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"The R. S. M."

(see Pages 14-15)

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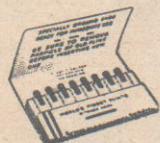
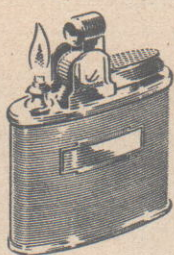
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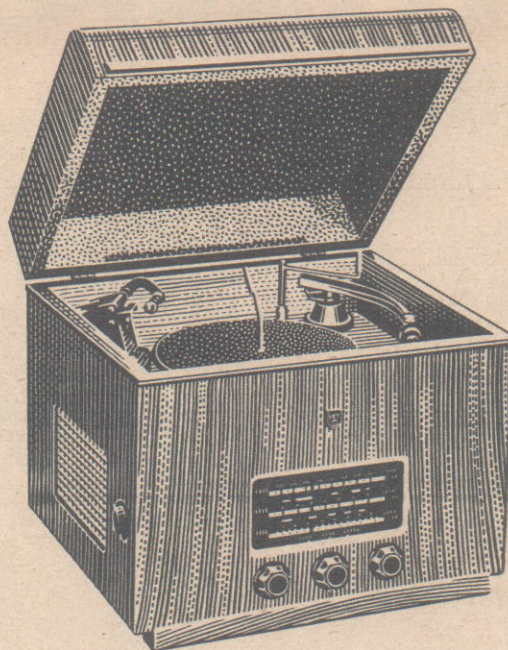
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BERMUDA: IT WAS A GOOD STATION

Britain's lonely colony in the North Atlantic was once an outpost of ageing, forgotten soldiers, but in modern times it has been a popular enough posting. Now the garrison is pulling out

FOR nearly 250 years Bermuda has been a small military outpost of the British Empire.

Now the 154-man garrison is being withdrawn. By May, there will be only a small British staff helping to train the island's own forces.

The last of 77 Infantry units to be stationed there since 1701 — by common consent a "good station" — was a company of the Gloucestershire Regiment, which left in 1948. Since then, the only British troops have been those maintaining the base. Now the War Office "announces with regret that in the present circumstances it is obliged to withdraw the British garrison."

The decision has provoked mixed reactions among troops now in Bermuda, judging from what they told reporters of the local newspapers. One soldier is quoted by the *Mid-Ocean News* as saying that it was "a real heart-break" to him because, in nearly three years, he had "learned to love the islands like a home. The people are so friendly and the climate is as close to perfect as I could want." Another soldier, with nearly two years in the Colony, told the *Royal Gazette* he was inclined to be bored. "It's like spending a year on Blackpool sands."

The garrison of Bermuda certainly deserved the name of "military outpost." The Colony is a small group of islands, 580 miles out in the North Atlantic from the American coast. It lives mostly by its tourist trade (there is almost no other local industry). One attraction is the climate, which calls for battledress about five months of the year and khaki drill the rest.

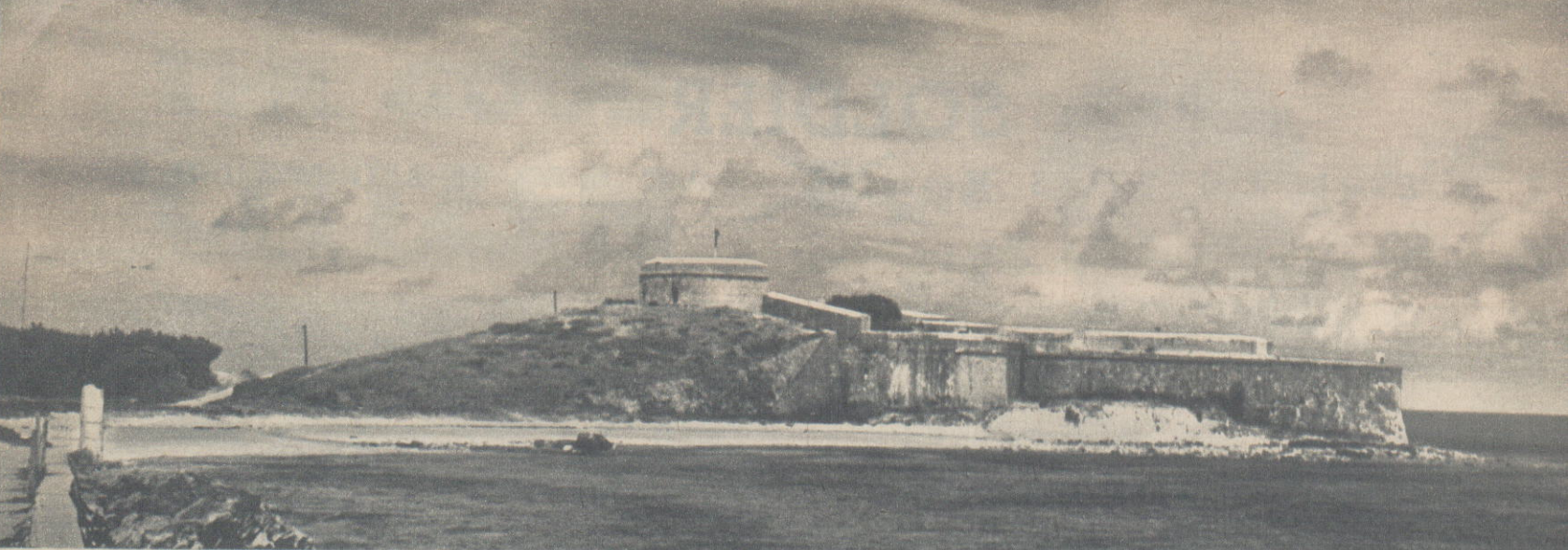
For soldiers, some of the other tourist attractions have always been available. Sight-seeing by bicycle, for instance; and magnificent bathing, from the garrison's own beaches. There are also sailing and all the usual sports.

The cost of living in Bermuda is high, since there is no income tax and most government revenue comes from customs duties. A daily newspaper costs sixpence and the cheapest seat in a civilian cinema three shillings. One result is that Servicemen tend to find their fun within their own circles. "The American tourists are in-

Aerial picture shows St. George's, first capital of Bermuda, where the first English settlers landed in 1609. Below: Life for the garrison was not all sun-bathing. Here are soldiers rock-climbing on a dizzy-looking cliff face, at the Warwick training camp.



OVER



BERMUDA (Cont'd)

Old forts abound in Bermuda. This one used to guard the approach between the reefs. Its guns never fired in anger. Below: Near the Army's camp at Prospect soldiers found many excellent spots for bathing.

terested in us, mainly because of our accents, I think. The Bermudian girls are not because they have got used to us," said one soldier.

However, soldiers have enjoyed the hospitality of white Bermudian homes, especially at Christmas and during convalescence. Some have married Bermudian girls, and made their homes in the Colony at the end of their service. For those who have girl-friends, there is one way of overcoming the expense of social life. In many hotels where a soldier could not afford the price of a dinner, he may go dancing for the price of his drinks. Most hotels will not admit men without partners.

Both private motorists and Army drivers have had to accustom themselves to some unusual restrictions in the Colony. Until 1946, no motor-cars were admitted. Before World War Two, the Army had to make do with horse-drawn ambulances and wagons. During the war, when Bermuda became an important base for the Americans (who still have naval and air bases there) as well as for the British Services, some concessions were made for Service vehicles.

Now, to the disgust of some lovers of the Colony, motor-cars are allowed on its narrow roads — but they must not be more than 14 horse-power, 13 feet 10 inches long or five feet four inches wide. They may not be imported if they have run more than 1000 miles. The speed limit is 20 miles an hour except in the towns of St. George's and Hamilton, where it is 15 miles an hour.

There is also one unusual law which affects dog-owners: a licence for a bitch costs twice as much as one for a dog.

The Colony's military centre at Prospect was built in 1903.



It has its own park, plenty of married quarters and the usual garrison amenities. Prospect claims one of the finest views in Bermuda. In its heyday it was the hub of the island's social life. The Army's other camp, at Warwick, boasts an excellent bathing beach.

There are two local part-time units. The Bermuda Volunteer Rifle Corps is an all-white unit which is linked with the Royal Lincolnshire Regiment. In both World Wars it sent men overseas to serve with the Lincolns. The Bermuda Militia Artillery has both white and coloured officers and coloured men, and has also sent men overseas for war service. Recently, the local forces have taken over the task of providing guards of honour at the opening of the Bermuda Legislature (the third oldest parliament in the world). They also have their own band.

Bermuda was not always a happy place for soldiering. In

the 18th century, an Independent Company of Foot reinforced the militia who were to defend the island against pirates or other invaders (the Colony, in fact, has never been invaded). The opinion in which these troops were held was expressed by a woman who described an accident to a boat on which, she said, "were three poor souls and two sojers." Only when the slaves were troublesome were the colonists polite to the soldiers.

The Independent Company, like other troops who visited the island from time to time, were housed in warehouses, jails and disused stone buildings, some roofless. They were almost forgotten by the authorities in London, except that a few reinforcements arrived now and again. Their pay did not come; they had difficulty in feeding themselves; and some aged warriors had to be pensioned off in the Colony because they were too feeble for service.

The Bermuda Gunners suffered from guns bursting. One such accident, said a contemporary writer, caused a deputy marshal to be "blowne up, burnt and damified." The powder magazine was on

top of the Session House, where the laws of the Colony were made. For year it was a source of worry not only to the legislators but to other citizens of St. George's, the capital.

Disease was the worst enemy the 18th century soldiers had to fight. Yellow fever, in particular, played havoc with the garrison, and a long succession of British regiments left memorial stones to its victims in the Colony's churchyards. There has been no outbreak of yellow fever for the past 80 years, and there is no malaria in Bermuda.

From 1908 until 1941, a series of generals held the appointment of Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Bermuda. There was a civilian interlude until 1946, when an admiral was appointed. Today, Bermuda again has a soldier as Governor, Lieutenant-General Sir Alexander Hood, a former Director-General of Army Medical Services. The British troops now in the Colony are under the command of Brigadier J. C. Smith.

TAIL-PIECE: The garrison is going out with its tail in the air. In a recent shooting match, the Army's No. 3 team, consisting of four members of the Royal Army Service Corps, beat the Royal Navy, the Royal Marines and a picked team of the United States Marine Corps from the mainland.

British "Tommy" Finds Bermuda Pleasant, But a Bit Expensive

A headline from Bermuda's *Royal Gazette*. That's the way the British soldier usually finds it—in Bermuda, Berlin or Hong-Kong!

Back in Belgium

The last time the Army built a big base from scratch, it was in the African bush. Now soldiers are stocking up a new township on a Belgian heath

Pictures: Serjeant F. Covey, Public Relations, Rhine Army

FOR the first time since 1946, when Rhine Army moved its last units into Germany, British soldiers are stationed on Belgian soil.

They are the men of the Army's supply services who, over the past few months, have set up in an area of heath and woodland near Antwerp a series of large supply dumps known collectively as the British Force Maintenance Area.

Their job is to "feed" Rhine Army with the stores, equipment and vehicles necessary to sustain its role in the defence of Western Europe.

At the end of World War Two Rhine Army's main supply port was Hamburg. Now stores will be funnelled into the Scheldt, instead of the Elbe.

With the approval of the Belgian Government, Rhine Army began to move its main supply depots last August. Tens of thousands of tons had to be shifted by road and rail over many hundreds of miles, and all the time the supply services had to remain operational.

When the move first began there were almost no buildings on the site which the Belgian Government had requisitioned.



Military police in Belgium have a big "beat." Here Lance-Corporal A. J. Grindy chats with Belgian gendarmes.



Above: Some British soldiers live in Belgian barracks, and share certain routine duties. Below: Permanent camps of one-storey buildings will be ready for occupation by the Spring.

Towns and villages were too far away to accommodate troops, so that from August until mid-October they had to live in tents. As luck would have it, these months were Belgium's wettest for many years, and building was held up.

After six years in Rhine Army the supply depots had brought their German staffs to a high degree of efficiency; now they had to start afresh training Flemish-speaking workers. Some of the depots were fortunate in finding among their civilian recruits former British soldiers who had married Belgian girls at the end of the war.

When SOLDIER visited the maintenance area recently the main bulk of the stores had been received and the bleak, open fields and heathland of some months before had been turned into a series of "townships" linked by concrete roadways.

The four main camps where British soldiers will live had still not yet been completed but the Belgian Army had found shelter

OVER →



Private R. Leeming surveys a mock grave in his Belgian barracks. The inscription: "He was badly camouflaged."



Back in Belgium (Continued)

for many in its barracks. Officers' and sergeants' messes had been established in private hotels. The maintenance area headquarters were occupying a rambling old building which had lately been a bank. The education centre was housed in the Cafe Monty.

Life for the British soldier in Belgium today means plenty of hard work. There are no AKC cinemas (although many Belgian cinemas show English-speaking films) and canteens are necessarily organised on austerity lines. To offset the high cost of living the private soldier receives an extra 5s 3d a day, a warrant-officer 6s 9d and a single officer living in Army quarters 9s a day. With prevailing prices in Belgian shops — a cup of tea or coffee costs 1s, a glass of beer 10d and a cheap cinema seat 1s 10d — the allowance is by no means excessive.

When the four camps are completed in the Spring many of the present accommodation difficulties will disappear. The camps will be of the single-storey type and of the most modern design. Soldiers will have to make their own football fields and cricket pitches. Indeed, one Ordnance unit has already laid out its sports field and has arranged a series of cricket and football matches with Belgian Army and civilian teams. The unit hopes to hold motor-cycle scrambles and trials over the nearby heaths.

The Army's ultimate intention is to provide married quarters for all those entitled to them, but the hard currency shortage will mean delays. Meanwhile special allowances will be paid to help married soldiers to make private ar-

rangements with Belgian house-owners and to cope with the high cost of living generally. Families will have to buy food from Belgian shops — butter is 6s 3d a pound, meat between 8s and 10s a pound, and a family-size bundle of laundry about £1 5s. Very few will be able to afford servants, whose wages are in the region of £5 a week.

Permanent British primary and secondary schools are being planned, and it is hoped that there will be one at Antwerp and another at Herrentals by the end of this year. Meanwhile, a house

in Antwerp has been turned into a temporary school for children up to eight.

In one of the camps a small military hospital will be built, but until this is ready patients will be sent to military hospitals in Germany or to Belgian civilian hospitals in emergency.

The Padre, the Reverend G. E. Griffiths, the first Church of England padre to make a parachute jump, has a problem of his own. Because there are no military churches he has to spend much of his time travelling between the widely dispersed units



The Union Jack flying outside a bank building denotes the headquarters of the British Force Maintenance Area.

AMERICA ON THE RHINE

WHILE the British Army has been building up its base at Antwerp, the Americans, equally quietly, have been establishing their own near the Rhine.

Its centre is at Kaiserslautern, in the French Zone of Germany (which complicates administration). When it is finished, the base will have cost a billion dollars (1,000,000,000 is the American billion) and may well be the biggest American supply and training base outside the United States. It will certainly be the biggest in Europe.

Soldiers and families stationed there will be able, if so inclined, to enjoy the American way of life with scarcely a reminder that they are in Europe. One new residential suburb alone will give American-style accommodation to 20,000 people. American Servicemen will have their own clubs, baby clinics and a junior branch of the University of Maryland. They will be able to shop, go to beauty parlours and pet clinics, travelling around in their own taxi service — all without touching any currency but the dollar.

to conduct services — often as many as four in one day — in large offices, canteens or rest rooms.

The military policemen of No. 6 Section, 103 Provost Company claim to have one of the largest "beats" in the British Army. Fifteen-strong, and equipped with jeeps and motor-cycles, they are not only responsible for military discipline in the maintenance area but may be sent anywhere in Belgium. They work on the best of terms with the Belgian civil police, and the Belgian military police with whom there is a "mutual assistance" agreement.

"We have no power to question civilians or to enter civilian buildings as we had in Rhine Army and that makes our work much more difficult," says Captain S. E. Harrison who commands the section. "But the Belgian Army and police forces are very co-operative."

The British Force Maintenance Area has the fastest Army postal service in the world; a letter posted in Britain is delivered to the soldier in Belgium the next day. Normally mail is flown direct to Brussels, where each morning an Army postal team collects it and takes it back to the maintenance headquarters for distribution.

Many British soldiers are losing no time in learning Flemish from Belgian soldiers with whom they are billeted and in return they are helping Belgian soldiers to learn English. At the headquarters the Royal Army Educational Corps syllabus includes Flemish lessons given by a Belgian teacher.

E. J. GROVE

Informal occasion: The Reverend G. E. Griffiths, first Church of England padre to make a parachute jump, holds a Padre's Hour for military policemen.



THE start of a New Year is a good time for stock-taking.

How — and where — stands the Army now?

The British soldier finds himself in just as many lands as he did at the beginning of last year. True, the Army has marched out of Eritrea, where it helped to suppress the *shiita*, but almost immediately afterwards it marched into Kenya, where it began to help in suppressing the Mau Mau. So, on balance, the score is the same. That is the way it has always been; one day it is the Stern Gang and Irgun, the next it is jungle *banditti* with names like Liew Kon Kim.

This year the Army will pull its modest garrison out of Bermuda after nearly 250 years. As numbers go, this withdrawal is unimportant; as sentiment goes, it is something of a wrench. There are a dozen stations the Army would more gladly have evacuated, and no prizes are offered for naming them.

Now the newspaper prophets are forecasting that the Army will be evacuating Trieste, the Sudan, even Egypt. But the soldiers in these stations will believe the news only when they parade to see the Union Jack lowered, and not before.

For the record, it is worth listing some of the countries the Army has evacuated (save perhaps for a handful of men) since the war. They include Japan, Siam, Indonesia, Burma, India, Pakistan, Iraq, Persia, Syria, Palestine, Eritrea, Italian Somaliland, Abyssinia, the Dodecanese, Greece, Italy, Algeria, Tunisia and, of course, the Western Europe countries which were over-run. To some of these countries the Army has returned. There are British soldiers training, and spending their Korea leave, in Japan. And there are British soldiers building a new base in Belgium.

*

YET, even with all these withdrawals, the Army is still expensively strewn across two hemispheres. So long as these commitments stand, there can be no cut in the period of National Service.

Today, Britain has plenty of reserves for a "hot" war, but it is the "cold" war that stretches out the size of the Army.

Few soldiers realise how many extra postings, how many thousands more hours would have to be spent "in the pipeline," if the two-year National Service term were cut by six months. Members of Parliament were surprised when they learned the figures in a recent defence de-

bate. Postings to the Middle East would rise from 25,000 to 30,000 a year, and to Korea from 5500 a year to more than 12,000. And if the 18-months period were introduced, the soldier — in the words of one Member — would hardly have time to take his boots off before it was time to go home again. National Service would become a few months of square-bashing and then a long ocean cruise to a warm climate and back.

As things are, it is in the last six months of a National Serviceman's Army career that he becomes of most use to his country, especially if he shows ability as an instructor or junior leader. Half the Army's corporals are National Servicemen.

Nor is it any use to say "Send more Regulars abroad." Even if more could be spared from home training establishments, they would go to stations where, because of shortage of quarters, their families could not follow until a long period had elapsed, if indeed they could follow at all.

The effect on recruiting and re-enlisting would hardly be encouraging. And if the Army's commitments in the Far East were

exclusively shouldered by Regulars, the divisions in, say, Rhine Army would be almost drained of professionals, and thus gravely weakened. The present plan makes for a *balanced* Army.

Today twice as many Regulars are being recruited as a year ago; yet about 40 per cent of soldiers serving abroad are still National Servicemen. A new, immense boost in recruiting would thus be necessary to replace all National Servicemen.

*

IN terms of divisions, the Army starts the New Year well.

There are the equivalent of about eleven divisions — which is not the same thing as saying there are eleven divisions. Some existing divisions, like those in Germany, are in an advanced state of readiness; others, because of the nature of their commitments, are scattered over wide areas.

Today it would not be as difficult as once it was to field reserve divisions in emergency. In an excellent Territorial Army Supplement published not long ago, *The Times* said that some crack Territorial units were "at a state

of training which would require less than a month's shake-down to bring them up to the standard of a Normandy assault unit." If Territorial divisions could be called up, in rotation, for a month's training in Germany, *The Times* suggested, "some of the present Territorial divisions would certainly make the Regular divisions look to their laurels."

If such a plan were feasible, the new Chief of the Imperial General Staff, General Sir John Harding, would be the last man to oppose it. He knows only too well the merits of Germany as a training ground.

