SOLDIER

NOVEMBER 1965 ★ One Shilling

This man's job offers good pay, constant interest, and a generous pension

COULD YOU DO THIS JOB?

"If you want a job that's well paid *and* full of interest, I'd say find out about the Prison Service," says Leslie Dean, 34, who used to work in the Potteries. "Before I looked into it I'd never thought of being a Prison Officer. It sounded dull. Instead it's turned out to be the most interesting job I've ever had. People just don't realise how absorbing a Prison Officer's life is."

Is this the kind of work *you're* looking for? Have *you* the qualities to succeed in one of the most interesting, unusual and responsible jobs a man can do today? If so — and you are between 21 and 42, 5 ft. 6 in. or over — a rewarding career awaits you as an Officer in the modern Prison Service. A career that's interesting, progressive and secure. There are now over 100 different prison establishments of various kinds, in all parts of the country. And the job of being a Prison Officer has changed a great deal in recent years. It now demands some rather special qualities, and offers far more benefits than most.

VARIED, INTERESTING WORK

Today's Prison Officer is concerned with the training and rehabilitation of prisoners as well as with their supervision. The qualities of leadership and control are, of course, still essential. But apart from these you need to be well-balanced, patient and scrupulously fair. A sense of humour also helps in the daily round — which is far more interesting and varied than people ever suppose.

GOOD PAY — GENEROUS ALLOWANCES

Your salary would start at £13.10.6 and rise to £18.15.0 with generous overtime rates — but no regular night work. There is also extra pay if you are a tradesman carrying on your trade. You get 3 weeks paid holiday right from the start. And wherever possible, rent-free homes are provided for Prison Officers and their families. Where not, there is a rent allowance of up to £3.7.6 a week. If you wish, you may retire at 55 with a good gratuity and a generous pension to which you never contribute a penny.

TAKE THE NEXT STEP NOW

If you are between 21 and 42, and 5 ft. 6 in. or over, send for the illustrated booklet. Fill in the coupon, and post it off today. *It could be the start of a lifetime's career!*

There is a constant demand for Officers who are qualified tradesmen, such as bricklayers, carpenters, electricians, painters, plumbers, hospital officers, cooks and bakers. You are paid extra for instructing and supervising this kind of work.

A BRIGHTER FUTURE FOR WOMEN, TOO

With eleven establishments now dealing with women and girls, the modern Prison Service offers more jobs, more opportunities to career-minded women than ever before. You enjoy equal pay, training and status with men Officers, and the same opportunities to help those in trouble. If you possess the right qualities, are in good health and between 21 and 49½, here's a career that's more than just another job. A career that will engage your talents *and* your sympathies to the full.

"There's a special new leaflet about Women Prison Officers—post this coupon today".

FILL IN THIS COUPON NOW! Please send me a copy of the illustrated booklet, and without obligation, full details about joining the modern Prison Service.

NAME ..... (MR./MRS./MISS)

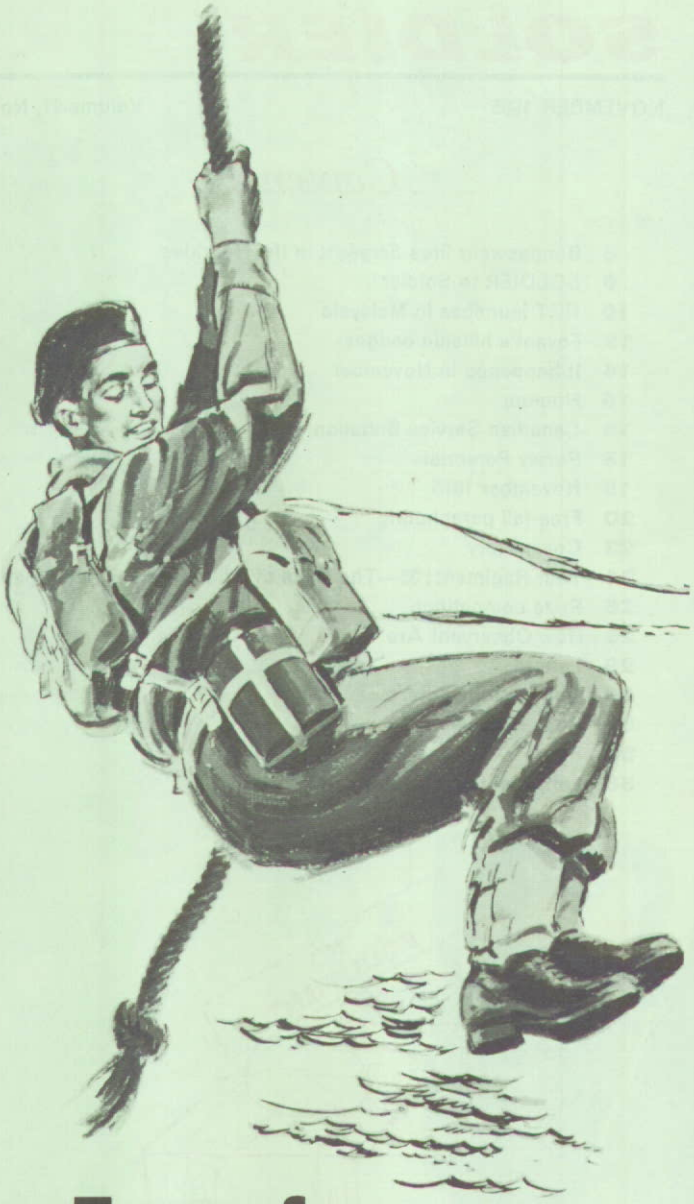
ADDRESS .....

.....

TOWN ..... COUNTY .....

Send this coupon to:
Establishment Officer,
Prison Department, BB9/2 Home Office,
Romney House, Marsham Street,
London, SW1.

HER MAJESTY'S PRISON SERVICE



Easy for some

Others find it heavy going. It's the same when it comes to managing money. Some do. Some don't. But whichever kind you are, you will certainly find an account at the Midland Bank an enormous help in dealing with your money problems. Ask at your nearest branch of the Midland for details of how we can help you.

Midland Bank

HEAD OFFICE:
POULTRY, LONDON, E.C.2

OVER 2,550 BRANCHES
IN ENGLAND AND WALES

IF YOU ARE BUYING A USED CAR...

DON'T TAKE CHANCES

WELBECK MOTORS
have established a reputation

When you return to England you don't want to buy a car that will involve you in expense and worry. Much better to deal with Welbeck Motors. We have established a reputation with the forces for a fair deal and after sales service second to none. When you arrive in this country, your car is there to meet you. And, every car we sell is covered by our famous comprehensive guarantee covering all parts and labour costs. H.P., tax and insurance are all taken care of by us before you actually arrive.

To Pauline Johnstone:

WELBECK MOTORS
CRAWFORD STREET, LONDON W.1.
Telephone: WELbeck 0561

Please send me without obligation, full details of your Welbeck "Fords for the Forces" scheme. I am interested in (tick where applicable)

A new car for use in U.K. (purchase tax paid) | A used car for use in U.K. | A new car for use on an overseas posting (purchase tax free)

I am interested in the following models .....

Please send me colour brochures, details of prices and H.P. facilities

No. ..... Rank ..... Name .....

Address .....

Estimated time of arrival in U.K. .....

VODKA
(40 oz. bottle)

BOLS

THE QUALITY MEETS THE STANDING OF YOUR REGIMENT

LIQUEURS

LUCAS BOLS
Anno 1575

ADVOCKAAT

Ask for free cocktail-booklet

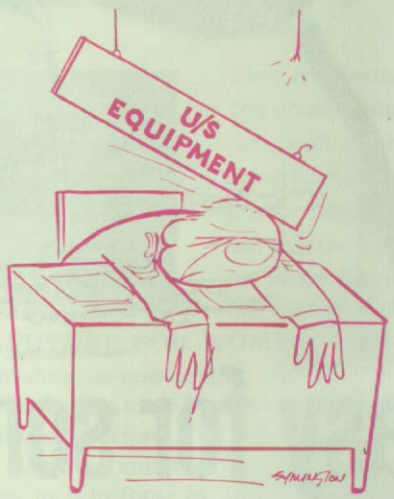
Erven Lucas Bols - Amsterdam-Holland

SOLDIER

NOVEMBER 1965 Volume 21, No. 11

Contents

6 Bundeswehr fires *Sergeant* in the Hebrides
9 SOLDIER to Soldier
10 RCT launches in Malaysia
12 Fovant's hillside badges
14 It happened in November
15 Humour
16 Canadian Service Battalion
18 Purely Personal
19 November 1915
20 Free-fall parachuting
23 Cover story
24 Your Regiment: 35—The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment
26 Prize competition
26 How Observant Are You?
29 Letters
29 Collectors' Corner
33 Book reviews
36 Sport
38 Left, Right and Centre



Next month's SOLDIER will include articles from Berlin, Cyprus and Singapore, pictures of a NATO exercise and "Father Christmas Regiment" by Larry. "Your Regiment" will be The Durham Light Infantry.

Editor: PETER N WOOD
Deputy Editor/Feature Writer: RUSSELL F MILLER
Feature Writer: JOHN SAAR
Art Editor: FRANK R FINCH
Research: DAVID H CLIFFORD
Picture Editor: LESLIE A WIGGS
Photographers: ARTHUR C BLUNDELL, FRANK TOMPSETT, PETER O'BRIEN
Circulation Manager: K PEMBERTON WOOD

SOLDIER, the British Army Magazine, is published for the Ministry of Defence by HM Stationery Office and printed by Harrison & Sons, Ltd, 134 Blyth Road, Hayes, Middlesex.

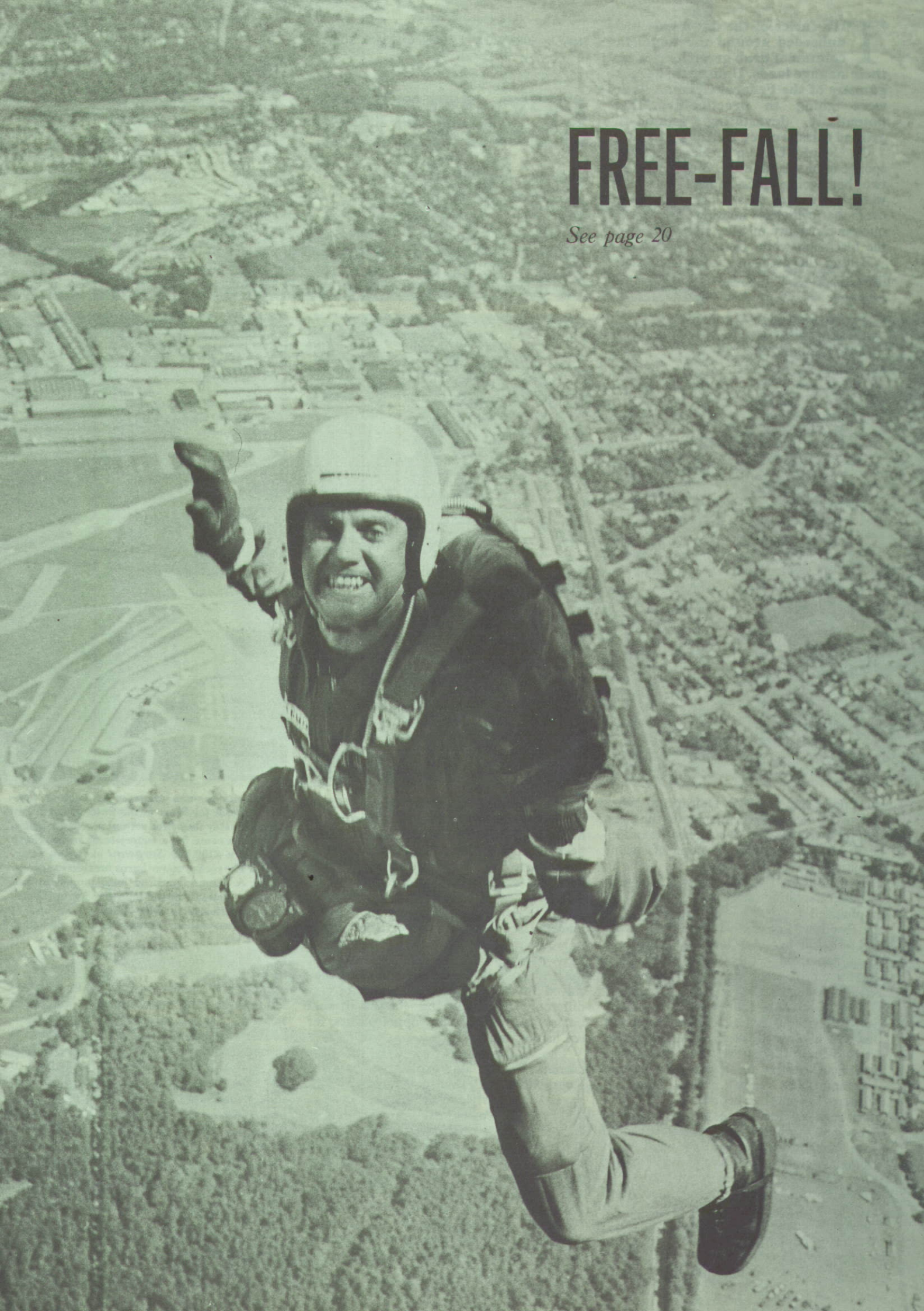
EDITORIAL inquiries: Editor, SOLDIER, 433 Holloway Road, London N7 (ARChway 4381).

CIRCULATION inquiries (except trade): Circulation Manager, 433 Holloway Road, London N7 (ARChway 4381). Direct postal subscription: 13s 6d a year (including postage).

TRADE distribution inquiries: PO Box 569, London SE1.

PHOTOGRAPHIC reprint inquiries: Picture Editor, 433 Holloway Road, London N7 (ARChway 4381).

ADVERTISEMENT inquiries: Combined Service Publications Ltd, 67/68 Jermyn Street, St. James's, London SW1 (WHItehall 2504 and 2989).



FREE-FALL!

See page 20

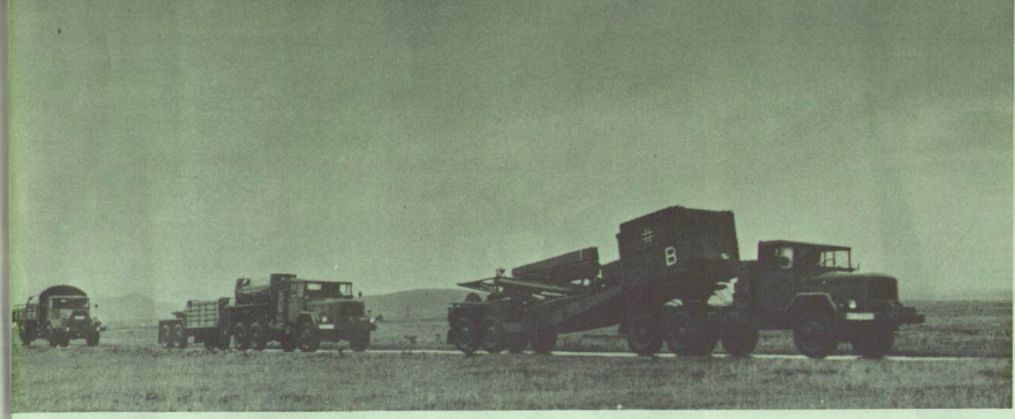
THE furies of the dawn gale blew unheeded around the tortoising column of drab green lorries and their strange loads. Unheeded, because gunners of the Federal German Army were going to practice-fire their potentially devastating ground-to-ground missile come Hell or high water.

On South Uist, a treeless, peat-bog sponge of an island in the Outer Hebrides, two homegoing duck-hunters paused to watch the convoy pass. Their eyes ranged over the cylinders housing *Sergeant*, a nuclear capability missile, and lingered on the black-and-white German cross.

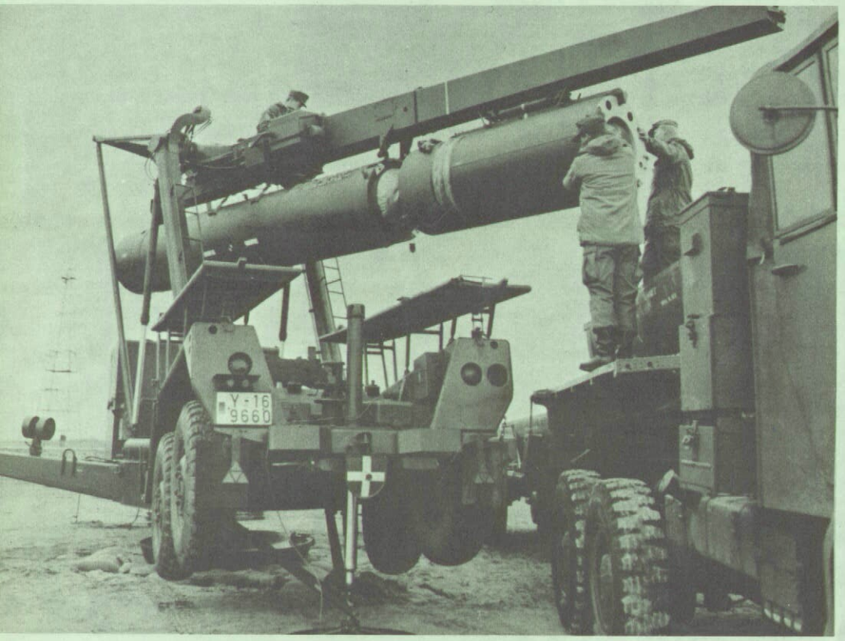
Behind the desolate road to the range-head stretched another more desolate, from

Story by JOHN SAAR / Pictures by FRANK TOMPSETT

SERGEANT IN THE BUNDESWEHR



Launcher and missile transporters on the desolate road to the South Uist rangehead.



