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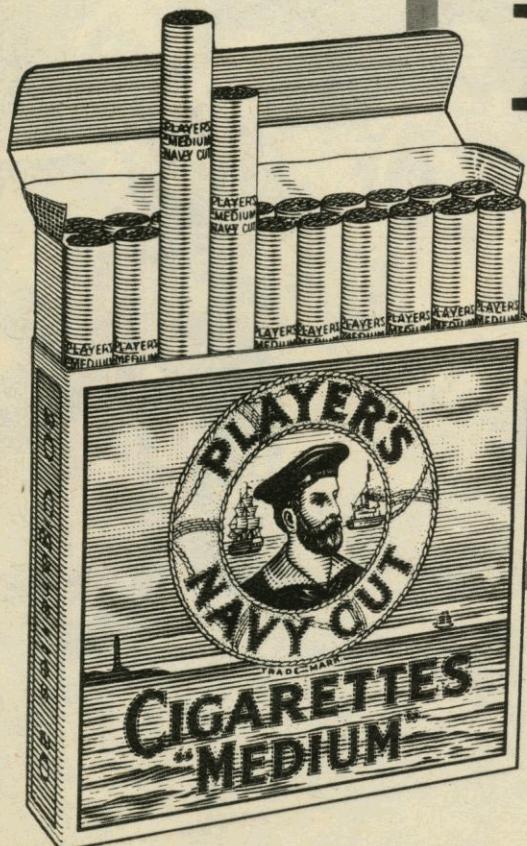
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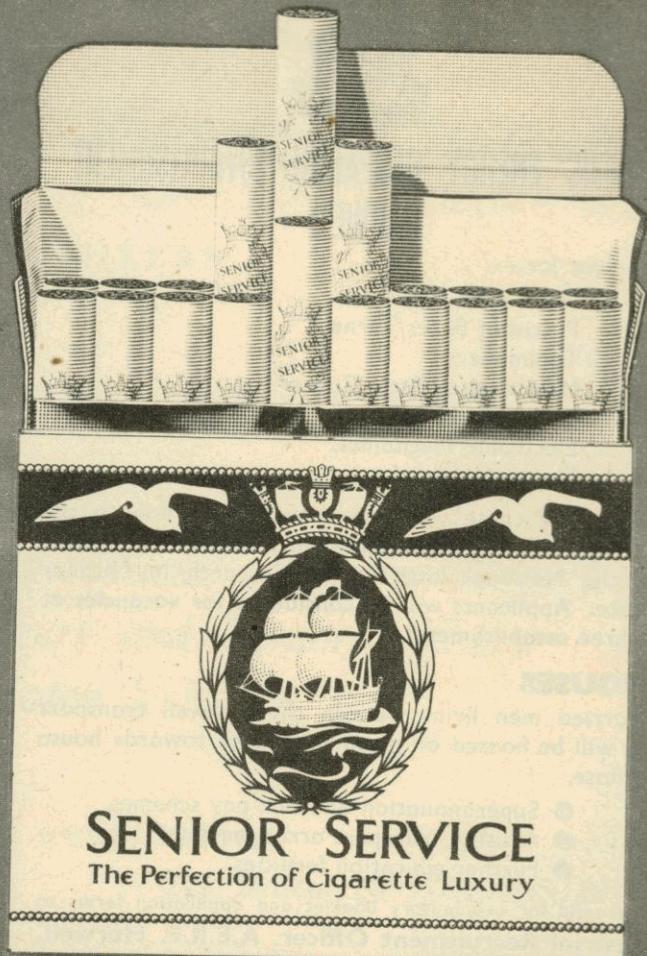
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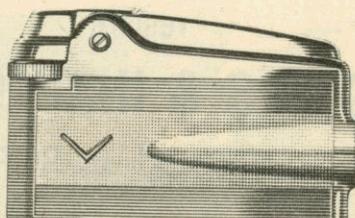
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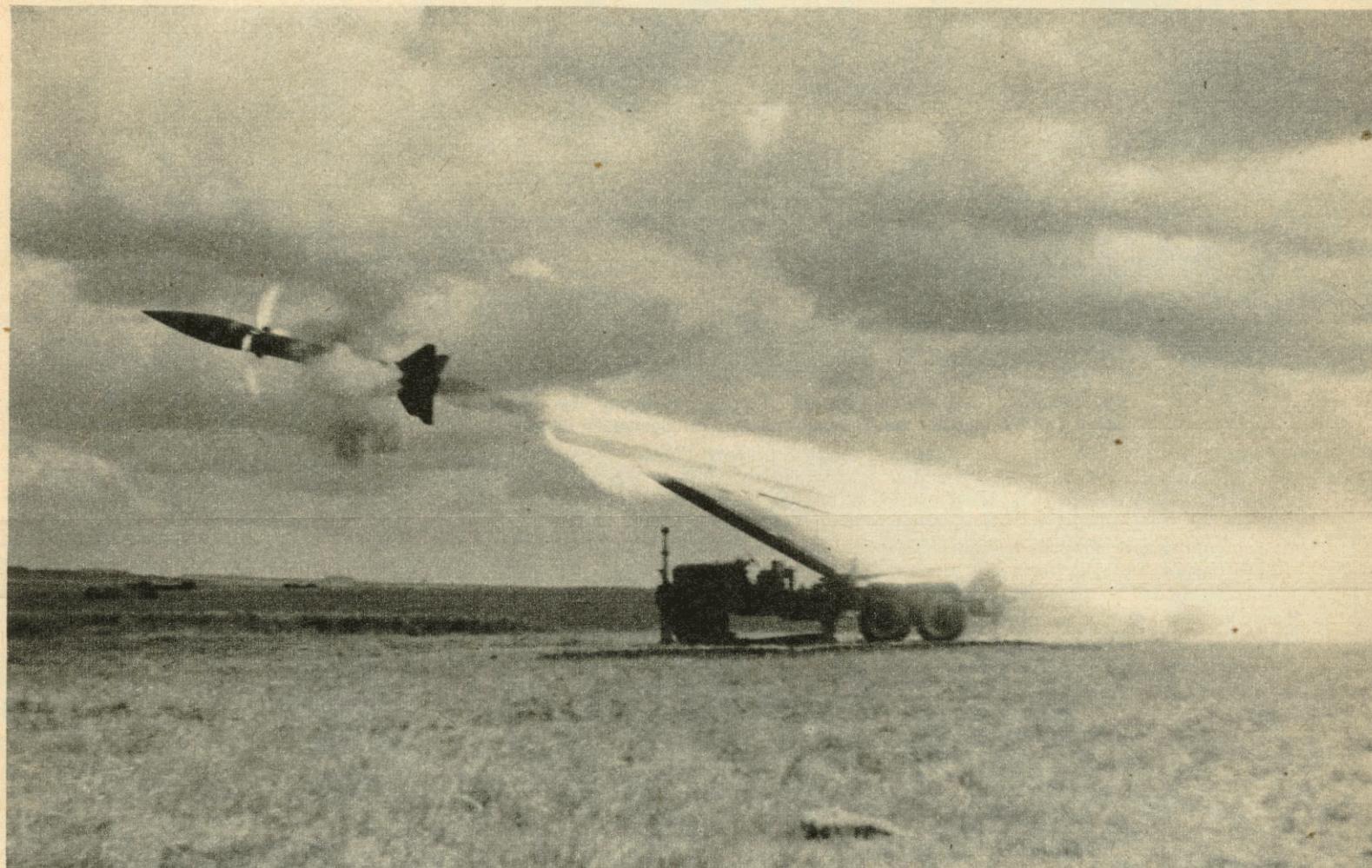
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Honest John leaps from its launcher, belching smoke and flame. Seconds later it exploded in mid-air four miles away. *Honest John* is a free-flight missile with a range of nearly 20 miles.

Picture: SOLDIER Cameraman ARTHUR BLUNDELL

THE ARMY BARES ITS TEETH

A WOODED hillside on Salisbury Plain erupted in smoke and flame as a creeping barrage of 25-pounder and 5.5-inch shells crashed down. *Centurion* tanks joined battle with their 20-pounders and Browning machine-guns and paratroopers and Infantry opened up with their three-inch mortars, *Wombat* anti-tank guns, 105-mm pack howitzers, their new general purpose machine-guns and self-loading rifles.

On the pitted hillside, tank after tank was knocked out and enemy forward positions were obliterated as the tremendous weight of fire swept every yard of ground. Then, as the barrage died, Royal Navy and Royal Air Force jet fighters and bombers screamed in to rocket and bomb the rear areas.

In those few minutes nearly a million rounds of live ammunition were fired, an auspicious opening to the first large-scale

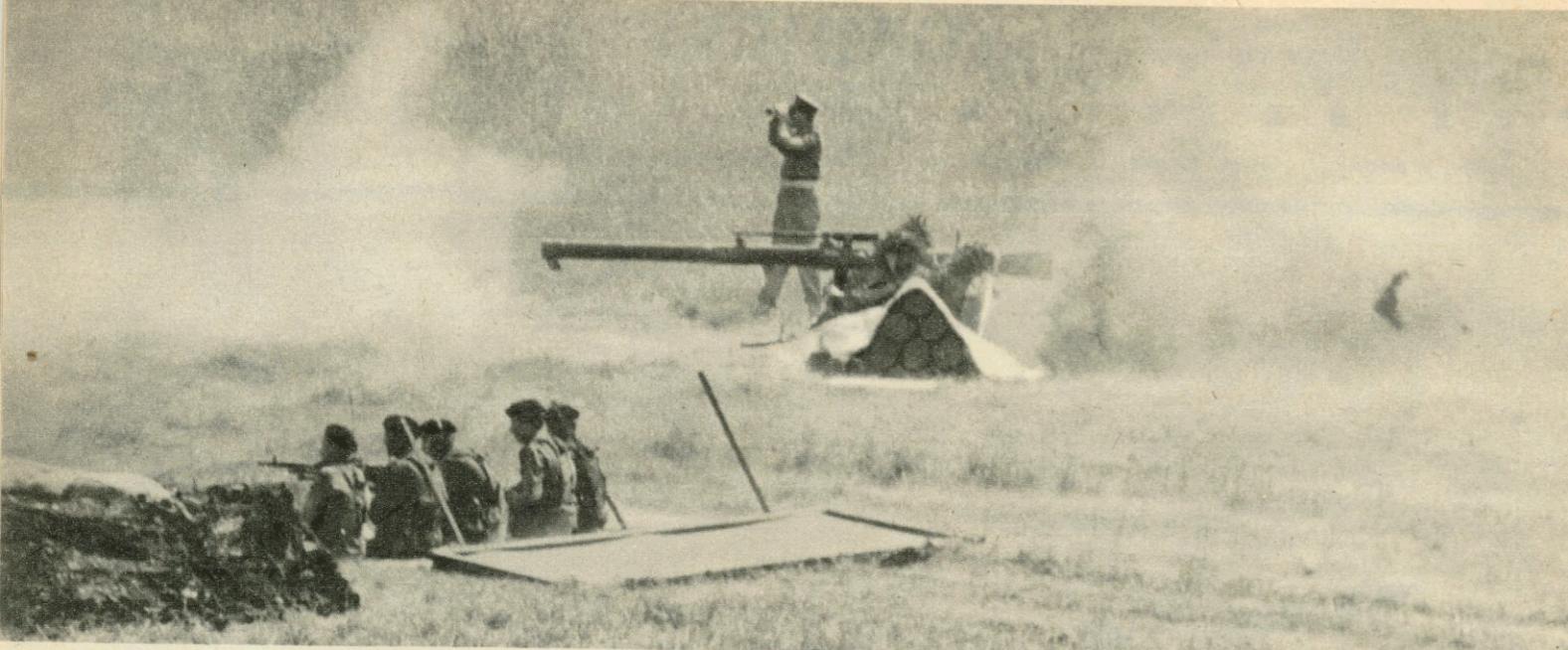
land-air warfare demonstration held by the three fighting Services in Britain and the largest concentration of weapons, machines and equipment since World War Two.

It was also the first time that the Army has been able to show at one demonstration the remarkable accuracy and lethality of its latest weapons—the *Honest John*, the 8-inch howitzer; the *Malkara*, mounted on its *Hornet* armoured vehicle; the *Wombat*, the pack howitzer; and the new machine-guns and self-loading rifles—and the increased mobility and striking power which its helicopters and light aircraft now provide.

Few, if any, of the 4000 spectators—high-ranking officers and cadets from all three Services, military liaison staffs from Commonwealth and NATO countries and Government officials—went away unimpressed by the tremendous advances the Army has

continued on page 7

The Army showed off its new weapons and a million live rounds were fired at a dramatic demonstration of the hitting power of the three Services



The Infantry's latest anti-tank gun, the *Wombat*, in action. This weapon, which weighs only 650lbs, is carried in a long-wheel-based *Land-Rover* and can be manhandled across country on its own two-wheeled carriage. Four men are needed to operate it.



Above: Paratroopers give supporting fire with the 105-mm pack howitzer, the three-in-one weapon which can be used as a howitzer, anti-tank gun or field gun. Below: Centurions blast enemy tanks with their 20-pounders and Infantry with machine-guns.



The *Belvedere* twin-rotor helicopter delivers a *Land-Rover* to the paratroopers minutes after they have landed. This twin-engine machine can carry 25 fully-armed Infantrymen and can be used for dropping supplies, as an air ambulance and for reconnaissance.

made in its training and ability to fight a conventional war and the interdependence of land, sea and air forces in battle.

The demonstration was in four parts, each bearing an appropriate code name, thought up, presumably, by a feminist.

"Noisy Nora" hid the identity of the ear-splitting show of fire power; "Saucy Sue" showed how paratroopers and an Infantry brigade group would carry out an airborne assault; "Plain Jane" demonstrated the advance of an Infantry brigade group and included the live firing of an *Honest John* and an 8-inch howitzer; and "Pretty Lily" was a static display of Royal Navy and Royal

Air Force aircraft.

The men of 20 Army units, and a group headquarters, three air squadrons of the Royal Navy and 16 Royal Air Force stations in Britain and Germany took part.

"Saucy Sue" had many lessons for the spectators, emphasising in particular the vital need for speed, split-second timing and meticulous planning. It began when nine *Hastings* aircraft, protected by Royal Navy jet fighters, roared overhead to disgorge 270 paratroopers of the 1st Battalion, The Parachute Regiment. Seconds after the paratroopers had touched down, five *Beverleys* lumbered in, parachuting heavy vehicles,

weapons and equipment on platforms. Within minutes vehicles and weapons were in action and the paratroopers had secured the airfield. As they took up defensive positions four more *Beverleys* arrived with reinforcements from 51st Infantry Brigade Group and the Royal Air Force Regiment. At the same time a maintenance area was set up and helicopters and light aircraft arrived to ferry supplies to the forward troops, returning with casualties, which were then flown back to base in a *Beverley*. Later, more helicopters — *Whirlwinds*, *Sycamores*, the twin-rotor *Belvedere* and the Canadian *Caribou*

OVER...



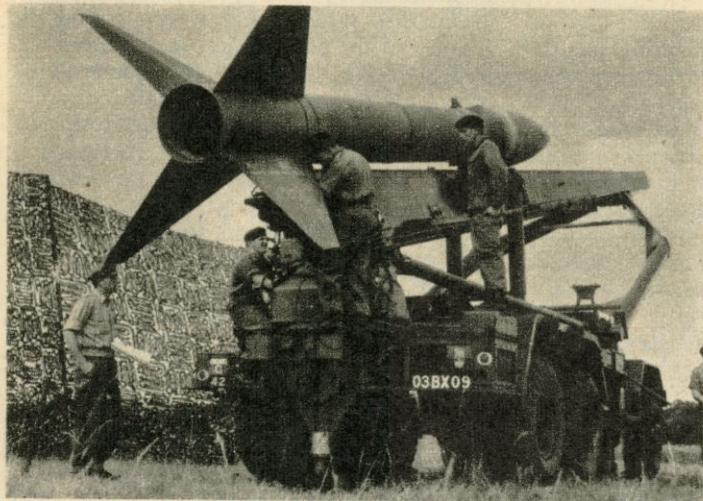
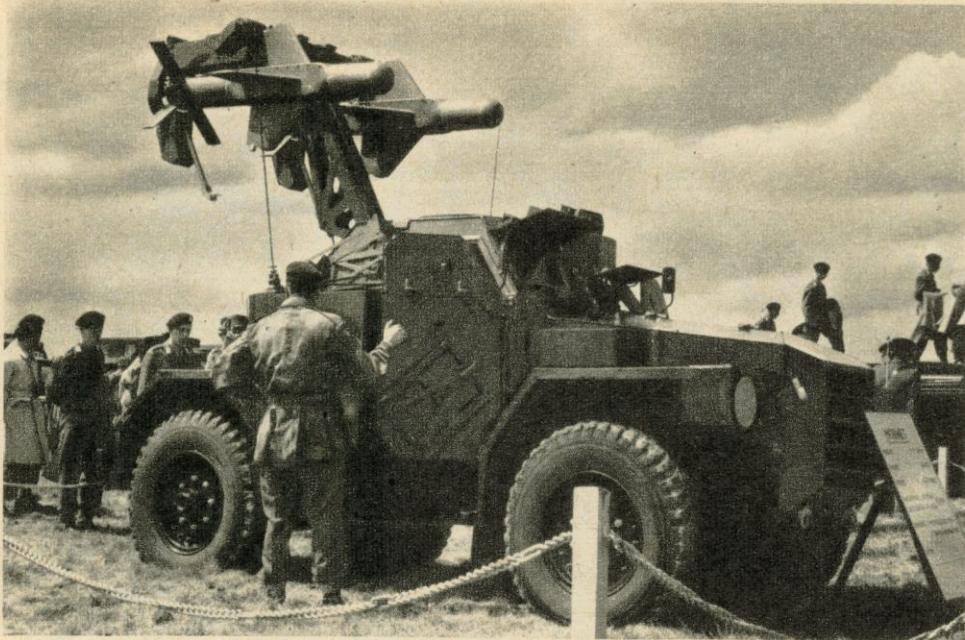
A TRIO ON TRIAL

ANY of the Army's new weapons, fighting vehicles and equipment — from the *Malkara* to an electronic velocity analyser — were on show at a static display at Larkhill, and among them were three Infantry weapons now undergoing trials.

One was a Dutch sniperscope (below, left), fitted with infra-red ray apparatus, which can hit its target at 150 yards in the dark. It weighs 15lbs and is being tried out by the Small Arms School Corps.

The other two weapons were anti-tank recoilless rocket launchers, either of which may replace the 3.5-inch rocket launcher at present in use in the British Army. One was the Canadian *Heller* 3.2-inch rocket launcher (above) which, it is claimed, can knock out a moving tank at 300 yards. It weighs 30lbs and can be operated by one man. The other was the Swedish 84-mm recoilless rocket launcher (right), which also weighs 30lbs and has similar characteristics to the *Heller*.





The *Malkara* on its armoured vehicle, the *Hornet*. Driven by a two-stage solid propellant rocket motor, the *Malkara* is claimed to be able to destroy the heaviest known tank.

Left: Honest John, the Gunners' free-flight missile, on its launcher. It is 27ft long and can carry an atomic, high explosive, smoke or chemical warhead. It weighs five tons and has a solid fuel motor.

(this aircraft can be airborne in 50 feet) and *Pioneers*—touched down and began moving troops and equipment where they were most needed. The value of the *Belvedere* in this kind of operation (it can carry a 5500-lb load or 25 men up to 50 miles and return without refuelling) was never more evident. Nor was the need for more helicopters and light aircraft, if the Army is to achieve the mobility it requires in any future war.

There was little new in "Plain Jane," a demonstration of a brigade group deploying and engaging an enemy, except the obvious lesson that helicopters can be put to a variety of uses, among them reconnaissance, carrying demolition parties to blow bridges and clear minefields, delivering and collecting messages and stores and rushing reinforcements to tactically weak parts of the battlefield.

For most spectators, the firing of an 8-inch howitzer and *Honest John*, both of which have a nuclear potential, was the highlight of the display. Surprisingly, the noise of the former when it was fired with a high explosive charge at a target ten miles away was little more than a dull thud, but *Honest John*, a free-flight missile, lived up to its reputation.

As the count-down reached zero, a spurt of red flame leapt from the weapon, searing the grass (and scorching some photographers who had ventured too close). Unlike *Blue Water* and *Corporal*, which leave their platforms slowly, *Honest John* sped from its mobile launcher and in a flash had disappeared into the clouds. Seconds later, more than four miles away, it exploded with a brilliant flash and disintegrated. Had it been allowed to land and carried a nuclear charge it would have wiped out a town as big as Yeovil.

E. J. GROVE

SOLDIER to Soldier

DON'T be surprised if one of these days you see an Army recruiting poster which says: "Join the Army—And Buy a House."

As SOLDIER went to press final discussions were taking place between the War Office and the Building Societies' Association on an imaginative plan to institute a savings scheme for Servicemen so that on retirement they will have the money to buy a house.

Details of the scheme—foreshadowed earlier this year by the War Minister as part of his seven-point plan to attract more Regular recruits—have yet to be announced, but SOLDIER understands that in future any Regular soldier will be able to contribute weekly sums of money through his unit to a building society which, on his discharge, will assist him in acquiring a home and grant him mortgage facilities. Moreover, the soldier's savings will qualify him for a special bonus or an additional interest.

In these days of inflated prices and shortage of houses (and the distressing habit some local authorities have of putting the ex-Serviceman at the bottom of their housing lists) the soldier's prospects of finding a suitable home after leaving the Army are grim.

This new scheme—which will be voluntary—has everything to commend it and it will

be a foolish man indeed who fails to take advantage of it. And, SOLDIER ventures to think, it will play an important part in persuading young men with an eye on the future to join the Army.

★

THE portrait of one of Britain's most famous soldiers has become a bone of contention in the art world.

It is Goya's painting of the first Duke of Wellington which was recently bought from the Duke of Leeds for £140,000 by an American who originally wanted to take it home but later agreed to sell it to the National Gallery for the price he had paid.

As SOLDIER went to press the Chancellor of the Exchequer was considering a proposal that the Treasury should buy back the portrait for the nation. If this happens SOLDIER can think of no better place for its permanent home than the new National Army Museum in Camberley, a suggestion which the Iron Duke, we feel sure, would heartily endorse.

★

Shouting in the Army really necessary? asks Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, who was War Minister—and a very good one, too—in the early 1950's.

Recently, Mr. Shinwell revealed that when he used to visit Army units he was often

worried by the "rather harsh expressions" and unnecessary bawling out of men by some non-commissioned officers which, he thought, might be one reason why some soldiers buy themselves out.

