

SOLDIER



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(see page 37)

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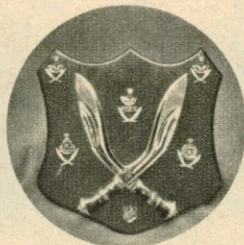
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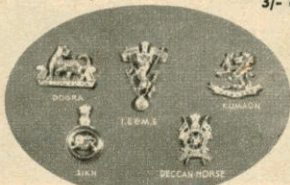


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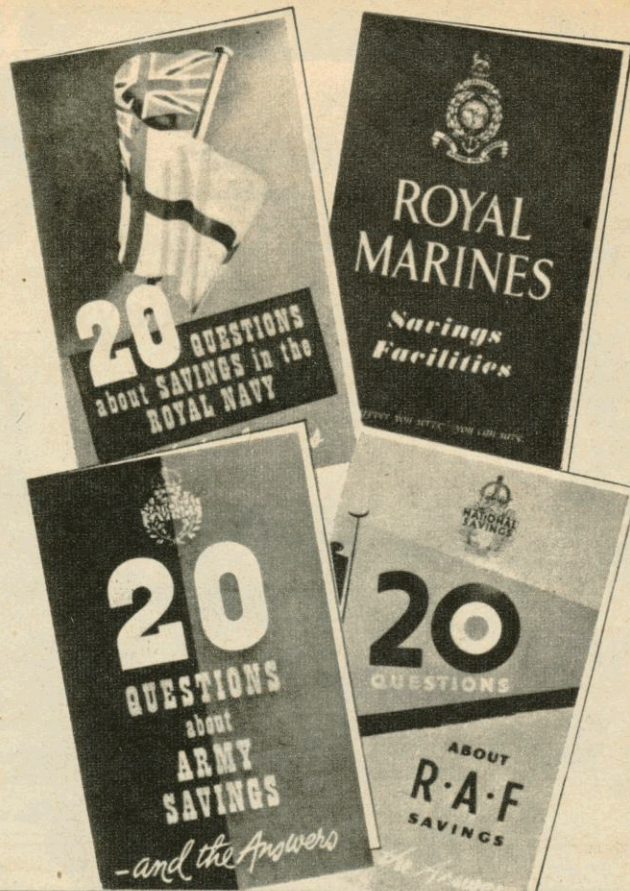
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GCB, KBE, MC, DFC, MM.

Chairman, H.M. Forces Savings Committee
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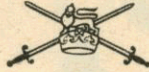
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THEY SEARCH FOR HIDDEN DEATH

While people on Salisbury Plain clamour for Imber Village to be returned to them, the Army is quietly handing back thousands of acres of training areas. But first the land must be cleared of dangerous missiles. On 20 square miles of the bleak North Yorkshire Moors this is a job for the Pioneers

EIGHT hundred feet up, atop the bleak North Yorkshire Moors, a dozen men of the Royal Pioneer Corps plodded slowly in echelon along narrow strips of tufted grass and heather.

Like elephants waving their trunks, each man—eyes searching, ears alert to the tell-tale “ping” from earphones slung round his

neck—swung in front of him a mine detector.

The biting wind whistled across the moorland and the Pioneers hunched themselves further into their leather jerkins, tightened their scarves and plodded on along the white-taped lines.

For the 150 men scattered in sections across the moors it was just another working day, another day nearer the end of the dangerous, laborious, tedious and soul-destroying job of clearing dangerous missiles from the Fylingdales Primary Training Area.

For two years now this has been the task of 260 Company, Royal Pioneer Corps. Some 10,000 acres have already been cleared of exploded and unexploded shells, mortar bombs, grenades and small arms ammunition fired over the area during the past 20 years. There are still 6500 acres to be searched.

The Army took over these 20 square miles of moorland and their seven farms early in World War Two. Thousands of Regular soldiers, Territorials and Home Guard fired there. Now the land is being

OVER...

● Pictures by **SOLDIER** Cameraman **FRANK TOMPSETT**



Eyes down, look in! The detector registers metal. A Pioneer lance-corporal investigates and uncovers an old grenade (ringed). Now, Sergeant J. M. Jones, RAOC (right), will take over.



In two years on the moors the Pioneers of 260 Company have unearthed countless pieces of harmless metal and a strange variety of missiles, mainly grenades, mortar bombs of all types and sizes and shells ranging from 6-pounder anti-tank to 25-pounder, 5.5-inch, 75-mm and the old 105-mm.

They have found, too, spigot mortar bombs (a relic of Home Guard days), 3.5-inch rockets, 4.5 howitzer and 3.7-inch anti-aircraft shells, and unexplained mysteries like the half-pound of bulk explosive and a complete mortar bomb carrier!

The Pioneers' local reputation as bomb experts has brought them several emergency calls. One was to a supposed torpedo spotted by holidaymakers in the bay. It turned out to be an oxy-acetylene cylinder. A live grenade was brought into the barracks by two small boys and another was discovered on the local golf course.

Scarborough Corporation sought the Pioneers' help to discover a manhole cover mistakenly buried in the resurfacing of a road.

But the most unusual use of the Company's detectors was in checking up on "Trixie," a cow owned by the East Riding Institute of Agriculture, which was thought to have swallowed a piece of barbed wire. The detector confirmed this and "Trixie" underwent a successful operation.

From page 5

gradually handed back, the warning notices are coming down and soon ramblers will be able to wander safely again over the moors between Whitby and Scarborough.

It is a job that must be done, day in, day out, four days a week, month after month.

Across the miles of rolling moors there is no one to be seen except the slowly-moving groups of Wellington-booted, jerkin-clad soldiers. They work silently, listening.

A detector "pings" in a Pioneer's ear-phones. A find. It might only be an old nail or a long-abandoned mess tin rusting in the heather. A lance-corporal comes up,

pulls a small trowel from its "scabbard" in the top of his Wellington and begins to dig, carefully.

He scoops the earth away from the face of an old grenade and calls for the Royal Army Ordnance Corps' sergeant working with the section. The detector operators sink to the ground—no chances can be taken—while the sergeant probes round the grenade. He decides that it cannot be removed without risk and it is left there, marked by a "Mines" sign, to be blown up later. The men get to their feet again and plod on.

On this mechanical searching the Pioneers are staggered to avoid picking up each other's detectors and work forward between tapes in 100-yard long, two-yard wide, rectangles. Then the tapes are moved laterally and the men work back down the new set of lanes. Their stint is 50 minutes, then the other half of the section, who have been resting, digging or taping, take their turn.

Mechanical clearing, used in those areas to which the public has greater access, is slow. The sensitive detectors—they can register even the sliver of metal in a bank note—pick up every vestige of metal and each time this happens the section has to halt while the offending scrap is removed to a sack for later burial.

When making a visual clearance the Pioneers can cover an area ten times greater in the same time, moving across the moorland in a straight line, rather like a litter sweep.

Always the going is slow and tiring, the ground uneven, snaring an unwary toe in tough roots or turning an ankle on a tussock. In winter a man may sink swiftly to his waist in treacherous bog; in summer he can disappear from view in head-high bracken.

At certain times of the year the dry heather can be burned off, but only by permission and under strict control. Bracken

Conductor R. W. Clarke, RAOC, taking cover behind a small hill, gets ready to blow the charge . . .



More than 60 per cent of 260 Company are Regular soldiers and the majority are in the 18-22 age group.

Attached to the Company for the Fylingdales clearance task are a Royal Army Ordnance Corps conductor and three sergeants, who are ammunition technicians. They examine every unidentified find and arrange for the disposal of missiles.

Those free from explosives are buried, missiles which can be handled are sent to ammunition depots for dumping at sea and the remainder are blown up where they are found.

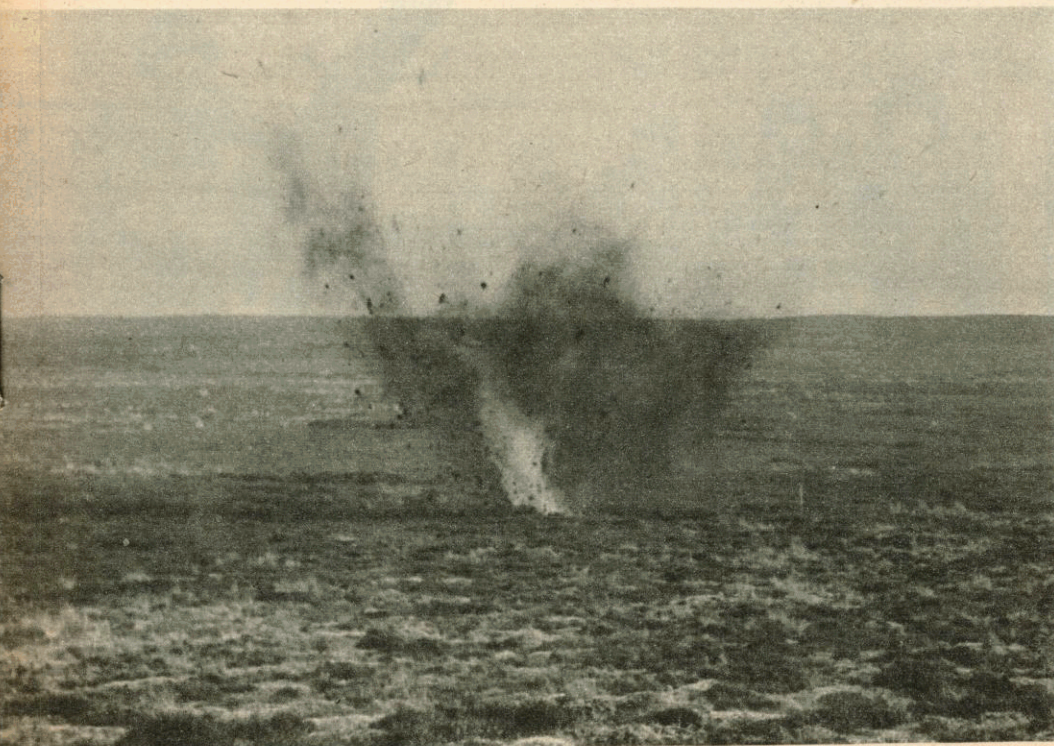
will not burn and has to be hacked down with hand sickles and bill hooks before searching can begin.

The Pioneers of 260 Company live in Burniston Barracks, Scarborough. They go out to work at 7.30 a.m. and normally return to camp in time for an evening meal at 5.30 p.m. About half the Company's strength of 300 is usually out on the moors, but on Wednesdays—and on bad-weather days—the whole Company stays in barracks for military training. In addition each section in turn is taken off the clearance work for a month of training.

Snow, fog and driving rain (it affects the detectors) prevent work and frequently the journey to the moors is delayed or made impossible by bad weather. Sometimes a mist will roll up without warning and the men have to be gathered in before they become lost. A handbell calls in the sections, as it does for the midday meal and the lorries home.

Safety is a paramount consideration. The Company has its own Royal Army Medical Corps sergeant and corporal who go out

and a spray of mud and earth showers over the moor as yet another dangerous missile is exploded.



SOLDIER to Soldier

In ten years' time no British soldier will be stationed abroad, except in Germany.

Instead, the British Army will be one vast mobile force, part of it in Britain ready to be flown anywhere in the world when danger threatens; the rest aboard a Fleet train, equipped with carrier-borne aircraft and amphibious landing craft, patrolling the Indian Ocean!

This is the plan of some military experts who see it as the answer to Britain's defence predicament.

At present, they say, the cost of an independent nuclear deterrent—at least ten per cent of Britain's defence budget—is intolerable. Therefore, Britain should join her allies in a totally interdependent nuclear defence scheme and share the cost. At the same time British troops should be withdrawn from all overseas garrisons which would be replaced by airfields and depots of stores and heavy weapons, guarded by local troops, for use in an emergency. The troops thus made available would join the strategic reserve in Britain or the Fleet train.

Though the plan may have much to commend it—at first sight it would give the Army greater mobility and efficiency and avoid the need to make politically embarrassing demands on our smaller allies—it could not easily nor cheaply be put into operation. To be thoroughly effective the strategic reserve in Britain would need a huge fleet of transport aircraft (the 100-seater *Britannia* costs £1,500,000) and the expense of the Fleet train would be formidable.

The plan would also require drastic reorganisation and re-equipment of the Army and it might not be possible to implement with an all-Regular Army of only 180,000.



THE long-suffering British taxpayer, who never ceases to grumble about the amount of money the Army spends in his defence, owes the Royal Army Service Corps a hearty vote of thanks—to the tune of half a million pounds, in fact.

That is the sum the Corps' Work Study team has saved by streamlining the Corps' activities, cutting out time- and labour-wasting jobs and increasing efficiency.

One of the biggest savings has been in vehicle servicing. Working to the manufacturers' instructions it used to take seven men to service one truck. Each man actually worked only 49 per cent of his time; the rest was spent walking to and fro. The Work Study team wrote its own servicing manual and now it takes only four men—each working 81 per cent of his time—to do the same job.

It used to take a soldier's wife 16 weeks to get new curtains from the time the order was placed. Now, by reducing the number of departments through which the order passes and by increasing stocks in barrack stores, the delay has been halved.

One member of the team discovered that at one depot the men walked some four miles to and from their work six times a day, including the lunch and NAAFI breaks. They are now taken to and from work by bus and the NAAFI comes to them. As a result, the team claims, about £45,000 a year is saved because the men are happier and work longer and harder.

As well as saving a considerable amount of money, the Work Study team's activities are helping to solve the manpower shortage, for many more men are now becoming available for other work.

There's a moral here somewhere, all you other Corps and Regiments.

PETER N. WOOD

And Now The Crockett Pocket Rocket

A NEW pocket rocket which will give Infantrymen atomic firepower equal to a heavy artillery barrage is going into production for the United States Army.

It is the *Davy Crockett*, a man-pack weapon that can fire either conventional high explosive or atomic warheads and is designed to provide Infantry and armoured units with

their own low-yield short-range nuclear firepower.

The atomic warhead is the same as that for the United States Air Force's *Falcon* air-to-air missile. Its power is secret but, says the United States Army, "the warhead packs a tremendous force yet has a small enough effective radius that troops using it, troops nearby and civilian populations are not

endangered by blasts. Radio-active fall-out danger is minimised."

Two launcher systems have been devised for the *Davy Crockett* and either can be mounted on a *Jeep*, *Mechanical Mule*, armoured personnel carrier or other suitable vehicle. Mounted on a vehicle, the weapon can be operated by only two men.

In its light version *Davy Crockett* can be hand-carried and fired from its transport or from a tripod by a crew of three. The heavy model has a larger tube and the advantage of a greater range but can be man-handled for short distances.

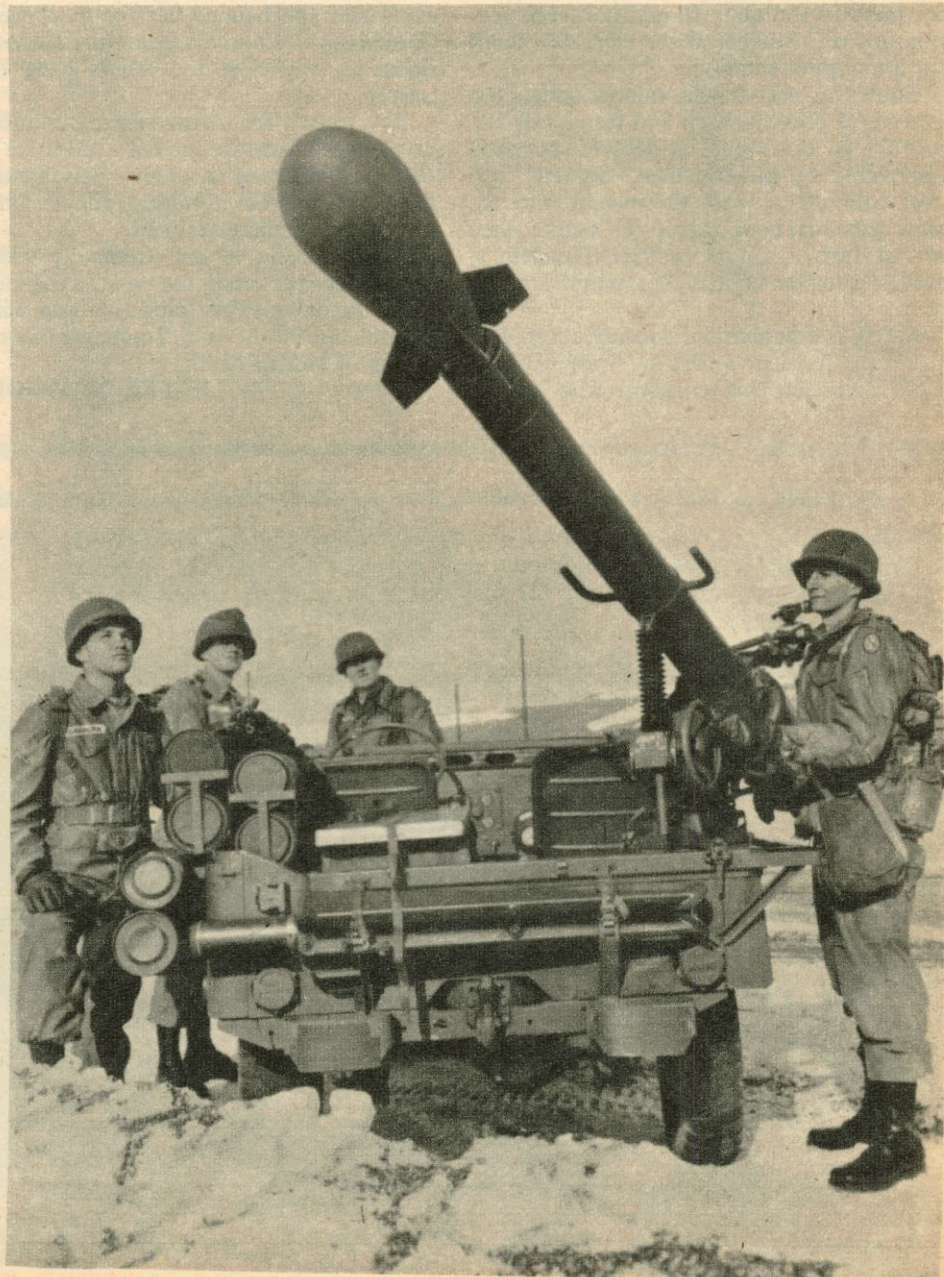
In the United States Army the *Davy Crockett* will be issued on a limited scale to battle groups, giving commanders a "boxer's Sunday punch" for use sparingly and at the most opportune time.

To help the commander in deciding when an atomic warhead can be fired without endangering his own troops he will have nuclear weapons computers at the gun site and in his headquarters.

