

OCTOBER 1959 ★ 9d

# SOLDIER



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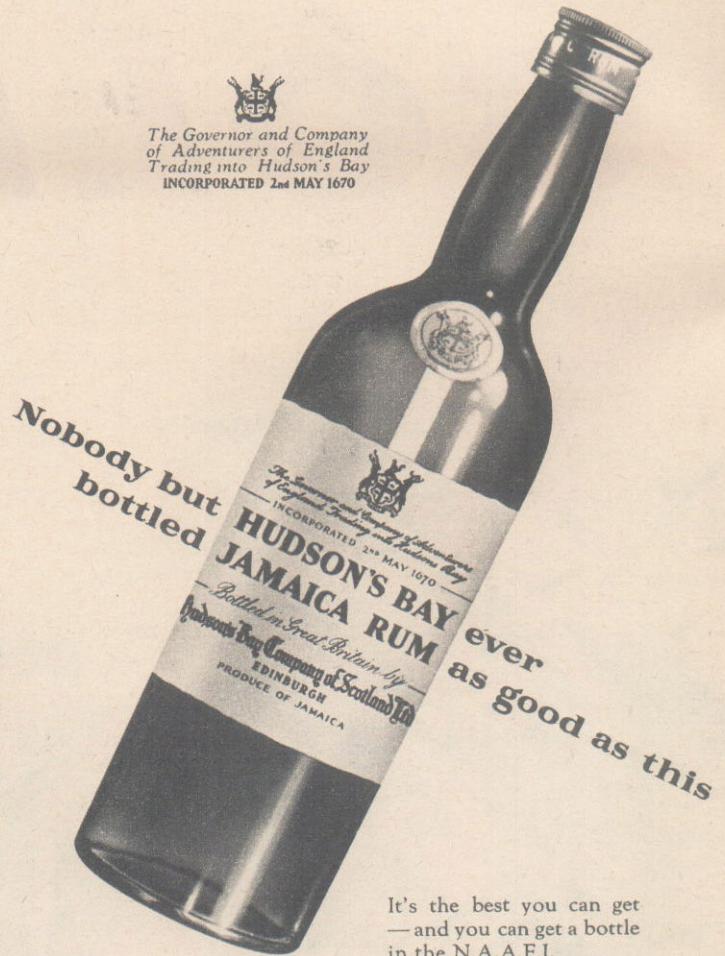
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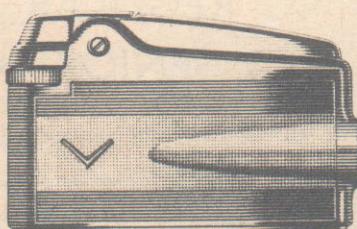
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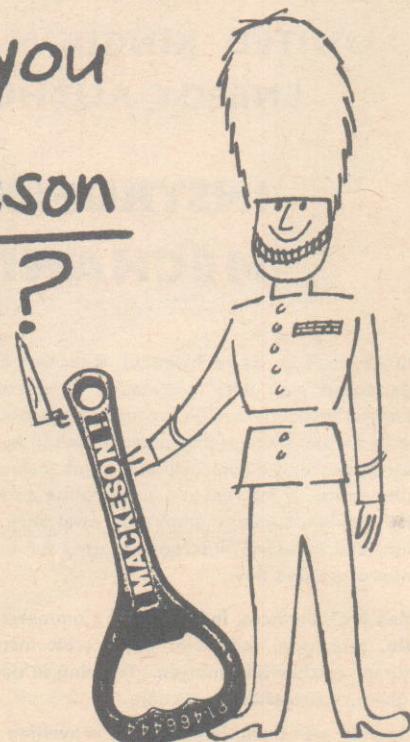
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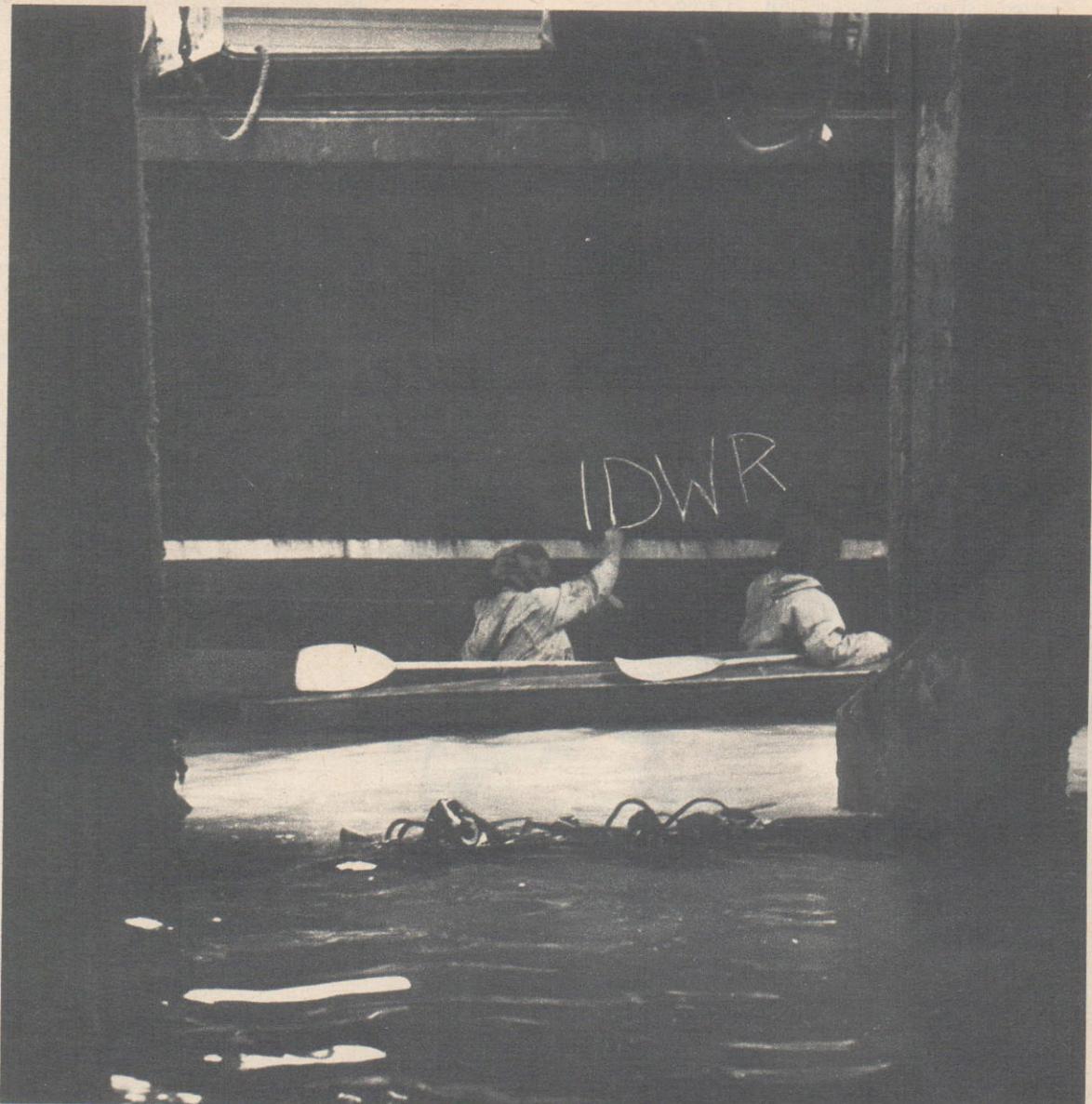
Cyprus, 40 mils;

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Triumphant end to the course's big exercise. In their role of terrorists, two canoeists "sink" a cross-Channel ship at Larne Quay by chalking their unit name on her water-line.

## THE "DUKES" GET TOUGH —THE ADVENTUROUS WAY

IT was well after midnight when, beyond the beams of light streaming from portholes of ships tied up to Larne Quay, two men of the 1st Battalion, Duke of Wellington's Regiment, silently paddled their canoe across the black waters of the lough.

Choosing their moment carefully, the canoeists worked their way round the ships and crept noiselessly into the maze of wooden piles beneath the quayside, dodging the searching pencils of light from the torches of harbour officials and men of the Royal Ulster Constabulary.

Paddles shipped, the soldiers pulled themselves along, hand-over-hand, through the piles, pausing to hold their breath and turn their blackened faces anxiously upwards to watch through the gaps as the feet of a searcher slowly trod the boards above their heads.

Noiselessly, with mimed directions to each other, the men nosed their canoe out into the narrow gap between quay and ship. One man steadied the canoe against the waterline plates while his companion scrawled on them, in white chalk, "I DWR."

OVER...

*It's tough, it's strenuous, this adventure training. But men of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment thoroughly enjoy sailing, canoeing and rock-climbing on courses at their unusual school*

It was the end of the last exciting night of a tough, six-day exercise and the culmination of another three-week course—perhaps the most strenuous in the Army—at the Duke of Wellington's Regimental Adventure Training School. There is no course quite like it in any other regiment.

Started just over a year ago, not long after the Regiment had moved into Holywood Barracks, near Belfast, the Adventure Training School is based on the principles of the Outward Bound Schools, aiming to develop character, make the individual physically and mentally tougher and broaden his outlook and general interests.

The "Dukes'" School is the "brain-child" of its officer-in-charge, Captain David Gilbert-Smith MC, the ex-Scottish Rugby Union international and Army player, and is under the supervision of a company commander,

Major A. B. M. Kavanagh MC.

About 80 men of the Regiment have passed through the School and most of them continue to take a keen interest in the activities of the Adventure Training Club which flourishes during the winter months and links the School's summer courses at Larne.

On each School course the 24 students are divided into four teams under non-commissioned officer instructors. They live in tents on a wooded plateau overlooking Lough Larne, north of Belfast, spend the first two weeks learning and practising tough outdoor activities and in the final week take part in the gruelling, six-day exercise.

Daily routine starts with reveille at 0600 hours followed by a swim in the Lough and physical training before breakfast an hour later. Throughout the course inter-

competitive team points are awarded for each activity and for individual turn-out and camp tidiness.

Before going to camp the students learn first aid and the use of ropes and knots. For their initial climbing training they use a sheer rock face in a quarry near the camp and there learn roping and abseiling ("walking" down the face on their own rope).

The first week of the course includes instruction in canoeing, camping, cooking and initiative and confidence tests. On their initiative tests the students have to carry a box of "valuable instruments" over a "pirhana-infested river" and an "alligator swamp"—there are just enough poles, ropes and tree stumps handy at each obstacle—then float the box on a raft of barrels and poles on the "shark-infested" waters of Lough Larne.

Some students have been woefully slow to discover that the barrels have holes in them!

Rope walks, scramble nets and other Tarzan-like gadgetry in the trees around the camp help to give students the confidence they need for the key test—hanging from a pulley on the "Death Slide" and running from the top of a 50-ft high bank to drop straight into the cold waters of Lough Larne.

At the end of the first week's training the course moves down to the Mountains of Mourne to spend the week-end rock-climbing. Back at Larne again the students do pentathlon races round the obstacle course and a night patrol, then go off on a three-day exercise, climbing in the Mourne Mountains, canoeing across Lough Neagh and marching across country, on a compass bearing, back to camp.

At the week-end they learn sailing on Belfast Lough and prepare for the course's final test, the six-day exercise which takes them all over Northern Ireland.

Starting from camp, the students canoe to the head of Lough Larne, carry their canoes and equipment for two miles, then canoe across the mouth of Belfast Lough and camp for the night near Newtownards.

On the second day they paddle their canoes down Strangford Lough, climb Eagle Rocks in the Mountains of Mourne and march seven miles over the mountains.

Transport then takes them to Ulster's western border where they lay up by day, and at night, with blackened faces, canoe up Lough Erne, trying to get through the bridges at Enniskillen without being spotted by the alert Royal Ulster Constabulary.

Next they march over the Sperrin Mountains, crossing the highest peak, Sawel Mountain (2240 ft), and canoe across Lough Neagh. Transport takes them back to camp from where they canoe to an island in Lough Larne, the base for the final night "commando" raid on shipping at Larne Quay.

Men of the Royal Ulster Constabulary co-operate keenly in the exercise, in which the students act as terrorists. The police are told when the soldiers will be in each area and the route to be taken, and turn out in armoured cars and patrol boats in their attempts to "capture" them.

Across Belfast Lough the soldier "terrorists" have a rendezvous with an "agent" and in the Mountains of Mourne they pick up "arms" for the raid from a secret hide-out.

Northern Ireland's loughs and rivers lend themselves admirably to canoeing and this sport has been particularly popular in the Regiment.

The canoe section, the strongest group in the Adventure Training Club, was started a year ago and since then its members have covered every "canoeable" river in Ulster except one.



As part of an initiative test students improvise a raft to float "a box of valuable instruments" across the "shark-infested" waters of Lough Larne. First they must plug the holes in the drums!

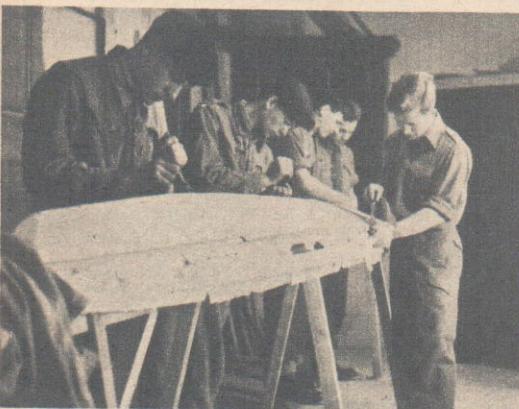


Right: This section of the test demands ingenuity and sure-footedness in traversing tree stumps with the help of an iron pipe. One slip and you're straight into the "alligator swamp" lying below.



*Climbing a slack scramble net is by no means as easy as it looks, even when you are on your own.*

*Left: Tree walks, jumping across a pit and other tests, build up confidence for this big moment—plunging 50-ft down the "Death Slide" into the cold and muddy lough.*



*Back in barracks, members of the Adventure Club are busy every night building canoes.*



*In the major exercise students paddle up Lough Larne, then carry canoes and equipment two miles overland.*



*The School's two-seater canoes are remarkably seaworthy—but canoeists must be swimmers.*

**Pictures: SOLDIER Cameraman  
PETER O'BRIEN**

Much information on canoeing and walking and climbing has been passed to the North Irish Tourist Board which in its turn has given help to the "Dukes" School and club. Recently the "Dukes" crossed the Irish Sea by canoe (SOLDIER, July).

Originally 12 two-seater canoes were bought by the Regiment but club members, assisted by grants from the Nuffield Trust, have now made three two-seaters and are making three more and six single-seaters. The enthusiasts, under

the supervision of Lance-Corporal A. Watts, a qualified woodwork instructor, have been working most nights for the past year building canoes and a dinghy.

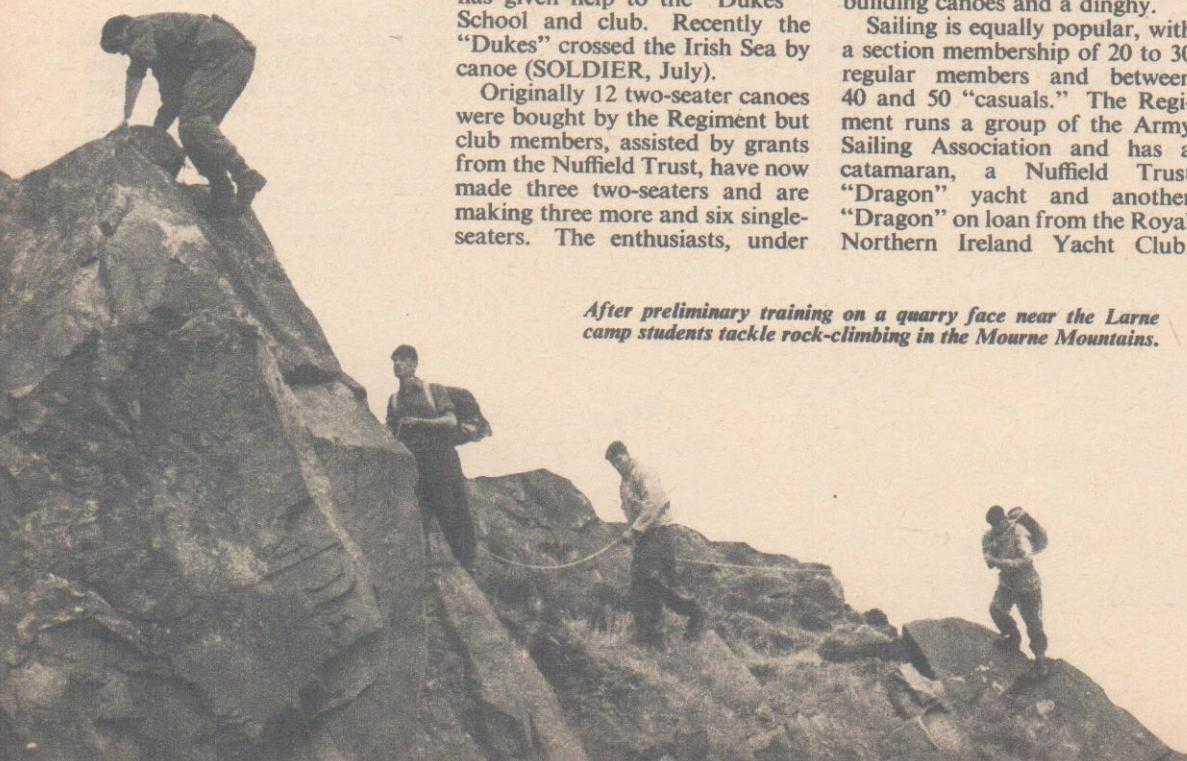
Sailing is equally popular, with a section membership of 20 to 30 regular members and between 40 and 50 "casuals." The Regiment runs a group of the Army Sailing Association and has a catamaran, a Nuffield Trust "Dragon" yacht and another "Dragon" on loan from the Royal Northern Ireland Yacht Club.