SOLDIER's experience is that in these enlightened days there are very few NCO's left who bawl out their men without just cause and that the men themselves do not resent it if they respect those who have to do the shouting and understand the reason for it.

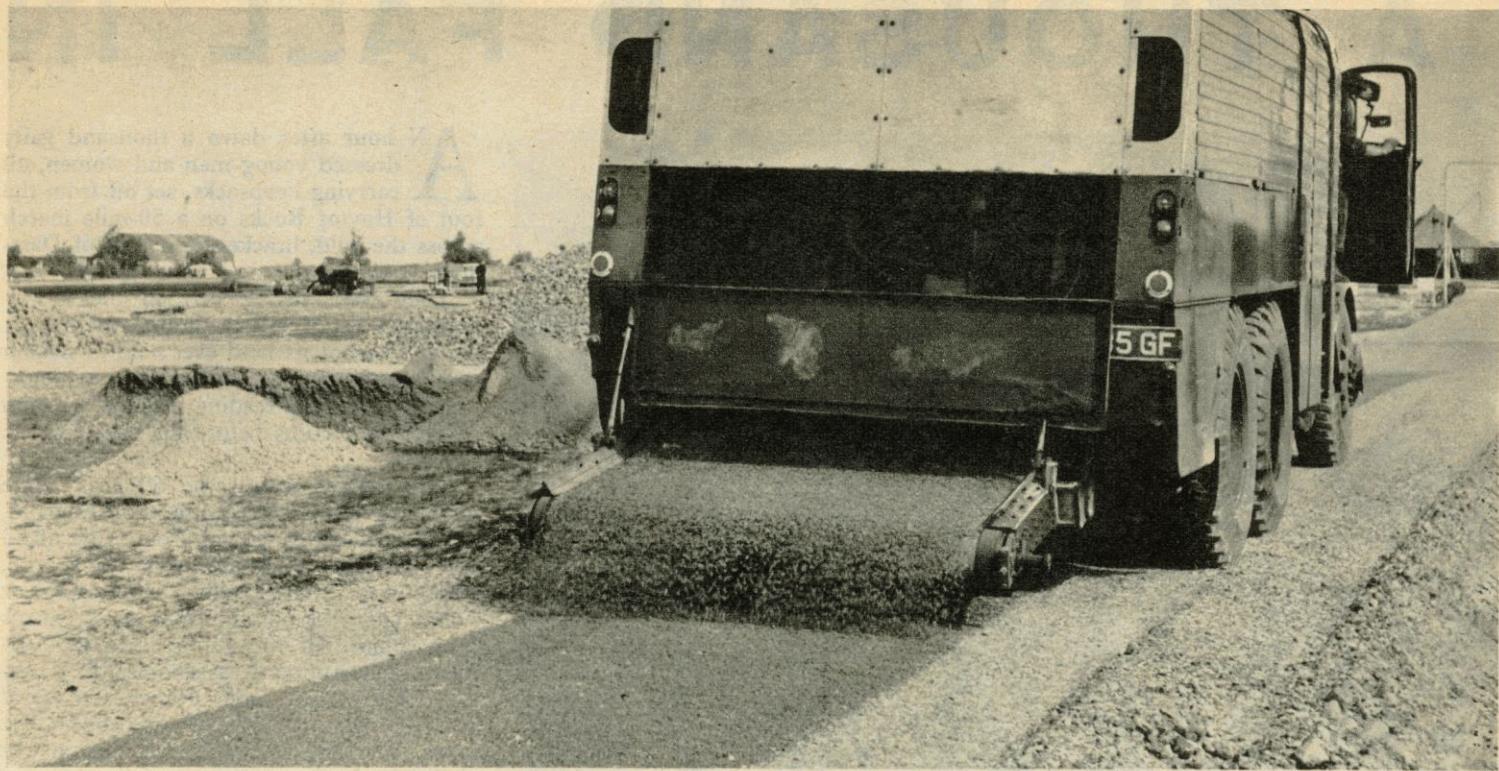
Shouting is necessary both on the barrack square (how else, for example, can an NCO make his voice carry to the farthest-flung man on parade?) and in the field and SOLDIER shudders at the thought of the chaos that would ensue if NCOs never spoke above a whisper.

But, echoing Mr. Shinwell's sentiments, there is a time and a place for shouting and if NCOs—and officers—want to shout they should not do it to embarrass their men or to show off their authority.

★

TALKING of noise, the Army—except the Brigade of Guards—will soon be wearing noiseless rubber-soled boots. The Guards will retain their present leather-soled, steel-tipped ammunition boots so that they can continue to stamp loudly on sentry go.

And quite right, too, says SOLDIER's ex-Guardsman. Just imagine a whacking great Guardsman stamping his feet at Buckingham Palace and making no noise!



AND NOW THE HIGH SPEED ROAD

THE Army's long search for a way to make roads in double-quick time so that troops and supplies can be ferried forward rapidly and safely is over.

The answer is the prosaically-named High Speed Road Surfacing Unit, an astonishing machine which can lay nearly half a mile of tarmacadam road, suitable for heavy vehicles, in two minutes. And vehicles can use the road as soon as it is made.

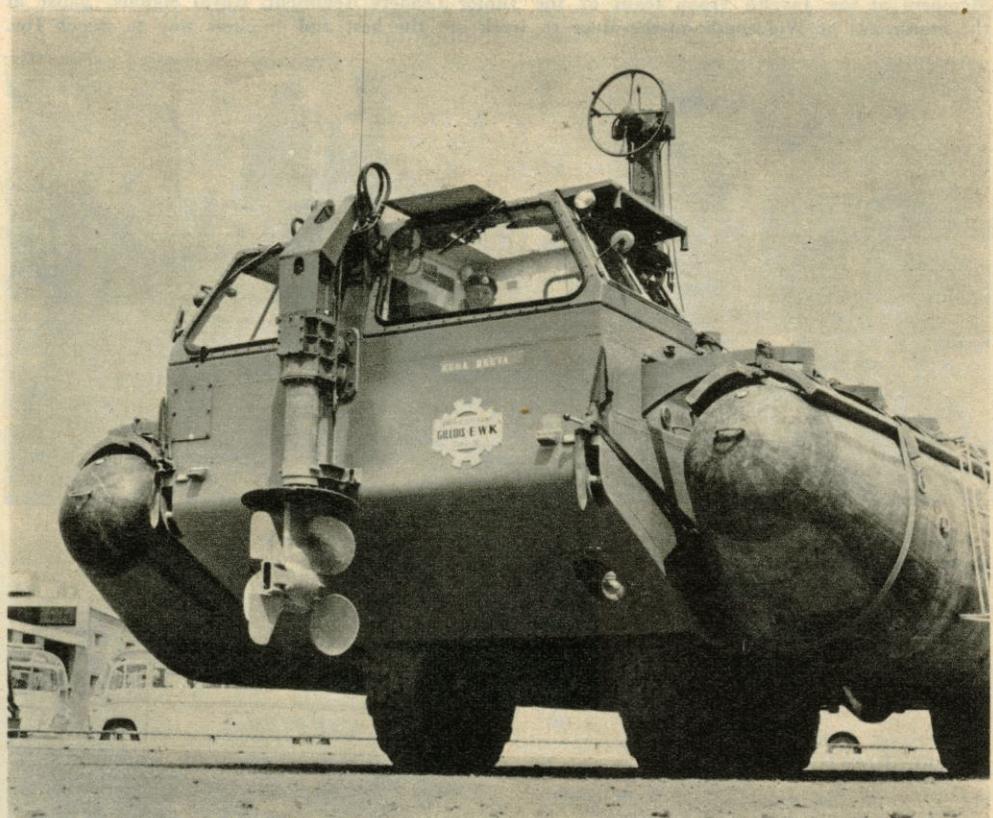
The High Speed Road Surfacing Unit, mounted on a six-wheeled lorry chassis, is the brainchild of the Military Engineering Experimental Establishment at Christchurch, in Hampshire, which designed and developed it. It can carry up to 650 gallons of tar and 11 tons of grit and operates at between four and 15 miles an hour, laying the road—equally well on hard core and bare earth—behind it as it drives along. The thickness of the road can be varied for the type of traffic which will use it.

One of the machines had been ordered by the United States Army and British industrialists are interested in it for possible civilian use.

The High Speed Road Surfacing Unit is only one of the many inventions conjured up by the Army's backroom boys at the Military Engineering Experimental Establishment, the Director of which is Sir Donald Bailey who invented his famous bridge there. The Establishment also carries out evaluation trials with engineering equipment for the Army and commercial concerns.

As SOLDIER went to press the Establishment was conducting experiments with the French Gillois Bridge—a monstrous amphibian which floats on rubber blisters—which is likely to be accepted for use in the British Army.

The mobile road maker disgorges tar and grit as it rides along at 15 m.p.h. The thickness of the surface can be varied and vehicles can use it as soon as it is laid.



This monster-like amphibian is one of the units of the Gillois bridge now undergoing trials at the Military Engineering Experimental Establishment.

The vehicle is 40 ft long, 12½ ft high and 10 ft. wide and weighs 30½ tons. It carries a 26-ft long bridge span which can carry a load of up to 50 tons and is swung round at right angles to the front and rear of the vehicle when it is waterborne. Two or more of these units, joined together like a pontoon, will make a ferry that can ply across water under the power of their own outboard diesel motors.

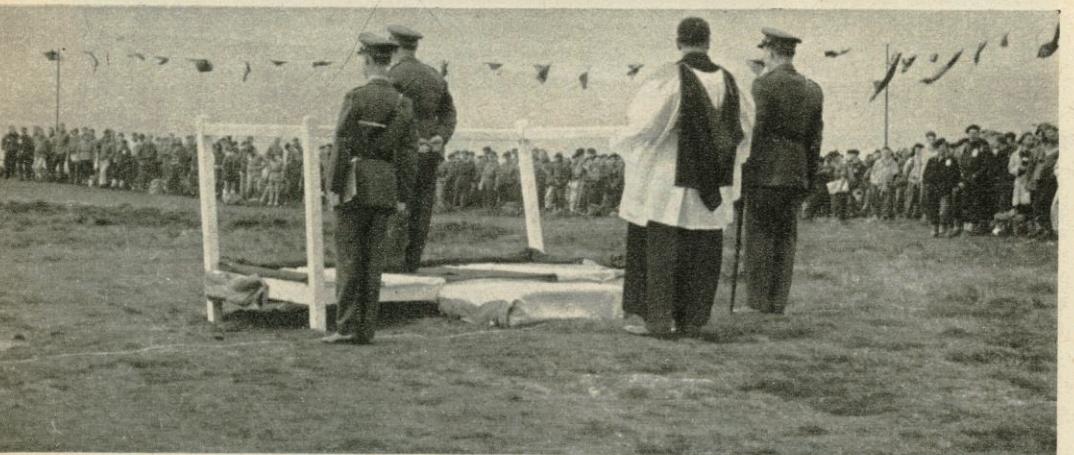
On land the Gillois can travel at more than 20 miles an hour. When the amphibian enters the water its wheels retract and it floats on the rubber blisters on either side.

The Gillois was invented by a French Army officer of that name and, it is thought, will become standard equipment for all NATO armies.

A THOUSAND FALL IN



Members of the Javelin Troop team of the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals, pause at the crossroads at Widecombe-in-the-Moor to work out the best and quickest way to Bench Tor.



Above: Maj-Gen Cubbon addresses the competitors at the foot of Haytor Rocks. Some teams came from as far away as Harrogate and Chester.

Right: S/Sgt J. Massey checks in one of the teams as the leader mounts Bench Tor. The men who manned the tors slept out all night.

COVER PICTURE

SOLDIER's front cover shows the Jerboa "A" team—one of the 20 entered by the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals—at the end of their trek across Dartmoor.

Led by Junior-Sergeant B. W. Bradbury-Brooke, the Jerboa team fed mainly on fruit and sausage rolls, slept in a ditch and finished among the leaders.



AN hour after dawn a thousand gaily dressed young men and women, all carrying knapsacks, set off from the foot of Haytor Rocks on a 50-mile march across the wild, bracken-clad hills of Dartmoor.

They were taking part in the Army-organised Ten Tors expedition—the biggest youth event of its kind ever held in Britain and a gruelling test of endurance, determination and map reading that was to claim nearly 200 victims before the two-day trek was over.

The youths, with some 60 girls, came mainly from the west and south of England, but there were teams, too, from as far afield as Yorkshire, Cheshire and Lancashire. There were young soldiers from Regular Army and Territorial Army units, teams from almost all the Junior Leaders regiments and Apprentices schools, the Combined and Army Cadet Forces, the Royal Navy, Royal Air Force, Police cadets, the three Women's Services and dozens of civilian enthusiasts.

They gathered at the foot of Haytor shortly after dawn to hear Major-General J. H. Cubbon, of 43rd (Wessex) Division-District, who arrived by helicopter, wish them good luck and at the sound of a trumpet fanfare, played by six bandmen of the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals, opened their sealed envelopes containing the names of the ten tors which they could visit in any order.

The girls—and boys under 16—had to cover a less strenuous course which also took them to the tops of ten tors.

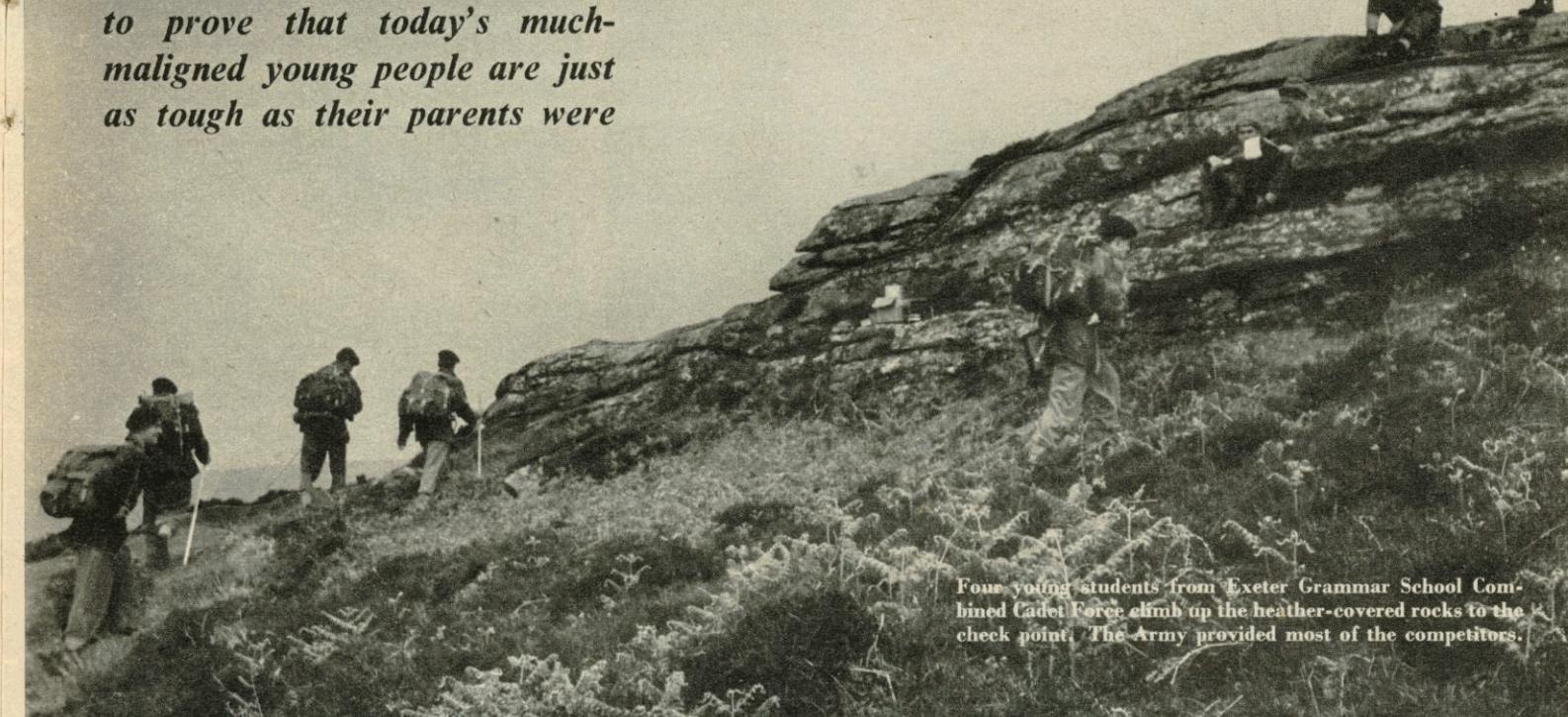
Hurriedly, the teams conferred, marked the tors on their maps, worked out the shortest routes to each and were off, most of them marching first by road to Widecombe and then through knee-high bracken and over rocks to the top of Bench Tor.

Others decided on different routes and there were some who quickly paid the penalty for faulty map reading. One team became so hopelessly lost in the first hour that it had to give up.

As the day wore on and the sun got hotter, some of the competitors—all carrying a

ON THE MOOR

For two days a thousand boys and girls tramped over Dartmoor to prove that today's much-maligned young people are just as tough as their parents were



Four young students from Exeter Grammar School Combined Cadet Force climb up the heather-covered rocks to the check point. The Army provided most of the competitors.

sleeping bag or blankets, food and cooking equipment—began to lag behind schedule and by mid-afternoon more than 50 boys and a dozen girls had retired with badly blistered feet.

The rest battled on over the hills, flopping down for a few minutes' rest and a drink of water at one tor before wearily setting off for the next. One Royal Marine Commando team, hardened by previous tough training on Dartmoor, spurned a more comfortable, but longer, route for one which took them waist-high through the River Dart and saved nearly an hour.

At eight o'clock on the first evening every competitor had to halt and all movement was forbidden until six o'clock the next morning. Some found shelter in haystacks and in farm buildings but most slept out under the stars.

The first team home—at Hexworthy—was expected early in the afternoon of the next day but the 41 Royal Commando team

from Bickleigh, made nonsense of that by arriving soon after ten in the morning, stopping 400 yards away from the finishing line to tidy up and coming in at the double! They had covered the course in 20 hours 20 minutes.

Most teams completed the course by late afternoon. The first Army team was from the Depot of The Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry at Bodmin, in 23 hours 40 minutes, followed by the Royal Army Service Corps Junior Leaders "A" team ten minutes later. First home of the girls' teams were a civilian youth club, then a team of secondary schoolgirls and, third, the Women's Royal Army Corps, Guildford. The Junior event was won by the Teignmouth Grammar School Combined Cadet Force.

Every team which finished the course in 36 hours or less received a medal and certificate.

The expedition was a triumph of organisation for the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals, who also provided the teams which manned the tops of the tors, arranged medical facilities in case of accident (a helicopter from a nearby Royal Naval Air Station was available in emergency) and held a jamboree for the competitors after the contest.

The Army plans to widen the scope of the expedition in future years and in 1962 hopes to attract more than 2000 competitors from all over Britain and from France, Holland and Germany.

THE ARMY BEATS THE LITTERBUGS

VISITORS to Dartmoor this year will be delighted at the lack of litter there—and they have the Army to thank for it.

The reason? The Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals, at Denbury, near Newton Abbot, have taken on the job of keeping the moors clean and tidy, visiting the beauty spots to collect sacksful of newspapers, cigarette packets, ice-cream wrappers and other rubbish thrown away by visitors.

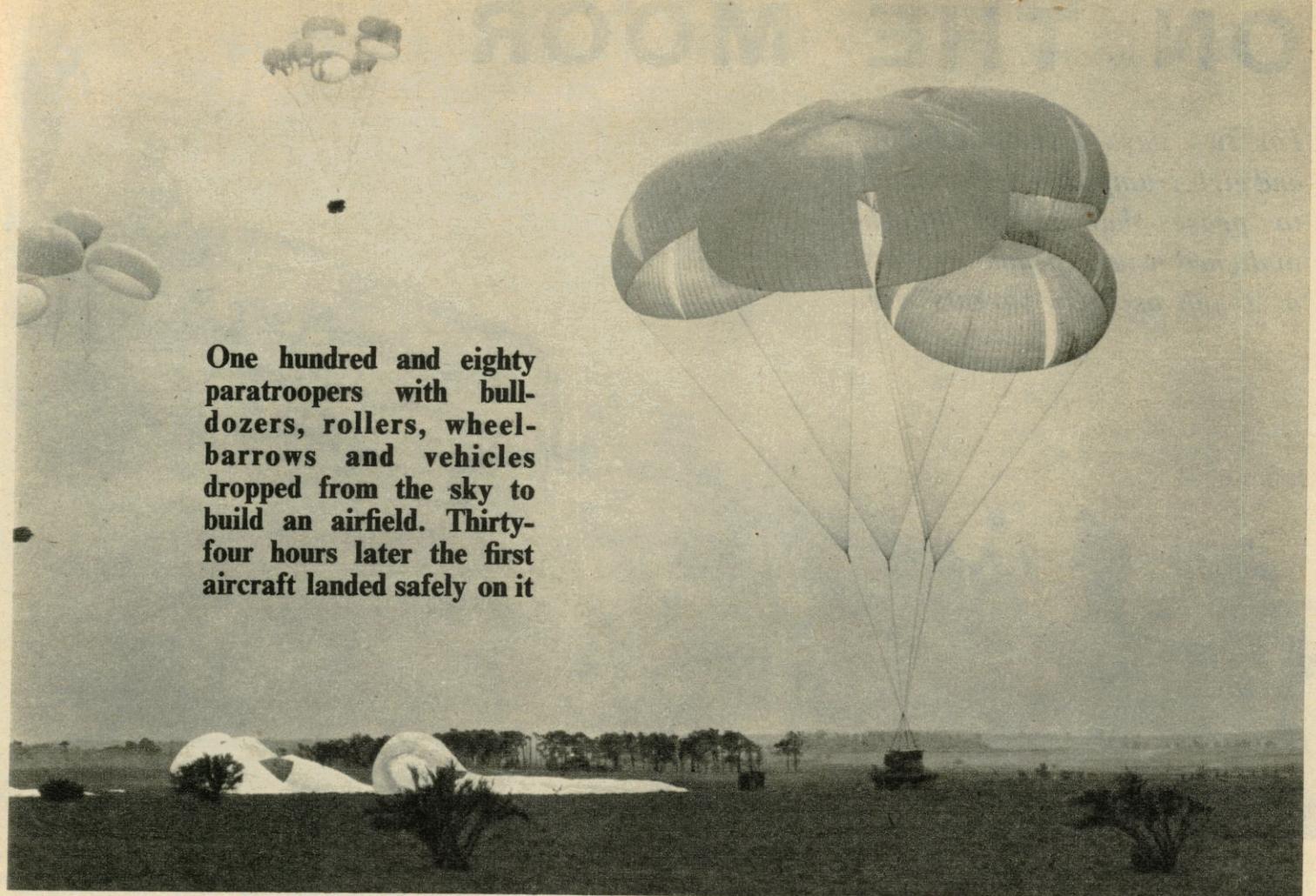
It all began when a local newspaper published a letter blaming the Army for the mess. Lieutenant-Colonel L. H. M. Gregory, the Junior Leaders Regiment's Commanding Officer, took up the challenge and now, each term, one squadron takes dozens of sacks with it when it goes training on the moors and in its spare time gathers up the litter. So far more than 100 sacks of litter have been collected and burned.



