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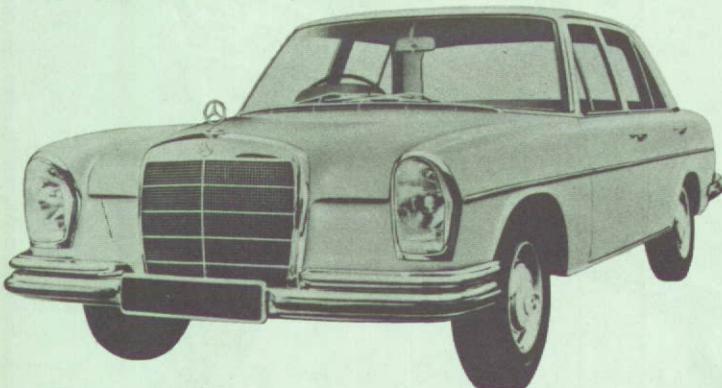
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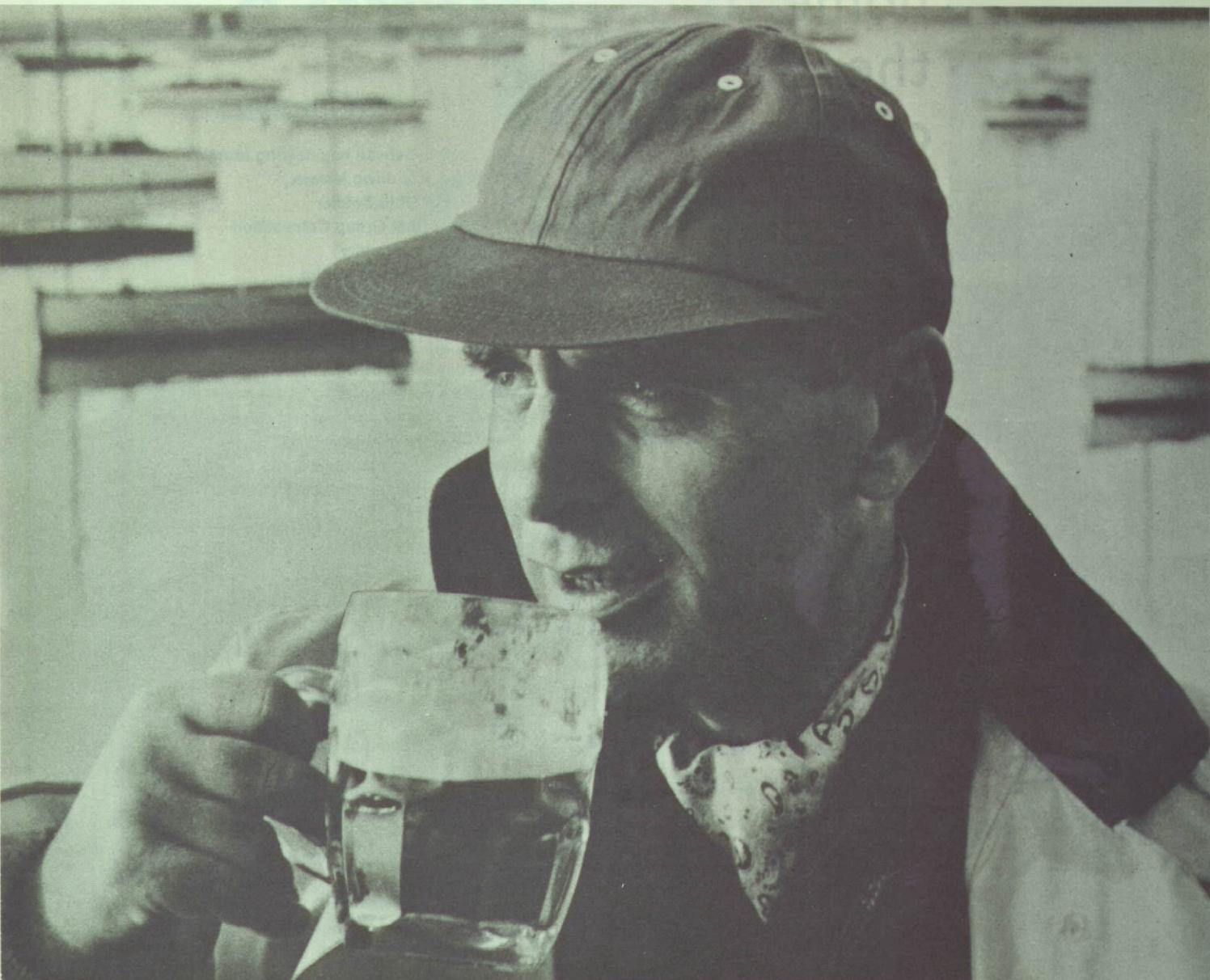
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A Tranquil Moment in the Adventurous Life of Hammond Innes

Relaxing over a pint after a day's sailing Hammond Innes says, "Collecting material for my novels is often exciting - sometimes a little too exciting . . .

We were flying an old plane 40 miles west of the Outer Hebrides, coming down through a grey void and expecting any moment to hit the towering mass of St. Kilda - the altimeter winding down, and then, suddenly, the sea a corrugated blur, the base of a cliff like a wet black wall topped with cloud, gulls wheeling, waves beating - Atlantic Fury indeed!

And then there is the unexpected:

South East Arabia, an old Avro Anson and a gravel strip in the middle of nowhere. This was the Doomed Oasis journey and there was nothing to be seen but a camel grazing and a fat Arab seated cross-legged on a brightly-coloured carpet spread out

on the sand. He had a dirty looking bundle on his lap, and beside him was a brass-bound box, an old carpet bag, and, of all things, a very modern, chromium-plated pressure lamp.

The bundle turned out to be a sick child, and it was the child we had come for. We took the Arab too, and the lamp - but not the box or the camel; and the fat Arab bawled with fear as the Monsoon caught us over the knife-edged mountains and forced us down to an emergency landing.

Much as I enjoy the excitement, even the unexpected, in travel, much as I enjoy sailing my boat in places like Crete and the Dardanelles, it is always good to get back into home waters, back to East Anglia to relax and unwind, and then to start writing.

For that is exactly what a pub means to me - a homecoming. A log fire burning, the smell of hops, good beer and the sight of friendly faces. The warmth of a welcome home, in fact."



Back home my wife and I find there's a wide range of good pubs to choose from.

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SOLDIER

JUNE 1967

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THE CRUSADERS, by LARRY
(pages 40-41)

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One was British, the other German. But Handshake brought them together. And soon it became a case of saying . . .

Story by JOHN WRIGHT
Pictures by PAUL TRUMPER



Cheers, freund!



THE stocky Scots sapper and the brawny German soldier shook hands beside the deep and wide River Weser. And what they and their comrades achieved amid the mud of the rain-soaked countryside is a remarkable story of Anglo-German military co-operation.

A British Bailey bridge takes shape . . . Carrying one end of a section is Sapper David Lennon, taking the strain at the other end is Gefreiter Jeurjen Rawe.

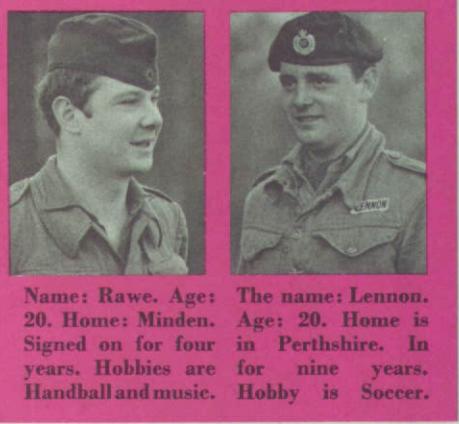
A tree tumbles to the ground in a thick pine forest . . . The two-man German

mechanical saw that sends it there is operated by the same pair.

Such incidents were the meat of aptly-named Exercise Handshake, which involved 150 men of 4 Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, and a similar number of troops of the engineer battalion of the Bundeswehr's 11 Panzer Grenadier Division.

Handshake, three days of hard work on the North German plain near the sappers' base at Nienburg, was unique, it is believed, for the closeness of integration between men of the two armies.

Above: Soon this tree will crash down under the joint Anglo-German assault of Lennon and Rawe.



Name: Rawe. Age: 20. Home: Minden. Signed on for four years. Hobbies are Handball and music.

The name: Lennon. Age: 20. Home is in Perthshire. In for nine years. Hobby is Soccer.

continued

Effervescent Major Jock Brazier, commanding 4 Field Squadron, declared that above all Handshake was "an exercise in good relations."

So let's follow the British sapper and his German counterpart through Handshake on the Weser . . .

In a quarry that is a quagmire of knee-deep mud, giant British excavators plough axle deep (and even deeper) through a miniature lake to tear out slabs of stone.

On a ledge, Sapper Lennon operates a pneumatic drill. Nearby, Gefreiter Rawe works with a German blasting party. The group uses a brass horn to warn of explosions. Rawe is invaluable to this sort of exercise; his English is excellent.

A nearby house and greenhouses test the skill of the blasters. Local people, mainly children, watch the intermingling of combat green and field grey. Smiles all round when a small boy hands a torch to a British officer. "I think it's yours," he says, "I found it in the street."

The quarrying task is under a British subaltern's command. Major Brazier says of it: "Very good training value. We don't often get the chance to work on a quarry face. The stone will be used by local people."

Allied to the quarrying is the tree-felling. This is also good for public relations; the trees are coming down to make way for a reservoir.

British use German saws, Germans use British saws. British watch fascinated as a German non-commissioned officer supervises the Lennon-Rawe felling operation. A huge conifer crashes as planned.

On the Weser, swollen by persistent rain, the couple work on German inflatable boats that can be made into a ferry or bridge. This task is German commanded. A British armoured vehicle is taken for a sail along the river. A British officer says the equipment is very simple and the sappers have "taken to it quite easily."

The British are intrigued by the German non-commissioned officers' habit of reallocating tasks by frequently forming up the men in lines instead of using the more haphazard British method.

The German company commander impresses everyone with his energy and enthusiasm. Ulrich Erbe, fair-haired and very tall, is a lieutenant—yes, a lieutenant—and the only officer in the company; an indication of the Bundeswehr's officer shortage.

He seems to have a special relationship with his men, mostly young National Servicemen. They often come up to him for a chat. He laughs and jokes with them. But orders are instantly obeyed.

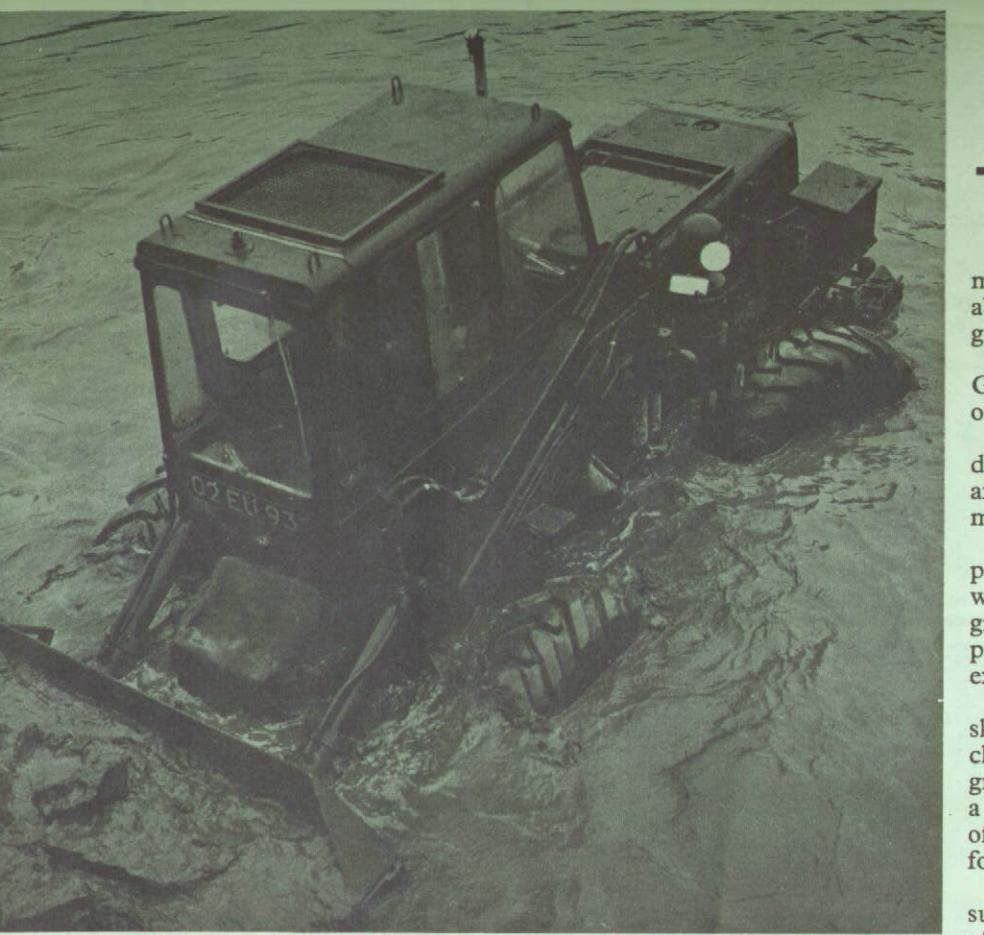
Over to the Bailey bridge task, under British command, where Lennon and Rawe work together with a will in man-handling the sections. A British non-commissioned officer says here: "The lads work well together, except for minor differences caused by language difficulties."



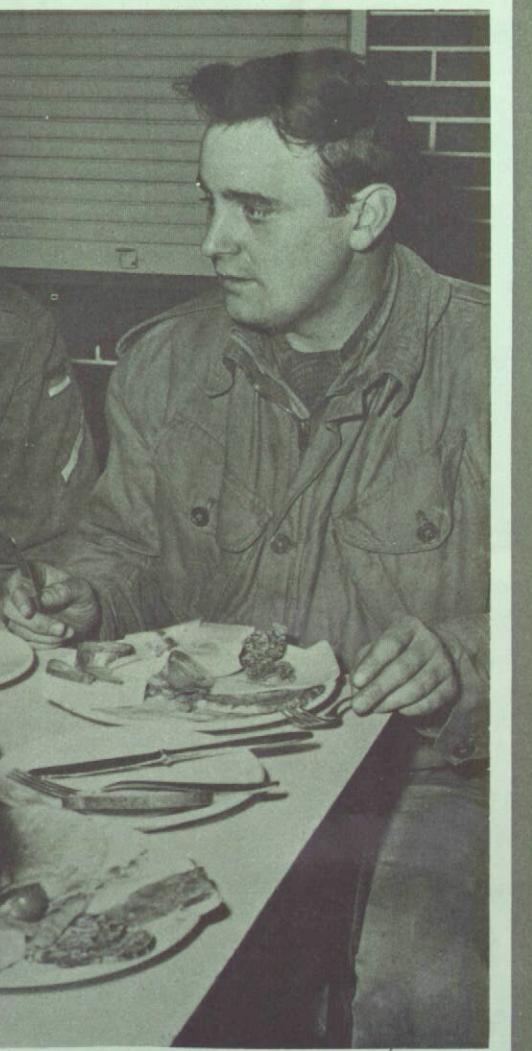
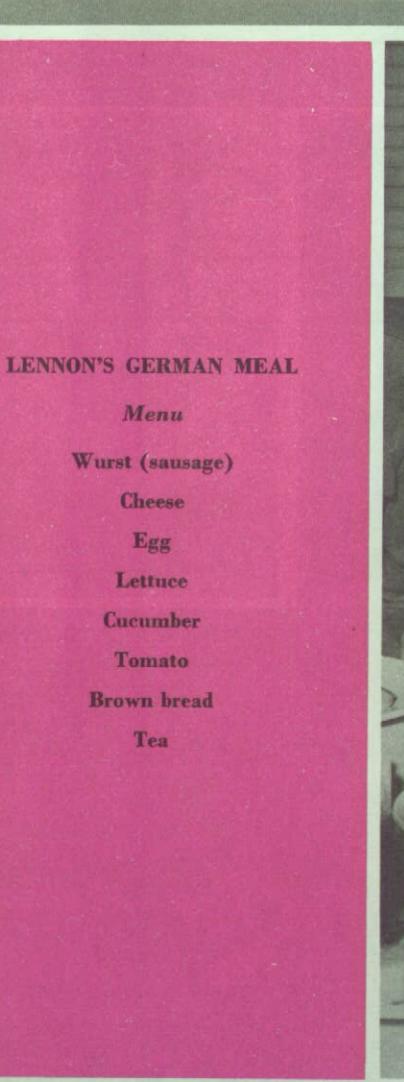
Left: Lennon drilling during the quarry job.

Above: Rawe, Lennon and a German boat.

Below: Campfire comfort Handshake-style.



During quarrying, British vehicles plunged into deep water with a verve that amazed German onlookers.





Cheers, freund!

concluded



Top: Achtung! Rawe and Lennon at work on the Bailey bridge.



Below: Royal Engineers on the Weser in a German rubber boat.



German non-commissioned officers reallocated tasks frequently by forming men up in lines.



Above: Heavy rain meant lots of mud for the Handshake sappers.



Right: A sapper probes his way carefully through the minefield.

At night the British and Germans get together beside campfires. Beer flows freely. Britons teach Germans British songs; Germans teach Britons German songs. Confidences are exchanged—and so are photographs of girl friends. The British sergeant-major and his German counterpart discover that John and Hans mean the same. Evenings end in a warm glow of *bonhomie* that lasts to the next day in the cold mud.

In fact, it was planned to have different groups of Germans and Britons working together each day. But because of popular demand the same men worked together throughout Handshake.

Day 3 and an element of competition, until now purposely absent, enters the exercise.

The 300 men move to a Bundeswehr training camp, where they have a typical German meal. Lieutenant Erbe hits on a plan to get Germans and British to sit together in the mess hall. On each table is a mixture of plates with a piece of banana and plates without banana. British are ordered: "You will sit where there is a plate with banana."