This section is run by Major A. D. Firth MC and Second-Lieutenant M. R. N. Bray, both of whom competed with others from the Regiment in this year's Army Sailing Association championships. Last year a "Duke," Private D. Whittle, won the other ranks helmsman's race in the championships.

The climbing section, run by Captain Gilbert-Smith, is affiliated to the Army Mountaineering Association and its members spend week-ends in the Mountains of Mourne, using as their base a hut loaned by a friendly farmer.

Indoor hobbies of the Adventure Training Club include photography and modelling. Most of the modellers, who concentrate on radio-controlled aircraft and boats, are members of the Battalion's band.

● The 1st The Queen's Dragoon Guards in the Rhine Army also runs an adventure training club which holds courses in mountain walking and rock-climbing every week-end in the Harz Mountains.



*After preliminary training on a quarry face near the Larne camp students tackle rock-climbing in the Mourne Mountains.*

**PETER N. WOOD**

**The revolutionary Fairey Rotodyne, which gave Britain the lead in vertical take-off airliners, may become a front-line assault transport and "flying crane" for the all-Regular Army. The Rotodyne flies faster and carries a much bigger load than the Army's present helicopters**

## AND NOW



*In its first demonstration as a flying crane the Rotodyne lifts a bridge almost twice the length of the aircraft and more than twice the width of London's Regent Street. Wooden fins stabilise the bridge in flight.*

# "THE FLYING CRANE"

The prototype weighs 33,000-lbs and has Napier Eland engines each of 2800 hp; its successors will weigh 50,000-lbs and be driven by engines of more than 5000 hp each. In a military role the new *Rotodyne* will be capable of carrying more than 50 fully-equipped Infantrymen or loads of over 20,000-lbs—for example, guided missiles, stores or quarter-ton trucks, at speeds of up to 200 miles per hour.

At a Royal Army Medical Corps demonstration last year, the *Rotodyne* made an impressive military début, landing on the barrack square at Ash Vale, near Aldershot, and disgorging 48 nurses of Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps.

The *Rotodyne* showed how it could bring in a complete medical unit and fly out 40 stretcher cases and proved its tremendous potentiality in nuclear warfare when the Royal Army Medical Corps, stretching its resources to cover an area from front line to base, might need to rush reinforcements to the scene of a nuclear "strike" and as rapidly fly out casualties.

This role can be, and has been carried out by conventional helicopters, but the *Rotodyne*, while retaining the landing and take-off characteristics of the helicopter,

can carry at much faster speeds the load of several *Whirlwinds*.

More recently the *Rotodyne* prototype has been demonstrated at the School of Infantry, Warminster. During an amphibious exercise it landed at Eastney Beach, near Portsmouth, and in less than a minute shed 32 fully-armed Royal Marines, ready for immediate action. Later, in its role as a "flying crane," the *Rotodyne* picked up a bridge section twice its own length, carried it a distance of three miles and then delivered it to exactly where it was required, across a river.

The steel and aluminium bridge, 103-ft long, 10-ft wide and seven feet high, was attached to the *Rotodyne* by steel cables and stabilised in the air by wooden fins to prevent swinging or rotation in flight. Senior officers of all three Services and Ministry of Supply officials watched the *Rotodyne* easily hoist the bridge—believed to be the largest structure ever lifted by air—and as effortlessly place it in position.

When the *Rotodyne* takes off, its two propellers, mounted conventionally on the front of each engine, are placed in fine pitch, generating little thrust and using minimum power. Air compressed



*By taking off vertically, then flying as a fixed-wing aircraft, the Rotodyne overcomes speed limitations of the conventional helicopter and dispenses with long runways. Below: Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps nurses alighting from the rear clam-shell doors of the Rotodyne.*



by the engines and fed through pipes in the rotor blades is mixed with kerosene in small jet engines at the tip of each blade to drive the rotor.

As the *Rotodyne* gains height both propellers are gradually brought into forward pitch—this has been done within 45 seconds of take-off—and at an appropriate height and speed the rotor is disengaged. The *Rotodyne* then flies as a normal fixed wing aircraft with its rotor blades left to "windmill" of their own accord.

As speed builds up, the stub wing increasingly takes up the task of supporting the aircraft, which in forward flight therefore retains a normal horizontal position.

● The American Army's latest helicopter, the Sikorsky S-62, is a gas-turbine engined amphibian that can operate from land or water. It has a hull like that of a flying boat.

Another novel American craft, the Piasecki *Sky-Car*, is a jet-powered aerial jeep which does away with the overhead blades of the conventional helicopter and derives its lift from two semi-enclosed rotors, one at the front and one at the rear of the machine.



*Hovering over the river in a park near Maidenhead, the "flying crane" slowly and accurately lowers the bridge.*

HURTLING THROUGH THE AIR AT 120 MILES AN HOUR IS NOT EVERYONE'S IDEA OF FUN, BUT MEN OF THE SPECIAL AIR SERVICE REGIMENTS GET A BIG KICK OUT OF IT—AND EVEN PAY FOR THE PRIVILEGE



To Trooper Terry Connell, boarding a Tiger Moth for his 31st free-fall jump, this is the "finest sport of all."

**O**N your day off you go down to the airfield, strap on a parachute and climb into the front cockpit of a Tiger Moth. Soon you are flying at 2500 feet.

Straining against the slipstream, you step out on to the starboard wing, relax your grip on the cockpit rim, take one pace backwards—and drop like a stone. You count slowly up to ten, pull your ripcord, the parachute opens and you sway gently to earth.

It's the quickest way down.

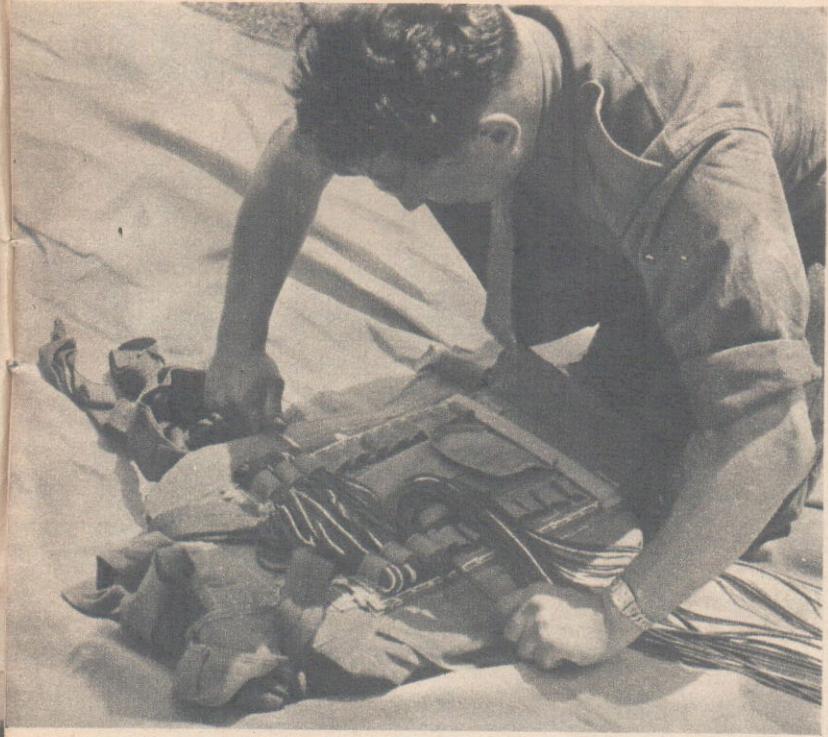
Even the thought of doing this terrifies most people but a group of young soldiers who go to Thruxton, near Andover, every Saturday when the weather is fit for flying, do it for fun. And what is more they buy their own parachutes (£75 each) and flying kit and pay 30s a time for the pleasure of making the jump.

They belong to the Special Air Service Free-Fall Parachute Club and for several months have been perfecting the technique of free-fall parachuting (jumping individually and controlling their descent by delaying the opening of their parachutes).



*Time to leave. Two thousand feet above the Wiltshire countryside Trooper Connell hops backward into space from the aircraft's wing.*

**Down**



No room for errors when a man packs his parachute. This Free-Fall Club member presents a study in concentration as he fastens the lines into place.

Their object is two-fold: thrills, and to prove that free-fall parachuting has considerable military value.

Some believe that free-fall parachutists could be dropped in comparative secrecy and at a speed of 120 miles an hour through the air if the delay was over 12 seconds, from fast, small aircraft flying at great heights.

At present, the Club has nearly 30 members. The beginner starts with a three-second delay but the old-hand counts up to 25 before pulling his ripcord. There is little danger, for if the main canopy fails to open, as sometimes happens, the parachutist has a reserve parachute.

Free-fall jumping was well beyond the financial means of men of the Special Air Service until two enthusiasts—Sergeant C. Eastwood, of 23rd SAS Regiment (TA) and Lance-Corporal M. Richards, of 21st SAS Regiment (TA)—set to work at the end of last year to cut the cost. They enlisted the support of the commanding officer and second-

in-command of 21st SAS Regiment and enrolled 15 members for an entrance fee of £5, an annual subscription of 30s. and a fee of 30s. for each jump. To help buy the first parachute, 21st SAS Regiment gave the Club an interest-free loan of £60 and the Wiltshire Flying School at Thruxton, where thousands of glider pilots were trained in World War Two, agreed to provide aircraft and dropping zones.

Now, all three SAS regiments are represented in the Club which has three parachutes and reserve canopies of its own and four which belong to individual members. If they are not damaged, each parachute is good for about 80 jumps before a new canopy is needed. Every member is taught how to pack his own parachute and holds a Ministry of Transport and Civil Aviation licence permitting him to jump without supervision.

One of the keenest members is Trooper Tony Miller, a student who did his National Service with the Royal Air Force. He joined

the SAS because it offered him the opportunity to parachute which the Royal Air Force was unable to provide.

Before the Special Air Service Club was formed he spent every spare penny on the sport with the British Parachute Club and has made more than 50 free-falls. "With a little experience," he says, "you can control your descent—dropping straight, spinning or even somersaulting."

Another member who also belongs to the British Parachute Club, and is a "blue belt" at judo, Trooper T. Connell, has done 30 free-fall jumps, several with a 15-second delay.

Most wives would object to their husbands taking up this apparently highly dangerous sport, but not Sergeant Eastwood's wife, Doris. She has made four flying suits for the Club and every Friday night turns over her house in London to members staging on their way to Thruxton.

K. E. HENLY



SOLDIER's cover photograph by Cameraman PETER O'BRIEN is of the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, General Sir Francis Festing, inspecting a squadron of the 22nd SAS Regiment at Malvern. Lieut-Col A. J. Deane-Drummond DSO MC, the Regiment's Commanding Officer, is on the right. During his visit General Festing watched a demonstration of free-fall jumping by two SAS members.



## "It's A Good Thing" Says The CIGS

FREE-FALL jumping may well have a military use and I think it is a very good thing that it is being practised," General Sir Francis Festing, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, told SOLDIER.

He was speaking at a recent demonstration by the SAS Free-Fall Club to 22nd Special Air Service Regiment at Malvern, Worcestershire.

The jumps were made by Sergeant Clifford Eastwood and Corporal Paul Archer, of 22nd SAS Regiment, on to a stretch of heathland.

Lieut-Colonel A. J. Deane-Drummond DSO MC, Commanding Officer of 22nd SAS Regiment and a keen supporter of the SAS Free-Fall Parachute Club, said: "Free-fall parachuting has been carried out in Russia, France and America for ten years and we feel strongly that we should do it too."

Five pairs of hands make light work of checking and packing a canopy as the SAS Free-Fall Club prepares for a week-end session at Thruxton Airfield. All club members receive expert tuition in parachute packing.

# This Sapper Regiment

**SOLDIER** pays a call on the only military unit in Britain to have two "Royals" in its title. It is nearly 300 years old and claims to be Britain's senior non-Regular unit—senior even to the Honourable Artillery Company



Men of the Royal Monmouthshires hoist into position a section of the 290-ft Bailey Bridge which they erected in three days over the River Hov near Gloucester. When the old bridge was wrecked by a barge, traffic made a 14-mile detour to cross the river.

**T**HE men of the 299-year-old Royal Monmouthshire Royal Engineers (Militia), senior regiment of the Reserve Army and the only military unit in Britain with two "Royals" in its title, will always be sure of a royal welcome in the Gloucester area.

Last year a barge struck the Haw Bridge on the River Severn at Tiverton, near Gloucester, and destroyed it. For months, traffic had to make a 14-mile detour and pedestrians were ferried across the river. Then the Regiment offered, as part of its training, to build a new one. In three days it erected a 290-ft Bailey Bridge (provided by the War Office and capable of carrying up to nine tons) and the local Council's worries were over.

The operation was a fitting prelude to the celebration next year of the Royal Monmouthshires' 300th anniversary, for the Regiment has been building bridges for nearly 100 years.

The Regiment was raised in 1660 as the Monmouthshire Militia by the 3rd Marquis of Worcester (later the 1st Duke of Beaufort) and since then has fought in every major war in which Britain has been involved. It was embodied for a period of 13 years during the Peninsular War.

For over 200 years the Regiment was a Light Infantry unit, and its long association with the Infantry is commemorated today in the green arm flash worn by all ranks. In 1877 the *Army and Navy Gazette* recorded that "because of its great efficiency this Militia Regiment is likely to be converted into an Engineer Corps." It was, several months later.

Even as an integral part of the Corps of Royal Engineers, the Regiment has retained its own title, though not without a fight. Over 80 years ago the Commanding Officer persuaded the authorities to allow the Regiment to keep its name instead of giving it a number within the Corps.

In 1948, when the Regiment was re-formed as a Supplementary Reserve unit, and again in 1953, when it was transferred to the Territorial Army, the War Office gave an undertaking that the transfer would not affect its order of precedence, which remains, despite periodic challenges by the Honourable Artillery Company, the senior non-Regular Regiment.

Its officers are still commissioned into the Royal Monmouthshire Royal Engineers, and not the Corps of Royal Engineers.

The unit has always borne the word "Militia" in its title. It gained the prefix "Royal" in 1804, and 92 years later acquired its second "Royal" on transfer to the Royal Engineers. At that time it shared the "double-Royal" distinction with the Royal Anglesy Royal Engineers, but with the passing of the latter in 1951 it became unique in this respect.

The old Militia had no liability for overseas service, but this did not stop the officers and men of the Royal Monmouthshires from attaching themselves to Regular formations and campaigning throughout the world. The Regiment tried to get into the Crimean War as a unit, the officers themselves offering to put up £5000 to equip it. But the idea was turned down.

Even so, many members of the Royal Monmouthshire (Light In-

# Is Twice Royal



Alone among Engineer Regiments, the Royal Monmouthshires has its own distinctive badge.



In the shadow of the ruined Norman castle, Great Castle House has served as Regimental HQ for nearly 90 years.

Lieut-Col. J. H. Bond MC, is the third Regular officer to command the 299-year-old Regiment.



Everett, who joined the Regiment over 30 years ago and is now its Honorary Colonel, was the last of the Territorial Army officers to command the Royal Monmouthshires. The present Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. Bond MC, Royal Engineers, is the third successive Regular officer to command the unit.

The Royal Monmouthshire Royal Engineers (Militia) has a proud "family" history, typified by the four Preece brothers who serve in the Regimental band.

Regimental Quartermaster Sergeant H. T. Roberts is so keen that he travels 173 miles from his home in Brighton to attend the summer camp and some of the training sessions.

K. E. HENLY

A regular visitor to headquarters every Sunday is 80-year-old Sergeant-Major Sidney Russell MM. He joined the Royal Monmouthshires in 1897, served in the South African War and World War One, and retired in 1919.

K. E. HENLY

## Which Is The Senior?

**W**HICH is the senior non-Regular military unit in Britain?

"We are," say the Royal Monmouth Royal Engineers (Militia).

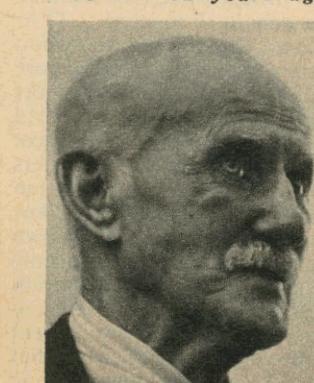
"No doubt about it; we are," claim the Honourable Artillery Company.

