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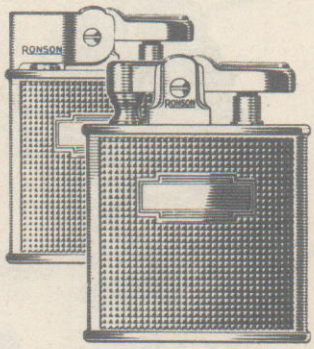

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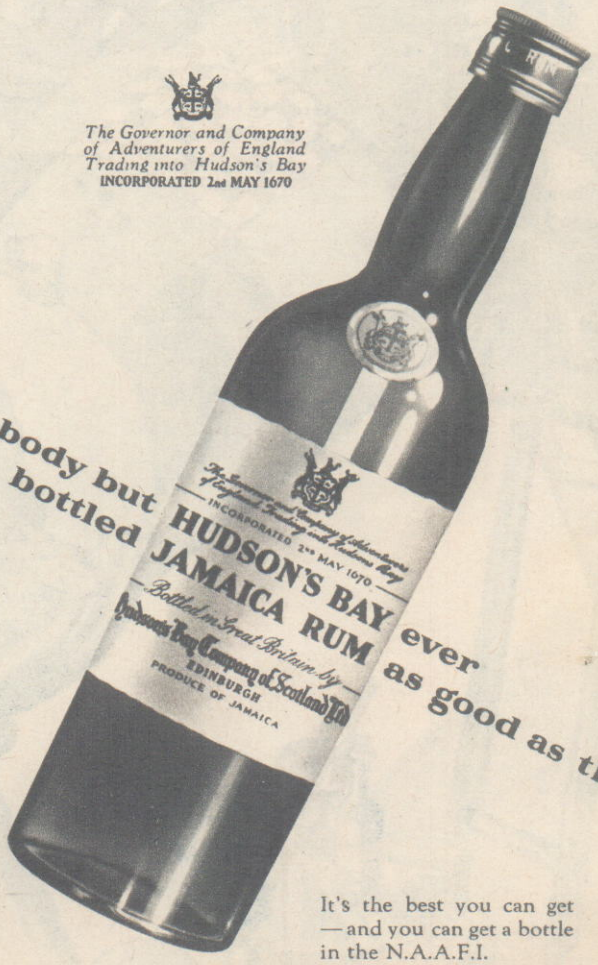

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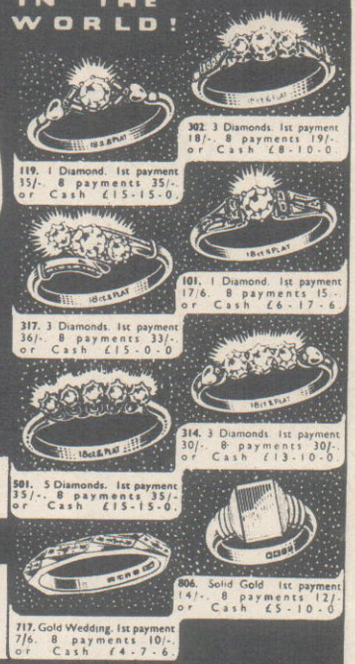

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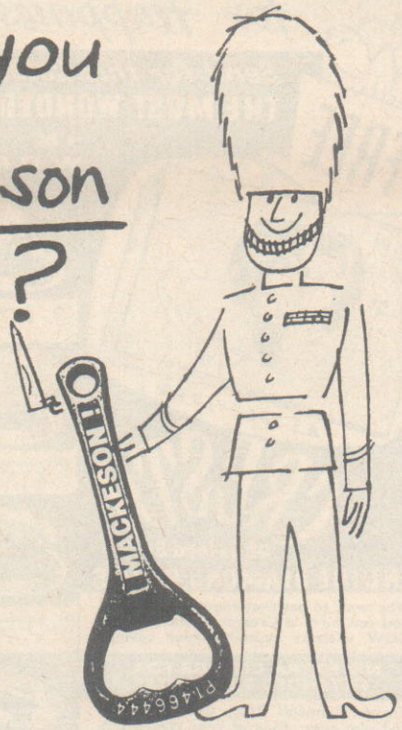

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BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS

Vol. 15, No. 7 **SOLDIER** SEPTEMBER 1959

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

Libya, 4 piastres; Cyprus, 40 mils; Malaya, 30 cents; Hong-Kong, 60 cents; East Africa, 75 cents; West Africa, 9d.

ON A LONELY ISLAND IN THE OUTER HEBRIDES, THE BRITISH ARMY HAS FIRED ITS FIRST LONG-RANGE GUIDED MISSILE—THE CORPORAL—FROM THE ONLY RANGE OF ITS TYPE IN EUROPE

The Corporal Takes Off

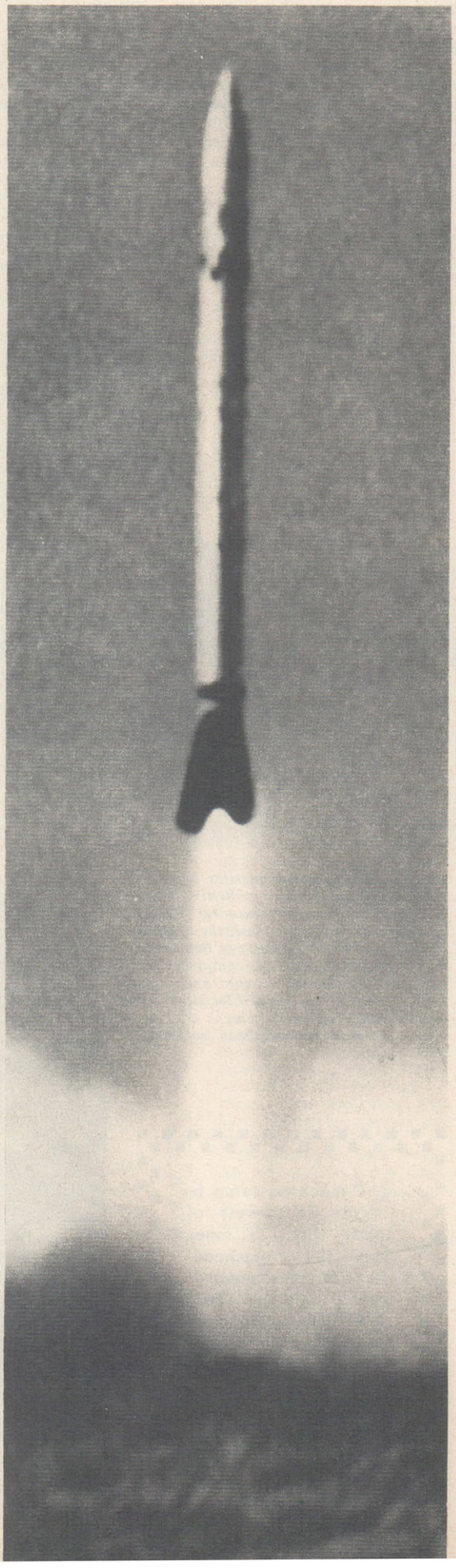
IN a sand-bagged firing pit a lance-bombardier pressed a button. The ground trembled under his feet as 150 yards away the slim, gleaming white Corporal belched flame and smoke on its concrete launching pad.

Leisurely, but with the roar of a hundred jet fighters, the Corporal rose gracefully from the ground and then gathered speed as it shot into the clouds overhanging the Hebrides.

Gunners of 27 Guided Weapon Regiment triumphantly watched their Corporal's fiery tail disappear into the sky. The blast of the rocket motor still rang in their ears as three minutes later the guided missile lay at the bottom of the Atlantic more than 50 miles away.

Their first firing was a brilliant climax to months of intensive

OVER...



Above: The launching area officer waits for the signal to fire while the lance-bombardier stands by to press the button which sends the 45-ft long Corporal on its way. Right: Belching flame and smoke, the first Corporal leaves its launching pad in the Hebrides.

training by men of the Regiment. Now, with full confidence in themselves and the Corporal, they will join their sister unit, 47 Guided Weapon Regiment, in Germany.

Sharing the triumph were their tutors, fellow Gunners of the School of Artillery, who had proved the South Uist range and made history by firing the first long-range, surface-to-surface guided missile in Europe.

It was a triumph, too, for the men of many corps who had laboured for months to prepare the rangehead and establish an observation post on the lonely windswept isle of St. Kilda, 50 miles out in the Atlantic. It is the only range of its type in Europe.

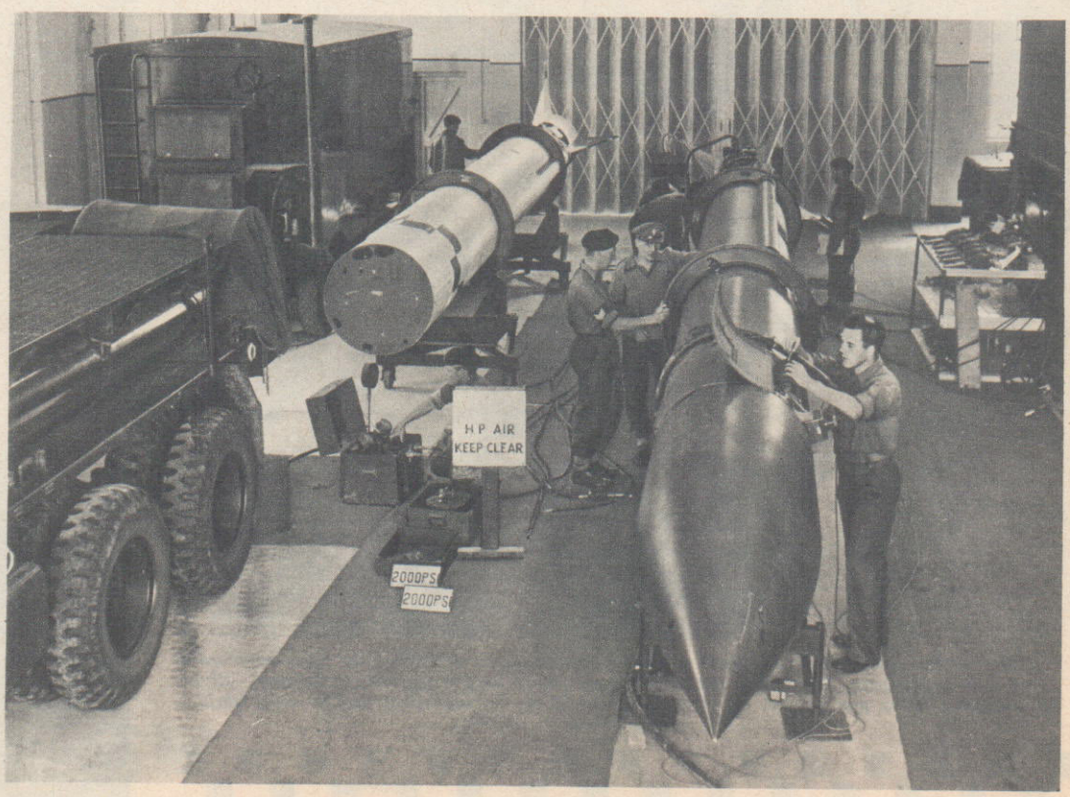
The original scheme envisaged a joint range but the Royal Air Force withdrew and the project was reduced to an Army range for surface-to-surface missiles.

Tank landing craft of 76 Squadron, Royal Army Service Corps, brought vehicles and equipment from the Clyde (five ships also made a four-day voyage in convoy from Poole) and unloaded them, dry-beached, on the sands of South Ford where the Atlantic separates the island of South Uist from its northern neighbour, Benbecula.

Men of the Royal Signals, in the Hebrides Signals Works Service Troop, laid miles of underground cable on the rangehead and set up communications with St. Kilda and the permanent camp, 15 miles from the rangehead, at Balivanich, on Benbecula. Gunners and men of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers worked day and night to install the radar sets and plotters which form part of the elaborate range safety arrangements.

The Army's first guided missile range covers a sector of the Atlantic west of the Outer Hebrides and to the south of St. Kilda. The rangehead, once the site of a rifle range, is sited in the north-west of South Uist on a level strip of *machair* (grass-covered sand dunes) between a loch and the sea, and looks out over the Atlantic towards Labrador.

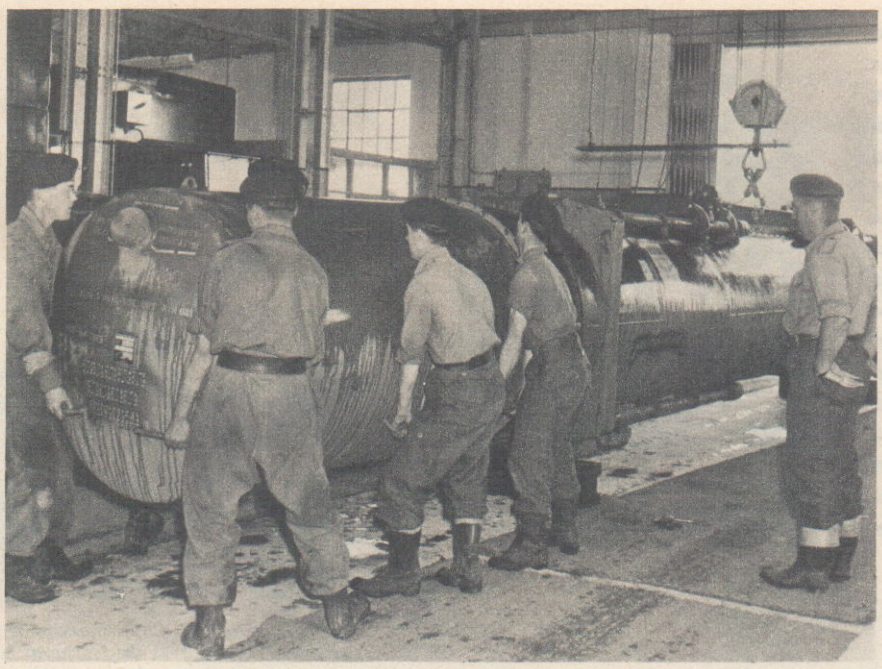
Near the beach are the concrete launching pads. The flight safety compound houses the control and computing rooms, signals exchange and a meteorological office. In the workshops area the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers check the Corporals for firing and the Regiment's Royal Army Ordnance Corps section measures out the rocket motor fuels.



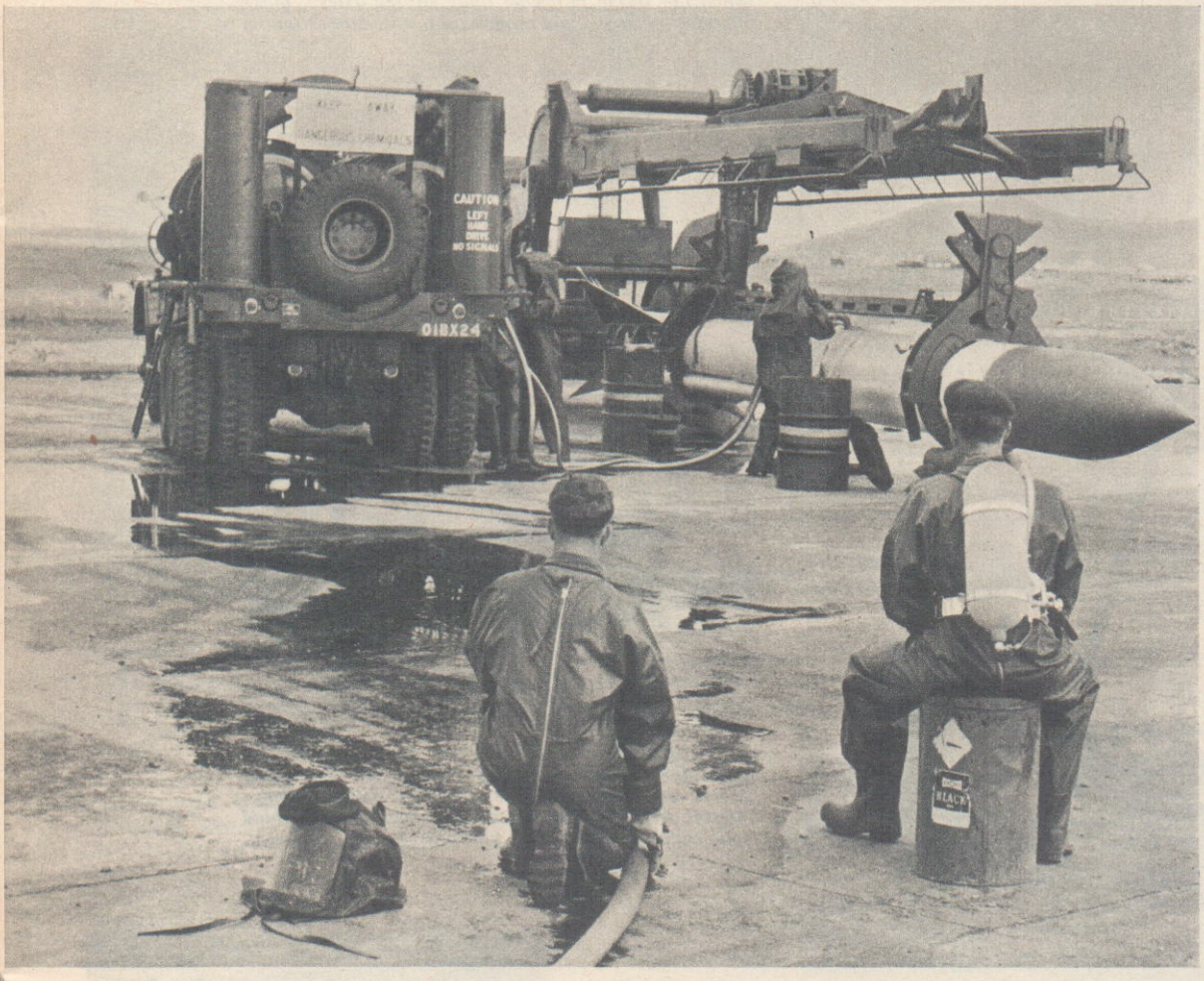
Above: The Corporal missiles come in containers from America to British Army ordnance depots and thence by RASC landing craft to South Ford, the shallow strait separating the islands of Benbecula and South Uist. Here the containers are unloaded and hauled to the rangehead. Right: Men of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers check a Corporal missile in the rangehead workshop.

AT a tented camp in the south-west of South Uist, 25 miles from the rangehead, the Counter-Bombardment Wing of the School of Artillery, helped by men of 57 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment, Royal Artillery, is using the Corporal firings to test and improve its own locating techniques.

Right: Lifting away one end of the pressurised container. Then the Corporal, without its warhead, slides out on its special runway and is ready for checking over in the workshops.



Below: Dressed in protective clothing, men of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps fill the Corporal with its fuel. During this operation, two men stand by with hose and breathing apparatus in case of fire.



The familiar red flags mark the perimeter of the rangehead and guards are placed at each end of the beach to warn away walkers and inshore fishermen. But there ends any relation to normal range safety practice, for much of the control on the guided missile range relies on radar.

Before a Corporal is fired, a Royal Air Force *Shackleton* aircraft from Ballykelly in Northern Ireland sweeps the whole range and makes a particular search in the target area, signalling back to the control room the position and movement of shipping. Should firing be delayed the aircraft stays in the area—it has an endurance of 24 hours—and makes further searches.

From radar stations on St. Kilda, by direct wireless link, comes further information on shipping and aircraft in the vicinity, and from these and other radar sets at the rangehead the safety control room keeps an up-to-the-minute plot. No sea routes cross the range—inter-island ships sail to leeward in the sheltered waters between the Hebrides and the Scottish mainland—but trawlers frequently fish in the danger area.

In the early stages of its vertical flight the Corporal is optically plotted by two teams who follow the missile with telescopes. Then radar takes over and through computers the flight is electronically plotted on screens, one showing the missile's height and the other its track. In the event of a breakdown there is a duplicate set of independently fed plotters.

Should a missile go berserk in flight the range safety control officer can ensure that it falls safely in the sea.