Afterwards a huge convoy snakes through the night. There is a minefield to be cleared. Here the Germans and Britons work independently. The mines are a mixture of German and British; the German ones explode harmlessly.

The colonel of Lieutenant Erbe's battalion visits the section to which Sapper Lennon belongs as it prods forward slowly. He makes it clear that he prefers the prod to the British mine-detector, making references to modern wooden mines.

Then it's off on a ten-mile high-speed march along the infuriatingly straight German roads. Wouldn't a bend relieve the monotony?

At the five-mile halt the pace has taken its toll; both Germans and Britons are dropping out. Sapper Lennon retires with leg trouble.

At walk's end, Germans pile into British trucks and British clamber aboard German lorries. How the latter appreciate the big Mercedes with their padded bench seats and excellent heating.

It is a short ride to the Weser. Dawn is breaking as the sections put together German inflatable boats and set off downstream. It is hard going. Barge traffic is heavy; crews must obey the rule of the river. Limbs, weary with walking, ache with cold, hands on paddles are wet and numb.

After five miles the rendezvous is reached. Men make their way to ranges where five rounds are blasted off. Then in a little hut, a haven from the ubiquitous mud, Jeurjen and his comrades sample a good old British breakfast!

Handshake was an undoubtedly success as a getting-to-know-you exercise. The different customs, working methods and equipment of Sapper Lennon and Gefreiter Rawe seemed less strange in the atmosphere of roughing it together.

Originator of the exercise, Major-General A H G Dobson, Chief Engineer, Northern Army Group—unfortunately prevented from visiting the exercise because of bad helicopter weather—must be heartened by the result of this exercise in friendship.

ON THE ROAD FROM KOTA BHARU

AS the Royal Military Policemen who marched every steaming mile of it will tell you, the road from Kota Bharu to Singapore is a hot and sticky 450 miles.

The march from a few miles east of the Thailand border down Malaya's east coast to Nee Soon Garrison, Singapore, was Captain Jim Ayres's imaginative response to a training directive calling for fighting fitness. He asked for volunteers from 99 Gurkha Infantry Brigade Provost Unit and found six men ready and eager.

Training jaunts totalling 150 miles had hardened feet and resolution but the day-in-day-out strain of covering 20 miles in high temperatures between sun-up and sun-down put two of the team off the road. One was beaten by heat exhaustion and the other by badly blistered feet.

Undeterred, the rest of the group trudged down the scorched ribbon of road rumoured



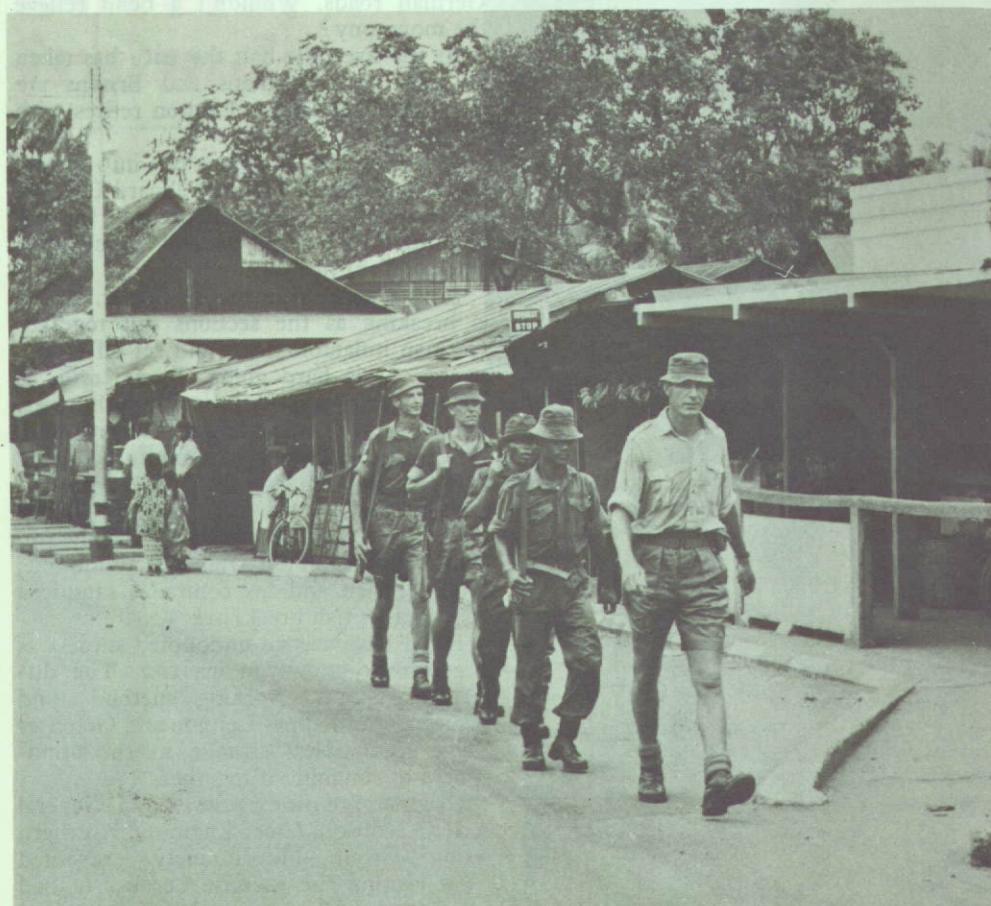
Cpl John Howarth (left) and his OC, Capt Jim Ayres, discuss the march's next stage.

to lead to Singapore—eventually. Relentless sunshine held the mercury between the 90 and 100 degree marks and blasted into their eyes from the shimmering surface of the South China Sea on the left. Always to their right was the vivid greenery of the jungle broken here and there by paddy fields and rubber plantations. Aggravating the effects of the searing heat were clouds of mosquitoes and tepid drinking water.

As each monotonous day wore on, with milestones approaching and receding with agonising slowness, the marchers dreamed privately of the pleasure of the night's rest. A small support party moving ahead in a vehicle set up beach camps where aching feet could be massaged in cool salt water.

Cool also was the marchers' reception at Singapore after 22 foot-slogging days—iced beer and a hose down.

From a report by Army Public Relations, Far East Land Forces.



Fit for another 450 miles, Capt Ayres and the five soldiers swing through Nee Soon on the last lap.

SOLDIER to Soldier

To mark the 25th anniversary, in October this year, of the Battle of El Alamein, SOLDIER is presenting all its long-term subscribers with a copy of Jon's cartoons of "The Two Types." This booklet of nearly 100 cartoons, so much enjoyed in the Western Desert's "Eighth Army News," will be sent out free during this month to all readers who currently hold a two- or three-year subscription to SOLDIER and to readers who take out such a subscription before the Alamein anniversary on 23 October.

"The Two Types"—those oddly dressed characters whose fame spread far beyond the Western Desert—will spark off countless memories in this anniversary year of the campaign with which they have become so closely identified.

Other readers, too, will want their own copy of "The Two Types." It is available at the published price of 5s, including postage to any part of the world, and from the proceeds of each copy SOLDIER will make a donation to its own favourite charity, the Army Benevolent Fund.

Orders should be sent to SOLDIER (Two Types), 433 Holloway Road, London N7.

★

Army benevolence grants last year totalled, for the first time, more than half a million pounds. The figure was £518,000, an increase on the previous year of £72,000.

The income of the central Army Benevolent Fund, from subscriptions, donations and special events, increased by £18,650 to £178,500—but the Fund needs still more annual revenue to meet all the very deserving demands on it.

The Army itself properly provides the major part of the income, from all manner of fund-raising efforts and from the day's pay scheme (have you given your day's pay?), but ex-Servicemen and civilians help too.

This year there will be an opportunity for the man-in-the-street to contribute when the Army holds its first flag day. This will be only in London but it is intended to make this "Soldiers Day" nation-wide in the future, as are the old-established flag days of the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force. Flag sellers are needed and volunteers should get in touch with the Army Benevolent Fund at 20, Grosvenor Place, London SW1, or with HQ London District.

Soldiers Day will be on 4 July.

Many who would buy a flag and drop a few coins or a note in the collecting box will miss the opportunity because they will not be in London on 4 July. Perhaps they would pass the hat round and send the proceeds to Editor SOLDIER. He will be only too happy to forward your contributions to the Fund.



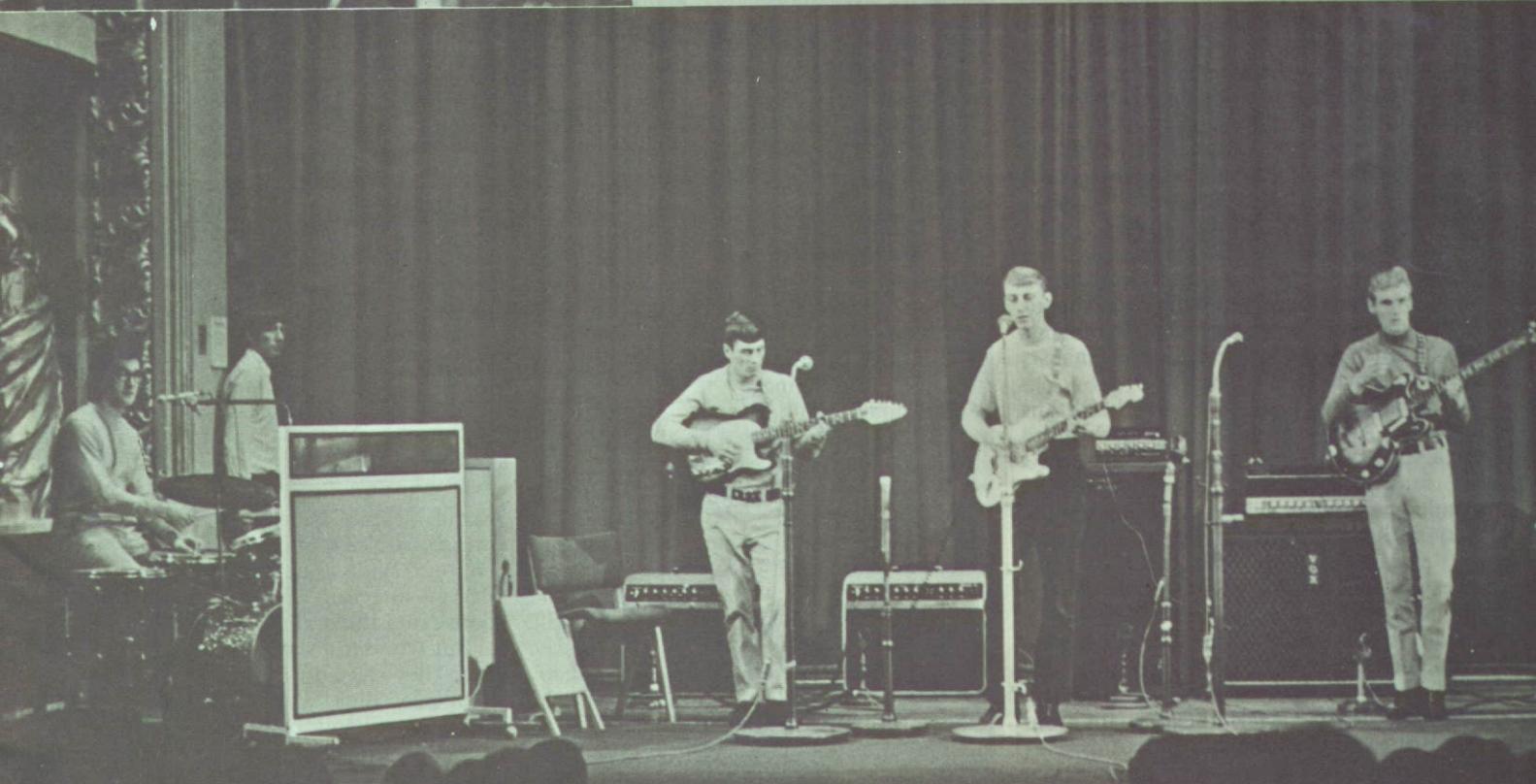
David Jacobs and other disc jockey members of the judging panel line up on stage to give their verdicts on contenders for the title of the Army's Champion Beat Group. An individual who set a small London theatre swinging and won special mention from the judges was the drummer (left) from 1st Royal Tank Regiment's group.

SCALING JACOB'S LADDER

Story by JOHN SAAR

Pictures by PAUL TRUMPER and TREVOR JONES

Below: Lit up, wired up and making more noise than 20th Armoured Brigade on the road—the formation's beat group, The Shades of Blue, winners of the competition.



DAVID Jacobs flashed his Juke Box Jury smile to the darkest corners of the crowded theatre and began the adjudication on the Army Beat Group Competition: "I have been judging beat competitions for more years than I care to remember and I was not looking forward to

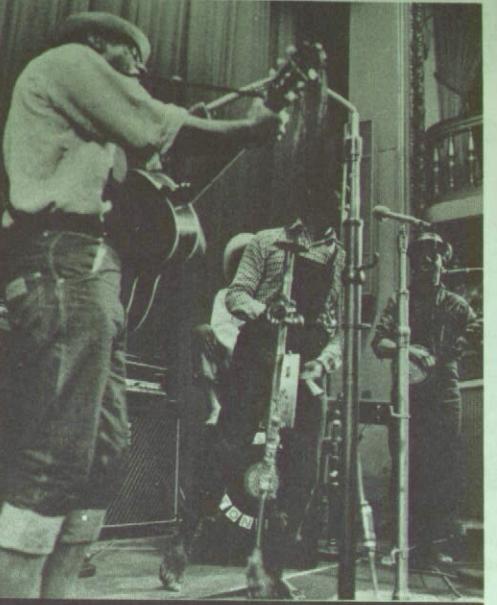
tonight. I have heard some of the worst beat groups in the world—but tonight we have heard some of the best amateur groups ever."

Coming from a leading oracle of the pop cult this was praise indeed. Better still, his opinions were backed up by the emphatic nods from four more record

pilots and celebrated sages of the British musical scene—Barry Aldis, Alan Dell, Keith Fordyce, and Murray "Kountry and Western" Kash. They bent their ear trumpets to the offerings of the six groups to reach the finals and brought in a unanimous verdict in favour of the Rhine Army champions, The Shades of Blue.

SCALING JACOB'S LADDER

continued



Plantation owner in Kent's Deep South sent the Cotton Pickers to try their luck.



The RCT's accomplished Clubmen group played like the skilled musicians they are.



Rehearsal time runthrough for The Savage Age. The audience loved their first song.

Spokesman Jacobs said that four-strong group from Headquarters 20th Armoured Brigade was clearly ahead of its rivals in appearance, performance and originality. After seeing and hearing the Shades, in their brilliantly hued stage gear, handle two self-written songs, the specially invited audience at the BBC's Playhouse Theatre had no doubt they were right.

Exuberant Harry Secombe, ex-lance-bombardier and unfailing pillar of the Army Benevolent Fund, presented a silver trophy to Signalman Michael Trewella, Lance-Corporal John Pollard, Trooper Howard Dutton and Corporal Fred Bowes. As the second part of their prize, the Shades played at the Benevolent Fund's "Fall in the Stars" show before Princess Alexandra and Mr Angus Ogilvy.

The first-ever Army beat competition drew 64 entries and it took keenly contested play-offs in the Home Commands and Rhine Army to bring the finalists down to a manageable six.

Pop idols they may be to their fans but the Army brought the groups to earth with the advice that all players below the rank of sergeant should report in London with mug, knife, fork and spoon. A typical piece of bumf began, "Further to Reference B. Annex A to this letter gives details of the composition of the Regimental Pop Group . . ."

The BBC kindly turned the intimate Playhouse Theatre at Charing Cross into a beat retreat for the day and the fun started at the rehearsals. Technicians from the BBC and the British Forces Broadcasting Service, which was recording a programme on the competition, had a hard time persuading the groups that their volume output should be somewhere below the threshold of pain. The groups feared that the loss of a single decibel would ruin their music and constant tinkering with amplification equipment went hand-in-hand with ruthless bargaining off-stage.

Something close to chaos reigned as the groups hammered away in fast tempo with

the production staff gesticulating from their soundproof booths and Fleet Street photographers joining in the electronic struggle with high-voltage flashpacks.

Meeting his problems as liaison officer with a neatly ruled millboard, benign smile and amazing calm, was Warrant Officer I Frederick Morgan from Kneller Hall. He was thoroughly appreciative of the ability of the groups—most of them self-taught—and helped to calm bouts of stage nerves. From the back of the stalls, at the deafening height of rehearsals, he allowed himself a mild comment, "I can stand this music in small doses, but this is a bit much."

As it turned out, the finals night was less harrowing and more enjoyable than the groups expected. From the moment compere Dave Kaffey said, "Let me tell you what the judges are looking for—" and was interrupted by a wild disc jockey shout of "Women!" there was an easy informality about the proceedings.

The affable audience was a great asset because a jinx descended on the reproduction system to the extent that nobody could honestly have said they liked the backing.

Microphone failure reduced some of the singers to a diminutive natural-voiced murmur. Lights flashed, a technician took instruction over headphones and scurried about the stage in pursuit of the erring lead. David Jacobs rushed to the balcony, not to fling himself over in despair, but to make a timely intervention with the suggestion that one unlucky group should run through its number again.

Gremlins are contagious and Dave Kaffey went down with them when he introduced the Royal Corps of Transport's Clubmen as The Shades of Blue—akin to hailing the Coldstream Guards as "that famous light infantry regiment, The Royal Fusiliers."

Although the show was labelled "beat," folk, country and western and traditional jazz outfits were also eligible and the programme was a nice blend.

The Clubmen, a versatile group of bandsmen, set the evening swinging with Herb Alpert's Tijuana sound. Uncompromising in name and music were The Savage Age, from 1st Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment. They got a big reception for their belting version of "Carousel"—Jacobs calling it "excellent."

