


SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE
MARCH 1955  NINEPENCE



THE DRUM MAJOR

See Page 10

Colour Photograph by SOLDIER Cameraman
W. J. STIRLING

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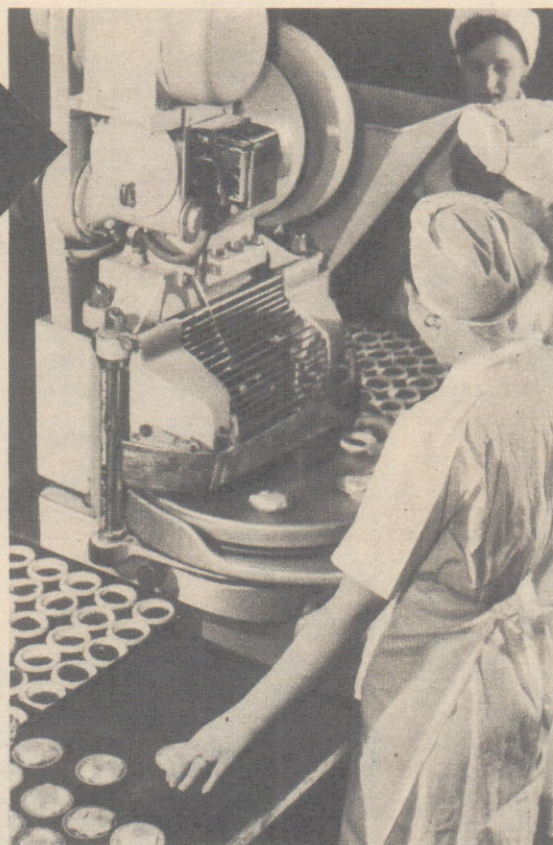
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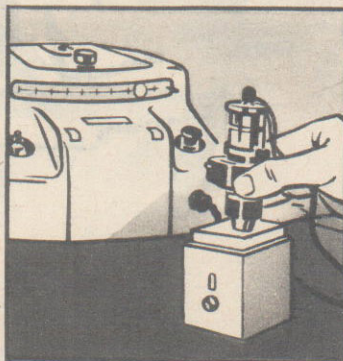
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E/11/2C/O.S.55

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of
the bank*

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WHAT IS THE IDEAL ARMY?

ON its tenth birthday, **SOLDIER** finds it good to be alive. This could be a moment for preening; but the time will be better spent in considering, not the state of **SOLDIER**, but the state of the Army after ten years' "peace."

When these words are printed, the Army may already have heard momentous news about its future. A Government statement on defence, keenly awaited, was expected to herald a big reorganisation of the fighting Services. In any event, it was clear from the recent decision to break up Anti-Aircraft Command that the strategy of defence was being fundamentally re-planned. The Army's next ten years are likely to be very different from those just past.

What is the ideal Army?

In the taxpayer's eye, it is a hard-sinewed, strict-disciplined, highly mobile, scientifically armed fighting force, with an imperceptible "tail." It is served by brave and alert bachelors who are in it for love, not money. They are content to dwell indefinitely in deserts and jungles. They can be relied on to defeat odds of five to one with traditional nonchalance.

In the soldier's eye, the ideal Army is also a hard-sinewed, strict-disciplined, highly mobile, scientifically armed fighting force, served by the brave and alert; but there the comparison falters. The soldier also wants his Army to be one in which he can make a real career, live a married life and educate his children—and perhaps learn a trade against the day when he retires on pension. All this, and adventure too.

Obviously every Army must be a compromise between these conflicting demands. But in the last ten years the Army has been called on to make far more compromises than those just indicated. Think of the clamorous demands for its services—to occupy ex-enemy territories; to hunt down terrorists in half-a-dozen lands; to garrison the old, familiar rocks; to fight under UNO; to lend men to NATO. As a result the Army has been unable to concentrate on its major role, which is to reorganise itself into that compact, balanced fighting force.

Though it has pulled out of many lands—from the Khyber Pass to the Adriatic, from Burma to the Bahamas—the Army is still strewn over four continents, with tens of thousands of men permanently in the "pipeline." To meet its commitments, it has had to fill its ranks with National Servicemen, who—make no mistake—have lived up to its best traditions, and who in many ways have been an excellent in-

SOLDIER to Soldier

fluence on the Army. But the fact remains that the constant training of these National Servicemen has distracted the Army still further from its main function.

Yet, with all these inconveniences, with all its imperfections, the British Army is in better shape than it has ever been ten years after a major war. In the good old days, every great war was followed by a hasty and often contemptuous rundown of the victorious forces. Battalions inexhaustible in war were sucked dry in peace, officers were "axed" or put on half-pay. Those forces suffered to remain were snubbed, neglected, posted overseas to expensive garrisons. This worried nobody's conscience until the next "flap" started, which was never long. At one shameful period in her history, Britain im-

ported German troops to defend her own shores from invasion, instead of spending much-needed money on her own forces. In the past ten years, however, Britain has spent huge sums on her fighting men, a big proportion of whom (by a suitable irony) are stationed in Germany.

Traditionally, after a great war, the Army has been fair game for any politician seeking a quick, cheap reputation. Of old, the bogey of Cromwell and his major-generals who went round screwing the necks of fighting cocks and shutting down race meetings, was conjured up as a warning of what happens when an Army has too much influence. Later politicians found it convenient to forget the rout of Napoleon at Waterloo and remember the rout of the demonstrators at Peterloo. "Cut the forces!" was the easiest cry of all.

After World War Two, things worked out differently. Neither political party was willing to run down the Army below a high safety mark. The cold war, for one thing, prevented it; and in that cold war the British Army set a fine example of calm and resolution. A hot war—in Korea—also prevented it; and in that hot war the British Army added lustre to its record. But what further prevented the run-down—and reorganisation—of the Army was the ever-recurring need to employ it on "savage

warfare" (as the historians used to call it). Two hundred years ago British troops had to turn from the Prussian-style warfare of Flanders and adapt themselves to hunting bloodthirsty Red Indians in Canadian forests. Early last century, British troops turned again from the battlefields of Europe and moved to the jungles and wildernesses of India, where Amirs pricked out each other's eyeballs and lowered their victims into boiling oil. So, in this last decade the troops victorious on the "civilised" battlefields of Europe were obliged to learn once again the technique of flushing evildoers from the more matted parts of the earth's surface—terrorists from the Malay jungles and murder bands from the bamboo thickets of Kenya. It looks as though there will always be a job of this kind for the British soldier.

In these ten years, the Army has fought, pacified, patrolled and policed. But it has done much more. It has administered, succoured, educated, even entertained; it has trained other armies; it has run factories, operated ports and railways, flown aircraft, built scores of bridges, helped in fire, flood and earthquake; it has taught hygiene as well as heroism.

This diffusion of activities has at least helped to keep the Army out of a rut. It has also served to raise **OVER**

SOLDIER is Ten Years Old

Launched in March, 1945, in Brussels, as a magazine for the British Liberation Army, **SOLDIER** is now the magazine of the British Army as a whole



Left: The cover of the first issue, price two francs (Belgian).

Right: Good wishes to **SOLDIER** from Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery.

we soldiers know well that without their efforts we could have achieved little.

We send friendly greeting to the soldiers of the Allied nations fighting with us.

And to our families and friends in the home countries we send a very special word of greeting.

I have often wished "Good luck" to soldiers.

I do so now to "**SOLDIER**".

B. L. Montgomery.

Field-Marshal,
21 Army Group.

SOLDIER to Soldier *continued*

the Army's prestige, which now stands higher in Britain than ever in its history. Though educationalists still complain about men "fiddling about in the Army" (sometimes, alas, with justice), most of the old, crude prejudices have gone. Today, with full employment in Britain, no one can sneer at the soldier as someone who has joined up to get out of the cold, or to make sure of a square meal. The Army casts a wide net, and anyone who despises the soldier is in the position of despising the boy next door—or his own boy.

With it all, the country has lost some of its silly prejudice against "militarism." The soldier is not looked on as an insensitive clod paid to do the dirty work, leaving his betters free to sell cabbages and cuckoo-clocks. Respect for British generalship is far higher than it was a generation ago. Ten years after the first world war, it is worth remembering, the country was wallowing in a wave of pacifism and defeatism, and the soldier was next thing to a knave, an assassin. Today the nation's morale, like that of the Army, is good: unaggressive, but unafraid.

It is perhaps a sign of the Army's confidence in itself that it can look with calm on a tour of military camps by Members of Parliament with ears open for grievances. At any other time this could have provoked a blazing row. Shades of the eighteenth century, when all ranks in the Army complained direct to politicians about their lot! The effect on discipline was deplorable, as even Parliament at last realised. Today the gulf of distrust between politicians and the military has shrunk. The Army attitude is: "If they want to ask questions, let them. We have nothing to hide."

Every sensible man, politician or soldier, wants to see an efficient, contented Army, an Army with the maximum punch and the minimum of boredom and frustration. He wants to see full employment, not only in civil life, but in military life. He does not measure the value of an army by its sheer magnitude, or by the number of lands in which it is to be found, or by its good works. He measures it by its fitness for its main task.

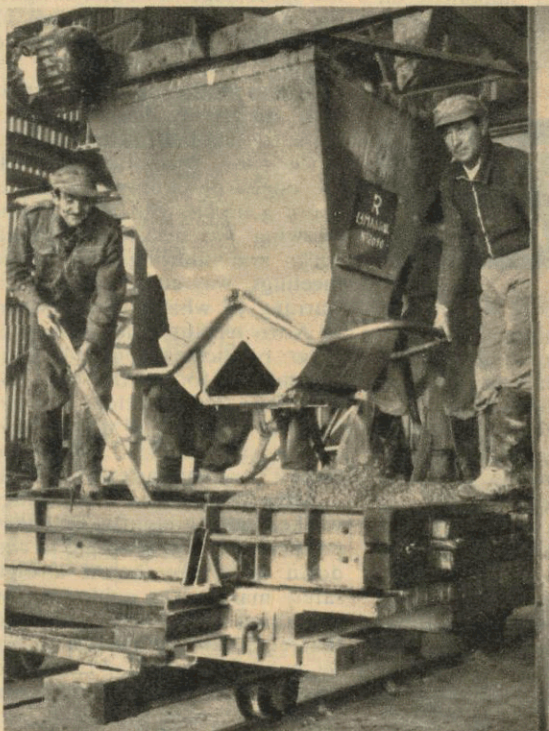
At this day, Her Majesty's ministers have a highly unenviable task in trying to forecast the shape of wars to come, and the best ways to wage them. In the British Army, they know by now, they have a potent and versatile force which will never be found wanting, so long as its weapons are not found wanting.

It is the finest army in the world, and SOLDIER looks forward to reflecting its activities during the next ten years—whatever the new roles of the British soldier may be.



This is the first of a series of features on Middle East garrisons by SOLDIER Staff Writer E. J. Grove and Senior Cameraman W. J. Stirling. They have been visiting Cyprus, scene of big building projects by the Army, Egypt and North Africa.

THE ARMY BUILDS



EPISKOPI and Dhekelia. These are the names which will be bywords in the Army of tomorrow. (Inevitably, they will be spelled and pronounced in many different ways.)

Episkopi and Dhekelia are the sites of new cantonments in Cyprus—military towns which will set a new standard for the British Army in the Middle East.

Episkopi will provide a home for the Middle East's joint Army, Navy and Air Force headquarters. Dhekelia will house the permanent garrison of Cyprus.

Each cantonment will be set on the side of a hill with a picture postcard view of the Mediterranean. Each will have its own shops, schools, churches, hospitals, clubs, married quarters, playing fields and lido.

Soldiers will live four or eight to a room in barrack blocks specially designed for sub-tropical conditions, with electric fans in summer and electric fires in winter. The soldier who goes to Cyprus from the Canal Zone will find himself surrounded not by barbed wire and endless sand but by lemon and orange trees and exotic flowering shrubs.

The Army's building project in Cyprus will cost not far short of £30,000,000. It will not be completed until probably 1959, although as permanent buildings become available the



On the Episkopi site is a factory which makes sections of Cyprus Huts. Above, left: a section is compressed. Below: it is hoisted into position.



Left: Cypriot Auxiliary Police guard the gates of Dhekelia.

Centre: Lance-Corporal G. Tonge tests concrete building blocks under pressure.

... and sieves soil to make a chemical test.

TWO ISLAND TOWNS

Army will move into them from its present temporary quarters in the island.

The work is being carried out mainly by civilian contractors working under Sapper supervision to War Office plans. It will take longer to complete than is normal because of a shortage of skilled labour and a limit placed on the amount of money to be spent each year for fear of upsetting the island's economy.

When Britain agreed to evacuate the Canal Zone by June 1956 the problem of finding accommodation for the troops who were destined for Cyprus meant that much time and money had to be spent on erecting temporary buildings, most of which will eventually be replaced by permanent ones. In the last year hundreds of Nissen huts for offices and concrete-floored tents have been erected.

Many families are living in temporary quarters called Cyprus Huts—a Sapper invention. These are built of concrete plus corrugated asbestos and fibre board, and have built-in refrigerators, electric fires and cupboards. Cavity walls and an outside coating of aluminium paint make them cool in summer and warm in winter.

Originally it was planned to build only one new cantonment to house a brigade group at Dhekelia in the south of the island. When it was known that the British Army would have

to leave Egypt a new home had to be found for Middle East Headquarters. The choice fell on Cyprus and a site was selected on the tree-studded hills at Episkopi near the ruins of the ancient city of Curium, 50 miles from Dhekelia as the crow flies.

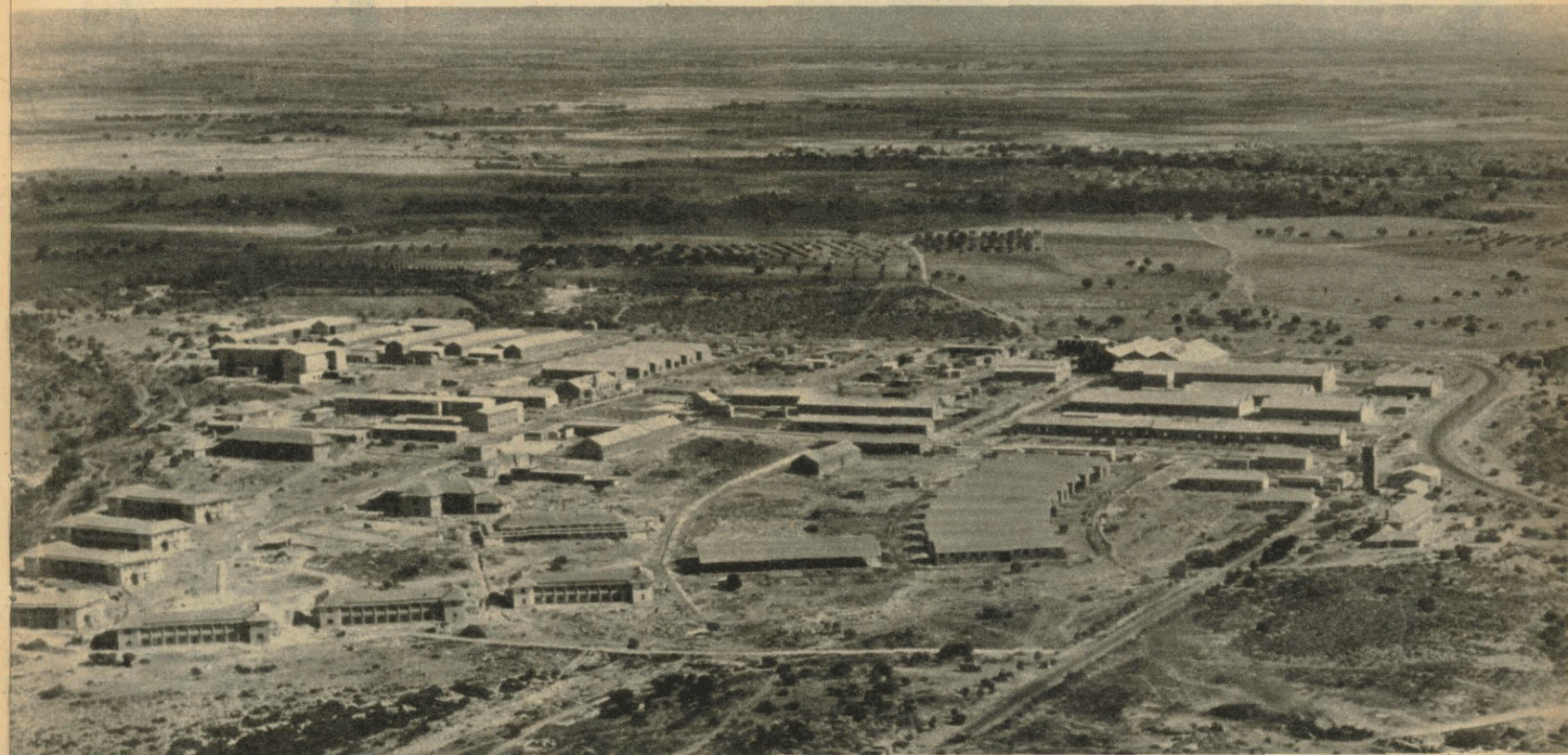
The new headquarters town at Episkopi will cost about £16,000,000 and will become the fourth largest town in Cyprus. There will be six three-story office blocks, five permanent officers' messes, 400 married quarters, two schools, churches, canteens and a hospital. Nearly 20 miles of roads will serve the town. Electricity will come from a power station already built by the Sappers. Four miles from the headquarters site work has begun on laying out playing fields and a stadium in "Happy Valley," the only sizeable piece of flat ground in the area.

To speed building it was recently decided to construct all the offices and married quarters of prefabricated concrete panels made on the site by a firm of British contractors. Concrete is poured into wooden frames, leaving spaces for doors and windows which are fitted before being sent to the building site. In this way more use can be made of unskilled labour. If experiments are successful other types of buildings may be put up by this method.

The siting of the buildings at **OVER**



Sappers survey a new road which will lead to a married quarters site.



An aerial view of the new military cantonment at Dhekelia, on the southern shores of Cyprus.

THE ARMY BUILDS TWO ISLAND TOWNS

Continued

Episkopi has given the Sappers many headaches, not the least of which has been brought on by the need to avoid destroying or damaging trees (a Cypriot can be fined £25, or even sent to prison, for cutting down a tree). Where destruction of trees has been unavoidable the Army has planted new ones.

The first soldiers have now moved into the new cantonment at Dhekelia, where the administration area containing stores sheds, garages, office blocks and a few barrack blocks has been completed. Work has begun on a six-story hospital and a start will soon be made on 300 married quarters.



These sub-tropical style barrack-blocks will be home for the men of the Dhekelia garrison. They will live four to eight in a room.



One of the new sergeants' messes nearing completion at Dhekelia. Below: Another unconventional building style: an officers' mess.

As the need to provide office and living accommodation is more urgent, the erection of the amenities buildings will be left to last.

When the camp is completed it will house three Infantry battalions, an Artillery regiment, a field ambulance and the administrative units necessary for a brigade and its headquarters. As well as clubs for officers, sergeants and junior ranks there will be an education centre, three schools, two churches and a town centre with NAAFI and civilian shops, a cinema, a bank and a post office. The cantonment will be well equipped with playing fields, tennis courts, miniature rifle ranges and indoor courts for badminton, squash and basket ball.

Thousands of trees and shrubs have been planted in the married quarters areas.

**A later article will tell how an Infantry battalion became "spidermen" on a building project at Larnaca; and how Sappers tackled the problems of laying a cross-country water pipe-line.*



"And what's for you, dear?"



Off duty: soldiers at Dhekelia search for crabs in the seashore pools.



The reward of a three-year course: the conductor's baton.

At Kneller Hall she learned the French horn.

The Army's first woman Director of Music is also one of the youngest

SHE PLAYS—AND TEACHES—TEN INSTRUMENTS

THIS year the Military Band of the Women's Royal Army Corps has been appearing in public under the direction of Captain Jean MacDowall, the first woman director of music in the Army.

Captain MacDowall underwent the three-year bandmaster's course at the Army School of Music at Kneller Hall. Competing against 42 men students she passed out as the outstanding student of the course, a feat which won her the Worshipful Company of Musicians' silver medal.

When she took up her duties as Director of Music of the Women's Royal Army Corps Military Band, she replaced Captain F. Pollard, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, who had been the band's director of music since its formation in 1949. At 34, Captain MacDowall is one of the youngest directors of music ever appointed.

On the outbreak of World War Two Captain MacDowall, while a student at the Royal Academy of Music, gave up her studies in the piano and violin to join the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry as a driver. After 18 months she was commissioned in the Auxiliary Territorial Service.

It was not until 1942, when she became an administrative officer in Aberdeen, that she found the



A little "oompah" on the tuba. Left: A little more on the trombone.

opportunity to revive her interest in music. Then she lectured to her company on musical appreciation. The lectures were a big success, and before long Captain MacDowall formed an all-girls choir.

In 1945 Captain MacDowall married, left the Army and settled down to become a housewife. She also became the mother of two children.

Then in 1949 her husband died. Captain MacDowall decided to rejoin the Army. Soon afterwards she was accepted as a Regular officer in the Women's Royal Army Corps.

Not long after she was posted to the Corps recruiting centre at Liphook she again formed an all-girls choir and also a small orchestra, which attracted much attention. In 1951 Captain MacDowall was asked whether she would like to take the bandmaster's course at Kneller Hall, with a view to becoming Director of Music of the Women's Royal



Army Corps Military Band.

"No woman had ever been on this course before and I was a bit scared," Captain MacDowall told SOLDIER. "Then I thought that if a man could do it so could a woman. So I said, 'Yes'." It was a decision which made military band history.

For three years at Kneller Hall Captain MacDowall was the only woman among 250 men. "I was frightened to death at first, but everyone was so kind and helpful that I soon settled down," she said.

During the course, the most comprehensive in music in the country, Captain MacDowall had to learn, among other things, how to play the ten principal instruments which make up a military band: the flute, bassoon, oboe, clarinet, saxophone, French horn, cornet, trombone, euphonium and bass. She can now teach recruits on any of these instruments.

Captain MacDowall also learned the technique of conducting, how to score music and write it. Several times during the course she was chosen to conduct the Kneller Hall band at public concerts.

She has also appeared on television.



Above: She plays the saxophone. Right: The cornet. Below: The violin—for pleasure.



You need skill, poise and confidence to be a drum-major.
The crowd applaud, but secretly hope you drop the staff

SWAGGER

THE ART OF THE DRUM-MAJOR



It couldn't happen in the Guards: the high toss, seen in a tattoo at Trieste.

SHOULD a drum-major throw his staff into the air, as he struts proudly in front of the music?

"No," say the Guards and some other regiments. "It's not elegant."

"Yes," say the rest. "It's all part of the show."

The War Office lays down the signals a drum-major makes with his staff and how it shall be carried or trailed—this for the sake of uniformity when several drum-majors are on parade with massed bands or corps of drums. The rest is up to the drum-major, as modified by regimental customs and the orders of his commanding officer.

So a drum-major may twirl his staff to the right, to the left, in front of him and behind him, swing it upside down and, of course, toss it high into the air and catch it. (If he fails to catch it on parade, the least he can expect is to buy drinks all round in the sergeants' mess. A missed catch cost one drum-major of SOLDIER's acquaintance £3 10s in this way—at pre-war prices. Misses at rehearsals do not count.)

But there is no fancy stuff in the Guards. Drum-Major Kenneth Wynne, of the 3rd Battalion Coldstream Guards, told SOLDIER: "When you are guard-mounting, you have to keep your mind on what you are doing, on the music and where you are going. If you are concentrating on your staff, you wouldn't know which guard you were leading."

Drum-Major Wynne gave two other substantial reasons for the Guard's conservatism. One is the gold-brocaded tunic which, with a brocaded sash (symbol of a Guards drum-major's appointment as a member of the Royal Household), is worn on State occasions. The tunic and sash are so heavy that it would be exhausting, if not impossible, to



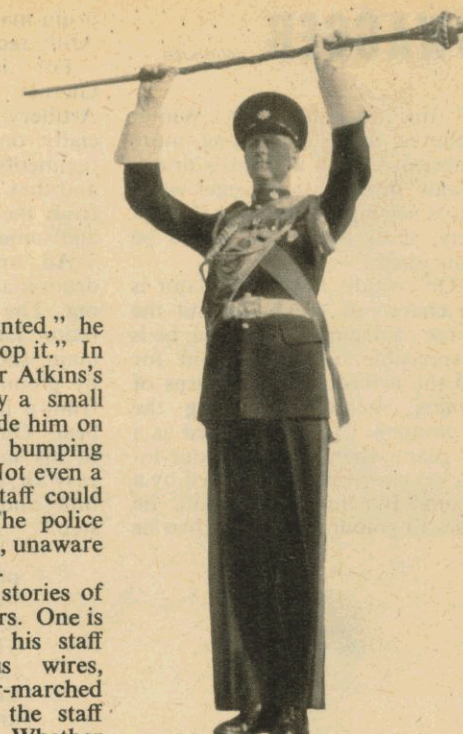
Drum-major C. Atkins, 1st Cheshires (he is on SOLDIER's cover) demonstrates his staff-work. Below: "Halt."



The twirl.



"Left Wheel."



Warning to stop playing.

give an energetic display with the staff. The second reason is the bearskin, worn on other ceremonial occasions, which would be in the way.

The Guards drum-majors confine their staff-work to the essential signals, the "carry" and "trail" which are laid down in the manual of ceremony, and to the "swagger-walk." This is a four-pace drill in which the point of the staff is put to the ground and the top is circled across the body. It is a handsome movement, in either quick or slow time, but tricky because, without plenty of practice, the staff is liable to foul the drum-major's leg.

One of the men who make full use of the staff is Drum-Major Charles Atkins of the 1st Battalion The Cheshire Regiment. Drum-Major Atkins was a Coldstream Guards drum-major in the 1930s and later trumpet-major in the Royal Tank Regi-

ment. His reason for giving the full drum-major's show is: "The spectators want it."

"A good drum-major can get away with a bad corps of drums," he told SOLDIER. "I was judging a competition in which there was one good corps of drums with a poor drum-major and a bad corps of drums with a good drum-major. No points were to be given for the drum-major, so naturally I gave the prize to the good corps of drums. The audience booed me."

Drum-Major Atkins had recently returned from a tour of 16 marches through Cheshire towns, in the course of which spectators on the pavement repeatedly urged him, "Chuck it in the air!"

"What they really wanted," he said, "was to see me drop it." In one town, Drum-Major Atkins's style was cramped by a small child who rode alongside him on a tricycle, repeatedly bumping into his leg and staff. Not even a gentle push with the staff could move the offender. The police escort was riding ahead, unaware of what was happening.

There are plenty of stories of the feats of drum-majors. One is reputed to have had his staff tangle in trolley-bus wires, whereupon he counter-marched his band and caught the staff when it released itself. Whether the trolley-bus wires were short-circuited is not stated. Another is said to have missed catching his staff while marching on grass. The staff came down point first and stuck upright in the ground. The drum-major marched on until the band was clear of the staff, then counter-marched the band and recovered the staff in passing. The spectators thought it was part of the show and applauded so loudly that the drum-major incorporated the act in his repertoire.

An eye-witness of two legendary feats is Mr. J. Winter, of Henry Potter and Co., the London drum-makers. Before World War Two, Mr. Winter saw a drum-major of the Royal Marines throw his staff over the arch of the Jubilee Gate at the Royal Marines' depot at Deal

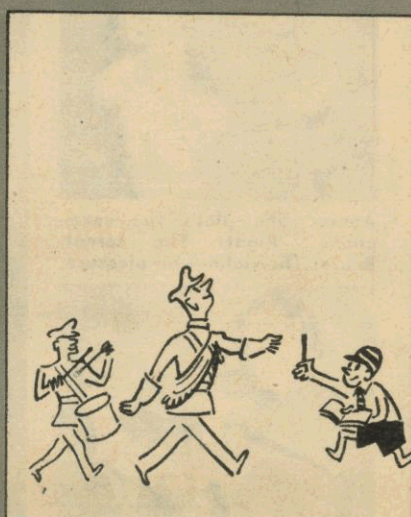
and catch it on the other side. The Royal Marines estimate this gate is 20 to 25 feet high and say that a similar performance used to take place in Portsmouth.

Mr. Winter also recalls a spectacular performance between wars by the boy drum-majors at the Royal Air Force Camp at Halton. Four of them paraded in a row. As they marched at the head of the musicians, the outer two threw their staffs to each other, right across the parade, then the inner two threw their staffs outward, to be caught by the outer men.

Though he was himself a drum-major—in the Queen's Royal Regiment— and knows

OVER

Drum-Major Atkins, his staff at the "Carry," leads his corps of drums at Colchester.



all the flourishes, Mr. Winter believes there is nothing more impressive than a Guards drum-major doing his swagger-walk. "It is so stately," he says. "Any way, staffs are not made to be flourished."

On parade, the drum-major is in charge of the band and the corps of drums. Off parade, he is responsible to the adjutant for all the activities of the corps of drums, including training the drummers. He is appointed as a sergeant when he wears four inverted chevrons surmounted by a drum. By time promotion, he rises to colour-sergeant, when he



Dignity in State dress: Drum-major K. Wynne, 3rd Battalion Coldstream Guards.

wears a small crown above the drum, and then to warrant officer class two, when he replaces the small crown with a bigger one. Traditionally among the smartest men in the regiment, drum-majors quite often become regimental sergeant-majors—a promotion which drum-majors as a class look on as a mixed blessing. A regimental sergeant-major who has been a drum-major himself is likely to have ideas on the subject and demand that they be carried out.

Drum-majors were originally appointed to ensure that drummers beat in the correct time—which is still their duty. At one time there was a Drum-major General of England, without whose licence nobody, except the King's troops, might beat a drum. The appointment of

drum-major general appears in Army records from time to time.

For long, only the Foot Guards, and later the Royal Artillery, had drum-majors officially on establishment. Other regiments nevertheless had them and they were paid by stoppages from the pay of the drummers, and sometimes the captains.

An order of 1810 put the drum-major on an official footing. The following year, a regulation laid down that a drum-major should train his drummers by plummet (a weight swinging from a line) to obtain a regular beat. On the march the motion of his staff should be, "with an easy air, one round, so as to keep time, and plant it at every fourth step."

In the days of corporal punishment, it was customary for the drummers to carry out the flogging. The drum-major saw that the victim was securely tied, counted the strokes and watched that they were vigorous enough. He was also responsible that the "cat" had its full complement of tails and no knots. Some pernickety officers would have him sort out left-handed from right-handed drummers when he detailed them for flogging duties. With a left-handed drummer on one side and a right-handed drummer on the other, the lashes were liable to fall into the same weals.

A guide to all drum-majors was a manual published in 1817, "The Art of Beating the Drum," by Samuel Potter, "Head Drum-Major in the Coldstream Regiment of Foot Guards." It has been re-published several times since. Samuel Potter, in 1810, founded the firm which now employs Mr. Winter, and under Mr. Winter's guidance a new edition of Samuel's manual is about to make its appearance.

Mr. Winter also composes and arranges music for drums.

Besides making drums, Henry Potter and Co. make drum-majors' staffs. The official issue staffs are of Malacca cane, with brass head and ferrule. On the head go the regimental battle-honours and badge in silver. Below the point of balance, a plaited chain surrounds the cane. More elaborate presentation staffs are made in sterling silver and fire-gilt. Wooden-headed staffs are used for practice.

The weight of a staff is usually four or five pounds, but a large number of battle-honours will put up the weight appreciably. At least one unit possesses an elaborate staff made abroad and presented to it by a foreign regiment. It has only one disadvantage: it is too heavy for use.

RICHARD ELLEY

He thought soldiers should wear nightcaps, but—

'Hair is the Shame of a Man'

"It is very difficult to make an Englishman at any time look like a soldier. He is fond of longish hair and uncut whiskers . . . Hair is the glory of a woman, but the shame of a man."

This is not a belated entry into the recent controversy in SOLDIER on hair-styles for the Army. It is an extract from "The Soldier's Pocket-Book," written by Colonel Sir Garnet Wolseley, and first published in 1869. Colonel (later Lord) Wolseley spent a lifetime trying to reform the Army.

At that time there was no official manual as a guide to active service. Colonel Wolseley decided to write his own.

His 340 closely printed pages were a store of detailed information on any and every active service problem, whether it concerned camels or cavalry, snake bites or floating bridges. Nothing seemed too trivial to mention if it was likely to affect the soldier's welfare and so contribute to the furtherance of a campaign. In the index appears the entry "Nightcaps," and on the relevant page appears this note: "I have always found it a good plan to sleep in a woollen cap of some sort; I would like to see one served out to every soldier to be carried in his shako."

One section of the book is devoted to the tactical side of warfare, not forgetting the classic art of forming square to resist cavalry.

Although such a book is heavily dated today, it does drive home enduring truths:

"The soldier is a peculiar animal that can alone be brought to the highest efficiency by inducing him to believe that he belongs to a regiment which is infinitely superior to the others around him."

"In an army, praise is the greatest of all moral levers, if administered with discrimination."

"The only rewards that are justly our due are the gratitude of our country and the praise of our superiors."

Colonel Wolseley was in advance of his day in many of his opinions. "Let us sink as far as possible the respective titles of officers, sergeants and



Author of a famous pocket-book for soldiers: Lord Wolseley.

privates, merging them into the one great cognomen of soldier, causing all ranks to feel that it is a noble title of which the general as well as the private may well be proud."

Some high officers read this with mixed feelings.

Colonel Wolseley put his finger on another sore spot—the Army's lack of an intelligence service and a reluctance to traffic with spies.

"As a nation we are bred up to feel it is a disgrace even to succeed by falsehood; the word 'spy' conveys something as repulsive as 'slave': we will keep hammering along with the conviction that 'honesty is the best policy', and that truth always wins in the long run. These pretty little sentences do well for a child's copy-book, but the man who acts upon them in war had better sheathe his sword for ever."

The writer was one of the first to urge tea as an Army drink. It was better for discipline. And he advised: "If the men do not receive rum, the use of wine in camp by officers should be given up."

The War Office were none too happy over a serving soldier publishing a manual like this. Had it not been for the intervention of Mr. Cardwell, the Secretary for War, Colonel Wolseley would have found it difficult to secure further military employment when he returned from his successful command of the Red River Expedition in 1871.

Official displeasure did not, however, prevent "The Soldier's Pocket-Book" from running into many editions. It was the forerunner of "Field Service Regulations," later the familiar "Field Service Pocket Book." **L. AIREY**

Going down . . . the recently planted hutments, with their circular entrance hatches.



PATTERN for a COLD WAR

THE Nissen hut was one thing. The sinking Nissen hut is something else again.

This engineering novelty has been devised by the United States Army for housing soldiers on Arctic duty. It is designed to sink gradually into the soft snow of the northern wastelands, at a controlled rate of several feet a year, until completely submerged. Blizzards will then howl above unregarded.

Entry into these hutments is made through hatches which extend as required. Down below men live in a temperature of 72 degrees, even though the temperature outside may be 75 degrees below.

Each installation has sleeping quarters, mess hall and recreation room. Corridors are unheated in order to lower the over-all temperature of the "camp," thus preventing it sinking too rapidly.

The installation shown in these pictures was designed by United States Army engineers to house members of a meteorological team now stationed in Greenland under a defence agreement with Denmark.

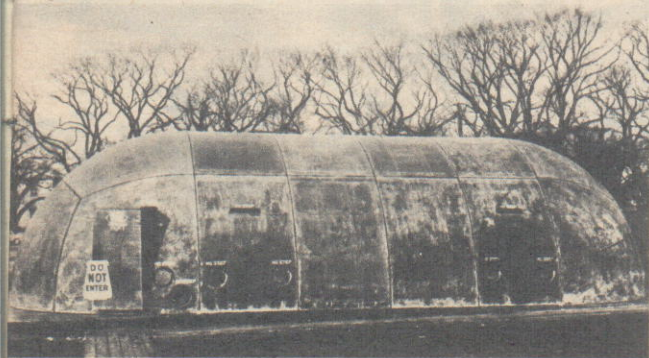
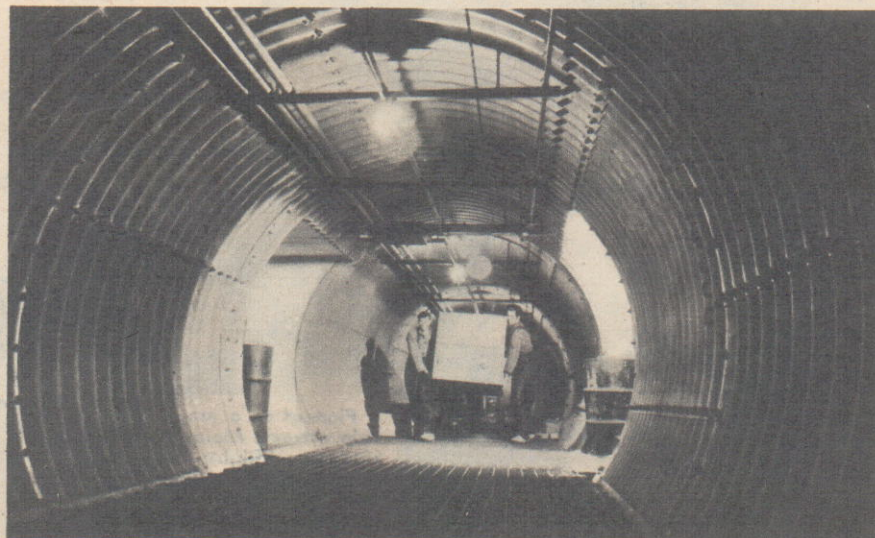
The United States Marines have also produced a new cold climate hut: the fibre-glass igloo. It is 20 feet wide and can be extended from 20 to 60 feet. Six men can erect it in 45 minutes. It has its own heating plant for winter and air-conditioning plant for summer.

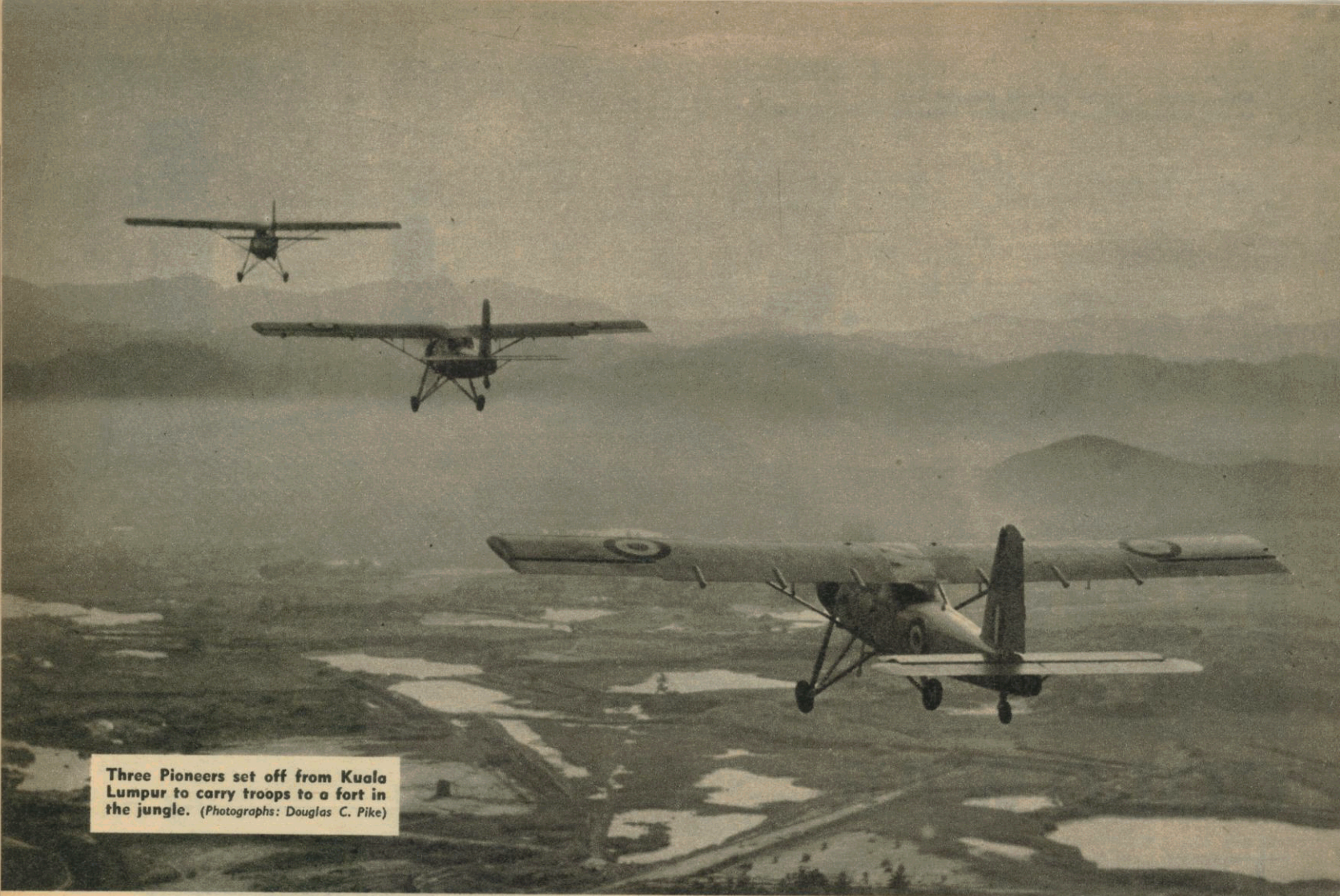
Tailpiece: The Americans have also experimented with a cold-weather hut which can be dropped from the air.

Fibre-glass igloo produced by the United States Marines.



Kitchen in the ice-cap, and (below) bringing in parachuted supplies.





Three Pioneers set off from Kuala Lumpur to carry troops to a fort in the jungle. (Photographs: Douglas C. Pike)



Coaching aborigine children in a new game: Trooper P. Walker.

AIRBORNE IN 80 YARDS

MALAYA

ROUND-UP

FRIENDS WITH THE ABORIGINES



A Pioneer on a jungle strip attracts Malay villagers. Right: A "pay-load" of fully-equipped troops waits to climb on board.

SOLDIERS operating in the Malayan jungle now have the benefit of an aerial "taxi service" provided by the Prestwick Pioneer.

The Pioneer, the only aircraft made in Scotland, can carry four fully-equipped jungle soldiers. It can operate to any part of Malaya from Kuala Lumpur without refuelling. Pilots belong to the Royal Air Force.

A landing strip only 160 yards long is enough for the Pioneer, which has an astonishing rate of climb. Half this length is enough for normal landing or take-off; the other 80 yards is for emergencies.

At most of the jungle forts Pioneer strips are being built. A *padang*, the "village green" boasted by most Malayan towns and villages, makes an excellent landing-strip; so does a golf-course.

The Pioneer has carried, besides troops, Staff officers, generals, police, casualties and aborigines. More Pioneers are to be sent to Malaya for the Services.

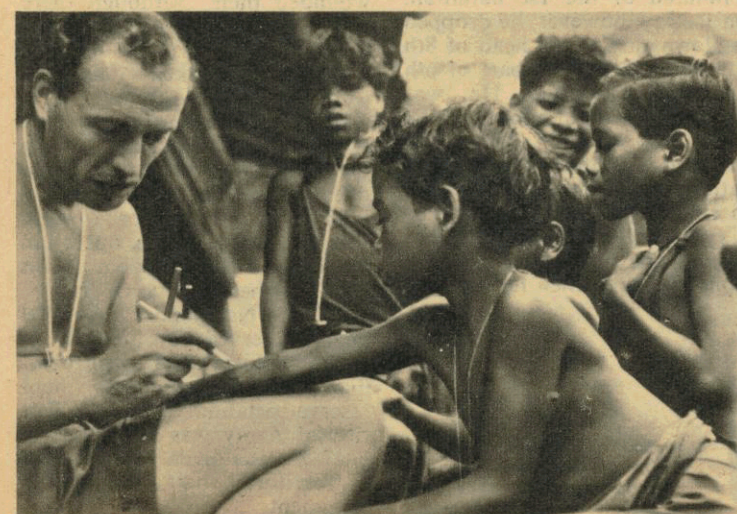


ACROSS Malaya, a liking for football and toffees among the children of Chinese, Malays and aborigines marks where British soldiers have been establishing friendly relations.

Among the latest to acquire these tastes are the Semai Senoi aborigines who live in the jungles of North-West Pahang. They were recently visited by a party of the Special Air Service Regiment.

The medical orderly was one of the most popular of the visitors. From his Red Cross box he could produce materials which imparted to the skin what was to Semai Senoi eyes delightful blue and yellow colouring.

The members of the Special Air Service held solemn and lengthy conferences with the Semai Senoi headmen, obtaining information about the country and the local Communist bandits. For this, they paid in fish-hooks, cigarettes, brooches and other articles prized by the aborigines.



Left: an Army chinagraph pencil is less painful than a tattooist's needle. Above: Major J. R. Salmon (right) and Squadron Sergeant-Major W. J. Matthews hold a pow-wow with headmen. One man's face is hidden for security reasons.

HE'S AN AIRBORNE LEGEND

THEY don't serve long in the Parachute Regiment before they hear of Colonel Pearson, the Scot with four DSOs. He is one of the Regiment's war legends, and unlike many legends is still very much alive.

Today he runs a farm in Scotland. But he is a soldier still—a Territorial—and it was as deputy commander of 46 Parachute Brigade, Territorial Army, that he travelled down to Aldershot to take the salute at a passing-out ceremony at the Airborne Forces Depot, Aldershot.

Colonel A. S. Pearson, DSO, OBE, MC, TD, DL, is not only one of the most decorated officers of the much-decorated Parachute Regiment; he can also claim longer continuous service with the Regiment than anyone else.

Married and father of three daughters, Colonel Pearson has given up parachute jumping, but turns out with the Territorial parachutists on all major exercises. Last autumn he went over to Germany with them on Exercise Battle Royal.

Older parachutists among the Regulars talk of him as "a mad Scot," but they say it with pride and add that there were other mad Scots among their war-time leaders. They remember him not only as the man who won five gallantry awards in 18 months, but also as a vigorous personality and a man with the habit, sometimes uncomfortable for others, of speaking his mind with-

On a saluting base at Aldershot stood a soldier-farmer with four DSOs and an MC



In the sergeants' mess Colonel Pearson found (far left) Sergt. D. Wigley, who soldiered with him in Tunisia, and CSM J. Reinnie, who also served in his battalion.

out mincing words. "He's a character," they say.

When World War Two broke out, Colonel Pearson was serving in a Territorial battalion of the Highland Light Infantry, with which he went to Cherbourg for a few days in 1940. In 1941 he transferred to the Parachute Regiment.

He first saw action as second-in-command of 1st Parachute Battalion in Tunisia. On an air-drop early in the campaign, a parachutist was killed and buried with full military honours. Conforming to local custom, Major Pearson shook hands with everyone who attended the funeral—roughly 3000 people, according to *The Red Beret*.

In November 1942, the commanding officer of 1st Parachute Battalion was severely wounded. Taking command, Major Pearson completed the allotted task. A few days later, under heavy machine-gun fire, he led a successful counter-attack. For these actions he received the Military Cross.

Two months later, confirmed in the command of the Battalion at the age of 27, Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson led two of his platoons in a raid which produced, among other results, valuable information for a later attack on a hill. Colonel Pearson led the attack, captured the hill and held it until severe casualties

and a strong counter-attack forced his battalion back. During one part of that action, Colonel Pearson single-handedly destroyed a machine-gun post which was causing his men serious casualties. For that operation, he received his Distinguished Service Order.

The first Bar came just over a month later. In one day he fought off three heavy attacks, following up with successful counter-attacks. Two days later he led battalion headquarters' staff and cooks against the enemy, who came upon the headquarters from the rear. A fortnight later he led a difficult attack to success.

In July 1943, Colonel Pearson's battalion was widely scattered in the night airborne attack on Catania in Sicily. He collected all the men he could find and led a successful attack on the main objective, the Primosole Bridge. Taking command of the bridge's defence, he fought off continuous counter-attacks, until ordered to withdraw. The following night, Colonel Pearson guided another battalion to a successful attack on the bridge. Thus he earned the second Bar.

Though he escaped bullets, Colonel Pearson became a casualty in Sicily, a victim of malignant malaria, and had to give up command of the 1st Battalion. On D-Day, however, he dropped in Normandy at the head of 8th Parachute Battalion, part of 6th Airborne Division. He was wounded almost at once by a rifle bullet in the left hand, but gathered together his depleted battalion and engaged the enemy, so enabling bridge-blowing parties to carry out their task. That evening the bullet was removed from his hand, then he resumed



With a rare row of medals—and bars: Colonel A. S. Pearson.

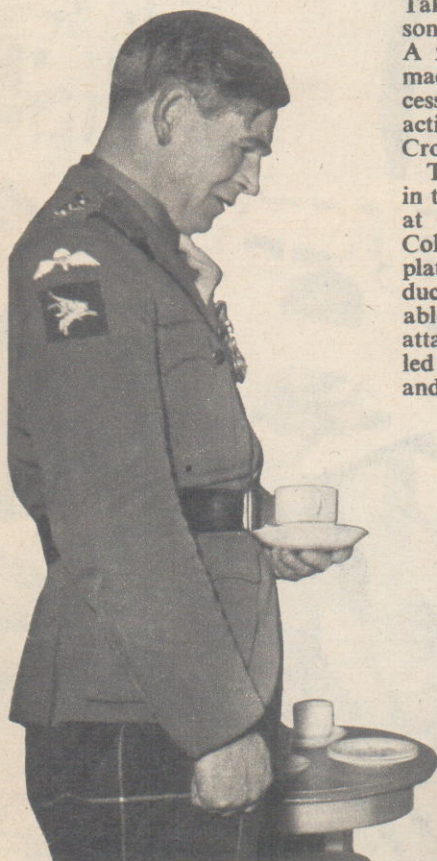
his command. His force was only about 230 strong, so Colonel Pearson organised frequent and vigorous patrols to make the Germans think it was much bigger.

On the second evening, Colonel Pearson led a patrol four miles behind the enemy lines, to look for men who had been reported wounded when their aircraft crashed. "It was a bright moonlight night," reported an officer afterwards, "and we must have presented quite a good target. That apparently did not worry the Commanding Officer, who continued on his way as if he were leading a glorified nature ramble."

Leaving most of the patrol waiting in a ditch, Colonel Pearson went off with a few men to investigate a farm-house. The next time the bulk of the patrol saw their Commanding Officer, he was harnessed to the shafts of a farm-cart in which lay eight wounded men. Although there was a river to cross, and only a dinghy to cross it in, the wounded were taken safely back to the battalion position.

In the following days there were more patrols, and strong German attacks had to be fought off. Colonel Pearson's battalion held their position for a week. For his share in the operation he received the third bar to his Distinguished Service Order.

After Normandy, Colonel Pearson served for a while as a Staff officer and then commanded the Parachute Regiment reserve battalion. When the Territorial Army was re-formed in 1947, he was given command of a Territorial battalion of the Regiment.



At the Airborne Forces Depot Colonel Pearson talks to the mother of a recruit, Mrs. E. O'Connell.

HE WATCHED BOMBS COMING UP

An Army officer went up in a balloon to watch mortar bombs in flight at the Proof and Experimental Establishment at Pendine

HIGH over the golden sands where the famous racing motorist Parry Thomas was killed attempting to break the world land-speed record, an Army officer hung suspended in a balloon.

Below, among the sand dunes, a mortar was busy firing an improved type of bomb which was aimed to pass close by the balloon. Information was wanted on the behaviour of the bomb during flight. The officer in the balloon was there to watch it as it sped upwards and turned lazily over to fall harmlessly on to the seashore.

This was something of an occasion, for few of the experi-

ments and trials carried out at the Proof and Experimental Establishment at Pendine, in South Wales, require balloon ascents. Most observations are carried out on the ground with the aid of high-speed cameras and intricate measuring instruments.

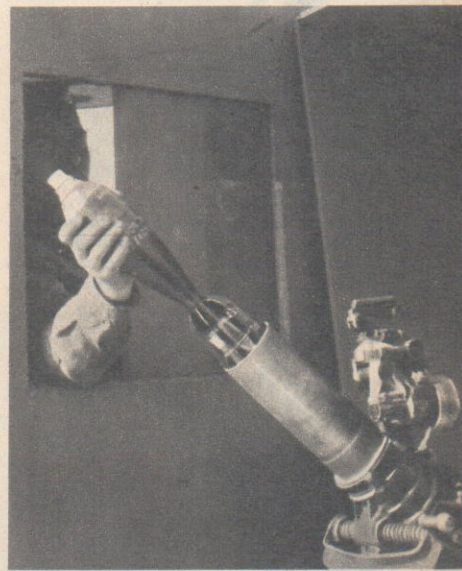
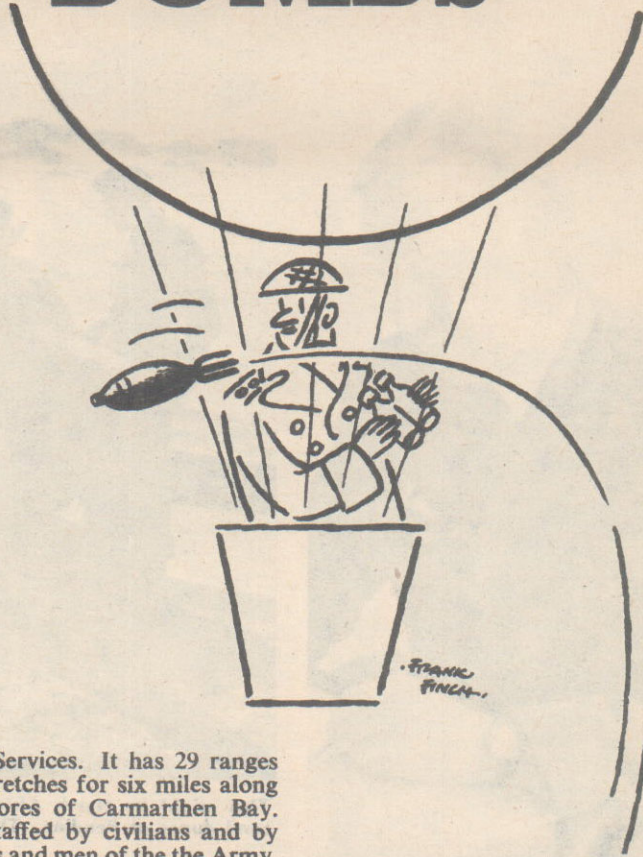
Pendine is the site of one of the Ministry of Supply's establishments where weapons and ammunition are developed and proved before being issued to the

three Services. It has 29 ranges and stretches for six miles along the shores of Carmarthen Bay. It is staffed by civilians and by officers and men of the the Army, the Royal Navy, the Royal Air Force and the Royal Marines. The range warrant officers are either Gunners or belong to the Small Arms School Corps. In the armouries warrant officers and NCOs of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers work alongside Royal Air Force technicians.

Although the military element numbers fewer than 100, some 17 different Corps and regiments are represented. It includes two Army rifle champions — Major

OVER

Safety precautions are strict at Pendine. Left: A look-out on the seashore watches for ships and strollers. Right: Mortar bombs are fired from behind steel shelters or (below) from the cover of a brick wall.



HE WATCHED BOMBS Continued



Group-Captain J. G. Priest, RAF, the Establishment's Superintendent. Below: A range team attaches lanyards to twin anti-aircraft guns before retiring to fire from cover.



This might be North Africa in World War Two—but it isn't. It is the anti-tank fuze range among the sand dunes at Pendine. The tank in the distance was used as a target to test anti-tank guns during the war.

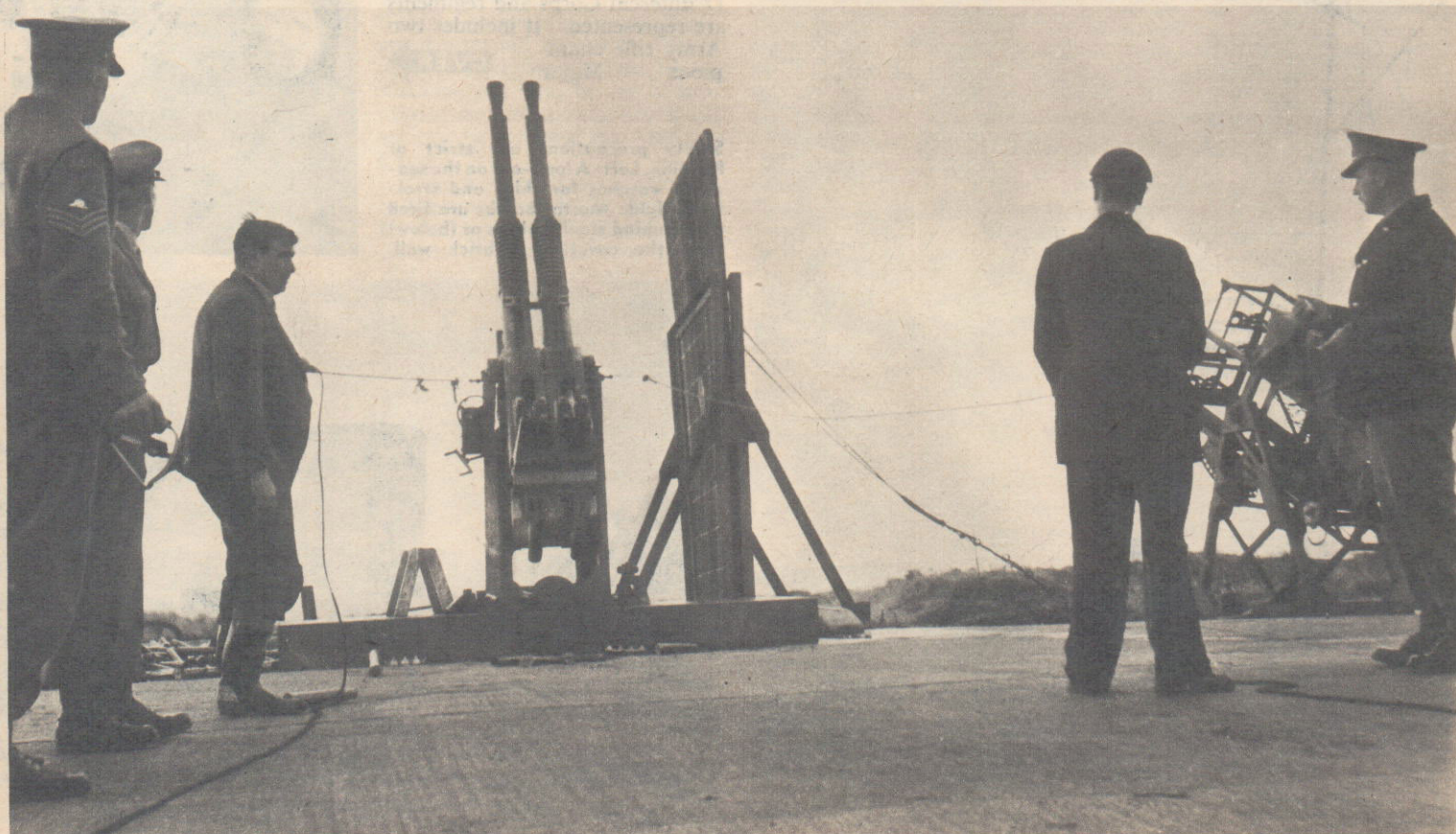
W. H. Baudains MM, last year's winner, and Experimental Sergeant-Major Edward Malpas, winner in 1947 (see *SOLDIER*, September 1954).

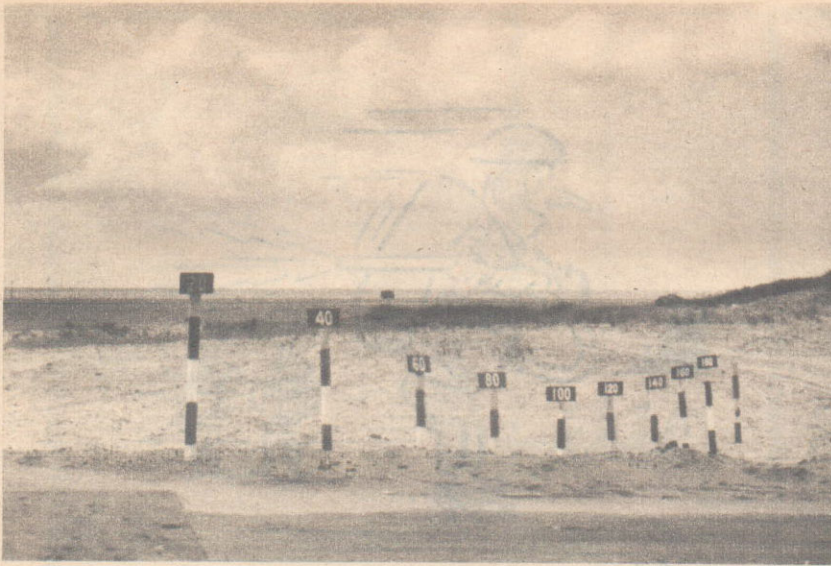
The Establishment originated as the Experimental Wing of the Small Arms School at Hythe and was transferred to Pendine in World War Two. During the war tests and experiments were carried out on larger calibre weapons,

including the 7.2-inch howitzer and unguided rockets. In 1948 the Establishment took over, in addition to experimental work on small arms, the testing and development of Infantry anti-tank rockets, anti-tank guns, mortars, unguided aircraft rockets, machine-guns and grenades.

The weapons, which are sent for proof trials to Pendine direct from the arms factories, are first

stripped and inspected in the armouries. Then they are taken to the ranges and put through their paces to make sure that they will stand up to normal active service conditions. They are fired with special ammunition which produces greater pressures than exerted by normal ammunition. The weapons are tested for range and accuracy and, if they are automatic weapons, for rate of





To test delay fuzes the fuze range is marked off in scores of yards. Right: Shatter-proof glass peepholes are fitted in all the firing shelters. Pock-marks show why.



fire. Elevation and traversing gears are overhauled. To make certain that the weapons will give the same standard performance in any part of the world—from the Arctic to the tropics—they are tested in an insulated chamber in temperatures of 180 degrees Fahrenheit and minus 75 degrees. Only after they have passed all these tests are the weapons stamped with the examiner's mark.

A percentage of all ammunition made in Britain for the weapons proved at Pendine is also tested. High-speed cameras and electrical instruments record behaviour in flight of bullets and shells and the functioning of fuzes, warheads, rockets and grenades. Anti-tank and armour-piercing ammunition is fired at thick armour plate targets to test

its penetrative powers. Rockets are launched to discover how long their motors will burn and how stable they are in flight.

To prove the sensitivity of instantaneous and delayed-action fuzes, ammunition is fired at light steel or cardboard targets.

Sometimes Royal Air Force planes fly over the ranges and fire their rockets and guns at targets set up on the seashore.

An important part of the Establishment's work is putting new weapons, ammunition and explosives through development trials. It was at Pendine that trials were carried out with the self-loading FN rifle and the L2 A1 sub-machine-gun (the Patchett) which will replace the Sten gun.

To guard against accidents on the ranges most of the firing on

Pendine's ranges is done by remote control from shelters. New weapons and ammunition are unknown quantities until they have been thoroughly tested.

To minimise still further the risk of accidents the "slave guns" which fire test ammunition are checked in the armouries after every period of firing. No weapons in the Army are better cared for.

The danger area out to sea extends nine miles from the beaches. Although no main shipping lines cross the area, a Royal Air Force launch is on duty to keep straying craft out of trouble. The launch is in wireless touch with the Range Control tower which can stop all firing at a moment's notice.

E. J. GROVE

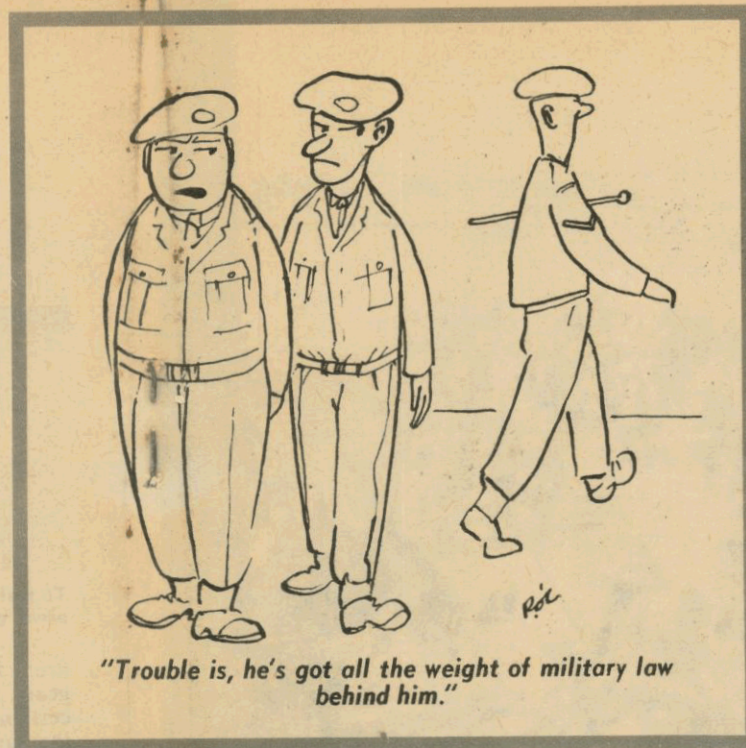


Cardboard targets are used to test impact fuzes on the ranges at Pendine. If the round passes through, leaving a neat hole (above) the fuze is faulty. If the targets are damaged like those at right, the fuze is correctly made.

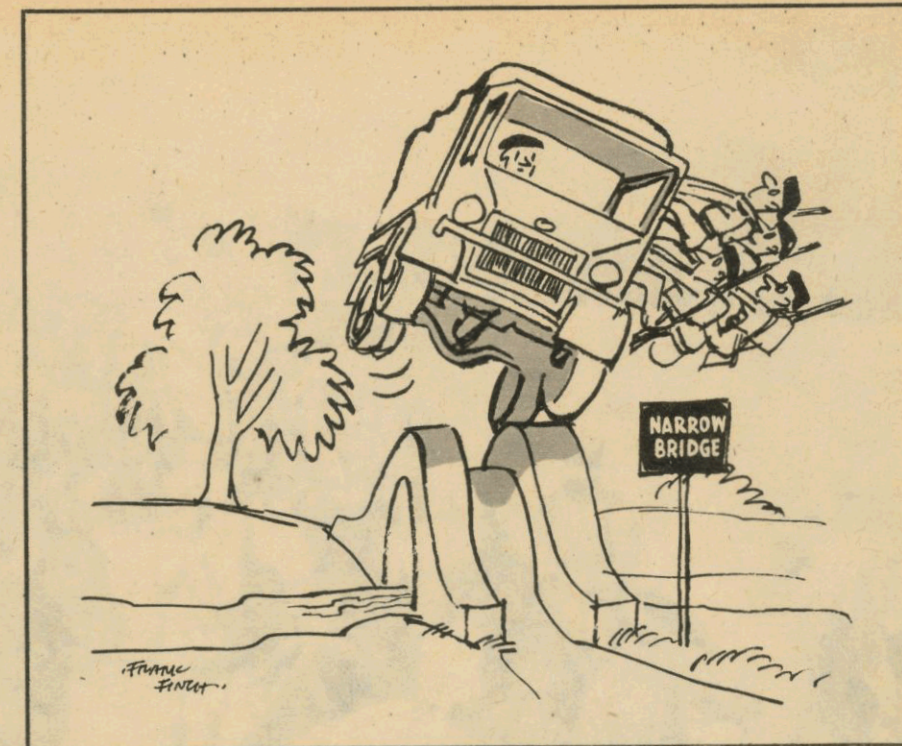




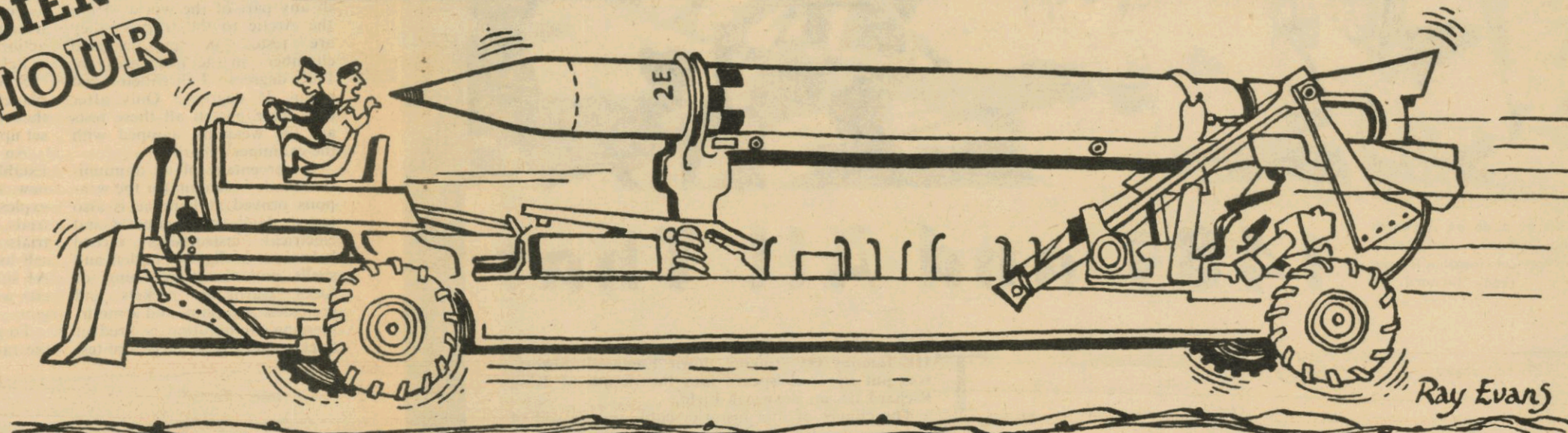
"He's a good type, sir, but crazy about jet propulsion."



"Trouble is, he's got all the weight of military law behind him."



SOLDIER HUMOUR



"I hope they took the detonator out of that thing."



"It just shows, when you have first-class leaders the men will always follow."



"I got it from a fairground—comes in useful as a model."



"Don't you come that old soldier stuff with me, Jim Green!"



"Is my sleeping-out pass ready yet?"



A bit of a do on Bosworth Field (somewhere in Spain). The tactical situation is confused. From *Richard III*.

1485 and All That



T"A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!" HE famous cry, ringing down England's history, was put by Shakespeare into the mouth of King Richard III, on Bosworth Field.

The climax of that historic scuffle on the soil of Leicestershire was when Richard led his bodyguard in a furious assault on the Duke of Richmond. He swore that he would die King of England, and he did. His head was carved open and his brains spilled on the ground at Richmond's feet. From a gorse bush they retrieved his crown and set it on the head of the Duke, who thus became King Henry VII.

Richmond, who had landed from France at Milford Haven, had only 5000 men against Richard's 15,000, but he counted, successfully, on treachery in the royal camp.

Now Bosworth Field has been filmed—rather oddly, in Spain. In this British version of *Richard III* appear four modern knights, Sir Laurence Olivier plays the "bloody dog" Richard, monarch and murderer:—

*Deform'd, unfinished, sent before my time
Into this breathing world . . .*

Sir Ralph Richardson, Sir John Gielgud and Sir Cedric Hardwicke play Buckingham, Clarence and King Edward IV.

In Shakespeare's version of the battle, King Richard is rattled by seeing a vision of all his murdered victims the night before. But he harangues his soldiers fiercely. So does Richmond:—

*"Sound drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully,
God and St. George! Richmond and victory!"*

As a battle, it was no classic. But it brought to an end the chaos of the Wars of the Roses. The date: 1485.

The hunchback King Richard III (Sir Laurence Olivier) rides to his death. His crown finished up on a gorse bush. A steel helmet might have changed the course of English history.



**HOW TO ENJOY
YOUR T.V. MORE**
in 2 lessons

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taste of Guinness that
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Last Parade

For the fifth time, Colours flying, the 2nd Battalion The Lancashire Fusiliers marches back into history



The Regimental Colour passes in front of the battalion; the escort files through the ranks.

Photographs: FRANK TOMPSETT.



Left: Lieutenant-Colonel R. R. Willis, VC, one of the 1st Battalion's "six before breakfast" Victoria Cross winners on the beaches of Gallipoli. He later served with the 2nd Battalion.

Below, left: The Regimental Sergeant-Major has just handed over the Regimental Colour. Right: The Queen's Colour was also on parade, but not trooped.

ONCE again the 2nd Battalion The Lancashire Fusiliers was holding its last ceremonial parade: at Lichfield, on the soil of Staffordshire.

It was, in its way, a melancholy occasion; yet Colours flew bravely, the band played, brasses sparkled, and the primrose hackles lent the Lancashire Fusiliers' own touch of distinction.

For many of the men on parade, the blow of disbandment was softened by the knowledge that they were not to leave the Regiment but were likely to be posted to the 1st Battalion, in Germany.

The Regimental Colour was trooped with all reverence and, to mark the special significance of this event, the Queen's Colour, which does not normally appear on a trooping ceremony unless the Queen is present, was paraded but not trooped. When, for the last time, the colours were marched to the officers' mess, it was to the strains of "Auld Lang Syne."

The salute was taken by Major-General G. Surtees, Colonel of the Regiment.

There were veterans there to watch. Three were Chelsea pensioners, one of whom fought with the Battalion at Omdurman in 1898 and helped win the battle honour "Khartoum" for the Regiment.

This was the fifth time the Lancashire Fusiliers have lost their 2nd Battalion. The first was in 1758, when the two-year-old battalion became a regiment in its own right. Later 2nd battalions were disbanded in 1802 (after three years existence) and 1850 (after eight years).

The best-remembered 2nd Battalion will be that disbanded in 1947, which lasted 89 years. It added much to the Regiment's list of battle-honours; its gallantry at Spion Kop, in South Africa, brought the Regiment its distinctive primrose hackle, as a reward for 200 years service; and it claimed to be the most decorated battalion in World War Two.

The battalion now disbanding lasted only three years, 16 months of which it spent in Trieste. Of the eight second battalions due for disbandment it was the only one stationed in Britain—and the first to go.





Eight Internationals turned out for the Army against the Civil Service: (Left to right)—Lieut. D. S. Gilbert-Smith, Captain D. W. Shuttleworth, Captain E. M. P. Hardy, all Duke of Wellington's Regiment; Trooper H. F. McLeod, Royal Scots Greys; 2/Lieut. R. C. Bazley, Royal Engineers; Captain A. B. Edwards, RAEC; Corporal P. Jackson, Royal Signals; Lance-Corporal J. H. Hancock, REME. The Army narrowly won.

THREE RUGGER INTERNATIONALS FROM ONE INFANTRY BATTALION

THIS month the Army rugby team faces its two big tussles of the season at Twickenham—against the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force. If it does not triumph, it will not be for lack of Internationals.

In the team which met the Civil Service at the end of January were eight capped players—with another cap in reserve.

Two new Internationals in that fifteen were Captain A. B. Edwards, Royal Army Educational Corps (captain), who has played for the Army for several years, and Lance-Corporal J. H. Hancock, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. They won their caps playing against each other, Captain Edwards for Wales and Lance-Corporal Hancock for England.

Of the other Internationals, three came from the Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Captain E. M. P. Hardy and Captain

A new cap this season: Captain A. B. Edwards, Royal Army Educational Corps. He played for Wales.



D. W. Shuttleworth, a redoubtable combination, were both capped for England before the Regiment went to Korea; they have lost none of their form. The third player from the "Dukes" was Lieutenant D. S. Gilbert-Smith, who has played for Scotland. Trooper H. F. McLeod, Royal Scots Greys, appeared for Scotland in five Internationals last year—against France, New Zealand, England, Ireland and Wales. Corporal P. Jackson, Royal Signals, travelled to Australia last year with Britain's Rugby League team and well justified his choice. Second-Lieutenant R. C. Bazley, Royal Engineers, of the Waterloo Club, appeared for England in the recent match against Wales.

Though Royal Signals have fielded some powerful rugby teams in recent years, only two Signals players were included. One was SQMS D. F. Rees, a fireball from 1st Training Regiment at Catterick, which swept the board last season in the Army Rugby Cup.

In reserve against the Civil Service was Rifleman E. A. B. Fergusson, King's Royal Rifle Corps, the burly Scot who is allowed two helpings at every meal—on production of a Medical Officer's chit.

The inclusion of three players from the Duke of Wellington's Regiment was a useful reminder that the big corps do not necessarily attract—or develop—all the talent.

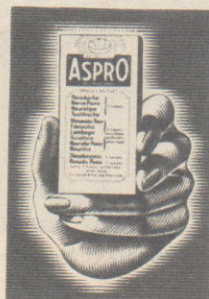
In the Army's narrow win over the Civil Service, by nine points against eight, critics saw another useful reminder: that a team heavily stocked with Internationals is not necessarily irresistible.

Note: The Territorial Army last month fielded seven Internationals against the Army's eight.

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KEG—THE HAIRCREAM WITH THE **BAY RUM** BASE. 2/6



It's a change from galloping on Newmarket Heath—but horses are horses.

Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT

King's Troop at St. John's Wood, in London. They get away to a flying start, since they have already learned a good deal about horsemastership and the care of horses. Now they have to learn the Army way of doing things, and the military seat. They must learn to polish their saddles instead of saddle-soaping them, and raise a sheen on their brasses and belts—for the King's Troop wears Service dress for daily work. On ceremonial parades, as when Royal Salutes are fired in Hyde Park, they wear full dress.

The main benefit they reap from service with the King's Troop is wider experience. They exercise horses not only in the riding school or round the square, but through the streets of London, instead of in country lanes and on downland. When the King's Troop goes for its summer camp, they ride across country, and difficult country, which is an unusual experience for professional jockeys.

In the King's Troop, too, they handle "common" horses, in contrast to the thoroughbreds of the racing stables. The Army's

animals are less mettlesome than bloodstock and at times need more urging.

Wide experience of horses and riding conditions is of

especial value to steeplechase jockeys. Three of Britain's leading jump jockeys, Brian Marshall, Fred Winter and Dick Francis, are all men whose riding education has covered horses and conditions of all kinds.

A King's Troop jockey may be employed as groom, gunner or driver; but whichever he may be, a man has a pair of horses to care for.

To keep down their weight, the jockeys in their spare time play frequent games of football, attend voluntary sessions in the riding school and run, swaddled in heavy clothes, round the barrack square.

Those jockeys **OVER**

JOCKEYS JOIN THE KING'S TROOP

THE only resemblance between the 3.30 at Newmarket and the Musical Drive of the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, is that both events are equestrian. Not the least difference is in the seat of the riders.

At Newmarket the jockeys in their gaudy silks ride hunched up, well forward, with short stirrups.

At Earls Court the riders in their Gunners' blue-and-gold sit bolt upright, well back, with long stirrups.

Yet the odds are that some of those riders in the King's Troop are drawn from the ranks of professional jockeys.

Young men from racing stables are eager to do their National Service in the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery. There are two Grand National riders now in its ranks.

Word has got around the racing stables that the King's Troop, which has been taking professional riders since 1950, offers a good life and useful training to young jockeys. It is thus an envied posting.

In the last five years, scores of jockeys have passed through the ranks of the King's Troop, and at present there are 25 on

strength. Most jockeys defer their National Service until they have finished their apprenticeships—usually at the age of 21—but others are called-up as apprentices and become fully-fledged jockeys while with the Troop.

After a short period of basic training at Oswestry, the jockeys go direct to the barracks of the

Gunner Richard Broadway (left) rode Noholme into the news. Gunner Wilfred Morris is an apprentice from Newmarket.

Gunner Douglas Savage (left) won the Great Kempton Park Jubilee, 1951. Gunner Geoffrey Mann rode 17 winners as an apprentice.

Gunner Peter Barnes (left) and Gunner Ben Wilkinson have both ridden in the Grand National. They both took tumbles.



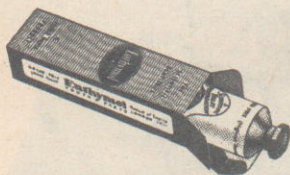
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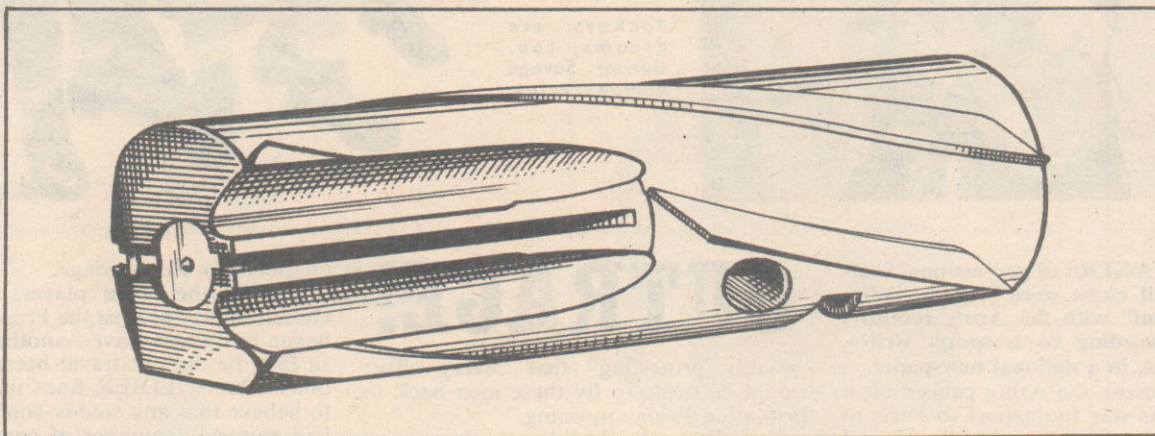
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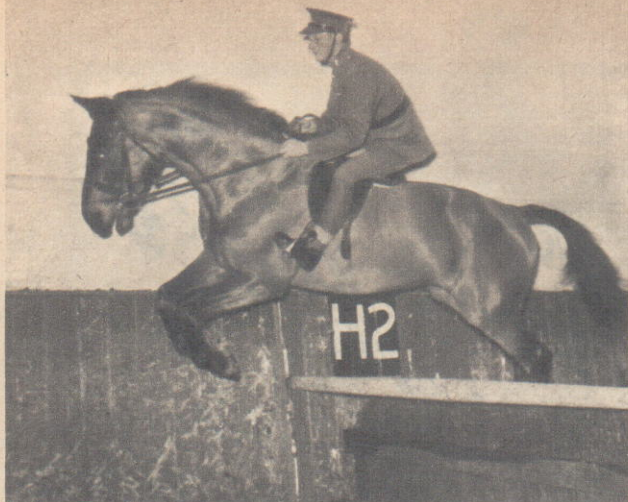
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Left: Gunner Broadway jumps the jockey way, with short stirrups.



Right: A Gunner takes the jump the Army way, riding with long stirrups.

JOCKEYS JOIN KING'S TROOP (Continued)

with prospects of a fair number of rides in a season are allowed to keep their licences while serving, so that they can take part in race-meetings when they are on leave.

One of them is Gunner Richard Broadway, who was apprenticed to Mr. Stanley Wootton at Epsom. Since his call-up, Gunner Broadway has made headline news in partnership with Noholme, which has twice humbled the champion hurdler, Sir Ken. Sounding Gunner Broadway for

a tip, all SOLDIER obtained was: "I hope we shall beat him this year."

Some of the jockeys take part in military show-jumping events, and two of them, Gunners Ben Wilkinson (who has ridden 45 winners professionally) and Peter Barnes (15 winners), are members of the Troop's show-jumping team. Both have ridden in the Grand National. Wilkinson fell at Becher's Brook and Barnes survived until the 14th fence.



It's the racing page which interests the Gunner-jockeys.

Jockeys are grooms, too. Gunner Savage demonstrates.



MANAGERS of professional football clubs were "rightly indignant" with the Army recently, according to a sports writer,

Tony Stevens, in a national newspaper.

Why? Because the Army packed off a number of its star footballers to Paris to play a Thursday fixture against the French Army, when these players were scheduled to play for their clubs in Football Association cup ties on the Saturday.

This, according to Mr. Stevens, outraged the Football Association, not to mention the club managers. It certainly outraged Mr. Stevens.

There was a danger that these seven star players might be injured upholding the prestige of the British Army, and would thus be unable to uphold the prestige of their professional clubs.

There was another danger, too. The players might not be back in Britain in time to turn out for their clubs. Mr. Stevens, self-appointed spokesman for the managers, was not satisfied with the Army

OUTRAGE!

"weakly protesting" that "every effort would be made to fly these men back to Britain on Friday morning."

Two things should be made clear:

1. The football clubs are lucky to be allowed the services of any soldier. This is a privilege, not a right.

2. The football clubs are also lucky that the Army should permit these players to return to Britain by air.

Most managers, of course, understand this. So does the Football Association.

Mr. Stevens wonders whether the Army realises "the thoughts of those boys anxious to play in the Cup while they are forced to play against the French. It would be understandable if their wish to keep clear of injury kept them shy of close tackles. In other words, they can be off form!"

SOLDIER cannot make any printable

comment on that passage.

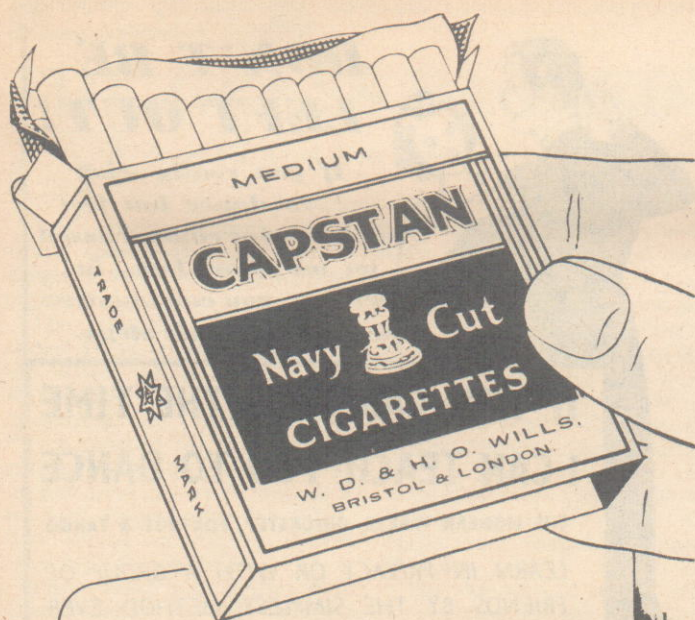
One of the seven players who were chosen to play against the French had just begun his release leave—another scandal! In fact, he did not travel because he had boils. But SOLDIER finds it impossible to believe that any soldier-footballer who had enjoyed a number of concessions in his military service would grudge turning out for the Army in these circumstances.

Another writer suggested that the Army should show more give-and-take, as "the time may come when the Army needs a first-class ground for a big match."

A delicate hint! SOLDIER'S impression is that the Army has shown a great deal of give-and-take.

Mr. Stevens's article would hardly be worth taking seriously if it were not symptomatic of the attitude of certain widely read sports writers, always ready to belabour the Army for the amusement of their readers.

It is time they gave the Army a fair deal. Most sports writers do.



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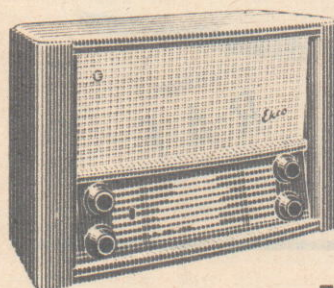
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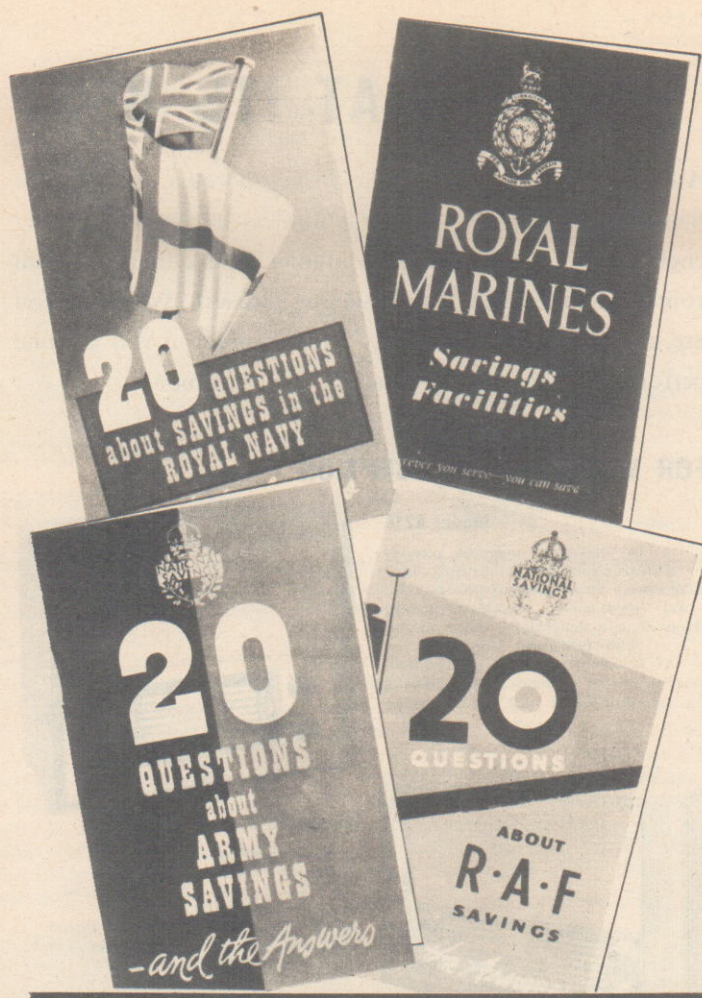
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Sir Thomas Williams, K.C.B., O.B.E., M.C., D.F.C., M.A.

Chairman, H.M. Forces Savings Committee

To: All Serving or About to Serve in

Her Majesty's Forces

Subject: SAVE WHILE YOU SERVE

Many of you will be used to this way of starting a message and those of you who are about to join the Services will soon grow accustomed to it!

You may say that you find it hard enough to save in "Civvy Street" so how on earth can you do so in the Services? However, if you think about it seriously there is no better time to start — if you haven't already done so. Every unit in all the services "lays on" National Savings facilities and the Unit Savings Officer will be only too pleased to help would-be savers.

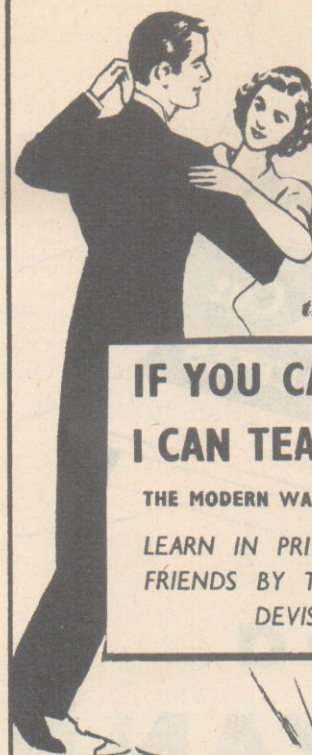
I recently retired after many years in the Royal Air Force. I know how valuable a service Forces Savings is giving to both Regulars and National Service personnel, and no matter where you may be stationed you can save a bit from your pay if you want to do so.

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THE GREYS BAGGED FIVE TRAINS

ONE victory the Royal Scots Greys lived to regret was gained in 1937.

The threat of mechanisation, which had already become reality to many other Cavalry regiments, was acute, and the Greys' commanding officer let Scotsmen know that Scotland was in danger of losing her only Cavalry regiment.

The resulting tension was ended by an announcement that the Royal Dragoons and the Royal Scots Greys would be unaffected by mechanisation. *Punch* marked the event with a cartoon showing a mounted Grey in full-dress about to impale a tracked dragon with his sabre. The Greys' recruiting figures were high that month.

Three years later battles were being waged in the Western Desert, but the Greys were in Palestine—with their horses. Some of the Regiment's more impatient young men were volunteering for the Commandos. Sir Winston Churchill wrote, "It is an insult to the Scots Greys and Household Cavalry to tether them to horses at this present time . . . these historic regiments have a right to play a man's part in the war." The horses remained until the autumn of 1941.

These events are recounted by Lieutenant-Colonel R. M. P. Carver, CBE, DSO, MC, in "Second to None: The Royal Scots Greys, 1919-1954" (published by the Regiment, 25s). The chapters which deal with the years up to 1939 recall the last,

happy era of the horse and admit that the 1937 Coronation and Aldershot Tattoo much interfered with training.

The Greys saw their first action in World War Two as an under-strength motor-battalion in the Syrian campaign. They were blooded as a tank unit in the repulse of Rommel at Alam Halfa and fought through to Tripoli.

On the way, a major of the Greys, creeping his tank up one side of a hill, noticed the aerial of a German tank moving up the other. Unshipping his own aerial, he moved on until he could see the German's gun, then fired but hit the crest. When each tank had fired three times, with the same result, they retired until the two commanders could see only each other's faces. The major then tried firing with a Tommy-gun, held at arm's length above his head. He missed, so gave it up, waved his hand, touched his hat and said, "Good afternoon." The German laid down his binoculars, burst out



The Greys were the Royal North British Dragoons at the time of this print. Their grey horses were famous for more than 250 years.

laughing and returned the compliment.

The Royal Scots Greys were in the thick of the assault landing at Salerno, stopped in Italy until the end of 1943 and then went home to prepare for D-Day. They saw bitter fighting in Normandy and went on to a spectacular finale.

"The urgent need at the end of April 1945," writes Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery in a foreword, "was to get to the Baltic somewhere in the Lubeck area and to stop the Russians from moving into Schleswig-

Holstein and then getting control of Denmark."

The Greys led the way, their target the Baltic town of Wismar. In eight hours, on 2 May, 1945, the Regiment's tanks covered 60 miles against a traffic stream of Germans, mostly armed.

The leading tank came to a level crossing, but could not get over as there was a train full of German troops, complete with guns, passing over. The train was allowed to go on unmolested, since if it had been shot-up it might have blocked the road. However, a following squadron captured five trains, a "bag" unique among tank squadrons.

German aircraft were flying low over Wismar as the Greys arrived and they sought the airfield. When they reached it, there was an exchange of fire, until a German officer apologised, saying his men had not realised the tanks were British. In a few minutes, two hundred Germans marched out in step, to surrender. The Greys had fired their last shots of the war.

At nine o'clock that night, eight hours after the Greys had arrived, the first Russian troops appeared at Wismar. There was half an hour of hand-shaking and vodka-drinking. Then an Iron Curtain in the shape of a road-block went down.

It comes as no surprise to read in the next paragraph that the Greys picked up several good horses in Wismar and started a riding-school.

Raids, Turbo-jets, Ossuary, Kisses

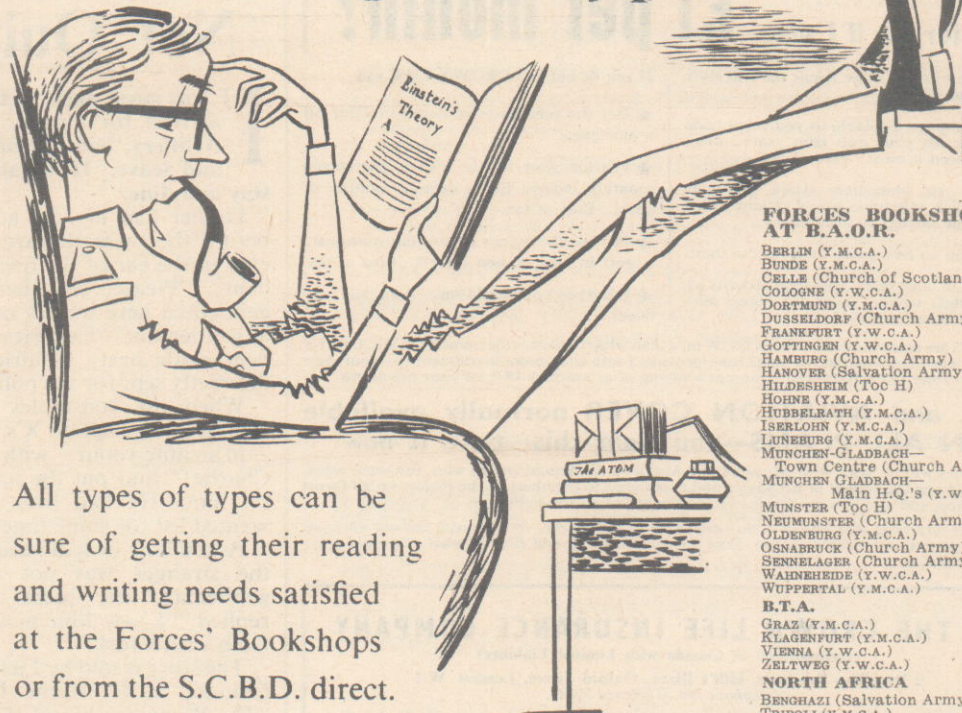
SO you know a bit of French, do you? All right, how do you say Dispatch Rider? Turbo-jet fighter? Commando raid?

If stumped, you'll find the answer in M. Pierre Cardin's "Dictionary for the Forces" (Frederick Books: Allen and Unwin, 10s 6d). Dispatch rider: *estafette motocycliste*. Turbo-jet fighter: *chasseur à turboréaction*. Commando raid (this is easy): *un raid de commandos*.

The compiler is an ex-tutor at a London Army Education Centre. His columns of military terms are relieved here and there by such unexpected, but welcome, words as *tire-bouchon* (corkscrew). The most baffling entry is *ossuaire* (ossuary). Out-of-place in a military dictionary you may think, is *embrasser* (to kiss) until you remember that in a NATO army the good soldier is always liable to be kissed by a French general.

Too often, specialised dictionaries never seem to contain the word you are looking for, but this one, used in conjunction with an ordinary dictionary, ought to be a help to NATO staffs and others.

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TEL EL KERIR—
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(Church of Scotland)

Soldiers Nearly Ruined The Ruins

A NEWLY-PROMOTED brigadier of artillery was returning to his tent outside Algiers in the evening sun. Up bustled his corps commander, General Sir Brian Horrocks, with a signal in his hand.

"I say, have you seen this—they want you as (reading) 'Director General of Archaeology in India.' Why, you must be rather a king-pin at this sort of thing. You know, I thought you were a regular soldier."

"If the General ever paid an extravagant compliment, he did so then, although there was, I thought, a hint of pain and disillusionment in his voice." So writes the brigadier, who since those days has received a knighthood and has built up a big reputation on television. He is Sir Mortimer Wheeler.

Sir Mortimer's lively autobiography is now published: "Still Digging" (Michael Joseph, 15s). Not the least interesting chapters are those describing his experiences as a Gunner in both world wars.

In the first war, he commanded a battery of the Royal Field Artillery at Passchendaele. His guns were sited in a "mud glacier."



He raised a Gunner regiment: Sir Mortimer Wheeler, archaeologist.

"The pits were full to the brim with water; the gun-layers sat in water; the guns recoiled into water, such at least as were in firing order—rarely more than two at any one time."

And into that miasmic slime the wounded rolled helplessly to join the greening corpses.

Demobilised, with a Military Cross, Sir Mortimer became a junior investigator under the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments.

In Munich year, aged 48, he offered his services to the War Office. August 1939 saw him raising an anti-aircraft regiment in Enfield; in a week it was "over-subscribed." Three of the batteries served under him in North Africa. His were the first anti-aircraft guns in Tripoli.

But the archaeologist was never eclipsed by the soldier. With dismay Sir Mortimer saw the callous attitude of Eighth Army towards the famous Roman ruins of Leptis Magna, Cyrene and Sabratha. "These resurrected splendours were the playthings of roving armies little less alien and indifferent than the Asturians and Vandals in whose footsteps they trod," writes Sir Mortimer. The colonnades of Leptis and its naked statuary were an especial temptation, it seems, for the sign-writers of the Highland Division and the irreverent Commonwealth troops. Sir Mortimer decided that something ought to be done about safeguarding these treasures—and forthwith set about doing it. "Out of Bounds" notices went up, military police were posted. Not without difficulty the Royal Air Force was dissuaded from setting up a big radar station amid the Leptis ruins. So much for preventive action; the troops were then instructed in the



The British soldier's approach to Roman ruins is not strictly that of an antiquarian: a Cyrene pose.

respect due to ancient, as distinct from modern, ruins.

Sir Mortimer Wheeler declined to accept his archaeological post in India until after he had landed his brigade at Salerno ("a long, fidgety, but interesting battle").

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Not Quite a Gentleman

IT was guest night at the glittering Woolwich Mess. A gentleman arrived for dinner, but as his host, Captain X of the Horse Artillery, had not turned up, he made to put on his coat again and leave. Hospitably, Captain X's friends persuaded him to stay and dine.

Dinner had not far advanced before the mess steward whispered in the ear of the mess president: "Please, sir, there is a gentleman here who is not quite a gentleman." The mess president made hasty inquiries, then discreetly sent for the police.

When the constables arrived they greeted Captain X's "guest"—in an ante-room—with "Hallo, Charlie!" and put the handcuffs on him. He had been on the wanted list for some time.

Asked how he had noticed that the stranger was not quite a gentleman, the mess steward replied, "I saw him picking his teeth with a fork."

The story is told by Lieutenant-Colonel A. H. Burne DSO in "The Woolwich Mess" (Gale and Polden, 5s 6d), a historical account of the Royal Artillery's Headquarters Mess through nearly 200 years.

The heyday of the Mess, when it frequently entertained illustrious visitors to Britain, was to-

wards the middle of last century, before the rise of Aldershot. But the first King of England to dine there was George VI—in 1951.

This record is perhaps over-detailed for the average reader. Nevertheless, it contains amusing tit-bits. In 1826 Lieutenant Grimes was sent a politely worded letter requesting him, if he must have breakfast at the unconscionable hour of eight o'clock, to take it elsewhere. Ten years later a Committee minute reads: "Resolved that a letter be written to an officer who had introduced cigars to the mess room on the night of the 10th."

Among "characters" who figure in this narrative is an officer nicknamed "The Treasure." Inspecting this officer's battery, a general said, "Really, sir, your men are perfectly disgraceful. I have never seen a more dirty-looking set of scoundrels in my life." Gaily came the reply: "Oh, but you haven't seen the rear rank yet, sir."

RHINE ARMY WIVES AID THE FORGOTTEN

FOR more than two years the wives of British Servicemen in Germany have been undertaking, voluntarily, a task of compassion which does them high credit.

They have been befriending the luckless, listless, Stateless survivors of the multitude of Displaced Persons who swarmed in the British Zone at the end of Hitler's war. Ten years ago the British Army sorted and fed these uprooted thousands; today the wives of the three Services have banded together to show the exiles that they are not forgotten.

It is a worthy commentary on the state of Europe that these British wives should be carrying, not only gifts of toys to Polish and Czech children, but gifts of clothing to a colony of some 30 Jugo-Slav generals living on their memories in a castle near Munster.

The world at large has conveniently forgotten about Europe's unwanted peoples. "Displaced Persons? Weren't they all sorted out long ago? Didn't they all emigrate or die?"

It was not quite so simple. Many thousands of Displaced Persons are still living as *Displaced Persons* in Germany.

Some people wrongly suppose that the Displaced Persons are Germans. In fact, a large number of them, notably the Poles, were our wartime Allies. They dare not return to the lands of their birth, whether Poland or Czecho-Slovakia, Jugo-Slavia or the Latvian states, because these lands are Communist-ruled.

Before the war they were schoolchildren, peasants, factory workers, artists and professors—even army generals. During the war some of them became forced labourers in Hitler's Reich. Others were imprisoned in concentration camps, and saw their less fortunate comrades pushed into gas chambers. Others were fugitives from Communism.

After the war many of the forced labourers went—or were sent—home. Others who were declared fit to work were helped to emigrate to Britain and the British Commonwealth, the United States, South America, Belgium and elsewhere. But there still remained a "hard core," unwanted by any country: a broken multitude of the old and crippled and diseased—the unemployable. They were left where Fate—and Hitler—had deposited them. They live in off-the-map camps, in disused barracks, cooped and crammed. The German State pays them a tiny dole. Most of them have no jobs, nothing to occupy their minds—except the prospect of living out their lives in an alien land. They see their



They are a new generation reared in exile. To children like these Service wives have brought gifts.

children being educated virtually as Germans—otherwise, how will they ever find jobs, or be able to emigrate? Unhappily some of the children are already stricken with their parents' tuberculosis.

Poverty is tolerable; being shut away in camps on lonely heaths is not. And this is where the wives of British officers and men, of all ranks, have rallied to the occasion. There are many calls on Service wives—service to SSAFA, welfare within the regiment—but numbers of them have found time for this additional service. So have their husbands.

What did they do? They started special funds to help the Displaced Persons. Money came from church collections, wives' clubs, raffles, cinema shows. By such means it was possible to provide Christmas toys for children, along with sweets and chocolates and fruit. The wives helped to organise Christmas parties for children and old people; they visited the chronically sick in hospital; they found them pen friends in Britain. Inability to speak a foreign language never cramped the style of a British soldier; their wives have also learned that humanity has its own language.

But distributing gifts is not the main aim. That is to make the Displaced Persons help themselves; to teach them handicrafts; to provide materials for knitting, carpentering and shoe-making. Thus they can help each other and even find outside work.

The wives of the three Service chiefs in Germany, Lady Gale, Lady Broadhurst and Mrs. Warne, serve on the Central Committee for Aid to Displaced Persons. Their president is Lady Harding, wife of Field Marshal Sir John Harding, Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

Those Service wives who wish to help—in Germany, or elsewhere—should write to the Committee's Honorary Secretary, Mrs. Bradshaw, c/o Lieut.-Colonel L. H. Bradshaw, Q Movements, HQ Northern Army Group, BAOR 1.

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AN OLD GRAVE

There is a very neglected tombstone in the Mannheim churchyard with the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory of John Livingstone Power, Surgeon-Major 4th King's Own Royal Regt., British Army, who died at Mannheim on the 25th January, 1877."

Being a stranger myself in Germany, of Czech nationality, from Prague, I cannot take care of the graves of my dear ones, not even that of my poor husband, who as a Jew was deported from Prague in 1941 to the ghetto in Lodz (Poland) and never returned. I always said a prayer and put some flowers on the forgotten stone covered with green moss.

I had no other reason except pity for the loneliness of the stranger's grave. As I am leaving Mannheim to go to work in a foreign country, I have no longer the opportunity to do this little duty. Perhaps there is still some member of the family or the regiment or simply a countryman who would like to keep the grave in order.

The German family which was supposed to take care of the grave probably died out, their name being Böcklin.

As the only excuse for bothering you I have the beautiful lines of your Rupert Brooke:

*If I should die, think only this of me,
There is one corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England.*

—Maria Heska-Kroll, Mannheim-Waldhof, US Zone, Germany.

★SOLDIER takes particular pleasure in printing this letter and in commending the solicitude of the writer (now bound for America) for a British officer's grave.

FIVE IN ONE

I signed in 1952 to complete 22 years service. What are my entitlements if I finish my service at 16 years? For example: (a) how much notice beforehand must I give?; (b) can I claim six months in the United Kingdom?; (c) am I entitled to a demob suit?; (d) am I allowed free passage home?; (e) can I claim a rehabilitation course? My sixteenth year of service ends in 1956.

—“Sergeant” (name and address supplied).

★This NCO may request, not claim, a

LETTERS



free discharge when he has completed 16 years on his current engagement and not before. The question of notice does not arise. His request will be considered on its merits and unless there should be some restriction on discharge it would not normally be refused. Discharge, however, may be delayed by the General Officer Commanding for two periods of six months, if he considers it essential in the interests of the Service.

This NCO would be entitled to a civilian outfit, or cash in lieu, on discharge and a pre-release course of 28 days. If he obtains his discharge while overseas he must pay his passage home.

TWO CHOICES

I served on a Regular engagement for 22 years and was discharged to pension in 1949. Almost two years later I rejoined on a normal engagement of “five and seven,” all my previous service counting towards service and pension.

For compassionate reasons I applied for a posting nearer home. My Record Office said I had to do one of two things: apply for a compassionate

discharge or be posted to my unit in BAOR, with married quarters.

If I were to apply for a compassionate discharge would I be entitled to the full gratuity of £250 and the £15 for each year's service over 22 years?—“Sergeant” (name and address supplied).

★From the information given it would appear that this NCO is subject to peacetime re-employment terms, that is, from date of re-enlistment he must complete three years service to earn a full 1950 code pension and five years for a full terminal grant. If he does not complete five years further service, one-fifth of the terminal grant would be admissible for each complete year. The terminal grant awarded to a sergeant for the first 22 years reckonable service is £200, not £250.

FATHER'S REGIMENT

Going through my old Army treasures the other day I found a picture taken at Hounslow Cavalry Barracks just before World War One. It shows 19 men of the 19th Royal Hussars whose fathers also served in the same regiment.

Even in those days, when the family tradition was strong in most regiments, this was generally conceded to be a record. Today, when National Service has done so much to destroy that family tradition, I wonder how close any regiment can come to this record?—Ex-Sergeant J. C. Howson, late 19th Royal Hussars (address supplied).

LOST HIS TICKET

I joined boy service on September 3 1947 for a period of 12 years. Later I was given a paper saying I could change my service to eight years with the Colours and four years with the Reserve. Since then I have lost this paper and am under the impression that I have to produce it when leaving the Army after eight years. Is this true?—Spr. R. Whalley, CRE Dhekelia, MELF 3, Cyprus.

★Loss of this paper should cause no

●SOLDIER welcomes letters. There is not space, however, to print every letter of interest received; all correspondents must, therefore, give their full names and addresses to ensure a reply. Answers cannot be sent to collective addresses.

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

● Please do not ask for information which you can get in your orderly room or from your own officer.

● SOLDIER cannot admit correspondence on matters involving discipline or promotion in a unit.

difficulty. A copy will be filed with the original attestation held by Royal Engineers records.

LEGACY

I have heard Australian soldiers praising an organisation in their country known as Legacy. It apparently looks after Servicemen's families. May we have a few details?—“Ex-Service” (name and address supplied).

★The Legacy Club was founded in Australia in 1923 by Major-General Sir John Gellibrand. His idea was that qualities evidenced in stress of war—comradeship, unselfishness, patience, human kindness—should be taken up as a legacy by those who were lucky enough to survive, and applied to the care and welfare of the dependants of those who died. So far as they can, members of Legacy take the place of the breadwinner. Each Legatee—a returned Serviceman with overseas service—accepts personal responsibility for an individual family and identifies himself with their interests. He fights their legal, housing, pension and other battles; advises on schooling and health; finds jobs or apprenticeships for grown children. Field-Marshal Sir William Slim has paid this tribute to Legacy: “I have seen many organisations which deal with the welfare of ex-Servicemen's families, but I have never seen one that dealt with them in a more human, effective or economical way than does the Legacy Club.”

In January, SOLDIER published a letter from a reader who had found this picture and wanted to identify the uniforms. Many replies have been received, including one from Johannesburg.



“THEY WERE CIVIL SERVANTS”

THE two officers depicted on page 36 of the January SOLDIER are, I am convinced, of the 15th (County of London) Battalion, The London Regiment (Prince of Wales' Own Civil Service Rifles).

This regiment claimed descent from the Loyal Volunteers of London, raised in 1798, of which two companies were recruited from Somerset House and its immediate vicinity. In 1802 another Volunteer Corps was raised from among London Customs and Excise officials. Both corps were disbanded in 1814.

With the revival of the Volunteer movement in 1859 the Audit Department of Somerset House decided to raise a rifle corps. In November 1860 the Civil Service Volunteers were raised and the 21st Middlesex Rifle Volunteers (Audit and Post Office), 27th Middlesex (Inland Revenue), 31st Middlesex (Whitehall) and 34th Middlesex (Admiralty) Rifle Volunteers were amalgamated into a battalion. This was the Civil Service Corps of Rifle Volunteers.

In 1908, with the formation of the Territorial Force, the unit became the 15th (County of London) Battalion, The London Regiment. On 31 December, 1922 the battalion was amalgamated with the 16th (Queen's Westminster Rifles) to form the 16th London Regiment (Queen's Westminster and Civil Service Rifles).

The uniform worn by the officers in the picture was that in general use up to the introduction of khaki service dress. The tunic and breeches were grey with dark blue collar and cuffs, and a narrow blue stripe on the breeches. Dark blue puttees were worn with black ankle-boots. Sam Browne belt, leather equipment and sword scabbard were black. The cap was grey cloth with a dark blue band, black peak and chinstrap. In the photograph the officers are wearing white cloth cap covers which, in pre-1914 manoeuvres, denoted them to be acting either as umpires or enemy.—Lieut.-Colonel Howard N. Cole, TARO, Manor Road, Tongham, Surrey.

I BELIEVE I recognise the uniform as that of the Civil Service Rifle Cadets of the period which ended with the 1914-18 war.

This was a unit for young Civil Servants of the boy clerk grade of the time, between 15 and 20 years of age. It used to supply a steady stream of useful recruits to the Civil Service Rifles (County of London) Battalion, The London Regiment, T.F., who were the Prince of Wales's Own and wore the feathers as a badge. I served in the Civil Service Rifles before and during the 1914-18 war.

The Cadets had no khaki and wore for all purposes a grey uniform with blue facings, including breeches and blue puttees, such as

the officers in the picture appear to be wearing. The parent Territorial battalion had khaki service dress for use in training, but had also a full-dress uniform of grey (with trousers, not breeches), with blue facings, as it was one of the units of the so-called London Grey Brigade (Kensingtons, London Scottish, Civil Service, Queen's Westminster and, in camp sometimes, Artists and Inns of Court also).

The two gentlemen shown might have been officers of the Civil Service Rifle Volunteers (12th Middlesex) of the period before 1908, since that was the uniform for all purposes of the old Volunteer unit, carried on by the Cadets into the Territorial Force era.—Eric Phillips, Military Reporter, The Times, London.

Editor's note: A reader in Ashstead, Surrey, has enterprisingly traced the identity of the original owner of the photograph, an officer who served at one time in Shanghai. This officer's widow is confident that the men in the illustration were Shanghai Civil Service volunteers of pre-World War One, whose uniform, she says, was grey-green. More information is being sought by SOLDIER on this point; but it is clear from an illustration produced by Lieut.-Colonel Cole that the Civil Service Rifles wore uniform identical with that shown in SOLDIER'S illustration.



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MORE LETTERS

KENYA MEDAL

Is there a medal for service in Kenya? I served there with the 1st Battalion The Lancashire Fusiliers.—**Pte. M. Reilly, 1 King's Own, Hong Kong.**

★The Africa General Service Medal (first issued in 1902) is to be awarded for three months' service in Kenya.

A MYTH

Would SOLDIER settle a controversy that is raging at my place of employment? Five shillings to my favourite ex-Service association depends upon the answer. Is it correct that an NCO, entering a Royal Engineers guardroom, must salute the guard commander, whether or not there is an officer of commissioned rank present? All regiments, I am told, must comply with this, with the exception of the Royal Artillery. We have a Royal Engineer who insists that this is the correct procedure.—**F. Wincott, 5 House, 2 Court, Cox Street, Coventry.**

★It looks as if someone has been led up the guardroom path. There is no such rule.

HOME GUARD

Can men of the Home Guard attend annual camp with the Territorial Army? I have made several enquiries and have met with unsatisfactory answers. There are several men in my battalion who are keen to go to camp.—**David Burbidge (ex-RAEC), 4 Hinton Road, Upper Edmonton, N.18.**

★The answer is "No." Territorial units have their own training schedules to complete in a very limited space of time. Welcome though the Home Guard would be, they could not easily be absorbed.

"DUSTY" MILLER

"Dusty" Miller, the Army boxer (SOLDIER, October) did not lose the final of the Army and Navy feather-weight championships in 1909 on points. He was knocked out in the first round by Corporal R. Darley, of the 1st Battalion The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment.—**R. Darley, 58 Sussex Road, Maidstone.**

★"Dusty" Miller's recollection of this contest was a little hazy after so many years. Reminded of the knock-out, he said: "Darley was a southpaw and set me a puzzle I could not unravel. A left-hand punch to the solar plexus did the trick." Corporal Darley died as a prisoner-of-war in Southern Anatolia after the capitulation of General Townsend's garrison at Kut-el-Amara.

"REDCAPS"

As one of the cartoonists responsible for portraying a member of the Corps of Royal Military Police with his arm-band on the wrong arm (Letters, January), I apologise to that worthy and oft-maligned body of men. In my Army days I was always too busy dodging the "Redcaps" to notice what they were wearing!—"Buz" (name and address supplied).

NO REAR

The writer of the article on "The Most Popular Infantry Regiment" (January) might have mentioned an incident which occurred in the 1871 manoeuvres in Britain, when Lord Wolseley was an umpire. Outstanding regiments were the 60th Rifles under Colonel Hawley and the 10th Hussars under Colonel Valentine Baker. The rivalry between them was very noticeable.

As the 60th were marching quietly back to camp the 10th pounced on them from behind a coppice, whereupon Lord Wolseley galloped up and said: "Your battalion is attacked in the rear. You are out of action." Indignantly Colonel Hawley cried: "Go back to your general and tell him that the Rifles have no rear!"—"Greenjacket" (name and address supplied).

MACINTOSHES

The present "coats rain-proofed khaki 1A" (as worn by certain ranks in the Army) are an improvement on the greatcoat but they (a) lack a warm lining; (b) are pretty shapeless without a belt (issued only with the WO pattern); (c) are short-lived and expensive; the surface rubs threadbare and becomes dirty very quickly; (d) have collars which rub behind the ears when raised; (e) restrict movement. Having worn this type of coat since its introduction, I have lost count of the number I have handed in for exchange as unserviceable. My present greatcoat is only my third in 22 years.—**WO II (name and address supplied).**

SOLDIER'S VOTE

You quoted (December) a BBC television speaker as saying, "If a soldier is old enough to be sent abroad to defend his country, he is old enough to decide whom he wants to marry."

This prompts me to ask another question: "If a man is old enough to defend and—if called on—to die for his country, is he not old enough to voice an opinion in his country's affairs?" Under the present system it is probable that a man may be 25, even 26, before he is able to vote in a Parliamentary election. Yet a soldier may die for his country, as many have, at the age of 18.—**A. O. Freakes (ex-RAPC), 20 Brookward Road, Southfields, London.**

McCAFFERTY

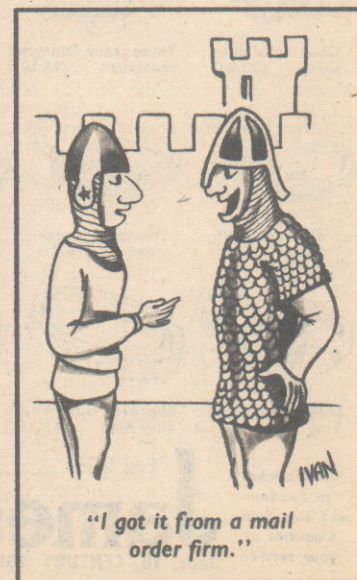
I originally enlisted in the 1st Battalion of the Loyal Regiment (47th Foot) and during my training in 1938 first heard the strains of the "Forbidden City," the "Song of McCafferty" who, as the first verse informs us, "Signed my name with a good intent and joined the 47th Regiment."

Moving about since those "rookie" days I have heard the number of Foot quoted as 27th, 32nd and 42nd, more often the last, and to convince members of this mess that it should be 47th Regiment I am soliciting help.

The reason that it is so firmly fixed in my mind is because my stepfather counselled me before enlisting at Fulwood Barracks "not to shoot my CO as McCafferty did." Apparently my stepfather was on the Royal Engineers staff in Fulwood Barracks, Preston, when the tragedy occurred.

Had McCafferty been in the 42nd and shot his commanding officer while he was in training (as the song states), then Perth Assizes should have tried him and his execution would have taken place there and not at Walton Gaol, Liverpool, as the song says.—**WO II C. Nuttall, RAEC, HQ Troops, British Guiana.**

★Can any reader shed light on the tale of McCafferty?



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NEW ZEALAND ARMY

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FILM CRITIC

I have just seen the War Office film "They Serve to Lead" (SOLDIER, February). I was very surprised to see that the officer in charge of the jungle patrol, on deciding that a private soldier was too ill to continue and must return to the base camp, took upon himself the task of escorting the soldier to the base. The patrol was thereupon under the command of a sergeant. This decision was made notwithstanding that bandit tracks had been identified as those of eight men who had passed only six hours previously.

The officer ordered his sergeant to follow up the tracks. Surely it is not the duty of an officer to escort sick or wounded men to the rear; his duty is with the patrol. I think the officer should have sent a reliable private soldier to escort the sick man, plus another private soldier to assist him, if necessary.

Incidentally, what I believe to be the proudest moment of an officer's career, the passing-out parade at Sandhurst, was omitted from the film. On the whole I thought the film left much to be desired.—Maurice E. Jones, 28 Oakfield Road, Shrewsbury.

*The officer is leading a patrol of one section of his platoon. The sick man needs carrying, which will mean an escort of at least three. This halves the strength of the patrol and leaves too few men to follow up the bandits' tracks. The officer decides to go back with half the section to report the discovery of the tracks and to leave the other half-section under a corporal in ambush, in case the bandits return.

His decision (SOLDIER is assured) is operationally correct. He is responsible not only for that section, but for his other two sections—one on patrol and the other in reserve at platoon base, where also is the signaller through whom he can communicate with his company commander. The officer's duty is first to get back his information and secondly to evacuate his casualty. As a result of his action, a raid is carried out on the bandits' camp, and an ambulance is sent for the sick man.

There is one other reason why he would not have sent off the sick man with one or two privates as escort. In thick jungle all moves must be checked by compass and troops always move under the command of an officer or non-commissioned officer.

The Sandhurst passing-out parade was omitted with reluctance by the War Office, which intended the film to appeal to boys and to bring out some of the lesser-known aspects of Sandhurst. Within the time-limit set for the film, there just was not room for everything.

NO RESIGNING

What is the position of the short-service commissioned officer who wishes to retire at his own request? I was recently told that as a short-service commission is the equivalent of a contract it is not possible for any person holding that type of commission to retire at his own request, other than on compassionate grounds.—Pay Corps Captain (name and address supplied).

*This officer was correctly informed. ACI 841/1950 says that short-service officers will not be permitted to retire or resign their commissions except in extreme compassionate circumstances. Only when an officer takes a short-service commission as a means of obtaining a regular commission and is unsuccessful is he permitted to resign without reference to compassionate grounds.

"THE DUCHESS"

I read "Blimp's" letter advocating the return of khaki service dress (SOLDIER, February) with mixed feelings.

In 1940, I was one of the first batch of troops to leave Egypt for Greece and, for prestige purposes, we were given service dress in place of battle-dress. As a pipe-smoker, I welcomed it. No longer would my pipes fall out of those side pockets in battle-dress trousers or shatter in the thigh-pocket when I rose from the table.

With three pipes in one tunic side-

pocket and a full pouch and two or three boxes of matches in the other, I appeared in my new finery. Our sergeant-major—a Regular—eyed me malignantly. "Get them pockets emptied," he said. "You've got hips like a Duchess." The name stuck. I was "Duchess" as long as I was with that unit.—Ex-Field Security (name and address supplied).

HALF-MAST

Mr. L. A. Parmenter (SOLDIER, November) drew attention to the incorrect draping of a Union Jack. There also seems to be widespread doubt as to the correct way to fly a flag at half-mast. It should not necessarily be flown half-way down the mast.

The custom of flying a flag at half-mast originated on board ship. It signifies the flag of death, flying above the ship's flag from the jack staff at the stern. As the jack staff is normally long enough to fly three flags the ship's flag would then be flying half-way down, hence the term "half-mast."

The right position in which to fly a flag at half-mast is, therefore, at the depth of one flag from the top of the staff. Is this laid down in any service regulation?—Lieut. W. A. Lavers, Royal Signals, BAOR 4.

*No Army regulation exists to determine that a flag at half-mast shall be flown in this manner. "Half-mast" is generally interpreted literally.

GURKHA SERVICE

Whilst serving as CQMS of a Gurkha company at Farelf Training Centre I applied for Gurkha service pay. I was informed that I was not entitled to it. Can SOLDIER clarify?—Colour-Sergeant J. Rodgers, Queen's Royal Regiment, Johore Bahru, Malaya.

*Gurkha service pay is issued only to men of certain corps who volunteer for a tour of duty of three years or more with certain specified Gurkha units. This NCO was not a member of one of these corps.

LETTERS CONTINUED OVERLEAF

FILMS

coming your way

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


SVENGALI: The novel by George du Maurier which was a sensation in the 1890's stands up well to the strain of being filmed in colour. Hildegard Neff plays Trilby, the artists' model who sings "like a duck" until she is hypnotised and becomes a world-famous concert star. Donald Wolfitt is the sinister hypnotist and Terence Morgan his rival for the lady's affections.

ONE GOOD TURN: Ex-Trumpeter, ex-Signalman Norman Wisdom bobs up in a variety of settings with his personal brand of comedy. In an attempt to earn money quickly, he is involved with a symphony orchestra and a London to Brighton walking race. Also concerned are Joan Rice, Shirley Abicair and Thora Hird.

LILACS IN THE SPRING: An ingenious piece in which Anna Neagle contrives to play four parts. She is Nell Gwyn, persuading Charles II to build the Royal Hospital, Chelsea; Queen Victoria as a bride; a World War One entertainer; and a World War Two ENSA girl preparing to go to Burma. Errol Flynn is both a British Army officer and a song-and-dance man; and David Farrar is Charles King and King Charles. In colour and black and white. Much singing and dancing.

PHIFFT: A fast-moving American comedy of matrimonial complications, starring Judy Holliday, Jack Lemmon, Jack Carson and Kim Novak.

THE HIGH AND THE MIGHTY: Nerves stretched to breaking point in a crippled air liner over the Pacific. Those aboard include John Wayne, Claire Trevor, Laraine Day, Robert Newton.



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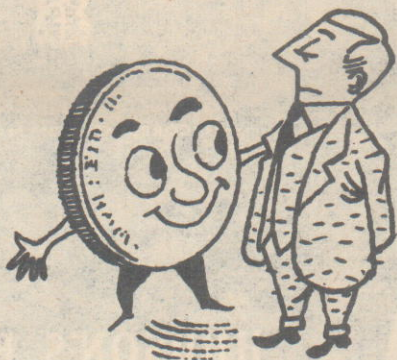
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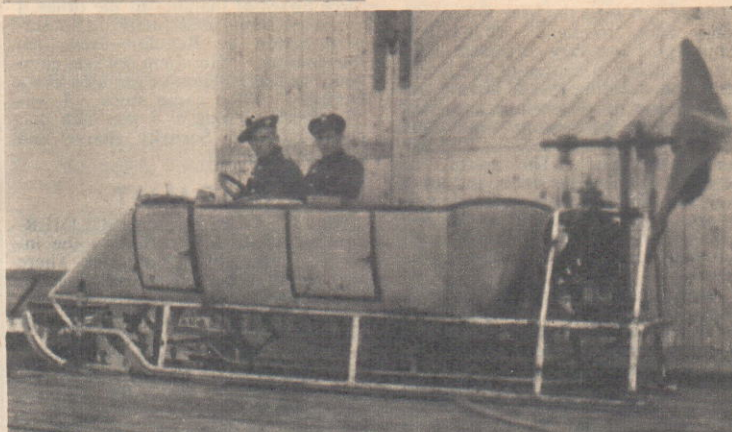
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MORE LETTERS



A propeller-driven sledge of World War One (see letter below).

EARLIEST HYBRID?

SOLDIER recently printed the picture of a hybrid vehicle for travelling over snow. This picture of the same type of vehicle was taken by me in 1919 on Archangel aerodrome. Is it the earliest model?—W. Titchmarsh (late Highland Light Infantry), 139 Autumn Street, Geelong West, Victoria, Australia.

mounted by a bugle. With the rank of colour-sergeant, a small crown is worn above the bugle; with the rank of warrant officer, class II, a large crown is worn above the bugle.

WANTS A CAMP

I should like on my return to England to purchase a small disused Army camp, of approximately three to six acres. This could contain buildings, but it is not essential. It would be an advantage to me if it contained mains services and I would like it to be either in the south of England or Yorkshire. —L/Corporal (name and address supplied).

★This reader has been directed to the appropriate War Office branch.

THE KILT

I was greatly interested in your article on "The Army and the Kilt" (February).

You might have recalled that when King George IV visited Scotland on one memorable occasion he wore the kilt with pink tights.

It must have been one of the nastiest jolts ever sustained by the Highland regiments of the British Army.—"Ubique" (name and address supplied).

BUGLE-MAJOR

What badges of rank are worn by a bugle-major on promotion to colour-sergeant and warrant officer while still holding the appointment?—Territorial (name and address supplied).

★A bugle-major with the rank of sergeant wears four bar chevrons sur-

"MAGPIES" KEEPER

Subject article "Six Army Keepers Capped" (SOLDIER, January): Ronnie Simpson's club is Newcastle United not Glasgow Rangers. I have been a keen supporter of the "Magpies" for the past 10 years and have seen Simpson play most of his games.—Probationer L. Richardson, RMP, Woking.

DO NOT MISS SOLDIER!

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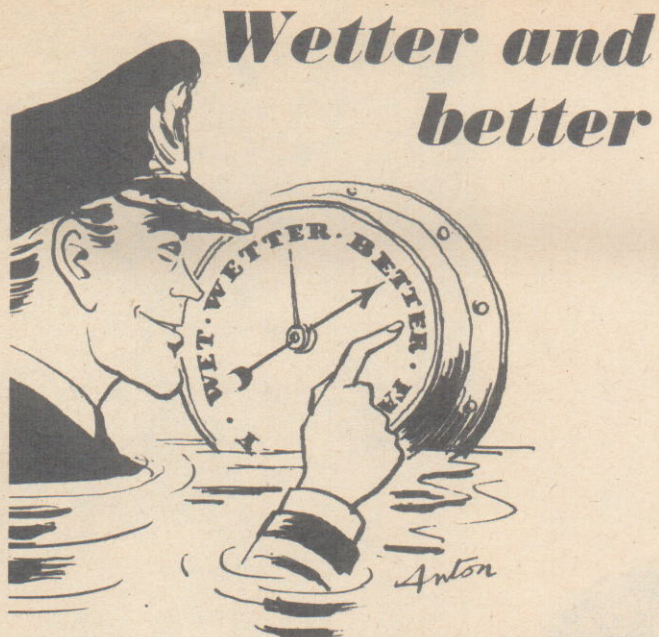
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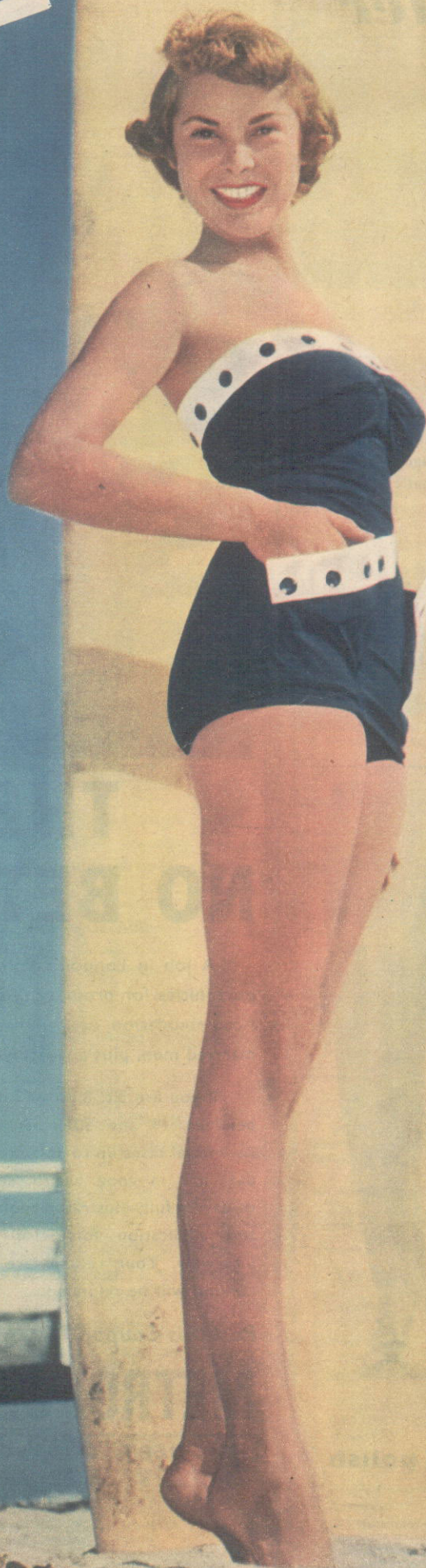
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