SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

NINEPENCE

JULY 1954

HELICOPTERS IN WAR

(See Page 5)

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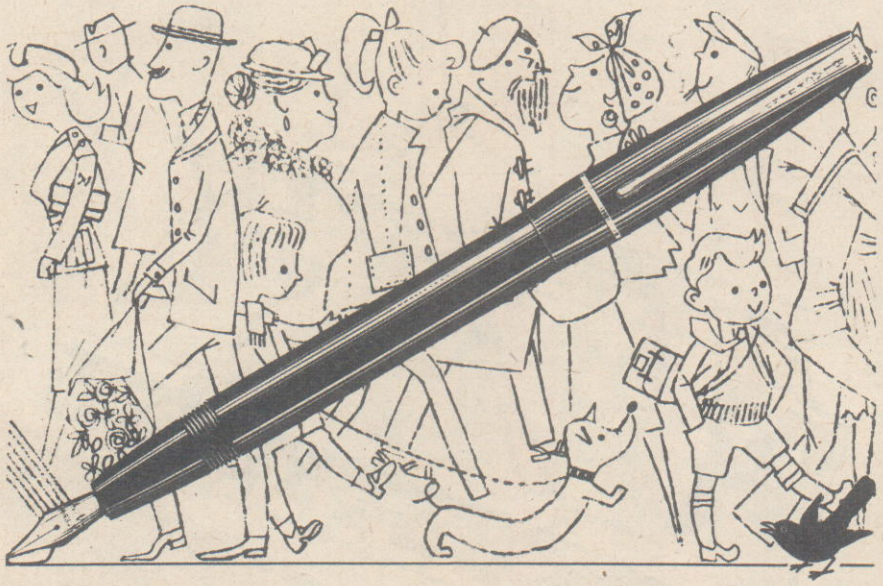

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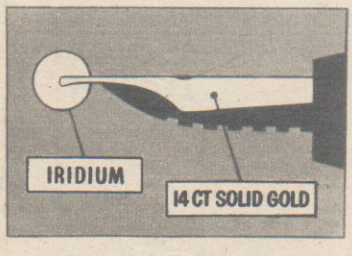

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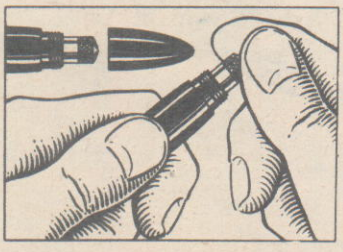

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From: Air Marshal

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

Chairman, H.M. Forces Savings Committee

To: All Serving or About to Serve in Her Majesty's Forces

Subject: SAVE WHILE YOU SERVE

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

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

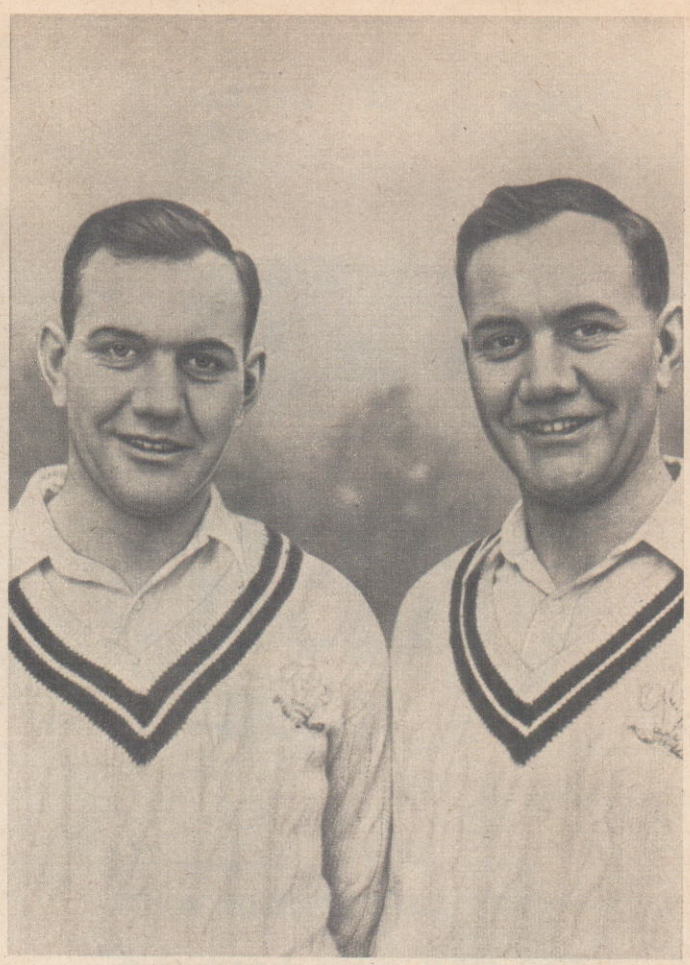
I recently retired after many years in the Royal Air Force. I know how valuable a service Forces Savings is giving to both Regulars and National Service personnel, and no matter where you may be stationed you can save a bit from your pay if you want to do so.

I also commend Forces Savings for mention by parents and friends to young men who are going into the Services (*and* to young women too, as in the Women's Services there are some of our best savers!)

We have an excellent series of leaflets (shown above) which tell, in simple language, all about Forces Savings. Why not write for a copy of the one which applies. Address your letter to me:—

Air Marshal Sir Thomas Williams,
H.M. Forces Savings Committee,
1 Princes Gate, London, S.W.7.

Issued by H.M. Forces Savings Committee



Natural flair plus determination plus enterprise—that's the hat trick—

SAY THE Bedser Twins

Eric:
You know Alec, I wouldn't mind betting there's many a chap thinks you can just roll out of bed in the morning, bowl a few overs, and collect a capful of applause by teatime.

Alec:
How stupid! Cricket's like any other job—only very often much harder. You need flair and aptitude but you need just as much guts, grit and grim determination.

Eric:
I'll say you do. To be a professional cricketer you must be tough and you must have enterprise and the will to win, whether you're batting, bowling or fielding.

Alec:
Well, Eric that goes for every job—if you want to get on you've got to get stuck into it.

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Vol. 10, No. 5 **SOLDIER** JULY 1954

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

Canal Zone and Libya, 4 piastres; Cyprus, 7 piastres; Malaya, 30 cents; Hong-Kong, 60 cents; East Africa, 75 cents; West Africa, 9d.

This American tandem helicopter will carry 40 men or three jeeps. A British firm is contemplating a helicopter to lift 450 troops or a 45-ton tank

Tomorrow the answer to many a commander's problem may be—

CALL UP A HELICOPTER

TANK bogged down in a shell-hole? A helicopter will exert a vertical haul until it can struggle free—or even lift it right out and deposit it on hard ground.

A field-gun to be sited on an unscalable peak? A helicopter will deposit it on an appropriate ledge, along with a detachment of Gunners.

One more river to cross? A helicopter will bring up a bridge and place it in position.

For these, and other slightly less improbable tasks, the helicopter is already being considered.

It was announced last month that more than 200 new helicopters have been ordered for the fighting Services. This followed a statement by Mr. Antony Head, Secretary of State for War, that the Army was using three helicopters for experiments and training Army pilots.

He added: "We are very interested and keen on helicopters. We are doing everything we possibly can to get more."

In an earlier debate, Mr. Head had said it was the Army's aim to introduce helicopters to the maximum extent and said: "Anything we can do to reduce that very vulnerable mass of wheeled vehicles, which is the lifeline of the forces, will be invaluable to a modern army when atomic weapons are used."

The American Army plans to have 12 helicopter battalions, each with 67 machines, by the end of 1959. Some machines will have a lift of 20,000 pounds, enabling them to be used as cranes to move trucks past road blocks or destroyed bridges. One American firm has built a 40-seater model. The British firm of Westland has announced probably the most advanced project so far—for a machine to carry 450 troops or a 45-ton tank.

In Korea, the helicopter has shown great versatility. It has been used for observing artillery fire, for reconnaissance, liaison flights, laying signal lines and smoke-screens. It has served as a watch-post. It has been engaged on air supply, rescue work, tactical troop movements and evacuation of casualties.

An American helicopter company moved nearly 5,000 Indian troops from Inchon to Panmunjon in eleven days, and demonstrated that one helicopter company can keep an Infantry division supplied in the field.

American Marines in Korea have used the helicopter for hit-and-run raids. One craft, with a rocket-launcher dangling beneath it, landed the weapon and crew at a firing spot. There it waited with its rotor turning while the launcher was fired, then re-embarked the crew and hauled the launcher away before enemy artillery could register on the spot.

In Malaya, helicopters have proved their worth in the war against guerillas. One machine broke new ground when it recovered (in sections) another which had made a forced landing in an inaccessible paddy-field.

All this has led helicopter enthusiasts to conceive a host of new tasks for the rotor craft. Some even see the end of parachute and glider troops. Now, they say, troops without special airborne training can be landed behind enemy lines. No special dropping places need be picked out, since helicopters can land their men and materials almost anywhere. Scattered landings, the bane of parachute and glider operations, will be avoided. Raiding parties will be picked up as soon as their mission is accomplished.

Major-General R. H. Bower, writing in *The Aeroplane*, has envisaged a sea-landing in which a small number of helicopters, operating from aircraft carriers, could put a large number of troops ashore. Large helicopters would act as cranes, to unload supply ships on an invasion beach. Smaller ones would be OVER

Tank recovery by helicopter—a vision of the future. *(Drawing by courtesy of Westland Aircraft, Ltd.).*

HELICOPTER *cont'd*

used for setting up radio stations on remote mountain tops, to relay the high frequency signals which need an "optical" path.

In battle, the enthusiasts say, helicopters will be able to fly reserves quickly to any hard-pressed sector of the line and land them almost in combat positions. With reserves thus mobile, commanders may no longer need to keep as many troops in reserve as they do in surface-bound warfare.

In retreat, it is contended, helicopters would evacuate engineers' demolition parties and enable the rearguard of an army to leave its positions quickly, thus making a clean break with the enemy—unless the enemy had helicopters as well. They might equally be used by a pursuing army to prevent a running battle from being broken off, by leap-frogging troops over the enemy rearguard. Another front-line duty of the helicopter, when the inventors get round to it, may be to clear minefields.

On the supply line, the most obvious advantage of the helicopter is that it can carry its cargo over any kind of country more rapidly than surface transport. Where there is no airstrip, it can land supplies more accurately than conventional aircraft and without the use of parachutes, which are expensive and often cannot be returned for further use.

By providing a quick, direct service from base to consumer it may cut out intermediate supply depots. A helicopter taking off from an ammunition depot in England might deliver its cargo direct to a division, brigade or even battalion a couple of miles from the fighting-line in, say, France or Germany. By doing so, it would release for other work the hundreds of men who would otherwise be ferrying the ammunition along roads and railways and over the seas, and caring for it at dumps at various stages of its journey. "Pods," detachable containers, may hasten the turn-round of freighter helicopters.

To all this is added another advantage over the conventional aeroplane—the helicopter can be easily concealed. It has no runway to give away its location.

In America, tests have shown that existing helicopters can carry two and a half times as many stores as an equal number of three-ton trucks in a given time, even when the trucks operate in ideal road conditions, a luxury often denied them in war. The Americans, also, have flown a durable shelter, equal in size to a 38-man barrack-room, for several miles under a helicopter. The shelter, made of wood and plastic, would be very acceptable in Arctic warfare.

In Germany, an Allied Air Forces exercise, in which Rhine Army took part, showed that casualties evacuated by helicopter from a forward air evacuation centre to a base for orthodox hospital aircraft could be in England in a few hours — fewer hours, perhaps, than in war a road ambulance would take to carry them back to a base hospital.

Recently, a midget helicopter weighing only 100 pounds but capable of carrying four times its own weight, has made its appearance. This may be the vehicle for dropping agents behind enemy lines, or for picking up the pilots of crashed planes. It may be the despatch-rider's motor-cycle of the future, and the jeep in which

A war-dog is hauled into a helicopter after jungle duty in Malaya.

a commander tours his battle-front.

There is, however, another side to the picture of a helicopter war. The machines cost several times as much to build as road vehicles, and use much more fuel. Fleets of helicopters would make a large hole in a peace-time defence budget. In war-time they would require materials, labour and factory-space urgently needed for fighters and bombers.

It takes far longer to train a helicopter pilot than the driver of a road vehicle. Helicopter maintenance calls for bigger and more highly-skilled crews than maintenance of trucks and lorries. Helicopters also demand more frequent attention.

The machines are still slow, and operating over a front-line area would be vulnerable to small arms fire from the ground or slower enemy fighters. (Against that, at low altitude they would be safe from radar detection and heavy anti-aircraft guns, and their manœuvrability would enable them to dodge high-speed fighters.) As yet, helicopters need good weather to operate and are not ready for blind or night flying — defects which designers may soon remedy.

An American Army report concludes, "the ideal military helicopter is undoubtedly more than ten years away."

Finally, before the helicopter goes into a major war, it may, at least partly, be displaced by the "rotodyne" or "convertiplane," which are still in the experimental stage. These combine the rotors of the helicopter, for vertical flight, with the wings and airscrew (or jet engine) of conventional aircraft for swift horizontal flight.

Eventually there may be places for both helicopters and rotodyne-type aircraft. While heavily-armoured helicopters, acting as aerial tanks and armoured personnel carriers, "hop" over minefields, spitting shells and landing Infantrymen, rotodynes may be rushing up the supplies and reinforcements, evacuating casualties and successfully dodging enemy fighters and anti-aircraft fire.

Conceivably, military policemen will operate on rotors too, to direct the aerial traffic. A recent development is the "hoppicopter," a haversack-size helicopter with collapsible rotor-blades, which is strapped to the flyer's back.

Just the thing for an aerial pointsman?

RICHARD ELLEY

Helicopter saves helicopter. The first machine made a forced landing in an inaccessible paddy-field, was dismantled and retrieved by a sister aircraft.

SOLDIER to Soldier

***THE TIMES* has complained that the British Army is not able to read enough about the arts of war.**

The largest airborne operation since the Rhine crossing of 1945 took place recently in North Carolina. "It is fair to ask," said *The Times*, "How many of the British Army's regular officers will be able to sustain two minutes' conversation about it in three months' time?" The American officer would be able to read "a variety of well-produced, semi-official monthly journals such as *Combat Forces* or *Armor* to give him facts, pictures and opinions." But the British officer is "unhappily placed"—thanks to "a surfeit of military security and a shortage of newsprint." (*The Times* added: "SOLDIER, a popular illustrated monthly, rightly prefers British to American exercises.")

That is one side of a permanent problem. There is another school of thought which believes that the British and American armies (especially the American) already write and broadcast far too much about themselves, thus making things too easy for a potential enemy.

SOLDIER, of course, is directly interested in this problem. It is possible that SOLDIER is one of many magazines which are regularly and conscientiously clipped by alien scissors (what they will file this item under is anybody's guess). In his book *Close Contact* Brigadier C. H. Dewhurst pointed out just how much easy information an enemy agent could obtain about the British armed forces simply by taking a certain well-known illustrated weekly (which would never dream of trying to publish pictures of equipment on the restricted list). British Intelligence is unfortunately not able to build up its information about potential enemies by subscribing to military periodicals. This may, of course, be a good thing, if only because it encourages greater enterprise.

Brigadier Dewhurst says that Russian recruits are told so little by and about their Army that sometimes they do not know which country they are in. There may have been British soldiers like that once upon a time, but in the main the British soldier likes to know something about the Army in which he serves. There is also the British taxpayer, who wants to know how his money is spent. Each year his representatives at Westminster are told the strengths of the three armed forces, and hear discreet but encouraging references to new weapons and equipment. According to the strict rules of military intelligence these references may be regrettable, but the risk is that, by making sure we give nothing useful to the enemy, we kill public interest in our armed forces and make it impossible for Servicemen to take an intelligent interest in the wider aspects of their job.

"IF I had a talking picture of you . . ." ran the old song.

Now, it seems, there is a proposal to send talking pictures (or even silent moving pictures) of wives and children to soldiers serving abroad. Amateur ciné clubs in Britain are said to be trying to interest the Services in the idea, and to persuade them to provide screening facilities overseas.

If this idea goes through, every camp will have to have a Viewing Room, where married men will queue in the evenings for four-minute sessions with the family. Privacy would, presumably, be necessary; there is nothing worse than listening to other people's private endearments addressed to an indiscriminate audience (some of those radio messages during the war were bad enough). Another difficulty, in SOLDIER'S view, will be for the family which is being photographed to find something to do or say for all of four minutes. People who set out to record their voices usually dry up after a few seconds for lack of something to say. Presumably the soldier overseas will not wish to watch a film of his wife washing the dishes, with the unspoken hint that he ought to be right there wiping them. On the other hand, he might be delighted to watch his wife bathing the baby.

One alarming thought is that it would be possible with the aid of a film for a wife to nag her husband ten thousand miles away.

IS it wishful thinking to suppose that men who have served in the Army are less inclined to strew litter in later life?

The Army's obsession with picking up match-sticks is always good for a laugh, but the general public's passion for strewing town and country with paper and bottles has long ceased to be a joke. There have been some shocking examples of it lately (and many will find it hard to forget that the select Coronation audience left bottles in Westminster Abbey).

