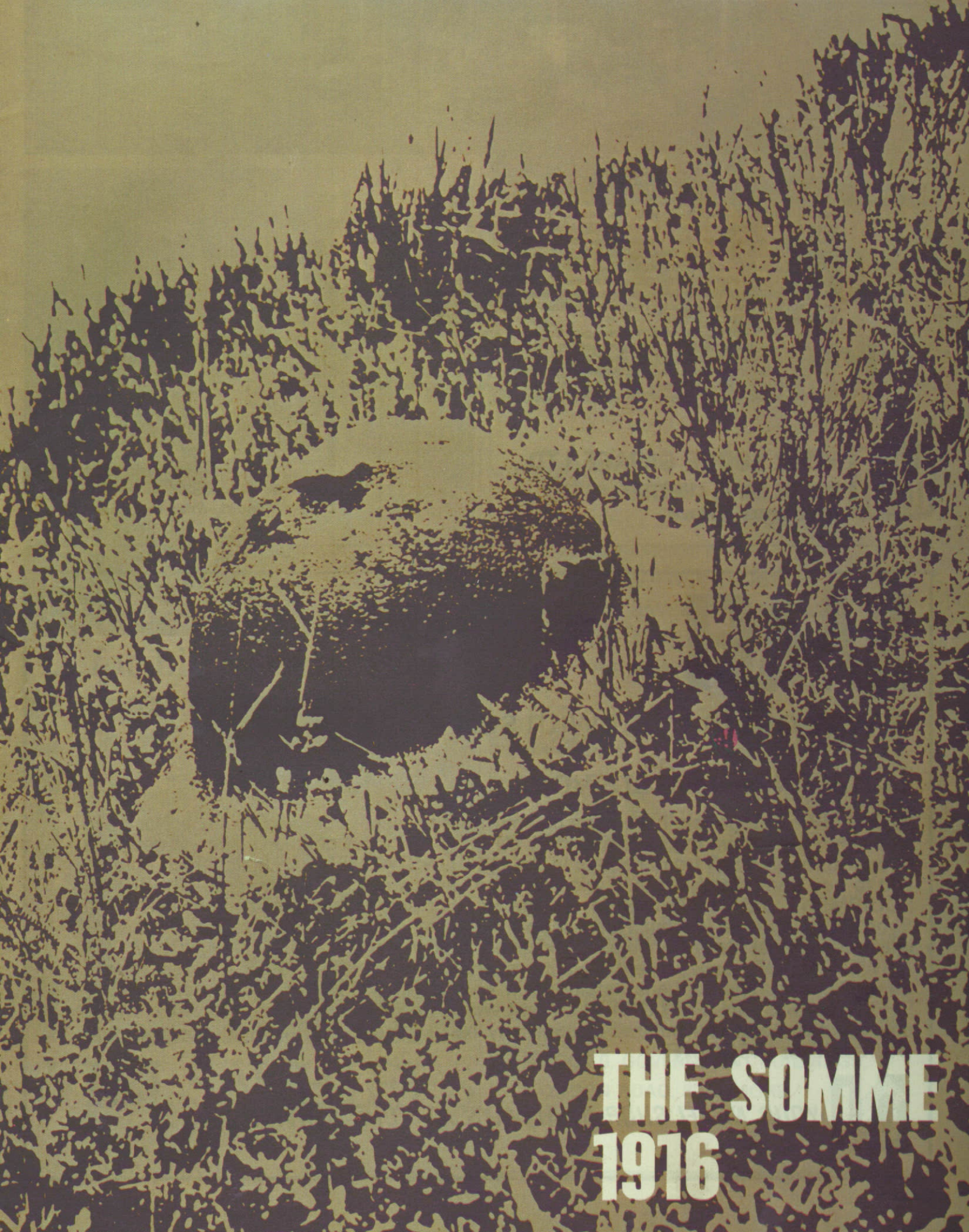


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SOLDIER



THE SOMME
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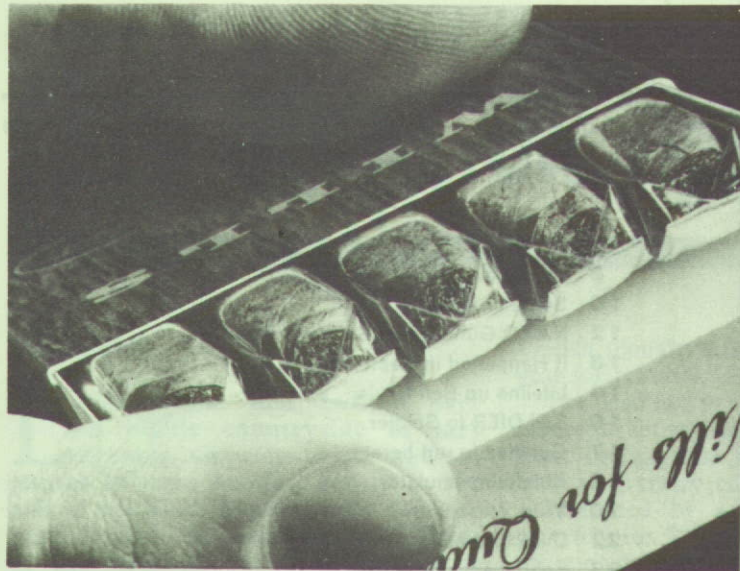
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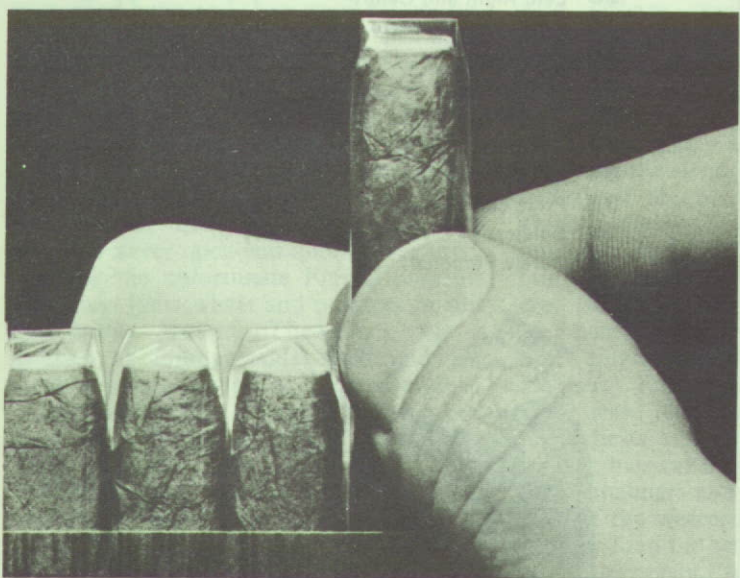
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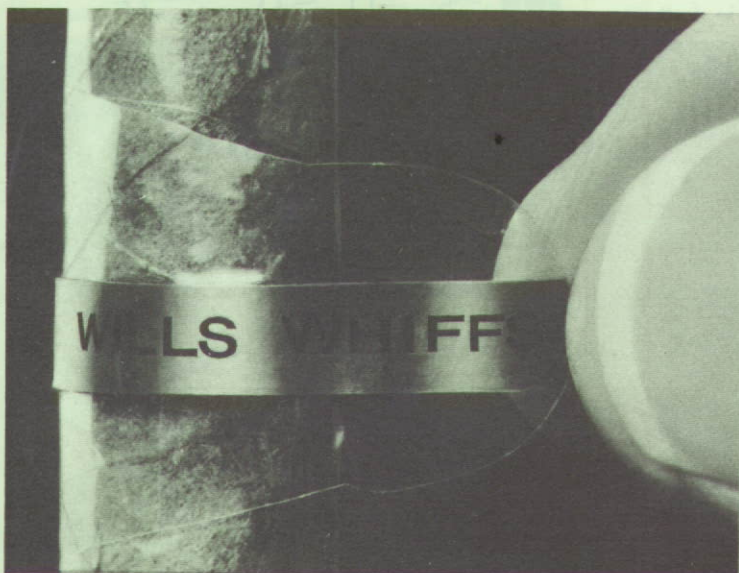
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SOLDIER

SEPTEMBER 1966

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

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

CIRCULATION inquiries (except trade): Circulation Manager, 433 Holloway Road, London N7 (ARCHway 4381). Direct postal subscription: 21s 0d a year, 40s two years, 57s 6d three years (all including postage).

TRADE distribution inquiries: PO Box 569, London SE1.

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

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

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ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

Story by JOHN SAAR / Pictures by ARTHUR BLUNDELL

THE SOMME

LARKS soar and twitter over an idyllic countryside of lazy streams, vigorous woods and expanses of corn leaning gently to the call of the wind. Superficially 50 years have healed the ravaged battlefields of the Somme, yet time can never exorcise the melancholy haunting this land of cemeteries. Death, they say is a tragedy only to the young—1,200,000 men died here and they were all young.

Every copse, every niche in these slumbering hills seems to shelter a neat-walled graveyard where unbearably long rows of white tombstones stand shoulder to shoulder on immaculate final parade.

Yet more depressing are the hilltop memorials. Pillars, crosses, brave stone warriors cut in granite, a tower with windows never open and doors never used, overlook the unfortunate French peasants who must grow wheat and potatoes in this vast burial ground. The event was a disaster of unimaginable scale and the architects were at a loss to commemorate it.

The British war memorial is a sombre, red-brick colossus of an arch shadowing Thiepval village. By its sheer size, ugliness and deliberate uselessness, it conveys something of the folly and magnitude of five months of bloodshed.

Here the dead outnumber the living and the full horror of just standing on the battlefield dawns when one hears that

French ploughs still uncover 100 bodies a year for reburial. This is a place of death.

The dead had to stay; the relatives whose names fill fat registers come to mourn; but what brought the survivors back for the 50th anniversary commemorations?

Prompted by a grief they have kept privately for 50 years and an inexpressible sense of duty to their fallen friends, many of the Somme veterans crossed the Channel for the first time since the end of their war to pick out familiar names in the cemeteries. Also perhaps, there was thankfulness in survival, pride in having fought a battle where both sides attained peaks of courage, and the memory of comradeship lost in that autumn of 1916 and never refound.

Although half a century has been whittling away the slender tally of survivors, the legions of absent were represented with knightly dignity by 500 elderly erect. Two hundred British Legion members, three hundred green-bereted men of the slaughtered 36th (Ulster) Division, were joined by a host of independents who travelled on lone pilgrimages relying on primitive "Wipers" French to see them through.

All wore clinking badges of honour on their chests and six bore Victoria Crosses whose hair-raising citations belied the gentle manners and quite ordinary appearance of the wearers.

They found it bemusing to see the hated landscape again, half-familiar but vastly changed from the hell of mud, corpses and shattered trees they remembered. The

silence they said, did not seem real. Mr Len Robinson, sniper slayer of 20 Germans while serving with The Rifle Brigade, went on a personal quest to Delville Wood: "I couldn't see anything I recognised and the quietness seemed uncanny. When I saw the stuff that was still lying about, I stuck to the paths. Be a bit damn silly to live through the war and get blown up 50 years later, wouldn't it?"

Most changed of all was Albert, pivot town for the great attack and natural centre for the commemorations. The Romans had a verb for what the Germans did to Albert—*vulnerare* (to lay waste). The houses were blown to rubble and the town ceased to exist. Although bombarded incessantly the cathedral tower miraculously stood firm and to the Tommies and *poilus* who could see it from the distant front lines it was a symbol of hope. The massive figure of Madonna and Child on the summit hung for months at right angles to the ground. When they fell, the legend went, the war would end. The war ended and the figures fell in 1918.

When the veterans returned to Albert, the Cathedral's four great bells were pealing and the Madonna was shimmering in a new coat of gilt paid for by the Germans. The townsfolk met them with a reception fit for homecoming soldiers.

Sunshine which caused so many anecdotes to begin, "It was a perfect day—just like today," was bathing the hollow where sprawls the new Albert. Bunting by the

A pleasant pastoral scene exceptional only in that the nomadic flock of sheep grazes and loiters on land that was in living memory a hell on earth.





lorryload was aflutter and French teenagers raced about the town with Union Jacks on their bicycles and motorcycles.

Men and women of an older generation lined the doorways to express their gratitude in smiles and tortured English. The whole of Albert was acknowledging a debt and British and Canadian soldiers of today and yesteryear were treated as freemen in the shops and *estaminets*. Not all the rifles and bayonets in this part of France have been beaten into ploughshares; many have been hoarded as mementoes and were displayed in the shop windows with medals, faded cuttings, photographs and trench scene tableaux.

The first anniversary service brought as large a gathering as the battlefield has seen since 1916 to Newfoundland Park, imaginative and lovingly preserved memorial to the men of The Royal Newfoundland Regiment. The Newfoundland trenches, the German lines and 400 yards of no man's land where 682 Newfoundlanders died in 30 awful minutes, have been left as they were at the end of the war. Ruptured shell cases, pickets, barbed wire, steel helmets and rifles are rusting away where they fell. Grass has grown over the maze of trenches and the overlapping shell holes, but the ground is still so torn that it was impossible for the guard of honour of Princess Patri-

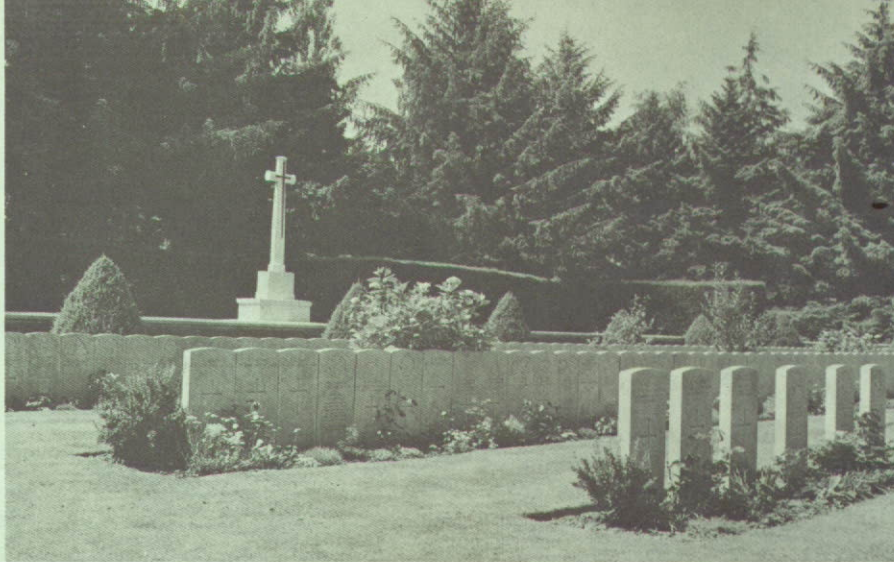
cia's Canadian Light Infantry to march.

With prayers and orations spoken in two languages, with Canadian, French and British troops on parade, with the laying of wreaths by representatives of the three nations and Commonwealth countries, the international pattern of the services to follow was set. An emotional moment came when Sir Leonard Outerbridge, Colonel of the Newfoundland Regiment and obviously deeply moved, spoke falteringly from the dais before switching on floodlights ringing the memorial's magnificent centrepiece.

The 50 men of the Canadian Legion who flew from Gander to take part were clapped and feted. But the significant time for them



Above: The rebuilt Cathedral towers over the flag-decked streets of Albert. Below: Somme veteran, Field-Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis, was the senior British officer at the commemorations. Right: Six Somme VCs begin the journey back from Victoria Station. Left to right: Mr T Veale, Rev A Proctor, Col A White, Mr R Ryder, Mr J Hutchinson and Lieut-Col T Adlam.



Above: "If I should die, think only this of me: that there's some corner of a foreign field that is for ever England." Far left: The memorial is old, the tributes fresh.