Masquerading in bandanas, straw hats, deep tans and bare feet as The Cotton Pickers, a group from the Royal School of Military Engineering blew in with a Mississippi medley. Melodious singing made nonsense of their professed lack of musical ability and after much eye-rolling comedy they made a clever exit to the loudest cheers of the night.

Taking a night off from official duties as bandsmen of 4th Battalion, The Queen's Regiment (Middlesex), and part-time players in the Belfast Symphony Orchestra, The Smoke City Stompers served piping traditional jazz—red waistcoats, stovepipe hats, horns, whistles, a massive sousaphone, a lilting clarinet made for a visually and aurally effective "Tiger Rag."

Silk shirts gleaming and drums echoing like angry artillery, Scene Five from 1st Royal Tank Regiment made exciting music with Trooper James Henry—once on tour with Manfred Mann and Dave Berry—fingering some delicate combinations from the organ keyboard.

But without a shade of doubt, the night, once they started to play, belonged to The Shades of Blue. The rhythm was original, deep-based and constant. The second hands on the studio clocks were quivering and the gilded topless nymphs on the walls seemed to want to dance. Their best number, "I Want to be Free," written by lead guitarist Signalman Michael Trewella, won from David Jacobs the accolade that it was chart material.

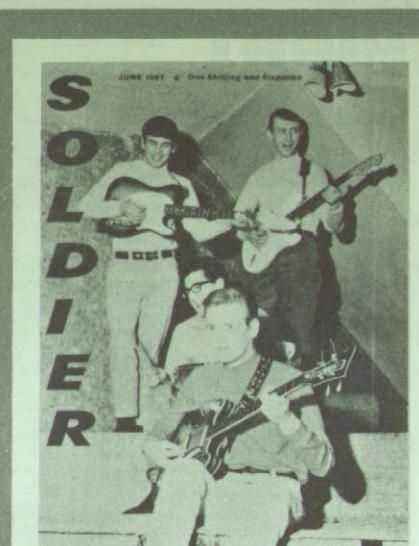
The Shades have written 48 songs—they dashed off another one in their minibus en route for London—and have played in some of the best-known clubs in West Germany. They take a small guitar



The Smoke City Stompers were the only traditional jazz group to play on finals night.



Above: Scene Five won their Northern Command eliminator but in the finals they yielded to The Shades of Blue, happily pictured below with Harry Secombe and compere Dave Kaffey.



FRONT COVER

SOLDIER betted on The Shades of Blue to win the Army's Beat Group Competition by choosing them for the cover before the finals were held. From top to bottom, left to right:—Trooper Howard Dutton, Signalman Michael Trewella, Lance-Corporal John Pollard and Corporal Fred Bowes.

out on exercises with them and under the management of the man they call "Mr 20 Per Cent," Signalman Peter Dawson, seem certain to record in the near future.

Apart from the two bands groups, practically all the performers learned to play their instruments in the Army. Common to all was an enthusiasm which drives them to practise in every moment of their spare time and an on-stage appearance in no way conflicting with their profession as soldiers. At the same time, while they carried no Rolling Stones moss round the ears, there was nothing square about their impact and in a highly competitive field of amateur music-makers all the groups are doing well.

Support and organisation varied from Scene Five, enthusiastically managed for nothing by an officer, to another group which had found little support from its unit hierarchy. Playing for fees of up to £40 a night, the groups often make more money from music than soldiering, but not one owned to an irresistible urge to turn professional. One reason is the startling cash outlay needed to launch a beat group. The Shades of Blue have invested £1700 in their amplification electronics alone, and the leader of The Savage Age plays on a £400 guitar.

The competition was a great success. The winning group gave a much applauded performance at "Fall in the Stars" and bigger things and smaller print may lie ahead. Never slow to cash in on a trend, the Army introduced the competitive spirit and the groups responded with tough, sometimes ferocious, and always able music. They indicated that a wealth of talent is drumming, strumming and warbling in the ranks.

LEFT RIGHT AND CENTRE



These pictures from Vietnam show the contrasting terrain hampering operations by Australian units. As American helicopters fly away (left), troops of the 1st Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment, trudge through paddy fields on a search-and-destroy mission. An armoured personnel carrier and infantry (right) are moving along the jungle fringe in pursuit of a retreating Viet Cong force.

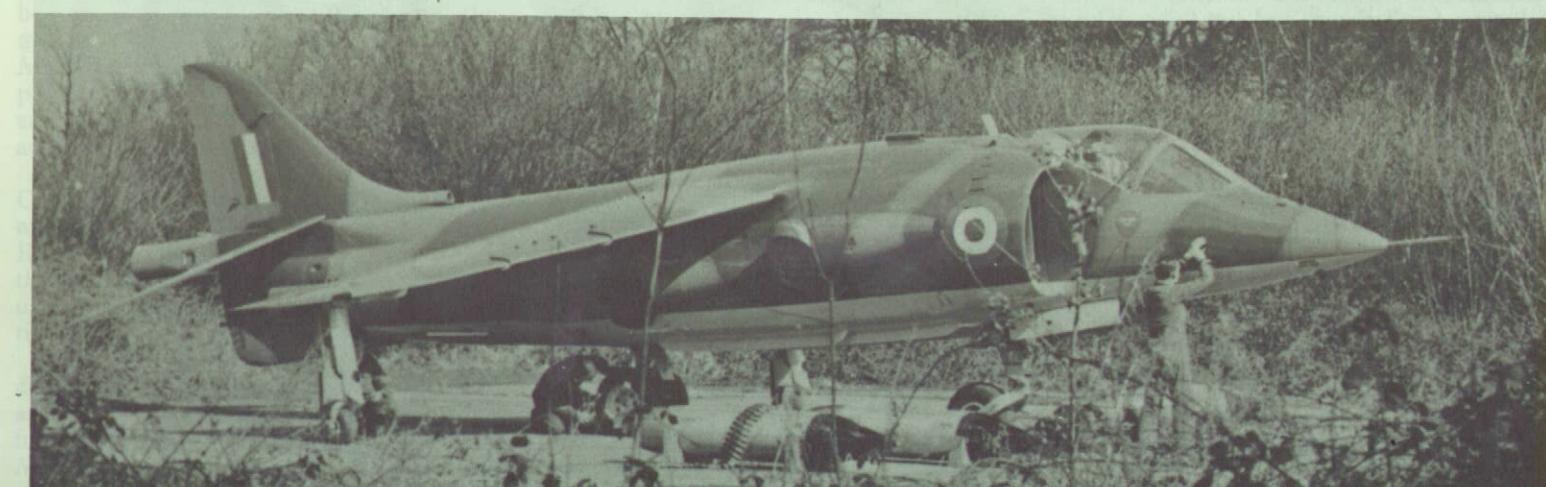


Chambermaid's view from the Cumberland Hotel of The King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, passing through Marble Arch before firing the Queen's Birthday salute in Hyde Park.



On their day of formation as a unit of the Territorial & Army Volunteer Reserve, men of The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry (Territorials) were given a true home defence role—the clearance of the Torrey Canyon's oil from their own beaches. Equipped with protective clothing, they drove the oil off beaches on the north and south coasts with jets of detergent-laden water from high pressure hoses. Regular, Volunteer and Territorial soldiers supplied the labour backbone for the scheme to clear the polluted holiday beaches.

By 1969 the Hawker Siddeley Harrier will be giving the Army the world's most flexible close support and reconnaissance service. The vertical/short take-off and landing Harrier is designed to operate from dispersed cab-rank areas close to the front line. Now in production for the Royal Air Force, it will be able to cover forward troops with immediate air support by bombs, rockets and cannon. The ability to deliver films direct to operations centres by using the fighter's vertical landing capability will also speed up photographic reconnaissance. Picture shows armourers readying the plane for flight from a woodland hide.



In spite of the sober suit, rolled brolly and curly bowler, there's no mistaking the formidable figure of the Army's one-time Regimental Sergeant-Major Ronald Brittain. British Petroleum asked him to run an expert rule over their new uniforms for pump attendants and he took the job seriously enough to exchange a few words with one of the models on the subject of buttons done and undone. Smart the new uniforms certainly are, but SOLDIER will bet a tankful of tigers to a parking ticket that the day when all pump hands sport shoes as highly shone as Mr Brittain's is a long way off. Still, spare the bull and pass the petrol!



First winners of a new road safety trophy for Rhine Army units are 1st Battalion, The Queen's Regiment (Queen's Surreys). When Major-General H C Tuzo, Chief of Staff (above, right), presented the trophy to the Battalion's Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel J A W Sewell, he reinforced the message that "safety pays" with an award of £50 from Rhine Army road safety funds. The Townsend Trophy—donated by Townsend Car Ferries in recognition of their customers from Rhine Army—is to be awarded annually to the unit with the best ratio of mileage to accidents. The Surreys won with an average gap of 36,000 miles between accidents. Runners-up in the safety league were 12th Light Air Defence Regiment, Royal Artillery.



The official caption to this picture of paratroopers on internal security training refers to a rioter being "subdued." Judged by the stretcher, and the apparent onset of rigor mortis, the subduing was of a more or less permanent nature—still, the umbrella banner "Disperse or we fire," was flying at the time! These are men of 1st Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, undergoing realistic riot training at Normandy Barracks, Aldershot, before flying to Aden to relieve an internal security battalion.



When a leading manufacturer produced a new range of vacuum cleaners finished in Black Watch tartan, the Black Watch Museum was presented with the first of the line. And in a brace of shakes the museum's caretaker, Willie Sneddon, put it to work on one of the exhibits, a feather bonnet worn during the Crimean War.



It may look like a taut briefing for a last-round, last-breath defence of the Tower of London, but the Yeoman Warder's more-than-usually-serious audience are soldiers of the Jamaican Defence Force out to see the sights. In Britain on a four-week air-portability exercise, 90 officers and men from the Force took time off for social events like tea with the Lord Mayor of Manchester and interest trips to London, the Lake District and local sporting events. They stayed at Wootton Camp, near Blackpool, with 1st Battalion, The Lancashire Fusiliers, and training included helicopter familiarisation and live firing. When they flew back to Jamaica, 186 of the Fusiliers went with them on a reciprocal training exercise.



The crate being lowered from helicopter to lorry in this artist's impression of an unidentified combat zone, is a two-ton flying laboratory. Eight of these land, sea and air-transportable shelters have been delivered to the US Army's Electronics Command for possible use in Vietnam. Insulated against sub-zero cold or jungle-heat up to 125 degrees Fahrenheit, two engineers will be able to work inside on the maintenance of electronic equipment. Later models will be capable of handling on-the-spot repairs of the more complex electronics of weapons systems and avionics.



RED BERETS ON ROYAL DUTY

Parachutists stream from an Argosy in the massed drop of 540 men of 16th Parachute Brigade, watched by the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh and, between, Brig Farrar-Hockley, Brigade Commander.

HER Majesty the Queen's review of 16th Parachute Brigade was the very opposite of the starchy parade ground norm. Since World War Two the airborne soldiers have travelled the world, living out of mess-tins, as the Army's star trouble-shooters—and they wanted the Queen to see them at work.

They would have liked to have taken her to Palestine, Cyprus, Bahrein, the mountains of Radfan, the jungles of Malaysia or any one of the other danger points where the Brigade has been in action. They made do with Long Valley and Caesar's Camp, Aldershot.

From the same vantage points used by Queen Victoria to survey the Royal Review of 1856, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh watched a military happening that in a few kaleidoscopic hours brilliantly unveiled the Brigade's abilities and capabilities.

The opportunity of mustering The Parachute Regiment's three Regular battalions and their supporting elements for the first time ever, came with a hiatus in the Middle East comings and goings which



RED BERETS ON ROYAL DUTY

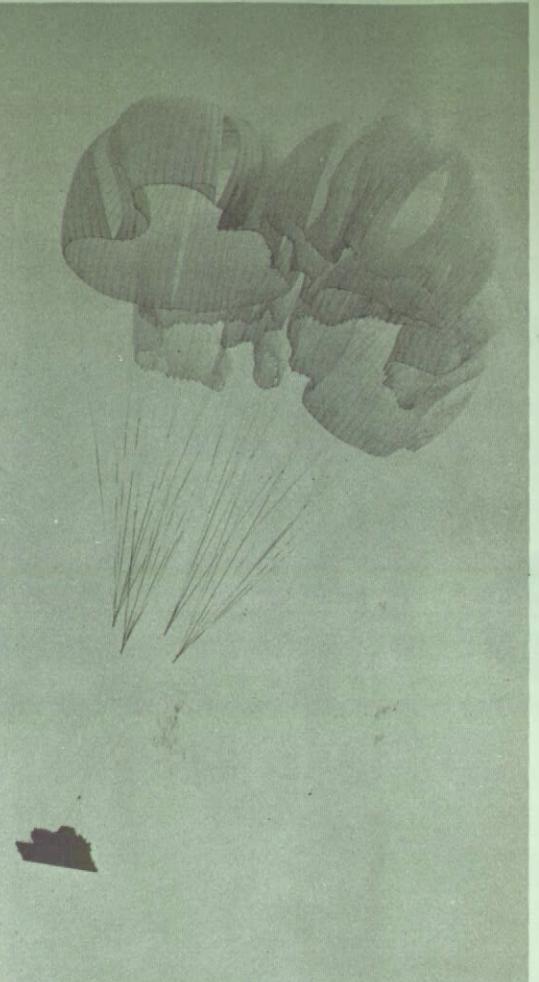
continued



Above: Wessex helicopters of 72 Squadron, Royal Air Force Odiham, bring in vehicles and equipment for a company assault.

Top right: A Ferret scout car on a heavy drop platform—also delivered were 105mm pack-howitzers, Land-Rovers and trailers.

Below: Brought in by Wessex helicopters, men of a two-company force stand fast until a spotting Scout clears them forward.



Above: From an open Land-Rover the Queen watches paratroopers moving up to their positions to join others in the assault.

Left: One of the Royal Air Force Canberra aircraft which opened the Royal review by a low-level photographic reconnaissance.

Right: The Queen and the Duke talk to 30-year-old Cpl Frank Sutton, who lost a leg in a mine incident in Aden, and his wife.



brought all the units together at Aldershot for the first time in nine years.

The Queen's arrival was heralded by a battery of 7 Parachute Light Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery, firing a 21-gun salute. After inspecting a guard of honour of 100 2nd Battalion soldiers, the Royal Party put the formal part of the day's proceedings behind and drove immediately to Long Valley to join 7000 spectators.

Appetisers to the main dish—a mass drop—were low-level photographic runs by Canberra aircraft and a demonstration by the Joint Services Free-Fall Trials Team which included the use of a reserve parachute in a genuine emergency.

When a mixed force of 28 Beverlies, Argosies and Hastings approached with a cargo of 540 airborne soldiers, the Queen was clearly as excited as anyone. Her binoculars scanned the sky before finally settling on a group of parachutists obligingly descending within 30 yards of the Royal stand.

By courtesy of 38 Group, Royal Air Force, which provides the Brigade's supply

and transport aircraft, the programme continued with demonstrations of heavy drop, the low-altitude trefoil parachute and the carrying of guns and armoured cars by helicopter.

In a spectacular finale two 3rd Battalion companies made a heliborne assault on Caesar's Camp with Hunters, Vigilants and artillery firing them in.

The Royal Review ended with a scene evocative of bygone days when British troops rallied to their monarch on the field of battle. A sea of maroon ringed the Queen as the Brigade's 2000 soldiers let loose with a full-throated three cheers.

In a telegram to the Brigade Commander, Brigadier Tony Farrar-Hockley, the Queen said: "I send my warmest congratulations to all officers and other ranks who took part in the magnificent demonstration at Aldershot this morning. I was much impressed by the skill and spirit displayed by all concerned and by the admirable inter-Service co-operation which contributed so much to the success of the display."



THEY STILL SING AS THEY MARCH

Story by JOHN WRIGHT
Pictures by PAUL TRUMPER



Left: Equipped for action. American-type steel helmet, 25lb pack and sleeping bag, German-made fully automatic rifle, non-inflammable battle dress, leather gloves, supple leather boots. Above: Looks of concentration as new recruits of the Bundeswehr double from their barracks. Below: Led by NCOs and singing as they go the recruits practise marching around.

THEIR average age is 20. As they march they sing what an officer describes as "a song mostly sung by Boy Scouts—something about wild geese."

These sturdily-built youths are recruits of the Bundeswehr, the new German

Army. When SOLDIER visited the Bundeswehr camp at Barme, North Germany, the youths were spending their third day in the Army.

They are being trained for the engineer battalion of 11 Panzer Grenadier Division. Three months' basic training will be followed by three months' training with the battalion. Most of the 130 in this training company are National Servicemen, serving for 18 months. Ten per cent are volunteers, some are potential officers.

The company commander is a lieutenant—officers are scarce in the Bundeswehr—and he has a second-lieutenant to assist. The three platoons are led by sergeants.

As a band of recruits was marched along by non-commissioned officers an officer explained: "They are encouraged to sing. It makes them march better."

Sport is a big part of training. Ball games take pride of place.

The barracks are spotless. The armoury is in apple-pie order. The officers and non-commissioned officers are immaculately dressed. The recruits gleam with spit and polish. The whole atmosphere is one of characteristic German efficiency and cleanliness. Things get done... at the double!

One has difficulty in believing that three days before these men were civilians. They are smart and their bearing reflects a pride in the new Army to which they belong... an Army whose soldiers swear to serve the German Government loyally and defend the right and freedom of the German people bravely.

Like the wild geese they sing about these recruits set their sights high...



Above: The NCO is immaculately dressed and the recruits both wear recognition tags.



Left: A good way of teaching the difference between being a smart and scruffy soldier.

ARNHEM



Mortar bombs burst among the trees. Once peaceful Oosterbeek crossroads is littered with the debris of war. The SOLDIER print of David Shepherd's painting of bitter fighting near Arnhem is a "must" for all enthusiasts. It measures 38½ inches by 23½ inches, is in eight colours—and costs three guineas including wrapping and posting to any part of the world. Orders, accompanied by cheque, postal order, money order or international money order, made out to "SOLDIER Magazine," should be sent to SOLDIER (Prints 2), 433 Holloway Road, London N7.



