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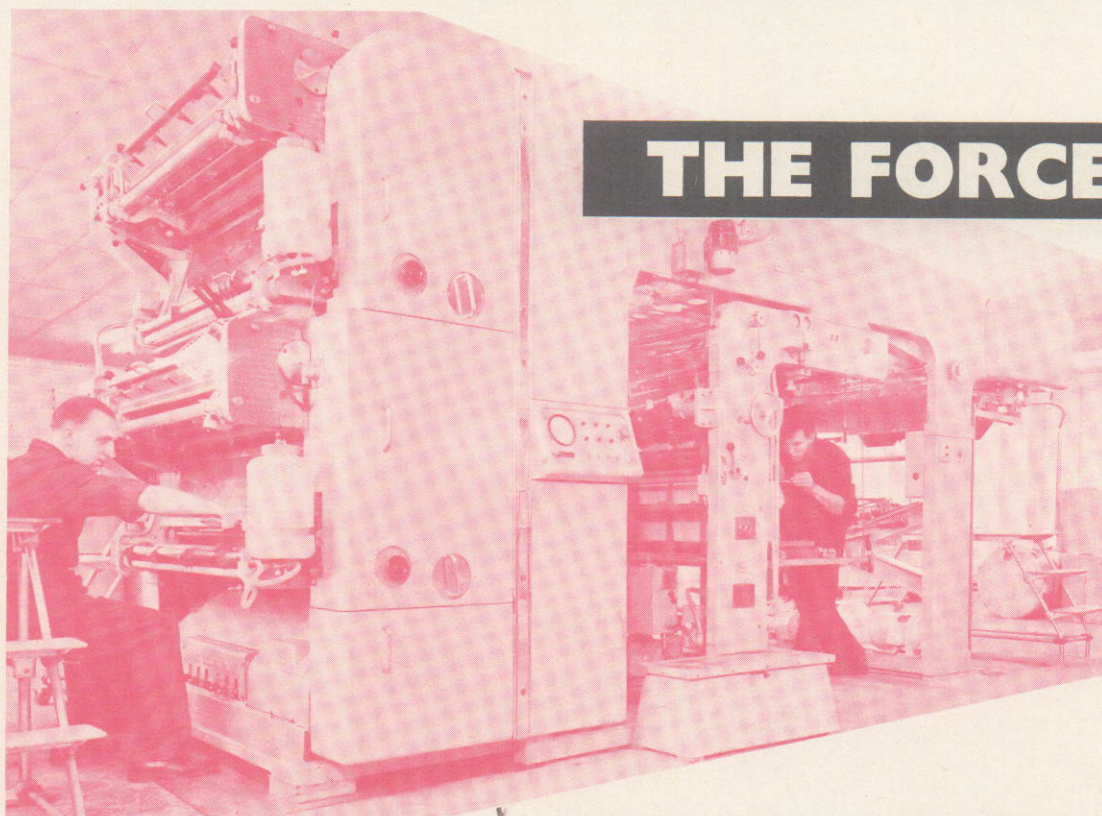
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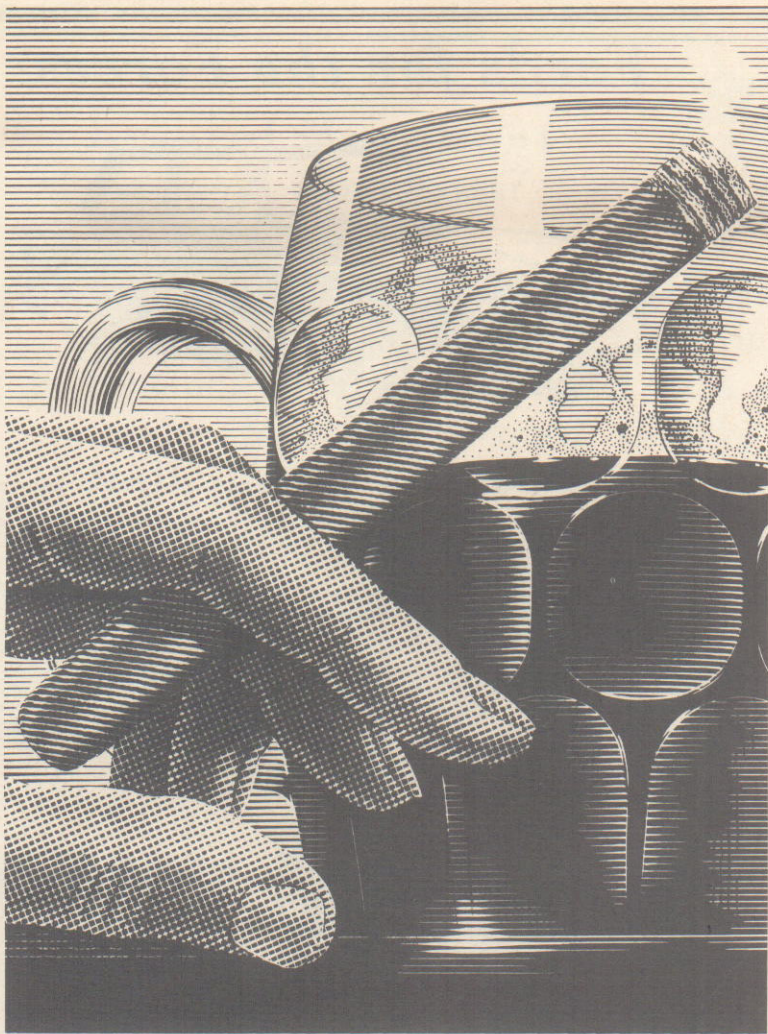
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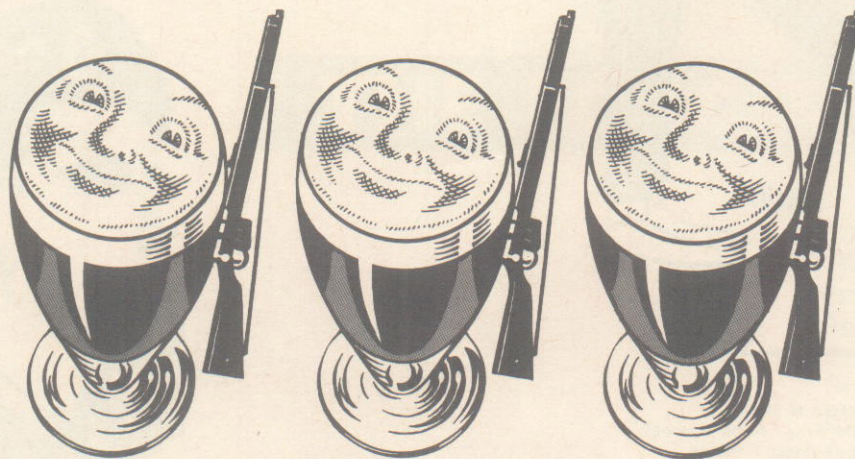
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that is fine, fine, fine

THE DEDICATED SEVEN



Story by **PETER J DAVIES**

Pictures by **PETER O'BRIEN**

AS THE SONG SAYS, YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE HEART. MILES AND MILES AND MILES OF HEART. IT IS THE FIRST REQUIREMENT OF A GOOD BIATHLETE

He's as strong as an ox and keen as mustard. The team's leader, Captain Moore, has built a great team spirit. Here he tries a ski jump at Oberjoch.

SEVEN men. Seven purposeful men with a single thought—to bring honour to Britain in next year's Winter Olympics. This is the British biathlon team. Britain's best chance of success on snow lies in this new Olympic ski-shooting event. The Army—ruling body in British biathlon—is going all out for success, pinning its faith in seven men. The dedicated seven.

After a 15-month, make or break training programme, six soldiers and a Royal Marine have proved themselves our best biathlon prospects. But how were they chosen? How do you pre-select a national team in a brand-new sport? What are the qualities required in a biathlete?

OVER...

THE DEDICATED SEVEN continued

First, as the song says, you've got to have heart. When you are sloggng for mile after mile up a steep mountain of snow—heart pounding, sweat freezing on your face, no end in sight—only the harshest self-persecutors maintain maximum effort. They are the prospective internationals.

These were the types the newly-formed and powerful Biathlon Sub-Committee set out to find at the Army Ski Championships last year. Working partly on form and partly with a crystal ball the Committee chose a dozen likely prospects to begin all-out training.

Captain John Moore, 17 Regiment, Royal Artillery, the one man who had carried Britain's international reputation in biathlon on his shoulders each year since the first world championships in 1958, was the obvious choice as team captain. Lieutenant Rod Tuck, Royal Marines, the previous year's British biathlon champion, was another clear choice, as were Lieutenant Robin Dent, 40 Regiment, Royal Artillery, currently the most consistent of our biathletes, and Corporal Andrew (Jock) Main, 35 Corps Engineer Regiment, Royal Engineers, a leading British cross-country skier.

A more interesting selection was Gunner Frederick (Andy) Andrew, 40 Regiment, who had donned skis only 12 months before—after Lieutenant Dent had watched him win his welter-weight bout in a regimental boxing match. Lance-Corporal Alan Notley, 3rd Green Jackets, a novice on skis 12 months ago, was picked for his shooting ability, and Gunner David Rees, 40 Regiment, had been happier on cross-country running spikes than skis until 1960.

Today these are the men who will attend the Winter Olympics in Austria next February and from whom, almost certainly, the British team of four will be chosen. An eighth member, Captain Conn Gage, Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Artillery, one of the original 12, was made team manager and this has become a full-time job. The team also has a full-time rifle coach, Colour-Sergeant Farrington, Royal Marines.

The team will face a biathlon course of 20 mountainous kilometres (13 miles) with rifle ranges of 100, 150, 200 and 250 metres spaced round the course. Shooting at the three longer ranges is done prone, but the 100-metre shots are fired from a standing position. Five



Right: Gnr Rees, 21, Welshman, took up skiing as "a good skive." Now the most dedicated athlete of the seven, with great potential.

QMSI Douglas Stockman, top rifle coach who taught the team to shoot at Hythe, collects targets after the British Biathlon Championship.

Below: Gnr Andrew, a 22-year-old Scot, was little more than a good novice when picked for the team, but he is no novice these days.



shots are fired at each range and two minutes are added to the running time for every miss. So accurate shooting is vital—but shooting in biathlon has its own problems.

After three miles of all-out physical effort a competitor arrives at a range with heart pounding and sweat blurring his vision. The target he sees as a dot to be held steadily in the centre of his sights as he squeezes the trigger. He can't afford to waste time, nor can he afford many missed shots. The solution to this difficult compromise is in plenty of experience in top-class competition, and a build-up to the pinnacle of fitness so that the body can be forced to the limit then quickly steadied for precision shooting.

The big build-up began last May, with all 12 candidates ploughing an individual keep-fit furrow at their respective units, keeping in regular touch by letter with Captain Moore at Oswestry. The do-it-yourself internationals came together for the first time in July when they took a week's concentrated shooting course at Hythe, Kent. They returned to their units with an intensive shooting programme to maintain and a 20-page fitness course that Captain Moore had adapted from a Swedish summer ski training schedule.

Now at least, as Corporal Jock Main pounded his weary way round the Osnabruck countryside, he had the consolation of knowing that at the same time



his fellow-Scot, Gunner Andy Andrew, had similar feelings about the foot-blistering byways of Munster.

Friday, 14 December, 1962, was the big day. After months of tough, dull training, more shooting courses, and that painful but inevitable pruning of the short list, Britain's biathlon prospects assembled in Norway for training under farmer Johs Woxen, one of Norway's leading coaches. Here, as they were kitted out with everything from ski anklets to team pyjamas, they began to look and move like a national team.

The training they had done through the summer was nothing to the rigorous schedule Johs Woxen had ready for them. Thirty-mile ski runs across acres of bleak snow-covered country were a regular feature of a programme designed to build that mental stamina vital in any world-class distance event.

Equally important in Norway were the five top-class biathlon races the team entered. There was a great morale boost when Lieutenant Dent won the first race, beating a field that included two of the Norwegian national team. He shot brilliantly, gaining 19 hits out of a possible 20.

The busy Norwegian programme left only four days for the team to acclimatise in Austria for the 1963 World Biathlon Championships. Considering this, the

team did well to beat the Swiss, West Germans and Americans to finish ninth. From here the team moved to Oberjoch for the British and Army Cross-Country Ski Championships. As expected, the seven took the first seven places, the hours of shooting practice paying dividends. The team averaged 13.3 hits while the rest of the field of 18 could manage only 28 hits between them.

Another 19 out of 20 shooting feat, this time by Lieutenant Rod Tuck, gave the Marine the British biathlon title for the second time. It was the first time since training began that Lieutenant Dent had been beaten by a fellow-countryman in a biathlon event. However, his 17 hits gave him second overall place and the Army title. Captain Moore had easily the best running time but managed only 12 hits to take third place ahead of Gunner Rees, who had the second-best running time, also with 12 hits.

Corporal Jock Main (12 hits) came fifth and Gunner Andrew managed only eight hits but they were enough to beat Lance-Corporal Alan Notley who broke a ski stick and had a slow running time, but whose 13 hits took him into seventh place.

At Oberjoch to study the unique problems of biathlon shooting was Warrant Officer Douglas Stockman, the

gunnery instructor who taught the team to shoot at Hythe.

Armed with his formidable list of qualities required in the ideal biathlon rifle, he and Lieutenant Tuck travelled to Denmark to buy half a dozen piece-meal—the action from one firm, the barrel from another and having the guns tailor-made to fit the biathletes.

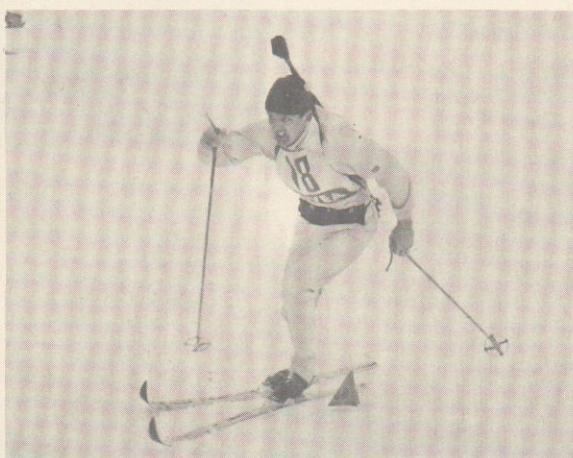
So the seven will begin their 1963-4 season's training next month in great heart. But while they continue to develop they know that such powerful skiing nations as Russia, Finland, Germany and Poland are also paying close attention to this young Olympic event.

As it takes between six and eight years to bring a cross-country skier to his peak, we have no right to expect wonders of our biathletes next year. But we can expect the team to give everything it has got, and perhaps surprise a number of snow-clad countries.

Whatever the result, this should be only a beginning for Britain. However well our men do, they can do a whole lot better at the 1968 Olympics. That steep unending mountain of snow will still loom before Britain's biathletes, and they must still maintain maximum effort. If official backing is also maintained at its present high level the seven will keep on slogging, onwards and upwards. They've got what it takes.



L/Cpl Notley, aged 22, third in Army Hundred at Bisley, had done little skiing when chosen for training. He was sent to Norway ten days ahead of the team and made great skiing strides, as he shows in tackling this hazardous racing climb.



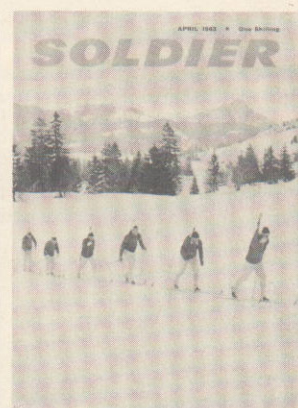
Cpl Main, 24 and married. This strong Scot almost lost his team place through lack of progress in shooting, but a switch of rifles brought better results. He scored 12 hits in the 1963 world biathlon event and had the second-best British time.



Lieut Rod Tuck, aged 28, current British biathlon champion and one of our finest pentathletes. A downhill skier for six years, he took an interest in biathlon on a snow warfare course in 1960. Won the British title at his first attempt in 1961.



Lieut Dent, aged 24, Yorkshire-born, was easily the best British competitor in the world championships in Finland last year, coming 24th, and in Austria recently, when he finished 22nd. He has also won the Canadian Army Biathlon Championship.



Cover Picture

Early morning at Oberjoch, Germany's highest village and scene of the Army Cross-Country Ski Championships.

It is the day before the British Biathlon Championships and the British team is up early for a brisk training run and a look at the course. **SOLDIER** Cameraman Peter O'Brien was up early too, to get this colourful action picture.

Mrs John Moore, wife of the team captain, chose the team's light-blue running suit uniform.

