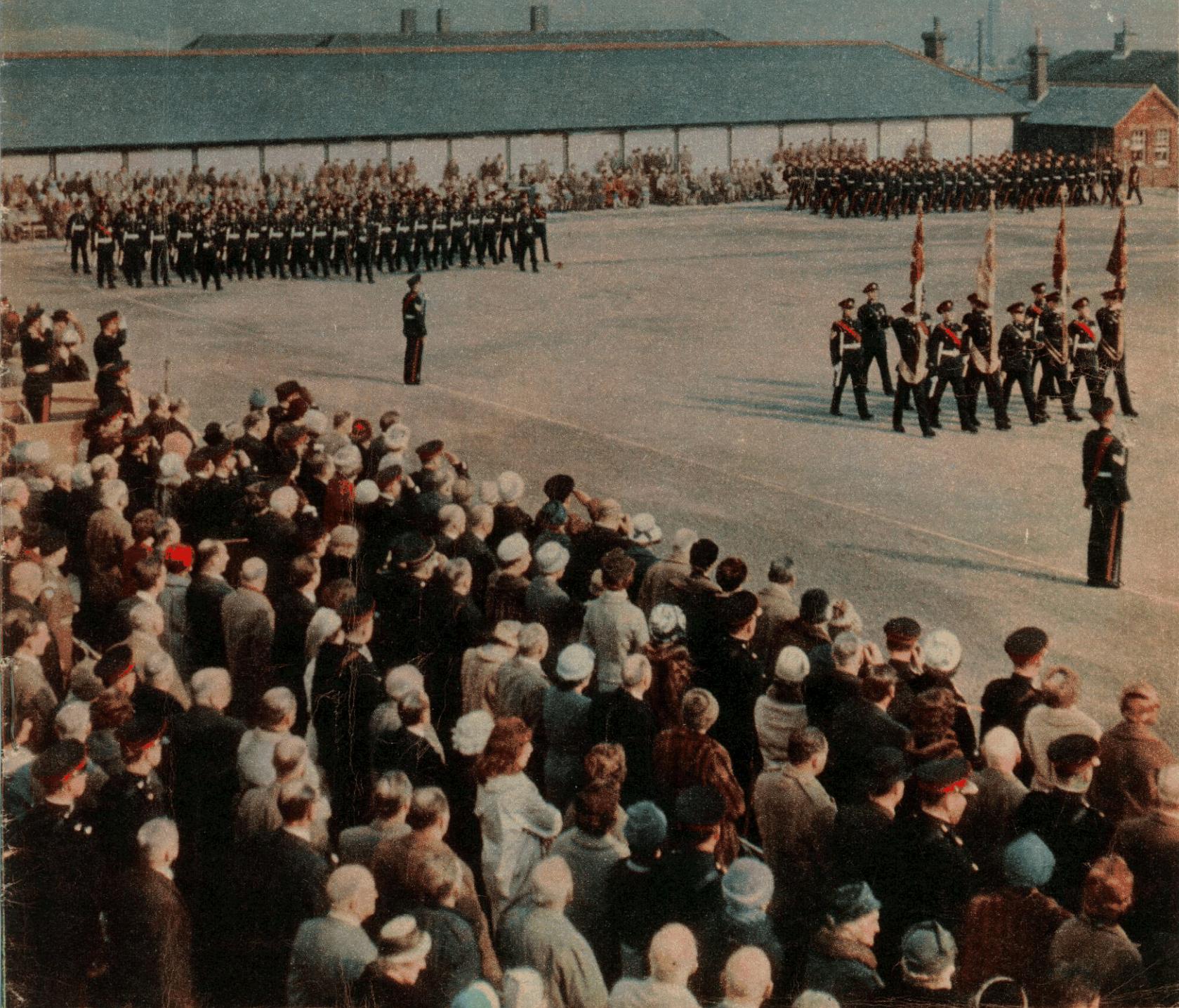


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# SOLDIER



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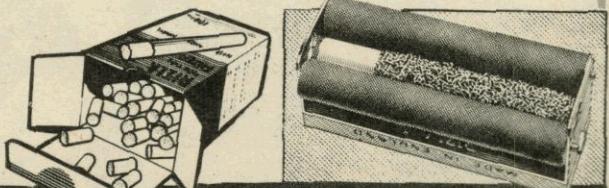
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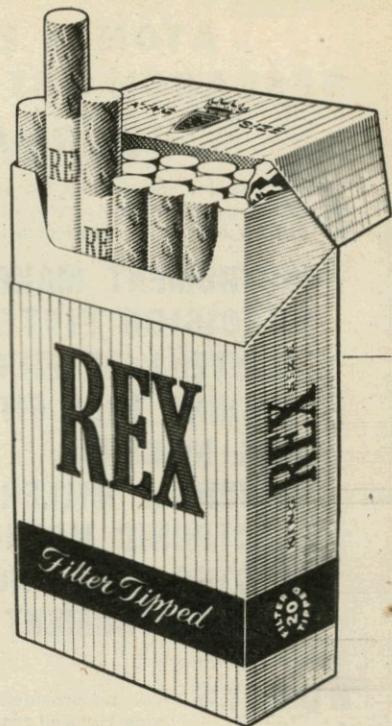
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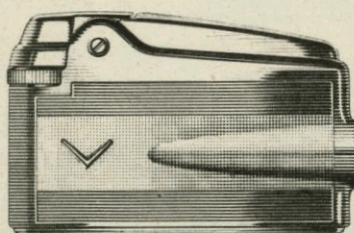
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Mr. Mayhew, a former major was dubious about selective service.



But Brig Sir Fitzroy Maclean said the only solution was some form of conscription.



Mr. G. W. Reynolds thought they should induce ex-National Servicemen to join the AER.



Mr. Marten confessed that he re-acted against "bull" but later it gained his respect.



Lieut-Comdr Maydon supported "spit-and-polish" in moderation.

# RECRUITING, "BULL" and BUYING OUT

**H**OW is the new all-Regular Army to get all the recruits it needs? Is there still too much "bull"? Why do so many soldiers buy themselves out? Does parachute jumping teach leadership? Are the Army's digging methods out of date?

These were some of the problems which Members of Parliament discussed during the recent debate on the Army Estimates—their annual opportunity to say what they think of the Army. Rarely, however, do their comments get beyond the pages of Hansard or a very brief mention in the newspapers.

This year, with the end of National Service in sight, the major issue was: How can the Army achieve its target figure of 165,000 Regulars by 1963 and, if it cannot do so, should a system of selective service be introduced?

For his part, Mr. John Profumo, the War Minister, was confident that in two years' time the Army would have the men it needs and announced the following seven-point plan which he thought would bring success:

1. National Service radio operators, drivers, nursing orderlies, clerks and electronics tradesmen who sign on as three-year Regulars will receive back pay as Regulars from the date they were called up or 12 months in arrears, whichever was the shorter.
2. There will be an extensive publicity campaign on television, in the Press and by posters and films.
3. The Army will be kept in the public eye by stepping up displays and exhibitions.
4. The soldier's life will be made more exciting by sending him more often on overseas exercises.
5. More married quarters will be provided and units in Britain and Germany will be allowed to use caravans as quarters until permanent homes are built.
6. Soldiers will be persuaded to contribute to an Army scheme by which they can save for a home or small business on retirement.
7. Every effort will be made—including an overhaul of man-management and the elimination of "bull"—to create "a happy working atmosphere" which will induce soldiers to stay on.

OVER ...

*Round come the estimates—Parliament's annual opportunity to dissect the Army. This year's debate naturally spotlighted the problems of recruiting the new all-Regular Army. Why do soldiers buy discharges? Is there still too much "bull"? the MPs inquired*



Mr. Profumo, pictured here at his War Office desk, was confident, in announcing his seven-point plan, that by 1963 the Army will have the men it needs.



Showing a willingness to buy from other NATO countries, and thus boost British products, the Army has ordered 17 French *Alouette* helicopters, to be used mainly for troop transport and casualty evacuation.

However, Mr. Profumo added a note of warning that if insufficient recruits were obtained all courses of action "including selective service" must be examined, "though I doubt if what is commonly known as selective service would be the right remedy." The Government would also consider alleviating the shortages by lowering medical and educational standards, recruiting overseas and further civilianisation.

Not surprisingly, these comments were greeted with scepticism in some parts of the House and Mr. Christopher Mayhew asked (without getting an answer) how a selective service scheme would operate. He doubted if the kind of soldier produced by selective service would contribute anything to the Army's sense of unity and purpose.

Many other members on both sides of the House were against any kind of conscription but Brigadier Sir Fitzroy MacLean, a former Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for War, who thought the Army should be at least 200,000 strong, failed to see how some form of conscription could be avoided.

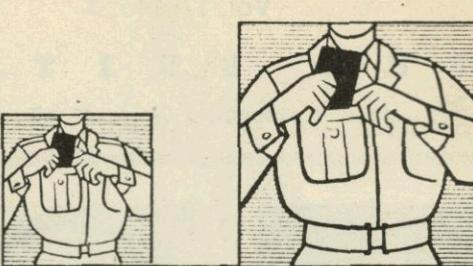
Mr. George Wigg, a former colonel in

the Royal Army Educational Corps (his daughter recently joined the Women's Royal Army Corps), pointed out that the country had had selective service for many years in the shape of exemptions from National Service and claimed that "we have the right to ask young men to accept the obligations of service."

Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, War Minister 1947-50, rejected the idea of returning to National Service and described selective service as "simple nonsense." If the Army could not get its 165,000 it said it wanted, it would have to do with what it could get!

Brigadier Sir John Smyth VC, claimed that battalion commanders would rather have an under-strength unit of long-service Regulars than an up-to-strength one which included short-service conscripts.

Pleas for more recruits to be raised in Commonwealth countries, especially among the Gurkhas and in the West Indies, were made by Brigadier Sir John Smyth and Mr. Donald Chapman. The latter advocated the integration of Commonwealth recruits into British regiments and said that in Jamaica there were many young men, intensely pro-

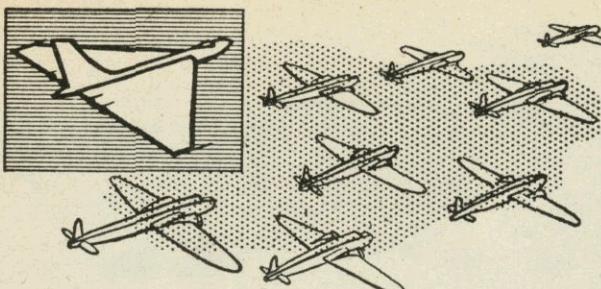


In the last 15 years costs have risen steeply. Pay and allowances have more than doubled since 1946.

British and proud to serve, who would be able to take on the jobs for which the Army had many vacancies. He pointed out that the best recruit in The Royal Warwickshire Regiment last year was Private Foster, a Jamaican who had come to Britain at his own expense to join up.

A sailor, Lieutenant-Commander S. L. C. Maydon, suggested that one way out of the Army's manpower problem was to make more use of the reorganised Territorial Army and the Army Emergency Reserve which should be allowed to take part in overseas exercises with the Regular Army and be called up when necessary to fill the gaps. Mr. G. W. Reynolds pointed out that the 15,000 men in Category 1 of the new Army Emergency Reserve could be called out without proclamation and said everything should be done to induce ex-National Servicemen to join the AER.

Mr. Profumo's promise to destroy the last vestiges of "what goes by the odious name of 'bull,' which still lingers in the nooks and crannies," was supported by all but two speakers: Lieutenant-Commander Maydon, who said "spit-and-polish," while overdone



The cost of weapons has increased but research has given them greater power and efficiency. The cost of one V-bomber today would have paid for more than eight bombers in 1946 but its nuclear weapon is 500,000 times more powerful than the conventional bomb dropped in World War Two.

in some cases, was good for morale, and Mr. Neil Marten, who recalled that as an amateur soldier he reacted against "bull" but later acquired some respect for the lessons it taught in discipline.

The concern with which the Government views the increase in the number of Regular soldiers who buy themselves out of the Army was reflected by all speakers. Mr. Profumo declared that unless the Army created the right atmosphere nothing would induce men to stay in, and announced that he had ordered an inquiry into the reasons for the high wastage rate. One answer might be to limit the purchase-out period to the third month to give the recruit a better chance to make up his mind.

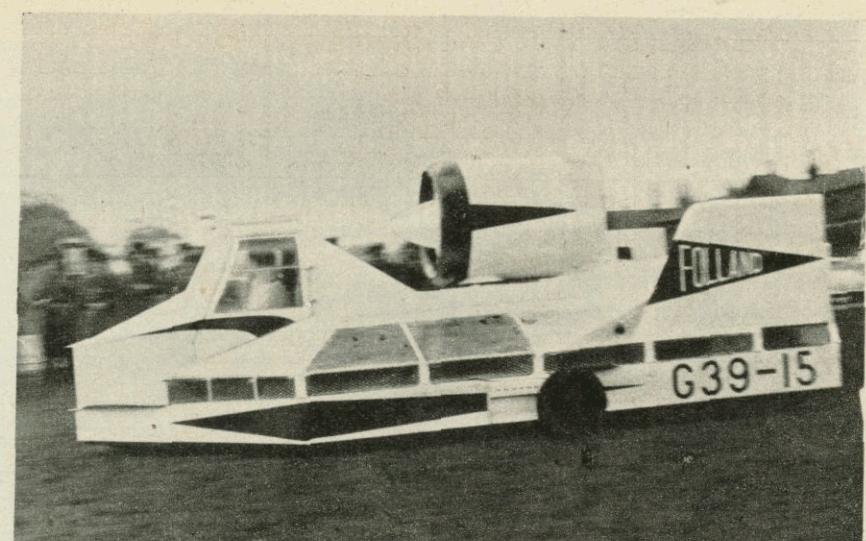
Closely related to this problem, said the War Minister, was man-management. "I am not advocating a policy of mollycoddle nor that discipline and turn-out shall be diminished. But there is a distinction between proper discipline and time-killing, soul-destroying futilities . . . mutual respect and admiration which must exist between all

ranks cannot flourish alongside a lot of 'bull'."

Some members were concerned about the Army's ability to deal with sudden emergencies, and Colonel Sir Richard Glyn, a former Gunner, emphasised the need for speed. "A battalion available at lunchtime on Monday is better than a brigade on Wednesday evening . . . a battalion which could be in the air in 12 hours would be of tremendous use as a fire extinguisher . . ."

Sir Richard went on to criticise the Army for its old-fashioned digging methods which had hardly changed, he said, since the Battle of Hastings. In another war fewer men would be available to dig defensive positions and he suggested the Army should use mechanical aids operated by power take-off fitted to vehicles and compressors to work pneumatic drills.

Mr. Neil Marten recommended moun-



The *Germ* (Ground Effect Research Machine), a new Hovercraft powered by two motor-cycle engines, may be tomorrow's *Jeep*. It can fly three inches above the ground and cross marshes, rivers and other obstacles to present-day vehicles.

taineering and parachute jumping for training in leadership. Both forced a man to overcome obstacles, and he suggested parachute-jumping should be available for all soldiers as a sport.

Quoting a number of letters from soldiers' wives in evidence, Mr. Roy Mason criticised the Army for misleading recruits by promising that married quarters were easily found, and for providing sub-standard homes in hired accommodation in Germany, an allegation which drew from Mr. James Ramsden, Under-Secretary of State for War, the assurance that in 1961-2 about 3000 multiple hirings will be completed in the Rhine Army and that the housing shortage was being tackled as quickly as possible.

Mr. Mason also wanted to know more about the development of bacteriological weapons and nerve gases on which the Government was spending £16 million a year. He suggested that in the next ten years these weapons would make atom and hydrogen bombs obsolete.

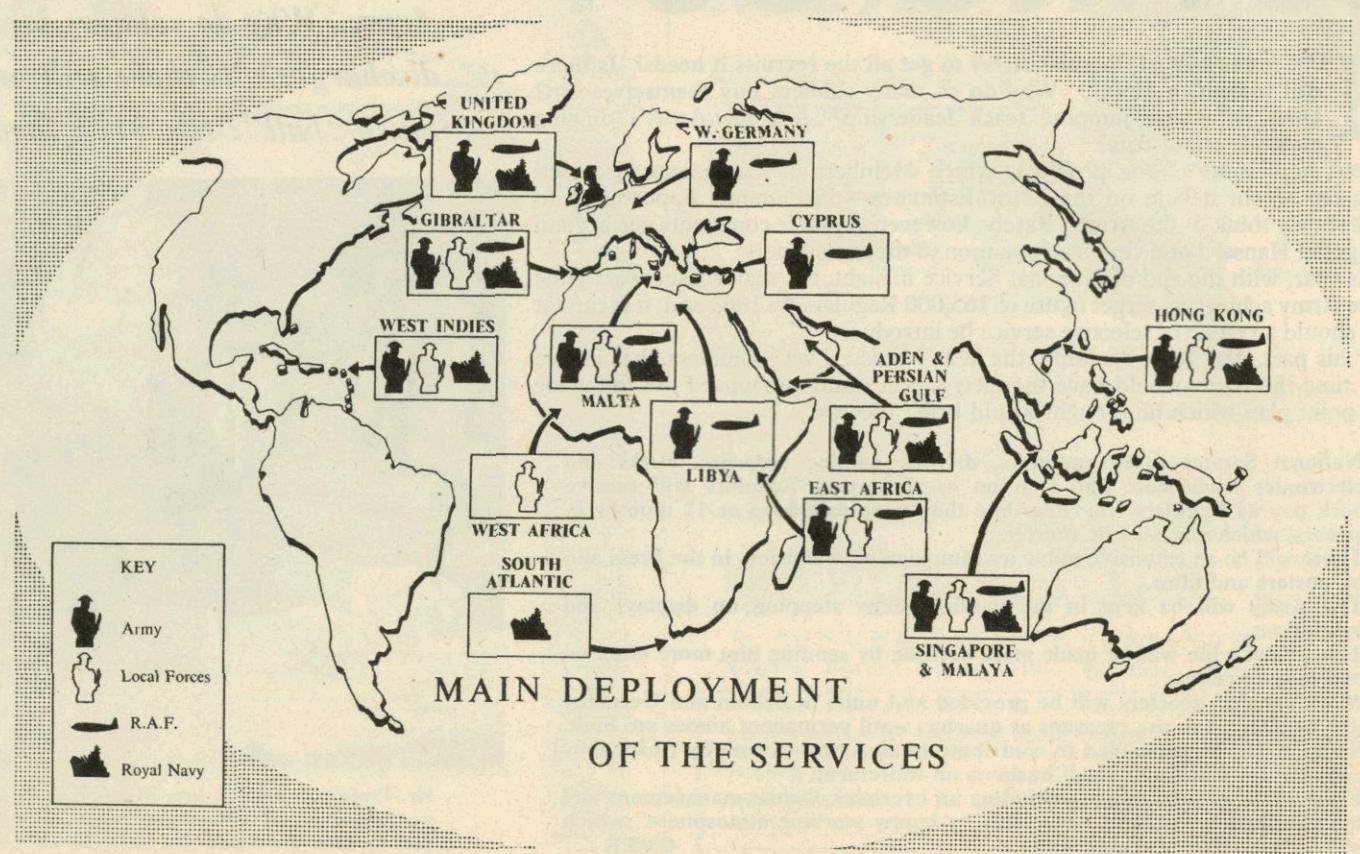
Miss Harvie Anderson, a former colonel in the Women's Royal Army Corps, thought that women could play a much greater part in the Army and do a wider variety of jobs than at present, and urged the Government to consider enlisting married women for local service and even part-time duties.

• **SOLDIER** was also the subject of discussion when Mr. Emrys Hughes (he told the War Minister that he could not support the recruiting campaign) criticised an article in our February edition which told the story of The King's Own Royal Border Regiment in the Southern Cameroons.

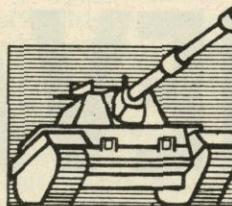
Quoting the sentence: "They (the Regiment) are also making history, because this is the first time a British regiment has been stationed in the Cameroons, once known as the White Man's Grave . . ." Mr. Hughes said this was not much of an invitation for recruits and was fatuous and ridiculous propaganda.

To **SOLDIER**'s defence came Mr. Paul Williams, who thought Mr. Hughes was out of touch with Britain's youth which, in fact, was enticed into the Army by such publicity. "There is a spirit in Britain wishing to have adventure and to crusade in the cause of British nationality," he said.

E.J.G.

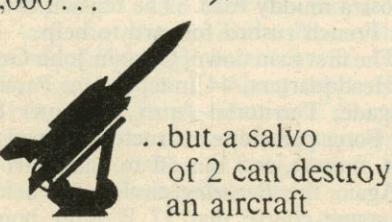


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A Bloodhound missile costs £35,000 . . .



.. but a salvo of 2 can destroy an aircraft

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.. but it required about 3,000 to destroy an aircraft



During a simple service at the Bruneval memorial, near the cove from which the Royal Navy snatched away the raiding party, General Sir Richard Gale recalls an epic "of which the Parachute Regiment has every reason to be proud."

