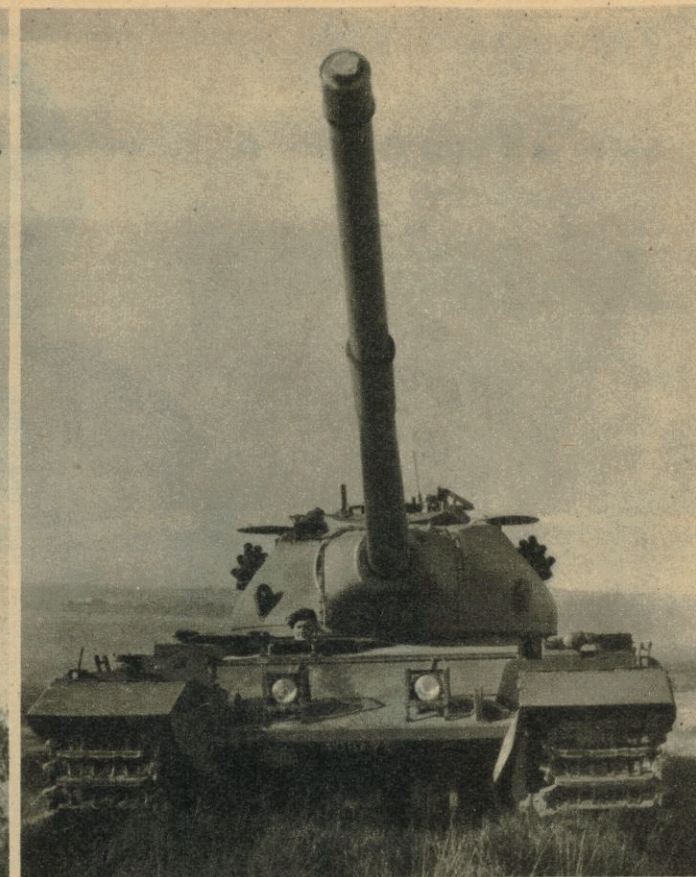
Conqueror from two angles. The one on the right has the gun in the travelling position.



IS GOING TO RHINE ARMY



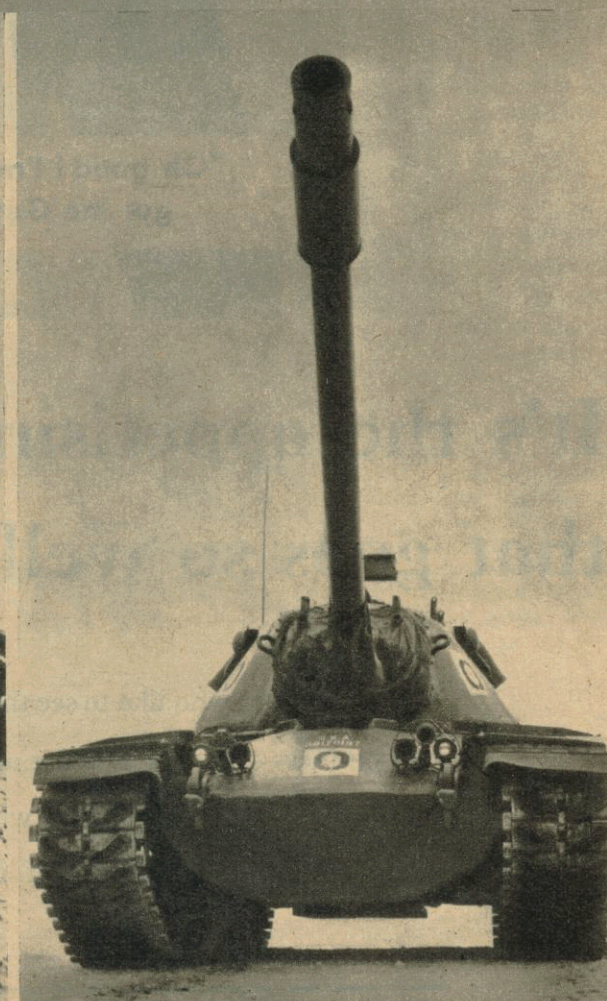
Side-view of the Conqueror showing the distinctive turret.



Conqueror from the front. The tank is 13 feet wide.

AND HERE FOR COMPARISON, IS AMERICA'S HEAVY TANK

The five-man T-43, latest addition to the American armoured forces, weighs 60 tons and carries a 120-millimetre high-velocity gun. Powered steering is said to make it "easier to handle than a farm tractor."





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"I Am Very Proud of This Regiment"

Colonel of the new Regiment: General Sir Gerald Templer GCMG, KCB, KBE, DSO.



General SIR GERALD TEMPLER is the author of this article on Malaya's Federation Regiment, first of its kind and "a very exciting experiment"

I HAVE recently had the honour of being appointed Colonel of the Federation Regiment. As many readers will know, this regiment is largely officered in the higher ranks by British officers, warrant officers and senior NCOs.

Until quite recently it was impossible for any inhabitant of Malaya to join any branch of the armed forces of that country unless he was a Malay by birth.

Since only approximately 45 per cent of the inhabitants of the Federation of Malaya are Malays (the remainder being Chinese, Indians, Pakistanis, Ceylonese and Eurasians), this obviously presented a good many political problems in view of the fact that this little country is on its way to self-government, within—so we all hope—the British Commonwealth of Nations. It was obviously unfair that more than half of the inhabitants of the country were unable to take part in any way in its defence, when at the same time we were telling them that it was their duty to owe a hundred per cent allegiance to that country.

The plan took a good deal of making, since the idea was, of course, a strange one in Malaya. However, the difficulties were overcome and the first recruits for this new regiment started to form up on 15 September, 1952, in Taiping, a delightful town in the State of Perak. The 1st Battalion of the Regiment is now fully operational, which reflects a great deal of credit on all concerned.

It may seem that it has taken a long time to get even one battalion going, but when the Regiment started to form, there was obviously not a single officer, warrant officer or NCO available from any community other than the Malays. From the beginning it was decided that we must stick as rigorously as possible to the racial split which, it was decided, should be 40 per cent Malay, 40 per cent Chinese and 20 per cent others. On the present total establishment of 729 all ranks this should produce 292 Malays, 292 Chinese and 145 others. In point of fact, the strength today is 294 Malays, 286 Chinese and 148 others, and I reckon this is very good. The Regiment today should have 18 Malay, 18 Chinese and 10 other sergeants and above. Actually it has 21

Malays, six Chinese and nine others in these categories. But considering that we had to start with recruits on the square that is not bad either.