The only safe prophesy about 1953 is that it will have its surprises. This time last year, 200 Sappers did not know that they would assist in the exploding of Britain's first atom bomb...

*

IN an idle moment **SOLDIER** paid out three shillings for a seat in a minor music hall to see a show called "Fred Karno's Army." The posters had announced scenes "On the Somme," "In the Estaminet" and, of course, "At the Folies Bergère."

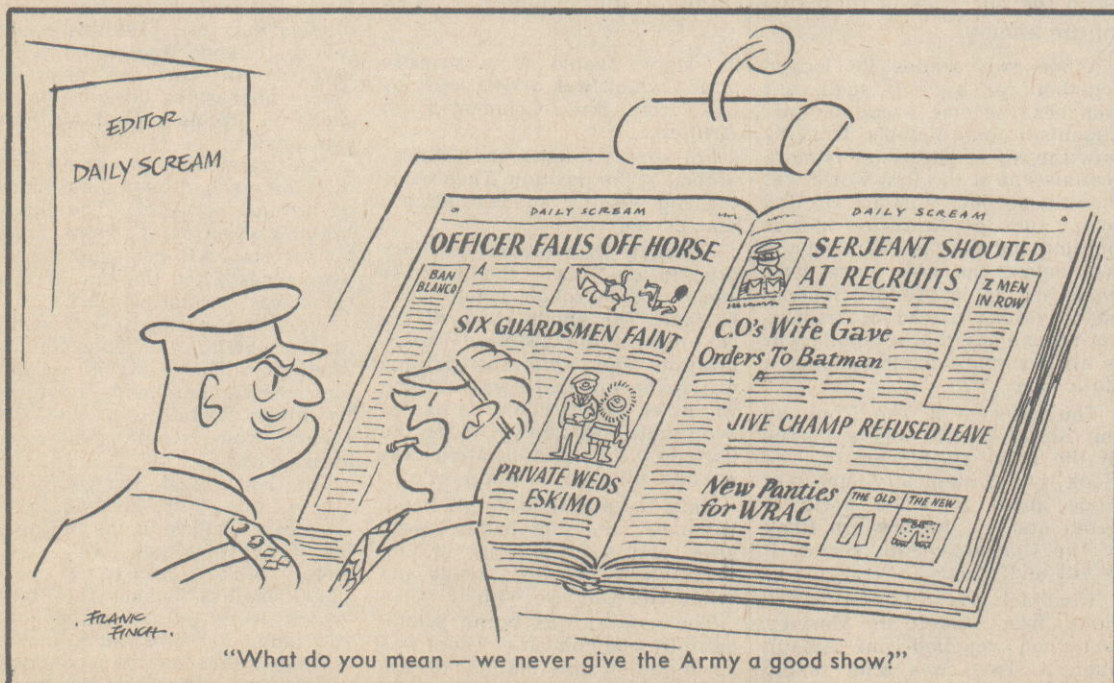
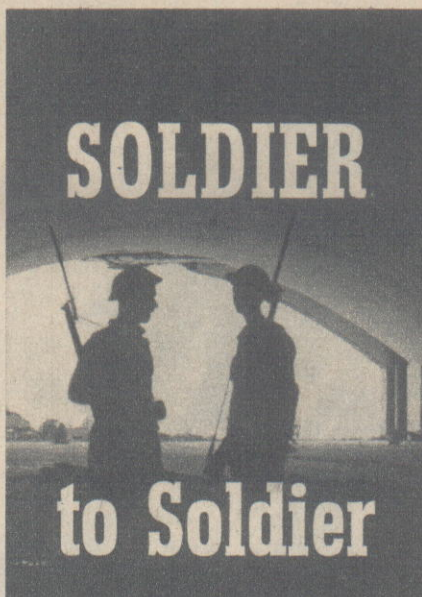
Was it possible, **SOLDIER** wondered, that people could still find something to laugh at in World War One — nearly 40 years after? Were there enough people to enjoy jokes about Blighty, lice, mademoiselles and wounds in unmentionable places? It looked as if there were.

Of course, things had changed a bit. There were microphones in the old estaminet, for one thing. The slang of the two world wars had tended to become confused. But the spirit of the Nurse Cavell scene, in which the gallant lady sang "Land of Hope and Glory" in her cell, while stitching the Union Jack which was to be her shroud, had not changed since 1915. The commentator in this scene spoke of the "dirty low-down Hun"; no concession to war criminals here. After the shooting (not shown) the Nurse appeared again as a cold grey statue on a plinth, while Servicemen of yesterday and today saluted her memory.

If this scene were produced in a modern West-end revue the critics would squirm in agony. But music hall patrons are evidently willing to see their war heroines honoured in this old-fashioned manner, in a show which features undraped girls in artistic poses.

All of which prompts the thought: a generation from now, will there be any popular revues about World War Two? Or will people still be in the mood for "Fred Karno's Army"? That first war had many advantages. It had the best songs, for one thing. And there was a unity about it. Take six ex-soldiers of World War One, and they all remember the trenches. Take six veterans of World War Two, and one remembers sand, another jungle, another bocage, another mountains, another a lurching landing craft, another the long jump into nothing. They fought six different wars. There might be enough desert sentimentalists to patronise

Continued on next page



SOLDIER to Soldier

(Cont'd)

a "Lili Marlene" revue in 1980, or there might not. It is significant that the most successful stage comedy about the Army since the war — "Reluctant Heroes" — deals with the fundamental humours of basic training, in which all shared.

Forty years is a long time to keep a joke going. But the veterans of World War One are fiercely proud of their war. Incidentally, they are debating with some vigour the revelations in the Haig Diaries, which the Field-Marshal directed should not be published until after a suitable interval. If he thought the issues would be dead by 1952, he was mistaken.

*

MENTION of the songs of the two world wars prompts a query: Who wrote "The Quartermaster's Store" — that song with the refrain:

*My eyes are dim, I cannot see,
I have not brought my 'specs
with me.*

There are scores of verses, many of them unprintable, running to this pattern:

*Cheese, cheese, crawls upon
its knees,
In the store, in the store...*

SOLDIER became interested in the origin of this song after reading a newspaper report that men of 167 (City of London) Field Ambulance were believed to have given birth to it. The oldest member of the unit, the Quartermaster himself (Captain J. M. Watts), had heard of the claim. One of his predecessors in the 1930's had been very short-sighted and had worn thick spectacles. It seemed likely that he had been the subject of the song — or at all events had inspired some of the verses. Possibly the unit had spread the song while travelling overseas. But there was nothing very firm to go on.

Then SOLDIER consulted the music publishers who had issued the song in World War Two. "It's traditional," they said. "We were not the first firm to publish it." Another firm of music publishers had printed it about 1930. "Traditional," they said, too. "It was sung in the Boer War. Wellington's men probably sang it."

Four libraries failed to unearth any trace of the song, but two librarians remembered singing it in their youth, one at Girl Guide camp fires and the other at Boy Scout camp fires. The Boy Scouts Association, however, knew nothing of its origin.

Finally, a bandmaster at Knelser Hall said: "I don't think anybody can tell you how the song began. It's the same with 'Bless em All.'"

Can any readers shed further light on "The Quartermaster's Store"?

*

"The Infantry remains the standard of the Army. If the Infantry are bad, no matter how good the other arms, it is a bad Army." — Field-Marshal Sir William Slim.



Here's a row of men who have just done a pretty good job. They're soldiers of the Black Watch, temporarily out of the line after the great free-for-all on The Hook.

"SHELL US!" CRIED THE INFANTRY —

It's an all-in and very intimate war on occasions in Korea. The Black Watch are to their own Gunners a match for the Chinese when it comes to improving on the manual of tactics

KOREA may go down in the history of the British Army under the heading "Small Wars."

Yet many veterans of World War Two are looking with a certain awe at the type of war the British soldier is fighting there now — an intimate, unorthodox and all-in style of fighting, in which men live on uncomfortably close terms with the barrages of their own Gunners, not to mention those of the enemy.

When two armies lie locked together for a long spell, slit trenches become dugouts and dugouts become tunnels. Thus, by now the Korea battle line is more reminiscent of the first world war than the second. Wits are entitled to say that the Army for once is fighting, not the last war, but the war before the last. Once more gains are being proudly reckoned in yards, instead of leagues. Let no one say that a mobile war is always more exciting than a static one.

The defence of The Hook by the Black Watch was a classic of the new, all-in warfare. The Hook is a strategically-important ridge about 30 miles north of Seoul and on the western flank of the Commonwealth sector. It is tall and muddy.

The Black Watch took over The Hook from American Marines, who had repelled one assault upon it. Two days after taking over, the Scotsmen, still digging in, were treated to a surprise attack which was driven back by fire from the Commonwealth Artillery.

For several nights, the Chinese probed at the position. Then came the big assault, sudden but not unexpected.

It began with intense artillery preparation. Then the Chinese came on through their own barrage. The shells changed the contours of the 200-yard square position, and while the barrage was going on, there was nothing the Black Watch could do except keep their heads down. When the barrage lifted, the position was already overrun by Chinese.

Hand-to-hand fighting followed; bayonets and grenades were used, and one Scot, out of ammunition, picked up a spade and killed two Chinese with it.

The assault was borne principally by one company. There was no room on the feature to use reinforcements, so the other com-

panies had to be content with using platoons to make local counter-attacks and mop up small parties of Chinese.

The foremost company were heavily outnumbered, so they decided to give the Chinese a taste of their own medicine. Twice the Scots retired into deep tunnels they had previously dug into the hillside, and called down Artillery fire on the position. Thus, both sides brought down shells on ground containing their own men.

The tunnel trick was one which the Chinese had used themselves on several occasions. The Black Watch's adoption of it took them by surprise. All the same, there were times when the fate of The Hook was in some doubt.

When the Commonwealth shelling, in which Allied guns joined, lifted from The Hook the second time, the Gunners made a ring of fire round the hill, to prevent the enemy from sending in reinforcements.

The battle had started about nine o'clock in the evening. Soon after four o'clock in the morning the Chinese attack was completely broken. Except for occasional small skirmishes, the Black Watch were left in triumphant and undisputed possession. It was estimated that into the confined space of The Hook, 14,000 shells

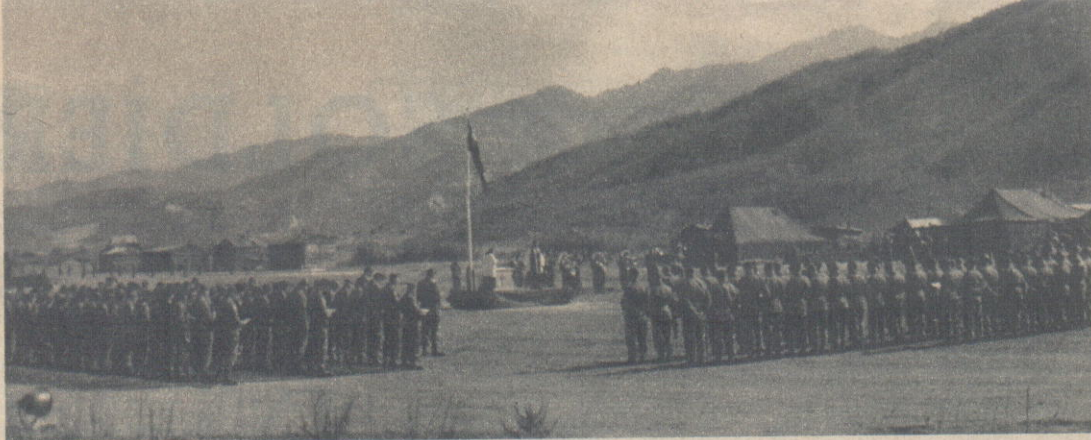
and mortar bombs, both United Nations and Communist, had fallen that night. The Chinese are believed to have had at least 130 killed and many wounded.

"Well done, Black Watch!" signalled the commander of 1st Commonwealth Division, Major-General M.M.A.R. West. "I know your casualties were high. But at least they were small compared with those of the enemy, who suffered real defeat at your hands."

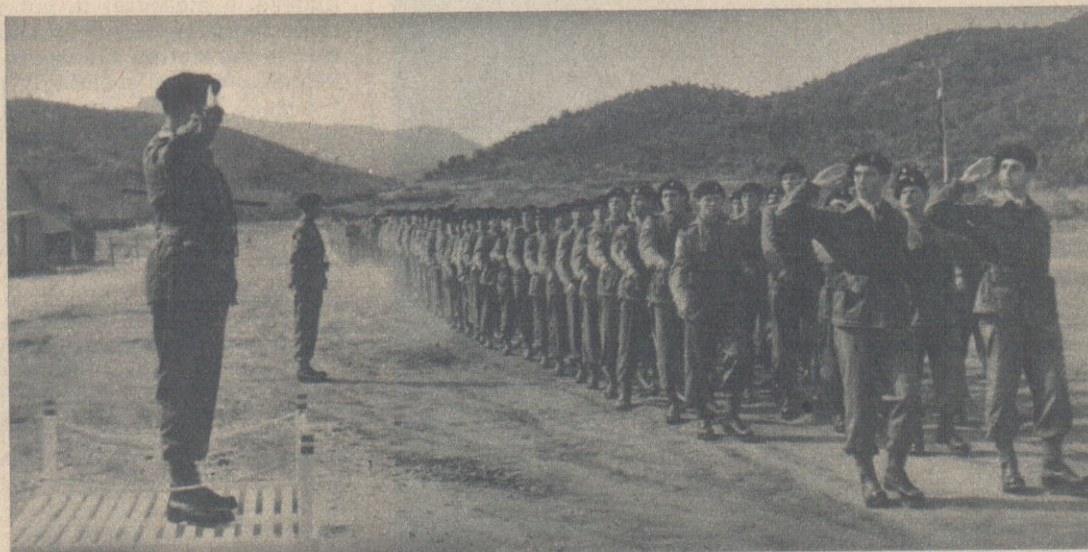
Less than a week after the battle for The Hook, The Royal Fusiliers made a raid in strength on an enemy outpost in No-Man's-Land. While men of the Royal Australian Regiment created a diversion, a company of the Royal Fusiliers moved forward in total darkness, and set up a firm base. Then two platoons pressed on, with the object of taking prisoners and blowing up enemy fortifications.

The Chinese discovered what was going on and attacked the base, first with artillery and mortars and then with Infantry. The two platoons which had gone forward reached their objective, but were heavily shelled and forced to return to their base. By the time they reached there, it was besieged.

There was bitter hand-to-hand fighting, in which both sides suffered heavy casualties. Then the Royal Fusiliers fought their way through the enemy cordon and returned to their own lines. The battle had lasted eight hours.



In Korea, they remember the Crimea... Bare-headed, the men of the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards hold a service on Balaclava Day. Below: Lieut-Colonel R. de C. Vigors DSO takes the salute of the Regiment.



The Gunners of the United Nations' forces are putting down some impressive barrages these days. Here is a small corner of the "empties" dump.

A SOLDIER TAKES

The Army will give the bride away, tie the knot, bake the wedding cake and arrange the honeymoon. What are you waiting for?

"It won't be a stylish marriage, We can't afford a carriage..."

DON'T believe it. An Army marriage can be quite a stylish occasion, whether in Catterick, Moascar or Singapore.

If the bride's father cannot be present, the bridegroom's commanding officer will probably regard it as a privilege (indeed, a pleasure) to put on his Sam Browne and give the bride away. He has been known to lend his private car for the ride to the station (transport regulations forbid the use of WD vehicles for this seemingly praiseworthy purpose).

Soldiers of the bridegroom's unit may decide to constitute themselves a guard of honour. There may also be bouquets and champagne, none the worse and conceivably the better for being supplied (though not free) by NAAFI.

To give the direct lie to the song-writer, there may even be a horse-drawn carriage. Army-owned coaches are available for romantic occasions at the leave-centres at Bad Harzburg and Winterberg, in Germany. And old stage coaches have performed similar duties before now in home garrisons.

Two or three years ago, a civilian welfare organisation accused soldiers of making a mess of their marriages. Whatever the truth about that, the Army does its tactful best to see that married soldiers get away to a good start.

There may seem a good deal of red tape to be unravelled before the wedding day, but sad experience shows that it is necessary. Overseas, a soldier who intends to marry must obtain his commanding officer's approval. He will then receive information

about local marriage regulations (Army and civilian) — information especially important when the bride is foreign-born.

He will also be fully-informed about his financial entitlements. At home, it is not necessary to ask Army permission to marry, though it is a customary courtesy to do so. Under-21's, of course, must have the written permission of their parents or guardians.

Before World War Two a soldier did not receive marriage allowance or permission to occupy married quarters until he was 26 (or 30 if an officer).

Now, at the age of 21, a Regular soldier (whether on short or long service) is eligible for the full range of married benefits. These include free travel for his family on postings, whether at home or abroad, if he is in a "families station," and "married accompanied rates" of local overseas allowance, if those rates apply in the area. He also begins to score points towards married quarters; but in most stations a soldier of 21 would have a long time to wait since the points scheme is weighted in favour of those with long service and higher rank. Nevertheless (in

A military wedding-cake: the artist in sugar was Mr. F. J. Abinett, of the NAAFI bakery at Ludgershall.



A BRIDE

Field-Marshal Sir William Slim's words) "a married soldier has a better chance of getting a house in the Army than he would in most places on the municipal housing list."

Since marriage is not merely a matter of financial arrangements, the soldier is well advised to have a talk with his chaplain — bringing his bride-to-be along to the interview.

The women's corps have their own regulations. A Service girl may claim her release on marriage (last year 800 girls left the Women's Royal Army Corps to marry).

A girl who decides to stay in the Service after marriage may claim two "wedding presents" from the Army: home posting, if her intended husband is already in Britain, and 14 days marriage leave, in addition to her ordinary entitlement of privilege leave. A married Servicewoman does not, of course, draw marriage allowance for her husband. If her husband is serving he will receive the allowance in the normal way. If a husband and wife are both serving they may not, by War Office regulations, be in the same unit.

At home, marriage procedure for the soldier is almost the same as for the civilian, but there are differences for Regulars and National Servicemen. A Regular's "home church" is considered to be the garrison church where he is stationed, and his banns are called there; a National Serviceman may, if he wishes, have his banns called at his civilian "home church."

Overseas, an Army chaplain may perform a marriage not only in a garrison church but in any recognised place of worship. In Rhine Army, weddings have taken place even in cinemas.

In a few overseas commands, it is possible under the Foreign Marriages Act for a Commander-in-Chief to appoint an officer to perform marriages. Such formalities, by an "appointed officer" (usually a member of the Staff) must take place "within the

lines" of an Army camp or headquarters.

In recent years many soldiers have been married in civilian clothes. As Number One Dress comes into service, however, the number of uniformed weddings is likely to increase. Provided they have received War Office permission, ex-officers taking part in a wedding ceremony may wear their old uniforms.

Formal guards of honour are frequently a feature of officers' weddings. In most regiments they are provided by the bridegroom's brother officers, who make an archway of swords. In some Cavalry regiments, troopers have formed archways of lances. In the Household Cavalry and Foot Guards it is customary for warrant officers and senior NCO's to provide the guards, with an archway of swords in the Household Cavalry, but not in the Foot Guards.

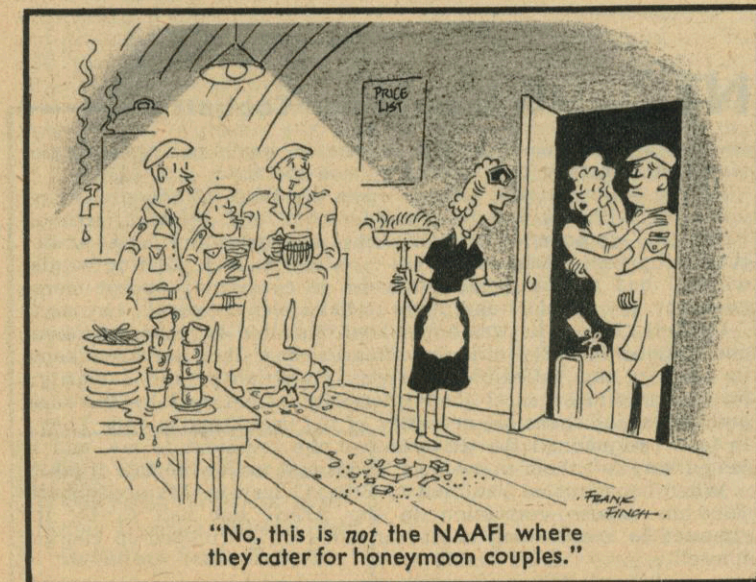
Many Servicemen, especially overseas, ask NAAFI to organise wedding receptions. Not so long ago NAAFI catered for 300 guests at the wedding of a major-general, but it is equally happy looking after half a dozen friends of a private soldier.

