

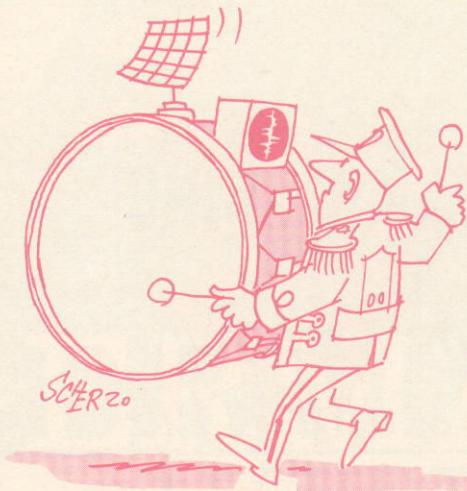
MAY 1963 ★ One Shilling

SOLDIER



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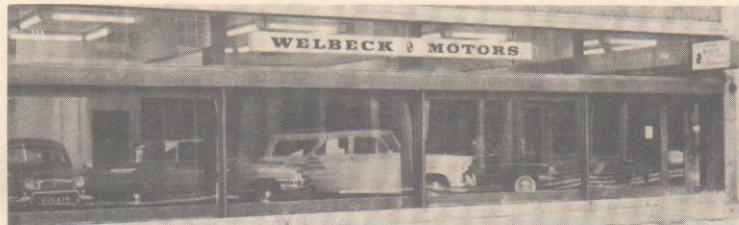
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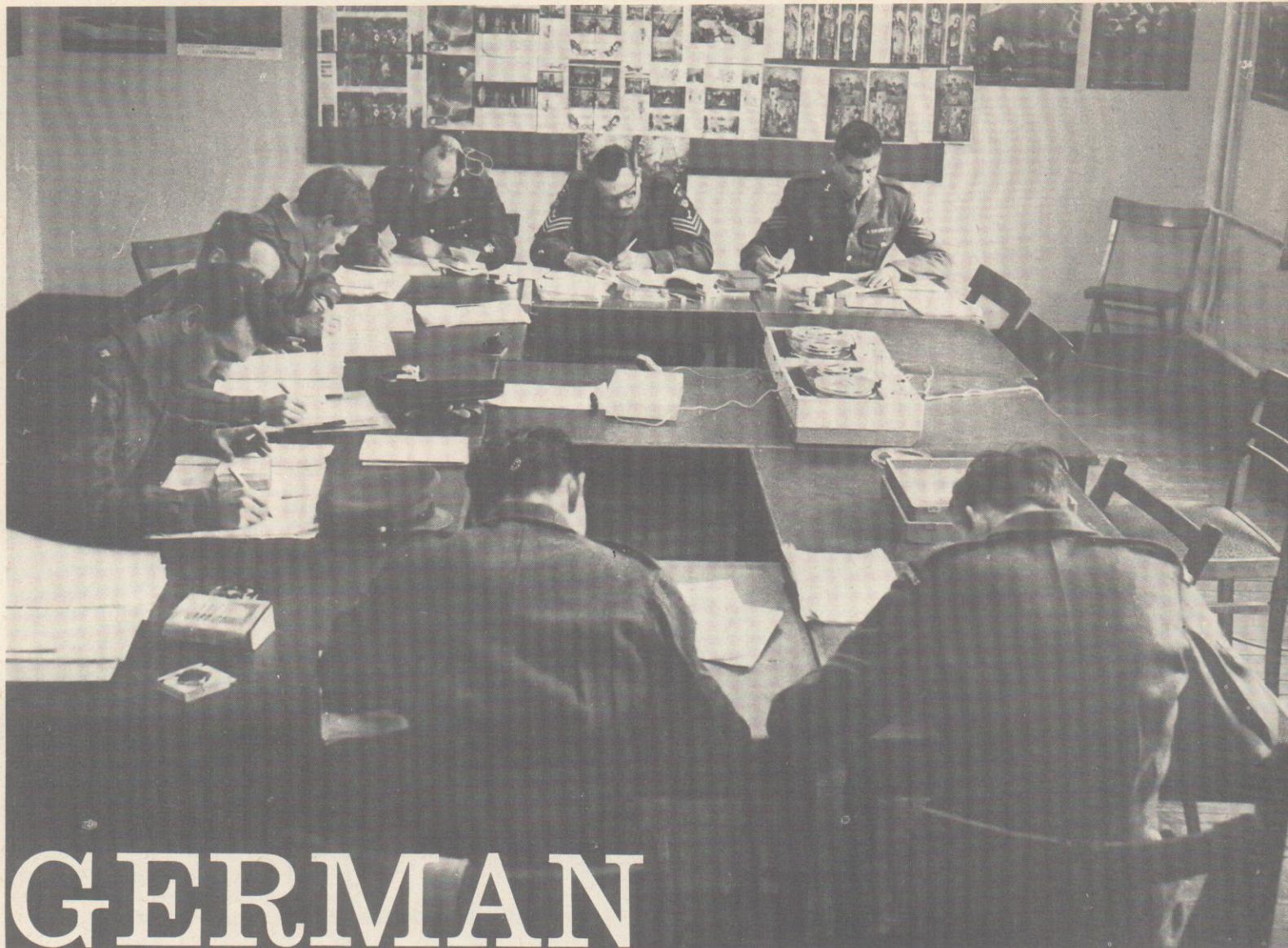
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Under a brilliant new scheme, British soldiers are learning, in just two short weeks, how to chat with Germans... in their own language



GERMAN WITHOUT TEARS

SPRECHEN Sie Deutsch? Hundreds of British soldiers in Germany will soon answer with a confident "Ja, natürlich!" For a brand new method of teaching troops to converse in German in just TWO WEEKS has been devised. And it works.

Using modern audio-lingual techniques, old "la plume de ma tante" ideas have been ruthlessly swept away. Now soldiers are being taught the sort of German they want to know and "May I have the pleasure of this minuet?" is replaced by "Would you like to twist?"

The result of this unique and enlight-

ened tuition is a breakdown in the language problem—for years a major barrier in promoting good relations between British troops and German civilians.

One man has been responsible for the creation of the new method. To Major George Brewer, Royal Army Educational Corps, fell the unenviable task of deciding how to give a good working knowledge of German to as many soldiers as possible in the shortest time.

His instructions were to teach soldiers in Rhine Army sufficient German for them to make contact with the local population. He began tackling the

These men will soon be teaching German in their own units—but now it is their turn to learn.

Story by RUSSELL MILLER
Pictures by ARTHUR BLUNDELL

problem with two basic decisions—to teach oral German orally and to ignore the intricacies of German grammar.

Because of the shortage of qualified teachers, Major Brewer decided to undertake the training of instructors from throughout Germany who could then return to their units and run courses. He allowed five weeks to train instructors and only two weeks for the instructors to teach the soldiers.

The sceptics said he would never do it—ordinary soldiers would never be able to learn enough German in two weeks to make it worth while. Major Brewer set out to prove them wrong.

His first step was to visualise a

GERMAN WITHOUT TEARS continued

number of everyday situations in which soldiers in Germany would be likely to find themselves. He then analysed the words used in these situations and wrote them all down on a huge sheet of paper. The redundant words were crossed off; others were added.

From these situations he formulated 191 sentences. And it is these sentence patterns that make the backbone of the course. The final vocabulary worked out to 637 words—and by changing these words in the sentence patterns, hundreds of different meanings can be conveyed.

"I decided that this was the basis—the absolute minimum—that the soldier would be required to learn. From there he would obviously learn more words naturally and it should in many cases provide the incentive for further study," said Major Brewer.

Two pilot courses were organised to test his ideas before official courses started. Both were successful and with a few minor modifications, it is these pilot courses that are now operating.

The instructors are trained at 3 Higher Education Centre at Hohne, aptly described as Rhine Army's "miniature university." During the first week they learn the course which they will be expected to instruct in their own units.

The remaining four weeks are taken up with extra tuition based around "Bill and Jock in Deutschland." The "Bill and Jock" series was first written in 1943 in six different languages for troops landing on the continent who had to start learning a language from scratch. A great deal of the text was re-written and brought up to date so that when instructors left Hohne they would have a good knowledge of German and be able to answer questions in their units.

Early on in his planning, Major Brewer decided that tape recorders would be essential for the success of the scheme. He had tapes recorded by German officers and their wives with several regional inflections. These are copied and each instructor is given a set to take back to his unit with him.

Tape recorders are extensively used during the five-week course at Hohne. Much of the time is spent perfecting accents and great stress is laid on the correct pronunciation of words.

Students record certain passages and have their pronunciations corrected when it is played back. In addition, Major Brewer has organised a "language laboratory" where students can do extra study and conversation practice with tape recorders in sound-proof cubicles.

To help improve their accents, the officers visit a nearby German officers' mess for lunch and German sergeants are entertained in the British sergeants' mess at Hohne.

