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(See pages 22-23)

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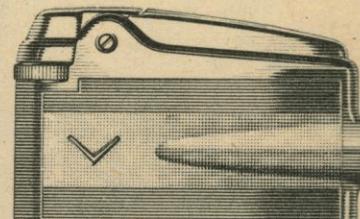
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Bob Clarke
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Bob's father didn't buy his first car till he was 38: and even then it was a secondhand job, with a dickey at the back where young Bob had to sit, come rain, come shine. Yet here's Bob buying a brand-new saloon while he's still in his twenties—thanks to UDT, who help him to pay for his car over the months instead of all at once.

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A short soak in water and the dehydrated rations look and taste like a freshly-cooked meal. Senior officers queue up to sample the varied fare at a recent exhibition at Aldershot.

FEATHERWEIGHT FOOD

IN Singapore recently the troops sat down to a meal which, unknown to them, had been cooked more than 12 months before in Scotland and shipped to the Far East in vacuum-sealed, laminated foil sachets.

They voted it the best meal they had had for months and wondered where the fresh, green vegetables, virtually non-existent in the Far East, had come from.

The troops were some of the guinea pigs taking part in the Army's world-wide trials of a revolutionary new type of dehydrated food which may replace the present operational "compo" rations and mean the end of the canned foods which the British soldier has been humping round the world for the last hundred years.

The new featherweight rations, produced by a process described to SOLDIER as "the biggest advance in food technology since canning was invented a century and a half ago," bear no resemblance to the unpopular powdered foods of World War Two.

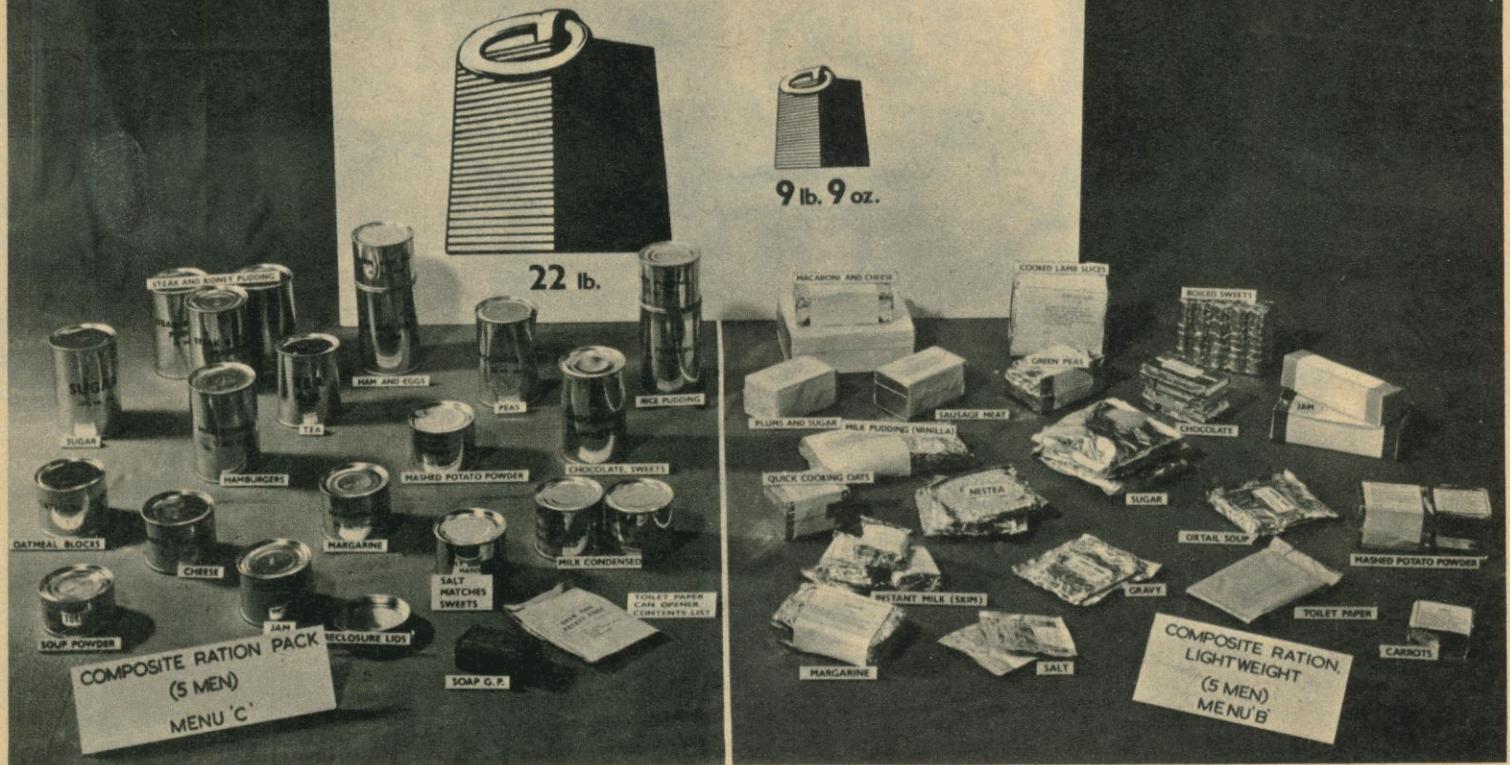
The latest technique dries food without destroying its cell structure so that its appearance, taste, smell and nutritive value are unchanged. With the old system of hot air drying all food had to

OVER . . .

A juicy steak with fresh vegetables and strawberries to follow. Troops in the remotest desert and jungle areas may soon be able to enjoy meals like this from the new-type dehydrated rations now being tested by the Army

COMPARATIVE TABLE BY WEIGHT FIVE MAN RATION

CURRENT RANGE EXPERIMENTAL RANGE



The experimental lightweight ration pack for five men, containing mostly dehydrated food, weighs less than half as much as the present "compo" pack. It has been tested and approved by British troops in several overseas stations.

be chopped, shredded or minced. Now, even whole steaks can be dehydrated.

The new rations (more than 100 items, including even strawberries, have been successfully treated) are much lighter and less bulky than the present operational rations (a day's meals for 3000 men could be carried in one three-ton lorry) and are easier

and quicker to prepare. Most of the foods are pre-cooked so that all the soldier has to do is pour water on them and settle down to a square meal two or three minutes later.

Not the least advantage the Army will reap if they are adopted is a saving of more than £400,000 a year on storage and turn-over, for the new rations have a much

longer storage life than the present ones and occupy less space.

Among the new dehydrated food packs which are being developed as a result of the troop trials are a one-man "snow" pack (recently tested by Royal Marines in Norway), which includes soup, meat, bacon and oatmeal among its 12 items, and a one-man combat ration, weighing only 27

ounces and containing ten items.

Composite rations for five, ten and 20 men, and a lightweight assault ration which provides a wide variety of menus of up to 3410 calories a day, are also being developed. The new ten-man ration pack weighs only 21 lbs. against the 43 lbs. of the present ten-man "compo" pack.

The new packs contain a much greater variety of dehydrated foods than the "compo" ration. From the new lightweight assault ration, for instance, a soldier can breakfast off porridge, bacon (or egg or cheese omelette), beans in tomato sauce, margarine, marmalade (or jam), tea, milk and



And (right) a hindquarter of beef ends up in seven six-pound tins that take up less than half the space of the equivalent corned beef ration.

sugar. For lunch he could have a beef, lamb or veal and ham stew and for his evening meal, soup, curried beef and rice (or sausage and mash, lamb, beef or pork cutlets, macaroni cheese, fish fillets or egg and ham omelette), a selection of vegetables, grapefruit (or stewed blackcurrants, rice pudding and raisins, or one of a large number of boiled puddings), followed by coffee or tea, milk and sugar. Each pack also contains chocolate, boiled sweets and biscuits.

The new system of dehydration, which is being carried out at the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food's experimental factory at Aberdeen, was discovered by a fluke some five years ago.

When experiments were being made with a new vacuum-drying process in which the food was first frozen, then placed between heated metal plates which turned the ice crystals into vapour without melting them, someone accidentally left open a valve in the machinery. Such a severe vacuum was set up that the food froze solid and, to everyone's surprise, the dehydration process took only a sixth of the time. As a result, the drying time was reduced from 48 hours to eight and, because the moisture content left in the food was less, the food could be kept longer in storage.

After dehydration, all foods are tested in rooms which simulate tropical, arctic and temperate conditions and are periodically analysed and tasted by the staff. At present the safe storage time in temperate climates is two years,

but experts at the experimental factory say this can be increased to four.

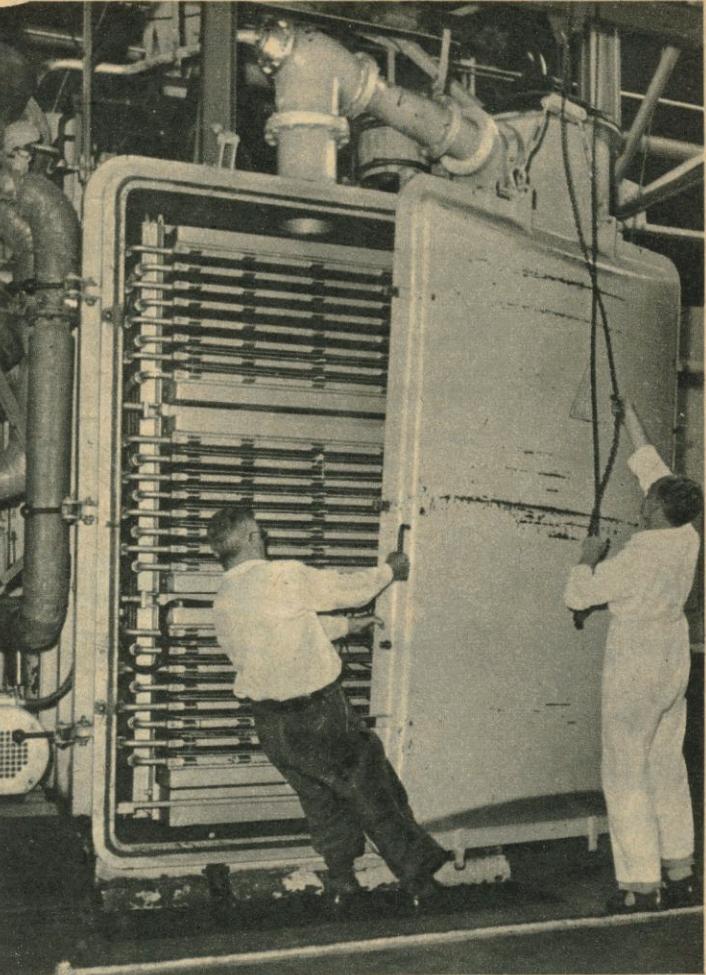
Samples of the new dehydrated foods have been sent to all parts of the world. Some, left at Habbaniyah, Iraq, after the revolution in 1956, survived temperatures of up to 134 degrees Fahrenheit and 18 months later were still in good condition.

Recently, the experimental factory discovered, after years of research, how to put jam and marmalade into vacuum-sealed foil packets. The packets are solid and unyielding to the touch and can be hit with a sledge hammer without making the slightest impression. But a gentle tear at the top of the packet releases the contents. One problem the experts have not yet been able to solve, however, is how to dehydrate a herring without reducing it to powder.

The new rations were first tested by the Army in Northern Ireland in 1958, and last year supplies were sent to Kenya and Malaya for use on ten-day exercises. Since then, hundreds of troops stationed in Britain and Germany have been eating them. It is a tribute to the new method of dehydration that few soldiers have been able to distinguish any difference between them and fresh rations.

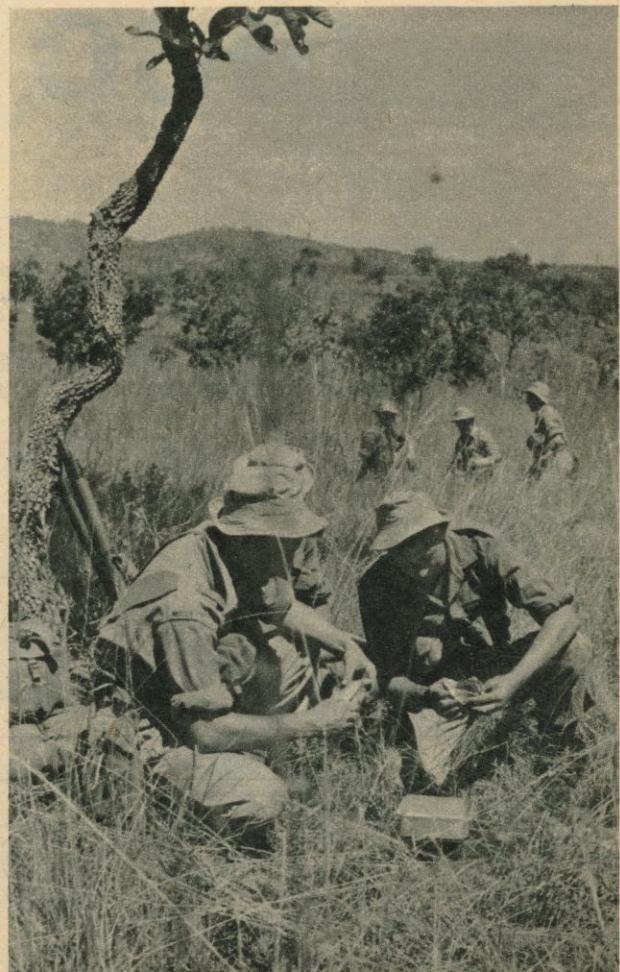
At present the only dehydrated foods in the Army's operational ration packs are soup and potato powder. The time may not be far distant when all the soldiers' meals on operations come out of foil packets.