The United States Defence Department says that Britain will be able to acquire the new missile if she needs it, but under present agreements the nuclear warheads would remain in American control.



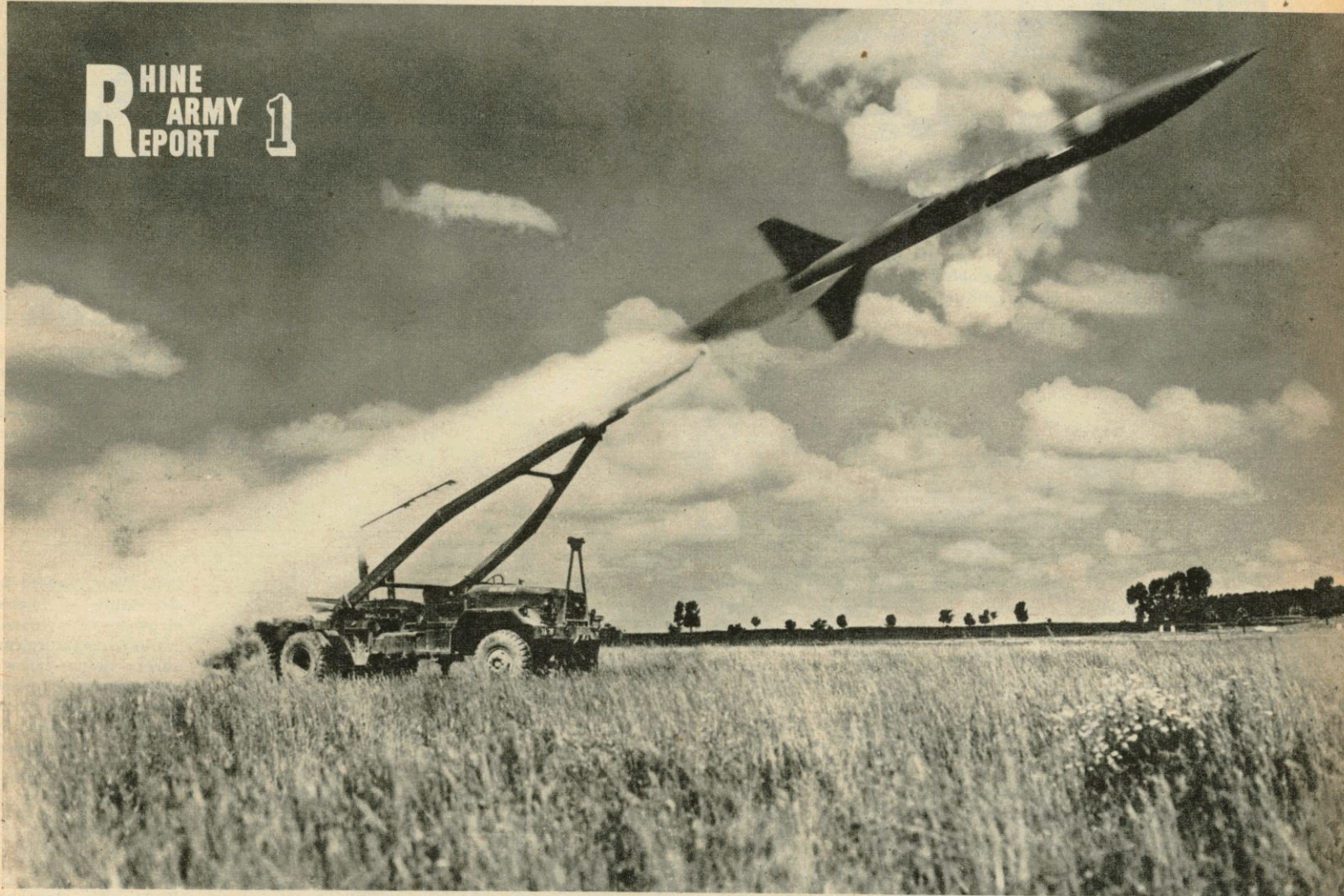
New, too, is the US Army's anti-tank rocket grenade, fired from its own disposable packet container. Highly effective against tanks, light fortifications and armoured vehicles, it can be carried and fired by one man.



The heavy version of the *Davy Crockett*, with the longer tube, mounted for firing from the vehicle. Note the bomb shape of the warhead.

Here is the first of a series of features on the activities of British troops in the British Army of the Rhine by SOLDIER Staff Writer DENNIS BARDENS and Cameraman PETER O'BRIEN who have been visiting units in Germany

RHINE ARMY REPORT 1



Honest John leaps from its launcher on a missile range in Germany. Carrying a nuclear warhead, this 27-foot long rocket could destroy a small town 16 miles away.

A nuclear war may never happen—but if Britain's defence needs demand it, the Gunners of 50 Regiment, Royal Artillery, will be ready to retaliate with two devastating nuclear weapons—Honest John and the 8-inch howitzer

GUNNERS WITH A NUCLEAR PUNCH

THESE are exciting days for the Gunners of 50 Regiment, Royal Artillery, in Germany, for they have stepped into the age of nuclear warfare.

A few months ago they were prepared to go into action with their conventional 5.5-inch medium guns. Now they are armed with two of the most devastating tactical nuclear weapons of the future: the *Honest John* rocket and the 8-inch howitzer, both divisional support weapons of tomorrow's battlefield.

Since last September, 50 Regiment has been coming to terms with these new and fearsome weapons and learning new drills which call for split-second timing, rigid safeguards and endless patience.

And, like Gunners the world over, they have taken it all in their stride, as SOLDIER saw when it watched the Regiment demonstrate how the *Honest John* and the 8-inch nuclear howitzer are brought into action.

There are three main stages in the launching of an *Honest John*, which is delivered to the Regiment by five-ton truck in three boxes containing the fins, the main body and the warhead.

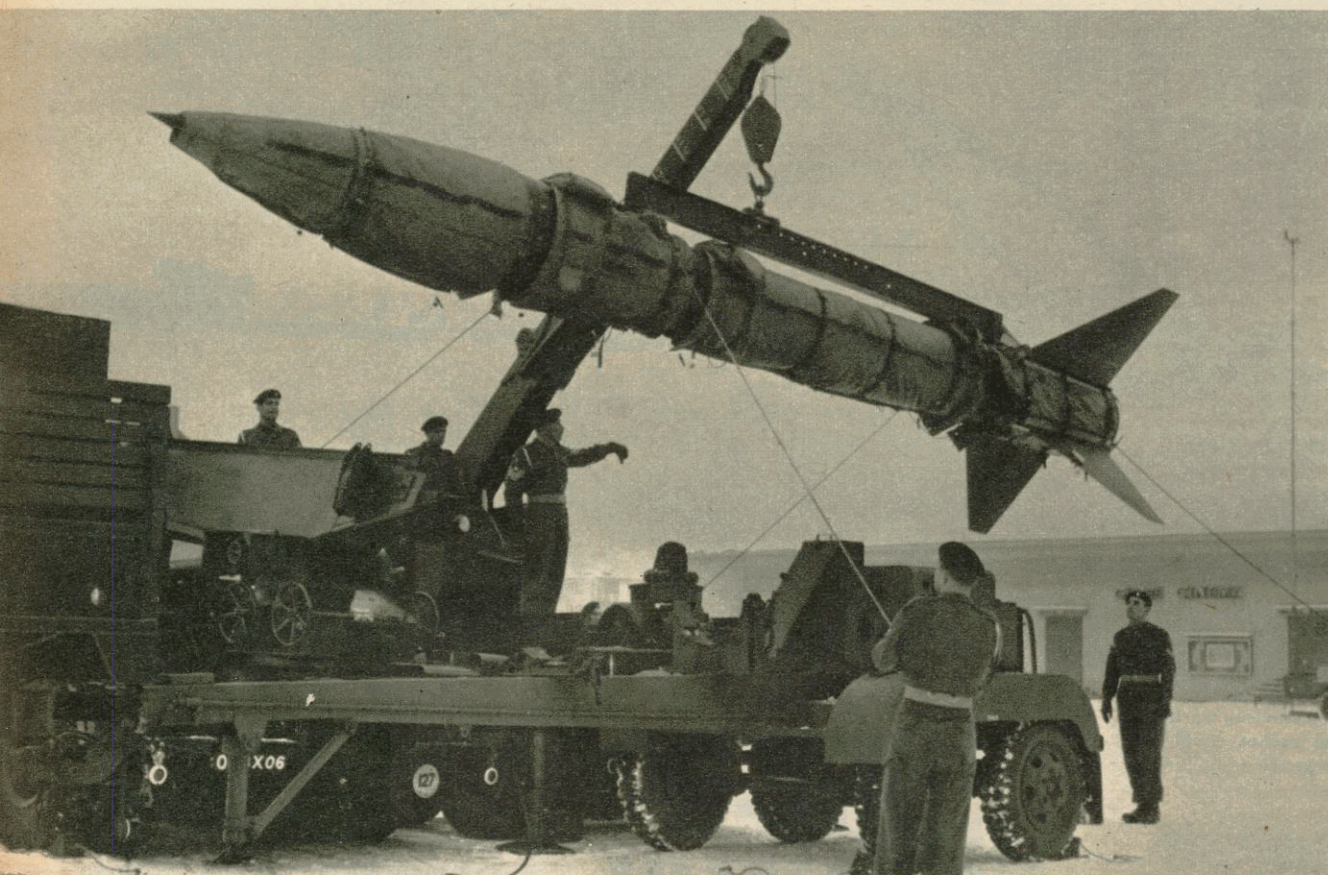
First the Assembly Troop, which has two detachments, puts the rocket together. A heavy crane—called a "Wrecker"—lifts the



At the rocket's business end, before the fins are fitted, Sergeant C. Saddington, RA, checks the assembly on a pole trailer. In this process all electric parts and circuits are tested and carefully re-checked.



Above: Here the fins are fitted and the five-ton *Honest John* is ready to be towed away to its launcher.



Left: Now encased in electrically - heated blankets—severe changes in temperature can affect the weapon's performance—*Honest John* is gingerly placed on its launcher by the heavy duty crane.

Right: The launcher sergeant supervises the fuse setting as *Honest John* is raised on its launcher. The tall pole on the left is the windset, the contrivance which measures the speed and direction of ground-level wind.

lids from the containers, then transfers the parts to a pole trailer, a combined transport carrier and work bench. Here the *Honest John* is assembled, carefully checked and all the electrical parts and circuits tested. Then, accompanied by the "Wrecker," the rocket is towed on its trailer to a "hide"—preferably a wood—where it can be held in readiness for action.

The Launching Detachment—a sergeant, six gun numbers and a driver—unloads the *Honest John* from the pole trailer by crane, gently lowers it on to its launcher, and the rocket is ready to move to its pre-arranged firing position.

Not far away is the Battery Command Post—in a converted *Saracen*—which deploys each rocket and launcher on instructions from the Regimental Commanding Officer, and tells each Section Command Post when to fire.

The deployment of the rocket is controlled by each section commander, who gives the

order to fire, but before this happens there is much delicate and careful work to be done.

From a windset—a kind of weather vane on an arm which can be raised up to more than 50 feet—the strength and direction of the low level wind are worked out and the necessary adjustments are made to the rocket. Then the bearing of the target and the required elevation at which the *Honest John* must be raised to hit it are decided, checked and re-checked, the final electrical contact is made between the Section Command Post and the launcher and the protective screen is removed from the control panel. The *Honest John* is now ready for firing.

Five . . . four . . . three . . . two . . . one . . . FIRE! The Section Commander presses the button and the rocket roars from its launcher in a sheet of flame and a cloud of smoke. Travelling slowly at first, it quickly gathers speed to explode seconds later several miles away. If it is carrying an atomic warhead one *Honest John* can wipe out a small town.

Once the rocket has been fired, the detachment moves quickly to another "hide," ready to fire another missile.

Only the instructors in the two batteries—15 and 21 (Gibraltar)—which now have the *Honest John* had any experience of rocketry when the Regiment was equipped with the weapon, but the gunners have mastered their new art in an astonishingly quick time.

The men of 33 and 78 Batteries are also equally at home with the Regiment's other formidable weapon—the remarkably accurate 8-inch howitzer which weighs 14½ tons. A demonstration specially prepared for SOLDIER emphasised how well and rapidly they had learned.

In his command post—also housed in a *Saracen*—the Battery Commander received information that an enemy Infantry battalion had been discovered hiding in a wood. Within minutes, the range and bearing to the target had been worked out and this information, with the order to engage, had been sent

HONEST JOHN — a free-flight ballistic missile giving close-support fire up to 20 miles—can carry an atomic, high explosive, smoke or chemical warhead.

It weighs five tons, is 27 feet long and 30 inches in diameter and is propelled by a solid-fuel rocket motor. Unlike the Corporal, another American missile with which the Royal Artillery is armed, *Honest John* has no electronic controls. Smaller and more mobile than the Corporal, it is carried on its own wheeled launcher and can be lifted by helicopter.

Honest John was first fired by British troops—detachments of 39 Regiment, Royal Artillery, and the School of Artillery—in the United States in October, 1959, and the first independent British firing was carried out by 39 Regiment. Three Royal Artillery units are now equipped with *Honest John*—24, 39 and 50 Regiments, RA.

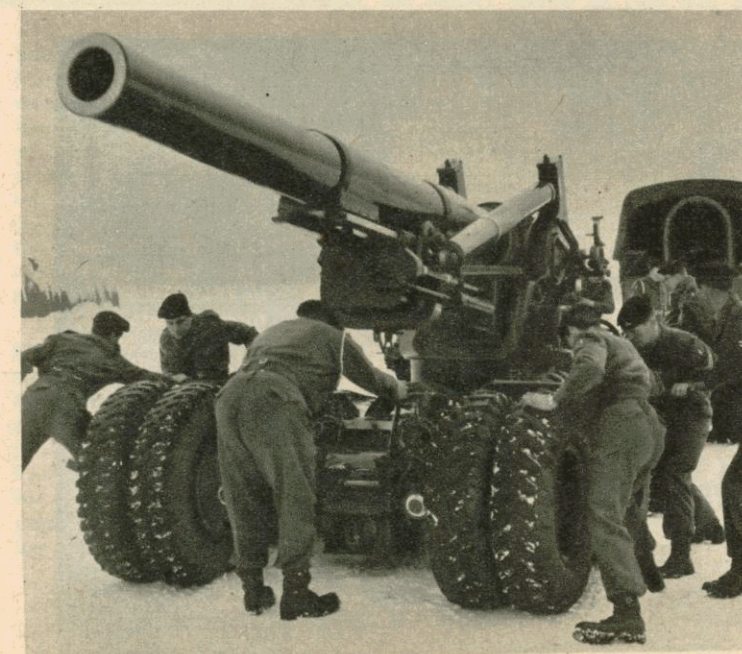
The 8-inch howitzer, another weapon supplied to the British Army by the United States, fires a nuclear or high explosive shell. In the Royal Artillery it is fired from the British 7.2-inch howitzer mounting.



to the two gun detachments, camouflaged in a nearby wood. Seconds later the gun detachments went into action and two (imaginary) atomic shells were on the way to the doomed target.

The Regiment has known many changes since World War Two when it was 50 Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment, Royal Artillery. In April, 1955, it changed its name to 50 Medium Regiment, RA, and took over 5.5-inch medium guns, but 16 months later—at 72 hours' notice—left them behind and went to Cyprus as Infantrymen on internal security duties. During its 13 months of terrorist hunting in Cyprus the unit suffered 24 casualties (five killed and 19 wounded) and killed four Eoka guerrillas and captured several.

On its return from Cyprus in 1957, 50 Regiment reverted to its normal Gunner rôle and handed in its medium guns in exchange for *Honest Johns* and 8-inch howitzers last autumn soon after being sent to Germany.



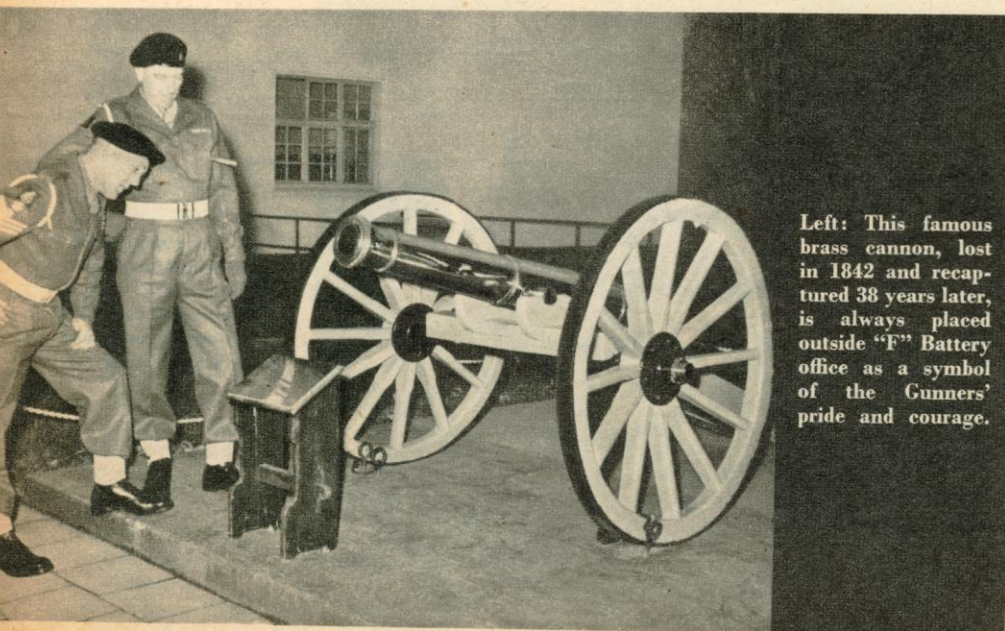
Left: A gun detachment brings an 8-inch howitzer into action. This weapon can also fire a nuclear round and is remarkably accurate.



Brigadier R. S. Broke takes the salute as Centurion tanks thunder past during the Regiment's last spectacular parade.

SPHINX, BULL'S AND MERCER'S

After 22 years' illustrious service, 4th Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery, will soon disappear—but the identities of its three famous honour-titled batteries will live on



Left: This famous brass cannon, lost in 1842 and recaptured 38 years later, is always placed outside "F" Battery office as a symbol of the Gunners' pride and courage.

SELF-PROPELLED howitzers, Centurion tanks, Saracens and Champs, keeping perfect station, roared past the saluting base at Hohné in a dashing cavalcade of military might.

It was the first mounted parade held by 4th Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery, since it was equipped with the American 155-millimetre self-propelled howitzer in 1955.