A short rest at one tor and it's off again through the heather for the next summit. More than 100 retired with blisters.



A thirsty competitor halts for a cooling draught from a stream.



One hundred and eighty paratroopers with bulldozers, rollers, wheelbarrows and vehicles dropped from the sky to build an airfield. Thirty-four hours later the first aircraft landed safely on it

Bulldozers, supported by six parachutes, sway gently and silently down to earth as the first airdrop is made. During the operation more than 50 tons of equipment was brought in by air.

THE SAPPERS BUILD AN AIRFIELD —FROM THE AIR!

IF you were told that one of the quickest ways of building an airfield was from the air you would almost certainly not believe it.

But you would be wrong, for that is precisely what the Royal Engineers have done. Only 34 hours after parachuting on to the Stanford training area, in Norfolk, recently, they turned a 1000-yard-long, 50-yard-wide stretch of rough heathland into a perfect runway ready for a *Beverley*, Britain's heaviest and biggest transport aircraft, to land on. It was the first time in Europe that an airfield had been built by men and equipment dropped from the sky.

The need in wartime to set up airfields rapidly ahead of front-line troops and in country where communications are unsuitable for transporting heavy machinery by

◀ BEFORE

Troops on motorcycles round up sheep to clear the area before the paratroopers come into action. From this stretch of heathland the Sappers made an airfield to take Britain's heaviest aircraft — the *Beverley*.

road, had been worrying the Royal Engineers for a long time before they hit on the idea of parachuting the men and equipment to do the job.

Sappers of 16 Parachute Brigade were chosen to carry out the experiment and succeeded beyond all expectations. It was thought that they would take at least 72 hours to complete the task, but they finished it in less than half that time.

The operation began in the early hours of a Wednesday morning when a *Beverley* bumbled over Stanford and disgorged 100 Sappers of 9th Independent Parachute Squadron, Royal Engineers, two bulldozers, a wobbly-wheel roller and a Land-Rover and trailer. Within minutes of landing the Sappers had gathered their machinery and had begun to clear the site, bulldozing away the scores of hummocks, clearing trees, gorse and brambles and rolling the turf flat.

Later in the day two other *Beverleys* arrived to speed the work with 80 more Sappers and more equipment, including two wobbly-wheeled rollers, 30 wheelbarrows, four Land-Rovers, two more bulldozers and a one-ton truck.

Until dark and all Thursday the Sappers toiled, levelling the ground by filling in every minute depression and turfing them over, and by evening the airfield was ready to receive its first aircraft.

At 6.20 p.m. the first *Beverley* landed on the strip, followed 45 minutes later by another *Beverley*. Both brought in men of 3rd Squadron, Royal Engineers, with heavy plant and equipment, to improve and maintain the airfield. Both pilots, who congratulated the Sappers on their work, made excellent landings and take-offs and the strip was undamaged.

During the operation more than 50 tons of vehicles and machinery were parachuted on to the site which will be left to weather and inspected from time to time for signs of deterioration.

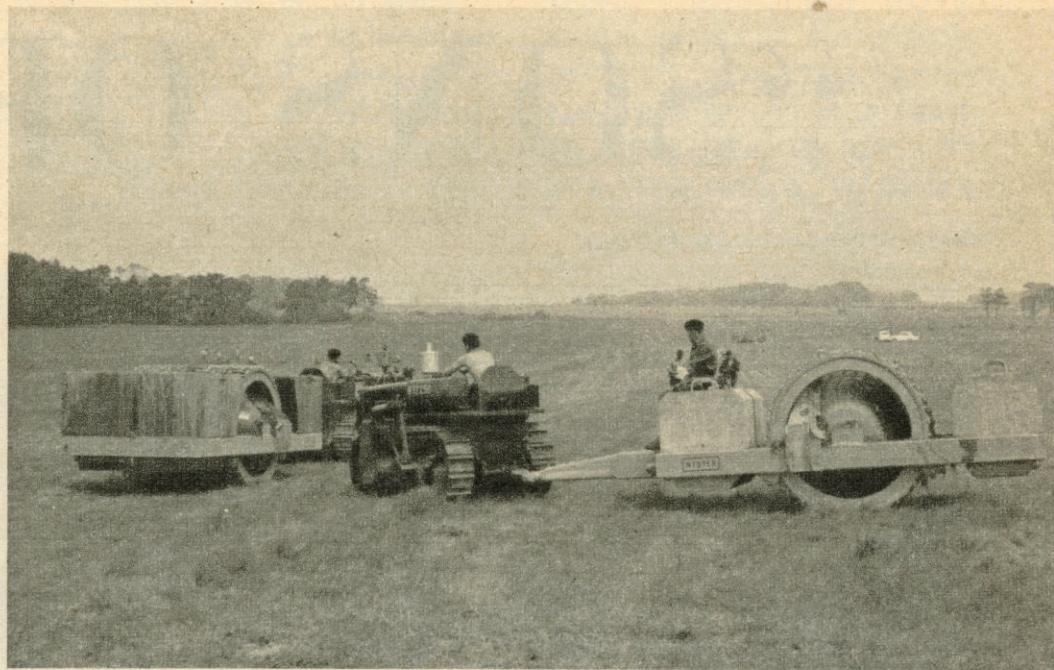
A Sapper officer told *SOLDIER* that with further practice a Royal Engineer Parachute Squadron should be able to reduce the time taken to build a similar airfield to only 24 hours.

Footnote

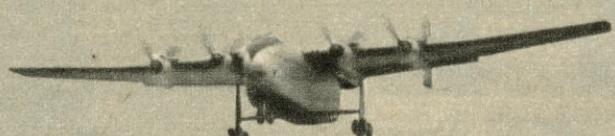
Sappers of 9th Independent Parachute Squadron are nothing if not versatile. After parachuting to build the airfield, they stayed behind to erect several bridges and then marched every one of the 150 miles home to Aldershot.

AFTER ▶

The first *Beverley* to use the airfield comes in to land, bringing more troops and machinery with it. The pilot's verdict: "A first-class job." It was the first time that the British Army had attempted to do the job.

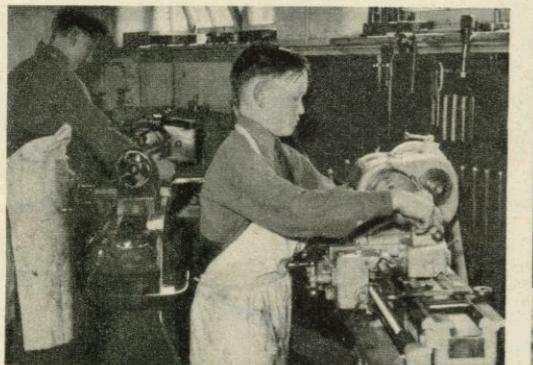


Above: Pulled by bulldozers, two weighted rollers ply up and down the heath, levelling out the hillocks. Below: Not all the work could be done by machine. Sappers with spades spent hours filling in small holes with earth and patting down uneven surfaces. Every foot of runway was turfed.



“SONS OF THE BRAVE”

Pictures by SOLDIER Cameraman PETER O'BRIEN



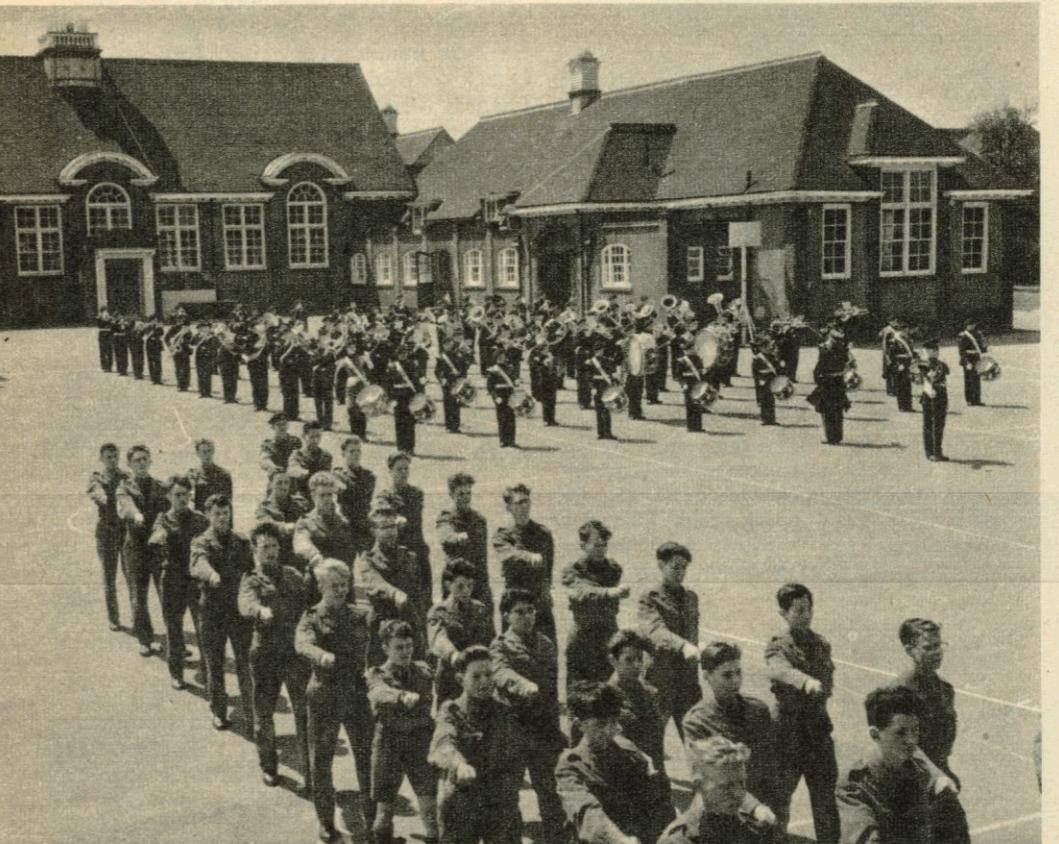
Above: Patrick Whelan busy on a lathe in the well-equipped metal-work room. He is one of several in a technical stream.



Left: Leonard McCormack, studying art for his GCE Advanced Level, works on his pastel of a skiffle group.

The juniors “soldier” for several periods each week. Here, under the friendly eye of RSM D. Haig, RE, a squad is learning how to salute. Battledress is the normal uniform; the boys can also wear flannels and the school blazer.

Left: Christopher Berwick repairing one of the band’s circa-1900 music stands. On the right is part of a new wood and metal stand, of modern design, made by the boys for use in the school music room.



Traditionally, the boys march to lunch, by their houses, to music of the school band or, on alternate days, to the corps of drums.

Right: Every youngster joins the drums or learns to play an instrument in the junior band.



Below, Senior boys, in the CCF, shooting on the school’s outdoor range. The school shot, Roger Brady, is nearest to the camera.



ONCE, THE DUKE OF YORK'S ROYAL MILITARY SCHOOL MERELY PRODUCED “CANNON FODDER” FOR THE ARMY. NOW THE EMPHASIS IS ON ACADEMIC TRAINING FOR EVERY WALK OF LIFE. BUT THE BOYS ARE STILL “DUKIES”

THEY still wear battledress as their school uniform; they still march into lunch to the music of their band. And they will forever be “Sons of the Brave,” these boys of the Duke of York’s Royal Military School, Dover.

Traditions such as these, deep-rooted in a school founded by Royal Charter nearly 160 years ago, transcend the passing decades—but subtly the character of the Duke of York’s is changing.

Once it was the Royal Military Asylum, for orphans of soldiers killed in the Napoleonic Wars; for long years its task was no more than to produce new generations of moderately educated soldiers. In 1878, for example, every boy in the school volunteered for the Army with the exception of one. His surname was Folly!

But gradually the emphasis on military training has given way to a higher academic schooling. Instead of going into the ranks at the age of 14, “Dukies” began to pass out as officers at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.

Today, in the age of university and technology, the Duke of York’s has become a boarding grammar school with a wide syllabus and a broad field of prospective careers. Most of the boys now stay on for a Sixth Form course. Seven years ago there were only 26 boys in the form but next term there will be 70 and soon, perhaps, 100.

Many go forward to university or responsible posts in civilian life, but nearly half the boys still choose a Service career. An average of six a year enters Sandhurst.

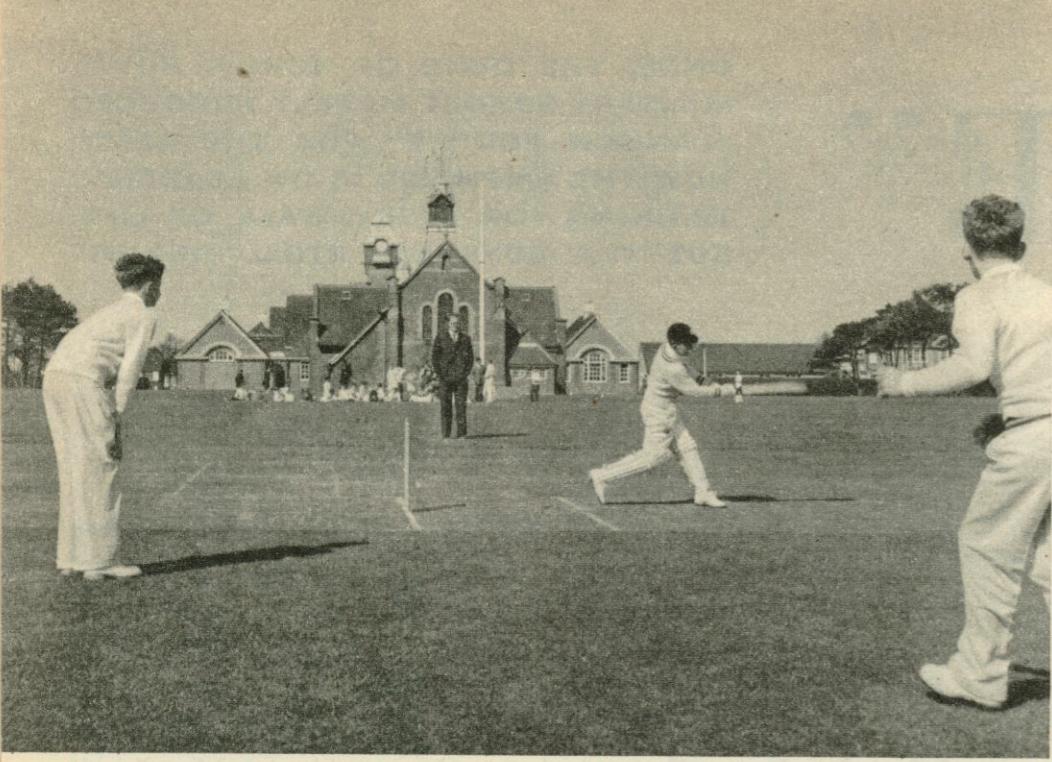
So rapidly has this change taken place that many parents fail to realise the opportunities the school offers, particularly to a serving soldier whose son’s education is otherwise so often disrupted by constant moves. Any long-service Regular ranker is eligible to send his son provided he applies before the boy is too old.

Not that entry is automatic. Each year brings hundreds of applications whittled down to a successful one in six by tests of the boy’s potential and a points system which gives preference to orphans, boys with only one parent or those whose fathers have given long and outstanding service.

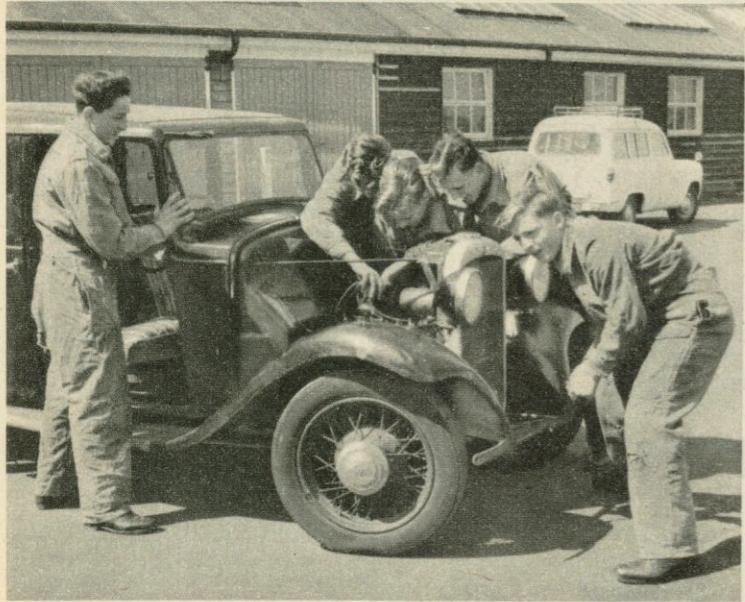
Most boys are admitted at 11 years old, but where there are strong compassionate grounds they join the school at nine or ten. In their first two years the youngsters take a general course in English, history, geography, mathematics, general science, Latin and French, with woodwork, art, music, religious knowledge and physical education.

Music has always had an important place

OVER...



An inter-house cricket match on the extensive playing fields. In the background is the chapel and, beyond, the predominant clock tower.



Left: Engineering Club enthusiasts working on a car bought by earlier boys for £15 and abandoned by them in Dover when they left school.

Below: A senior reads the lesson at morning service in the chapel. Right, in gown, is the Headmaster, Lieut-Col. R. V. M. Benn, RAEC.

in the Duke of York's School. Every boy learns to read music and more than half the boys join the band or drums. The youngsters are taught an instrument in the 90-strong junior band, then graduate to the senior band, of 72 boys, which plays on all parades and at outside engagements.

Like the Adjutant, Lieutenant-Colonel F. W. Hann, of The Royal Sussex Regiment, the Bandmaster, Mr. T. Noble, is an old "Dukie." He left the school in 1924, joined The Durham Light Infantry as a band boy and was Bandmaster of the 16th/5th The Queen's Royal Lancers and of the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Armoured Corps.

After two years the juniors start concentrating on their subjects for the General Certificate of Education examination—the school's aim is a minimum Ordinary Level pass in English, mathematics, a science and a foreign language. This age of 13½ is a turning point for every boy. He moves from a junior to a senior house—there are four of each, all named after famous generals—and abandons (technically when he gets into the Fourth Form or reaches a height of 5ft 2ins) his rather odd-looking battledress shorts for the coveted long trousers.

From then on, school life becomes busier and busier. From Reveille at 6.45 a.m. to lights out (for the seniors at 10 p.m.) the day is one long whirl of studies, games and prep. Lessons begin at 8.45 a.m. and, with breaks for morning milk and lunch, continue on four afternoons a week until 6.10 p.m.

In the Sixth Form there is a choice of some 15 subjects at Advanced Level, preparing boys in either the arts or sciences for university or for the Sandhurst entrance examination. A small technical group can take specialised subjects up to the same level.

Half the staff are Royal Army Educational Corps officers—four majors, who are also housemasters, and a number of captains—and half are civilian teachers. The headmaster, Lieutenant-Colonel R. V. M. Benn, Royal Army Educational Corps, literally wears two hats—his mortar board and

Service dress cap—for he is also Deputy Commandant and Commanding Officer of all military personnel in the school. A former head of Slim School, in Malaya's Cameron Highlands, he was on the staff at Sandhurst for three and a half years before taking up his present appointment.

Under the school's charter the Commandant is a retired officer of a "teeth" arm. Colonel A. W. Kiggell, whose father, Lieutenant-General Sir Launcelot Kiggell, was Chief-of-Staff to Sir Douglas Haig in World War One, was appointed Commandant in 1953 after 29 years' service in the Royal Engineers. He will be succeeded next month by Brigadier George Laing, formerly of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment and now Deputy Commander of South-West District.

Brigadier Laing will find his old love, Rugby, is one of the school's strongest sports. Last April one of the boys, 14-year-old Geoffrey Relph, played for England in an under-15 international against Wales. The school is renowned, too, for its swimming and life-saving, the latter taught by boy instructors. Within the generous 150 acres of grounds there are ample facilities for cricket, hockey and tennis.

Character and leadership are developed in outside activities—parties have been skiing in Norway and canoeing in France this year—and in the Combined Cadet Force contingent (every boy over 14 is a member) and the many societies and clubs.

Lessons, sport and out-of-school activities leave a little, hard-earned leisure time in the evenings when the boys can read, play games or listen to records in their house day rooms. The houses, neat red-brick buildings in the form of a letter "H," accommodate 57 boys in three dormitories, the housemaster and a resident matron. Senior boys sleep in the dormitories but share small studies.

The hierarchy of the boys, the school prefects, enjoy the privileges of wearing civilian clothes, of being able to go into Dover on Sunday afternoons and, the most cherished, of walking on the sacrosanct lawns instead of sticking to paths. School prefects wear white collar patches as a badge of office and the house prefects a collar "dog."

One of the duties of senior boys is to read the lesson at a brief daily service in the school chapel. There hang the original School and King's Colours, a unique dis-

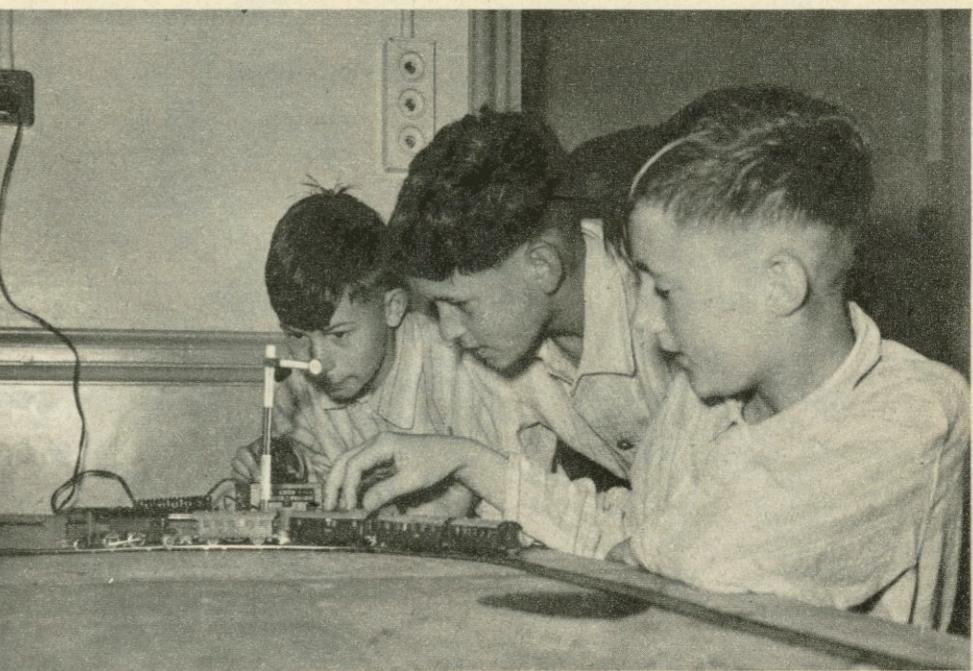


Clean, pyjama-clad and ready for bed, the youngsters of Haig House queue up for inspection by the Bandmaster, Mr. T. Noble. Judging by the smiles, it is hardly an ordeal!

