

SOLDIER



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a helmet with a quilted *jibbah*
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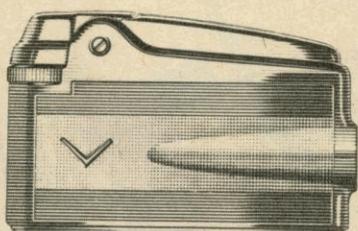
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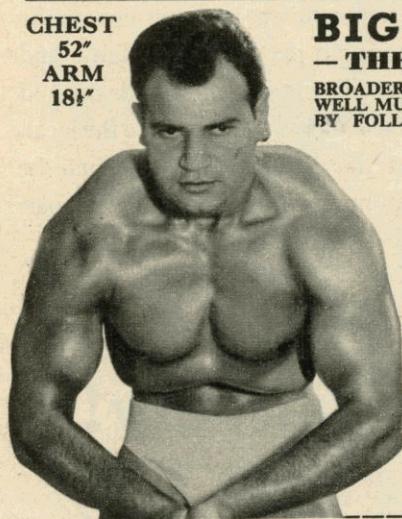
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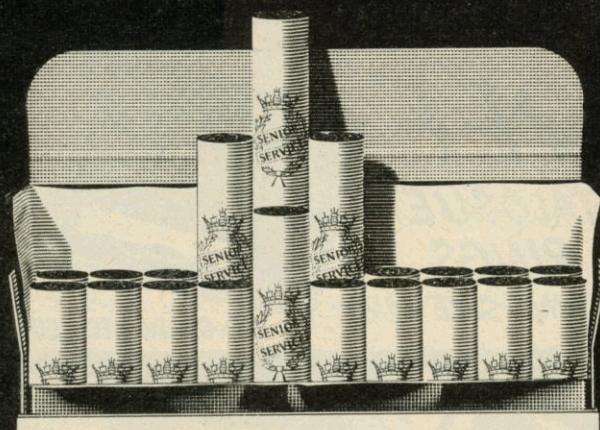
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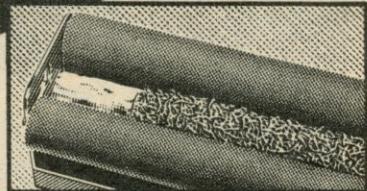
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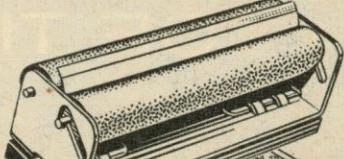
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Three-nation operation: British tank transporters haul American M 48 tanks of the West German Army through Pembroke's streets.

THE ARMY HELPS THE GERMANS OUT



Regimental crest of the West German 84th Panzer Battalion—a tank and fire-spitting dragon.

As partners in the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, the British Army—and the Royal Armoured Corps in particular—were willing and helpful hosts when the first German troops to train in Britain fired on the tank ranges at Castlemartin

WHEN the 84th Panzer Battalion became the first unit of the Federal German Army to train in Britain—and incidentally the most publicised unit in any army—the Royal Armoured Corps was playing the host quietly and efficiently.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. E. Robinson, Royal Tank Regiment, Commandant of the Royal Armoured Corps ranges at Castlemartin, and his staff are used to the role. In the Territorial Army camping season, they may have up to 2500 troops, split into a dozen

OVER . . .

PAGE 5

THE ARMY HELPS THE GERMANS OUT

continued



The German tankmen fire their first rounds in Britain. They averaged seven out of ten direct hits and fired more than 3000 rounds.

units, in camp on their ranges at any one time. So one unit of 400 German soldiers was a fairly small party by their standards—though it did offer a good deal of novelty.

Perhaps the people who found the biggest difference from normal were the Range Officer, Captain A. Paice, Royal Tank Regiment, and his staff. Their ranges are laid out for *Centurions*, and firing is according to British practices. American M 48s and firing according to German practices were something new in an experience which enables them to cope with live firing of anything from pistols to 120mm tank guns.

Five firing points and a number of static targets had to be changed. Moving targets (canvas screens mounted on sledges and towed by winch-cables) also had to be

repositioned. Frames had to be made for 36 zeroing targets which the Germans brought with them and which are nine feet square, compared with the seven-feet square British zeroing targets.

New ground markers had to be set up to indicate tank routes across the range and range safety regulations agreed on the principle that the rule which gave the greater margin of safety, British or German, would be enforced. Because of the language difficulty the Germans could not, as most visiting units do, provide their own guards to keep wanderers off the range and extra civilians had to be enrolled.

Sitting in his office, marked temporarily *Übungsoffizier*, Captain Paice told SOLDIER: "I enjoy my job at any time,

but the Germans have given it a new interest for me."

The two of Captain Paice's range staff who had travelled farthest to help the Germans were Bombardier B. Nye and Gunner F. B. Wood, sent from the Royal Artillery Guided Weapons Range in the Outer Hebrides to work with civilian operators on the radar sets which scanned the sea beyond the range to plot the courses of ships moving into the eight miles sea danger area.

Captain W. E. Parker, Royal Tank Regiment, the Range Quartermaster, found only minor differences in dealing with German and British troops. "Even accounting was the same," he said. "When we have Royal Marines or the Royal Air Force Regiment

continued on page 8

THE 84th Panzer Battalion—it has three tank companies and one staff and supply company—was formed in 1959. It is stationed in the Schlieffen Cavalry Barracks, Luneburg, better known to British troops, who occupied it from 1945 to 1958, as Wyvern Barracks.

Half the men in the Battalion are conscripts, aged between 20 and 21. Average age of the corporals is 23-24 and of the sergeants, 35.

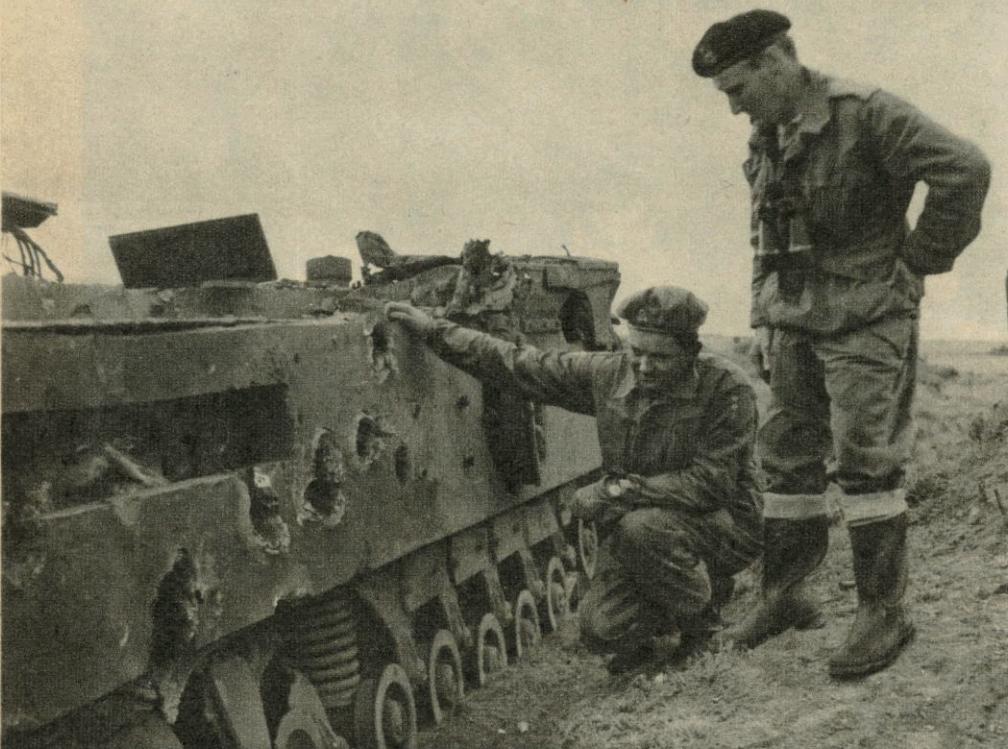
The Germans brought to Britain 40 American M 48 tanks, a tank recovery vehicle and 46 wheeled vehicles, and during their training fired 3744 rounds of 90mm ammunition, scoring seven direct hits

out of every ten shots fired. Training included battle runs, dry and live firing, firing from static points and driving instruction.

The Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Karl von Kleist, was captured by British troops on Walcheren Island in 1944 and from 1957 until the end of last year was the Federal German Military Attaché in Canada.

During its stay in Britain, the 84th Panzer Battalion played 12 soccer matches against British teams and received so many invitations to visit local homes and Army and Royal Air Force units that there were not enough soldiers to accept them all.

Right: Mr. R. W. G. Thomas (Thomas The Brush) puts the finishing touches to some of his 300 signs.



Above: Proof of accurate shooting. Capt. A. Paice and Capt. J. Altenburger, a German range control officer, inspect one of the tank hulks shattered by 84th Panzer Bn's gunners.



From one of the range's four control towers, Capt. D. H. S. Maitland-Titterton scans the danger area. Soldiers and civilians searched the sea by radar to plot the course of ships up to eight miles away.

SOLDIER to Soldier

BEWARE of the salesman with his tempting offers of easy hire purchase terms.

The warning comes from the Sailors', Soldiers' and Airmen's Families Association which reveals that scores of Servicemen's families are heavily in debt through taking on commitments they cannot meet. In some cases, families with incomes of only £10 a week owe as much as £300.

SSAFA blames the increase in hire purchase debts on the influence of advertising on an affluent society, more attractive easy terms and high-pressure salesmanship, all of which persuade families with small incomes that things which were the luxuries of yesterday are now within their reach.

Today, soldiers are better paid than ever before. They deserve and can afford a better standard of living and it is not surprising that they should turn to hire purchase as a means of achieving it. Indeed, there is much to be said for the system—so long as they do not try to live beyond their means.

Before hire purchase was invented a Charles Dickens character said: "Annual income £20, annual expenditure £19 19s 6d, result happiness. Annual income £20, annual expenditure £20 0s 6d, result misery." His wise advice holds good today, so the next time someone tries to wheedle you into buying something on the never-never make sure you can afford it. If you can't, show him the door.

★

THE resentment felt in some quarters by reports of German soldiers training in Britain is not difficult to understand. Memories are long and it is too much to expect every Briton to forget and forgive the horrors Nazism heaped upon the world.

But the case in favour of allowing German troops to train in Britain is overwhelming. Britain and Western Germany are partners in NATO, pledged with the other member nations to safeguard the free world. For that reason British soldiers use land in Western Germany for battle training and NATO says there are no suitable ranges there for the German Panzers to train in. In Wales there is an excellent range. Why, then, should not the Germans use it?

So long as Britain and Germany are allies they must treat each other as allies, not only in name but in deed, too.

★

THE Reverend Joseph Koci, vicar of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, has a keen sense of humour but a poor sense of history.

He recently claimed from the British Government the sum of 760,000 dollars (£270,000)—the cost of the 18-dollar church fence British troops destroyed for firewood in the American War of Independence and the compound interest over 183 years. The Chancellor of the Exchequer rejected the claim but paid the 18 dollars out of his own pocket and commended to the Reverend Koci the verse from the third chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians: "If any man's work shall be burned, he shall suffer loss; but he himself shall be saved."

SOLDIER also commends to the Reverend Koci a good history book which tells the story of the debt the American settlers owed to the British Redcoats who protected them from the Red Indians in the days when America was a British colony. A bill for that service—plus compound interest, of course—would make a pretty big hole in the United States' budget!

here, I prepare bills similar to those we worked out for the German Government."

Captain Parker did, however, have a language problem—signs around the Camp, for example. Mrs. M. W. Sheldon, Austrian-born wife of the regimental sergeant-major, stepped in here and translated such messages as *No Parking* and *WVS Centre* into German. Then the camp sign-writer, Mr. R. W. G. Thomas, better known as Thomas the Brush, painted them on to more than 300 signboards. Mr. Thomas is used to signs in two languages—warnings in Welsh and English are put up for the benefit of shepherds who graze their flocks on the range in the winter.

"Our usual signs, six by sixteen inches, were not big enough for some of the long German words," he told *SOLDIER*. "I would have had to put 'PTO' on them if the lettering was to be big enough for a driver to read without stopping his vehicle. So we made some eight inches longer than usual."

The language problem loomed again when it came to laundry services. A special bi-lingual laundry-list was prepared. Then, foreseeing that his British staff might have difficulty in reading German names in Continental hand-writing, Captain Parker arranged for each German soldier to be given a laundry number by which his linen would be identified when in British hands.

It had been arranged that the Germans would have the normal British Army rations, but these had to be adapted to their tastes. Locally-baked brown bread was substituted for some of the white bread British troops prefer. Potatoes replaced some of the bread ration, and still more potatoes were bought, as it was found that the Germans ate twice as many as British troops. Lamb, a favourite with British soldiers, was not to the German taste, so pork was issued instead—with a consequent increase in the cost to the German Government.

The German warrant officers and sergeants, however, found British food entirely to their taste. They had only one request: that coffee in the Sergeants' Mess should be made the German way. To most of them, the Sergeants' Mess was a novel



British and German troops get together in the camp NAAFI and toast each other's health. The Germans liked our food—but not our coffee—and were introduced to liar dice, darts and housey-housey.

institution, since in Germany they have only a room in which to eat.

"Prima!" the senior sergeant-major, Haupt Feldwebel P. Loewrick, told *SOLDIER*. "I felt at home from the first day."

Favourite mess pastimes of the German warrant officers and sergeants were darts, dice and housey-housey. The last presented a bit of a problem to Regimental Sergeant-Major M. W. Sheldon, 16th/5th The

Queen's Royal Lancers, when it came to calling out the numbers. But RSM Sheldon speaks German and soon had translations of Kelly's Eye and Top of the House.

The services were well represented on the operation, as well as the Royal Armoured Corps. The Movements staff from Western Command Headquarters coped with the paper work involved in moving the German soldiers and the Bristol Channel Ports Movements staff with that of landing tanks and stores.

The Royal Army Service Corps Fleet sent two tank landing craft—the *Agheila* and *Abbeville*—with soldier crews to ferry the tanks ashore to Pembroke Dock from a freighter anchored in Milford Haven where a D-Day veteran, the fast launch *Captain Cuttle*, acted as a waterborne staff car. Tank transporters from 19 Company, Royal Army Service Corps, carried the tanks through the winding lanes of Pembrokeshire to the ranges of Castlemartin.

Royal Military Police of 165 Provost Company manned the gates of the camp, carried out security patrols and dealt tactfully with demonstrators, girls seeking dates with German soldiers and commercial travellers with unlikely propositions. Army Catering Corps cooks prepared the Germans' first meals and, when German cooks had taken over, Warrant Officer J. Massie stayed to advise on handling fish-fryers and steam-ovens marked with instructions in English and to use his fluent German in liaison between the cooks and the ration store. A Public Relations Office, manned by Western Command and War Office staff, helped the Germans deal with the scores of newspaper, radio and television reporters who visited the camp.



PUZZLE PICTURE

What do you think caused these intricate and almost identical patterns?

To give you a clue the picture—by *SOLDIER* Cameraman Peter O'Brien—was taken at night in the open and the Panzers had a hand in it.

distance of 100 yards from the firing point.

The picture was taken by time exposure at F.2.8 on a Rolleiflex camera from a

Panzer Battalion's tank guns during night firing at Castlemartin.

They are reflections on smoke and cordite fumes of the flash of five of the 84th

Looking like a chairoplane at a fair, the Miles-Wallis, fitted with a lightweight cockpit, speeds through the air. The machine has a range of 100 miles, a top speed of 115 mph, and the diameter of the rotors is only 20 ft. 2 ins.



AND NOW THE

FLYING MOTORCYCLE

A REMARKABLE little single-seater aircraft which could perform a variety of military tasks was one of the highlights at this year's Farnborough air show.

It is the Miles-Wallis autogyro—already nicknamed the *Flying Motorcycle*—which has been perfected by Wing Commander K. H. Wallis, a Royal Air Force officer at the Aeroplane and Armament Experimental

Establishment, after many years of research.

Powered by a 70 h.p. engine mounted behind the pilot's seat and built on to a tubular metal frame, this astonishing machine weighs only 250 lbs, is only 9 ft 6 ins long and 6 ft high. It has a range of 100 miles, can cruise at 50 miles an hour and has a rate of climb of 1200 ft a minute. It is thus able to take off from and land in confined spaces, such as jungle clearings,

and is easy to control and extremely stable. Among the tasks it could carry out in the Army are aerial photography, cable laying, aerial despatch and artillery spotting.

The Miles-Wallis incorporates many unique features, among them rotor-blades which can be secured fore and aft to allow the machine to be towed along roads. Its wheels can also be folded upwards to a width of three feet when the aircraft is stored.