NAAFI has baked countless wedding cakes, some with confectionery aircraft and tanks on them. The Army Catering Corps can also produce a handsome wedding cake when requested.

Besides the cake, NAAFI will provide all the food, a marquee in which to hold the reception, decorations and a toastmaster. On occasions, NAAFI has also provided the bride.

Residential NAAFI clubs and overseas holiday camps do much business with honeymoon couples. The £250,000 club at Chatham has accommodated 300 of them in the last year. Here, a newly married pair may have a week's stay for a bill as low as £10. Nor does the bride need to darn her husband's socks on their honeymoon — the indefatigable Women's Voluntary Services will do it for her.

You don't get service like that in a civilian hotel!



L/Cpl. Reginald Crabtree and Corporal Bertha Comley — who shared the same military police jeep — are married in Germany.

THIS STORY STARTED IN A POLICE JEEP

YOU might think that romance could never burgeon in a military police jeep — but you would be wrong.

Lance-Corporal Reginald Crabtree, of the Corps of Royal Military Police, and Corporal Bertha Christine Comley, of the Women's Royal Army Corps, are now man and wife. They first met when they were assigned to the same military police jeep patrolling Bad Oeynhausen.

After that, they often had spells of duty together, both in jeeps and on foot. They decided to become engaged one night just before going off patrol, a contingency for which their patrol orders had made no provision.

The corporals' commanding officers approved their application to go home to England on leave together, so that they might introduce each other to their families. The Army considers this a wise move, and wishes many other couples would do the same.

Permission for the wedding to take place was given by Rhine Army Headquarters. Corporal Comley decided to make her own gown, though the WRAC unit in Bad Oeynhausen, like others, could have lent her one. The Army Catering Corps produced a certificate.

Archway of truncheons for a "Redcap" wedding.



Newly-weds stroll on the tea terrace at Chatham's NAAFI Club, where more than 300 Servicemen spent their honeymoons last year.

The RSM

He's a king-pin and a ramrod,
a presence and a voice: the
Regimental Serjeant-Major



"I am saluting you, Sir."

WHO is it, in the Army, who inspires awe both downwards and upwards?

The answer is the Regimental Serjeant-Major.

Recruits and subalterns alike are careful not to cross his path. Unit commanders treat his opinions with respect.

The Regimental Serjeant-Major is the king-pin of the lower organisation of fighting and training units. He plays a vital part in training all his subordinates, and junior officers. He is the shining example of the military virtues — leadership and obedience, efficiency and smartness.

Those of his juniors whose work passes his inspection without comment feel they are making the grade. Those who receive a word of praise, however grudging, from his lips start thinking about promotion.

The old picture of him as a blustering, ignorant disciplinarian dies hard. Today, he is an accomplished soldier with a first-class certificate of education — but still a disciplinarian. There is no situation for which he cannot

find apt and vivid words.

He is "regimental" to the core. There was one regimental serjeant-major of whom it was said that when he answered a telephone and found there was an officer on the other end of the line, he would spring to attention, grab his hat if necessary, salute and inform the caller, "I am saluting you, Sir."

Being "regimental" is essential to his job. That is why the most "regimental" of regiments, the Guards, produce more regimental serjeant-majors than others. Guards regimental serjeant-majors are much in demand for training establishments, transit camps and Colonial regiments.

The regimental serjeant-majors of Sandhurst and other places where officer-cadets are trained

achieve a lasting fame. Wherever subalterns or retired generals who trained at the same establishment gather together, the regimental serjeant-major is sure to be a subject of discussion.

One whose ears must frequently burn is ex-RSM A. J. Brand, who was regimental serjeant-major at Sandhurst for nine years. During World War Two alone, more than 28,000 officer cadets learned their drill under his supervision. He achieved fame in the newspapers as "The Voice," for it was claimed by his pupils that he could roar an order over a greater distance than anyone else.

The present holder of the Sandhurst appointment is RSM J. C. Lord, like Mr. Brand, a Grenadier Guardsman. He earned fame another way. He was captured while serving with the Airborne troops at Arnhem and sent to the notorious Stalag XIB at Falling-bomel. Here he found more than 4000 troops living in overcrowded misery, with insufficient food. He ordered every man who could stand to parade daily for physical training; he introduced daily inspections and guard mounting. His measures were unpopular at first, but men whose health and morale had been at the lowest ebb found themselves building up their strength and spirit. RSM Lord refused transfers to a more comfortable NCO's camp, to stay with his men. When the Germans marched prisoners off eastwards, he hid for five days under floorboards. A Coldstream Guards officer in the party which liberated the camp in 1945 found a guard at the gate which "could have gone on duty at Buckingham Palace."

Another famous Guardsman is RSM R. ("Great") Brittain of the Mons Officer Cadet School, a Coldstreamer, whose voice is claimed by his admirers to rival that of ex-RSM Brand. He is not

the only Guards RSM to have appeared — as himself — in films.

It is not only on parade-grounds and in offices that regimental serjeant-majors show up well. In battle they have earned their share of Distinguished Conduct Medals and also of Military Crosses (for which warrant officers, as well as junior officers, are eligible). That is when the men who have sweated under their discipline learn their worth. When the Glosters were surrounded, on the Imjin river, and the Commanding Officer gave company commanders the choice of surrender or trying to break out, RSM E. J. Hobbs gave up his chance of freedom to stay with the wounded, along with the Commanding Officer, the Medical Officer and the Chaplain.

Though the tradition which a regimental serjeant-major maintains in battle is as old as the Army, his appointment in its present form is not an old one.

The first serjeant-majors, in the 16th century, were officers of general rank. The appointment was sometimes known as serjeant major-general and remains today as major-general.

By the next century, the serjeant-major was the "third principal officer of the field," ranking between the lieutenant-colonel of a regiment and the senior captain. His functions were roughly those of an adjutant. One of his duties was to collect the day's password from headquarters. Having passed it to his superiors, he was to give it to all the serjeants of the regiment thus: "All the inferior serjeants are to stand round about him, and he is to deliver the word privately into the ear of the serjeant which stands on his right and he is secretly to



"All the inferior serjeants are to stand round about him, and he is to deliver the word privately into the ear of the serjeant on his right..."

"I RAN THE REGIMENT" said Serjeant-Major Cobbett

FEW serjeant-majors can have been so smug about their virtues as William Cobbett, the political firebrand of the early 19th century who joined the 54th (West Norfolk) Regiment by mistake — he thought he was joining the Royal Marines.

After being a corporal and clerk he was made serjeant-major of the regiment, which was serving in Canada, over the heads of 30 serjeants. "I naturally should have been an object of envy and hatred," he wrote later, "but [my] habit of early rising really subdued these passions; because everyone felt that what I did he had never done, and never could do. Long before any other man was dressed for parade, my work for the morning was well done, and I myself was on parade walking."

When officers took the parade, it was held in the heat of the day and interfered with preparations for dinner. When Cobbett took the parade "the men had a long day of leisure before them... so that here, arising solely from the early habits of one very young man, were pleasant and happy days given to hundreds."

As the annual review neared, Serjeant-Major Cobbett lectured on the "new discipline" to the officers, including the colonel. For

the benefit of several of the officers he made out lists of the words of command they should give in the field.

"There was I, at the review, upon the flank of the grenadier company, with my worsted shoulder-knot, and my high, coarse, hairy cap; confounded in the ranks amongst other men, while those who were commanding me... were, in fact, uttering words which I had taught them; and were, in everything except mere authority, my inferiors and ought to have been commanded by me."

Cobbett claimed he was outspoken. "I should have been broken and flogged for fifty different offences, had they not been kept in awe by my inflexible sobriety, impartiality, and integrity, by the consciousness of their inferiority to me, and by the real and almost indispensable necessity of the use of my talents. They, in fact, resigned all the discipline of the regiment to me, and I very freely left them to swagger about and to get roaring drunk."

When his regiment returned to Britain, Serjeant-Major Cobbett tried to expose corruption in the Army, but had to fly to America to avoid being court-martialled on a trumped-up charge himself.

whisper it into the ear of the next, and so on from one to another round, and the last man is to give it to the serjeant-major again. If the last man give it him wrong, then he must give it over again."

A few years after this a military text-book said the serjeant-major's duties were so many that "hee ought to have a swift nagge to carry him about the quarters and to visit his guards." (In modern times, at least one regimental serjeant-major has used a Corgi-type motor cycle.)

By the end of the 17th century, the name of this officer had been shortened to "major" and in 1724 comes the first mention of a non-commissioned serjeant-major, in the Foot Guards. The serjeant-major, however, was omitted from the official drill book of 1739. Where he did exist, he may not have been thought of very highly, since a book of military discipline, in 1743, mentions him only to say that the men would probably not parade so carefully before the serjeant-major as they would before the adjutant.

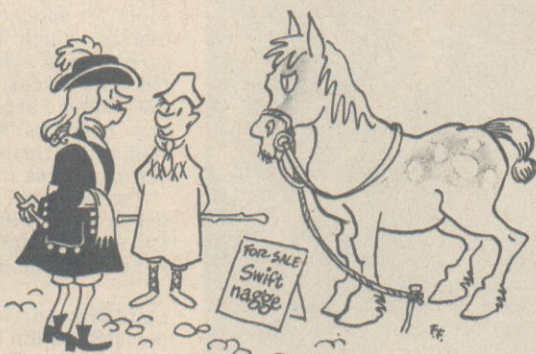
By 1777 the serjeant-major was probably coming into his own, since the author of "A Military Course" lays down: "He should be a man of real merit, a complete serjeant... a person who has discovered an early genius of discipline, and that had been taken notice of, for neglecting every other study but that." In 1802, when non-commissioned officers were first given chevrons, the serjeant-major received four.

His duties, at that time, seem to have been largely those of a staff-serjeant, in that he dealt with much paper work. It was not until 1829 that he was mentioned in the drill movement of a battalion. A dictionary of 1810, however, described the serjeant-major as an assistant to the adjutant whose duties included teaching drill, keeping lists of NCO's and rosters of the duties of NCO's and privates. The same dictionary said that in most regiments the serjeant-major was ordered to drill every young officer who came to the regiment and was paid by each officer he instructed — a guinea and a half in some regiments (notably Cavalry) and a guinea in others.

In 1881, the serjeant-major dropped his four chevrons and began to wear a crown. In the same year, it was recorded, the Cavalry had regimental and troop serjeant-majors, and the Artillery brigade and battery serjeant-majors. The official title of regi-

mental serjeant-major seems to have been long in coming in the Infantry. Company serjeant-majors were in existence as non-commissioned officers before World War One (Warrant Officers Class II came into being in 1915), but the warrant officer on battalion headquarters staff was known on the establishment, though not in practice, as plain serjeant-major until the early 1920's.

Even today, for all his regimental glory, the regimental serjeant-major does not take formal precedence over all other warrant officers. First, say Queen's Regulations, come conductors, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, master-gunners 1st class and staff serjeant-majors 1st class, ranking together in one group; then master-gunners 2nd class and garrison serjeant-majors. In the fourth group come "all other warrant officers class I," but here, Queen's Re-



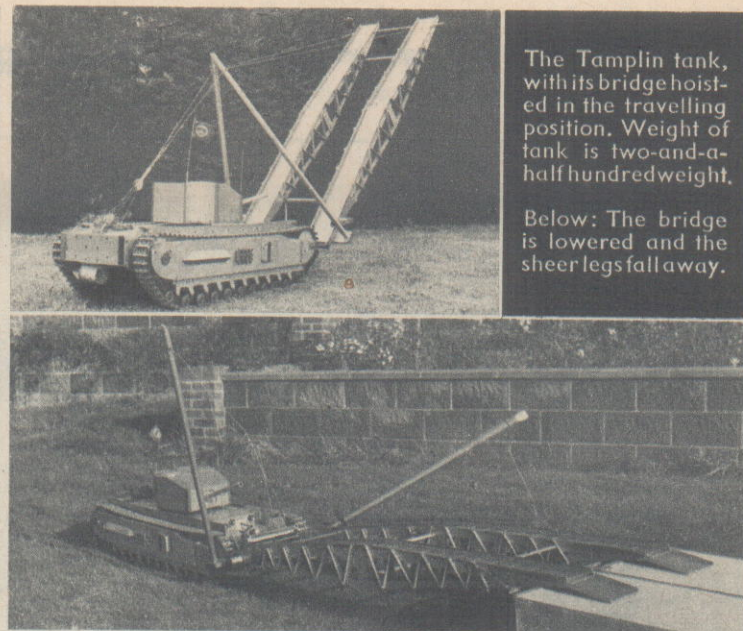
"Hee ought to have a swift nagge to carry him about the quarters."

gulations are careful to point out, the regimental corporal-major and regimental serjeant-major rank regimentally above other members of their group, whatever the dates of their appointments.

The regimental serjeant-major is losing one of his distinguishing features — the high-necked, whipcord tunic which he wore with Sam Browne belt. The tunic is dying out, along with officers' service-dress. The Sam Browne, however, stays to be worn with "unceremonial" Number One dress.

Regimental serjeant-majors in "teeth" Field Force units, are the only soldiers below commissioned rank to be awarded a batman on establishment. (For years, sticklers have maintained that regimental serjeant-majors are the only soldiers to have batmen; officers have servants. A staff-officer at the War Office told SOLDIER: "What they are called depends largely on the Arm they are in.")

Queen's Regulations lay down that NCO's and men will address warrant officers in the same way as they do officers. In the privacy of many serjeants' messes, the regimental serjeant-major was for long known as "Major," but this custom seems to be dying, and he is "Sir" to most of his fellow-members. In the Guards, the officers address him as plain "Serjeant-major," but in others he is "Mister X."



The Tamplin tank, with its bridge hoisted in the travelling position. Weight of tank is two-and-a-half hundredweight.

Below: The bridge is lowered and the sheer legs fall away.

NOW IT LAYS ITS OWN BRIDGE

REMEMBER that model tank (described in SOLDIER, October 1951) which could accept 12 different "orders" by radio?

Now, besides firing its gun, putting down a smoke screen and other accomplishments, it can lay its own bridge, and cross it, just like a real Armoured Vehicle, Royal Engineers.

The inventor, Mr. Alan Tamplin, of Birdham, near Chichester, got the idea as he pored over a book about 79 Armoured Division, which operated the "funnies" in World War Two. With only the pictures in the book to help him, he set out to turn his tank into a bridge layer.

He built a six-foot duralumin bridge, one end of which fits into a bracket on the front of the tank. The other end is supported by cords passing over sheer-legs and through precision ball-race pulley blocks to a winch at the rear of the tank.

When the tank is manoeuvred into position in front of a dummy sea-wall, the front end of the bridge is lowered by the rear winch. As it touches the wall, a spring shackle in the tackle holding the bridge is released, and the sheer-legs fall away.

The tank backs slowly until the rear of the bridge is out of its holding bracket. Mr. Tamplin found that if the rear end was allowed to drop, the bridge was apt to bounce out of position. So when it leaves the bracket, it is

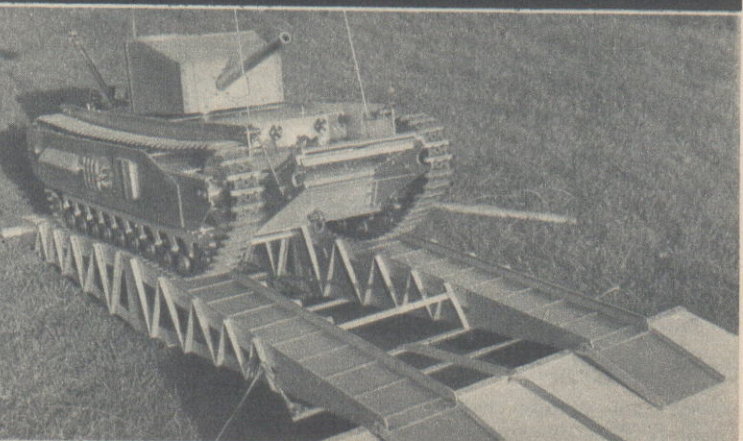
suspended by a cord to a winch at the front of the tank. This winch lowers the rear of the bridge, and when it touches the ground, a bulb on the bridge lights up to tell the operator that the bridge is free of rigging. The tank then moves forward and climbs over its own bridge.

To go through its complete range of tricks, Mr. Tamplin's tank now obeys 18 different wireless orders.

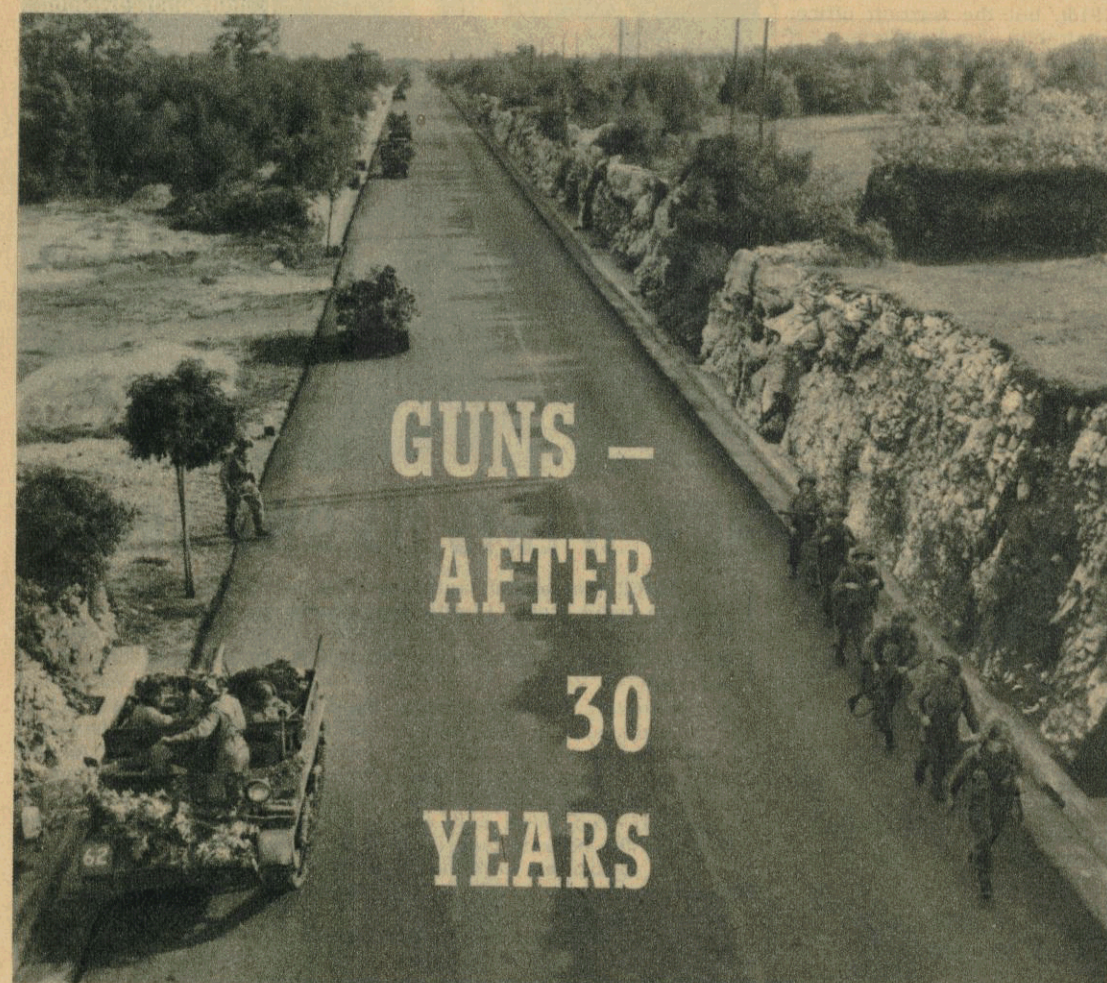
All this meant a great deal more work for Mr. Tamplin, who has now spent 4000 hours on the model. New forward and reverse crawl speeds were needed for manoeuvring the tank into position by the dummy sea-wall. The commercial radio receiver, which was the tank's first "brain," was replaced by two home-made receivers, one a stand-by.