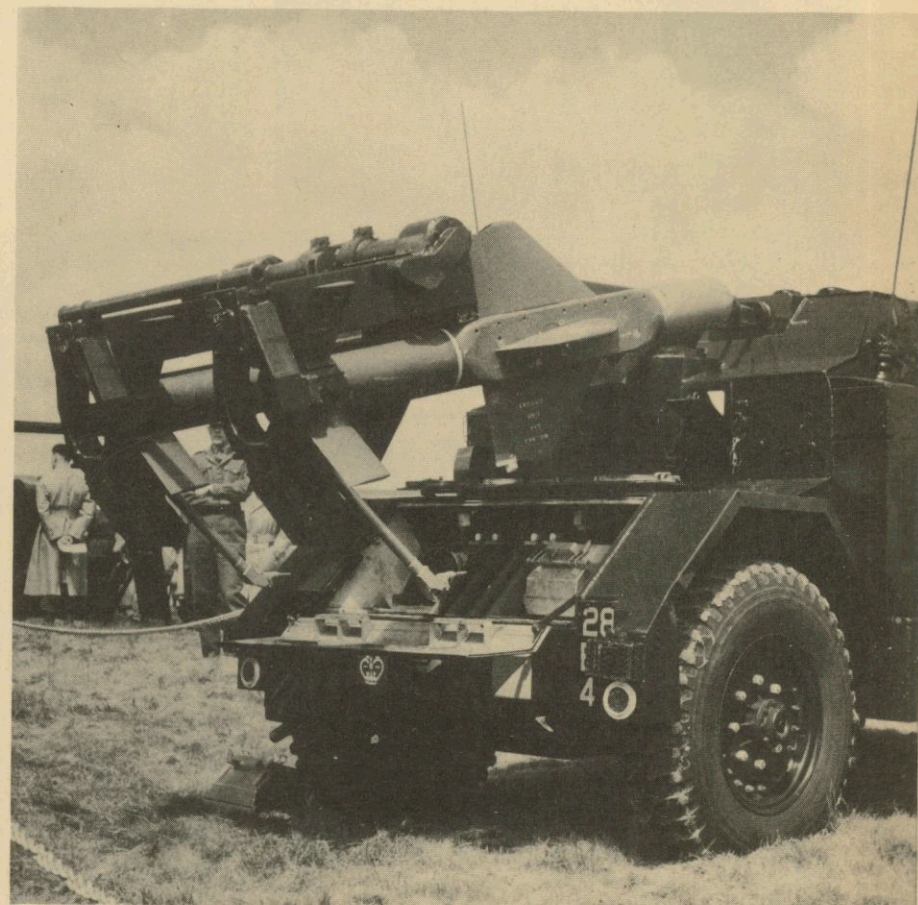
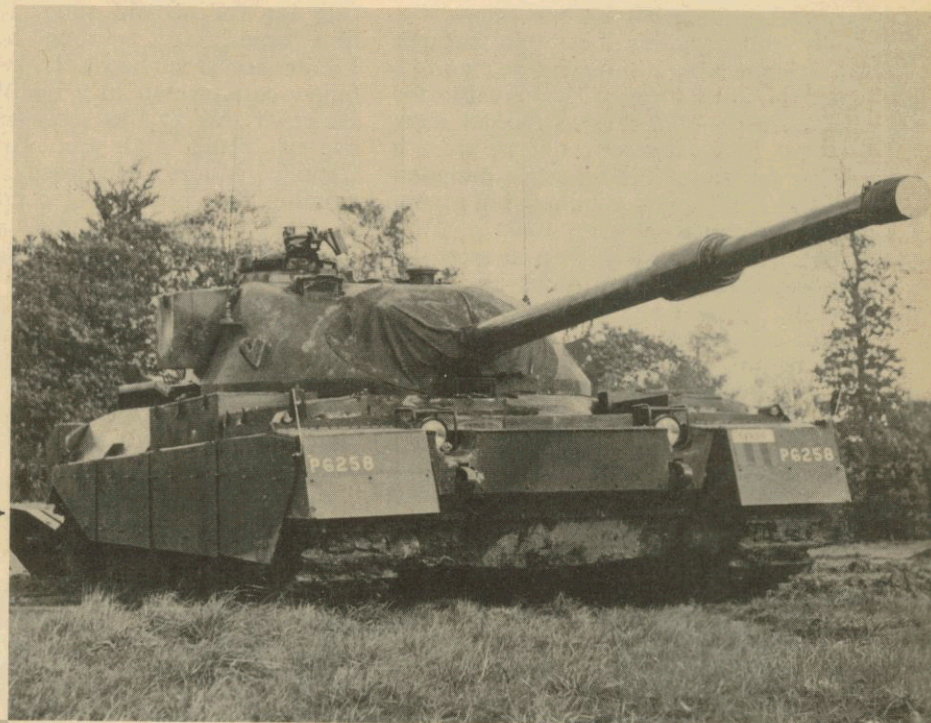
The new professional Army will have BIGGER FIRE POWER, MORE MOBILITY, FASTER COMMUNICATIONS



Some Royal Armoured Corps and Infantry regiments will during this year receive the *Vigilant* anti-tank missile, here deployed on Salisbury Plain.

If current acceptance trials for *Chieftain*, the new main battle tank, are successful—and this is expected—a production order will be placed.

First deliveries will start during this year of the new tracked armoured personnel carrier, *Trojan*, here being demonstrated by The Black Watch.



Deliveries of the larger *Malkara* anti-tank missile will be completed during the year. The *Malkara* can "kill" the heaviest tank at long range.

TANKS, guns and Infantry keeping pace with each other as the Army's battle groups race into action is the picture painted by the memorandum on the 1963/64 Army Estimates. The Royal Armoured Corps' new main battle tank, *Chieftain*, will be matched in cross-country performance by the Royal Artillery's *Abbot* self-propelled gun, and by the Infantry's armoured personnel carrier, *Trojan*.

Acceptance trials for *Chieftain* are taking place now and if, as is expected, these are successful, the tank will be ordered. Manufacture of the 105mm self-propelled tracked close-support gun, *Abbot*, will start during the year. It has a longer range and fires a heavier shell than the 25-pounder, gives good protection to the crew and has an excellent cross-country performance. There are also plans for a new heavy gun.

Deliveries of the Infantry's *Trojan* personnel carrier will start during the year, and *Carl Gustaf*, the new Swedish anti-tank weapon, will begin to come into service with Infantry companies. In the anti-tank missile field, deliveries of *Malkara* will be completed and there will also be some of the smaller *Vigilant* missiles for the Royal Armoured Corps and the Infantry.

The new British 81mm mortar will begin to replace the 3-inch mortar early next year, and supplies of the general purpose machine gun are coming from a Belgian firm pending the first delivery from British manufacturers at the end of this year. All this will give the Infantry a most effective all-round fire power, says the memorandum.

In a bid to speed advanced supplies to the new fast-moving battle groups, the Army will receive initial deliveries of the 5-ton high mobility load carrier *Stalwart* for evaluation. There will also be heavy recovery vehicles for use in forward areas. A tracked fitters' vehicle, for battlefield repair, on a similar chassis to the armoured personnel carrier, is in an advanced stage of development.

There will also be deliveries of new types of tractors, earth-moving equipment and mechanical handling aids for use in the field or at ports or beaches, and negotiations for production orders for the German M2 amphibious bridge equipment—similar to the French *Gillois*—are "proceeding." The new logistic landing ship will be completed and at least one more laid down during the year.

The Army is studying the *Hobart* plan of radio communications, which



The Swedish anti-tank missile, *Carl Gustaf*—"the best weapon of its type at present available"—will begin to reach the Infantry.

embraces the whole range of field Army signals. The aim is to "rationalise and integrate the new generation of radio equipment," thus doing away with the present diversity of equipment which creates problems of operation, control and maintenance. The new radios will be smaller, lighter, stronger, more powerful and easier to work.

This plan also proposes a revolutionary system of area trunk communications, with computer techniques giving a field operator rapid, automatic inter-connection. It is hoped to introduce the system in self-contained stages.

Longer term projects include research into more advanced armoured fighting vehicles, development of high strength and temperature resistant metals, and work on improved ammunition fuses, engines and bridging.

The first new boots with directly moulded rubber soles will soon be making an appearance. The old battle-dress is gradually going the same way as the old boots but everyone must first receive a second barathra service dress. Issue of this is now starting, and the whole Army will have temperate combat clothing within a few months.

A national trend towards earlier marriage is one stumbling block frustrating the Army in its bid to meet the increasing demand for married quarters in the new all-Regular Army, says the memorandum. In the United Kingdom alone, a building rate approaching 150 a month is still insufficient to meet the need. "We shall have to build quarters even faster for several years to come if

we are to master this problem," comments the memorandum. And this despite current spending on new quarters being many times as great as in 1959-60—and still increasing. The shortage has been partly met by 6000 furnished hirings and it is hoped in the coming year to rent or buy caravans.

In Germany the rapidly increasing number of families to be accommodated remains a problem, but most of the demand is being met by hiring specially-built blocks of flats from German contractors, and though progress is slow it is hoped that by March, 1964, 6800 families will have been housed in this way.

The coming year should bring a wide expansion in the Army's United Kingdom building programme, with 23 large projects finished and another 36 begun during the current financial year, and 25 more completions, including nine complete barracks, scheduled for 1963-64, when a start will be made on about 20 more.

An overseas building round-up includes:

Gibraltar: Plans complete for rehousing of garrison in new accommodation at south end of the Rock.

Libya: Nearly a million pounds spent on refurbishing old Italian barracks being used by our troops.

Cyprus: Distillation and generating plant should be complete by end of next year and provide Army and Royal Air Force in Dhekelia area with all the fresh water and electricity they need.

OVER...

BIGGER FIRE POWER continued

Malaya: New cantonment for Commonwealth Brigade at Terendak Camp, Malacca, almost complete. Barracks at Penang have been modernised, and a secondary school for 900 children is being built in Singapore.

Hong Kong: With Gurkha accommodation finished, accent is on improving living conditions of British troops, with new barracks for an Infantry battalion and other units in the New Territories. At Kowloon, work has started on a new military hospital and an ordnance depot.

More members of the Women's Royal Army Corps are to serve overseas. It is planned to send women to Aden this year and there will be more posted to Germany, the Middle East and the Far East. More women will be employed in signals, ordnance and other technical and administrative trades, to release men for other duties.

An increase in recruiting to the Women's Royal Army Corps continues, with 5009 other ranks serving at the end of last year compared with 4480 at the beginning, and the upward trend is continuing.

The number of officers in the Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps has continued to fall, but there are more other ranks, who have been particularly welcome in view of the shortage of Royal Army Medical Corps other ranks.

An increase of £23.1 million in the 1963-64 Army Estimates over the comparable 1962-63 figures is mainly accounted for under stores and equipment for the Army, where provision is £13.6 million more than last year.

The total sum asked of Parliament is £497,031,000. The Defence Budget amounts to £1838 million, which represents about 7 per cent of the gross national product, the proportion that has been devoted to defence for several years.



Above: A Northampton factory girl trimming the moulded rubber sole of the Army's new boot; and new-style furniture in a new married quarter.



SOLDIER to Soldier

THE not entirely unexpected decision that the three Services should be reorganised under the unified command of the Ministry of Defence obviously makes sense. Modern warfare, from "brush fire" call to nuclear disaster, increasingly demands mobility, flexibility and fire power and inevitably an ever-closer relationship between all three Services.

It makes good sense, too, that there should be no attempt to integrate three arms which, while growing closer-linked operationally, have become so widely divergent in traditions and administration over the years. Were any argument needed to refute amalgamation of the Services it could readily be found in the problems of happily merging, within the Army, two regiments with much in common.

It is sensible and practical, too, that direction at the top should be single-minded and that senior ranks of all three Services should be brought together under one roof and one leadership. The Army will regret losing its War Minister and all that that office embraces. It is to be hoped that it will have no cause for further regret when, in summer, the Minister of Defence places his detailed proposals before the House.

★

THE walk-out from their unit of 25 Scots Guardsmen—and the host of embryonic Parliamentary candidates—are both in part the price the Army is paying for recruiting the better class of men it needs.

Standards of entry have been—have had to be—raised for today's professional and highly technical Army. The better-educated man carefully considers the prospect of a military career before he joins up. If he becomes disillusioned he is prepared to make an issue of it and he can much more easily today find ready champions.

Discharge by application for Parliamentary nomination papers has been stopped, but not before it had brought some discredit to the Army. Inevitably the Guardsmen's walk-out similarly brought the Army into temporary disrepute. They offended perhaps less against military law than against the high reputation which the Army has gradually and deservedly built up for itself—the "concept" or "image" of modern parlance.

It is doubly unfortunate that this fleeting incident should occur within the Brigade of Guards and especially in the Scots Guards, a regiment which can pride itself on the efficiency of every aspect of its public and officer-man relations and its contribution towards KAPE—keeping the Army in the public eye.

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HISTORIC LINKS OF FRIENDSHIP BETWEEN THE
ARMIES OF DENMARK AND BRITAIN HAVE BEEN
REINFORCED BY A NOVEL EXCHANGE OF TROOPS

TWO-WAY ENTENTE



Danish soldiers race across snow-covered ground at Stanford during the joint exercise with the Buffs.

The 1st Falster Foot charge through a smoke screen near the site of a bloody battle ten centuries ago.



NO schoolboy ever negotiated a more successful swap. Smith Minor might consider himself an expert in the cut-throat world of stamps and conkers, but he would be staggered at the enormity of a unique international exchange recently completed. For the Army swapped troops . . . hundreds of them.

Officially described as the "first joint air-mobility exercise of Danish and British troops," the exchange was an unqualified success.

Beverley and *Hastings* aircraft of the Royal Air Force's Transport Command flew men of the 1st Battalion, 6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles, and the 1st Battalion, The Devonshire and Dorset Regiment, to Denmark for three weeks' training with units of the Danish Eastern Land Command. And on the return flights to England they brought back 750 men of the 1st Falsterske Fodregiment to train with British troops.

OVER . . .

TWO-WAY ENTENTE

continued

The Danish soldiers were stationed at West Tofts Camp in Thetford, Norfolk, a town which had a special interest for them—Danes occupied the place in 865 and burned it down in 1004!

But on this return visit, their intentions were more friendly. Special hosts to the Battalion, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Georg Asmussen, were men of the 1st Battalion, The Queen's Own Buffs.

The Buffs have strong historic connections with Denmark and with the 1st Falster Foot. Their Colonel-in-Chief is King Frederik IX of Denmark and their Regimental Association has a flourishing branch in Copenhagen. During World War Two, many Danish soldiers served with the Buffs, including Major A S B Joul MC, second-in-command of the 1st Falster Foot.

And the links between the two Regiments were renewed when the Danes visited the Buffs at Meeanee Barracks in Colchester, Essex. The day's programme included training in the gymnasium and swimming pool, followed by sight-seeing in Colchester. The soldiers, if a little gauche and reticent at first, were firm friends by the end of the day with much farewell back-slapping.

The major ceremonial event was a parade at West Tofts Camp at which Lieutenant-Colonel His Highness Prince Georg of Denmark, Military Attaché at the Royal Danish Embassy in London, presented a three-month-old black poodle to the Battalion.

The puppy will take over duties as mascot from the ageing dog left behind in Denmark. The 1st Falster Foot have had a poodle mascot ever since a black poodle belonging to a sergeant-major of the Regiment was wounded and struggled 50 miles across country to find its owner during the Battle of Sankelmark in 1864.

Drill at the parade was cut short by a thick layer of ice which covered the parade ground and made marching a hazardous business. Before Prince Georg arrived, Major-General R M P Carver DSO, MC, commanding 3rd Division, inspected the Battalion.



The Danes use their own bridging equipment (above) to cross this stream in Norfolk. Below: The British soldiers in Denmark wait for the message to move up to the "front" during an exercise.



Danish and British troops trained together for the first time at the Stanford training area close to Ringmere Heath, where one of the bloodiest battles between Dane and Saxon was fought ten centuries ago.

With the Buffs set up in defensive positions to act as enemy, the Danes moved across the snow-covered training ground in a classic "advance to contact" exercise. And after the joint exercise with British troops, the 1st Falster

THE ARMY'S

MEDALS

by Major John Laffin

16 : NEW ZEALAND MEDALS



The obverse (left) and reverse of the New Zealand Medal, 1845-7 and 1860-6. Ribbon is dark blue with a red stripe in the centre.

MEDALS struck for the Maori Wars of 1845-47 and 1860-66 are complex, and reliable information about some of them is scarce. Nevertheless, some collectors make a speciality of collecting these medals because of their rarity and interest.

The obverse of all the medals shows the diademed head of Queen Victoria with a veil covering the back of her head. The reverse shows NEW ZEALAND on top and VIRTUTIS HONOR at the bottom. In the centre, surrounded by a laurel wreath, is the date of service. The ornamental suspender is of a design used on the New Zealand medals alone.



The inevitable snapshots to take home and show Mum kept soldiers in England and Denmark busy with their cameras.

Prince Georg of Denmark with the new mascot of the Falsters. ▶

The Corps of Drums of the 1st Falster Foot meet their counterparts in the Buffs during a visit to Colchester.



Foot made full use of the training area in battalion exercises.

About half the Danish soldiers (nearly all of them are National Servicemen) could speak some sort of English and many had attended special lessons

before leaving Denmark. The big highlight of the visit for nearly all of them was a day's sight-seeing in London by themselves.

Colonel Asmussen summed up the impressions of the visitors like this:



"If the British troops in Denmark are having half as good a time as we are having here, then they will be very fortunate."

