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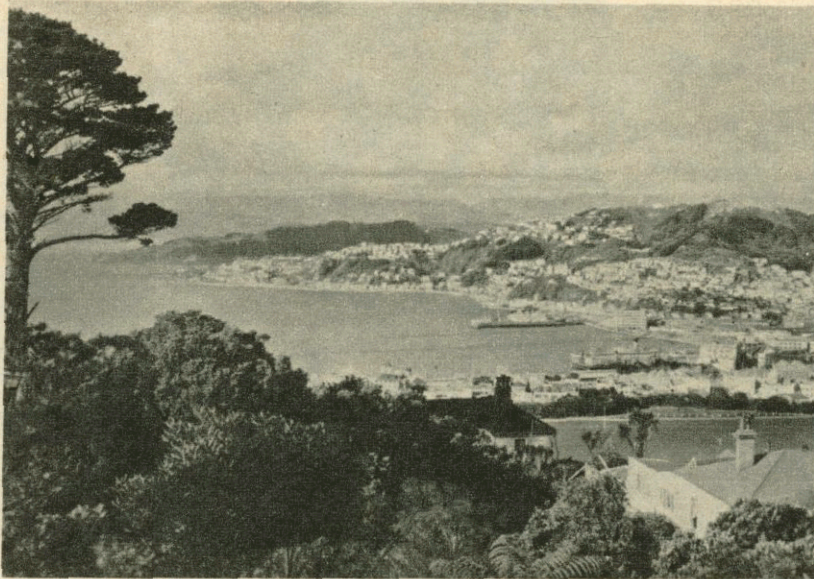
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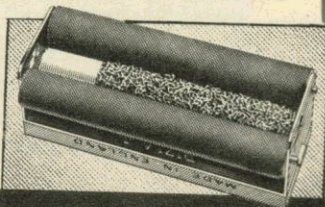
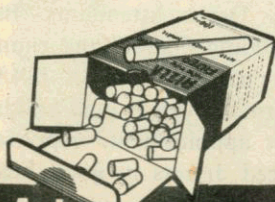
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With fixed bayonets, soldiers stand guard outside a locked and shuttered wines and spirits store in Belize, the devastated capital.

IN THE WAKE OF HURRICANE "HATTIE"

When a 200-mile-an-hour hurricane shattered Belize, capital of British Honduras, British soldiers were the first to bring succour. More troops, flown from home, joined in the task of fighting disease, starvation and destitution . . .

IT was a night of horror and helplessness. Then the never-to-be-forgotten fury of Hurricane "Hattie" died down—and the battered people of British Honduras bewilderedly took stock.

Belize, their capital, lay devastated, the pathetic wreckage of thousands of wooden homes engulfed in the mud aftermath of tidal waves which followed remorselessly in "Hattie's" wake. The 30,000 people of Belize

and thousands of others in the Central American colony faced epidemic, starvation and destitution.

But relief came quickly, spearheaded by British soldiers who, with their families, had shared that terrifying night. Within 48 hours they were reinforced from Jamaica by more men of their regiment and within a fortnight 1300 British troops—more than half of them flown the 4700 miles from

Britain in the Army's biggest-ever mercy air-lift—were restoring life and hope to the colony as they fought disease, cleared debris, repaired buildings, reinstated public services and guarded warehouses and shops against looters.

First to bring relief to shattered Belize were men of "Z" Company of the 1st Battalion, The Royal Hampshire Regiment,

OVER...

HURRICANE "HATTIE" continued



Carrying picks, mattocks and axes, British troops march along a debris-strewn street in Belize. The Infantrymen's first tasks were to keep law and order, start salvage work and feed the homeless. Below: Sapper priorities were restoring public services. Here, men of 12 Field Squadron, flown from home, build a badly-needed water supply point at Stann Creek.



Below: A tilted telegraph pole marks the flooded road from Belize to Stanley Airfield. The soldiers are operating a marsh-buggy bequeathed by a departing oil-drilling firm.



who, with their families, had safely lived out the hurricane at Stanley Airfield camp, nine miles from Belize. They had to hack their way with axes and machetes through fallen trees blocking the road from the airport to the capital. Another party sailed down a tree-strewn river to Belize in a Nuffield Trust recreation boat.

Meanwhile the regional hurricane relief organisation, centred on Jamaica, had swung into action. The Royal Navy's frigate, HMS *Troubridge*, sailed at full speed from Jamaica, negotiated the buoyless, tricky channel into Belize Harbour and landed 45 men of the Hampshires, a captain, sergeant and corporal of the Royal Army Medical Corps, and the ship's surgeon-lieutenant. The two medical officers assisted American doctors—the United States sent two destroyers, an aircraft carrier and tankers with helicopters, aviation fuel, food, medical supplies and other relief stores—in inoculating the whole of Belize's population against typhoid.

The spectre of an epidemic receded further as the doctors were reinforced by 19 Field Ambulance, from Colchester; 51 Field Surgical Team, from the Cambridge Military Hospital, Aldershot; and, from the Army School of Health at Mytchett, a light hygiene section which used over 300 gallons of insecticide to prevent contamination of food by flies.

A section of the field ambulance helped with the immunisation, which was completed in ten days, and other treatment at the clinics for the many minor injuries caused by the hurricane, attended to patients in the mental hospital, salvaged hospital equipment and cleared choked drains.

As urgent as the medical need in the first few days of chaos was the maintenance of law and order. Lieutenant-Colonel D. J. Warren DSO, MC, Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion, The Hampshire Regiment, which is stationed in the Caribbean area on a three-year tour, assumed the temporary appointment of Military Commander of British Honduras and organised a system of armed guards and patrols from his Battalion to safeguard wrecked property and protect precious food supplies.

But keeping order was not the Battalion's only duty. Infantrymen found themselves not only controlling food queues but cooking and serving the food, too. At one of the emergency feeding centres, where clothing and accommodation were also provided, over 2300 people a day were fed by just two Army cooks. Other Hampshires helped to clean the streets, straighten up warehouse stocks, find local civilians to help with relief work, and even bury the dead.

A platoon of "Z" Company, commanded by Lieutenant Robin Tillard, who led the river expedition to Belize, blazed another trail 20 miles south, through fallen timber, to Stann Creek, the colony's second largest community, where nearly 90 per cent of the 3500 people lost their homes as the eye of the hurricane passed over the town. On their way the Hampshires, guided by a Sapper corporal, had to repair a partially collapsed bridge which blocked their route.

In Stann Creek the Infantrymen's first tasks were to repair the jetty and off-load food supplies from an American destroyer. Then, private soldiers with no previous cooking

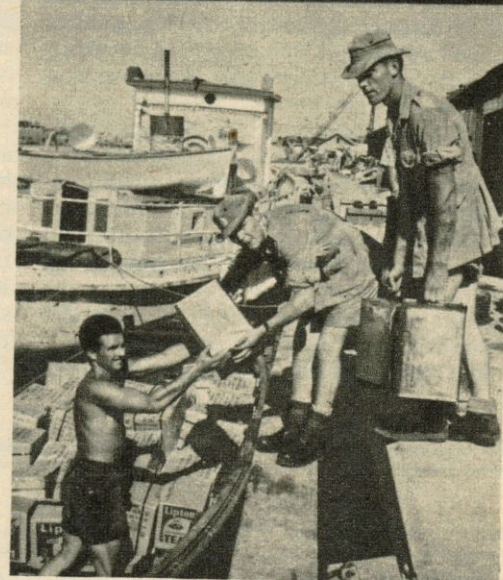
CONTINUED ON PAGE 8



While on relief work in the colony the 1st Battalion, The Worcestershire Regiment, recruited a dozen British Hondurans. They flew back to Britain with the Battalion.



Private Robert Clive, Royal Army Medical Corps, inspects a man's throat at one of the emergency clinics. Below: Sapper Tony Hesse (left) and Sapper Adam Flockhart load tins of cooking oil on a launch to be taken down the coast by HMS Vidal.



THEY SANG THROUGH THE HORROR

Three-quarters of Belize's wooden homes were completely destroyed.

BEFORE Hurricane "Hattie" struck, a warning was given over the local radio, allowing sufficient time for people to take adequate shelter. Major S. G. B. Matthews, commanding "Z" Company of the Hampshires, collected the 20 or so military families living in Belize and concentrated them with the soldiers at the airport camp.

There, in the safety of Nissen huts, they lived out the night of terror, singing to keep up their spirits until eventually, despite "Hattie's" howling, the women and children fell asleep. One soldier likened the experience to being in a tin can with stones being thrown at it. Another described the night as comparable to an Underground train journey at 200 miles an hour.

One Army wife who had given birth to a baby girl three days before "Hattie" struck, sat with other patients knee-deep in mud and water for a whole day in a wrecked maternity hospital.

All the families of "Z" Company were quickly evacuated to Jamaica and a relief fund was opened by the Mayor of Winchester to meet the loss of their possessions.

The hurricane gusted up to 200 miles an hour, leaving devastation behind it. Great heaps of rubble lay where wooden houses stood only a few hours before. Many of those that withstood the onslaught were tilted at crazy

angles or even swept away and stranded as the floods subsided.

Many civilians, sceptical about the hurricane's arrival, disregarded the warnings until late afternoon when a darkening sky persuaded some to put up window shutters and others to drive up-country into the forests. "Hattie" struck at nine p.m. Four hours later the wind was gusting to 125 miles an hour, windows were caving in and roofs flying into the air.

A corrugated iron cinema collapsed, without injuring the audience, but when a school disintegrated, 14 children sheltering there were killed. By three a.m. the hurricane reached its peak, the screaming winds punctuated by the sounds of shattering glass, toppling trees and the clatter of roofing sheets and house walls ricocheting down the streets.

Adding to the horror, a tidal wave swept inland, mounting to ten feet in many houses and, as it receded, leaving a slimy trail of evil-smelling mud. Outside Belize, Stann Creek and the other small towns and villages, the hurricane hit deeply at the colony's economy, damaging many square miles of fruit plantations. Total damage to the colony has been estimated at £54 million.

The one consoling factor was the comparatively low casualty rate. Over 300 people died, more than half of them in Belize where, in the much less fierce 1931 hurricane, there were 2000 deaths.

The War Minister, Mr John Profumo, knows British Honduras. He was there in 1958 when he was Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State at the Colonial Office. Earlier that year, Princess Margaret became the first member of the Royal Family to visit the colony.

HURRICANE "HATTIE" continued



Bulldozers and heavy equipment brought in by the Plant Section of 12 Field Squadron were used to clear away the piles of debris.

experience found themselves preparing rice and bean stew for thousands of people, issuing hundreds of blankets, supervising inoculations and cheering up patients in the hospital, one of the few buildings which survived the hurricane. Co-operating with the town's disaster committee, the Hampshires evolved a system of allocating food, in return for a day's work, to the able-bodied section of the population.

But it was quickly evident that more military help was needed in the colony and it was as rapidly forthcoming in the airlift from Britain of the 1st Battalion, The Worcester-shire Regiment, a Sapper field squadron and small specialist units. The battalion group and 60 tons of supplies were flown across the Atlantic in a shuttle service of 14 Royal Air Force and five BOAC chartered aircraft.

The choice of the Worcesters was both

imaginative and practical for the Battalion had just spent three years in the Caribbean and many of its men were old friends to the people of British Honduras. Among them, on his third visit, was Corporal John Dobbin, who met his wife in Belize when serving there with The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. He and other soldiers who married local girls were able to assure them that their relatives were safe, though homeless.

The Worcesters, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel P. G. Hall DSO, set up their headquarters in a tented camp at Stann Creek, strung their platoons out along a valley of grapefruit and orange groves and took over from the Hampshires' platoon. Major H. Knox, the quartermaster, became responsible for food supplies to the civilians, and the adjutant, Major Richard Leman, became "adviser on civic matters" while Captain

Arthur Martin took on the duties of harbour-master, on one occasion saving a boatload of 40 women and children from being swept away in a rough sea. Other officers and non-commissioned officers assumed new "appointments" while soldier-carpenters helped to repair the hospital roof and build a Red Cross store.

Eventually the Worcesters moved into Belize to relieve the Hampshires. By that time it had become possible to cut down guard duties considerably and, with more men available, Major Michael Ellis, a company commander, had the bright idea of organising goodwill parties to give local people whatever assistance they could. Each section was allotted its own area and, guided by the parish priest, set to work helping the most needy—the aged, infirm and those with no menfolk in the family.

The soldiers were soon fired with enthusiasm for what many of them thought the most satisfying work they had ever done. Roofs, floors, walls and furniture were mended and rubble cleared away from houses. An old fisherman who had broken his arm in the hurricane had lost his boat—the Worcesters retrieved it for him from a swamp. In a village not far from Belize the school lay in ruins; with few tools the soldiers built the framework of a new building.

Flying in from Britain, the Sappers of 12 Field Squadron, a unit of the Strategic Reserve formation, 38 Corps Engineer Regiment, Ripon, found their first job was to repair the runway on which they landed at Stanley Airfield—it had begun to break up after heavy rain and had to be made ready for the rest of the big airlift.

Leaving a section at the airport, the Sappers made for Belize where their priority tasks were to restore services—electricity, water, plumbing and drainage—to hospitals and public buildings. They set up a public water point, pumping 24 hours a day from a reservoir which was not completely destroyed by the hurricane, re-lit the docks and reinstated power poles felled in the disaster. The Squadron's Plant Section brought in bulldozers and other machinery to deal with some of the great piles of rubble. For general transport the Sappers used a fleet of marsh-buggies, designed for the otherwise impenetrable mangrove swamps and bequeathed to them by an oil-drilling company which left British Honduras soon after the hurricane.

Relief supplies sent by the Red Cross and from Britain, the United States and other countries, were handled at Stanley Airfield by a forward air supply organisation. A captain and nine men of 142 Supply Platoon, Royal Army Service Corps, unloaded aircraft and transhipped supplies to American helicopters or sent them to civilian distribution centres. Other Royal Army Service Corps units in the relief work were 732 Stores Transit Platoon and a new unit—32 Field Bakery Platoon—which was hurriedly withdrawn from a Corps exercise at Aldershot and given its first taste of air-portability.

Also working with the forward air supply organisation were a detachment of 158 Southern Command Provost Company, Royal Military Police, and 468 Courier and Postal Unit, Royal Engineers, which dealt with military mail and also helped Belize



Lance-Corporal Jack Wilson, a Worcesters' handsman, put his first-aid knowledge to practical use in his work as a medical officer's assistant. His job was to treat minor injuries sustained in the disaster. He has now been nicknamed "Doc" Wilson.

General Post Office to clean up its flooded premises and open its doors again.

For much of the emergency a joint Army-Navy command controlled all military operations, with the soldiers and sailors from the frigates HMS Troubridge and HMS Londonderry working closely together. Sailors of the survey ship HMS Vidal joined forces with the Sappers in delivering building materials and food to villages along the swampy coastline.

But while the wreckage was still being sifted, the troops were helping the civil authorities to rehouse the homeless. Belize, twice hit by hurricanes in 30 years—the town was destroyed in September, 1931, and rebuilt—may never rise again on its present vulnerable site only a few feet above sea level. There are plans to establish a new capital on higher ground either farther inland or farther south.

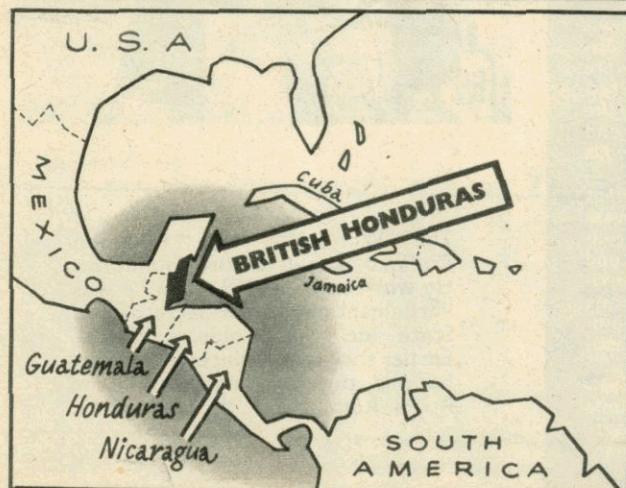
Meanwhile 5000 homeless will live on a new estate 16 miles inland from the capital. Here, at Milestone 16, a troop of Sappers drove in the first stakes, mixed concrete for

floors and helped with the plumbing, drainage and electricity installation. Three men worked in a Sapper-built sawmill cutting up timber for new homes; two more pumped water from a well into temporary-reservoirs. The new town has been officially christened Hattieville. At Stann Creek other Sappers put up prefabricated Army buildings which had been sent from Jamaica and piped water in from a nearby river.

Throughout the military operations the policy was to return full responsibility to the civil authorities as quickly as possible. The 1st Battalion, The Worcestershire Regiment, came home after just over a month in the colony, to be followed before Christmas by the remainder of the relief force.

Now only the small garrison, based on a company of The Royal Hampshire Regiment, remains in British Honduras to share in the long recovery from disaster and to accept, on behalf of the Army, the colony's heartfelt thanks.

—From a report by WILLIAM CASTELL, Army Public Relations.



THE COLONY OF THE DEPTHS

British Honduras is sub-tropical, about as big as Wales, and has nearly 90,000 people.

THE distinction of being the first British troops to set foot in British Honduras is claimed by The Gloucestershire Regiment. Two companies of the 1st Battalion were sent to the colony early in 1949 when neighbouring Guatemala, which had long coveted the British territory, threatened to invade it. The Glosters' association with the colony was later marked by an official alliance between the Regiment and the British Honduras Volunteer Guard, a local force about 200 strong.

There have been citizen forces in the colony, which is about the size of Wales, since the earliest days of its settlement. They defeated and drove out invading Spaniards in 1754, and provided the main striking force which

routed a massed sea-borne assault by the Spanish in 1798. In 1817 the Prince Regent conferred on the local militia the title of "The Prince Regent's Royal Honduras Militia."

Despite Spanish and Guatemalan claims, British Honduras has been a British possession since the first Europeans settled there more than 300 years ago. Called Baymen, they made a hard living by cutting and selling logwood and were given intermittent support from Jamaica against Spain which eventually recognised the colony in the Treaty of Paris, 1763. Timber—mainly mahogany and pine—is still one of the colony's principal exports, others being citrus fruits and sugar.

Belize, built on low-lying reclaimed land, is bisected by the river on which it stands. The first settlers there were shipwrecked

British sailors who arrived in 1638, long after the natives—the ancient but culturally advanced Maya Indians—had left the area. The settlers were joined by a Scots corsair called Wallace or Willis, a name which is believed to have degenerated, through years of Spanish and British pronunciation, into Belize.

Barracks were built in the Northside area of Belize at the end of the 18th century to house troops sent to defend the colony against invasion, and for a long period in the following century were occupied by detachments of The West India Regiment. The buildings were later used as houses, clubs and a hospital until destroyed in the 1931 hurricane.

On the extreme east of Northside stood

Fort George, an old defence work on a small island cut off at high tide by shallow tidal water. Forty years ago this depression was filled in and a part of it is now a memorial park for men of British Honduras who died in the two world wars.

The name "Honduras"—a Spanish word meaning depths—was given to this part of Central America by Columbus. On his fourth and last voyage in 1502 he ran into 40 days of gales, storms and deep sea currents. His sailors threatened mutiny and his ships were leaking when Columbus reached quiet waters—in what is now the neighbouring Republic of Honduras—and, with a sigh of relief, uttered: "Gracias a Dios que estamos fuera de osas honduras" (Thank God we are out of those depths.)

THE "VIKINGS" ON

ADOPTING THE NICKNAME, "THE VIKINGS," THE 1ST BATTALION, 1ST EAST ANGLIAN REGIMENT, IS COMBING ITS HOME COUNTIES, IN A CAREFULLY-PLANNED MILITARY OPERATION, FOR THE RECRUITS IT NEEDS

This striking notice dominates the entrance to Dovercourt Camp. The Viking's head flash, once worn by East Anglian District, has now been adopted by the 1st East Anglian Regiment.



"CORPORAL SMITH, take your section to 'The Crown and Anchor' and send a couple of chaps along to the coffee bar. Corporal Brown, I want your men to spend the evening in the public bar of 'The Fox and Hounds' and call at the fish and chip shop later."

Driving men to drink, you say? Hardly that, but certainly an unusual detail for a soldier although it is one to which Regulars of the 1st Battalion, 1st East Anglian Regiment, have become accustomed.

Not long ago the Battalion was in Berlin, well under strength and demobilising men faster than it received recruits. Then the War Office ordered: "Come home, go out and get recruits and bring yourselves up to

Canoes have been popular as a "try-it-yourself" feature of recruiting sorties. They attracted a good deal of attention on Oulton Broad when simultaneously capsized. Here, "A" Company "shoot" a bridge in Lowestoft.

Men of Support Company set up a Wombat anti-tank gun to cover Soham's main street. Only schoolboys stop to watch—but they are potential recruits!

Photographs:
SOLDIER Cameraman
FRANK TOMPETT

THE MARCH AGAIN

establishment. You have a year in which to find 350 men."

Accepting the challenge, the Battalion started by making its new name known at home—people in its recruiting areas were still thinking in terms of the pre-amalgamation Royal Norfolk and Suffolk regiments—as a prelude to an all-out recruiting operation.

Taking command of the Battalion in Berlin, Lieutenant-Colonel A. F. Campbell MC opened his campaign by appointing Captain S. G. Beck, helped by a sergeant, as public relations officer and sending Lieutenant R. D. Gowing, a company sergeant-major and a corporal to the East Anglian Brigade Depot in Bury St. Edmunds to initiate a publicity drive at home.

The Battalion adopted a nickname—

"The Vikings"—which caught on as quickly with the soldiers as with the local newspaper editors, television and radio teams who were invited out to Berlin, and which strengthened the ties with East Anglia where the original Vikings raided and settled between the 6th and 10th centuries. The "Vikings" went all out for success in work and sport and there was plenty of material for the Press from activities in the crisis city, skiing in Germany and Austria, climbing in Bavaria, sailing and canoeing in Norway and a training visit to Denmark. "The Viking Bulletin," the Battalion's own news sheet, kept local papers up to date.