Below: Figuratively the world may be sitting on an unexploded bomb, but only on the Somme is it literally true. An ugly iron egg nestles in the lusty grass of an overgrown firestep.



was the period they spent in their old trenches. They said little; the sad glances they cast one another spoke all.

When the last people trickled home the park was in darkness except for the silhouetted caribou with its antlers spread to the sunrise. Every sunset the switch will be pressed and a pool of light will mark this corner of Newfoundland.

Led by the divisional commander, 21 serving soldiers of the 51st Highland Division and 11 veterans held a simple Scottish service at Beaumont Hamel. The wail of the pipes in lament carried across the battlefield as touring parties of French and British stood in respectful silence.





To a delightful glade of vivid greenery the Northern Irish came to honour and remember their dead. The grey stone replica of the Ulster Tower, Belfast—so incongruous on this Picardy landscape—was a rallying point for 400 Ulstermen on the Somme and the thoughts of thousands who sorrow at home in the Six Counties. Appropriately the largest Regular Army detachment involved in the commemorations was drawn from 1st Battalion, The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. The men whose predecessors had suffered so badly, paraded proudly before the comrades of the Ulster Division with their Colours, band, pipes and drums.

Near the close of the service the Lord Bishop of Connor found an epitaph for all who fought on the Somme when he described the battle as "One of the finest displays of human courage in the history of the world."

At the British and Commonwealth service Field-Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis asked that the fallen Germans should also be honoured. "Let us not forget that brave foe we fought against, whose losses were at least equal to our own and who sacrificed their lives for what they believed to be a

worthwhile cause." None could disagree when he requested that all should pray that never again would nations settle their differences by fighting it out—"as we did at the Battle of the Somme."

As the memorial to 73,000 officers and men who lie in unmarked graves stands on ground which saw some of the fiercest fighting, this service was geographically and numerically the climax to three days of homage.

On a green sward once mashed by thousands of shells but now of bowling green texture, were drawn up three national contingents of troops.

Lining the steps were detachments of nine British Army regiments and on the flanks of the parade sat French and British veterans, six Chelsea Pensioners, the Victoria Cross holders, hundreds of French people and an army of newspapermen and photographers.

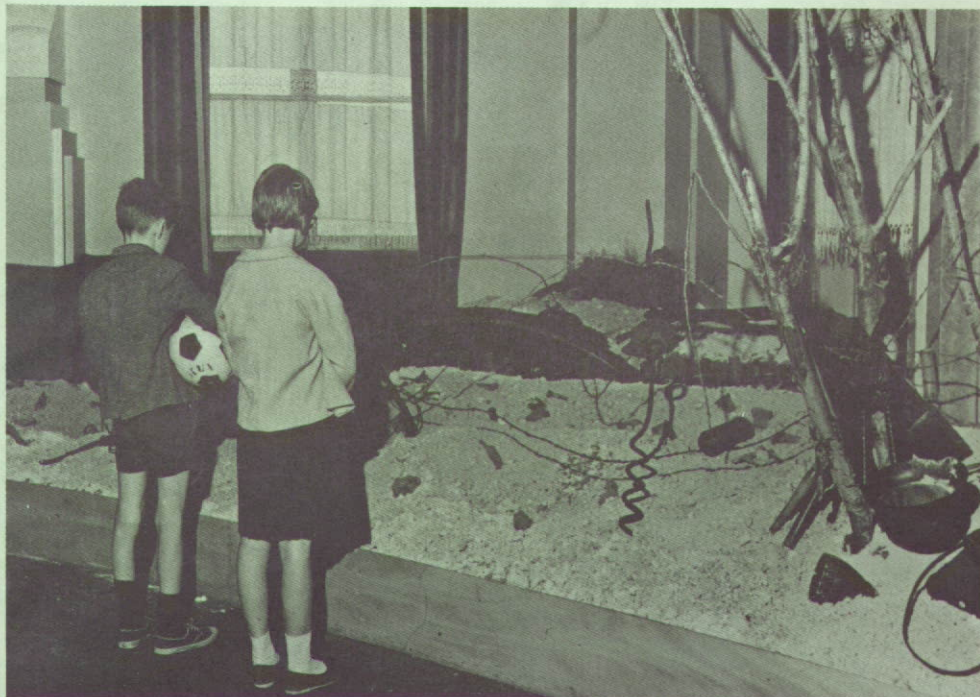
The emotional temperature climbed steadily during the prayers, the Act of Remembrance, the Last Post and Reveille inspiring sounded by buglers of The Royal Ulster Rifles in hunting green. When two Royal Canadian Air Force Dakotas flew low overhead in a crescendo of sound,



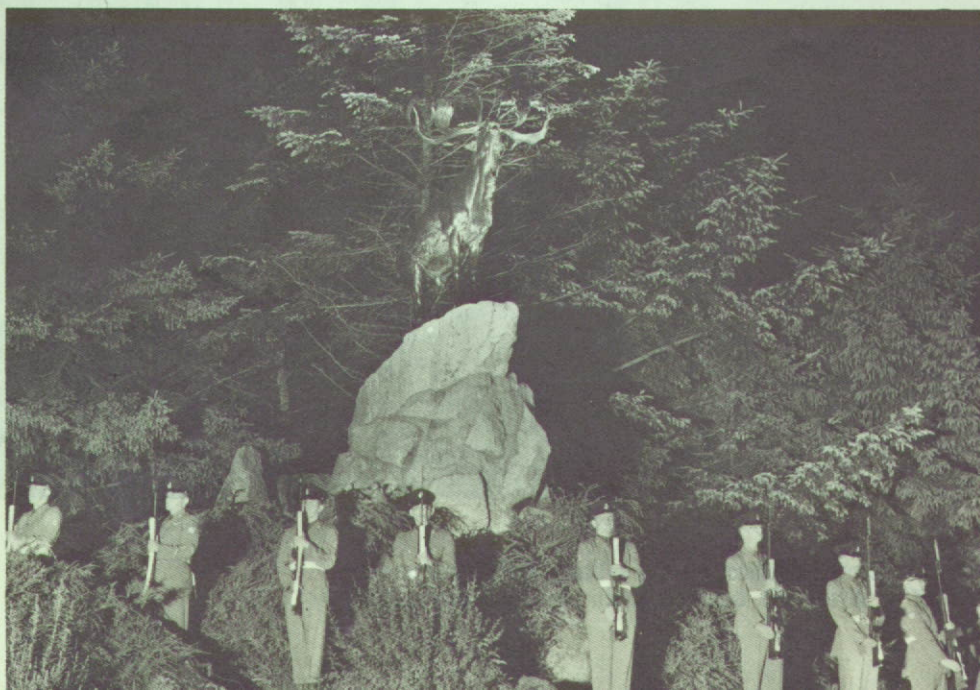
The rusting steel helmet on SOLDIER'S front cover was lying on the Somme where fast growing ryegrass is obliterating the last traces of the battle that was both disaster and triumph. The owner of the helmet could still be alive and might even have been among the returning veterans whose presence made the 50th anniversary commemorations an occasion of painful sadness.



Left: A cloud of airdropped poppies ends one of the battlefield services. There were 30,000—one for every 40 men who lost their lives. Above: The pipes, drums and band of 1st Battalion, The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, received a tumultuous reception when they beat retreat in front of Albert's town hall.



Above: In Albert the dreadful story of the Battle of the Somme has been gravely heard and remembered by a new generation. Below: Floodlights go on at the Newfoundland Memorial, Beaumont Hamel, for the first time. Below left: Solemn set to a Canadian veteran's face during the battlefield service.



As the sun sets on a solitary Highlander at Beaumont Hamel the host who fell in the lowlands of France are remembered.

they broke the spell of restraint and released more than a stream of blood-red poppies. Tears broke forth in old eyes and young eyes alike.

The service united the different generations and nationalities present and on the following day there was a mild hysteria abroad in Albert. The troops were reviewed and followed the fixed bayonets of The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers to march past the town's war memorial. There was a new swagger among the young soldiers—at last they knew what it was about—and the old soldiers threw off their years to march with noble bearing. The crowds drawn in from the cluster of Somme villages clapped and cheered endlessly; every beat of the big drum went straight to the heart and the pipes broke free from mourning to set the streets ringing with gay music.

There followed small services at outlying memorials and a night of music, dancing and fireworks which set the old battlefields ablaze with light. Then the visitors put away their medals and turned for home. They left a meandering river called Somme, peaceful meadows where birds sing and the buzz of tractors can be heard from afar in the hot silent days of July 1966. In their hearts the Somme veterans took away the knowledge that because they helped to make it so, all's quiet on the Western Front.

As the vanquished belligerent, Germany is not allowed to parade her grief, so the German graveyards on the Somme are visited privately by family parties. They laid no wreaths in the anniversary commemorations.



SEPTEMBER 1916

continued from previous page

... but their suffering and losses at least matched those of the Allies. Here a solitary British corporal, more sick than triumphant, surveys the carnage of a direct hit on a German machine-gun post.

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FIRE-CAMP

"POP-OFF" roared an Italian officer, and a gun manned by a Canadian, a German, an American, a Belgian and an Englishman blazed at an invisible enemy on Salisbury Plain.

It was the annual practice camp of Gunners from six different countries who serve with the ACE Mobile Force—NATO's "fire brigade"—and the time when they ensure that when someone screams "fire" everyone else knows what he is shouting about.

These international Gunners are responsible for providing fire support for the whole of the ACE Mobile Force. In operations, forward observation officers would control the fire of guns of all nations, consequently it is vital that there is full understanding between the units at all levels. A special composite gunnery procedure, a blend of techniques used by the individual nations, has been evolved which uses English as a working language. It is this procedure that was being practised on Salisbury Plain.

Code-named "Annual Barbara," after the patron saint of artillerymen, this is the second practice camp of the ACE Mobile Force artillery components. Last year it was held in Germany and future venues will be Italy, Belgium and Canada.

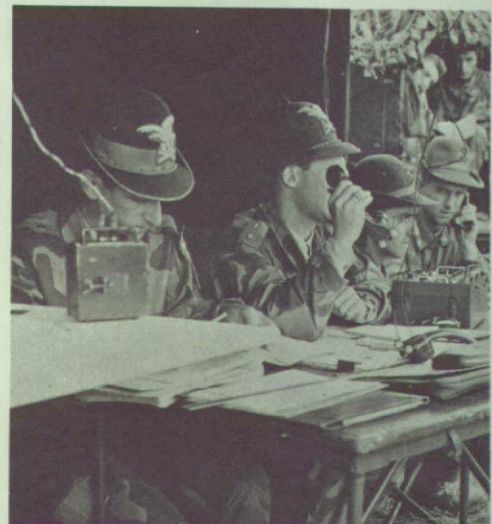
As with all NATO exercises the emphasis was on international training and as always a quite extraordinary atmosphere

of comradeship was generated. Guns, their one common over-riding interest, drew the men together and made them a tight-knit force, despite the gaping differences in their backgrounds, languages and uniforms.

Commodity most in demand during the camp was the dashing hats of the 2nd Mountain Battery of the Italian Susa Artillery Battalion. With a spread eagle badge on the front and an eagle feather stuck in the side, these drew looks of longing from Gunners clad in somewhat less spectacular headgear.

Sponsoring unit during the exercise was 19 Light Regiment, Royal Artillery, which is stationed at Colchester and is commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel N F Grove-White, the ACE Mobile Force Artillery Officer. Units taking part were the Heavy Mortar Platoon from Belgium's Para Commando Regiment; 2nd Battery of Germany's 265 Parachute Artillery Battalion; the Italian mountain battery; the Heavy Mortar Platoon of 2nd Battalion, 19th United States Infantry; 67 Light Battery of 19 Light Regiment; and observers from the Royal Canadian Horse Artillery.

The Salisbury Plain exercise was a timely warm-up for the Gunners—for this month 400 planes will fly the ACE Mobile Force into Greece and Turkey for their second big exercise this year. Four thousand men and some 500 vehicles will take part in manoeuvres to practise the defence of NATO's southern flank.



An international gun detachment in training. They are (left to right) a Belgian, an American, an Englishman, an Italian, a Canadian and a German.

This picture: Royal Air Force helicopters were used to practise moving from position to position.



Left: German Gunners sit in their jeep and watch the firing on Salisbury Plain.

Left: The dashing hats of the Italians were a much sought-after commodity during the practice camp.

Below: Major-General the Hon Michael Fitzalan-Howard, commander of the ACE Mobile Force (L).

Below: A British Gunner watches the shooting by the Italian Army battery.

Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Thomas Pike, Deputy Saceur (below), was one of the camp's visitors.



It happened in SEPTEMBER

Date	Year
1 Pacific Security Pact signed	1951
2 Great Fire of London	1666
3 Battle of Worcester	1651
3 First Zeppelin destroyed in England	1916
15 Tanks first used in World War One	1916
16 Post Office Savings Banks introduced in Britain	1861
19 Battle of Poitiers	1356
20 Battle of Lexington	1861
25 Battle of Stamford Bridge	1066
23 BBC Third Programme began	1946



Mercy line for mountaineers



THE crashing echo of detonating plastic explosive rampaged round the granite fangs of the mountain peaks. Ben Nevis trembled at the violation and soldiers hugged the sheltering boulders as a flying host of rock shrapnel blasted skywards. Jagged chunks ricocheted off the steep scree and a hailstorm of smaller pieces thudded down on the tents protecting other Territorials.

Over the years many climbers have challenged the terrifying North Face of the highest mountain in Britain—and died. Some have been killed outright in falls from the 1500-foot sheer face. Life has drained from others while their companions spent desperate hours wading through waist-deep snowdrifts for rescue.

The annual camp mission for men of 51st (Highland) Division Signal Regiment and a troop of 140 Engineer Regiment, Territorial Army, was the running of a land-line telephone to prevent any recurrence of these tragic deaths by exposure. With the help of horses, a swamp tractor and a helicopter they ploughed a deep furrow across the mountain's sombre countenance and opened up the lifesaving link.

The Chief Constable of Inverness-shire, Mr Andrew McClure, called for the Army's aid. He wanted a telephone sited at a Scottish Mountaineering Club hut high on the mountain to speed and control the rescues his men frequently undertake with local volunteers.

The line had to be buried underground to withstand storm, rain, snow, sheep and deer.

After surveying the difficulties, the Post Office authorities politely declined the job for the very good reason that it would be almost impossible for them to maintain the four-and-a-half mile line.

Mr Walter Forbes, a GPO traffic manager on secondment in Nigeria, read about the mountain hot line with idle interest in a weeks-old paper from home. Newly back in Britain he asked where he was to spend his ninth camp as a Territorial in the Royal

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Top left: Huddling under a protecting overhang on Ben Nevis, two Sapper NCOs fire their charges and (above) a string of simultaneous explosions rips a stripe of tiny craters in the bleak slopes.



Above: The signallers followed in the wake of the digging and blasting Sappers to lay the cable.

Story by JOHN SAAR
Pictures by PAUL TRUMPER



Now a bare trickle, in winter a pouring torrent, but the polythene hosing will protect the line.



Above: Digging out to make a level bed for the cable after explosives had done the heavy work. Below: The cable will be difficult to repair, so junctions were very carefully sealed with pitch.



Signals. "Ben Nevis" was the answer—and the project had a leader.

On his reconnaissance he looked down on a route over steep rock faces, mounds of boulders, bog and bracken, took a deep breath and called for air and engineer support as a must. He planned a bivouac camp at 2200 feet to live off a base camp sited between the mountain's toes.

The task force took an early body blow when a lorry carrying key goods cremated itself. The embers of 50 camp beds were still glowing when the unit's energetic quartermaster began calling for replacements.