PRELIMINARY THAI

Pictured (above) is the first Thai to enrol at the Australian Royal Military College, Duntroon. He is 21-year-old **Staff Cadet Nikhorn Hamcumpai**, from the Chulachomkloa Royal Military Academy, Bangkok. He was chosen from several Thai cadets after a series of elimination tests and has impressed Australian officers with his intelligence, physical fitness and good bearing. He will train in Australia for the next four years. His father is a farmer in Thailand.



BANNER WITH A STRANGE DEVICE

Obviously a Gurkha pipe-major, but why does the banner bear the badge of an English cavalry regiment? Well, 2nd Battalion, 6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles, stationed at Kluang, Western Malaysia, think it is unique. The banner, which has the Gurkhas' own regimental crest on the other side, is brought out only on rare occasions such as the Medicina Day Parade, pictured here. Medicina, North Italy, was one of the Gurkhas' hardest-won battle honours of World War Two. It was captured in 1945 by the 2nd/6th Gurkha Rifles, who were taken into action by armoured personnel carriers of 14th/20th King's Hussars. Now the two regiments are allied, which explains the badge on the pipe banner.

PURELY PERSONAL



GOON THERAPY

Craftsman **Alan Mackey**, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers attached to 249 Signal Squadron, received a dose of instant laughter when comedian **Harry Secombe**, on his entertainment tour of the Far East, swept through the wards of the British Military Hospital, Singapore, dispensing goon-style therapy. After sympathising with Craftsman Mackey, who had been engaged in making the first maps of remote areas of Sarawak, Harry bounced on his way. But soon the heat proved too much for him—and he commandeered a bathchair for the remainder of his morale-boosting antics.



CALL TO EXPORT

A special bugle call, the first to be commissioned for a non-military event, was sounded (above) by **Lance-Sergeant Michael Wiggan**, 2nd Battalion, Coldstream Guards, to open the "Britain Must Market" Conference at the Royal Festival Hall, London. The call was composed by **Lieutenant-Colonel C H Jaeger**, Irish Guards, Senior Director of Music of the Brigade of Guards. The Conference organisers, the Incorporated Society of British Advertisers, are offering the call to any organisation helping Britain to sell abroad.



A MATCH FOR THE GUNNERS

Comedian **Peter Goodright** was a match for men of 18 Light Regiment, Royal Artillery, when he visited them at Sek Kong in Hong Kong's New Territories. The gunners demanded souvenirs from the star, who was appearing at the Mandarin Hotel—and guess their surprise when Peter produced boxes of matches bearing his picture! Soon they were all gone, leaving the comedian, both literally and in the opinion of the gunners . . . matchless.



DOVER ROAD DRIVE

The Army's nine-hole Warren Golf Club course at Dover Road, Singapore, has been "christened" by professionals—three years after being laid out by soldier enthusiasts of 18 Signal Regiment (see **SOLDIER**, July 1963). During Singapore's Open, attended by some of the world's best golfers, club captain **Major Bill Morris**, of the Singapore Guard Regiment, invited American **Ron Howell**, 12th in the Open, and Englishman **Malcolm Gregson**, 14th, to play an exhibition round with the club's two leading players—**Warrant Officer John Stephenson**, vice-captain, and **Major John Thorneycroft**, both of the Royal Army Pay Corps. Watched by several hundred people the American, partnered by Warrant Officer Stephenson, won by one hole. Pictured (above) left to right: Malcolm Gregson, Major John Thorneycroft, Ron Howell and Warrant Officer John Stephenson.

A WARRIOR RETURNS



Proud to be Canadian and proud of his part in the epic battle—Mr. Claydon.

CHEERING crowds and stirring military music greeted the Duke of Edinburgh when he arrived on the pleasant grassy hill.

Fifty years before, Fred Claydon received a very different welcome there. German soldiers greeted him and his fellow Canadians. They did not cheer; they fired machine-guns.

On 9 April 1967, Vimy Ridge in France was a mass of people who refused to allow the persistent rain to dampen their enthusiasm for the colourful spectacle in remembrance of another 9 April when the now park-like eminence was a treeless trench-covered mound of mangled earth.

In the midst of all this dreadful death and destruction the word Canada took on new meaning. For, in the words of the Canadian Prime Minister, Vimy was the one event above all others that made Canada a nation.

Yes, Canada owes a great deal to Fred Claydon and his fellow veterans who trod perhaps shakily but certainly proudly across a much-changed hill half a century after they won a victory and made history.

Canada's soldiers of the sixties—and 100 British troops, too—made sure that 9 April 1967 was a day of pageantry, a day that Fred Claydon and his fellow veterans will never forget . . .

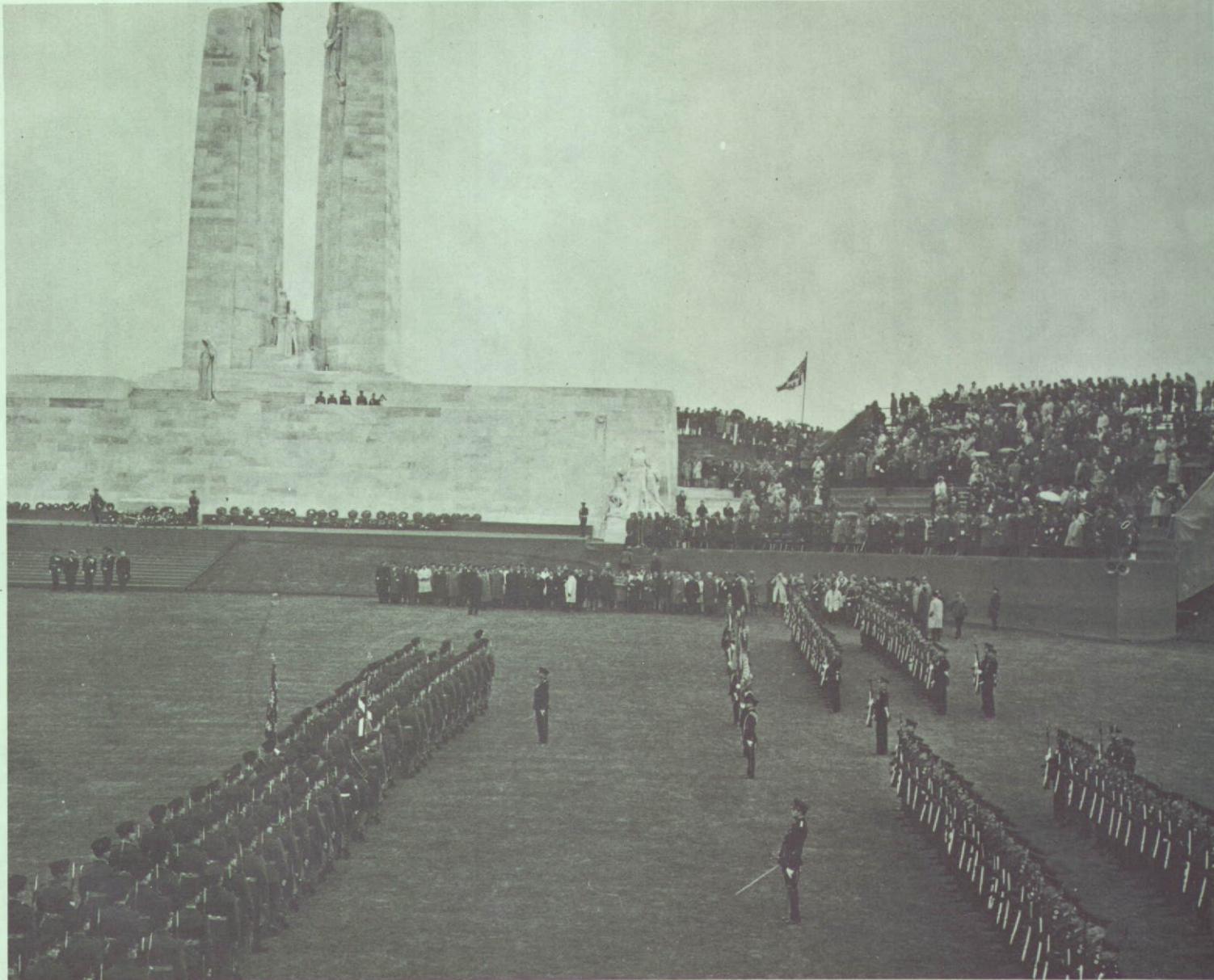
And what more natural than after the pomp and parading Mr. Claydon and his aged friends should exchange with men of The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment the soldier chit-chat that spans the years and bridges the Atlantic.

Mr. Claydon, who led a Canadian veterans' delegation, was already a hero when the day of the Vimy assault dawned. He won the Military Medal four days earlier.

And later in the war he gained the Croix de Guerre and lost a leg.

But on 9 April, as he told men of The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment, he was a scout with 43rd Battalion, The

March past of The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regt.



Cameron Highlanders of Canada. "My job," the British Columbian recalled, "was to see the Battalion stayed on the right line. It was," he added with formidable understatement, "pretty rough."

Just why did he and his fellow be-medalled veterans travel half-way round the world to the hill surmounted by an impressive twin-pylon memorial where they were inspected by the Duke of Edinburgh? "We thought we should be here," Mr Claydon, who celebrated his 17th birthday on Vimy (he was only 16 on the Somme) declared simply.

The young British soldiers smiled politely as he told the tale. But how could they not be affected by the emotion-charged atmosphere on the hill that day?

On this occasion the Britons were not the centre of attraction. It was definitely the day of the Canadians, especially the

French Canadian soldiers. Local people, tickled by their accents, clustered round them with affectionate curiosity.

The Vimy celebrations were not, unfortunately, without controversy. The French Government decided not to provide a Guard of Honour although one was listed on the official programme. An official spokesman was quoted as saying that it was purely a Canadian celebration because it was linked with this year's celebration of the centenary of the founding of the Canadian Confederation.

Le Figaro, the Paris newspaper, said the absence of French authorities was "inexplicable" and would wound all who valued Franco-Canadian friendship. And *The Times* said General de Gaulle "may have deliberately chosen to ignore the 50th anniversary of the Battle of Vimy Ridge... French veterans of the First World War,

French schoolchildren and ordinary Frenchmen from many miles around did not however agree."

They certainly did not. It was touching to see the warmth with which French families, who rolled up in their Simcas and Citroens from all over Northern France, greeted *les Canadiens*.

There was a choir from Arras. And in the wake of dozens of uniformed and top-hatted wreath-layers came schoolchildren from the villages around Vimy with their simple posies.

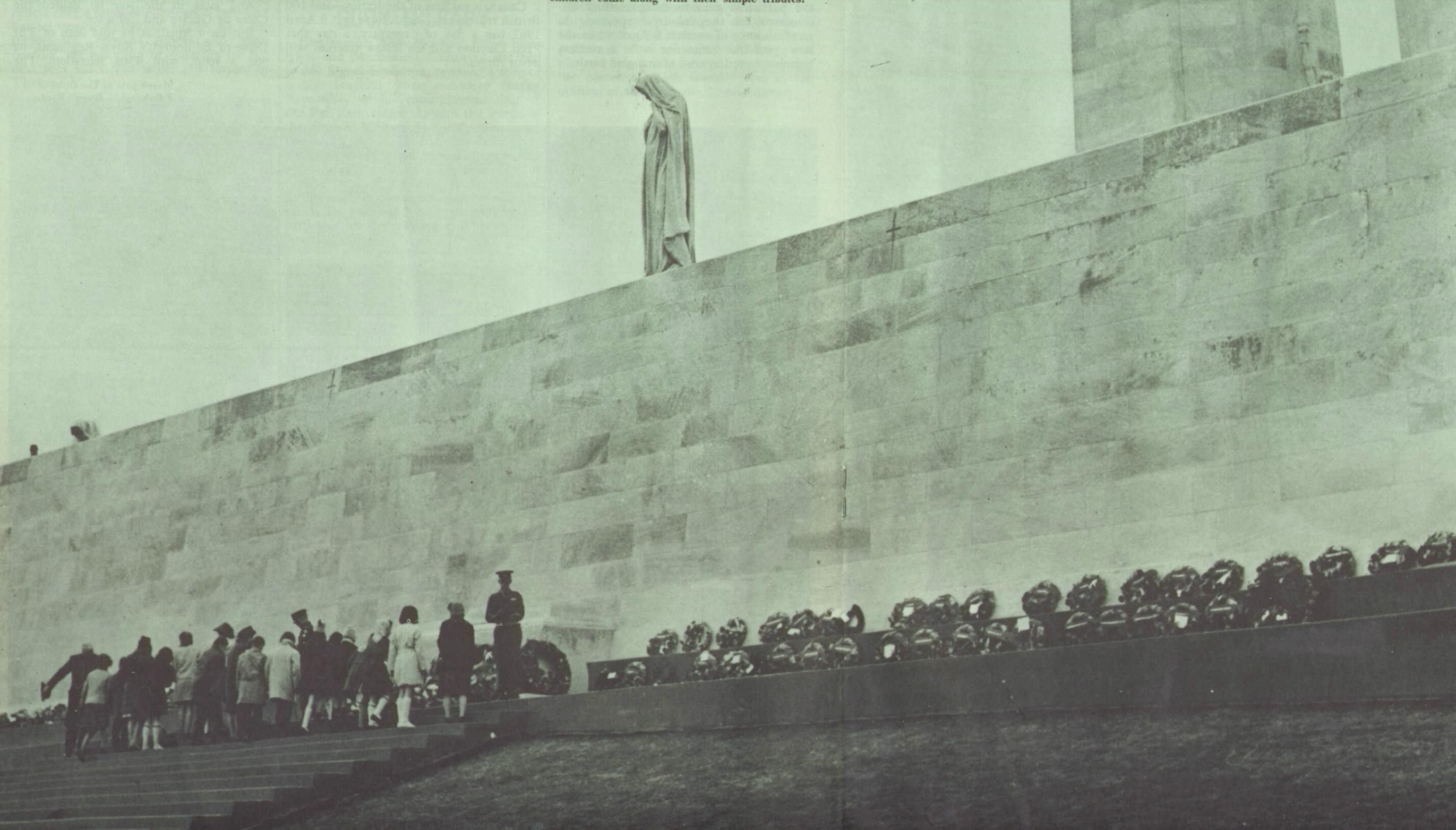
A wreath was laid by a French general. He and two soldiers appeared to be the only representatives of the French Army.

As the Duke of Edinburgh arrived a troop of 1st Regiment, Royal Canadian Horse Artillery, shattered the silence of the countryside with a 21-gun salute.

The Duke addressed the crowds in both

continued on page 26

The VIPs have placed their wreaths. Now French children come along with their simple tributes.



"This memorial marks an incident in history. It also has a very particular significance for the Canadian nation. By this token future generations of Canadians will know that their forefathers felt strongly enough about their friends and allies to cross the ocean and fight against naked aggression. But that is not the only lesson we learn from this memorial. All mankind must learn from this what happens when the personal ambition, pride and arrogance of its national leaders and the nationalism and aggressive instincts of a people drag half the world into war. The First Great War was bad enough but we did not learn the lesson and let it happen again. There will be no third warning. The next time will be the end."

The Duke of Edinburgh.



"The Battle of Vimy Ridge was not only a feat of arms. It was the birth of a nation and it is appropriate that as we celebrate the centennial anniversary of the creation of our country we should recognise the one event which above all others made it a nation half a century later."

Mr Pearson, Prime Minister of Canada, in a message read at Vimy by Mr Cadieux, Associate Minister of National Defence.



"There was a lot of bayonet work here."

Mr Fred Claydon, veteran of Vimy.

English and French and the memorial service was conducted in both languages by the Roman Catholic Chaplain-General and the Protestant Deputy Chaplain-General of the Canadian Forces.

Guards of Honour at the ceremony were provided by 2nd Battalion, The Royal Canadian Regiment; 2nd Battalion, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry; 2nd Battalion, The Royal 22e Regiment; and The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment.

Canadian officials said Canada was seeing the proceedings live on television via communications satellite. A posse of eager cameramen was herded skilfully by men of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, splendid in their red jackets.

As the service neared its conclusion, two Dakotas of the Royal Canadian Air Force zoomed low over the memorial and showered poppies on the hushed crowds.

Then the march past, with the Duke taking the salute. His Royal Regiment impressed everyone with its smartness and precision.

Then, suddenly, it was over. The rain, which had tried in vain to spoil the ceremony, did not encourage lingering. The crowds, the soldiers, the officials—all dispersed quickly. Soon Vimy Ridge was again the home of the ghosts of heroes.

A Royal Canadian Air Force Dakota rehearses its part in the ceremony. It was a dramatic climax.



Left: Dressed in the uniform of Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Canadian Regiment, the Duke of Edinburgh lays his wreath. Above: The Duke talks to Canadian veterans. Below: As a message from the Canadian Prime Minister is read, a soldier of Canada keeps guard at the monument.



War and peace. Once a hell on earth—now a place for a boy and girl.



BACK COVER



Head bowed, rifle reversed, a Canadian soldier watches over the memorial to the warriors who left Canada half-a-century before him—and who did not return.



BATTLE OF THE BUGS

DOWN in the jungle where the British soldier goes lurk greedy bugs with a taste for khaki-covered flesh. But they have not reckoned with a certain warrant officer who wears the entwined serpent badge of the Royal Army Medical Corps.

The fight against the diseases to which the globe-trotting British soldier is inevitably exposed begins in some draughty barrack room in the United Kingdom where the biggest menace is probably a stiff neck.

It is launched by the Army's preventive medicine "commando," 32-year-old Warrant Officer I Randolph Reid, leader and, apart from his corporal projectionist, only member of the Mobile Health Instruction Team.

The job of this stocky dark-haired bundle of energy, who holds civilian qualifications for public health and meat and food inspection (he trained for two years with Aldershot Council), is to prepare overseas-bound troops for the health hazards facing them.