And it was the last parade of its kind for next June the Regiment returns to Britain—after ten years' unbroken service in Germany—and merges with 33 Parachute Light Regiment, Royal Artillery, to form 7th Parachute Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery, and 4th Field Regiment, Royal Artillery.

The identity of the Regiment's three famous batteries—"F" (Sphinx), "G" (Mercer's Troop) and "I" (Bull's Troop) will live on in the Parachute Regiment.

But no gun in that proud display could compete in polish and the care lavished on it, with the ancient brass cannon which stands in place of honour outside the office of "F" (Sphinx) Battery. This was one of the guns lost in the disastrous retreat from Kabul in 1842 and which, with another, was recaptured in 1880 at Ghuzni by the troop that lost them. It is now a tradition that wherever the Battery goes the gun goes, too.

Earlier that day the 4th Regiment had been on parade for its annual administrative

inspection and the three batteries, flanked by their flags, were reviewed by Brigadier R. S. Broke MC, Commander Royal Artillery, 1st Division, who presented two Long Service and Good Conduct Medals. One went to Regimental Sergeant-Major W. P. Carthy, a Gunner since 1938—and the other to Armourer Quartermaster-Sergeant V. Farrant, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, who is attached to the Regiment.

Among those on parade was Battery Sergeant-Major C. J. Friend—the Regiment's longest-serving soldier—who joined "F" (Sphinx) Battery as a boy trumpeter in India in 1939 and has served with the Regiment ever since.

Born in Egypt in June, 1939, the 4th Regiment joined 7th Armoured Division on its formation, and in June, 1940, went into action against the Italians on the Egyptian frontier—the first British Gunners to do so. During Wavell's first desert campaign a Regimental observation post's report led to the capture of "Electric Whiskers"—the Italian General Bergenzola.

The Regiment also took part in Auchinleck's offensive in November, 1941, and fought at Sidi Rezegh—the hardest battle in its history—during which Brigadier Jock Campbell, leader of the famous "Jock Columns" and a former Commanding Officer of the Regiment, won the Victoria Cross. After the Battle of Sidi Rezegh the remnants of the Regiment were taken away in a 15-cwt truck.

The Regiment also fought at El Alamein, took part in the break-out from the Normandy beachhead, was in action at the Falaise Gap and in the attempted relief of Arnhem, crossed the Rhine and fought its way bitterly towards Hamburg. On the way it passed only a few miles from Hohné, the Regiment's home since 1950.

All three batteries have long and honourable histories and each zealously guards its traditions and identity.

"F" (Sphinx) Battery was formed in 1800 as The Experimental Troop, Bengal Artillery, and a year later was fighting the French in Egypt, dragging its guns into action by camel. For 40 years the Battery was caught up in various small wars in India and in both Afghan Wars. Two members of the Battery won the Victoria Cross in the Relief of Lucknow in 1843.

In World War Two, "F" (Sphinx) was the first artillery battery to be ferried across the Rhine in rafts and is the only battery to have served continuously with 4th Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery, since it was formed.

"G" Battery (Mercer's Troop) was formed in Ireland in 1801, also for service in the Napoleonic Wars, and has an unbroken history since then, although it joined "F" (Sphinx) Battery to form "F/G" Battery for eight months in 1939. It was in action in South America in 1807 and gained its present name at the Battle of Waterloo when its commander, Captain Mercer, disobeyed the Duke of Wellington's order to

retire and, instead, engaged the French cavalry at point-blank range. Captain Paul Mercer, a direct descendant of the man who disobeyed the Iron Duke, serves with the Battery today.

"G" Battery (Mercer's Troop) had a magnificent record in World War One. In one action during the last desperate German offensive in 1918 all its officers were killed and a sergeant took command.

"I" Battery (Bull's Troop) was raised in 1805 under Captain Robert Bull and sent almost immediately to the Peninsula, where it took part in almost every major action. At Fuentes d'Onoro a section under Captain Norman Ramsay was cut off by French cavalry but charged its way out.

"I" Battery also fought at Waterloo, firing over the heads of British troops and taking great toll of the French. In the Second Afghan War it once mounted its guns on elephants to traverse difficult country. The Battery fought in most of the big Western Front battles in World War One, winning a formidable list of battle honours, and in the 1939-45 war escaped from Dunkirk, slogged through the Western Desert and Italy. It joined 4th Regiment in 1958.

4th Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery, will lose its self-propelled guns next June on its merger, for the new 7th Parachute Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery, will be armed with 4.2-inch mortars and eventually the 105-mm. pack howitzer, while 4th Field Regiment, RA, will have 25-pounders.



Left: The men of "I" Battery (Bull's Troop), parade with tanks and self-propelled howitzers. In the Second Afghan War the Battery carried its guns into action on elephant-back.



Above: Regimental Sergeant-Major W. P. Carthy, who joined the Royal Artillery in 1938, receives his Long Service and Good Conduct Medal.



Left: Warrant Officer C. J. Friend, longest-serving soldier in the Regiment, inspects the uniform and equipment of Captain Ramsay who led Bull's Troop in its famous ride through the encircling French cavalry at the Battle of Fuentes d'Onoro.

Right: Major B. P. McEnroy, present commander of "F" Battery, inspects the list of his predecessors, dating back to 1801. The honour title "Sphinx" was granted for outstanding service in Egypt.



DIGGING FOR HISTORY

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SOLDIERS who grumble about Army food ought to take a look at one exhibit in the Archæological museum at Cambridge House, the headquarters of 34 Army Educational Centre at Rheindahlen, in Germany.

It is a measure used by a quartermaster of a Roman legion to dole out the daily ration of grain which the soldier ground himself and made into a porridge.

The measure is one of the many historic discoveries, throwing new light on the way soldiers lived and fought nearly 2000 years ago, made by Rhine Army's Archæological Society whose members include British, French and Belgian soldiers and their families and German civilians.

The Society was formed five years ago after enthusiastic amateur archæologists had brought to light pieces of pottery and a well-preserved sabre left behind by one of the 300 Cossack soldiers who chased Napoleon back to Paris in 1814.

Today it has 20 members who dig under the expert guidance of Herr Ernst Kunstler, a part-time instructor at Cambridge House.

Rheindahlen is rich in buried history and the remains have been unearthed of a Roman fortress (Rheindahlen was occupied by the Romans in 53 BC and was the half-way house between the 20th Legion's headquarters at Neuss, on the Rhine, and the junction of the rivers Ruhr and Maas).

One treasure of which the Society is especially proud is the Grattan Vase, named after Colonel Harry Grattan, Royal Engineers, a founder member of the Society and the man who saved the Army £14,000 a year, by divining water beneath the site of Rhine Army's headquarters (SOLDIER, October, 1954). The vase is a sacrificial vessel from which libations of wine were poured in honour to the spirit which protected Roman soldiers. It dates from about 100 BC and is the finest specimen of its kind discovered north of the Alps.

Other discoveries include a system of ancient causeways, an iron-ore smelting plant, traces of nomadic culture in 1000 BC and of Celtic invasions which began 400 years before the birth of Christ.

One discovery—an axe believed to have been used by the Franks against the Huns at the battle of Châlons-sur-Marne in 451 BC—is now commemorated in a military badge.

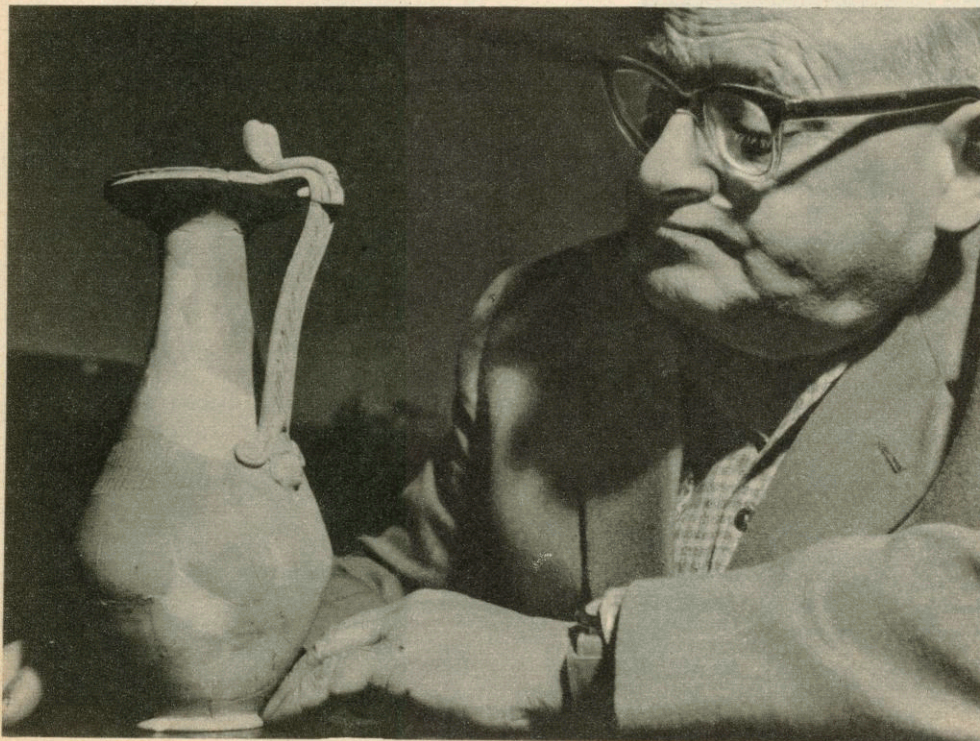
When Lieutenant-General Sir Dudley Ward, Commander-in-Chief of Northern Army Group and Rhine Army from 1957 to 1960, wanted a badge for Northern Army Group which was heraldic, military and easy to identify he decided on a replica of the axe as the most appropriate symbol.



Where Roman Legions once marched, Herr Kunstler, an instructor at 34 Army Educational Centre, shows Major John Emerson, RAEC, the remains of a causeway built 2000 years ago.

Left: This is the axe—perhaps some 2,300 years old—which was dug up at Rheindahlen and is now the badge of Northern Army Group. Holding it is Mrs. Creedy, a member of the thriving Rhine Army Archæological Society.

Below: The Grattan Vase, used by Roman soldiers over 1800 years ago for religious rituals, being examined by Herr Kunstler. This rare treasure was unearthed by a British Soldier.





In the famous "Pickett's Charge," the Confederates made their final effort at Gettysburg. It was a gallant but fatal dash against the Union lines on Cemetery Ridge. The trees still stand there.

The War That United The States



America's bitterly-fought Civil War, a hundred years ago, takes its place in world military history as the last of the old-fashioned wars and the first of the modern conflicts. From it sprang a dozen new techniques to be used by grandsons and great-grandsons of the men in blue and gray

A HUNDRED years ago, on 9 January, 1861, angry Confederates fired the first shots in the American Civil War—at the Union steamship *Star of the West* as she sailed to provision the North's tiny garrison of Fort Sumter.

Three months later Confederate guns battered Fort Sumter's ramparts and sparked off a bloody conflict which for four years was to split a country, divide men of every race and turn families against themselves.

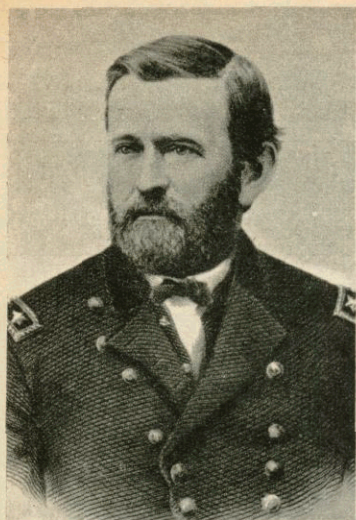
But from the carnage of Bull Run, Shiloh, Antietam and the legendary Gettysburg rose a new nation, grown from a little group of 13 colonies to a union of 50 sovereign states.

The Civil War—now tactfully called The War Between the States—was not only a momentous period in American history. It was a textbook of leadership in battle, under generals like Robert E. Lee, Ulysses S. Grant and Stonewall Jackson, a stepping stone to Hitler's *Blitzkrieg* and the cradle of a dozen military developments.

It was the prelude to modern warfare, the first war in which railways were extensively used for large-scale troop and supply movement, in which commanders directed battles through the electric telegraph, and it saw the début of aerial reconnaissance (from balloons) and extensive photography.

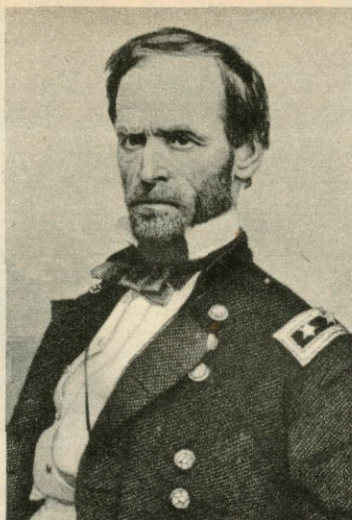
Wire defences, rifled artillery, mobile railway guns, a practical machine-gun and widespread use of the repeating rifle were

OVER...



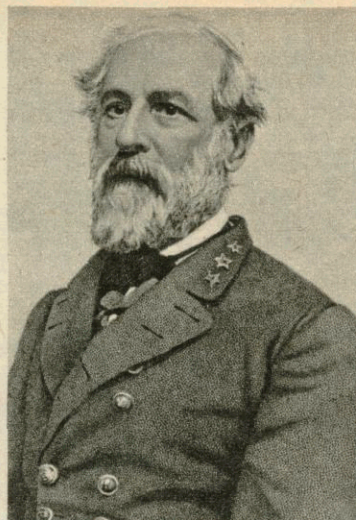
GEN. ULYSSES S. GRANT

a West Point graduate, became Commander-in-Chief of the Union Army in 1864 after a series of brilliant victories, and later was elected 18th President of the USA.



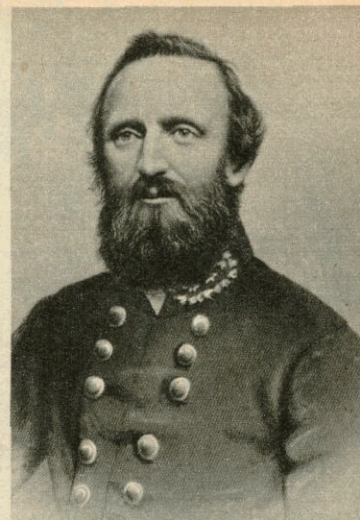
GEN. WILLIAM T. SHERMAN

distinguished himself in many campaigns, particularly as leader of the "march through Georgia," and in 1868 he followed Grant as Commander of the United States Army.



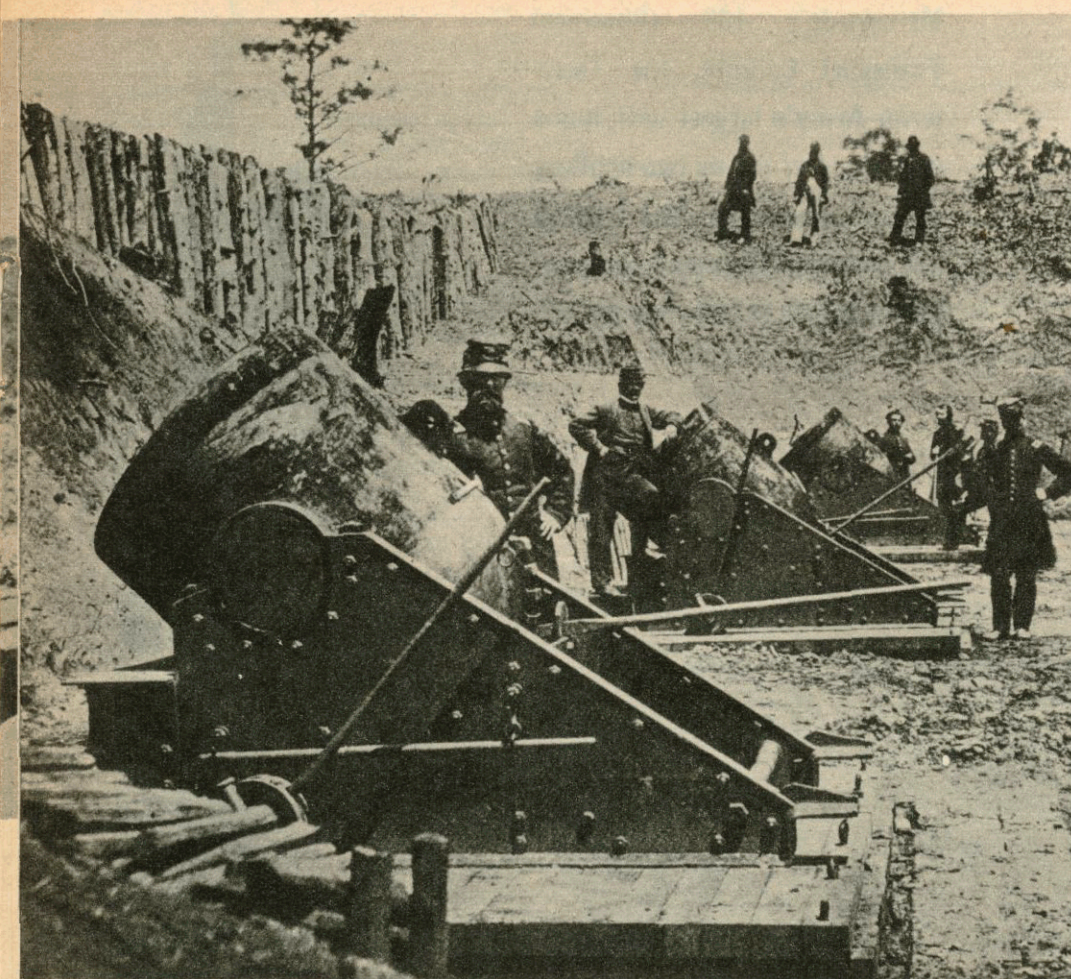
GEN. ROBERT E. LEE

West Point superintendent and son of a famous general, was the Confederacy's military genius. He surrendered to Grant and later became president of Washington College.



GEN. THOMAS J. JACKSON

the famous Confederate strategist, earned his nickname of "Stonewall" at First Bull Run. He died from wounds which he received at the Battle of Chancellorsville in 1863.



A mortar battery at Yorktown, Virginia, in 1862. These squat weapons were widely used later with the advent of extensive trench warfare and caused heavy casualties until men learned to take cover.



Above: A Union Infantryman, of 5th Army Corps, carries blanket roll and knapsack, Springfield rifled musket, canteen, haversack and cartridge box. Below: A typical Confederate Infantryman, a little less soldierly-looking, with blanket roll slung and carrying a musket.



developed. Medical care of the wounded was systematically organised and accredited correspondents chronicled the war for the world's Press.

