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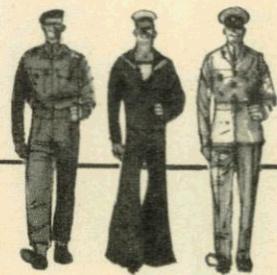
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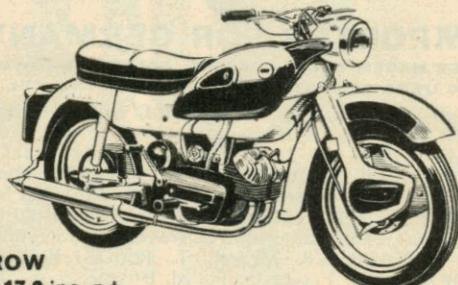
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Vol. 18, No. 6

SOLDIER

AUGUST 1962

THE BRITISH

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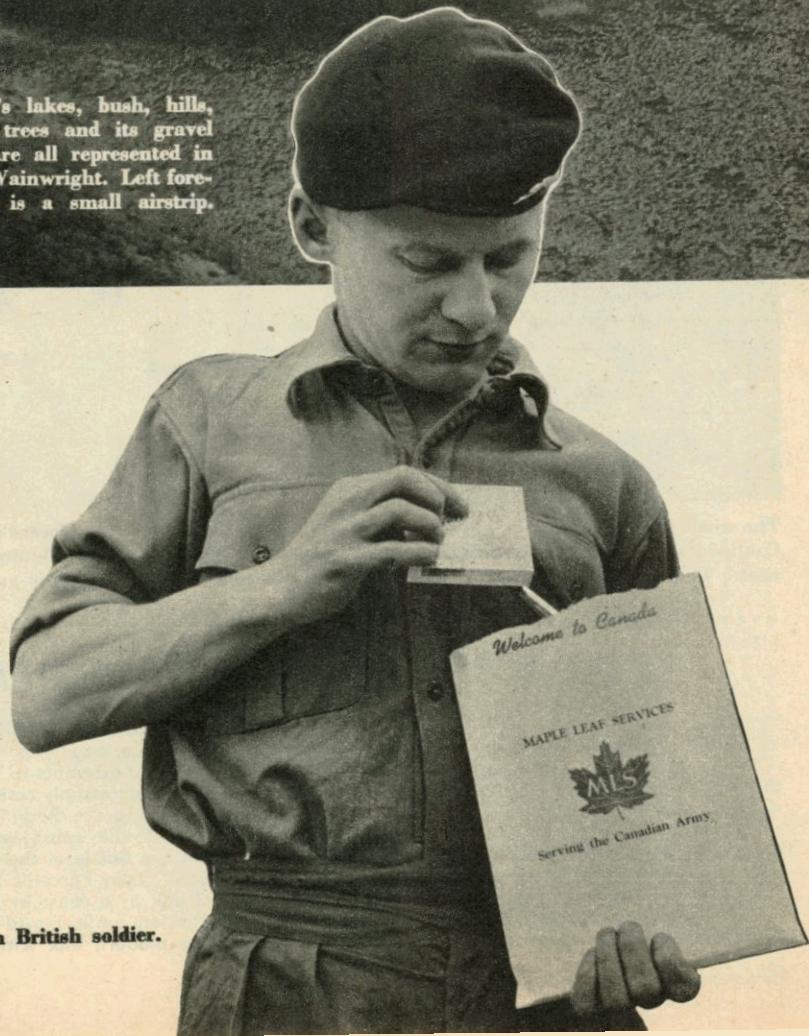
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THE WELSH GO BACK TO CANADA

THE RED DRAGON FLIES OVER CANADIAN SOIL ONCE AGAIN AS THE WELCH FUSILIERS TRAIN WITH THE DOMINION ARMY AT CAMP WAINWRIGHT IN THE CATTLE COUNTRY OF ALBERTA

Canada's lakes, bush, hills, plains, trees and its gravel roads are all represented in Camp Wainwright. Left foreground is a small airstrip.

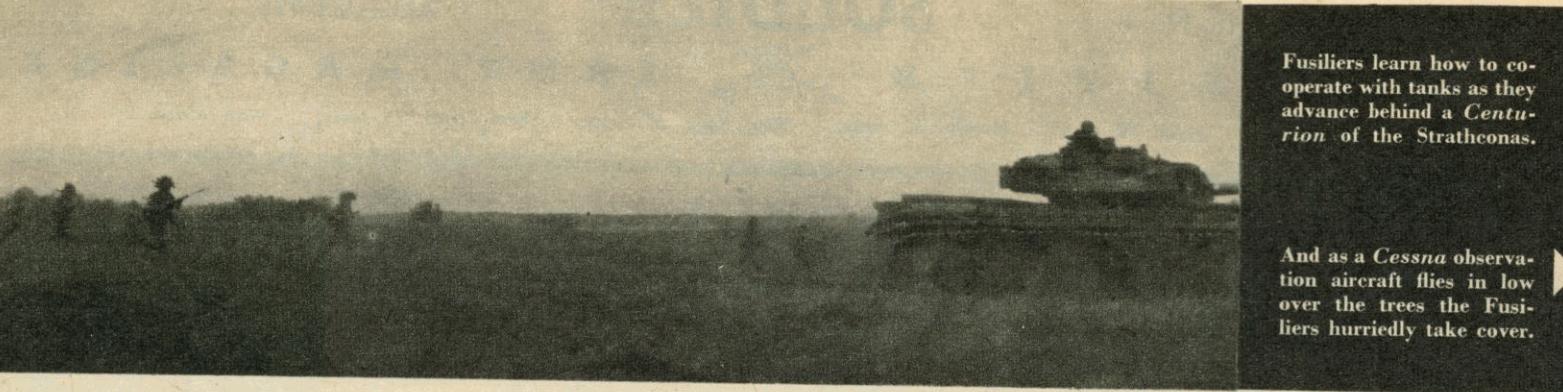


WELOWME to Canada! Welcome to Wainwright! For men of the 1st Battalion, The Royal Welch Fusiliers, these greetings, spoken in the drawl of Alberta's prairie and cattle country, will for many years to come recall the highlights of six weeks' hectic training in the Dominion.

Memories of flapjacks, the "dooce-and-a-half," Black Label beer, cokes and milk shakes, mosquitoes and never-ending gravel roads. And the men from the narrow Welsh Valleys will long remember the immensity of everything—the innumerable lakes, the straggle of Edmonton, the endless vista of Canadian

OVER . . .

Canada's NAAFI turned up trumps with a gift packet for each British soldier.



Fusiliers learn how to co-operate with tanks as they advance behind a *Centurion* of the Strathconas.

And as a *Cessna* observation aircraft flies in low over the trees the Fusiliers hurriedly take cover.



The Fusiliers unwrap their weapons outside the tents they have just pitched near Battle River. The Battalion Group took only personal weapons.

countryside and the preposterously long drives dismissed as "just a piece down the road."

Above all they will not forget the tremendous friendliness of their hosts, soldier and civilian alike, nor the enthusiasm with which Canada welcomed a Regiment which last served in the Dominion just 99 years ago.

Twelve months ago men of the 1st Battalion, The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment, were flown to Camp Gagetown as a Strategic Reserve air mobility exercise to train with the 3rd Canadian Infantry Brigade Group. This year The Royal Welch Fusiliers, in *Britannias* of the Royal Air Force's Transport Command, flew almost as far again, across the broad provinces of Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba and Saskatchewan to the Royal Canadian Air Force base at Namao, near Alberta's capital, Edmonton, and then motored 140 miles east to their destination at Camp Wainwright,

one of the Canadian Army's concentration and training areas.

Camp Wainwright covers 250 square miles of surprisingly varied terrain, from open tank country to bush areas reminiscent of Kenya and wooded hillocks recalling Normandy's "bocage"—a training ground ideal for exercises from an Infantry section attack to an artillery barrage. There are lakes, a network of gravel roads, artillery, tank, small arms and grenade ranges and a broad canyon cut by the Battle River.

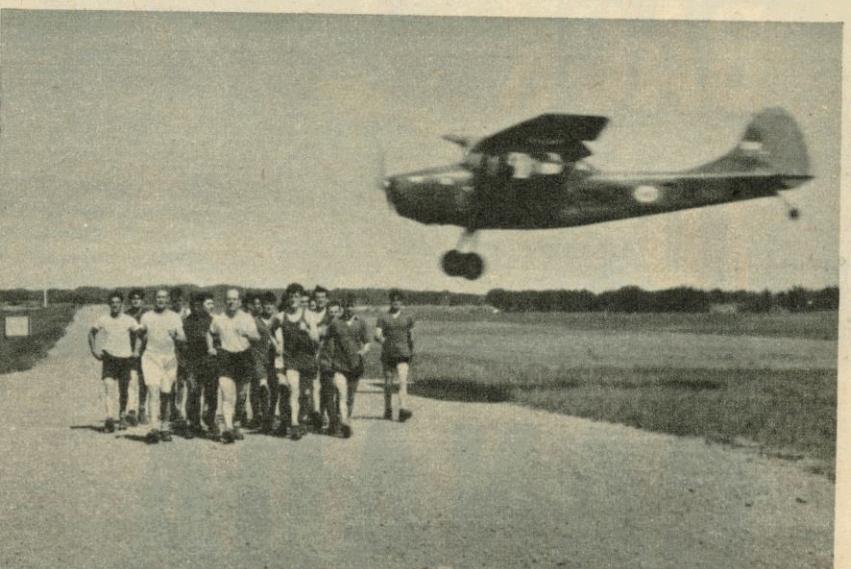
The Fusiliers and their supporting units in the 850-strong British battalion group—Gunner and Sapper troops, a Royal Army Service Corps platoon and detachments of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps and Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers—set up their initial bivouac camp on an escarpment overlooking Battle River.

Taking only personal weapons, the Battalion drew Canadian stores—tentage,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8



The small and friendly town of Wainwright lies on the trans-Continental railway—two trains daily each way—and is the centre for the local farming, ranching, natural gas and oil.



The forced march competition winners, on their first training session, walking towards Camp Wainwright alongside the main airstrip. The *Cessna* is landing on the cross strip which is guarded by notices telling drivers to halt and look and listen for aircraft.

TOBY PURCELL'S SPURS AND ST. DAVID

THE unique feature of The Royal Welch Fusiliers' dress—the knot of five black ribbons worn at the back of the collar—is a link with the sojourn in Canada of the Regiment's fore-runners, the 23rd of Foot.

At that time, 150 years ago, the Duke of York decided to change the British soldier's hair-style and abolish the pigtail or queue then being worn. The order did not reach the 23rd Foot in Canada nor later in Martinique and the Regiment returned home complete with appendages.

The black flash, a formalised version of the pigtail and queue bag, was finally authorised by William IV and attempts to have it removed have always been successfully resisted.

It was during the Regiment's second spell in Canada that the spurs worn by Major Toby Purcell at the Battle of the Boyne were lost in a house fire. "Toby Purcell's Spurs and St. David" is still drunk as a toast by officers of The Royal Welch Fusiliers on St. David's Day.

A more modern link with Canada lies in the

affiliation with "The Van Doos," the Royal 22e Regiment. This alliance was formed in 1927 through the friendship of the late Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Dobell, a Quebec Canadian who served in the Regiment, and in later years became Colonel of the Fusiliers, and Colonel Georges Vanier of the Royal 22e. Colonel Vanier is now Governor-General of Canada and has apartments in the Quebec Citadel, on which the 1st Battalion mounted its guard during its visit to the city.



The exercise over, the Fusiliers are given a ride on the tanks back to the hospitable harbour of the Lord Strathcona's "B" Squadron.



The Battalion Transport Officer, Lieutenant (OM) T. H. O. Bound, briefs newly-arrived drivers. All transport including the Jeeps, was loaned by the Canadian Army. Below: The tented lines of "A" Company sited on a butte and offering a magnificent panorama of the Battle River Valley.



Photographs by SOLDIER Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT.

THE "BRITS" ON TOP AGAIN

WHEN The Royal Welch Fusiliers took part in the Canadian Brigade's sports meeting less than a week after the last of the Battalion Group had flown in, they had a difficult task facing them—upholding the honour of the British Army in the forced march competition which last year was won at Gagetown by the 1st Battalion, The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment.

Each company of the Brigade Group—which included The Lord Strathcona's Horse; 2nd Regiment, Royal Canadian Horse Artillery; 1st and 2nd Battalions, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, and the 2nd Battalion, Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, had to be prepared to enter a platoon in the competition. Forty-eight hours beforehand a draw was made and a platoon nominated to represent each of the major units.

The platoons had to march seven miles in battle order, carrying weapons, fire on the range, march a further two miles and cross the finishing line intact.

And the Wainwright competition was gallantly won by a platoon from "A" Company of the Fusiliers in a time of two hours and 13 minutes. Second was a platoon from the Queen's Own Rifles, seven minutes later, and third, 1st Battalion, Princess Patricia's, in a time of two hours and 26 minutes. The march, under a blazing sun, was the toughest for three years.



Finishing the forced march are Fusiliers of the winning platoon: 2/Lieut. W. J. Allen, Fus. K. T. Cowdrey and Fus. W. A. Davis.

continued from page 6



A necessary evening visitor to the sleeping lines—the anti-mosquito Todd Insecticidal Fog Applicator.



Lance-Corporal M. T. Davies lights a petrol immersion heater, unfamiliar cookhouse equipment.



Another Canadian issue was this oven which the Fusiliers' cooks found quite to their liking.

cookhouse equipment and transport—and lived on Canadian Army rations. Drivers were given a two-day conversion course in the permanent camp area, learning the local rules of the road, how to drive on gravel and how to handle the jeep and Canadian 2½-ton automatic transmission vehicle—the “dooce-and-a-half.”

Out “in the field,” ten miles from the camp and another two from the typical mid-West town of Wainwright, the Fusiliers settled down to individual training leading up to co-operation with other arms, exercises with the 1st Canadian Independent Brigade Group and the final exercise in which the Welshmen were to act as enemy to the Brigade Group.

But life in Canada was not all work for the British. During the six weeks nearly all the men visited either Banff, the popular holiday resort in the Canadian Rockies, or the world-famous Calgary Stampede. More than 400 men spent between two and four days at Banff, living in the log cabins of the Canadian National Cadet Camp there, and another 300 saw the Stampede.

Two small groups were due to remain behind with the rear party, one to mount a climbing expedition in the Rockies and the other to travel by canoe down the Bow River from Banff to Calgary.

At the start of the visit a party of 116 Fusiliers, including their Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel R. C. H. Barber, MC, and the Battalion Band, Drums and Bugles, stayed in Quebec where a guard was mounted on the Citadel.

Throughout the six weeks the Band, Drums and Bugles were in tremendous demand from the Canadians—and, too, an unfortunately non-existent Welsh choir! The Band's programme included playing in Edmonton at a massed band concert, a fair and a ball game, in Wainwright, and at the Calgary Stampede, and a special visit to the small town of Chauvin, near the Saskatchewan border, for Chauvin's golden jubilee celebrations.

This was one way in which the Fusiliers were able to repay Canada for its magnificent hospitality and the Canadian Army for its co-operation. “We have had terrific help from the Canadians,” said Major C. P. Dryland MC, the Battalion's Senior Major. “It has been quite fantastic.”

P.N.W.

THE Wainwright training area is part of an Albertan game reserve which was once a great tourist attraction. At one time there were some 10,000 buffalo and herds of elk, yak and moose on the reserve. The buffalo were gradually moved north and an unsuccessful attempt was made to produce “cattalo” by crossing buffalo and cattle.

During World War Two the Canadian Army set up a camp at Wainwright and later this became a prisoner-of-war cage. The Army used the training area from 1947 for its reserve forces and for Regular Army winter exercises, and in 1951 it became a permanent camp.

A brigade group can be accommodated in Camp Wainwright's permanent buildings which also include a school, theatre, bowling alley, 100-bed hospital, workshops and large stores. The camp, biggest employer of labour in the local town of Wainwright, even has 30 Centurion tanks for the use of visiting units and some Shermans for use as enemy tanks in exercises.

Despite all the military activity, there is still an abundance of game and birds in the training area.

The main airstrip, 5,000 yards long, can handle troop transports, and there are 17 smaller strips for use by light aircraft.



The Rev John Rhys Hughes, Vicar of Bulford, where the Welch Fusiliers are stationed, prepares for a church service. He was formerly an Army chaplain.

"Excused Boots"

NAPOLEON used to say that an army marches on its stomach and perhaps that may have been all right for foreigners. But the British Army has to make do with its feet, and the British climate and roads being what they are, something had to be invented to cover a soldier's poor, tender feet. The answer was ARMY BOOTS.

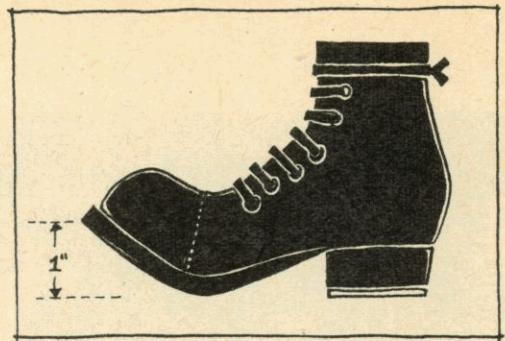
Ordinary boots had been successfully used for some time, so the Army decided to take a look at this novel idea. The experts found only one fault—ordinary boots wore out! So the best brains in the quartermasters' stores got together and made a few alterations. Leather soles were exchanged for cast-iron and uppers were contrived from reinforced concrete. The finished product was tried out on small groups of carefully selected Chelsea Pensioners with amazing results—and the Army boot was born.