Any worries he may have had on that score were groundless, for the British troops were having a fine time. They stayed in the garrison town of Vordingborg, home of the 1st Falster Foot and about 60 miles south of Copenhagen. The weather was bitterly cold (even colder than frozen England) but the welcome they received was warm.

It was the first time that either Regiment had set foot in Denmark and two days after their arrival the British troops staged a special parade in honour of Colonel A A Klokhoj, commander of the Danish Regiment, who complimented them on their bearing and turnout.

Two night exercises started the serious training after which the Gurkhas and the Devon and Dorsets took part in a seven-day exercise with Danish troops near the village of Kalundborg. This time it was an exact reversal of the position in England, with the Danish troops putting up a spirited barrage as British Infantrymen pressed forward in a thin line strung out across snow-covered country.

With Gurkhas waiting in reserve for a later thrust, the skirmishes and frontal assaults were aimed at testing liaison with the 1st Danish Brigade of the Eastern Army Corps.

Back at Vordingborg, the British visitors took part in a ceremonial parade for General-Major Erik Kragh, commanding Eastern Army Corps.

During the visit the Regimental Band of The Devonshire and Dorset Regiment was kept busy, first playing with the Band of the Falster Foot Regiment, then at a church service and finally at a courtesy march through Vordingborg.

After the strenuous training in the field, the visitors had three days' sight-seeing—one of them in Hans Christian Andersen's city of Copenhagen.

After three hectic weeks, the Danish and British soldiers left for their homes. As a joint air-mobility exercise, the exchange was an undoubted success. But more than that, it forged new bonds of friendship between the most important men of two armies—the soldiers.

No fewer than 28 different medals were issued, of which one was issued undated. There has been much confusion about the dates of the medals, so the following list should clarify the position. The dates are: 1845-46, 1845-47, 1846-47, 1846, 1847, 1848, 1860, 1860-61, 1860-63, 1860-64, 1860-65, 1860-66, 1861, 1861-63, 1861-64, 1861-65, 1861-66, 1863, 1863-64, 1863-65, 1863-66, 1864, 1864-65, 1864-66, 1865, 1865-66, 1866.

Some authorities believe that a medal was struck for 1862-66, but I have never heard of one and doubt if it exists.

The medals were not sanctioned until 1869 and then only to survivors, which accounts for

the scarcity of some dates, particularly the earlier ones.

Probably no more than ten were issued for 1847 and only one is known for 1848—awarded to an officer of the Royal Engineers. Only two are known for 1860. A few men received the 1860-66 medal and about three got that for 1861. Only one recipient is known for 1861-65. Other rare ones are 1861-64 and 1863.

Many regiments and ships were present at one time or another, as well as New Zealand colonial units and Australian contingents. Some medals, such as that for 1846-47, were issued only to the Royal Navy.

The first Maori War was largely caused by white settlers abusing the Treaty of Waitangi. The 99th Foot (Lanarkshire) was the only British regiment in the country and its men saw some hard fighting against the Maori *pahs* (forts).

The war which began in 1860 was also caused by troubles over land; the Maoris believed that they were being exploited. The fighting became so fierce that units were rushed to New Zealand from England, India and Burma.

Naming on the medals is in precise capitals and the ribbon is dark blue with a red stripe down the centre.

SEPARATED BY THOUSANDS
OF MILES, SOLDIERS OF
TWO ARMIES ARE WORKING
TOGETHER — FOR PEACE

LEFT FLANK—RIGHT FLANK



The crack Northern Brigade is equipped with the most modern weapons—including this *Honest John* missile which is very manoeuvrable on a mobile launching ramp.

This is how the Norwegians will save time in the event of an alert—a command car tows a long line which the soldiers on bicycles seize with one hand as it passes.



UNMARKED geographically, politically or physically, one of the most important borders in the world—more than 3000 miles in length—is guarded day and night by soldiers of two countries operating with the oldest form of transport and the latest type of radar.

Vital to the security of the Western world, and even to world peace, this spectral frontier stretches between the only two NATO countries to have common frontiers with the Soviet Union—from Norway in the north to Turkey in the south.

The fifteen NATO countries, shaped like open pincers facing the Communist world, are aware that their contact with the Soviet Union at the two common frontiers might give rise at any time to an incident which could result in conflict. For this reason Norway and Turkey keep watch with unceasing vigilance over the lengthy frontier and over the safety of the Atlantic Alliance.

In the north the famous Northern Brigade is responsible for surveillance of a vast lonely Arctic territory, crossed only by an occasional reindeer-drawn sledge and where only silver-leaved dwarf birch trees grow.

Brigade headquarters is at Bardufoss, a small wood-built city. From there, crack Norwegian troops, working in average temperatures of 36 degrees

Centigrade below freezing point, patrol in amphibious track carriers, on sledges or even on ponies. They are equipped with weapons ranging from the rifle to the *Honest John* missile.

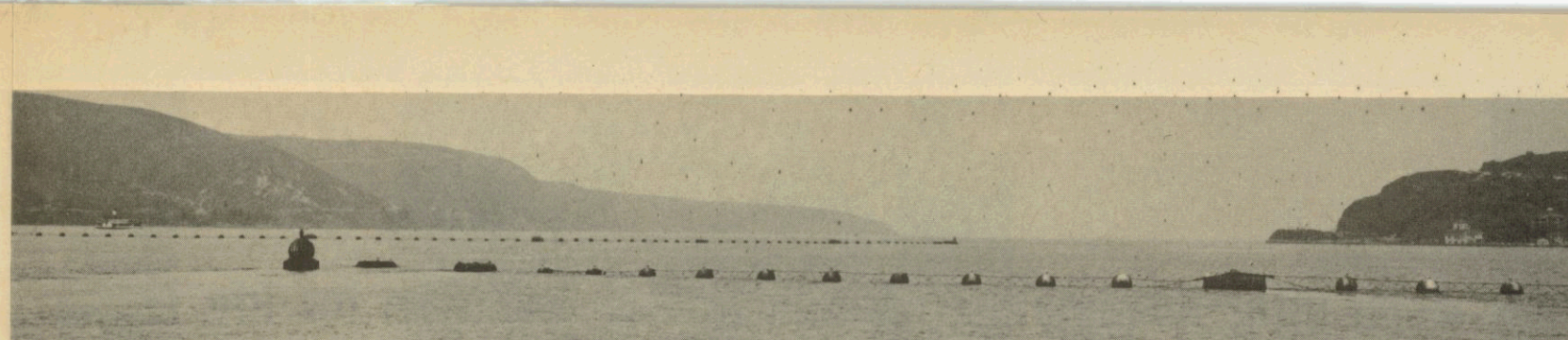
The equipment which connects Bardufoss direct with a similar headquarters, more than 3000 miles to the south in Turkey, is known as the forward scatter system.

Different from classical radar in its conception, the forward scatter projects rays into the troposphere (a layer of air stretching about seven miles above the earth) which are then reflected at a different angle, as light is deflected by a prism, to a given point where there is another forward scatter receiver. Chief advantage of the system is that transmissions cannot be jammed.

At the southern end of the chain is Izmir, typical Turkish city on the shores of the Aegean Sea surrounded by palms, olive trees and cypresses.

Izmir is in direct daily contact with Bardufoss. As Norwegians patrol the north's deep valleys and snowfields, Turkish soldiers in the south look out over country thick with vineyards and fertile orchards.

In this way Turkey and Norway, so far removed from one another, but both neighbouring the Communist world, are linked by a radar belt and a common ideal . . . peace, freedom and safety of the free world.



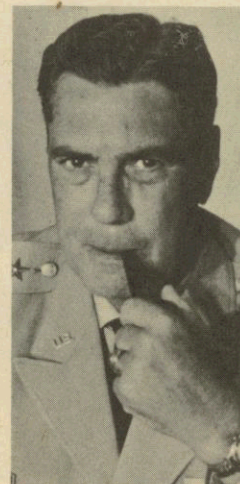
A floating steel net stretched in two parts across the Bosphorus can be joined in only a few minutes to prevent vessels entering from the Black Sea.



A flotilla of British-made fast patrol boats with anti-aircraft and anti-submarine weapons helps protect the Bosphorus in Turkey.



Supreme Commander at the north end of the forward scatter chain is General Sir Harold Pyman (above). In the south, Lieut-Gen F D Brown has command.



The Bosphorus forms a key link between the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. Below: One of the ferries which cross to the Asia coast.

Amid utter devastation, British troops searched for life in ...

THE TOWN THAT DIED

TORRENTIAL rain dripped from the flowering almond trees and hammered on the flimsy roofs of Arab houses as women prepared the evening meal. In the main square, the hands of the town clock ticked to 7.18 pm. Then, without warning, an earthquake struck—and the ancient Libyan farming town of Barce shook to its death.

Like some grotesque city of playing cards, Barce crumbled and collapsed helplessly in the grip of violent earth tremors. Under a hail of masonry, hundreds of families were crushed, trapped and suffocated; those who could

escape from their homes stumbled blindly to open spaces away from the devastation.

Cruel nature could not have struck at a worse time. Nearly the whole of Barce was indoors, waiting to start the evening meal after a day-long fast of Ramadan, when the earthquake reduced every house to a heap of rubble, burying whole families as they sat down to eat.

More than half the town's population of 17,000 was made homeless in minutes. Only the modern Government buildings and the church held out—and even these were seriously cracked.

Within two hours of the first tremor,

British soldiers answered an SOS call and left Benghazi, 60 miles away, to help with rescue operations.

First on the scene were men of "C" Company of 1st Battalion, The Devonshire and Dorset Regiment. In pouring rain and high winds they arrived at the stricken town in pitch dark. Divided into search parties of four or five men, the soldiers began the grim task of pulling injured people from beneath the wreckage and digging out bodies. Working by the light of their quarter-ton vehicles, the troops toiled with picks and shovels amid the anguished wailing of women searching for their husbands and children.



With picks, shovels and bare hands, British troops dig for victims buried in their homes.

Nearly 300 people died in the disaster, and shifting tons of rubble became a grim job.



A new car is abandoned in a rubble-strewn street—it was wrecked within minutes by falling masonry.



◀ This picture sums up the horror of Barce—a British soldier tunnels into the rubble in the desperate search for survivors trapped in the town of ruins.

Bewildered and homeless, these Arab children are comforted by Corporal Michael Glover in the tented refugee camp which was erected outside the dead town.



desperately in need of blankets, tents, medical supplies, food, electricity and rescuers. Within five hours of the SOS the British Army had sent 2000 blankets, stretchers, tents and cooking utensils.

As the first fingers of light crept over the town, the full extent of the damage was revealed. By daybreak, 100 bodies had been recovered and many living victims had been rushed to hospital. In the pathetic town centre, remnants of families squatted round fires built on the ruins which had claimed their relatives while the legions of homeless were sent off to a tented refugee camp erected on the outskirts of the town.

In the daylight a systematic search of

the town was organised with the help of The Devonshire and Dorset Regiment. By now the cries for help that had guided the rescuers during the night were heard no more. Quiet descended over Barce. It was a heart-breaking job for the troops. At one house a woman was found under the rubble shielding her children with her arms—they all died together.

One platoon, still searching 36 hours after the death blow, heard signs of life beneath ruins and pulled out a small dog—but the terrified animal was shot when it was found he had a broken back.

Outside the town a Royal Engineers bulldozer had the grisly job of digging a

communal grave for nearly 300 people who had died in the earthquake.

A company of 1st Battalion, The Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry, moved into Barce to give further help when the town was closed to all but the military, and a dusk-to-dawn curfew was imposed to prevent looting.

Last British troops to leave the ill-fated town were members of 245 Signal Squadron, exactly one week after the first tremor. They had been supplying power to the hospital in the Libyan Army barracks on the outskirts of the town but, following another tremor which made the area dangerous, the patients were evacuated, the hospital abandoned, and the British troops' task was completed.

Among the tributes to the work of the British Army was one from the Bishop of Benghazi, leader of the Catholic Church in Libya, who said: "Your work of mercy, in spite of danger and bad weather, will never be forgotten by those with hearts who feel, and with eyes to see. You will be remembered in our prayers for ages."

Now, engineers are drawing up plans for a new town to be built on another site, for what is left of Barce is uninhabitable. It has become a ghost town.



Many of the Guardsmen have become crack shots hunting cayman, reptiles that live among the reeds of Guiana's many rivers.

Three-inch mortar practice on the edge of the jungle. With riot drills and regular patrols the Guards show they mean business.

GUARDSMEN IN GUIANA

UNLIMITED sunshine, with every afternoon free for countless pastimes ranging from water skiing to crocodile shooting. This is the life for men of the 1st Battalion, Coldstream Guards.

But although it sounds like the finest posting in the Army, life could hardly be described as idyllic for the Guardsmen. They are stationed in Georgetown, capital of British Guiana and scene of severe rioting last year. And their unlimited sunshine is accompanied by almost unlimited rainfall! In February, six inches fell in 24 hours.

The Battalion was sent to Georgetown last year after a mob of 20,000 rioters rampaged through the town setting fire to buildings.

Now the soldiers' job is to guard the sugar plantations and help the local police maintain order. And Lieutenant-Colonel Ronald Buckland, commanding the Battalion, has said they will do it at any cost. Further organised disturbance is unlikely, but a sudden and spontaneous one-day flare-up is still possible.



The people of Georgetown were really rather disappointed when the Coldstreamers arrived—they had been told that all Guardsmen were at least six-and-a-half feet tall! But they were left in no doubt that the Guards meant business—practice of a riot drill was so realistic that when a sign reading "Disperse or We Fire" was held up . . . a crowd of wide-eyed spectators fled!

To prevent the men getting bored with their jobs, each of the four companies changes duties monthly. Because of the heat, afternoons are free from routine work and are occupied in sport, adventure training, jungle patrols and survival tests.

Many Guardsmen have learned water

skiing on the River Demerara under the expert tuition of Lieutenant William Rous, who also led a group to the 741-foot Kaitere Falls, deep in the South American jungle near the Venezuelan border. The Guardsmen are among the first white men ever to swim up-river to the Falls, battling for one-and-a-half hours against the torrent in a half-mile swim from the river bank.

Another trip was to Mount Roraima, 300 miles from the coast, said to be one of the most beautiful mountains in the world and which has rarely been seen by European eyes.

Shooting cayman—similar to crocodiles—has become a popular sport and the Coldstreamers have acquired new skill with their weapons—and occasional nimbleness of foot—in hunting them. Snakes have been found in beds, anacondas up to 20 feet in length have been seen, and a four-foot sloth (like a big badger) became a familiar sight near the Sergeants' Mess.

In February a company went deep into the jungle to Takama on a training expedition. Much of the country is unsurveyed, and in canoes the Guardsmen pushed up creeks unknown to white men. When a patrol arrived at one village the natives fled—they had never before seen white soldiers.

But it is not all pleasure and training—the Coldstreamers are doing a difficult job under difficult conditions. And for nearly all of them, July will be the most important month of the year. For then their tour of duty will be finished and they will return to England, their homes and their families.

Typical street in Georgetown where riots flared last year. The Guards must prevent further trouble.



Company Sergeant-Major James Wood

IT was the day of the CO's kit inspection. Polly was sitting on my locker looking all round her. . . ." Company Sergeant-Major James Wood paused as the rich memories came flooding back. Starting through a window of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, his eyes twinkled and he chuckled quietly. . . .

It was India at the beginning of the century. Private Wood, of The Durham Light Infantry, stood rigidly by his bed. The commanding officer had just started to examine his kit when suddenly a voice cried: "Get out, you bald-headed old blighter!"

"It was Polly, my talking parrot," the

old soldier recalled. "Of course, I got put on a charge. But it didn't worry me much. I had dozens of parrots out there—when they could talk I sold them for about a fiver each. I used to lower them down a well and shout at 'em. That soon taught them. Once I lowered one too far and drowned the poor little blighter."

Three of his brothers were already in the Army when Cheshire-born Jim Wood decided to follow in their footsteps in 1900. Sent to South Africa during the Boer War, he was on block-house duty, stopping the Boers crossing the veldt, until 1902. Then the Regiment went to India, where the enter-

prising young soldier soon built up an interesting business in talking parrots.

Jim left the Army in 1908 and after a spell as a guard with the Benghal North Western Railway he returned to England and took a job driving buses.

When World War One broke out he was back with his Regiment like a shot. With the 6th Division in France he fought at Ypres and on the Somme and Marne. In March, 1915, he was seconded to the Royal Flying Corps as an officer's servant—a job he was to do so conscientiously that it almost cost him his life.

He crawled out of the Ypres trenches in the dark to a nearby chateau just to get a candlestick holder for the flickering candle by which his officer was working. When, against orders, he returned the following night to get another, the Germans started shelling the chateau and it collapsed around him. Miraculously he was unharmed, but it was 24 hours before he could crawl from the wreckage back to the trenches.

A bout of malaria contracted in India sent him back to England in 1918 and the following year he left the Army and returned to the buses.

During World War Two, Jim Wood refused to be left out of it and his spare time was split between three jobs—special constable, platoon sergeant in the Home Guard and leading driver in the fire service.