It is a sad thought that Britain is one of the most-littered countries on the globe. Yet its Army is one of the tidiest. If men, after release, can continue to walk erect and swing their arms, instead of putting their hands in their pockets, it seems reasonable to hope that other military virtues will cling to them—a regard for tidiness, for instance. Or—horrible thought!—do soldiers tend to scatter litter more than ever after returning to civilian life, as a reaction against regimentation? Is it only long-term Regulars who acquire the permanent habit of tidiness?

Can You Recognise This Boat?

It's the hood-frame of a lorry, upturned and wrapped round with a tarpaulin.

TWENTY men in a lorry reach the banks of a wide, deep and fast-flowing river. They must cross at once but the bridges have been blown. There are no boats or rafts and none of the men can swim. How do they get to the other side?

There are more ways than one of crossing a river. Sappers at Chatham learn all the tricks

Easy, say the instructors in watermanship at the School of Military Engineering at Chatham. Take the hood-frame off the lorry and place it upside down on its tarpaulin. Tie the tarpaulin to the frame, using sticks to keep the edges taut, and slide the contraption into the water. Jump in, and standing on the metal crossbars, paddle yourself across. The "boat" will keep afloat for ever if there are no holes in the tarpaulin.

This is one of the many improvised ways of crossing water which the Bridging Wing of the School teaches to thousands of Sappers, cadet officers and Infantry assault pioneers who go to Chatham each year for their training. Sapper Territorial Army units from all over the country and university cadets also train there in the summer.

For more than 100 years generations of soldiers have been taught bridging and watermanship at Chatham. This record would have come to an abrupt end in 1949 but for the decision of the School to build a bigger and better training pool to replace the old Upnor Pond, which was too small for the larger bridges and craft developed during the war.

It was an all-Sapper job and one which is only now nearing completion. Because the War Office refused to allow any of the work to be borne by public funds the task called for all the ingenuity and improvisation of which the Sappers are capable.

The Survey School surveyed the site close to the River Medway and soon the bulldozers, angle-dozers, scrapers, excavators, tractors, dumpers and tippers from the Plant, Roads and Airfields School were set to work. Dams were built to keep out the flood waters, and work began on road building and excavating the 600,000 cubic feet of glutinous blue clay which had to be removed to a minimum depth of four feet six inches.

Bad weather almost forced a standstill. Machines frequently bogged down and there was a shortage of equipment. To speed up progress, competitions aimed at increasing output were organised. Finally, in November 1949 the last bucketful of clay was dug out. Between the two dams a lock was built and here the Workshop section distinguished itself by making the lock gates out of two old Bailey Bridge panels welded together and covered with sheet metal. The hards were then laid down and the roads cleared and in June 1950 the "Gundulph Pool," named after a former Bishop of Rochester who was the King's chief engineer in 1078, was opened.

Today Gundulph Pool, which is 700 feet long and varies in width from between 200 to 550 feet, is the largest and best equipped training pool in the Army. All the year round students erect and dismantle all types of bridges and rafts, learn how to operate pile drivers and practise assault landings in storm boats. On the adjacent Medway they sail yachts and cutters.

The pool is also used for demonstrations and troop trials of the latest equipment. Recently, the Army's largest and strongest bridge—the double-girder Bailey—was built at Chatham to carry the experimental Caernarvon tank across the pool.

. . . and these lock gates ?

Bailey Bridge panels keep out the Medway's flood waters.

General Christian de Castries, commander of the fortress of Dien Bien Phu: the last picture.

DIEN BIEN PHU

A SOLDIER Tribute

YOU heard them, yelling in the rain,
You shot the bugles from their lips,
And faced the ultimate eclipse
Unshaken, on the Tonkin plain.
Though breached and scattered lies the dam,
Still flies your ancient oriflamme.

YOU stood where now the death-lights dance
Amid the filth, the spectral trees—
With Africans, with Vietnamese,
With Germans too—and fought for France.
You stood for honour and for pride,
And both are richly satisfied.

YOUR comrades, jumping from the skies,
Gave all that any man can give.
They knew they had but hours to live,
And yet they jumped. In misted eyes
Their memory will linger on
Whose flesh is long since carrion.

WE, too, have stood on Asian ground,
Beset by hordes in frenzy hurled,
And heard the tale run round the world,
And mourned our dead who make no sound.
We, too, who love not honour less,
We share your pride and bitterness.

THOUGH fickle is the human heart,
And faith gropes blind from code to code,
Yet Valour's never out of mode,
And who said that but Bonaparte?
To you, the doomed but resolute,
To you who jumped to them, Salute:

E.S.T.

Oriflamme: the ancient royal standard of France

The road to Rome: a coach-load of soldiers from Trieste look forward to a sightseeing spree.

ROMAN HOLIDAY

Soldiers from Trieste tread the paths of Julius Cæsar and Audrey Hepburn—and all for £3 9s.

ONE of the box-office hits of recent months was the film "Roman Holiday," with Audrey Hepburn playing the part of a princess sightseeing incognito on Tiber's shores.

In Trieste the British Army has organised its own "Operation Roman Holiday." While politicians wrangle over the destiny of the Free Territory, the garrison retained on the Adriatic is making the most of its opportunities to see the world.

The welfare-subsidised cost of a week-end in Rome to private or corporal is only £3 9*s*. This includes the 1000-mile return bus trip, hotel accommodation for one night and two days' sightseeing, with transport and guide. Charges for officers and senior NCOs are higher.

Surveying the Way of Triumph from Constantine's Arch are Lance-Corporal Vernon Smith and Craftsman Edward Wilson.

The journey takes 15 hours, all through Friday night, but after a shower and Continental breakfast at the hotel in Rome, everyone is ready to see the sights.

Under their volunteer guide, the Reverend James Broome, who is studying law at the English College in Rome, the party set off, again by bus — to St Peter's, the Vatican Museum, the Colosseum, the Forum, the Catacombs and many famous landmarks. These visits occupy Saturday and Sunday. Saturday evening is free, but most of the tourists are too tired to explore the night life of Rome.

On Sunday evening the party sets off on the return journey and by breakfast time on Monday is back in Trieste for another week's soldiering.

Other recent tours open to troops in Trieste included a four-day Easter visit to the tiny hill-top state of San Marino, to Florence and Assisi, a week-end trip to Venice for just over £1 and a three-day coach journey to Belgrade to watch the England-Jugoslavia football match.—*Report by Major Alan Coomber, Military Observer in Trieste.*

With his hand in the Mouth of Truth: Lance-Corporal Richard Leckenby. Film-goers may recall a similar pose by Gregory Peck in "Roman Holiday."

On the famous Appian Way, the Rev James Broome, guiding the party, points out landmarks. Below: one of the gaily uniformed Swiss Guards on duty outside the Vatican City.

Two lads of the Loyals try out a horse-taxi. Below: "Inspecting" a member of the resplendent Carabinieri on guard outside the Cathedral of St Peter.

"Gad, Sir, This Isn't Funny!"

Practical joking has always been an Army "tradition"—but Queen's Regulations have something pertinent to say on the subject

The Militia of 50 years ago had good clean fun putting drowned cats and tailors' dummies in each other's tents. From *The Regiment*.

"NONE but the tough fellows could live through it—we put each other to the torture there, Sir. We roasted the new fellows at a slow fire and hung 'em out of a stairs window with their head downwards. Joseph Bagstock, Sir, was held out of the window by the heels of his boots for thirteen minutes by the College clock."

So said one Major Bagstock, "the devilish sly," describing practical joking at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, during the 1860s.

The cadets at Sandhurst were merely continuing—with perhaps unnecessary enthusiasm—a tradition of practical joking which has always existed among officers of the British Army. It has not escaped notice that Queen's Regulations urge commanding officers to discourage practical joking among their officers, nothing being said about joking among the men.

The sardonic anonymous author of "Advice to Officers of the British Army," published in 1782, counsels subalterns thus:

"If there should be a soberly-disposed person, or, in other words, a fellow of no spirit, in the corps, you must not only *bore* him constantly at the mess, but should make use of a kind of practical wit to torment him. Thus you may force open his doors, break his windows, damage his furniture, and put wh——s in his bed; or, in camp, throw squibs and crackers into his tent at night, or loosen his tent cords in windy weather. Young gentlemen will never be at a loss for contrivances of this nature."

Certainly the young gentlemen of Sandhurst were never at a loss for such contrivances. Often it was hard to say where joking ended and cruelty or persecution began. If the victim could withstand the mortifications heaped on him by his comrades, he was able to withstand anything the enemy might offer.

Sandhurst's pranks included "drawing," "shovelling," "adamising," "ventilating," "blanket-tossing" and "bed-launching."

"Drawing," a kind of psychological warfare, consisted of badgering a cadet continuously in all that he did. In bad cases the victim had to cut himself off from all contact with his fellows and study in after-hours by himself. Anyone put to "shovelling" was spreadeagled on a table and beaten with shovels. If "ventilated" he was tied up to a ventilator and javelined with forks. When "adamised" he was stripped naked after dark and lowered through a window to the ground. As there was no means of access to the barracks at night he had to report to the guard-room, where his arrival was the signal for much unrefined fun.

Ragging sometimes led to personal fights, which were not discouraged and were treated with great hilarity by all but the contestants. A serjeant was detailed to see fair play, and when he considered honour had been satisfied, the contestants were marched to hospital, where they were given a black draught or an emetic. They were then confined to barracks until their bruises had disappeared.

Sandhurst in the 1860s: a cadet is "adamised."

The Times used to take a poor view of military horseplay, devoting long leading articles to condemnation of the offenders. In 1855 it took up the case of a Cornet Ames, who had been strapped to a chair, forcibly fed with "pap," and slapped on the back like an infant "to stimulate the powers of deglutition." Presumably he showed dislike for this summary treatment, for his persecutors followed it up by breaking into his room, pouring water over his bed, scattering his clothes, hanging his uniform outside the window and generally upsetting everything. Solemnly, *The Times* pointed out that if this had happened in the German Army, Cornet Ames would have had no alternative but to challenge his maltreators to a duel and run the risk of being killed.

Exuberant young officers cared nothing for the fulminations of *The Times*. Their high spirits sometimes led to clashes with the public, as at Bagshot on the occasion of a visit from King William IV and the Duke of Wellington. The cadets sang an unrehearsed encore to the National Anthem, and then knocked the hats off the heads of the villagers who had been slow to uncover a second time. In the ensuing free-for-all a stage coach on the King's Highway became involved, with the younger cadets climbing on and over it, to the alarm of the passengers. This caused a great outcry in the newspapers—particularly *The Times*.

At Winchester the Queen's Mail coach was in trouble for driving, instead of being led, through the Depot. The coachman refused to descend from his box when ordered to do so by a slightly intoxicated young lieutenant, with the result that the Mail was driven into the River Test. For his share in this dubious jest the young officer lost his commission.

At Winchester, too, a very browned-off lieutenant home from the wars borrowed a few six-pounders and after dark with the help of a few friends fired blanks from the top of St. Catherine's Hill nearby to celebrate the Battle of Alma. The town mob turned up and the affair ended in a turnip fight.

In the village of Marlow, cadets on a route march were fallen out in the street to allow carts to pass, because the local fair had spread itself into the road. They surrounded the booths, each grasping an upright, and on the command to march the entire fair formed up behind the officer in charge.

Within living memory, rumpuses involving Army and public have been few. High spirits among officers have been canalised into the licensed rags of mess nights. But the jape merchants will always find some outlet. There was the case of the Sandhurst cadet, thought to be travelling without a ticket, who crawled under the seat of a railway carriage on a journey to London. When the inspector arrived, no amount of pulling could dislodge him. To avoid delaying the train and dislocating traffic, the inspector travelled in the same carriage with him to London, where the cadet struggled out and presented his ticket.

There are elderly officers still going about none the worse (outwardly) for having been bathed in ink, black-leaded or merely ducked in Sandhurst's lake, or who have long since lived down (and perhaps

even regretted) the day when they held up the traffic for miles with some ingenious obstruction.

Practical joking by no means dies out in the midst of a world war. The squibs and crackers which subalterns of the 18th century tossed into each other's tents were replaced, in World War Two, by "thunder-flashes." In remote Kermanshah, an officer awoke on Christmas Day to find a sucking pig, cold and ready for the oven, in bed with him. In the same part of the world a padre was hoisted in his pulpit to the top of a pole, and a senior officer was led out after dinner to a dummy staff car which collapsed about him. From Kashmir to the Azores men who fell asleep in one place awoke to find themselves in another—usually an embarrassingly public one. Memories of what happened to old Dusty when his shirt tail caught fire inspire bar-room guffaws to this day.

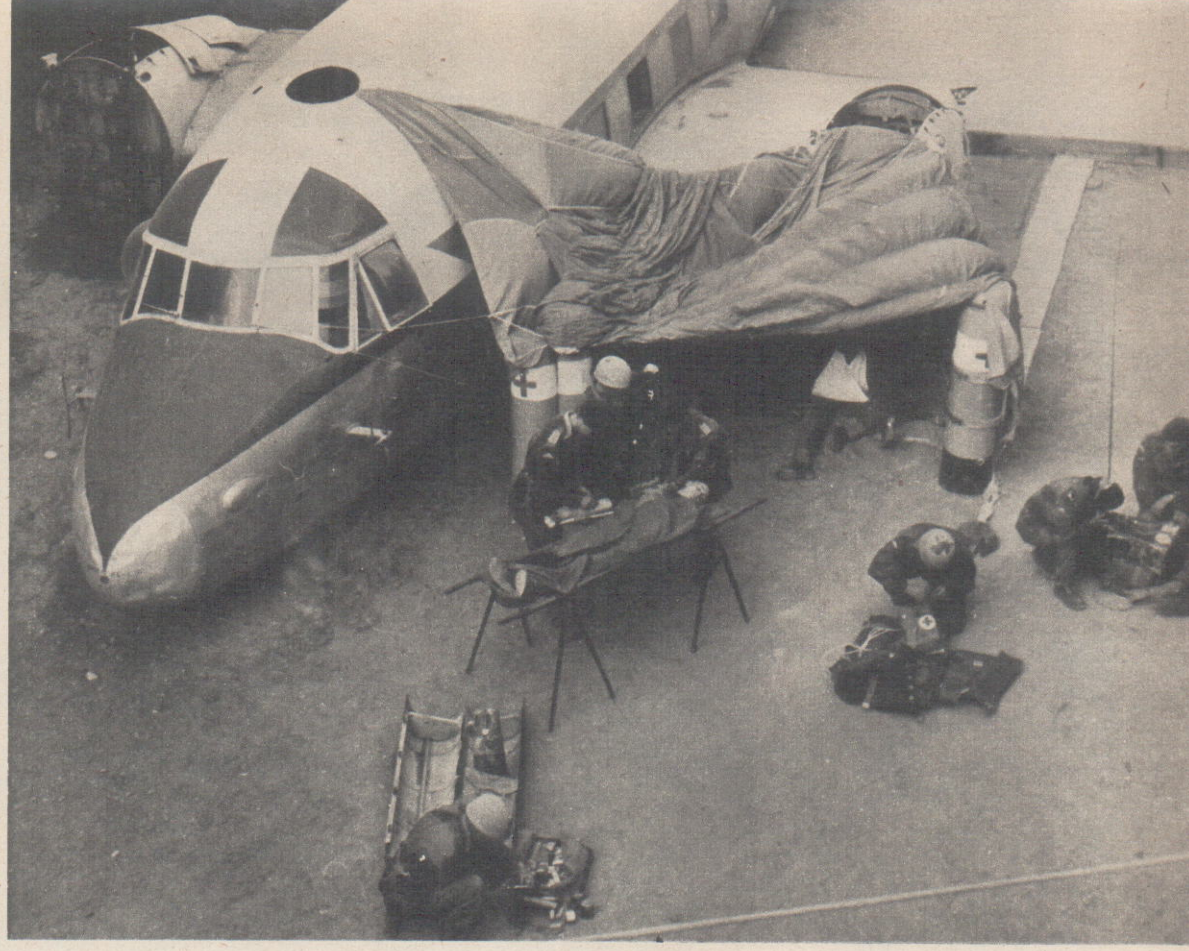
Much has been said against practical joking and horseplay, and often rightly. In its favour must be recorded that it encourages give-and-take, and is a (usually) harmless way of puncturing pride.

As recently as 1952 a certain company at Sandhurst celebrated an occasion so rowdily that £60 worth of damage was caused to property and five men were sent to hospital. Subsequently, the Commandant addressed suitable words to the cadets. In the House of Commons, Mr. Antony Head, Secretary for War, replying to a question on the subject, said he did not think that on an occasion like this cadets could be expected to sit in the mess after dinner reading Clausewitz, or knitting.

Last year the Select Committee on the Army Act pondered an old clause dealing with "ill-treatment of officers." The chairman recalled a case at Aldershot in which an unpopular officer was immersed in water every night with a view to making him send in his papers. "It is possible for officers to ill-treat other officers," he said.

The other members apparently agreed, but one of them said they ought not to do anything to prevent "the genuine mess rag." One of the witnesses helpfully suggested that bad cases would be covered by Section 41.

"Haircut!"



How the airborne ambulance men go to work: parachute canopies are rigged up to give shade to the injured. On right, signalmen are in touch with the pilot of their aircraft still circling the scene.

AIR CRASH? THEY'RE READY

Soldiers carrying water and blood parachute to aircraft stranded in the Middle East desert

AN unusual task assigned to picked Army parachutists in the Canal Zone of Egypt has been that of standing by to jump to the immediate aid of the injured in desert air crashes or forced landings.