For the loch-side dwellers of Fort William the happenings on Ben Nevis began with the crackling arrival of a Royal Air Force air sea rescue helicopter in bright, narcissistic ochre. Saving untold hours of toil, the crew flew 14 sorties to drop tents, 750 pounds of explosive, a compressor and other weighty kit on six landing zones along the route.

A mixed band of high-living Signalmen and Sappers pitched their eyries below the curling lip of the North Face and stripped to the waist to work in cloudless sunshine—a startling sign that the gods were taking a



Above: Laying the cable to the handset in an unlocked box behind the mountain rescue haven on Nevis.

kindly view! Ben Nevis's sole concession to summer is a thin covering of ailing grass; rain-free days are all too rare.

The mountaineering hut with a squat, defensive outline and a weatherbeaten ironbound door was a telling indication of the grimness of a Ben Nevis winter. Screwed to a boulder close to the bivouac camp was a bronze plaque commemorating a climber killed in a 600-foot fall in January this year.

As the Sappers blasted a trench in solid rock, the linemen put down the four-quad carrier cable in 220-yard lengths. The junctions were sealed in hot pitch and polythene hosing protected the cable at the stream crossings.

Where the going and gradients eased, a Muskeg tracked vehicle loaned by the British Aluminium Company was able to cut the trench with a cable plough in a fraction of the time. With water oozing out between its two wide tracks it careered over the spongy bog effortlessly.

Meanwhile the horses and handlers were having problems. It didn't take the two sturdy ponies overlong to discover that the arduous of packing heavy loads up a mountain were poor exchange for a comfortable life in a riding school. The first, route-finding trip was as hard for them as it was for their handlers, Corporal Bill McLeod (an amazingly fit 55-year-old in The Fife and Forfar Yeomanry/Scottish Horse) and Signalmen John Jaffrey. After bogging down to their belly bands, the two ponies gingerly prodded every piece of suspect ground and staged frequent "stand-stills."

It took Corporal McLeod 24 hours of coaxing and digging and a quantity of oatmeal biscuit bribes to make the first ascent. From then on the packhorses operated with Wells Fargo regularity.

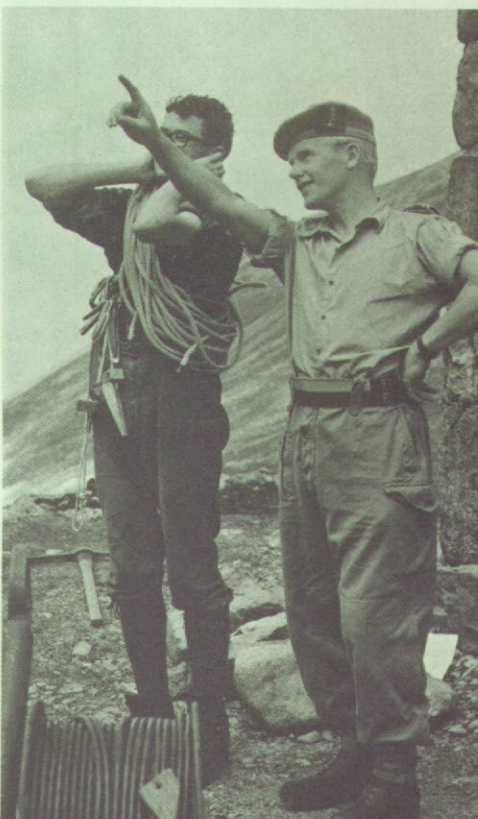
Climbing the mountain was never easy but the first panting climb—prompting calls for a four-and-a-half mile escalator—was never repeated. After a few days Captain Forbes's Clan Nevis were fit enough to scamper about without blowing. One signalmen even went down the mountain on a special trip simply because

he disliked the brand of cigarettes available at the top.

When the job was done, only a line of stakes marked the passage of the cable under six inches of turf and heather.

From a GPO line link at the British Aluminium Company's works in Fort William it runs beside a narrow-gauge railway and then away up the mountain to the climbing hut. And there in a box, beside a stove, rucksacks, first aid kit and a stretcher, anxious climbers will find an invaluable telephone.

Mountaineers will always fall and die, but unnecessary delay and the tantalising menace of exposure should never claim another life on North Face, Ben Nevis.



Captain Gilbert Rutherford found an interested and appreciative listener in an Irish climber.

SOLDIER

to Soldier

A promotion in the field which seems to create a precedent in the British Army's 300 year history, has been approved by the Army Board.

In recognition of distinguished service in Borneo, Corporal Andrew Meiklejohn, an air despatch crew commander, has been promoted from lance-corporal to substantive corporal. A trained parachutist, 23-year-old Corporal Meiklejohn is serving in 15 Air Despatch Regiment, Royal Corps of Transport. His duties are to supervise the dropping of stores and equipment by parachute, a dangerous and exacting task which calls for coolness and immediate decision. Corporal Meiklejohn's promotion is a reward for maintaining the highest standards of discipline and efficiency throughout more than a hundred operational sorties.

Promotions in the field are not new but have previously been made for one or more individual acts of gallantry. This is believed to be the first time a promotion has been approved for distinguished service in the field over a period of time.

★

SOLDIER congratulates too the Women's Voluntary Service on its well-deserved grant of the title "Royal." The WRVS (an abbreviation that after 25 years of WVS may take some time to become familiar) has never become a merely accepted or lightly thought-of organisation.

On the contrary the WVS has always been very much a part of the Army family and indeed in much of its work, particularly for the young soldier, has taken the place of a distant "mum." Entertainment facilities and amenities are only one aspect of the work which the volunteers, in their familiar grey-green and cherry-red uniforms, put in so cheerfully wherever Servicemen are to be found.

With patience, understanding and endless enthusiasm they help with letter-writing, choosing presents, sending flowers and in countless other ways in which the advice of a dedicated woman is invaluable. And perhaps above all every one of the 200 WRVS serving overseas is that rarest of human beings, a good listener, whether to the inevitable grumbles or to tales of derring-do.

Taken for granted and little rewarded, materially or in thanks, they may be—but the women of the WRVS will never lose the Serviceman's respect for a magnificent job well done.

★

Few SOLDIER covers have attracted more bouquets than that of smiling Lance-Corporal Rambahadur Limbu VC. Full-colour photographic prints of this cover, all mounted on white card, are now available at £1 10s 0d (8 inches by 6 inches), £2 5s 0d (10in x 8in) and £3 10s 0d (15in x 12in), including postage to any part of the world. Orders should be sent to Picture Editor, SOLDIER, 433 Holloway Road, London N7, with cheque, money order or postal order made payable to Command Cashier.



Gurkhas get the red beret



Above: Red berets neatly stacked at the handing-out parade at Kluang. Right: A proud Gurkha sergeant in his new red beret.

MEN of the Gurkha Independent Parachute Company, one of the toughest and most experienced units involved in border fighting during the three-year confrontation in Borneo, have been awarded The Parachute Regiment's red beret and badge.

The honour makes them a unique unit in the British Army—they are the only soldiers outside The Parachute Regiment to wear the famous winged badge. Until now the 129-strong company, drawn from different units in the Gurkha Brigade, has worn a selection of badges and berets.

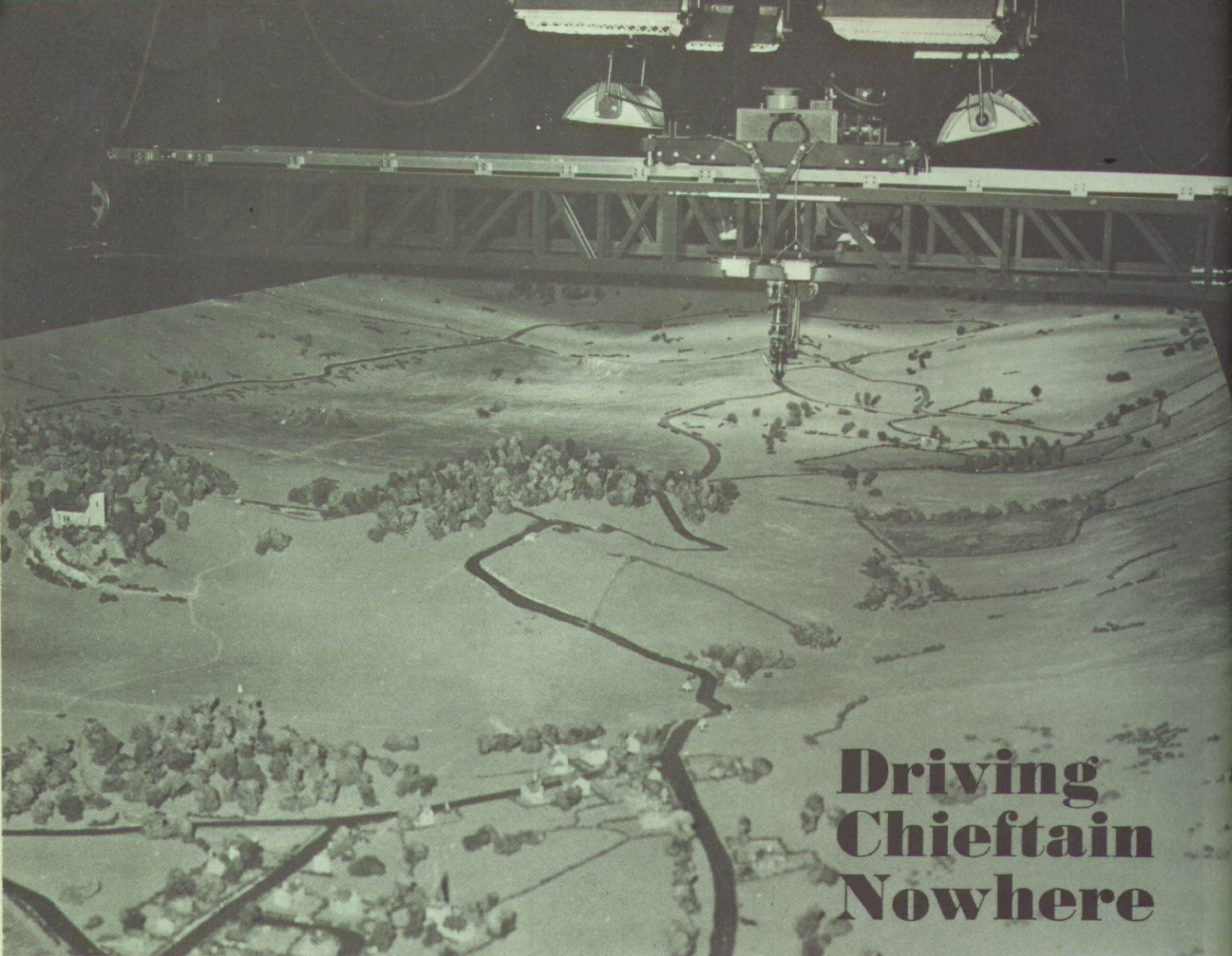
At a special parade at their base in Kluang, Malaya, where they rest four months after each four-month slog of jungle fighting, Major-General A G Patterson, 17th Division Commander, personally handed each man his new beret and the company commander, Major John Cross, gave the order: "Remove head-dress—replace head-dress."

The old came off and the new went on—and there were three starched ranks of jungle green capped in red.

It is the first time in the British Army that Gurkhas have worn airborne insignia, although during World War Two there were two Gurkha parachute battalions in the Indian Army who wore the red beret and winged badge.

The Gurkha Independent Parachute Company, formed in January 1963, wears a Gurkha flash behind the badge and their shoulder titles are now simply "Gurkha."

Story by Brian Barton, British Army Public Relations, Singapore.



Driving Chieftain Nowhere



Warrant Officer T Sharrock at the instructor's console keeps up a stream of advice to the "driver."

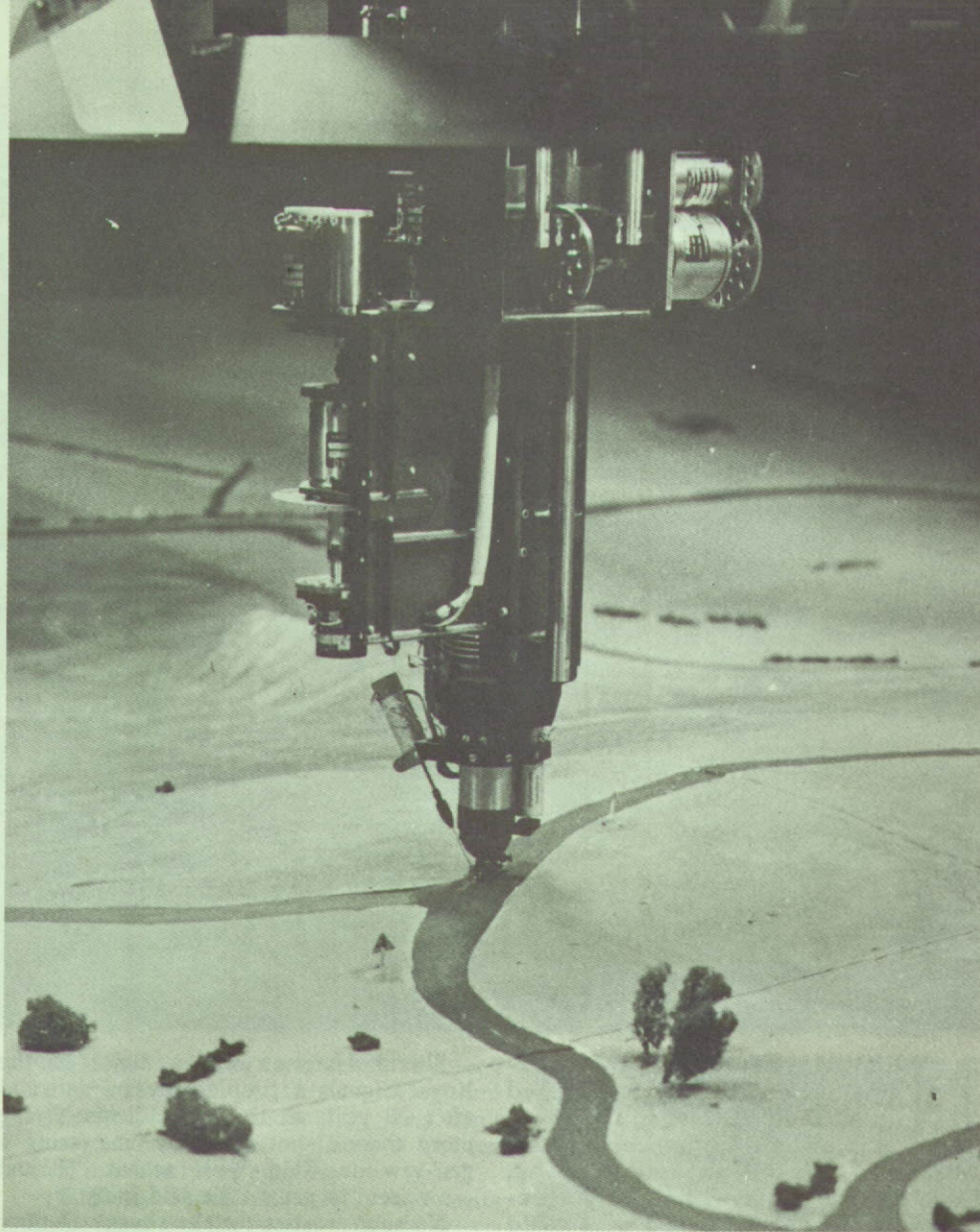
BOLTED to a concrete floor in a shed at Bovington Camp, Dorset, is a strange steel box. It looks like nothing on earth and makes strange clanking and roaring noises. Inside the box is a soldier. He is driving a Chieftain tank.

His eyes are glued to a periscope which shows he is bowling merrily along an open road through rolling countryside. Trees and houses flash by as he concentrates on manipulating the controls of Britain's new main battle tank.