At sea, ironclads clashed in battle, "torpedoes" (strictly mines) and rams were developed, and a surface vessel fell victim to a new horror of war, the submarine.

This was America's war and officially Britain preserved a strict neutrality, but it did not prevent the sale to both belligerents of supplies, arms and ammunition, nor stop adventurous sympathisers from joining the hundreds of thousands of emigrants—English, Welsh, Scots and Irish—already soldiering in Confederate gray and Union blue.

Sympathies lay generally with the North, whose cause of liberation appealed to the Briton's sense of justice, rather than with the more class-conscious South.

The Union Army had an Irish Brigade under a green flag bearing the harp of Erin. Welshmen fought in a company led by a Captain Richard Jones, and Scotsmen in the

79th New York Regiment, named Cameron's Highlanders after its commander, Colonel James Cameron. When the 79th mutinied the ringleaders were arrested and the Regiment deprived of its colours, but these were restored a month later and the Highlanders completely retrieved their reputation later in the war.

English Americans sought to form their own regiment but could not obtain official approval. Many enlisted individually, some former officers joining as privates and a few rising to high rank. There were surgeons who had fought in the Crimea and a trumpeter in the City Guards of Worcester who was one of the 600 at Balaklava.

Foreign-born supporters of the Confederacy cause numbered only a sixteenth of those who had cast their lot with the Union, but the men in gray, too, had their Irish Brigade, Emerald and Shamrock Guards, Scotch Guards (a title that would offend every Scot today) and the British Consular Guards who punctiliously offered their services

"for duty not inconsistent with neutrality."

The African explorer, Stanley, enlisted with the Confederates, was captured at Shiloh, then joined the Union Army. Discharged on medical grounds, he went back to Wales but later joined the Federal Navy, as an officer, ending his career by deserting. Livingstone's son fought with a Massachusetts regiment and fell at Gettysburg when only 18.

Examples of the divided family were the Irish Major-General Cleburne, who had a brother in the Confederate Army and one in the Union Army, and another Irishman, Major Hugh Gwynn, whose elder brother was a Union major-general.

When Captain John L. Inglis, an Englishman, was sent to silence a battery of Union artillery, he hurled his men against the belching cannons so furiously that he captured the whole battery. The Union commander then surrendered to Captain Inglis—his brother.

Although Britain remained neutral, the Government strengthened its battalions in Canada, sending out, among other reinforcements, a brigade of Guards, bringing the number of British troops there to 18,000.

Neutrality denied official recognition of the thousands of men from the British Isles who fought with the Union and Confederate armies and navies, but there are still some tangible links here with the Civil War.

The CSS *Alabama*, sunk off Cherbourg, was built at Birkenhead by Cammell Laird and carried many British officers and men. A plaque near the entrance hall of Charing Cross Hospital Medical School, in London, commemorates Assistant Surgeon Davis Llewellyn. The CSS *Florida* and CSS *Shenandoah*, too, were British-built.

Scores of British firms were engaged in supplying to both sides materials and arms which included the Enfield .577 rifle-musket and the Armstrong, Blakeley and Whitworth breech-loading cannon. The Great Seal of the Confederacy was made by a London firm.

Firmin and Sons, the button, badge and accoutrement manufacturers, produced buttons for the Confederate and Union armies and navies. Recently the firm found a few of its original dies—most were destroyed by an air-raid on its Birmingham factory—and is

now casting Confederate States Navy buttons for sale as souvenirs by a New York store.

These few links are closely cherished by British enthusiasts who have made the study of the Civil War their hobby. One small but growing group is the recently-formed British outpost of the Confederate High Command, an American organisation "dedicated to keep aglow the memories of the Southern Confederacy and of the valiant heroes who so ably defended that great nation."

The High Command, now three years old, has some 300 members in 22 American states, Mexico, Canada, France and England. A semi-military movement, it commissions its members in ranks from cadet to colonel. Its two brigades are named after John Salling and Walter W. Williams, two veterans of the war promoted to five-star generals by the High Command.

General Salling, who died two years ago at the ripe age of 112, never saw action and ended his career as a soldier as he began it, digging saltpetre for use in Confederate gunpowder. He never rose above the rank of private but went to his grave in the full dress uniform of a Confederate general and with full military honours from the United States Army.

General Williams, final survivor of the Civil War, in which he was a forage master, died a few months later, aged 117. His funeral, too, was spectacular. The Confederate "Stars and Bars" flag draped his coffin while it lay in state under an honour guard dressed in the uniforms of both armies.

Commanding the British outpost is 32-years-old Major-General Ronald Marshall,

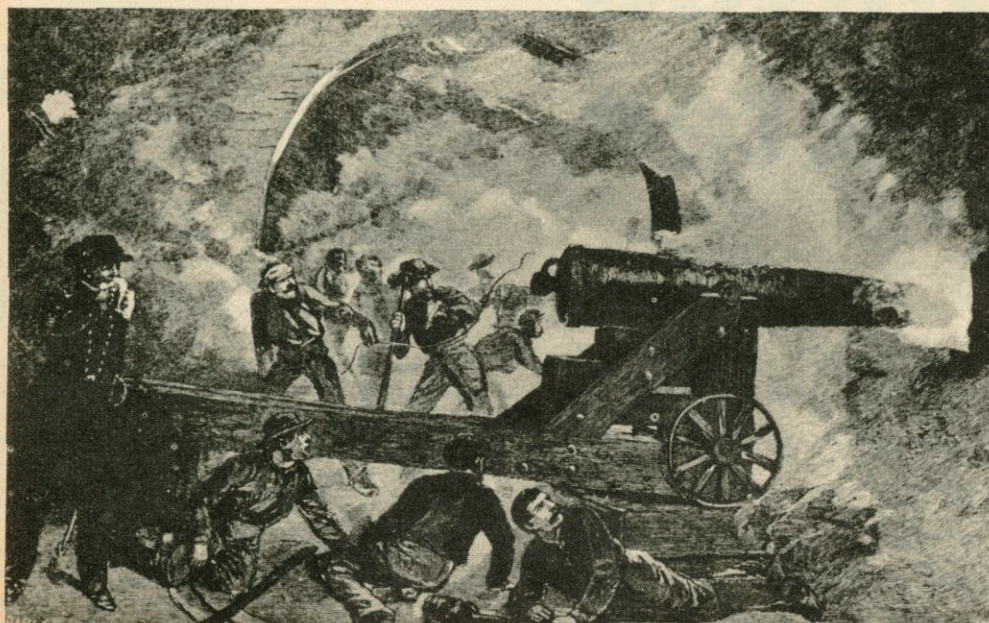
of Banstead, Surrey, an artist specialising in heraldry and calligraphy who is secretary and executive director of his family firm, F. G. Marshall Ltd, makers of memorial books.

General Marshall's interest in the Civil War began in his schooldays. He read the war's history, formed a study group in nearby Sutton and wrote articles which made him known in the United States, and led to his joining the Confederate High Command, as a full colonel, 15 months ago.

With meteoric rapidity he was promoted Brigadier-General last August and appointed Major-General at Christmas. He ranks as a major in the Civil War Press Corps (a Northern group devoted to the memory of war correspondents) and is a member of the Continental Confederation of Adopted Indians, a society looking after the interests of America's original Americans.

The High Command's preoccupation with ranks amuses General Marshall as much as an American newspaper cutting describing him as having served for three years as "ground administrator with the Royal Air

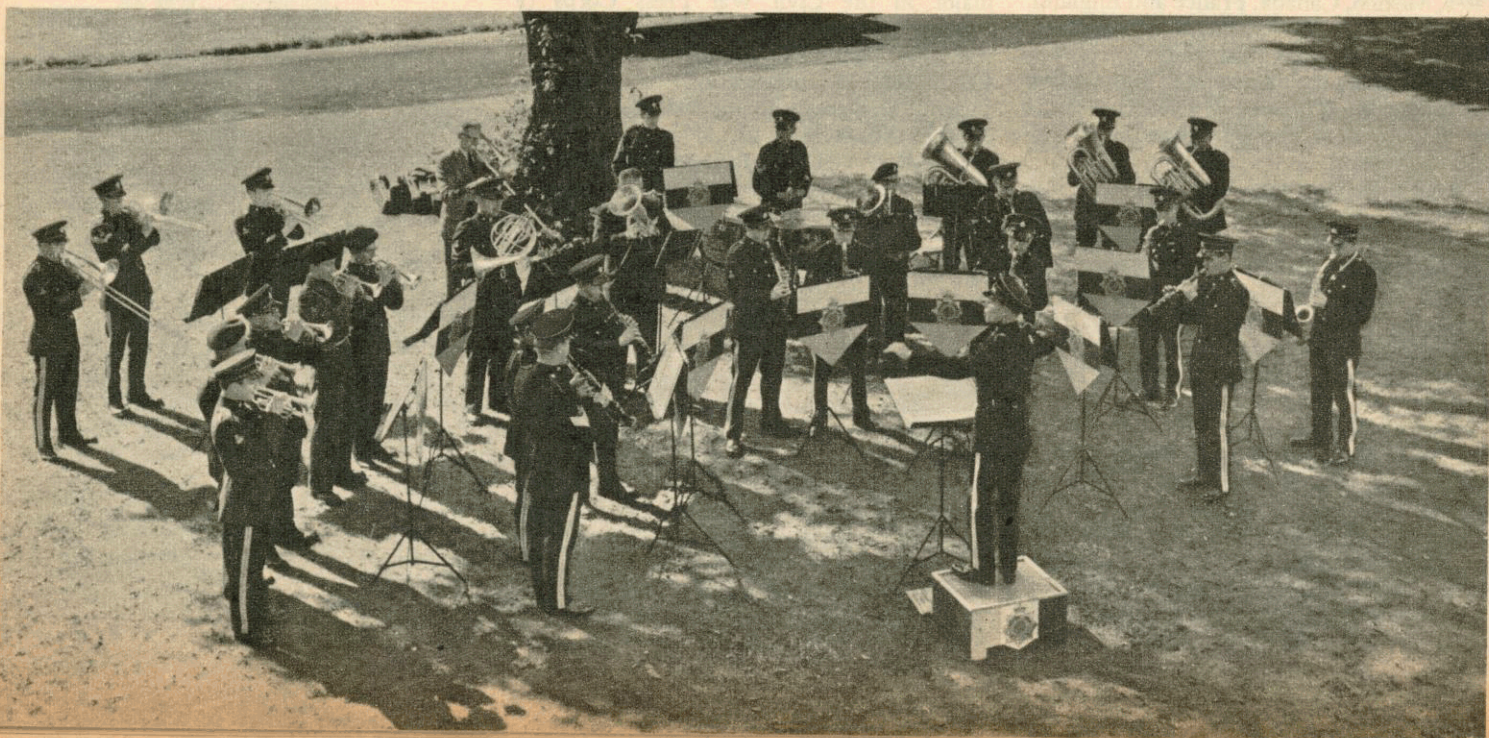
continued on page 27



A wounded Gunner whips back the lanyard and the Union gun belches acrid smoke into a Fort Sumter casemate. The garrison capitulated after two days' fighting, then marched out with honours of war.

THEY QUEUE TO JOIN THIS UNIT

Bandmaster J. Bell takes the band through a Suppé overture in the grounds of Chetwynd, once a private estate and now the pleasant headquarters of the Column and its two companies in Birkenhead



Merseyside's 102 (Cheshire) Transport Column, the Territorial Army's largest unit, has a *waiting list* for its two artillery support companies. The DUKW and three-ton transport companies are almost at full strength, too

SHEDDING water from their squat hulls, a flotilla of DUKWs emerged from the sea and, in answer to a semaphored signal, drove across the firm sands of a Wirral beach to a radio control point.

Their crews, and the men on the beach, were Territorials of 102 (Cheshire) Transport Column, the largest unit, in volunteer strength, in the Territorial Army.

In turn, each DUKW ploughed its way inland along a track in the soft-sanded dunes to the harder ground of a transshipment area where more Territorials off-loaded on to waiting lorries the amphibians' cargo of Bailey bridge sections.

There's a touch of the sea in the blood of every Merseyside man and these Territorials of 102 (Cheshire) Transport Column's amphibious company are as at home here as on land.

This was a week-end exercise, on Leasowe Beach not far from the holiday resort of New Brighton, for two of the four companies controlled and trained by the headquarters of 102 Transport Column.

The grey-hulled DUKWs of 543 Company (Amphibious Transport) were bringing in heavy cargo from an imaginary ship anchored off-shore and discharging direct into three-ton lorries of 912 Company which had been waiting, camouflaged, in a nearby lane. In

reality the loaded lorries would then have taken their cargo back to a transit area and thence to the base depots of a bridgehead.

Near the transshipment area a small team co-ordinated every movement by radio, calling loaded DUKWs forward along the single-line track through the dunes, signalling empty three-tonners up to meet them, returning the amphibians to the beach and sending back the loaded lorries.

Out on the beach and close inshore, however, the DUKWs were directed by hand semaphore, an art now almost lost to a radio-minded Army.

While the DUKWs and lorries shuttled to and fro, more of the Column's Territorials were busy on other forms of training. Back at the drill hall near Birkenhead, men of 585 Company and the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers workshops were maintaining vehicles and motor-cycles and, a mile or so away, fellow Territorials of 910 Company, all Liverpool men from across the Mersey, were being taught rescue techniques in a bombed building used as a training area by Birkenhead Civil Defence Corps.

Young recruits, putting theory into practice for the first time, gingerly lowered a "casualty" from an upstairs window, rescued another victim from a basement and learned how to lift heavy blocks of masonry with a tripod. Teaching them were Sergeant W. J. Carroll, who is also a member of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board heavy rescue section, and Sergeant Rowlands, of Liverpool Corporation's first-aid team.

The Territorials are instructed in civil defence only for self-protection, but the Column enjoys the closest co-operation with the local Civil Defence Corps.

An urge to drive, equally strong in Merseyside's dockers and railwaymen as in the 50-odd Liverpool bus drivers who enjoy their "busman's holiday" in the Territorial Army, brings in 90 per cent of the Transport Column's volunteers and is mainly responsible for the present total of 730.

The two Liverpool companies, 910 and 912, whose operational role is supplying fuel and ammunition to Royal Artillery medium regiments, are up to establishment and have waiting lists—a fortunate position which must be the envy of many a Territorial unit.

The beach companies—543 and 585—based on Birkenhead, work with a Territorial port task force, but last year the Transport Column spent its annual camp in Scotland as a complete unit. For their local amphibious training the companies share Leasowe Beach with holidaymakers and in winter use an additional beach at West Kirby on the banks of the River Dee.

Red-letter days for the beach companies are the rare occasions when a tank landing craft of the Corps' hard-pressed Regular Army squadron can be spared to help the Territorials in their off-shore training.

Lieutenant-Colonel N. C. Ware, the Territorial commander of 102 (Cheshire) Transport Column—he is assistant registrar in the Liverpool head office of an insurance company—is proud of his unit's 100-year-old history and keenly interested in one of its most recent innovations, a 30-strong military band which, though not yet two years old, has played regularly at local engagements and in November won the Cheshire Area Territorial Army Band competition.

The Transport Column was raised in Birkenhead, when the Territorial Army was

formed in 1908, from a nucleus of officers and men of the 1st Cheshire Royal Engineer Volunteers, a volunteer corps formed in 1860. The unit served in World War One as the Welsh Border Mounted Brigade's Transport and Supply Column, and afterwards became the 2nd Cavalry Divisional Royal Army Service Corps. It was the senior Territorial unit of the Corps in 1935 and the last to retain mounted equipment.

It went to war in 1939 as the 1st Cavalry Divisional Royal Army Service Corps, its companies serving mainly as armoured divisional companies, and in 1957 amalgamated with another Merseyside unit, 124 Transport Column.

Under the reorganisation of the Territorial Army, the Column will have three heavy general transport companies and a petroleum transport company.

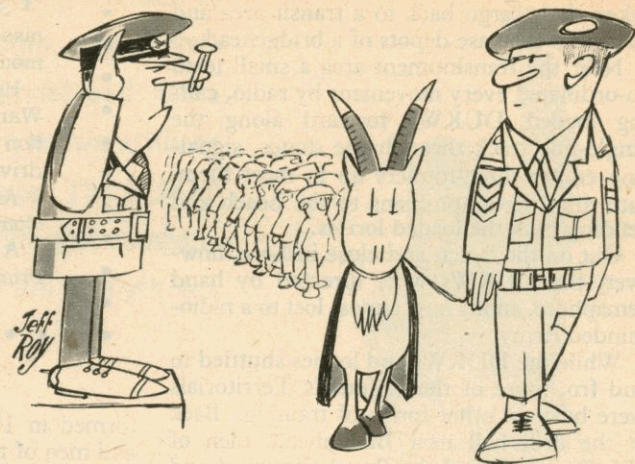
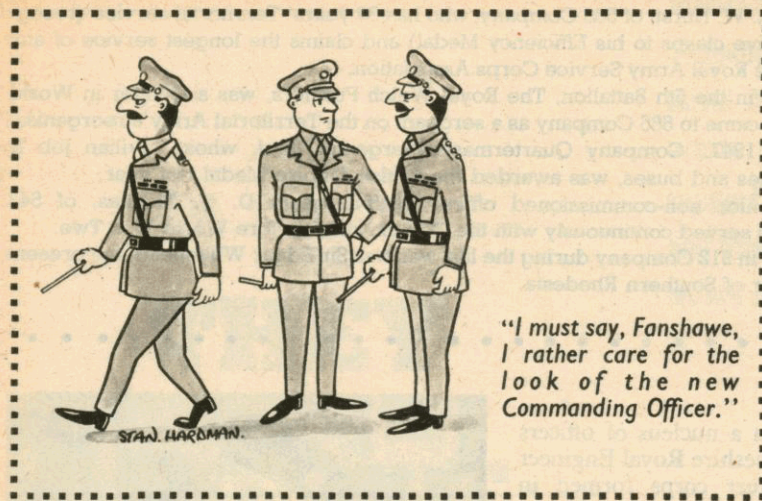
PETER N. WOOD



CQMS A. W. Hurst, the Column's long-service veteran, has been in 585 Company nearly 14 years and a Territorial for 39 years. He has the BEM and five clasps to his Territorial Efficiency Medal.

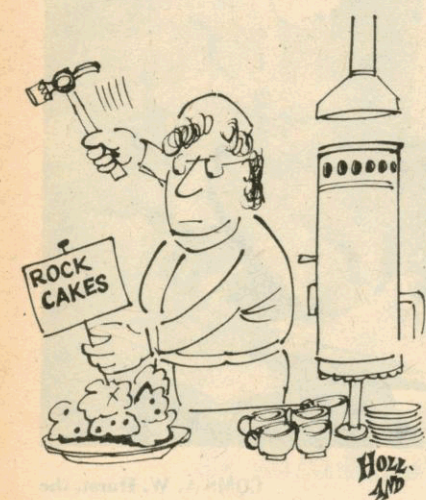
Pictures by SOLDIER Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT.