K. E. HENLY



Aberdeen experimental factory officials seal the drying cabinet in which a combination of vacuum, heat and compression rids the food of water.

Below: Lunchtime in the Kenya hills and a patrol of the King's Royal Regiment prepares a tasty meal from the new lightweight ration pack.



Men of the Army's Strategic Reserve flew to North Africa in "whispering giant" air liners to take part in a six-day battle in the desert where Eighth Army routed Rommel's Afrika Korps. It was Britain's biggest-ever air mobility exercise—even the troops' shaving water went by air

DESERT WAR: 1960

On an airfield in Wiltshire a company of the 1st Battalion, Grenadier Guards, shod in plimsolls to avoid damaging the upholstery, climbed aboard a "Whispering Giant," one of Royal Air Force Transport Command's 110-seater, 450-miles-an-hour *Britannia* air liners.

Five hours later and nearly 2000 miles away they alighted at El Adem in North Africa to join 3500 other men of 1st Guards

Brigade who had been flown from Britain with most of their equipment to take part in the biggest air mobility exercise ever held by the Strategic Reserve.

For 17 days they were transported, fed, armed and taken into

action by air. In that time they were supplied by aircraft—the huge *Beverleys*, the *Twin Pioneers* and *Whirlwind* helicopters—with over two million tons of stores, nearly 400 vehicles, 300 trailers, 40 guns and every drop of petrol, oil, water and food they needed for a six-day battle in the desert.

It was a triumph of organisation and a feather in the cap of the new joint Army-Air control and support centres set up down to brigade level which were being tried out for the first time.

All the troops—the Grenadier Guards, the 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards, the Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment, three companies of the Welsh Guards, "B" Squadron, Royal Horse Guards, a troop of the Queen's Own Hussars and 25 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery—were flown from Britain in five *Britannias* in 28 sorties. Their light vehicles, weapons and equipment went by *Hastings* and *Beverleys* (some of which carried helicopters in their gigantic holds) and heavy transport was sent by

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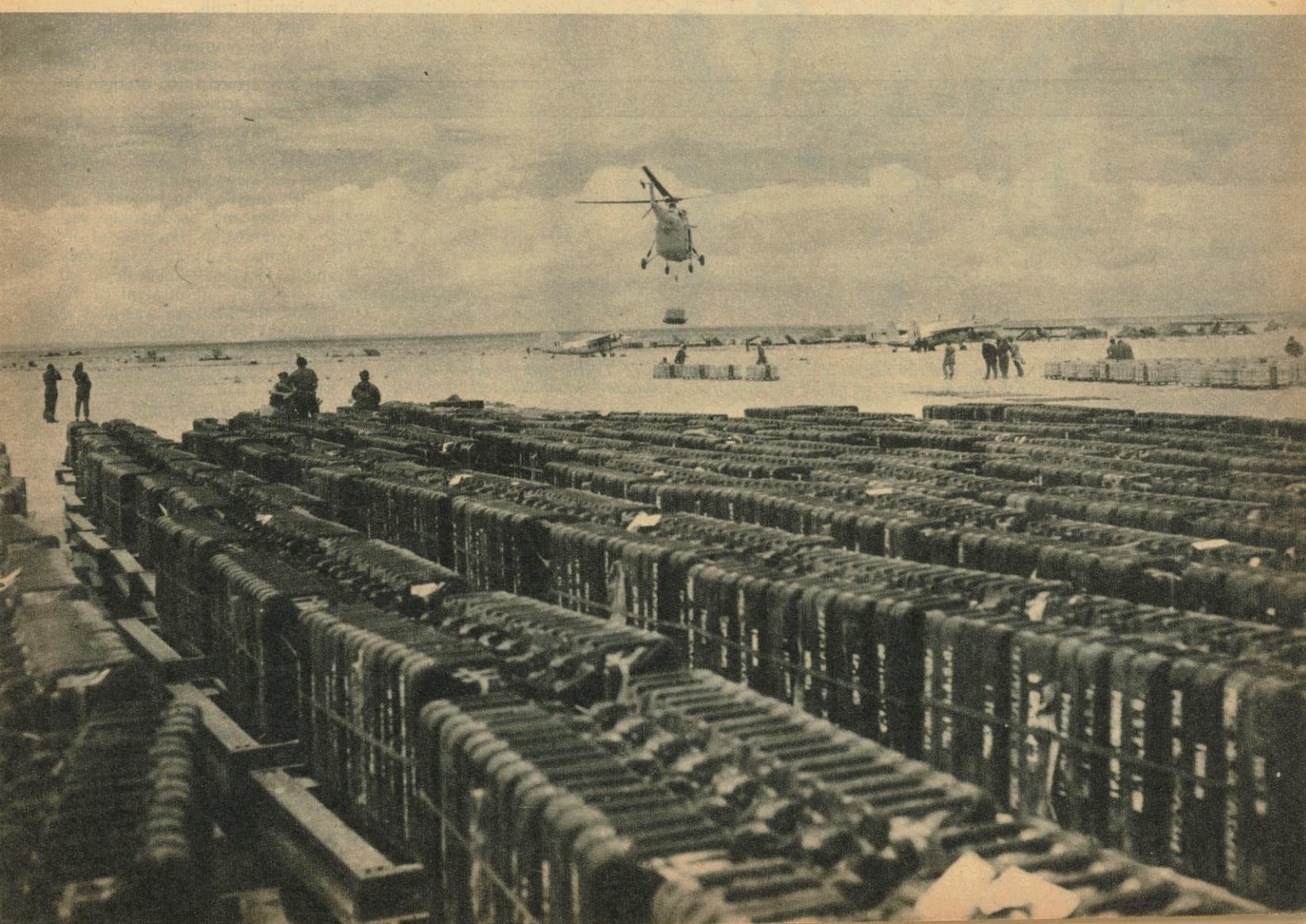
Two Scots Guards sergeants put the finishing touches to a camouflaged M60 anti-tank gun. Note the rope wound round the gun barrel to prevent reflection.



The Royal Horse Guards set off across the desert near Tmimi to seek out the enemy dug in on the Jebel Akhdar. Nearly 400 vehicles and 40 guns were flown into action.



Men of the Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment cross the Derna-Tmimi road on their way to relieve Derna. They fought for six days in the area where nearly 20 years ago Eighth Army won their famous victory over Rommel.



Below: A Whirlwind helicopter lifts a palette of supplies destined for the front-line troops. In the foreground are some of the thousands of jerrycans filled with water which were air-lifted from a desert depot near Tobruk.

Right: A Land-Rover patrol of the Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment spies out the land before the attack is put in on the main "enemy" stronghold near Derna.



Below: Escorted by a Pioneer aircraft, the Grenadier Guards plod grimly through the desert near Tmimi. They flew to North Africa with their boots off.



How many men can you get in a Land-Rover and trailer? Twelve, with the driver, say the Welsh Guards as they set off for the front line. A squeeze—but mobility was everything.



sea to represent weapons and equipment which in war would be available from overseas stockpiles in Cyprus, Aden and Singapore.

From El Adem, the troops were ferried by *Beverleys* to an airstrip at Tmimi, some 70 miles to the west and here set out on foot and in their light vehicles across the rocky desert towards Derna to do battle with the enemy—1st Battalion, The Welch Regiment and 2nd Royal Tank Regiment, already stationed in Libya.

The advance was uncomfortably realistic for the route was lined with the relics of the clashes between Eighth Army and Rommel's Afrika Korps nearly 20 years ago—rusted petrol cans and oil drums, slit trenches half filled with sand and twists of barbed wire, piles of German cannon shells and minefields which have not yet been cleared. For two months before the exercise a troop of Sappers had searched the area in which the battle was to be fought and unearthed nearly 50 live mines.

Under fighter cover, the Guards Brigade moved across the desert, brushing aside opposition until they clashed with the main force outside Derna. Here, for the next three days they fought a pitched battle along the coast road and the rocky passes of the Jebel Akhdar, winking out the defenders who had rapidly dug themselves in by a new method—plastic explosive and light mechanical drills.

Then the enemy sent in his tanks—the moment all the senior officers were waiting for. Could a lightly armed force brought by air destroy armour?

The answer was not long delayed. In a few hours the Queen's Own Hussars, armed with the new Malkara anti-tank guided missile, had knocked out five tanks and brought the rest to a standstill. Because of its long range, remarkable accuracy and the fact that it can be deployed by one man out of sight of the enemy, the Malkara was able to hit tanks before they could get near enough to attack.

This was the first time the Malkara had been tested in realistic conditions and the results were, to say the least, encouraging. At present, the Malkara cannot be fired at night because it is aimed visually but this problem might be solved by the use of infra-red sights.

Throughout the battle *Twin Pioneers* and *Whirlwind* helicopters, operating from hastily prepared strips lit by flares at night, delivered a continuous supply of food, water, petrol and ammunition to the forward troops and heavier stores were parachuted from *Beverleys*.

After the battle the men of Britain's Strategic Reserve were flown back to Britain, wiser and better soldiers who had shown that a lightly armed force can quickly stamp out trouble if there are sufficient aircraft to fly it into action and keep it supplied.

They catch them young in the Royal Artillery Junior Leaders Regiment. And then they train them to become not only fully-fledged soldiers but outstanding leaders as well

THE SCHOOL FOR GUNNERS



The gamecock crest on the gates of the barracks, once occupied by the Royal Navy, is happily appropriate.



Right: Although the young Gunners spend only a part of their time on military training they get plenty of practice on their 25-pounders. Here they are introduced to the mysteries of gun-laying at night.

A KEEN wind snatches at the young Gunners taking theodolite readings and whistles past other groups as they dash into mock action on their 25-pounder guns.

It soaks through the vast hangars where more Gunners march up and down on squad drill and rocks the straw-stuffed sack as the bayonets plunge into it.

It's a keen wind, but these Gunners, just as keen, thoroughly enjoy the outdoor life. They're young and fit, proud to be serving in the Royal Artillery Junior Leaders Regiment and eager to become fully-fledged Gunners in a man's Army.

Their Regiment, housed in the former Royal Naval Air Station at Bramcote, near Nuneaton in Warwickshire, is a miniature Royal Military Academy where the Army takes a boy and makes a man out of him.

Gamecock Barracks—a title handed on by the Admiralty and happily appropriate to the role of the Regiment—provide splendid facilities for these future warrant

and non-commissioned officers who spend a third of their routine in schooling, military training, sport and physical education.

The Junior Leaders Regiment aims to produce soldiers and leaders, able to hold their own morally, mentally and physically in a modern world and prove themselves loyal servants of the Crown.

Boys join the Regiment at any age between 15½ and 17½ years and enlist for six or nine years with the Colours. They muster for man's service at 17½ and leave the Regiment at the end of that term for further training as wireless operators, drivers, radar operators or

gun numbers at a training regiment.

Unless they have passed two subjects in the General Certificate of Education—many lads come from grammar schools—or Certificate "A" of the Army Cadet Force, recruits must pass a simple enlistment test. For the first six weeks at Gamecock Barracks they serve in the Recruit Troop, gradually earning the privileges of being allowed to salute and to wear a cap badge, and then join one of the 12 troops, all named after famous Gunners, which make up the Regiment's three batteries—39 (Roberts), 77 (Wardrop) and 44 (Campbell) Battery.

The Regiment is organised as a military college and the boys are squaded on academic attainment. The entry standard varies considerably but within the last year or two has so improved that the junior certificate—a "must"—

is now being taken much earlier. This is followed by intermediate and senior certificates, equivalent to the Army's 2nd and 1st Class Certificates and, in the top classes, by the General Certificate of Education.

A staff of officers and senior non-commissioned officers of the Royal Army Educational Corps, most of them trained teachers, give the boys a good general education to fit them for both military and civilian life.

Reveille at 6.30 a.m. starts a normal day's routine in which the boys first parade and drill in their own troops. Then the whole Regiment assembles in one of the hangars for morning prayers.

Mornings are spent in classrooms, gymnasiums and in practical military training, including gunnery, weapon training, march-

OVER

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A COMMANDO VC, Lieutenant-Colonel P. A. Porteous, Royal Artillery, is to take over command of the Junior Leaders Regiment in September from Lieutenant-Colonel D. R. M. Owen DSO.