For this rôle, special training has been undergone by men of 23rd Field Ambulance Unit,which belongs to 16th Independent Parachute Brigade Group. Their desert rescue teams have formed a link in the chain of the Royal Air Force's desert rescue organisation.

A medical officer is in charge of each team. He has with him a corporal and three private soldiers of the Royal Army Medical Corps and also a corporal and two soldiers of the Royal Signals. They carry with them, in airborne containers, all that is necessary for comprehensive First Aid.

The 23rd Parachute Field Ambulance have ten of these teams, fully trained, and one at least is always standing by. If a Service or civilian aircraft should come down in the desert, the team boards a Valetta, which is always maintained by the Royal Air Force in a state of readiness, and flies off to the scene.

The Medical Officer jumps first, accompanied by one of his medical team. If necessary he sends up flares to indicate the best landing terrain for the others, and to give them some idea of the strength and direction of the wind. Once the party are assembled on the ground each man tackles his assigned job. The signallers make immediate contact with the pilot of their Valetta, who, in turn, is in direct communication with his base.

The Medical Officer informs his own headquarters, through his signaller and the pilot of the Valetta, what will be required of the Royal Air Force road team, which will now make its way overland to collect the occupants of the crashed aircraft and the rescue team.

In a serious accident the cases most likely to require urgent treatment are those involving burns, broken bones, severe cuts, exposure and shock. The essential basic items to deal with these are fluids, drugs, splints, dressings, shelter and food. Each member of the team carries two filled water-bottles. The rest of the equipment includes seven more water-bottles and two four-and-a-half gallon jerrycans of water. Every man carries a carefully padded bottle of Dextron for blood transfusions, and a further supply of this is dropped in an airborne container.

One of the greatest problems in looking after the sick and injured in the desert is the provision of shade. The team carries only one bivouac, which requires 12 parachutes to bring it and its equipment down. The canopies, together with the wreckage and the empty containers, provide ample shelter. The three stretchers carried in the equipment would be used as beds for the badly injured. Since he is in touch with base, the Medical Officer can ask for special supplies or equipment to be parachuted to him.

Any severe fractures must be immobilised in splints or plaster of paris to withstand the rough journey back to civilisation.

The desert rescue teams of the 23rd Parachute Field Ambulance are a fine example of inter-Service co-operation. Their vital function is to save life during that possibly critical period between the location of a crashed aircraft and the arrival of the Royal Air Force ground rescue team.

A very high degree of alertness was maintained when Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, flew over the Middle East last year on her way back from South Africa. Further extensive precautions also came into operation when the Queen flew from Aden to Tobruk on her way home.—*Report by Major HUGH CAMPBELL, Military Observer.*

Not much of the Canal Zone looks like this—but the Army makes good use of what there is.

SCHOOL UNDER THE PALMS

Beside the waters of Lake Timsah, in Egypt's Canal Zone, the Army is developing a new breed of regimental instructors

IN a shady wood on the shores of Lake Timsah, soldiers from units all over the Canal Zone are taking a course to fit them into the Army's new education scheme.

Henceforth, there will be no more academically - qualified National Servicemen working as serjeant-instructors of the Royal Army Educational Corps and attached to major units. In future, Army teaching will be done by officers of the Royal Army Educational Corps, aided by regimental instructors. These will be suitably qualified men combining their ordinary duties in their units with teaching duties.

In Britain the change-over is taking place without undue difficulty. The additional officers are already at work, and until regimental instructors are officially established (so far they are only "approved in principle"), the last of the National Service serjeants are carrying on.

In the Canal Zone the problem is acute. There is a shortage of officers because the new scheme has not yet been implemented and the trickle of National Service instructors has almost died out, as there is little point in sending overseas men with only a few months to serve.

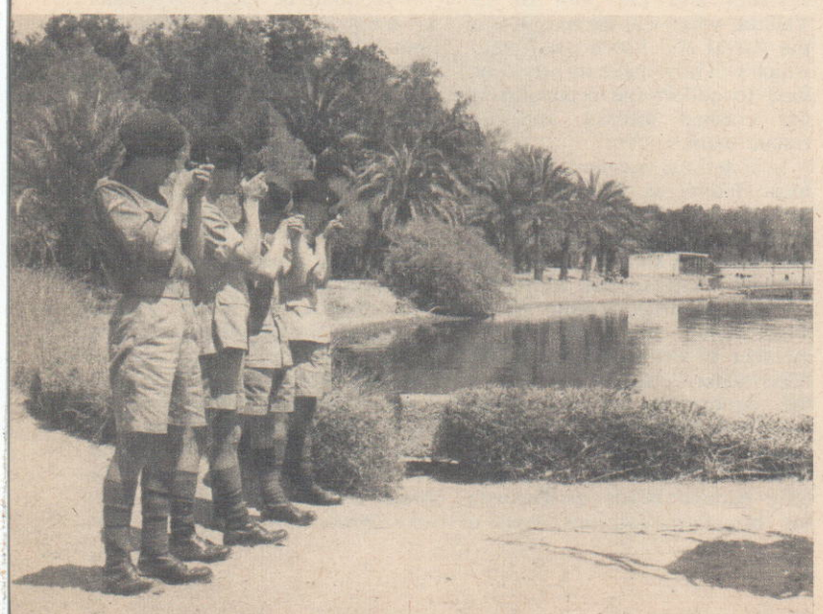
The school beneath the palms of Lake Timsah anticipates the starter's pistol. To this centre, chosen men from all units in the Canal Zone are being sent for a six weeks' course in principles, methods and practice of teaching. Once they have passed the course, they return to their units and help relieve the officers of the Royal Army Educational Corps.

Timsah woods are within a stone's throw of Ismailia. The sun blazes down outside on the sandy shore, but within the woods many a spot is dark with the shade of dense palm trees. There is a pleasant stillness, broken only by occasional *khamsin* winds tearing through the lofty tops of the trees, and sometimes at night by bursts of gunfire.

Captain A. G. Baylis explains that emphasis is on student activity and "live" lessons. Reality is all. One day a minor gun battle took place at the outskirts of the wood. The next day syndicates of students were told to find their way from the school through the woods to the spot where the incident occurred—this march being done by compass alone.

Student instructors are constantly reminded that English and arithmetic are best taught by linking them up with practical problems, such as can often be based on a map-reading exercise. Regimental instructors must always be on the alert for a topical unit background against which to present the old themes. The new instructors will be better equipped to suit their teaching to the work of the unit with which they have "grown up" than were the National Service instructors, who — excellently though they rose to the occasion — often found themselves attached to units of whose work at first they knew little.—*Report by Captain NEIL BUCKLEY, Military Observer.*

Students take a compass bearing on a ship on Lake Timsah.



KENYA Round-up

THE MEN WITH THE BUFFALO BADGE

In prickly fortresses out in the wilds, men of the Kenya Regiment stand watch with the Kikuyu Home Guard

VARIETY has spiced the Kenya "emergency" for men of the Kenya Regiment — the Colony's all-European equivalent of a Territorial unit — since they were called out in 1952.

They have operated as police. They have formed Intelligence teams. They have provided officers for the King's African Rifles. They have fought as patrol companies. Now they have still another job, building-up and training the Kikuyu Guard.

Since early this year, men of the Support Company, who originally operated with mortars, have been living in isolated posts scattered over the South Nyeri Reserve. Their homes are small fortresses surrounded by barbed wire and moats, bristling with sharpened staves to ward off terrorist attack.

The men of the Kenya Regiment were given a week's notice to move into the posts. They did not quite know what to expect, and many of them had no previous experience of administration. A travelling training team helped them instruct the Kikuyu in subjects like patrol tactics and ambush. Most of the posts scored successes against the Mau Mau in the first week. In three weeks the organisation was working smoothly. Continued progress and definite successes against the enemy have kept up the morale of the Kikuyu Guardsmen.

It's a badge you find everywhere in Kenya. Here it is worn by Private Dennis Kearney, seen testing the police post he helped to build.

Typical of the posts is that manned by two Kenya Regiment privates, Mike Tremlett and Robin Stobbs, at Ruthagati. This is in the heart of the Kikuyu Reserve, and the full responsibilities of local problems fall on the shoulders of these two young settlers. Private Tremlett was a farmer at Naivasha before the "emergency" and Private Stobbs was an analytical chemist.

There is a new village in the district they cover, and all the males who normally live within two miles of the post must spend the night in the village, so that the Guard may keep an eye on them. The Kenya Regiment men sometimes have trouble with the African women. It is difficult to keep check on them as they are allowed to sleep in their own homes, to look after the cattle and the land.

The two men said they had complete confidence that their Kikuyu Guard would put up a good fight if there was trouble. In fact, not long before, their Kikuyu had accounted for four terrorists when, with no European leadership, they had taken part in an action in co-operation with the King's African Rifles.

At Kagochi, near the edge of the Mount Kenya Forest, is another post of a different type. It houses a striking force, led by four young Kenya settlers, Serjeant Bob Pottinger, who was a farmer in the Thika district, Private Ted Payet, who was employed by a Kenya firm, Private David White, an accountant, and Private Eric Taylor, another farmer, from Nanyuki. They have 15 Home Guard, drawn from other districts, and by the end of their first month had killed seven terrorists.

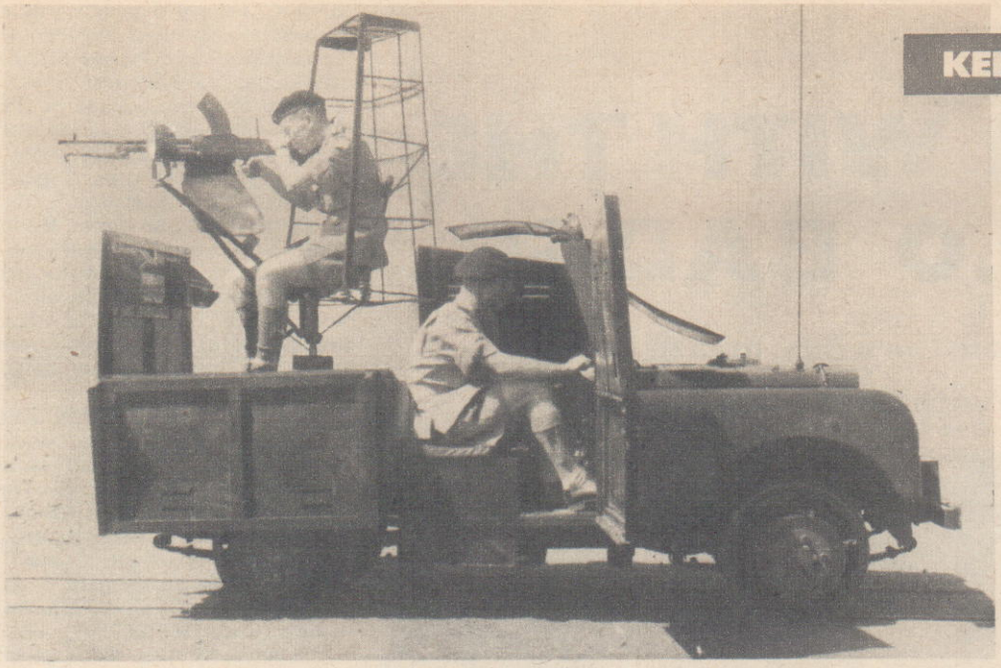
Meanwhile, the men who are left at company headquarters, are still operating their mortars. Captain W. R. F. Schuster, the company commander, says: "I am amazed at the versatility of the men of the Regiment."

OVER

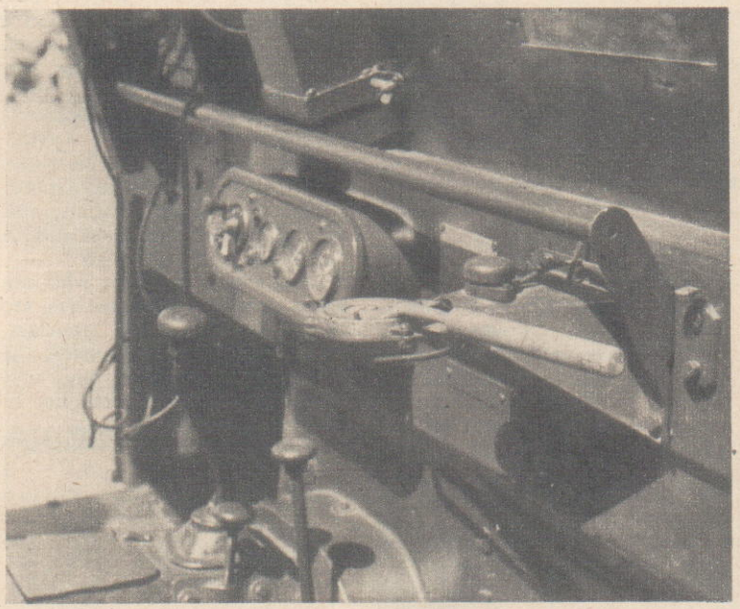
Bayonet training for Kikuyu, with Private Ted Payet as instructor. Right: Near a guard-post (foreground) a new village is built. *Photographs: Serjeant B. S. Gowers.*

LOOK—no Steering Wheel!

A new kind of rail-car has been built to combat ambushes in Kenya



The converted Land Rover, with its armoured sides dropped.



The driver has a hand-throttle for convenience on long journeys. Engine, gear-box, brakes and lighting are unchanged.

ONE problem which had to be tackled in Kenya was that of guarding passenger and goods traffic travelling by rail.

Much of the line winds through lonely country which lends itself to ambushing or booby-trapping. It was decided to build a small, well-armed and armoured car to precede trains pulling out of Nairobi on dangerous routes.

Men of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers at Kahawa, a few miles outside Nairobi, chose a Land Rover for conversion. The body was stripped and replaced by a thick armoured shell, the sides of which can be dropped quickly if need arises. Mounted behind the cab is a light machine-gun with an all-round traverse. The gunner is protected from the rear by thick non-splintering glass.

The wide wheel base of the car had to be converted to the gauge of the East African Railways. The wheels themselves were fabricated in the blacksmith's shop in the depot. Two stabilisers were fitted to reduce rock and sway.

Otherwise, little change has been made in the original vehicle. In place of the accelerator, a hand throttle has been fitted for the comfort of the driver on long journeys, which can be up to 900 miles. Two large petrol tanks have been installed.

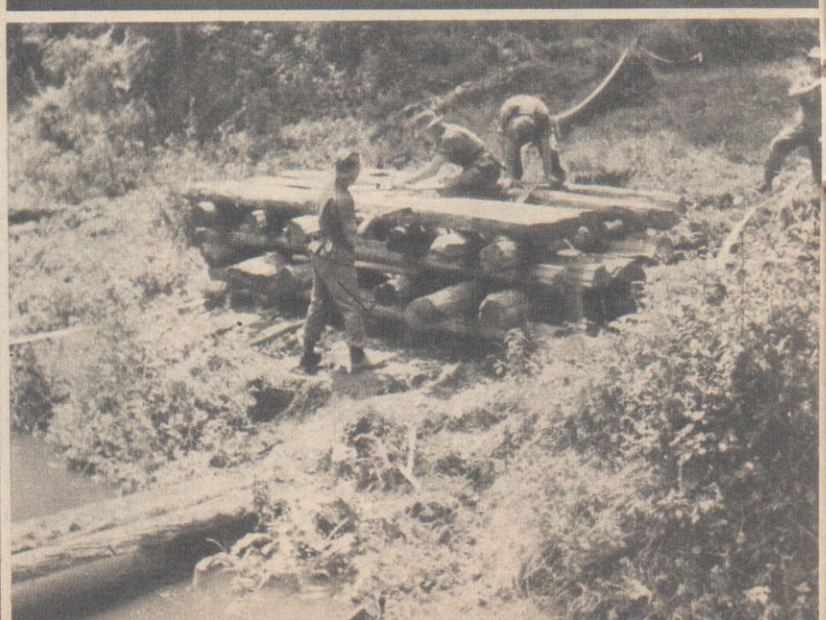
The car cruises at 65 miles an hour and its top speed is over 80. These speeds are high since much of the friction normally created by the rubber tyres is eliminated by the metal wheels.

On the performance of the armoured railcar rests the decision whether to build similar hybrids. The vehicle is designed to carry a crew of four, including the driver. On journeys it will be in constant wireless touch with the guard of the train.

The idea of the car is not entirely new. Mr. F. Battersby, a civilian employed in the REME workshops, built a similar vehicle in the Canal Zone. He helped Staff Serjeant A. T. Loftus in the construction of the car.—*Report by Serjeant W. N. Stephen, Military Observer.*

In the forests of Kenya, Sappers are tirelessly at work bridging and road-building. Below: a log is rolled into position to make—

—a "seat" like this one which is nearly completed. On these rest bridges or culverts to span streams in the deep forest.



SENTRIES AT THE SERVICE

SOLDIER goes to a conventicle in the Scottish hills and sees the Cameronians mount their sentries on the high ground as they did in the far-off days of religious persecution

A Cameronian of 1689.

Above: Cameronians of 1954 go armed to their annual conventicle on the field where the Regiment was first raised. They take their own testaments. Below: Armed sentries keep watch over Douglas Dale.

FROM the high ground overlooking Douglas Dale in Lanarkshire eight armed sentries in tartan trews scanned the countryside for signs of an approaching enemy.