And his work in the past year—he has lectured some 7000 men and visited every county in England and parts of Ireland and Scotland—has brought a flood of letters into the Army School of Health at Ash Vale, near Aldershot, where he is based, from grateful commanding officers.

Listen to his lectures and it is not

surprising. He talks in the men's own language and introduces much appreciated humour without detracting from the deadly—yes, that is the right word—seriousness of the subject.

As his projectionist, Corporal Bob Garton, says on the basis of before-and-after NAAFI chats with listeners: "The pre-lecture ignorance is pretty alarming. But the men seem to draw a lot from the talks."

Warrant Officer Reid's subjects range from snake-bite first-aid to athlete's foot prevention, from malaria avoidance to water purification. He says: "If we save ten blokes in a unit from disease then we have done a good job."

When a soldier enters the jungle, patrols the desert or goes on a scheme in Germany, knowledge of preventive medicine is as important a part of his equipment as his self-loading rifle. For disease can disable or kill more troops than the enemy.

Take a battalion of the Strategic Reserve, fly it to the tropics, put it into action. It may be a match for the foe but what may be a mild ailment to acclimatised soldiers could cripple it. As one Royal Army Medical Corps doctor puts it: "Acclimatised flesh and blood can stand more than unacclimatised flesh and blood." At the moment there is research into this big problem of soldiering in the sixties.

But the Army that "commando" Reid works with the energy of an all-round

Story by JOHN WRIGHT



Above: The hazards of dank jungle in Malaya and Borneo included terrorists, leeches and mosquitoes.

sportsman (which he is) to protect is healthier than it ever has been—and is probably one of the healthiest armies in the world.

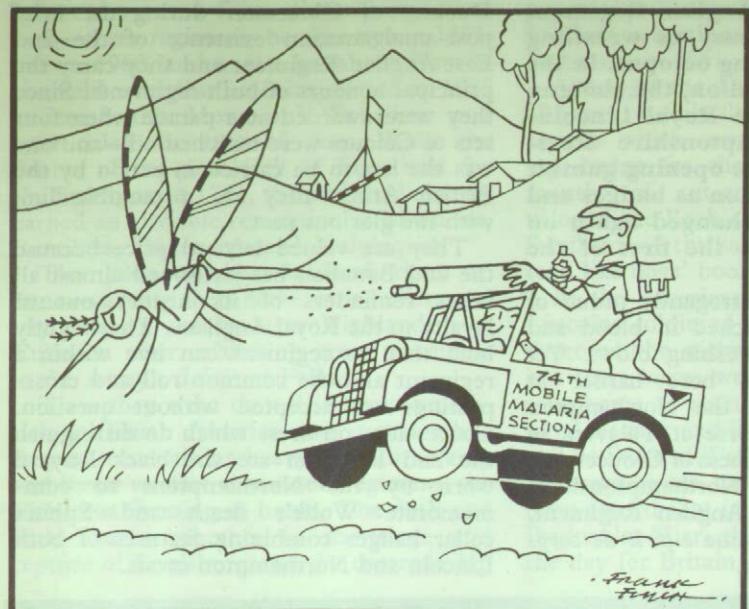
At the Army School of Health they tell you that not so long ago hundreds out of every 1000 British soldiers were admitted to hospital yearly, and add proudly that in 1965 the figure was 183, a record low.

Although soldiers of today rarely die from infectious disease, due to the miracle of modern treatments, there is no room for complacency. Important as ever are the principles of pure food and water and good sanitation. Or as Warrant Officer Reid might put it: "Wash your mitts before scoffing; don't drink out of streams; build good bogs."

In some regions of preventive medicine there has been a change of emphasis, as for example malaria. Before World War Two, soldiers protected themselves, or tried, by attacking the breeding grounds of the mosquito. Now they fight the fully grown insect with spray and repellent and a daily dose of paludrine.

A senior Royal Army Medical Corps officer says: "The reason why malaria and typhoid are now so rare in the Army

• HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?



These two pictures look alike, but they vary in ten minor details. Look at them very carefully. If you cannot detect the differences, see page 35.



Left: Warrant Officer Reid makes a point on the sterilisation of water during one of his talks. Above: An occasional "perk" in the Mobile Health Instruction Team's travels is a whiff of sea air.

It happened in **JUNE**

Date

- 3 Duke of Windsor married Mrs Simpson
- 5 Marshall Plan announced
- 7 Battle of Messines
- 15 Benjamin Franklin demonstrated electricity
- 16 Battle of Stoke
- 18 War between Britain and the USA began
- 20 Queen Victoria ascended the throne
- 20 Greyhound racing began at White City, London
- 21 Tobruk fell to the Germans
- 22 Northern Underground Line, London, opened
- 23 Battle of Plassey
- 26 American Expeditionary Force reached France

Year
1937
1947
1917
1752
1487
1812
1837
1927
1942
1907
1757
1917



2ND BATTALION THE ROYAL ANGLIAN REGIMENT



Above: The pre-amalgamation badges of the Royal Lincolns and the Northamptons. Elements of both are retained in collar badges worn by soldiers of The Royal Anglian Regiment's 2nd Battalion.

Right: Past a knocked out German tank, Lincolns double up a sunken road at Salerno, Italy, 1943.

Right: Incident in the 48th's famous action at Talavera. The fatally wounded Donellan hands over control: "Major Middlemore, you will have the honour of leading the 48th to the charge."

Far right: Both Lincolns and Northamptons were regiments of countrymen. The 10th gave a fine account of themselves in the Malayan Emergency.



TEN, FORTY-EIGHT AND FIFTY-EIGHT MAKE ONE

KEEPING tabs on the evolution of the Royal Anglian Regiment has been as easy as wrestling with a rapidly growing octopus. In the case of the 2nd Battalion, the shotgun amalgamation of the Royal Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire Regiments in 1960 was the opening gambit of a period of confusion as badges and titles changed and changed again on the pioneer route to the first of the large regiments.

For two regiments arrogantly proud of battlefield pedigrees etched in blood and bravery, these were crushing blows. Yet the Lincoln poachers bore harder at Sobraon in 1846 and the Northampton steelbacks knew far worse at Talavera in 1809. Now, as 2nd (Duchess of Gloucester's Own Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire) Battalion, The Royal Anglian Regiment, they march with the same *esprit de corps* and with Colours flying.

The Colours are those presented by the Duchess of Gloucester during the brief post-amalgamation existence of the 2nd East Anglian Regiment and they carry the principal honours of both regiments. Since they were awarded at a parade when four sets of Colours were marched off—and one was the last to be carried in action by the British Army—they are a tangible link with the glorious past.

They are valued beyond price because the 2nd Battalion has jettisoned almost all other reminders of its history out of loyalty to the Royal Anglians. They rightly hold that no regiment can live within a regiment and the common roll and cross-postings are accepted without question. Concessions on dress which do distinguish the 2nd Battalion are the black lanyard worn by the Northamptons to commemorate Wolfe's death and Sphinx collar badges combining features of both Lincoln and Northampton crests.

TEN, FORTY-EIGHT AND FIFTY-EIGHT MAKE ONE

The story of the 2nd Battalion is one of splendid returns from diminishing numbers—three regiments became two in 1881, one in 1960, and now a battalion. First in the field were the Lincolns, raised in 1685 to crush the Monmouth Rebellion and later titled the 10th of Foot. When the drums of the new 48th of Foot beat for the first time in 1741, the 10th had already earned an enviable reputation at Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet.

The 48th quickly followed them to fame—carving their name with bullets and bayonets on the luckless Highlanders at Culloden after exhibiting great steadiness in the Army's defeat at Falkirk.

Then they went on a disastrous expedition to North America and it was while they were sustaining heavy losses in swamp and forest warfare that a new regiment, the 58th, was forming at home. The 48th and 58th fought together in the siege and capture of Louisburg and the comradeship

they found on this and later campaigns prompted Cardwell to amalgamate these brothers in battle as The Northamptonshire Regiment in 1881.

Although the Lincolns spent a spell of 19 years on Gibraltar they saw none of the actions which won the outside Gibraltar cap badge for the Northamptons. Forty months of cut-and-thrust battling enveloped the Rock and the 58th were in the forefront of thrills and adventures which read like boys' book fiction.

In the American revolutionary war the Lincolns soldiered with a speed that fully deserved the nickname "The Springers," but their losses were heavy. When finally sent home to recruit, the Regiment mustered 39 rank and file—901 under strength.

The Duke of Wellington always regarded Talavera as his hardest battle and he left it on record that in this key conflict of the Peninsular War, the Northamptons saved the day for Britain. The Guards were sur-

rounded when the Regiment was ordered to rescue them with a counter-attack. As they moved forward to their formidable task, their colonel was hit by a musket ball which shattered his knee yet evidently left his etiquette unharmed. Sitting erect in the saddle, he called for his deputy, raised his hat, bowed and announced "Major Middlemore, you will have the honour of leading the 48th to the charge." After a superb advance through panicking remnants of other regiments the Northamptons swung the battle with their deadly fire and bayonet charges.

The moment that makes or breaks men and regiments for ever came to the Lincolns in 1846 when they were ordered to advance on an army of 35,000 well-trained Sikhs at Sobraon. Volleys of fire blasted their ranks yet the iron-disciplined Regiment marched on in total silence. The silence, the menace of the halt for breath taken under the very mouths of the Sikh cannon and the cheers and flashing bayonets in the final charge destroyed the native army.

The campaigns of the next 70 years in New Zealand, the Crimea, South Africa and Egypt involved the two regiments in many hard-fought battles. It is a tragic measure of the 1914-18 bloodbath that in retrospect these seem no more than an inconsequential prelude. Throughout the four-year hell of World War One the Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire soldiers never wavered from their awful duty. Battalions died, were rebuilt and wiped out again yet the spirit was inextinguishable and cases of individual and collective gallantry were as numerous at the end as in the beginning.

The two regular Lincoln battalions fought 30 pitched battles, and half the 20,000 men who served in them were killed, wounded or posted missing. Four members of the Northampton 6th Battalion won Victoria Crosses and the thinly populated agricultural county mourned 6000 dead.

No one could have imagined from their deeds in this war and later in World War Two, when Lincoln and Northampton battalions fought with distinction in every theatre, that time was running out for the separate existence of the two regiments. Yet though the Lincolns were honoured with the prefix "Royal" in 1946, the loss of a battalion apiece through reorganisation was a bad omen.

Highlights of the post-war era were the Royal Lincolns' much praised operations against terrorists in Malaya and the Northamptons' patrol work in Korea after the cessation of hostilities.

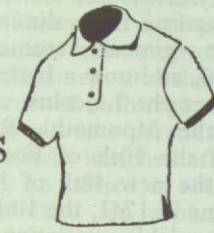
Since amalgamation 2nd Battalion, The Royal Anglian Regiment, has served in Germany and Cyprus. Active service has not come its way, but high morale, and success in training and sport have proved the 2nd Battalion soldiers worthy successors to their heritage. On their return from Cyprus next month, Felixstowe will house a new-old battalion which may serve as a model for the rest of the Army on the best combination of both worlds.



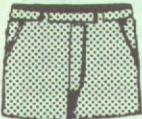
Summer is



a new camera... is gay shirts



... brief shorts



... is a bright new

bicycle



... days on the beach

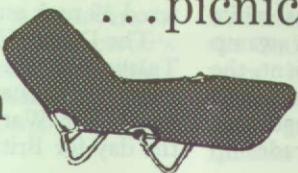


... is a portable radio



... picnics

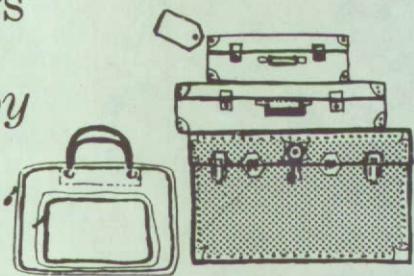
and dozey days in the garden



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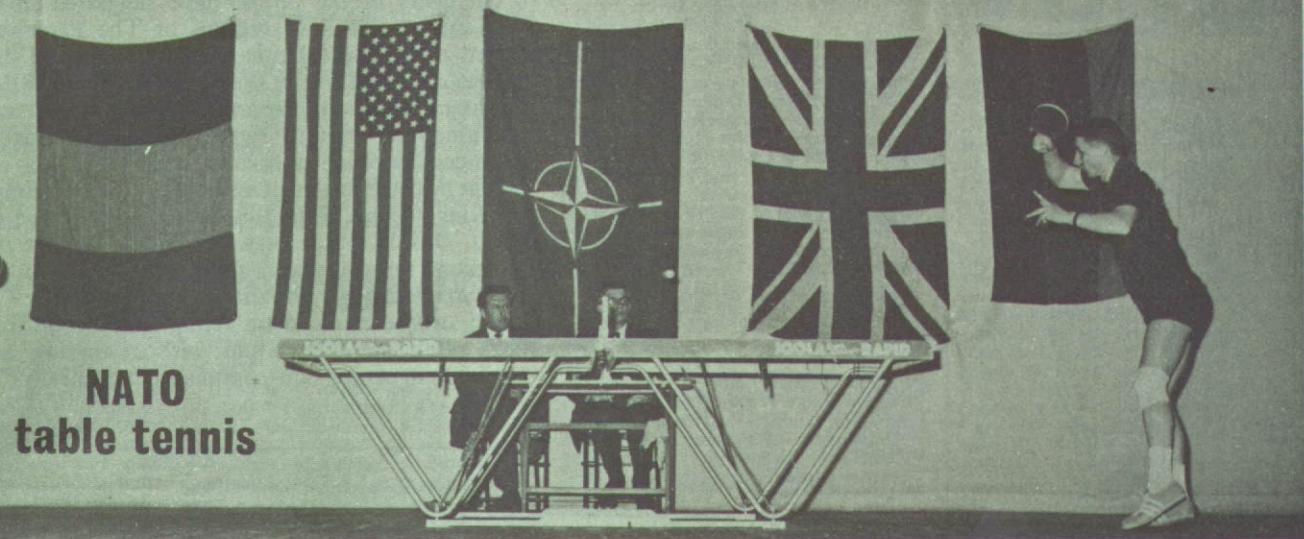
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NATO table tennis

PREDOMINANT among unofficial Army games which the Army Sport Control Board has yet to adopt are chess, table tennis and orienteering. The first two have been knocking at the door in vain for years while orienteering, much more recently introduced to British soldiers, is also unrecognised despite its superiority to cross-country running.

All three are practised in Rhine Army where table tennis has now taken a big step forward with a NATO Armed Forces tournament. It was conceived, organised and staged by the new Rheindalen Area Joint Services Table Tennis League which

is composed largely of British Army teams with a small Royal Air Force and civilian component.

The League's two-fold aim was to inaugurate an annual NATO tournament and persuade the British Army to accept table tennis as a recognised sport. The first ambition has certainly succeeded for the German forces have already agreed to sponsor the second tournament, to be held at Munster next year.

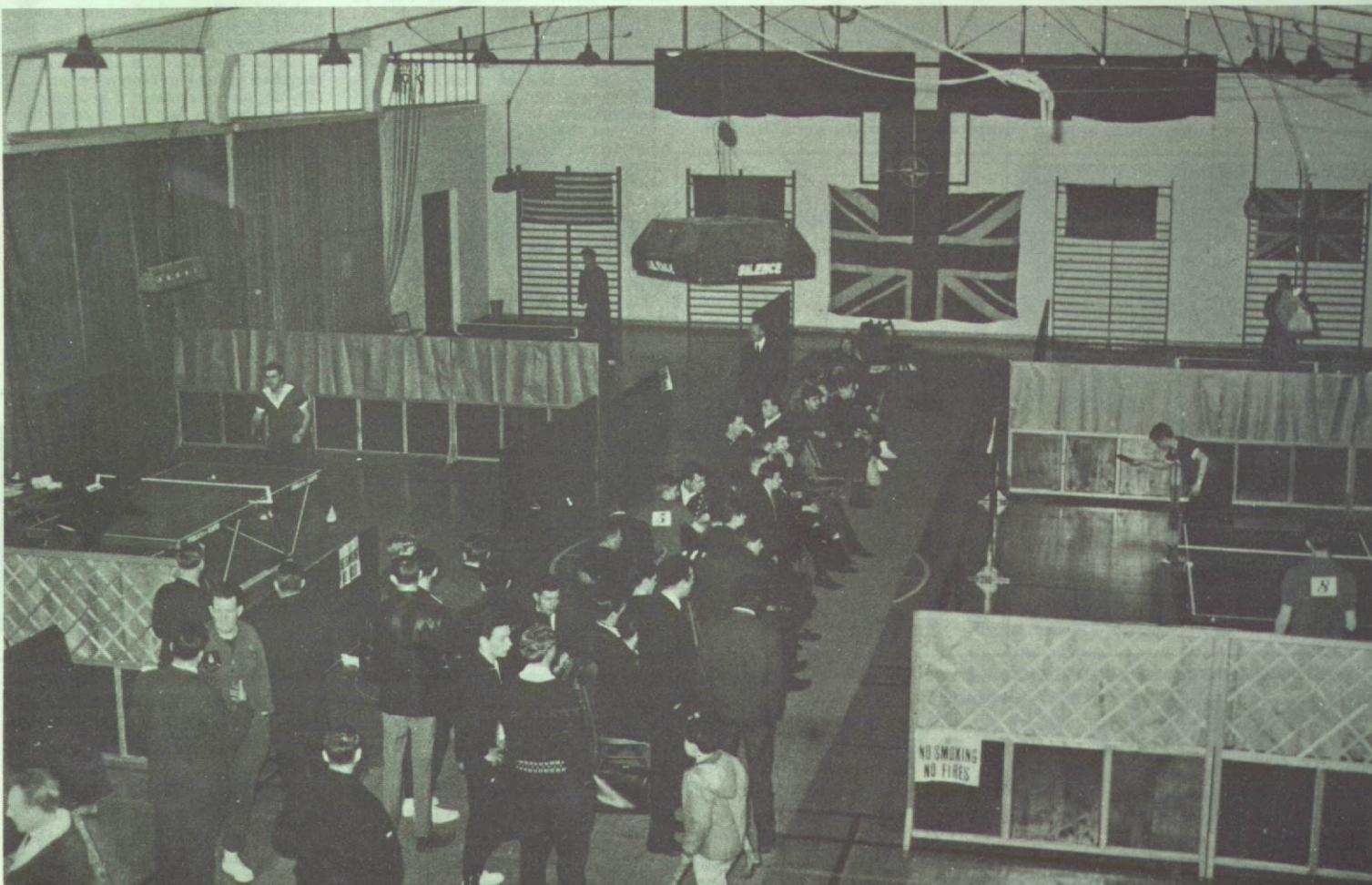
Teams and individuals from the German, Belgian, British and United States forces serving in Germany competed in the inaugural tournament at Rheindalen. In the team semi-finals the young Rhine

Army side lost to the Royal Air Force team which in turn was well beaten in the final by a strong German team which included the 1963 German junior champion.