Re-living that memorable night  
19 years ago when The Parachute Regiment earned its first battle honour, seven "old boys" of the Bruneval raid saw Territorials of 44 Independent Parachute Brigade Group make a perfect "drop" on the cliff top

# BRUNEVAL RE-VISITED

**A**RMS and legs flailing as they fought for balance, two sticks of parachutists dangled like marionettes in the Normandy sky in the wake of a *Beverley* aircraft.

From the cliff-top fields below British soldiers and French villagers gazed upwards as the canopied Territorials bore down on them, swept across the rolling grassland by a gusting wind.

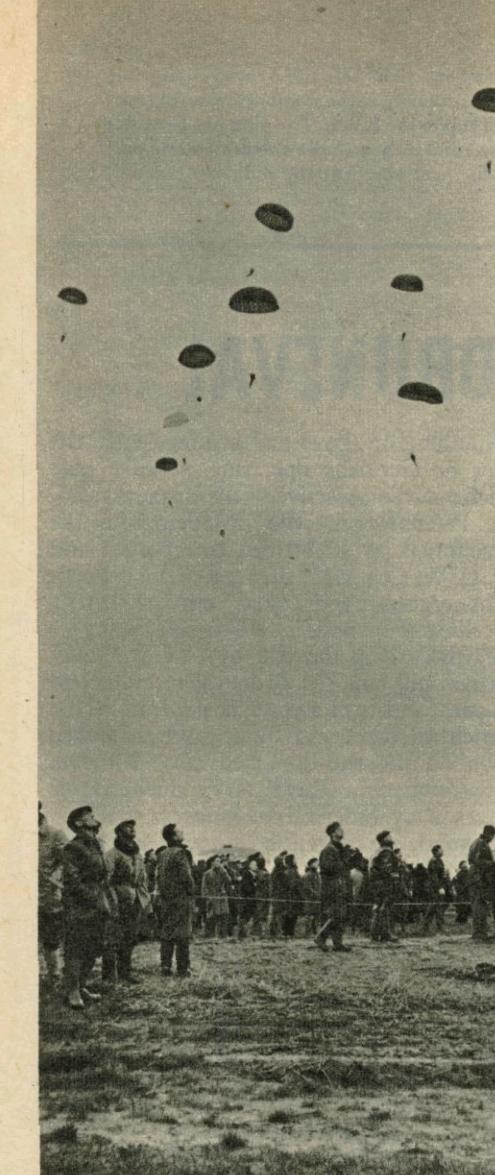
Young paratroopers in the crowd anxiously anticipated their airborne comrades' landings. An older generation cast its mind back to that moonlit night 19 years ago when men of The Parachute Regiment dropped on

those same fields at Bruneval in one of the most successful combined operations of World War Two.

Then the leading man was down, taking telephone wires with him, his parachute dragging him 30 yards along the grass and across a muddy road. The tension broke as the French rushed forward to help.

The first man down, Captain John Groom, of Headquarters, 44 Independent Parachute Brigade, Territorial Army, a former Royal Air Force parachute instructor, jumped to his feet, unhurt, and ran off to check his men.

Again the *Beverley* circled the field, on the same course that 12 *Whitley* bombers



Casting their minds back to that moonlit night in 1942, French villagers watch the Territorials drift down to the dropping zone of one of World War Two's most successful combined operations.

followed in 1942, and a second stick of Territorials from units of 44 Brigade Group joined their fellows on the ground. Then came the final stick of 21, scattering the spectators as they landed in their midst.

There was an apprehensive moment as one man landed on an ambulance, then fell face down in the mud. But none of the 63 paratroopers suffered more than bruises.

Their Brigade Commander, Brigadier J. D. Frost DSO, MC, watched his Territorials drop. Then he led them on a battlefield tour, describing the original raid by the 2nd Parachute Battalion's "C" Company which he then commanded. The raid, a copybook combined operation, gained The Parachute Regiment its first battle honour and for Brigadier Frost, then a major in The Cameronians, the Military Cross.

Besides the Brigadier, six other men were there to re-live the Bruneval raid. At the dropping zone Group Captain D. Peveler DSO, DFC, who piloted one of the *Whitleys* of 51 Squadron, told how the Royal Air Force took the paratroopers to Bruneval.

Near the rallying point—a belt of trees in a gully—ex-Sergeant J. Sharp MM, now mace-bearer of Ealing Borough Council, recounted his adventures with a party which was dropped, because of anti-aircraft fire, well wide of the assembly area.

# THE RAID THAT MADE OFF WITH THE RADAR

**T**HE combined operations raid on Bruneval, on 27-28 February, 1942, was the first action of The Parachute Regiment. Its object was to bring back details of a new radio location station, one of a chain along the coast of Western Europe giving warning to the Germans of the approach of hostile aircraft and ships.

The force of 119 officers and men, which included some Royal Engineers, landed in three parties. The largest of these, "Drake," with 50, men including the Sappers, was divided into two groups, one assaulting the radar post while the other, under Brigadier Frost, attacked the nearby villa, killing the only German inside.

Germans manning the radar post were killed or captured. In the confusion one leapt over the cliff edge but landed on a ledge ten feet below and was hauled back to be interrogated.

Lieutenant Vernon, the Sapper officer, and Flight-Sergeant Cox, the radio expert, began dismantling the radar apparatus. Then more Germans opened fire from La Presbytère, a group of farm buildings 300 yards from the villa, and as the paratroopers withdrew towards the beach they came under heavy fire from a cliff-top pill box.

By now the "Rodney" party of 30 men had moved up from farther inland, but there were still not enough men to neutralise the beach defences.

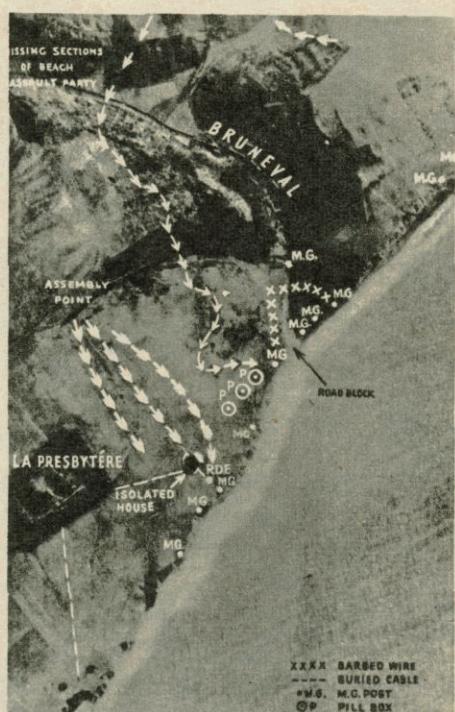
Lieutenant E. C. B. Charteris MC, of The King's Own Scottish Borderers, and the 40 men of "Nelson" party had been dropped two-and-a-half miles away as the *Whitleys* altered course to avoid anti-aircraft fire. They set off seawards at a Red Indian lope and on hearing the rattle of machine-guns made for the beach.

Shouting their war cry, "Caber Feigh," Lieutenant Charteris and his men, supported by the "Rodney" group, rushed the beach and silenced the defences.

After a brief but agonising wait, came the Royal Navy with landing craft and motor gunboats. At dawn the flotilla was still only 15 miles from the French coast,

but Spitfires and destroyers escorted it safely back to Portsmouth.

The raid had succeeded. Its cost was two men killed, six wounded and six missing. The Royal Air Force and Royal Navy had no casualties. Brigadier Frost and Lieutenant Charteris won the Military Cross, and Military Medals were awarded to Flight-Sergeant Cox, Sergeant Grieve (later killed in North Africa) and Sergeant McKenzie.



This diagram, taken from a war-time publication, and based on air photographs, shows the Bruneval radar station's defences and routes taken by the groups of attacking paratroopers.



A cheer for the raiders as they triumphantly return to Portsmouth. Covered by men of The Royal Fusiliers and The South Wales Borderers, the paratroopers embarked in six landing craft and were then transferred to motor gunboats. Spitfires escorted the flotilla home.



On their battlefield tour the Bruneval pilgrims follow the raiders' withdrawal route down from the cliff top to the beach. The villa has been demolished and only a shallow depression marks the radar post site, but the pillboxes remain.

## BRUNEVAL

*continued*

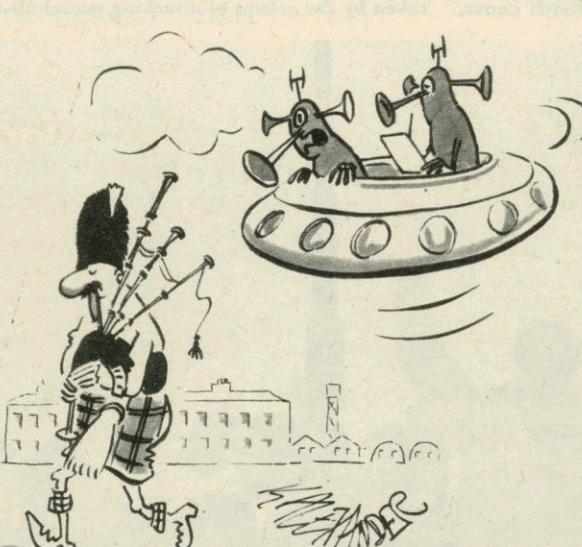
Standing on the site of a ruined villa, the billet of Germans operating a radar post which was the objective of the Bruneval raid, Mr. Peter Nagel, who dropped with the parachutists as a German interpreter, and Mr. C. W. Cox MM, then a Royal Air Force flight-sergeant and radar expert, briefly described their roles in the raid.

Farther along the cliff top, by a derelict German pill box, the Bruneval veterans and the parachutists of a younger generation, the French villagers and their children looked down on the sun-drenched cove 300 feet below where the Royal Navy snatched the raiders away under German noses.

Beyond, on a gentle slope, a guard of honour drawn from the three fighting Services flanked the Bruneval memorial, waiting, with a cluster of French villagers, to join in tribute to the paratroopers who did not return from the raid.

During the simple service, led by the Rev. A. C. V. Menzies, Senior Chaplain to the Brigade, General Sir Richard Gale DSO, MC, Colonel Commandant of The Parachute Regiment, referred to the raid as an epic of which the Regiment had every reason to be proud. The Territorials had showed, he said, that the spirit which animated the old 2nd Battalion was still alive.

Then, as the guard of men of HMS *Teaser*, of 3rd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, and The Queen's Colour Squadron, Royal Air Force, stood to attention, wreaths were laid by The Parachute Regiment, 44 Independent Brigade, the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force.



"Make a note—the females do the fighting with sound waves as weapons."



Gendarmes and French villagers help to release Captain John Groom, the first man down, from his harness. He brought down telephone wires and was dragged 30 yards but he and the other 62 parachutists were unhurt.

Among the pilgrims to Bruneval was Lieutenant-Colonel T. A. G. Pritchard DSO, now retired, who, a year before the Normandy operation, led the first parachute raid, by the Special Air Service Regiment, on the Tragino aqueduct in the ankle of Italy.

One of his officers—and later a fellow prisoner-of-war—was Lieutenant A. J. Deane-Drummond DSO, MC, who has now taken over command of 44 Independent Parachute Brigade on the appointment of Brigadier Frost to command 52nd (Lowland) Division, Territorial Army.

Also revisiting Bruneval were Flight-Lieutenant J. W. Hannant DFC, who flew as radio operator to Group Captain P. C. ("F" for Freddy) Pickard DSO, DFC, leader of the paratrooping Whitleys, and Regimental Sergeant-Major C. A. Pettitt, of 44 Brigade Provost Company, Territorial Army, who, when a private in The Royal Fusiliers, volunteered for an overseas draft—and found himself in the assault boats with a party of soldiers covering the re-embarkation of the raiders!



They were there! Chatting about the raid are (left to right) ex-Sgt J. Sharp MM, Mr Peter Nagel (then "Private Walker"), Flt-Lieut J. W. Hannant DFC (who flew in the leading Whitley), Gp-Capt D. Peveler DSO, DFC (a pilot), Brig J. D. Frost DSO, MC (commanding the raid) and Flt-Sgt C. W. Cox MM.



A Guard of Honour from HMS *Teaser*, 3rd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment and The Queen's Colour Squadron, Royal Air Force, flanks the memorial as Pipe-Major A. Crawford, of 15th (Scottish) Parachute Battalion, TA, plays a lament at the open-air service which honoured those killed in the raid

Linking past and present, too, were Colonel Remy DSO, a former *Maquis* leader who gave information for the raid and looked after those left behind, as he laid the French Airborne Forces' wreath, and a simple spray which, with a standard bearer, represented the Saint-Jouin-Bruneval *Anciens Combattants et Prisonniers*, the French equivalent of the British Legion.

Later came yet another reunion, with M. and Mme. André le Chevallier who for eight days harboured two parachutists in an upstairs room of their house at Bruneval while the Germans were using it as a billet. The pair were eventually taken prisoner in Le Havre and M. le Chevallier was sent to the dreaded Auschwitz concentration camp.

PETER N. WOOD

The Colonel Commandant of The Parachute Regiment, Gen Sir Richard Gale DSO, MC, meets M. and Mme André le Chevallier who for eight days harboured two parachutists in their house at Bruneval while Germans were living there.



Mr. Peter Nagel, the German interpreter who dropped with the paratroopers at Bruneval, had been whisked, cloak-and-dagger fashion, out of the Royal Pioneer Corps, and before the raid had made only two practice jumps.

A Sudeten German, born in Berlin, he left Germany in 1930 and at the end of 1939 joined an alien company of the Pioneer Corps, serving in France with the BEF.

For the Bruneval raid, to prevent reprisals should he be captured, he adopted the name of Private Walker and an army number based on his girl friend's—she is now his wife—number in the Women's Royal Air Force.

A month later "Private Walker" took part in another combined operation, the raid on St. Nazaire. He was captured and spent three years in prison camp.

# THE INFANTRY TAKE TO

**I**N a cloud of dust a convoy of *Saracens* screeched to a halt on a German heath and a company of riflemen leapt out. Within minutes they had formed up and launched their assault, catching the enemy completely unprepared.

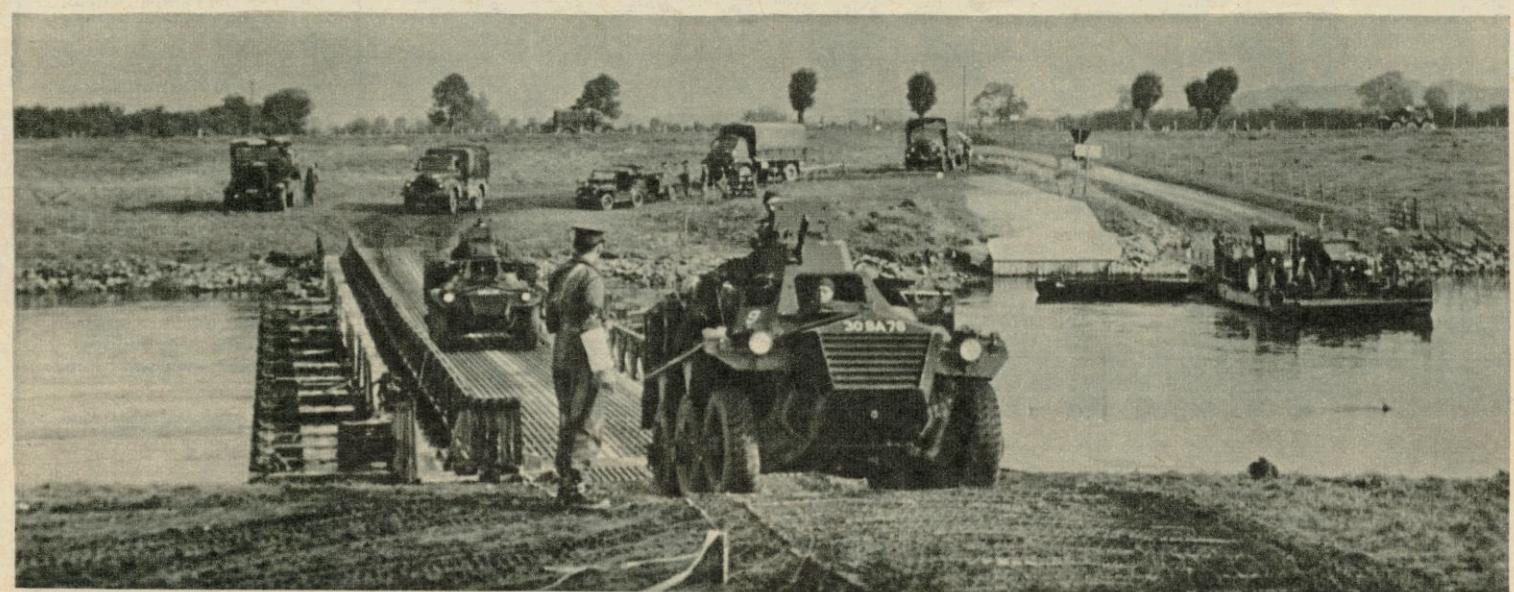
The attackers—men of the 1st Battalion, The Royal Ulster Rifles, on manoeuvres in Westphalia—were demonstrating the speed and mobility with which British Infantrymen of the future will go into battle—whisked into action, in either a conventional or a nuclear war, in their own armoured personnel carriers.

The days when the Infantry left their soft-skinned vehicles behind the start-line and, more often than not, went into battle exhausted by the long, unprotected and nerve-wracking march to the front, are almost over.

In future, the plan is for a number of Infantry regiments to be equipped with armoured personnel carriers so that they can move swiftly and with greater protection than ever before, carrying their light weapons, ammunition, food and equipment with them and towing their anti-tank guns. In a nuclear war an armoured personnel carrier would give as much protection from fall-out as a cellar under a house.

The armoured personnel carrier (trials are taking place with a new type to replace the *Saracen*) will also give the Infantry a bigger punch and greater manoeuvrability.

It was a difficult task, accomplished by the



## BROTHERS-IN-ARMS

Which unit has the most brothers? The claim of the 1st Battalion, The Royal Ulster Rifles, would be hard to beat. It has 12 sets of brothers on its nominal roll!

The brothers are Captain M. N. S. McCord MC and Captain D. G. McCord; Bugle-Major and Corporal Brannigan; Sergeant and Corporal Blakey; Corporal and Bandsman Turner; Lance-Corporals Robinson; Lance-Corporal and Rifleman Murdock; Lance-Corporal and Rifleman Fisher; Riflemen Knowles; Riflemen Shanley; Riflemen Kennedy; Riflemen Hevey and Riflemen Coates.

Longest-serving soldier, with 33 years' unbroken service, is Corporal James Dawson, whose father and two uncles also served in the Regiment.



Corporal James Dawson BEM, the longest serving soldier in the Regiment. He joined up in 1928.

*In a future war, Infantry regiments will be carried into battle in their own armoured vehicles. The first to try them out—in Germany—are The Royal Ulster Rifles*

Each vehicle, armed with a machine-gun which can be fired in a ground or mounted role, and with its own radio set and cooker, will carry a section of men who could fight independently for several days.

No other Infantry regiment has undergone such drastic—or rapid—changes in recent years as The Royal Ulster Rifles who are carrying out the experimental trials in this new concept of the Infantryman's art. Instructions to take on the job were received while the Battalion was on the high seas, bound for Britain from Cyprus, and plans for the re-organisation were made on board the troopship.

The first—and biggest—problem when the Battalion arrived in Germany was to train the driver-operators for the *Saracens*, a task made doubly difficult as many of the unit's *Champ* and truck drivers were National Servicemen due for release and few of the rest had any experience of driving armoured vehicles or of radio. This meant that many riflemen had to be trained from scratch to become specialists.

It was a difficult task, accomplished by the

unit with the help of radio instructors from the Royal Corps of Signals and a bombardier of 170 (Imjin) Battery, Royal Artillery, and driving instructors from 11 Company, Royal Army Service Corps, and Cavalry regiments in Rhine Army.

Remarkably, almost all the driver-operators passed their tests at the first attempt and the Battalion soon had its complement of specialists. Several months after the last driver-operator had completed his training The Royal Ulster Rifles took part in a five-week exercise in Germany and ended the manoeuvres with only four vehicles out of action, a performance which won high praise in high quarters.

In recent years the Infantryman has confounded the critics by taking over heavy weapons—like the 6-pounder and 17-pounder anti-tank guns and the 4.2-inch mortar—which some experts said he could not be taught to handle. Now, The Royal Ulster Rifles trials indicate that no Infantry battalion should have any difficulty finding men from within its own ranks to take on yet another specialist task.

# WHEELS

There have been other problems, affecting transport, technical stores and signals organisation, but these have been largely overcome as the Battalion has settled down in its new role. At first it found it difficult to carry all its equipment, food and ammunition in the *Saracens* but solved the problem by mounting wire cages on the sides of the vehicles and building ammunition racks in the mortar-carrying *Saracens*. Learning new tactics and new battle drills has not been easy either for men used to fighting on their flat feet, but the Battalion has now reached the stage where it could give a good account of itself in action.

Significantly, The Royal Ulster Rifles' new role has strengthened the men's already high morale and their attitude is aptly summed up by a sergeant who told *SOLDIER*: "We are much more enthusiastic because the training is more interesting and we take a great pride in our vehicles. At last we feel that the Infantry is beginning to get somewhere."

