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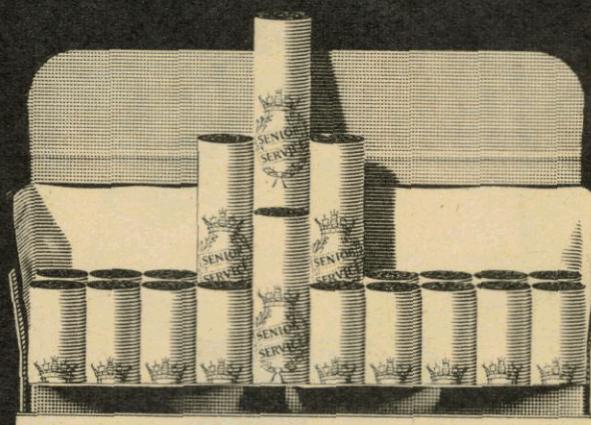
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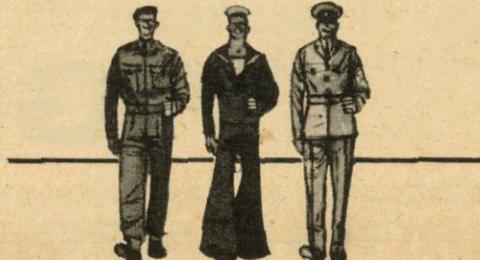
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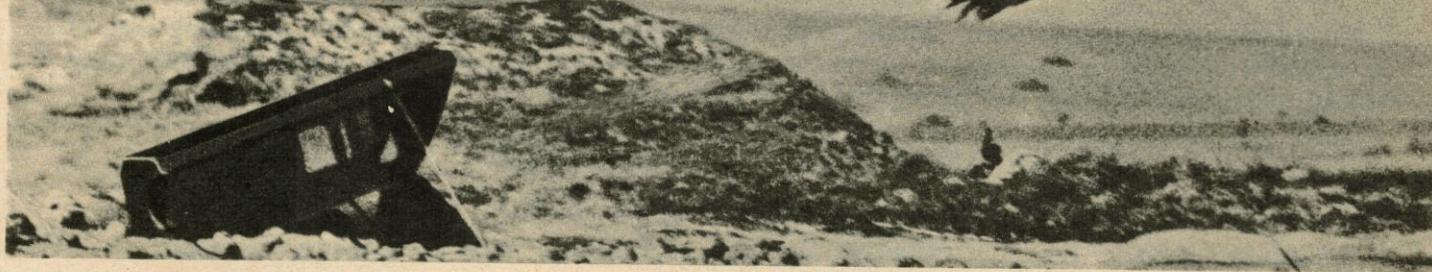
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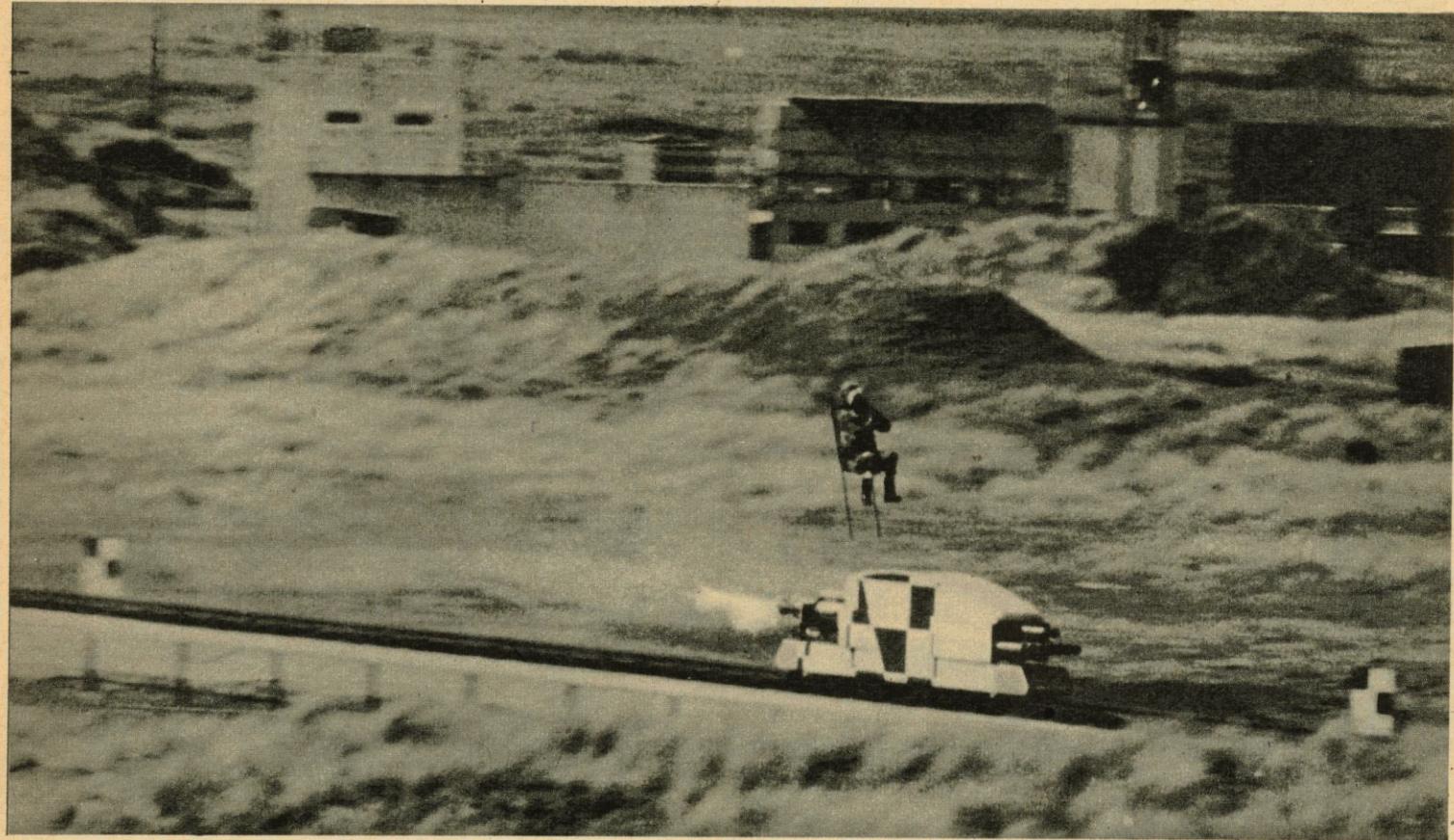


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A dummy airman is ejected from a test vehicle travelling at 550 miles an hour on the long test track. The test vehicle is halted by retro-rockets.

WHOOSH! -that's Pendine, that is!

PENDINE is the village of speed. In the 1920s it leapt into fame when giants of the motoring world pushed the land-speed record above 150 miles an hour (and later to nearly 175) on its six miles of firm sand which border Carmarthen Bay.

Today, Pendine is again the home of some of the fastest vehicles to operate on land. At its Proof and Experimental Establishment is a test track on which rocket vehicles make speeds up to 4000 feet a second—more than three times the speed of sound.

The Establishment arrived at Pendine in a hurry, too. In 1940, when Hitler's panzers reached the Channel, a new inter-Services establishment was half-formed at Foulness, in Essex.

Its purpose, on the Army side, dated back to the formation of the School of Musketry at Hythe, Kent, in 1863. The first commandant, after receiving a stern warning to "take care not to allow experimental work to interfere with the instruction," found a War Office Small Arms Experimental Wing set up in his school.

In the 1930s, all three Services were doing similar kinds of experimental work on small arms and the Foulness project was conceived to avoid duplication. It had not started work when the authorities realised that Foulness would not do: the short tides and short sea "danger areas" did not give enough scope.

Then came the *blitzkrieg*, and Foulness was in the front line—no place for thought-

ful and leisurely scientific experiments. With a school atlas, the superintendent, Captain S. A. Pears, RN, made a short-list of alternative places and set off on reconnaissance. On Monday, 3 June, 1940, he picked Pendine and telephoned Foulness.

By the following Sunday, what there was of the Establishment at Foulness and the complete Small Arms Experimental Wing from Hythe had moved in. The Proof and Experimental Establishment, Pendine, was in business, and not just for the duration but permanently.

Its job was twofold: to prove existing weapons and ammunition—that is to test samples from the manufacturers to see that they come up to specification; and to

OVER . . .

High speed is the keyword at Pendine where weapons and ammunition of the three Services are put through their paces and rockets are photographed at 1600 miles an hour

WHOOSH! continued

experiment with new, modified and foreign weapons and ammunition.

Most of that could be deduced from its name. Otherwise, all that the inhabitants of Carmarthenshire knew was that its buildings grew rapidly in number and its bangs in volume and quantity. This year, for the first time, the security curtain has been lifted a little, and visits have been made to celebrate the Establishment's 21st birthday.

The main attraction is the long test track, the only one of its kind in Europe. It was built in 1951, for testing both rockets and the bits and pieces that make up the complex guided weapons of today.

The track consists of twin welded railway lines, 3000 feet long, and the test vehicles

slide along them on skids. Part of the track is flanked by sprinklers, so that the effect of a rainstorm on guided weapon components moving at high speed can be tested. A raindrop hitting something moving two or three times as fast as sound strikes a powerful blow.

The day SOLDIER visited Pendine, a test vehicle was itself being tested. It consisted of twelve rockets set in four banks of three—but the top right-hand one was a dummy. If one rocket fails on a test vehicle, it will make the force exerted by the others a bit lop-sided. The experimenters wanted to find out just what effect that would have on the behaviour of the test vehicle.

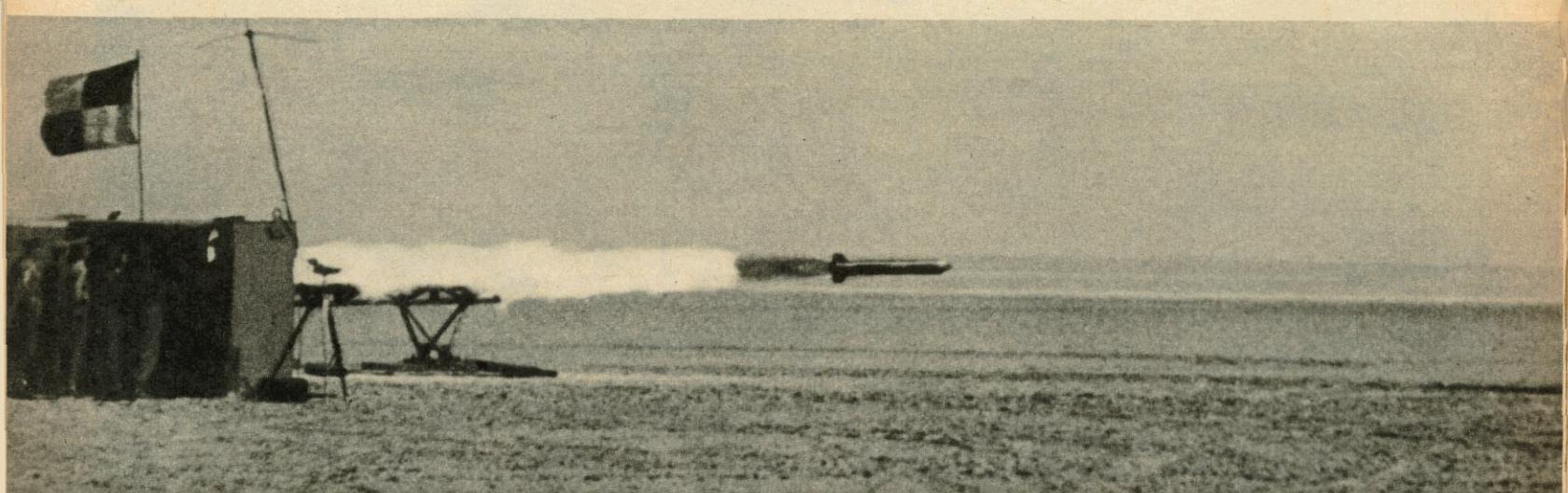
The vehicle costs about £300, and travels at between 1400 and 1600 miles an hour.

Visitors were shepherded away to a safe

distance and allowed to watch through safety-glass from a blast-proof shelter. "Don't try to follow the vehicle," they were told. "It will move too fast for your eyes to follow."

There was a five-second count-down from the loudspeaker, then a streak of flame along the track, a vast cloud where the vehicle plunged into a sand-dune, and a shattering roar. Photographers who had had their cameras hopefully pointed through the safety-glass giggled nervously and admitted that their shutter-fingers had been beaten.

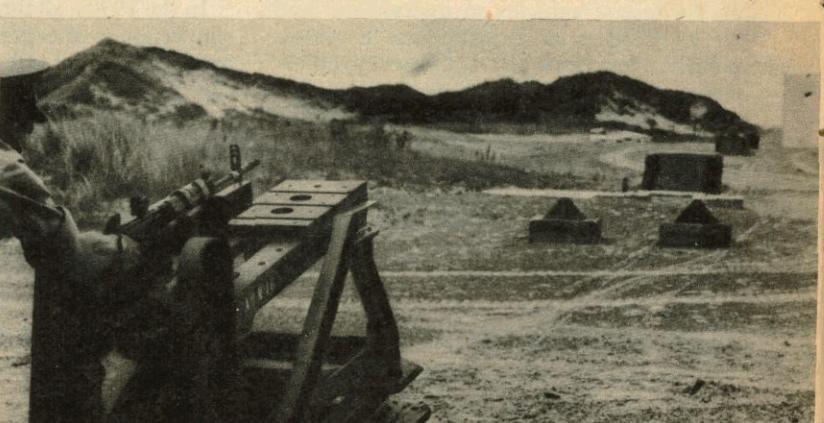
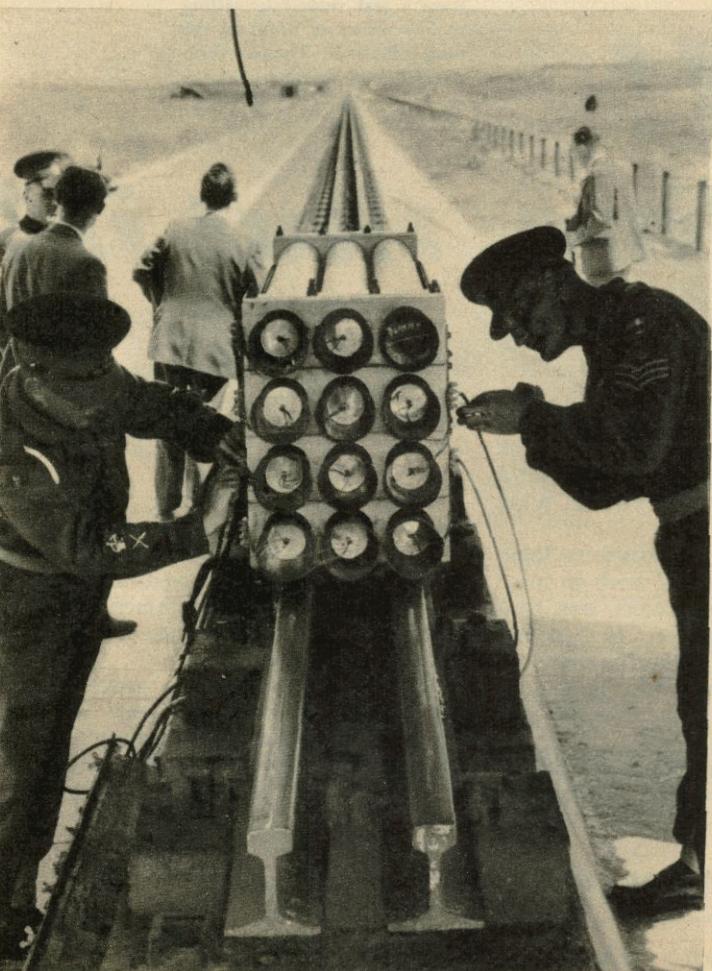
What was left of the vehicle? "Lucky if we find a piece as big as a cigarette packet," said an officer. The facts of the test were on record, however. Pendine has cameras which can take up to 16,000 pictures a second, working automatically from places where it



Above: Trailing a sheet of flame, a rocket leaves its test bed to hurtle down the range at Pendine. During its journey it is photographed 14,000 times a second!

Left: A test vehicle is prepared with 11 live and one dummy rockets to see if it becomes unbalanced when it is fired on the test track.

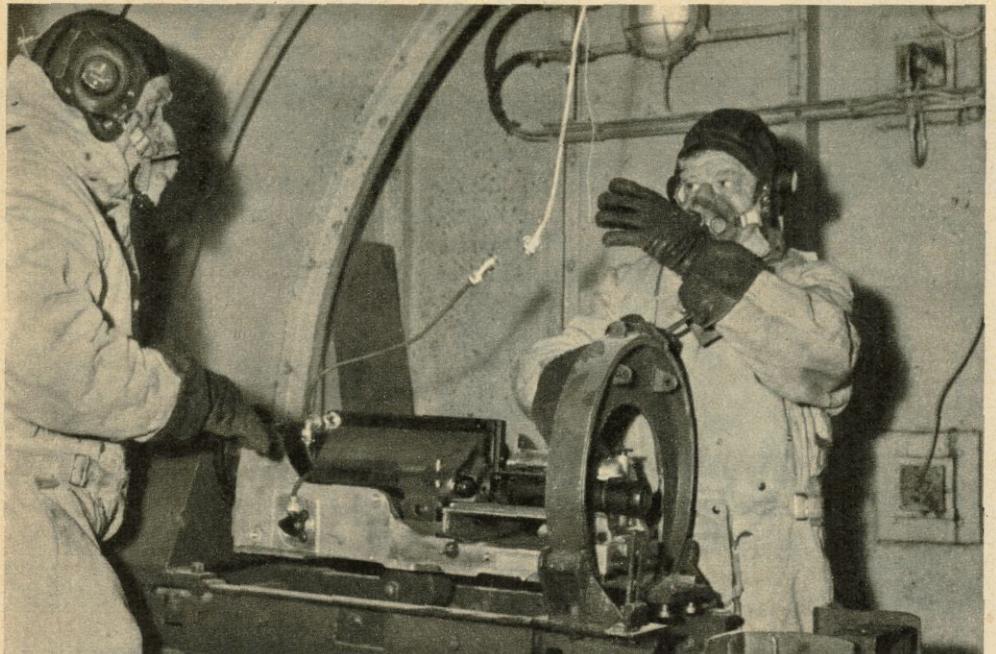
Below: A grenade is seen in flight as it is fired on one of the smaller ranges. The Establishment tests all weapons up to a calibre of 105 millimetres.



would be unsafe for a man to stand. Electronic and sound instruments record still more information. It is even possible to find out temperatures and stresses set up inside components attached to the vehicle for testing.

Not every test vehicle is a write-off after one run. Retro-rockets, which fire backwards when the vehicle has travelled far enough, can bring it to a standstill. Visitors were shown films of tests on an aircraft ejection seat (complete with dummy airman who flew through the air ungracefully) in which the same vehicle, travelling at a mere 550 miles an hour, was used repeatedly.