The Army's missile men in South Uist live in a camp built on land reclaimed from the sea about

OVER . . .

It's A Lonely Life On St. Kilda

ST. KILDA, 54 miles out in the Atlantic and Britain's most westerly island, is one of the Army's most remote stations.

Three of the five main islands which make up the Kilda group were occupied for 2000 years, but in 1930 the last of the 80 crofters, unable to make a living, evacuated the three-mile-long isle of St. Kilda.

Now soldiers are in occupation, keeping watch over the Hebrides guided missile range and spotting the fall of Corporals into the Atlantic.

The Royal Artillery Guided Weapons Range took over from the Royal Air Force in August last year, since when up to 40 soldiers have been stationed on St. Kilda.

The medical officer has been on the island for a year. His medical duties have been few, but he has been midwife in the lambing season, meteorological officer, postmaster, dentist, barber and education officer.

The Kildas are the home of a quarter of the world's gannets, two million pairs of puffins, other sea birds and only two species of animal—the black Soay sheep and the St. Kilda mouse.

This unique mouse, four times the size of a house mouse, is a protected animal and the soldiers are forbidden to destroy it even though it raids their rations.

Supplies go out by Royal Army Service Corps tank landing craft or by the *Mull*, a civilian-manned trawler of the Corps fleet. The landing craft put in on a steep beach from which the soldiers laboriously cleared large boulders, but the *Mull* anchors three-quarters of a mile off shore and has to be off-loaded into the island's small boats.

Soldiers on St. Kilda rapidly learn seamanship, for even on the calmest day there is a ten-foot swell in the bay. They have to wade in up to their necks to haul in the boats. In their spare time they have built canoes for lobster and mackerel fishing.

Ornithologists and scientists regularly visit the islands and are fed and looked after by the Army. In winter, Fleetwood trawlers bring the mail.

There are no medals for service on St. Kilda, but the garrison has its own distinction—the Puffin Club. Qualification is a fortnight's stay or four trips and members may wear the exclusive tie of a puffin motif on an appropriate background of maroon.

POSTSCRIPT: Even the Western Islanders regard St. Kilda as remote. Their Gaelic equivalent of the colloquial "Drop dead" is "*Nach robh thu ann Hiort*" ("I wish you were on St. Kilda").

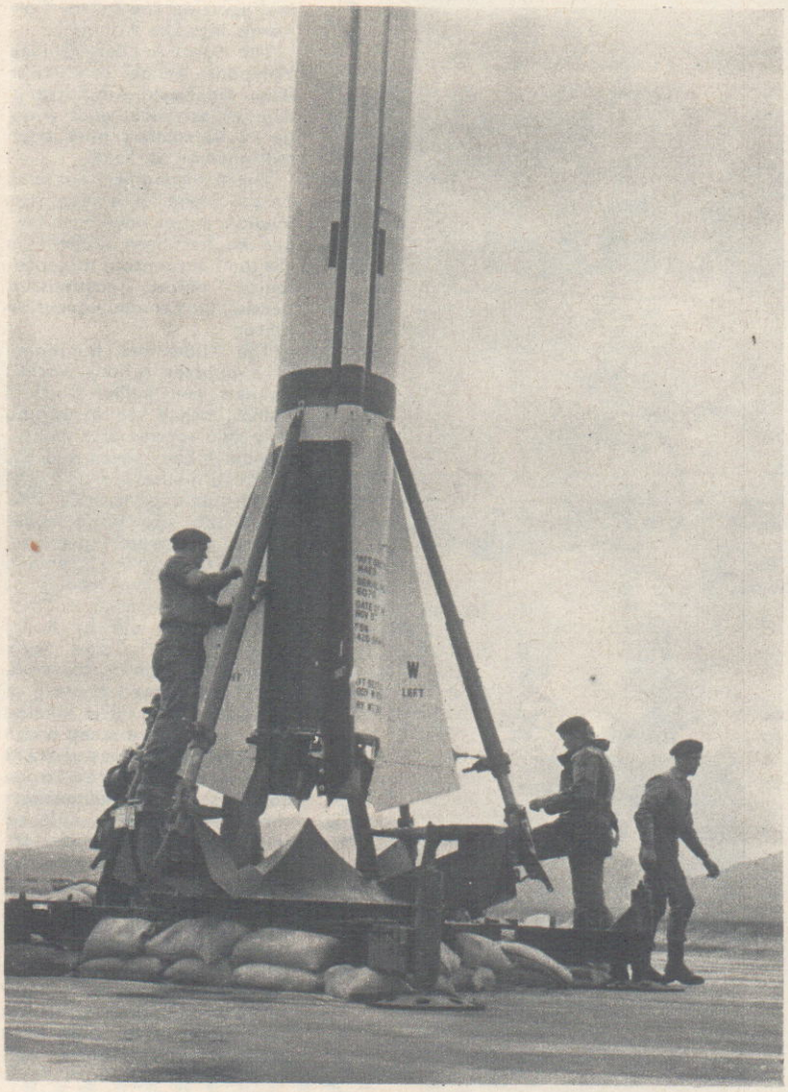
THE Corporal, America's first ballistic missile, which first came into service with the United States Army in 1954, is 45-ft long and weighs five-and-a-half tons.

It has a range of over 50 miles and can carry either an explosive or nuclear warhead.

President Eisenhower once said that four American Corporal battalions, each of 250 men, are equivalent in fire power to all the artillery used in World War Two.

In the guidance area, a Gunner team lays its radar plotter on the Corporal. Computors track the missile in its flight.

The final check completed, the massive transporter-erector pulls away and leaves the Corporal in its firing position, silhouetted against the South Uist hills from which the statue of "Our Lady of the Isles" looks out over the crofts and rangehead towards the Atlantic.



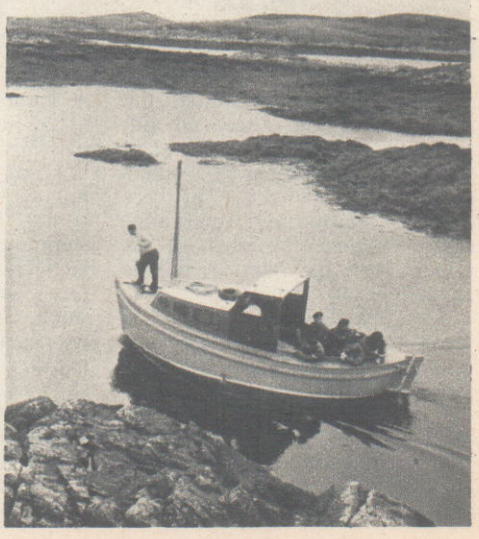
Left: BEFORE. In the last few minutes before the count-down begins, Gunners replace the fuel tank covers and strengthen the platform with sandbags. Above: AFTER. The missile has gone, leaving behind split sandbags, but the platform is not damaged.

100 years ago and amenities are constantly being improved. Mail is now flown in and out daily. There are film shows, squash and badminton. NAAFI, which supplies all the Army rations on the islands, is opening a junior ranks club to compete with the limited Hebridean entertainments of fishing, walking and infrequent dances in the village halls. The camp's most treasured possession is a motor-launch, presented by the Nuffield Trust, which can take six passengers on cruises in the innumerable lochs.

The Army's relations with the islanders are excellent. At first there was some mistrust of military vehicles on the narrow roads, but Army drivers are deservedly proud of their safe driving record and irreproachably courteous in giving way to civilian traffic at the passing bays.

Army life in the remote Hebrides—even the Scottish mainland seems a long way away—means hard work and discomforts, but there is a rewarding sense of achievement for both the men who fire the Corporal and the range staff who are helping to develop Britain's own successors to the weapon.

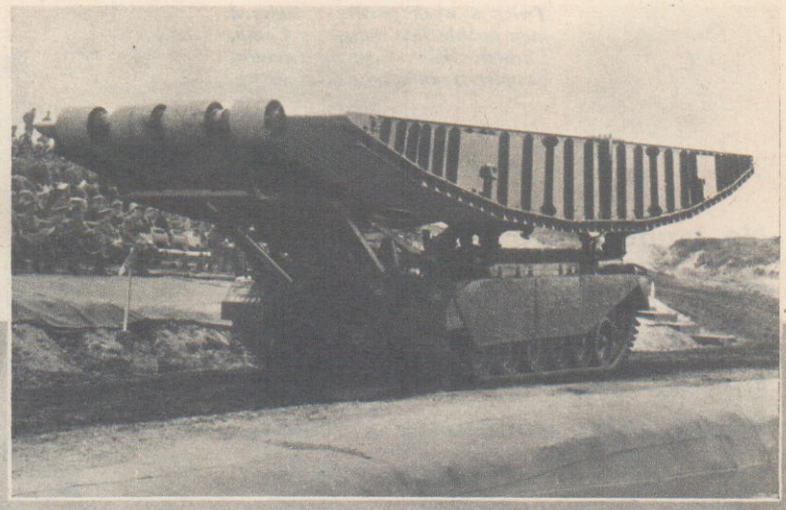
PETER N. WOOD



A popular pastime for the Army's missilemen in the Hebrides is sailing in the Range's six-seater motor-launch on the innumerable lochs.

Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT

THE UP-AND-OVER BRIDGE



The new bridge-layer rides past at a Royal Armoured Corps demonstration. Its 45-ft long bridge is carried upside down and can be launched in 3 minutes.

THE Army is to have a new bridge which is carried on a tank and can be launched across a 40-ft gap in three minutes.

It is the Centurion Bridge-Layer and will replace the Churchill Bridge-Layer which has been in service since World War Two.

The Centurion Bridge-Layer weighs 49 tons and has a crew of two. It is driven by a 650 horse-power engine and has a much better cross-country performance than the Churchill. Its bridge is 45 ft long and 14 ft wide and will carry vehicles of up to 80 tons. The Churchill bridge is only 30 ft long and its load capacity 60 tons.

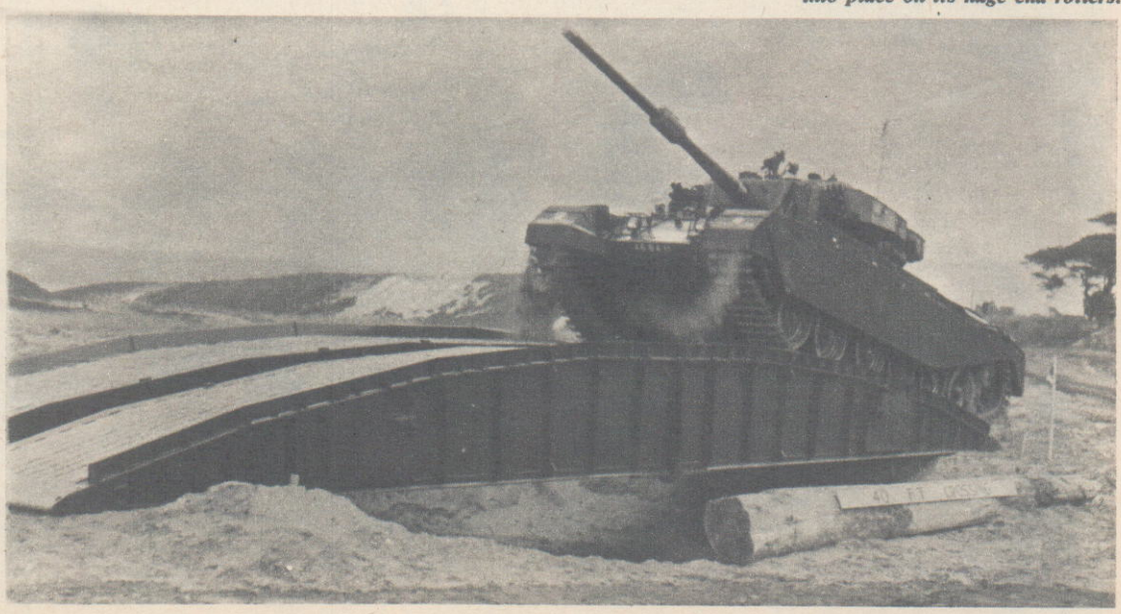
Although it uses the same principle of launching and recovering its bridge by a power ram operated from the safety of the tank hull, the Centurion Bridge-Layer carries its bridge upside down and swings it into position through 180 degrees. The Churchill bridge is rolled forward into position.

A prototype of the Centurion Bridge-Layer was shown recently at the Royal Armoured Corps and Royal Engineer demonstrations, when it was stated that the bridge "can withstand an astonishing number of tanks."

The new bridge-layer will undergo troop trials next year and should be in service with Royal Engineer and Royal Armoured Corps units in about two years' time.

Above: Like a giant lobster's claw the Centurion bridge yawns over a 40-ft gap. It can be placed in position by a crew of two and support tanks weighing up to 80 tons.

Below: A Centurion roars over the tank-carried bridge which is swung into place on its huge end rollers.



Twice a week parties of injured men hobble into Saighton Camp, Chester. Weeks later most return, completely cured, to their duties.

No longer does serious injury spell the end of a soldier's career. Today, instead of pensioning him off, the Army sends the disabled soldier to a rehabilitation centre where he is restored to health

AND THE CRIPPLES COME BACK CURED

EVERY Monday and Thursday morning groups of crippled soldiers arrive at Saighton Camp in Chester, hobbling along on crutches, limping painfully on plaster-encased legs or with their arms hanging lifelessly in slings.

Weeks, and sometimes months, later most of them depart, completely cured by the Army Medical Rehabilitation Unit—the only one of its kind in the Army and the biggest in Britain—which devotes itself to the task of restoring power to wasted muscles and making disabled soldiers fit again for duty or return to civilian life.

Probably no other single unit contributes a greater share in helping to solve the Army's manpower shortage, for many men who would otherwise be discharged from the Army are returned to their units after treatment at Saighton Camp. In 1958, 775 of the 954 patients were returned to duty and only 88 were medically discharged. The rest were transferred to hospital for further treatment. The figures for the first six months of this year are even better: of the 482 patients 407, or 84 per cent, were returned to duty, 50 were medically discharged and 25 transferred to hospital.

No matter how a soldier becomes disabled—on leave or duty, through genuine accident or stupidity—he goes to Saighton Camp for expert remedial treatment.

In recent months patients have included men who have come to grief in road accidents, in parachute jumps, on the sports field—and one who, to impress his girl friend, leapt over a high hedge. Unfortunately, he failed to carry out a proper reconnaissance of what was on the other side and fell down a cliff, breaking both ankles!

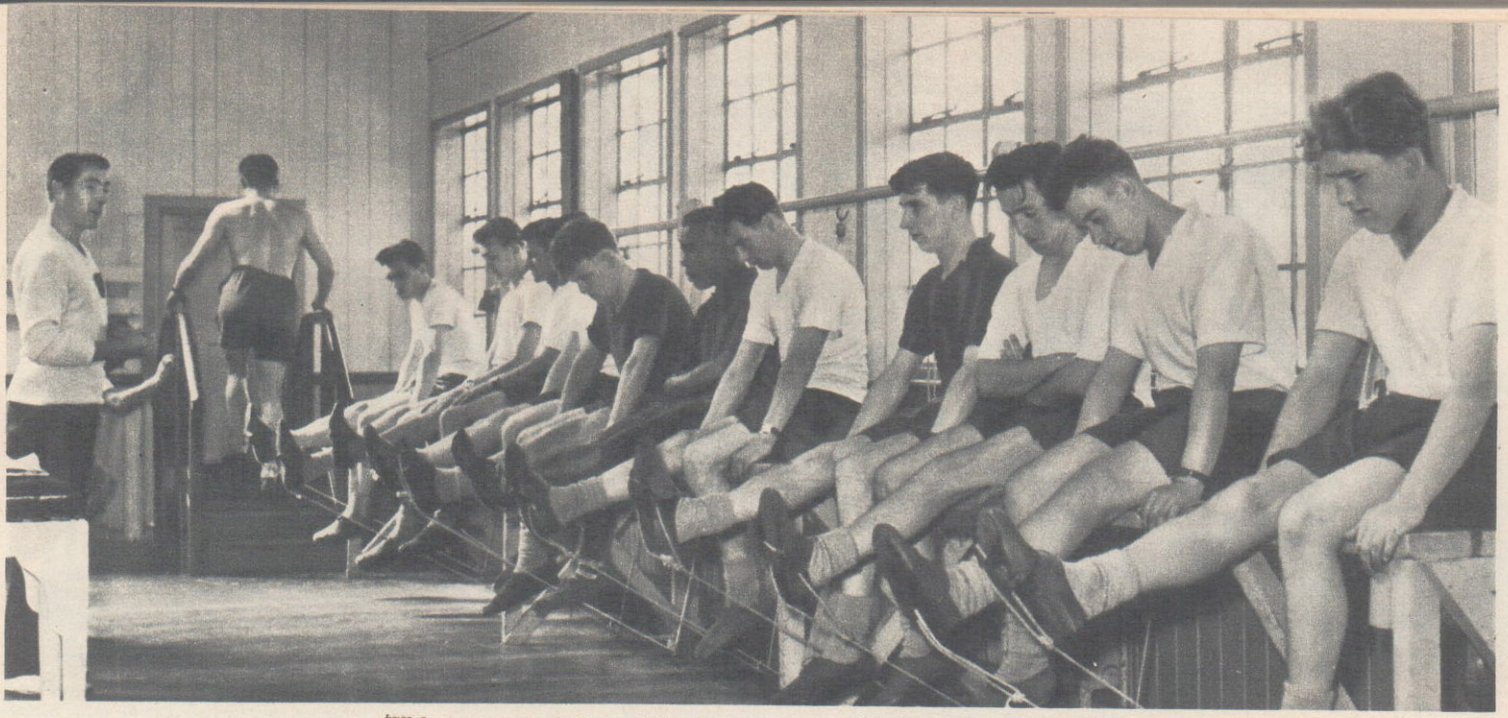
The Army Medical Rehabilitation Unit, which was formed in 1956 by the amalgamation of the convalescent depots at Saighton and Netley, can treat 250 patients at a time, though the number has rarely topped the 200 mark, and in addition to a medical staff has physical training instructors qualified to give remedial treatment, and occupational and physiotherapy facilities.

The treatment it gives represents a big advance on the wartime methods of rehabilitation for men suffering from bone and muscle injuries. "In the old days," the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel J. M. Milne, Royal Army Medical Corps, told SOLDIER, "if a man broke a leg it was put into plaster and he was sent home on leave. Now he comes here while he is still in plaster and we get him fit again much more quickly than ever before."

There is no secret in the methods which are used to help patients on the road to recovery. The answer lies mainly in a combination of physical exercises designed to strengthen weak muscles, and the equally important task of keeping men happy and making them eager to help themselves.

Every patient who goes to Saighton Camp must be able to walk unassisted for at least 100 yards. For most of them the day begins with an early morning session of communal muscle-loosening carried out to music on the Camp's tannoy system and under the eye of the physical training staff. Then they move to their classes (each man is graded according to the seriousness and type of injury) and perform remedial exercises on specially constructed apparatus and take part in competitive games. No form of treatment is persisted with to the point where it be-

In a specially constructed bath, Private Geoffrey O'Brien, RAOC, receives treatment for a ligament injury. Immersion in water makes it possible for the patient to move his limbs more easily and gives him self-confidence.



With ropes attached to their shoes, patients with leg injuries strengthen their muscles by pulling on weights.

comes dull or even wearisome.

The Unit's own brand of basketball and baseball, played by the contestants seated on the floor, is an important morale builder and at the same time it strengthens muscles. The teams, some of the men with their legs in plaster, soon learn to slither about the floor at remarkable speed and exercise muscles they never knew existed.

Throughout each day the patients make use of a series of ingenious gadgets, including static bicycles and weights on ropes slung over pulleys, to help get their muscles working properly again and some are also given massage and heat treatment.

Occupational therapy, in the form of basket-making, carpentry, metal work, weaving and even piano playing, helps to make stiff fingers, wrists and arms supple and strong again and at the same time provides the men with an interesting hobby. The Unit buys old furniture at auctions to provide the wood from which patients make chairs, cabinets and other articles. The weavers' looms are also made on the premises.

