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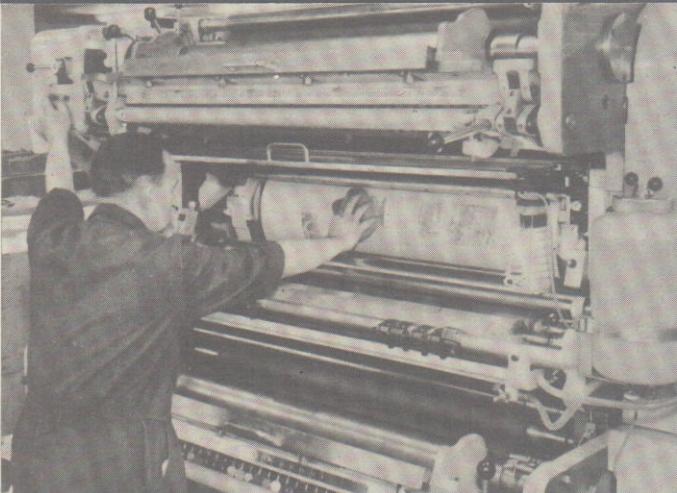
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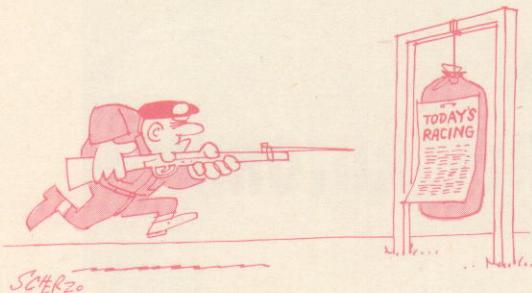
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Next month's SOLDIER will include the story of a Gurkha soldier's trek home into the Himalayan foothills; The Queen's Own Buffs training in Canada; Highland Division Territorials in Norway; humour by Larry ("RSM and Son"); and a novel photo-map reading prize competition. The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers will be featured in the "Your Regiment" series and the sports spotlight will fall on free fall parachuting.

Editor: PETER N WOOD
 Deputy Editor/Feature Writer: PETER J DAVIES
 Feature Writer: RUSSELL F MILLER
 Art Editor: FRANK R FINCH
 Research: DAVID H CLIFFORD
 Picture Editor: WILLIAM J STIRLING
 Photographers: ARTHUR C BLUNDELL,
 FRANK TOMPSETT, PETER O'BRIEN
 Circulation Manager: K PEMBERTON WOOD

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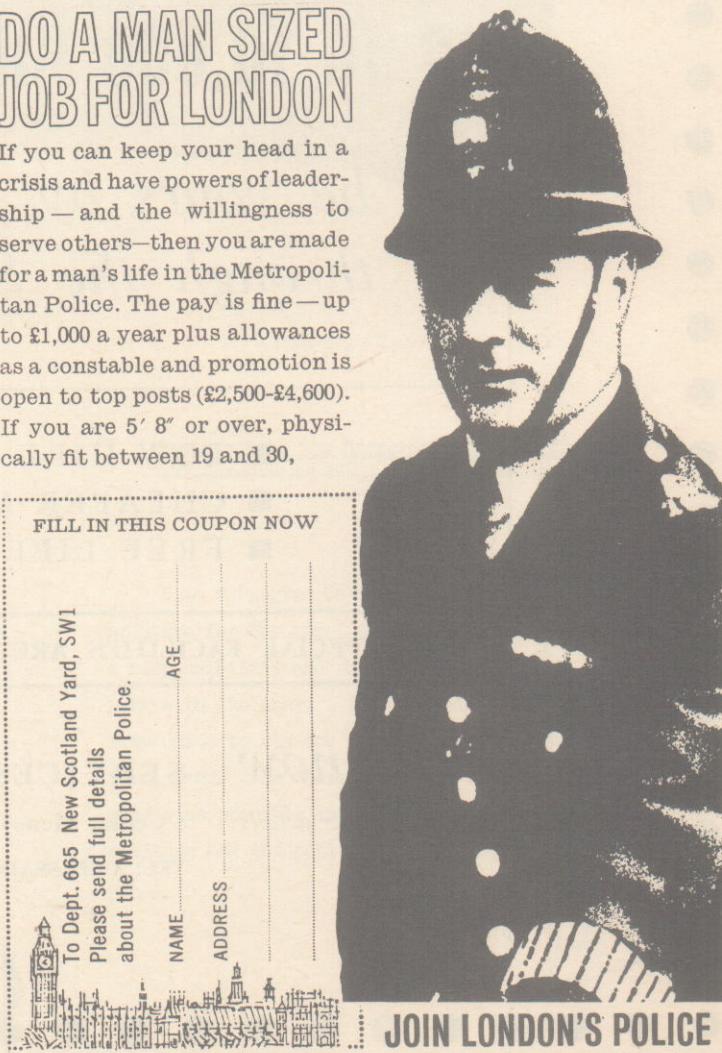
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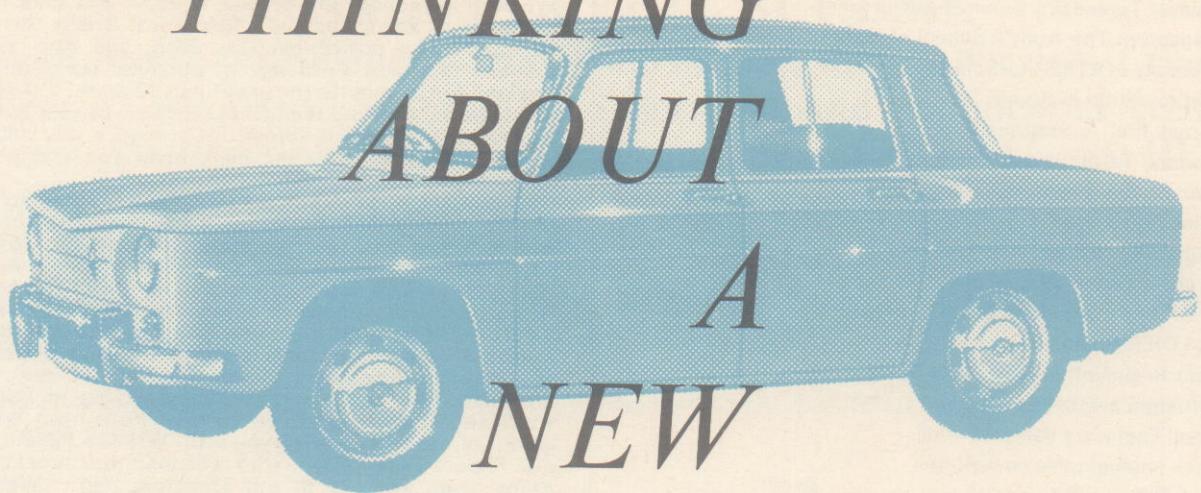
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Picture by FRANK TOMPSETT

THE MAN AT THE TOP

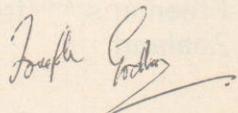
The new Secretary of State for War, Mr Joseph Godber, pictured above at his desk in the War Office, has been Minister of State at the Foreign Office since 1961 and Britain's chief spokesman at the disarmament talks in Geneva. Previously he was Parliamentary Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office and, before then, was for three years Joint Parliamentary Under-Secretary at the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries.

Mr Godber, who is 49, entered the Commons as Member for Grantham in 1951. A nurseryman by profession, he was exempt from military service during World War Two.

And this is the War Minister's message to SOLDIER:

Statement by the Secretary of State for War The Rt. Hon. Joseph Godber, M.P., to Soldier Magazine

I am very glad to have been appointed Secretary of State for War and I am deeply conscious of what a responsibility and what an opportunity it is to work with the Army. It is my intention to get round Army units to see the various problems there are at first hand. In doing so I hope to meet as many people as possible and to learn at first hand the attitude and the outlook of the Army as a whole.



WAIOURU ROAD

Walk down any street in Terendak Camp and

WOLLONGONG CLOSE

you will find an international atmosphere.

PERTH AVENUE

Here, in this sun-drenched, Army-built town on

CORNWALL RD

Malaya's west coast, British, Australian and New Zealand soldiers and

HOBART AVE

their families live, work and play together in . . .

COMMONWEALTH RD

■ Maori children play ball with British youngsters, an Australian housewife and another from Leeds share a chat over the shopping baskets before rushing home to prepare lunch for their soldier husbands.

This is Terendak Camp, housing 28th Commonwealth Infantry Brigade Group, a formation born of the Korean War and now maintained by Britain, Australia and New Zealand as a fully air-portable "fire-brigade" watching over the interests of the Commonwealth and its friends in the Far East.

Continuing their Far East tour, Peter Davies and Cameraman Frank Tompsett capture the international family atmosphere of this unique community by introducing three families, from contrasting parts of the world, whose lives have crossed and overlapped at Terendak.

Introducing:

At Number 23, the Folbiggs, from Sydney, Australia;

Opposite, at Number 24, the Castelows, from Leeds, England;

And, two doors down the road, the Freemans, from Dunedin, New Zealand.



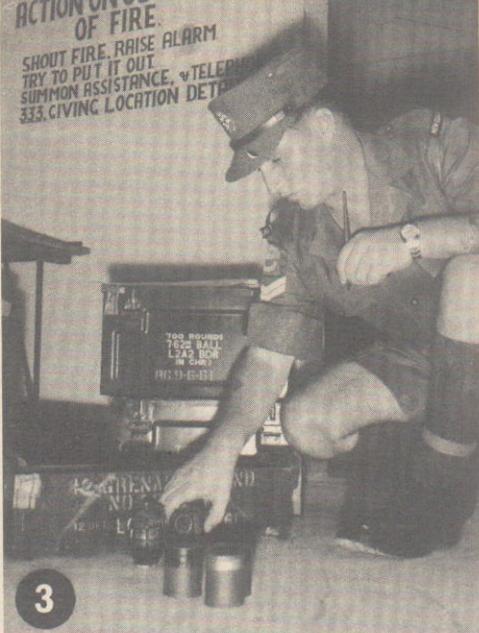
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2

Three breadwinners, all with eyes down on the job in hand. Concentrating on a signal he is sending by key from the back of a *Land-Rover* is Corporal Ray Folbigg, Signal Centre Supervisor in 208 Commonwealth Signal Squadron, the Brigade's one fully-integrated British-Australian unit. Corporal Folbigg, who has three Australian and four British Signalmen under him, joined the Army four years ago after 12 years in the Navy. His two-year tour in Terendak ends in November. His comment: "We would stay another two years if we could."

"Down the road a piece" another soldier studies a list. This is Staff-Sergeant Colin Castelow, quartermaster-sergeant of 11 Independent Field Squadron, checking some of the unit's diving equipment. Much travelled during his 19 years as a Sapper—Egypt, Cyprus, Malta, Trieste, Corsica, Italy, Sardinia, Libya, Gibraltar—he is unimpressed by Terendak: "We were in Northern Malaya up to June last year. There was more to do in the evenings up there. But the housing here is very good."



3

Out of sight in a Nissen hut, behind a thick shielding wall, Corporal Noel Freeman counts hand grenades. A storeman of the 1st Battalion, The New Zealand Regiment, he has charge of the ammunition, working amid an explosive mixture of rockets, detonators, fuses and flares. With the Battalion kept constantly on its toes by a series of training exercises, Corporal Freeman has a busy time issuing ammunition and accepting unused rounds back after operations: "I like it here and so does the family. The food is dearer, but with 'location allowance' we have twice as much money as we would have back at home in New Zealand."



4

It is playtime at Terendak Primary School and nine-year-old Lynda Folbigg and her friends mime a tea party in a game of "Red Riding Hood" on the grass adjoining the playground. The playtime pantomime's international cast includes Jennifer Hawkins from New Zealand and Rosemary Burwell from Britain. Sharing school with children from such differing backgrounds, the youngsters develop a broad outlook and an accent and vocabulary that can only be described as "Commonwealth."



5

Playtime is over, but with the school sports due this afternoon there is little hope of any concentrated work during the morning. A quiz on past work is the thing, and nine-year-old Michael Castelow tests the opposing side with a sticky one: "How many sixpences in a pound?" Of the school's 600 children, 350 are British, 150 Australian and 100 New Zealand. Teaching is on British lines and by British staff, but everyone learns Commonwealth history and geography.

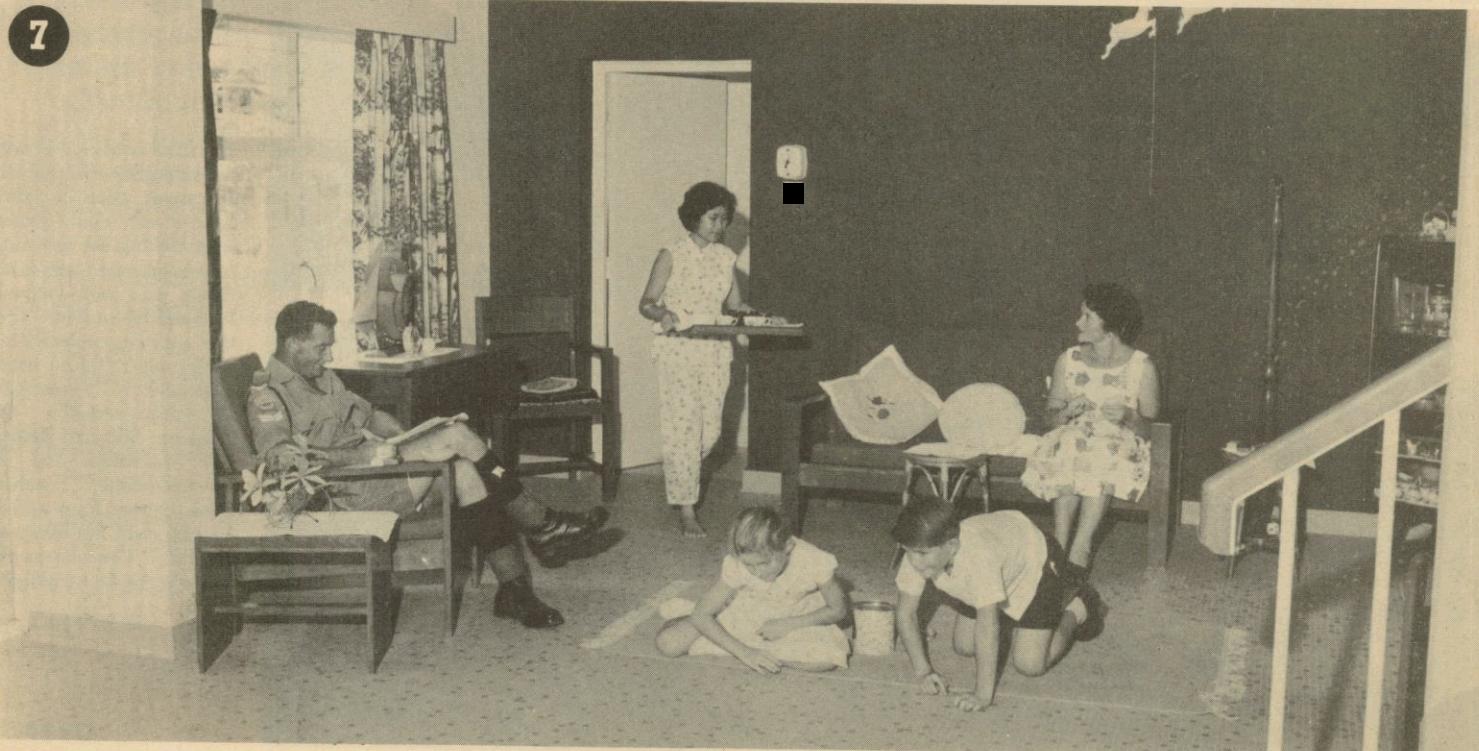
OVER . . .

PAGE 7



But Michael's four-year-old sister, Christine, hardly cares about history, geography or six-pences in the pound; not yet, anyway. She just concentrates on not falling from this swing shared with Tina Docherty (left) and pushed by a coloured playmate, Gerry Parkinson. For Christine, a couple of disused contractors' huts have become a wonderland of toys and games, thanks to a few enterprising wives who acquired the huts, decorated them, built up a stockpile of sturdy toys and, presto!—a kindergarten.

After lunch, the Folbigg family relaxes in the lounge as the Chinese *amah*, Tan Ah Lan, serves coffee. Mrs Iris Folbigg, like the other wives at Terendak, appreciates the standard of home the three Armies have provided. A Londoner, she met her husband after emigrating to Australia in 1950. One Australian interest she has adopted is team-marching. She and her husband both instruct one of the camp's six teams, which cover age groups from four to eleven and are made up of girls from all three countries. Mrs Folbigg's husband has been president of the 700-strong Junior Ranks Club since it opened, and is a keen sportsman. At 34 he still plays full-back for his unit Rugby team, and he also plays golf, cricket and tennis. His son, Kenneth (11), shares his father's interest in sport and has a big afternoon ahead of him at the school sports, as a house captain and anchor man in the house relay team.

