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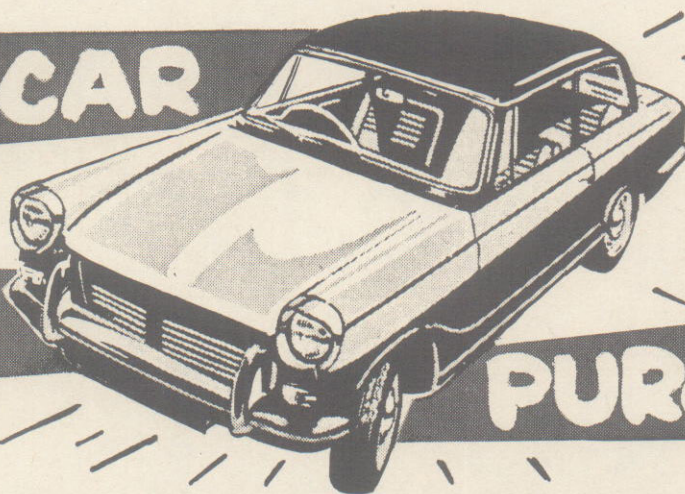
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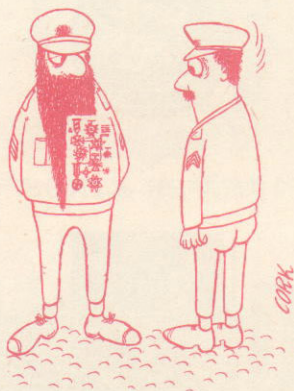
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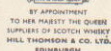
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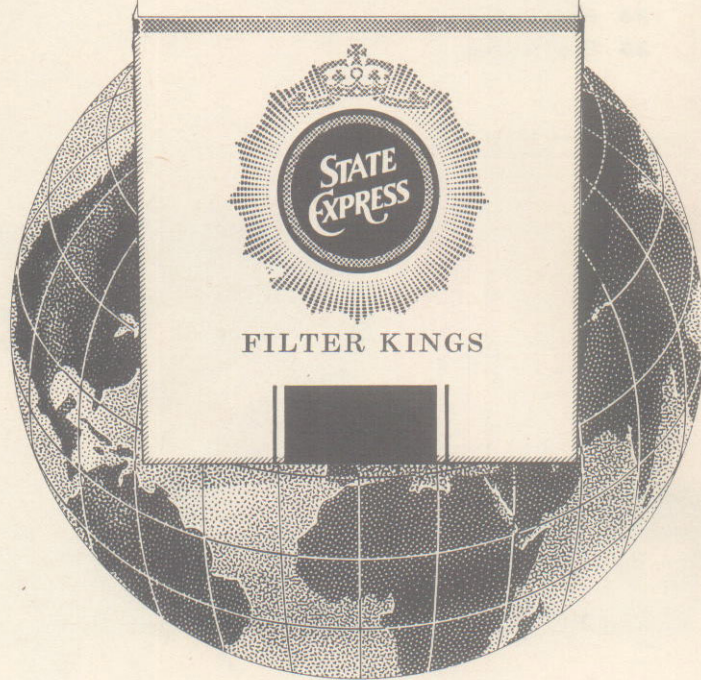
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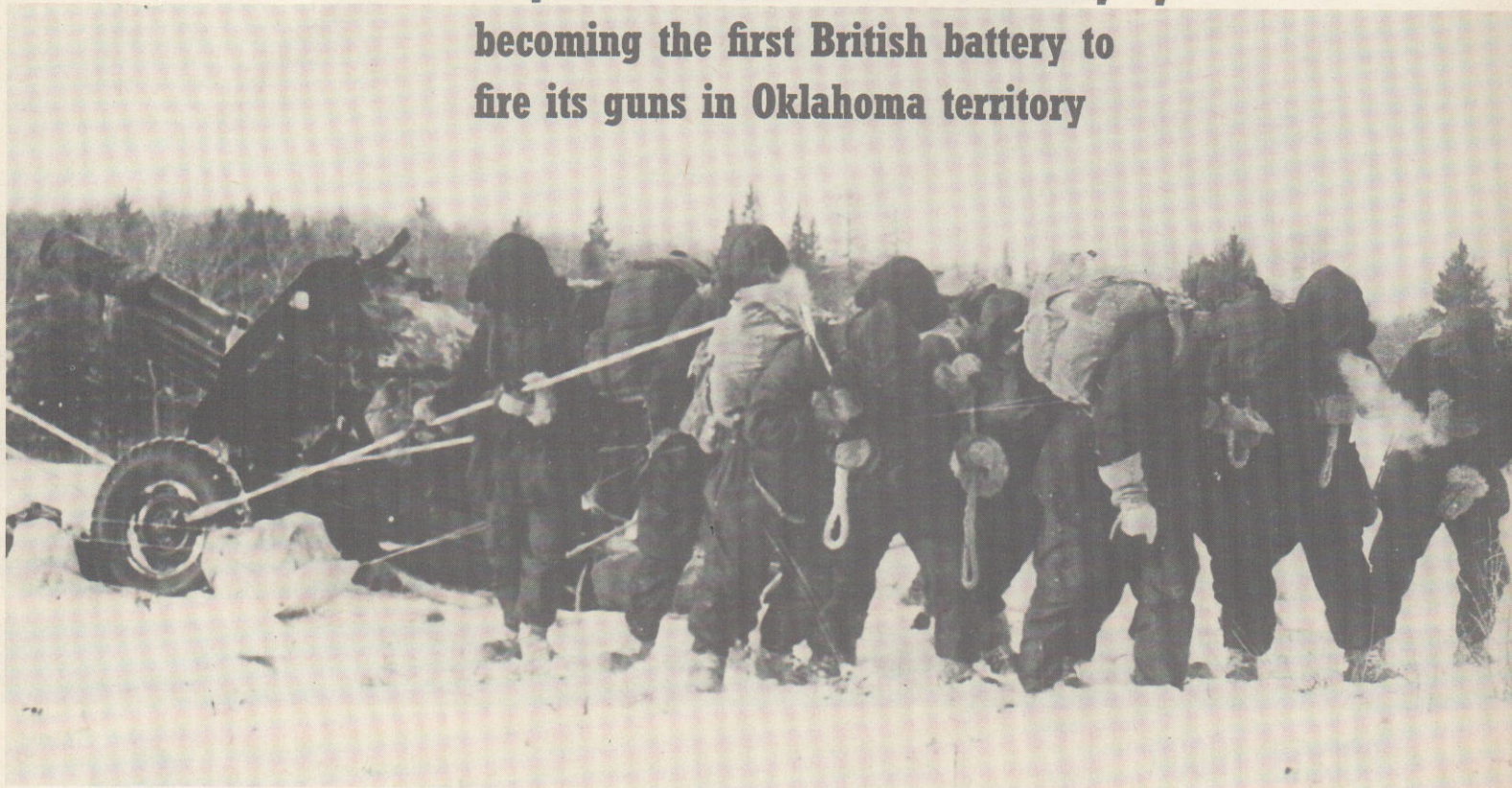
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# State Express...the best cigarettes in the world



Frozen Canada gave a warm welcome to the men of The Rocket Troop who had flown thousands of miles to test their pack-howitzers in sub-zero temperatures. After the exercises they moved south and made history by becoming the first British battery to fire its guns in Oklahoma territory



A 105mm pack-howitzer is manhandled on to a sledge ready for moving across snow-covered country.

# THE ROCKET TROOP GOES WEST

**T**HE Royal Artillery's Rocket Troop has visited the sweltering, sprawling Deep South of the United States of America twice in its history. On both occasions it fired its latest weapons . . . but in very different circumstances, first as an enemy and later as a guest.

In 1814, a year after its formation, The Rocket Troop, armed with Congreve rockets, took part in the storming of New Orleans during the War of Independence.

And recently "O" Battery (The Rocket Troop), Royal Artillery, part of 2nd Regiment, Royal Artillery, was in that part of the world again. This time its 105mm pack-howitzers thundered

**OVER . . .**





Muffled in special cold weather clothing loaned by the Canadians, the Gunners prepare a howitzer for firing at the start of an exercise.

cold there is very dry, but the camp has every modern amenity including a bowling alley, indoor swimming pool and cinema.

Three exercises were arranged, the first two of three days' duration and the last of nine days'. The object was to practise fire and movement against imaginary Infantry in intense cold and to build up a resistance to the weather. Unfortunately the Gunners were unable to train with any Infantry battalions—the nearest were 900 miles away.

After firing practice during the first two exercises, the Gunners moved north to a Canadian national park for the final major exercise in which they gained experience of moving guns across country by sledge.

They slept in Canadian tents, with double walls of nylon, each accommodating five men and equipped with a small cooking stove and pressure lamp. The sleeping bags were combined with air mattresses to provide insulation from the cold ground.

On the last night of the exercise, the Battery slept out without tents under roughly constructed shelters—and on that night the temperature dropped to minus 20 degrees Fahrenheit—52 degrees of frost!

When the Battery flew 1500 miles south to Oklahoma a detachment of nine soldiers with one howitzer was left behind in Canada with the job of

Helped by a US Army sergeant, two British Gunners prepare the aiming circle during an exercise at a firing point in Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

## ROCKET TROOP continued

out innocuously across Oklahoma territory.

The Rocket Troop was invited to Oklahoma by a party of American officers who were visiting the Royal Canadian School of Artillery, at Camp Shilo in Manitoba, at the same time as the British Gunners.

Equipped with transport, radios and special winter clothing loaned by the Canadians, 113 men of "O" Battery, commanded by Major Ian Simpson, trained for five weeks in Canada, in severe winter conditions which tested both men and guns.

They flew to Manitoba in Royal Air Force *Britannias*, one of which was forced to turn back almost half-way across the Atlantic because of a cracked window, and finally arrived two days late after being further delayed by fog at Gander. They took with them six 105mm pack-howitzers, the Italian mountain guns with which they were recently equipped, and fire-control equipment.

Their hosts at Camp Shilo gave the British visitors a tremendous welcome and their boundless hospitality was a major impression of the whole visit. Because Shilo is virtually the centre of the North American continent, the







On the last night of the final exercise, the Gunners slept out under these rough shelters with the temperature at  $-20$  degrees Fahrenheit.

testing the new gun in really severe winter conditions.

The detachment stayed a further six weeks and reported only one major difficulty during trials—the Canadian mittens made some of the handling difficult, particularly when adjusting sights. But some sort of hand covering was necessary—in 70 degrees of frost, bare skin would stick rigidly to the gun.

During Christmas the detachment stayed with Canadian families and each man had about ten invitations, so great was the hospitality of their hosts.

Meanwhile, the Battery landed with the five remaining guns at Wichita Falls on the Texas border. From there the Gunners were driven to Fort Sill, the United States Army Artillery and Missile Centre in Oklahoma, where yet another warm welcome awaited them.

The Rocket Troop became the first British battery to fire its guns at Fort Sill in a demonstration of fire power for personnel at the Centre. The highlight was when high-angle and low-angle rounds, fired several seconds apart from the same howitzer, landed simultaneously on the target.

The visitors were shown American missiles and watched a demonstration by the Gunnery Department at Fort Sill showing methods of delivering direct and assault fire.

They went sightseeing in the local reserve where they saw bison and long-horned cowboy cattle. During their stay at Fort Sill their hosts were the 2nd Howitzer Battalion, 2nd Artillery.

In Canada the Battery Sergeant-Major found he had to be a little more liberal than usual on the subject of haircuts—they cost a dollar (six shillings and eight pence) a time!

But if this caused him some little frustration, it was soon cleared up when the Battery arrived in America. Half the Gunners went straight out and got themselves crewcuts!

**T**HE Rocket Troop was formed in 1813 and equipped with artillery rockets invented by Colonel Sir William Congreve of the Royal Horse Artillery.

They were simply a shell fitted to the front of a rocket powerful enough to hurl itself and the shell up to 2000 yards. A slow-burning fuse ignited the shell on the ground or while still in the air.

Congreve rockets were used to halt Napoleon in the Battle of the Nations at Leipzig when about 200 British Gunners captured five battalions of the French Army after the rockets had "struck terror into the hearts" of the enemy.

A year later The Rocket Troop took part in the ill-fated storming of New Orleans.

Today "O" Battery (The Rocket Troop) is stationed at Colchester. In the Officers' Mess is a portrait of Colonel Congreve, and every year, on 18 October, the Battery celebrates the Battle of the Nations with a reunion of Old Comrades and a Battery dinner.

## SOLDIER to Soldier

**W**HEN one reader recently asked in **SOLDIER** how the song, "Why Are We Waiting?" originated, others were quick to quote examples of where they had heard this, but were unable to pinpoint its origins.

It is presumably one of those spontaneous gestures made by soldiers down the years whenever they have been subjected to some unexplained and apparently unnecessary period of hanging about and doing nothing.

The old pay parade, with its queuing and formalities, is happily a thing of the past, and now, it seems, the sick parade is following suit. Old soldiers will remember being marched off, whatever their ailment, to see the medical officer, and waiting for interminable periods.

Now, in the Tidworth area, not only has the sick parade been abolished and its place taken by an appointments system, but even greater advances have been made. A group medical practice scheme has been formed for Army and civilian doctors and the Tidworth Military Hospital is even offering its spare beds to civilian patients. It all represents a great advance in social medicine and is yet another field in which the Army has given a lead to civilian life.



**W**HILE **SOLDIER** competitions have always attracted that percentage of readers who enjoy pitting their wits against a challenge, the recent teasers have provoked more than treble the previous response. Since the beginning of December each post has brought a stack of entries.

A rough analysis of entries in the December maze of lines competition revealed several interesting facts. There were 35 objects hidden in the maze and these were correctly identified by about one-sixth of the competitors. Several people found more than 35, but the oddest were undoubtedly the two entries under two different names and addresses hundreds of miles apart in East Africa, but written by the same hand—and the list of no fewer than 144 objects cheerfully submitted by a waggish warrant officer!

The Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force joined in the fun with the Regular Army, Territorials, Emergency Reserve and Cadets, the competitors' ranks ranging from a retired major-general to a very raw recruit still awaiting his Army number. Then there were the ship's officer, fireman, policeman, headmaster, prison officer, commissioner, a pooled effort by a youth club—and the Keeper of the Rock Apes in Gibraltar.

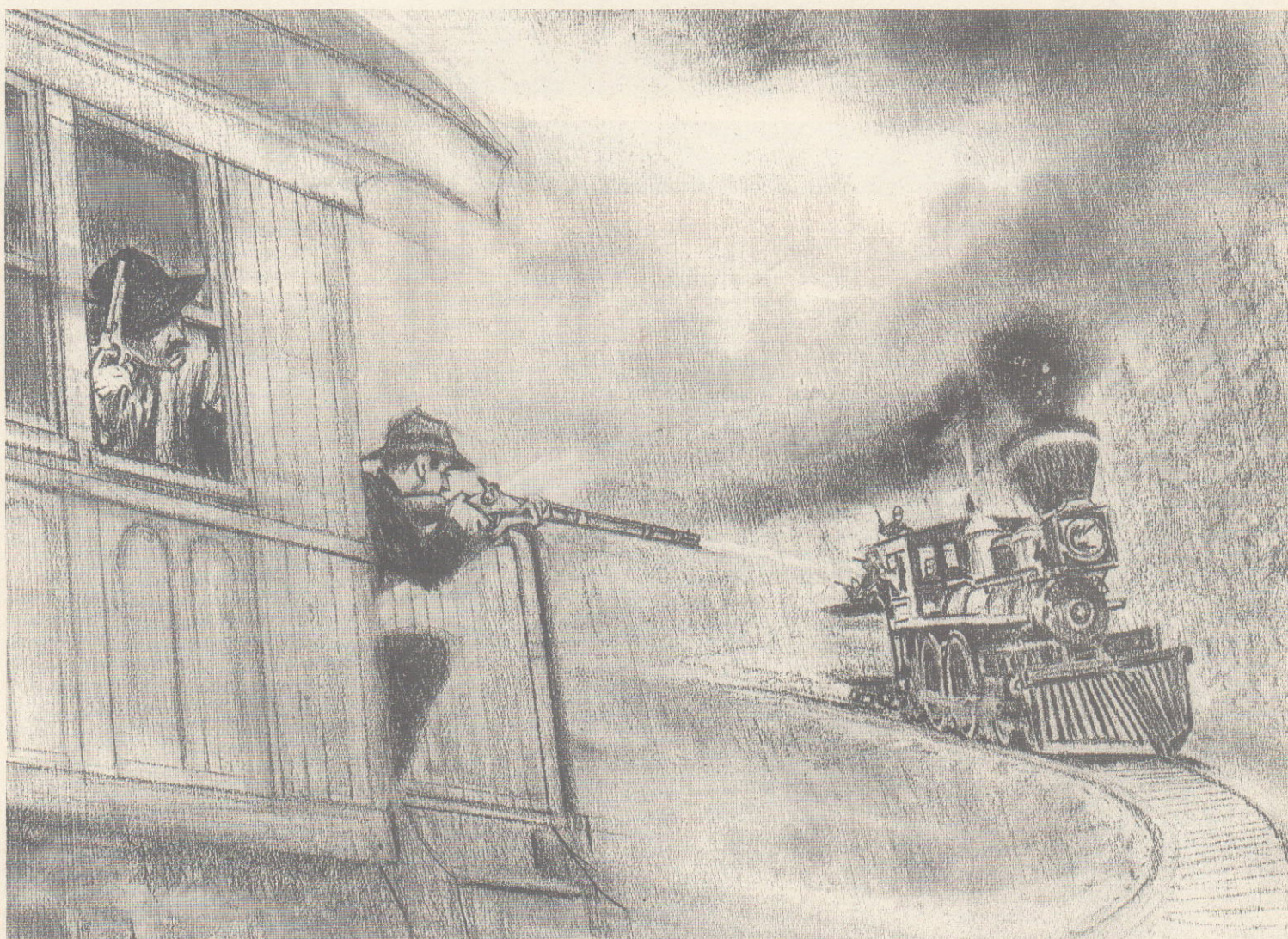
Most heartening of all—and this pattern has been repeated in subsequent competitions—was the large number of entries from Gurkhas and from Ghanaian, Nigerian and Malayan soldiers.

It is pleasant to reflect, too, that in an age of big money stakes there are those to whom the challenge and interest of **SOLDIER**'s competitions count for more than the necessarily modest awards.



Just seven years ago Britain's bravest sons paraded in London to mark the centenary of the Victoria Cross. This month the American Army will honour the 100th birthday of its highest award for valour. Ceremonies in Washington on 25 March will draw from all over the United States the holders of that coveted award, the Congressional Medal of Honour. To mark the occasion SOLDIER has chosen just a few of the stories of courage that have earned the

## BLUE BADGE OF COURAGE



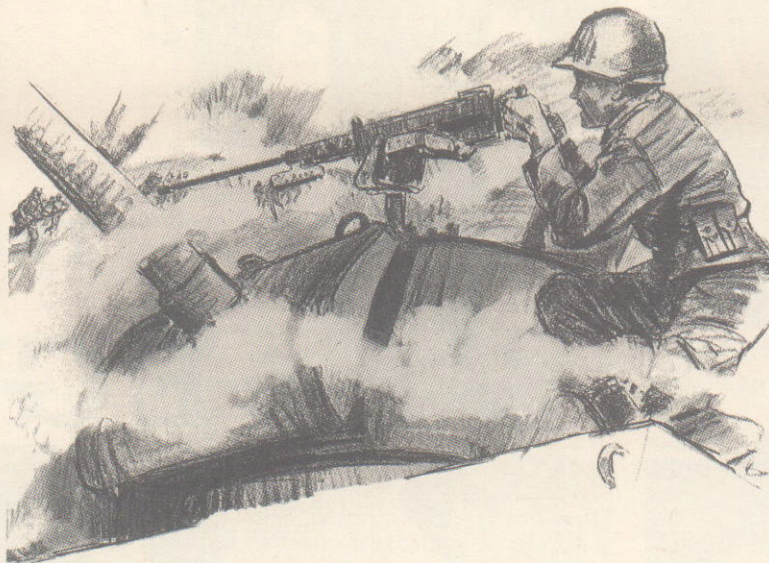
With the Southerners hot on the trail, a Northern soldier stoked the bursting boiler, squeezing every ounce of speed out of the giant locomotive. At the end of the train his comrades exchanged shots with pursuers aboard a second engine. This was the famous "Great

Locomotive Chase" of the American Civil War. The Northerners stole a train deep in Confederate territory, and rampaged for 90 miles along the line. On 25 March, 1863, six audacious Northerners became the first soldiers to receive America's supreme gallantry award.