The course is so concentrated on oral German teaching that the grammar section of the curriculum covers only one and a half pages. Students on both the instructors' and the unit courses have to SPEAK German—and speak it properly. By slashing time spent on grammar they spend more time gaining confidence in their ability to speak and understand the language.

At Hohne, between 30 and 40 potential instructors are constantly being trained. As more and more finish the course and filter back to their units, more and more soldiers should be learning basic colloquial German.

All students on unit courses are examined by answering 20 simple questions—and they must give full answers, "ja" or "nein" is not enough.

Major Brewer's happiest—if most anxious—moment came when he examined the first soldiers to complete a two-week unit course organised by an instructor trained at Hohne. The soldiers were unable to speak German before the course—they were all new arrivals in Rhine Army.

"I was very pleased with the result," said Major Brewer. "All the soldiers had a good basic knowledge of German—at least enough for them to communicate with the local population."

Unit courses are run during Army time and Major Brewer stresses that the success of the scheme depends to a large extent on the course being concentrated. Evening-only tuition would



COVER PICTURE



THE ceremony of the Assize opening at Chester Castle dates back to the end of the 18th century when a judge was molested and troops then in the Castle were unable to prevent this. Thereafter the officer-in-charge at the Castle handed over command to the senior judge during the Assizes.

The ceremony varied over the years, from a simple one with few people taking part, to turning out the guard. After World War Two, Lieutenant-General Sir Brian Horrocks, then GOC-in-C Western Command, ordered a ceremonial which has changed little since. It was devised by one of his staff officers (now Colonel B Y Hayes-Newington (Retd), officer-in-charge of The Cheshire Regiment Headquarters, in the Castle).

Until the Infantry reorganisation, the ceremony was carried out by The Cheshire Regiment which has retained a link in that the Brigade Major of Chester Garrison, an officer of the Regiment, has been parade commander.

Her Majesty's Judges are received with a fanfare by buglers or trumpeters. A General Salute is given by the

guard, drawn up in the Castle Square, with the band behind it, then the officer commanding the parade reports to the senior judge that he has been ordered by the garrison commander to receive commands for the garrison of the Castle. He presents the parade state of the garrison, which the judge accepts.

The judge then asks after the state of health and well-being of the garrison and is told it is "in good health and in good heart." He then inspects the guard and band before going into court.

SOLDIER's front cover, by Camerman PETER O'BRIEN, shows Mr Justice Veale and Mr Justice Stephenson, the Guard of two officers and 53 men of the 1st Battalion, The York and Lancaster Regiment, and the Battalion Band.

Major D L H Owen, The Cheshire Regiment, commanded the parade, and the Guard Commander was Captain E E Cornutt. The Regimental Colour was carried by Second-Lieutenant P J Combie—the Queen's Colour was not on parade.



Tape recorders are a vital part of the course. Here, Major Brewer (left), the man who was responsible for devising the scheme, supervises while students record their own tapes.

A German civilian teacher helps the students to perfect their accents—she records the voices of the soldiers and corrects their pronunciation when it is played back to them.



be of no use at all—ideally it should be run full-time, every day for a fortnight.

All instructors leaving Hohne are advised to organise a course as soon as they return to their unit to help them assimilate their instruction and knowledge. If there is a long delay then the instructor may forget a great deal of what he has learned.

The Commander-in-Chief has supported the scheme and wrote: "I regard this training to be of great importance in the promotion of good Anglo-German relations." And now units due to be posted to Germany will send a representative in advance to Hohne so that he can run unit courses in German before his regiment actually arrives in Rhine Army.

Part of the secret of the course's

success is that it teaches soldiers the sort of German that they frequently want to learn—it does not only include military situations. After the course a soldier would be able to chat happily with his girl friend, order food and drinks in restaurants, ask directions, get his vehicle fixed at a garage or politely ask a girl to dance.

In preparing the sentence patterns, Major Brewer has kept well in mind the reasons why soldiers would want to learn German. A section of the 191 sentences is interesting little chit-chat while dancing on the "Do you come here often?" lines. Any non-German speaking soldier who has ever danced merrily with a non-English speaking girl will vouch for the fact that this alone is sufficient incentive to volunteer for the course!

SOLDIER to Soldier

FOR so long have Army wives justifiably complained about Army homes—and there are still many that are old and lack modern amenities—that complaints about new homes come as rather a shock.

Modern married quarters have been going up so rapidly in the past few years that their refinements, in contrast with the old galleried terraces and their metal baths hanging outside, have attracted little public notice. Until recently, that is.

Many civilians will have been surprised—and perhaps envious—to learn that some of the Army's latest married quarters rejoice in up-to-date under-floor heating. But as the Guardsmen's wives at Pirbright discovered, central heating can be an expensive comfort. This immediate problem is being met by the easy payment over six months of bills that ran up during the exceptionally severe winter, and the War Office is looking into the relationship between the design and fitting of new quarters and tenants' incomes.

While the Army has rightly come quickly to the temporary rescue of these particular families, it is getting little enough credit for this and for its endeavours to rehouse, not just adequately but on a par with what could be expected in civilian life, all its married soldiers. Families are a tremendous commitment and in the past the Army has not been entirely to blame for housing them in sub-standard conditions.

It is simply a matter of money and only comparatively recently has the Army been enabled to start putting its housing in order—a social improvement long overdue and today vital to recruitment of the men a modern Army needs.

And with such vast capital outlay now at stake the architects have wisely looked right ahead and designed new quarters—and barracks, too—that are as modern as can be. It would be invidious to subsidise the tenants of new quarters when others, housed in much less comfort, would gladly change places. The answer lies neither here nor in lowering standards of new accommodation but in ensuring that pay and allowances, when reviewed next year, take account of increases in gas and electricity charges and all the other rising costs of living.

STOP PRESS

A MAJOR in York has just sent a £5 subscription to SOLDIER which will carry him up to the August, 1970, issue. It's a first-class investment!

Living was rough and the work was tough in the Sappers'...

BRIDGING MARATHON

SUDENLY it thawed. The snow that had lain deep on the Derbyshire hillsides melted. And the flood-waters turned the Trent into a fast-expanding torrent—just as men of 36 Corps Engineer Regiment, Royal Engineers, set out to span it with a light floating bridge. Their Scotland—Thames bridging marathon was intended to be tough. Nature was making it near-impossible.

At full throttle, the Sappers' tugs could barely hold their own in the eight-knot flow. Even the river's gravel bed was moving downstream, taking the pontoon anchors with it. So the pon-

toons, a nightmare to launch and position, had to be anchored from the bank. Then the Sappers found that despite all their efforts the river was widening faster than their bridge was growing!

They put in three extra piers and began fitting the last pier in place—only to see it swept away, the hard-worked tugs chugging madly after it.

This was probably the most hectic operation in one of the most arduous exercises ever undertaken by a Sapper regiment in Britain. The Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Geoffrey Westbrook, had stressed that its main objects were to practise long-distance movement, deployment and communica-

tions, and to gain experience of living and operating in adverse conditions. He could hardly have hoped for more enthusiastic co-operation from the elements.

During the 16-day exercise the troops worked through snow, ice, gales, fog and floods—and slept out in bivouacs. Despite this, only 11 of the 620 men went sick. The 215 vehicles involved—ranging from scout cars to massive Coles cranes—travelled more than 300,000

miles with only two traffic accidents and only one vehicle lost, through a mechanical fault. All the snags, it seemed, were concentrated in the bridging.

The big move north—probably the biggest Army road movement since D-Day—began from four southern centres at 3 am on a cold March morning. The Sappers' heavy bulldozers and bridging cranes were the first to leave Maidstone (home of 20 Squadron) and Chatham (24 Squadron) while 7 Company and 65 Heavy Company, Royal Army Service Corps, brought the mass of bridging equipment from Blackdown and Bicester, the convoys converging on Ripon for the night.

From there, 20 Squadron, with Service Corps support, made another early start on the second 200-odd miles to Loch Ryan, near Stranraer, while 24 Squadron, its planned crossing of the Tweed cancelled by ice on the river, made straight for the Trent to begin that flood-harassed bridging.

At Loch Ryan, work began promptly on the construction of two heavy ferries and there was time for one trial trip across the 2½-mile stretch that day before a gale sprang up to rage through the night, sending waves crashing over the ferries and giving the bivouacs a thorough testing.

Heavy seaweed in the fairly shallow water of the loch slowed down the ferries much more than was expected, and when a thick blanket of fog curtailed the ferrying still further, the remaining equipment was driven round the loch to maintain the schedule.

Driving south, 20 Squadron had to make a two-hour detour via Carlisle and Newcastle because floods had swept away part of the A66 road over the Pennines. After an overnight stay at Ripon, the Squadron moved on to the Trent, now in a slightly less hostile mood, and, benefiting from 24 Squadron's lessons, erected a light floating bridge on the same site while 24 Squadron built two heavy ferries nearby.