The long test track—there is also a short test track of 630 feet—is only one of the 28 "ranges" at Pendine. The original charter of the Establishment limited its work to weapons of up to 40mm calibre, but the



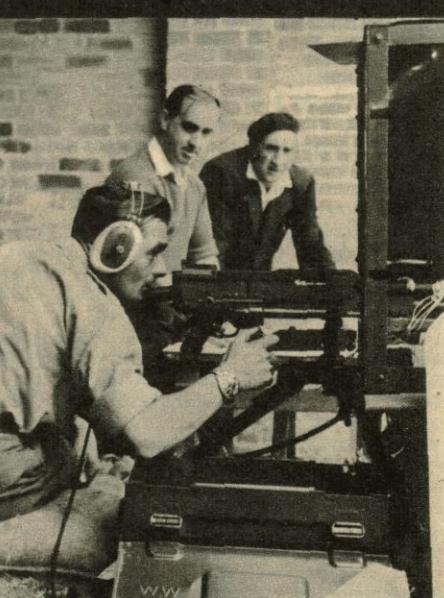
Above: Will it be efficient in cold weather? In a cold chamber, with the temperature 60 degrees below zero, an Aden 30mm gun is prepared for firing. Weapons can also be tested in temperatures of up to 180 degrees above zero.



Left: A soldier member of the Establishment staff prepares a missile to launch on the short test track against an armoured target.



Above: A large foreign mortar under trial. The scaffolding supports photo-electric cells which, with others, measure velocity.



Above: The 7.62mm General Purpose Machine-Gun is put through its paces for barrel wear, accuracy, velocity and rate of fire.



Wearing protective gloves, EQMSI R. Dickens inspects a frost-covered automatic rifle after its removal from the cold chamber.

ranges are so good that it now works up to 105mm calibre weapons. Shells can be fired up to 8200 yards over land (and photographed in flight) and even farther out to sea, where the danger area goes nine miles out into Carmarthen Bay.

Just about every trick in a weapon's repertory can be tested—velocity, spin, tracer, fragmentation, accuracy, endurance, rate of fire, functioning in adverse conditions.

Weapons and ammunition can be fired at temperatures down to 75 degrees Fahrenheit below zero (in Korea they had to work at 40 degrees below zero) and up to 180 degrees above.

Officers have stood on towers (and in a balloon) to see how mortar-bombs, fired from below them, turn over at the top of their trajectory, and rockets have been fired from the tops of towers into the ground to test their fragmentation—but these two tests are now out of date.

Shells are photographed passing through sheets of armour plating at the rate of 14,000 pictures a second. Rockets are fired against immovable objects and their thrust accurately recorded. Shells are fired through the blast from the jet engines of an old aircraft to test their accuracy in high wind. As a sideline, the Establishment has also thrown a dead chicken into jet engines, to find out for

the manufacturers what happens when a bird is sucked in during flight.

If many of the tests are carried out, boffin-fashion, with a remote control electric firing, the Establishment can also put on a display of soldierly shooting. Visitors saw a three-inch mortar crew put 20 rounds into the air and still have time to turn round and look for the first one to fall into the sea.

This crew was made up of men of the Small Arms School Corps, which provides most of the 25 non-commissioned ranks of the Establishment (the remainder belong to the Royal Artillery). The Superintendent is Captain N. D. Campbell, Royal Navy, and he has a lieutenant-colonel and a wing-commander as deputies. The posts of superintendent and deputy superintendents alternate between the three Services. There are nine other officers of the three Services and the bulk of the staff is made up by nearly 420 civilians.

Pendine is one of the beauty-spots which local inhabitants do not grudge the Services. Explained one villager: "We get a lot of trade and employment at the Establishment and the place is still more or less unspoiled. In 1939 there was a threat of a holiday camp being set up here—and that would have been far worse."

RICHARD ELLEY

SOLDIER to Soldier

A NEWSPAPERMAN stopped a British soldier who, rifle slung, was patrolling the barbed wire barricades between the British Sector and East Berlin and asked him what he thought of the situation.

The soldier looked meditatively into space and then said: "Well, all I know is that we're just doing our job," a comment which just about sums up the attitude of the 3000-strong Berlin Independent Infantry Brigade Group which, without fuss or heroics, quietly and efficiently took up action stations to resist possible encroachment in the British sector after the East Germans had closed the border (see pages 26-7).

By now British troops in Berlin are accustomed to recurrent crises in their isolated garrison in the heart of East Germany and long ago they learned to meet them calmly and with discipline, self-restraint and watchfulness.

As **SOLDIER** went to press—and the tension mounted—these same qualities were once more evident among the men who knew that more than the security of their own territory in Berlin depended on their common sense and bearing.

MILITARY experts, gazing into the crystal ball to find the answer to Britain's defence problems, are all agreed that the country cannot afford to have both an effective nuclear deterrent and sufficient conventional forces to man all her overseas bases.

In a series of thought-provoking articles on future strategy the Defence Correspondent of *The Times* underlines this point of view and says: "One thing is clear—the world strategy is not available in the handy economy size."

He goes on to suggest that Britain should concentrate on providing a strong and well-equipped nuclear and conventional contribution to the NATO forces in Europe, withdrawing from all her overseas bases and relying on a central strategic reserve to meet limited commitments in central and eastern Asia. "The need is for an imaginative move towards a defence policy which abandons irrelevant commitments until it no longer depends upon a chain of foreign bases which is at worst a liability and at best a wasting asset."

Not everyone will agree with this argument, among them the advocates of the plan to turn the Army into a completely mobile force, part kept in Britain ready to be flown anywhere in the world at short notice, the rest on board commando-carriers patrolling the oceans.

CONGRATULATIONS all you lance-corporals and lance-bombardiers. That one solitary stripe you proudly wear on your arm as a sign that you have got your foot on the promotion ladder is a new status symbol. From now on lance-corporal (and lance-bombardier) is a rank and not just an appointment.

Not before time (and **SOLDIER** speaks with the experience of one who was an acting unpaid lance-corporal for six months) the lance-corporal has been given proper recognition. For too long has he been the butt of music hall comedians and for too long has his worth gone unrecognised.

Lance-corporals owe their name to the Italian *lancepessata*, a man-at-arms or trooper in the 18th century who "having broken his lance on the enemy and lost his horse in fight, was entertained as a volunteer assistant to a captain of foot until he could remount himself." Later, in the British Army, he was known as one who acted as a corporal and received the pay of a private!

Today, the lance-corporal gets the rate for the job after he has completed a probationary period as acting unpaid, and he deserves every penny of it. And if he does find that the duties are insufficiently rewarded he can always console himself with the thought that Napoleon was called the Little Corporal and that in World War Two thousands of men who passed out of officer cadet training units rose directly from lance-corporal to second lieutenant.



Above: A Greek platoon practises mortar firing, watched by umpires, at the ex-British Whittington Camp in Nicosia.



A NEW



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CYPRUS REPORT: 1

Former British Army camps now echo to strange languages and unfamiliar drills as the year-old Republic of Cyprus trains a Tripartite Force in which Greeks, Turks and Cypriots combine to protect their new State



Colonel Sunalp, Commander of the Turkish contingent, joined as a cadet 37 years ago—at seven years.



Cyprus-born Major-General Pantelides, the Tripartite Forces Commander, is a retired Greek officer.



Be-medalled Colonel Denis Arbourzis, once a guerilla fighter against the Germans, commands the Greeks.

ISLAND ARMY IS BORN

THE independent Republic of Cyprus—the Mediterranean island for so long torn by internal strife—is, after many teething troubles, raising its own Army.

To assist it in this task it has the Tripartite headquarters and contingents from Greece and Turkey, which were established in the island under the Treaty of Alliance between the three countries.

The Tripartite Forces from Greece and Turkey now train in camps and buildings formerly used by the British Army.

Cyprus, which from 1878 to 1960 was the responsibility of Britain, is about half the size of Wales, with a population of over half a million, four-fifths of whom are of

Greek, and the remainder of Turkish origin, language, and religion. Because the island is split into two distinct communities a composite force in which each was represented was essential.

For this reason the Treaty recommended the formation of a Tripartite force for the defence of Cyprus, consisting of a contingent of troops from Greece, another from Turkey and a Cyprus Army in which Greek and Turkish Cypriots would be in the proportion of 60 to 40.

The contingents have settled in and adapted British camps to their purpose, and at Tripartite headquarters a modest beginning has been made to the raising of the 2000-strong Cyprus Army. Some 1200

applications to enlist have been received and 300 recruits accepted. They will undergo training at what was formerly the British Military Hospital in Nicosia. About half of them will be selected for courses for officers and non-commissioned officers.

Some of the equipment is likely to be given by the Greek and Turkish armies and the rest has come from British sources. Recruitment will be in easy stages to keep pace with the supply of arms, uniforms and equipment. It is hoped to form one battalion and have training in full operation by the end of this year.

As part of the Tripartite Forces, the Greek and Turkish contingents, 950 and 650 strong respectively, will help in train-

OVER...

It's a dusty business for the man in the trench as a Turkish soldier springs to the assault during a demonstration by the Turkish contingent of the new Cyprus Army, held at Wayne's Keep, an old British Army camp.

Jump to it! This Greek soldier flings himself out with the base plate of an 81-millimetre mortar during a display at a Greek contingent training camp near Nicosia. Within a few seconds the mortar was fully assembled.





ing the fledgling Cyprus Army during the first three years of its existence. The three appointments of Commander, Deputy Commander and Chief of Staff will be filled by a Cypriot, a Greek and a Turk in rotation.

Commander of the Tripartite headquarters and of the Cyprus Army is Major-General Menelaos Pantelides, a Cyprus-born Greek Army officer who served with the Greek contingent in Korea. "The structure of the Cyprus Army has unusual features, but I am well satisfied with the way plans are going," he told SOLDIER. "Co-operation between the Greek and Turkish contingents, and between them and the new army, is excellent. We have no language difficulty as the agreement provides for plenty of interpreters and many officers know both languages."

The Greek contingent, housed in Whittington Camp, Nicosia, has six companies, divided into two battalions. Most of the soldiers were peasants who have never been out of their country before, but they have been carefully selected for their knowledge of living and moving in mountainous terri-

Turkish soldiers returning from a route march in Cyprus. Note the left arms resting, thumbs tucked inside belts, while right arms are swinging.



Left: Intricate drill, each man moving his rifle a split second after the next, forms part of the Turks' training.

Above: Greeks show that they are equally dextrous as they toss their rifles into the air with unfailing accuracy.

tory. During a demonstration arranged for SOLDIER, the Greek troops, in camouflaged suits and caps and carrying M3 sub-machine guns, carried out a mock raid with extraordinary stealth and speed.

Another demonstration was a march to "rifle time"—with very quick steps not usual in the Greek Army but useful for teaching smartness and precision. One form of training, in teaching how to direct mortar fire, is carried out with the help of a scale model, 20 yards square, of a village and its surrounding countryside. The men at the guns make their calculations, fire, and wait for the umpires to tell them where the round would have fallen. Their accuracy can then be assessed.

Most of the quarters in the camp have been built by the soldiers themselves, and since they are members of the Greek Orthodox Church an ikon, with a tiny light, hangs inside each barrack room.

Colonel Denis Arbouzis, Commander of the Greek contingent, is a former aide-de-camp to the King of Greece. He was a guerilla leader in Greece during World War

Two and served in Korea with the Greek Brigade. During a tour of SHAPE he worked with Colonel Turgut Sunalp, now Commander of the Turkish contingent. Since the Greek and Turkish communities in Cyprus have always kept severely to themselves, and yet the Tripartite Forces must obviously work and co-ordinate closely together, it is an obvious advantage that both commanders are old friends.

The Turkish contingent has worked miracles of self-help in the rambling old former British camp known as Wayne's Keep. A profusion of brilliant flowers, many grown from seeds imported from Turkey, adds a touch of home (most of the Turkish soldiers, too, are peasants, and need a natural outlet for their love of the soil), while interiors of the huts and buildings, many of which they have erected themselves, are as sleek and modern as a hotel. The old British garrison church has been converted into a mosque and wooden slats placed across the floor so that soldiers who are Moslems will face the right way when they turn towards Mecca to pray.

Most of the Turkish soldiers are conscripts who sign on for two years. Except on compassionate grounds no leave is permitted to Turkey. Most Turkish officers speak a language other than Turkish and a fair proportion speak English. The camp is entirely self-contained, even to its military post office, shops and hospital.

The Turkish contingent, which has four

Greek soldiers with the Tripartite Forces in Cyprus march to their lunch at Whittington Camp, wearing American uniforms and carrying food trays.



Left: Turkish soldiers, who a few months before were peasants, dancing to "Erzurum Bari," a traditional air of villages in the eastern part of Turkey.



Right: This strange instrument—an arpa—is played in the Turkish band. The two horses' tails are in national colours—red and white.



Right: Turks amuse themselves with a telilo (a combination of music, mime, play and ballet). The theme is a sheep about to be skinned.

rifle companies, a heavy weapons company (with A4 American-type machine-guns, recoilless rifles and mortars) and a headquarters company, is closely modelled on the United States Army, but there are differences peculiar to Turkey. During a demonstration of an assault by a platoon under fire from a hill the soldiers shouted "Allah, Allah!" as they attacked the strongpoint!

A demonstration of "Mechter Marching" recalled a strange Turkish military practice of the 14th century. Each soldier takes two steps forward and then turns smartly to the right or left, recovering on the next step. The original idea was that, on entering a conquered city the marching soldiers turned and glared at the bystanders with every third step—serving both to intimidate and to watch for any surprise attack.

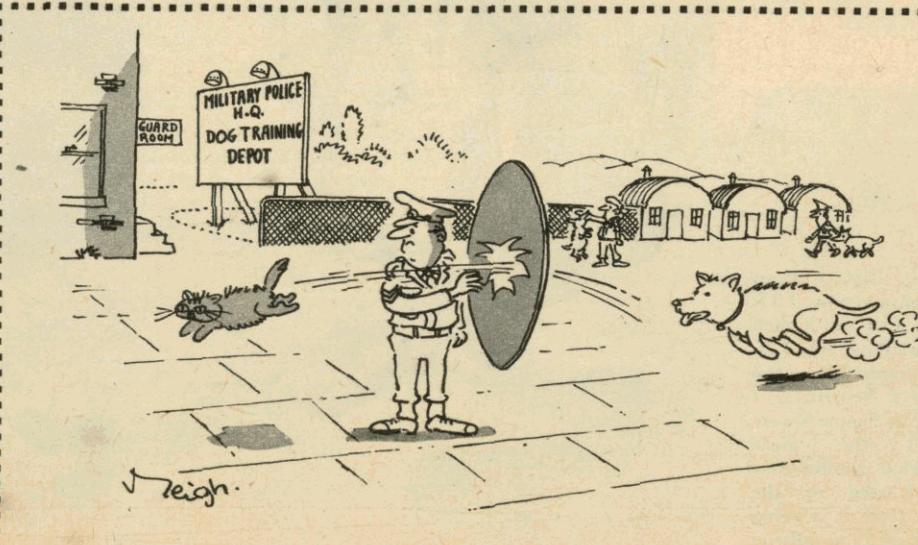
Turkish soldiers are taught highly intricate drill movements, particularly when handling rifles. In one demonstration for SOLDIER, each man moved his rifle a fraction of a second later than the other, so that their white gloves looked like a wriggling snake. The purpose, Colonel Sunalp explained, was to practise control of the weapon and co-ordination between the men. "The idea is that the soldier becomes so familiar with his weapon that it is a part of him."

The Turkish soldiers, like the Greeks, have their own band and orchestra, and to keep them in touch with the folk dances of their native provinces, traditional dances have been combined with marching.

Colonel Sunalp (his name, appropriately, means "good-hearted soldier") has spent 44 years with the Turkish Army. He joined it at the age of seven as a junior cadet. Like General Pantelides and Colonel Arbouzis, he, too, fought in Korea. For a while he served in NATO under Field-Marshal Montgomery, who is one of his heroes and, he says, "one of the best military philosophers of our time."

Although some sections of the Greek Press in Cyprus have criticised the formation of a Cyprus Army, it is generally agreed that a small but highly disciplined and trained military force is essential to the stability and independence of the new Republic.

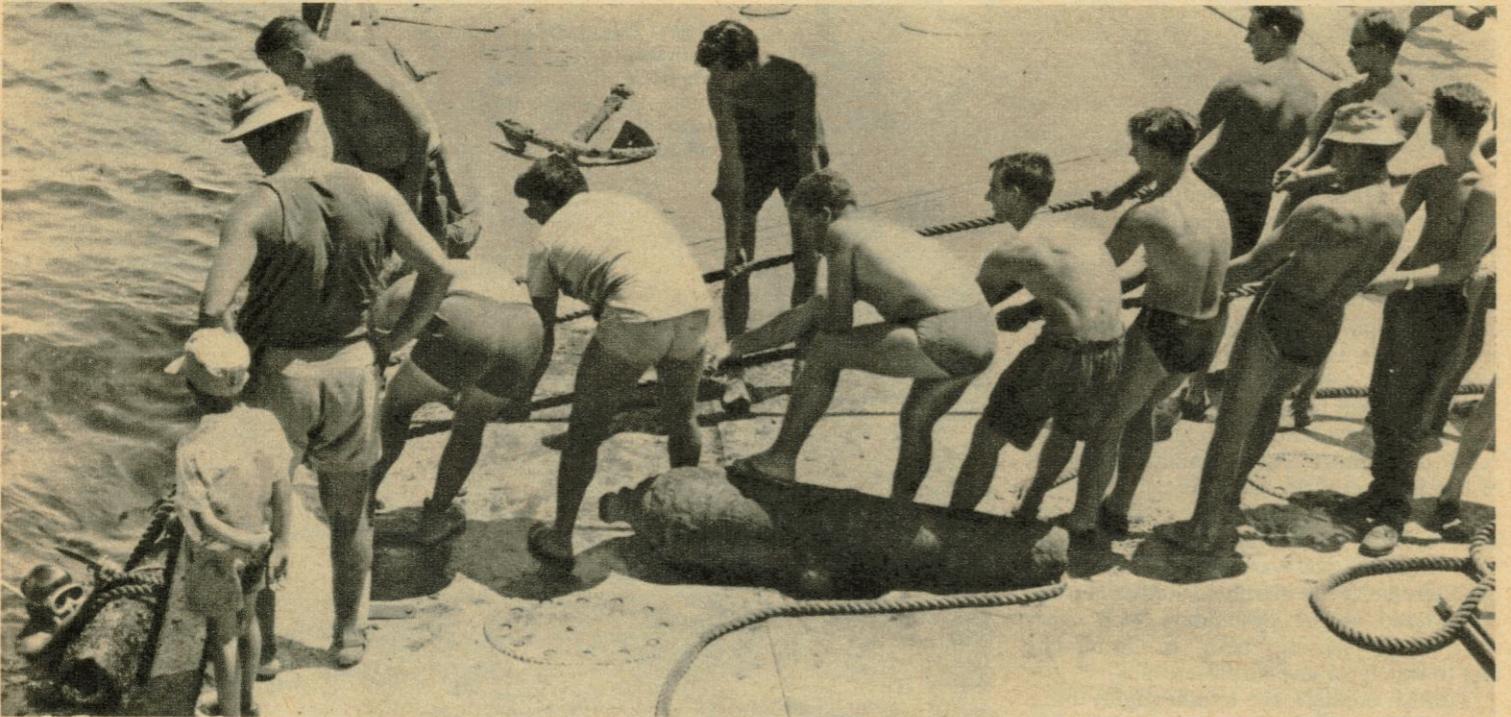
DENNIS BARDENS



CYPRUS REPORT: 2

Sappers in Cyprus—volunteers for underwater tasks—combine their training with a search for the lost ancient city of Paphos. They have also salvaged a wrecked ship and helped local fishermen by blowing up a gigantic sting ray

IN SEARCH OF A CITY



Above: Men of 33 Independent Field Squadron and 51 Port Operating Squadron haul a Paphos find—one of the four old cannons—aboard a "Z" craft. An anchor and a ship's ladder were also salvaged from the same wreck—of a century-old man-o'-war—lying in more than 20 ft. of water.