Above left: German crewmen assemble a *Sergeant* missile for firing in the Outer Hebrides. In a month's stay they fired several practice missiles. Above: En route for a watery tomb in the North Atlantic, a £100,000 *Sergeant* skywrites away. smoke. The rocket motor burns for thirty seconds. Right: A dummy warhead joins propellant and guidance sections on the launcher boom. Choice of live warheads is wide—nuclear, or one of assorted non-nuclear. Range is about 85 miles.

the piled arms of 1945. Defeat and bitter distrust of German rearmament in the years that followed are past. Ahead lay the range-head, almost the last milestone of reconstruction.

The South Uist launchings of German *Sergeants*, costing about £100,000 each, emphasised the complete rehabilitation of the Bundeswehr within the harness of the Western Alliance. As German troops were firing American rockets from British soil into the North Atlantic it was an exclusively NATO production.

The Germans cannot fire a "live" *Sergeant* without American agreement, but they are happy with a weapon the British Army is not buying and see it as their battlefield artillery for the next ten years.

Running the only missile range in Western Europe has kept the 150 soldiers garrisoned on the neighbouring island of Benbecula thoroughly busy this year. Aside from meteorological and reconnaissance drone launchings they have provided flight safety and administration for guided weapon units of three nations. The American Army, also firing *Sergeant*, was there before the Bundeswehr. Early in the year a Royal Artillery regiment visited the range to fire obsolescent *Corporals*.

The German *Sergeants* plugged across the North Sea from Wilhelmshaven in the holds of three small steamers. A shuttle fleet of trooping planes flew in first a permanent party then weekly parties of two batteries from each of three artillery battalions.

As the soldiers stepped out of the *Nor Atlas* planes—known with cruelly unfair humour as "the widowmakers"—the majority were serving outside Germany for the first time. Barren Benbecula, where they stayed in the Royal Artillery camp, was different from anything they had seen before and offered rare opportunities for sea fishing and boating.

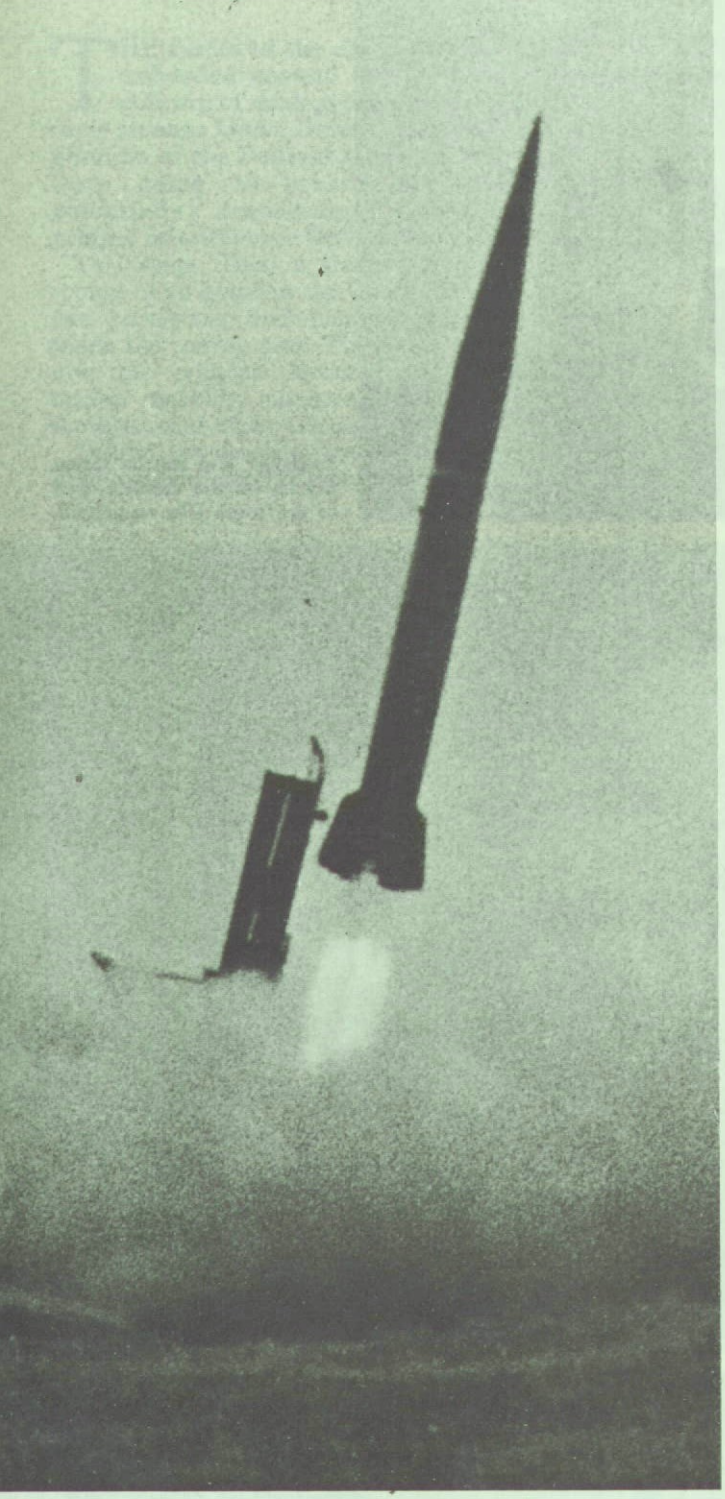
The Germans got on well with the islanders. "After all," explained a harassed Royal Corps of Transport driver, "they have the same style of driving."

The Scots took them into their homes and, in the case of the weavers, sold them some of the contents. Tam o'Shanters sold right out and the tailors of Coblenz, Munster and Ulm are probably still grappling with the rolls of tartan the missilemen took back.

Doyen of the outdoor life addicts among the visitors was the general of a mountain division. Gently deterred from tackling some of the island's peaks he hurled himself into the chilly sea at midnight and again at 6 am.

The four-and-a-half ton *Sergeant* is second generation to Wernher von Braun's *V2* and the unwieldy *Corporal*, which it outranks and outclasses. The *Sergeant's* solid-propellant rocket motor obviates the hazardous liquid fuelling which handicaps *Corporal*, and cuts reaction time to under an hour.

A *Sergeant* battery has fewer vehicles and is proportionately easier to hide in a wood or factory area. The bonus from the missile's inertia control system is the most important advantage. Commands and corrections from its self-contained guidance section defy jamming. Ballistically speaking, *Sergeant* is



Above: A flight safety team plots a *Sergeant* launching. Dangerously delinquent rockets can be blown up in mid-flight.

Left: Orderly *Sergeant* lifts off in perfect style. Blast from the 34-foot missile raises a sandstorm.

Right: Klaus Schroer kept a countdown vigil in the tiny firing set cabin. At X–3 minutes a flashing red light warned him to leave.

only a welter-belter—extreme range is about 85 miles—but speeds into action from a level site anywhere, adding the mobility of heavy artillery to tremendous firepower.

The show-case day of the final launching was a brute. A full gale spat squawking gulls out to sea and splattered the island with No. 6 shot rain. Batterymen of the German Army Missile School bent low and grumbled in their borrowed stormcoats.

Pre-firing checks were run with the three sections of the missile still in their containers. Through cables passed out of the side and hooked into the sections, a mobile maintenance station ran electronic fingers over the rocket's systems.

The containers and the fibre-glass panels of the missile are well stencilled with technicalia. The warhead package is piquantly labelled "DO NOT DROP."

The American-made launcher is an all-singing, all-dancing box of tricks which oozes brilliant design. On the site, the tractor positioned the launcher on bearing and drew away. The launcher see-sawed up on three hydraulic legs to provide a stable firing platform and a blastshield was lowered.

The hoarse roar of a gas turbine generator powering the hydraulics drowned conversation. Before the tension grew, the battery commander had given his men a reassuring peptalk. With whatever is German for "Don't flap" in their minds, the missile team worked smoothly on a section commander's emphatic hand signals.

The boom operator rode up with the launcher's elaborate gantry and engaged the rocket motor section with his hoist. In minutes the guidance section and the dummy warhead were coupled up and bolted home and the pay-load of concrete was ready for the ride.

Working alone in a broom cupboard called the firing set, an operator controlled the countdown with a computer. He provided data on locations of missile and target, rocket temperature and type of burst required. The electronic slave did the sum and gave *Sergeant's* computer a precise trajectory to follow.

A smiling Texan heard the Tannoy relay of a mock countdown ". . . acht, sieben, sechs . . ." and took it up. ". . . faive, foore, three, too, weune . . . It's lookin' gud!" he bellowed. In his caravan crammed with telemetry equipment, Sam Adams was there to monitor the missile's in-flight behaviour. He talked about the 100 *Sergeant* launchings he has seen at White Sands, New Mexico. "We had one," he drawled, "it got away. It went 75 miles. Straight up."

Every missile fired from South Uist carries a destruction device installed by a Royal Artillery flight safety section. Just in case.

Three minutes from lift-off the operator slipped from the firing set to finish the countdown from a safe distance with a

Two senior officers of the Bundeswehr found the lee of the launcher a conveniently sheltered spot to discuss the shoot. A five-hour delay on one shoot following an unfortunate igniter failure was the only hitch in the German missilemen's seven firings.

handset. At 90 seconds *Sergeant* slewed to clear the launcher and reared to 75 degrees on the target bearing.

A numbing roar, a blast of war rocket energy that thrashed 50 sandbags to rags and the *Sergeant* was just a blowtorch in the sky.

Trailing grey-black smoke, it punched through the low cloud base, out of sight and hearing.

Up above, the missile was greedily grabbing height while its motor still burned.

Gyros and accelerometers helped the guidance section to compute the flight and compare it with the pre-set plan. The drag brakes slammed out from amidships to correct the range. This force of 100G, which would kill a human passenger, rolled the missile and the rear fins promptly kicked it straight.

Sergeant is fail-safe and at moments when the trajectory is off target a live nuclear or non-nuclear war-head would be temporarily disarmed.

Three minutes after launching, the equivalent of 20 *Rolls-Royces* smacked into the North Atlantic as worthless scrap.

At the launching site senior officers bearing the scars and decorations of the last war jubilantly exchanged handshakes and congratulations.

The launching left novice spectators awed and thoughtful. Someone said: "It may not be in the space programme, but if it's ever fired it'll make a hole in somebody's army."

The Royal Artillery flight plotters were satisfied with the shoot and the isolated radar station on St Kilda island reported that like the others the magnificent last had fallen in the desired circle of probability.

Colonel Bodo Hahn, commander of the German permanent party was pleased. "We have fired before at White Sands with the Americans. Here we have fired for the first time without their help. We grow up now."

SOLDIER
TO SOLDIER

THOUGH charity's calls on the purse are legion, it will be surprising if the £2000 capital needed to keep the Fovant badges in perpetual good order is not forthcoming. There is something irresistible about an appeal of this kind.

The old soldier will open his purse from sentiment. Some people will contribute in appreciation of the local villagers' sterling voluntary efforts to keep the fifty-year-old badges alive. Others will help simply because this is yet another example of the apparently pointless good causes in which Britain abounds, and by which it flourishes. Even critics of the Army and of officialdom generally will do their bit, if only from perversity.

The Fovant chalk carvings have not the significance of other badges, for example those in the Khyber Pass or at Kingston, Jamaica, which perpetuate the memory of British regiments' tours of overseas duty. Perhaps by now they are more a tourist attraction than anything else. But they are there, and no one would want them to disappear from avoidable neglect.

The regimental associations have, of course, helped, and it is good to see, as the result of publicity, but certainly not seeking it for themselves, that a hundred officer cadets from Sandhurst have put in a voluntary weekend stint.

Voluntary it must be because here is a cause which, however militarily deserving it may seem, the Army just cannot directly assist. The badges and the land on which they are carved are not the Army's responsibility or property and public money cannot properly be expended on them in military materials, transport and labour.

But both soldiers and civilians are showing tangible sympathy and goodwill—and the Fovant badges may yet be successfully endowed and perpetuated.

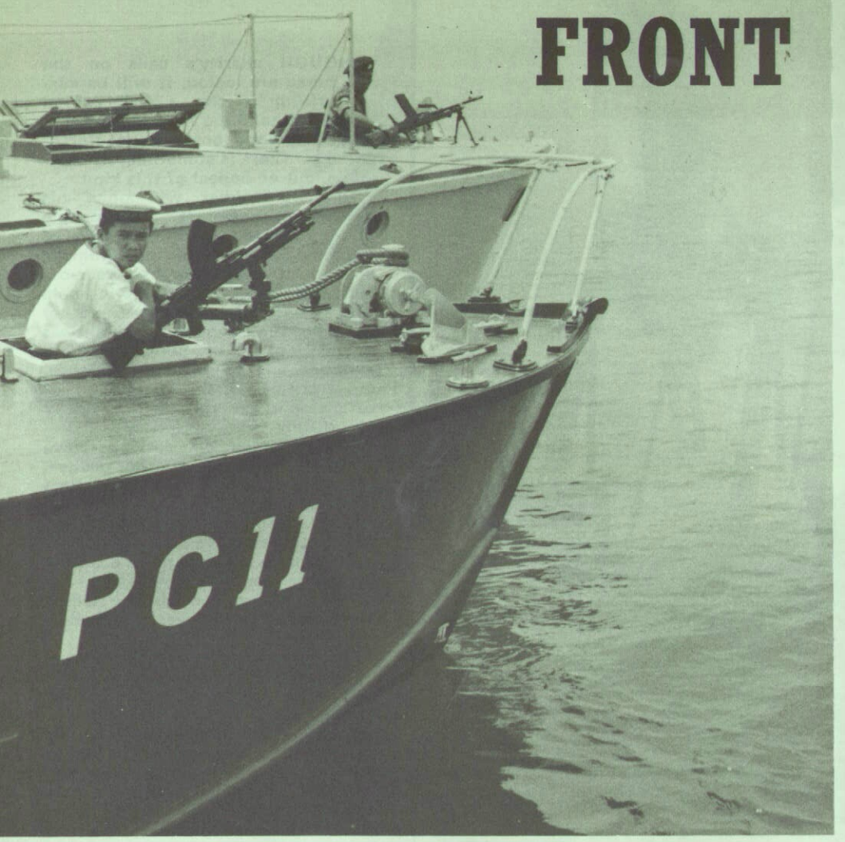
• • •

Many of the illustrations of medals in Major John Laffin's monthly articles on medals have been reproduced from Major L L Gordon's standard book, "British Battles and Medals," without his prior knowledge or consent.

The Editor offers Major Gordon his sincere apologies for this oversight in using illustrations from this well-known encyclopaedic work. The Editor also wishes to make it clear that Major Laffin is in no way responsible for providing the illustrations appearing with his articles.

Major Laffin himself acknowledges that Major Gordon's book has been one of his principal sources of research and regrets any inadvertent similarity between his articles and Major Gordon's book.

On The WATER FRONT



Above: In the calm waters of the Johore Strait an RCT launch links up with a fast Malaysian police boat. Both machine-gunners stay at their posts while the two crews exchange information. Right: Staff-Sergeant Lofty Bridge, coxswain of *Forsa*, navigates a tricky jungle river near Sibu in Borneo.

TONIGHT and every night a fast launch of the Royal Corps of Transport will be drifting in the South China Sea. The soldiers on board never speak or cough or sneeze.

Deaf to the lapping of the warm water against the hull, they sit at their stations listening and looking into the night. One man sits behind a machine gun, another is at a radio, a third stands by the wheel.

Occasionally a creaking junk or a sampan driven by a puttering outboard will loom out of the black and flash a special reply to the winking light operated by a soldier on the launch.

But sometimes the right answer is not signalled back. And on board the launch, things begin to happen fast. . .

To the waterborne soldiers of 37 Maritime Squadron, Royal Corps of Transport, this nightly patrol, mounted from their island headquarters just off Singapore, is just one of their routine contributions to the Confrontation. Its purpose is to guard the western entrance of the Johore Strait, on the west side of Singapore, to stop Indonesians sneaking through at night to Singapore or the mainland of Malaya.

The RCT launches are helped by very fast Malaysian police boats and with naval minesweepers patrolling further out at sea the security forces cannot hope to provide an infiltrator-proof screen over a large area of water.

It is estimated that in June more than 90 per cent of the attempted infiltrations were intercepted by the patrols which are now a big enough deterrent to persuade many Indonesians that an attempt to run the gauntlet is not worth while.

The departure of a Squadron launch every evening, just before sunset, has become a familiar sight on the Singapore waterfront. On board is the patrol commander, always an officer or senior rank, navigator, engineer, gunner, deck hand, a Royal Signals radio operator in constant touch with police headquarters in Singapore and a Malaysian police officer.

Every night the routine is the same—move out to the furthest point of the patrol area, cut the engines and then drift across the area until dawn.

The patrol cannot open fire on any boat unless it is itself shot at; any boat that fails to signal the correct reply is approached with extreme caution as infiltrators have a habit of announcing their unfriendliness by lobbing a grenade on the deck.