Colonel Porteous won the Victoria Cross during the Dieppe raid on 19 August, 1942, when a captain in 4 Commando under Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Lovat. He was acting as liaison officer between two parties of the Commando in their attack on a coastal defence battery.

Two officers fell as the Commandos went in with the bayonet across 250 yards of open ground. Captain Porteous, already wounded in the hand, closed with his assailant and killed him with his own bayonet, and then led the race to the wire surrounding the battery. He broke in with his men close beside him, grenading, bayoneting and shooting their way through to the guns where he fell unconscious from a further wound in his thigh.

Colonel Porteous was commissioned into the Royal Artillery in 1937. He served in 6 Anti-Aircraft Regiment in France, for four years in 4 Commando and subsequently in 1st and 6th Airborne Divisions.

Left: Survey apprentices like these two lads taking a bearing, are also trained at Nuneaton. They go direct to units when they have completed their course.

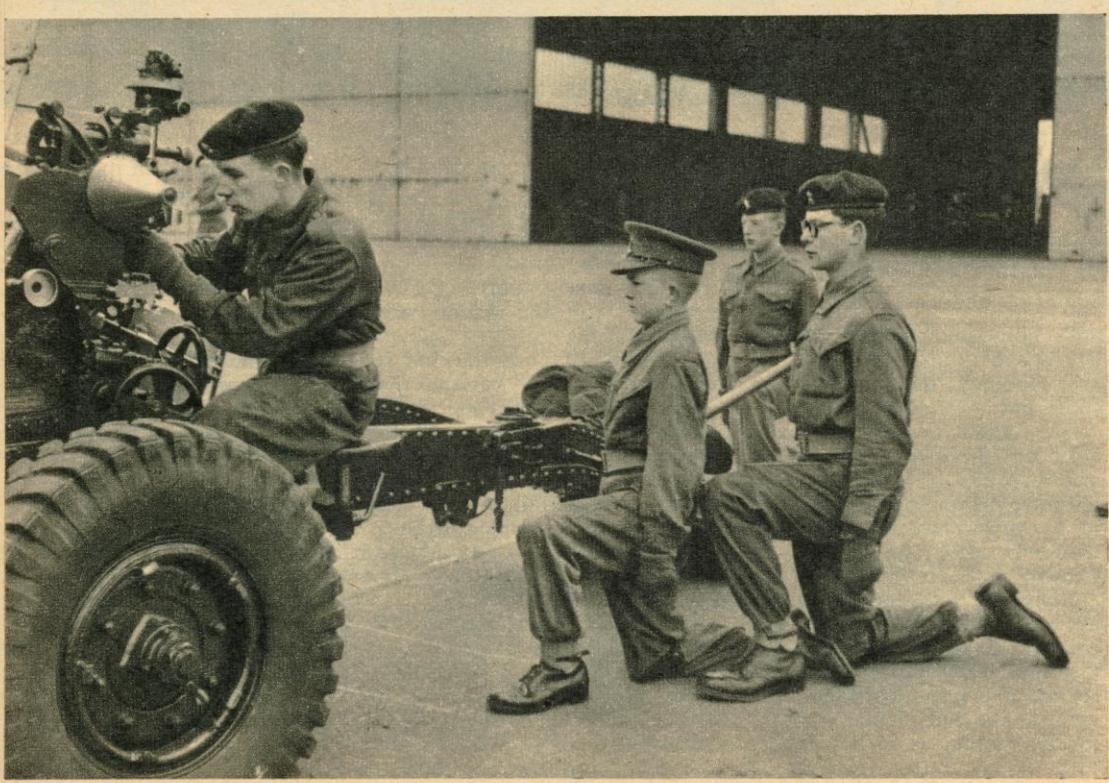
Right: You've got to look determined when it's bayonet practice. A keen type with the right ideas shows how it's done.

Below: A gun detachment at drill with a 25-pounder. Gun drill is one of the highlights of the boys' training.



ing and rifle drill. On every afternoon except one the boys are out on the playing fields. Then, as at any other boarding school, it's back to work, with prep, military history or hobbies. Every boy has the choice of some 20 hobbies—from chess and metalwork to ballroom dancing, vehicle maintenance and even campanology. Roller-skating is a current favourite but outdoor hobbies like canoeing and cycling are always popular. The cyclists maintain their club's 98 machines. The canoeists build their own craft and have paddled canoes through France (on an adventure holiday) and in the Devizes-Westminster race which the Regiment won last year.

Like all schoolboys the young Gunners enjoy making something to take home on holiday—perhaps a coffee table from the woodwork class or a model plane, musical box or cuckoo clock from the modelling room. Others prefer a more utilitarian (and lucrative) hobby like boot and shoe repairing for the permanent staff and fellow boys—and even for girl friends.



Drumming and sounding, two military hobbies, link this instructional recreation with the earliest traditions of boys' service when, at the beginning of the 17th century, boys were enlisted in the "Artillery Trayne" as messengers, trumpeters and drummers.

Today, all boys practise sounding on trumpet and bugle for three periods a week during their first few months in the Regiment. The most promising then graduate into the band to continue their training under Trumpet-Major A. J. Hunt, who has been with the Regiment and its predecessor, the Boys' Battery, Royal Artillery, for 15 years. The 60-odd boys in the band wear the full dress of the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, and have often played in public.

Eight selected boys form the Regiment's own sword guard, a ceremonial guard which also wears the Royal Horse Artillery uniform and turns out to pay compliments to high-ranking visitors.

A company sergeant-major instructor and a staff-sergeant instructor of the Army Physical Training Corps, helped by ten bombardiers, watch over the boys' physical development. Fencing and boxing are both taught in the gymnasium hangar where the equipment includes a trampoline.

Physical training follows the normal syllabus for men, but some boys are given additional individual

dual tuition. When SOLDIER's team visited the Regiment the instructors were building up the physique of a weakling and teaching boxing to another lad who had never practised the art.

Twelve boys, of different ages, make up the Regimental physical training team, which is a credit to the tuition of the Army Physical Training Corps. The team has already been booked this season for a number of local parades and carnivals and to appear at the Royal Artillery "At Home" in Woolwich.

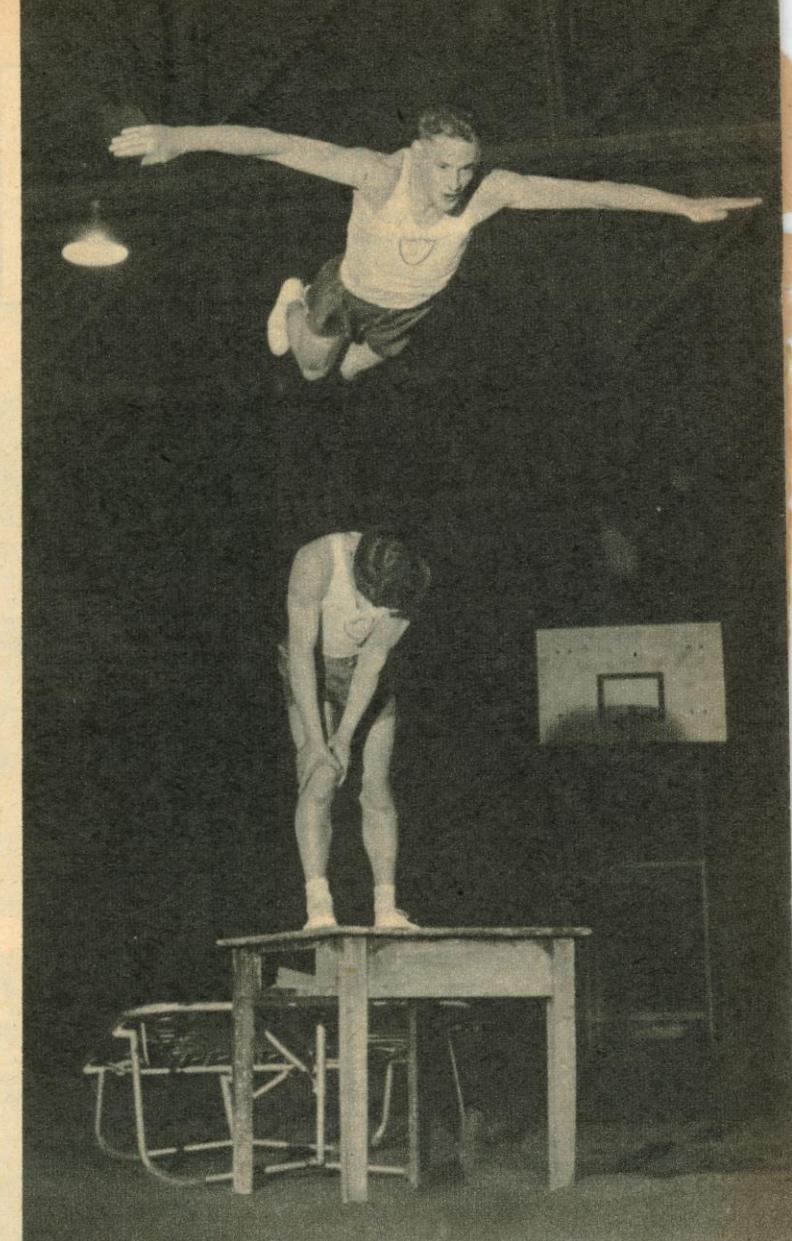
Academic, military and physical training are brought together in



A JUNIOR LEADER's new rate of pay on entry is 42s. a week, rising through four grades of proficiency to 77s. after two years.

Boys promoted to the junior ranks of lance-bombardier, bombardier, sergeant, battery sergeant-major and regimental sergeant-major, receive additional pay and privileges. A junior sergeant has his own room and a wireless set.

Out of 1649 ex-boys of the Junior Leaders Regiment serving on 31 August, 1958, there were nine lieutenant-colonels, 99 majors, 54 captains, four lieutenants, 47 regimental sergeant-majors, 130 other warrant officers, 33 staff-sergeants and 322 sergeants.



Physical training makes minds and bodies alert. Here, a member of the Regimental team, Junior-Gunner C. Bentley, demonstrates a high front somersault.

Left: The Sword Guard, dressed in the uniform of the Royal Horse Artillery, turns out to welcome a senior officer. The unit also has its own band.



Below: Trumpet-Major Hunt, who has served with the Regiment for 15 years, leads the band on parade. All the boys in the Regiment are taught how to play the trumpet and bugle; the most proficient graduate into the band.

APPRENTICE surveyors and Artillery clerks, many of them from grammar schools, are also trained at Gamecock Barracks, but unlike the Junior Leaders they are posted direct to units on completing their courses.

An apprentice can buy himself out for £100 in his second year or £150 in the third year. A Junior Leader may be bought out for £20 within three months of enlistment, for £50 up to a year and thereafter for £80.

Right: "Now, we're just about here at this road junction."
Apprentice surveyors combine business with pleasure as they carry out a survey exercise on their bicycles.



Left: Canoeing is a popular sport. Two of the boys who led the Regiment to victory in last year's Devizes to Westminster race, shoot a bridge in training.



the Regiment's adventure training schemes which take the boys out on camping and marching expeditions. Under canvas or on manoeuvres, studying indoors, drilling with rifles or on 25-pounders, the Junior Leaders work hard and play hard. Only after their evening meal are they free—until lights out. Some go out of camp to a dance or the Women's Voluntary Service Club at Nuneaton, but most boys stay in camp to study or visit the NAAFI canteen, library and WVS centre, which is equipped with a lounge, billiards, snooker, and table-tennis tables and many other games.

Variety in the boys' make-up—at Gamecock Barracks every boy is treated as an individual—gives the essential impetus to the work of the Regiment's permanent staff of 35 officers and 215 other ranks. A troop commander who may have sniffed at his posting quickly realises that this job of

turning boys into men is intensely interesting and rewarding. He works closely with his boys and is their temporary father and mother. They have access direct to him and to their battery commander, one of whose jobs is to deal with the problem boys—and with the boys' home problems.

At any time a boy can turn for help to the Regiment's Church of England padre, the Reverend David Ridgeway, who was a troop officer in the 5th Royal Tank Regiment, seconded to the Corps of Royal Military Police and an instructor at the Eskdale Outward Bound School.

Today the Junior Leaders are boys, but soon they will be exchanging the peaked service dress cap for the coveted beret of their final term. Tomorrow they will be warrant officers, non-commissioned officers—and officers, too—of the Royal Regiment of Artillery.

PETER N. WOOD

Left: A Junior-Sergeant reads the lesson at Sunday service. A boy's moral welfare is as important as his physical progress in the Junior Leaders Regiment.

It's no good training a boy how to be a leader if he knows nothing of the social graces. So, at the local WVS centre, some of the lads are taught how to dance.