It obviously takes a long time to produce officers from nothing. Today the Regiment has 13 seconded British officers, three warrant officers and three sergeants with it. There are also 21 Asian officers of whom three are Malay, 10 Chinese and eight other races. At Sandhurst there are now 22 cadets of the Federation Regiment, the majority of whom come from races other than Malays. There are a further four cadets at the Officer Cadet School at Eaton Hall, Chester.

I have seen a good deal of the boys at Sandhurst and they are doing admirably. One, a young Ceylonese, is a junior under-officer and is also one of the star turns in the Sandhurst rugby side. I hope it will be possible for the cadets of the Federation Regiment to do a short attachment to a depot of a British unit before they return to Malaya at the end of their training in this country.

In the course of time officer training will be carried out at the Federation Military College in Malaya. A good start has already been made with this, but it will be some few years before the College is functioning properly, and in a position to accept the full responsibility for training



CHINESE

EURASIAN

MALAY

INDIAN

the young officer entry both of the Malay Regiment and of the Federation Regiment. So, for the next few years, the young officers for these two regiments will continue to be trained in the United Kingdom.

Today the Federation Regiment handles the recruiting and training of the other small multi-racial units which were started at the same time—the Federation Armoured Car Regiment, Fed-

eration Signals, Electrical and Mechanical Engineers and so on.

Financial considerations permitting, it is the intention to raise a second and a third battalion of the Federation Regiment in the next few years. The experiment is a very exciting one, and it has got off to a very good start. Those who know the difficulties in a country containing a multi-racial society will appreciate how fine a thing it is for a

country of this sort to have a unit or units of young men, of different religions and different communities, all living together in the same barrack rooms, eating the same food, and getting on with each other like a house on fire.

I am very proud of having played a part in the raising of this Regiment, and also very proud of being its Colonel. But for some years to come its success will depend to a great extent on the British officers, warrant officers and sergeants seconded to it.

Those who wish to know more about service in the Federation Regiment should consult Army Council Instruction 484 of 1954. Further details are available from Lieutenant Colonel T. H. Trevor OBE, 1st Battalion The Federation Regiment, Butterworth, PW, Malaya.

IT'S THE NEW RIFLE



Knee-deep in a Selangor swamp is a lance-corporal of the Royal Hampshire Regiment, holding one of the new Belgian FN rifles recently issued for trials on anti-terrorist patrols.

THEY SWELTERED FOR 58 YEARS

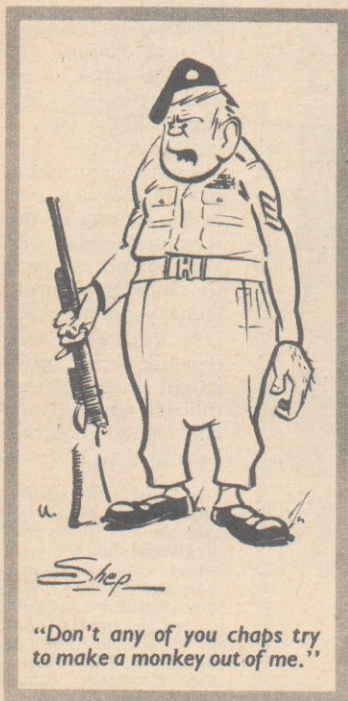
—but it rained and rained as the men of the South Staffordshire Regiment paraded for a great day in their regiment's history

THE South Staffordshire Regiment, wrote Sir John Fortescue, historian of the British Army, is "a corps of which the newspapers, and as a natural consequence the public, know nothing, with one of the most remarkable records of service in the Army. . . . If this Regiment wore the kilt, the whole British Empire would ring with its fame."

This is the regiment which started as Lillingstone's and became the 38th. In 1707, two years after its raising, it went to the West Indies and stayed there for 58 years, the longest period of unbroken service by any British regiment. In that time it fought on land, helped to man ships of the Royal Navy and built schooners to go pirate-hunting on its own. It ran out of clothing and devised its own uniform of ticking or holland, the Army's first tropical dress, to commemorate which the Regiment today wears a brown holland backing to its badge.

The 38th, in time, was joined by the 80th, raised in 1793 with volunteers from the Staffordshire Militia, to form the present regiment. Between them, they have participated in all Britain's major campaigns—and many minor ones—since the middle 18th century. In World War Two the 1st Battalion fought as Chindits and the 2nd as an airborne unit, which brought the Regiment the honour of a glider badge worn on the shoulder.

But if the unassuming "Southee Staffs" (as the Gurkhas called them in Burma) do not enjoy the fame they deserve abroad, they are not without honour in their own county.



On duty at the doors of Lichfield Cathedral: the guard of 1705.



While rain beat down incessantly, and floods rose in the neighbouring Trent Valley, the people of the Regiment's home city of Lichfield (of whom Dr. Johnson, himself born there, wrote, "They all got drunk every night and were none the worse thought of") turned out with goloshes and umbrellas to see their regiment on parade.

The centre-piece of the occasion was a guard in the uniforms of 1705—a sergeant with a pike, a drummer and three musketeers.

To orders preceded by "Have a care to exercise your muskets," the guard took post outside the King's Head tavern in Bird Street, where, 250 years before to the day, Colonel Luke Lillingstone set up his headquarters and began to raise his regiment.

Past the 1705 guard, with the customary compliments, marched the descendants of Lillingstone's; not the 1st Battalion, for that is at Tel-el-Kebir (where it fought in 1882), but the men from the Depot, the Regulars in the exile of "extra-regimental employment," the Territorials, the Cadets and the Old Comrades, whose medals chinked on sodden, tightly-buttoned rain-coats.

They marched to the Cathedral, which was 500 years old when Lillingstone went to the King's Head. One veteran, too old to march, was there waiting for them in carpet slippers, a young soldier in battledress in attendance behind his chair. When the Regiment and its guests had taken their places, the people of Lichfield crowded into

the remaining space.