Not all the patients are treated collectively. Some, like those suffering from nerve and head injuries, receive individual treatment.

Psychology plays an important part in the recovery machine. When they arrive at Saighton Camp, the patients are personally welcomed by the Commanding Officer, and any personal problems are dealt with immediately. "A man without worries will make a speedier recovery," Colonel Milne told SOLDIER, "and a happy man is a co-operative man."

Very quickly, a pleasant and intimate relationship is built up between staff and patients and military discipline is not too rigidly applied. Inside the Camp there are educational and social facilities and each week many patients go to the swimming baths in Chester where some find the

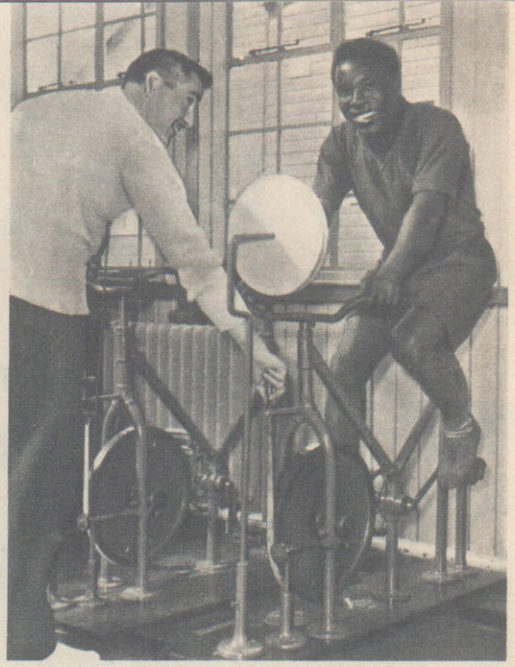
OVER...

Left: One way to make leg muscles stronger is to give them some work to do, like pushing on a platform loaded down with weights.

Right: Under the watchful eye of a physical training instructor, Tpr N. Faber, a polio victim, carries out breathing and muscle exercises, suspended in a sling.

There's nothing like a game of "sitting" baseball for getting damaged lower limbs back into working order.

These patients are not training for ballet but carrying out exercises to build up thigh muscles.



Pte C. Miller, RASC, won't get very far on this bicycle but he finds pedalling works wonders for his knee.

confidence, which they lacked in the Unit gymnasium, to use their injured limbs again. Often, too, the men are invited to civilian dances and concerts in the Chester area.

The Unit goes to great lengths to ensure a happy atmosphere and for this reason psycho-neurotics are not welcome. Social misfits who decline to co-operate might upset their fellow patients and hamper their recovery.

One of the many soldiers who have reason to be grateful to the Army Medical Rehabilitation Unit is Lance-Corporal Roy Curzon, of the Parachute Regiment. On his 70th parachute jump, from a Beverley aircraft over Wiltshire, he landed heavily and seriously damaged his spine. At first it was thought that he would always be a cripple. Now, thanks to the treatment he has had at Saighton, he will soon be rejoining his unit.

Another is Trooper Barry Staton, of the 4th Royal Tank Regiment, who is Doncaster Rovers' centre-half. He severely damaged a cartilage last season and it was feared he would never play football again. He has responded so well to treatment at Saighton Camp that he expects to be in the Rovers' first team again this season.

Corporal George Atkins, of the Royal Pioneer Corps, is probably the unluckiest man at Saighton Camp. Eight months ago while he was on holiday at Stranraer, a tremendous gust of wind blew a passing motorcar into him. His skull, pelvis, shoulder and both legs were fractured. A few years ago his career as a soldier would have been finished; in a few months he hopes to be back in uniform, completely fit again.

Also unfortunate is Rifleman Albert Schirn, of the 3rd Green Jackets, Rifle Brigade. While recovering in hospital from a broken arm received in a motorcycle crash he lit a cigarette and accidentally set fire to his splint and its padding, burning his chest and arm.

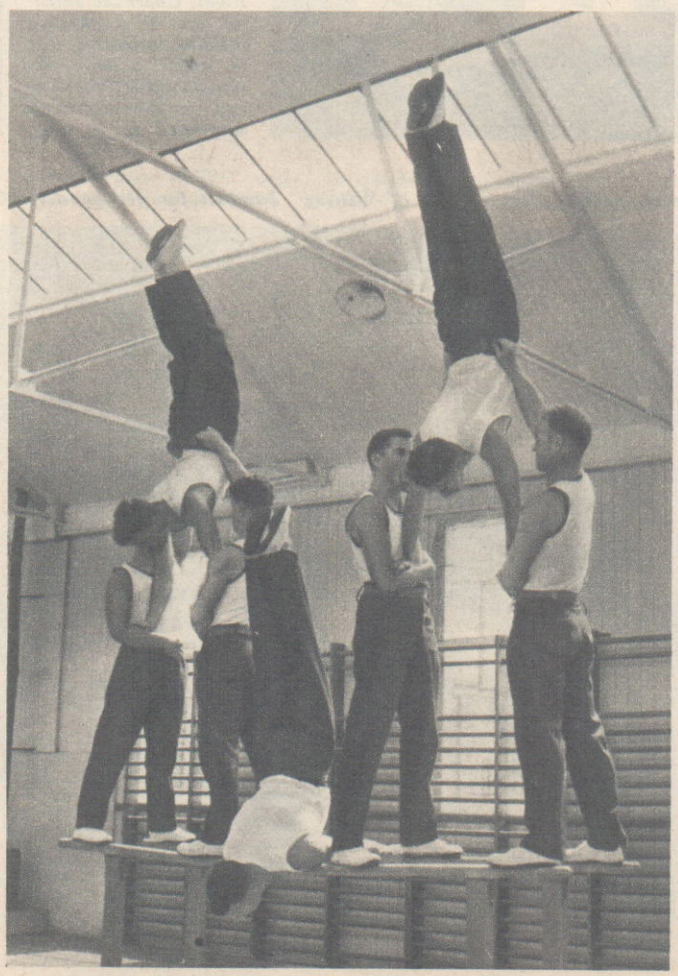
Motorcycling accidents and mishaps on the sports field account for many of the injuries treated at the Army Medical Rehabilitation Unit and several polio victims have regained the lost power of their muscles as a result of the remedial exercises taught at Saighton Camp.

One of the polio victims is Trooper Noel Faber, 11th Hussars. For weeks he was dangerously ill with his shoulder, chest and abdominal muscles paralysed. Now, though he has some difficulty with his breathing after energetic exercise, he has regained much of the power in his muscles. Trooper Faber, who is to be discharged from the Army, said: "They have performed miracles for me here."

From whatever cause soldiers go there they can all be sure of one thing: the Army Medical Rehabilitation Unit will give them the best treatment it is possible to provide.

FOOTNOTE: When National Service ends, the Army Medical Rehabilitation Unit will have an increasingly important task to perform and it is likely that the Unit will soon move to the London area and cater additionally for officers and members of the Women's Royal Army Corps.

K. E. HENLY



Practising what they preach, the physical training instructors at Saighton Camp take time off to hold their own keep-fit classes.

DO YOU KNOW HIM?

☆ 3 ☆

Can you identify this famous soldier whose story is told below?

KING GEORGE II, the last reigning English monarch to draw sword in battle, distinguished himself at Dettingen in 1743 during the War of the Austrian Succession. But the outstanding achievement on the field was the almost incredible exploit of Tom ——, a trooper in Bland's Dragoons, who had joined the Army only a year before.

Early in the fight, Tom —— had two horses killed under him and lost two fingers of his left hand. He mounted a third horse and went after a group of Frenchmen who had captured a Colour. He shot one, scattered the rest and regained the Colour which he held between leg and saddle while he fought his way single-handed through the enemy who intercepted him.

He brought the trophy back at the cost of eight wounds in the face and neck, two bullets in the back and three through his hat.

When he returned to England Tom —— found he was the most famous soldier of his day and was feted everywhere he went. Accounts of his exploits appeared in poetry and prose, his portrait was painted many times and engravings of him were published. His health was drunk wherever the toast was "The Army."

F. DUBREZ FAWCETT

(Answer on page 37)

ASKARI

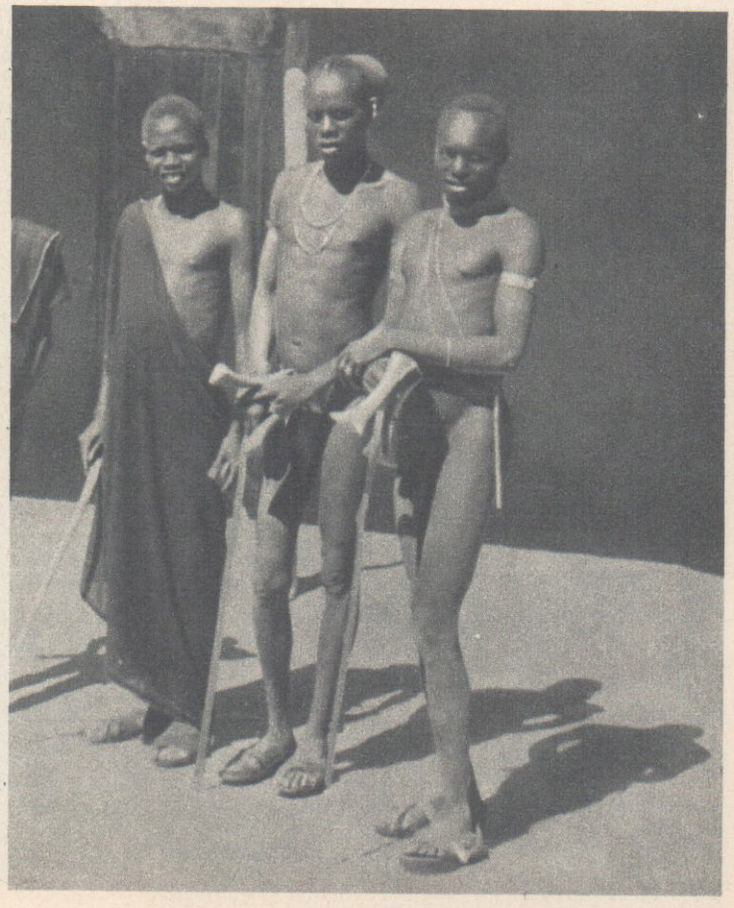
In The Land of The Lion

In a country where lion and leopard roam the plains and naked natives fight to the death over cattle, men of the King's African Rifles have been on safari

Above: A KAR Land-Rover passes by one of the many extraordinary sugar-loaf rocks that rise perpendicularly from the scrub-covered plains in Karamoja.

Left: Two **askari** *take up position with rifle and Bren gun in a camouflaged slit trench. The Uganda Rifles are trained to march ninety miles in three days.*

Below: Karamoja tribesmen, carrying shooting sticks on which they sit when resting, pose for the camera. The man on the left was too shy to be photographed naked.



A BRITISH sergeant lay down behind a small bush with his rifle and ten rounds of blank ammunition and waited for the *askari* to attack.

Suddenly, from the nearby trees, a fully-grown lion and his mate appeared and made straight for him at a menacing lope.

The sergeant shut his eyes and prayed; then opened them again in wonder. The lion and the lioness had passed by a few feet in front and, completely disregarding him, were making for a water hole. Like all good soldiers when danger threatens, the sergeant moved rapidly to an alternative position, regretting that his blanks were not real rounds.

This terrifying experience happened recently to a sergeant of the 4th Battalion, The King's African Rifles (Uganda Rifles) when they went on manoeuvres to Karamoja, a prohibited area in the north-west corner of Uganda—one of the few places in the world still untouched by civilisation.

Lion, leopard, hyena, cheetah, wart-hog, giraffe and all kinds of wild game roam unmolested. The native tribesmen go their ways completely naked, each carrying a wicked-looking eight-foot long spear and a roughly-hewn wooden shooting stick and wearing on their hands vicious hooks for ripping an opponent or an animal to pieces.

They live by and for their cattle. They eat them, steal them, use them as currency and frequently fight pitched battles over them. Cattle raids in which up to 30 men are killed in one fight are commonplace. There are no roads and no communications in an area so vast that police control is impossible.

In this extraordinary country where time seems to have stood still but which is only ten hours' dusty drive away from the unit's modern barracks at Jinga, on the shores of Lake Victoria, the 4th Battalion spent a month on safari, perfecting their already high standard of field training.

It was perfect terrain for field firing all the Battalion's weapons, for massive mountains, some of astonishing formation, rise almost perpendicularly from the huge, scrub-covered plains.

At the base of a massif, the *askari* built their camp of little grass

OVER...

The askari *don't bother with tents at camp. They do things the easy way. A few branches for the frame, several armsful of vegetation waiting to be picked on the site and in a few moments two- and four-man huts take shape.*

huts laid out in neat platoon lines, and almost every day went out on manoeuvres. Sometimes, in spite of the overpowering heat, they marched up to 30 miles a day, wearing full equipment.

On several of the night exercises they slept in the open with a blazing camp fire for protection against the roaming lion, leopard and hyena which prowled a few yards away and kept the *askari* awake with their eerie howling.

Occasionally they met the Karamoja tribesmen who posed for photographs and demonstrated their fearsome-looking spears.

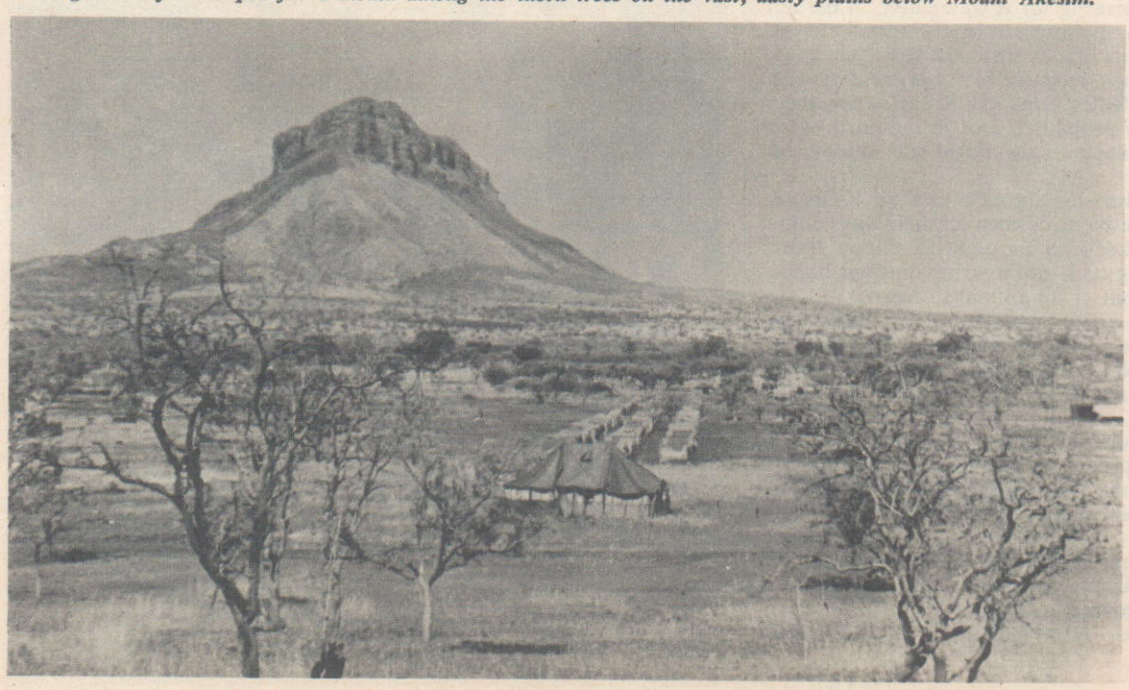
In off-duty hours the *askari* hunted for buck and other small game to supplement their rations. It was a fascinating sight. Wearing only shorts and PT shoes and carrying a *panga* or a club, they spread out in a line across a mile of country and, shouting excitedly, drove forward to "raise" the game. Then, in the manner of the Zulu War Impis, the two wings moved forward at tremendous speed, passed the animals and turned inwards to surround them. A few quick blows and a score of animals lay dead.

The Uganda Rifles, in common with other King's African Rifle battalions, have 20 British officers and 17 warrant officers and sergeants on strength. Each company is commanded by a major, with a captain or subaltern as second-in-command and sometimes one other officer. Each platoon is commanded either by an *effendi* (an old African rank recently revived) or an African warrant officer. Specialist platoons are commanded by British officers.

The British other ranks, including the regimental sergeant-major, the bandmaster, chief clerk, physical training instructor and an Education NCO, are employed almost entirely on administrative work. The company quartermaster-sergeants in rifle companies are all British.

The Battalion has a proud record for shooting, having in the past two years won most of the major trophies in East Africa and also "The African Cup" which is competed for by units in East, West and Central Africa and The Somaliland Scouts.—*From a report by Captain A. J. WARD, Uganda.*

The Uganda Rifles camped for a month among the thorn trees on the vast, dusty plains below Mount Akesim.



SOLDIER to Soldier

■

IT is impossible to put a cash value on courage and when a man performs a deed in war that merits the award of his country's highest honour for valour, he does so without thought of financial gain.

If it were otherwise, bravery would lose its meaning.

But the least a hero should reasonably be able to expect if he falls on bad times in later life is not to have to undergo the degrading experience of submitting to a means test in order to qualify for the hardship allowance to which the award entitles him.

For this reason, if none other, the Government's recent decision to grant a £100 tax-free annuity to holders of the Victoria Cross, irrespective of rank and need, is warmly welcomed by the Services.

When the Victoria Cross was instituted 103 years ago, only other ranks who won the award received a pension of £10 a year, subsequently increased to £19 13*s* 4*d*. Later, both officer and other rank recipients who were in dire need could also claim a hardship allowance of up to £75. Few did so, for brave men are also proud men who do not like to ask for charity. Some even sold their medals to make ends meet.

It is a sobering thought that even in these days of the Welfare State, 12 of Britain's bravest men who wear the ribbon of the Victoria Cross are so poor that they have had to claim the hardship allowance. If the increased grant does no more than give them back their self-respect it will have served an honourable purpose.

★

WHO would have thought to see the day when Gunners would jeer, however good-humouredly, at the traditional weapons of their Regiment?

The day has come. Those Gunners now working with guided missiles—led by the men who recently fired the first Corporal in Europe—accuse their colleagues who are occupied with more conventional weapons of being engaged in "steam gunnery."

There may, of course, come a day when the new rocketeers will be accused of "steam rocketry." Then, somebody will recall that a steam rocket for military use was invented last century. It was shown to the Duke of Wellington, who commented: "If this had been invented before gunpowder, what a great improvement gunpowder would have been."

★

The prize for this month's best howler goes to the unit PRI who wrote to the Editor: "Owing to the *civilisation* of this unit and the run down of military personnel, it is no longer practicable for us to take copies of SOLDIER."

A savage lot, these soldiers!

THE SAPPERS FIND A LOST PORT

A TEAM of Army underwater swimmers in Cyprus may have made one of the most important archaeological discoveries of all time.

They believe they have found the lost port of Paphos, once the main harbour of the world, which was built nearly 400 years before Christ and was destroyed by an earthquake in AD 350. It once berthed 3000 ships at a time and, says local legend, was the port from which St. Paul sailed.

The men who have brought to light the hidden remains of the legendary port which may prove to be the eighth wonder of the world are Sappers of 37 Field Engineer Regiment, Royal Engineers, who have traced the old harbour walls running nearly three miles out to the Moulio Rocks and brought up large quantities of tiles, pottery and wood believed to be from sunken ships.

The search for the lost port began when Mr. I. M. G. Williams, a former Commissioner for Paphos, asked the Army for help and members of 37 Regiment's sub-aqua club agreed to take on the job in their spare time at week-ends.

They in turn enlisted the aid of a local sea captain who knew the coastline well and built themselves an underwater sledge.