Most distinguished of the Duke of York's Old Boys is Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Nye, who rose from the ranks (he was a sergeant of the Corps of Army Schoolmasters teaching fellow "Dukies" at Chelsea) to become Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

He is now one of the four Specially Appointed Commissioners—the others are General Sir Richard Gale, Lieutenant-General Sir Euan Miller and Lieutenant-General Sir Colin Callander—who are on the Governing Body of the school.

General Nye is also president of the 1000-strong Old Boys' Association.

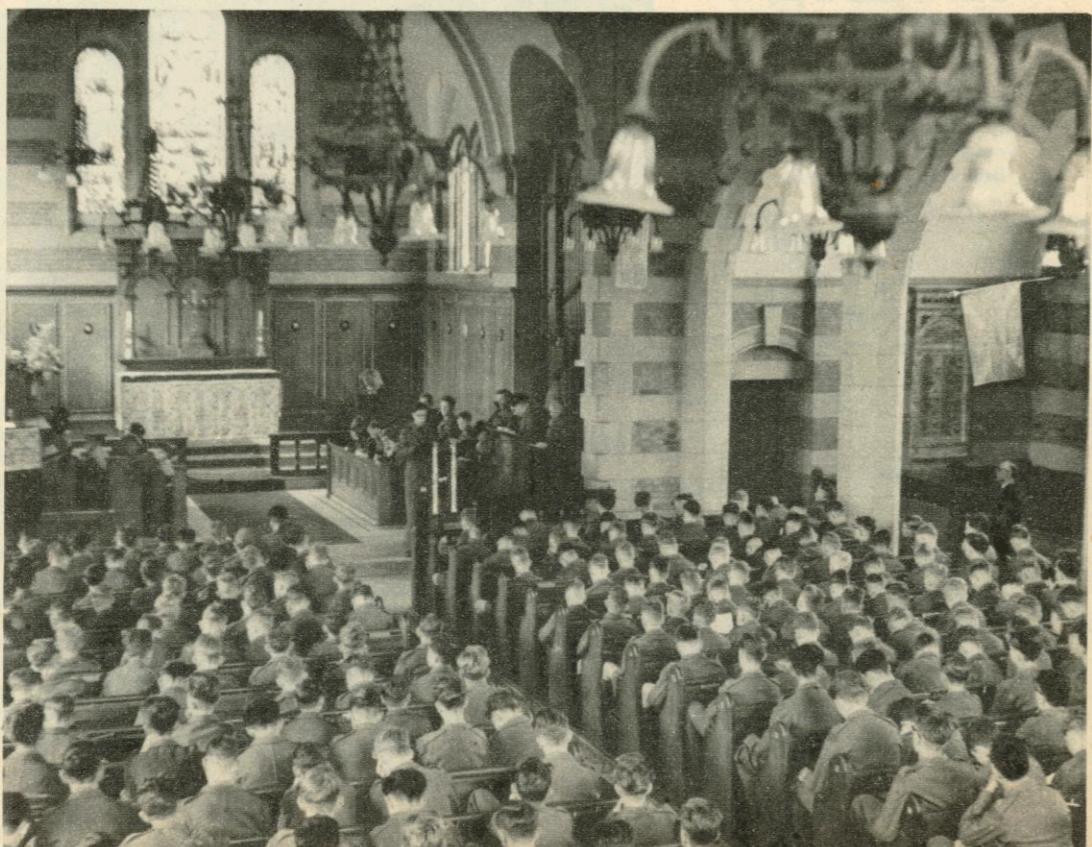


After evening prep, junior boys find time for hobbies. Here are three model railway enthusiasts, Peter Payne, Mervyn Phipps and Brian Machin. Other boys were reading, or making stools and rugs.

Looking down on the boys of the Duke of York's Royal Military School, as they eat in their dining room, panelled with honours boards, are their predecessors of 80 years ago, depicted in a painting of the school's original home at Duke of York House, Chelsea.

Field-Marshal Frederick, Duke of York, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, laid the foundation stone in 1801. A great benefactor of the Army, he was distressed by the neglect of orphans who had lost their fathers in battle and often their mothers, while "following the drum," to campaign epidemics. The Duke's school was originally for both boys and girls. When the Duke died, 1000 boys went to his lying-in-state, carrying their standards and led by the muffled drums of their band.

Girls were not admitted after 1846—"greatly to the advantage of the reputation of the school," said a historian—and branches in the Isle of Wight and Southampton were closed. Numbers were reduced to 500 boys—today there are 456—and in 1909 the school moved to its present Spartan site on the wind-swept cliff tops near Dover Castle.



inction presented by King George IV in 1825. There, too, memorial tablets record the names of "Dukies" who have fallen in 18 campaigns from the Peninsular War to World War Two.

Every year, on "Grand Day" Sunday, in

this sanctuary of 160 years' tradition, the "Sons of the Brave"—the School and its Old Boys—link past and present. From nine to ninety they share with pride the honoured name of "Dukies."

PETER N. WOOD

IT WAS REALLY TOUGH A CENTURY AGO

Like all healthy schoolboys—and soldiers—today's youngsters at Dover grumble about the earliness of their lights out, about wearing uniform and the paucity of "liberty" trips.

Perhaps, when they read the following extracts from a report on a visit to the school in 1846, they may agree that theirs is a slightly more amenable life than in Dickensian days:

"It was school-hour, yet to and fro numbers of boys were passing along the walks and about the corridors, some laden with baskets of coal, some carrying filthier instruments, some bearing provisions, some sweeping out the colonnade in front of the building . . .

"The school-room was a huge hall measuring perhaps 60 or 80 feet in length by 30

in breadth. . . . A single platform, whither, when the writing lesson came on, the children by classes were supposed to repair, occupied about 20 feet in the middle of the room. In addition to the cane, the sergeant schoolmasters had at their command four instruments of torture, in the shape of iron cages, each occupying the centre of the room. Observe that these cages were constructed so as to render it impossible for the little prisoners to stand upright; who were required, nevertheless, to turn a heavy handle, and whose diligence, or its opposite, was marked by a process, which, if they did not see it, they never failed to feel.

"Four or five groups of boys were gathered round as many sergeant masters, some bawling out sounds which were not words, though they were intended to represent

them; some roaring forth arithmetical tables; some repeating the Church Catechism at the top of their voices; some conversing and all shuffling and struggling among themselves.

"There was no order, no regularity, no attention; indeed the latter would have been impossible, inasmuch as in the heart of the classes was one, more numerous than the rest, which seemed to be taking lessons on the fiddle. As to the acquirements of these poor lads, their proficiency proved on examination to be such as might be expected. They could not read, they could not write, they could not cypher, they could not spell. They did not know whether Great Britain was an island, or how, if divided from France, the two nations were separated."

FOUR AGAINST THE ARCTIC



On the side of a snow-covered mountain 300 miles inside the Arctic Circle, two Green Howards practise casualty evacuation with a husky-drawn sled.

WHEN Norwegian Army officers heard that four British soldiers planned to carry out a tough patrol across Lapland, 300 miles inside the Arctic Circle, they shook their heads. "Too difficult," they said.

But they were wrong. The four men of The Green Howards—the Regiment has close ties with Norway—intended to cover 220 miles, carrying 50lb packs, on a patrol lasting ten days. In the event, the party, which included two men without previous skiing experience, travelled nearly 240 miles in seven marching days, broken by two rest days.

This Arctic survival exercise aimed to practise snow and mountain warfare training, to work out an endurance test for future expeditions and make a training and recruiting film.

The 1st Battalion of the Norwegian Northern Brigade, which lives and operates within the Arctic Circle, sent one of its experienced mountain soldiers, Lieutenant Johan Baumann, to The Yorkshire Brigade

Depot at Strensall, to plan the patrol with the Depot Commander, Lieutenant-Colonel John Bade, and the other three members of the party, Lieutenant Christopher Garnett, Colour-Sergeant C. Robinson and Lance-Corporal D. Carter.

The team sailed to Oslo, then flew north in aircraft of the Royal Norwegian Air Force, landing on the fjord at Narvik, and completed its journey by road to Setermoen (Latitude 67), the home of 1st Battalion, Brigade North. For the next ten days the team trained intensively, averaging six hours a day on skis, on a syllabus which included map reading, compass work, the building of bivouacs and snow holes, leading and towing man-sleds, emergency survival methods and the use of Arctic rations.

Equipment included a dog-sled hauled by a team of magnificent huskies which had accompanied Dr. Fuchs to the South Pole, and six Weasels, three of which were eventually abandoned in the mountains.

On the first day out the Green Howards climbed above the tree line and camped on

a frozen lake enveloped in deep snow, covering only six miles in seven hours. On the following day a good deal of fast, downhill work gave them a record run of 45 miles in 12 hours, considered a great feat by the Norwegians for inexperienced skiers carrying loads of over 50lbs.

During the day the leaders surprised a large grey wolf which was stalking a reindeer—his hide would have been worth £50. The Green Howards were too tired to make snow holes and instead slept that night in bivouacs made from tent sheets in a temperature which dropped to minus 35 degrees Centigrade.

Then came a straight run along the Swedish border, followed by a day of rest and maintenance during which most of the party tried their skill at ice fishing. They drilled holes through four to five feet of ice and dropped egg-shells to the lake bed, three or four feet below the ice, to silhouette passing fish. The fisherman lay face downwards over the hole, with a hood over his head to accustom his eyes to the darkness, and



Clad in Arctic clothing, the Green Howards try their hand at erecting a survival tent. In the rear is a Norwegian major. One lesson the British soldiers learned was to do things slowly.



Lieutenant-Colonel John Bade (right) and Colour-Sergeant C. Robinson return to camp after a 30-mile trek on skis in the Arctic wastes of Lapland.



Above: Lieutenant C. Garnett lands a fish through an ice-hole in the Lapland style. Below: Lieut-Colonel Bade (right) and Lieut Garnett attack the frozen snow as they prepare a bivouac for the night.



The Army In The House

ALL too often news about the Army, most of it of considerable interest to every soldier, never gets past the pages of Hansard, the Government's official daily record of the proceedings of Parliament, which is hardly the kind of literature that Private Bloggs, or even Brigadier Witherspoon, will go out of their way to buy at a shilling a time.

To bridge the gap *SOLDIER* will regularly publish a résumé of what goes on in the House of Commons and the House of Lords when the Army comes up for discussion.

Here is the first of the series:



THE War Minister, Mr. John Profumo, has announced that a battalion group—consisting of an Infantry battalion, supporting armour, a field battery, an engineer troop, and detachments of Signals and several other arms—will become part of the Allied Command Europe's Mobile Land Force, the fly-anywhere, fire brigade organisation made up of units from NATO countries.



HERE is good news for Army families. Married men stationed overseas (except in Germany) can now be flown home free to spend their leaves with their wives and families still in Britain.

The scheme will apply to all married soldiers and airmen, including officers, whose overseas tour is not less than two years. If it appears that a Serviceman is going to be separated from his UK-based wife for 21 months he can take his home leave at any time except the last three months. The minimum leave period will be three weeks.



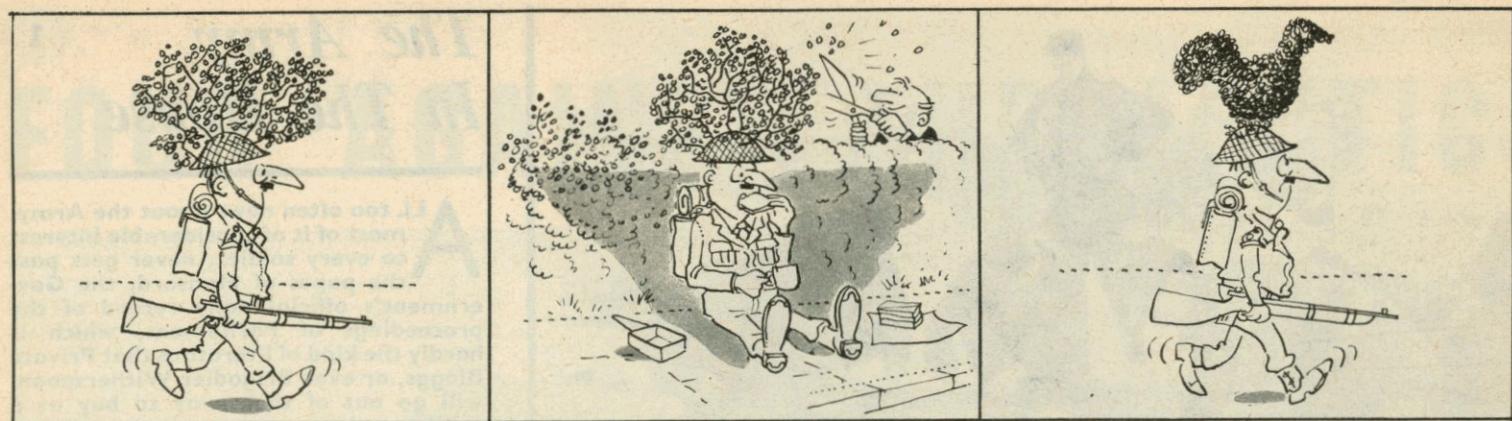
HERE is good news, too, for Rhine Army. Mr. Profumo has announced that, because of the revaluation of the deutschmark, all soldiers in Western Germany will receive an increased local overseas allowance ranging from 3d. to 2s. a day for other ranks and from 9d. to 2s. 9d. a day for officers, back-dated to 6 March this year. The increases will cost the Army £500,000 a year.



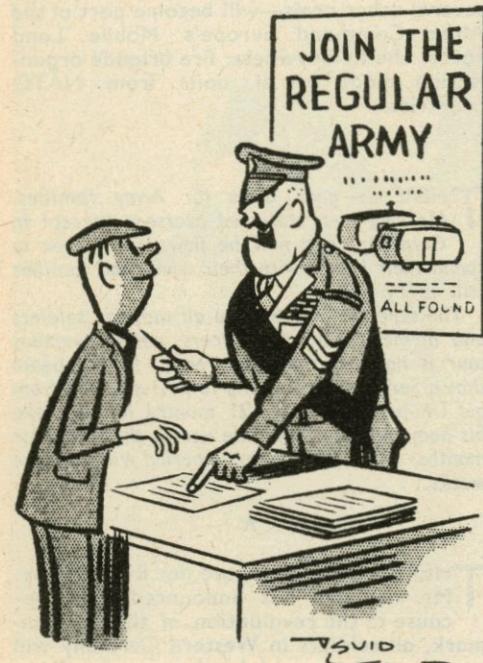
The cost per head of the Army Cadet Force and the Army element of the Combined Cadet Force is £22 and £10 respectively, says Mr. James Ramsden, the Under Secretary of State for War. About one in six adult recruits and one in three boys enlisting in junior leaders units and Army apprentices schools have been in the Army Cadet Force. And 78 per cent of the cadets at Sandhurst had their first taste of military life in the Combined Cadet Force.



IT would seem that Army officers are becoming more intelligent. In 1958 only 26.4 per cent of candidates (148 out of 561) passed the entrance examinations to the Staff College and the technical staff course at the Royal Military College of Science. In 1959 it was 29.8 per cent. In 1960, 317 out of 784 candidates—40 per cent—were successful.

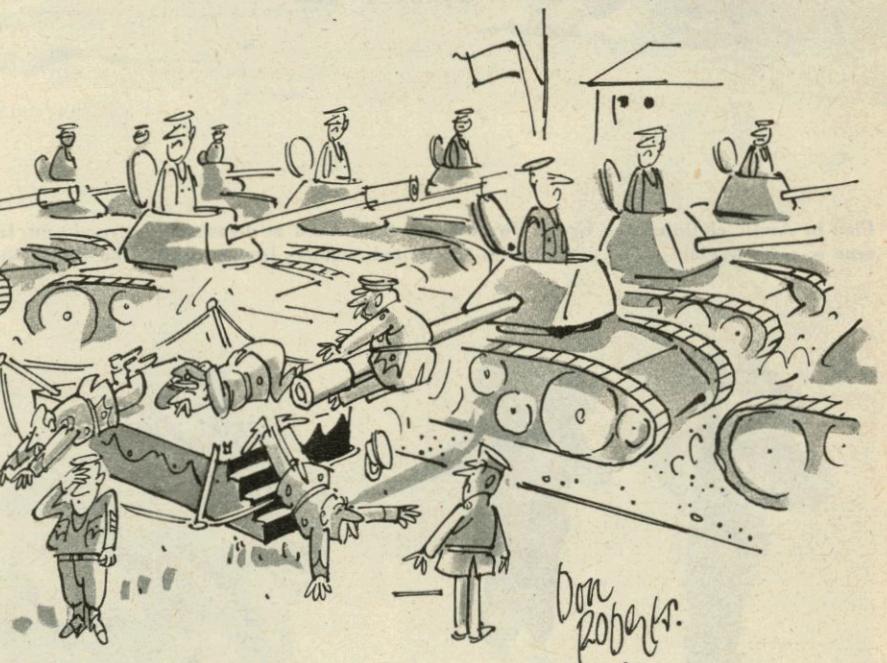


HUMOUR



"Okay, okay. You sign and we'll try and get you Monty's old caravan."

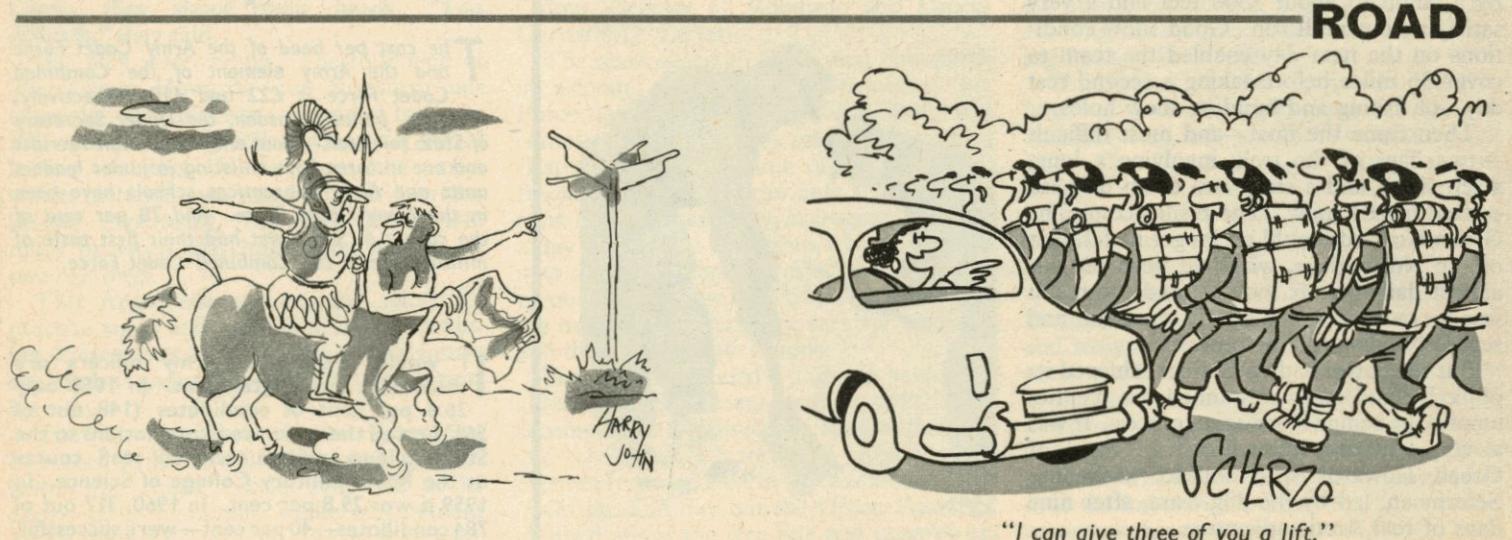
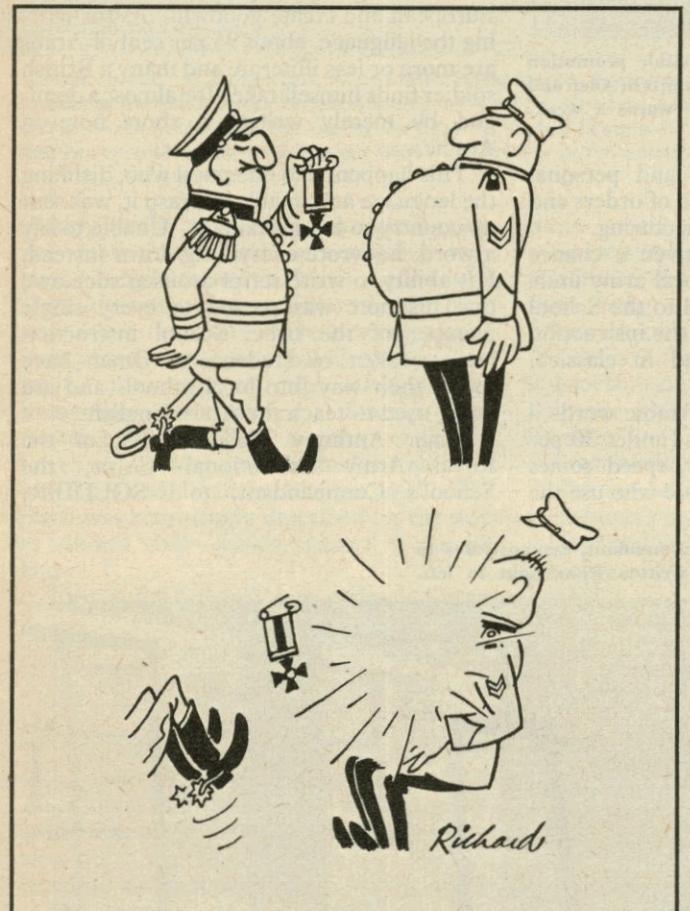
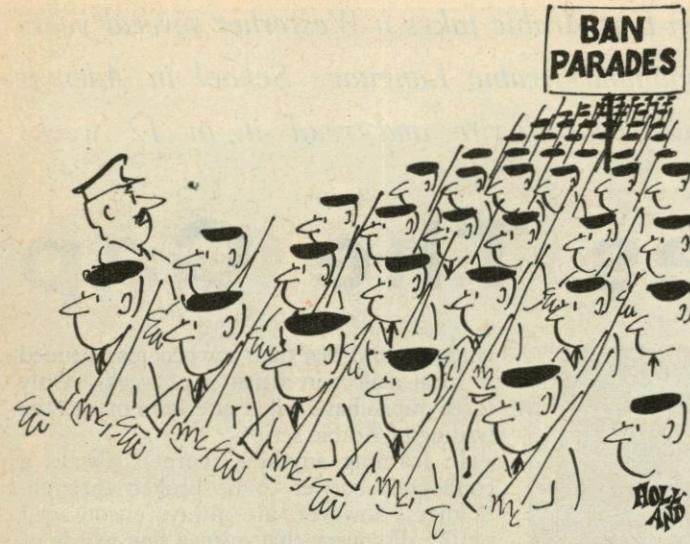
Reproduced from *Punch*.