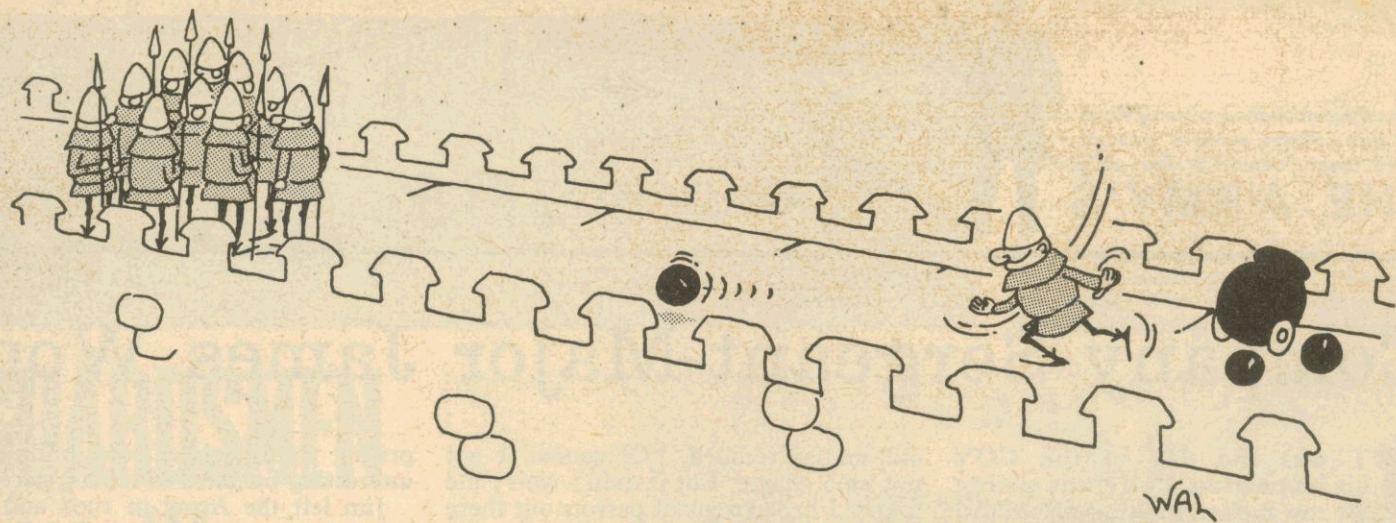
In 1947, after 39 years of driving buses, he regretfully retired. "I loved that job, you know. When they introduced girl clippies, they put the youngest girl with me as I was the oldest driver. We were together for six years and never had a cross word."

Sergeant-Major Wood belies his 82 years. He became firm friends with Sabrina after meeting her a few years ago, and now photographs of him enthusiastically kissing the blonde starlet are scattered throughout The Durham Light Infantry. Two years ago he was selected to present a regimental brooch to Princess Alexandra when she became Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment.

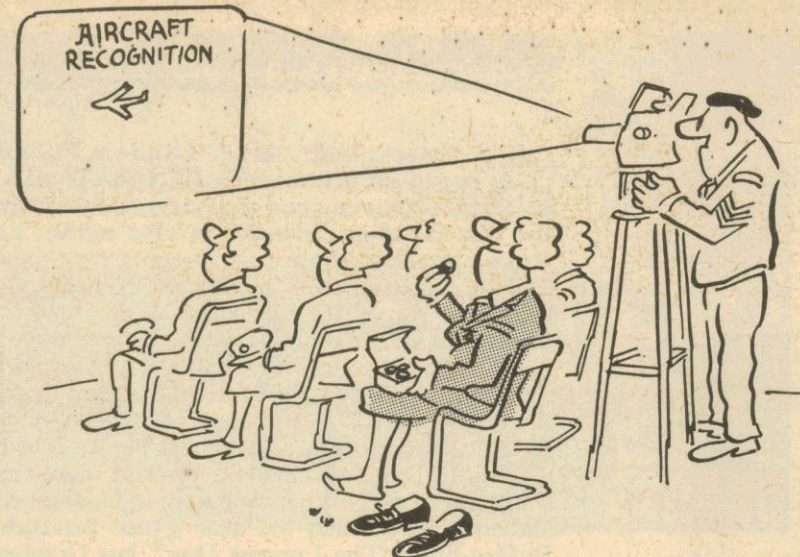
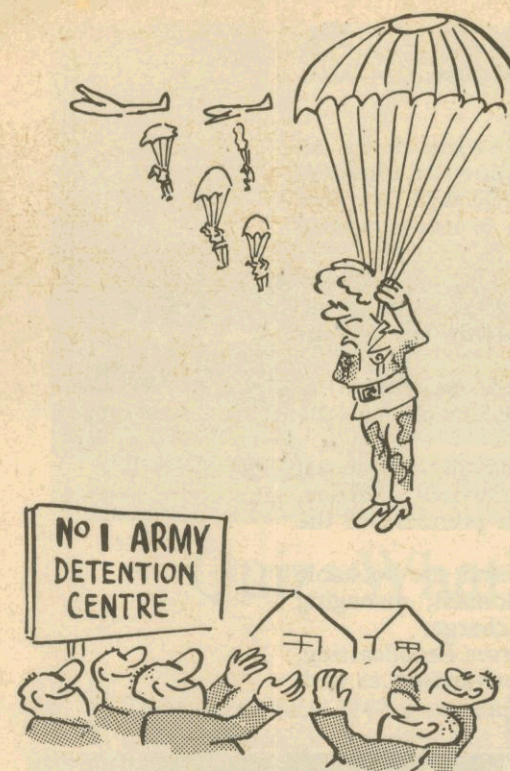
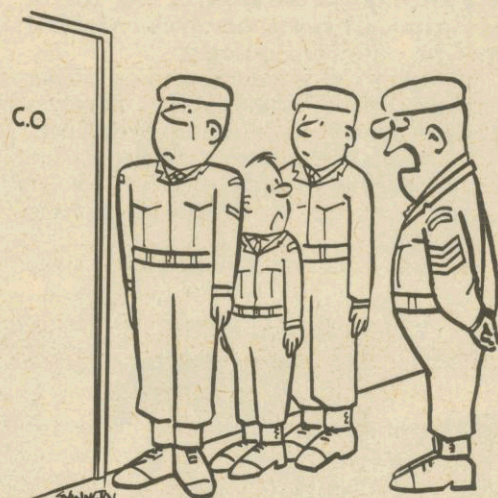
Today, this jovial veteran with the twinkling eyes lives happily at the Royal Hospital—he arrived nine years ago after his wife's death. Old in years, he remains vitally young in heart.



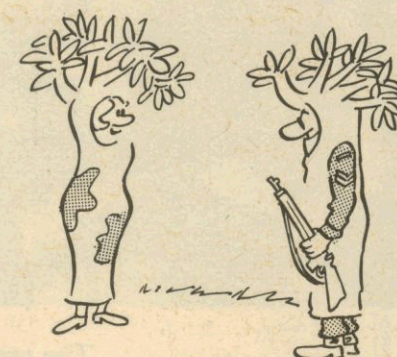
With a broad grin and a twinkle in his eye, CSM Wood recalls the day a parrot talked out of turn.



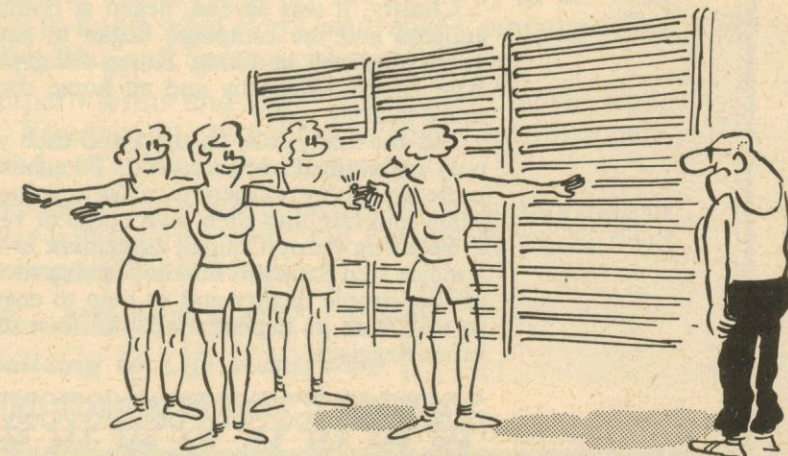
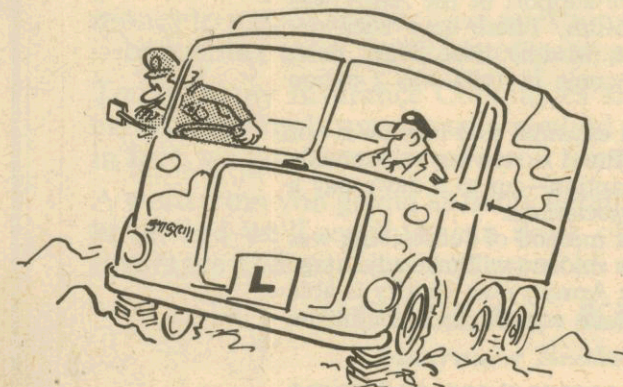
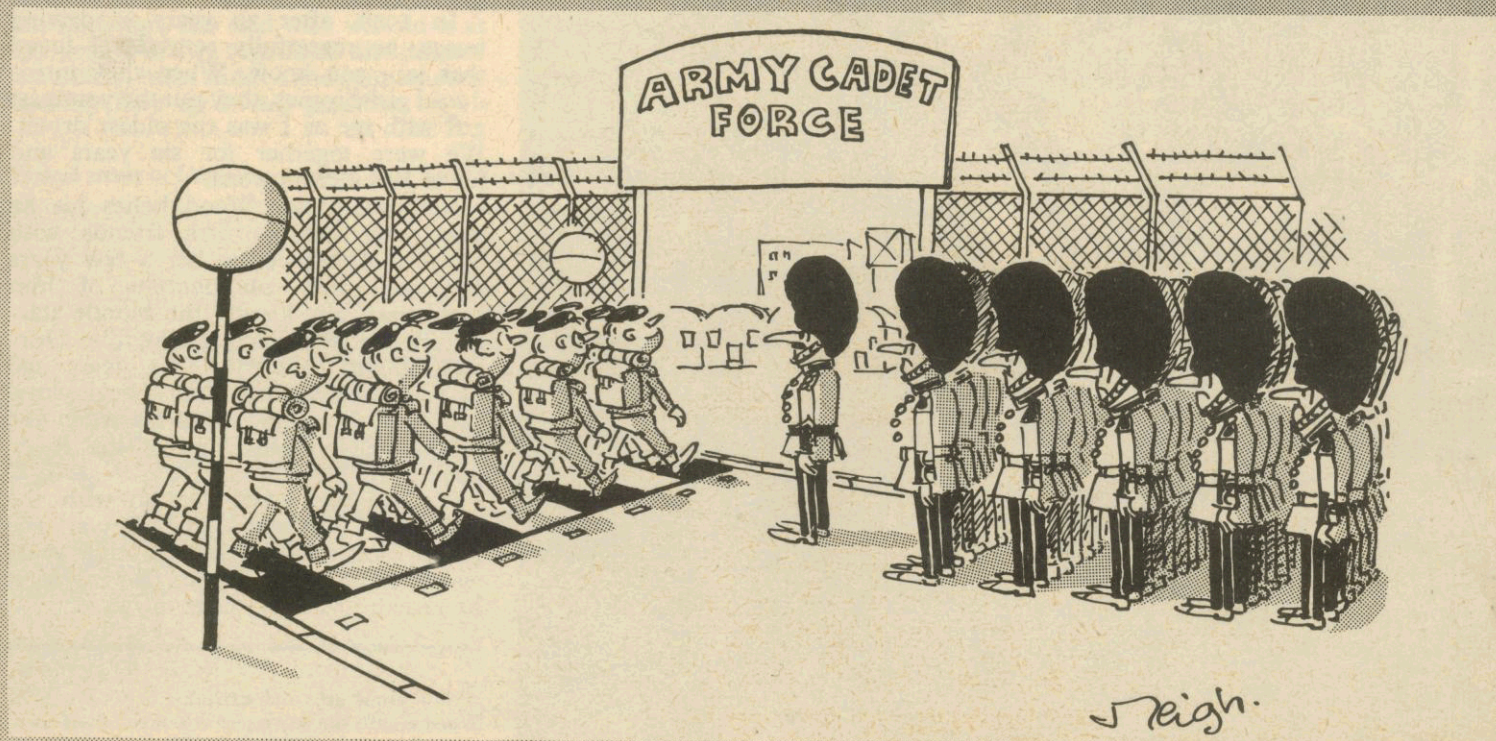
SOLDIER HUMOUR



Training With The WRAC



by *Larry*





AS those plush velvet London Palladium curtains swing down as usual on the night of 6 June it will be the signal not for closure, but for renewed activity. A feverish backstage bustle will prepare for the famous curtains to rise again, at midnight, on a star-studded Royal variety show.

Princess Marina, Duchess of Kent, will attend this D-Day anniversary spectacle, staged for the Army Benevolent Fund. And, as always when Army welfare is concerned, Harry Secombe, that former Eighth Army lance-bombardier, will be a leading organiser and performer.

It will be the first public Royal variety performance presented since the Army Benevolent Fund began its immense drive to raise its annual income to the £350,000 needed to do its invaluable work efficiently.

This D-Day show expects to raise more than the £4000 from the first Royal show staged at the Victoria Palace in November, 1961, before an invited audience, and more even than the near £5000 produced by the British première of the D-Day film, "The Longest Day," last October.

Tickets for the 2329 Palladium seats, at one to ten guineas each, are bookable at the theatre, thanks to the co-operation of Leslie Macdonnell, managing director of Moss Empires, who has loaned the theatre free of charge.

Harry Secombe, who with Arthur Watson, Controller of Forces Broadcasting, had the idea for the original show, is as popular with his fellow-artists as with the public and is enlisting a glittering array of show business talent.



ARMY NIGHT AT THE PALLADIUM



Harry Secombe enjoys his frequent tours to entertain troops overseas as much as his audiences.

◀ Gen Sir James Steele DSO, MC (right), President, Army Benevolent Fund, introduces celebrities to Princess Margaret at "The Longest Day."



The producer will be Francis Essex, ex-Royal Air Force, who directed many of the Sunday night television shows from the Palladium, and Anthony Chardet, back-stage boss for all H M Tennent musicals, will be stage director. Ex-Major Richard Todd is another active supporter of the Fund on and off the stage.

The Royal performance is just one of many efforts needed throughout the Army and in the country as a whole if the Army Benevolent Fund is to continue to function effectively. The situation became acute three years ago when the many urgent calls for help were eating into capital at the rate of £50,000 a year.

First this gap had to be closed, then capital had to be built up to produce an additional income of £350,000. It was decided that the serving soldier should be asked to find £200,000 of this, and the nation £150,000.

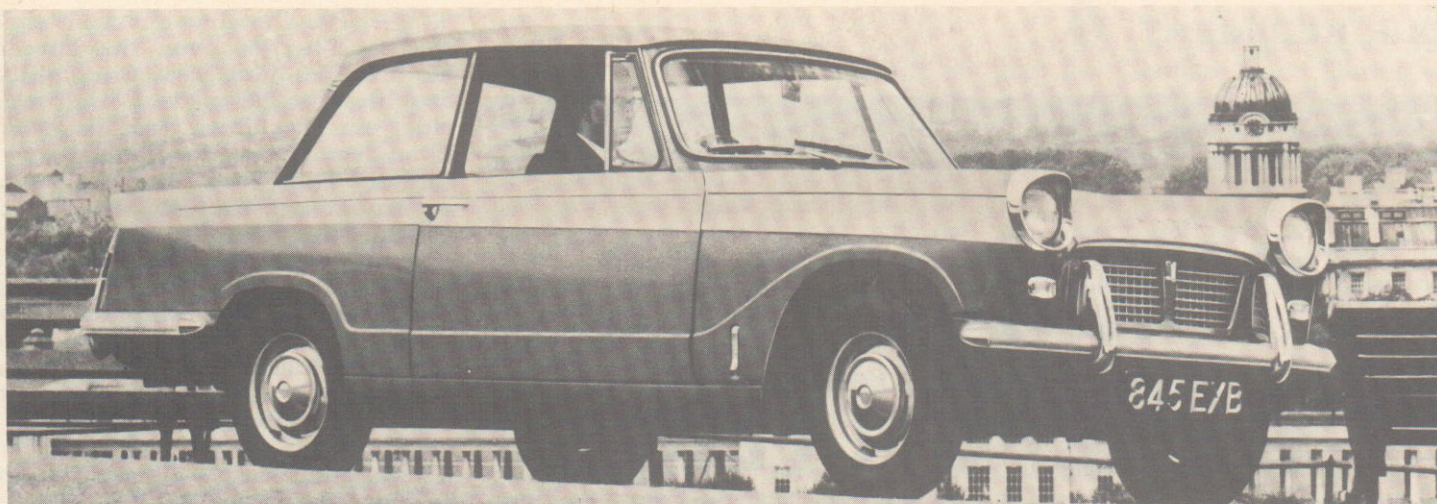
The build-up of the appeals organisation to meet this challenge took a year. Then, on Sunday, 4 June, 1961, a service was held in the chapel of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, to dedicate a reorganised Army Benevolent Fund.

Charity, it was agreed, began at home. The active support of the Army was enlisted and the campaign began to gather momentum. There have been organised efforts in Hong Kong, Singapore, Malaya, Middle East, Near East, East Africa, Germany and all home commands. Income in 1962 was £30,000 more than in 1961.

But the many calls on the Fund each year make it essential that income is not only maintained but increased. To achieve this the Fund is striving to persuade more and more soldiers to make a voluntary subscription—up to a day's pay a year—directly into their own corps or regimental associations.

Securing Army Council agreement to this painless method of subscribing was a major step forward. It is hoped that more and more soldiers will take advantage of this simple facility and so help to ensure that the Army's own charity is able to look after its dependants on at least the same scale as equivalent funds in the other Services.





Quiz: What's the Triumph Herald 1200 got that you want?

- | | |
|----|--|
| 1 | Zippy, economical 1147 cc engine |
| 2 | Independent suspension all round |
| 3 | 25-ft turning circle |
| 4 | Sports-car engineering |
| 5 | 72 driving-seat positions |
| 6 | 93% all-round visibility |
| 7 | Rigid steel-girder chassis |
| 8 | World-wide service |
| 9 | Beautiful Italian lines |
| 10 | Choice: coupé, convertible, saloon or estate |

HOW TO RATE YOUR SCORE If you ticked all 10, go straight out and buy a Herald. You deserve one. **5-9:** you're well on the way. Test-drive a Herald and get 10 out of 10. **1-4:** only fair. Have a word with your Standard-Triumph dealer. **0:** buy something else. The Herald's too good for you!

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The York and Lancaster Regiment

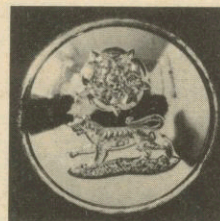
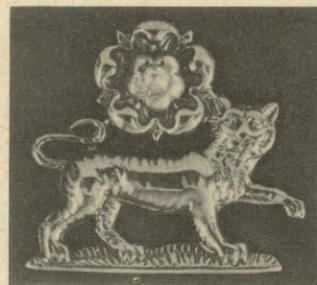
THEIR BATTLES WERE BITTER —AND FRIENDLY

On one of the grimmest battlefields in history—and one of the oddest—the “Young and Lovelies” have fought and died. South Yorkshire has good reason to be proud of them

THE 65th Foot was originally raised in 1756 at the outbreak of the Seven Years War with France, and first saw service in the West Indies. The 84th Foot was raised in 1759 and in 1809 was granted the title of York and Lancaster.

The regiments were amalgamated in 1881 to form The York and Lancaster Regiment, a title which refers to the duchys and not the counties. The Regiment has now no connection with Lancashire.

The Hallamshire Battalion is the Regiment's only Territorial Army unit. The Hallamshire Rifles was a corps of volunteers raised at Doncaster in 1860, Hallamshire being a local area of Sheffield. Later it was redesignated the 1st (Hallamshire) Volunteer Battalion of The York and Lancaster Regiment.



Only the Hallamshire Battalion now wears the York and Lancaster cap badge (left). The collar dog (centre) is worn by Regulars, and the button by Regulars and TA.

REBEL Cavalry charged again and again over the spread-eagled body of a young officer crucified on the ground, each cruel rider slashing down with his sword. In an orgy of vengeance, the bravest soldier The York and Lancaster Regiment has ever known died in the dust at Cawnpore.

Only one soldier of the 84th Foot lived to tell the tale of Cawnpore, that horror of the Indian Mutiny. How, after the treacherous rebels had promised safe conduct for the sick, women and children, they opened fire as the Europeans embarked on boats at a nearby river.

Lieutenant F J G Saunders scrambled ashore and demanded to be taken to the Nana Sahib, the rebel chief. When close to the Nana, he pulled out a revolver hidden in his tunic, shot down five rebels and fired the last shot at the leader, unhappily missing.

Despite the horrible revenge wrought on that brave young officer, Saunders was never decorated for his courage. Posthumous Victoria Crosses were unheard of at that time.

Twenty-four years after Cawnpore, his Regiment, the 84th Foot, was

amalgamated with the 65th Foot in 1881 to form The York and Lancaster Regiment. And today his act of valour remains unsurpassed in the Regiment's history.

By the time of the amalgamation, the 65th Foot had already distinguished itself by earning “Arabia,” an award unique in the British Army, as a battle honour. Early in the nineteenth century, the Regiment sailed on three expeditions from India to Arabia to suppress pirates raiding British shipping. The Arabs fought with fanatical bravery with long double-edged swords and small shields.

The 65th were ordered to burn shipping in harbours, sack pirate villages and destroy forts. During the second expedition, in 1819, desperate pirates, after a day of bombardment by British guns, stripped off their upper clothing, covered their bodies in oil and infiltrated British lines causing many casualties before they could be captured.

In 1846 the Regiment was sent to New Zealand where it fought in the three Maori wars. Between wars the Maoris became great friends with the men of the 65th, calling them the “Ickety Pips.”

They became so friendly, in fact,

that when war broke out the Maoris would not fire at the “Ickety Pips.” If they knew the 65th were in a line of advance, they would shout: “Lie down, Ickety Pips, we are going to fire.” And when the Regiment went on picket duty, soldiers used to ask the Maoris if they would attack that night. Frequently answers came back through the dark: “Not tonight, too cold. Good-night, Ickety Pips.”

In addition to the 65th and 84th, the formation of The York and Lancaster Regiment also included the 3rd West York Militia, The Hallamshire Rifles and the 8th West Riding of Yorkshire Rifle Volunteer Corps.

Between 1881 and 1914, The York and Lancaster Regiment served in the two Sudan campaigns, South Africa and Egypt. Twenty-two battalions of the Regiment fought during World War One on every front in Europe and the Near East and 8814 soldiers were killed. Four won Victoria Crosses and the Regiment was awarded 59 battle honours.

Probably the blackest day in the Regiment's history was on 1 July, 1916, when three battalions fought in the Battle of the Somme. Against terrific artillery and machine-gun fire, wave

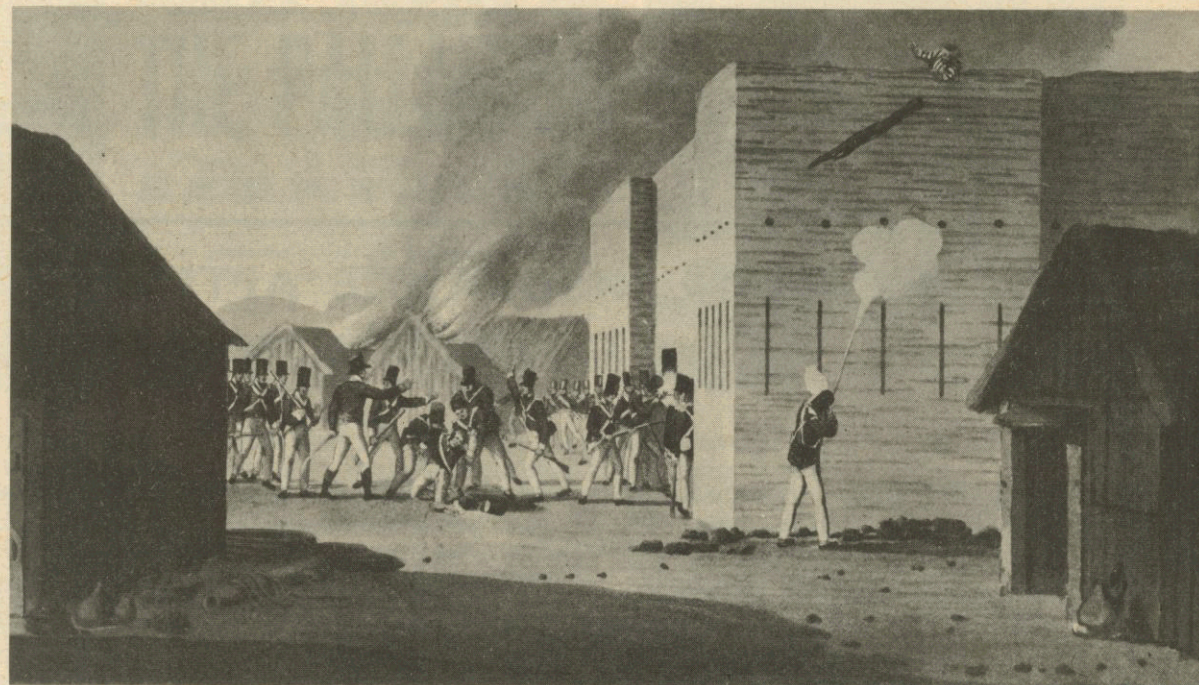
after wave of the “Young and Lovelies” advanced, hundreds falling before reaching the German lines. During that battle one-sixth of all the regimental casualties during the war occurred.

Between the wars The York and Lancaster Regiment was still fighting—against Arabs in Palestine and against the Russian Bolsheviks in Iran.

In 1928 and 1929 the 1st Battalion won both the Army Athletic Championship and the Army Fencing Championship and in India the 2nd Battalion football team won the Durand Football Cup (All-India) in 1927, 1929 and 1930.

During World War Two the Regiment was awarded 55 battle honours. Six battalions fought in the Burma Campaign and during the Suez crisis the 1st Battalion was the most forward unit in the operation and the last to leave.

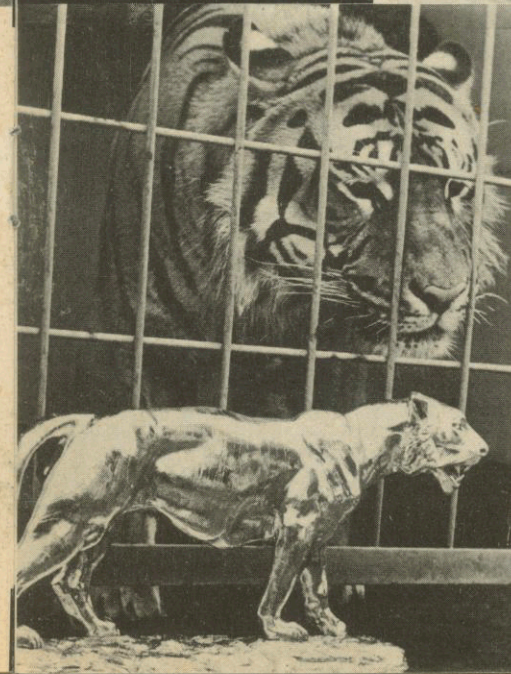
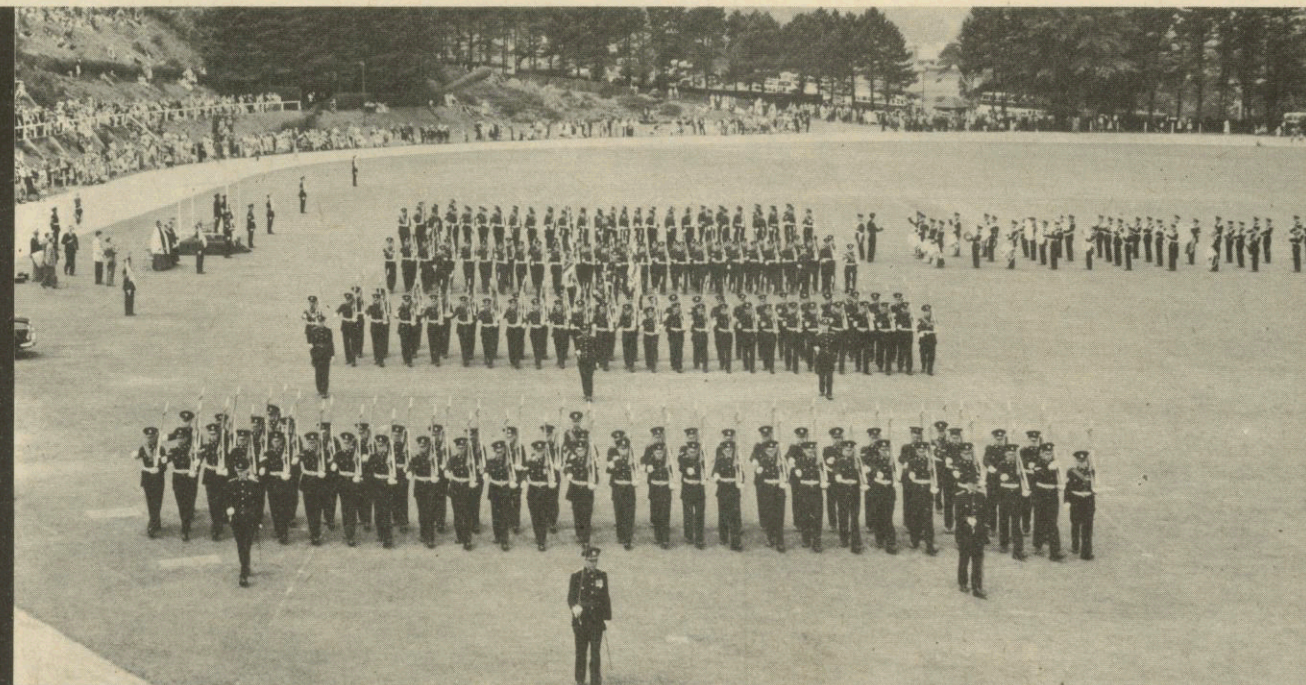
Now the Young and Lovelies are back home in Chester after a tour with Rhine Army. Welcome home dances, parades, weapon displays and demonstrations are being organised in the main towns of South Yorkshire. For the York and Lancasters have another fight on just now . . . to bring the 1st Battalion up to strength after the end of National Service.



▶ The 65th Foot storming a pirate stronghold during one of the expeditions to Arabia which earned them a unique battle honour.

▶ The “Young and Lovelies” march past in quick time during the presentation of new Colours to the 1st Battalion at Dover, 1957.

▶ While in Germany the 1st Battalion adopted a tiger in a local zoo as its mascot. Here it meets the regimental centrepiece.



“Good Old Plum”

UNDoubtedly The York and Lancaster Regiment's most famous soldier was Field-Marshal The Viscount Plumer.

Young Second-Lieutenant Herbert Plumer joined the 65th Foot in 1876 and took part in the battles of El Teb and Tamaai in the Sudan. He made his name when he raised and commanded a corps of mounted Infantry—a unique idea—during the South African War.

During World War One he was Army Commander in France and General Officer Commanding Italy. After the war he was Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Malta, High Commissioner and C-in-C Palestine, and Colonel of the Regiment until his death in July 1932.

A Yorkshireman, he was one of the most popular of World War One generals—all the troops called him “Good Old Plum.”



OSCAR KETTLE lightly bids

“A Soldier’s Farewell”— To His Hammock

SOLDIERS are sentimental souls. That classic painting, “A Soldier’s Farewell To His Horse,” will have nothing on “A Soldier’s Farewell To His Hammock.” The news that all troopships have been sunk without trace in the sea of progress will have many an old sweat sobbing in his beer in the wet canteen.

“In future,” says the Army, and without a flicker of emotion, “all troop movements will be made by air.” It’s all so cold and impersonal. You can almost see the line of troopships give a smart turn to the right, pause, then dismiss into the dim shades of history.

By air my foot! A soldier who has never staggered up a gangplank underneath all his kit between a double row of watchful redcaps has never lived. And a soldier who has never tried to unravel a strange bundle of rope and canvas, like a lump of devil’s knitting, will never get his number dry.

“That’s a hammock,” would say the sailor who always seemed to be standing around on these occasions. “You sleep in it.” Then, helped by his equally obliging mate, he showed you carefully how to sling it on two little hooks screwed in the wall of the boat. “Jump in and try it.” Trusting the Navy, like a fool, you hopped in, and the slippery hitch they tied on one end gave way and you cracked your skull like an eggshell on the steel floor of their eternally-damned hell ship.

By the time you woke up, five hundred soldiers had slung their hammocks all around and above you, and the pattern of your life for the next few weeks was taking shape. On the bottom row, your whole world was filled by the bulging behind of the man lying at ease just twelve inches above you. On the top row, the air was a bit fresher; but try getting out of a top hammock in the middle of the night and stepping on the face of your mate underneath. Life-long friendships have gone overboard the first night on a troopship.

As the weather got hotter, the best thing was to see that helpful sailor again and he would find you a lovely, quiet spot on deck to sling your hammock for a glorious night under the stars. At six o’clock in the morning he would start washing the deck, put his hose right up your hammock and wash you straight into the scuppers in ice-cold water.

There were times when you would cheerfully have burned every hammock in the world, but when the time came to pick up your parrots and monkeys and get off the boat, you thought of one or two of those nights under the stars, and to your surprise you didn’t throw it straight overboard, but rolled it up carefully and gave it a pat before you went.

Now the least the Army can do is see that for once a hammock gets plenty of space, in the Imperial War Museum.

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ANSWERS
PLEASE!