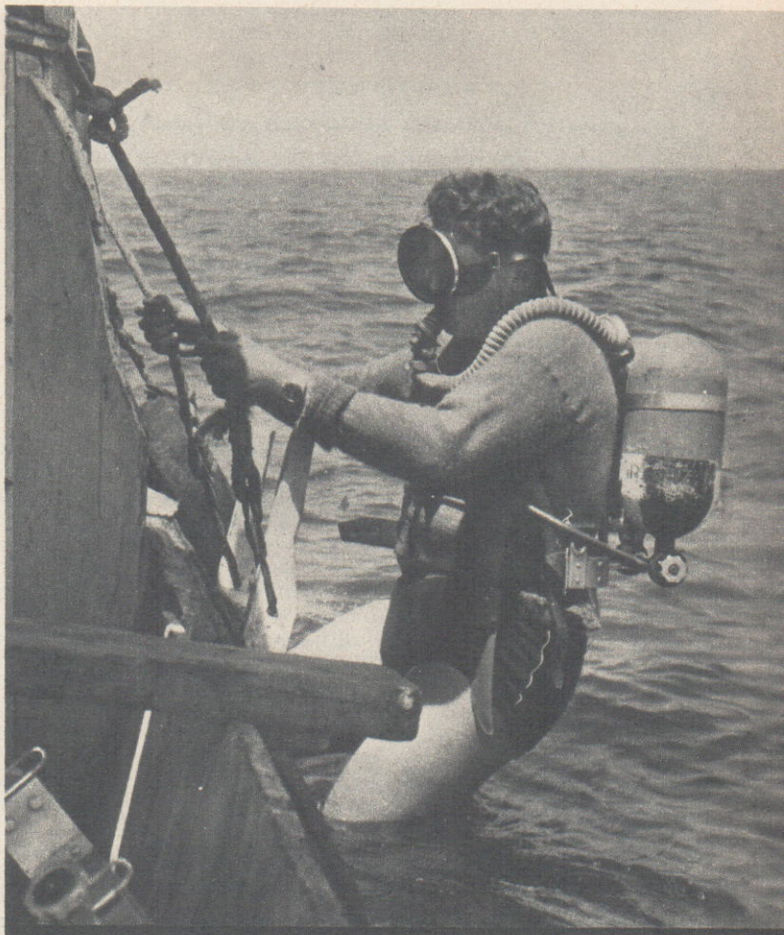
Then, led by Second-Lieutenant J. Blashford-Snell, an expert underwater swimmer, the Sappers went to work. Behind their launch they towed the sledge on which a Sapper in an aqua-lung lay face downwards, peering into the sea in the area where the ancient port wall was believed to be. When the man on the sledge saw anything worth investigating, he pushed the hydro-plane controls of the sledge forward and dived. In this way, the team, taking turns on the sledge, traced the main wall of the port and also found jetties and a smaller port.

Later, another launch was provided and as many as ten Sappers at a time spent most of the week-ends diving into Paphos Bay and recovering relics from the sea bed.

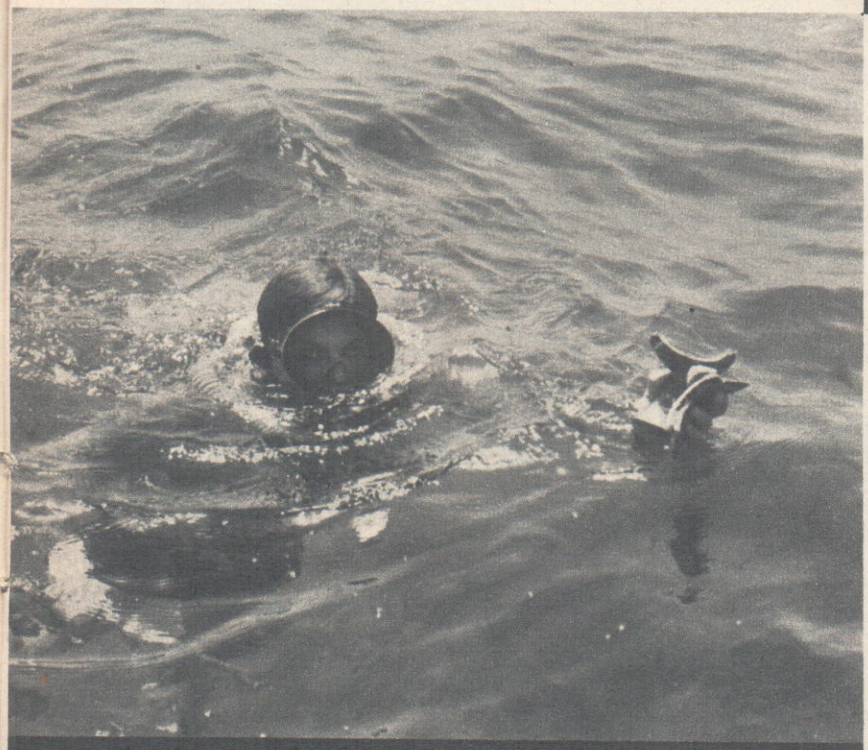
In some places, the Sappers were hindered by thick underwater forests of seaweed which were cleared by setting off charges of explosive suspended from specially constructed buoys.

When the preliminary reconnaissance of the lost port was completed, the Sappers marked the course of the walls and jetties with buoys on the sea's surface and Sapper surveyors, working from the shore, charted them on to large-scale maps.

As SOLDIER went to press the Sappers were preparing for the final stage of their underwater exploration—a detailed examination of the sea bed on which the lost port lies.—*From a report by Second-Lieutenant D. A. HARRIS, Public Relations, Middle East Land Forces.*



With an aqua-lung strapped to his back, 2nd Lieut Blashford-Snell prepares to dive in search of the port destroyed by an earthquake. Working at week-ends, the Sappers have brought to light many relics.



A Sapper diver comes to the surface clutching pieces of pottery which he has found on the sea-bed at Paphos. Wood from sunken ships has also been found.

SPEAR FISHERS

TWO British soldiers who recently escaped from encounters with man-eating sharks represented Britain in this year's world spearfishing championships in Malta.

They are (right) Major D. Baynham and Staff-Sergeant J. Wright, both of the Royal Corps of Signals in Cyprus.

While fishing off northern Cyprus, Major Baynham was circled by two killer sharks and escaped by making his way slowly inshore. Staff-Sergeant Wright came face to face with a 10-ft, 70-lb man-eater and shot it dead with his spear.

The Toast is "THE LADIES"

IN TIME OF DANGER, 21 YEARS AGO, BRITAIN'S WOMEN FLOCKED TO JOIN THE AUXILIARY TERRITORIAL SERVICE AND PLAYED A LARGE PART IN WINNING THE WAR. TODAY THEIR SUCCESSORS IN THE WOMEN'S ROYAL ARMY CORPS CONTRIBUTE AN EQUALLY IMPORTANT SHARE IN HELPING TO MAINTAIN THE PEACE

They're 21 Today

TWENTY-ONE years ago, in the fateful days of Hitler and Munich, the Auxiliary Territorial Service was born and Britain's women, the tradition of three centuries' loyal service to the Army inherent in them, rallied to their country's defence as never before.

This month, its successors, the Women's Royal Army Corps, celebrates the coming-of-age with a pride shared by every brother soldier.

Although barely eleven years old, the Women's Royal Army Corps enjoys not only full recognition today as an essential and integral part of the Army—a status denied to all its predecessors—but is destined to play an increasingly important role in the Regular Army of tomorrow.

In World War One women cooked and drove cars, lorries and ambulances while ever striving for a status higher than that of camp follower. In World War Two they took over anti-aircraft guns to save their homes from destruction and in total war proved their high standards of devotion to duty, their powers of endurance and physical courage.

Their reward is recognition as a Regular Force—granted in 1949—and an ungrudging acceptance by men of women's ability to soldier in many essential jobs. Tomorrow the Regular Army looks to its daughter Corps to help fill the gaps which the National Servicemen will leave.

It has been a long, uphill fight for recognition. Twenty-one years ago the first members of the Auxiliary Territorial Service enrolled as volunteers, civilians in the eyes of the law and subject to military law only as camp followers. Officers held only ATS commissions and there were no military ranks.

In those early days, when the Women's Service was growing from the 17,000 called up at the outbreak of war to the peak number of over 200,000 in 1943, there were innumerable administrative difficulties. The women were ignorant of Army matters and the men had little idea of ATS requirements; goodwill on both sides solved each problem.

Army officers learned to appreciate the anxiety of the ATS to do a useful job of work, to grapple with providing suitable accommodation and even to discuss unblushingly unheard of scales of clothing. But few soldiers ever fathomed the appointments and equivalent ranks of the ATS.

No work was too dirty or too tough for the ATS. Some even enjoyed it, like these two girls grappling with a punctured tyre in a field of mud.

The Queen, then Princess Elizabeth, at the wheel of an ambulance.

The ATS Taught The Queen To Drive

NO one has taken a greater interest in the women's Services than the Royal Family.

The Queen Mother became Commander-in-Chief of the Auxiliary Territorial Service (she is now Commandant-in-Chief of the Women's Royal Army Corps) soon after the outbreak of war and her daughter, then Princess Elizabeth, joined the Service.

Granted an honorary commission as a second subaltern in the spring of 1945, the present Queen learned to drive at No. 1 Motor Transport Training Centre, Camberley.

The Princess Royal joined the ATS in October, 1938, as Honorary Controller of the West Riding, and is the present Controller-Commandant of the Women's Royal Army Corps.

A war-time personality was Subaltern Mary Churchill, youngest daughter of Sir Winston Churchill and now wife of Mr. Christopher Soames, Secretary of State for War. She served as a corporal, sergeant and officer in Anti-Aircraft Command and became the first ATS officer to act as aide-de-camp to a prime minister when she accompanied her father to Canada and the United States.

ATS girls scan the London skies for enemy raiders. Thousands served in mixed anti-aircraft batteries, operating the instruments that guided the guns, and were the first combatant girls in any Army.

In many ways Dunkirk provided a turning point in the history of the Auxiliary Territorial Service, for during the days that followed the evacuation the women showed that they were willing and able to face long hours and extra work.

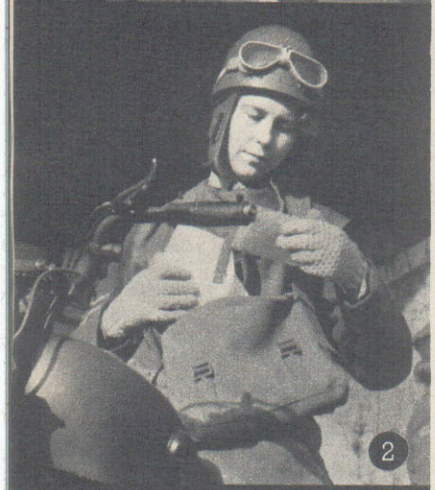
Sometimes, to their own surprise, women found they possessed hidden courage. They learned to deal with incendiary bombs, suffered bombing at night and cheerily turned up for work next day, sometimes in pyjamas and greatcoats, the only clothes left to them.

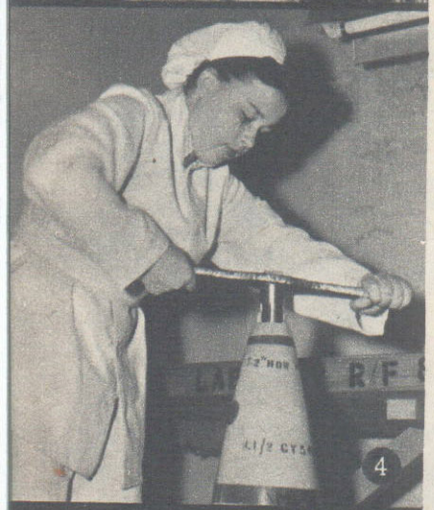
For the first time women went into action against the enemy, working side-by-side with men in mixed anti-aircraft batteries, and eventually the women outnumbered the men in Anti-Aircraft Command. One searchlight regiment was manned entirely by the ATS.

As more women joined, their jobs became more and more diverse. New trades ranged from radio mechanics and chiropodists to watchmakers and camouflage modellers, from ammunition examiners to butchers. And, to remind the Army that woman can be perverse, the cooks of one unit, who were refused permission to change their trade, next day produced rice pudding laced with large quantities of mustard!

OVER . . .

Pause for a well-earned cup of tea for some of the ATS girls who ferried thousands of military vehicles from Royal Army Service Corps depots to ports for shipment overseas. Often they worked 16 hours a day.





Since 1938 women in the Army have performed every task a woman can do—and many they had never done before. 1. Military Policewomen in Germany; 2. Wartime despatch rider; 3. Switchboard operators; 4. An ATS ammunition examiner.

Women rapidly invaded the Corps, taking over more and more technical jobs. They handled letters in the Army Post Office, almost completely staffed the Army Blood Depot and looked after the rats used for scrub typhus research.

The first ATS to go overseas, a platoon of drivers and bilingual telephonists, served with the British Expeditionary Force in France in 1940. A few months later the telephonists were the last British troops to leave Paris, driving out from one side as the Germans entered the other.

A year later a party went to the Middle East, for secret work at the Combined Services' Detailed Interrogation Centre and to recruit Palestinian women. Later, auxiliaries for the Middle East were also raised in Cyprus and India.

In September, 1941, three members joined the British Military Mission in Washington and when the United States entered the war the ATS element was increased, partly by locally-recruited auxiliaries from the West Indies. Another ATS company did clerical duties at the headquarters of East Africa Command.

Clerks, signals operators, kennel maids and anti-aircraft Gunners followed the Normandy invasion and a number of ATS officers trained for civil affairs work in Italy. One of these teams inadvertently entered Cremona Province while fighting was still going on and the junior commander personally received the surrender of the German military area commander.

At the end of the war ATS were employed in every theatre of operations except Japan. In the six and a half years they had lost 67 killed, nine died of wounds, and 313 were wounded and 16 missing. Their honours and awards included 238 mentions-in-dispatches and 11 foreign decorations by the United States, France and Czechoslovakia.

Life in the Women's Royal Army Corps today is shorn of the glamour and excitement of war, but its members carry out important tasks in many countries where the British Army is stationed—in Cyprus, Germany, Singapore, Hong Kong, Gibraltar. A few are serving in Jamaica. Holland, France and Norway. At home, radar operators at Manorbier and gunnery assistants at Shoeburyness play their part in the development of tomorrow's weapons.

Women in the Army now hold the key to the door—and in their hands lies a share of responsibility in contributing to the preservation of world peace.

SOLDIER salutes them.

PETER N. WOOD.

Women's uniforms have undergone many changes in the past 50 years. Left to right: First Aid Nursing Yeomanry (1907); officer's dress of Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps (1917); Worker of QMAAC (1917); ATS (1938); ATS officer (1939); WRAC Experimental Assistant Gunner (1957); and finally the No. 1 uniform of the WRAC.

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"Women Are Great Helpers"

"*As woman was created to be helper to man, so women are great helpers in Armies to their husbands . . . neither should they be rashly banisht out of our Armies . . . they provide, buy and dress their husband's meat when their husbands are on duty or newly come from it, they bring in fewel for fire, wash their linens and in such manner of employment a soldier's wife may be helpful to others and gain money to her husband and herself.*"

This appreciation of the work of women with the Army was written in 1677. Up till then, and for two centuries later, women followed the Army at home and overseas.

With a change in public opinion, women no longer accompanied regiments after 1897, but nearly 40 years later when manpower began to run low in World War One, women were again called in to serve overseas. This time they wore uniform and were organised and disciplined under their own officers. The First Aid Nursing Yeomanry, "a body of horsewomen who undertake to ride on to the battlefield and carry the wounded back to medical help," had been formed in 1907 and during the war drove ambulances.

Other voluntary associations had also grown up by this time, including the Women's Legion which originally hired cooks to the War Department and later formed a motor transport section.

The Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, the Army's first disciplined and uniformed body of women, was charged mainly with domestic duties. It became Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps and was disbanded after World War One.

When the Auxiliary Territorial Service was formed, FANY assumed responsibility for recruiting and training motor driver companies while the Women's Legion raised drivers for service with the Royal Air Force.

In his red coat and white breeches, one of Wolfe's men hurls down a bumper to the accompaniment of a roll on the drum.

MONTCALM WAS HIT FOR SIX AGAIN

GENERAL LE MARQUIS DE MONTCALM stepped up to General Wolfe and slapped him across the face with his glove. "Choose your weapons," said Wolfe stiffly. "Cricket bats," replied Montcalm.

And so began the most colourful game of cricket England has seen for years.

It happened like this. At this year's Royal Tournament the Royal Sussex Regiment re-enacted the Battle of Quebec (1759) every night—and every night General Montcalm's men took a hiding. Short of making a travesty of history there was nothing the Frenchmen could do about it.

Then General Montcalm, in the person of Second-Lieutenant Mark Tarver, had a bright idea. "Let's get our own back at cricket," he suggested.

The challenge, delivered in the traditional manner, followed. General Wolfe (Second-Lieutenant Timothy Blair) led the ceremonial march of the two "armies" dressed in their 1759 uniforms through the streets of West London from Earl's Court to St. Paul's School, Hammersmith, where the cricket field was put at the Regiment's disposal for the duration of the battle.

The appearance of the colourfully uniformed troops in the streets caused a stir, and police were called out to control the traffic.

Resplendent in their period dress, the two forces marched on the field—and the battle began.

Montcalm's men, bolstered by a group of war-painted Red Indians, took first knock. The opposing generals stationed themselves in their umpiring positions and, to the accompaniment of a roll on the drum from the drummer standing at mid-off, the English bowlers launched their assault.

"General Wolfe" raises his arms in triumph as the winning hit is made. The drummer is Corporal J. Phillips.

Wolfe's men maintained a merciless onslaught before which even the Redskins on the French side quailed. In steady procession Montcalm's men were dismissed and could amass only 56 runs.

History then proceeded to repeat itself. With only five wickets down the Englishmen applied the *coup de grâce* by scoring the winning run. Umpire Wolfe raised his arms in congratulation.

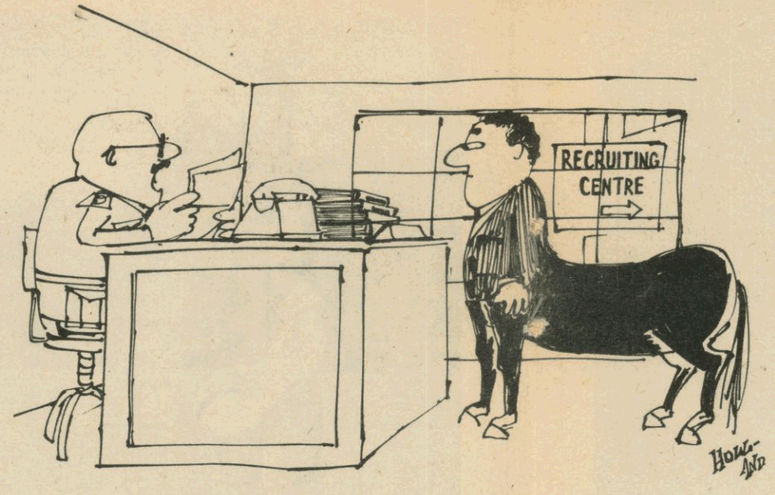
As Field-Marshal The Viscount Montgomery, an old boy of St. Paul's School, might have said—Montcalm had been hit for six!

Did you ever see a Red Indian playing cricket? Here's one—Sgt R. Bungard misses a long hop. Standing well back is wicket-keeper L/Cpl F. Brockenborough.