As part of the eight-month "softening-up" campaign, the Band and Drums and a demonstration platoon of 50 men were sent

home from Berlin to tour Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire and the Isle of Ely, publicising the Battalion and gleaned information for the main recruiting drive to come. The detachment's Viking military pageant, which included a Viking raid, a World War One scene, a World War Two patrol and a display of modern warfare, played to village audiences and to 20,000 people at Oulton Broad Regatta.

When the 1st East Anglian Regiment came home to Dovercourt Camp, Harwich, an enormous amount of goodwill had already been created and the "Vikings" were accepted as friends and not as a new and unknown battalion.

From their embarkation leave the "Vikings" brought back more information—about local reactions to an Army career and local employment conditions—and the names of 90 likely recruits. All was ready for the third stage, of showing people the Army at work.

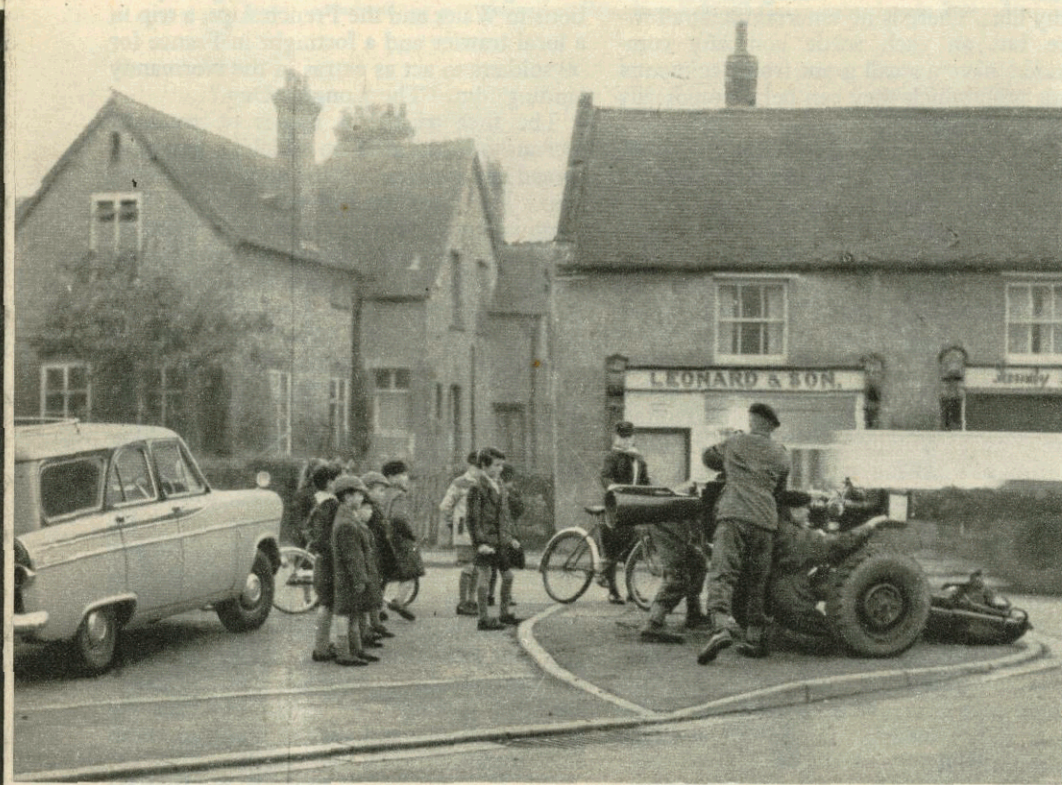
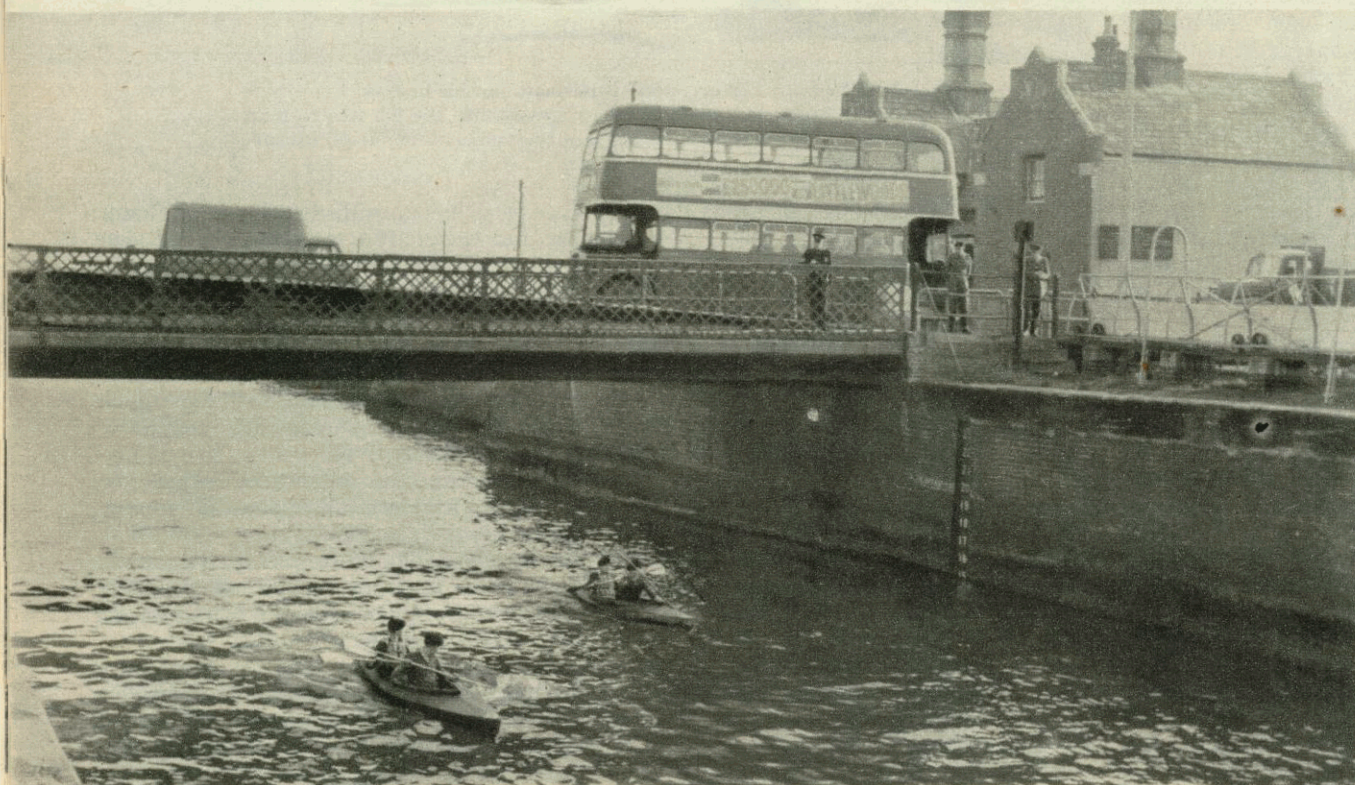
The Battalion reorganised into four companies. Headquarters Company took on the administrative work and the Regular soldiers of "A" Company and Support Company were to go out on sorties. National Servicemen were put into "C" Company to remain in Dovercourt with a mixed programme of camp duties and military training.

This was the first time an Infantry battalion had been relieved of all other commitments to carry out a recruiting drive and the first time recruiting had been tackled as a military operation.

A recruiting operations centre was set up in Dovercourt Camp and here Major E. W. A. Power and his staff plotted the 1200 contacts, from town clerks to barbers, ex-soldiers and Territorials, whose help had been enlisted by the home recruiting team. The Battalion's intelligence section took over the collection and collating of recruiting information and case histories were prepared for every potential recruit.

There were many problems—a wide area

OVER...



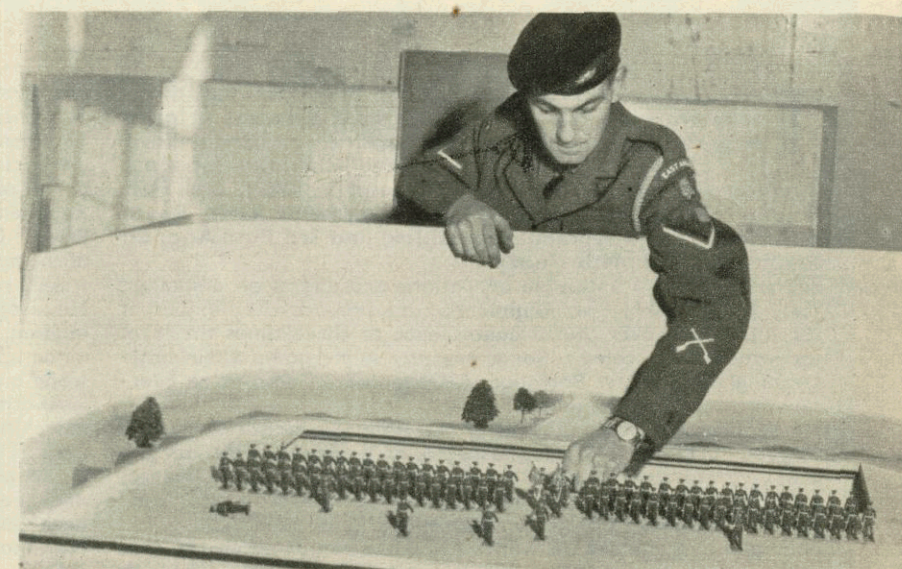
In the recruiting operations room Maj E. W. A. Power (left) and Capt S. G. Beck, Battalion public relations officer, discuss the campaign.



Normal training goes on—sometimes in odd settings—when the men are out on sorties. Here's a mortar problem viewed from a stove-warmed park seat.



There's nothing like a game of dominoes and a glass of good ale for breaking the ice when you're wooing likely recruits in the "local."



Meanwhile, back at the Depot—in the East Anglian Brigade's display workshop—L/Cpl R. T. Codling works on a diorama. NB: The soldier (left) has NOT fainted!



Pte. C. J. Stanbridge, an interior decorator in civilian life, painting plastic plaques in the Brigade workshop for recruiting displays.

Marching in March but not in March! The Battalion's Corps of Drums on parade in the market square of March, one of the many market towns visited on sorties.

of scattered villages to be covered from Harwich, which was not central but had the only barracks available for the Battalion, and a state of employment which varies locally with the crop seasons.

The recruiting companies—"A" Company with its canoes and Support Company with its weapons—first visited the smaller villages but soon found that in the daytime the young men were out at work and in the evenings they tended to go into the market towns for their entertainment. So another map grew in the operations centre, compiled from bus schedules and other information to show the drift of village populations towards the towns. And the larger villages and towns became the new targets.

During the first few months the two companies made ten-day sorties, living in bivouacs and later in Territorial Army drill halls or other buildings, but winter sorties have been cut to five days. On these sorties the soldiers carry out normal training, but exercises are contrived so that people can see them using their weapons and equipment.

Young men who show interest are invited to join in the training—"firing" a gun, paddling a canoe or tagging on to a night patrol—and some have stayed with a platoon for a whole week. Then, in the evenings, the soldiers go into the public houses, coffee bars, cafés and fish and chip shops to make direct

contact with potential recruits, buying them a drink perhaps and answering questions on Army life. There is no entertainment allowance but on each sortie company commanders have a small grant from regimental funds with which they can help temporarily hard-up soldiers.

The Corps of Drums has been out, marching through towns and villages and Beating Retreat, the Viking "longship," mounted on a trailer, tours the villages and at the end of each sortie platoons have linked up again to run a dance. Every "gimmick" has been used to catch the public eye. The Battalion took part in the Colchester Tattoo, put on a display at Newmarket Show and ran a competition in Norwich to find a soldier called "Wotan." The challenge was, of course, "Are You a Wotan?" and the first prize, a fortnight's ski-ing with the Battalion in Scotland, this month, was appropriately won by a likely recruit.

When the film, "Guns of Navarone," was shown in Norwich, there were "Vikings" in the foyer, dressed in combat clothing—which has aroused more interest on sorties than the self-loading rifle—and a canoe-borne patrol made a raid on the Carrow Bridge, realistically knocking out an enemy guard and "blowing" the bridge with an explosion which shook the city!

There was useful publicity, too—and a

welcome change from recruiting for the "Vikings"—from mountaineering expeditions to Wales and the French Alps, a trip in a local trawler and a fortnight in France for 50 soldiers to act as extras in the Normandy landing film, "The Longest Day."

The first trickle of names of potential recruits quickly grew to a deluge and pins spread like measles over the operations centre map. The Battalion had sent a senior non-commissioned officer, trained as a "Special Recruiter," to each of the Army Information Offices in Norwich, Ipswich and Cambridge, to cope with enlistments, but these had soon to be reinforced by three more "Special Recruiters," each with his own vehicle, so that the staff could quickly visit all the potential recruits.

The "Vikings" began their recruiting operation in the last fortnight of July and pushed the eight-a-month figure, which had been the previous year's average, up to 18. The August figure was 35, the highest for any regiment in the Army, and the East Anglian Brigade came top of all the brigades.

Recruits are now coming in at a rate three and four times faster than before, although not fast enough yet to reach that 350 mark. But the "Vikings" are convinced that the men are there—and they're going to comb East Anglia till they find them!

PETER N. WOOD

THROUGHOUT their campaign the "Vikings" have been working closely with the East Anglian Brigade Depot at Bury St. Edmunds, where recruits are trained for all three regiments in the Brigade—1st East Anglian Regiment (Royal Norfolk and Suffolk), 2nd East Anglian Regiment (Duchess of Gloucester's Own Royal Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire) and 3rd East Anglian Regiment (16th/44th Foot).

The "Vikings'" intensive operations and efforts on a smaller scale by the other two Regiments have boosted the number of recruits arriving at the Brigade Depot to three times the level for which it is scaled. Some are now undergoing their basic training with the 1st Battalion at Dovercourt Camp as an overflow from Bury St. Edmunds.

The Brigade Depot has its own display organisation, under Major J. G. Starling MC, 1st East Anglian Regiment, which for the past five months has been turning out brigade and regimental plaques, animated models and other recruiting propaganda for displays in Army Information Offices and public places.

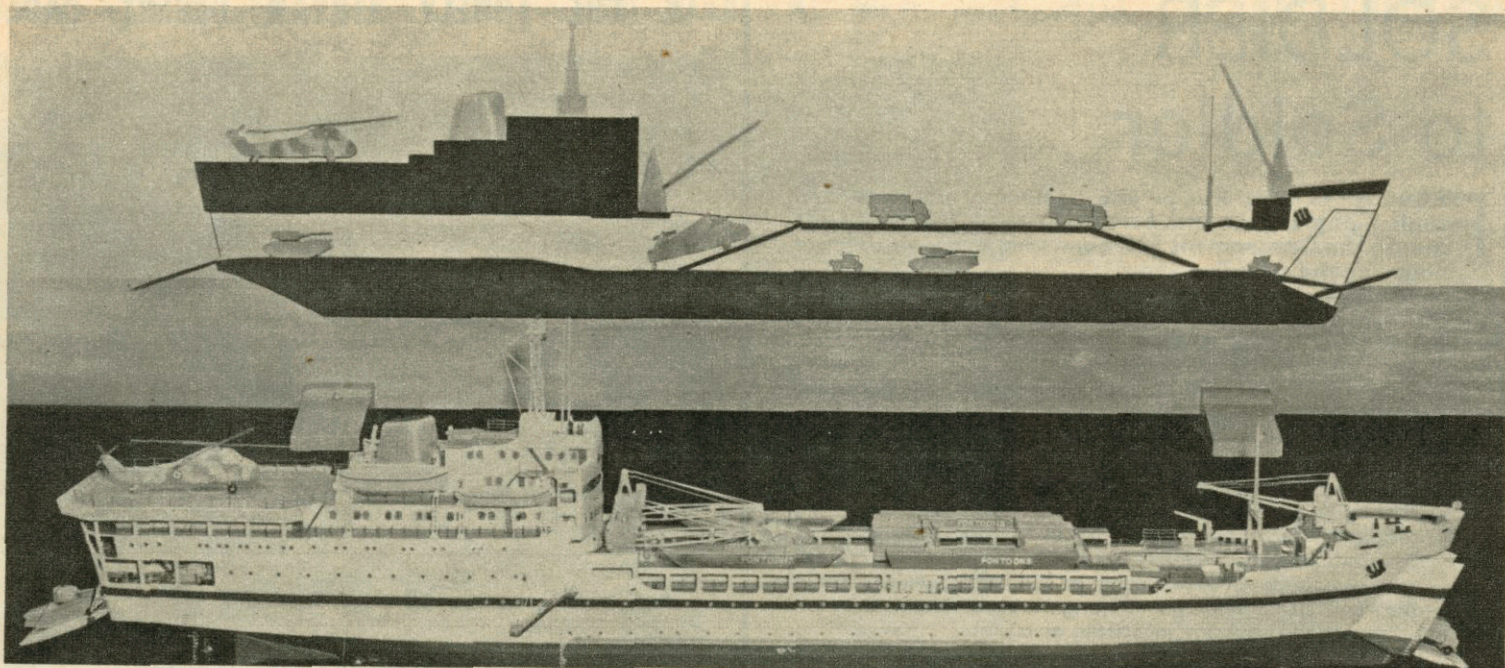
Emphasis is always on working models, which catch the eye, rather than on static display. Animation, usually through

chains and gears driven by an electric motor, is the speciality of Lance-Corporal R. T. Codling, of the 1st East Anglian Regiment, who is a qualified carpenter and joiner and also an electrician.

The other members of his team, both of the 3rd East Anglian Regiment, are Private K. Rogers, a carpenter and joiner, and Private C. J. Stanbridge, an interior decorator to whom falls most of the painting work.

As a recruiting "tie-up" for local showings of the film, "Guns of Navarone," the team produced a working diorama of an assault landing, with miniature landing craft and Royal Navy ships, some made up from kits, on a scenic layout contrived from blocks of wood and a wood filler.

Another animated diorama depicts a military band counter-marching behind a Royal Guard of Honour of two officers and 98 men. The figures were painstakingly rebuilt, each from two model airmen (moving the rifle to the FN "shoulder" position), and then repainted. The backgrounds of the dioramas have been painted by Private L. Odlin, 1st East Anglian Regiment, a National Serviceman who has now left the Army to resume his career as a commercial artist.



These models of the new Logistics Ship show (above) the interior layout and (below) a loaded craft complete with its helicopter.

A NEW SHIP FOR THE TROOPS

A REVOLUTIONARY type of landing ship—much faster and bigger than the World War Two tank landing ships at present in use—will soon be in service with the Army.

Built to a War Office requirement for “a fast troop and vehicle carrier capable of discharging over a beach,” the new ship—prosaically named the Logistics Ship—has many novel features, including ramps at both bow and stern so that vehicles can land at one end and load at the other and be driven off and on without reversing. The flexible bow ramp, made in two parts, can be adjusted into three positions to allow tanks and vehicles to land on steeply-sloping beaches, on quays or down on to pontoons, carried on the sides of the ship, which would be launched to bridge wide gaps of deep water.

The new ship, which has two decks, will also carry a helicopter for loading and discharging and reconnaissance, and cranes fore and aft for cargo handling. Fitted with 9400 bhp engines and a superstructure made of aluminium, it has a speed of 17 knots against the present tank landing ship's nine and carries 350 troops and a crew of 68, all of whom have air-conditioned quarters. It is 415 feet long, 60 feet longer than a tank landing ship.

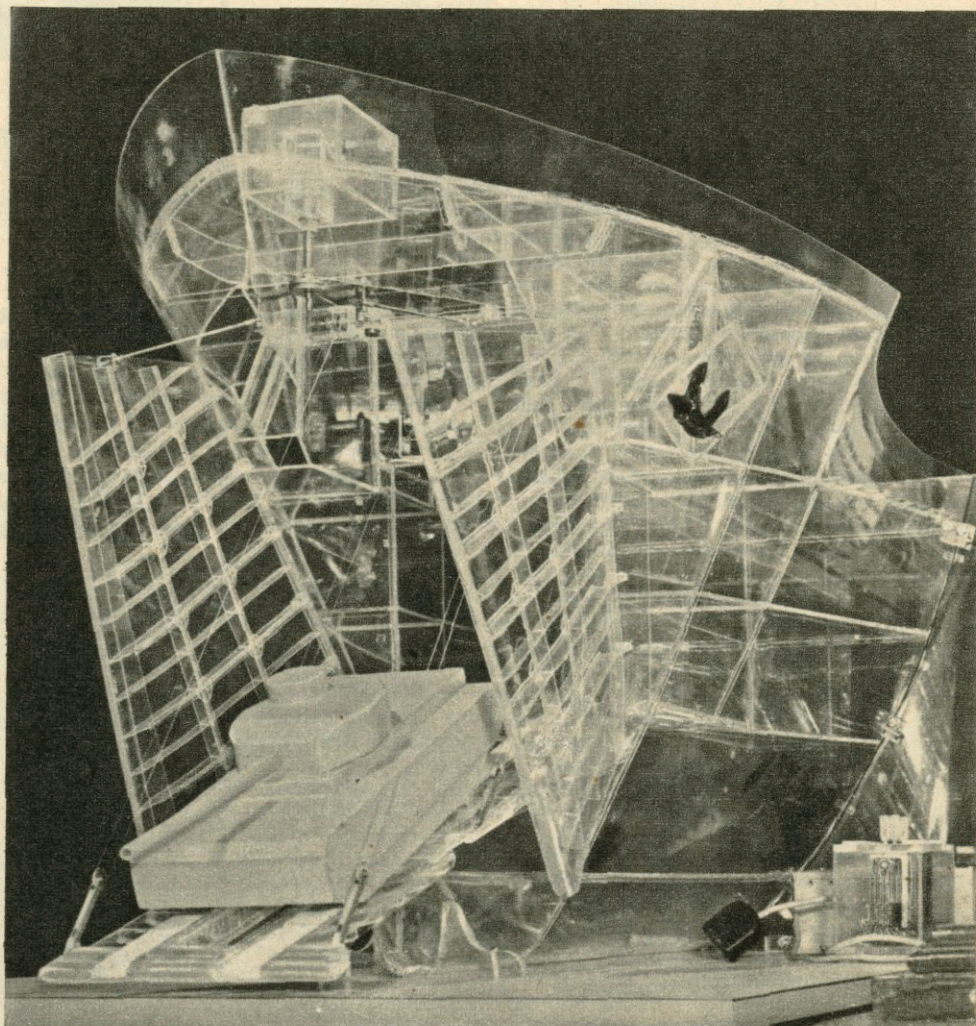
The carrying capacity of the Logistics Ship will be much greater than that of a tank landing ship. A typical load would be four tanks, six ambulances and four armoured cars on the lower deck and ten three-ton lorries on the upper deck.