Queen's Regulations, 1955, appear to support the Royal Monmouthshires' claim in that it is given pride of place over all other non-Regular units in the Army's Order of Precedence.

On the other hand, there is no doubt that the Honourable Artillery Company, formed in 1537 for the defence of the City of London, is the older of the two; the Royal Monmouthshires was raised 123 years later.

The Royal Monmouthshires claim: "We owe our position as senior Regiment in the Reserve Army to our Militia past. We were part of the Reserve Army, which had the liability of recall, while the Honourable Artillery Company were in the Territorial Army."

Brigadier Foster Hall, secretary of the Honourable Artillery Company, told **SOLDIER**: "There is no point in arguing. We are the senior unit in the Territorial Army and if the Royal Monmouth Royal Engineers are now in the TA, they certainly did not come in on top."



Regular visitor to the Regiment is 80-year-old Sergeant-Major Sidney Russell, who became a recruit 62 years ago.

Lieutenant-Colonel H. M.

# SOLDIER to Soldier

**A**S the Army rapidly approaches the day when it becomes an all-Regular force, its strategists and administrators have been busy taking stock and planning for the future.

One conclusion they have reached—it will, no doubt, surprise many—is that the Army will not primarily be required to fight a nuclear war.

"It may have to," says General Sir Francis Festing, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, "but it is extremely doubtful that the war the Army is likely to fight, at least in the foreseeable future, will be a nuclear one."

The new Army will have four main tasks, each of equal importance: to play its full part in the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation; to help improve Britain's position in the cold war; to fight limited wars and to fight for survival in a global war.

To help carry out these tasks it will be necessary for the Army to retain a large central reserve in Britain, with smaller regional reserves in other theatres, while reducing local garrisons overseas to a minimum—in other words, the Army will rely on strategic mobility.

The success of the plan will obviously depend on the ability of the Royal Air Force to carry the Army quickly and in large numbers to trouble spots anywhere in the world.

This means more—many more—large transport aircraft. It also means that troops must be practised in the role they may have to carry out in earnest and it is good news that the CIGS intends to see that the central reserve in Britain is flown abroad to do part of its training.

But no Army, no matter how mobile, can do its job unless it is armed with the latest and most efficient weapons and equipment.

It has often been said, and with some truth, that the British Army begins its wars using the weapons of the previous one. That jibe is out of date today for the Army is being re-equipped as rapidly as the Treasury can allow with a range of weapons which include a new tank, more deadly anti-tank missiles, a new, faster-firing machine-gun, a wide range of improved signals equipment and a new gun for the Royal Artillery.

★

**T**HE Buckingham Palace sentry whose boot came into contact with the shin of an American woman sightseer was deservedly punished with ten days' CB.

Nevertheless, he has SOLDIER's sympathy.

For far too long have the Guards at the Palace been tormented and ridiculed by fatuous spectators whose antics—like strewing banana skins in their path, untying their boot laces, hanging cigarettes on their bayonets and calling out the wrong marching time—are enough to try the patience of Job.

As one of the Guardsmen feelingly says: "It's about time something was ruddy well done about it."

# FAR EAST REPORT 1

*In the biggest South East Asia Treaty Organisation exercise ever held, men of the Sherwood Foresters went ashore with the United States Marines when they "invaded" Borneo, home of the head-hunters. It was quite a change from hunting terrorists in Malaya's swamps and jungles*

## SWEATING IT OUT IN BORNEO

**S**IDE by side with American Marines, men of the Sherwood Foresters poured from the assault craft as they came to rest on the west coast of British North Borneo.

While jet fighters and bombers screamed overhead and cruisers and destroyers out at sea bombarded enemy-held strongpoints, the British and American troops together wiped out the first line of defences and then pushed inland through thick scrub and mosquito-ridden swamp to join their comrades who had been landed by helicopter.

This was the biggest exercise of its kind held in the Far East since World War Two and the first amphibious "war" in which British troops had taken part with other member countries of the South-East Asia Treaty Organisation. The ships of four navies—the United States, British, Australian and New Zealand—with naval air support and more than 2000 American Marines and a British Battalion Group took part.

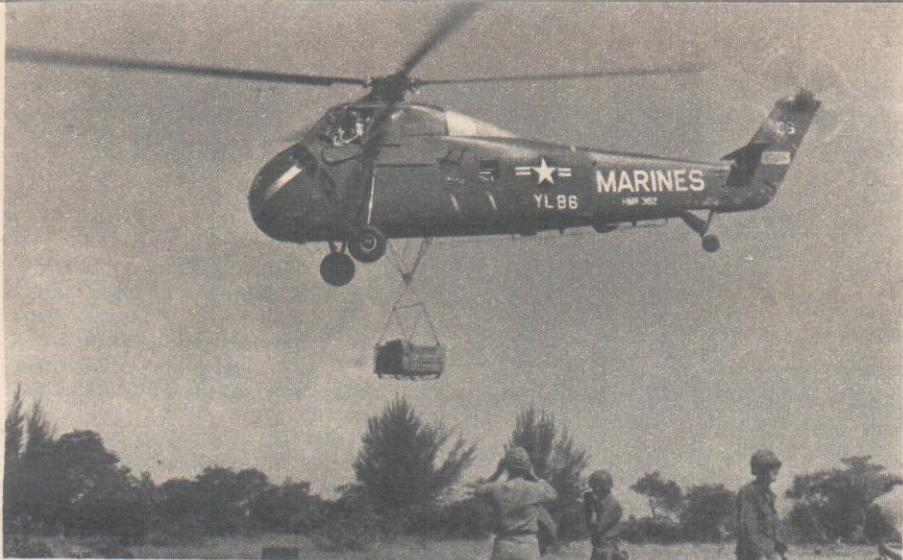
Appropriately, the British Battalion Group which fought alongside the Americans was led by men of the 1st Battalion, The Sherwood Foresters, who rejoice in the nickname "The Green Marines," won when they served afloat with the Royal Navy soon after the Regiment was raised in 1741. With them were "N" Battery, The Eagle Troop, 2nd Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, a troop of Sappers and detachments from the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, the Royal Army Service Corps, the Royal Army Medical Corps and the Corps of Royal Military Police.

The British force, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel M. J. D'A. Blackman MC, of the Sherwood Foresters, sailed from Singapore in a United States' troop transport and joined the combined naval task force off the coast of Borneo. One company of the Foresters then went aboard the American aircraft carrier USS *Thetis Bay*, from which they were later flown in helicopters behind the enemy lines, and the rest joined the 9th United States Marine Regiment.

Early next day the assault went in, with a speed and efficiency that surprised even the high-ranking



*The heavily laden machine-gunner (he's carrying at least 100-lbs. on his back) is hauled aboard an "Am-Track," the latest American assault craft. The "Am-Track" can also be used to support an armoured attack, as an ambulance or a mobile command post.*



*An American helicopter drops supplies to the combined assault force in Borneo.*

Anglo-American officers, including General Sir Richard Hull DSO, Commander-in-Chief, Far East Land Forces, who had come to watch. From their transports the Marines and Foresters piled into their "Am Tracks," the new American amphibious assault craft, and were carried rapidly ashore. In a remarkably short time they overcame the enemy defences.

As it turned out, the assault was the least exhausting part of the battle. For the next three days, carrying all their supplies and each man a personal load of between 85-110-lbs, the Anglo-American troops sweated under the blazing sun as they marched inland over some of the toughest country in the world. Three men

collapsed from heat exhaustion.

"It was much worse than Malaya," said Sergeant W. Bates, of "A" Company. "It was hotter and there were very few streams, so often we had to go short of water."

The men of "D" Company, who went into action by helicopter, were more fortunate. Not only did they have no marching to do but when they were soaked by the sea transferring to the American aircraft carrier, their clothing was taken away by the American sailors, dried, laundered and pressed!

Not the least benefits derived from the exercise were the many close friendships that grew up between the Foresters and the American "Leathernecks," who, although their organisation and methods were very different,

worked surprisingly efficiently together.

On their last day in Borneo, the Foresters laid on a demonstration of weapons and equipment for the Americans, who were impressed with the British troops' FN rifles and Sterling sub machine-guns, their 24-hour ration pack and lighter clothing. Regimental plaques were also exchanged and the Marines presented General Sir Richard Hull with a replica of the guidon of his old regiment, the 17th/21st Lancers.

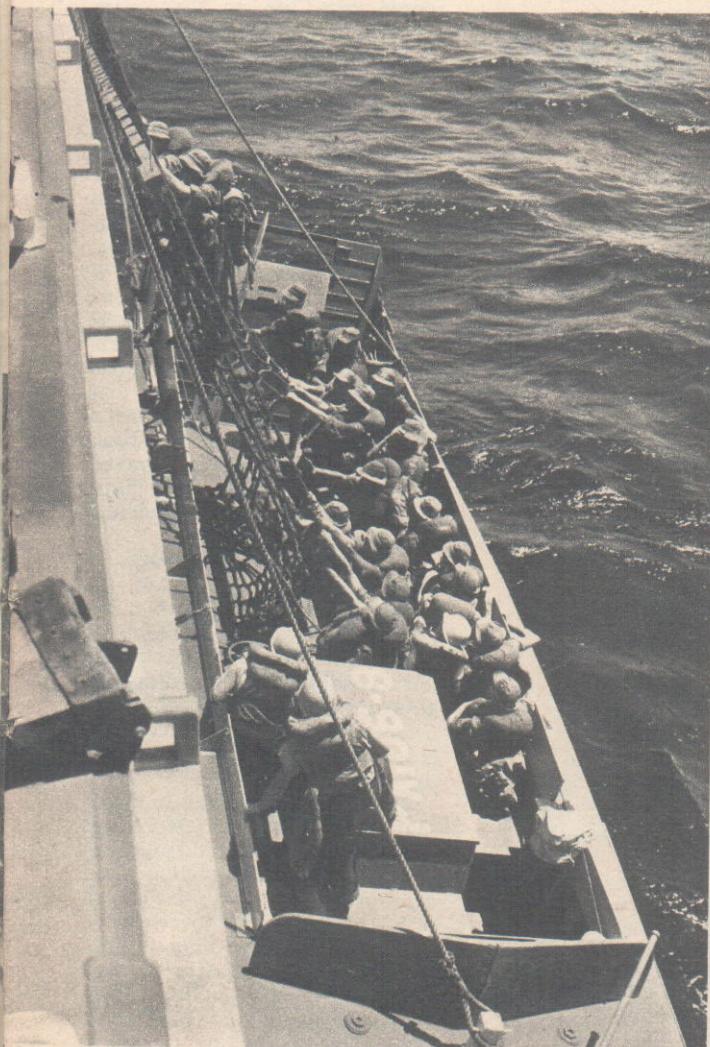
After the Foresters had returned to Malaya, where they have been terrorist hunting in the jungles for the past nine months, they received the well-earned congratulations of Vice-Admiral F. N. Kivette, Commander of the

United States Seventh Fleet, who was in charge of the forces which took part in the invasion exercise. "I salute the Sherwood Foresters for a job well done," he said. "It was fitting that the 'Green Marines' should land alongside the United States Marines and add yet another first to your long and brilliant history . . . If the need should ever arise, SEATO can rest assured that the Foresters are battle-ready."

The Sherwood Foresters' latest achievement makes them one of the most versatile Infantry battalions in the British Army. Since World War Two the Regiment has seen service in Germany as motorised troops, in Malaya as Infantrymen on jungle operations, internal-security work and on air-portability trials.—From a report by Sergeant P. M. Howard, Army Public Relations, Far East Land Forces.

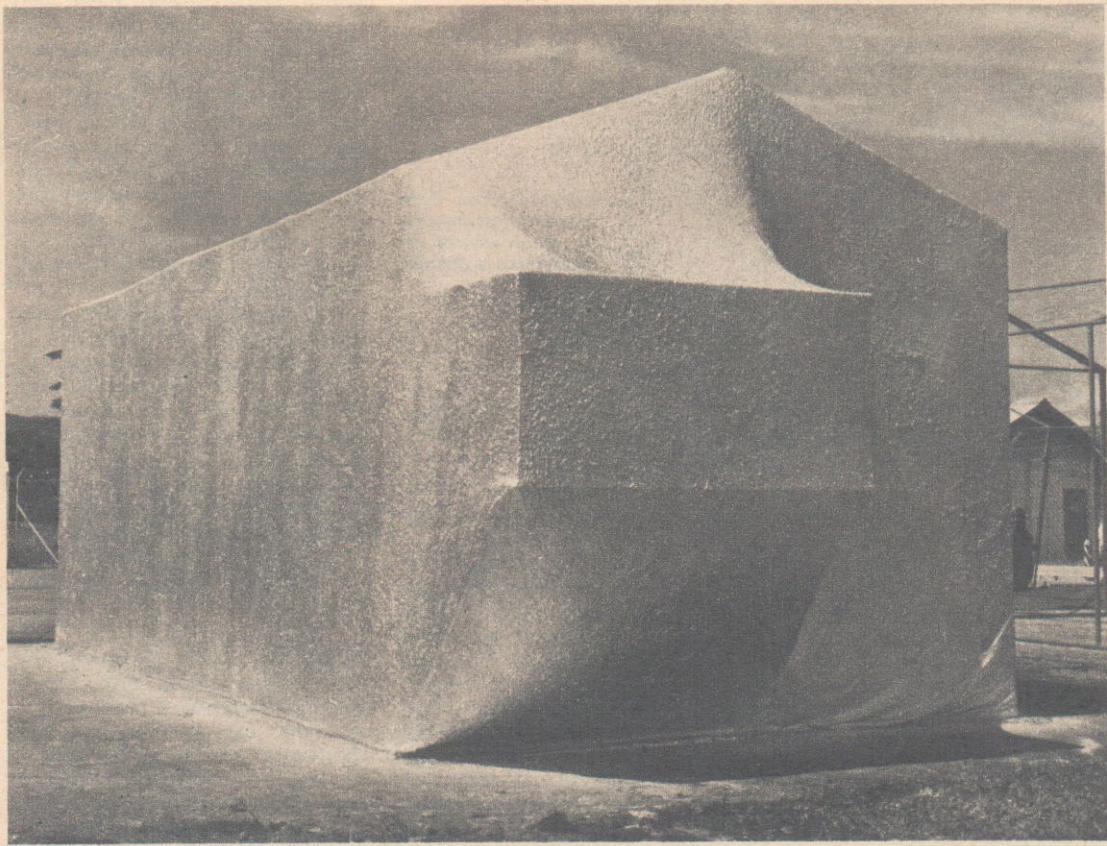
● British North Borneo, the third largest island in the world and once the home of headhunters, was taken over last year as a new training area for the British Army because troops can train in Malaya only in jungle fighting and even then only in small numbers. Plans are going ahead for building barracks and other training installations near the island's largest port—Sandakan.

The first troops to train in British North Borneo were the South Wales Borderers (see SOLDIER, March, 1958).



*Above: The Foresters, with cloth crosses in their hats, scramble off the landing-craft and wade ashore with the American Marines. Left: The Foresters swarm down the scrambling nets into the waiting landing craft off the coast of British North Borneo. Right: Foresters' mortar platoon slogs up the steep coastal hills on the way inland. For three days they marched under a blazing sun, carrying all their supplies.*



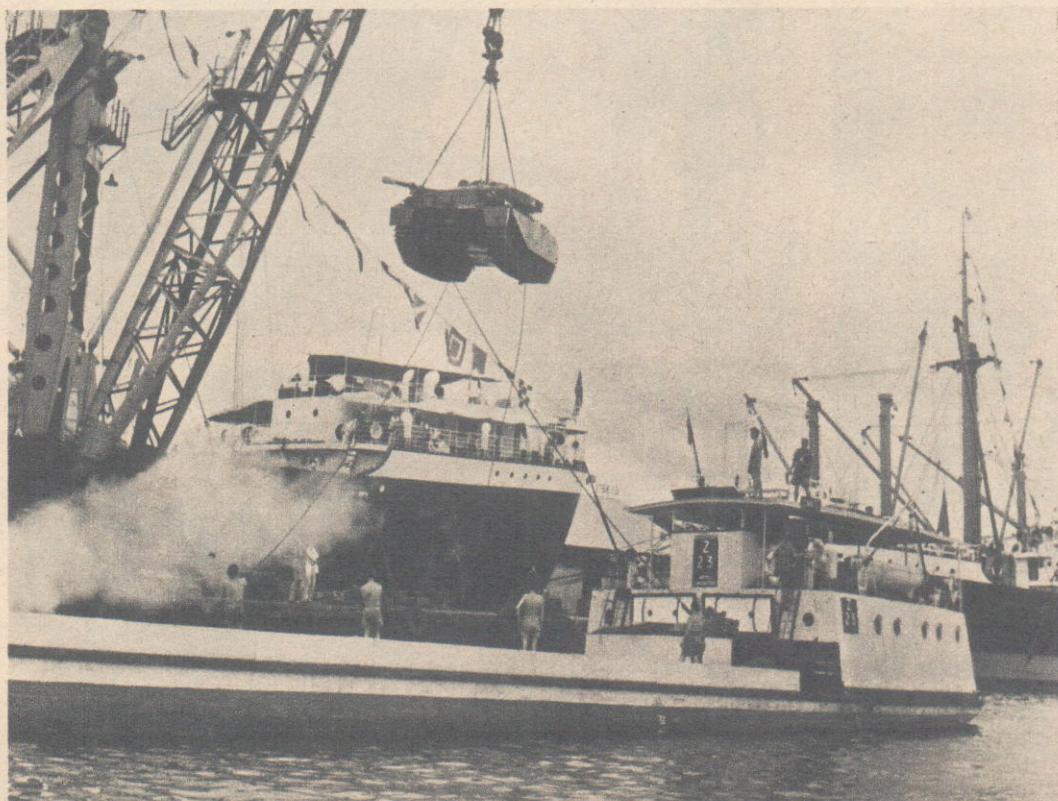


*A work by Henry Moore? No, just a 50-ton Centurion tank sealed in its gigantic plastic case in Singapore. It is one of six tanks undergoing humidity trials in the Far East for six months.*

## FAR EAST REPORT 2

# COCOONED CENTURIONS

*It was tricky work moving the tanks from the Glenshiel on to the Sappers' "Z" craft, and Singapore's biggest floating crane had to be called in to help swing them over the side.*



**S**IX 50-ton Centurion tanks armed with 20-pounder guns have arrived in Singapore—the first time Centurions have been seen in that part of the world.