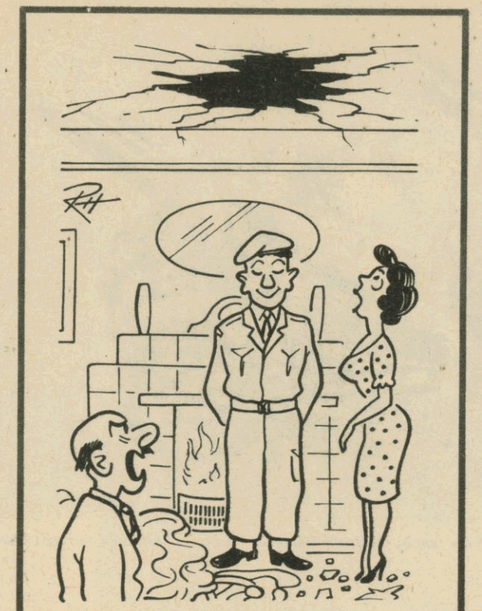
POSTSCRIPT

As Otway's Regiment, or 35th Foot, the Royal Sussex Regiment played a prominent part in the storming of the Heights of Abraham and the subsequent battle at Quebec 200 years ago. They bore the brunt of the initial French onslaught and in the vital counter-attack "carried all before them and won the white plume which for 50 years afterwards they proudly wore".

humour



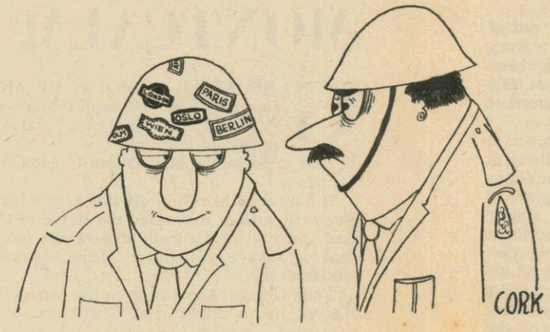
"Now, tell me, why do you particularly want to join the cavalry?"

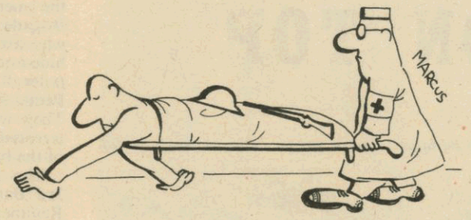


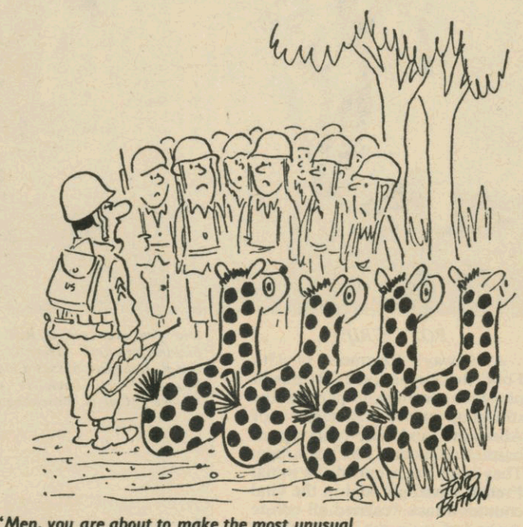
"Well, next time you ask a chap to drop in, make sure he's not in the Parachute Regiment."

"'Join the Band,' he said, 'and dodge all the bull.'"

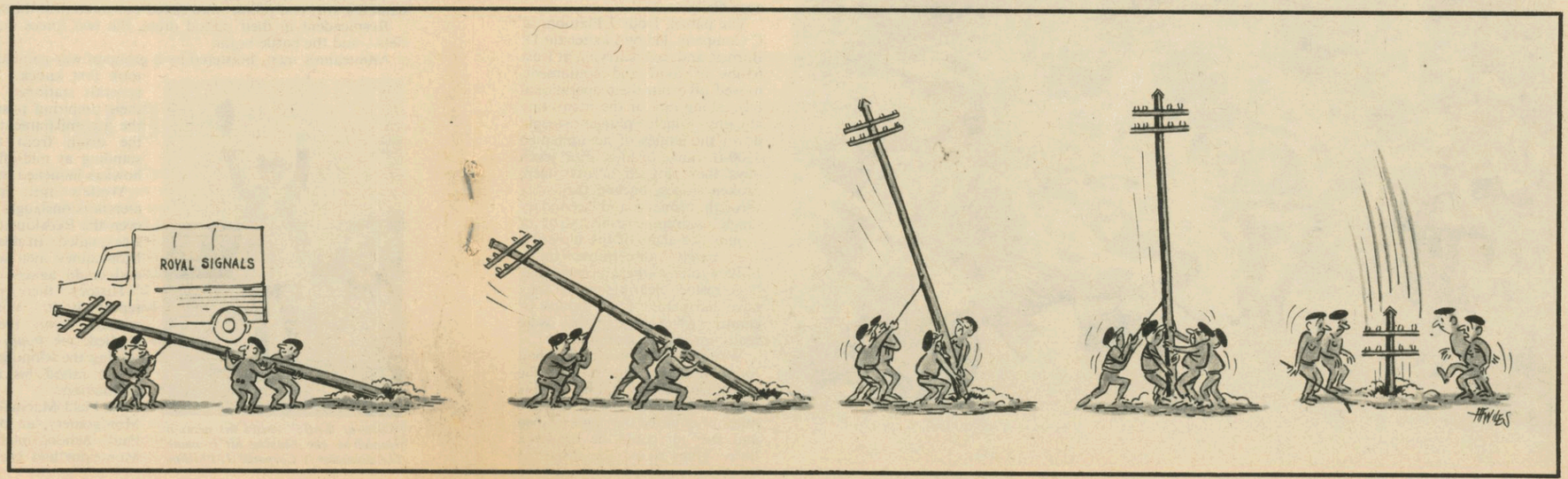
"So you've broken a finger-nail. What do you want, a wound stripe?"

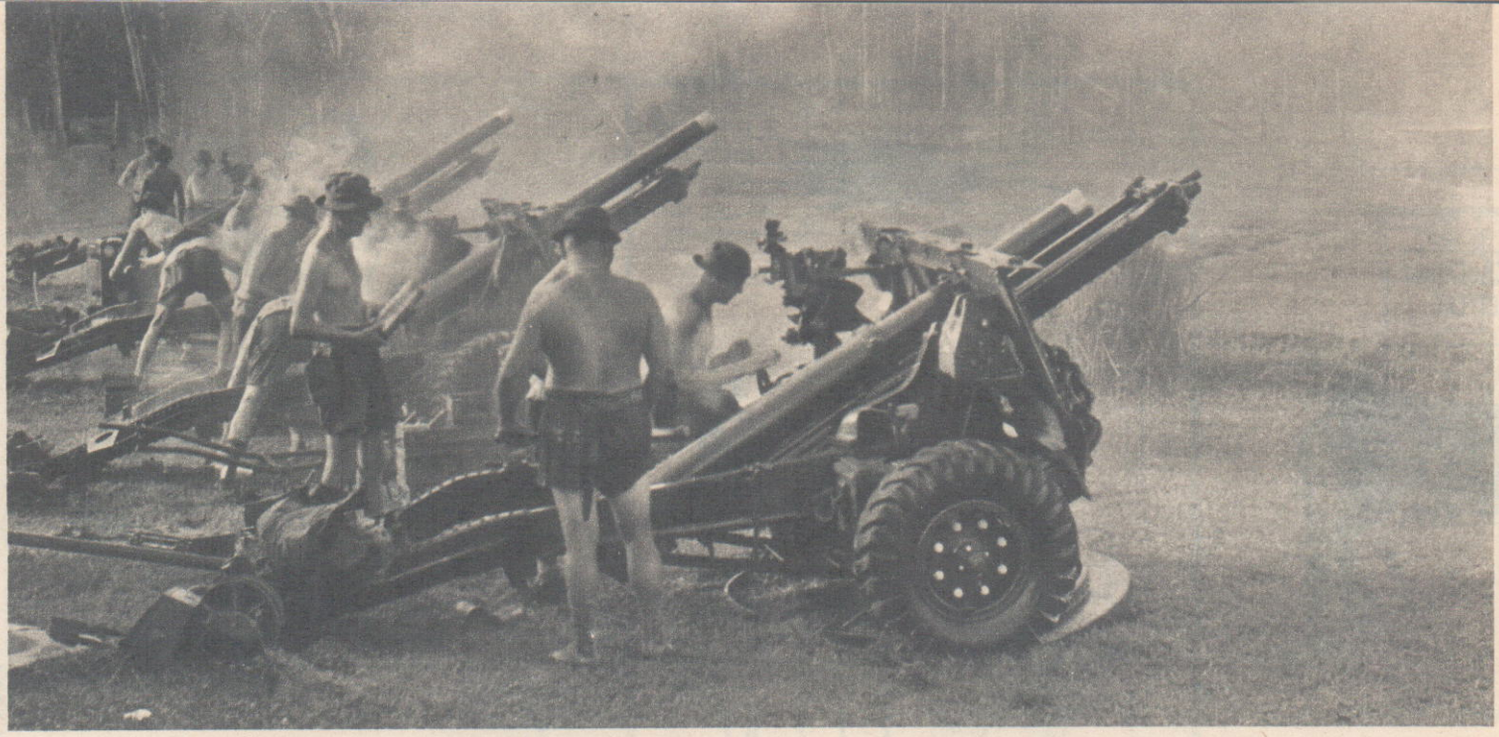






"Men, you are about to make the most unusual river crossing in military history!" Courtesy U.S. *Army Times*





From the edge of the jungle, Australian Gunners strike at suspected terrorist hide-outs with their 25-pounders.

MEN FROM DOWN UNDER ON TOP

South of the Siam border in Malaya, Australian soldiers are helping to hunt down the last of the jungle terrorists. It is an arduous, often unrewarding, job always fraught with danger.

Keeping their weapons well clear of the water, men of the 3rd Battalion cross a stream during a jungle patrol.

OFFICIALLY, the end of the 10-year emergency in Malaya is in sight and probably fewer than 1000 fanatical, hard-core terrorists remain at large.

But it makes little difference to the men of 28 Commonwealth Brigade, especially the Australians who are playing a grim game of hide-and-seek over 100 square miles of thick jungle in Northern Perak, south of the Siam border. They will go on hunting down terrorists until the last remnants of the bandit gangs are destroyed.

The Australians—men of the 3rd Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment, which rejoices in the nickname "Old Faithful"—have a tough, often boring and seldom rewarding job to do, typified by the experience of one patrol which recently spent a week in the jungle near Grik.

The patrol, from 7 Platoon, of C Company, led by Lieutenant D. Burnett and each carrying at least 65-lbs of food and equipment, moved off from their operational base along one of the many tiny streams which plunge steeply down the slopes of an unnamed 4500-ft. range of hills. For seven days they slogged across steep, broken slopes, hacked their way through primary and secondary jungle, searching every yard of ground for signs of the terrorists —a barely discernible track, broken foliage where a sentry may have rested, clearings which may have harboured food dumps or camps. At every step they were ready for instant action.

When they returned they had found nothing—but at least the patrol had proved that no bandits were at large in the 16 square miles of country they had probed and the net could be drawn a little tighter round the suspected

GALLANTRY IN THE JUNGLE

OUTSTANDING bravery and devotion to duty by a captain and a lance-corporal of the 3rd Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment, have been rewarded by gallantry awards.

Captain Claude Ducker, who wins the Military Cross, was leading a platoon through the jungle when it was fired on. He ordered an immediate assault, during which one bandit was killed, and then, for five days, led his unit's Tracking Team over mountainous country and in monsoon conditions in search of the other terrorists.

Four months later Captain Ducker's patrol spotted a terrorist resting place. He placed six of his men in ambush and then, with four others, circled the enemy and crept to within 20 yards of them. Under cover of a grenade, Captain Ducker and his men charged forward under heavy fire, killing three terrorists and capturing important documents, equipment and a large quantity of food.

"Captain Ducker's sense of duty, tenacity, technique and intelligent aggression have been an inspiring example," says the citation.

Corporal Maxwell Hanley, who receives the Military Medal, was in command of a three-man ambush party in a shed on a rubber estate when, during the night, four bandits were seen approaching. He waited until they were five yards away before he sprang the ambush. Three terrorists were killed and another three surrendered.

hiding places of the terrorists.

The Australians in 28 Commonwealth Brigade—of all other arms as well as Australia's most famous Infantry regiment— have deservedly won a high reputation for toughness and efficiency during their four years' campaign in Malaya, almost all of it spent in the thickly-covered jungle states of Perak and Kedah.

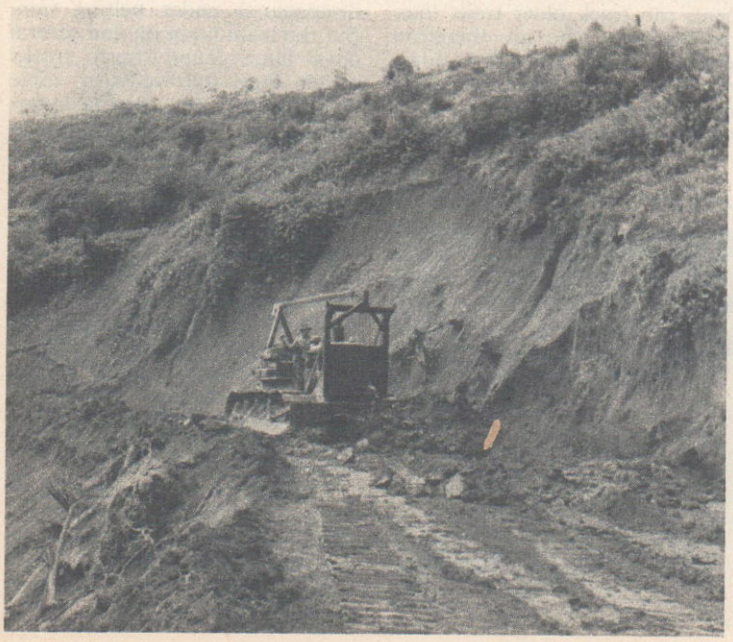
The 2nd Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment; 105 (A) Field Battery, Royal Australian Artillery; Royal Australian Engineers and troops of other arms went to Malaya in 1955. Many Australians also joined British units, serving alongside United Kingdom troops in Signals, Ordnance and Medical units.

In 1957 new units arrived as replacements until today there are nearly 1400 Australian soldiers in Malaya. Among them are men of "A" Field Battery, Royal Australian Artillery, the oldest Regular Gunner unit in Australia, which has fought in every war in which the country has been involved since 1870. Also operating as a separate unit is 2nd Troop, Royal Australian Engineers.

The famous 3rd Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment, has played a big part in recent successes against the bandits, par-

OVER . . .

Above: It's not all jungle bashing for the Australians in Malaya. Spit and polish play a part, too, as seen here when the Gunners of "A" Field Battery paraded for an inspection by Brigadier H. J. Mogg DSO, the Commander of 28 Commonwealth Brigade. Below: Road-making is all in the day's work for the Engineers.



ticularly during the recent and appropriately-named Operation Ginger, a 16 months' drive over 1200 square miles of jungle during which 193 of a gang of 200 bandits were killed or captured.

Now it is combing the jungles near Grik and Lenggang in Perak, to wipe out a well-armed, elusive gang of 40 terrorists.

Since 1957, when they went to Malaya, the men of "A" Field Battery, armed with 25-pounders and 4.2-inch mortars, have ranged the country from north of Ipoh and have fired more than 60,000 rounds at terrorist targets.

They have supported all the Commonwealth Brigade's Infantry battalions—British, New Zealanders, Australian and Gurkha—at one time or another, generally with harassing fire and occasionally with battery concentrations. Their chief role is to harass the bandits with irregular fire and force them to move, making them more vulnerable to search patrols. Sometimes the Gunners have become Infantrymen and joined in jungle searches.

The Sappers of 2nd Troop are now past masters at improvisation in the jungle and have carried out valuable work making jungle landing zone clearings, also building and repairing roads.

Australians in Malaya have done, and are doing, a fine job and well deserve this tribute recently paid to them by Brigadier H. J. Mogg DSO, 28 Commonwealth Brigade's commander: "Australian troops in Malaya are magnificent soldiers and I am proud to have them under my command."—*From a report by Australian Army Public Relations.*

SEEK AND FIND

Two Australian manhunters practise on the firing range to improve their shooting and accustom their dogs to sit still when weapons are fired. Labradors make the best trackers.

AT the Headquarters of the 3rd Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment, in Malaya, a team of 14 men and their dogs are on constant stand-by, night and day, ready to move at five minutes' notice.

They are the unit's Tracking Team, a small, closely-integrated group of specialist manhunters who combine their skills in running terrorists to earth. To them the Battalion owes much of its success.

Dogs and trackers have been used individually by most Commonwealth Brigade units for a long time, but only recently did the Australians hit upon the idea of forming a highly-trained team —an idea which has paid big dividends in the shape of killed and captured terrorists.

The team is made up of ten soldiers and four Iban trackers, all trained in dog-handling and the various tracking arts at the Malayan Anti-Terrorist Training Centre at Kota Tinggi, South Johore. They are selected for their fitness and endurance and ability to read the jungle—to tell at a glance that blades of grass have been displaced, leaves and twigs broken, all the tiny clues that even the most cunning terrorist leaves behind him.

Most of the Australians are also dog-handlers and others act as cover guards for the trackers. Every man, laden with 50-lbs of food and equipment, must be able to move at six miles an hour in thick, sweltering jungle.

Nearly all the tracking is done by the Ibans, the little brown-skinned warriors from Borneo, who can spot the faintest of tracks and tell to within a few hours when it was last used, how many used it and if they were men or women.

The Australians and their tracker and patrol dogs protect the Ibans as they search out clues, and are ready to go into action immediately.

The team's Labrador and Alsatian dogs are faster than the Ibans and are used to track at night in rubber plantations, indicating much sooner than a human being the presence of strangers. Labradors, which follow ground scent, can track older trails than the Alsatians who are therefore generally used as guard dogs, trained to roam unleashed close to the team and to point when they smell danger. Some dogs, in good conditions, have accurately pin-pointed ambush positions up to 800 yards away.

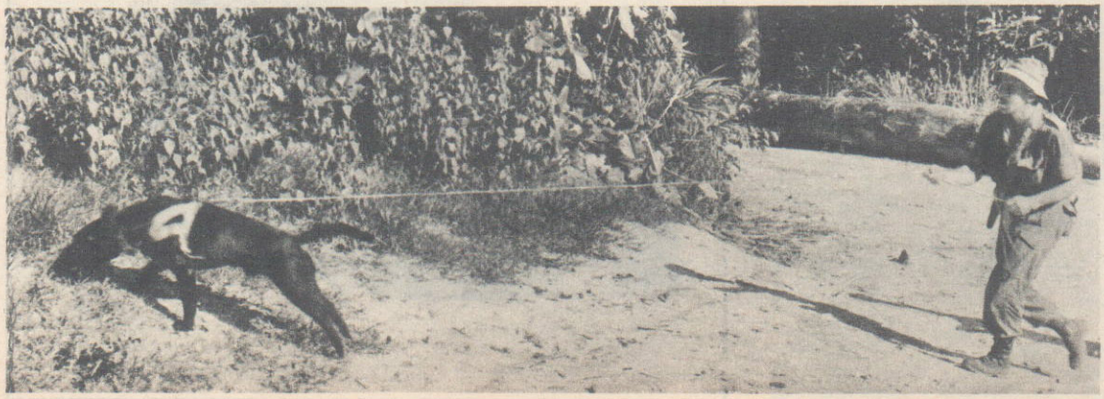
Success did not come to the Tracking Team immediately. For months the men found and followed tracks which petered out, destroyed by the rain or sun, or led to hide-outs the bandits had already fled.