Right: This ancient iron cannon, almost 8 ft long, with a breach circumference of 2 ft, was recovered from the sea by a Scammell's winch as Sapper divers steered the piece through a channel they had blasted in the rocks. Here it is being examined by an official of the Paphos Museum.

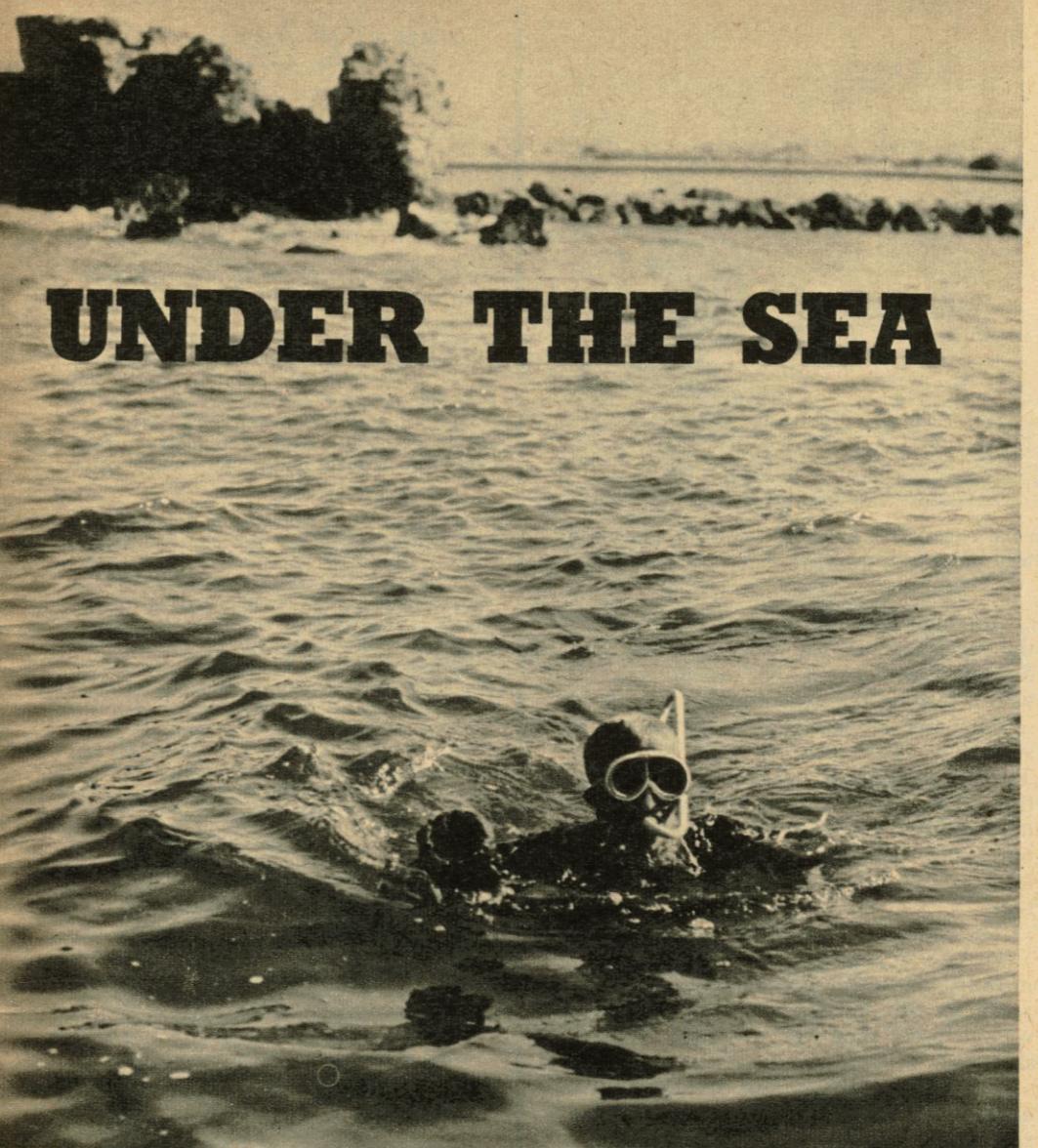
EXPLORING the ocean bed for the ruins of an ancient city; hunting a sea monster; salvaging a shipwreck—these are some of the romantic and dramatic jobs which Sappers of the Underwater Section of 33 Independent Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, in Cyprus, tackle as a matter of course.

The section, composed of 40 volunteers and including clerks, combat engineers, fitters, drivers, mechanics and carpenters, trains outside normal working hours, but can be used when any job requires both engineering and underwater skill.

This summer, with the co-operation of the Cyprus Antiquities Department, the section is continuing its search (first begun in 1959 by 37 Field Engineer Regiment, Royal Engineers) for the lost port of Paphos, famous 2000 years ago. It had a vast harbour which could accommodate 3000 galleys bringing hundreds of thousands of pilgrims to the annual festivities at the Temple of Aphrodite—the "daughter-loving" Goddess of love and beauty, who, according to legend, was born from the foam of the sea near Ktima.

The port, submerged by an earthquake 1600 years ago, flourished 400 years before the birth of Christ and for 350 years after. Saint Paul is believed to have sailed from there.

Although local residents claim that on clear days they can see the ruins through the



UNDER THE SEA

A diver, wearing a snorkel tube, surfaces with a fine piece of Roman pottery. Behind him are the ruins of Paphos harbour fort.

Below: L/Cpl R. Gurney, ACC (left) and L/Cpl P. Raleigh, RE, examine some examples of Roman and Byzantine pottery which were salvaged from the sea bed.



water, the problem of finding the lost city is a difficult one.

Rocks are covered with dense and tangled layers of spongy seaweed, a strong tide runs across the area and the sea is almost always choppy.

On previous expeditions, using an Army "Z" craft as a floating operational base, and with the help of launches, cordage, anchors and buoys, the Sappers have already made some remarkable finds.

Four heavy cannons, heavily encrusted with coral, have been brought up, and from their marks have been identified as Carronades, made by the Carron works in Scotland at the end of the 18th century. A crest bearing the symbols "IA" is thought to refer to Henry, first Marquis of Anglesey, who was Master-General of Ordnance from 1846-52.

This year's explorations have produced an even more exciting find—a huge iron cannon, almost eight feet long with a breech circumference of two feet.

Lifting could not be achieved from the landing craft because of the shallow water, so a Scammell was driven ashore, the site cleared of rock by plastic explosive charges, and a cable attached to the barrel of the cannon, which was then winched on to the beach.

The ruins of the harbour are believed to lie about two-and-a-half miles south-east of Paphos, where a large reef rises to within a

few feet of the surface on the seaward end and forms two sets of rocks protruding seven feet above the sea on the landward end. The current there is so powerful that constant care has to be taken against swimmers being swept away or the launch dashed against the rocks.

Three miles of sea have been explored by the Sappers on an underwater sledge which was designed by the section. The sledge carries two men who, wearing face masks, breathing tubes and flippers, indicate possible discoveries which are then marked by buoys.

Behind the sledge party comes the diving party, with aqua-lungs, knives, crowbars, light tackle and a net for raising pottery. Among the discoveries made so far are Hellenic, Roman and Byzantine pottery and a mug bearing a War Department arrow!

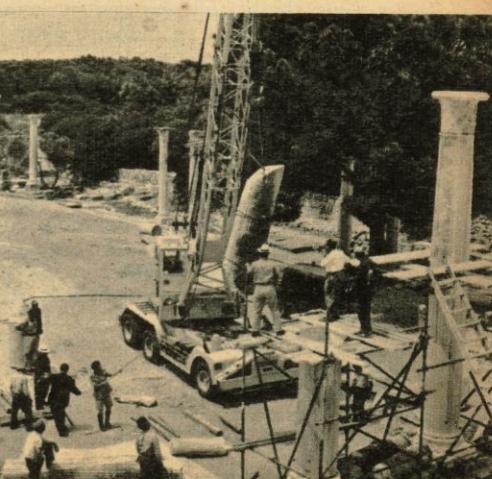
The search for the lost city of Paphos is not being carried out purely for antiquarian reasons. Its main object is to teach the Sappers how to work under water. It has had its exciting moments too. When local fishermen reported that a "sea monster" had upset their boats and ruined their

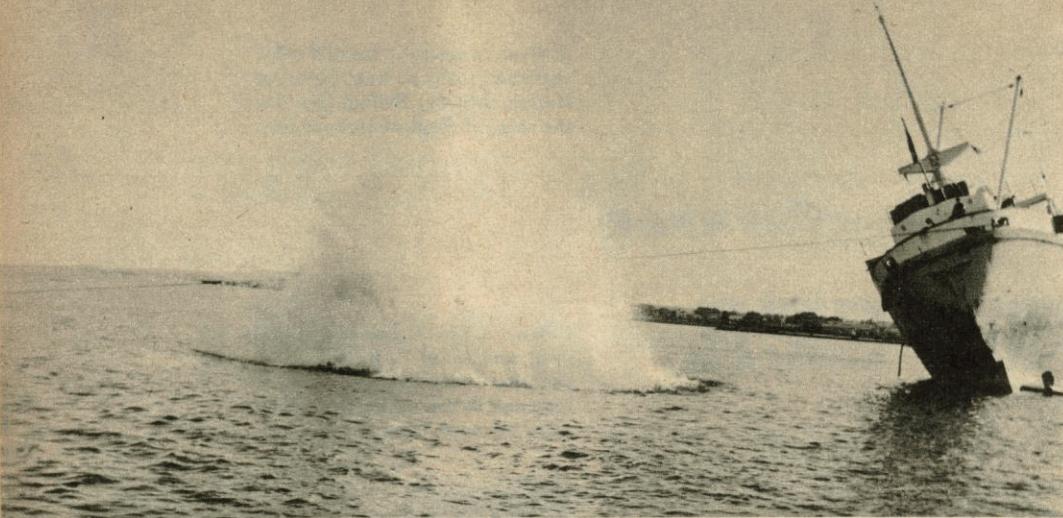
OVER...

SAPPERS have also been helping to restore some of Cyprus's ancient Roman history on land.

When the Cyprus Antiquities Department asked the Army for help in remounting some marble columns discovered during recent excavations on the site of Salamis, the ancient Roman city buried by an earthquake in the 7th century, the Plant Troop of the Cyprus Field Park Squadron was called in with its 20-ton Coles crane, the largest on the island.

Within days the Sappers had finished the job, carefully lifting the 16-ton, 27 ft. long columns, some of them in broken pieces, and placing them into position (right).





An explosive charge sends up a column of spray near the Yugoslav freighter, *Snjeznik*, which had fouled submerged rocks at Famagusta. The Sappers blew up rocks to make a channel to deep water.

catches and appealed to the Sappers for help, Lance-Corporal Kentish went skin-diving in search of it and discovered a gigantic sting ray hiding in an underwater cave. To destroy the sting ray a five-pound explosive charge was set off in the water immediately above it; the explosion sealed the cave with the sting ray inside it.

The underwater Sappers have also salvaged the Yugoslav ship *Snjeznik*, which foundered and was listing dangerously on submerged rocks off Famagusta. It was a long and arduous task. The only way to clear the ship was to blow with explosive charges an underwater channel 150ft long, 50ft wide and 12ft deep from deep water on the seaward side of the reef to the stern of the ship. As the party neared the vessel smaller charges had to be used to avoid damaging it, but at last after several months' hard work, the *Snjeznik* was freed.

During this operation the explosions killed hundreds of fish, attracting swarms of octopuses which not only ate the fish but stole plastic explosive, broke electrical circuits and even pulled the flippers off some of the Sapper divers!

Although antiquarians are not agreed on the precise site of the lost port of Paphos, Second Lieutenant J. N. Blashford Snell, who is leading the expedition, is convinced it cannot be far from where the section is searching. He told *SOLDIER*: "The Temple of Aphrodite is nearby, and it was there that the celebrations took place. It is unlikely that the vast harbour would have been anywhere else. The earthquake may have covered the ruins with masses of rock."

The expedition also tried this year to find a Turkish man-o'-war wrecked off Paphos in 1821. The search produced an old anchor, a cannon ball and much pottery, but there was no proof they were from the Turkish ship.

The Sappers have also tried to solve another historical riddle by systematically surveying the coast of Saint George Island, eight miles from Paphos, once the site of an early Christian city. Historians wonder what the name of the city was, and whether the island ever had a port. Only underwater exploration can find the answer.

DENNIS BARDENS

THE DO-IT-YOURSELF SAPPERS

TIT was trade training with a difference for the Sappers of 33 Independent Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, this year.

Instead of doing the usual tasks—building something which had to be taken to pieces again—they got together, the blacksmiths and carpenters, the engine fitters and electricians, the bricklayers and surveyors—and built their own permanent swimming pool.

As the operation was official training the Squadron was able to draw most of the material from stores, buying only an electric motor, the fencing round the pool, the tiles and some coloured concrete from unit funds. Equipment from a "written-off" Patterson trailer was used to make a pumping engine and a chlorinator driven by an electric motor.

The pool, which is 75 ft long and 26 ft wide, will be used by the Sappers and their families who will contribute two shillings a month towards its upkeep, and for training Sappers in diving and testing water supply equipment.

The Squadron last year built its own tennis hard court as part of its trade training programme. Next year it hopes to build a squash court!



Some of the men who built it enjoy a swim in the pool, which is big enough for water polo.

THE ARMY IN THE HOUSE

3

The third of a series of news and views on the Army In Parliament.

NEARLY half the cadets at Sandhurst come from public schools. Revealing this, the War Minister, Mr. John Profumo, told MPs that selection was on merit alone. He invited MPs who were sceptical about the choice of cadets to attend a selection board and see for themselves.

OBJECTING to a proposal to impose fines on soldiers guilty of breaches of discipline: Mr. George Wigg said: "It is not good that disciplinary offences in the Army should be treated lightly or dealt with merely by stinging a fellow five shillings and charging it to his account. That has no effect. The Army Act is a way of life. It is framed to buttress men and give them strength of character, strength in their weaknesses and at moments when they are faced with terror. . . If an airman has been on the binge the RAF does not want to stop him from flying so a fine is appropriate. But that will not do for the Brigade of Guards nor the crack Infantry regiments. . ."

MR. JAMES RAMSDEN, Under Secretary of State for War, claims that the effectiveness of the military prison system is shown by results. Seventy-six per cent of last year's intake into Colchester, where all but those soldiers serving long sentences go, were first offenders; 21 per cent were second offenders and only three per cent were there for the third time. The average length of sentence was three and a half months.

Shepton Mallet Military Prison will be closed in 1963, he said, and handed back to the Prison Commission. Those serving long sentences will be accommodated in a new wing to be built at Colchester.

COMMENTING on the new scheme to enable Regular soldiers to save for a home of their own when they leave the Service, the War Minister said he hoped it would remove for ever the feeling of insecurity which has always faced soldiers in the past. It will also be an inducement to recruiting since the Army will be offering housing prospects in many cases better than those in civilian life.

All building societies taking part will be of trustee status and will give special consideration to a loan for house purchase to any soldier saving under the scheme so long as the property he selects is suitable and he can produce a firm promise of employment in civil life. The soldier will be able to select his building society from an approved list and his savings will be operated through his pay account. There will be no minimum qualifying period.

TO improve recruiting in those corps which are not getting enough Regular recruits, the War Minister says he proposes to allow certain men who enlist on a 22-year engagement the option of leaving after four instead of six years. This will apply to the two main trades in the Royal Army Medical Corps and the Royal Army Dental Corps and to all men in the Royal Military Police and the Army Catering Corps.

DURING a debate on defence, Brigadier Fitzroy Maclean said he believed that the Army would not get the 165,000 Regulars it said it needed to do its job efficiently. He would like to see the gap filled by the Territorial Army which could be called up during emergencies. If this was not practicable the country must return to conscription.



The two-berth, long-wheelbase *Land-Rover* Mk. VII ploughs its way through the soft, rippled sand. Behind comes the *Austin* one-ton multi-fuel ambulance which can carry four stretchers.



Left: This inner tube, from a lorry, was shredded by a blow-out during the trials. Below: the *Land-Rover* ambulance gets thoroughly stuck, but there's a drill—shift the sand until the vehicle is level, lay sand tracks down and off she goes!

DESERT TEST



A BROILING sun beat mercilessly down on a caravan of 19 Army vehicles as it bumped along a track in the Libyan desert on the way to Bu Ngem, halfway on its 400-mile journey from Tripoli to the arid wastes of the Fezzan.

Suddenly the sky darkened and a roar like a distant train drew nearer. Minutes later the air was filled with stinging sand, borne on oven-hot winds, which tore at the soldiers and their vehicles and brought the convoy to a halt.

For two days the *ghibli* raged while the troops took what shelter they could find. It was one of the worst sandstorms Libya had known for years, but the men of 38 Company, Royal Army Service Corps, who were part of the convoy, could not have been more pleased.

They were testing three new types of ambulance—a converted two-berth *Land-Rover*, a multi-fuel *Austin* and a *Fordson* four-berth vehicle—and as Lieutenant Paul Boorer, the officer in charge, told *SOLDIER*: "It was just what we needed to do the job."

When the convoy—including 45 men of The Royal Irish Fusiliers who were testing the new general purpose machine-gun—arrived in Sebha, the capital of the Fezzan, the ambulances were put through a three-week trial in every conceivable type of desert terrain. They were driven miles over tracks rippled like a washboard, over concrete-hard, boulder-strewn wastes and through seas of sand so soft that every few minutes the vehicles had to be dug out. All the vehicles stood up to their searching tests well.

The trials were a testing time for the men, too. They slept in an ancient crumbling fortress once built by the Turks, camped in prehistoric caves, drove for hours in tropical heat, were often engulfed in sand storms, and had many a brush with scorpions and snakes.

But there was only one casualty. The Medical Officer in the party was taken ill and had to make an undignified return journey in one his own ambulances!

"THE WONDERS" CONQUER

In the first of a series of Strategic Reserve air mobility trials, men of the 1st Battalion, The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment, have flown to Canada to train with Canadian troops in New Brunswick



Covered bridges were once common in the Canadian countryside and a few still remain in the Camp Gagetown area. Here a small patrol of "The Wonders" crosses a river in search of the "enemy."

THEY FOUGHT AT CRYSLER'S FARM

The advance party of the 1st Battalion, The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment (Berkshire and Wiltshire), including its Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel D. E. Ballantine MC, a Colour party and the Corps of Drums, took part in ceremonies at Crysler's Farm, near Morrisburg, Ontario, when the Prime Minister of Ontario opened the Battlefield Memorial Park, commemorating the War of 1812.

One of the Battalion's predecessors, the 49th Regiment of Foot (later The Royal Berkshire Regiment), and the 89th Foot (now The Royal Irish Fusiliers) joined with Canadian Militia to defeat an American force, five times its own size, at the decisive Battle of Crysler's Farm on 11 November, 1813.