But they are not to be used in operations in Malaya or even for training. Instead, they are destined to remain for six months in waterproof plastic cocoons, like giant chrysalises.

The Centurions, which are undergoing humidity trials, arrived in Singapore after an 8000-mile voyage from England in the SS *Glenshiel*. As the ship dropped anchor, Sappers of 10 Port Operating Squadron, Royal Engineers, hove to in their landing craft and the Centurions were lowered aboard by teams of men from the Royal Army Ordnance Corps and the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers by crane and derrick. Manoeuvring the 50-ton tanks through the narrow hatchways and placing them in position on the landing craft was no easy task.

Carrying two tanks at a time, the landing craft then sailed for the nearby port of Tanjong Berlayar. The ramps were lowered and the Centurions roared into life as they were driven off on to waiting tank transporters which took them to 221 Base Vehicle Depot, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, in Singapore.

Appropriately, the driver of the first tank to land was Sergeant John Grant, of 221 Base Vehicle Depot, who drove a Centurion during the Korean War.

After initial servicing by a sergeant and seven storemen of the Base Vehicle Depot, the tanks were inspected by REME experts and then placed in their cocoons—box-like structures with an exterior skin of mosquito-netting. When all the apertures had been closed, the cocoons were sprayed with plastic and then with bitumen to produce a completely waterproof barrier.

In each cocoon was placed a quantity of basic desiccant, a material which can absorb more than a quarter of its own weight of moisture. By this means a very low level of humidity, recorded on a hydrometer fitted behind a perspex window in each cocoon, is achieved and maintained within the casing.

The trials are expected to prove that it is possible to store the largest Army vehicles and weapons in plastic-sprayed cocoons for very long periods without danger of corrosion even in those areas of the world where humidity is greatest—such as Aden, Malaya and East Africa.—From a report by Sergeant P. M. HOWARD, Army Public Relations.

# CORUNNA REVISITED

**O**N a January night 150 years ago, a burial party of the Royal Norfolk Regiment dug a grave on the heights overlooking Corunna harbour, in North-West Spain, and in it laid the body of General Sir John Moore.

Then they hurried down to the harbour to join the 14,000 British troops who were being evacuated by the Royal Navy.

Moore had been mortally wounded late that afternoon in a savage action in which a French force under Marshal Soult had failed in its attempt to sweep the British into the sea.

On a brilliant summer day this year men of the Royal Norfolk Regiment, with representatives of nine other British regiments which had fought at Corunna, stood at the tomb of Sir John Moore, set in a flower garden above the harbour, and paid tribute to the memory of that great soldier.

For the first time since that day of triumph and disaster in 1809, the British Army had returned to Corunna, flown from England by the Royal Air Force to be guests of the local mayor at the 150th anniversary celebrations of the battle. With them were representatives of the Royal Navy and the Spanish Army which had also fought at Corunna—an action that paved the way for subsequent victories in the Peninsula.

The British troops, commanded by Major J. F. Johnstone MC, Grenadier Guards, marched with the sailors and the Spanish soldiers to the tomb, where tribute was paid to the memory of Sir John Moore and wreaths were laid, including one from the Army Council by Brigadier P. H. Graves-Morris DSO, MC, the British Military Attaché in Madrid. A pipe-major of the Gordon Highlanders (the black buttons

*A Spanish staff officer describes the battle of Corunna which was fought over the ground seen in the near distance. Here, 150 years ago, Sir John Moore was mortally wounded*

and black lines in their epaulettes commemorate Moore's death) played a lament and a drum-major sounded the Reveille.

During their eight-day visit to Corunna, the British soldiers toured the battlefield and visited Elvina, the village that changed hands six times during the action, and were invited to dinners, parties, concerts and bullfights. The Pipes and Drums and the dancers of the 1st Battalion, The Gordon Highlanders, also took part in a folk-lore festival and thereafter were in constant demand.

At the end of their visit, as on the day of the battle 150 years ago, the British troops were evacuated by the Royal Navy—this time in three destroyers which left to the cheers of hundreds on the quayside.



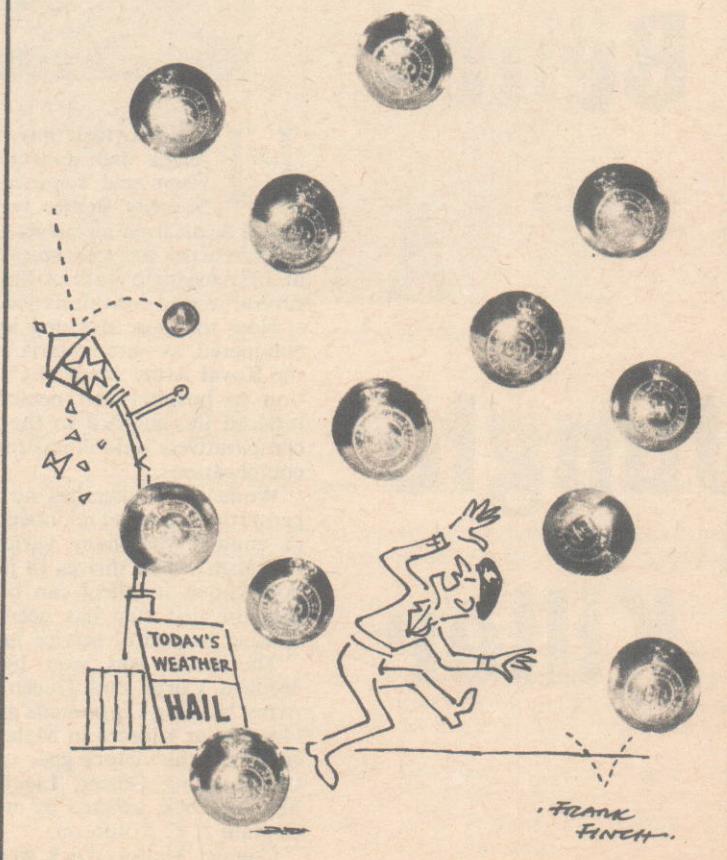
In addition to the Gordon Highlanders and the Royal Norfolk Regiment, units represented at the celebrations were the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, which annually toasts the "Corunna Majors" in honour of the gallantry of Majors Napier and Stanhope in the battle; The King's Own Yorkshire Light

Infantry, which Moore once commanded; the 1st and 3rd Greenjackets, which formed Crauford's famous Light Division; The Staffordshire Regiment; The Royal Highland Fusiliers; The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders; and the Corunna batteries of 26 Field Regiment and 33 Parachute Light Regiment, Royal Artillery.



*On behalf of the Worcestershire Regiment, the British Military Attaché in Madrid lays a wreath on the tomb of General Sir John Moore overlooking Corunna harbour.*

## Privates' Predicaments... 5



Not least of the enemies that  
troops face on patrol in Malaya  
is the invisible germ leptospira  
which enters a man's body  
through his skin. Once it was  
a killer. Now, thanks to the  
Royal Army Medical Corps,  
the disease is being conquered

# The Army Beats a Jungle Killer



**H**ACKING their way through the steaming jungle and wading chest high through rivers and stagnant pools, men of the Security Forces in Malaya continually risked death from an enemy they never saw.

The enemy was leptospira, a killer germ which at best meant a painful illness in hospital and several weeks' convalescence.

Now the once dreaded leptospirosis is being conquered, as were malaria and scrub typhus, by the Royal Army Medical Corps. Rapid evacuation to hospital and penicillin treatment have reduced this menace to the Army's health to a comparatively mild illness free from relapses and complications.

While the soldier has no defence against the germ (there is as yet no inoculation or vaccination to counter the many varieties of this minute organism which thrives in jungle conditions) he now knows its effect can be quickly cured and that the first step has been taken to eliminate another hazard of service in Malaya.

The battle was won by the Royal Army Medical Corps and Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps staffs at the British Military Hospital at Kinrara in Malaya, and much of the credit for the victory goes to the hospital's then Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel John Mackay-Dick, assisted by another Army doctor, Captain J. F. Robinson.

Colonel Mackay-Dick went out to Malaya in

*Squelching through jungle swamp, this soldier is on the look-out for armed terrorists. But the unseen enemy, a tiny germ, can be just as deadly.*

May, 1955, from Connaught Hospital, Hindhead (he is now back at Hindhead commanding the Army Chest Centre), with two personal objectives—to devote special attention to tuberculosis, particularly among the Gurkhas, and find the effect of penicillin treatment in leptospirosis.

There had been a conflict of opinion among physicians. Most held that penicillin was of little value in the treatment of leptospirosis; a minority, including a Russian, an Australian and one or two other physicians, took the opposite view but could not produce enough successful cases to prove their point.

In Malaya the existence of the germ—seen under the microscope the leptospira is a fine filament often characterised by a hook at each end—had been proved in 1927, after being suspected for a long time.

One of the first recorded cases was a Punjabi bullock cart driver who was admitted to hospital crying out with pain whenever his limbs were moved. Some of his blood was inoculated into guinea pigs—and 13 days later one of these died. Gradually more than 20 species of the germ were identified, but little could be done by civilian

doctors and hospitals to alleviate the illness caused by the infection.

The Army's campaign began in the modern and well-equipped hospital at Kinrara with several advantages over the civilian organisation. There was the closest co-operation with unit medical officers and immediate admission to the hospital of suspected cases, frequently by helicopter.

The hospital was reorganised so that every fever case admitted passed through one ward where Captain Robinson saw each patient and made initial tests. Where leptospirosis was suspected, treatment began within 24 hours of admission.

Colonel Mackay-Dick and Captain Robinson based their attack on large and frequent injections of penicillin—at four-hourly intervals for the first 24 hours, then every six hours for a total period of seven days. Their aim was to relieve pain and headache with another drug and, with the penicillin, to kill the germ in the bloodstream before it had time to settle in vital organs of the body.

In the first cases treated penicillin set up a reaction which caused a sharp rise in temperature and a fall in blood pressure. Patients appeared to collapse and be desperately ill. But the treatment continued and within 24 hours the patients had completely recovered from the reaction.

Detailed notes were kept of the first 84 patients (41 British soldiers and 43 Gurkhas), all of whom were cured without a relapse. Eighty-one had reported sick after returning from jungle patrols and the other three had been living in jungle camps. All 84 men complained of feverishness, all but one had headache and most of them suffered from chills and muscle pains. Some were affected by vomiting, coughs, haemorrhage and jaundice, and a few by severe diarrhoea.

It was found that penicillin had a definite curative value if given within five days of the onset of leptospirosis. In cases treated after this period there was not the same dramatic effect but the drug prevented relapses and impairment of the kidneys.

Before Colonel Mackay-Dick left Kinrara, the number of cases successfully treated rose to 140. There was not a single fatal case. Now the penicillin treatment has been adopted as standard practice in all four British military hospitals in Malaya.

The "jungle-basher," already protected from two other enemies, malaria and scrub typhus, no longer fears leptospirosis.

● Although leptospirosis is a world-wide disease, only two types, spread by rats and dogs, have been found in Britain. Other animals which carry the germ are voles, mice, cows, horses, pigs and goats.

Infection can be caused in innumerable ways, such as contact with animals, drinking water, bathing or even walking barefoot across a field. Leptospirae can enter the body through the mouth or burrow through the skin via a cut or abrasion.

In 1949 Colonel Mackay-Dick and another physician reported in a medical journal on two soldiers who bathed with their dogs in a pond in Germany and contracted the illness. Previously there had been only one reported case in Germany.

PETER N. WOOD

Lieut-Col. J. Mackay-Dick, an authority on leptospirosis, joined the Army in 1938 and has served in Egypt, Eritrea, Sudan, Syria, Palestine, Japan, Belgium and Germany.



Speed in dealing with the dreaded jungle disease is an essential part of the treatment. Often, suspected cases are flown to the British Military Hospital in Kinrara by helicopter.



Who minds giving blood for pretty nurses? Certainly not these Territorial paratroopers.

## Fifty Buckets Of Blood

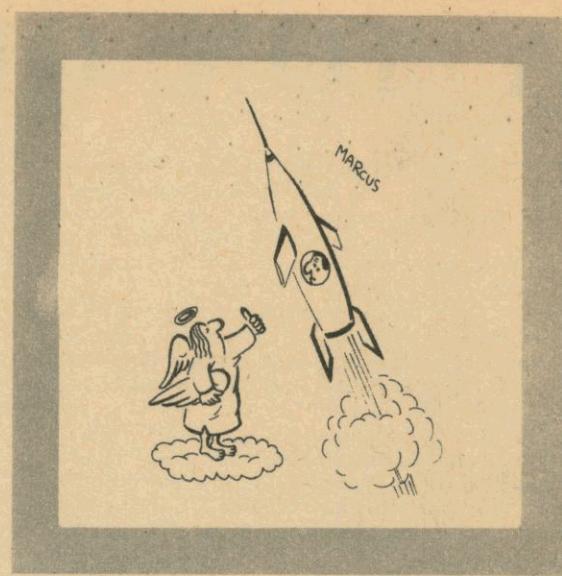
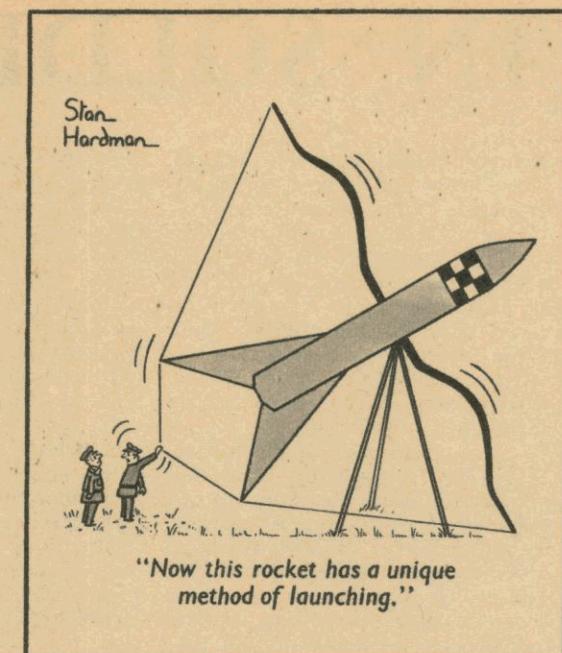
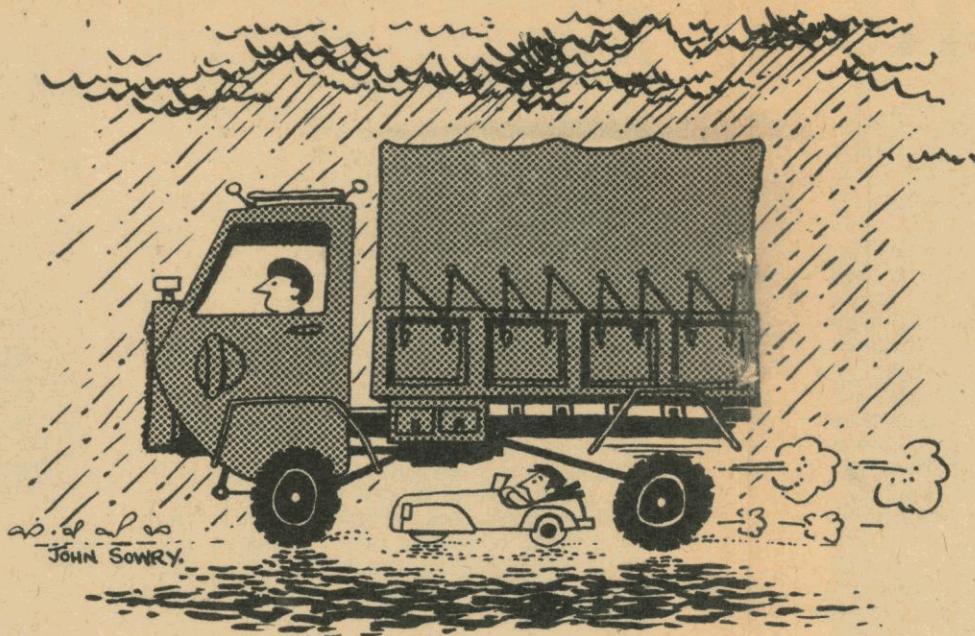
IT was blood and sweat without tears at a recent Territorial Army camp at Cranwich, near Thetford in Norfolk.