In peacetime the new ship will move men and vehicles to any part of the world and in wartime would normally be used in a follow-up rôle to an amphibious or airborne operation or, possibly, as an assault ship.

The new ship, which has been designed by the Ministry of Transport and will cost £1,750,000 to build, is expected to be in operation by 1964.

The Army is to have a new ship for carrying troops, tanks and stores—the forerunner, perhaps, of a fleet of modern landing craft

A tank is launched down the bow ramp which can be adjusted to land vehicles on beaches, quays and on to a series of pontoons.



SOLDIER to Soldier

FEBRUARY, 1962, will be the beginning of a new and challenging era in the Army's history, for later this month the Government will announce Britain's defence plans for the next five years.

Not the least vital part of the new five-year plan is expected to be a decision on whether Britain should retain all, only some, or none of her overseas bases—a subject on which controversy has long raged in Parliament and Press.

For months past politicians, leader writers and military correspondents have been urging their own pet schemes. Some say that the Army cannot do its job properly if it does not hold on to all its present bases which, in any case, are politically necessary; others that all overseas bases should be abandoned before Britain is forced to quit; yet others that only a few, like Singapore and Aden, should be retained. Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery advocates scrapping all overseas bases and replacing them with seaborne Commando groups based in Gibraltar, Aden, Perth (Australia) and either Singapore, Hong Kong or North Borneo, leaving the bulk of the Army in Britain as a mobile reserve.

In SOLDIER's view overseas bases will always be vital to Britain's strategy. They provide areas of British influence, are places where heavy weapons and equipment can be stock-piled and from which "fire brigade" forces can go quickly into action (as they did from Bahrain and Kenya during the recent Kuwait operation) in sudden emergencies. They can never satisfactorily be replaced by long-range air-transported forces which can carry with them only light weapons.

This does not mean, however, that the ability of the Strategic Reserve to fly anywhere in the world at short notice and in large numbers is not equally vital. Significantly, and presumably looking ahead to the time when some of Britain's present bases will have to be surrendered, the Defence Minister, Mr. Harold Watkinson, has said: "We must devise a new strategic policy, based on a flexible mobile force, more independent of the fixed installations on which we rely today."



A SOLDIER flown to torrid Aden from wintry Britain will suffer almost no ill effects from the heat if he is first artificially acclimatised.

This is one of the remarkable discoveries revealed by the heat acclimatisation tests carried out on 54 volunteer soldiers by the Medical Research Council in its "hot box" at Hampstead (see SOLDIER, December, 1960).

But, say the scientists and doctors who carried out the trials, there is one important proviso: for the treatment to be fully effective, the soldier must carry out his normal military training while being conditioned. It was the absence of such training at Hampstead that resulted in more men than was expected suffering from heat exhaustion when they went to the Middle East.

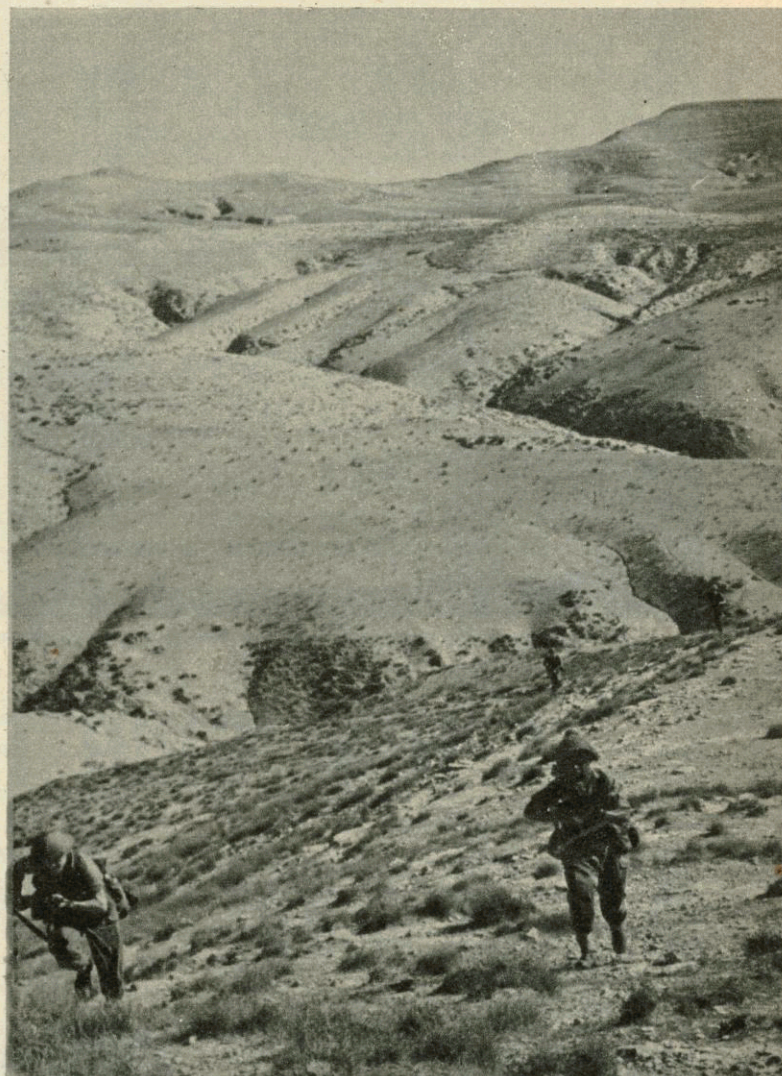
The 54 volunteers were divided into three squads, one going to Scotland, where they trained in cold, damp conditions, the second sailing to Aden so that they became acclimatised naturally during the voyage and on arrival. The third squad remained at Hampstead, spending four hours a day in the climatic chamber (temperature 104 degrees Fahrenheit, humidity about 70 per cent). After a month all the men were re-assembled at Hampstead, medically checked and flown to Aden where their military training included route marching and load carrying. Two weeks later they were flown back to London for their final scientific examinations.

During the trials in Aden very few of the men who had been naturally acclimatised went down from heat exhaustion and, as expected, the squad from Scotland suffered most (about three in every four). But of the men who had been through the "hot box" in Hampstead only two out of five were affected. Had they been able to carry out their normal military training while undergoing treatment, say the scientists, their acclimatisation would have been much more effective.

It is estimated that a week's climatic chamber treatment, plus normal military training, would produce 50 per cent acclimatisation, two weeks about 80 per cent and three weeks a somewhat higher percentage. The long-held belief that too much water is bad for a man in a hot climate was also disproved. Some of the men in Aden (who in Britain normally drink three pints of liquid a day) consumed more than three gallons each day.

There are obviously many important lessons which the Services will be able to learn from the Hampstead experiment. And not only the Services, for some of the findings will be passed on to industry and the sporting world.

IN THE LONELY LIBYAN DESERT CADETS



LEARNING

"NO lights—no noise" were the orders. Sentries and listening posts took up their positions. As the desert night quickly closed in, the men of 4 Platoon withdrew into a deep wadi and waited . . .

In the early hours of the morning the terrorists attacked the Platoon's earlier position. The men of 4 Platoon lay silently alert, undetected in their new hide. Two hours later the terrorists attacked again, but with no more success.

Only three days previously these men of 4 Platoon—cadets



FROM SANDHURST LEARN TO SOLDIER LIKE THE MEN THEY WILL ONE DAY COMMAND



The text for Exercise "Beau Jest" was this comment by Colonel of the Guards Stanhope, in conversation with the Duke of Wellington in 1794:

"You little know what you are going to meet with. You will often have no dinner at all and I mean literally no dinner, and not merely roughing it on a beef steak or a bottle of port."

The men of 4 Platoon made their advance unseen along the bed of a deep wadi. Now, in two waves, they close in for the final assault on the terrorist defences.

LEADERSHIP IN THE DESERT

of the Royal Military Academy—were sitting in their classrooms at Sandhurst studying the theory of war. Now they were soldiering in the lonely wastes of the Libyan Desert, learning to live hard, to patrol in difficult country and to hunt down an elusive hit-and-run enemy.

This was "Beau Jest," Sandhurst's second overseas training visit and an exercise, in a

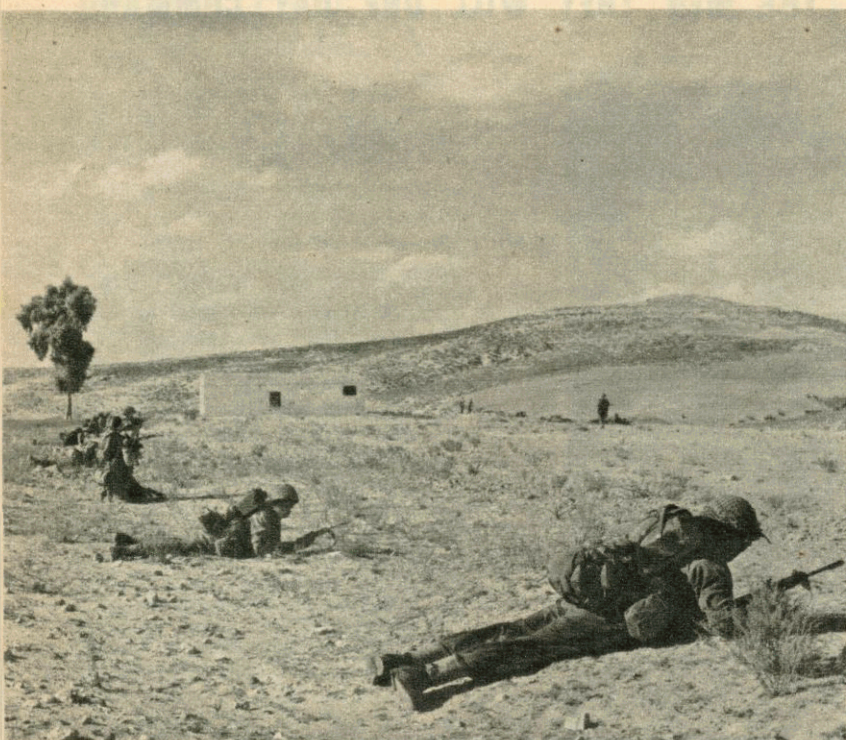
setting not unlike that of the Kuwait operation, designed to give the cadets opportunities to show their leadership and endurance. In "Beau Jest's" second phase the 480 cadets, fighting as company groups in a battalion, attacked a "second class" enemy and then withdrew to a defensive position.

In the first phase the cadets fought as self-sufficient platoons, each with a sector of

desert to clear of enemy terrorists. Typical of these groups was 4 Platoon, commanded by Junior Under-Officer Rufus Gunning and made up of senior cadets and the intermediate junior term of Sandhurst's Marne Company, with a section from Ypres Company commanded by a Southern Rhodesian cadet, Junior Under-Officer Glanville Raubenheimer. **OVER...**

Left: A section of the Platoon makes its way up the side of a wadi. Right: Advancing into the jebel. The stretcher bore a "casualty" on the 15-mile return march to Tarhuna base.





In an "orders group" at Tarhuna Barracks, the Platoon Commander (Junior-Under Officer Rufus Gunning, left) briefs his section commanders.

Left: Arriving at their debussing point, at the start of the exercise, the men of 4 Platoon shake down into battle formations ready to move.

From the exercise base at Tarhuna Camp, 50 miles south-east of Tripoli, 4 Platoon made its way into the foothills of the Tarhuna Jebel, spotted a terrorist in the distance then withdrew to its *wadi* hide for the night.

In the morning, as 4 Platoon followed the terrorists' trail, the enemy played "cat and mouse," keeping the Platoon under fire until it had deployed for the kill, then quickly withdrawing. Then came the break. Eight terrorists were spotted "brewing up" on a hillside. Number One Section, under Senior Under-Officer Patrick Gwilliam, surprised the group and captured them without a shot being fired. Soon afterwards 4 Platoon

routed the main body of terrorists from a strong position, took one prisoner and from him learned the enemy plans.

During that night the Platoon again camped in a *wadi*, sending out a small patrol along the line of the enemy retreat. Next morning 4 Platoon moved quietly and quickly along a deep *wadi* to within only 150 yards of the enemy camp and after a fierce battle mopped up the remaining terrorists.

Then came the 15-mile march across the desert back to Tarhuna Camp, carrying on a stretcher the Platoon's only "casualty"—a cadet who sprained his ankle when he fell into a *wadi*.

The cadets had practised their platoon tactics, learned the value of map-reading and lived like the soldiers they will command. By the end of their 10-day visit to Libya—during the second exercise their Gunner support fired live shells over their heads—they had grown from boys into men. And they had, as the Guards say, "sand in the belly."—From a report by Captain N. P. Florence, *Military Observer*.

● The enemy were "A" Company of 1st Battalion, The Royal Scots, stationed in Tripoli, and elements of the 2nd Royal Tank Regiment. The Gunners were from 42 Regiment, Royal Artillery, based in Dhekelia, Cyprus.

Classroom theory at Sandhurst—cadets ponder over a battle of World War Two.

A FULL HOUSE AT SANDHURST



THERE are now nearly a thousand cadets—almost its capacity—at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. In the last two years there has been a marked rise in both the numbers and quality of new cadets and, for the first time, Sandhurst is now turning down applicants who would previously have been accepted.

Much better results are being obtained, both academically and militarily, from a reorganisation which began two years ago of the Academy's training. Before 1959 the military and academic training programmes were inextricably mingled and it was found that cadets were unable to concentrate properly on either. Now they spend the whole of their first term on military subjects to make them into trained soldiers. For the next four terms the syllabus is predominantly academic with only a little military training, and in their final term the cadets revert to military studies which take them up to the level of platoon commander.

Another innovation has been the overseas camps for seniors due to pass out, and third-term cadets, the first of which was in Portugal. For summer camps the cadets have been to Northern Ireland and Scotland, and this year they will go to Otterburn.

FOR VALOUR

1

IN THIS FIRST OF A NEW SERIES OF ILLUSTRATED STORIES TELLING HOW BRITISH SOLDIERS WON THEIR COUNTRY'S HIGHEST AWARD FOR GALLANTRY IN WORLD WAR TWO, 'SOLDIER' DESCRIBES THE ASTONISHING DEEDS OF A PRIVATE IN THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT ON A HILLTOP IN ITALY



THE COURAGE OF RICHARD BURTON

OF all the countless acts of gallantry in battle none surpasses the magnificent bravery of Private Richard Henry Burton, of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, on a rainy day in Italy 18 years ago. No man more deservedly won the highest award for valour.

Private Burton was a runner in "A" Company of the 1st Battalion when, on 8 October, 1944, two companies assaulted the 1950-ft Mount Ceco, north of Rome, a strongly held feature which dominated the main axis of the Allied advance. Its capture was vital.

"A" Company led the attack and got to within 20 yards of the crest when four German-manned Spandaus on the hilltop opened up, pinning down the leading platoon.

The follow-up platoon was called forward and Private Burton rushed ahead, knocking out one of the machine-gun posts and killing its crew of three with his Tommy-gun.

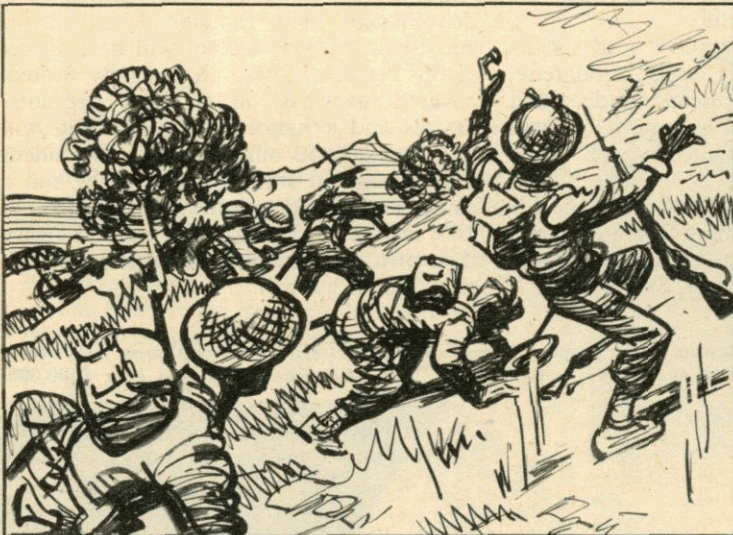
Then two more Spandaus on the crest raked the Dukes with murderous fire and once more the attack was halted. And once more Private Burton leapt forward, firing his Tommy-gun until the ammunition was exhausted. He then picked up a Bren-gun and, firing from the hip, destroyed the two machine-gun posts, killing or wounding the crews. The way now open, the Dukes clambered through the thick mud to the top and consolidated.

The Germans immediately and furiously counter-attacked and threatened to sweep the

Dukes off the crest. Once again Private Burton, surrounded by his dead and wounded comrades, leapt forward and sprayed the enemy with deadly accurate Bren fire, so demoralising them that they turned tail, leaving the hill firmly in British hands.

Later that day the Germans counter-attacked again and for the fourth time in a few hours Private Burton displayed astonishing bravery. Making his way to a flank he brought such accurate Bren-gun fire to bear on the enemy that they hastily retreated.

"Private Burton's magnificent gallantry and total disregard for his own safety during many hours of fierce fighting in mud and continuous rain were an inspiration to all his comrades," read the citation.



AS THE DUKES' LEADING PLATOON WAS PINNED DOWN ON THE HILLTOP ...



PRIVATE BURTON CHARGED INTO ACTION WITH A TOMMY-GUN AND ...



AFTER WIPING OUT THE FIRST MACHINE-GUN POST HE SNATCHED UP A BREN AND DESTROYED TWO MORE GERMAN SPANDAU CREWS ▶



Illustrations by ERIC PARKER



THE ARMY IN THE HOUSE

THE War Minister, Mr. John Profumo, announced that under the new Army Reserve Bill, which was designed only to meet short-term requirements, about 15,000 National Servicemen, due for release after 1 April, may have to be retained for an additional six months, "depending to some extent on how Regular recruiting goes."

Men would be retained to fill certain categories in which there were shortages in Rhine Army (medical orderlies, signallers, drivers and cooks among them) and most of them would be given more than two months' notice. They would receive Regular rates of pay and an impartial committee would be set up to consider individual cases of hardship.

★

Mr. Profumo added that the Government intended to call up the new Territorial Army Emergency Reserve (the "Ever-Readies") in preference to part-time National Servicemen but they could not guarantee that because it might lead to inflexibility.

Volunteers for the "Ever-Readies" will receive a taxable bounty of £150 a year and a tax-free gratuity of £50 if they are called up.

★

Announcing that the Government had decided on a thorough examination of the system of the Army Reserve to see how it can best be modernised and brought into line with modern needs, Lord Carrington told the House of Lords that Britain must learn to deploy its forces with less reliance on fixed bases overseas. "We must increase the flexibility and mobility of our forces," he said, "and exploit and develop still further the ability of the three Services to work together."

★

Mr. Harold Watkinson, Minister of Defence, revealed that the recruiting campaign was now going better than at any time since the drive began. In the months of August, September and October the number of Army recruits from civil life had increased by 35 per cent compared with the same period in 1960.

★

Although about £700,000 has been spent on new construction and improvements and modernisation of barracks and married quarters in Gibraltar since 1945, said Mr. Profumo, he was not satisfied that conditions in barracks there were on "all-fours" with those in Germany and Britain. As most of the property was too old for modernisation, the only satisfactory solution was new building but this must be linked with the new town plan for the garrison which was well advanced.

A SANDHURST FOR THE WRAC

The reconstructed chapel-cum-assembly hall (left) and the officers' mess, seen from the edge of the parade ground.