As an extra, Mr. Tamplin has fitted the rear of the tank with a magnetic grab which will lift "mines" weighing four or five pounds. The tank then carries them to water where the grab is de-magnetised, causing the "mines" to drop.

In obedience to a radio command, the tank now climbs its own bridge.



SOLDIER's cover picture shows Regimental Serjeant-Major Duncan Gibson, 2nd Battalion Scots Guards.



MORE than 30 years have passed since the last shot rang out in 1918 over the crags and defiles of Mount Ermada, near Trieste.

There, for more than three long, heart-breaking years, the Italian and Austrian Armies had struggled for the height which guards the western gateway to this Adriatic Port. Recently Mount Ermada again heard the sound of guns when British and American troops took part in four-day manoeuvres.

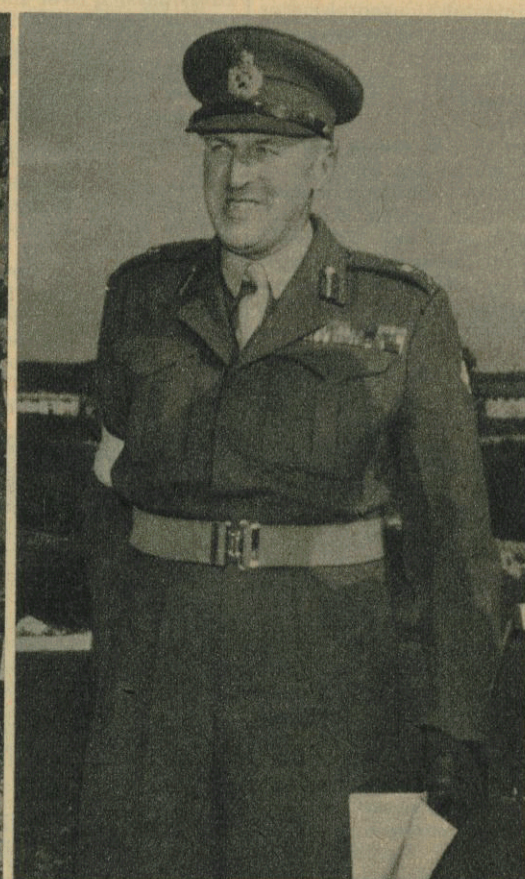
Zone "A" of the Free Territory, in which British and American forces are stationed, occupies only 86 square miles — little room for modern armies to manoeuvre; much training is therefore done in Austria or elsewhere. On this occasion the whole of the Allied Force left their offices and barracks for the hills surrounding Trieste (the city, it was assumed, was in flames).

The object of the exercise, which was directed by Major-General Sir John Winterton, the Zone Commander, was to train

Left: Bren carriers and Infantry of the 1st Battalion The North Staffordshire Regt. advance up the autostrada towards Mount Ermada. The leading carrier has its gun pointed to the rear in readiness for a rumoured ambush from the left.



Assistant umpire with brewup can: Sjt. R. Wharton, Cameron Highlanders.



His city was "in flames": Major-General Sir John Winterton, Trieste Zone Commander.



Testing lines at the roadside: Captain Francis Jerram, Royal Signals.

American and British troops combined to hold mountain manoeuvres in Austria and Trieste. Everybody co-operated, except the Weather Clerk

the British and American troops into a combined Allied force under battle conditions. The "enemy" wore American "Aggressor" uniform — which included green shirts and Roman-type helmets. Opposed to them, under Major-General William R. Bradford, United States Army, was a force which included the 1st Battalions of the North Staffordshire and the Loyal Regiments. Despite "demolitions" and counter-raids, they forced the enemy back to the frontiers of Italy and Jugo-Slavia.

Intense rain fell on the first evening, bringing motor-cyclists to a halt in narrow, mud-churned lanes. But soaked as they were, men did not forget their camouflage; tank tracks were at once covered, even though spotting aircraft were grounded by the weather. Later came the whine of Royal Air Force jet fighters at tree top-height. The pilots had flown over from Germany.

British soldiers lived with American units, and vice versa. "American food was great, but I'd prefer pancakes and syrup for tea, instead of breakfast," said a British soldier. The Americans missed their hot coffee. — *From a report by Major Alan Coomber, Military Observer in Trieste.*



In the Royal Signals cookhouse: hot bully beef stew was never so popular.

MUDLARKS UNDER THE ALPS

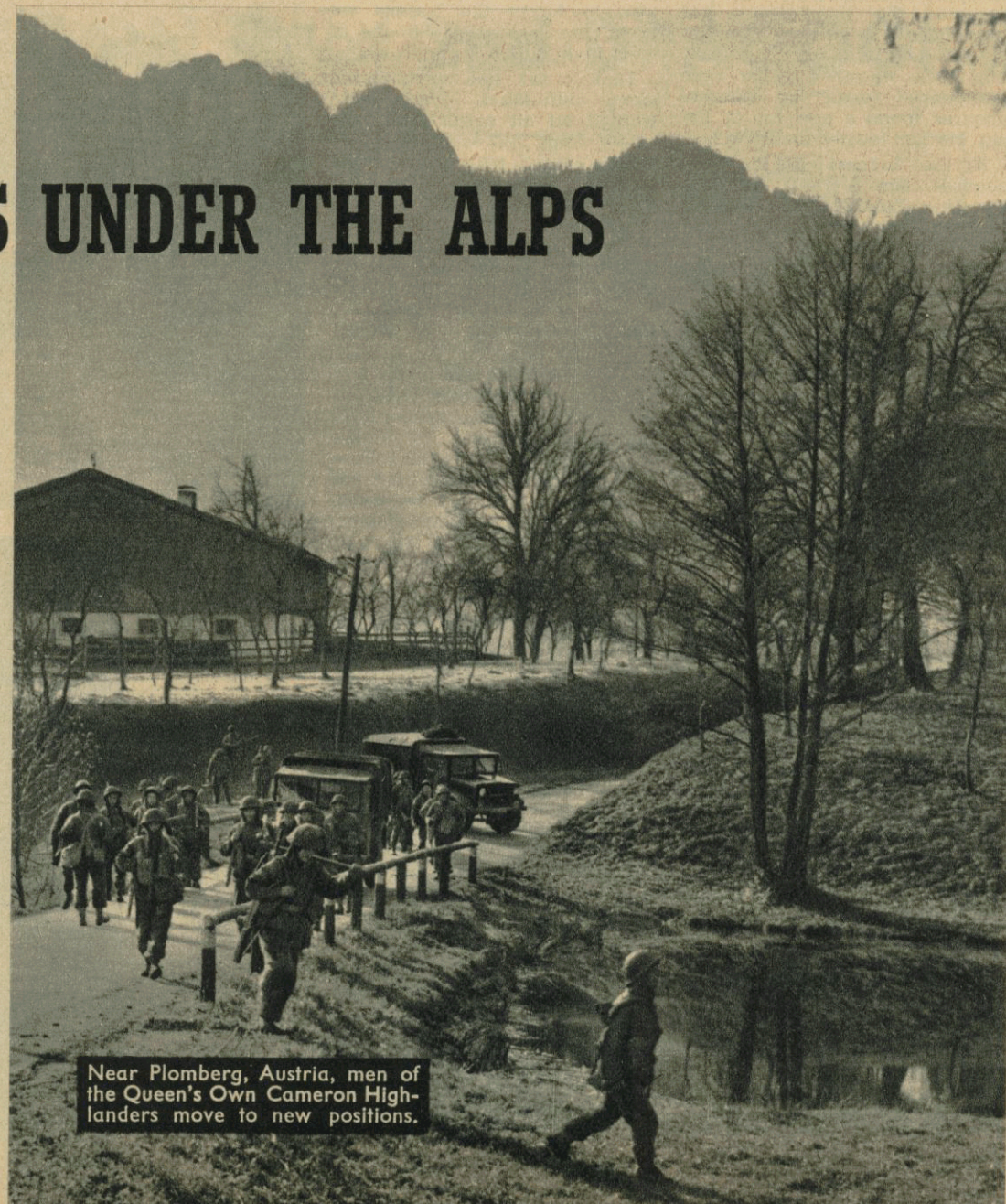
EXERCISE Frosty it was called — and everything happened except frost.

British troops in Austria — notably the 1st Battalions of the Cameron Highlanders and the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, plus the 11th (Independent) Field Squadron, Royal Engineers — supplemented a large American force, drawn mainly from Austria with elements from Germany and Trieste.

The British (who were issued with dollar scrip at the rate of 1.50 dollars per man per day) were committed to the defence of the approaches to Salzburg and Bad Ischl against "Aggressor" forces advancing from the north.

From Day One onwards, until the withdrawal was almost completed, the Scots and the Engineers took a thorough soaking from the weather as they fell back, according to plan, to the town of Mondsee, with no thought for the beautiful lake scenery, amid snow-capped mountains. They hardly settled anywhere long enough even to do full justice to their 'C' rations and certainly never came within reach of a mobile PX to spend that scrip.

By Day Five comparative peace **OVER**



Near Plomberg, Austria, men of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders move to new positions.



Left: Riding high (and dry) on an American tank come men of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment. Above: The Americans carried realism to the point of photographing their "prisoners-of-war."

MUDLARKS UNDER THE ALPS (Cont'd)

had been restored to the little lakeside town of Mondsee. The rumble of the tanks had momentarily ceased, the jet planes had departed, the shopkeepers had settled down to do some flourishing business with the Americans. The Jock who had twice been pronounced "dead" by different umpires found a new joy in living. He had located the PX at last.

At the "inquest" on the manoeuvres came a frank admission by the Commanding General United States Forces Austria, who was also Director of the Manoeuvres, of the mis-use of vehicles. He even went so far as to declare that the Americans have too many of them. They might prove a handicap in any future operation, he warned.

To his junior commanders he said: "You are not doing your soldiers a favour by allowing them to ride the last mile. The easiest way is invariably the most costly."

Major-General R. E. Urquhart, GOC-in-C British Troops Austria, who attended the manoeuvres by invitation of the Americans, took

up a point touched upon by his American opposite number — the importance of digging in. "We are all apt, some years after a war, to forget the lessons we learnt the hard way and one of them is digging."

Tank crews had encountered many difficulties. They were warned off all agricultural land where crops had been sown, and consequently, with most other vehicles, were road-bound. The tanks often were wider than the roads on which they were supposed to operate. When a tank commander took the bit between his teeth and veered off onto a piece of open ground, up would race the local landowner in hot pursuit.

At first light on the seventh day the exercise was under way again, with the roles reversed. At midday a thunderstorm struck the area, followed by heavy snow. By ten o'clock the following morning it was all over and 20,000 Americans spent the weekend looking for their weather forecaster. — *From a report by Captain W. F. Cousins, Military Observer in Austria.*



A casualty is loaded into a transparent container at the side of the insect-like helicopter.



Left: Major-General R. E. Urquhart, commanding British Troops Austria is welcomed by United States Col. E. Barlow.



Right: This happens even in the best regulated of exercises.



The standards of the Queen's Bays and the 2ème Regiment de Dragons on parade together at Offenburg, in the French Zone of Germany. (Photographs: Sjt. F. Covey).

2nd DRAGOONS *Meet* 2nd DRAGOONS

ANOTHER link has just been forged in the chain of friendship that binds the Queen's Bays (the 2nd Dragoon Guards) to their opposite numbers in the French Army, the 2nd Condé Dragoons.

With the approval of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth, The Queen Mother, who is the Queen's Bays' Colonel-in-Chief, a representative party of the Regiment, headed by Lieut-Colonel H. J. G. Weld MC, visited the French Dragoons at Offenburg, near Strasbourg, in the French Zone of Germany.

They took the Regimental Standard with them on their three-day visit and paraded it alongside that of the French Dragoons.

It is believed that this was the first time in history that a British Cavalry standard has been paraded before troops of a foreign power. The French troops marched past and saluted the Queen's Bays' standard.

The friendship between the two units started soon after the late war. The Queen's Bays, then in Italy met the French 2nd Dragoons who were stationed in Austria, at some sporting trials in Klagenfurt.

Then in 1946 at the Castle of Tratzberg, in the Tyrol, a delegation of the Queen's Bays was warmly received by the 2nd Dragoons.

Now that both units are stationed in Germany the union has strengthened. At a parade in Offenburg in 1950, Lieut-Colonel A. Sauve of the 2nd Dragoons appointed Lieut-Colonel Weld Honorary Dragoon, First Class and

presented him with a case containing the cap, Croix-de-Guerre lanyard, badges and appropriate insignia.

At a regimental luncheon during the 1950 visit, Lieut-Colonel Weld conveyed to the French regiment a personal message of goodwill from the Queen: "She is most happy to know that so perfect a union exists between our two regiments which bear the same number, and which have similar tasks in the midst of our two armies..." He then presented two silver "Trumpets of Honour," engraved with the words, "Les Queen's Bays au 2e Regiment de Dragons." — Report by Major F. E. Dodman, Rhine Army Public Relations.



2^{ème} REGIMENT de DRAGONS

Ordre du Régiment N° 625

En vertu des pouvoirs qui Cui sont Conférés par le règlement du Service dans l'Armée, discipline générale 1ère partie. Titre III. Article 35.

Le Lieutenant-Colonel A. SAUVE
Commandant le 2ème Régiment de Dragons

nomme **DRAGON HONORAIRE** de 1ère Classe
à compter du 17.11.1950

Le Lieutenant-Colonel

Humphrey WELD M.C.
des Queen's Bays

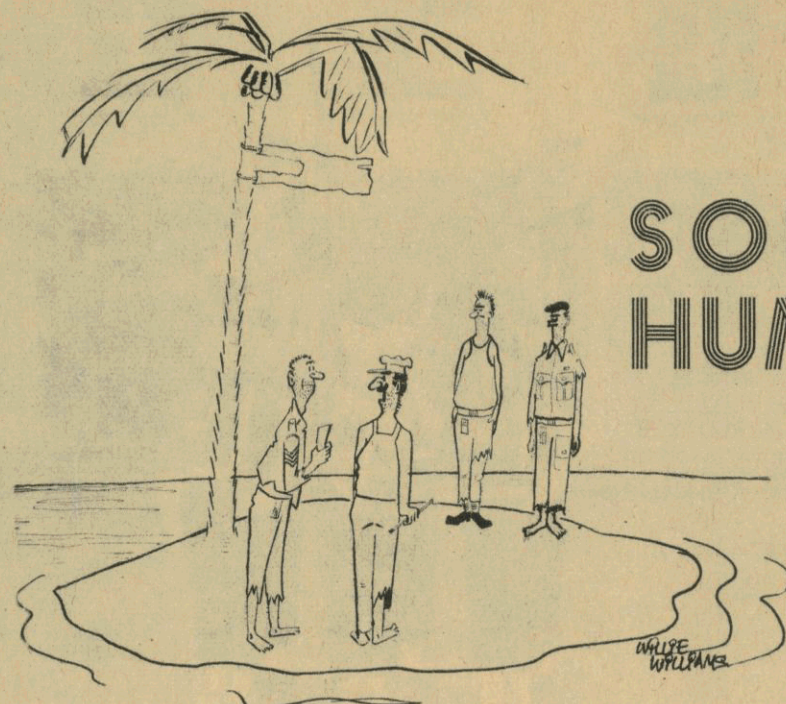
Cet Officier Supérieur est placé à l'escadron de Commandement

P.C. le 16 Novembre 1950

Le Lieutenant-Colonel A. SAUVE
Commandant le 2^e Regt. de DRAGONS

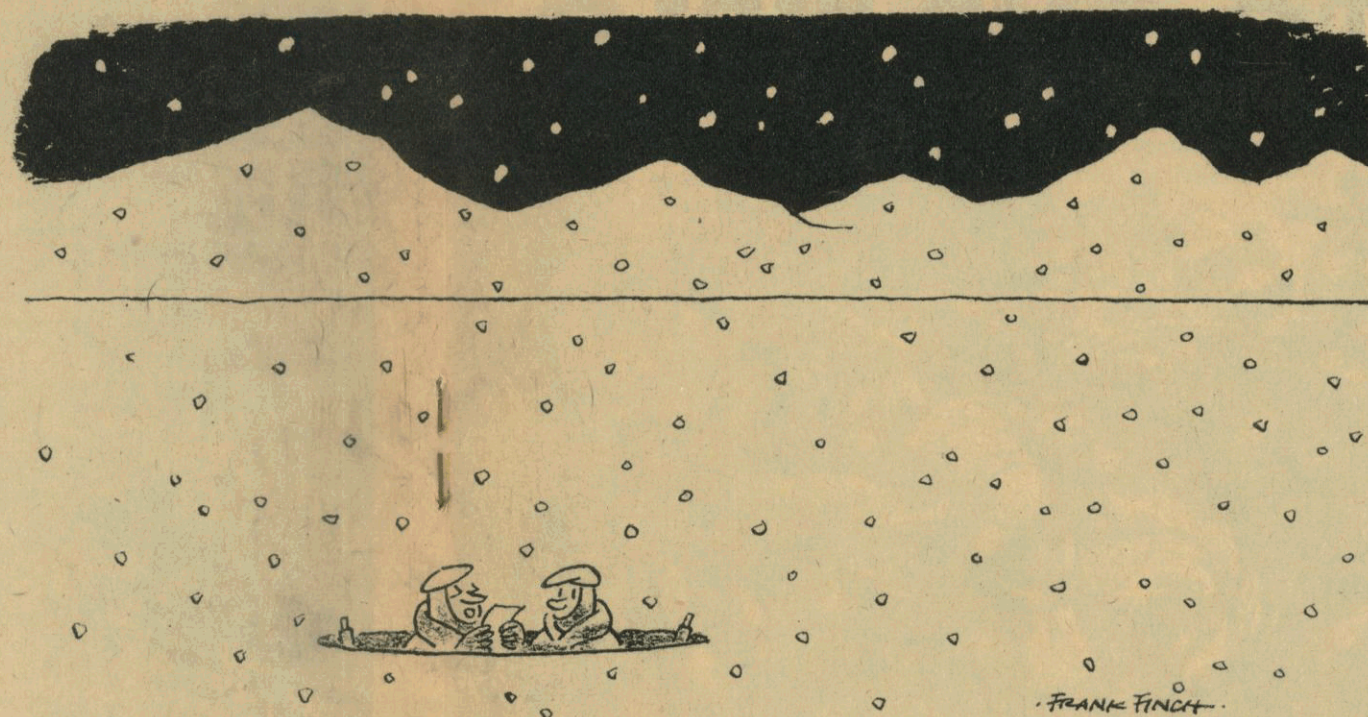


This certificate appoints the Commanding Officer of the Queen's Bays Lieut-Colonel H. J. G. Weld MC, an Honorary Dragoon, First Class, in the 2ème Regiment de Dragons. Left: A sergeant of the Bays is shown a letter sent to the French regiment by Napoleon, before Waterloo.



SOLDIER HUMOUR

"Don't you think calling the roll every morning is going a bit far, Serjeant?"

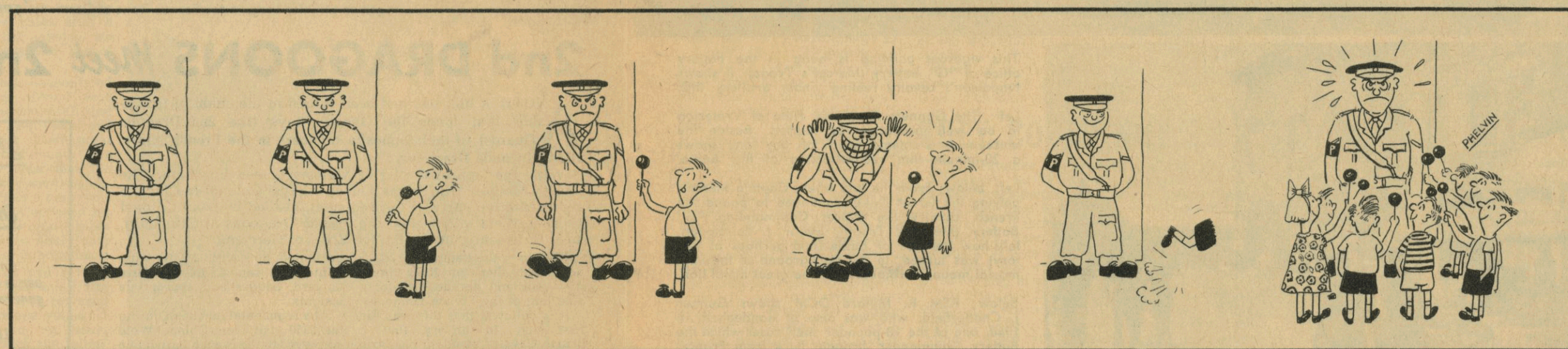
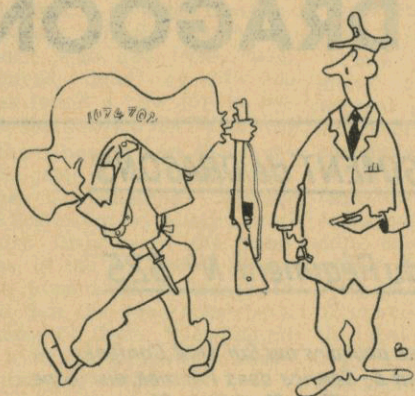


"Dear Bert," he says, "how's things in Korea? We are feeling rather lost this evening — the television's broken down."