The speedometer needle creeps round the dial as the driver moves up through the gears to a steady 27 miles per hour. It is a myth, of course—his steel box has not moved an inch. It never has and it never will.

For this is the £70,000 driving simulator that is giving the Army's tank drivers an opportunity to go for a spin in a Chieftain while standing still. And this electronic sorcery, worked by computers and closed-circuit television, means that recruits of the future can be trained as competent drivers before they are let loose in a real, live, moving tank.

Inside that steel box it looks just like the closed-down driving compartment of a Chieftain. All the controls, instruments, dials, switches and buttons are exactly reproduced and they all cause the same



The landscape model (above left) represents an area of about one square mile. The slide (above) represents the tank and a tiny mirror reflects the view ahead to a television camera mounted in this unit.

reactions as in the real tank. The simulator is the star turn of the Driving and Maintenance School at the Royal Armoured Corps Centre. It is installed in a dust-proof building with strictly controlled temperature and humidity to protect the delicate equipment.

The roads and countryside seen by the driver through the periscope in the box are

part of a big landscape model in an adjoining room. This is the territory over which he can drive—it has winding roads, hills, woods, villages and a cross-country training area.

The tank is represented by a metal slide which remains in constant contact with the landscape model. Attached to the slide is a tiny mirror only a quarter of an inch wide

and an eighth of an inch high which reflects a view of the ground ahead, via an optical head which enlarges the picture, into a television transmitter. And the periscope in the driving compartment is actually a television screen receiving the picture reflected in the mirror.

All this equipment is mounted under a gantry which can move in any direction over the landscape model in response to the actions of the driver in the steel box. The slide responds to the landscape in exactly the same way that a Chieftain would respond—cornering, uphill and downhill or across country, the driver must select the right gears.

Brain of the simulator is the computer. This is the brilliantly conceived link between the landscape model and the driver's compartment and this is where the actions of the fake tank and the fake controls are turned into realistic reactions identical to those of Chieftain.

If the driver makes a mistake or fails to select the correct gear or lets the revs drop too low, it is the computer which keeps tabs on the mere human and mercilessly tells the slide what to do to act like a real tank. At the same time it produces engine noise in the driver's compartment appropriate to the gear, speed and revs.

As the slide moves across the landscape model the computer is given a running commentary of where it is going. This information is instantaneously digested and transmitted as instructions to the controls and instruments in the driver's compartment to act like a real tank.

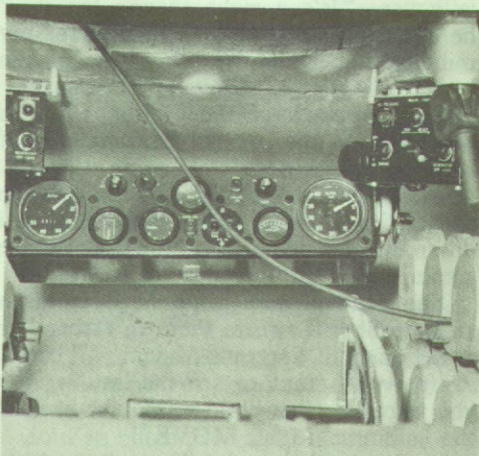
The computer is the brain, but not the boss, of the show. For inserted into the two-way traffic between "tank" and "driver" is an experienced tank-driving instructor who sits at a specially designed console of controls and instruments which enable him to see at a glance if the driver is doing everything he should. If anything goes wrong he can take over the driving, move the gantry or cut off the whole thing.

He is in constant radio communication with the driver and with one eye on the television screen and the other on the driving instruments he keeps up a stream of advice to the learner.

In addition he has a nasty little panel of switches with which to feed in faults to the unsuspecting driver ranging from upsetting breakdowns like failure of the speedometer to horrifying mishaps like failure of the footbrake. Another switch can make the slide sluggish as if the tank had crossed from tarmac into thick mud. Learner drivers are expected to notice whatever faults he feeds in and take the appropriate action.

Tests have proved the simulator to be a brilliant training aid and the experts reckon that after about six hours in the driver's compartment a man who has never propelled anything more adventurous than a bicycle could walk outside and drive off in a Chieftain. That is how good it is.

The driving compartment is awkward to climb into but the interior is identical with a Chieftain.





Meanwhile, back at the ranch...

Story by
Russell Miller

Pictures by
Mark Casimir

Above: The only short-sighted sheriff in the Wild West disposes of the Dalton Gang helped by children shouting "bang bang."

Below: Three tough hombres in Cowboy City, the deputy sheriff (ex-SAS), a cowboy (ex-Life Guards) and sheriff (ex-R Signals).



NERVOUSLY fingering his six-gun, Sheriff Pat Harrison kicked up a cloud of dust in the main street of Cowboy City, Kansas, and admitted: "It's all so embarrassing. I can't see a thing without my spectacles, and whoever heard of a Wild West sheriff wearing glasses?"

The dreaded Dalton Gang was heading toward town but the short-sighted, bearded sheriff was not worried. "I keep my glasses in the jailhouse," he said. "Every now and again I pop in there and have a quick look round the town to make sure everything is all right."

Cowboy City is the first gen-yew-ine Wild West town to be built in Great Britain, says the man behind the project, ex-United States Cavalry Colonel Warren D Hanscomb.

It has been set up at Kirby Misperton in Yorkshire as one of the attractions of a zoo and funfair and every afternoon the capture of the Dalton Gang is staged for the benefit of hordes of small children who are sworn in as deputies to assist in the arrest.

Proudly sporting a white ten-gallon hat and a Deep South drawl, Colonel Hanscomb welcomes astonished North Country visitors with the information that they have stepped out of Yorkshire and into Kansas, USA. "Ah hev claimed this here-ya territor-rry in the name of the President of the Yew-nited States. This here-ya is gen-yew-ine Amur-rican soil."

The cowboys and cowgirls of this gen-yew-ine Wild West city ain't too gen-yew-ine though—most of the men served in the British Army where learning to be fast on the draw was never included in the training programme.

Sheriff Harrison was a major in the Royal Signals a couple of years ago and after 20 years in the Army he is having more than a spot of bother mastering a gen-yew-ine Wild West accent. "I just can't seem to get it," he said sadly.

No such worries for the shaggy Deputy Sheriff, Joe Costello, who makes no verbal concessions and talks just the way he always has.

Joe is a little coy about his Army service ("just put down ex-KOYLI and ex-SAS") but he did serve for 22 years and for the last three years he has been a blissfully happy professional hobo wandering the country with his medals chinking on his chest.

"I heard about this job through a friend of mine and I must say it suits me down to the ground." Joe has not had a shave or haircut for three years and in his Wild West get-up he looks like a jovial Old English sheepdog wearing a stetson. His main task is to sit dozing outside Cowboy City jailhouse—"It's a right change for me," he admits candidly, "I spent most of my military career on the other side of the bars."

The approach of the Dalton Gang is heralded by the arrival on bareback of Princess Laughing Water, surely the only Chinese Red Indian in Yorkshire. "Wake up Joe," she shouts in a voice that would do credit to a debutante, "the Daltons are coming."

The Deputy Sheriff ropes in the children and the Sheriff swears them in rather like a Regimental Sergeant-Major! "When I say move, I want to see the last . . . as you were . . . first child round the back of the jailhouse. Right, MOVE!"

If the half-pint deputies are a little



bewildered at the difference between Sheriff Harrison of Cowboy City and Marshal Dillon of Dodge City, they don't show it and the Dalton Gang is awaited with much nervous giggling.

While the Sheriff rushes for his spectacles in the jailhouse, the ruthless Daltons arrive, led by Tony Wray, an ex-Life Guards trooper. After a quick fight in the saloon and a raid on the telegraph office, the gang are shot down by the Sheriff and his wildly enthusiastic deputies as they emerge from the bank.

Sad Sam Bloom, the undertaker (alias Harry Thornton, a trooper in the 9th Lancers during World War One), arrives in his stage coach to cart off the bodies for burial "six feet down on Boot Hill."

The deputies are each rewarded with a "Confederate 100,000 dollar bill" which, the commentator hastens to explain, they cannot spend anywhere, least of all in Cowboy City. But pounds, shillings and pence will buy Wild West wear in the trading post, gen-yew-ine silver dollars in the Post Office, soft drinks in the saloon, a Mohican haircut in the barber's or (and no one can quite explain this) British antiques in the store of Buck McLean, "the fastest draw in the West."

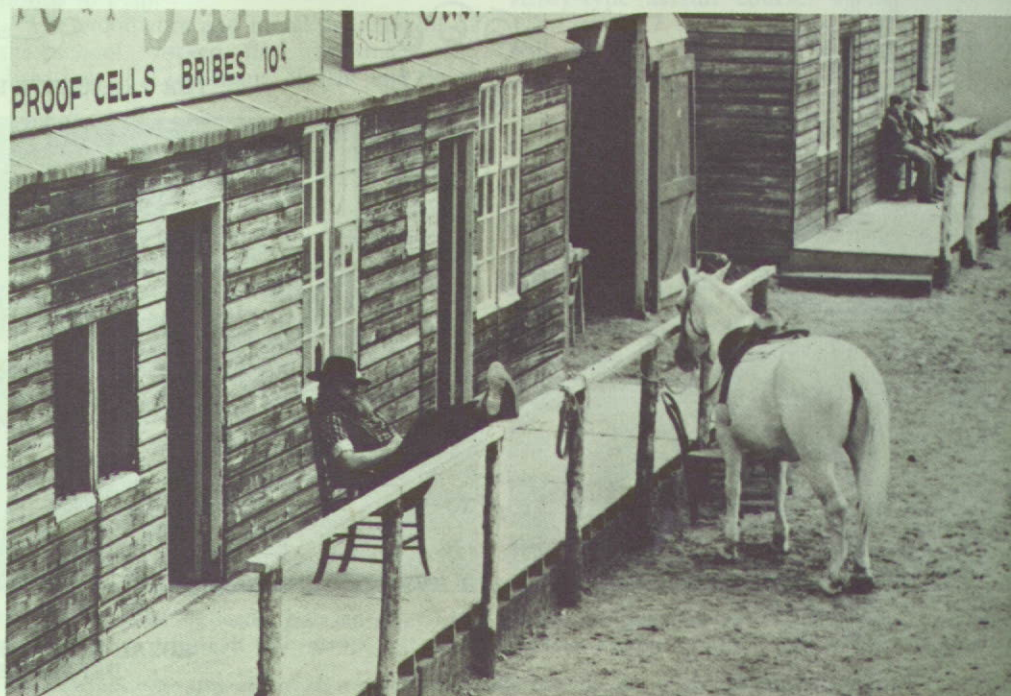
The Governor of Cowboy City (who else but Colonel Warren D Hanscomb?) presides over the whole show and dreams of the future.

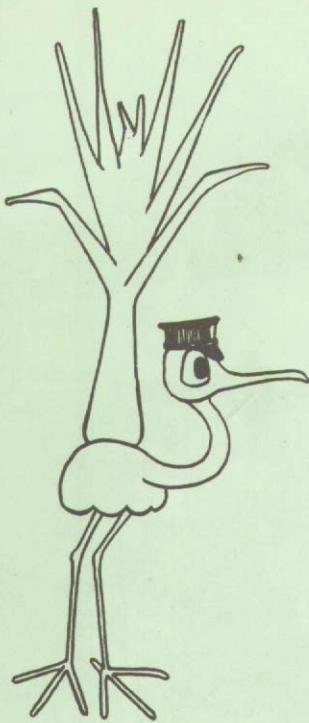
"Yuh know," he confided, "Ah'm figguring to set up these cowboy cities all over Great Britain and the Continent. Ah guess if ah kin raise Old Glory all over Europe and get people to come and see a little bit of Amur-ican history, ah'll be doin' as much good as President Kennedy's Peace Corps. Better maybe . . ."

Above: Sad Sam Bloom, the undertaker, (alias Harry Thornton, a former 9th Lancers trooper) rolls into Cowboy City at the reins of his gen-yew-ine horse-drawn hearse.

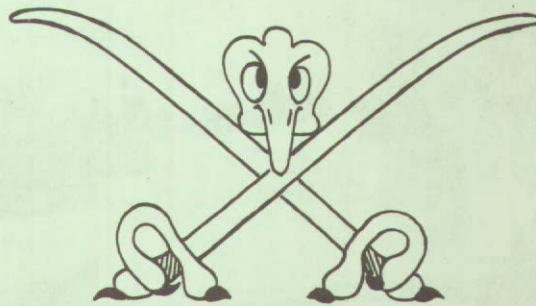
Right: Princess Laughing Water rides her pony bareback like all true Chinese Red Indians. Born Lim Meng Chu, she is the real-life adopted daughter of the sheriff.

Below: The deputy sheriff dozes quietly in the sun outside Cowboy City Jail. When he first arrived he had to be talked out of wearing his medals next to his star!

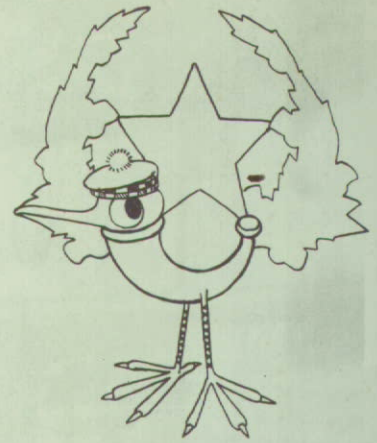




WELSH GUARDS



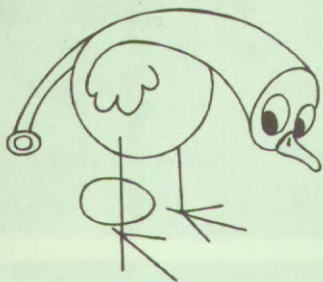
ARMY PHYSICAL TRAINING CORPS



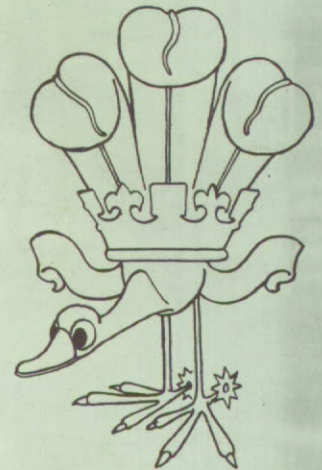
THE CAMERONIANS



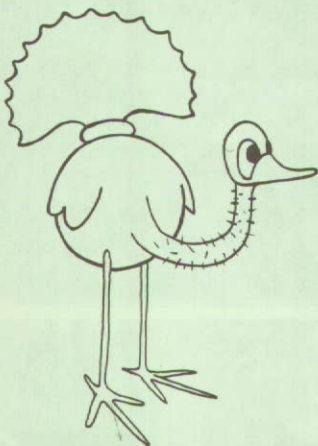
Dik Bird Badges



LIGHT INFANTRY



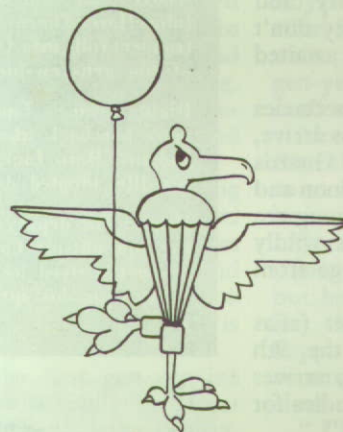
10TH ROYAL HUSSARS



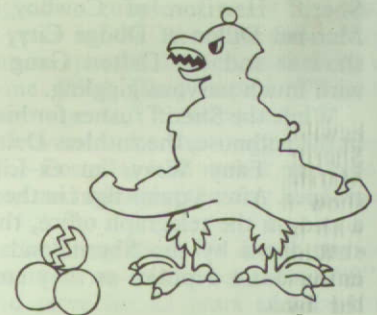
GRENADIER GUARDS



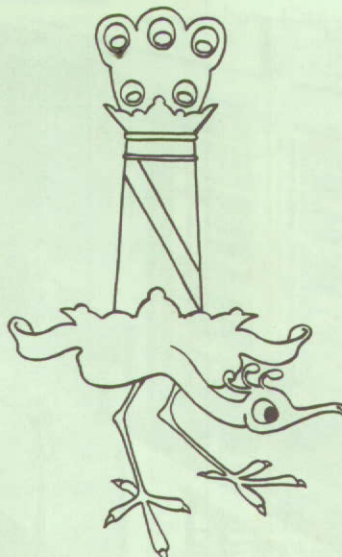
5TH ROYAL INNISKILLING DRAGOON GUARDS



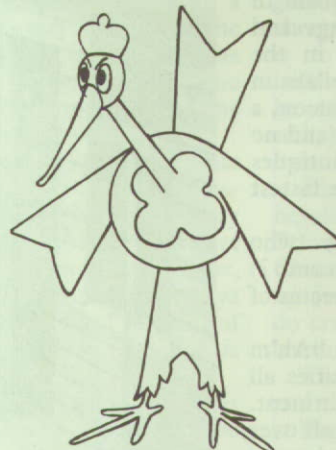
THE PARACHUTE REGIMENT



ROYAL ARTILLERY



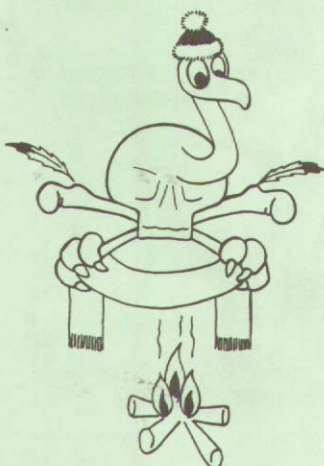
11TH HUSSARS



ROYAL ARMY CHAPLAINS' DEPARTMENT



SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS



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His classroom is an assault course

THAT anyone, least of all children, should actually want an assault course of their very own may seem distinctly odd to those who have always viewed them as inventions of the Devil.