Usually an incorrect reply is a poor wretch bound on some minor illegal task who has been unlucky enough to bump into a security launch and whose night invariably ends in prison.

At dawn the launch heads for home, the little island of Paula Brani where the Squadron works and lives. Connection between the island and Singapore is by a regular ferry service run by the Squadron.

Two more of the Squadron's river class fast launches are in Sarawak where they patrol a big complex of waterways and mangrove swamp in the Sibu area. With an estimated 2000 miles of river to cover, these two launches seem to have an even more formidable task than the Singapore night patrol, but they have had some success.

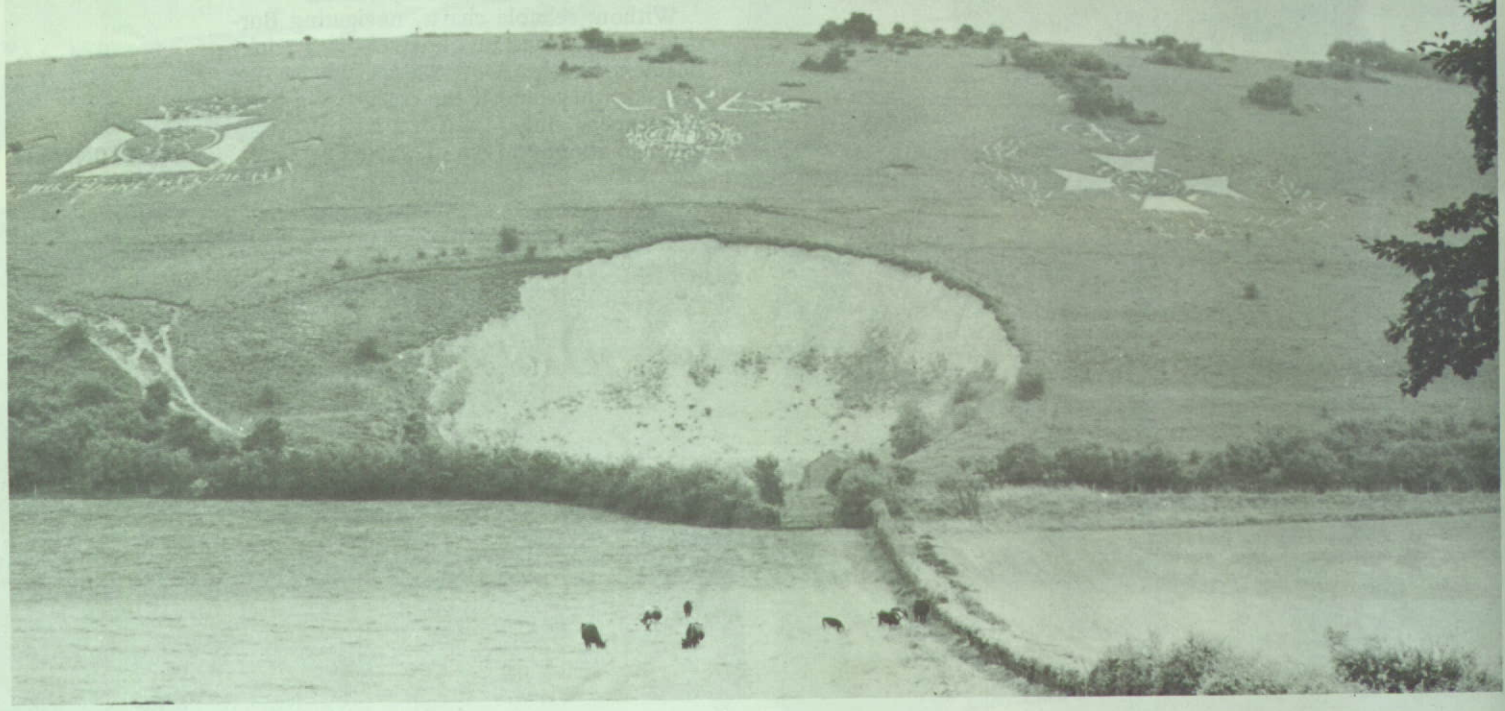
One launch was used for a night ambush of eight Indonesian terrorists who were captured and who later provided valuable information for the security forces.

Without reliable charts, navigating Borneo's treacherous jungle rivers is a tricky business for the Army sailors and on one occasion they cut off the corner of a bend at full speed, only to discover later that they had had about an inch of water to spare!

Pictures by
FRANK TOMPSETT

Above: After drifting all night in the South China Sea, *Fowey* makes for home, stopping on the way to check the junk in the top picture. Right: A launch in support of a Malaysian Field Force operation in Sarawak.

BADGES IN JEOPARDY



NINE badges carved on a Wiltshire hillside 50 years ago by restless young soldiers waiting to go to war may disappear next year for the lack of a few pounds.

This unique military landmark, pinpointing the "King and Country" days when thousands gladly sailed to die in the mud and slime of the trenches, could be effectively wiped off the face of the earth by public and official disinterest. It would be yet another "achievement" of the couldn't-care-less sixties.

The badges appeared after three tiny Wiltshire villages — Fovant, Compton Chamberlayne and Sutton Mandeville— were taken over to be used as a huge training camp at the beginning of World War One.

Men of the London Rifle Brigade first had the idea of cutting their regimental badge in the chalk on the steep hillside and their efforts were so impressive that other units soon followed their example.

Top and above: The Fovant badges, cut in the chalk downs fifty years ago, as the passing motorist sees them from the busy A30 London to Exeter road.

The landscape artists had many problems to overcome. Apart from its steep slope, the hillside was in the danger zone of the camp rifle ranges which were in use from dawn to dusk, so the volunteers had to get up long before sunrise and finish work just before the first firing parties arrived.

It was a back-breaking task. First job was to mark out the badge to scale (no mean task in itself) then remove the turf and fill the cavities with chalk humped up from pits at the base of the hillside. Badge-cutting became almost a matter of regimental pride, a job to be done before crossing the Channel and going into action.

A Sergeant F Hall, who supervised the cutting of the 6th City of London Rifles badge, noted that it took three months to finish the job; the overall height of the badge was 150 feet. After work each morning the men used to toboggan down the slope on their Army-issue shovels in the rush to be on parade in time.

Many of the men who toiled so diligently on the hillside never returned from France to see again the fruits of their labours. One party of subalterns who cut a Voluntary Aid Detachment badge on the slope facing the nurses' quarters (to the great anger of the matron) all died just a few weeks later on the Somme.

After the war, when the Army left the area, some of the smaller badges became overgrown and disappeared, but many regiments paid local workers to maintain their badges until World War Two when they were allowed to become overgrown to camouflage them from enemy aircraft.

Members of the Fovant Badges Society discuss the problem of maintaining the World War One souvenirs.

By the end of the war it seemed certain that the badges had gone for good. Sheep and cattle had damaged the outlines and the chalk was overgrown with weed and turf.

But a spark of interest still remained and eventually ex-members of the Fovant Home Guard decided to take on the restoration work with the help of local paid labour. One after another the badges re-appeared and nine of the originals still exist today—The London Rifle Brigade; the 6th City of London Rifles; the Australia Commonwealth Military Forces; The Post Office Rifles; The Devonshire Regiment; the 7th (City of London) Battalion, The London Regiment; The Royal Warwickshire Regiment; the YMCA and an outline map of Australia, complete with flagpole from which the Australian flag is flown four times a year.

Out of the old comrades of the Fovant Home Guard the Fovant Badges Society

Below: An aerial view, in its heyday, of The Post Office Rifles badge, its size emphasised by the cows which, with sheep, cause damage to outlines.

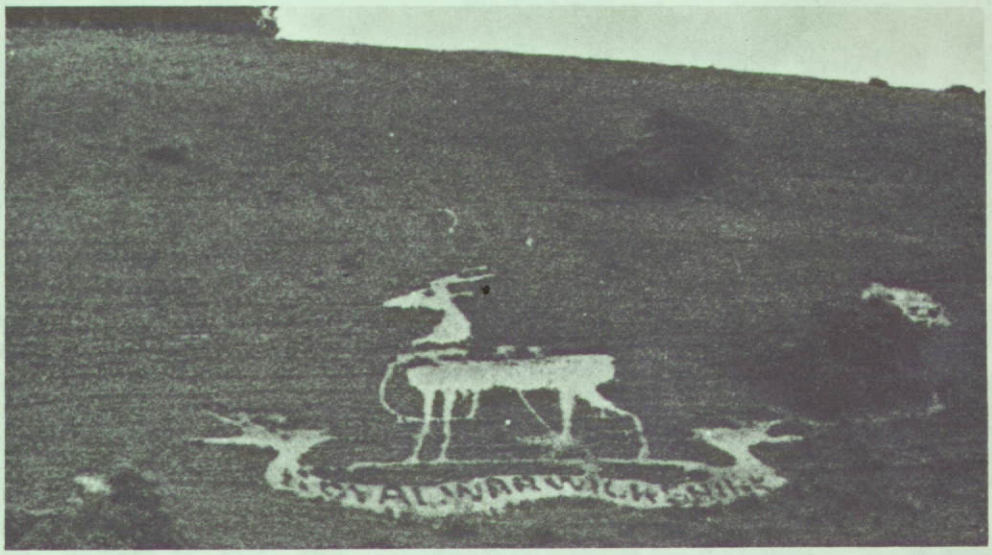
BADGES *continued*

was born and a small band of dedicated men made it their business to see that the unique and now famous memorial was retained. But the size of the regimental associations has dwindled and their financial support has cut contacts.

Every year it became more and more difficult to maintain the badges. Labour costs shot up and the sheer physical effort involved was too much for the villagers alone. Appeals to the Army, the Ministry of Public Buildings and Works, their Member of Parliament and many other sources brought no help.

The Australian flag, presented by the Australian Government to mark local restoration of the map in 1950, flies at the flagpole four times a year.

Above: The badge of The Royal Warwickshire Regiment, pictured some years ago, stands out sharply against the hillside. Below: Today the badge needs maintenance work on it — and this costs money.



Now the villagers, fewer than 1000 strong, feel they cannot carry on the struggle any longer. They cannot raise enough money annually to pay for the badges to be restored; they cannot take on the work themselves; and no one will help. They have no alternative—the badges must go.

The labour involved every year in keeping up the badges is considerable. Chalk does not lie immediately beneath the soil and has to be carried up the one-in-two slope in buckets. A platoon of soldiers could do the job in a very short time but, say the villagers the Army has been unable to give official help.

In fact the Army has unwittingly been more destructive than constructive. A group of young people spent a week on the hillside earlier this year restoring the YMCA badge but, a few days after they finished, an Army helicopter flew low over the site and blew all the new chalk down to the bottom of the hill!

The Ministry of Public Building and Works told the Society that it could only consider taking on maintenance of antique monuments at least 100 years old. Would the Society care to write again in 50 years' time?

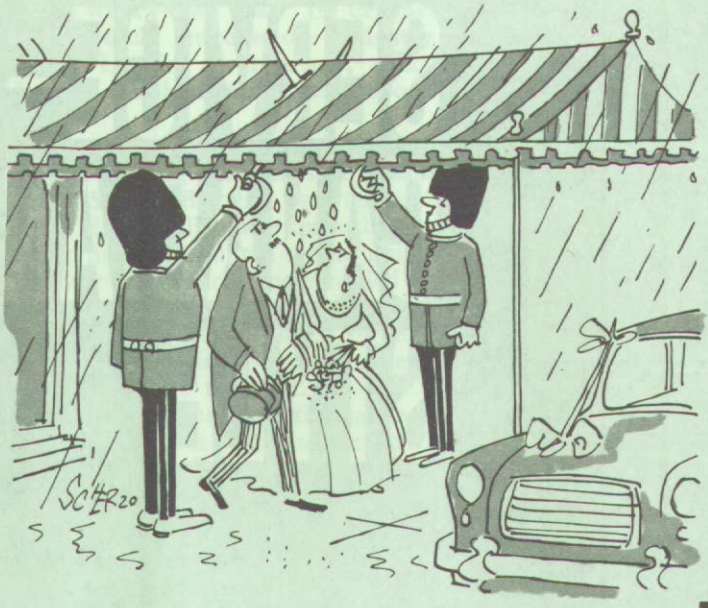
The villagers still feel the badges are a strong bond with the past that is worth retaining. Holidaymakers and tourists passing through the area are often brought face-to-face with memories long forgotten. Regularly a knock on a village door is from an old soldier who recalls badge-cutting days. But without immediate maintenance the badges will be unrecognisable twelve months from now.

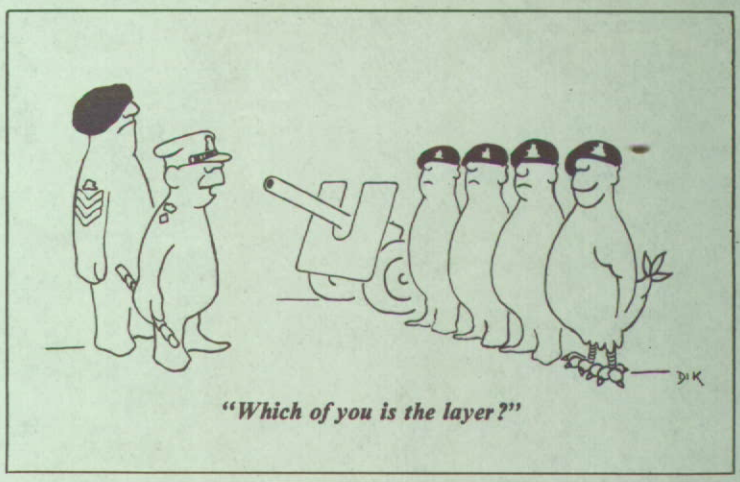
Only one thing can save the badges and that is a regular income. It would cost about £100 a year to keep them, and the Society thought if they could raise a trust fund of £2000 the interest would pay for the maintenance in perpetuity.

But where is it to come from? A community of fewer than 1000 cannot be expected to produce £2000 at the drop of a hat. It can only hope that someone, somewhere, will write a letter—and enclose a donation.

It happened in NOVEMBER

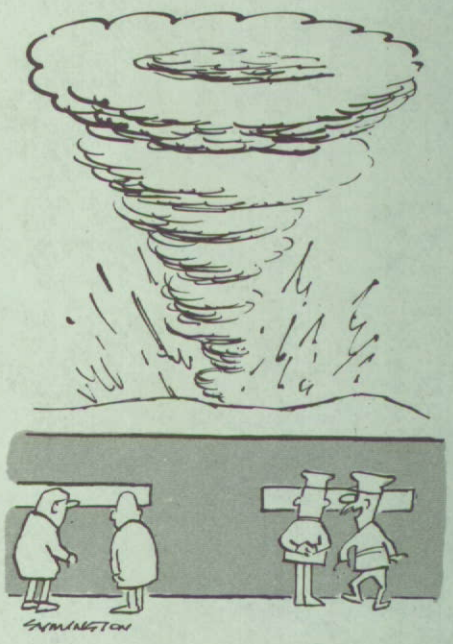
Date		Year
10	Gilbert and Ellice Islands annexed by Britain	1915
11	Cenotaph unveiled in Whitehall, London	1920 ▶
13	Battle of Morgarten	1315
23	Dr Crippen executed at Pentonville	1910
28	Royal Society founded	1660
29	Yugoslavia proclaimed a Republic	1945



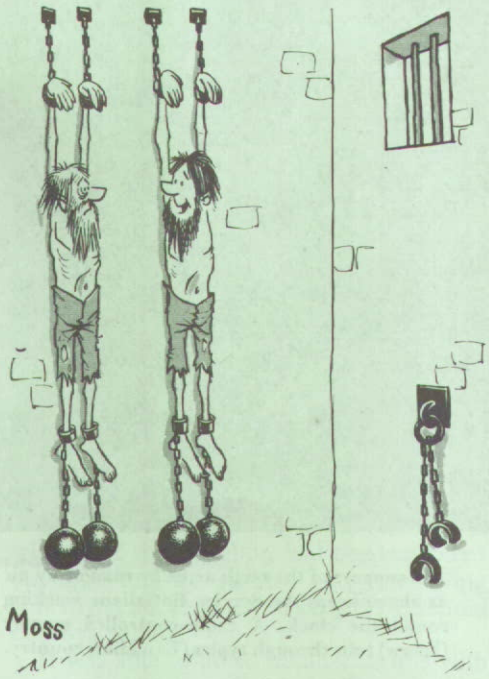


"Which of you is the layer?"