The service over, the 1705 guard, which had remained at the doors, marched off with stately tread, to the beat of their drum. Groundsheets were draped incongruously over their scarlet coats as they made their way to the Guildhall. There they stood in front of the saluting base, as

Major-General A. W. Lee, today's successor to Lillingstone as Colonel of the Regiment, took the salute. And though the rain still fell, the people of Lichfield pressed on to the pavements to watch. After all, it would be 50 years before there would be another comparable occasion in the history of their regiment.



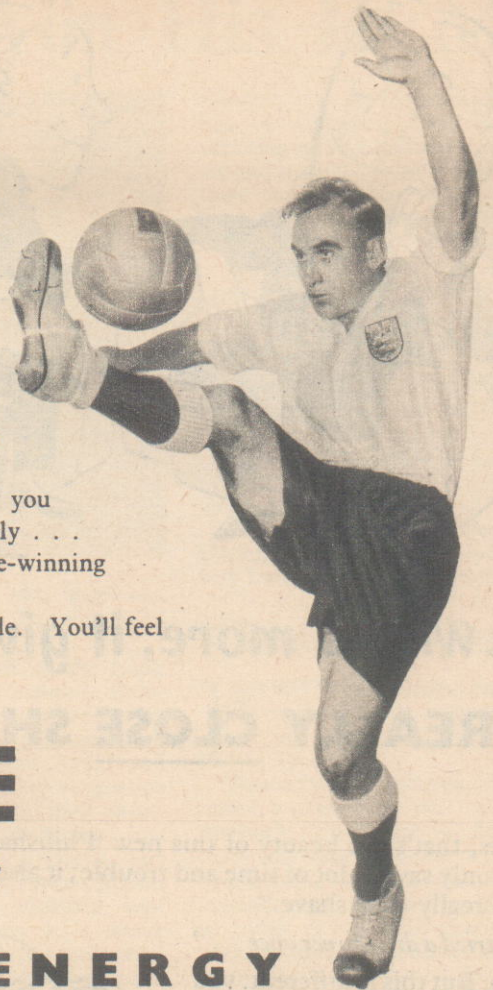
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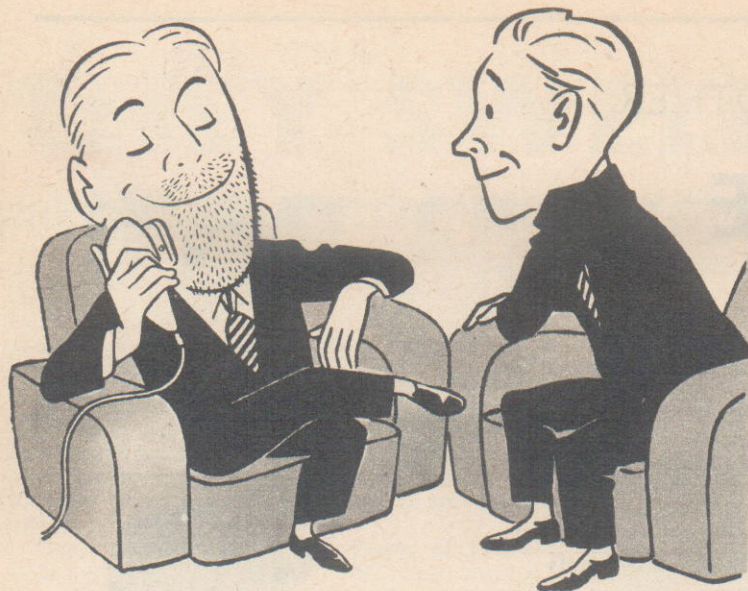
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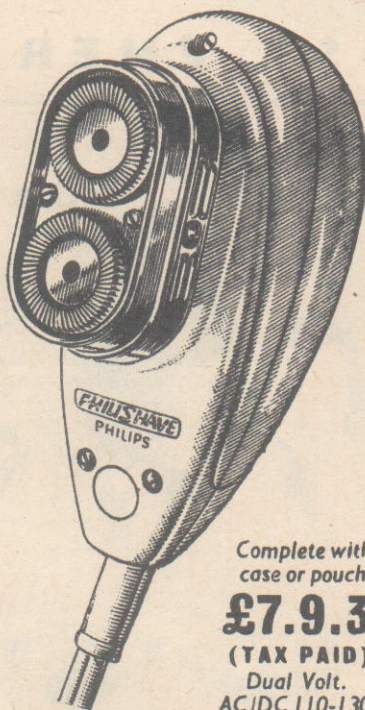
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BOOKSHELF

A Sister in the Field

HOW does it feel to be an Army nursing sister, in a wind-whipped tent at dawn, surrounded by the limbless and the dying, the men with the broken heads and the tubes running out of their mouths?

Pamela Bright served in a casualty clearing station in the Normandy beach-head, and followed the liberating armies through the Netherlands into Germany. Her experiences are vividly, warmly told in "Life In Our Hands" (Macgibbon and Kee, 12s 6d).

The dawn shift is the worst, she says. "No matter how knowledgeable or experienced or skilful or confident you are, there is always that time before dawn to conquer." Life is low at 3 a.m. and fear stalks the wards.

Pamela Bright and her fellow sisters saw the soldier in all his moods. On the road, the more ribald troops called: "Look, luvly ladies!" or clutched their bodies and cried, "Elp, 'elp. I've got a stummick-ache!"

That was easy to take, though perhaps not for the senior matrons. These same men might be brought in, days later, legless, eyeless, impotent. Their questions had to be parried, their well-founded fears allayed. A nurse dare not look anxious; dread

communicates itself all too quickly, and men whose hopes are undermined are less likely to make a fight for life. That is why the nurses have their brave little jokes, as when they ask the man bound for the operating table, "Any glass eyes? Any false teeth? Any cork legs?"

In the early days in Normandy, the casualty clearing station was heavily overworked. Yet the speed with which casualties were evacuated was sometimes disconcerting. An officer of the 43rd Wessex Infantry Division entered the resuscitation ward to look for the wounded of his regiment. The sight of the ward—and the smells—turned him sick, and an orderly persuaded him to lie on a stretcher until he felt better. The next thing he knew he was back in England.

Not all the patients were Allied soldiers. There were captured German soldiers, one of whom—a fanatic Nazi of the worst type—sank his teeth into a nurse's arm. And one day there was the traitor William Joyce ("Lord Haw-Haw") to nurse. He had been captured in the near-by woods with a bullet in his thigh.