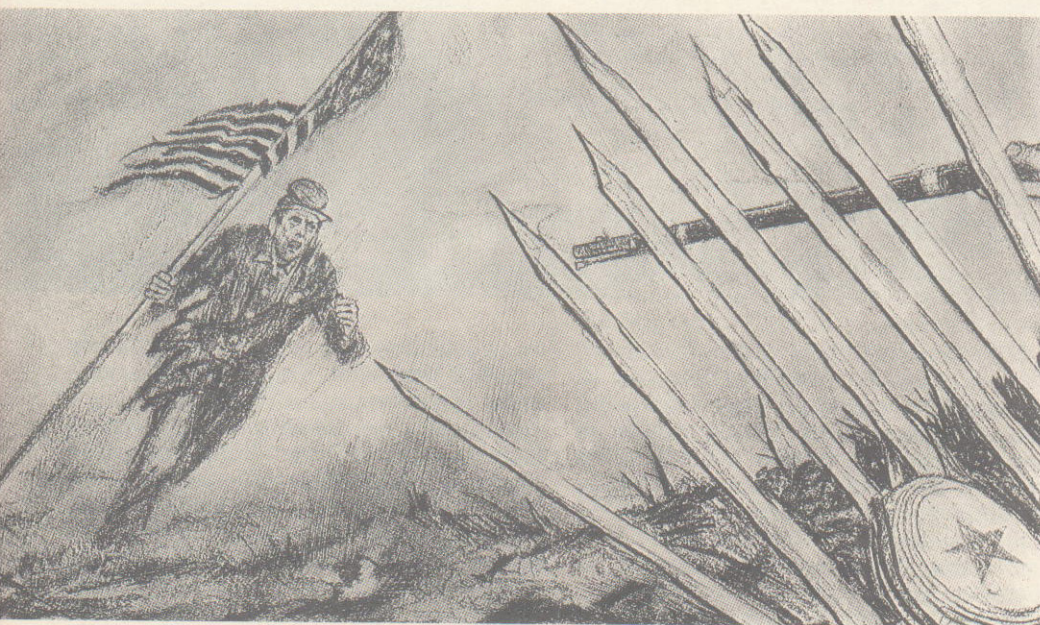
To show its precedence over all other American awards, the Medal of Honour is worn round the neck suspended by a light-blue ribbon. The five-pointed star is of bronze with green oak leaves at each point and rests on a green enamelled laurel wreath. The head of Minerva is ringed by the words "United States of America." The 13 stars on the medal ribbon represent the original 13 States of the Union. Introduced by President Abraham Lincoln, it is awarded—after a searching inquiry—for gallantry in action "above and beyond the call of duty." It was instituted by Congress for the Army in July, 1862, but the American Navy had it exclusively for seven months before that. To mark this the Navy has reverted to the original design, which has no wording on the obverse. It shows Minerva full length and the star hangs from an anchor. About 3100 Medals of Honour have been awarded during the century, compared with 1347 awards of Britain's Victoria Cross.



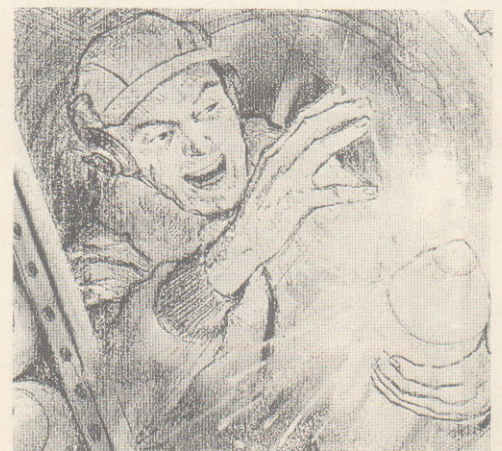
Probably the best-known holder of the award is Audie Murphy, surely the only film star ever to have actually performed a deed equal to any in the blood-and-thunder Hollywood tradition. Faced by two companies of attacking German Infantry supported by six tanks, Second-Lieutenant Murphy jumped on a burning tank destroyer and opened fire. Alone, exposed on three sides and wounded in the leg, he blasted the German attack to a standstill, thus saving his company from possible encirclement and destruction.



Apache Pass, Arizona. A detachment of troops is surrounded by whooping, war-painted Indians thirsting for blood. Several of the soldiers are wounded, their plight desperate . . . Hollywood could hardly have improved on the setting for the first act of heroism to earn the Medal of Honour. Hearing of the wounded, Assistant-Surgeon Bernard Irwin volunteered to lead a relief party. Indians bit the dust as the medical man led his men in an attack which saved the besieged men in the nick of time. This was in February, 1861—before the medal was instituted—but 33 years later it was decided the deed merited the honour.

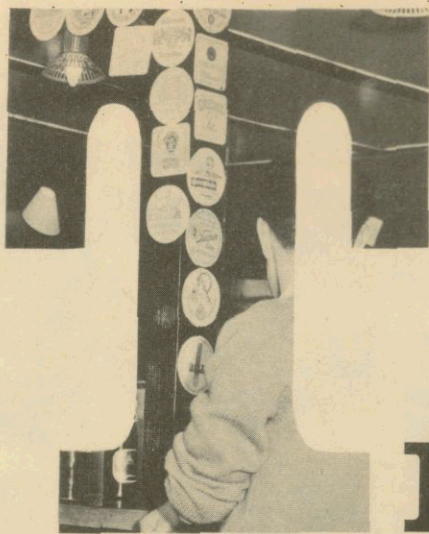


There was a blinding flash in the American B29 over Japan, and the bomber plunged into a dive. A phosphorus bomb had jammed and exploded. Staff-Sergeant Henry Erwin picked up the blazing mass in his bare hands and threw it out in time for the pilot to regain control of the aircraft. By then the Staff-Sergeant was a blazing torch and was blinded. But he lived to receive the Medal of Honour.



Thomas Higgins has the rare distinction of receiving America's highest award on the recommendation of the enemy! He carried the flag with Lincoln's 99th Illinois Volunteers as they charged uphill against the 2nd Texas Volunteers. Regardless of the hail of fire, and with comrades falling all round him, he marched on. The Texans were so impressed by his courage they stopped shooting and when he reached their lines helped him over their defences. After the war they put his name forward for the medal.





## The Army has the edge in EGESTOLOGY

Beer mats do more than just ooze  
an occasional trickle of booze.  
They advertise strippers  
and Service Corps tippers  
—they're even a recruiting ruse.  
And a soldier, if mildly keen,  
travelling about the world scene,  
with hardly a thought  
can collect the sort  
that turn tegestologists green



Lance-Corporal Peter Illingworth  
needs to be keen—he takes down  
his collection three times a year!

**A**N infectious epidemic of tegestology is sweeping the country. Usually reliable sources reveal that people frequenting public houses are more liable to catch the bug. So far nearly a thousand people—many of them Servicemen—have registered as addicted tegestologists and a society for their mutual assistance has been formed.

But there is no cause for panic; these are not the facts from some alarming health report. Tegestologists are less harmful than their awe-inspiring title might suggest—they are simply beer mat collectors. And tegestology (derived from the Latin *teges*, meaning mat) has become a fast-growing hobby.

The British Beer Mat Collectors Society, formed in 1960, now has a membership approaching 1000—and even a beauty queen named simply, if not glamorously, "Miss Beer Mat of 1962." Its soldier members are in an enviable position, tegestology-wise. In their wanderings round the world they can collect beer mats that turn other members green with envy.

Down-to-earth soldiers undoubtedly regard beer mats merely as functional objects which soak up the occasional trickle of beer that might inadvertently escape over the rim of a pint, or as a missile that can be flicked in a satisfying fashion across a room. But there can be few soldiers who do not know at least

one collector or cannot immediately recall a beer mat display in a barrack room or canteen.

A typical enthusiast is Apprentice/Lance-Corporal Peter Illingworth who has the largest collection—1200—in the Junior Tradesmen's Regiment of the Army Catering Corps at Aldershot. He is one of 15 collectors in "A" Company, and about 500 beer mats are pinned round the walls of his bunk. "The trouble is, I have to take them down at the end of each term," he said. "Then when I get back I pin the whole lot up again—it's quite a job."

Beer mats have more than just a passing connection with the Army. Dozens of Regular and Territorial

units have seized upon them as a recruiting medium. SOLDIER has traced the distribution of more than 300,000 and the total may be nearer half a million.

The Green Howards claim credit for first dreaming up the idea. Their mat, drawn by Captain W H G Kingston, showing the transformation of a civilian into a soldier, was produced in 1956 to catch the eye of potential recruits in public houses. It is still so popular that no one ever writes to the Regimental Recruiting Officer for recruiting literature, only for more beer mats!

When the Royal Engineers copied the idea, a sharp-eyed collector pounced on the new mat and spread the glad news

with such disastrous results that the Recruiting Liaison Officer of the 1st Training Battalion appealed to tegestologists not to collect the new mat as it was spoiling its recruiting value.

The Sapper mat left a space for potential recruits to fill in their name and address and this caught the imagination of a schoolboy at an annual Combined Cadet Force camp who obligingly wrote the name and address of his headmaster under "I would like to know more, without obligation, about the Royal Engineers. . . ." One keen recruiting officer who followed up a beer mat inquiry was led to a mental hospital.

Black Watch Territorial battalions had mats made in the shape of their regimental badge, while the Home Counties Brigade even produced a set of six. The 41st Signal Regiment (Princess Louise's Kensington Regiment), Territorial Army, ordered their beer mats urgently by radio when they found their pint pots standing on an appeal to "join the Kent Yeomanry. . . ."

The actual acquisition of beer mats is a testy point among enthusiastic collectors. Mr Derek Preedy, secretary of the British Beer Mat Collectors Society, points out that "recognised" tegestologists always ask publicans or brewers for them—they are never slipped furtively into a pocket with shifty glances!

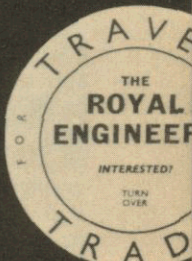
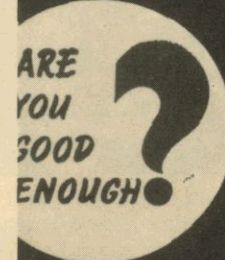
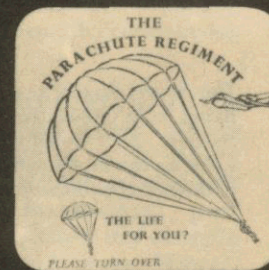
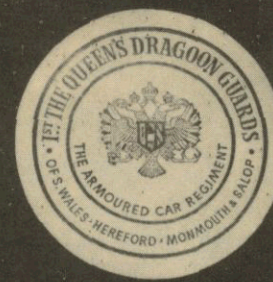
Beer mats (they are confusingly called drip mats by manufacturers) have an understandable appeal to collectors because of their enormous variety. They first appeared in pubs in England in the Roaring Twenties replacing fragile porcelain or pottery tankard stands known as "coasters," a term still used for beer mats in America and Australia.

In England 300 million beer mats are used every year soaking up many gallons of beer and advertising countless products. There is a mat advocating Sunday opening in Wales . . . another advertises a strip club in Japan . . . while some candidates in the last General Election used them for canvassing. Some Continental mats depict local dress and customs and two German breweries have issued a series of 206 mats bearing cartoons and a set backed with nursery rhymes.

Three islands—including the Isle of Wight—have produced beer mats in the shape of the island with principal roads and towns marked. The United States Eighth Army Club in Korea has its own red and yellow pulpboard "coaster." A German beer mat collecting society holds an annual competition to find the enthusiast with the world's largest collection, the winner receiving a solid gold beer mat. The record is reputed to be held by a Stuttgart man with 18,000 beer mats. He is a teetotaler.

As a recruiting medium in the Army, beer mats have a big drawback—there is no way of knowing what measure of success they have had. However, it is generally agreed that even if they do not result directly in an influx of recruits, they do keep the name of the Army in front of the public in places not normally bedecked with recruiting posters.

RUSSELL F MILLER





## ADVENTURE

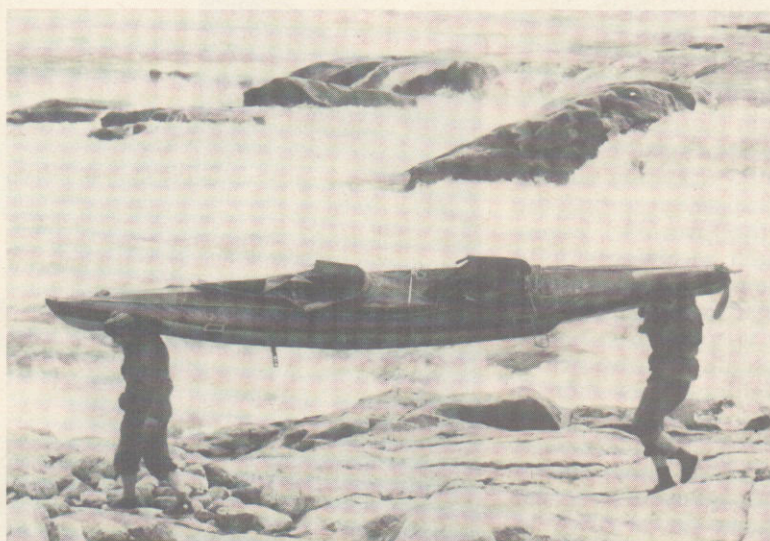
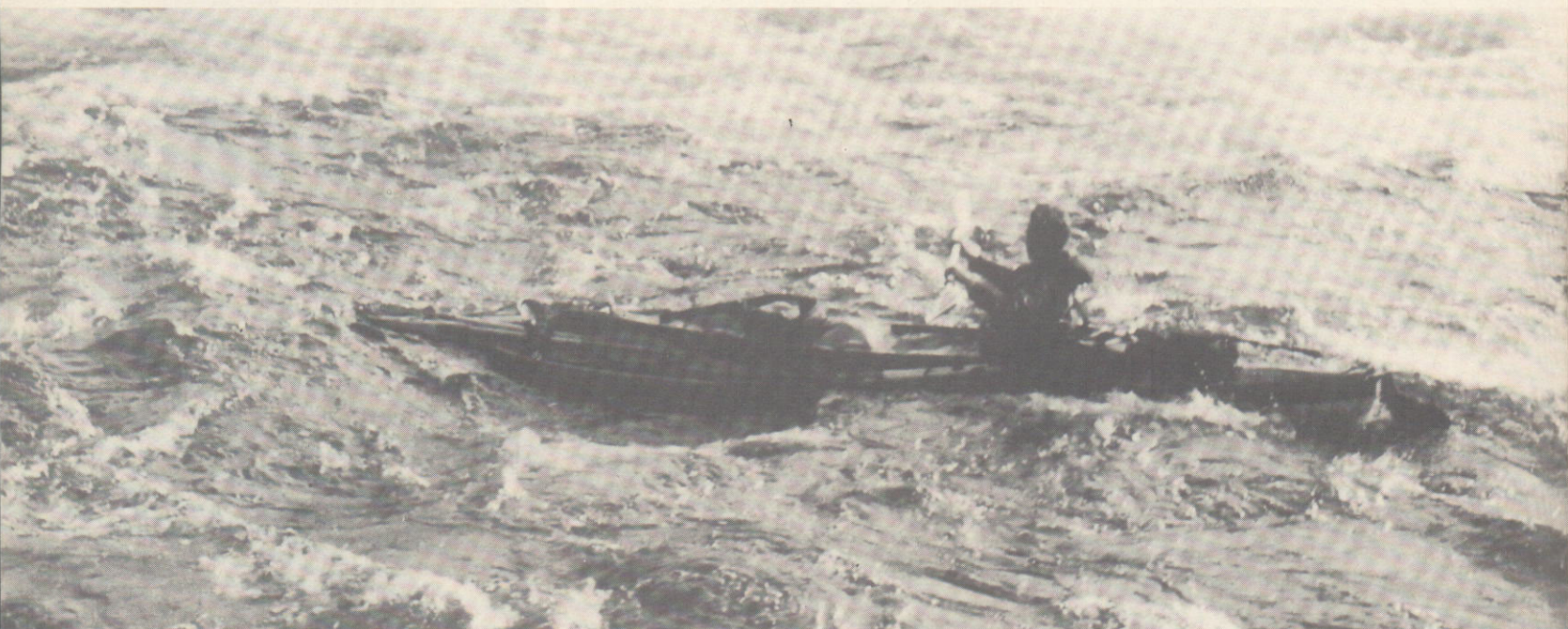
A thirst for adventure is part of the British soldier's make-up. If it is not at hand, he sets out to find it—whatever the hazards

The Short *Stranraer* flying boat lands the seekers on Beachy Lake on the first stage of their Arctic journey.



Captain Gordon-Dean on the River Back, where two of the three kayaks came to grief.

# 1 SEEKERS IN THE WILDS



Rapids like these at Sinclair Falls were a feature of the trip, and portage was the only answer. Captains Cundy (left) and Gordon-Dean are the porters.

**B**ITING gales moaned across the gaunt, barren tundra as four men huddled in mountain tents listening anxiously for the comforting throb of a flying boat, already four days overdue.

Arctic winter was racing down from the north, gripping the country in an icy paralysis from which there was little hope of escape.

After travelling in kayaks along 600 miles of river and through 80 fast-flowing rapids, the men were waiting to be picked up from Cape Britannia, 100 miles north of the Arctic Circle in Canada, where they had hoped to solve one of the great mysteries of the Arctic.

The men, Captains Robert Cundy and David Gordon-Dean, both of 21st Special Air Service Regiment (Artists), Territorial Army, and Lieutenants Robin Challis and Russell Polden, Royal Marine Forces Volunteer Reserve, had set out to search for the remains of Admiral Sir John Franklin's expedition which disappeared while exploring the fabled North-West Passage in 1847. Two months after leaving England, Franklin's two ships were sighted by a whaler off Greenland—but were never seen again.

Two earlier Arctic explorers had built stone cairns along the coast of the mainland to act as landmarks and reposi-



stories for messages. The expedition was mounted to search for a cairn on Cape Britannia in which it was believed a message from Franklin would be found.

With help from private individuals, commercial enterprises and their units, the four men arrived in Yellow Knife, on the shores of the Great Slave Lake.

Three kayaks were stuffed with supplies and equipment and the journey started on the remote Back River, in desolate tundra country. Fast-flowing rapids were a major hazard—each had to be thoroughly reconnoitred on foot.

Little life exists in the Barren Lands—the only humans the men saw were a small party of Eskimos. Animals were scarce—a few small herds of musk ox and one herd of caribou.

At Lake Garry the party found an eerie empty mission hut, still furnished as if the occupant had just walked out, although the calendar bore a date in 1957. It appeared the priest had left his home for a moment and had perhaps fallen through the ice and drowned.

The kayaks capsized on several occasions and, at the last lake, disaster almost overtook the expedition when two kayaks smashed against rocks. Two days were lost while one serviceable craft was made from the two wrecked hulls.

Now it was desperately important that the remaining kayaks be preserved. If another was smashed beyond repair then the four men would be stranded in Arctic country more than 100 miles from human habitation.

Six days late, the expedition arrived at Cape Britannia. With northerly gales lashing their faces the four adventurers began to search for the cairn and after a desperate three-hour march in freezing mist across marsh and rocks they stumbled across it. But no trace of a message could be found.