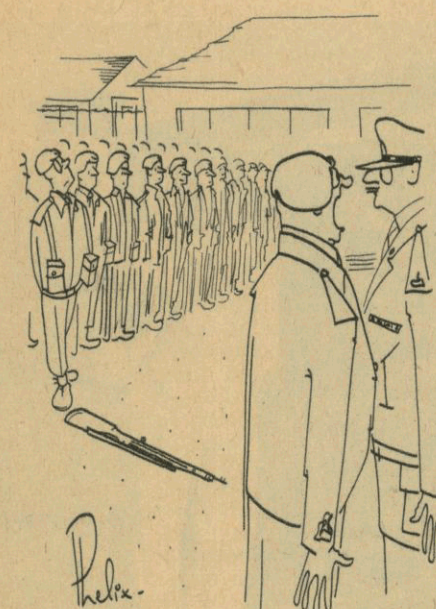
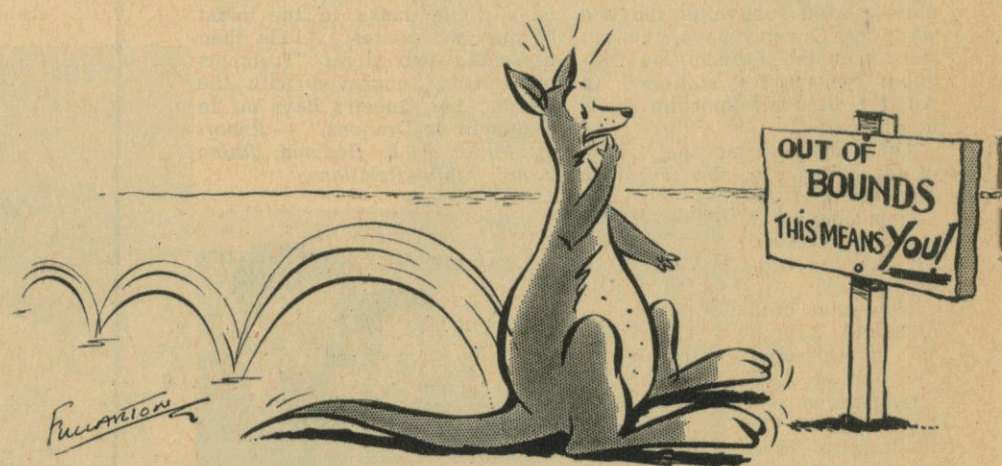


"It's for you."

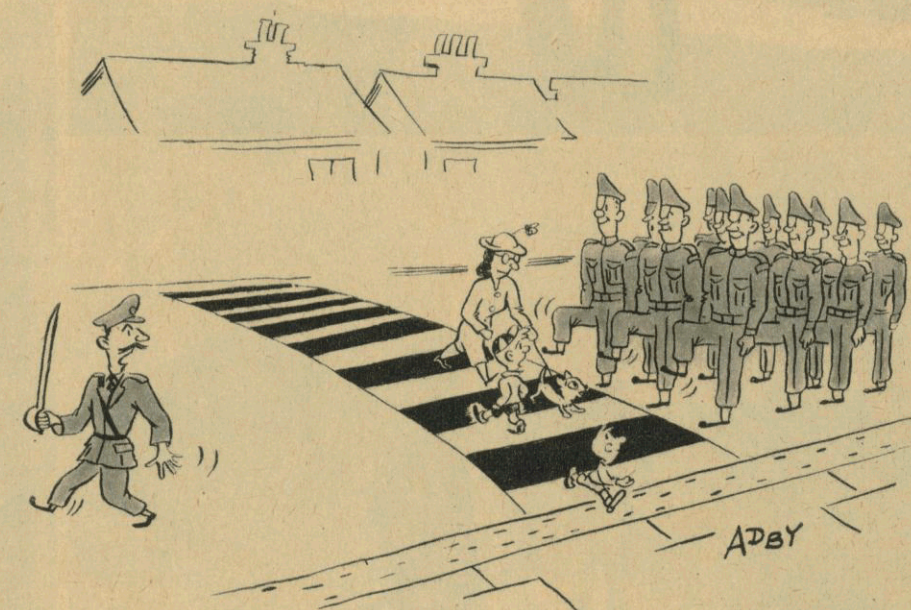
TICKETS



"Remember, it's a top secret, Humphrey."



"Perhaps you'd like to have a go, sir — he says his name's Sam."



BACK TO THE FIELD

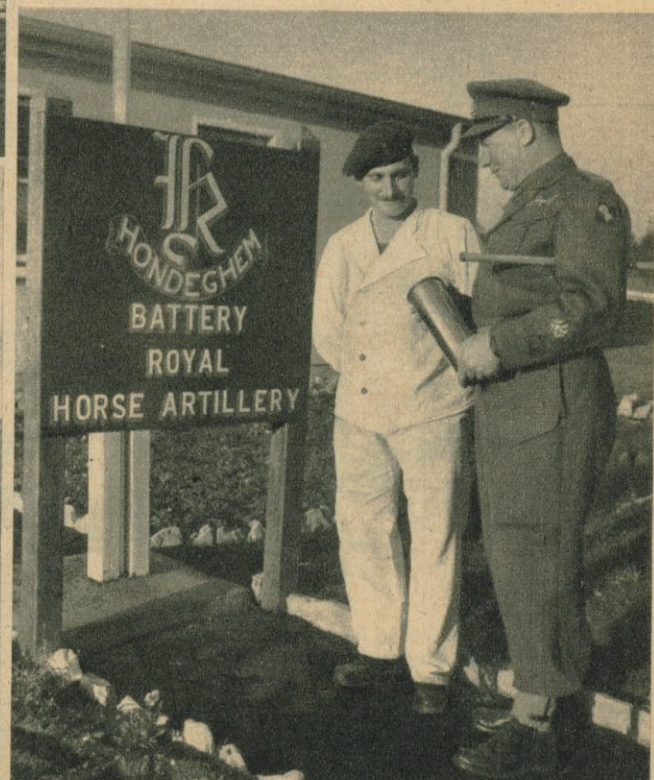


This vigorous painting is hung in the battery office of "G" Battery (Mercer's Troop). It shows Napoleon's cavalry reeling under artillery fire.

Left: The Gunners found the Field of Waterloo to be well prepared for tourists. Beside the museum is a cinema which all day long shows a 20-minute film reconstruction of the battle.

Left, below: From the spot where Captain Mercer, defying the Great Duke, continued to pound the French cavalry, the Officer Commanding "G" Battery (Mercer's Troop), Major J. Fairclough, tells how the tide of battle (and perhaps of history) was turned. In the background is the memorial mound surmounted by the great metal lion.

Below: RSM R. Millard DCM shows Gunner J. Chatterfield, who was also at Hondegghem in 1940, one of the 18-pounder shell cases which the Battery Commander brought back from France.



OF HONOUR

From Germany, two famous batteries of the Royal Horse Artillery went back to the battlefields in Belgium and France where they once defied tremendous odds

FORTUNATE are those units which, by the accident of their postings, are able to revisit their old battlefields.

From Rhine Army two renowned batteries of the 5th Regiment Royal Horse Artillery recently made pilgrimages to their fields of honour. To Waterloo, in Belgium, went the Gunners of "G" Battery (Mercer's Troop), and to the little village of Hondegghem in northern France went the Gunners of "K" (Hondegghem) Battery.

Who was Mercer? He was 2nd Captain Alexander Mercer who, at the Battle of Waterloo, commanded "G" Troop (troops were later re-designated batteries) in support of the Brunswick Infantry fighting with the British against Napoleon. In defiance of the Duke of Wellington's orders to withdraw between the Infantry squares if the French charged home, the Troop held firm and continued firing its guns, inflicting tremendous casualties. Three times the French charged, on the last occasion to within a few feet of the guns, but each time they were driven back. When the third charge had been routed the French withdrew in disorder and the British Infantry moved forward to deal the *coup-de-grace*.

But "G" Troop was almost annihilated. Of its 200 horses, 140 were killed. Most of the Troop were killed or wounded and the remainder, when ordered to advance, were too exhausted to move.

Mercer and his Troop undoubtedly contributed largely to the British victory at Waterloo but, because his order had been disobeyed, the Duke of Wellington refused to recognise their gallantry. He was so displeased that shortly afterwards he personally intervened to relieve Mercer of the command of another troop and refused to grant him brevet rank. It was not until many years later, when 2nd Captain Mercer had reached the rank of general, that the War Office made amends by recommending him for the Order of the Companion of the Bath.

The honour of being allowed to include the name Mercer in its title was granted to the Battery at the beginning of this century, shortly after it had been commanded in the Boer War by Captain Mercer's grand-nephew who later became Major-General Sir H. E. Mercer.

Today in the battery office of "G" Battery (Mercer's Troop) hangs a copy of a painting depicting the Troop in action at Waterloo (the original hangs in the Royal Artillery officers' mess at Larkhill). Nearby is a parchment listing the officers and men of the Troop who fought at Waterloo, and laid out on a table are Captain Mercer's Waterloo medal and parts of his diary. In the officers' mess are a sabre-tache worn by an officer of the Troop at Waterloo and a model of the Fallen Eagle, replica of the monument that overlooks the field of Waterloo today.

The men of "G" Battery (Mercer's Troop) who visited Waterloo

found that the battlefield is now a cornfield. They stood on the spot where the Troop deployed its guns and walked over the fields where the British Infantry dealt the death blow to Napoleon's Army.

The honour given to "K" (Hondegghem) Battery commemorates an heroic action in which the Battery took part in World War Two when the British Army was falling back on Dunkirk. The Battery headquarters and "F" Troop held Hondegghem for eight hours against vastly superior German armoured forces and with accurate supporting fire from "D" Troop inflicted heavy casualties. As they withdrew they fought another spirited action to break through the German-held village of St. Silvestre, where they cleared the way with a furious bayonet charge.

Three of the men who were given immediate decorations for their leadership and bravery in

the action accompanied the Battery back to the scene of its stand. Colonel Rawdon Hoare DSO, MC (then commanding the Battery and now a London businessman) met the Battery in France; Major Brian Teacher MC (then commanding "F" Troop) made the journey from 2nd Infantry Division headquarters in Rhine Army; and Regimental Sergeant-major R. Millard DCM, of the 5th Regiment Royal Horse Artillery, who in 1940 was the Battery Sergeant-major, joined the party in Germany.

They showed the men of the Battery where the guns had been sited and pointed out the church in Hondegghem whose tower had been used as an observation post. A gap in the village street was once a villa where the cookhouse had been — until it was destroyed by the Battery at point-blank range when the Germans occupied it. Major Teacher took the Gunners to the spot in St. Silvestre where he had been wounded and there met a French woman who remembered seeing him fall. She insisted on their drinking wine together.

The party also visited the cemeteries in Hondegghem and St. Silvestre where some of those killed in the action are buried.



At Hondegghem, Colonel Rawdon Hoare DSO, MC, who commanded "K" (Hondegghem) Battery in 1940, stands with the present Battery Commander, Major H. J. de W. Waller, on the spot where one of his guns was sited.

THEY COULD NOT GO BACK TO ALBUHERA, BUT—

THE battlefield of Albuhera is a long way from Hornsey. So Territorials of the 7th Battalion The Middlesex Regiment decided to reconstruct the site of their most famous victory in their drill hall.

The story of the battle was told by the Adjutant, Captain P. L. Pearce Gould, playing the part of an Albuhera veteran and dressed in Peninsular uniform. With him were two serjeant-majors and two privates, also in period uniform.

The 57th (now the 1st Battalion of the Middlesex Regiment), went into battle a stubby unit, with an average height of five feet five inches, but highly trained; of 659 NCO's and men, only 156 had less than four years service.

Albuhera was a fierce battle in which the British "were conscious of nothing but of dense smoke, constant closing towards the centre, a slight ten-

dency to advance and an invincible resolution not to retire." The line dwindled, and gaps between battalions grew as men still on their feet edged closer to their Colours.

Colonel William Inglis, who commanded the 57th, had his horse shot dead under him as he dressed the Regiment before the battle. Without taking his eyes off his men, he shook his feet clear of the stirrups and led the 57th into action on foot.

It was he who earned the Middlesex their nickname when he urged them: "Die hard, Fifty-Seventh! Die hard!"

The battle lasted six or seven hours, and seven out of every ten men of the 57th were killed or wounded. Next day, the rations of one company were drawn by one man. Of the fallen, it was said that, "every wound was in front."



Dressed in Peninsular War uniform an officer of the 7th Battalion The Middlesex Regiment describes the battle which earned the Regiment the name of "The Diehards." (Courtesy of Hornsey Journal)

EAST AFRICA



THE FUSILIERS ARE THERE

Preceded by the Kenya Band of the King's African Rifles, men of the Lancashire Fusiliers march to their quarters in Nairobi.

OPERATIONS against Mau Mau terrorists in Kenya are following a familiar post-war pattern, as traced in Palestine, Malaya, Eritrea, Egypt and elsewhere.

Co-operating with the Kenya police are men of the Lancashire Fusiliers, the Kenya Regiment (local white volunteers) and the King's African Rifles.

To the British soldier it's just the old routine. He tackles it philosophically, keeps his temper and his sense of humour.

Just like a scene from Palestine during the troubles. These old armoured cars are used by European volunteers in the Kenya Police Reserve.

Members of a Lancashire Fusiliers patrol examine foot prints in the mud of a bush track,



WEST AFRICA

ON a grim day in June 1900, a messenger slipped out of the red fort at Kumasi, on the Gold Coast, and through the hordes of besieging Ashanti warriors.

The message he carried was a tiny scrap, smaller than a cigarette paper. It was written in French, so that if it was captured there would be less chance of the besiegers interpreting it.

"We have found the means, with the greatest difficulty, of holding on here until Wednesday the 20th, inclusive," said the message. It was dated the 17th.

The writer was Sir Frederic Hodgson, Governor of the Gold Coast. With him in the fort were his wife, three women missionaries, six doctors, six European civilians, 12 British officers and 750 Hausa troops from Nigeria. Outside the walls thousands of refugees were camped, protected by a cordon of troops. They had been cut off for nearly eight weeks, and food and ammunition were running low. Pets had been eaten, and even the normally abundant lizards were getting scarce.

By the 23rd there was still no sign of a relief column. Leaving behind two British officers, a sick doctor, and 150 men, the Governor marched his half-starved garrison and the refugees out of Kumasi. After three days, they reached friendly country, having

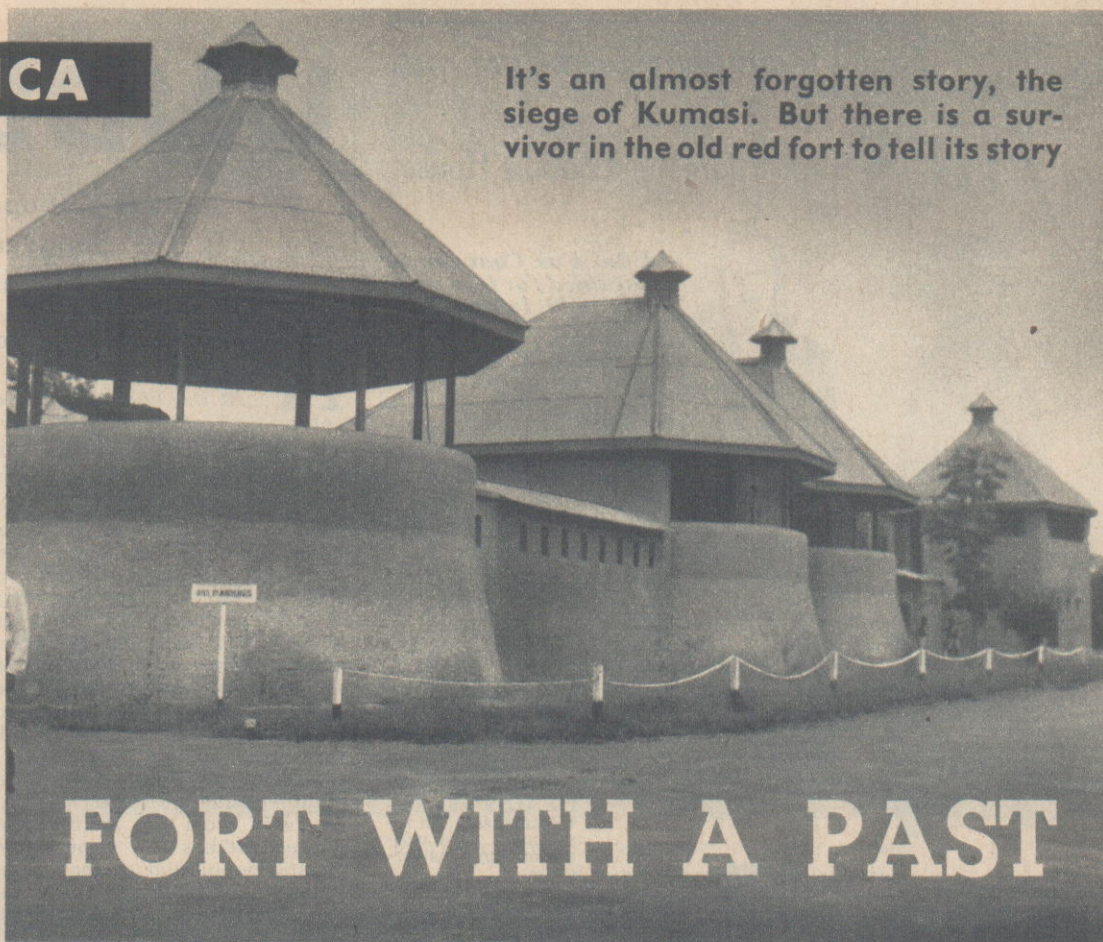
lost a fifth of their fighting men. The men who stayed behind had to wait three more weeks for relief.

One of the survivors of that siege was a young African boy of about 15 who was servant to a doctor. His name was Bukare Moshi (Moshi being the name of his tribe). Bukare was not finished with war. Two years after the siege he joined the Gold Coast Regiment.

For the past 11 years he has been back at the fort in Kumasi. Ex-Regimental Serjeant-Major Bukare Moshi DCM, MM, who retired in 1927, is now curator of the building, which has been turned into the museum of the Gold Coast Regiment.

Left: Wearing his DCM and MM is ex-RSM Bukare Moshi, who helped defend Kumasi, more than 50 years ago. Right: red-jacketed guards from the Gold Coast Regiment are inspected outside the fort.

It's an almost forgotten story, the siege of Kumasi. But there is a survivor in the old red fort to tell its story



FORT WITH A PAST

As it is today: the fort in which the British were besieged by Ashanti warriors.

For some years he organised an annual reunion of survivors. They manned the defences of the fort as they did when they were besieged, and fired a *feu de joie* towards the now friendly people of Ashanti. The survivors now are few and old, and the reunion has lapsed.

If he has warning, and the visitor is important enough, ex-RSM Bukare will put on his regimental blues, as spick-and-span now as when he wore them on ceremonial parades, and stand at the gate, by the red-jacketed guards from the Gold Coast Regiment training centre down the road.

He will display the Regiment's treasures: the trophies from Togo-

land, the Cameroons and East Africa in World War One; those from Abyssinia and Burma in World War Two. There is a picture of the Gold Coast serjeant-major who is believed to have fired the first shot for Britain in 1914. Here are also Sir Frederic Hodgson's message, and other relics of the siege.