But the boys and girls of a school in Surrey did, and what's more they have now got one, modelled on the tough version at the Guards Training Depot at Pirbright.

With obstacles rejoicing in such delightfully cheerful names as "dead man ditch" and "Berlin Wall," the assault course at St Thomas the Apostle school in Chertsey is actually proving more popular than nice restful lessons in comfy classrooms.

It is all the idea of Mr J P Sexton, the physical training master at the school. Two years ago he saw the possibilities of using some of the giant trees in the school grounds to add interest to classes which were being hampered by the lack of an indoor gym-

nasium. Ropes were slung from the branches of the elms and soon his pupils were joyously swinging across a stream beneath the trees.

Government inspectors who saw the ropes not only approved the idea but suggested it should be extended and, with the headmaster's enthusiastic blessing, Mr Sexton went off to visit the Guards Depot to get ideas.

By modifying the obstacles at Pirbright he designed a suitable assault course for the school and when 39 Army Youth Team heard about the scheme they offered to help build it.

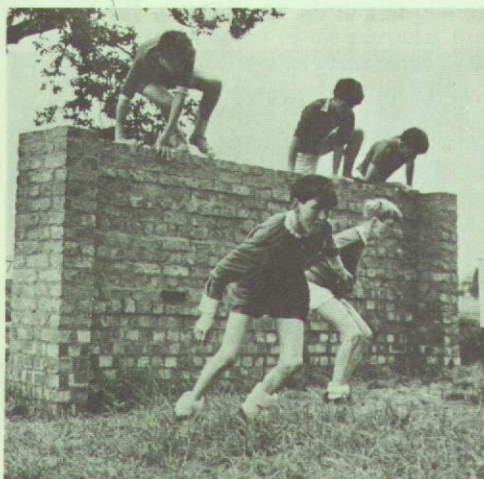
Lieutenant Nigel Harris, The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment, moved in with his team and found at his disposal a small army of enthusiastic boys and girls determined to help.

The woodwork and metal department of the school worked flat out under the direction of Lieutenant Harris and local

firms donated much of the raw material. Within a very short time the project was complete and the first volunteers had soon overcome their nervousness and were swarming around, up, down, under and over it like a pack of monkeys.

By some extraordinary quirk of childhood temperament, the most popular obstacle is edging along a telegraph pole across a stream—some small boys actually seem to enjoy plunging into the muddy water underneath. Even the girls at the school are as keen as the boys and Mrs Christine Croft, the games mistress, said their main concern when it was being built was that they would not be allowed to use it.

Other schools in the area are showing interest in the idea and there may be other Army-type assault courses springing up. Who knows? Maybe one day the Army will be lurking round school assault courses looking for ideas!



Up and over the "Berlin Wall," these youngsters race for the next obstacle—a scrambling net.



Grins all round as Mr Sexton pulls out a boy who slipped from a telegraph pole across a stream.



Under the watchful eye of their teacher, the children swarm over the "39 Steps" obstacle.

Top picture: Whoo-oops! Four children look none too safe as they edge gingerly across a rope "commando" bridge, one of the last obstacles in the course.



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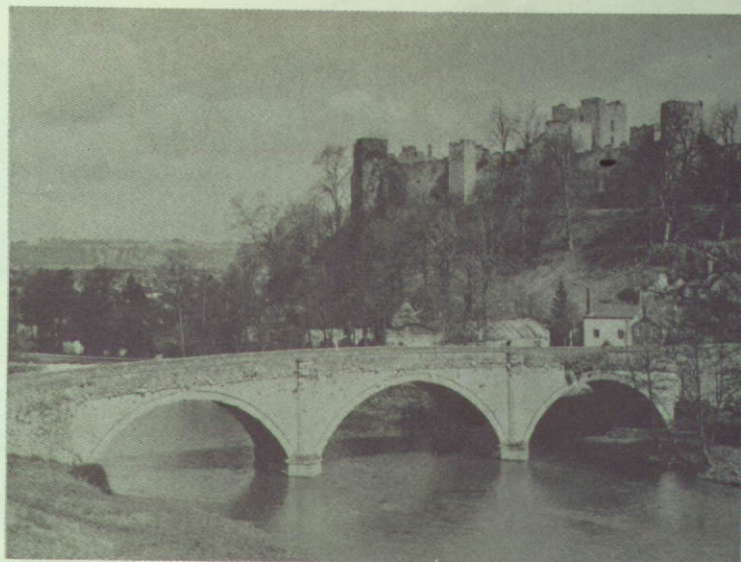
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Above: Typical of the old strongholds, Ludlow Castle overlooks the river. The gateway to England—Dover Castle (right) has withstood every attack.



Goodrich Castle (above) has a Norman keep of about 1150. The keep walls of Pembroke (below) are 19 feet thick at the base and over 100 feet high.



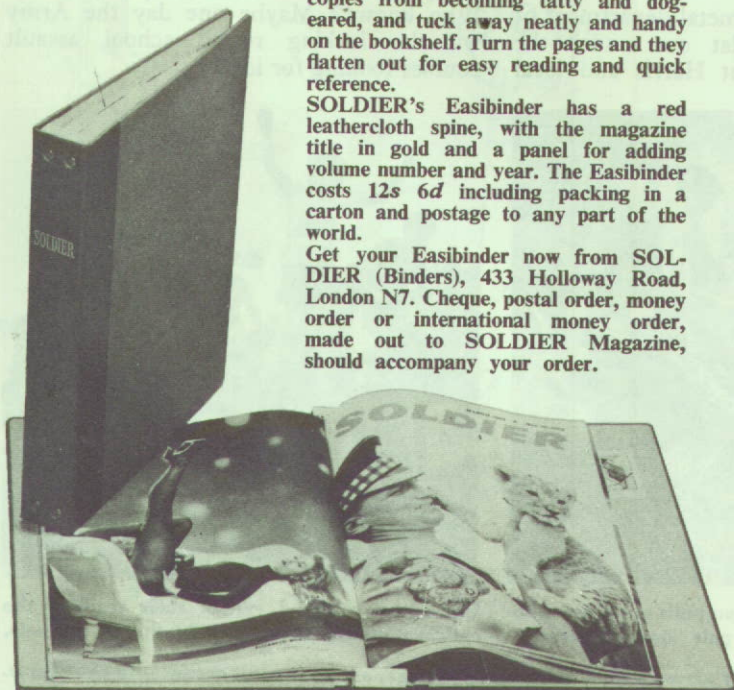
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Conqueror's castles



NINE HUNDRED YEARS ago, early on the morning of 28 September, William of Normandy made a classical unopposed landing on Pevensey beach in Sussex, within sight of the Roman fort there. It was preceded by a feint attack on Romney, Kent, and followed by history—the defeat of Harold and his Saxons at Battle on 14 October 1066.

The Battle of Hastings was decisive but as William and his Norman army ravaged the countryside he realised it was essential to find quickly some means of keeping the conquered areas under control.

There were numerous Roman and Saxon fortifications, strongly built of stone and timberwork, and Saxon-fortified natural or artificial mounds at strategic points. These William adapted to his purpose, but for rapid defence in areas where these did not exist he and his followers constructed “motte and bailey” fortresses.

The motte was a large mound or hillock, either natural and specially enlarged or newly raised, which gave clear views of the surrounding countryside. It was surmounted by a wooden building for the garrison and surrounded by a ditch that probably had a palisade on its outer side and was crossed by a removable plank bridge. At a lower level than the top of the motte was a flat-topped mound of larger, open area—the bailey. This was also enclosed by an outer timber wall and palisade and a deep ditch.

Some of these forts became the sites of later defences, others were abandoned. One of the few surviving examples is Berkhamsted Castle in Hertfordshire.

From the motte and bailey developed the extremely strong and imposing stone castles. Some of the larger castles comprised an outer ward or bailey surrounded by a stone curtain wall then a water-filled moat, probably with a palisade for extra defence, and an inner ward, bailey or courtyard on the motte or mound, surrounded by another high wall. Inside was the most strongly constructed and fortified building, the keep, which was chiefly the residence of the owner and his family but also a self-contained defensive unit should the outer and inner baileys be breached.

The keep entrance and its portcullis were usually raised high above the mound and bailey and reached by stone steps against the keep wall up which an enemy had to fight his way. Later refinements, such as barbicans, rampart-paths and gatehouses, were added to make the whole castle, and not just the keep, a place of defence. As cannons replaced bows and arrows, spears and swords, castles became private homes, prisons and barracks.

Some were unfortunately demolished or reduced for their stone but a number of the survivors still have much Norman work in them. After the conquest, William granted Pevensey to his half-brother, Robert, who enclosed a corner of the Roman fort with a palisaded bank and ditch and used the rest of the old fort as the outer bailey of a Norman castle. As the coast receded, Pevensey became neglected but under the Spanish invasion threat it was repaired and garrisoned. In May 1940 it was again fortified as an observation and command post and used by the United States Air Force as a radio centre.

Dover Castle, too, contained military installations during World War Two but though a famous target it was never seriously damaged by enemy bombardment. A fortification was built here by Harold about 1065 and William added an outer ward. Henry II replaced timber defences with stone walls, built the keep and inner ward and made Dover one of the strongest castles in England.

At Rochester, on a vital point of the Medway and Watling Street, William built a castle on the site of a Saxon fort. Its massive keep, 70 feet square and 104 feet high, with walls from 11 to 13 feet thick, is still one of the finest castellated ruins.

Corfe Castle, in the Isle of Purbeck, held as a royal demesne by William, was forced to surrender during the Civil War and much of the once-impressive structure was demolished. Goodrich Castle, in Herefordshire, too, was made uninhabitable by Cromwell's troops after the besieged Royalist garrison surrendered. Goodrich, overlooking the Wye, still has a Norman keep of about 1150 though the castle was reconstructed in the late 13th century.

Pembroke Castle, occupying a magnificent, impregnable position on a rocky promontory, is one of the largest and most impressive surviving British fortresses. Its keep has walls 19 feet thick at the base and more than 100 feet high.

Best known of all these memorials of the invasion which changed British history is, of course, the Tower of London, built originally by William to protect and control the city but later serving as fortress, palace, prison, arsenal and home of the Royal Mint, Public Records and the Royal Observatory.



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Left: Major-General A E Walford, flanked by Chelsea In-Pensioners, takes the salute outside Westminster Abbey.



Right: Remembering old times are (left) Mrs Molly Bianconi (FANY) and Lady Mary Barton (VAD) whose father, Maj-Gen C W Campbell, was in Lucknow's siege.

MMs on parade

FOUR women were on parade with more than 300 men when members of the Military Medalists League commemorated the 50th anniversary of the Military Medal with an inspection and march past followed by a service in Westminster Abbey—the largest parade held by the League since its formation in 1934.

Three of the women, Lady Mary Barton (VAD), Mrs Molly Wilkinson (FANY) and Mrs Molly Bianconi (FANY), won the Military Medal in World War One; Miss Avis Hearn gained the award during a raid on Biggin Hill where she was serving in the Women's Royal Air Force.

The parade was inspected by the League's president, General Sir Miles Dempsey, and a Canadian officer, Major-General A E Walford, who won his Military Medal in the Royal Canadian Artillery during World War One and who came over from Toronto to take the salute and lay the League's wreath on the Unknown Warrior's tomb in the Abbey.

Today's Army was represented by the massed bands and bugles of The Light Infantry Brigade whose buglers sounded Last Post and Reveille at the commemoration service, and by three serving holders of the Military Medal, Major S C Warman, Sergeant S J Common and Lance-Corporal J Pender, all of 1st Battalion, The King's Own Scottish Borderers.

At 36, Sergeant Common was the youngest on parade—the oldest was ex-Company Quartermaster-Sergeant Harry Kemp, 82, who won his award at St Quentin in 1918.



The scene in the Abbey as Major-General Walford laid a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Warrior.



Left: Veterans of the Canadian Army in World War One—left to right are CSM J White, Sergeant T J Edwards, Pte R Eves and CSM B Buchanan.



Right: Oldest soldier on parade was Company Quartermaster-Sergeant Harry Kemp who gained his medal at St Quentin in 1918. He is 82.