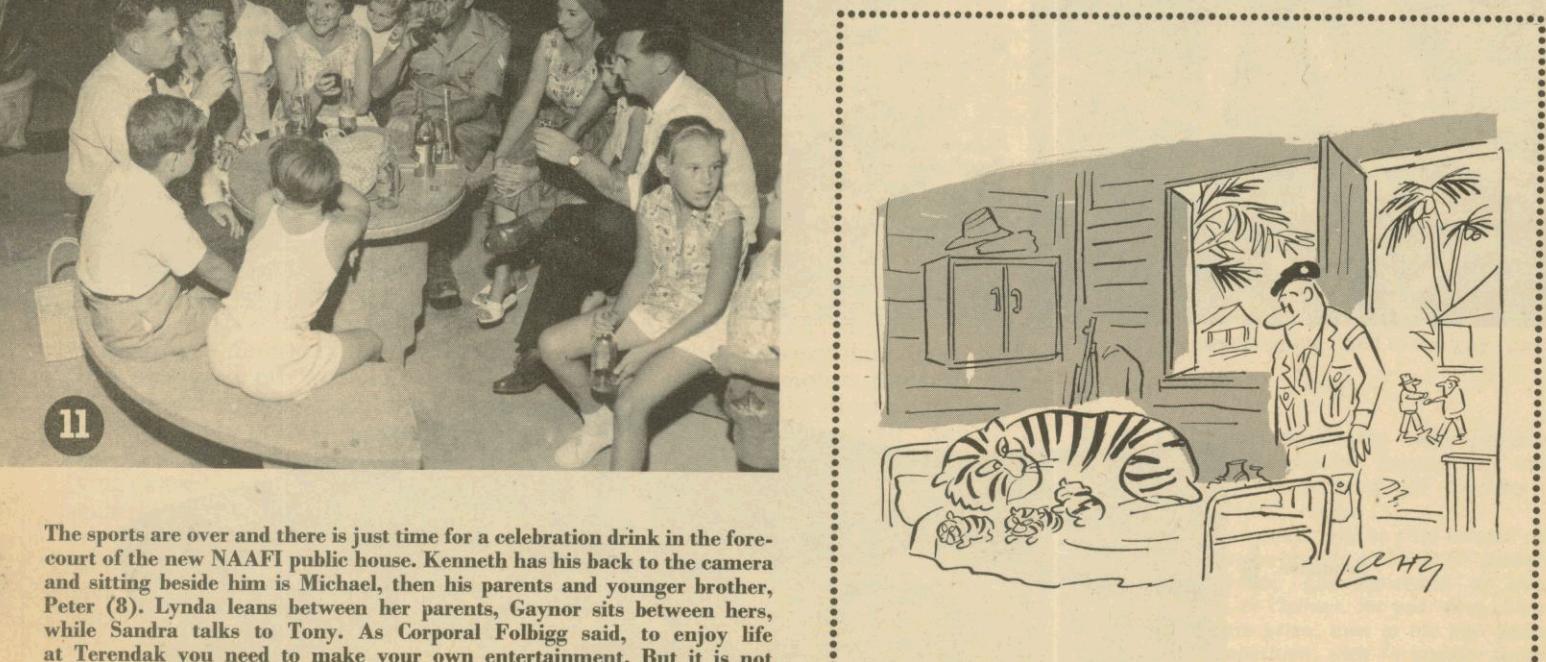


◀ Climax of the school sports, and here's young Kenneth breasting the tape after streaking away from the opposition in the relay race.

As he receives his cup, as captain of the champion house, from Mrs Knight, wife of Lieutenant-Colonel C E Knight, the Deputy Garrison Commander, Kenneth's proud parents (standing second and third from right) join in the applause. Next to Mrs Folbigg are Mrs Rose Freeman, Staff-Sergeant Castelow and Corporal Freeman.



The sports are over and there is just time for a celebration drink in the forecourt of the new NAAFI public house. Kenneth has his back to the camera and sitting beside him is Michael, then his parents and younger brother, Peter (8). Lynda leans between her parents, Gaynor sits between hers, while Sandra talks to Tony. As Corporal Folbigg said, to enjoy life at Terendak you need to make your own entertainment. But it is not difficult. There's always plenty of good company. And there's the sunshine...



But before the sports the Freemans have time to pile into their 1959 *Cresta* and drive down to the beach for a bathe. That's Gaynor (9) on the airbed, with sister Sandra about to join her. Five-year-old Tony scans the horizon with his toy telescope as Mrs Rose Freeman hauls the "galleon" through the waves. "We've been all over Malaya in the car," said Corporal Freeman. "It is a much better vehicle than I could afford at home. I bought it here for very little more than I got for my 1950 *Vanguard* in New Zealand." Mrs Freeman's chief relaxation is tennis—she plays three times a week—and the girls are both members of marching teams.

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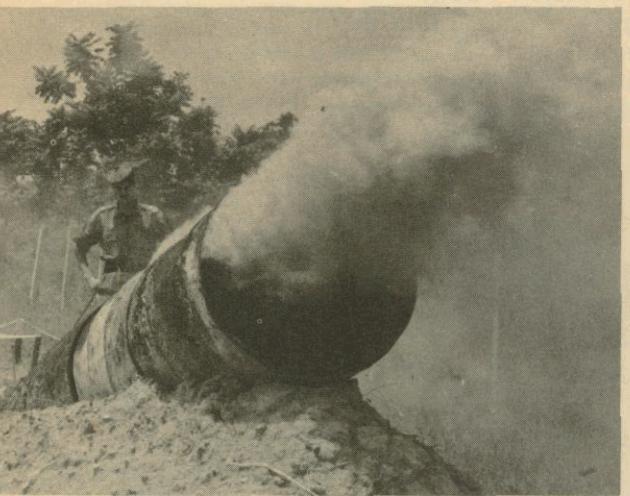
The Terendak Camp project was begun in a small way in 1956 and in earnest in 1958 after the three Governments had agreed to participate and share the costs. Today the 4750-acre site accommodates a population of about 10,000. The near 1000 married quarters are down by the sea near the beach clubs and swimming pools (completed at last after long delays) and there are tennis courts, basketball courts, all-ranks' golf course, all-ranks' sailing club, and the NAAFI has built a supermarket, arcade of shops and a public house.

The brigade includes 1st Battalion, The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry; 2nd Battalion, The Royal Australian Regiment; 1st Battalion, The New Zealand Regiment; a British Gunner regiment with an Australian battery attached and a British Sapper squadron with an Australian troop.

The present Brigade Commander is a New Zealander, Brigadier R B Dawson DSO, who has a British brigade major and an Australian in charge of administration. The appointments change every two years.



Above: Officers of The Queen's Own Highlanders, attending a special one-day course, watch Gurkha students in action. Right: A patient is borne on a skilfully built bamboo stretcher.



One of several methods of incineration set up for display in the school area.

Below: Just a few examples of what the jungle could provide in an emergency.



Prudence!



FEATURING THE BATTLE AGAINST DISEASE

FOUGHT AT NEE SOON

THE Gurkha soldier lay as he had fallen in the thick of the jungle, his leg apparently broken. Skilfully his comrade dressed the wound, using jungle vine to bind the injured leg to the sound one. Then swiftly and deftly he fashioned a stretcher of bamboo, eased his patient on to it and carried him back to civilization—just 20 yards away!

For this was just another demonstration in the jungle-on-the-doorstep that provides the realistic setting for many of the lessons taught at the Army's School of Health, Singapore. This tiny unit, tucked away in a corner of the Far East Training Centre, Nee Soon, is dedicated to keeping the soldier fit and well and able to take care of himself in jungle conditions.

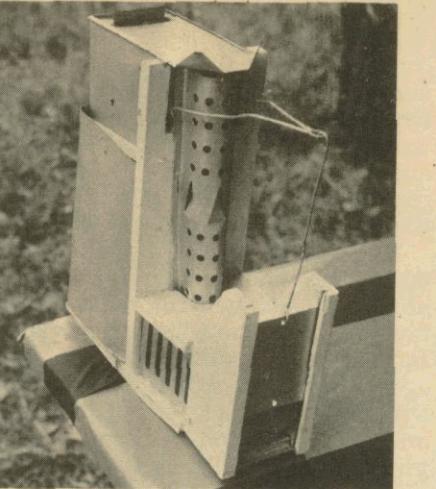
More than 3500 students went through the School last year on courses ranging from first aid to rodent control, from regimental sanitation to water purification, and most of them taught in three languages—English, Malay and Gurkali. There are special courses arranged for wives, courses for senior officers (including generals) and there has even been a course for a Brownie pack.

In the jungle the student learns to live in Robinson Crusoe style. He learns to fashion from bamboo a fork, spoon, needle, water bottle—even a pair of scissors—and to make vessels from leaves or coco-nut shells.

He is taught to improvise in taking care of an injured comrade, using leaves as dressings (the rain-washed upper part of a leaf is practically sterile), vine for rope, and bamboo for splints, crutches or stretcher. For larger units, a consulting room and treatment room can be built from branches and leaves.

The day-to-day routine of jungle hygiene is constantly pressed home, the School working closely with the Army's Jungle Warfare School in Malaya (see SOLDIER, July). Students are taught that a night's stop in the jungle means first building their *bashas*—there are at least 25 different types—and latrine, then stripping off wet clothes, getting dry, powdering feet, attending promptly to cuts and grazes, donning shorts and baseball boots, filtering and purifying water, taking paludrine tablets against malaria, changing into the one dry set of clothes with shirt sleeves rolled down, smearing hands, face and neck with insect repellent and, for sleeping, wearing mosquito net or veil.

After being somewhat unnerved by the necessity for these textbook pre-



This ingenious Heath Robinson style mousetraps, now among the more light-hearted exhibits at the School, was made by hygiene assistants of 3 Hygiene Wing at Sennelager, Germany.

It is a drowning-and-automatic-resetting mousetraps. The theory is that the mouse, fascinated by the curious structure, enters and takes the bait, causing the gate to drop shut behind him. The mouse then follows the light, guiding him up the metal chimney and on to the platform at the top. This is in fact a trap door which at the same time as it drops its victim into the water tank at the back, automatically lifts the door of the trap and resets it. In theory—if the first victim does not eat all the bait—the trap can catch up to ten mice in one night.

cautions, students are usually reassured to learn at the School that of the 129 species of Malayan land snake, only 16 are venomous and only five of these—three species of krait and two of cobra—are dangerous to human life.

For further reassurance the School has a stock of snake specimens to help identification, all preserved in glass jars. All, that is, except Prudence, the School's pet python. Caught in 1959, when she was a mere three feet long, she is now three times that length and may grow to more than 20 feet. Provided she is not hungry Prudence is quite friendly and can be handled by strangers—prudently, of course.

The number and variety of exhibits at the School—everything from snakes to incinerators, mouse traps to water pumps—accents the diversity of courses taught, but they are all linked by one central theme—keeping the Army fit and well. It was Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, referring to his Far Eastern campaign, who calculated that for every man injured in battle there were 120 sick. The School of Health is ensuring that such staggering sickness figures are never again recorded in the British Army.

SOLDIER to Soldier

THE new War Minister, Mr Joseph Godber, who is introduced to SOLDIER readers on Page 5, was quickly off the mark in his programme of getting to know the Army. His first visit was to units on Salisbury Plain, that traditional training ground of the Army at home. SOLDIER and its readers wish Mr Godber every success in his new post.



THE boom in recruiting has temporarily ended. The shining image of the modern Regular Army has been tarnished by the comparatively few soldiers who, in trying to evade their service by offering themselves as Parliamentary candidates, or by staging "walk-outs," have attracted the wrong kind of publicity. In addition the restriction of married recruits has been misinterpreted as implying bachelordom throughout an Army career.

But a salient factor in this recruiting drop, and one which has largely been overlooked by the Army's critics, is that as the ceiling figure is approached, the vacancies become more difficult to fill. While some regiments are oversubscribed, there are still gaps, particularly in technical arms, which can be filled only by the right men.

The new Press advertising campaign sets out plainly the solid attractions and advantages of an Army career. But the best recruiting medium is still, as always, the soldier himself.



HATS off to the private soldier of The Parachute Regiment who, deciding that there are easier ways of polishing a barrack room floor than with the traditional "bumper," acquired an electric floor polisher to do the job.

And hats off, too, to his commanding officer for appreciating initiative and for turning into good publicity what might otherwise have been regarded as just another tilt at "bull."



FROM bull to cow—to the curious cow that embarrassingly stared, as cows will, at high-ranking officers attending a demonstration. The cow and its sisters, neither security nor rank conscious, were temporarily displaced from their normal grazing on Army land. Sympathy went with them—except from the officers over whose shoulders they had been peering, and from every soldier who has ever had his tent brought down around his ears by an inordinately clumsy cow tangling itself in the guy ropes!



UNTIL this month, the major prizes in SOLDIER's popular competitions have been in the form of gift vouchers to spend in NAAFI shops.

Now, these prizes will be paid in cash and will therefore be open to all SOLDIER readers, whether British, Commonwealth or other Serviceman, or civilian. For your first chance to win a cash prize, turn to the new photographic competition, with 14 bumper prizes, on Page 28!

FINALE IN BRUNEI

ONE platoon lined the bank of the Brunei River; a second platoon pushed on to the centre of the swamp. On the seaward side, noisy motorboats patrolled the coast, their din shielding the assault force's approach. The final scene in the Brunei rebellion was set.

For months, rebel leader Yassin Affandi, who planned the uprising last December, had evaded capture. Week in, week out, there had been patrols, ambushes, searches and road blocks. Slowly but surely the noose was being tightened.

Finally the hounded rebel leader, with eight trusted lieutenants, took refuge in a mosquito-infested swamp near Brunei Town. "B" Company of the 2nd Battalion, 7th Duke of Edinburgh's Own Gurkha Rifles, set out before dawn to travel quietly down the Brunei River to Kampong Serdang, a tiny hamlet fringing the swamp.

As the assault platoon, in small canoes, penetrated further into the swamp, silent progress became more difficult, but finally the patrol spotted a towel and part of a canvas shelter only 15 yards away.

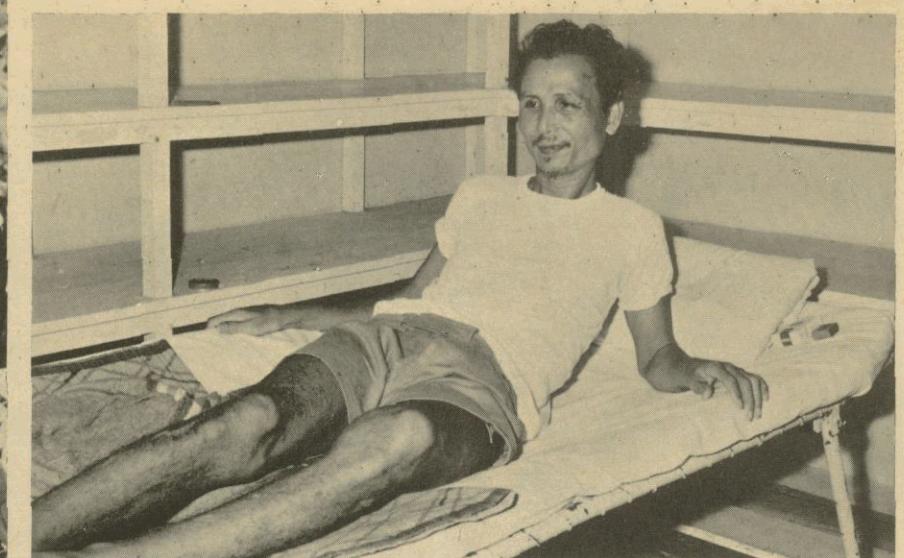
At that instant the rebels saw the danger. Major David Cutfield, commanding the Company, opened fire

and called upon the rebels to surrender. One rebel did so at once but the remainder split into two groups of four and ran, half to the west and the remainder, including Affandi, towards the cordon on the landward side.

Rifleman Nainbahadur Rai saw them when they were about 70 yards from him. With his own comrades in line of fire the Gurkha, a member of the Battalion's shooting team, decided against firing his FN rifle at automatic. Switching to single shots, he hit each one of the rebels, killing two and injuring the others, including Affandi. His coolness and skill earned him the praise of his Battalion and of British Borneo Command. The four rebels who headed westward finally gave themselves up to Riflemen Balaman Rai and Indrajit Rai.

Back in Brunei Town the Gurkhas were hailed as heroes. With Affandi behind bars, tension has eased in the British Protectorate and the role of the British soldier there has changed. Now he is concentrating on inspiring confidence among the local people, confidence in themselves, the Sultan and Government, and in Brunei's plan to become part of Malaysia.

From a report by Army Public Relations, HQ Singapore Base District.



Above: The Brunei rebel leader, Yassin Affandi, safe in custody at last.



Left: Gurkhas took boats as far as they could into the mangrove swamp before advancing on foot...

... to find (right) this mosquito-infested hide-out among the mangroves.

AS THE GURKHAS STAMP OUT THE EMBERS OF A BRUNEI "BRUSH FIRE"



Dawn breaks to reveal the tight ring of Gordon Highlanders round the labour lines of the mine.



Steel-helmeted Swaziland police, armed with batons and shields, move into the labour lines.

THE GORDONS FLY ACROSS AFRICA TO A NEW FLARE-UP IN SWAZILAND

SPOTLIGHT ON SWAZILAND

THREE hundred pairs of Army boots were left behind. Gordon Highlanders in plimsolls and in skeleton order moved like ghosts around the labour lines of the Havelock asbestos mine in north-west Swaziland. All went well until just before first light. Then an urgent hammering on pots and pans spread from hut to hut, swelling to a tumultuous warning among the illegally-striking miners. Someone had seen a "Highland ghost!"