When issued with his first pair of Army boots, the recruit is bombarded by all the old sweats with advice as to the best way to break them in. Standing them all day in a bath of hot water is the only solution, according to one school of thought. Boiling them for a week in the cookhouse stockpot is another suggestion. In the Tank Corps, where men are men, they prefer to run them over once or twice with a tank to soften them up. Gunners swear by stuffing a couple of high explosive shells up the toes and retiring to a safe distance.

There is much to be said for the Sapper method of filling a new boot with sump oil and leaving it to stand for a week. The men of the Royal Army Service Corps are more subtle; they rub their boots with issue rum and put a match to them.

But with all these well-tried and trusted methods the most important point has been missed. The boot hasn't changed at all. The poor old feet have had to change to the shape of the boot. So all the rum, oil and tank bashing have been in vain. Army boots produce Army feet and, as any Military Policeman will tell you, if you can't tell a soldier by his haircut these days, you can always spot him by the shape of his feet.

The most pronounced characteristic of an Army boot is the upturned toe. This is an essential part of the design, and to be really with it there must be a gap of at least an inch between the sole and the ground at the extreme front edge of the boot, with a slope back of not less than one in four to the ground. This ramped edge is essential for negotiating deep snow, NAAFI steps and the tender feet of the Regimental Sergeant-Major's wife at the Sergeants' Mess Ball.



"... most pronounced characteristic . . ."

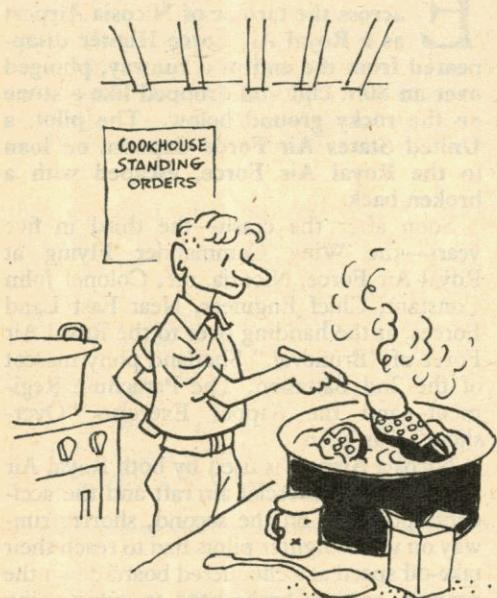
Grasped firmly by the toe, an Army boot will drive a nail much straighter than any old-fashioned hammer. Large lumps of coal can be battered to a convenient size for the barrack room stove. Held by the uppers it will speedily clobber any barrack pest from cockroach to sock pincher.

Care and maintenance of Army boots has always been a problem. Brushes and polish are rarely used. Some soldiers rub them all over with spoons heated in the fire. But this is only getting their own back for a foot full of blisters. Really bad types spit on them, but you have to be very near a NAAFI bar to use this process in view of the terrible thirst it brings on. A more modern way is to nail a row of boots to the table, then tear a long strip off one of the blankets in the sergeant's bunk. Two men use the strip like a cross-cut saw along the row of boots. The dust left by years of coal fatigues will provide all the ebony black colour they need.

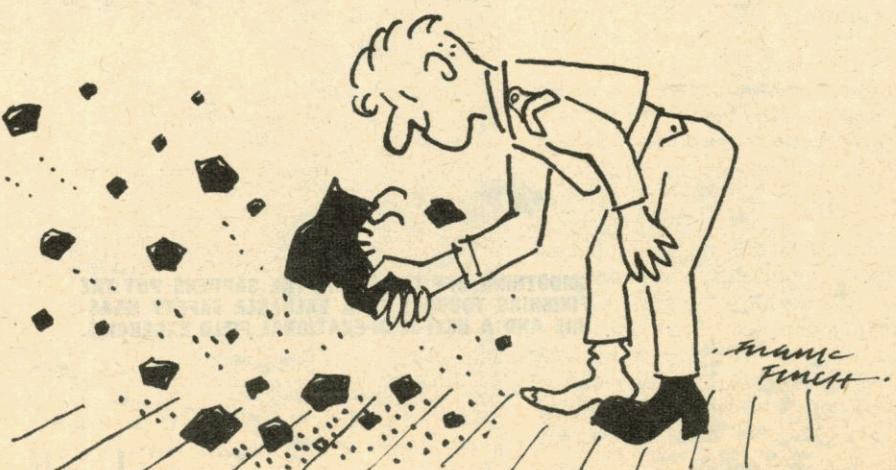
Sometimes an optimist will take along a pair of boots to the quartermaster's store to be repaired. But this is a major operation involving the blasting off of the old sole with explosive carefully placed by experts in the holes left by the removal of the studs. A dodgy process at the best of times and only undertaken when there is any prospect of success.

It is a far, far better thing for the quartermaster to have the Royal Army Service Corps' tank-landing ships drop them in the drink about five miles off Lundy Island at dead of night. But as sure as studs are studs, they will turn up again somewhere as "Government Surplus." There's no boot like an Army boot.

OSCAR KETTLE



"... in the cookhouse stockpot . . ."



"... battered to a convenient size . . ."

THE SAPPERS SHIFT A CLIFF

EMERGENCY vehicles screeched across the tarmac of Nicosia Airport as a Royal Air Force Hunter disappeared from the end of a runway, plunged over an 80ft. cliff and dropped like a stone on the rocky ground below. The pilot, a United States Air Force Captain, on loan to the Royal Air Force, escaped with a broken back.

Soon after the crash—the third in five years—the Wing Commander Flying at Royal Air Force, Nicosia, met Colonel John Constant, Chief Engineer, Near East Land Forces, at the handing over to the Royal Air Force of "Bruneval," Shetland pony mascot of the 2nd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment—and the Sapper Exercise "Overshoot" was born.

Nicosia Airport is used by both Royal Air Force and commercial aircraft and the accidents occurred on the second, shorter runway on which fighter pilots had to reach their take-off speed at a chequered board down the runway, or then brake hard to avoid going over the cliff.

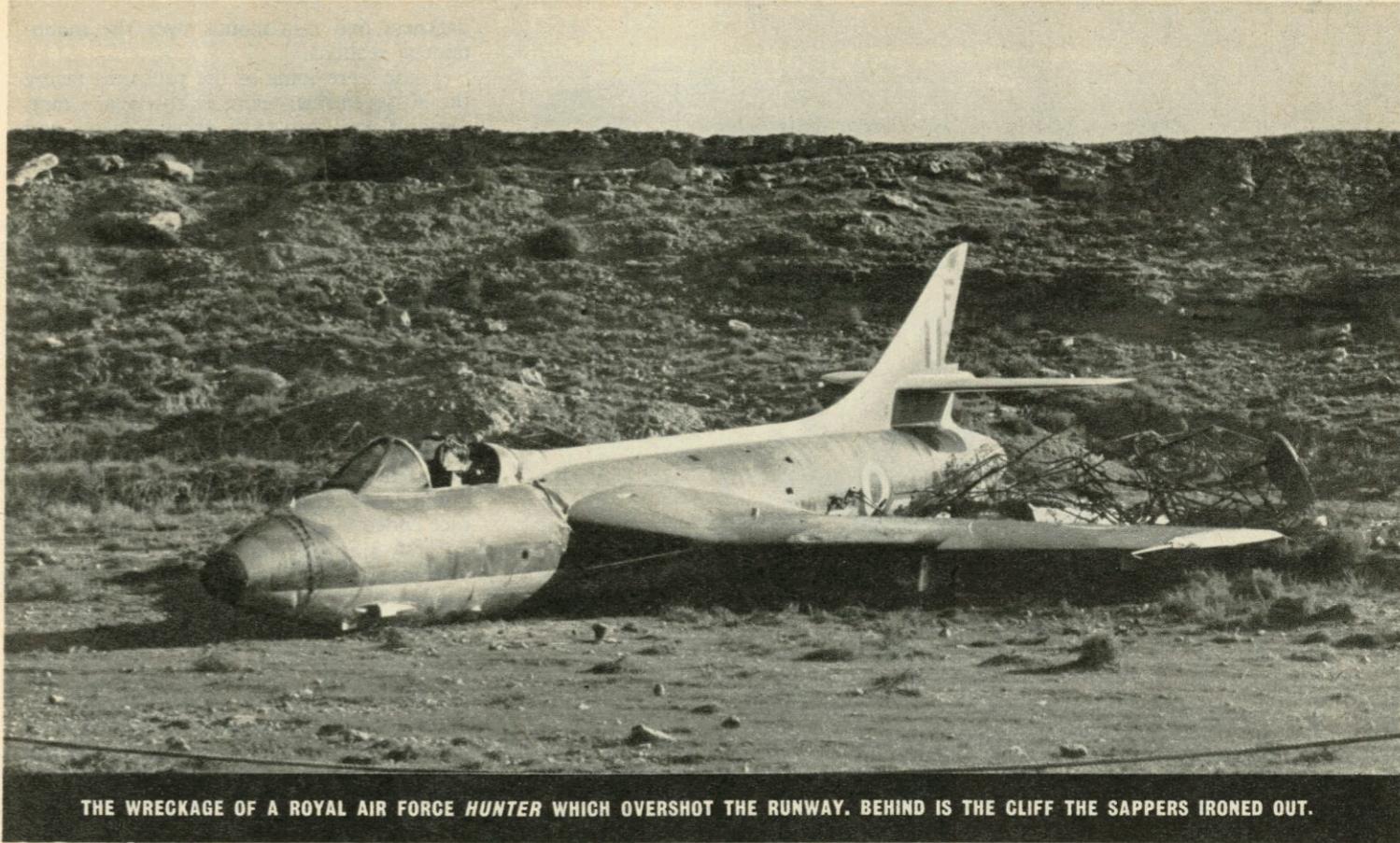
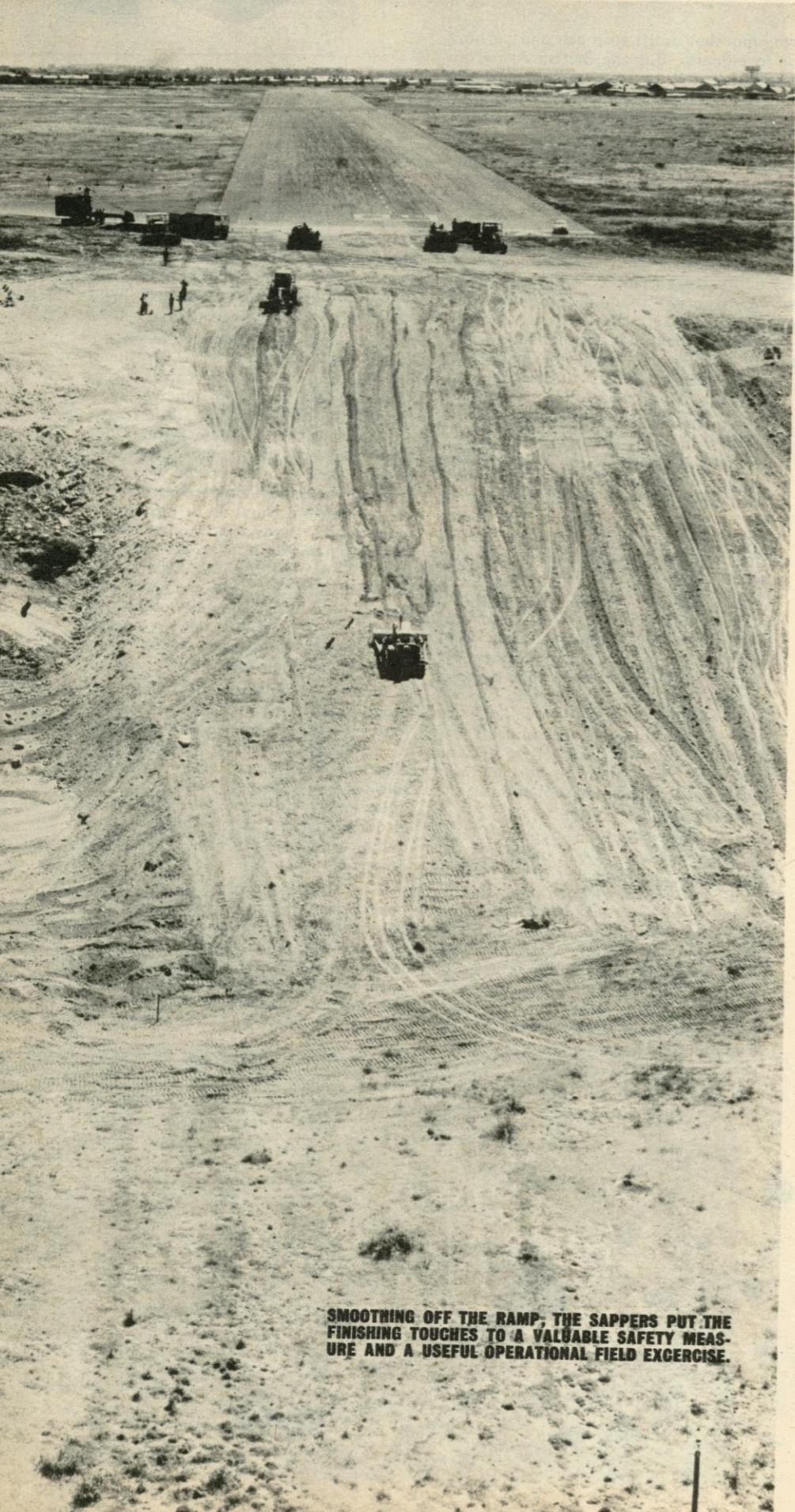
A Royal Air Force maintenance team began removing part of the cliff, but struck solid rock. Then the Sappers were called in to turn the sheer drop into a sloping extension of the runway.

The job was treated operationally. Plant was stockpiled at the Airport and the Sappers—men of 33 Independent Field Squadron, reinforced by the Cyprus Park Squadron and plant operators of Malta Fortress Squadron—were flown in from Akrotiri by the Royal Air Force. Though they were offered all the facilities of accommodation and feeding at Nicosia, the Sappers worked as they would on active service, and with a time limit of four days.

To reduce the sheer cliff to an even slope the Sappers had six tracked dozers, two ten-ton tippers, six compressors and a light-wheeled tractor. First they pushed loose material over the edge, then gradually blasted away the rock. Finally they smoothed off the surface of the new ramp so that an aircraft overshooting the runway would not break its undercarriage.

The Sappers worked in shifts, eight hours on and eight off, with a snack during each shift and a meal at the end of it. Off duty

SMOOTHEING OFF THE RAMP, THE SAPPERS PUT THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO A VALUABLE SAFETY MEASURE AND A USEFUL OPERATIONAL FIELD EXERCISE.



THE WRECKAGE OF A ROYAL AIR FORCE HUNTER WHICH OVERSHOT THE RUNWAY. BEHIND IS THE CLIFF THE SAPPERS IRONED OUT.

they snatched what little sleep they could as aircraft took off and landed round the clock at an average of one every eight minutes. For safety reasons floodlighting was used at night, but a period on the last night was spent in darkness with the help of the stars, a little moonlight and some luminous strips. The only other non-operational allowance was a bath, but unofficially the field rations were furtively supplemented by sympathetic Royal Air Force cooks.

The Sappers had not only moved a cliff,

In three and a half days the Sappers finished a task which had involved moving more than 100,000 tons of earth and rock. The ramp was tested, as had been promised, by the Chief Engineer driving the Wing Commander in a *Land-Rover* off the end of the runway at 60 miles an hour—and safely down the slope—watched by Sappers and a very grateful group of Royal Air Force pilots and crewmen.

they had lifted a great load off the minds of aircrew using the runway. And they had finished in three-and-a-half days a job quoted in a previous estimate at £35,000.

From the Royal Engineers' point of view the task had one great advantage over a normal Sapper exercise. A young Sapper put it in a nutshell: "We don't have to take it apart at the end!"—From a report by Major K. T. J. Hoile, 3rd East Anglian Regiment, Military Observer in Cyprus.

TOURING HONG KONG THE HARD WAY



Only helicopters and light aircraft are barred. Captain J. H. D. Duthie, Hong Kong Regiment, cycles off in the middle of the night along a mountain track.

IT takes stamina and versatility to compete in Hong Kong's "Round the Colony" race. To win it you also need initiative and charm. And a pair of running-walking-riding-climbing-cycling boots powered by equally adaptable leg muscles, is an essential.

Initiative is needed in choosing the various forms of transport over the 120-mile route; persuading owners of sports cars, tractors, speed boats and bicycles to hazard them in the cause of faster progress calls for charm. But most of all you need stamina.

Most of the checkpoints in the 120-mile race defy any form of man-made conveyance other than a helicopter—and helicopters are barred. They are scattered cunningly round the New Territories, Hong Kong Island and Lan Tao Island. You pick your route, choose your time, fix all the help you can get, and the best of luck!

The choice of time is tricky. Go by day and you will probably shrivel in the heat; go at night and you have the hazards of

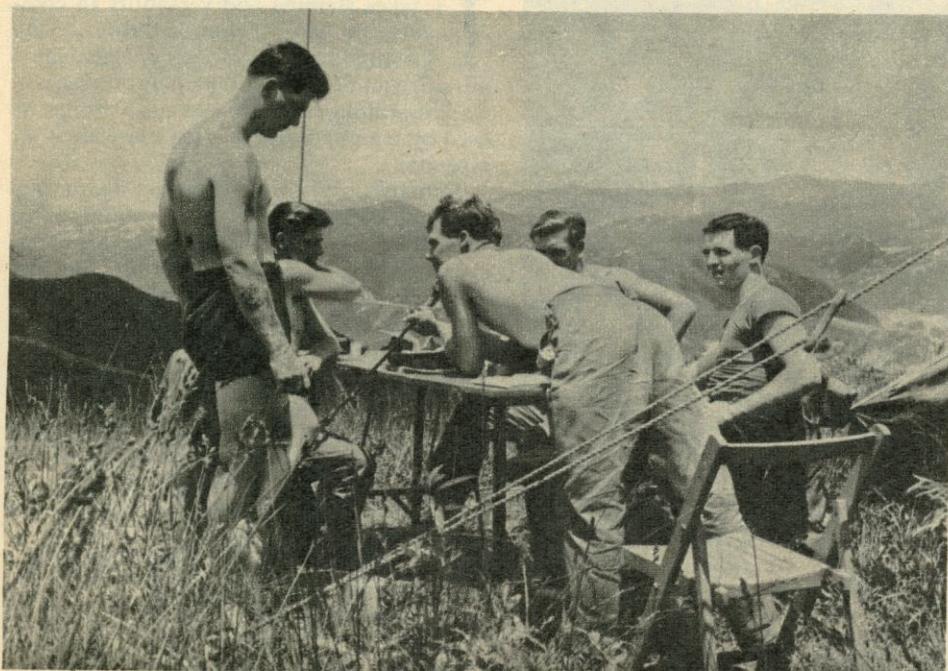


The Queen's Royal Surreys' first team race on towards the New Territories in a speed boat piloted by a former gunner.