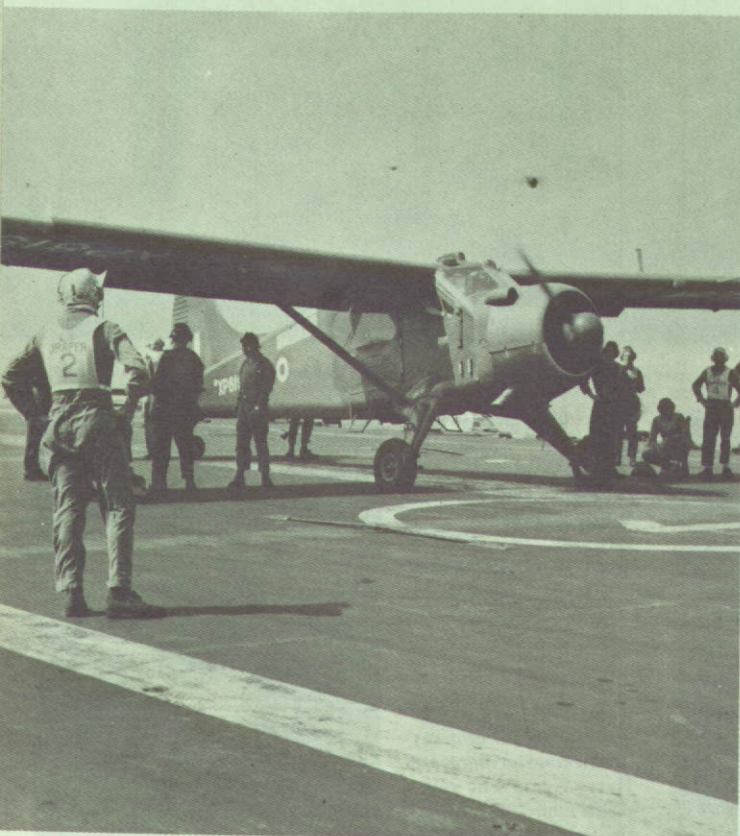
Left Right and Centre



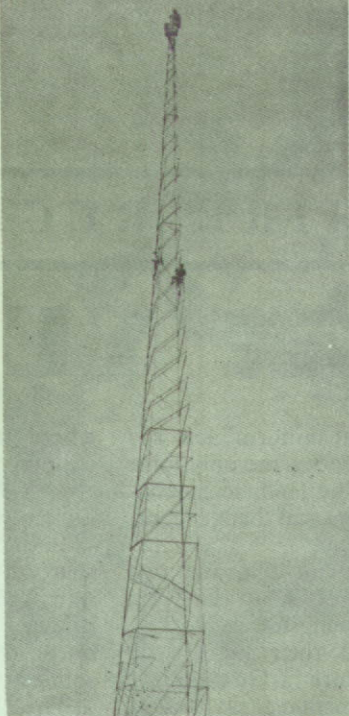
Two Beaver aircraft of the Army Air Corps landed (below) on the aircraft carrier Ark Royal when she sailed past Aden on her way home from duty in the Mozambique channel. Army pilots from 15 Flight stationed in Aden heard the carrier was passing and asked the Royal Navy if they could have a go at landing on the ship. First a swarm of Scout and Sioux helicopters landed on the foredeck while the carrier was at anchor and when she got under way later that day the two Beavers took off from Aden and made several practice landings and take-offs on the ship. The carrier's operations officer said afterwards: "It was a very competent performance. There were no problems at all as far as we were concerned."

No slim automatics in shoulder holsters for the Queen's Scottish bodyguard. When they paraded on the lawns of the Palace of Holyroodhouse, Edinburgh, to receive new Colours, the Royal Company of Archers carried traditional arrows and longbows. Marching behind the Queen in the above picture, taken during the inspection, is the Captain-General, Colonel the Duke of Buccleuch. The Company was founded 290 years ago and the 300 archers on parade responded to such anachronistic orders as "Recover bows." The old Colours, which were presented by the Queen's grandfather, King George V, in 1911, were marched off parade to "Auld Lang Syne" and will be laid up with great ceremony in the Archers' Hall.

An idea born last year on a cold and wintry night led a party of 12 soldiers and airmen and two girls to the shores of the Bay of Naples for adventure training Exercise Sea Horse. Staff-Sergeant Tom Bottle, 14 Infantry Workshop, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, who supervises an aqualung fitting from the extreme left of the picture (below), trained the party of branch members of the British Sub-Aqua Club in the Berlin indoor Olympic pool. In 15 days of diving off "Bella Napoli," all students qualified for the British Sub-Aqua third grading and reached a depth of 125 feet. They explored an old Roman port underwater and Pompeii, Herculaneum and Vesuvius above sea level. Now they are back in Berlin.



Hairy work (right) for Sapper spidermen of 33 Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, who were called in to work on a forest of lattice steel aerials used by the Royal Corps of Signals and the Royal Air Force in the Sovereign Base Area of Episkopi, Cyprus. "Operation Tightrope" called for the erection of 27 towers more than 100 feet tall and the dismantlement of 18 others. During assembly all nuts and bolts on the towers had to be left loose to provide "play" for the fitting of the top members. Even with safety helmets and belts the Sappers felt far from secure on their tiny perches at the top of the swaying towers. Working on or below ground level to base the towers, they used explosives, compressor tools, picks and shovels and 70 tons of cement. As if all this was not enough, Tightrope's controller, Major John Dunham, commander of 33 Field Squadron, was also responsible for the planting of hundreds of cable-carrying telegraph poles and extensive alterations to one of the signals buildings on the Mediterranean island.



That's a welcome sign (below) the six whiter-than-white marchers are about to pass. "Plymouth 27½ miles" it says, and that definitely comes in the good news category for the officer and five Army cadets pledged to march 250 miles from Leicester to Plymouth in seven days. The Cyder Apple March by the Royal Engineer detachment aimed to publicise the Leicester and Rutland Army Cadet Force and raise money for the unit's newly formed band. Led by Lieutenant I Johnson, the

five cadets who covered 130 miles a week during two months of training were Staff-Sergeant G A Humphrey, Corporal R T Denton, Lance-Corporals A Rogowski, D A Weston, and M E Garner. Their longest day's march was 38 miles and they slept in a cowshed, disused pig-sty, a chicken run and various TA centres. After delivering a letter of goodwill from the Mayor of Leicester to the Mayor of Plymouth and setting a marching record, the boys joined the rest of their unit at camp—for more marching.



A thousand British troops sweated and shovelled to clear the streets of Hong Kong after disastrous floods had deluged the Colony. Soldiers from all units worked like the men of 49 Light Regiment, Royal Artillery (above), to clear landslides

and roadblocks. They rescued marooned villagers, carried food and supplies to cut-off areas of the island, and restored communications. With several people still missing, the death toll stands at 61. Damage runs into millions of pounds.

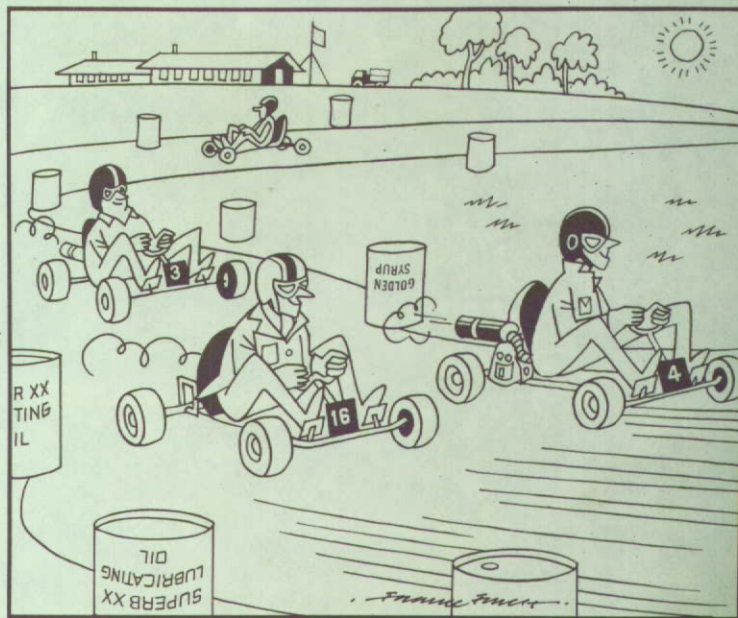
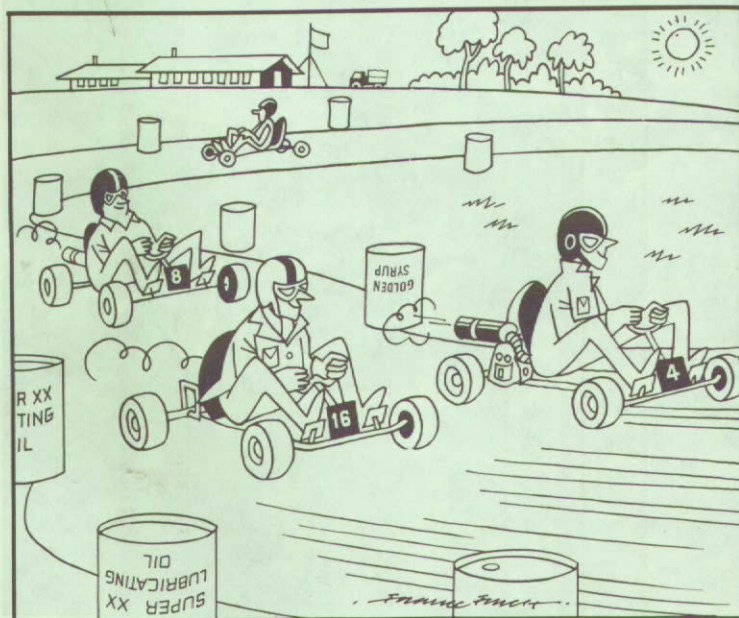
Accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen, as Captain-General of the Royal Artillery, arrives at St Paul's Cathedral (right) for a memorial service on the Regiment's 250th anniversary. Senior Gunner officers from many Commonwealth countries heard trumpeters of the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Artillery, sound a fanfare specially composed by Sir Arthur Bliss. The Royal Artillery Orchestra combined with the organ and choir during the service which was conducted by the Chaplain-General of the Army, The Venerable Archdeacon J R Youens, and the Dean and Chapter of St Paul's. In two days of unsurpassed splendour and interest on Horse Guards Parade, the Royal Regiment staged a celebration appropriate to a history studded with glorious deeds and stretching magnificently from 1716



to 1966. Contrasting with a comprehensive show of Royal Artillery weaponry were stirring massed band displays. The London celebrations ended with a rally in the Royal Festival Hall. The evening began with a variety show, included a colourful pageant and ended with dancing.

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 33.





THE STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT

ON TOUR - 57 YEARS!

LICHFIELD saw the birth of The Staffordshire Regiment more than two-and-a-half centuries ago. This month the city will witness another page of regimental history—and it will be one of the saddest in the book.

The Regiment will be marching through Lichfield's historic streets to commemorate two heroic battles in two world wars; but the occasion will also mark the winding up, after a long and glorious history, of Staffordshire's two Territorial Army battalions.

Not far from the route of this funeral is the cheery King's Head in Bird Street, where Colonel Luke Lillingston raised the old 38th Foot in 1705. This regiment was later linked with the 80th as the 1st and 2nd South Staffords and in 1959 they amalgamated with the North Staffords (formerly the 64th and 98th regiments) to become The Staffordshire Regiment.

The 38th had a black start. Two years after their formation they sailed for the West Indies and in those remote and fever-stricken islands they spent the next 57 years! It was the British Army's longest-ever overseas tour. Grossly neglected for much of this time, the 38th suffered terribly from disease and dreadful living conditions.

At one time no clothing had been received for ten years and some of the men had either no weapons or 50-year-old muskets. They became the first regiment

ever to wear a "tropical uniform"—it was made from local sugar sacks, the only form of clothing available. The Holland patches worn behind the regimental badge commemorate those days.

The 64th was raised in 1756 and two years later they too were sent to the West Indies where, fighting alongside each other, both regiments earned their first battle honour during the capture of Guadeloupe.

Later the two regiments again fought together in the American War of Independence and then both returned home for some very necessary recruiting. During this break from action the 38th started a school for children of the Regiment. It must have been one of the first Army schools but it was little consolation to the officers of the Regiment who complained they had received no pay for seven years.

In 1793 Lord William Paget formed the 80th Foot, many of the men coming from his father's vast estates in Staffordshire. This wealthy gentleman presented commissions and paid for much of the Regiment's clothing and equipment. Their baptism of fire came in the shocking Flanders campaign the following year when national neglect reduced the Army to a terrible state and thousands of ragged, half-starved soldiers, with their wives and children, froze to death. Among other things the Army learned to "swear terribly" in Flanders—and had every justification. Later the Regiment was sent to Ceylon

where it lost 400 men in four years—maintaining overseas garrisons in those days was a costly business in terms of human life.

In the Peninsular War the 38th had a full share of the action and during the grim retreat to Corunna the heroic defence of a bridge by two companies of the 38th did much to save Sir John Moore's ragged and sullen troops.

The 98th, last of the four regiments which were eventually to become The Staffordshire Regiment, were raised in 1824 and the following year went to Cape Colony to spend 12 years guarding white settlers against the Kaffirs. If this task was a little dreary it was nothing to the job the 80th were given in 1836 when they were ordered to escort convicts to Australia.

In small detachments as guards and warders the Regiment made the difficult journey to Australia where they then had to supervise prisons and road gangs. This unpleasant employment occupied them for seven years and when they eventually set sail for their next station in India, two of their ships ran into a hurricane and were wrecked on a mangrove swamp in the Bay of Bengal.

An enterprising Major Bunbury of the 80th immediately took charge and in a few days a makeshift boat was on its way to seek help from the Indian Government. The shipwrecked party was eventually rescued after 50 days on an island populated

Night bivouac at Ferozeshah where the 80th silenced Sikh guns shelling the exhausted British troops.





Staffords in training in Kenya. They played a major role in restoring order in Uganda when the army mutinied there in 1964.

only by themselves and some fierce cannibals.

At Ferozeshah during the First Sikh War the 80th were ordered to silence one of the heavy guns that were shelling British troops exhausted by battle during the day. The Regiment quickly gathered in the darkness and then charged the enemy guns which were swiftly silenced. The three Sikh Colours brought back from that action are now kept in Lichfield Cathedral.

Meanwhile the 98th had been sent to China where, as there were no shore barracks in Hong Kong, they were forced to live for 14 months in the cramped and stinking quarters of a troopship. After 18 months in China, 60 per cent of the Regiment had died and many more were sick. It was not until they finally moved to an island south of Shanghai that they were able to recover.

Action in the Crimea, India, South Africa and Egypt occupied the four regiments for the remainder of the nineteenth century.

The 80th greatly distinguished themselves in South Africa and when the Regiment returned home, despite the men being in rags and many of them not having shaved for three years, they marched through the streets and were given a wildly enthusiastic reception.

In 1888 the 2nd North Staffords were sent to Plymouth garrison where they were hospitably entertained by the 2nd South Staffords, who were already stationed there. Much confusion was caused by the fact that the South Staffords were in North Barracks and the North Staffords were in South Barracks.

When World War One was declared the stout men of Staffordshire flocked to the recruiting offices and a total of 35 battalions wore the famous Stafford knot. They came home (some of them) with a long list of battle honours covering almost every important action on the Western Front.

At one time or another every battalion of the North Staffords and the South Staffords fought on the ghastly Ypres Salient and the two first battalions each lost 90 per cent of their men there. The parade at Lichfield this month will ironically commemorate the action of three Territorial battalions which fought their tortuous way across the St Quentin Canal in 1918 and made the first real break in the Hindenburg Line.

In World War Two the 2nd Battalion, The North Staffordshire Regiment, fought in the withdrawal to Dunkirk and later they were in the Anzio landing and the advance on Rome; the 1st Battalion, The South Staffordshire Regiment, joined Wingate's

incredible Chindits and fought deep behind the Japanese lines in Burma; the 1st North Staffords also fought in Burma with the malaria-ridden "Forgotten Army;" the 2nd South Staffords became an airborne battalion—they were in the spearhead of the glider invasion of Sicily and dropped into Arnhem with 1st Airborne Division to take a full share in one of history's most heroic battles.

After the war the two Regiments faced the usual economy cuts, amalgamations and reductions and in January 1959 they became The Staffordshire Regiment—it was a happy amalgamation for each would have chosen the other in a free choice. They had fought side by side on many battlefields and for years their depots had been together in Lichfield.

At the parade this month the Regiment will be putting a bold face on further cuts—the 5th South Staffords and the 5th 6th North Staffords are to be reduced to two companies of the new Mercian Volunteers.

But whatever cuts, amalgamations or reorganisation are planned for the future, the past can never be obliterated from the pages of history and if the future is anything like the past, then the people of Staffordshire have nothing to fear for their Regiment.

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LETTERS

Old soldier

In the churchyard of St Michael in the Essex village of Great Sampford there stands a memorial obelisk bearing two inscriptions, one to Jonas Watson, buried beneath in July 1693, and the other to his son, also named Jonas. The latter was a lieutenant-colonel of artillery and served in Ireland, Flanders and the Siege of Gibraltar before being killed during the attack on Cartagena, on 30 March 1741.