Recruits of 910 Company practising their Civil Defence training in a war-bombed building used by the Birkenhead Civil Defence Corps. This is a four-point suspension of a stretcher from an upper window.

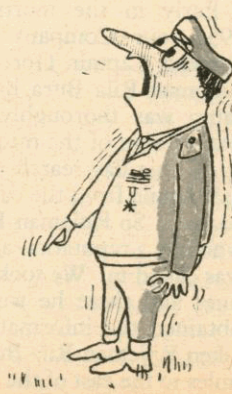
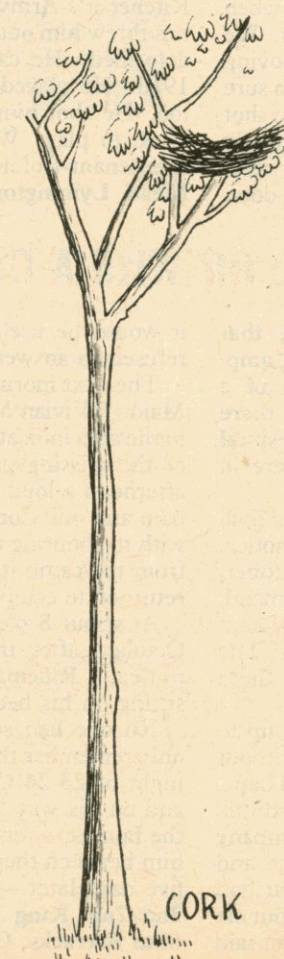
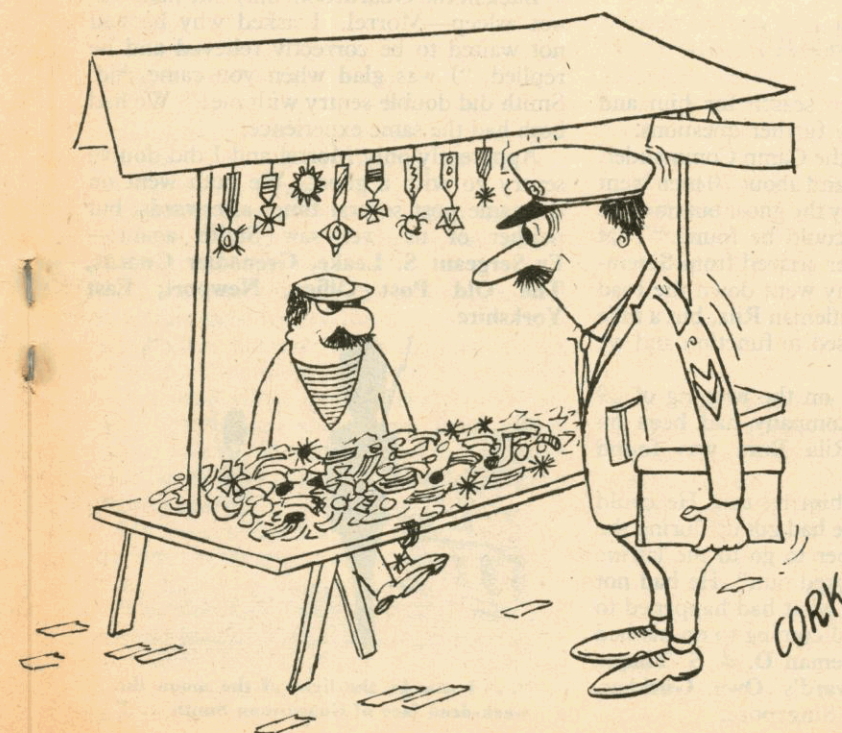
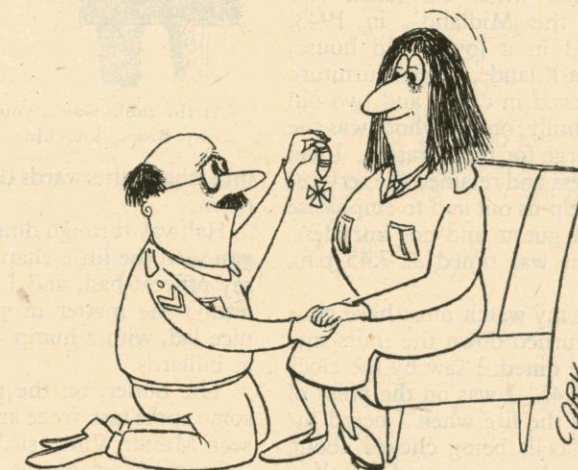
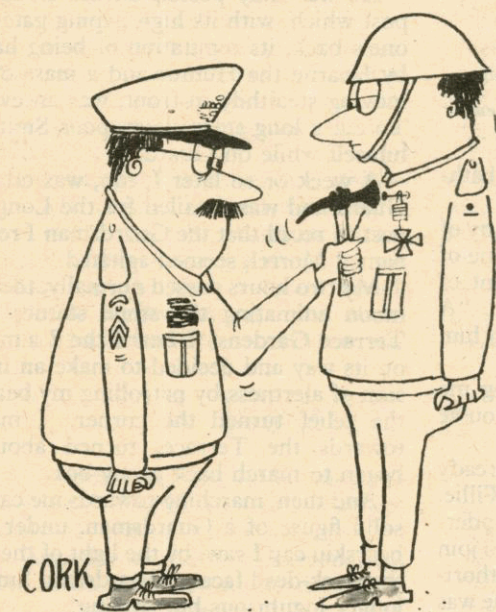
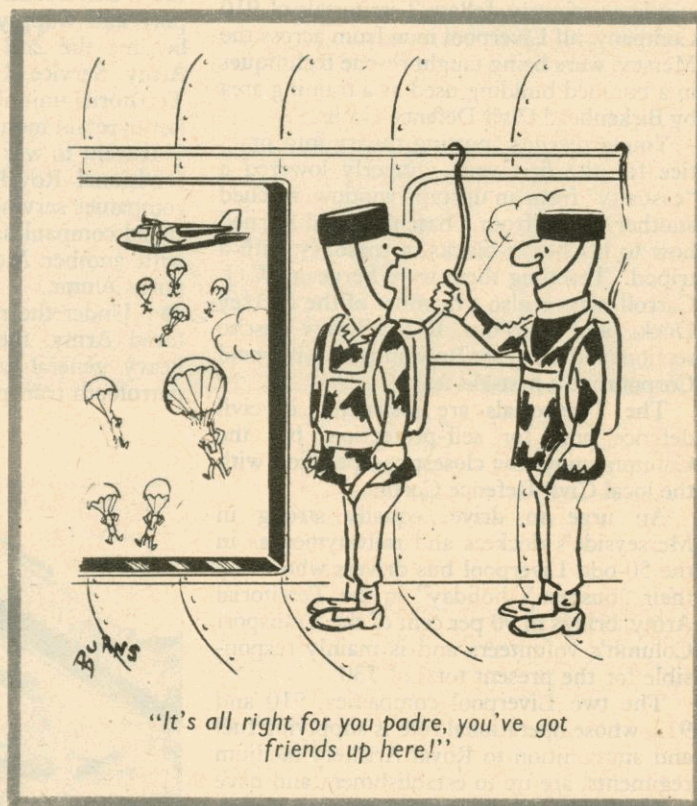


medal medley

by CORK



soldier humour



Soldiers who are trained to keep their feet on the ground and are discouraged from fanciful thinking, would be the last to believe in ghosts. Or so you would imagine.

But you'd be wrong if the stories on these pages are anything to go by.

They are a selection of the best that came to **SOLDIER** in answer to the Editor's request for true accounts of soldiers' ghostly experiences

A Hundred Up With A Phantom

I ONCE played billiards with a ghost and beat him 100 up.

It happened when I'd taken two batteries up to the Midlands, in 1943. We were billeted in a lovely old house, surrounded by park lands, all the furniture and pictures covered in cloth, and two old retainers of the family, one of whom was the butler, left in charge for the duration. I had formed a small mess and retained the services of the butler to help us out and to emphasise that we were just guests and not intruders. Our frugal dinner was timed at 7.45 p.m. each evening.

One cold night my watch must have gone wrong, for, as I turned down the stairs into the hall where we dined, I saw by the clock that it was only 6.45. I was on the point of sitting in front of the fire when I heard the sound of billiard-balls being clicked about.

I pushed open a door and found myself in a longish room. At the table was a youngish man, in a sort of Kitchener Army Blues knocking the balls about. He was hump-backed. He said nothing, but smiled when I asked, "Want a game?" So we began. We were 98 all, when I heard my officers moving about in the hall. The shot was mine—a sure pot at his ball or the gentlemanly cannon shot off red to white. As I took my shot, he quietly put his cue back in the rack, gave me a smile and quietly walked through another door,

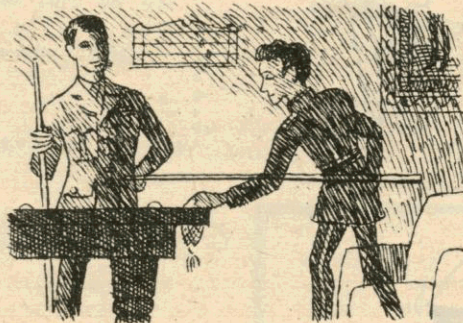
A Ghost Made Off With A Gurkha!

WE knew, before we arrived, that there were ghosts at Bahau Camp, in Malaya, because the men of a previous Gurkha battalion stationed there had told us so. It had once housed a hospital and a morgue when the Japanese were in charge in World War Two.

But it was six months after our arrival that the reality of ghosts came to our notice.

Early in the morning of 24 October, 1956, our Company second-in-command, Gurkha Captain Gore Pune, reported that Rifleman Rila Bura had disappeared. The camp was thoroughly searched but there was no sign of the missing man.

All that day search parties were out up to half a mile from the camp but again without success. So Rifleman Karnabahadur Thapa, who had a reputation as a *Lama*, or medium, was called in. We took him to the Company lines and there he went into a trance and obtained the information that a ghost had taken Rifleman Rila Bura to a spot about six miles to the east of the camp. The ghost said



"At the table was a young man in Kitchener Army Blues, knocking the balls about..."

into what I afterwards discovered was a bath-room.

Halfway through dinner, I asked, "Any of you seen the little chap in Blues?" None of my officers had, and I was on the point of letting the matter drop when I added, "A nice lad, with a hump. I've just beaten him at billiards."

The butler, on the point of handing me some apple tart, froze and went pale. "You've seen Master Willie, sir," he said.

I waited, sensing, as a Celt, what I already knew. The butler went on: "Master Willie, sir, was Her Ladyship's brother. I was underfootman at the time. He had managed to join Kitchener's Army, in 1915, but the authorities threw him out on discovering that he was deformed. He came back here, Christmas, 1916. He played a good game of billiards, too. He shot himself in the room where he loved to play. We see him, sometimes."—Lieutenant-Colonel The O'Doneven, Gold Mead, Lymington, Hampshire.

it would be useless to search for him and refused to answer any further questions.

The next morning the Camp Commander, Major J. Vivian MC, and about 70 men went to the area indicated by the ghost but no trace of the missing man could be found. That afternoon a loud hailer arrived from Serembam and our Company went down the road with it, shouting to Rifleman Rila, but a mile from the camp it ceased to function and we returned to camp.

At about 8 o'clock on the evening of 29 October, after the Company had been on roll-call, Rifleman Rila Bura was found sitting on his bed.

No one had seen him return. He could only remember that he had got up during the night of 23-24 October to go to the latrine and on his way "blacked out." He had not the faintest notion of what had happened to him between then and coming to on his bed five days later.—Rifleman D. B. S. Thapa, 2nd/2nd King Edward's Own Gurkhas, Slim Barracks, GPO Singapore.

"HENCE,

Sentry Go With A Dead Man

I N 1927 I was a young Guardsman at Windsor Castle, where, from time to time, recruits joined us from the Depot.

One such recruit was Smith (not his real name), a lonely soul who never made friends. He had not been long in the Battalion before he was detailed for Castle Guard.

He was duly posted on the Long Walk post which, with its high gaping gateway at one's back, its reputation of being haunted by Hearne the Hunter and a mass of trees moving stealthily in front, was an evil one. To cut a long story short, poor Smith shot himself while on Guard.

A week or so later I, too, was on Castle Guard and was detailed for the Long Walk post. I recall that the Guardsman I relieved, named Morrel, seemed agitated.

My two hours passed normally, the bright moon animating the stone statues in the Terrace Gardens. I heard the 2 a.m. relief on its way and decided to make an impression of alertness by patrolling my beat until the relief turned the corner. I marched towards the Terrace, turned about and began to march back to my box.

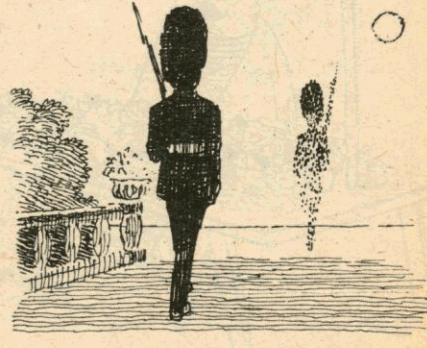
And then, marching towards me came the solid figure of a Guardsman, under whose bearskin cap I saw, by the light of the moon, the week-dead face of Guardsman Smith, no longer lugubrious but smiling!

At that moment the relief turned the corner and Smith vanished!

Like Guardsman Morrel, I did not stand on ceremony but shot towards the relief, leaving the Guardsman who took my place to get acquainted with Smith.

Back in the Guardroom only one man was not asleep—Morrel. I asked why he had not waited to be correctly relieved and he replied, "I was glad when you came, kid. Smith did double sentry with me!" We had both had the same experience.

Apparently only Morrel and I did double sentry go with a ghost. We both went on the same post several times afterwards, but neither of us ever saw Smith again.—Ex-Sergeant S. Leake, Grenadier Guards, The Old Post Office, Newport, East Yorkshire.



"... I saw by the light of the moon the week-dead face of Guardsman Smith..."

HORRIBLE SHADOW!"

—"Macbeth" Act 3, Scene 4

The Phantom Paratrooper

O N the night of 17 September, 1944, I parachuted into Holland with the 2nd Battalion, Parachute Regiment, and was one of about 250 men who fought their way to the main bridge in the centre of Arnhem.

On the 19th I was wounded and lost a lot of blood. I remember very little of the 20th, except that I was lying between an officer and another man, both of whom died in the cellar where we wounded were put.

A year later I returned to England, a good deal thinner but with my wounds healed. One of my first calls was on a lady I had known since boyhood and she told me this remarkable story.

On the evening of 19 September, 1944—the day I was wounded—she was sitting in her front room thinking about me when, suddenly, she felt she was not alone.

Looking up, she saw a figure which seemed to be visible through the thick, heavy curtains in front of the window and

with horror realised it was I. Her description of my dress—even down to the webbing, smock, coal-scuttle helmet and the field-dressing on my left thigh was accurate in every detail.

She told me that my apparition was standing but appeared exhausted and seemed to want to speak, clutching the curtains tightly as though it would pull them apart and step into the room.

Eventually, my friend found her voice and gently said, "It's all right, Jim. It's all right." As though reassured, the form released its hold of the curtains and slowly faded from view.

I know I was delirious on the evening of 19 September, 1944, and for part of the next day. I can only think that I tried to contact my friend and that if she had not spoken to my spectre it would have stepped through the curtains and I would have died in that cellar in Arnhem.—James Sims, 111, Hollingbury Road, Brighton 6, Sussex.

A Wraith In Eritrea

I N the months following its surrender to the Allies, in 1941, the former Italian colony of Eritrea was a pleasant and peaceful place for a few British troops who remained there, but I remember it best for a weird encounter a friend and I had with a ghost.

We were returning to our billet near an old fort after a cinema show one night when we noticed two three-ton trucks parked on open ground nearby but well away from the usual vehicle park. In the shadows between the lorries stood a figure in khaki drill uniform.

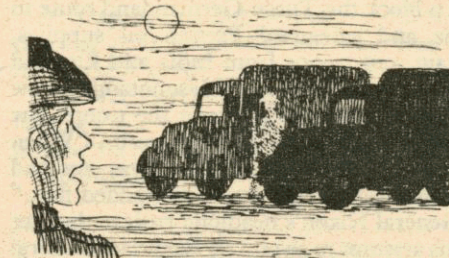
The two trucks had not been there when we passed earlier and my companion, thinking it strange that a soldier should be wearing thin drill on a chilly night at that altitude—over 7000ft above sea level—decided to investigate.

About a minute later he called me over and said, "If I'm not having my leg pulled I've just seen a ghost."

He then told me that he had approached to within eight feet of the man and noticed that he was dressed in the distinctive field uniform of the South African Defence Force—a short-sleeved bush jacket, polo-type topi, abbreviated shorts and long, three-buckle gaiters. He was tall and thin and had both hands on the muzzle of a rifle, his head slightly bowed.

My friend stared at the figure for a few seconds and was just about to speak when, to his horror, it disappeared.

We thoroughly searched the area and the two trucks, but could find no sign of the man, so we returned to the guard room and reported the incident. We were told that the two trucks, which had arrived while we had



"... He stared, horrified, and was about to speak when the apparition disappeared..."

been in the cinema, contained the bodies of South African soldiers exhumed from an Ethiopian battlefield for re-burial in a war cemetery and had been parked well away from the guard room out of respect for the dead.

My companion, who could have confirmed this story, was later killed in Italy.—R. Rimmer GC, 29, Coniston Road, Newton, Chester.

A Trio Of Ghosts

I N World War Two I served in a National Defence Company and part of the time did guard duty at Balcombe railway tunnel, Sussex.

One night I was on sentry go from midnight to 2 a.m. during an air raid when several bombs fell close to the tunnel entrance and I decided to take refuge inside.

After only a few minutes I saw three men approaching. I challenged but received no answer so I shouted, "Halt or I fire." The three figures immediately became indistinct and vanished.

Spook In A Cape

I HAD done a normal day's work in our camp in Malta one day last October and had spent the evening quietly, playing snooker and writing home.

I turned in about 11 p.m. and slept for what seemed two or three hours. Then I was awakened by a tingling sensation all over my body. I tried to move but could not and opened my eyes only after a great effort.

There, at the bottom of my bed, was the figure of what appeared to be a huge man wearing a cape! It reached to a foot above the locker, there was no white smudge where the face should have been and no sort of distinct outline of his body.