Above: Lieut-Col D. E. Ballantine MC presents a replica of the 49th Foot's Colour to Ontario's Premier. Left: The Duke of Edinburgh's Regimental Corps of Drums beats "Retreat."



CANADA

WHETHER the nickname becomes a regimental tradition or not, Canadian soldiers will always know the 1st Battalion, The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment (Berkshire and Wiltshire), as "The Wonders." The Battalion earned this name in a five-weeks' stay on Canada's eastern seaboard during which it took part in ceremonies and trained with Canadian Army units.

The full regimental title was too much for the friendly Canadians but the Battalion did not like being called "The Duke's," much less "The Edinburgh's" or "The DERRs." The official abbreviation solved the problem for it was only a short step from the 1 DERRs to "The Wonders."

This Exercise "Pond Jump," a curtain-raiser to future visits of British troops to Canada, was the latest in the series of Strategic Reserve and Royal Air Force Transport Command air mobility trials designed to practise long-distance movement, equipping from overseas resources, and operations in unfamiliar terrain.

"The Wonders," the first British Infantry battalion to visit Canada since the turn of the century, were ferried across the Atlantic between Lyneham, Wiltshire, and Fredericton, capital of the maritime province of New Brunswick, in Royal Air Force *Britannias*. The Infantrymen trained and lived under canvas in the Camp Gagetown area, in 427 square miles of dense woods, rivers and lakes, hills and scrub-covered plains forming the largest training ground of its kind in the Commonwealth.

First came unit training as an introduction to unfamiliar Canadian weapons and vehicles, a defence exercise and an advance-to-contact scheme supported by the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery and the Royal Canadian Dragoons, the Dominion's senior armoured regiment.

Although the British and Canadian armies are as alike as any in the world, there were differences to be met in the rule of the road and the scale of rations. The former presented no problem and the latter was adjusted to British tastes by doubling the Canadian tea ration at the expense of coffee, increasing potato and sugar quantities and cutting down on bread and jam.

The first exercise in which the Battalion joined its hosts, 3rd Canadian Infantry Brigade Group, was a defensive scheme in which The Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment) of Canada tried to penetrate the Brigade position. Then came "Velvet Glove," in which the Battalion counter-attacked with Brigade support and, finally, "Mixed Foursome," involving 6000 troops from two battalions of the French-speaking Royal 22nd Regiment, the 2nd Battalion of The Black Watch of Canada, and "The Wonders."

This was a week-long test of operational efficiency under simulated nuclear attack, the Infantry being supported by the 1st Regiment, Royal Canadian Horse Artillery, and the Royal Canadian Dragoons. A squadron of Royal Canadian Navy *Banshee* jets provided tactical air support and strikes.

A feature of the concentration of troops in Camp Gagetown, home of the Canadian Brigade, was a military tournament-at-arms in which "The Wonders" won the forced march prize and the physical fitness competition.

The British Battalion established a rest camp near the seaport of St. John, on the Bay of Fundy, where groups of 40 men enjoyed a 48-hours' leave in swimming, boating, fishing and sightseeing. In both Fredericton and St. John, the British found a warm welcome and many were generously entertained in local homes.



Left: Taking time off from training, some of the British soldiers attended Red Indian ceremonies at a nearby Indian Reserve. Here, Pte A. Wilson kneels for a demonstration of tomahawk scalping by Chief Paul Sappier. Above: A magnificently bearded pioneer corporal of Fort Henry Guard. The historic Fort is now an Ontario showpiece.

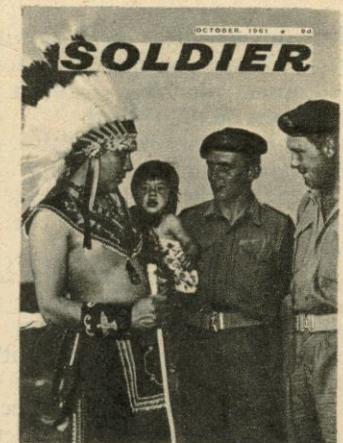
"The Battalion has proved itself a first class unit. Discipline right across the Brigade Group has been outstanding and I attribute this largely to our visitors."

Lieutenant-Colonel Ballantine said every Canadian soldier seemed determined to make the Battalion's stay as pleasant and comfortable as possible. "Exercise 'Pond Jump' was an unqualified success and an unforgettable experience."

• Canadians suggested to SOLDIER that future visits should be on an exchange basis, bringing Canadian troops over here in the same aircraft to train in Britain.



Left: Taking part in a military tournament, in competition with about 6000 men of 3rd Canadian Infantry Brigade, "The Wonders" gained a popular victory in the forced march. As the British soldiers look on, Maj-Gen M. P. Bogert DSO, GOC Eastern Command, Canadian Army, presents the trophy to Lieutenant I. Spence.



COVER PICTURE

SOLDIER's front cover, by Sergeant Bill Cole, of Canadian Army Public Relations, shows Lance-Corporal John Milton and Private Bill Hart, of The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment, with Roger "Black Haw" Ranco, a Penobscot Indian, and his young daughter, Rogina.

THE ONE-MAN TANK KILLER



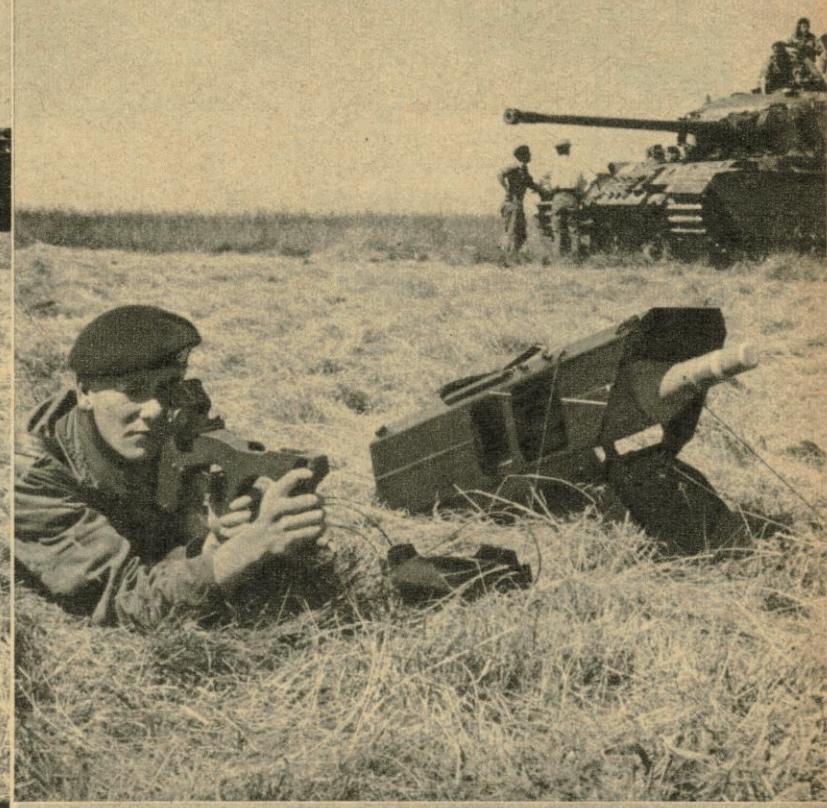
1 Weighing under 50 lbs., *Vigilant* and its launcher-box can easily be carried like a suitcase, on the back or be dragged on the ground.



2 No pre-assembly is required—the launcher-box is simply positioned at an angle of 30 degrees to the ground facing the target.



3 The operator reels out the control cable towards his chosen firing position. This may be up to 75 yards away from the missile.



4 Setting up the *Vigilant* takes about 20 seconds. It takes only a further ten seconds to run cable to the control unit and to fire.

TWO Infantrymen, each carrying a missile in a metal box, leapt from a helicopter, doubled forward and placed the boxes on the ground.

From each box they ran out a cable, flung themselves down and fired—scoring direct hits on two tanks three-quarters of a mile away. Astonishingly, the whole operation took less than a minute.

From a slit-trench two other men armed with the same weapon engaged other tanks at ranges varying between 400 and 1350 yards and each time hit their targets with the first shots. Then they took on four *Centurions* advancing from different directions and at different ranges and knocked them out in five shots in less than 60 seconds. Twelve of the 13 missiles fired scored direct hits.

On Salisbury Plain, a revolutionary British-made anti-tank guided missile, claimed to be the most accurate and lethal weapon of its type in the world, was being demonstrated for the first time, to high-ranking military experts from Commonwealth and North Atlantic Treaty Organisation countries.

The *Vigilant* had made a remarkable debut which left no doubt that here, at last, was the Infantryman's dream—a one-man portable weapon that can knock out the heaviest-known tank.

The *Vigilant*—the result of four-and-a-half years' research by Vickers Armstrong (Aircraft) Ltd—is a wire-guided missile as swift as it is sure, able to engage enemy armour much more rapidly than any other anti-tank weapon.

As it speeds from its container-launcher at 500 feet a second, the missile is directed on to the target by signals passed along the wire from a thumb-operated pistol-grip control unit.

A small tracking flare at the rear of the missile, which is not visible to the target tank, enables the operator to guide *Vigilant* accurately to any part of the tank he wishes to hit. Built into the missile is an automatic pilot which corrects errors caused by sudden gusts of wind.

Vigilant produces neither flash nor smoke to give away its position and, because it is so compact—only three feet long, 12 inches high and 12 inches wide and weighing only

44 pounds—it is easily hidden. And the operator can be up to 75 yards away from the missile when he fires it.

Though primarily designed for the Infantry, *Vigilant* could be mounted on and fired from scout cars or even *Land-Rovers*, and a number of previously prepared missiles could be fired from a hovering helicopter in country where the target is not visible from the ground. Paratroopers could drop with it and be in action in seconds and large quantities could be carried by air. A *Britannia*, for instance, would carry 84 men with 250 *Vigilants* or 700 of the missiles.

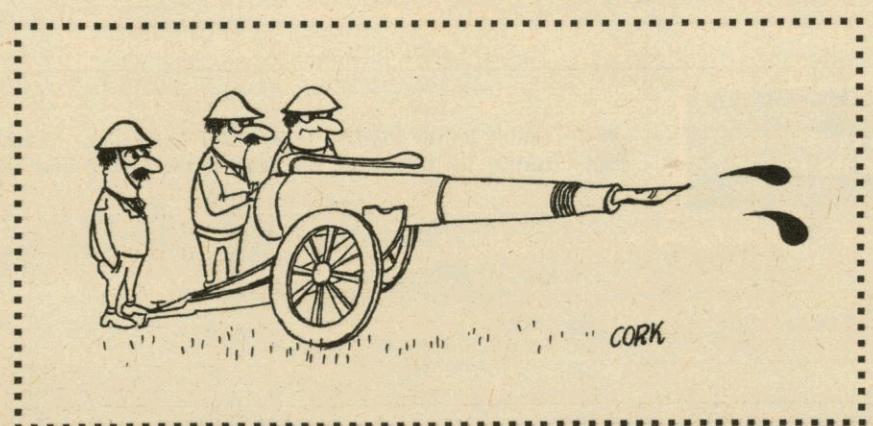
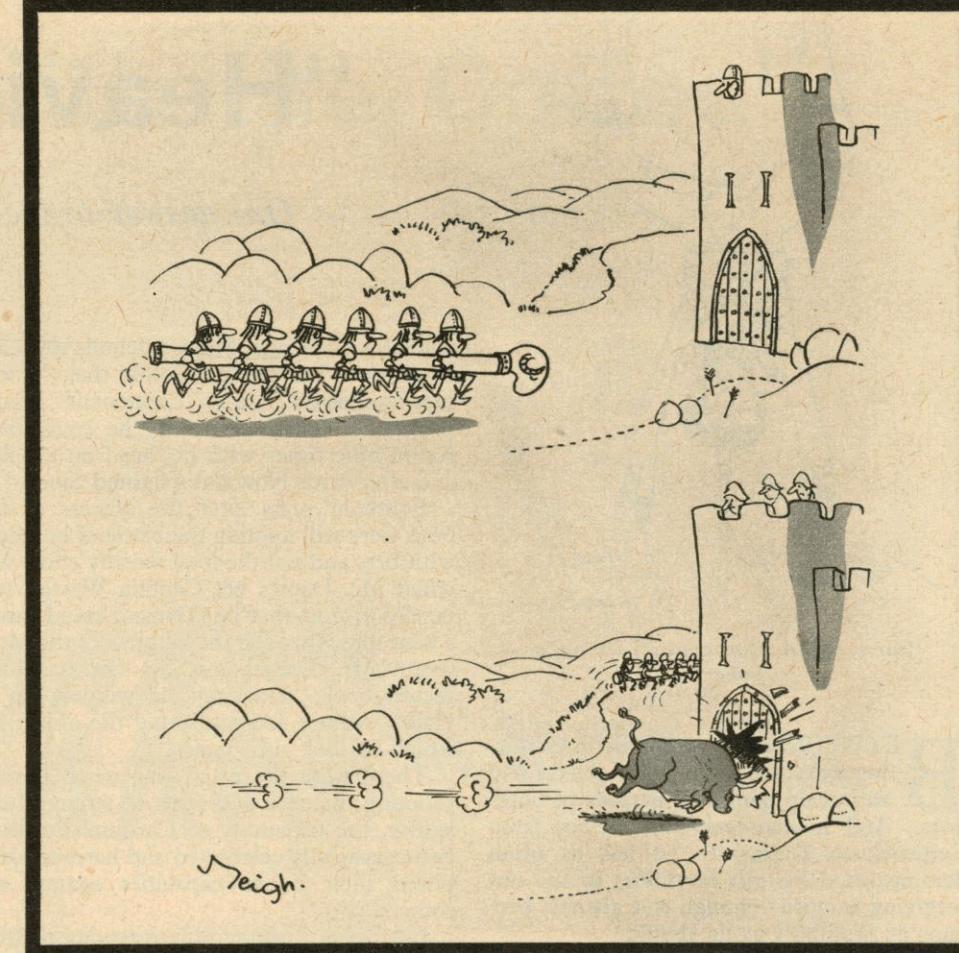
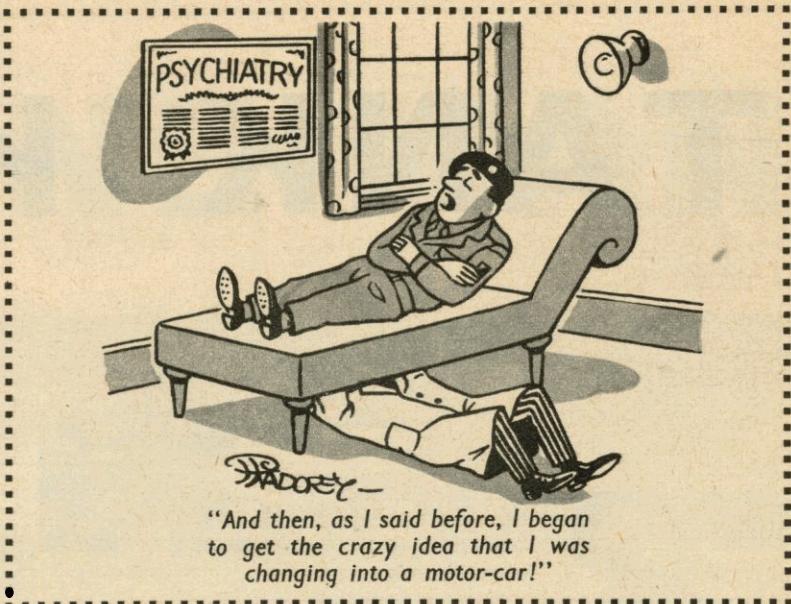
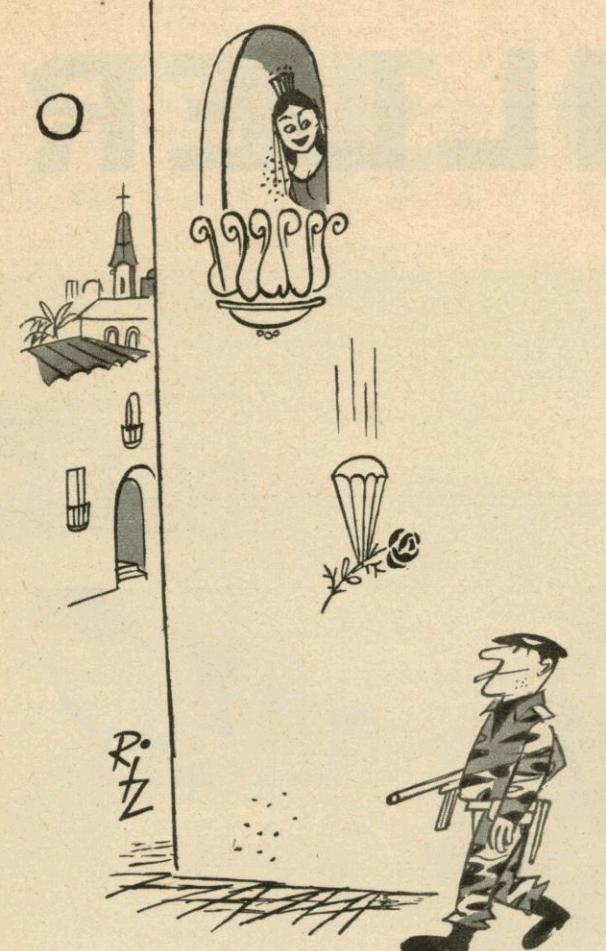
The *Vigilant* is also simple to operate and the average Infantryman could learn to use it effectively after only a few lessons.

Vigilant, which has undergone exhaustive trials at the School of Infantry, looks like the Infantryman's answer to 45 years of domination by armour.

For the first time, the battalion commander will have a weapon under his own control which he can use to counter tank attacks without having to call on supporting armour and artillery.



5 A *Vigilant* in flight, controlled by an Infantryman on the left and launched from the middle foreground. Two other missiles stand ready.



"You still haven't answered me—friend or foe?"

THE ARMY OF TODAY'S ALL RIGHT

The British Army "ain't what it used to be." Of course it isn't. But then, it never was, ever since the day when the elders among the Bowmen of England groused about the new-fangled gunpowder.

I had been 12 years out of uniform, ten out of Europe, when I decided to see how much it had changed in the past decade. I was prepared for changes.

Apart from the immutable Lifeguardsmen en route for Germany, the first new-style British soldiers I saw were a small detachment of a well-known Infantry regiment on the railway station at Essen. Mine was the second train. Theirs the first.

In charge was a fully-bearded sergeant (a brave effort, a reddish chest protector surmounted by handlebar moustaches). It used to be said, during the last war, that the Army's only beard was worn by an artist soldier in the Welsh Guards. It was worn by special permission. When I left, the old, historic custom of beards for pioneers was being revived. Now beards flourish (are pioneer sergeants picked for technical ability or for the readiness with which their hair sprouts?)

With all the confidence in the world, the sergeant walked up to a German railway official labelled *Auskunft* (Information). Whether the sergeant had studied German or the *Auskunft* spoke English, I could not make out. So I moved into orbit, only to find that each was speaking his own language fluently, with perfect understanding of the other.

Languages never did worry the soldier.