But it was too late. Already there was a man covering every five yards of the 1360-yard perimeter. Riot police and troops moved in rapidly and began making arrests. More than half the strikers immediately said they wanted to return to work and the mine reopened next day.

So far, so good. Swaziland, struggling in the grip of national strikes, was a step nearer to law and order—thanks to the Gordons. The 1st Battalion had flown from Kenya to the British Protectorate to back up the police.

Trouble spot number two was in the Big Bend sugar plantation area in the south-east, and an equally swift and silent "cordon and search" operation

ended in a return to work after the arrest of ringleaders had restored confidence among loyal Swazis. News about the return to work spread rapidly and the few remaining strike pockets soon disintegrated.

The Gordon Highlanders were the first British troops to be seen in Swaziland for many years. Their initial approach had to be tough and warlike, an approach which swiftly achieved its object of breaking a reign of terror exercised by strong-arm revolutionaries and youth organisations. Their military work done, the Scots set out to dispel the atmosphere of fear.

Leaflets explained the purpose of British troops in Swaziland; small unarmed parties of Gordons, with interpreters, visited out-of-the-way communities, meeting people and making friends; sporting and social fixtures were arranged; troops helped local hospitals and assisted the Swaziland Red Cross in first aid training.

The Gordons' arrival was regarded by many with some misgivings. Now many more will be sorry to see them go. It's an ill wind... as they say.

From a report by Captain W H G Kingston, Army Public Relations Officer in Swaziland.



In the shadow of Ben Lomond and on the banks of the loch, radio vehicles of the exercise control maintain an up-to-date picture of the exercise.

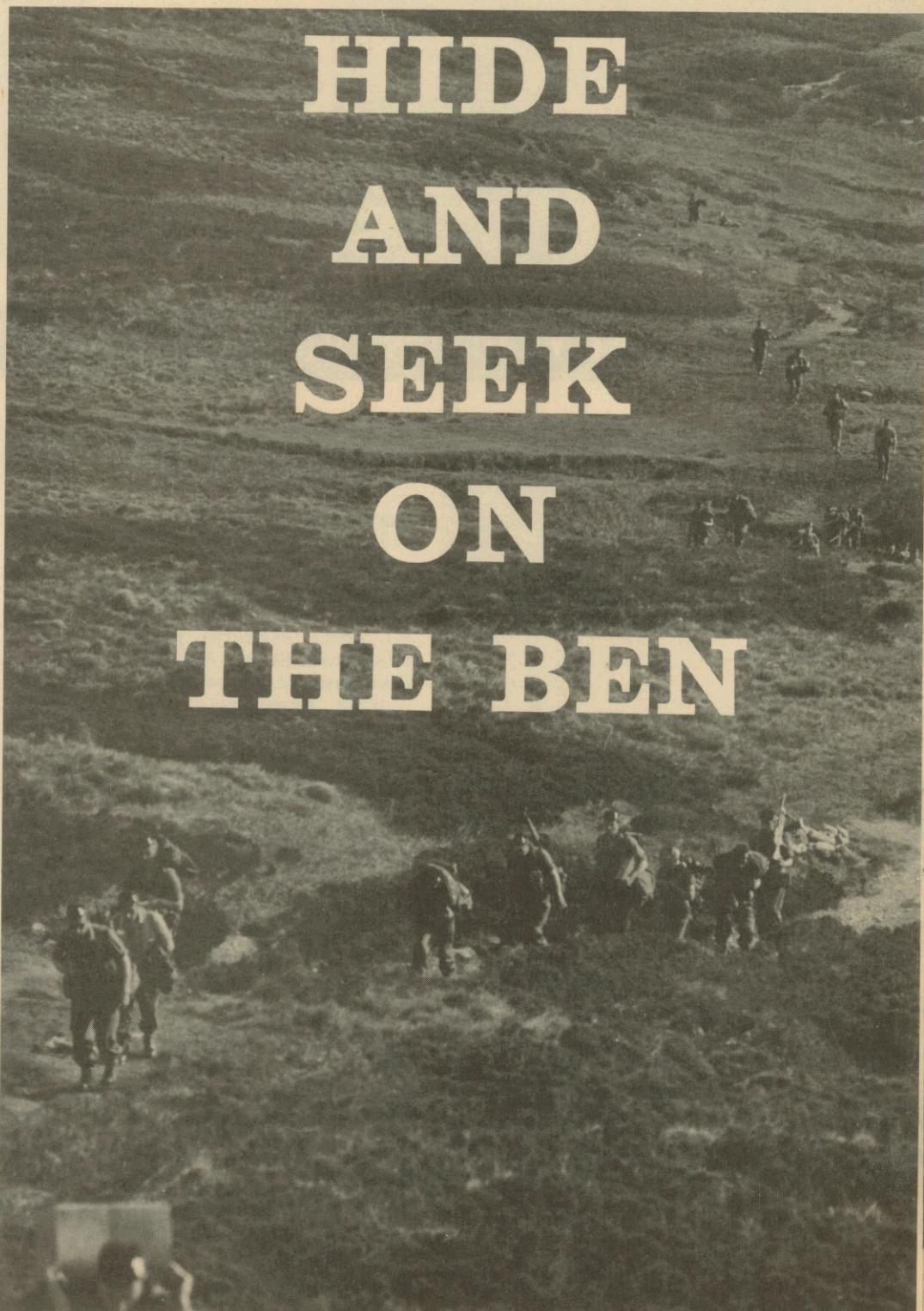
High above Loch Lomond an officer of exercise control checks on the whereabouts of the plane. Maj-Gen Frost is standing second from the right.

Below: It is a hot climb for men of The Royal Scots Fusiliers, in battle order, with radio equipment and 24-hours pack rations to carry.



Maj-Gen Frost and his party climb towards the dropping zone to see the parachutists arrive.

HIDE AND SEEK ON THE BEN



THE ARMY'S MEDALS

by Major John Laffin

20: KELAT-I-GHILZEE

One of the rarest of British campaign medals is that for the gallant four-month defence of the fort of Kelat-i-Ghilzee during the Afghan War of 1842.

The garrison, under Captain John Craigie, was besieged in January by at least 5000 fanatical Ghilzees. The nearest British post was Candahar, 84 miles away, but Captain Craigie knew that he could expect no help until spring.

His force consisted of only 55 Europeans and 877 natives. Most of the Englishmen present were artillerymen; the others were officers of native regiments, but they included Lieutenant Piercy, of the 2nd Foot (Royal West Surrey), and an army doctor. The 569 men of the 3rd Shah Shoojah's Infantry were the backbone of the defence.

Captain Craigie's force suffered greatly from extremes of temperature, hunger, thirst, exhaustion and confinement and was constantly in action. Despite their privations, his men drove off a fierce attack by 4000 Ghilzees on 16 May.

On 21 May, Colonel Wymer arrived from Candahar with a relief force, which included some men of the 40th Foot.

The Kelat-i-Ghilzee medal was authorised in October, 1842. The obverse



The reverse of the medal, showing the plaque with trophies. The ribbon is rainbow pattern.

shows a shield with "Kelat-i-Ghilzee" set on it. The shield is surmounted by a laurel wreath and crown.

The reverse shows a collection of military trophies over a plaque with "INVICTA MDCCCXLII" on it. The ribbon is of rainbow pattern and it passes through a straight steel suspender, similar to that of the Jellalabad Flying Victory Medal (SOLDIER, October, 1962).

The design was by William Wyon and the recipient's name and regiment are engraved in script on the edge.

As a reward for its bravery, the Shah's regiment was posted to the Bengal Army with the title of 12th (Kelat-i-Ghilzee Regiment) Bengal Native Infantry. The Regiment later became the 2nd Bombay Pioneers, but retained its subsidiary title of Kelat-i-Ghilzee Regiment until disbanded in 1933.

Remnants of the Kelat-i-Ghilzee fortress still exist—a tattered testimony to an epic of warfare in India.



Men of the desert patrol of the Jordan Arab Army with their dromedaries.

CAMELS ON THE

TAKE the magnificent setting of Edinburgh Castle, add the regimental pride, skill and talent for showmanship of soldiers the world over, mix well, and what have you got? The sure-fire success that is the Edinburgh Military Tattoo.

In the 13 years since the Tattoo first became linked with the Edinburgh Festival, more than three million people have paid to see it and some 12,000 troops have taken part. Last year's takings grossed £90,000 and the profits helped reduce the deficit on the Festival by £8000.

There was a share, too, for Scottish Command welfare funds and, for the first time, an extra performance was given to aid the Army Benevolent Fund, an innovation that is being continued this year, on 22 August. Advance bookings for the 1963 Tattoo, which will run from 16 August to 7 September, are even better than last year. More than half the seats were spoken for by mid-June, with all 7500 seats sold for six of the performances.

The behind-the-scenes work for this Edinburgh extravaganza occupies a full-time staff from the moment the previous year's event ends—or even before that!—and the preparatory stages are always full of interest. A leading attraction this

year was to have been the pipe band of the French Naval Air Station at Lann-Bihoue, near Brest, but the visit was postponed for a year by "mutual arrangement."

It was not until the end of May that confirmation was received that the Jordan Army would fill the gap by sending its military band, pipes and drums, and men of its camel-mounted desert patrol. But again there was a snag. Quarantine regulations made it impracticable for the camels to be brought from Jordan. The Jordanians solved this by agreeing to ride camels supplied by the Tattoo Committee.

A long search for suitable animals ended when Chipperfield's Circus offered to lend six Bactrian camels, ridden normally by circus girls. The fact that the Bactrian camel has two humps, while the desert soldiers ride the one-humped dromedary, is not worrying the Jordanian riders, who have also agreed to groom and care for the animals throughout the Tattoo. The camels are being housed in the stables of a local co-operative society's milk department.

A large double-column advertisement for women—"fair, fat and forty"—to scream from the top of the castle ramparts and be rescued by ex-Service members of the South-Eastern Scotland

Fire Brigade, produced 20 enthusiastic replies. Then it was learned that the firemen had their own "beautiful screamers"—girl members of the Auxiliary Fire Service. The disappointed applicants (including one from Canada) received apologies and free tickets for one of the two dress rehearsals.

A rescue from a different sort of fire—gunfire—is being demonstrated by men of the Royal Army Medical Corps Depot from Mytchett, Hampshire,



The 1st/6th Gurkha Rifles will demonstrate practical soldiering as well as ceremonial.

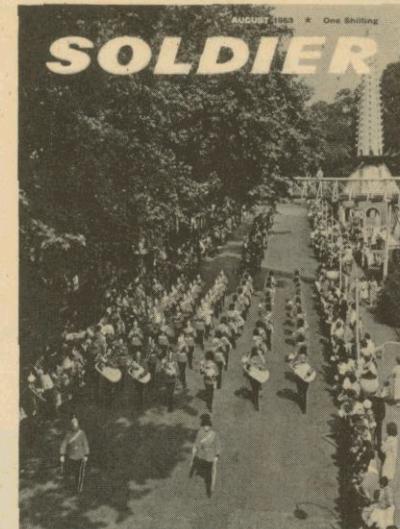
ESPLANADE

whose appearance marks the centenary year of the Red Cross. The Corps' Staff Band is also taking part.

There will be a double contribution too, from the 1st Battalion, 6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles—a jungle battle by riflemen and a display by the Battalion's 53-strong Pipes and Drums. The 60-strong British Legion Boys' Drum and Bugle Band, from Romford, Essex, visits Edinburgh with the experience of the White City

Tattoo and a performance at the Royal Albert Hall behind it. The boys are all sons of British Legion members.

Such new items are the life-blood of an annual Tattoo, but tradition must also play its part and the Edinburgh show would not be the same without its Highland dancing, consistently the most popular single item. This year the foursome reel will be danced by 56 soldiers drawn from units all over Scotland.



COVER PICTURE

SOLDIER's front cover shows a part of the Royal Tournament march past in Battersea Park. This annual curtain-raiser to the Tournament always attracts a large audience. This year the salute was taken by Major-General John Nelson DSO, MC, General Officer Commanding London District.

Pictured here by SOLDIER Cameraman ARTHUR BLUNDELL are the bands of The Royal Dragoons (1st Dragoons) and (right) The Royal Scots Greys (2nd Dragoons), leading the Royal Horse Artillery musical drive.



The appearance of apprentices of the Royal Army Medical Corps marks the Red Cross centenary.

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OF
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"a/c SOLDIER." SOLDIER costs 13s 6d for one year, 25s for two years and
35s for three years including postage and packing. Stamps cannot be accepted.

LABOUR OF LOVE

APHRODITE, the Goddess of Love, started it all when she rose out of the sea some time back. She popped up at Cyprus which, among other things, led to the naming of the "Fontana Amorosa," or Spring of Love—a remote grotto tucked in the Laona hills.

Remote, that is, until 400 airborne engineers of the Territorial Army decided to make it more accessible.

Once, the grotto could be reached



only by a long walk. Now, tourists can take their cars to within a few yards of it along a new road built by men of 131 Parachute Engineer Regiment.

The Sappers were among 2400 Territorials who took part in Exercise "New Venture," when 44 Independent Parachute Brigade Group, Territorial Army, flew out and dropped in Cyprus for its annual camp. As a mark of appreciation for their short stay on the island, the airborne Sappers decided they would build a road to the Spring of Love.

After parachuting from Royal Air Force *Hastings* and *Argosy* aircraft, the Regiment marched eight miles to a rendezvous at Xeros. Within hours, work began under the glare of floodlights. The huge blade of a giant D8H bulldozer began shifting tons of earth to start the road to Aphrodite's bathtub.

The 26-ton monster had been hauled over miles of twisting mountain roads to the site while other plant was brought by sea in Z craft of 471 Lighterage Troop, Royal Engineers.

Some of the Regiment's tasks were more mundane. For while 300 Squadron,

Airborne Sappers dropping near Prastio—their task was to build a road to Aphrodite's Grotto.

Left: The Spring of Love, a tourist attraction in Cyprus now approached by the Terriers' road.

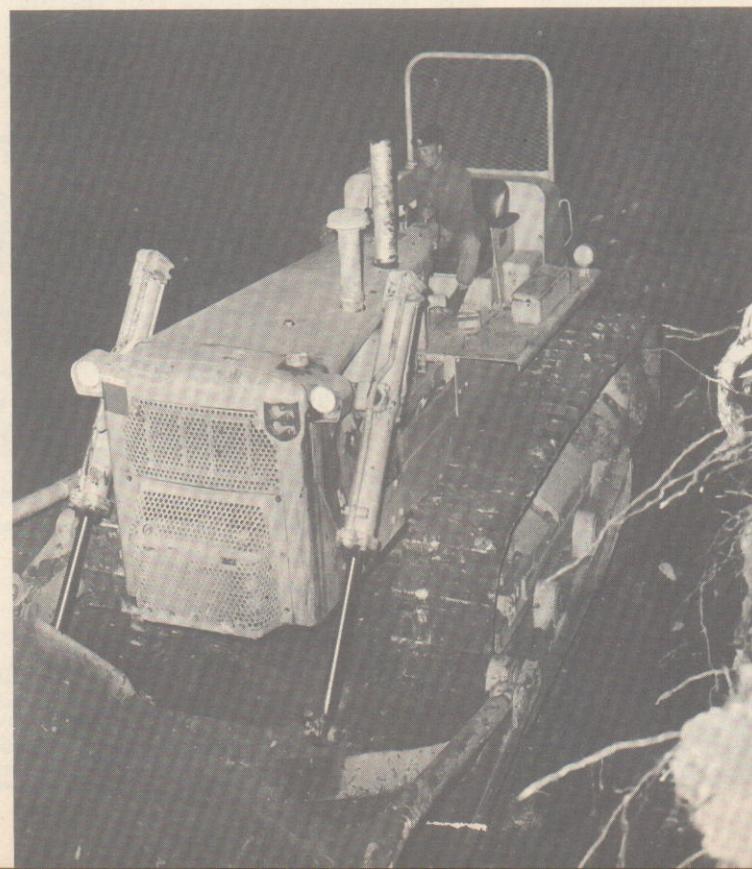
from Scotland, toiled on its labour of love building Aphrodite's road, 299 Squadron (from Hull) and 301 Squadron (from Birmingham) were working on something a little nearer the Army's heart—drilling, blasting, bulldozing and culverting a stretch of military track to

make it suitable for three-ton lorries visiting the firing ranges at the tip of the peninsula.

Provision of stores and maintenance of equipment was the responsibility of 302 Field Park Squadron, from Kingsbury, and in command of the entire operation was Major John Bryden.

Working non-stop in shifts throughout two days and three nights, the airborne engineers finished the tourists' road to the grotto and improved the precipitous military track.

From a report by Army Public Relations, Cyprus.



Working throughout the night by floodlights, a 26-ton bulldozer shifted tons of earth. In just three nights and two days the job was finished.



Company Sergeant-Major G A Green

EIGHTY-ONE years old this month, Jimmy Green has one burning ambition—to become Britain's oldest parachutist. He has not achieved this startling ambition yet, but it's certainly not for the want of trying. . . .