The long trip to Essex for operations over the River Crouch meant an early start, and a switched signpost that led a heavy lorry and pontoon trailer up a cul-de-sac was only the first of many snags. There was time for only a couple of hours' sleep before 20 Squadron began building a light assault raft while 24 Squadron tried to establish a heavy ferry. But a tug broke down, the engines for the raft turned out to be still in their preservative, and tide fluctuations on the river added further complications. So the Regiment reluctantly put it all down to experience and went to bed.

A good night's rest and a shorter trip to the Thames, near Marlow, put a different complexion on things and, brushing aside the continued efforts of the bridging gremlins, both squadrons took turns to build and assemble the light floating bridge and heavy ferries.

Colonel Westbrook's final comment: "The Sappers coped well in shocking conditions with some difficult bridging tasks, and had great support from the Service Corps. Many lessons were learned and all aims achieved."



The view from an Army Air Corps Auster as 20 Squadron bridges the Thames near Marlow...

**There's a breathless hush...
As the boot comes down—
Not a thundering crush
That would shake a town,
Nor a steel-shod heel,
On a crisp right wheel,
Clattering and sparkling on a concrete square.
For the leather sole has gone
And there's rubber welded on—
Silence is the order now, so stamp who dare!**

THERE'S A CLAMP ON THE CLUMP!

An unfamiliar silence is descending on the Army's drill squares. The familiar crack of countless studded boots being brought down smartly on concrete parade grounds is on the way out. For the first quantity deliveries of boots with rubber composition soles have been made—and the sound of marching feet is fading fast.

Rarely has a change of equipment provoked so much public emotion. It is almost a year since the Army announced that leather-soled boots were to be replaced—and the indignation lingers still.

Drill sergeants turned purple at the news... Chelsea pensioners shook their heads sadly... and old soldiers throughout the country blanched at the thought. Only the Guards put their foot down firmly and announced that, despite the march of progress, they would continue to wear old-fashioned LOUD boots for duty. It was some small consolation.

But rubber-soled boots had to come. They are cheaper, last longer and are more comfortable. So despite public

opinion the Army stood firm and ordered 417,140 pairs.

The ancestor of today's Army boot was introduced in 1913. Before this, handsewn *Bluchers* (old-fashioned high shoes named after a Prussian field-marshall) were issued. But with the world on the brink of a war these could never be manufactured in sufficient quantities, and the mass-produced Army ankle boot was born.

Perhaps unlike any other item of their equipment, soldiers regard their boots with something approaching affection. The great, black, stiff things that crippled raw recruits soon became supple enough for them to march for miles without discomfort.

At home and abroad, in the greatest wars the world has ever seen, "boots, ankle, general service" stood up to the test. During World War Two, 70 million pairs were made in Britain's blacked-out factories and three million pairs were supplied to the Russian Army.

An old encyclopedia describes a boot as "one of a pair of coverings for the

lower extremities of the body." But it's not quite that simple. The Army has boots, mountaineering; boots, marching, ski; boots, ankle, patrolling; boots, rubber, jungle; boots, cold, wet; boots, motor cyclist; boots, rubber, thigh, and a host of others. Special footwear for special jobs makes the British Army one of the best shod in the world.

An immense amount of research and experiment goes into the production of the Army's footwear and the War Office has now accumulated such a wealth of experience that foreign attachés frequently ask for advice on design, manufacture and supply of Service footwear.

Old soldiers can recall being first issued with a pair of brown boots of untanned leather which had to be blackened, while more recent recruits remember toiling with candles, irons and bone handles to remove the wretched, persistent pimples on a pair of chrome leather boots.

No National Serviceman will forget evenings of melted polish, spit, small circles, aching forefingers and the frus-

trations involved in getting that mirror-like finish that seemed just about the most important thing in their lives. Much of the blame for thinking up that lot can be laid at Beau Brummel's door—when serving in the 10th Hussars he insisted that soles of boots should be polished and discovered that the most brilliant shine was obtained by mixing boot blacking with finest champagne.

The first mass-produced boots of 1913 have remained basically unaltered except for minor modifications like ammunition boots, which were made with reinforced toecaps and studless boots so that drivers' feet would not slip on pedals.

During the Korean campaign a new *mukluk* boot was introduced, made of water repellent canvas with rubber soles for dry, cold weather. In Malaya, the 1st Battalion, The Loyal Regiment, wore out 10,000 pairs of jungle boots. Gurkhas, also fighting terrorists in the Malayan jungle, wore hockey boots in preference to jungle boots when they found that hockey boots left the same imprint as the terrorists' boots.

Rubber-soled boots made their appearance in the Army during World War Two when Commandos used them for night raids—ordinary boots were too noisy. The major difference now is that the composition rubber sole is vulcanised direct on to the upper.

The new boots underwent extensive trials in different climates and terrain all over the world. In England they were tested artificially in hot and cold chambers while, on a boot track, soldiers "marched them" over different surfaces to test their durability.

Soldiers should feel the benefit of the new boots in that they are more comfortable, do not need "breaking in" and the toecap and heel counter are of smooth leather—no more boning.

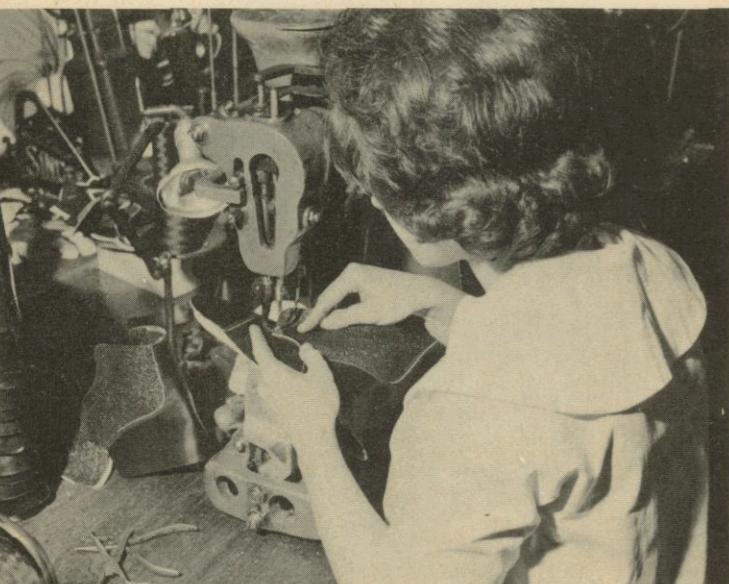
At John White's factory in Northamptonshire, where more than half the new boots are being made, production has reached 6,000 pairs a week. The boots start as a "side" of leather; the upper components are cut out, stitched together and fixed on a last and finally the sole is vulcanised direct to the upper.

During the whole operation only one

job is done by hand—by a man who spends his days with a mouthful of tacks spitting them out and hammering the upper to the last. The inevitable did once happen when one of these men nonchalantly crammed a handful of needle-sharp tacks into his mouth... and gulped! He swallowed the lot, but apparently soon recovered.

A major problem in the development of the new boot was its effect on the health of the feet. Porous leather soles allow ventilation; composition soles do not. The problem was overcome by providing a porous nylon sock in the boot which allows air to circulate around the foot.

So despite the scarlet expletives of purple drill sergeants, "quiet" boots are here to stay. The Duke of Wellington once declared: "The most important item of equipment for a soldier is first, a good, serviceable pair of boots; second, another pair of boots; and third a pair of half soles." Half soles won't be needed now but, loud or quiet, the new boots should fill the bill as the soldier's most important item of equipment.



Above: Boot uppers are machined at a Northampton factory.



Right: This craftsman has about 20 tacks in his mouth all day.



Beauty and the boot? After welding the rubber sole is trimmed by hand.



Off and on-duty footwear. Incredibly, soldiers wear either without discomfort.