Wing-Commander K. H. Wallis, who designed the machine, comes in to land on a perfect three-point touch-down during the first test flight.



Libya, the scene of Eighth Army's famous desert victories in World War Two, has been an independent state for a decade. But British soldiers are still stationed there, advising and training the Libyans in the art of war as . . .



The star and crescent of Libya's national emblem is worn as an arm flash by all the members of the British Military Mission.

THEY HELP TO MAKE A NEW ARMY

IN the ten-year-old sovereign state of Libya a handful of British soldiers are pursuing a strange ambition. They are trying to work themselves out of a job!

They are the officers, warrant officers and non-commissioned officers from many corps and regiments who form the British Military Mission there and whose task is to help train the new Libyan Army and guide it towards complete independence.

When that is achieved, within the next few years, they will return to soldier on with the British Army, justifiably proud of a job well done.

The story goes back to 1951 when, shortly after the new African state of Libya was born, two British officers—later joined by some 30 other British military advisers and instructors—arrived in Benghazi to begin the British Military Mission's work. Soon they had helped to form the Libyan Army's first unit—the Idris el Awal Battalion, from which many have since become officers and non-commissioned officers in other Libyan units and organisations—and in the past ten years have given valuable assistance in the training of Libyan soldiers of all arms.

Captain J. P. Ward (bending) and a Libyan lieutenant carefully watch points as two officer cadets from the Libyan Military Academy in Benghazi are put through their paces on the Bren gun range.



The members of the Mission were largely responsible for the formation in 1957 of the Libyan Military Academy, housed in what was once the Italian Marshal Graziani's residence and later a palace of King Idris, in Benghazi. Here, some 90 cadets are put through a three-year course and the permanent Libyan staff can call for the advice and assistance of two British officers—Major C. J. C. Humfrey, The Royal Warwickshire Regiment, and Captain J. P. Ward, The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment—and four other-rank instructors.

Training is based on the Sandhurst system and the cadets wear British battle-dress and maroon berets. They work a 12-hour day which begins at 7 a.m. and ends with lights out at 9 p.m.

When *SOLDIER* visited the Academy recently a platoon of cadets was drilling with Guards-like precision on the barrack square, a tribute to the two drill instructors—Warrant Officer W. J. R. Pierce, Welsh Guards, and Colour-Sergeant D. A. Alderman, Grenadier Guards, whose main task now is to teach Libyans how to instruct. Four years ago when he joined the Academy, Warrant Officer Pierce drilled all

the cadets himself. Now he stands behind the squads, pointing out faults to his pupils.

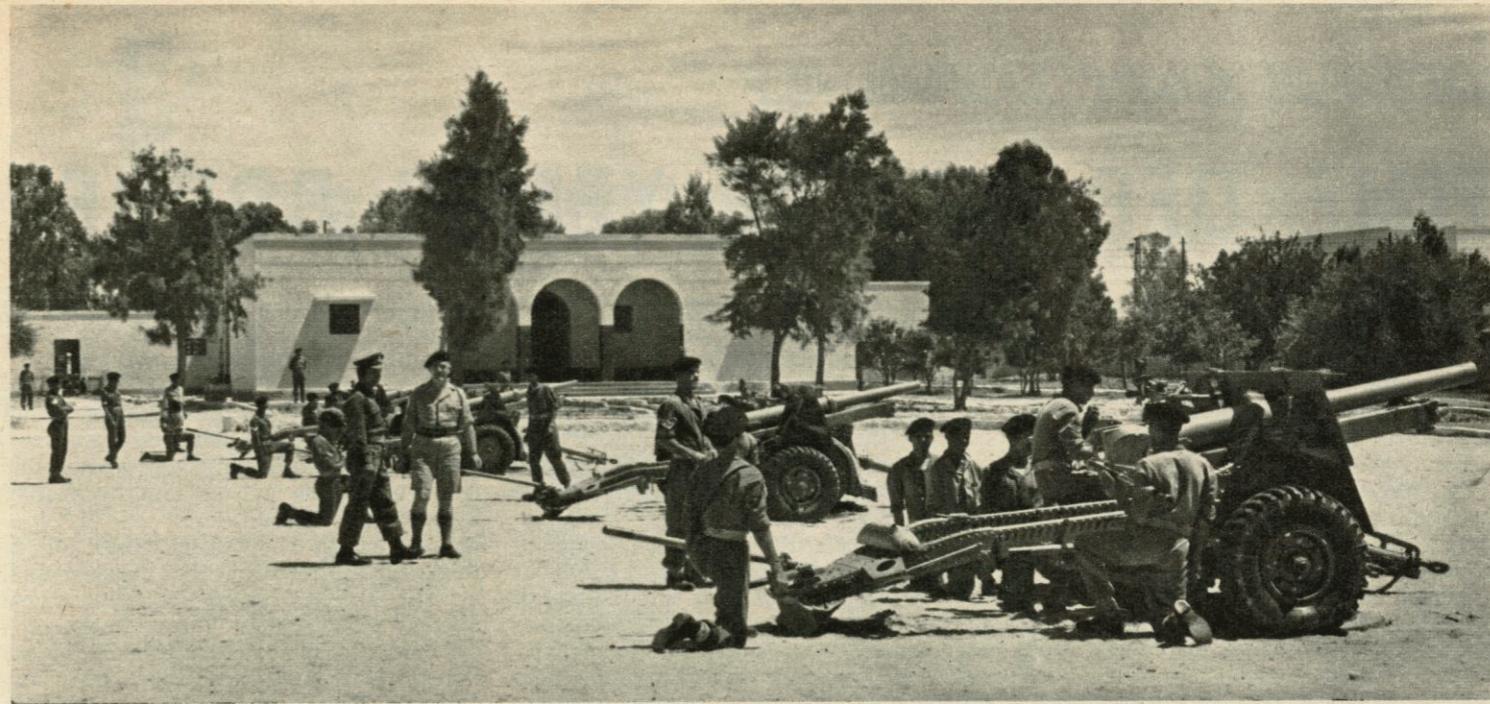
Staff-Sergeant Instructor G. Turner, Army Physical Training Corps, who used to conduct all physical training sessions himself, now supervises two Libyan instructors who, with four other Libyan lance-corporals, went to Cyprus for a physical training course with the British Army.

British soldiers are hard at work, too, in most Libyan Army units. In the workshops at Benghazi, Major Philip Edgeley, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, trains learner mechanics, and in the new military hospital—originally planned and organised by Major Roland Watson, Royal Army Medical Corps—Sergeant Reginald Loades, RAMC, assists a lieutenant-colonel of the Turkish Army Medical Service who is serving with the Libyan Army. Much of the hospital equipment was provided by Britain. Sergeant Loades' next job is to help establish medical laboratories in Benghazi, Barce and Derna.

Two British Army Sappers—Captain D. Harman and Staff-Sergeant J. V. Herman—and Colour-Sergeant J. R. Ford, The Durham Light Infantry, play an important part in the training of the Libyan Army Engineer Squadron, teaching demolition, field defence, mine warfare and water supply methods. The Libyan Sappers have learned rapidly and one of them—Warrant Officer Mohammed Yusif, who went on a course with 14 Survey Regiment, Royal Engineers, in Cyprus—now produces all the maps and tracings for the Libyan Army's exercises.

Adviser to the Libyan Army Signal School is Captain Michael Keeling, Royal Signals. Here, too, training is on British lines and, with British help, Libyan signallers operate a radio-telephone system between Benghazi, Tripoli and Sebha, the capitals of Cyrenaica, Tripolitania and the Fezzan, Libya's three provinces.

A section of the British Military Mission also operates in Tripoli where Major Peter Farmer Wright, Royal Artillery, and Captain J. A. V. de Candole, Queen's Dragoon Guards, advise the 2nd Libyan Army Artillery Regiment and Staff-Sergeant P. Reid, Royal Artillery, and Staff-Sergeant Alan Mardon, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, teach the handling and maintenance of the unit's 25-pounder guns. British soldiers are also on the instruction staff of the 1st Armoured Regiment which is equipped with *Saladin* armoured cars.



Above: Gunners of 2nd Libyan Army Artillery Regiment train on the barrack square with their 25-pounder guns.



Left: S/Sgt J. Herman, RE, explains, with the aid of a model, how to build an improvised bridge over a ravine.



Right: Sgt R. Loades and the Turkish colonel attend a patient in the new Army hospital.



MIDDLE EAST ROUND-UP

TIME OFF ON THE YEMEN BORDER

AT Mukheiras, on a sandy plateau 7000 feet up in the razor-backed, volcanic mountains of the Western Aden Protectorate, men of The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment were taking time off from their job of keeping watch on the Yemen border.

Stripped to the waist under a blazing sun which sent the thermometer up to 125 degrees Fahrenheit, they were playing polo on donkeys!

Not so long ago British troops stationed along the border in one of the world's most inhospitable spots, had a full time task to do, patrolling the rugged crags in search of Yemeni marauders and dissident tribesmen,

winkling out keen-eyed snipers, exchanging fire with "enemy" field guns and mortars and sometimes fighting pitched battles.

Now, as the incursions across the frontier have died down and the Yemenis seem more friendly, the troops can afford to relax—though they still keep a wary eye for trouble and occasionally hear the crack of a rifle fired in anger.

The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment, based on Aden Colony where it carries out security duties (SOLDIER, July), takes full advantage of the situation by sending one company for two months at a time to Mukheiras for mountain warfare training, field firing and a much-needed change of station.



The dress may not be official nor the donkey mounts as fast as polo ponies but the men of The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment get a lot of fun out of a game (played with hockey sticks) on the Yemen border.



Left: The Regimental Band and Corps of Drums Beat Retreat in the Arabian desert town of Mukheiras, watched by the entire population and scores of nomadic tribesmen who travelled from all over Aden.

Photographs: SOLDIER
Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT

1

2 ...AND ADVENTURE IN THE DESERT

BOYS of the Royal Malta Artillery's Junior Leaders Wing have been learning how to live and fight in the desert during a four-weeks' adventure and initiative training exercise which is the first of its kind ever held by Malta's fighting forces.

Nearly 50 boys flew from Malta to Libya and within hours had set out on a long route march in the desert near Kassala. They followed this up with another march at night, using compasses to follow the route, and then went climbing in the Jebel Akhdar on a raiding expedition during which they learned to make use of cover and "lived rough." Later they were shown how to move stealthily and unseen in apparently flat and featureless desert and paid a visit to 1 Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment, Royal Malta Artillery, stationed at Zliten, near Tripoli.

There were some exciting and dangerous moments, as when an officer discovered a scorpion and a snake in his blankets, and plenty of opportunities for relaxation, bathing in the Mediterranean and donkey-riding. But even that was tough. Each boy had to lift his donkey before he was allowed to ride it!



The Junior Leaders listen intently as they receive a lesson in the desert on the use of the compass. In their month in Libya the boys from Malta learned how to exist and fight in the desert.

3 THE TROOPS TAKE TO THE BOARDS

IF someone told you he could build a theatre for only £50 you'd think he was either mad or pulling your leg.

But that is all it has cost the Army in Cyprus to transform a disreputable, disused old stone storeroom in Dhekelia into a well-equipped modern theatre which can seat an audience of 200.

And it was all done by self help. As soon as the plans were approved the soldier members of the Dhekelia Theatre Group and their families, set to work. With the assistance of some Sappers and Royal Elec-

trical and Mechanical Engineers they built a 20-foot square stage, sound-proofed the walls and ceiling, built dressing rooms and a bar, installed seats and curtains and an up-to-date lighting system and in a remarkably short time were ready for the first performance.

Their achievement highlights the growing interest in the theatre among British troops in the Middle East. The Dhekelia Theatre Group, formed in 1958 by Sergeant Anthony Stone of the Intelligence Corps, a former actor, stage manager and lighting

engineer, enjoys a high reputation—among Greek and Turkish Cypriots as well as Servicemen and women—for high class productions, in spite of the fact that many members of the cast have had no previous experience of acting.

"Our aim," says Major John Offord, one of the four-man controlling body, "is to put on really good plays and achieve a professional standard of production and acting."

Another outstanding example of theatrical enterprise in Cyprus is the use of Othello's Tower at Famagusta, the 12th century building where Othello murdered Desdemona, for staging dramas. Sappers of the Cyprus Field Park Squadron have constructed a magnificent stage among the sombre ruins.

In Libya, too, the Army has built its own theatre—the Jerboa, in Benghazi—inside the shell of a Nissen hut.

Sappers drew up the plans and men of the Royal Army Service Corps and Ajax Squadron, 2nd Royal Tank Regiment, cheerfully went to work in their spare time, laying a concrete floor, making a timber framework and building brick walls and a stage. Volunteers from the Royal Signals installed a complicated lighting system (and a projector so that films can be shown) and The Royal Scots and The Royal Welch Fusiliers gave a hand with painting.



In the new Army theatre in Dhekelia, Sergeant A. Stone, the producer, puts the cast through their paces as they rehearse a new play. In the past months the Theatre Group has performed "Look Back In Anger" and Shaw's "Saint Joan."



COLDSTREAMERS

IT has often been said that the Guards are never stationed east of Suez. But don't tell that to the men of the 2nd Battalion, Coldstream Guards.

For the past 12 months they have been literally sweating it out in one of the world's hottest and most humid spots 1200 miles east of Cairo—on the strategically important oil-producing island of Bahrain which lies half-way up the Persian Gulf between Saudi Arabia and the Trucial Oman.

Here, as part of 24 Infantry Brigade which is based on Kenya, the Coldstream Guards have been helping to preserve the peace in a notoriously unstable part of the globe (they were among the first troops to land in Kuwait recently) and, when they have time to spare from their internal security duties, training in mountain, desert and amphibious warfare.

In Bahrain the Guardsman comes face to face with a fascinating mixture of ancient and modern civilisations. Arab dhows put in to the island on their way between India and the Trucial Oman as they did centuries ago but the roads are choked with huge American limousines. Modern stores rub shoulders with the age-old native markets and fantastically rich oilmen are accosted by penniless beggars. And all the time an all-pervading smell of fish, oil and salt hovers over the island.

Apart from the smell and the weather Bahrain is an attractive and astonishingly well-equipped station.

The troops are accommodated in air-conditioned barracks at HMS *Jufair*, the Royal Naval base, and at the new Royal Air Force camp at Muharraq families live in modern, air-conditioned bungalows. Each base has a swimming pool and sports fields,

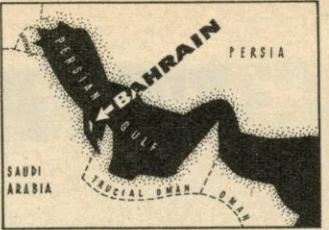
canteens and messes, a club and an open-air cinema.

The biggest problem is the weather. For most of the year a broiling sun sends the thermometer up into the 110s in the shade and humidity is frequently 100 per cent. This means that all weapons have to be cleaned and oiled every day to prevent them rusting, vehicles have to be constantly painted with red lead and started up at

intervals throughout the night to keep the engines in good condition. Many of the troops suffer from prickly heat in their first few weeks in Bahrain and every man has to take a daily ration of paludrine and salt.

Because the island is so small training there is difficult, though the Coldstreamers are able to carry out riot drill and basic individual training. There is a training area where platoon and company exercises may

As the assault landing craft touch down on Yas Island, two days' sailing from Bahrain, men of B Company, Coldstream Guards, wade ashore to capture an "enemy" strongpoint.



Bahrain lies 20 miles off the coast of Arabia. Once it was the centre of the pearl trade. Now the island thrives on oil, discovered in 1932.

On Bahrain Island in the Persian Gulf—one of the Army's hottest and most humid stations—the Coldstream Guards are helping to keep the peace. But to keep in training they leave the island for gruelling manoeuvres in the Oman and at sea



Coldstreamers and Omani guides take a well-earned breather on patrol in the Trucial Oman. Behind them towers *Sabrina* where the SAS once fought a brilliant battle.

IN A HOT SPOT

be held but no rounds—blank or live—may be fired and night operations are banned. Permission to use the training area has to be obtained from the Sheik of Bahrain.

For this reason, the Coldstream Guards often leave the island for manoeuvres in the Trucial Oman and have also taken part with Royal Marines in an amphibious assault landing exercise on Yas Island, in the Persian Gulf, and in a combined exercise in Muscat with the Muscat Regiment.

Within hours they were ready to receive the first of two air drops when their three-

week supplies were parachuted to them. Then, in small and large parties, they set out on four, five and six-day patrols, some passing over the ground where two years ago, men of 22nd Special Air Service Regiment won a brilliant victory over rebellious tribesmen.