In the valley below the Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) were gathered to hold an open-air conventicle, protected by an armed guard ready to give battle should the sentries shout a warning.

Presently, a serjeant hurried down the hillside and spoke to an officer. The officer, sword swinging at his side, marched briskly to the Regimental Chaplain who stood on a platform facing his waiting congregation and reported: "Sir, the sentries have been posted, there are no enemy in sight and the service may proceed." At once the Chaplain called on his congregation to sing Psalm 121:

I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid.

Throughout the service the sentries kept watch—although the foe they were watching for had been dead for more than 200 years.

The Cameronians were celebrating, on the very field where they were first raised in 1689, the 265th anniversary of their formation. At the same time they were OVER

SENTRIES AT THE SERVICE *continued*

honouring Richard Cameron, most fearless and famous of the Scottish Covenanters whose name the Regiment perpetuates.

The Cameronians were formed from the staunch supporters of Cameron, "Lion of the Covenant," who lost his life fighting the religious intolerance of the English Stuarts. When Episcopal curates were sent by England to replace the Presbyterian ministers in Scottish churches, Cameron and his men were driven to worship on the Lowland moors. They set watchers on the ridges and knolls to give early warning of the approach of English soldiers. Torture and death awaited them if captured.

Every year since the Earl of Angus first raised the Regiment to take up arms against Graham of Claverhouse during the Stuart Rising of 1689, the Cameronians have honoured Richard Cameron by following his example of placing armed guards at vantage points during the annual conventicle. They keep faith with the tradition wherever they are stationed. Since the end of World War Two they have held conventicles in the hills of Trieste overlooking the Italian frontier and in the jungles of Malaya.

But it is only at Douglas Dale, a few miles from the regimental depot at Lanark, that the full ceremony can be carried out on the historic field which saw the birth of the Regiment.

As the staff and recruits at the Depot march to the field they pass beneath the statue of James, Earl of Angus. Like the sentries, the Earl gazes intently over the far-distant hills. Before the service begins the regimental serjeant-major carefully places on the Chaplain's platform the sword which Lieutenant-Colonel William Cleland, the Cameronians' first commander in the field, wielded to such good effect at the Battle of Bothwell Brig in 1679.

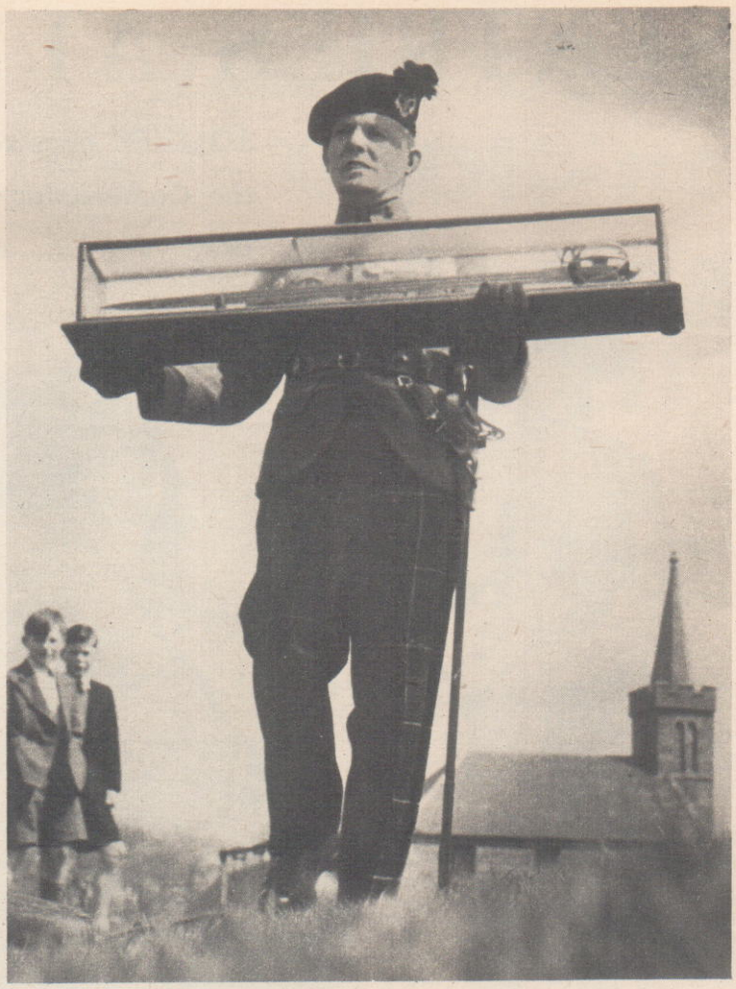
Almost the entire population of Douglas, many of them direct descendants of Cameron's followers, turn out to swell the congregation. This year there were representatives from the 1st Battalion stationed in Germany and the 6/7th Battalion (Territorial Army), also be-medalled old soldiers who had fought with the Regiment in the South African War and both world wars.

The Cameronians' historic links with the Scottish Covenanters give them privileges which other regiments in the British Army do not enjoy. They are allowed to carry arms on church parades and take with them their own Presbyterian testaments which are issued to all recruits.

Officers of the 1st Battalion always remain seated while the health of the Sovereign is proposed. This is because the deeply religious Covenanters always stood at worship at their conventicles, and to stand for the Sovereign's health would savour of idolatry. The wine which is passed round is never drunk. The Covenanters looked upon liquor as the agent of the Devil.

On mess nights officers also remain seated when the regimental band plays the National Anthem.

E. J. GROVE



Above: Regimental Serjeant-Major E. Bowman carries the 300-year-old sword used by the first field commander of the Cameronians.

Below: The Earl of Angus keeps perpetual watch over the field where he raised the Regiment. The historic field is now a public park.

"The sentries have been posted, there are no enemy in sight . . ." An officer reports the "all clear" to the Regimental Chaplain.

11.15 AT THE TOWER

The band plays at the Tower of London and medals glint in the sun. There's "a bit of a do on" this morning

"SEEMS to be a bit of a do on," says Father of Four, nodding towards the Royal Fusiliers' parade-ground, in the shadow of the White Tower. A row of soldiers and civilians stand self-consciously to attention, the civilians with ungaitered trouser-legs flapping like those of bluejackets in a stiff wind off Finisterre.

"What are they going to do to them, Dad?" asks the youngest of the Four, with his eye on a notice *Scaffold Site*. "Shoot them?"

Father of Four says he doesn't think so. It's the wrong time of day for shooting people. And in any case there are women and children in their Sunday clothes seated watching.

Today there are highlights amid the grey. A glittering Royal Artillery band is battering the ancient walls with brave music. The sun glints on officers' spurs, on shoulder chains and on rows of medals—the biggest collection being on the chest of Colonel E. H. Carkeet-James, Resident Governor of the Tower. But the men and women on parade are not in blues—only in sober khaki and grey. They are here to receive the British Empire Medal awarded them by the Queen, presentation of which she delegates to her generals. It is an award carrying the privilege of what officialdom calls "post-nominal letters"—or letters after one's name. Holders of the BEM are in the same "family" as the MBE's, the OBE's, the CBE's and the KBE's. The Medal goes to those Servicemen, below the rank of warrant officer, who do their job—often an unspectacular job—more *meritoriously* than the next man. Resource, initiative, conscientiousness, leadership, tact—these can earn the British Empire Medal.

The recipients are called forward one by one. "For outstanding devotion to duty" is the phrase that reaches the public's ears. Major-General J. G. Cowley, Eastern Command's Chief of Staff (deputising for the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief) presents each medal. Among those called forward is ex-Serjeant R. Sykes, whose trousers flap harder than anybody else's and whose hair frolics in the wind. "For outstanding devotion to duty . . . *in Korea* . . ." The word Korea inspires the photographers to click their shutters. Serjeant Sykes was called up from reserve to serve with a machine-gun platoon of the Glosters, and fought at the Imjin Battle, where he was captured. He showed the highest qualities of leadership, he kept cheerful, he set a splendid example. And that's why he had to ask his employers for the day off to report at the Tower.

The solitary woman on parade—and the photographers, knowing their news editors, prepare for action—is that little-sung and often intimidating being, a cook serjeant. How does Serjeant G. Holmes, Women's Royal Army Corps, come to be here? She was in charge of the cookhouse at the WRAC camp at Fayid when the Egyptian staff walked out on her—cooks, waiters, cleaners, everybody. But a good cook serjeant doesn't sit down and have hysterics. Serjeant Holmes "organised her resources," and got down to the cooking herself—"a task not normally carried out by British women in that country," as the citation mildly says. She showed outstanding professional skill and enterprise—and life went on beside the Great Bitter Lake.

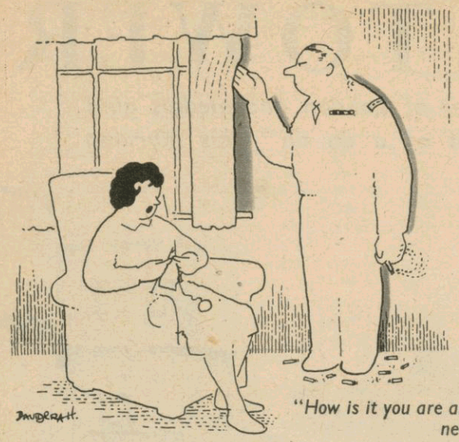
One of the Army's best-known and easiest-remembered faces is in the parade. It is that of towering, granite-hewn Serjeant R. F. George, Scots Guards, of the regimental police at the Guards Depot, Caterham. There isn't a Guardsman who doesn't know Serjeant George's face and there are more than a few who have been halted in their tracks by his authoritarian bark.

It's easier on these parades for soldiers than civilians. A soldier has but to salute. A civilian must take off his hat and do something with it. Not all have learned the drill of holding it against the chest. One man does a rather rustic semi-salute with his head bare. No matter; nobody gets a rocket on this parade.

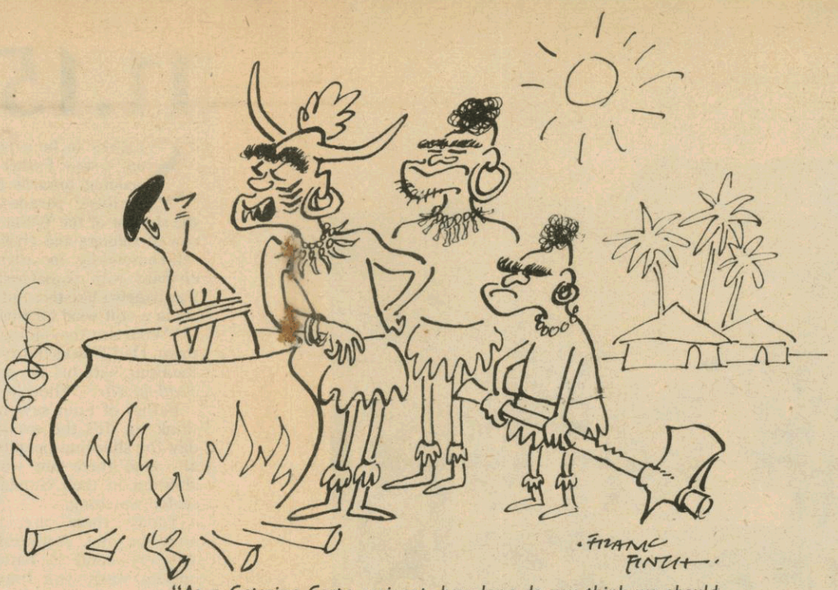
In the background a Yeoman Warder watches indulgently—he has that same salmon-pink ribbon of the British Empire Medal on his own chest.

In the shadow of the White Tower, on the Royal Fusiliers' parade-ground, are lined up the recipients of the British Empire Medal. Their families watch in the foreground.

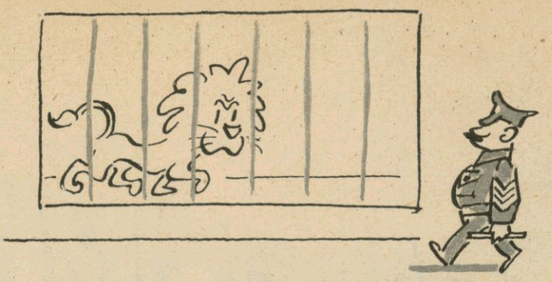
SOLDIER HUMOUR

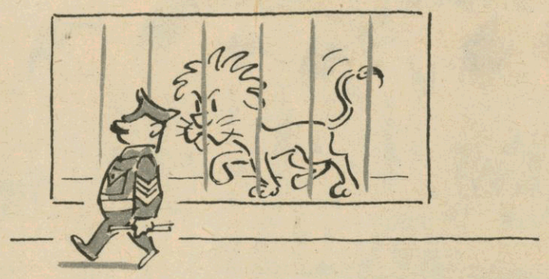


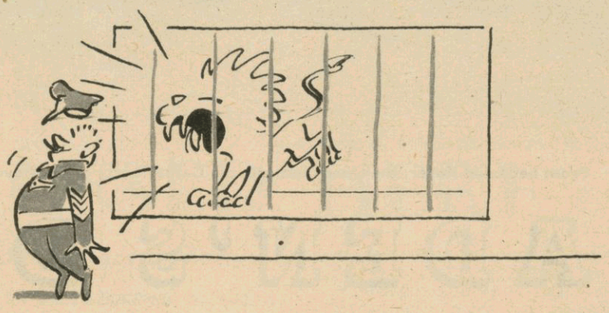
"How is it you are able to get so much leave from your new camp, dear?"



"As a Catering Corps serjeant, how long do you think we should leave you on?"

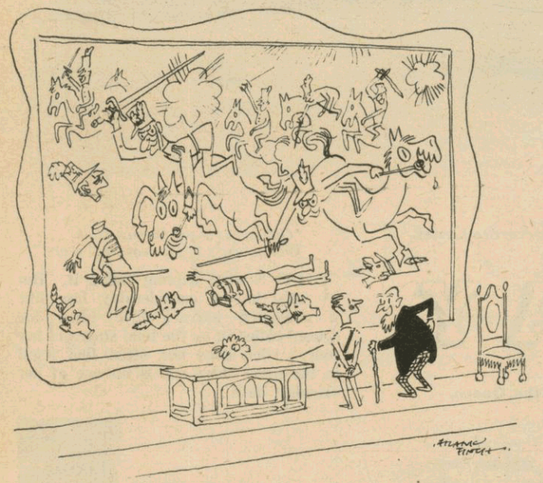




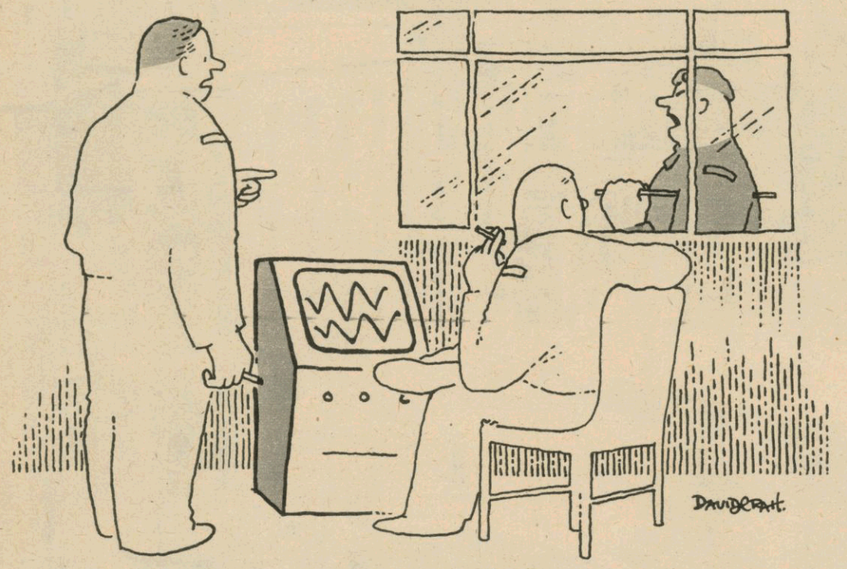


by **Frank Finch**

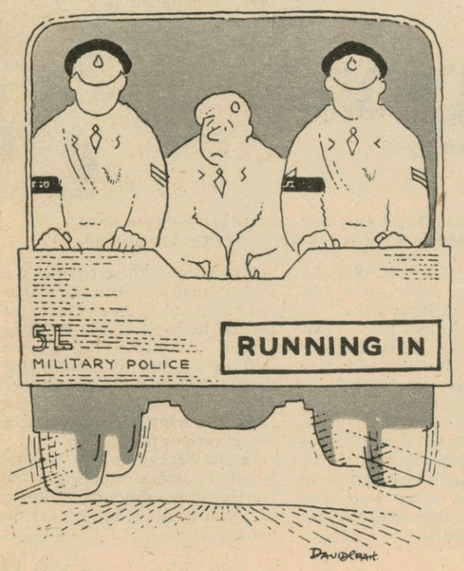
by **David Pratt**

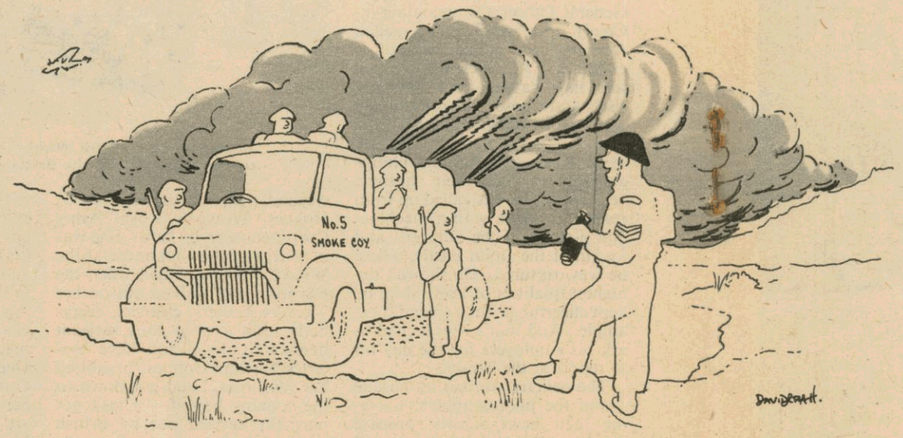


"This should interest you, now that you're posted to a field butchery unit."