For Jimmy—Company Sergeant-Major G A Green, of The Royal Hospital, Chelsea—has been adopted by 44 Independent Parachute Brigade Group, Territorial Army, and often flies with the paratroopers.

But to his immense chagrin, they steadfastly refuse to allow him to jump. "Once I nearly made it though," he recalls. "I was up on a training flight and the instructor gave me 'chute number six. When the time comes for them to jump, he gives them a little push out of the plane."

"One, two, three, four all went through, with me last in the line. Number five went and I got to the hatch all ready to go . . . but the instructor grabbed me and pushed me away."

Active as a man half his age, Jimmy is determined to jump if he gets half a chance—and he emphatically repeated his determination to the Queen when she visited the Hospital last year.

Born into a family of farmers, young Jimmy surprised everyone by enlisting in The West Yorkshire Regiment in 1900. He was soon off to South Africa where he sampled the delicious daily fare of four biscuits and a tin of bully beef. Later he went to India, returning to England after eight years.

At the outbreak of World War One he was sent to France, where he fought in the trenches until 1916, when he was invalided home with rheumatic fever.

In 1919 he left the Army as a company sergeant-major and landed a job with the engineering department of a hospital in his home town of Leeds. He stayed there until 1957, when his wife died, and then decided, at the early age of 75, that it was about time he retired. Today, at Chelsea, he is kept busy looking after a company of 76 pensioners. "I just cannot stick around and do nothing," he says.

Jimmy was adopted by the Territorial paratroopers after he had become friendly with some officers at the



Brigade Headquarters in Chelsea. Since then he regularly attends their functions, often flies with them and goes aloft in training balloons.

In fact he has become such an integral part of the unit that he is known as The Royal Hospital's "parachutist"—even though he has never jumped. At The Parachute Regiment Depot in Aldershot a special bunk is always reserved for him.

The ties with his old Regiment are as strong as ever. Every year he travels to York for the memorial service of the West Yorkshires.

In between duties at the Hospital, Jimmy finds enough time to indulge in an unusual and lucrative pastime—

Jimmy Green, Chelsea's pensioner paratrooper, wearing the maroon beret given to him when he was adopted by the TA Parachute Brigade HQ.

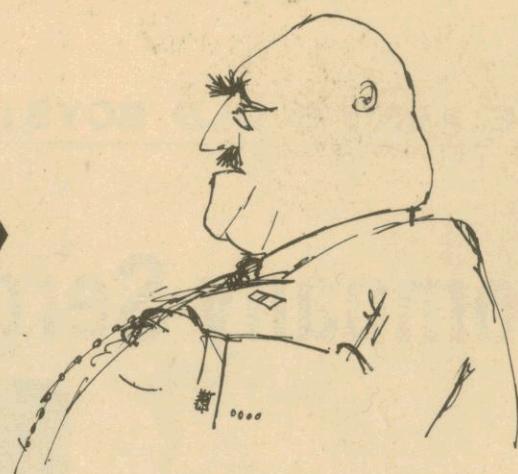
he models for artists and art classes.

Last year, on the first day that Ever-Readies were recruited, Jimmy donned his scarlet tunic and hurried off to join the queue at the Duke of York's headquarters in Chelsea. Hopefully clutching his enrolment form, he arrived at the desk only to be disappointed. The War Minister, enrolling the first applicants, told him: "I'm sorry, but we have to draw the age limit somewhere."

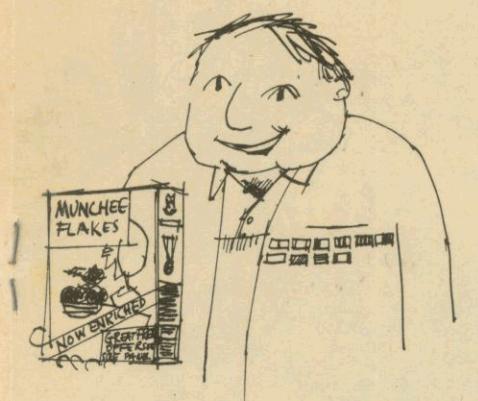
Ask Jimmy what he thinks of the modern Army and he will reply caustically: "Not much. They all seem to need nursemaids these days." That is not to say that he wouldn't join up again if he had the chance!

Where DID you get that medal?

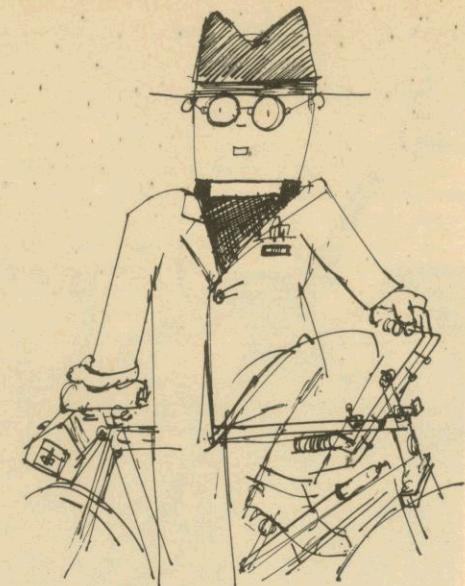
by McKEE



"I bought it"



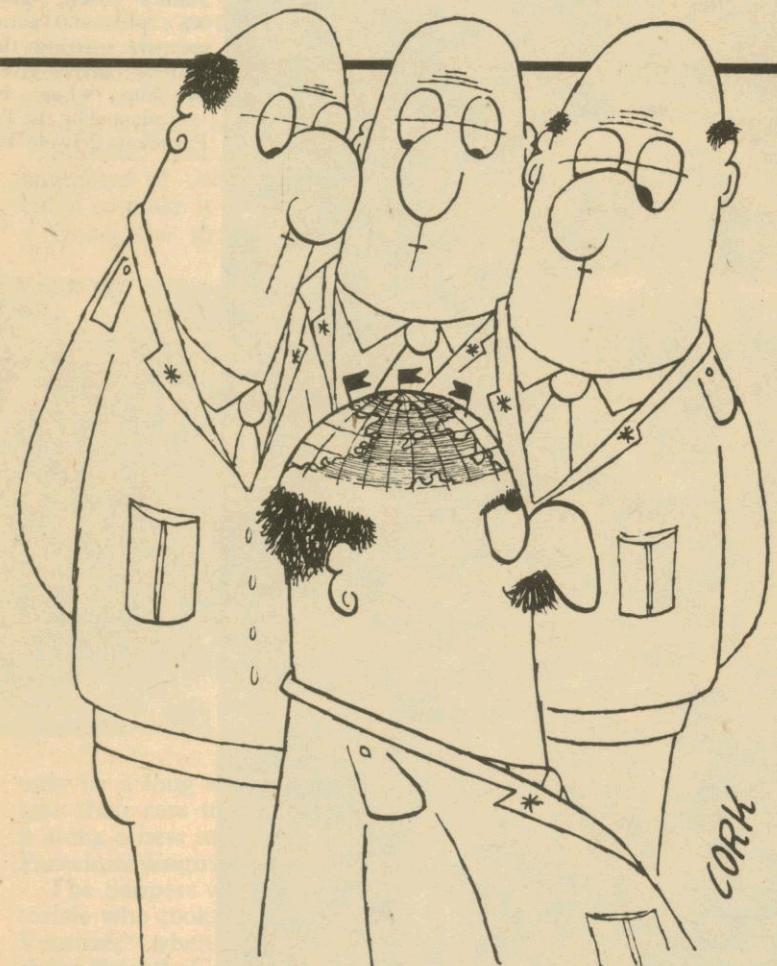
"You get one free for every 85 packet tops"



"It just arrived in the post one morning"



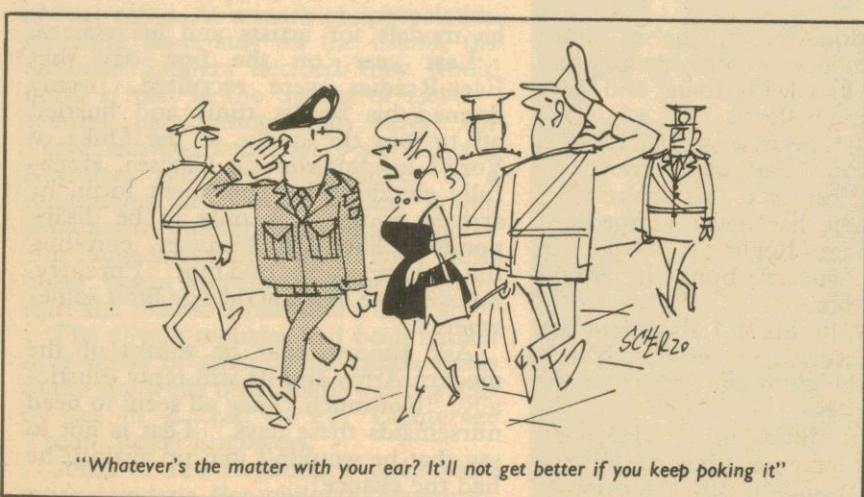
"I just happened to be lucky"



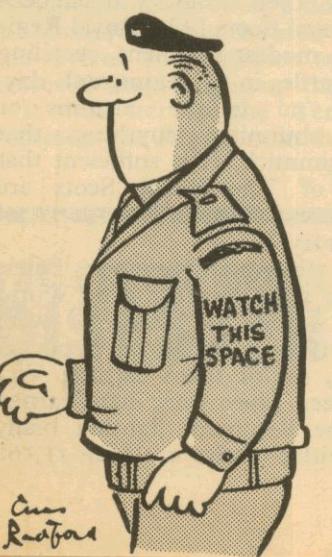
HUMOUR



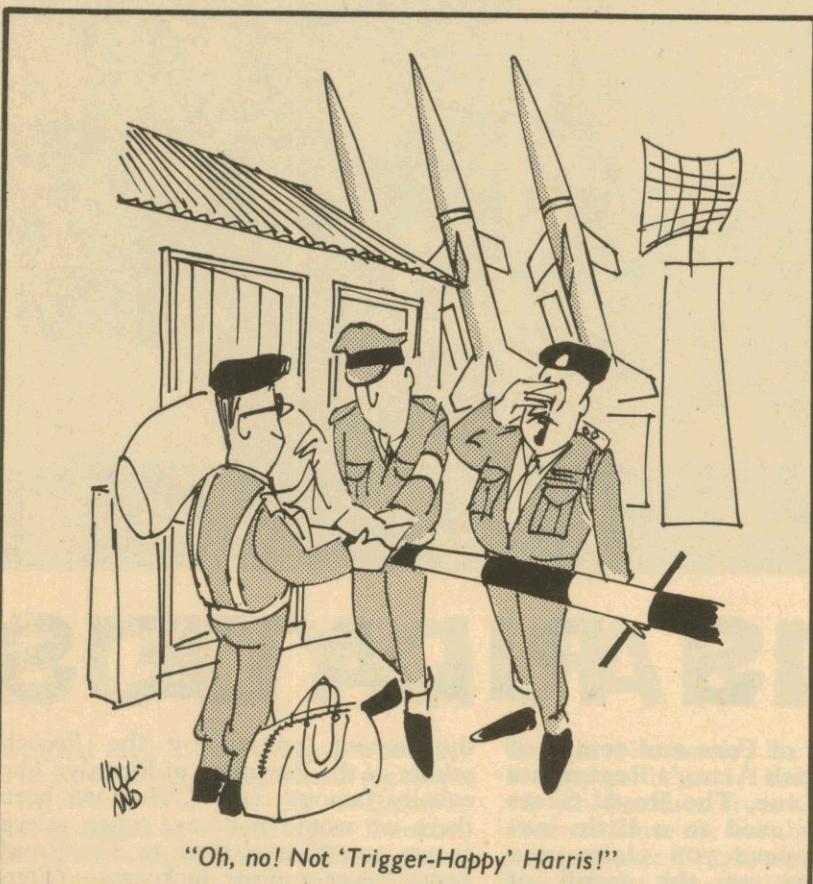
"Dear sir, please send us some more United Nations observers—the last lot were delicious!"



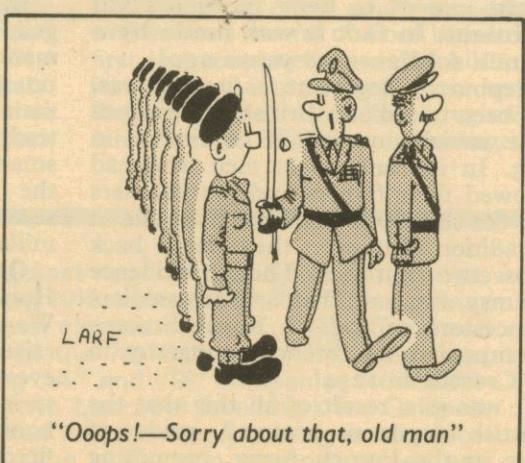
"Whatever's the matter with your ear? It'll not get better if you keep poking it"



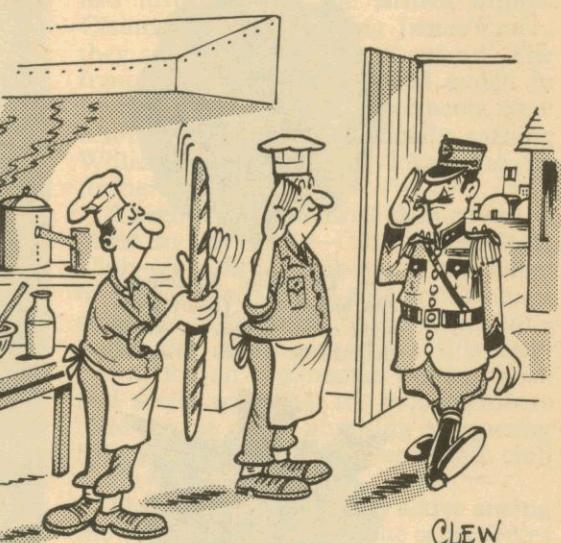
Clegg
Redford



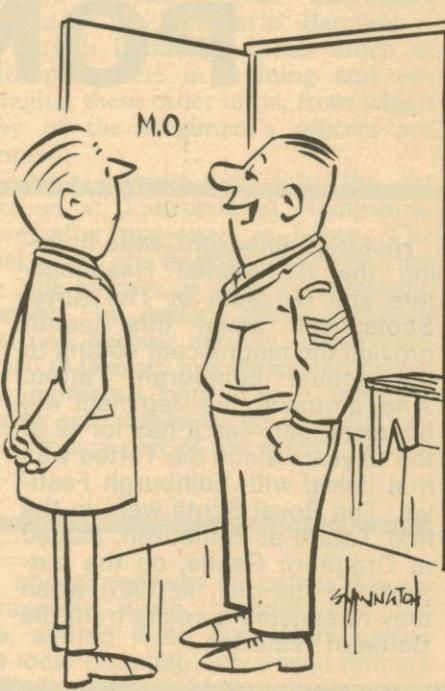
"Oh, no! Not 'Trigger-Happy' Harris!"



"Oops!—Sorry about that, old man"



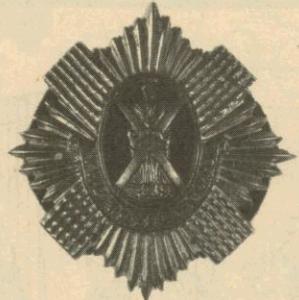
Clegg
Redford



Clegg
Redford

"Oh, yes, I feel quite fit enough to go back on duty, sir—never felt nastier"

THE ROYAL SCOTS



The Territorial Battalion's cap badge, and (below) the right collar badge, on which the thistle slopes inwards.



PONTIUS PILATE'S

AS the 1st of Foot and senior of the British Army's Regiments of the Line, The Royal Scots are naturally used to a little jealousy. "I suppose you claim you were on duty at the tomb of Christ?" is the kind of remark they might expect to hear from a rival regiment. In fact it was made by a French soldier—328 years ago!

Hepburn's Regiment, as it then was, had been raised as a British regiment to serve initially on behalf of France in 1633. In its ranks were men who had followed their fathers and grandfathers into the service of the French throne in a tradition that even then dated back across two centuries. Though evidence is flimsy, it is said that Scottish soldiers—ancestors of today's Royal Scots—accompanied the French monarchy to the Crusade in 1254!

It was as a result of all this that the Scottish regiment claimed pride of place in the French Army, prompting

the famous remark by the French soldier of the Regiment of Picardy. The equally famous reply: "Had we been there we would not have fallen asleep at our posts!" gave birth to The Royal Scots' ever-topical nickname—"Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard."

But today, their seniority unchallenged, The Royal Scots (The Royal Regiment) are a modest regiment, recalling no great battle in a regimental day, maintaining no unique customs or traditions, shunning anything that smacks of gimmick. It is sufficient that the deeds of The Royal Scots are second to none through 330 years of military history.

Of the Regiment's 137 Battle Honours, 71 were gained during World War One, when 39 battalions were raised and there were Royal Scots on every front, six of them earning Victoria Crosses. They were hard-earned honours, the Regiment fighting many fierce and bitter battles in which 11,162



DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT

THE Royal Scots are proud of their long connection with Royalty and especially of their Colonel-in-Chief, the Princess Royal. She has held the appointment for 45 years, to become easily the longest-serving Royal Scot.