I fought to overcome my fear and when I did move I sat bolt upright. The figure at the foot of the bed vanished. The time was 11.45 p.m.

I am sure that I did not dream this frightening experience. I discussed it next day with my room mates and found that nobody had entered the room between 11 p.m. and midnight and that nobody had been fooling around. I still sleep in this room but have had no similar experience.—Marine (C) D. Stollery, Room G2, Camp, HQ 3 Cdo Bde, Royal Marines, Malta.

A Ghostly Goat

I N the Western Desert in 1942 I was engaged on a raid on an enemy airfield, and after the attack all vehicles set off separately to rendezvous deep in the desert three days later.

My crew and I had been travelling for 36 hours when, at dusk, we found a small stone building, almost covered by sand and containing a stone coffin, and decided to stay the night. We concealed the vehicle, set a guard on the door and went to sleep.

Some hours later I awoke and, looking towards the open window, saw, silhouetted against the moon, a bearded face with two large horns.

I leapt out of bed with a shout which woke everyone else and pulled out my pistol. But the apparition had disappeared. We rushed outside to investigate and saw, fast disappearing, the figure of a very large billy goat.

The strange thing was that we were at least 100 miles from the nearest village in the heart of the desert and we had seen no nomads on our journey. No goat could have survived alone in the area.—J. Lees, 52, Moorcroft Road, Lawton Moor, Wythenshawe, Manchester 23.

The odds against them were hopeless—but the Thirteenth Hussars spurred their horses and charged the Turks at Lajj. It was a gallant failure but it opened the way to the capture of Baghdad

DEATH RIDE IN THE DESERT

DRAW swords—Form line—Gallop! The cry rang across the desert sands at Lajj, 35 miles south of Baghdad, on the morning of 5 March, 1917, as the Thirteenth Hussars spurred their horses towards an enemy lost to sight in a swirling dust storm.

Lajj is a forgotten name now, but on that March morning the bleak desert and scrub on the bank of the River Tigris saw the last regimental cavalry charge in British Army history.

Had the full facts been made known at the time, they would have stirred the nation's heart as had the story of Balaclava over 60 years before. Charging what they thought was a small group of Turks guarding a convoy, the Thirteenth Hussars emerged from the pall of dust to run headlong into a well-entrenched, well-equipped division of 2500 men.

Outnumbered by more than ten to one, the Regiment swept through a storm of shot and shell into the massed ranks of the Turks, wheeled away back to their starting line, and returned to the attack on foot.

In this gallant action the Regiment lost half its strength in killed, wounded and missing.



Lieut.-Colonel J. J. Richardson who ordered the last Cavalry charge in British Army history. After the mounted charge he reformed his men and led them on foot against the Turks. He died in 1942.



Troopers of the Thirteenth Hussars—"The Lilywhites"—in their desert fighting kit, take a breather during their advance to Baghdad. The horse in the foreground has been killed by a Turkish shell.

The four-year campaign in Mesopotamia was a "side-show" in World War One, but in the desert sands below Baghdad men fought, suffered and died just as bitterly as in the holocaust of Flanders.

To block the Turco-German land route to India and safeguard Persian oil supplies, Britain sent troops from India and England to Basra, the port of Mesopotamia (now Iraq), in 1914. All too soon the troops saw the point of the old Arab proverb—"When Allah made Hell he found it was not bad enough, so he made Iraq—and added flies."

General Nixon's headlong rush to disaster in his attempt to swoop on Baghdad, General Townshend's defeat at Ctesiphon and the shattering blow to British prestige of Townshend's surrender with 10,000 men at Kut—all had passed into history when the Thirteenth Hussars reached Mesopotamia in 1916.

The picture changed dramatically in December of that year when the British, their supply situation vastly improved, began their advance under General Sir Stanley Maude from the Sannaiyat line, on the Tigris. On 24 February, 1917, the Sannaiyat defences—the rock against which wave after wave of British troops had vainly flung themselves for nearly a year, finally fell to 1st Corps. That day Maude signalled the War Office, as Nixon had done two years earlier: "The road to Baghdad seems quite open."

Before daybreak on 5 March the Cavalry Division moved out at the head of the army from Azizieh, some 50 miles below Baghdad. The line of advance lay along the north bank of the Tigris, mostly over flat, scrub-covered ground.

For mile after mile the Cavalry moved on unmolested. Reports from aircraft and armoured cars on reconnaissance indicated that the country ahead was clear save for a few scattered groups of Turks who appeared to be escorting a convoy. At about

10.30 a.m. the Thirteenth Lancers, in the lead, came under fire and the Thirteenth Hussars were ordered up abreast of them. A strong wind had sprung up at their backs, raising a dense dust storm through which the Hussars could dimly make out the supposed convoy, about two miles ahead. Here was the perfect opportunity for a classic cavalry charge.

The Regiment's Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel J. J. Richardson, called up his four squadron leaders, sent "C," under Captain J. Steele, out to the right to cover the flank, and ordered the rest—"D," under Captain William Eve, in the lead, "B," under Lieutenant J. V. Dawson and "A," under Captain H. G. T. Newton—to advance in echelon of squadrons extended.

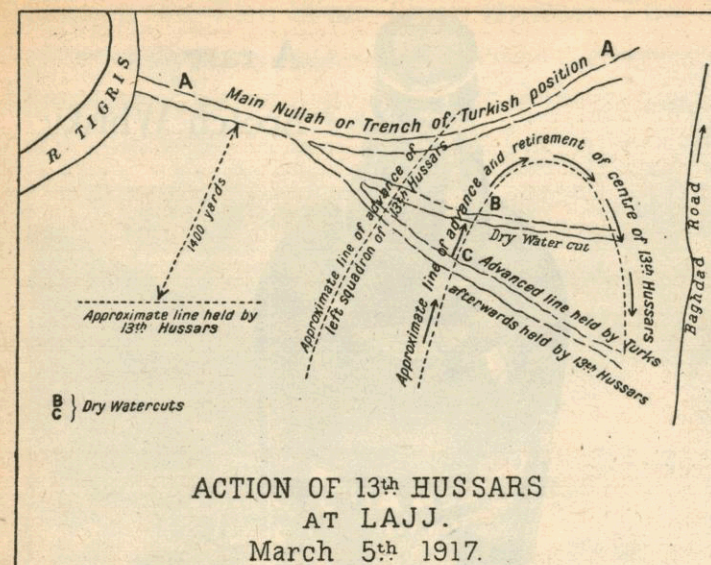
Hardly had the Regiment formed up when a shell burst on the left and rifle fire opened up from the trenches ahead. In the blinding dust storm, the enemy's strength was anybody's guess. No large body had been spotted from the air, and on the assumption that the Turks were few in number, it was decided that the Hussars should ride them down and get at the convoy.

The three squadrons, swords drawn, advanced at a trot and it was soon obvious that there was no scattered band of Turks in front of them, but Infantry with machine-guns and artillery in concealed trenches.

But the die was cast and, undaunted, the Colonel gave the order: "Charge!"

The eager Hussars swept forward with a cheer. The first trench was taken at a gallop, and scores of Turks spilled out, some sprinting away and others holding up their hands (only to grab their rifles again as the Thirteenth cut through and send a volley into their backs).

The leading squadrons were met with a storm of fire which emptied many a saddle, and, crossing 800 yards of bullet-swept ground, some brave men reached the second



ACTION OF 13th HUSSARS
AT LAJJ.
March 5th 1917.

trench, where they were overwhelmed by the Turkish masses.

Colonel Richardson, realising that the attempt to ride through the position was hopeless, wheeled his three squadrons to the right and brought them back to the comparative safety of their starting line. Still under fire, the survivors rallied, dismounted, drew their arms and advanced again on foot, occupying the trench they had overrun in the charge. The whole manoeuvre was a supreme test of gallantry and discipline.

In this new advance the Colonel himself was wounded and the depleted squadrons were in dire peril from counter-attack. But there was no question of abandoning the wounded, for the Arabs, scavengers of the Mesopotamian battlefields, would give them short shrift. Until well into the evening the Hussars remained in the Turkish trench, bringing in as many of their wounded as could be found in the darkness.

The night brought belated triumph to the hard-hit Hussars. Before dawn the enemy,

apparently unnerved by the fury of the cavalry charge and fearing a flanking manoeuvre, retired from Lajj and hardly rested until they had left their citadel, Baghdad, far behind them.

In their letters home men of the Thirteenth told graphic stories of this 20th century Balaclava.

The death of Captain William Eve, son of a well-known judge, was mourned by the whole Regiment. His body was found, sword in hand, among a cluster of dead Turks. "I saw him 30 yards away, taking about 20 Turks prisoner at sword-point," wrote his signaller, Lance-Corporal Watkins. "Turks in a nullah nearby were firing at us. The Captain jumped the nullah; the odds were greatly against us but we did a good deal of damage before Captain Eve fell from his horse, right in the centre of the Turks."

"I never saw a braver man," wrote a colleague. "He made it almost impossible for anyone serving under him to be afraid."

Among the day's many heroes was the

Commanding Officer himself, always in the thick of the fight, carrying up ammunition, encouraging his men with a smile. "You could hardly see him for the dust of the bullets hitting the ground around him," wrote one of his men. (Colonel Richardson succeeded Lord Baden-Powell as Colonel of the 13th/18th Royal Hussars in 1938, saw his Regiment off to war in the following year and died in 1942.)

"How the devil any of us got out I still don't know," wrote Captain H. C. D. FitzGibbon. Colour-Sergeant F. Spanton did not get out—but he survived, miraculously. His horse was shot from under him and a bullet cut his haversack belt in two. As he lay in the dust a Turk walked up to him, took careful aim and fired at point-blank range. The bullet zipped into the sand at Spanton's head and the Turk, disgusted at his shooting, walked off!

Spanton became a prisoner and he, like many others of the Regiment who finished in enemy hands, told later of the many tributes paid by Turkish officers to the Thirteenth's gallantry at Lajj.

Staff officers who examined the ground later said Infantry could not have taken or turned the position in less than three days' hard fighting. They believed the charge of the Thirteenth Hussars was not merely a gallant failure, but a decisive action which hastened the fall of Baghdad. The Regiment was the first cavalry unit to enter Baghdad when the city fell on 11 March, and for its valour at Lajj was given the honour of providing the city's garrison.

The Regiment's historian, Sir H. M. Durand, summed up the battle thus: "Lajj is a name almost unknown. But to the Thirteenth it will always be one of the Regiment's great days, for the level sands of the Tigris saw that morning in a dust storm a death ride just as brave and devoted as the one which has become immortal—Balaclava."

K. E. HENLY

The Thirteenth Hussars bivouacked in the desert of Mesopotamia during the gruelling advance towards Baghdad when the Regiment ran into the Turkish Army at Lajj.



The 13th/18th Royal Hussars have recently returned from Malaya where they have twice been bandit hunting in the last 10 years. Here, an armoured car of the Regiment patrols a road on the jungle's edge. The Regiment is now stationed in Rhine Army.

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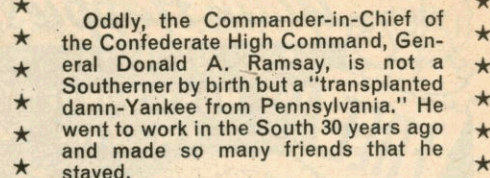
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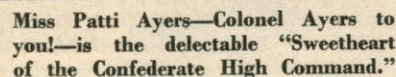


★ The Command which he founded is ★
★ not confined to men. Wives can join ★
★ the Confederate Women's Army Corps ★
★ and girls the Nurse Corps and, of ★
★ course, the organisation has its own ★
★ live pin-up, the International Sweet- ★
★ heart of the Confederate High Com- ★
★ mand.

★ She is Miss Patti Ayers, of Texas— ★
★ and she has the rank of colonel! ★

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*Sincerely,
Patricia Rogers*



His own Command—the Fort Appamattox Courthouse Outpost, named after the scene of General Lee's surrender to General Grant—is holding a memorial service next month for the war's British casualties.

As chairman for England of the Gettysburg Battlefield Preservation Association, General Marshall is raising money to buy back from private ownership and commercialisation 650 acres of the "crucible of the American nation."

His Fort Appamattox henchman, Brigadier-General Charles Chilton, a BBC producer (he, too, was promoted at Christmas), has already sent to America, to be auctioned for the Gettysburg appeal, a sextant from the CSS *Alabama* which he bought in a sale of the ship's relics.

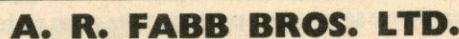
Brigadier-General Chilton's particular interest in the Civil War is in its music. It produced a host of soldiers' songs such as "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home" and "Dixie," which he gathered into a radio programme a few years ago and has recently recorded as "The Blue and the Gray."

Other members of the group include an expert on flags and guidons and Mr. F. G. Aylott, the writer and authority on firearms.

It will not be for lack of enthusiasm if the centenary of America's War Between the States passes unnoticed in Britain.

Now, who's for going back three centuries to our own Civil War and starting a Cavalier and Roundhead Corps?

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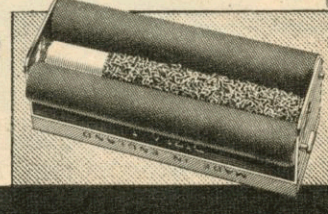
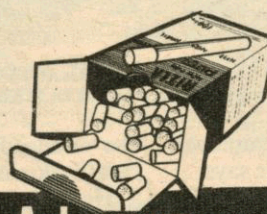
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HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

COMPETITION 34

RULES

1. Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to:
The Editor (Competition 34), SOLDIER,
433, Holloway Road, London, N.7.
2. Each entry must be accompanied by the "Competition 34" panel printed at the top of this page.
3. Competitors may submit only one entry.
4. Any reader, Serviceman or woman and civilian, may compete.
5. The Editor's decision is final.

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

THERE are six prizes to be won in this general knowledge quiz.

All you have to do is answer the questions set out below and send your entry to reach SOLDIER's London offices by Monday, 24 April.

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: "Goodness Had Nothing To Do With It" (autobiography by Mae West); "Anna" (a novel by Norman Collins); "The Edge of the Sword" by Charles de Gaulle; "The Sleeping Dogs" (crime novel by Elizabeth Ferrars); "Going for Goal" by Peter McParland; "Soldier in the Rain" by William Goldman; and "A Test to Destruction" by Henry Williamson.

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. Pair the following words: Jan, Bill, Nobby; Douglas, Jack, John, Peter and Paul with: Clarke, Kennedy, Profumo, Gallico, Bader, Stewer, May, Brewer.

2. Which of these words is mis-spelled?: (a) jeopardise; (b) distillation; (c) palliasse; (d) ossilate; (e) servicable; (f) pixilated.

3. Which is the intruder here; and why?: Arsenal, Birmingham, Bolton, Chelsea, Stoke, Preston.

4. A tamarisk is: (a) a Russian folksong; (b) a Jewish legend; (c) a kind of marmoset; (d) a plant; (e) an American drink; (f) a musical instrument. Which?



5. In which overseas regiment does this soldier serve?

6. Who is this film and stage actor?



7. Which of these are insects?: (a) ladybird; (b) cockroach; (c) hornet; (d) spider; (e) flea; (f) woodlouse.

8. Complete these pairs: (a) and Horsa; (b) Debenham and (c) and Loose; (d) High and; (e) Pride and; (f) Ball and

9. In which cities are?: (a) Times Square; (b) The Vatican Palace; (c) Petit France; (d) The Golden Gate Bridge; (e) The Parthenon; (f) Les Tuilleries; (g) Red Square.

10. Correct these misquotations: (a) "To be, or not to be, this is the question"; (b) Every cloud has silver linings; (c) Manners make the man; (d) Stone walls do not make a prison.

11. Who wrote the following books?: (a) Robinson Crusoe; (b) Vanity Fair; (c) Sense and Sensibility; (d) The Seven Pillars of Wisdom.

12. Who are the patron saints of: (a) travellers; (b) shoemakers; (c) doctors?

13. Of which countries or states are these the respective capitals?: (a) Ankara; (b) Canberra; (c) Baghdad; (d) Nairobi; (e) Freetown; (f) Beirut; (g) Katmandu.

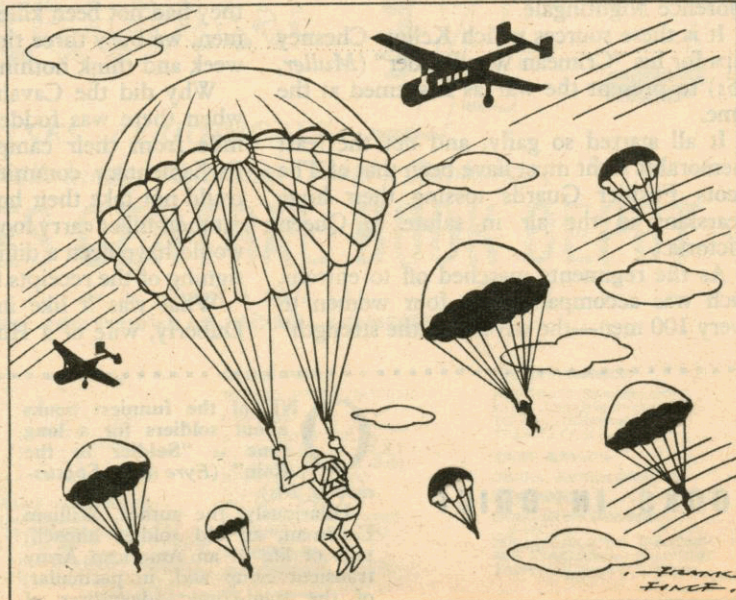
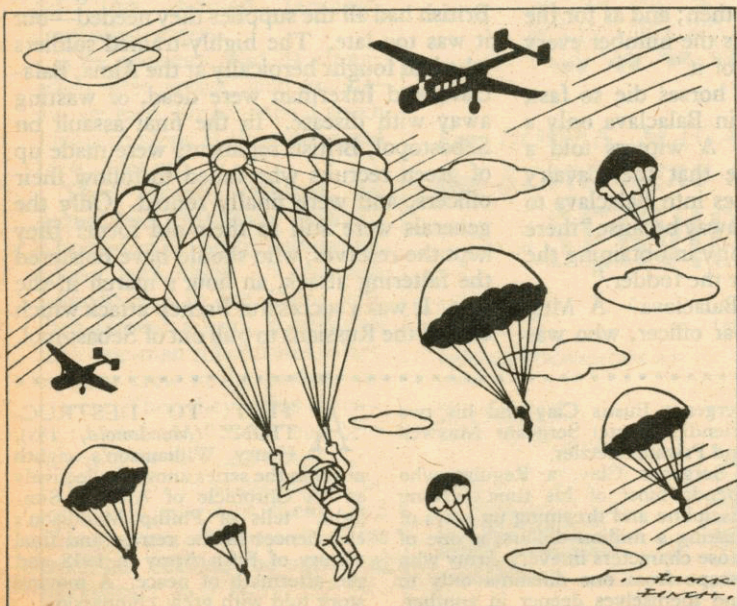
14. Which is the intruder here and why?: Football, cricket, badminton, polo, golf, tennis.