In the individual final, a particularly thrilling match of skill and agility, Obergefreiter Berndt Lorenze, of the German 20 Panzer Pioneer Company, defeated Adjutant Ponte of the Belgian Army.

The trophies were presented by Mrs Diane Scholer, formerly Diane of the Rowe twins and an ex-world champion, who also gave a sparkling demonstration against Mr Paul Williams, of the Command Secretariat at Headquarters, British Army of the Rhine.

Above: Obergefreiter Lorenz (Germany) (left) on his way to defeating Adjutant Ponte (Belgium) in the individual final. Below: Preliminary rounds.



LETTERS



friends and allies of the House. The response so far is indicative of coping with the cost of the dry rot, but not very much more.

It has been suggested to me by one donor, an Old Contemptible and a member of the Friends of St George's, Ypres, that SOLDIER might mention this, not so much as a general appeal but for the information of some of those veterans whose memories include Poperinge, maybe Talbot House itself, but who are not in touch with us.

It may even be that some regiment with associations with Poperinge in those days would like to be associated with the Founder Padre and his friends in this operation. The retired members of the Queen's Westminsters, for example, who helped him construct the chapel in the loft, are doing something to help again. We shall obviously be grateful for whatever help we can get.

You may like to know that the Founder Padre, now turned 81, is making a fine recovery from an operation for cataract—and still refuses to "fade away!"—F C Campbell, Public Relations Secretary, Toc H, 15 Trinity Square, London EC3.

Scottish collectors

Readers may be interested to know that, thanks to the mention in February Letters, the Scottish Military Collectors Society is now firmly established with branches in Edinburgh and Glasgow. The Society also has a bi-monthly journal covering all aspects of military collecting, including military miniatures. Further details may be obtained from Commander Ian Hamilton RN, Kilbride Croft, Balvicar, Isle of Seil, By Oban, Argyll.—G Robinson, Hon Sec, 36 Grove Street, Fountainbridge, Edinburgh 3.

Skydiving

I read with interest the article "Skydiving to War" (January).

With regard to equipment, surely the jumper is not going to carry his helmet and oxygen around after he has landed? Conversely, would not the cost of discarding them be high in a drop in any great strength?

I noticed that the weapon carried was a self-loading rifle. Is there any reason (effects of altitude, temperature etc) why this weapon is favoured, as I would have thought weight-wise that the AR15 (Armalite) would have been more suitable?—Pte P H Starling, 12 Coy RAMC, Royal Herbert Hospital, Woolwich, London SE18.

All this is summed up in an appeal letter which some of our veteran members have addressed mainly to their contemporaries or at least to old

MBE for Sergeants?

Members of the public have suggested in the national Press that the captain and sergeant of The Parachute Regiment who rowed across the Atlantic should be awarded the same decoration as was accorded to the four Beatles—the MBE. In fact the MBE (Military Division) cannot be awarded to anyone below commissioned or warrant rank, which would exclude the sergeant from consideration or recommendation.

The Most Excellent Order of the British Empire was instituted by King George V in June 1917, making this its Golden Jubilee year. Would it not be a democratic gesture if, to celebrate this occasion, sergeants and their equivalents in the other Services were made eligible for admission to the Order? The higher grades could still be retained for senior officers but in these enlightened days surely the MBE could, without any loss of dignity, be made available to senior non-commissioned ranks.—"Fuzilier."

★ Skydiving operations are visualised in limited numbers and loss of equipment would not cost much more than the loss of the parachutes. Helmets and oxygen would be buried.

The SLR is the battle rifle on general issue at present. The AR15 would certainly be easier to carry.

Knocking NAAFI

I have recently read the NAAFI Annual Report for 1966. It is an excellent piece of propaganda and any unenlightened person reading it must conclude that NAAFI is of great service to the Serviceman.

This is far from reality. Last year NAAFI had a record turnover—why,

when the number of Servicemen diminishes? Various reasons are given but only one makes any sense—Servicemen are being paid more. Another reason is not even mentioned—during the last two years many corporals' clubs and unit-operated bars have been compulsorily closed or placed under NAAFI control. Thus a useful source of funds for corporals' clubs and PRI is diminished and the soldier has to tolerate service that can at best be graded as "indifferent."

NAAFI prices are often higher than elsewhere. Here in Hong Kong, for instance, photographic and radio equipment can be bought in civilian stores for an average 12% less than in NAAFI establishments.

A new NAAFI club was opened here recently. Externally it is very smart and imposing but inside are the same plywood and bamboo furnishings that would disgrace even a local peasant's home. This club received good publicity in the Report yet no mention was made of the Nissen-hutted establishments that many of us have to tolerate.

Despite all this we are exhorted to support NAAFI. Perhaps if NAAFI lived up to its motto of "Servitor servientum" a few more of us would!

"This reply is necessarily brief but if your correspondent would read further in the annual report (pages 28-29) he will find fuller answers to most of his questions.

"If he would care to learn anything



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S2

of conditions before the Services set up their own trading organisation, he should read 'Canteens in the British Army' by Sir John Fortescue."

Unit history

I am writing a history of 8 Casualty Clearing Station, Royal Army Medical Corps, at present serving in Johore, Malaysia. If any readers can help by sending me any information I shall be very grateful.—WOI M Cass RAMC, 8 Casualty Clearing Station, c/o GPO Kluang, Johore, Malaysia.

Soldiering Irish

As a first generation American of Irish blood I truly enjoyed the article about the "Fighting 69th" (February). The old barriers are coming down and the old hatreds dying when a magazine of your standing prints such an article.

We Irish are proud of our military tradition whether the uniform is British red, American khaki or "our own beloved green." I served with a sister regiment of the 69th, the 106th Infantry, and after 33 years I am still serving. My son Brian is a captain and has just returned from Vietnam; another son, Rory, is in military prep school and my three-year-old son Sean, God willing, will follow this tradition too. My great-grandfathers were in the Crimean War, one with The Connaught Rangers, and a grand-uncle, John Cox, died at Gallipoli. My wife's grandfather was with the Irish Brigade at Gettysburg.

—H P Hood, 112 West Drive, North Massapequa, New York, USA.

This well known Wellingtonian remark was, I have always understood, not made by the Duke about British soldiers but referred to those of his allies. The story goes that two civilian dignitaries, whose names I forget, were sent out from England to visit the British Army during the Peninsular War. One of these, on seeing some allied (Spanish or Portuguese) troops, asked who they were. The Duke told him and he replied "They must terrify their enemies." The Duke's retort was the one quoted in the article.—Lieut-Col G R C Barnett, Park House, Watnall, Nottingham.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(see page 29)

The two pictures vary in the following respects:

1 Door of middle hut. 2 Length of mosquito's right foreleg. 3 Top left corner of tree third from right. 4 Design of flash on vehicle. 5 Black pattern at top of mosquito's near wing. 6 Bottom right corner of vehicle. 7 Length of barrier pole of camp. 8 Nozzle of spray gun. 9 Right leg of standing soldier. 10 Hub of front wheel.

ALL IN THE HEAD

This fourth competition in the popular code series brought in a large entry with a ratio of five correct to each incorrect. Because of the number of entries two additional prizes have been awarded in the sections for CCF/ACF, TA/AER/T & AVR, junior soldiers/apprentices, and an additional prize in the sections for British Women's Services and Commonwealth Service-man or woman.

The solution was:

"Although you can usually work out a cryptogram on an assumption that E occurs most, it is not always so as this particular illustration shows you." The letter E was, of course, used only once.

The solution was:

"Although you can usually work out a cryptogram on an assumption that E occurs most, it is not always so as this particular illustration shows you." The letter E was, of course, used only once.

Prizewinners:

1 Mrs D M Henry, c/o Cpl Henry, Ration Stores, BMH, BFPO 24.
2 J. Wood, 12 Anzio Road, Caterick Camp, Yorks.
3 Cpl F E Crowley, WRAC Platoon, HQ Coy, Berlin Inf Bde, BFPO 45.

4 Officer Cadet D J Power (Leeds University OTC), 116 Blackman Lane, Leeds 7, Yorks.

5 G H Morris, Police Advisor, Joint Services Liaison Organisation, Dusseldorf, BFPO 34.
6 Cpl D Hayes, 7 Sqn Workshop, Jellahabab Barracks, Tidworth, Hants.

7 K J Perry, 81 Elmbridge Avenue, Surbiton, Surrey.
8 S/Sgt A Costelloe RE, c/o WOs and Sgts Mess, 25 Corps Engr Regt, BFPO 36.

9 J H Bond (CCF), York House, Welbeck College, Worksop, Notts.
G R Bliss, Nottingham High School CCF, Waverley Mount, Nottingham; P Thompson (Sgt, Truro Cathedral School CCF), St Pirans, 28 Lamellyn Drive, Truro, Cornwall.

10 Capt J H Haywood RAPC, 23 Heythrop Grove, Moseley, Birmingham 13; Sgt A Smith, (4th/5th Bn, The Hampshire Regt), 112 Tengham Road, Heron Wood, Aldershot, Hants; WO II F W Gooch RCT, TA Centre, Carters Green, West Bromwich, Staffs.

11 A/T D McCullagh, 65C Block, 6, A Coy, AAC, Beachley Camp, Chepstow, Mon; A/T J Phipps, 65A, A Coy, AAC, Beachley Camp, Chepstow, Mon; A/Cpl P J Seamounts, 65A Block 6, A Coy, AAC, Beachley, Chepstow, Mon.

12 No award (British Gurkha).

13 Pte B A Carty, WRAC Detachment, FVRDE, Box 2, Chobham Lane, Chertsey, Surrey; Sgt L M Burbidge WRAC, Army Careers Information Office, 110 East Street, Prettlewell, Southend-on-Sea, Essex.

14 Capt J A Canessa, The Gibraltar Regiment (R), 31 Scud Hill, Dorchester, Dorset.

Gibraltar; Maj A E Clare, 3 Bouthillier, St Jean PQ, Canada.
15 Caporal-Chef Franz Heinrich Brass, CRLE-CT3 (La Legion Etrangere), Caserne Guyemer, Strasbourg-Neudorf (67), France.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

E Walker, Zenith, Doncaster Road, Barburgh, Doncaster, Yorks.—Requires all badges and helmet plates bearing Queen Victoria's crown, especially Volunteer Yeomanry forces. Also old type Cameronian badge.

D Macpherson, 88a 6th Avenue, Mayfair, Johannesburg, S Africa.—Has large selection of rare Police, British and South African to exchange for Scottish badges, helmet, cap, sword belt buckles, especially Royal Scots officer's helmet plate and Transvaal Scottish Volunteer badges. All letters welcome.

I A Hector, 63 Ham Park Road, London E15.—Collects stamps of Germany and Colonies and would purchase—especially 1945-50.

P Millington, 403 Rugeley Road, Hedsor, Staffs.—Collects British Army cap badges. Correspondence welcomed.

M Rees, 5 Upper Church Street, Bargoed, Glamorgan, S Wales.—Collects military postcards and viewcards. Correspondence welcomed, especially from forces and overseas.

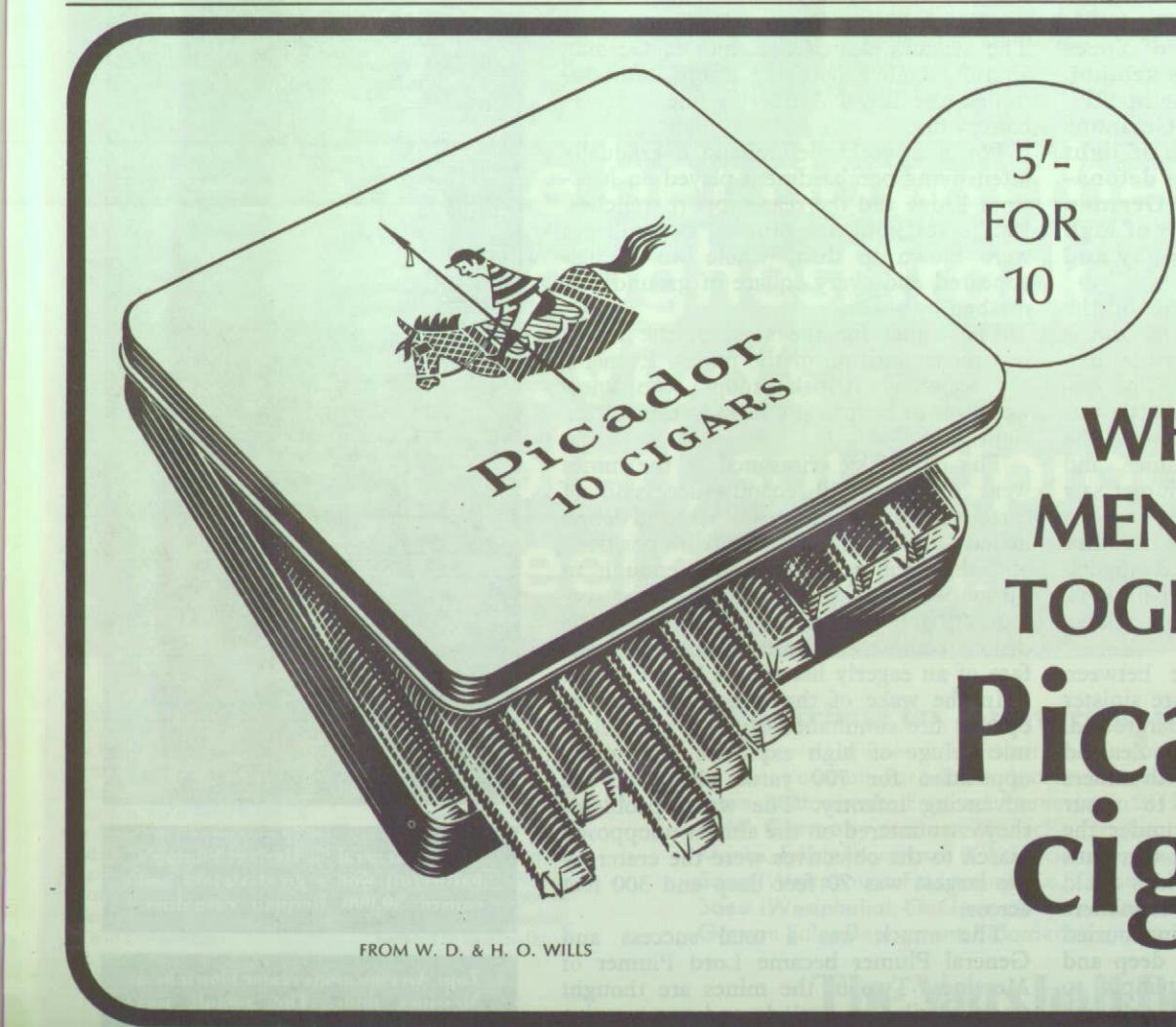
A W J Wilks, 1212 N Formosa, Los Angeles 46, California 90046, USA.—Wishes to purchase British Royal Armoured Corps cap and collar badges, metal and cloth shoulder titles, histories etc. Correspondence from other collectors of similar items welcomed.

REUNION

The Dorset Regiment Association. Annual reunion and dinner at The Barracks, Dorchester, 9 September. Details from Secretary, The Keep, Dorchester, Dorset.

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cigars



FROM W. D. & H. O. WILLS



MESSINES Ridge is a long low slope rising to a paltry summit of 250 feet. But he who holds Messines dominates the town of Ypres and the countryside for miles around. Until 3.10 on a spring morning in 1917, the situation was simple—the Germans had it, we wanted it. At that half-light hour on 7 June British sappers detonated 19 mines under the German positions and a million pounds of high explosive changed the topography and ownership of Messines Ridge.

The action stands out as one of the brilliant allied victories of the war and it was won with amazingly few casualties in a unique and fascinating fashion. The objectives were limited, in fact the battle was a private bout for local gains between the Ypres commander, General Plumer, and his German opposite number. Plumer saw the reduction of Messines as a siege against a fortress, and, for once, the infantry played second fiddle to gunners and sappers. He took a year over his preparations, planned minutely and briefed from a huge scale model.

Beneath the surface struggle between clearly defined front lines, a more sinister form of warfare developed underground. In dank galleries, Australian, New Zealand and Canadian tunnellers toiled with miners from Wales and Lancashire to scour caverns for the explosive deep under the German positions. When the Germans began counter-mines and both sides could hear enemy excavations, the tunnellers worked in constant dread of being buried alive. But Plumer's mines were deep and the German counter-attack attempts to blow them up were successful in only one case.

Sharing the Messines Ridge honours with the courageous human moles were the Royal Flying Corps and the gunners. The aviators cleared the skies of German aircraft, strafed marching troops and controlled the Royal Artillery's fine counter-battery fire.

For five weeks beforehand a gradually intensifying bombardment played on Messines Ridge and the rear support trenches. In the softening up process, two villages were blown to dust, whole woods disappeared and every square of ground was mashed by shells.

The signal for the start of the attack was the detonation of the mines. Even for the watching British troops who knew what was to happen it was an awe-inspiring sight.