Only recently she recalled the words of her father, King George V, when he appointed her in 1918: "The welfare and good name of your Regiment must now be one of the primary concerns of your life." This it has

indeed been for the Princess, who has earned the affection of all ranks.

Each year the Regiment celebrates her birthday with a Regimental Day, and, in her honour on Mess Nights, The Royal Scots follow the Loyal Toast with a toast to their Colonel-in-Chief, when the march that has become traditionally her own, "The Daughter of the Regiment," is played.

The Regiment adopted this march—adapted from Donizetti's opera—to mark the

birth of Queen Victoria while her father, the Duke of Kent, was Colonel of the Regiment. Now it is used on parade only when Queen Victoria's great-granddaughter is present.

The Regimental march, "Dumbarton's Drums," is without question the oldest regimental march in the British Army. It has been associated with the Regiment for nearly 300 years and is believed to have developed from the drum beat of the Scottish mercenaries as they marched into battle.

teach "the three Rs" to men and boys, an innovation which eventually led to the formation of the Royal Army Educational Corps.

All British military legislation has its basis in The Mutiny Act, which was passed as a direct result of the Regiment's mutiny in 1689. The Royal Scots refused to assemble at Harwich to sail to fight for William of Orange, who had just ascended the British throne. Claiming they were King James's men, they set out to march to Scotland. The frantic chase which followed ended in Lincolnshire where disagreements were resolved, the Regiment finally earning William's praise for its loyalty to its former sovereign.

A regimental memorial claimed as the finest in the world—The Royal Scots Club—is a fitting tribute to the fallen of World War One. A fine architectural structure in the heart of the Regiment's home city of Edinburgh, it is a busy centre for all regimental welfare work and social activities. Its 3500 members have the use of the imposing banqueting hall, games rooms and every other club facility.

The Regiment is equally active among the younger generation. The cadet forces of every public school in the Scottish capital are affiliated to The Royal Scots and the permanent staff instructors attached to the Territorial Battalion—the 8th/9th Battalion—spend much of their spare time in training and encouraging these cadet units, from which many of the Regiment's officers are recruited.

Today's recruits will join the 1st Battalion at Tidworth, in Hampshire, where, after two years in Libya, The Royal Scots are training for their vital new role as part of Britain's Strategic Reserve. The Army's senior regiment must now become entirely air-portable, trained to take off, lock, stock and barrel, at a moment's notice, as a complete fighting unit ready to go straight into action in any part of the world.



◀ A Royal Scot of 1963, Pte Ian Farquhar, is poised ready for action on exercise in Libya.

Men of the 1st of Foot are among the first to appreciate an Infantry personnel carrier.

BODYGUARD

men lost their lives, the heaviest toll, say The Royal Scots, of any British regiment.

In World War Two the 1st Battalion was in action in France up to Dunkirk, and afterwards, in the Far East, played a forthright role in the relief of Kohima and the advance to Mandalay. The 2nd Battalion was lost after a fierce struggle for Hong Kong, but the men who formed the revived 2nd Battalion settled a few scores as they fought up through Italy.

It was left to the Territorials to represent the Regiment in the fight back

through Normandy, the 8th Battalion battling to beyond Hamburg, and the 7th/9th Battalion from Ostend to near Bremen. Since the war the Regiment has watched over Britain's interests wherever danger has threatened—including Korea, Suez and Cyprus.

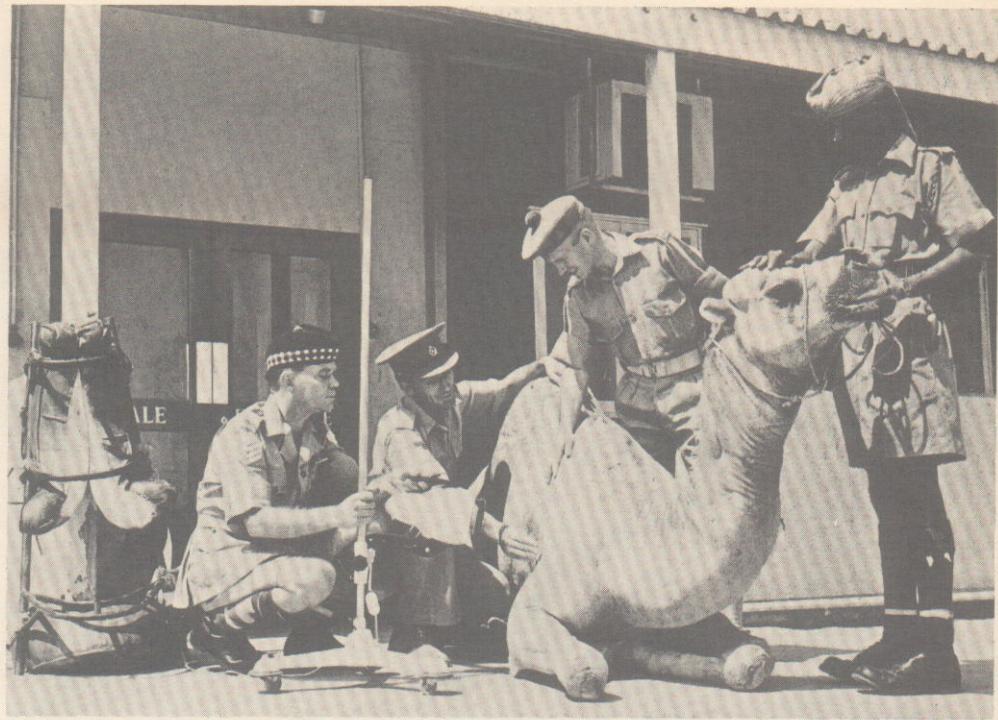
A leader in Army affairs in peace as well as war, the 1st of Foot became the first regiment to educate the children of its soldiers. More than 150 years ago the Regiment took the first regimental schoolmaster officially on strength to

THE GRETNAGREEN DISASTER

Blackest day in Royal Scots history was 22 May, 1915, when the Gretna Green railway disaster claimed the lives of 214 officers and men of the 7th Battalion. The troop train, taking "A" and "D" companies from Edinburgh to Liverpool to embark for Gallipoli, crashed into the empty carriages of a local train. The troop train was overturned and

wrecked, and worse was to come. An express, travelling north, crashed into the wreckage, setting it on fire. With injured filling the local hospital, only seven officers and 57 men arrived at Liverpool and were in such a state of shock that they were sent home. The Battalion sailed with only two companies.

LEFT, RIGHT AND CENTRE



Sgt David Sawyers, KOSB (left), holds the infra-red lamp while Sgt O'Shea shows Capt Alan Spicer, RAMC (standing), the strained muscle. His driver, Pte Saleh Abdulla Audhali, holds Salain's head.

SALAIN GOES SICK

A SCORCHING sun beat down on sweltering Aden as Salain the camel limped up to sick parade. A sprained shoulder muscle was diagnosed. The cure . . . heat treatment!

If ever Salain needed a good reason to look disdainful, he had one now. Heat treatment for a camel who had spent his life in the desert. What an idea!

But Sergeant Lawrence O'Shea, of the Royal Army Veterinary Corps, ignored Salain's incredulous features and produced an infra-red lamp.

Sergeant O'Shea was examining the

patrol and ceremonial camels belonging to the Regular Army of the Federation of Southern Arabia.

With a lamp borrowed from the medical officer of The King's Own Scottish Borderers, Salain was subjected to his undignified treatment. For half an hour each day the lamp was trained on Salain's shoulder until, after ten days, his limp disappeared.

But never a sign of gratitude crossed Salain's disdainful features as he plodded back to his regiment. Heat treatment for a camel! He was trying to recover from the indignity of it all.



If there is one thing the lads from Lancashire really miss while they are stationed in Germany, it's a nice paper bag full of fish and chips liberally smothered in salt and vinegar. And the 1st Battalion, The Lancashire Regiment, at Hilden, found that German *bratwurst* sausages could never replace the delights of that rare old English dish. So there was only one thing for it—they opened up their own fish and chip shop in the canteen. It was a roaring success. Lancashire lads really go for regimental fish and chips in a big way. And even the families are not left out—a van tours the quarters.



Forty-five thousand soldiers, sailors and airmen this year attended the Sixth International Military Pilgrimage to Lourdes. Five hundred Servicemen from the United Kingdom made the pilgrimage but by far the largest number—31,000—came from France. The largest single

party in the British contingent was of 50 Irish Guards from Rhine Army, seen here outside the Basilica in Lourdes. During their stay the Servicemen took Holy Communion and moved in parties for several miles up the steep mountain to do the 14 Stations of the Cross.

Featuring three pretty girls with three different jobs in three different countries



In England, pretty Senior Aircraftwoman Wendy Addison, stationed at RAF Wyton, in Huntingdonshire, is one of the reporters for the station magazine. Here she is pictured getting the inside story from Sapper Peter Johns, Royal Engineers, a survey draughtsman at Wyton.



In Cyprus, blonde Private Louise Greenway, of the Women's Royal Army Corps, is running a flourishing hairdressing salon near the seaside town of Larnaca. At two shillings for a set and five shillings for a perm, Louise is in great demand dealing with about 30 customers a week. The girls provide the materials and whatever profit remains after expenses have been paid goes into unit funds.



In Singapore, the Far East's prettiest disc jockey is 19-year-old Frances Orr who compères a regular record request programme for the Forces Broadcasting Unit. For many soldiers in lonely and isolated parts of the Far East, Frances is a link with home, broadcasting messages from parents, wives and sweethearts.



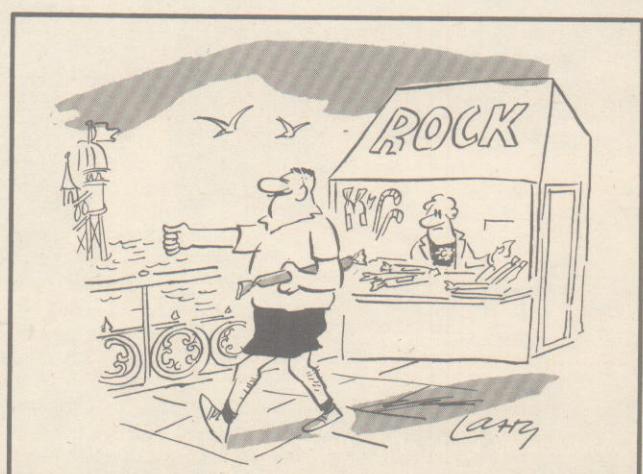
For ten years, African villagers had lived near Embu, in the shadow of Mount Kenya, with a huge unexploded bomb hidden dangerously in a nearby river. The bomb was discovered when recent floods dislodged it and moved it to an exposed position. Local police called in East Africa Command's bomb disposal expert, Major Eric "Rip" Kirby, of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps. The bomb was lodged between two rocks at the bottom of a precipitous 600-foot ravine with the moss-covered pistol end protruding above water. Major Kirby packed the end with ten pounds of plastic explosive but, before detonation, nearby villages were cleared by police and a cordon was thrown round the area. While local policemen plugged their ears, the bomb was exploded and a 500-foot column of shrapnel, rock and water shot into the air... for Major Kirby, it was just another job.



A Regular Army sergeant-major and a Territorial Army driver have set up a record by canoeing across the Channel in less than five hours. In a 15-foot folding canoe, Company Sergeant-Major Kevin Humphries and Driver W G Williams, both of 562 Company, Royal Army Service Corps, at Southall, Middlesex, paddled alone from Dover to Cap Gris Nez—a distance of 28 miles. A stiff breeze and a choppy sea hampered their progress—at times the canoe was completely awash. But after four hours and 55 minutes they landed on a sandy beach in France. They returned to England on a slightly larger vessel—a cross-channel ferry.



Sergeant Bob Hanning, of 6 Training Battalion, Royal Army Service Corps, Yeovil, has become the first soldier to pass the Institute of Advanced Motorists test for commercial vehicle drivers. "I didn't really find it too difficult as I had been well briefed by my unit before the test," he said. "The only time I really worried was when the examiner directed me on to the car testing route by mistake and told me to do a three-point turn in a road that was about a foot narrower than the length of my lorry. We found another road to do that bit of the test."





The new *Ark* bridge-layer in action. It simply drives into the gap to be crossed and, opening out its tracks, forms a safe, stable bridge.

Story by RUSSELL MILLER

Pictures by ARTHUR BLUNDELL

PICK-A-BACK TRACK

PAST masters in the art of do-it-yourself, the Royal Engineers now have a lorry which not only carries its own road, but also lays it when it is needed! This do-it-yourself road was one of the highlights of the Corps' recent annual demonstration. And it is a brilliantly simple idea.

Constructed from flexible metal slats slotted together, the roadway is coiled on the back of a lorry. When it is required the "road" is unwound in

front of the vehicle and then "laid" as the front wheels are driven over it.

Officially described as Class 30 Trackway, it was beautifully demonstrated by being laid from a lighter on the banks of the River Medway across the soft, muddy beach. It not only provided an effective road—but enabled the laying lorry to disembark.

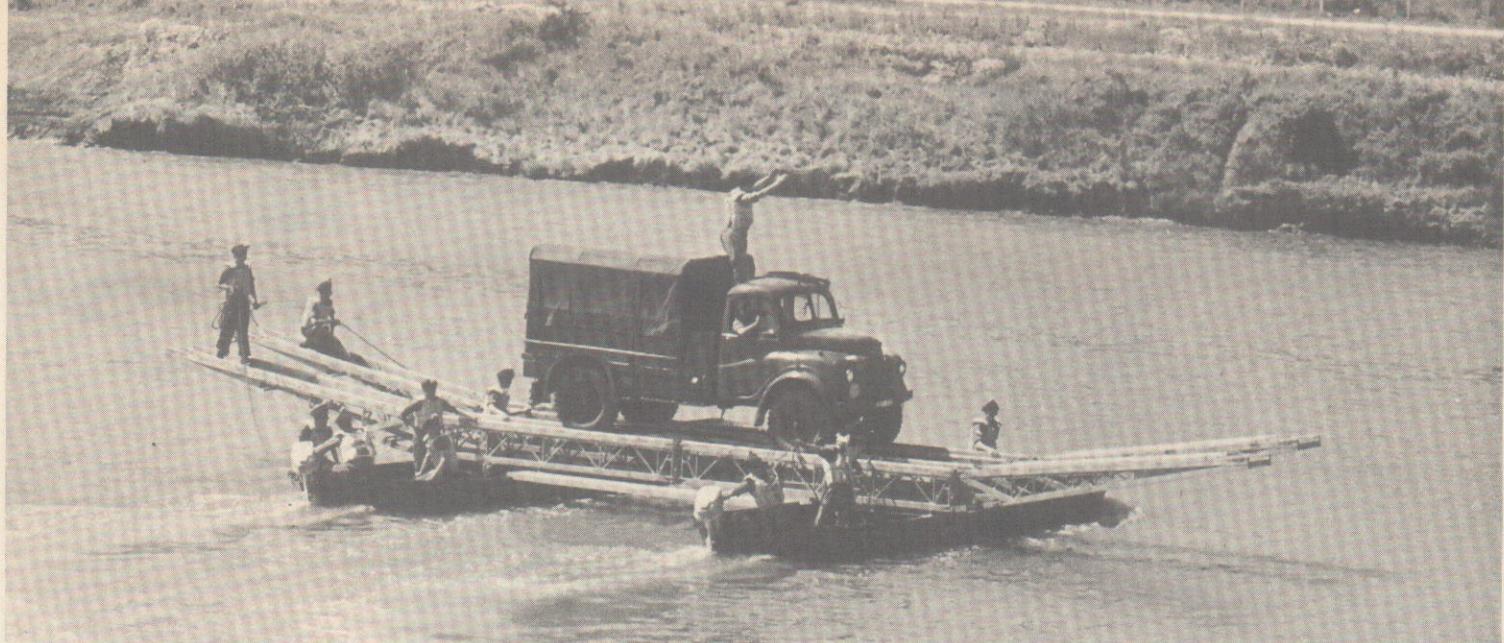
This year, also for the first time, an *Ark* bridge-layer mounted on a single Centurion chassis was demonstrated. The tank simply drives into the gap

to be crossed and unfolds its bridge like some horrific giant insect's pincer claws. When the tank is stabilised the bridge fixed above it becomes a very firm structure. Formerly, two linked tanks were required to support the equipment.

Another demonstration provided a look into the future with closed circuit television helping a commander to control the bridging of a river. Three concealed cameras monitored each phase of the construction and relayed pictures back to screens at the headquarters.



Landing on the banks of the River Medway, the lorry-with-a-built-in-road has no trouble crossing the mud, and leaves the track for following vehicles.



A one-ton truck crosses the river on a new ramped ferry powered by two outboard motors being steered independently.

The Sappers are experimenting with the use of television—tiny cameras are easily concealed and could have endless uses in war to keep a constant watch on prepared positions or on the progress of activity.

Also being shown for the first time was a radio control system known as loop induction. A wire is laid round the site of the Sapper task and key personnel are equipped with tiny earplugs through which they receive their orders.