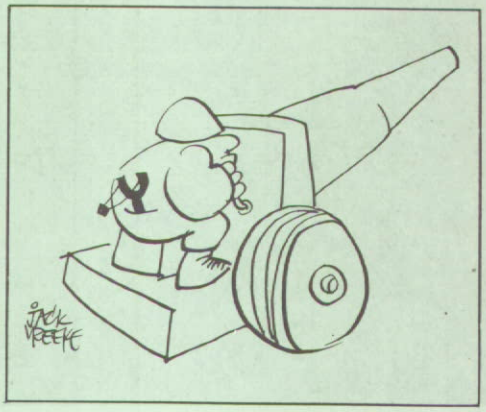
HUMOUR

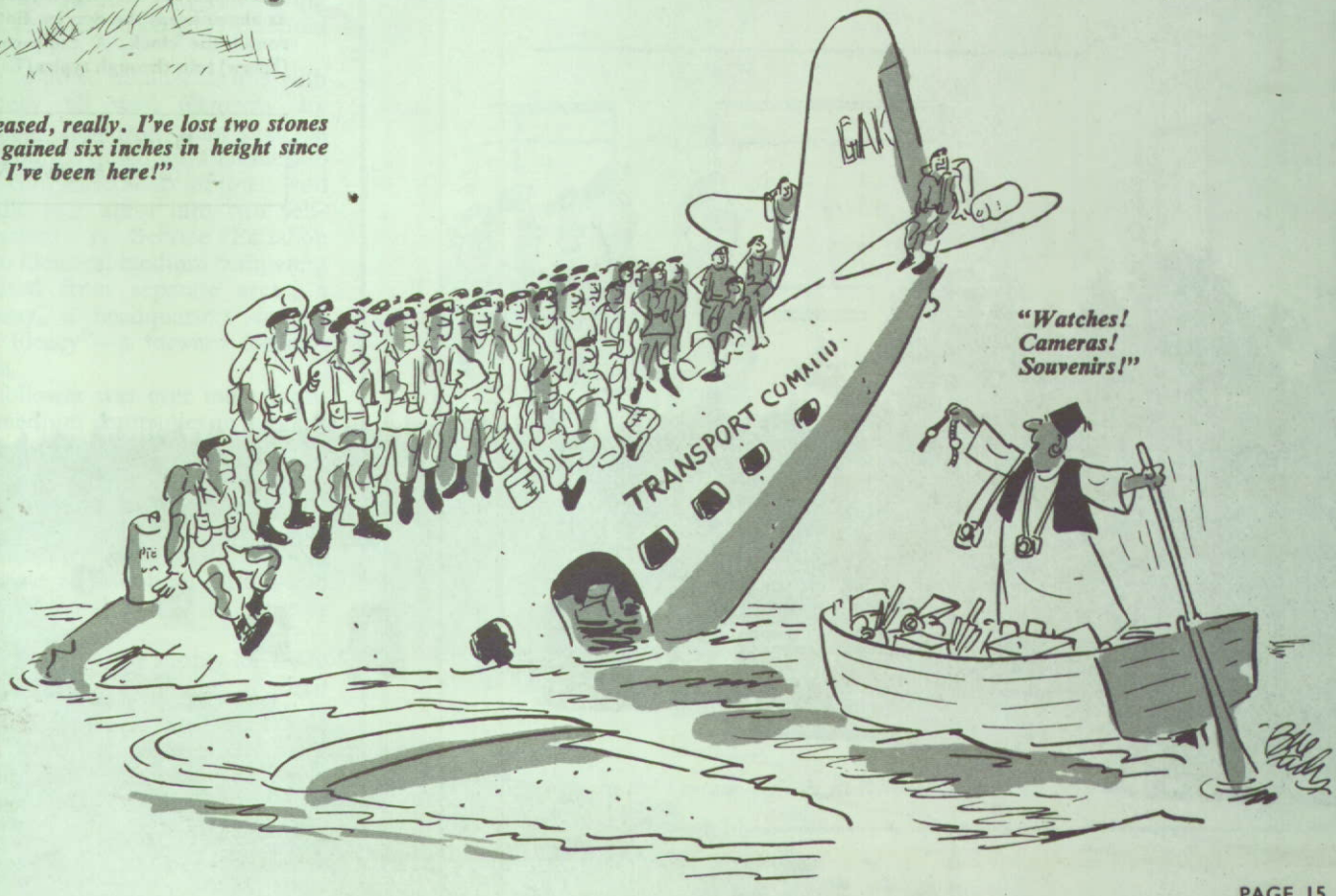


"This is the bit I like."



"I'm quite pleased, really. I've lost two stones in weight and gained six inches in height since I've been here!"





"Watches! Cameras! Souvenirs!"

SERVICE—CANADIAN STYLE

The support of the teeth arms by road or by air as above keeps the Service Battalions working round the clock. A radio-controlled convoy (below) toils through typical Canadian country.

Pictures by Leslie Wiggs
Story by John Saar

"EXTREME driver fatigue was a worry—we had 19 crashes in quick succession. Mostly at night. Lorries overturned, slid into ditches, crashed into trees and one another."

It sounded like a battle report, but the captain wearing the flashes of a Canadian Army Service Battalion was talking exercises. His Battalion was formed five years ago to find out if all the service units of an Infantry brigade could be parcelled up into a single workable battalion. The planners put the experimental force through exhaustive field trials yet they never quite trampled it into the dust.

The trial horse won through and the Canadian Army is being reconstructed with a Service Battalion to each of its four Infantry brigades.

The new battalions will keep the 5000 soldiers in their brigades armed, fed, policed, watered, in health and wealth and on wheels.

To get supplies and support for his armour, artillery and Infantry the brigade commander gives a bulk order to one man. Whether he asks for Dannert wire, reinforcements of *Coca-Cola*, a tank recovery section, a padre or the latest post, delivery is fast.

Service units which had previously operated independently were grouped together under a single logistics command in 1960. Three years of experiment proved the proposition feasible. The crunch came in 1964 when the Service Battalion was dragged into the limelight as the star victim of a six-week exercise.

The embryo force of 1000 men and 457 vehicles was ordered to move tactically and often. All personnel worked long, hard hours. The strain of long night journeys without lights on bad roads told on the drivers.

The critical period of 19 crashes came when half the battalion had been umpired out by "nuclear strikes." The surviving half strove successfully to keep the essential convoys rolling.

It was able to do so because in line with nuclear strategy all vital elements are duplicated. The Canadians claim that the Service Battalion has tidied up what used to be a ragtail conglomeration of men and vehicles in the rear areas into two self-sufficient systems. A Service Battalion comprises two identical medium companies always operated from separate areas, a heavy company, a headquarters control centre and "Fleecy"—a forward logistics control centre.

No camp follower was ever more faithful than the medium companies in support of their brigade. They can move forward their heavily mechanised supply and support set-up from one camouflaged location to another at a few hours' notice. They establish water supply points, police routes, distribute ammunition, rations and post, and offer dental and vehicle repair facilities.

Sometime after dark the supply lorries of the transport groups pull out of their camouflaged hides and drive off to collect stores. The radio-controlled column must make the journey to the front line 35-50 miles away with its cargo of stores and be back before dawn.

Water is a Service Battalion responsibility. An engineer tests water in a camouflaged treatment unit for purity.

The heavy company is a full-scale field workshop. It stocks the nuts and bolts of the brigade and carries out major repairs on tanks, electronic equipment and aircraft.

A lingering doubt on the virtues of including the field ambulance is the only question mark in the Service Battalion organisation. Current thought and practice omits the medical services but there are confident predictions that they will yet return to the fold.

Latest acquisition for one Service Battalion is a platoon of cargo helicopters. Officially "under command," the six tandem-rotor *Voyageurs* are operated by Royal Canadian Army Service Corps pilots as flying lorries. If mines or ambushes temporarily close roads to the ground columns, the helicopters are ready to night-fly supplies up to the battalion groups. At Camp Gagetown in New Brunswick this year, the pilots practised this hazardous role with 1st Battalion, The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment. Flying by instruments at low level over pine-covered mountains, they located tiny clearings and dropped into them.

After the tribulations of the early years the Service Battalion coasts smoothly through ordinary exercises. As the Canadian captain said, "This summer has been too easy for us. We have tremendous potential." That night, his company's woodland camp was dark, silent and empty. The policemen, padres, dentists, electricians and engineers of the Service Battalion were on their travels—utilising some of that potential.

"You heard the captain—if this floor is what you call polished . . ."

purely personal

To Persia and back

Back from an 8500-mile round trip to Persia, four Royal Engineer officers celebrated with a tea party on Westminster Bridge. **Lieutenants Mike ("Can I help you to a second mug?") Travers, John Wyatt, Barry Cox and James Stuart** were on leave from the Royal Military College of Science, Shrivenham. They drove their motor caravan over some of the roughest roads and tracks in Yugoslavia and Turkey to reach the Persian town of Andimeshk. The hats? Hardly necessary in London, but useful in Persia where the mercury frequently topped the 115 degrees mark. During the trip the four officers made on-the-spot studies of dam construction and irrigation schemes.

One in 100,000

The needle match between **Corporal Paddy Magee** and an apprehensive patient ended painlessly. The Arab, who is employed at the Bahrein garrison headquarters, need not have worried. Corporal Magee, of the Royal Army Medical Corps, is a hawk-eyed marksman on the hypodermic and proved it by giving 1200 jabs during a cholera emergency in Bahrein. Mass immunization centres were set up when it was feared the disease might spread from Iran or Pakistan. Government, Army, Navy and Air Force teams gave more than 100,000 injections.

Top secretary

Hours of spare-time study have won Coldstream Guards officer **Major Peter Hills** an unusual distinction. In the final examinations of the Corporation of Secretaries he came top in the general secretarial syllabus and won the Sir Cuthbert Grundy Medal and Award.

Two-Army service

Freshly pinned on **Squadron Quartermaster-Sergeant Joseph Kolaczkowsi's** chest is the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal. Alongside it are the wartime campaign and gallantry decorations he won in a previous Army career in the Free Polish Army. He joined up in 1943 when he was 17. In a 700-mile walk across German-held territory to join his Regiment, nine of his 11 companions were killed or badly wounded. He fought through to the end of the war with the 7th Lubelski Lancers and won two Polish medals for bravery. In 1947, he transferred to his present Regiment, 10th Royal Hussars.

The man who stayed behind

Three hundred years ago the Swedes were at war with the Germans and occupied the village of Erlenbach. Eventually all were prepared to withdraw except one soldier who had fallen in love. His commander diplomatically ruled that he could stay—as a one-man caretaker force. By the time the Germans returned 14 weeks later, the Swedish soldier was so popular that the villagers allowed him to stay and marry his sweetheart. So popular that when he died years later the villagers put up a relief in his memory. Now installed on the corner of a new house, the little figure with a pipe in his mouth and hands on his sword still stands as a monument to the Occupation soldier who stayed. He is in the Swedish uniform which he continued to wear although the two nations were still at war.

Two Regular soldiers and a paratroop medical officer in the Territorial Army have been decorated for gallantry in Aden.

Privates Jenner Elba-Porter *and* **Anthony Kent** *of 1st Battalion, The Royal Anglian Regiment, have been awarded the British Empire Medal for their conduct after a terrorist rocket attack on their platoon headquarters. The explosion created havoc and duty signaller Elba-Porter was wounded and temporarily blinded. Ignoring his injuries he attempted to repair his radio set. Finding this impossible, he fetched another set and passed instructions to the platoon for effective counter-measures. Kent's prompt first aid almost certainly saved the life of his platoon sergeant.*

Major Clive Samuel, 44 *Parachute Field Ambulance, is made a Member of the British Empire for "courage and devotion to duty of the highest order." He disregarded his own safety to reach a soldier wounded by a mine. His skilled treatment probably saved the man's arm from amputation.*

Two days later several soldiers were killed and wounded during a sustained attack on their camp. Under severe fire Major Samuel gave all his attention to the casualties and saved the life of one badly wounded man.

NOVEMBER 1915

The ghost of an army plods numbly on through mire and snow to total disintegration. After two months of incessant battle against overwhelming German and Bulgarian armies, the soldiers of Serbia (Yugoslavia) are utterly beaten. What began as a systematic retreat has become a shambling heartrending rout. The pictures show but two of thousands of victims claimed by hunger, exhaustion and exposure. Civilians, soldiers and animals fled and died where they dropped. Misery Trail was marked by corpses and carcases. Starving, their boots and clothing worn to rags and tatters, the despairing survivors dragged on to the coast where the luckiest found places on evacuation ships. The defeat of Serbia spawned ugly arguments among the Allies. An Anglo-French army landed at Salonika too late to help.

JUMPING FOR JOY

by Brigadier R D Wilson MC

Brigadier Dare Wilson (above) began his free-falling in 1960 while commanding 22nd Special Air Service Regiment. In 1962 he led the British team to 11th place in the World Championships. Presently commanding 149th Infantry Brigade, Territorial Army, he has been chairman of the British Parachute Association since 1962 and is a member of the Army Parachute Association committee. He has logged 350 jumps and now concentrates on still and cine free-fall photography.

IT is an interesting thought that something developed to save lives has led to the birth of a new sport recognised and practised all over the world. Although most of the world's parachutes are still manufactured for life-saving and military use, probably the majority of the parachutists are jumping for sport.

Certainly sport parachutists do most of the jumping, for the simple reason that they enjoy it; this is not always the case with paratroopers who jump as part of their profession and rarely the case with aircrew who are usually jumping for their lives.

What enjoyment can there be in parachuting? Are they quite normal, these enthusiasts, so many of them soldiers, who love jumping out of aircraft? I believe that generally speaking they are, and that there is more to them as men than any cross-section of all ages, classes, professions and nationalities that I know.

There is a bond between parachutists which is difficult for others to appreciate. One finds something similar among mountaineers, skiers and yachtsmen, but never in my experience to the same degree as among parachutists. This has been recognised for many years by airborne soldiers, countless thousands of whom have known a rare quality of comradeship born of their parachuting experiences. But within the last few years the new skill of free-fall parachuting has been developed and now, regardless of its military value, it is a firmly established sport.

It was logical that the Army, with its strong corps of trained and enthusiastic military parachutists, should take the lead, and this explains why more than half Britain's active "sky-divers" are soldiers. Sky-diving has now become established in the Rhine Army, Near East, Middle East and Far East commands. As a recognised Army sport it has received considerable support and many of the initial problems, which included shortage of equipment and aircraft, have been energetically tackled and at least partially solved.

Much of the credit for this progress goes to the Army Parachute Association which in less than two years has worked wonders. Greatly assisted by the Nuffield Trust and by Rothmans of Pall Mall, the Association now has at Netheravon, Wiltshire, by far the best-equipped sport parachute centre in Britain. At Detmold, in Germany, Rhine Army has a smaller but similar centre. A very small but highly experienced staff at each centre provides the instruction and maintains the equipment.

Through these centres pass several hundred students a year, a high proportion of whom successfully complete one of the two- or three-week courses involving at least 15 descents. Of these at least the first six jumps are automatic openings made with the use of a static line, but thereafter the student, always under the eye of his instructor, is personally responsible for that small but rather important formality of pulling his own ripcord.

The Army's senior tutor is Company Sergeant-Major Instructor Don Hughes, Army Physical Training Corps, who is chief instructor at Netheravon. A veteran of more than 500 free-fall jumps, he has seen the sport grow from the small handful of originals to which he belonged ten years ago, to the thousands who are practising it today. Though his days as a top-class competitor are over—he represented Britain in World Championships and other international events—he is now the British Parachute Association's judge in all major international contests. The experience of such men in a sport where safety counts so much, is of vital importance.

Fortunately there are others behind him; the newly formed "Army Peregrines" comprise some 20 of the most experienced free-fallers in the Army. Half are members or ex-members of 22nd Special Air Service Regiment which pioneered this sport in the Army and in 1962 provided the entire British team for the 6th World Championships in the United States.

This season the Peregrines achieved the triple distinction of winning the *Sunday Telegraph* Cup for the British National Team Championship, winning the Scottish Open Team Championship and providing

Above: Exit one Red Devil! Canadian-born Pte Don MacNaughton drops away in a frog position.

Top left: A 5000-foot smile from an Army parachutist as he begins a 20-second delay.

Bottom left: Parting wave from CSMI Don Hughes, the Army's chief sport parachuting instructor.

Right: Relative work with one or more other jumpers is the supreme thrill of a thrilling sport.

Give Sergeant-Major Bob Reid a plane to jump out of and he's a happy man (above). Competitions are based on *style* for free-fall manoeuvres and *accuracy* in landing as shown (right) by a Red Devil "dead centring" in the USA.

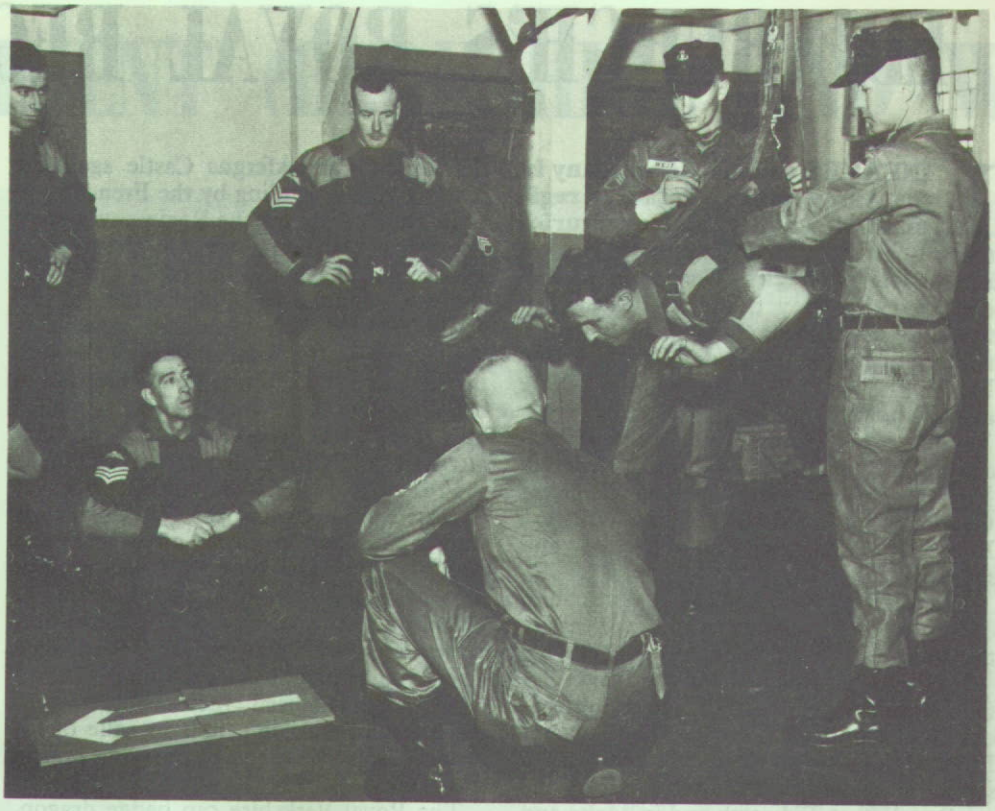
Photographed, on the ground for once, Sergeant Pete Sherman receives the Daily Telegraph Cup as the British Champion for 1965.

the complete British team for the Adriatic Cup, an international contest second in importance only to the biannual World Championships. The Army Peregrines have among their objects those of "providing a source of parachuting skill and experience from which Army Parachute Association clubs and members can benefit by advice and example," and "providing a team capable of giving the most highly skilled type of demonstration of free-fall parachuting."