If the Infantryman of the future is to be trained to ride into battle will he not become physically soft and forget how to march?

"Certainly not," says Lieutenant-Colonel W. E. S. Sturgeon, Commanding Officer of the 1st Battalion, The Royal Ulster Rifles. "Not all the training will be carried out on wheels. Long route marches will continue to be included in our training and we shall lay great stress on physical fitness."

E. J. G.



Lieut-Col W. E. S. Sturgeon, Commanding Officer of The Royal Ulster Rifles, and his second-in-command, Maj A. J. Dyball, halt for a quick reccie.

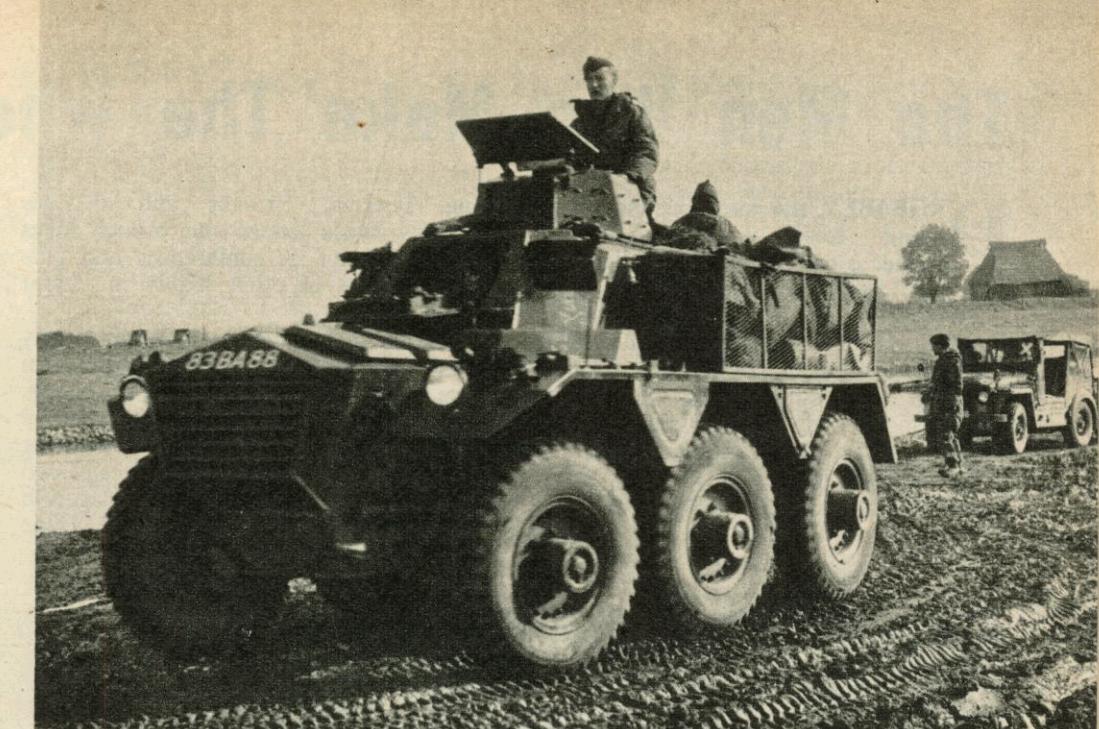
The Royal Ulster Rifles—nickname "The Stickies"—date back to the days of George III.

Both the 83rd (County of Dublin Regiment) and the 86th (Royal County Down Regiment) were raised in 1793 and were combined to form The Royal Irish Rifles on 1 July, 1881. This day is now celebrated in the Regiment as Rifles Day.

In 1921 the title of the Regiment was changed to The Royal Ulster Rifles and when after World War Two it was reduced to one Regular battalion the 1st (83rd) and 2nd (86th) battalions, were amalgamated, thus retaining the histories and traditions of both.

During the emergency in Cyprus, The Royal Ulster Rifles killed more terrorists—eight—than any other regiment.

In one gallant action which led to the death of an EOKA leader a lieutenant of the Regiment won the Military Cross and a sergeant the Military Medal for bravery.



A *Saracen* on trial in Germany. Note the wire cages on the side, to carry food and equipment. In the mortar-carrying *Saracens*, ammunition racks have been built.



Above: Anti-tank detachments get on target. These Mobats are towed behind *Saracens*. Below: Among the heather on a German heath, The Royal Ulster Rifles' three-inch mortar detachments keep their hands in. Carried into action in their own armoured vehicles, the mortar-men will be able to move more swiftly than ever before.



# The Men Who Make The Wheels Go Round

**P**ROBABLY the most misunderstood—and least appreciated—British soldier is the general duties clerk, the man you'll find in any Army office.

To his comrades enjoying more healthy activities out of doors he is the lucky chap who does nothing all day but sit at his desk drinking tea, messing up the soldiers' pay and putting them on guard. If anything goes wrong it's nearly always the clerk's fault.

In fact, the general duties clerk works harder and longer hours than most of his fellows. He is the man who prepares and checks accounts, keeps office records and

files systems, encodes and decodes messages, types letters and orders, takes shorthand notes at conferences and performs a score of other highly important duties.

He is the man on whom the Army largely depends for its efficient administration in peace and war, a specialist doing a vital job.

Most general duties clerks are trained by the Royal Army Service Corps and in the last ten years more than 10,000 have passed through the Corps' School at Sennelager, in Germany. Here, too, all clerks in Rhine Army take their trade tests.

When **SOLDIER** recently visited the School some 80 men, from nearly every arm of the Service, and several girls of the Women's Royal Army Corps, were being put through their paces. In one room students were learning touch typing, in another précis-writing, in others book-keeping, filing, message handling and stores accounting.

"A good clerk is worth his weight in gold," says Major W. Haslam, the School's Commanding Officer. "In peace and war he makes the administrative machine run smoothly and saves time and lives."

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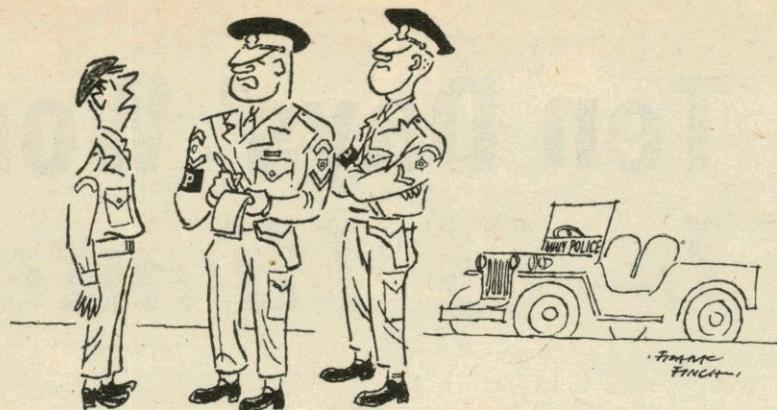
Top: Sergeant-Instructor D. M. Gladwell, a journalist in civilian life, supervises a shorthand-typing class. Bottom left: Sergeant M. F. Rock, a teacher in private life, demonstrates the use of a duplicating machine. Bottom right: An instructor explains how fingers should be placed in order to type by touch—the most rapid way.



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"My unit is number Six Seven Column comma Mobile Defence Corps comma brackets on Queen Charlotte's Own Light Infantry brackets off comma brackets on The Heart of Midlothian Fencibles brackets off comma Territorial Army."

"Well, all right, don't do it again!"

## TOO MUCH IN A NAME

**A** FEW years ago there was a unit which rejoiced in the name of 428th The Princess Beatrice's (Isle of Wight Rifles) (Mixed) Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment, Royal Artillery, Territorial Army (The Green Gunners). Phew!

That is 19 words and a number. It may not be a record among marathon names, but (luckily) it cannot have many rivals. For all that, there are far too many word-wasting names in the Army. You would need an electronic brain to compute how much they cost unnecessarily in man- (and woman-) hours, typewriter-ribbons, paper and print.

More important, they stand in the way of the current campaign to "Keep the Army in the Public Eye," particularly when the campaign is aimed at the newspapers.

To the *Daily Tabloid* comes a story about how men of the 99th Water Transport Company, Royal Army Service Corps, rescued flood victims. The name alone would take up three precious lines in the *Tabloid's* columns and you could not expect the readers to wade through all that. So, if the story sees print at all, the unit's name has probably been cut to "soldiers from Mudtown."

Again, that fine product of amalgamation, The 1st Battalion, The King's Own Royal Loamshire Light Infantry, distinguishes itself in the Far East. The newspapers give the credit to "The Loamshire Light Infantry" or "The Loamshire Regiment." And a retired officer writes an indignant letter to the editor.

Editors know their public, and how their public is likely to refer to the regiment, and that is the form the newspapers most like to publish.

There is the target: a name the public will use, that will be not only in the Public Eye, but also in the Public Ear and Public Mouth. There is nothing unmilitary about it. And in any case the men of the 1st Battalion The King's Own Royal Loamshire Light Infantry refer to themselves as "The Loamshire Light Infantry" or "The Loamshires."

The trouble with so many names is that they have become cluttered-up. Here is some clutter which could be discarded:

*Bits of history in brackets*—for example, (Prince Ethelred's Own). The Prince has been dead a long time now, and his connection with his regiments belongs to the regimental history-books.

*King's, Queen's*—as in Queen's Mudshire Regiment. Which King's or which Queen's? Or does that matter outside the history-book?

*Own*—as in King's Own. A meaningless encumbrance.

*The, The*—favoured by Cavalry, as in The 99th The King's Own Donkeywalloppers. The second *The* is pomposity.

*Battalion, Regiment*—Both unnecessary. The 1st Loamshires means as much as the 1st Battalion, The Loamshire Regiment.

*Corps*—Also often used unnecessarily. The Royal Engineers and Royal Signals get by very nicely without it (though both use it in formal documents).

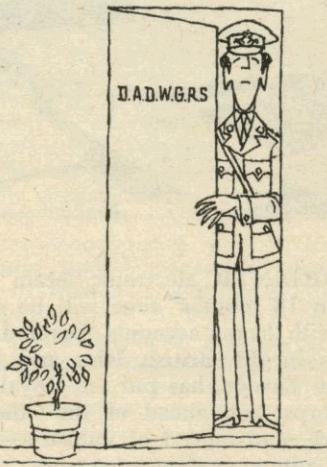
*Army*—as in Royal Army Ordnance Corps. Again the Royal Signals and Royal Engineers show how to do without it.

Removing the clutter does not mean removing swank and tradition. Hussars and Dragoons, Light Infantry and Fusiliers can keep the distinction accorded by their former roles, some of which were awarded as

honours. Similarly, nobody would expect any regiment or corps to give up the honour "Royal."

Among the corps, must we have such comprehensive unit designations as 555th General Transport Column, Royal Army Service Corps, or 777th Ordnance Field Park, Royal Army Ordnance Corps? In military practice they would be known as 555th GT Column and 777th OFP, but only the initiates could know what the letters stood for. The names could be reduced to a figure and one or two words to describe their roles—something like 555th Transport and 777th Field Ordnance. If the units form part of the Territorial Army, let us say so in one word instead of two—thus, 777th Territorial Field Ordnance.

Among appointments, the name-simplifier is up against fearful odds. There have been Adjutants-General and Quartermasters-General, with their hosts of Deputies, Assistants and Deputy-Assistants, for so long that the chances of changing their designations are remote. Add to that the problem of explaining shortly what, say, a Deputy



"... dignified mystery ..."

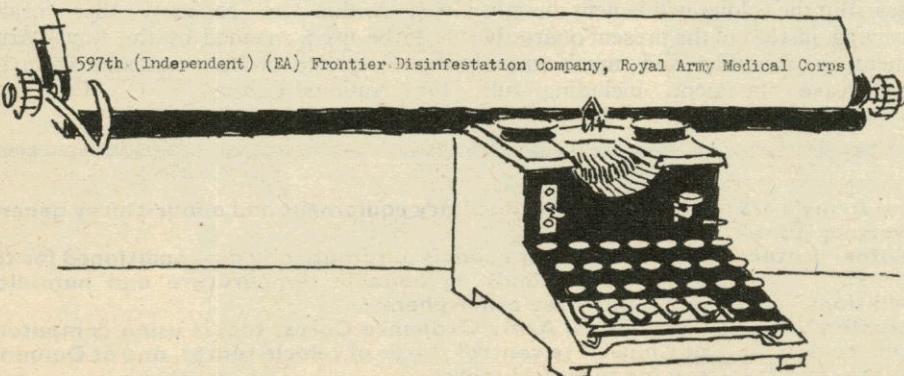
Assistant Adjutant-General does, and it becomes obvious that he will have to remain cloaked in the dignified mystery of traditional long-windedness.

There are, however, some staff appointments which could be trimmed. Take a Deputy Director of Ordnance Services in a Command Headquarters. This brigadier is, in fact, the Chief Ordnance Officer in the Command. Well, why not call him just that? It saves two words and is much less confusing. It saves more words when you come to his staff of Deputies and Assistants. Once more, the Royal Engineers with Chief Engineer, and Royal Signals with Chief Signals Officer, show what can be done.

The holders of many appointments would probably welcome the changes, not least a civilian who recently had his appointment changed to Command Public Relations Officer. When (and this was before the Lady Chatterley case) he arrived at a conference and saw the abbreviation CPRO on a card in front of his seat, he received the condolences of his colleagues on having become a four-letter man.

**RICHARD ELLEY**

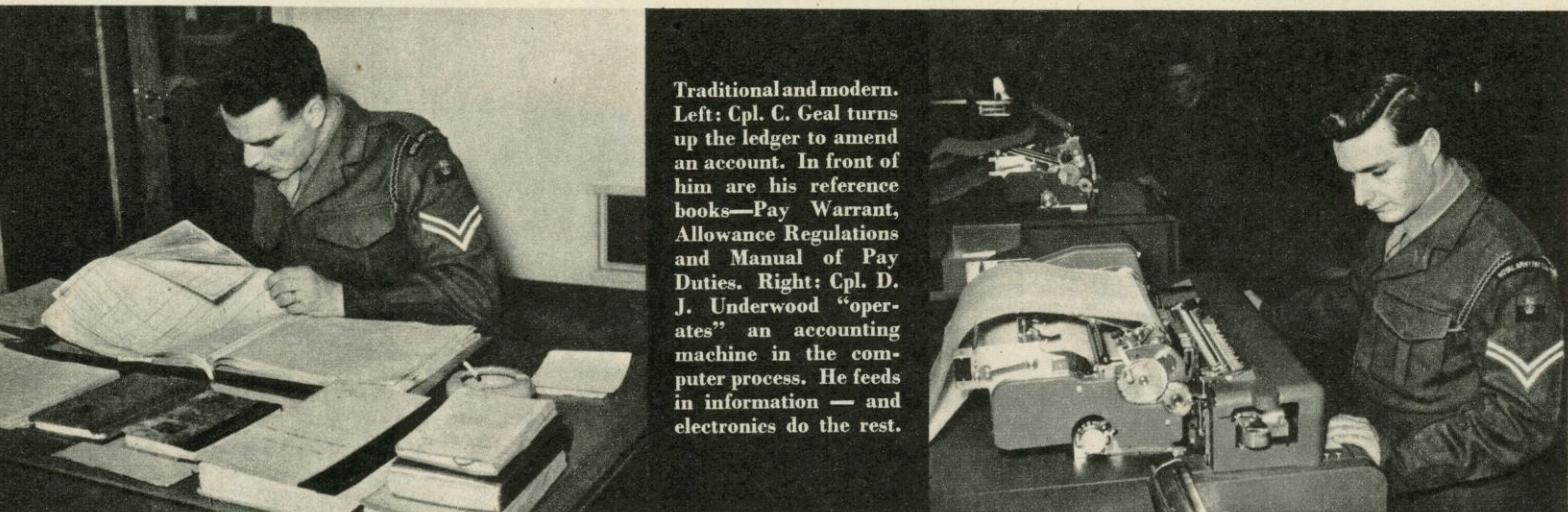
★ And while we're on the subject of names isn't it time the Army found another name for the War Office? The Royal Navy has an Admiralty, and the Royal Air Force an Air Ministry, so why not the Army Office? Any ideas, anyone?



"... unnecessary cost in typewriter ribbons, paper and print ..."

Taking a deep plunge into the electronics world, an up-to-the-minute Royal Army Pay Corps now has a super computer which will condense hours of manual work on soldiers' accounts into mere seconds. It will save the Army £400,000 a year and 600 clerks. And, soon, the old pay parade may disappear

# Ten Days' Work In 3½ Minutes!



Traditional and modern. Left: Cpl. C. Geal turns up the ledger to amend an account. In front of him are his reference books—Pay Warrant, Allowance Regulations and Manual of Pay Duties. Right: Cpl. D. J. Underwood "operates" an accounting machine in the computer process. He feeds in information—and electronics do the rest.

**A**GIGANTIC electronic "brain" which in 18 months' time will be dealing with the pay accounts of some 120,000 soldiers in the British Isles and North-Western Europe, has put the Royal Army Pay Corps well ahead of the other two Services—and indeed of industry—in this field of automatic data processing.

The computer, the only one of its kind in Britain, is housed in a specially designed new block at Worthy Down, in Hampshire, the former Fleet Air Arm station recently taken over by the Pay Corps.

Although the new computer, made in France to American design, has cost £600,000 and its buildings £160,000, the system will save £400,000 a year and solve the problem of recruiting some 600 clerks when National Service ends.

Apart from saving staff and money, the computer handles accounts incredibly more quickly than is achieved by present manual methods. For example, it takes an experienced clerk seven minutes to effect a corporal's promotion to sergeant—the computer does this in .001 of a second!

A soldier's account is reduced to a system of dots, invisible to the naked eye, recorded on one-inch-wide magnetic tape. A mere four inches of tape will contain an average account with all the soldier's and his family's

details, including income tax, insurance deductions and allowance book particulars.

The computer can change these items or add new information in split seconds. SOLDIER recently watched it make 310 similar and 61 miscellaneous alterations to 312 separate accounts in just over three and a half minutes. This task would take an expert clerk over 80 hours in ten full days' work.

Handled by the Royal Army Pay Corps' Electronic Accounting Development Unit, the computer is maintaining the accounts of the Royal Armoured Corps, The Parachute Regiment, Special Air Service Regiment and Army Air Corps, and is now converting the accounts of the Royal Engineers.

During and after conversion, unit casualties are transposed by Regimental Pay Office to punched cards from which information is converted at Worthy Down to a magnetic tape record.

This procedure will still be followed when soldiers' ledger accounts in all regimental pay offices are converted to this system, hence there will not be a revolutionary time-saving in giving effect to pay changes. But the soldier will benefit directly by receiving, instead of the present quarterly statement, a monthly and much more comprehensive statement, including full

particulars of income tax deductions. The "brain," which automatically rejects incorrect information, will also reduce the opportunities for human error in calculations.

The Electronic Accounting Development Unit—a mixed military and civilian establishment commanded by a colonel at the Royal Army Pay Corps—has been working on the automatic data processing system for over two years. Officers, non-commissioned officers and civilians have visited the United States to study American computing systems and have been attached to civilian firms for commercial experience.

Regular soldiers have been keen to join the unit and "nurse" the new infant, while at the same time increasing their potential within the Corps and in a future civilian life. National Servicemen have been employed mainly on short-term conversion work so that their eventual departure will not leave gaps.

After the regimental pay office accounts have been taken over the next application of the computer will be to officers' accounts.

In the meantime, while as yet working well within its capacity, the "brain" is to be used, manned by the Royal Army Pay Corps, to produce statistics from the 1961 National Census.

The Worthy Down computer can memorise the Army's 475 different rates of pay and allowances, 38 local overseas allowance tables (each of six different rates) and 350 other factors which can affect a soldier's pay.

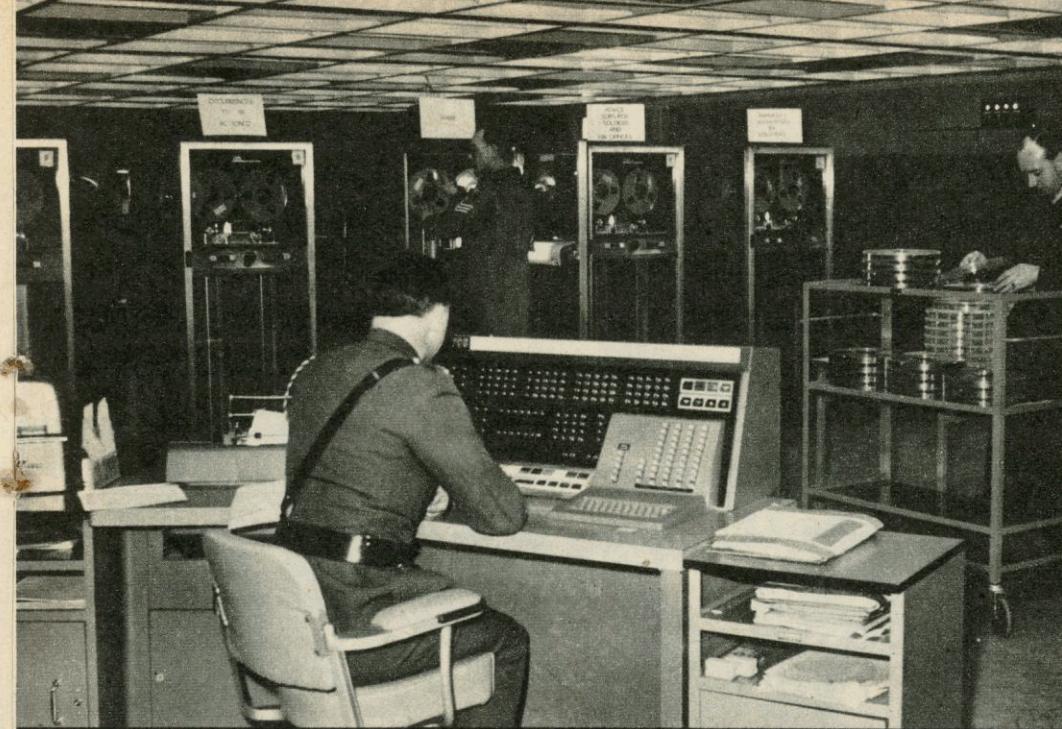
In one second it can make 8400 five-digit additions, 1250 five-digit multiplications or read 15,000 tape characters.