The author gives the "feel" of a casualty clearing station very successfully, sketching deftly the short-tempered surgeon, the imperious matron, the idle, fumbling orderly, the sister in love.

Pamela Bright ended up as a nursing sister at Potsdam, attending to diplomats with cut fingers and harassed girls of the Auxiliary Territorial Service. This time there was everything that a nurse could wish in comfort and amenities... but one feels that the author found it an anti-climax after her Normandy days.

It Needn't Be a Pipe-Dream

THE dust-jacket of "How To Live Well On Your Pension" (Faber and Faber, 12s 6d) shows an officer in khaki drill smoking a pipe from which emerges a bewitching "pipe dream" of a country cottage, with thatched roof and beautiful flower beds.

The author, W. P. A. Robinson, does not address himself to Army officers exclusively, but he has them very much in mind.

"If you retire from the middle ranks of the Army and Navy you may even pull in as much as a foreman in a factory," he says. And adds: "Go and count the number of television masts on a row of Council houses and then count them on the houses of retired soldiers and sailors."

Essentially this is a gardening book. The author advises: "Determine to be self-supporting in eggs, poultry, vegetables, flowers, fruit, jam and honey. You are then assured against a rise in price of basic necessities."

Practical advice is leavened with philosophy. Retired men must avoid being bored, and avoid boring others. They must also avoid becoming perpetual and irredeemable potterers.

Many retired officers, of course, are in no such danger: they have to find other jobs to keep their heads above water. Which applies even more to retired sergeants and sergeant-majors.



GEOFFREY

"Come, come, sergeant, don't tell me you can't open wider than that."



He was a tank commander in the desert: Lieut.-Col. Cyril Joly MC

No Secrets in a Tank

IN battle, and in the periods of tension between battle, the members of a tank crew soon learn each other's virtues and faults.

During the Western Desert tank battles, "no shield of rank or education was of any avail behind which to hide any faults. Each drew some strength and courage from the qualities of the others. Each gave something of himself to build the spirit of the whole crew. Where there was a man who could not or would not adjust himself to these conditions, the whole crew suffered as a result."

That is a quotation from "Take These Men" (*Constable, 15s*), by Lieutenant-Colonel Cyril Joly MC. It is described as a story of real events with fictitious characters. The author served with 7th Armoured Division from 1940 to the end of the Desert campaign, first as a tank troop commander and later as a brigade major. He tells the triumphs and tragedies of one squadron of an armoured regiment, in a campaign which ranges from Sidi Rezegh to Alam el Halfa, from Tobruk to Tunis. The Desert Rat's war is all here: the close comradeship, the boredom, the dust, the battlefield smells, the brew-ups (of tanks as well as of tea).

"I have not tried to glory in war and have not hidden its horror and futility," says Lieutenant-Colonel Joly. "But we would remember the battle for all its seemingly endless hopes and despairs—for the trials, the perils, the terrors, the fears that we endured—for the many evidences of man's unconquerable spirit."

The title "Take These Men" is from Pericles. "Take these men for your example. Like them remember that prosperity can only be for the free, that freedom is the sure possession of those alone who have the courage to defend it."

The author is at present an instructor at the Australian Staff College at Queenscliff, Victoria.

How Giorgio Won His DCM

LANCE-CORPORAL George Dunning went into action at the call of a cuckoo. An escaped prisoner of war, he had thrown in his lot with the partisans in the hills of Italy and Montenegro. The cuckoo call was their leader's signal—and it boded ill for German convoys.

How Lance-Corporal Dunning came to join the partisans is a rousing and astonishing story, which he tells in "Where Bleed The Many" (*Elek Books, 16s*). Captured on the retreat to Dunkirk, this resourceful NCO of the Royal Lincolnshire Regiment eluded his captors five times. From Lamsdorf in Upper Silesia he escaped to Poland, where he was cornered by dogs. The Gestapo seized him and flogged him daily for three months in Czesochowa. Then they returned him to Lamsdorf, but three days later he was out again, only to be re-arrested in Poland.

Later, oddly, he was sent to Rouen on a repatriation scheme, which fell through. From the camp on Rouen race-track he escaped again, traversed Occupied and Unoccupied France, and was caught near the Spanish border. His next place of captivity—a fort near Nice—could not hold him; nor could Campo 73 in Northern Italy.



He fought with the partisans: Lance-Corporal G. Dunning DCM

The second half of the book tells of Lance-Corporal Dunning's bloody adventures with the Italian partisans. These were brave and ruthless men, and exacted the grimdest vengeance on those who crossed their paths. Lance-Corporal Dunning was known to them as Giorgio. His stock went sky-high when British aircraft dropped plentiful supplies and weapons at a secret rendezvous. With his colourful companions, who included Jugo-Slavs and even Senegalese,

Giorgio took part in the ambushing of German convoys and shooting up of a military canteen. At one stage the band transferred their activities to Jugo-Slavia. Wherever they went, German morale slumped.

Lance - Corporal Dunning joined in the partisans' occupation of San Severino in July 1944, and was there when British troops entered the town. A British major beckoned to him, and he strode across the square and threw up a cracking salute. "Giorgio's occupation had gone, but Lance-Corporal Dunning was back in the ranks."

If ever a soldier earned his Distinguished Conduct Medal, it was Lance-Corporal Dunning.

Chasing a Flute

WRITERS of fiction have to strive hard to improve on the real life events of World War Two.

That accounts, perhaps, for the rather extravagant plot of Roy Forster's "The Flute of Asoka" (*Eyre and Spottiswoode, 12s. 6d.*). The hero, a Dunkirk man, has a stimulating time tracking down, in India, a beautiful siren who uses her flute to seduce Indians from their loyalty to Britain. Exciting in Rider Haggard vein.