Members join by invitation only, must have qualified as British Parachute Association instructors and made not fewer than 250 free-fall descents.

It may be wondered why, at £1 a descent, devotees are prepared to spend hundreds of pounds a year on free-falling. The answer is simply in the quality of enjoyment. To the expert it no longer provides a challenge of nerve—if it ever did.

He enjoys it from beginning to end, but particularly the moment of leaving the aircraft. He is entering another element which in the course of hundreds of descents and some hours of falling at terminal velocity he has completely mastered. He is ex-



The Red Devils team flew to the United States this year and trained intensively with the American Army team, the celebrated Golden Knights. A style practice session is in progress above. Below: At Netheravon members of the Army Parachute Team are introduced to the Duke of Edinburgh by Brigadier Wilson. From right to left: Sgt R Griffiths, Sgt W Scarratt, S/Sgt P W Turner, Sgt P W Sherman.

PEREGRINES AT PLAY

Take a careful look at SOLDIER'S covers. This is what free-falling is about. Five of the Army's master jumpers swim through the cool, clear air at 6000 feet for a sixth Army Peregrine, Brigadier Dare Wilson, to shoot their link-up with his helmet-mounted Leica M2 camera. Gathering over Lippspringe, Germany, the Peregrines revel in the perfect freedom that addicts men to sky-diving.

Smiling his way into space on page 5 is Sergeant Pete Sherman, 22nd Special Air Service Regiment. A regular member of the British team and the current British National and Army champion, he has made more than 800 jumps.

periencing a freedom of movement and response he has never known on land, he is controlling his descent with absolute precision, capable of manoeuvring in any direction except upwards and enjoying every second of it.

If he leaves the aircraft at 12,000 feet, the highest safe altitude from which to parachute without oxygen, he will have about one minute in free-fall before opening his parachute 2000 feet above the ground. By then most of the enjoyment is behind him. Floating down to earth under an inflated parachute is pleasant enough and steerable canopies have made it more interesting and skilful than it used to be, but to the enthusiast not competing in an accuracy competition this is an anti-climax.

Once on the ground the trained parachutist, who holds a Ministry of Aviation permit to jump unsupervised, immediately repacks his parachute, a process which takes about half an hour; then weather, aircraft, pilot and wallet permitting, he will be in the queue for another jump. A good (and expensive) day's parachuting would be four jumps from "the top"—nearly ten miles in vertical descent and most of it in free-fall at terminal velocity, which is about 120 miles an hour.

When jumping is finished, parachutists will talk far into the night, like fishermen, footballers and countless other sportsmen. They will talk seriously of lives which might have been saved, of the advantages and disadvantages of barometric openers, of the problems of parachuting in the intense cold of minus 60 degrees Centigrade at 35,000, of designs and modifications of parachute canopies and of all the motives which make men want to parachute.

But they will also talk lightheartedly, drawing on a bottomless fund of stories, like that of the beginner on his first descent at Lippspringe who got caught in a freak thermal and landed 17 minutes later and long after the aircraft, wondering what had gone wrong. Like Roberts, who landed in a flooded paddy field in Northern Malaya and produced a fish from his dripping canopy.

And like that day at Madley when the chief instructor mis-spotted and had to ask his way back from the village he had mistakenly made for from 12,000 feet. Like the senior officer who once jumped with his canopy back to front and had steering difficulties!

There are naturally problems—aircraft life and replacement, the cost of parachutes, over-confidence and the things that can happen to those who try to run before they can walk—or drop before they can stop. But the greatest problem is that of the expansion rate among those who want to parachute for sport.

As regimental display teams such as the newly formed "Red Devils" of The Parachute Regiment, the SAS Skydivers and the Green Jackets Parachute Club, demonstrate their skill at public and military events up and down the country, more and more soldiers want to join.

Making it possible for them to do so in safety is the most serious problem facing the Army Parachute Association today. Nevertheless with energy, commonsense and support in high places, like all the other problems it can and will be solved.

THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S ROYAL REG

YOUR REGIMENT 35

FOUR INTO ONE WILL GO

LINEAGES as illustrious as any in the Army led two Infantry regiments down through the centuries to an appointment on a parade square in the Isle of Wight. There, on a June day in 1959, they died in the searing flash of amalgamation which created their successor, The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment—(Berkshire and Wiltshire).

The Army Council Instruction was starkly unsympathetic. *Delete*, it ordered, The Royal Berkshire Regiment (Princess Charlotte of Wales's), The Wiltshire Regiment (Duke of Edinburgh's) and *substitute* . . .

The glorious traditions of 200-year-old, county rooted regiments are not easily transferred. *Deleted*, they could never be.

Six years have passed and the fusion has fallen into perspective as the latest eccentricity in a complex family tree. The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment possesses a stocky new identity, hammered out by the 1st Battalion at Tidworth and in Malta and Cyprus.

Bound up in its history is the story of four regiments of Foot that compiled the Royal Berkshires and the Wiltshires. Name any of Britain's famous battles, name one of the countless campaigns fought in the obscure corners of the world and the chances are that the Duke of Edinburgh's will be able to say, "We were there."

Slightly the elder of the two parent regiments was the Royal Berkshire. Two companies were left on detachment in Jamaica in 1714 and in 1743 they were incorporated in the 49th Foot.

They were beaten into action by the Wiltshires who formed as the 62nd Foot in 1758 and won a battle honour in Newfoundland within the year. A rear party left in Ireland cut a slice of glory with an epic defence of Carrickfergus Castle against a massive assault landing by the French.

In North America the Regiments fought together for the first time in the War of Independence. Both did well, the Wiltshires winning the nickname "The Springers" for their speed and panache.

St Lucia in the West Indies saw the 49th triumph over the French by the first use of fire discipline. The British soldiers totalled only 1300, yet they killed 1600 of their attackers and drove off another 10,000.

From 1793 to 1815, war with France was almost continuous and the two Regiments were embroiled in battle after battle on land and sea. The year 1801 was typical. The Wiltshires were in at the shattering of Napoleon's army in Egypt. The Berkshires served Nelson as marines at Copenhagen where the Danish fleet was routed.

They personalised their contact with Napoleon by guarding him in exile on St Helena and, ultimately, by carrying him to the grave.

The Royal Berkshire cap badge dragon, now perpetuated in the Duke of Edinburgh's collar badge, was won with six battles in two hard years' service in the Chinese Opium War.

Equal rigours tested the Wiltshires in the Sikh War fought soon afterwards. And both Regiments suffered badly for their bravery in the Crimean War battles.

An official despatch paid rare tribute to a Royal Berkshire action in Afghanistan in 1880: "History does not record any grander or finer instance of devotion to Queen and country than was displayed by the 66th Regiment." It referred to Maiwand where a giant Afghan army ambushed a small British force. Six companies of Berkshires were shot down where they stood, until only eleven were left. Their last ditch stand so impressed the Afghans that even after killing the gallant 11 they were reluctant to advance. The only survivor was a dog called Bobby who crossed 50 miles of desert to find his owner and fame. Bobby was decorated by the Queen and became the regimental mascot.

The Cardwell reforms of 1881 paired off regiments in order to balance home and oversea service. The Wiltshires were linked with the 99th Foot and gained the title "Duke of Edinburgh's." Similarly the 49th Foot, which had made a hit with Princess Charlotte of Wales and bore her name, amalgamated with the 66th Foot. The prefix "Royal" was conferred four years later by Queen Victoria for gallantry against the Mahdi's Army at Tofrek.

The two world wars imposed new conceptions of manpower on the Army and the thinly populated counties of Wiltshire and Berkshire responded magnificently. The volunteers helped to win new laurels for the regiments on every front in 1914-18 and repeated the feat in World War Two.

Stationed in Malta for the last three years, 1st Battalion, The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment, moves to Minden this month. It travels with ambitions to become the best trained unit in West Germany and high hopes of clinching a victory in the competition for regiments of which Prince Philip is Colonel-in-Chief. Outright wins in the running sections in 1959, 1963 and 1964 indicate that their rivals may yet be hailing "The Springers" again.

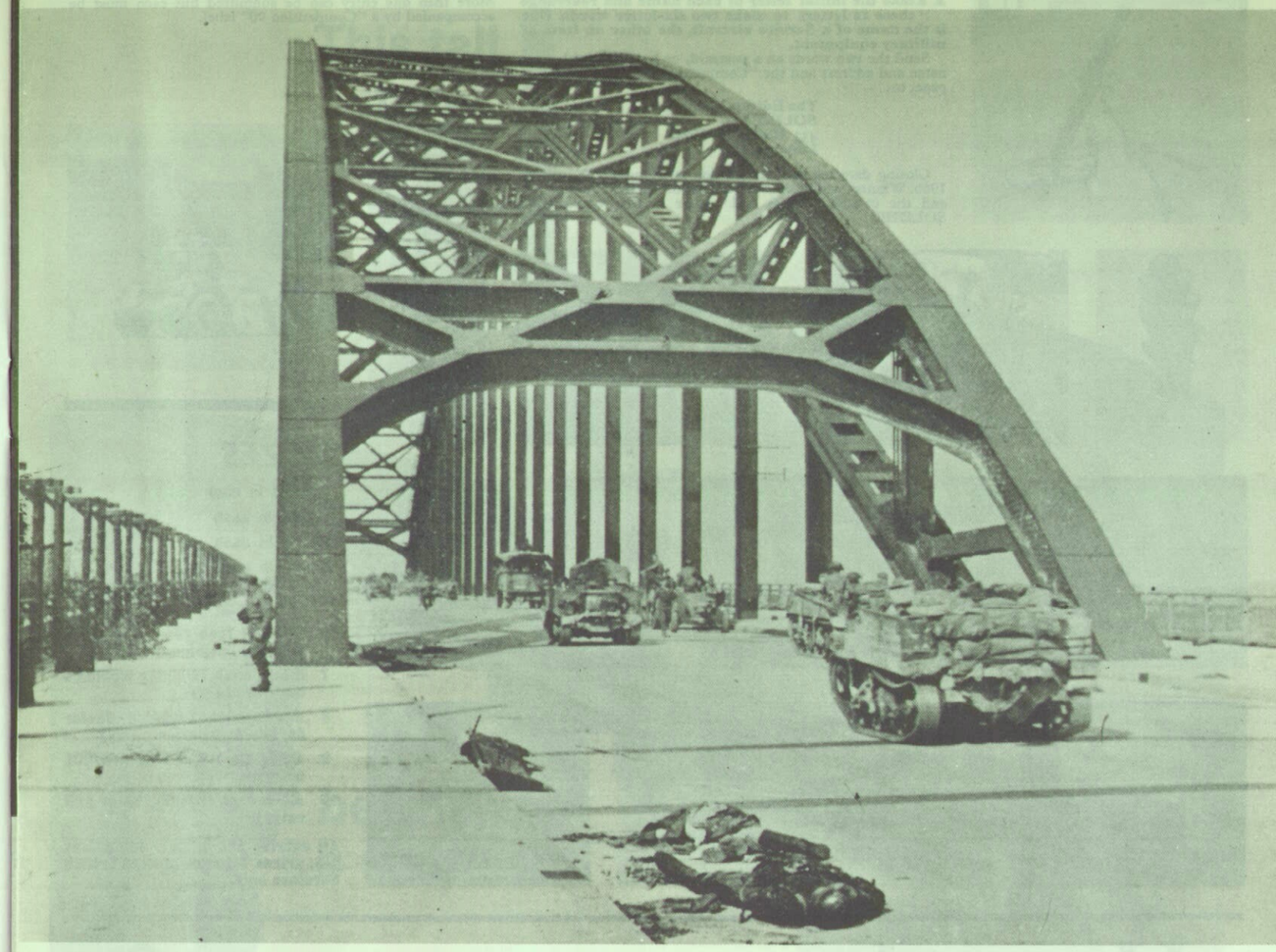
"Bayonets fixed and muskets unloaded" was the order for a surprise night attack by The Royal Berkshire Regiment on 20 September 1777. The night attack on Brandywine Creek has passed not only into history but also into the dress regulations of The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment.

The War of American Independence was two years old when General Howe called on a Royal Berkshire company to join another battalion in a sneak attack on 1500 Americans. The "no shooting" dictate must have been unpopular, yet it served its purpose perfectly. The British crept unheard into the camp and a great many Americans yawned and died. Shamed and shocked by this bayonet onslaught, the Americans swore that the soldiers involved would get no quarter.

Perhaps because they did not want others involved, perhaps as a "Come and get us" taunt, the night fighters dyed their hat plumes red.

The feathers have long since gone. The red remains as the backing to the Regiment's collar badge. They call it the Brandywine.

IMENT (BERKSHIRE AND WILTSHIRE)



Above: German bodies grimly signposted bitter battles ahead for two Wiltshire Territorial battalions as they drove over Nijmegen Bridge in 1944. Below left: With heavy fire support, the Berkshires attack a Japanese stronghold in Burma.

The old Royal Berkshire and Wiltshire badges are still worn by Territorials. A collar badge worn by Regulars incorporates features of both.

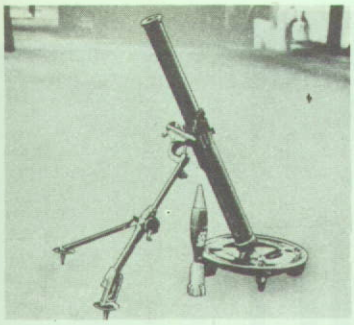
Sikh gunfire killed and wounded 18 of The Wiltshire Regiment's 23 officers at the Battle of Ferozeshah in 1845. What followed when the battle was resumed and won the next day made an epic story and a tradition which the amalgamated Regiment has been proud to inherit.

The sergeants replaced the fallen officers and led the Wiltshires to a ringing victory. Sergeants commanded most of the companies and the Colours, flying triumphantly, were carried from the battlefield by two more sergeants.

Once a year 1st Battalion, The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment, parades to hear its Commanding Officer entrust the Colours to the warrant officers and sergeants for 12 hours. The Regimental Sergeant-Major commands a company and two colour-sergeants carry the Colours. The ceremony brushes the cobwebs from this tingling tale of gallantry 120 years ago and reminds all that the trust won by sergeants of Ferozeshah lives on in the Regiment.

ASSORTED DOZEN

COMPETITION: 90



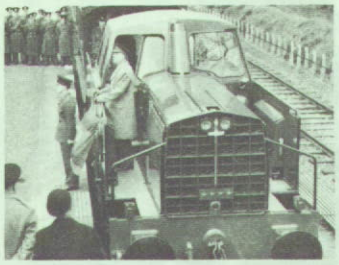
HERE are 12 military pictures. Name each one then take the initial letter of each name and rearrange these 12 letters to make two six-letter words. One is the name of a Service aircraft, the other an item of military equipment.

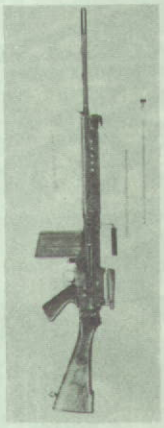
Send the two words on a postcard, or by letter, with your name and address and the "Competition 90" label from this page, to:

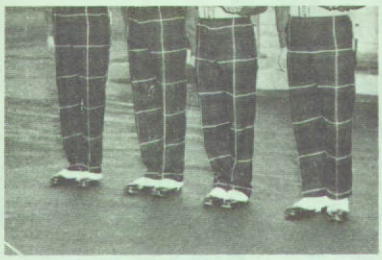
The Editor (Comp 90)
SOLDIER
433 Holloway Road
London N7.

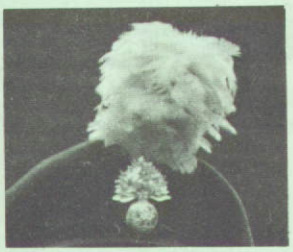
Closing date for this competition is Monday, 10 January 1966. Winners will be drawn from correct entries; their names and the correct answers will appear in the March 1966 SOLDIER.

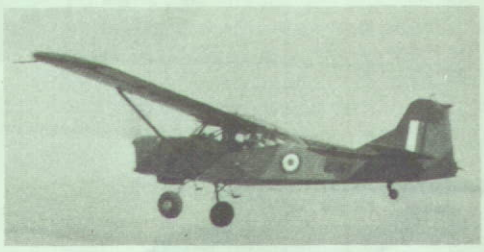
This competition is open to all readers at home or overseas. More than one entry can be submitted but each must be accompanied by a "Competition 90" label.