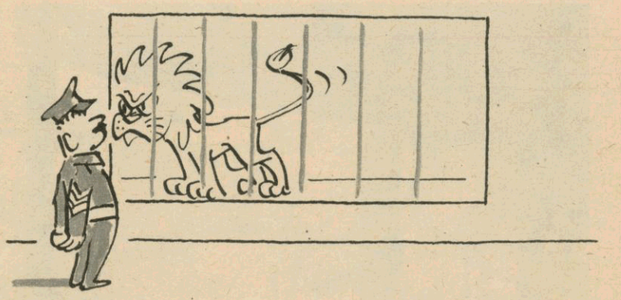
"It's about time somebody fitted the RSM with a suppressor."

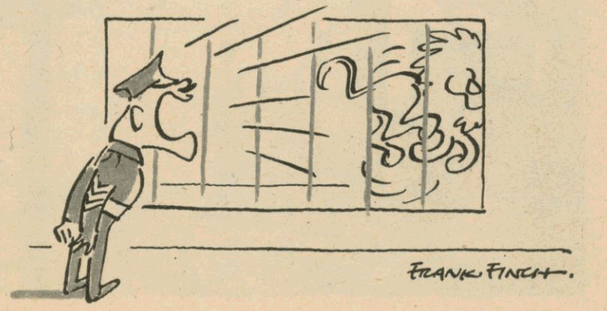




"All right, chaps, fall out for a smoke."

"Zip! comes the H-Bomb, and you with a button undone—where should we all be?"





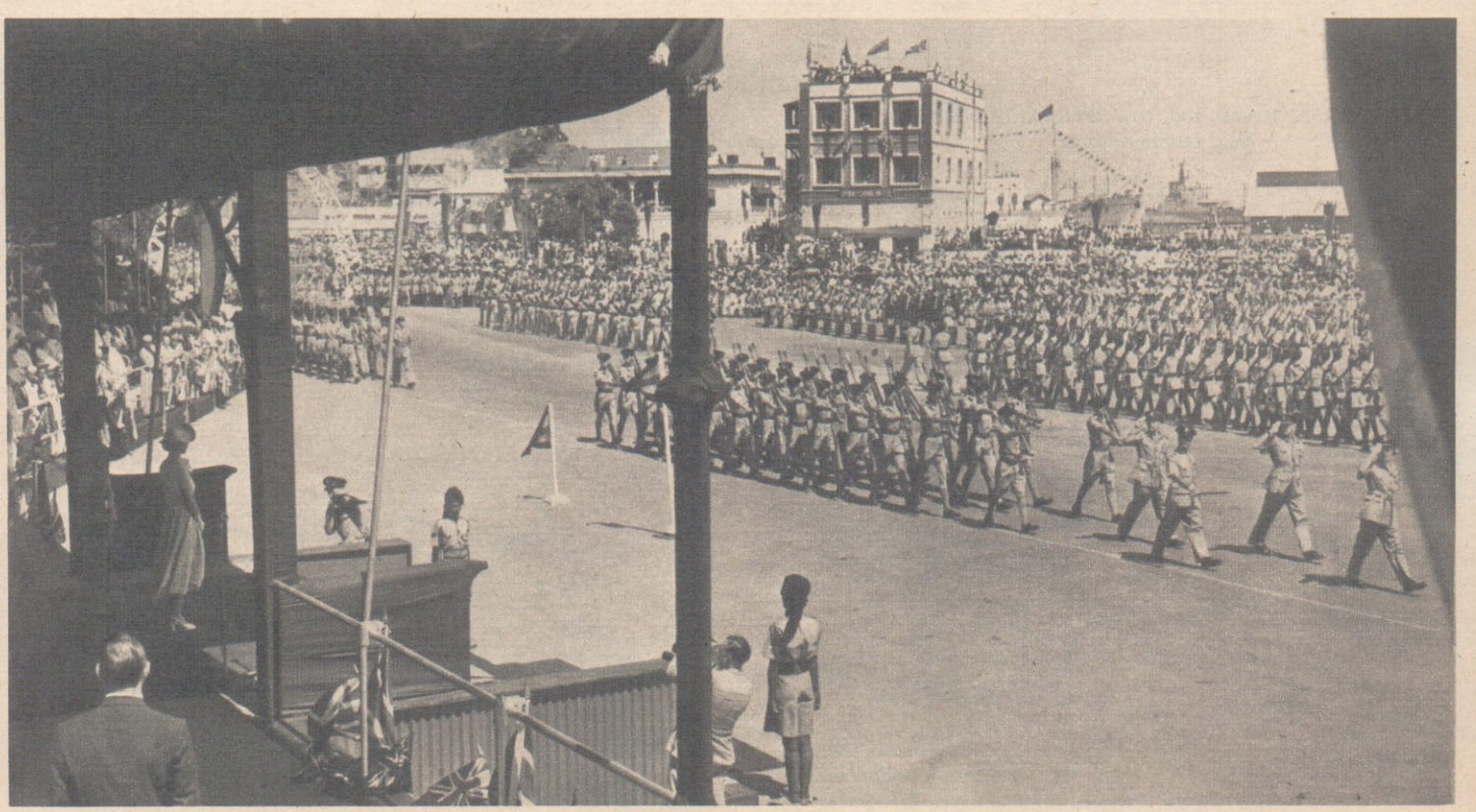
From her Land Rover, the Queen inspects the Camel Corps of the Aden Protectorate Levies.

ADEN'S DAY

"Old Aden, like a barrick-stove
That no one's lit for years and years."

THAT'S what Kipling called it. But Aden looked considerably less like a neglected barrack-stove when the Queen called in on the final stages of her tour. Aden does not often find itself in the news—here she is on one of her proudest days.

With dressed ships in the background: Aden's Servicemen parade for the Queen.



The two-hour bridge carries 22 tons of crane. It was capable of taking 30 tons.

CAESAR CROSSED HERE

NO Sapper unit considers a Bailey bridge complete until a notice is put up saying who built it.

So did Sappers of the Territorial Army — but their bridge had to be returned to store

For all that, it was something of a surprise to spectators when a notice headed "Caesar's Bridge," and giving the usual credits, was set up at the Berkshire end of a newly-built Bailey across the Thames at Moulsford. The life of Caesar's Bridge was to be measured only in minutes.

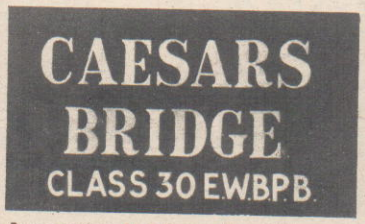
There were, however, several notable things in the story of Caesar's Bridge which may be held to justify the board. It was the first extra-wide Bailey to be put across the Thames by Territorials in a week-end camp. The whole operation was carried out by units of the Reserve Army. And it cost a great deal of sleep.

First in action were two Companies of the Royal Army Service Corps, in camp on the Isle of Grain. They collected "pool" vehicles which had been on "care and maintenance" all winter—in the open air. On the Friday afternoon, a bridging company loaded 200 tons of bridging material near Rochester, and set off in a convoy of 75 vehicles, to drive through the night to Moulsford. Meanwhile, men of 114 Army Engineer Regiment, Territorial Army, were knocking off work in London (the Regiment is divided between Bethnal Green, Holloway and Hampstead) and reporting to their drill halls. There they were picked up by "pool" vehicles driven by men of 410 General Transport Company, for the trip to Moulsford. At the same time, Territorials of 219 Army Field Park Squadron, 56 Armoured Division Provost Company (who had volunteered for traffic control duties), a signal troop and a searchlight detachment of the Royal Artillery, were also converging on the site.

By artificial moonlight, the work of unloading the lorries went on through the night. On the Oxfordshire bank, a row of trees took on a new charm in the rays of the searchlights, and had the practical advantage of reflecting the light on to the work. They also, however, prevented the Sappers from ferrying pieces of the bridge over to that side and building the bridge out from both banks at once.

Morning brought the start of the bridge-building proper and the first spectators. Most of the boys from Moulsford village, it seemed, had given up their Saturday morning visit to the pictures in nearby towns to watch the bridge-builders. "It's better than Benson, isn't it," SOLDIER overheard one boy saying (Benson is a nearby Royal Air Force station). After the boys came the brigadiers. Then came training aircraft of the Fleet Air Arm to "shoot-up" the bridge-builders. Oxford oarsmen rowed past. Motor-boats moored themselves at the banks. Photographers began to gather, among them a television cameraman. And in the afternoon up strolled Moulsford residents. Through it all the Sappers worked on unperturbed.

The bridge was being built in sections. About one third went straight out from the Berkshire side with one end on the bank.



As every schoolboy should know, Caesar was always "throwing a bridge" across some river. He would have approved this one.

Another third was built on the Berkshire side, then, with the aid of powerful little motor-tugs, was floated out into the river, turned round and jockeyed into position with one end on the Oxfordshire bank. The remaining third was tugged out section by section and fixed to the others. A final push on the Berkshire end, and Caesar's Bridge, 238 feet of it, capable of carrying a 30-ton vehicle, was linked up. As finishing touches were being put to it, Lieutenant-Colonel W. F. Woodhall, commanding officer of 114 Regiment, erected the notice. Then a 22-ton crane was driven across.

The bridge was complete—little more than 24 hours after the men had left their offices and workshops. Less than two hours later, dismantling started. Bad weather called a halt, and gave the men a rest. By two o'clock on Sunday afternoon the site was cleared. Caesar's bridge had come and gone.

FOOTNOTE: Julius Caesar is reported to have crossed the Thames near Wallingford, a little way up-river from Moulsford. Although Caesar accomplished this without the benefit of a Bailey bridge, remarked one officer, his troops were embodied at the time and he was not obliged to return all equipment before the Monday morning.

Hut Six on Spit and Polish

Don't Lucknow—it's those lads in Lucknow Lines again

"LISTEN to this," said Chalky White, smacking his lips. He was reading one of those Sunday newspapers in which the text is ingeniously draped round female busts and thighs.

"If it's the bit about the wickedest street in Britain," said Mad Harry, "I've read it."

"It's not. It's about an Army unit where they have to carve their personal numbers on their cakes of soap, and then rub blacking in to make the figures stand out. What a lark!"

"They oughtn't to let those newspapers into the camp," protested Mad Harry. "Articles like that could do a lot of harm, putting ideas into people's heads."

Olly Oliver, who claimed to have put in more service than any other five men in Hut Six, Lucknow Lines (some of it, so rumour said, under different names), recognised his cue.

"Do you know who starts these ideas?" he asked. "It isn't the RSM. It isn't the Commanding Officer. It isn't even the GOC. It's *you*—blokes like you. You ought to know better."

Mad Harry vigorously denied that he had ever washed a lump of coal or polished an eyelet in his life.

"What I mean," said Olly Oliver, "is that all these ideas are dreamed up by soldiers themselves, and then somebody comes along and says, 'Jolly good show, Higginbottom' and next thing you know everybody else has to do what Higginbottom did, the clot."

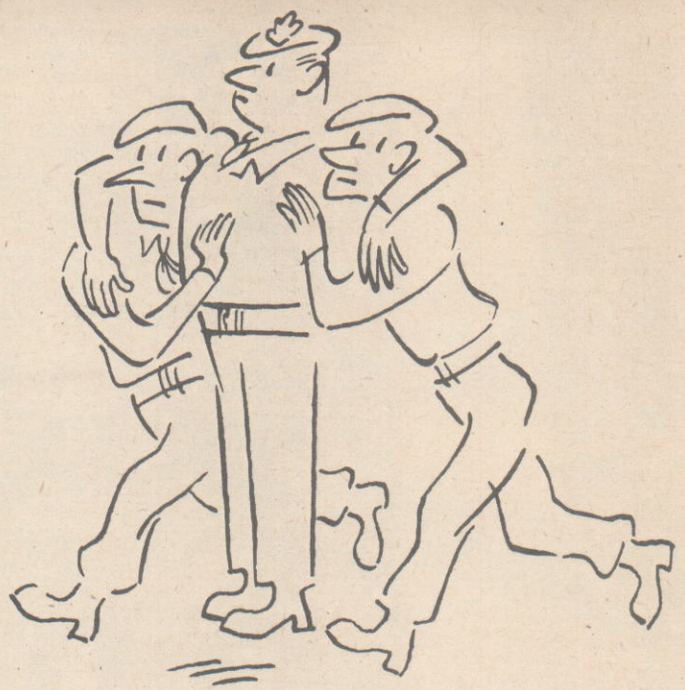
"Like whitening the strings on water-bottle corks," suggested Ginger. It was an old grievance of his (though he did once admit that the effect was not displeasing).

"I was thinking of boot blacking tins," said Olly Oliver. "Years and years ago, when you weren't Somebody in the Army but just Nobody, some crazy coot had a brainwave. He took his tin of blacking and scraped off the name 'Jetto' or whatever it was with a razor blade—no, he couldn't have used a razor blade, because this was before safety razors—anyway, he scraped off the name and all the rest of the paint, and then polished the tin till it shone silver all over. He got his pass, but his mates probably didn't speak to him for a fortnight, because they all had to scrape their blacking tins, too. And there's blokes who still have to scrape them down to this day."

" 'The evil that men do lives after them,' " said the grammar-school voice of the Genius. "You know, it's a funny thing—people think the Army has a passion for painting everything in sight. It hasn't. It has a passion for scraping the paint off things, and polishing what's underneath."

"Oh, I don't know," said Ginger. "Paint helps, too. I knew of a bloke who was so anxious to win a week-end pass that he rubbed his bed down with emery-paper and then gave it three coats of best jet lacquer. He got the pass all right, of course, but his girl gave him the air because he hadn't got the lacquer off his finger nails. Fussy, she was. Then the next week he whitewashed the beams over his bed, but they put on him a charge for defacing barrack property."

"Reminds me of old Larry," said Chalky White. "Always went to a lot of trouble to save himself work, he did. One day he went down to a junk shop near the camp and bought an electric motor. 'I'm going to put a wad of cloth on the spindle,' he said, 'and use it as a burnisher. All you need to do is plug into the electric light and then hold your buttons up against the buffing bit and you'll get a terrific shine without any effort. Of course,' he said, 'I shall have to make a small charge, if anybody else wants to use it.' 'You can't charge for using the camp current, mate,' we told him, but as things turned out it didn't matter, because when he plugged the thing in it blew out all the fuses in the block and he was on a fizzer inside five minutes. In a way it wasn't a bad idea, though."



Carried on to parade, to save the shine on his boot studs . . .

"It's tough on a keen type sometimes," said Ginger. "Of course, I'm all in favour of a smart turn-out myself——"

They looked at him anxiously.

"—knowing how some of you fellers would go about if you had your way, covered with fountain pens and gravy stains. I bet none of you were ever *carried* on to parade——"

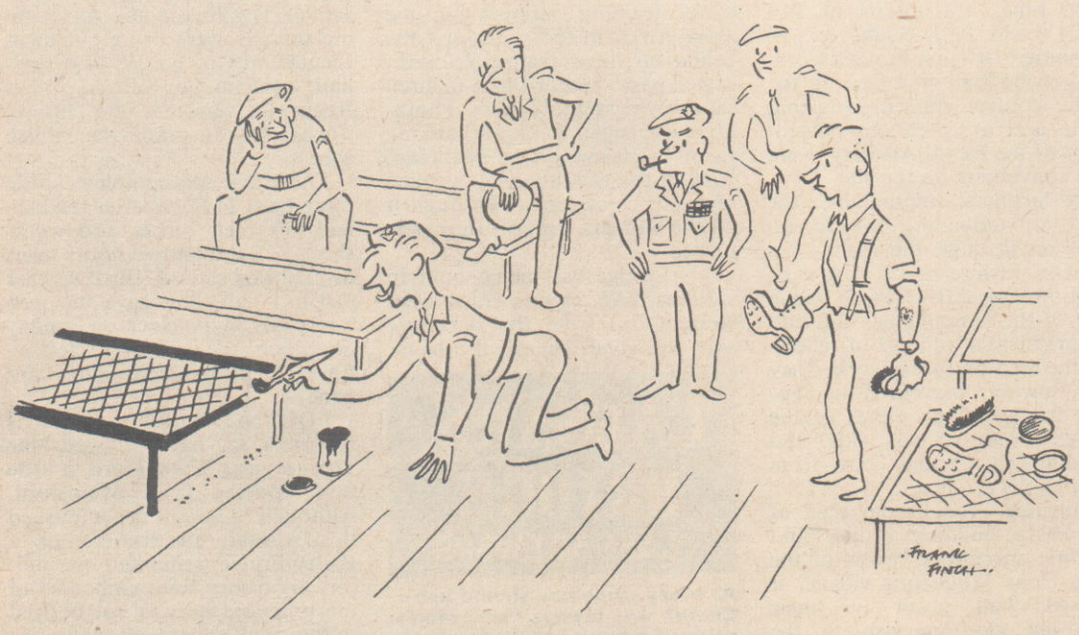
"We were never that tight," Mad Harry pointed out. "Not at parade time, anyway."