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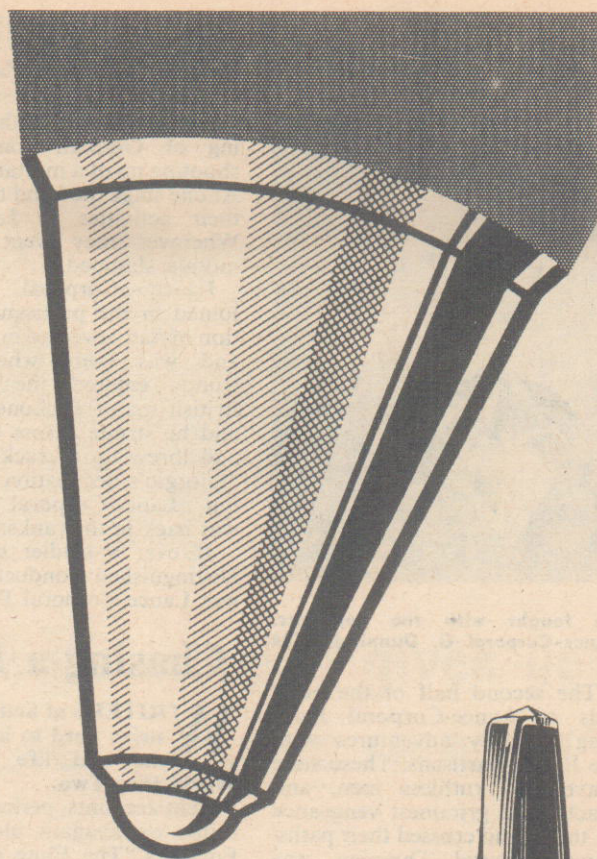
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The Medicals break away: Scrum-half A. K. Fulton (Scottish International) swings a long low pass to his partner, W. E. H. Maackelburghe.

THE BEST RUGBY FINAL FOR YEARS

AFTER eight years the Army Rugby Union Challenge Cup has gone back to the Royal Army Medical Corps Depot.

The Medicals had to defeat two strong Welsh sides. The first was the team of the Welch Regiment, the second that of the 1st Battalion The South Wales Borderers, Rhine Army champions. They beat the Borderers in the final at Aldershot by two goals and two tries (16 points) to nil, but that score does not give a fair idea of the spirited nature of the encounter. It was one of the finest games in the history of the Cup, fought out at a cracking pace, with no quarter asked or expected.

The Welshmen (writes a rugby correspondent) played their own whirlwind brand of rugby: magnificent line-out play, fiery foot rushes and adroit kicking. But the impregnable Crookham defence blunted these bursts and in the tight scrums the hefty Medicals' forwards gave their backs brilliant assistance in piercing, four times, a defence which had conceded only three points in eight previous Cup encounters.

The South Wales Borderers were last year's runners-up.



A Borderer starts a dribble—but how far will he get?

SPORT

FIVE NEW BOXING CHAMPIONS

FIVE new champions—all National Servicemen—emerged from this year's Army Individual Boxing Championships at Bristol. The standard was notably high; eight of the ten bouts went the full distance. There were no knock-outs.

Only one of last year's champions lost his fight: Private P. Harrington, of 6 Training Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance

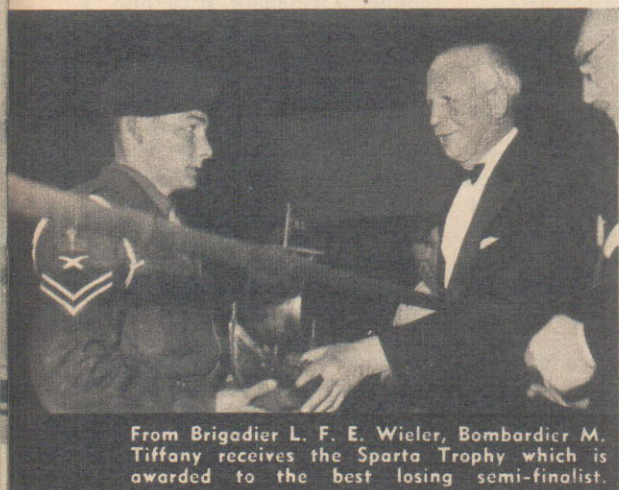
Corps, who had to retire with a cut eye.

As SOLDIER went to Press the five new champions were due to join the other title-holders in the Army team to compete in the Imperial Services Boxing Association Championships. The winners of this contest compete in the Amateur Boxing Association Championships, with the prospect of being chosen to represent their countries in the European Championships in Berlin this month and the Olympic Games in Australia next year.

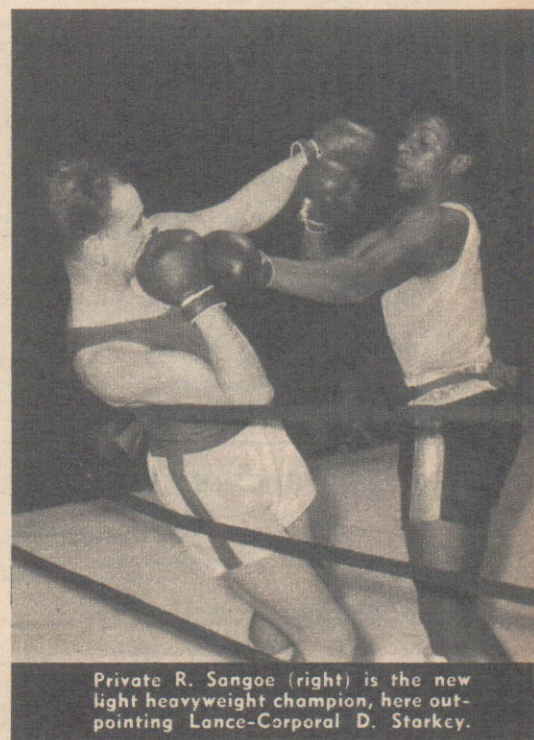
Already serving soldiers hold one Empire and three Amateur Boxing Association titles and nine have been chosen to box for their countries.

Private Nicky Gargano, of 6 Training Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, last year's Army welterweight champion, had little difficulty beating Corporal P. Bartlett, of 17th/21st Lancers, on points. Gargano, who also holds the Empire Games, ABA and ISBA welterweight titles, is regarded as a certainty for the trip to Australia.

Another ABA champion, Lance-Corporal G. Martin, of 6 Royal Tank Regiment, retained his title by easily outpointing Lance-Corporal T. Milan, of 17 Vehicle Company, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, in the light-welterweight



From Brigadier L. F. E. Wieler, Bombardier M. Tiffany receives the Sparta Trophy which is awarded to the best losing semi-finalist.