The ex-RSM will produce the visitors' book and point out the signatures of the Duke of Windsor, who visited Kumasi as Prince of Wales in 1926, and of generals and governors. Most proudly of all, the curator will indicate the signature of Winston Churchill — on RSM Bukare Moshi's own Mention-in-Despatches certificate, dated 1916.



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UNDER THE

A good pull-up for jungle-bashers is the Sandycroft Leave Centre on the Malayan island of Penang

AN island is the ideal spot for a rest camp — or so the British Army thinks.

At the end of the war soldiers were sunning themselves on some very exclusive isles; for instance, Porquerolles off the French Riviera. Today (on a bigger scale) there is Cyprus; there is Nyali, off Mombasa; and — for men in the Far East — there is Penang.

Here troops from the mainland go for a rest and a change — not a change from Malaya's monotonous climate, but at least a change of air. And that is very welcome to men who have been hunting bandits through the jungles of Pahang, pounding typewriters in the bashas of Kuala Lumpur or supervising Malay technicians in the workshops of Singapore.

Fifteen miles long and 11 miles wide, Penang is a mere two miles by ferry from the mainland of Malaya. It has the same mixed Asiatic population as the rest of Malaya, and from the quays and jetties of George Town it carries on a busy export trade.

In a sandy bay on the northern shore of the island, among trees, lies Sandycroft leave centre. Here was once the week-end bungalow of a rich Chinese family. The Army bought the site five years ago, added two adjoining properties, with 12 acres of ground, spent nearly £50,000 on improvements and opened it in 1948.

The centre caters for 88 men, 14 sergeants, 12 members of the Women's Royal Army Corps and eight families at a time. It is managed by the Army, with NAAFI to do the catering and the Women's Voluntary Services to provide the amenities and entertainments. Besides the usual



Not in every camp does the serjeant-major shake hands with new arrivals. Company Serjeant-Major D. Martin, of the Highland Light Infantry runs a resort of no parades.

PALMS-AT PENANG

distractions, the Women's Voluntary Services pick football teams from the visitors to play as the Sandycroft Pirates in friendly matches against local units.

To stay at Sandycroft costs a single soldier 3s 8d and a married couple 16s 7d a day, "all in" except for laundry, barber and shoe-repairer. Clothes are mended free; games and sports equipment, library books, boats, excursions, liberty trucks to George Town and entertainments are also free. Bicycles can be hired for 2s 4d a day, and there is a 46-mile road circuit of the island for the energetic.

The only soldier on duty at Sandycroft is Company Serjeant-Major D. Martin of the Highland Light Infantry, whose guiding principle is: "The boys come here for a rest; duty and parade-ground are forgotten." Many of the men, he says, are weary from hard service, but the sea air, salt water, good food and good company soon brighten them up.



Penang's tropic shore lacks only Dorothy Lamour in her sarong.



Rising to 2400 feet, Penang's hill railway offers some arresting views. First class has cushions and a view downhill; second class has no cushions and a view uphill.



Left: What lads get up to.



Right: What girls get up to.

Dogs in jeeps, dogs in offices, and dogs on the parade-ground — is it time for anti-dog action?

Is the Army Dog-ridden?

A reader in Rhine Army writes to **SOLDIER** as follows: "Throughout the ages armies have been bogged down by weight of equipment. The danger in BAOR seems to me that we may become 'dogged down' by sheer weight of canine followers.

"Dogs are accompanied by their masters (?) to their places of work, be they offices or parade-grounds. The larger varieties, Alsations and the like, usually occupy one or more seats in small official cars and are a constant source of horror to non-dog-loving passengers and would-be careful drivers. A rough, even though friendly, tongue suddenly applied to the back of the driver's neck can hardly be conducive to safe driving.

"Our four-legged friends carefully bring the dirt of the roads and transfer it to the car seats. This leads to soiled clothing and to the drivers being checked for dirty vehicles.

"Dogs, of course, must be fed, and this would appear to be done to the detriment of the PRI pigs. I would like to see the feeding of dogs in offices severely frowned on by those in authority.

"I had hoped the proposed change in status in BAOR would have brought with it a tax on dogs at the current German rate. This would have reduced the number of dog-lovers considerably."

The writer could easily have listed a few more objections. For instance, dogs in offices distract their owners' attention from work and, if large and playful, the attention of others. They foul roads and path-ways and whitewashed bricks; they dig up neatly kept

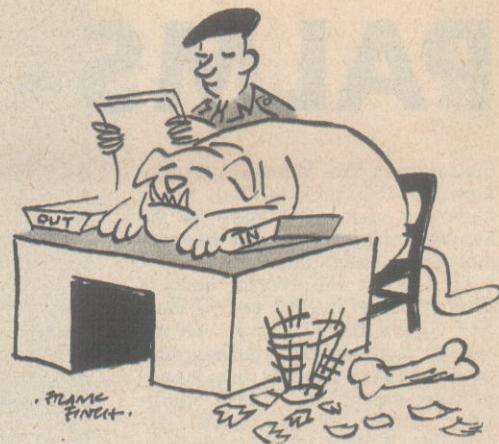
regimental lawns and flower-beds. They tend to rush on to parade-grounds and destroy the dignity of parades, or to chase the ball at the height of football and hockey matches. They pick the most awkward times and places for fighting. They scare small children, horses and unpractised motor-cyclists. The big ones even add to fire hazards by drinking the water in fire-buckets.

For all that, dogs are unlikely to be banned from military installations. The Army attracts men who like an open-air life, and these are the men most addicted to keeping dogs, either for companionship or for some form of sport.

At the highest level, the Army takes little account of privately-owned dogs. Queen's Regulations are satisfied with a paragraph under the heading "Sanitation." It reads: "Dogs may not be kept except by permission of the OC unit, and, when within the bound-

aries of barracks and hospitals, must be kept under proper control." Queen's Regulations also lay down that dogs cannot be accepted for shipment in troopships (there is special provision for regimental mascots and hounds joining military hunts at overseas stations). "Joining instructions" for men going on courses usually stipulate: "Students will NOT bring dogs with them."

Most Commands have their own orders about dogs, to satisfy local conditions. The general rule is



to prevent families keeping dogs is when the families are living in civilian furnished houses, the lease of which says that no dogs shall be kept.

It is usually hardest for the unmarried private soldier to keep a pet. When barracks are built, no accommodation is officially provided for privately-owned dogs, and they obviously cannot live in barrack-rooms. In some barracks, however, there are odd corners which a commanding officer may allow to be used as kennels.

Feeding a privately-owned dog on cookhouse, or mess-kitchen, scraps is a matter which must be arranged within a unit. No soldier's dog need go hungry where there is a NAAFI shop; all kinds of dog-foods and such items as condition-powders are stocked. On one point, NAAFI is adamantly anti-dog — no pets are allowed into NAAFI clubs. (There was an exception in 1947 when the Berlin NAAFI club organised a dog show.)

The Royal Army Veterinary Corps is always willing to lend a hand to dog-owners in places overseas where there are no civilian veterinary surgeons. Any treatment must, of course, be done at no cost to the public funds. In areas like the Canal Zone, the Corps inoculates soldiers' dogs against rabies. When soldiers or their families move out of a Command and cannot take their dogs with them, the Royal Army Veterinary Corps will undertake to destroy painlessly those for which no homes can be found — a task which assumed considerable proportions when families were evacuated from the Canal Zone during the 1951 "troubles." Many Canal Zone families keep Alsations as protection against thieves.

The normal wanderings of a soldier make a barrier to happy dog-ownership. Three years — the longest a man can normally expect to stay in one place — is only about half a dog's life. Transport from one station to another is apt to be costly, and the six months' quarantine a dog must undergo when it enters Britain from overseas is also expensive. More often than not the dog must stay behind — but there's usually someone in the new draft willing to give it "a good home."



"Oh good show, another lovely fire bucket to empty! Who cares if the place burns down, anyway?"

Below: A dog park is one of the amenities outside the British Families Shop at Bad Oeynhausen.

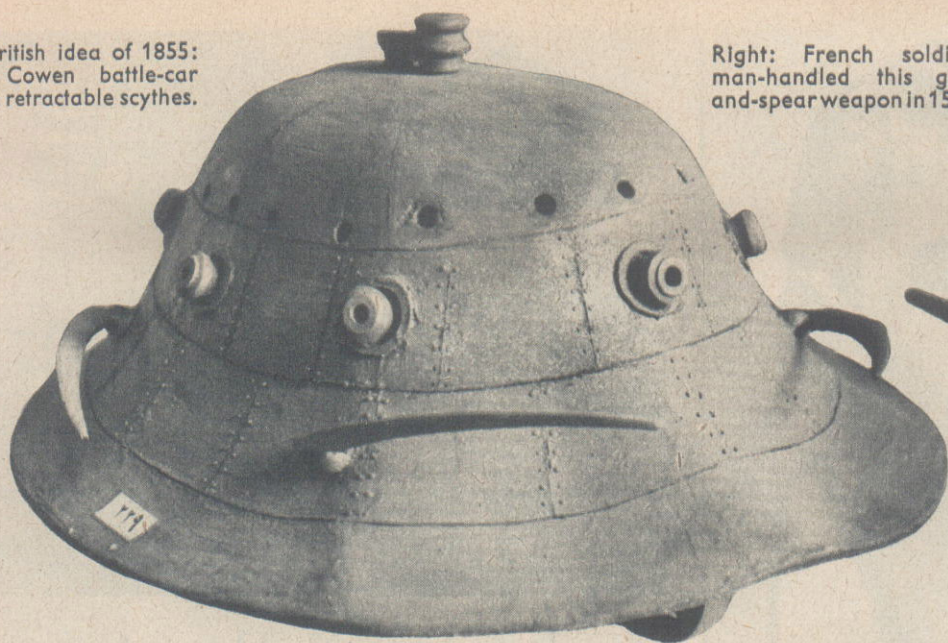


that numbers shall be kept "within reasonable limits." Usually, commanding officers quite happily give permission for dogs to be kept — commanding officers are as liable to be dog-lovers as anyone else. It is only when the numbers of dogs, or the way in which they are kept, create a nuisance that commanding officers begin to clamp down.

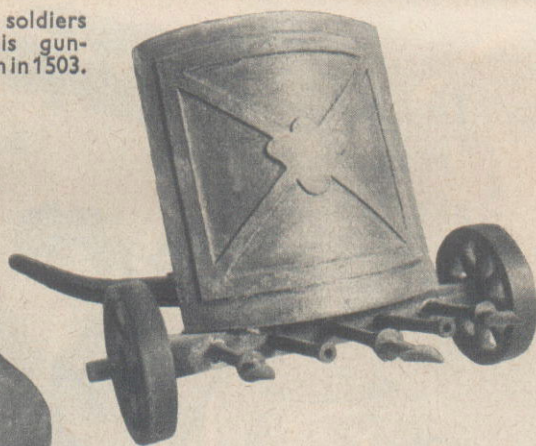
Nobody seems to worry about dogs which accompany their masters to work, so long as they do not get in the way. Even in the dignified chambers of the War Office dogs may be found lying under the desks not only of staff officers but of clerks.

Officers and senior NCO's can usually find somewhere to keep dogs around their quarters, and most married families can readily solve the problem. The only time "higher authority" steps in

A British idea of 1855: the Cowen battle-car with retractable scythes.



Right: French soldiers man-handled this gun-and-spear weapon in 1503.



TANK MAN'S NIGHTMARE

SINCE fighting began, the warrior's fundamental problem has been to damage the other man without getting damaged himself.

The battle-shield was probably the first device, with body armour second. Then came small mobile fortresses set on the backs of elephants and filled with archers. These had the additional advantage that the elephants could trample on the enemy — if the enemy did not find some way of knocking out the elephants first.

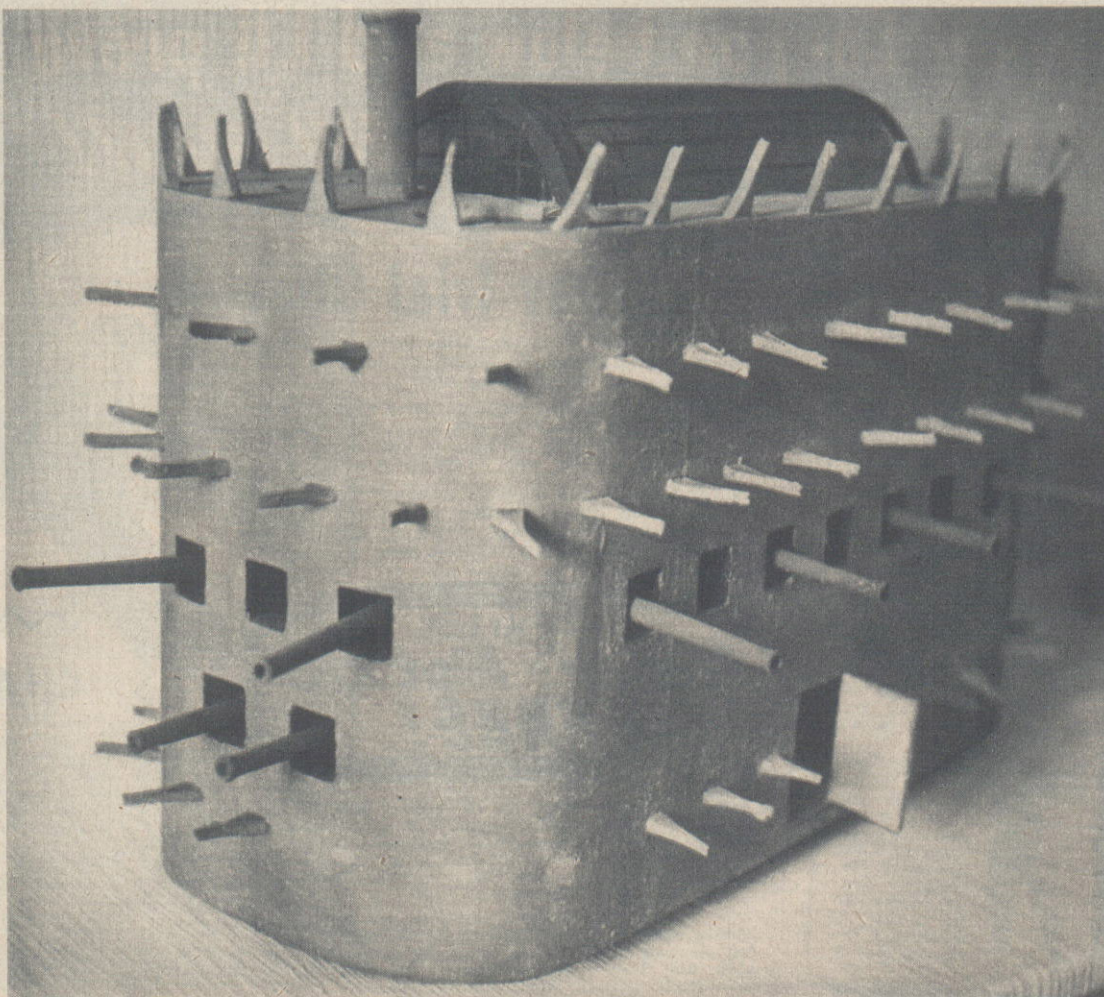
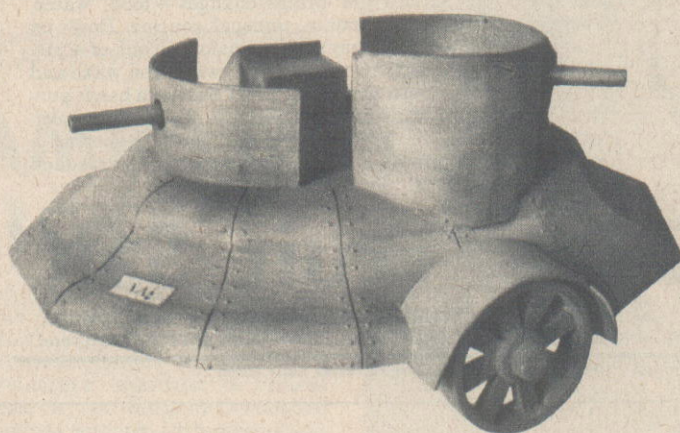
The Romans developed a giant shield which would protect a whole group of men against weapons dropped from above while they assaulted the walls of a fortress. They called it a *testudo*, after the tortoise which it resembled in shape.

About the time the French were using the man-handled gun-and-spear vehicle shown in the top right corner of this page, Leonardo da Vinci (who thought out many modern devices before they could possibly be built) designed a tank. What Leonardo lacked, principally, was suitable motive power.

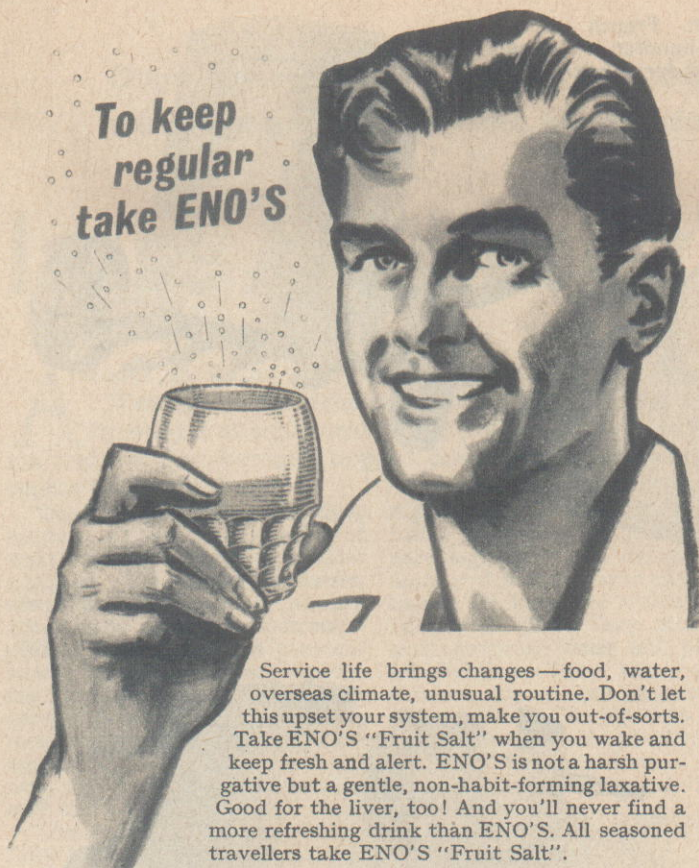
When mechanical propulsion became possible, men's thoughts turned again to armoured battle-wagons. But the early ideas were clumsy. To give protection, these vehicles of war would have needed more weight of armour than the engines could possibly have carried. Even if they had been able to move, they would soon have sunk through road surfaces and bridges — a problem which besets the designers of bigger and better tanks today.

(Photographs on this page are of models in the Cairo Military Museum.)

Right: A two-gun tank idea from America. Date: 1900. Below: In 1897, a German devised this ferocious-looking steam-driven armoured car.



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SPORT



Under a hammer lock: Arthur Worrall, Army ex-boxing champion, is training to be a policeman.



Learning the policeman's "come along with me" hold. Right: PC Arthur Worrall in uniform.



ARMY BOXING CHAMPION LEARNS NEW TRICKS

IN a gymnasium which bears on the wall the sign "Brains Are Better Than Brawn," the Army's 1952 heavyweight boxing champion, Arthur Thomas Worrall, is learning new tricks.

After more than six years in the Royal Horse Guards, the 23-year-old boxer signed on for a 13-weeks course at the Metropolitan Police Training School at Hendon. Each day in the gymnasium

he undergoes training in self-defence, and also the art of handling unruly prisoners without injuring them. A straight left to the jaw is all very well but not against every obstreperous reveller.

The College's self-defence instructor is Police-Serjeant Francis Dodds, 38-year-old police wrestler who knows all the dodges against cosh-men, knife and razor thugs and gunmen.

FAME CAME TO SARACEN—WITH THE GUNS



Major R. M. Burke, Royal Artillery, with Saracen — the horse that was "written off."

WHEN the German town of Menden heard in the distance the guns of the United States Army, back in 1945, the local artillery commander said farewell to his horse, a 15-hands chestnut gelding.

There was not much future for the artillery commander, but as it happened, there was quite a future for the horse.

Major R. M. Burke, Royal Artillery, found the gelding with a number of other horses in a shed beside a blacksmith's shop. Looking very weak and dejected, the animal bore in his neck a wound from a shell splinter which he carries to this day.