The modern buildings housing the computer centre at Worthy Down include a single-storey main block for the

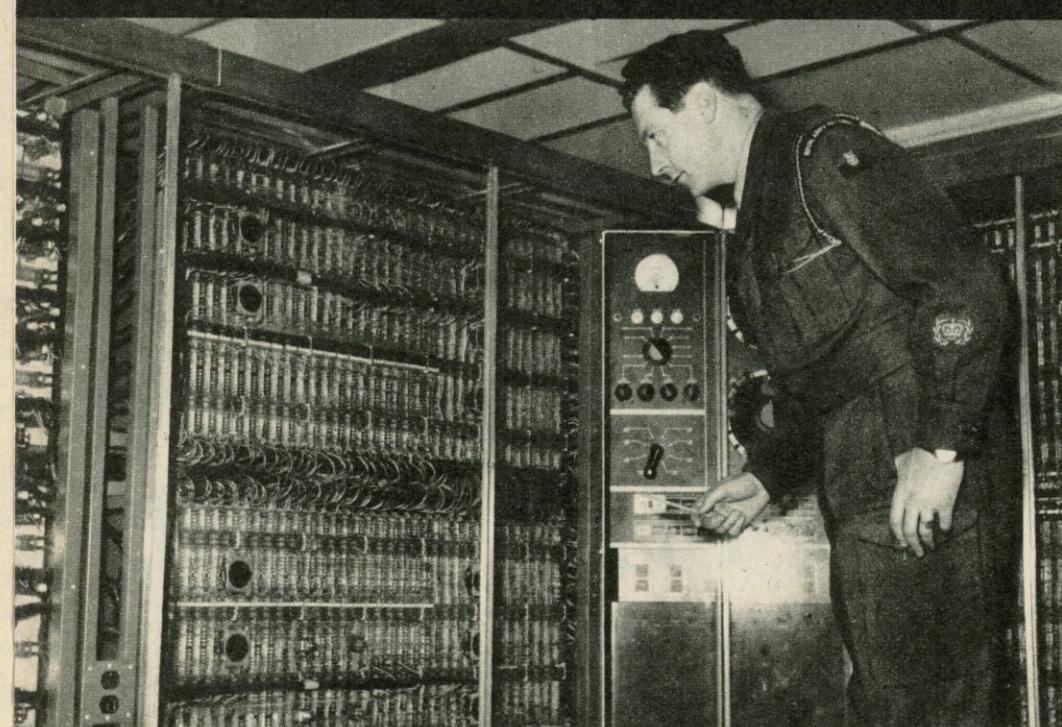
"brain" and its ancillary equipment and a four-storey general office block.

The computer room is automatically air-conditioned for the machine demands an equable temperature and humidity, and a dust-free atmosphere.

The Royal Army Ordnance Corps, too, is using computers, at Chilwell to control stocks of vehicle spares, and at Donington for technical stores.



Captain G. W. J. Fey at the console which controls the computer runs. Four of the lights indicate machine and room temperatures and humidity. Below: Warrant Officer G. Thorning takes a look at the computer's complexities. That's a pencil in his hand and not a screwdriver!



Left: Cards punched in this machine and converted to magnetic tape tell the computer what to do. At her side the operator has a key for transcribing programme symbols into her machine's language. "RSM" at the bottom of this sheet stands for "Reader Search Mark", not "Regimental Sergeant Major." On tape it means "The end"!



## And The Pay Parade May Go

**I**n the not-too-distant future the Army pay parade, which has been criticised for years as a time-wasting, "bull"-laden, undignified procedure, may disappear.

The Royal Army Pay Corps is carrying out experiments which may replace the present methods.

The first is payment by monthly cheques to warrant officers. This has not proved universally popular and a second scheme, the new bankers' credit system, is now being tried out in War Office and Far East Land Forces Headquarters. Income tax, insurance contributions and quarterly rentals are deducted at source and the balance credited monthly to a bank.

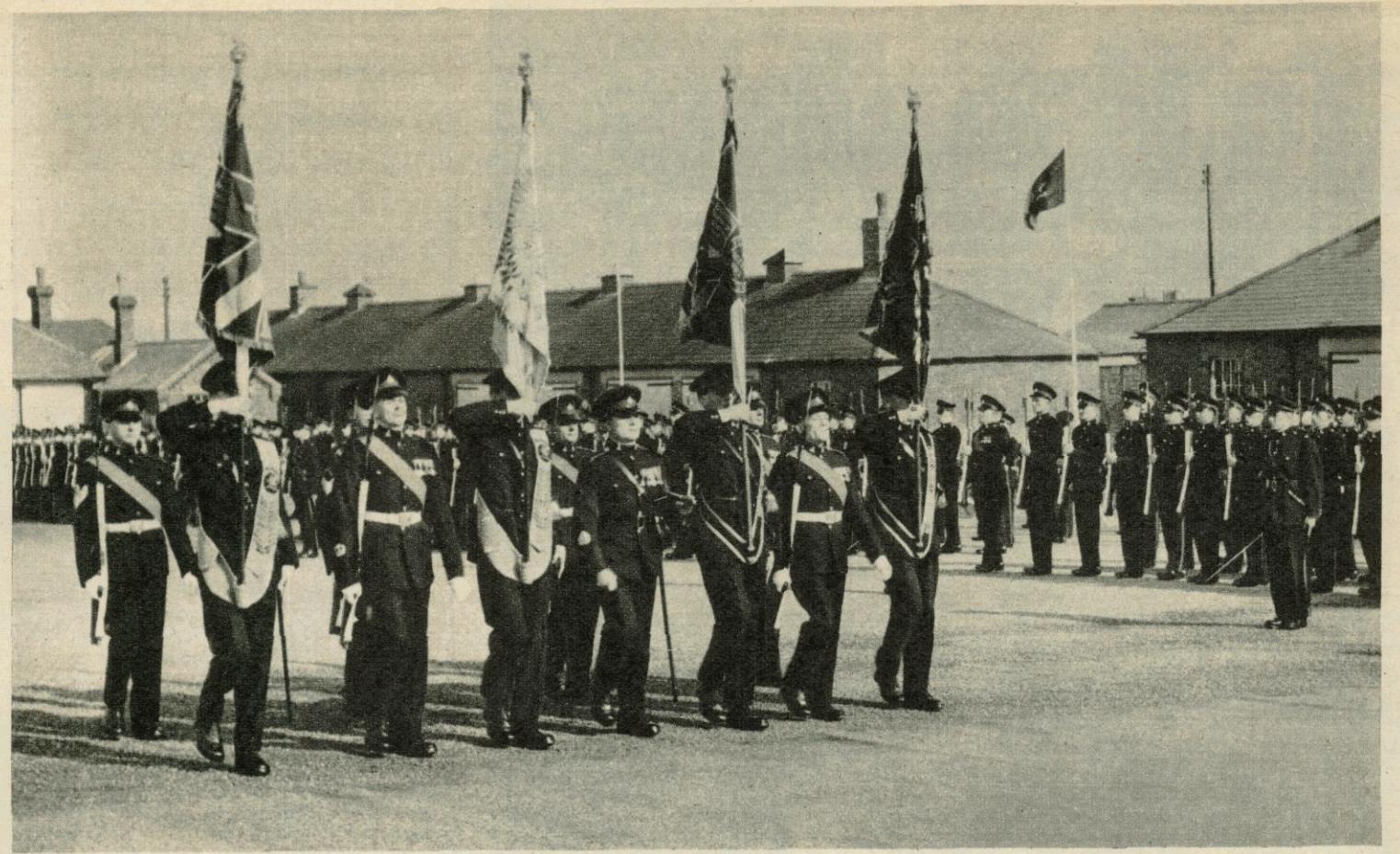
If this experiment is successful the bankers' credit system will be extended to sergeants and above, including the Territorial Army and Army Emergency Reserve, in the United Kingdom. Later, it may be adopted overseas, wherever banking facilities are available, and eventually it could possibly be extended to all junior ranks.

The Royal Army Pay Corps expects teething troubles—the soldier must have a bank account and may take a little time to familiarise himself with a monthly, instead of weekly, payment—but feels that the system will elevate the soldier's status and more aptly equip him for civilian life.

The man who prefers to draw weekly cash will still be able to do so, for the new scheme will be on a voluntary basis.



... elevate the soldier's status . . .



Side by side, the old Colours of the two uniting regiments are marched off parade while the men of the new Queen's Own Buffs, The Royal Kent Regiment, present arms in a final sad farewell.

*The lowering of two flags and the unfurling of a new one signified the birth of the last amalgamated Infantry regiment, formed from two famous regiments which had nearly 600 years' service between them*

## THE BUFF AND THE BLUE UNITE



Left: Major-General Craddock DSO (left) and Major-General Talbot DSO, MC inspect the new Regimental Band, now 74 strong. Above: Major-General Craddock, formerly Colonel of The Buffs, inspects the guards of his old Regiment before they marched on parade to join those of The West Kents.

To the sad strains of "Auld Lang Syne" two regimental flags—one buff, the other blue—were slowly lowered on a parade ground at Shorncliffe.

Suddenly, a trumpet fanfare split the air and high on its staff a new regimental flag—half buff, half blue and bearing the White Horse of Kent—was unfurled.

It was a poignant and a proud occasion. In that brief moment two famous Infantry regiments with 594 years' service between them—The Buffs (Royal East Kent Regiment) and The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment—disappeared. And in their place a new regiment—The Queen's Own Buffs, The Royal Kent Regiment, was born.

It was a doubly historic moment, too, for it marked the end of the friendly rivalry between the two old regiments and was the last of the amalgamations of Infantry regiments in the Regular Army. The Men of Kent (The Buffs) and the Kentish Men (The Queen's) had joined forces to become Kent's only county regiment.

Appropriately, the ceremony was carried out in brilliant sunshine and began when two guards of each old regiment marched on and were inspected by the Colonels of the Regiments—Major-General R. W. Craddock DSO, of The Buffs, and Major-General D. E. B. Talbot DSO, MC, of The Queen's.

Then the Regimental Colour parties took post with the four Queen's and Regimental Colours and the symbolic act of amalgamation was performed by the raising of the new Regimental flag, after which the new Regiment, in blues and carrying self-loading rifles with bayonets fixed and led by their first commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Dendy, formerly of The Buffs, marched past their Deputy-Colonel of the Regiment, Major-General Talbot.

Then came the saddest moment of all as the old Colours—bearing a host of famous battle honours from Blenheim to Belleisle, Malplaquet to Mons and Arras to El Alamein—were marched off parade for the last time.

The amalgamation of these two famous regiments will not mean that all trace of them will disappear. With the Saxon crown and sword of the Home Counties Brigade as its cap badge and on its buttons, The Queen's Own Buffs will wear a collar badge in the shape of the rearing White Horse of Kent, similar to The Queen's Own old cap badge, and the new Regimental motto is that of The Buffs: "Veteri frondescit honore" ("With its ancient honour it is evergreen").

Officers, warrant officers and non-commissioned officers of the new Regiment will also wear the royal blue lanyard with battledress, a former tradition in The Queen's Own; the new Regimental march is a combination of the two old ones; and the new Regimental Colours—to be presented later this year by King Frederick of Denmark, the Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment—will bear the White Horse with "Invicta," the emblems of The Buffs (a dragon) and The Queen's Own (crown surmounted by a lion), both former regimental mottoes, and the battle honours of the two regiments.

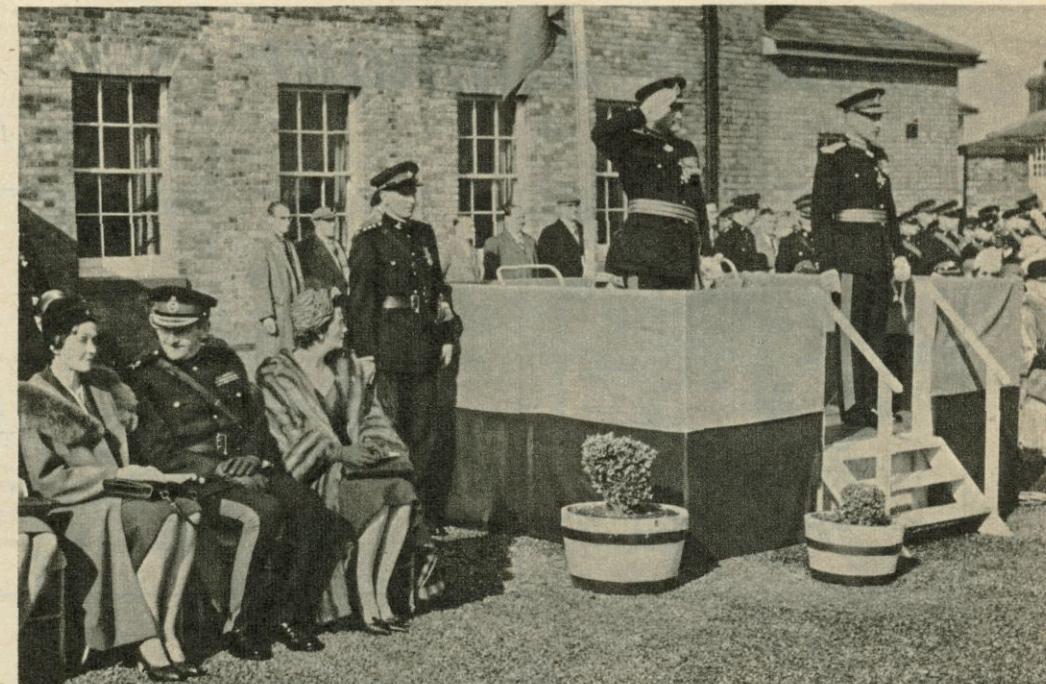
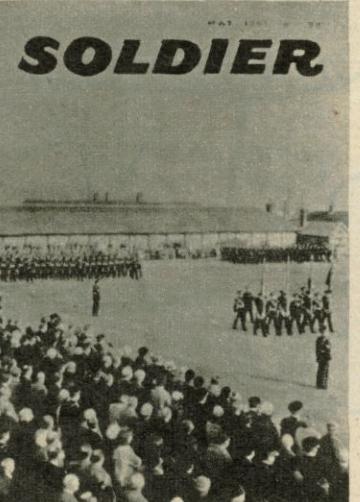
Both old regiments had long and illustrious records of service and many of their traditions will be preserved. The Buffs can trace their origins to the year 1572 when Queen Elizabeth formed "a faire company of three hundred strong" from the trained bands of the City of London to help the

### COVER PICTURE

SOLDIER's front cover, by Staff Cameraman PETER O'BRIEN, shows the Colours of The Buffs and The Queen's Own being marched past in slow time for the last time at Shorncliffe. Taking the salute are the Colonels of the Regiments, Major-General R. W. Craddock DSO, of The Buffs, and Major-General D. E. B. Talbot DSO, MC, of The Queen's Own.

The new Regiment receives its new Colours later this year from its Colonel-in-Chief, King Frederik of Denmark.

As SOLDIER went to press The Queen's Own Buffs was preparing for its first overseas tour—a six-months' stay in Kenya.



Major-General Talbot, Deputy-Colonel of the new Regiment, takes the salute as The Queen's Own Buffs march past. The new Regiment will continue its forebears' traditions.

Dutch against the Spaniards. They fought in the Netherlands for nearly 90 years until the Spaniards were finally defeated and took their title from the buff colour of their jerkins, breeches and hose.

In 1665, when war broke out between England and Holland, The Buffs became The Holland Regiment and fought their old comrades, and in 1689 became Prince George of Denmark's Regiment, fighting in Marlborough's campaigns. The Buffs were one of the regiments to fight in the last battle in which troops were commanded by a British monarch—at Dettingen, in 1743, when the Army led by King George II defeated the French.

In the Peninsular War, The Buffs earned one of their nicknames—The Nutcrackers—because of the number of French heads they cracked. They were also known as The Buff Howards and The Resurrectionists.

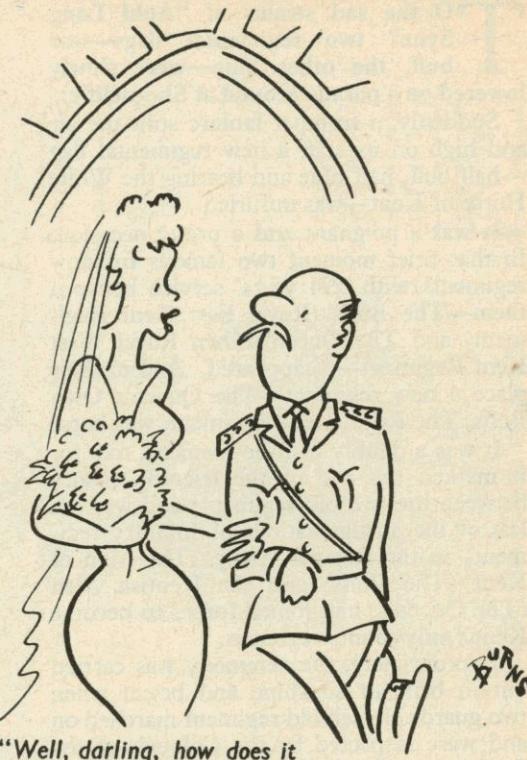
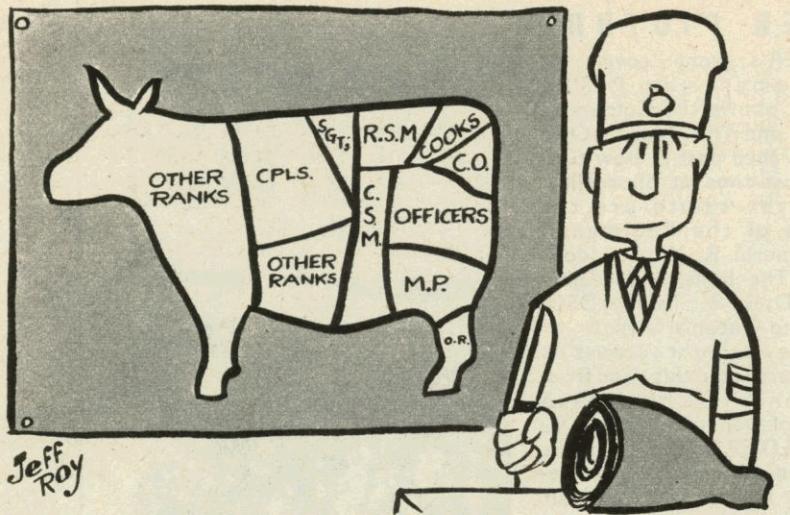
The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, recruited from London's south-east boroughs and west Kent, was formed in 1756 as The Queen's Own, fought as

Marines under Nelson, took part in the battle of Ushant in 1778 and helped to drive the French from Corsica, an occasion commemorated every year by the laying of a wreath at the foot of Nelson's Column. Originally numbered the 50th Foot, The Queen's Own won their nickname "The Dirty Half Hundred" during the Peninsular War because the men dirtied their faces when they wiped away their sweat with their black cuffs.