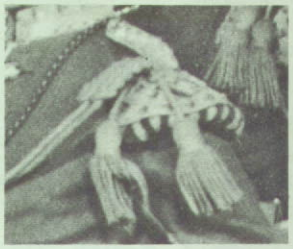












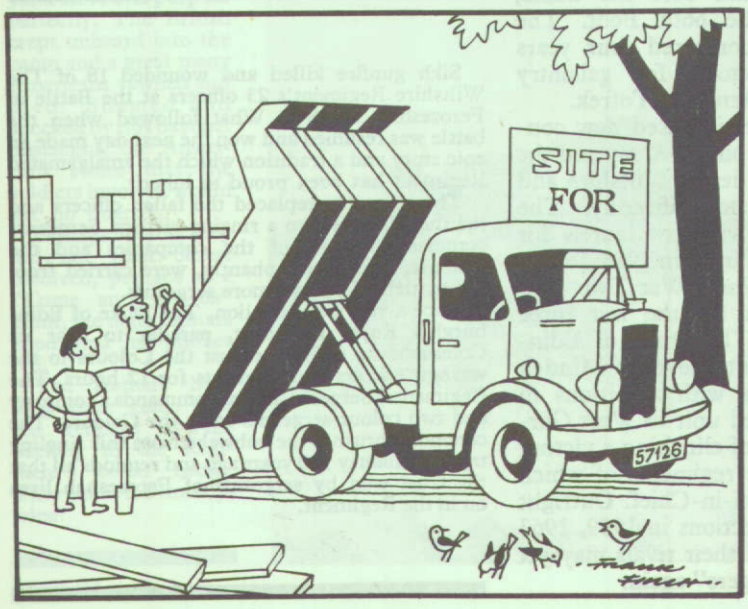
PRIZES

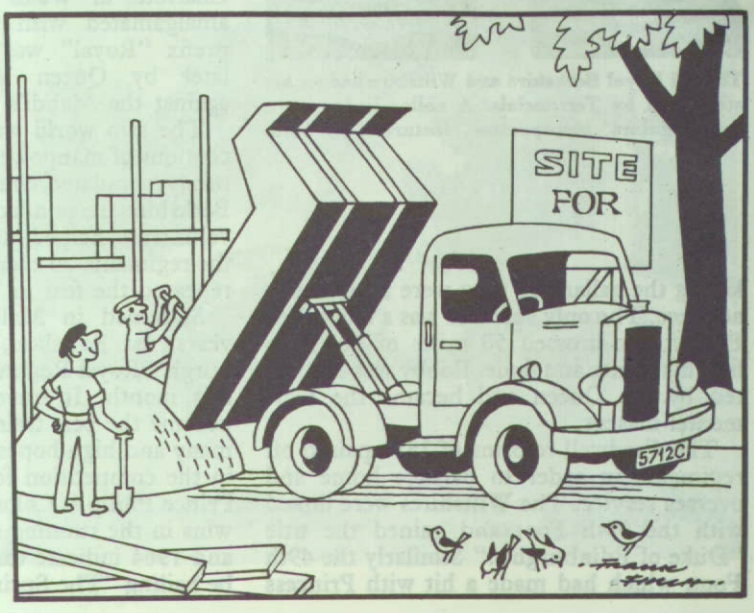
1 £10 in cash
2 £5 in cash
3 £3 in cash
4 £2 in cash
5 Three books and SOLDIER free for a year
6 SOLDIER free for a year or a SOLDIER Easibinder
7 £3 in cash (winning Women's Service entry)
8 £3 in cash (winning Junior Soldier/Apprentice entry)
9 £3 in cash (winning ACF/CCF entry)
10 £3 in cash (winning TA or AER entry)

All entries are eligible for prizes 1-6; prizes 7-10 are open to British Services only.

How observant are you?

These two pictures look alike, but they vary in ten minor details. If you cannot detect all the differences, turn to page 30.





This tall story

begins with a neat twist

Premier Varaflame. An up-down flame is only part of its success story.

Once upon a time Ronson made a lighter that ran on gas, not gasoline. It didn't smoke (which pleased those who did). Or smell. And all at once lighter filling was fun and fast and far between. Five seconds with a Multi-Fill (up to five fills for 3/6) gave butane for 3,000 lights. From just 3,000 clicks. It was a beautiful thing.

One day a dyed-in-the-cotton-wool cigar smoker tried it. '*This lighter has no taste*' he said. '*I like it.*' And then complained the flame was too low.

So we invented the Varaflame system. Put the flame height under *your* control. That's why today, every smoker can have his *own* flame size—at the twirl of a little knurled wheel.

True, we've twisted this tale a little. But not the moral: *he who buys a Ronson lights happily ever after.*

RONSON

40 gas pocket and handbag lighters
10 gas table lighters

GERMANY

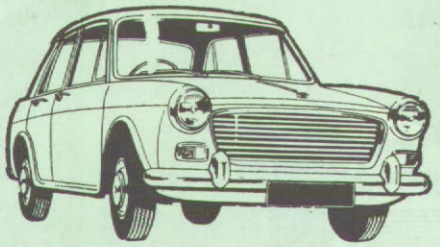
MORRIS · RILEY
WOLSELEY · M.G.

SOLE DISTRIBUTOR

J. A. Woodhouse & Co.

Under British Management

KÖLN-BRAUNSFELD, STOLBERGER STRASSE 108-110



MORRIS 1100 4 DOOR DE-LUXE SALOON

MORRIS MINI-TRAVELLER

MORRIS-MINI SALOON

1. We have many years of experience in meeting British Forces requirements in Germany.
2. We can put you right on German motoring regulations.
3. Our stock of spare parts is over two million Deutschmarks in value.
4. Hire purchase facilities available through N.A.A.F.I.
5. Delivery arranged of any model in England (tax free) or in Germany after you arrive (including the fabulous Morris-Mini and 1100).
6. Dealer service in all parts of Germany.

Please send catalogues and prices for the

MAKE ..... MODEL .....

TO (FULL NAME) .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

POST TO: J. A. WOODHOUSE & CO.
5 KÖLN-BRAUNSFELD
STOLBERGER STR. 108-110
GERMANY

JOIN THE MANCHESTER CITY POLICE

- Responsibility
- Promotion
- Good Pay
- Security
- A Fine City
- A Fine Force

Apply: **The CHIEF CONSTABLE, P.O. Box 51, MANCHESTER, 2.**

Please send full details regarding careers and conditions in the Manchester City Police. (Fill coupon in Block Letters).

Name.....

Address.....

..... S

GET SOME IN!

Things may be cushy now, with free grub, gear, leave, quarters and all the other perks of a Regular's life. But what happens when demob rolls up? In Civvy Street you've got to pay for the lot—and that's very different!

Sensible saving is the answer, especially when you've a family to think of and a house to buy someday. By starting saving now with Liverpool Investment Building Society you can take care of the future. L.I.B.S. adds a generous interest to the money you save, Income Tax paid. When you do start thinking about your own house, your L.I.B.S. savings could pay the deposit and help get you priority for a mortgage and also pay premiums for Life Assurance cover.

Ask your Unit Paymaster for leaflets explaining the "Save While You Serve" Scheme for saving with a Building Society, and while you're at it, why not fill in the coupon below and send off for L.I.B.S. leaflets as well?

Head Office: Investment Buildings, Lord Street, Liverpool, 2.
Glasgow Office: 102 St. Vincent Street, C.2.
London Office: Lincoln House, High Holborn, W.C.2.
Insurance Brokers: Albert E. Priest & Co. Ltd., 55-57 High Holborn, W.C.1.
Member of the Building Societies' Association

LIVERPOOL INVESTMENT BUILDING SOCIETY

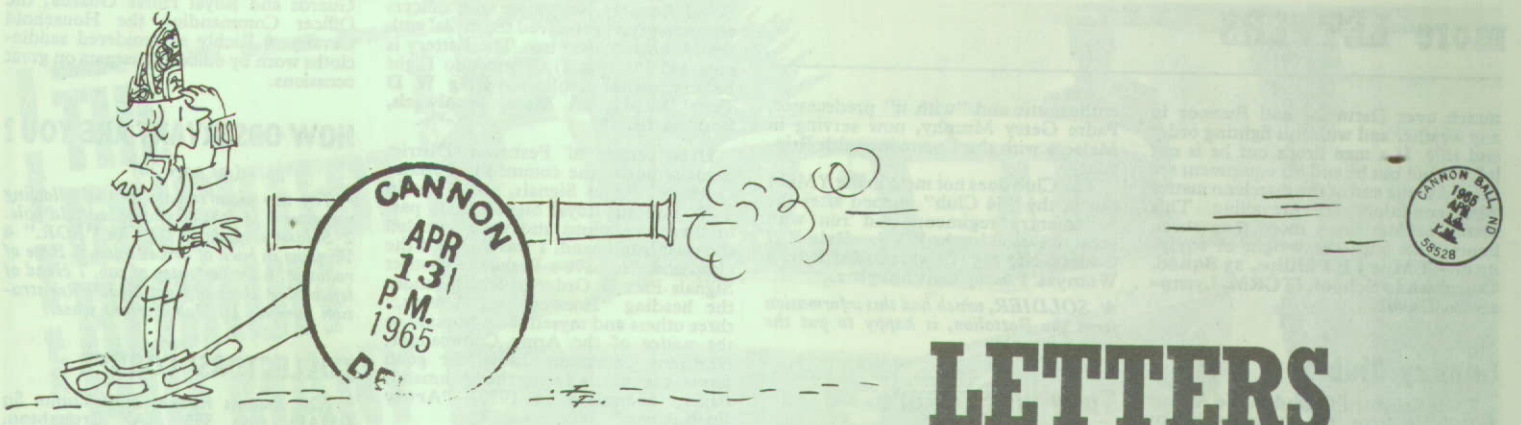
Please send me full details and literature about your investment terms

ARMY NO. ..... RANK .....

NAME .....

UNIT .....

.....



LETTERS

One Service—one magazine?

SOLDIER Magazine is well produced, informed and highly professional. It has the realistic approach to affairs that is to be found in the best modern journalism and there is nothing like it available to the Royal Navy or the Royal Air Force.

It seems in the best interest of Great Britain and her security that, sooner or later, we must integrate our three Services. As an ex-officer of the Royal Air Force, may I humbly suggest that a good vehicle through which to create the right atmosphere of co-operation and understanding would be your excellent publication?

"SOLDIER" is a good name, but now might be the time to extend the scope of the magazine and to produce a new one on the same lines but including material of special interest to the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force. This might simply be called "SERVICE".—**A Scott, Comrie, Perthshire.**

Waterloo

Many will have enjoyed your article and pictures of the celebrations on the battlefield of Waterloo (August). But it seems a pity to carry on the old myth of General Cambronne's "The Guard dies but never surrenders." The General was far more pithy, making use of one effective though vulgar word which is faithfully recorded on the monument in his birthplace and which is still known in the French Army as "Le mot de Cambronne."

General Cambronne was an excellent but logical soldier who, far from refusing to surrender, dined quietly on the night after the battle at Wellington's headquarters.—**Lieut-Col R J T Hills, Essen, Am Langensiepen 4, West Germany.**

48 years in uniform

My service may not be a record but I have spent 48 years in uniform. I joined the Boy Scouts in 1917, as a Sea Scout was awarded the coastwatcher's badge and was a Senior Scout then Rover until 1922 when I joined the Territorial Army as a bugler, having also joined the Post Office as a boy messenger.

Mobilised as a Territorial in August 1939 I went to Sierra Leone with a Sapper field company in 1940 and was later seconded to the Royal West African Frontier Force for two years as a company sergeant-major. Posted back to Scotland I was company sergeant-major of an Auxiliary Territorial Service company, then trained Norwegians in bridging and Sapper work. From there to Egypt and the Western Desert, including a period as second-in-command of 1000 Arabs, and to demobilisation in 1945.

Then I joined the Home Guard as a private—and was promoted to company sergeant-major the next day.

I hold the Territorial Efficiency Medal and two clasps for 29 years' service and am still in the Post Office from which I retire in 1967.—**A Gordon-Ratti, 207 Southway Avenue, Westborough, Guildford, Surrey.**

Last *Churchill*

In "Last of the line" (February) you showed Sappers working on the "last *Churchill* in the Army." A *Churchill* tank is still in working order and performing valuable duties at MEXE (Military Engineering Experimental Establishment), Christchurch, Hampshire.

The *Churchill*, seen in my picture (above) is used to evaluate tracked vehicle performance under test. The lower hull is plainly recognisable even if the general appearance is that of a millionaire's garden roller!—**R E Smith, 65 Ricardo Street, Longton, Stoke-on-Trent.**

"Winkle pickers"

In defence of the Territorial who was undeservedly called a "thing" by "Disgusted Regular" (July Letters) may I point out that most Territorial soldiers are keen, hard-working and reliable men. Those who are not are in a minority.

If this particular Territorial was wearing No 2 Dress he was a keen soldier because he must have bought it himself. Apology, please, "Disgusted Regular"—and forget about our long hair and winkle pickers.—**L/Cpl R Charlton, 149 Inf Wksp, REME, TA, Sunderland.**

Toc H

The splendid article by John Saar on the Jubilee of Toc H (September) has been read with pride and pleasure by members of this worldwide Christian movement. However, it has also caused some red faces owing to the inadvertent omission of the figure "nought" in a context which certainly does not mean "nothing."

Mr Saar wrote that the spirit kindled fifty years ago (in the Ypres Salient) had grown so that there are now 1000 Toc H branches in Britain alone, but somehow a nought went astray and it appeared as only 100 branches.

If one includes membership of Toc H Women's Association—ranging from girls in their late 'teens to grannies—there are 1600 branches. But that is another story.—**Colin Wintle, Press Adviser to Toc H, 15 Trinity Square, London EC3.**

★ *Sorry, Mr Wintle! John Saar wrote "1000". The vital third "0" was not spotted at the proof stage when John Saar was in Canada.*

Poperinge

I read with interest "The Lamp was Lit at Poperinge" (September).

"Pop" was not only the railhead for arrivals but also for out-going leave trains. Jerry seemed to have a working knowledge of departures, consistently shelling the station area. One day in 1917, leave-going, I was on the top floor of Toc H with one other soldier when a shell grazed the roof just above us. We shot to the door simultaneously and were tightly jammed in the frame for a time.

Disentangled, we looked sheepishly at each other, grinned and sat down again, not a single word having passed between us from start to finish. More than forty years later I told the story to the Reverend "Tubby" Clayton, to his great amusement. SOLDIER'S delightful article again awakened the memory.—**A A Payne, 33 Kent Drive, Hornchurch, Essex.**

Whose time?

The idea mooted by Mr W G Bates (September Letters) that the time between 2359 and 0001 hours belongs entirely to the soldier is an old soldier's tale rather than an old wives' tale. It arises from the use in the Forces of the twenty-four hour clock.

Under this system, 0000 denotes the hour of midnight, but this is not used in the Army because midnight is not capable of being written into a date/time of origin figure because the precise moment of midnight cannot be given a date. So it is the practice to denote midnight either by 2359 hours, one minute before midnight, or by 0001 hours, one minute past midnight. Thus, for the purist at any rate, the two minutes between 2359 and 0001 hours do not exist for the Army.

The soldier is paid by the day. So it can be argued that as the two minutes between 2359 and 0001 do not officially exist, the soldier is not paid for them and these two minutes are his own entirely.

It is of course a barrackroom lawyer's argument, but I have often wondered what would happen if a soldier thumped the regimental sergeant-major on the nose at midnight precisely! Making out the charge would be an interesting job for someone!—**J O Cornes, 34 Redenhall Road, Harleston, Norfolk.**

★ *Thumping the regimental sergeant-major on the nose at midnight or any other time is an offence against the criminal law of England. For a purely military offence committed at midnight the charge sheet would be worded "at or about midnight." No problem!*

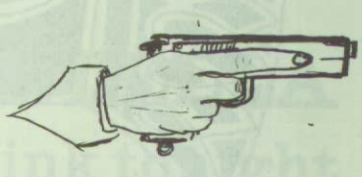
Drop of a hat?

In reply to P T Stevenson's suggestion (September Letters) that "it is high time the British Army banned the side cap in any shape or form" I feel he should be given a few facts.

The side cap is not a compulsory form of dress; indeed both officers and soldiers must buy it if they wish to wear it. It is never worn on parade and is intended as an alternative form of headgear when either the beret or No 1 dress cap would be worn. Today each regiment has its own side cap, which is both colourful and useful, particularly in warm temperatures where shirtsleeve order is worn more often than not.

Mr Stevenson was probably thinking of the old wartime khaki side cap, as he was quoting a wartime newspaper article. I would also like to point out that it is a popular form of headgear, otherwise soldiers would not buy it, and to my mind it alleviates the rather drab appearance of our khaki uniforms.

Finally I cannot, for the life of me, see why we should give it up just because the Royal Marines and the Royal Air Force have given it up.—**Capt D L de Beaujeu, 14th/20th King's Hussars, Duke of Lancaster's Yeomanry, TA Centre, Norton Street, Manchester 16.**



Hand guns

A colleague who served alongside Polish Commandos in World War Two was told that the Poles held a .45 automatic with the index finger flat along the barrel side. The trigger was operated by the second finger and the butt held by the remaining two fingers and thumb.