With this disappointment on top of an exhausting seven-week journey, the men had then to wait for the flying boat. By this time their food had run out and they were living on dried fish bought from the Eskimo community. When the flying boat finally arrived, five days late, they packed up their camp and were on board within 15 minutes.

The fate of Admiral Sir John Franklin and the crew of his two ships remains a secret locked in the grip of the Arctic ice-cap.

Captain Gordon-Dean checks the pile of stones, all that remains of the cairn.



2

## —AND IN THE DEPTHS

The rugged natural forms at the entrance to the pothole (below) give just a hint of the wonders within. There are four potholers in the picture. Spotted them?



Checking the route to the heart of a mountain: Sapper Ron Hayes pauses beneath Pentadaktylos.

**A**LL you do is leap towards the rock face, hook your elbow over that piece of rock above your head, grab the rock to the left with your other hand—and pull yourself through! Childishly simple according to Sapper Ron Hayes, but he had been potholing before. The novices with him were not quite so happy. Perhaps they were inhibited by the ominous dark abyss below them.

These were members of 42 Survey Engineer Regiment, Royal Engineers, at Zyyi, Cyprus, who were venturing deep inside the Pentadaktylos (Five Finger) Mountain, where the unit's potholing enthusiasts have found limitless scope for exploration. A volcanic rift plunging deep into the limestone has formed lavish calcite formations at different levels, creating a wonderland of Aladdin's caves one beneath another, and plunging to an unknown depth.

An added attraction is evidence that the labyrinth may hide an underground river. Confirmation of this could be invaluable to the island, where water supplies are limited.

From a boulder chamber in the mountainside, climbers descend via a roped drop of 35 feet then another of 60 feet into a lofty chamber. A further 80-foot descent by ladder leads to a passage running north and south.

Lieutenant Phil Robinson, the club leader, and old hands like Lance-Corporals John Redford and Al Cox, take the trickier parts of this descent in their stride, but Sappers Dave Truluck and Joe McIvor still hold their breath as they leap backwards on to a small ledge with a drop on three sides, or rope diagonally across a sheer rock face.

But they will tell you it is worth it just to see such a spectacle as the Cathedral Chamber, with its organ-like formations. Moving north after the 80-foot descent the route becomes tricky, with a severe traverse across a drop of 140 feet to a chockstone, where a ladder helps climbers down a further 90 feet into a glory of stalactites, stalagmites, curtains and cascades. Further descents lead to a chamber with one pure white wall of calcite and, at 474 feet, a dead end.

But on the way down there are many small caves and rifts, any one of which may hide another wonderland, probing deeper into the mountain. So the Sappers will continue searching. They may not find the river, but they have found ample scope for adventure.

From a report by Mr T R Coombs, Army Public Relations, Cyprus.





With a mast made of packing crates, this home-built sloop sailed 5000 miles on her maiden voyage.

### 3 LIFE ON THE HIGH SEAS

**P**UTTING the finishing touches to a magnificent pipe rack, a young Gunner officer began planning his next carpentry project.

It should, he decided, be something a little more ambitious. So Captain James Barden, Royal Artillery, built a boat—a 24-foot, three-berth sloop which sailed 5000 miles on her maiden voyage.

He started the task in an officers' mess garden while serving a three-year secondment with The King's African Rifles at Dar-es-Salaam, Tanganyika. Almost every evening and weekend for 18 months he toiled single-handed, using local wood and sails, rudder and metal fittings sent from England.

Christened *Ngoma*, the completed sloop was launched rather ingloriously last April with a bottle of wine smashed over the bows while Captain Barden and his friends drank the traditional champagne on the beach.

Next major problem was to make the 28-foot mast. No local wood was suitable and in the end it evolved from an American packing crate, with nine

planks, so rough that the nails had to be removed, glued together.

After extensive trials, the sloop, with Captain Barden and two friends aboard, set sail up the east coast of Africa, through shark-infested seas, on the first leg of the voyage home. Once, in high seas, a ten-foot wave crashed over the vessel, flooding the cockpit and ripping off the saloon door. Hasty baling saved the situation.

In the Gulf of Aden the *Ngoma* was becalmed with the engine broken down and only a little water left, and a rudder support was damaged on touching a coral reef in the Straits of Jebel.

There was great relief all round when the sailors reached comparative safety in the Mediterranean but, at Malta, winter closed in to end the voyage.

The sloop cost about £750 to build and the whole project cost about £1500. When *Ngoma* is brought home from Malta she will moor at Poole, near where Captain Barden is now stationed with 37 Regiment, Royal Artillery, at Piddlehinton Camp in Dorset.

## 4 HIGH

## LIFE IN THE PYRENEES

**C**APTAIN James Lee, leading the descent, cut a small hole in the cornice of snow below the peak and slipped through on to the steep glacier. His feet slid from under him and he hurtled towards the crevasse. Junior Trooper Peter French dug in his ice-pick, held on against the pull on the rope joining the two climbers, and checked the fall. The crisis was over.

But, for this first-ever joint Junior Leaders' Pyrenees expedition, there was a tough ordeal ahead. The soft snow

had gained a hard crust of ice, turning what had been a comparatively safe climb into a treacherous and terrifying descent.

Foot by foot the eight climbers—four men and four boys—threaded their way gingerly between yawning crevasses down the vast expanse of ice. At last they made it and took a well-earned bite and a drink, the conquest of the 10,400ft Ballaitous behind them, and a routine descent ahead.

Then, as the final lap began, Junior Trooper Roger Pike fell, wrenching his

ankle. With dusk approaching, Captain Lee and Sergeant Glover decided to spend the night on the mountain with the young climber while the remainder pressed on to join the main party and return with a stretcher party.

Cocooned in sleeping bags and with enough food for at least a week, the trio spent the night drinking chocolate melted in hot water and eating great hunks of French bread. Soon after first light the rescue party appeared—complete with stretcher, stove, frying-pan, and bacon and eggs—and provided breakfast in sleeping bag!

The expedition had set its sights on the 11,000ft Vignemale, highest mountain in the Pyrenees. Junior Trooper French and Junior Private Maghill, with Captain Lee and Sergeants Glover and Redfearn, set out for the peak, covering the six-hour approach to the refuge in four hours.

They were away from the hut by six o'clock next morning and caught their first glimpse of the glacier within the hour. Where there had been good smooth snow the year before, there were

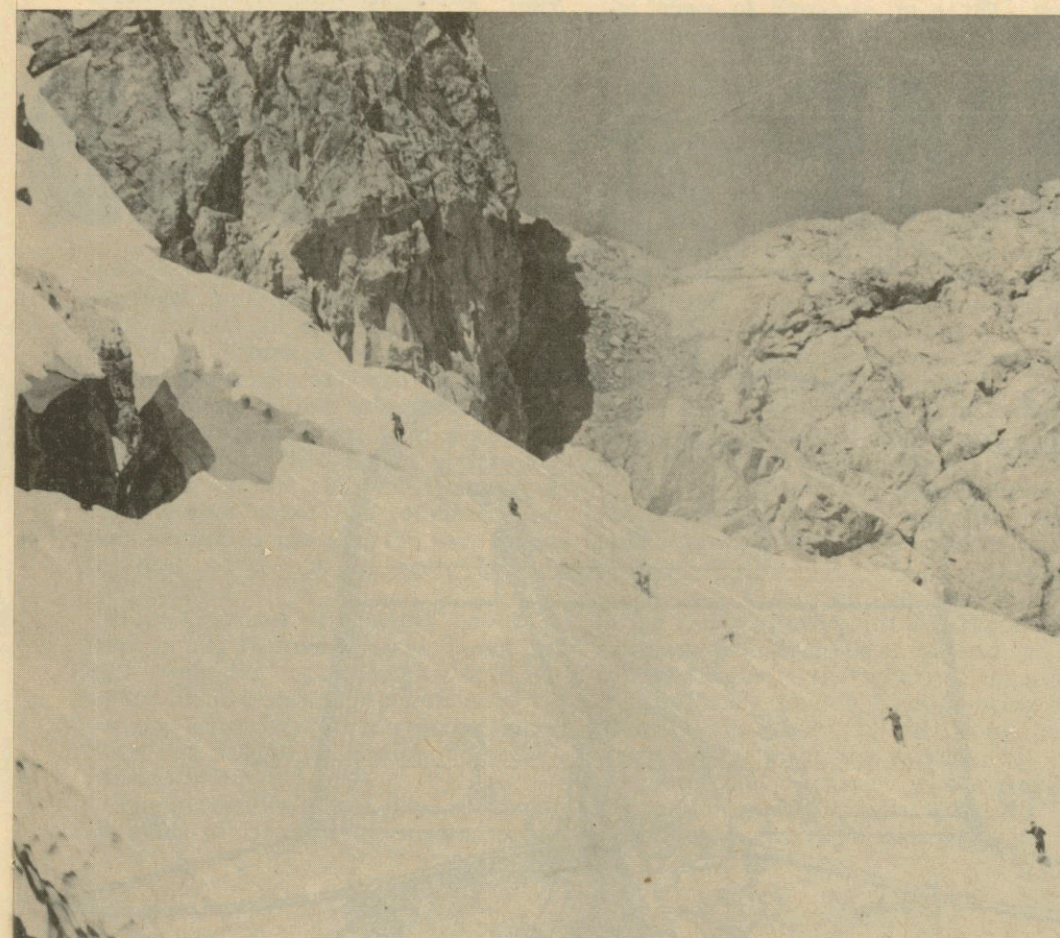
Climbing the Ballaitous glacier was a comparatively safe venture, but the descent was a very different story.

now crevasses and patches of soft snow on ice. It was not an encouraging sight.

A Spanish guide, following with a climber, said the best approach was to climb away from the peak then back across the glacier above the crevasses. Two hours later the Army team looked down on the glacier from the base of the rock below the peak. Here they waited for the guide, intending to allow him to precede them to the summit.

But he would not hear of it. An Englishman—Lord Russell—had been the first to climb Vignemale, and the English, said the guide, had always climbed it well. So the soldiers carried on, to be joined at the top by the guide and his climber. The seven climbers shared a meal, at the same time feasting on the spectacular view of France and Spain from the roof of the Pyrenees.

The 19-strong joint expedition—six men and 13 boys—was formed from the Junior Leaders Regiments of the Royal Armoured Corps (at Bovington) and Royal Artillery (Nuneaton), and the Infantry Junior Leaders Battalion (Oswestry), the parties meeting on the quay at Dieppe and travelling in two regimental mini-buses. The entire party climbed the 6000ft Col de Riou pass at Cauterets, and groups conquered Vignemale and Ballaitous. The 17-day adventure ended with a visit to Paris.

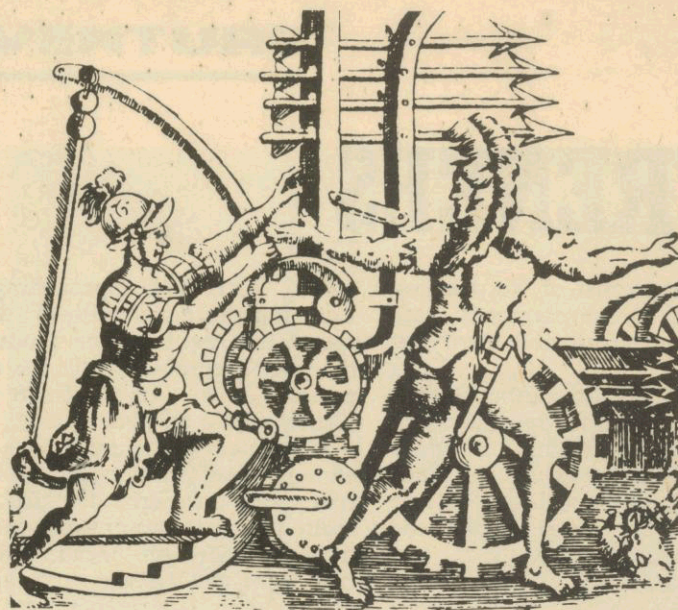


◀ Trooper Lofthouse has set his sights on the summit of Ballaitous. This sheer cliff is high above the glacier.

On top of Vignemale. Left to right: J/Tpr French, J/Pte Maghill, French climber, guide, Capt Lee, Sgt Redfearn.







This 16th Century secret weapon fired a magazine of arrows. The snag was that by the time it had been aimed the enemy had dodged!

**W**AVES a hundred feet high would bounce off it like bathwater. Bombs and torpedoes would be as useful against it as children's fireworks.

With a hulk 40 feet thick and half a mile long, the 2,200,000-ton vessel would be thrust through the water by 13 outboard motors driven by 30,000 horse-power turbo-electric generators. The material for this vast, power-

## SPOTTING GENIUS AMONG CRANKS IS AN AGE OLD PROBLEM, BUT IN WARTIME EVEN THE WILDEST SCHEMES MUST BE GIVEN A TRY

driven island—ice reinforced with sawdust!

"Pycrete" was the name inventor Geoffrey Pyke gave to his ice mixture. When he finally persuaded Service chiefs to test it, pycrete came through with flying colours. Prime Minister Churchill thought its prospects "dazzling." Mr Pyke, it seemed, was not a

crank after all. *Habbakuk*, as it was called, became a joint Anglo-American and Canadian project. A 1000-ton pycrete vessel built on Lake Patricia, Ontario, fulfilled all expectations, resisting every kind of attack.

Plans for the real thing, to house 200 *Spitfires* and 100 *Mosquito* bombers, were well in hand when, in 1943,

of which undoubtedly turned the fortunes of battle. The deadly "Greek fire," which burned more fiercely when in contact with water, was developed by boffins of the Byzantine Empire. It brought the spectacular destruction of the Caracenic fleet in AD674.

Fire-throwing machines were used in the sieges of Syracuse, in 413BC, and of Rhodes. In 424BC the Boeotians filled a cauldron with coals, sulphur and pitch. Giant bellows fanned the flames and the roaring, white-hot blast breached the wall of Delium.

The Pharos of Alexandria used a huge mirror to concentrate the sun's rays, and burn ships' rigging many miles away. Archimedes is said to have had a similar idea, destroying Roman ships at the siege of Syracuse by focusing the sun's rays through giant lenses.

The Roman catapulta and mangonel both packed a terrifying punch. The first fired arrows, boulders or incendiary material, with twisted sinews providing the propulsion. The mangonel was an upright structure with twisted sinew powering a spoon-like arm that was pulled down, filled with missiles, and released.

The same principle was still in use in the 14th Century with the trebuchet, a see-saw with a missile at one end and a counterweight at the other. Leonardo da Vinci took time off from painting to design a crossbow 24 feet long, an arrow-firing machine worked by a treadmill, and a chariot with rotating scythes for mowing down the enemy.

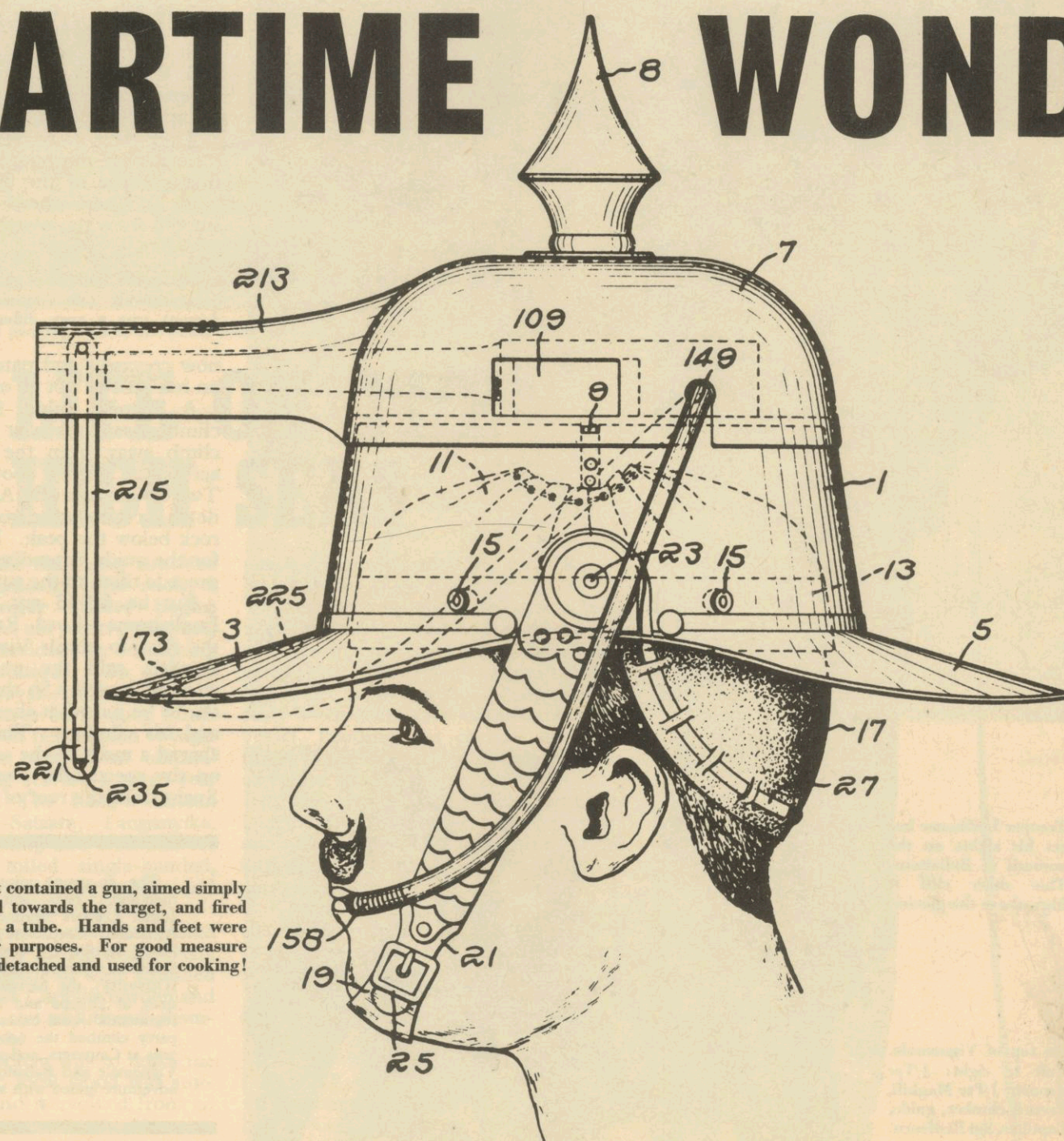
For his intended invasion of Britain,

Napoleon's backroom boys thought up a monster raft to be propelled by paddlewheels worked by 12 huge windmills. It carried a complete fort and heavy batteries of cannon.

The growing use of gunpowder brought a mania for giant-sized cannon. One used at the siege of Audenarde in 1382 was said to be 53 inches across the mouth and made a noise "like all the

OVER...

# WARTIME WONDERS



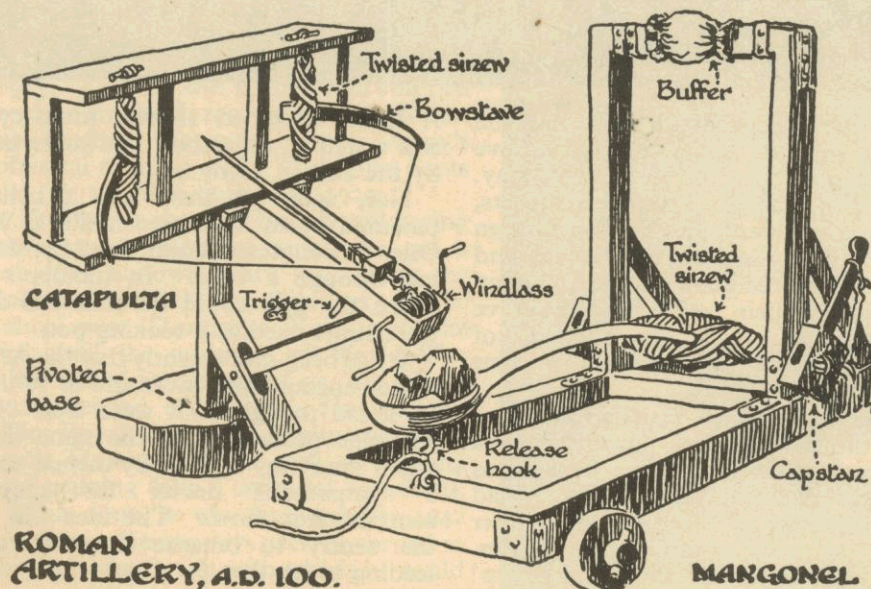
This cunning helmet contained a gun, aimed simply by turning the head towards the target, and fired by blowing through a tube. Hands and feet were thus freed for other purposes. For good measure the crown could be detached and used for cooking!

Portugal put an end to *Habbakuk* once and for all by granting the Allies use of the Azores as an air base.

The Germans, too, had their bright ideas, toying with a scheme to engulf Britain's channel coast with a gigantic tidal wave launched by an underwater explosion off the coast of France. A carbine that could fire round corners was developed too late for use, unlike the less novel but far more sinister "V" rockets.

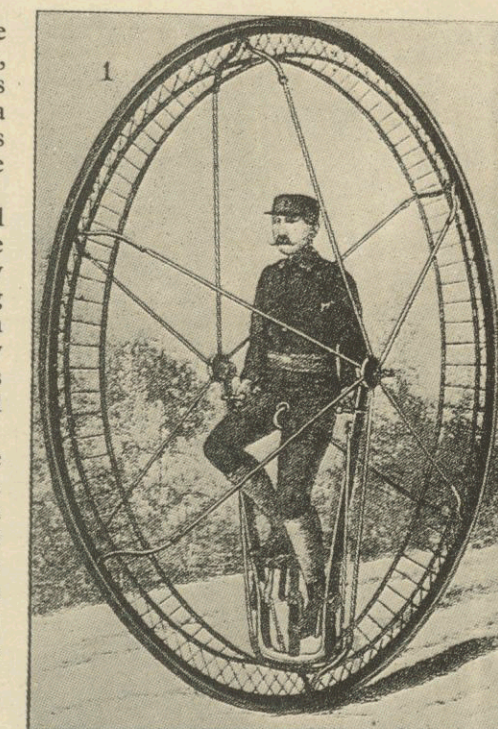
The Germans also made two fantastic guns, *Schwere Gustav I* and *II*, each weighing 1500 tons and firing 17-ton shells; each gun commanded by a major-general and served by 1500 men! Both were used in the battles of Sebastopol and Stalingrad.

The necessities of war have mothered all kinds of fantastic inventions, many



ROMAN ARTILLERY, A.D. 100.

MANGONEL



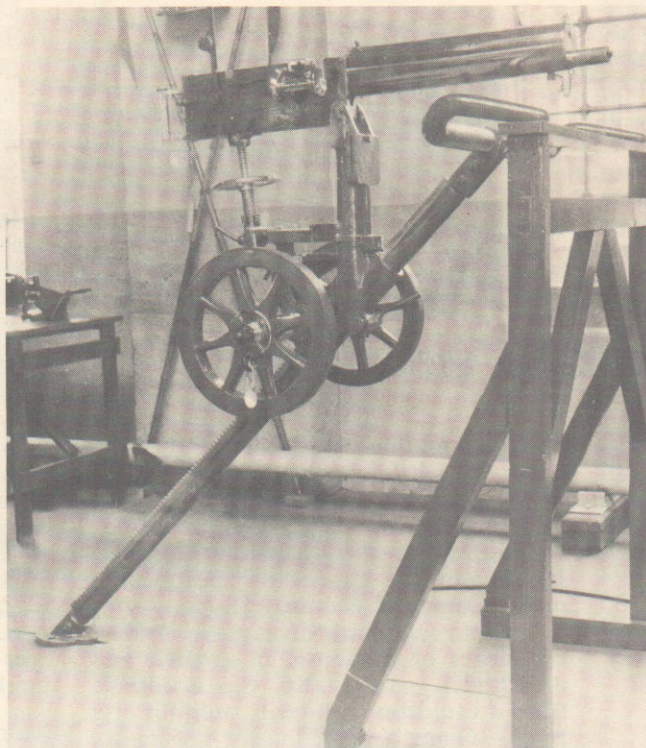
The chief snag about this weird French unicycle was that it was easier to start than to stop!

Nothing weird about these formidable machines of war, first used by the Romans. In their many variations they stayed in the thick of the battle for centuries.



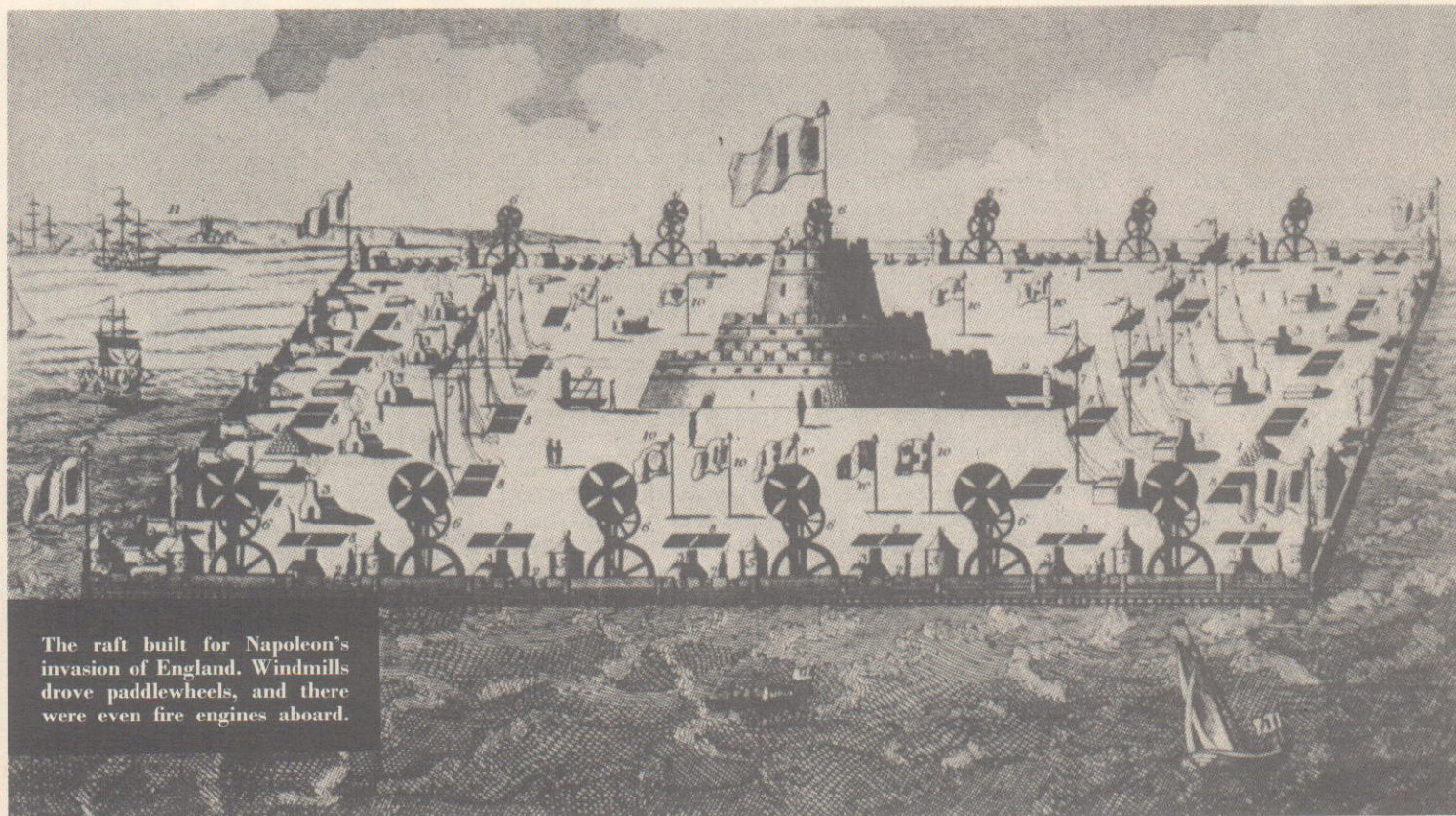
## WARTIME WONDERS

continued



A German brainwave—sun-shield and rain-catcher with a tap incorporated.

Left: This *Maxim* gun could be raised, fired and lowered again before the foe could hit back. It was used in India.



The raft built for Napoleon's invasion of England. Windmills drove paddlewheels, and there were even fire engines aboard.

devils in hell" when fired. The 17ft-long, 17-ton "Dardanelles" gun, now in the Tower of London, had a range of more than a mile, a staggering feat considering it was used at the siege of Constantinople more than 500 years ago! But even these monsters were small fry compared with the 70-mile range of "Big Bertha," used on Paris in 1918, and the *Schwere Gustav*.

Rockets were used as weapons in the 15th Century, but neglected until 1776 when Haidar Ali, ruler of Mysore, equipped 1200 of his men with explosive charges on the end of bamboo poles. They caused havoc among the Cavalry horses and elephants. Three years later Ali's son fired 5000 rockets against the

British at Seringapatam. He lost the day but inspired Sir William Congreve to develop rockets for the British Army.

About 40,000 of Congreve's rockets, used in a bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807, nearly laid the city waste, and "The rocket's red glare" in the American National Anthem refers to Congreve rockets used against the garrison of Fort McHenry in Baltimore Harbour seven years later.

After the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 the bicycle was favoured as a military weapon, and some freak ideas resulted. A French military cycle had a single heavy iron wheel, the soldier sitting on the axle among the spokes. It proved easier to start than stop!

A Dutch-designed 12-man multi-cycle was tested at Aldershot, but never used by the British Army.

Nor, come to that, was a helmet patented by an American in World War One. It contained a gun, fired by blowing through a tube. In moments of peace the gun could be removed and the helmet used as a cooking pot.

It has been said recently that the Army is not encouraging inventors as it used to, a sad thought if it were true. But someone probably said the same thing when the Army regretfully turned down a sympathetic device for keeping sentries' feet warm. The idea was for the sentry to breathe down a tube leading to his feet. . . .





# REGIMENTAL SERGEANT-MAJOR BRAVERY



claim an affinity. He took The Goat public house at Tower Bridge, Bermondsey.

But the war had not done with him. One Saturday afternoon in July, 1944, The Goat was struck by a bomb which killed his wife and daughter and 27 customers. The tough ex-soldier pulled through after four months in hospital

and finally returned to the licensed trade, managing various houses in the south until 1956, when he joined his old comrades at Chelsea.

He took to the life of the Royal Hospital as happily as he takes to a bottle of dark, and today, at 76, is an active company sergeant-major in charge of 78 fellow veterans.

Pensively, RSM William Bravery looks back over his 20 years of soldiering in the Regular Army.

**W**ITH head erect and back as straight as his jauntily-swung silver-topped cane, Regimental Sergeant-Major William Bravery strode into the bar of the Royal Hospital, parked himself firmly in an armchair and ordered a bottle of dark. Asked why he, a Londoner, joined The Royal Scots Fusiliers, a faraway look seemed to come into his eye.

But the look had nothing to do with the question. Bill Bravery was keeping a critical eye on the way his beer was being poured. Evidently satisfied, he returned to lesser matters—"Because I like Scotch whisky."

Croydon-born Bill joined the Scottish regiment on April Fools' Day, 1905, but he soon showed his Scottish comrades what kind of fool he was, serving with them in two world wars, becoming Regimental Sergeant-Major, and helping to form four Territorial battalions of the Regiment.

In World War One he went through every action with the 3rd Division, including the tunnelling, mining and blowing up of the German-occupied Hill 60, near Ypres, and the first gas attack on the Canadians at Ypres in 1915. Then he was injured and shipped back to England, recovering so well that he finished the war on the Army's physical training staff. The Royal Scots did not see him again until 1920.

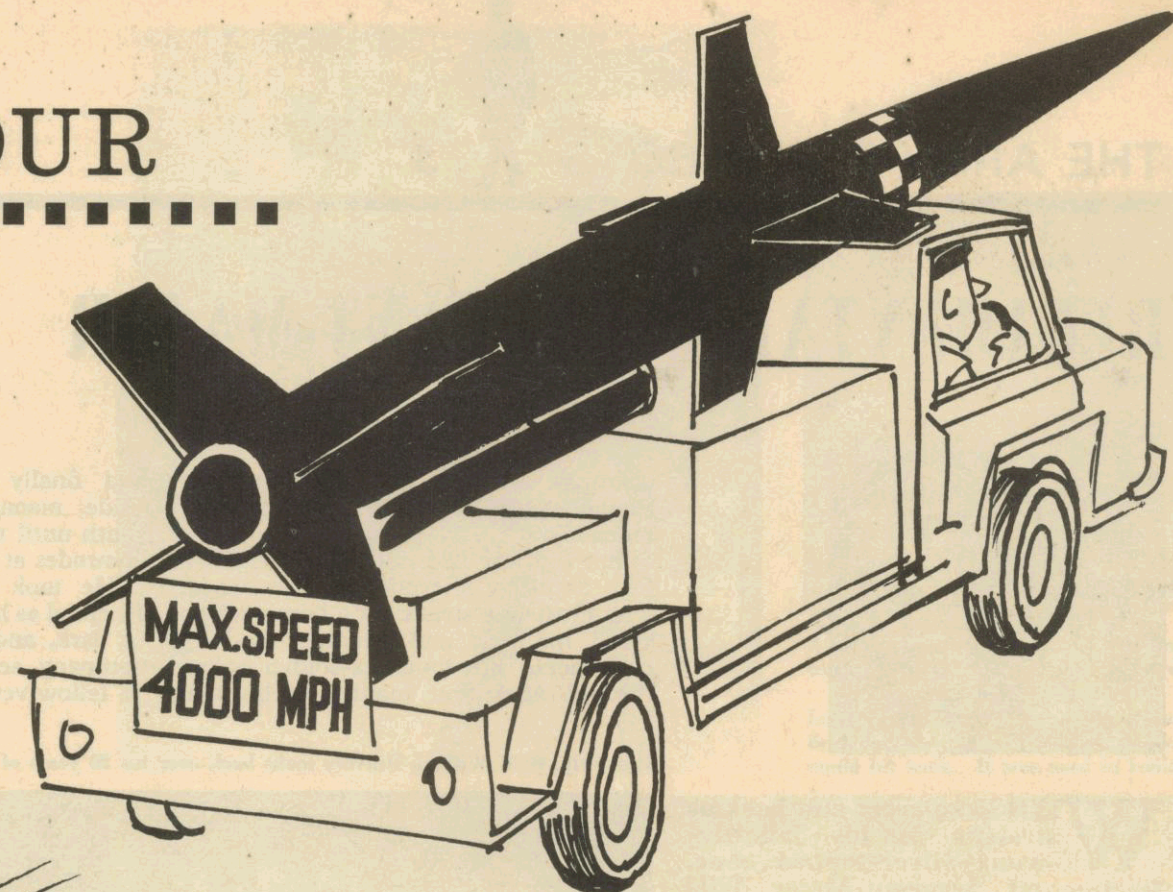
Ending his 20 years' Regular soldiering as company sergeant-major, he got a job after his own heart, instructing the Infantry cadets at Skinners public school near Tunbridge Wells, a job he did until the outbreak of World War Two when, at the age of 52, his talents were needed elsewhere. He rejoined The Royal Scots as Regimental Sergeant-Major, with the task of forming and training four Territorial battalions.

This done, he was discharged in 1942 and, his soldiering days over, he turned to the one other trade with which he could

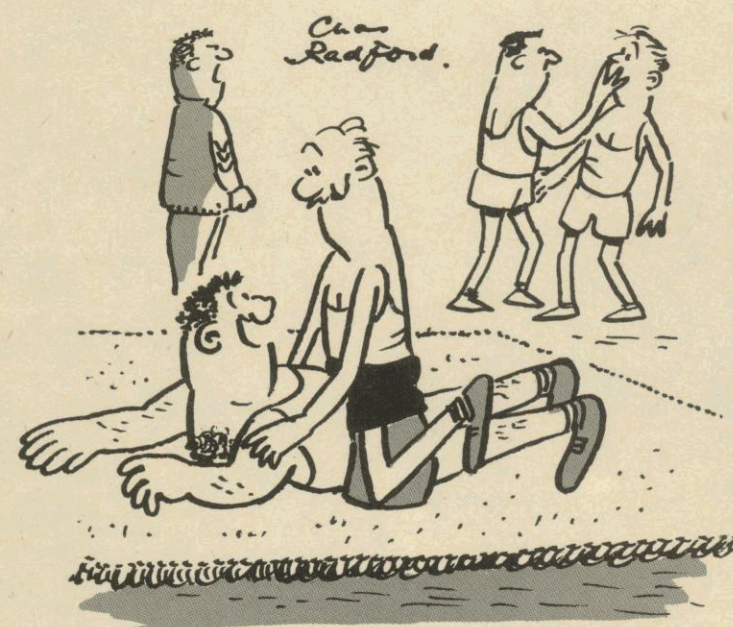




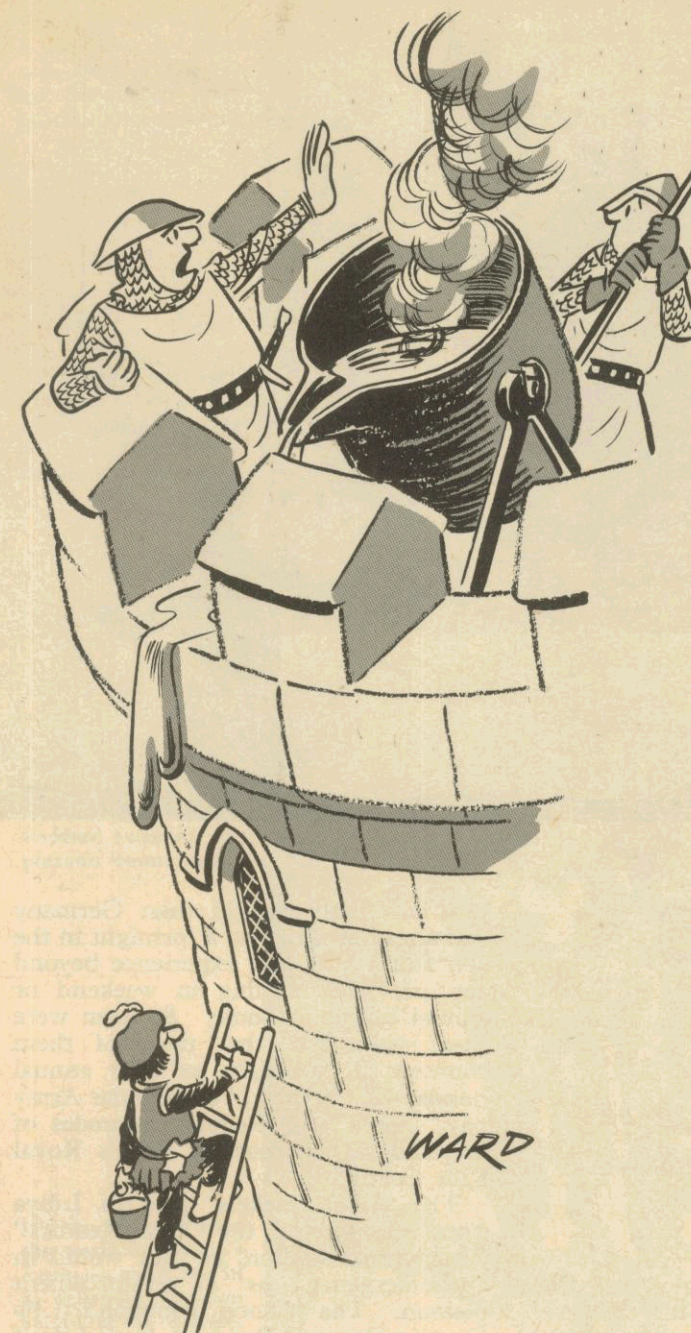
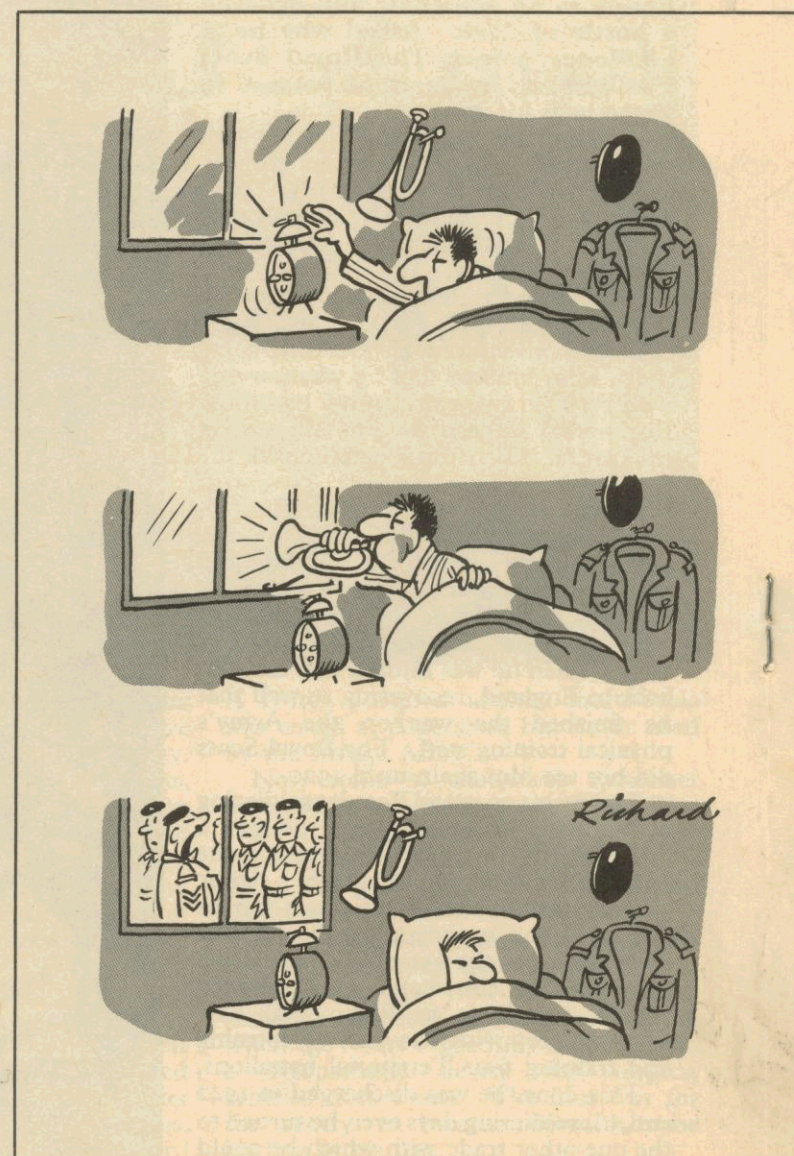
# HUMOUR



HOLLAND



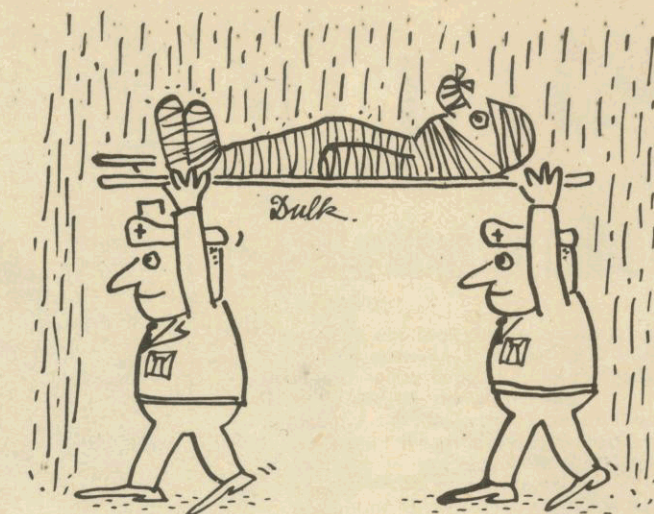
"By jove, in ten years of teaching unarmed combat you're the first one that's got the better of me, brigadier!"



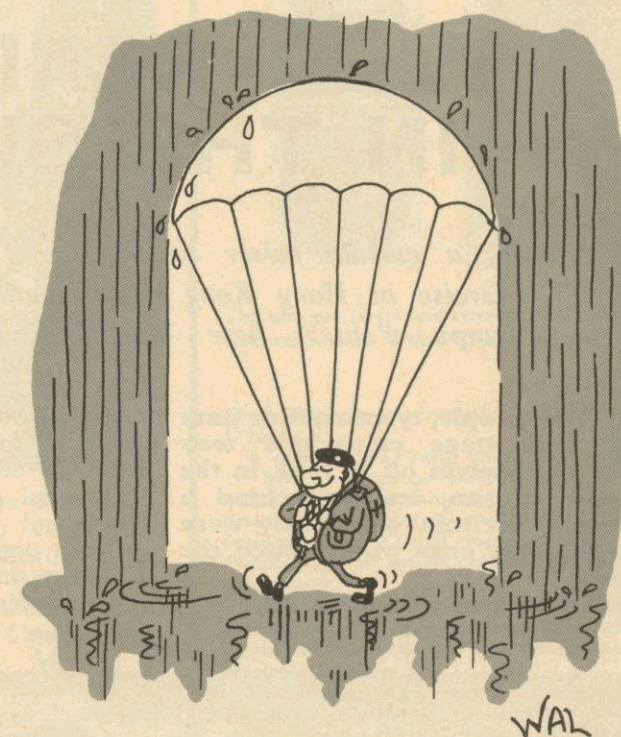
"Hold it!—It's the window cleaner."



"That's done it—properly messed up the leave roster."



## Just A Shower







◀ An RAF Belvedere lands "Ever-Readies" in a swirl of dust for an exercise 65 miles into the Libyan desert.

## EVER-READIES IN THE SUN

*As a curtain raiser to the big "Ever-Readies" exercise in Hong Kong next month, men of this "corps d'elite" have been training in Libya*

**T**OP people, tycoons, film stars and stage celebrities took themselves off to bask in the Caribbean sun, leaving behind a shivering Britain. But they were not the only ones who cheated the snow. . . .

Relaxing comfortably in a Royal Air

Force Britannia as it took off from Lyneham in a blizzard were 28 "Ever-Readies" of the Queen's Royal Rifles, Territorial Army. Only a few hours later, and in the balm of a North African night, they touched down at El Adem, inland from Tobruk.

They were the first "Ever-Readies"



Sergeant J Savage, who did his National Service with the 2nd Green Jackets in Germany, gives an order during a weapons inspection in camp at Gazala.

to train further afield than Germany and ahead of them lay a fortnight in the sun and a vast new experience beyond any previous training in weekend or annual camps at home. So keen were these volunteers that most of them counted the fortnight as their annual holiday—a "holiday," on Regular Army pay, shared with Regular comrades of the 2nd Green Jackets, King's Royal Rifle Corps.

The Green Jackets were in Libya for a month and the "Ever-Readies" joined the Battalion, as they would in an emergency, as a reinforcement platoon. The platoon, commanded by Captain Dominic Beddard, settled itself in with "C" Company, then had its first taste of the desert, spending a night out practising movement in open formation in a company group.

On the next day the "Ever-Readies" set off in vehicles to locate one of the few features in the area. Then came field firing of platoon weapons—the 2in mortar, 3.5in rocket launcher and grenades—and demonstrations of the Mobat and 3in mortar.

As a break the "Ever-Readies" went off sight-seeing in Derna and Cyrene—and were impressed less by the Arabs and their towns than by the rare sight, in this area, of snow on the roadside!

Two days later, at the crack of dawn, the platoon flew out in two Royal Air Force Belvedere helicopters to Mechili, a cluster of huts and a waterhole familiar to many Eighth Army veterans. There they met men of the 1st Battalion, The Devonshire and Dorset Regiment, who, with the "Ever-Readies," were to act as enemy to the Green Jackets. The platoon prepared its positions and was attacked by low-flying Hawker Hunters. At night fighting and reconnaissance patrols were sent out into the desert.

Arab boys appear from nowhere to watch one of the platoon sorting out his kit before the big exercise begins.

During an interval in field firing, the "Ever-Readies" chat to Capt Beddard (centre), the platoon commander.

It's the same all over the world in anyone's Army—a quick rest in a defensive position before the big exercise.



On their last day in Libya the "Ever-Readies" visited the war cemeteries around Tobruk, laying a wreath on the grave of Rifleman John Beeley VC, of the King's Royal Rifle Corps. And so, by Royal Air Force Comet, back to what Rifleman Tilly Moore, a butcher, described as "cold storage."

There will certainly be a rush for places when next the Queen's Royal Rifles' "Ever-Readies" get the opportunity to go overseas again. "It's a chance not to be missed," said one of them. Only a few had previously been abroad, either on holidays or during National Service. All were enthusiastic about the completely different kind of training and pleased by the comparative ease with which they were able to take their place alongside Regular soldiers.

From their Battalion's point of view the exercise was invaluable. The "Ever-Readies" were able to train as a platoon together—this is not normally possible because the men, many of them non-commissioned officers or specialists, are key men in the Territorials—and could fire their weapons live instead of within the restrictions of home ranges.

## THE ARMY'S MEDALS

by Major John Laffin

### 15: CAMPAIGNS IN CANADA

**T**HE soldiers who took part in the campaigns in Canada between 1866 and 1870 must have given up all hope of getting a medal, for not until 1899 was one authorised.

This tardy issue of the Canada General Service Medal accounts for the great difference between the number of men involved, about 60,000, and the number of medals issued—16,121.

On the obverse of the medal is a veiled bust of Queen Victoria with the inscription "Victoria Regina et Imperatrix," while the Canadian flag within a maple wreath with "Canada" above dominates the reverse. Three bars were issued: Fenian Raid 1866; Fenian Raid 1870; Red River 1870. No medal was issued without bar.

Canada and the United States had a large number of Fenians—militant Irish nationalists—in the 1860s. They were dedicated to the overthrow of everything British and in 1866, from a base in the United States, they made a raid into Canada across the Niagara River.



The obverse (left) and reverse of the Canada General Service Medal. Ribbon red and white.

Their leader was an adventurer called "General" O'Neil.

In addition to colonial units, no fewer than 11 British battalions were engaged in the action, which certainly did not warrant such attention being paid to it. In May, 1870, the Fenians under O'Neil made another raid. Elements of four British units were engaged in repulsing it.

The Red River disturbance was quite different and initially had nothing to do with the Fenians. In 1869 Hudson Bay Territory became part of Manitoba Province.

This angered many people, especially Louis Riel, who gave himself the rank of "general," seized Hudson's Bay Company property and money, captured Fort Garry and started a rebellion in which some British settlers suffered. The Fenians took the opportunity to start further trouble, but were unable to link up with "General" Riel.

The British Red River expedition was led by Colonel (later Field-Marshal) Wolseley. From Toronto, Wolseley's force travelled more than 1100 miles.

Riel's "army" was easily beaten although Riel himself escaped to cause trouble later. Only two British regiments—16th (Bedfordshire) and 1st King's Royal Rifle Corps—were engaged in this campaign.

Only 20 medals with three bars were awarded. All two-bar medals are also very rare, except the combination for the two Fenian raids, and even this is scarce enough.

The most common medal is that with the bar of Fenian Raid 1870; more than 7000 were issued.

The ribbon is in equal stripes of red, white and red. Naming is found in at least four styles, both impressed and engraved.



# LEFT



Regimental Sergeant-Major Les Hodges was a stickler for detail. And when he noticed the shabby skins worn by the Corps of Drums of the 1st Battalion, The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment, they annoyed him so much that he wrote to Mr Nehru, India's Prime Minister, asking if he would donate new skins in view of The Royal Berkshire and The Wiltshire Regiments' long association with the Indian Army. "I had the shock of my life," said Mr Hodges, who retired from the Army last year, "when a letter came back asking me how I would like the skins backed." Before the Regiment left for Malta, four panther skins and a tiger skin were presented by Mr M C Chagla, the Indian High Commissioner. They were formally accepted by the Colonel of the Regiment, Major-General B A Coad DSO and will be worn when the Corps of Drums is on parade. Picture shows General Coad, the High Commissioner and the drummers.



## GURKHAS ON PARADE

**N**OT far from the frontier with China and against the backcloth of a mock castle on Sek Kong airstrip, 48th Gurkha Infantry Brigade Group paraded before Sir Robert Black, Governor and Commander-in-Chief, Hong Kong.

But this floodlit review was not all pomp and circumstance. Before the pageantry each of the three Infantry battalions demonstrated the flexibility of today's soldier and the different conditions under which he might have to fight.

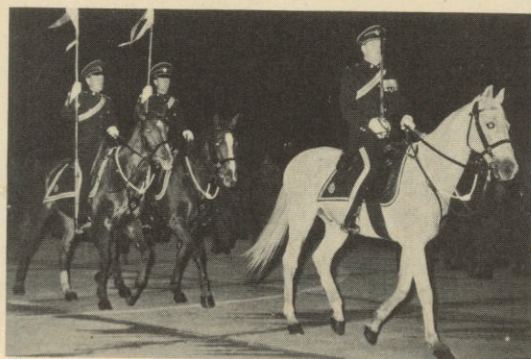
The 2nd Battalion, 6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles, supported by 88 (Arracan) Battery, Royal Artillery, a troop of 67 Independent Gurkha Field Squadron and 29 Company, Royal Army Service Corps (Pack Transport), paraded as a hill battle group, the formation adopted in the barren hills of the New Territories of Hong Kong where wheeled movement is impossible and the mule comes into his own.

A mobile battle group was represented by the 2nd Battalion, 7th Duke of Edinburgh's Own Gurkha Rifles, 29 (Corunna) Battery, Royal Artillery, two troops of 67 Independent Gurkha Field Squadron, a platoon from 28 Company, Gurkha Army Service Corps, a section of 18 Field Ambulance, Royal Army Medical Corps, and a recovery team from 17 Infantry Workshop, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.

The third formation on parade was an armoured battle group of 2nd Battalion, 2nd King Edward VII's Own Gurkha Rifles, mounted on *Centurion* tanks of "C" Squadron, The Royal Scots Greys, and supported by 97 (Lawson's Company) Battery, Royal Artillery, and a reconnaissance party from 67 Independent Gurkha Field Squadron.

After the Governor, in an open *Land-Rover* accompanied by a mounted escort of 29 Company, Royal Army Service Corps, had inspected the parade, three *Austers* of 20 Recce Flight, Army Air Corps, swooped down through a gap in the hills and flew low over the airstrip to signal the beginning of the march past. The three battle groups, led by the Brigade Commander, Brigadier S P M Kent, and his headquarters group, were played past the saluting base and packed stands by the Brigade of Gurkhas Staff Band.

As the last vehicles of the armoured column passed, the airstrip was momentarily plunged into darkness before spotlights picked out buglers of the 2nd/2nd Gurkha Rifles on the castle ramparts. Then the Staff Band and massed Pipes and Drums of the Gurkha Signals, 2nd/6th and 2nd/7th Gurkha Rifles beat Retreat, and the review closed with trumpeters of 4 Regiment, Royal Artillery, sounding "Lights Out."



Maj Grimshaw, commanding 29 Company, RASC (Pack Transport), leads the Governor's escort of British and Chinese NCOs.

Massed Gurkha Bands beat Retreat against the background of the mock castle.

*It's that man again! Yes, ex-Regimental Sergeant-Major Ronald Brittain. Since he left the Army in 1954, the six feet three-and-a-half inch, 20-stone "Tibby" Brittain has kept popping up in the most unlikely places. He has drilled a team of Bluebell Girls on the stage of the Hippodrome Theatre, Birmingham, and trained the Tiller Girls at Manchester Opera House. Now he has just completed work on the new Samuel Bronston film, "55 Days At Peking." Mr Brittain's job was to train the film army in this story of the Boxer uprising in China, putting 2000 men of varying degrees of military experience through a crash course of instruction to make them look like veterans. He also plays a part in the film as a sergeant defending the British Legation.*



## AND

# CENTRE



Working in a race against the rising tide, a small party of Sappers gingerly laid charges on an ice-choked river at Colchester in Essex. The men, from 36 Corps Engineer Regiment at Maidstone, had answered an urgent call from the town to clear the river so that four stranded ships could be freed and barges bringing urgently needed coal could unload their cargoes. Using plastic explosive, the Sappers opened the river by exploding the ice—up to ten inches thick in places—with more than 70 charges laid five yards apart along the river. And they completed the job only just in time. Tide rising over the ice threatened to trap the Sappers in mid-river—the last man had to be hauled to safety.

# RIGHT



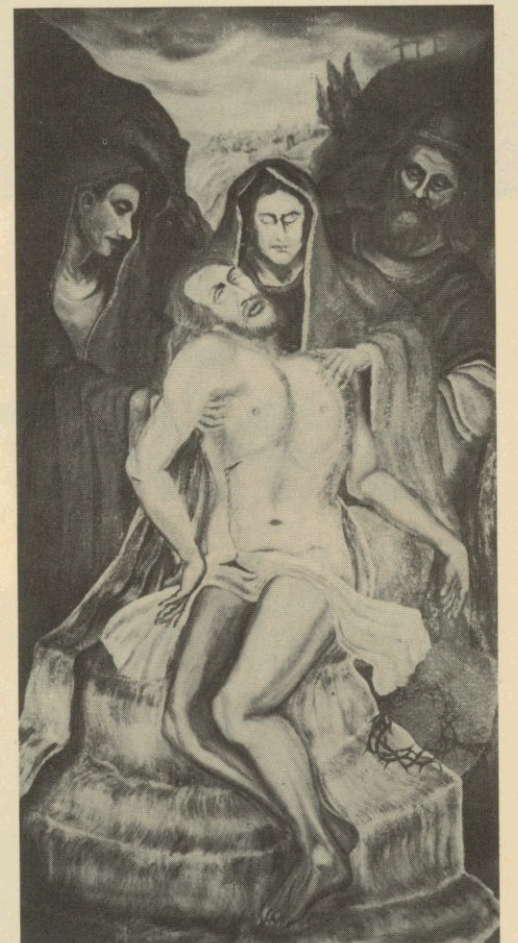
**W**HEN these eight old Colours were trooped for the last time and marched off a parade ground in Perth, Western Australia, it was a historic occasion. The Colours were proudly borne by eight Australian soldiers, two of them wearing the kilt and bonnet and six in khaki and the traditional slouch hat, as they smartly marched abreast across the square.

They were the Colours of the four Infantry units from which the 1st Battalion, The Royal Western Australia Regiment, was formed in July, 1960, and the ceremony was as unprecedented in Australia as that some months earlier in the British Army when, in Germany (SOLDIER, August, 1962), the 1st Battalion, 2nd East Anglian Regiment, paid its last tribute to eight old Colours of its predecessors.

The eight Australian Colours were those of 11th Battalion, City of Perth Regiment; 16th Battalion, The Cameron Highlanders of Western Australia; 28th Battalion, The Swan Regiment; and 44th Battalion, The West Australian Rifles. Replacing them were new Queen's and Regimental Colours emblazoned with a selected 21 of the 76 Battle Honours earned by all the Western Australia Infantry units since the South African War.

The new Colours were presented by the Duke of Edinburgh, who is a Field-Marshal of the Australian Army, Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Australian Electrical and Mechanical Engineers and Colonel-in-Chief of The Queen's Own Highlanders, the British Regiment allied to the Australian Battalion.

Since its formation, the 1st Battalion, The Royal Western Australia Regiment, has been awarded the Freedom of the City of Perth. A unit of the Citizen Military Forces, the Battalion is commanded by Colonel J B Roberts and has a strength of 54 officers and 1050 other ranks, including an Australian Regular Army cadre of 24, against its approved establishment of 70 officers and 1222 other ranks.