IF you don't know the way about your unit or local library, now's your chance to learn. Here are ten questions, all of them military and none of them particularly easy. Send your answers to reach SOLDIER's London offices by Monday, 20 May.

The senders of the first correct, or nearest correct, solutions to be opened by the Editor will win these prizes:

- 1 A £10 gift voucher.
- 2 A £6 gift voucher.
- 3 A £4 gift voucher.
- 4 Three recently published books.
- 5 A 12 months' free subscription to SOLDIER and whole-plate monochrome copies of any two photographs and/or cartoons which have appeared in SOLDIER since January, 1957, or from two personal negatives.
- 6 A 12 months' free subscription to SOLDIER.
- 7 A bound volume of SOLDIER, March, 1960, to February, 1962 (Junior Leaders, Army Apprentices, Junior Tradesmen, Territorials and Army Emergency Reserve only).

RULES

1 Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to:

The Editor (Comp 59), SOLDIER, 433 Holloway Road, London N7.

2 Competitors may submit more than one entry, but each must be accompanied by the "Competition 59" label printed on this page.

3 Correspondence must not accompany the entry form.

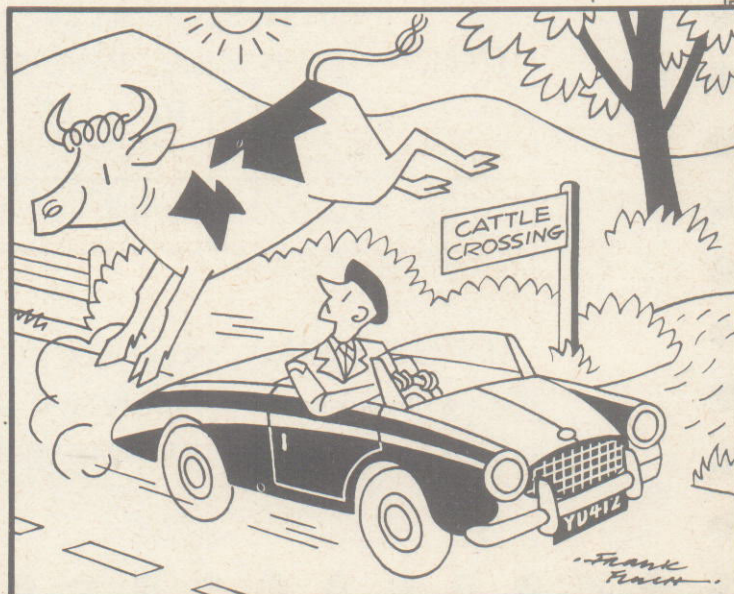
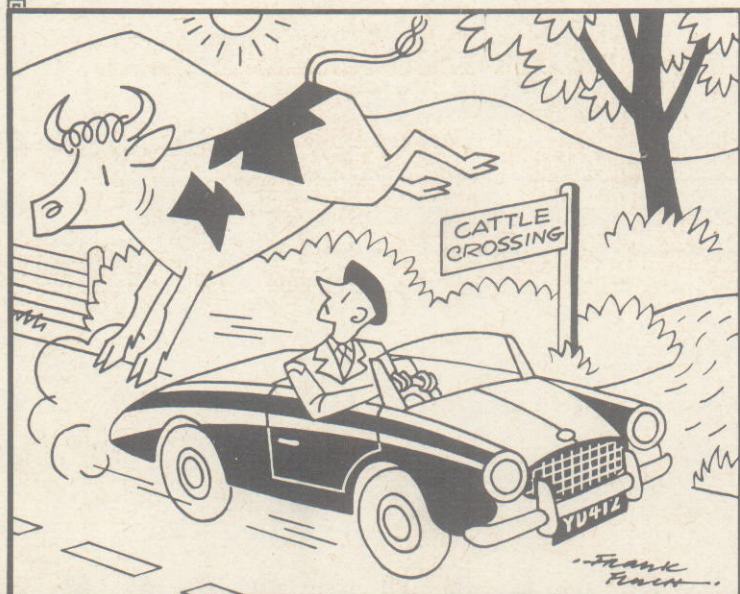
4 Servicemen and women and Services-sponsored civilians may compete for prizes 1 to 6; Junior Leaders, Army Apprentices, Junior Tradesmen, Territorials and Army Emergency Reserve for prizes 1 to 7; other readers are eligible for prizes 4, 5 and 6 only.

The correct answers and winners' names will appear in the July issue of SOLDIER.

- 1 Which of these garments originate from the Crimean War: (a) Cardigan; (b) Mackintosh; (c) Balaclava; (d) Raglan; (e) Jodhpurs; (f) Stable belt?
- 2 In what battle: (a) Did a British monarch lead the Army for the last time; (b) Did the Glosters make an epic stand during the Korean War; (c) Was poison gas first used; (d) Was the famous "Charge of the Light Brigade"; (e) Did the British Eighth Army win fame on 23 October, 1942?
- 3 What very special call did a bugler of the Scots Guards sound on 8 May, 1945?
- 4 Who is Commander-in-Chief of the American Army, Navy and Air Force?
- 5 True or false: (a) Royal Engineers are called Sappers from the days when they dug "saps" (trenches or mines) to help advances towards the enemy; (b) The official head of the Army is a civilian; (c) A gold ring was often given in Ancient Rome as a military distinction.
- 6 How did the Jeep get its name?
- 7 Did the Hundred Years War last: (a) 100; (b) 98; (c) 125; (d) 114 years?
- 8 What name is given to the Queen's Bodyguard in Scotland?
- 9 Who controls and pays for the Army today?
- 10 Who originally recruited, clothed and equipped regiments?

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.



SKIING'S FUN —BUT TOUGH

FEATURING THE SPORT WITH A SPLIT PERSONALITY—HALF DASHING, HALF DOUR

A FORGOTTEN pair of binoculars decided the home of the Army's main skiing award, 1963. They turned up in time to add further confusion to the closest and most debated result in the history of the championships.

The dashing, Cavalry-dominated downhill events had been decided at fashionable St Moritz and, at Oberjoch, tiny German skiing village near the Austrian border, the more cosmopolitan cross-country events had been fought with the usual grim determination.

As the final race—the team patrol—began, 1st The



A graceful turn in the Army Alpine Championship slalom event, St Moritz.

The patrol team of 12 Regiment, Royal Artillery, races away with packs and rifles in the Cross-Country Championships at Oberjoch. The team came third.



Queen's Dragoon Guards (downhill winners, third in slalom, third in cross-country relay) led from 40 Regiment, Royal Artillery (relay winners, second in slalom but sixth in downhill). As things stood, if the Dragoon Guards could finish second to 40 Regiment, they would wrest the Princess Marina Duchess of Kent Cup from the Gunners, holders for the previous three years.

Sure enough, 40 Regiment won the patrol, but in a breathtaking race for second place, 12 Regiment, Royal Artillery, came five seconds ahead of the Dragoon Guards who then claimed they had been wrongly penalised on the range, Lance-Corporal Peter Tancock having been directed by the range official on to a wrong target.

The top brass of the Army Ski Association crowded into the Oberjoch race office, pored through rule books, heard the evidence—and upheld the objection. The Dragoon Guards regiment were placed second and had won. . . . But a 1st Division, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, team member had left his binoculars behind. This meant disqualification from the patrol. But did it also mean disqualification from the other events?

It was a vital question. The REME team had beaten 40 Regiment in the downhill, and so overall disqualification would give the Gunners a higher downhill placing—and the championship by a whisker. Again the Army ski chiefs went into a huddle—and disqualified the REME team from the four events.

So 40 Regiment emerged as the Army's premier skiing unit for the fourth successive year. Lucky winners perhaps, but they had achieved their victory without Major Jim

OVER . . .

SKIING IS FUN *continued*

Spencer, captain of the Regiment's downhill and cross-country teams, former captain of the British Olympic cross-country ski team, and four times the Army's best all-round skier. He crocked an ankle in a monumental fall in practice the day before the championships began.

Few regiments could fill such a gap and still come out on top, but 40 Regiment did more, producing the year's best all-rounder, Bombardier Tracy Jackson; the best all-round downhill skier, Lieutenant David Freeth (who also won this year's inter-Services downhill and slalom combination); and the winner of the Army cross-country and biathlon titles, Lieutenant Robin Dent. All this from a Regiment that took up competitive skiing only in 1958.

But skiing itself is a comparatively young Army sport, born in Austria soon after World War Two when every Austria-based soldier had to learn to ski. The sport has grown stronger each year since, especially in Rhine Army where snow is within easy reach.

Today, Army skiing is a healthy mixture of pleasurable sport and fanatical dedication, of dazzling brilliance and teeth-gritting endurance. It begins as a pleasure shared by the family and develops into a year-round, snow-or-no-snow passion—the one way to first-class skiing.

It is a happy blend, because the inexpensive family skiing holidays the Army Ski Association arranges so well have attracted a membership of 10,000. The consequent revenue from membership fees helps provide facilities and grants to train the Army's competitive skiers, promising beginners, and, especially, junior soldiers. Skiing is one sport in which the Army has kept ahead of the other Services.

Skiing opportunities in the Army are far greater than in civilian life. If the aptitude is there, most units will see that talent has the chance to develop.

Nevertheless the untapped skiing talent in the Army cannot be overlooked. The Corps of Infantry, which would seem to have most to gain from ski training, is very thin on the ground at the Army championships. Yet any regiment can select its skiing potential without going near snow. Strength, fitness, co-ordination and balance show through in most sports, and likely volunteers can be tried out and trained on cocoanut matting in the gym.

The 2nd East Anglian Regiment at Osnabruck sent out a two-man reconnaissance party which found a disused railway hut high in the Bavarian Alps. In return for the use of the hut for eight-strong beginners' courses fortnightly in winter the troops kept a general eye on the railway line.

Another Rhine Army ski-on-a-shoe-string unit, Headquarters, Royal Army Service Corps, found a hut in the wilds above Oberjoch early in December. Twenty likely skiers moved in, cooked for themselves, and organised a rugged cross-country training programme.



Ex-Lieut Bruce Taylor leads from Capt Conn Gage, biathlon team manager, in the cross-country. Gage came sixth. Below: Bdr Tracy Jackson, the Army's best all-rounder, demonstrates cocoanut matting skiing in the 40 Regiment gym.



In a couple of years these enterprising units could easily be challenging such established Army skiing strongholds as 25 and 35 Corps Engineer Regiments, 9th/12th Royal Lancers, 11th Hussars, Royal Horse Artillery, Irish and Welsh Guards, 1st Queen's Dragoon Guards and the Gunner units—12, 19, 40, 49 and 94 Regiments.

As a competitive sport, skiing is among the toughest. The dashing, downhill boys need steel muscles to match their nerve and, equally, cross-country skiing calls for courage as well as strength. But it's a great sport.

THE GEORDIES BEAT THE JOCKS

A CUP-FINAL atmosphere pervaded Swinton Barracks gymnasium at Munster. Two busloads of officers and men of 1st Battalion, The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, travelled 1000 miles from Edinburgh and former officers of 15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars drove from London to cheer on their regiments in the first all-regimental final the corps-dominated Army Inter-Unit Boxing Championship had featured for 12 years.

The Hussars won by seven bouts to four, becoming the first Cavalry regiment ever to win the championship. While the Scottish regimental team included the most experienced boxer, Lance-Corporal Tom Menzies, Inter-Service, Scottish and Army cruiser-weight champion (who scored a first-round knockout), the Hussars had Trooper C Marsden, 1961 Army welterweight champion, Troopers R Kaney and D Noble, both Army championship finalists, and Trooper M Rosser, another Army boxer.

The Hussars had beaten five regimental opponents by a total of 42 bouts to 13. The Scottish regiment won four matches to win the United Kingdom section, beating the holders, 14th Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, 8—3, and losing only six other bouts throughout the competition.

FOURTH TIME LUCKY

IN his fourth successive Army rackets singles final at Queen's Club, London, Lieutenant N J Peto, 9th/12th Lancers, at last gained the title with a well-merited win over Second-Lieutenant M L Dunning, 2nd Green Jackets, 15—7, 15—11, 16—13.

Lieutenant Peto also dominated the regimental doubles final, he and Captain A D Williams, 4th/7th Dragoon Guards, the Royal Armoured Corps first pair, beating the Corps' second pair, Lieutenant Lord Erleigh and Second-Lieutenant M Strang-Steel.



"I see we'll have to start from the very beginning with you!"



The massed start at Blackdown, with 160 competitors braving the snow, ice and bitter cold.

THE SUN-TANNED RUNNERS STOOD OUT

SUN-TANNED men of 1st Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, made the rest of the 160 runners in the Army Cross-Country Championships at Blackdown, Hampshire, look pale and anaemic. And their running was equally outstanding, with fifth, sixth, seventh, ninth, tenth, fourteenth, sixteenth and eighteenth places in the inter-unit team championship giving a total of 85 points and completing a convincing hat-trick of victories. As title holders the paratroopers were accepted as a late entry into the competition, having returned home from the Persian Gulf only the previous week.

The bitterly cold conditions of the race must have come as a contrast but were

obviously no handicap. They finished 117 points ahead of the runners-up, 1st Battalion, The Cheshire Regiment, from Rhine Army, with 1st Guards Independent Company, a unit of only 100 men, a creditable third.

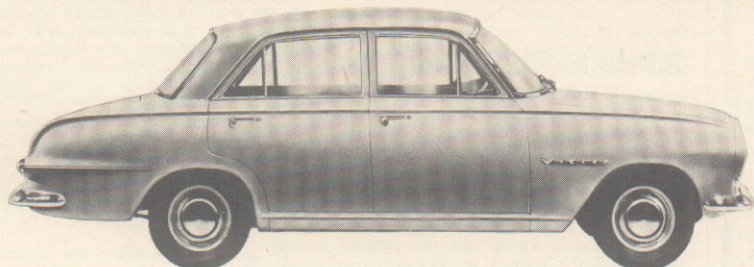
The individual title again developed into the inevitable duel between the holder, Lance-Corporal Ernie Pomfret, 10th Royal Hussars, and his close rival, Corporal Ben Grubb, 14th/20th King's Hussars, champion in 1960 and 1961, Corporal Grubb winning by 100 yards, covering the six hilly miles in 33 minutes 19 seconds, a fine effort in the conditions and considering he had set the pace throughout the race.

Third overall, but first home in the

team event, was Lance-Corporal D Gibson, 1 Training Regiment, Royal Engineers, followed closely by Corporal B Kitchener, 16th Parachute REME Workshop.

In the Army Boys Championships at the same meeting, there were two spirited three-mile events, the Junior Soldiers Wing, Light Infantry Brigade Depot, retaining the minor units title, with The Junior Parachute Company second and Junior Soldiers Wing, Mercian Brigade Depot, third. The major units title was won by the Infantry Junior Leaders Battalion, with the Royal Armoured Corps Junior Leaders Regiment second and the All Arms Junior Leaders Regiment third.

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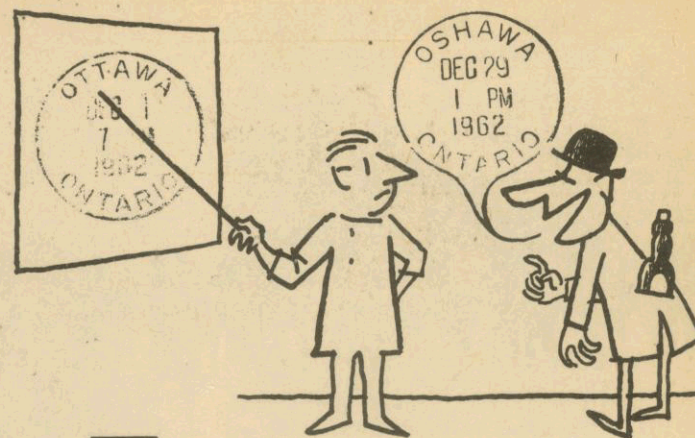
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Letters

Commonwealth Record?

REGISTERED for service on 2 May, 1911, was medically examined on 25 July, 1911, and posted to "A" Company, 1st Infantry Regiment, later the 1st Canterbury Regiment. After fifty years, two months and six days of unbroken service with the Regiment I retired on 30 September, 1961.

I would like to claim that this constitutes a Commonwealth record, but perhaps some dark horse among SOLDIER's readers will knock me flat!—**C B Fowler, 17 Courtenay Street, St Albans, Christchurch, New Zealand.**

Why Are We Waiting?

The Officers and Enlisted Men of Company F (Airborne), 23rd Infantry, Fort Richardson, Alaska, would like to thank SOLDIER and its many kind readers for their assistance in our query. "Why Are We Waiting?" turns out to be sung to the tune of "O Come, All Ye Faithful" and the ranks have, since being so well informed, been able to use it on appropriate occasions. At present we are involved in a winter exercise, along with Company A of Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. Best regards to all.—**Capt Paul S Lawrence, Company F (Airborne), 4th Battle Group, 23rd Infantry, APO 949, Seattle, Washington, USA.**

Salute to Black Rod

I would like to add mine to the many compliments that have been paid to that fine soldier and gentleman, Lieutenant-General Sir Brian Horrocks DSO, MC. I enlisted in The Middlesex Regiment in June, 1926, as a boy of 14 years and eight months, joining the 1st Battalion. Seven of us boys were on draft to the 2nd Battalion in India, and the evening before we left Catterick we were given a farewell supper in the NAAFI by, as I believe he then was, Captain B Horrocks. Believe me, to us boys earning a shilling a day, it was something we shall always remember.—"Still Serving."