When I arrived in France, somewhat late, for the first world war, priding myself on my school French, the old-timers were making out quite well by speaking slow and emphatic English. Indeed, the only foreign language Thomas Atkins ever imagined he could speak was what he called Hindustani!

The bearded sergeant got his information and his train arrived. Waving his hand at the mountain of baggage he shouted to his German friend: "Where do I put the baggage, mate?" Back came the answer: "Stecken Sie es bitte dorthin."

With due precision the detachment formed a chain and loaded the kit bags, ammunition boxes and rations. The pace, if methodical, was slow and the train guard impatient.

"Bitte, beeilen Sie sich," he called, "Wir möchten abfahren." (In other words: "Get a move on. We want to start.")

"Take it easy, cock," retorted the sergeant.

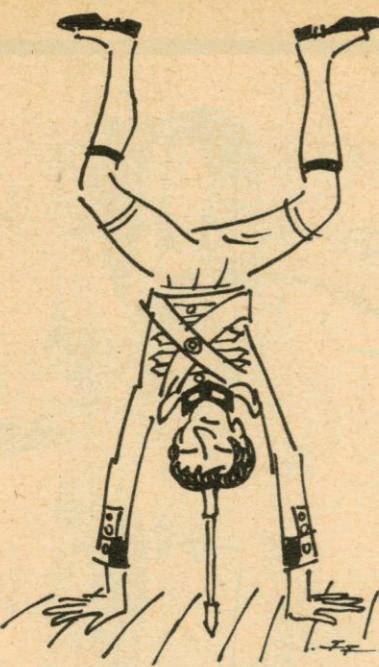
The job was done and the soldiers entrained. At the last moment I noticed that, although the official baggage was all aboard, one private had left on the platform his camera and transistor radio. It was then I took a hand.

"Oi," I shouted. Six pairs of eyes turned and I pointed. A little soldier jumped down and salvaged his property. It was then that the sergeant showed that he, too, was a linguist. He nodded to me and said: "Dankeschön, mein Herr." He was gone and I sighed. With 34 years' service in an Army he never knew, I had been taken for a civilian—and a foreigner at that! Still, the Army of today's all right.

JOHN HILLS



"Private Saunders, one step . . . remainder, two steps, forward march!"



"turn round nine times . . . on a poker"

"Heaving a Fig at the Cove with the Coffee"

One answer to the boredom of soldiering a century ago was in making absurd wagers—an art in which officers of the 66th Foot were adept

made his challenge, Major Nicholls was constrained to bet Ensign Goldie that "it will rain tomorrow," and Lieutenant Jenner wagered a bottle of claret "he could turn round nine times with his head on a poker and afterwards blow out a lighted candle!"

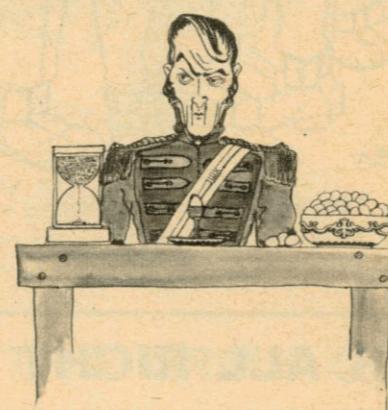
Fourteen years later the officers of the 66th were still fighting the battle of boredom with bets and not the least worthy effort was when Mr. Dames bet Captain Warren two bottles of port that he (Dames) could throw a wine glass through the window of the Mess room. Mr. Dames lost his bet, says the record book, "cracking the window in 16 places without accomplishing the object for which he took such panes."

There were the usual wagers on horses, shooting matches and feats of strength and agility, the ceremony of Cardinal Puff was enthusiastically celebrated and hard drinkers pitted their liquor capacities against all-comers.

BETWEEN wars, and sometimes during wars, the soldier has always had to put up with long periods of boredom. And in canteens and messes from Catterick to Katmandu he has as often demonstrated his gift for filling in the unforgiving minute—though not always, perhaps as profitably as he should.

Nowhere was this more true up to a century ago than in officers' messes where the most popular time-killing device was betting; not just an occasional flutter on a horse or a football match, but betting for betting's sake on every subject under the sun. And if there was nothing to bet about someone was sure to think of something, like Lieutenant Croad, of the 66th Foot, who, in Athlone, in July, 1819, wagered six bottles of claret that "Ensign Rainsford will not eat three dozen eggs (boiled two minutes) in the course of one hour."

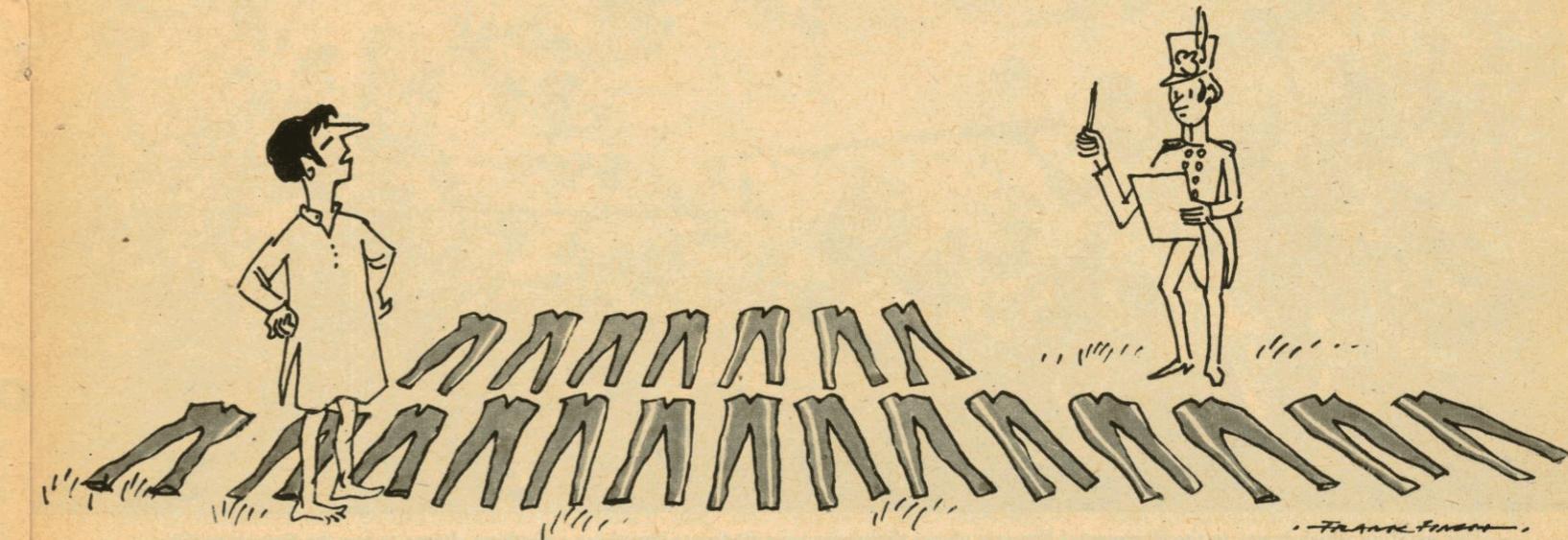
The officers of the 66th did not lose their passion for betting when stationed abroad. In Gibraltar, in September, 1855, Captain



"Ensign R. will not eat three dozen eggs (boiled two minutes) in the course of one hour"

Dunbar won his wager that he could catch 30 flies on the Mess tent at one go with his right hand, but lost his bet that he could "pick up tomorrow the small regimental button which was thrown into the sea today from the end of the jetty." But he recouped his losses a few days later, catching 730 flies with one hand!

The record of fines imposed in the 66th's Officers' Mess in the 1800s reveals a host of offences which today would merit harsh words from the Commanding Officer. Not all officers in those days, it seems, were always gentlemen, but when they erred they paid for it—in wine.



"most officers produced more than twenty pairs"

The offences were many and varied. Throwing bread, salt and orange peel across the Mess table was the most common offence, followed by talking shop, being improperly dressed, using a lady's name in the Mess, absence, changing seats without permission and regrettable, drawing swords in the ante-room.

The irascible and insubordinate Lieutenant Loady, probably suffering from the heat, lost his temper at Bangalore in June, 1864, and called a brother officer a "skunk" and a superior officer "an old woman." For each offence he was fined a bottle of claret.

Lieutenant Kebbel had an expensive time, too, when he was fined a bottle of port for "speaking in an unknown tongue" and

for saying that he would not be fined. Outraged, he threatened the Mess President with physical violence and was fined two more bottles, upon which the Lieutenant said a rude word and was fined again.

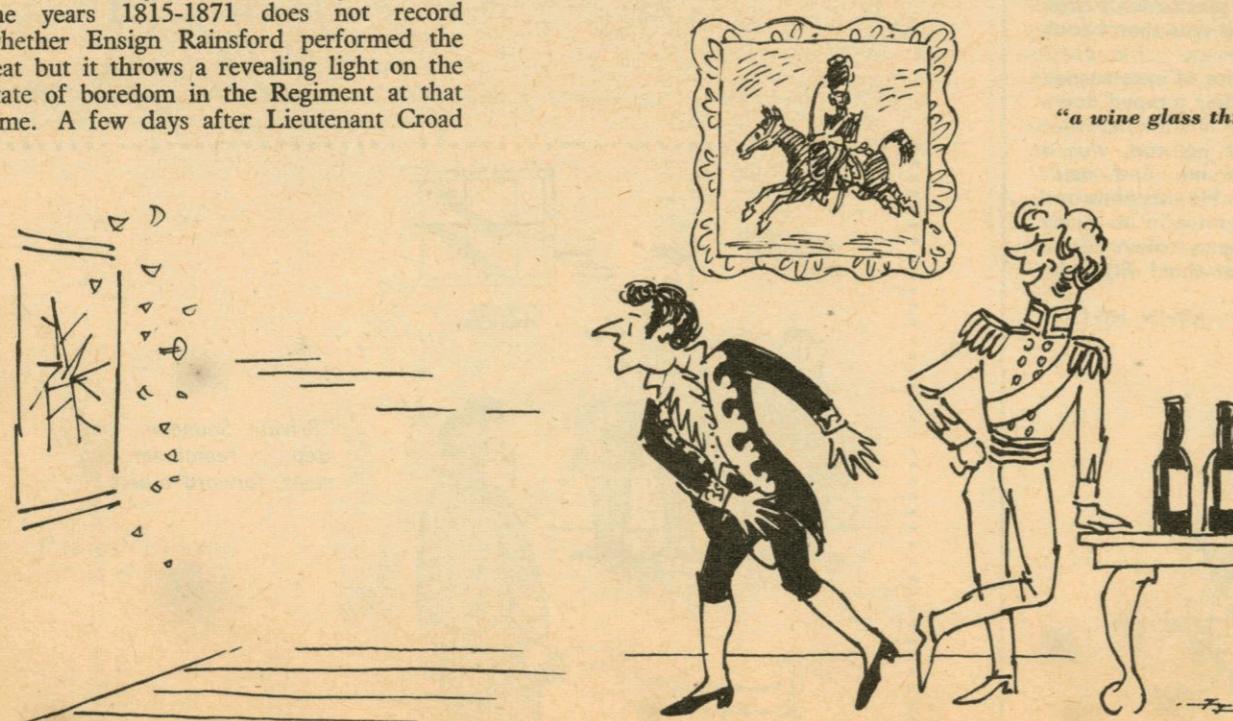
Captain Walker got off more lightly for calling an unoffending member of the Mess "a wretched old pudding." So did Lieutenant Mardon for "heaving a fig at the cove with the coffee" and Lieutenant Garratt who came to grief for repeatedly singing at the Mess table and for telling the Mess President: "Don't look like a dying duck in a thunderstorm!" All three were mulcted of one bottle each. The same Captain Mardon—his promotion did not, apparently, change his character—was later fined a bottle of

champagne for "continual giddy conduct at dinner in the Mess."

Mess presidents were often the targets for abuse and hilarious behaviour but they did not always order offenders to donate wine as a punishment. Sometimes, when Mess funds were low, the fine was in cash, as when Captain Duesbery was ordered to pay five shillings for "defacing the *Gibraltar Chronicle* by neatly cutting it in two to please an anxious and violent politician."

Less dignified, perhaps, was the imposition of a half-crown fine on Lieutenant Hughes for "taking the Galgnam newspaper out of the ante-room to a place which shall be nameless!"

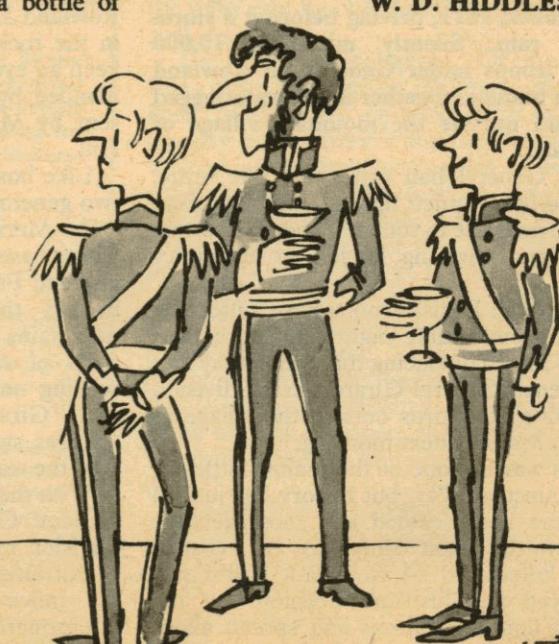
W. D. HIDDLESTON



"a wine glass through the window"



"to a place which shall be nameless"





This painting which hangs in the Regimental Museum shows the triumphant Redcoats launching a flanking charge to put the French to flight.

One hundred and fifty years ago General Sir Rowland Hill out-witted the French General Girard and won the best-planned and most decisive battle of the Peninsular War. Wellington's Redcoats and their Spanish allies attacked at dawn and in a few hours routed the cream of Napoleon's Army

A FAMOUS VICTORY AT ARROYO MOLINOS

A BITTER wind howled among the crags of the Sierra de Montanchez, in western Spain, on the night of 27 October, 1811, driving before it a storm of icy rain. Silently, miserably, 10,000 Allied troops under General Sir Rowland Hill sat huddled together in the waterlogged farmland outside the mountain village of Alcuescar.

The General had ordered: "Pile arms; keep perfectly quiet; light no fires; no drum to beat, no bugle to sound." The silent army, soaked and shivering, longed for the wintry dawn.

Never can British troops have suffered a more uncomfortable night; and never was victory more convincing than when they met the French General Girard's crack division of Soult's 5th Corps outside the village of Arroyo Molinos next morning.

This was not one of the major battles of the Peninsular War, but history has judged it as the best planned and most decisive action in the whole campaign. At a cost of seven killed and 64 wounded, Hill's men destroyed an illustrious division, cut the French communications and spread alarm throughout Napoleon's ranks.

Wellington's 40,000 Redcoats had poured

from Portugal into Spain and now, in the autumn of 1811, the bulk of them were engaged in the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo. Rowland Hill's 2nd Division had been left in the rocky wilderness of Estremadura to keep an eye on the French 5th Corps, commanded by Drouet, who had himself been sent by Marshal Soult to keep an eye on Hill.

Like boxers sparring for an opening, the two generals watched each other warily.

At Merida, 50 miles north of the 5th Corps base at Zafra, Girard's crack division guarded French communications and shepherded the supply trains through the mountains. In October, angered by the raids of Morillo's Spanish guerrillas and seeking new areas from which to plunder food, Girard marched 50 miles north to Caceres, sweeping the Spaniards before him. And the watchful Hill saw his chance.

With the promise of aid from the Spanish General Castanos, Hill's 8000-strong 2nd Division moved out of its Portuguese base at Portalegre on 22 October, force marched 30 miles across steep mountains to Alburquerque, in Spain, and there was joined by Castanos, Morillo and 2600 Spaniards.

Hill's plan was to attack Girard before the latter realised there was anything in front of him but the guerrillas he had driven out of Caceres. But his attempt at interception was ruined when Girard began a leisurely march back to Merida on the 26th, knowing nothing of the Allies' movements. Grimly, Hill turned south and took up the chase. On the 27th Girard covered 12 miles towards Merida while Hill marched 28 miles across two mountain ranges in appalling weather. For seven days the weary Allies had been kept on the march. Wrote Ensign Bell, of the 34th Foot (later The Border Regiment): "We marched all day, lay down on the wet earth at night. We were never dry, never undressed, but just pushed on. Our nightly rum ration kept the life in us... The French left behind them a perfume of tobacco, onions, etc., that could not be mistaken."

Through the stormy night the Allies lay five miles from Girard's camp at Arroyo Molinos, a village hidden among precipitous mountain slopes. A cordon was thrown round the British camp to prevent local people from slipping out to warn Girard, and at 2 a.m. the order: "Stand to your arms!" was whispered through the regiments. Silently, through

mist and rain, the division moved east on Arroyo Molinos.

In the grey dawn the French picket, sheltering from the storm, was quietly swept up and Hill gave the order: "Uncase your colours; prime and load." Young Ensign Bell, facing his first action, proudly raised the King's Colour.

Behind the village steep mountains reared up. To the north ran the Truxillo road, and south the roads to Merida and Medellin. Ironically, General Remond's brigade had left the village before dawn and was now three miles along the Merida road. But inside Arroyo Molinos were still several battalions of first-class Infantry, a Cavalry brigade and artillery.

Hill sent Wilson's brigade and the Cavalry to block the exit roads and ordered Howard's brigade with Colonel Stewart of the 50th (later The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment) at its head, to attack the town.

Surprise was complete. When the 71st (The Royal Highland Fusiliers) and 92nd (The Gordon Highlanders) burst cheering into the village, Girard was breakfasting in the Mayor's house. Cavalry General Bron was seized in a doorway in the act of mounting his horse. Many horsemen had not yet saddled, and French Infantry thronged the street, preparing for the day's march.

British muskets shattered the silence, and as the Highlanders tore into the startled enemy, a white mist rolled down the mountain. Ensign Bell recalled: "A terrifying cheer such as is not known except among British troops on the battle ground, drowned the clatter of musketry."

Girard hurried his gallant veterans out on to the Merida road, where they formed squares and were decimated by the Highlanders' musketry from the village and Howard's grape from outside.

Coolly Girard sought an escape from the trap. Finding the Merida road blocked by Allied Cavalry, he sent his own horsemen against them and switched his Infantry to the Truxillo road. The Spaniard, Penne Villemur, dashing led his squadrons



Lieut.-Col. M. Smyth at work on his 100-figure diorama of the Battle of Arroyo Molinos. He was assisted by Mr. F. Gibson, former National Serviceman, and Commandante de Infanteria Jose M. de La Puenta Pintado, of the Spanish Army. The diorama will be exhibited in the Regimental Museum, Carlisle.

against the French horse, but things were going ill for him when the 9th Light Dragoons and the German Hussars raced to the rescue. In this sharp action the French lost 200 prisoners, the survivors scattering and heading for Merida.

Meanwhile Girard led his Infantry at speed along the Truxillo road, Howard's brigade in hot pursuit. The crisis came at a point where the road curved round a rocky spur. Suddenly the rain stopped and the mist rolled back to give Girard another shock. On a converging course marched Wilson's brigade, intent on cutting him off at the spur. Both sides broke into a run, the leading French troops reaching the spur just as the light companies of the 34th (later The Border Regiment), the 28th (The Gloucestershire Regiment) and the 39th (later The Dorset Regiment) sprinted on to the road.