IT'S "NEW YORK OR BUST" FOR TWO BRITISH SERGEANTS WHO ARE FOOT-SLOGGING SIDE BY SIDE ACROSS AMERICA IN A BID TO SMASH THE TRANS-CONTINENTAL MARCHING RECORD

3050 MILES - ON FOOT!

ASOLDIER and an airman—both instructors at the Airborne Forces Depot, Aldershot—have embarked on a marathon march that makes the recent John-O'-Groats to Land's End contest look like a Sunday afternoon stroll.

They are striding side by side across the United States of America—from San Francisco, on the Pacific coast, to New York, on the Atlantic seaboard—in an attempt to lower the 34-year-old record of 79 days, ten hours, ten minutes for the 3050-mile journey. As SOLDIER went to press they had covered more than 600 miles and were well within their schedule.

The two men, who plan to average 45 miles a day and complete the march in 69 days, are Staff-Sergeant Instructor Mervyn Evans, of the Army Physical Training Corps, and Flight-Sergeant Patrick Moloney, RAF, joint-holders of three British marching records. With them, driving the van in which the marchers sleep and organising the attempt, is their manager, Sergeant Roy Rogers, of the Parachute Regiment.

When the trio reach New York—in time, they hope, to attend the

British Trades Fair there—they will have foot-slogged through eleven states, crossed 13,000-ft mountains and will have passed through Sacramento, Reno, Salt Lake City, Omaha, Cleveland and Pittsburgh.

What makes a man attempt such a remarkable feat of endurance? The love of walking and personal ambition, say Evans and Moloney.

It was the love of walking that first started these close friends on the road to marching records. Last year (after spending every day of their leave training) they walked from John-O'-Groats to Land's End in 18 days—four and a half days faster than Dr. Barbara Moore's effort. Two months later they set up another record, crossing the widest part of Britain—from St. David's Head, South Wales, to Ness Point, Lowestoft, 342 miles away, in five days, 12 hours, five minutes. Then they

Marching briskly in step, the two sergeants stride down a Pembrokeshire road during their record-breaking west-east walk across Britain. They completed the 342-mile march in just over 5½ days.

Below, right: Something important's afoot. With their manager, Sgt Roy Rogers (second from right), the marchers visit a Northampton factory to select Commando-type lightweight boots.



THE most famous long-distance marcher in the history of the British Army was Captain Robert Barclay, of the 23rd Foot (now the Royal Welsh Fusiliers) whose remarkable feats in the early 1800s are unlikely to be equalled.

On separate occasions he walked 300 miles in five days, 150 miles in two days, 64 miles in ten hours and 72 miles between breakfast and dinner. His outstanding achievement was to march 110 miles in 19½ hours.

In 1809, Captain Barclay won a 1000-guinea wager to walk 1000 miles in 1000 consecutive hours—a mile every hour for six weeks. At the end he had lost two stones and was in such pain that he could not raise himself unaided.



After dipping their boots in the Pacific Ocean near the Golden Gate Bridge, San Francisco, SSI Evans (left) and Flt-Sgt Moloney start the 3050-mile marathon to New York.

marched from Edinburgh to London—375 miles—in six days, nine hours, 24 minutes to break another of Dr. Moore's records by more than 28 hours.

For this third achievement, Evans and Moloney received £200 from a hosiery manufacturer. But they did not keep a penny for themselves. Half went to the Duke of Edinburgh's National Playing Fields Fund and the other half to the Airborne Forces Fund. "We are not interested in making money," said SSI Evans. "In fact, we have spent about £200 so far on our training and marches."

Both men, who are in their early 30s, are marching across America in uniform (denims and parachute smocks), wearing ammunition boots where the going is rough and lightweight Com-

mando-style boots with rubber soles when the roads are smooth. The cost of the attempt—about £1000—is being met by Sir Charles Colston MC, DCM, a former Sapper, one of whose firms manufactures the rubber soles of the Commando boots.

Before they set off for the United States, SSI Evans and Flight-Sergeant Moloney told SOLDIER that the four chief qualities a good marcher must have are "leg power, will power, stamina and, above all, a pair of firm feet."

Their advice to would-be record breakers? "Train hard, eat and sleep well, look after your feet, work out a schedule in advance and stick to it."

They propose to do just that and add another outstanding achievement to their records.



THE CORPORAL LEFT ON A LADDER

FOR Corporal Jack Parker, an Australian Infantryman on the run in wartime Germany, it looked like the end of his desperate bid for freedom.

Lying motionless on a ladder lashed to the steam outlet pipes underneath a railway carriage in Munich's marshalling yards, he held his breath as a man with a hammer bent down and tapped the wheels.

The man passed on, unaware of his presence, and Parker breathed again. But not for long. Ten minutes later a gang of cleaners arrived to wash the carriage and one of them ducked underneath it to connect up the pipes only six inches from Parker's feet. He, too, failed to see the corporal in his tiny hiding place and went back to washing windows.

After an agonising four-hour wait, the train, with Parker hanging precariously to the ladder, pulled out of Munich on its way to Switzerland. The Corporal was on his way to freedom on the first stage of a five-month journey that ended with a gruelling march over the Pyrenees into Spain.

Corporal Parker, who fought in the early Western Desert battles and in Greece, was captured by German paratroopers in Crete in

May, 1941, and for a month was kept prisoner in Canea. Later, with his Australian comrades, he was moved to Piraeus and Athens (where they were forced to march through the streets of the capital) and then to Salonika, where the arrogant German guards bullied and ill-treated them unmercifully.

Then came a ray of hope: the men were to be sent by train to Moosburg, near Munich, and escape might be possible on the way.

But the opportunity never came. The prisoners were packed 50 to a wagon in sealed carriages under constant armed guard and threatened with instant death if

they attempted to escape. Only once during the fearful six-day journey were the men allowed to alight—and then for only ten minutes while the guards surrounded them. The Germans were taking no chances.

On his first day in prison camp in Moosburg, Corporal Parker began to make plans for escape and within a few weeks he and two other Australian soldiers had amassed a formidable collection of escape gear. While on working parties they stole a screwdriver and spanner, bartered cigarettes for money, food and civilian clothing and in their hut at night made a master key from a brass door handle.

At last they were ready to go and at dusk on 26 November, 1941, while their comrades distracted the attention of the German guards by staging a riot, the three Australians donned the overalls which they had obtained from some French slave workers, clambered over the fence of the timber yard where they were working and made off across an allotment to the main Munich road.

It was dark long before they reached Munich and they had no trouble climbing over the fence of the marshalling yards where, they had been warned, a train bound for St. Margrethen, in Switzerland, was due to leave that night.

Crawling in the shadows between the glaring arc lights, the three men found the train and were about to board it when a huge German railway worker, carrying a lamp and armed with a big hammer, appeared. The Australians flung themselves on the track but the German had already spotted them. He dashed



Corporal Parker shows his DCM to an officer at Buckingham Palace after it had been presented to him by the King. After his return to Australia, Parker was commissioned. He was killed in 1944 in a motor-cycling accident

WHEN THE GERMANS CAPTURED THE AUSTRALIAN CORPORAL IN CRETE THEY THREATENED TO SHOOT HIM IF HE TRIED TO ESCAPE. SEVEN MONTHS LATER HE WAS ON HIS WAY HOME, RIDING TO FREEDOM PERCHED PRECARIOUSLY ON A LADDER UNDER A TRAIN BOUND FOR SWITZERLAND



"One of the Germans spotted the Australians and raised the alarm. Parker fled across the tracks and hid all night as the Germans searched for him."

at Parker and hit him on the foot with some rope he had found to the steam pipes between the bottom of the carriage and the axles. There he remained hidden despite another search by the Germans and early in the afternoon the train moved off with Parker clinging grimly to the ladder as the locomotive gathered speed.

That night, Parker and Gliddon slept in the fields and spent the rest of the day in a park, returning to the marshalling yards at dusk. But again they ran into trouble. This time, as they were about to climb into the St. Margrethen train, a gang of Germans arrived and began to load the wagon under which Parker and Gliddon were hiding.

One of the Germans spotted the two Australians and raised the alarm and in the ensuing confusion Gliddon was captured. Parker got away across the tracks and hid all night, moving from train to train as the Germans searched for him.

Just before dawn Parker returned to the St. Margrethen train, unhooked a ladder from the side of a carriage and lashed

it with some rope he had found to the steam pipes between the bottom of the carriage and the axles. There he remained hidden despite another search by the Germans and early in the afternoon the train moved off with Parker clinging grimly to the ladder as the locomotive gathered speed.

After a short halt at Landau, the train reached the Swiss border town of Bregenz and from his hiding place Parker watched armed German guards checking passengers' passports and heard them searching the carriages. But no one thought of looking underneath!

After nearly two hours the passengers were allowed to return to their carriages and a German officer waved the train over the border.