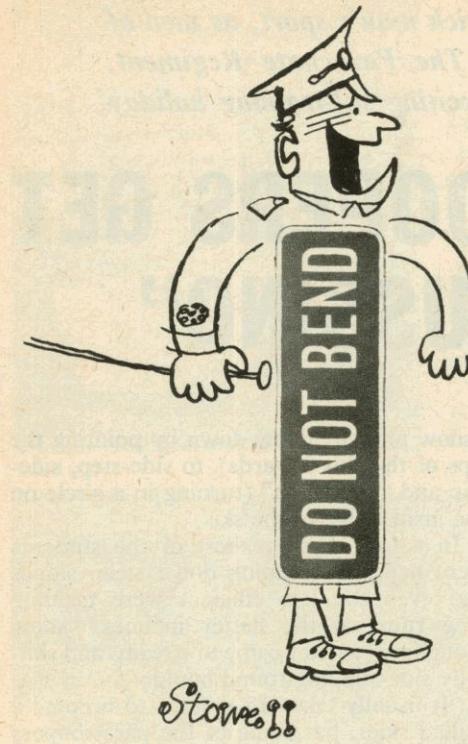
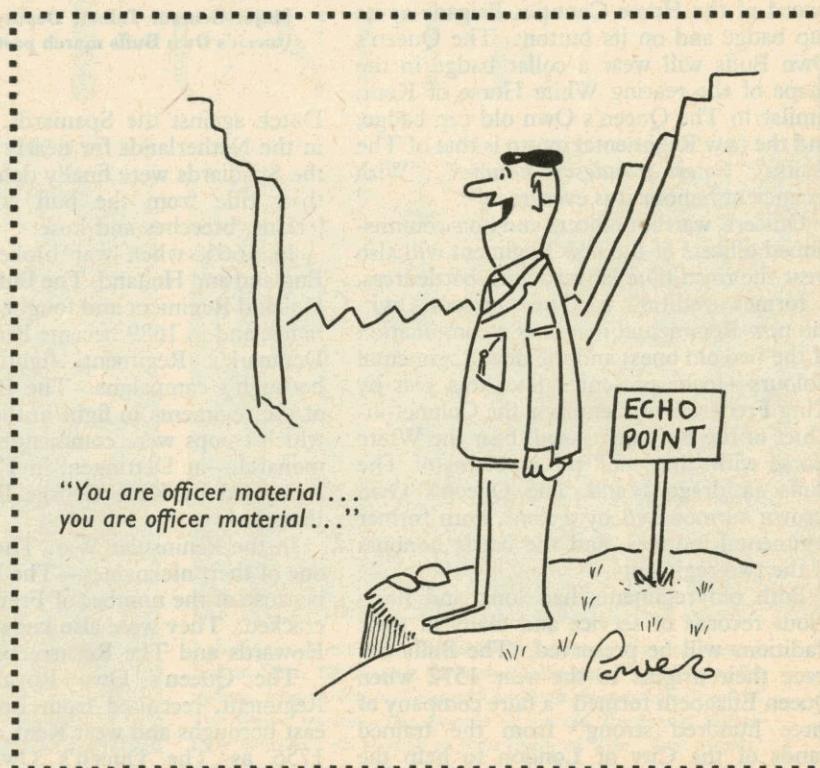
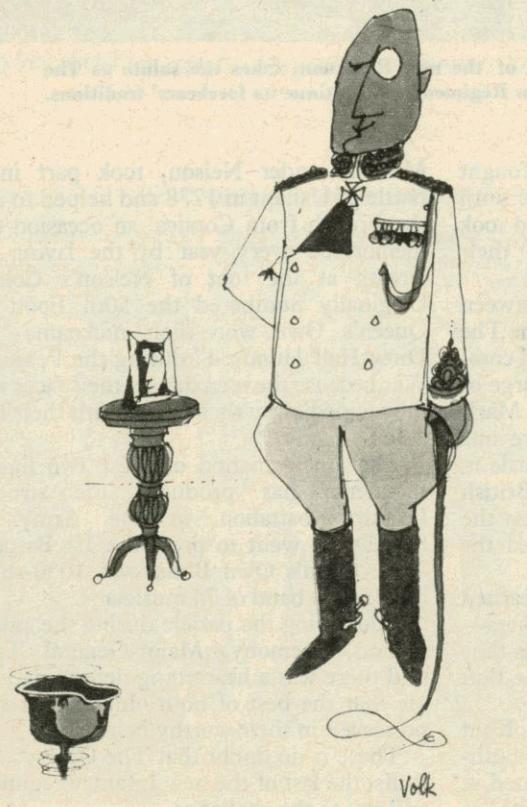
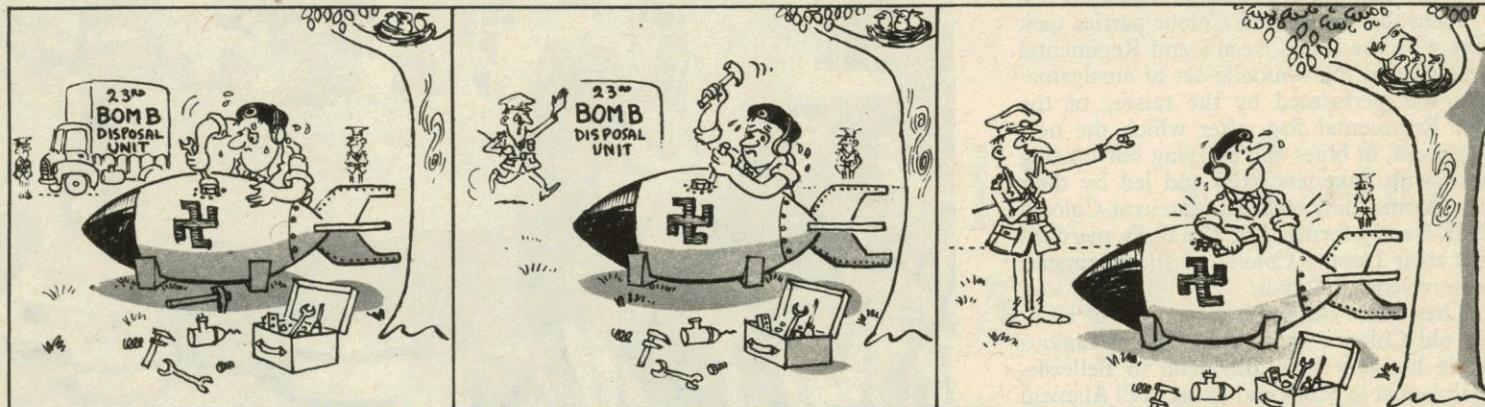
The amalgamation of these two fine old regiments has produced the strongest Infantry battalion in the Army. As SOLDIER went to press the 1st Battalion, The Queen's Own Buffs, was 1050-strong, including a band of 74 musicians.

Addressing the parade during the amalgamation ceremony, Major-General Talbot said there was a heartening determination to see that the best of both old regiments was preserved in their worthy heir.

There is no doubt that The Queen's Own Buffs, the last of the new Infantry regiments, will rise to the challenge.

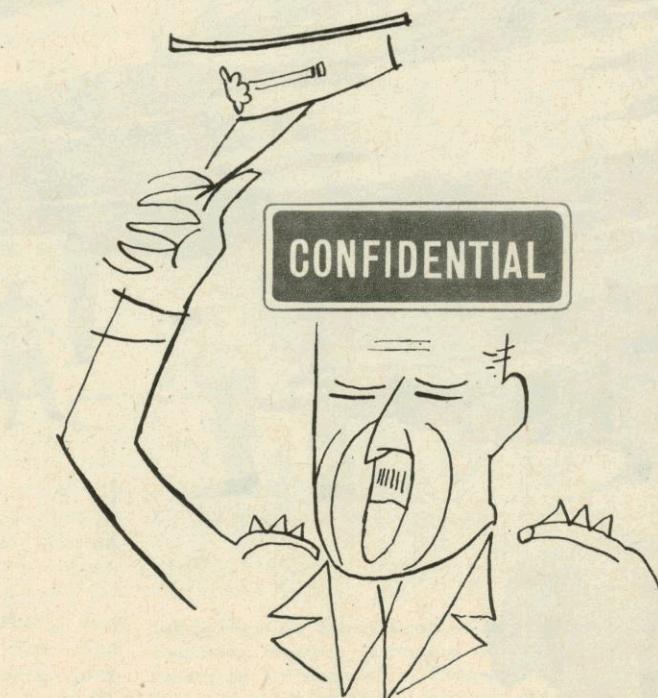
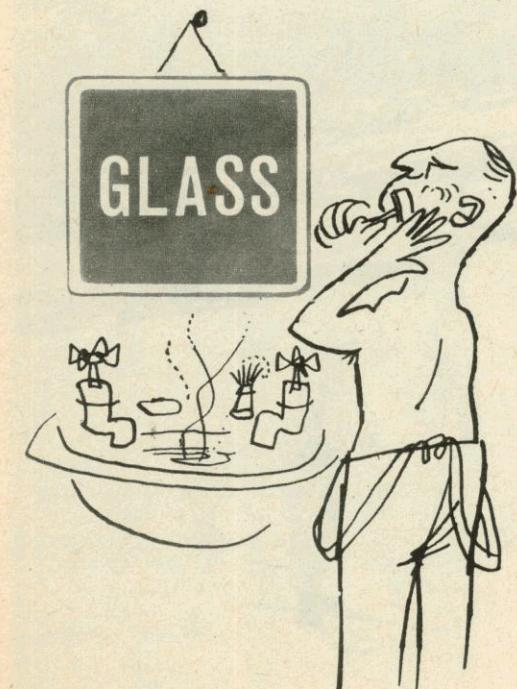
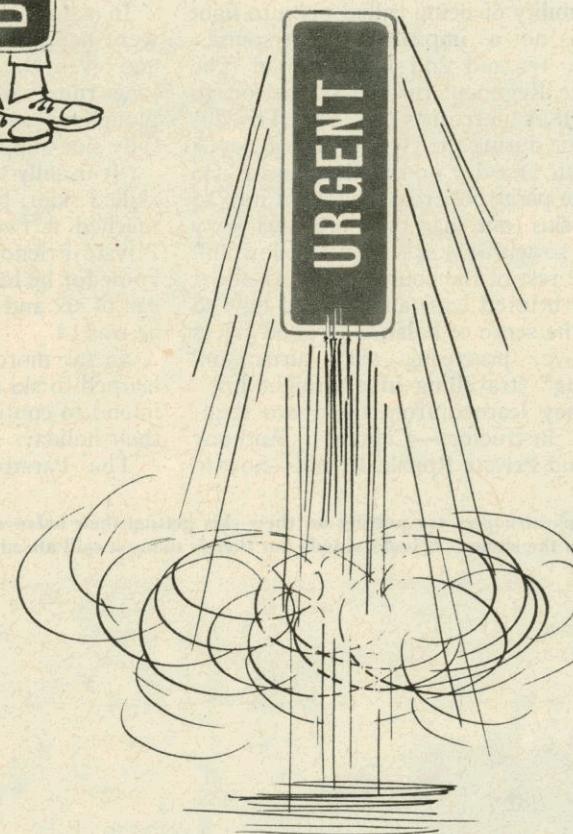


## Soldier Humour



## Slick Stickers

by  
Gordon  
Stowell



Captain Tony Heately (left) and Private Ronald Friend show the novices how to do "the snow plough" by pointing the tips of their skis together. This slows down the speed or brings the skier to a halt.



*Ski-ing isn't just a rich man's sport, as men of the 3rd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, proved during an exciting ski-training holiday*

## PARATROOPERS GET "SCHUSSING"

**T**HIRTY paratroopers, skis on shoulders, hurried out of a log cabin 1300 feet up in the Cairngorm mountains in Scotland and bundled into Land-Rovers which whisked them to the snow-covered ski slopes on the nearby White Lady and Coire Gas.

It was a moment they had been awaiting for more than 24 hours, cabin-bound by a raging, 90-mile-an-hour gale and torrential icy sleet and snow.

Now, the gale had died and the sun was shining and the paratroopers—from 3rd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment—clad in an odd, unmilitary assortment of coloured tam-o'-shanters, sweaters and waterproof trousers, were off on their first ski-ing lesson.

They were the third party of volunteers from the Regiment who, in recent months and at their own expense, have been taught how to ski. Most of them had never even seen

a ski before. At the end of the course all could ski safely downhill and many had learned enough to put up a fair showing on a ski patrol in action. For the paratroopers the possibility of being called upon to fight on skis is not as improbable as it sounds. Both the 1st and 2nd Battalions of The Parachute Regiment formed ski patrols to seek EOKA terrorists in the Troodos Mountains during the Cyprus emergency.

On their first day on the Cairngorms' ski slopes the paratroopers were taught how to fix their skis (one man on a previous party who did so with his skis pointing downhill spent the rest of the course hobbling about on badly bruised legs) and learned how to acquire the sense of balance all good skiers must have, practising side turns and "schussing" (travelling in a straight line).

Later, they learned from their two Regimental instructors—Captain Anthony Heately and Private Ronald Friend—how to

"snow plough" (slow down by pointing the tips of the skis inwards), to side-step, side-slip and "edge-turn" (turning in a circle on the inside edge of the skis).

In a few days the best of the students were happily swooping down steep slopes and even the less efficient were tackling long runs on the flatter inclines, "snow ploughing" as they came to streams and skillfully side-slipping round boulders.

"It usually takes 15 months to become a skilled skier, but some of the paratroopers reached a two-year standard in a day," Private Friend told SOLDIER. He should know for he learned to ski in Canada at the age of six and skied almost every day until he was 14.

So far more than 80 paratroopers have learned to ski in the Cairngorms and many intend to continue their training and spend their holidays ski-ing.

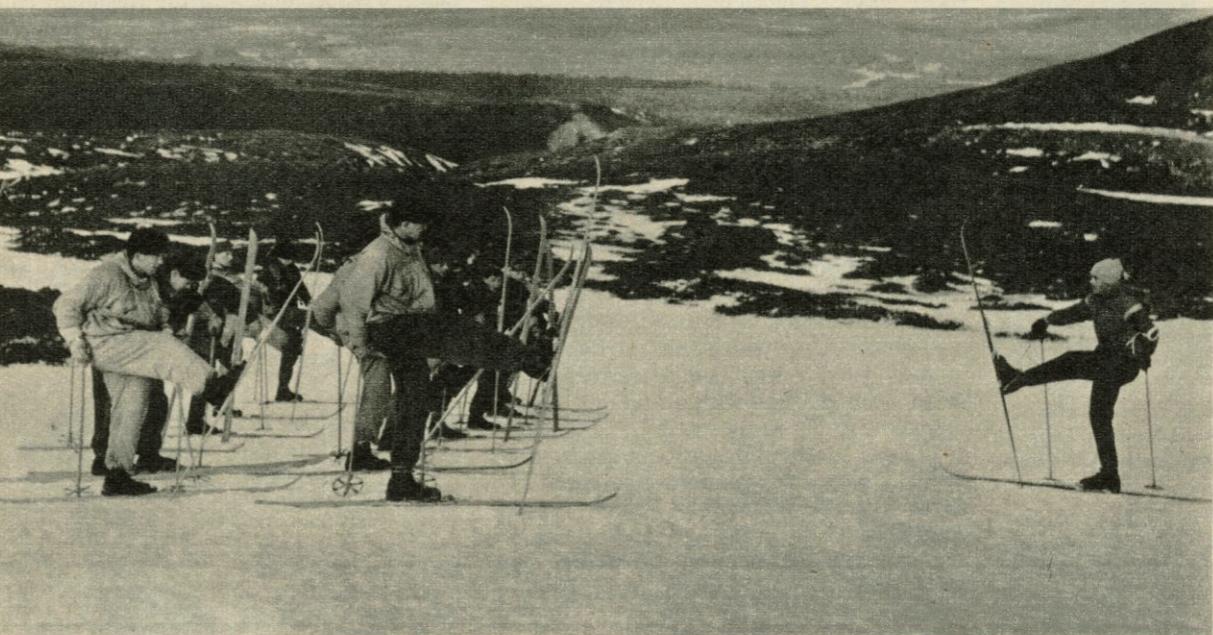
The Paratroopers were not the only

As a first introduction to ski-ing, the paratroopers try putting on their skis getting their balance and just moving about on them before taking to the slopes. It looks simple but there's many a spill ahead for some.



Highlight of the training was the thrill of a downhill run. A ski haul saves a gruelling uphill climb and makes more practice possible.

Most difficult thing for beginners to grasp is the positioning of shoulders and knees when trying to turn. Capt. Heately shows how.



"The kick turn," which must be performed while standing still, is demonstrated by Captain Heately. One optimistic volunteer tried doing this while speeding downhill and was out of action for the rest of the course.

soldiers in the Cairngorms. Nearby, 17 boys from the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Artillery, spent two weeks learning how to ski, men of 22 Special Air Service Regiment a similar period perfecting their ski training and 24 Royal Marines were on a three-week course in snow warfare, training to fight and survive in extreme Arctic conditions.

**N**OWHERE is ski-ing more popular than in Cyprus where the slopes of Mount Olympus, in the Troodos Mountains, provide some of the best sport in the world.

Now, it will be better than ever, for three ski lifts, costing £2700, have been erected so that the northern slopes can be reached in less than a minute. Previously the journey—on foot—took 15 back-breaking minutes.

The lifts, provided by the Nuffield Trust, were installed at the Pine Trees Leave Centre (6430 feet) by 33 Independent Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, who often worked in blizzards at temperatures down to 21 degrees Fahrenheit to complete the task in three weeks. The operation was supervised by Lieutenant P. M. Blagden, Royal Engineers, who is a representative of the Ski Club of Great Britain.

## And Sappers Ski In The Tyrol

**Y**OU don't have to be rich to spend a fortnight's holiday ski-ing in the Austrian Tyrol. You can be a Sapper serving in Rhine Army.

The Royal Engineers have their own ski-base 4000-ft. up in the beautiful mountains near Holzgau, sandwiched between Germany and Switzerland, where, this season, more than 500 Sappers from 1st Division, 4th Division and 11 Engineer Group in Germany have learned from expert local instructors how to ski and live in the mountains in winter. And it has cost them only £4 a week.

The scheme was begun by Lieutenant-Colonel C. W. Woods, until recently the Commanding Officer of 35 Corps Engineer Regiment, because good conditions do not always exist for such training at Rhine Army's ski centres at Winterberg and the Harz Mountains. The Sappers—all volunteers—go to the Holzgau in parties of 80.



Led by Sergeant Robert Moon, of 5 Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, a group of Sappers set out for a morning's tuition on the magnificent Holzgau slopes. Ski-ing conditions were perfect in this famous Austrian tourist resort.

# FAREWELL TO "OLD POP"



Sergeant Kirton at work on some bread rolls for which he once received the compliments of a general. He has been a cook for more than 20 years.

**O**LD POP," Britain's oldest serving soldier, will parade for the last time one day this month to say goodbye to his commanding officer at the Royal Armoured Corps' Driving and Maintenance School in Bovington.

He is Sergeant William Kirton BEM, of the Army Catering Corps, who last month celebrated his 74th birthday and who joined up before most of today's soldiers were even born! He is one of the last serving soldiers who fought in World War One.

Sergeant Kirton ("I feel as young as I did when I was in the trenches in Flanders") enlisted as a bandsman in the 1st/4th Battalion, The Suffolk Regiment, in 1915 and a few months later was sent to France with the 11th Suffolks, with whom he served for the rest of the war as a despatch runner. In spite of many narrow escapes (twice, men standing beside him were killed) he was only slightly wounded once.

Leaving the Army in 1919, Sergeant Kirton went back to his work as a fettler in a

Northamptonshire iron foundry and in the 1930s joined the Territorial Army Band of The 4th Battalion, The Northamptonshire Regiment, as an E flat bass player.

Embodying in 1939, aged 52, he joined a Royal Engineers' searchlight regiment later that year and turned to cooking in 1940, becoming one of the first members of the Army Catering Corps when it was formed in 1941. Throughout the war Sergeant Kirton travelled Britain, cooking for searchlight and anti-aircraft batteries, and when he was discharged in May, 1949, was allowed immediately to re-sign on a short service engagement which he completed in 1959, when the War Office permitted him to sign on again to complete 22 years' service for a pension.

Since the end of World War Two, Sergeant Kirton has cooked for many regiments and corps and cadet camps and in 1951 was awarded the British Empire Medal for his services to Army cookery. For the past two years he has been in charge of the sergeants' mess cookhouse at the Driving and Maintenance School in Bovington.

Sergeant Kirton, a lifelong teetotaller and non-smoker (to which he attributes his splendid health and mental alertness), has never been charged with an offence during the whole of his Army career.

He has some interesting comparisons to make between the modern Army and the Army of World War One. "There was more comradeship 45 years ago and we didn't grumble quite so much as the soldier does today," he says. "And he has less reason for complaining than we did. His food is infinitely better, he gets paid much more (we got a shilling a day) and his clothing and accommodation are vastly superior. Many of the youngsters today don't know when they're well off."

## HE SERVED FOR 68 YEARS!

**A**LTHOUGH a septuagenarian, Sergeant Kirton is not the oldest soldier ever to have served in the British Army.

That record belongs to Gunner Samuel Parsons, who enlisted in the Royal Artillery at Devonport on 3 April, 1844, at the age of 19, and was discharged on 4 November, 1912, aged 87, after 68 years' and 216 days' service.

Gunner Parsons served in Canada from 1845-54 and in Turkey and the Crimea from 1854-56, taking part in the battles of Balaclava, Inkerman and Sebastopol. He spent the last 50 years of his Army career at the Round Tower, Windsor Castle and when he retired was given a pension of 1s. 6d. a day. He died in 1915, aged 90.

## Snap Shots

## IT ALL BEGAN AT WATERLOO

**S**HOULD you meet a Hemblys from Halifax, Yorkshire, he (or equally she) will tell you all about The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, for the Hemblys family's association with the Regiment dates back to 1815 when an ancestor, Private Hill, fought with the 33rd Foot at Waterloo.

The direct link of five generations ended during World War Two, but Private Hill's descendants still soldier on. His great-great-grandson, Mr. Arthur C. Shorocks, who joined the Regiment as a drummer 37 years ago, is still soldiering as a Royal Engineers corporal in the Army Emergency Reserve.