Left: These competitors are descending from the only checkpoint on Hong Kong Island, a lofty site on top of Mount Parker.

Gunners of 11 Battery, 34 Regiment, RA, at the Unicorn Ridge checkpoint they manned round-the-clock during the five-day race.



darkness and rain clouds over the mountainous sections.

These were some of the problems facing the 30 seven-man teams in this year's race. Again it was open to all three Services and the Hong Kong Police, and organised by 48th Gurkha Infantry Brigade Group.

As it happened, the overnight travellers had the edge. The weather, usually wet and humid for the race, proved to be dry and hot and six of the teams choosing daytime travel had to withdraw because one of their number collapsed with exhaustion.

The start was staggered over a period of four days. After two days, 17 Infantry Workshop, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, held the lead with 12 hours 19 minutes 29 seconds. This remained the fastest time recorded by an all-British team—but it was beaten seven times before the race ended.

First, 3 Supply and Petrol Depot and 79 Company, Royal Army Service Corps (a combined British and locally-enlisted Chinese team) clipped five minutes off the craftsmen's time, then the "C" team of 2nd Battalion, 6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles, cut it by a further 11 minutes.

Next morning came the sensational news that the headquarters team of 48th Gurkha Brigade Group, the holders, had finished the course in 9 hours 40 minutes 36 seconds, more than two hours faster than any other team. This overshadowed the following result, 11 hours 52 minutes 45 seconds by "A" Company, 2nd/10th Gurkha Rifles, though it won them second place. Also among the finishers were two teams of the Hong Kong Regiment, the Colony's weekend soldiers.

The winning team, led by Major J. M. Glover, the Brigade Major, comprised five Gurkhas and one British soldier, Sapper Derek Smith. His comment: "It was tough but I enjoyed it. I hope to run again next year."

Brigadier S. P. M. Kent, The Brigade Commander, said the idea of the race, when it was introduced last year, was to provide a test of the soldierly qualities which really counted: leadership, initiative, resource, physical endurance and teamwork.

Hong Kong's "Round the Colony" race does all that, and is fast gaining a reputation as the toughest competitive test of stamina and endurance in the Army today.—From a report by Army Public Relations, Hong Kong.



Major J. M. Glover, of HQ 48th Gurkha Infantry Brigade Group's winning team, receiving the Omega Cup from Sir Robert Black, Governor and Commander-in-Chief. Each member of the team earned a £45 watch.



The sound of military music echoes back across two centuries as four RA bands march as one across Woolwich's Front Parade.

B-FLAT BASSES

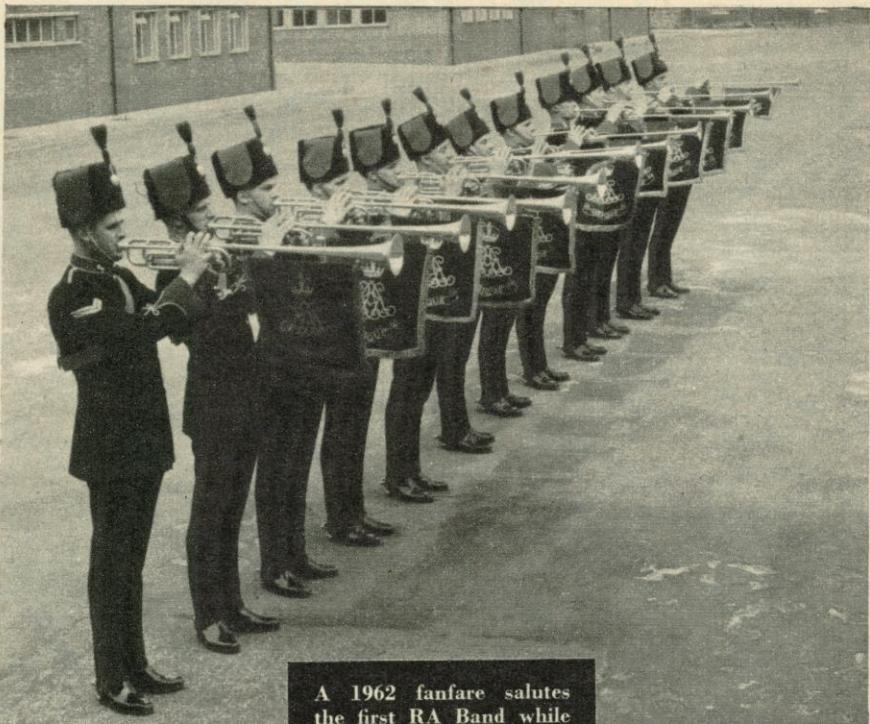
THE deep distinctive sound of eight B-flat basses thumped out with power and pomp from beneath the South Arch at Woolwich. Adding majestic sight to momentous sound, the basses, in line abreast as always, led the 85-strong Royal Artillery Band on to the Front Parade.

Resplendent in new uniforms—with busbies and plumes, crossbelts, short swords and spurs—the Band that has helped to honour many an historic occasion was for once playing in its own honour. The Army's largest and oldest Regular military band was celebrating its bi-centenary.

OVER...

TO THE FORE

THE ROYAL ARTILLERY'S 200 REGULAR MUSICIANS COMBINE TO HONOUR 200 YEARS OF MUSICAL PROGRESS



A 1962 fanfare salutes the first RA Band while (below) eight junior musicians dress and play in true 18th Century style.



Left: The new line of the 1962 dress (right) contrasts with the one seen at Royal Artillery events for many years.

Oldest RA Bandsman is Sergeant Horace Hince (right), 53 this month, who transferred from Ack-Ack 38 years ago.



It is just 200 years since Lieutenant-Colonel William Phillips, Commandant of the British Artillery during the Seven Years War, decreed that:

"The Regiment's musick must consist of two trumpets, two French horns, two bassoons and two clarinettes. The eight musicians must also be capable to play upon the 'cello, bass, violin and flute, as other common instruments. They will be looked upon as actual soldiers and cannot leave the Regiment without a formal discharge."

The sting was in the tail. For the first time in the history of the Army, musicians were signed on as soldiers on a permanent basis. The other vital clause in Colonel Phillips' order has proved equally far-reaching. In insisting on double-handed musicians he began a tradition that is today maintained ten-fold. The entire band is capable of "remustered" to the 85-strong symphony orchestra which has long been a familiar feature of London's concert world.

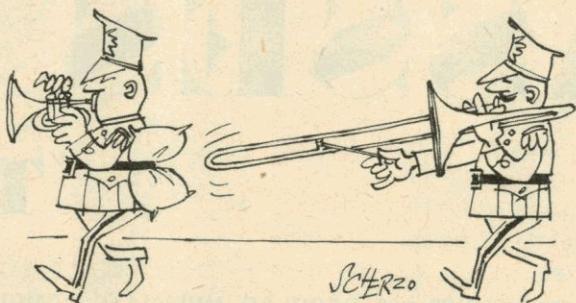
The original eight musicians, all German, found themselves in Woolwich—the home of the Band to this day—when the regiment returned in 1763. The Band remained largely unchanged and traditionally foreign for nearly half a century until, in 1810, George McKenzie took over the baton.

That same year the first of the Royal Artillery concerts was held in the Officers' Mess at Woolwich, where the Band still plays on guest nights. James Smyth succeeded McKenzie in 1854. Under him the Band increased to 80 members and gained in stature with a concert tour, the first-ever by an Army band, covering North-East England.

Further strides forward came with the appointment in 1881 of Ladislao Zavertal, probably the greatest of Artillery bandmasters. Zavertal was a bearded, temperamental character with an unconventional parade bearing. His appointment, cutting across a ruling that all Army bandmasters should be trained at Kneller Hall, caused some ill-feeling.

But under him the orchestra became the finest in the country, gaining international repute and the favour of Queen Victoria, and introducing to Britain many now famous orchestral works. Dvorak was a friend of Zavertal and he would often visit the rehearsal rooms and conduct the orchestra.

Edward Charles Stretton succeeded Zavertal in 1907. He had joined the Band as a boy, studying the violin and clarinet. Stretton concentrated more on the military band—somewhat neglected by Zavertal—thus restoring the balance. Under him the Band played at the funeral of Edward VII and toured New Zealand. During World



TWO hundred years of musical tradition are fostered at the Woolwich School of Music where key members of the Royal Artillery Band instruct on military band instruments while civilian professors teach the violin, 'cello, harp and piano.

Bandsmen join at 15, usually with some knowledge of music, study for upwards of two years then, if possible, do a further year at the Royal School of Music, Kneller Hall.

Drill periods ensure that the young musicians become as professional in their marching as in their playing, and academic studies are handled by two full-time education officers. Ciné photography and a model railway are popular hobbies.

The Rhine Army and Mounted Bands are each allowed ten students at the school, against the Royal Artillery Band's 20. All three bands select their own students.

War One it was one of the first bands in France and frequently visited the front.

In 1936, Owen W. Geary, Bandmaster of The Border Regiment, succeeded Stretton. He organised the teaching methods, laying the foundations for what was to become the Junior Musicians' Troop of the Band. During World War Two the Band travelled to every theatre of war except the Far East and added its own triumphant notes to the liberation of Paris.

On Geary's death in 1955 the present Director of Music, Major Sidney Victor Hays, took over. Major Hays, whose father and uncle played under Zavertal, can claim a family connection with the Band covering 80 years. He joined as a boy in 1925, passed through Kneller Hall, became Bandmaster of The South Wales Borderers in 1937 and rejoined the Gunners in 1946.

Under his baton the Band and orchestra have played for President de Gaulle, the late King of Iraq, the President of Italy and the King of Thailand. A recent tour included a visit to Cyprus where the Band played

for every Gunner unit on the island.

This year's celebrations have already included a triumphant display on London's Horse Guards Parade and a visit to Buckingham Palace. The first bi-centenary parade—at the Woolwich "At Home"—showed clearly the healthy state of Royal Artillery music. In support were the Mounted Band from Aldershot (finally dismounted in 1939), the Rhine Army Band (formerly the Portsmouth Band but renamed after nine years in Germany) and the 40-strong band of the Junior Musicians' Troop.

Eight of the junior musicians provided a vivid link with the Band's formation. With the same dress and instrumentation as the original eight they marched on playing "The Trayne of Artillerie," part of the original repertoire. The band of the Junior Leaders Regiment staged an independent display. They, like the Rhine Army and Mounted bandsmen, wear the new uniform.

It is a healthy reflection of the state of the Royal Artillery Band today that the £8,500 cost of the new uniforms has been met



Major Hays, whose family links with the RA Band cover 80 years, joined it in 1925 as a boy of 16.

entirely from Band and Regimental funds.

The orchestral training, says Major Hays, has a telling effect on the sound of the military band. This—and those eight big basses—account for that distinctive sound. The eight basses were originally introduced for show, giving the band a neat frontal appearance. Some bands favour trombones at the front—but not the Gunners. Trombone slides in musical harmony never harmonise geometrically. The dressing, say the Gunners, tends to be ragged.

So those eight B-flat basses will continue to lead the Army's largest and oldest Band—into a third century of military musical history.

PETER J. DAVIES

TRACKS, SKIRTS AND SPACEMEN



EVERYTHING happens to the *Land-Rover*. Two new versions seen at this year's Royal Engineers' demonstration provide the Army's maid-of-all-work with tracks—which take it several feet up in the world—and a skirt!

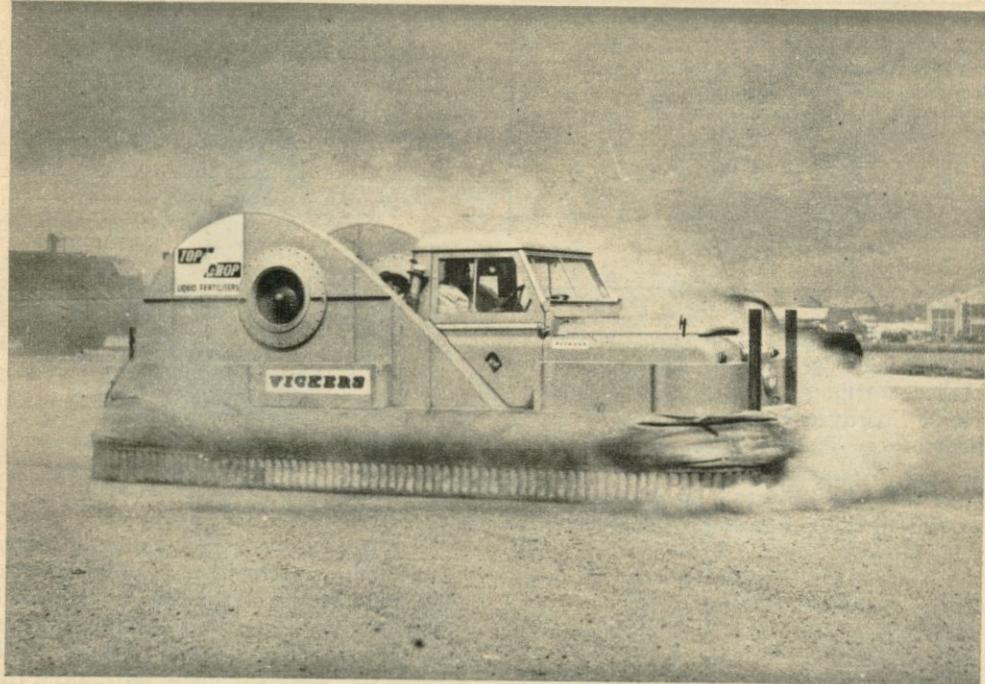
The skirt is made of rubber and its job is to contain a downward thrust of air for the vehicle to ride upon. The effect is to lift the load off the springs so that on boggy ground the vehicle glides lightly over the surface. On firm ground the skirt is raised for normal travel.

The aim is to produce this gadget—the Vickers Air Cushion Conversion—so that it can be fitted to any *Land-Rover* by any garage mechanic. But there is a lot of boggy ground to cover before it gets past the "possible" stage.

On the prototype two large fans which produce the down draught are driven by a second *Land-Rover* engine on the back of the vehicle. The skirt is raised and lowered

OVER...

This giant of a vehicle is simply a *Land-Rover* with tracks which carry it high above the stickiest mud.



A rubber skirt and two large fan belt guards effectively disguise a familiar Army vehicle.

A mechanical mine-laying unit receives further supplies from an RAF Whirlwind.

Below: A Belvedere helicopter plays its part in speeding the Sapper bridging work.

from outside the cab. Eventually the skirt will be controlled from the cab and it is hoped to find a way of driving the fans from the one engine.

The "Hover Land-Rover," as it is inaccurately becoming known, is easy to drive once the driver gets the feel of the lift-engine throttle and maintains the balance between skidding and sinking. The conversion can be designed for other vehicles but current plans cater only for the Land-Rover.

The tracked conversion of the Land-Rover took its bow unannounced at the demonstration as part of the equipment of HQ Bomb Disposal Units (UK), a Combined Services unit. It was on loan from the Royal Air Force which has about eight on bomb disposal work.

Its greatest attraction is its cross-country performance, ploughing through the thickest mud and climbing slopes of almost one-in-one with ease. It will travel at up to 30 miles an hour. This tracked conversion is designed to negotiate swamps and heavily scarred terrain and has a ground clearance of 27½in, and a payload of driver, two passengers and 1750lb. The steering is hydraulically assisted.

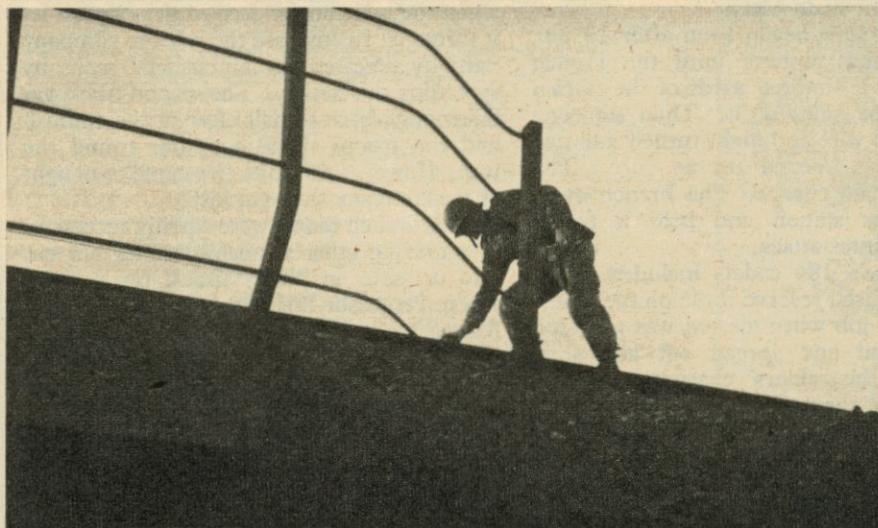
The bomb disposal display was one of the highlights of the demonstration. It included the igniting and burning out of the second stage of a Bloodhound missile, an eloquent illustration of how bomb disposal techniques must advance with the times.