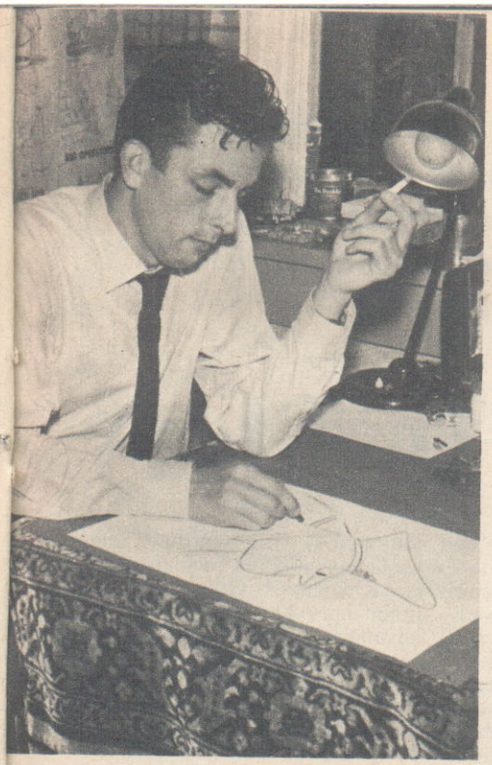
Then the idea proved itself. For 13 days, gaining steadily on the quarry, the team followed a track for nearly 15 miles until it disappeared under pelting rain. But the team hung on and several days later found fresh tracks which they followed for three days, finally encountering a terrorist camp. A brief but violent battle followed and three terrorists were killed without loss to the team.

The team spend much of their time in camp but the men and dogs have little rest. At least three times a week the Ibans are practised in tracking and the dog-handlers and their charges train every day. Jungle fighting drills are rehearsed again and again on mock terrorist camps until the team's actions are instinctive.

Regularly, too, the men demonstrate their role to the rest of the Battalion.—*From a report by Captain M. G. O'BRIEN, Australian Army Public Relations, Malaya.*

Smelling out terrorists. Private Ray Caulfield, with his Labrador "Tutu" on a pilot lead, searches thick scrub.





Cork at work. He is a self-taught cartoonist.

CRAZY PAGE

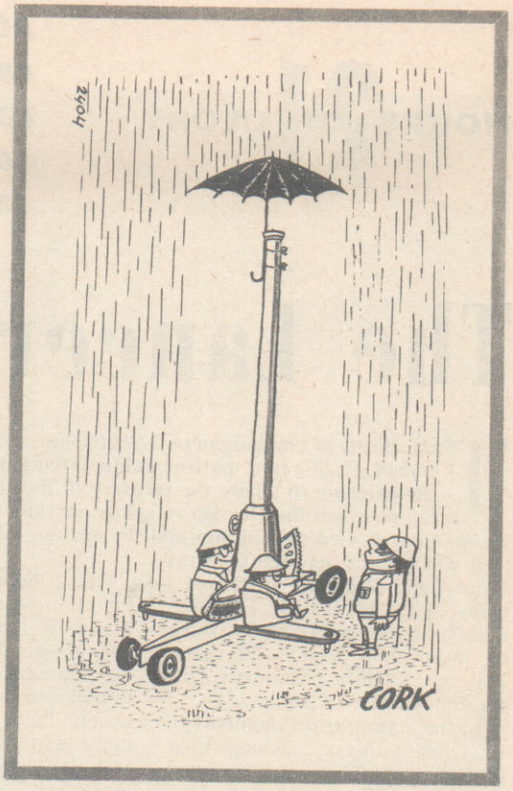
by CORK

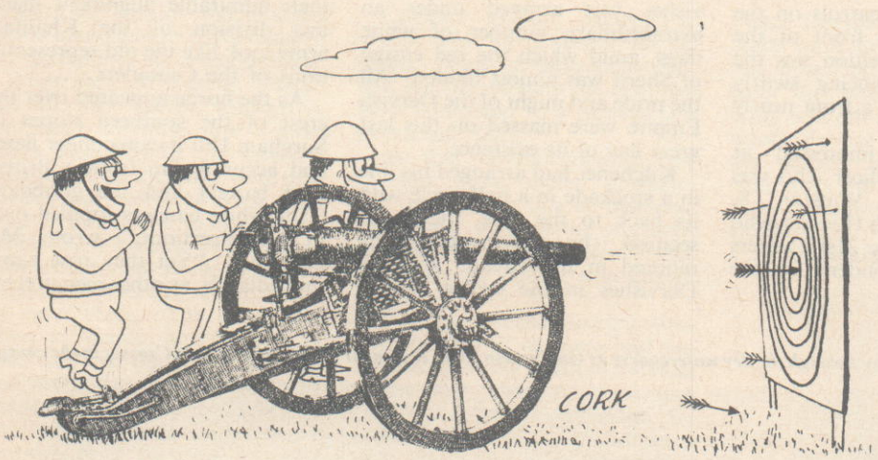
IN response to many requests from our readers who have chuckled at Cork's crazy cartoons over the past two years, SOLDIER publishes a page of his whimsical, off-beat humour.

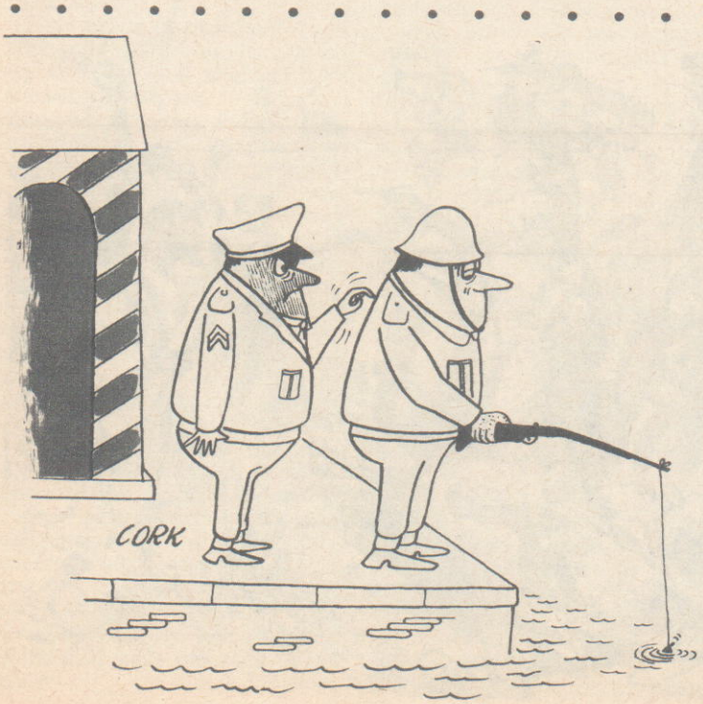
Cork (his real name is Cor Hoekstra) is a Netherlander born at Franeker, Holland, in 1931. His cartoons appear in more than a hundred Dutch magazines and newspapers and in French, German, Swiss and English publications.

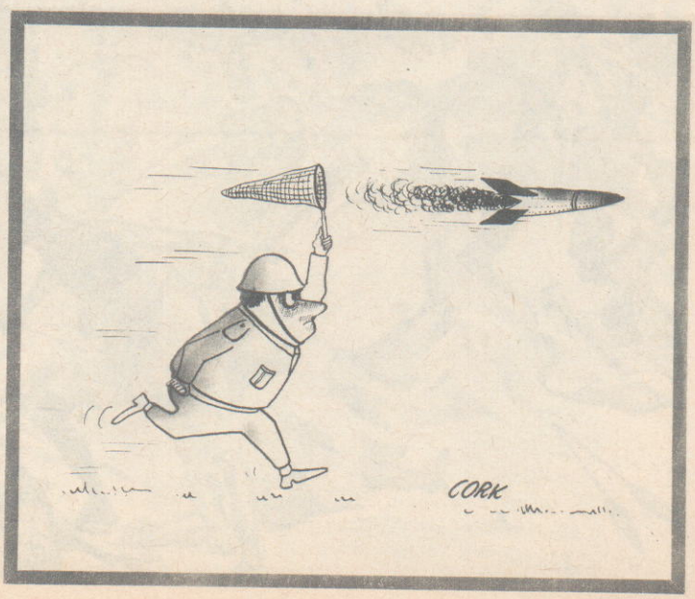
He is a self-taught artist who began to draw while serving in the Royal Dutch Air Force, an experience, he says, that inspired him to portray crazy people doing crazy things!

At present Cork lives a double life—as a cartoonist and a school teacher at Oudeschoot.









21 HOURS OF GLORY

At Omdurman, 61 years ago this month, a famous cavalry regiment put to flight a horde of Dervishes, paving the way to a victory that completed the reconquest of the Sudan. With the 21st Lancers on that day rode a young officer named Winston Churchill

The Lancers Galloped To Glory

THE Battle of Omdurman on 2 September, 1898, was the victorious climax of 13 years' patient military reorganisation and arduous campaigning to secure the recovery of the vast territory south of Egypt which the Dervish religious warriors had dominated since the murder of General Gordon and the sacking of Khartoum in 1885.

It was fought between General (later Field-Marshal) Kitchener's army of 25,000 British, Egyptian and Sudanese troops and a force of more than 50,000 Dervishes led by Khalifa Abdullah, the tyrannical ruler of Sudan.

In the action, three members of the 21st Lancers, making their first cavalry charge in war, won the Victoria Cross.

Since the spring of 1898 Kitchener, as Sirdar (Commander-in-Chief) of the Egyptian Army, had been advancing south across the desert towards Khartoum, and in April had soundly beaten the Dervishes at the battle of the Atbara River. After Atbara his army had been reinforced with troops and artillery, and with additional gunboats to cover the eastern flank of his columns in their final advance along the left bank of the Nile to meet Khalifa's army.

On 2 September, the Anglo-Egyptian camp at Omdurman was astir before first light, and several squadrons of British and Egyptian cavalry pushed forward to seek out the enemy. An attack which had been expected the night before had not materialised, and it was assumed that the Dervishes had either gone back into Omdurman or scattered into the desert.

Soon, however, patrols on the Surgham Ridge in front of the Anglo-Egyptian position saw the Dervish host advancing swiftly across the plain on a front nearly five miles long.

The spectacle impressed at least one young officer who was there—Lieutenant Winston S. Churchill, of the 4th Hussars, who was attached to the 21st Lancers as a war correspondent for the *Morning Post*.

In "The River War" which he wrote soon afterwards, he described the scene: "The emblems of the more famous Emirs were easily distinguishable. On the extreme left the chiefs and soldiers of the bright green flag gathered under Ali-Wad-Helu; between this and the centre, the large dark green flag of Osman Sheikh-ed-Din rose above a dense mass of spearmen, preceded by long lines of warriors armed presumably with rifles; over the centre, commanded by Yakub, the sacred black banner of the Khalifa floated high and remarkable; while on the right a great square of Dervishes was arrayed under an extraordinary number of white flags, amid which the red ensign of Sherif was almost hidden. All the pride and might of the Dervish Empire were massed on this last great day of its existence."

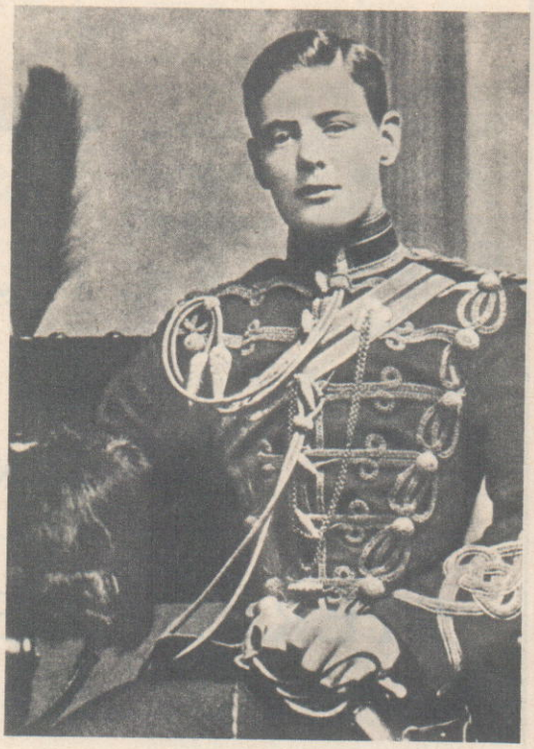
Kitchener had arranged his line in a stockade in a half-circle with its back to the Nile, the flanks secured by gunboats lying moored in the stream, and the Dervishes in the centre opened the action with gunfire. Their shots fell short but retaliatory fire by Kitchener's Gunners struck home and made great gaps in the advancing line. Meanwhile the Dervish left, nearly 20,000 strong, was approaching the Egyptian positions and the Dervish right advanced against the British element.

This mass of men on the right was described by Mr. Churchill as the most striking of all. "They displayed a great number of flags —perhaps 500—which looked at the distance white, though they were really covered with texts from the Koran, and which by their admirable alignment made this division of the Khalifa's army look like the old representations of the Crusaders . . ."

As the horde appeared over the crest of the southern slopes of Surgham Hill it came under fierce and accurate fire from a British field battery and the gunboats. "The white banners toppled over in all directions," wrote Mr. Churchill. "Yet they rose again immediately, as other men pressed

A contemporary print showing the 21st Lancers hacking their way through the dry watercourse at Omdurman. The Regiment won three Victoria Crosses in the charge.

Left: "A dense mass of white-clad warriors suddenly rose out of the ground . . . and fearlessly awaited the charge." For the 21st Lancers, Omdurman was the first of three famous charges made in war.



Right: Lieut. Winston S. Churchill in the full-dress uniform of the 4th Hussars. He rode at Omdurman with the 21st Lancers when he was a war correspondent for the Morning Post.

forward to die for the Mahdi's sacred cause and in the defence of the successor of the True Prophet."

After the first Dervish attacks had all been broken (though in the early fighting the Camel Corps and part of the Cavalry, dismounted at the time, were outflanked and narrowly saved from disaster by the fire of one of the gunboats) it became evident that Omdurman had to be occupied before the Dervish army could get back there. The order was given to march on the city at once, but first the Surgham ridge had to be reconnoitred and the ground between the stockade and Omdurman cleared, with cavalry if possible.

That was where the 21st Lancers came in.

They stood to their horses and very soon were mounted and off on their brilliant charge. "We started at a trot" said Mr. Churchill, "two or three patrols galloping out in front, towards the high ground, while the regiment followed in mass—a great square block of ungainly brown figures and little horses, hung all over with water-bottles, saddle-bags, picketing gear, tins of bully-beef; all jolting and jangling together; the polish of peace gone; soldiers without glitter, horsemen without grace; but still a regiment of light cavalry in active operation against the enemy."

At the crest of the ridge the 21st Lancers halted and, finding it unoccupied, sent out patrols.

One patrol was soon back, reporting that in a *khor* (a dry watercourse) between the regiment and the Dervish fugitives who could be seen streaming into Omdurman, there was a formed body of about a thousand of the enemy.

Colonel Martin decided to, attack and the Lancers set off again. None of them knew then that the Dervishes in the *khor* had been reinforced to a number approaching 3000.

As they trotted forward, the Lancers came under musketry fire from a thin line of blue-clad Dervishes. At once the 16 troops formed into line and then broke into a gallop in their first charge in war.

They approached the *khor* without realising it, as there had not seemed to be any break in the level of the plain ahead of them, and suddenly were confronted by a dense mass of white-clad warriors, including some horsemen, who rose out of the ground and fearlessly awaited the charge.

The crash as the Lancers charged home was terrific and the Dervishes stood fast, fighting as best they could in the confusion as the Lancers jumped down among them in the *khor*.

In seconds the main body of Lancers had fought their way across the *khor* and were scrambling up the other side. Once clear they rode on, then faced about and re-formed for a return charge. The enemy line they had broken also began to re-form, so the Lancers, instead of charging, galloped round the Dervish flank, dismounted and opened fire with their magazine carbines, causing the enemy to retreat towards Surgham Hill.

It was during this brilliant action that supreme gallantry by three members of the 21st Lancers—Captain P. A. Kenna, Lieutenant the Honourable R. H. L. T. de Montmorency and Private T. Byrne—won for them the Victoria Cross.

The gallant charge was not, however, the end of the battle. Fierce Dervish attacks were later made on a brigade of Egyptians but other brigades arrived and soon the whole Anglo-Egyptian army was advancing in line westwards, driving the Dervishes into the desert. While the Cavalry continued the pursuit, the main body turned south and entered Omdurman.

At the end of the day 9700 dead Dervishes littered the battlefield, more than 10,000 had been wounded and about 5000 taken prisoner. Total casualties in the Anglo-Egyptian army were 482, of which only 175 were British.

The 21st Lancers kept their separate identity until 1922 when they were amalgamated with the 17th Lancers.

ERIC PHILLIPS

This drawing by Relf shows Lieutenant Winston S. Churchill, mounted on a grey Arab polo pony, charging with the Lancers at Omdurman. It was reported that he shot two Dervishes dead.

QUICK CROSSWORD

SOLDIER again offers a prize of six recently published books worth more than £5 5s to the winner of this crossword competition.

Entries must arrive at SOLDIER's London office by Friday, 23 October.

The winner will be the sender of the first correct solution to be opened by the Editor. He or she may choose any six of the following books: "In Flanders Fields" (the story of the Flanders campaign, 1917) by Leon Wolff; "The Soviet Air and Rocket Forces" edited by Asher Lee; "Be Not Fearful" (true escape story) by Lt-Col. John Furman; "Warriors on Wheels" (Popski's Private Army) by Park Yunnie; "Destined Meeting" (true story of Japanese POW camps) by Leslie Bell; "He Flew By My Side" (German Air Force novel) by Erwin Morzfeld; "Trotsky's Diary in Exile"; "Two Men I Knew" (the lives of Generals Bridges and Brudenell White, founders of the Australian Imperial Force) by C. E. W. Bean; "The Education of a Poker Player" (hints on how to win) by H. O. Yardley; "My Life With Roses" (by Harry Wheatcroft, one of the most famous authorities on roses); and a bound volume of SOLDIER, 1958-9.

RULES

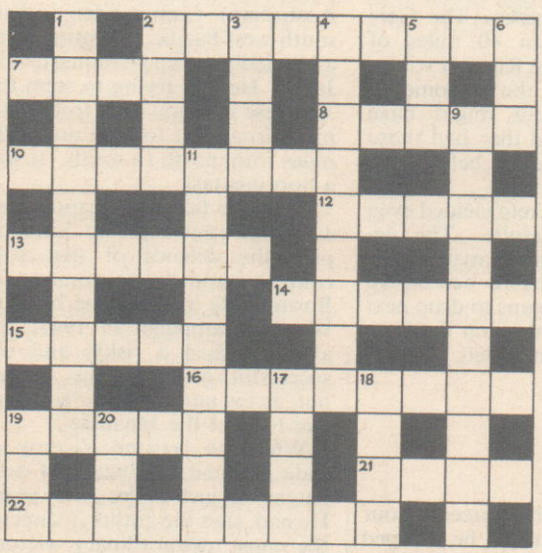
1. Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to:
   The Editor (Competition), SOLDIER, 433, Holloway Road, London, N.7.
2. Each entry must be accompanied by the "WIN SIX BOOKS—16" panel printed at the top of the crossword frame.
3. Competitors may submit more than one entry but *each* must be accompanied by the "WIN SIX BOOKS—16" panel.
4. Any reader, Serviceman or woman and civilian, may compete.
5. The Editor's decision is final.

★ **The winner of SOLDIER's July Quick Crossword was:**

Corporal H. Gault, QM Staff, HQ Company, 1st Battalion, The Royal Norfolk Regiment, BFPO 24.

Correct solution:

WIN SIX BOOKS — 16



The solution and name of the winner will be published in SOLDIER, December.

ACROSS

2. Paper currency (5, 4).
7. Incitement on a horseman's heel (4).
8. Starved (5).
10. Musical get-together (4, 4).
12. Children bowl them (5).
13. If he does this he's in favour (6).
14. Jumbled remedy and reversed Gunners for a potent poison (6).
15. Hydra-headed animal (5).
16. To divide, re-arrange Ever Sid's (8).
19. Like a shortened expert for a headache cure (5).
21. Upset a pain for this pronoun (4).
22. Bank managers welcome you if you are one (9).

DOWN

1. Gazelles which gave their name to a rugby team (10).
2. Conceited person (4).
3. To take apart (4).
4. Sort of cake. Even those with holes in have kernels at the end (9).
5. Cancelled or postponed (3).
6. This is the very limit (3).
9. You get more of this as you grow older (10).
11. Clever animals that look after woolly ruminants (9).
17. To strike as at a fly (4).
18. Always (4).
19. A conjunction contained in the Bandmaster (3).
20. Whichever way you read it, this means plenty of spirit (3).