This painting by Lance-Corporal P Russell, Army Catering Corps, has been presented to St Barbara's Church, All Arms Junior Leaders Regiment, Tonfanau Camp, Towyn. The painting is on a standard eight-foot sheet of hardboard and was painted in the artist's own room in camp.



# YOUR REGIMENT 3

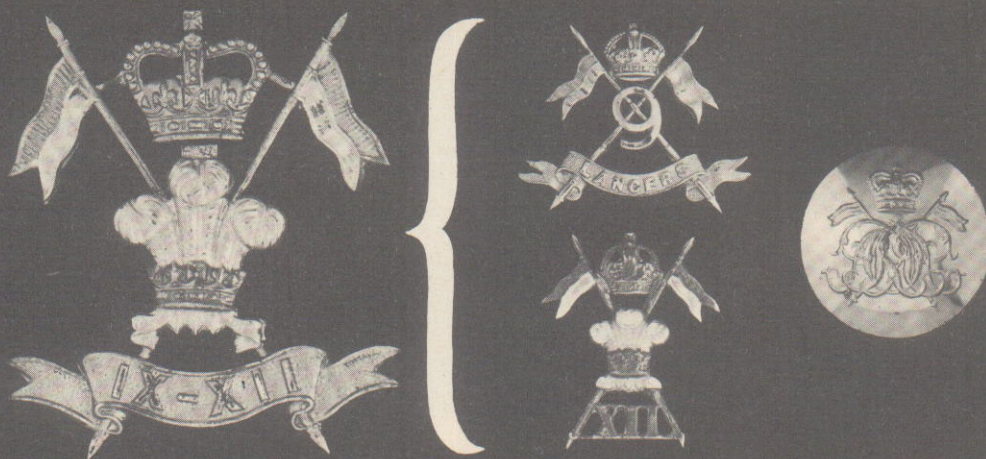
## 9th/12th ROYAL LANCERS

*They served together in the Mutiny, at Kimberley, Mons, in the desert, Italy and Palestine. The 9th took to tanks, the 12th to armoured cars. Now the new Regiment converts from cars to tanks*

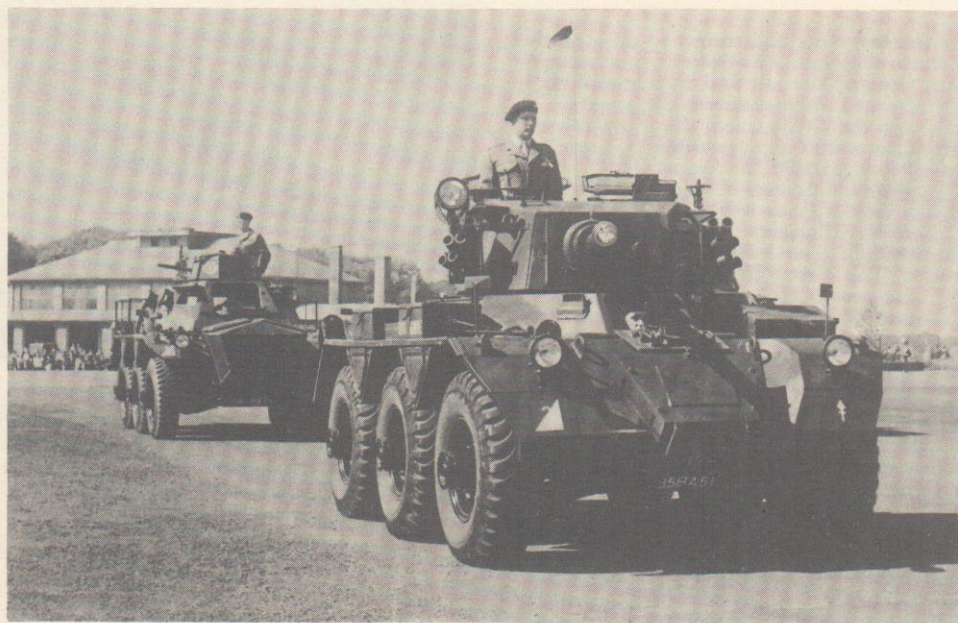
THE Regimental badge of the 9th/12th Royal Lancers retains the Prince of Wales's plume of the old 12th (marking the title conferred by George III) and the scroll of the old 9th badge, adapted to bear the sign "IX-XII." The crossed lances with pennons, and the crown, were common to both old badges.

The button bears the reversed and interlaced monogram of Queen Adelaide after whom William IV named the 9th Lancers in 1830. Though the word "Queen's" has been dropped from the new title, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Colonel-in-Chief of the old 9th, has been the new Regiment's Colonel-in-Chief from its formation. She has attended Regimental functions and accepted a Regimental brooch.

The new Regiment has its home headquarters at Market Harborough and recruits throughout Leicestershire, Derbyshire and Northampton.



## The Colonel Lived To Tell The Tale



A Saladin, with Capt A R F Arkwright (now a 9th/12th Lancer) in the turret, followed by a Saracen during a 1958 parade in Germany when a new guidon was presented to the 12th Royal Lancers.

ON 11 September, 1960, two regiments marched solemnly into church and emerged as one. The wedding had been arranged, but though the betrothed had been reluctant, no marriage bureau could have made a better match.

The historic paths of the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers and the 12th Royal Lancers (Prince of Wales's) had crossed time and again since their birth on the same day in 1715. The marriage had given the new 9th/12th Royal Lancers (Prince of Wales's) a military pedigree second to none.

In the Peninsular War both regiments, then light dragoons, saw plenty of action, the 12th fighting at Waterloo under the general who had served with them as a subaltern—the Duke of Wellington. And well they served him, Colonel F C Ponsonby leading the 300 Cavalrymen in a shot-peppered charge that tore through a French Cavalry formation and fractured an Infantry column. Though wounded seven times, he lived to tell the tale.

Both regiments took up lances on the same day in 1816, and it was an officer of the 9th, Captain R H de Montmorency, who showed the 12th how to use them. Though both regiments were in India during the Mutiny, it was the 9th's campaign. In ten hectic months the Regiment earned 13 of its 15 Victoria Crosses—a record for any Cavalry regiment.





## THE 9th QUEEN'S ROYAL LANCERS MOVE UP TO ALAMEIN ON THE EVE OF THE GREAT BATTLE

Later, in the South African War, honours were shared as the two regiments served side by side at Kimberley, and in 1914 only ten days separated the regiments' final charge with the lance, the 12th at Moy on 28 August and the 9th near Mons on 7 September. Yet it was to be more than 17 years before the 9th paraded for the last time with the lance as an official weapon—in India in 1931—and 20 years before the Regiment gave up its horses in favour of tanks. The armoured car replaced horse and lance in the 12th in 1928.

The 12th Lancers went to France promptly in 1939, the 9th following in May, 1940. It was the 12th's turn to shine, in the withdrawal to Dunkirk, by providing a screen of fire for the British force. Said the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Gort: "Without the 12th, only a small part of the Army would have reached Dunkirk."

Soon afterwards a detachment of the 12th was chosen to provide a mobile

guard for the Royal Family. Of its five armoured cars, one was converted for passengers and two were later put at the disposal of the Prime Minister and Cabinet. It was two years before the Household Cavalry took over the task and the detachment could rejoin the Regiment. The King and Queen and the two princesses said goodbye to the unit at a special farewell parade.

By now the 12th were in Egypt—with the 9th of course! "Send your best team—suggest 9th Lancers" was the order General Montgomery gave just before Alamein. The men of the 9th, already battle-scarred after several desert encounters, took over all available tanks left in Egypt and played the leading part in the defeat of 30 German tanks on Ruweisat Ridge.

The 12th Lancers became the first British unit to link up with the Americans near Tunis, and both regiments subsequently landed at Naples and continued the fight up through Italy. Later the 12th served in Austria, Egypt, Palestine, in Malaya during the Emergency, for five years in Germany and, for 12 months up to amalgamation, in Cyprus. The 9th were also in Palestine,

had a spell in Scotland, then spent ten years in Germany.

The amalgamation was a whole-hearted affair, each troop formed from a complete mixture of both regiments. The first posting was to Ireland, where both the 9th and 12th had spent much of their early life. Now the new Regiment is in Aden's Western Protectorate, busily patrolling the Yemen frontier and restricting the supply of arms to dissident tribesmen.

The 9th/12th Royal Lancers have taken a further stride away from the horse and lance by taking to the air, providing pilots and ground crew for the *Austers* of 13 Reconnaissance Flight, Army Air Corps—just a further extension of the Regiment's 200-year-old reconnaissance role.

But the wind of change continues to blow. A move to Germany in autumn will bring with it a switch to tanks, ensuring that in any future conflict the Regiment will be qualified to serve in the traditions of either of its illustrious predecessors.

*Next month:*

THE YORK AND LANCASTER REGIMENT

## Pretty Polly Scooped The Pool

**T**HE one national celebrity to go down in Regimental history was four-footed. Pretty Polly, born of humble racing stock, unimpressive in training, won race after race at a canter, in 1904 winning the 1000 Guineas, Oaks, Coronation Stakes, Nassau Stakes, St Leger and others, earning altogether £38,000 for her owner, Major Eustace Loder, 12th Lancers. She became the idol of the racing world as well as of the Regiment.

Another of Major Loder's horses, Spear-mint, bought as a yearling for 300 guineas, proved worthy of the financial trust the Regiment placed in him—albeit each-way—by winning the Derby.

Three times in their great sporting history men of the 9th have brought their mounts to victory in the Grand National. Lieutenant Frank Furlong rode Reynoldstown in 1935 and Lieutenant Fulke Walwyn was astride the same horse when it repeated the victory the following year, just 40 years after Lieu-

tenant D G M Campbell gave the 9th its first National success on Soarer.

The 9th was one of the first regiments to bring polo from India and its match with the 10th Hussars at Hounslow in 1870 was one of the first in this country. The Regiment still has a ball used in this match, symbol of a polo tradition that is unsurpassed in the British Army.

Today at Army level it is on skis that the 9th/12th Royal Lancers excel. Lieutenant Alex Montgomerie was a hot favourite to retain the Commonwealth Army Ski Championship when he lost a ski in the slalom. The slip cost the Regiment the Irish Guards Cup for the best Alpine unit team, but the individual championship did not leave the 9th/12th. Second-Lieutenant Peter Norman skied on to take the title.

The 12th Lancers' outstanding post-war sportsman was a National Serviceman—John Charles. As well as transforming the football team, he played cricket, basketball, and boxed for the Regiment.



Trooper John Charles is chaired by his jubilant team-mates of 67 RAC Training Centre, Catterick, after their victory in the final of the Army Soccer Cup.



# WHO AND WHAT

HERE'S a picture quiz with some easy questions and some that are not so easy. Write your answers and your name and address on a sheet of paper and send it in a sealed envelope to reach **SOLDIER's** London offices by Monday, 22 April.

The senders of the first correct, or nearest correct, solutions to be opened by the Editor will win these prizes:

- 1 A £10 gift voucher.
- 2 A £6 gift voucher.
- 3 A £4 gift voucher.
- 4 Three recently published books.
- 5 A 12 months' free subscription to **SOLDIER** and whole-plate monochrome copies of any two photographs and/or cartoons which have appeared in **SOLDIER** since January, 1957, or from two personal negatives.
- 6 A 12 months' free subscription to **SOLDIER**.

## RULES

- 1 Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to:  
The Editor (Comp 58), **SOLDIER**,  
433 Holloway Road, London N7.
- 2 Competitors may submit more than one entry, but each must be accompanied by the "Competition 58" label printed on this page.
- 3 Correspondence must not accompany the entry form.
- 4 Servicemen and women and Services sponsored civilians may compete for prizes 1 to 6; other readers are eligible for prizes 4, 5 and 6 only.

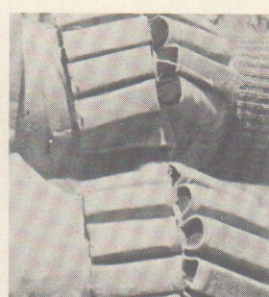
The correct answers and winners' names will appear in the June issue of **SOLDIER**.



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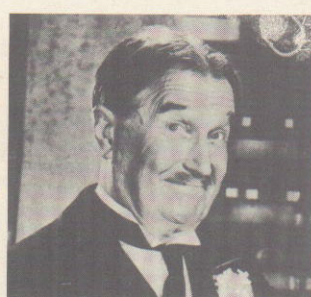
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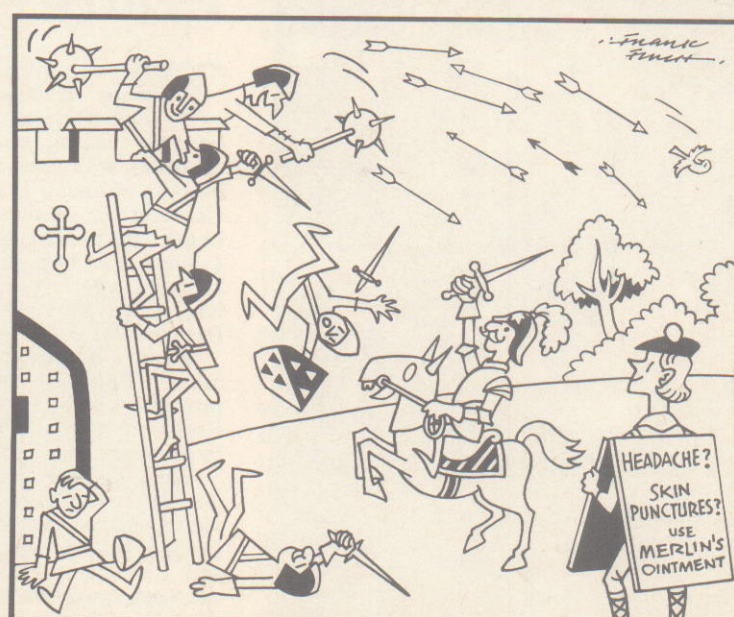
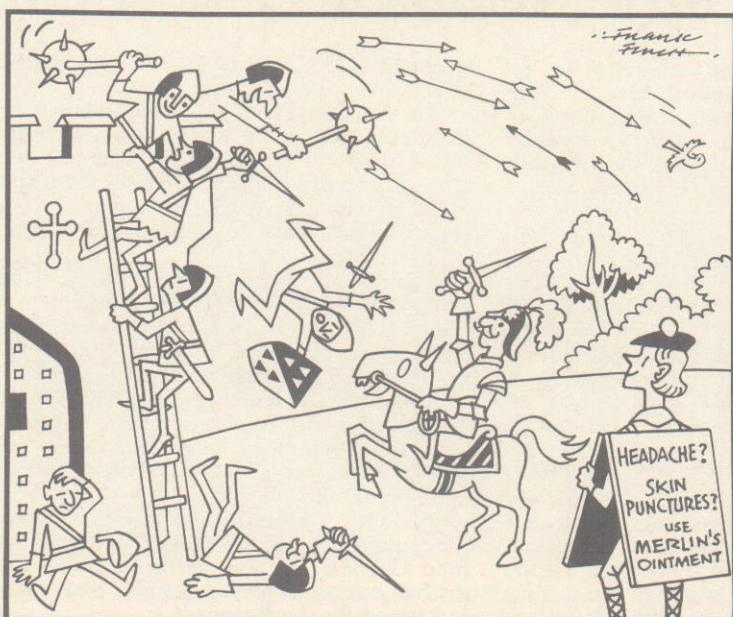


3

- 1 He is inspecting his soldiers during World War Two. Now the most controversial general of the day. Who is he?
- 2 Now retired but perhaps the most famous of Australian sporting personalities. Boxing was not his sport. What was?
- 3 Obviously Government buildings but does this picture show: (a) Part of the Kremlin in Moscow; (b) A section of London's Whitehall; (c) State offices in Rome; (d) Canadian Houses of Parliament in Ottawa; or (e) A former royal palace in Oslo?
- 4 Almost half a type of headgear worn in slightly varying forms in many parts of the world. By whom?
- 5 Playwright and actor, linguist, film director, producer, script-writer and star, and a brilliant personality of our time. Who is he?
- 6 The year is 1943. Are these odd-looking objects (two per man): (a) Sapper bridge-blowing explosive packs; (b) Commando emergency rations; (c) Paratrooper knee-protectors; (d) Afrika Korps ammunition bandoliers; or (e) Red Cross bandages?
- 7 A familiar face, still in films, but perhaps better known years ago as an irrepressible youngster, particularly in the "Andy Hardy" series. Name?
- 8 A very famous queen, commemorated by countless statues and plaques. There is a fine statue of her on the French Riviera. This one is in London. Her name?
- 9 Sword in one hand, scales in the other. The figure of?
- 10 Not easily recognisable in this role. French, over 70 but eternally youthful charmer of stage and screen. Who is he?

## 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 34.





All the swift-moving action of basketball is captured in this picture taken at a match between the Army and a USAF team.

## SPORT

Basketball is now one of the most popular games in the Army and this month **SOLDIER** tells the story of the Warriors, and how they are training to beat the Royal Air Force

# THE WARRIORS ON THE WARPATH

**T**HE Aldershot Warriors will storm into battle next month. With a season of tough matches behind them, the Warriors—the British Army basketball team—are determined to wrest the inter-Services title from the Royal Air Force.

For basketball in the Army is booming. New interest in the sport has given it a prominence it has never before achieved. And the Warriors are planning a campaign to lick the best basketball squads in the country.

This season the Army team has between 35 and 40 fixtures—more than three times as many as in previous years. Last year 128 units entered the Inter-Unit Basketball Championship and this year even more will be entering.

Basketball started as a kind of miniature indoor football. Americans are champion basketball players—small boys start learning the game at the age of about six. In England, 28 American bases have teams and the

difference in standard is so great that a top-class British player would only be regarded as average by the Americans. For this reason, the Army team has sought fixtures with as many American teams as possible.

Behind the organisation of Army basketball is Captain Michael Brook, Royal Engineers, secretary of the Army Basketball Association. He said: "The Army team has had a season of really tough matches which have done a great deal to improve its play. Now we will go all out to win the Inter-Services Championship."

Secret of the success of many American teams appears to be wonderful reserve strength. Out of a team of 12 players, only five are allowed on the court at one time and the Americans can chop and change reserves without affecting teamwork.

But what the Army team at present lacks in skill and experience, it hopes to make up by fitness. In Paris this year it competed in a NATO invitation tournament, playing against combined Service teams from France,

Italy, Germany and the Netherlands.

Height plays a big part in basketball. Really tall players have a much better chance of getting the ball through the ring, which stands ten feet above the ground. But this does not exclude smaller players with ability to weave quickly up and down the court.

Two men, both from the Army Physical Training Corps, have played a major part in the development of the Army team—Quartermaster-Sergeant Instructor Jack Beasor, the coach, and Staff-Sergeant Instructor Arthur Judge, a former England international. On the organisation side, Captain Brook keeps in close touch with the records of players from Junior Leaders regiments in the search for the Army team of the future.

The Army likes basketball because it is essentially a team game. And there will be a lot of crossed fingers when the Aldershot Warriors run on to the court next month for their most important match, against the Royal Air Force.



# TOP DRIVERS —IN BOTTOM GEAR



Receiving treatment that would break the heart of a normal car owner, the Army's *Standard Ensign* is chased across country by a *Champ*.

**I**T was third time lucky for the British Army. Careering at breakneck speed across rough open country, Army drivers scored a resounding victory against the London Motor Club in the third annual Autopoint at Longmoor, Hampshire.

Watched by thousands of comfortable television viewers and a hardy band of frozen enthusiasts, the British Army Motoring Association team won in 12 heats by scoring 54 points to the London Motor Club's 34.

The Autopoint was an exciting and unusual spectacle held on bleak moorland hills in ideal conditions for the event, if not for the spectators. As in

horse-riding point-to-point, competitors were required to find their own routes round a certain number of points. The course was softened by heavy showers in the morning but these cleared by the afternoon to leave the ground muddy enough for really exciting battles. There were eight vehicles in each team, ranging from a hill-climb "special" to a one-ton truck. Two vehicles from the Army and two from the Club competed in each heat.

In the first heat the Army started well with Sergeant Gordon Norton, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, scoring a four-point win in a *Standard Ensign* just delivered from the factory and fitted with overdrive on second gear.

Watched by sympathetic spectators, Render's *Trials Cannon* drives back into the pits after catching fire half-way round the difficult course.



The London Motor Club was unlucky with John Fenwick's *Renault RL4* failing to score despite some very fast driving.

Drivers from both sides induced incredible speeds from their vehicles across the worst type of open country—axle-deep mud, hidden potholes, little or no tracks and invisible mounds and ditches.

The Club was more fortunate in the second heat with a win by Steve Carradine in an *Austin Gypsy*, the *Champs* of Staff-Sergeant Steve Johnson, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, and Regimental Sergeant-Major "Tiger" Timms, Royal Military Police, coming in second and third.

Only a little *Moke*, driven by Staff-Sergeant Bill Booker, London Rifle Brigade/Rangers, Territorial Army, finished in the fourth heat. A one-tonner, a *Land-Rover* and the trials special all arrived outside the time limit.

During the sixth heat Fenwick's *Renault* ground to a halt in the gorse with a loose coil lead leaving Sergeant Norton to win again in his *Ensign*. David Render's *Trials Cannon* started well in the eighth heat and led initially but was finally beaten by Timms in his *Champ* and Bill Bengry, London Motor Club, in a *Land-Rover*.

The London Motor Club picked up, but too late, in the last two heats. Carradine beat Timms in the 11th heat and in the final heat the London Motor Club scored a one-two win with Bengry's *Gypsy* and Dennis Robson's *Land-Rover*.

After the London Motor Club's victories in the first two Autopoints there were furtive but good-natured rumblings about "hotted up" *Land-Rovers* and *Gypsies* being too much for the Army. The rumblers have been proved wrong.

**RUSSELL F MILLER**



# STARS ON THE KARTS

**F**IVE go-karts roared away from the start line for the first lap of a race that could hardly be described as anything but "top drawer."

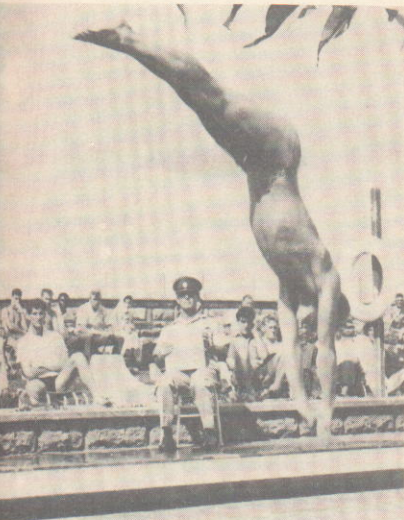
The occasion was Aden's Christmas Kart Race. And jostling for position during the first vital seconds were the Commander-in-Chief, Middle East, his three Service chiefs and a driver entered by His Excellency the Governor.

The Air Officer Commanding, Air Vice-Marshall Rosier, shot into the lead from the start, hotly pursued by Major-General Robertson, the General Officer Commanding. The Service chiefs and the C-in-C (Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles Elworthy) drove for the first ten laps before handing over to other members of their teams.

At speeds up to 70 miles an hour the GOC's ADC took the lead on the 15th lap but, with only five laps to go, Corporal Nettle, Royal Air Force, driving for the AOC, whipped into the lead and went on to win. Second was the GOC's team, followed by those of the C-in-C and the Flag Officer, Middle East, with the Governor's kart bringing up the rear.

More than 500 people watched the day's racing.

Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles Elworthy, the C-in-C, rounds a bend in his four-star kart, with the Flag Officer, Middle East, following.



## THREE STAY CHAMPIONS

**T**HREE competitors made it a "double" when they retained their titles in the second annual East Africa Command Swimming Championships at Templar Barracks, Kahawa.

Craftsman Scott, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, clipped 0.6 seconds off his 1962 freestyle victory, Lieutenant Houghton, Royal Signals, again dominated the butterfly stroke heat and Drummer Ian Fuller, 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards, added 1.5 points to his last year's score.

Highlight of the diving contest was the polished performance by Drummer Fuller, his nearest challenger trailing by more than four points.

Final item on the programme was a water polo match in which the Royal Air Force beat the Army.

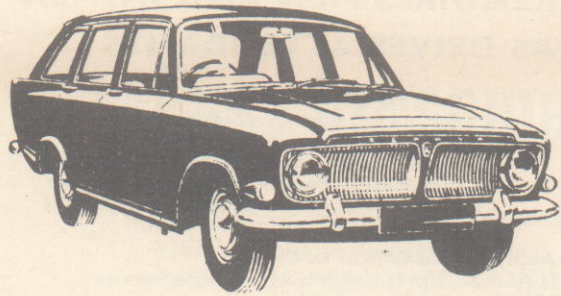
A dive by Drummer Fuller, 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards, who retained his title in the 1963 championships.

## FAREWELL TO A FIGHTER

**N**EXT month Private Ernie Lofthouse leaves the Army. And the Army will be sorry to see him go.

For Lofthouse is the last National Service boxer left in the three Services. The run-down of National Servicemen through many famous post-war champions has taken 18 years. Stationed with 16 Base Vehicle Depot, he helped the Army to beat the Royal Air Force by nine bouts to two in January. He knocked out Corporal Technician Arthur Jones, RAF.

## Fords for the Forces



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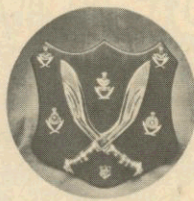
Further information and application forms can be obtained from:

The Chief Constable, Admiralty Constabulary (A.S.)  
Admiralty, London, S.W.6

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## That Service Spirit

**I**F civilian soldiers have left their mark on the Army (your article in appreciation of the National Serviceman, January), the Army has certainly left its impression on my firm!

We are potato and vegetable merchants in Lincolnshire and of the staff of 20, 14 served in the Forces during and after World War Two—12 in the Army, one in the Fleet Air Arm and one in the Royal Air Force. The others are either too young, unfit, or were reserved on the land.

Our combined service in the Regular Army, Territorial Army, National Service and during World War Two totals 84 years. Between us we hold 42 medals. These are:

Twenty-one campaign medals: six 1939/45 Stars, one Atlantic Star, one Burma Star, three African Stars, three Italy Stars, three France and Germany Stars, one Korea Medal and three General Service Medals;

Seventeen Service medals;  
One Coronation Medal;  
One Territorial Decoration;  
One Territorial Efficiency Medal;  
And one United Nations Medal.

The divisions in which we served included 1st Airborne (in North Africa, Sicily, Italy and at Arnhem), 6th Airborne (D-Day and in the Ardennes), 4th Indian (El Alamein to Cassino), 10th Indian (Iraq), 17th Indian (Chin Hills and Imphal), Commonwealth (Korea), 17th Gurkha

(Malaya) and 2nd (Rhine Army).

The regiments and corps were: The Royal Warwickshire, The Royal Lincolnshire, The Royal Leicestershire, The Royal Berkshire, The East Lancashire and The Northamptonshire regiments, The King's Shropshire Light Infantry, The Royal Ulster Rifles, 10th Gurkha Rifles, Royal Engineers (1 Para Squadron), Royal Artillery, Royal Signals, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers and the Auxiliary Territorial Service (our secretary was at War Office).

With so much in common in our backgrounds, we are a happy firm with high morale, which I attribute to our Service training.

No strikes, a few mild arguments,

complaints fairly presented and fairly dealt with, no resentment after a ticking-off because they know that once they are "off the carpet" no resentment or grudges linger from the other side of the table. Good humour in abundance, conversations larded with expressions gained in a score of countries, reminiscence when applicable—it is as if we all went to the same school or university!

The Service spirit, so sadly lacking in many spheres of industry or commerce, is present here—and I am more than glad and grateful for it.—  
**A J Sudlow, TD, Director, W D Cook and Son, Ltd, Potato and Vegetable Merchants, Donington, Spalding, Lincs.**

# LETTERS



## Challenge Rallies

As the organising secretary for the Midway Challenge Rallies which are held in this area, I would like to give credit to the Army, the Royal Marines and the Royal Navy for the support they give to these events. Their regular participation has provided a nucleus of competitors offering good standards of performance on which we have gradually built up the reputation of the rallies and encouraged many civilian groups to take up the challenge.

We specialise in the under-21 age groups but encourage those who give much of their spare time to training the youngsters by staging senior versions of both our wayfinding walks and canoe races. I would be pleased to know of any units or persons wishing to take part in future rallies. All letters will be answered, even if they do not relish the challenge in some of the weather we have experienced.

As the next rally will be on the 24th of this month it will be a very good test for teams preparing for Ten Tors, 1963, and for the 1963 Devizes-Westminster Canoe Race. We hope to extend the senior course for the canoeists by a few miles and another lock to make the distance an exact 35 miles.

I will add a word of warning to the tearaways—in the walk, violation of the Country Code disqualifies, and in all the canoe races the wearing of life-jackets is compulsory.—**P Antwis, The Four Admirals Club, Education Centre, HM Borstal, Rochester, Kent.**

## Bouquets

I would like to express my appreciation of the change in SOLDIER. I think the January issue a great improvement on the old magazine and offer you my congratulations.—**L A Whittingham (retired RSM, R Sigs), 58 Dawes Avenue, Hornchurch, Essex.**

May I congratulate you on the new SOLDIER which, in my opinion, is well worth the new price.—**Capt W F Turner, 30 Wordsworth Drive, Cheam, Surrey.**

I read your first issue of the "New Look" SOLDIER with interest and believe it to be a distinct improvement on its predecessor.—**Capt M C Norman, "C" Sqn, 4 RTR, BFPO 45.**

I would like to thank you for the new form of SOLDIER with its improved

paper and printing and also for including a history of the regiments of the British Army which I hope will include both Infantry and Cavalry.—**G Ellison, 8 Beechwood Crescent, Littleover, Derby.**

\* These are representative of the many approving comments from readers. But there is always another side to the story—read on!

## And Brickbat!

As one of your women readers I am naturally not much interested in the pin-ups on your back cover but appreciating that the magazine is designed primarily for the military—and I am sure many of these pictures brighten up barracks—I feel that the boys in uniform are entitled to their pin-ups.

I have always, however, been consoled by your front cover picture—colourful uniforms, parades, ceremonials and the Army in action. These in full colour are magnificent and I look forward to them.

What do I find for the first issue of 1963, however? Another female, this time in uniform, on the front cover! Have a heart, Mr Editor, please—back to tanks, guns, planes and soldiers. And if you wonder why a mere civilian, and a female to boot, is reading your magazine, the answer is that I work for the Army.—**Miss Alison Kimms, 5 Conway Court, Marina, St Leonards on Sea, Sussex.**  
\* Humble apologies, Miss Kimms! But the ladies have worn Army uniform for many years and surely earned a long time ago this very first appearance on the front cover. Anyway, we've given you boxing on the February cover and the Army in action this month!

## Boxing

Warrant Officer W R Sawyer's memory is letting him down (Letters, July).

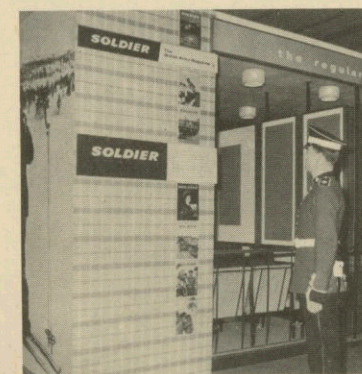
Although the Loyals were a very fine boxing regiment, and their team won the Army Inter-Unit Boxing Championship a number of times, they did NOT do so in the winter season of 1934-35, because the 2nd Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment (61st Foot), did so. I was serving in

the Battalion at the time, and have a copy of the group photograph of the team with the large challenge trophy well in view.—**Maj J Biddulph (Rtd), HQ Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Sub-District, Bicester, Oxon.**

\* Warrant Officer Sawyer was correct. The 2nd Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment, won the Army Inter-Unit Championship in March/April, 1934, at the end of the 1933-34 season. The 2nd Battalion, The Loyal Regiment, won in 1935 and 1936, followed by the 2nd Battalion, The King's Regiment, in 1937 and 1938, and the Royal Army Service Corps, Feltham, in 1939. The 2nd Battalion, The East Lancashire Regiment, won in 1930, 1931 and 1932 and the 2nd Battalion, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, in 1933.

## Showpiece

I recently attended the Camping and Outdoor Life Exhibition at Olympia and saw the excellent stand built for the Army by the Central Office of Information and devoted in the main to the activities of the Army Mountaineering Association. It was certainly the outstanding exhibit and attracted a great deal of attention, probably due to the excellent design and material exhibited. As this stand obviously cost a great deal of money and is highly suitable for displaying other aspects of Army life, I trust that we shall be seeing it in other guises at exhibitions all over the country.—**Maj R L Turner, 11 Crediton Hill, London NW6.**



SOLDIER was prominently displayed in colour covers and pictures on the Army stand at the exhibition.

● **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.

## "Why Are We Waiting?"

"Why Are We Waiting?" (SOLDIER, December) brought back memories of NAAFI queues and parades of long duration. At such times these four words were repeated over and over again, somewhat sacrilegiously, to the tune of "O Come, All Ye Faithful." My children tell me it is occasionally used, at appropriate times, at school! Possibly there is some connexion between this and the words "Bill Smith Knows My Father," which I have heard repeated to the tune of "Onward Christian Soldiers." I doubt whether your correspondent will obtain an official version, although an "authorised version" may be available!—**S Hicklin, 24 Collingham Gardens, Mackworth Estate, Derby.**

## Whose Rhino?

Unless my fellow Marines and I are very much mistaken the *Rhino* pontoon ferry (SOLDIER, January) was manned by Royal Marines of the Naval Beach Unit and not by Sappers. We may be in error of course, but then so were the Sappers for flying the White Ensign, unless they have suddenly become part of the Royal Navy.—**Mne(S) C M Reddy, Signal Section, ITC Royal Marines, Lympstone, Devon.**

\* There was no indication in the story sent by Army Public Relations, Persian Gulf, whether the *Rhino* was manned by Royal Marines or Sappers. But Marine Reddy must be right—Sappers would certainly not fly the White Ensign.

## Ten Bob a Nob

The "Mutiny and Deserters Act" of 1743 made provision for a reward of 20s to any person apprehending or causing the apprehension of a deserter. The pay of most other ranks in 1743 being in the region of two to three shillings weekly, the reward was extremely generous.

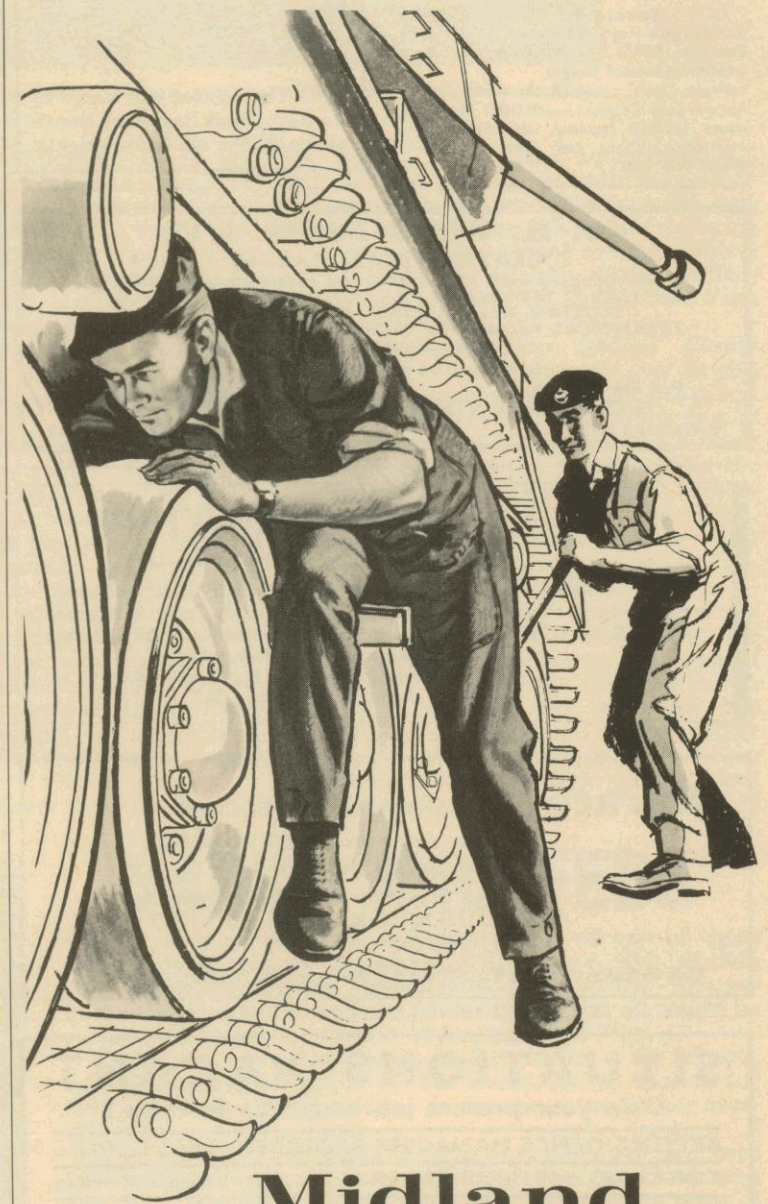
It is peculiar that 220 years later this reward not only remains at 20s, but has an added provision that it will not ordinarily exceed 10s if the deserter is in uniform, or 15s if he is in civilian clothes.

Some pay pause!—**S/Sgt W A Lyons, RE, Clerical Training Wing, RE, Longmoor Camp, Liss, Hants.**

OVER...

# Easy for some

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R Riley, 34 Felskirk Road, Woodhouse Park, Manchester 22, Lancs.—Requires cap badges of Yeomanry and disbanded Irish regiments, also exchanges.

A F Lawson, c/o PO Box 10, Port Adelaide, South Australia.—Requires military relics of both World Wars, Nazi items of any description. Purchase or exchange.

C E Prescott, JP, 28 John Mackintosh Square, Gibraltar.—Past and present cap badges of the British Army.

J P Straiton, 1113 Mill Creek Drive, Annandale, Virginia, USA.—Military combat uniforms and firearms of World War Two and later. Correspondence appreciated.

Cpl S Roberts, 43 Watts Lane, Teddington, Middlesex.—Requires American World War Two battle helmet, also British para-troop helmet.

CSM J Barrow, 1st Bn, The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment, St Patrick's Barracks, BFPO 51.—British and Commonwealth regimental badges.

Frans Crols, Lange Achteromstraat 45, Antwerpen, Belgium.—SOLDIER Magazine issues 1945-50 required, also British and American military and news magazines, World War Two.

## More letters

### The Bad Old Days

Mr J E Harrington inquires when flogging was abolished in the Army for enlisted boys from 14 to 18 (SOLDIER, December). It certainly was not abolished in 1928 when I was serving in the Royal Army Service Corps at Connaught Barracks, Woolwich, as I well remember a boy trumpeter being flogged for the crime of stealing from a comrade.

We were paraded, marched to the Riding School and formed up some yards in

front of a trestle table to witness the flogging. The trumpeter was then marched up under escort and placed in position across the table to receive his punishment. After about five strokes had been administered the medical officer present gave the order to cease, as the trumpeter appeared to be in severe pain.—J W Mouzer, 53 Lamport Close, Woolwich, London SE18.

I read recently that Field Punishment No 1 was abolished in 1918, but this is not so. I witnessed this punishment being inflicted during 1920 and 1921 in a small camp in Southern Ireland while serving with the 1st Battalion, The Cheshire Regiment.

None of the few punished in this barbarous and degrading manner had committed a crime of violence and one, whose full particulars I still have, was unable to rise from his blankets and bedboards when ordered to do so. He was completely exhausted, having, like most of the detachment, performed 24 hour guards on alternate days with work or anti-Sinn Fein patrols in between for weeks on end and on a poor diet. He was carried to the guard hut and later sentenced to some days of Field Punishment No 1.