One of the guides provided by the Northern Frontier Regiment fought in that battle on the insurgents' side and delighted the Coldstreamers by identifying some of the topographical features by their old British codenames: *Sabrina*, *Middle Wallop* and *Cassino*!

In the last two weeks the Guardsmen were put through a series of strenuous exercises but they found time, too, to visit local villages and Bedouin in their encampments and exchange greetings and gifts. Some picked up a smattering of Arabic and proudest among them was Lance Corporal Cook who, for his ability to handle the animals, became known as *Abu Hamir* (Father of the Donkeys).—From a report by Major Hills, Coldstream Guards.



Left: In an off-duty moment in Jufair, Guardsman J. Naden samples a date from one of the many palms which grow in Bahrain. To keep fit troops on the island take a daily ration of salt.



Right: In the native *sug* at Manama, the island's capital, where ancient and modern rub shoulders, Guardsmen show an interest in gaily-coloured rugs while Arab stallholder prepares to barter.

The Army in the House

AS PARLIAMENT was in recess until the middle of October this issue could not contain the feature *The Army in the House*. SOLDIER hopes to continue the series in January, 1962

Britain's oldest Cavalry regiment—The Royal Dragoons (1st Dragoons)—quietly celebrates its tercentenary in Malaya. Next year the Royals come home to march through their birthplace, the City of London

IT ALL BEGAN

WITH CROMWELL'S MEN



A Saladin of "B" Squadron, commanded by Second Lieutenant D. W. Williams-Wynn, with Trooper R. Searle driving, on patrol in the Malayan jungle. Note the Regimental Eagle on the turret and the kukri flash of 17 (Gurkha) Division.

TODAY the Royals recruit in London—as they always have—in Surrey, Sussex and Kent, an area shared by their affiliated Territorial Army regiment, The Kent and County of London Yeomanry (Sharpshooters).

At the Yeomanry headquarters in Bromley, the Regiment has the staunchest of allies in the officer in charge of Eastern Command's Cavalry Headquarters. He is Major C. W. J. Lewis, who ended a year ago an unbroken period of 36 years' service in the Royals, from trooper to regimental sergeant-major and, on commissioning in 1942, from lieutenant to major (quarter-master).

Major Lewis has only one Regular Cavalry regiment in his recruiting area—The Royal Dragoons (1st Dragoons)!

Below: The Royals charge at Balaclava with the Heavy Brigade. The charge was less dramatic but more successful than the Light Brigade's celebrated action



Right: A Royals' uniform of about 1800. The cocked hat gave way to a helmet in 1812 and breeches to pantaloons.



THREE HUNDRED years ago, when disbanded Cromwellian soldiers wandered aimlessly along London streets, the beat of the drum once again tempted them into military service. The drummers were recruiting a troop of horse to serve King Charles II as the garrison of a new Crown possession, the city of Tangier.

Within three weeks, a hundred "well appointed horsemen" mustered in Southwark as the Tangier Horse, becoming the forebears of Britain's oldest Cavalry regiment, The Royal Dragoons (1st Dragoons).

Throughout the long years of service overseas in more than 30 countries, that proud link with the City of London has never been forgotten. When the Royals come home from Malaya next year to celebrate, belatedly, their tercentenary, they will march through the City with "drums beating, swords unsheathed and guidon unfurled."

This privilege, accorded for the first time to a Cavalry regiment, is shared with only five other regiments—the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards, The Royal Fusiliers, The Queen's Own Buffs and the Honourable Artillery Company—and the Royal Marines.

"Tangier, 1662-80," the Royals' first battle honour—and one shared only with The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment—was the reward of over 20 years' skirmishing against the Moors. When Tangier was evacuated in 1683 the garrison's four troops of horse came home, to be regimented by Charles II, with two troops newly recruited in London, as "Our Owne Royall Regiment of Dragoones," under the command of Lord Churchill, later the first Duke of Marlborough.

In its first hundred years the Regiment



Trooper D. Grice and four other men of a patrol wade through a jungle river. Dismounted training is not new—it began in the 1900s.

campaigned in Ireland, fighting at the Boyne and in the Siege of Limerick. On the Continent it fought in Spain, in Flanders where it distinguished itself in charges at Dettingen and Fontenoy, and in two seaborne raids against St. Malo and Cherbourg. At home, squadrons and troops were widely scattered in "internal security" tasks against highwaymen, smugglers and rioters.

Early in the 19th century the Regiment fought in Spain, serving as rearguard in the retreat of Torres Vedras and making, by a gallant charge, a major contribution to the victory of Fuentes d'Onoro.

Four years later came Waterloo, the most brilliant and conspicuous episode in the Regiment's history, when the Royals, as part of the Union Brigade, held Wellington's left flank, which had been intended as the station of Blücher's entire Prussian Army. When Blücher arrived, a single day's fighting had reduced the Union Brigade to a squadron.

The Royals' present cap badge symbolises the capture of an eagle standard from a French Infantry regiment during the charge of The Union Brigade at Waterloo. This was the third enemy standard captured by the Royals. A Moorish standard fell to them in Tangier and at Dettingen the Regiment charged and routed the crack French Black Musketeers to take their Colour.

From Waterloo to the Crimean War the Royals again served in Ireland and at home

were busy once more maintaining law and order. At Balaclava, the Regiment charged with the Heavy Cavalry Brigade which routed a mass of Russian Cavalry.

After the South African War the Cavalry discarded the lance and began a concentrated dismounted training which was to stand the Royals in good stead in World War One which, apart from some patrolling and a brilliant charge, the Regiment spent as Infantry. In this war the Royals gained their only Victoria Cross, awarded posthumously to Second-Lieutenant J. S. Dunville, and earned 17 battle honours.

World War Two saw the last of the Regiment's horses—it was mechanised in 1940—and brought another 15 battle honours, notably El Alamein which, with Waterloo, is celebrated as a regimental holiday to commemorate two battles which changed the course of history. During the Battle of El Alamein two squadrons slipped through the enemy lines to create chaos among German supply columns and the retreating Italian Infantry, and in the pursuit the Royals led Eighth Army's southern flank.

Before El Alamein the Royals served in Palestine and the Western Desert where they first wore their famous grey berets. These were adopted by the then Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel R. F. Heyworth (later killed at Benghazi) so that the Royals should be readily recognised. The berets were made by a bazaar tailor, bought from regimental funds and approved by King George VI who had followed his father as Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment.

One of the Regiment's duties in Aden was to provide an escort for the Dhala' convoy. Here a Ferret scout car prepares to lead the three-tonners up the hazardous track through the Khureiba Pass.



WHEN Kaiser Wilhelm became the first Colonel-in-Chief of the 1st The Royal Dragoons, in 1894, it was the first time a foreign sovereign had been given this honour in the British Army. The Kaiser's portrait hung in the Officers' Mess at Shorncliffe, where he inspected the Regiment in 1902.

A treasured possession of the Sergeants' Mess is a silver trumpet presented by the Kaiser's son, the Crown Prince of Germany, during a visit to India.

The "Grey Berets," as they became known, wore this popular headdress when they returned to England and Germany, but neither the King's approval nor Field-Marshal Montgomery's efforts could evoke official sanction.

After El Alamein the Regiment took part in the invasion of Sicily and Italy, returning home for the Normandy assault. In the final phases of the European campaign the Royals pushed north to the Baltic, captured a German general and triumphantly drove into Denmark to liberate Copenhagen.

As an armoured car and reconnaissance regiment, equipped now with Saladins and Ferrets, the Royals have served in Germany, the Suez Zone, Aden, Persian Gulf and, finally, Malaya, since World War Two.

Approval was recently given to the Regiment to change its title from 1st The Royal Dragoons to The Royal Dragoons (1st Dragoons).

Canoeing has really caught on—nothing offers quite the same challenge or thrills to

ADVENTURE: 1

DOWN THE CATARACTS . . .



Placid waters, a gentle breeze—it all looks easy. But ahead lie rapids, sandstorms and an increasingly hot sun to test the adventurers.

AHEAD of the four soldiers the dull rumble grew to a forbidding roar. As their frail canoes rounded a bend they could see nothing but foaming white water broken by jagged pieces of black granite. They were at the head of the Nile's largest cataract.

Frantically, the four men paddled for the safety of the river bank, but the current was too strong and there was no alternative but to continue. Bobbing like corks, the canoes swept down the 600 yards stretch of rapids to emerge unscathed, perhaps more by good luck than judgment, into calmer waters.

For the four men of 23 Parachute Field Ambulance, Royal Army Medical Corps, it was one of the most exciting moments of an adventure training exercise which took them a thousand miles down the Nile by canoe.

The expedition was the idea of Captain David T. Fairs, Royal Army Service Corps, transport officer of the field ambulance. With him—picked from many eager volunteers—went three National Servicemen, Sergeant Norman A. Richardson, Royal Army Medical Corps, Lance-Corporal A. James Dalziel, Royal Army Service Corps, and Private Kenneth White, Royal Army Medical Corps.

For nearly five months the four men trained intensively, spending their weekends on the Thames, the Wye and other rivers in the south and west, and collected their equipment together—three wood-framed, canvas-covered canoes bought with the help of a

Nuffield Trust grant, bivouacs, lightweight sleeping bags, paraffin pressure stoves and a number of items given by friendly firms.

The four flew to Khartoum in Royal Air Force planes, via Kano, Nairobi and Aden, where they spent a week acclimatising themselves. While making final arrangements in Khartoum they visited the Omdurman battlefield on which Kitchener defeated the Dervishes in 1898.

Captain Fairs was advised not to attempt the Nile trip because of the perils of the cataracts and if he must go, at least to avoid sleeping on small islands, drinking unsterilised water or swimming in the river. In the event all these admonitions went unheeded. The soldiers soon found the hard sunbaked banks too uncomfortable for a night's sleep and instead chose the soft sands of the islands, often disturbing crocodiles—which obligingly moved away!

Their need for drinking water—about a pint an hour each—quickly led the men to abandon sterilisation and simply dip their mugs over the side. Similarly, the temptation to swim in the Nile two or three times a day overcame caution, but there was only one scare, when the party returned to the bank and saw five crocodiles where they had just been swimming.

Between Khartoum and the expedition's destination at Wadi Halfa, near the Egypt-Sudan border, the river drops 850 feet, mainly in its cataracts. It was in the 5th Cataract

that one of the three canoes hit a partially submerged rock in turbulent water and overturned. Sergeant Richardson and Private White were pitched overboard, but were able to hold on to their canoe as they were swept over a series of five falls. They got away with cuts and bruises and the canoe was only slightly damaged, but half the kit and a camera were lost.

During the voyage, which took 53 days, the party weathered two severe sandstorms which whipped the water into waves five to six feet high. Each day they made an early morning start, resting from the scorching midday heat, then paddling on until the main evening meal and, after about 35 miles' paddling, a solid night's sleep.

The canoeists took sufficient food for the whole trip and supplemented it with rice, onions and beans from villages, fish and duck. On one occasion they were offered crocodile meat by local hunters and after accepting it with some misgivings, found it like tough fish but tasty.

As the four soldiers neared the end of their journey, travelling through the barren Nubian Desert, the temperature rose each day until they arrived at Wadi Halfa, at the hottest time of the year, in a temperature of 124 degrees Fahrenheit.

After a brief rest the party returned to Khartoum by train then flew home, at the end of a three months' expedition, via Cyprus and Malta.

the adventurer whether he is shooting the Nile rapids or exploring jungle rivers

ADVENTURE: 2

... AND THROUGH THE RATTAN

IT'S a far cry from a vehicle workshop to the jungle, but the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers of 99 Gurkha Brigade's Light Aid Detachment showed that they, too, can live rough when they spent eight days negotiating treacherous Malayan rivers in canoes and home-made rafts.

Thirteen men—almost the whole of the unit—and their Officer Commanding, Captain Geoffrey Simpson, set off from Kluang to travel 98 miles along the Sembrong and Endau rivers, eight of them in canoes and the other six on two rafts built from bamboo and empty 44-gallon oil drums.

Exercise "Waterlogged" nearly began in disaster when a canoe overturned in a fast current. One of the soldiers was in trouble in deep water, but he did not panic and was quickly rescued by two other members of the party. This was the first of many capsizings, but the men rapidly learned the technique of sliding out of a canoe, righting it and climbing back aboard.

At one stage, spikes of *rattan*, a tall, prickly jungle growth, blocked the river and tore at the men's flesh and clothes, and there were frequent delays when the rafts, loaded with food and equipment and weighing 1500 lbs, had to be manhandled over fallen trees.

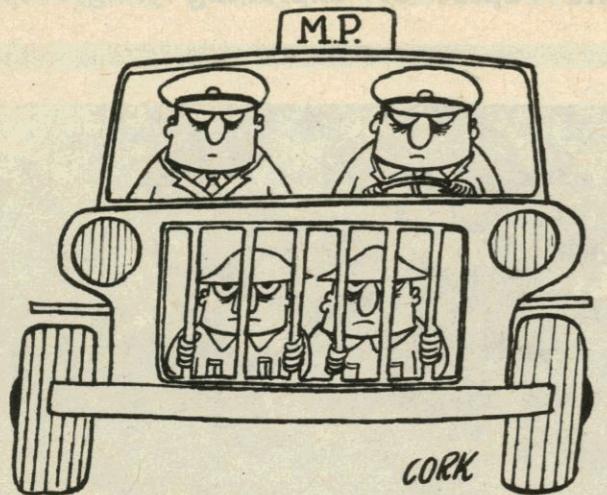
One canoe sank after being badly holed and, although recovered after a struggle, had to be abandoned. A raft drum sprang a leak—and was successfully plugged with chewing gum! There were anxious hours, too, when the rafts became separated one night. One of them had hit an obstacle and was delayed by clearance work. As a precaution against serious difficulties, *Austers* of 11 Flight, Army Air Corps, several times circled the expedition.

Each night the 14 men cleared a patch of jungle at the water's edge and slept in *bashas* made from groundsheet. The last two days were wet and miserable, but the weary and bedraggled men who arrived at Endau were proud of their achievement and not least of its flourishing finish—46 hours' travelling through two nights with only three stops of three hours each.—From a report by Corporal G. C. Stanton, Public Relations, Far East Land Forces.