Name .....

Address .....

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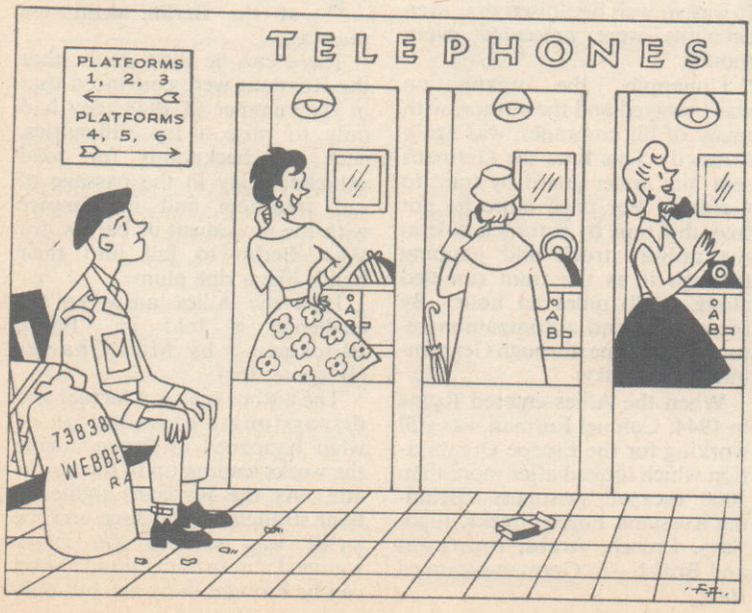
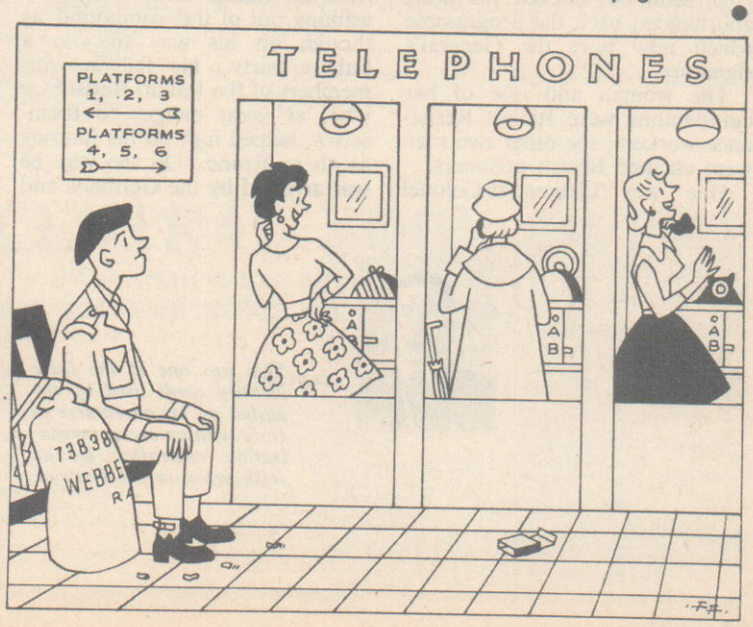
HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

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





The General Who Never Had Enough

THE first great military leader to appear on the Allied side in World War Two was Field-Marshal Earl Wavell. His fame was achieved in fighting against odds, always with too few men and too little material, against an enemy at the peak of strength. Wavell was adversity's general.

The phrase is from "The Campaigns of Wavell, 1939-1943" (*Cassell*, 21*s*) by Robert Woollcombe. The author's descriptions of the campaigns are brief, clear, almost racy, and present a general's-eye view of particular interest to those who saw the fighting from a lower level.

Calculated boldness was one of Wavell's characteristics, and he believed a general should have an element of the gambler. In May, 1941, with five campaigns on his hands at once, he remarked that we were so weak "the only thing we can do is attack."

His initial campaign in the Western Desert is the classic example of boldness rewarded. Bringing into existence the Long Range Desert Group, he sent this handful of men off to harass the Italians—leaving exactly three machine-guns in reserve for the whole Middle East. Then, with his famous Thirty Thousand, he launched an attack on the Italian forces of which there were 80,000 on the wrong side of the Egyptian frontier alone. When his Western Desert Force had run itself to a standstill, 650 miles on, it had taken 130,000 prisoners.

This campaign was barely under way when, with another gambler's stroke, Wavell removed the seasoned 4th Indian Division—half the Western Desert Force—and replaced it with the raw 6th Australian Division. The Indians were needed for his attack on the Italians' East African empire, 2000 miles away. Here, in four months, 250,000 enemy troops were put out of the war.

These were famous victories, won on a shoestring, a tonic for British fighting men everywhere. There were more victories to come, in Syria and Iraq, and there were defeats. On both victories and disasters were built the foundations of victory in the Middle East and elsewhere.

Wavell described the campaign in Greece as "in the nature of a gamble," but "not really such a forlorn hope from the military point of view as it may seem from its results." One of its results was to dislocate the German timetable and set back the invasion of Russia by five weeks. The Germans were within 40 miles of Moscow when the Russian winter struck them; but the outcome on the Eastern Front might have been different had they had those five precious weeks before the snows came.

Field-Marshal Sir Archibald Wavell, architect of victory on a shoestring. He conducted 14 campaigns in four years.

The battle of Crete yielded even more positive results. The defenders of the island mauled the German airborne corps so severely that its plans to drop next on Cyprus and then on the Suez Canal were cancelled. After Crete, the German airborne arm was no longer a factor in World War Two.

In the Western Desert, Wavell's inadequate forces failed to beat Rommel, but in withdrawing he left behind the garrison of Tobruk, a dagger in the German side which prevented the Afrika Korps' further advance into Egypt. When Wavell left the Middle East there was still much to do, but he had made its doing possible.

Five months after he became Commander-in-Chief in India, the Japanese struck. Again he was fighting with inadequate forces and materials, and against an enemy whose power had not been foreseen. He became the ABDA (American-British-Dutch-Australian) Commander in the south-west Pacific, operating from a hurriedly set up headquarters in Java. He was trying to stem the Japanese invasion on a front 5000 miles from east to west and 3000 miles from north to south. It was a hopeless task.

With the fall of Singapore and Java, he went back to India to plan the defence of that subcontinent and the re-conquest of Burma. He initiated the brilliant Wingate campaign of 1943. He also launched a risky, and unsuccessful, attack in the Arakan but, as the author says, "someone had to fight the Japanese."

When he became Viceroy of India, he had conducted 14 campaigns in just under four years. He had, says the author, "directed the most extraordinary victory, and had weathered the most humiliating defeat, known to British arms."

On The Run In Italy

ONE evening in the winter of 1943, when the Gestapo were working all out to arrest escaped prisoners-of-war in Italy, the German Commander-in-Chief in Rome, General Maelzer, and his staff officers went to a performance at the Royal Opera house.

During the interval, a woman in the next box asked an aide-de-camp to autograph a programme for one of her three male companions.

"I'll do better than that," said the officer—and a few minutes later returned, clicked his heels and handed back the programme which now bore the General's signature.

The woman and one of her companions were Italian Resistance workers; the other two men were escaped British prisoners.

One was Lieutenant-Colonel John Furman MC, who in "Be Not Fearful" (*Anthony Blond*, 18*s*) tells of his extraordinary experiences on the run after the Italians had capitulated.

The author, who was captured in the Western Desert, escaped from an Italian camp simply by walking out of the compound as though on his way to join a fatigue party. He fell in with members of the Italian Resistance who, at great danger to themselves, helped him on his journey south to Rome. On the way he was arrested by the Germans and sent to work with a forced labour gang, but once more he escaped and rejoined his Italian friends.

In Rome, Colonel Furman joined the famous escape organisation run by an Irish priest from inside the Vatican (many meetings were held, appropriately, in the German College) and which arranged accommodation and provided food and forged identity cards for nearly 200 escaped prisoners, most of them British. It was so well organised that even accounts were presented every month.

Unhappily, the organisation was betrayed and the author, with many of his comrades, was again arrested. This time the Germans sent him under guard by train to Germany but once more he got free, this time by cutting a hole in the railway truck and jumping through it as the train rumbled along at 30 miles an hour. By bicycle, he and a companion returned to Rome, through German-infested country.

When the Allies entered Rome in 1944, Colonel Furman was still working for the Escape Organisation which looked after more than 3000 escaped prisoners—including Russians, Poles, Greeks, Jugoslavs, French, Arabs, Americans and British—in German-occupied Italy.

This was one of the false identity cards used by the author on his adventures in Italy with an escape organisation controlled by an Irish priest in the Vatican.

Berlin

THE threat of a third world war was never closer and more real than at the time of the Berlin airlift ten years ago.

There can be little doubt that the Russians were convinced that in the summer of 1948 they had only to raise a few difficulties, such as checkpoints for road vehicles, delay in the passage of rail transport and interference with the movement of barges, for West Berlin to fall into their hands like a ripe plum.

How the Allies answered the challenge is told in "Berlin Blockade," by Max Charles (*Wingate*, 15*s*).

The author makes a factual and dispassionate examination of what happened in Berlin during the weeks leading up to the blockade. As the Russians tightened their stranglehold in June and the airlift was started, *The Times* sounded a note of caution: "Food can be brought in by air, but only

After the break-out from the Anzio beachhead, men of the 1st Battalion, The Green Howards, move up to the Moletta River under very heavy enemy fire.

The Globe-Trotters' Saga

THE Fifth (British) Division will go down in the history of World War Two as The Globe-Trotters.

It was in France in 1939-40 and some of it in Norway. It saw a good deal of the British Isles. Then it set off on the long journey round Africa, temporarily shed two brigades for the invasion of Madagascar, crossed India and returned and explored much of the Middle East. It took part in the Sicily landings, fought in Italy, then landed at Marseilles for a last dash up to the Baltic.

The Fifth logged 30,000 miles and ended as the war's most-travelled British division.

In consequence, "The Fifth British Division, 1939 to 1945" (*The Fifth Division Benevolent Fund*) is part travel book, as well as a history of battle. The author, George Aris, and editor, Lieutenant-Colonel C. S. Durtnell, have gone to some pains to describe both the places the Division visited and its experiences in areas which saw little or no fighting.

Its journeyings produced plenty of contrasts. It was the first division to cross India by road in the heat of summer when the temperature reached 138 degrees. Fewer than 20 pages later the author describes how, in the Persian mountains, motor-cyclists had their hands frozen to their handlebars.

The officers of the Division had a period of unexpected prosperity when both the pay office in England and the India Office thought they should issue pay during the long sea journey round the Cape.

The same battle-ready officers were denied dancing-partners in the Gymkhana Club at Poona because they did not possess whites for evening wear and turned up in khaki drill. For the same reason, when they dined at the Yacht Club in Bombay they were hidden by screens so as not to offend the eyes of better-dressed members!

In Teheran, probably the only official bank raid by British troops was planned. The Persian Government refused to issue extra bank-notes to pay the Division and everything was set for troops with guns and armoured-cars to surround the State bank and for Sappers to blow safes. But the authorities then relented.

At Isfahan, a platoon of Seaforth Highlanders kidnapped a troublesome Persian general and put him on an aircraft for somewhere out of harm's way.

Besides its unspectacular service as a reserve division, the Fifth saw some solid fighting. Its valiant stand on the Ypres-Comines canal enabled much of the British Expeditionary Force to withdraw to Dunkirk.

In Sicily, one of the brigades captured two major ports and more than 1000 prisoners in three days. In Italy, its reconnaissance regiment captured an airfield by taking a train through German patrols, and the Division advanced so fast that it outran its supplies of maps.

The climax to the Division's fighting career came at the crossing of the Garigliano River. It began with navigational difficulties during which a DUKW ran too far out to sea. A submarine surfaced alongside and a voice called, "Who the hell are you?"

"Royal Scots Fusiliers," was the reply.

"Never heard of you," returned the Navy. The hatch closed and the submarine disappeared.

But this was no light-hearted operation. The Division had to face bitter resistance from the Germans. When it was over, the retiring divisional commander was able to congratulate his units on having smashed one German division and inflicted crippling casualties on a second and part of a third.

From the Garigliano, the Division sailed into the Anzio beachhead where it suffered 1000 casualties in holding the notorious position known as the Fortress, and gained its only Victoria Cross—that awarded posthumously to Sergeant M. A. W. Rogers, of the Wiltshires.

After the break-out, the Division was all set to be the first to enter Rome. Its Military Police, indeed, had prepared a truckload of signs which said that the Fifth Division welcomed everybody to

OVER...

Beleaguered

as a supplement rather than as a sole means of provisioning." Four days later it warned: "Coal cannot be flown in, nor can raw materials. . . . The most the present emergency service can hope to do is to extend the feeding of the population a little beyond the month which it is calculated existing stocks will cover."

At the end of the blockade 15 months later the Allies had flown into Berlin total supplies amounting to 2,325,809 tons in 277,804 flights, including 1,586,530 tons of coal, 538,016 tons of food and 92,282 tons of liquid fuel. By an epic of human endeavour some two million people had been supplied throughout this period entirely by air.

The story of the Berlin blockade has a salutary lesson for the world today. West Berlin remains part of Western civilisation and a perpetual reminder to the Communists of their first defeat in the struggle for Europe.

the Eternal City, but the Globe-Trotters lost the race. Rome was out of bounds to most of them.

This history contains much interesting detail of the fighting in Italy, but there are one or two titbits which could be expanded. What happened, for example, to the lone soldier of the 2nd Royal Scots Fusiliers who was seen, armed only with a jack-knife, disappearing into an enemy trench towards a German who had called out, "Come on, you yellow b——, and fight"? What were the stories of the catapult that threw a mortar-bomb and the silent mortar, both invented by the Divisional Commander?

Do any readers of SOLDIER know?

How We Missed The Boat

IN the first half of the 20th century Britain's influence in the Middle East steadily increased until, at the end of World War Two, her armies occupied the whole Arab world, and her fleets and air forces, with those of the United States, controlled the Mediterranean, and indeed all the seven seas.

For 36 years of this half-century Lieutenant-General Sir John Glubb lived in this area—for ten years in Iraq and for 26 in Jordan—serving the British and the Arabs. From the knowledge born of this unique experience he has now written "Britain and the Arabs: a Study of Fifty Years, 1908 to 1958" (*Hodder and Stoughton*, 30*s*).

General Glubb describes and analyses the political and military history of the Middle East during the last 50 years, and gives his views on how Britain lost her influence in the Middle East.

The main reason, he says, is that Britain failed to understand that political decisions were no longer the prerogative of the tribal chiefs and that the reins of power had shifted from the desert to the oil-rich cities, where politicians were in the position to inflame the mob, and army officers to intrigue for power.

The real menace in the Middle East is not aggression, says the author, but subversion.

Seen here in civilian suit and bowler, Glubb Pasha was a more familiar figure in Arab dress.

Trouble In The Duke's Own

MORE than one World War Two unit, painfully built up from scratch or converted to an entirely different role from that it had held in 1939, found itself disbanded again after seeing little or no action.

John Foley's novel, "Death of a Regiment" (*Cassell*, 15*s*) is a memorial to such units. In particular it is a tribute to those Infantry battalions which became tank regiments for the duration. "They were very good regiments," he writes, and since Major Foley was a Regular tankman from 1936, he should know.

The 10th Battalion, The Duke's Own Regiment, becomes the 97th Regiment, Royal Armoured Corps. By and large, officers and men take the change well, one exception being a theatrical commanding officer. His family had served as Infantrymen with the Duke's Own for centuries, and he does not intend to serve it in any other way. So, after startling his war-time officers by a farewell appearance in full peace-time mess-kit, he goes off miserably to command his depot.

For the new, tank-bred commanding officer there follows the period of build-up—training mishaps, brushes with the brigadier, the emergence of "characters," the adoption of his own, uncomplimentary nickname, the signs that the regiment is developing that spirit all good units need.

Then comes Normandy. The 97th's first and last task is a diversionary attack during which it is cut off, covers itself with glory but suffers heavy casualties. Higher authority decides it will not be re-formed. The commanding officer's reaction is as dramatic as, but more violent than, that of his predecessor.

Major Foley tells his story quietly, without false heroics, and with a nice sense of humour and deep understanding of his subject.

Left: Trooper G. Howard, of the 15/19th Hussars, about to be caught and passed by Lieutenant P. J. Harvey who won the race and the Army title. Above: Lieutenant Harvey with the trophy he won for the third successive year with a record score.

TANKMAN'S TRIPLE TRIUMPH

LIEUTENANT Patrick J. Harvey, of 2nd Royal Tank Regiment, has set up a record that may never be beaten—except perhaps by himself.

He has won the Army Modern Pentathlon championship for the third year running.

His performance this year was also a record for he scored 4887 points out of a possible 5000, the highest number ever attained in the event.

Lieutenant Harvey, who first became interested in "pent-athletics" when he was a cadet at Sandhurst, was one of five in this year's championships to take maximum points in the riding event. He won the shooting and running, was fourth in fencing and 13th at swimming.

This remarkable achievement puts him well in the running to represent Britain at the Olympic Games in Rome next year and may well secure for him a place in the British team for the world championships at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, later this year.

The team trophy was regained by the 2nd Royal Tank Regiment, who lost it to the Household Cavalry Training Squadron last year after winning it in 1956 and 1957.

The winning team, which scored 12,027 points, comprised Lieutenant Harvey, Sergeant-Instructor Ronald Bright and Trooper C. Slann. Sergeant-Instructor Bright was a member of the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards' team which won the British championship four years in a row from 1949.

Runners-up in the team event were Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers Training Centre, Arborfield, "A" team (Second Lieutenant S. E. Terret, Corporal C. R. Honey and Corporal T. A. Derby), with 10,892 points. Third were the Royal Military Police (Lieutenant G. Brown, Sergeant-Instructor B. Edwards and Lance-Corporal P. Exton), with 10,468.

A civilian and a Royal Air Force officer edged the Army out of second and third places in the individual championship. Runner-up was Mr. Joe Bucsko, a former Hungarian Army officer who was training for the Hungarian national team when he fled during the 1956 revolution. He had 4617 points. Flying Officer Peter Little, RAF, was third with 4410.

Corporal F. R. Finnis, 1st Battalion, The Middlesex Regiment, was fourth with 4200, Lieutenant J. H. Shelbourne, 18th Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, fifth with 4051 and Lieutenant G. Brown, Royal Military Police, sixth with 3991.

The competitors included two members of the Oxford University modern pentathlon team. In all, 15 teams entered.

Winners of the individual events were:

Riding: Five competitors, including Lieutenant Harvey, gained maximum points (1000).

Fencing: Sergeant-Instructor Bright (52 victories out of 65).

Shooting: Lieutenant Harvey (191 points out of 200).

Swimming: Lance-Corporal Exton (300 metres in 4 minutes 8 seconds).

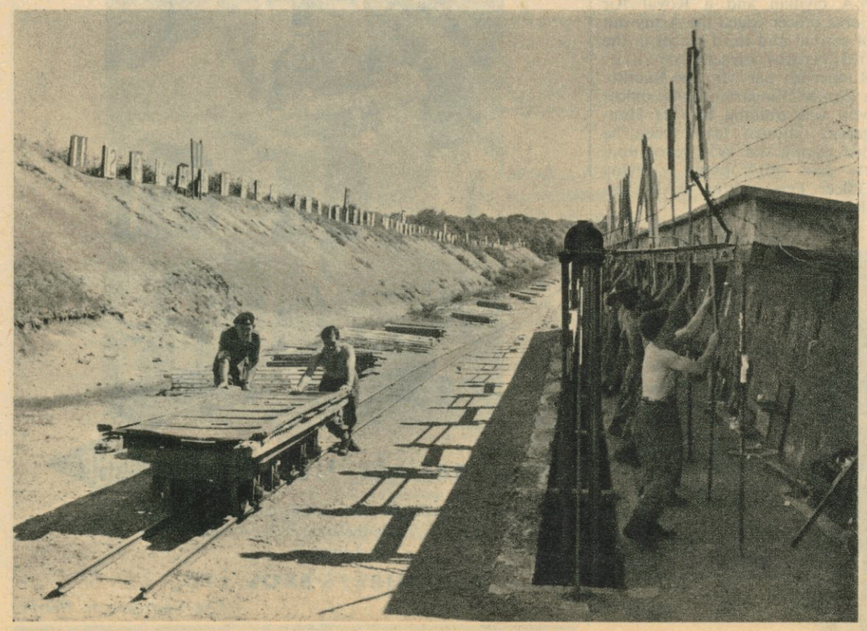
Running: Lieutenant Harvey (4000 metres cross-country in 13 minutes 36 seconds).