He was then in the seventy-eighth year of his age and the fifty-eighth of his service as a soldier! Because of the climate it was not possible at that time to bring the old soldier's body back to England so the facts of his life and death were inscribed on his father's memorial.—“Pompadour,” Essex.

Credit due

In the review of the book “The Broken Column” (SOLDIER, May) reference is made to a chance meeting between James Wilde and his old captain of the submarine Sahib.

Although this interview may have taken place, no information was available as to Wilde's whereabouts. On 19 February 1964, Lord Hardinge of Penshurst wrote to this Association stating that with the help of naval officers he had been trying to find Wilde and could the Submarine Old Comrades Association help?

Within a very short time we were able to trace him through our branches; his address was sent to Lord Hardinge on 25 March 1964.

Without the services of this Association they would still be looking for Mr

Wilde and, though all the people now connected with the book are apparently claiming to have discovered him, it was this Association which did the work and made their further enquiries possible.

Keeping contact through an ex-Service association has thus shown its value.—W Sadler, Hon Sec, Submarine Old Comrades Association, 18 Rainham Road, Chatham, Kent.

Military Historical Society

I should like to draw the attention of SOLDIER's readers to the existence of the Military Historical Society, the aim of which is to encourage research into the history, traditions, uniforms, badges and other military aspects of the Armed

A laugh on every page

If you want a jolly good laugh you couldn't do better than get your own copy of “SOLDIER Humour,” a 64-page booklet containing more than 100 of the best cartoons published in SOLDIER over the past few years.

There's a chuckle or two on every page—which is excellent value by any standards for only 1s 3d.

“SOLDIER Humour” is on sale at bookstalls at home and overseas. Unit PRI and individual subscribers may order direct from HMSO, PO Box 569, London SE1, or from SOLDIER, 433 Holloway Road, London N7.



“Three extracted in error. Sign here!”

The Queen's Regiment

The third of the new large Infantry regiments to be formed in accordance with Army plans to meet changing strategic needs will be The Queen's Regiment, comprising the four existing Regular regiments of The Home Counties Brigade and an Army Volunteer Battalion. The full titles of the component battalions will be:

- 1st Battalion, The Queen's Regiment (Queen's Surreys)
- 2nd Battalion, The Queen's Regiment (Queen's Own Buffs)
- 3rd Battalion, The Queen's Regiment (Royal Sussex)
- 4th Battalion, The Queen's Regiment (Middlesex)
- 5th Battalion, The Queen's Regiment (T and AVR II)

Short titles will be 1, 2, 3, 4 or 5 Queens.

The 5th Volunteer Battalion will provide, in addition to headquarters and a headquarter company, a company in each of the four counties, linked with its parent Battalion.

The composition and detail of the T and AVR units in Home Defence role will be decided at a later date.

Vesting date for the new Regiment will be 31 December 1966, and details of the new insignia will be announced when they have received the Queen's consent. There will be no major changes in dress.

Princess Marina, Duchess of Kent, is to be Colonel-in-Chief of the new Regiment, and a new title has been created to link King Frederik of Denmark, and Queen Juliana of The Netherlands, with the Regiment. Both Sovereigns have accepted the Queen's invitation to become Allied Colonels-in-Chief, King Frederik's personal association being with The Queen's Regiment (Queen's Own Buffs), and Queen Juliana's with The Queen's Regiment (Royal Sussex).

The Regimental links with the heads of the Royal Households of Denmark and the Netherlands

have always been closely maintained.

Colonel of the Regiment (designate) is Lieutenant-General Sir Richard Craddock and Deputy-Colonels (designate) are:

- Major-General F J C Piggott
1st Battalion
- Major-General C H Tarver
2nd Battalion
- Brigadier J B Ashworth
3rd Battalion
- Major-General C M M Man
4th Battalion

Appointment of an Honorary Colonel of the 5th Volunteer Battalion will be announced later.

The Large Regiment concept is the next logical step from the postwar reforms which reduced the number of Regular battalions in Regiments of the Line, created the brigade system, and amalgamated a number of county regiments. It is also considered the best means of ensuring that the future organisation is viable, while retaining the best traditions of the existing regiments.

Forces and Police of Great Britain and the Commonwealth.

Membership is worldwide and includes many regimental museums, civic museums and educational bodies. Headquarters are in the centre of London and members hold a monthly meeting on the second Saturday of each month. A quarterly journal contains articles of interest on the subjects mentioned above, news of the Society's activities and members' advertisements. Also published is a directory of members giving their addresses and interests and this is of especial value to collectors.

Through the generosity of Canon Lummis the Society is the custodian of his unique collection of individual files on all who have won the Victoria Cross—1344 in all—together with a special library on the subject. This collection of books, as well as a library on more general military matters, is available for research by members.

The annual subscription for members is £1 sterling (3 dollars USA/Canada) and there is an entrance fee of 5s (75 cents USA/Canada).

Further details and applications forms may be obtained from the Hon Sec, John Gaylor, 7 East Woodside, Leighlands, Bexley, Kent.

Steeplechasing

The Irish claim to have invented steeplechasing is not a touch of blarney (LETTERS, June), as Sergeant Garland will find if he refers to the book "Steeplechasing" by Lord Willoughby de Broke.

The first steeplechasing match took place in Co Cork in 1752 between a Mr O'Gallaghan and a Mr Blake, and was a race across country from Buttevant Church to the steeple of St Leger Church, a distance of four-and-a-half miles.

It was from this contest that the word "steeplehunting" or "steeple-chasing" originated.—J O'Reilly, 106 Upper Hanover Street, Sheffield 3.

Gunner corporals

I read with interest the correspondence on the ranks of corporal and bombardier in the Royal Artillery. The paysheet for the month of November 1747 of the Perth Detachment of—it would seem—the 4th Company, Royal Artillery, shows the following non-commissioned ranks: Sergeant, corporal, bombardier and gunner. It is interesting to note that the ranks of the commissioned officers are: Captain, captain lieutenant, 1st lieutenant and lieutenant fireworker.—T S Cunningham, 6 The Lindens, Prospect Hill, Walthamstow, London E17.

Gallant women

Will SOLDIER please settle an argument? My friend maintains that at least a dozen women won the Military Medal while serving in the First Aid Nursing Yeomanry during World War One. I think he is wrong.—"Sceptic," Hounslow.

★ Nineteen members of the FANY won the Military Medal in World War One.

Any old badges?

With the help of my cadets I am trying to build up a collection of regimental badges for display at our Troop Headquarters. I would be very pleased to receive any surplus badges which SOLDIER readers may care to donate.—Lieut R Brooks, OC A Troop RA (ACF), Girdwood Park, Belfast 14, NI.

Military history

An attempt is being made to establish a military historical society for southern Africa. The aims of the society will be to promote the study of the history of the uniformed forces of the world; the promotion of mutual assistance among those interested in the collection of insignia, uniforms, weapons or medals of the uniformed forces of the world and to promote the publication of the histories of the uniformed forces of southern Africa.

Anyone interested is invited to write to me for further information.—N Gomm, 2 Troyeville Centre, 46 Princes Street, Troyeville, Johannesburg, South Africa.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

Lieut-Col E J Bowen, Yorkshire Brigade Depot, Strensall Camp, York.—Requires helmet plate badge of West Yorkshire Regiment for pre-war officer's full-dress helmet.

H R Self, Robins Rest, Wellhouse Road, Beech, Alton, Hants.—Requires Regular and Volunteer glengarry and fur cap grenades of Fusilier regiments; purchase or exchange.

F Brierton, 41 Leverett Place, North Beach, Christchurch, New Zealand.—Wishes exchange worldwide metal and cloth military badges. Correspondence welcomed.

K P Rogan, 65 Hooker Avenue, Poughkeepsie, NY 12601, USA.—Collects envelopes, letters and news items from "small war" areas, can supply magazines etc in exchange.

M Downey, 1 Avoca Street, Randwick, New South Wales, Australia.—Collects worldwide badges of paratroop and commando units only.

C P Ashdown, Lower School, Ridley College, St Catharines, Ontario, Canada.—Requires British swaggar stick with crested ball top.

J T Lamboo, El Boddaertstr 72 IV, Amsterdam (Slotervaart), Netherlands.—Wishes exchange foreign stamps, all letters answered.

W Sparks, 28 Greenway Road, Taunton, Somerset.—Collects colonial and foreign stamps, exchange or purchase.

REUNIONS

Beachley Old Boys' Association. Annual reunion 23, 24 and 25 September. Particulars from Hon Sec, BOBA, Army Apprentices School, Chepstow, Mon.

The Royal Tank Regiment Association. Maidstone Branch "Cambrai" reunion dinner at Medway Hotel, Bank Street, Maidstone, Saturday, 29 October, 7 for 7.30pm. Details from L H Pearce, 84 Old Tovil Road, Maidstone, Kent.

The East Yorkshire Regimental Association. Reunion 24/25 September 1966. Apply Secretary, 11 Butcher Row, Beverley, East Yorkshire.

146/7 (WR) Field Ambulance RAMC. 20th annual reunion dinner, Friday, 14 October, at Sheffield and Ecclesall Co-op, Hon Sec, Captain A E Hodgson, 23 Bowfield Road, Sheffield 5.

Queen's Royal Irish Hussars. Regimental dinner at Victory Ex-Services Club, Seymour Street, London W2, 5 November. Details from Home HQ QRIH, 74 Clifton Street, Belfast 13, NI.

Master Gunners Past and Present. Annual reunion at Victory Ex-Services Club, Seymour Street, London W2, Saturday, 1 October, 7pm. Particulars and tickets (22s 6d) from H Whatling, 55 Orpin Road, Merstham, Surrey.

Old Lawrencians (Lovedale, India). Reunion on Saturday, 24 September, at Royal Horticultural New Hall, Greycoat Street, London SW1 (3-11 pm).

Army Catering Corps Association. Reunion dinner at Victory Ex-Services Club, Seymour Street, London W2, Friday, 21 October. Tickets 27s 6d each from Secretary, ACC Association, Tournai Barracks, Aldershot, Hants.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(see page 29)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1 Windows of left hut. 2 Number of third go-kart. 3 Wording on drum at left foreground. 4 Breast-pocket of No. 16. 5 Trunk of middle tree. 6 Height of drum on right of third go-kart. 7 Road lines in front of leading go-kart. 8 Width of road at top right. 9 Size of flag. 10 Lines on helmet of No. 16.

YOU NAME IT

The first of SOLDIER's two picture acrostics (Competition 95, April) produced only five incorrect answers.

The correct solution was:

S	A	L	A	D	I	N
	M	A	L	K	A	R
C	O	R	P	O	R	A
S	C	O	U	T		
S	A	R	A	C	E	N
	A	N	T	A	R	
C	E	N	T	U	R	I
C	H	I	E	F	T	A

Prizewinners were:

- 1 Capt M J Rose RAOC, 17 RVD, BFPO 40.
- 2 D Whitecross, Students Hall, Cottingham Road, Corby.
- 3 Sgt J R Bullen, 7 Armd Bde Postal & Courier Comms Unit RE, BFPO 30.
- 4 M Bowe, 23 Eastview Avenue, Plumstead, London SE18.
- 5 J E Carter, Sante Anne, Ryeish Green, Spencers Wood, Reading, Berks.
- 6 WO I J Riddle, 15 ABOD, BFPO 40.

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**, October. **Assistant Preventive Officer** (18-25), February, and **Customs Officer** (18-22), March; allowance for Forces service. Write stating age, Forces service, etc., to:

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UPWARD BOUND

"The Powerless Ones—Gliding in Peace and War" (Michael Cumming)

THE sport of gliding owes much to the Treaty of Versailles which in 1919 barred the Germans from possessing powered aircraft. Aviation enthusiasts turned to gliding.

Their early achievements showed the way and their enthusiasm crossed frontiers and oceans. Britain's first gliding contest was held in 1922 and a few years later the London Gliding Club meetings on Dunstable Downs attracted so many spectators that they created a major traffic problem.

Gliding was a sport which went to war, after a fashion. Troop-carriers which landed on the battlefields of World War Two bore about as much resemblance to the enthusiasts' sailplanes as towed barges to a racing yacht.

Men of the Glider Pilot Regiment, which crewed British wartime gliders, were both fighting soldiers and airmen, trained to do battle alongside the airborne Infantry as soon as they had landed their craft and until they could be removed to pilot new gliders. During training, non-commissioned officer pilots showed their initiative by turning out for a cross-country run in full kit wearing heavy-looking rucksacks filled with inflated lifejackets.

Among other things, the gliders took into battle eight-ton Tetrarch tanks. In Normandy the Tetrarchs

had a set-back. Parachutes, discarded by their users on landing, clogged their works and crews spent a night with blow-lamps and hacksaws clearing nylon from tracks, sprockets and driving gears. Then they gave useful support to the airborne infantry.

Many who belonged to the now-disbanded Glider Pilot Regiment are today pilots in civilian clubs. Those in one group, the Upward Bound Trust, devote their spare time to teaching young people the elements of gliding.

Perhaps the most remarkable glider of the war was that built in an attic of Colditz Castle, where the Germans housed the most intractable officer prisoners-of-war. The idea was that with a crew of two escapers (who were never selected) the Colditz glider should be launched from a steeply sloping roof and land in some shallow water 300 or 400 yards outside the Castle. The glider was completed, though not its launching-ramp, but the prisoners were liberated before it could be flown.

In telling the story of the glider in peace and war, the author has singled out some highlights for extended treatment, skating over more humdrum developments. This makes the book very readable, even for those with no previous interest in the subject, though it may have drawbacks for historians.

The author's account of the 1952 World Championships is a cliff-hanging saga.

Frederick Muller, 30s

R L E

LIFE OR DEATH ON THE RAILWAY

"Prisoner on the Kwai" (Basil Peacock)

"FAMILY—head of—returning to—prepare bosom of". Thus did a captain who had been a prisoner of the Japanese on the notorious "Death Railway" in Thailand announce his survival and his imminent homecoming.

A somewhat lighthearted telegram, considering the years of hardship. The captain was not the author, but Major Peacock quotes him and gives a clue to the survival of captain and himself—the ability to see the funny side of things. On the banks of the Kwai, apart from the starvation, disease, neglect and bestialities of the Japanese, despair was a major killer.

Major Peacock recalls one young soldier of his battery who returned from up the line. He was near to death but among familiar faces began to make an astonishing recovery, until someone stole all he had—a pack, boots and a blanket. "We told him not to worry, we would find some kit for him. But he just shook his head. He died within a few hours—of a broken heart, I am sure."

It was not a Jap, but a comrade, who was the thief. The author pulls no punches in telling of these "bad men," and it is almost a pleasure to read how one "simply disappeared

in mysterious circumstances." Happily, the bad men were only a small fraction of the whole.

The author has not, however, set out to write a horror story of life as a prisoner. He confesses that it might even appear to be a light-hearted account of life on the Kwai. But adventure is the operative word—crazy, bizarre, horrific, but an adventure nevertheless.

Blackwood, 25s

J C W

ZULU HISTORY

"The Washing of the Spears" (Donald R Morris)

TO anyone browsing through the 19th century years of British arms, two things become apparent. First is the sheer incompetence in high places. More often than not, a title and blue blood were sufficient to secure a field command. They were not always enough.

Second, and perhaps the more important, is the sheer courage in lower places. More important because it was this courage which time and time again saved the day when there was bungling above.

The defeat at Isandhlwana in the Zulu War was the most humiliating of Victorian empire building, more so than the retreat from Kabul. The defence of Rorke's Drift, on the other hand, is one of the most stirring events in British history. Never were Victoria Crosses awarded with such prodigality, nor were they ever more deserved.

The power of the Zulu nation spanned a mere half-century but until now it has never found an objective historian willing to present the whole picture. With the understandable concentration on individual rulers—Shaka, Dingaan and Cetshwayo—we are left with but fragments of the picture.