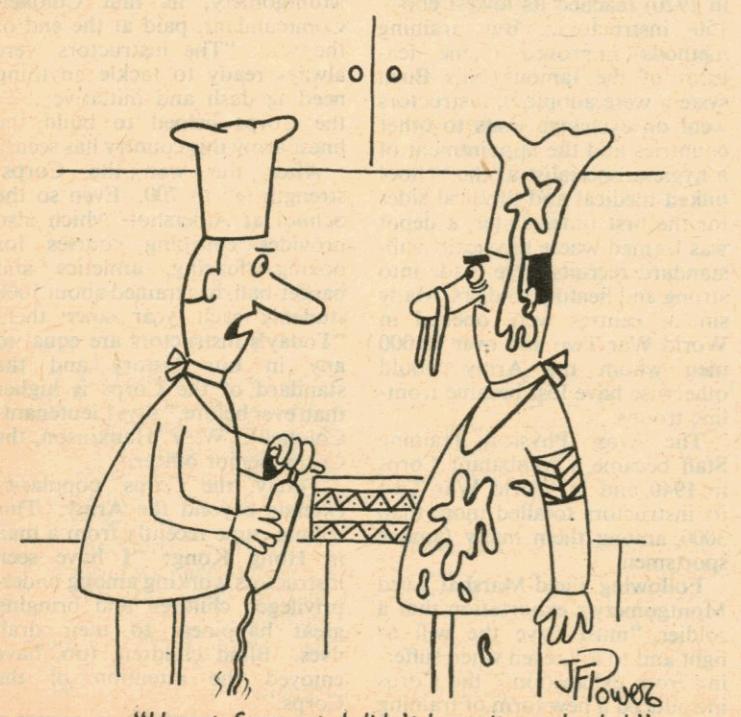
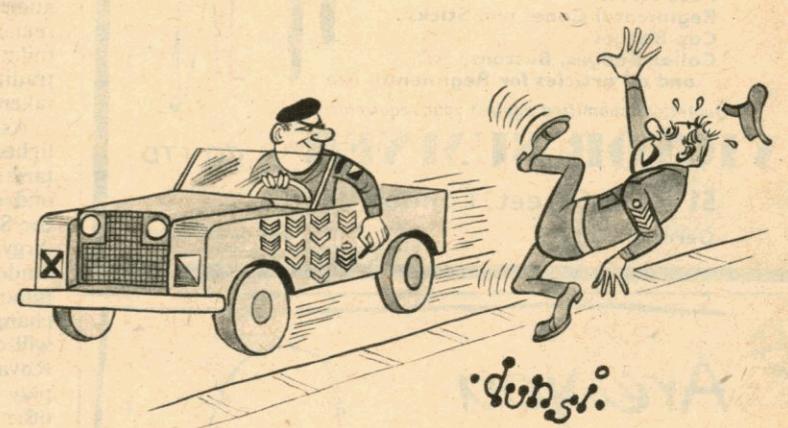
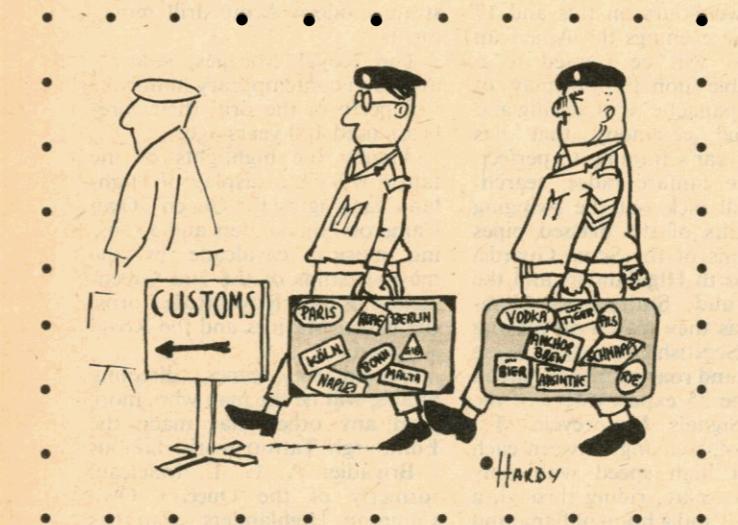
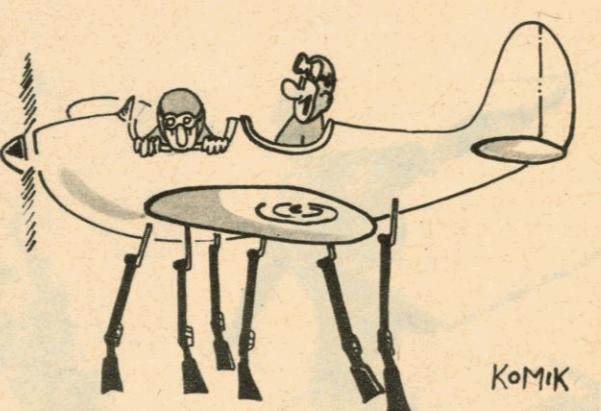
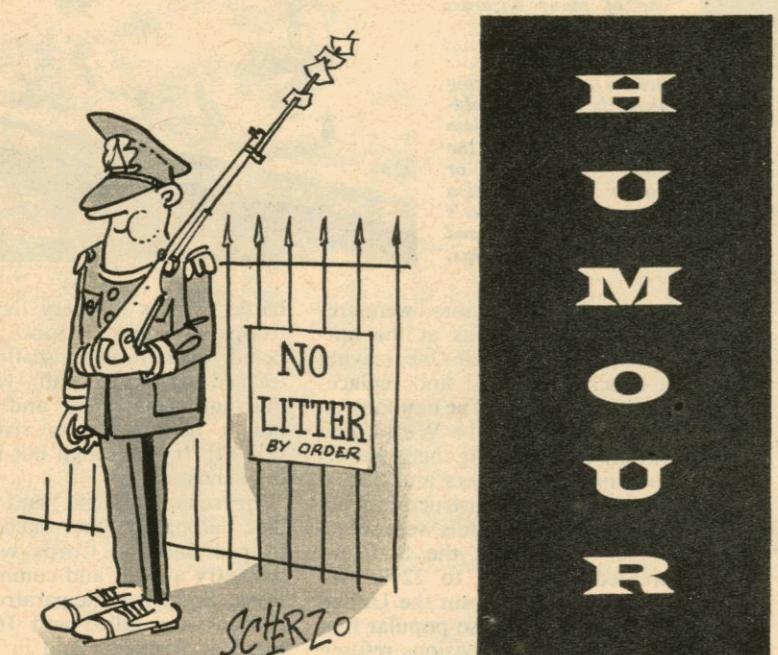
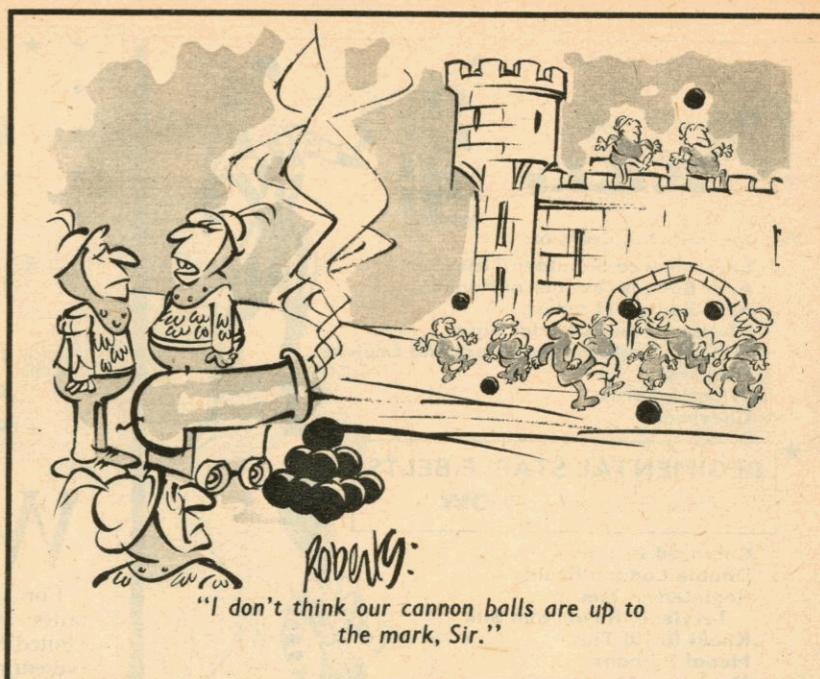
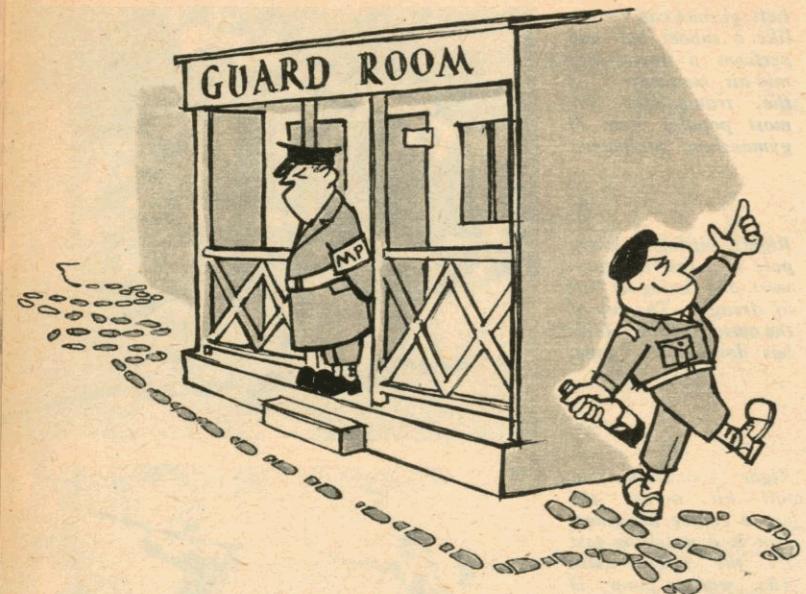
Parker had escaped from Germany but, uncertain of his reception in Switzerland, he waited until all the passengers had left the train at St. Margrethen and then made off across the tracks to a nearby village where he knocked on the door of a carpenter's shop

and asked for help. The carpenter took him next door and to Parker's astonishment introduced him to an English woman who assured him that he would not be returned to Germany.

With the woman's husband, Parker went to the local police station to give himself up and was sent to Berne where the British Military Attaché told him that he would have to remain interned for the rest of the war. But Corporal Parker had other ideas and a few weeks later left for Geneva where, he had learned, a French escape organisation might be able to help him.

In Geneva, he met another escaped British soldier who was also trying to get back to Britain and together they contacted the French agents. Several nights later they were taken across the border into France and handed over to another French underground agent who gave them forged identity cards and accompanied them by train to Marseilles. There, the two soldiers were hidden in a Greek doctor's

Early in 1942 at Buckingham Palace, Corporal Parker received the Distinguished Conduct Medal for his gallantry and initiative from King George VI and was repatriated to Australia. Two years later he was killed in a motor-cycle accident.



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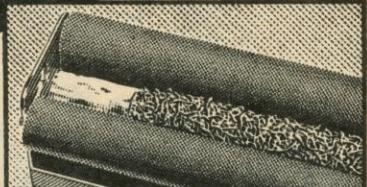
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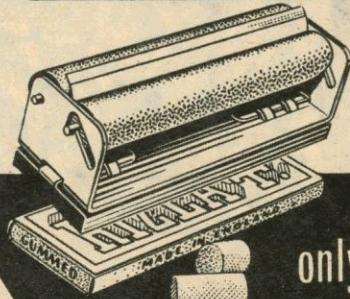
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BRITISH BOMBS LAID BERLIN IN RUINS. NOW THE ROYAL ENGINEERS ARE HELPING TO REBUILD THE CITY BY CLEARING THE RUBBLE TO MAKE WAY FOR A BEAUTY SPOT AND SPORTS FIELDS

In the Platz der Republik the Sappers, with a bulldozer and a scraper, level the ground in front of the ruined Reichstag. Under the rubble they found a Russian tank.

SAPPERS SAVE A CITY £16,000

THE most popular British troops in West Berlin these days are the Sappers. And small wonder, for the Royal Engineers recently saved the City Council 200,000 deutschmarks (about £16,000) by clearing a battle-scarred wilderness which the Germans now propose to make into a beauty spot.

Once a public park, the Haselhorst area in the suburb of Spandau, scene of savage fighting in the last days of World War Two, had become an eyesore and a meeting place for gangs of young thugs.

The City Council, short of funds and hard-pressed by re-development costs throughout the three Western sectors, asked the British Resident if he could help. In turn the British Resident asked the Army for assistance and that was where 38 (Berlin) Field Squadron, Royal Engineers came in. Within days they moved their excavators, dumpers and bulldozers into Haselhorst and got to work, filling in the bomb and shell craters, clearing away the rubble of shattered buildings and uprooting the thick undergrowth.

In their official report the Squadron say that they "cleared the area of trees and bushes, removed old concrete foundations, made ducts for draining the area, broke through to the river to allow boats to reach the harbour and boat houses, made roads and levelled the whole area." The report does scant justice to an operation that took months to complete.

First the Sappers cleared the wilderness of mortar bombs and other dangerous war-time relics and then attacked the "jungle" with their bulldozers. Having filled in the craters and levelled an area of about 75,000 square

yards, they set about digging a 40-yard canal to the River Oberhavel so that local boatmen could get their craft from the clubhouse to the water (so successful was this venture that five other boat clubs are now planning to set up their headquarters on the Haselhorst).

The Squadron wound up the operation by laying a footpath along the river bank.

Now, where only a short time ago hooligans loitered in the craters and undergrowth, West Berlin has a handsome sports centre with waterways, boat-houses, a football pitch and riding school.

This is not the first time the Sappers have helped Berlin. Last year they took part in a combined British-American-German operation levelling the Platz der Republik outside the Reichstag. In four days they cleared hundreds of tons of rubble and scores of trees and unearthed the remains of a Russian T-34 tank.

The Sappers of No. 38 Squadron have also been used to clear the streets of Berlin of ice and snow and to make good damage caused by tanks in the Grunewald training area. In the past 18 months they have recovered and made harmless more than 50 unexploded bombs found among the ruins in the British sector of the city.

K. E. HENLY



Berlin's Sappers are nothing if not versatile. This 600-ft ski-lift to the top of "Staff College Hill" was built by ten men of the Squadron in two weeks.



The British cavalry sweep down on the French lines as King George II, mounted on his white charger, shouts encouragement.

LIGONIER'S HORSE RALLIED AND WON

HOURS OF GLORY

30

The British fought their way out of a trap at Dettingen, the last battle in which a British king led his Army. And when the fighting was over a major-general and a trooper knelt side by side on the field to receive the royal accolade of honour for their valour

AT dawn on 27 June, 1743, the British Army, with King George II at its head, was marching into a trap.

In concealed positions ahead lurked 30,000 Frenchmen. An equal number were working their way round behind to cut off the British retreat. On the right were thick woods and swamps and on the left the wide and deep River Main. Already, from the far bank, French guns were pounding the straggling line of 40,000 British, Austrian and Hanoverian troops.

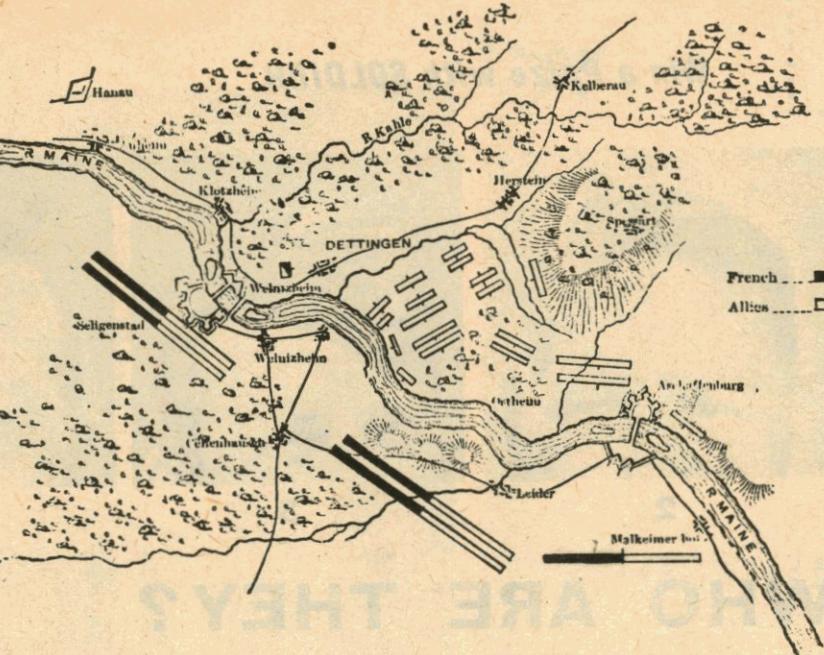
The stage was set for the Battle of Dettingen, a small village between Darmstadt and Frankfurt—the last battle at which a British king was present. Nominally in command of the Allied force was the veteran Earl of Stair, who had soldiered under Marlborough.