The head of the Hemblys family, Colour-Sergeant Charles Hemblys, transferred from the 96th Foot (later The Manchester Regiment) to the 33rd Foot in which all six of his sons later served in ranks from private to regimental sergeant-major.

Cpl Shorocks, the living link with the "Dukes" at Waterloo, on board a troopship in World War Two. He was one of the first four Army Emergency Reservists, in 1959, to gain the AER Long Service Medal.



One daughter married a "Dukes" corporal and the other Mr. Shorocks' mother, married Company Quartermaster-Sergeant T. Shorocks, of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 9th Battalions. Mrs. Shorocks died in a prison camp in Russia where, in 1919, she was with the Red Cross rescuing White Russians from Petrograd.

Mr. Shorocks served in the 1st Battalion from 1924 to 1933 and was recalled at the outbreak of World War Two, transferring to the Corps of Royal Military Police. Now 51 years old, he is serving in 212 Postal Unit, Royal Engineers.

Perhaps, as National Service ends, this traditional family spirit, typified in the Hemblys family, will once again be as prevalent as in the days of the old volunteer regiments.

## "WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN"

**R**ECENTLY 800 American soldiers and 18 lorries set out from Laguna Beach, California, for another army camp two hours' marching time away... and vanished.

Several hours later the officer awaiting them at their new base telephoned the local police and reported his army convoy overdue. The police searched every lane and byway for hours and, finally, a patrol car discovered the little army marching wearily along a lonely road while their harassed leader consulted his maps and tried to find out where they were. He explained that he had taken a wrong turning and got lost in the mountains!

They were lucky. Frequently in history soldiers have become isolated, or marched off with Colours flying... and simply vanished for ever.

In 1954, workmen were clearing away a large heap of stones and rocks in the hills near Trento, Italy, when they found the bodies of 16 Alpine soldiers in old-fashioned uniforms. They had been buried since World War One and had been written off as "whereabouts unknown." Apparently a shell had exploded against the hill and caused a landslide which had buried the soldiers where they stood in trenches.

The most astonishing disappearance on record occurred during the occupation of Abyssinia by the Italians in 1936, when a crack fighting force of over a thousand Italian troops went into action near Harar... and was never seen again!

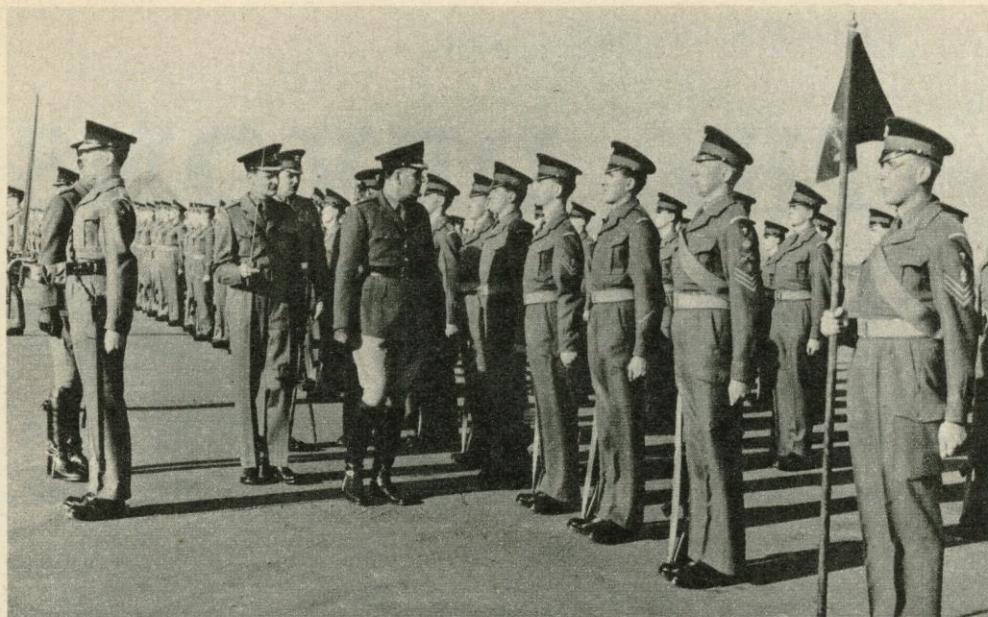
When radio contact was lost, the Italian headquarters sent out a squadron of fighters to give support to the troops. But the pilots could not

find them. They searched a wide area, but returned to their airfield without seeing a trace. No-one has ever been able to solve the mystery. Where did they go on that sweltering hot day?

A careful search of the countryside by the Italians during their occupation of Abyssinia gave no clues. No graves were found, not even a single piece of uniform, equipment, or a soldier's boot-mark.

Occasionally, bodies are discovered in the Alps and other mountain ranges, well preserved in the ice many years after death—and then another mystery is solved. Possibly one day the mystery of the vanished Italian army will be answered, too, but, until then, it remains on the Italian army records as: "Fate unknown."

ALAN P. MAJOR.



Drawn up on the left flank of the Battalion, The Inkerman Company is inspected for the first time by the Commanding Officer, Lieut-Col A. G. Heywood MC. Carrying The Inkerman Company flag is Sergeant T. Day.

## THE INKERMAN COMPANY TAKES POST

**I**N July last year the 3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards, went into "suspended animation" after 300 years' proud and gallant service.

But it did not entirely disappear for the Queen gave permission for one company to remain and form the left flank of the 2nd Battalion. And she named it "The Inkerman

Company" to commemorate the 3rd Battalion's bravery and resolution in that battle.

Recently, on a parade ground in Germany, "The Inkerman Company" made its first official appearance, taking post on the left flank of the 2nd Battalion to be inspected for the first time by its new Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel A. G. Heywood MC.

So, the remnant of a famous old battalion was reborn to carry on its proud and gallant traditions.

## GETTING TO GRIPS IN THE GYM

**A** SLIGHTLY-BUILT private soldier of the 1st Battalion, The Middlesex Regiment, grabbed a 14-stone lance-corporal by the arm and threw him over his shoulder!

Instead of calling for an escort to take the private to the guardroom a staff-sergeant cried: "Well done! But next time bend your knees a bit more."

In a gymnasium at Hamelin, in Germany, the private and the lance-corporal, with 20 other men of The Middlesex Regiment, were

practising the Japanese art of Judo under the expert instruction of Staff-Sergeant Instructor William Steward, Army Physical Training Corps, holder of the coveted Black Belt, the highest degree of proficiency in Judo.

The Middlesex Regiment's club is one of 15 thriving regimental Judo clubs in Rhine Army and last year it won the runners-up shield in Rhine Army's inter-unit contest only a few weeks after its formation. So keen are the students to learn that most of its 45 members practise every evening in their spare time.

The club was started by Sergeant-Instructor F. J. Poole, one of the Regiment's Army Physical Training instructors, and a handful of enthusiasts, some of whom now have the Blue Belt, the third highest degree. Staff-Sergeant Instructor Steward, who tours Rhine Army supervising the Army's Judo clubs, regularly gives instruction.

Why is Judo growing in popularity among soldiers? "It's a sport where skill and intelligence—not just brute strength—is all important," Sergeant-Instructor Poole told SOLDIER.

"And to know how to deal with a bully who is much bigger and stronger than yourself gives you amazing self-confidence."

Two heads, two feet and two arms are all that can be seen as two of The Middlesex Regiment's Judo enthusiasts get down to business in the gym.



## 10,000 MILES BY YACHT

**M**ASSIVE waves whipped to a fury by a hurricane tossed the tiny yacht "Ganga Devi" about like a cork as she ploughed through the South China Sea. Time and again her crew of three—two Army officers and a Royal Navy seaman—were swamped as they struggled to prevent the craft foundering and more than once they thought of abandoning ship.

But at last the storm died and the "Ganga Devi" set sail for Singapore.

Any day now "Ganga Devi"—only 22 feet long and weighing only four-and-a-half tons—will tie up in Falmouth Harbour and one of the most remarkable voyages of modern times will be over. Navigated with the aid of a 100-year-old sextant picked up in a second-hand shop and with two of her crew never having sailed before, she will have crossed 10,000 miles of ocean in less than six months.

Skipped by Captain John Alexander, of 246 (Gurkha) Signal Squadron, with Lieutenant R. French, of 32 Medium Regiment, Royal Artillery, as bosun, and Radio Electrical Mechanic Hugh Burt, Royal Navy, as navigator, the "Ganga Devi" left Hong Kong on 1 December last year and reached Singapore in time to spend Christmas there before setting out for Port Dickson where Lieutenant Adrian Corkhill, of 1st/2nd Gurkha Rifles, took over as bosun from Lieutenant French.



REM Hugh Burt (left), Capt John Alexander and Lieut Adrian Corkhill (right), with "Ganga Devi" before setting out on their 10,000-mile voyage.

Despite heavy squalls and blinding rain storms "Ganga Devi" reached Ceylon on 19 January, and then made for Mini Koi, one of the Laccadive Islands, 400 miles west of Colombo, where the crew took on fresh water and a supply of coconuts and set sail for Aden, 22 days away.

As SOLDIER went to press, "Ganga Devi" was sailing up the Red Sea, bound for Cyprus, Malta, Marseilles and then through the canals of France to England.

The crew's staple diet has been curry and rice, fish they caught on lines trailed behind the yacht, tea, coffee and cocoa—and the occasional nip of rum in cold weather.

FORTY-THREE YEARS AGO THIS  
MONTH THE 2nd BATTALION OF  
THE DEVONSHIRE REGIMENT  
SACRIFICED ITSELF IN AN HEROIC  
STAND AT BOIS DES BUTTES  
AND HELD UP THE GERMAN  
ADVANCE TO THE AISNE. ON  
THAT DAY NEARLY 600 MEN  
OF THE DEVONS DIED

HOURS OF GLORY: 41

# THE DEVONS FOUGHT ON TO THE END



"The Last Stand of the Second Devons at Bois des Buttes, May 27th, 1918." This picture now hangs in the Regimental Museum at Exeter.

At one o'clock on the morning of 27 May, 1918, in the pitch blackness of a moonless night, 855 German batteries opened up simultaneously along a 20-mile front north of the River Aisne.

Every Allied battery position, every village, farm and railway station, every bridge and road junction, was systematically shelled in what was to prove the heaviest German artillery bombardment of World War One.

The effect of this massive assault by guns, trench mortars and gas was overwhelming. Front line trenches were crushed, strongpoints obliterated, and within a few hours two British and two French divisions were virtually annihilated.

That morning the 2nd Battalion, The Devonshire Regiment, experienced its hour of glory on a wooded hill called Le Bois des

Buttes, a mile or two north of the Aisne.

Only a handful of dazed and weary men, most of them wounded, escaped the holocaust of that terrible day. But what happened at Le Bois des Buttes will always be remembered with pride by the Regiment and underlines the significance of its motto—*Semper Fidelis* (Always Faithful).

Vastly outnumbered and relentlessly cut to pieces, the 2nd Devons held up the Germans for precious hours in a heroic stand, enabling the Allies to patch up a line south of the Aisne. But for the Devons the Germans would have crossed the river several hours earlier and, smashing through the crumbling Allied front, might never have been held on the Marne.

For its gallant exploit the Battalion was accorded a rare honour—the collective award

of the Croix de Guerre.

The 2nd Devons had suffered severely in the March and April fighting and the British 8th Division, in which the Battalion served, was composed largely of little-trained lads of 18. Only the critical situation in the spring of 1918 forced the decision to send such a shattered division back into the line.

When the 8th Division took over part of the line north of the Aisne in mid-May the French troops had hardly fired a shot in anger for a year. The sun shone on a countryside unravaged by war; peasants worked in the nearby fields and the French had even established rose arbours in the trenches.

It was a pleasant, restful period that ushered in disaster. Only the maze of trenches worried the troops. Some were ten feet deep and therefore useless as fire

trenches, others too shallow to offer adequate cover.

The 8th Division was stretched tenuously over 10,000 yards and its position was perilous because an attack could drive it back against an unfordable river. But the French scoffed at the idea of an attack.

On 26 May the 2nd West Yorkshires were occupying the outpost zone, the 2nd Middlesex the battle zone behind them and the 2nd Devons lay in reserve in the deep tunnels that honeycombed the Bois des Buttes hill.

An hour after midnight the ruthless German bombardment began, deluging the area with gas and high explosives. The West Yorkshires and Middlesex, in their exposed positions were almost destroyed. At 3.45 a.m. masses of German troops surged into the attack—21 fresh battalions of them against Major-General W. C. G. Heneker's nine battered battalions of the 8th Division. There was pitifully little to stop them.

In the tunnels under the hill the Devons had escaped the worst effect of the artillery, but by 4 a.m. the atmosphere was so fouled by chlorine gas and cordite fumes that the Battalion commander, Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Anderson-Morshead DSO, ordered his troops out into the trenches.

The Devons lost heavily through shell fire during the rush for the trenches on the north side of the hill. Already its position was critical. The wooded countryside was wrapped in mist, stragglers from the West Yorkshires and Middlesex were coming in with the enemy hot on their heels, and within minutes the Devons were engaged with swarms of German Infantry.

The grey-clad hordes were jubilant at their success, but if they expected an easy run to the river, they were mistaken. They had reckoned without the Devons.

The British artillery had been blasted out of action. The Devons had to rely on Infantry weapons alone.

Yet for over three hours they held out against overwhelming odds. An eyewitness described them as "merely an island in the midst of an innumerable and determined foe, fighting with perfect discipline and, by the steadiness of their fire, mowing down the enemy in large numbers."

At 5.15 a.m. divisional headquarters received its only piece of good news that day—the Devons were holding up all attacks and were confident of holding their position.



This memorial, presented to the NCOs of the 2nd Devons, depicts the death of Lieutenant-Colonel R. H. Anderson-Morshead DSO, killed in the last counter-attack.

A Battery Commander who was on the spot states that at a late hour in the morning he found the Commanding Officer of the Second Devonshire Regiment and a handful of men holding on to the last trench north of the Aisne. They were in a position where they were entirely without hope of help, but were fighting on grimly. The Commanding Officer himself was calmly writing his orders with a storm of H.A. shell falling round him. His magnificent bearing, dauntless courage, and determination to carry on to the end, were worthy of the highest admiration. There is no doubt that this Battalion perished en masse. It refused to surrender and fought to the last.

The Officer Commanding the Second Devonshire Regiment (Lieut-Colonel R.H. Anderson-Morshead) together with 28 other Officers and 552 other ranks, practically the whole battalion in the area north of the River Aisne, fought it out to the last as ordered. A glorious record.

B.L. Montgomery. Major  
for Brigadier General,  
General Staff, IX Corps.

Here is part of the Special Order issued by IX Corps, recording the gallant stand of the Devons at Bois des Buttes. It was compiled by Major B. L. Montgomery who, later, was to achieve fame as the victor of El Alamein.

Two hours later, however, the situation was critical. The 50th Division had been hurled back and the 8th's left flank lay exposed. Thus, while the Devons were holding off their immediate enemy, masses of Germans appeared on their left and behind them, cutting off their retreat.

Survivors from this hell in which the Battalion fought and perished had only confused and incoherent impressions of what had happened, but a Royal Artillery major who saw Colonel Anderson-Morshead and a handful of men defending a trench said later that the Colonel was calmly writing his orders with high explosive shells bursting all round him.

In the confusion, companies and platoons split up. Second-Lieutenant Clarke and 6 Platoons found strong parties of Germans facing them in whatever direction they moved. Finally they went back to the tunnels, emerged on the south side of the hill and ran into a storm of bullets, including machine-gun fire from German aircraft overhead.

Through intense fire Clarke skilfully led his little party into Pontavert, on the south bank of the Aisne, and the group covered itself with glory next day in a courageous stand south of the town.

Second-Lieutenant Hill, with 5 Platoon, worked round the west side of the hill and was met by murderous machine-gun fire. He picked up a few stragglers from other units and tried to make a stand, but his group was pushed back, cornered by the river and taken prisoner. Only Hill and four men, all out of ammunition, were left.

The three companies in the trenches had been wiped out by 8 a.m., but up on the hill, battalion headquarters and the support company were still putting up brave resistance. It was not until the enemy were far in his rear that the Colonel decided to fight a rearguard action back to the Aisne.

At 9.20 a.m. he and the Adjutant, Captain Burke, with 50 survivors, charged down the hill and routed a party of Germans approaching up the road from Juvincourt. As he was directing his men across the road the gallant Colonel was hit and killed, and Captain Burke, with a group now reduced to 30, moved back half-way up the hill to get a better field of fire.

There was no thought of surrender. Captain Burke was hit, and when the ammunition ran out the remnant of a heroic battalion charged again down the hill, to meet its end amid a mass of Germans.

The Devons' superb gallantry was not in vain. They had delayed the Germans long

enough for the 25th Division to reinforce what was left of the 8th and 50th Divisions and slow down the enemy advance. And they had saved from annihilation the 23rd Division, on their right, which held the enemy and was extricated in good order.

In those few hours on the wooded hill overlooking the Aisne the 2nd Battalion, The Devonshire Regiment, lost 23 officers and 528 men killed or missing.

Today, on the crest of the hill, stands a rough-hewn cross of Devon commemorating the epic stand. Although World War One brought the Devons 63 battle honours, there is no more fitting place for a regimental memorial than Le Bois des Buttes.

K. E. HENLY

AT a ceremonial parade of 8th Division in France on 5 December, 1918, the 2nd Devonshire Regiment was presented with the Croix de Guerre by the French General de Laguisse, in the presence of General Birdwood and General Butler.

The Medal was pinned on the Battalion's Colours and this citation was read out:

"On 27 May, 1918, north of the Aisne, at a time when the British trenches were being subjected to fierce attacks, the 2nd Battalion The Devonshire Regiment repelled successive enemy assaults with gallantry and determination and maintained an unbroken front till a late hour.

"Inspired by the sang-froid of their gallant commander . . . the few survivors . . . held on to their trenches . . . and fought to the last with an unhesitating obedience to orders.

"The staunchness of this Battalion permitted the defences south of the Aisne to be organised and their occupation by reinforcements to be completed.

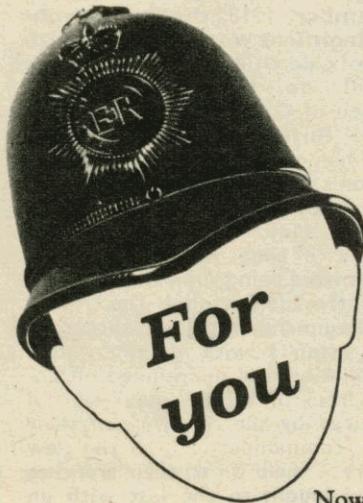
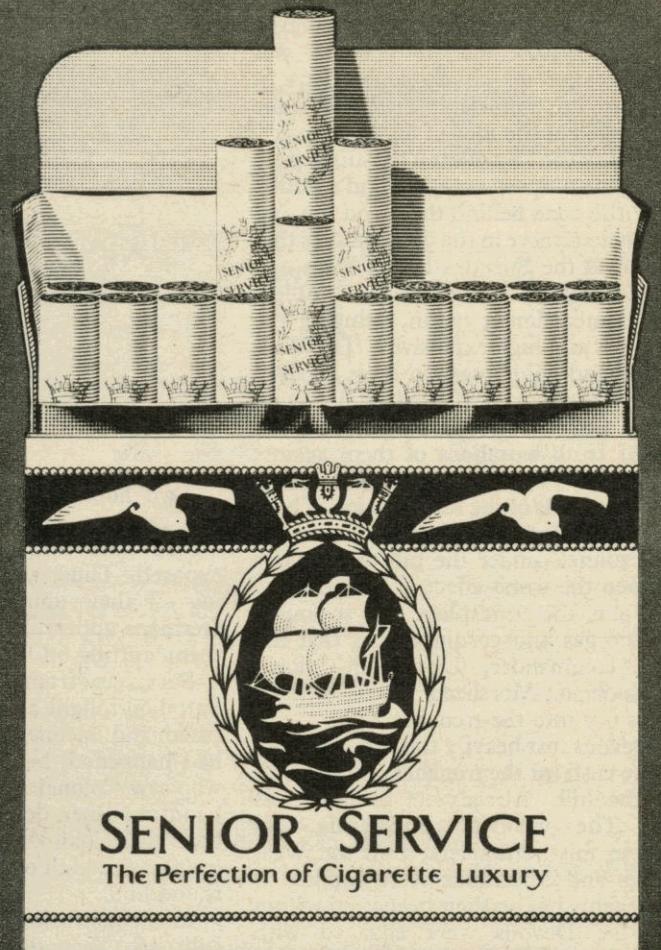
"Thus the whole Battalion, 28 officers and 552 non-commissioned officers and men, responded with one accord and offered their lives in ungrudging sacrifice to the sacred cause of the Allies."

Several British units have been "cited" in the Orders of a French Army, but few have received War Office authority to wear the Medal. This distinction is rare. The 2nd Devons share it only with the 8th West Yorkshires and the 1st/4th King's Shropshire Light Infantry, both "cited" for exceptional exploits in 1918.