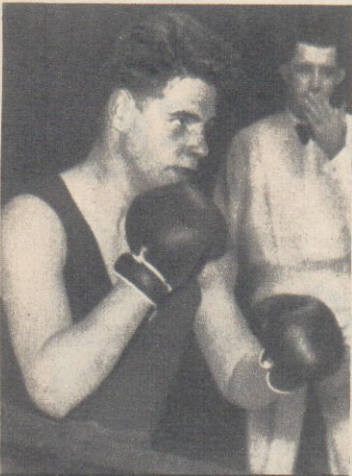


Private R. Sangoe (right) is the new light heavyweight champion, here outpointing Lance-Corporal D. Starkey.

SPORT continued

contest. The Army's third ABA champion, who also won his fight, was Private G. Whelan, the 1954 Army champion, of 4 Training Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps. He outpointed Private J. Jacobs, of the Army Catering Corps Training Centre, in the lightweight final.

Other reigning champions who won their fights were Private G. Dormer, of 6 Training Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, who outpointed Signalman R. Horne, of 2 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, in the bantam-weight bout; and Private A.



The Army's new heavyweight champion: Gunner D. Clark.

Devlin, of 4 Training Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, whose opponent in the feather-weight final, Lance-Corporal H. McClarence, of 2 Training Regiment, Royal Signals, was disqualified.

Runner-up in the light-middle-weight final last year, Lance-Corporal R. Francis, of 6 Royal Tank Regiment, Rhine Army, made no mistake this year by beating Sergeant P. Sellick, of 2 Training Battalion, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, on points.

The only officer finalist, 2nd Lieutenant T. Fallon, of the 1st Battalion The Devonshire Regiment, put up a gallant fight but lost the heavyweight final to the new champion, Gunner G. Clark, of 38 Training Regiment.

The new light-heavyweight champion is Private R. Sangoe, of the Army Catering Corps Training Centre, who outpointed Lance-Corporal D. Starky, of the 1st Battalion, Grenadier Guards. Gunner D. Lloyd, of 75 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment, Royal Artillery, who was last year's Civil Service flyweight champion and has boxed for the Army against Wales and for England against Ireland, was too fast and clever for Private J. Rose, of 7 Training Battalion, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, whom he defeated on points. Trooper G. Aldridge, of the 7th Hussars, was awarded the middle-weight title when Private Harrington retired.

INKY, PINKY, PARLEY-VOO

THERE'S a big kick—and sometimes a fortune—to be got out of concocting a song which will set the whole world singing.

Sergeant Edward C. H. Rowland got the kick all right, but not the fortune.

He also had the doubtful pleasure of hearing his original words endlessly "improved upon" by the rude soldiery. When a body of troops began to sing "Mademoiselle from Armentières" modest men shut their ears. Even if the first verse passed muster, you never knew what was coming in the ones which began "Two German officers crossed the Rhine . . ." and "O landlord, have you a daughter fair?"

Or in the fifty verses after that.

It all began in March, 1915, when Sergeant Rowland, an Old Contemptible, sat in a French café with a problem on his mind. He wanted a song for the troops' concert that night. Inspiration was lacking.

Then somebody tried to kiss Marie, the pretty waitress. Like a good girl, she slapped his face. In no time Sergeant Rowland had begun to scribble:

*Mademoiselle from
Armentières,
Parley-voo,
Mademoiselle from
Armentières,
Parley-voo,
Mademoiselle from
Armentières,
She hasn't been kissed for
forty years,
Inky, pinky parley-voo. . .*

A Canadian, Lieutenant Gitz Rice, wrote a catchy tune to go with the lyric, and that night the song had its world première, sung by Sergeant Rowland at the concert. Its success was immediate and long-lived. Not the least attraction was the ease with which even the least imaginative could improvise verses, working off their grumbles in the process ("The sergeant-major pinched the rum, Parley-voo . . ."). A column of troops could march for half a day singing "Mademoiselle from Armentières" without repeating themselves. Of the hundreds of verses many, composed to suit the moment, lived for only hours or days. A few may still be revived at reunion dinners.

In 1917 the Americans arrived in France and adopted "Mademoiselle," changing the first words of the chorus to "Hinky, dinky." Some of their verses were:

*The General got the Croix
de Guerre,
But the son of a gun, he
never was there.
The officers get all the steak,
And all we get is the belly-
ache.*



It began with a slap in a café.

*The YMCA went over the
top,
And gave the soldier a
chocolate drop.*

*The MPs say they won the
war,
Standing guard at a café
door*

The editor of an American anthology of war songs, Miss Dorothea York, who presumably had never heard of Sergeant Rowland and Lieutenant Rice, ventured a guess that "Hinky, Dinky" must have been an American creation. She added that the tune was similar to a "century-old British Army marching song called 'Skiboo.'" This also, she said, had a verse which began, "Two German officers crossed the Rhine," and its refrain went, "Skiboo, skiboo, skiboodley boo, skidam, dam, dam." It seems unlikely, however, that a verse referring to German officers could be much older than the 1870s.

Music firms copyrighted certain verses of the song. The title was borrowed by "French" touring revues. But neither Lieutenant Rice nor Sergeant Rowland made a cent out of it. "I was in the trenches, where you never think about copyright," said Sergeant Rowland. "But it doesn't matter. I wrote it to cheer the troops and I'm delighted they liked it."

Now Sergeant Rowland has died. He had been a cinema manager from the days of the Bioscope to his retirement. Often he tried to write another world hit, but without success. Lieutenant Rice died many years ago. As for the girl who inspired the song, she is believed to be still alive, a grandmother.

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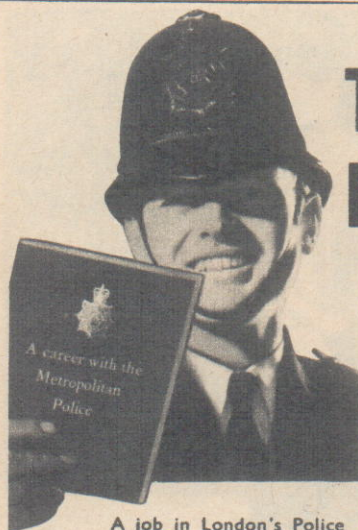
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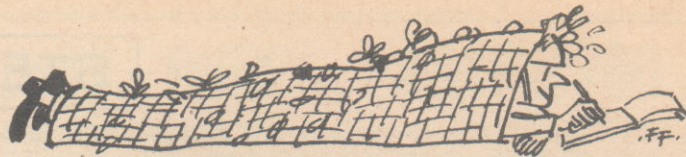
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LETTERS

AN OLD GRAVE

Reference is made to the letter signed by Maria Heska-Kroll (SOLDIER, March), concerning the care of the grave of Surgeon-Major Power, late King's Own Royal Regiment, at Mannheim, in Germany.