The winning team of 2nd Royal Tank Regiment. Left to right: Tpr C. Slann, Lieut Harvey, L/Cpl M. Gilbert (reserve) and Sergeant-Instructor R. Bright.

REME Marksmen On Target

The Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers shone at this year's Army championships, the last at which the bolt-action rifle will be used. An armourer sergeant-major won the Queen's Medal and the Corps won ten trophies

Above: Competitors make themselves comfortable at the start of the Army 100 on Bisley's famous ranges. There were 614 starters and the winner dropped only 118 points out of a possible 700. Below: Gunners in the butts—for the first time at Bisley—raise the "rapid" targets, while behind them others push new targets into position.



IN the 90 years since the contest was inaugurated, there has been no more popular or deserving Army Rifle Champion than 44-year-old Armourer Sergeant-Major Eric Mitchell, of 4 Training Battalion, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.

He has won the coveted Queen's Medal for the Army's best rifle shot at his twelfth attempt in what may be his last appearance at Bisley, for he retires after 30 years' service next year. He has competed every year since 1948, has only once failed to win a place in the top ten and in 1952 was runner-up.

This year, ASM Mitchell went to the firing point on the last day with a lead of eight points over his nearest rival and held on to win by two points, scoring 582 out of a possible 700. Captain C. Ellis, Royal Engineers, was second with 580 and Captain H. J. Orpen-Smellie, of the Parachute Regiment, third with 576.

Highest score of the day was 186 by Quartermaster Sergeant-Instructor J. Atkinson, of the Small Arms School Corps, whose effort won him the Army Hundred Cup.

ASM Mitchell's triumph set the seal on a memorable Bisley for the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers and, in particular, for his own unit. The 4th Training Battalion, last year the first non-Infantry unit to win the Major Unit championship (King's Royal Rifle Corps Cup), retained the title and carried off seven team and individual trophies, were runners-up in three competitions and gained two third places. The Corps had 18 men in the Army 100 and in all won ten cups, with six second places and two thirds.

There were 614 starters in the Army championship and the top 100 comprised a colonel, eight majors, 14 captains, three lieutenants, two second-lieutenants, two officer-cadets, 26 sergeant-majors, 29 staff-sergeants and sergeants, seven corporals, five lance-corporals, two privates and a Sapper.

The Army was eclipsed in the Methuen Cup competition—the only inter-Services event in the Army meeting—and the highly-prized trophy went to HMS *Excellent*, the fourth non-Army team to win it in the last six years. But the Army won the inter-Services long range match in the Royal Navy Rifle Association's championships which preceded the Army meeting.

Staff-Sergeant Desmond Kingdon, REME, Queen's Medal winner in 1956, fared badly in the Army championships this year but carried off the Victory Cup (individual sub-machine-gun) with a one-point victory over Colour-Sergeant R. Foss, Seaforth Highlanders, who won the Sub-Machine-Gun Cup by two points from Captain H. C. Ingolby, 3rd Training Regiment, Royal Engineers.

The Young Officers' Cup went to Lieutenant M. H. White, Seaforth Highlanders, with a score of 505, and the Rifle Brigade Cup for the champion young soldier to Lance-Corporal P. Moppett, 2nd Training Regiment, Royal Signals.

Winners of other major trophies were: Britannia Trophy (rifle team match): 1st Battalion, Seaforth Highlanders; Worcestershire Cup (light machine-gun pairs): Quartermaster-Sergeant-Instructor H. Lawrence and Bugle-Major Baird, Depot Green Jackets; Eastern Command Cup (LMG team): 4th Training Battalion, REME; Parachute Regiment Cup (SMG team): Highland Brigade Depot; Small Arms Cup (rifle and LMG team): King's Royal Rifle Corps; RASC Cup (for champion minor unit): Highland Brigade Depot.

To accustom competitors to the changed conditions next year, when the FN self-loading rifle will be used, many new figure targets were used.

This innovation had a mixed reception. Colonel J. A. Mackenzie DSO MC, chairman of the Army Rifle Association, told SOLDIER: "The old-timers may not like the changes but we must move with the times. In a few years we hope to have electronic targets and ranges."

Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant George Armstrong, of the Grenadier Guards, who won the Queen's Medal in 1951 and 1955, commented: "The changes upset some of the experienced men. A good shot on the old target might mean a miss on a new one."

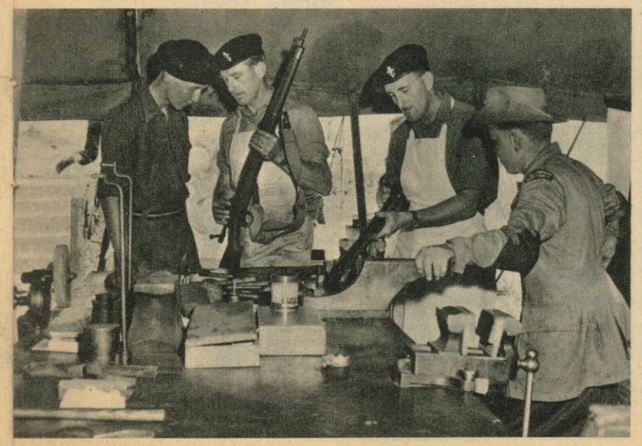
For the first time this year, Gunners—from 42 Field Regiment, 22 Locating Battery, Royal Artillery and the School of Artillery at Larkhill—helped to man the butts.

At the National Rifle Association meeting which followed the Army events, ASM Mitchell won the Regular and Territorial Army Cup with 173 out of a possible 200, with Captain Malpas second, three points behind. For the second year in succession Sergeant S. J. Graham won the Queen's Medal for the best shot in the Territorial Army.

JOHN STEELE

Cradling the rifle with which he won the Army championship, Armourer Sergeant-Major E. Mitchell rides in triumph in the Victor's Chair, carried by his team mates. This was Mr. Mitchell's twelfth Bisley and his first win.

Success at Bisley depends largely on the men behind the scenes in the armourers' shop. Here, AQMS W. Wakefield and S/Sgt C. Elsdom overhaul rifles for Gunner G. Hillarby (left) and Cadet-Corporal H. Kleiner (Canadian Army Cadets).



LETTERS

THAT UNIFORM

From the correspondence columns in SOLDIER and my own observations, I believe that the average soldier does not want a special uniform for walking out. He would prefer to wear civilian clothes off duty.

If this is the case, it would seem to be uneconomical for the Army to issue a uniform which will be worn perhaps for only 50 days a year and which will receive more wear from being stuffed into a kit-bag than from actual usage.—**Sergeant N. Brown, 18 Infantry Workshop, REME, BFPO 36.**

★ *The Army's new walking out uniform will be selected from a number now on troop trials. It will be worn not only at week-ends but whenever possible off duty.*

Many soldiers on their way to Christmas Island pass through the United States and at one stage in their journey have to change for comfort's sake from battledress into that wretched sacking khaki drill known to the troops as "O.G."

No doubt this uniform is very good in the conditions for which it was designed—jungle warfare—but to allow the Americans to see us in this usually ill-fitting, easily crumpled and unattractive style of dress does nothing to gain respect for our Service or Britain.

Compared with anything the American Serviceman has, our uniform looks cheap and nasty.—**"Grapple Griper."**

★ *In March, SOLDIER published a letter from an Englishwoman living in San Francisco to Britain's Defence Minister in which she told how proud she was to see three smartly-dressed Sappers marching through San Francisco.*

SWEATING IT OUT

Most British soldiers in Berlin, and in Germany generally, feel that they should be provided with a more sensible summer uniform.

Germany is officially a "temperate climate area" but often in summer the temperature here rises to the 80s and 90s. On these occasions, the British soldier in Berlin goes into "shirt-sleeve" order in working hours. Out of camp, he has to wear full battledress and looks like a heavyweight sweating off surplus weight before a championship fight.

The United States Army in Berlin wears khaki drill. Why not let us wear the tropical British khaki drill during the hottest months?—**Corporal B. H. Markland, Berlin Workshop, REME, Berlin.**

TOUGHER?

The warrant officer (Letters, April) who doubted if the soldiers of today are as tough as those 40 years ago will have to think again. So will the men of 1st Green Jackets (SOLDIER, July).

In April last an officer and ten men of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps marched 54 miles from Episkopi, on the south coast of Cyprus, to Mount Olympus, in the Troodos mountains. They marched across very rough country, mainly over mountain ranges varying in height from 1000-4000 feet, in 50 hours, including two night stops. Each man carried 48 lbs, including compo rations for two days.—**Private E. Turk, General Headquarters (MELF) Printing Unit, RAOC.**

● 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.

THREE-CORNERED HAT

Your picture of Colonel Donellan handing over command to Major Middlemore, of the 48th Foot (Hours of Glory, July,) is interesting in that it depicts the Colonel with a three-cornered hat of obsolete pattern.

He is supposed to be the last officer to have worn that type of hat. While there may be other claimants to this distinction it seems reasonably certain that if not the last he was at any rate one of the last.—**E. J. Martin, 834 Kenton Lane, Harrow Weald, a member of the Military Historical Society.**

WHICH WARS?

The final words in your Hours of Glory tribute to the 48th Foot (SOLDIER, July) are "the Boer War."

I am surprised that a magazine devoted to military affairs should use this term for a campaign which should properly be called "The South African War."

Why are people so prone to name wars after the enemy or the enemy leader? One can take little exception to "The Napoleonic Wars" but I squirm every time I read of "The Kaiser's War" and "Hitler's War". Why not "Lloyd George's War" and "Churchill's War"?

It seems to have been forgotten, even in official quarters, that the 1914-18 campaign has been officially styled "The Four Years War" but presumably no official title has been chosen for the 1939-45 campaign?—**Wilfred A. Clark (late Army Education Corps), 103 Station Road, Wylde Green, Sutton Coldfield.**

★ *SOLDIER agrees that the official title of the* 1899-1902 *campaign in South Africa is "The South African War," but most reference books refer to it as "The Boer War."*

The 1914-18 *conflict was officially designated "The Great War" by the Army Council in* 1920, *at the suggestion of Mr. Winston Churchill. In all official histories, the* 1939-45 *campaign is referred to as "The Second World War." However, there is a common preference, which SOLDIER shares, for calling these campaigns "World War One" and "World War Two."*

THE DUKE

In your article on the Battle of Talavera (SOLDIER, July) you say: "In recognition of this victory Sir

Arthur Wellesley, who commanded the Allied Army, was created Duke of Wellington."

Talavera was fought on 27th-28th July, 1809, and Sir Arthur was created a peer on 28th August that year by the titles of Baron Douro of Wellesley and Viscount Wellington of Talavera. Advancement in the peerage to the title of Earl of Wellington on 18th February, 1812, was followed by that of Marquis of Wellington. It was not until 14 May, 1814, that he was advanced to the highest rank in the peerage, when he was created Marquis Douro and Duke of Wellington.—**Wing Commander T. H. Lucas, Royal Air Force (rtd.) 37a Birdhurst Rise, South Croydon.**

WHY LEFT?

Why do troops always step off with the left foot?

I have been told that it originates from the drummer bringing the drum forward to beat it, thereby starting off with the left foot and others taking step from him.—**H. G. Harper, 5 Craigs Avenue, Edinburgh.**

★ *Does any reader know the reason?*

NEW PENSIONS

No official notification has yet been received by my unit regarding the new rates of pension and terminal grant, other than the Government White Paper which does not give full details.

A query arises as to what is admissible to a soldier who, after completing 22 or more years' service, is allowed to continue serving in a lower rank. I believe he retains his old rank as "honorary" but is paid for the lower rank. How does this affect his pension and terminal grant which, I understand, are based on the rank held during the last three years of service?—**"Bristolian."**

★ *Pension and terminal grant are based on the highest paid rank held for at least two years during the last five years of service.*

BETTER BIKES?

Soldiers competing in open motor-cycling competitions frequently have to retire because they wear unsuitable clothing and ride unsatisfactory machines.

Would it not be possible for them to be provided with a light-weight, two-piece riding suit which is storm-and oil-proof? At present the despatch rider is encumbered by masses of uncomfortable clothing.

For the most part, the British Army is equipped with pre-war type side-valve machines or, at best, machines of early post-war origin. Could not the War Office take a lead from the West Germany Army and adopt a light-weight, two-stroke motor-cycle? Such machines are easy to handle, inexpensive to buy and economical to run, with a cruising speed on normal roads of between 45-50 miles an hour. They require a minimum of maintenance and need few spare parts.—**Corporal R. L. W. Allen, REME (RAR), Fair Oak Orchard, Honiton Clyst, Exeter.**

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DO YOU KNOW HIM?

(See page 12)

The hero of Dettingen was Trooper Tom Brown (shown below). He was discharged from the Army because of his many wounds and was awarded a pension of £30 a year, a princely sum in those days. His fame was short-lived, however, for he died at Yarm, Yorkshire, in January, 1746.

★ *The War Office agrees that in many respects the modern light-weight machines are better than the Army's present motor-cycles, but points out that replacement of perfectly sound machines would not be welcomed by the taxpayer.*

Trials are being carried out with three new types of stormproof riding suits, boots and gloves, one set of which will eventually replace the present clothing.

THE GLOSTERS

You say (SOLDIER, July) that the 1st Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment, was the first non-American unit to win the American Presidential Citation.

I beg to differ. The 2nd Battalion, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, won the same award at Kap-Yong, Korea, in 1951. It was presented to them after the truce was declared.—**Private W. C. White, 1st Battalion, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, Esquimalt, Br. Columbia.**

★ *SOLDIER was correct. The Battle of the Imjin in which the 1st Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment, won the Presidential Citation began on the night of 22 April and lasted until 25 April, 1951. The Battle of Kap-Yong was fought on 24 and 25 April, 1951.*

RECRUITERS

You referred to a shortage of recruiting staff for the Regular Army (Letters, July).

Surely there are sufficient ex-warrant officers and non-commissioned officers capable of undertaking the duties of recruiting sergeants? Having served for 30 years, I still have a love for the Army and I feel, even at 54 years of age, that I could still be of use as a recruiter. Are there any vacancies?—**R. Landels (ex-Warrant Officer Royal Signals), 59 Sheepfold Road, Stoughton, Guildford.**

★ *Present vacancies are being filled by Regulars willing to continue on the long service list until reaching the age of 55. The age limit is one of the many difficulties confronting an ex-regular soldier prepared to re-enlist in the hope of being accepted later by the Army Recruiting Staff.*

CLASPLESS

Recent SOLDIER correspondence prompts me to seek clarification of a point concerning the General Service Medal and clasps.

I served in Palestine in 1936 and again in 1946, and in Cyprus in 1955-57. In the first instance I was awarded the General Service Medal with no clasp and on each of the other two occasions a clasp only.

If this is correct the number of occasions on which the award has been earned will always be one more than the number of clasps displayed, the medal itself indicating the first award. If it is not so, then the assumption is that a clasp is automatically issued with every first award of the General Service Medal and I should have one more, the "Palestine 1936-39".—**"Salopian."**

★ *A clasp was issued with the General Service Medal for service in Palestine 1936-39, and "Salopian" should have had one.*

SLOW TIME

The three members of the escort trooping the scroll at Stratford-upon-Avon (SOLDIER, July) appear to have their arms glued down as used to be the custom in the German Army. Is this the colour-guard style today, as opposed to the usual shoulder-high swing?—**James R. Power, Los Angeles.**

★ *SOLDIER's picture showed the escort marching in slow time when the arms are held down to the side and do not swing.*

ANOTHER VERSION

In a German cinema recently I saw a film entitled "Tobruk" which presented the Italian view of the Western Desert campaign in World War Two.

One scene showed a handful of Italian soldiers knocking out at least half of a British tank regiment, but what really shook me was that the British soldiers wore the Royal Engineers' cap badge, the Berkshire Regiment shoulder title and Italian uniforms and medal ribbons!—**Lance-Corporal K. Parsons, 29 Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, Rhine Army.**

★ *Hmm!*

LETTERS CONTINUED OVER

more letters

HOT UNDER THE COLLAR

When will the British Army appreciate that its summer dress habits are out of date and expensive?

For wear in temperate zones we have battledress and for the tropics olive-green or khaki drill—but nothing in between. Hence, every September or October, unit quartermasters throughout the Army in Europe are besieged by soldiers wanting new battledress because their trousers have become worn out during the summer months of shirt-sleeve order.

Let us have a light summer dress—say khaki-Terylene slacks and a khaki shirt made in an Aertex material—and then this wasteful business of replacing worn out battledress trousers will stop. What is more important, soldiers will be much more comfortable during heat waves.—**"Heated WO", Germany.**

THE TROOP

I recently came across the following definition: "The music written for the parade was called a 'troop' hence the term 'Trooping the Colour.' "

Is there any authority for defining the word "troop" as a piece of music?—**Major (ret.) David Walker, 6 Stretton Avenue, Wallesey, Cheshire.**

★ *The Oxford English Dictionary defines "troop" as "a particular call of drum as a signal for marching."*

In his "Standards, Guidons and Colours" the late Major T. J. Edwards quotes the Duke of Cumberland's Standing Orders for the Army, 1755, in which the phrase "drummers beating a troop" was mentioned. This was a piece of drum music and the expression "troop" later supplanted the word "lodging" in connection with the Colours.

In his "Treatise of Military Discipline," published in 1762, Lieutenant-General Humphrey Bland tells how the word "trooping" became associated with guards. He wrote: "The officer of the old guard is to order his men to rest their firelocks . . . and then march off, the Drummer beating a Troop, for which reason when a guard dismounts, it is called "Trooping off a guard."

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(*See page* 29)

The drawings differ in the following respects: 1. *Position of light in left kiosk.* 2. *Handle of middle girl's umbrella.* 3. *Width of middle girl's left cuff.* 4. *Neck line of girl on left.* 5. *Length of button "B" in left kiosk.* 6. *Collar point of girl on right.* 7. *Soldier's left thumb.* 8. *Top on "N" in "TELEPHONES".* 9. *Length of lower arrow in "Platforms" notice.* 10. *Light bulb in right kiosk.*

TWO 62nds

Mr. I. Stevenson was not correct in saying (Letters, July) that the Wiltshire Regiment (62nd Foot) served with the Essex Regiment (44th Foot) in 1915.

The 44th captured the French eagle standard from the French 62nd Regiment at Salamanca in 1812. One hundred and three years later, in July, 1915, the 2nd Battalion, The Essex Regiment, were in the trenches near Auchonvillers, France, and were supported on their right by the French 62nd Regiment. When the French commanding officer was told what the buttons on the Essex service tunics represented, he good-humouredly cut a button off one of the men's tunics and kept it as a souvenir.—**P. R. Marsh, 21 Edgar Road, Sanderstead, Surrey.**

TERENCE CUNEO

Thank you for your fine article "He Puts the Army on Canvas" (July) in which you reproduced some of the paintings of Mr. Terence Cuneo.

The earliest work of his I saw was a poster hung in our dining hall telling us in no uncertain manner not to waste food, or else!

I served with Mr. Cuneo during the late war in the Survey Training Centre, Royal Engineers (now the School of Military Survey), and am probably the only surviving member of the Survey Branch who can go back that far.—**Warrant Officer, G. W. Young, 556 Field Survey Depot, RE, Singapore.**

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A MESSAGE

from the Chairman of

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