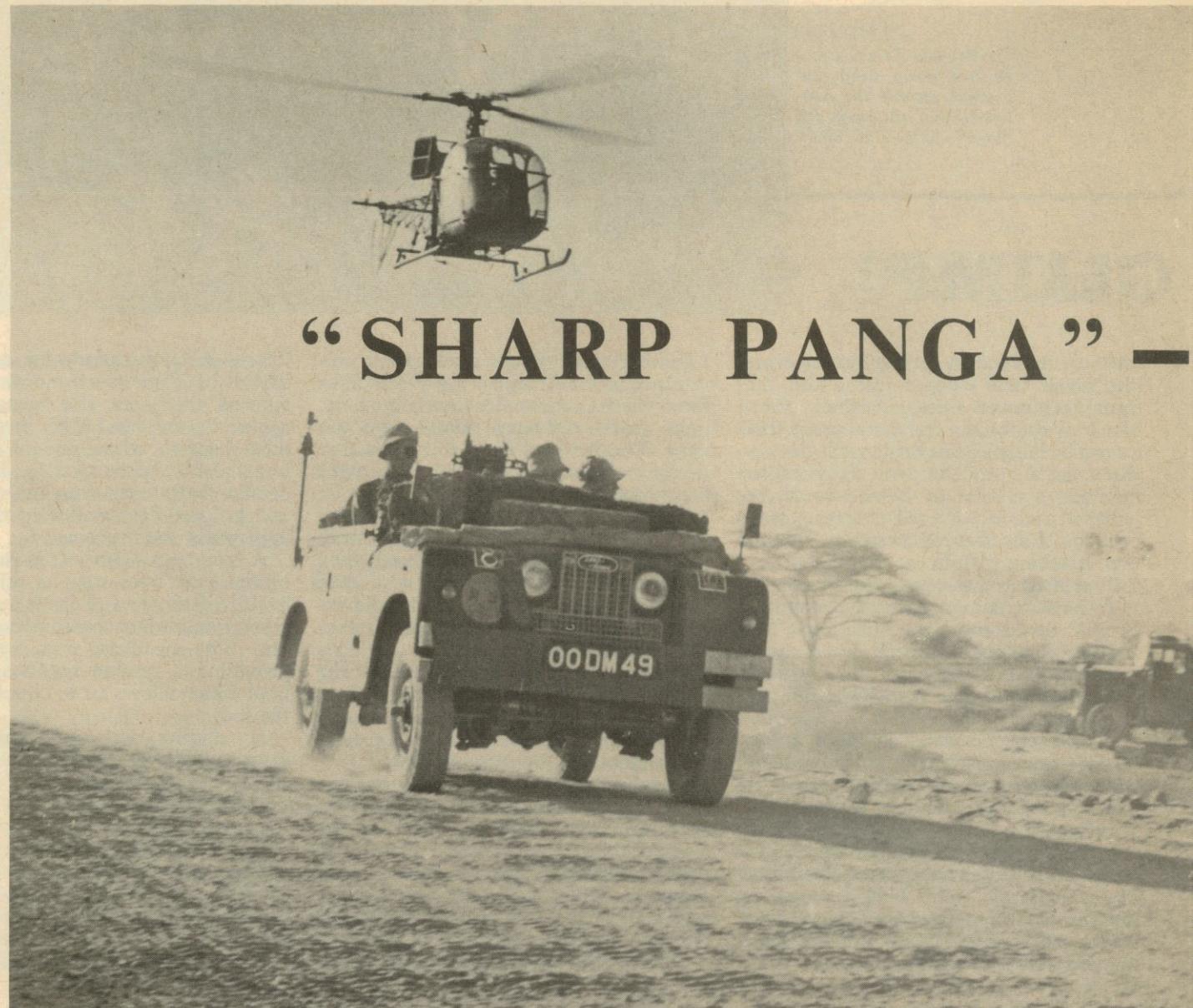
And this is how the new boots should NOT end up. These worn soles would produce some harsh words from an NCO.

THE Scots dreamed up a novel use for boots, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as an instrument for extorting confessions. Made of iron, they were fixed to the victim's feet and legs and a wedge was driven between the boot and the leg. If the luckless victim refused to answer, the wedge was driven in deeper with a mallet. In 1591 this torture was described as "the most severe and cruel paine in the world."



The Brigade of Guards put its foot down firmly in a stand against the new boots—and still wears old "loud" boots on duty.

Tribesmen in the Northern Frontier District forgot their feuds when the Army brought mock war to their doorstep. They took a keen interest in East Africa Command's exercise and even did a little "sabotaging"



A brief lull in the battle, and two Gordon Highlanders taking it easy under the shade of a thorn bush. A herd of buck appears a few hundred yards away. "Isn't it marvellous," says one Highlander. Here we are in the middle of a war and that lot has to butt in." His fellow Scotsman replies: "Och, use your imagination, mon. That's our Cavalry!"

In a cloud of dust from the *murrum* track a *Land-Rover* of 24 Infantry Brigade moves up to the "front." An *Alouette* of 8 Independent Recce Flight, Army Air Corps, is overhead.

Below: Men of the 1st Battalion, The Staffordshire Regiment, stride out along the Nanga track as they advance to meet the "enemy"—the 2nd Battalion of the Scots Guards.



WHEN British forces in Kenya stage an exercise the local native population declares the event an unofficial public holiday—herds of cattle are left to fend for themselves, mud-hut villages are deserted and centuries-old feuds are forgotten as the Africans flock from miles around to watch the white *bwanas* playing at war.

During East Africa Command's latest exercise, in the Northern Frontier District, Samburu and Turkana tribesmen and the more civilised Somalis had a great time, and for seven days the 4200 British and African troops involved in "Sharp Panga" provided the scantily clad natives with top-line "entertainment."

Object of the exercise was to test co-operation in the field between British

Canberras. Unfortunately this had to be cancelled; as soon as targets were erected Samburu warriors would amble across the bush and sit under them to be out of the sun!

Despite the attention of the native populace, the exercise proved a complete success even if at times the war-like effect was rather spoiled when a Turkana headman, with about a dozen of his wives, was found in the middle of the hottest battles offering to let soldiers take pictures of his entourage for the odd *shillingi*—an offer readily accepted, particularly by visiting men of the 9th/12th Royal Lancers and The King's

Own Scottish Borderers from Aden.

As usual in East African exercises, the animals also came into the picture and more than one soldier can expect free drinks in his home "local" when he recalls the night an elephant or lion crossed his path while he was on patrol.

The largest exercise to be staged in Kenya for many years, "Sharp Panga" was a test of endurance and stamina for the 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards; 1st Battalion, The Staffordshire Regiment; 1st Battalion, The Gordon Highlanders; 3rd Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery, and the ancillary units.

But despite a temperature which

OVER...

"SHARP PANGA" — AND SHARPER SAMBURU!

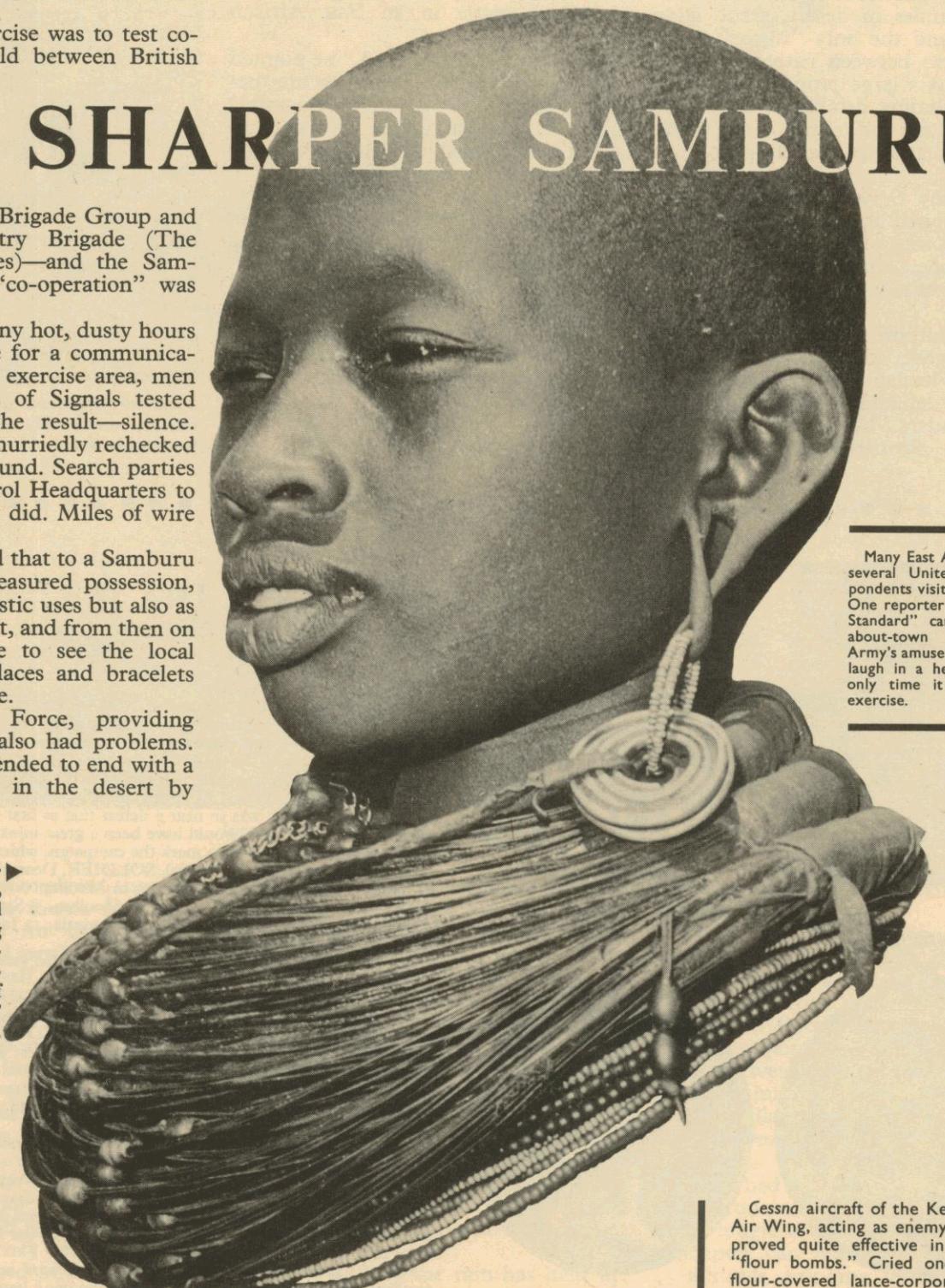
units of 24 Infantry Brigade Group and units of 70 Infantry Brigade (The King's African Rifles)—and the Samburu thought this "co-operation" was a wonderful idea.

After spending many hot, dusty hours laying miles of cable for a communications network in the exercise area, men of the Royal Corps of Signals tested their equipment. The result—silence. The equipment was hurriedly rechecked but no faults were found. Search parties went out from Control Headquarters to find the break. They did. Miles of wire were missing!

It was later learned that to a Samburu warrior, wire is a treasured possession, not only for its domestic uses but also as a feminine adornment, and from then on it was commonplace to see the local belles sporting necklaces and bracelets made from D10 cable.

The Royal Air Force, providing tactical air support, also had problems. The exercise was intended to end with a dummy bomb drop in the desert by

A Samburu beauty, complete with shaved head, pierced and elongated ear-lobes, and wearing the latest in tribal jewellery—a chic headed necklace made from yards of D10 cable "borrowed" from the Royal Signals.



Many East African Pressmen and several United Kingdom correspondents visited the exercise area. One reporter of the "East African Standard" carried a smart man-about-town umbrella, to the Army's amusement. He had the last laugh in a heavy cloudburst, the only time it rained during the exercise.

Cessna aircraft of the Kenya Police Air Wing, acting as enemy bombers, proved quite effective in dropping "flour bombs." Cried one hopeful, flour-covered lance-corporal of the Staffordshires: "Sir, I've been blown to pieces—can I go back to Nairobi?" "Certainly not," replied his resourceful officer. "Take a drink of water and imagine you've been cured by a wonder drug."

soared over 100 degrees Fahrenheit, the Royal Army Medical Corps had few patients. One was a Samburu plainsman, flown from the forward exercise area to a field hospital and operated on for a suppurating leg ulcer. Back in his village he presented the doctor with a tribal knobkerrie.

For the *askari* of The King's African Rifles, the rigours of the exercise were no problem; they were on home ground and able to move at a tremendous pace. At one stage the umpires restricted their progress to allow 24 Infantry Brigade Group to catch up with them.

A major difficulty of Army exercises in Kenya is the distances that have to be covered. The exercise area stretched over 350 square miles of desert, scrub and mountains, and the only "roads" were the dirt tracks between native villages. Consequently, a large proportion of the supplies, including drinking water, had to be flown in and either landed on Sapper-built airstrips or dropped by parachute.

Royal Army Service Corps air despatchers dropped about 3000 gallons of water and 45 tons of equipment. At one dropping zone, armed guards had to cordon the area to ward off an inquisitive lioness.

For the purpose of the exercise, 70 Infantry Brigade, commanded by Brigadier Miles Fitzalan Howard MC, acted as an army defending territorial rights against invaders. Unable to hold the enemy—500 Scots Guardsmen, sup-

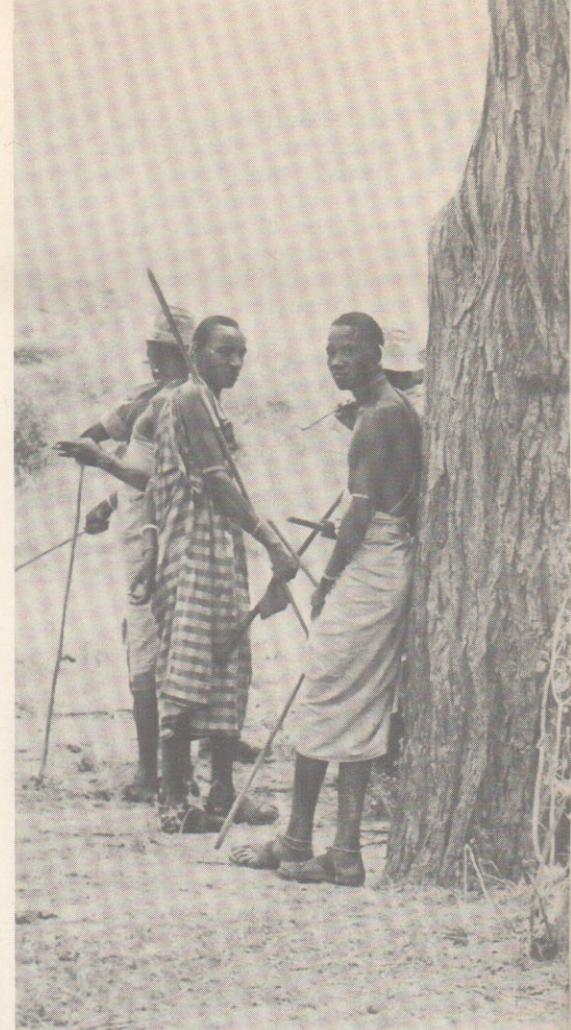
ported by a company of The King's Own Scottish Borderers and a squadron of the Lancers, and commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel George Ramsay, Scots Guards—the "army" called on the United Kingdom for help. As a result, 24 Infantry Brigade Group, commanded by Brigadier David Lloyd Owen DSO, MC, was "flown in"—in reality, of course, from Nairobi, about 150 miles from the exercise area.

After the exercise, Brigadier D W Jackson, Chief of Staff, East Africa Command, told reporters that although "Sharp Panga" did not bring into operation any heavy artillery, armoured cars or tanks, the necessity for these was not felt to be of paramount importance for a real battle in an East African setting.

"It must be remembered," he pointed out, "that anti-tank weapons are becoming so formidable that it is possible to provide a great measure of defence against enemy armour without actually having similar armour oneself."

He concluded: "The exercise was most successful. Everyone learned a lot and all the aims were achieved. Any fears we may have had whether or not the British and African troops would stand up to conditions in this hot, desolate region were completely unfounded—reports on all phases indicate that the men and their equipment faced up to the hazards extremely well."

By Alan J Forshaw, Army Information Officer in Kenya.



Spear-carrying Samburu warriors flocking from miles around found much to interest them in the way sophisticated white *bwanas* conducted a war.



THE ARMY'S MEDALS

BY MAJOR JOHN LAFFIN

17 ... THE PUNJAB MEDAL



Obverse (right) of Punjab Medal and (left) reverse, with Gen Gilbert receiving Sikh surrender. No medals were issued with the three bars.

IN January, 1849, the "Calcutta Review," reporting the fierce battle of Chilianwala during the Punjab Campaign, said the "soldiers redeemed with their blood the errors of the commanders." So serious were some of these errors that the 24th Foot (South Wales Borderers) advanced on the Sikh guns with unloaded muskets and lost more than 20 officers and 500 men, more than half of them killed.

The British victory was so near a defeat that at first it was decided not to issue a bar for the battle. This would have been a great injustice to the troops. A medal and three bars were issued to mark the campaign, which was really a continuation of the Sutlej War (see Sutlej Medal, *SOLDIER*, December, 1962). It was provoked by the murder of the British Resident in Mooltan.

The three actions were the siege of Mooltan, 7 September, 1848-22 January, 1849, and its storming; the battle of Chilianwala, 13 January, 1849, and the battle of Goojerat, 21 February, 1849.

On the medal's obverse is the usual diademed head of Queen Victoria with "Victoria Regina."

The reverse shows Major-General Sir Walter Gilbert receiving the surrender of the Sikhs before a hill set with a palm tree. Around the top is "To the Army of the Punjab" and in the exergue is the date, MDCCCLXIX.

The bars should read downwards, with the latest award near the medal, but many medals are found with bars in the wrong order.

Comparatively large forces were involved and the medals are not rare, although those to the 24th with Chilianwala are sought after and single bars are less common than doubles.

Mooltan: Nearly 3000 bars to Europeans and more than 16,000 to natives. Chilianwala: 4300 bars to Europeans and more than 16,000 to natives. Goojerat: About 6000 to Europeans and nearly 27,000 to natives.

Many medals—possibly 16,000—were issued without bars to British and native regiments which were present on service but took no part in the battles. The only interesting ones are those to 54 crew members of the Indus flotilla. About 100 of these men also received the bar for Mooltan.

No official medals were issued with three bars nor was there one with the combination Mooltan and Chilianwala, although I have seen such a faked medal. The naming is impressed Roman capitals and the ribbon is dark blue with a yellow stripe near each edge.

THE GURKHAS BUILD AN AIRSTRIP



Incongruously straddling the jungle clearing, a Royal Air Force *Belvedere* lowers a motor roller.

THE snakes, scorpions, centipedes and the fierce tropical sun are just an unpleasant hindrance. The real problem is the rain, torrential stuff that brings work to a standstill and turns the ground into a quagmire. But spirits are far from damp in the remote Sarawak jungle clearing that 17 Gurkha Sappers, aided and encouraged by cheerful Kelabit tribesmen, are gradually extending into an airstrip.

For the tribesmen, civilization had dropped out of the skies. Almost overnight the peaceful jungle clearing, five days' river journey from Brunei Town, had been turned into a bustling hive of industry, with bulldozer, tractor and roller levelling the ground as the airstrip thrust deeper into the jungle.

The strip is being built by men of 69 Independent Field Squadron, Gurkha

Engineers, led by Lieutenant Dominic Verschoyle (24) from Woking, with one other Englishman, Sergeant Mike Crook (29) from Southampton. When complete the strip will form a key base for possible operations against rebels moving through the area.

Landing a bulldozer by parachute on a small dropping zone with little room to manoeuvre between the mountains was the first problem. But the pilot of the Royal Air Force *Beverley* managed it perfectly, and the bulldozer was put to work within two hours of the drop. The mechanical roller and tractor were brought in slung beneath a *Belvedere* helicopter.

Since then only the rain has held up progress, though heavy cloud has several times prevented supplies from being flown in and the party has occasionally been without food. When this has happened the helpful Kelabits have

provided wild game, local chickens, rice and vegetables.

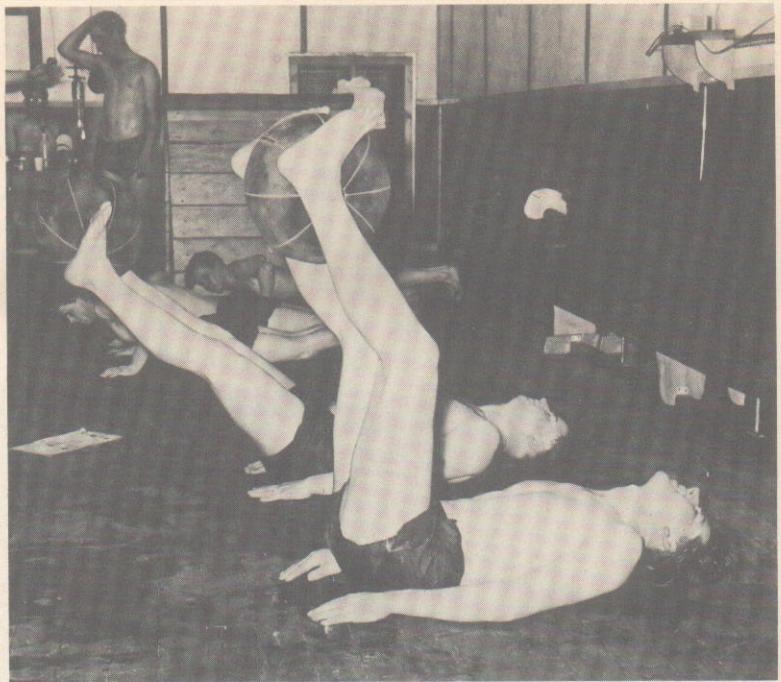
The detachment was soon on friendly terms with the Kelabits who invited the soldiers to a special feast and an evening of native dancing to the music of bamboo flutes. Sergeant Crook was especially popular after repairing two of the natives' precious sewing machines and their hunting guns.

The villagers are already realising what a wonderful difference the strip will make to their lives. Previously, supplies had to be brought up by river from Brunei then carried for eight miles over jungle-clad mountains. Now a helicopter can make the same trip in 45 minutes, bringing fresher and more frequent supplies of provisions, and bringing the community much nearer to life-saving medical attention.

From a report by Bernard Long, Army Information Officer.

All good fun, you might think. But try this in 110 degrees Fahrenheit!

Can the "fly anywhere" Strategic Reserve be artificially inured to tropical heat and humidity? The answer lies in experiments at Aldershot with a "hot box" and . . .



With the sweat rolling off them, these men of 17 Port Regt gladly snatch a breather while temperature is taken.

Right: Now, who's for a little skipping—as a change from the other exercises? And it's all done under gas heaters.



The Young Sweats

BELOW the constant film of sweat the skin burns. The subject feels miserably hot, tired, uncomfortable, may easily get a headache and possibly stomach pains. . . . These are the effects of tropical climes on the unconditioned traveller—effects that are being quickly disposed of at Aldershot in Exercise "Mixed Grill," the biggest acclimatization experiment the Army has ever undertaken.

With Strategic Reserve forces ready to fly into action anywhere in the world at a moment's notice, the Army has begun to look more deeply into acclimatization problems, asking: Is it practicable to have large numbers of troops permanently acclimatized just in case of an urgent move to the tropics? What would it mean in time, money and physical effort? Would it be worth it? What difference does acclimatization make to the fighting efficiency of a unit?

It was already established that a man could be artificially acclimatized in two weeks. The Medical Research Council's Division of Human Physiology had done useful work on the techniques of this. "Mixed Grill" was designed to discover how these techniques can be applied for the benefit of the Army.

To do this, three groups of twenty men—from 7 Company, Royal Army Service Corps, 8 Railway Squadron and 17 Port Regiment, Royal Engineers—have spent three hours a day for a fortnight sweating it out in a specially converted Aldershot barrack room where gas heating lifts the temperature to 110 degrees Fahrenheit and humidity is achieved by pumping air through hot water jets. In this atmosphere the men play games and complete an exercise programme worked out and supervised

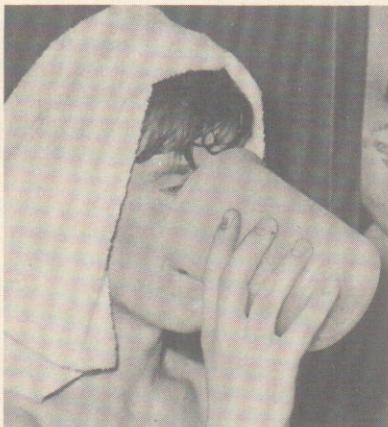
by instructors of the Army School of Physical Training.

Since completing the course, 7 Company has been returning to the "sweatbox" once every three weeks for a three-hour session, 8 Railway Squadron once every two weeks and 17 Port Regiment every week. By taking fitness tests of the three units after two or three months of this, the Army will be able to work out exactly how often this three-hour "refresher" is needed to maintain peak acclimatization.

The answer is expected to be about every two weeks. So, to look cautiously into the future, should the Army decide acclimatization to be desirable, climatic centres could be set up at each Strategic Reserve base. One slightly extended physical training period each fortnight could be done in the "sweatbox," and with perhaps four centres taking 50 men at a time, twice a day, more than 5000 troops could be kept permanently fit for the tropics with very little trouble. If the training session could be reduced to two hours, that figure could easily be doubled.

The important question of how much practical difference acclimatization would make to a fighting force will begin to be answered later this month, when The York and Lancaster Regiment joins the experiment. The Regiment is being split, half taking a very tough physical fitness course of acclimatization, without heat, at Crookham, and the other half simply taking the "sweatbox" treatment at Aldershot. Then both groups will be flown out to Aden to take part in a testing exercise. It is upon how the heat-acclimatized men match up to their super-fit comrades in this scientific "duel in the sun" that the future of heat acclimatization will depend.

Pictures by
PETER O'BRIEN
Story by
PETER J DAVIES



Squash by the gallon

DURING an average three-hour session in the Aldershot "sweatbox," troops lose an average of 7½lb—but it can be much more. The ample frame of Major John O'Brien, who commands 7 Company, Royal Army Service Corps, shed 14 pints of sweat in one three-hour session, but he made up most of the weight by drinking 12 pints of orange squash. The squash is a major item on the budget—2500 gallons will be consumed during the project.

After each three-hour spell the men change and spend half an hour in a normally warm room before going out into the cooler air. It has been proved that the course has no adverse effect on a man's reaction to cold weather, and there have been fewer common colds among the men than would be expected from a similar group under normal conditions.



This a caper or a caber? Whatever you call it, it's heavy—and it makes all of us sweat and sweat. Oh for a long and cool drink!

PRECISELY!

THE testing of the three groups of 20, which takes place immediately after the two-weeks' course and again after the two to three months of periodic spells in the "sweatbox," is a very precise operation, performed in the climatic chamber at the Institute of Aviation Medicine at Farnborough.

At 8am precisely, one man goes into a rest room and sits down. Twenty minutes later his pulse and temperature are taken. At 8.30am he goes into the climatic chamber, is weighed, and begins to step on and off a step, or box, in time with a light flashing 48 times to the minute.

After three minutes he receives a signal to move on to a second step and repeats the process exactly, while a second man has entered the chamber just three minutes after him and begins to step on and off the first box. He had entered the rest chamber at 8.3am and had his pulse and temperature taken at 8.23am.

After each man has worked round ten steps his pulse and temperature are taken again, he is reweighed, given a drink, and starts the cycle again, returning to his seat in the rest room for another half-hour's rest. This continues for four hours, with the whole process tape recorded to prevent any chance of error.

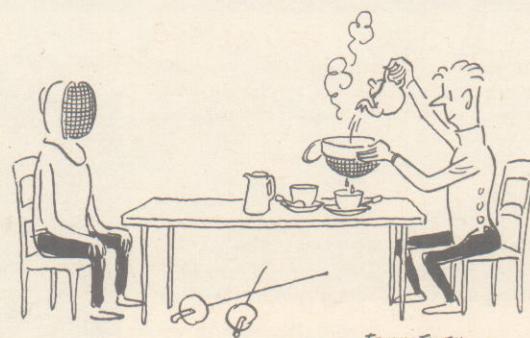
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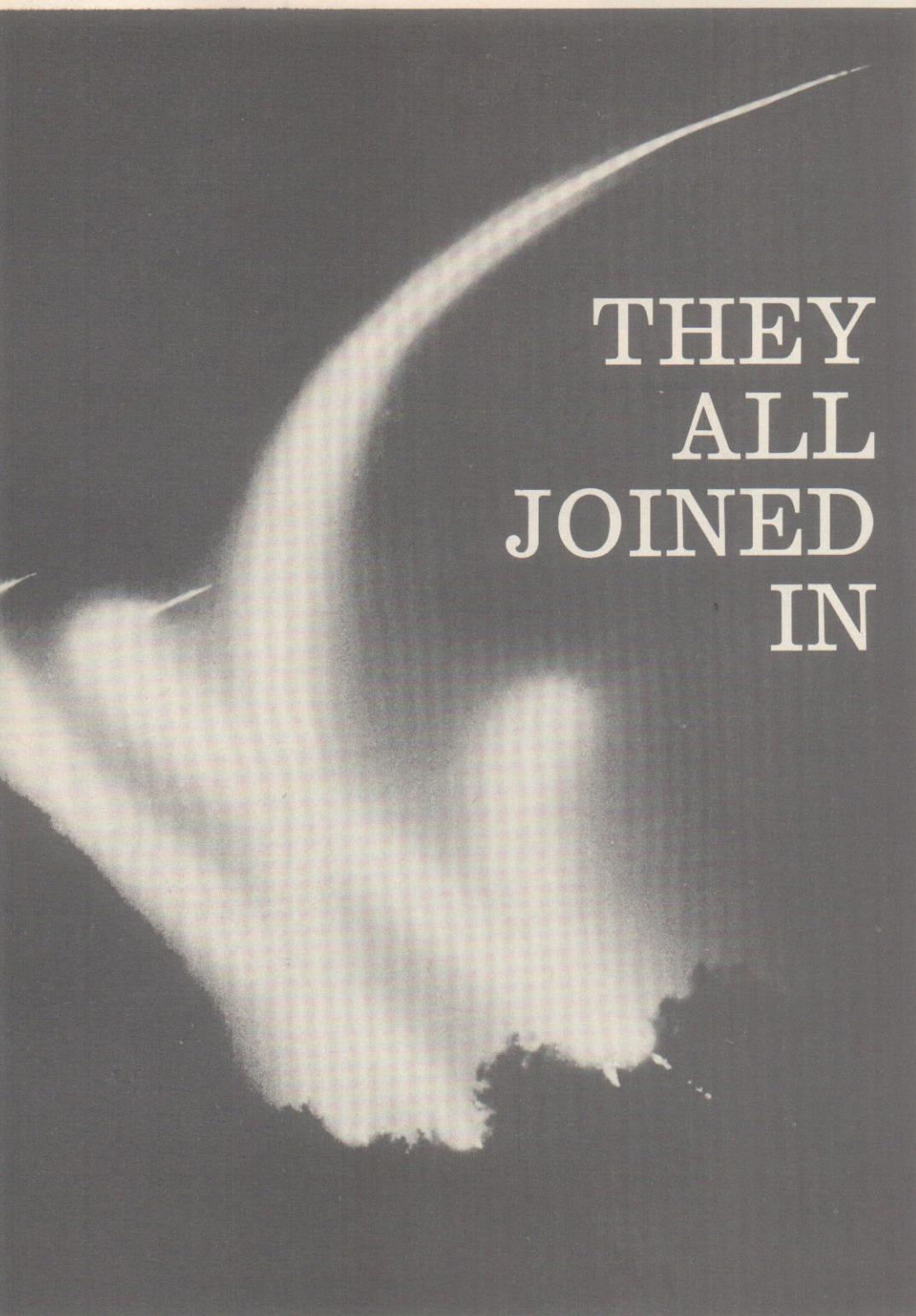
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THEY ALL JOINED IN



Illuminants fired from *Trafalgar* ignite over the Akamas range and, as they fall to the ground, the breeze catches them to make this pattern.

Maj Woodford, watched by (L-R) Maj J A C Uniacke, Royal Marines, Capt Leech, Lieut R D Grist (Glosters) and Capt Pillidge, points the way.

IT began as a small Army exercise for two officers and six men. Before it ended, two destroyers, four *Canberra* jet bombers, eight *Land-Rovers*, a Territorial Army officer from England and a detachment of The Gloucestershire Regiment had played their part—and the destroyers' guns had torn formidable holes in a Cyprus artillery range.

This is what happens when naval gunfire support forward observers go on an exercise! They are the versatile types who move in with or behind the first wave of troops in an assault landing and direct naval gunfire in support of the land forces.

Men of 3rd Troop, 95 Regiment, Royal Artillery, set the snowball rolling. Two four-man teams, under Major A E Woodford and Captain R C Pillidge, flew from Malta to Cyprus, spending a night with The Gloucestershire Regiment at Episkopi.

When they left next morning to set up a base camp near the Akamas artillery range in the north-west corner of the island, their two *Land-Rovers* had grown to eight. The Glosters had joined in to lend a hand.

This was just as well, for a landing zone had to be cleared for the helicopter. With the Royal Navy taking part, the ships had to have an Army liaison officer aboard. So a Territorial officer, Captain G D J Leech, of 881 Battery, Royal Artillery, flew out from Windsor. The helicopter was needed to pick him up from the base camp and winch him down on the deck of a destroyer. The helicopter was also used for range clearance and target spotting.

The Infantrymen had plenty to do while the two observation post parties picked their sites, dug in, established radio contact with the destroyers and brought the first salvos thundering into the range.

For the destroyers, HMS *Trafalgar* and HMS *Aisne*, it was a lively exercise and a final fling for the *Trafalgar*'s crew before she returned home to end her present commission. To add realism to the exercise, both destroyers fired on the move to avoid providing a sitting target for imaginary enemy submarines.

And the *Canberras*? Both ships towed floating targets which were attacked by the Royal Air Force bombers from Akrotiri—useful practice for the aircrews and for the ships' anti-aircraft gunners.

From a report by David Douglas, Army Information Officer, Malta.



Regimental Sergeant-Major HARRY TAYLOR

EIGHTY-NINE pages of bold copperplate are the most treasured possession of Regimental Sergeant-Major Harry Taylor. They record, almost day by day, his work, joys and sorrows in France and Belgium during World War One.

For young Sergeant Taylor of the Royal Engineers knew he was making a small contribution to history during those troubled years—and he was determined that nothing should be forgotten.

Now the black-covered book of memories is produced at The Royal Hospital, Chelsea whenever there is an argument about dates or battles. "Most of us here," says Harry, "can't remember things as well as we used to. My book sometimes settles the argument."

Sergeant-Major Taylor was born in 1882 in Malta, where his father was serving with the Ordnance Store Corps. The Taylors were a military family—Harry's grandfather had served with the artillery before the Crimean War—so it was no surprise to anyone when, as a young man of 20, Harry joined the Royal Engineers.

After five years as platoon corporal with the training battalion, he was posted to a field troop of mounted Sappers. His unit was in Ireland when war broke out and the whole troop sailed by pleasure steamer to join the Expeditionary Force.