The earplugs work within a few yards

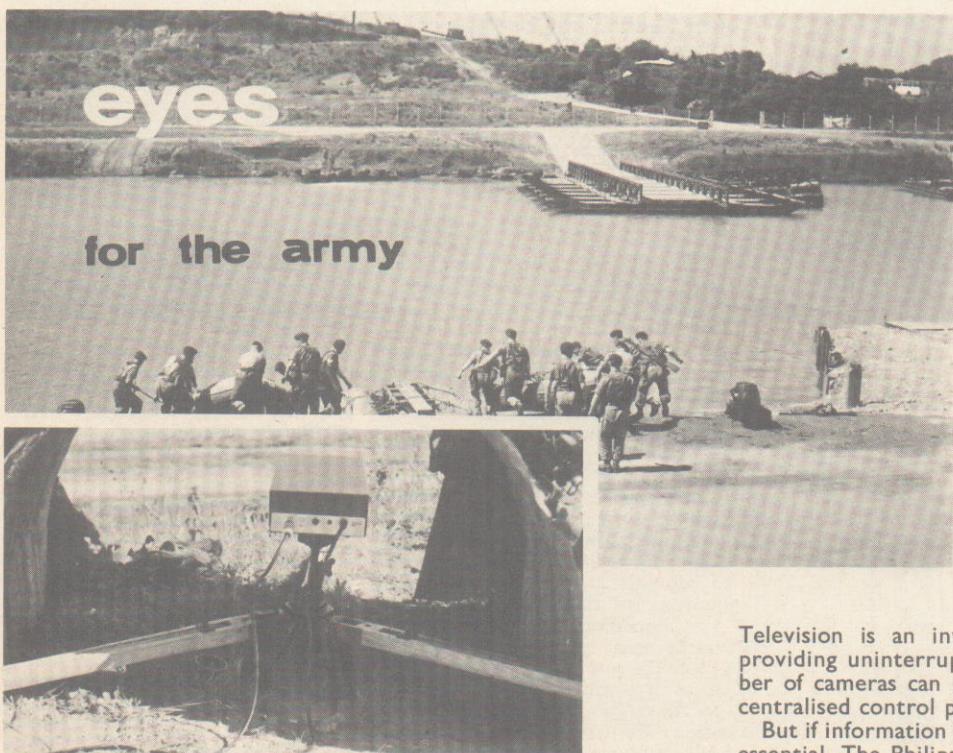
from the wire and, using a combination of television and loop induction, Sapper tasks could be controlled instantaneously, effectively and quietly from some distance away.

Naturally a hovercraft—the Westland SRN Mark V—aroused considerable interest. In a great cloud of spray it tore up and down the Medway and effortlessly crossed from the river to the bank where the spray turned into flying lumps of mud.

This latest hovercraft is a great

improvement over earlier models in that it has a 30-inch curtain hanging underneath which enables it to climb without difficulty a vertical step of more than two feet.

Irreverently described as a "four-wheeled ashtray," the twin-engined version of the *Mini-Moke* created interest by insisting on being ferried across the pond in company with a *Centurion* tank on a heavy ferry and then buzzing up a steep bank on the other side at remarkable speed.



At a demonstration of field engineering by the Royal School of Military Engineering, held at Upnor, Kent, on June 10, three Philips Compact television cameras covered every phase of the operations. The Engineer Commander was provided with 14 in. Peto Scott Monitor Screens in the Command Post, together with remote control of bearing, elevation, zoom, focus and diaphragm.



Television is an invaluable tool for the surveillance of operations, providing uninterrupted information from hazardous positions. A number of cameras can be controlled from, and information brought to, a centralised control point.

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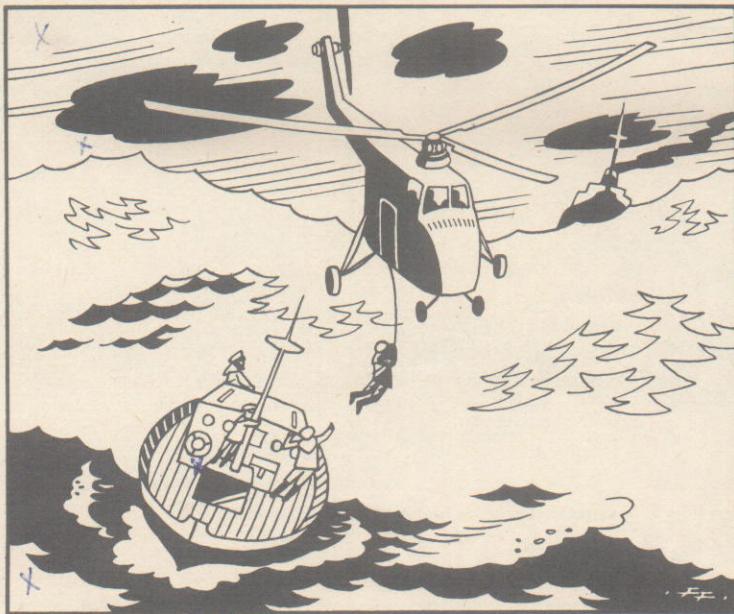


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HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

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 34.



Send a picture—win a camera!

HERE is another new competition, designed for the many amateur photographers among our readers, with a chance to win one of 14 bumper prizes including an Ilford Sportsman Vario 35mm camera, a Johnson Do-it-yourself Photographic Outfit, No 4 and £20 in cash. Entries may be submitted in either or both of these sections: Portraiture (studies, snapshots, etc of people) and views (town or country).



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PORTRAITS	VIEWS
1 Ilford Sportsman Vario camera.	1 £10 in cash.
2 £6 in cash.	2 Johnson Photographic Outfit.
3 Three recently-published books.	4 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.
5 A 12 months' free subscription to SOLDIER .	In addition, the best two entries in either section from children of Army families, between the ages of 11 and 14 years; and from junior leaders, Army apprentices, junior tradesmen and junior bandsmen, will receive the following prizes:
6 £2 in cash.	1 £2 in cash.
7 A 12 months' free subscription and two whole-plate monochrome pictures (as for prizes 5 above).	2 A 12 months' free subscription and two whole-plate monochrome pictures (as for prizes 5 above).

RULES

- 1 Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope, by 30 September, 1963, to: **The Editor (Comp 63), SOLDIER, 433 Holloway Road, London N7.**
- 2 Competitors may submit any number of entries but each must be accompanied by the "Competition 63" label printed on this page.
- 3 All readers are eligible for prizes in the two sections; young soldiers and Army children only are eligible for the four special prizes.
- 4 Prints only (colour or black and white, not less than 6in x 4in) may be submitted; negatives and transparencies will not be considered.
- 5 Competitors must state type of camera used, film, aperture, speed, and, in the case of portraits, the light source, if possible.
- 6 All prints submitted must clearly indicate ownership on reverse to facilitate return, if required.
- 7 Entries will be judged on artistic composition and spontaneity—technical excellence will not be the deciding factor.
- 8 Entries will be judged by a panel comprising the Editor, Picture Editor and Art Editor of **SOLDIER**, and Mr K H Gaseltine FIBP, FRPS, of Ilford Limited.
- 9 The Editor of **SOLDIER** reserves the right to reproduce any photograph submitted.

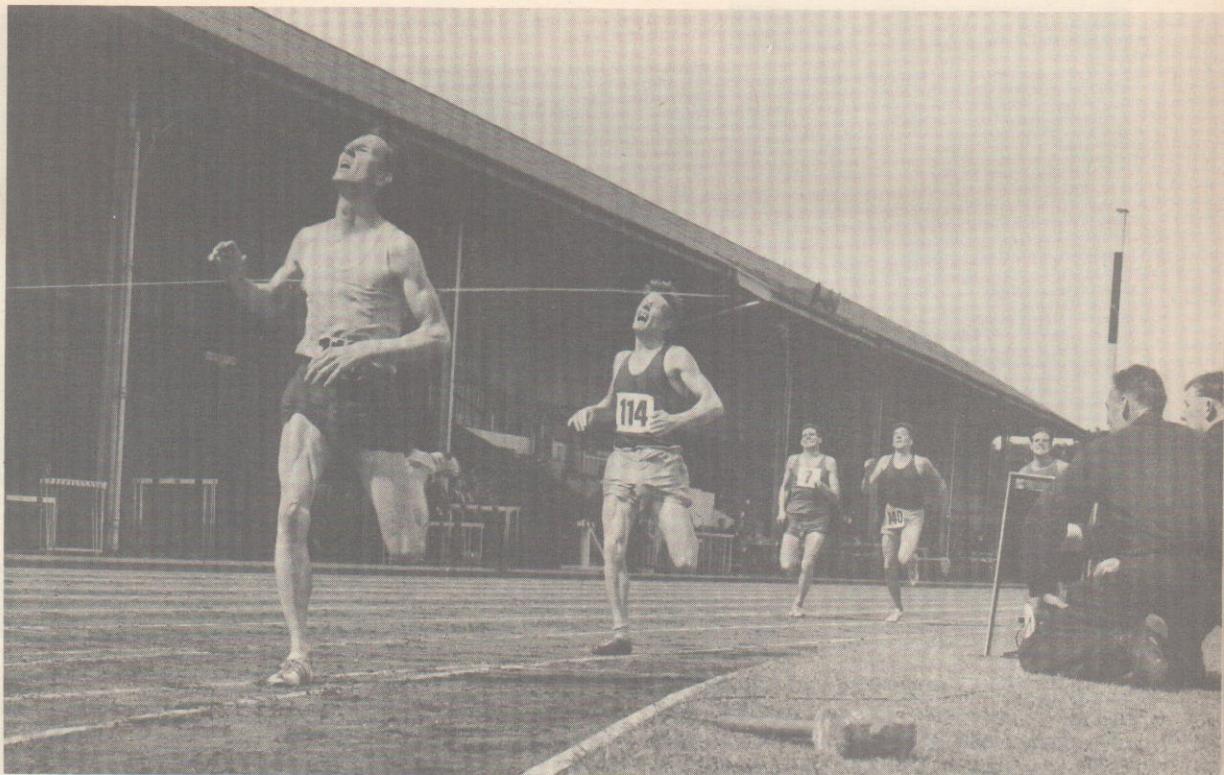
*The winners' names will appear in the November issue of **SOLDIER**. Winning prints may be used in the November and/or December issues.*

COMPETITION 63

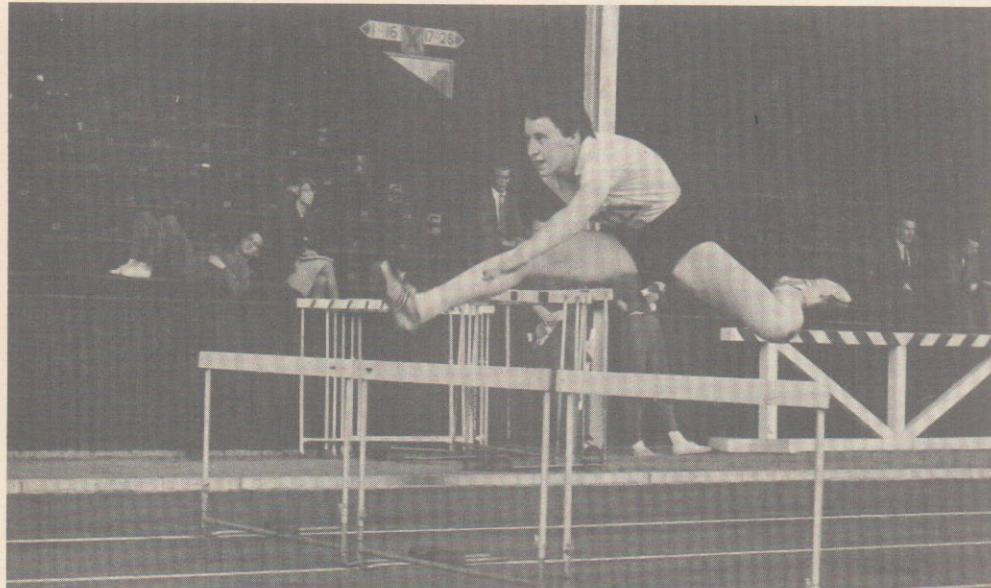
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Right: One last all-out spurt and Lance-Corporal J M Reynolds, of 1 Training Regiment, RE, breasts the tape to win the 880 yards final.



Above: Private Susan Hill, WRAC, winning her heat in the 80 yards hurdles. She won this event, the 440 yards and also the high jump.



Right: Second Lieutenant T Bryan, RAMC, the English international, breaking the record as he wins the 440 yards hurdles in 53.1 seconds.

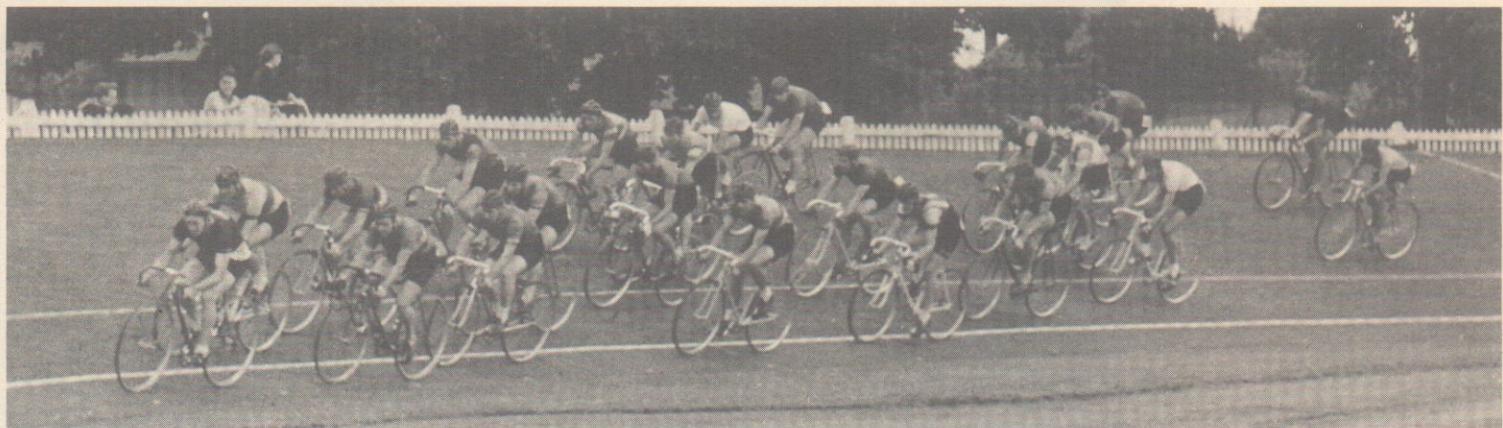
THREE NEW RECORDS

A LEAP of 13ft 4in by Sergeant Instructor Peter Lyons, Royal Military Academy, set up a new Army record in the pole vault and gave him the Army title for the fourth successive year. His was one of six victories gained by the Academy at the Army Athletics Championships at Aldershot.

Another record tumbled in the 440 yards hurdles, Second Lieutenant Tom Bryan, Royal Army Medical Corps, recording 53.1 seconds. Fine double wins were gained by Lance-Corporal John Reynolds, 1 Training Regiment, Royal Engineers, who retained his mile title and added the half-mile title to his collection, and by Lance-Corporal Ernie Pomfret, who won the three-mile title to add to the 3000 metres steeplechase championship he retained.

And Warrant Officer Eric Cleaver pleased everyone but his opponents by winning the discus event for the tenth successive year, a unique performance.

In the women's events a remarkable hat trick was completed by Private Susan Hill, Women's Royal Army Corps, attached 6 Battalion, Royal Army Service Corps, who won the 80 yards hurdles, 440 yards, and the high jump. Corporal L Mountford, 20 Independent Company, WRAC, set up a new Army record of 10ft 7 1/2in.



Racing cyclists, in a five-mile individual championship, bunch together on the banked Herne Hill track.

ARMY CYCLING FACES HILL CLIMB

ARMY cycling is in the doldrums. Interest faded so rapidly with the run-down of National Servicemen that it almost ceased to exist as an Army sport. But at last a thin ray of hope has appeared for soldier cycling enthusiasts.

Junior soldiers are going to save the sport from extinction. For the boys are showing an increasing liking for competitive cycling. Already there are some really promising riders who are making their mark on the record books.

The Army Cycling Union—once a flourishing organisation with an excellent record of successes—and the dozen enthusiastic top-class riders who form the backbone of Army senior cycling today, are hoping that boy soldiers will revive interest in cycling.

It has been a sad story for Army cycling in the last couple of years. After really outstanding success in the post-war years, with champion National Service riders reaping international and national awards, the picture changed rapidly with the end of conscription. In 1961 there were 135 competitors in the Army Track Championships, in 1962 there were only 42 (significantly 30 of these were junior soldiers) and this year there are just not enough riders to make it worth while holding the meeting at all.

So at the beginning of the year it was decided that the Junior section of the Army Cycling Union should carry on the sport within the Army until interest revived among the seniors. In addition, affiliation fees were reduced. Although senior events were suspended the Army Cycling Union still hoped there would be enough senior riders to enter Army teams in inter-service championship events.

Temporarily, the days were over when the Army boasted some of Britain's best cyclists—riders like Craftsman Ray Booty, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, Britain's champion cyclist for three years and Empire Games road race winner in 1958.

In 1956, Private Alan Jackson, Royal Army Medical Corps, was a member of

the British road race team at the Olympics in Australia. More recently, one of the last top-line National Service riders, Private Brian Kirby, The Queen's Own Buffs, was Britain's best all-rounder champion in 1961.