Only 200 British troops faced 1500 Frenchmen, but Lieutenant Blakeney, of the 28th, led a flanking charge to halt the retreat until the main body of Allied Infantry arrived.

With the mountains behind them and the eager Redcoats in front, the French were helpless. The wounded Girard bellowed the order: "Take to the hills!" and led the way up the steep rocks. Officers abandoned their horses and followed him; troops threw off their knapsacks, dropped their muskets and began the climb. Girard and his brigadiers, Dombrowski and Briche, with the leading companies, got clear, and after them went Morillo and his guerrillas, pursuers and pursued disappearing into the craggy wilderness. Scores were cut down by Morillo's men, but Girard and his brigadiers, with about 550 men, escaped to limp exhausted into Zafra weeks later.

The main body of French Infantry were less fortunate. Above them reared an unscalable cliff and at its foot a thousand men, milling about in groups, laid down their arms. The French artillery made a dash for it, chased by the 13th Dragoons, who halted the guns one by one by shooting a mule in each train.

The rout was complete. Of the 2300 Frenchmen in Arroyo Molinos, 800 had been killed, 1300 captured. Hill sent his Cavalry after Remond but the Frenchman, warned of disaster by fugitive horsemen, sped through Merida without a halt and rejoined Drouet at Zafra.

By a strange twist of fate, the 34th Foot found themselves face to face in battle with the French 34th Regiment. Ensign Bell rounded off his description of this private fight in these words: "The *Parley-Vous*, as our men called them, had no chance against the Cumberland Infantry. We took very many of them prisoner, with all their band and drums, and the drum major and his long cane."

General Hill received the Order of the Bath on Wellington's recommendation. The luckless Girard was deprived of his command, but regained it later and served Napoleon well up to his death in battle at Ligny.

K. E. HENLY

PAGE 25



Drummers of The Border Regiment troop the drums captured from the French 34th Regiment during the Battle of Arroyo Molinos.

As a distinction for capturing the French 34th Regiment, the 34th Foot (later The Border Regiment) was granted the battle honour "Arroyo dos Molinos," and the red and white centre coupled with the name of the village in the Regimental badge commemorates the incident.

In alternate years the Regiment (now The King's Own Royal Border Regiment) trots the 34th French Regiment's drums and drum-major's staff on the anniversary of the action, the youngest drummer boy being dressed as a drum-major and carrying the French drum-major's staff. The march of the French regiment was later incorporated into The Border Regiment's march, "D'ye ken John Peel."



Russian guards watch from the steps of their War Memorial in the British Sector as riflemen of the 2nd Green Jackets erect a barbed wire barricade to discourage demonstrations.

SPOTLIGHT ON BERLIN

THE international searchlight suddenly switches its beam to Berlin where new restrictive measures by East Germany have evoked swift reaction in the Western sectors of the city.

Unruffled by the war of nerves, the British garrison took the heightening crisis in its stride. Putting their training smoothly into practice, Infantrymen moved up to the East-West border to begin armed patrols within a few feet of the newly-erected barbed wire on the East German side.

Backing them were Centurion tanks of the 4th Royal Tank Regiment. Royal Military Policemen patrolled the border-divided roads within bayonet reach of East German forces as the Infantry prepared to keep a clock-round vigil.

Near the Brandenburg Gate, other Infantrymen, watched by Russian guards,

Left: Two steel-helmeted Infantrymen stand behind their M60 recoilless anti-tank gun sited in a wheatfield near the border between the British and Russian zones at Staaken.

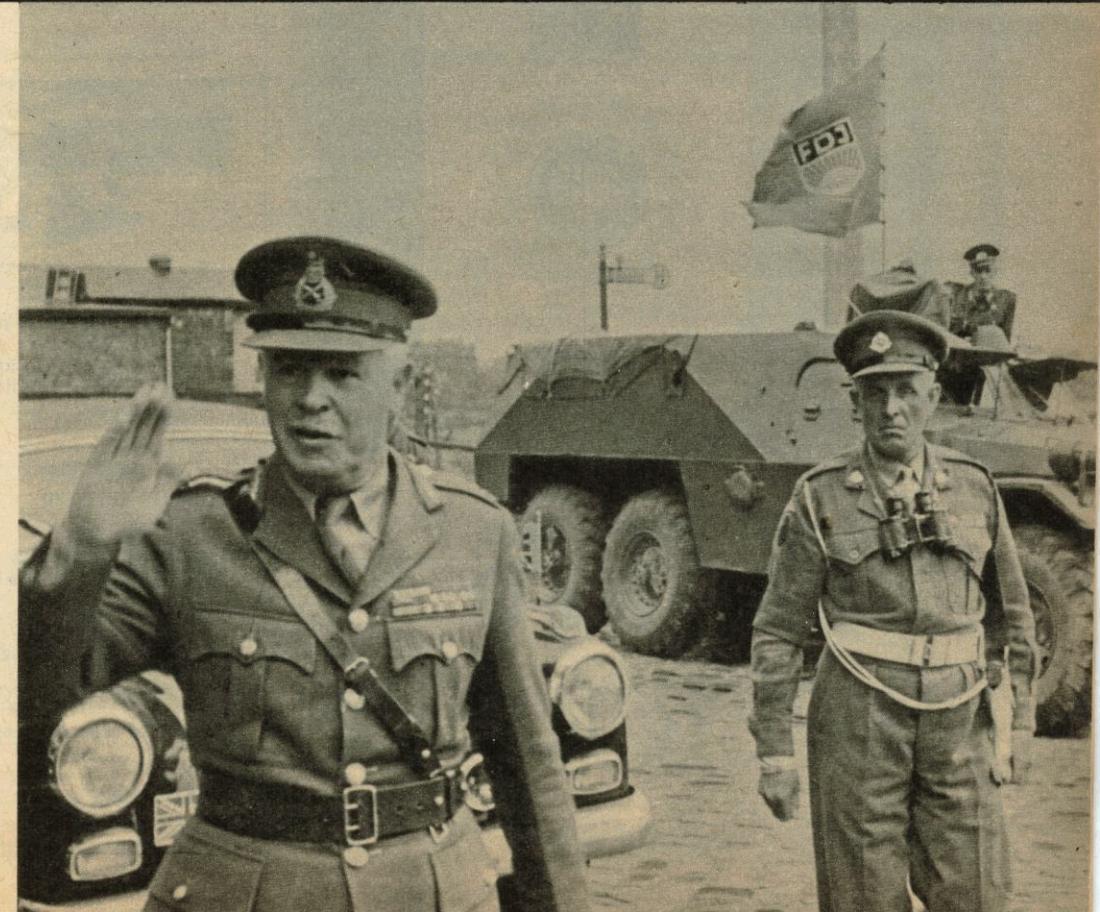


Centurion tanks of 4th Royal Tank Regiment, followed by Saracen armoured personnel carriers, rumble along the West Berlin streets in an early morning "show the flag" exercise.

erected a barbed wire barricade round the Soviet War Memorial to discourage possible retaliatory demonstrations by incensed West Berliners.

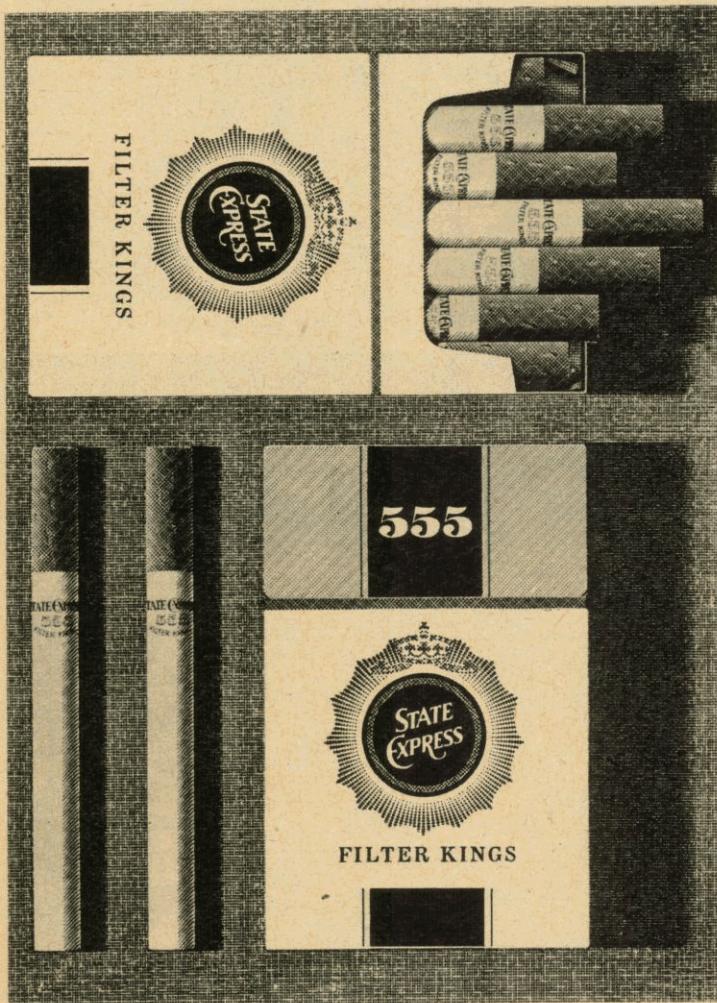
In an alert exercise which started before dawn and lasted for four hours, 3000 men of the Berlin Infantry Brigade Group took up their battle positions. Centurions, armoured cars and Infantrymen of the 2nd Green Jackets, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, the 1st Battalion, The Durham Light Infantry and the 1st Battalion, The Welch Regiment, "showed the flag" as they manned the border under the close scrutiny of armed Communist guards.

At home it was announced that a new strategic reserve division, some 12,000 strong and equipped with heavy tanks and artillery, is being formed. It will be based in Southern England and held ready to reinforce the British forces in Germany in an emergency.





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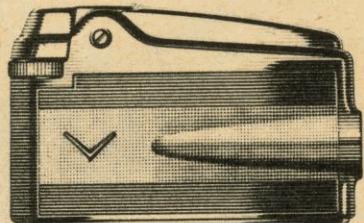


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HOW BRIGHT ARE YOU?

IT'S money for old rope, if you're bright. Try out your brain and memory on this quiz and win a prize. All you have to do is to answer the questions set out below and send your entry to reach SOLDIER's London offices by Monday, 20 November.

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

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

1 Which wildflower has a name which means economy?

2 In the 15th century France won many notable victories under a woman leader. Who was she?

3 True or false: (a) More people speak English than any other language; (b) The hardest natural substance in the world is a diamond; (c) The Koh-i-Nor is a mountain peak in Tibet; (d) The Statue of Liberty was a gift to the United States from the people of France; (e) Samuel Cody first flew the English Channel.



4 Who is this American film actress?

5 What was the name of Queen Elizabeth the First's husband?

6 What are the capital cities of: (a) Albania; (b) Norway; (c) Scotland; (d) Western Germany; (e) Yugoslavia?

7 Pair these: (a) Fiddle; (b) Admiral; (c) Duke; (d) Cheese; (e) Iron; (f) Cat; (g) Red; (h) Hard.

8 Who rode naked through the streets to relieve heavy taxes on her husband's subjects?

9 The pyramids in Egypt were built: (a) To act as observation towers across the Nile; (b) As a monument to Cleopatra; (c) To shelter the bodies of the Egyptian kings and queens against the day of resurrection; (d) As a punishment for slaves. Which?

10 Who was known as "The Little Corporal"?

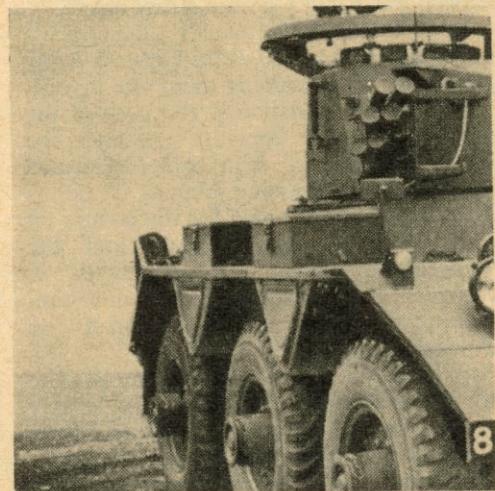
11 Which is the better hand at poker: A full house or a flush?

12 Name four of the Seven Wonders of the World.

RULES

1. Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to: The Editor (Comp. 41), SOLDIER, 433, Holloway Road, London, N.7.
2. Each entry must be accompanied by the "Competition 41" panel printed at the top of this page.
3. Correspondence must not accompany the entry form.
4. Competitors may submit more than one entry, but each must be accompanied by the "Competition 41" panel.
5. Any Serviceman or woman and Services' sponsored civilian may compete.

The solution and names of the winners will appear in SOLDIER, January, 1962.



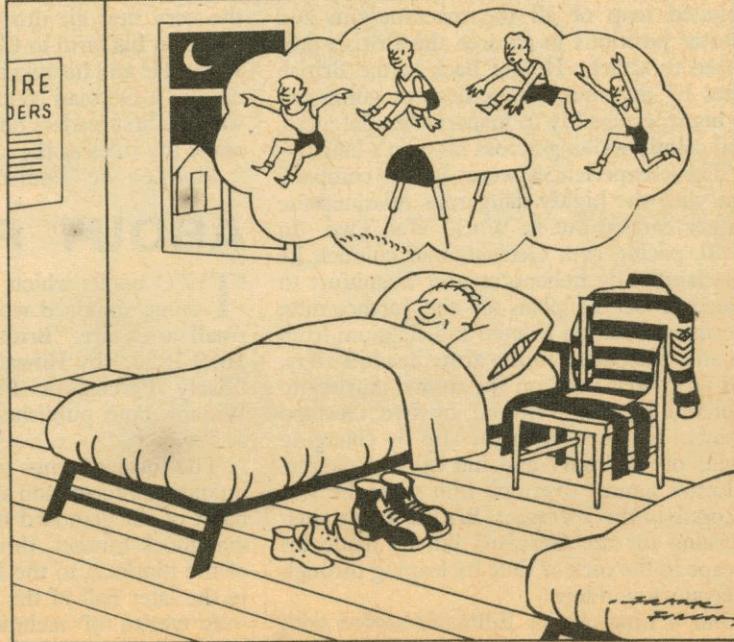
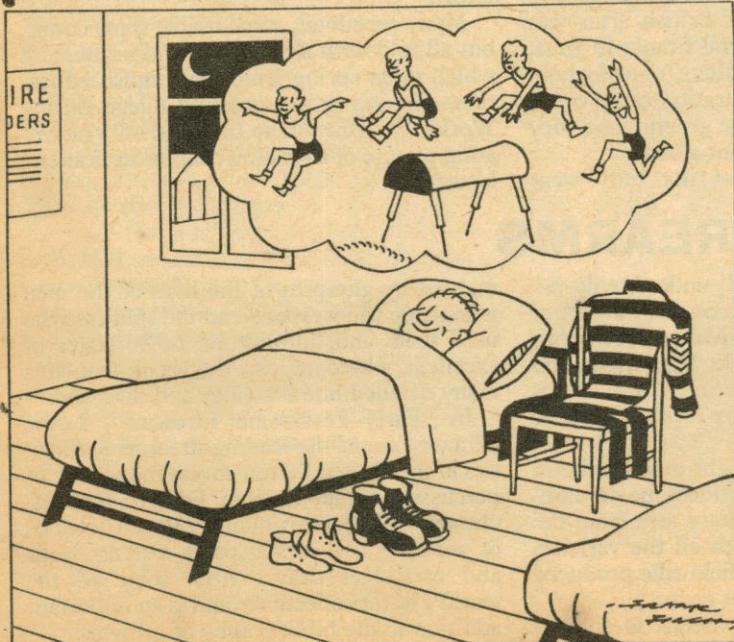
13 Of what British Army armoured vehicle is this a part?

14 What is said to be the Mother of Invention?

15 Johann Strauss, the composer, was known as: (a) The Pride of Vienna; (b) The Dandy on the Danube; (c) The Waltz King; (d) The Darling of the Court; or (e) The Musical Hermit. Which?

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

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?





Major E. G. Edlmann posed as an Italian staff colonel, a German medical NCO and colonel and even a French slave worker.

STRAIGHT FROM THE HORSE'S MOUTH

AT Godesburg in November, 1939, during the phoney war period when neither side was sure of the other's plans, Hitler was addressing a select group of Nazi Party and German Army chiefs.

He boasted of Germany's achievements and went on to praise every German Army unit in the West, naming them one by one.

A German SS major at the back of the hall joined in the applause and after the meeting discussed with other German officers the locations and jumping off points of the regiments detailed for the attacks on France, Luxembourg, Belgium and the Netherlands. Then he disappeared. A week later he walked into an office in Whitehall and passed the information on to one of Britain's intelligence chiefs.

Major E. G. Edlmann, formerly of The Royal Lincolnshire Regiment and latterly an officer in the Intelligence Corps, had completed the first of his many dangerous espionage assignments in World War Two. And, for good measure, on his way back to Britain he had impersonated a German *Obersturmführer* and successfully demanded the release of another British agent imprisoned in Cologne.

This astonishing story is told by Major Edlmann himself in "With My Little Eye" (Jarrold, 18s), a remarkable truth-is-stranger-than-fiction account of his activities as a spy in both World Wars.

The author—fluent in German and Italian—began his spying career in France in 1917, twice going behind the German lines to gather information. On the second occasion he posed as a German Engineer officer and persuaded a lieutenant to let him study a detailed map of all the machine-gun and mortar positions in an area the British proposed to attack. He got back to the British lines by the simple expedient of going out at night, ostensibly to inspect wire defences, and calmly walking across no-man's land!

These experiences were dull in comparison with the highly dangerous missions the author carried out in World War Two. In 1940, posing as a German staff colonel, he was landed by helicopter near Frankfurt to collect a set of plans of the forthcoming German attack on France and Belgium from an anti-Nazi clerk in the army headquarters. All went well until on the return journey to Holland he was followed by two Gestapo agents. He gave them the slip by changing trains on the move and hid up in Cologne. Disaster almost overtook him when he was recognised by a former British agent then working for the Germans but he made his escape in the nick of time by leaping through a lavatory window.

For a time, Major Edlmann served with

the Long Range Desert Group in North Africa and was then sent to Italy by submarine, this time posing as an Italian General Staff colonel.

For three weeks he gathered information from British agents and again escaped in the nick of time, rowing out to a waiting submarine as bullets from Gestapo agents whistled past him. Not the least exciting episode of this adventure was a dinner party at which Major Edlmann sat next to a suspicious and notoriously vicious colonel of the Gestapo.

A few months later, the author was back among the Germans, this time as a French slave worker in a secret underground factory near Bielefeld, which, it was suspected, the Germans were using to store parts of a new V-weapon. His job was to discover if this was true so that the factory could be bombed.

He achieved his object by hiding in the factory overnight and listening to the conversation of the German overseers and escaped by barge to Holland and then by submarine to Britain.