The team showed the steps taken to counteract radioactivity in bomb disposal. A decontamination squad, wearing astronaut-like protective clothing, preceded the disposal experts, checking and spraying. This done, the experts detached the warhead of the missile, then fired the special charge that splits the rocket instantly down the centre. The fuel, once ignited, burned fiercely with a noise like a gigantic blow-lamp.



THE FLEET-FOOTED CADETS OF L'ECOLE SPÉCIALE MILITAIRE INTER-ARMES (ST. CYR) RENEW THEIR FRIENDLY RIVALRY WITH CADETS OF THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, SANDHURST, WHEN, ONE SUNNY EVENING IN NORFOLK . . .

THE FRENCH DROP IN FOR BREAKFAST



A French cadet moves stealthily across the Norfolk countryside in a bid to surprise the defenders lying in wait.

Left: A raider places a bomb on the railway line.

Right: On such a frosty night a cup of tea was a welcome luxury—for those who had the time.

STANDING in the middle of a Norfolk road a Sandhurst cadet waved the *Champ* to a halt. "Everybody out," he barked, glaring fearlessly at his officer instructor and three other passengers—a French journalist and a **SOLDIER** team.

Exercise "La Madelon V" was not half an hour old. Cadets from the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, were defending Stanford "Island," carved with expert military simulation out of Central Norfolk. An assault force of cadets from France's military academy at St. Cyr would soon be parachuting in.

Meanwhile the Maquis—members of Sandhurst's Edward Bear Club—were active. The cadet, a member of the defending Red Force, was taking no chances. "Everybody out!" he ordered again. No one moved. The officer explained the *Champ* party's neutral role. The cadet, still dubious, allowed the vehicle to continue.

It was the kind of realism the cadets strove to achieve through-

out this annual Anglo-French exercise. This cadet's role was that of an aggressor, as part of Red Force which had invaded the country two years ago, captured the eminent Professor Box and forced him to perfect his highly efficient anti-missile defence system on their behalf.

If the country was to be freed from the oppressive heel of the Redland invaders the anti-missile station must first be destroyed and Professor Box rescued. The French cadets—Blue Force—planned to do just that.

The four French *Nord Atlas* transport aircraft approached dead on course. A hundred parachutes unfolded in a clear blue windless evening sky, dropping the raiders lightly on English soil. Parachutes were packed briskly, Maquis guides contacted, and the cadets moved swiftly into battle.

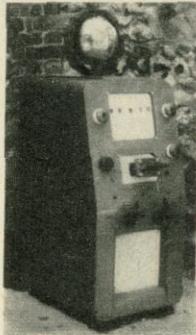
Speed was the secret of the French success. They had planned their attack on the anti-missile station with care. Two companies

OVER...



Machine-gun fire shatters the stillness as the French fight their way to the beaches.

The "anti-missile" equipment, object of the operation.



THE "anti-missile" equipment, main objective of the "Madelon V" Exercise, was the imaginative creation of Mr. Denis Lever, science lecturer at Sandhurst. The components included a console TV cabinet, two motor horns, an 8in lavatory cistern float, gas taps (purely decorative), four switches, and green, red, yellow and blue flashing lights. Professor Box was portrayed by Mr. W. G. Jenkins, lecturer in modern subjects at Sandhurst.

Though the St. Cyr cadets flew from France some of the realism was lost because—war or no war—the invaders had to come through the British customs. But the hot coffee and snack awaiting them when they landed en route in Kent made the stop worth while.

continued from previous page

approached direct, apparently slowly, going to ground when the defenders' helicopter appeared on reconnaissance, and when harassed by patrols. But the slowness was part of the plan. A third company was speeding round the flank, covering twice the distance of the main party.

The onslaught began soon after 11 pm. Defenders saw nothing until the French were within a hundred yards of the station and on three sides of it. Then someone caught a trip wire and night turned into day as everything opened up at once. The defence had no chance. The French overwhelmed the station and held it firmly against a counter-attack.

Red Force's 184 cadets included a 60-strong mobilised reserve force on the mainland. Their job when alerted was to speed to the island and spread out across it, cutting off the raiders' evacuation to the beaches. But their only link with the island was a narrow causeway across the "Thetford Straits."

Here the Maquis planned an ambush

which produced one of the exercise's lighter moments. What Sandhurst cadets in the role of Maquis thought was the reserve company, turned out to be a three-tonner full of Territorials of The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers returning from a night out. They objected to being brought into the exercise and said so in no uncertain terms.

So shaken were the young Maquis that when the real convoy arrived they almost let it through. In any case the reserve company partially defeated the ambushing's plans by spreading the convoy. The second truck was far enough back to halt clear of the ambush and the troops made a detour round the trap. However this initiative came to nought as the company then got lost!

The French cadets were equally successful in achieving other minor objectives but ran into trouble in their attack on a farm where Professor Box was held under guard. Misled by a rifle shot from an outbuilding, the French attacked this lightly defended post and were caught on the flank by the main defending force.

Later, the French doubled back and released the professor—after the defending forces had left the farm on instructions from the exercise control staff.

As the sun rose to end the night exercise and clear the rolling mists the umpires held an open-air conference. There were full marks to the French for their planning, night movement, ambush drills and fighting patrols. Praise too for the Sandhurst men. As hosts they had the less glamorous role, but gained valuable practice in collecting intelligence, defending vulnerable points, anti-guerrilla tactics, and area searching.

Next time it will be St. Cyr's turn to stage the exercise, the Sandhurst cadets' turn to attack. Until then the battle was over. Ahead lay a conference at Sandhurst for all the cadets and, for the visitors, a sight-seeing tour of London.

PETER J. DAVIES



Keeping in close radio contact with a third company speeding in an arc to approach from the left flank, two St. Cyr cadets take up positions for an attack on the anti-missile station.

Photographs by SOLDIER Cameraman ARTHUR BLUNDELL

FOR VALOUR: 7



Corporal
EDWARD THOMAS CHAPMAN
THE MONMOUTHSHIRE REGIMENT



The Gallantry of Corporal Chapman



AS THE SECTION MOVED ALONG THE TRACK THE ENEMY OPENED FIRE.



CORPORAL CHAPMAN ADVANCED ALONE, FIRING HIS BREN AT THE HIP.

A SUPERB courage, such that it made him the personal target of the enemy, earned the Victoria Cross for Corporal Edward Thomas Chapman, of the Monmouthshire Regiment, on an early April day in 1945.

His company had crossed the Dortmund-Ems Canal in Germany and was assaulting the steep, thickly-wooded ridge of the Teutobergerwald. German officer cadets and their instructors, all picked men and fanatical Nazis, held the dominating ridge. As Corporal Chapman led his section in single file along a narrow track the enemy opened fire, inflicting heavy casualties.

Corporal Chapman ordered his section into cover and advanced alone, firing his Bren from the hip at point-blank range and forcing the enemy to retire. At this point his company was ordered to withdraw, but the message did not reach the section. Closing in on the isolated group, the Nazis charged determinedly with the bayonet, under cover of intense machine-gun fire.

But each time Corporal Chapman beat off the assault with his Bren. While men of his section brought up more ammunition to him, he covered them by lying on his back in a fold of ground and firing the Bren over his shoulder. A party of Nazis tried to eliminate him with grenades, but again he drove them back.

During its withdrawal, the company commander had been severely wounded. Corporal Chapman, satisfied that his section was secure for the moment, went out into the open and under withering fire carried his officer 50 yards to comparative safety. On the way a sniper hit the officer again and wounded the Corporal in the hip. Back in the line it was discovered that the company commander had been killed.

In spite of his wound, Corporal Chapman refused to be evacuated and returned to his company until the position was fully restored two hours later. His single-handed attacks had given his battalion time to reorganise on a vital piece of ground overlooking the only bridge across the canal.

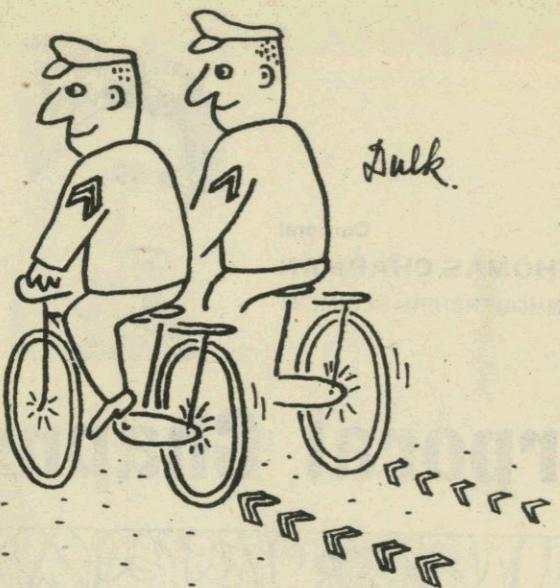
Says his citation: "His magnificent bravery played a very large part in the capture of this vital ridge and in the successful development of subsequent operations."



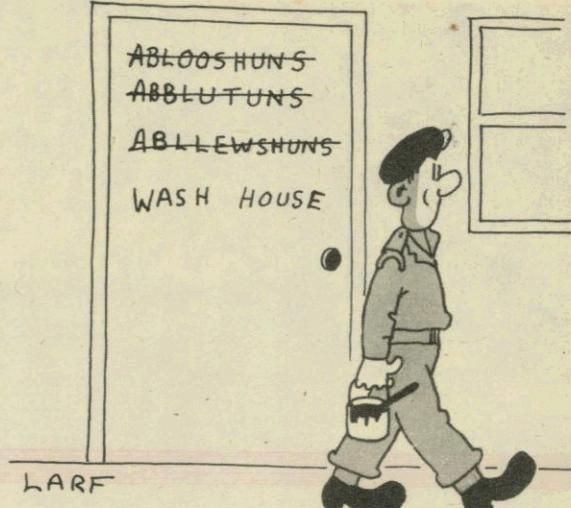
WHILE HIS MEN MOVED UP WITH AMMUNITION FOR HIM, CORPORAL CHAPMAN LAY IN A FOLD OF GROUND PROVIDING COVER FIRE OVER HIS LEFT SHOULDER.



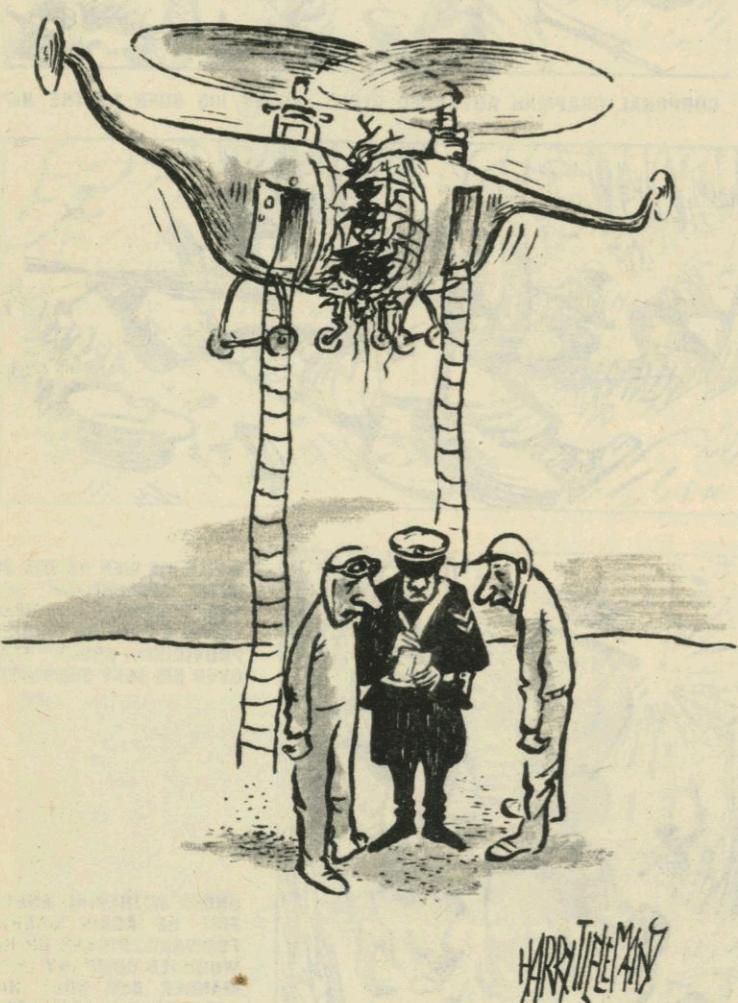
UNDER WITHERING ENEMY FIRE HE AGAIN DASHED FORWARD, PICKED UP HIS WOUNDED COMPANY COMMANDER AND BORE HIM BACK TO HIS COMRADES.



HUMOUR



"Ignore him. He's always coming the old soldier!"



HUP
TWO THREE
DOWN



"Hup...Nine...Eight...Seven...Six...Five...Four...Three...Two...One...Down!"



As the sea cadets bring the launch close to the bank the army cadets leap ashore to start an assault.

Boy Soldiers On The Ball

WITH faces blackened and rifles cocked, khaki-clad figures leap ashore and deploy. The landing complete, naval launches pull away from the bank. Overhead, light aircraft and gliders play their part. Another combined military operation is under way.

But this one was different. These were cadets. This was just a part of the spectacular show put on by the boys of Berkshire.

The county's 1200 army, naval and sea cadets were showing that inter-service co-operation could be equally efficient at any level.

The show, the first combined cadet display staged in the county, was given added status by the presence of Field Marshal Lord Slim, who inspected a combined guard of honour and presented prizes. Other high-ranking officers of all three Services watched the youngsters show their paces at Reading's Christchurch Playing Field.

Canoe racing, gliding, physical fitness and signalling displays were among the attractions climaxed by a realistic combined assault on an enemy radar station. Boys of the East Berkshire ACF, dressed in "woad," and bearing clubs, added a light-hearted cameo on the birth of the Army Cadet Force.

The cadets' display also acted as a curtain-raiser for the searchlight tattoo staged in nearby Prospect Park that evening by 1000 boys of the Army Apprentice Schools and Junior Leaders Regiments. The decisions to stage the two events were taken quite independently last summer and it was some time before the respective organisers learned of the others' plans.

Rather than hold the two events separately it was agreed to share the same day and thus halve advertising and other costs. The result was a youth day that Berkshire will long remember.



Their part of the show complete, the Berkshire cadets squat on the grass and hear one of Britain's most experienced soldiers, Lord Slim, pass on some useful advice.

CHASING RACING CYCLISTS

THE *Land-Rover* sped down the narrow lane, braked for yet another sharp corner and accelerated. Ahead—too far ahead again—70 cyclists, heads down, leg muscles straining, raced through the English countryside. In the back of the vehicle Signalman Leonard Wilby hung on grimly. "It's like racing round Le Mans," he said as he braced himself for another bend.

He and five other men of the Army Emergency Reserve were handling communications for this year's Tour of Britain cycle race. Their job was to keep up with the leading riders in one *Land-Rover* and radio information ahead to a second vehicle. But keeping up with the world's fastest amateur cyclists in what often seemed like the world's busiest traffic streams was no easy task.

The men had volunteered for this extra fortnight's duty to follow the race over 1400 miles of British roads, starting and finishing at Blackpool. It was the first time they had tackled such a job and Captain Dorien Freeman, Staff Officer of HQ AER, Royal Signals, at Blandford, Dorset, planned it as a military operation.

The first two days were difficult, with the traffic jams of Wigan adding to teething troubles, but afterwards the system worked like clockwork. Each day, at the half-way stage, the leading vehicle raced to the finish while the other, keeping in touch with race marshals, relayed the latest positions for a running commentary to the crowds.

Using the new C11 radio sets for the first time, the Signalmen found them well up to

the task. Most messages were sent orally but when atmospherics prevented this—overhead power cables were one hazard—the teams switched to Morse. The two vehicles never lost contact.

There was plenty of solid sending and receiving to do—with names like Erenozaga, Gawliczek and Pokorny (the eventual winner) to cope with—and the stages were often long and tiring. But it was first-class practical training for these part-time soldiers. As

the race developed the unit found itself caught up in the excitement, cheering the English competitors to victory in the team event.

Next year the Milk Marketing Board, sponsors of the race, need only ask and they will find six willing volunteers, all experienced and all staunch supporters of the "extra pinta" propaganda—between them, during the fortnight, the Signalmen consumed more than 30 gallons of milk!



The leading riders halt, then turn on to A24 at Washington during the 103-mile Stage Six leg.



The finish of Stage 6 in Grand Avenue, Hove, watched by a crowd of spectators and the AER men.



One of the radio teams' *Land Rovers* attracting attention in Hove—not often do people see an Army vehicle carrying advertisements for milk.