Now, experienced riders like Corporal W Happy, Royal Army Dental Corps, and Corporal P Arnott, Royal Signals, are leading the few enthusiasts who are keeping the flag flying while up and coming riders like young Rifleman M Brookes, of the Green Jackets, and Junior Private Topham, Infantry Junior Leaders Battalion, augur well for the future.

Six different types of event are open to competitive riders—road time trials, track championships, massed start championships, hill climbs, roller racing and cyclo-cross. Of these probably the massed start meetings are most popular, the competitors all starting simultaneously and jockeying for position throughout the race.

Competitive cycling calls for plenty

of stamina and nerve, whether humping a cycle across country or racing round a banked track. On rollers, Army cyclists have clocked up some really astonishing speeds—more than 50 miles an hour over a mile "course." On road time trials, Army riders have recorded average speeds of more than 25 miles per hour over a 100-mile course.

Expense hampers the growth of cycling in the Army. Competitive riders require precision machines if they are to compete in top-class events. Racing bicycles normally cost between £26 and £28—sometimes much more—and they have to be kept in perfect condition. When champion Alan Jackson was in the Army he had five racing bicycles and rode about 300 miles every week to keep in training!

Major R Webb, honorary general secretary of the Army Cycling Union, is enthusiastically leading the uphill struggle to put the Army right back on the map in the cycling world. And there is no doubt that he is winning.

GURKHAS TRIUMPH—OVER BICYCLES!



Members of the RAOC team, including one with dislocated shoulder, negotiating a rope hazard.

GURKHA teams filled the first five places of Hong Kong's drastically revised "Round the Colony" Race—despite those bicycles! Regarded by most Gurkhas as infernal machines, the bicycles claimed three victims before the race began.

Three of the four-man team from "C" Company, 2nd Battalion, 2nd Gurkha Rifles, piled up in spectacular fashion when one of their hats blew off during a practice spin two days before the race. All three had to withdraw, but despite this the Company found reserves strong enough to take fourth place.

This year's winners, "B" Company, 2nd/6th Gurkha Rifles, set up the fantastic time of 6 hours 48 minutes 12 seconds, an hour faster than the runners-up, "C" Company of the same Battalion. Third were 246 Gurkha Signal Squadron, in 8 hours 17 minutes 38 seconds.

Even the winners had their bicycle problems. A chain broke on one machine so each man took turns in running alongside his cycling team mates. Despite this, the team still set up the fastest time for the stage.

Twenty-five company units each supplied three four-man teams, a team for each of three sections. One team had to be led by an officer, another by a senior non-commissioned officer and the third by a lance-corporal or corporal.

Stage One covered 13 mountainous miles in the north-east tip of the New Territories, where navigation and choice of route were vital. Stage Two included the crossing of the Shatin estuary in rubber dinghies, with steep climbs on either side of the water, and Stage Three featured the bicycling section and a testing obstacle course.

First British team home, 29 Battery, 4 Regiment, Royal Artillery, took sixth place, led by Captain Bill Nissim, who had just returned to Hong Kong from a course in England. The Royal Leicesters, newcomers to Hong Kong, did remarkably well considering their limited knowledge of the countryside. The 1st Battalion's "A" Company filled seventh place, "B" Company came 12th and "C" Company seemed likely to do even better, but failed to finish Stage One because of a heat casualty.

Last year's winners, Headquarters 48 Infantry Brigade Group, had similar bad luck when on the final stage Sergeant Peter Young got cramp and had to drop out.

SPORTS SHORTS



For the first time ever, Hong Kong's Athlete of the Year is a soldier. In 12 short months, Second Lieutenant Tony Ling, 1st Battalion, The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment, has raced into the sporting lime-light, winning 26 civilian and Army trophies. His triumphs include the 800, 1500, 5000 metres and marathon championships. The 21-year-old subaltern, son of Brigadier F A H Ling DSO, of Rhine Army Headquarters, was nominated for the award, the Sir Gerard Howe Trophy, by the Hong Kong Amateur Athletic Association.

Footballers of the Home Postal Depot, Mill Hill, are already in training for the coming season. With so many titles to defend they will need to be off to a good start, knowing that every side they meet is sure to be after their blood.

This amazing minor unit last season won the Eastern Command Major Unit Cup, easily won the Command's Minor Unit Cup, took the London District Challenge Cup, the London District Mid-Week League Championship, the London District Six-a-side Cup (the unit's two teams meeting in the final!) and reached the semi-final of the Army Cup, losing in Germany to the eventual winners, 10th Royal Hussars, by the only goal of the match. Throughout the season there was only one other game the Depot side did not win—a league game against 2nd Battalion, Coldstream Guards.

A young man with a famous boxing name has joined the All Arms Junior Leaders Regiment at Towyn, Merionethshire. Junior Gunner James McAteer, aged 16, hopes to carry on the family tradition when he gains his place in the Regimental boxing team. He is a nephew of Pat McAteer, former British middleweight champion. James, who has already boxed with a local boys' club near his Newport, Shropshire, home, will find no lack of coaching, encouragement—or opponents—at Towyn. In Junior Gunner James Worton, of Aylesham, the unit already has an Imperial Services boxing champion.

Staff-Sergeant Harry Welsh, the Army Judo champion, has been appointed Judo coach for the North-West of England, an area covering seven counties and including Manchester. He is stationed with the Infantry Junior Leaders Battalion, at Oswestry, Shropshire.

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Letters

Declining Standards

As we old soldiers have grown older we have watched all the old standards become progressively lower; soldiers cut across parade grounds which years ago were regarded almost as holy ground, and where no man dare set foot except when on parade; haircuts and civilian clothing as worn by soldiers when off duty today can hardly be regarded as smart, yet yesterday the off-duty soldier was always immaculately turned out. Everybody today seems to "play it cool," and the Army and its affairs seem of little concern or interest to the average soldier.

I wonder, are we any less of an effective fighting force today than we were yesterday, when what is now regarded as "bull" was taken as a matter of course and was an inseparable part of a soldier's life?—**Cpl L Benjamin, RASC, 7 Coy RASC (GT), Blackdown, Hants.**

Army Education

I read with interest the review of "The Story of Army Education" (SOLDIER, May). Will you please inform me and, I am sure, many other interested readers, as to the civilian equivalent of the Regular Army First Class Certificate of Education? There exist many old-fashioned civilians who imagine that an Army Certificate of Education indicates that the holder is barely literate!—**R Rimmer GC, 29 Coniston Road, Newton, Chester.**

*While there is no civilian equivalent of the Army First Class Certificate of Education, the accepted approximate equivalent is one year's work below Ordinary Level of the General Certificate of Education.

No Marks

In "National Service Leaves Its Mark" (SOLDIER, May) it was stated that David Marques (not Marks) never made the Army team. The Playfair Rugby Annual

● **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.

1954-55 records that Second Lieutenant R W D Marques, Royal Engineers, represented the Army against both the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force in 1954.—**E L Vickery, 14 Tivoli Road, Cheltenham, Glos.**

* Reader Vickery is right on both counts.

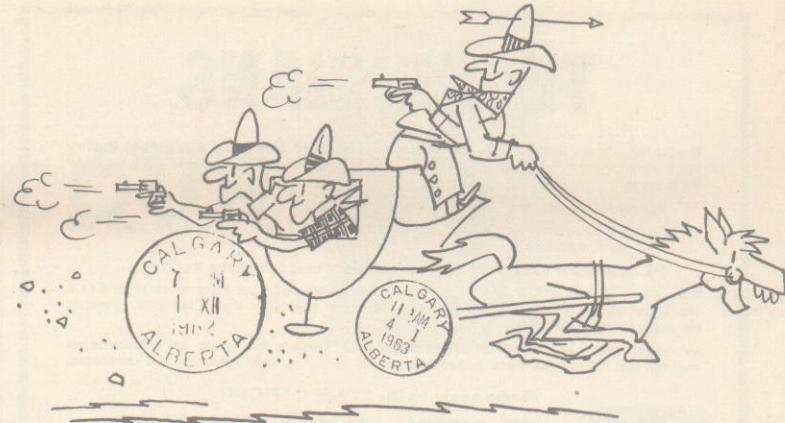
In the caption to a photograph of Captain D W C Smith, you award him an "English" Rugby cap. I rather think Doug Smith would have refused such a questionable honour!—**Maj J F Moffatt, RAEC, HQ London District, Horse Guards, London, SW1**

* Capt D W C Smith was capped for SCOTLAND in 1949-50.

Bingo!

Three calls not listed among those published in SOLDIER (June) are "Old Ireland" (17), "Brighton Line" (59) and "Connaught Rangers" (88).—**Brig E A James, Fernwood, Bracebridge Road, Sutton Coldfield, Warwicks.**

Drawing on the experience of some 30 years of "calling" I think I can add a few calls to those mentioned, but first I must



draw attention to two errors in your list. You quote both 2 and 22 as "Dinky-doo." The latter is correct; 2 can be called "Please, teacher" or "One little duck" but never "Dinky-doo." "Bed and breakfast" (76) is also wrong; in both tombola and darts, 26 is "Bed and breakfast" and 76 is either "Dog licence," "Three halfcrowns" or "Was she worth it?"

Other calls are "Dear me" (3), "Snakes alive" (5), "Dot below" (6), "One little crutch" (7), "A pair of crutches" (77), "Just half way" (45), "Same both ways" (69), "Rommel special" (88), "All but one" (89) and "As far as we go, nine-o" (90).

The Army uses a lot of calls not normally heard in civilian games, for example "Five and one, The Highland Brigade" (51), "Monty's mob" (8) and "Connaught Rangers" (88).—**C/Sgt R W Potts, c/o SSO, Dusseldorf, BFPO 34.**

Origin of Khaki

SOLDIER gave the origin of khaki in the June issue but did not mention the originator. This was Lieut-Gen Sir Harry Lumsden (1821-1896), and his "Guides," Cavalry and Infantry, not only



used khaki on service but even wore it in full dress and mess kit. The accompanying photograph is of a portrait of General Lumsden which hangs in the National Army Museum at Sandhurst.—**Lieut-Col C B Appleby DSO, National Army Museum, RMA Sandhurst, Camberley, Surrey.**

Unit History

An attempt is being made to compile a history of 10 Coy RASC (Br), and a circular sent to all branch secretaries of the RASC Association yielded much valuable information. However, there are still a few gaps, in particular the period 1916-1922. I should be most grateful for any information such as photos, anecdotes, personalities, officers commanding, decorations etc, which should be sent to me at the following address.—**WO II P Ryan, 10 Coy RASC (Br), BFPO 29.**

Soccer Cap

The statement that Cpl Charles Gough, 3rd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, has become the first Regular soldier to gain an international soccer cap for a quarter of a century (SOLDIER, May) is incorrect. Sgt William Anderson, REME, while serving on a 12-year engagement, gained five Scottish caps in the 1952-53 season. He played for the Army on many occasions and also holds the unique record of having played both for and against Scotland within three days; for Scotland against Wales at Aberdeen on the Saturday, and for the Army against Scotland at Newcastle on the following Monday.—**H J Harrison, 3 Fettes Row, Edinburgh 3.**

OVER...

Strong Views?

Somewhere in almost any magazine or newspaper today one is likely to find a sample of high pressure publicity about this modern Army in which we serve. The Regular "A1" soldier can be asked to go, at short notice, anywhere at any time and, if one is soldiering in one of these "fire brigades," this is more than a possibility.

I feel, therefore, that if a soldier is not "A1" he should not receive "A1" pay, and should also be removed from the promotion rolls. Further, any soldier who says, "I can't go because my wife, etc," is of no value as a soldier and should be discharged.

These are strong views, I admit; but as a married Regular soldier it is extremely frustrating to serve in a unit with a soldier who is excused everything except

breathing, and misses parades, PE tests, etc. Most soldiers are familiar with the "scheme" season and must have met somewhere the individual who cannot go on a scheme because his wife has a doctor's chatty saying she is nervous at night and must not be left alone.

In either case they cannot do a soldier's job, either because of a medical restriction or a welfare problem, and yet they continue to receive a soldier's full pay and privileges.

It would be interesting to hear the opinions of other Regulars, particularly from senior officers who might have the authority to do something about it.—

Staff-Sergeant G Bonner, REME Training Centre (Farel), c/o GPO, Singapore.

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more letters

Winged!

In the picture on SOLDIER's May front cover, one man spoils the show. The drum-major is wearing his drummer's wings back to front. I wonder if he got away with it.—A E Stonestreet, 29 Chaplin Road, Willesden Green, London NW2.

* Congratulations to reader Stonestreet on his acute perspicacity. The drum-major is correctly dressed—with the stripes on his wings sloping forward. But the drummer behind him, like the apocryphal bird, is liable to fly backwards—his wings are reversed.

Sherwood Shakos

Your article on the hoisting of the red tunics of The Sherwood Foresters at Normanton Barracks on Badajoz Day (SOLDIER, June) states that the two escorting soldiers in the picture are dressed in the uniform of the period, 1812, yet they are wearing the Albert shako, which was not introduced into the Army until 1844. Also they are wearing dark trousers with what I presume to be a scarlet stripe. Trousers were first worn by the Army in 1811 and these were a grey or blue-grey colour without any stripe, in the Infantry at any rate.

I am surprised that the British Army appears to have no knowledge of its past uniforms, as this is not the first time I have seen regiments turning out men in their supposed past uniforms inaccurately.—J Thomson, 52 Grove Street, Edinburgh 3.



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The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1 Top blade of tail rotor. 2 Sky lines at top left. 3 Height of helicopter's door. 4 Shape of left cloud. 5 Position of rescued man. 6 Helicopter's wheel struts on right. 7 Length of lower right rotor. 8 Lines on boat's lifebelt. 9 Waves in bottom left corner. 10 Angle of steamer's hull.

PRIZE WINNERS

Prize winners in SOLDIER's Competition 60 (May—sport quiz) were:

1 WO II D H Anderson, RAMC, AMED, BAOR, BFPO 40.

2 WO II W Pearce, REME, 18 Comd Wksp, REME, Bovington Camp, Wareham, Dorset.

3 Cpl Henniker, Block F, RAF Oakington, Cambridge.

4 WO I E Spurr, 4 Div RE LAD, REME, BFPO 16.

5 Pte A Lowe, Para Regt, AATDC, RAF Old Sarum, Salisbury.

6 WO I E Coombes, 12 RSME Regt, Brompton Barracks, Chatham, Kent.

7 No award.

The correct answers were: 1 Brian Hewson. 2 (d) (Jack Doyle). 3 Coronation, 1953 (Everest conquered 29 May, 1953). 4 (d) (Helsinki). 5 Lightning killed two players—match (replay between RAC, Bovington, and 121 Training Regiment, RA) abandoned after 20 minutes. 6 (b) (Lawn tennis—Wimbledon champion 1910-1913). 7 (a) (Billy Wells). 8 Cooper, boxing.

REUNIONS

BEACLEY OLD BOYS ASSOCIATION. Annual Reunion 20, 21 and 22 September. Particulars from Hon Sec BOBA, Army Apprentices School, Chepstow, Mon.

GREEN HOWARDS ASSOCIATION. 1963 Reunion at The Yorkshire Brigade Depot, Queen Elizabeth Barracks, Strensall, 28 and 29 September. Tickets and details from Regimental Secretary, RHQ The Green Howards, Richmond, Yorkshire.

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R M Barnes, 1012 Wimborne Road, Bournemouth, Hants.—Requires postal covers from Burma and Japan World War Two, Palestine World War One, and South African War.

Paul Treen, 443 Malpas Road, Newport, Mon.—Requires photos of British and Commonwealth troops in action during World War Two, also US Army steel helmet.

Miss B V Miller, 108 West Ivy Street, East Rochester, New York, USA.—Requires greetings airgraphs and V-mails of World War Two, also badges of Yorkshire regiments.

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AIRBORNE SUCCOUR



Parachutists leave their aircraft during a drop in World War Two. Men of the Royal Army Medical Corps and the Royal Army Dental Corps both played a heroic role with the airborne forces.

THE formation of airborne forces in World War Two offered the Royal Army Medical Corps a challenge. The mere fact that soldiers were taking up parachuting and gliding presented its own medical problems, but the need for the medical services themselves to drop from the skies was what really complicated the issue. Doctors, surgeons and their attendants (not forgetting the Royal Army Dental Corps) had to be trained, equipment had to be adapted or invented, and the whole prepared to give aid to the wounded on a scale never before envisaged in front-line conditions.

How the Royal Army Medical Corps responded to the challenge is told by Lieutenant-Colonel Howard N Cole in "On Wings of Healing" (Blackwood, 30s). The ultimate response was in the formation of teams which dropped, fully equipped, to carry out surgical operations in fire-swept perimeters, cut off from the civilised amenities of base hospitals.

The first major campaign in which the airborne medical services took part was the invasion of North Africa. Like other airborne troops, the medics had rough landings in the Sicily invasion. Five out of six gliders carrying an air-landing field ambulance came down in the sea. Parachutists of the medical services were scattered wide of their objectives. But the dressing station of 16 (Parachute) Field Ambulance treated 109 casualties, and its surgical team operated on 35 wounded (of whom only two later died) in 24 hours.

In Normandy, 6th Airborne Division fought for 77 days; 6722 casualties of its own and other units went into its field ambulances, and surgeons carried out 397 operations. The Medical Corps itself paid a price of nearly 200 casualties, 31 of them killed.