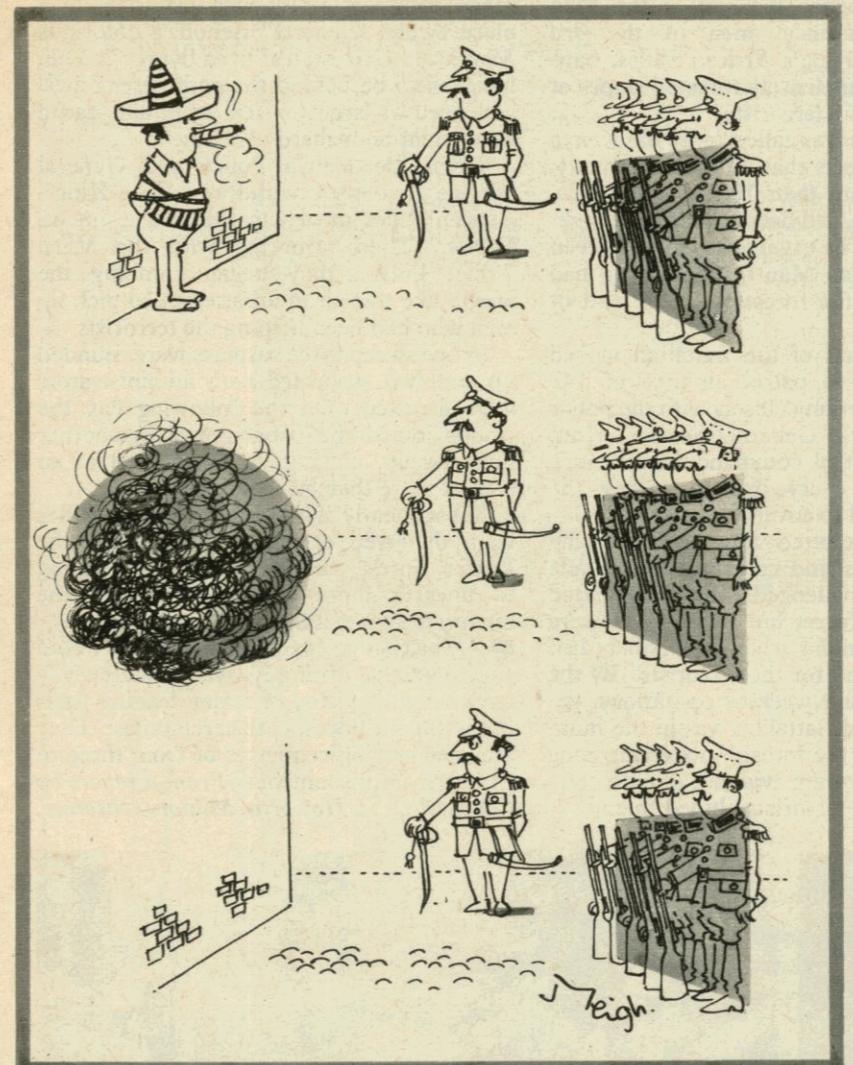
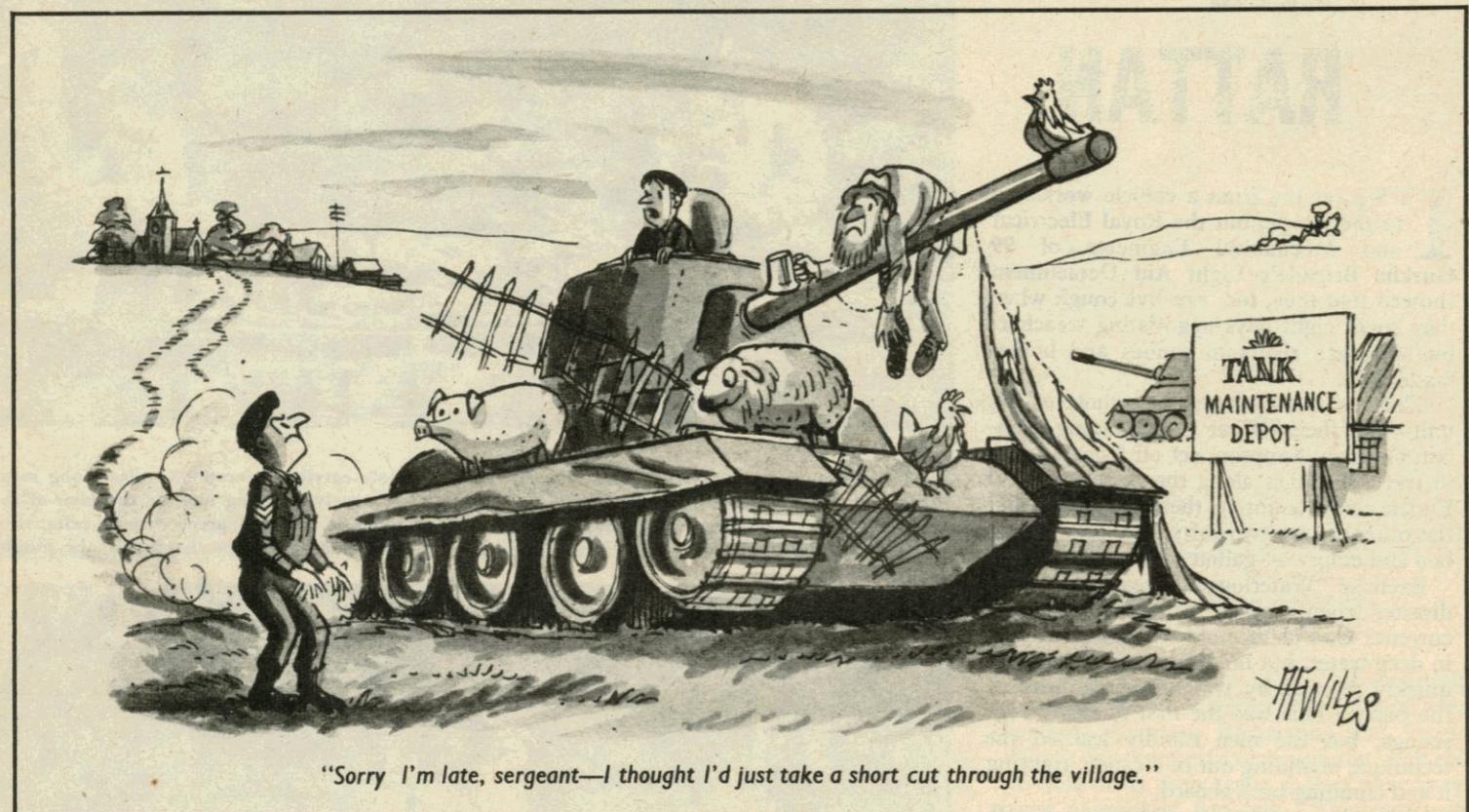


The heavily-laden raft may not look seaworthy, but it safely carried its crew 98 miles along some of Malaya's most treacherous stretches of river. Below: It's early morning and, as the men of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers finish their mugs of tea and prepare their rafts, they wonder what lies in store for them in the day's journey ahead—anything can happen in the jungle.

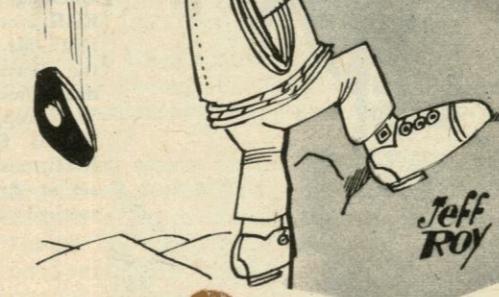




HUMOUR



"Report sick when you get down, Burton."



The Art of Mastering BEDS

YOUR first day in the Army will make you or break you. Fierce-looking men bawl and shout at you and point threateningly to strips of material on their arms. By the time you find the mess hall all the grub has gone and a man in a funny white hat sneers at you.

Later, the Quartermaster-Sergeant runs a scornful eye over your meagre frame, mouthing numbers to his assistants lurking amongst the tall racks, who suddenly appear and throw boots, webbing, and battledress at your head. In no time at all you are like a Christmas tree, tastefully finished off with four blankets, two sheets and three, hard mattress things called biscuits.

Staggering back to your barrack room with this little lot you get stopped three times. An officer wants to know why you didn't salute him (salute him, you can't even see him!).

The next one is a cheerful lance-corporal who asks you for a match, which puts you in just the right mood for the padre when he stops and asks if you think you'll like the Army.

It's a relief to reach the barrack room and drop the lot on the floor. The barrack room sergeant appears from nowhere, nods in a friendly way, tells you to pick the lot up off his floor and that you will be up very early in the morning to polish the floor again. Cordial relations thus established, he will indicate a certain bed space and leave you to it.

There it is. As easily as that you meet THE ARMY BED! It looks harmless enough at first. It is only a trick of the imagination that if you stare too long it seems to turn into a black, crouching beast, cornered up against the wall waiting for your first move.

Determined to be friends, you drop your kit on the thing and the right front leg drops off. Bend down to pick up the leg and the whole front of the bed collapses on your hand. All the injustices of this terrible day boil up inside you and you draw off and give the bed a good solid kick in the slats.

This time it takes four of the other lads to free your mangled foot from the scissor lock the bed puts on you and, moaning in agony, you nurse your foot on the floor and wonder what to do next.

The friendly barrack room sergeant reappears and soon tells you. Putting it together you discover that the bed is not as short as you think. You don't have to sleep doubled up—the bottom half pulls out. So you pull it out—and the back bit falls on the other foot.

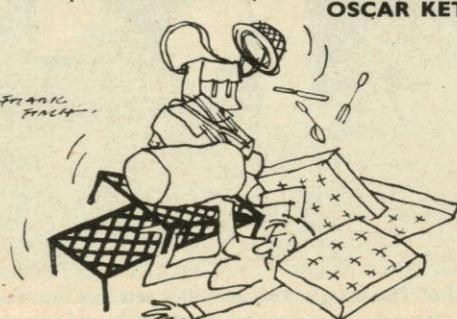
This seems to put everybody but you in a good humour, so you whip the two pieces back together, slap the three biscuits across its back and leap back smartly. The bed just stands there quivering a bit. Drunk with success, you throw a blanket over the biscuits, then a couple of sheets. Finally, just to show who is master you throw another couple of blankets over the top. You start tucking in—down the far side, around the foot, start coming up the near side. Then you turn your head to answer a merry quip from your neighbour and your fingers became locked at the knuckles.

Two feet and one hand are now useless, but it seems to be the last shot in the bed's locker. Too tired to care any more you sit on the side of the bed and take your boots off.

A loud, penetrating squeak, which gets louder every time you move, comes beneath the blankets and keeps you awake all night. There is no cure for a bed with this complaint. You can only whip it smartly into the next barrack room when the occupants are on guard duty. Just take the quietest-looking bed in the room in exchange and beat it quick.

You'll snuggle down that night to a wonderful night's kip—and wake up refreshed to find you have been posted!

OSCAR KETTLE



WINKLING OUT THE BANDITS

IN one of the biggest security operations in Kenya since the end of the Mau Mau emergency, men of the 3rd Battalion, The King's African Rifles, have been scouring the densely forested slopes of Mount Kenya for terrorists.

The Battalion was called in by the Kenya Police after reports that an oath ceremony, attended by more than 1000 Meru tribesmen and women, had been held in the Upper Imenti Forest. The organisers were believed to be former Mau Mau terrorists who had been hiding in the forest since the end of the emergency.

Two companies of the Battalion moved in immediately to patrol an area of 142 square miles, working closely with the police and the Kenya General Service Unit. Platoon and patrol commanders flew in a police aircraft every day to survey the ground they had to cover.

One patrol spotted four men wearing Army greatcoats and carrying home-made rifles. When challenged they disappeared into the dense forest but their tracks were traced to a *shamba* where tribesmen had been leaving food for the terrorists. By the end of the second week of operations, the whole of the 3rd Battalion was in the hunt. Patrols combed the forest, uncovering gang hides and discovering evidence of oath ceremonies, but the terrorists eluded them.

Then, at the end of the third week, the *askari* caught a youth who led them to a place where "General" Acholi, a notorious Mau Mau terrorist, had been living. Acholi, believed to be behind the oath ceremonies, had been at large for ten years and had a permanent bodyguard of six men.

When the Kenya Police and General Service Unit were withdrawn, The King's African Rifles moved to the Lower Imenti Forest. There, working with the Meru Tribal Police, they began combing the jungle-like terrain in an attempt to pick up men who had been helping the terrorists.

In one sweep three suspects were rounded up and two suspected oath administrators were arrested. On the following day the troops joined the tribal police in another huge sweep, picking up every man in an area of more than 50 square miles.

Subsequently The King's African Rifles were deployed at strategic points in the Lower Forest, still patrolling and hoping to unearth more information about the terrorists and, ultimately, to catch them.

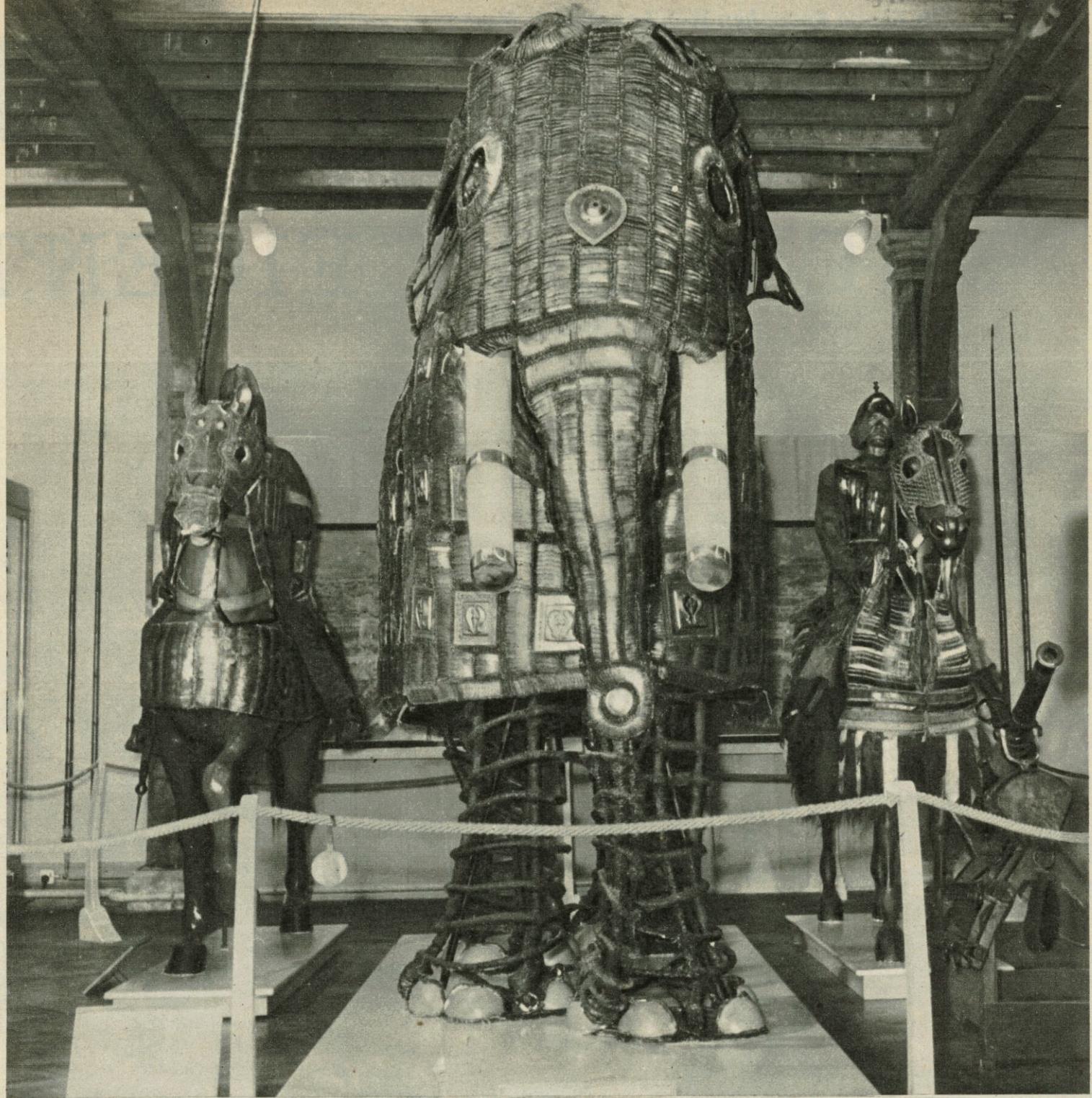
● Thirty-nine people—most of whom were detainees during Kenya's emergency—have been convicted of taking leading parts in the Imenti Forest oath ceremonies. They are now serving sentences of from three to 11 years' imprisonment.—From a report by Corporal D. H. Howorth, *Military Observer*.



A patrol of The King's African Rifles sets out into the dense Upper Imenti Forest. The *askari* are wearing jungle boots and carrying sub-machine guns.



Above: Tribesmen arrested for taxation offences file from the lorry which brought them in, watched by their captors, men of "C" Company (right). Lieutenant-Colonel G. McMurtrie (left), commanding the 3rd Bn, KAR, is walking away. Left: Mr. W. Griffin, the Kenya Police signals officer, and Lieut W. Coppen-Gardner, Signals Officer of 3 KAR, man the radio set at the Battalion's tactical headquarters.



ARMOUR FOR AN ELEPHANT

WHEN Lord Clive returned to England after his famous victory at Plassey, in 1757, he brought with him an unusual battlefield trophy—a set of armour for a 12ft tall elephant!

For 200 years it lay almost forgotten in Powis Castle, Welshpool—seat of Lord Clive's descendants. Now, the only suit of elephant armour in Britain, it stands in pride of place (on a tubular metal "elephant") in the Tower of London's new Museum of Armour and Arms, as a vivid reminder of the days when Indian rajahs went into battle with troops of elephants. To restore the armour, 600 new plates and 12,000 rings were used.

The elephant armour is one of scores of fascinating exhibits—ranging from a suit of Japanese armour, made in the 1500's and sent as a gift to King James I in 1614, to a complete series of British Service muskets and rifles from 1680 to 1914. There are suits of armour used by a Sind rider and horse in the 1700's and a Tibetan soldier and his steed a century later; a helmet with a quilted *jibbah* (made in Birmingham) which was captured from the Khalifa's tent after the battle of Omdurman; collections of European firearms, uniforms and swords—among them those worn by Wolseley, Kitchener and Roberts—and many other relics of armies and wars throughout the world.

The largest suit of armour in the world—made for a 12ft high elephant at the Battle of Plassey—is on display at the Tower of London. Right: armour worn by a Tibetan soldier and his horse and (left) that worn by a Sind cavalryman and his mount.

In Nonne Bosschen Wood on a grey November morning 47 years ago the 2nd Battalion, The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, wrote another glorious chapter in their history when they smashed the Prussian Guard at bayonet point

THE MAGNIFICENT 52nd



Bursting into the wood, the 52nd drove the Kaiser's elite Guard back in disorder, closing the gap in the British line and halting the enemy's dash to the Channel ports. This graphic painting now hangs in the Regimental Museum.