Finally, posing as a German medical NCO, Major Edlmann was parachuted into Germany to collect from another agent a copy of the Russian military plans and post-war political aims. It was to be the most exciting of all his adventures. He was caught in the beam of a searchlight as he dropped but landed before the German search party arrived and buried his parachute just in time. Deciding that boldness was the best policy, he joined the German searchers and when the hunt was called off, made his way to Bonn where he collected the plans. Then, joining up with another British agent, who was masquerading as a German staff colonel, Major Edlmann, disguised as the colonel's orderly, drove in a staff car to Aachen where, under the pretext of inspecting the German forward positions, the two men crawled into the American lines.

In recounting his extraordinary adventures Major Edlmann is careful not to draw aside the veil of secrecy and confirms at first hand that the British intelligence service was the most efficient of any in World War Two.

RESISTANCE LEADER

THE gallant individualism and heroic determination of the French Resistance, those ordinary men and women who harried, confused and weakened the German military machine in World War Two, and of the British agents who shared their dangers, successes and tragedies, have already been much publicised.

But that does not prevent Philippe de Vomécourt's "Who Lived To See The Day" (Hutchinson & Co. Ltd., 25s) from being a notable addition to the sizeable literature on this exciting but still incomplete subject.

The author was in the Resistance from its chaotic and amateurish beginnings and the very first air drop of British arms was made on his farm in Central France in June, 1941. He and his two brothers (one of whom died in a German concentration camp oven) were its first leaders on the ground, and they made the rules as they went along.

Philippe de Vomécourt not only went

the whole gamut of incredible hazard and impudent endeavour, imprisonment and escape—the account of his appalling winter climb of the Pyrenees, during which he suffered temporary blindness, is one of the most gripping passages in the book—but through his position saw more than most. He is thus able to give an idea of the conflicting political forces which sought to capture the movement from within, and to describe how the underground and Special Operations Executive, the Baker Street organisation on which it depended for arms and equipment, gradually built up the common effort.

Many anecdotes, some tragic, some comic, but all told with a talent for understatement which must spring from his English education—he was at Beaumont College during World War One—help to round off a fascinating picture of a striking chapter in France's history.

ABOUT FIREARMS

TWO books which will undoubtedly become standard works on the subject of small arms are "British Military Firearms 1650-1850," by Howard L. Blackmore, and "Early Percussion Firearms," by Lewis Winant, both published by Herbert Jenkins at 50s each.

The former brings to light much hitherto unknown information and traces the development of the standard military arm from the matchlock musket, through all the varieties of the flintlock, to the Enfield rifle produced in the later half of the last century.

A wealth of technical detail is supple-

mented by glimpses of the lives of the men who made the weapons and the soldiers who used them and, in addition to 80 pages of excellent photographs, the book contains many detailed line drawings and diagrams.

In "Early Percussion Firearms," Lewis Winant, one of the leading firearms authorities in the United States, covers the history of percussion weapons from Forsyth to Winchester. His book contains 230 illustrations of percussion firearms, parts, patents, caps and cartridges drawn from some of the world's finest collections, and is an important addition to the bibliography of firearms.

THE ENIGMATIC LEGION

WITH one of its units disbanded and the fate of the rest reported to be in the balance, as a result of its part in the recent Algerian revolt, the French Foreign Legion is in the news.

"The Story of the French Foreign Legion" (Faber, 30s), by Major Edgar O'Ballance, was written before this latest drama in the Legion occurred. It comes nonetheless fortunately as a reminder of the splendid service this enigmatic force has rendered to France.

Enigmatic because, like the men who join it with "no questions asked," the Legion keeps its private affairs to itself. The legend of the Legion is the creation of novelists, film-script writers and a few deserters.

The Legion was first formed in 1831, partly to absorb foreigners from disbanded units in France and partly to meet the need for troops in Algeria, where French conquest was just getting under way. The Legion was blooded in Algeria and was only four years old when it was given—lock, stock and barrel—to Spain, to fight and wither away in civil war.

A year later a new Legion was formed and it played a prominent part in the creation of the French Empire in the last century and early years of this. It fought not only in North Africa, but in the West (where it came up against the formidable female warriors of the King of Dahomey), in Indo-China and in Madagascar. It fought the Austrians at Magenta and Solferino and supported the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian in Mexico.

It was in Mexico that the Legion fought one of its proudest battles. A detachment of 62 legionnaires was surrounded in a farm-house by 2000 Mexicans, some of whom were in possession of the upper storey of the building. The legionnaires held out until only an officer and five men were left on their feet. Then the six fixed bayonets and charged; three of them survived as prisoners.

Camerone Day is still celebrated by the Legion, like a British regimental day. The story of that stand is read out in front of legionnaires on parade, wherever they may be. The artificial hand of the leader of the gallant 62, which was found at the farm afterwards, is paraded at the Legion's depot at Sidi Bel Abbes. The day after Camerone Day is also a holiday in the Legion—for recovery purposes.

In both world wars the Legion played its part. It made another famous stand at Bir Hacheim, while fighting with Eighth Army. (From that battlefield, General Koenig, the French commander, was driven in a jeep, across the minefields, by an Englishwoman who joined the Legion in Britain as an ambulance driver.) A still more recent last stand was the tragic episode at Dien Bien Phu, in Indo-China in 1953, where most of the garrison were legionnaires.

The legionnaire has a tough life. Most are professional soldiers. Those joining to forget beautiful women are much less common than those enlisting for the opposite reason.



The Legion is very much a self-contained organisation. It has done most of its own building, including its famous depot at Sidi Bel Abbes which started as a "biscuitville"—a ration dump set up to provision flying columns in the early days of colonisation in Algeria. It runs its own farms, and the author claims legionnaires are the world's best-fed soldiers. It has a wealthy and efficient welfare organisation.

Why do men join the Legion? The answer seems often to be what an old English recruiting poster called "Too much wife." Men joining to forget beautiful and unattainable women, says the author, are much less common than those joining for precisely the opposite reason. There are also political, criminal and economic refugees but the Legion contains a fairly large element of professional soldiers who simply want no other trade.

Commando In The Snow

MAJOR MIKE BANKS is a Royal Marine with an urge to play variations on the sea-and-land theme of his Corps. Mountains are his favourite surroundings.

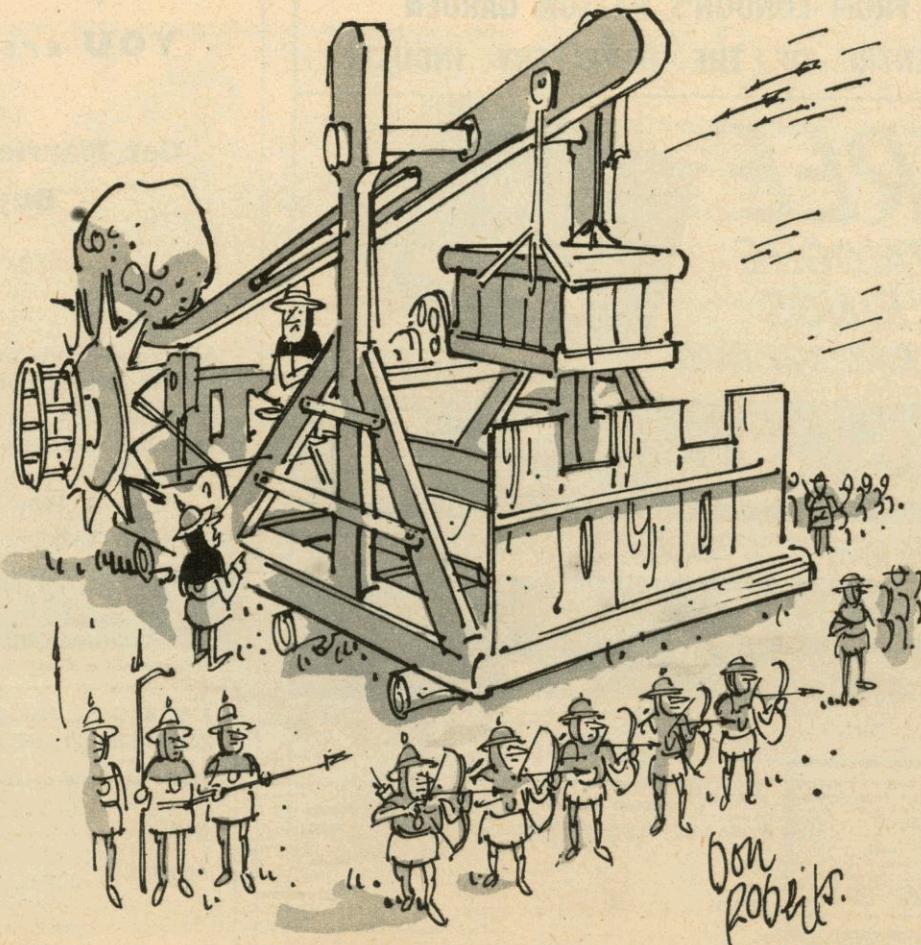
As a Commando, he was taught to climb on Cornish cliffs. He graduated to the hills of North Wales and Scotland, and then to the Alps and the Himalayas, where he was the first man to set foot on the summit of Rakaposhi, 25,500 feet above sea level (see SOLDIER, January, 1959). In between, he spent two years in the Arctic.

His adventures in these fields are the subject of "Snow Commando" (Burke, 12s 6d), the first book in a series for 'teen-agers entitled "Modern Men of Action."

He tells his tale of adventures happily and modestly. He climbed one of Mont Blanc's most difficult faces by moonlight. He fell into a 120-foot Greenland crevasse in a Weasel which stuck 40 feet down while its trailers tumbled on top of it and jerricans full of petrol showered through the roof and out through the windscreen. On Rakaposhi, which he tackled twice before reaching the top, he suffered from snow-blindness. Even in quiet periods he had adventures, and the tents of his camp in Norway were overwhelmed by a blizzard, leaving one of his sergeants in the cold in his underclothes.

Just to keep fit, Major Banks has led parties of sailors and marines up the tourist-mountain of Kilimanjaro and has often found sport and exercise scaling the sun-scorched hills behind Aden.

OVER . . .



"Remember, don't snatch the trigger, squeeze it!"

The Union's Men of Iron

ON the first day of the great battle of Gettysburg, at the climax of the American Civil War, a brigade of soldiers from the North-Western States, fired on from three sides, held their ground until ordered to retreat. Two-thirds of the men became casualties.

It was, for practical purposes, the end of a formation which had become a legend in the Union forces. Alan T. Nolan pays it just tribute in "The Iron Brigade" (Macmillan, New York, 48s 6d).

The Iron Brigade went into its first engagement 2100 strong. Surprised on the march by a vastly superior Confederate force, the Brigade fought with, according to one of its opponents, "a coolness and steadfastness worthy of the soldiers of Albuera."

Its casualties that day were one-third of its strength. At South Mountain, where it made a successful assault up a strongly held pass and earned its nickname, the Iron Brigade's casualties were one in four, and at Antietam, the bloodiest battle of the war, the casualty list was 42 per cent.

Owing to the habit of the States of raising new regiments instead of reinforcing, the casualties were never adequately replaced. True, the Brigade received a new regiment after Antietam, but the old regiments mostly had to rely for replacements on their own men coming out of hospital.

After Gettysburg, the Brigade was only 600 strong. Conscripts and regiments from

other parts of the Union came in, and the Brigade's name and distinctive black hat continued to be seen, but it no longer had the quality of the eager volunteers of the early days.

They were a practical lot, those volunteer Yankee soldiers. When they were in Confederate territory and shopkeepers would not accept Union currency, the soldiers printed their own Confederate money, until authority put a stop to the practice. When a hungry Iron Brigade had to clear the road for a wagon train loaded with fresh-baked bread, the men did so with bayonets fixed and speared their own rations. On the morning of Gettysburg, one regiment assembled for prayers. Its men received their ammunition while praying.

Briefly . . .

WHEN George Foster last appeared in print he was soldiering hilariously in India. Now, in "Soldier on Loan" (Michael Joseph, 15s), he regales his readers with a delightful tale of soldiering in the Territorial Army.

What is life like in the Women's Royal Army Corps? Nancy Allum in "Monica Joins the WRAC" (Max Parrish, 10s 6d) tells all—or nearly all.

Three well-known books about soldiers are now available in paperbacks: "Sergeant Lamb of the 9th," Robert Graves' brilliant novel based on a Royal Norfolk Regiment's

sergeant in the American Revolution (*Mayfair Books*, 3s 6d); "Warrior on Wheels," the story of Popski's Private Army by Park Yunnie who served with it (*Arrow Books*, 3s 6d); and "Arms and Men," a study of American military history by Walter Millis (*Frederick Muller*, 6s).

IF ever a man charged with murder had the sympathy of the people of Britain, it was Lieutenant Douglas Malcolm. In 1917 he arrived unexpectedly in London, on leave from the front, and found his young wife seduced by a phoney foreign nobleman.

He thrashed the man, challenged him to a duel, and removed his wife. When he was back in France, his wife wrote asking for a divorce, so that she could marry the foreigner. Malcolm returned to London and, armed with a hunting-crop and a revolver, went to see his wife's lover. There were shots; the seducer was dead. "I did it for my honour," said Malcolm.

At his trial, self-defence was pleaded. There was a second gun in the room. The dead man could have used it. Amid cheers, Lieutenant Malcolm was acquitted.

This is one of many famous trials briefly retold by Edgar Lustgarten in "The Judges and the Judged" (Odhams, 21s).

The Commonwealth War Graves Commission has published Volume IV, Part III and Volume V, Part I of "Their Name Liveth."

Both profusely illustrated with fine photographs, the former describes the Commonwealth military cemeteries of both World Wars in the Netherlands and Germany; the latter those in Italy and Greece.

Both books may be obtained from the Commonwealth War Graves Commission, Wooburn House, Wooburn Green, High Wycombe, Bucks, at 5s 7d, including postage.

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You Need Your Help!

The Army Benevolent Fund has given away more than four and a half million pounds since the end of World War Two. But now it desperately needs financial help itself to enable it to carry out its vital work

HIS wife and six children were left destitute when a soldier collapsed and died on parade . . . an officer's widow lost half her income when her cottage was destroyed . . . a former sergeant, once a Japanese prisoner of war, was permanently ill and unable to hold down his job.

They all urgently needed help and the Army, through the charitable organisation which looks after soldiers and their dependants who fall on bad times, came to the rescue—as it has in many thousands of similar cases.

Since 1945, when it was set up to assist corps, regimental and national charitable organisations in relieving distress, the Army Benevolent Fund has distributed £4,500,000 and contributed 40 per cent of the welfare funds spent by corps and regimental associations.

More than £1,000,000 has been donated to organisations which care for the disabled, the distressed dependants of soldiers, the sick and the aged and the children.

But now, with a dwindling income, the Army Benevolent Fund itself urgently needs your help—to the tune of an additional £350,000 a year—if it is to raise sufficient money to increase its grants and to build up a central fund to support corps and regiments in major rehabilitation projects.

It was originally thought that the Army Benevolent Fund's work would be completed by 1970 but in 1958 a committee reported that there were still many cases of hardship—even among Boer War veterans—and that the Fund would be required until at least the year 2000.

Next year the Fund is to make its first nation-wide appeal for help, but the Army has already begun to play its part. A two-months' drive in Near East Land Forces has produced £4000 and another in Rhine Army more than £2000. Over £1000 has been raised in Northern Ireland. A three-day military display in Taunton raised £700 and a Southern Command Army Sunday £250.

In Rhine Army, 25 Sappers in a movement control unit in Bielefeld donated more than £500, the proceeds of sweepstakes and raffles, and a petrol reserve depot in Belgium raised £50, the profits from its unit farm.

In the coming months commands at home and overseas will be organising activities in aid of the Army Benevolent Fund which will itself carry out a drive inside and outside the Army, including a variety concert at the Victoria Palace, London, on 19 November, when many well-known stage stars will appear. The concert was the idea of Harry Secombe, a former Eighth Army

lance-bombardier, who says it was the Army that made him a star.

The Army Benevolent Fund has a formidable task ahead and it looks for support not only to the old soldiers who have good reason to be grateful but to those men still serving in whose interests it exists.

It is *your* fund. Make sure you keep it healthy.



General Sir James Steele, President of the Fund, was Adjutant-General from 1947 to 1950.

A Message from the President

It is our Regimental heritage and esprit de corps which inspires the tradition of care and help for those who have served, and for their dependants. It is for this purpose that all corps and regiments have their benevolent or aid funds.

The Army Benevolent Fund plays a key role in this work in the Army. It gives financial support to your Corps or Regiment and to the national organisations such as SSAFA, Forces Help Society and Lord Roberts Workshops, Officers' Association, British Commonwealth Ex-Services League, and many other societies and schools which serve the Army's need. Since the last War it has distributed over £4,500,000.

The ABF is organising a permanent drive, in the Army and throughout the country, to raise more money year by year to help further the work.

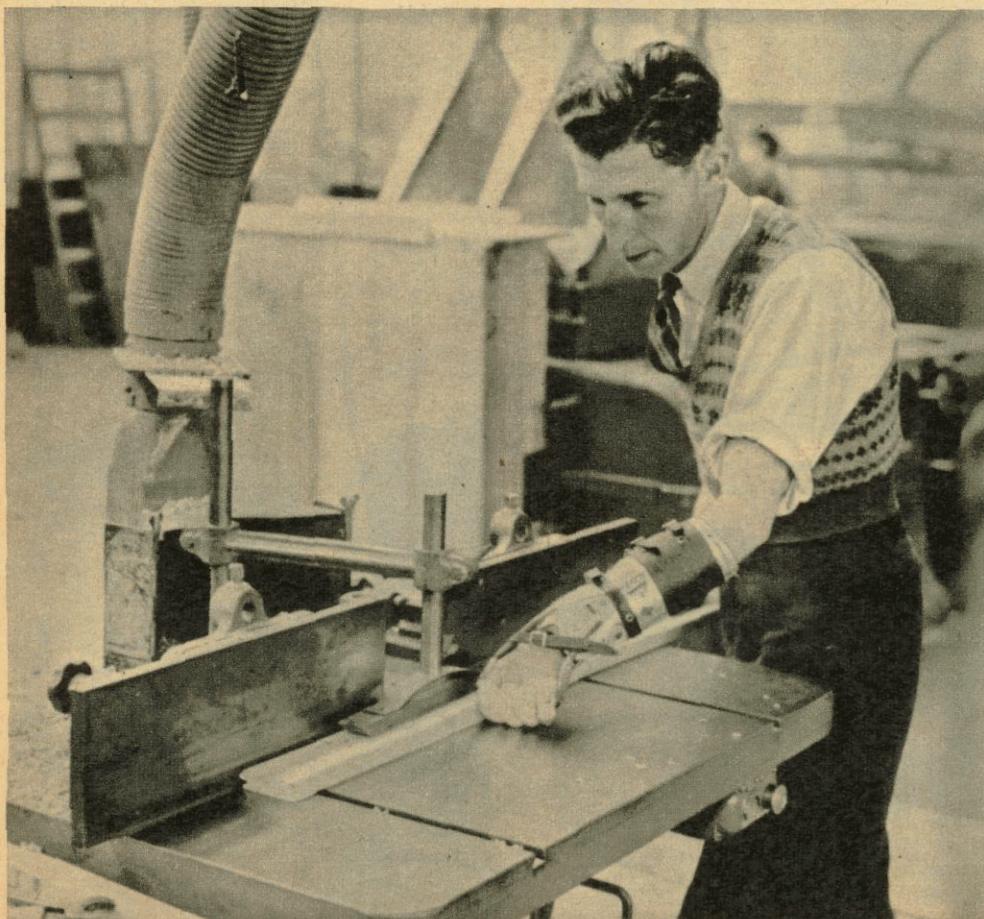
There are two ways in which you can help. The first and direct way is to support your own Corps or Regimental Benevolent Fund. The second and more indirect method is to co-operate in the activities organised by your Garrison, Brigade, District, Division or Command, and designed to raise money for the General Fund of the Army Benevolent Fund. A strong, vigorous General Fund is to the benefit of all.