THE NEW SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION PLANNED FOR THE WOMEN'S ROYAL ARMY CORPS IS A MIXTURE OF ACADEMY, HOTEL AND COUNTRY CLUB, COMPLETE WITH A BEAUTY SALON

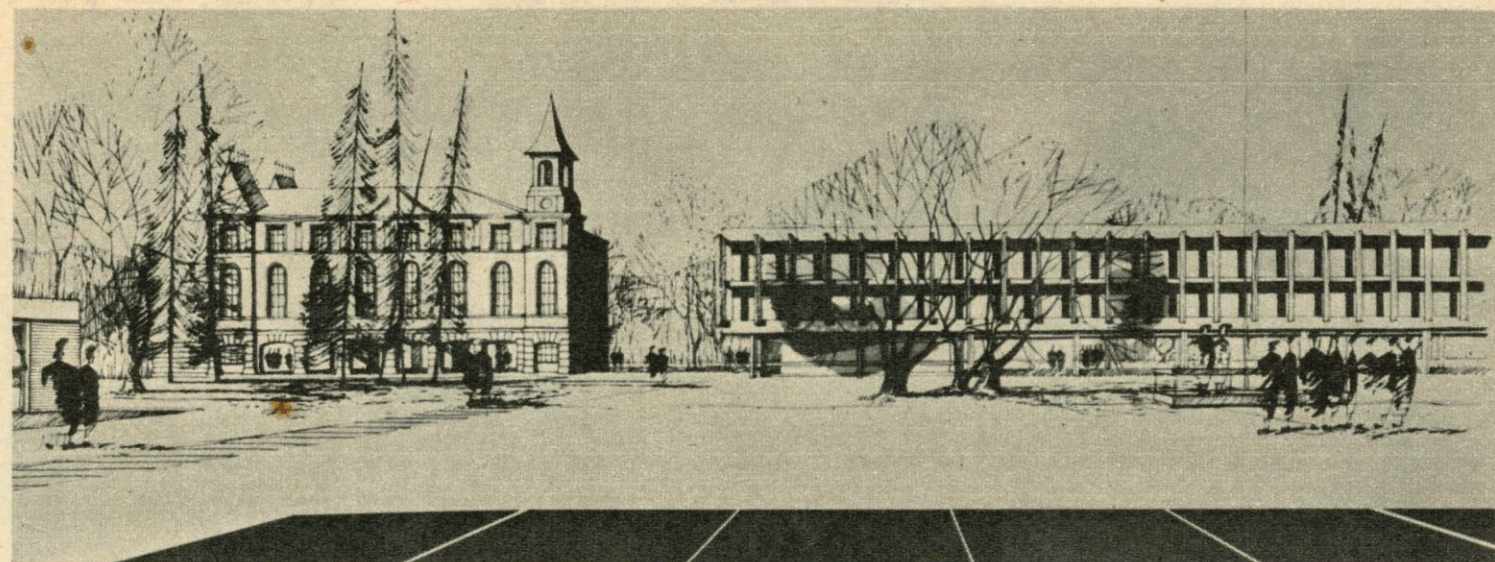
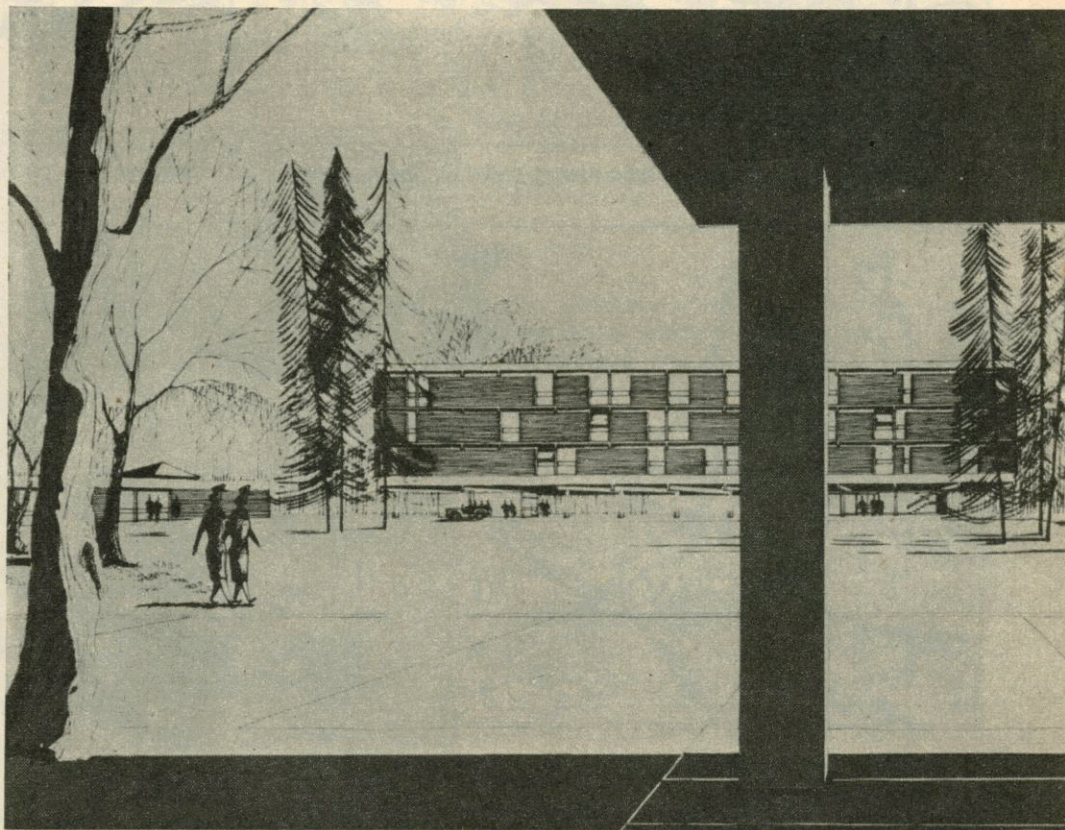
IF the plans are approved the Women's Royal Army Corps will soon have its own Sandhurst—a new £628,000 School of Instruction which will combine the facilities of a military academy with the comfort of a first-class hotel and the amenities of a country club.

The new School—complete with a hair-dressing salon, cinema, church, launderette, swimming pool and landscape gardens and not a lick of khaki paint anywhere—will replace the present Training School, which is housed in a collection of wartime Nissen huts at Liphook, and will be built on the 13-acre site of the Royal Albert Orphanage near Camberley, a few minutes' car ride from the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.

Building is planned to begin later this year and when the scheme is completed—probably in 1964—the new School will train all officer cadets and provide courses for officers and non-commissioned officers.

Set among woodlands and reached by a drive flanked with rhododendrons, shrubs and trees, the new School will have three-storey barrack blocks, all centrally heated, covered roadways, officers' and sergeants' messes and a junior ranks club, and will accommodate 50 officer cadets, 30 student officers and 50 student other ranks and a camp training and maintenance staff of about 140, including nine men. Officers will have their own single rooms and other ranks will sleep four to a room.

An architect's drawing of the proposed chapel court seen from the officers' mess and, shown in the background, the officer cadets' block. The new School will cost over £600,000.

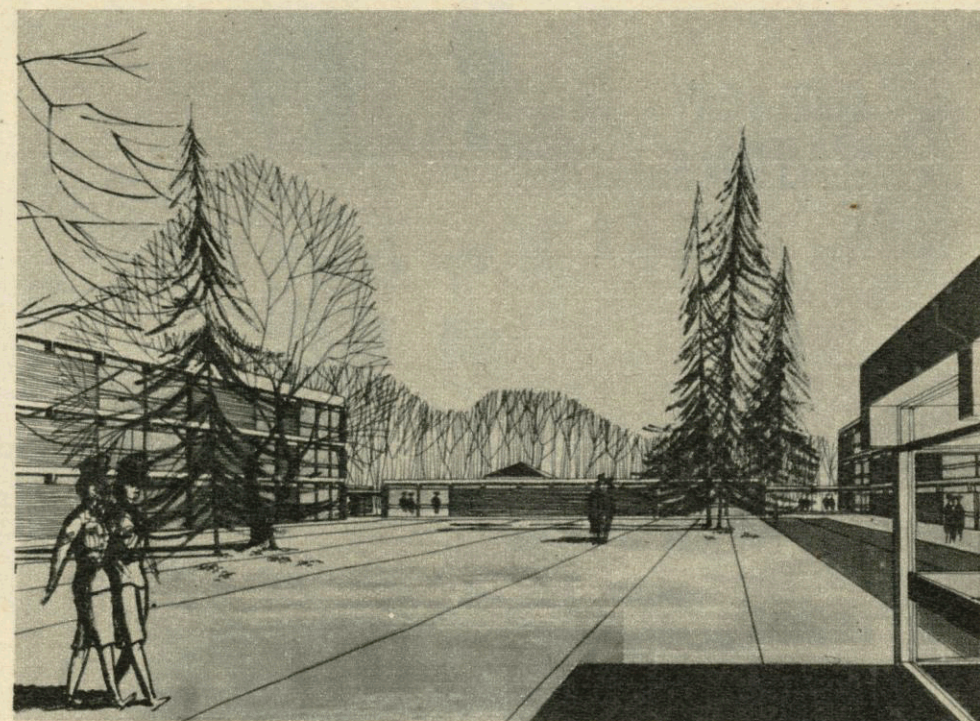


As well as classrooms, educational facilities will include a crafts and hobbies room and another designed and equipped for teaching kitchen craft, a library, private study rooms and a model room. The officers' mess, built around a courtyard, will be partly built on piers and the officer cadets' mess will face a sunken garden, part of the £2000 landscape scheme.

The new School will be liberally equipped for sport and recreation for the large playing fields will include two hockey pitches, a cricket table, six tennis courts, a squash court, pavilion and a swimming bath.

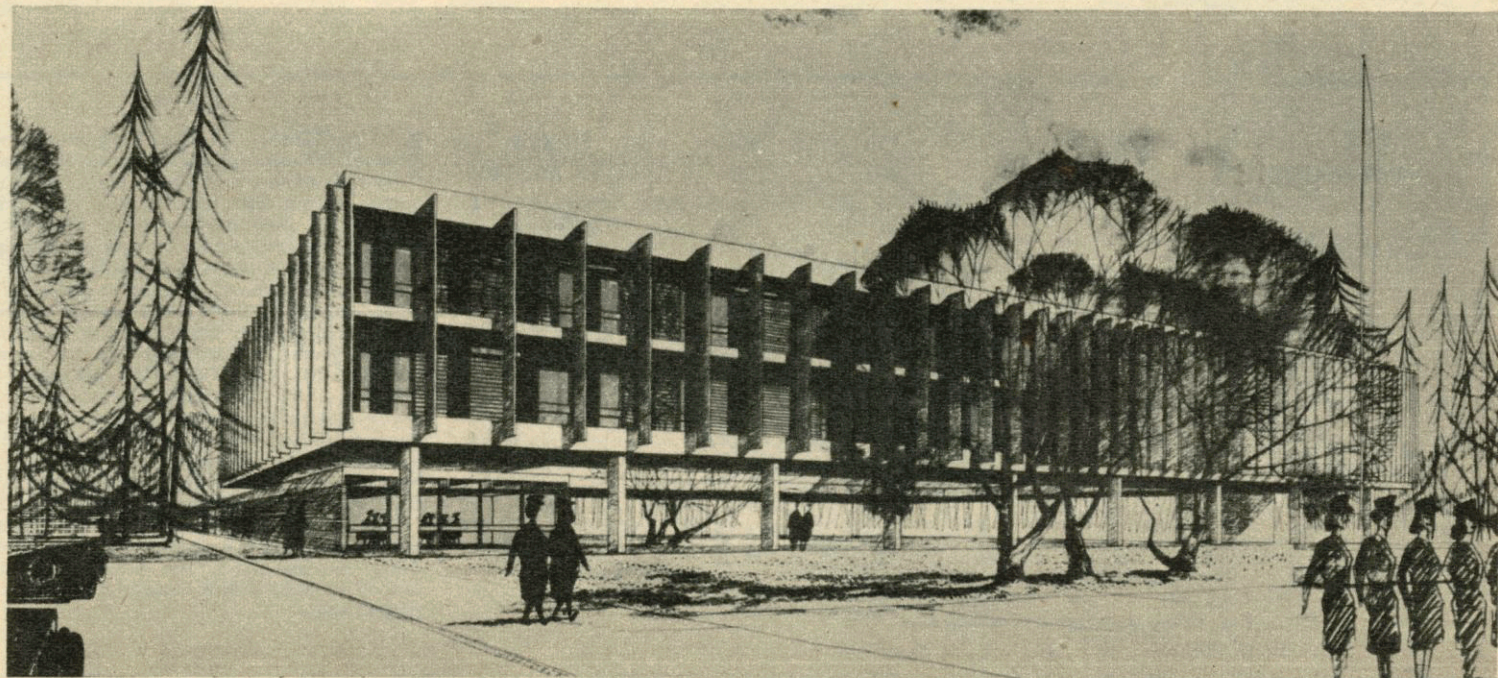
Part of the Royal Albert Orphanage will remain for the old chapel will be converted into an assembly hall-cum-cinema-cum-church. Its ground floor windows will be removed to form an open covered space and a raised assembly hall, with a stage, will be built on to it. A movable screen will divide hall and chapel.

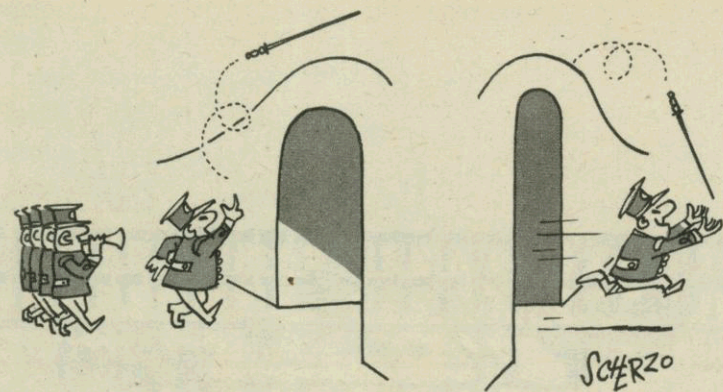
The new School is one of three ambitious schemes designed to improve conditions in the Women's Royal Army Corps and thus attract more recruits. The Depot at Queen Elizabeth Camp, Guildford, is to be rebuilt at a cost of £914,000 and a central barracks to accommodate all WRAC units in the Aldershot area, and costing £500,000, will be started in 1963.



A perspective of the other ranks' court showing the junior ranks club (right) and one of the flanking three-storey barrack blocks (left).

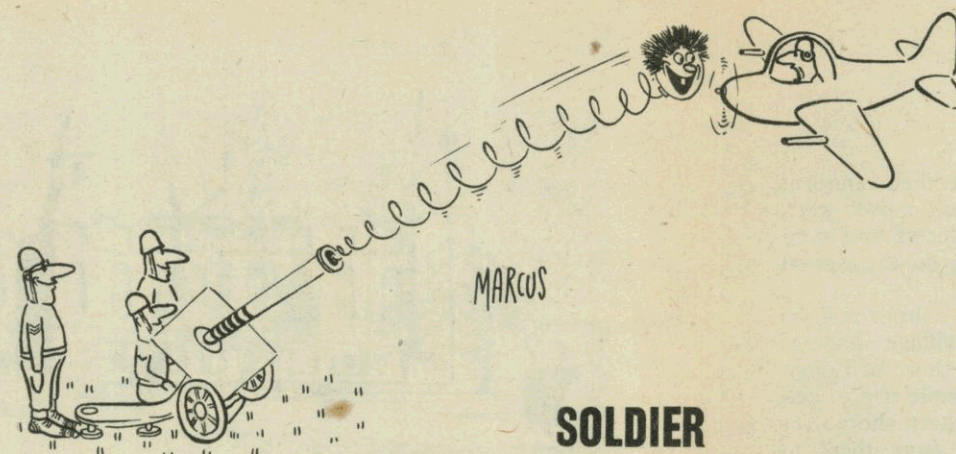
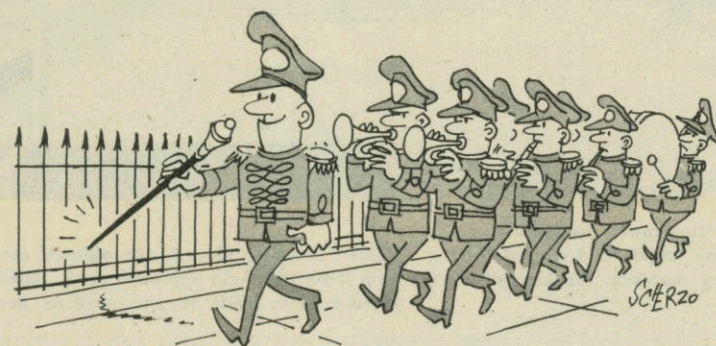
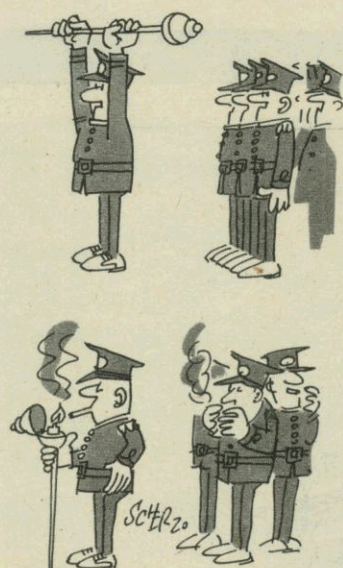
Below: Another view of the officers' mess as seen from the main approach road. The open ground floor leads to the gardens beyond.



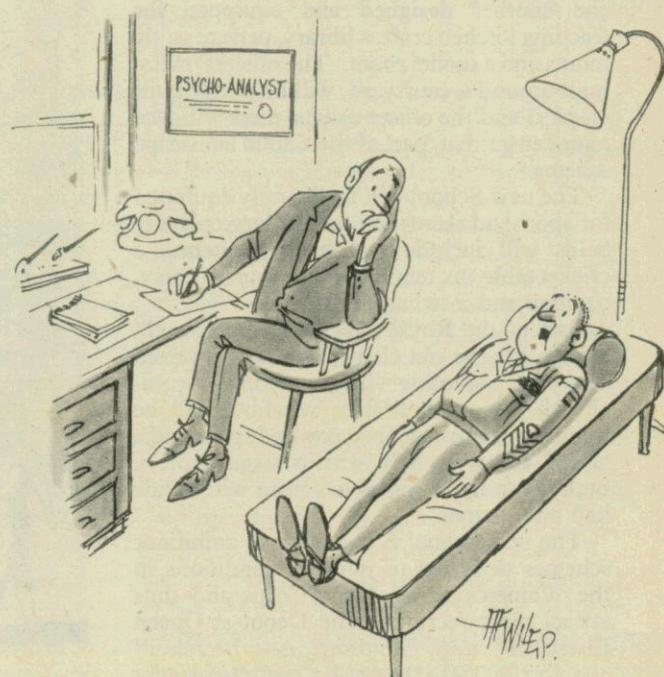


OFF-BEAT BATONS

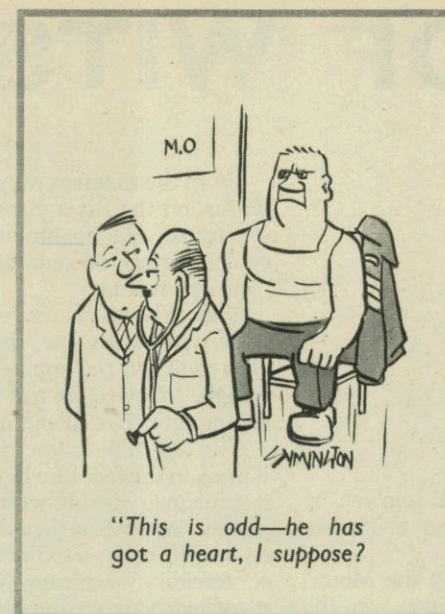
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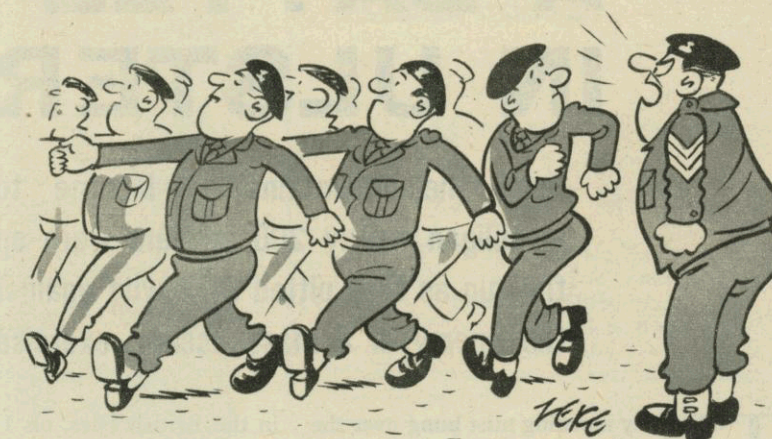
SOLDIER HUMOUR



"There they were—rifles clean, boots spotless, hair cut—I couldn't find a perishing thing wrong with one of them."



"This is odd—he has got a heart, I suppose?"



"I don't care how you did it in the Milltown Harriers..."

COMRADES IN ARMS

UNFORESEEN complications may crop up in the NAAFI bar at the School of Artillery in Larkhill, Wilts, where other ranks and officers are to drink together. Most obvious is the pay-book discrepancy. To extend a call of five pints of wallop, on seeing the top brass bustle in through the swing doors, to include "and three Bloody Marys" on the eve of pay parade might make for lowered morale. Shop would have to be rigorously taboo, or a keen-type subaltern might snap off an acting bombardier's long and not very funny story by barking "Haircut, that man" just as the big laugh was hoped to be coming. Here is perhaps the one place where apartheid's best in everyone's interests.

— Courtesy Punch



"Fire!"

The Smell Of Money

I PUSHED through the swing doors and the smell hit me in the face. It was the familiar aroma of sawdust and tobacco smoke and good old English ale. If my luck was in and I could make her see things my way, then it was also the smell of money—money to make my life worth living again.

I stopped just inside the door of the pub, removed my beret slid it under my shoulder strap and looked around. There was the normal, early evening sparsity of drinkers, one or two at the bar and a few sitting down. The only female in the place was alone at a corner table.

One look at her and you could see why she was alone. I almost turned round and walked back outside until I remembered the importance of my mission. So I squared my shoulders and walked over to her table and sat down.

"I'm Dickie Vickers," I said, hoping that she would look blank and slap my face, or something. But she didn't. She grimaced. I was half out of my seat before I realised it was a smile of greeting.

Then she spoke. "I knew it was you, Dickie, soon as I saw the uniform." A pause. "I'm drinking light ale..."

She sipped her drink in silence for a minute or two and I was content to wait. The opening move was up to her. She knew what I wanted from my advert in the paper. I was in the dark.