Two thousand officers and men of 44 Independent Parachute Brigade Group perspired through a three-day exercise in a heat-wave and then 700 of them gave a pint of their blood to the national "bank."

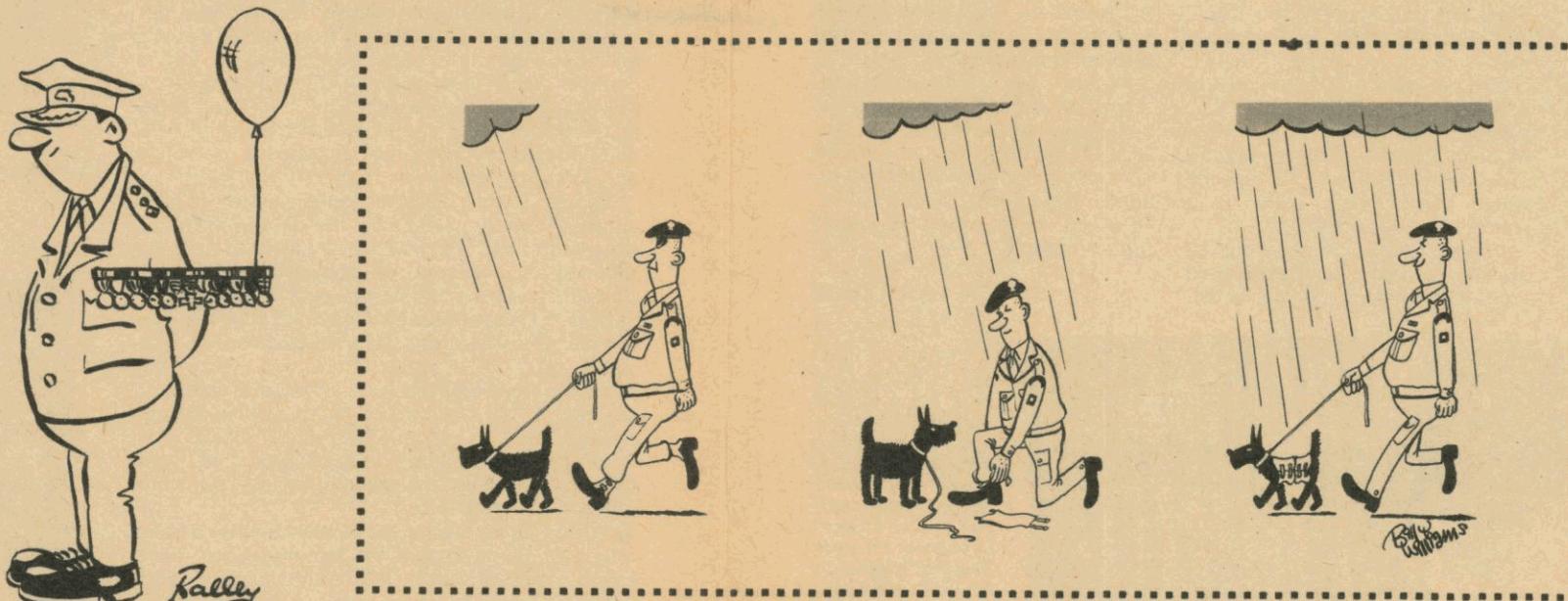
The National Blood Transfusion Service agreed to blood-group the entire brigade at camp and in return the Brigade offered to call for volunteer blood-donors.

The Transfusion Service sent two teams on the last two days of the camp when three barrack huts were transformed into hospital wards. Doctors and nurses moved in and at the end of 48 hours 691 pints of good, red blood (enough to fill nearly 50 two-gallon buckets) had been collected in mobile refrigerators and driven off to London and Cambridge.

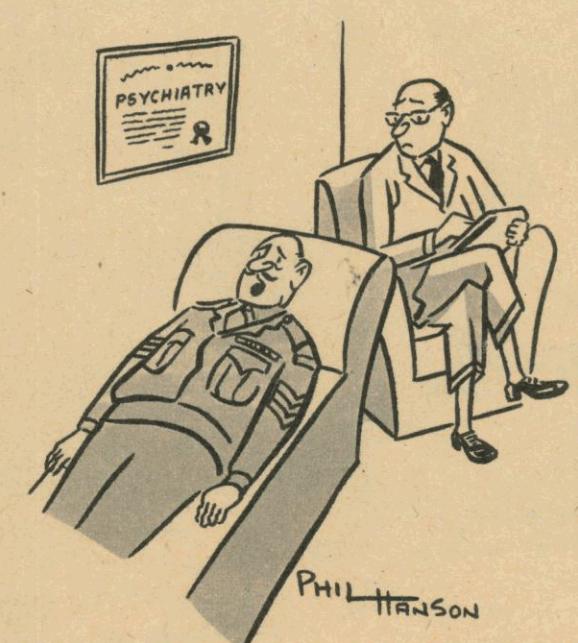
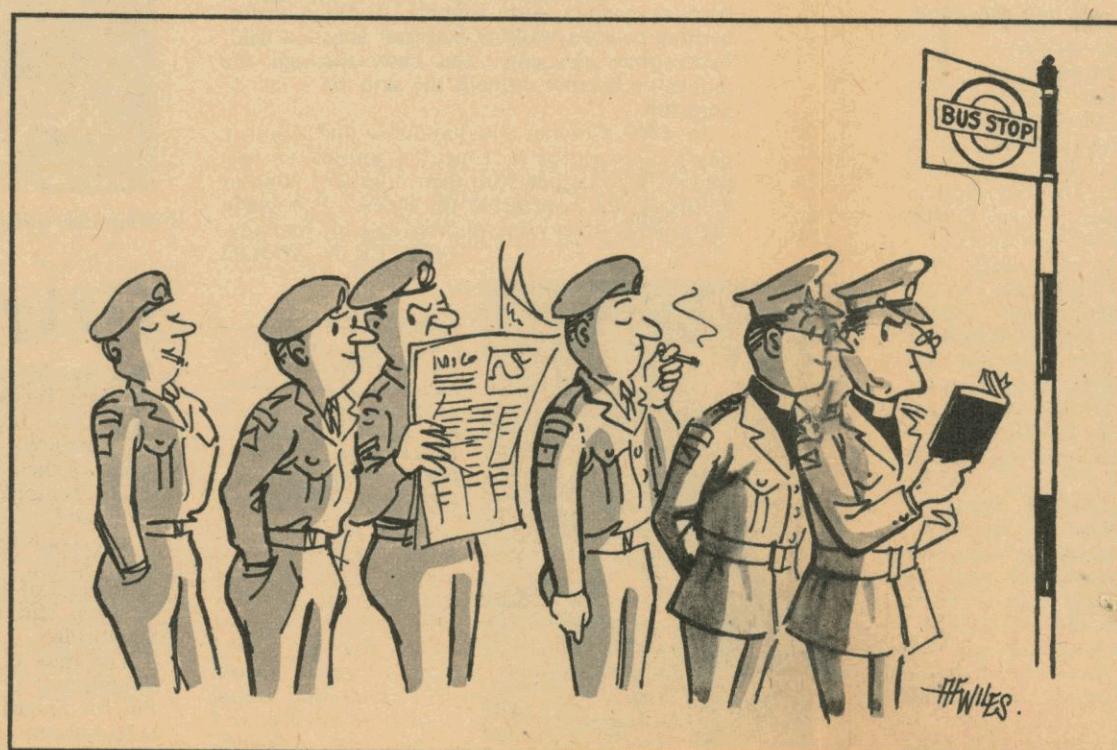
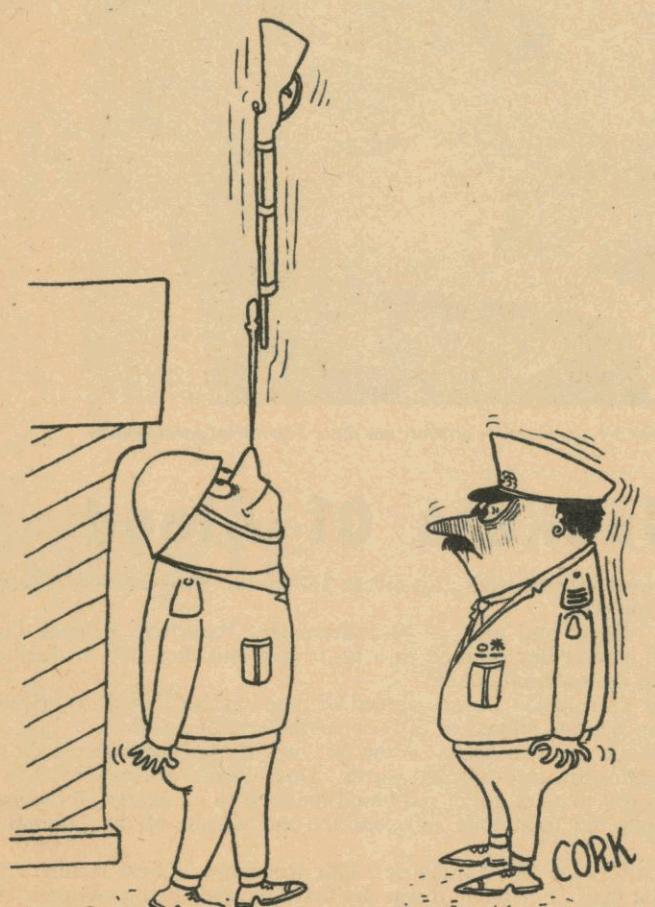
The men of one battery of 289 Parachute Light Regiment, Royal Artillery (TA) volunteered almost to a man. For many it was the first time they had given their blood but for Sergeant Leslie Kitson of 12th/13th Battalion, The Parachute Regiment (TA) it had become almost a habit. This was the 20th pint he had donated.



## HUMOUR



"Mavis, I don't think you try hard enough to be popular with the men!"



# A TON OF TIN SOLDIERS

THE sepoy of the 15th Ludhiana Sikhs looked SOLDIER straight in the eye. So did Napoleon, a private in the Black Watch, and an elegant member of the Sultan of Morocco's Bodyguard.

They stood two inches high on a glass shelf in a room in Charlton, next door to the Woolwich Garrison. In every detail, to

customers range from a brigadier in Berkshire to an American colonel who is trying to build up a model representative of all the world's armies in the period 1880-1914.

A prison governor, painter and decorator, politician, Harley Street specialist, income tax inspector, cavalry captain, RAF corporal—they all write to Mr. Gammage, who sends his models to Honolulu, Fiji, France, Germany, the United States and Australia. They cover a wide period—from 5th century BC Greek to 1914.

Research is the worst job. A week in Edinburgh Castle museum and a trip to Paris may unearth information about troops in this part of the world, but for details of American forces he has to write to collectors in the United States.

Making a new soldier means creating a model, headless and armless, in wax. This is packed in plaster, the wax is melted and metal is poured in to cast the

master model. Items like pouches and belts are usually worked in copper. With a graver—an instrument like a slim chisel—the outline of the uniform is sharpened and unwanted metal is cut away. The heads, swords, packs and arms are moulded separately. From the master model a fresh mould is made of synthetic rubber in which the subsequent models are cast in tin alloy.

Mr. Gammage employs two men who fit the heads, arms and other separately cast items to the bodies. The advantage of separate casting is that different types of arms, some holding swords or lances, some bent, some pointing, can be used. Something like 70 bodies can be made into 200 different figures.

Customers can buy bodies, arms, legs and weapons separately and assemble them to their own liking.

The models are painted in white primer paint, which acts as a base for hand colouring. Most model collectors prefer to do their own painting, using a special water paint which dries in a waterproof mat finish.

"If a customer wants a model already painted I send a detailed coloured drawing to an artist,

who then reproduces the exact details on the model," Mr. Gammage told SOLDIER. "He brings out the right shades in a tartan or full dress."

Mr. Gammage is now experimenting with a mixture of tin and lead for his models. If it proves successful it will mean that arms and heads can be bent or turned without damaging the models.

He is also hand-carving in pine-wood nearly 30 models, each 16 inches high, showing costumes throughout the ages. These will go to a museum in Mauritius.

Not long ago he was carving and dressing in fabric a two-foot high Irish Guards piper for an exhibition in Nice and was worried about the exact colour of the collar. So he went to Wellington Barracks and to his delight found the pipers on the parade ground. He was able to check the uniforms through the railings.

Would Mr. Gammage, the expert on military miniature soldiers, like to have been in the Army? With graver and a model of a Napoleonic warrior in his hands, he replied: "I don't think I would have made a model soldier, myself."

PETER LAWRENCE



Mr. Gammage at work on a 16-inch warrior of 500 BC. It is one of a collection of 30 for a museum in Mauritius to display military costumes throughout the ages. Tens of thousands of Mr. Gammage's two-inch high soldiers have been bought by collectors all over the world.



*Surrounded by his unique collection, Captain Edwards browses over an old Dragoon helmet. The collection took 15 years to amass and is worth £2000.*

## AND HISTORY IN THE DINING ROOM

**T**HE last place one would expect to find the world's finest collection of British Army Yeomanry uniforms and headdresses would be the dining room of a semi-detached house in a London suburb.

But it's a fact.

At his Wanstead home, a former Territorial Army officer, Captain V. W. Edwards, has recently been holding a private showing of the unique collection which has taken him 15 years to assemble.

Only a few of the 200-odd items have been publicly exhibited before and Captain Edwards himself has not previously seen his collection fully displayed, for over the years it had been carefully stored in cupboards, boxes and trunks. The 100 headdresses, 48 uniforms, 40 *sabretaches* and 20 pouches have been valued at £2000.

Captain Edwards started his hobby in a modest way, by amassing cap badges. Then, 25 years ago, he turned to uniforms, using his own, that of the Royal Fusiliers—he was commissioned into the 4th London (TA) Battalion in 1911 and served until 1920—as the basis of a collection of British and foreign uniforms. Most of these were either sold or

exchanged when he decided to concentrate on Yeomanry regiments.

Apart from the difficulty of storing his collection and keeping it in good condition, Captain Edwards was also faced with the problem of dating and identifying each item. This was no easy task since the Yeomanry had no dress regulations and each commanding officer had his own whims and fancies.

His uniforms (all of them pre-1914) vary widely in colour and elaborate decoration of buttons and trimmings. The *sabretaches* (the cavalry officer's satchel which hangs from the belt by long straps) are equally distinctive in their rich embroidery and there is a fascinating variety of headgear, from the Lancers' "mortar-board" caps, shakos of the Light Dragoons and Hussars' busbies to the

helmets of the Heavy Dragoons.

Captain Edwards's most prized headdress is a "Girl Guide" type hat of the 1st Hampshire Mounted Rifles (Droxford Light Horse) which he believes is the only one in existence. Other titbits of his collection are the Royal Devon Yeomanry uniform and helmet of Sir Wentworth Buller, father of General Sir Redvers Buller VC, and the 1815 uniform of an officer of the Leicestershire Yeomanry complete with a very fine helmet, best trousers, parade trousers and a cylindrical valise.

Captain Edwards is a founder member of the Military Historical Society and a member of the Society of Army Historical Research, the Royal United Service Institution and the Military Antiquarian Society. But collecting militaria is not his only hobby—he has over 1000 gramophone records and a collection of early films, some of which are now in the National Film Library.

His schoolboy son, Keith, inheriting his father's enthusiasm, has already a collection of 56 cap badges.

**PETER N. WOOD**

● Shortly after the outbreak of the Napoleonic War in 1793, Parliament sanctioned the raising of Volunteer Yeomanry Cavalry regiments as a local defence force and mounted constabulary. The Yeomanry saw active service overseas for the first time in the South African War when companies from each regiment, in groups of four, formed the Imperial Yeomanry.

On the birth of the Territorial Army in 1908, the Yeomanry were organised into Cavalry regiments and during World War One there were 56 regiments. In 1939 there were still 15 Horsed Yeomanry regiments but in the early years of World War Two the Yeomanry were again reorganised, mainly into Royal Armoured Corps and Royal Artillery regiments.

## THEY MAPPED THE MIDDLE EAST

**A**TINY unit of the Royal Engineers which has had the herculean task of revising maps of nearly every country in the Middle East is to be disbanded.

It is No. 1 Radar Air (Survey) Liaison Section, 24-strong, which since World War Two has travelled hundreds of thousands of miles, mostly over desolate and uninhabited country, in the never-ending task of improving and revising maps.