On the other side of the river, Marshal Noailles, the French commander, awaited the moment to spring his trap. The Allies, desperately short of food, had no alternative but to march to their supply base at Hanau, but to get there they had to cross one of the Main bridges. Noailles' nephew, de Grammont, with his 30,000 troops, lay in ambush near the bridge with orders not to move until the Allies had begun to cross.

Marshal Noailles was certain that not an Allied soldier would escape. Yet, after four hours of bitter fighting, it was the French who were swarming back in disorder over the river. De Grammont's impatience, the accurate fire of the British Infantry and, above all, the gallantry of Ligonier's Horse or the Seventh (now the 4th/7th) Dragoon Guards and the Third Dragoon Guards (later the 3rd Hussars) ruined Noailles' brilliantly-conceived plan.

Just before noon de Grammont made his fatal mistake. Believing the Allies to be starved and dispirited, he ordered his men out of their ambush position too soon, and into full view

The broad and winding River Main separates Allied and French forces as the Allies move towards their supply base at Hanau. Across their path at Dettingen 30,000 Frenchmen lurk in ambush, ready to spring the trap.



of the Allies. With difficulty, for many of the Infantry were wading knee-deep in mud, the Allies moved into battle order, all the time being severely punished by the guns across the river.

Cheering loudly, the French Infantry, who gave what Noailles later described as a "disgraceful" performance, moved forward and opened a ragged fire. The British regiments of foot, standing firm, replied with volley after volley— "Such fire," said Marshal Noailles in his memoirs, "as no French officer had ever seen before."

Lord Stair raised his hat as a signal and the British broke into the "stern and appalling shout" that was later to become so famous in the Peninsula. The French Guards wilted at the sound and retired behind their own cavalry.

At this stage occurred the one comic incident of the battle. The royal horse, frightened by the firing, bolted to the rear with the King, "purple-faced and with his eyes starting out of his head," vainly tugging at the reins. Some time later the King returned, dismounted and took his place at the head of the Hanoverian Infantry. "There he stood," wrote Frederick the Great in his memoirs, "his left foot drawn back, sword pushed out, in the form of a fencing master doing a lunge, steadily in that defensive attitude, like a rock, until it was all over."

But there were many British soldiers who spoke later of the confidence given them by their King's presence on the field and his gutteral roars of: "Steady, my brave boys; give them fire, they will soon run away."

Then came the turn of the French cavalry. They swept down on Ligonier's Horse, who formed part of the Allied advance guard, forced them back and fell savagely upon the British Infantry.

But Ligonier's Horse were made of sterner stuff. Rallying and returning to the charge, they drove the French squadrons back in disorder. Again the French

brave deeds that day was the exploit of Cornet Richardson, who carried one of the standards and refused to surrender when surrounded. With 30 sabre and gunshot wounds, his standard in tatters and the lance splintered, he fought his way through the enemy ranks and brought the colours into the Allied lines.

Major-General Ligonier himself was called before the King on the field and dubbed "Knight Banneret"—an honour second only to the Order of the Garter.

With the General in front of the King stood Trooper Brown, of the Third Dragoon Guards. Brown won immortal fame when, badly wounded in the hand, he charged alone through the French lines in pursuit of a gendarme who was carrying away his Regiment's colours. He killed his opponent, recovered the standard, held it between his knee and the saddle and slashed a path through the milling Frenchmen to bring the standard back to safety.

The Third Dragoons on the

extreme allied left, already decimated by the artillery fire from the far bank of the river, were sliced through by a massive French cavalry charge which was finally halted by the rolling fire of the 33rd of Foot (now the Duke of Wellington's Regiment). Pitifully weak in numbers, the Third's two squadrons hurled themselves at the French cavalry which outnumbered them by ten to one, and were almost annihilated.

The terrible British fire was still pouring in on the French, whose Infantry, having behaved unworthily all day, finally wilted before a strong cavalry assault and took to its heels towards the river. The Scots Greys plunged into their flank and the whole French Army made headlong for the fords and bridges. The Infantry, in their panic, rushed into the river and scores were drowned.

After four hours' savage fighting, of which the British had borne the brunt, the Allies were victorious on the field of Dettingen. The French had lost about 5000 killed, wounded and captured, and the Allies about half that number.

Lord Stair pleaded to be allowed to follow and smash the retreating French but the King was unwilling to ride his luck further. He returned to Britain to be hailed as a conqueror. Lord Stair, arriving home unsung a short time afterwards, resigned his command in protest at not being trusted with the conduct of the battle.

And Ligonier himself, commander of the Seventh—"The Virgin Mary's Bodyguard," as they became known for their services on behalf of Empress Maria Theresa at Dettingen—later became an earl and a field-marshall. He died, aged 91, after serving in the Army for 67 years.

K. E. HENLY



This contemporary print portrays the savage clash as Ligonier's Horse charge into the French cavalry.

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5



7

WHO ARE THEY?

HERE are the top parts of the faces of six famous Servicemen and two civilians who played a large part in winning World War Two. Can you identify them?

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened by the editor may choose any two of the following recently-published books: "Lugard in Africa" by A. A. Thomson and Dorothy Middleton; "The Desert and the Jungle" by Lieut-Gen Sir Geoffrey Evans, DSO; "Indian Cavalryman" by Capt Freddie Guest; "Murder May Follow" by Susan Morrow; "The Alternate Case" by Joseph F. Dinneen; "The Soviet Air and Rocket Forces" by Asher Lee; and "The Horseman's Year, 1960" by Dorian Williams.

The senders of the second and third correct solutions may choose whole-plate monochrome copies of any two photographs and/or cartoons which have appeared in SOLDIER since January, 1957.

The senders of the fourth, fifth and sixth correct solutions will be sent SOLDIER free for 12 months.

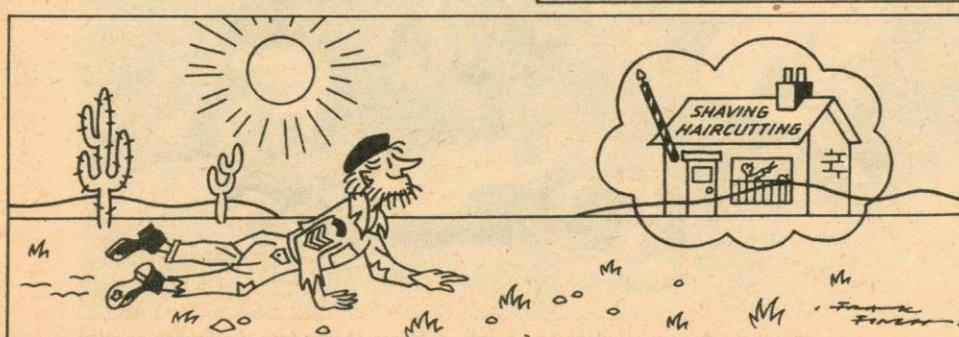
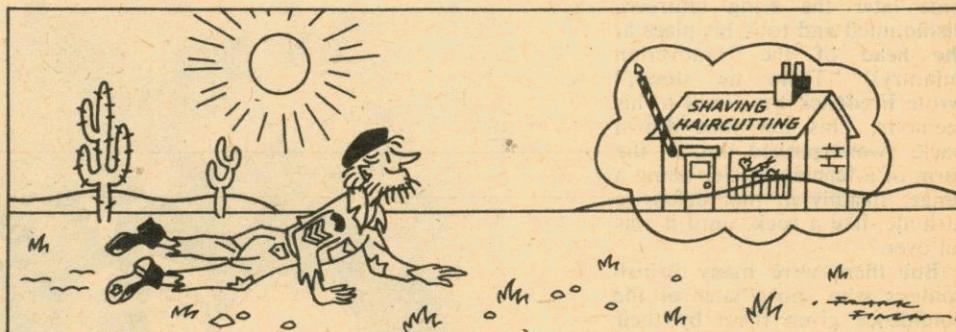
All entries must reach SOLDIER's London offices by Monday, 27 June.

RULES

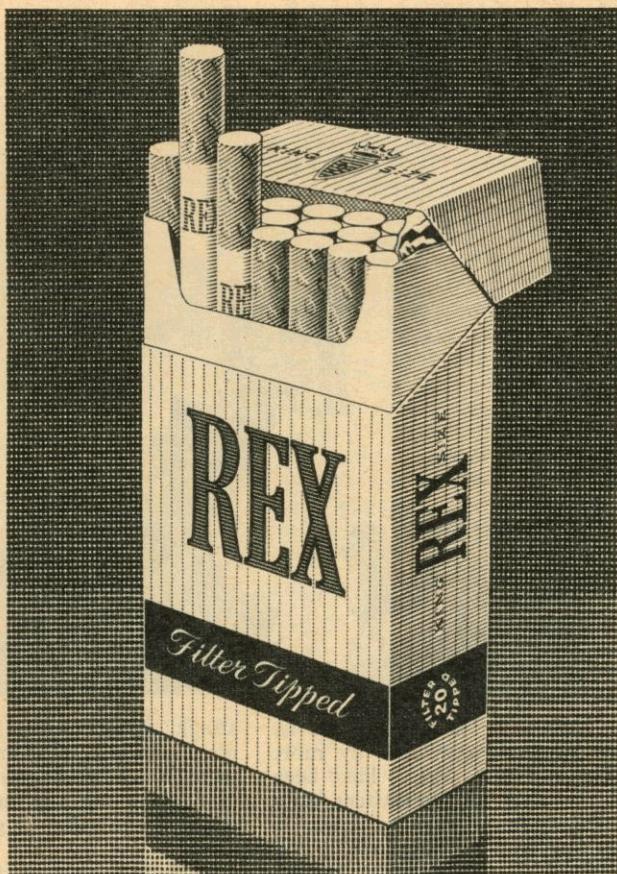
1. Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to: The Editor (Competition), SOLDIER, 433, Holloway Road, London, N.7.
2. Each entry must be accompanied by the "Competition 25" panel printed at the top of this page.
3. Competitors may submit only one entry.
4. Any reader, Serviceman or woman and civilian, may compete.
5. The Editor's decision is final.

★ The solution and the name of the winners will appear in SOLDIER, August.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?



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



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TWENTY-FOUR FATEFUL HOURS

THE Allied invasion of Normandy should have come as no surprise to the Germans. For months they had known that it would be launched somewhere between the Pas de Calais and Cherbourg and to prevent it they had built the most powerful array of defences in the history of modern warfare.

Yet, when the invading forces landed in the early hours of 6 June, 1944, the Germans were caught totally unprepared, unable to judge in the first few vital hours whether it was the real thing or a feint. By the time they had made up their minds it was too late and the Allies had won the war.

The blinding incompetence and extraordinarily slow reaction of the Germans—from Hitler down to the men in the beach defence platoons—is revealed by Cornelius Ryan in “The Longest Day” (Gollancz, 21s), the skilfully told story of D-Day as experienced by the men of both sides who took part in the battle during those fateful 24 hours.

Even allowing for the well-supported belief that the assault would take place in the Pas de Calais and that the weather was unfavourable for invasion, the mistakes the Germans made were incredibly elementary and stupendously stupid.

Two days before the landings Field-Marshal Rommel, commander of Army Group B which boasted that the Allies would be hurled back into the sea, went on leave, confident that the assault could not take place until 20 June at the earliest. On D-Day itself most of the German senior officers in France were away from their headquarters on an exercise in Brittany; two reserve panzer divisions which might have repelled the landings were held back because Hitler refused to believe that this was real invasion; the German Navy could muster only three E-boats to engage the Allied armada of 5000 ships and only two *Luftwaffe* fighters went into action.

Worst of all, German intelligence picked up the Allied radio message announcing that invasion would take place within 48 hours and passed it on. Hitler's Chief of Operations, General Jodl, ignored it and failed to alert Rommel's army.

Luck—and German ineptitude—was on the side of the Allies but



British troops land under fire in Normandy. Note the wounded men in the water and others falling. The Americans call this the war's greatest picture. It was taken by a British Army Film Unit photographer.

they, too, made mistakes. Some assault troops went in on the wrong beaches and were slaughtered attacking the wrong objectives; others died fighting a German division whose presence had not been discovered by intelligence.

The author, who himself landed on D-Day as a war correspondent, revives the tragedy and humour, the courage and the glory of D-Day in his gripping accounts of the personal experiences of those on both sides who fought in the attack on Hitler's fortress.

At Sainte Mere-Eglise the first waves of American paratroopers plunged to disaster in the flames of a burning house while several miles away British paratroopers, blown miles off course, drowned in two feet of water. At Rainville British glider troops, assigned to carry out the most dangerous and important task in the opening minutes of D-Day, landed dead on their target and in a few minutes had overwhelmed the enemy. A few hours later, on Omaha Beach 2500 American soldiers were lying dead and wounded in the shallows, cut to pieces by German guns which had withstood a terrifying naval and air bombardment.

On Sword Beach, in the British sector, Commandos were piped ashore to the tune of “Highland Laddie” and Infantrymen landed singing “Roll Out The Barrel” as they stumbled over their fallen comrades. One wounded officer removed to a landing craft bound for England roared, “You're all bloody well mad,” dived overboard and swam ashore again.