"I suppose you're wondering why I should want to risk £200 or so on a soldier with nothing more to offer than cheek, aren't you?" she asked, leaning at me over the rim of her glass. "Well, we both want something, and as it happens we can help each other. You want to get out of the Army and I want to get married. I know, I know," she continued as I opened my mouth to speak, "I could go to a marriage bureau. But that would take time, and I can't afford to waste any."

She paused and took another draught of ale. I was mystified. She was no beauty, but if that was all she had to worry about why the rush? There's always some sucker...

"You see," she went on, "My uncle was a very wealthy man and I'm named in his will. But I

don't get the money—£10,000—unless I marry before I reach the age of 21. I'm 20 and eight months now..."

There was a pregnant pause while I tried to close my mouth and look reasonably sane, the silence broken by the sibilant sipping of beer. I agreed that she could afford the money, she agreed to marry me so that she would be eligible for the ten thousand.

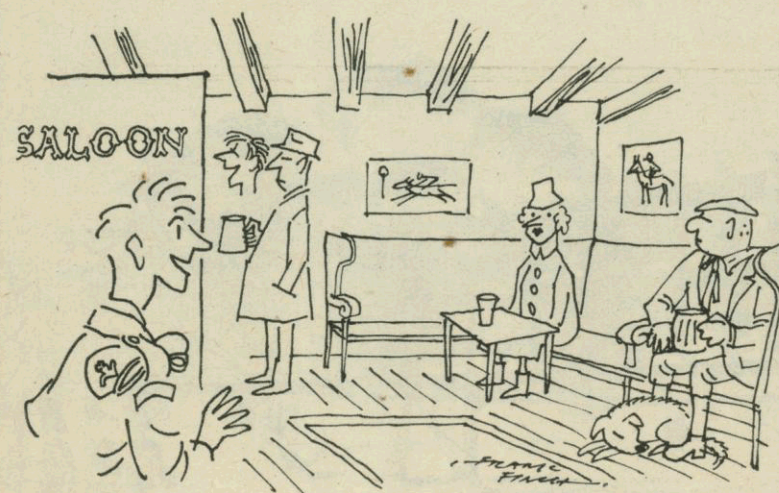
In two weeks we were married. And that was when the snag cropped up.

The first thing I discovered was that over the years her uncle's estate had depreciated considerably and there was little more than a fraction of the original sum left. The second thing was I was called in front of the CO.

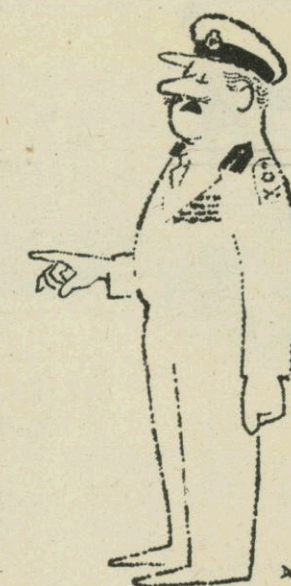
He had a slip of paper in his hand and I knew it was my application for discharge by purchase. He didn't say much. Just that my trade had been re-classified and was now "restricted."

That means I'm stuck, and boy, is she ugly!

JOHN SHERIFF



"... sitting alone at a table in the corner..."



"And so, gentlemen, I say, without fear of contradiction..."

A BATTLE OF WITS IN ULSTER

From the Mountains of Mourne to Magilligan nearly 200 soldiers were on the run as they pitted their wits against the enemy in a mass escape exercise

THE early morning mist hung over the northern cliffs of Ulster as the little passenger train puffed along the coast line from Coleraine to Londonderry. Near Magilligan, where Lough Foyle joins the sea, it drew to a sudden and unscheduled stop in the middle of nowhere and six soldiers of The Cheshire Regiment leapt from the footplate, scrambled over the fence and sped away over the fields.

The train driver waved a cheery farewell as Lieutenant Peter Moody and his companions shook each other's hands before marching into Magilligan Camp.

So ended, for Moody's team, exercise "Red Biddy", a gruelling test for over 30 six-man teams from Northern Ireland Command representing the 9th/12th Royal Lancers (Prince of Wales's), The Royal Sussex Regiment, The Cheshire Regiment, and Headquarters 39th Infantry Brigade Group. It involved a shooting competition, a 35-mile march, a 20-mile launch trip across Lough Neagh, the largest lake

in the British Isles, an 11-mile journey by canoe up the River Bann, and a 35-mile escape and evasion test.

Between Ballykinlar, close by the Mountains of Mourne, and Magilligan, on the wind-swept north-west tip of Northern Ireland, lie 100 miles of hills, bogs, twisting lanes and waterways—a course selected by Brigadier Norman Wheeler, the 39th Brigade Commander, to test imagination, initiative, determination and stamina.

In the closing phase more than 200 men, with free choice of dress, no money and little food, adopted the rôle of escaped prisoners-of-war and attempted to break through to the friendly zone around Magilligan.

The Royal Ulster Constabulary and the Special Police were out in force, scouring the countryside, patrolling the roads and railway and rounding up all suspicious characters. Troops patrolled the Magilligan zone border in search of the fugitives, and overhead buzzed Army Air Corps helicopters and *Austers*.

From the moment they left their canoes at Kilrea, on the River Bann, and moved west, the teams, led by junior officers and non-commissioned officers, were on the run in "enemy" territory.

The only relaxation was a brief rest on straw palliasses in the village hall at Derryadd, on the southern shore of Lough Neagh, followed by the 20-mile trip in eel-fishing launches to the northern shore.

The 11-mile canoe trip from there to Kilrea, in the face of a high wind, was a stern test for men already weary from the 35-mile march. And when they dragged their canoes on to the bank at Kilrea, another 35 miles of territory swarming with the "enemy" stretched between them and the final test—more competitive shooting at Magilligan.

Major honours went to a Cheshire Regiment team led by 30-year-old Sergeant William Helliwell. He and his men—Lance-Corporals A. Molyneux and P. B. Lees, Privates D. B. Ecclestone, B. Evans and C. Reilly—finished comfortable winners with 3345 points. Second-Lieutenant Peter Moody's Cheshire Regiment team came second, with 2985, and a Royal Sussex Regiment team led by Second-Lieutenant Jones third, with 2912.

In the neutral zone at Kilrea, Helliwell's team pooled their meagre rations for one good meal and decided to make for Coleraine in the hope of getting a lift to Magilligan in a fishing boat. But by the time they reached the town it was too late to "hitch" a boat ride, so Helliwell changed the plan.



A fair cop! As men of The Cheshire Regiment leap for safety from their hiding place among the hay bales, the police go into action and put them under arrest.



Men of a Royal Sussex Regiment team embark in two-man canoes to begin the 11-mile paddle on the River Bann. One canoe, which was holed by a sharp rock, was repaired with sticking plaster.

During the night they moved furtively through fields and woods off the Coleraine-Magilligan road. Occasionally they heard the sound of frontier guards on the prowl, but remained undetected. At dawn they were on top of high cliffs overlooking Magilligan. The descent was perilous. Hand over hand they clambered down the rocks, and raced across the road into the safety of Magilligan.

Of the 31 teams, only 13 reached Magilligan undetected, the rest falling to police or frontier guards. A Royal Sussex Regiment team crouched hidden in the boot of a bus while police boarded the vehicle and questioned passengers. A clergyman and a group of young men from the "Deaf and Dumb Institute" on a hiking tour of Ulster bamboozled the frontier guards and walked into Magilligan to reveal themselves as men of The Cheshire Regiment. Another team arrived at Magilligan after a stormy passage from Portstewart in a fishing boat.

Unluckiest team was that led by Lieutenant Brian Gregory, of The Cheshire Regiment. They travelled across country to within eight miles of Magilligan and then fell in with a friendly farmer. He piled a lorry high with bales of hay, the six men crouching in a small space deep down in the load.

They passed through four police road blocks and, 200 yards from the frontier, were halted by the closed gates of a level crossing. On the other side a group of police stood chatting, apparently not interested in the lorry or its load. But when the gates opened and the lorry began to move off the police searched the vehicle and detained the men. But for this Lieutenant Gregory's team, which took top place for shooting, would have won the exercise. As it was, they were placed tenth.

"The exercise served as a reminder that it is a soldier's duty to avoid capture and, if captured, to escape at the earliest opportunity," said Brigadier Wheeler in his summing-up.



Brigadier T. N. S. Wheeler congratulates The Cheshire Regiment winning team. More than 30 six-man teams took part.

Although the "Red Biddy" exercise was primarily a test for young men—and as tough a test as any fit young soldier would want—the Brigade Commander, Brigadier Norman Wheeler, demonstrated that he was not asking his troops to do something he could not do himself.

With Lieut-Colonel Peter Martin, Commanding 1st Battalion, The Cheshire Regiment, the Brigade Major (Major Tony Plummer, Irish Guards) and three junior officers, he completed the 100-mile course in 30 hours—and reached Magilligan undetected!

THE ARMY'S MEDALS

by Major John Laffin

2: WATERLOO MEDAL 1815

On 23 April, 1816, the following notice appeared in the London Gazette: "Horse Guards, March 10th, 1816.

"The Prince Regent has been graciously pleased, in the name and on behalf of His Majesty, to command that, in commemoration of the brilliant and decisive Victory of Waterloo, a medal shall be conferred upon every officer, non-commissioned officer, and soldier, present upon that memorable occasion."

This was the first instance of a general distribution of medals since those given for the Battle of Dunbar in 1650, apart from those struck by the Honourable East India Company for services in the Deccan, Mysore, Ceylon, Egypt and at Seringapatam.

The Waterloo medals, unlike those of the



The obverse and reverse sides of the Waterloo Medal. It was of silver and bore the recipient's name and regiment. Only survivors received it.

Honourable East India Company, had the name of the recipient and his regiment indented on the edge in large capitals. As originally issued the medal had a large steel ring, run through a steel clip, for suspension by its ribbon. The clip was not always secure and many soldiers had silver suspenders made.

The medal was to have been bronze, but later this was considered unsuitable and silver was substituted, thus establishing the custom of awarding silver medals. Only in rare instances has any other metal been used since then.

All those who were present at the Battle of Ligny on 16 June, at Quatre Bras on the 17th and at Waterloo on the 18th received the medal. The reserve division at Halle was also granted it, together with men of the King's German Legion.

Unfortunately at that time only survivors received medals. This means that medals to those regiments which suffered heavy casualties are scarce and therefore more prized by collectors. The most sought-after Waterloo medals are those awarded to the famous Union Brigade, comprising the 1st, 2nd and 6th Dragoons—the Royals, Royal North British (better known as the Scots Greys) and Inniskillens, and to the 27th, 28th, 42nd and 92nd Regiments—Inniskillings, Gloucesters, Black Watch and Gordons. The 27th lost 480 men out of 698 present; the 42nd lost at Quatre Bras and Waterloo 51 killed and 247 wounded.

As General Buller's force broke into Ladysmith a sigh of relief went up throughout the British Empire. For 122 days the half-starved defenders had held out against all odds—and won

HOURS OF GLORY: 50

THE EPIC OF

LADYSMITH

Football under fire! A Boer shell explodes on the pitch during a game between the Gordons during the siege. The Gordons filled in the hole and went on with the game.



The Gordons advancing at Elandslaagte, a few days before the siege of Ladysmith began. The Gordons went in with the bayonet and won this praise from a prisoner: "We spoke with bated breath of the Gordons and their contempt of death."

FOR over a week the gaunt, half-starved soldiers and civilians in Ladysmith had been listening, in alternate hope and despair, to the distant rumbling of guns in the hills to the south.

Disease was rampant, hospitals were overcrowded, food stocks almost exhausted, and day after day shells from the Boers' giant guns came whistling into the town.

The 21,300 men, women and children locked up in Ladysmith knew that General Sir Redvers Buller's relief force was only 15 miles away on the Tugela River; but the knowledge brought them little comfort.

Buller had been there for four months, pinned down by Louis Botha's Commandos. Anxious eyes in Ladysmith had seen the shell flashes over Colenso in December, and the winking heliograph that spelled the news of disaster. They had witnessed the distant tragedy of Spion Kop in January, and the repulse of the British at Vaal Kraantz in early February.

Now, on 27 February, 1900, the guns boomed even louder and this time it seemed that help was really at hand.

The next day will live in British history as one of tremendous excitement and relief. Throughout the Empire, hats were hurled into the air and people danced in the streets as the news broke that Buller had finally

crashed through to Ladysmith. The 122-day siege was over, and British prestige soared sky high.

The South African War opened on 12 October, 1899, with a surge of Boers into Natal from the north. Only the 13,000 troops under Lieutenant-General Sir George White, 64-year-old veteran of the Afghan War in which he won his Victoria Cross, stood between them and a quick run through to the Cape Colony.

White decided to shut his force into Ladysmith in Central Natal—a small town set in a hollow, surrounded by hills and difficult to defend.

Soon the Boers were investing the town, and within weeks had built up their force to 23,000 men. In the heavy rains and extreme heat of the Natal summer British troops toiled to give Ladysmith a good system of surrounding earthworks while the Boers massed their heavy guns.

Soon, too, the first of the famous "Long Tom" guns hurled a 94-lb shell into Ladysmith. It was followed by thousands in the next four months, yet the bombardment was strangely ineffective. By Christmas, 5000 heavy shells had poured into the town, yet only 30 of the besieged had been killed.

On Christmas Day a few dud shells whistled into Ladysmith—filled with plum

pudding which none dared eat for fear of poison. One of the local heroes was an Indian who, protected only by an umbrella, sat in the open every day, waited for the gun flash and bellowed "Lang Taam!" so that the troops could dive for cover.

A soldier of the 2nd Battalion, The Gordon Highlanders, wrote: "When 'Long Tom' was elevated for a shot at us, she looked like a vertical chimney. As soon as white smoke spouted from it the watcher blew his whistle, shouted 'She's off!', and we had 23 seconds to go to ground."

But the sense of fun and excitement changed to boredom and later to desperation. The news of Buller's defeat at Colenso plunged the town into gloom, and hopelessness settled on Ladysmith like a fog after the tragic but gallant British failure at Spion Kop. Then enteric fever and dysentery broke out. The defenders grew gaunt and thin, and horses had to be slaughtered at the rate of 70 a day to supplement the meagre rations. Marrows sold at 28s each, eggs fetched 48s a dozen. There were horse soup and horse sausages for the troops, horse-meat extract and horse-foot jelly for the sick and wounded, potted horse paste, and horse oil for lubricating the heavy ordnance. Long since out of tobacco, the men smoked their dried sunflower seeds without complaining.

For 17 hours on 6 January the fate of Ladysmith trembled in the balance when, late at night on the previous day, 2000 Boers launched a surprise attack on the key position in the town's defences—the plateau bearing the twin peaks of Caesar's Camp and Wagon Hill 3000 yards south of the town.

But throughout the night a small group of Sappers and men of the 2nd Battalion, The Gordon Highlanders on Wagon Hill, and the Manchesters on Caesar's Camp, held out. At dawn, Colonel Ian Hamilton, commanding the Infantry, threw into the battle the rest of the 2nd Gordon Highlanders, whose commander, Lieutenant-Colonel W. H. Dick-Cunyngham VC, was killed as he emerged with his men from the town.

A company under Captain R. E. Carnegie raced to the aid of the Manchesters on Caesar's Camp and crowned a day of fierce fighting with a bayonet charge that tumbled the Boers off the crest.

Two companies of Gordons under Major C. C. Miller-Wallnut, who was killed in the action, went to Wagon Hill, where a costly rifle duel at close range ended late in the afternoon with a bayonet charge over 130 yards of open ground by 190 men of the 1st Devons under Major C. W. Park.

Five men won the Victoria Cross that day, among them the Royal Engineer group commander, Lieutenant R. J. Digby Jones, on Wagon Hill. The Sappers' performance on Wagon Hill prompted this comment by Ian Hamilton: "My belief in education as an aid to morale dates from my experience of the courage of a handful of Royal Engineers that day."

The chastened Boers never again attempted a direct attack. They retired to their *laagers* and relied on shells and starvation to reduce Ladysmith.

In early February, Buller failed again, on the high ridge called Vaal Kraantz, but on the 14th his 25,000 men and 70 guns ground into action once more in a do-or-die attempt to break through the ten miles of mountain wilderness in which an unknown number of Botha's Boers lurked. This time he bypassed Colenso, drove the enemy back across the Tugela and for the first time found himself master of the right bank of the river.

Now only Pieters Hill stood between him and the Ladysmith plain. On the 21st Buller's force streamed across the Tugela by pontoon bridge, and in the next few days cleared the Boers from the kopjes in front of Pieters Hill.

At 8 a.m. on 27 February every British gun opened up on Pieters Hill and the whole ridge erupted in flame. The attack was entrusted to three battalions of Major-General G. Barton's 6th Brigade—The Royal Irish Fusiliers, The Royal Scots Fusiliers and The Royal Dublin Fusiliers. They made good progress up the steep, rocky slope but soon came under intense fire from a high mound in front. It was late in the afternoon when Major F. Hill and The Royal Irish Fusiliers led a 300-yard rush which carried them over the mound, but every officer was killed or wounded.

In the afternoon Colonel F. W. Kitchener's Brigade assaulted the neighbouring Railway Hill to secure Barton's left flank. The West Yorkshire Regiment quickly distinguished itself with a bayonet charge on the eastern ridge, and the South



Lancashires, in the centre, fixed bayonets and hurled themselves at Boer trenches on the crest.

Many of the enemy, shaken by such a massive concentration of artillery, fled downhill, but others fought bravely in the open.

At 5.30 p.m. the glitter of bayonets high on Railway Hill told the Gunners that the Infantry were close enough to the peak to risk a charge. The barrage stopped suddenly, the Infantry scrambled up the slope and the West Yorkshires carried the crest.

From the surrounding heights the Gunners and uncommitted Infantry watched the troops sweep onto the ridge, heard the cries, saw bayonets glinting and men desperately thrusting and clubbing. They saw the Boers streaming down the hill—and they raised such a cheer as has rarely been heard on a battlefield before or since. It boomed from peak to peak, was taken up by Barton's men on Pieters Hill, by Kitchener's on Railway Hill. At long last the road to Ladysmith was open, at a total cost of 6000 casualties.

Next morning the weary defenders of Ladysmith saw the roads to the west and north choked with dust as the Boers moved off; and the troops cursed the enfeebled limbs that prevented them from intercepting the enemy.

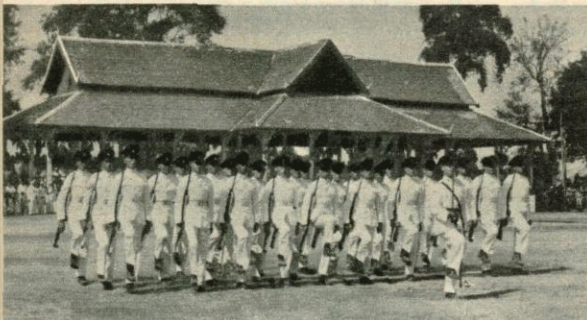
At noon came the final shot from "Long Tom," the shell screaming over The Gordon Highlanders' dug-out mess and falling into the river below. In the late afternoon wildly cheering crowds moved out to the river to greet Colonel Lord Dundonald and his troop of Imperial Light Horse, the advance party of the relieving force.

Queen Victoria sent her heartiest congratulations, Buller entered in triumph, followed closely by 73 laden supply wagons, and soon, a correspondent reported, "the smell of frying bacon pervaded the town."

The bronzed and healthy relievers looked with pity on the emaciated forms of the garrison troops. "Poor fellows," wrote one, "they all looked very seedy."

K. E. HENLY

MILITARY MEDLEY



The drill squad of the 3rd East Anglian Regiment show off their paces to the King of Laos.

EAST ANGLIANS TAKE LAOS —WITH MUSIC

WHEN the band of the 1st Battalion, 3rd East Anglian Regiment, marched smartly on to the That Luang Festival ground in Vientiane, in Laos, drums beating, bugles blaring and clarinets shrieking, the crowd of 20,000 went wild with excitement and stopped the show.

And no wonder. The East Anglians were the first British troops to visit Laos and very few of the Laotians had heard an authentic military band before.

The band of the East Anglians, accompanied by a drill squad, flew to Laos to take part in a religious festival during which all members of the Government, chiefs of districts and villages swear their loyalty to the King, and on each of the three days they were there played at afternoon and evening concerts while the drill squad delighted the crowds with their impeccable displays. The dance band section of the Regimental band also had a busy time, leading the dancing at the town's biggest hotel and night club each evening.

But the East Anglians found time, too, to tour the city and made many friends in their short stay.—*From a report by Sergeant Ian Brown, Army Public Relations.*

Two East Anglian handsmen receive a lesson on Laotian instruments—an ancient drum (left) and a circular xylophone.



First they flew the 350 miles from Johore. Now they plod wearily along a jungle track.

ELEVEN MEN AND THEIR DOGS

ASEARING sun beat down as 11 soldiers, each leading an Alsatian or a Labrador, plodded through the swampy sand in the uncharted Nenasi area on the east coast of Malaya.

They were men and dogs of 2 War Dog Training Unit, Royal Army Veterinary Corps, stationed at Ulu Tiram, in southern Malaya, taking part in a gruelling test of man and beast to discover how best they can operate together in war.