Yet the quality of the horse attracted Major Burke. He began to nurse it back to health, over the months. And Saracen — as he is now named — has justified the faith shown in him by becoming an international prizewinner.

One of his most recent successes was at the Army Championship Hunter Trials, held (for the first time) in Germany, at Verden. On Saracen, Major Burke won the Open Individual Championship Cup presented by the 14th/20th Hussars and the Army Individual Championship Cup presented by the 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars.

Saracen's history up to 1945 is unknown, except that he is believed to be of French extraction. When fit and well enough to school, he took to jumping very

easily, although it was obvious that, because of his size, he would never make a top international show jumper. But in his class, for speed jumping competitions and hunter trials, he ranks among the best international horses, as he showed last year on the Continent against the Olympic entries of Italy, Mexico, the Argentine, France, Belgium and Holland.

One of Saracen's best individual successes was at Baden-Baden in 1950, when he won the Grand Prix du Pas.

The combination of Saracen and Major Burke is now well known. Together they have won numerous competitions in Rhine Army and elsewhere on the Continent. They appeared in an England team last year in Belgium and Holland.

At one time in 1949 it was thought that Saracen's career was finished, as he tore a ligament after a hunter trial. For three weeks his leg was suspended in a cradle. Three veterinary surgeons all certified that Saracen, if he ever recovered, would never be able to jump again, but after a year's rest he took part in Grade 'B' competitions with much success, ridden by Miss Pamela Burke, the major's daughter.

They Would Waste Shots at Weddings!

IT was 1943: four British brigadiers were under orders to parachute into the Balkans.

One was Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean, who has already told the story of his adventures ("Eastern Approaches"). Another was Brigadier "Trotsky" Davies DSO, MC whose exciting "Illyrian Venture" (*The Bodley Head, 18s*) is now published.

Tragically, this very gallant officer died on the day that the typescript of his book reached his publisher.

Brigadier Davies's nickname "Trotsky" was gained at Sandhurst for "his display of independence, intolerance, robustness, sense of humour and a kind of disciplined bolshevism."

In 1943 he commanded a fighting-fit battalion of the Royal Ulster Rifles. Then came a call from the Military Secretary: would he volunteer to lead a military mission to Albania, there to try to weld the squabbling factions into a force capable of harassing the Germans? It was a wrench to leave the Regiment, but he agreed.

With a handful of resourceful officers and NCO's, Brigadier



Brigadier "Trotsky" Davies: Sent to a third-class extermination camp, he protested...

Davies jumped from his aircraft into the Albanian hills. There he was soon battling with intrigue, treachery, jealousy and stupidity. He also found himself battling against Nature, and the Germans.

Ammunition was scarce. It had to be dropped (along with bags of gold) from the air. Yet that did not stop the Partisans firing off their weapons freely at weddings, funerals, circumcisions and any other occasions which they felt could be improved by gunfire.

More galling than this, however, was the deadly jealousy which existed between the differ-

ent parties, who were less interested in fighting the Germans than in jockeying for political advantage after the war. The Brigadier's task was an all but impossible one. His Mission was harried from place to place by the Germans, and the gross incompetence of the Partisans nearly cost its lives on many occasions.

Once, Brigadier Davies challenged Enver Hoja, the Partisan chief, to a "sniping competition" on the Tirana-El Basan road, "to see who could knock out most staff cars and dispatch riders." Enver accepted — but somehow he never got around to it. The Germans continued to use the roads freely.

One party of guerrillas were very suspicious of the British Military Mission. Why had the Allies sent Royalists to help, instead of Socialists or Communists? This misconception arose because members of the Mission were wearing shoulder titles which read "Royal Ulster Rifles," "Royal Artillery" and so on.

The Brigadier's "bodyguard"

was a stout-hearted Serjeant Smith, Royal Air Force. When the Brigadier was shot down in deep snow, Serjeant Smith refused to leave him, though ordered to do so. He got his officer to temporary shelter by engineering a minor avalanche.

In captivity, Brigadier Davies was assigned to an "extermination camp, third-class" (Mauthausen). To be sent to an extermination camp was bad enough but a third-class one was too much. On top of that they were put in the cells for homosexuals. The Brigadier "created" to such effect that he and his party were moved on; the infamous Commandant was apparently impressed by the fact that the Brigadier, like himself, was a Regular (which was all they had in common).

Once Brigadier Davies underwent a major operation with a minor anaesthetic. He was conscious of being rolled over on his side so that the blood might drain out; he heard it splash on the floor.

They breed tough brigadiers in the British Army!

11th Knew the Desert of Old

Reviewed in the following columns are two regimental histories and two divisional histories. The regiments are the 11th Hussars ("The Cherrypickers") and the Sherwood Rangers Yeomanry; the divisions are the 43rd (Wessex) and 78th

A claim to have been the first Briton captured by the Italians since the days of Julius Caesar was made by an officer of the 11th Hussars, who lost his liberty for a brief period near Sollum, in the Western Desert, in 1936.

It happened at a time when the Duce's designs in Africa were alarming Europe. The 11th Hussars were encamped on the other side of the famous "wire" which marked the boundary between Libya and Egypt. The officer had rashly paid a call on his Italian opposite number at Fort Ramleh, and was detained.

At one time, British soldiers were under orders not to show themselves in uniform to the Italians, for fear of annoying them; so officers wore panama hats and holiday shirts as they gazed through the wire.

The story of the "Cherrypickers," from 1934 to 1945 is excellently told by Brigadier Dudley Clarke (one of the founders of the Commandos) in a 500-page volume "The Eleventh At War" (*Michael Joseph, 42s*).

Though they ended World War Two in Dingos and Stagbonds, the 11th began it in Rolls-Royce cars which had seen service in World War One. They were the front teeth of the "Desert Rats," and claim to have fired the first shots of the Desert war. These "incomparable paladins" — the phrase is *not* that of Mr. Churchill, but of *The Times* — were first into Tunis, and first into Hamburg.

In the middle of the Desert war, the 11th Hussars were switched to the passes of the Caucasus, when it seemed that

the Russians might break at Stalingrad. Old stagers in Cairo disapproved. "Once take the 11th from the desert," they would say, "and things invariably go wrong." A captured German document said: "Now the 11th Hussars have left, we can afford to take more risks." The 11th returned — in time for El Alamein.

Brigadier Clarke enlivens his lucid narrative with many stories. Serjeant Charles Galpin, whose Rolls had been incapacitated, held up an Italian ambulance

with his pistol, and forced the driver into the back with his passengers. He then began to tow his Rolls with the ambulance — chased by an Italian tank. In his haste, the serjeant had overlooked a small square opening behind his head. A hand came through, clutched his neck and began to throttle him. Still holding the ambulance on the road, the serjeant drew his pistol and fired behind him, until the hand released him. The other passengers then began to break down the

partition, and he fired back at them. Bruised and shaken, he then began to concentrate on outstripping the Italian tank — only to meet a convoy of Italian lorries. They seized the Rolls, but not Serjeant Galpin.

In Belgium, the Regiment set up a training school at the historic village of Quatre Bras, where it had met the French cavalry of Marshal Ney before Waterloo. Though tyres, not hooves, now raised the Flanders dust, it was the same Regiment.

The Corporal Rang Up The Duke

EARLY in 1940 the Sherwood Rangers Yeomanry were travelling by train to Marseilles — with their horses.

One horse fell sick. The corporal in charge removed it from the train at a lonely French station, stabled it in the waiting-room with plenty of straw, then locked the door and went off to buy brandy — for the horse. When he returned, indignant French travellers were demanding admittance to the waiting room, for it was bitterly cold.

Things grew difficult. Then the corporal remembered the Duke of Gloucester. Was he not Liaison Officer between the French and British armies? He commandeered the station telephone and by sheer effort of will persuaded a succession of operators to put him through to the Duke.

The Duke remembered inspecting the regiment in England. He even remembered this particular

horse, when it was described to him. Within the hour three veterinary officers had the problem in hand. Horse and corporal caught up with the draft to Palestine.

A good corporal. And a good liaison officer.

That story illustrates the resourceful spirit of the Sherwood Rangers — a dashing and often unconventional Yeomanry regiment. It is told by T. M. Lindsay in "Sherwood Rangers" (*Burrough, Mathieson and Co. Ltd., 30s*), a buoyant and very readable chronicle of the Regiment in World War Two.

When they arrived in Palestine the Regiment were quickly deprived of their horses, and to their chagrin became coastal gunners, charged with the defence of Crete, Tobruk and Benghazi. The battery in Crete met a distressing fate. There is an exciting chapter telling of the escape of two members of the Regiment

from that island — a condensation of what ought to be a good book some day.

It was not long before the Regiment were re-converted to tanks, and saw their first action at Alam el Halfa. A gallant Member of Parliament, Lieutenant Colonel E. O. Kellett DSO, commanded the Regiment for much of its service in North Africa, until killed by a shell splinter while shaving in his tank. His successor was also killed in action; so was the temporary commanding officer who followed him.

From Leptis Magna, the Regiment were hauled home and sent in to the Normandy beaches in floating tanks. The Regiment encountered much heavy fighting in North-West Europe. But it had its reward. Opposite page 138 is a photograph of a group of Sherwood Rangers proudly captioned: "The First British Troops To Enter Germany."

Kent For Toughening

TO toughen up troops from the West Country, send them to train in the bleak and inhospitable South-East of England.

This advice comes from "The 43rd (Wessex) Division at War, 1944-45" (Clowes, 20s) by Major-General H. Essame. The author, who served with the Division as a brigadier, says few can have trained on more austere lines.

"For this purpose Kent was admirably suited... More than any other county, owing to its close proximity to France, the constant air raids and its general shabbiness, it reflected the atmosphere of war. It is also un-

doubtedly the coldest part of the British Isles.

"The Division's main training area was at Stone Street, north of Folkestone. All the colder winds from Central Europe seem to converge here. It is a tangle of squalid woods and muddy lanes embodying all the nastiest elements of Nature at her worst. A midwinter night spent in the open here is calculated to leave no man in doubt as to the reasons why the Scandinavian conception

The Wyvern flash of 43rd (Wessex) Division, now a Territorial Army division.



of eternal punishment was, unlike the Hebrew, linked with extreme cold and not excessive heat. In real war some shelter from the elements can usually be found. This was not the case in Stone Street."

On four years of this, and on the fact that the country round

Stone Street resembled the Normandy bocage, the author bases a claim that the Division, in contrast to those used to the Western Desert, was particularly well attuned to the conditions it had to face in France.

Indeed, after surviving the hardships of the "Garden of England" the Division did notably well in Europe. It captured Mont Pincon, the key to Normandy, forced the crossing of the Seine, was the first to fight in Germany and turned the tide in the Reichswald Forest.

In writing the history, says the author, he "almost inadvertently" evolved a character-study of its commander, later to be better-known as General Sir G. Ivor Thomas, Quartermaster-General to the Forces. As a divisional commander, he did not issue a single written order in eleven months of fighting. He also announced before leaving England, that officers might dress as they please — with surprising results.

There is mention in the book of Lieutenant-Colonel (now Major-General) B. A. Coad running a divisional battle school on the famous golf course at Sandwich. He later served as a brigadier with the Division. In command of 8th Armoured Brigade, which fought frequently in partnership with the Wessex Division, was Brigadier (now Major-General) G. E. Prior-Palmer. Both these officers now command divisions in Germany.

All profits from this history will go to a divisional memorial fund.

Down to Five Rounds a Day

THAT superiority which men of Eighth Army displayed, in North Africa, towards the newcomers of First Army was inevitable but unfortunate.

A book which First Army men will want to read, and Eighth Army ought to read, is "Algiers to Austria," the war history of the 78th Division (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 25s), by Cyril Ray. In the early days of First Army this "Battleaxe" Division was, in effect, First Army. Alone, it made the first big push from Algiers towards Tunis, a push which nearly succeeded.

Mr. Ray, who was a war correspondent with the Division, makes the important point that, in their North African campaign, the 78th Division learned to fight a European war. "While the units of Eighth Army had been manoeuvred over the trackless spaces of the desert like so many ships at sea, 78th Division had fought in mountains and in valleys, over mined roads and through olive groves. They had blown up bridges and put up new ones,

The "Battleaxe" Division — 78th — fought from Algiers to Austria.



they had forded rivers and battled in railway sidings. In Sicily and Italy it was they who were the experienced troops, after their six months of battle; it was the men of Eighth Army, seasoned as they were after their three years, and proud as they were of their superb record, who still had lessons to learn."

The initial landings at Algiers were unopposed. But very soon the Royal West Kents were to fight for 11 days without taking their boots off. At Tebour-

ba the Hampshires were cut down to 10 officers and 200 men; the survivors armed themselves from their dead, fixed bayonets and slashed their way out. With them were Gunners of 496 Battery, Royal Artillery, who had thrown in their lot with the Infantrymen. Still to come was Longstop Hill. By the time the Division reached Tunis two Victoria Crosses had been won.

As reward for their gallant labours in Italy, the Division at one period suffered a drastic rationing of their ammunition. First, the 25-pounders were cut down to 25 rounds per gun per day — then five rounds! To this sad extent were the forces in Italy starved to help their comrades in North-Western Europe.

Even the Bees Joined in

A small party of New Zealanders were stranded in the Greek village of Megara.

To the south, their retreat had been cut off by German parachutists, dropped at the Corinth Canal bridge. To the north, beyond Athens, evacuation was still a possibility. So the New Zealanders caught a Sunday morning bus to Athens, then travelled by taxi to Rafina, whence they were evacuated.

This unconventional retreat is described by the late Christopher Buckley in "Greece and Crete, 1941" (Her Majesty's Stationery Office, 12s 6d), one of the series of popular official histories of World War Two.

The goodwill of the Greeks was one of the outstanding memories of those who took part in the Greek campaign. They welcomed the troops of the British Empire with cheers and hospitality; they said good-bye with flowers and cries of "Nike! Nike!" (Victory! Victory!).

They had conquered the Italians on the Albanian front. They had little left to put into the fight against the Germans. The hard-pressed Middle East Command also had little to throw into the battle. But the primitive tanks of 1st Armoured Brigade

fought the German panzers to a standstill, and British, New Zealand and Australian Infantry and Artillery held Greece's historic passes.

The Greek campaign cost the Empire nearly 16,000 troops, and much equipment. That equipment would have been valuable in Crete, where wireless was lacking. It took a runner six days to deliver a message 45 miles. Guns were fired with the aid of sights made of slivers of wood stuck on with chewing gum.

The Crete campaign makes more exciting reading than most. Greek convicts and men from a New Zealand punishment centre joined in the fighting, and so did a priest, who sent a small boy to drop a hive of bees down the chimney of a house which the Germans had turned into a strong-point, and picked off the parachutists as they fled.

Crete cost the Allies some 14,000 men, but it undermined the Germans' faith in airborne operations. Because he had lost so many picked men, Hitler declined to follow up with further airborne attacks on Cyprus and the Suez Canal.

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At times like these it's as well to remember that a good book makes life worth while. For the rest of the evening read a book from the Forces' bookshops or from S.C.B.D.

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Will he catch it? Of course he will. Drum-Major Roy Gould leads the Corps of Drums at a Trieste Searchlight Tattoo. Right: In the barracks of the North Staffordshire Regiment: Drum-Major Gould.



THE YOUNGEST DRUM-MAJOR?

JUST over ten years ago, when Eighth Army had routed Rommel at El Alamein, a 14-years-old boy left Heron Cross school at Stoke-on-Trent and joined the local battalion of the Army Cadet Force.

He is now believed to be the youngest drum-major in the British Army.

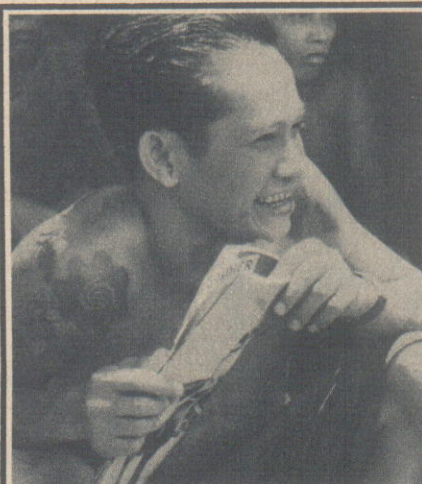
One of his most recent appearances was before high-ranking British and United States Army officers at the searchlight tattoo of the 1st Battalion The North Staffordshire Regiment in Trieste.

Though Drum-major Roy Gould joined the Army as recently as 1949, he had been a drum-major with the Army Cadet Force in 1944, when he joined the Corps of Drums of the 1st Battalion The North

Staffordshire Regiment (Army Cadet Force). A year later he led them to victory in the All-England Army Cadet Band contest.

His ambition to become a drum-major in the Army dates back to the day when he met Major J. R. Smith, formerly drum-major of the 2nd Battalion The North Staffordshire Regiment. Major Smith, who in 1928 had led the massed bands at the Aldershot Tattoo, began to coach the young cadet.

Within six months of joining the Army, Private Gould found himself in the Canal Zone of Egypt as a side-drummer in the Corps of Drums of the 1st Battalion. When the regular drum-major was absent through illness, Drummer Gould took over the mace at a Beating of the Retreat and performed so well that he was earmarked for the job when the vacancy occurred. — From a report by Major Alan Coomber, Military Observer, Trieste.



Photograph by courtesy of Malayan Film Unit.

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FILMS COMING YOUR WAY

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

THE PICKWICK PAPERS

Hacking a scenario out of Charles Dickens' rambling *Pickwick Papers* (which delighted your great-grandfather when they came out in instalments) must have been like trying to hack a scenario out of the Old Testament. Noel Langley succeeded by concentrating on the good Mr. Pickwick and the bad Mr. Jingle. A big British cast, with James Hayter and Nigel Patrick in the roles mentioned, and the familiar faces of Joyce Grenfell, Hermione Gingold, Hermione Baddeley and George Robey.

TOP SECRET

An extravaganza in which George Cole (who recently played a Guardsman) appears as a gulleless sanitary wallah who is lured to the Kremlin. The Russians hope to secure from him the latest atom plans; he tries to fob them off with Potts Multi-Flange Fast Flow Fluid Filter. One newspaper serialised the story of the film and asked: "Should it be allowed?" Oscar Homolka and Nadia Gray are up to their ears in it.

THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO

The cream of many Hemingway confections is served up in one goloptious dish. A "dying" man looks back at his gaudy past, spent in Paris, on the Riviera, in Spain and Africa (which conveniently brings in bull-fighting and big-game shooting). With Susan Hayward at his side, the hero dreams of Ava Gardner, Hildegard Neff and a few others.

MADE IN HEAVEN

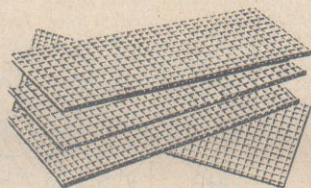
David Tomlinson and Petula Clark play a couple who, after a year's marriage, engage a pretty Hungarian maid. You'd think Petula would have had more sense... Still, it makes a merry piece, and may give you hints on how to compete for the Dunmow Flitch.

BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE

You read how the critics howled when this Mario Lanza singing picture was chosen for the Royal Performance. Judge it for yourself. It may give you some curious ideas about the United States Army, in which a golden larynx (it seems) can open many doors. There's a tough serjeant with a horrible vice, he likes music.