The dawn sky crimsoned as the mines went off in a 30-second succession of earth-shattering eruptions. Rocks and debris rained down on the British positions and the tremors were strong enough to throw people off their feet. The noise was indescribable—it reached England as a distant rumble and brought a smile to the face of an eagerly listening Lloyd George.

In the wake of the mines the artillery opened fire simultaneously and a cataclysmic deluge of high explosive neutralised opposition for 700 yards ahead of the advancing infantry. The worst problems they encountered on the almost unopposed march to the objectives were the craters—the largest was 70 feet deep and 300 feet across.

The attack was a total success and General Plumer became Lord Plumer of Messines. Two of the mines are thought to have failed to explode and one remains untraced to this day.



Above: General Sir Herbert Plumer's battlecraft won a great victory and caused 30,000 German casualties.

Top: An enormous crater blown by a Messines mine. The assault was hampered by their unexpected size.



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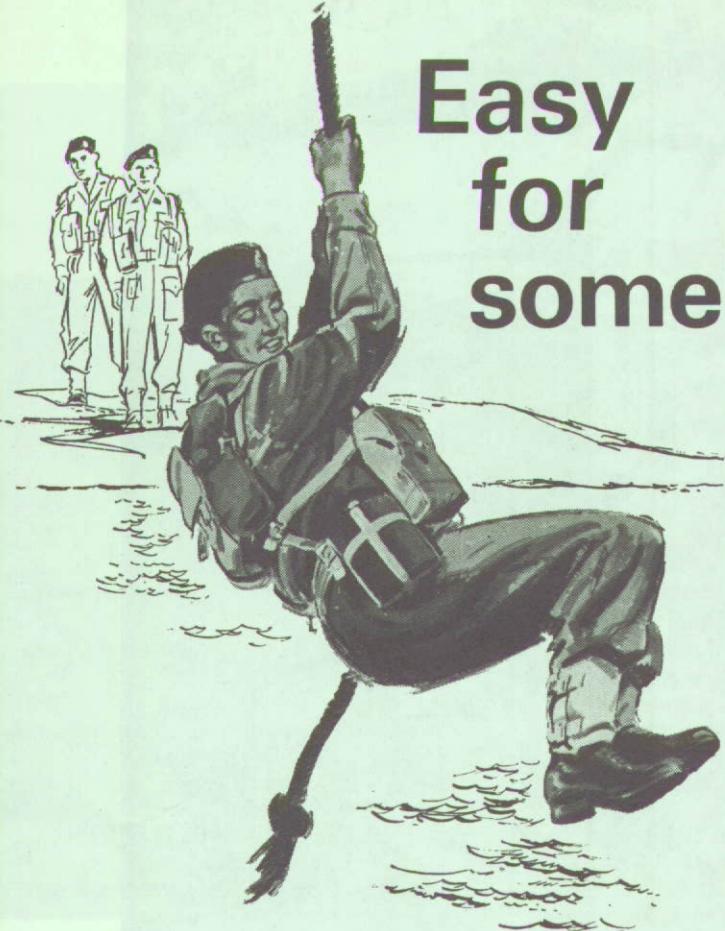
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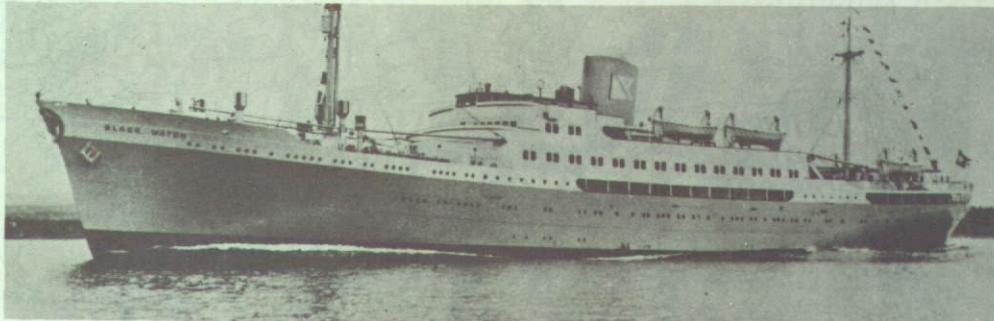
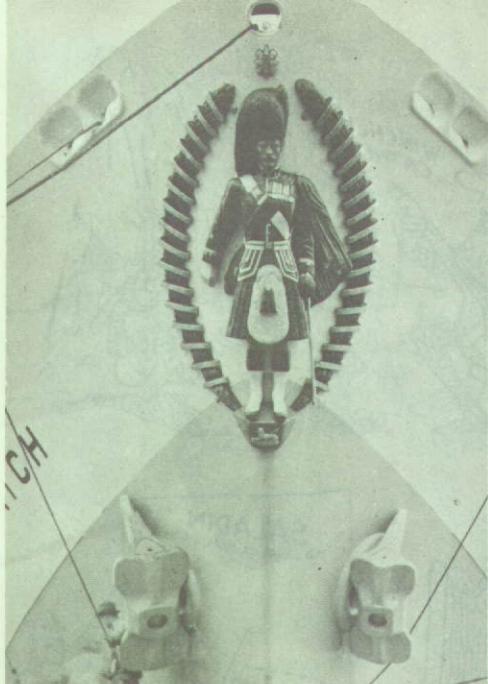
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Launched, captured, bombed, sunk, salvaged — and restored



The fine figurehead (left) of a Black Watch officer in ceremonial dress was mounted on the prow of the ship Black Watch (above) built in 1939 for the Fred Olsen Line's Oslo-Newcastle service.

A SHIP's figurehead of a Black Watch officer that found a life on the ocean wave too much of a good thing has been given a distinguished retirement on *terra firma* by a Norwegian shipping line.

Crusted in barnacles, sea-stained and shabby, the figurehead now hangs over the company's London offices after a sea-going career in which it was launched, captured, bombed, sunk and salvaged—all in the space of 24 years.

The bronze figurehead was cast 30 years ago by Ormulf Bast, a Norwegian sculptor, for the Fred Olsen Line's new motor liner Black Watch. Like her sister ship Black Prince she was named to honour historical connections between England and Scotland while carrying passengers between Newcastle and Oslo. The ships had been commissioned only a few months when war broke out and they were laid up

in a Norwegian fjord as grain warehouses.

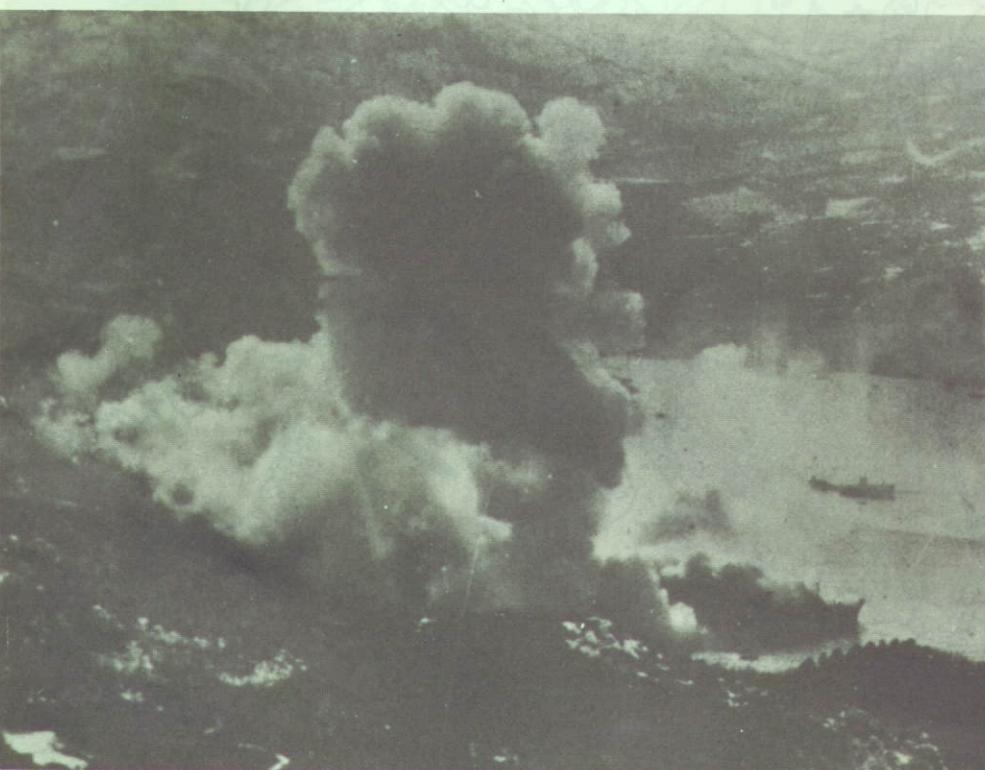
Injury followed indignity in 1940 when the invading Germans commandeered the sister ships—Black Prince for trooping and Black Watch as a supply and communications centre in North Norway. The Royal Air Force accounted for Black Prince with a bombing raid in 1943, but Black Watch, by then a submarine depot ship, survived all but two days of the war. On 5 May 1945, Fleet Air Arm Avengers took off from HMS Trumpeter to attack the ship with 500-pound bombs. She duly went down in 150 feet of water at Kilbotn near Harstad.

No more was heard of the ship until in 1963 a salvage firm began operations to recover her hull for scrap. In the intervening years much water had passed over the bridge, yet the first part of the ship to break surface was the still-intact figurehead.

As two modern ships with the same

names now ply between London and the Canary Islands, the company thought it appropriate to put the two figureheads to use ashore. The imposing prowpiece of the Black Watch officer dressed in review order of 1914 vintage now guards the fortunes of the company's offices in Regent Street, London, while the Black Prince, complete with armour and horses, is to be seen at the Fred Olsen Line passenger terminal in Oslo.

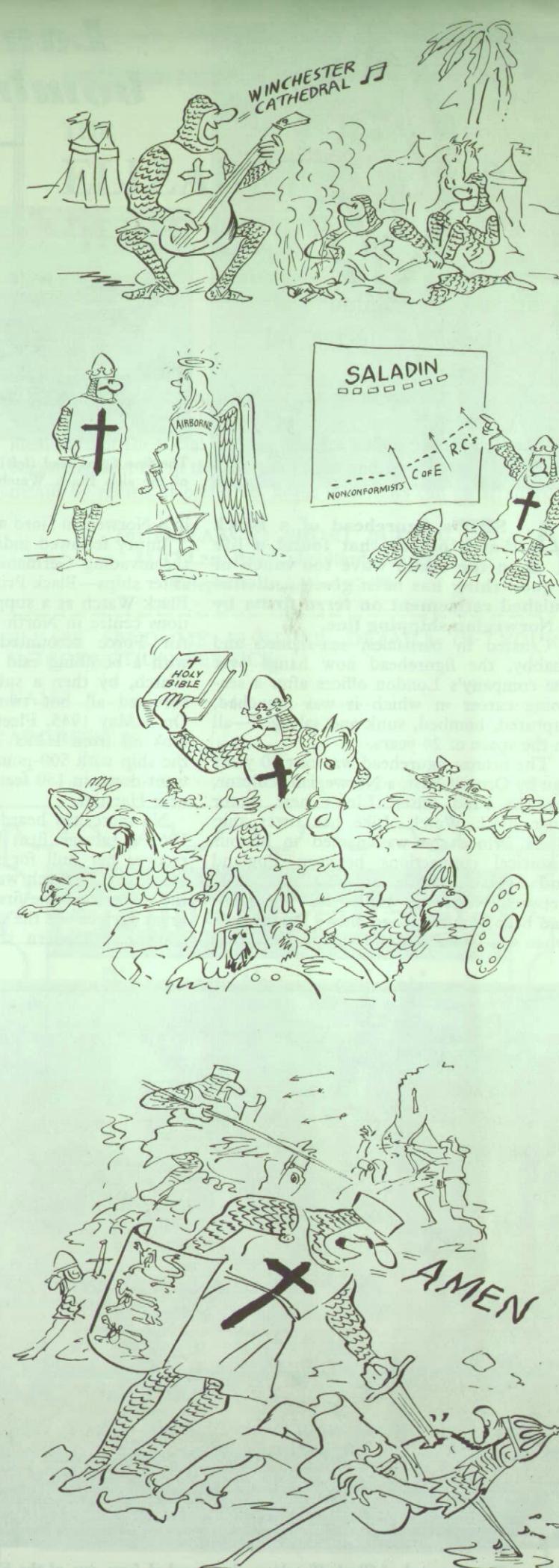
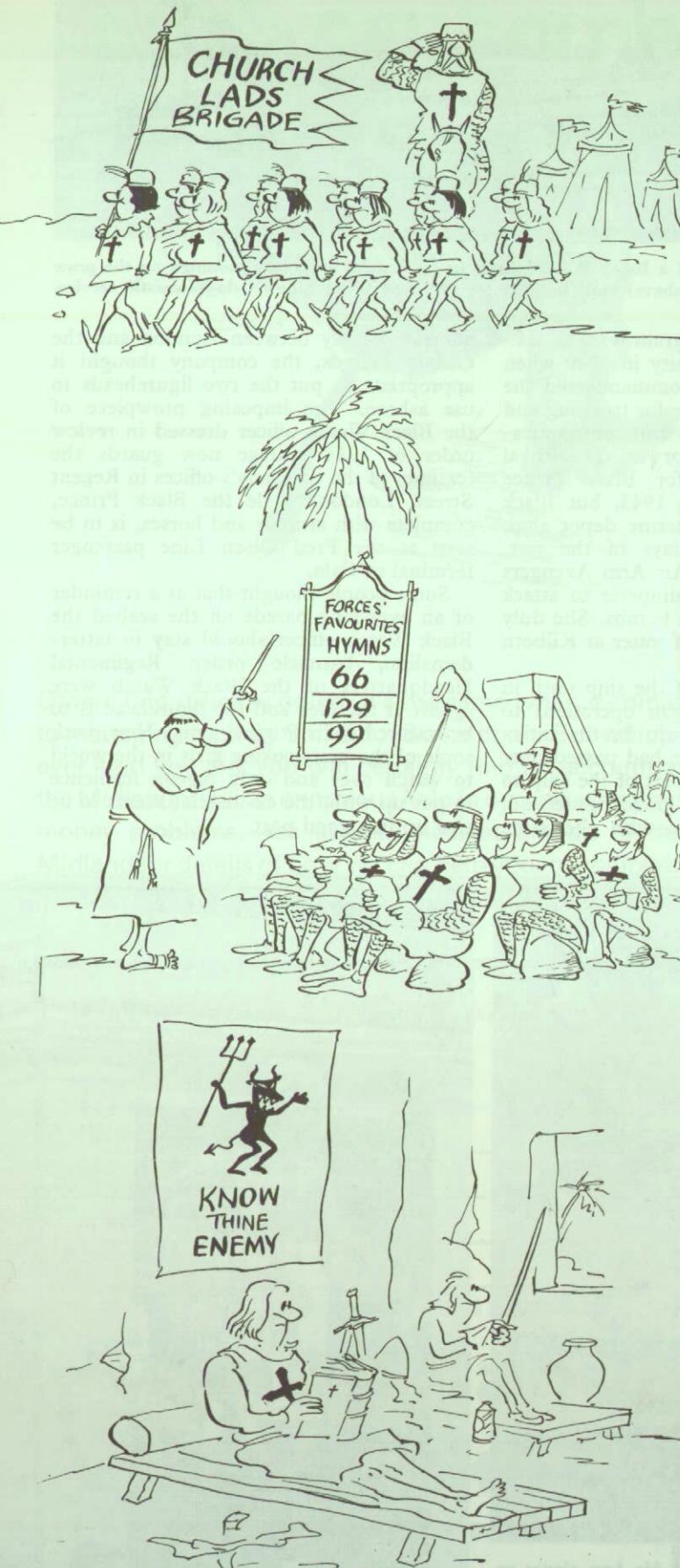
Some people thought that as a reminder of an over-long parade on the seabed the Black Watch officer should stay in tattered demalion, barnacle order. Regimental Headquarters of the Black Watch were aghast at the idea and the figurehead is to be restored to its original glory. Now, with some of the best-looking girls in the world to watch over and only pigeon insolence to put up with, the ex-matelot seems to be tied up in a good port.



Above: The fiery end of Black Watch as photographed from one of the Fleet Air Arm planes on the bombing raid. Right: The salvaged figurehead as it appeared in Regent Street before renovation.

THE CRUSADERS

by Larry





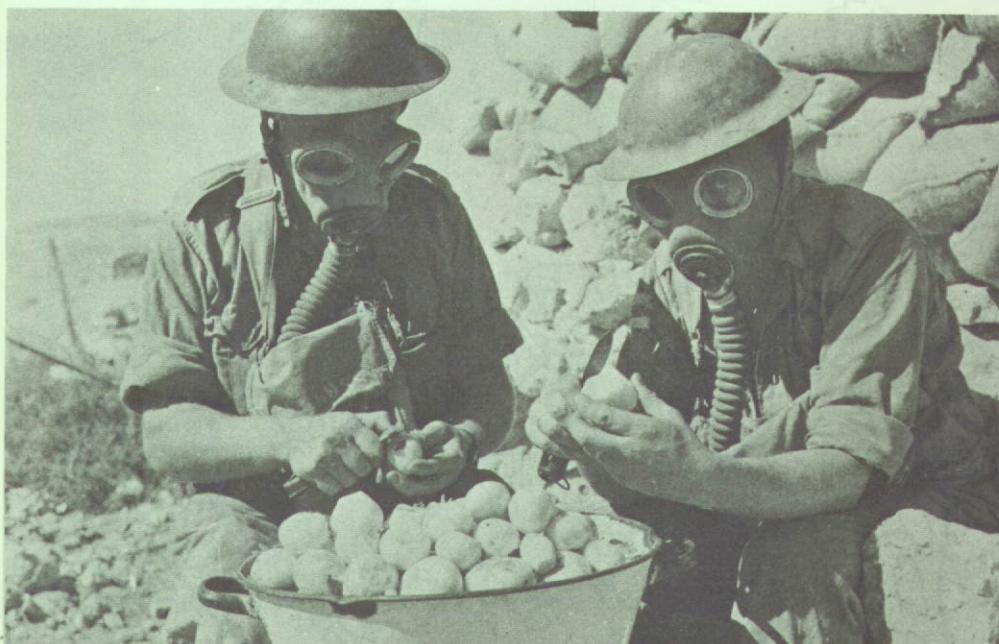
The colonel writes while (right) the private of the WRAC types. Both have to use gas masks.