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# HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

COMPETITION 36

HERE are six prizes to be won in this quiz which can be solved without recourse to reference books.

All you have to do is answer the questions set out below and send your entry to reach SOLDIER's London offices by Monday, 19 June.

The winner will be the sender of the first correct solution to be opened by the Editor. He (or she) may choose any two of the following recently-published books:

"A Pride of Unicorns" by John Pudney; "Poles Apart" by Richard Pape; "Archeology in the Holy Land" by Kathleen Kenyon; "English Cooking" by Rupert Croft-Cooke; "The Outlaws of Partinico" by Danilo Dolci; "Berlin Blockade" by Max Charles; "Killer's Payoff" by Ed McBain; and a bound volume of SOLDIER, 1959-60.

The senders of the second and third correct solutions may choose whole plate monochrome copies of any three photographs and/or cartoons which have appeared in SOLDIER since January, 1957.

The senders of the fourth, fifth and sixth correct solutions will be sent SOLDIER free for 12 months.

1. Which is the intruder here: (a) Belvedere; (b) Scout; (c) Wessex; (d) Skeeter; (e) Beaver; (f) Westminster?

2. What have these in common: (a) tarboosh; (b) songkok; (c) topee?



3. In which force is this soldier serving?

4. Sort out these British military leaders: (a) RID NOISE; (b) GROOM, RUB HAL; (c) RELAX, DEAN; (d) GORY MOMENT.

5. Name (a) a battle; (b) a Service rank; (c) a capital city; (d) another Service rank; (e) another battle, all beginning with the letter A.

6. Who is the intruder here: (a) Norway; (b) Sweden; (c) Denmark; (d) France; (e) Belgium; (f) Holland?

7. What does this mean?  
If the B mt put some: If the B . putting:

8. The consonants in these names of British Infantry regiments have been removed and are indicated by dashes:

(a) --e -u-e o- -e-i---o---e-i-e---  
(b) --e --e-oo- -o-e-e---  
(c) --e -o-a -i---a---u-i-e---  
(d) --e -u-a -i---l---a---

What are the regiments?

9. Complete the sequence by adding the next number or letter in the following: (a) S M T W—(It will take you days to solve this!); (b) S M H D W—(Take your time over this); (c) I F Y C F—(You should do this inside the distance); and (d) 3 6 10 15 21—(A straightforward progression).

10. This actor did his National Service in the Royal Army Service Corps as a driver/clerk. "I wasn't a very good soldier," he says. Who is he?



## RULES

- Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to: The Editor (Competition 36), SOLDIER, 433, Holloway Road, London, N.7.
- Each entry must be accompanied by the "Competition 36" panel printed at the top of this page.
- Competitors may submit only one entry.
- Any reader, Serviceman or woman and civilian, may compete.
- The Editor's decision is final.

The solution and names of the winners will appear in SOLDIER, August, 1961.

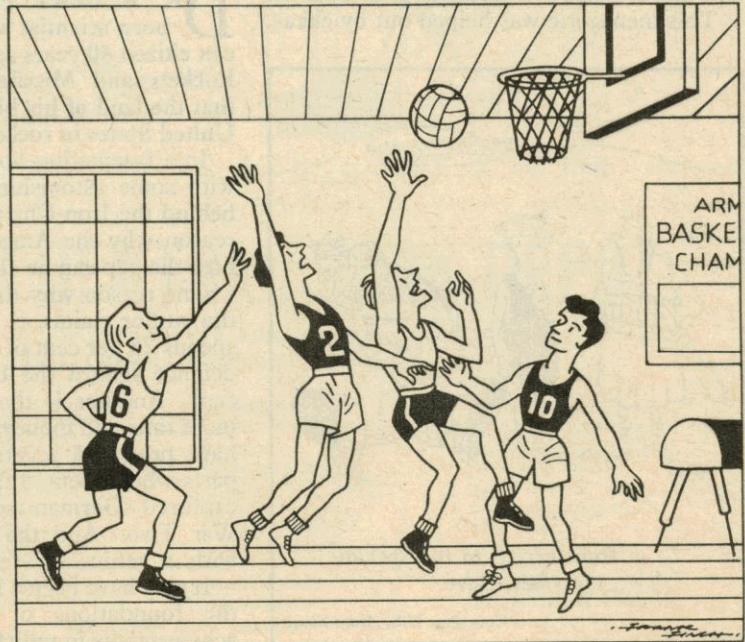
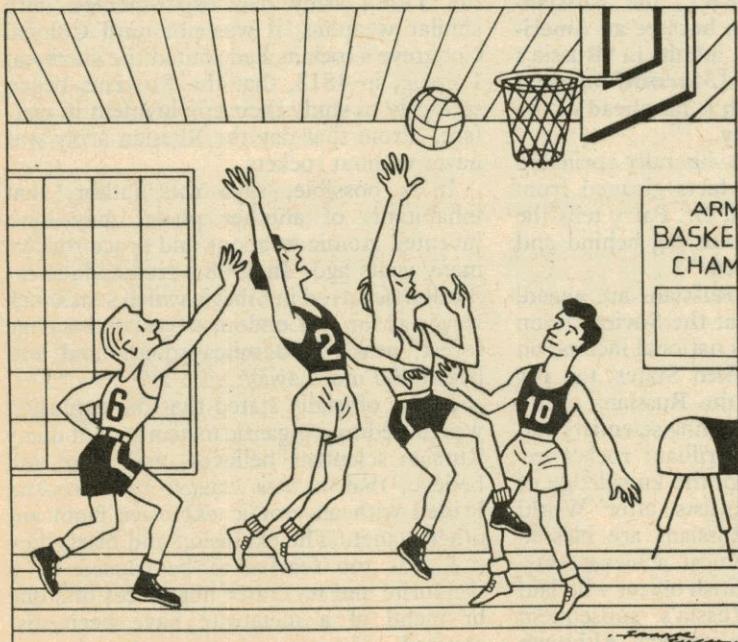
|   | 1 | 2 |
|---|---|---|
| 1 |   |   |
| 2 |   |   |
| 3 |   |   |
| 4 |   |   |

11. When the above acrostic is completed, 1 DOWN gives a French marshal of World War One and 2 DOWN a British field-marshall prominent in World War Two. The clues across are double, giving a four-letter word inside a six-letter word, e.g., "Water in the sewers" would give "rain" in "drains." Who are (a) the marshal and field-marshall and (b) what are the four-letter words? Clues:

1 ACROSS—Related in cooking up.  
2 ACROSS—A drink in a Portuguese town.  
3 ACROSS—A girl in the basement.  
4 ACROSS—Singles in upright.

12. Pair these: (a) Ajax; (b) Lindbergh; (c) Yangtze-Kiang; (d) Southern Cross; (e) Drake; (f) Rawalpindi; (g) Amethyst; (h) Spirit of St. Louis; (i) Golden Hind; (j) Kennedy; (k) River Plate; (l) Kingsford-Smith.

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.



# A MISSION TO THE FORBIDDEN CITY

Of all the minor campaigns in which British troops took part during their long sojourn in India, there are few more calculated at first sight to fire the imagination than the invasion of Tibet in 1903-4.

Yet it was not a campaign in the ordinary sense of the word. The troops had to act as escort to a political mission, and the warriors to whom they were opposed were unskilful and generally unwilling.

What gave the Tibet expedition its glamour in the first place was its final destination: Lhasa, the Forbidden City, the most mysterious place in all the mysterious East. Secondly, the expedition was part of the "Great Game," the shadowy struggle between Britain and Russia for power in Asia which was played largely by secret agents in the bazaars and palaces.

As it turned out, Lhasa was a disappointment—"such a smelly, nasty place," recorded one of the visitors—and the Russians were not playing the "Great Game" with the expected vigour at the time. Although the leader of the mission, Colonel Francis Younghusband, returned with even more concessions from the Tibetans than he had been authorised to demand, the mission was ultimately wasted effort.

For all its anti-climaxes, it was an inspiring military feat, and this is what stands out from Colonel Peter Fleming's admirable account of it, "Bayonets to Lhasa" (Hart-Davis, 30s.) A small force advanced 450 miles from its base over some of the world's highest and most difficult country and reached its destination with only 40 men killed.

The force was fewer than 3000 fighting men strong, mostly Indian and Gurkha troops with some British Gunners, four companies of Royal Fusiliers and Maxim-gun sections from the Norfolk Regiment and Royal Irish Rifles.

Its transport column included mules, bullocks, camels, buffaloes, ponies and yaks and thousands of coolies. It also had two zebrules—half donkey, half zebra—which were on "troop trials" and found to be useless, and at times used sheep as pack animals.

This menagerie was helped out by ekkas,

light carts which were dismantled on the rough passes and reassembled to travel on the plateaux. "Their wheels were the first species of this useful invention ever to be seen in Tibet," says the author. There was also a bicycle-wheel with a cyclometer with which one officer devoted his time to measuring distances.

From near sea-level the force made its way over passes up to 17,000 feet high. Without winter clothing or camp kit, they seem to have suffered little from the bitter cold,



## BOOKS

except that the Christmas champagne was undrinkable in 40 degrees of frost!

At their first encounter with opposition, the invaders marched without firing a shot at a strongly-held wall, and no shot was fired against them. It looked like a bloodless victory, but the Tibetans refused to move. Orders were given to disarm them, and this they resisted, possibly because their matchlocks and broadswords were their own property. Scuffles followed, in which the Tibetan general impulsively pistolled a Sikh. At the sound of the shot, firing broke out generally. Between 600 and 700 Tibetans were killed; the British force had no fatal casualties. What had started as a gallant and quixotic gesture by the invaders had ended in an inglorious blood-bath.

Later, a party of 400 invaders attacked 3000 Tibetans who were in what seemed an almost impregnable position, 17,000 feet above sea-level. Flanking parties who climbed another 1500 feet caused the Tibetans to flee, and 50 mounted Infantry

chased the 3000 for 12 miles. This battle was fought at a higher altitude than any other in the history of war.

For seven weeks, the forward camp at Gyantse, where Younghusband was fruitlessly awaiting Tibetan emissaries, was under constant but singularly ineffective bombardment from a Tibetan fort. The biggest missile thrown against them was the size of an orange. When the Tibetans ran short of lead, they fired stones coated with metal, and later copper balls. The siege was eventually ended by the storming of the Tibetan fort, a fierce enough engagement during which a Victoria Cross was won.

In spite of the siege, work on a telegraph line to the camp from India continued with little interference from the Tibetans. A Post Office engineer is said to have told them that the British were constantly getting lost and the purpose of the wire was to help them get home rapidly when the time came—a purpose the Tibetans had no desire to frustrate.

One of Younghusband's problems was that he did not see eye-to-eye with the commander of his escort, Brigadier-General J. R. L. Macdonald, who was also his military superior. There is plenty of evidence that Macdonald was not equal to his task and he was unpopular with his officers.

Macdonald had one curious moment of superiority. He was one of the party which went with Younghusband into the Potala, the Dalai Lama's tall and fabulous palace, to sign the convention that had been negotiated with the Tibetans. The long, steep steps leading to the audience hall had been worn smooth and slippery by centuries of bare feet and Younghusband and the other officers, and their hobnailed escort, skidded and lurched, clutching where they could for support. Macdonald, wore red rubber gum-boots. He alone kept his balance and his dignity and was seen for the first time, says the author, leading an advance!

## RED ROCKETS

DR. ALBERT PARRY, the Russian-born scientist who became an American citizen 40 years ago, admits in "Russia's Rockets and Missiles" (Macmillan, 25s.) that the land of his birth is far ahead of the United States in rocketry.

In a fascinating book, liberally sprinkled with some astonishing facts gleaned from behind the Iron Curtain, Dr. Parry tells the reason why the Americans lag behind and how the gap can be closed.

One reason why the Russians are ahead, the author claims, is that the Soviet Union spends 25 per cent of its national income on defence against the United States' ten per cent. Another is that the Russians spend more time and money training scientists and have produced several brilliant rocket experts who benefited from the knowledge of captured German scientists after World War Two. And the Russians are blessed with a genius for technical achievements.

It may have been a British officer who laid the foundations of Russia's subsequent achievements in military rocketry. Although

the Tsar's army had experimented with similar weapons, it was not until Colonel Congreve's rockets had routed the enemy at Leipzig, in 1813, that the Russians began seriously to study their employment in warfare. From that day the Russian army was never without rockets.

It is possible, says the author, that inhabitants of another planet may have invented atomic weapons and space rockets many years ago. In 1908 a tremendous explosion occurred in Siberia which sent shock waves as far as London, devastated a huge forest, nearly 800 miles square and was heard 400 miles away.

It was officially stated that the explosion was caused by a gigantic meteorite, but many Russian scientists believed, and some still believe, that it was caused by a rocket, loaded with an atomic explosive from another planet. The explosion and blast, they say, was too fearful to be caused by a meteorite and no crater nor pieces of stone or metal of a meteorite have been discovered.



# A DOCTOR IN CYPRUS

"A LOVE for freedom, a love for Greece" (where he was a junior National Service officer), "hatred of war and contempt for armies." These were some of the self-avowed reasons which sent Peter Paris to Cyprus to serve his first year as a newly-qualified doctor in Nicosia General Hospital.

That was in 1958, when the bitterness of the terrorist campaign extended not only to the hospital beds, occupied at times by EOKA fanatics and their victims, but penetrated the professional neutrality of Greek and Turkish staff.

In "The Impartial Knife" (Hutchinson, 21s), Peter Paris records his sudden impact

with the reality of medicine, of treating hopeless cases and accepting the problems of people who must work till they drop and can then afford neither a bus fare to hospital nor the time spent there. The casualties of political and racial conflict, too, came his way.

Terrorism invested Cyprus's only big civilian hospital as closely as any corner of the island. EOKA patients fought a gun battle in a corridor; a terrorist, under guard, escaped with inside connivance and was entered in hospital records as: "Discharged against medical advice."

The portraits of Cypriots catch sympathetically the emotional stresses of panic

and bewilderment and mingle humour with melodrama. But outside his immediate fields of hospital and a part-time news-reading job with the Cyprus Broadcasting Service, the author is on shakier ground.

He is less than fair to the British Army in giving examples of official and individual stupidity while ignoring the Security Forces' prevention of wholesale slaughter. Nor does he credit his military colleagues with their extensive medical assistance to Cypriots.

In Greece, he says, he learned "as most National Servicemen do, how stupid an organisation an army can be . . . The fault lies partly in the whole theory and system of a peacetime army . . . and partly in its middle-grade professional men."

Cyprus, claims the author, was a military failure and it is not enough to say the Army did as well as it could under the circumstances, because those were precisely what the Army was there to deal with. He admits, however, that the Army could neither have used methods of mass reprisal, nor torture. He suggests that the Army was too conventional to deal with guerillas—it should have adopted guerilla tactics itself.

Eventually the author was threatened by EOKA who mistook him for a doctor of the same surname, serving in a British military hospital. He was offered protection but chose to leave the island immediately.

The less fortunate victims of his criticism soldiered on.

OVER . . .

## "ALL CAPTAIN JAMIE'S MEN"

THE 8th Argylls began their existence as Volunteers with a difference, and remain today Territorials with a difference.

It is probably because the unit is drawn from widely-scattered towns, villages and islands that a sturdy individualism is part of its character—notably in dress.

In the early days of the Volunteer movement, when the unit went on parade there were always varieties of uniform. "We were all Captain Jamie's men," said one Volunteer, to explain why his company attended a Royal review wearing its captain's crest.

In World War Two, the Battalion, by now the 8th Battalion, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, contrived to get an issue of kilts after they had been withdrawn, on War Office orders, in 1941. It stuck to them, cannily raising a fund of £2000 in case the "deficiency" was ever charged against the unit. The fund is still held by trustees for the use of the Battalion.

At a parade in World War One, all the companies were commanded by their seconds-in-command, all of whom were named Campbell. There was nearly a "nonsense" when the commanding officer ordered the Battalion to march off, "Captain Campbell's company leading." At one time, in World War One, there were 17 Campbells in the officers' mess.

The Battalion has a fine fighting record, as George Malcolm of Poltalloch shows in "Argyllshire Highlanders, 1860-1960" (Halberd, 21s). The author, a Regular officer, was adjutant of the Battalion between world wars and its commanding officer after World War Two.

In World War One, it added 18 battle honours to its regimental list, and an equal number in World War Two. It was one of the few units of 51st Highland Division to get away from France in 1940, crossing the Channel, aptly enough in the ss *Duke of Argyll*, under arrangements made

by a naval officer who was brother to its second-in-command (not surprisingly named Campbell). Perhaps the most famous of its battles was the capture of Longstop Hill, that thorn in the flesh of First Army in Tunisia.

Another of the Battalion's claims to fame is the list of pipe-tunes composed by members of its band. One of its pipe-majors was John McLellan, a retired Regular of the Highland Light Infantry. He wrote a tune called "The Bens of Jura" which, with additions, was renamed "The Burning Sands of Egypt" and finally became one of the most famous of all pipe-tunes, "The Road to the Isles."

Capt: Safety flag up, Sergeant?  
Sgt: Yes, Sir. Private Smith's on duty there, Sir.  
Capt: Smith? Who's he?  
Sgt: Forces Book Shop man, Sir.  
Capt: Oh, yes. Always telling us how he can get almost anything he wants there.  
Sgt: Yes, Sir. You would be surprised what they've got—everything in books, magazines, periodicals . . .  
Capt: Jolly good. Well, keep 'em at it, Sergeant.



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KREFELD (Y.M.C.A.)  
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MUNSTER (Church of Scotland and Toc H)  
OSNABRUCK (Church Army)  
PADERBORN (Toc H)  
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VERDEN (Toc H)  
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# THE RENEGADE IRISH CAPTAIN

**I**N 1755, the memoirs of Captain Peter Drake, an 84-year-old resident of Dublin, were printed but not published. His relatives bought all the copies they could lay hands on. About eight are known to have escaped them.

That they tried to suppress the memoirs is understandable. Drake's career was not a credit to his family.

They are now published under the title "Amiable Renegade" (Stanford University Press; London: Oxford University Press, 45s), and provide an amusing and illuminating account of eighteenth-century soldiering in French, Dutch, Spanish and British pay.

Young Drake, then 19, became a soldier of fortune when the Jacobites capitulated after the siege of Limerick in 1691. He made his way to France and enlisted in an Irish regiment in French service, "escaping" to become a cadet in another regiment with which he served at the siege of Barcelona.

With the coming of peace, the cadets were reduced to private soldiers, so Drake deserted. Wishing to go to Ireland, he joined a French regiment, was given a bounty sufficient to pay his passage and promptly deserted again.

In Ireland, Drake was imprisoned as a Jacobite, but escaped to England. Before

long he was serving with a Dutch regiment in Holland—the Dutch then being Britain's allies—then deserted to the other side and later served in French, Irish and Neapolitan regiments.

For the French, Drake fought against Marlborough at Ramillies. Then he took service on a French privateer, was captured by a British ship, sentenced to death for high treason, reprieved and pardoned. Soon he was back in the French army and fought against Marlborough again at Malplaquet. His next venture was in Marlborough's army, serving against his former comrades!

He was a good swordsman, and describes a number of lively duels. He was also a success with the ladies and his intrigues—even in Newgate gaol—are entertaining.

His cunning and effrontery rarely failed him. Once, with a furlough belonging to a Guards' officer in his hand, he approached the War Secretary, Sir Robert Walpole, and tricked him into providing passes to the Lowlands—where Drake immediately went over to England's enemies.

The wars over, Drake settled in London as a coffee-house keeper and later as an innkeeper. But he went back to the Army in the rebellion of 1715. He saw no active service, however, and when the country was quiet again earned his living as a gambler, until he died in Ireland.

## OFFICER WITH A CONSCIENCE

PIERRE-HENRI SIMON's novel, "Portrait of an Officer" (Secker and Warburg 13s 6d), is about a Frenchman who, for the sake of conscience, gives up a still-promising military career after more than 20 years' service.

Jean Carsan is born of a family dedicated to bearing arms for France, and has lofty ideals of military honour and chivalry.

Disillusionment begins among the looting *maquis* when France is being liberated, and continues among the arrogant young officers of the French army in occupied Germany.

Duty in Indo-China and Algeria complete the process. Sickened by the torture of captives and reprisal massacres, doubting the purpose of the campaigns he fights, he finds himself a soldier without faith and resigns his commission.

The story is well told and well translated. Excellent descriptions of action, and of the soldierly devotion of an Algerian volunteer and later of his son, break up a penetrating analysis of soldiering the French way.

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Private F. Baxter (5) attempts to intercept as a KOSB forward boots the ball into touch.



## A Close Run Thing For The KOSB

IT was a close run thing, said the Duke of Wellington after Waterloo. It was a close run thing, too, when the regiment named after him were narrowly defeated in this year's Army Rugby Cup final at Aldershot.

It was also a case of history repeating itself for The King's Own Scottish Borderers, who beat The Duke of Wellington's Regiment last year, retained their title against the same opponents. Last year Lieutenant J. D. MacDonald, the Borderers' front-row forward, kicked three penalty goals to win the match. This year he kicked two.