WE will strike the decisive blow against our most detested enemy," said the German Order of the Day signalling the start of the first Battle of Ypres on 19 October, 1914. "We will finish with the British, Indians, Canadians, Moroccans and other trash—feeble adversaries who will surrender in mass if attacked with vigour."

The weary, wounded private of the 2nd Battalion, The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry (the 52nd), knew nothing of this German insult as he limped out of Nonne Bosschen (Nun's Copse) Wood, four miles east of Ypres, on the raw,

grey afternoon of 11 November. "Keep moving!" he barked at the crowd of shambling giants by his side.

He was leading into captivity a hundred or more men of the Prussian Guard—the élite of the Kaiser's army. In the faces of these huge guardsmen—not one under 6ft 4ins—as they moved into the British lines with their hands held high, showed the terror inspired by the bayonet charge of a handful of their "feeble adversaries."

In mid-October, 600,000 men of the German Fourth and Sixth Armies, cock-a-hoop over their victory at Mons, moved against an Allied force of half that number

on a 60-mile front from La Bassée to the sea. Their aim: a quick break-through to the Channel ports. The main assault fell on the British around Ypres, and it was there, among the rolling, wooded downs, that the pre-war Regular Army won immortal honour.

By 22 November the Germans had been fought to a standstill, their casualties enormous and their only gain a few unimportant villages. "The 'thin red line!'" wrote Liddell Hart, "was never so thin as the line at Ypres; and never so hardly tried. The thin khaki line withstood a strain that lasted for weeks compared with hours in the past."

Battalions were reduced to company strength and less, but the ragged remnants fought on against a grey tide sweeping remorselessly in from north and east. The fighting surged to within two miles of Ypres at St. Eloi and Sir Douglas Haig, 1 Corps commander, made plans for a withdrawal.

But astonishing feats of bravery by units and groups forced back the enemy time and again and gaps in the line were closed.

Nonne Bosschen is the story of one such feat by the 52nd—a sharp, hour-long engagement that produced a brilliant success. It ranks with Waterloo as the 52nd's proudest battle honour. At Waterloo they smashed what was to have been the victory charge of Napoleon's Imperial Guard; at Nonne Bosschen they reduced the Kaiser's Prussian Guard to trembling impotence.

Fighting with the 5th Brigade of General Monro's 2nd Division, the 52nd suffered 217 casualties in the first great crisis of Ypres—at Langemarck on 21 October. In the next three weeks they lived and fought in muddy woods along the Menin Road—three weeks without a change of clothing or boots, under incessant shellfire, often soaked by heavy rain.

When the misty dawn of 11 November broke, the 52nd's surviving six officers and 300 men under Lieutenant-Colonel (later Major-General) H. R. Davies, forming the 2nd Division's only reserve, were resting in farm buildings at Westhoek. At 6.30 a.m. opened the heaviest artillery barrage in history to that date. On the previous day the Kaiser's proud Guards Division had moved into the line to spearhead the final thrust to the sea on a nine-mile front east of Ypres. At 9.30 a.m. the barrage lifted and the Prussians strode to the attack.

Now came the supreme vindication of the British Army's small-arms training. Firing their rifles at 15 rounds a minute, the British Infantry put up such a performance that the Germans were convinced they were walking into a mass of machine-guns. But the sheer weight of the assault of 25 battalions (17,500 men) punched holes in a line defended by 7850. The Royal Fusiliers, reduced to two subalterns and 100 men, were outflanked and forced to fall back. The 1st Battalion, The Loyal Regiment, fought on with their one surviving officer and 80 men, and the 2nd Battalion, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, virtually wiped out a German Guards' battalion.

At mid-morning the 52nd, distant observers of the holocaust, were called in to clear the Germans from Nonne Bosschen Wood and recapture lost trenches. Nonne



Outnumbered by two to one the British troops east of Ypres take the shock of the German assault, headed by the Prussian Guards. Many units were overrun but the battered and exhausted survivors gallantly held out and won the day.

Bosschen was seething with Prussian Guards and British guns had driven them into the wood.

At 2.30 p.m. Colonel Davies sent "A" and "B" Companies racing across open ground towards the wood on what seemed a suicidal mission. The two remaining companies moved out in support, a company of The Northamptonshire Regiment moved in from the west and Sappers of the 5th Field Company charged southwards between Nonne Bosschen and Polygon Woods.

Sweeping into and through the wood, the 52nd overwhelmed the Prussians by the very ferocity of their charge. From north-west to south-east they combed the wood, and from the far side the surviving Prussians emerged "like pheasants, first an odd bird or two, then two and threes, then a rush."

Ignorant of the counter-attack's progress, French 75s opened up as the 52nd surged on towards British trenches lost earlier in the day. Showered with shrapnel, they were forced to halt their advance, but the blow they had already delivered proved decisive.

Lieutenant C. S. Baines DSO, "B" Company's only surviving officer, who led his men into the assault, said afterwards: "As

I looked across that open ground dotted with bodies and saw masses of Germans walking about in the wood, I was certain I would never reach that wood. But I decided that what must be done had better be done quickly."

In a series of rushes the Company reached the wood and went bald-headed for the enemy. Many of the Prussian Guards threw up their hands without a fight and, urged on by British bayonets, collected on a ridge running through the wood.

Baines dived into the undergrowth and stumbled into a bunch of 30 Germans. "They put up their hands before I had time to do so myself," he records. "Their officer raised his revolver but I just beat him to the shot—and 29 pairs of hands went even higher."

Nonne Bosschen was the last real crisis of the 1914 campaign—a campaign which left such an impression on the Germans. Though more fierce fighting followed before the enemy offensive ended on 22 November, the later attacks were, in Liddell Hart's words, "but the fading flickers of a storm that is travelling away."

K. E. HENLY

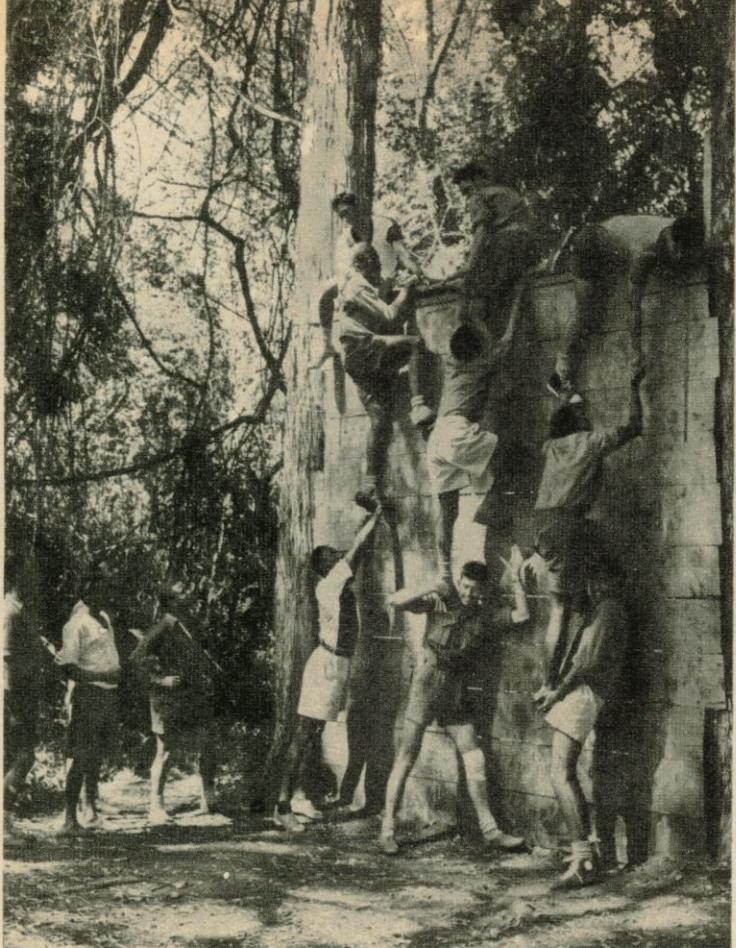
THE 52nd forged another link with regimental history five days after the victory at Nonne Bosschen.

On 16 November, the survivors went into billets at Ypres where, exactly 100 years earlier, the 52nd had been billeted as part of the Flanders army of occupation.

That night Lieutenant-Colonel Davies received this message from Brigadier-General Haking, 5th Brigade commander: "The Battalion has always been celebrated for its attack at Waterloo but, in my opinion, it will in future be distinguished, above others, for its magnificent attack near Ypres."

Waterloo Day and Nonne Bosschen Day are celebrated annually by the Regiment. When it was given the title in 1908 of "The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry," the 1st Battalion continued to be known as the 43rd and the 2nd as the 52nd.

In 1958, just four days short of the 44th anniversary of Nonne Bosschen, the title was changed again to "1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd."



An object lesson in racial tolerance and understanding: A group of young men from five different races help each other over an assault course obstacle.

FROM AFRICA TO SANDHURST

AT the depot of the 3rd Battalion, The King's African Rifles, at Nanyuki, in Kenya, a squad of 17 men was being taught rifle drill—a not unusual event in any army.

But this was different. The 17 young men were from five different races—three Europeans, eight Africans, three Hindus, two Goans and one Pakistani. They were training and living side by side and all working to the same end—to go to Sandhurst and win the Queen's Commission.

All young men of all races in East Africa are eligible to enter the Queen's Commission Scheme which each year provides seven cadets for the Royal Military Academy. After passing rigorous selection tests, candidates go to Nanyuki for basic training, which includes driving instruction, Infantry section tactics and map reading, and then to the Outward Bound Mountain School at Loitokitok, on the northern slopes of Kilimanjaro. There they learn self-confidence and leadership and are physically toughened by rock climbing expeditions, mountain exercises and assault course training. They have their own mess and all eat European style meals.

Those who pass a Command selection board after initial training are put through a leadership course before going to Britain for final selection by the War Office and, if they are among the seven best candidates, on to Sandhurst.

The first two officers to be commissioned under the scheme, which was introduced in 1957, are now serving with their regiments in East Africa. Three others, commissioned last December, are undergoing specialist training and eight candidates are now studying at Sandhurst.

MILITARY

MARCHING IN MARLBOROUGH'S FOOTSTEPS

IN 1704 the 24th Foot were among the Army of 20,000 which the Duke of Marlborough marched 400 miles from Bedburg, near Cologne, to Blenheim, in Bavaria, to win a famous victory.

Now, 257 years later, five officers and 60 men of "B" Company, The South Wales Borderers, descendants of the 24th, and a contingent from 67 Battery, 19 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, have retraced the journey, marching every yard of the way along the route that Marlborough took.

Covering some 20 miles a day, The South Wales Borderers and the Gunners made their way along the west bank of the Rhine to Coblenz and then through Braubach, Bad Schwalbach, Ebersach and Geislingen to Donauwörth on the Danube, a few miles from the village of Blenheim. They completed the journey in 22 days and apart from five nights spent as guests of the United States Army, slept out in bivouacs.

After taking time off to rest their feet, The South Wales Borderers, led by their Regimental Band, escorted the Regimental Colour to the Blenheim battlefield and at the memorial there laid wreaths to the memory of the great Duke and the old 24th. From the battlefield they sent greetings to Sir Winston Churchill, a descendant of the Duke.—From a report by Sergeant M. Jamieson, *Military Observer*.



Only five miles to Blenheim. The South Wales Borderers, as fresh as when they started their march 22 days before, stride through a German village on their way to visit the ancient battlefield.



The Director of Army Education, Major-General S. Moore-Coulson, examines the book which contains G.B. Shaw's lengthy correspondence with the War Office.

SHAW REDISCOVERED

AN officer searching an old cupboard recently came across a dog-eared, dust-covered file and was astonished to find inside letters and postcards which George Bernard Shaw had written to the War Office nearly 20 years ago.

Since 1945 they had been mislaid and few knew of their existence. Now they are preserved for all time, in a handsomely bound book in the Royal Army Educational Corps' Museum at Beaconsfield.

The letters and postcards, written between December, 1944, and September, 1945, are part of a lengthy correspondence between Shaw and Major J. H. P. Spafford, RAEC (now Librarian at London University), and dealing with the War Office request to publish a selection of three of Shaw's famous plays in book form for Army libraries.

For one who hated militarism and often criticised the Army, Shaw, then in his 89th year, was unusually helpful and considerate during the negotiations—but he could not resist one sly dig. When advising on the choice of a title for the book, he wrote: "It must not look or sound drily official. If it does, soldiers will suspect it of being a fatigue imposed on them instead of something jolly to read."

Shaw was generous, too. When he received advance copies of the book, he wrote to Major Spafford: "They are very handsomely turned out and almost make me regret demobilisation."

BIG HAUL FOR THE MP'S

ON the deck of the Royal Army Service Corps launch *Uriah Heep* eight soldiers took the strain as their fishing line snapped taut.

For two-and-a-half hours they fought grimly to hold their quarry as it dived, twisted and leapt and then, still struggling, its fearsome jaws snapping, a nine-and-a-half feet long tiger shark was hauled aboard to be despatched with a revolver.

The soldiers—six Military Policemen from the Singapore Volunteer Corps—were on a two-week shark-hunting expedition in the South China Sea, collecting scientific data about sharks and their habits for the Van Kleef Aquarium in Singapore. Their final haul was nine sharks—three of them tigers and two of a kind never before recorded.

Led by Lieutenant Brian Harding (last year he headed a crocodile-hunting expedition in North Malaya), the shark hunters sailed from Singapore to the Palau Tioman islands, 150 miles away, and at first tried towing baited lines behind the boat. When the sharks refused the lure, Lieutenant Harding decided to lay a main line, 120 fathoms long, and three traces of 14 fathoms, each with two-and-a-half inch hooks baited with large pieces of fish. Next day the first two sharks—over four feet long—were hauled in. The other seven were all caught in the same way.



Securely roped, one of the nine sharks is hauled aboard the *Uriah Heep*. But the biggest catch—a 14-ft tiger shark—got away.

MEDLEY

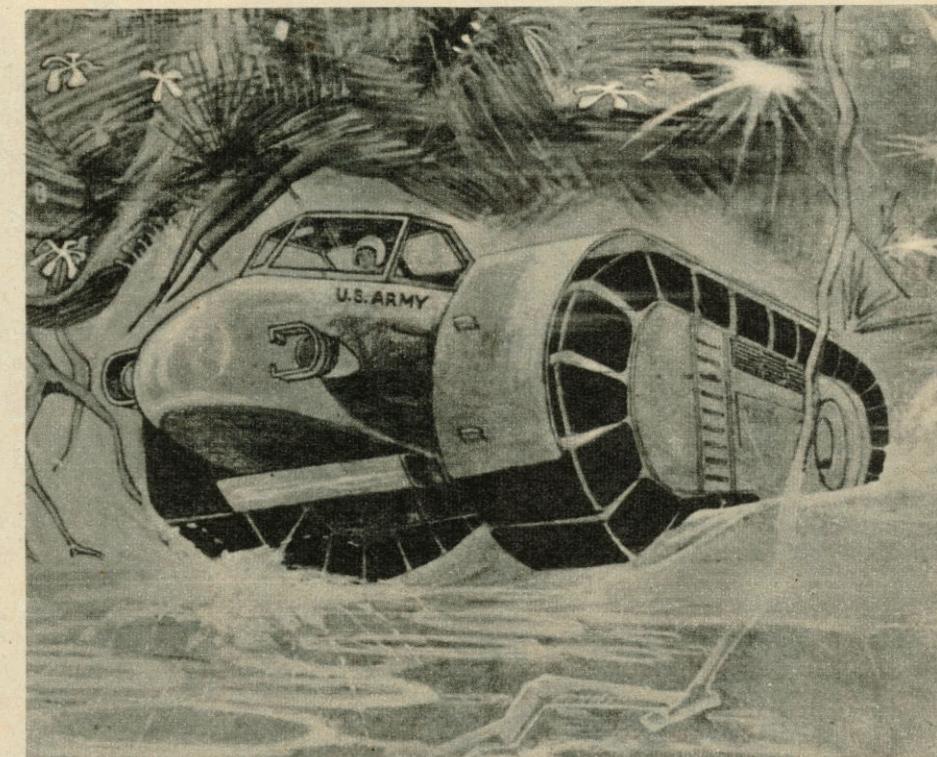
FASTEAST TO THE TOP

A TEAM of ten Gurkhas from 1st Battalion, 2nd King Edward VII's Own Gurkha Rifles, has smashed the record for the fastest climb of North Borneo's Mount Kinabalu (13,455 feet), the highest mountain in south-east Asia and three times the height of Ben Nevis.

The ascent usually takes two days, but the Gurkhas, led by Second-Lieutenant Peter Duffell, a British officer, went to the top and back in 12 hours 17 minutes, beating the previous record held by the 1st Battalion, 10th Princess Mary's Own Gurkha Rifles, by 58 minutes.