15. This lieutenant in the Royal Army Pay Corps achieved fame in World War Two when he masqueraded as General Montgomery. What is his name?

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

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



BOOKSHELF



The first Victoria Cross was won in the Crimean War by Charles Lucas, a mate in the *Hecla*, for throwing overboard a live enemy shell. He was immediately promoted lieutenant and became a rear admiral.

A CRIME IN THE CRIMEA

I WANT to know, Sir, what has become of the 40,000 troops who have disappeared from the ranks of your Army?"

Thus, in 1855, a Member of Parliament posed a question which was to bring down a Government, and to which most of Britain already knew the answer. It was red tape and incompetence which had whittled down the Army of 54,000 men who had gone to the Crimea to 14,000, of whom only 5000 were in a fit state to bear arms!

Britain knew the answers from the dispatches of W. H. Russell, the war correspondent of *The Times*, from the letters, journals and magazine articles of officers and men serving in the Army and of the "TG's" (travelling gentlemen) who had visited the war zone. At least one member of the Government knew, too, from the letters of Florence Nightingale.

It is these sources which Kellow Chesney taps for his "Crimean War Reader" (Muller, 25s) to present the war as it seemed at the time.

It all started so gaily, and not the least memorable sight must have been that of The Scots Fusilier Guards tossing their huge bearskins in the air in salute to Queen Victoria.

As the regiments marched off to entrain, each was accompanied by four women to every 100 men—the wives "on the strength"

who were permitted to go with their husbands as far as the base areas. To other regimental wives, at the time, they seemed fortunate, but not to a woman who saw them at Scutari, in Turkey, the following winter. They were herded in dark cellars, with no privacy even for those whose husbands were with them. They were dressed in rags, filthy, verminous and half-starved and the only relief in their misery was the native *arrack*.

The men before Sebastopol were in an even worse state, starving and shivering in the grim Crimean winter while a few miles away, in Balaklava, stocks of food, clothes and shelter rotted.

Wrote one company commander: "The actual loss to the Army of the light cavalry (in the charge of the Light Brigade) was not so important as has been imagined, as many of the horses would have died of starvation if they had not been killed then; and as for the men, we bury three times the number every week and think nothing of it."

Why did the Cavalry horses die so fast, when there was fodder in Balaklava only a mile from their camp? A witness told a Parliamentary committee that the Cavalry could not take their horses into Balaklava to eat their fill or carry food away because "there would have been a difficulty in obtaining the signing of the receipts for the fodder."

What was it like in Balaklava? A Mrs. Duberly, wife of a Hussar officer, who was

As a German *Stuka* flew low through a Greek ravine a young British officer on the mountainside above whipped out a revolver and began firing at the aircraft.

The shots were ineffective, as were so many efforts of the ill-equipped British force that tried to help the Greeks stop the Nazi hordes in 1941. But they were a token of the force's defiant spirit. It was only years later that the men who went to Greece knew that they had caused what Hitler admitted to be "a catastrophic delay" to his attack on Russia.

The officer on the hillside was Second-Lieutenant Robert Crisp of the 3rd Battalion, Royal Tank Regiment, and in "The Gods Were Neutral" (Muller, 18s) he tells his story of the Greek campaign. He was a civilian in uniform who had played cricket for South

living in a ship in the harbour, wrote:

"Take a village of ruined houses and hovels in the extremest state of all imaginable dirt; allow the rain to pour into and outside them, until the whole place is a swamp of filth ankle-deep; catch about 1,000 sick Turks with the plague, and cram them into the houses indiscriminately; kill about 100 a day and bury them so as to be scarcely covered with earth, leaving them to rot at leisure... On to one side collect all the exhausted bat (pack) ponies, dying bullocks, and worn-out camels and leave them to die of starvation. They will generally do so in about three days, when they will soon begin to rot, and smell accordingly. Collect together from the water of the harbour all the offal of the animals slaughtered for the use of the occupants of above 100 ships, to say nothing of the inhabitants of the town... with an occasional floating human body... and stew them all together in a narrow harbour..."

Florence Nightingale, writing of the wounded at Scutari, got to the root of the matter in a private letter to the Secretary at War:

"The grand administrative evil emanates from home—in the existence of a number of departments here, each with its centrifugal and independent action, un-counteracted by any centripetal attraction, viz, a central authority capable of supervising and compelling combined effort for each object at each particular time."

The *Times* was equally forthright: "Incompetency, lethargy, aristocratic hauteur, official indifference, favour, routine, perverseness and stupidity reign, revel and riot in the camp before Sebastopol, in the harbour of Balaklava, in the hospitals of Scutari..."

In the second winter of the campaign, the British had all the supplies they needed—but it was too late. The highly-trained soldiers who had fought heroically at the Alma, Balaklava and Inkerman were dead, or wasting away with disease. In the final assault on Sebastopol, British regiments were made up of green recruits who failed to follow their officers, and were finally routed. Only the generals were still in their old form: they kept the reserves, who should have bolstered the faltering attack, an hour's march in the rear. It was a successful French attack which caused the Russians to pull out of Sebastopol.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

ONE of the funniest books about soldiers for a long time is "Soldier in the Rain" (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 18s).

Hilariously, the author, William Goldman, an old soldier himself, tells of life in an American Army transient camp and, in particular, of the tragicomic adventures of

Sergeant Eustis Clay and his two friends, Master-Sergeant Maxwell and Private Metzler.

Sergeant Clay, a Regular who spends most of his time evading discipline and dreaming up ways of making a million dollars, is one of those characters in every Army who escape from one dilemma only to find themselves deeper in another.

A TEST TO DESTRUCTION" (Macdonald, 18s), Henry Williamson's eighth novel in the series known collectively as "A Chronicle of Ancient Sunlight," tells of Phillip Maddison's experiences in the retreat and final victory of Fifth Army in 1918 and the aftermath of peace. A moving story told with great compassion.

TANKMAN'S

STORY OF THE WAR IN GREECE

Africa. He ended the war with the Distinguished Service Order and Military Cross.

The 3rd Battalion, Royal Tank Regiment, like other armoured units, suffered from elderly tanks, most of which died on their crews without aid from the Germans. They also suffered from lack of information, and until he began moving round on his own, Second-Lieutenant Crisp knew little of the war outside his own squadron.

The author was of an independent turn of mind. In the long retreat he often managed to bring up the armoured rear, a position which gave him a pleasant freedom from senior officers. At one place he was ordered to make a road block by a bridge, which would be blown up before he left. As he manoeuvred his tank into position, a track broke—and there were no replacements. So

he had the tank winched into position, turned it into a fort with nearby baulks of timber and awaited the Germans. It would have been a spectacular forlorn hope—but he was ordered to move on with his crew before the Germans arrived.

Provided with another mount, he struck a blow against frustration by running the tank up a hillside, tilting it so that its gun could fire at German aircraft. He saw one shot plunge into a *Heinkel*, but the aircraft went on its way apparently unharmed.

The author was determined to get his tank back to Athens and this intention led him to disregard an order not to take it over a narrow pass where, had it broken down, it would have blocked the retreat of many hundreds of Australians and New Zealanders. The tank reached the top of the pass—then broke

down as it pulled off the road for a brew-up. The author's conscience still troubles him when he thinks what might have happened if it had died in the carriageway, at a point where it would have blocked the pass completely.

With his crew, the author continued his journey in an abandoned but well-stocked officers' mess truck of a New Zealand battalion, the party taking it in turns to sit on the bonnet pouring water into the bullet-holed radiator.

The author crossed the Corinth Canal in time to look back and see German paratroops landing by the bridge. As he embarked on a rowing-boat to go to an evacuation ship, he saw a portmanteau in the surf and yelled to someone to bring it along. On board, he opened it and found it stuffed with Greek money—£5000 to £10,000 worth. Extracting enough each for a new uniform, he and his companion left it on a wardroom table.

HEROES—EVEN TO THE ENEMY

THESE heroes showed us a fine example of what true bravery should be."

So said a Japanese general to his staff in Singapore a few weeks before the end of World War Two. The men of whom he was speaking were a group of British and Australian soldiers and sailors—the men of Z-Force—whose story is told by Ronald McKie in "The Heroes" (Angus and Robertson, 21s).

From Australia Z-Force sailed on two operations, the first ending triumphantly, the second tragically.

The men of Z-Force prepared for their first operation at Cairns, in north-east Australia, and from there set off in a cranky old Japanese fishing-boat. When they reached their jumping-off point, 2400 miles away at the other end of Australia, those who knew about the operation refused to believe they had travelled so far, but the boat was to go on another 5000 miles to Singapore and back, most of the time through Japanese-controlled waters.

The operation had its climax when three canoes, each containing six men, limpet-mined seven Japanese ships at Singapore and blew them up.

This success inspired the second raid, Operation "Rimau." The raiders set off by submarine, taking with them 15 one-man submarines. In the China Sea, they pirated a junk, transferred their one-man submarines to her, and her crew to the parent submarine. Then they sailed away—and vanished. But for one brief mention of the raid's leader, in a monitored Japanese report, no more was heard of them until after the war. Patient detective work has enabled the author to reconstruct their story.

The captured junk sailed to

within ten miles of Keppel Harbour at Singapore and anchored. A Malay police officer decided to inspect it, but somebody on the junk opened fire; two policemen were killed; the third raised the alarm.

The junk sailed away and was scuttled, with the one-man submarines, and the men took shelter in the Thousand Islands where ten were killed and ten captured in fierce battles with the Japanese.

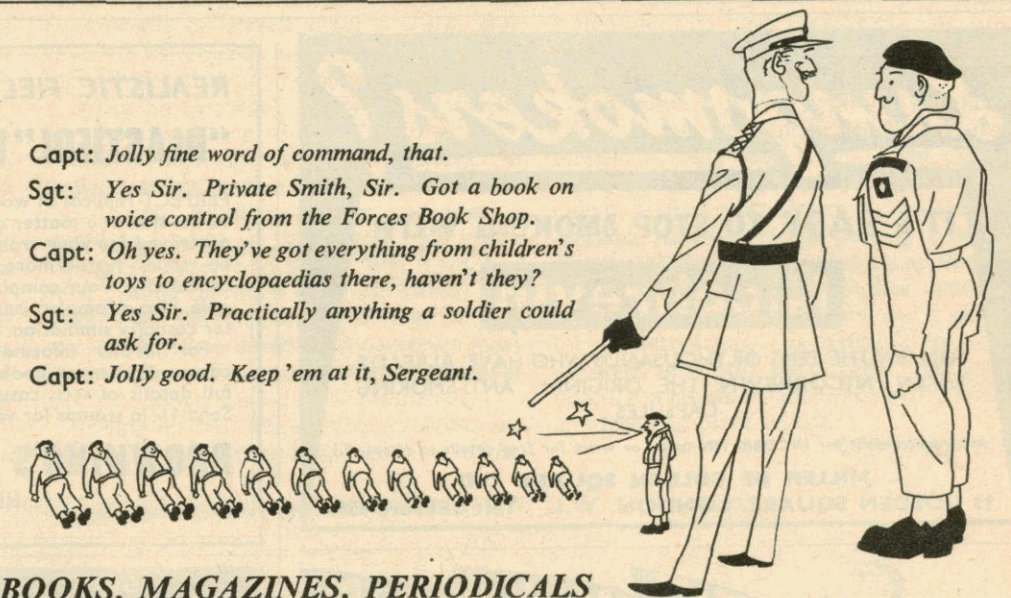
The ten captives were tried by a military

court when the Japanese prosecutor likened them to the legendary heroes of Japan and said: "When guilt is so clear, it would be a disgrace to the fine spirit of these heroes if we thought of saving their lives."

Amid polite expressions of admiration, the captives were executed by the sword, little more than a month before Japan surrendered.

Before sentence, one of the men who had taken part in the first operation heard that 20 Chinese were under sentence of death for blowing up the ships. He told his captors the truth and the Chinese were spared.

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THE SAGA OF PIONEER TANCRED

IT was the night of 4 December, 1943. In the bitter Italian winter 46th Division was attacking Monte Camino. From Monastery Hill 13011512 Private J. Tancred set off on the downward journey, carrying a wounded Infantry officer. Sixteen hours later he stumbled into an advanced dressing station, handed over the officer, then collapsed and died.

Private Tancred won no medal; he was neither killed in action nor did he die of wounds. He was 42 years old and he died of exhaustion. He was a Royal Pioneer, one of many of his Corps, all on the wrong side of 30, who provided bearers for forward positions and during the battle worked for 72 hours without sleep or rest.

This story is told in Major E. H. Rhodes-Wood's "A War History of the Royal Pioneer Corps, 1939-1945" (*Gale and Polden*, 35s), a long-overdue tribute to the thousands of middle-aged men who, like Private Tancred, worked steadfastly in every theatre of World War Two to help the front-line troops and who many times fought gallantly by their sides.

Only from this history does the full picture emerge of the tremendous contribution made by the Corps. The Pioneers came through Dunkirk; they went back into Normandy on D-Day. They were flung out of Greece and Crete—Palestinian and Cypriot as well as British companies—and returned with the liberation forces.

There were Pioneers in Iceland, in Mada-



One of the Pioneers' big jobs in Normandy was repairing the Caen-Cherbourg railway to speed supplies to the front.

gascar, the Faroes, the Cocos Islands—in Changi gaol and on the Siam Death Railway. On the home front thousands of them laboured in London and other cities clearing the debris of German air raids.

As diverse as the Corps' geographical distribution were the tasks allotted to it and the nationalities of its men. In this most international of all the corps were men from the Colonies, refugees from Hitler's yoke, men who had soldiered in the Spanish Civil War and the French Foreign Legion, porters from Nepal and Russians who had served in the German Army.

Major Rhodes-Wood has meticulously chronicled every aspect of the Pioneers' war and usefully listed, in a series of appendices, the British Roll of Honour, the Corps' honours and awards and the units and

JACK OF ALL TRADES

MAJOR E. H. RHODES-WOOD makes only two brief references to himself in his book—as a deputy-assistant director of labour and Pioneer company commander. But his own story is as entertaining as his History.

The son of a missionary, he joined the Royal Horse Artillery in 1912, was wounded at Passchendaele and invalided out as a captain. After a convalescence in Canada he served for two years in the Royal North-West Mounted Police and for a short time in the 5th United States Cavalry.

Next, Major Rhodes-Wood toured America as a stooge in a variety act, then he turned hobo, riding trains all over the United States and serving three gaol sentences for vagrancy, the last in a Georgia chain-gang.

Deciding to work for a living, he wandered the world as a journalist, deck hand, ship's steward, trimmer, welterweight boxer, trader, telephone linesman, assistant embalmer to an undertaker—and lecturer in Chinese!

Returning to England in 1936 he joined the Territorial Army as a Gunner, became a battery sergeant-major and in August, 1940, was gazetted a lieutenant in the Auxiliary Military Pioneer Corps, serving in North Africa and becoming a major.

In June, 1945, he made "news" as the first officer to be released in Age and Service Group 1.

.....

their commanding officers who fought in the major theatres and worked in London during the blitz of 1940-1941.

This is a history which should be read by soldiers of every arm, for it will bring a realisation to war veterans that the Pioneers were, in their earlier days, a grossly maligned Corps. It will show younger men how the Royal Pioneer Corps has justified its permanent place in the Regular Army of today.

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This diorama is one of six made for the Grenadier Guards' tercentenary in 1956. It depicts the Royalist assembly at Bruges, in 1656, and shows King Charles II leaving to join his army in their camp.

BATTLES IN MINIATURE

AT Arromanches, the little seaside town in Normandy above the beach where British and Canadian troops landed on D-Day, 6 June, 1944, there is now a museum—the *Musée du Débarquement*—commemorating that historic day and the fateful days that immediately followed.

A striking feature of the exhibits is a magnificent diorama—the work of Major Denny C. Stokes, a former Welsh Guards officer from Folkestone—which portrays in three-dimensional miniature the landings at Arromanches and the beaches eastwards to the Orne and the fighting just inland.

Every one of the scores of objects—the landing craft, the guns and Infantry support weapons, the vehicles, ammunition and stores dumps and the background painting of the Channel filled with ships and aircraft overhead—is the work of his own hands as

is the lay-out of the terrain. It took him six months to perfect. The tiny realistic figures of the invaders and the German defenders—some 750 of them—were made by Mr. J. A. Greenwood, of Scarborough, a World War One veteran who has made models for Major Stokes' dioramas for the past 17 years.

Major Stokes, who, after World War One, became a boundary rider and tractor demonstrator in Zululand, and a coffee-planter in India, fought in the Moplah rebellion in the Indian Auxiliary Army and was a squadron-leader in the Royal Air Force Volunteer Reserve in World War Two, has been making dioramas since the 1930s. His work soon attracted attention and he was commissioned to design and construct most of the dioramas now on view at the Royal United Service Institution in Whitehall.

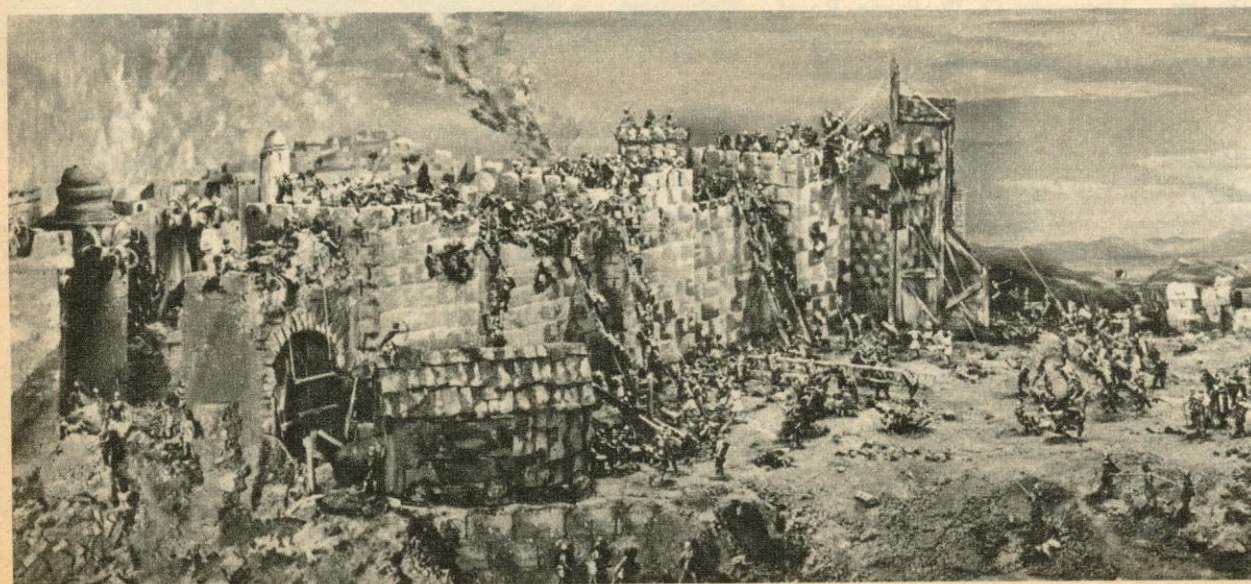
Among his best-known military works are six models of outstanding incidents in the

history of the Grenadier Guards, done for the Regiment's tercentenary celebrations in 1956, and a number for the Scots Guards. Other regiments whose history he has illustrated are The East Yorkshires, The Royal Berkshires and The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

His activity is not confined to military subjects, for, over the years, he has made miniature stage sets, scenes from classical plays, industrial activities, a series of incidents from Jewish history and an exquisite diorama showing Drake playing bowls on Plymouth Hoe while the Armada approaches.