"The reason they carried me on to the parade-ground was because if I'd marched there I'd have spoiled the crease in my trousers, to say nothing of ruining the polish on my boot studs. So two of the boys just lifted me up under the armpits and carried me along. We were dead keen in that mob."

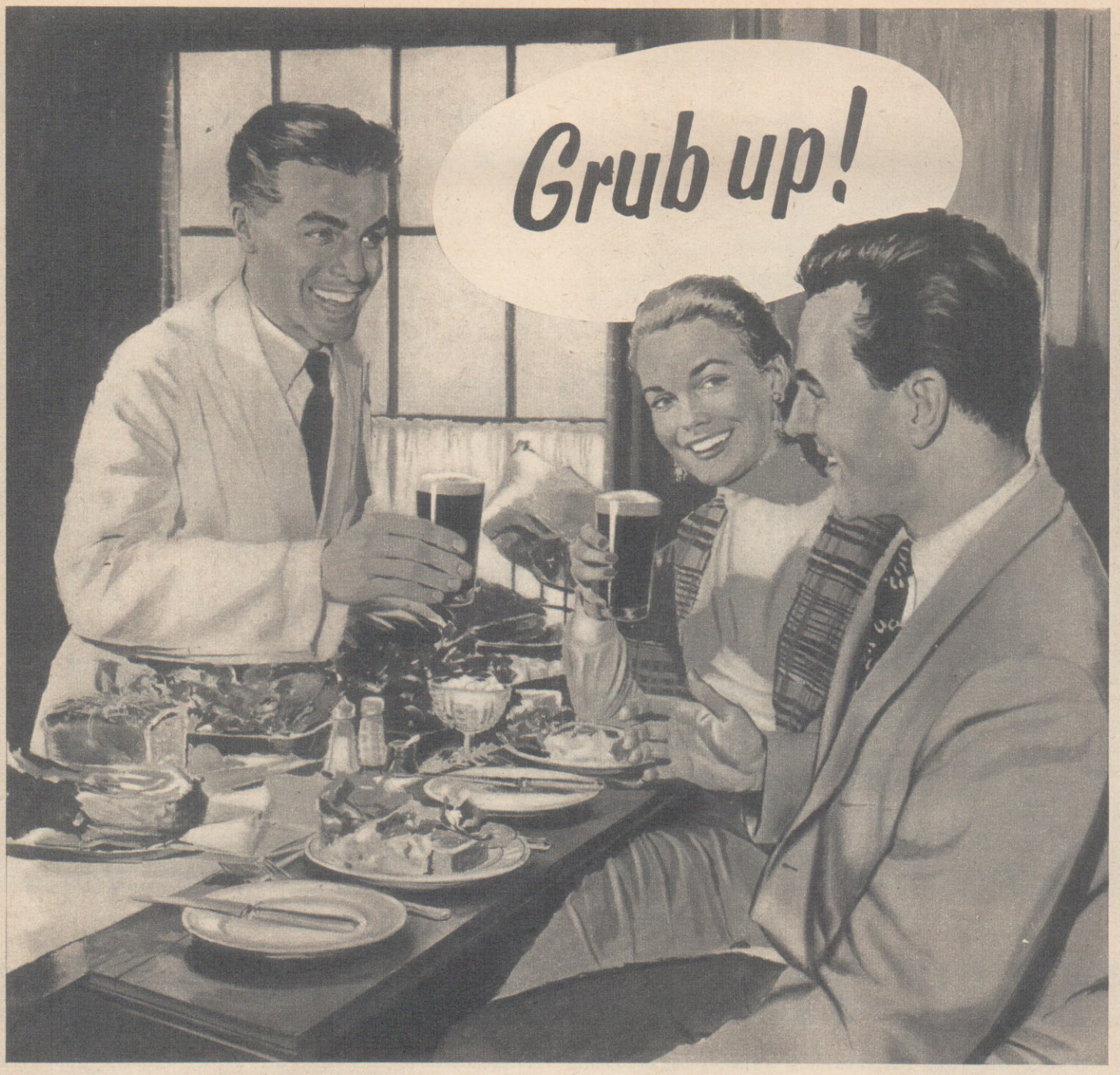
"That was the old-fashioned way," pointed out Chalky White. "Nowadays you put bicycle chains in the legs of your trousers to make them hang straight, or so I've heard."

"It all comes back to what I was saying," said Olly Oliver, earnestly. "It's always you blokes who start these things yourselves. If you know what's good for you, and don't want to go down to history along with Herod and Lord Haw-Haw, you'll never polish anything that's never been polished before."

"No need to worry," said Mad Harry. "There isn't anything."



Gave his bed three coats of best jet lacquer . . . and got the pass.

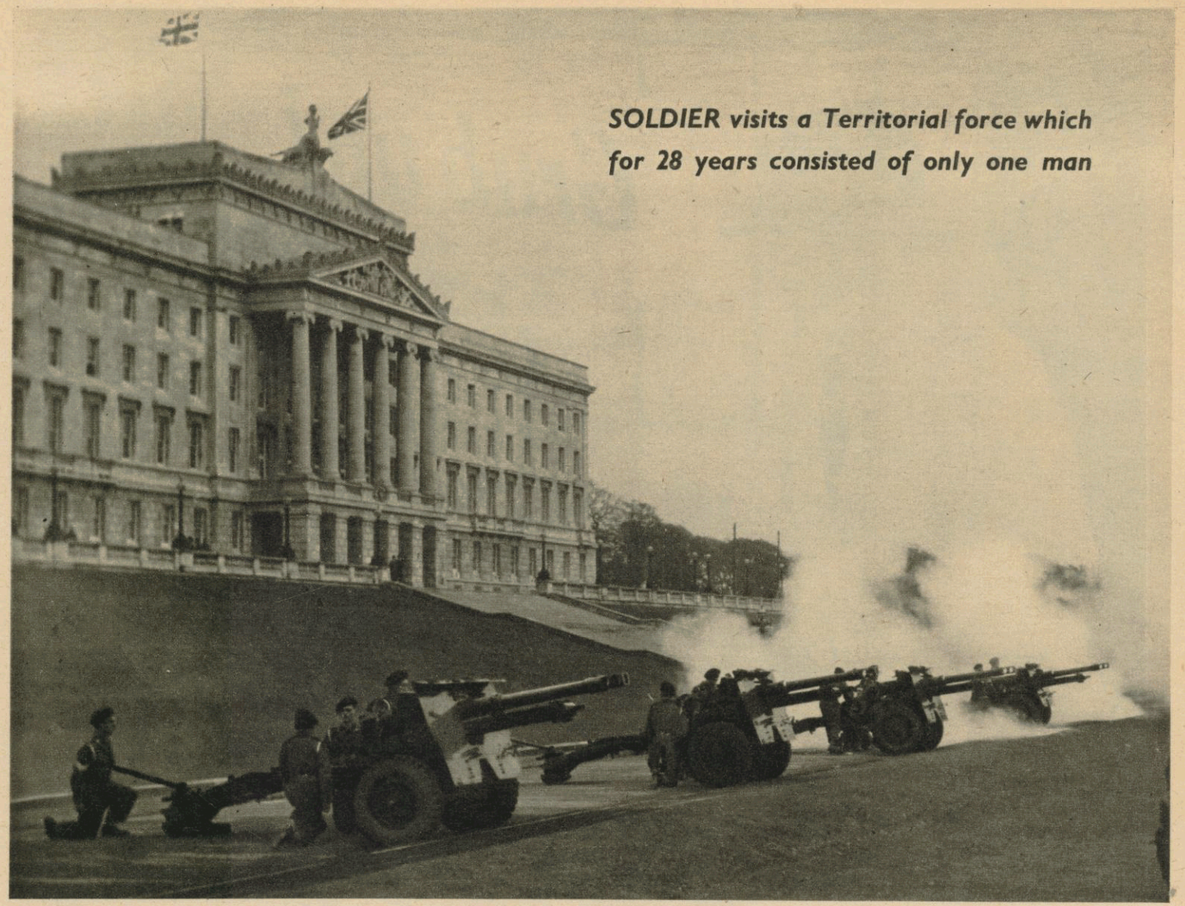


Guinness up!

NOW FOR A REAL MEAL

Why is it that so many chaps enthuse about Guinness almost as if it were something new? Well, perhaps it *is* new to them, and they never realized before how delicious Guinness was. You may have thought that people only drank Guinness because it was good for them, but once you've enjoyed its rich, refreshing flavour you'll say to yourself, here at last is something really worth drinking. And it is, you know. Try a glass with your midday meal.

G.E. 2362.B



SOLDIER visits a Territorial force which for 28 years consisted of only one man

A salute from Territorial Gunners at the opening of the Northern Ireland Parliament.

THESE TERRITORIALS ARE ALL VOLUNTEERS

IN Northern Ireland, the Territorial Army is a very young force which has grown up quickly.

Seven years ago, when the Territorial Army was reconstituted, Northern Ireland had very little recent history of part-time service on which to build, and very few pre-war Territorial soldiers. Today Northern Ireland has a balanced little Territorial Army.

Every member, apart from the permanent staff, is a volunteer since there is no National Service in Northern Ireland. In proportion to their establishments, the units have more volunteers than most units of the Territorial Army, and the 6th Battalion The Royal Ulster Rifles has the greatest volunteer strength of any Territorial Infantry Battalion in the United Kingdom.

The oldest unit is the North Irish Horse, which was formed in 1902, and has several claims to distinction. From 1905 to 1914 it always had one squadron ready to join an expeditionary force. In 1914, along with the South Irish Horse, it was the first non-Regular unit to see action in France, and it was the last Yeomanry unit in action in World War One.

After the war, the Regiment was disbanded. Under the Ireland Act, Great Britain retained coastal defences in Southern Ireland, and in return undertook to raise no Territorial force in Northern Ireland. The North Irish Horse, however, stayed in the Army List, represented by one officer, Major Sir Ronald Ross MC. Regularly he was the subject of newspaper stories as the one-man regiment.

In 1939, the North Irish Horse was re-formed and fought in tanks in North Africa and Italy. Its men came home wearing maple leaves on the sleeves of their battle-dress, an honour conferred on them by the Canadians for their part in the assault on the Hitler line. The Regiment is affiliated to the King's Dragoon Guards, who provide its permanent staff.

When Britain gave up her coast defences in Southern Ireland, in 1937, and was again free to recruit Territorials in Northern Ireland, a heavy battery of the Royal Artillery and a searchlight company of the Royal Engineers were formed in Antrim. On the first recruiting night, the crowds of volunteers were so great that traffic was held up in a Belfast street and a special detachment of the Royal Ulster Constabulary had to be called out to get it moving again—a happy augury.

The two units were embodied for the defence of Belfast Lough during the Munich crisis. When the war came, the battery expanded to a Coast Artillery regiment, and the traditions of the regiment (and 50 of its men) are now vested in 429 (Antrim) Coast Regiment.

Honorary Colonel of the Regiment is the Earl of Antrim, who is of Scottish descent. He has authorised the regimental pipe-band (nine pipers and six drummers) to wear his family tartan and badge.

The North Irish Horse wear a Maple Leaf in memory of their co-operation with Canadian troops in World War Two.

The Pipes and Drums of four North Irish Territorial units are to beat Retreat at that shrine of Scottish piping, the Esplanade of Edinburgh Castle, while their units are at annual camp at Stobs, in Scotland, this summer.

The Infantry units recruit all over Northern Ireland. In some rural areas there are no buses after five or six o'clock in the evening, so detachments must send out vehicles to carry the men to the drill halls. The vehicles cover set "milk-runs," and would-be volunteers who do not live on the routes and cannot make their own way to drill have regretfully to be turned away.

The anti-aircraft units, some of them mixed, are concentrated almost entirely in and around Belfast. They boast the highest numbers of volunteers in Anti-Aircraft Command.

Most of the Northern Ireland Territorial units claim that they have predecessors with whose history they can associate themselves. In the case of anti-aircraft units, this claim has been readily established, since the units they succeeded were Supplementary Reserve units formed no earlier than 1939, or wartime units.

Other units, however, claim succession to venerable Militia regiments, formed as long ago as 1793, and put into "suspended animation" in 1921. The 429 Coast Regiment was able recently to take over the mantle—and the regimental silver—of the old Antrim Militia. Now that all Militia units have been formally disbanded the other Territorial units which claim succession to the Militia are hopeful that they too may establish claims to be the rightful heirs to the Militia regimental property.

Footnote: If they look hard, men of 247 (Ulster) Light Anti-Aircraft/Searchlight Regiment may see themselves in the film, "The Dam-Busters." During their annual camp at Stiffkey, their searchlights were filmed in action against Lancaster aircraft.

An armoured car of the North Irish Horse at Belfast Castle, once the home of the Earl of Shaftesbury, who raised the Regiment in 1902.

Pipe-Major M. Magee of 429 (Antrim) Coast Regiment, wearing the family tartan and badge of the Earl of Antrim (left), Honorary Colonel of the Regiment. In raincoat: Lieut-Gen Sir John W. Woodall, commanding Northern Ireland District.

After two years that unbeatable Fiji rugby team was beaten—by Welshmen

WAIT for the WELCH

A recent article in SOLDIER on the rugby team of 1st Training Regiment, Royal Signals ("They're the Pride of Catterick": April) has inspired the following from a Special Correspondent.

THAT rugby team at Catterick certainly does look like becoming a legend in Army sport, but there is a legend already in existence which they will never beat if a number of fervent Welshmen have their way.

The record which the Signals are going to find so hard to equal is that of the Welch Regiment, who have won the Army Cup nine times, and who are all out to make the total ten next season. If the Signals do win the Cup this year, they will have done it without having met the Welch—and they will still have to win it three more times to equal the record.

The first time the Welch Regiment won the Army Cup was back in 1908, and they have been winning it off and on with somewhat monotonous regularity ever since. At one period they won the Cup four years out of five, and the only period of any length in which they have not been successful at least once is that of the post-war years.

These Welshmen start with an advantage over all but three of the other rugby sides in the British Army. The three exceptions are: the Welsh Guards, the Royal Welch Fusiliers and the South Wales Borderers, all with fine records in the Army rugby championships. And the advantage? Well, rugby football is in a Welshman's blood.

Before he can recite his multiplication tables he can keep the score at a rugby match; any Welsh child will make fewer mistakes at scoring than many English newspapers continue to do. Len Hutton used to play cricket under atrocious conditions when he was a child. They cannot compare with the back streets and slag-tips on which many a Welsh lad learns his game.

So the young recruits come into the regiment and the question they are asked is not so much: "Do you play rugger?" but "*Where* do you play."

The men of the Welch have played rugby in most parts of the world—India, the Far East, the Middle East, the Near East, France, Germany, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Asia and, more recently, Hong Kong.

Before the war, the only opposition the Army could provide which really troubled the Welch came from the other regiments whose recruiting areas are in Wales. Their triumphs were not confined to Britain or the Army Cup. They won the All India Cup three times before the war; they have held five Welsh International Cups.

At the end of World War Two the Welch Regiment was reduced to a training battalion with a total strength of 300 officers and men. What chance had such a small unit against the might of the corps and services with thousands of men to choose from? The logical answer to that question was "No chance at all." But logic does not take into account the unbeatable spirit of the Welch.

This small band of men knew just what sportsmen expected of them. They knuckled down and produced a team which was not only hard to beat, but which was capable of beating good sides by astonishing margins of 50 points and more. Twice they reached the semi-final of the Army Cup competition; and were beaten by margins of only one or two points by the Royal Signals. In both finals the Signals won easily.

Then the Welch went to Korea and the rugby field was changed for the battlefield. Their record in Korea is now military history.

From Korea, the 1st Battalion The Welch Regiment went to Hong Kong, and there they got down to producing a team almost from scratch. At the end of last season they were undisputed rugby champions, not only of Hong Kong, but of the Far East. The final of the Far East Land Forces' Championship was described by an impartial rugby commentator as the most exciting game ever seen in Hong Kong.

Opponents for the Welch were the 1st Fijian Infantry Regiment. Before they met the Welch they had been unbeaten for two years. The Welch beat them by 11 points to 10 in perfect rugby conditions.

So the reference to "The Pride of Malaya" in the April SOLDIER is rather out of date. The Fijians *have* been beaten, but they are still the pride of Malaya. They were just as fine a team in defeat as they were in victory, and if the match were to be played again the result might well go the other way.

At the end of this year the Welch return to Britain and in 1955 they hope to be contesting the Army Cup. Their team will be the strongest they have entered since the war, so—beware, Signals!

TANKS ON THE IMJIN

Tanks *in* the Imjin. Centurions of 5th Royal Tank Regiment cross the river on a recent exercise.

Life's not all beer and skittles in Gloucester Valley, but this regiment finds Korea has compensations

IN Gloucester Valley, below the hill on which the celebrated last stand was made, Centurion tanks still roar and rumble in Korean dust—or mud.