Each man carried his own food and water, rifle and 50 rounds of ammunition and made the climb in three stages: first by a footpath through dense jungle, then over scrub-covered granite and finally over bare, slippery rock.

Lieutenant Peter Duffell (centre) and the triumphant Gurkhas pose against Mount Kinabalu which they scaled and descended in just over 12 hours.



Here is an artist's conception of PAT—short for Plenum Air Track—the revolutionary amphibious vehicle designed to travel on water, roads, snow, mud and rocky ground with which experiments are soon to be carried out in the United States Army.

PAT's secret is a continuous track of rubber impregnated cells fitted with low-pressure air which will enable it to travel on water at about ten miles an hour and on land at up to 50 mph—twice the speed of present amphibians. The tracks are self-cleaning, air blowing away mud, dust or snow as the vehicle goes along.

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WON

QUICK CROSSWORD

COMPETITION 42

TRY your skill on this quick crossword with a military flavour and win a prize. All you have to do is to find the answers and send your entry to SOLDIER'S London offices by Monday, 18 December.

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

1. A £10 gift voucher.
2. A £6 gift voucher.
3. A £4 gift voucher.
4. Two recently published books.
5. A 12 months' free subscription to SOLDIER and whole-plate monochrome copies of any two photographs and/or cartoons which have appeared in SOLDIER since January, 1957, or from two personal photographic negatives.
6. A 12 months' free subscription to SOLDIER.

ACROSS

1. He's done wrong to find a mistake in a deer! (9)
4. Just scram! (3 and 2)
7. In practise the Sappers will carry the dead! (8)
9. Military forces. (6)
11. Unusual to find a regiment and a corps together like this! (4)
12. Like a "tar," a bob for parking will stop any drill squad! (7)
14. How to drink in small quantities! (3)
15. Not at home in Southern Command. (3)
16. It's mostly Russian money that makes bother. (7)
18. Headgear for the Terriers in the end is rank. (7)
19. The cause of many a naval row! (3)
20. Name for an aircraftman. (3)
21. The white disc of an archery target, and in France it's to cover. (7)
23. A measure for under water breathing. (4)
26. Many make the Army this—and rush wildly to do it! (6)
27. One way to recommend a Scotch barrister. (8)
28. Extracts information—and an M.P. is in the matter too! (5)
29. Lovers, perhaps—and whopping big liars, too! (9)

DOWN

1. A developing locality. (4 and 4)
2. The gunners are always in range in Russia. (4)

3. Jobs that show what a good soldier does when in doubt, following a kind of shirt. (5)
4. A difficult birth in prison? (4 and 6)
5. Very softly surrounds two ducks at the stern of a ship! (4)
6. So puts a little differently for the captains to decide. (Anag. 4 and 2)
8. Eaten on board ship—and ending with a stitch! (4 and 4)
10. A cavalryman is likely to have been this in this cast. (6)
13. Fans of the Airborne? No? Well, a driving force in the Navy, then! (10)
14. Start with a Japanese coin or it will be with a foreign Miss! (8)
16. A soldier does this often on the railways. (6)
17. They are found boring—on the parade ground, perhaps! (8)
20. First prize for a chicken, perhaps? (3 and 3)
22. There was nothing else in the cook-house, so I made a cheese sandwich. Anag. (5)
24. There's very little money but quite a bit of spirit in every military band! (4)
25. Our Commanding Officer has now joined the Navy, and it hurts! (4)

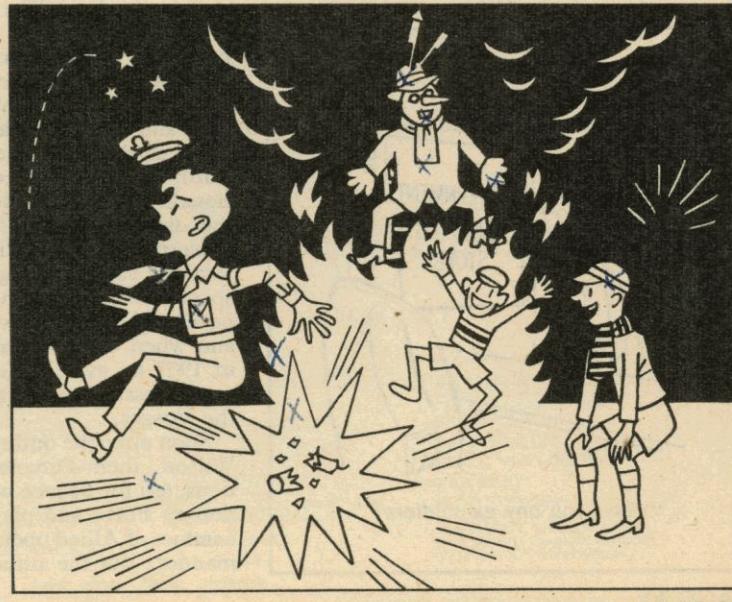
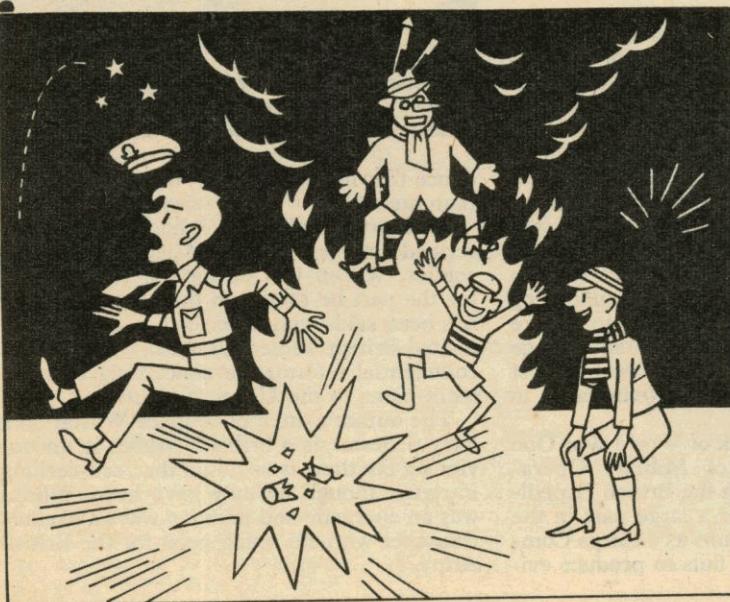


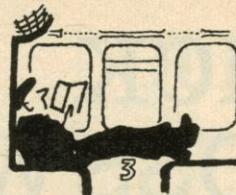
Name.....

Address.....

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.

• HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?





AN INDICTMENT OF GENERALS

LUDENDORFF: *The English fight like lions.*

Hoffman: *But don't we know that they are lions led by donkeys.*

This famous piece of German dialogue provides the title for Alan Clark's assessment of the war on the Western Front in 1915: "The Donkeys" (*Hutchinson, 25s*).

It seems an unnecessarily insulting title. Certainly neither Sir John French, the Commander-in-Chief, nor Sir Douglas Haig, the Army Commander, was adequate to his task, but "donkeys" is not the word for them. Haig was clever enough to supplant French, to retain the High Command and get his own way for the rest of the war.

The neatest indictment of French's generalship might well be the following piece of dialogue:

Sir John French: *The British Army will give battle on the line of the Condé Canal.*

Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien: *Do you mean take the offensive, or stand on the defensive?*

Sir John French: *Don't ask questions. Do as you're told.*

Yet even that the author quotes out of context, and the reader is left wondering if it is as revealing as it seems. General Smith-Dorrien, who commanded the Second Army, is one of the few generals he holds in regard.

Smith-Dorrien was hamstrung by French's interference, and eventually sacked.

The tragedy of 1915 had its roots in an opportunity missed in the previous autumn. The German armies were split by a vulnerable front of 30 miles, lightly defended. Through this, the British Cavalry could have broken, yet French allowed his troops to lose effective contact and when an advance was made to the Aisne it was slow and faltering.

The generals who failed to produce a bold stroke were, for the rest of the war, to throw men recklessly against almost impregnable positions. That the men of 1915, as of the following three years, were to go "over the top" time and again is a measure of the courage of the regimental soldiers and a con-

demnation of their leaders.

One of the troubles of the British Army of 1915 seems to be that it had outgrown its communications. Repeatedly men went into hopeless attacks because there was nobody in reach with authority to stop them. Thus it was that the German regimental diarists could write, "there could never before in war have been a more perfect target than this solid wall of khaki men, British and Indian . . ."

In such bloody bewilderment were the attacks of Neuve Chapelle, Loos, 2nd Ypres and Aubers Ridge launched. Good generalship would have avoided this wanton waste of manpower, but good generalship was lacking. Perhaps the British Army had outgrown its leaders as well as its communications.

HEROISM IN HONG KONG

THE *Brave White Flag* (*Hodder and Stoughton, 18s*) is a novel about the fall of Hong Kong by a man whose memories of that 20-year-old battle must remain particularly close to him.

Not only did James Allan Ford fight throughout those terrible 18 days as a subaltern in The Royal Scots (and win the Military Cross): his brother, Captain Douglas Ford was in the same battalion and, in subsequent captivity, earned a posthumous George Cross for refusing, under torture and to the point of

execution, to betray his fellow prisoners. To him this book is dedicated.

From the episode which had such a profound effect on his life, James Ford, now a Civil Servant living in Edinburgh, has shaped a novel about a Scottish battalion and, in particular, an over-anxious war-time subaltern and a Regular company commander whose professional eye sees only too clearly the defects and coming doom of the garrison.

The result is an interesting, authentic and convincing documentary tale.

GREAT SOLDIER — OR SINISTER INTRIGUER?

TO have failed the entrance examination for Woolwich Academy twice and for Sandhurst three times is no promising start for a military careerist. But that was how the man who became Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, began his Army life.

Nor, when he was pushed through the back door via the Militia in 1882, did he show much promise, and two years passed before he earned a commission and sailed to Burma to join The Rifle Brigade.

In "Brasshat" (*Secker and Warburg, 30s*) Basil Collier describes Wilson's life from the time he entered the Army until his death in

1922 when he was shot dead by Sinn Fein supporters on the steps of his London home. He presents a kindlier picture of him than the official biographer did 34 years ago.

The turning point in Wilson's military career came when, ignominiously invalidated home from Burma after being attacked by a prisoner, he met his future wife and decided that as marriage was impracticable on a subaltern's pay he would have to obtain promotion. Soon, the man who had hitherto shown an extraordinary facility for failing examinations, passed out 15th on the list of successful candidates at the Staff College and before long was earning distinction in the field and on the staff in the Boer War.

Wilson was one of the few whom the outbreak of World War One did not take by surprise. By 1903, then at the War Office, he was actively campaigning for drastic Army reform and trying to awaken the country and the Services to the danger of imminent war in Europe. He wanted conscription and professionalism—but his ideas had little effect on the diehards at the War Office and in the Government who still thought of war in terms of cavalry charges. As early as 1906 he spent his holidays in Europe reconnoitring possible German invasion routes into France and when Commandant of the Staff College in 1907 he cycled and motored over almost every possible route from the Netherlands to the Vosges.

Soon after the outbreak of World War One Wilson, then Director of Military Operations, left for France with the British Expeditionary Force and played a large part in the conduct of Allied operations as a Corps Commander. But the author fails to produce evi-

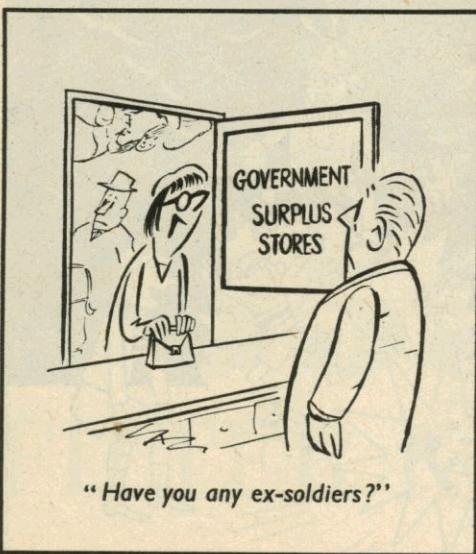


Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson failed Woolwich Academy entrance examination twice and that for Sandhurst three times, but rose to become CIGS.

dence that he was a better, or worse, general than the others.

A controversial figure who has been described both as a sinister intriguer and a great soldier, Wilson will be longest remembered for the part he played in the Ulster crisis. It has been said—and never disproved—that he incited British soldiers to mutiny and relayed confidential information concerning Government plans to the Ulster "volunteers."

The author's attempt to place Wilson on a lofty pedestal as a brilliant soldier is unconvincing but there is no doubt that, self-seeking intriguer though he may have been, Wilson was an energetic and in many ways a likeable character who did much good for the British Army.



ANZIO—THE GREAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

HAD the landing at Anzio, 70 miles behind the German line in Southern Italy, been boldly exploited, Rome might have fallen and the painful assaults on the Gustav Line and its bastion at Cassino been cut short.

Boldness was lacking. Instead of pushing straight to the Alban hills, cutting important German communications and grasping the key to Rome, General John P. Lucas, the American commander of the Anglo-American force, sat cautiously near the beaches until too late.

There was a case for General Lucas, and Wynford Vaughan-Thomas puts it fairly in "Anzio" (*Longmans, 30s*). It was that the two-division force with which he landed was not strong enough to venture into the hills. General Lucas has a supporter in the German commander, Field-Marshal Kesselring, who said: "It would have been the Anglo-American doom to over-extend themselves. The landing force was initially weak . . ."

And so, says the author, the nagging doubt persists.

Anzio was a project of Sir Winston Churchill's. It found little favour with the Americans, and that was the reason it lacked strength. Another weakness was that its commander did not believe in it. "There is no military reason for *Shingle*" (the operation's code-name), wrote General Lucas. He told Admiral Sir John Cunningham that it was "going to be worse than Gallipoli" (but ignored the Admiral's advice to resign). Before the operation was launched, Lucas's friend, the fire-eating General George S. Patton, advised him to come out of the operation wounded, because "No one ever blames a wounded general." Later, Patton instructed one of Lucas's aides: "If things get too bad, shoot the old man in the backside."

The landing achieved complete surprise and units quickly reached their first objectives without opposition. Then they waited, in sight of objectives for which they were later to fight bitterly, for orders that did not come. By the time the first patrols moved out, the beach-head was hemmed in by 40,000 Germans and more were on the way.

"I had hoped we were hurling a wild cat on the shore," lamented Sir Winston Churchill, "but all we got was a stranded whale."

By the time the Germans launched their major attacks, the beach-head was so congested that it was said every German shell was bound to hit something. This was the time when Major W. P. Sidney (now Lord de L'Isle and Dudley) won the Victoria Cross.

The defenders had very nearly put their last clerks and cooks into the firing line when, under the tremendous fire of the close-packed Allied artillery, the German offensive cracked. It had been a near thing, but the beach-head was held.

There was almost a month between the landing and the repulse of the German attack. Another three months of trench warfare like that of World War One, were to pass before the men of Anzio

were able to break out and join their comrades of Fifth Army who had at last cracked Cassino.

The author was in the beach-head throughout the battle as a BBC war correspondent and he writes with understanding of the problems of generals and privates alike.

He concludes that it was not all in vain. Without the break-out from Anzio, he says, the Italian campaign would have remained a costly slog through the mountains. And the men who landed in Normandy owed more than they knew to the experience gained at Anzio.

THE TRAGEDY THAT LED TO CORUNNA

THOUGH the death of Sir John Moore is one of the best-known episodes in British military history, "Corunna" (*Batsford, 21s*) by Christopher Hibbert is the first book to be devoted exclusively to Moore's tragic campaign.

The army Moore commanded was more than an expeditionary force: it was virtually the British Army. It might, he was told, be reinforced; it could not be replaced. That was a factor Moore had constantly to bear in mind.

When he marched out of Portugal into Spain, Moore's task was to support the Spaniards who had risen against their French oppressors. With his 35,000 men, Moore could not hope to take on Napoleon's 300,000 alone so he planned a stroke at Napoleon's communications, which would draw the Emperor back from Madrid and give the

Spaniards a breathing space. At one time it seemed a major victory was in his grasp: Marshal Soult, with fewer than 18,000 men, was only 100 miles away and unsupported. But before Moore could take his opportunity, Napoleon was marching against him. So the retreat began.

Moore's Army was accompanied by far too many women and children and contained too many Irishmen and criminals who would fight well in battle, but whose conduct in retreat was only too predictable. The conduct of many came down to Moore's expectations. They straggled, looted, destroyed wantonly, drank themselves insensible and died in the snow or fell into French hands. They pulled themselves together when there was the prospect of a fight, only to relapse when the retreat was resumed.