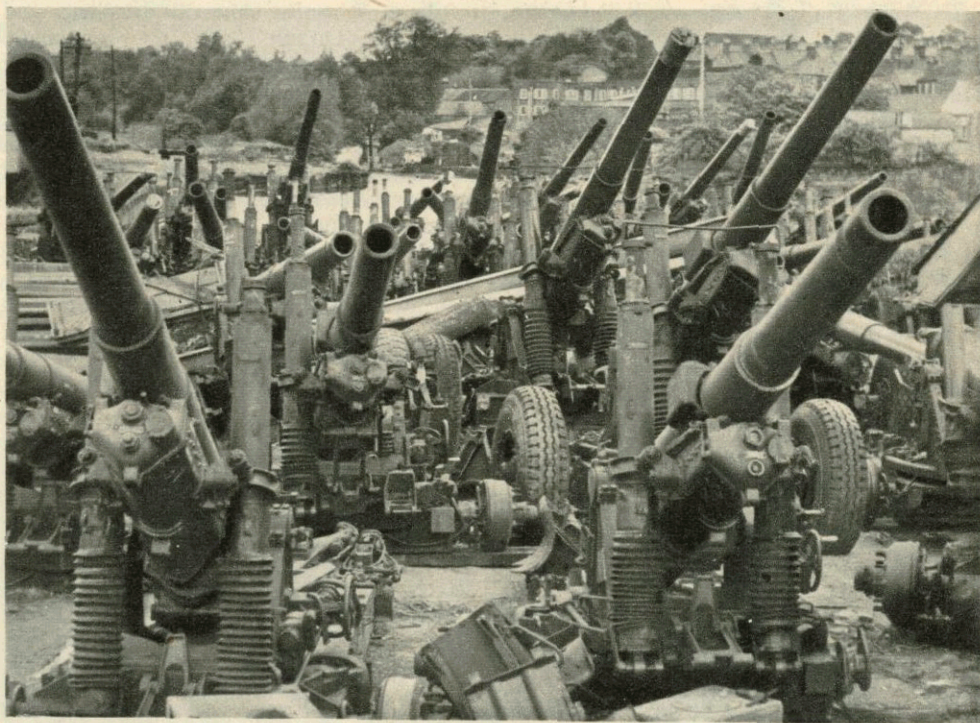
The men—four British and six Malayan soldiers—and their dogs flew the 350 miles from Johore to Endau and the first lesson was learned. The dogs enjoyed flying and none was airsick!

Then came a tougher test. For three days the men, carrying 30-pound packs of food for themselves and the animals, led the dogs through swampy jungle and scrub to Nenasi, 45 miles away, often sinking to the tops of

their jungle boots in boggy sand. Only one man collapsed from heat—and the dogs finished the course almost as fresh as when they started.

Finally, men and dogs were split into pairs and told to make their own way back to their unit—400 miles away—without using public transport and in the guise of escaped prisoners.

Astonishingly, the first pair—Corporal Michael Martin and Private Peter Leaver and their dogs—covered the journey in 22 hours by thumbing lifts in a variety of vehicles. Captain G. Campbell and Staff-Sergeant A. Jones, the next pair home, travelled in a fish truck and then got a lift in a missionary's car. The remaining teams all turned up within two days of setting out from Endau.—*From a report by Corporal G. C. Stanton, Army Public Relations.*



GRAVEYARD FOR THE GUNS

IF you've ever wondered what happens to the Army's old weapons here's one answer.

Not so long ago these 5.5-inch anti-aircraft guns roared defiance at Britain's enemies and brought down many a German bomber. Now, sold by the Army as obsolete war material, they wait, mutely huddled together in a metal merchant's yard at Norwich, for the day they must die.

Once proud and fearsome weapons, their firing days are over. They are destined for the steel plants to be turned into scrap and melted down.

Since the end of World War Two many thousands of old ack-ack guns and some of the gigantic coastal defence guns have been broken up and melted down and their steel reclaimed, some of it, perhaps, to help make more modern weapons of war.

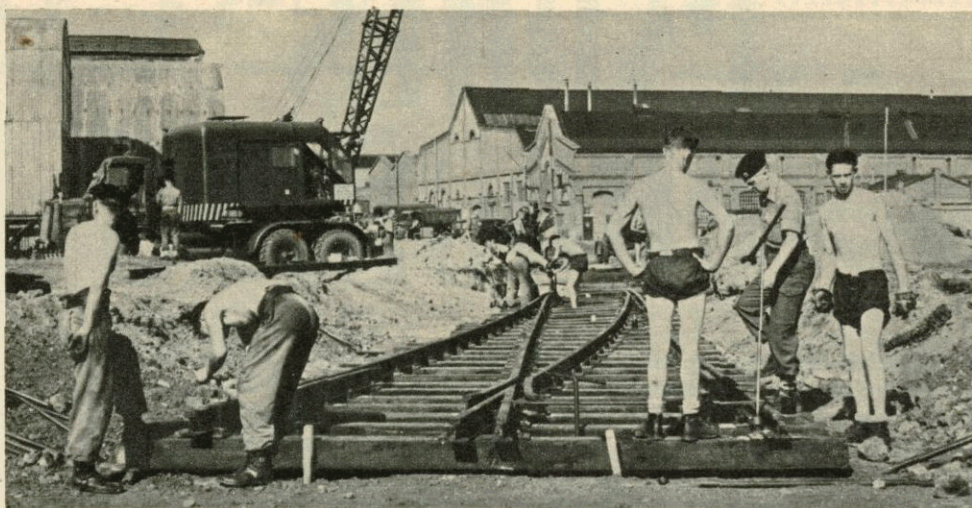
FAREWELL TO THE RSM

THE longest serving Regimental Sergeant-Major in the Women's Royal Army Corps, RSM Alys Hildyard, who joined up in 1939, has retired after 22 years' service.

Miss Hildyard, whose father served in the Field Artillery in World War One, was one of the WRAC's best-known and popular members. During two tours in Rhine Army, totalling seven years, she arranged wedding receptions for more than 400 girls in the Corps and kept a private stock of wedding dresses and bridesmaids gowns which she loaned to them. After each wedding, Miss Hildyard would write detailed accounts of the ceremony for the bride's parents.

For many months, while stationed at the WRAC Depot in Guildford, RSM Hildyard conducted parties of girls on tours of London, and in 1956 was awarded the British Empire Medal for her welfare work in the Corps.

Miss Alys Hildyard joined up 22 years ago and was an RSM most of her service.



The Sapper railwaymen lay a new line and junction, part of their work in rebuilding the Depot.

THE SAPPERS REBUILD A RAILWAY . . .

THE tonnage output each day at 40 Advanced Engineer Stores Regiment at Willich, in Germany, has been doubled—thanks to a remarkable reconstruction operation carried out by the Army's own railwaymen.

In a little less than two months 135 officers and men of 8 Railway Squadron, Royal Engineers, who had come from Longmoor, in Hampshire, reorganised the railway which runs through the Willich depot, built a new junction and made six new turn-outs. It was the unit's biggest task since World War Two.

Large slabs of concrete below ground had

to be removed, a task which required skilful demolition by the Sapper-railwaymen, for nearby were rows of glass windows. The Sappers did the job without cracking one window. The most back-breaking job was destroying the concrete foundations of the old level crossing by pick and shovel.

The operation also gave the Sappers useful training. The locomotive and workshop troop inspected and overhauled types of Diesel locomotives they had never seen before and the Squadron's traffic operators were able to study railway systems in various parts of Germany.—*From a report by Sgt. M. Jamieson, Army Public Relations.*

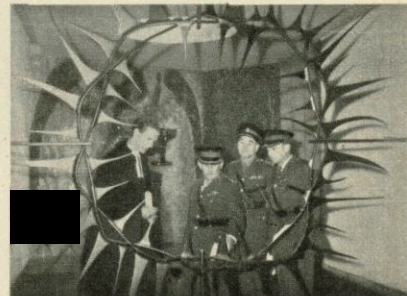
. . . AND MAKE A CROWN OF THORNS

A REMARKABLE example of Army craftsmanship, made and presented by the Royal Engineers, now graces the new Coventry Cathedral.

It is a wrought-iron screen, designed by Sir Basil Spence, the Cathedral architect, and made in the form of a crown of thorns, which stands at the entrance of the Chapel of Christ in Gethsemane.

The screen, over ten feet high and ten feet wide and made from mild steel electrically welded, was constructed by two ex-Sappers who are now civilian instructors at the School of Military Engineering—Mr. K. F. Tinklin and Mr. J. E. Ferrigan—under the supervision of Major B. P. Holloway, RE. Another civilian instructor, Mr. T. S. Tadman, engraved the Royal Engineers badge on one of the five mounting blocks.

The screen was installed by Sappers of 1 Engineer Stores Depot, Long Marston, and handed over to the Cathedral Reconstruction Committee by Brigadier E. F. Parker, Commandant of the School of Military Engineering.



Brig E. F. Parker, Brig H. R. Greenwood, Col T. Egan and the Provost of Coventry inspect the Sapper-made screen.

THREE HEROES ON PARADE

IT was a proud day for the old comrades of The South Wales Borderers and The Monmouthshire Regiment when 500 of them gathered together in Brecon to recall old times.

Among them were three Victoria Cross winners, the gallantry for which they won the award separated by 28 years. Sergeant Ivor Rees won his VC at Pilkem, in Belgium, on 31 July, 1917, while serving with the 11th Battalion, South Wales Borderers, and a year later, on 4 November, 1918, Major-General D. G. Johnson, already decorated with the Distinguished Service Order and the Military

Cross, won the VC in France while a major in The South Wales Borderers attached to 2nd Battalion, The Royal Sussex Regiment. The third VC was ex-Company Sergeant-Major E. T. Chapman, who won the award while serving with The Monmouthshire Regiment in North-West Europe on 2 April, 1945.

After the re-union 350 past and present members, led by the band of the 2nd Battalion, The Monmouthshire Regiment (TA), marched to a service in Brecon Cathedral where the sermon was given by the Reverend R. D. Gould, a former officer in The South Wales Borderers.



Three Welsh heroes: ex-CSM Chapman (left), Maj-Gen D. G. Johnson (centre) and ex-Sgt Ivor Rees, all VC winners.

PADRES' PROGRESS

THINGS are looking up for the Royal Army Chaplains' Department where, a few months ago, they were worried about recruiting enough chaplains for the new all-Regular Army.

Now, thanks largely to a recruiting campaign among civilian clergymen and at universities and theological colleges, the Department is confident of achieving its aim of "signing on" 30 more chaplains by 1963.

Ministers of religion have served with the

Army since the days of Oliver Cromwell, and in 1796 the Duke of Wellington set up the Army Chaplains' Department which was granted the prefix "Royal" in 1919 for outstanding services in World War One.

Among them were many great personalities, physically and morally courageous, who did not hesitate to share front-line duty with their men or rebuke their superiors in rank when occasion demanded. One was Bishop John Taylor Smith, chaplain to the Ashanti Expedition of 1896 and Chaplain-General from 1902-25. He treated all men as equal and was as polite to a private as to a general.

Some of his sermons were long remembered for their unconventional approach. Once, he held up a rosy apple, and, cutting it open to show its rotten interior, asked his soldier congregation: "What is your inner man like?" On another occasion, overhearing a young officer boast of seducing a servant girl, he angrily asked: "What would you do to a man who treated your sister like that?" When the officer said he would shoot him, the Bishop retorted: "Yes, and you deserve to be shot, too!"

As Chaplain-General, Bishop Taylor Smith was responsible for the great expansion of the Chaplains' Department in World War One and he personally interviewed and selected all candidates. To each he put the same question: "If you had five minutes only to spend with a man about to die what would you say to him?"

Perhaps the most famous chaplain in World War One was the Reverend Geoffrey Anketell Studdert Kennedy—"Woodbine Willie."

He first made his name in France in a huge canteen in Rouen, where thousands of troops rested on their way to the front. As the soldiers left in trucks labelled "*Hommes 40, Chevaux 8*," he would walk along, bidding them goodbye, and handing out packets of cigarettes and Testaments.

In the attack on Messines Ridge, in 1917, "Woodbine Willie" went over the top with



The Reverend G. A. Studdert Kennedy, the famous Woodbine Willie of World War One.

his men, and later, when the supply of morphia ran short in a dressing station where he was helping with the wounded, he volunteered to fetch further supplies across ground being fiercely shelled. For this action he was awarded the Military Cross.

It was said of him, after his death in 1929, that he probably helped more men to a vital religion, to peace of soul, and to victory over temptation, than perhaps any other man of his generation.

The late Rev. Dr. W. E. Sangster, of Westminster Central Hall, used to tell a story of a shy, stammering chaplain in World War One who, at his first dinner in the officers' mess, overheard the Colonel using bad language. The new chaplain pulled himself to his feet, and told the astounded Colonel: "Pardon me . . . s-s-sir, b-but you are a s-soldier, and you w-would expect a man to do his duty, and it's my d-duty to tell you that your language is an offence to God and man!" There was an awful silence. Then the Colonel said: "The man's right! Bring me a Red Cross box!" After that, in that mess, every swear word cost the swearer one shilling.

Another young chaplain of World War One, whose war experiences shaped his future career, was the Reverend Leslie D. Weatherhead. While serving in the Near East he met an Army medical officer who impressed upon him the importance of the attitude of the mind in healing. The Reverend Leslie Weatherhead took up the study of psychology and later became widely known for his work as minister of the City Temple, London, and in curing neurotics in his psychological clinic.

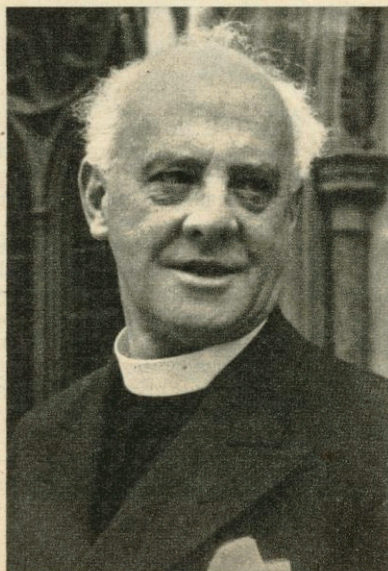
World War Two produced no chaplain to compare in personality and stature with "Woodbine Willie" but, if there were no giants, the general level of courage and ability was certainly as high, if not higher, as that of earlier conflicts.

Wherever there was danger, on Commando raids or airborne landings, on land or sea, the chaplains were there, sharing the common peril. The Royal Army Chaplains' Department had the greatest number of casualties of any department of the Services in proportion to its total strength.

THE REVEREND G. E. DIGGLE



Bishop Taylor Smith, Chaplain-General for 23 years, who treated general and private alike. He personally selected all the Army's chaplains.



Right: The Rev. Dr. Leslie Weatherhead, a World War One chaplain, who was renowned later for his psychological work.

1. Which is the stranger here: Courage, love, beauty, foolish?

2. If you spent a quarter of your pocket money and had 12s 6d left how much did you have in the first place?

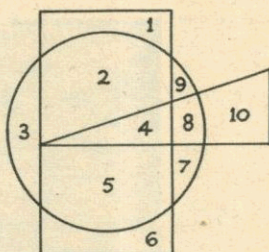
3. Which of these statements is true: (a) Every father has a son; (b) All animals have four legs; (c) Some trees do not shed their leaves in winter?

4. Find the missing figures in this multiplication sum:

$$\begin{array}{r} -8 \\ -7 \\ \hline -36 \\ 1-40 \\ \hline 1776 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

5. Unjumble these words, the meanings of which are given in brackets: (a) Millafbeman (easily set alight); (b) Egfir (sorrow); (c) Lefigar (easily broken); (d) Logwr (a sound); (e) Hoophtharg (a likeness).

6. Study this drawing carefully and then say (a) what numbers are in the circle; (b) what numbers are in the rectangle only; (c) what numbers are in both the triangle and the circle; (d) what numbers are in the circle only.



7. If you removed all the vowels from the alphabet which would be the 16th letter?

COULD YOU MAKE IT?

EVERY year thousands of children take their eleven-plus examination, a test designed to discover intelligence and quick wit.

Would you pass? To find out, answer the questions set out below which have been based on a typical eleven-plus examination paper.

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

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

Entries must be received in SOLDIER's London offices by Monday, 26 March.

RULES

1. Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to: The Editor (Comp. 45), SOLDIER, 433, Holloway Road, London, N.7.
2. Each entry must be accompanied by the "Competition 45" panel printed at the top of this page.
3. Correspondence must not accompany the entry form.
4. Competitors may submit more than one entry, but each must be accompanied by the "Competition 45" panel.
5. Any reader, Serviceman or woman and Services' sponsored civilian may compete. The solution and names of the winners will appear in SOLDIER, May.

8. Find the word in brackets which is most like the three words in capitals and different from the rest: (a) PEN, CRAYON, PENCIL (nib, ink, paper, board, chalk, duster); (b) COMMAND, ORDER, DIRECT (captain, list, request, straight, headquarters, bid); (c) HINDER, HAMPER, IMPEDE (facilitate, obstruct, help, participate).

9. Re-arrange these words in order of importance: (a) gloomy, dark, light, brilliant, half-light; (b) hop, creep, walk, fly, trot, run, leap; (c) yell, speak, whisper, roar, shout.

10. If your father was three times your age four years ago when you were 18: (a) What is your father's age now? (b) How old was he when you were born? (c) When you are 27 how old will your father be?

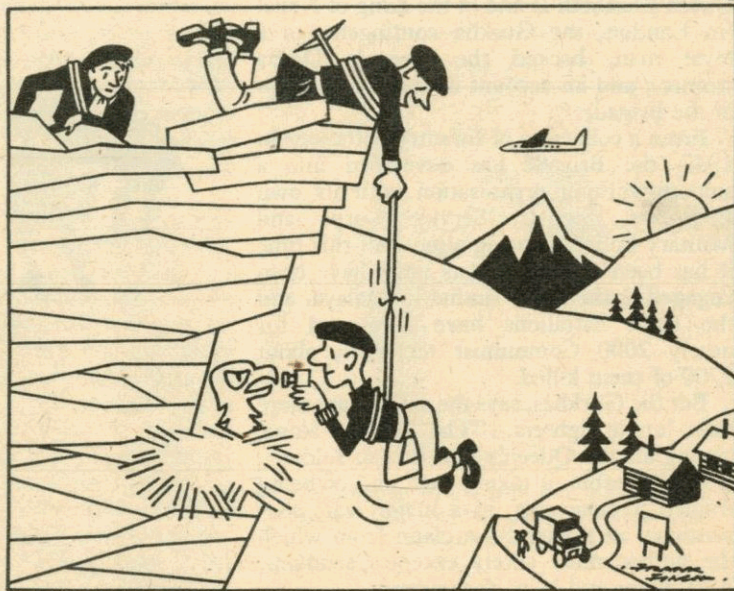
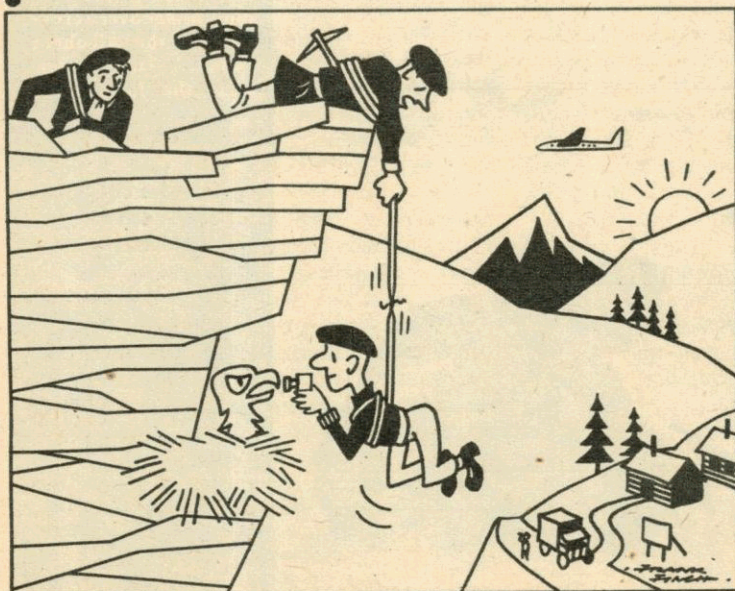
11. In this list of examination results some of the marks are missing. Find what they are, put them in the table and then say what were: (a) The total marks for History; (b) Private Smith's Arithmetic marks; (c) Private Brown's Art marks; (d) The total marks scored by all the soldiers in all subjects; (e) Who scored the lowest marks in Geography.

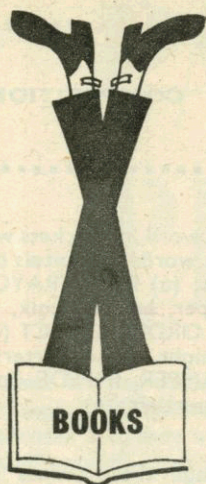
	Arith.	Eng.	Geog.	Hist.	Art	Total
Pte Smith	—	7	6	6	4	—
Pte Jones	10	8	—	9	5	39
Pte Brown	8	5	7	3	—	30
Pte Green	—	4	—	5	10	27
Pte White	1	—	5	—	2	21
Total	26	30	28	—	28	—

12. Which are the strangers here?: (a) silk, linen, shirt, wool, cotton; (b) oak, elm, tree, ash, birch; (c) hill, mountain, valley, hurricane, plain.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

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





THE GROWTH OF THE GURKHAS

A TANK commander who lost his bearings in a Northern Army Group exercise in Germany looked out of his vehicle and saw a Gurkha Military Police corporal on point duty. "Hey," he called to his companions, "we haven't gone that far, have we?"

They had not, but the presence of the little brown corporal was a measure of how far the Brigade of Gurkhas has gone since 1947, when it was formed from the British share of the Gurkha regiments of the old Indian Army.

One officer who was much impressed by the Gurkhas is Brigadier A. E. C. Bredin, who as an officer of The Dorset Regiment, found himself summoned to see the then Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Field-Marshal Lord Harding, and invited to take command of the 1st/6th Gurkha Rifles of which the Field-Marshal was colonel.

Brigadier Bredin commanded his battalion in the Malayan Emergency for something over two years. Now, in "The Happy Warriors" (obtainable from the author, Castle House, Hawkchurch, Axminster—21s, or 22s 4d including postage) he pays tribute to the Brigade as a whole.

It is an unorthodox book which contains much background to the Gurkhas, brief histories of the regiments of the Gurkha Brigade, a very detailed account (down to administrative inspections and cocktail parties) of the work of the 1st/6th Gurkhas in Malaya, a chapter on the Coronations of Queen Elizabeth II and of the King of Nepal (in London, the Gurkha contingent, to a loyal man, backed the Queen's Derby winner), and an account of the organisation of the Brigade.