I am grateful to the Editor of *SOLDIER* for this opportunity of telling you something about the ABF, whose existence has not, until quite recently, been generally known in the Army and whose work is of such importance to us all, past and present members of Her Majesty's Army.

Inquire about it and tell others about it.

(Signed)

General Sir James Steele GCB, KBE, DSO, MC, LLD, President, Army Benevolent Fund.



A disabled ex-Serviceman learning a trade at one of the eight Forces Help Society and Lord Roberts Workshops, an organisation which, among many others, the Army Benevolent Fund helps to support.

FIVE RECORDS WENT BANG

IN one of the most exciting inter-Services athletic championships since the end of the war—five new records were set up and two old ones equalled—the Army lost the title it won last year but came a close second to the Royal Air Force.

Two of the five old records were broken by soldiers—by Lance-Corporal Ben Grubb, of the 14th/20th King's Hussars, who ran the 3000 metres steeplechase in 8 mins 55.4 secs, and by Company Sergeant-Major Instructor Eric Cleaver, Army Physical Training Corps, who hurled the discus 165 ft 11½ ins, beating his own record by nearly three feet. Of the 18 men's events the Army won seven, the Royal Air Force eight and the Royal Navy three.

The Women's Royal Air Force won all but one of the nine women's events and in the 80 metres hurdles ACW Pulleyblank, WRAF, set up a new record of 12 secs.

The Royal Navy got off to a good start, winning the first two events when AA Valentine, the holder, threw the hammer 177 ft 7 ins and App Bellah equalled the 23-year-old record of 14.3 secs in the 120 yards hurdles.

The Royal Air Force scored its first success in the 100 yards, LAC Meakin returning the fine time of 9.9 secs and then the Army pulled ahead of the other two Services with a trio of wins. Driver Tony Jones, RASC, the holder, won the 880 yards in 1 min 55.2 secs, Lance-Corporal Grubb the 3000 metres steeplechase and Lance-Corporal D. Keily, RAOC, the three miles in 13 mins 53 secs.

But the Royal Air Force gradually forged ahead, LAC Morgan winning the weight with a new inter-Services record of 53 ft 10½ ins, LAC Meakin completing his double by taking the 220 yards in 21.8 secs and LAC Cakebread winning the long jump with a leap of 22 ft 7½ ins. Rifleman Houston cleared six feet to win the high jump and Guardsman Warrington, the holder, retained his javelin title with a throw of 200 ft 10½ ins, but the Royal Air Force again took the lead when AC Sunderland won the mile in 4 mins 11.1 secs, Sergeant Malcolm set up a new record in the pole vault with 13 ft 1½ ins, Flying Officer Ruddy won the 440 yards in 48.3 secs and the RAF was first home in the 4x110 yards relay. Lieutenant Derry, Royal Navy, took the

440 yards hurdles in 54.9 secs but the last two events went to the Army, Captain Murray winning the hop, step and jump with 46 ft 9½ ins and CSMI Cleaver the discus.

● The Army inter-unit athletic championships, held after the inter-Services contest, were won by the 1st Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, after the closest-fought finish in the history of the event. The result depended on the last race—the 4x440 yards relay—which the paratroopers won by inches from 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards, in the record-breaking time of 3 mins 26.9 secs.

Three other Army records were broken: by Sergeant Instructor G. Morris and Private J. Lee, Parachute Regiment, who each cleared 12 ft in the pole vault to beat the old 23 ft 6 ins aggregate record; by Sergeant-Major Instructor A. Painter and Lance-Corporal A. Hughes, Grenadier Guards, with a combined throw of 285 ft 3 ins in the hammer and by 1 Training Regiment, Royal Engineers, in the 4x880 yards relay.

The Minor units championship for units of 260 and under, was won by 16 Parachute Ordnance Field Park.



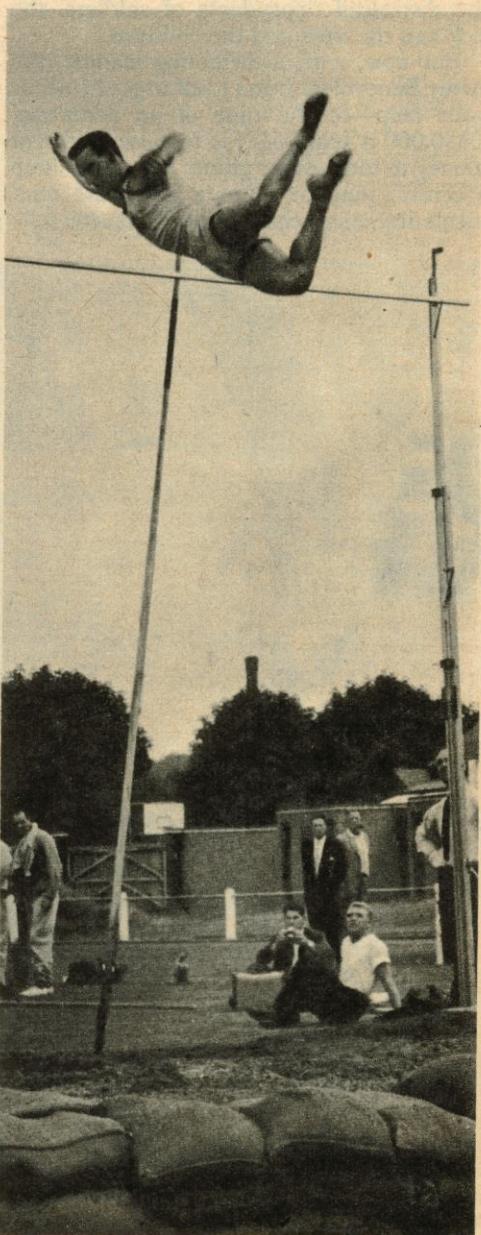
Lance-Corporal D. Keily, the Army Champion, leads at the halfway stage in the three miles race. He stormed home in 13 mins 53 secs to win comfortably from Trooper Pomfret and LAC Bratt, RAF.

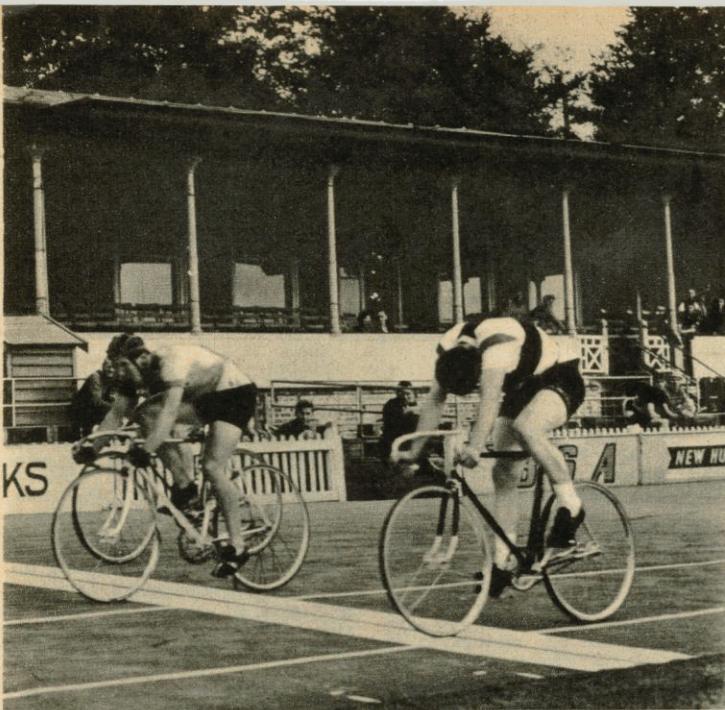


Up and over goes Rifleman Houston who won the high jump with a leap of 6 ft., with J/Tech. Glazsher, RAF, second.



Up and over, too, go Lance Corporal Grubb (above) in his record breaking steeplechase run and (right) Lance Corporal Lyons, who was second in the pole vault.





WON TWICE—WITH A BROKEN COLLAR BONE

THE EN DAYS before the Army track cycling championship at Herne Hill Corporal Peter Arnott, of the School of Electronic Engineering, crashed on a grass track at Scunthorpe, broke his collar bone and had 26 stitches put in his head.

But even this did not prevent him scoring an astonishing double in the Army event. After winning the 1000-metres time-trial in 1 min 17.1 secs he went on to take the 1000-metres sprint title, crossing the line inches ahead, in a tremendous finishing burst after lying last.

Private Brian Kirby, of The Queen's Own Buffs, the national 100 miles champion, also added two more fine victories to his already long list of successes. He won both the 4000-metres pursuit, breaking the Army record by half a second and finishing 13.5 secs ahead of the runner-up, and the five miles individual race.

Other results were: 4000-metres inter-Corps team pursuit, Royal Artillery; 4000-metres inter-Command team pursuit, Eastern Command; Junior 1000-metres time trial, J/Private D. Thomson, Infantry Junior Leaders Battalion.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SPORTS SHORTS

Britain's "Motorcyclist of the Year" is a soldier—32-year-old Sergeant John Pace, of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. He won the title at a recent road safety contest organised by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents, the Auto-Cycle Union and the National Scooter Association.

The new Army tennis champion is Second Lieutenant Trevor Freeman, who beat Second Lieutenant C. A. S. Wise, R. A. S. C. in the final 6-4; 6-0. The Women's Royal Army Corps champion, for the third successive year, was Captain D. J. Temple. The Royal Army Service Corps won the regimental doubles title for the first time since 1910, beating the Royal Army Pay Corps 6-2; 6-3; 6-3.

The Royal Air Force retained their inter-Services Lawn Tennis championship title, running out winners with nine victories against the Army's eight and the Royal Navy's one. The women's title also went to the Women's Royal Air Force with eight wins against the Women's Royal Naval Service's seven and the Women's Royal Army Corps' three. But the Army won the Veteran's championship by six matches to the RAF's two and the Royal Navy's one.

Corporal Peter Arnott (centre) streaks home to win the 1,000-metres sprint race by inches from Private R. V. Runham, of The Royal Sussex Regiment. And he did it with a broken collar bone and 26 scalp wounds.



The championship's second double title winner: Private Brian Kirby at the start of his record breaking ride in the 4000-metres individual pursuit race.

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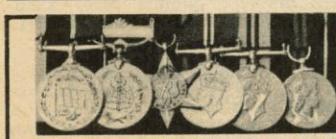
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LETTERS

PLEA FOR GLAMOUR

As an old 20th Hussar I thoroughly agree with Staff-Sergeant Fisher's plea for more glamour in uniforms (Letters, August).

It was glamour, and glamour alone, that attracted me to the Army. After leaving school I soon found life in an office dull and irksome, and so I obtained a War Office illustrated brochure and studied the uniforms. I narrowed my choice down to two regiments—the 20th Hussars and the Royal Horse Artillery—and eventually joined the former.

I was very proud of my uniform and would in no circumstances be seen in civilian clothes. In those days the War Office had sufficient psychological powers to realise the value of a soldier's uniform being constantly in the public eye, and the wearing of regimental uniforms on leave was compulsory.

Field-Marshal Lord Roberts' career

was initiated by glamour, for he writes in his book, *Forty Years in India*: "The magnificent uniform of the Bengal Royal Horse Artillery and the unsurpassed esprit of the officers and men made me determined at all costs to become a Gunner."—A. E. Douglas (Light Machine Gunner, 20th Hussars, 1912-17), Trefedian Hotel, Aberdovey, Merionethshire.

EXCHANGING ARMIES

I agree whole-heartedly with "Gunner Captain" (Letters, May) when he says the Army wants more overseas stations and I suggest that overseas tours might be worked out on an exchange basis.

A British brigade, together with all ancillary troops, for instance, could come here to Australia for two years, an Australian brigade could spend two years in Germany, a Canadian brigade in England and so on. Getting to know

each others' tours of duty and keeping all ranks happy and contented, as well as one hundred per cent fit, is much better than posters to induce men to enlist.

Between 1920 and 1947 I served with the forces of three Empire countries and one country outside the Empire, and was able to observe at first hand the way their Armies operated. Australia and Canada believe in absolute discipline while on parade but, once the day's parades are over, a soldier can pick and choose his friends where he likes, even if this means his Commanding Officer. Officers and other ranks, when off parade, are allowed to get together and go where they like as long as they behave themselves.—G. Mackenzie Cluness, 9-56 Albion St, Sydney, N.S.W.

TOPI—OR NOT TOPI?

In your September issue Mr R. Rimmer GC made some derisory

remarks about the *topi*. I would like to put in a good word for the old pith helmet which was issued to British troops in India until the early 1940s:

This headgear is not to be confused with the Wolsey-type helmet—a hard, heavy and hideous monstrosity—but was light, airy, cool and comfortable. Its only disadvantage was that if worn without a waterproof cover in the monsoon rains it collapsed into a shapeless, soggy pulp. They were worn in the days before what is now known as jungle warfare and I have no doubt that the soft, cotton jungle hat now issued is the most practical and sensible form of headress for soldiering in hot countries.

—J. Bassiter, Ashton House, Dene Crescent, Cheltenham.

REMARKS ABOUT THE *TOPI*

Mr C. T. A. Stephens' letter (August) about the mythical Blue Valley in Malaya from which patrols were said never to return interested me very much.

I served in Malaya from 1949 to 1951 and, to the best of my knowledge, Blue Valley was the name of a tea plantation, not in the hills of Penang but in the Cameron Highlands. This area was reputed to be a stronghold of the terrorists but I never heard of a patrol failing to return safely.—A. R. Webb, 3 Roman Road, Stockbridge, Hants.

REMARKS ABOUT THE *TOPI*

Our British Army of today emerged in its present form largely as a result of our own Civil War, more than 200 years before the Americans', and so why not a Royalist or Roundhead "High Command" in this country? Those Englishmen who wish to live in the military glories of the past would not then have to join an alien organisation across the Atlantic.—"Ex-Grenadier," Hampstead.

REMARKS ABOUT THE *TOPI*

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PRINCESS PAT'S

One of the illustrations you used in your Hours of Glory article in June was a copy of a painting depicting the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry at the battle of Frezenberg on 8 May, 1915.

Your readers may like to know that the original oil painting, by Mr. W. B. Wotten, hangs in place of honour at the PPCLI home station officers' mess in The Hamilton Gault Barracks, Edmonton, Alberta.—Major R. B. Main-prize, Commanding Officer, PPCLI Depot, Edmonton, Alberta.

WHITE KNEES

Mr. Tawse's letter about the kilt (SOLDIER, July) reminds me of a story told of The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in World War One.

A draft had arrived from an English regiment to replace casualties and appeared on their first parade wearing Highland dress. There was snow on the ground and the new men were easily distinguishable by their white-cum-blue knees; that is, all but one and his were a lovely, rosy pink.

Closer inspection revealed that he was wearing the newly issued drawers, long, flesh-coloured! When asked what he thought he was on, the bold Highlander exclaimed, "But it's cold, Sergeant, it's bloody cold!"—Captain M. E. Taylor, Ardlea, 11 Horsthill Road, Glasgow, W.2.

A SKILLET

In Cornwall recently a colleague of mine bought what he was told was a skillet, made of burnished copper with

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HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(See page 29)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1. Number of lines of fire orders. 2. Right leg of soldier on right. 3. Instructor's ear. 4. Curve on top of vaulting horse. 5. Right cuff of instructor's jersey. 6. Curves of dream cloud above first and second soldiers. 7. Bed leg behind chair. 8. Crossed swords on jersey sleeve. 9. Blanket lines at foot of instructor's bed. 10. Floor board at bottom left.

PRIZE WINNERS

No all-correct solutions were received to SOLDIER's "How Bright Are You?" Quiz in July. Prizes are, therefore, awarded as follows to those with the fewest mistakes:

1. WO I G. J. Williams, RASC, 21 Queen's Gdns, Ealing.

2. WO II G. A. Gladman, 35 Base Wksp REME, Old Dalby, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire.

3. Sergeant R. Joyce, RASC, 55 Supply Depot, RASC, c/o GPO, Singapore.

4. Mr. J. G. Atkinson, 26 King Street, Pelant-on-Tyne, Gateshead, Co. Durham.

The correct solution was: 1. (a) General Sir James Cassels; (b) General Sir Dudley Ward; (c) General Sir Hugh Stockwell. 2. George Stephenson. 3. (a) There is no 31 April; (b) Mr. Butler is not Foreign Minister; (c) if he were he would not have made the announcement in the House of Lords; (d) M. Maisky is not the Soviet Foreign Minister; (e) the Polaris base is at Holy Loch in Scotland; (f) the word discuss is mis-spelled. 4. Any three composers, English county cricketers, first division football clubs and three film stars whose names begin with the letter B. 5. (c). 6. (a) June Thorburn; (b) Sylvia Syms. 7. North Sea and Baltic. 8. (a) Bren Gun; (b) Malkara; (c) Saracen; (d) Three-tonner; (e) Moba; (f) Saladin. 9. Life Guards (The Cheeses); 1st King's Dragoon Guards (The Trades Union); Queen's Bays (Rusty Buckles); Inns of Court (Devil's Own); Royal Scots (Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard); Suffolks (The Old Dozen) and The East Yorkshires (Snappers). 10. (a) Seismograph; (b) barograph; (c) telegraph; (d) chronograph; (e) heliograph. 11. (a) Yes; (b) No; (c) Yes; (d) No.

an iron handle and which was inscribed "73 Regt." It is obviously quite old and has set us wondering which Regiment was the 73rd and to what use it put a skillet.—P. K. Oliver, 8, Brookvale Avenue, Coventry.

★ A skillet is a metal pan with a long handle used for boiling water, stewing meat and cooking vegetables. It presumably belonged to the 73rd Regiment which was raised in 1786 and re-designated 2nd Battalion, The Black Watch (Royal Highlanders) in 1881.



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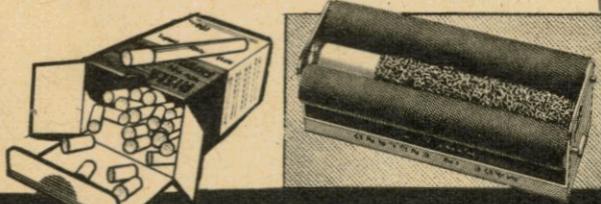
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A MESSAGE from the Chairman of HER MAJESTY'S FORCES SAVINGS COMMITTEE

IF YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY started saving, you should try to develop the savings habit while you are in the Services.

There are excellent facilities for saving in all Units of the Services in every part of the world—in fact the slogan of H.M. Forces Savings Committee is "Wherever you serve, you can save".

We have an excellent series of leaflets (as illustrated above) which tell in simple language all about Forces Savings.

Why not write for a copy of the leaflet which applies to your Service? Write to me personally:

Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Saunders
GCB, KBE, MC, DFC, MM.
Chairman, H.M. Forces Savings Committee
1 Princes Gate, London, S.W.7

SOLDIER



DOLORES HART

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer in "Where The Boys Are."