Floggings and hangings were used to drum discipline into them. Two men were awaiting hanging when word came that the French were approaching.

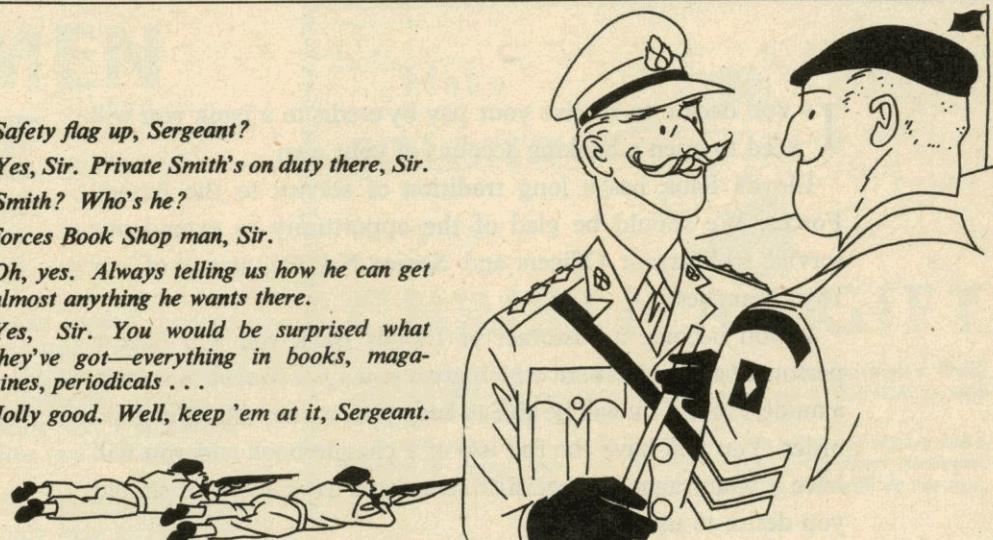
"My God," shouted Major-General the Hon. Edward Paget, "is it not lamentable that, instead of preparing the troops confided to my command to receive the enemies of their country, I am preparing to hang two robbers? But though that angle of the square shall be attacked, I shall execute these villains in this angle."

But he did not execute them. He extracted a promise of reform from the rest of his men as a price of reprieve and the two soldiers were cut free in sight of the enemy.

There were at least as many heroes as villains in that retreat. General Paget's division fought a splendid rearguard action throughout. Even among the stragglers, those who could be got on to the road turned on the French with a spirit which earned them the

OVER...

Capt: Safety flag up, Sergeant?
Sgt: Yes, Sir. Private Smith's on duty there, Sir.
Capt: Smith? Who's he?
Sgt: Forces Book Shop man, Sir.
Capt: Oh, yes. Always telling us how he can get almost anything he wants there.
Sgt: Yes, Sir. You would be surprised what they've got—everything in books, magazines, periodicals . . .
Capt: Jolly good. Well, keep 'em at it, Sergeant.



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HERFORD (Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A.)
HOHNE (Y.M.C.A.)

HUBBELRATH (Y.M.C.A.)
ISERLOHN (Y.M.C.A.)
KREFELD (Y.M.C.A.)
LIPPSTADT (Church Army)
MINDEN (Salvation Army)
MOENCHEN-GLADBACH—
Main H.Q. (Y.W.C.A.)
MUNSTER (Church of Scotland and Toc H)
OSNABRUCK (Church Army)
PADERBORN (Toc H)
SENNELAGER (Church Army)
VERDEN (Toc H)
WOLFENBUTTEL (Church of Scotland)

GIBRALTAR
WESLEY HOUSE (M.U.B.C.)
CYPRUS
AKROTIRI (Y.W.C.A.)
BERENGARIA (Y.W.C.A.)
DHEKELIA (C. of E. Club)
EPIKOPI (Y.M.C.A.)
FAMAGUSTA (M.M.G.)
NICOSIA (Y.M.C.A.)
NICOSIA (Hibbert Houses)
POLEMEDHIA (M.M.G.)
MIDDLE EAST
ADEN (M.M.G.)

NORTH AFRICA
BENGHAZI (Salvation Army)
HOMS (Church of Scotland)
TOBRUK (Salvation Army)
TRIPOLI (Y.M.C.A.)
EAST AFRICA
GILGIL, KENYA (M.M.G.)
FAR EAST
HONG KONG (European Y.M.C.A.)
SINGAPORE (Union Jack Club)
SEK KONG (Church of Scotland)
TAIPEI (Church of Scotland)

and other main centres

tribute that Frenchmen would rather "face a hundred fresh Germans than ten dying Englishmen."

Most of the women, too ill, weak or drunk to carry on, died by the roadside or dragged themselves to mountain huts. But one brave Irishwoman, feeling the start of birth-pangs, fell to the back of her husband's column and later caught up with his regiment, bringing her new-born baby. The two took turns to carry it and the child returned to England to grow up strong and healthy.

Down on the coastal plain at last, Moore's men found rest, food and new equipment, and fought a famous battle to cover their embarkation from Corunna. Moore was mortally wounded, but he died knowing the French had been defeated. He had brought his Army back, 8000 weaker than when it set out. He had drawn Napoleon's troops from their projects in the south, and kept Cadiz open for British ships.

LEADER OF THE YELLOW BOYS

INDIA, in the 18th and early 19th centuries, was the land of the Pagoda Tree for European soldiers of fortune. They had only to find a suitable employer, and the Pagoda Tree could be shaken to shower wealth upon them.

They were colourful characters, these Europeans who took service with the Indian princes and led their men to war. They lived in princely state, with large harems and, if they survived the climate and the wars, retired to Europe or to Indian estates with handsome fortunes.

James Skinner was not quite one of them, but joined them through force of circumstance.

He was the half-caste son of a Scottish officer of the Honourable East India Company and a Rajput lady. Soldiering was his

ambition, but the "country-born" were denied service with the Company. So Skinner joined the Mahratta army.

The career which followed is described by Dennis Holman in "Sikander Sahib" (Heinemann, 25s), and it is as colourful as that of any of the European adventurers. It brought Skinner fame, a King's Commission and a decoration. It left as a memorial the regiment which is still known in the Indian Army of today as Skinner's Horse (1st Duke of York's Own Cavalry).

The young Skinner served for eight years with the Mahrattas, commanding battalions of Infantry under a French commander-in-chief, and seeing much action. In 1803, however, the Mahrattas went to war with the Company and their British and "country-born" officers were dismissed.

It was a blow to Skinner who felt his loyalty lay with Sindhia, the prince whose salt he had eaten. The British commander-in-chief, Lord Lake, invited him to raise a body of irregular horse, but Skinner refused, saying that he could in no circumstances fight against his former employer.

Then, at the Battle of Delhi, 880 Cavalry went over to the British and demanded "Sikander Sahib" as their commander. With a promise from Lord Lake that he should not be called upon to fight against Sindhia, Skinner took over.

From the start, his "Yellow Boys," as they were nicknamed from the fine uniform Skinner designed for them, were a cut above the irregular cavalry. He was a fine trainer of men and introduced tent-pegging to the Indian Army. The Regiment rallied to a flag bearing Skinner's father's coat of arms—which their commander also had tattooed on his stomach, so that his body might be recognised if his head were cut off in battle!

In their first battle, the Yellow Boys' nerve failed them and Captain Skinner found himself charging enemy guns with only 14 men behind him. Angrily he harangued his regiment: "Desert me if you wish, but I shall not turn my back on this foe. I shall not live if I cannot drive them from this field." Then he headed back to the enemy guns, and not a man held back. Skinner's Horse never let down their commander again.

Though his Regiment grew to three corps of 1000 each, and rendered brilliant service, Skinner for long held only a "local" rank which had him subject to orders from mere captains in the Regular service.

The King's Commission and the CB put that right. The battle-scarred half-caste spent his last years in the honoured position to which his faithful and wise service entitled him.

Since his day, the head of the Skinner family has always been an honorary major in Skinner's Horse and last September, Lieutenant-Colonel Michael Skinner, a great-great-grandson of the founder, took command of the Regiment.

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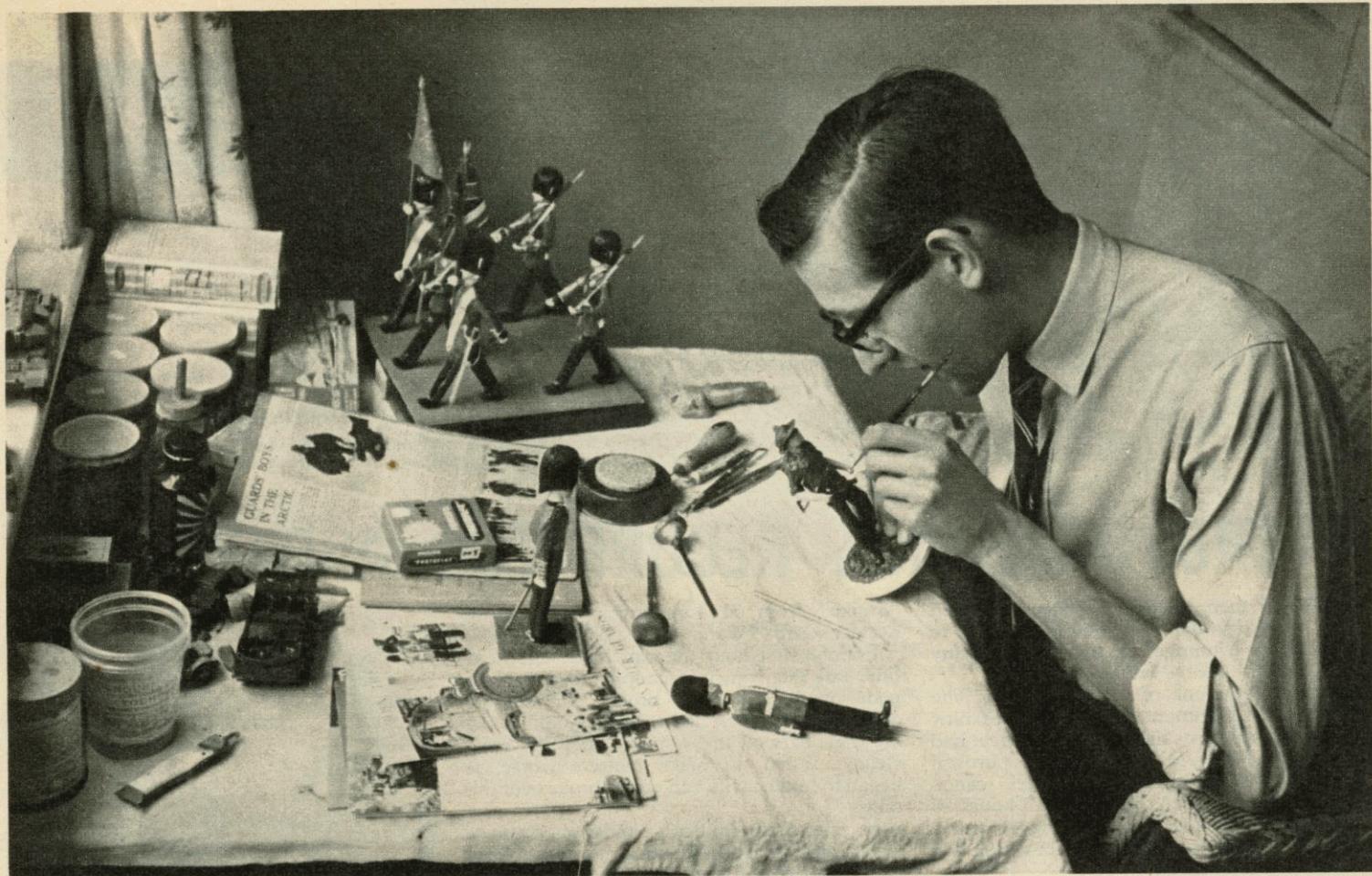
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Mr. Paul at work on some of his models. On his right is one of his sets of Guardsmen, less than two inches high, depicting relief of sentries at Buckingham Palace.

MODEL GUARDSMEN BY THE SCORE

SCORES of Grenadier Guardsmen have passed through Martin Paul's sitting room in Salford, Lancashire.

Some were mounting guard at Buckingham Palace, others knocking out a tank with a rocket launcher, ski-ing in Norway, on jungle and desert patrol and taking part in an assault landing. And not one of them was more than two and a quarter inches tall.

They are all model Guardsmen, perfect in every detail, even to the polish they have on their toecaps, which Martin Paul has made for the Grenadier Guards' recruiting campaign, and many are now playing their part in persuading young men to join up.

Mr. Paul, who was commissioned four years ago by Colonel Sir Thomas Butler to produce a series of models for the Grenadier Guards, has never been in the Army (he was rejected for National Service on medical grounds in 1950) and he obtains the minute detail for his figures from photographs.

After making three sets of seven Guardsmen showing the relief of sentries at Buckingham Palace, Mr. Paul set to work on modelling various aspects of a Grenadier Guardsman's life which he mounted on a turntable driven by an electric motor. Among the scenes he depicted were a jungle patrol, the ceremony of the Keys at the Tower of London, the Queen's Birthday Parade and an assault landing.

An unusual feature of Mr. Paul's work is that each figure is hand made in a self-hardening clay in a number of separate pieces — first the tunic and belt, then the trousers, followed by the body, head and bearskin, boots and rifle and bayonet and finally the tunic buttons and decorations.

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It's the point of no return—half way across the Channel—and they're carrying on, with Captain Crook in the bows and Mr. Rhodes astern, paddling strongly despite heavy rain and a choppy sea.

CROSS-CHANNEL RECORD FOR A CAPTAIN

TWO men hauling a canoe stumbled ashore at Cap Gris Nez and turned to wave triumphantly to a Royal Army Service Corps launch offshore.

Captain W. Crook, of the 1st Battalion, The Lancashire Regiment, and Mr. Stanley Rhodes, formerly of the Royal Air Force, had reason to be cheerful. They had just broken the seven-year-old cross-Channel canoe record, completing the journey in 3 hours 20 minutes 30 seconds and knocking 17 and a half minutes off the old record set up by two Royal Marines officers.

Captain Crook (with Corporal Bob O'Keefe, The Middlesex Regiment, as his co-paddler he won this year's Devizes to Westminster canoe race) and Mr. Rhodes set off from St. Margaret's Bay in their 21-ft Accord K2 sprint racer, accompanied by the launch

"Smike" from 71 Company, Royal Army Service Corps (Water Transport).

For the first hour the pair made excellent time but then ran into choppy seas and the pedal-operated rudder broke. On several occasions both men had to stop paddling and lay their oars on the water to keep the craft steady. Then, to make matters worse, it began to rain heavily and waves broke over the bow.

In spite of the difficult conditions Captain Crook and Mr. Rhodes stuck to their job and after two hours saw the coast of France ahead. This gave them fresh heart and over the last mile they increased their striking rate and sprinted ashore.

Captain Crook ("With a calm sea we could knock spots off the record") proposes to make another cross-Channel attempt next year.



Captain Crook (right), of the 1st Battalion, The Lancashire Regiment, with Mr. Rhodes, his partner in the record-breaking Channel crossing by canoe.



"I just wondered if you'd care to come out for a run round the park. The air is so bracing and the exercise will do us both the world of good."



Left: Private M. Finnis, 1st Bn. The Middlesex Regiment, winner of the Army Pentathlon.



Right: Britain's champion pentathlete, this year—Corporal L. Collum of The Life Guards.

THE CORPORAL AND THE PRIVATE TRIUMPH

TWO of the Army's most consistent pentathletes in recent times—Corporal-of-Horse L. Collum, of The Life Guards, and Private Mick Finnis, of the 1st Battalion, The Middlesex Regiment, have added two outstanding victories to their long list of successes.

Corporal Collum, with an excellent score of 4427 points in the five events—riding, shooting, fencing, swimming and cross-country running—has won the British championship and Private Finnis the Army Pentathlon.

In the British event the Army won the inter-Services title and was third in the team championship.

Private Finnis, who finished 30th in the recent World Modern Pentathlon championships and represented Britain in Rome last year, won the Army championship with 3797 points, followed by Lieutenant A. N. Lane, Royal Military Police (3617) and Corporal Collum (3394). The Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers Training Centre won the team championship, with the Depot, Royal Military Police, second and The Middlesex Regiment third.

British soldiers, some of whom play for Libyan teams, with members of Ahli Tripoli, a leading team in the Libyan Division I, get together for practice at heading.

SOCCER IN THE SUN



ONE hundred degrees in the shade is not the ideal temperature for playing soccer but British troops in Libya thrive on it.