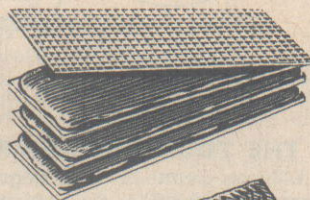
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crispest crunchiest
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1



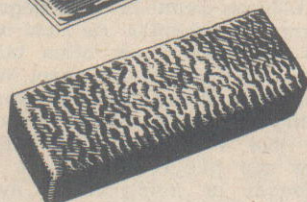
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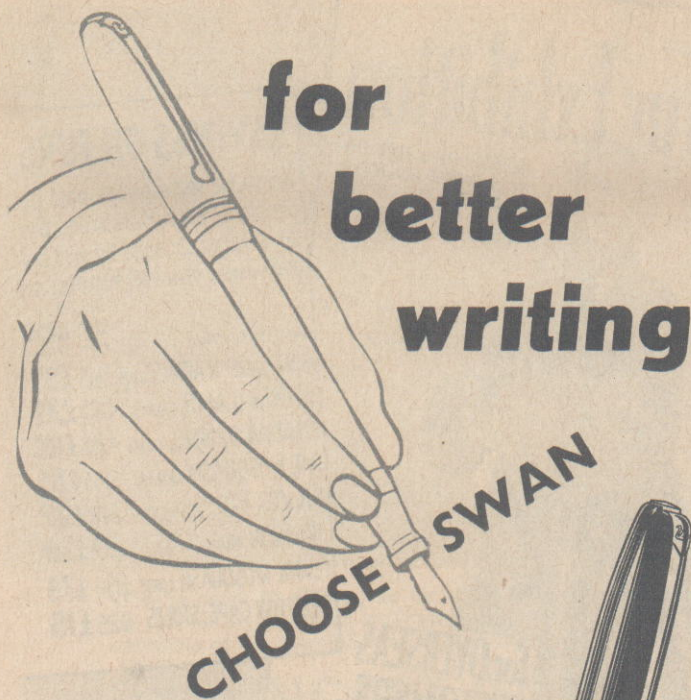


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LETTERS



THE YOUNG REGULAR

I have been in the Regular Army nine months. As I am only 18 years old I am often taken for a National Serviceman. Why can't the Army think of something for Regular soldiers to wear—like a coloured disc behind the cap badge? I do hate the thought of being taken as a National Serviceman. I volunteered—I wasn't dragged into the Army.

And why do the National Servicemen get all the overseas postings whereas Regulars have to be content with stopping in the British Isles? When I was at Aldershot all National Servicemen were posted abroad, while I ended up in Bonnie Scotland. For all the travel I have done I might as well have joined the Salvation Army. — "GB, Scotland" (name and address supplied).

★ The case against giving Regulars a distinguishing mark—and it is a strong one—is that, whether men are volunteers or conscripts, they are all in the same Army and must pull together. A volunteer is entitled to his private pride, but nothing would be gained, and much might be lost, by encouraging one half of the Army to feel scornful of the other half. SOLDIER doubts whether many other young Regulars find time to shudder at the thought of being mistaken for National Servicemen. This reader still has plenty of time in which to be posted overseas. If he is sent to Korea or Malaya, he will have to do well to live up to the National Serviceman standard.

DOUGHBOY'S JAM

I have just finished reading SOLDIER for October and take pen in hand to tell you how much I enjoyed it. Bismarck, in his heyday as Chancellor of the German Reich, once said that in his opinion the greatest force in world politics was the fact that the English and Americans spoke the same language. I was reminded of these words as I read your article on ack-ack and artillery, for the simple reason that I have read similar articles in American Army journals. The US Army have been experimenting with guided missiles of both the Surface to Air (SAM) and Surface to Surface (SSM) variety for some time now; as a matter of fact

●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. 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 own orderly room or from your own officer, thus saving time and postage.

the Guided Missile School at Fort Bliss has set up a tentative Table of Organisation for an SSM battalion and is now experimenting with this battalion to see how it may be changed for the better before making the Table of Organisation final.

In your article on Tommy Tickler's Jam I am reminded of a song my father brought home from France after World War One, the chorus of which went as follows:

What do you want with eggs and ham?
Don't you get plum-and-apple jam?

Form fours, right turn,
What do you do with the money you earn?

Ain't it a beautiful war!

— Cpl. Don McGreevey, Transportation School, Fort Eustis, Virginia, USA.

ROYAL REGIMENTS

There is an earlier reference to Royal regiments than that quoted by Major Edwards (SOLDIER, November). This is the Clothing Warrant of 1743 which I have seen mentioned in the *Journal for Army Historical Research*. It gives the six old corps as the 3rd, 5th, 6th, 8th, 27th and 42nd Regiments, a slightly different list from the one given by Major Edwards from the 1751 Warrant. It appears from the older Warrant that the 8th or King's Regiment was one of the six old corps and not one of the Royal regiments. Yet it is undoubtedly true that The King's has been a Royal regiment since being raised as Princess Anne of Denmark's regiment in 1685. Was there a change between 1743 and 1751? — Sjt. A. J. Moore, The King's Regiment, Formby, Lancs.

★ Major T. J. Edwards tells us that the 1743 Royal Warrant has, in fact, never existed although it has been "quoted" in certain books.

SOLDIER PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST

SOLDIER much regrets that the standard of entries in the Photographic Competition which was first announced in the April, 1952 issue was not high enough to justify the award of prizes.

It was intended that photographs submitted should illustrate the theme: "The Army must use every ingenuity and device."

NEW VEHICLES

In Korea we often hear rumours about new transport that is coming our way. For example, there is a story that Bedfords have designed a new 4x4 ambulance and that Rolls-Royce engines are to be fitted in a Bedford body. Can you let us know? — "Korea Driver" (name and address supplied).

★ Ford (not Bedford) is manufacturing a new ambulance, but date of delivery is not known. The Rolls-Royce engine is being fitted into a Bedford "QL" body only for experimental purposes. The Army is getting new one-ton trucks made by Austin and Morris and several types of three-tonners by Ford, Bedford and Commer. No vehicle is scheduled for Korea until it has been well proved.

DUKW AGAIN

As a Dutch officer trainee in the School of Signals at Catterick Camp, I was taught that DUKW stood for Detroit United Kaiser Works. — Captain J. M. Aniba, 2nd Bn Princess Irene Guards, Royal Netherlands Army, Holland.

FLOODED TANKS

In the last issue of SOLDIER appeared a humorous drawing showing a tank with water pouring out of the barrel of the gun. A trooper was shown as being admonished for neglecting his tank during a heavy shower of rain.

This idea is not so far-fetched as some readers may suppose. In reviewing the war history of the Sherwood Rangers (see page 32) I came across this passage:

"Meanwhile the rain... showered

RAINCOAT NEEDED

Instead of wasting money on Number One Dress, could not troops be provided with a raincoat to replace the present cumbersome and untidy greatcoat? — "Warrant Officer" (name and address supplied).

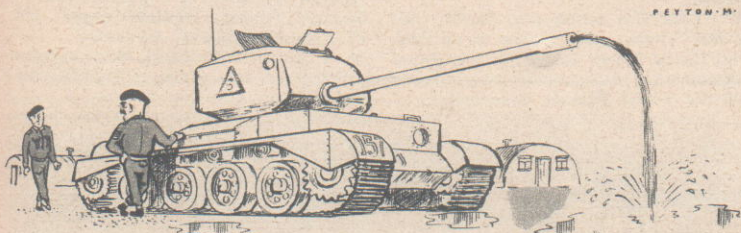
★ The trend is for combat suits to become rainproof. Greatcoats of the future are to be improved in appearance, and are to be designed on the pattern now worn by officers.

SCIENTIFIC COURSE

A scheme for the training of scientific and technical advisers by means of a two-years course leading to a degree, at the Military College of Science, Shrivenham, followed by at least five years as a Regular officer, was announced recently in a BBC broadcast. Can you tell me how one applies? — Cpl. R. Shone, Trieste.

★ Details of the Shrivenham Direct Entry Scheme for Regular commissions in technical arms will shortly be published in an Army Council Instruction. Serving officers and soldiers must have had, or be able to complete, six months service as a National Service officer before 1 October of the year in which they will enter the Military College of Science, and be less than 21 years old on that date. They must also have passed their London Inter-BSc (engineering or general), in three of these four subjects: pure mathematics, applied mathematics, physics and chemistry; or obtained exemption from these three: mathematics (pure and applied), physics and chemistry.

REYTON-M



This really did happen—to the Sherwood Rangers.

down at Matruh. "C" Squadron tanks were leaguered in a wadi, and a sudden cloudburst one day flooded them up to their turrets. Water spurted out of guns that looked ridiculously like the spout of a teapot." — Your Reviewer.

GLIDER PILOTS

Is the Glider Pilot Regiment still in existence? — Fusilier S. Dickson, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, Colchester.

★ Yes, but the pilots fly light aircraft owing to the disuse of gliders.

MESS SOCIALS

Recently my husband, with other members of the sergeants' mess, was ordered by his RSM to attend a social evening in a neighbouring mess. Can such attendance be made compulsory? I understand that one's free time is one's own after duty. — "Indignant" (name and address supplied).

★ There is no War Office regulation under which a sergeant could be punished for not attending a social function in his own or another unit's mess. But in return for the privilege of belonging to his mess, a member is expected to attend functions. When an invitation comes from another mess, mess members go as the representatives of their unit to support their regimental sergeant-major. It would be a sad day if such invitations had to be turned down because the Army had become overdomesticated.

DOG BITE

If, while in uniform and on duty, I am bitten by a dog, will the Army help me to make a claim against the owner? — "Once Bitten" (name and address supplied).

★ A recent question in Parliament sheds indirect light on this question. On 28 October, the Secretary for War was asked "what steps are taken by the military authorities in Germany to assist National Servicemen who receive injuries on the roads from German civilian motorists." The reply was: "All commands have a legal aid section which gives advice and help to a man, whether a Regular or a National Service soldier, who wishes to prefer a civil claim of this type."

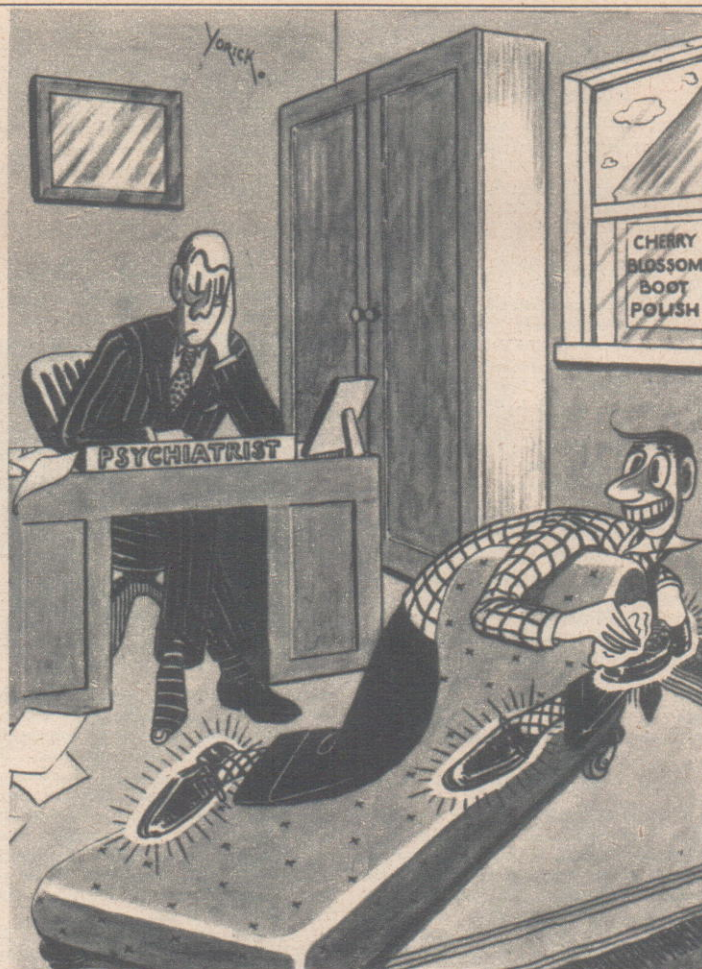
No doubt, if the dog biting incident was serious enough, the legal aid section would advise appropriately.

TERMINAL GRANT

In his letter on "Advance of Grant" (SOLDIER, October) Major T. J. Gordon states that if a soldier serving beyond 22 years dies before his discharge, his terminal grant, which has been earned but not yet paid to him, dies with him and does not pass on to his widow. As Army Order 116/51 makes no mention of this, would you say if the major is correct. — "RSM" (name and address supplied).

★ The major was correct.

More Letters Overleaf



"I'm perfectly normal until I see shoes which haven't been cleaned with Cherry Blossom Boot Polish."



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MORE LETTERS

PENSION RATE

After ten years as war substantive colour-serjeant I had to drop to serjeant last April. A month later I completed 22 years service. I presume that if I take my discharge my ten years as colour-serjeant will only count as serjeant for pension purposes and that I shall receive only £200 terminal grant. — Serjeant F. C. Harbon, Worcester.

★ No. Pension is calculated on ranks held for a period of one year irrespective of whether they were substantive or not. The terminal grant is assessed on the highest paid rank held for a period of two years or more during the soldier's last five years. This serjeant will receive the rate for colour-serjeant (£250).

CAMP CHARGES

Can you please tell me the revised charges for families' camps in Britain? — Mrs. M. Kent, Budbrooke Barracks, Warwick.

★ For men below commissioned rank weekly charges are now: wife only, 37s; with one child, 54s 3d; with two children, 70s 6d; with three children, 83s; with four children, 97s. Each additional child, 9s 6d.

HACKLES

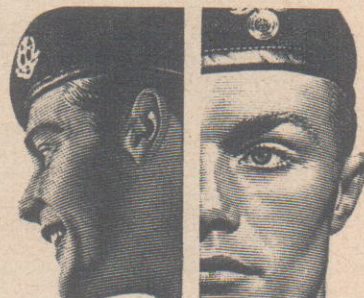
Some time back you had a picture of a Lancashire Fusilier wearing a coloured hackle behind his badge. Now I have seen a picture of the Royal Northumberland Fusiliers leaving Hong-Kong and they also wear one. Are all the Fusilier regiments wearing these and what are the colours? — H. G. Harper, Craigs Avenue, Edinburgh.

★ Hackles on beret, bonnet and slouch hat are now worn by the following: Royal Northumberland

Fusiliers, red and white; Royal Fusiliers, white; Lancashire Fusiliers, primrose; Royal Welch Fusiliers, white; Royal Irish Fusiliers, green; Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, grey. The Royal Scots Fusiliers "retain the right to wear a white hackle on the right side of any suitable head-dress," say the regulations.

MILITARY HAIRCUT

One day a soldier asked me: "Why is the Army so strict about hair?" I replied: "Queen's Regulations state the hair of the head will be



Does the poster soldier on left need a haircut?

kept short. Medical orders state that soldiers' hair should be kept short to facilitate cleansing and lessen the chances of head lice infection. The traditional Army haircut is 'short on top and Number One clippers round the back and sides.' The soldier then produced a Regular Army recruiting advertisement and said: "This does not bear out what you have said about the clippers round the back and sides."

I have dealt with hundreds of National Servicemen and what to anyone else may seem a mere detail is an important matter to a recruit. I feel that the people concerned with Army advertisements should take their standard from the Brigade of Guards.

2 minute sermon

WHEN we read a defective or short story we always want the crime to happen at the dead of night. Otherwise we are rather disappointed. The ghost must drag his chains through the darkness, and the murderer must strike in the still hours.

In fact, we always associate light with what is good and true and honourable, and evil and sin with darkness. And we find it was the same in Our Lord's day. He used to speak of Himself as the Light of the World. In St. John, Chapter 8, verse 12, He says "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

If you went to the top of a lighthouse on the dangerous rocks of North Cornwall, you would find the central light quite a small one. Its terrific power comes from the reflectors arranged around it. The light without the reflectors is not of much use. And the reflectors without the light are useless. The fact that the light and the reflectors act together is what matters.

The same thing is true of Our Lord and ourselves. He is the central light, the source of all spiritual power and life, the supreme example. We have to be the reflectors. On our own we can do nothing. But if we have the light of Christ as our source of strength and inspiration then we can reflect His light in the world.

Even those responsible for Civil Defence advertising have a better idea of what a haircut should be. — "Royal Signals Drill Instructor" (name and address supplied).

★ In other current recruiting advertisements, the soldier depicted appears to have had the clippers run round the side of his head.

BLAZER BADGES

Is there an official ruling on regimental blazer badges? — Cpl. D. Le Febury, Royal Signals (TA), Bexley Heath.

★ This is a regimental matter, not a War Office one. There is no official Corps blazer badge for the Royal Signals, but one has been produced by the Royal Signals Association.

NO ROSETTE

I have the Indian General Service Medal with two clasps (North West Frontier 1936—37 and 1937—39). Do I wear a rosette on the ribbon when the medal is not worn? — Cpl. G. Young, RASC, Korea.

★ No, rosettes are not worn on this medal to denote clasps.

THUNDERJET

In SOLDIER for November you published a full-page picture showing what you called a Shooting Star. I believe it was a Thunderjet. — Master Albert Kimber (aged 15), 87 Alberta Avenue, Cheam.

★ It was a Thunderjet. Many readers pointed out this lapse. SOLDIER apologises, can offer no excuse.

HP
SAUCE
improves all meals



FALLING HAIR

Often Unsuspected — Too Frequently Neglected

One of the commonest hair disorders is Falling Hair. It is a condition often unsuspected until it has made considerable inroads. Right and left of the forehead are favourite sites. Here, at the very verge of hair growth, where the hair naturally ceases and the forehead begins, the loss of a few shafts may easily escape notice. Then a few more fall. And then a few more...

At length it is no longer possible to doubt that a condition of profuse hair-fall has been established. It must not be allowed to continue, because the longer it goes on without treatment the less likely it is to be brought to a halt, and the lost hairs be replaced from the roots.

The trouble can generally be traced to a devitalised condition of the scalp, resulting in an insufficient supply of nourishment to the roots of the hair. To overcome it, the scalp itself must be stimulated in order that the requisite amount of nourishment may be supplied to each hair-root.

Associated with this under-nourishment of the roots is a weak and relaxed state of the hair sheaths, which instead of gripping the hairs firmly gape open and allow them to fall out

freely under the slightest pressure, as when you lean back in an easy chair, or restlessly roll your head on the pillow at night. Fortunately, the weak and relaxed sheaths respond most gratifyingly as a rule to suitable treatment.

This subject, and a host of others are fully discussed in a book entitled "HOW TO TREAT HAIR TROUBLES", by Mr. Arthur J. Pye, the Consulting Hair Specialist of Blackpool, who has embodied the results of his life-long experience in a series of specialised treatments, each prepared for a particular type of hair disorder.

Mr. Pye's book is illustrated with interesting photographs and enlightening diagrams from cover to cover, and clearly printed on good paper. A free copy will be sent to any reader on application. All enquiries should be addressed to: Arthur J. Pye, 5 Queen Street, Blackpool, S.4. For convenience, a printed application form is provided.

TO ARTHUR J. PYE, 5, QUEEN STREET, BLACKPOOL, S. 4.
Send Free Book and particulars of treatments.

NAME
(Block Letters)

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SOLDIER, Jan. '53

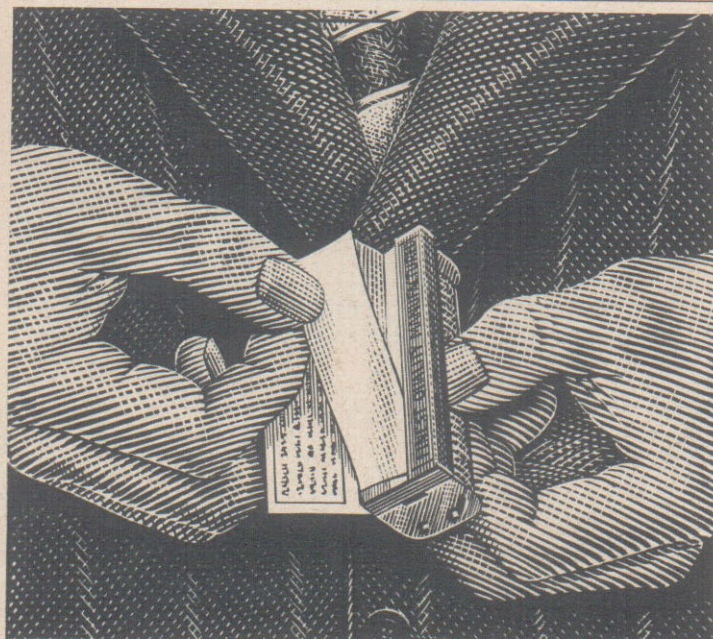


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ABOUT TO BE *Wholly* DELIGHTED

... because he's changed to Rizla and now he rolls his own size-right cigarettes to get the coolest, smoothest, most economical smoke he's ever known.

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gives his 7 point recommendation
for a parade ground polish.

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- 1 Get a tin of Kiwi Polish.
- 2 Take the lid off the tin.
- 3 Remove dust and dirt from the boot.
- 4 Put a little Kiwi on the boot with a rag or brush.
- 5 Damp a rag with water.
- 6 Moisten the boot with the rag.
- 7 Finish with a dry cloth and "You could shave in it."

Deep-shine with **KIWI**

It puts life into leather



SOLDIER

THE BRITISH  ARMY MAGAZINE



AVA GARDNER

— Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

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