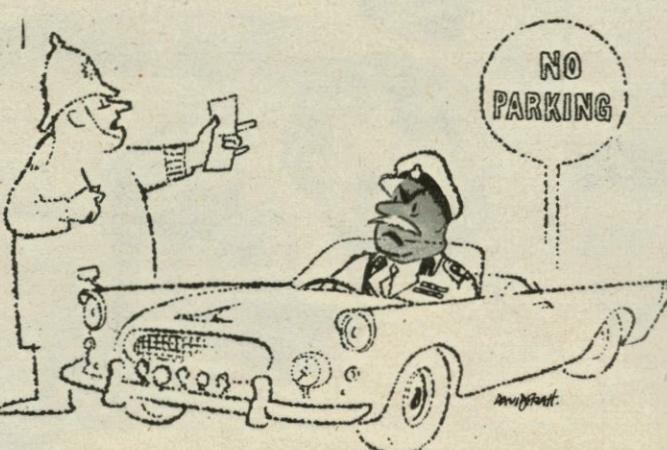
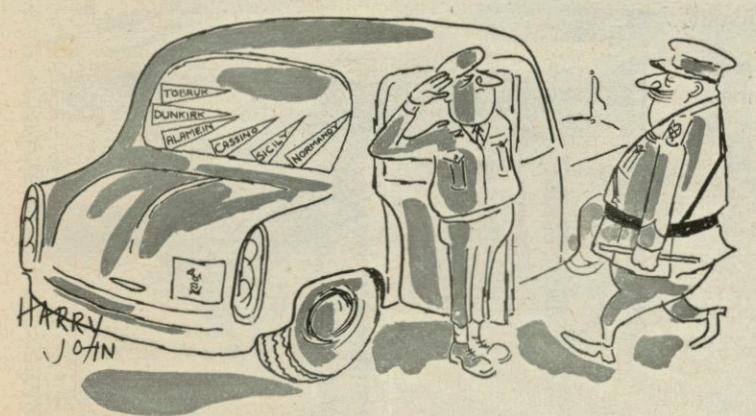
**Q
and
A**

Question:
Answer:

Why do you disapprove or approve of corporal punishment for the young?
I think Corporals should be punished when their young but not so severely as some of the young boys take it to heart and they go round telling other young lads not to go in the forces.
—From one of the papers submitted at a temporary Clerical Assistants' examination in the War Office.



ROAD NONSENSE



"Well, all I can say, Admiral, is that you must be blind!"

Bottoms Up

T'S always been a bit of a mystery to me why no brewer has ever raised a statue to the British soldier. Napoleon once let go of Josephine long enough to say that an army marches on its stomach. It may have been true of his own mob but certainly not of the British Army. The British soldier has a better use for his stomach; it holds his wallop.

The history of the Army is the history of beer. Both have grown up together. The ale-house and the tavern were the soldiers' first billets and everyone was happy until some War Office busybody started to build barracks and brought in all the boys from the "Rose and Crown" and the "Mucky Duck." The first result was that the boot repair bill doubled because the troops had to do all that extra walking down to the pub and back.

But it was good, healthy exercise. The boys got a skinful and the landlord showed his gratitude by putting a bit of military flavour into the name of his pub: "The Fusilier," "The Volunteer," "The Drum and Bugle" and so on. After the Peninsular War "The Rifleman" became nearly as popular as the "Duke of Wellington."

The battle of Waterloo, it has been said, was won on the playing fields of Eton. But, with all due respect, if there had been no beer in the canteen that day and the next, the battle would have waited while the boys went after the NAAFI manager first. That attended to, they would have resumed their muskets at the earnest entreaty of the Duke of Wellington and battle would have commenced.

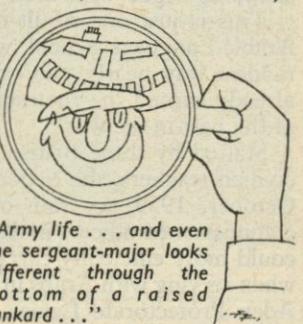
Some soldiers like Army life. Some don't. Quite a few are indifferent. But all agree on one point—Army life, the world, the barracks, and even the Sergeant-major look different through the bottom of a raised tankard. Forgotten are the square bashing, tomorrow's coal fatigue and guard duty. The soldier's only care is to remember the Platoon Sergeant's regimental number to give to those officious men with the funny red tops to their hats when they pick him up.

Beer is all around us. All you need is money. But in a strange pub and with the right approach you should only need to pay for the first pint, and not even that if you walk into the bar with a bit of a limp. It also helps to keep in your pocket an easily pinned-on and taken-off row or two of medal ribbons. Two rows of ten should be ample—but have a quick butcher's round the bar first for khaki. A First Zulu War medal might look a bit suspicious on a lad of tender years, even with an authentic spear wound in the leg.

The main ingredients of all beer are water, malt and hops, which may help to bring home to all soldiers the importance of some disturbing newspaper reports that a brewer has been experimenting with powdered beer for merchant ships.

I ask you, powdered beer! They wouldn't dare try it on soldiers on dry land. "All you have to do" the report says, "is to add water to the powder to make a drink of nourishing beer." The very thought is enough to turn all the brasses in Army barracks a mouldy green.

OSCAR KETTLE



"Army life . . . and even the sergeant-major looks different through the bottom of a raised tankard . . ."

Although the experts claim that Arabic takes a Westerner several years to learn, the Army's Command Arabic Language School in Aden is teaching soldier pupils to speak, write and read it in 12 weeks

Arabic Bridges The Gap

IN Aden's crowded market place, where one can buy anything from a camel to a transistor radio and haggling is a ritual—Arab merchants have been having a bit of a shock lately. British soldiers out shopping argue with them in Arabic!

This is just one result of the Command Arabic Language School, which started in a modest way nearly two years ago and has already earned the reputation of being one of the best in the world.

Staffed by three British officers and two civilian teachers, the School was opened in October, 1959, to train officers and non-commissioned officers in Arabic so that they could more efficiently carry out their duties when serving with Arabs in such units as the Aden Protectorate Levies and the Trucial Oman Scouts.

Three courses run simultaneously for 12 weeks, no more than eight pupils attending each. The first four weeks are spent learning the alphabet and sounds, basic grammar, writing script, simple reading and elementary speaking. The next phase includes all these things at a more advanced level, some written exercises and the translation of military Arabic. The final month is devoted to



This sign points the way to possible promotion for students who serve with Arab units in Aden and Oman. Pupils learn 100 Arabic words a week.

written messages, exercises and personal letters, the verbal transmission of orders and messages, conversation and lecturing.

Sometimes students are given a chance to practise their Arabic on local army units and occasional visits are paid to the School by Arab officers, but most of the instruction is in the School itself—and in classical Arabic.

Pupils learn at least 100 Arabic words a week. Although few students (under 30 per cent) leave speaking fluently, speed comes quickly with practice, and those who use the

Major Anthony Walker DSO, the School Commandant, demonstrates to his class the intricacies of Arabic script, written from right to left.

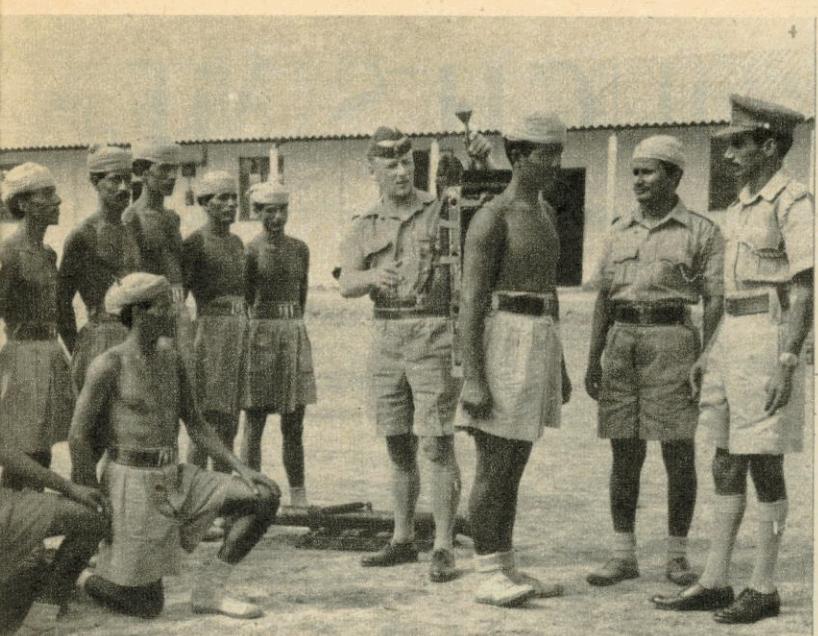


language find that their ear becomes attuned to local dialect in a matter of weeks. Only three pupils have failed utterly to master the writing of Arabic script.

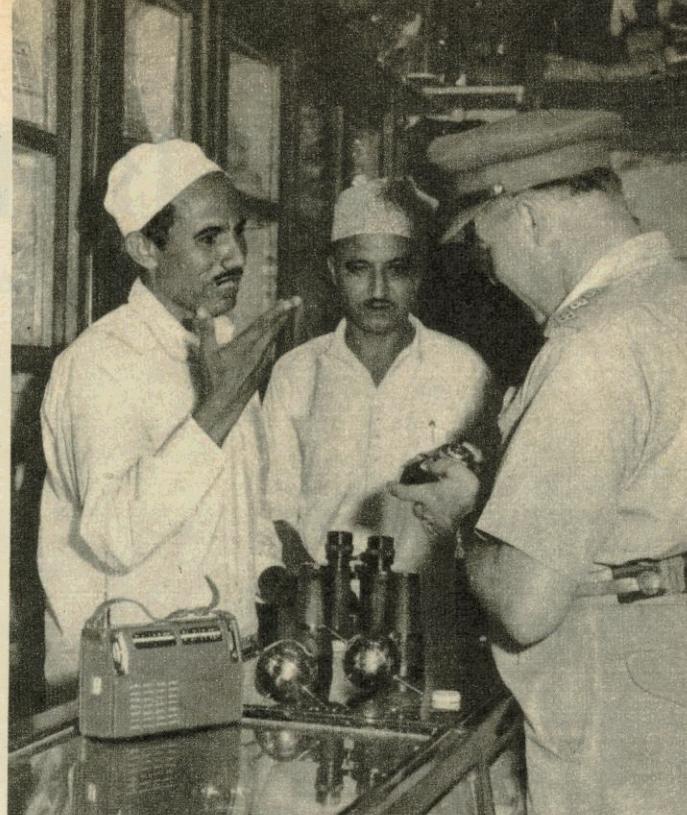
In learning anything there is always a confidence barrier to be broken through. Soldiers, however, are always encouraged by the discovery that even a few words of Arabic bridge the gap between Arab and European and create goodwill. As for writing the language, about 95 per cent of Arabs are more or less illiterate and many a British soldier finds himself taken for almost a demigod by merely writing a short note in Arabic.

This happened to one pupil who, disliking the language and unable to grasp it, was sent up country to try speaking it. Unable to say a word, he wrote everything down instead. His ability to write script aroused such awe that his note was passed to every single member of the tribe. School instruction leaflets taken by students to Oman have found their way into local schools and are being used to teach the Arabs English.

Major Anthony Walker DSO, of the Royal Army Educational Corps, the School's Commandant, told SOLDIER:



Above: Captain A. R. Morgan, King's Own Royal Border Regiment, a former student at the School, puts his learning to good use by instructing Aden Protectorate Levies recruits in the use of the mortar. Right: Captain R. Kerridge, another ex-student, drives a bargain with a shopkeeper in the native language.



"Many Arabs assume that Europeans cannot read Arabic and so consider it a code. Rebel leaders in Saudi Arabia have sometimes sent messages by ordinary letter and, when they have been intercepted and interpreted, have led to the seizure of illegal arms. Not knowing the language has tremendous disadvantages. During some mapping operations by a group of pupils, for example, Arabs were asked the name of a village and replied: 'Anama arif.' The place was accordingly described on the map as *Anama Arif*—which means: 'I do not know!'"

Such is the School's prestige among the Arabs in Aden that a former *chowkidar* (watchman) now does a roaring business as a letter-writer in Aden, proudly displaying the sign: "Pupil of the Arabic Language School."

Arabic is the language of 74 million Arabs and is always written from right to left.

The Arabic alphabet consists of 28 characters, but there are two classes of letters. Those in the first class can be written four different ways, and those in the second class two different ways.

Two of the School's outstanding achieve-

ments have been the compilation of a military vocabulary and an English-Arabic dictionary. An Arab-English dictionary is now being prepared. The School even boasts its own school tie—green silk with the symbols for Command Arabic Language School woven into it. By a happy coincidence they also mean, in Arabic, "knowledge and learning."

DENNIS BARDENS

Photographs by SOLDIER Staff Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT

Teaching The Arabs How To Cook

LEARNING Arabic is not the only difficult task British Troops in Aden have set themselves. In the desert, at the foot of the Jebel Ishsan, in the southwest tip of the Aden Protectorate, they are teaching Arabs how to cook Arabic meals!

The scheme, at first derided on the grounds that it was like teaching one's grandmother how to suck eggs, was the idea of Captain Harry Williamson, an Army Catering Corps officer attached to the Aden Protectorate Levies, who thought it high time that the Regiment improved the standard of its catering. Within weeks he had set up a Catering School—built by 8 Company of 3rd Battalion, Aden Protectorate Levies, from the ruins of a derelict airfield at Bir Fadhl—and organised a training programme which includes weapon training and drill, as well as instruction in cooking.

The School is now a flourishing success. The cooking has been improved without interfering with the Arabs' likes and dislikes and students now eat at tables in mess instead of from the floor, which is the traditional way of their race.

A new operational ration for Arab troops which Captain Williamson has devised—a lightweight, corned beef based food—is now undergoing troop trials.



Arab student cooks for the Aden Protectorate Levies are shown how to make their traditional chapatti the modern, hygienic way. Not long ago the Arabs prepared their meals sitting on the floor.

MARLBOROUGH'S MEN

AT BLENHEIM, MORE THAN 250 YEARS AGO, MARLBOROUGH'S REDCOATS TROUNCED



Prince Eugene of Savoy (right) leads his cavalry into action as the British troops (extreme left, middle distance) cut off Tallard's army and encircle Blenheim.—From an original engraving reproduced by courtesy of the Parker Gallery.

As the Danube Valley mist rolled away soon after dawn on 13 August, 1704, Marshal Tallard of France sat in his tent writing a report. He knew Marlborough's army was not far away, but he was sure that the English general would not dare risk an attack on his superior force in its strongly defended position.

He glanced up—and the sight that met his eyes remained with him for the rest of his life. There, on the plain a mile or two to the north, stood an Allied army of 50,000 men, their blue, red and buff uniforms lit vividly by the rising sun.

On the left the red tunics of 10,000 British soldiers stood out clearly, and in front of them John, Duke of Marlborough, resplendent in scarlet and riding a white horse, paced slowly along the line.

As the French trumpeters hastily blasted the warning and the troops tumbled out of their tents, the scene was set for one of the most momentous battles in history—the Battle of Blenheim, which took its name from the village of 300 stone houses and the squat, solid church which was huddled

on the north bank of the Danube near Ulm.

For 40 years the French armies had terrorised Europe until there was hardly a nation on the Continent which did not regard them as invincible. Marlborough's campaigns of 1702 and 1703 had been mere pinpricks in this War of the Spanish Succession and now, for Marshal Tallard's 25,000 picked French soldiers and the 50,000-strong force of the Elector of Bavaria, the road to Vienna was wide open. The Austrian Empire, staunch ally of Britain, was in dire peril.

On that sunny August morning 257 years ago, the two greatest military leaders of their day—Marlborough and the pale, slightly-built Prince Eugene of Savoy—joined forces to meet the threat.

Two days earlier the two generals had climbed to the top of the church tower in the German village of Tapfheim and seen, to their astonishment, 4000 Franco-Bavarian tents pitched on the site they themselves had proposed to occupy. The enemy front ran for four miles at right-angles to the

Danube, with the river on the right and a range of wooded hills to the left. Across the front flowed the Nebel, a stream bordered by formidable marshes.

To attack such a position was a grave risk, but Marlborough told his senior officers: "I know the difficulties, but a battle is absolutely necessary. I rely on the discipline of my troops." The magnificent performance of his British troops that day was to prompt Louis XIV to write to his marshals: "The best troops must in future be placed opposite the British."

The armies of Tallard and the Elector were encamped as two separate forces, with cavalry on the wings of each. The centre of the line was thus held by cavalry and Marlborough was quick to spot this violation of the rules of battle.

The British concentrated on the left of the Allied line, opposite Blenheim, and Eugene was despatched to the right. At 8.30 a.m. both sides opened a brisk cannonade and, at the head of each Allied regiment, divine service was held to the accompaniment of explosions and cries of pain.

WERE MAGNIFICENT

THE FRENCH HORDES AND OPENED A GLORIOUS CHAPTER IN BRITISH HISTORY

Throughout the morning, his troops suffering heavily from artillery fire, Marlborough waited impatiently for news that Eugene was in position. It came soon after noon, and the Duke promptly committed his cosmopolitan army of Britons, Dutch, Austrians, Prussians, Danes, Swedes and Germans to the assault.

The dashing Lord Cutts, with four Infantry brigades, was ordered to cross the Nebel and attack the strongly-held village of Blenheim. Into this tiny place Tallard had packed 10,000 men—the cream of the French army. The weight of the British attack later prompted the local commander into calling his 2000 reserves into the village, and this massive garrison was so tightly crammed that the bulk of them could neither move nor use their arms.

Brigadier Rowe's brigade—the 15th Foot (later The East Yorkshire Regiment), the 21st (Royal Scots Fusiliers), the 23rd (Royal Welch Fusiliers), the 24th (South Wales Borderers) and the 10th (Royal Lincolnshire Regiment)—opened the assault with orders to hold their fire until Rowe himself struck the palisades with his sword. At 30 paces the defenders opened a terrible fire, but Rowe moved resolutely on and drove his sword into the woodwork. Pouring in a volley, his men rushed the palisades and tried to tear them down. Rowe was mortally wounded and the shattered line fell back.

As they retired, three squadrons of Gendarmerie fell upon them and seized the Colours of The Royal Scots Fusiliers. Sweeping down to the rescue came Cutts's Hessian Brigade to check the French horsemen and retrieve the Colours. As the Gendarmerie renewed their attack, five squadrons of British Cavalry crossed the Nebel,

met them in a fierce charge and drove them back in disorder.

The sight struck a chill into the heart of Tallard, watching from the top of a rise. "I lost the battle," he said later, "firstly because the Gendarmerie were not able to break five English squadrons."

Now Ferguson's Brigade—the 16th (later The Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment), the 18th (Royal Irish Regiment), the 1st (Royal Scots), 1st Guards and the 26th (Camerons)—drove against Blenheim, and suffered the fate that befell Rowe's men. In desperate attacks they exchanged shots and sword thrusts through the palisades and were saved from annihilation when Marlborough, deciding that a frontal attack was hopeless, ordered them to retire. For the rest of the day Cutts's shattered Infantry penned this huge enemy force in the village. It was as hard for the French to get out as for the British to get in.

Marlborough now turned his attention to the centre. By 3 p.m. the Allied position was critical. An eye-witness wrote: "From one end of the armies to the other, everyone was at grips and all fighting at once—a feature very rare in battles." From the Danube to the hills 120,000 men were locked in conflict.

On the Allied left Eugene was no more than holding his own. The attacks on Blenheim had failed and eleven Hanoverian battalions sent to assault the village of Oberglaub, in the centre, had been shattered by Tallard's Irish Brigade and had to be extricated by fresh troops sent in by Marlborough.

But the Duke's master plan was slowly taking shape. By 4 p.m. his entire force was over the Nebel, the Cavalry formed in two lines for the final attack, with the Infantry

British Infantry, led by Lord Cutts, cross the Nebel and attack Blenheim, already ablaze from the Allied cannonade. So many French troops crammed into Blenheim that many could not use their arms.



The church at Blenheim in 1961. This picture was taken recently by one of two men of The Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry during an adventure-training expedition. The villagers proudly preserve a monument erected to Marlborough's dead.

behind them. The long lines, horse and foot together, moved forward, and the impact of these fresh troops against the centre of the front proved decisive.

Tallard brought forward nine battalions of French Infantry. They formed squares, stood firm, and perished in the storm of fire. Tallard's attempt to relieve them by ordering a Cavalry charge was baulked through the timidity of his horsemen.

Marlborough's 8000 sabres swathed through the centre, cutting off Tallard's army from those of Marshal Marsin and the Elector. These two forces, their flank exposed, retired hurriedly from the field, hotly pursued by Eugene. Penned in Blenheim village, Tallard's Infantry were helpless. The Marshal himself was captured as he galloped towards the village. The Blenheim defenders tried to break out at the rear, but were headed back by The Scots Greys. The Irish Dragoons baulked at an attempted break on the other side and in the evening the cream of Louis XIV's army surrendered. In shame and humiliation, famous regiments burned their Colours, and officers broke their swords, rather than hand them over.

Against Allied casualties of 12,000 (the British lost over 2000), the enemy lost nearly 40,000 and 100 guns.

Marlborough's aide, Colonel Parke, rode fast across Europe, spreading the great news through Dutch and German cities and finally delivering it to Queen Anne at St. James's Palace. In London, bonfires were lit, bells were rung and the streets were filled with cheering crowds. The British star, for so long on the wane, was in the ascendant.