The climax came at Arnhem. Heroic is not too strong a word for the devoted men who, short of water and supplies, cared for the wounded in crumbling buildings, carried out surgical operations under fire, and kept hospitals going under alternate British and German control.

Not least of the heroism was that of a Captain Louis of the medical staff who made two attempts, each time with a different companion, to get across the Neder Rijn to the Arnhem bridgehead with much-needed medical supplies. The first time they were captured, but given a safe-conduct back to the British lines. The second time they went with assaulting Infantry, who were repulsed. Captain Louis was lost, but his companion swam back under fire. When the remnant of 1st Airborne Division withdrew from Arnhem, it left behind 2000 wounded and almost all its medical services to look after them.

The value of the airborne medical services was not confined to saving life and limb. The mere fact that they were there gave heart to the fighting men and, as one battalion commander wrote, "their confidence in their comrades of the RAMC contributed largely to the high performance in battle of airborne units."

RLE

A SELECT BAND OF MEN

I REMEMBER once hearing a story about a self-centred lady who, when the lights went up during a cinema performance, was horrified to find herself sitting next to a group of men in Royal Air Force uniform, all of whom bore terrible burn scars. Visibly shuddering, she said in a whisper loud enough for the fliers to hear: "Isn't it disgusting? They really shouldn't let them out among nice people."

The airmen rose and left. They were

patients of Sir Archibald McIndoe's maxillo-facial unit at East Grinstead. Most of them had suffered their terrible injuries in air battles. They were a select band of men, who, having proved their courage in the face of the enemy, now had to prove it in the face of their friends. They were the "guinea pigs."

The story was brought to mind by a quotation from McIndoe's writings: "We do well to remember that the privilege of dying for one's country is not equal to the privilege of living for it." That quotation appears in "The Guinea Pig Club," by Edward Bishop, published simultaneously by Macmillan, 21s and in paperback by Corgi Books, 3s 6d.

The book tells the story of the "guinea pigs" and of those who helped them back to normality. And it is an inspiring piece of work. Mr Bishop has already written the story of the Battle of Britain, and he might be excused if he thought then that he had reviewed the heights of heroism. If he did, then his experience in writing of the "guinea pigs" must have opened his eyes to another sort of heroism—the silent, heart-breaking battle to be regarded as a normal human being and not one to be shunned like a leper.

Of the Guinea Pig Club, McIndoe wrote: "The development of this unique organisation from a meeting of the 'Few' in 1941 round a bottle of sherry to its present



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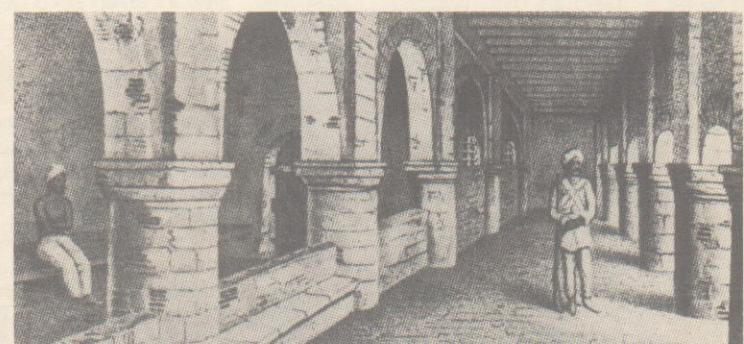
from previous page

flourishing condition is one of the curiosities of the war."

It is characteristic of this gifted plastic surgeon to describe this great institution as a curiosity. McIndoe is dead now, but his work goes on. The story of the genius from New Zealand has been told before, and although he figures prominently in the pages of "The Guinea Pig Club," the book is essentially about his patients and their friends rather than him. Mr Bishop's book is a worthy monument to both.

J C W

Three of the six faces of Jack Allaway, radio operator of a *Hampden* bomber shot down by an enemy intruder when about to land in Norfolk. Badly burned, he underwent plastic surgery at the East Grinstead Hospital and "starred" in a Canadian documentary film featuring the hospital.



Conjectural view of Calcutta's "Black Hole," as seen from Fort William.

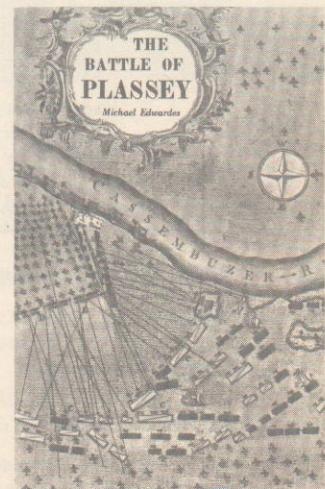
VICTORY FOR A SONG

IN all the long and glorious history of British arms no victory achieved more far-reaching results at less cost than the battle of Plassey, in June, 1757.

On the eastern bank of the Bhagirathi river, 75 miles north of Calcutta, the Nawab of Bengal, Siraj-ud-daula, had marshalled against the British an army of 50,000 men and more than 50 guns. Facing him, the forces of Colonel Robert Clive, of the Honourable East India Company, comprised 613 men of the 39th Foot (The Dorset Regiment—"First in India"), about 100 *topasses* (Eurasian soldiers) and 171 artillermen, including 50 sailors and seven midshipmen under the command of a lieutenant. The native Infantry numbered 2100 and the artillery pieces consisted of ten field guns and two small howitzers.

The Nawab's army lost about 500 men while casualties on the British side numbered four Europeans and 14 sepoys killed, nine Europeans and 36 sepoys wounded. This comparatively trifling cost resulted in the virtual capture of the vast and rich province of Bengal, which remained under British rule for the following 190 years.

In "The Battle of Plassey and the Conquest of Bengal" (Batsford, 25s), Michael Edwardes says of Plassey: "It demonstrated once and for all that a small body of men, well led and disciplined, could defeat the raggle-taggle mob of a native army. The result brought a surge of confi-





MARINE COMMANDO

"KNOCK them about and they will leave you alone," was the lesson 48 Royal Marine Commando learned when it sat facing the Germans in quiet sectors of North West Europe.

Major-General J L Moulton, who commanded the unit during most of its active life, records in "Haste to the Battle" (Cassell, 30s) several occasions when the Commando put the lesson into practice. The first was at Salenelles, in Normandy; then bottling up the German garrison of Dunkirk; and again on the Waal.

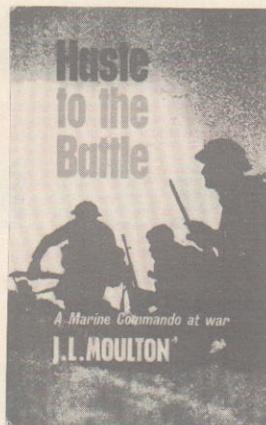
But 48 Commando not only made static warfare lively, it also had its share of more exhilarating action. On D-Day it landed with considerable casualties on the left of the Canadians, its mission to link up with another Commando that had landed on the right of the 3rd British Division. This, despite losses, it accomplished, capturing some determined German strongpoints in the process.

The Commando had the pleasant task of policing Le Havre and guarding the captured main stock of liquor of the German army of occupation.

This unit which gave such a good account of itself was the last Royal Marine Commando to be formed. It was based on a battalion which had failed to cover itself with glory in Sicily and returned to Britain early in 1944 for hurried conversion in the short time available before the invasion of Europe.

The author has some sharp remarks to make about the cause of the battalion's failure as against the Commando's success. The most basic of these is that the Admiralty could not make up its mind whether it wanted the Marines or not. For those who quarrel with the conception of Commandos because they took the best men from other units, the author replies that Commandos offered a place to men who wanted to fight but were confined in units with little prospect of early battle.

RLE



Their tank landing craft lie wrecked as men wade ashore at St Aubin. They are probably of brigade headquarters, following the 48 Commando landing.

HOOVES TO TRACKS

NO period in Cavalry history has seen more changes than the last 40 years, and in his latest work, "History of the 16th/5th The Queen's Royal Lancers 1925-1961" (Gale and Polden, 42s), Brigadier C N Barclay DSO brings the Regiment's record up to date from where Colonel H Graham's earlier history ended.

At that time, as the author points out, the horsed soldier was still equipped and trained for war in much the same way as he had been since the dawn of history. But mechanisation changed everything, and early during the 36 years covered by the book the 16th/5th gave up

their horses and became an armoured regiment of the Royal Armoured Corps, to be equipped with a variety of vehicles, weapons and other devices "which would have seemed inconceivably strange and complicated to a Cavalry soldier half a century ago."

Since then the Regiment has fulfilled every role open to an armoured unit—as well as operating for a time as Infantry.

Brigadier Barclay's graphic, well produced and splendidly illustrated book is a worthy memorial to those who have served this famous Regiment in the past and an inspiration to all those who follow them.

DHC

IN BRIEF

DESIGNED to give a comprehensive and clear picture of the dress worn by NATO forces, a German publication, "NATO Uniforms" (Hohwacht Verlag), does just that—in three languages. Uniforms worn by the three services in the NATO countries are pictured with an officer in dress uniform, non-commissioned officer in working dress and lower ranks in combat clothing.

Shoulder and sleeve ranks are also shown and a brave attempt has been made to equate unusual ranks with their equivalents in America, France, Germany and Britain. But the author admits that it is impossible to define absolute counterparts in many cases and often only the closest equivalent is suggested.

RFM

IGOR Sentjurc's novel, "Thou Shalt Not Kill" (Constable, 21s), is the story of a doctor in the German armies which had been defeated at Stalingrad. It is a grim and grisly saga, in which relief from the horrors of the front comes only in the terror of Germany under the waning Hitler.

Almost inevitably, this book is described on its dust-jacket as "a massive indictment of war" and likened to "All Quiet on the Western Front." These clichés should be disregarded; this is a competent novel which can stand on its own merits.

RLE

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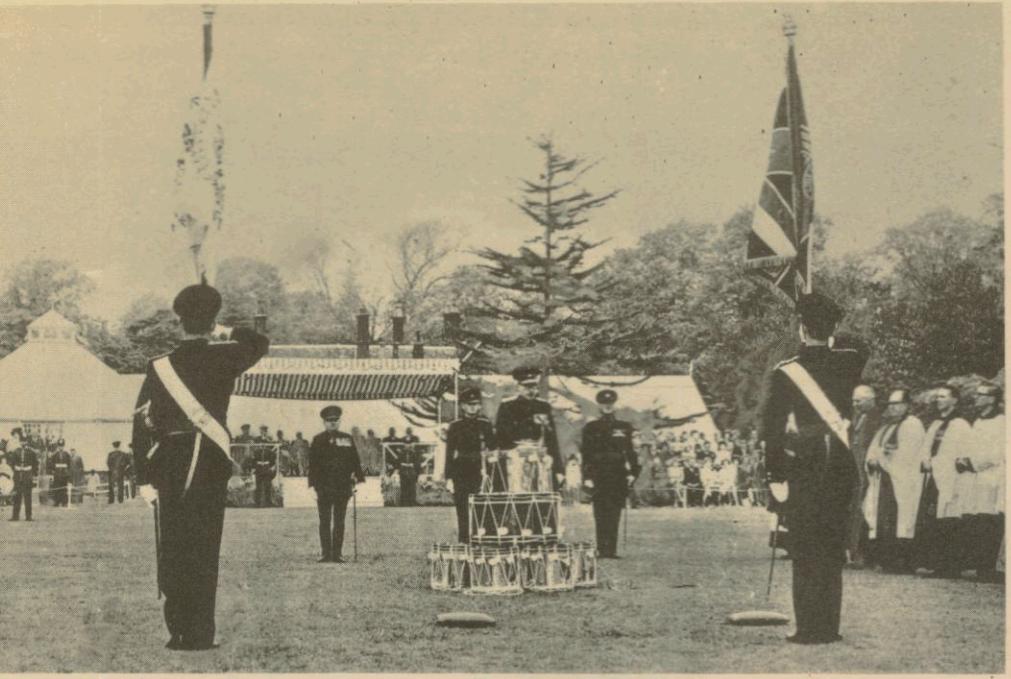
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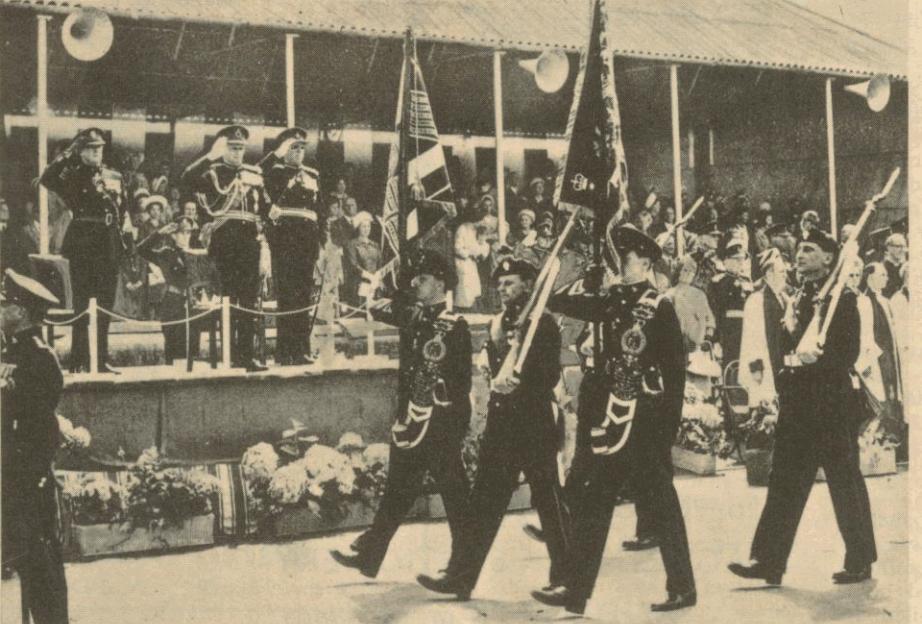
The Queen Mother presents a new Guidon to The Inns of Court and City Yeomanry in London.

Regimental Colours are a development of the banners of medieval nobility which in turn trace their origin back to the ensigns and standards of the Romans, Greeks and Egyptians. Their invention was due to two practical requirements—the need for some mark to distinguish between families, tribes and races, and a conspicuous rallying point in battle. Even before the end of the sixteenth century the flags of Infantry were called "Colours." A Standard was originally the largest of the numerous flags flown by the armies of the Middle Ages and, as its name implies, it was a flag made to stand as opposed to being carried. The term Guidon is derived from the old French *guyd-homme*—the flag carried by the leader of horse. It has always been swallow-tailed and regarded as junior to a Standard. The Household Cavalry and dragoon guards today carry Standards, while junior arm dragoons carry Guidons and Infantry carry Colours. For the country's cause, whole regiments have almost been wiped out... and often the only memorial to their heroism may be the name on the Colour.



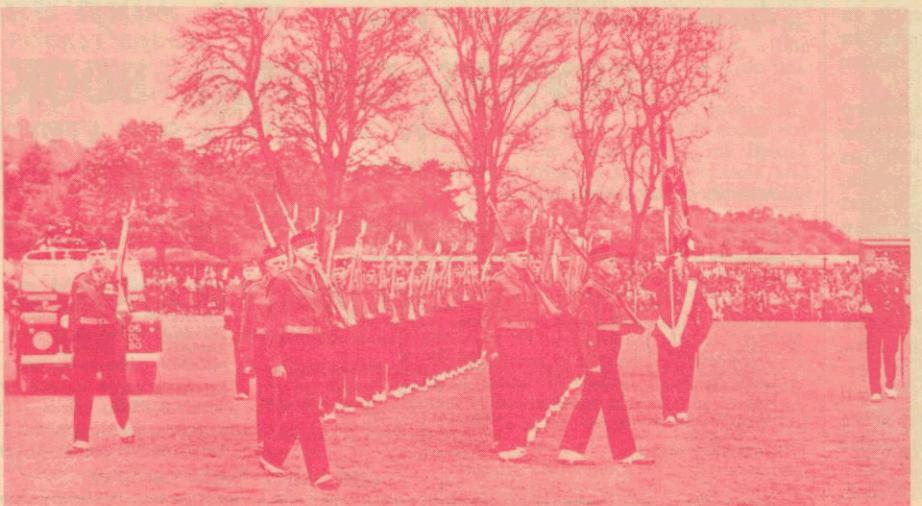
After 54 years' service, the old Colours of the 4th Battalion, The South Lancashire Regiment, TA, were marched off parade for the last time when the Earl of Derby presented new Colours to the Battalion at Walton Hall, Warrington.

PARADE OF THE COLOURS



The 7th Battalion, Royal Warwickshire Fusiliers, parades its new Colours for the first time after an official presentation by Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery at Coventry. The old Colours were presented by King Edward VII at Windsor in 1909.

In the sombre setting of Horse Guards Parade at a ceremony rich in military spectacle and colour, the Queen presented eight new Standards to the Household Cavalry. Watched by a big crowd, this was the scene as prayers were said in the sunshine before the presentation. The Royal Horse Guards and The Life Guards received four new Standards each.



Men from TA centres all over the border counties were on parade when the Duchess of Gloucester presented new Colours to the recently amalgamated 4th and 5th Battalions, The King's Own Scottish Borderers, at Galashiels.



SOLDIER



ANNETTE

*Walt Disney Productions
—in "Escapade in Florence"*