Here, in a camp of tents and huts, are the men of the 5th Royal Tank Regiment, 85 per cent of whom are Regulars. They arrived—after eight years in Germany—when the shooting was over, but they were out on training exercises within a week of arrival.

The truce in Korea is an uncertain one and every unit must hold itself at instant readiness. Squadrons of the Regiment are affiliated to certain brigades in the 1st Commonwealth Division, and they have been out on many occasions practising co-operation with the Infantry.

Nevertheless, the scene and the regimental life have changed much since the Glosters knew this area. There is more time to think of welfare and sport. The Regiment has a welfare centre which includes a dry canteen, a beer bar, a gift shop, a quiet room and an educational centre. It is very proud of its all-the-year-round cinema-cum-theatre, which can accommodate more than 400 persons. Films are shown four or five times a week. There is even a regimental dance band. Within easy reach of the camp is a NAAFI roadhouse, which offers billiards, table tennis and darts. This summer's sport will include a "test match" with Australians of 1st Commonwealth Division.

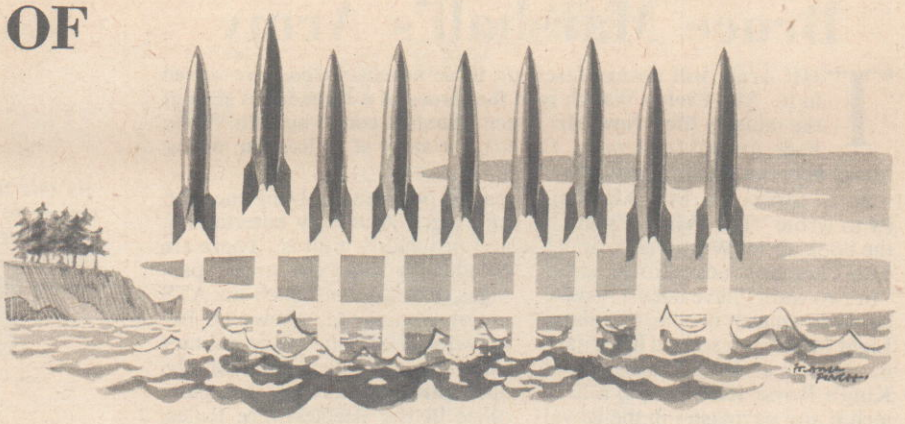
Leave? The Regiment plans its own rest camp by the sea, where the lads can fish and swim. There are weekends to be had at the Inchon Rest Camp, and every soldier during his tour of duty goes for a week's leave in Japan.

The tank men have established good relations with their neighbours, the United States Marines, who join them in social functions and invite them for rides in helicopters.

The Regiment has found that service in Korea has certain advantages. Says Regimental Serjeant-Major H. J. Murrell (18 years with the Royal Tank Regiment): "In a country like this, where there are few outside attractions, the unit becomes compact. It's a great help to the regimental spirit." A National Service corporal said he thought conditions in Korea would be much worse (in fact the winter and spring were milder than usual). If it were not for family considerations he would prefer to serve in Korea rather than Germany—a notable admission.

Many of the Regulars have long service with the 5th Royal Tank Regiment. Squadron Serjeant-Major S. C. Eaton has 22 years, on and off; Squadron Quartermaster Serjeant R. S. Barton, DCM, has spent 14 of his 16 years' service with the Regiment, and Serjeant A. E. Thorley, who joined in 1926, 15 years with the Regiment.

THE QUEER TALE OF V2



Out of the Baltic rose a salvo of rockets . . .

IT was a calm day on the Baltic. Suddenly, with a rush and a roar, a salvo of 20 heavy rockets burst *out of the water* **and streaked up into the sky.**

"A staggering sight," says the man who was responsible for the operation, Major-General Walter Dornberger. The rockets had been fired from special launching frames on the deck of a submarine submerged at about 30 feet.

This was only one of the peculiar enterprises on which German rocket scientists were engaged in the later stages of World War Two. General Dornberger tells the whole story of Hitler's rocket weapons in "V2" (*Hurst and Blackett*, 18*s*).

It is the story of an exasperated, frustrated man. V2 could have been thrown into the fight long before 1944, if only the higher-ups had been less sceptical and less parsimonious, says General Dornberger. "What might have happened if from two years earlier, say summer 1942, for years on end, by day and night, more and more long-range rockets with ever-increasing range, accuracy and effect had fallen on England?" A hard question; but be sure Britain would have done something about it.

The General had worked on rockets before the war. He dreamed of space travel. Indeed, during the war, his staff were in trouble because in Nazi eyes they seemed more interested in gaining data for space travel than in winning the war. Such an attitude constituted sabotage, said General Keitel. For General Dornberger, Germany's defeat, meant a cessation "for years, perhaps for decades" of Germany's attempts to pioneer space travel.

General Dornberger, from the evidence in this book, is a complex and rather unnerving mixture of soldier, scientist, visionary and poet. At Peenemunde "potent joy" would sweep over him as he contemplated moonlight on the pre-production works.

In his "unending battle against human stupidity and lack of faith," which caused him more trouble than did the Royal Air Force, General Dornberger had to resort to peculiar stratagems. The Treasury would not allow him simple machine tools and office furniture, so his staff would indent for an "appliance for cutting wooden rods up to 10 mm. in diameter as per sample" (otherwise a pencil sharpener), or an "instrument for recording test data with rotating roller as per sample" (otherwise a typewriter). Circumlocution of this kind always brought results. (Someone should try this method on the British Treasury !)

It is an astonishing book, with its picture of fanatic scientists toiling at their dangerous toys amid bungling and intrigue (one high-level production expert sought to turn the military establishment at Peenemunde into a private company for his own benefit). The author waxes angry, lyrical and technical in turns. One moment he is indulging in a diatribe against his Fuhrer (who dreamed that V2 was no use) and next moment exulting over the arrival of the first integrating accelerometers.

The Raiders

TWO Victoria Crosses were won by men who passed through the ranks of No. 4 Commando.

One was Captain Pat Porteous, Royal Artillery, who took part in the raid on Dieppe. The other was Lieutenant P. J. Gardner, Royal Tank Regiment, who distinguished himself in North Africa shortly after he had left the Commando.

Five other officers won the Distinguished Service Order. The Commando collected more than the usual number of Military Crosses, Distinguished Conduct Medals and Military Medals. Eight of the officers rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel or higher. All were emergency officers.

In "Swiftly They Struck" (*Odhams Press*, 12*s* 6*d*), Murdoch C. McDougall, who commanded "F" Troop for four years, tells how No. 4 Commando brought pride and hope to a beleaguered Britain by their daring raids on the Lofoten Islands and on Dieppe, how they were in the spearhead of the Normandy invasion and with the Royal Marine Commandos captured the island fortress of Flushing against almost impossible odds. In Normandy they fought without relief for 82 days and lost more than 100 per cent of their original strength, many of them on the beaches.

In their ranks were colourful characters. Attached to them at one time was the irrepressible 73-year-old Admiral Sir Walter Cowan, who had been captured by the Italians in North Africa attempting to hold up a tank with a revolver.

Bruce Marshall's Army

THE Army will always fascinate those novelists who have served in it. Mr. Evelyn Waugh is in the throes of a three-novel saga of the military life. Now Mr. Bruce Marshall comes up with "Only Fade Away" (*Constable, 12s 6d*), the story of a Regular officer in and between the two world wars.

In a foreword, Mr. Marshall (who wrote "The White Rabbit," the book about Wing Commander Yeo-Thomas's adventures) says: "In two wars I have been a private (*honoris causa*) in the Highland Light Infantry, a second lieutenant in the Royal Irish Fusiliers and King's Royal Rifle Corps, a lieutenant and paymaster in the Royal Army Pay Corps, a chairborne captain helping the French underground, and a roaring major and a fiery lieutenant-colonel on the Crosse and Blackwell list."

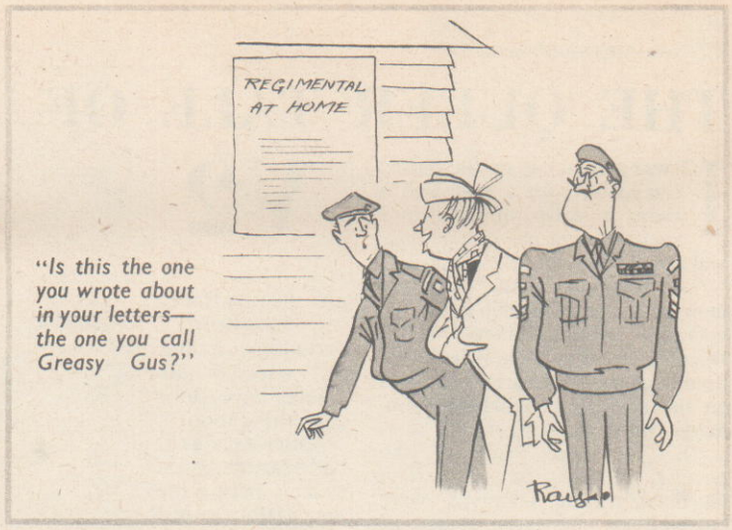
Strang Methuen, the luckless Scots hero of Mr. Marshall's story, is the victim throughout his military career of the school bully whom he once thrashed. This arch-bounder, Hermiston, as a staff captain in the first world war, causes heavy and unjust suspicion of cowardice to attach to Methuen. Just before Dunkirk, Hermiston, as brigadier, again puts Methuen (now a lieutenant-colonel) in such a position that he appears to have acted disgracefully. And so it goes on. Those who feel that Mr. Marshall is wrenching the long arm of coincidence from its socket must remember that Scotland's Army was a small one, and officers were bound to keep crossing each other's paths.

Devotees of Mr. Marshall will expect to find the rapier of satire helped out frequently by the club of anger. And very entertaining and provoking it all is. There are delightfully observed minor passages, like that in which an ATS junior commander shows off her knowledge of fashionable military slang on the telephone; or the description of a busy company office in the Peebles-shire Rifles, with prisoners being fallen out after sentence in order to escort their escorts; or the time when the hero goes to visit his old school chum at the War Office at the hour when regulations say that respirators will be worn.

Much excruciating fun comes when Methuen is transferred to the Pay Corps, and is required to settle who shall pay for the bicycle pump bought by an officer in order to facilitate the retreat of his men to Dunkirk. He also learns that chewing gum used in training of airborne troops, if costing not more than one halfpenny per flight, may be charged to the same vote as ration allowance.

Methuen extracts himself from all this and becomes an Infantry brigadier in Italy, but grim irony is waiting for him.

Though some may feel that Mr. Marshall overdraws his military bounders, the story is unflaggingly readable and will be in heavy demand in Command libraries.



"Is this the one you wrote about in your letters—the one you call Greasy Gus?"

Two-Gun Adventurer

IN the middle 1920's, a group of European spectators at a Chinese civil war battle were astonished to see a huge foreigner, in the uniform of a Chinese general, rushing into battle at the head of a battalion of Chinese officer cadets and yelling, "We've got the bastards on the run!"

Not long afterwards, General Morris Abraham Cohen, better known as Two-Gun Cohen, became a legend in the European clubs and bars of Shanghai and Hong Kong.

His story, told largely in his own words in "Two-Gun Cohen" (*Cape*, 16*s*), by Charles Drage, started in the East End of London. Young Cohen, son of Jewish immigrants from Poland, was in trouble with the police and a magistrate committed him to an industrial school at the age of ten. Six years later he was shipped to Canada where, among other things, he learned to shoot. One day he rescued the Chinese owner of a chop-suey joint from a hold-up man, and before long was regarded as a friend of the whole Chinese community. He was initiated into a tong, one of the secret societies pledged to overthrow the Manchu emperor of China. When Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the great Chinese revolutionary, visited Canada, Morris Cohen was appointed to his bodyguard.

In World War One, Serjeant Morris Cohen left for England with the Canadian Expeditionary Force. There was trouble, and Private Morris Cohen left England for Flanders. There Corporal Cohen did good work with the Chinese Labour Corps, but it was Private Cohen who returned to Canada in 1919, bearing wound scars.

In 1922, Colonel Cohen of the Chinese Nationalist Army was aide-de-camp to Dr. Sun Yat-sen. From then on, under various masters after Dr. Sun Yat-sen's death, General Cohen served China. He bought weapons and smuggled them through international embargoes. He negotiated commercial contracts, demonstrating a financial integrity almost unheard of in Chinese service, played the diplomat in a number of curious international affairs, unintentionally committed himself to cleaning out a nest of pirates, and commanded various bodyguards.

When the Japanese attacked China, he was also a useful agent for the author, then a British Intelligence officer in Hong Kong. He revealed, among other things, that the Japanese were experimenting with monkey-gland rejuvenators in attempts to save their air force pilots from black-outs.

When the Japanese captured Hong Kong, they also captured General Cohen and beat him up.

What is he doing now? "For security reasons," say the publishers, "there is a gap in the story; General Cohen's career is not yet finished."

Down from the Skies to the Sewers

EARLY in 1941 the Germans were puzzled by the number of British bombers which crashed, for no apparent reason, on Poland. No bodies were ever found.

These mystery planes were worn-out Whitley bombers. They had taken off from England with Polish parachutists who were urgently needed to train the Polish underground. With the parachutists went weapons, wireless sets, money and sabotage devices. The aircraft were never intended to return—they were allowed to crash.

Later, faster and longer-range bombers flew to Poland and back, and from 1943 men and supplies were dispatched from Italy.

In "The Unseen and Silent" (*Sheed and Ward*, 21*s*), survivors of these perilous operations tell their stories. The parachutists fought pitched battles with better armed Germans, destroyed road and rail communications, led partisan attacks on German headquarters and fed valuable information back to Britain.

"Mira," a sabotage expert, commandeered a German military lorry to drive a gang of partisans several hundred miles into German-occupied Russia and blew up a railway line. For part of the journey they were protected by a German guard who was unaware that the barrels of tar in the lorry concealed weapons and explosives. The same "Mira" organised the transfer of sabotage groups into Russia by finding them employment with the German Air Force.

The parachutists played an important part in the Warsaw Rising, when for 62 days the inhabitants fought ferociously against overwhelming odds while the advancing Russian armies denied them help. Some led suicide assaults on German strongpoints and died fighting in the sewers and cellars of bombed-out buildings.

One of them, "Zenon," lived to tell his story. Waist-deep in the filth of the sewers he led the remnants of his force for 17 hours in an effort to escape. His girl cypher clerk died from the gas. Some went mad, others fell and were trampled to death in the darkness. When "Zenon" finally found a manhole the SS were waiting for him. His life was saved by a German officer.

Once Bitten, Never Shy . . .

TIM CAREW'S war was no more eventful than that of thousands of others, but he has the gift of writing about it amusingly and irreverently. In "All This And A Medal Too" (*Constable*, 15*s*) he tells how he left the police force in 1940 to enlist in the Royal Horse Guards (when they still had horses), volunteered for the Parachute Regiment, then "exchanged this earthy companionship for a collar and tie and a book of bar chits"—in other words, became an officer. As such he fought with the Gurkha Rifles in Burma (winning the Military Cross), served in the post-war troubles in Java, and later had the distinction of being bitten by a Malayan bandit.

This is by no means a sensitive, soul-searching war story. It is a lively and unrepentant record. Those who dislike hearty companions had better read something else. And those who expect to find themselves portrayed in it are warned that the people described are composite characters; a pity, but most of them sound delightfully authentic.

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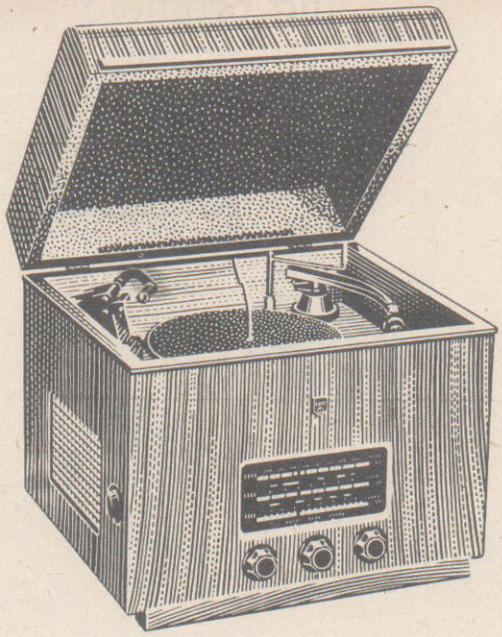

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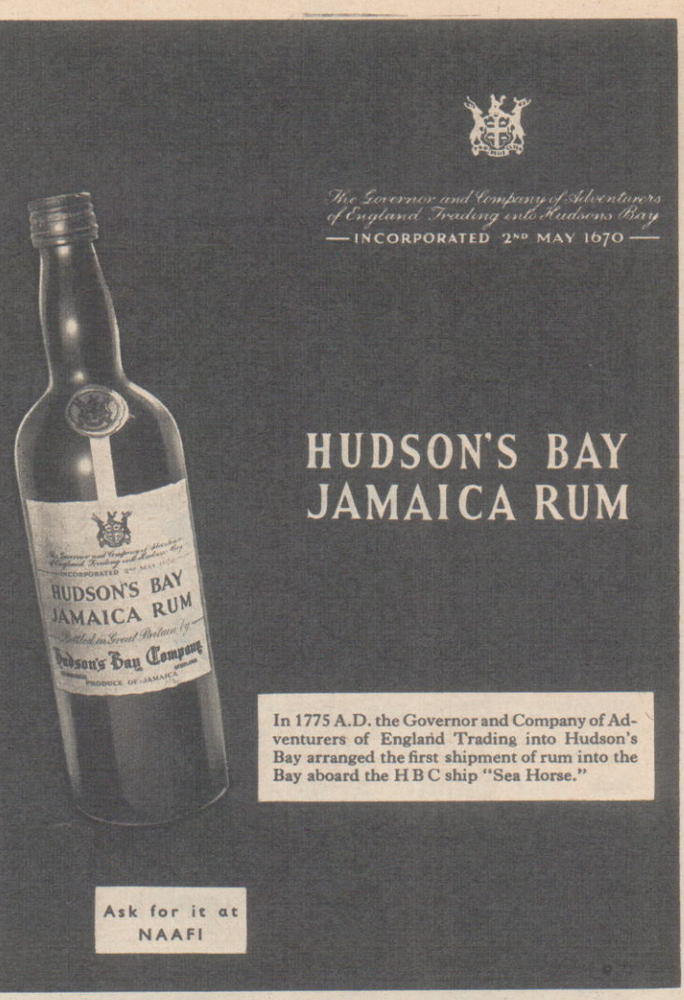

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SPORT

Lance-Corporal Ken Norris, stationed at Catterick, is the Army's fastest long-distance runner. Twice he has run second to Gordon Pirie. His prospects as an international runner are bright

HARD ON PIRIE'S HEELS

Norris (No. 2) forges ahead at the start of an international race in Belgium. He won comfortably. Frank Sando is No. 3.