The theory was that when a finger is pointed at anyone it is always straight. The Poles said that this method was very effective and dispensed with long practices holding a wobbling gun at arm's length. Has anyone else heard of this?—**James Sims, 111 Hollingbury Road, Brighton 6, Sussex.**

Marching

I was interested in the reference (August Sport) to the Junior Soldiers Company, North Irish Brigade Depot, winning a 25-mile march in six hours and 32 minutes. These Junior Soldiers are the equivalent of we Junior Marines who join at the age of 16. We do our basic training at Deal, including weapon training, drill, physical training etc. Then we come to the ITCRM and do lots of weapon training night exercises then speed marches of four, seven and nine miles which involve doubling along flat ground and downhill, and marching uphill.

Then we do a 30-mile cross-country

march over Dartmoor and Exmoor in any weather and with full fighting order and rifle. If a man drops out he is not left behind but he and his equipment are carried to the end of the march no matter what conditions are prevailing. This march seldom takes more than seven hours even with the weight of equipment.—**J/Mne J E Phillips, 23 Squad, Commando School, ITCRM, Lympstone, Devon.**

Sunday Club

I was delighted to read in the August SOLDIER that the Infantry Junior Leaders Battalion's Sunday Club was still doing such grand work under the fine Christian leadership of Padre Peter Mallett. It was not he, however, who founded the Club but his equally devout, enthusiastic and "with it" predecessor, Padre Gerry Murphy, now serving in Malacca with the Commonwealth Brigade.

The Club does not meet in the YMCA but in the "54 Club", named after the 54 Infantry regiments and run with great devotion by the WVS.—**Brig F H Coutts, HQ 155 (Lowland) Inf Bde, 8 Wemyss Place, Edinburgh 1.**

★ *SOLDIER, which had this information from the Battalion, is happy to put the record straight.*

They were there

Major John Laffin's article on the India General Service Medal 1908-35 is incorrect in saying that no British units were involved in the Mohmand 1933 operations. 58 (Maiwand) Field Battery, Royal Artillery, was there and officers and men present received the medal with the Mohmand 1933 bar. The Battery is now 145 (Maiwand) Commando Light Battery, Royal Artillery.—**Brig W D Tarr (Retd), RA Mess, Woolwich, London SE 18.**

Detachments of Peshawar District Signals, under the command of Major G Hurst, Royal Signals, and Captain T W Boileau, Royal Signals, took part in these operations and were awarded the clasp Mohmand. I was awarded the clasp and also have a Peshawar District Signals Part II Order in which, under the heading "Honours and Awards," three others and myself were brought to the notice of the Army Commander, Northern Command, India, for good services rendered during the Mohmand/Bajaur operations in 1933.—**"Army Enthusiast."**

SHAPELY POSERS

Because of an unexpected late delivery of the JULY SOLDIER, the closing date for Competition 86 was extended to allow of entries from overseas and home. Winners' names and the answers will now appear in next month's issue.

HOUSEHOLD BRIGADE

Answers to questions on page 34 are: 1 A brick suspended from the ceiling signifies that the sergeants' mess is open. The custom in the Scots Guards originated with a brick from the farm at Hougoumont (where the Guards held out during the Battle of Waterloo), but The Life Guards are thought to have started it in 1760. A corporal-major said the mess could stay open as long as he could hold a brick above his head; an enterprising corporal-of-horse tied it to a rafter with string. 2 Sovereign's Escort; Captain's Escort with Standard Captain's Escort without Standard, Travelling Escort. 3 One officer, three warrant and non-commissioned officers, nine guardsmen and one drummer. 4 William IV. 5 The Colonels of The Life Guards and Royal Horse Guards; the Officer Commanding the Household Cavalry. 6 Richly embroidered saddlecloths worn by officers' chargers on great occasions.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(*see page 26*)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1 *Height of middle scaffold pole.* 2 *Soldier's spade.* 3 *"F" in "FOR."* 4 *Window in back of driver's cab.* 5 *Base of radiator.* 6 *Driver's step of cab.* 7 *Head of left bird.* 8 *Beak of right bird.* 9 *Registration number.* 10 *Hub of front wheel.*

COLLECTORS' CORNER

A2C Dennis Radke, 2130 Comm Sq (USAF), Box 555, RAF Croughton, Brackley, Northants.—*Requires No. 5 Mk I Enfield (jungle carbine) bayonet. Please state condition and whether with or without scabbard.*

L Killips, 2110 N Latrobe Ave, Chicago, Illinois.—*Wishes purchase British Army cap badges, uniforms, medals.*

G Livesey, 2 Pansy Cottages, Blackmoor, Liss, Hants.—*Wishes sell copy "Mein Kampf" also German officers' medals including Iron Cross.*

R E Smith, 65 Ricardo Street, Longton, Stoke-on-Trent.—*Exchange postcard size photographs British Army vehicles, weapons, arms and equipment for British, Commonwealth and foreign military cap and collar badges.*

G A Storer, 338 Durnsford Road, Wimbledon Park, London SW19.—*Requires British and foreign bayonets, items in exchange; correspondence on bayonets welcome.*

P G Gauterin, 3 Kings Crescent West, Boughton, Chester.—*Requires German steel helmet in exchange for World War One German sword/bayonet without scabbard.*

J J Marlborough, 64 Healy Road, Hamilton Hill, W Australia.—*Requires worldwide badges, regimental insignia and magazines, militaria.*

Capt A F Jackman, The Lansdown Grove Hotel, Bath.—*Requires copies of pre-war programmes, illustrated souvenirs, postcards etc of Aldershot, Tidworth, Northern Command (Leeds) tattoos and Royal Tournament, etc, and post-war Royal Tournament programmes up to 1958. Prepared to pay realistic prices.*

R H Drummond, 8418 Des Rapides, La Salle, PQ, Canada.—*Requires British and foreign campaign medals, offers Canadian stamps or American magazines in exchange.*

J Llewelyn-Jones, PO Box 292, Choma, Zambia.—*Interested all items and information relevant world's forces engaged in Service police duties (Military, regimental, air and naval police units).*

Miss B V Miller, 104 West Ivy Street, East Rochester, New York, USA.—*Collects British medals and decorations, correspondence with other collectors welcomed.*

M Bell, 4 Price Street, Morpeth, Northumberland.—*Requires worldwide military uniforms, equipment, helmets, badges, titles, medals; will exchange badges, medals and other souvenirs.*

H Thomas, 17 Blackacre Road, Dudley, Worcestershire.—*Wishes exchange/sell worldwide military postcards, any period.*

H A P Dati, 50 Dornden Drive, Langton, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.—*Requires new type Denison smock, would exchange for German camouflaged jacket. Also requires Portuguese and French camouflaged suits, would exchange for US Army dress uniform or other military items.*

J Bradley, 38 Dempster Street, Greenock, Renfrewshire.—*Requires medal, Younghusband Expedition to Tibet, 1904.*

A J Simpson, 480-43rd Avenue, Lachine, Quebec, Canada.—*Requires British and foreign medals, will exchange or send in return Canadian cap badges, stamps, coins, magazines etc.*

W Grundel, Legerplaats-Budel, Post-Weert, Block F 3, Netherlands.—*Collects military items from 1700 to 1914, especially British Army, also regimental badges.*

THE BRIGHTEST RECRUIT FOR MANY A YEAR!

NEW HILLMAN SUPER IMP

Now even colonels are glad to be private motorists. For this is the new Hillman Super Imp. The car that wins general acclaim on all points from all ranks. Long and loyal service from the eager 875 c.c. engine and all-synchromesh gearbox. All-independent suspension for keeping a firm and smooth grip on the roughest roads. Disciplined economy of 40-45 m.p.g. And inside? Utter luxury. Major advantages are super seats and panoramic visibility. Top-flight instrumentation. Ashtrays front and rear. Carpet laid on thick. Courtesy light. All home comforts at no extra price. On with your seven league boots and off to your Rootes dealer today!

ROOTES LIMITED Overseas Retail Dept., Piccadilly, London, W.1. GROsvenor 3401.

ROOTES AUTOS (DEUTSCHLAND) GmbH Military Sales Dept., 4 Dusseldorf-Rath, Oberhausen-erstrasse 17, P.O. Box (Postfach) 171. Tel. 63 30 51.

No British purchase tax if stationed abroad or if going abroad within 6 months.

Please send me full details regarding the New Hillman Super Imp.

NAME & RANK.....

UNIT ADDRESS.....

Tick here ☐ *if you wish details of tax-free purchase overseas* SLI9

Enjoy a CASTELLA with your drink tonight

The man-size cigar for the price of a pint

Since these fine cigars are rolled in Bristol, Wills are able to put all the value in the cigar itself—to make sure that Castellas give the cool, mild enjoyment you expect from a large cigar. Specially grown Connecticut leaf is chosen for the outer wrapper. Smooth binder tobacco for the inner wrapper. And for the filler, the exact blend of Havana; Cameroon; mild, cool-smoking Brazil; Jamaica with its distinctive fragrance; and touches of Sumatra and Java filler for extra spice. Have a Castella with your drink tonight.

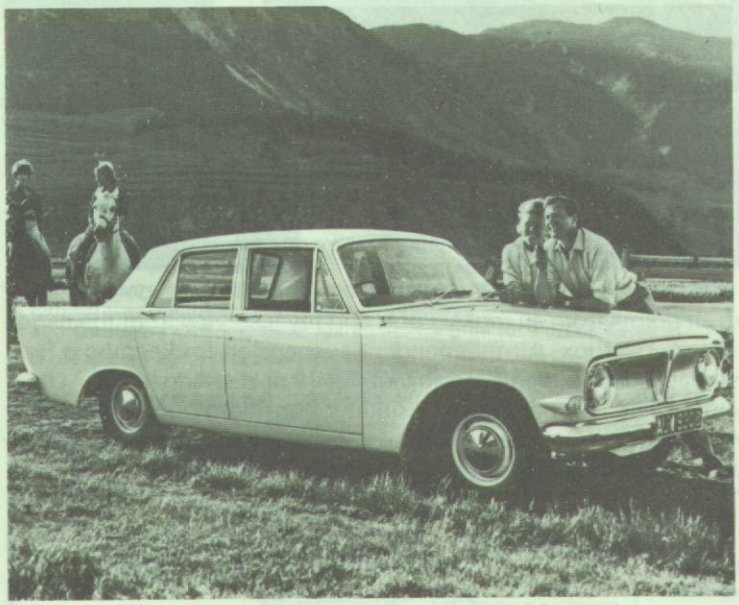
WILLS

CASTELLA

CIGARS

CP68

MAKE THE MOST OF YOUR TAX-FREE PRIVILEGES



BUY A FORD OF BRITAIN CAR!

You can't beat a Ford of Britain car – they're famous all over the world for their versatility and reliability. They take everything in their stride, give you mile after mile of comfortable, economical driving. Autobahn, dirt track, city street, country lane – a Ford of Britain car is always at home. And you get delivery priority of any car in the superb Ford range if you're posted abroad.

NO BRITISH TAX TO PAY! You can enjoy your Ford in Britain for up to six months before you leave, or you may qualify for up to twelve months' tax-free privilege between overseas postings. Alternatively Ford will ship your car direct to you. Hire purchase facilities are readily available.

TAKE YOUR PICK FROM THE FABULOUS FORD RANGE The complete range of exciting saloons, estate cars and GT cars is yours to choose from. Automatic transmission is available as an optional extra on all models from Cortina up, and of course you get the added bonus of world-famous Ford service and replacement parts wherever you go. For full details of any model(s) contact your local Ford Dealer or fill in this coupon:

INT.F.98A

Please send me without obligation, full details of the Ford of Britain model I have ticked below and your personal export scheme.

NAME.....

FULL ADDRESS.....

.....

I AM BEING POSTED TO.....

☐ ANGLIA ☐ CORTINA ☐ CORSAIR ☐ ZEPHYR 4 ☐ ZEPHYR 6 ☐ ZODIAC

Cut out this coupon and post it to Dept. 13, FORD MOTOR CO. LTD., LONDON SALES, 88 REGENT STREET, LONDON W1 · Telephone: REGent 7272

Ford

BRITISH TRANSPORT POLICE

travel! variety! police work with a difference!

We are looking *now* for men and women to help protect Britain's railways, harbours, docks and London Transport. It's a challenging job, offering lots of variety—and well paid, with every chance of promotion. You could soon be a detective or other specialist, and all ranks get free travel, generous leave and a good pension.

Vacancies exist throughout Great Britain.

Write first to:
Chief Constable (Recruitment) Dept. B British Transport Police, GPO Box No. 25, Park Royal, London NW10.

Men: aged 19 to 30, at least 5 ft. 8 ins. height.
Women: aged 19 to 35, single, at least 5 ft. 4 ins. height.

By appointment to
H M. Queen Elizabeth II
Florists
A. B. Stevens Ltd.

POST ROSES

GOFF'S OAK, WALTHAM CROSS, HERTS, ENGLAND

Telephone: Cuffley 2998

THE PERFECT GIFT FOR ALL OCCASIONS

The most personal and acceptable gift of all is a box of choice fresh-cut **CARNATIONS** or **ROSES** direct from our own nurseries. Send your order, remittance and personal message for recipient to us for delivery to any address in Great Britain (excluding Eire).

Place your ORDER NOW for ANY DATE in the future

Gift Boxes £1, £1-10-0, £2, £3, £5

Plus 2/- Carriage on all orders under £2

CARNATIONS ARE AVAILABLE THROUGHOUT THE YEAR.
ROSES from April 1st until December 31st.
SPRING FLOWERS from Mid-December untill Mid-April.
CHRYSANTHEMUMS from October until Mid-January.

During December the Rose season is coming to an end, and whilst orders for Roses will be executed if possible, other flowers may have to be substituted.

The number of blooms sent varies according to current whole sale prices — more blooms are sent for the same price during July and August, and a lesser number during December, owing to seasonal scarcity.

TO POST ROSES, S/11/65
WALTHAM CROSS, HERTS, ENGLAND

Please send CARNATIONS/ROSES/SPRING FLOWERS/CHRYSANTHEMUMS

Name.....

Address.....

.....

to arrive on.....

Cheque/PO enclosed for .....
(All Banks Transfer Charges to Drawer's Account)

State colour of flowers required.....
(Giving second choice)

My name and address is

.....

.....

.....

Please write clearly in block letters and remember to enclose the personal message which is to go with your box of flowers.

"UNSCRUPULOUS DEMAGOGUE"

"Julius Caesar, Man, Soldier and Tyrant" (*Major-General J F C Fuller*)

GENERAL FULLER comes not to bury Caesar—nor merely to lavish praises on him. His researches convinced him that the Caesar depicted by many scholars is very different from the self-revealed Caesar of his own commentaries. Caesar as a superman is an historical obsession dating from the Renaissance.

The author worked from classical sources and based his views on these. His verdict on Caesar: "an unscrupulous demagogue whose one aim was power, and a general who could not only win brilliant victories but also commit dismal blunders."

Caesar was no organiser and did not attempt to raise, organise and train efficient Cavalry and light Infantry. His other preparations for war were also neglected. His two invasions of Britain were "amateurish in the extreme" and his armies were seldom adequately fed. His advantages were a trained army against the barbarians, and seasoned troops and unity of command against the similarly organised but green army, with divided command, that he met in the civil war.

Above all, Caesar was a political genius who could relate war with politics and devise a grand strategy in which war was subordinated to a policy that appealed to the masses.

As a leader he stood head and shoulder above contemporary generals. His speed and audacity, his attacks on the rear of his enemy, were all profitable, but his over-eagerness to surprise his enemy with inadequate forces landed him in trouble.

At his most critical moments he revealed an ability to seize hold of a most desperate situation and through sheer force of will and faith in his own genius turn it into victory.

It is on this that Caesar's exaggerated reputation is based.

Eyre and Spottiswoode, 42*s* **RLE**

DIPLOMATIC JOURNALIST

"The Generals Wear Cork Hats" (*Ben Lucien Burman*)

A SECONDARY title is "An Amazing Adventure in Wartime Diplomacy"—and amazing it is. This is an American journalist's account of how he helped overcome US State Department hostility towards the Free French movement after the fall of France.

In 1940 the author was living in Hollywood writing a film for Paramount Pictures. Later, when the Free French began to gather in the Congo, he went there in search of stories and acquired semi-diplomatic status when a US diplomat, a passenger in the same plane, invited him to make reports on what he found.

Undoubtedly his dispatches were of some service to France—one of the book's illustrations is the certificate of the award to him of the Legion d'Honneur (Chevalier). The story behind that award should be fascinating.

Of Cairo in 1941-42 he astonishingly reports: "Around us were the colourful uniforms that had made British history, the Black Watch, the Coldstream Guards, the Cherry Pickers." He found the Continental Hotel "swarming with British officers in their colourful uniforms of the Cherry Pickers and the Coldstream Guards and the languorous perfumed spies."

Most interesting are the author's encounters with de Gaulle. His descriptions of the general and interpretation of his character and motives show discernment.

Harrap, 21*s* **JCW**

PERIOD PIECES

"The Silence of Colonel Bramble" and *"The Discourses of Doctor O'Grady"* (*André Maurois*)

FIFTY years ago the author, as a French officer, was attached to a British battalion as interpreter. He distilled conversations in the officers' mess into the little pieces which make up "The Silence of Colonel Bramble" and followed these with the anecdotes that make up "The Discourses of Doctor O'Grady."