From a collection of Infantry battalions in 1947, the Brigade has developed into a smooth-working organisation with its own Engineers, Signals, Service Corps and Military Police. During almost all this time it has been developing, its units have been engaged against the bandits in Malaya, and the eight battalions have accounted for nearly 2000 Communist terrorists, about 1700 of them killed.

But the Gurkhas, says the author, are more than jungle fighters. "The Gurkha alone, among all the Queen's non-British soldiers, is fully capable of taking part, and of being trained to take part, in a major war, conventional or nuclear"—a claim from which the author must surely except Canadians, Australians and New Zealanders.

PARATROOPERS IN ALASKA

IN 1956, four officers of the Parachute Brigade went adventuring in Alaska. By courtesy of the American Air Force, they were flown to the vicinity of some unclimbed peaks. Hence a double significance in the title of Major James Mills' account of the expedition, "Airborne to the Mountains" (Herbert Jenkins, 25s).

This is something more than a normal account of an expedition's adventures. It is also by way of being a handbook for other adventurous young Servicemen. It was Major Mills' idea in the first place that the Services should support such ventures, and on behalf of the expedition he asked the War Office for three months' leave with pay and for free flights over the Atlantic.

The leave with pay materialised, but not the free flights, so the four young men raised their joint contribution from £240 to £500, to cover fares. The Mount Everest Trust produced another £350 and a publisher's advance also helped the kitty. So off the party went, by slow boat to Canada.

Once across the Atlantic, they found help from both Canadian and American military sources. The Americans gave them reconnaissance flights in jet fighters and provided three aircraft, one a helicopter, to fly them

in to their starting point, and five to fly them out again when it was all over. In addition, the Americans sent a liaison plane to check that they were all right every three days while the expedition lasted.

The four officers explored the remote Traleika glacier system, and despite blizzard and fatigue carried out a meticulous programme of scientific research. The author recalls some exciting moments as they rescued each other from yawning crevasses, or crawled like flies across icy rock faces. A striking feature of the book is the candour with which he describes the relations between the four men when, with nerves frayed by exhaustion and almost intolerable living conditions, they nearly came to blows.

For those who might try to emulate Major Mills he adds appendices not only on the scientific results of the expedition but on the budget (balanced neatly with no surplus at £1675 16s), equipment, division of responsibility, and the cost, weight and food value of a variety of Army rations.

The most tempting bait to follow in the expedition's footsteps, however, is the chill splendour of the magnificent photographs with which the book is illustrated.



Protected with belays, the climbers cross a snow bridge over a crevasse on the Albuhera Icefall. The author is in the foreground.



An artist's study of Corporal Bahnemann during his Afrika Korps days as an armoured car driver.

DESERTER IN THE DESERT

CORPORAL GUNTHER BAHNEMANN, of the Afrika Korps, was a brave soldier (he had won the Iron Cross 1st and 2nd Class) and a confirmed Nazi. That is, he was until one day in June, 1941, when he received news that his father had been murdered by the Gestapo.

Twenty-four hours later Bahnemann deserted, not because his courage had failed, nor because he wanted to go over to the enemy, but because he wanted to get away from it all.

His personal revolt ended in failure several weeks later when, after a series of desperate and hair-raising adventures, he was captured by the British at Bir El Hacheim to spend the rest of the war in prison camp.

THOSE WERE THE DAYS

DID the Royal Engineers mine the Forth Bridge when invasion threatened Britain in 1940?

The answer is one of the few which escaped E. S. Turner, a former editor of *SOLDIER*, when he was writing "The Phoney War on the Home Front" (*Michael Joseph, 21s*). The Sappers, he reports, are not talking—but forgotten demolition charges were still being found under road bridges in the Clacton area in 1961. He suggests it is fortunate that people did not know how much of their island home could have been sent sky-high at the push of a plunger.

Those were the days when troops slept fully armed in civilian motor coaches which were to take them into action (engines were turned over every sunrise and sunset) and the newspapers published pictures of armed patrols on barbed-wire beaches where girls still sun-bathed!

Earlier than that, the undertaking industry had been pleading that embalmers should not be enlisted as ordinary soldiers, but commissioned to carry out their civilian work in the field.

There was a great fuss about whether officers and other ranks should be permitted to use the same hotels. A popular story was

In "I Deserted Rommel" (*Jarrollds, 21s*) Bahnemann, who now lives in Australia, tells his unusual story in graphic detail. With a friend, who had also become disillusioned about Hitler and his henchmen, Bahnemann escaped one night after slugging the pay sergeant and stealing the company funds and set off from west of Tobruk on motorcycles. They planned to ride through the desert to Lake Chad and thence via Nigeria into Portuguese Loanda—a nightmare journey of nearly 2000 miles. Each man carried a sub machine-gun and spare ammunition, prepared to sell his life dearly if attacked by the British or cornered by his own countrymen.

When Bahnemann's friend was killed by a strafing British aircraft several days after the pair had deserted, the author became more determined than ever to smash his way to freedom. Trapped by Italian soldiers who had been warned of his escape, Bahnemann shot his way out and when cornered in an hotel in Barce by four German military policemen he rolled hand-grenades down the stairs and got away as they exploded.

When all seemed lost Bahnemann was befriended by some Arabs related to a man whose life he had saved. For several weeks he lived with them in their desert hide-out before continuing his journey, first to Benghazi, where he succeeded in smuggling aboard an aircraft a parcel and letter home to his mother in Germany, and then south towards Bir El Hacheim. On the way he ran into an Italian patrol, but again his luck held and he made his getaway by shooting the officer and several men and, after dusk, hijacking a lone German supply truck.

But his triumph was short-lived. A few days later, almost starving and dizzy with thirst, he reached the deserted fort at Bir El Hacheim and fell asleep. When he woke up he was staring straight into the muzzle of a tommy-gun. For Corporal Bahnemann, the war was over.

of a "superior officer of inferior type" who sent a message to a hotel manager asking for a soldier to be ejected, and received the reply: "It is not convenient to have myself ejected from my own dining-room."

The niggardly rates paid by the Treasury to support a soldier's family (less that twopence a day for the fourth and later children) suddenly became the concern of the nation instead of a few Regular soldiers; something was done about it. There was an outcry over the Government's decision to pay allowances for soldiers' "unmarried wives," a move which some moralists saw as the beginning of Britain's end.

If the Services were having their troubles, so were the civilians, what with evacuees, black-out, rationing and the need to immobilise cars. Mr. Turner has dug deep to discover the trials undergone by such specialists as cage-bird fanciers, cut off from imported food supplies and trying to breed mealworms at home without the wife knowing.

They were great days, and they were queer days. Others have written of their greatness; Mr. Turner turns his attention to the oddities, and many a survivor of the Phoney War will get a good chuckle at himself from these pages.

THE GENERAL WHO KEPT THE PEACE

GENERAL SIR FREDERICK MORGAN'S place in history is assured as COSSAC. The letters stood for Chief-of-Staff to Supreme Allied Commander (Designate), but the job was never what the letters said.

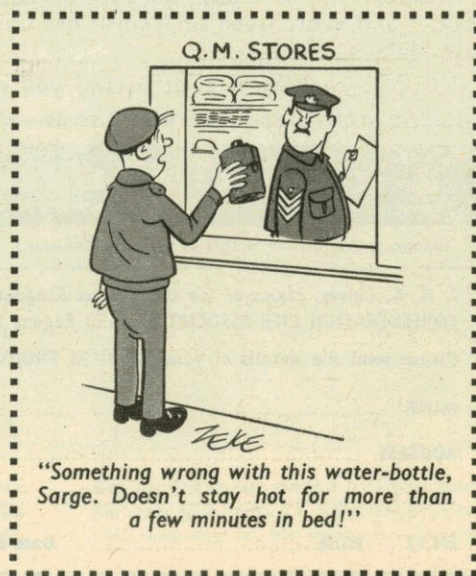
For the nine months it existed, there was no Supreme Commander, designate or otherwise, and, steering a headless body, General Morgan went ahead with the planning of Operation Overlord—the invasion of Normandy in 1944.

It was, of course, Anglo-American planning and General Morgan got on so well with Britain's allies that he was sometimes accused of being "sold out to the Yanks." However, his American fellow backroom-boy, General Ray Barker, was equally accused of being "sold out to the British." The conclusion is that between them they struck a nice balance.

When General Eisenhower was eventually appointed Supreme Allied Commander, there was no question of his parting with his existing Chief-of-Staff, General Walter Bedell Smith. General Morgan, an experienced staff officer himself, realised as well as anyone the foolishness of breaking up a tried partnership, so he became Deputy Chief-of-Staff at Supreme Headquarters, Allied Forces in Europe.

In this post he found himself in the same relationship with Field-Marshal Montgomery as in 1938, when Monty was a brigadier in a division of which then Lieutenant-Colonel Morgan was Chief-of-Staff to the divisional commander. In 1938, Brigadier Montgomery had been in the habit of ringing up nightly to discover from Lieutenant-Colonel Morgan what his superior had been doing, and to give his own advice on what should be done next. In 1944-5 he carried out much the same procedure. "Look, boy," said General Bedell Smith on one occasion, "that's your bloody Marshal on the end of that (telephone). I can't talk to him any more. Now you go on." General Morgan it was who kept the peace.

The story of those momentous days is retold by General Morgan in his auto-
OVER...



biography, "Peace and War" (Hodder and Stoughton, 25s).

He went into the Army because his father wanted him to. Having passed eighth into the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, he distinguished himself by dropping a hundred places in his first term, failed to get high enough pass-marks for the Royal Engineers and found himself in the Royal Field Artillery. A few months later, under the influence, he confesses, of gin, he volunteered for India, a chance action which was to affect his life for the next two decades.

Unhappy in a peacetime mess in India, the author was about to try to leave the Army when World War One broke out and put such thoughts out of his mind. He served in France from 1914 to 1919 and laid the foundations of his career as a staff officer. In 1926 he was at Weymouth with a battery equipped with iron-tired guns which fell to pieces if towed at more than six miles an hour, and 30-miles-an-hour tractors which disintegrated if they were driven long distances at slow speeds. To complete the picture, the battery staff was mounted on horses.

When World War Two broke out, the author was a brigadier in command of the newly-formed support group of Britain's only armoured division, but had only a fraction of it under his command when he was sent hurriedly to France at Dunkirk-time. His later commands included the so-called Devon and Cornwall Division which, including Home Guard, numbered 100,000 men. One of his subordinate commanders had a driver who wore a Military Cross and

Bar, won in World War One, and who, off parade, was the Bishop of Truro.

When the war was over, General Morgan became Director of the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration in Western Germany. He quotes the definition of this organisation as "that adventitious assembly of silver-tongued ineffectuals, professional do-gooders, crooks and crackpots." He fell foul of the Zionists, who were using UNRRA to promote aggression against British rule in Palestine, refused to resign and was eventually "re-organised out."

"PREPARE FOR WRITING"

In Army schools today children may take up the position they find most comfortable when writing and no teacher will object.

But it was not always so. Fifty years ago pupils in Army schools all had to write in the same way and woe betide them if they deviated from the laid down drill.

The drill, contained in an extract from "Standing Orders for Inspectors of Army Schools, Examiners and Teachers, 1910," which has just come into SOLDIER's possession, began when the teacher, after ensuring that all his pupils were "seated at equal distances from one another," gave the command: "Position for Writing!" On this order the children placed their books open "with the edges parallel with the edges of the desks or sloping slightly upwards from left to right, and the page to be written on opposite the right shoulder."

At the word: "Prepare for Writing," says the instruction, "the children will sit quite erect and with the body parallel to, but not

touching, the desk, the feet resting flat on the floor, or foot rest, but not close together. The left arm will be placed diagonally on the desk, the elbow being about three inches from the edge of it and just clear of the side of the body. The pen will then be taken up.

"When writing commences the shoulders will be kept level and the head must not be allowed to incline to one side or the other. The body may be inclined slightly forward from the hips; the back should be kept straight, not rounded, and the shoulders down, the neck being very slightly bent forward. The eyes should never be less than about 12 inches from the desk. This position should be maintained whenever the pen (or pencil) is used." Phew!

If it was difficult for the children to comply with all these instructions it must have been even more so for the teacher who had to ensure that his charges were abiding by the rules. Just think of all those feet flat on the floor, level shoulders and elbows three inches from the edge of the desk that had to be checked!

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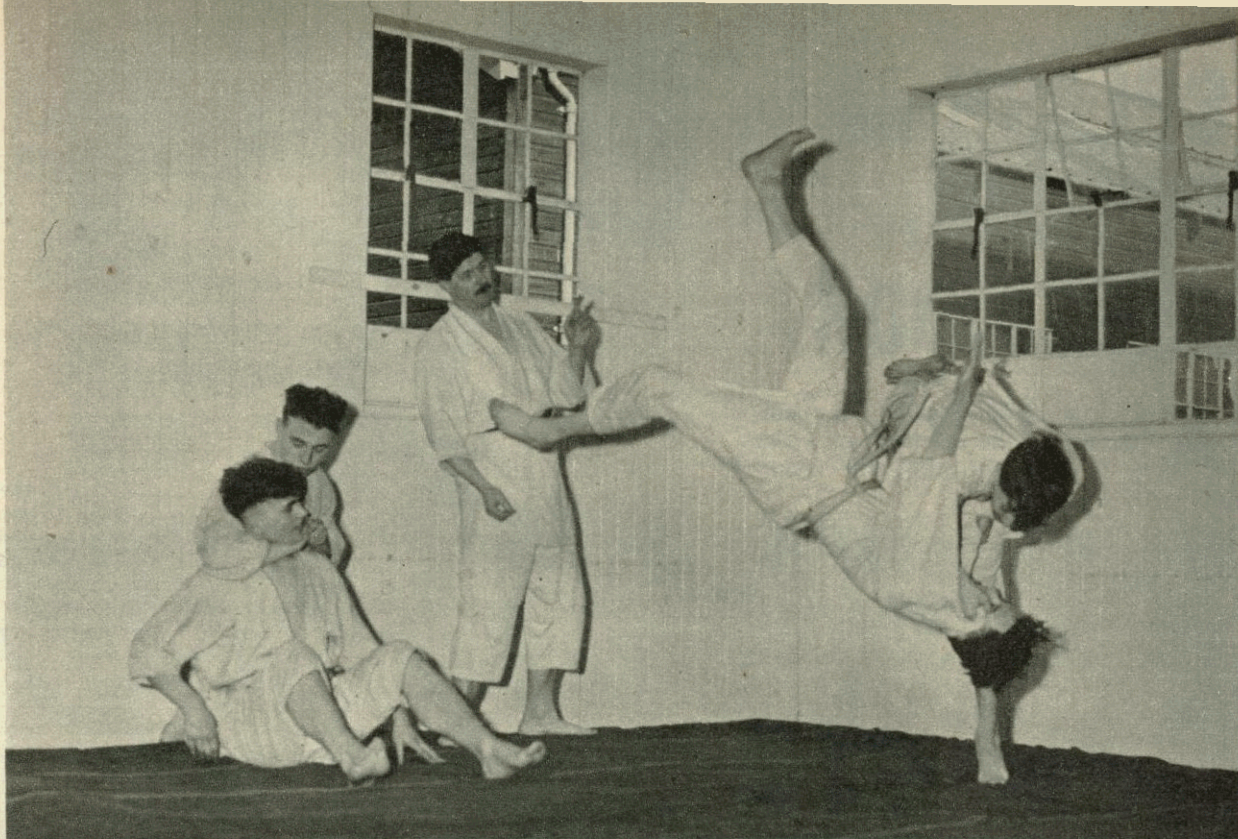
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SPORT

Major Mike Harvey watches closely as his class of Infantry Junior Leaders practise their skills. He won the coveted Black Belt in the Kodokwan Club, Tokio, most famous Judo club in the world.



GETTING TO GRIPS WITH JUDO

LTHE young men in white canvas jackets who throw each other to the floor with determined concentration are becoming a familiar sight in regimental gymnasiums.

They are exponents of the gentle art of Judo, a combative sport which is rapidly growing in popularity in the Army under the direction of the recently-formed Army Judo Association. It will not be long, say some experts, before Judo becomes one of the Army's leading sports. Many soldiers, most of them Regulars, are already Black Belt instructors.

The growth of Judo in the Army is largely due to Major Michael Harvey (he won the MC with the Glosters at the Battle of the Imjim, in Korea), the Army Judo Association's leading expert, who was awarded his

Black Belt in Japan ten years ago. Today, one of his jobs is teaching judo to the Infantry Junior Leaders Regiment at Oswestry.

Expert in all normal Judo practice, Major Harvey says: "One thing we do not want Judo confused with is the crude method of self-defence taught at the end of the last war. Besides being the art of self-defence it is also an enjoyable and invigorating sport."

Another leading exponent of Judo in the Army is Warrant Officer J. Mitchell, of the Infantry Junior Leaders Regiment, who was awarded his Black Belt in Germany and is a contender for the British Judo team in the European championships.

The Army's link with Judo goes back to the beginning of this century when a Sapper

named Barton-Wright brought to Britain the first of the Japanese Ju-Jitsu experts, Sada Uyenishi, who was employed as an instructor in this new art on the Gymnastics Staff at Aldershot. But it was only after World War Two that the Army set up its own clubs.

Today, the Army's clubs conform to teaching and practice common throughout Europe and in training split into two sections, *Kata* and *Randovi*. In *Kata*, learners are shown how to make their moves slowly to avoid accidents and in *Randovi*, contestants move about freely, attempting throwing and grappling. Stages of proficiency are marked by coloured belts worn around the waist: white for a beginner and then through yellow, orange, green, blue and brown to black, the highest of all.

T. GLYNN



Lance-Corporal Carey, RAOC, who also has a Black Belt, is in trouble as his opponent grips him suddenly in a tight stranglehold.

But the tables are turned as Carey throws his man and applies a powerful arm lock, with one leg on his neck just for luck.

SPLASH AND SQUISH ON DARTMOOR

AN icy wind whipped across Dartmoor, lashing the rain and sleet into a fury as the storm turned the boggy ground into a quagmire.

"A lovely day for a ride," said one drenched soldier to another. And so it was. Never before in the history of the Army's Dartmoor Motorcycle Trials had conditions been so gruelling and seldom have men and machines been put through as tough a test.

Nearly 100 of the best motorcyclists, all riding Service machines, from Regular Army, Territorial Army and Royal Marines units in Southern Command left the start-line in the first of the two tests—a 12-mile cross-country time trial full of unexpected hazards. It was not long before the ranks were thinned. Many came to grief as they slithered along treacherous cart tracks, roared up steep, rock-covered hills, dropped down through boulder-strewn streams and manoeuvred over boggy ground where some

Eyes on the stop-watch and eyes on the starter as Sgt K. Medland, of the winning 1 Training Battalion, RASC team, prepares for the cross-country event.

machines embedded themselves up to their gear boxes.

But last year's winner—Staff-Sergeant J. Johnstone, from the School of Electrical and Mechanical Engineering—had little difficulty as he expertly picked his way along the course and returned, comparatively spick and span, with no points lost. Close behind came Sergeant F. Johns, Depot and Training Establishment, Royal Military Police, Lance-Corporal P. L. Coppuck, 1 Training Battalion, RASC, each with one penalty point, and Sergeant A. Stirzaker, Royal Marines (Portsmouth) with three.

The second part of the trials—negotiating 15 different types of cleverly contrived hazards—was an even more searching test than the first as the riders tried their skill at driving along river beds, up and down

Corporal Emmerson, of 6 Battalion, RASC, is well and truly bogged down in the mud and has to call for help from a marshal and fellow competitor.

almost perpendicular sides of quarries, along steep, rocky outcrops and through swamp. Again Staff-Sergeant Johnstone excelled, losing only 11 points to retain the individual championship, with Sergeant Stirzaker second, only two points behind.

The winning Territorial was Private W. Hine, Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry and the team award went to 1 Training Battalion, RASC, with the School of Electrical and Mechanical Engineering, second.



Corporal P. Welch, of The Dorset Regiment (TA), takes a Dartmoor stream at speed and almost comes to grief as his machine skids.



SPORT

continued

TINGEY TAKES THE TITLE

Major M. J. W. Tingey, Royal Artillery, a semi-finalist last year, had little difficulty winning this year's Army Squash rackets championship, reaching the final and beating his opponent without losing a game.

Major Tingey quickly asserted his superiority over Captain M. G. P. Chignell, of The Royal Hampshire Regiment, in the final and 22 minutes later had won the match 9-4, 9-3, 9-1. The new champion excelled with his drop shots, which often left Chignell floundering, and his command of length enabled him to dominate most of the rallies.

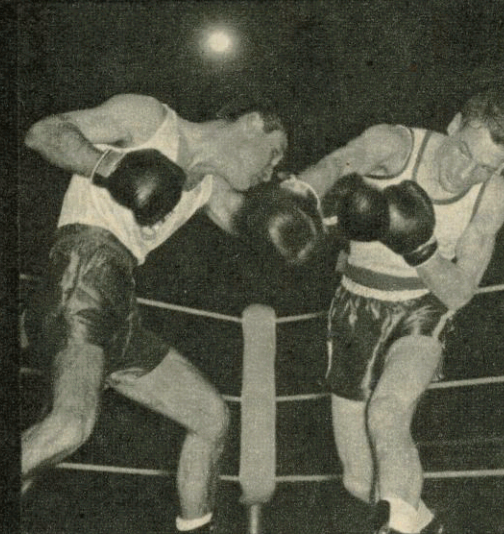
The Women's Royal Army Corps championship was won by Captain M. F. MacLagan who beat Captain M. F. Scott 9-1, 9-6, 9-0.