For sheer courage there was no greater example than that of Lieutenant-Colonel Otway and 150 men of 9th Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, who destroyed a German coastal battery

War in a Warm Climate

QUEUING up for a meal during some chilly manoeuvres in Mississippi, Second-Lieutenant Charles Ogburn of the United States Army Signal Corps, ventured the remark that he would like to do his fighting in a warm climate.

A staff-officer next to him mentioned that volunteers in jungle training were being called for. Two cold days later, Ogburn volunteered. Only much later did he discover that the volunteers' call was for “a dangerous and hazardous mission.”

What followed, Ogburn tells in “The Marauders” (Hodder and Stoughton, 16s). Volunteers gathered in San Francisco, took ship and added to their numbers in Brisbane. As three hurriedly-formed battalions, they arrived, 3000 strong, in India—without a title, except a secret code-name “Galahad” which many of them had never heard.

When they were officially christened, they were not very pleased to hear that they were the 5307th Composite Unit (Provisional). A war correspondent gave them the name by which they were to become famous—and notorious: Merrill's Marauders. Brigadier-General Frank D. Merrill was their commander.

The Marauders were the Ameri-

can adaptation of the idea behind Major-General Orde C. Wingate's successful long range penetration groups, the Chindits.

They went into Northern Burma, the only American Infantry unit fighting the Japanese on the mainland of Asia. They marched some 600 or 700 miles on three assignments, fought in five major and 17 minor engagements and earned a Distinguished Unit Citation, equivalent to a citation for every man in their ranks for outstanding performance of duty. Finally they crumbled away in a state of near-mutiny, victims of overstrain, lack of the things which make for good morale, and from what the official American history calls, “plans and assumptions of the War Department.” In short: mishandling at a high level.

Their part in the Burma campaign was tiny compared with the operations of 14th Army, and small by Chindit standards. For all that, their two penetrations

behind the enemy lines, their long march to Myitkyina when they were almost at the end of their tether, and the desperate fight in which they shared at that famous airfield, all caught the imagination of the American public—as the adventures of the British “private armies” caught the imagination of the British public.

Though under-supplied, under-trained and over-strained, they fought courageously and successfully until hunger, sickness and sheer weariness brought them to a standstill.

Food was one of their main preoccupations. Anyone who served with 14th Army will not be surprised to learn that the Marauders found the “K” ration unsatisfactory. (For those who do not remember it, the “K” ration was an ingenious meal-pack which included tins marked with such words as “ham and eggs” or “pork and egg yolk,” the contents of which all tasted like spam.) Not only did the Marauders suffer from the lack of bulk in the “K” ration, they suffered from lack of “K” ration.

The passages about food in this book, including a long diary extract, have the quality usually found in accounts of escaping prisoners or survivors from wrecked ships.

The Marauders had one advantage denied to British units: the presence of Japanese-Americans in their ranks. When possible, these men would creep near Japanese positions to eavesdrop. Acting on their information, the Marauders were able to lay traps for the Japanese.

One Japanese-American added to the effectiveness of such an operation by screaming an order to the enemy to charge into a hail of fire.

After three months, and while the battle of Myitkyina was raging, only 200 of the 3000 men who had started out from India were considered fit to remain in battle. “Galahad,” wrote General “Vinegar Joe” Stilwell, the senior American commander in the theatre, “is just shot.” Then he ordered that the hospitals and convalescent camps should be combed, and that any Marauders fit to walk were to be rushed back to battle.

The order yielded few men fit to fight, and completed the disintegration of what had been a gallant team.

The author, by then one of the officers trying to run a rest-camp, reports sadly and sympathetically how the men went out of control. The Marauders, despite an official reincarnation in another unit, were finished. It was an unworthy end.

Brigadier Bernard Fergusson, of Chindit fame, writes a preface to this book. The Chindits' hackles, he admits, rose slightly at the Marauders' name. The author's story, he confirms, bears the hallmark of truth: “It is beautifully written, dead honest and deeply moving.”

On the Run in Italy

FEW escape stories are simple, but the one Adrian Gallegos has to describe in “From Capri to Oblivion” (Hodder and Stoughton, 16s) is as complicated as anything on the bookshelves of World War Two apart, perhaps, from tactical and logistical histories.

When his story opens in 1943, the author was serving in Special Forces on the Italian coast. In an Italian motor torpedo-boat which had come over to the Allies after Italy's surrender, he went to land an agent behind the German lines. The operation was completed, but on the way back the craft struck a mine and had to be abandoned.

Despite strenuous efforts to save themselves, Gallegos and the Italian crew, in their rubber dinghies, drifted on to the enemy shore. For the Italians, this would be a serious matter if it became known that they had been operating with the British so, to save their skins, the author disguised himself as an Italian rating.

The plan was that the Germans should be told they were escaping from the British and wanted to join the Fascist forces. But the Italian officer commanding the boat decided that his honour would not permit this deception and he confessed that he had been working with the Allies.

Inevitably, the whole crew was sentenced to death. If the author now admitted that he was a British officer, the fate of the whole crew—and his own—would certainly be sealed. On the other hand, if the death sen-



Adrian Gallegos. He escaped to Italy in a German troop train.

tences were revoked, it would be easier to escape as an Italian rating. He decided to retain his new identity.

The sentences were revoked, and the crew was sent off to Germany as prisoners-of-war.

For nearly a year, the author's life was a series of prisons, prison-camps and civilian labour camps, interleaved with escapes, recaptures and more escapes. He worked in factories, on a railway and in a tram depot. His identities were numerous—mostly Italian, but his French was good enough for him to pass for a time as a French corporal.

His aim was to get back into

Italy, and the most difficult barrier the Italy-Austrian frontier. At last, disguised as an Italian railwayman, he made it—in a German troop-train.

In Italy his intention was to join the partisans, an object not easy to achieve, since the partisans and their contacts were wary. To keep himself while trying to find the partisans, he worked with the German Todt organisation, building coast fortifications for the Germans, and acquired some knowledge of the defences, which came in very handy to the Allies later.

At last he was received, “an object of much suspicion,” by a band of partisans and brought into contact with a British liaison officer. Wireless messages to Allied headquarters confirmed his story and brought an order for him to be taken to the British lines.

The most impressive note in the author's story is his determination to get back into the war. Several times he could have stopped where he was, in fair safety and perhaps even some comfort, until the war was over. He was not to be tempted; the only place he wanted to stay was with the partisans, where he might do some fighting. As things were, he went back to Italy after leave in Britain, and was about to be parachuted into German-held territory when the Italian campaign came to an end.

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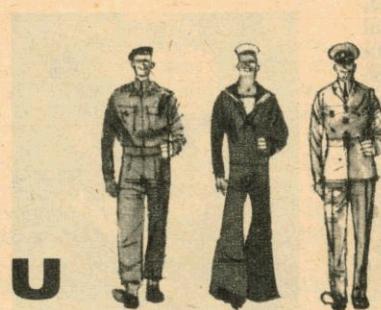
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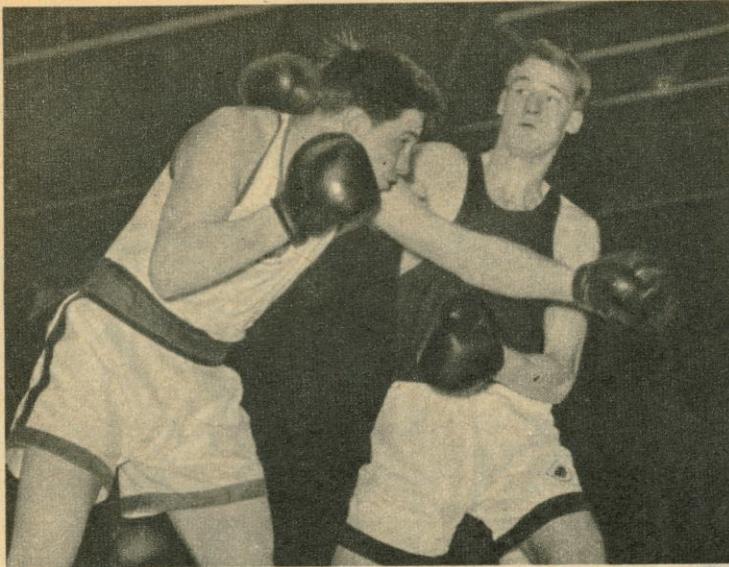
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Driver Monaghan (left), one of the Royal Army Service Corps' three title winners, misses with a left lead but ducks a right from his opponent, Moe Chippendale.

SEVEN TITLES FOR THE ARMY

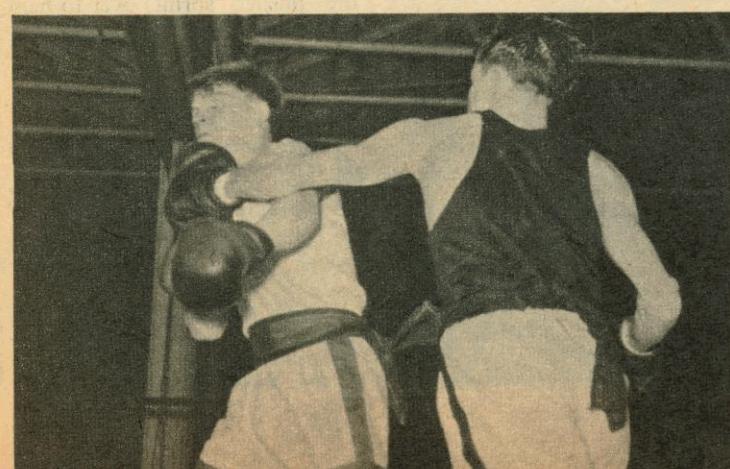
THE Army left the other two fighting Services in no doubt about its boxing supremacy at this year's Imperial Services championships. Soldiers won seven of the ten titles and were unlucky not to win an eighth.

It was a good night, too, for the Royal Army Service Corps whose three finalists all won handsomely. Driver J. Mallon had no difficulty beating M(E) T. Weeks, Royal Navy, in their flyweight bout; Driver Mick Greaves, featherweight, ran out an easy points winner over LAC H. Tarpey, RAF, and Driver W. Monaghan beat Marine G. Chippendale in the light-middleweight division.

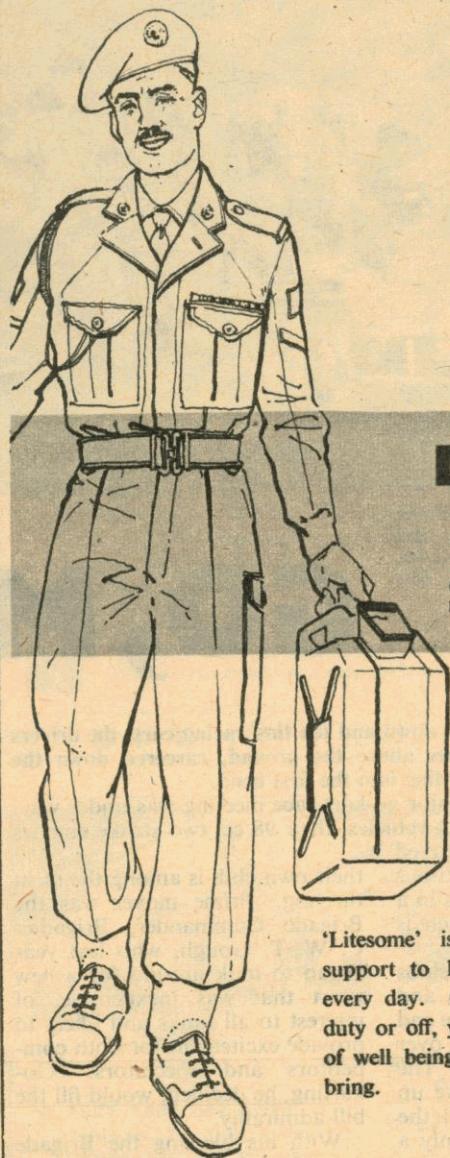
Lance-Sergeant L. Hobbs, of the Grenadier Guards, retained his heavyweight title by beating Marine R. Sanders.

Right: Corporal O'Connel (left) takes a blow to the face as he tries to get in at close quarters. O'Connel beat his naval opponent on points.

Wham! But Driver Mallon has his guard well up to ward off a long left from M(E) Weeks. Mallon won on points.



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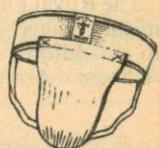
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Army units at home and overseas are taking up a new and thrilling "do it yourself" sport—go-kart racing. It's inexpensive and provides all the excitement of a motor-racing track



Competitors line up at Blandford, their "pushers" ready to go into action as the starter's flag goes down. Go-karts can be made for only £60.

GO, MAN, GO-BY GO-KART!

THE starter's flag went down and ten tiny racing cars, the drivers seated only two inches above the ground, careered down the straight and went skidding into the first bend.