"Soft Putty"

But for the high standard and accuracy of reporting to which we have become accustomed in SOLDIER I would refrain from commenting on your interesting and welcome article, "They Dropped In By The Thousand" (January, 1963).

I do, however, wish to place on record that I made no statement, let alone admission, that "the men were pushed to the limit on Exercise 'Soft Putty.'"

True, all worked hard, but in my experience and knowledge of Airborne Forces I am not aware that the limit has ever been reached as far as the parachute soldier is concerned. I don't believe he has one.—**Brig M Forrester DSO, MC, HQ 16th Parachute Brigade Group, Elles Barracks, Farnborough, Hants.**
* *SOLDIER had no reason to think the comment attributed to the Brigade Commander was not correct but is happy to put the record straight and to print his grand tribute to a grand set of men.*

Your article about the exercise in Greece made interesting reading. However, I think you have erred in saying that British troops returned to Greece "14 years later." To the best of my knowledge, 2nd Infantry Brigade was still in Salonika up to February, 1950, and as some of the Brigade were unable to leave by tank landing ship they motored to Athens and sailed to Cyprus, probably in early March, 1950.

I served with the workshop platoon of 34 Company, Royal Army Service Corps, in Salonika, Cyprus and Egypt and remember the withdrawal from Greece very well.—**Sgt Mahoney, REME, 7 Armd Wksp, REME, BFPO 38.**

It appears that water was chlorinated at Pegasus Camp to the detriment of the taste of tea. The chlorine dose necessary for field purification, about ten times more than that used to treat civilian supplies, would give an unpleasant taste to tea, but this taste could have been completely banished by the use of taste-removing tablets.

The absence of these tablets on "Soft Putty" is as incomprehensible as the inadequate purification of water during some stage of the exercise. The penalty for the latter was heavy—200 men in hospital who should have been fit to fight.—**WO II B R Hart, RAMC, Army School of Health, Ash Vale, Hants.**

As Hygiene Assistant responsible for supervising water supplies, among other duties, on "Soft Putty," I feel it my duty

to point out two misleading statements in SOLDIER's article.

The unpleasant taste in the water was not due to chlorine. Had this been so the relatively simple process of adding taste-removing sodium thiosulphate tablets would have solved the problem. These tablets have been in issue since 1935 and there was no shortage of them in Greece. The foul taste was entirely due to dissolved magnesium sulphate in our only water source and not easily removed with limited resources.

The statement that 200 or more patients had stomach complaints due to drinking untreated water is also mistaken. The Sappers were producing 70,000 gallons of perfectly safe water daily and it is much more probable that the trouble was due to a non-specific enteritis from ingesting the fine dust we lived and worked in for most of each day and night. There was a noticeable reduction in these cases when the rains began.—**S/Sgt J E Biggs, RAMC, Hygiene Assistant, 16 Parachute Brigade Group, Aldershot, Hants.**

* *The material on which SOLDIER's article was based was provided by the Brigade.*



'Pon My Sole!

Mr A Coles draws attention to the fact that the soldier on the front cover of December's SOLDIER did not have studs in his boots (Letters, February).

I would like to point out that possibly the duties of this soldier included driving, and would quote standing orders for drivers: "You will not wear studded boots when driving." I thought this was a really good picture and not one which

● **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.

"Little Wet Home"

The verse parodying "My Little Grey Home in the West" (SOLDIER, February) recalled the version I knew when serving in Flanders with the 1st Battalion, The Royal Irish Regiment, in 1914-15:

In a little wet home in a trench,
Where the rainstorms continually drench,
There's a dead cow close by,
With its feet towards the sky,
And it gives off a terrible stench.
Underneath, in the place of a floor,
Is a mass of wet mud and some straw,
And the Jack Johnsons tear
Through the rain-sodden air,
In my little wet home in a trench.

—**Capt L F Mercer (Rtd), 92 Cheriton Road, Folkestone.**

Airborne Forces

I was intrigued by the letter from S/Sgt Simms (SOLDIER, January) but could see no basis for his assumption that the Airborne Forces suffer some deficiency. I do not have the honour to wear the red beret, but must defend it for my father, who was killed at Arnhem. However, I do have the honour to wear the beige beret and to follow the noble motto "Who Dares Wins."

Parachute troops in the British Army came into being in the early days of World War Two as an experiment, and one has only to regard their battle honours to see that this experiment was extremely successful. It has developed beyond all hopes and will, I am sure, develop much further before it becomes an outmoded "zeppelin."

The criticism of the Royal Air Force Transport Command and its aircraft is unfounded and, as regards the parachute, one has only to look at the possibilities of "free-falling" to realise that it is still one of the most effective means of going "by air into battle." Can S/Sgt Simms suggest an alternative method which is as effective and which has the ability to put a brigade into action behind enemy lines with the minimum casualty rate?—**Tpr M J Knight, 21st SAS Regt (Artists), TA, 7 Defoe Crescent, Colchester, Essex.**

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more letters

Brown Bess

I note you quote my book, "Weapons of the British Soldier," as your authority for saying a Brown Bess musket in the Tower of London bears the date 1717 on its lock plate, and that the Tower Armoury states the date is 1747 (SOLDIER, February).

I examined this weapon very carefully and was certain the date was 1717. I saw no reason to suppose the second figure "1" was any more like a "4" than the first.

This weapon is illustrated three times in my book, one plate of which you reproduced. Plate IX shows the lock plate and in this illustration I have said that the date can be seen. On the original photograph it is clearly visible but was unfortunately lost in reproduction. The other illustration, Plate VI, is a photograph of a display of firearms at the Armoury. If this is examined (preferably through a magnifying glass) it will be seen that the label written by the Armoury authorities gives the date as 1717. Furthermore, I was myself assured at the Armoury that the date is 1717. However, I may be wrong and I can only suggest that the enthusiastic inquirer should examine the weapon himself.—Col H C B Rogers, 209 Reading Road, Wokingham, Berks.

The name "Brown Bess" is derived from the practice of "browning" the metalwork and staining brown the stock and butt. This system of protection (not camouflage) against rust was used during the reign of King James II (1685-88). In about 1747 the word "Tower" first appeared on the lock plate. This replaced the Gunsmiths' marks, and was due to a change in the purchasing system then in use.—Cpl A D Bell, 1 Sqn, 4th Signal Regiment, BFPO 15.

Flight Deck Landings

The statement that three *Austers* of the Army Air Corps made history when they became the first Army aircraft to land on the flight deck of the Royal Navy's carrier, HMS *Hermes*, is not correct. On 18 February, 1961, four *Auster* IXs of 11 Liaison Flight, stationed at Sembawang, Singapore, carried out full stop deck landings on HMS *Hermes* some 25 miles off the south-east tip of Malaya.

The pilots were Capt Beacon, Capt Cholerton, S/Sgt Adamson and S/Sgt Standen. Further deck landings were made by the same pilots on HMS *Bulwark*

on 10 March, 1961. Then, all the aircraft, after practice landings, had to return to *Bulwark* in earnest to refuel, owing to a violent tropical storm which developed between aircraft and base.

The first deck landings made by Army pilots took place early in 1953 when aircraft from 656 Squadron landed on HMS *Unicorn* off the coast of Malaya.—WO II R Adamson, 20 Ind Recce Flt, AAC, BFPO 1.

* Thank you, WO II Adamson. SOLDIER's information was supplied by Army Public Relations, Cyprus.

Up In Arms

On behalf of my Company I should like to protest most strongly about the ash-cart with the caption "Royal Pioneer Corps" in Larry's cartoons (SOLDIER, February).

Our job in the British Army is to supply and organise labour in all arms. We are also a fighting force and NOT muck-shovellers (a view which is widely held outside this Corps), although on many occasions we have had to do undesirable jobs that other regiments considered themselves above doing.

We are proud to serve in this Corps and feel it is about time it is recognised as a



Corps in its own right. Enclosed is a list of 41 signatures of members of two training sections to back me up.—Recruit L/Cpl C R Vigo, Training Company, Depot, Royal Pioneer Corps, Simpson Barracks, Wootton, Northants.

* SOLDIER gladly publishes this vigorous protest and admires the spirit of rightful pride behind it. But Larry's cartoon should not be taken so seriously; readers were meant to laugh both at and with it. Another great cartoonist, Giles, who served in the Corps and is proud of having done so, has poked fun at it, too.

Charleston Highlanders

Sergeant Cameron's letter on the Charleston Highlanders (SOLDIER, January) was very interesting. The Citadel Military College in Charleston has what I believe is the oldest and largest established collegiate pipe band in the United States. Its uniform is very similar to that of the Charleston Highlanders.

This college is famous because its cadets fired the first shots of the Civil War, at the Star of the West attempting to bring supplies to Fort Sumter in Charleston Harbour.—Hal P Klepak, 32 Woodward Road, Charleston, S Carolina, USA.

Capering Bandmen

I cannot agree with the three letters supporting the capering bandmen of The King's Shropshire Light Infantry (SOLDIER, January). If such antics were persisted in they would only bring ridicule to the Army—and discipline and dignity are the corner-stones of Army life.

To illustrate my point I quote a personal experience. On the day after I joined the Infantry in 1914, 200 other teenagers and myself, straws in our mouths and vacant stances on our faces, were lined up on the barrack square with a sergeant to teach us drill and a sergeant-major looking on. It would have been quite hilarious had the sergeant said: "Now, boys, all join hands, we are going to have a game of round-and-round the mulberry bush." This would have been on a par with being back in the school playground.—L Walker, 220 Arlington Road, London NW1.

Cap and Collar

I would like to point out a mistake in "Your Regiment" (SOLDIER, February). The top badge shown on Page 25 is our collar badge and the centre badge is our old cap badge now worn by the Territorials.—Cpl I W Male, 1st Bn, The Royal Hampshire Regiment, BFPO 17.

* Reader Male is correct; the captions were reversed in error.

Non-Combatant Corps

In your February issue you state that the Non-Combatant Corps came into being on the outbreak of World War Two. This was, in fact, a revival as the NCC was also operating during World War One. The cap badge was "NCC," a large version of its shoulder titles.—Lieut-Col C B Appleby DSO, Director, National Army Museum, RMA Sandhurst, Camberley, Surrey.

In March, 1918, I was posted on temporary duty to Rouen, where I remember seeing soldiers, wearing a brass "NCC" cap badge, loading rail trucks with timber at the riverside docks. The NCOs in charge were from The Royal Welsh (as it was spelled then) Fusiliers. You state that the Non-Combatant Corps came into being at the outbreak of World War Two. Who, then, were the chaps I saw in Rouen in 1918?—Sqn-Ldr A J Green (Rtd), 8 Pound Avenue, Old Stevenage, Herts.

* The letter published in February and SOLDIER's reply were related to National Service and World War Two, hence the phrase, "The Non-Combatant Corps came into being at the outbreak of World War Two." It would have been more correct, but perhaps confusing, to have said the NCC was resurrected or re-animated.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1 Cow's nostril. 2 Cow's right forehoof. 3 Width of soldier's tie. 4 Lower bar of gate. 5 Width of lower section of white line on road. 6 Door handle of car. 7 Soldier's right elbow. 8 Nearside end of bumper. 9 "C" in "Crossing." 10 Depth of car door.

PRIZE WINNERS

Prize winners in SOLDIER's Competition 56 (January—How Observant Are You?) were:

- 1 WO II F Fletcher, Cyprus Dist Pro Coy, RMP, BFPO 53.
- 2 Mr P E O'Neill, 69 Croft Avenue, Milford Haven, Pembrokeshire.
- 3 WO II T H Sedgwick, HQ Sqn, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, Aliwal Barracks, Tidworth, Hants.
- 4 Master D Miller, 31 Ellen Wilkinson House, Roman Road, Bethnal Green, London EC2.
- 5 Capt A Coles, RAO, 61 Tweedy Road, Bromley, Kent.
- 6 Cpl T Kay, 8 (Alma) Cdo Bty, 29 Cdo Regt, RA, The Royal Citadel, Plymouth, Devon.
- 7 Master J D Willcox-Jones (King Edward's School CCF), 6 Hensley Road, Bath, Somerset.

There were 25 differences, as follows: US space ship: 1 Final "S" in "States"; 2 Cap of left soldier; 3 Rivet on right edge; 4 Black band round top. Earth: 5 Mast of ship; 6 Shape of Cuba. Yuri rocket: 7 Number of rocket; 8 Height of tail; 9 Top right curve of smoke trail. Moon: 10 Mouth; 11 Right toe of climber with flag; 12 Position of lower point; 13 Position of star on moon's right. UK space ship: 14 Right hand of soldier behind photographer; 15 Near leg of space ship. Planet: 16 Line inside ring, left. Delta rocket: 17 Nose cone; 18 Width of lower wing. NAAFI space ship: 19 Size top to bottom; 20 Length of sign; 21 Lid of tea urn; 22 Right leg of drinking soldier; 23 Page of book; 24 Right hand of girl; 25 Left arm of rear soldier in queue.

REUNIONS

The York and Lancaster Regimental Association. Annual reunion, TA Centre, Fitzwilliam Road, Rotherham, 7pm Saturday, 27 April, preceded by annual general meeting 6pm. Tickets 5s from RHQ, Endcliffe Hall, Sheffield 10. Divine Service and buffet lunch, Endcliffe Hall, Sunday, 28 April.

13th/18th Royal Hussars (QMO) Association. Annual reunion dinner, London, 4 May, and Cavalry Memorial Service, 5 May. Details from Lieut-Col J R Palmer MC (Rtd), Home HQ 13th/18th Royal Hussars (QMO), Duncombe Barracks, Burton Stone Lane, York.

The Queen's Own Hussars. Reunion dinner, Saturday, 4 May, Earls Court, Warwick Road, London SW5. Dress optional. Tickets 20s from Maj J S Sutherland, Home HQ, The Queen's Own Hussars, Priory Road, Warwick.

Royal Army Ordnance Corps Association. Reunion dinner, City Hall, Fisherton Street, Salisbury, 27 April. Tickets 16s 6d from RAO Secretariat, Blackdown, Hants.

1Xth Annual Armourers Reunion Dinner. At Queen Victoria Rifles (KRRC) Hall, 56 Davies Street, London W1. Open to all armourers or artificers, weapon, RAO or REME. Tickets 22s and details from Maj (AIA) J F Evans, REME, EME Br. HQ London District, Horse Guards, London SW1.

Royal Military Police Association. Reunion Saturday, 25 May, Corps Depot, Inkerman Barracks, Woking, 6.30pm for 7.30pm. Tickets 15s from Secretary, RMPA, RHQ/RMP Inkerman Barracks, Woking. Accommodation in barracks available on written request.

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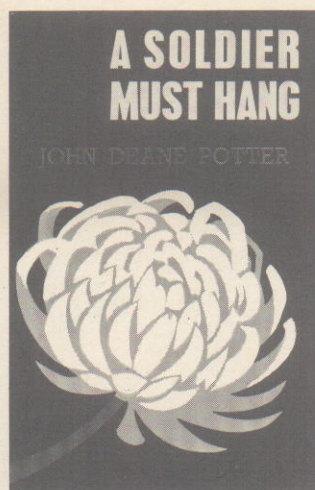
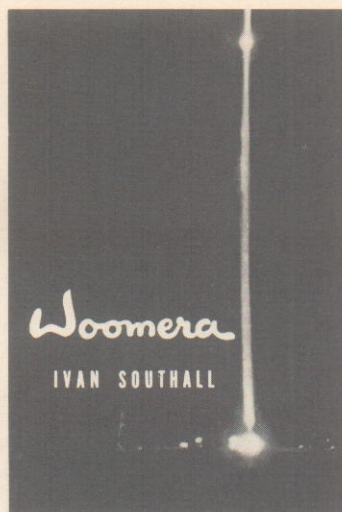
G A Hughes, 121 Preston Drive, Brighton 6, Sussex.—Requires Japanese swords.

M Morris, 3 Brynmawr Terrace, The Watton, Brecon.—Worldwide cap badges.

F X Slaby, 158 Military Road, Buffalo 7, New York, USA.—Will exchange military prints, badges, etc.

A J Murphy, 65 Whitworth Road, Plumstead, London SE18.—Requires worldwide Parachute, Airborne, Commando and Signals badges and insignia.

BOOKS



AS FROM KEMMEL HILL

An Adjutant
in France
and Flanders
1917 & 1918

ARTHUR BEHREND

Missiles In The Outback

WOOMERA is an Australian aboriginal word meaning a tool which can be applied to the end of a spear to help launch it with great speed and range. So it is an apt name for the rocket range built in the outback as a joint British-Australian venture. Its original object, when work started in 1947, was to test developments of the Nazi V2 rockets.

The super-V2 never got farther than the drawing-board but Woomera fully justified itself. British and Australian Servicemen and civilians have worked on scores of projects, including the Army's *Thunderbird* and *Black Knight*, the highly-successful test-vehicle for *Blue Streak* development.