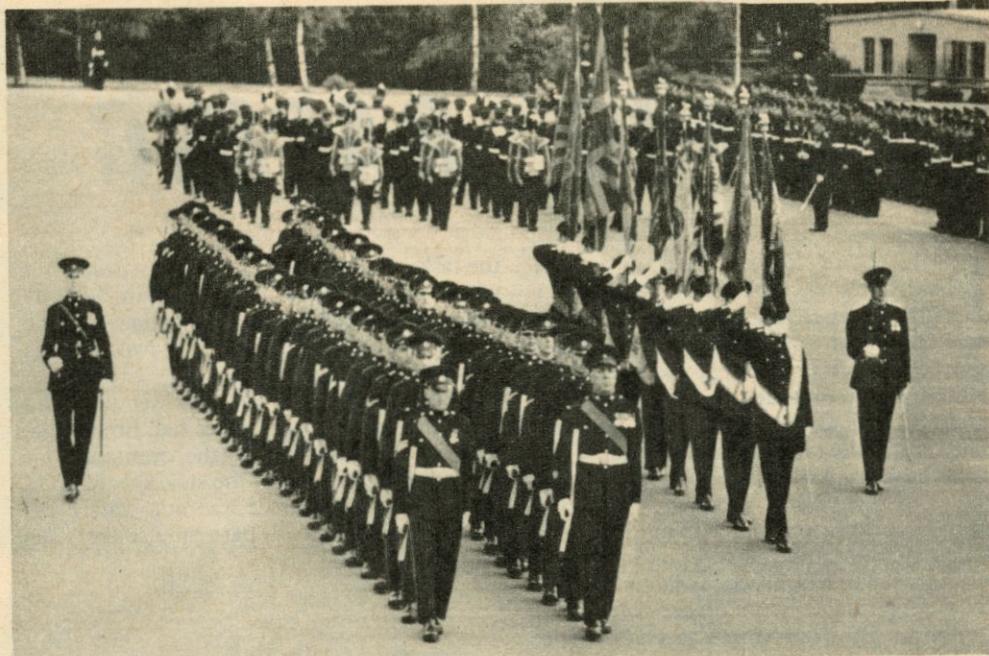
MILITARY MEDLEY



The Mayor of St. Albans (Mrs. I. E. Stebbings) with General Sir Evelyn Barker DSO, MC, Honorary Colonel of 286 Regiment, Royal Artillery (Territorial Army) (The Hertfordshire and Bedfordshire Yeomanry) at the ceremony of granting to the Regiment the freedom of entry to the city. The Regiment paraded with its guns and light vehicles, the Mayor taking the salute.



Men of the 1st Battalion, Scots Guards, made history when their company, due to take part in an exercise with cadets from Ardingly College in Sussex, moved from Milton Barracks at Gravesend to Elizabeth Barracks at Pirbright. Instead of travelling by road or rail the 100 Guardsmen flew to Surrey in RAF Belvederes.



The eight old Colours of the Royal Lincolnshires and Northamptonshires are trooped for the last time—on the square of the 2nd East Anglian Regiment at Osnabrück.

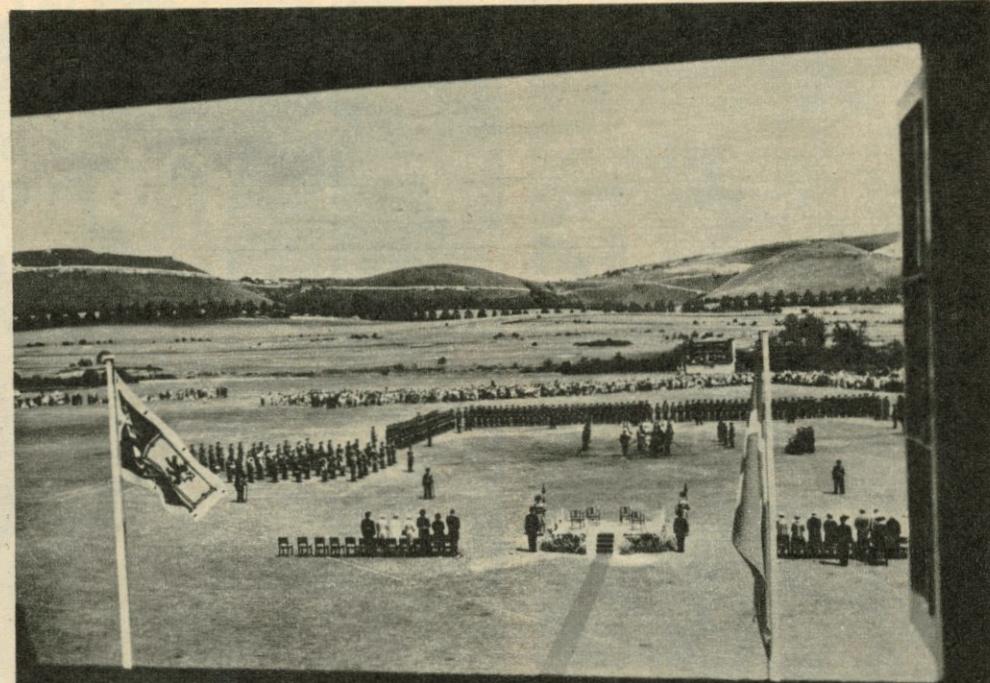
FAREWELL TO THE OLDEST COLOURS

IT was an occasion without precedence and unlikely to be repeated when eight Colours of the 1st Battalion, 2nd East Anglian Regiment (Duchess of Gloucester's Own Royal Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire), were trooped for the last time at the Battalion's barracks in Osnabrück, Germany.

The eight Colours included the oldest in service, those of the 2nd Battalion, 10th Foot (Royal Lincolnshire Regiment), now 103 years old, and those of the 58th Foot (Northamptonshire Regiment), only a year

younger, and the last Colours to be officially carried into action by a British regiment—at the battle of Laings Nek on 28 January, 1881. The third set, of the 1st Battalion, 10th Foot, were in their 100th year of service, and the fourth set, of the 48th Foot (1st Battalion, Northamptonshire Regiment) in their 73rd year.

Their place was taken by new Colours presented by the Duchess of Gloucester, Colonel-in-Chief of the new Regiment and formerly of The Northamptonshire Regiment.



A scoper's eye view of the scene on Folkestone Cricket Ground when Prince Frederick IX of Denmark, Colonel-in-Chief of The Queen's Own Buffs, The Royal Kent Regiment, presented new colours to the 1st Battalion. Queen Ingrid and Princess Marina, Colonel of the Regiment, also attended this historic ceremony.

Sappers On The Stage

LESS than a year ago men of Headquarters, Transportation Centre, and 16 Railway Regiment, Royal Engineers, got together to form the Longmoor Dramatic Society, with the object of holding weekly play-reading sessions.

Then the chairman, Colonel G. Williams, Deputy Commandant of the Centre, decided that the Society ought to put on a play in the long-defunct Kitchener Theatre to entertain the garrison. That play won the Army Drama Festival—in competition against ten other Army societies—and a one-night stand in one of London's West End theatres.

Colonel Williams' choice of James Elroy Flecker's "Hassan" was tremendously ambitious. It called for a cast of nearly 50, with 33 speaking parts, ten large scene changes, elaborate lighting and costumes and a host of unusual "props."

Only a few experienced actors could be found among the soldiers, their immediate families and civilian staff eligible to compete in the Festival, and the remainder had to be taught from scratch. Hire costumes were all being used by a film company so the Longmoor Society had to make its own.

Climax of the adventure was the move of the scenery, properties, costumes and the 70 cast and back stage staff to the Scala Theatre to put on a performance attended by the War Minister (Mr. John Profumo) and members of the Army Council.

A scene from Longmoor Dramatic Society's winning production of "Hassan."



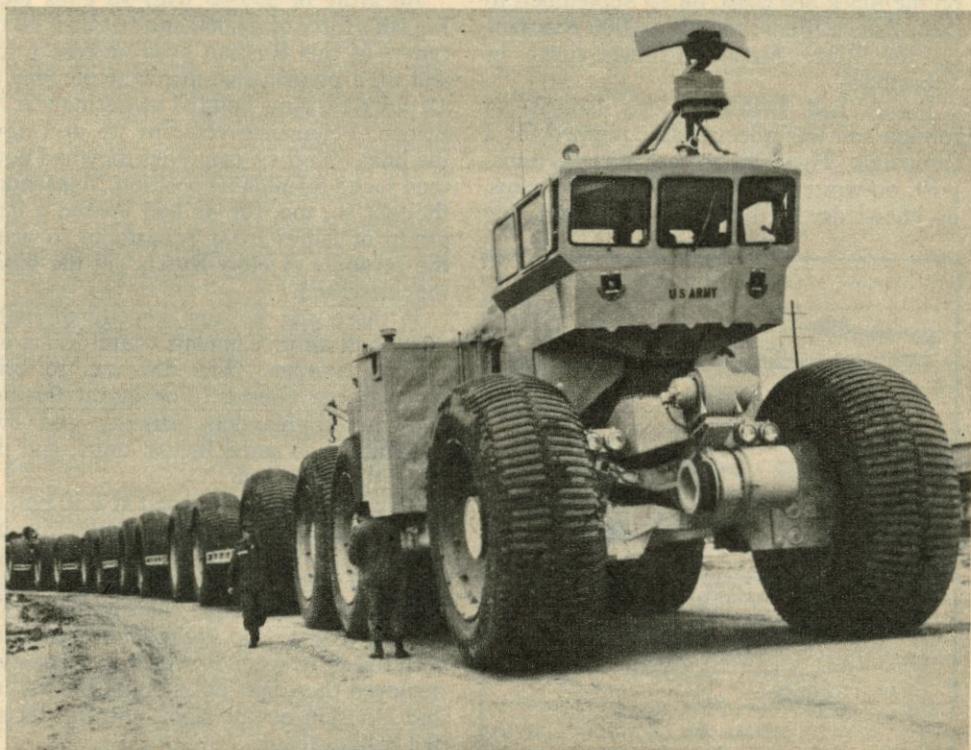
COMMODORE REGINALD BOND—known to thousands of British soldiers as "The Captain"—has retired after 43 years' service with British troopships. His first trip, as a young cadet, was from Calcutta "under somewhat spartan conditions" and his last, in the *Nevasa*, which he has commanded for six years, brought the first Gurkhas to serve in England.

In World War Two, Commodore Bond captained a Royal Navy hospital ship and before taking over the *Nevasa* he commanded the *Empire Trooper* in a period which included the Korean War.

Picture below shows Commodore Bond with Lieutenant-General Sir Nigel Poett DSO, C-in-C Far East Land Forces (left) and his Chief-of-Staff, Major-General G. A. Thomas, before the *Nevasa* left Singapore.



The Dutch Army puts a bridging column of engineers and drivers to the test on the River Maas at Boxmeer during Exercise "Back Lash." A ten-ton lorry has just been loaded on the ferry.



The United States Army's "Overland Train," a 13-unit gas turbine vehicle operated by a crew of only six, can deliver 150 tons at a time—the load of 60 two-and-a-half ton lorries. It is designed for mobility and high cargo-carrying capacity in undeveloped polar and desert regions where supply routes are long, fuel supplies scarce and roads non-existent. Solar gas turbines in the two rear trailers drive generators supplying electricity to the 54 powered wheels. The train is self-contained.

A CAMPAIGN WHICH PRODUCED A HEROINE IN FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE BUT WHICH WAS UNNECESSARY AND ILL-CONCEIVED. THIS WAS THE CRIMEA, TYPIFIED IN . . .

THE MAJESTY AND FARCE OF ALMA

IF anything good came out of the Crimean campaign it was Florence Nightingale and the British Army's new sense of responsibility towards its sick and wounded. For the rest the campaign was ill-conceived, unnecessary, and carried through in a manner which verged on pure farce.

The invasion of the Crimea was unnecessary, because the Russians had already accepted the terms of the Anglo-French ultimatum before the British and French armies arrived on the Black Sea coast in September, 1854. But, with a fine army in Europe for the first time since Waterloo, the British Government could hardly resist trying it out against the Russian Bear, and the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Raglan, the Peninsular veteran who had sat at his Whitehall desk for 40 years, was thirsting for action.

Thus the Anglo-French force of 60,000 men, 27,000 of them British, swept majestically across the steppes from Calamita Bay, on the Black Sea coast, on 19 September, to meet Prince Menschikoff's 80,000 Russians on the River Alma, 15 miles north of Sebastopol.

Never had British troops landed on foreign soil less adequately equipped for a campaign. They had no base, no land transport, no winter stores, no large-scale maps, no knowledge of the enemy's strength, dis-

positions and fortifications, no ambulances nor stores for the wounded. They had merely an enthusiasm for battle after 40 years of peace in Europe.

A brilliant dawn broke over the Alma as Marshal St Armaud, the French commander, rode through the British camp on 20 September. He pleaded the cause of a simultaneous flank attack—British on the left, French on the right. Raglan, steeped in the Peninsular tradition and still heard sometimes to refer to the French as "the enemy," declined to be committed. The morning was well advanced when the two armies moved in parallel lines towards the river.

Cutting across the horizon ahead were the Heights of Alma, sheer 400-feet high cliffs petering out six miles inland in rolling downs. Menschikoff left the cliffs unguarded, believing them to be unscalable, but a huge mass of Russians lurked in the hills opposite the British and on the extreme right wing loitered 4000 Cossack horsemen.

An army of 39,000 with 96 guns faced Raglan's force of 27,000 and 66 guns. In the centre of this Russian position rose a hill, and on a plateau two-thirds of the way up 12 powerful guns pointed menacingly at the British. Peninsular veterans up and down the lines told their comrades they had never seen such a formidable position. Menschikoff thought so, too, for he had invited a large group of ladies from Sebastopol to watch the invaders of Holy Russia get the hiding they deserved.

If there can be any comedy in battle, Alma had all its elements—and drama and dogged courage. The day was to bring glory to the Guards, The Royal Fusiliers and the Highlanders; dismay and even humiliation to some British units, and disgrace to the French.

The Russian guns opened at 1.30 pm, the shot bouncing like cricket balls through ranks which opened up to let them through. A greyhound belonging to a Rifle Brigade officer had a great time chasing them. The British, crowded up against the French and with too little space in which to manoeuvre, deployed the Light Division on the left, the 2nd Division on the right, and the 1st and 3rd behind them.

As the French began their operations on the right the British divisions were ordered to lie down, and for 90 minutes these untried soldiers had a terrifying ordeal as shot and shell whistled among them. Raglan,

enjoying every minute of it, rode about ostentatiously and unworried. The French reached the crest on the Russian left but, lacking artillery support, declined to go farther. For the rest of the battle they stood immobile when, without difficulty, they could have transformed a Russian defeat into utter rout by a flanking attack.

At 3 pm Raglan, conforming to the whole crazy character of the Crimean campaign, launched his troops in a frontal attack on an almost impregnable position. In perfect line the two front divisions descended to the river. The Russians confounded the 2nd Division by setting fire to a village and blanketing their front with dense smoke, but the Light Division got across the river.

The Light's left-hand brigade, commanded by Buller, was first across, but for its two major components, the 77th (2nd Middlesex) and 88th (1st Connaught Rangers), the day produced a sorry story. On the far side they were left to ward off a Cavalry attack which never came and stood, cursing their inactivity, for the rest of the battle.

Their comrades of the 19th (Green Howards) declined to have anything to do with this command and veered off right to join Codrington's Brigade (Royal Welch Fusiliers, 1st West Riding and Royal Fusiliers) who, in a ragged mob, all alignment gone, were scrambling up the slope. As the retiring Russians pulled clear, the 12 guns above (in what became known as the Great Redoubt) poured a scathing fire into Codrington's bunched formation.

Casualties were heavy. Colour parties were wiped out, and the Foresters lost every ensign in succession. But it was the Russians who yielded. Trained to fight massive columns like their own, they were confused and bewildered by the long British line. To the astonishment of the hard-pressed Light Division they limbered up their guns and retired from the Great Redoubt, but not quickly enough to prevent men of The Royal Welch Fusiliers and the Foresters from capturing two of their guns.

High on the skyline the British could see ladies streaming in panic towards Sebastopol, throwing down shawls and parasols as they fled. On the right of the slope The Royal Fusiliers clashed with the Czar's famous Kazan Regiment and the two units poured bullets into each other from close



The 1st Division at the Alma. The Duke of Cambridge sent his men across the river, the Guards advancing majestically up the hill to repulse the Russians and relieve Codrington's Brigade.

range for the rest of the battle. Outnumbered by two to one, the Fusiliers found that their Minié rifles outclassed the muskets of the opposition.

Meanwhile the rest of Codrington's Brigade, having occupied the Great Redoubt, gazed up at the massed Russians, from whom came a "long, sorrowful wailing sound," and down at the bare slopes. There was no support in sight. Suddenly two battalions of Russians emerged from a rift above them and marched slowly down in the strangest sort of bayonet "charge" ever faced by the British Army.

Confused by the fact that the advancing Russians were not firing, a British officer shouted: "Don't shoot, they're French." And here began the tragicomedy of the Alma. Bugles sounded the "Cease Fire," then the "Retreat." Colonel Chester, of The Royal Welch Fusiliers, was shot dead in the act of bellowing a warning that the troops above were Russian.

The Commander-in-Chief, whose presence was urgently required at this crisis, was nowhere to be seen. With his staff, he had ridden right through the Russian line on the left and taken up a position on a knoll deep within enemy territory from which to view the battle. He had even called up a couple of guns and launched his own little flanking attack. Never had a British commander occupied such an amazing position in battle.

But the Duke of Cambridge had noted the extraordinary events on the slope and sent his 1st Division across the river in support. The Scots Fusilier Guards, leading the Guards Brigade across the river, met an emissary from Codrington pleading for urgent reinforcement. This fine regiment promptly went rushing up the hill, like a pack of hounds, utterly unsupported on left or right. Their comrades—the Coldstreams on the left and Grenadiers on the right—would have nothing to do with this extraordinary behaviour. Once over the river, they deployed correctly in line and began the ascent.

High on the hill The Royal Welch Fusiliers, with hardly an officer left, succumbed and moved swiftly down the slope, cannoning forcefully into the Scots Guards on their way up. Men fell like ninepins in this swirling, surging mob. The order, "Fusiliers retire!", probably meant for the isolated Royal Fusiliers on the right, rang across the slopes and the Scots Fusilier Guards, thinking it was for them, turned about and followed the retreating Light Division down the hill.

The Coldstream and Grenadiers opened their ranks to let through the descending mob until, to their amazement, they came upon the retreating Scots Guards. "Shame!" they cried—to be told by a staff officer: "Retire, you are firing on the French." The Guards knew better. Closing to a range of

100 yards, they poured bullets into the solid wall of Russian troops who broke and withdrew just as the Scots Guards, re-organized and eager to atone for their errors, came bounding back up the slope to rejoin their comrades. Then the Brigade of Guards resumed its majestic advance.