It is pleasant to report that the task has been successfully handled by Commander Morris. And while in no way belittling the excellence of his effort, it is irksome at first to find that it is an American—and a sailor to boot—who takes it upon himself to fill the gap.

But the deeper one goes into this wonderfully detailed work, the more one realises the bias and, in some respects, shortcomings of previous accounts. Perhaps it is all to the good that an American should tackle the subject—at least he has no axe to grind.

Commander Morris's book must become the standard work on Zulu history.

Jonathan Cape, 55s

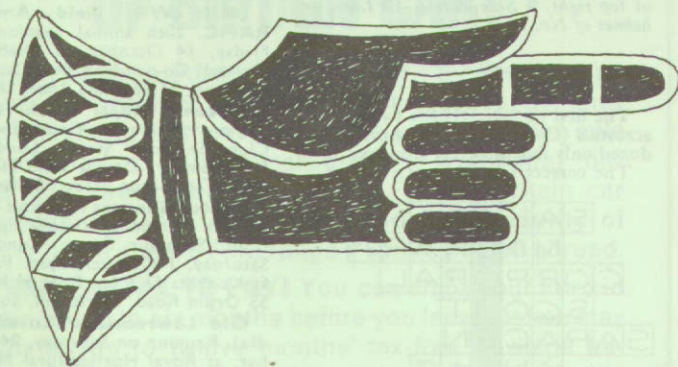
J C W

IN BRIEF

"The Basis of Judo" (F W Pearson)

In spite of its name, the author makes it clear that this book is not intended for beginners, but for practising judomen. Indeed the uninitiated might be put off by the author's statement that it is "preferable to get fit to practise judo, rather than practise judo to get fit." To most enthusiasts the main value of this book will probably lie in the photographs which clearly illustrate the writer's points. The author is a 1st Dan Black Belt and a former national coaching secretary.

G Bell, 21s



MARCHING ORDERS

C.O. sent him on an exercise last week... told him to march straight to the nearest Forces Bookshop and bring back a tall order. Kind of initiative test. No blondes there but he brought back the biggest selection of books and magazines and newspapers the C.O.'s ever seen. That's how it is with Forces Bookshops—they've got most things on the shelf. And what they don't have in stock they can get for you—fast!

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and other main centres.

PUZZLES IN OUTLINE

SOLDIER celebrates its century in competitions with a sticky one. How well do you *really* know the badges of the British Army? Here are the outlines of 12 cap badges worn by the Regular Army—how many can you identify?

It is not as easy as you might think and at first glance some of them look identical—but every one is different. Four outlines belong to Cavalry regiments, two are “large regiment” badges, one is a brigade badge, one belongs to the Guards, three are corps badges and one is a department badge. These clues will help you recognise the

outlines that appear to have a double identity and, remember, they are all Regular Army badges.

Send your answers on a postcard or by letter, with the “Competition 100” label from this page and your name and address, to:

The Editor (Comp 100)
SOLDIER
433 Holloway Road
London N7.

This competition is open to all readers at home and overseas. Closing date for entries is Monday, 7 November. In the event of no entries identifying all the

badges, the prizes will go to those with the highest number of correct identifications. More than one entry can be submitted but each must be accompanied by a “Competition 100” label. Answers and winners’ names will appear in the January SOLDIER.

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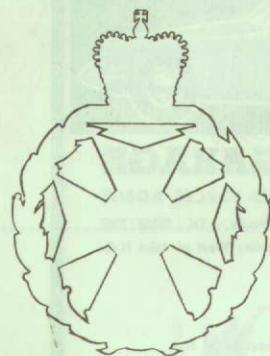
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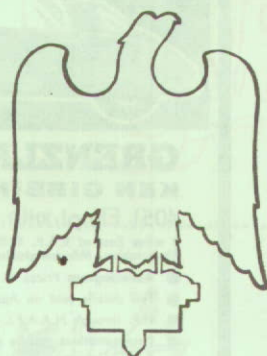
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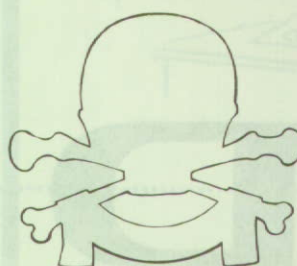
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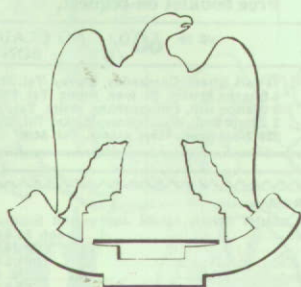
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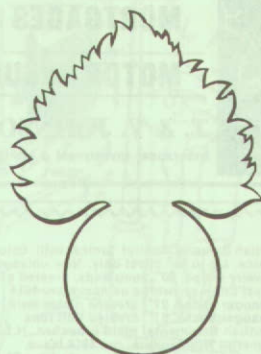
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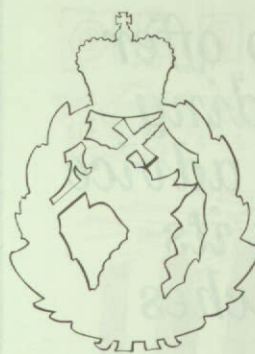
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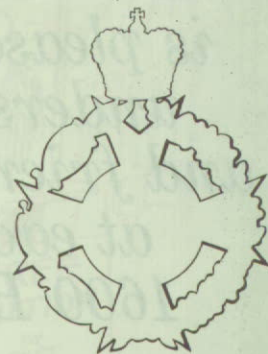
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11



12



Hairpins never bother the Spitfire owner, though he has to keep sweeping them out of the cockpit.

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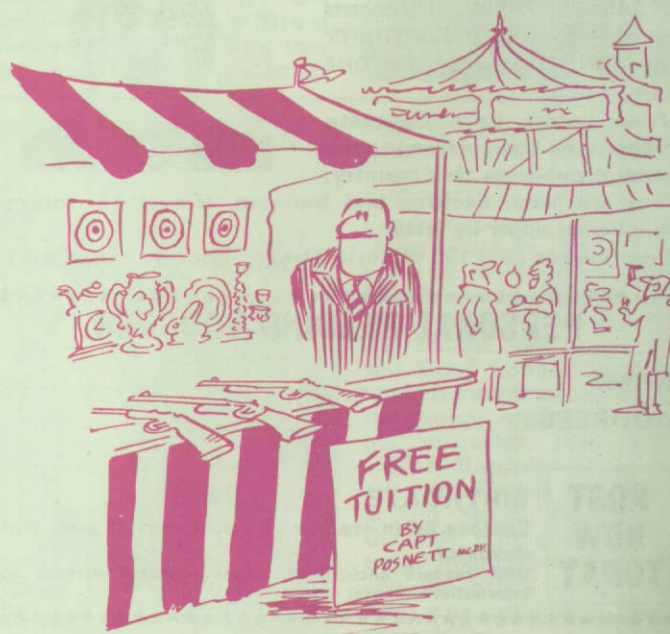
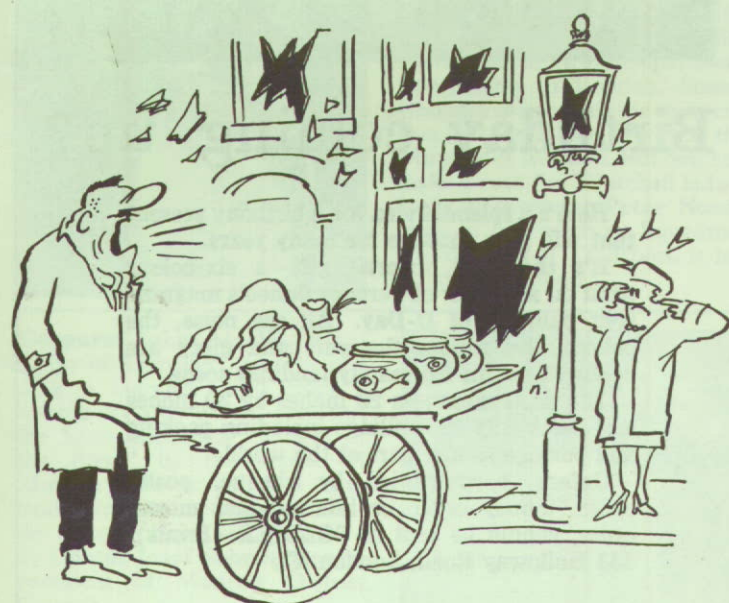
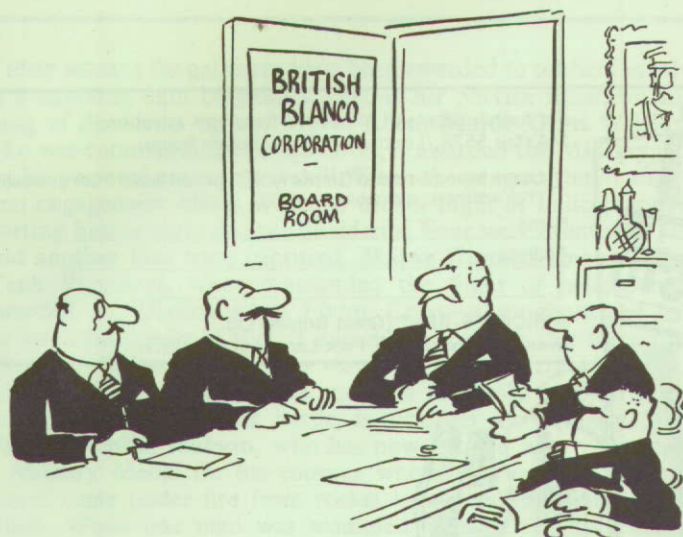
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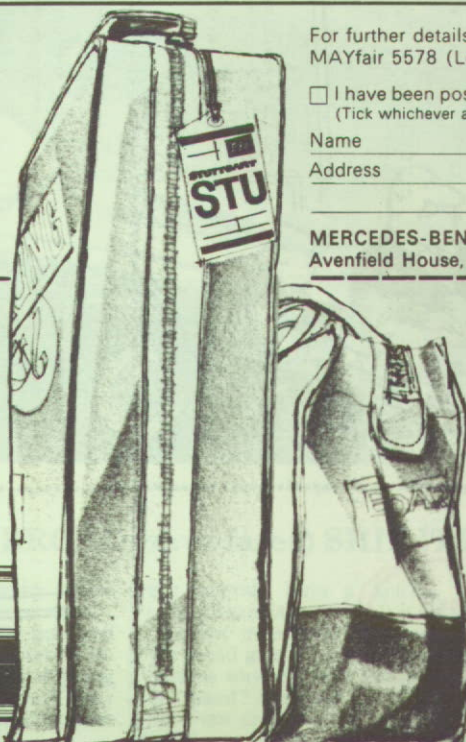
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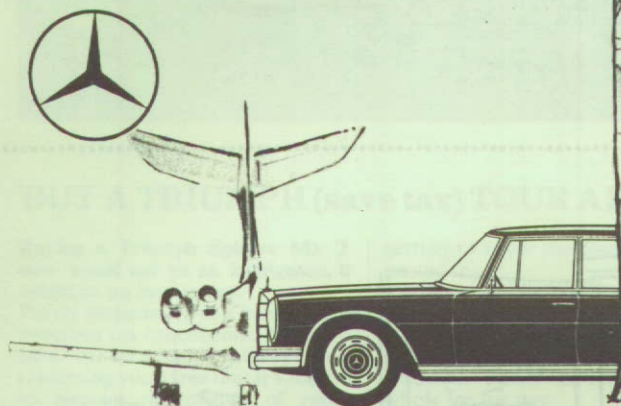
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Purely Personal

THREE MEDALS for gallantry have been awarded to soldiers involved in a day-long fight between a Special Air Service squadron and a gang of dissidents up-country in Aden. **Major Glyn Williams**, who was commanding the squadron, is awarded the Military Cross for his personal courage and skill. When the gang scattered after the first engagement Major Williams used a flight of helicopters supporting him to surround the dissidents. Four were eventually killed and another four were captured. **Major Donald Crouch**, Royal Tank Regiment, who commanded the flight of helicopters, is awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross—throughout the battle he was continually in the air and his aircraft was hit three times. **Trooper Brian Dodd**, who was in the party airlifted to cut off the rebels' first escape route and who fearlessly exposed himself to heavy fire during the battle, is awarded the Military Medal. **Private Colin Watson**, who has now left the Army, is awarded a Military Medal for his courage when his Parachute Regiment patrol came under fire from rocket launchers and small arms in Aden. When one man was wounded Watson selflessly exposed himself and gave first aid which saved the man's life. He then went to help another wounded man giving artificial respiration, including the "kiss of life", for more than an hour while under fire in an unsuccessful attempt to save his life.



THE YUGOSLAVS never forgot what a small party of British Sappers did for them when the town of Skopje was shaken to pieces by an earthquake in 1963. And they showed their gratitude recently when **Captain Charles Brodley**, Royal Engineers, who led the British Army mercy mission, was presented with a commemorative plaque at a special ceremony at the Yugoslav Embassy in London. Soon after the disaster hit Skopje 44 Sappers from 35 Corps Engineer Regiment in Germany were on their way to the stricken city to supervise the building of temporary accommodation for the thousands of homeless families.



A RARE beat group—they have an international reputation, but no recording contract—arrived in Hampshire last month. The Bi-Hex, five soldiers of 3rd Battalion, The Royal Anglian Regiment, have been in great demand for the last six months in Berlin by German, British, American and French teenagers living in the divided city. Officially encouraged by the Army, the group scored terrific success by intensive rehearsal of the latest numbers—they were playing a new Beatles song in Berlin before the disc was available in the shops. Now that their Battalion has left Berlin to become part of the Strategic Reserve at Tidworth, the boys—**Private Jimmy Justice** (bass guitar), **Private Ivor Lent** (guitar), **Lance-Corporal David Nock** (drummer), **Craftsman Frank Moore** (guitar) and **Lance-Corporal William Stockwell** (vocalist)—hope they can make an impact here at home.

Ex-ARMY bandboy **Norman Wisdom** proved he could still blow "reveille" on a trumpet when he attended the opening of the new £35,000 Globe cinema at Tidworth, Hampshire. The occasion was also the world premiere of Norman's new film, "The Sandwich Man," and when Junior Leaders of the Royal Signals blew a fanfare to mark the opening, the little comedian couldn't resist the opportunity of having a blow himself on a borrowed trumpet.



MINI-SKIRTED blonde on the back cover is, believe it or not, Miss Whitehall 1966. Twenty-year-old **Susan Inverarity** won the title in the Charm and Personality Contest at the Army Department Sports Day in London. Susan, who says she entered the competition just for a joke, works at the Ministry of Aviation. But don't all make a rush for Whitehall lads—lucky **Lieutenant Peter Nordman** of 63 Parachute Squadron, Royal Corps of Transport, is her steady boy-friend.

Corporal John Ainslie, Royal Corps of Transport, who helped drag a German child from a blazing car after a road accident, has been dubbed a "Knight of the Road" by the people of Munster. He is pictured here being presented with his *Kavalier der Strasse* plaque and certificate by **Doctor Josef Schneeberger**, president of Munster District Council.



Battery Quartermaster Sergeant Kenneth Bagshawe has just been presented with his SECOND long Service and Good Conduct Medal. Young Bagshawe joined the Royal Marines at the age of 18 and served in the Middle East and Europe during World War Two. In 1947 he was awarded the Naval Long Service and Good Conduct Medal and soon afterwards he transferred to the Royal Artillery as a field gun instructor. Now aged 52, BQMS Bagshawe is serving at the Joint Warfare Establishment at Old Sarum. Believed to be the only man ever to get the medal from both the Royal Navy and the Army, he is pictured here with his family after the presentation.

SOLDIER