The secrets of Major Stokes' work are imagination, sensitive fingers and a passion for accurate detail. His materials are simple—pieces of cloth, stout paper and pasteboard, canvas, wood (including match sticks), and tree and plant foliage.

ERIC PHILLIPS



The Siege of Jerusalem, in AD 70, one of 36 dioramas depicting the history of the Jews. There are more than 350 figures in this reconstruction of the scene which is ten feet long and four feet deep.

Five British soldiers play Rugby for their country. One is a hefty captain in The Duke of Wellington's Regiment whose playing days seemed over when he fell out of a helicopter!

A CAP FOR THE 17-STONE CAPTAIN

ONE of Scotland's best players—always up with the ball and full of tireless energy and strength," was how a London newspaper described the performance of a British Army officer during the recent international Rugby match against the South Africans.

The officer is Captain Michael Campbell-Lamerton, aged 27, of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment—at 17st 4lbs the heaviest international Rugby forward in Britain and one of five British soldiers who have gained international caps this season.

Captain Campbell-Lamerton won his first international cap for Scotland in the 1961 game against France, an achievement that reflects not only his skill at the game but his courage in overcoming a serious physical injury.

In 1957 Captain Campbell-Lamerton was being lowered from a helicopter in the Troodos Mountains in Cyprus, when the rope gave under the strain of his great weight and he slipped. The first knot in the rope ripped open his hand and he fell 30 feet to the ground, breaking his right leg and ankle.

It was thought that he would never play Rugby again, but Captain Campbell-Lamerton had other ideas. While in hospital, and later at a rehabilitation centre, he exercised his injured leg and when he rejoined his Regiment in East Africa he began, somewhat gingerly at first, to practise weight-lifting and putting the shot to strengthen his wasted leg muscles. Soon he found he could run and several weeks later took part in a Regimental Rugby trial. He improved so rapidly that in another month he graduated from

the reserves to the first team.

Back in England, Captain Campbell-Lamerton turned out for the Combined Services and caught the eye of the Scottish selectors who gave him a trial on Christmas Eve which led to his selection against France.

Captain Campbell-Lamerton, now adjutant of the 5th/7th Battalion, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (Territorial Army) at Huddersfield, was one of those unusual characters who applied for an early call-up "so that I could get it over as quickly as possible." But liked Army life and decided to make soldiering his career. Commissioned into The Duke of Wellington's Regiment in 1952, he has an impressive record as an Army sportsman. He has represented his Regiment at Rugby, athletics, boxing and basketball and has played Rugby for the Army and Combined Services in Northern Ireland Command, where he still holds the records for the discus and putting the shot.

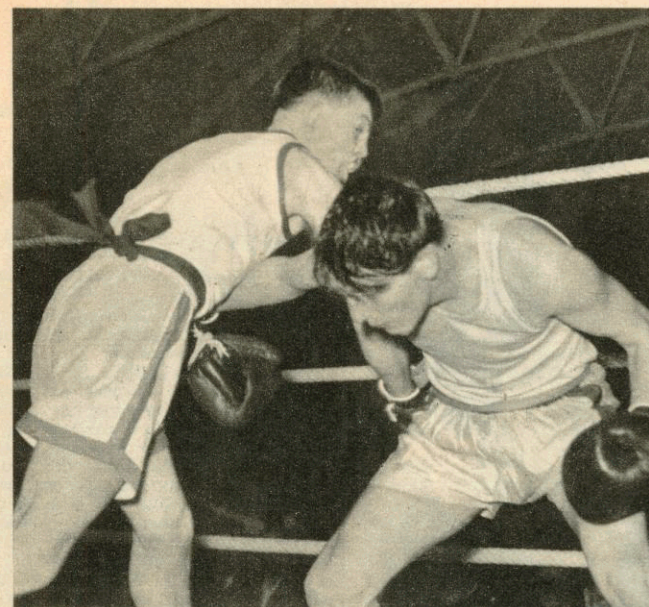
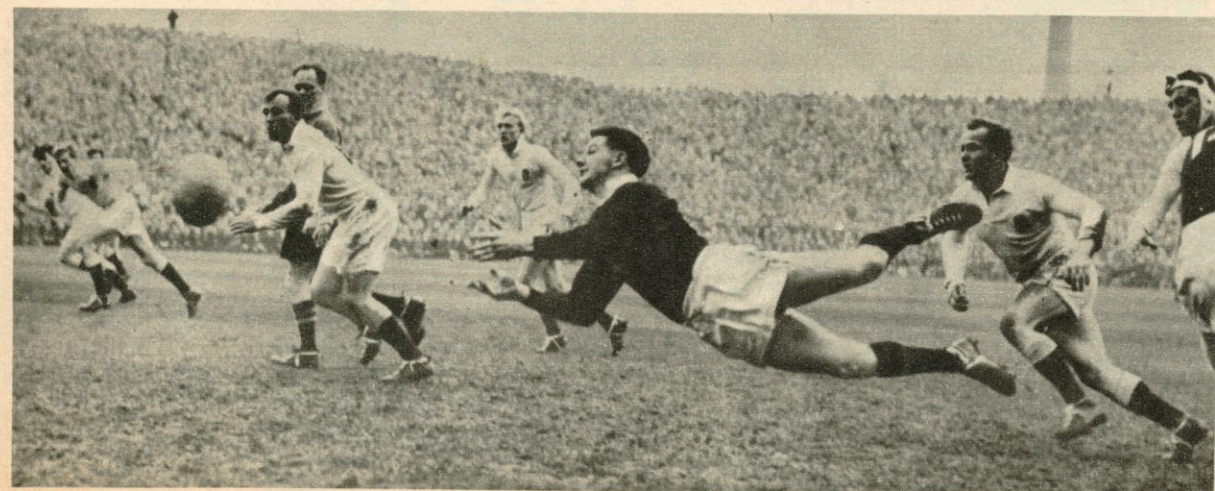
Playing alongside Captain Campbell-Lamerton in Scotland's team are three more soldiers—the hooker, Captain N. S. Bruce, Royal Army Ordnance Corps; outside-half, Signalman G. Sharp, Royal Signals; and scrum-half Private R. B. Shillinglaw, of The King's Own Scottish Borderers. Second-Lieutenant G. W. Payne, Royal Engineers, has also been capped this season for Wales.



Above: Captain Campbell-Lamerton bulldozes through the opponents during a recent Army game. He is Britain's heaviest international forward.

Left: Pte. R. B. Shillinglaw, another Scottish international, gets the ball away after a heel in the recent match against England.

Right: Captain N. S. Bruce, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, who plays for the Army, London Scottish and Hampshire, is Scotland's brilliant hooker.



THE ARMY THRASHES THE RAF

The Army's new star, Cpl Bobby Mills, misses his RAF opponent with a vicious right. Mills was one of three men of the 15th/19th King's Royal Hussars who helped the Army to an outstanding victory.

THERE'S no stopping the Army's boxers. After defeating Wales, the Territorial Army, London and Ulster they have now chalked up a resounding victory over the Royal Air Force, beating the sister Service by nine bouts to two in an exciting Imperial Services championship contest at Aldershot.

Shock result of the evening was the points defeat of former ABA flyweight champion, Corporal Nick Gushlaw (RAF), by the new Army star, Corporal Bobby Mills, of the 15th/19th King's Royal Hussars.

The only knock-out was scored by Empire Games bronze medallist Trooper Jim Caiger, also of the 15th/19th King's Royal Hussars. Private Jim Lloyd, the Olympic Games bronze medallist, of 14 Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, soundly thrashed Aircraftman Vince O'Brien, the fight being stopped in the third round.

Other Army winners were: Corporal R. Ackary, Royal Fusiliers; Trooper R. Taylor, 15th/19th King's Royal Hussars; Private B. Brazier and Lance-Corporal C. Faulkner, both of The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment; Lance-Corporal E. Keddie, 14 Battalion, RAOC, and heavyweight Private T. Menzies, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.



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BETTER CLOTHING

How heartily I agree with "Warrant Officer," who, in your February issue, complained of the delay in providing the British soldier with more suitable clothing, especially a raincoat.

The Admiralty and the Air Ministry gave their men raincoats years ago. Why does the Army lag so far behind?

The Army's biggest problem today is how to attract recruits and certain measures, like doing away with "bull" and increasing pay and pensions, have been taken. But little or nothing has been done to improve the soldier's appearance and sense of pride—two of the things that matter most.

I defy anybody to look smart and efficient wearing a groundsheet.—
"Upset Gunner."

SERGEANT-MAJOR

A correspondent (Letters, January) asked the origin of the rank of company sergeant-major.

There is no such rank. The rank is warrant officer class two and the appointment company sergeant-major.

Until 1912, battalions consisted of eight companies of 100 men, the senior rank in each being a colour sergeant. The battalion warrant officers class one were the RSM, the bandmaster and the schoolmaster, the only warrant officer class two being the RQMS, who wore four stripes surmounted by a crown.

On changing battalion formation to four companies, each consisting of four platoons, one colour sergeant remained in each company and the seniors became

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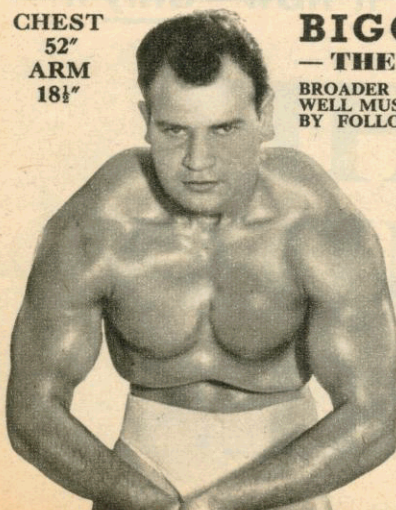
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LETTERS

● **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.

company sergeant-majors with the rank of warrant officer class two, and wore a crown on the sleeve.—**H. J. Dover**, 28 Avon Road, Devizes, Wilts.

The RSM of my unit (Royal Engineers, TA) wore the four chevron badge in the years 1908 to 1914. When was the Royal Coat of Arms introduced as the badge of rank of a warrant officer class one?—**L. A. Whittingham MBE**, 58 Dawes Avenue, Hornchurch, Essex.

★ In 1915.

OLDEST LEGIONNAIRE?



SQMS King

At 83-I think I must be the oldest serving member of the Legion of Frontiersmen (**SOLDIER**, October, 1960) in South Africa. I served in the South African War, the Natal Rebellion of 1906 and both World Wars.—**SQMS T. C. King**, 300 Bartle Road, Durban, South Africa.

CAPS OFF

The generally accepted origin of the custom in the Royal Horse Guards of saluting when not wearing headdress (Letters, January) dates back to the Battle of Warburg in 1760.

The Marquess of Granby, Colonel of the Royal Horse Guards, commanded the Cavalry taking part in this battle. As

his force, consisting of The Blues, Dragoons and Dragoon Guards, charged down an incline towards 20,000 Frenchmen, his hat and wig blew off, leaving his bald head glinting in the sun. The custom of saluting bareheaded then came into being. There also emerged from this action the expression "going at it bald-headed."—**Major A. F. L. Hutchinson**, The Royal Horse Guards, Cavalry Barracks, Windsor, Berks.

According to Major T. J. Edwards, in his book "Military Customs," regimental tradition has it that the privilege of saluting without headdress peculiar to the Royal Horse Guards originated at the Battle of Waterloo. An officer of the Regiment, who had lost his helmet, reported that a charge by the Household Cavalry had been successful and saluted the Duke of Wellington bareheaded. Instead of reproving the officer the Duke countenanced his action, and the custom is now continued by men of the Regiment.—**A. M. Ely** (late **Thomas's Royal Regiment**), 6 St. Thomas Square, Newport, Isle of Wight.

CAP BADGE

Are there any regiments in the British Army which do not have cap badges?—**R. W. Hewett**, 16 Suffolk Avenue, Southampton.

★ All regiments have cap badges. The 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own), however, do not wear their cap badge on their brown beret, nor do The Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment) wear their cap badge on their bonnet.

JACKETS AND TREWS

Which unit of the British Army now in existence was raised in America? And do The King's Own Scottish Borderers wear the kilt or trews?—**Corporal Martin Smith**, United States Army, 3rd Med. Co., APO 696, New York, USA.

★ The 2nd Green Jackets, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, was raised at New York and Philadelphia under an order dated 24 December, 1755, by the Earl of Loudoun, then commanding the forces in British North America. It was at first styled the 62nd, or Royal American Regiment of Foot.

The King's Own Scottish Borderers wear the No. 7 Leslie Tartan trews.

THREE IN ONE

There is another explanation of the words "Tria Juncta in Uno" on an officer's rank star (Letters, January).

For a long time after the foundation of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Scotland was not under the English Crown. However, by the time of King George I and the revival of the Order, the crowns of England, Scotland and Ireland, represented by the three

crowns on the officer's rank star, were united under the same monarch; hence "Tria Juncta in Uno."—**Lieut.-Col. R. A. Irwin**, The Lawn, Willingdon, Sussex.

SARTORIAL SPLENDOUR

In your review of Major Barnes' "Uniforms of Britain and the Empire" (January) reference is made to the *Neuchatel Regiment of de Meuron*. It is interesting to note that the band of this unit retained its Dutch uniform during its entire British service. The head-dress alone changed from time to time in accordance with the British regulations, but the negro cymbalist retained his highly ornate feathered "coiffure," as shown in the enclosed illustration.—**René North**, 321 Nether Street, Finchley, London, N.3.



MILITARY TRAIN

The description of the Military Train as the "Military Train and Commissariat Staff Corps" (Letters, January) is not quite correct.

The two corps were entirely separate in name, function and dress. The Military Train, as you rightly say, was formed in 1856, but the Commissariat Staff Corps was not raised until 1859. The duties of the former were transport, and of the latter, supply. Both were

OVER...

COVER PICTURE

SOLDIER's front cover, by Staff Cameraman **FRANK TOMPSETT**, shows The King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, practising its traditional Musical Drive in Regent's Park.

In the Musical Drive—a popular feature of the Royal Tournament since 1882 and at displays throughout Britain—six gun teams, each of six horses, perform intricate manoeuvres to the accompaniment of music. The climax is the "scissors," in which the gun teams cross each other at the gallop and with only inches to spare, from diagonal corners of the arena.

The King's Troop, which was granted its title by King George VI in 1947, is the only mounted troop of the Royal Horse Artillery. The rest are mechanised.

The Royal Horse Artillery—when on parade with its guns it takes the Right of the Line and marches at the head of the British Army—was born in 1793 when "A" Battery, RHA (now The Chestnut Troop) was formed. The origin of the word "troop" in the Royal Horse Artillery derives from the days when galloper guns formed part of a Cavalry regiment. The full-dress uniform of The King's Troop today—designed about 1845 and based on a Hussar uniform—retains the close association between the Horse Artillery and the Cavalry.

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Application forms can be obtained quoting reference SK/NAT from the Labour Department,

A.E.E. WINFRITH, Dorchester, Dorset.

more letters

fused into an Army Service Corps in 1869, but this was not the present corps, which dates from 1888 only under that name. From 1881 to 1888 it was known as the Commissariat and Transport Corps.—Ernest J. Martin, 834 Kenton Lane, Harrow Weald, Middlesex.

BALACLAVA TRUMPET

A Bugler Richards or Richardson, then aged 93, whom I saw in Liverpool in 1925, was reputed to have sounded the Charge at Balacava (Letters, February).

He used to say: "Lord Raglan stood here, the Colonel there, the Adjutant behind him, and I stood here at his side. Lord Raglan said, 'There is nothing else to be done so sound the Charge. Have you a bugler?' I stepped forward. 'Sound the Charge,' he said, and I sounded the Charge at Balacava."—H. W. Smallwood, Berlin-Spandau, Klein Mittelstrasse 4.

STEEL HELMET

Is the steel helmet as used by the British Army in both World Wars still in use or has it been replaced by a modernised version?—M. Bennett, 8 Laurel Road, Lowestoft, Suffolk.

★ The helmets at present used by British soldiers are the Mark III and Mark IV which vary only slightly in the inside fitting and were developed in 1944. They are different in shape from the type in use before that date.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(See page 29)

The two pictures vary as follows:
1. Position of right landing wheel of top aircraft. 2. Number of lines inside big parachute. 3. Right tail-fin of lower aircraft. 4. Lines on parachute fourth from right. 5. Paratrooper's legs, third from right. 6. Height of top right parachute. 7. Size of cloud below top aircraft. 8. Left wing-tip of lower aircraft. 9. Skyline below top right paratrooper. 10. Last letter of artist's name.

CHRISTMAS CROSSWORD

The winners of SOLDIER's Christmas crossword were:

1. Sgt R. Heeley, 1/6th QEO Gurkha Rifles, Malaya. 2. Major K. E. Stuart, British Guiana Volunteer Force, Eve Leary, PO Box 861, Georgetown, British Guiana. 3. Mr. P. D. Bull, 12 Brunswick Square, Hove, Sussex. 4. Pte M. Melody, 12/13 Bn, Parachute Regt, TA, Pudsey, Yorks. 5. S/Sgt H. Overholtzer, Log Div., HQ USAREUR, Heidelberg. 6. Cpl. K. Harrison, 320 Bn, WRAC (TA), Eccles, Manchester. 7. SSMT S. J. Boswell, Lulworth Camp, Wareham, Dorset. 8. Major D. E. R. Cameron MC, RE, 20 Park Terrace, Glasgow C3.



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