On the battlefield that evening the Duke sat down and scrawled this historic message to his wife on the back of a tavern bill: "I beg you will give my duty to the Queen and let her know her Army has had a glorious victory. Monsieur Tallard and two other generals are in my coach, and I am following the rest."

K. E. HENLY

ASKARI ON THE MARCH

SIX African soldiers of 1 Signal Squadron, The King's African Rifles, led by two British non-commissioned officers, have completed a remarkable feat of marching.

They have walked 313 miles in scorching heat from Mombasa to Nairobi in nine and a half days at an average speed of three miles an hour.

The six *askari*—all with less than a year's service—were led by Squadron Sergeant-Major J. Young and Staff-Sergeant K. Nichols and at one stage found they had walked through a herd of elephants, with more than 50 of the huge beasts on each side of the road.

Welcoming the men into Nairobi, Brigadier M. W. Biggs, Chief of Staff of East Africa Command, told them: "I am glad you have reminded us of what we can do when we have not vehicles to carry us."

Fifteen miles from home, the eight marchers swing along as fresh as when they started. In the lead are Staff-Sergeant Nichols (left) and SSM Young.



Mrs. Pamela Nelson, wife of an Irish Guards' sergeant, plays with her son in her caravan home. "It's not very roomy—but it's home," she says.

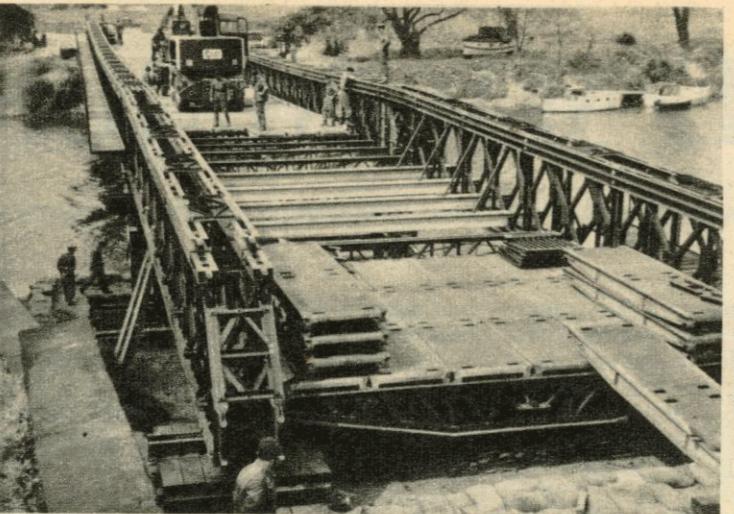
Homes On Wheels For The Guards

THE 1st Battalion, Irish Guards, is setting the pace in the scheme to provide caravans as married quarters until the Army has all the permanent homes it needs.

At its Caterham headquarters the Battalion has housed 15 of its married men and their families in furnished and fully-equipped caravans which the Regiment hires from a Waltham Abbey firm and lets to the occupants on a non-profit basis.

The cost to the soldier compares favourably with that of renting a civilian house or rooms. He pays a weekly rent of £2 10s., a ground rent of 3s. 6d. and his heat, light and fuel cost him about £1 a week. The Battalion provides a washroom, ironing room, children's playroom and a lounge in nearby permanent huts. Some of the families have begun to make their own gardens.

The families stay in their caravans for only a few months before going into permanent quarters or hirings in the neighbourhood.



The Sappers Found A Way

FOR years military and civilian engineers have grappled with the problem of building a clear-span bridge, capable of carrying heavy traffic, across the River Ouse at Clifton, York, where the width of the river, sudden variations in the water level of ten feet and more and the steepness of one approach road have always proved to be seemingly insuperable obstacles.

Now the answer has been found by 38 Corps Engineer Regiment in the shape of a 288-ft. double-span, heavy girder bridge weighing 250 tons. It is the biggest heavy girder bridge ever erected in Britain.

The operation began when the York City Council agreed to the Regiment's plan to erect the bridge as part of its training and to hire it for civilian use for five months.

After a party of Sappers from 513 Special Team had carried out a survey, 15 Corps Field Park Squadron levelled the bridge building site and access road on the west bank with angledozer and scrapers. Meanwhile,

Sappers from all squadrons of 38 Corps Engineer Regiment made the grillages (heavy cross-timbering framework) for the launching and building rollers and built a double-strength pier from which a secondary 63-ft span was to run to the opposite approach road.

Thereafter the Sappers of 38 Corps Engineer Regiment worked two eight hour shifts a day and slowly the main span—225 ft long, with the secondary span attached to it—was pushed over the gap, the huge construction sagging nine feet under its own immense weight. Finally, the launching nose rested on the pier on the opposite side of the river and the most dangerous part of the operation was over. The following day the bridge was completed.

The bridge was later opened by the Lord Mayor of York who entertained to lunch all the Sappers who had worked on the construction, and the drivers of 42 Company, Royal Army Service Corps, who had carried the equipment to the site.

THE DUKE REVIEWS HIS REGIMENT

A THOUSAND Scots Guardsmen, some resplendent in their full-dress scarlet tunics and bearskins, others in khaki ranks, presented arms and 400 Old Comrades stood rigidly to attention as the Duke of Gloucester rode on to Horse Guards Parade.

It was an equally proud moment for both the Regiment and the Duke. In 1936 the Duke of Gloucester became Colonel of the Scots Guards in succession to the late King George VI. Now he was reviewing his Regiment to mark the 25th year of his Colonelcy.

The Regiment was drawn up in a hollow square with the Old Comrades in place of honour on the right of the line and in the centre stood the 1st and 2nd Battalions,

both in full dress and each with its Queen's and Regimental colours which the Duke had himself presented in the garden of Holyrood House in 1951. Left of the line, in khaki, were detachments of No. 1 (Guards) Independent Parachute Company, the Scots Guards Depot Company, the Junior Guardsmen's Company and the Scots Guards Junior Leaders.

After the Duke had reviewed his Regiment, the Regimental band, massed pipe bands and massed Corps of Drums trooped in front of the parade and the Regiment marched past in quick time and review order. Then, after a further Royal Salute, the Duke took his place at the head of his Regiment and led them away down The Mall.



The Scots Guards march proudly past their Colonel, the Duke of Gloucester, who led his Regiment down The Mall.

SNAP

SHOTS

Almost completed, with its decking partly laid and its footings in position, the 288-ft-long bridge spans the River Ouse at Clifton.

Top right: Gurkha troops dole out hot meals to some of the 6000 homeless. The Army was on the scene minutes after being called.



Right: L/Cpl A. Newall, RE, hands out some of the blankets and mattresses which the Army gave to the stricken Singaporeans.

"THE TROOPS DID A WONDERFUL JOB"

THE Army came to the rescue in double-quick time when the biggest fire in Singapore's history ravaged the thickly-populated Tiong Bahru-Havelock area, destroying five blocks of flats and hundreds of hut dwellings.

Within minutes of receiving the call the Army Fire Service were fighting the blaze and less than two hours later more than 1000 soldiers had arrived to seal off the district and resettle some 6000 panic-stricken homeless people in four schools.

Soon, too, convoys of Army lorries carrying blankets, mattresses, tons of food, cutlery and crockery—hastily withdrawn from Army stores—were on the scene. During the night

6000 blankets and 3000 mattresses were issued and Army Catering Corps cooks prepared meals for every one of the homeless.

The Royal Corps of Signals set up a communications centre and Military Policemen kept order, while the 1st Battalion, The Queen's Own Highlanders, the 2nd Battalion,

2nd King Edward VII's Own Gurkha Rifles and the 1st Battalion, Singapore Infantry Regiment distributed food, bedding, pails, pots and pans and mess tins.

"I do not know what we should have done without the Army's help," said Mr. Ong Kah Kok, the assistant director of Singapore's Welfare Services. "The troops did a wonderful job."



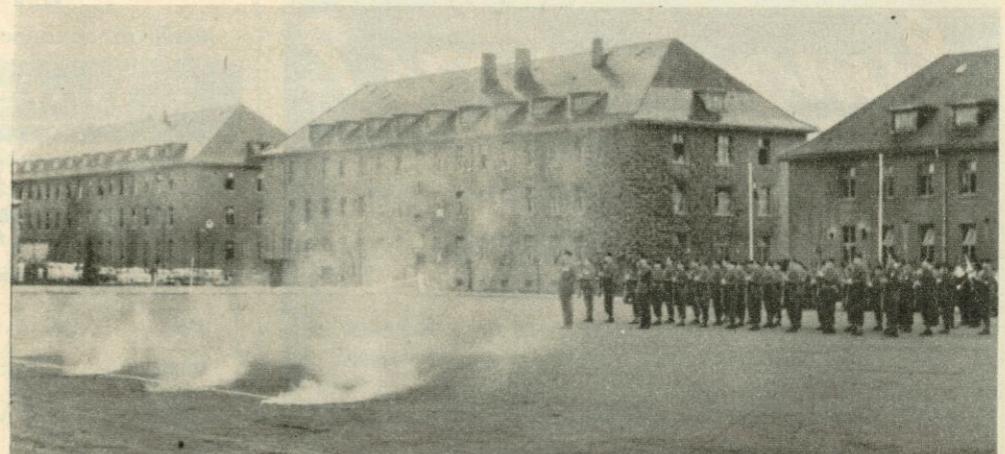
A Kingsman examines the new trophy, the gift of a journalist who was impressed by the Regiment's flair for fostering adventure.

Feu de Detonator

THE Sappers are nothing if not original and that includes 37th Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, who, celebrating their centenary at Osnabrück, in Germany, recently, found a unique way of firing a feu-de-joie.

After Brigadier P. H. Man, DSO, MC, had inspected the Squadron, ten Sappers marched to the centre of the parade ground, placed five detonators on the ground, lit the fuses and retired. The Squadron presented arms and as the last strains of the General Salute sounded the detonators exploded, dead on time.

Detachments of 7th, 16th, 30th, 39th, 42nd and 50 Field Squadrons and 65 Corps Field Park Squadron were on parade to pay their respects to 37th Field Squadron and among the spectators were two Chelsea Pensioners—Sergeant Patrick Herlihy, aged 75, and Sergeant P. Hatfield, 79, who served with the Sappers before World War One.



In quick succession the detonators explode in a unique feu-de-joie to celebrate a Sapper centenary.

Highlanders In Moscow

INTO Sokolniki Park, in the centre of Moscow, came the band of the 1st Battalion, The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, kilts swinging, white spats and diced glengarries glinting in the sun.

For two hours they held their audience spellbound as they played military music and Scottish airs and the Highland dancing team leapt and gyrated in traditional Scottish dances. The Muscovites had never seen the like before—and they were captivated.

The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders were in Moscow to open the British Trade Fair—playing side by side with a 50-strong Red Army Band for the ceremony—and remained there for a week, giving performances to thousands of fascinated Muscovites every afternoon. In the off-duty hours they were taken on tours of the city, their kilts and trews attracting crowds of people wherever they went.

A Scottish air rises over Moscow as the band of The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders plays in Sokolniki Park during the British Trade Fair.



SAFARI LOG FOR THE KING'S

THE 1st Battalion, The King's Regiment (Manchester and Liverpool), have a new regimental trophy believed to be unique in the British Army.

It is a silver-backed book, hand-made by a former member of the Regiment, and called the Safari Log. In it will be entered details and photographs of each safari undertaken by members of the Regiment now in Kenya, during an adventure and initiative training scheme recently introduced by Lieutenant-Colonel Eric Holt, Commanding Officer of the Battalion.

The first safari was undertaken last autumn

by a group of junior non-commissioned officers and men, who trekked across a desolate and waterless plain in the Great Rift Valley and climbed to the 8,500-ft.-high rim of an extinct volcano, Mount Longonot.

They were accompanied by Mr. Charles Quant, staff Correspondent of the Liverpool Daily Post and Echo, who was so struck by the value of the expedition in fostering adventurous spirit and initiative, that he arranged to have the Safari Log made in Liverpool, and to give it to the Battalion as a permanent record of the best of these expeditions.



RECORD BROWSING Play it cool—play it hot

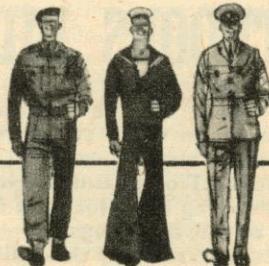
... and highbrow too—whatever your musical tastes Naafi aims to cater for them with one of the latest additions to its service. In family shops and Services shops a selection of currently popular records is immediately available but any 'single-play' or album in the catalogue can be quickly obtained by placing an order with the manager.

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HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

TEST your knowledge on SOLDIER's quiz. It may pay dividends.

All you have to do is to answer the questions set out below and send your entry to reach SOLDIER's London offices by Monday, 25 September.

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

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

1. Which is the odd man out among these regiments: The East Lancashires, The Devonshires, The South Staffords, The South Lancashires, The Dorsets, The North Staffords, The Cheshires?

2. In which country would you be if you were on the road to Mandalay?

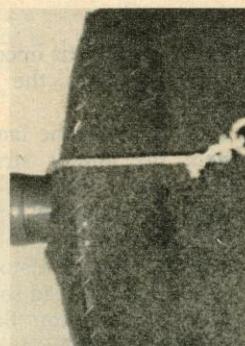
3. How many tentacles has an octopus?

4. Name any three famous battles in World War One. Now name three rivers in Britain beginning with the letter S.



5. This girl appeared in a film about the wartime ATS but is better known for her aquatic achievements. Who is she?

6. Here is part of a piece of equipment in everyday use in the British Army. What is it?



7. Pair these: (a) Debenham; (b) Hedges; (c) Light; (d) Star; (e) Oliver; (f) Benson; (g) North; (h) Freebody; (i) Twist; (j) Music.

8. True or false? (a) Oberammergau, in Switzerland, is famous for its Passion Play; (b) Hara-Kiri is the Japanese name for suicide by beheading; (c) About one third of an iceberg floats above water; (d) Rip Van Winkle slept for 20 years.

9. Unravel these well-known Army vehicles and weapons: (a) ER TERF; (b) LAKA RAM; (c) ROAD MAT; (d) BOW MAT; (e) WO ZITHER; (f) EDGE RAN.

1. Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to: The Editor (Comp. 39), SOLDIER, 433, Holloway Road, London, N.7.
2. Each entry must be accompanied by the "Competition 39" panel printed at the top of this page.
3. Correspondence must not accompany the entry form.
4. Competitors may submit more than one entry, but each must be accompanied by the "Competition 39" panel.
5. Any reader, Serviceman or woman and civilian, may compete.

The solution and names of the winners will appear in SOLDIER, November.

10. Which is nearest to the North Pole: (a) Paris; (b) London; (c) New York; (d) Bucharest; (e) Vancouver; or (f) Berne?

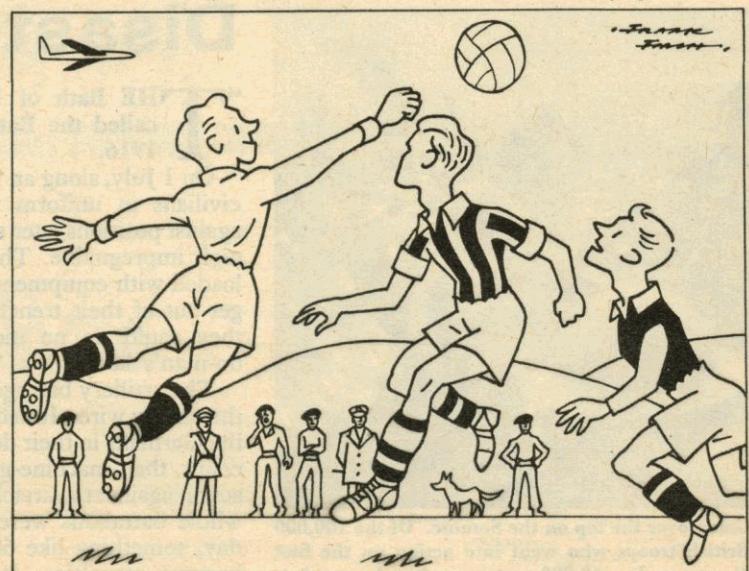
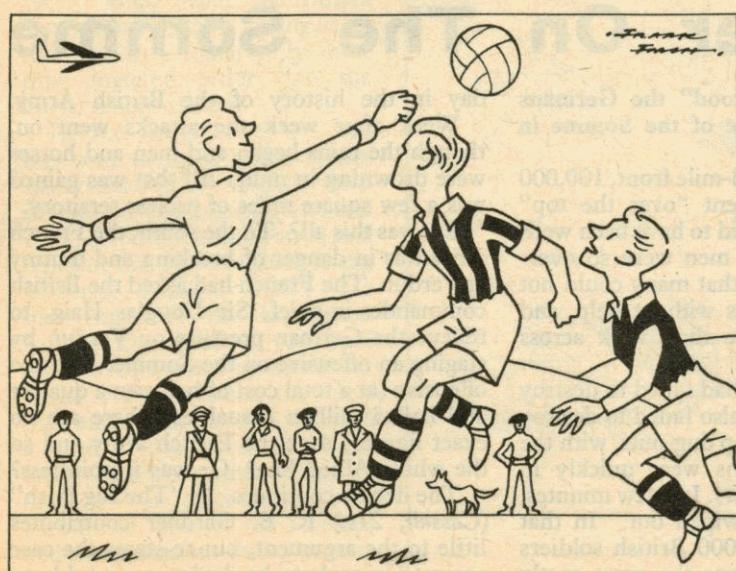
11. Which of these territories are British: (a) The Windward Islands; (b) The Leeward Islands; (c) Puerto Rico; (d) Bermuda; (e) Falkland Islands; (f) New Caledonia?



12. To which Army does this soldier belong: (a) Belgian; (b) United States; (c) French; (d) Dutch; or (e) Luxembourg?

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

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





The first fruits of victory: German prisoners are hustled down the beach by British troops. The battle hung in the balance for seven days before it was won.

Battle On The Beaches

"WHY creep up the leg like a harvest-bug, from the ankle upwards? Let us rather strike at the knee," said Sir Winston Churchill of the World War Two campaign in Italy.

The blow at the knee is known to history as the Salerno landing, a touch-and-go operation that produced some of the tensest, most confused fighting of the war.

The Anglo-American 5th Army secured a tiny beach-head, overlooked by hills and with a gap in their centre. They held it against German troops who fought extremely well. That they were able to do so, according to Hugh Pond in "Salerno" (William Kimber, 30s.) was in the opinion of "nearly everybody" (Field-Marshal Lord Alexander excepted) due to the support of the guns of the Royal Navy. Certainly the accounts the author quotes, both Allied and German, pay tribute to the accuracy and effectiveness of the naval shelling.

One of the criticisms levelled at 5th Army's commander, the American General Mark Clark, is that he would not allow a preliminary naval bombardment before the landing. He was hoping to gain a tactical surprise which, his critics say, there was no hope of getting anyway. Nearly 12 hours before the landing, the code-word "Hurricane" had alerted the German defences for a major attack. Only on the British sector,

where coastal guns opened up, did the landing troops have the benefit of a naval "softening-up."

In describing the landings and what followed, the author strikes a nice balance between the "Private-Smith-scratched-his-nose-and-thought-of-a-pub-in-Balham" and the "999-Brigade-deployed-at-Point-1234" schools of military history.

The operation had some unusual features. Before the invasion fleet sailed, a British general was relieved of command of his division for a breach of security: he had written to his wife that he hoped to celebrate their wedding anniversary by drinking champagne on Italian soil.

When things were going badly, General Clark gave orders for the naval part of his force to prepare to re-embark either the British or American contingent and land it again in the other's sector, a command which the British commodore said caused his staff to "hoot with laughter" and which was ignored.

A party of 700 reinforcements for British units in the beach-head mutinied because they had not been sent to their own units in Eighth Army; all but 192 of them were talked into obeying orders by their corps commander, General Sir Richard McCreery. The remainder were court-martialled.

At Amalfi, some American officers spent a

night in great comfort in a luxury hotel offering all peace-time amenities, while a mile or two away units were putting in cooks, clerks and storemen to plug the gaps in their defences.

A Grenadier Guards officer, the first of his regiment to set foot in Europe since Dunkirk, did so clutching a bottle of gin in each hand. Both were smashed a few minutes later when he dived to the beach under the threat of strafing aircraft.

That colourful Commando leader, Lieutenant-Colonel Jack Churchill, personally took between 30 and 40 prisoners with the aid of his sword. He later gave it as his opinion that "any officer who goes into action without his sword is improperly dressed."

On the sixth day of the operation, the weary garrison of Salerno were astonished to learn that a party of war correspondents had made the first link between Eighth Army, advancing from the South, and the beach-head. They had travelled 120 miles through what both armies had thought was enemy-held territory.

On the seventh day the Germans decided they were not going to be able to hold the invaders back, but it was not until the tenth that General McCreery was able to tell his troops that they had got the Germans on the defensive.

Disaster On

"THE Bath of Blood" the Germans called the Battle of the Somme in 1916.

On 1 July, along an 18-mile front, 100,000 civilians in uniform went "over the top" against positions later said to have been well-nigh impregnable. The men were so overloaded with equipment that many could not get out of their trenches without help, and they could do no more than walk across no-man's land.

The artillery barrage had failed to destroy the enemy wire. It had also failed to destroy the Germans in their deep dug-outs, with the result that machine-guns were quickly in action against the attackers. In a few minutes, whole battalions were wiped out. In that day, something like 60,000 British soldiers became casualties. It was the most costly

The Somme

day in the history of the British Army.

Week after week the attacks went on, though the rains began and men and horses were drowning in mud. All that was gained was a few square miles of useless territory.

Yet was this all? To the south, the French army was in danger of breaking and mutiny at Verdun. The French had asked the British commander-in-chief, Sir Douglas Haig, to relieve the German pressure on Verdun by staging an offensive on the Somme. Did the offensive (at a total cost of between a quarter and half a million casualties—there are no exact figures) save the French army and so the whole Allied line? Or was it pointless?

The debate continues. In "The Big Push" (Cassell, 21s.) R. B. Gardner contributes little to the argument, but re-states the case against Haig whom he depicts as a stubborn



Going over the top on the Somme. Of the 100,000 British troops who went into action on the first disastrous day, 60,000 were casualties by evening.

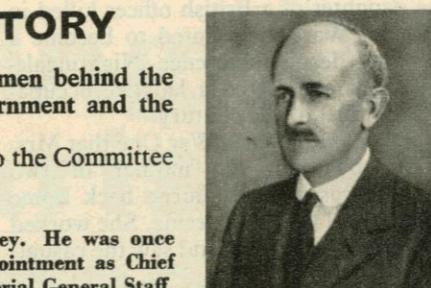
Cavalry general, surrounded by yes-men, ignorant of front-line conditions, trading on his social connections, living in a château and flitting from luncheon-date to luncheon-date with an escort of polished Cavalry.

Haig's mistakes, seen from 1961, were many and there were some which should have been spotted in high quarters before they were committed, notably the use of the first tanks before they were numerous enough or the crews sufficiently trained. Yet Haig had few critics at the time, and the one who might have been most potent, Winston Churchill, was out of favour.

The author blames the society of the day for putting Haig where he was. He depicts an appalling 1914 Army ("Officers and men normally disliked, and often despised, each other"), which cannot be reconciled with the splendid record of the Old Contemptibles in the first months of the war.

His book, however, contains an admirable selection of quotations from authors who served in the Somme offensive and who produced horrifying descriptions of conditions in the line.

The Potomac Army's splendid artillerymen had their setbacks. They could not, for



Lord Hankey. He was once offered appointment as Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

ARCHITECT OF VICTORY

EVERY war has its backroom boys, the men behind the scenes who guide and prod the Government and the fighting men on the road to victory.

Such a man was Lord Hankey, Secretary to the Committee of Imperial Defence in World War One, of whom Mr. Arthur Balfour once said: "Without him we should not have won the war."

Now, more than 40 years after, Lord Hankey tells his story of those fateful days in "The Supreme Command, 1914-18" (Allen and Unwin. Two volumes, £4 4s.).

Hankey, then a major in the Royal Marines, took up the post before World War One and was appalled by the casualness and inefficiency which he found even at the highest levels of Government.

The Cabinet kept no records of its proceedings and decisions were rarely communicated to the departments which equally rarely knew what the others were doing. Hankey changed all that and in a remarkably short time injected order into the Government system.

He was imaginative, too, and was said to have had a better understanding of strategy than anyone on the Imperial General Staff. (He was once offered, and refused, the post of Chief of the Imperial General Staff.) He first suggested the expedition to the Dardanelles, proposed the convoy system by which the Royal Navy defeated the German submarine menace and had a hand in the invention of the tank. But his greatest achievement was in co-ordinating the efforts and ideas of the Services and the politicians into a powerful machinery that won the war.

Gunners Of The Potomac

"THERE is one thing that our government does that suits me to a dot. That is, we fight mostly with artillery. The rebels fight mostly with infantry."

So wrote a soldier of the Northern army in the American Civil War, who is quoted by L. Van Loan Naisawald in "Grape and Canister" (Oxford University Press, 70s.), the story of the field gunners of the Army of the Potomac, the North's biggest operational force in the Civil War, in 1861-65.

Although the proportion of casualties caused by artillery in that war was lower than in the wars of Napoleon, or the major wars of this century, the author claims that the Potomac Army's gunners perpetuated and enhanced the tradition, set up in 1776, whereby American Infantry have never lacked superior artillery fire support.

His tale takes 536 pages, mostly filled with battery-by-battery accounts of the open-country battles of the early years of the war, and the almost constant skirmishing and more confined battles of the last phase.

The Potomac Army's splendid artillerymen had their setbacks. They could not, for

example, stop the snipers who held up engineers trying to bridge the Rappahannock River before Fredericksburg, though the guns smashed the town. The job was quickly done by Infantrymen.

They were not always quick at obeying orders off the battlefield. A senior officer once stopped a travelling battery and asked its commander the name of the unit, commenting: "You carry too many guns for a baggage-train and too much baggage for a battery."

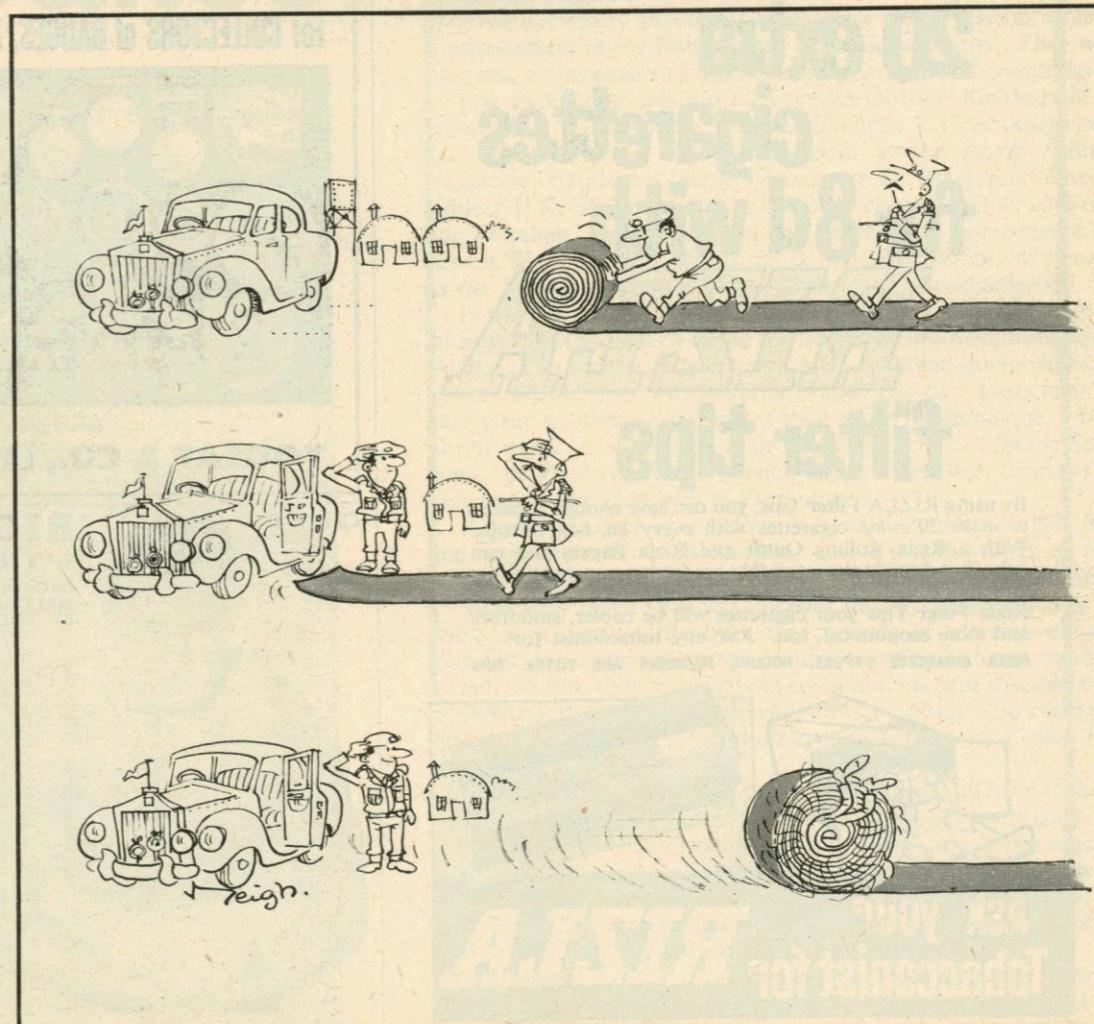
The author has many examples of bravery and not the least moving is that of Bugler John Cook, who, at the battle of Antietam, helped his wounded battery commander to safety, delivered the officer's last message, then picked up a round from a dead man and served a gun for the rest of the day. Bugler Cook was 14, and became the youngest winner of the Medal of Honor.

It's A Giggle, Really

IN his first novel, "The Glory Boy" (New Authors, 16s.), James Balfour tackles the difficult job of making fun of war without confining himself to the rear areas.

When he gets to Normandy, the fun takes some hard knocks, but is redeemed by a Cockney Presbyterian padre who drives a tank into battle singing a hymn and interrupting himself every couple of lines to give himself driving instructions.

The book has plenty of other splendid improbabilities, not the least being a Cavalry regiment with three battalions and the kilt as its customary dress. Less improbably, it has a long-haired, corseted commanding officer who leads his squadrons on exercise from the back of a wireless-equipped horse. **OVER...**



The Duke Knew All The Answers

"WHAT would the Duke have done?" British commanders in the Crimea were wont to ask themselves a few years after Wellington's death.

If they had had an indexed edition of his letters they could have looked up the answers, for Wellington wrote vast numbers of letters on military matters of all kinds.

For "Wellington At War" (Macmillan, 42s.), Antony Brett-James has selected a mere 180 of the Iron Duke's letters. They are clear and vigorous, as fresh now as the day their recipients opened them.

A random dip into those of his Indian days shows the Duke concerned about the fate of Christian ladies forcibly taken into Tippoo Sahib's zenana; giving advice on how to fight a jungle war and technical details of building basket boats; and detailing the excellent service of "persons belonging to the public bullock department" who had drawn his guns against the Mahrattas.

In the Peninsula, he was proposing a proper Provost organisation; settling the question of a young Portuguese lady carried off by a subaltern; giving his reasons for permitting, but not compelling, his Irish troops to go to Mass; courteously ordering measures against officers who mounted the stage during performances in Lisbon theatres; declaring that an officer who had been involved in an affray in a brothel might be acquitted but not "honourably acquitted" by a court-martial.

The editor links the Duke's letters with admirable notes and footnotes, throwing light on the Duke, his correspondents and their circumstances.

One which may raise an eyebrow or two is a letter from an officer who served with Colonel Wellesley in India and found him "very abstemious with wine; drank four or five glasses with people at dinner, and about a pint of claret later."

THE GALLANT NURSE OF RENNES

TO show her dislike of all things German, a young English girl at Baden-Baden refused to curtsey to the Crown Prince when he visited her school.

Alexandrina Marsden, now 85, shows clearly in her reminiscences, "Resistance Nurse" (Odhams, 18s.), that her attitude to the Germans has not softened.

The daughter of a British officer killed in the Afghan War, she wanted to become a nurse, but, despite Florence Nightingale, that was not considered a ladylike occupation at the turn of the century.

It was not until World War One that Mrs. Marsden, by then the mother of two daughters, was able to hurry back home from India and take up nursing. She worked within sound of the guns and saw the casual-

ties of the bloodiest battles on the Western Front.

When World War Two broke out, Mrs. Marsden and her husband were living in France. Joining the French Red Cross, she was soon nursing again and when the Germans overran her hospital, found herself alone with 70 patients, having been deserted by the rest of the staff.

Most of the war Mrs. Marsden spent in Rennes, doing what she could for sick and wounded prisoners and internees, helping parachuted British airmen to escape and gathering information for the Resistance. As she was under open arrest and under constant Gestapo surveillance, all this was at great risk to herself. Inevitably, she was arrested and put in front of a firing squad of Vichy militiamen. "Remember Nurse Cavell," she warned them. They hastily lowered their guns.

One of her successful ruses was to put two escaping airmen into a bed, draw the curtains, light candles and pretend to a German search-party that the bed contained the body of the lady of the house, awaiting burial. The Germans took one peep into the room and beat a hasty retreat.

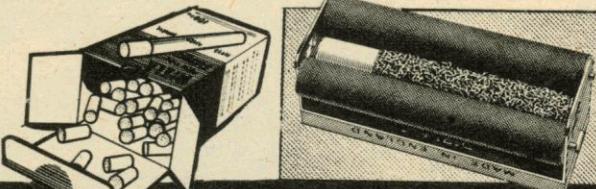
At the end of the war, after returning to England, Mrs. Marsden's husband was astonished that he was excluded when his wife was taken away by an Intelligence officer to be questioned about the Resistance. All her undercover activities had been kept secret from him.

Mrs. Marsden was decorated by the French government after each of the World Wars.

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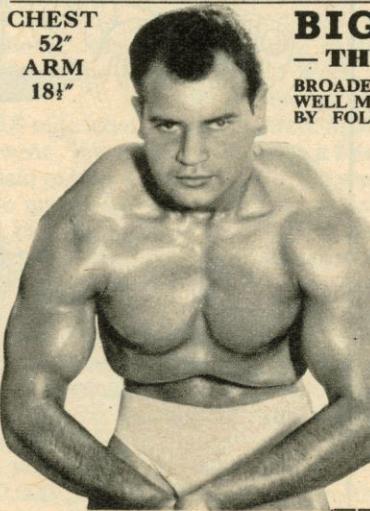
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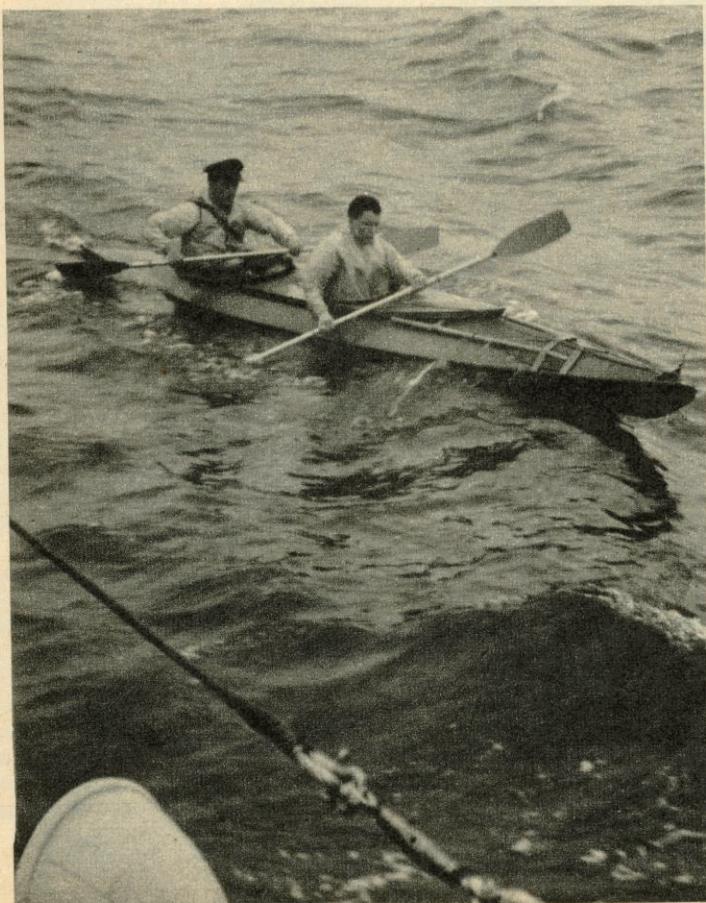
(S67)



Four miles short of Rouen the crews of two canoes battle their way against the current of the Seine on the way to the French capital.

Paddling To Paris By Canoe

Halfway across the English Channel, Captain Richards (rear) and Sergeant Green keep up a steady paddle in the lee of "Sergeant Snubbins."



A NIGHTMARE paddle for two hours through dense fog; an exhausting battle against near gale-force winds; swamped by a seven-foot high wave; stranded on rocks and a mudbank.

These were just a few of the hazards which five soldiers—all members of the Royal Army Educational Corps—and a civilian overcame during their adventurous 430-mile voyage in three two-man canoes from Folkestone to Paris.

The five soldiers, all qualified canoe instructors (the craft were made in Army units, too), set off from Folkestone Harbour in the early hours to deliver a message from Major-General S. Moore-Coulson, Director of Army Education, to General Sir Hugh Stockwell, Deputy Supreme Commander at SHAPE and Colonel Commandant of the Royal Army Educational Corps. They were also out to demonstrate that canoeing is a safe, if tough, sport.

The expedition was led by Captain Gordon Richards in his own canoe, "Gaudeamus," with Sergeant B. A. Green as his partner. In "Minerva," which was built at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, were Lieutenant D. Frost and Warrant Officer J. K. Blueman; and in "Igitur," constructed at 10 Training Battalion, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, Lieutenant W. J. Scholes and Mr. C. B. Gardiner, senior canoe coach at the YMCA national camp at Botley, near Southampton.

It was not long before the canoes ran into difficulty, brought almost to a standstill by dense fog two miles out from Folkestone. Although in danger of being run down by ocean-going ships, the canoes inched their way towards France and two hours later ran into clear weather, and then, as they made for Boulogne, a force seven wind. At Boulogne their escort vessel—"Sergeant Snubbins," of the Royal Army Service Corps Fleet—left them for the canoes to make their way to Paris alone.

It was three days later before they could continue, a gale forcing them to shelter in the harbour, but at last they were on their way, paddling all night to Le Havre and the mouth of the Seine.

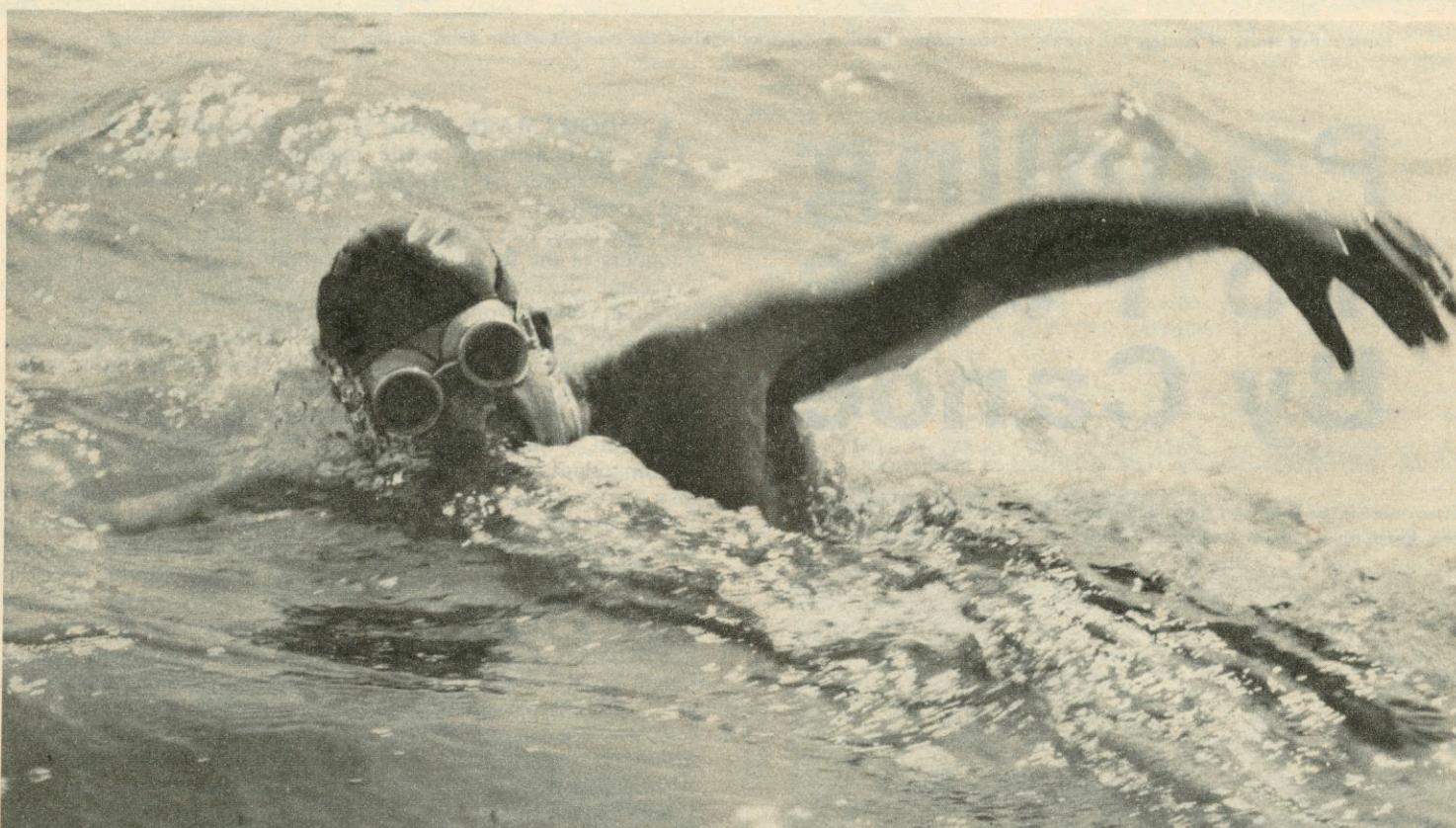
With only seven days left to cover the 212 miles to Paris, and most of it against the tide, the chances of arriving on time receded, so Captain Richards decided to order 12 hours paddling a day. At first they made good time and then near disaster overtook them: a seven-foot high wave from a passing ship swamping the canoes while the crews were resting and washing away food and some equipment.

Because of this delay the crews agreed to paddle for 15 hours a day, keeping up a speed of four knots an hour. In spite of a further hold up when caught in some rapids, the crews stuck to their task and, well-nigh exhausted, reached their destination two hours ahead of schedule. The next day Captain Richards handed the Director of Army Education's message to General Stockwell and the mission was accomplished.

Paddlenote: After returning to England, Captain Richards presented his canoe to Rochester Borstal, where a canoe club has been started for the boys.

A SAPPER TACKLES THE CHANNEL

An officer of the Royal Engineers may become the first British soldier to swim the Channel. If he does, it will be a triumph of scientific planning, team work, medical science and physical fitness



Bogged down and smeared in olive oil, Captain Nanson ploughs through Dover Harbour during a four-hour training swim. He aims to cross the Channel at the rate of 46 crawl strokes a minute, but is not interested in setting up a record. "It's all a question of keeping my arms turning over," he says.



As Captain Nanson treads water his trainer-manager, Mr. Fred Hammond, hands him a drink. Mr. Hammond has accompanied Nanson on all his long-distance training swims, splashing him with his oars and throwing seaweed in his face to get him used to conditions he might meet in his Channel attempt. He has also improved his swimming action and stamina.

Photographs: Staff Camera-man FRANK TOMPSETT

ON the day that SOLDIER went to press a 27-year-old Sapper officer walked into the sea at Cap Gris Nez and began swimming towards Folkestone in the most scientifically-organised Channel swim attempt in history.

Before him was the challenge that if he succeeded he would be the first soldier to achieve the feat. And behind him the experience of nine months of team work, the application of medical science, meticulous planning and human endeavour unequalled since Captain Webb, of the Merchant Navy, first swam the Channel from England to France in 1875.

The officer was Captain Mike Nanson, of the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Engineers, at Dover, and the story of his attempt goes back to before World War One

when his father trained to swim the Channel but was refused time off by his employer. Then, last year, Captain Nanson discovered that one of his neighbours was a Trinity House pilot and another the captain of the Dover Swimming Club, while in his regiment were a medical officer and one of Britain's greatest weight-lifting experts, who were keen to help someone swim the Channel.