Originally, the Liaison Section's job was to fix the exact position of radar beacons around which aircraft flew taking photographs used in the map-making. Then it took on the additional task of supplying the flight data, including courses and heights for the aircraft crews.

Armed with the aerial photographs, teams from the Section then went out to relate them to the ground, scaling the pictures by taking bearings on stars and interpreting the ground

by drawing in roads and tracks, outstanding features and the names of towns and villages.

The unit's travels have taken teams to Kenya, Aden, Jordan, Bahrain, Sudan, British Somaliland, Cyprus, Socotra, Malta and the Seychelles. Twice, in the Oman, its trucks were blown up by bandits. Once, a seriously injured Sapper had to be evacuated by aircraft.

One of the last remaining members of the Liaison Section, with its headquarters in Cyprus, is Corporal Allen Blythe, whose four-man team of Sapper map-makers recently spent several months mapping Oman, living in the back of a three-tonner and covering at least 100 miles a day. Although the team was escorted by a section of the Trucial Oman Scouts, it was twice attacked by Yemeni rebels and armoured cars had to be called up to drive them off.—From a report by Second-Lieutenant D. A. Harris, Military Observer, Middle East Land Forces.



Two of the last three men of the Radar Air Survey team at work in Cyprus: Sapper John Fry (left) and Sapper Noel Carroll. They travelled over most of the Middle East.

## BRITAIN: 1 THERE'S A WOMAN IN THE WORKSHOP — AND SHE'S THE BOSS

**T**O a hundred men—soldiers and civilians—at an Army Workshops in Aldershot "The Boss" is a woman: Captain Gwen-dolen Sergant, of the Women's Royal Army Corps.

Captain Sergant, aged 32, is in charge of the armament and wheeled vehicles repair section of No. 13 Command Workshops, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, and is responsible for vehicles ranging from one-ton lorries to 10-ton Matadors and dozens of types of weapons which include rocket launchers, 25-pounder guns, the Mabat and recoilless guns.

She is the only member of the Women's Royal Army Corps to be granted associate membership of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers and only the sixth woman to become a member. She is also one of only three WRAC officers attached to the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, whose badge she wears over her tunic pocket.

Captain Sergant inherits her skill from her father, who was an engineer. She joined the

Women's Royal Army Corps in 1953 because she thought the Army offered the best opportunity for travel and for gaining the supervisory and practical experience necessary for her to qualify for her AMI Mech.E. She chose correctly for within two months of joining the Army she was commissioned and by 1956 had passed her preliminary examinations. She served in the Rhine-Army workshops at Moencheng-Gladbach and in the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers' Directorate at War Office before being posted to take command of the repairs workshops at Aldershot.

"One hears so many bleats about bad women drivers that I took the course to show they were not always justified," she told SOLDIER.



Captain Sergant, wearing the REME badge in her tie, checks repairs to a damaged rocket-launcher. She also looks after ten-tonners and 25-prds.

## BRITAIN: 2

### NEW COLOURS FOR THE FORESTERS

**P**RIVATE DERBY the Fourteenth, the Regiment's ram mascot, was on parade when new Colours were recently presented to the 8th Battalion, The Sherwood Foresters (Territorial Army), at Newark.

Appropriately, the Colours, which proudly bear the many battle honours of the Regiment, were handed over by the Duke of Portland whose father presented the Battalion with its previous Colours 48 years ago.

The 8th Battalion, The Sherwood Foresters is the largest Territorial Army Battalion in 49 Division and one of the strongest—450 officers and men—in the country. It is also the only Territorial Army Infantry battalion in Nottinghamshire.

## MILITARY

## MISCELLANY

Above: Men of The Royal Sussex Regiment, accompanied by the seven-year-old Dutch boy who marched with them for 25 miles, swing along towards Nijmegen.

Among the 12,000 marchers were five WRAC teams. These girls, from 15 Independent Company, sing as they reach the 70-mile check point on the third day.



## HOLLAND: 2

### Do You Know Him?

★ 4 ★

**T**HE man whose story is told below was one of Britain's most famous soldiers.

Can you identify him?

Kitchener's Anglo-Egyptian army, advancing on Omdurman, had beaten off a heavy frontal attack by fanatical dervishes, and was ready to resume its advance when from the hills in rear, the battle blazed anew.

The enemy rushed the flanking brigades, one of which was commanded by Hector —.

The new attack to the right flank came while the brigade was heavily engaged in front but Hector — remained cool and manoeuvred his men to form another front at a right angle. His control was so perfect that this complicated evolution was performed as though on a parade ground. He even checked the officers for trying to hurry and beat off the most critical attack of the day with complete success.

Hector —'s manoeuvre became famous as a model of its kind.

**F. DUBREZ FAWCETT**

(Answer on page 37)

## HOLLAND: 1 THE MARCH OF THE 12,000

**A**T the head of a 20-mile long column of men and women from 14 different countries, a contingent of boys from the Junior Leaders' Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, dressed in their Blues, marched along the flower-strewn roads into Nijmegen to be greeted by the cheers of half a million people.

They had just completed 100 punishing miles in the 43rd International Four Days Marching Festival, one of the most testing trials of stamina and fitness in the world.

The first marching festival was held in 1909 when a mere 45 people took part. This year there were more than 12,000 contestants, 1900 of them British soldiers from 43 units in Rhine Army and 35 Territorial Army units in Britain. Five teams of the Women's Royal Army Corps also took part.

On each of the four days soldier participants had to cover either 25 miles, dressed in marching order, or 31 miles without and those who completed the course received a medal from the Netherland's League of Physical Culture.

Despite the great heat, British troops did well, although many had to be treated for foot blisters at the army Medical Centre set up in the Dutch Air Force Barracks in Nijmegen. Outstanding were teams from the 1st Battalion, Scots Guards and The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers and a contingent of the Junior Leaders' Regiment, Royal Signals.

The most astonishing achievement was that of a seven-year-old Dutch boy, Gerard Roelofs, of Nijmegen, who, on the third day, marched 25 miles with the team from the 1st Battalion, The Royal Sussex Regiment.

While his parents were still asleep he crept out of bed, put on a cowboy outfit and sought out the men of The Royal Sussex Regiment, whose Colonel-in-Chief is Queen Juliana of the Netherlands. He stayed with them, marching in the front rank for ten hours, until the course was completed.

Then he ran home, to the relief of his distressed parents who had been searching the streets for him all day.—From a report by Corporal Brian Dexter, Military Observer in Germany.

## A "ZWAAN" SONG FOR THE QUEEN'S

Op" off the north coast of Holland to destroy a number of missile launching sites.

At first all went well as the British troops drove deeply into Holland fighting several successful battles on the way against the 41st Netherlands Combat Group Battalion. But at Amersfoort disaster struck in the shape of the sudden arrival of Dutch reinforcements and the "Let Opians" retreated hastily to the make-believe port of Hilversum to re-embark for home.

Seldom has defeat been more welcome for the "re-embarking" turned out to be a day sight-seeing in Amsterdam.



The Duke of Portland hands over the new Regimental Colour to Lieutenant A. T. Cope. Holding the Queen's Colour is Lieutenant H. R. R. Hamilton.

The Queen's in action with a 20-millimetre Mabat in a Dutch wood. Here, 14 years ago, the Germans made a desperate stand against the Allies in the last few weeks of World War Two.

# "WELL DONE, PETTICOAT REGIMENT!"

*Of all the gallant actions on the North-West Frontier of India none excelled that of The Gordon Highlanders who stormed a precipitous hill at Dargai under heavy fire and routed the enemy with the bayonet*



*This contemporary painting of the Battle of Dargai shows The Gordon Highlanders, spurred on by their pipers, crossing the bullet-swept ground on the way to the summit of Dargai Hill. That day two Gordon Highlanders won the Victoria Cross.*

**G**ORDONS to storm the position at any cost and at all hazards." This was the Brigade Commander's electrifying order to the 1st Battalion, The Gordon Highlanders, as the Scotsmen stood in the shadow of a mountain-top village on India's

North-West Frontier, in October, 1897. In face of murderous fire from enemy tribesmen, four battalions had successively attacked the heights and failed, cut down or driven back as they reached a strip of open ground.

Then came Brigadier-General Kempster's challenge to the Gordons. To the skirl of the pipes the Battalion stormed the ridge and routed the enemy.

In that action—the Battle of Dargai, on 20 October, 1897—The Gordon Highlanders won two Victoria Crosses. They were cheered by their fellow soldiers and earned the highest praise of their force commander.

The Battle of Dargai was fought in the course of one of the frequent campaigns provoked by the fierce and crafty warrior tribesmen of the North-West Frontier in the times of British Sovereignty in India.

Dargai, a village near the Khyber Pass and built on a rocky

A preliminary bombardment by British guns was largely ineffective, so secure were the natural defences of rocks amid which the hillmen lay, and it was against an unshaken foe that the assaulting brigade, led by the Gurkhas, started to climb the hill.

"It seemed incredible," wrote one observer, "that any enemy could be turned out of such a position. . . . It literally had to be climbed up to, so steep and precipitous was the mountainside. In many places the men could move only in single file, and progress was perforce painfully slow."

Already worn out by many hours of marching and fighting, the British troops had now to go on fighting till after dark to cover their withdrawal. Through the night they made their way back to camp, but the tribesmen, instead of following them, bent all their efforts to repairing and strengthening the Dargai defences and manning them in such numbers that by the next day the position was even stronger than before—and the Afghans now knew better how to defend it.

Immediately afterwards Kemp-

ster's Brigade, after a long and hard climb of more than eight hours, appeared in the enemy's rear.

Dargai was thus successfully stormed, but no sooner had the village been won and burned down and its defences destroyed than the British made the mistake of evacuating it. The enemy came back! Kempster's Brigade was getting ready to return to camp—the other brigade was already gone—when hordes of Afghans and neighbouring Orakzai appeared from every direction.

Already worn out by many hours of marching and fighting, the British troops had now to go on fighting till after dark to cover their withdrawal. Through the night they made their way back to camp, but the tribesmen, instead of following them, bent all their efforts to repairing and strengthening the Dargai defences and manning them in such numbers that by the next day the position was even stronger than before—and the Afghans now knew better how to defend it.

On the 20th the British came

back to Dargai, ready to retake the village. Kempster's Brigade, strengthened by the 95th (Derbyshire) Regiment and the 3rd Sikhs, was chosen for this task. It was supported by the fire of three batteries which played on the enemy's position, but again with little effect because the tribesmen were too well sheltered by rocks.

The Gurkhas were the first to reach the fatal 50-yard strip of open ground which had to be crossed on the way up the hill. Their British leader, Captain Robinson, reached safety with a few followers, but the rest of his men were shot down or driven back by the fierce enemy fire.

Finding he had too few men, Captain Robinson bravely went back alone across the death trap for more men, but in leading a second rush he was mortally wounded. The leading sections of successive waves of Gurkhas, Dorsetshires and Derbyshires were swept away as they reached the edge of that fatal strip, and the enemy shouted and beat their drums in exultation. So bad seemed the whole situation that it was said one colonel sent word to Brigadier-General Kempster that the position could not be taken.

Kempster responded by turning to The Gordon Highlanders and issuing his fateful and challenging command. On receiving the order Lieutenant-Colonel Mathias called out: "Gordons!" As his Battalion stood to attention the Colonel continued: "Gordons, the hill must be taken at the point of the bayonet. There is to be no halting to return fire, and we will take it in face of the whole division!"

"It dashed through a murderous fire and in forty minutes had won the heights. . . . The first rush of the Gordons was deserving of the highest praise, for they had just undergone a very severe climb and had reached a point beyond which other troops had been unable to advance for over three hours."

*After the battle. The Gordon Highlanders bring their own and Gurkha wounded down the rocky defile up which they stormed their way to victory.*



The Battalion answered with cheers. Then, with bayonets fixed, they pressed forward behind their commander, stimulated by the skirl of their Regimental pipes. Soon they came to the ground where they had seen so many attackers halted.

But in a moment, wrote a correspondent, "all were across, carrying everyone with them in the impetuosity of their onrush, storming the ridge with a resolution that was irresistible, and beating down all opposition. It was indeed a splendid exploit and thrilled the nerves of all who were privileged to witness it."

Not all of the charging Gordons survived that deadly zone of fire, however. One officer and two men were killed, and six officers, including Colonel Mathias, and 35 other ranks wounded.

When the Gordons returned from the heights after the victory they were cheered by the troops of other regiments. The Sikhs and Gurkhas cried: "Shabach gagra pulun!" (Well done, Petticoat Regiment!)

In his despatch Sir William Lockhart, Commander of the Tirah Expeditionary Force, wrote: "The Gordon Highlanders went straight up the hill without check or hesitation . . . this splendid Battalion marched across the open.

"It dashed through a murderous fire and in forty minutes had won the heights. . . . The first rush of the Gordons was deserving of the highest praise, for they had just undergone a very severe climb and had reached a point beyond which other troops had been unable to advance for over three hours."



*This photograph, one of the first to be taken in war, shows the pith-helmeted and be-spatted Gordon Highlanders scrambling to the summit.*

Among the numerous incidents of the battle the best known is that of Piper Findlater. Shot through both feet and unable to stand, he sat on the ground, under heavy fire, and played the Regimental march to keep up the spirits of his comrades.

He and Private Lawson were both awarded the Victoria Cross. Private Lawson carried a wounded lieutenant out of heavy fire and

ERIC PHILLIPS

subsequently returned, although himself wounded in two places, to bring back a private soldier.

A third Victoria Cross was won by Private S. Vickery, of the Dorsetshire Regiment, who rescued a wounded comrade and later killed three of the enemy who attacked him when he was separated from his Company.

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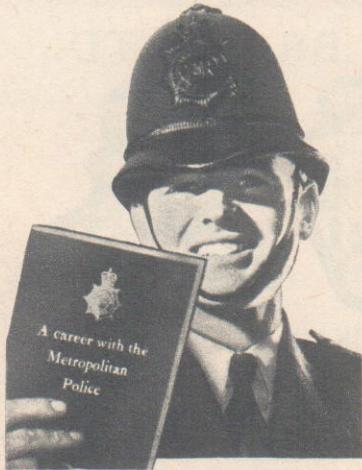
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# QUICK CROSSWORD

THE winner of this quick crossword competition will receive six recently-published books, worth more than £5 5s.

All you have to do is to send your entry to reach SOLDIER's London offices by Monday 2 November.

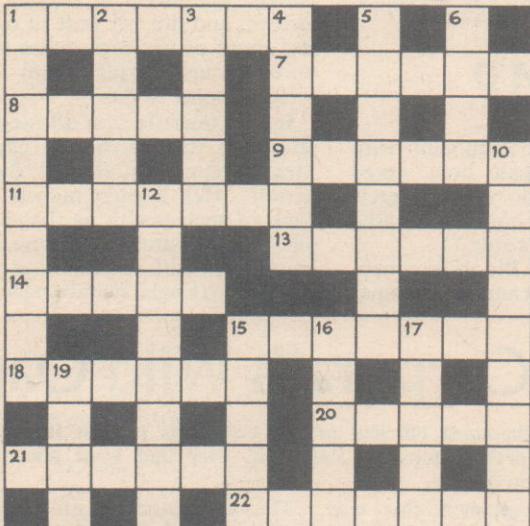
The winner will be the sender of the first correct solution to be opened by the Editor. He or she may choose any six of the following books: "Britain and the Arabs" by Glubb Pasha; "The Yellow Wind" (story of modern China) by William Stevenson; the novels "One Man's Island" by Elizabeth Ashe, "Interrupted Journey" by James Wilson, "San Salvatore" by Hans Kades, "Joey Boy" by Edward Chapman, and "Epitaph For an Enemy" by George Barr; "How to Sail" (of the How to Play series) by John Fisher; "Destined Meeting" (true story of life in a Japanese prison camp) by Leslie Bell; "I Always Wanted to be Somebody" (memoirs of Althea Gibson, the former Wimbledon tennis champion); and a bound volume of SOLDIER, 1957-8.

## RULES

- Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to: The Editor (Competition), SOLDIER, 433, Holloway Road, London, N.7.
- Each entry must be accompanied by the "WIN SIX BOOKS—17" panel printed at the top of the crossword frame.
- Competitors may submit more than one entry but *each* must be accompanied by the "WIN SIX BOOKS—17" panel.
- Any reader, Serviceman or woman and civilian, may compete.
- The Editor's decision is final.

WIN SIX BOOKS

17



## ACROSS

- A mixed sun lair for the narrow minded. (7)
- Pass away in time. (6)
- Pass out. (5)
- Comes in.
- They may be beans, athletes or even horses. (7)
- If you lose it you prove you've got it, as in good steel. (6)
- Reckon up a foreign nobleman. (5)
- Punters sometimes have one in an organised body. (1, 6)
- Tail-end willow wielder is often one of these. (6)
- Divine messenger. (5)
- Measure of weight after an abbreviated page produces a sudden swoop. (6)
- Wanted. (7)

Name .....

Address .....