A detachment of my Company, the 502nd Military Police, is presently stationed in Mannheim and is being instructed to search for this grave and to undertake care of it. When relieved by another Military Police unit, they are instructed to pass over care of the grave as one of their area responsibilities. Thus, for so long as our Army is stationed in Mannheim, a gallant officer's grave will receive the care it richly deserves.—**Lieut.-Col. Roy C. Evans, Provost Marshal, 2nd Armoured Division, United States Army, New York.**

Many of your readers must have been deeply touched by the letter from Mrs. Maria Heska-Kroll telling how, being unable to take care of the graves of her own dear ones, she lovingly tended that of a British officer lying in a foreign land.

Perhaps a few details of this officer's service may be of interest. John Livingstone Power was born at Skibereen, County Cork, on 27 November 1834. He became a Staff Assistant Surgeon on 19 January, 1860, and served with the 64th Foot (1861), 97th Foot (1863) and the 4th Foot (1871). He was promoted Surgeon Major in 1875. During the Franco-Prussian War he served with the English Ambulance in France. He died at Mannheim on 25 January, 1877.—**Major-General (ret'd) R. E. Barnsley, Depot RAMC, Crookham, Hants.**

★**Major R. J. T. Evans, of the Regimental Depot of the King's Own Royal Regiment (in which Surgeon-Major Power served), informs SOLDIER that the Depot has a four-volume Regimental Army List giving details of every officer who served with the Regiment from 1680. This list was at one time believed to be unique of its kind; later other regiments and corps compiled similar records. The list states (in addition to the information given by Major-General Barnsley) that Surgeon-Major Power was accorded a military funeral by the German officers of the Mannheim garrison, and that from time to time notification has been received from German sources that the grave was being tended.**

SOLDIER prints with much pleasure the letter by Lieutenant Colonel Roy C. Evans, United States Army. This generous gesture will be greatly appreciated in the British Army.

HOUSE PURCHASE

Can a soldier with 22 years' pensionable service, but continuing in the Service, draw his terminal grant on completion of his 22 years, providing he has a sound reason, such as having his own house built? —**"House Hunter" (name and address supplied).**

★**No matter how urgent the reasons, the answer is "No." The terminal grant is a non-effective entitlement and no soldier is non-effective until he has been discharged. Furthermore, pension and terminal grant cannot be assessed until service is completed.**

THE FIRST?

Which was the first British Army unit to be mechanised?—**L. Watkins, B.I.S. (NAAFI), Moascar.**

★**In 1903, 77 Company, Army Service Corps, were issued with 12 traction engines and one motor-car. This**

●**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.**

appears to have been the first mechanical transport unit.

MYTHS OF WAR

I was much interested in the article "Nothing in the Tea" (SOLDIER, April). I have long felt that an hour or two of every soldier's training should be devoted to debunking myths.

How many soldiers still believe that, in the retreat to Dunkirk, German parachutists dropped in droves disguised as priests and nuns?

Incidentally, in her book, "Myths of War," which you mention, Princess Marie Bonaparte quotes the well-known myth of the phoney-war period that just before the war an Englishman touring Germany in a Rolls-Royce crashed into a German tank which disintegrated because it was made of tin and three-ply. She adds that the Germans believed a similar myth—but the car, this time, was a Mercedes, the driver a German and the tank British.—**J. B. E. (name and address supplied).**

You mention the "myth" of the Black Hole of Calcutta. I wonder if there is another myth in this connection. Your article has a description of the Black Hole in Fort William, whereas I have seen, both during and since the last war, a tablet alleged to be on the site of the Black Hole in Dalhousie Square, some way from Fort William. The Black Hole can hardly have been in two places.—**"Ex-Jungle Basher" (name and address supplied).**

★**The original Fort William lay on the site now partly occupied by the General Post Office on Dalhousie Square, and the Black Hole was a guardroom of the Fort. The site of the present Fort William came into use in 1757, a year after the Black Hole.**

CROWN AND LAUREL

Can SOLDIER settle an argument over badges of rank? When was the rank of platoon sergeant-major instituted and did it exist in World War Two? If it did not, when was it discontinued? What was the badge of rank of a platoon sergeant-major? What was the badge of rank of a company sergeant-major when the platoon sergeant-major was in existence? What was the badge of rank of a company sergeant-major during the last war?—**Sgt. J. A. Williams, RASC, c/o The British Legion Club, Walkden, Lancashire.**

★**The rank of warrant officer class three (platoon sergeant-major) was instituted in 1938 and has not been discontinued, but promotion to this rank ceased in 1940. There were approximately 80 warrant officers class three still serving in 1947. The badge of rank was the large crown; that for a company sergeant-major from 1938 to 1947 a large crown in a wreath. In 1947 this changed to the large crown previously worn by the warrant officer class three.**

CIVIL SERVANTS

Congratulations on the article on civilians in the Army (February). I suggest that it be posted on the notice-board of every mixed establishment in the British Forces. It would, I think, promote better feelings between the two elements and might well be reproduced by the trade unions in their magazines.

I wonder if it is cheaper to continue with civilianisation? Cannot those in authority be made to believe that they lose valuable labour by not guaranteeing employment to pensioners on discharge in certain, if not all, grades of the Civil Service? I know that a lot has been, and is being, done, but in my particular sphere (Establishment for Engineer Services) I see no reason why every pensioner should not be guaranteed employment in a civilian capacity on discharge. Why has it been done for Barrack Store Accountants and District Gunners? Presumably, because there is no civilian counterpart in existence.

A further thorn was the withdrawal in 1949 of the right of ex-Regulars and others to count war service for increment. Thus most ex-Regulars, on taking up Government service, have to start at the 25 age-group. The pay usually is considerably lower than they have been receiving in the Army. Consequently, they do not take up further Government service, but go to a civilian firm offering a salary commensurate with their experience. Thus does the Government lose valuable, experienced labour. — "Engineer" (name and address supplied).

★One organisation of Civil Servants has asked permission to reproduce the article in its magazine.