This year's final was a gruelling, spoiling and, at times, boring affair, so evenly matched were the teams and so effective The Borderers' tactics. Deprived through injury of the services of Private Shillinglaw, their Scottish international scrum-half, The Borderers concentrated on grim defence,

their forwards zealously bulldozing The Dukes' half-backs, kicking to touch at every opportunity.

Lieutenant MacDonald's first goal came shortly before the interval from fully 35 yards out, but The Dukes equalised five minutes later when Private B. Curry dropped a goal from a similar distance. Then, halfway through the second half, came the most glorious moment of the match when MacDonald kicked a magnificent 35-yard

penalty goal, the ball still rising as it passed between the posts, to bring the final score to 6-3. In the final 15 minutes The Borderers penned The Dukes near their own line but could not break through a stern defence.

Deservedly, three of the outstanding players on the winning side—Lieutenant MacDonald, Private W. Holland, and Private R. Brydon—were later selected to represent the Army against the Territorial Army.

MORE SPORT OVERLEAF

The Duke's Scottish international, Captain Campbell-Lamerton, leaps for the ball in a line-out.



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Guardsman Blong (right) gets set for a swinging right as his opponent, Rifleman Bentley, who won on points, moves warily round the ring.

**SPORT** continued

## A Broth Of A Night For The Irish

THE 1st Battalion, Irish Guards made history recently when, in Germany, they defeated the 3rd Green Jackets (The Rifle Brigade) to become Army inter-unit team boxing champions for the first time. It was the first time, too, that a team from the Brigade of Guards has won the title.

The Irish Guards won convincingly by seven bouts to four in one of the most exciting finals since World War Two. Only six of the eleven bouts went the full distance, there were three knock-outs and two fights were stopped.

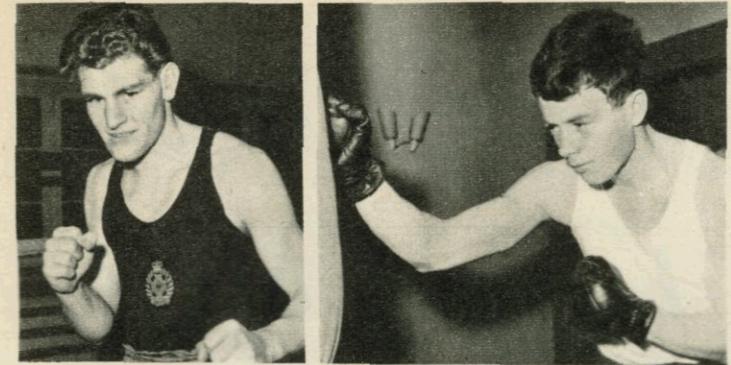
The 3rd Green Jackets began in fine style, winning the first two contests when bantam-weight Rifleman David Bentley outpointed Guardsman John Blong and featherweight Rifleman Fred Shaw beat Guardsman Joe Cartmill, the fight being stopped in the second round. But the Guards drew level in the next two bouts, lightweight Guardsman Jimmy Dwyer outpointing Rifleman Colin Metcalfe and Guardsman Sam Smith knocking out Sergeant Keith Diggins in the second round of their light-welterweight fight.

Then the Guards went ahead, winning five of the remaining seven contests. Lance-Corporal Joe Fitzgerald (light welterweight) outpointed Rifleman Patrick Walsh; Lance-Sergeant Edward Fitzpatrick (welterweight)

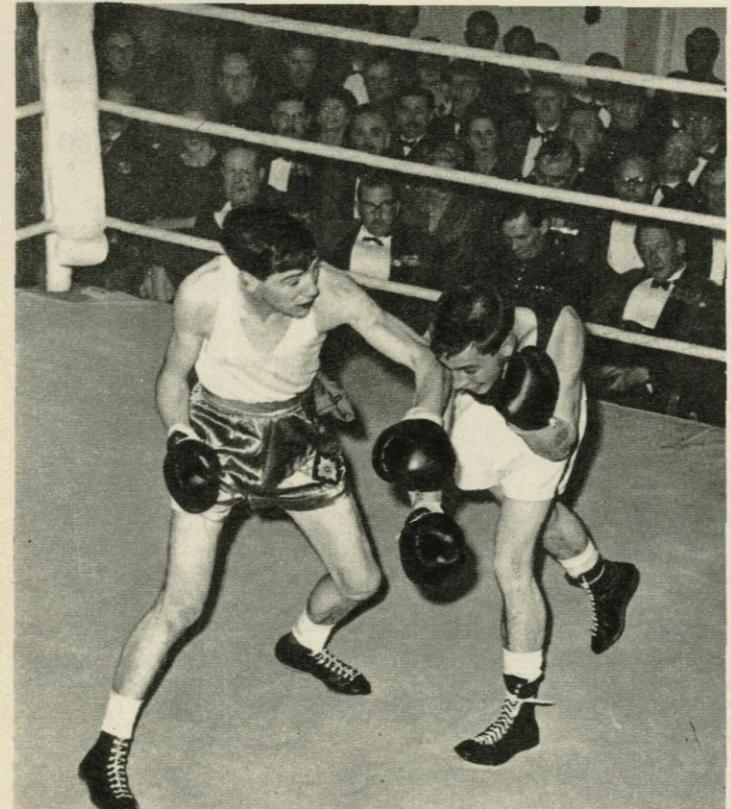


Rifleman Walsh goes down under a hail of blows from L/Cpl Joe Fitzgerald, who won on points.

### A Hat Trick For REME



Left: Rifleman Eddie Cole, who volunteered to extend his National Service so that he could fight in the championship. He knocked out his man in the first round. Right: Guardsman McNamara, the most stylish schoolboy boxer of 1954, also gained a knock-out win for the Irish Guards.



Guardsman Dwyer lands a left hook to Rifleman Metcalfe's jaw and follows up with a crashing right. This was another win for the Guards.

won on points against Rifleman P. Coleman and Guardsman Tom Lynch outpointed Rifleman Ernie Longhurst in a tremendously hard contest which earned the judges' congratulations.

There were two knock-out finishes in the next four fights. In a fiery middleweight match, Rifleman Eddie Cole knocked out Lance-Corporal Kevin Tracey in the first round, putting his opponent down for nine in the first minute and hammering him all round the ring before administering the final *coup de grace*.

Lance-Corporal Norman Bromley put the Irish Guards further ahead with a fine win

over Lance-Corporal Geoffrey Lawrence in their light-heavyweight contest. Midway through the third round Bromley caught his opponent with a succession of vicious hooks and right crosses and the fight was stopped. This was Bromley's 379th contest and he has won 261 of them inside the distance.

The heavyweight bout was another grim affair, Rifleman Mike Johnson doing just enough to outpoint Guardsman Jimmy Hayden, and in the final bout welterweight Guardsman Raymond McNamara knocked out Rifleman Alan Sinclair at the beginning of the third round with an old-fashioned left to the body and a right cross to the jaw.

This year's Army Roller Racing championships were a triumph for 3 Training Battalion, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers who completed an outstanding hat trick.

They won the SOLDIER Cup as the champion unit team and provided the winners for both the individual one-mile time trial event and the 440 yards sprint.

Lance-Corporal R. Agar won the one-mile event in 1 min. 12.4 secs, .4 of a second faster than Signalman G. Bennett, of 8 Signal Regiment. In the 440 yards sprint Corporal P. Arnott, of 3 Training Battalion, REME, beat Signalman W. Livesley, of 8 Signal Regiment, last year's winner, with a remarkable time of 16.4 seconds, an average speed of 54.9 miles an hour.



Captain A. D. Myrtle, of The King's Own Scottish Borderers, who has retained his singles title in the Army rackets championships. In the final he beat Lieutenant N. J. Peto, of the 9th/12th Lancers, by 15-6; 15-7; 15-11 and never had an uncomfortable moment.

### TWICE Champions



Arms flailing, legs pounding, Lance-Corporal Ben Grubb, a Regular serving with 14th/20th King's Hussars, begins the second lap in the Army cross-country championships which he has won for the second successive year.

Leading from the start, Grubb came in 57 seconds ahead of runner-up, Gunner John Wright, of 94 Locating Battery, RA.

The team championship was won by the 1st Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, with The Cheshire Regiment second.

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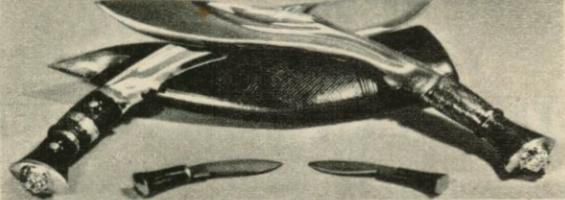
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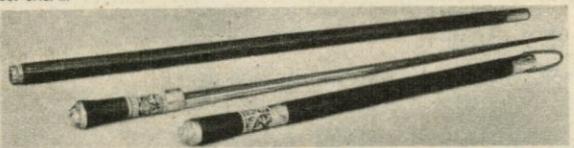
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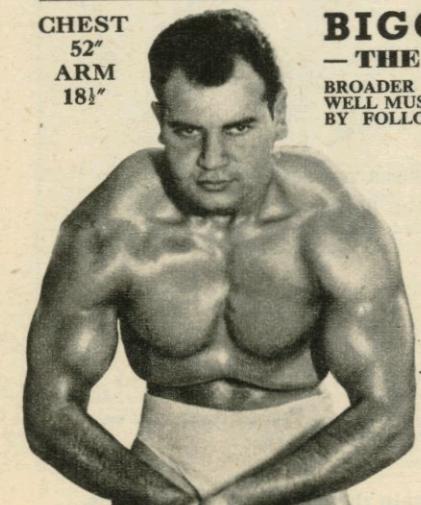
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(S64)

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(S64)



# Letters

### SEND THE TROOPS ABROAD

I cannot agree with the plan (SOLDIER to Soldier, March) which implies that the British Army should become one mobile force, part of it in Britain and the rest aboard a Fleet train in the Indian Ocean.

If this idea was adopted it would be one of the biggest blows to Regular recruiting in recent years.

Who would want to serve all his time either in Britain or on a ship in the Indian Ocean? The Army needs more overseas posting, not fewer, and the recent announcement that a battalion will soon be training in Canada is a step in the right direction. Why not also send troops to train in Australia and the Antarctic?

In Britain the Regular Army has to put up with too many petty, irksome restrictions, too few and inadequate training grounds and too many additional commitments, such as running camps for the Territorial Army and the Army Cadet Force. Rarely is the Regiment together and at week-ends almost every soldier slips home, leaving camps deserted except for the guards and picquets. How much happier a regiment is when serving overseas. Then it gains that corporate spirit which is so essential in an efficient, happy unit.—Gunner Captain, Coventry.

STOP GRUMBLING

Your editorial on the Army's recruiting problems (SOLDIER to Soldier, January) was first-class material and should do much to silence those who complain unnecessarily.

As I live in Northern Ireland I had no fear of being called up for National Service. Nevertheless, I gave up an engineering apprenticeship to join the

Army and have never regretted it. It irks me to hear the complaints of some National Servicemen, especially when they are the men the Army is encouraging to make something of themselves.

As the youngest in our family and the only son I might well have good reason to dislike the Army, but I love it and will gladly soldier on.—"Paddy," Rhine Army.

### A GREEN HOWARD IN AMERICA

Thank you for your excellent article "The War That United The States" (March).

Your readers may be interested to learn that one British officer who served in the Union Army was Colonel L. D. H. Currie, who was commissioned into The Green Howards in 1849. After serving in Canada he embarked with The Green Howards for the Crimea in 1854 and was severely wounded at the Battle of Alma. From 1857 to 1861 he was Brigade Major at Curragh and Aldershot but, anxious for more active service, he joined the Union Army in the American Civil War, serving with distinction and becoming Colonel of the 133rd New York Volunteers.

In our Regimental Museum here we have Colonel Currie's British commission signed by Queen Victoria, his American commission signed by Abraham Lincoln, his American sash, camp bed and other personal items.—Captain R. J. O. Witcher, Museum Officer, The Green Howards, Richmond, Yorks.

### PIONEER PILOT

Your article on Captain Somerton-Rayner's flight from Singapore to England last year (SOLDIER, February) reminded me of a similar flight—nearly a quarter of a century ago—by my friend Rex King-Clark, of The Manchester Regiment—now The King's Regiment (Manchester and Liverpool).

In 1938, as a subaltern, he flew out to Singapore in his two-seater Miles Whitney Straight—taking about three weeks—with Johnny Hallmark, another subaltern in the same Regiment, as his passenger. He was believed to be the first man to fly round Malaya in one day.

Just before the outbreak of World War Two he flew back to England again in the same machine, which I believe was later taken over by the Government. He himself spent the whole war in the 2nd Battalion, The Manchester Regiment, the machine-gun battalion of the 2nd Division.

Rex King-Clark's first long flight was to Egypt in 1937, when he was posted to the 1st Battalion, The Manchester Regiment in Ismailia, and six months later he flew home again for a course at Aldershot. Later he flew out to Palestine where he served in Orde Wingate's Night Squads during the troubles there. He kept his plane at the Jewish Colony in which he lived, using it sometimes at Wingate's request for reconnaissance flights. As far as I know none of his flights, all of which were made without radio or blind flying instruments, was ever mentioned in the British press.

Lieutenant-Colonel King-Clark retired from the Army recently. Perhaps it was appropriate that his last job was concerned with the formation of the Army Air Corps.—Lieut-Col J. M. T. F. Churchill DSO, MC, HQ, London District.

was armed with self-propelled guns which were considered too heavy for rafts.—Lieutenant-Colonel R. A. Gorrie MC (late RA), Bramcote, Nuneaton, Warwickshire.

★ An official précis of 4 Royal Horse Artillery's history claims that its "F" (Sphinx) Battery was the first artillery battery to be ferried across the Rhine on rafts.

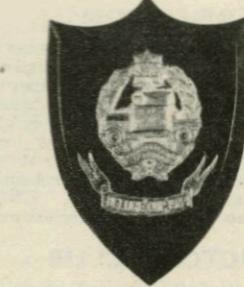
● SOLDIER welcomes letters. There is not space, however, to print every letter of interest received; all correspondents must, therefore, give their full names and addresses to ensure a reply. Answers cannot be sent to collective addresses.

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

● Please do not ask for information which you can get in your orderly room or from your own officer.

● SOLDIER cannot admit correspondence on matters involving discipline or promotion in a unit.

### WHO OWNS IT?



### ALLAH NEBI

This medallion (above) has been received from a Mr. John Passmore, of Lot 19, Dan Crescent, Cabramatta, New South Wales, Australia who says he found it in 1945 on a Japanese ship in Hong Kong Harbour and would like to return it to the owner.

We are unable to identify the medallion or the inscriptions ("SVC," "Armoured Cav Company," "Deluge Cup 1934"). The armoured car looks like a Rolls Royce of World War One vintage and we would hazard a guess that "SVC" stands for Singapore or Straits Volunteer Corps.

Can any reader help?

### HEALTH SERVICE

I live in my own house four-and-a-half miles from the nearest military establishment and have made repeated, but unsuccessful, requests to my local civilian doctor to be placed on his National Health Service list. This he refuses to do, though he says he would treat me in extreme urgency.

I understand that Servicemen living a certain distance from a military unit could be placed on a civilian doctor's list. Who is right?—Forester, Faringdon, Berkshire.

★ You are. ACI 372 of 1960 states

### ACROSS THE RHINE

In your article, "Sphinx, Bull's and Mercer's" (March), you state that "F" (Sphinx) was the first artillery battery to be ferried across the Rhine on rafts in World War Two.

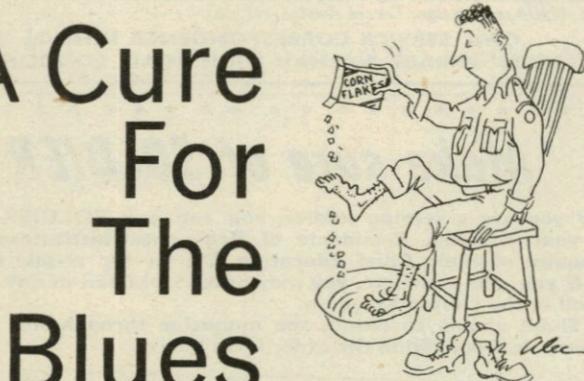
I do not think this is correct. "F" (Sphinx) was due to cross first but this honour fell to 181 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery. "F" (Sphinx) Battery

ACROSS THE RHINE

I live in my own house four-and-a-half miles from the nearest military establishment and have made repeated, but unsuccessful, requests to my local civilian doctor to be placed on his National Health Service list. This he refuses to do, though he says he would treat me in extreme urgency.

I understand that Servicemen living a certain distance from a military unit could be placed on a civilian doctor's list. Who is right?—Forester, Faringdon, Berkshire.

★ You are. ACI 372 of 1960 states



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"SOLDIER Humour" is on sale at bookstalls at home and overseas. Unit PRIs and individual subscribers may order copies direct from: HM Stationery Office, P.O. Box 569, London, SE.1.

## COLLECTORS' CORNER

Because of the increasing number of requests from collectors of military impedimenta SOLDIER has decided to publish a list each month of their names and addresses and interests.

Subsequent correspondence must be conducted between the readers and not through SOLDIER.

Here is the first list:  
Cpl. G. Paterson, Area Workshops, Puckapunyal, Victoria, Australia.

Mr. R. Clayton, 10 Glanleam Road, Stanmore, Middlesex. Photographs of military bands and corps of drums.

Mr. W. J. Kokrynski, 461 Castlefield Avenue, Toronto 12, Ontario, Canada. Helmets, weapons, medals and uniforms of World War Two.

### HAVE AT THEE!

I have just read your interesting article on duelling (SOLDIER, November, 1959) and thought your readers might be interested to know more about the duel fought by Major John Waldron, of the 27th Foot (now The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers), at Castalla in 1812. During a temporary lull in the battle a French officer advanced and challenged Waldron to a duel. In the words of an historian of the Peninsular War: "That agile Irishman instantly leapt forward, OVER . . .

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## more letters

the hostile lines looked on, the swords of the champions glittered in the sun, the Frenchman's head was cleft in twain, and the 27th, rising up with a deafening shout, fired a volley and charged with such a shock that, despite their bravery and numbers, Suchet's men were overthrown." —Captain J. Curley MC, 10 Waring Street, Belfast.

## RE-UNION

I am trying to organise a re-union of those who served in the 1st Battalion, The King's Shropshire Light Infantry, between 1939-40 but am having difficulty obtaining all the names and addresses. I should like to hear from anyone who was in the Battalion at that time.—Major J. C. Long, Commanding, Regimental Depot, KSLI, Copthorne Barracks, Shrewsbury.

## VICTORY CLUB

Members of the Victory Ex-Services Club in London will be glad to know that we have recently carried out extensive alterations to the dining rooms and bar lounge and that we hope to do the same soon to the cafeteria and other public rooms.

To help pay for these improvements the annual membership fee has been increased to £1, a very low sum for the many amenities we have to offer. Membership continues to increase and we soon hope to reach a record total of over 33,000.—Lieut-Commander J. B. Williams RN, Secretary, The Victory Ex-Services Club, 63/79 Seymour Street, London W.2.

## HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(See page 29)

The two pictures varied as follows:  
1. Left thumb of second player from right.  
2. Right shoe-lace of No. 10. 3. Neckline of second player from right. 4. Curve of stripe on shorts of No. 6. 5. Height of vaulting horse. 6. Width of belt on No. 10. 7. Right leg of vaulting horse. 8. Fingers on right hand of No. 6. 9. Thickness of board behind basket. 10. Lines on left sock of No. 2.

The winners of **SOLDIER's** February quiz were:

1. Mr C. W. Raybould (ex-RTR), Nursery Close, Horsell, Woking. 2. Miss M. Tomlinson, 46 Halkyn Rd, Newton, Chester. 3. Mr R. Graham, 9 Brampton Grove, Wembley Park. 4. Lieut-Col J. M. Howson, Silton House, Nr Gillingham, Dorset. 5. Miss E. A. Tolley, 31 Tressillian Rd, London SE4. 6. Miss E. B. M. Roberts, 51 Heythorpe St, London SW18.

The correct answers were: 1. (a) walrus; (b) tortoise; (c) Castor. 2. (c). 3. Norman Wisdom. 4. Ellipsis; asphalt; accommodation; harass; and stirrup. 5. Georgia. 6. French, German, Italian. 7. (a). 8. (a) The female of the species is more delicate . . .; (b) To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive; (c) D'ye ken John Peel . . .; (d) Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise. 9. Archbishop of Canterbury. 10. Lorna Doone; Robinson Crusoe; Finnegan's Wake; Lady Chatterley; Captains Courageous; Rimeyman Steps; Lord Beaveroak. 11. Tyne-mouth. The rest are in Devonshire. 12. Dorset, Yorkshire, Caernarvonshire, Middlesex, Lancashire, Gloucestershire. 13. Tiger, puma, jaguar, ocelot, leopard, lion, cheetah, panther, lynx. 14. Pride, covetousness, lust, anger, gluttony, envy, sloth. 15. Balaclava.

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Date.....

Signature.....

No Liability is undertaken by the Company or the Proposer until the Proposal Form has been accepted by the Company and the Premium paid, except as provided by an official Cover Note issued by the Company.

**SOLDIER**



DEBBIE REYNOLDS  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer