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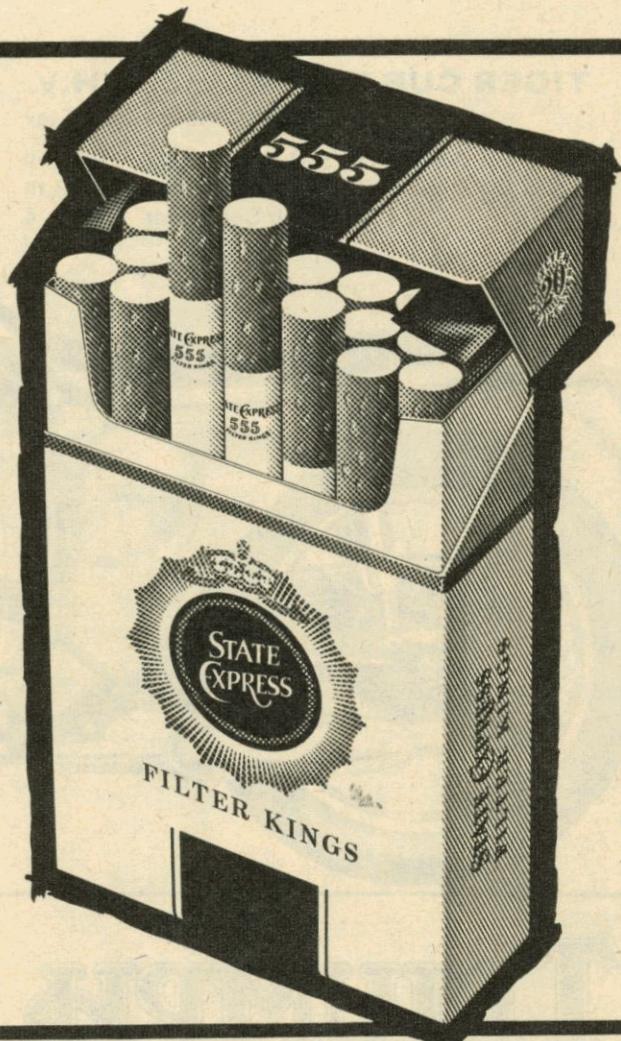


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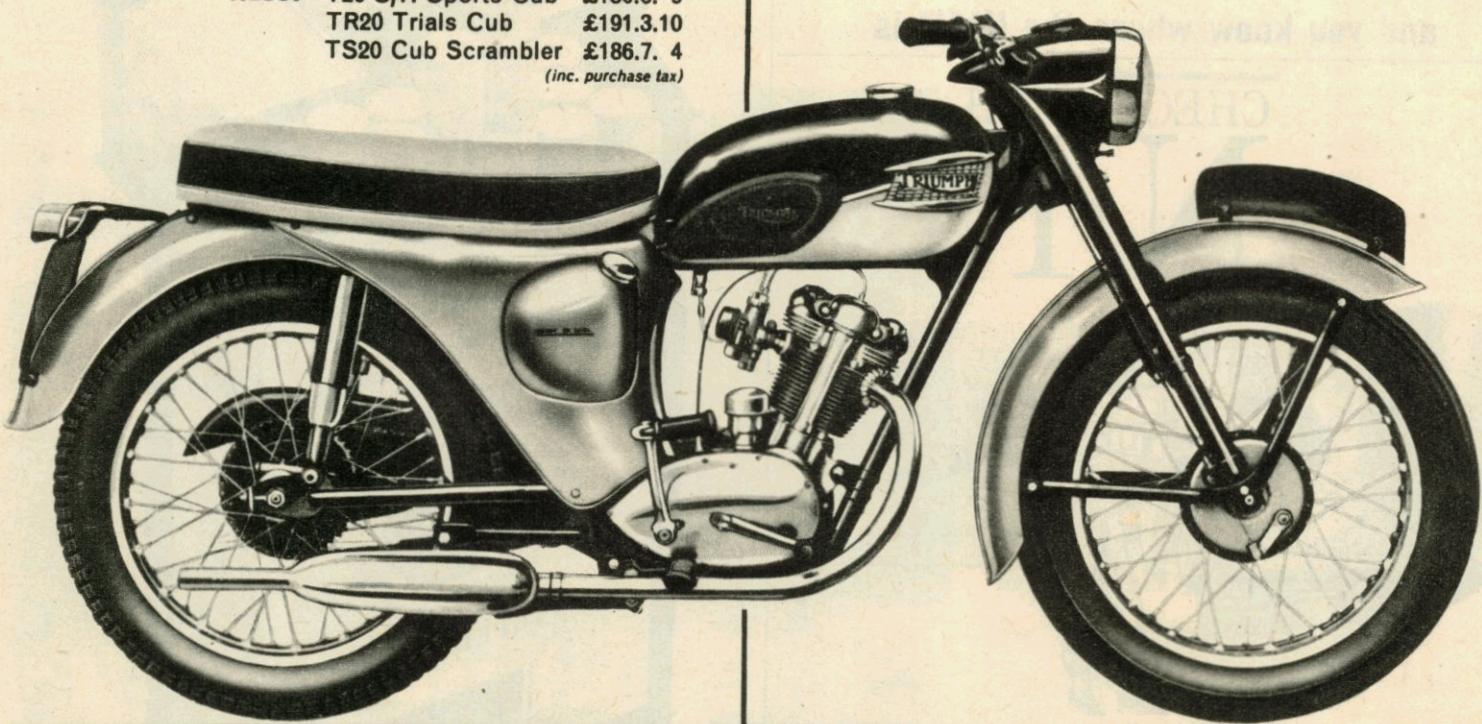


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Sixteen years ago the Army lost its Commandos. But today an Army badge again rests firmly on that proud green beret. Men of 29 Regiment, Royal Artillery, in their new role of supporting the Royal Marines, have become . . .

GUNNER COMMANDOS

THE Marine Commandos needed artillery support. They needed Gunners equally as fit and agile as themselves, capable of scaling the same cliffs, fording the same rivers, ploughing through the same bogs—and bringing their guns with them. It was a job for Commando Gunners.

Already part of the Strategic Reserve, 29 Regiment, Royal Artillery, was given the job, learning of it on the way back from the "fire brigade" action in Kuwait. It meant a complete reorganisation, with changes in role, training techniques and in armament. It meant that every man in the Regiment would have to tackle the punishing Commando course at Lympstone, 40 miles from the Regiment's new home in the Royal Citadel, Plymouth.

After a brief work-out, an advance party of three officers and a dozen non-commissioned officers, including all the physical training staff, went to Lympstone, took the Marines' Commando course and became the Gunners' Commando instructors. The five-week course was streamlined to three weeks for the Gunners. Punting was achieved only by cutting out lectures and practical tests on Infantry subjects. All the tough, physical tests of courage and endurance were retained but packed into the shorter period.

Eighty Gunner officers and men were sent on the first Army Commando course since 1945. With little or no build-up they were flung into the most stringent man-made test of physical endurance and courage known to the Services. This diverse cross-section of the Royal Artillery, with its various ages, temperaments and Service backgrounds, donned its denims, gritted its teeth, and set out to show what it was made of.

Inevitably the course had its tragedies. Sometimes, though the spirit was determined, muscle-power was drained and weary feet pounded to a standstill. One of the Regiment's fittest and finest soldiers, a successful heavyweight boxer, burned up the course until it came to the heights, where he reluctantly accepted his most bitter defeat and retired to await his posting.

But there were triumphs too. Bombardier George

OVER...



Without any cliff-scaling experience, Gunners have this descent to master after a few brief tips. It is just one hazard en route to the green beret.

GUNNER COMMANDOS

continued



At a Larkhill demonstration the Gunner Commandos showed how they bring a 105-mm down a cliff. They had the gun down, assembled and ready for firing in under 14 minutes.



Here the Gunners' versatile 105-mm, cocooned against the sea, enters an LCT on an amphibious exercise to France with 145 (Maiwand) Commando Battery and 43 Commando.



The fastest method of carrying a gun from ship to shore is slung under a helicopter.

Smith, aged 47, a veteran of 26 years' service, tackled the course with the best of the young ones. Only once—on the 30-mile trek across Dartmoor—did he need the ten per cent leeway allowed for those over 35.

Of the 79 Gunners on that first course, 51 came through, and of the 28 casualties, 15 succeeded at a second attempt. The second course, in March, showed a similar ratio. After the third and largest course—104 men—came the Regiment's big day.



Bdr George Smith who, at 47, tackled the rugged Commando course with the fittest.

A COMMANDO AGAIN

THE Commanding Officer of the Regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel D. W. V. P. O'Flaherty, has every possible qualification for the job. An Irishman and a Gunner, he was one of the earliest volunteers for the Commandos in 1940.

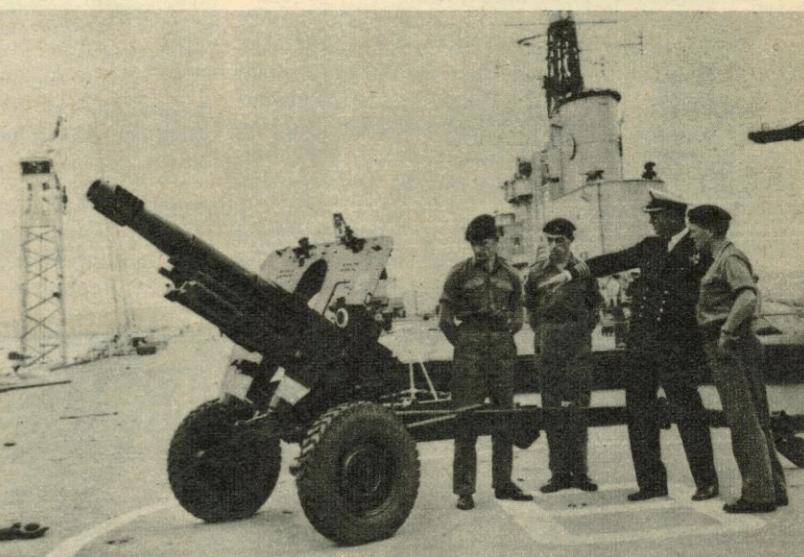
It was on his second Commando raid, at Vaagso, Norway, in 1941 (where 18,000 tons of shipping and several oil factories were destroyed), that Colonel O'Flaherty was almost given up for dead.

But he was made of sterner stuff and though he lost an eye, a broken neck was finally repaired after two years in hospital and he spent the rest of the war as a Commando instructor. In 1945 he was ready for action again in Malaya when the

atom bomb brought the war in the East to an end.

After fighting in Korea in 1950 he went to Malaya to raise a Malay field battery. Subsequently he was brigade major, Royal Artillery, of 3rd Division, a battery commander of 42 Field Regiment and a company commander at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. Before taking over his present appointment in April, he commanded 34 Regiment, Royal Artillery, in Hong Kong.

Colonel O'Flaherty speaks highly of the hospitality the Regiment has received from the Marines. "They have given us a tremendous welcome, helped us with instructors and equipment, and altogether been remarkable hosts," he says.



Gunners of 29 Commando Regiment aboard HMS Albion, one of the two Commando ships they are likely to see a lot of in their new role.



This thick mud on the endurance course at Lympstone has to be waded through four times before the green beret is won. Recruits work in groups of three.

By then just 179 Gunners had battled their way round the course, with its mud, tunnels, dams, cliffs and ropes, and emerged as Commandos. On parade at the Royal Citadel they received their green berets from the Commandant-General, Royal Marines, Lieutenant-General M. C. Cartwright Taylor. The badge of the Gunners rested firmly on the Commando headgear.

But earning the new beret was only part of 29 Regiment's transformation. Since

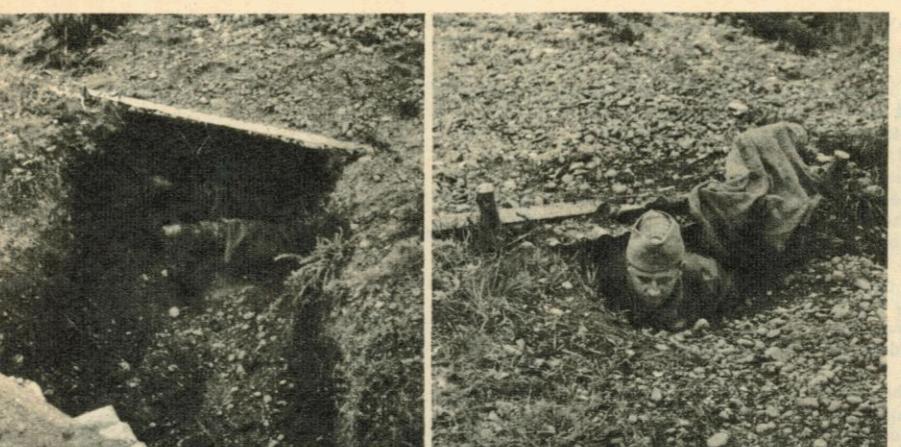
returning from Cyprus in 1960, after three years in an internal security role, the Regiment had trained on 25-pounders. The new job called for a more mobile and adaptable weapon. The Marines, after carrying out their own trials, had chosen the 105-mm pack-howitzer.

Here was a gun that could be packed and assembled quickly, loaded into a helicopter or truck, slung under a helicopter, carried by a team of mules, swung piecemeal (in 28

pieces) over a cliff or across a river, or even towed by the Gunners themselves. All these techniques had to be learned and developed—and variations invented—by the Commando Gunners.

Another big change was in the establishment. The Regiment contained three famous batteries—8 (Alma), 79 (Kirkee) and 145 (Maiwand)—but the new role called for only two batteries. Alma became a

OVER...



In full battle order a Gunner disappears (left) into a narrow tunnel on the endurance course and emerges safely (right) 15 yards away.



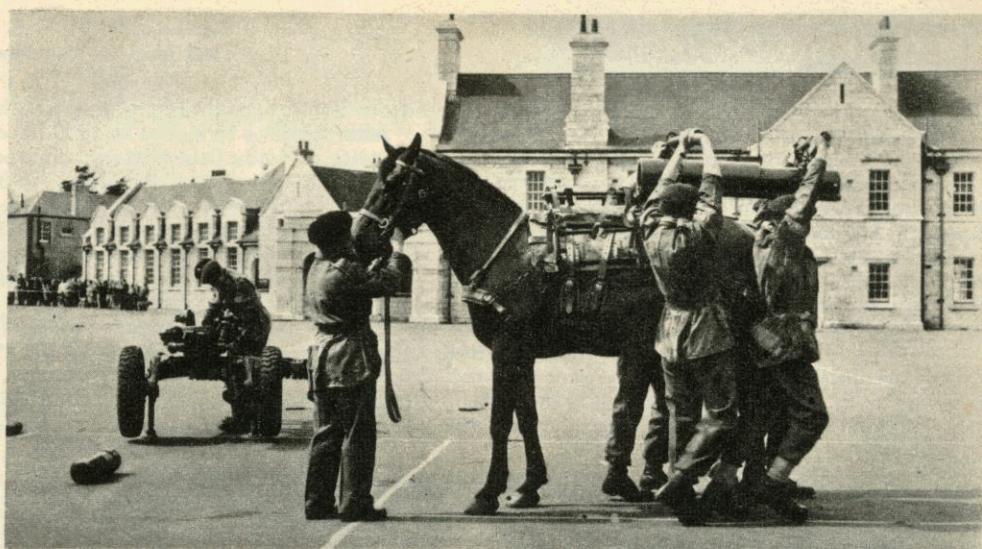
On his second-ever cliff descent this Gunner is already gaining confidence. He controls his progress by braking the rope in the crook of his right arm.

casualty, retained in title only by becoming Headquarters Battery.

However, the Commando course had taken its toll and the officers and men of Alma, who had missed the Kuwait operation, and returned from Aden only in February, were absorbed into the other two batteries. Major A. J. W. Harvey's 145 Battery was brought up to full strength, but 79 Battery could muster only one troop. A recruiting circular went round to all Gunner regiments and Major R. N. W. Lydekker, commanding 79 Battery, visited Rhine Army units in search of volunteers. In July, after a thorough warm-up, two squads, all volunteers, went through Lympstone, bringing 79 Battery up to strength.

This month, 145 (Maiwand) Battery leaves for Singapore to support a Marine Commando Brigade there, while 79 (Kirkee) Battery stays at the Citadel ready for instant action in support of the home-based Marine Commandos. The two troops in each battery can be split to act in support of a Commando.

Many techniques are still being developed and training and practice continue. The accent is on mobility and speed, and



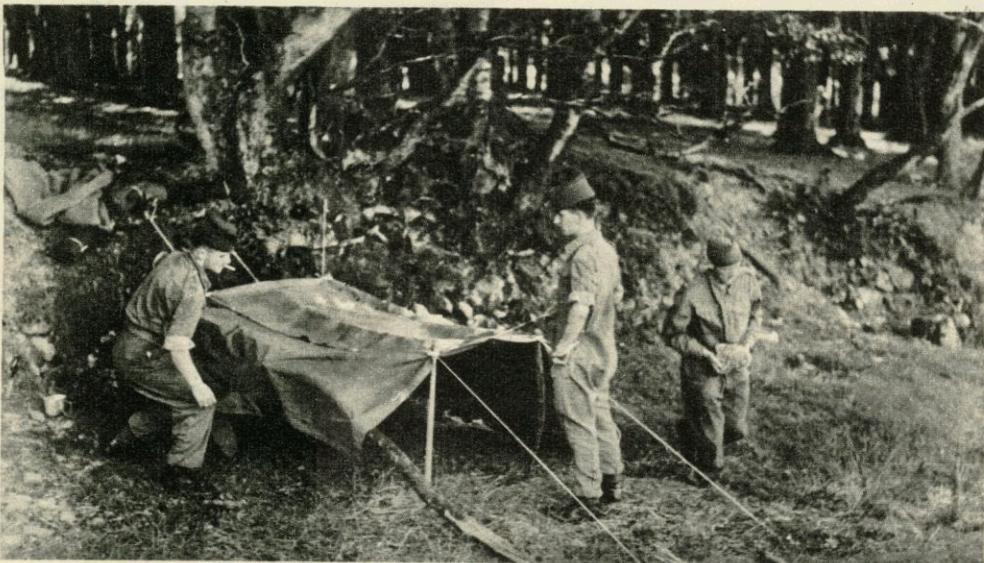
Keeping up with the agile Marine Commandos is one of the Gunners' problems. Here men of 29 Commando Regiment practise loading the pack-howitzer on a mule.

amphibious training is high on the list, with landings from ship to shore via helicopter and landing craft an essential feature.

The Regiment—the first to be ordered

round a Commando course—has never worked harder. And morale has never been higher.

PETER J. DAVIES



Officers and men alike share the toils of the course. Carrying the boulder is Maj Gerry Mott.

Right: Falling his regain, Bdr John Croad dropped into the water, but he tried again—and made it.



TWO courses specially designed to tax every fibre, test every muscle and probe every weakness, recur amid a series of punishing speed marches and night exercises at the Marines' Lympstone training centre.

One is the ropes and agility course, a Tarzan-like test of nerve, skill and stamina. Commando recruits, of all ranks, start by climbing and leaping from a 40-feet tower down a "death-slide," then have to work precariously from tree to tree on a complex selection of ropes high above the ground.

This section complete, they fire ten rounds with a rifle, then double round an obstacle course which includes a nine-feet-long jump, a six-feet stone wall, more rope work, tubular steel obstacles and a scrambling net over a 12-feet wall.

All this is done in full fighting order—slung rifle, two magazines, small pack and pouches, full water bottle, mess tins, ground sheet—and must be completed in 20 minutes.

At the end of this comes the regain over a static water tank. The exhausted soldier must

cat-crawl along a rope, swing underneath it, then haul himself and his kit back on top of the rope again. The tank claims the failures—and more fail than succeed.

The other man-made nightmare is a six-mile endurance course which features three long, two-feet diameter tunnels, a dam, various rugged climbs and, toughest of all, a stretch of mud up to five feet deep.

Recruits must cover this course four times, the ropes and agility five times, and tackle the ropes at night. A three-day exercise living rough on Dartmoor includes cliff-scaling and night ambushes.

Then come the tests: The ropes and agility course; a nine-mile speed march in 90 minutes; the six-mile endurance course, with its mud, tunnels and water, in 85 minutes; and finally a 28-mile stretch of Dartmoor's most rugged country to cover in battle order in seven hours.

For the survivors there is the final parade, the handshake—and the presentation of the coveted green beret. No headgear is harder earned, nor more greatly prized.



THE MOMENT THAT MAKES IT ALL WORTH WHILE.

THE GREEN BERET IS HANDED OVER.

MALAYA

Jungle troops rush to greet this naval helicopter as it lands in a clearing in the Temerloh area of Malaya, close to the combat zone.

Battle in the Jungle



Far East Land Forces Commander, Lieut-Gen Sir Nigel Poett DSO, is talking to naval helicopter pilots.



HERE was realistic training on a major scale, even for the Army. For the men of all three Services and the Commonwealth there was invaluable experience; for the tacticians, their anti-guerilla theories tested; for the equipment, a thorough trial under testing conditions. This was Exercise "Trumpeter."

The striking force—28th Commonwealth Brigade Group of English, Australian and New Zealand troops, with the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force in support. The defenders—a Gurkha brigade. The battlefield—the steaming jungles of Malaya.

The Commonwealth Brigade had to capture an airfield, protect a jungle convoy, take a strongly fortified Gurkha-built village and eliminate a training camp, protected by river, swamp and jungle. These were the preliminaries.

The main objective was an enemy zone of refuge deep in the jungle, defended by a Gurkha battalion. The only route to it lay along a track and a three-quarter-mile thigh-deep wade in a stream. To fortify the position the Gurkhas manhandled 100 tons of defence stores over 12,000 man miles.

For such business-like defence air support was a must, and in "Trumpeter" the helicopter showed more than ever its vital role in jungle warfare. A Royal Navy helicopter squadron from *Bulwark* operated for the first time from a makeshift shore-based airstrip 200 miles from base.

Naval and Royal Air Force helicopters were used on river crossings, supporting convoys, transporting 100 howitzers, carrying troops and supplying advanced jungle parties. *Beverleys* of Far East Air Force brought up ammunition and water and made heavy drops to the forward troops, while *Canberras* and *Sabres* of 224 Group provided offensive air support.

"Trumpeter" was a great success, the men, equipment coming through with colours flying. The aircraft maintained a high rate of serviceability, and the sickness and accident rate among the troops was no higher than in barracks, despite more than two weeks in the most primitive jungle conditions.

BLOOD HAD FLOWED. NOW THE PRICE HAD TO BE PAID—IN CATTLE, THE OLD TRADITIONAL NATIVE CURRENCY



A Pian tribesman from the Karamoja district of Uganda gazes in wonder at the helicopter.

The Askari Turn Cowboys

SCREAMING, spear-brandishing Pian tribesmen, 700-strong, tore down from the hills. In the valley a thousand cattle grew restive. Between the two a thin line of The King's African Rifles turned to meet the charge. The warriors, faced by disciplined ranks and controlled accurate fire, faltered, turned—and ran.

This was no De Mille spectacular, but the grim actuality of fighting against warriors who value a human life at just a few head of cattle. Facing this defiant charge of the

Pian was the final hurdle the *askari* of 4th Battalion, The King's African Rifles, had to overcome in their thankless task of collecting "blood money" in Karamoja, Northern Uganda.

In May, warriors of the Suk tribe had raided the Pian, killing 23, including 18 women and children. Three weeks later came the vengeance of the Pian. Joined by their neighbours, the Bakora, a horde of more than a thousand bloodthirsty natives fell upon the Suk, killing 107.

The "blood-money committee," a body of African chiefs set up to assess compensation and curb the slaughter, met quickly. With cattle as the traditional currency the committee apportioned the blood money thus: Suk to Pian, 1300 cattle; Pian to Suk, 4200; Bakora to Suk, 2600. There remained the giant task of collecting the forfeit cattle from the hostile tribes.

The 4th Battalion, which has been kept busy in this wild frontier region for months, was asked to help the chiefs. With tribesmen hiding their cattle deep in the bush and moving them on ahead of searchers the job looked like taking many months. It had to be done more quickly—but how?

The solution came out of the blue. The Army Air Corps moved in with a *Beaver* aircraft and an *Alouette* helicopter of 8 Independent Recce Flight. These proved the answer. The *Beaver* spotted the cattle and the helicopter landed the soldier-cowboys alongside. When herds were spread over a wide area the helicopter turned rancher, driving the herds before dropping the *askari*.

In fewer than four days all the cattle—7500 head—were rounded up. It was the fastest blood-money collection ever achieved in Karamoja. After counting at a central "corral" the cattle were dispatched under an escort of the Rifles to the new owners.

It was on the way into Pian territory, taking Suk cattle to the Pian herdsmen, that the 700 Pian spearmen attacked! Administering justice in Karamoja is a dangerous—and thankless task.

From a report by Captain J. D. Ellis, Royal Engineers, Military Observer in East Africa.



Cattle of the Suk tribe flee from the shepherding helicopter. The Suk had to pay 1300 cattle, but received more than this in return to compensate for 107 deaths.

Askari of the 4th Bn, The King's African Rifles, having rounded up the cattle, count it into the administrative boma at Karamoja. The work was complete in record time.





Could there be a sheepish air about the elephants as they see the damage they caused put to rights?

The powerful Fowler bulldozer makes light work of filling the breach in the dam at the game lodge.

The game lodge is once more reflected in the pool as the water rises. The Sappers' job is finished.

And The Sappers Mend A Dam

BUT for the elephants, the dam might have held. Until those 30 trumpeting heavyweights crashed across the bank it was withstanding the torrential rains which caused Kenya's flood chaos. But after such a battering the weakened bank gave way, the water sweeping down the mountain.

After weeks of relief work British Sappers turned their attention to less urgent matters. That was how men of 34 Independent Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, found themselves 8500 feet up on the slopes of Mount Kenya at the Mount Kenya Game Lodge. The Sappers surveyed a breach 40 feet wide and 15 feet deep in the water hole that attracts game from miles around and tourists from all over the world. The elephants' footprints were still visible in the now sun-hardened soil.

Bringing repair equipment to the lofty site proved a major operation. An off-loaded bulldozer and winch were needed to haul a *Scammell* along the more treacherous jungle trails. This done the Sappers worked on the dam in shifts from dawn to dusk, the roar of their plant clashing with the dawn chorus of birds and monkeys.

After first laying a 12-inch outflow conduit to keep the pool empty, the Sappers bulldozed soil over it to build a new bank. Then the conduit was blocked with cement thrust deep into it with bamboo poles. In three days the job was done and the Engineers had the joy of watching the water rise again, restoring the limpid beauty of the lake.

There were other pleasures too: hot steaks, egg and chips cooked by the African rangers at the game lodge, crates of beer arriving in a convoy from the lodge, and the sight of five buffalo—the hunter's most feared animal—silhouetted in the lodge's artificial moonlight as they paid a midnight visit to the dam.

Now the Sappers have a standing invitation to return as guests of the lodge to watch the elephant and gazelle, rhino and giraffe refreshing themselves at the dam they rebuilt high in the heart of the jungle.



Six Men In A Boat



ANCHORS aweigh! Left hand down a bit. Anyone for deck tennis? Mr. Ricardo Rey, owner of the 14-ton ketch *Nanoya*, closed his eyes in silent prayer. He was beginning to regret hiring his sailing vessel to the Army.

It was on charter to the Army for adventure training. On board with Mr. Rey and his engineer, Mr. Ross McGregor Chimes, were six soldiers based on Cyprus. Most of them had never sailed a boat in their lives. Ahead, as the *Nanoya* left Limassol, lay a 500-mile round trip to Beirut and Israel.

A diary kept by Sergeant Peter Delduca, Army Catering Corps, tells the story of the 12-day adventure:

Day 1: Crew split into two watches: Skipper, Lance-Corporal B. Hall (Royal Army Pay Corps), Private H. Hunt (Royal Army Medical Corps) and self; Engineer, Lance-Corporal C. Polson, Lance-Corporal I. Wales and Private J. Kitwood (all Royal Army Ordnance Corps). Team did a little deep-sea swimming.

Day 2: Lance-Corporal Hall sighted a shark. Deep-sea swimming less popular.

Day 3: Arrived in Beirut and anchored alongside a boat that had just been caught smuggling cigarettes. One of crew—of Frenchman and four Greeks—killed trying to escape.

Day 4: Wide choice made shopping an uphill task. Lance-Corporal Hall had locals turning their shops upside down before settling for two postcards.

Day 5: Left Beirut and hit first rough weather. Much to be done. Realized for first time we were at sea under sail. After 12 hours had covered only ten miles.

Day 6: Haifa—cleaner than Beirut and people very friendly. Met some girl soldiers and were visited by local people.

Day 7: Visited Nazareth and Sea of Galilee.

Day 8: Jerusalem. In the news today, with both radio and newspapers announcing our arrival. Saw the Room of the Last Supper and tombs of Herod and David.

Day 9: Publicity has made us a centre of attraction—26 sightseeing boats alongside! American and his wife invited us to United States. Invitations so numerous we are having to turn them down. In the evening visited Mount Carmel and looked down on Haifa—a beautiful sight.

Day 10: Before we cast off for home the British Vice-Consul rang to wish us "Bon voyage".

The return trip was calm and uneventful. Back at Cyprus, Mr. Rey and his engineer were entertained by the soldiers. The Skipper's final word on his temporary crew: "They will make first-class sailors—with ten years' training! But they lack nothing when it comes to team spirit."

Sunshine glistens on the placid waters as the *Nanoya* leaves Limassol on her first trip under Army charter. Below: Far from the shelter of harbour the amateur sailors hoist the mainsail.



Private Hunt scans the Beirut waterfront as the *Nanoya* enters harbour. The Mediterranean had remained calm, but there was rough water ahead.



SAM COLT CAME A-GUNNIN'

THE shot from the British officer struck the sepoy in the chest, but the warrior charged on. The officer fired his Colt again and again, five times in all, every bullet finding its fast-approaching target. Yet the sepoy reached the officer and cut him down before falling dead.

This incident, during the Indian Mutiny, was a vital factor in a gun battle with a difference—the battle between America's Samuel Colt and Britain's John Adams for a British Army contract.

The scene was London's Great Exhibition of 1851. Colt, inventor of the revolver, had come to London to sell his famous

"Navy" model to the British Army. "Beware patent infringements," was the constant warning on all Colt advertising. Yet here in London was an English gun, far ahead of other European models, rivalling Colt for the Army contract. The maker—John Adams.

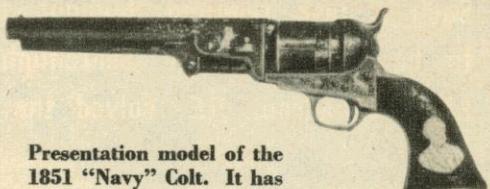
Colt found the Adams revolver was so basically different from his own design that no patent had been infringed. In fact the Adams gun had a self-cocking action while the Colt had to be cocked with the thumb before each shot.

The American began his sales campaign by presenting a "Navy" revolver to every member of the General Staff. Adams replied by attending a Colt lecture and suddenly whipping out one of his own guns, causing a panic that broke up the meeting. He said afterwards he had taken the gun only to demonstrate its merits.

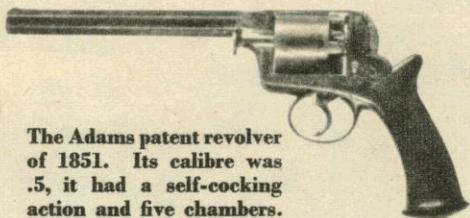
After three years of this kind of gun-toting the War Office staged tests of both weapons. The accurate .36 calibre six-chambered Colt came out slightly better than the .5 Adams with its five chambers. Colt gained the bulk order for 40,000. The American set up a factory in London, bringing over his own technicians to supervise production. It seemed the Colt had won.

But the battle was just beginning. Adams also gained a small contract with the Army and both weapons came into use in the Crimea and during the Indian Mutiny. At first the Colt was by far the more popular weapon, but in the confused close fighting of both these campaigns it was the Adams which triumphed.

It was found that a bullet from the smaller-calibre Colt could pass right through a man without stopping him. The incident of the sepoy was the prime example of this. But the heavy slug of the Adams would flatten any charging fanatic, and its self-cocking mechanism was faster.



Presentation model of the 1851 "Navy" Colt. It has a gold back strap and trigger and inlaid bust of President Abraham Lincoln.



The Adams patent revolver of 1851. Its calibre was .5, it had a self-cocking action and five chambers.

While the War Office was still debating the respective merits, Adams clinched the issue. Frederick Beaumont had invented the double-action hammer which could either cock itself or be cocked by the thumb. Adams bought up the patent and the Beaumont-Adams revolver finally won the battle for the Army's favour.

Samuel Colt closed his London factory, and the "Navy" revolver, so called because of a navy battle scene inscribed on its chamber, returned to America where it continued to thrive. It became the traditional six-shooter, used by such legendary marksmen as Billy the Kid and Wild Bill Hickok.



Such a task required daylight, but this time it had to be done at night. Searchlights of 873 Movement Light Squadron, RE, solved the problem, turning...

SAPPERS STAND SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE NARROW PROBING BEAM

THE late-night London-North Kent express thundered along the Medway valley. As the metallic rhythm faded, a searchlight bit through the darkness. Then a second, third and fourth. In an eight-million-candlepower spotlight the giant launching girder edged majestically forward, high over the permanent way.

This was a key operation in the 3270-foot M2 motorway bridgework spanning the Medway from Cuxton to Rochester. From the west the towering structure had reached the railway line—and halted. Sliding the 180-foot launching girder over the track to link up to the next pier meant holding all rail traffic. On this main rail link there was only one possible time for such an operation—between

midnight and dawn.

The powerful beams, adding light and drama to the scene, were those of 873 Independent Movement Light Squadron, Royal Engineers, senior of only two such squadrons in the Territorial Army. For them this was an ideal exercise, just the type of work they were required to do in their new Sapper role.

For the 20 spidermen, working high on the towering piers, with a vast safety net between them and the railway line, the searchlights were a godsend. They completed the job in quick time, without a hitch. Only two hours after midnight, the launcher rested firmly on both piers, the probing beams were doused, and night was night once more.

PETER J. DAVIES

AS THE GIRDER MOVES, A CHANGING PATTERN OF LIGHT FILLS THE SKY
IN A MULTI-CANDLEPOWER SPOTLIGHT THE GIRDER DROPS INTO PLACE

NIGHT INTO DAY



THIS VIEW OF THE BRIDGING IS FROM THE SERVICE ROAD LEADING TO CUXTON. A SEARCH-LIGHT WAS SITED HERE

VERSITY has been the spice of the 15 years' life of 873 Squadron. Its Sappers could be busy every weekend if all the requests for light at tattoos, shows, and fêtes were met, but they have to select carefully. The calls of the Regular Army—which has no movement light—are often answered, as in 1951 when the Twickenham-

based unit supplied the Infantry with movement light for five nights during the "Surprise Packet" divisional exercise on Salisbury Plain.

These Territorials also illuminated the SSAFA Tattoo at White City for four years until it ceased in 1959, and the Aldershot Tattoo in 1960 and last year.

The unit was formed as a Royal Artillery battery, but its anti-aircraft role was even then a thing of the past and subsequent experiments in using searchlights to aid field artillery proved negative. Rebadging to the Sappers last year was a logical though belated move.

With a total strength of 115, the Squadron is still about 50 below establishment, but runs two highly successful motor-cycle teams and a good small-bore rifle team.

While most units have only a light aid detachment of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, the Squadron is blessed with a full workshop. This maintains the six searchlights mounted on three-tonners towing independent generators, three other lorries, four one-ton wireless trucks, five Land-Rovers and Champs and eight motor-cycles.

Major R. R. Childs, who commands the Squadron and has been with it since formation, would welcome interested recruits—night owls preferred!





THE KING'S

THE wives are right! This Territorial Army fortnight at camp is just a gay, carefree holiday. These stories of all-night exercises, route marches and guard duties are just so much matrimonial eye-wash...

Take the 5th Battalion, The King's Regiment, from Liverpool. They find them-

selves a quiet piece of greenery called Dibgate, on the Kent Coast, then, before you can say "annual camp," 300 of them are off to sample the joys of France. Crates of beer carried aboard at Folkestone, ship's bar open all the way across, wine flowing in the streets of Calais... This was operation bottle-opener!

For the wives, had they been there, it would have been operation eye-opener!

Mind you, that's not to say the Battalion didn't earn its trip. It was in the van of the D-Day landing with the job of taking and holding a heavily fortified beachhead. That was no pleasure cruise.

The German fortifications still standing

GO BACK TO FRANCE

just a few yards from the Quay at Calais were a stark reminder of that other crossing. The cross-Channel ferry, too, fitted into the picture. The *Canterbury* did its full share at Dunkirk and on the return trip, via Normandy.

But that was 18 years ago. This was 1962. In just six hours the *Canterbury* would be

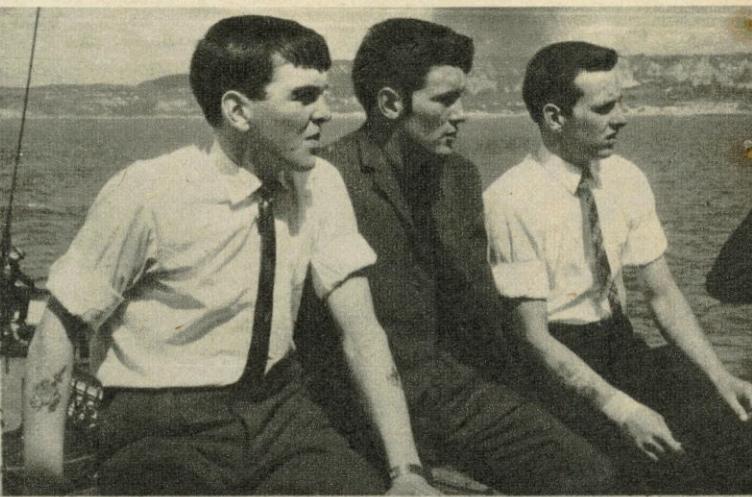
Folkestone-bound again. There was no time to lose...

• Perhaps we should point out, before those wives declare war, that while the trip was organised by the Battalion, it was not an official part of the annual camp. The men went in their own time, paid their own fares

and proved worthy ambassadors of Britain's Territorial Army. The idea came from the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel T. Howard Curley, who wanted to provide an unusual break in the middle of a fortnight's hard training. It was rumoured that this included all-night exercises, route marches and guard duties...



1 Lieut-Col Curley, the Commanding Officer, who himself suggested the trip, mounts the gangway at the beginning of a memorable day.



2 Ptes Cornelius Cirton (left), Tony Keating and Brian Passey, gaze wistfully towards France as the ship leaves harbour.



3 What's the French for cherries? Ptes Wilf Edwards (left), Dave Carter, Mike Fitzpatrick and Arthur Moore buy a kilo.



4 The German fortifications at Calais stood as a grim reminder of a less comfortable Channel crossing. These four veterans of the Battalion, Sgt-Maj Jim Sweeney, C/Sgt Tom Smith, Sgt Jim McCall and Sgt-Maj David Stephens, met the same kind on D-Day.



4 The Merseyside boys soon found the CAFE DE LIVERPOOL, L/Cpl Chris Holmes, Cpl Arthur Fleming and Pte Brian Ashcroft among them.



5 Back aboard the *Canterbury*, L/Cpl Kenneth Mather takes a last look along the French coast as the return trip begins.



6 It's been a memorable day, but a tiring one. For these two young Terriers the homeward journey was not so memorable.

REPLYING to a question by Mr. E. Wainwright (Dearne Valley), in the House of Commons, the War Minister (Mr. John Profumo) said 9121 National Servicemen had received notice of retention for an additional six months. Of these, 2962 were married, 550 with one child, 67 with two children and two with three or more children.

Sir John Langford-Holt (Shrewsbury) asked whether the War Minister would reduce the number of soldiers engaged on Bank of England Picquet duty with a view to reinstating the 30 per cent reduction, made since October, 1959, in the numbers guarding Buckingham Palace while the Queen is in residence. Mr. Profumo replied that the size of the Bank Picquet was directly related to

the number of sentries needed and this was governed by the Bank's security need. The Picquet's size could be reduced only by posting guardsmen on sentry for longer periods. He considered this neither necessary nor desirable.

In reply to questions by Sir Richard Glyn (Dorset, North) and Mr. R. T. Paget (Northampton), the War Minister said teething troubles with the Chieftain tank would put production back by about six months. During trials with the engine running at full power the gearbox became overheated. The cause was known and modifications were being tested. "I am very hopeful that the tank will be, as we thought it would, a great success when it comes out of these trials," he added. "This tank looks like being a world beater."

The War Minister stated that there will be three major exercises on the ground and five command post exercises in Rhine Army this year. All will include the use of both nuclear and conventional weapons and take fully into account the latest strategic concepts of NATO.

Mr. T. E. Watkins (Brecon and Radnor) asked what consultations the War Minister had had with the Transport Commission on the future conveyance of Servicemen and equipment to and from Sennybridge Camp before the proposals to close the Brecon-Neath railway lines were issued. Mr. Profumo said there had been full discussion and the Commission had given an assurance that this year's requirements would be met.

Future arrangements would be considered in

the light of developments. Replying to a further question, Mr. Profumo said that last year 17 troop trains carrying 4923 men, and 14 freight trains carrying 949 tons of stores, ran to and from Sennybridge Camp.

Mr. John Paton (Norwich, North) asked the Minister of Defence if he would take steps to protect minors in the Armed Services from the attentions of salesmen who purchase goods when exercised undue pressure, and if he would limit the present uncontrolled entry of these salesmen to Service establishments. Mr. Watkinson replied that the Service Ministers were aware that it was against the best interests of young Servicemen to be granted excessive credit facilities, had power to control the entry of tradesmen and were prepared to use it if

necessary. Undesirable practices by tradesmen would constitute good grounds for withholding permission to trade in such establishments.

Mr. J. Dempsey (Coatbridge and Airdrie) asked the Minister of Defence if he would give the total cost to date of the *Blue Water* missile. Mr. Watkinson replied that it would be contrary to the public interest to disclose the cost of an individual project in the military research and development programme. The Army expected to take delivery of *Blue Water* in 1965.

In a later reply, to Mr. S. S. Awberry (Bristol, Central), Mr. Watkinson said it was the Government's intention to equip Rhine Army with *Blue Water* missiles armed with British nuclear warheads.

THE ARMY IN THE HOUSE



In a setting reminiscent of World War Two's Italian campaign, the SAS saddle up their horses ready for moving off.

Pack Horse on the Beacons

THE man who, gazing at the first motor car, shook his head and pronounced, "It will never replace the horse," had a point. In an age of helicopter, hovercraft and jet aircraft the Army is finding that under certain conditions the horse is indeed irreplaceable.

Captain D. R. Gallwey, who commands a mountain troop of 22nd Special Air Service Regiment, discovered with alarm a gap in the military education of his soldiers of the sixties—they knew little or nothing about horses.

The Horse Transport Company, Royal

Army Service Corps, answered Captain Gallwey's appeal and arranged a special course for his men. That was how these jet-age soldiers found themselves learning to shoe a horse. They also learned to ride, to load and lead pack horses, and to treat minor ailments.

After three intensive weeks came the test. Taking eight pack horses with them, a dozen men headed for the Regiment's spiritual home, the Brecon Beacons, on a five-day exercise. The 50-mile trek over the bleak Welsh hills included the ascent of the 3000-foot Pen-y-Fan.

For the horses, raised on the gentle plains of Farnborough, it was a particularly tough test. With loads of 200lbs and more they frequently stumbled along the rocky paths, but gradually became more sure-footed.

Each night the horses were tethered—usually in the open—fed, watered and inspected for cuts and bruises. In the morning came the saddling and the redistribution of loads among the horses and men.

At the end of it all the men returned to their unit with a new respect for the animal that has served soldiers through the ages—and will, it seems, continue to do so.

On the march along a forestry track. Just to even matters up, the handlers, too, carried loads during the exercise.





Captain
DAVID JAMIESON
The Royal Norfolk
Regiment

IN THE FACE OF TANKS

IT was two months after D-Day in Normandy. Second Army was about to break out of the encircling ring of German divisions. Men of The Royal Norfolk Regiment had fought their way across the River Orne to claim a tenuous bridgehead.

For 36 hours the enemy strove desperately, throwing in Infantry, armoured cars and tanks, to dislodge the Norfolks. The men of a single company bore the brunt of these fierce and repeated assaults—and held the vital bridgehead.

That they did so was largely due to the inspired leadership of their company commander, Captain David Jamieson, who, though wounded and in great pain, fought out those 36 long hours alongside his men. The action began on 7 August, 1944, with three enemy counter-attacks. In the last of these, Captain Jamieson's company was attacked by a battle group of *Tiger* and *Panther* tanks. After four hours' heavy fighting the Germans were driven off, after suffering severe casualties and the loss of three tanks and an armoured car.

In the morning a fresh battle group penetrated the company's defences on three sides. Two tanks supporting the company were knocked out and Captain Jamieson left his trench under close-range fire to direct the shooting of the remaining tank. As he could not contact its commander by the outside telephone he climbed on the tank in full view of the enemy. Wounded in the right eye and left forearm, he refused to be evacuated.

By this time all the other officers had become casualties. Captain Jamieson reorganised his company, walking among his men regardless of personal safety. Three more Infantry and tank counter-attacks followed during the day. Captain Jamieson continued to lead his company, frequently going out into the open to encourage his men. By evening the Germans had finally withdrawn, leaving a ring of dead and burnt-out tanks around the company position.



A battle group attacked with both *Tiger* and *Panther* tanks.



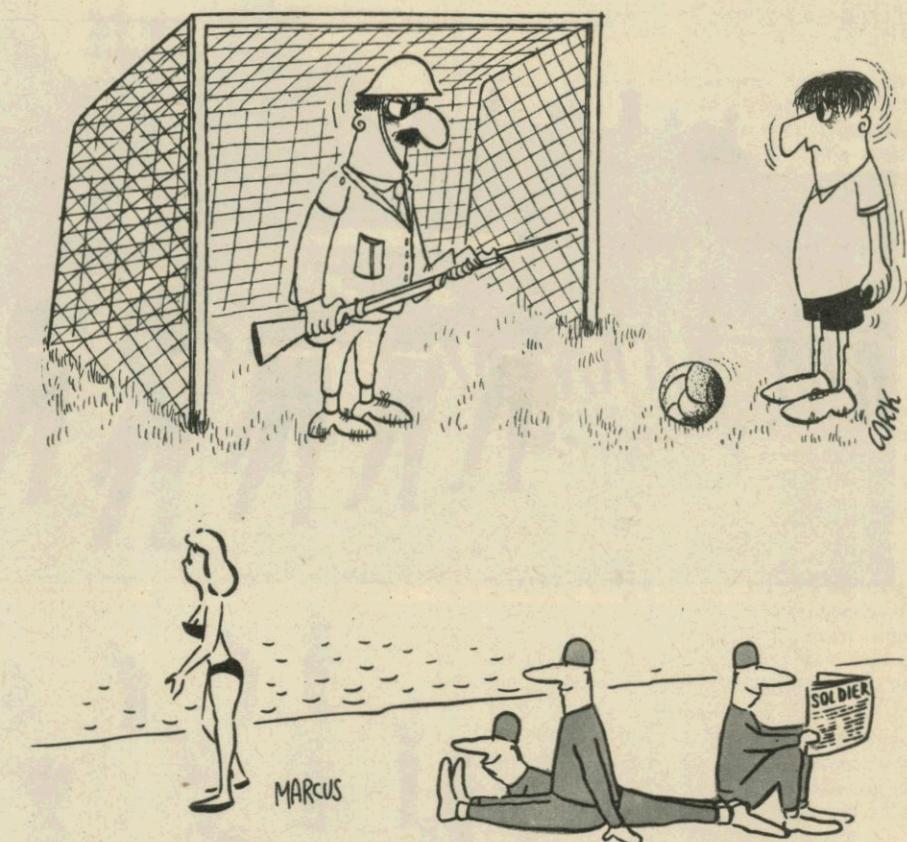
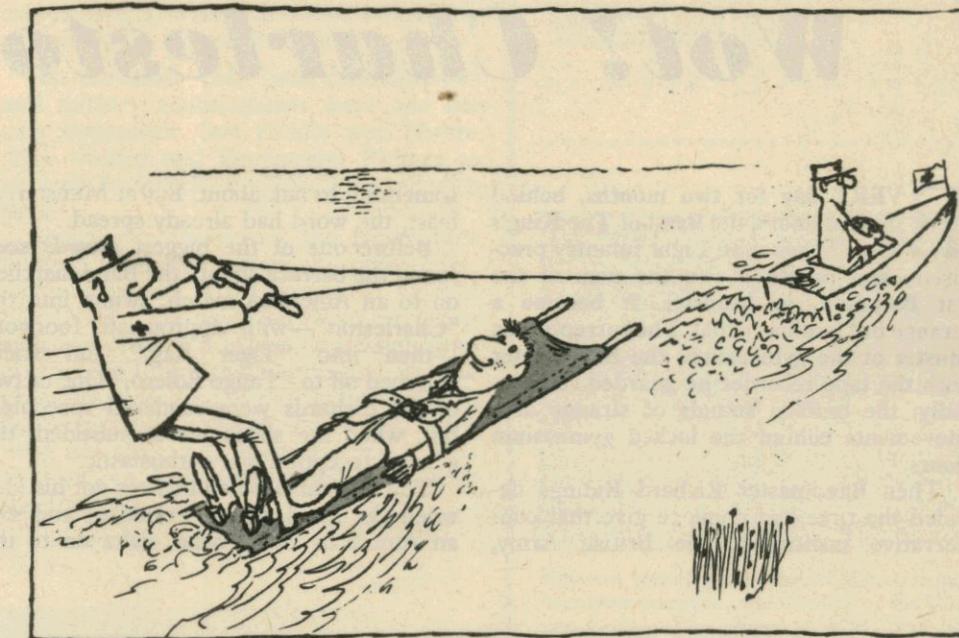
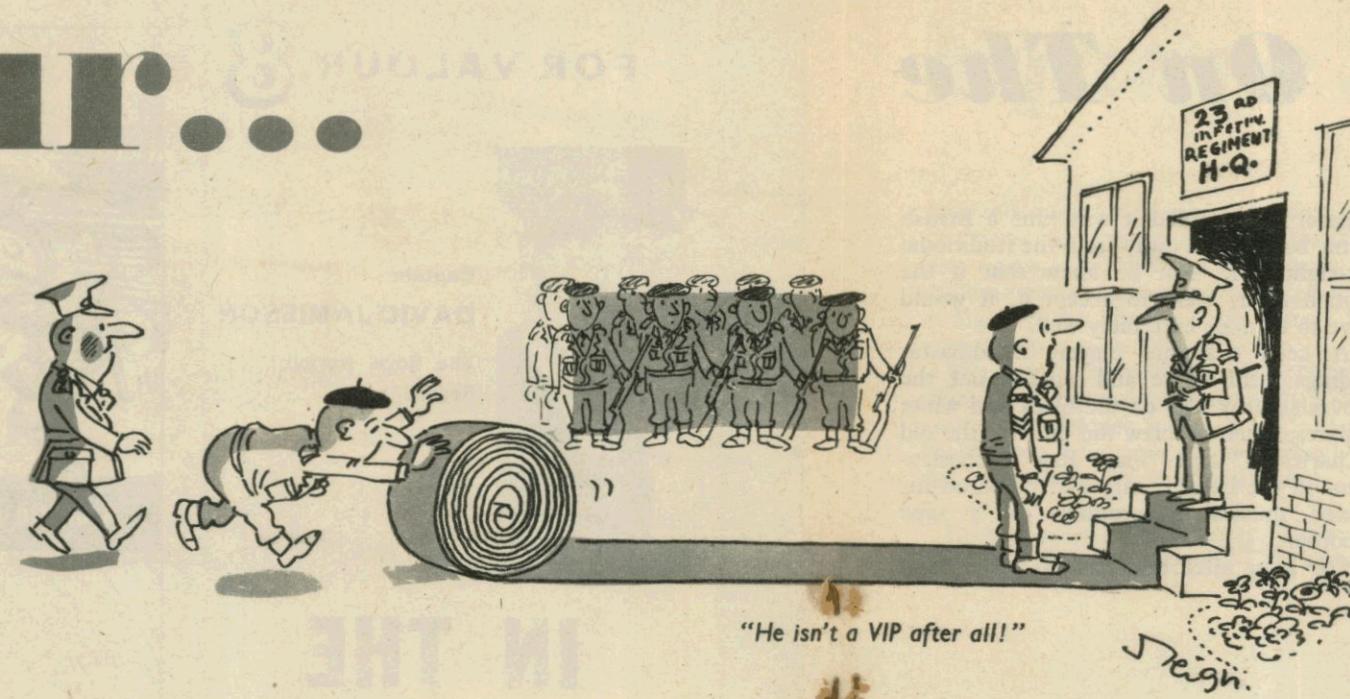
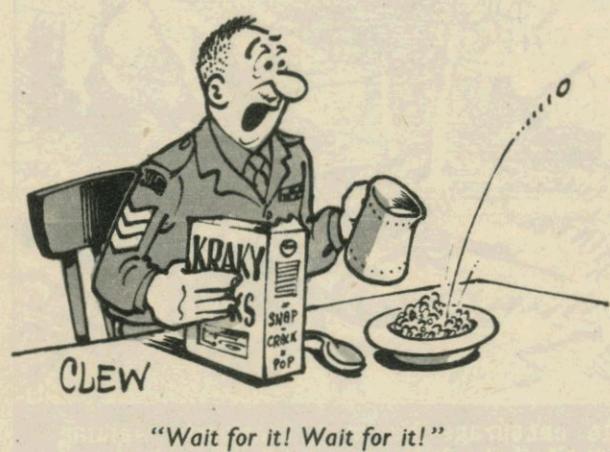
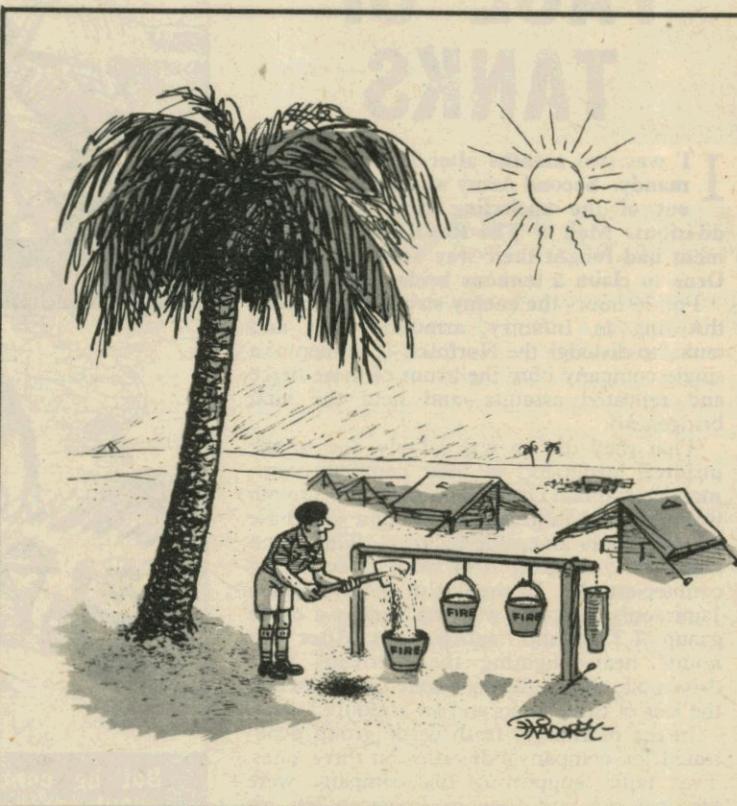
Climbing on a tank, Captain Jamieson was twice wounded . . .



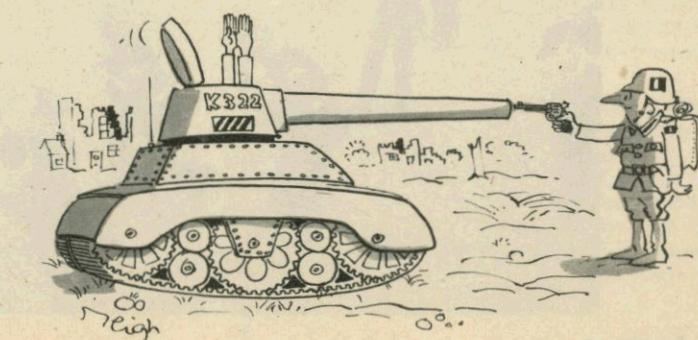
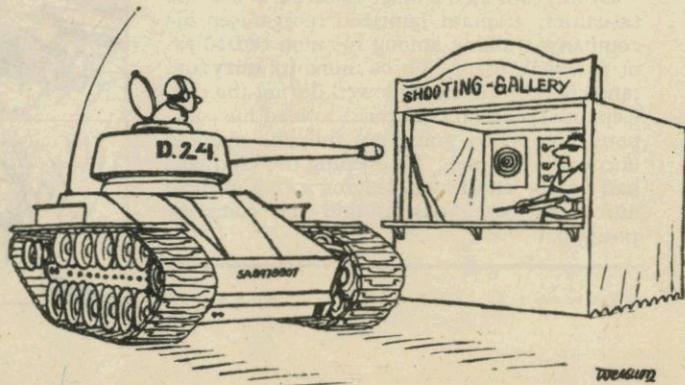
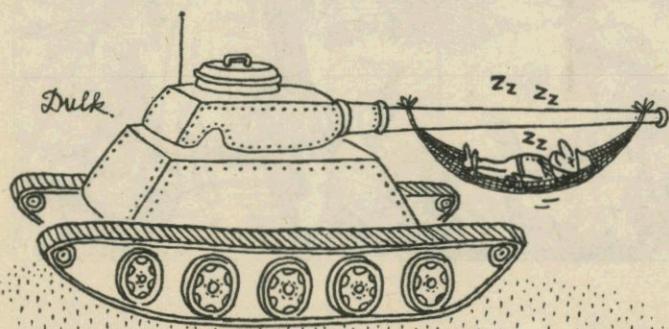
But he continued to encourage his men, fearlessly walking about in the open until (below) the enemy finally withdrew.



humour...



TANKS IN LINE



Wot! Charleston On The

EVERY day for two months, behind locked doors, the Band of The King's Own Shropshire Light Infantry practised—and practised. To the men of the 1st Battalion, in Munster, it became a strange but familiar ritual. The surreptitious muster at the gymnasium, the Bandmaster with the tape recorder he guarded so carefully, the muffled sounds of strange drill movements behind the locked gymnasium doors.

Then Bandmaster Richard Ridings decided the time had come to give that conservative institution, the British Army,

something to talk about. But at Munster, at least, the word had already spread.

Before one of the biggest crowds seen round the barrack square the Band marched on to an American march, swung into the "Charleston"—with appropriate footwork—then into "Tiger Rag," and trick-marched off to "Tango Bolero." One or two of the diehards were rendered speechless but, when the shock waves subsided, the general reception was enthusiastic.

The 33-year-old Bandmaster got his idea when the Band visited Frankfurt and saw an American Army band waltz on to the

square. He decided it was time a British Army band broke away from the traditional six-eight time. But he knew that if the British Army were to accept it, it would have to be done extremely well.

A keen draughts player, Bandmaster Ridings went home and worked out the moves step by step on the black and white squares. Then he blew the dust off the old "Charleston" and "Tiger Rag" orchestrations in the band library and prepared his mixed musical programme on a tape recorder.

For hour after hour the 31-piece band



Note the neatly pointed toe inside the Army footwear. Members of the KSLI Band cut a dash on the square at Pontefract Barracks with their military "Charleston."

The marching stops, the front rank crouches low, the others taper off, and the letters K S L I are spelled out across the square.

These manœuvres are accomplished at the Light Infantry marching pace. Thanks to thorough rehearsal, every man knows exactly what he is doing.

Square?

practised behind those locked doors. The musicians, never keen marchers, began to take a new interest in parade-ground drill and became increasingly self-critical. A new spring crept into the bandsman's step. They were out to out-do the Americans.

After the all-important débüt came the official blessing of the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel R. Evans MC, and the Band began a tour of central England with the "Charleston" firmly embedded in its repertoire.

Everywhere it went it attracted more attention than ever before. The standing

ovation at the Midlands' Three Counties Show was typical of the warm reception everywhere. The Band also took a television appearance in its jaunty stride.

But inevitably there was controversy—and military traditionalists were not the only opponents. One middle-aged Shropshire woman told Bandmaster Ridings to get back to America and take his band with him!

Replying to the critics, the Bandmaster himself puts the matter in perspective. "This is an act, a performance," he told SOLDIER. "We have toured our recruiting area and created a bigger impression than ever before. I think that impression has been generally good. The show may not mix with the Army's tradition and ceremonial, but it need not clash with them. I think it adds to them. An Army must always move with the times."

PETER J. DAVIES



At 33, the man behind this bold musical move has served 18 years in the Army. Bandmaster Ridings took over the baton five years ago during a Kenya tour.



Reverse, showing the British lion trampling on native weapons, and obverse of the Rhodesia Medal. The ribbon is yellow and blue.

9: PRIVATE COMPANY MEDALS

SEVERAL companies other than the Honourable East India Company struck their own campaign medals. Most of these were issued un-named, but recipients' names are often found on the British South Africa Company's medals.

A medal for the campaigns of 1886-97 was issued by the Royal Niger Company. It was awarded in silver to Europeans and in bronze to natives, but in all cases only to men who had served in expeditions in which casualties had occurred.

The Chartered Company of South Africa produced medals for Matabeleland (1893), Rhodesia (1896), Mashonaland (1897) and a further award for the Mashonaland campaign of 1900, although this was not issued until 1926.

From the Cape Copper Company came a bronze medal for the gallant defence of the town and mine of Ookiep against the Boers in 1902. The little garrison, under Lieutenant-Colonel Shelton DSO, held out for a month. This interesting medal, now rare, was not authorised to be worn.

Another South African War medal which soldiers could accept but not wear was the Kimberley Star, given by the Mayor of Kimberley to defenders of the town during its three-month siege.

Rarest of all medals awarded by a private company are those issued by the British North Borneo Company for several expeditions between 1897 and 1916. Crown permission was given for these to be worn. First was the Punitive Expedition Medal, 1897-98, for five separate actions. Twelve medals were issued to officers and 74 to Dyaks and Indians. There was also the Punitive Expedition Medal, of the same years, with five awards to officers and 47 to natives.

Then came the Tambunan Medal, 1899-1900. Eight went to officers and 106 to men. The last of the series was the Rundum Medal of 1915-16, of which 113 were issued. Men who already held a medal were given a bar only. On the first three occasions men received bronze medals, but in 1906 these were changed for silver ones.

DELHI

THE RECAPTURE OF DELHI

—AND THE IMMORTAL 60TH RIFLES

ON 11 May, 1857, the three native Infantry regiments in Delhi mutinied, murdered every European they could find, then gathered outside the palace of the Mogul Emperor, Bahadur Shah, calling on him to lead them in their holy war against the British.

On 21 September of that year, a British soldier eased himself on to the sacred throne of the Moguls in Delhi, while another contemptuously pulled the beard of Bahadur Shah, descendant of Ghengis Khan.

The events of the 19 weeks between the loss and recapture of Delhi provide one of the epic stories of the British Army. Rarely has Britain despatched such a pitifully inadequate force against so powerful an objective, and rarely have British troops shown such courage and endurance as those on the Delhi Ridge 105 years ago.

"Garrison has mutinied." This was the dramatic message flashed to all major stations in India on that terrible May day. To Lord Canning, the Governor-General, the news came with shattering impact. While Delhi was in the hands of the rebels, the fate of British India hung in the balance. At all costs, Delhi must be recaptured. But Britain's 36,000 troops were scattered in small groups throughout India and the Mutiny was spreading all along the Ganges.

General George Anson, ordered to re-take Delhi, was certain that he was leading his tiny force to destruction as he moved out from Ambala, 150 miles away. He had covered only 50 miles when death through cholera lifted the responsibility from him. His successor, General Sir Henry Barnard, reached Delhi with 3500 men in the scorching heat of mid-June. He surveyed the massive walls, the bastions, gun positions, the wide, deep ditch around the place and, with sinking heart, he wrote that night: "The thing is too gigantic for the forces brought against it." A week later he, too, died of cholera. His successor, General Reed, lasted just 12 days before failing health caused him to hand over to General Archdale Wilson.

Meanwhile the British troops had thinly occupied the ridge which stretches for two

miles to the north-west of the city. For 12 weeks Wilson's men fought, not to conquer Delhi, but merely to survive—against disease and against the almost daily attempts by strong forces of rebels to enfilade their position. While casualties and sickness whittled away the little force on the ridge, the Delhi garrison was swelled daily by mutineers. Wilson was outnumbered by at least 15 to one.

On 23 June, the 100th anniversary of Plassey, on which, according to prophecy, British rule in India was to end, 6000 sepoys emerged from the city intent on fulfilling the prophecy. The main weight fell on the 60th Rifles (later The King's Royal Rifle Corps and now the 2nd Green Jackets), Frontier Guards and the 2nd Gurkha Rifles, who held out against overwhelming odds for nearly 12 hours. The rebels were driven off with a thousand casualties against Wilson's 160.

In late June the monsoon burst, and cholera began to claim its victims. In three weeks the 52nd Foot (2nd Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry) were reduced through sickness from 600 to 242, and most other regiments on the ridge were in a similar plight. New hope surged with the arrival on 14 August of Brigadier-General Nicholson, a man whose name was already legendary in India, with 1100 men from the Punjab. Nicholson, a brilliant leader and a man of iron determination, quickly made his presence felt. Ten days after his arrival he routed a rebel force which had left Delhi to intercept the siege train on its way to Wilson from Ferozepore.

On 4 September the siege train—32 guns escorted by 200 men of the 8th (King's Liverpool)—streamed into the British camp, to be greeted with a riot of cheering. The Delhi Field Force now numbered 9000, a third of it British, and there was no prospect of further reinforcement. Now was the time for action. But Wilson shrank from attacking the fortress with its big magazine and 50,000 fanatical garrison. The Commander was pressed on all sides to order an attack and finally he yielded. Batteries were thrown up, and between 8 and 13 September

the Kashmir and Water Bastions, on the north wall, were pounded to ruins, with practical breaches blown in each.

The attack was timed for dawn on the 14th. Nicholson, with the first column—75th (1st Gordon Highlanders), 101st (1st Munster Fusiliers) and 2nd Punjab Infantry—was to storm the Kashmir Bastion. The second, under Brig-General Jones—8th, 104th (2nd King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry) and 4th Sikhs—was to assault the Water Bastion on Nicholson's left. The third, under Colonel Campbell—52nd and native Infantry—was to enter the Kashmir Gate as soon as the Sappers had blown it open, and the fourth, under Colonel Reid, was to tackle the Kabul Gate in the west wall. Brigadier-General Longfield's column of the 61st (2nd Gloucestershire) and 4th Punjab was in reserve.

Wilson was right in regarding the force as pathetically small for its task, but he had underestimated the spirit of vengeance that fired his men. It was typified by the 75th, who had only 43 other ranks marked fit on the night of the 13th, yet had 396 on parade next morning for the battle. Even so, Wilson could muster only 5000 for the assault. At daybreak he gave Nicholson his orders: "You will advance when you hear the 60th Rifles open fire."

The roar of the British bombardment ceased, and the first sound to break the silence which followed was the ringing cheer of the 60th as they loped through the scrub in skirmishing order. In face of intense musket fire from all along the wall, the 60th pressed on inexorably. As men dropped, the rest closed in and went on running. The Rifles leapt into the ditch and helped place ladders into position as bullets, rocks and pieces of masonry poured down on their heads. In ten minutes nearly 100 men dropped.

This was the 60th's hour of glory. Having nobly discharged their duty as skirmishers, they could not resist the temptation to climb the ladders. "D" Company—still known as "the Immortal 'D'"—were first up, first to wave their caps in triumph at the top.

The two breaches were carried at heavy

A PRICE ON EVERY JACKET

DURING the Delhi campaign the 60th Rifles, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel J. Jones, were engaged in 24 separate actions, suffered 60 per cent casualties and were awarded seven Victoria Crosses. By common consent they were the finest battalion at Delhi.

They were described by an officer who fought alongside them as "beautiful shots, whom the enemy fear more than any other regiment—so much so that the King of Delhi has offered a reward for every Rifleman's jacket brought into the city."

The British Commander, Archdale Wilson, weary and dispirited

at the end of the first day of the assault on Delhi, wrote: "I have not an officer under me worth a pin, except Jones of the 60th." In his General Order he selected the 60th for this special tribute: "They have shown a glorious example, in their splendid gallantry and perfect discipline, to the whole force."

The 60th can claim another distinction at Delhi. The only woman present throughout the campaign was the wife of one of their officers. During the siege she bore him a son, and the infant was baptised, amid heavy gunfire, with the names "Delhi Field Force."

RANKS AMONG THE FINEST FEATS OF BRITISH ARMS. AS THE CITY FELL THE HEART OF THE MUTINY DIED



The 60th lay hidden and allowed the sepoys to approach within 20 yards before scattering them with a tremendous volley.

cost, and thereafter things began to go wrong. The first two columns became intermingled on the wall, and in the absence of Jones and Nicholson, confusion reigned. Jones arrived to find the troops held up short of the Lahore Gate by a barricade behind which a nine-pounder poured grape into them. Recalling that this Gate had been assigned to the first column, and failing to realise that the two were hopelessly intermingled, Jones ordered a withdrawal. At this moment Nicholson stormed up, determined to take the gate. The only way to reach it was along a narrow lane swept by the gun ahead and by musket fire from rebels in buildings flanking it.

Forced into this bottle-neck in which they could not defend themselves, the men hung back. Nicholson, after a sharp altercation with Jones, rushed forward, sword aloft, and shouted: "I never thought Europeans would quail before heathens." Almost immediately he fell, a bullet through his lung, and in face of this disaster the troops moved back to the Kabul Gate.

The story of the blowing of the Kashmir Gate by a party of Engineers is another epic of sheer courage. Three survived, four Victoria Crosses were awarded. Through the shattered gate raced Campbell and his column. Sweeping west round the wall, they reached the heart of the city and waited in vain for the first two columns to join them according to plan. But Nicholson's and Jones' men were pinned down at the Kabul Gate and Campbell, unsupported, was forced to retire to a safer position.

Reid's column never got into the city that day. It was dogged with misfortune from the start in that the guns arrived late, the native support regiment engaged the enemy

prematurely and had to be extricated, and Reid himself was badly wounded.

After

desperate fighting the badly mauled column withdrew to the ridge. At the end of a terrible day Wilson's force, having lost nearly 1200 men, held only a quarter of Delhi's perimeter and was in a dangerously exposed position. He considered retiring to the ridge, but vehement reaction from his

subordinates prompted a change of mind.

When the suggestion reached the dying

Nicholson he muttered: "Thank God I have the strength to shoot him if necessary."

Nicholson was to endure nine days of agony before death brought him release.

A counter-attack might have swept the British out of Delhi that night, but the rebels had lost heart. On the 17th, Longfield's reserve column captured the magazine and its 171 guns. Three days later the Lahore Gate was taken from the rear and the Jumma Musjid Mosque, in the city centre, fell to a combined assault by the 60th and 52nd.

Next day the 60th swept into the palace, and the Emperor was captured. A royal salute proclaimed that the British ruled again in the capital of the Moguls. But victory had been dearly bought at the price of nearly 4000 casualties.

Delhi ranks among the finest feats of British arms. With the city's fall, the heart of the Mutiny died.

K. E. HENLY

PAGEANTRY ON GIANT AXE FIELD



The Venerable Archdeacon I. D. Neill, Chaplain-General to the Forces, consecrates the new Colours. In the background is Lancaster Castle.

THE strains of "Auld Lang Syne" dropped to a reverent pianissimo. The old Colour Party marched soundlessly, almost ethereally away across the green turf of Giant Axe Field, in the shadow of Lancaster Castle. The bustling Saturday morning crowd was silent. A historic moment was captured—and was gone.

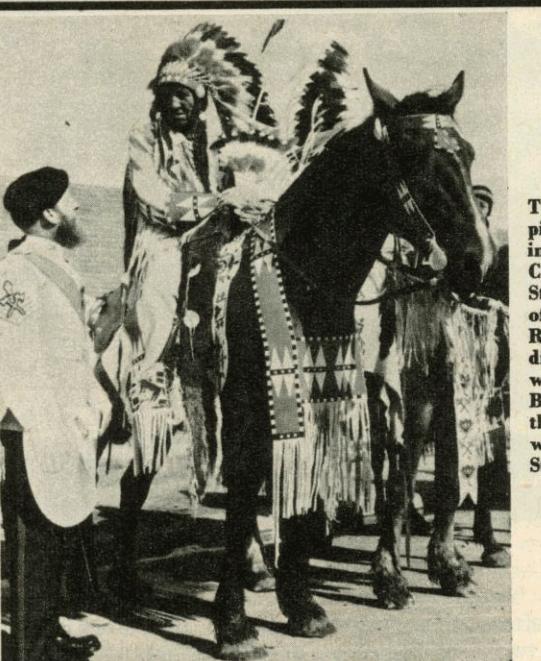
This was the presentation of new Colours to the 4th/5th Battalion, The King's Own Royal Regiment, Territorial Army, by the Lord Lieutenant of Lancashire, The Earl of Derby MC. The old Colours, which had seen service in two world wars, were presented by King Edward VII.

Many of the County's leading citizens saw the 1962 ceremony from a seat in the stand normally used by Lancaster City football supporters. The Battalion paraded with the FN rifle, the first time a Territorial unit had been armed with the new weapon on a Colours trooping. By coincidence the 1st Battalion of the Regiment was the first Regular unit to troop the Colours with the self-loading rifle.

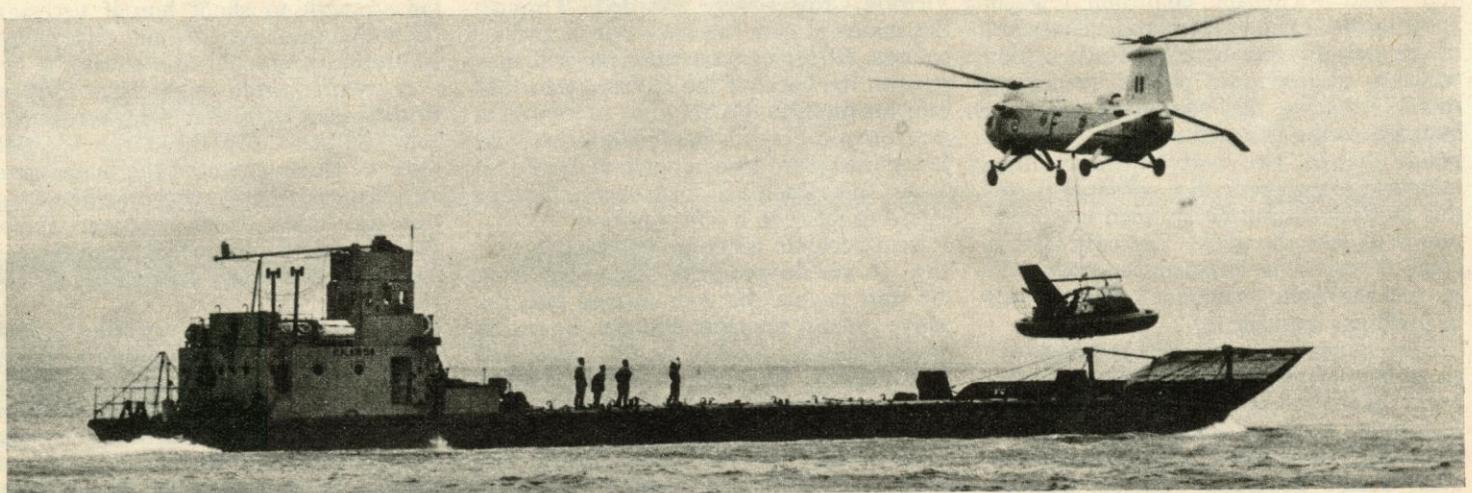
The parade was the climax of the 500-strong Battalion's annual camp, a week of which was spent at Halton, near Lancaster, rehearsing for the big event.

The Regiment, the 4th of Foot, was raised by Charles II in 1680 for the defence of Tangier. Known then as the Second Tangier Regiment, it was one of only four Royal regiments to be paid from the privy purse. Names like Waterloo, Corunna, Sebastopol and Ladysmith emblazoned on the Colours perpetuate a gallant history.

military medley



Twentieth-century pioneer and Indian meet in the Canadian West as Colour-Sergeant W. Street, Pioneer Sergeant of the 1st Battalion, The Royal Welch Fusiliers, discusses fur and feathers with the Chief of the Blackfoot tribe just before they both marched in the world-famous Calgary Stampede parade . . .



Sea and air transport and the "in between" *Cushioncraft* meet in Spithead as a Royal Air Force *Belvedere* lowers this new form of transport on to a Royal Navy lighter. This first experimental *Cushioncraft*, the CC-1, has been presented by its designers and builders, Britten-Norman Ltd.

Bembridge Airport, Isle of Wight, to the Royal Military College of Science, Shrivenham. To avoid holiday traffic round Bembridge, the *Belvedere* lifted the CC-1 to the lighter, which took it across Spithead to Lee-on-Solent for the start of the final road journey to Shrivenham.



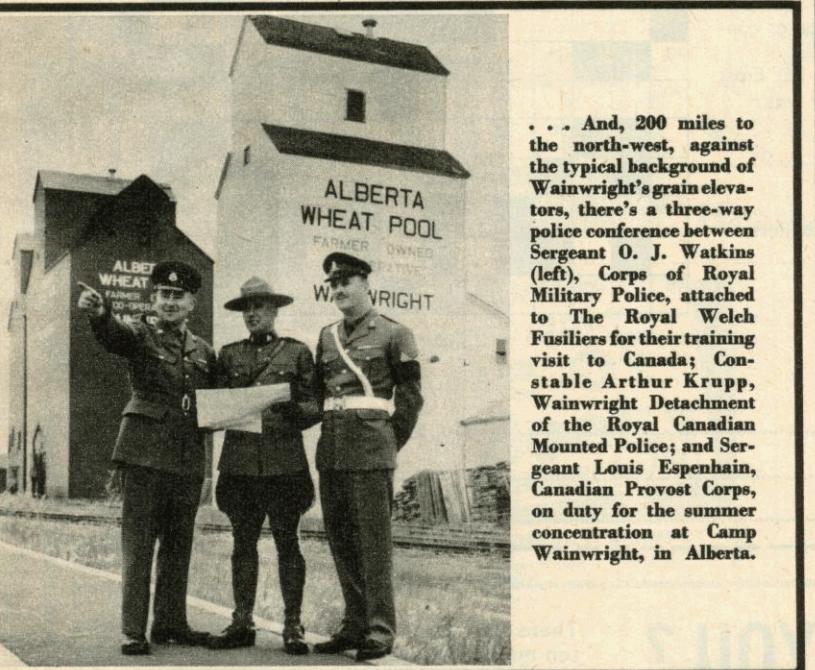
The new drums glisten in the sunshine as the Band marches across the square.

A County's Gift to its Regiment

IT was Alderman Charles Newell who, during his term as Mayor of Chichester, appealed to the people of Sussex to subscribe to a gift to the 1st Battalion of the County's own Regiment, the Royal Sussex. The people of Sussex responded generously and £2,500 was raised to buy a complete set of silver drums—one bass, two tenor and six side drums. It was the County's first gift to the Regiment.

Appropriately the presentation, at Preston Barracks, Brighton, was made on the anniversary—the 261st—of the Regiment's formation. Subscribers from all over the County saw the Duke of Norfolk MC, Lord Lieutenant of Sussex, present the gift on their behalf.

They also saw the Regimental Colour—that presented by the Queen Mother in Arundel eight years ago—trooped for the first time in Sussex, heard the rifles of the Battalion fire an expressive feu-de-joie (also a first time in Sussex by a County regiment) and heard the Battalion's Corps of Drums beat out a rhythmic message of thanks on their shining new instruments as they led the parade across the square.

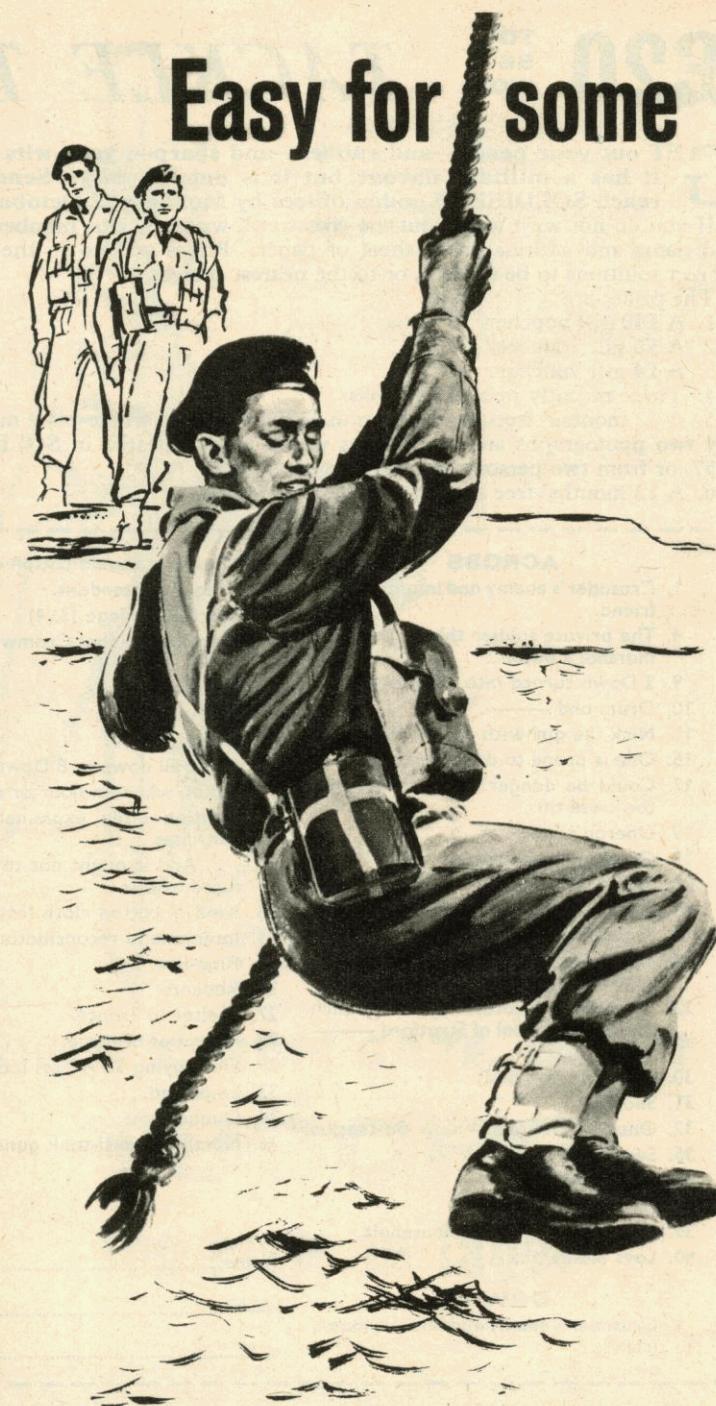


. . . And, 200 miles to the north-west, against the typical background of Wainwright's grain elevators, there's a three-way police conference between Sergeant O. J. Watkins (left), Corps of Royal Military Police, attached to The Royal Welch Fusiliers for their training visit to Canada; Constable Arthur Krupp, Wainwright Detachment of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police; and Sergeant Louis Espenain, Canadian Provost Corps, on duty for the summer concentration at Camp Wainwright, in Alberta.



United States soldiers demonstrate a military form of water-skiing. The rigid foam water shoes enable them to walk at three miles an hour over rivers, lakes or swamps, with both hands free to fire their rifles. The shoes can be lashed together to form a raft on which a soldier can drag a casualty or supplies.

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GET out your pencil—and rubber—and sharpen your wits on this crossword. It has a military flavour but it is not too easy. Send your solution to reach SOLDIER's London offices by Monday, 22 October.

If you do not wish to cut out the crossword, write the clue numbers and your answers, and name and address, on a sheet of paper. Prizes will go to the senders of the first correct solutions to be opened, or to the nearest correct.

The prizes are:

1. A £10 gift voucher.
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6. A 12 months' free subscription to SOLDIER.

RULES

1. Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to: The Editor (Comp. 52), SOLDIER, 433 Holloway Road, London N7.
2. Competitors may submit more than one entry, but each must be accompanied by the "Competition 52" label printed on this page.
3. Correspondence must not accompany the entry form.
4. Servicemen and women and Services' sponsored civilians may compete for any prize; other readers are eligible for prizes 4, 5 and 6 only.

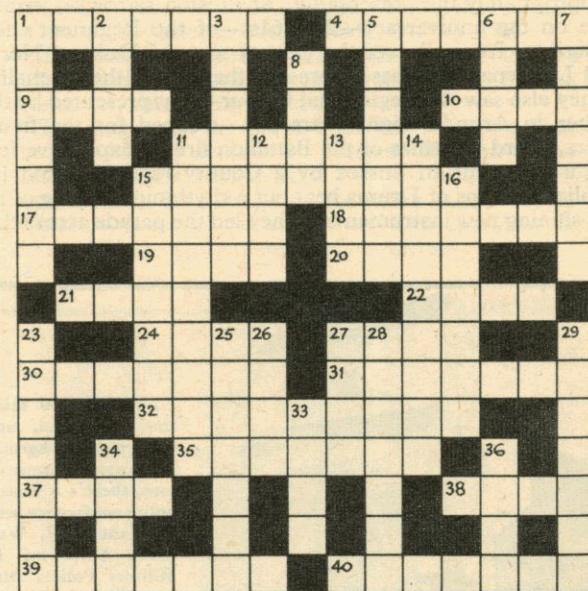
The solution and names of the winners will appear in the December issue of SOLDIER.

ACROSS

1. Crusader's enemy and Infantryman's friend.
4. The private soldier this to the field-marshall's baton.
9. 2 Down turned into a sly look.
10. Drum and _____.
11. Nick the girl with an old weapon.
15. One is prone to drive this.
17. Could be danger when the Navy's too close this.
18. Oberon's wife.
19. Greek god of battle.
20. NULA (reversed).
21. French what—and unfinished game.
22. Related.
24. Upset 26 Down for this 35 Across ruler.
27. Chaucer's prioress spoke French "after the School of Stratford Bowe."
30. Antique (reversed).
31. Shortly.
32. Once led 100 men—now on tracks.
35. See 24 Across.
37. Gnawing pain.
38. German town.
39. Officer of the Royal Household.
40. Lays blame on.

DOWN

1. Crusader's enemy and Infantryman's friend.



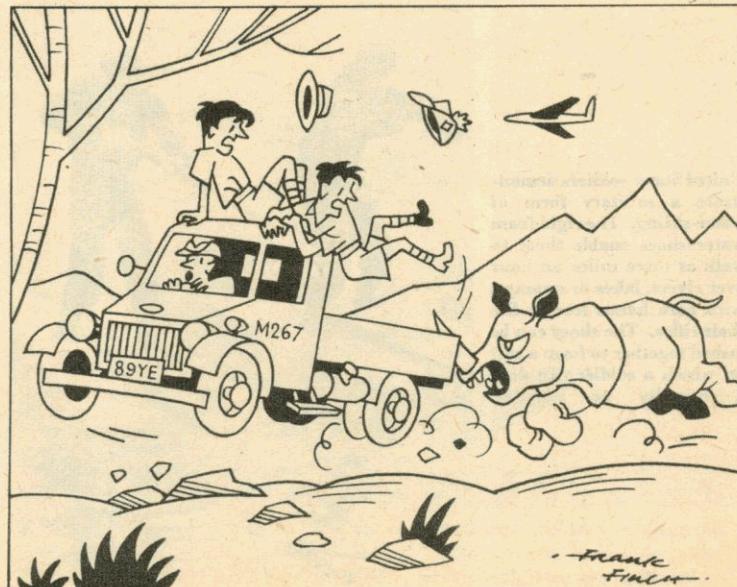
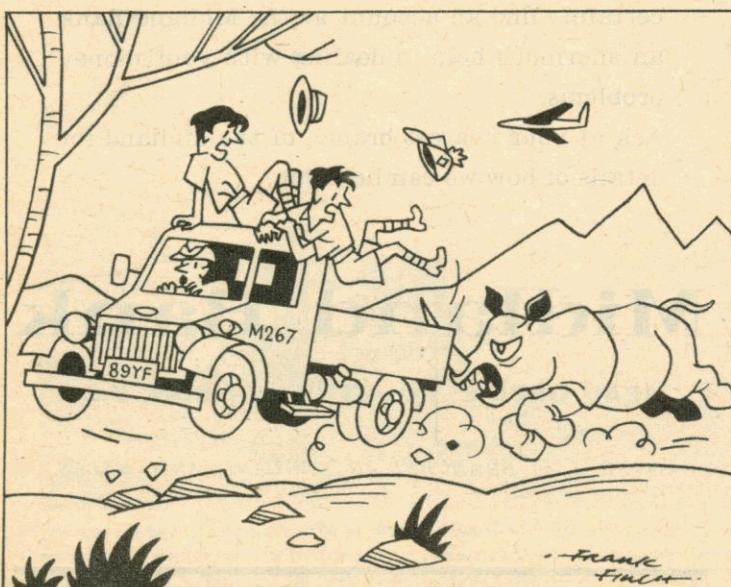
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HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?



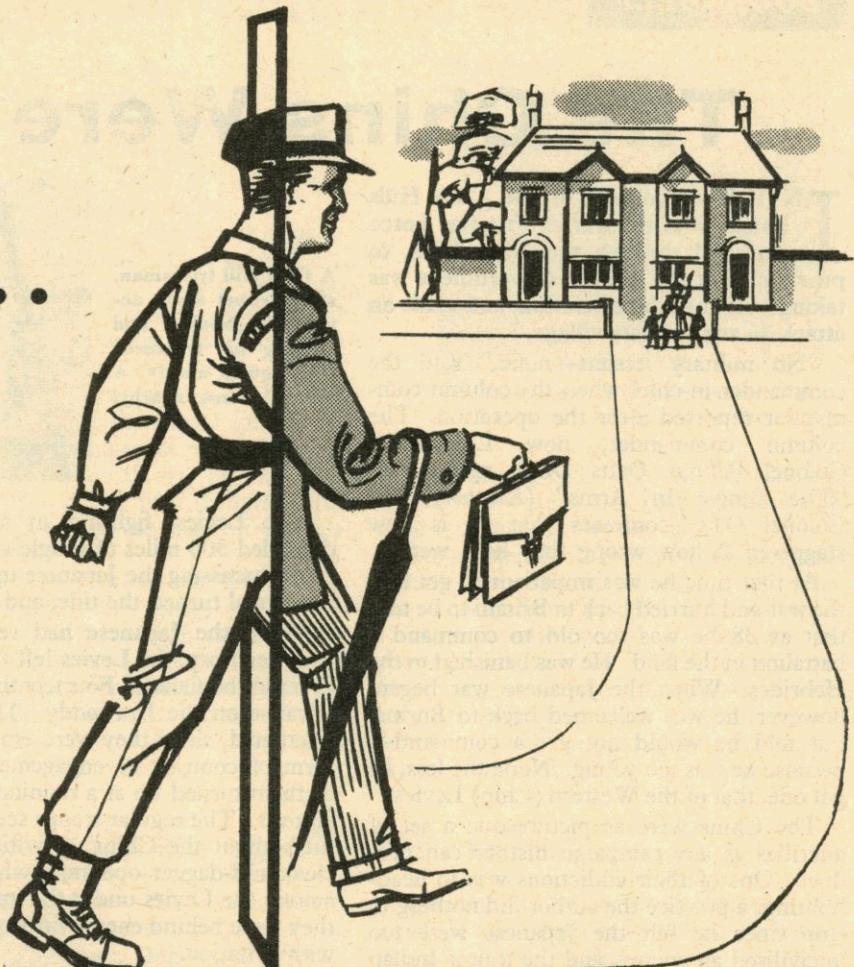
These two pictures look alike, but they vary in ten minor details. Look at them very carefully. If you cannot detect the differences, see page 38.

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| Banking | Jig & Tool Desn. |
| Book-keeping | Journalism |
| Building | Local Govt. |
| (all branches) | Maint'nce Eng. |
| Business | Marine Eng. |
| Management | Mathematics |
| Carpentry & Joinery | Mechanics |
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The Chins Were Unorthodox

IN 1940, a column of the Chin Hills Battalion of the Burma Frontier Force marched through the Naga Hills, to proclaim that the Burma Government was taking over the administration, and made an attack on an obstinate village.

"No military lessons—none," said the commander-in-chief when the column commander reported after the operation. The column commander, now Lieutenant-Colonel Balfour Oatts DSO, agreed. In "The Jungle In Arms" (Kimber, 25s) Colonel Oatts confesses that he is now staggered at how wrong they both were.

At that time he was impatient to get into the war and hurried back to Britain to be told that at 38 he was too old to command a battalion in the field. He was banished to the Hebrides. When the Japanese war began, however, he was welcomed back to Burma, but told he would not get a command—because he was too young. None the less, he got one, that of the Western (Chin) Levies.

The Chins were as picturesque a set of guerrillas as any campaign history can produce. One of their addictions was to head-hunting, a practice the author did nothing to stop since he felt the Japanese were too uncivilised an enemy, and the traitor Indian troops too contemptible, to warrant such consideration.



A Chin Hill tribesman, steel helmet slung across his shoulder and nursing his treasured rifle, squats alertly. A pi-dog roams nearby.

The Levies, fighting in small groups, defended 300 miles of jungle-clad mountain front, harassing the Japanese until the battle of Imphal turned the tide, and after.

When the Japanese had retreated from their territory, the Levies left their hills and covered the flank of Fourteenth Army in the advance on the Irrawaddy. Their numbers fluctuated, since they were employed on no form of contract or engagement, but 3000 of them turned up at a reunion when it was all over. The regular troops seemed to know little about the Chins' activities, and some cloak-and-dagger operators who parachuted among the Levies under the impression that they were behind enemy lines, were received with irritation.

Often the Levies fought with few supplies, but that did not deter them. Their enthusiasm was such that one Chin chief threatened to burn down the house of any man who did not take up arms. When one leader decided he

needed artillery he made some from Japanese tubular metal telegraph poles, from which he fired stones with black gunpowder.

Among the most devoted of the Chins were some 30 elderly men who had been earning a living by banditry and whom the author turned into an effective bodyguard. Among the Levies' heroes was Hleh To, a patrol commander who, when his men were heavily outnumbered during a fighting withdrawal, collected their little remaining ammunition and covered their retreat. He was found riddled with wounds, still grasping his rifle and without a single live round left.

The author himself was an unorthodox soldier, partly through inclination and partly by force of circumstance. Lacking a number of the things which make a commander's life easier, he visited a brigade headquarters and there stole a typewriter, a jeep, three mules and a radio truck with an Indian driver and two British signalmen. Nobody protested. The Levies sometimes stocked themselves up by visiting someone else's dropping zone and collecting parachuted supplies while the drop was still going on—a risky but profitable piece of hi-jacking.

At the end of the campaign the Chins formed two Regular battalions, still unorthodox. Their rifle shooting was good, they could bowl over anything live at 300 yards, but were bad at target practice—and never used the sights.

The author writes with humour and affection of his Levies and has a great deal of interest to report.

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Using dead ground, the French Infantry, heavily outnumbered, move into position against the big German attack.

Verdun: Carnage and Stalemate

VERDUN was one of the bloodiest battles of World War One. In February, 1916, the Germans opened a shattering bombardment on the neglected "fortified zone," then 14 divisions advanced on the shell-shaken survivors of three French divisions.

The battle raged, with lulls, attacks and counter-attacks, until the end of June. When it was over the Germans had gained less than 12 square miles of devastation. Nearly half a million men were dead; more than half as many again were seriously injured.

The Germans picked on Verdun as the scene of their attack believing that the fall of this symbolic, if ill-prepared, fortress only 140 miles from Paris, would strike a shattering blow at French morale. The very symbolism of Verdun contributed to the tenacity of the French defence, which was inspired by the leadership of General Pétain, with his famous slogan "They shall not pass." This was the man who was to lead the collaborationist Vichy government

and to end his career a doddering and disgraced Marshal of France.

Few better subjects could be found to illustrate the futility of World War One battles than the carnage and stalemate of Verdun. It is futility that lingers after reading Jules Romains's "Verdun" (Souvenir Press, 30s).

This book was first published in 1938, as two (the 15th and 16th) in a series of novels, "Les Hommes de Bonne Volonté" (Men of Goodwill). This accounts for a number of characters who occur without introduction.

The author takes a wide canvas—the squalor, heroism, despair and enthusiasms of the front line; conscientiousness and skill, greed, ambition and incompetence among generals and staff officers and civilians back in Paris.

Alone, the Verdun books add up to an ambitious project, but an untidy one. Sandwiched between battle scenes of great brilliance—few authors can have produced a more graphic description of what it is like to be on the receiving end of an artillery bombardment—are cheap and tawdry passages, like the conventional profile of a greedy profiteer, that of a futile general busy place-seeking, and of a staff major insisting beyond the point of reason that the German attack is just a feint.

Flesh and blood characters appear, too, and at this period of time it is not always easy to decide who was real and who was the author's creation. The Kaiser holds an unlikely conversation with an American journalist and discusses his plans for the assault; Joffre, the commander-in-chief, is the father-figure which history paints him (he was "Papa" Joffre to his troops); Pétain gets polite but scant attention.

Soldiering In Cyprus

A BRITISH Army subaltern and a squadron sergeant-major offer a light-hearted view of Army life in Cyprus in "Episkopi Oh Episkopi!" (5s, from Lieutenant J. Cooper, 54 AEC, Episkopi, BFPO 53), a paperback packed with cartoons and short, easily-read articles reflecting Service life in the British cantonment.

Author John Cooper keeps his impressions short, and they are profusely illustrated by the cartoons of fellow Yorkshireman Charles Fawcett. Indeed, of the book's 56 pages, 32 carry full-page cartoons.

Lieutenant Cooper (left) and Squadron Sergeant-Major Fawcett, author and cartoonist of the Cyprus skit.



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Samuel Colt And His Guns



The card game that went astray. Only the bartender seems to have survived.

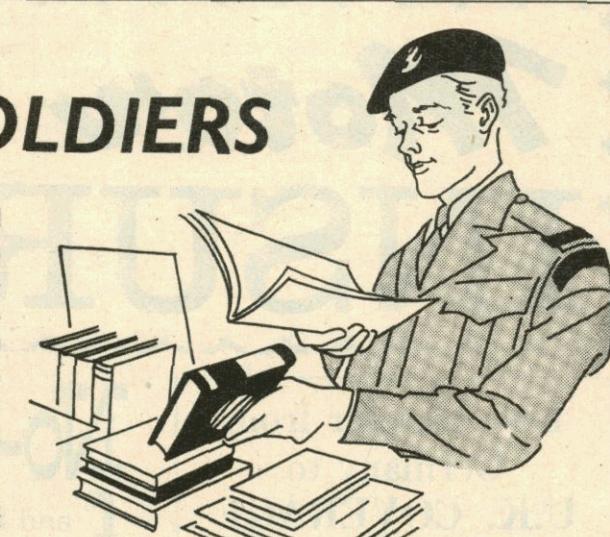
Disbelieving that Wild Bill Hickok had ever seen a weapon that could centre on the edge of a dime at 50 feet, author Cary tried it with a Pope .22 target rifle with all modern sighting aids. When struck, the dime bent and the slightly deformed bullet went on.

The specialist appeal of this American publication—with its wealth of detail and illustration of scores of firearms—is widened by the many background stories of interest to anyone who enjoys a Western yarn or picture.

The State Opening of Parliament

DOUBLE-PAGE wide-screen-type photographs are a striking feature of the booklet "The State Opening of Parliament" (HM Stationery Office, 2s 6d), based on the award-winning official colour film of the 1960 State opening.

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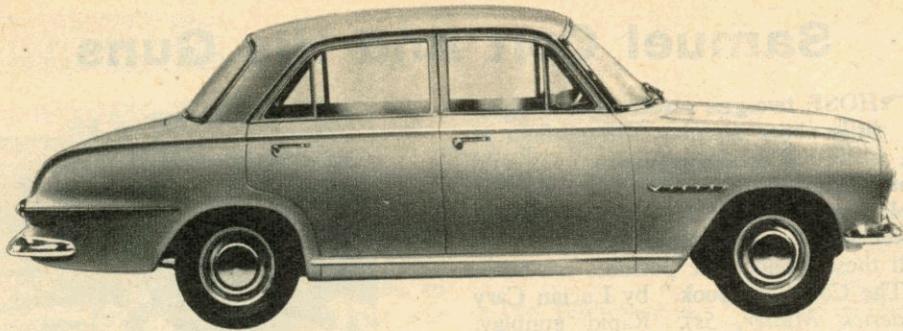
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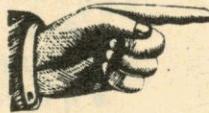


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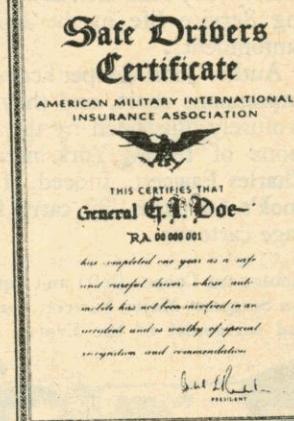
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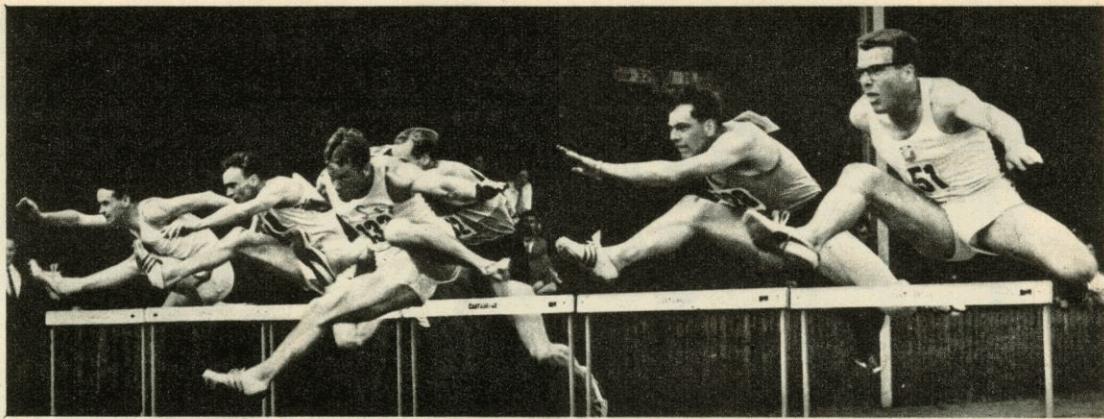
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An action-packed split second in the Army Championships at Aldershot. Captain J. E. Lane, Welch Regt, (left) retained his 120 yards hurdles title.



SPORT READING TO HENLEY -IN 40 CANOES

THE crowd descended on the two young soldiers, lifted them off their feet and flung them into the Thames. Far from taking offence, Junior Corporal Peter Snow and Junior Lance-Corporal Philip Clayton put up with the ritual a second time for the benefit of photographers.

For this was an honourable ducking. The two boys from the Royal Army Service Corps Junior Leaders Battalion, Taunton, had just won their class in Southern Command's Thames Race which is open to all junior leaders units. The Somerset unit had entered only two canoes in the mid-size doubles class and two in the singles, yet gained a prize in both races, with Junior Corporal Brian Jupp finishing third out of 15 singles entries.

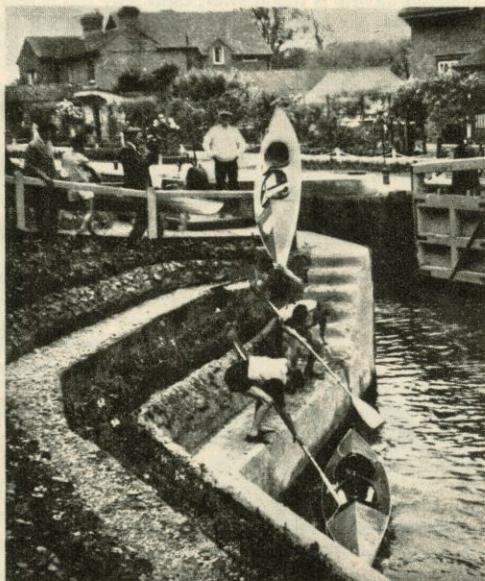
Forty-one canoes, powered by 67 canoe-

ists, tackled the 10-mile Reading to Henley stretch. It included four locks, which competitors had to bypass by lifting their craft from the water and carrying them.

Winning unit, for the third successive year, was the Junior Tradesmen's Regiment, Army Catering Corps, Aldershot, which came first and second in the singles and second in the other two scoring classes. The singles winner, Apprentice Chris Brown, a slight 18-year-old, had the pleasure of receiving his own award and the shield on behalf of his unit. The unit is to receive a replica to honour the triple success.

The best race was that for the smaller double canoes in which nine units were evenly represented. This was a triumph for one of the "home" teams, the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers Junior

Competitors had to carry the craft round the four locks. Re-launching often proved a tricky operation.



Leaders Unit, Arborfield, whose two entries came first and third. The winners, Junior Lance-Corporal Barry Johnson (17) and Junior Private Robert Dick (16) had been training on the course for three weeks.

The Army Apprentices School, Harrogate, competing as guests, had a highly successful afternoon, carrying off all the invitation prizes, and finishing among the overall leaders in every race.



These are the smallest of the double canoes. Fourteen of them left Reading, but two came to grief on the way.

MORE
SPORT
OVER...

PAGE 33



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The second lap of the Inter-Services 3000 metres steeplechase with Trooper Pomfret setting the pace and Corporal Grubb bringing up the rear. In second place here is Able Seaman W. Fletcher, Royal Navy.

POMFRET BEATS GRUBB AGAIN

TROOPER E. POMFRET took an early lead in the 3000 metres steeplechase at the Inter-Services Athletics Championships, and began to set the pace. His old Army rival, Corporal Ben Grubb, stayed close behind him and the pair soon left the rest of the field. For these two rivals the race was just beginning.

Only hours before it started, Pomfret was chosen as reserve steeplechaser for Britain against Poland, an honour for which Grubb must have been considered. Grubb, who set up an inter-Services record when he won the race last year in 8 minutes 55.4 seconds, was out to avenge his defeat by Pomfret in the recent Army championships. Pomfret was determined to confirm the selectors' choice.

For lap after punishing lap Grubb tailed Pomfret until, three and a half laps from home, he took the lead. But Pomfret answered with a strong burst, opened a wide gap, and seemed home and dry. With 120 yards to go Grubb accelerated in amazing fashion and made up about 12 yards before slowing sharply at the last hurdle. Here Pomfret pulled away to win a fine race in 8 minutes 57.4 seconds against Grubb's 8 minutes 59 seconds.

This was one of the few moments of triumph for the Army. The men and women of the Royal Air Force retained their titles, the Royal Navy men's team made its strongest post-war challenge, and the women of the Senior Service beat the Women's Royal Army Corps into third place for the first time ever.

But the Army was not without its successes. Despite coming nowhere in the 100 yards event, the Army's teamwork came to the fore with a fine victory in the 110 yards relay. Sergeant-Instructor P. Freeman ran well to win the three miles, though the time of 14 minutes 22.4 seconds was nearly half a minute slower than last year, and Quartermaster-Sergeant Instructor Eric Cleaver clinched the discus event for the ninth successive year, despite throwing 20 feet less than his best. Rifleman A. Houston jumped 6 feet 1 inch to win the high jump, and Sergeant-Instructor P. Lyons cleared 13 feet in the pole vault to beat Sergeant R. Malcolm (RAF) by six inches.

For the Women's Royal Army Corps there was a first and second in the discus, thanks to Private A. Roberts and Sergeant J. P. Stout. They were the only two of their Corps to be placed throughout the entire meeting, and the women's team could muster only 31 points. The Women's Royal Air Force scored 88 points and the Women's Royal Naval Service came second with 63. In the men's match the Royal Air Force scored 147 points, the Army 126 and the Royal Navy 101.

Jun L/Cpl Michael Brooks emerged as a champion of the future at the Army Cycling Championships at Herne Hill.

A BOY AND HIS BIKE



SIX days short of his seventeenth birthday, and competing by special permission of the Army Cycling Union, Junior Lance-Corporal Michael Brooks, of the Infantry Junior Leaders Battalion, Oswestry, finished third in the senior five miles event of the Army cycling track championships at Herne Hill, London.

Such an achievement against the Army's most seasoned and experienced cyclists augurs well for this young soldier's future on the track, and is doubly welcome at a time when, with the end of National Service, the Army has lost many of its cycling stars. Junior Lance-Corporal Brooks also won the junior two miles and junior 1000 metres time trial, and finished third in the junior 4000 metres individual pursuit.

The outstanding senior rider was Corporal Peter Arnott, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, who completed a "hat trick" by winning the 1000 metres sprint, five miles and 1000 metres time trial.

In the Inter-Services Championships, the Royal Air Force won the title for the fourth year in succession, with 21 points to the Army's 14 and the Royal Navy's four.

QUEEN'S MEDAL—AND CUPS—FOR GUARDS INSTRUCTOR

SHOWING coolness under pressure as well as outstanding marksmanship, Quartermaster-Sergeant Instructor John Gillam, the man who teaches the Guards to shoot, emerged as the Army's finest shot at Bisley, winning the Queen's Medal and two other leading awards.

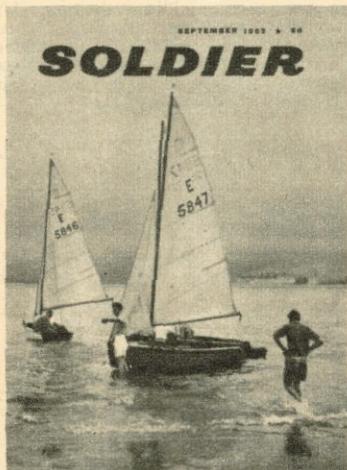
He entered the final with an 11-point lead for the premier prize and twice out-shot rivals after ties to win the Roberts Cup in the semi-final and the Hundred Cup in the final. After the final tie, with Sergeant John Savage, School of Infantry, the pair shot ten rounds rapid, shoulder to shoulder, Warrant Officer Gillam scoring ten hits to his rival's eight, and becoming one of the few champions to win both the semi-final and final stages.

His final score of 634 points out of a possible 750 was 12 points ahead of the runner-up, Major P. Welsh, 2nd Green Jackets, who also won the Whitehead Cup. The same Regiment maintained its reputation for marksmanship by filling the third and fourth places through Sergeant D. York (597 points) and Corporal R. Jenkins (585).

The new Army champion, who was runner-up last year, is in the Small Arms School Corps, and is chief weapon-training instructor at the Guards Depot, Pirbright, Surrey.

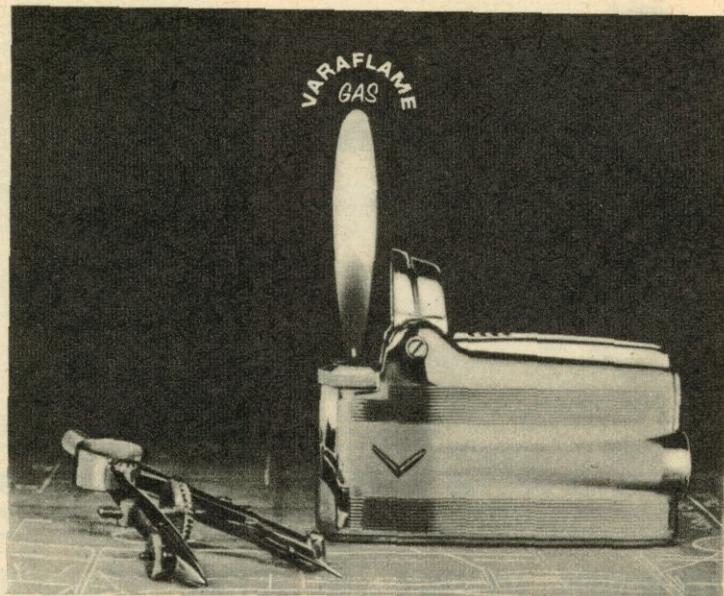
Second Lieutenant C. Brown, Irish Guards, won the Young Officers' Cup, and Private F. Brook, 1st Battalion, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, took the Rifle Brigade Cup for the champion young soldier.

The School of Electrical and Mechanical Engineering had a memorable meeting, winning the major units championship, the Small Arms Cup and the pistol title match.



COVER PICTURE

Sailing has always been one of the Army's most popular sports. SOLDIER'S front cover, by Public Relations, Hong Kong, shows crews making ready Enterprise dinghies for the 1962 Fareast Regatta at Kai Tak.



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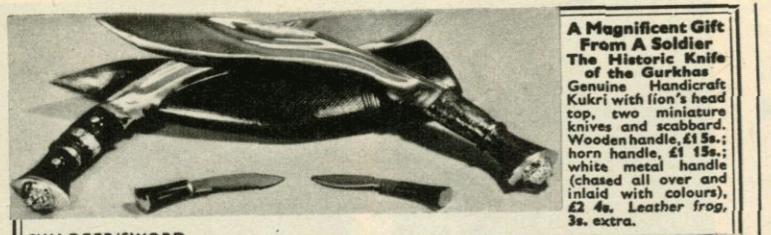
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NAME (Block Letters), State Mr., Mrs., Miss.
ADDRESS

Soldier, Sept., 1962

LETTERS

FALL IN, THE WIVES!

IN so many marriages today the wife makes the final decisions, and a man may lament that he would love to be back in the Army but his wife will have none of it. What a big part in recruiting we Army wives might have played had we been represented at the "Army of the 60s" display held recently in Aldershot.

We could have compared Army pay, housing conditions and rents with those in civilian life. We could have exhibited souvenirs of our tours abroad showing Cyprus, Malta and Hong Kong and have fostered an adventurous spirit even further by illustrating the latest order—"To Kenya in September, to miss the English winter."

The success of any man's career depends on the approval of his wife, and who better can show the civilian



wife what she is missing than the Army wife who, "Had she been a laddie would have led a soldier's life, but being just a lassie, has to be a soldier's wife."—Mrs. C. M. Roberts, 67 Jerome Square, Aldershot, Hants.

Awards for Bravery

It may be of interest to your readers to know that Second Lieutenant Edmund Wedgbury, of The Gloucestershire Regiment, won the DSO, MC, DCM and MM during World War One. Surely this must be a record?—G. C. Ford McConnell, 56 Miskin Street, Cardiff.

According to the War Office this achievement is probably unique. Wedgbury won the DCM and MM as a sergeant and the DSO and MC as a temporary second lieutenant. Although in The Gloucestershire Regiment, he won all his awards except the MM while attached to the 1st/8th Battalion, The Worcestershire Regiment.

Cockadoodledoo!

Although I must admit to being an ardent Corpsman, I cannot but "blow our own trumpet" at these sporting triumphs we of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps have achieved during the 1961-62 period:

1. Army Soccer Cup: 6 Battalion, Chilwell.

2. Army Boxing Championship: 14 Battalion, Didcot.

3. Army Minor Units Athletics Championship: 16 (Para) Ordnance Field Park Workshops.

4. Army Rifle Championship: Capt D. O. Carpenter.

5. Army Life-Saving Championship: Ordnance Depot, Cyprus.

6. Army Boxing Championship, Singapore and Malaya: 30 Battalion, Singapore.—RQMSF. Acres, Central Vehicle Depot, RAOC, Ashchurch, Glos.

Bows and Arrows

I was recently shown a photograph, without caption or reference, of an Australian soldier handling a crossbow of modern design. The bow appeared to be made of steel with a ratchet device for drawing it. It would be interesting to know if any modern army has used bows and arrows in war during the present century and, if so, to what purpose.—G. C. E. Pritchard, 56 Casterbridge Road, Dorchester, Dorset.

* **SOLDIER** can find no record of British troops using bows and arrows in action during World War Two.

Peter Fleming, the traveller and author, wrote an article in "The Spectator" of 4 April, 1952, on his use of bows and arrows in 1940. When a German

invasion of Britain was expected after the Dunkirk evacuation, he trained a detachment of The Lovat Scouts to use these weapons while operating as guerrillas behind the German lines if the enemy had succeeded in overrunning Kent. A silent weapon was thought to be more useful in these circumstances than firearms, though some of the arrows had explosives and detonators attached.

We understand that Lieutenant-Colonel J. M. T. F. Churchill DSO, MC, while serving as a captain with the 2nd Battalion, The Manchester Regiment, during the retreat to Dunkirk, discovered an abandoned store of bows and arrows. He brought them safely to England and, while commanding No. 2 Commando, made many experiments, even trying unsuccessfully to mount a bow on a Bren gun tripod to act as a crossbow.

The Imperial War Museum has photographs of crossbows used as grenade throwers in both world wars.

Relic of Ladysmith

The "Hours of Glory" article on Ladysmith (**SOLDIER**, February) I found particularly interesting as I was a young serving soldier at the time.

The contemporary Christmas card (reproduced below), published in Pietermaritzburg, Natal, and cherished these 60 odd years, may be of interest to your readers.—"Never Say Die."



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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

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



The Infantrymen emerge from their APC like Trojans from their horse.

Scots Guards Battalions never achieved the Army title although the Regiment had two individual Army champions in 1932, and in 1931 Sergeant George himself fought for the Army against the London Fire Brigade.—Maj J. Swinton, RHQ Scots Guards, Birdcage Walk, London SW1.

Now it's the Trojan

As a name for the new Armoured Personnel Carrier FV 432 (**SOLDIER**, July) I suggest *Cossack*. It is short, easy to remember and the Cossacks of the Russian Steppes are noted for their courage and mobility.—Officer Cadet D. W. H. Warnes, Waterloo Company, RMA Sandhurst, Camberley, Surrey.

Why not *Turtle*? I and others of my Territorial battalion of The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry tried it out at camp this year and it is certainly a wonderful vehicle.—Cpl G. Carter, 164A New Road, Booker, High Wycombe, Bucks.

I suggest *Footslogger* or *Trumper* because the main purpose of the FV 432 is to save Infantry marching and move them quickly into an attacking position.—G. Starbuck, 12 Lime Tree Crescent, Kippax, Leeds.

My suggestion is *Troytank*.—WO I G. A. Gladman, 35 Central Wksp, REME, Old Dalby, Melton Mowbray, Leics.

Hannibal—because previous AFVs have been named after famous military leaders and to draw a parallel between today and the time when elephants made soldiers mobile and enabled them to traverse hitherto impassable terrain.—WO I C. I. Phipps, RAOC, HQ 15 ABOD, BFPO 40.

Because it is fast and manoeuvrable, and to distinguish it from the tank "C" series and other APCs with names starting with the letter "S", I suggest *Tornado*.—J. Bingham (ex-Sgt, 7th (QO) Hussars), 24 Cloisters Road, Luton, Beds.

Terrapin, because of its armoured amphibious and "go anywhere" qualities.—Cadet Cpl P. W. Ridgway, Ipswich School CCF, Ipswich, Suffolk.

OVER...

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more letters

My name for the new APC is *Sumerian*, after the ancient inhabitants of Lower Mesopotamia (circa 3500 BC) who were the first to carry their warriors to the battlefield in chariots.—S/Sgt R. G. Clancy, 7 Armd Wksp, REME, BFPO 30.

★ The FV 432 has been officially named *Trojan*. The name Tomahawk, allying the APC with the Chieftain tank, was a close runner-up but was not adopted because Tomahawk has been used as the name of an aircraft.

The War Office branch concerned with naming the APC, and *SOLDIER*'s Editor, decided that the best of the readers' suggestions above was Hannibal, and a bound volume of *SOLDIER* has been awarded to WO I Phipps. Terrapin, a commended suggestion, has unfortunately already been used as the name of an amphibious vehicle.

Spot the Stoppage

It is as well that the Arab troops of the Aden Federal Army (*SOLDIER* cover picture, July) are using only drill rounds with their Vickers Machine Gun. Had the ammunition been live the gun would have been due for quite a stoppage on the fifth visible round in the ammunition belt.—Squadron Leader F. J. Mullins, 51 Severn Drive, Hinckley Wood, Surrey.

★ This photograph was supplied by an agency. *SOLDIER* photographers check such details and would have spotted the errant round.

First Beret

Mr. Bellenger's letter on the origin of the black beret (*SOLDIER*, July) prompts me to send you the following extract from "The Tanks" (Captain B. H. Liddell Hart), which may be of interest to your readers.

"The black beret was officially

adopted as the head-dress of the (Tank) Corps, in place of the standard field service cap. This peaked cap had been found very unsuitable for use in tanks, as it did not fit close enough to the head and the wearer could not keep his eyes close to the vision slits or gun-sights unless he turned his cap back to front, while the khaki colour all too obviously showed oil stains.

Its drawbacks came under discussion during the war, and particularly at a time when the 70th Chasseurs Alpins of the French Army were training with the Tank Corps in May, 1918. Elles (General Sir Hugh Elles) was favourably impressed by their beret-type head-dress, and still more after trying it on. That impression led him to recommend in 1922 that a broadly similar type of head-dress should be introduced for the Tank Corps. But the large beret worn by the Chasseurs Alpins was considered too 'sloppy' and the Basque type too 'skimpy' so the final pattern was a compromise, more akin to the Scottish 'tam-o-shanter' which was the description used in submitting the proposal to the King in November, 1923. It received his approval in March, 1924."

The black beret was never copied from schoolgirls' headgear nor were samples sent to enable the then Royal Tank Corps to make a decision. After World War Two a stylised design form of the beret was discussed by the Royal Tank Regimental Council with a view to its adoption for wear with full dress uniform. In the course of this discussion, various forms of beret were considered, and this is the nearest the schoolgirls' berets ever got to the Royal Tank Regiment's head-dress.—Brig A. W. Brown (Rtd), Curator, RAC Tank Museum, Bovington Camp, Wareham, Dorset.

The White House

I was interested to read Lieut-Col Holden's letter (*SOLDIER*, July) about the burning of the White House in Washington by British troops. However, I have always understood that this

was done in retaliation for the burning of Hamilton, Ontario, by the invading Americans, when all the townspeople were driven out into the snow and their houses completely destroyed. Incidentally, the first division of American troops to invade Canada surrendered without firing a shot.—H. N. Peyton, 11 Rodney Avenue, Tonbridge, Kent.

"Crack" Regiments

The term "crack" regiment was a favourite in Edwardian days and it still survives; only yesterday I read in a newspaper that the Chinese are moving "crack divisions" towards their southern frontiers.

To me "crack" in this context is a repellent word full of snobbish innuendos, but its use over a period of more than 50 years shows that it has a meaning for many. Would anyone care to give me a definition of a "crack" regiment, and also give the origin of the term?—"Infantryman," Gloucester.

Fine Feathers . . .

I was surprised to read that "Regular Sergeant" (Letters, July) thinks general wearing of the new dull khaki uniform would stimulate recruiting. The No. 1 Dress "Blues" would be a much more attractive uniform on leave or off duty, especially if worn with a white dress belt and white gloves, and at least this uniform does have a red stripe down the seam of the trousers or some other coloured stripe according to the branch of the Service.

Why "Blues" have not been issued to all ranks for walking out purposes is beyond me. But for a really smart dress uniform the red tunic, which rightfully belongs to the British Army, should be brought back.—P. Leventhal, 530 W. 163rd Street, New York 32, NY, USA.

Confederate High Command

What a lot of bull's wool! The correspondence about the "Confederate High Command" reminds me of our late dear old friend, C. G. Grey, of "The Aeroplane." He called those who formed societies to hand out trophies to people who had done something worthwhile in the flying world the "TMTs" — "The Me Toos." These folk, never having flown a machine nor in any way been connected seriously with aviation, arranged special shows with an accompanying spate of photography and publicity, and generally put themselves in the picture. They tried to break old C.G., but he had forgotten more than they ever knew.

It has struck me that there is a strange similarity in the initials—TMT and CHC.—F. Carpenter, 345 Mount Pleasant Road, Christchurch 8, New Zealand.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(See page 28)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1. Position of hat on right. 2. Shape of driving mirror. 3. Rear mud-guard of lorry. 4. Length of rhino's horn. 5. Dust cloud below rhino. 6. Hair of left soldier on cab. 7. Right soldier's left boot. 8. Depth of lorry side. 9. Left end of bumper. 10. Registration letters.

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PRIZE WINNERS

Prize winners in *SOLDIER'S* competition 49 (June—quiz) were:

1. Maj C. Barnes, RASC Barrack Officer, Osnabruck, BFPO 36.

2. Mrs Hanley, c/o Sgt Hanley, 253 Signal Squadron, BFPO 1.

3. Sgt J. E. Tobin, RA (TA), 4 Mornington Avenue, Kenton, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 3.

4. Mrs N. Dixon, Mess Steward, Officers' Mess, 17 Regt RA, Birch Lines, Park Hall Camp, Oswestry.

5. Sgt R. Joyce, RASC, 4 SPRD, RASC, c/o GPO Singapore.

6. S/Sgt I. Melville, RAEC, 31 Married Quarters, Bramcote, Nuneaton, Warwicks.

The correct answers were: 1. (b) (Toc H founder). 2. (a) Aides-de-camp; (b) Tay not longest river; (c) Gravity was not invented; (d) For Valour (not Bravery).

3. (a) Washington; (b) Czechoslovakia; (c) Rhinoceros; (d) Missouri; (e) Kilimanjaro. 4. (b) (Blenheim); (c) (Ramilles); (d) (Malplaquet); (g) (Oudenarde). 5.

(a) (Scots routed English); 6. (e) (Davy Crockett). 7. Pelican. 8. (a) Singapore; (b) Tripolitania; (c) Caribbean; (d) Germany. 10. (a) Saracen, Saladin, Stalwart, Sherman, Scammell, etc.; (b) Spain, Sierra Leone, Sweden, Switzerland, Syria, Scotland, Sicily, Sarawak, etc.; (c) Salamanca, Solferino, Sebastopol, Somme, Sobraon, Stalingrad, Sedge Moor, Sedan, etc.; (d) Sword, Sterling, spear, Sten, sabre, scimitar, Spandau, etc.

11. Correspondence. 12. (a)-(d) (Pyramus-Thisbe); (f)-(b) (Jekyll-Hyde); (c)-(j) (Scylla-Charybdis); (h)-(e) (Capulet-Montague); (k)-(g) (Gilbert-Sullivan).

13. (c) (The Lady of the Lamp).

REUNIONS

The Royal Dragoons (1st Dragoons) Social Club. Reunion 15 September, Albany Barracks, NW1. Particulars from Hon Sec, Major C. W. Lewis, Hill House, Beckenham Lane, Bromley, Kent.

The York and Lancaster Regiment. Reunion dinners at Sheffield, 9th Bn (World War Two), Saturday, 6 October; 12th Bn (World War One), Friday, 12 October. Particulars from RHQ, Endcliffe Hall, Endcliffe Vale Road, Sheffield 10.

The Royal Tank Regiment Old Comrades Association (Embodying Heavy Branch, Machine Gun Corps). Reunion dinner at Durham, 26 October. Particulars from R. S. Hyde, Potters Cott, Potters Bank, Durham City.

Ex-officers of TA anti-aircraft units. Reunion at Victory (Ex-Services) Club, Seymour Street, W1. 6 pm, 1 December, buffet 10s. Particulars from Major W. Darwell-Taylor, 6A Bingham Road, Croydon, Surrey.

Beachley Old Boys Association. Reunion 21-23 September. Particulars from Hon Sec, BOBA, Army Apprentices School, Chepstow, Mon.

Royal Army Dental Corps WOs and NCOs Reunion Club. Reunion weekend at Depot, RADC, Aldershot, 22-23 September. Particulars from Sec, c/o The War Office, (AMD 6), London SW1.

East Lancashire Regimental Association. Reunion dinner and dance at King George's Hall, Blackburn, 29 September. Particulars from Sec, 20 Fulwood Hall Lane, Fulwood, Preston.

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