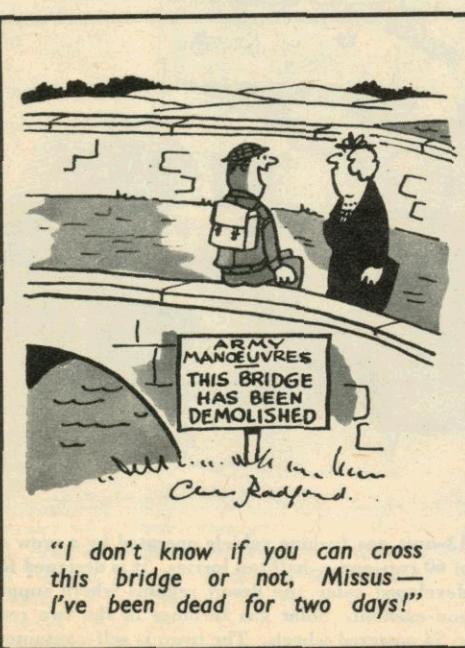
The Russians might have stood their ground but for the sight of the bonnets of the 1st Black Watch topping the ridge on their right. The rest of the 1st Division had arrived. The Black Watch were saved from a sudden flank attack by the timely arrival of the 2nd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who were themselves rescued from a similar plight by the Cameron Highlanders.

On the right The Royal Fusiliers were still fighting dourly with the Kazan Regiment and suffering severely. Exhausted and in dire trouble, they were finally extricated by the 2nd Border Regiment. Everywhere the gallant Russians yielded and their retirement to Sebastopol developed into disordered flight.

The battle which began farcically, ended in farce. The French Infantry and British Cavalry could between them have rounded up the bulk of the fleeing enemy. The French declined to move and the Cavalry was ordered not to move.

Alma cost the British 2000 casualties, the French about 500, and the Russians 5500.

K. E. HENLY

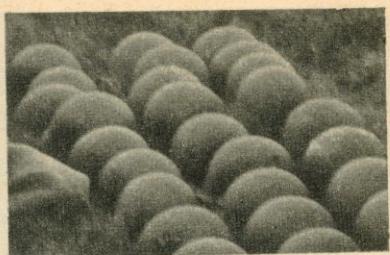


"I don't know if you can cross this bridge or not, Missus—I've been dead for two days!"

COMPETITION 51



1 This is part of Folkestone harbour. Can you pair these Continental sea route ports: (a) Dover; (b) Le Havre; (c) Folkestone; (d) Hook of Holland; (e) Calais; (f) Dieppe; (g) Southampton; (h) Harwich; (i) Newhaven; (k) Boulogne?



2 Would these be: (a) German mediaeval cannon balls; (b) British cistern ballcocks; (c) Irish Christmas puddings; (d) French steel helmets; (f) Brazilian plastic footballs?

BRUSH THOSE COBWEBS AWAY

And be among the prize winners

QUIET a number of SOLDIER's readers make a point of sending in a competition entry every month. Some readers have won prizes more than once. Prizes go to the senders of the first correct solutions to be opened, or to the nearest correct.

But you certainly can't win unless you enter. Send your solution to this month's quiz to reach SOLDIER's London Offices by Monday, 24 September.

And this month there is a special prize of a year's free supply of SOLDIER for the best entry from the Army Cadet Force. The prizes are:

1. A £10 gift voucher.
2. A £6 gift voucher.
3. A £4 gift voucher.
4. Three recently published books.
5. A 12 months' free subscription to SOLDIER and whole-plate monochrome copies of any two photographs and/or cartoons which have appeared in SOLDIER since January, 1957, or from two personal negatives.
6. A 12 months' free subscription to SOLDIER.
7. A 12 months' free subscription to SOLDIER (Army Cadet Force only).

RULES

1. Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to: The Editor (Comp. 51), SOLDIER, 433 Holloway Road, London, N7.
2. Competitors may submit more than one entry, but each must be accompanied by the "Competition 51" label printed on this page.
3. Correspondence must not accompany the entry form.
4. Servicemen and women and Services' sponsored civilians may compete for any prize; Army Cadets for prizes 4 to 7 and other readers for prizes 4 to 6.

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

3 The consonants have been removed from these well-known British regiments and replaced by dashes:

- (a) C-----a-----d-----r G-----a-----r D-----s-----;
- (b) I-----t-----e -----i-----e G-----a-----r-----s-----;
- (c) I-----t-----e -----a-----a-----a-----;
- (d) I-----t-----e R-----o-----a-----l -----o-----o-----e-----e-----;
- (e) A-----t-----e -----a-----e-----o-----i-----a-----
- (-----o-----i-----i-----e-----e-----).

What are the regiments?

4 Which word on this page contains a deliberate spelling error?

5 What is wrong in the following: (a) Balmoral Castle is the most northerly of the State residences; (b) A micrometer is used for examining minute objects by magnification; (c) Mr. William Smith MA, MC, OBE, has been appointed chairman of directors?

6 Joan of Arc was known as: (a) The Saviour of France; (b) The Damsel in Distress; (c) The Maid of Orleans; (d) The Demoiselle of Dordogne. Which?

7 Which is the odd man out here: (a) Aries;

(b) Scorpio; (c) Taurus; (d) Centaur; (e) Leo; (f) Libra?

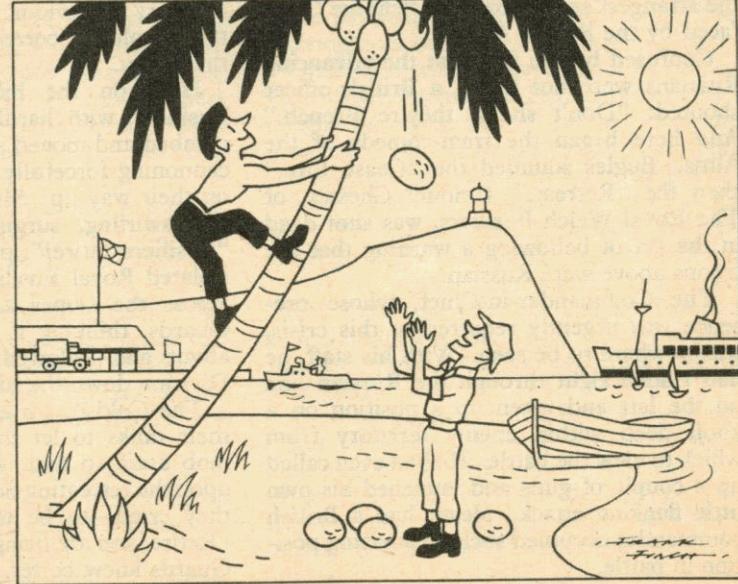
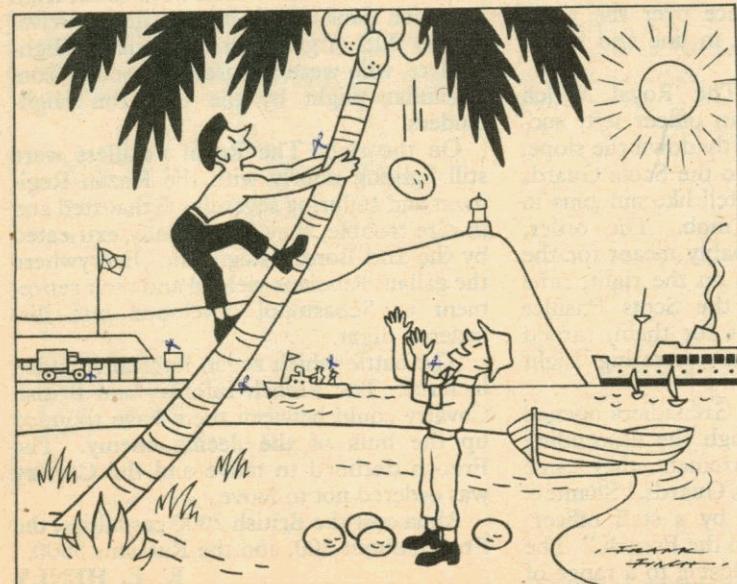
8 Who were the men associated with the following: (a) The unit by which electrical resistance is measured; (b) Covering a road with small stones and bitumen; (c) A system of signals used by telegraph operators; (d) The miner's safety lamp; (e) A short kind of watch chain?

9 Complete the following: (a) Christians are to Bethlehem as Mohammedans to ?; (b) Cockney is to taxi as Chinaman to ?; (c) Man is to child as elephant is to ?.

10 What do the following stand for: (a) DORA; (b) NAAFI; (c) MCMLXII; (d) KCB?

11 Do you know your British Isles? (a) Is the longest railway platform at Crewe, Clapham Junction or Manchester? (b) In which Welsh town is the Tiger Bay district? (c) Which Scottish city is known as the Granite City? (d) What is the so-called "Eighth Wonder of the World" on Antrim's coast?

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?



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



Things may be cushy now, with free grub, gear, leave, quarters and all the other perks of a Regular's life. But what happens when demob rolls up? In Civvy Street you've got to pay for the lot—and that's very different!

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has completed one year as a safe
and careful driver, whose auto
mobile has not been involved in an
accident and is worthy of special
recognition and recommendation

John Doe
President



THE TRAGEDY OF THE CRIMEA

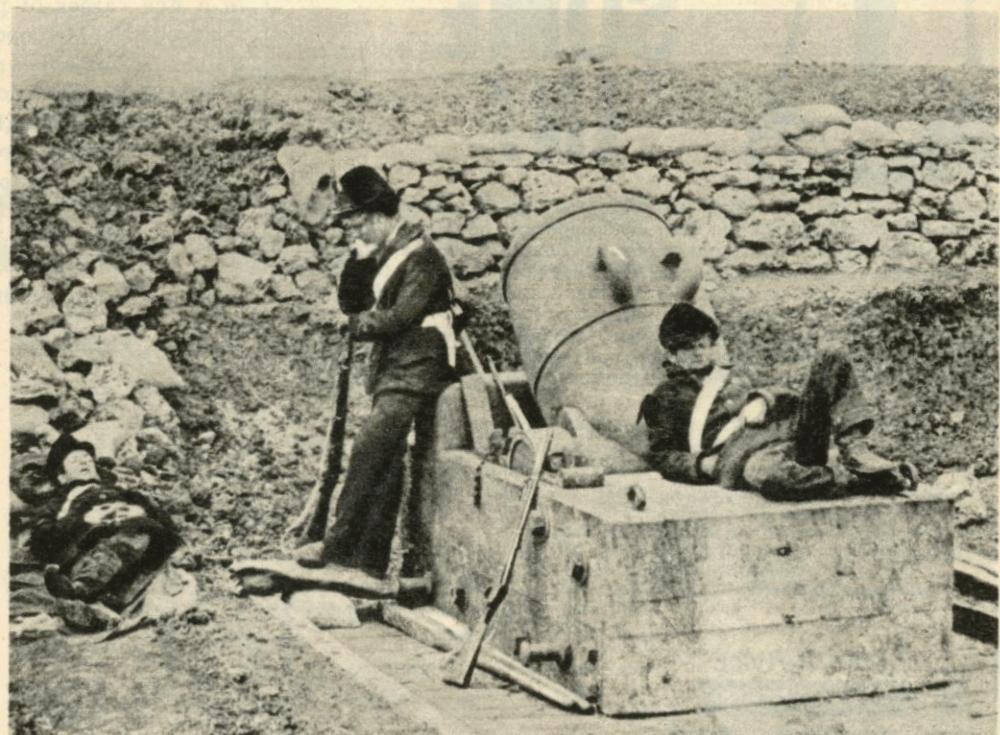
THE was a touch of the Gilbertian about the British Army sent to the Crimea "to put the Russians in their place." Its general, who was nearly 68, had never held a command in war and so disliked his French allies that he referred to them as the enemy. Many senior officers had never been in battle and of those who had, the last action they had seen was in the Peninsular War nearly half a century before.

Officers were even prepared to listen to the advice of William Russell of *The Times*, the first British war correspondent, and if he had been general instead of Lord Raglan the war could not have been more one of wasted opportunities, disorganisation and inadequate generalship. But because of the courage and determination of officers like "Hood and Yea, Saunders of the 19th Foot, Chester of the 23rd Foot and Warren of the 55th Foot . . . who without orders (because there were none) used their own surpassing initiative," the war was not the shambles it might have been.

It was not the British soldier who was at fault but his supreme commander on the field and his commissariat at Whitehall. Both were out of touch with the grim realities of war. To expect to conduct a war like an eighteenth century gentleman, aloof but benevolent, was to indulge in more than wishful thinking.

Politically the Crimean War began almost by accident and was fought just as haphazardly. Lord Aberdeen well-meaningly blundered across the political scene as disastrously as did Lord Raglan on the battlefield. What began as another Houslow Heath exercise, but with a real enemy, ended as a lesson in how not to fight a war.

In "Battles of the Crimean War" (Batsford, 21s) W. Baring Pemberton paints a vivid picture of the military detail of the



Men of a British mortar battery lounge behind the breastworks, while a comrade keeps a casual watch.

campaign without over-simplifying events and without boring or confusing readers unversed in the intricacies of logistics. Unlike some military historians, intensely interested in the science of warfare, he is no less concerned about the characters of the officers and men who fought, and assesses their influence on events with a shrewd commonsense and unbiased sympathy.

Life for the British soldier in the Crimea was as uncomfortable as death. Because no one had considered the climate, no tents were disembarked and the Army spent its first night on Crimean soil sleeping fitfully in the open, drenched by driving rain and frozen by the cold wind. The first day of the campaign saw the British miserable, stiff with cold and an easy prey to dysentery and cholera. Ink froze in bottles and a commanding officer's moustaches froze into two icicles four inches long.

The men were never warm, could not cook their ration of "cold grunter" or dry their clothes because no one had the sense to order a boat to collect firewood from the nearby forests of Anatolia when the meagre supply of Crimean brushwood ran out. Said a surgeon: "I never thought the human subject would endure so much privation and suffering." "Ignorance, neglect, officialdom and absence of foresight made the Crimean winter cruel and killing," comments the author.

Lord Raglan must have been aware of the hardships suffered by his men but he made no attempt to tackle the problem. In all fairness, the author states that Raglan most certainly did not realise the full extent of the privations. But it should have been his business to find out. "No preparations are

ever made for what is to happen five days in advance," a colonel told his wife. "There is a general fear of taking responsibility and everyone is afraid to act with vigour," said an MP who visited the front. The whole set-up was that of an incurably unmilitary-minded nation gone to war.

The battle of the Alma was won not by logistics but because the Russians had been led to expect British sailors in military uniform, not British Infantry fighting like "red devils" and "hairy devils" and those "terrible" "soldiers in petticoats," the Highlanders. The Alma was not won by any plan of Lord Raglan. Had he made proper use of reconnaissance he would have pursued the retreating Russians and converted his chance victory to decisive defeat. But he was not prepared by nature or training to take the necessary calculated risk.

Two days later the Allies were marching towards Sebastopol. Their path was littered with guns abandoned by the fleeing Russians which should have told Raglan, as it did St. Arnaud, the French Commander-in-Chief, that immediate surprise attack on the fort was imperative. Now it was Raglan who prevaricated, whether in a spirit of "tit for tat" or through sheer incompetence, is impossible to judge. If attack had been made then there would have been no need for Balaclava, and Inkerman might never have happened. The famous, hazardous, flanking march south of Sebastopol to Balaclava gave the Russians much-needed time to strengthen fortifications and gained the British nothing. By retaining Balaclava, because he was an inexperienced general or was too patriotic to hand it over to the French, Raglan fatally weakened the British

Lord Raglan, leader of the British Army in the Crimea, was 68 and had no previous experience of wartime generalship.



position by extending his line of defence far beyond the capacity of his Army.

"Lord Raglan wishes the Cavalry to advance rapidly to the front and try to prevent the enemy carrying away the guns. Troop of horse artillery may accompany. French Cavalry is on your left. Immediate."

This was the order which unleashed the heroic charge of The Light Brigade, a magnificent but not very productive action, the result of weak generalship, misleading orders and clashing personalities. The charge might not have taken place so disastrously if Raglan and Colonel Airey had drafted the order more carefully. The staff officer selected to carry the order was the impetuous Captain Nolan, the best horseman available. The choice was unfortunate. Nolan, enraged that the Cavalry had not yet seen action, was not in a fit state to explain the order calmly to Lord Lucan, whom he blamed for the Cavalry's inactivity. Even so, points of difficulty, such as which front and which guns Raglan meant, could

have been ironed out had not Lord Lucan and his second-in-command, Lord Cardigan, hated each other too much to co-operate as they should.

If the Alma was a victory of courage and luck rather than generalship and Balaclava was an unnecessary waste of time and lives, Inkerman, says the author, was "less a battle won than an attack defeated." It destroyed the Russian plan to wipe out the British right wing but also stopped an immediate assault on Sebastopol and gave the town more time to strengthen its defences. Inkerman has been described as "rather a gigantic instance of heroism than a victory over the enemy." Such a description sums up the whole tragedy of the Crimean War.

"Battles of the Crimean War" is well produced, with reproductions of eye-witness sketches of battles, informative and immensely readable. A fuller index and acknowledgement of quotation would have been welcome.

THE INDIANS BEAT THE CAVALRY!

WHEN it comes to old soldiers' stories, Red Cushing is in the front-rank. He saw "boy service" with the Irish Republican Army, gathering information about British troops, and at 13 was on active service in the IRA campaign against the Irish Free State Army.

Family circumstances took him to New York, and after a short spell in civilian life he joined the United States Army. His engagement finished, in 1936, he fought for the Republicans in Spain. Then he flirted with the French Foreign Legion, but realised a European war was coming and finally—well, finally to this date—joined the British Army, with which he is still serving.