Other speaker probably thinks it's a bad line.



They did it, too—Western desert, World War Two.



MASQUERADE

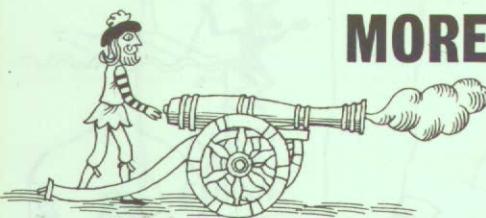
IT is like a scene from Quatermass . . . Dr Who . . . or even Batman. One minute they are ordinary-looking British soldiers, the next minute the horrible epitome of everything you wouldn't like to meet in a dark street at night!

The transformation occurs every Wednesday at Headquarters 1 (British) Corps in Rhine Army. You enter an office and there's a pretty private of the Women's Royal Army Corps answering the telephone while wearing a gas mask.

If you think this a difficult operation, you're right. But the girls cope. So do high-ranking officers and storemen. Between 11am and noon everybody is supposed to wear a gas mask, but, of course, the farther from the centre of things and the fewer the people wearing them.

As one senior officer said: "The idea is for us to get accustomed to them while working. But they make it difficult to speak and they restrict breathing."

MORE MILITARY MUSEUMS



Museums not included in previous lists are:

HEREFORDSHIRE HEREFORDSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY (TERRITORIAL) MUSEUM

Address: T A Centre, Harold Street, Hereford.
Open: Monday to Friday 0900 to 1700 (and when Centre is open for training evenings and weekends).

Curator: Caretaker.

SHROPSHIRE

SHROPSHIRE YEOMANRY MUSEUM

Address: Territorial House, Sundorne Road, Shrewsbury.
Open: Monday to Friday 0900 to 1700 (and when House is open for training evenings and weekends).

Curator: Mr G Archer Parfitt.

(This museum also includes the Shropshire RHA Museum).

KING'S SHROPSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY (TERRITORIAL) MUSEUM

Address: The Drill Hall, Coleham, Shrewsbury.
Open: Monday to Friday 0900 to 1700 (and when Drill Hall open for training evenings and weekends).

Curator: Adjutant.

YORKSHIRE

CASTLE MUSEUM

Address: York.

Open: Monday to Saturday (April to September) 0930 to 1930; Sunday (April to September) 1400 to 1930; Monday to Saturday (October to March) 0930 to 1630; Sunday (October to March) 1400 to 1630. Admission 1s 6d.

Curator: Mr R Patterson.

SCOTLAND

LOWLAND BRIGADE DEPOT MUSEUM

Address: Glencorse Barracks, Milton Bridge, Penicuik, Midlothian.

Open: Monday to Saturday 0900 to 1230, 1400 to 1630.

Curator: Mr Lyle.

Amendment

WARWICKSHIRE

WARWICKSHIRE AND WORCESTERSHIRE YEOMANRY MUSEUM

Curator: For Major M B Haycock read Lieutenant-Colonel M B Haycock.

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ACROSTICODE

HERE is another new type of SOLDIER competition combining an acrostic and a substitution code. This acrosticode is not easy and will take a little time and thought.

Enter the answers to the clues in the acrostic, then transfer the letters from the acrostic to their appropriate squares in the coded message, which is divided into words. Finally, decode the message.

One clue to help you—a nine-letter vertical word formed in the acrostic has an association with the decoded message.

Send your complete solution (acrostic and decoded message) on a postcard or by letter, with the "Competition 109" label from this page, and your name and address, to:

The Editor (Comp 109)
SOLDIER
433 Holloway Road
London N7.

This competition is open to all readers at home and overseas and closing date is Monday, 7 August. The answers and winners' names will appear in the October SOLDIER. More than one entry can be submitted but each must be accompanied by a "Competition 109" label. Winners will be drawn by lots from correct solutions.

A	A1 R	A2 A	A3 C	A4 K	A5 S			
B	B1 E	B2 N	B3 L	B4 I	B5 S	B6 T	B7 S	
C	C1	C2	C3	C4	C5	C6	C7	
D	D1	D2	D3	D4	D5	D6	D7	
E	E1 C	E2 O	E3 N	E4 Q	E5 U	E6 E	E7 R	E8 O
F	F1 R	F2 E	F3 C	F4 R	F5 U	F6 I	F7 T	
G	G1 F	G2 A	G3 N	G4 A	G5 T	G6 I	G7 C	
H	H1	H2	H3	H4	H5	H6	H7	
J	J1 P	J2 I	J3 N	J4 T	J5 A			

ACROSTIC CLUES

- A Torture frames
- B Signs on
- C In this on the way
- D Overpraise more evenly
- E Victor
- F Beginner
- G He approves and may D
- H Enthusiastic follower
- J Drinka thisa milka day

PRIZES

- 1 £10 in cash
- 2 £5 in cash
- 3-4 £3 in cash
- 5-6 £2 in cash
- 7-8 Three books
- 9-10 SOLDIER free for a year
- 11-12 SOLDIER free for six months

E4 Q	J3 N	A2 A	B3 L	G3 N	C2	B5 S	G1 F	D6
J1 P	B1 R	H4 I	E2 O	H1	F2 E	G7 C	E3 N	J4 T
C5 U	E5 C	E1 K	A4 K	G4 A	A3 C	F1 R	C3 I	H2
G2 A	B7 S	G5 T	A1 R	E8 O	C1	D7 S	A5 I	F6 I
J5 A	H7 R	E7 R	D1	F4 R	C4	D5		
H6	D3	B4 I	D4	F7 T	B2 N	H5	E6 E	
J2 I	B6 T	D2	C7	G6 I	E9 R	F3	F5	C6

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CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS

The following examinations are held annually: Executive Class for ex-Forces candidates, June. (Basic grade rises to over £1,400; good promotion opportunities.) Clerical Class for ex-Forces candidates, September, Assistant Preventive Officer (18-25), January, and Customs Officer (18-25), March; allowance for Forces service.

Write stating age, Forces service, etc., to:

CIVIL SERVICE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
10 STATION PARADE, BALHAM HIGH RD., LONDON, S.W.12.

BOOKS

FLY-BLOWN BATTLEFIELD

"Gallipoli: The Fading Vision" (John North)

Major John North's fighting career in World War One was confined to the Western Front and he did not see the Gallipoli Peninsula until 1926. Then, and for some years, the place and the campaign became an obsession with him.

He went back several times and studied all the available material. The result was this book, first published in 1936.

The author contrives to pass on some of his fascination for that fly-blown battlefield and its tragedies, where "the mere magnificence of the bungling gives cause for astonishment" and "the only figures who never failed were the men."

Though he considers that seldom has an army of such a size had to endure a severer strain, such is his obsession that he dedicates his book to "All those who had the good fortune to serve in Gallipoli."

Obsession apart, this is a first-class account of the campaign and it has not stalled with the years. It is pregnant with lessons for later warfare in the first half of the twentieth century and is a powerful tribute to the "simple soldiers" of the old British Empire.

Faber and Faber, 30s RLE
(cloth), 9s 6d (paperback)

ANTI-MONTY

"The Montgomery Legend" (R W Thomson)

The author comes out on the side of the anti-Montgomery men with as fierce a bit of debunking as anything ever aimed at Haig and the "donkeys" of World War One.

He starts by condemning Sir Winston Churchill for Montgomery's appointment to Eighth Army. This, he says, denied General Sir Claude Auchinleck and the old Eighth Army the considerable victory they had won as well as the "8" on their Africa Stars.

The appointment, he claims, was made because Churchill felt

the passes through the Apennines. It was not quite finished when the attack began but sufficiently so for Field-Marshal Albert Kesselring, the German commander, to declare himself satisfied.

Against it General Sir Harold Alexander deployed the Eighth and Fifth Armies. They were depleted by the withdrawal of seven divisions for operations in Southern France and were unbalanced by having too much armour and too little infantry. It was far from good tank country and the Allied tanks were not of the best. The author discusses this aspect of the campaign with feeling—he was a tank subaltern there.

Alexander's original plan was that Eighth Army should attack in the centre, which would have meant mountain warfare. He changed it at the instigation of Lieutenant-General Sir Oliver Leese, Eighth Army's commander, to an assault over the minor ridges on the Adriatic coast. The mountainous centre was left to Fifth Army for a later phase. Fifth Army's success there supports a case well argued by the author that the original plan was the better.

As it was, Eighth Army found itself engaged in a wearying slogging match which cost it more casualties than Alamein. The author has many tales of individual infantry battalions meeting dour resistance and of the tank units which suffered as much from the country as from the enemy.

After 64 days of battle the two armies were in sight of a breakthrough into the Po Valley. But winter had started and the Allied tanks had to wait for spring to harden the roads before they could move on to take Bologna.

"Montgomery's genius in part was that he outcrashed with consummate ease all crashing bores."

There are plenty more where those came from.

This book will undoubtedly set off controversy over the parts at regimental reunions, and probably in print. This reviewer, proud possessor of an "8" on his Africa Star, proclaims that he will remain neutral.

Allen and Unwin, 32s RLE

Heinemann, 35s RLE

NOT ENOUGH INFANTRY

"The Gothic Line" (Douglas Orgill)

The Allied attack on the Gothic Line was a failure in that it did not achieve its ultimate objective, the capture of Bologna, before the winter of 1944. But it put behind the Allied armies a formidable obstacle and set them on the start-line for the last phase of the campaign.

The Gothic Line was a highly fortified belt stretching 200 miles across Italy, 12 to 14 miles deep and with strongpoints blocking

it politically necessary to provide the British public with a conquering hero. It was justified on the ground that Auchinleck would not make the early attack on Rommel that Churchill wanted, claiming he would not be ready until mid-September 1942. Montgomery kept Churchill waiting for that attack until 23 October.

Mr Thomson acknowledges that Montgomery played the public relations image that Churchill wanted and admits that he has some unspectacular virtues, but the following samples are more typical of the author's comments:

"He was at times incapable of accepting ideas from outside unless an opportunity was arranged for him to present them as his own."

"He found it increasingly easy to believe that what happened was what he wanted to happen."

"Montgomery was completely formed as a soldier at the end of the First World War. He did not grow after that. He became increasingly efficient, but he did not absorb a new idea."

"He knew the theory of 'the expanding torrent' and the exploitation of the breakthrough, but he could not write it into the Training Manual. And he could not do it in the field."

"Montgomery would not tolerate criticism."

"With increasing enthusiasm he continued to 'hit the enemy for six' while stonewalling a steady flow of cautious singles."

"To him an army was a bludgeon. He bludgeoned first with the artillery, and with air power, and then he bludgeoned with his armour and infantry."

Ronald Whiting and J CW Wheaton, 30s

sinking of the Scharnhorst. In the same waters Carse recalls the nightmare passage of a convoy to Murmansk.

The sea looms large in this anthology. Admiral Samuel Eliot Morison, the United States Navy's official historian, describes the battle for Guadalcanal, the turning point in the Pacific War. His account is a masterpiece of condensation.

Joseph Bryan retells the Battle of Midway in which US pilots sank four Japanese aircraft carriers, restoring the balance of sea power in the Pacific and inflicting on the Japs their first naval defeat since 1592.

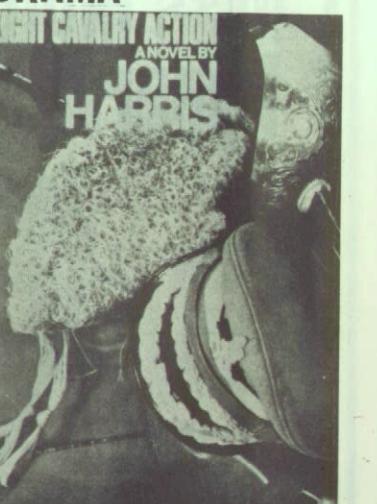
Still at sea, Terence Robertson tells the epic story of the tanker Ohio battling through to Malta with her British crew; John Morrell recalls his escape in a small boat from the Japanese-occupied Philippines, and Lieutenant C D Morris remembers the tragedy and the glory of the US cruiser Helena.

The soldiers come into their own with the account of "Chasing the Desert Fox" by Sergeant J A Brown, a mortarman in the South African Division at El Alamein. Captain Douglas M Smith relives the daring attack on a German supply dump near Tobruk and Sergeant Charles E (Commando) Kelly, holder of the Congressional Medal of Honor, describes the siege of a house in the Salerno beachhead.

Captain Steve Cibik, US Marine Corps, takes us to Bougainville where his action in holding a ridge went into Marine Corps history as "The Battle of Cibik's Ridge."

Hugh Evelyn, 75s

COURTROOM DRAMA



"Light Cavalry Action" (John Harris)

British intervention in the Russian Civil War has been the subject of a number of books in recent years and is now the backdrop of Mr Harris's latest novel.

The "action" of the title is a libel case in which Lieutenant-

General Sir Henry Prideaux sues a former subordinate, Major George Higgins, over a letter Higgins wrote to a news magazine.

The case is heard as the war clouds loom in 1939 with the plaintiff earmarked for high command in the event of hostilities. Higgins's letter alleged that before, and after, a cavalry charge at a Russian village in 1919 "when it came to leading and giving orders, General Prideaux (or Colonel Prideaux as he was then) was noticeably not among those present when he was wanted."

Almost like a red rag to a bull—and as the light cavalry action is fought over again the tension mounts and the reader finds himself gripped, unable to put the book down.

Once again John Harris turns in a masterly story, capturing not only the drama of the courtroom but also the bitterness and hopelessness of a land torn by civil war.

Hutchinson, 30s J CW

IN BRIEF

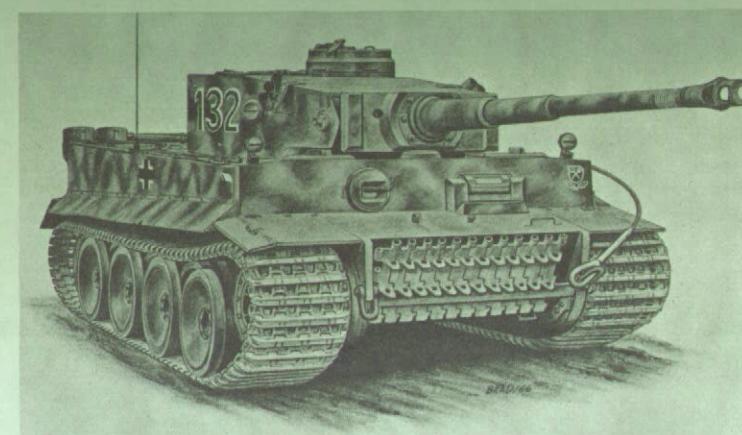
"Infantry Uniforms of the British Army" (Colonel P H Smitherman)

This volume is the latest addition to Colonel Smitherman's well-known series on uniforms and covers the period from 1790 to 1850.

Similar in format to its predecessors it contains 20 splendid plates in colour beautifully drawn by the author and described in detail with historical notes.

A third volume is under preparation which will bring the series on infantry uniforms up to the present day.

Hugh Evelyn, 75s



GERMAN: Panzerkampfwagen VI "TIGER I", Ausf E

ARMAMENT: one 88mm KwK36 L/56, two 7.52 mm MGs. WEIGHT: 55 tons. ARMOUR: 2.2" to 4". RADIUS OF ACTION: 42-73 miles. SPEED: 24 mph. CREW: 5. LENGTH: 30.5'. WIDTH: 12.3'. HEIGHT: 9.5'. INTRODUCED: late 1942. This Henschel design was the first Tiger to go into production, and was fitted with the deadly 88mm gun making it the most powerful tank of its time. Total production reached 1,350.

the campaign, the Third Reich and Hitler himself have all become lost causes.

Peter Davies, 30s

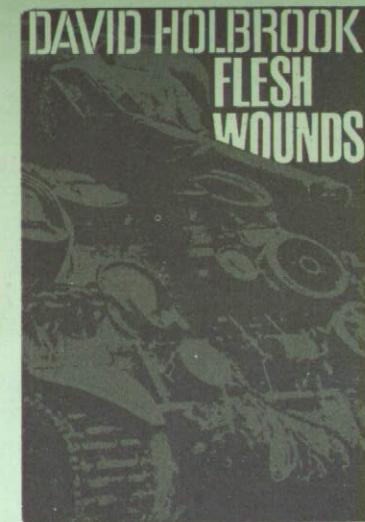
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adapted from the Czech TNHP-S light tank, the German Panzerkampfwagen VI Tiger I Ausf E (pictured above) (the first production Tiger) and the Japanese tankette 94 TK used against China and later in Malaya.

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Merberlen Ltd, Badgers Mead, Hawthorn Hill, Bracknell, Berks, set of four 13s 6d plus 9d postage (no single sheets)



"Flesh Wounds" (David Holbrook)

The author's own wartime experience of landing in Normandy with a squadron of waterproofed tanks at H plus 5, only to be badly wounded by shellfire a fortnight later, is extensively drawn on in this novel of a newly commissioned youngster who, too, lands on D-Day with his tank regiment.

And it produces a remarkably well-painted canvas of the armoured scene from D-Day on until the hero, too, is wounded and sent home.

Methuen, 25s

IN ACTION

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- Osnabruck (Church Army)
- Paderborn (Toc H)
- Sennelager (Church Army)
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- Wolfenbuttel (Church of Scotland)
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- Wesley House (MCFC)
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- Akrotiri (YWCA)
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SOLDIER