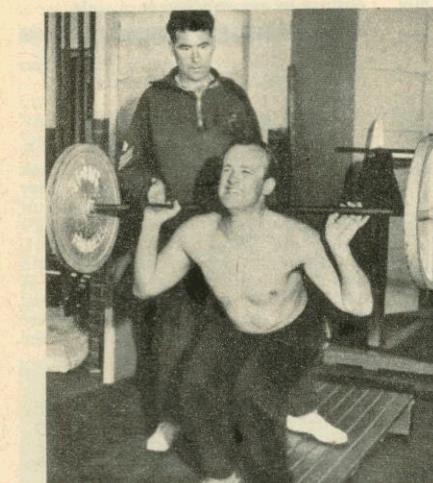
"There was nothing left to do but start training," said Captain Nanson.

The team went into action last October and drew up a training programme designed to turn Captain Nanson—then only a moderate long-distance swimmer—into a Channel champion.

The medical officer, Captain Peter Theobald, RAMC, laid down a series of



Above: Capt Theobald checks the record card as Nanson goes through a tolerance test, stepping up and down on a chair with two 20 lb weights. Six months ago Nanson took 60 seconds to recover from these exertions. Now his pulse rate is normal in 20.



S/Sgt Middleditch keeps close watch as Capt Nanson grimaces under the strain of lifting 170lbs on his shoulders from a sitting position. Weight training and extra food have added two stone to Nanson's weight—but he will lose one on the swim.

effort and tolerance tests, calculating how best to achieve maximum efficiency with the minimum of fatigue and improve Captain Nanson's stamina and strength. At the same time Staff-Sergeant R. A. Middleditch, APTC, the weight-lifting expert (he won the European youth lightweight boxing title in Berlin in 1936), worked out eleven different kinds of exercises to develop supple muscles and powers of endurance, and Captain C. R. Dench, the professional pilot, drew on his intimate knowledge of the tides and currents in the Channel to plot a course and a swim programme.

Under the watchful eye of his trainer-manager, Mr. Fred Hammond, who trained Jimmy Grainger and Rosemary George (holder of the world's women's endurance record) for their cross-Channel attempts, Captain Nanson began to swim a mile a day, later increased to two miles a day and, in May of this year, to between four and six miles. In the last month he swam six miles a day and went for an eight-hour swim in the sea.

During his training Captain Nanson swam more than 10,000 lengths in the bath at the Duke of York's Royal Military School and nearly 300 miles in the sea. He ate a pound



Lieut-Col Hunt (centre) raises his hands in elation as "Pegasus" sweeps gracefully past the finishing buoy to win one of the five races. Picture by courtesy of the Manila Times.

PEGASUS PIPPED THE LOT

THE Far East Federation's first inter-club regatta—fought between yachtsmen from Japan, the Philippines, Hong Kong, Thailand, Cambodia, Indonesia and Singapore, at Manila—was a triumph for the Army.

Representing Singapore and the Royal Artillery Yachting Association, *Pegasus*, with Lieutenant-Colonel Tom Hunt as

helmsman and Major Edward Dyson and a Filipino, Jesus Villareal, as crew, won three of the five races and was third and sixth in the others.

This was Colonel Hunt's first international victory. Major Dyson crewed in the 1952 Olympic Games in Helsinki and Villareal was a member of the Philippines team at the last Olympic Games in Rome.



Trinity House pilot, Captain C. R. Dench, shows Captain Nanson the route he is expected to follow. Captain Dench, who accompanied Peter Fergus on his successful Channel swim in 1960, has spent years navigating ships in the Channel and knows tides, currents and weather conditions intimately.

LETTERS

IS THE ANSWER DOWN UNDER?

Now is the moment when the United Kingdom and Australia, two of the most important nations in the British Commonwealth, should consider closer co-operation in the task of keeping the peace.

At present, Britain's contribution to world security rests on three things: membership of defence groups like NATO; maintaining bases overseas; and flying "fire brigade" forces to trouble spots.

Internal political changes can weaken defence groups formed of countries of varying interests and traditions, populations of bases can turn awkward and flying "fire brigades" from Britain involves passing over many countries.

Friendly nations happy to let planes pass through their air space on exercises might feel it diplomatically unwise when trouble blows up. For example, our shortest routes to East Africa (about 4200 miles when flying over Libya and the Sudan and 5200 miles by way of Libya and Nigeria) take us over the Moslem world. If the Moslem states from Syria to Morocco decided to put up a "barrier" against foreign planes, or if we decided that to fly over traditionally friendly countries could cause as much discord as the local trouble we were trying to remedy, we would have to pass over Turkey and Iraq (6000 miles) or by way of Ascension Island and Central Africa (7000 miles).

The first of these routes provides difficulty in bad weather when the mountains can force the planes high enough for extra oxygen to be needed. On the second, a desire to avoid a "barrier" of newly independent African states could force us to fly round the Cape.

In contrast, a "fire brigade" force flying from Australia (some 5400 miles) would pass above the sea the whole way and have the added advantage of Gan as a refuelling point. Local trouble in East Africa could be contained with less risk of upsetting neighbouring states.

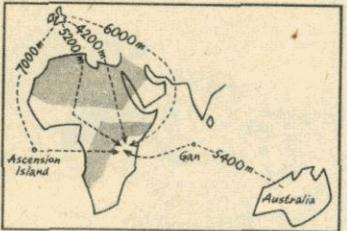
Australia, which wants closer links with Britain, offers ideal training areas for land/air operations, and a secure base for all time. If arrangements were made for British Army and RAF units and their families to undertake a tour in, say, Western Australia, it could become a popular station and prove an added incentive to recruiting. Some Servicemen might feel like settling there after their release, which would please the Commonwealth.

The prospect of being stationed with one's family near, say, Perth, with its ideal climate, is more likely to stimulate recruiting than being dumped in Aldershot or Colchester. The closer link with Australia would also encourage recruiting there and inspire that country and New Zealand to take on a bigger share of Commonwealth defence.

There is no reason why Australian troops and their families should not undertake a return tour in Britain. There is too much talk these days of the British Commonwealth having outlived its usefulness. — Peter Lawrence, London, E.C.4.

* Readers' comments on this interesting proposal to solve one of Britain's defence problems will be welcomed.

This sketch map compares air routes to East Africa. Shaded portions represent air barriers.



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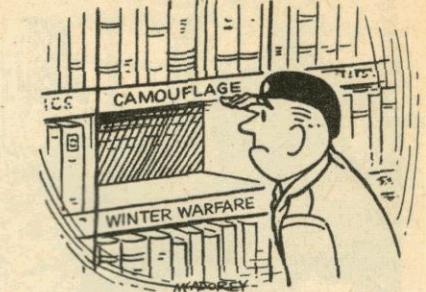
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PLEA FOR GLAMOUR

The answer to all recruiting problems is more glamour.

The Guards Brigade, The Parachute Regiment, the Scottish regiments and the Commando Brigade, though very selective, are all recruiting well and it is significant that all these units have a conspicuous dress distinction, even when wearing battle dress.

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

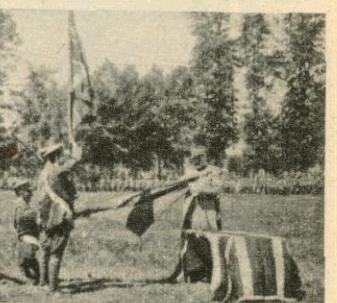
● Please do not ask for information which you can get in your orderly room or from your own officer.

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

Command in recognition of his services as author of SOLDIER'S article.

KSII AND BLIGNY

Readers who enjoyed your article "The Heroic Shropshire Re-Took Bligny Hill" (SOLDIER, June) may like to know that the 56th Brigade, of which the 1st/4th Battalion, King's Shropshire Light Infantry, was part, was awarded the Croix de Guerre with Star and that the Brigade pennant is now in our possession. Individual awards of the Croix de Guerre were also made to three members of the



Battalion and the Battalion collectively was awarded the Croix de Guerre with Palm. All ranks were presented with flashes, comprising one inch of the ribbon bearing the bronze palm, which were worn on the upper portion of both sleeves of the tunic until 1919.

On 3 June, 1922, General Berthelot, Commanding the 5th French Army, pinned the Medal to the Regimental Colour on behalf of the French Government at a ceremony in the Quarry, Shrewsbury (see picture above). From that date all ranks of the Battalion wore

★ Since this letter was received SOLDIER has been informed that Staff writer Peter N. Wood has been "commissioned as a Colonel and Information Staff Officer of the Confederate High

★ When on parade in full dress uniform all ranks of the regiments of the Household Cavalry, with the exception of the band, trumpeters and farriers, wear polished steel cuirasses ornamented with brass studs. The cuirass is a relic from the days when soldiers wore armour and today is worn only by the Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards on ceremonial occasions and special guard duties.

★ The "drumming out" of a soldier and

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS

Executive Class examination for ex-Forces candidates, June 1962 (Basic grade rises to over £1,100); good promotion opportunities. Clerical Class examination for ex-Forces candidates, October 1962. Officer of Customs and Excise, 18-22, with allowance for Forces service (Basic grade rises to over £1,300)—examination in March 1962; also Assistant Preventive Officer (Customs and Excise), 19-21, with allowance for Forces service—examination in February 1962. Write stating age, Forces service, etc., to:

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a cockade of the ribbon of the Croix de Guerre on the left side of the Service Dress cap, a unique distinction.

On 1 August, 1941, the wearing of the cockade was restricted to officers and, with the introduction of battle dress, the flash was reintroduced for all ranks, though since that date it has been only in the form of a half-inch piece of the ribbon. This year, permission has been obtained for the re-introduction of the original flash of 1918.—G. Archer Parfitt, Hon. Historian, 4th Battalion, The King's Shropshire Light Infantry (TA), Coleham, Shrewsbury.

public stripping of all his military insignia no longer survives, nor has the War Office any record of when this ceremony was last carried out.

Public promulgation of a sentence, when it is read out before a full parade, may still occur but there is no record of when this last took place. Normally, the promulgation of a sentence is conveyed to the accused in private.

BLUE VALLEY

When I served in Malaya with the 1st Battalion, The Royal Hampshire Regiment, in 1954-55, I frequently heard stories of a "Blue Valley," supposed to be a stronghold of the Communist terrorists, and usually alleged to be located somewhere in the hills of Penang. According to the rumours patrols which were supposed to have found the valley never returned. I would be grateful for any information on this subject.—C. T. A. Stephens, 33A Edith Road, Barons Court, London, W14.

BEARDED

Your article "Keep Those Bristles Trimmed!" (SOLDIER, June) reminds me of the officer of the Indian Army who grew a beard.

After protracted correspondence at all levels he received an order to comply with King's Regulations and remove his whiskers. The officer then sent a petition to King George V asking that he might retain his beard and enclosed a photograph of himself without it. It is said that the King ordered that he was always to wear a beard, which he does to this day!

King George V undoubtedly had a keen sense of humour for he also allowed a petition by an officer of the Indian Army Veterinary Corps against having to learn Burmese on the grounds that none of his patients spoke the language!—Lt.-Col. C. B. Appleby, DSO, National Army Museum, (RAM), Sandhurst, Camberley, Surrey.

The splendid, waxed moustache depicted on page 22 of your June issue belonged to Sergeant-Major A. C. Shorrock, who enlisted on 5 February, 1901, and served in the Regiment for 50 years and 25 days. He died in 1958.—"Old Mick," Beckenham, Kent.

KHAN BAHADUR

Congratulations on your magnificent cover picture of Colonel Wilayat Khan (SOLDIER, July). It may interest your readers to know that the badge suspended from a red ribbon around the Colonel's neck denotes his title of "Khan Bahadur."

Although I never had the privilege of serving with this distinguished officer, I am proud to have been a contemporary of his in the old Indian Army. A finer body of men never existed, and it is fitting that they should know that time and distance does not cloud the memory nor lessen the affection and esteem in which we shall always hold them.—A. J. Wentworth (Col. IA, retd.), Manor Way, Beckenham, Kent.

DRUMMING OUT

Is the "drumming out" ceremony, in which a cashiered officer has all insignia removed publicly, still carried out? When did this ceremony last take place?—WO II J. Barnes, RAEC, Army Apprentices School, Harrogate, Yorks.

★ The "drumming out" of a soldier and

CONGO

Hearty congratulations to your excellent magazine on such widespread and interesting coverage as the stories on the operations in the Southern Cameroons, the Sarawak Rangers and the Singapore Guard Regiment (February).

Now what about a story on the operations of the United Nations troops in the Congo?—J. G. Bliss, Upper Willingdon Road, Calcutta, India.

★ There are no British Army units under United Nations' command in the Congo.

CUIRASSES

Do trumpeters of the Household Cavalry wear cuirasses? I have seen models and illustrations both with and without.—K. M. Bell, c/o 44 Kilburn High Road, London, N.W.

★ When on parade in full dress uniform all ranks of the regiments of the Household Cavalry, with the exception of the band, trumpeters and farriers, wear polished steel cuirasses ornamented with brass studs. The cuirass is a relic from the days when soldiers wore armour and today is worn only by the Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards on ceremonial occasions and special guard duties.

MILITARY CROSS

Can a warrant officer class one win the Military Cross?—B. Wilkinson, "Josther," Iver Heath, Bucks.

★ Yes. The Military Cross was instituted on 31st December, 1914, and can be won by captains, subalterns and warrant officers. It may also be awarded to officers and warrant officers of the Royal Air Force for gallantry on land.

LONG SERVICE

We of the 6th Battalion, The Royal Ulster Rifles (TA), were most interested to read the fine article in your May issue about our 1st Battalion in Germany. Corporal James Dawson BEM may

be the longest serving soldier in the 1st Battalion, but not in the Regiment. Our Quartermaster, Major H. G. Turner, holds this honour, having joined the Regiment in 1925—long before Corporal Dawson.

We can also beat our 1st Battalion's impressive list of 12 sets of brothers. We have 19, including one set of three.—"Training Officer," 6 RUR (TA), Victoria Barracks, Belfast 15.

We are proud to have serving with us Warrant Officer II C. B. Fowler, who joined this Regiment on 2 May, 1911, and has served with it continuously ever since, the last 49 years in the band. We think this record of over 50 years' service—still unfinished—is going to take some beating.—Drum Major A. H. Blackler, 1st Bn., The Canterbury Regiment, King Edward Barracks, Christchurch, New Zealand.

AER MEDAL

In the article "It All Began at Waterloo" (SOLDIER, May), describing the record of Corporal A. C. Shorrock and his link with the "Dukes" at Waterloo, you state that he was one of the first four Army Emergency Reservists, in 1959, to gain the AER Long Service Medal. I was awarded this medal in 1956 and qualify for a clasp next year.—C. E. Brinton, 6 Salisbury Avenue, Torquay.

ANOMALY

I, and several others in my unit who enlisted in the Regular Army before reaching the age of 18 years, have recently been informed that in order to qualify for a full pension at 22 years, or earlier if invalidated out of the Service, we must sign on for the corresponding amount of time served before our 18th birthdays.

This means that we are now due to be released from the Army on our 40th

MORE LETTERS OVERLEAF

Collectors' Corner

K. D. Jackson, PO Box 596, Bulawayo, S. Rhodesia. Badges and model soldiers.

S. G. Biggin, "Gardners", Colonnade Rd, Boscombe, Hants. Despatch rider photos.

T. Morris, 9 Galway Hse, White Horse Lane, London, E1. Cap and collar badges, shoulder titles, medals, ribbons.

Maj Davreux, HQ 1 (BE) Corps, BPS 7, Belgian Forces, Germany. Colour postcards of uniforms and dispositions of military types.

N. S. Major, 26 Buxton Rd, Brighton. British and Commonwealth cap badges.

J. White, Qualicum Beach, B.C., Canada. War medals, decorations, police insignia.

Cpl D. A. Tresham, C Pro C School, Camp Borden, Ontario, Canada. Metal and cloth badges, medals, ribbons.

Sgt E. K. Balfour, 11 Beckenham Pl., Halifax. Formation signs, proficiency badges.

J. C. Lewis, 14 Embo St, Kew, Dunedin, N.Z. British Army campaign medals from 1900.

H. Hart, 149 Penatang, Apt. 1, Barrie, Ontario, Canada. Commonwealth medals, cloth, metal insignia.

J. F. Lamport, 2064 Carrick St, Victoria, B.C., Canada. British medals and miniatures, Canadian Army cap badges.

Tpr J. Hollingsworth, D Sqdn, 22 SAS Regt, Bradbury Lines, Hereford. Cap badges.

Pte S. J. Jenkins, SP Coy, 1 RAR, c/o PO, Grik, Upper Perak, Malaya. Shoulder titles, formation signs.

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Lieut-Col David McBain, who rose from bandboy to become the Army's Director of Music.

A BATON IN HIS KNAKSACK



The Army has said farewell to one of its outstanding musicians—Lieutenant-Colonel David McBain who served the last seven of his 44 years in the Army as Chief Instructor and Director of Music at the Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall.

David McBain joined up in 1917 as a bandboy in the 2nd Battalion, The Royal Scots, and two years later, at the age of 18, made his first acquaintance with Kneller Hall as a pupil.

His first real success in the world of military music came when, in 1927, he was appointed Bandmaster of the 2nd Battalion, The King's Royal Rifle Corps. In 1938 he became Staff Bandmaster of the Royal Artillery Mounted Band at Aldershot where, the following year, he was the last mounted bandmaster to appear at the Aldershot Tattoo.

In World War Two Lieutenant-Colonel (then Warrant Officer) McBain led the Royal Artillery Mounted Band on scores of tours and in 1941 conducted the farewell concert on board the Prince of Wales before she sailed for the Far East and was sunk. In February, 1945, the Band went to Holland and played in Arnhem the day after that town was captured.

In 1947 Warrant Officer McBain was commissioned and became the first Director of Music of the Royal Artillery Mounted Band. A few months later he was transferred to The Royal Horse Guards and headed the only mounted band in the Coronation Procession. He has three sons, all captains serving with The Royal Scots, The Durham Light Infantry and The Cameronians.

more letters

birthdays and that none can be eligible for a 22 years service pension before reaching that age. If correct then this order should be given more publicity. It had not been brought to my notice previously in 17 years' service. It also creates anomalies, such as a man of 18 or more who enlisted at the same time or even later than I did, being able to leave the Army on a full pension earlier than I could.

It also means that I shall be on the wrong side of 40 when attempting to establish myself in civilian life, instead of being several months on the right side—something which can and does make quite a difference.—WO II R. Best, The Life Guards, BFPO 15. ★ The current rules for pension still state that only service from the age of 18 years counts for pension (see Pension Warrant 1961, Article 145).

MALE NURSES

It is time that the State Registered male nurse was recognised in the Army on the same level as the female SRN.

Such recognition has long been accorded in civilian life. One would have thought the British Army a better opening for men but we qualified male nurses do not find this so, and those who may be interested in joining up are put off by this prejudice. I feel sure that male nursing officers would be of great value to the Army Medical Services, particularly in field ambulances, where female officers are not held on the strength.—S. Armitage, 41 Seacroft Gate, North Parkway, Leeds, Yorks.

HALLAMSHIRES

In your June issue (Letters) you told how the Hallamshires, Territorials of The York and Lancaster Regiment, came into being.

It is interesting to note that in 1881 the Ellice Committee made various suggestions regarding the affiliation of regiments and their titles, most of which were implemented and remained unaltered until the amalgamations of 1959-61. In the case of the 65th (2nd Yorkshire, North Riding Regiment of Foot) and the 84th (York and Lancaster

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(See Page 29)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1. Length of aircraft; 2. Stripe on goalkeeper's left stocking; 3. Studs on goalkeeper's right boot; 4. Arms of spectator fourth from left; 5. Dog's right foreleg; 6. Middle player's right toe-cap; 7. Left point of right player's collar; 8. Cap badge of officer on left of dog; 9. Parting of middle player's hair; 10. Top of stripe on middle player's right sleeve.

PRIZEWINNERS

There were only three all correct entries to SOLDIER's "How Much Do You Know?" quiz in May. They were:

1. Sgt M. Dunn, 5 McNeill Road, Larkhill, Wilts.
2. Capt N. G. Welsh, 95 Hope Road, Sale, Cheshire.
3. WO II G. Gladman, 35 Base Wks REME, Old Dalby.

The correct answers were: 1. Beaver. 2. All headgear. 3. West India Regiment. 4. (a) Ironside; (b) Marlborough; (c) Alexander; (d) Montgomery. 5. Any two battles, * Service ranks and a capital city beginning with the letter A. 6. France. The rest are monarchies. 7. If the grate be empty put some coal on. If the grate be full stop putting coal on. 8. (a) The Duke of Wellington's Regiment; (b) The Sherwood Foresters; (c) The Royal Highland Fusiliers; (d) The Durham Light Infantry. 9. (a) T (Thursday); (b) Y (year); (c) M (mile); (d) 28. 10. Bernard Bresslaw. 11. (a) Foch and Gort; (b) Faking, Oporto, Cellar and Honest. 12. (a) and (k); (b) and (h); (c) and (g); (d) and (l); (e) and (i); (f) and (j).

Regiment of Foot), the recommended designation was The Hallamshire Regiment (York and Lancaster). The eventual decision was to adopt the subtitle for the Regular battalions and to style the Militia (later Territorial) battalions as Hallamshire.—V. A. Trapani, 134 Lexham Gardens, London, W.8.

WHO OWNS IT?

The plaque illustrated in your May issue has now been identified as a memento given to the winning team in the Deluge Cup Competition (Association Football) of the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, and is now in the Royal Armoured Corps Tank Museum at Bovington Camp, Dorset.—Colonel G. T. A. Armitage, RAC 1, War Office.

SOCER COACHES

The Football Association were so impressed with our three-week course syllabus for the Army's new soccer coaching scheme (SOLDIER, July) that they are using it as a basis for a four-week course at Loughborough next year for six managers, six coaches and two trainers.

We had a great deal of help from England's former captain, Billy Wright, who coached the preliminary award students in the art of a retreating defence and the full award students in a coached game. The full award examination was conducted by the Portsmouth manager, Mr. George Smith, who said that he had never attended a course with such a high standard of coaching ability—and he wasn't being just diplomatic.—Capt. J. I. McEleny, Army School of Physical Training, Aldershot.

RED FOXES

Many old "Red Foxes" may not know of the existence of the 5th Army (1916-1918) Old Comrades' Association. As its new Hon. Secretary I shall be glad to hear from any old member.—Capt. N. A. Welton, TD, 58 Wolseley Road, London, N.8.

JUBILEE

This year we celebrate the 50th anniversary of the formation of this unit and I am trying to trace all past members. Would any ex-cadet of the unit please contact me?—D. J. Embury, 'A' Coy. (Newton Abbot), 4th (Cadet) Bn. The Devonshire Regt., Drill Hall, Newton Abbot, Devon.

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