With a liking for strong drink, an Irishman's aptitude for getting into trouble, and considerable skill in the boxing ring, he has amassed enough experiences to make his memoirs, "Soldier for Hire" (John Calder, 21s) both diverse and diverting.

In an American Army pageant, Corporal Cushing's "Indians" got tired of being beaten by the United States Cavalry at every rehearsal. When it came to the performance, they reversed the result, and with it American history. That was why Private Cushing moved on to another unit, where he soon retrieved his stripes, only to lose them again by inadvertently shutting his commanding officer in a refrigerator.

In Tientsin, he startled his fellow GIs by returning from a celebration wearing a kilt belonging to a fellow Irishman then serving with a Scottish unit. In Nicaragua, besides his official duty of instructing Government troops, he earned a bit on the side by acting as instructor to rebel troops as well and taking part in a little gun-running. In Panama, he was caught by Republican Guards scrumping coconuts in the grounds of the presidential palace. In Washington, DC he paid off an old score by engineering a favourite enemy into a party of mental patients.

The author went to France in 1939 with The Royal Irish Fusiliers and the following year hid from the Germans for three days in a well-stocked wine-cellars. As a prisoner-of-war he joined the "Free Irish Brigade" but was put back behind barbed wire when he neglected to hunt hidden microphones before discussing with his friends how he was going to sabotage the first operation with which the Germans entrusted him.

After the war, he re-enlisted and served in Palestine, Cyprus, Japan, Korea, Kenya and Germany, still finding it difficult to keep stripes stuck on his arm.



Red Cushing as a British Army corporal. He has also served in the Irish and Spanish Republican and US armies.

LITHUANIA IN REVOLT

"GUERRILLA Warfare on the Amber Coast" (Voyages Press, New York, \$3) by K. V. Tauras, is an account, dramatic in places, of the long struggle waged by the Lithuanian Freedom Army.

This was a struggle with a long tradition. In 120 years under the yoke of the Tsars, the Lithuanians had revolted five times. In 1940, by agreement with the Nazis, the Russians moved back into the 22-year-old Baltic republic, and resistance began again.

The following year, when the Germans attacked the Russians, a rebellion brought the three million Lithuanians a short-lived freedom which ended when Hitler appointed a Gauleiter. The resistance men and women went into action against a new enemy.

The return of the conquering Russians in 1944 found the Lithuanian Freedom Army better prepared than ever before for guerrilla warfare, and well stocked with arms and ammunition left around by both Nazis and Soviet armies. They tied down whole divisions of Russian security troops.

In eight years, the Lithuanian Freedom Army suffered some 30,000 dead and wounded. The stocks of arms and ammunition ran low. Russian efforts to eliminate the guerrillas were beginning to tell. There seemed no good reason for going on, since it was more than obvious that the Western powers were not going to war for Lithuania's freedom.

Between 1952 and 1955 the Lithuanian Freedom Army was disbanded, apart from a few small groups which chose to fight on. Passive resistance is now the only weapon of the Lithuanian people.

OVER...



"PIFFERS" IN THE NORTH-WEST

FROM time immemorial the North-West Frontier has been the land gateway to the Indian continent through which successive invaders have poured into the country. The history of its defence and the warriors it bred occupy a special niche in the annals of military history.

Although it is only 40 years since the 12th Frontier Force Regiment, as such, came into being in 1922, the history of the battalions which were selected to compose the Regiment goes back well over 100 years to the days before the Indian Mutiny. Now the fascinating and splendid story of this Regiment, part of the famous Punjab Frontier Force—the "Piffers"—is told by Brigadier W. E. H. Condon in "The Frontier Force Regiment" (*Gale and Polden 42s*).

The author begins his story in 1846 with the raising of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Sikh Infantry, something of a misnomer as never, even at the start, did Sikhs preponderate in these units which were eventually composed of Sikhs, Pathans, Punjabi Mussalmans and Dogras. The reason for the name "Sikh Infantry" being chosen at this time was that the nucleus was formed from disbanded elements of the Sikh Army. These battalions, with the Infantry of the Corps of Guides, were combined in 1922 to become the 12th Frontier Force Regiment.

The story divides itself into separate narratives as it follows the individual fortunes of the various battalions but, taken as a whole, the reader is left with a vivid impression of the events and the men who



Looking across the mountains from Fort Lockhart, a bastion of the Frontier, towards Afghanistan.

moulded the traditions of one of the finest regiments of the old Indian Army.

In conclusion the author covers the first decade after the partition of Pakistan and India in 1947, and it is good to know that today the Regiment continues to thrive, the old "Piffer" spirit being fostered and zealously kept alive by the officers and men of the Pakistan Army.

GUERILLAS DOWN THE AGES

SUDENLY, it seems, guerilla warfare has become a fashionable study. Of course, thoughtful officers have long given it consideration, and it has always enjoyed a limited vogue when it has been in the news from the Peninsular campaign to Algeria in 1962.

The current fashion is something different, a study of general principles, logistics and all the rest of the headings which appear in military textbooks. In particular, it is a study of guerilla warfare as waged by the Communists—behind the German lines in World War Two, in China, Malaya, Greece, Cuba and a number of other places.

The reason for the new interest in this fairly elementary warfare is, oddly enough, the most sophisticated of all elements in military calculations, the nuclear weapon.

Because of the vast devastation nuclear weapons could inflict on both sides, it is argued hopefully that nobody will want to use them, or even to wage the sort of major war which might goad a tottering opponent to reach, in desperation,

for his nuclear warheads. If this is so, then the Communists may be expected to continue a campaign for world domination on the lines used in Malaya, Indo-China, the Philippines and elsewhere. This school of thought goes on to point out that revolutions have recently been waged, several of them successfully, with nothing more complicated than sticks and stones, rifles and sub-machine-guns, and mobs.

A more pessimistic line of thought is that when the nuclear bombs have exploded, and cities, industry and communications lie in ruins, there will be nothing left with which to fight anything more formal than a guerilla war. Even if the victors of the nuclear battle occupy the territory of the defeated, they will still have to cope with the sort of resistance the Nazis met in occupied Europe and Russia.

Both the points of view are put in "Modern Guerilla Warfare" (*Free Press of Glencoe, New York, \$7.50*), a collection of 37 contributions on the subject, edited by Franklin Mark Osanka. They cover the ground from the writings of Sun

Tzu, based on his experiences with the Chinese and Mongol armies of about 500 BC (on whose work some of Mao Tse-tung's pronouncements are based), touch on the campaign which cost England her lands in France during the Hundred Years War, and come up to date with the campaigns of the 1950s, Cuba and Algeria.

Inevitably, Mao Tse-tung figures prominently, and the book contains an engrossing account of his famous Long March, a year-long trek following escape from a scorched-earth encirclement by Kuomintang forces to effect which a million Chinese peasants were massacred. Mao was much influenced in his thinking by Colonel T. E. Lawrence ("Lawrence of Arabia"), the first man to reduce guerilla warfare to a set of rules.

A classic of guerilla warfare is Lenin's article on partisans, published in 1906, which has never been published in English by the Russians. The editors of the American magazine for which it was translated call it "the original writ of the communist operational doctrine . . . the model of the many terroristic wars which the Communists since 1945 have been fanning . . ." In it, Lenin lays down that Marxism does not tie itself down to any particular combat form, but uses the type of warfare appropriate to the conditions. Of armed struggle, he says it has two objects—to kill individuals and to appropriate money from the government.

A name which occurs several times in the articles is that of Louis Blanqui, a French revolutionary who lived from 1805 to 1881. His idea for a successful revolution was an organisation of small, secret "cadres," trained to manipulate crowds, and the use of small arms and improvised weapons. It proved successful in two revolutions in France. A contributor says eight governments friendly to the United States were overthrown in two years, 1960-61, by co-ordinated riots, the product of trained Bolshevik neo-Blanquists.

A recent name in guerilla annals is that of Fidel Castro. According to a woman journalist who saw his "bearded men" in action in Cuba, they "earned all the real estate by making every mistake in the book—but one. They constantly delivered a high rate of fire." But once started, they rarely let anything, even the orders of their own officers stop them firing until there was nothing left for them to fire on—and they barely aimed. This scarcely agrees with her claim that they were disciplined. What Castro's men did have was a good spirit—and a justifiable contempt for the forces arrayed against them.

One contributor finds a parallel between guerilla warfare and the *guerre de course* (racing war) devised by the French navy in the 18th century to counter British superiority at sea—a tactic from which is descended that of submarine warfare. From this hit-and-run school he takes a motto suitable for guerillas: "Shamelessly attack the weak, shamelessly fly from the strong."

"Modern Guerilla Warfare" supposes a resurgence of the ancient art—a view dramatically opposed to that suggested in "Partisan Warfare" (*SOLDIER*, June).

THE UNDAUNTED GORDONS

DURING the second generation of this century The Gordon Highlanders fought with valour over the face of the globe. Their tale is told by Captain Wilfred Miles in: "The Life of a Regiment: The Gordon Highlanders, Volume V, 1919-1945" (*Aberdeen University Press, 45s*).

The Gordons suffered terribly on two particular occasions in World War Two—at St. Valéry in 1940 and Singapore in 1942—and in each case were the victims of circumstances over which they had no control. But undaunted by disaster, the Regiment re-formed and closed its ranks. The author traces its proud record through the hard-fought campaigns in Africa, Sicily, Italy, Burma and North-West Europe and, though primarily for regimental consumption, his book will be of interest to all students of the fighting Scot.



Entering Germany via the Reichswald in February, 1945, are members of the 5th/7th Gordons.

TEAMWORK IN TRIPOLI



CONFOUNDING THE EXPERTS

No one gave the Combined Services Soccer team a chance against the Kenya national side. A combined team from Aden had failed to register a win in its tour of the colony. It had lost to the Royal Air Force and the Kenya European Soccer League, and drawn against two Kenya garrison sides.

Then the tourists took on the Combined Services, East Africa, and this match too ended in stalemate. So when a side was chosen from the Kenya and Aden Combined Services teams to play Kenya, the Services team was practically written off before the game.

The fast, fit Kenyans were expected to romp home. But the combined side—which included nine Army players—confounded the experts by proving yards faster on the ball and by far the better side. And they won by two goals to nil.

THE Americans had set a cracking pace in the 4 x 440 yards relay. When Captain Chris Garrett, 2nd Royal Tank Regiment, took over the baton on the final lap he was 20 yards behind. Running the race of his life he steadily narrowed the gap, caught the leaders on the final bend, then burst ahead to win by ten yards.

This fine win sealed the Regiment's victory in the inter-unit, inter-Allied athletics match at Prinn Barracks, Tripoli. It put them 20 points clear of the United States Air Force team from Wheelus. The Americans had 75 points, eight more than the 1st Battalion, The Royal Scots, who came third.

It had been a triumph of teamwork for the tank men. Competing against four other Service teams and a team of Libyan athletes from Tripoli Sports Club, they had won only four events. But they had figured in the first three places in every event on the programme.

The Americans won eight of the 15 events—pole vault, high jump, long jump, discus, weight, the 110 and 220 yards relays and the 120 yards hurdles—but finished last in the mile, the 880 yards team race and the javelin, and had no competitors for the three miles or the hammer.

The Royal Scots' teamwork showed up in the tug-of-war. They had the final to themselves, "A" Company beating "B" Company by two pulls to one. A Royal Air Force team from Idris was second to the Americans in several events and was unlucky not to force a win. The Libyan athletes did well to finish second to the tank regiment in the mile. Several minor units combined to form a third Army team which won the javelin and challenged strongly in other events.

Lance-Corporal Nieta, 2nd Royal Tank Regiment, competes in the pole vault. Right: Holding the winners' trophy is Captain Chris Garrett, whose fine run was the highlight of the day's sport.



This shot by Marine Malham put the Services' team in the lead

MORE SPORT OVERLEAF

HONG KONG'S TRIPLE CHAMPIONSHIPS

1

A leap by Driver Lee Wah Sau fails to stop L/Cpl Lai Seng Cheok, of the Singapore team, from making his throw.



2

A flying header by a 1st/2nd Gurkha Rifles forward is caught by Bdr Pegler, 4 Regiment, RA, winners of the cup.



3

The start of the last heat at the Royal Air Force Yacht Club, Kai Tak, with Lieut-Col C. H. Willans in the lead.



THE 1st Battalion, Singapore Infantry Regiment, knew they were up against it in the Farelf Basketball Championship final at Hong Kong. Though they were the holders and first winners outside the Colony, their opponents, 56 Company, Royal Army Service Corps (MT), a Hong Kong unit and three times winners, were determined to restore the trophy to its traditional home.

The Singapore Infantry went straight into the lead, were 10 points up at half-time (31-21) and increased their lead to 14 points soon afterwards. But a fantastic fighting rally by the Hong Kong side brought the crowd to its feet and the scores level with less than a minute to spare. One more sweeping attack gave 56 Company a last-second victory by 56 to 54.

They were not the only Hong Kong team to fight back from behind to clinch a championship. The day before, the Hong Kong soccer champions, 4 Regiment, Royal Artillery, found themselves a goal down to 1st Battalion, 2nd King Edward VII's Own Gurkha Rifles, in the final of the Caldeck Cup. The Gurkhas, Malaya/Singapore winners, were the first Gurkha side ever to reach the final of the competition.

Playing fast attacking football they deservedly went ahead in the 18th minute, and very nearly increased their lead seven minutes later. But the Gunners fought back to equalise just before half-time, then burst into the lead with three second-half goals in three minutes, clinching the title and becoming Hong Kong's first victors since 1956.

In the third Hong Kong final—the Farelf Regatta for *Enterprise* dinghies—the home side was less successful. A feature of the races was the outstanding helmsmanship of Lieutenant-Colonel C. H. Willans, a member of the "A" Team of GHQ, Singapore. He was individual winner of all his heats, and his team was unbeaten throughout the two days of the races. In a close tussle for second place 20 Regiment, Royal Artillery, Malaya, just beat the Royal Army Service Corps, Hong Kong.

ORIENTEERING MOVES TO SCOTLAND

THEY did it in Sweden 40 years ago. The Army first tried it in 1959. Now Scotland has taken a leaf out of the Army's book and adopted the sport. Orienteering gained title status north of the border this summer, when this combination of map-reading, navigation and cross-country running attracted competitors from Sweden, West Germany and England.

The 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards saw the useful training potential of orienteering three years ago in Germany. Competitors, starting at timed intervals, are given a map reference to a check point. An official at the check point times their arrival and issues another map reference. Good map reading enables competitors to avoid difficult country.

The Army has found it can adapt the sport, using aerial photographs instead of maps or allowing competitors to use vehicles or horses. Orienteering has been tried as an indoor exercise.

In Scotland, where the terrain is ideal, orienteering has been practised for about a year now and is fast gaining in popularity among both men and women.

Sports Shorts

With the rest of the field coming to grief in various ways, the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, swept the board in the open class at Sherbourne Horse Trials. Captain James Templer, on M'Lord Connolly, won the event with 97.56 penalties, and Captain P. J. S. Eastwood, on Lanark, kept going to finish second with 112.9 penalties. Tumbles, retirements and eliminations on technical grounds accounted for the other six competitors.

Brigadier A. J. Deane-Drummond DSO, MC, finished third in the 300 km race in the British National Gliding Championships at Aston Down, Gloucester. First and second were the Royal Air Force and Navy respectively, represented by Sergeant John Williamson of the RAF, the national champion, and Captain Nicholas Goodhart, RN. Sergeant Williamson won with an average speed of 35.2 mph, taking 5 hours 25 minutes to complete the course. The runner-up flew at 34.8 mph and Brigadier Deane-Drummond at 32.7 mph.

THE ARMY'S

MEDALS

by Major John Laffin

8: KABUL TO KANDAHAR STAR

ON 8 August, 1880, General Sir Frederick Roberts set out from Kabul with 10,000 men and 8,000 camp followers to march 318 miles through mountainous and hostile country and in stifling heat to relieve Kandahar.

Kandahar's garrison was in a desperate position. In an effort to hold back the Afghans it had already lost 1300 men killed in the disastrous battle of Maiwand. The remainder of the force could only concentrate in the citadel and hope for relief.

Roberts was on the way. He relieved the garrison of Khelat-i-Ghilzie and these men accompanied him to Kandahar, which Roberts entered on 31 August. The British regiments which took part were 2nd Battalion, 60th Rifles, 72nd (Seaforths), 92nd (Gordons), 9th Lancers and three batteries of Royal Artillery. Elements of 12 Indian regiments made up the force.

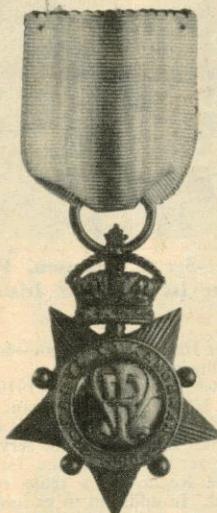
This epic march was commemorated by the issue of the Kabul to Kandahar Star, more affectionately known to soldiers of the day as the Roberts Star. Rarely have troops held a campaign award in such high esteem.

The stars were made in bronze from guns captured from Ayub Khan, the Afghan leader, at the battle of Kandahar on 1 September. Both of Roberts' Highland battalions took part in this battle and the 72nd suffered severely.

Kandahar and the other memorable actions—Ali Musjid, Peiwar Kotal, Charasia, Ahmed Khel and Kabul—were rewarded by bars to the Afghanistan Medal, a medal with a striking reverse showing a column of Anglo-Indian soldiery on the march and an elephant carrying a mountain gun.

The reverse of the Roberts Star is plain with a hollow centre. British soldiers had their names and regiments indented in skeleton block letters round the centre. Indian troops had their details engraved either in capitals or running hand. Some stars are found un-named.

The average price today of a Roberts Star is 35s—hardly an adequate return for the sweat and effort which earned it.



The obverse of the Kabul to Kandahar Star. The reverse is plain with hollow centre. Ribbon is red, shading into white, yellow and then blue.