THE RIFLE

It is most satisfactory to see the occasional article in SOLDIER on small arms and, particularly, rifle training. Yet I wonder how often instructors explain the basic reason for every detail in the training?

We all talk about exercises in rifle training as though the ultimate intention was to strengthen and develop the muscles. If that were so, the best potential shots, from the point of view of steadiness of hand, would be

THAT UNIFORM

The unusual uniform worn by the two officers in the photograph headed "Who Are They?" in the January SOLDIER has been positively identified as that of the Cadet Corps attached to the Civil Service Rifle Volunteers (12th Middlesex), later the 15th (County of London) Battalion, The London Regiment.

Mr. H. C. Craft, of East Bergholt, Colchester, was able to name one of the officers as Captain F. S. Laskey MC, now a barrister. Mr. Laskey has confirmed this identification; he gives the year of the photograph as 1906. He writes: "There were small differences in the uniform which distinguished the officers of the cadets from those of the Volunteer or Territorial Battalion. The belt and leather equipment were brown (not black). White cap covers were worn by officers in summer."

labourers, stevedores, etc., and the worst military investment would be the slim, slightly built man. In fact, the latter, nearly always, can be trained more quickly. It is the holding exercises with the rifle which give the steadiness and stability to the arm muscles, by the process of imposing tension on the muscles which are, at the same time, in the actual shooting position.

I think this explains often why Line regiment soldiers are better shots than riflemen, especially when they have done an apparent excess of marching "at the slope." I imagine the prolonged carrying of the rifle in this position on the left arm helps to achieve this stabilising effect, as distinct also from the almost invariable Continental habit of carrying the rifle on the right arm and in an easier, but not so effective, position. Hence the drill evolved for the new rifle of carrying at "the shoulder" and in the right hand seems to me a calamity. Why not carry the new rifle "cradled" on the left arm and across the body diagonally as the 60th Rifles do on the right arm when on ceremonial sentry duty?—R. J. C. Holmes (late KRRC), Park Drive East, Forest Hall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

FUSILIERS' SONG

As an ex-Royal Irish Fusilier, I wish to trace the words of a song which was sung to the tune of a German march by Irish Regiments in Italy. It went something like this:—

"A 'tanner' war-pay is not much,
you admit,
But it helps all the boys out here
doing their bit.
It helps to buy fags and a few
extra beers
For the Rifles, the Skins and the
bold Fusiliers."

Can any fusilier who served with the 78th Infantry Division recall all the words?—W. G. Wood, Washington, near Pulborough, Sussex.

COMMISSIONS

I am very surprised to see SOLDIER use the words "when an officer takes a short-service commission."

I was always under the impression that an officer was granted a commission by Her Majesty and I do feel it is very wrong to use the word "take." While serving, I would never allow any of my junior officers to use this word in connection with a commission.—Major E. A. Thornton, 32 Upper Baggot Street, Dublin.

WIVES—AND KOREA

Is it true that soldiers' families are quartered in Hong Kong while the husband is in Korea, and that leave to Hong Kong from Korea is permitted at six-monthly intervals?—"Korea Bound" (name and address supplied). ★No. When a soldier leaves Korea for a families station he can apply for married quarters. If they are available his wife can then, and only then, be called forward.



DO YOU KNOW HIM?

A world-famous man died in March of this year. This picture shows him as an officer in World War One. Who was he?

(See page 38)

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more LETTERS

DRUM-MAJOR

The drum-major on the front cover (SOLDIER, March) was wearing his "wings" in a way which differs from our own custom. Is there a standard method for wearing "wings"?—Cpl. G. Richards, Regimental Band of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, Lisburn, N. Ireland.

★The official answer is that the braid on the "wings" should slope downwards to the front and outwards.



Wrong



Right

POCKET STOVE

The Army's new pocket stove (SOLDIER, April) is not a new idea. An almost identical stove, similar in size, weight and operation, was used by the Germans in World War Two.

I first came across one on D-Day in Normandy. After we had landed on Jig Beach near Arromanches I went into a pill-box and picked up what appeared to be a cigarette tin, jointed at both ends and opening from the centre. As I could not read the German instructions I did not then know what it was and used it for the rest of the war as a cigarette case. It was called *Esbit Kocher* and was made by a Stuttgart firm.—B. L. Page (ex-Royal Marines), Holloway, London, N.7.

How to Get SOLDIER

SERVING soldiers may obtain SOLDIER from their units, canteens or AKC cinemas. Presidents of Regimental Institutes should ask their Chief Education Officer for re-sale terms. Civilians may buy or order SOLDIER at any bookstall in Britain.

Those unable to obtain the magazine through these channels may subscribe direct to Circulation Department, SOLDIER, 433 Holloway Road, London N.7. The rate is 10s. 6d. a year post-free. Cheques or postal orders should be made payable to "Command Cashier" and crossed "a/c SOLDIER."

FILMS coming your way

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

OUT OF THE CLOUDS: A day in the life of London Airport, with an added dash of romance. Anthony Steel, Robert Beatty, James Robertson Justice and Eunice Gayson wear airline uniforms; David Knight and Margo Lorenz are thrown into each other's company by a London fog. In colour.

RAISING A RIOT: What happens when father, home after a three-year naval posting, is left alone to look after the children for a while, and cranks weigh in with advice. Lots of fun for Kenneth More, Ronald Squire and Mandy Miller. In colour.

REAR WINDOW: A thriller by Alfred Hitchcock, tingling with suspense. James Stewart is confined to his room with a broken leg. Through binoculars and camera lenses, he watches the activities of the inhabitants of buildings whose back windows face his. Does he see a murder? Grace Kelly, Wendell Corey and Thelma Ritter help provide the answer. In colour.

THE COUNTRY GIRL: Bing Crosby plays a drunken actor, with Grace Kelly and William Holden striving to save him from himself.

A PRIZE OF GOLD: In the British sector of Berlin, two military policemen conspire to steal a store of Nazi gold bars, in order to help a German girl evacuate war-displaced children to South America. Stars: Richard Widmark, Mai Zetterling, Nigel Patrick, George Cole, Donald Wolfitt and Andrew Ray. In colour.

WHO WAS HE? (page 37) Sir Alexander Fleming, discoverer of penicillin. He served in the Royal Army Medical Corps.

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Apply by postcard to: Establishment Officer (G.O.17), Prison Commission, Horseferry House, Dean Ryle Street, London, S.W.1.

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