Ivan Southall threads his "Woomera" (*Angus and Robertson*, 30s) round the firing of a *Black Knight* missile. It is a rambling book, but this is not inappropriate since it covers 15 years of work involving thousands of people in Britain and Australia, two townships, and a range which extends halfway across a continent and can be extended across the sea to Christmas Island, 3000 miles from the launchers.

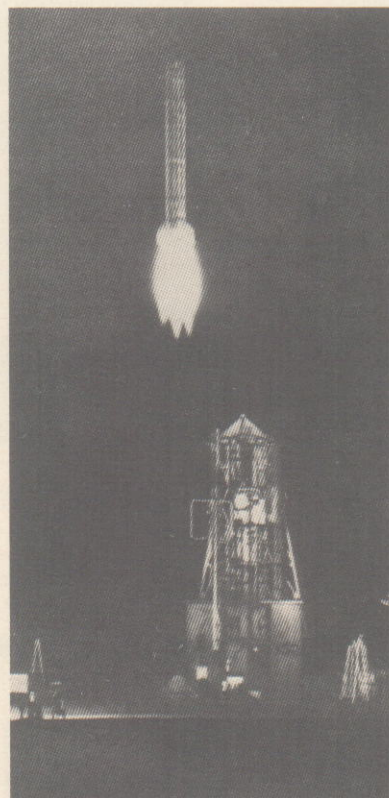
The range has seen atomic explosions and has tracked American spacemen to help Cape Canaveral. It flanks a reserve devoted to

aboriginals, some of the world's most primitive people, and has developed a sophisticated computer to sort out test results.

Woomera is sometimes said to have too many chiefs and not enough Indians. It stays like that of necessity, for every test depends, for safety as well as success, on the efficient working of hundreds of different and independent jobs.

One of the most picturesque chiefs the author found was Lennie Beadell. Officers making the first reconnaissance of the range discovered him in the wilderness, a warrant officer of the Australian Army in charge of a survey party. He is still in the wilderness, in charge of what is called the Gunbarrel construction party. His seven-strong party has built 2500 miles of track through some of the most remote country in Australia.

Lennie Beadell leads the party, pulls their teeth when necessary, cuts hair in any one of three styles ("Adelaide in four months," "Adelaide in one month" and "Adelaide in five days"), and talks their wives round when another long stint in the bush is coming up. He has explored a great deal of territory and has had a mountain named after him—which alone sets him apart from most warrant officers.



Slowly at first, *Black Knight* soars from the Woomera launching pad.

R L E

FAMILY OF WEAPONS

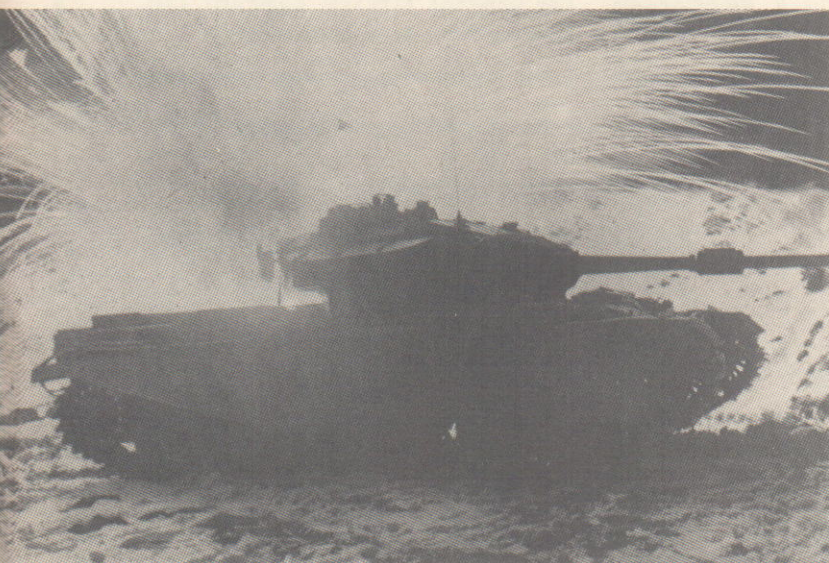
IN 1957 it was announced that the Army was to have a "family" of weapons with no supplementary or overlapping members. The programme is expected to be completed next year, so this is an excellent time to assess its progress. Stevenson Pugh, "Daily Mail" defence correspondent, does just this in the introduction to his "Fighting Vehicles and Weapons of the Modern British Army" (*Macdonald*, 15s).

He reviews the factors which have influenced weapon development since 1945—the advent of nuclear weapons, NATO's growth, the reduction of overseas bases without a compensating reduction in the chances of calls to "brushfire" operations. He seems pleased with what is planned and looks ahead instead of joining the recent chorus of complaints about the Army's, and particularly Rhine Army's, current shortages.

Perhaps the most difficult problem to which he draws attention is that of the proper "mix" of conventional and nuclear weapons. Britain's part of the nuclear catalogue looks puny—two regiments of *Corporal* missiles, three of mixed *Honest John* missiles and

OVER...

PAGE 35



A phosphorus bomb exploding near a *Centurion* dramatically silhouettes the tank.



Happy birthday to me

Trust Bill to do something about it. I like a glass of beer with a sandwich to be going on with. Next year I'm giving up birthdays. But I'm enjoying this one.

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BOOKS continued

atomic cannon, with American officers standing in front of the nuclear warheads on a "two-key" basis.

Meanwhile, the British *Blue Water* missile, superior to anything the Americans have produced, is cancelled. Economically, and possibly tactically, this may do, particularly as everyone hopes nuclear weapons will never be fired in anger. As a morale factor, however, it is far from ideal.

Foreign contributions to Britain's armoury are not limited to the nuclear field. The author points out that nearly 40 per cent of "teeth" arms are of foreign origin. Four of the eight basic Infantry weapons—rifle, pistol, general purpose machine-gun and rocket launcher—are foreign, and the new 81mm mortar is a joint Anglo-Canadian project.

This is not a one-way traffic. Britain has balanced the account by selling £125,000,000-worth of *Centurion* tanks alone. This is all very reasonable—but Britain does

not also provide officers to hold the ignition keys of the *Centurions*.

The author's descriptions of individual weapons are as comprehensive as security permits and he is not only technically well-informed but warmly enthusiastic over many of them.

Among the most important projects, he thinks, are the new FV 430 series of light tracked vehicles. These are already on order as the *Trojan* armoured personnel carrier, which has been demonstrated in four forms, and include the *Abbot* 105mm self-propelled gun which went on troop trials last year. Fast, amphibious and running on anything from diesel oil to aviation spirit, these vehicles are indeed exciting prospects. So, too, are the six-wheel-drive amphibious *Stalwart* load-carrier, and the Westland *Scout*, the "Bentley of the helicopter world." Both are on order.

RLE

Maori Guerillas

FOR 12 years—from 1860 to 1872—New Zealand was plagued by the Maori wars. At one stage Britain had 10,000 Regular troops in the then "infant" colony.

The root cause of most of the wars was land. Despite assurances from the British Government, the Maoris were distrustful—not without cause in many cases—of most European attempts to buy areas which, even if they had never set foot on it, the Maoris claimed they owned.

Heated arguments gave way to violence, and violence led to war. Although some Maoris were fierce, ruthless cannibals, the chivalry and military skill they showed often astounded experienced British commanders. The Maoris proved to be the greatest guerilla fighters British troops have ever met and their methods prompted the Permanent Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office, Sir Fredric Rogers, to comment: "It seems to me the strangest war that was ever carried on."

Many books have been written about clashes with the Maoris, the majority giving details of individual wars. But Edgar Holt's "The Strangest War" (*Putnam*, 30s) is a precise, yet informative, summary of all the wars. It is a fascinating story made richer by a wealth of anecdote.

After a war had flared up the Maoris would either cut down the nearest British flagpost or kill a European. Then they would select a site for a *pah* (fortress), dig in, and wait.

Sure enough, the troops would attack and, often after bloody hand-to-hand fighting, the defenders would retire in good order—and build another fortress a mile away. This, in turn,

would be assaulted and taken, with the Maoris again making an orderly retreat.

Oddly, these fortresses rarely guarded anything or were of any strategic value. No military advantage would be gained by either side and, after perhaps weeks of sporadic fighting, the Maoris would vanish into the bush where they knew the British would not follow for fear of ambush. There were exceptions, but this was typical of the fighting.

Although many of the Maoris were still cannibals when the white man arrived in force, there were few cases involving Europeans.

One rather macabre reason given for this is that the Maoris were not great salt users. One ex-cannibal cheerfully confessed that "they found the flesh of the white man much too salty!"

During an attack on the Gate *Pah* at Tauranga in April, 1864, a famous Maori woman warrior earned the deep respect of her enemies with her compassionate gesture towards a wounded British officer left on the battlefield after an unsuccessful attack. Hearing his cries, she braved the rifle fire of the attacking troops to take water to him. She gave water to three other Britons before crawling back to her *pah*. At Gate *Pah* 1250 soldiers and 400 men from a naval brigade were routed by about 250 Maoris.

In another battle, Chief To Oriori saw a British officer lying wounded at the foot of a parapet. He climbed down and carried the Briton to safety and was wounded himself while doing so. Little wonder that a feeling of genuine sympathy sprang up among the

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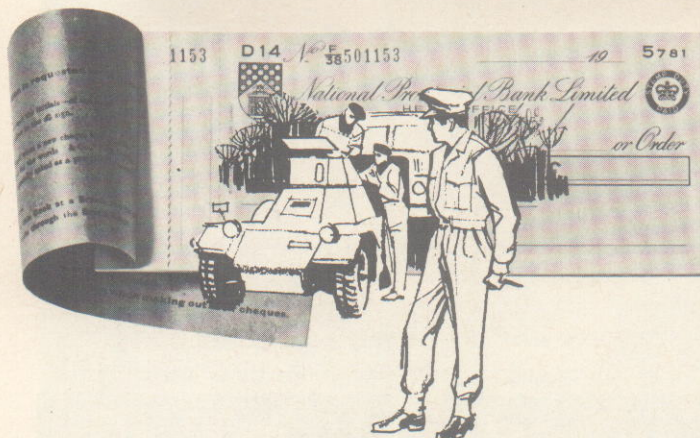
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BOOKS *continued*

opposing sides. It resulted in the troops taking as much care of the Maori wounded as of their own.

When the wars finally petered out, the Maoris had not been defeated in battle. It was because they were given fair payment for

their land and no longer had a cause for which to fight.

But their natural fighting ability remains. When it comes to hand-to-hand fighting, there are no better troops in the world.

CW

Tiger of Malaya

*On the day the sun shines with the moon
Our arrow leaves the bow. . .*

THE gentle art of poetry was not the quality for which the author of those lines won renown. They were a sample of the "blood-and-flower" culture of the Japanese, written on 4 December, 1941. They were inspired by a good omen, the sun and moon being in the sky at the same time when a convoy of troop transports sailed from Hainan. The men aboard were off to invade Malaya and their poet-commander was General Tomoyuki Yamashita.

The "Tiger of Malaya," as his countrymen called him, is naturally an object of interest to British readers, and John Deane Potter's biography of him, "A Soldier Must Hang" (Muller, 30s) fairly satisfies that interest.

Yamashita won the Malayan campaign by boldness and bluff, assisted by incompetence on the British side, and by a margin of ammunition so narrow that it had him seriously worried even after his troops had landed on Singapore Island.

Malaya made Yamashita the hero of Japan, but it was his first campaign, and his only victory. When it was over, the jealousy of his old friend Tojo, the War Minister, denied him the traditional honour of going to Tokyo to report his victory in person to the Emperor. Instead, he went straight to a command in

Manchuria, which would have been of key importance had the Russians declared war on Japan, but as it was merely kept him in obscurity for much of the war.

In 1944, when Japan's coming defeat was plain to see, Yamashita became supreme commander in the Philippines. When surrender came, he was still fighting in the mountains with the remnants of his starved troops.

Yamashita was accused of war-crimes before a farcical tribunal which two United States Supreme Court judges described as "legalised lynching." Much was made of atrocities in Manila, which the author shows Yamashita could not have prevented. Nothing was said of Japanese atrocities in Malaya and Singapore; the author quotes passages from Yamashita's diary deploring them.

Condemned to death, Yamashita burst into verse again—

The world I knew is now a shameful place.

*There will never come a better time
For me to die.*

Mr. Potter is inclined to agree that Yamashita did die at the right time. "What place," he asks, "would there be left among the chromium, the neon-signs and skyscrapers of westernised post-war Japan for an out-of-date soldier who always began his day with a bow and a prayer facing the Emperor?" Yamashita died with his era.

RLE

Gunner On The Western Front

WHEN his office was being tidied after the great retreat on the Western Front in 1918, the adjutant of 90th Brigade, Royal Garrison Artillery, saved a message file from being scrapped. Now, that adjutant, Colonel Arthur Behrend, has used the file to help write a very personal account of those dramatic days: "As From Kemmel Hill" (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 21s).

He had earlier served as an Infantryman in Gallipoli. His transfer to the Royal Artillery came as an alternative to six months' light duty at the regimental depot, to which doctors had sentenced him. He was obviously a contented Gunner, for he was back in uniform as a Territorial Gunner in World War Two.

The 90th Brigade was commanded by a dedicated colonel who despised honours and awards, considering it a soldier's duty to be brave, and despised leave because it interfered with winning the war. He was a martinet about unnecessary verbiage and telephone drill. The author, his third adjutant in two months, became devoted to him because, under his pepperiness, he was a highly efficient commander.

The Brigade howitzers were several times within small-arms range of the Germans in the retreat. Their crews

had a bitter disappointment when rum jars sent to comfort them turned out to contain nut oil intended for Chinese labourers, but were consoled by the run of an abandoned canteen stuffed with champagne, cigarettes and other good things.

Among the author's experiences was a trip in a spotting balloon. He watched as a German aircraft calmly shot down four balloons. The fifth in line was his own, but the pilot apparently ran out of incendiary bullets and turned away just in time to save the author from joining the other "balloonatics" in a parachute jump.

For the benefit of those young writers who today comment acidly on World War One's senior commanders the author points out: "It was not our habit to criticize our top generals." He says the troops were well fed and clothed, there were good medical services, leave was given fairly, regularly and generously, and there was no shortage of anything.

He thinks young writers are apt to overlook the conditions of the time, prevailing standards of military knowledge, and the power and might of the German armies. But he does admit to being shocked at the pettiness, obstinacy and obtuseness revealed in Haig's diaries and letters.

RLE



LOOKING AHEAD . . .

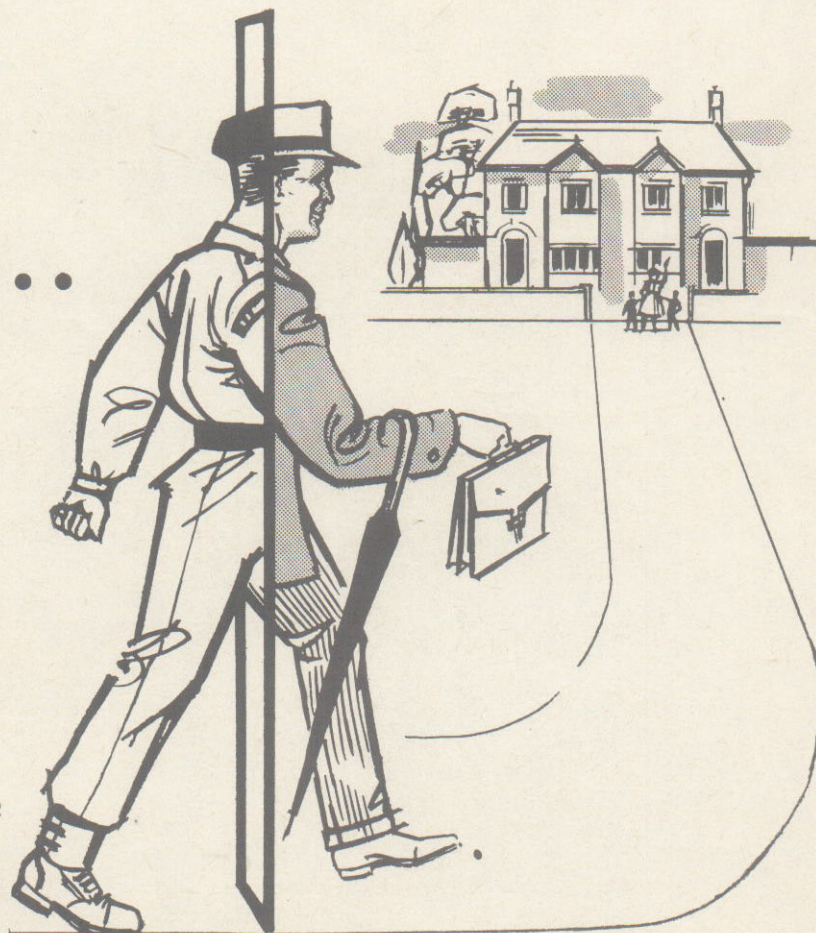
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