They were published in wartime France with great success and acclaimed as a contribution to Anglo-French understanding, which was probably true since they illustrate, in a light-hearted and sympathetic way, the quaint customs and attitudes of the British and particularly the British Army.

After the war they were also popular in Britain when published in translation. Today, as period pieces, they read as well as ever, a delightful collection for dipping into at odd moments.

Bodley Head, 21*s* **RLE**

"DETOUR VIA WEAPONRY"

"The Birth of the Missile" (*E Klee and O Merk*)

AFTER two British books on the V-1 and V-2 campaigns, here is a German account of the development of the V-2. It is fairly short but copiously illustrated, including copies of original sketches and documents.

In an introduction, Dr Wernher von Braun, the scientist mainly responsible for the work at Peenemünde and now for the American space programme, says the men at Peenemünde were really dreaming of today's space research. Their war work was "a detour via weaponry."

The Nazis thought otherwise and branded talk about space travel as defeatism. Dr von Braun and two engineers were imprisoned for a time in March 1944 for talking of plans for earth satellites and space vehicles.

Peenemünde suffered, like much else in the German war effort, from creaks in the Nazi war machine, and the authors speak of two "wasted" years. Air-Marshal Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferté, in a brief preface, says these two years were a vital factor in the Allied victory. If the planned production of the V-1 and V-2 had been available in the winter of 1942-43, he doubts if the invasion of Europe would have been a feasible military operation.

The authors talk ecstatically of discovering the secrets of Venus and Mars, of men landing on the moon, of "humanity's task for the second half of the 20th century." So far all that humanity has got out of rocketry has been added threats to its security and a couple of communications satellites.

What is needed now is someone to say when rocketry is going to pay a real dividend. No doubt Dr von Braun would answer that people talked like that about Christopher Columbus.

Harrap, 30*s* **RLE**

TRIUMPHANT SWAN-SONG

"A Roll of Honour. The Story of the Indian Army 1939-1945" (*Major-General J G Elliott*)

IN less than 90 years, soldiers of the Honourable East India Company and the Indian Army won 153 Victoria Crosses, 30 of them during World War Two. In this book's 350 pages it is manifestly impossible to tell the whole story of the gallant part played in World War Two by the Indian Army.

Nevertheless, with clarity and precision the author traces selected events in various theatres, devoting sections to North Africa, Eritrea, Syria, Iraq and Iran, Italy, Burma and the Far East. His pages are full of vivid accounts of actions by combatants and eye-witnesses, illustrated with maps and exciting photographs of the old Indian Army in action.

Through it all runs the unique skein of comradeship that existed between the British, Indian and Gurkha races who made up that Army.

Born in Assam, the author was commissioned into the Indian Army in 1916 and served in it for 32 years. He learned many of the Indian languages and dialects and spent many leaves visiting Indian officers and men of his regiment in their homes. On retiring in 1948 he was Deputy Military Secretary to the Indian Defence Committee.

Cassell, 36*s* **DHC**

HERO OF THE GREEK ISLANDS

"Anders Lassen VC" (*Suzanne Lassen*)

MENTION the name of Anders Lassen in any of a score of Greek islands and the islanders will tell you of his bravery and kindness—how he attacked a German barracks, blew up a radio station (almost invariably when heavily outnumbered), or risked his life merely to land flour, macaroni and bully beef for the starving island communities.

This is what Suzanne Lassen, Major Lassen's mother, found when she traced her son's military career, seeing where he fought and meeting the people who knew him. From each she collected an anecdote, comment or tribute.

The result is a moving, even inspiring, story of a remarkable man who earned his place in history with a triple Military Cross and a posthumous Victoria Cross.

Anders Lassen came from a well-to-do Danish family. On the German occupation of his homeland he joined the British Army and eventually found his way into a special commando unit. With his commando training and earlier experience at sea he was an obvious choice for Lord

BOOKS *continued*

Jellicoe's Special Boat Service. Lassen's skill, fighting spirit and ability to lead and inspire his men quickly proclaimed him an outstanding figure. Crete, Simi, Nirisos, Leros, Paros, Samos . . . these were his hunting grounds where his courage and audacity became legendary. When the war moved to the mainland, Lassen was in the vanguard.

He died in a special operation near Comacchio, Northern Italy.

As he fell, hit by machine-gun fire, he threw three grenades into the enemy pillbox, wiping out its occupants. His last words to his sergeant-major were: "I'm dying. Leave me and try and get the others away."

It was typical that his last thoughts should have been for his men.

Muller, 35*s* **JCW**

SHAKOS TO SHABRAQUES

"The Queen's Guards, Horse and Foot" (Major Sir Henry Legge-Bourke)

This is a very much revised version of the author's "The King's Guards, Horse and Foot," published in 1952. Like its predecessor it is splendidly illustrated and many of the pictures are in excellent full colour.

The text, as might be expected from one who served 12 years in The Blues, is full of absorbing information about the regimental history, customs and life in London of the seven regiments of the Household Brigade. It is admirable stuff to make a visit to the capital, and particularly a seat at a Guards ceremony, more interesting.

It would also provide a wealth of questions for a quizmaster. For example:

1 What is the custom of Hanging the Brick?

2 What kinds of escort, in order of importance, are provided by the Household Cavalry for the Royal Family?

3 How strong is the daily guard at the Tower of London?

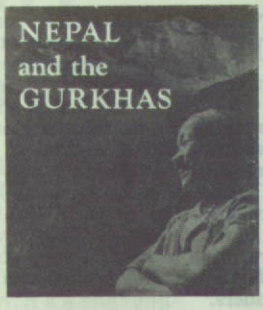
4 Which Sovereign decided that all his Foot Guards should wear the bearskin in place of the mitred shako?

5 Which officers share the duties of Gold Stick in England; and who is Silver Stick?

6 What are shabraques?

(Answers on page 30).

Macdonald, 75*s* **RLE**



IN BRIEF

"Nepal and the Gurkhas" (Ministry of Defence)

Lavishly illustrated with splendid photographs and a coloured map showing the tribal areas, this handbook covers almost every conceivable aspect of its subject—history, geography, customs, religion, tribal distinctions—with much other information in eight appendices.

HMSO, 17*s* 6*d*

"A Short History of the Commandos 1940-1945" (Brigadier Peter Young DSO MC)

Useful brochure with a colour cover of the Commando Memorial at Spean Bridge Collectors will be particularly interested in a page illustrating wartime Commando badges and shoulder flashes.

The Commando Association, 2 Lower Sloane Street, London SW1, 3s (including postage)

"The First War Planes" (William E Barrett)

This abridged magazine-size paperback edition describes and illustrates more than 130 aircraft and some 40 air heroes of World War One, and traces the air war year by year.

Frederick Muller, 5*s*

"Salerno" (High Pond)

Illustrated paperback of a soldier-journalist's account of a touch-and-go operation that yielded confused fighting and some very tense days when the Allies struck at the "knee" of Italy in 1943. Well described with a nice balance between tactical picture and individual experience.

Pan, 5*s*

"The Lovely Sergeant" (Alan Burgess)

Illustrated paperback edition of the story of Flora Sandes, a country parson's daughter who became a combatant private in the Serbian Army, won Serbia's most coveted gallantry award and was promoted sergeant-major.

Pan, 5*s*

"The Zilov Bombs" (D G Barron)

Thriller about a Ban-the-Bomber who becomes actively involved in a resistance movement after the Russians have taken over Britain and set up a puppet government.

Pan, 2*s* 6*d*

"Von Ryan's Express" (David Westheimer)

Recently filmed novel about World War Two prisoners. When the Germans take over an Italian-run camp of British and Americans and try to move them to Germany, a martinet American colonel takes over the train. Plenty of corpses and much ingenuity.

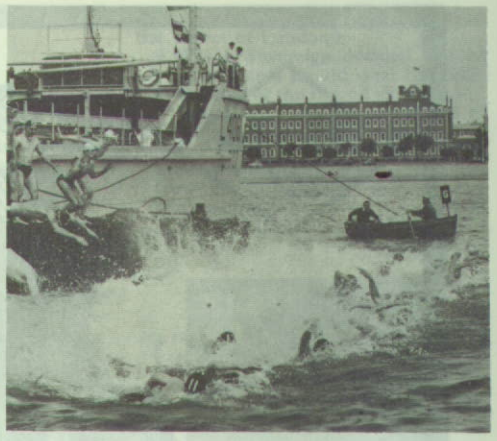
Pan, 3*s* 6*d*

"Dieppe, the Shame and the Glory" (Terence Robertson)

Illustrated paperback edition of a painstakingly researched and graphic account of the 1942 curtain-raiser to the Second Front.

Pan, 6*s*

SPORT



Rain turned the ground into a quagmire before the battle of the giants when this year's Regular Army Soccer champions, School of Electrical and Mechanical Engineering, played the Territorial Army champions, 4th/6th Battalion, The Royal Berkshire Regiment, at Reading. From the start the Terriers showed their superior speed and teamwork and after 25 minutes their captain, inside-left Corporal Ray Mortimer, scored. Three minutes before half-time centre-forward Private Terry Warth scored a second Berkshire goal. In the second half the Terriers continued to press hard and Mortimer completed his hat-trick to give them a well-deserved 4-0 victory. Outstanding players were Mortimer and the SEME goalkeeper, Sergeant Dave Birchall, the veteran Army player whose brilliant saves stopped the match from becoming a débâcle. Picture shows Sergeant Birchall diving on the ball during a TA attack.

Two kayak crews of 63 Para Squadron, Royal Corps of Transport, took part in the Irish Canoe Union's tough international Liffey Descent race over a 16-mile course on the River Liffey, ending in Dublin. Because of extreme water conditions, the entry was reduced from 60 to 40 crews, excluding young paddlers and women competitors. One Para crew, Jack and Paganelli, smashed their kayak halfway down the course and withdrew. Warren and Jupp took fourth place in the K2 class, finishing with the front deck missing and the rear deck split from end to end. Picture shows Warren and Jupp battling through fierce rapids.

Sergeant Mick Finnis, The Middlesex Regiment, attached to the Royal Military Academy, won the Army Pentathlon Championship at Aldershot for the fourth time in five years with a comfortable margin of 5037 points to 4856 over his rival, Corporal Jeremy Fox, whose corps, the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, won the team championship for the fifth successive year. The entry of 44 included three officers of the German Bundeswehr who finished fifth, sixth and ninth. Picture shows Sergeant Finnis setting off on the final event, the cross-country course.

An entry of 800 for the inaugural post-war long-distance ride of 50 miles over the North Devon countryside, sponsored by *The Sunday Telegraph,* had to be reduced to 110 starters of whom 91 won golden horseshoes for completing the course within the time limit. They included Sergeant J Burdett (left) and Sergeant R Graham (pictured above), of 12 Regiment, Royal Corps of Transport; Trooper Cole, The Life Guards Mounted Squadron; Lance-Corporal I Thompson, Royal Horse Guards Mounted Squadron; Sergeant B Archer and Captain A J Nettleton, King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery; Captain R H Addison and Staff-Sergeant R A Witts, of the Royal Army Veterinary Corps Training Centre.

The ten-goal polo team of The Queen's Own Hussars won the United Services Challenge Cup for the third successive year, defeating the seven-goal 17th/21st Lancers by eight goals to three at Tidworth. In the Hussars' team (above) were (left to right) Major M Q Fraser, Captain T W Ritson, Captain M J Sherwin (captain, with the Challenge Cup), and Captain C A R Lockhart.

Driver Barry Lillywhite, who won three Army senior swimming titles last year as a Junior Leader, finished second in the General's Challenge Cup annual swimming race in the Spithead, off Eastney. Driver Lillywhite, now Royal Corps of Transport and serving in the Royal Military Academy's Mechanical Transport Wing, was only half a second behind the winner, Corporal Harry Gray, Royal Marines. The Marines took third and fourth places and have now won the 560-yard race 30 times to the Army's 26. Of the 51 competitors, 45 finished. One Army swimmer missed the last ferrying DUKW, swam out to the start line and completed the course—but unfortunately was disqualified. Pictured above is the mass start.

Lieutenant - Colonel Naomi Christy, Assistant Director, WRAC, Western Command, was the only woman competitor in the Inter-Services Junior Gliding Championships at Bicester. Royal Air Force competitors took all the individual placings and won the team championship with the Royal Navy second and the Army third.

SPORTS SHORTS

ATHLETICS

In the match between England and East Germany in East Berlin, Sergeant-Instructor W R Tancred, Army Physical Training Corps, was fourth in the discus event with 156 feet 5 inches. A throw of 167 feet gained him second place between Great Britain and Czechoslovakia, and he was third, with 167 feet 2½ inches, for Great Britain against West Germany.

CRICKET

Only one of the one-day inter-Services matches at Lord's produced a definite result, that in which the Royal Air Force put the Army out for 107 and won by nine wickets, with an unbeaten second-wicket partnership of 106. Against the Army's 220 for seven (Captain D D Phipps 72), the Royal Navy replied with 155 for nine.

SHOOTING

A United States Air Force team again won the international inter-Services small-bore pistol match at Bisley, with 1628 points. The Royal Air Force scored 1627, the Army 1615 and the Royal Navy 1598.

RIDING

Sergeant B Jones, Royal Horse Artillery, on Master Bernard, won the dressage phase of the European Horse Trials in Moscow but was unplaced in the individual championship.

SWIMMING

A Household Cavalry team of 12 finished third, in 13 hours 40 minutes, in the first cross-Channel relay race from Shakespeare Beach, Dover, to Cap Gris Nez, Calais. Lloyds won easily in 11 hours 56 minutes, with the Stock Exchange (13 hours 21 minutes) second.

left, right and centre

So that they could gain their own first-hand impressions of Army life, Lieutenant John Grainger, of 49 Army Youth Team, took 13 Kent teenagers on a tour of Rhine Army. The lads, aged from 15 to 18, covered 2000 miles in nine days in their Army-supplied coach, stayed with units in the Ruhr, Detmold and Celle, and visited Hamburg, Hannover, Hameln and the Harz Mountains near the border of the Soviet Occupied Zone. Picture shows Major Ernest Bird, Officer Commanding 7 Ordnance Field Park, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, describing the role of a mobile crane. The lads found the trip "most instructive and enjoyable."

Bedraggled Bill had to submit to the indignity of a good scrub at London Zoo before being sent out to Germany to take on his new very dignified job as mascot to the 1st Battalion, The Royal Welch Fusiliers. By tradition the zoo supplies all the mascot goats for the Welsh regiments from the Windsor herd of white goats and Bill is the latest of a long line. The Royal Welch Fusiliers first had a goat mascot at the Battle of Bunkers Hill in America in 1775. Seen preparing Bill for his new job are two keepers.

Way back in 1921, Ted Murray MM began brewing up tea for guardsmen on the ranges at Pirbright. Mr Murray, who won his Military Medal and was a prisoner-of-war in World War One, served his cups of tea to soldiers of every rank. His horse-drawn tea-cart was motorised at the suggestion of General Wavell when the Army turned from horses to engines. Now in his eighties, Mr Murray has retired, but the familiar tea-cart is being preserved for posterity by the Brigade of Guards. It was handed over with full ceremony at the Guards' Depot, Pirbright, and accepted by the Depot Commandant, Lieutenant-Colonel C M A Mayes, watched by 120 guardsmen from all five regiments of the Brigade. Picture shows Ted serving his very last cup of tea to guardsmen.

A memorial service in St Paul's Anglican Cathedral, Valletta, a few days after Sir Winston Churchill's death, led to the presentation by all ranks of the Royal Malta Artillery to the Cathedral of a hand-carved crucifix and silver plaque in memory of Sir Winston. Picture above shows the Reverend R W Pope, Chancellor of St Paul's (right) receiving the gift from Colonel G Z Tabona, Commander Royal Malta Artillery.

Pictured here taking over the guard at Windsor Castle are men of 1st Battalion, The Lancashire Regiment (Prince of Wales's Volunteers). They and men of 1st Battalion, The Staffordshire Regiment, bridged the gap at Windsor Castle while the Guards completed their training commitments. The job was not new to The Lancashire Regiment—they did it only 171 years ago when, as the 82nd Regiment of Foot (Prince of Wales's Volunteers), they marched more than 100 miles to take over the guard at Windsor.

Experiments into how soldiers react to being cooped up in a small area for long periods were carried out near Copenhagen recently as part of a series of tests of a Swedish-made portable A-bomb shelter. Seven Danish soldiers spent 48 hours underground in the shelter with a psychologist who noted all their reactions for a report which is to be published later. They are pictured emerging after the two-day test.

Among the "Treasures from the Commonwealth" which were on show during the Commonwealth Arts Festival were these magnificent silver kettle drums loaned by the Household Cavalry. The drums, pictured here with Sir Robert Adeane, chairman of the exhibition, were presented to the Royal Horse Guards by King William IV and are valued at £5000 each.

Watched by 55 fellow holders of the George Cross, the gallantry decoration ranking next to the Victoria Cross, Mrs Odette Hallowes and Mr Bob Hollowday, both members of the Victoria Cross and George Cross Association Executive Committee, lay a wreath at the statue of King George VI during a short service in The Mall, London. This ceremony, a service in the Guards Chapel at Wellington Barracks, and a cocktail party, commemorated the institution of the George Cross in September 1940. Mrs Hallowes—the French Resistance heroine known as Odette—was the only woman present of the three who hold the George Cross. There are 119 George Cross survivors, including holders of the Empire Gallantry Medal which was instituted in 1922 and replaced by the George Cross in 1940.