The Combined Services team, made up of players from the Army, the Royal Air Force and American units, is one of the most popular teams in the country, many British soldiers play regularly for Libyan League teams and one of the leading referees is Sergeant

Stanley Pasby, of the Station Tripoli Workshops, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.

One star whose presence is guaranteed to attract up to 3000 more spectators at a game is Lance-Corporal Barry Jones, Royal Signals, who turns out regularly at centre forward for Ahli Tripoli, until recently the leaders of Libya's first division. Private G. Weightman, Private C. Abbey and Private T. Adams, all of 38 Company, Royal Army Service Corps, also play for Ahli Tripoli while Staff-Sergeant T. Burke, Corporal E. Machin and Signalmen G. Bradshaw and K. Garbutt, all of 219 Squadron, Royal Signals, are in the Medina team, the present League champions.

Soccer has been played in Libya since 1924 and is organised on British lines. So popular has the game become that a new sports stadium costing £70,000 is to be built in Tripoli.

SPORTS SHORTS

ONLY one record was broken but two hat tricks were scored in the Army Swimming championships. Craftsman John Brownlee, REME, won the 220, 440 and 880 yards free-style events and Corporal J. N. Smith, WRAC, the one-metre springboard, three metres firmboard and the 66.6 yards breaststroke titles.

The 1st Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment, won the team championship with 3rd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, runners-up.

The new record was set up by 94 Locating Regiment, Royal Artillery, in the 4 by 66.6 yards breaststroke relay in the fast time of 3 mins 14.6 secs.

★

THE Army won the inter-Services Road Race Cycling championship at Blandford, with the Royal Air Force second and the Royal Navy third. The individual title went to LAC T. West, RAF, with a fine ride of 2 hrs 46 mins 57 secs, beating Lance-Corporal L. Agar, of 10 Command Workshops, REME, by inches.

★

FIFTY-FOUR riders representing 12 teams took part in the Army Five-Day Cycle Road Race (over a distance of 428 miles in Scotland) which was won by Signalman M. Coupe, of 28 Signal Regiment, Rhine Army, in 19 hrs 26 mins 30 secs. Second was Corporal P. A. Ryalls, of MP 6 Branch, War Office, in 19 hrs 31 mins 45 secs.

The London District team (Corporal Ryalls, Lance-Corporal B. Willoughby, 10 Command Workshops, REME, and Corporal D. W. Lambert, War Office) won the team event.

★

AT the Camberley Staff College and Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, Horse Show, Lieutenant J. R. Templer, The King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, riding Watchman (below), won the jumping competition.



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LETTERS

COMMONWEALTH BASES

Mr. Lawrence's suggestions that there should be closer military ties between Britain and Australia, with an exchange of stations between the two countries (Letters, August) seems to be one answer to our present defence problems.

Millions of pounds have been thrown away on such half-baked ideas as the Egyptian storage scheme and the choices of Kenya and Cyprus as stations to be expanded. This money could have been so much better used to develop solid bases in three Commonwealth countries, two of which are at opposite ends of the world: Australia and New Zealand on the one hand and Canada on the other.

Politically and strategically, the fact that positive encouragement for mass migration to Australia has not been part of Britain's policy for at least three decades now appears to be nothing less than criminal negligence. Over 50 million people herded together on an island barely capable of sustaining 25 million is an obvious target for obliteration in any future atomic conflict.

Instead of merely paying lip-service to the principle of dispersal as the antidote to atomic war, it appears to be high time to start putting it into practice on a world-wide scale. And we are the only nation in the world able to do so!

Let us give real meaning to the Commonwealth, which gives us a golden opportunity for future development if war never comes and, if it does, a valid assurance that somewhere some portion of our great nation will continue to exist.—F. P. Bowen, AG Linguistic Services Branch, Interpretation Section, SHAPE, BFPO 6.

Of course the answer is Down Under. Troops stationed in Western Australia would be readily available not only for duty in Africa but also for fire brigade operations in the Far East.

With the whittling down of the Commonwealth the British Army of today is in dire need of some new stations. There must be many who would sign on at the prospect of a tour of duty in Australia.—Corporal C. Eeles, 112 Company RASC, BFPO 32.

GLAMOUR PIPES

In his plea for more glamour in the Army (Letters, August) a correspondent said that the Highlander walks with a swagger and wears his uniform with an air.

I agree and suggest the Army should take another leaf out of the Scots book by introducing bagpipes in the English line regiments.

According to the *Oxford Companion to Music*, 1955: "The bagpipe seems to have been in favour in England before it reached Scotland." *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, 1954, says: "Northumberland, the only English county now cultivating the bagpipe, anciently possessed four types: the war pipe, the half long pipe, the shuttle pipe and the small pipe..."

A little research might enable a suitable war pipe to be reconstructed that could legitimately be used by English regiments.—K. H. Bond, 110 Stoneleigh Park Road, Stoneleigh, Epsom, Surrey.

BLUE VALLEY

In your August issue (Letters) you say that the War Office has no record of Blue Valley, which was supposed to be a Communist stronghold in Malaya.

But there was a Blue Valley—a tea estate about 12 to 15 miles north east of Lanah Rata in the Cameron Highlands and it enjoyed an unsavoury reputation. It was crossed by several known Communist courier routes but the many

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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.

attempts to ambush terrorists in the area failed.

Though I have never been in the valley I did drive to the head of it. Having climbed up through the hills one suddenly came out on to a small plateau which ran down into a long valley. With the mists, the blue-green foliage and the early morning sun it was, in all respects, a blue valley.—Major W. Gale, (BR) Corps Tps Wksp, REME, BFPO 39.

During the emergency access to Blue Valley was down a narrow hill road through thick jungle and, as a minimum escort of two armoured vehicles was laid down, we didn't visit it very often. My troop—(X Troop) of 45 Commando, Royal Marines—was in the Cameron Highlands for nearly 18 months in 1950-1951, and we patrolled the Blue Valley Road fairly frequently as far as two squatter villages, which we had helped to establish, and from time to time went down to the end of the track.

We always suspected that the Blue Valley itself and the tea estate named after it, was a hide-out for terrorists, but we could never prove it. The European manager of this estate was once stopped by bandits and searched—and then allowed to proceed unhurt, which was in itself an unusual event.

We never lost any patrols down there, although there was one bad ambush in

which we had three men killed. Before that about seven soldiers had been killed in a similar ambush on the same road. Perhaps that is how it got its bad name.—Lieut. Col. D. P. L. Hunter MC, RM, 40 Commando RM, BFPO 51.

DRINKING

In your article "Drinking Is The Soldier's Pleasure" (July) you single out the 28th and 61st Foot (now The Gloucestershire Regiment) to give examples of punishments for drunkenness.

Your statement that the 28th had an unenviable reputation for drunkenness is, in my belief, quite untrue. As you correctly say, drunkenness was prevalent throughout the Army (and, indeed, throughout Britain) in the 18th and 19th centuries but the 28th were no more drunken than other regiments of Wellington's Army. If they had any reputation within the Army for hard drinking there is certainly nothing to indicate that it was unenviable. On the contrary throughout the Napoleonic Wars the Regiment earned a very high reputation for valour.

Perhaps the worst excesses of the British Army in the Peninsular War occurred during the retreat to Corunna in 1809 under conditions of extreme hardship, cold and near starvation. During the retreat the 28th formed part of the Reserve, picked regiments under a picked commander, whose high standard of discipline was one of the redeeming features of the retreat.

I should be interested to know the sources of your information about the punishments awarded to Privates Johnson, Green, Kelly and MacDermott, but if it is on the basis of these few examples that you have given the Regiment this "unenviable reputation" I think you owe it an apology.

You also published a copy of the original picture by Matania (now the property of the Regiment) but it does not represent the drinking of the loyal toast in traditional style. It represents an historic moment when, after a battle in the Peninsula War, the only two surviving officers of the Regiment dined together and re-affirmed their loyalty to their King and Regiment. This scene is still recalled in the Regiment on every guest night in the officers' mess by the unique formula of the Loyal Toast.—Brigadier T. N. Grazebrook CBE, DSO (Ret), Regimental Secretary, The Gloucestershire Regiment, Robinswood Barracks, Gloucester.

• **SOLDIER** assures *The Gloucestershire Regiment* that no offence was intended by mentioning the incidents in which the 28th and 61st were involved and that it did not occur to the author that events which took place more than 150 years ago could reflect adversely on the Regiment today, especially as the article ended by saying that the modern British soldier is the most abstemious in history.

The source for the comments about punishments awarded to members of the Regiment was an article entitled "Roll Out the Barrel" in *The Gloucestershire Regiment's magazine "The Black Badge"*

LOYAL TOAST

I was interested to see your picture of two officers of the 28th Foot drinking the loyal toast.

I believe that the incident depicted was the beginning of a regimental custom in the 28th that on Regimental dinner nights the form of toast is "Mr. Vice—the Queen," and the response, instead of "Gentlemen—the Queen," is "The Queen—Mr. President."—Captain G. M. L. Stroud, RAOC, 15 ABOD (Rear), Advance Base (Br. Forces), BFPO 21.

• This is true, but history does not relate at which Peninsular battle the incident occurred.



Captain F. C. Waitt, REME, who was awarded 75 guineas for his invention which improved the *Thunderbird's* efficiency.

IDEAS WANTED

In your July issue you featured a bridging invention by an Australian Army officer who earned a substantial financial reward when it was adopted.

It may not be generally known that the British Army has a Suggestions Scheme and that team of experts carefully studies each month ideas ranging from minor improvements to Army forms to important modifications to weapons and equipment. Last year 956 awards, totalling well over £3000, were made.

In recent months one hundred guineas was paid to a captain who designed a test set for the rapid testing of continuity in wireless control harnesses;

25 guineas was paid to a corporal who suggested a block letter alphabet for receiving Morse at high speed; 20 guineas went to a sergeant who designed a jig to facilitate timing of magnetos used in Centurion tank engines, and Warrant Officer F. C. Waitt (now a captain) serving with the REME Technical Development Branch, received 75 guineas for suggesting a modification to the wiring system of a *Thunderbird* which greatly improved the efficiency of the equipment.

You, too, may have an idea. Why not send it to us?—H. J. Greedy, C 9 (a), The War Office, London, SW1.

• Suggestions should be forwarded through unit commanding officers. See ACI 48 of 1957.

DRUMMING OUT

I am not sure when the last soldier was drummed out of the British Army (Letters, August) but I have a newspaper cutting of 1905 which describes the drumming out of two men for cowardice.

In 1919 I was serving in Egypt when two sergeants in my company were

court-martialled for drunkenness. One was reduced to the rank of corporal and the other reduced to the ranks. On confirmation the sentences were promulgated in public, the company being paraded on three sides of a square with the accused in the centre. The Adjutant read out the charges and sentences and then the CSM cut off the appropriate chevrons from each man. I believe that soon after this it became normal procedure for sentences to be promulgated in private.—R. T. Wallace, Dalmeny, 19 Broadway West, Fulford Road, York.

DENTAL COLLECT

I was most interested in the article on the Royal Army Dental Corps (SOL-DIER, September).

Perhaps your readers would like to know of the Collect compiled by my old friend the Reverend Matthew Tobias, CF, published in "Collects for the British Army" about 1930. It reads:

"O God, Who givest man wisdom and skill, grant that our hands, which serve Thee in the Army Dental Corps may not forget their cunning (i), nor our wisdom to find our knowledge (ii), but that we may set forward health of body and peace of mind for all under our care, for His sake who is our health, Jesus Christ our Lord."

(i) Psalm cxxxvii. 5. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning."

(ii) Proverbs viii. 12. "I, wisdom, dwell with prudence, and find out knowledge of witty inventions."—Canon W. M. Lumis MC, Fen Farm, Barnham Broom, Norwich.

A RECORD?

Of my nine brothers seven have served in the Army. Five have been in the Coldstream Guards and three are still serving, two with the 14th/20th King's Hussars and one with the Royal Corps of Signals. Is this a record?

Gdsn. D. Connell, No. 1 Coy, 2nd Bn., Coldstream Guards, Detachment, BFPO 63.

★ Can other readers beat this?

MORE LETTERS OVERLEAF

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CHANNEL ATTEMPT

If Captain Nanson had succeeded in swimming the Channel, he would not have been the first British soldier (unless you mean British Army soldier) to accomplish this feat.

Warrant Officer Pearson of the Rhodesia and Nyasaland Army swam the Channel from France to England—unheralded and unsung—on June 15, 1959, travelling at his own expense and without the benefit of special training. The time taken was 15 hours and 36 minutes.—Major T. J. G. K. Cooper, Army HQ, Borrowdale Road, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia.

★ **SOLDIER** did, of course, mean a soldier in the British Army. Captain Nanson's cross-channel attempt was unsuccessful.

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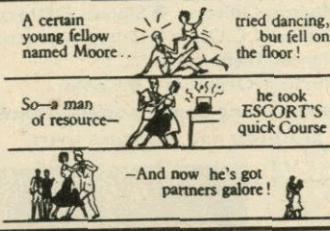
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LAST CHARGE

I do not agree that the last Cavalry charge in British military history took place in Burma on 19 March, 1942 (Letters, September).

I remember the wonderful sight early in 1944 of a squadron of the Gwalior Lancers, mounted on small ponies, charging across the paddy fields towards Buthidaung, in the Arakan. The Gwalior Lancers were serving with 7 Indian Division at the time.—Major J. F. Kenyon MC, 21 Medium Regt, RA Kinmel Park Camp, Rhyll.

few. These, mainly the officers leading the charge, were cut off and wiped out, but not before taking heavy toll of the tribesmen. On that day Private C. Hull, a shoeing-smith, won the Victoria Cross.

I well remember the smart turn-out of the Lancers as they rode past my unit to the scene of this gallant action.—Capt. P. H. Shoosmith, Adj't Southern Command, Legion of Frontiersmen, 47 Park Avenue West, Stoneleigh, Surrey.

MR. BATT

Can any reader help me trace some English relatives? In about 1885-1890 a Mr. W. C. Batt was serving in the British Army in Burma. He transferred to the Burma Police with officer rank and died in Central Burma about 1908. I am a Burmese citizen and a relative of Mr. Batt and would like to hear from any of his relatives or descendants in England.—Aye Win, No. 12/3rd Street, Mingalar Natachaung Qr., Tamwe P.O., Rangoon, Burma.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(See page 29)

The two pictures vary as follows: 1. Stick on left pocket in guy's hat. 2. End of guy's scarf. 3. Soldier's pocket flap. 4. Lines below soldier's left foot. 5. Fingers on guy's left hand. 6. Stripes on cap of boy on right. 7. Point of firework flash below soldier's left thumb. 8. Flames between soldier's body and left arm. 9. Width of guy's mouth. 10. Short end of soldier's tie.

PRIZE WINNERS

The winners of **SOLDIER**'s "How Much Do You Know?" Quiz in August were:

1. WO I G. J. Williams, RASC, CIGS Secretariat, War Office, London, SW 1.

2. Major C. B. E. Cowie, OBE, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London WC 2.

3. Corporal C. Harding, R. Signals, 27 Heal-y-Parc, Bryncenydd, Caerphilly, Glam.

4. Sergeant D. Hanley, 253 Signal Sqn, BFPO 1.

5. Sergeant P. Farrow, "B" Sqn, 4 Royal Tank Regiment, BFPO 23.

6. Charles R. Le Jeune, PO Box 454, Elizabethville, Katanga.

The correct answers were: 1. The Cheshire Regiment. The others have been amalgamated to form new regiments. 2. Burma. 3. Eight. 4. Any three battles in World War One and three rivers in Britain beginning with the letter S. 5. Judy Grinham. 6. A water bottle. 7. Debenham and Freebody; Benson and Hedges; Light Music; North Star; Oliver Twist. 8. (a) False. Oberammergau is in Bavaria. (b) False. Hara-kiri is suicide by falling on a sword. (c) False. Only one-ninth of an iceberg floats above water. (d) True. 9. (a) Ferret; (b) Malkara; (c) Matador; (d) Wombat; (e) Howitzer; (f) Grenade. 10. (a) London. 11. All are British except Puerto Rico (US) and New Caledonia (French). 12. The French Army.

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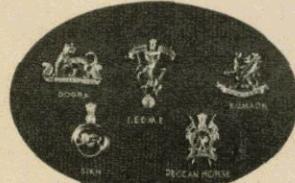
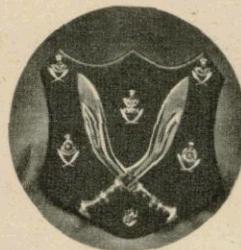
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For further details write to the Commissioner for Northern Rhodesia, 57 Haymarket, London, S.W.1, stating name, age and full qualifications and experience and quoting reference S/1

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