## DOWN

- Teaches. (8)
- Use this golf club for eating. (5)
- Half an NCO is good for a boil. (5)
- Try again. (6)
- These games sound like the old days. (8)
- Initially the Red State.
- The kind of egg for motorcycle contests? (9)
- You need more than eight fasteners to play this game. (8)
- Fitted out with weapons. (5)
- Going round the sun makes these. (5)
- A striped feline from Bengal. (5)
- Warm coat for Mary's little follower. (4)

These two photographs look alike but they vary in 12 details, excluding any difference in tone and shadows. If you can't find all the variations turn to page 38 for the answers.

## HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?



★ The winner of SOLDIER's Picture Puzzle competition in August was:

Staff-Sergeant T. Moore,  
Headquarters 7 Company,  
Royal Army Medical Corps,  
Catterick Camp, Yorkshire.

The correct solution was: 1. The badge of the Royal Army Dental Corps; 2. Girls of the Women's Royal Army Corps club-swinging at the Royal Tournament; 3. A DD swimming tank; 4. A member of the Women Corps of the Russian Army; 5. Trumpets.

The solution and name of the winner will appear in SOLDIER, December.

# BOOKS

*In spite of all the Japanese could do the women refused to give in. Here three of them, using the only hoe in the camp, get down to making drains in Sime Road Camp.*



## ORDEAL IN A PRISON CAMP

**S**OUDIERS were not, as library shelves sometimes suggest, the only British captives to endure years of misery at the hands of the Japanese after the fall of Singapore. Many civilians of both sexes had at least as bad a time.

One of these was Mrs. Elfrieden Bloom, better known as "Freddy." American-born, she was married to a British Army medical officer who died in Penang in 1940.

She became a journalist in Singapore, met another medical officer, worked in the same hospital as he did after her paper was bombed-out by the Japanese, married him when Singapore was besieged and went "into the bag" nine days later.

"Destined Meeting" (Odhams, 18s) by Leslie Bell, is an account of the separate captivities of Major and Mrs. Philip Bloom and of those of their friends. Husband and wife had little communication in the years that followed their capture. Once or

twice the Japanese allowed short meetings. A few notes were smuggled and there were a few glimpses through heavily barred windows.

Some of the other women were a little more fortunate than Mrs. Bloom. Male civilians were interned next to the women's prison. Each day, 10 women carried dustbins to a square where 10 men took them over. Since there were 185 women with husbands on "the other side," competition for this job was brisk. The captives so arranged matters that each day 10 women (wearing their best clothes and jewellery, if they had any) each handed over her dustbin to her husband, getting perhaps a smile and occasionally a few whispered words of encouragement if the Japanese guard was looking the other way.

Like the soldier-prisoners, the women developed a strong community spirit which helped to mitigate their own privations and those of the children who were

in the wired encampment with them. (One small boy, asked what he would do when he grew up, answered, quite naturally, "Go to the men's side.")

One of Mrs. Bloom's contributions was a camp newspaper

## Lance-Corporal's Wild Oats

**O**NE of the most efficient provost-corporals the 1st Battalion, The Northamptonshire Regiment, ever had went about his duties on a mule.

It happened this way. The commanding officer was determined when his battalion went to the North-West Frontier of

were some things his commanding officer did not know about his provost-corporal, notably that he had once been a signal boy in the Royal Navy. In this capacity, he once thought he heard an order to hoist a signal called "Blue Ninety" and duly passed the word. As a result, an anguished admiral saw his battle squadron, minus his flagship, vanishing over the horizon for no apparent reason.

All went well until, when a sangar was being built to defend a camp-site on the way, Lance-Corporal R. L. Wild failed to catch a rock which was being passed to him. It struck his foot, and further marching was out of the question.

Then the commanding officer had his bright idea. Lance-Corporal Wild was presented with the provost-corporal's arm-band and a mule. He completed the journey to Ramak, not on his own feet, but without falling out. The commanding officer had achieved his ambition, and Lance-Corporal Wild retained his provost appointment.

The one-time lance-corporal tells the story in "Wild Oats" (Blackwood, 18s), a cheerful account of his early years. There

## Wide Boys At War

**N**O-ONE will deny that from time to time the Army is burdened with dead-beats, wide-boys and the occasional hardened criminal.

But there never was such a collection of crooked soldiers as Joey Boy and his gang of Billingsgate draft-dodgers who in Eddie Chapman's hilarious novel "Joey Boy" (Cassell, 12s 6d) wax rich at the Army's expense in World War Two.

Joey Boy and his friends go straight into the Army after being arrested for running a gambling joint in Billingsgate. And that, you would think, would be the end of that.

But, as Joey would say, "Not on your Nellie!" Almost before they've had their first hair-cut, Joey and his enterprising pals are running a book from the Company office and a very profitable sideline in flogging mules. Neither the deserts of North Africa nor the wide plains of Italy hinder their progress from one profitable escapade to another—and if there's trouble witnesses can always be bribed (and often are).

A very funny book, to be taken with a bucketful of salt.

which contained such feminine features as a birthday column (no woman's birthday was ignored in the camp), hints on how to polish brown shoes with banana-skins and black ones with red hibiscus leaves, and how to obtain coconut oil for cooking and toilet. The "small-ads" offered exchanges of such things as knitting needles of one size for knitting needles of another.

When the Japanese were seeking hidden wireless sets in the camp Mrs. Bloom was discovered to be in possession of a Braille notebook, which set her captors guessing. She was taken off by the Kempeitai, the secret police, and thrown into a cage with 16 men.

From October to March she lived in the cage, with no privacy at any time, being taken out only for questioning.

More fortunate than many of her men companions, she was not tortured by the Kempeitai, though she suffered some brutal blows. She lived in earshot of torture, and did her best to comfort those of her cage-mates who were brought back from the torture-rooms to die.

By the time she was allowed to return to the internment camp, Mrs. Bloom was all but dying herself. Her friends nursed her back to such health as the camp diet allowed, and she survived to be reunited with her husband and sail back to England and a new life.

It happened this way. The commanding officer was determined when his battalion went to the North-West Frontier of

were some things his commanding officer did not know about his provost-corporal, notably that he had once been a signal boy in the Royal Navy. In this capacity, he once thought he heard an order to hoist a signal called "Blue Ninety" and duly passed the word. As a result, an anguished admiral saw his battle squadron, minus his flagship, vanishing over the horizon for no apparent reason.

It was his inability to return from shore leave on time which brought the author out of the Navy and into the ranks of the unemployed. Then he applied to join the Royal Signals, carefully omitting to mention his previous service in the Navy, and it was not until he received his cap-badge that he realised he was in the Northamptonshires. He considers that was the luckiest day of his life, and perhaps the silliest the day he left the Regiment.

This book takes him to that time. Later the author served in the Indian Army and was captured by the Japanese in Singapore. After the war he served in both the Palestine and Malayan police. He obviously has material for a second volume.

# High Jinks In Cairo

**T**O the literature of World War Two in the Middle East, Eric Lambert brings much the same sort of liveliness with "Glory Thrown In" (Muller, 15s.), as his fellow Australian soldiers did to that war-time scene.

This novel reflects their brash cheerfulness, their peculiar brand of military discipline, their informality and effectiveness in and out of battle. It is wrought from his personal experiences in the Middle East, and in particular at Alamein, and is as fresh and lively a war-novel as has yet seen printer's ink.

The story is simple. Field-Marshal Montgomery wants a diversionary attack, to fetch Rommel's armour from the south to the north of the Alamein line. The battle-hardened 55th is chosen for the job. It will go into action pretending to be rather more than a brigade instead of a half-strength battalion.

Two of its soldiers are despatched to Cairo to disseminate the news of the coming British attack in places where enemy agents are suspected or known to operate. Nearly everything goes according to plan, but most of the principal characters in the story are killed.

If the overall tale is one of tragedy, it is told with superb comedy which everyone who has served with Australian troops will recognise as credible: the rebel private who is put under close arrest, because that is the only way he can be decorated with the Military Medal; how the privates teach British officers not to expect salutes from men in slouch hats; the splendid farce when some of the troops decided they do not want to attend church parade; the way the paraded battalion murmurs "Diddly-Dum" when the railwayman-turned-officer appears.

Brilliantly told, too, are the tale of the neat escape of a deserter and his reappearance, well set up in an out-of-bounds quarter of Cairo, and the tough, humorous methods of the commanding officer of the Australian Battalion in dealing with his wayward soldiers.

Most uproarious of all is the "leave" the two soldiers take to spread the news of the diversionary attack among the enemy agents.

The place to make contact with the agents is among the brothels and cabarets of Cairo, and this the two soldiers set out to do with gusto.

Even from the most sordid depths, the author's keen sense of humour bubbles up undimmed.

"Glory Thrown In" is not the kind of book to lend to an old-fashioned female relative—that is if you want her ever to speak to you again.

## Books in Brief

**N**OT long ago Commander D. A. Rayner, of the Royal Navy, accompanied a famous cavalry regiment on manoeuvres. He wanted to capture the Army atmosphere.

How well he succeeded is revealed in his "Small Spark of Courage" (Collins, 13s 6d)—an excellently written and moving story of one of the countless little battles in North-West Europe in World War Two.

The story revolves round the problem of a battalion commander ordered to sacrifice one of his companies for the common good and the dilemma of a courageous tank commander. It

is one of the best of its type for several years.

If other authors took the same trouble as Commander Rayner to acquire authentic detail there would be many better war novels.

**A** WAR novel with a difference is "Epitaph for an Enemy" (Hutchinson, 15s), in which George Barr tells the story of an American sergeant charged with the task of escorting 59 French civilians to safety when their village becomes the centre of the fighting.

It did not turn out to be the cushy job it first seemed.

**T**HE eternal triangle is given a new twist in "San Salvatore" by Hans Kades (Angus

"Colonel, do you remember that rear party we left at Mandalay in 1945?"

and Robertson, 15s), the tale of two surgeon friends in the German Army and their rivalry over a beautiful woman patient.

**S**TUDENTS of military affairs will welcome "The Battle of Gettysburg" (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 25s), the famous eyewitness account by Major Frank Haskell of that fateful battle in the American Civil War nearly 100 years ago.

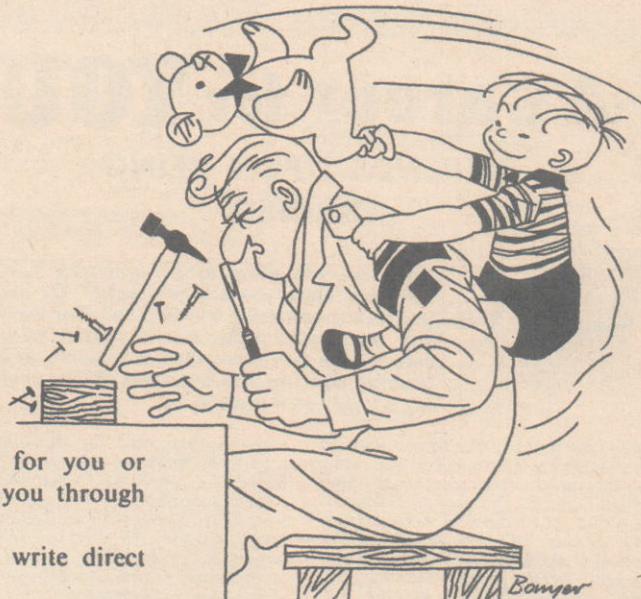
It has never before been available to the general reader.

Major Haskell, who served as a Union officer at Gettysburg, wrote his account within a fortnight of the battle, during which he was at the centre of the action. The book is edited by Bruce Catton.

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*Mrs. Kathleen Beale, wife of a corporal, proves, as she arranges flowers in her 22-footer, that you can make an attractive home in a caravan.*

*The inhabitants of Pegasus Village use a communal washing and ironing room which is very handy for a quiet chat while doing the "smalls".*



**T**HE Parachute Regiment has found an answer to the shortage of married quarters for other ranks: caravans.

On the site of a dis-used World War Two military hospital in the woods near Rushmoor Arena, a mile or so from Aldershot, the Regiment has set up its own caravan camp and called it Pegasus Village, after the winged horse of the Airborne Forces.

Already more than 20 families who were without quarters or dissatisfied with those provided by the Army, are living in Pegasus Village which, by the end of the year, will become a self-contained community—with its own water and electricity supplies, a club, children's nursery, grocery shop and launderette—of 40 caravan homes. Each caravan, erected on a concrete foundation, has its own garden and nearby allotment. Some of the old hospital buildings have been left to provide accom-

modation for washing rooms, toilets and bathrooms, store sheds, the nursery and the club.

The scheme—under which the families buy their own homes by instalments—was launched, with War Office blessing, by the 1st Battalion, The Parachute Regiment. Later, 3rd Battalion joined in and now the village is administered by Colonel G. R. Flood MC, of the Parachute Regiment Depot, and a committee on which all units of 16 Independent Parachute Brigade Group are represented.

Most families pay a little over £400 for their caravans (which are bought in bulk by the Brigade) at

the rate of about £4 a week over two years, but allowances reduce the weekly outlay to about £2. Each family pays the War Office a weekly ground rent of 2s 6d.

It would be difficult to find a happier community than the families in Pegasus Village. "It is an ideal arrangement," says Sergeant Richard Aspey, of the 1st Battalion, who occupies a 22-ft caravan with his wife. "Repayments are small and at the end we have got a home of our own."

And the wives? "Just like one long holiday," says Mrs. Marjorie Sheehan, wife of a sergeant in 1st Battalion, who had lived in an Army quarter for eight years

*A view of part of Pegasus Village set among the Hampshire woods. All the caravans rest on concrete standings and each has a large garden. The occupants buy the caravans for £2 a week.*



before going to Pegasus Village. "And there's very little housework to do in a caravan."

To some young married soldiers under the qualifying age for official quarters, the caravan scheme offers the only hope of family life. Private Alfred Arnold, aged 18, of the 3rd Battalion, and his 19-year-old wife Marie, were married early this year and were resigned to living apart until he was 21. Then Pegasus Village gave them the chance to set up home together in a caravan.

Private Peter Kirby, aged 21, of 1st Battalion, and his wife were the first residents of Pegasus Village. When they moved in he was too young for an official quarter. Now they are well on the way to owning a six-berth caravan.

There is still much to be done on the site and each unit in the Brigade Group is doing what it can to make the village into a self-contained community. Men of the 1st Battalion will soon build and equip a nursery and the 3rd Battalion will take over the painting. A telephone has been installed and soon a grocery shop and launderette will be set up in the former hospital rooms. Wives can arrange to have shopping delivered and application has been made for a bus service to Aldershot.

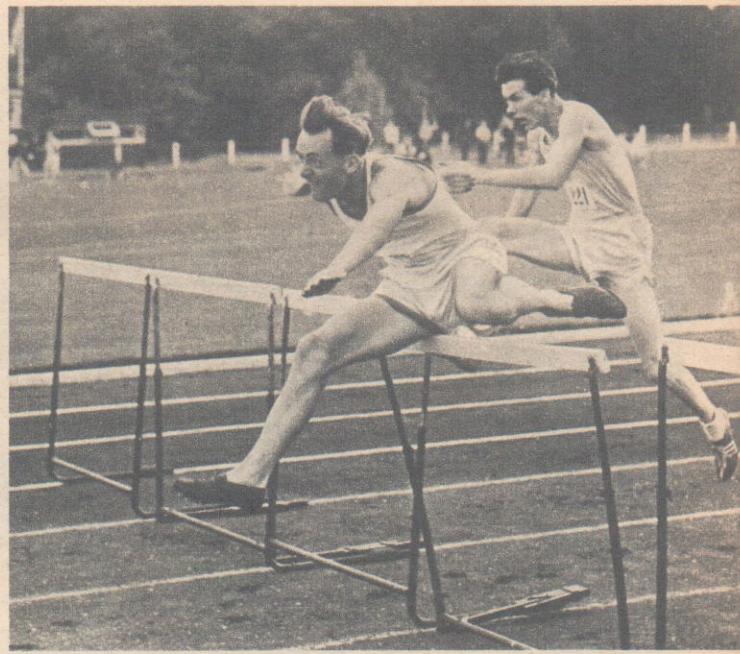
As SOLDIER went to press the committee was planning to lay on electricity to each caravan.

● This is not the first time the Parachute Regiment has built its own village. In the Suez Canal Zone in 1953 the 1st Battalion set up a tented families camp to overcome the lack of quarters in Egypt. That, too, was called Pegasus Village.

K. E. HENLY



*The bespectacled Trooper Grubb clears the last fence in fine style to win the 3000-metres steeplechase, beating two champions.*



*Up and over goes Staff-Sergeant Bradley, REME, who raced home to win the 120 yards hurdles by two yards in 15.1 seconds.*

## THE TROOPER SHOCKED THE STARS

FOR the sixth successive year the Army were runners-up to the Royal Air Force in the men's championships at the inter-Services athletics match at Uxbridge when seven records were shattered.

But the Women's Royal Army Corps did better. They won five of the eight events and beat the Women's Royal Air Force, winners for the previous seven years, by 66 points to 56, with the Women's Royal Naval Service third with 43 points.