The Army's first major go-kart race meeting was under way. For three hours the midget vehicles, their 98 cc, two-stroke engines

snarling like giant bees, whizzed round and round the tortuous track, thrilling the spectators in a new and exciting sport which is sweeping the country.

More and more go-kart clubs are springing up each week, and enthusiasts believe that by the end of this summer there will be over a thousand clubs in Britain. The Army has been quick to take up the sport for it provides all the thrills of motor racing at only a fraction of the cost. Already more than a dozen units have formed clubs, and the War Office has been asked to recognise karting as an official sport.

The Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers' Training Brigade at Blandford, claim to have pioneered Army go-karting, and

for more. "At present we have ten men for each kart," says the Brigade Major and club chairman, Major B. P. Walker. "The club provides all facilities, and participation in a kart meeting costs each member only five shillings."

Most of the early machines were made from do-it-yourself kits which cost about £65 each. But the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers have found that they can save about £20 on each machine by making their own frames.

The basic design is simple—a bodyless chassis of tubular steel, with a metal tray seat and a wheel at each corner. Power is supplied by a two-stroke engine with a sprocket-and-chain drive. The driver, in full racing kit, including crash helmet and goggles, has just two inches of space between the ground and the seat of his troussers, and from that position a speed

of 40 miles an hour on a twisting track seems exhilaratingly fast.

Some units have secured permission to use their parade grounds as tracks; others have laid down their own. At Blandford, the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers have built a track on top of a hill outside the camp. It is a third of a mile long, with two "hairpins" among its dozen bends and no straight stretch of more than 98 yards.

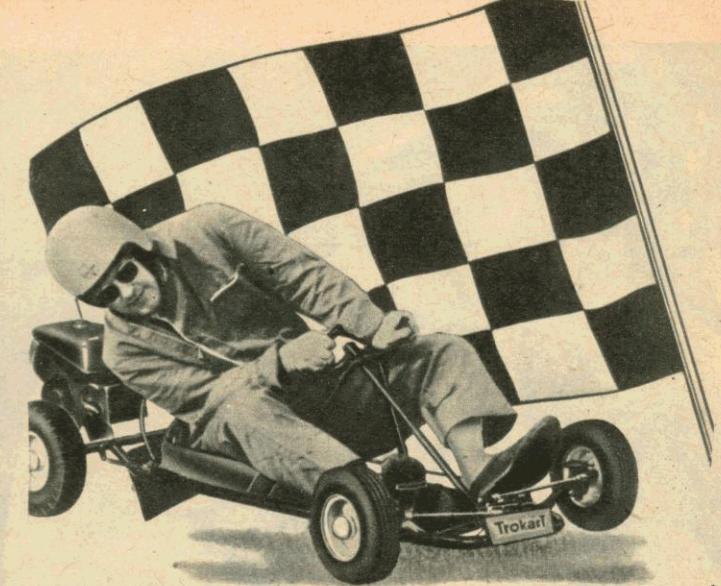
The Royal Automobile Club has assumed control of go-karting and has laid down regulations designed to prevent it from becoming too expensive, too dangerous or suitable only for experts. Safety rules are strict, although with a 50-inch wheelbase there is little chance of a machine turning over. Normally the worst that can happen is for a kart to spin like a top on the track.

There are four classes of kart—fitted with industrial or motorcycle engines of up to 100 and 200 cc. They are push-started and each machine has a two-man crew—the driver and his "pusher." If an engine stalls during a race the "pusher" sprints over to help re-start it.

Left: Stones fly and tyres scream as the go-karts race round a corner at 40 miles an hour. Note the bales of straw to catch "wild ones."

Right: The "pushers" rush to help their drivers restart engines after a pile-up. The drivers sit only two inches above the ground.

Sec-Lieut Dimmick refuels his home-made go-kart, the fastest machine on the Blandford circuit. He made it to his own design for £65.



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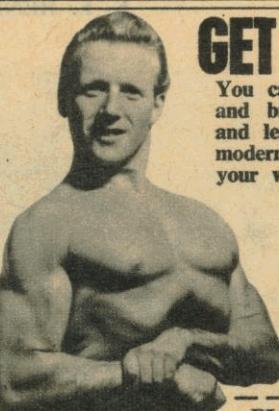


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Letters

THE PRIVATE
What is the origin of the rank "private" in the British Army and why are privates so-called?—J. Tovey, Aldrich Crescent, New Addington, Croydon, Surrey.

★ The rank of private dates back to the days of King Charles II who, on forming his first regular troops in 1660, appointed "private gentlemen" to serve in the Life Guards. It is therefore the most dignified and honourable rank in the Army.

In 1953 the rank of private in the South African Army was banned and replaced by the rank "rifleman." More recently a Member of Parliament, Captain R. E. Ryder VC, asked the War Minister to change the rank "private" in the British Army to "Infantryman" or "Trooper" which would be "more in keeping with modern conditions." No action was taken.

In the United States Army, private soldiers are called "enlisted men."

THE GENERALTY?

As the new all-Regular Army is to be streamlined and brought up to date what about starting at the top and giving the War Office a new name?

With the Admiralty and the Air Ministry there is no doubt what is meant and how they are employed, but the title "War Office" does not reveal that it is responsible for the Army.

Can anyone suggest a more appropriate name?—Sergeant C. Anderson, RASC, HQ Allied Forces Northern Europe.

★ What about The Army Office or the Land Forces Ministry? Has any reader any bright ideas?

GLOBETROTTER

Can any other National Serviceman beat the number of countries—22—which I visited during my 24 months' service with the 1st Battalion, The Royal Sussex Regiment, from September 1956 to September 1958?

On the way by air to Korea I visited Italy, Turkey, Iraq, Bahrain, Pakistan, India, Thailand, Singapore, North Borneo, Hong Kong, Okinawa, South and North Korea. Returning by trooper I called at Ceylon, in addition to Singapore and Hong Kong again, and while stationed in Gibraltar visited Spain, Portugal, Morocco and France. During the Iraq crisis I also visited Malta, Libya and Cyprus.

In addition to flying some 15,000 miles I went to sea in a cruiser, a destroyer, a frigate and a submarine. I had a wonderful time. National Service is a great institution.—Lieutenant M. G. Dougal, Royal Sussex Regiment, T.A., 99 Little Common Road, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex.

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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.

"A WONDERFUL WEAPON"

In your article "It was a Wonderful Weapon" (SOLDIER, April) Ceylon was omitted from the list of stations in which 3.7 anti-aircraft guns served.

In 1947/48, over a period of 18 months, I transported more than 40 of these guns from Fort Frederick at Trincomalee Naval Base to Colombo, most of the journey being through thick jungle. These 3.7s are now, I believe, with the Ceylon Artillery and are still used for training purposes.—RQMS F. Acres, RAOC, Central Vehicle Depot, Ashchurch, Glos.

It was pleasant to read in "Farewell to a Famous Gun" (SOLDIER, April) that the 3.7 anti-aircraft gun will continue to be used by the Territorial Army.

This is both right and proper as it was a TA unit—the 53rd City of London Anti-Aircraft Regiment, Royal Artillery—which was issued with the first 3.7 of the series manufactured by Vickers, and also the first to be made at the Royal Ordnance Factory, Nottingham.

No. 158 Battery (Grasshoppers) mobilised with two guns during the Munich crisis in 1938 and again at the outbreak of World War Two. Many of the subsequent modifications and improvements were the result of difficulties experienced by members of the 53rd during those early days.—G. W. Harris, 4 Rutherford Close, Stoneleigh, Ewell, Surrey.

GATLING GUN

I challenge the statement (Letters, April) that the record for fast firing is still held by the Gatling gun at 3000 rounds a minute.

This rate of fire was first achieved in 1893 by Dr. Gatling and was, in fact, deliberately slowed down to 3000 by the inventor. In 1945 an American, Lieut-Col. Melvin N. Johnson, fitted an electric feed to an 1886 Gatling gun and achieved a cyclic rate of fire of 5800 r.p.m. This in turn has been exceeded by the United States' 20 mm. "Vulcan," a six-barrel gun with a maximum rate of fire of 6000 rounds a minute.

The 20 m.m. "M39" revolver cannon, evolved from a Mauser design and used in Korea, was capable of 1600 rounds a minute through its single barrel. This gun was built on the revolving chamber principle adopted for machine-guns by the Germans in World War Two.—L/Corporal B. Prichard, 2nd Green Jackets, KRRC, Ballykinlar, Co. Down, N. Ireland.

"ICH DIEN"

Is the Welsh Brigade motto "Ich Dien" German or Gaelic, and what is its origin?—Corporal G. Dinsdale, ACC, BFPO 17.

★ The German motto "Ich Dien" ("I Serve") dates from the Battle of Crecy, OVER...

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A number of interesting vacancies have arisen for Installation Engineers for work in connection with data transmission systems. The appointments call for a practical knowledge of pulse techniques and some experience with transistors would be a distinct advantage. The vacancies will be of particular interest to ex-R.A.F. Ground Radar Fitters (c) and (R), Air Radar Fitters and Radar Mechanics of N.C.O. status.

A vacancy also exists for a Supervisor to assist in proving the above equipment. A similar grade of technical knowledge is necessary but the vacancy would be suitable for a more senior man. Experience with A.I.S. or I.E.M.E. would be valuable.

Both grades will have the opportunity for travel in this country to the sites at which the equipment is to be installed.

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Forms of application can be obtained from: T. J. Lunt, Staff Manager, Ferranti Limited, Hollinwood, Lancs. Please quote Ref. KLD.

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If you are between 19 and 30 years of age, not less than 5' 8" in height without foot-wear, of good health and character, write for full details to:

The Hon. Secretary, No. 4 District Recruiting Board,
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 Apply at once FED. MIL. LIAISON OFFICER, Rhodesia House, Strand, London, W.C.2

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS

Executive Class examination for ex-Forces candidates, June 1961 (Basic grade rises to £1,140); good promotion opportunities. Clerical Class examination for ex-Forces candidates, October 1960. Officer of Customs and Excise, 18-22, with allowance for Forces service (Basic grade rises to £1,285)—examination in March 1961; also Assistant Preventive Officer (Customs and Excise), 19-21, with allowance for Forces service—examination in February 1961.

Write to:
CIVIL SERVICE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
 10 STATION PARADE, BALHAM HIGH ROAD, LONDON S.W.12

more letters

1346, when it was adopted, together with the plume of three ostrich feathers, by the 17-year-old Prince of Wales (later to be known as the Black Prince), from the banner of the defeated King John of Bohemia.

However, James Grant, in his "British Battles," says that the triple plume was first adopted by Henry Stuart, son of James I of England and VI of Scotland.

KSLI RE-UNION

We propose to hold a re-union of the members of the 2nd Battalion, The King's Shropshire Light Infantry who served at Pembroke Dock and in the West Indies between 1937-42 but, because our record office was bombed, we have lost touch with many who are eligible.

Would all those who served with the 2nd Battalion please write to me, giving their regimental numbers and ranks and the dates during which they were with Battalion?—Major B. N. L. Fletcher, OC Regimental Depot, KSLI, Copthorne Barracks, Shrewsbury.

ZOUAVE JACKETS

With the attainment of independence by the former African Colonies the Zouave Jacket of the Royal West African Frontier Force will probably disappear from the military scene.

The Royal Sierra Leone Military Forces have now adopted a new standard type of Zouave Jacket for all arms, with the result that old jackets

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1. Turn-up of left trouser leg. 2. Shape of hole in right knee. 3. Flap of breast pocket. 4. Position of barber's customer. 5. Shape of small cactus. 6. Top centre curve of mirage. 7. Overhang of shop roof at right. 8. Position of stone near Sergeant's right hand. 9. Size of sun. 10. "N" in FRANK.

Puzzle Winners

The winner of SOLDIER's "What Is It?" competition (April) were:

1. Sgt G. Whitley, RAOC, att: Royal Air Force, BFPO 69. 2. TQMS Kingscott, 15/19 KR Hussars, Barnard Castle. 3. L/Cpl. Tovey, 22 SAS Regt., Bradbury Lines, Hereford. 4. WO 11 J. Meader, 7 G Block, Strensall Camp, York. 5. Sgt. Ayers, 1st The Queen's Dragoon Guards, BFPO 33. 6. Capt. A. Donald, 45 Commando, Royal Marines BFPO 51.

The correct answers were: 1. Bren gun. 2. LCT. 3. Corporal. 4. Saladin. 5. SAS Regiment badge. 6. Grenadier Guards' tunic.

are now available for disposal.

Regimental or corps museums (or private collectors) who would like to obtain jackets to illustrate the long link of the British Army with West Africa, should write to the Officer Commanding Ordnance Depot, RSLMF, Freetown, Sierra Leone.—Captain R. B. Fairweather, HQ Royal Sierra Leone Military Forces, Freetown.

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SOLDIER



PAT BLAIR (M.G.M.)
in *The Gazebo*