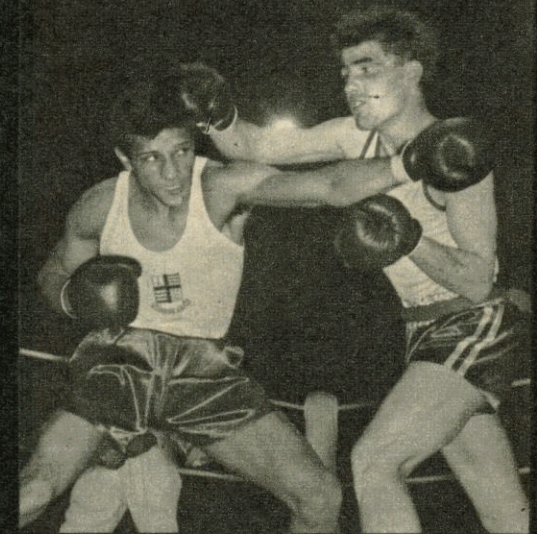
Maj Tingey, Army 1961-62 squash champion.



L/Cpl A. Hoare, RWF (left), who was beaten on points, measures his man with a right.



Bombardier R. Woodcock, 16 LAA Regt, RA, who also lost on points, misses with a right.



And Private Jim Lloyd, RAOC, who won on points, is all set for a hefty left hand.

A ROUGH TIME IN THE RING

THE Army is having a rough time in the boxing ring. For the third occasion in four weeks its team has been beaten, first by Wales, then by London and now by Scotland.

The trouble? The Army has a hard core of five outstanding fighters—Private Jim Lloyd, Private Bob Keddie, Lance-Corporal Brian Brazier and Troopers John Caiger and Bobby Taylor—who, when they are on form, can reasonably be expected to win. But that is not enough. At least two more victories are needed if the team is to win. And with the disappearance of some of the stars through demobilisation

the future prospects look even more grim.

The Army's defeat by London by eight bouts to five was its first since 1957 and was largely due to the unexpected failure of two ISBA and Army champions—Trooper Taylor (lightweight) and Private Tom Menzies (light-heavyweight), both of whom were beaten on points. Thus the vital balance of power was lost.

The Army got off to a bad start when Lance-Corporal W. Pinkerton, Depot Regiment, RE, was knocked out in the first round of his flyweight fight, a sad repetition of his fate in the match against Wales a week earlier. Then London rubbed it in by

winning the next four bouts before Lance-Corporal Delbridge, 1st Battalion, The Royal Welch Fusiliers, won his lightweight fight on points and Lance-Corporal Brian Brazier (light-welter) of The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment, outpointed his man. Private Jim Lloyd (welter), Private R. Keddie, both of 14 Battalion, RAOC, and Trooper Caiger were the only other soldiers to chalk up victories.

In the Scotland match the Army lost by six bouts to four, Lance-Corporal Brazier and Private Lloyd repeating their London wins, while Private Menzies and Corporal J. Simisker (heavyweight), also won.

SPORTS SHORTS

THE Duke of Wellington's Regiment, celebrated their return to Britain from Kenya recently by scoring 49 points in their Army Rugby Cup competition match against the 3rd Carabiniers.

Other big scores in the competition have been made by The Royal Welch Fusiliers, who beat the Grenadier Guards 29-0, and The King's Own Scottish Borderers, who thrashed 8 Signal Regiment by 22-0 and followed this up with a 22-3 win over 9 Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps.

The Army and Imperial Services light-heavyweight champion, Private Tom Menzies, of The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, added another victory to his long list of successes when he won the light-heavyweight class of the four-country international tournament in Dublin, gaining a points decision in the final against Dai Paley, of Wales.

The new President of the Army Athletic Association is Major-General Charles Harington DSO, MC, who was the British Army 440 yards hurdles champion and record holder in 1939.

The Army made a fine start to the cross-country season by beating the combined Loughborough Colleges at Lichfield by 23 points to 71. Eight of the first men home were soldiers and the winner was the Army captain, Warrant Officer Mike Bryant, of 16 Parachute Ordnance Field Park/Workshops. He covered the six-and-a-quarter mile course in 32 mins 50 secs. Private S. Edwards, 9 Battalion, ROAC, was second and Sergeant G. Burt, Parachute Regt, third. But against a strong Polytechnic Harriers team the Army narrowly lost by 55 points to 50, although two of the first three men home were soldiers—Sergeant Burt, Parachute Regiment, second and WO Bryant, third.

L * E * T * T * E * R * S

CAP BADGES

I am sure that all Regular Infantrymen fully share Mr. S. Cooke's sorrow at the disappearance of regimental cap badges (SOLDIER, December, 1961). To deprive Regular battalions of their cap badges, some of which were virtually battle honours, and to replace them with brigade badges was an unnecessary outrage. Some form of sleeve or shoulder device would better have served the intended purpose.

The new badges are meaningless since the brigades in question are not, and never can be, fighting formations. It is ironical that the only battalions now permitted to wear a regimental cap badge are those whose origins were entirely distinct from those of the Regular regiments to which the badges rightly belong, and only affiliated in more or less recent times and long after the badges had been won or granted.

Mr. Cooke's memory is, however, at fault regarding the title "Loyal." This originated with the 81st Loyal Lincoln Volunteers, which in 1881 was amalgamated with the 47th (Lancashire) Regiment to form the 2nd and 1st Battalions respectively of The Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. "Wolfe's Own" was what the 47th was known as at Louisburg and Quebec.—Lieut-Col J. E. Hume DSO (Retd), (Commanding 2nd Bn, The Loyal Regt 1935-1939), Cheltenham Branch, Old Contemptibles Assn, 8 Evelyn Close, Greatfield Drive, Charlton Kings, Cheltenham, Glos.

Even if, as Mr. Cooke points out, the Army must move with the times, it was enough that so many old and glorious regiments should have been

amalgamated with others, in some cases not even from a neighbouring county.

To any old soldier his regimental cap badge has always been a most cherished possession, second only to the Colours, and it need not have been superseded. It is also a matter of regret that some of the new brigade badges leave so much to be desired in design.—V. A. Trapani, 134 Lexham Gardens, London, W8.

SCHOOL UNIFORM

When posted from England to Malaya we understood that it was to be for a three-year tour of duty. Children at school had to be fitted with school uniforms, though many parents could not afford it. Now, after moving to Hong Kong, we are told that we must provide yet another uniform. Why do not all BFES schools have a standard uniform?—"Disgruntled," FARELF.

★ The War Office is considering the introduction of a standard school uniform, possibly available through NAAFI, for use wherever Service families are stationed. School uniforms are not compulsory and parents are not expected to incur undue expense. In a number of schools an exchange system operates.

LONG SERVICE

In my family were three quarter-masters with a total of 102 years' service, most of it with The Middlesex Regiment. My father, Captain M. W. Farrow, served for 35 years; my brother, Major H. Farrow, for 36 years and myself for 31 years. Three other brothers also served in the Forces, all reaching warrant rank. My father

served for many years as RSM in the 1st Battalion, The Middlesex Regiment, and later my brother held the same position in the same Battalion. Can any other family equal or better this record?—Captain A. T. Farrow (Retd), 3 Wrights Road, South Norwood, London, SE25.

BROTHERS-IN-ARMS

From time to time SOLDIER mentions units which have an unusual number of brothers but I can recall no unit having so many as the 1st Battalion, The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry.

When the Battalion sailed from Southampton to Singapore in the *Nevasa* on 30 December there were 11 sets of brothers on board: the Dentons, Treadgolds, Robinsons, Benjamins, Bodens, Jurgens, Pearsons, Oxleys, Snowdens and Speaks and the three Ainsworths.

Does anyone know of a unit which has ever had more than eleven sets of brothers serving at the same time?—"Yorkie," Huddersfield.

PEMBROKE DOCK

The street through which the tanks in your picture (SOLDIER, November, 1961, page 5) are being hauled is Water Street, Pembroke Dock. A garrison town for a very long time, Pembroke Dock is some two miles distant from its ancient neighbour, Pembroke.

At the top of the photograph can be seen some of the buildings of Llanion Barracks, which in their time have housed battalions of many famous regiments, and where I enlisted some 34 years ago in the Royal Army Service Corps.

● **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.

Where the trees now stand (in the centre of the photograph) there used to be huts which formerly comprised Llanion Barracks and which date back, I believe, to the Crimean War. Most of them, if not all, have now disappeared. The local council has been debating for some months whether to change its name from the present Pembroke Dock. The town originally grew up round a Royal Dockyard, now long closed.—Lieut-Col (QM) E. L. Clapton, AG2, The War Office, Stanmore, Middlesex.

FAMILY TWOSOME

The interesting record of the four Patton brothers ("Family Foursome," December), reminds me that serving with me in 1949 in 21 HAA Regiment, Royal Artillery, were twin brothers whose name was Twinn. I should like to meet them again and also any other former members of my old Regiment.—L. A. Dando, 2 Laburnum Walk, Stonehouse, Glos.

CONFEDERATE HIGH COMMAND

I hope my friends who are members or officers of the Confederate High Command will forgive my levity when I say that the controversy in your pages reminds me of a spurious glossary of American definitions, which appeared

many years ago when I was resident in that country.

A colonel was defined as "a male inhabitant of Kentucky," the implication being that nobody from that state had served in the scuffle between North and South in anything lower than the rank of colonel. Such is the love of titles in certain quarters of America that in the Deep South it is still, I believe, the custom to elect people honorary colonels of this and that, generally of the State Militia or some voluntary association with a quasi-military title.

However, there is a great interest displayed these days in the American Civil War, which must be the best documented war in history and was, until World War One, probably the one which employed the most troops and certainly the most units, since regiments were often raised for 90 days and re-raised under another title as "Veterans."

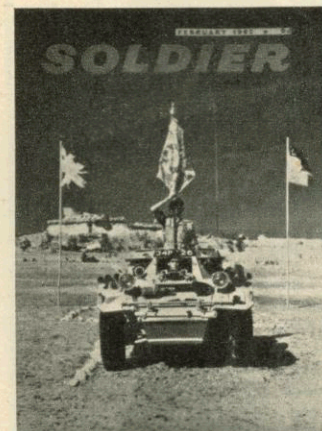
The use of the term "Veteran" in American circles also reminds me of an incident during World War Two, when an American officer of the USAAF, recently drafted to England with the 9th Air Force and who had never seen a day's active service, was asked about the three medal ribbons on his chest. Several of those present were experienced Royal Air Force officers of Bomber Command with about 30 missions to their credit, but not a medal ribbon between them. The young American explained that one ribbon was "Pre-Pearl Harbour," the next ETO (European Theatre of Operations) and the third the VFW (Veteran of Foreign Wars). "Have you seen service in a foreign war?" he was asked. "Oh no," he replied, "I just joined the Association and paid my dues before I left the States!"

It's all according to one's point of view, one might say.—W. Jacques Steeple, Hon. Sec., The Military Historical Society, 115 Broomwood Road, London, SW11.

MALAY STATES GUIDES

My late father served in The Malay States Guides which was raised in Malaya in the 1890s and disbanded after World War One. I would like to know the address of the Record Office and to hear from any officer of the Regiment who still survives and may have known my father.—Major Gian Singh (Retd), The Ex-Soldiers' Farms, P.O. Pendra Road, Madhya Pradesh, India.

★ The Malay States Guides was raised in Malaya in 1896, served against the Turks in Aden in World War One, and was disbanded about 1920, the last year they appeared in the Army List.



FRONT COVER

SOLDIER's Cover Picture, by Frank Covey, shows the Regimental Standard of the 2nd Royal Tank Regiment being trooped in a Ferret scout car on a recent parade near Tripoli.

The Standard, which was presented by the Queen in October, 1960, is now trooped by the Regiment on all important mounted parades.

The Standard bearer in the picture is RQMS G. McKee MM and the driver is Lance-Corporal J. J. Condon.

SOLDIER has been unable to trace any official records of the Regiment, and it may well be that these were lost in Malaya, as were many others, during the Japanese occupation in World War Two.



WHAT IS IT?

While going through some old family photographs recently I came across this picture (above). Can SOLDIER identify the uniform and, if it is a military one, state what regiment and date?—J. Drayner, 11 Kelso Drive, River View Park, Gravesend, Kent. ★ **SOLDIER** is stumped. Can any reader help?

NOT FAKED

As a former tank commander and an amateur photographer I challenge your statement that the puzzle picture on page 8 of the November, 1961, issue shows the reflection of light on smoke and cordite fumes of five tank guns firing at night. No two shots, even from the same gun barrel look remotely alike so I would say that the picture is of one shot printed five times.—B. F. H. Richards, 294 Birdbrook Road, Great Barr, Birmingham.

★ **SOLDIER**'s picture was not faked but was an authentic, untouched reproduction of a photograph, taken by Staff Cameraman Peter O'Brien, of five tanks in line firing at night. The patterns produced by the flash of the guns on the smoke and cordite fumes were remarkably similar and it was for this reason that **SOLDIER** published the picture.

THE RAINMAKERS

Your interesting article describing how men of the Royal Army Service Corps made rain in Kenya by bombarding the clouds with packets of salt, reminds me that the 1st Battalion, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, is now known among the Masai tribesmen of Kenya as "The Rainmakers."

During a brigade exercise last year in the Aberdare mountains the Dukes set up camp in a particularly arid area of the Masai territory where there had been almost no rain for 40 years. As soon as the Battalion was settled in, a real deluge descended and local tribesmen excitedly visited the Dukes to congratulate them on their miraculous powers. Although the Dukes tried hard to assure the Masai that they had

nothing to do with the downpour the tribesmen insisted that they had brought the rain and dubbed them "Rainmakers."—"Iron Duke," Halifax.

FASTER STILL

In your November issue you state that a team from the 1st Battalion, 2nd King Edward VII's Own Gurkha Rifles, had captured the record for the ascent of Mount Kinabalu, in North Borneo, with a time of 12 hours and 17 minutes.

This record no longer stands. A party from the 1st Battalion, 10th Princess Mary's Own Gurkha Rifles, under similar conditions and carrying similar kit to the 2nd KEO Gurkha Rifles' team, has clipped 2 hours 23 minutes off the previous record, taking 9 hours 54 minutes for the return journey up and down the mountain. The photograph (below) shows some of our party

OVER



Collectors' Corner

André Coilliot, 12 Rue Raoul Briquet, Beaurains, par Arras, Pas-de-Calais, France. Exchange Belgian, French, German cap badges for Canadian badges of both world wars and other British and Commonwealth badges of World War One only.

A. Hunt, 20 Dymchurch House, Fifth Avenue, Wymering, Portsmouth, Hants. Cap badges of 22nd and 25th Dragoons and 26th Hussars.

L. A. Dando, 2 Laburnham Walk, Stonehouse, Glos. British and Commonwealth badges.

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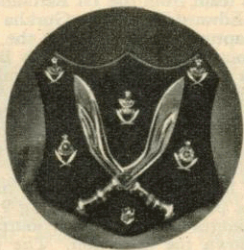
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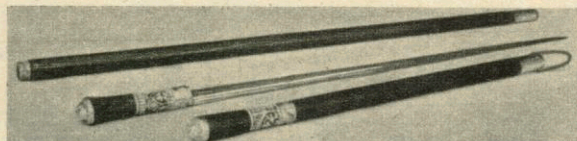
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PRIZE WINNERS

The winners of *SOLDIER's* "Quick Crossword" in November, 1961 were:

1. Corporal E. Kiddle, CDO, 6 Trg Bn, RASC, Houndstone Camp, Yeovil.

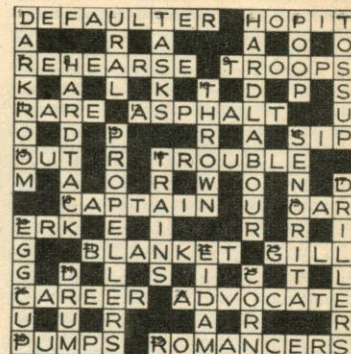
2. Gunner J. Giblin, King's Troop RHA, Ordnance Hill, London, NW8.

3. Sergeant A. R. Ezard, RASC, CIGS Secretariat, War Office.

4. Major A. Yardley, No. 1 Ammunition Inspectorate, BFPO 15.

5. Mr. John Lewis, 34, Princess Street, Maesteg, Glamorgan.

6. Major K. E. Stewart, Eve Leary, PO Box 861, Georgetown, British Guiana.



CORRECT SOLUTION

more letters

sitting on top of the mountain.—
Capt B. M. Niven, 1/10 Gurkha Rifles, Majedee Barracks, Johore Bahru, Johore, Malaya.

WEBB NOT FIRST

In your article "A Sapper Tackles The Channel" (August) you say that Captain Matthew Webb was the first man to swim the English Channel.

I had always thought so, too. But now Francois Oppenheim, in his history of swimming, recently published in France, says the honour belongs to an Italian soldier, Jean-Marie Saletti. It seems that in 1815, after the battle of Waterloo, Saletti was imprisoned in a hulk anchored off Dover. One night he dived overboard and, guided by the stars, swam to France, landing on a beach close to Boulogne. No one believed Saletti's story at the time.

M. Oppenheim says Saletti's claim is supported by the official accounts from the Royal Navy of British and French soldiers swimming long distances across the English Channel during and after Dunkirk in 1940.—"Nager," Poole, Dorset.

CANOE CLUB

In your August issue ("Paddling to Paris by Canoe") you state that "Captain Richards presented his canoe to Rochester Borstal, where a canoe club has been started for the boys."

As chairman of the Canoe Section of the "Four Admirals Club" I would like to mention that we are a well established Club and that it is several years since we "started." We have been associated with the Royal Navy Supply School Canoe Club for the last two years as sponsors of the Medway Challenge Canoe Race and hold the record of 4 hours 9 minutes for the 30-mile course. We often undertake long expeditions and help as much as possible to encourage any form of adventure training.

We build canoes for our own use and for other organisations and have developed our own special design of

fibre glass double craft, some of which have been in use for over two years.—
P. Antwis, Principal Teacher, Education Centre, HM Borstal, Rochester.

CHANGI

I am writing the history of Changi from its beginnings in 1926 to the present day and would be glad if any of your readers who served, or were prisoners-of-war there, would contact me.

Any details or reminiscences of events during these 35 years, no matter how small, will be much appreciated. Photographs and drawings will be particularly helpful and will be treated with the greatest care and, if necessary, returned after copying.—Flight Lieutenant T. R. H. Lyons, Temple Hill Officers' Mess, Royal Air Force, Changi, Singapore 17.

VAAGSO RAID

I am writing an account of the Vaagso raid which took place in December, 1941, and would be grateful if any reader of *SOLDIER* who took part in this operation (or knows of others who did) would get into touch with me.—
Captain J. H. Devins Jr, Hq Co, Off. Stu. Det, US Army Language School, Monterey, California, USA.

INDIAN VASE

I have a small engraved Indian silver vase which I found in a second-hand shop in Woolwich some years ago. On its base is the following inscription: "Presented by Lt Stevenson, High Lt Inf., to RA Mess, Lucknow, July 1887." Does any reader know from what circumstance this may have originated?—
L. Lambertstock, 34 Southcote Farm Lane, Reading, Berks.

Re-unions

York and Lancaster Regt.

Sergeants' Dinner Club annual meeting and dinner, Endcliffe Hall, Sheffield 10, Saturday, 17 February. Applications for tickets (7s 6d) and donations to RSM A. Howard (Hon. Sec.), Endcliffe Hall, Sheffield 10.

Notices of Corps and Regimental re-unions and similar events should be sent to the Editor, *SOLDIER*, 433 Holloway Road, London, N.7, at least six weeks before the event is due to take place. No charge will be made for announcements.

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HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(See page 29)

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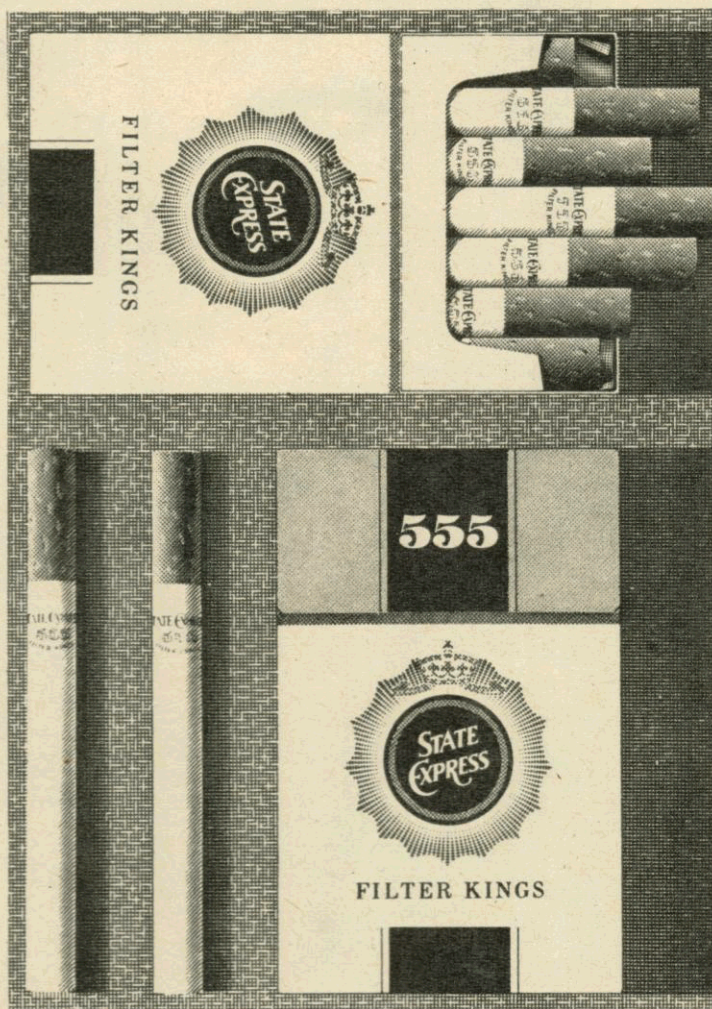
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IRENA DEMICH
—in "The Longest Day"