IT is appropriate that Lance-Corporal Kenneth Leonard Norris should belong to the Royal Corps of Signals whose cap-badge embodies the figure of Mercury, fleet-footed messenger of the Gods.

For Lance-Corporal Norris, a pay clerk at No. 2 Training Regiment at Catterick, is the Army's fastest long-distance runner and a young man with bright prospects in the field of international athletics.

This year he ran the famous Gordon Pirie a close second in the English national cross-country championships and was first home behind the French Olympic runner, Alain Mimoun, in the International championships at Birmingham. Recently, running his first six-miles race in the Southern Counties championship, he finished a close second in the world-class time of just under 29 minutes. These performances are almost certain to merit him a place in the British team to compete in the European Games at Berne and the Empire Games at Vancouver later this year.

Lance-Corporal Norris's rise to athletic fame has been swift. Two years ago he was an average member of the Thames Valley Harriers with little to distinguish him from the scores of other young men who spent their weekends chasing each other over muddy fields. Then in the summer of 1952 he won the Southern Counties three-mile track championship in the very fast time of 14 minutes 10.4 seconds. This was more than 20 seconds better than his previous best.

A few months later he was called up into the Royal Signals and soon had formed a regimental cross-country team in No. 4 Training Regiment. The team had a successful season and Lance-Corporal Norris won all but one of his races, being beaten by the Royal Air Force champion, Corporal Pat Ranger. Norris went on to win the Army and Northern Command cross-country championships of 1952.

In 1953 he finished third in the Inter-Counties three-miles at White City in 14 minutes 13.6 seconds and a fortnight later ran second to Gordon Pirie in the Kinnaird Trophy three-mile, improving his time to 14 minutes 2.6 seconds. In the Army three-mile championship he finished 200 yards ahead of the rest of the field and won the Cotterell Cup for the best performance in Army track championships. This trophy is named after the former Royal Signals' runner, Joe Cotterell, who was Army, British and International champion in the 1920's. Cotterell was also a member of Norris's civilian club, Thames Valley Harriers.

At the White City later that year Lance-Corporal Norris won the three-miles event for London against Stockholm in the fine time of

OVER

With the field far behind: Norris wins the Army cross-country championship of 1954.

14 minutes 1 second and then broke the course record at Stockton with a brilliant win in the three-mile event of the South-*versus*-North of England championships. Despite a heavy training programme he spent much time helping No. 2 Training Regiment's budding athletes and the Regiment entered a team in the North Yorkshire and South Durham League. Norris won five of the six races, losing once to Corporal Ranger and beating him twice.

Early this year he surprised the experts by winning the inter-counties cross-country championships run over the Derby racecourse at Epsom. Immediately after this race Lance-Corporal Norris was selected to represent England in an international cross-country match on the Continent. In the following weeks he won races in France and Belgium, beating the Spanish, Dutch, French and Belgian champions.

A winning smile: Norris with the Army cross-country trophies.

Competing in his first cross-country race over ten miles in the Southern Counties championships, Lance-Corporal Norris was first home ahead of Frank Sando, Peter Driver and Jim Peters, the British Marathon champion. He followed this success with an easy win in the Combined Services-*versus*-Southern Counties cross-country race.

In his first meeting with Gordon Pirie over the country this season, in the English National championship, Norris ran level with Pirie for most of the race, but was beaten into second place by about 80 yards.

As Pirie was not running in the international cross - country championships at Birmingham it fell to Norris to lead home the English team. The individual winner was Alain Mimoun, the French Olympic runner who drew away from Norris one-and-a-half miles from home to win by 150 yards in the extremely fast time, for the nine-mile course, of 47 minutes 51 seconds. England easily won the team title.

Above: Well in the lead, Lance-Corporal Norris takes the water obstacle in the Army cross-country championships of 1954.

Young admirers collect his autograph after Norris's brilliant win in this year's inter - counties cross - country championships.

THE GREYS GO RACING

AT Barce in the fertile plain of Libya the Royal Scots Greys held their annual race meeting—the Barce Vale Hunt.

Bedouin tribesmen in flowing robes, members of the Cyrenaica Defence Force and scores of Arabs mingled with British soldiers and their families who had come from as far away as Benghazi and Derna by diesel train, welfare bus and private car. The nearby Tocra Pass, through which Eighth Army slogged its way to victory, became a favourite picnic spot for the day.

There were six races, but not all the interest was in horses. The five Royal Scots Greys trumpeters who announced the beginning of each race with a fanfare and Bandsman J. W. Houghton on duty in the paddock in full dress uniform came in for much admiration from the mixed crowd of racegoers.

Above: The start of the Coronation Stakes. Many mounts were owned by officers of The Greys. Below: Trumpeters sound the start of a race.

On show in full dress: Bandsman J. Houghton. It was a windy day.

Race patron was the Emir Sayed, relative of the King of Libya.

Photographs by Captain W. HOLMES, Military Observer

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HER MAJESTY'S COLONIAL SERVICE

Applications are invited for the following posts :—

A few vacancies, which may be of interest to officers who are relinquishing their commission, occur from time to time for Assistant Superintendents of Police in the Colonial Police Service mainly in Nigeria, Tanganyika, Kenya and Uganda. Starting salaries are about £750 per annum according to the territory, a cost of living allowance may also be payable, and prospects for promotion are good. Candidates must be under 30 and in possession of a School Certificate or a General Certificate of Education, preferably at advanced level.

The Colonial Police Service offers a fine life, but not a soft one. It is a disciplined service, and a police officer must be prepared for the drawbacks as well as the attractions of tropical life, sometimes under primitive conditions. The primary task is the prevention of crime and the enforcement and maintenance of law and order. The duties are very varied, from the routine ones of immigration, transport and licensing regulations, and the enforcement of traffic laws and arms acts, to the preparation of cases for Court and the welfare of the native constable. He might be working alone under primitive conditions on an isolated station, or operating specialist finger-print or C.I.D. departments among the flesh pots of a tropical resort. No hard and fast definition of suitable qualities can be laid down, but above all are required intelligence, strong personality and common-sense.

Whether investigating ritual murders in the bush or solving traffic problems in a town, the Colonial Police Service offers a constructive career, variety of opportunity, scope for initiative and responsibility at an early age. Any officers who are interested should write to the Director of Recruitment (Colonial Service), Colonial Office, Sanctuary Buildings, Great Smith Street, London, S.W.1, for further particulars.

LETTERS

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

● SOLDIER cannot admit correspondence on matters involving the discipline of an individual unit.

HISTORY FOR 3-D

I quite agree with your film critic when he says (SOLDIER, June) "If Britain neglects her colourful military history, who can complain if Hollywood helps itself?"

This year, surely, should have seen a film about Florence Nightingale, or at least a "box office" story wrapped up in the Crimean War and with the Charge of the Light Brigade as its climax. What scope for these new three-dimensional film techniques that would offer! Has anyone ever made a film about Wellington? There must be a hundred good stories in his campaigns, And those 18th-century campaigns in the West Indies should provide just the sultry backgrounds the film-makers like.

In three years from now will come the centenary of the Indian Mutiny. In the history of that, too, are a score of good film scripts, not least the defence of Lucknow, and all ripe for glorious Technicolor and 3-D.—**"Filmgoer" (name and address supplied).**

★*The life of Florence Nightingale was filmed about three years ago.*

ARMY WIVES

In the first two letters published in your May issue (on Army wives) I detect a familiar trace of bitterness. My wife, too, is being awkward, and I sympathise deeply with her.

You say in your reply: "a woman who marries a soldier . . . has a good idea of the separations and hardships." This is true, but women are most illogical creatures and the establishment of a family seems to aggravate this. For example, my wife, after eight-and-a-half years of Army life, has issued an ultimatum. If I go to Singapore, for which I am on draft now, she will obtain a separation order, and leave me to make what arrangements I can for the care of our children. I do not blame her, for her health has left her not fully fit to cope. To be a soldier in the true sense, and love the Army as I do, it is a sad thing to have to get taken off a draft, and to know that the same thing is liable to happen again.

I am not grumbling, for the Army authorities have done their best to obtain a quarter in Singapore, but this does show that a wife can coerce a soldier into giving up his Army career. I know of several long-serving Regulars who have not signed on in order to avoid such a bitter choice.

The position is made worse by the answer you give to the second letter, saying that Servicemen in Malaya do not get the benefit of leave at home like those in Kenya and the Middle East, as Malaya is a permanent families station. If my wife reads this, there will be more tears and, "If that is the case, why can I not go with you?"

Has it ever occurred or been suggested to those in power at Westminster that many soldiers would prefer to buy a house and allow their wives a settled existence and their children an uninterrupted education? In pre-war days, the wives of Naval personnel were often able to do this. Costs of houses have risen since then, but surely it would be possible to advance the necessary money and recover it through the usual channels from the soldier's pay.

In a house of her own a soldier's wife could find her own circle of friends, instead of casual acquaintances here today and gone tomorrow. Living at large stations like Catterick, constantly seeing uniform, continually hearing shooting and "square-bashing" has soured more wives than mine.

Perhaps other readers can suggest ways of pacifying the wives. One hesitates to suggest having them charged with seducing their husbands from their duty.

Since I am deeply in love with both my wife and the Army, I sign myself—**"Bigamist" (name and address supplied).**

★*SOLDIER feels that buying a house is unlikely to solve this problem, since a soldier's home postings are rarely to the same station and the family would, therefore, still be separated though the husband was in Britain. In SOLDIER's experience, many wives enjoy the change of faces on joining a new station, and rapidly make good friends among other wives.*

EAR MUFFS

I was disgusted with your picture of the Military Policemen wearing ear muffs (SOLDIER, May). The answer to cold ears, surely, is a sensible hat which will cover not only the ears but also the close-cropped back of the head—like the Canadian fur cap. Ear muffs! They'll be having hand muffs next.—**"Big-Ears," Bicester (name and address supplied).**

★*Since the weather in Germany is rarely severe enough to warrant the use of fur caps, they are unlikely ever to be issued. The Royal Military Police did the next best thing, and managed to look smart doing it.*

D FOR DESERTER

I was interested in the article "A D Below the Arm" (SOLDIER, June), as have in my possession a document WO Form 336a "B" Notice dated 30 August 1873, which says:

"TAKE NOTICE that you enlist with me at 2 O'Clock p.m. 30th August for the General Service Cavalry and if you do not come to St. George's Barracks at 9 O'Clock a.m. on the 1st day of September for the purpose of being taken before a Justice either to attest, or to release yourself from your engagement by re-paying the enlisting shilling, and any pay you may have received as a Recruit, and by paying Twenty Shillings as Smart Money, you will be liable to be punished as a ROGUE AND VAGABOND. You are hereby also warned that you will be liable to the same Punishment if you make any wilfully false Representation at the time of attestation, or false answers to the questions now asked of you."

The first nine questions on the form are those normally asked of a recruit, the tenth being: "Have you ever been marked with the letter D, or letters BC?"

What, I wonder, would be the reaction of a recruit today if the same document was placed before him?—**G. W. Dowling, Station Road, Redhill, Surrey.**

GENERAL LIST VC

I am told that an officer of the General List has won the Victoria Cross. I always thought that such officers were non-combatant.—**"Surprised" (name and address supplied).**

★*Two General List officers have won the Victoria Cross: Captain J. B. McCudden, VC, DSO, MC, MM on flying duties with 56 Squadron, Royal Flying Corps in France in World War One, and Major A. F. Lassen, VC, MC, in Italy in World War Two.*

ODD NUMBERS

Why is an odd number of rounds fired in General Salutes?—**Serjeant N. Hill, 2 LAA Regiment, Royal Australian Artillery, Melbourne.**

★*No real reason has been ever recorded. Before* 1838 *the number depended on the whim of the local commander, but in that year it was decided that* 21 *rounds should be fired for a Royal Salute and* 101 *for a Royal visit to India.*

BATTLE HONOURS

I notice that batteries of the Royal Artillery are being awarded their World War II battle honours in the form of additions to their names—like "J" (Sidi Resegh) Battery, Royal Horse Artillery.

What is happening about battle honours for the Infantry and Cavalry?—**"Foot-slogger," Manchester (name and address supplied).**

★*The Royal Artillery's awards to batteries are known as honour titles. They are not official battle honours, but are awarded by the Royal Artillery and approved by the Adjutant-General. They do not appear in the Army List and are not used outside the Regiment.*

The necessarily slow process of arriving at battle honours for the Infantry and Cavalry is going steadily ahead. From information provided by the historical section of the Cabinet Office, the Battle Nomenclature Committee is classifying encounters with the enemy as "battles," "engagements," "actions" and so on. After this committee has done its work, the Battle Honours Committee will ask regiments to submit claims for battle honours. This will probably be next year.

The claims must then be investigated and submitted for the Queen's approval. It is likely to be another two or three years before the work is complete.

RHINOS

Colonel A. Morris is not quite correct when he says (SOLDIER, May) that the rhino did not charge before 1947.

The 1st Armoured Division sign carried on vehicles and displayed at formation and unit locations was always a charging rhino. It is true that the sign worn on the sleeves of members of the division was a very static beast and was often referred to as the "pregnant pig." However, at the end of 1943 a very spirited animal made his appearance as a shoulder flash. His only identification as a rhinoceros was his double horn—but without any shadow of doubt he was charging.—**Capt. J. H. Wiley, Territorial Army Centre, Chesham, Bucks.**

The 1st Armoured Division changed its sign to a charging rhino in 1942 at Khatatba when refitting for the Battle of El Alamein. It was caused by a mistake made by Sapper Montgomery of 3 Troop, 3 Cheshire Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, on a new sign board for 1st Armoured Division Headquarters. The staff liked it so much that it was adopted.—**Lieutenant G. E. Williams, 113 Assault Engineer Regiment Workshop, Wirral, Cheshire.**

1st Armoured Division was not the only formation to adopt a rhino flash. East African troops operating in South-east Asia wore a rhino's head. The story goes that when the flash had been chosen and designs were being prepared at 11th East African Division headquarters in Ceylon, nobody could remember whether the African rhino had one horn or two. After a fruitless search for a knowledgeable zoologist, an urgent signal was sent to Nairobi for the information. Tension eased a little, and the staff officer responsible picked up a book on his desk—and there found a picture of an African rhino. It had two horns.—**"Ex-Jambo Boy" (name and address supplied).**

LETTERS CONTINUED OVERLEAF

FILMS

coming your way

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

THE FRENCH LINE: *"Jane Russell—need we say more?" say the posters. In this censored musical comedy in colour Jane is a poor little rich girl in search of true love. She gets her man in the end. Need we say more?*

THE FORBIDDEN CARGO: *A who-dun-it with a new theme. Nigel Patrick as a Customs and Excise special investigator tracks down the drug thugs. His chase takes him to France and ends in the Pool of London. Plenty of excitement and suspense. The cast includes Jack Warner, Elizabeth Sellars, Terence Morgan and Greta Gynt.*

LIFE WITH THE LYONS: *The Lyon family of radio fame go on the films. A pernickety author wants a quiet, well-behaved family to look after his house. The Lyons step into the breach. Result: hilarious chaos.*

THE LONG, LONG TRAILER: *Real-life husband and wife team up in a comedy about a honeymoon in a car trailer. Over-helpful fellow-travellers, a cloudburst and a near-crash down a precipice are some of the things that turn their wedding dream into a nightmare. Lucille Ball is the wide-eyed wife and Desi Arnaz the harassed husband. In colour.*

HONDO: *Tough-man John Wayne rides again, this time as a despatch carrier for the United States Cavalry in New Mexico in* 1874. *He rides into the lives of a deserted wife and her son and rescues them from the clutches of the Apache Indians. Gun-play and rugged action galore. In colour.*

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