This teen-aged offender was not medically examined before undergoing his punishment, which consisted of a diet of small portions of dry bread and bully and no cigarettes or tobacco. During two hours each morning and afternoon he was taken to an open space in the centre of the camp and tied neck to ankle to an upright post, wearing Service dress less headdress during cold and wet weather. He was unable to move and under the eyes of an armed sentry.

During one week three young soldiers were undergoing Field Punishment No 1 at the same time in this camp, which had a garrison of only 35.—R Rimmer GC, 29 Coniston Road, Newton, Chester.

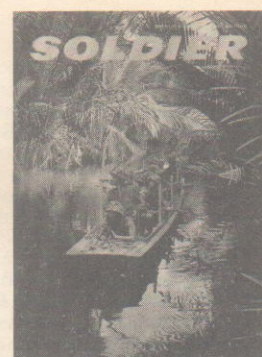
### Separates

We in this military backwater are in process of being issued with No 2 Dress and a sore point arises, namely, who thought of issuing shirts with separate collars and that most elusive item, the collar stud? The instigator of this outrage should be condemned to spend an eternity of early, cold and lightless mornings attempting to secure this fiendish contrivance.—Sgt Brown, 62 Station Wksp, BFPO 55.

### Hours of Glory

As an ex-soldier and a regular reader of your excellent magazine may I say how much I thoroughly enjoyed your "Hours of Glory" series. The colourful way they were put together and the first-class illustrations were a credit to the persons concerned.—R A Turner, 82 Bittams Lane, Chertsey, Surrey.

\* Thank you, Mr Turner, and we hope you will enjoy equally the new "Your Regiment" series.



### FRONT COVER

In SOLDIER's colourful and dramatic front cover an Army Public Relations photographer vividly captures the atmosphere of a doubly unfriendly jungle where natural enemies are joined by men beyond the law.

Tensely alert and watchful, a patrol of the 1st Battalion, The Queen's Own Highlanders, carries out a water-borne search for rebels in hiding and for caches of illegal arms and ammunition.

After making their surprise landing by air in Brunei to rescue European hostages held by the rebels in the police station at Seria, the Highlanders patrolled on foot and by boat throughout the area in an attempt to round up the remaining members of the rebel army.

### HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(see Page 28)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1 Second rung from top of ladder. 2 Shoulder strap of falling man. 3 Position of lower white triangle on shield. 4 Black square on door. 5 Nosepiece of helmet at foot of ladder. 6 Moustache of man lying on back. 7 Left hand of man lying on back. 8 Length of black arrow. 9 Horseman's helmet badge. 10 Tip of horse's tail.

### PRIZE WINNERS

Prize winners in SOLDIER's Competition 55 (December—maze of lines) were:

- 1 Cpl W Smith, ACC at 47 GW Regt, RA, Napier Barracks, BFPO 20.
- 2 WO I A A Blencock, 2 Comd Eng Stores Depot, BFPO 20.
- 3 Mrs E Enwright, 15 MSQ, SWW, School of Infantry, Netheravon, Wilts.
- 4 L Troughton, 33 Eskdale Terrace, Whitley Bay, Northumberland.
- 5 Sgt A Pinchbeck, RAPC, Costing Services (RAPC) North Malaya, att QRIH, Ipoh, Perak, Malaya.
- 6 Mrs H Holding, 12 Brookdale, Hadley, Shropshire.
- 7 Maj C Cowie, Room 519, Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, London WC2.
- 8 SMI G C J Hartland, Oxon ACF, 19 Beesley Road, Neithrop, Banbury.
- 9 Pte B C G Webb, Gloucester Platoon, Junior Leaders Bn, RASC, Norton Manor Camp, Taunton, Somerset.

There were 35 different objects in the maze. They were: Telephone, paste pot, teacup, envelope, Yale key, pliers, screw-driver, water tap, coat hook, milk bottle, kettle, scissors, teaspoon, lady's shoe, hammer, electric iron, tobacco pipe, garden hand fork, fountain pen, penknife, paper clip, razor blade, drawing pin, pen nib, vacuum flask, spectacles, fish, book, egg cup, dice, match, electric torch, brief-case, pear, three-legged stool.

### REUNIONS

The Royal Dragoons (1st Dragoons). Social Club Reunion, Saturday, 23 March, TA Centre, Albany Street, London NW1. Particulars from Maj C W J Lewis, Hill House, Beckenham Lane, Bromley, Kent. 13th/18th Royal Hussars (QMO) Association. Annual reunion dinner London 4 May and Cavalry Memorial Service 5 May. Details from Lieut-Col J R Palmer MC (Retd), Home HQ 13th/18th Hussars (QMO), Duncombe Barracks, Burton Stone Lane, York.



Left: The revised cap badge of the Royal Tank Regiment, shown alongside the old badge (right).

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# THE HORROR OF VERDUN



Here amid the corpse-infested wilderness of Verdun, French soldiers strip meat from a horse killed by shellfire.

**T**HIS Western-front business couldn't be done again, not for a long time. The young men think that they could do it again, but they couldn't." This quote provides the theme for Alistair Horne's *"The Price of Glory"* (Macmillan, 35s) in which he analyses the 1916 Battle of Verdun.

Verdun became a legend to both sides because it is a story of horror, glory and futility—World War One in microcosm. Yet it began as a small nine-division affair on a quiet sector of the front. Von Falkenhayn's "Operation Gericht" was not intended to capture the Verdun salient, but to bleed the French white in Germany's major offensive of the war. The élite of the German army eagerly awaited "the great experience." Although caught completely off guard the French, too, welcomed the conflict, convinced that "the will to conquer and the bayonet" were enough to win. Thus this was more than a titanic struggle between two huge armies—it was a fight to the death between two ways of life.

The generals are exposed as ruthless, ambitious, quarrelsome men whose only talent was to waste human life. Von Falken-

hayn was cold and inhuman, callous yet cautious, unable to concentrate on any one part of the line at a time, and the Kaiser brooded behind the scenes while the Crown Prince was the only one who tried to stop the battle. The French commanders were no better. Joffre with his big belly and sangfroid was just as incapable as Castelnau, Nivelle and the brutal Mangin. Only Pétain, the eventual "hero of Verdun," was to save the day with his simple tenet that "firepower kills."

Neither side seemed able to stop the carnage once it had started. Men quickly became subhuman troglodytes living like rodents in water-filled trenches and evil-smelling mud. Every day was an eternity of rats, lice, snipers, mortars, gangrene, gas and bloody bundles on the stretchers. In the corpse-infested wilderness even the snails died from the phosgene gas while men fought on without surgical teams, blood plasmas, penicillin or sulfa-drugs. Losses on both sides were tremendous. In four days the French 72nd Division lost 192 officers and 9636 men; in one day 7000 German horses were killed by shells.

But the worst sufferers were the French

Infantrymen. With poor equipment, food and facilities they fought with heavy 85lb kits on their backs for a miserable five sous a day. Their discipline was savage; retreating units were machine-gunned and their officers executed. But despite this there were fantastic scenes of bravery at Douaumont, Vaux and Tannes.

How will history judge Verdun? Clearly it will stand as the worst battle ever fought, with perhaps 420,000 dead and 800,000 gassed and wounded (as many as the British Empire lost in the whole of World War Two). Many techniques of modern war were used for the first time at Verdun—flame-throwers, camouflage, creeping barrages, infiltration tactics, concrete underground shelters, aircraft support for ground troops, men trained on full-scale models and battle courses.

Verdun was a tragedy. Germany lost the war, the French army mutinied and the British were committed to the slaughter of the Somme. But the worst effects on France were long-term—she lost her esprit and the "Magenot-line mentality" was born. The Germans at least learned a lesson—in 1940 they captured Verdun for fewer than 200 men!

A W H

## YANKS AND FEDS

**T**O anyone who likes a Western film or one of those popular television adventures, names like Shiloh, Chickamauga and Manassas may be familiar. Gettysburg, perhaps, would strike a louder chord, but all would be recognised as battles of the American Civil War.

To the great mass of readers on the Eastern side of the Atlantic, however, these great battles are but names, mainly because few of the hundreds of books written on this classic conflict are available today.

Films and television—every Western hero appears to have been a Civil War hero, too—serve to whet the appetite. And apart from the broad outlines, there is so much to learn. How many of us knew, for instance, that the Bishop of Louisiana fought as a major-general in the Confederate Army? The story of this man, Leonidas Polk, is worth a book in itself.

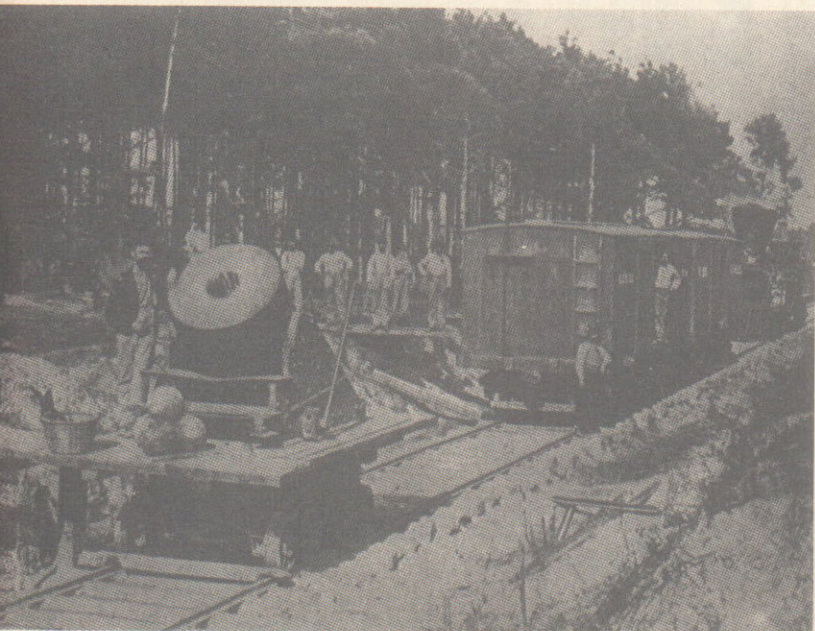
To anyone interested in the Civil War, four books now available can be recommended. All are paperbacks, printed in America, and published through Frederick Muller.

"Decisive Battles of the Civil War," by Lieutenant-Colonel Joseph B Mitchell (6s) is, in itself, a short history of the war. Sufficient background material is used to link the main engagements. It does not delve into the maze of side issues and is an admirably written precis.

A book which can be read in conjunction with this is "Best

OVER...

PAGE 35



This 13in Federal mortar "Dictator," illustrated in "Best Photos of the Civil War," had a two-mile range. It was used in the siege of Petersburg.



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Photos of the Civil War," by Hirst Dillon Milhollen and James Ralph Johnson (5s). Here are reproduced some of the best war shots ever taken. The carnage of Antietam, the slaughter of Shiloh, the whole horror of this fratricidal war is here.

Few ships can have had such an exciting career as "The Confederate Raider 'Alabama'" (7s 6d). This account by her commander, Admiral Raphael Semmes, has been given modern editing to produce a compelling narrative. Gone are the lengthy and often irrelevant passages on maritime and international law—sidelines of the author—which marred the original.

Semmes wrought havoc among Union shipping the world over. This type of warfare, based on the old pirate techniques, was

developed to a fine art by the Germans in both World Wars.

Apart from Lincoln, the outstanding figure of the Civil War was General Ulysses S Grant. The final book in this quartet is "The Personal Memoirs of U S Grant" (7s 6d). An ex-officer, he was called up as a drill instructor soon after the fighting began. His strategic genius was quickly recognised and by the end of the war he was commanding the Union armies. He later became President of the United States.

Grant wrote his memoirs when he knew his days were numbered—he was dying of cancer—and few personal stories can have been told with such candour. It is universally accepted as a great man's greatest monument.

J C W

## CUIDICH'N RIGH!

IT has become fashionable to pour scorn on the "tribal areas"—those parts of the United Kingdom which have a fierce attachment to particular regiments. If any doubt the military effectiveness which such loyalties produce let him read "Seaforth Highlanders" by Colonel John Sym (Gale and Polden, 30s).

Essentially a scrap book, this one volume covers this fine Regiment's fortunes from 1778 until 1961 when it amalgamated with The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. This is possible because Colonel Sym has very wisely restricted himself to only one action from each campaign. At the same time the colour plates are good and the maps are excellent.

Although the language is cold and prosaic it cannot conceal the glamour and romance which have followed the men of the Cabar Feidh (stag's head). Their colours bear exotic names like Java, Persia, Mauritius and Shanghai, as well as the more ominous Neuve Chapelle, Somme, Tilly and Reichswald Forest.

Seaforths have sweated in the plains of India while pursuing Mahratta raiders, exchanged steel with Afghan fanatics on the North-West Frontier, repelled savage Kaffir attacks along the Fish River and stalked bandits in the Malayan jungle.

But "... the history of any regiment is the story of the men ..."—men who could meet Pathan, Boer, Prussian and Nazi with a grin and a joke, leave an unpleasant post with the defiant pipe-tune, "The Barren Rocks of Aden," win six Victoria Crosses in two days at Lucknow and lay down 8432 of their lives in World War One.

Then there is the humour—the sea-sick Highlanders clinging desperately to camels as they pursue the Dervishes deeper into the Sudan or the enthusiastic chase of the 1st Battalion in Burma after a mythical party of Japanese geisha girls!

"Tribal areas" or no, any regiment which can suffer a St Valery and come back fighting at an El Alamein has something worthwhile. One thing is clear, if danger threatens, "Cuidich'n Righ"—"Save the King"—will be heard again. And we will be glad to hear it!

A W H



Men of the 72nd Highlanders (Seaforths) and the 5th Gurkhas make an assault on the fiercely-defended Peiwar Kotal in December, 1878.



The Castle of Ciudad Rodrigo, which fell to the Iron Duke's generalship in the Peninsular War.

## HE NEVER LOST A BATTLE

GENERALS of today have a penchant for writing their own recollections of the campaigns they have fought. Their reasons for so doing vary. Field-Marshal Lord Montgomery aimed, somewhat pompously, "to give to future generations the impressions I have gained in a life that has been full of interest, and to define the principles under which I have considered it my duty to think and act." Field-Marshal Lord Slim more modestly attempted "to show how, on the anvil of defeat and difficulty, some men hammered out for themselves and applied those principles of leadership and morale that are basic to success in any great enterprise."

What a pity that one of England's greatest soldiers of all time and certainly her most successful, Arthur Wellesley, first Duke of Wellington, left only a number of letters and never set down his own recollections.

OVER...

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## BOOKS continued

"I should much like to tell the truth," he is quoted as saying, "but if I did, I should be torn to pieces here or abroad."

The lapse of 150 years has not dimmed the lustre and fascination of Wellington's campaigns, and now "Wellington in the Peninsula 1808-1814," by Jac Weller (*Vane*, 65s), enhances even further the reputation of this general who, from Vimeiro to Waterloo, never lost a single battle.

Admirable as they are, the massive tomes of Napier, Oman and Fortescue are heavy going, as well as being well nigh inaccessible to the general reader, and Mr Weller's book fills a need in providing a concise military history concentrating on the tactical and strategic aspects of the Peninsula campaigns.

The author, an American and an authority on fire-arms, has spared no pains in his enthusiastic pursuit of detail and accuracy. During the last decade he studied Wellington's campaign areas on the spot and fired over 100lb of lead through Brown Bess muskets, Baker rifles and other weapons of the Peninsula period. As a result of this, combined with his own expert knowledge of tactics and ordnance, much original research, 58 splendid photographs and 22 maps, his book sheds new light both on Wellington and the Peninsular War.

Wellington emerges as a man of acute imagination and a dedicated soldier who devoted much care to the food, clothing and general welfare of his men; a far cry from the cold calculating machine so often depicted in the past. Though not apparently much loved by his men, Wellington inspired supreme confidence. His achievements in the Peninsula are summed up in Mr Weller's epilogue: "The final Allied victory in the Peninsula was achieved by a British army which at no time exceeded 60,000 men, supported by Portuguese and Spaniards of varying quality and quantity, against French armies usually totalling more than 300,000."

DHC

## BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY

WITH "VCs of the Army 1939-1951" (*Harrap*, 12s 6d), John Frayn Turner completes his trilogy on winners of the Victoria Cross, its predecessors being "VCs of the Royal Navy" and "VCs of the Air."

One hundred and thirty-one soldiers of Britain and the Commonwealth figure in these pages, 29 of them Gurkhas and Indians. The author gives a short account in each case of the action for which the Cross was awarded, and the overall picture is one of moving devotion and almost incredible bravery, far "beyond the call of duty." Though not in chronological order, the events described are linked geographically and an adequate index simplifies reference.

DHC

## FOR THE YOUNGER END

A NEW SWIFT picture book, "British Military Uniforms" (*Longacre Press*, 7s 6d), provides a solid background of useful general knowledge for the younger military historian and collector. This book was compiled, and the text written, by the military historian, W Y Carman—a guarantee of accuracy and sustained interest—and much of the splendid illustrative material comes from the author's own collection.

A masterpiece of informative condensation, this volume is a "must" for the beginner and many more advanced collectors will find much of interest, particularly in those sections devoted to badges, officers' dress ornaments, Cavalry furniture and special clothing.

DHC

## IN BRIEF

A VARIED collection of World War Two stories previously published in "True," the American magazine, now appears as a paperback. The most startling of "True War Stories" (*Frederick Muller*, 3s 6d) is that on the United States Army Reinforcement Depot at Lichfield, England, in which author Bob Considine describes, among other things, a prisoner being beaten on a war wound by sadistic American guards. An inquiry into events at the depot subsequently led to convictions against four officers and nine other ranks.

PJD

TO describe "The Delicate Ship" (*Eyre and Spottiswoode*, 16s) as a war story by a former British Regular officer would be true but misleading. Author Gerry Stewart uses flashbacks from his World War Two North African campaign setting to draw vivid personal studies of the five characters whose lives, linked by the war, form the background to this, his first novel.

Vivid contrasts of character between the five—the colonel commanding the regiment, Arab boy, batman, young subaltern and a Jewish naval captain—give breadth to the novel, the story adding one or two more sidelights on the individual's involvement in war.

PJD

NEW ground has been broken with the publication of a 56-page brochure, "Identification Data on British War Medals and their Interpretation" by James R Power, published by the author, 4168 Charlene Drive, Los Angeles 43, California, USA (15s or \$2 including postage).

The title is something of a misnomer as included is a mine of ancillary information, such as the origin of the system of numbering in the British Army; details of 654 South African units which participated in the war of 1899-1902 and much useful information on the ranks, numbering and units of the old Indian Army and various Commonwealth military forces.

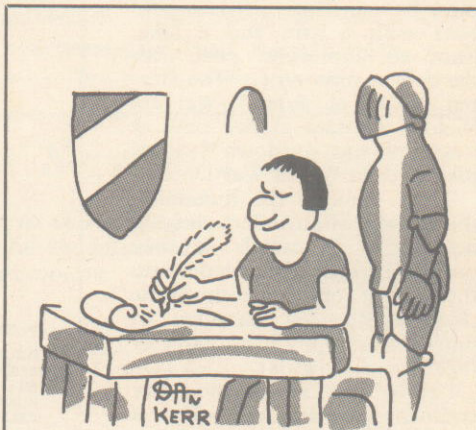
A useful reference work for enthusiasts.

DHC

A Short History of 48th Division (Territorial Army), with a foreword by Major-General J F Worsley MC, has recently been published and is now available at all TA Associations and unit drill halls in the West Midlands. Any profits from the sale of copies at 6s each will be donated to the Army Benevolent Fund.

This famous Midland Division first came into being with the formation of the Territorial Force in 1908, when the British Army was reorganised under the guidance of Lord Haldane. It gained great distinction during World War One and added to its laurels at Dunkirk in the early days of World War Two. The history contains maps and illustrations and includes details of all units at present constituting the Division.

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