The outstanding performance of the day was the brilliant win by Trooper Ben Grubb, Royal Armoured Corps, in the 3000-metres steeplechase in the record time of 9 minutes 13.8 seconds. Although his opponents included the Army champion, Private Mike Corcoran, of the Cheshire Regiment, and Sergeant Dan Gallagher, the RAF record holder, Trooper Grubb outpaced the field from the beginning and came home an easy winner.

Company Sergeant-Major Instructor Eric Cleaver, Army Physical Training Corps, added another record to the many he already holds by retaining his discus title with a throw of 162 ft 10½ ins, almost a foot better than his Army record.

Another soldier — Second Lieutenant M. Ralph, of the 1st Battalion, Duke of Wellington's Regiment—equalled the inter-Services record of 47 ft 6½ ins to win the hop, step and jump, adding six inches to his winning distance in this year's Army championships.

Other men's records were set up by Surgeon-Lieutenant John Wrighton, Royal Navy, European 400 metres champion, who won the 440 yards in 47.8 seconds; the Empire javelin title holder, Leading Aircraftman Colin Smith, who bettered the old record by 25 ft with a throw of 226 ft 4 ins; Petty Officer M. Boys, Royal

Navy, in the 440 yards hurdles; and the Royal Air Force team who ran the 440 yards relay in 42.5 seconds.

The Royal Air Force dominated the middle distances, winning the 880 yards, one-mile and three-miles events, but the Army shone at short-distances. Lieutenant R. J. Baddeley, of 4/7th Dragoon Guards, repeated his Army success by winning the 100 yards in 10.1 seconds, and Staff-Sergeant J. R. Bradley, 14 Command Workshops, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, won the 120 yards hurdles in 15.1 seconds.

Only one record was broken in the women's events—by Sergeant Hazel Hester, WRAC, who won the 80 metres hurdles in 12.3 seconds. She also won the long jump with 16 ft 8 ins, turning the tables on Second-Lieutenant Penelope Price who beat her in the Army championships. But Lieutenant Price scored a fine sprint double, winning the 100 yards in 11.7 seconds and the 220 yards in 27.2 seconds.

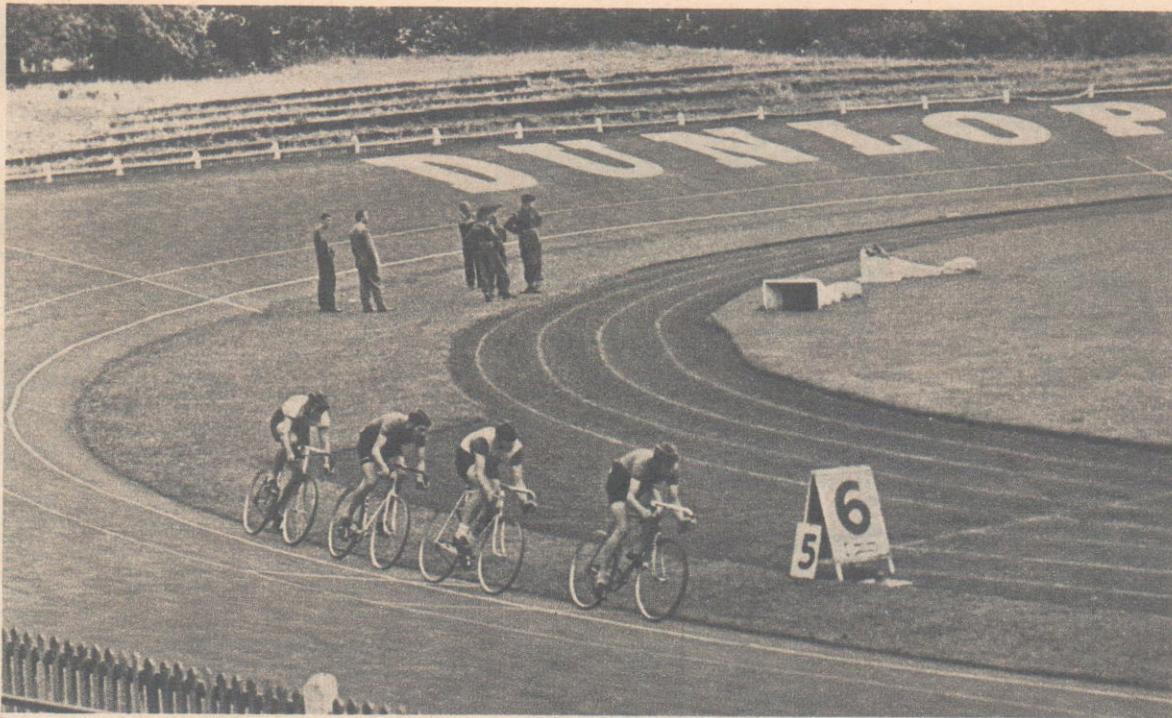
The Army's fifth winner was 18-year-old Lance-Corporal Judith Stout, WRAC, who took the discus title with 111 ft 3 ins.

JOHN STEELE

*Sergeant Hazel Hester broke the 80 metres hurdles record and also won the long jump.*

**Cheer up chum . . .**





*Hurting round the track go the Western Command team in the inter-corps 4000-metres pursuit race which they won.*

## TRIO TRIUMPHANT

THREE of the Army's fastest pedal-pushers carried off most of the prizes at this year's ninth Army Track Cycling championships at Herne Hill in which nearly 100 competitors took part.

Outstanding was Signalman Brian Dacey, of the United Kingdom Comcan Signals Regiment, Royal Signals, who won the 1000-metres sprint and the five-miles events and was second in the 1000-metres time trial which was won by Private R. Kennison, of 19 Company, Royal Army Medical Corps, by one second.

Private Kennison was also second in the 1000-metres sprint and third in the 4000-metres individual pursuit race which was won by his unit team mate, Private John Geddes. Private Geddes also took first place for winning most lap points in the

five-miles race and, with Private Kennison, helped his team to win the inter-corps 4000-metres pursuit title and Western Command to take the inter-Command title.

The long-awaited duel between Private Geddes and Signalman Dacey (the holder) in the sprint championship failed to materialise when the former was disqualified for accidentally obstructing his opponent in a heat. In the final between Dacey, Kennison and Craftsman J. E. Saxton, of 6 (Vehicle) Training Battalion, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, the reigning champion proved the better tactician and won without much trouble, covering the last 220 yards in 12.7 seconds.

The most exciting event of the meeting—the Devil-take-the-hindmost in which some 30 riders took part—was won by Private

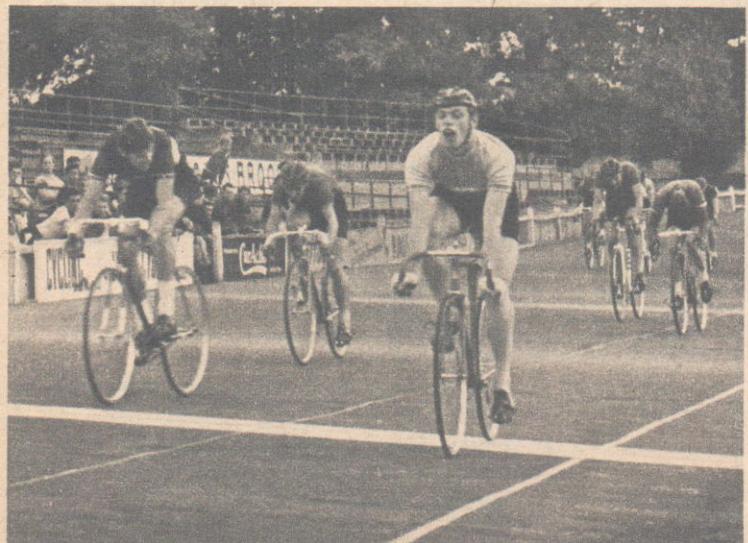
B. McGuinness, of 4 Trade Training Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps.

Private Harry Reynolds, of 2 Training Battalion, RASC, swept the board in the Royal Army Service Corps championships which were incorporated in the Army event. He won all three races—the 1000-metres time trial, the 4000-metres individual pursuit and the 1000-metres sprint. Run-

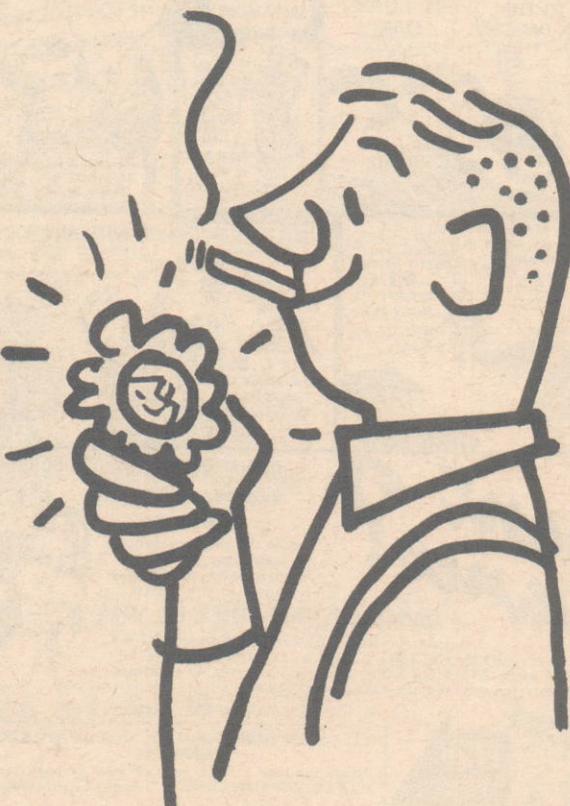
ner-up in each event was Private A. G. Mills, of 1 Training Battalion, RASC.

Two of the events in the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers' championship—the 1000-metres time trial and the sprint—were won by Craftsman Saxon and the 4000-metres individual pursuit by Private D. F. Wills, of 3 Training Battalion, REME.

*Signalman B. Dacey wins the five miles championship for the second year running by a wheel from Pte J. Wickham. He also took the 1000-metres sprint title.*



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# LETTERS

## PRESIDENTIAL CITATION

In your article "A Tribute to Glory" (SOLDIER, July) you state that the United States Presidential Citation awarded to the 1st Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment is an honour never before awarded to a non-American unit.

In fact, the Glorious Glosters are only one of several non-American units to have won this distinction. The other units I know of are my own—3rd Battalion, The Royal Australian Regiment—for its stand at Kapyong on the 24-25 April, 1951, the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry and, I believe, a Turkish unit. Our own citation was presented to the Battalion in the field in 1951 by General Van Fleet.—Colour-Sergeant R. Martin, C Company, Royal Australian Regiment, Perak, Malaya.

★ *The Glosters won the US Presidential Citation for their action on the Imjin on 22-25 April, 1951.*

## AAC AND SAS

In your June issue you say that the Army Air Corps was disbanded in 1950. If so, does the present Special Air Service Regiment descend from the AAC or was it re-raised?—William S. Mills, Mission Hills, San Diego, California, USA.

★ *The Special Air Service Regiment was part of the original Army Air Corps but it remained in being when the latter was disbanded in 1950.*

The earliest element of the SAS was the 11th Battalion, raised in 1940, which developed into a permanent Regular corps and was designated the Special Air Service Regiment in the same year as the Army Air Corps was disbanded.

The Special Air Service Regiment is not part of the re-constituted Army Air Corps.

## TA RECRUITING

Your recent article on recruiting for the Regular Army prompts me to tell you of the recruiting activities of the 7th (Leeds Rifles) Battalion, The West Yorkshire Regiment (TA).

Two years ago the Battalion reverted from the Royal Tank Regiment to its present and pre-war title and status, since when the strength has increased fourfold. In addition, many volunteers have transferred to the Regular Army.

One of the big problems was to publicise the Battalion in the Leeds area. We partly overcame this by producing our own recruiting posters, drawn by Lance-Corporal Frank Pash, a volunteer in the Battalion, and by organising recruiting displays in conjunction with the parent regiment, the Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire, for which Lance-Corporal Pash has also designed a new recruiting poster. Now he has been invited to submit a design for a poster for general use in the Territorial Army.—Major S. Carrington, 7th (Leeds Rifles) Bn, The West Yorkshire Regiment (TA), Leeds.

## 60 MILES IN 20 HOURS

From reading recent issues of your fine magazine I gather that the men of some British regiments have been doing some pretty fancy marching lately.

This reminds me that before World War One the 2nd Royal Sussex won the Evelyn Wood Shield for marching by covering 60 miles, carrying full packs, in 20 hours. At the time they were stationed at Woking.

It also reminds me of a sergeant in the British Army who fought at the Battle of Quebec in 1759 and won a marching competition on his return to England in the early 1760s.—G. R. Skilton, 167 Pearson Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

★ *Can any regiment beat the Royal Sussex feat?*

● **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.

## HEADS OR TAILS?

I have been told that many years ago a battle was decided by the toss of a coin between the respective commanders. Is this true?—"Flipper," Aldershot.

★ **SOLDIER** has never heard of it. Can anyone throw light?

## GRAVE MYSTERY

While out jungle training with my regiment in an isolated part of the coast of Victoria, Australia, I came across an old graveyard.

One grave, which was well cared for, was of Captain John Jerdan, of the 43rd Regiment, Bengal Light Infantry. The inscription said he was born in Kelso, Scotland, on 1 May, 1824, and died on board the SS *Baroda* off Melbourne on 22 May, 1873.

We are all very intrigued and wonder if any of your readers could tell us

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 38**

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## The Warrant Officer Wins Top Prize



If you want to know anything about the highly technical art of handling materials in the most direct, economical and safest way ask Warrant Officer Percival Peacock, of the Materials Handling Experimental Unit, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, at Dettingen Barracks, Blackdown.

He should know most of the answers for recently he won the top prize of 350 dollars (£125) in an American essay competition on the use of heavy duty plant operations with cranes. It is the first time an Englishman has won the competition since it began eight years ago.

Warrant Officer Peacock, who is a senior instructor at the Materials Handling Experimental Unit, was unable to go to Cleveland (Ohio) where the prize was presented in his absence, but at a recent parade in Blackdown he was congratulated on his performance by Major-General G. O. Crawford, the Director of Ordnance Services at the War Office.

"I have read the essay," the General told SOLDIER, "and am most impressed. He put across his technical knowledge in just the right way. It was a remarkable achievement, because he spent five years in prison camp during the war. Few have fought their way to the top as Mr. Peacock has."

Warrant Officer Peacock told SOLDIER he was surprised to learn he had won first prize. "I am supposed to know a bit about cranes so I decided to enter, selecting as my subject 'What crane shall I use?' In the essay I described the types of cranes available for different jobs and wrote about jibs and their motive power."

Mr. Peacock, a native of Cheam, Surrey, joined the King's Royal Rifle Corps 28 years ago. He was captured at Calais in 1940 and released in 1945. In 1948 he transferred to the Royal Army Ordnance Corps and was discharged after completing 21 years' service in 1952. But the Army still attracted him and in 1955 he re-enlisted.

When he leaves the Army for good next April he intends to take his wife and three children to Australia and find work as a crane engineer or "anything in the materials handling line." His prize of 350 dollars will go towards buying a house in Sydney.

Warrant Officer Peacock is a member of the Institute of Materials Handling.

### DO YOU KNOW HIM?

(See page 25)



He was Brigadier (later Major-General Sir) Hector Macdonald, known throughout the Army as "Fighting Mac."

He joined the Army as a private and rose to the rank of major-general through all the non-commissioned ranks. During the South African War he commanded the Highland Brigade.

# What about a tyg in the snug?



THE ORIGIN of the word 'tyg' is unknown even to the compilers of the Oxford Dictionary. It means a drinking cup, or bowl, with two or more handles. 'Snug', of course, is short for 'snuggery'; it is probably the cosiest room of all in which to enjoy the best long drink in the world.

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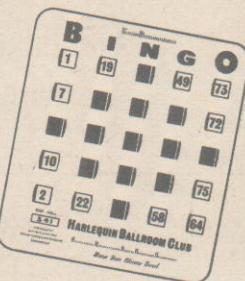
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### PRODUCTION GROUP

## INSTRUMENT MECHANICS

Windscale and Calder Works and Chapelcross Works require experienced men with knowledge of electronic equipment and/or industrial instrumentation for fault diagnosis, repair and calibration of a wide range of instruments used in nuclear reactors, radiation laboratories and chemical plant. This interesting work involves the maintenance of instruments using pulse techniques, wide band low noise amplifiers, pulse amplitude analysers, counting circuits, television, and industrial instruments used for the measurement of pressure, temperature and flow.

Men with Services, Industrial or Commercial background of radar, radio, television, industrial or aircraft instruments are invited to write for further information. Training in our Instrument School will be given to successful applicants.

Married men living beyond daily travelling distances will be eligible for housing. A lodging allowance is payable whilst waiting for housing. Working conditions and promotions prospects are good.

Applications to:

**WORKS LABOUR MANAGER,**

Windscale and Calder Works,

Sellafield, Seascale, Cumberland

or

**LABOUR MANAGER,**

Chapelcross Works, Annan, Dumfriesshire, Scotland.

**SOLDIER**



**JULIE WILSON**  
*(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)*