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LETTERS

Draw, Man, Draw!

AS British Army vehicles grow smaller, more compact and more heavily armoured, it becomes increasingly difficult for the soldier travelling in these vehicles to carry with him the weapon with which he has for so long been associated—the rifle.

That officers carry revolvers and junior ranks carry rifles has been the rule for as long as most soldiers, both serving and retired, can remember—but not today. As more and more Infantrymen find themselves mechanised, rifles are being replaced by sub-machine guns and, in many cases, revolvers, and the lucky soldier suddenly finds himself in the happy position of having his personal weapon comfortably holstered at his hip.

Can it be that in wars to come we shall find scout car pursuing scout car to the accompaniment of shots exchanged by trigger-happy soldiers eager to emulate their screen heroes; and companies, battalions, even whole divisions, facing each other uneasily across the gulf of no-man's-land and waiting, with right arms crooked over holsters, for the order to "Draw"?

What a delightful prospect! And what a shot in the arm it would be for gimmick-seeking recruiting officers.—"Sheriff," BFPO 16.

Precedence

Has The Army List been re-written with regard to the order of precedence of Infantry regiments as a result of recent amalgamations? For instance, what position in order of precedence is held by The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment, which was formed by the amalgamation of The Royal Berkshire Regiment (Princess Charlotte of Wales's) (49th and 66th) and The Wiltshire Regiment (Duke of Edinburgh's) (62nd and 99th)?—"Moonraker," Salisbury.

★ The order of precedence of Infantry regiments since the recent amalgamations is calculated on the senior of the regiments concerned prior to their amalgamation. In the current order of precedence of Infantry regiments The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment is 37th.

Brave Padres

Another gallant padre of World War One was Lieutenant-Colonel Noel B. Hudson, who won the Distinguished Service Order and Bar, the Military Cross and Bar and is now the Bishop of Newcastle.

Yet another was Lieutenant-Colonel

JOIN THE ARMY...

LEET Street reporter Vincent Mulchrone recently described a recruiting poster he saw in America. It showed a United States Marine, jut-jawed and confident, striding beneath the Arc de Triomphe under the admiring glances of a Paris policeman and a gorgeous blonde. The caption was a superbly self-confident twist on an old theme. It said: "Let the world see YOU."

Your correspondent "Fusilier" (SOLDIER, June) pines for the old slogan "Join the Army and see the world." But in this jet age of good civilian pay and cheap travel, where's the appeal? The average civilian can holiday now in once inaccessible spots on the never-never.

The Americans surely have the right idea. A man is more likely to join a crack unit if he knows he will be turned into the world's most expert soldier, on whom the people of other nations will look with respect and envy.—Peter Lawrence, 45 Albemarle Gardens, Ilford, Essex.

B. W. Vann, of the 1st/6th Battalion, The Notts and Derby Regiment, who applied for a chaplaincy in the Army in 1914 but, impatient of delay, joined up. He won the Victoria Cross (posthumous), the MC and Bar and the French Croix de Guerre and Palm.—G. C. Forde McConnell, 56 Miskin Street, Cardiff.

Service Ribbons

I cannot agree with Lieutenant-Colonel The O'Doneven's disparaging remarks (SOLDIER, May) on what he terms the 1939 Star.

In May, 1940, while serving with HQ 2 Corps, it was my duty to decode the message from GHQ to General Brooke advising him of the capitulation of Mons, by which time we at Corps knew of the German breakthrough at Sedan. The situation which then arose led to the Battle of the Bulge and the subsequent retreat to Dunkirk.

The whole set-up was virtually unknown to our fighting troops, and I can vouch from personal knowledge that our men who had been in action up to that time in Belgium felt that, man for man,

they had given more than they got and were astounded by the orders to withdraw. To use the term "skedaddle" is a misnomer and unworthy of your correspondent. Owing to the very different circumstances no comparison can fairly be made with the retreat from Mons in World War One.

In any case the Star was not issued for Dunkirk, but initially for all actions during 1939-43, a period changed before issue to 1939-45.—Ex-WO I A. Oakman, 66 Priory Close, Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts.

Heroics in Battle

The reference to Sir Henry Bohun in your review of "Battles and Battle-fields" by David Scott Daniell (SOLDIER, May) calls for comment. Bohun "engaged Robert the Bruce in single combat in a gallant attempt to settle the Anglo-Scottish war in one blow." At Bannockburn, while the King of Scots was marshalling his forces, mounted on a little palfrey, wearing a light helmet and armed with a battleaxe, Bohun, who was in full battle order and riding the heavy war horse of the period, saw his advantage and charged, with all apparently in favour of success, to his own disaster. "High in his stirrups stood the King and gave his battleaxe the swing." To those who complained that he had risked his life in these unequal conditions the King replied, "I have broken my good battleaxe."

Had The Bruce fallen in the encounter it is extremely unlikely, to say the least, that the war for independence would have been abandoned by the Scots, who had many experienced and able leaders well fitted to take his place. Among these were James Douglas, Thomas Randolph, Edward Bruce and Walter Stewart, any of whom could have taken command and achieved the decisive result on the following day.

In any event the "one blow" method had already been used with the capture and execution of William Wallace, "commander of the army of the commons of Scotland," with the usual result of increased resistance.—James Allison, 42 Abbey Drive, Glasgow, W4.

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

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

Colonel Le Marchant

In his most interesting book, "The Story of Sandhurst," Mr. Hugh Thomas states that the Royal Military Academy was the brain-child of a Cavalryman, Colonel Le Marchant, who began his military career as an ensign in the Wiltshire Militia.

Did this officer also give his name to Le Marchant Barracks at Devizes, until recently the home of The Wiltshire Regiment?—"Ex-Moonraker," Gloucester.

★ Yes. John Gaspard Le Marchant was born in 1766, gazetted ensign in 1781 and, after a distinguished career, was a major-general when mortally wounded at Salamanca in 1812.

VC Brothers

There is an interesting footnote to the excellent story of how Lieutenant-Colonel Victor Buller Turner, The Rifle Brigade, won his Victoria Cross in the Western Desert (SOLDIER, June). His elder brother, Second Lieutenant Alexander Buller Turner, The Royal Berkshire Regiment, had been awarded the Victoria Cross, posthumously and some 27 years earlier, for gallantry in France during World War One. The Turners thus joined the brothers Gough, Sartorius and Bradford as the only sets of brothers to have attained this distinction.—A. V. Blennerhasett, "Glen Arvy," Fort William, Scotland.

Still Serving

Good luck to Sergeant George of the Scots Guards (SOLDIER, May) whom we have all feared, admired and loved



Lance-Sgt. C. Johnson, Post NCO of the 1st Battalion, Irish Guards.

in our time at the Depot—but we can beat his record.

It was on 8 February, 1919, that our Post NCO, Lance-Sergeant Johnson, joined the Irish Guards, and his proudest boast is that in all his service he has never served outside the 1st Battalion of the Regiment, a truly remarkable record. In addition to various overseas tours before World War Two his service includes Norway 1940, North Africa 1943, Italy 1944, Palestine 1947, Tripoli 1948, Germany 1951, Egypt 1953 and Cyprus 1958, an impressive chain of campaigns and countries. At present, still with the 1st Battalion, he is serving once again in Germany.

"Johnno," as he is affectionately known, is an outstanding Irish Guardsman and has set the highest example in a lifetime of loyal and devoted service to his Regiment.—"Mick," BAOR.



Tank Graveyard

SOLDIER recently published a picture of a "Graveyard of Guns." It occurs to me that this picture of a British tank graveyard may be of interest to other readers. It was taken at Daba in 1945. Does "The Auld Alliance" in the foreground recall any memories?—F. W. Winborne (Ex-FO, RAF), 1 Fitzmaurice Avenue, Eastbourne, Sussex.

Bouquet

As a result of Mr. Ronald Marshall's letter (SOLDIER, May) concerning the formation of the Confederate Historical Society, I have received to date 15 requests from people requiring information on the CHS. Of these, eight have already become members.

It is most gratifying to find such interest in what is, after all, a somewhat unusual subject, and it is also most interesting to note the diverse ages and occupations of the individuals who have written to me. This clearly indicates that your excellent magazine is not read solely by members and ex-members of HM Forces.—K. M. Broughton, Hon. Sec., Confederate Historical Society, 2 Fairleigh Drive, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.

And Brickbat

"Hours of Glory—Vittoria" (June) mentions the 95th (Sherwood Foresters). This is incorrect. In 1813 the 95th was The Rifle Corps, formerly known as the Experimental Corps of Riflemen. The Rifle Corps was taken out of the line in February, 1816, and styled The Rifle Brigade. The number 95 was later allotted to a regiment which became the 2nd Battalion, Derby Regiment, afterwards associated with the County of Nottinghamshire and finally assuming its present title, Sherwood Foresters. Three battalions of The Rifle Corps took part in the battle and some of the riflemen took to horse in the pursuit mounted behind troopers of The Royal Dragoons.

Colonel Feehally's comment about the 95th Foot pinpoints another problem. Regimental names have been given in the "Hours of Glory" series rather than the numbers of Regiments of Foot to make the articles more readable and establish a connection with the regiments of today.

The snag is that the Foot Regiments, while retaining their numbers, changed their geographical links frequently and not until 1881 did they settle down to reasonably constant associations with counties and areas. The 1881 list has been used as the basis in the "Hours of Glory" series to save complications and oppressively long titles.

In "Hours of Glory—Vittoria" (June) you state that Kemp's Brigade crossed the river at Tres Puentes with a Spanish peasant as guide. This is slightly untrue. Wellington sent across the bridge Colonel Barnard, who commanded the 95th of Foot (more commonly called the Rifles, not the 2nd Sherwood Foresters). The peasant led them to within a "musket shot" of the French centre. A French battery fired two rounds, one of which killed the guide. Some time later, Kemp's Brigade followed, but the bridge was captured and held, within easy shot of the French, by the "Rifles." Later you state that the 95th appeared from behind some rocks and rushed the

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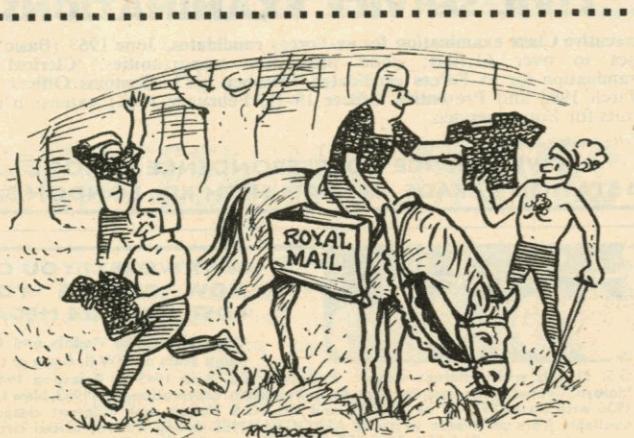
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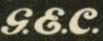
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Plessey

more letters

French guns, forcing them to limber up and retire. There is a very interesting story attached to this. As the Rifles attacked the guns, a Lieutenant Fitzmaurice outran his men and overtook the last French gun. The driver fired his pistol at Fitzmaurice, knocking off his hat, but Fitzmaurice held on to the bridle of the leading horse while the Rifles, coming up, captured the gun.

Wellington was presented with a field-marshall's baton by the Prince Regent—this was the first time a baton had been presented to a British general officer. This baton was modelled on that captured from Marshal Jourdan during the battle.—Sergeant J. Bevan, 3rd Green Jackets, The Rifle Brigade, Alexander Barracks, Dekehlia, BFPO 53.

** The description of the Spanish peasant guiding Kempt's Brigade across the river appears in Fortescue's "History of the British Army."*

Marching

In a 110-mile march, sponsored by the *Sunday Mail*, of Salisbury, on 25-26 May, two soldiers of this Battalion reached the 100-mile mark as follows: Pte P. Myburgh in 25 hours 10 minutes and L/Cpl J. Walsh in 26 hours 15 minutes. They also passed the 110-mile finish line in 28 hours 5 minutes and 30 hours 5 minutes respectively. This feat is even more noteworthy in view of the fact that it was achieved at an altitude of approximately 5000 feet.

This Battalion, therefore, lays claim to the record for the 100-mile march.

The Rhodesian Light Infantry was formed just over a year ago, and recruits officers and men from Rhodesia, Great Britain and South Africa. Many members have seen service in such places as Palestine, Malaya, Cyprus, Kenya and Korea, in addition to almost all theatres of war during World War Two. Currently this Battalion is engaged on strenuous training operations in the "bush." This is a regular feature of battalion life, and is in part responsible for the fitness and toughness of all ranks.—Major E. M. Willar, 1st Battalion, Rhodesian Light Infantry, Private Bag 10, PO Cranborne, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia.

Cap Badges

Congratulations on the June issue of SOLDIER and especially on the illustrated feature showing all the badges of the Regular Army. May we now look forward to a similar feature showing the badges of the Territorial Army?—P. Gibbs, 109 Glenister Park Road, Streatham, London, SW16.

★ Yes. The Territorial Army's cap badges will be published in the near future.

The Bad Old Days

Among the quiet sleepers under the trees in the ancient churchyard at Heston, Middlesex, lies Private Frederick John White, 7th Queen's Own Hussars, the last British soldier to die, in 1846, as the result of a sentence of flogging. The punishment was carried out at Hounslow Barracks and his death, at the age of 27, caused such a wave of indignation throughout the land that it brought about the abolition of flogging in the British Army.—W. H. Bidmead, 8 Bleriot Road, Heston, Middlesex.

IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA . . .

BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA POLICE (Southern Rhodesia) has vacancies for Constables. These are opportunities in a young developing country for single men, aged 18-25, of character and resource, not afraid of responsibility. Minimum height 5 ft 7 ins., perfect vision without glasses; not less than 4 years' Secondary education, preferably to G.C.E. standard. Pay: Constables (under 20) £483, (over 20) £525, rising to £861; Sergeants, £892-£1,050; Inspectors, £1,100-£1,460; Chief Inspectors, £1,550-£1,650. EXCELLENT CAREER PROSPECTS BECAUSE ALL PROMOTIONS ARE FROM THE RANKS.

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POLICE RECRUITING OFFICER, Rhodesia House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(See page 28)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1. Left thumb of soldier on tree. 2. Front bumper of lorry. 3. Man in stern of launch. 4. Shape of signboard on jetty. 5. Lower tip of palm frond second from right. 6. Clump of grass on left of tree. 7. Right end of jetty. 8. Slope of liner's bridge. 9. Ripples at stern of rowing boat. 10. Right sleeve of soldier on ground.

PRIZE WINNERS

Prize winners in SOLDIER's Competition 48 (May—quiz) were:

1. Cpl T. M. Mack, 1 Op Tp, 16 Signal Regt, att 28 Signal Regt, BFPO 40.

2. Cpl M. Kirwan, "R" Coy, The Depot, Royal Marines, Deal, Kent.

3. Mrs. M. D. Evans, c/o Sgt W. Evans, "B" P1, 111 Coy, RASC (GW), BFPO 44.

4. L/Cpl M. J. Melody, 12/13 Bn, Para Regt (TA), Thornbury Barracks, Pudsey, Yorks.

5. Flt-Lieut. V. F. Hippman, RAF Aberporth, Cardigan, W. Wales.

6. Mr. M. Thompson, 39, Woodpecker Way, Eastleigh, Hants.

The correct answers were: 1. (a)-(d)

(Yen-Japan); (b)-(g) (Holland-Guilder); (c)-(f) (Rupee-India); (e)-(h) (Hong Kong-Dollar). 2. (a) Commodore; (b)

Lieutenant; (c) Sergeant; (d) Admiral; (e) Boot; (f) Machine-gun; (g) Cardigan; (h) Belt; (e) Shrapnel; (f) Sandwich.

4. Sponsored. 5. Tent peg. 6. (b)

(Half-crowns). 7. (a) (Dick Turpin). 8. (c)

(The Bard of Avon). 9. (b) (Twist it, ie

opener of boot polish tin). 10. (a) Gloucester, etc; (b) General, Guardsman,

Gunner, etc; (c) Germany, Ghana, Guatemala, etc; (d) Giraffe, Gnu, Gorilla, Gazelle, etc.

Collectors' Corner

F5388 Pte M. Rhodes, 3 The Reserve, Midland, West Australia.—Will exchange Australian for British Army cap badges.

R. Hazenberg, PO Box 58, Panmure, New Zealand.—Requires badges of Malaya, Borneo and Sarawak.

H. Power, 10 Wat's Drive, Oswestry, Shropshire.—British military and foreign cap badges.

REUNIONS

Royal Army Dental Corps WOs & NCOs Reunion Club. Reunion weekend at Depot and Training Establishment, RADC, Aldershot, 22-23 September. Particulars from Sec, c/o The War Office (AMD 6), London SW1.

Beachley Old Boys Association. Reunion 21-23 September. Particulars from Hon Sec, BOBA, Army apprentices' School, Chepstow, Mon.

The South Wales Borderers and Monmouthshire Regiment. Reunion at Brecon, 1-2 September. Particulars from Regt Sec, RHQ, The Barracks, Brecon.

The Royal Dragoons (1st Dragoons) Social Club. Reunion 15 September, Albany Barracks, NW1. Particulars from Hon Sec, Maj C. W. J. Lewis, Hill House, Beckenham Lane, Bromley, Kent.

Army Art Society

The Army Art Society, which exists to encourage art in the Army and sister Services, is holding its 31st Exhibition from 5 to 12 September at the Chenil Galleries, King's Road, Chelsea, SW3. All ranks of the Army, Royal Navy, and Royal Air Force, past or present, permanent or temporary, may submit works for consideration.

Entrance and hanging fees are kept as low as possible. Intending exhibitors should apply for particulars to the Hon Sec, Army Art Society, W. A. Arnold, 4 West Drive Gardens, Harrow Weald, Middlesex.



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