"Our discipline was very strict in those days. But I can remember clearly how we laughed when we got to Le Havre and saw a French sentry, wearing baggy red trousers and a blue coat with a very long rifle on his shoulder, marching up and down smoking a cigarette and with a bottle of wine sticking out of his coat pocket!"

From that moment, Harry kept a notebook and pencil in the breast pocket of his tunic. During the next four years, page after page was filled with tiny writing. In the trenches, by the light of a carefully shaded candle, often with artillery deafening his senses, Harry religiously chronicled his private slice of history.

The battles of Mons, Marne and Ypres were all recorded. Crawling across no man's land to cut wire . . . making bombs from jam tins, and trench mortars from old steel tubes . . . fixing rabbit netting over the trenches to stop German bombs falling in . . . a shell that fell alongside him but failed

THE ARMY'S OLD BOYS: 5

to explode . . . these and many more incidents went down in the grubby notebooks.

The record ended early in 1918 with Harry—now Regimental Sergeant-Major—being invalided back to England with shell shock.

In 1923 he finished his service and used his extra spare time to copy the precious notes into one book in immaculate copperplate. Today those notes are an example of selfless, patriotic soldiering. Even during the worst times no complaint was recorded on those pages—only pity for the local population, admiration of his officers and pride in his Corps.

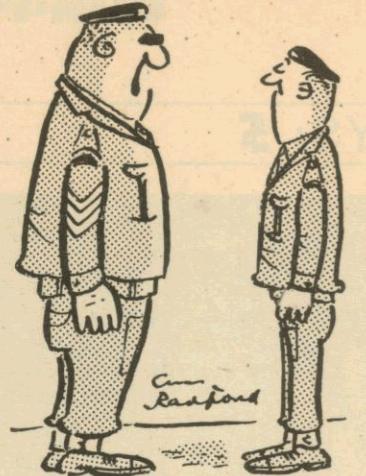
His writing finished, Harry joined the Territorial Army as a staff instructor

for four years and then got a job as a storekeeper with an engineering firm near London. During World War Two he was back in uniform again—this time as a Company Sergeant-Major with The Middlesex Regiment employed on Home Guard duties—and after the war he returned to his store-keeping job until the death of his wife nearly four years ago, when he moved to The Royal Hospital.

"It's a wonderful life here for an old soldier," said Harry, stroking the silver moustache he grew when he first joined the Army. "I used to do a lot of gardening and carpentry, but now that I have reached the mellow stage, as you might say, I am satisfied just to sit down and have a rest."



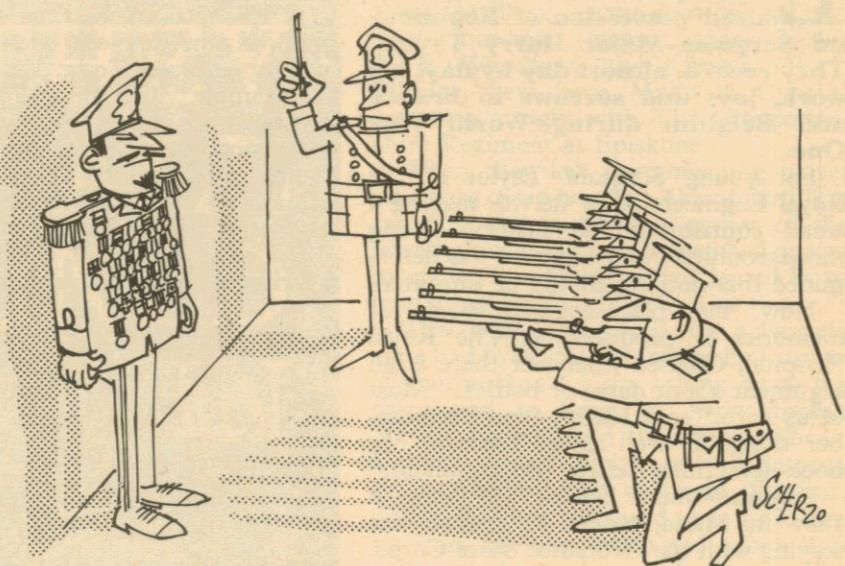
Regimental Sergeant-Major Harry Taylor—his father and grandfather were both in the Army. Now he lives happily with the old soldiers.



"... And wipe that opinion off your face!"

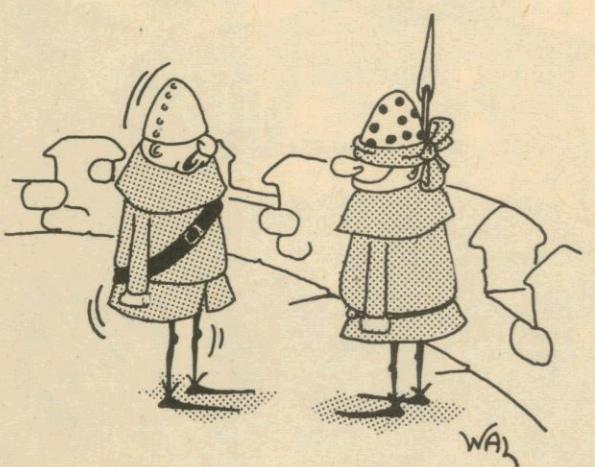


"Request immediate release—wish to stand for Parliament—over."

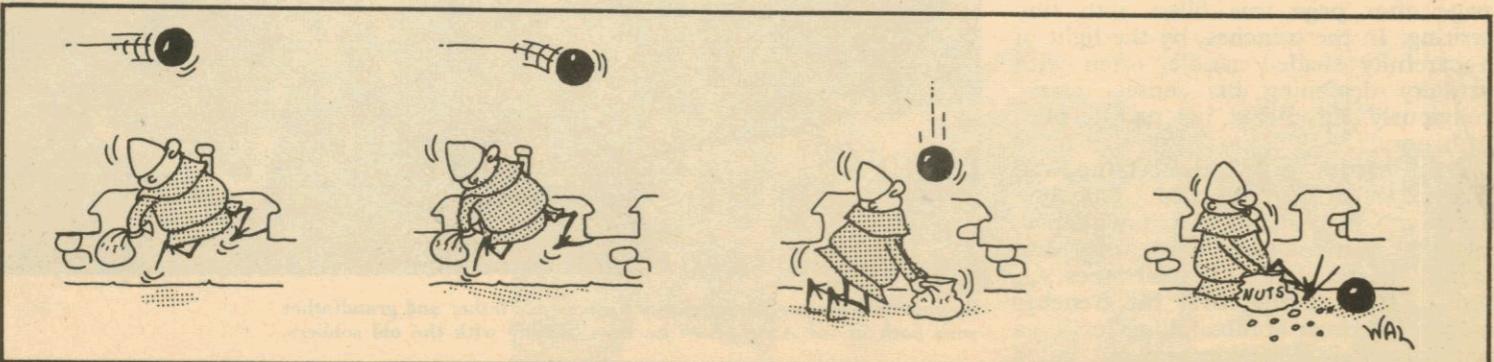


Castle Capers

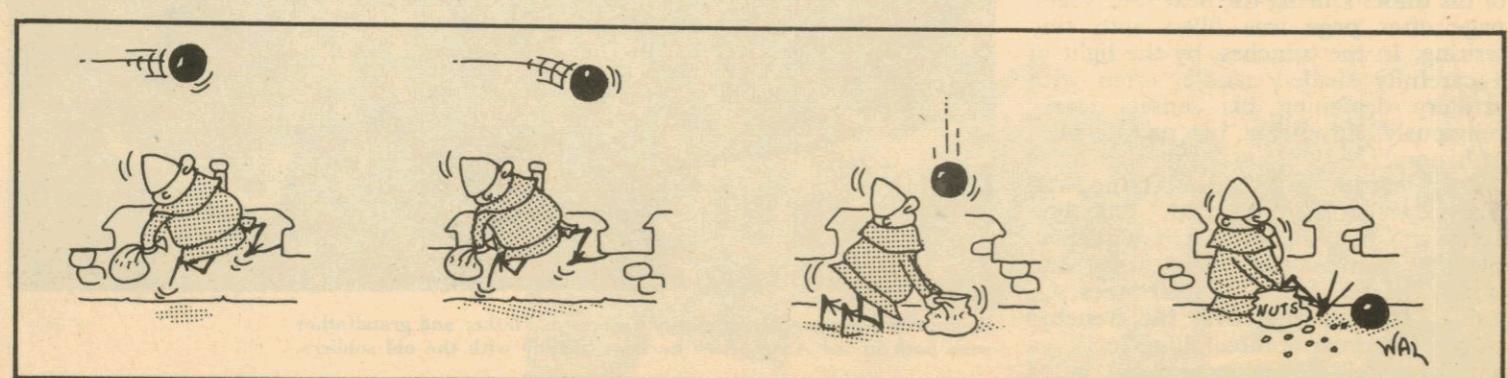
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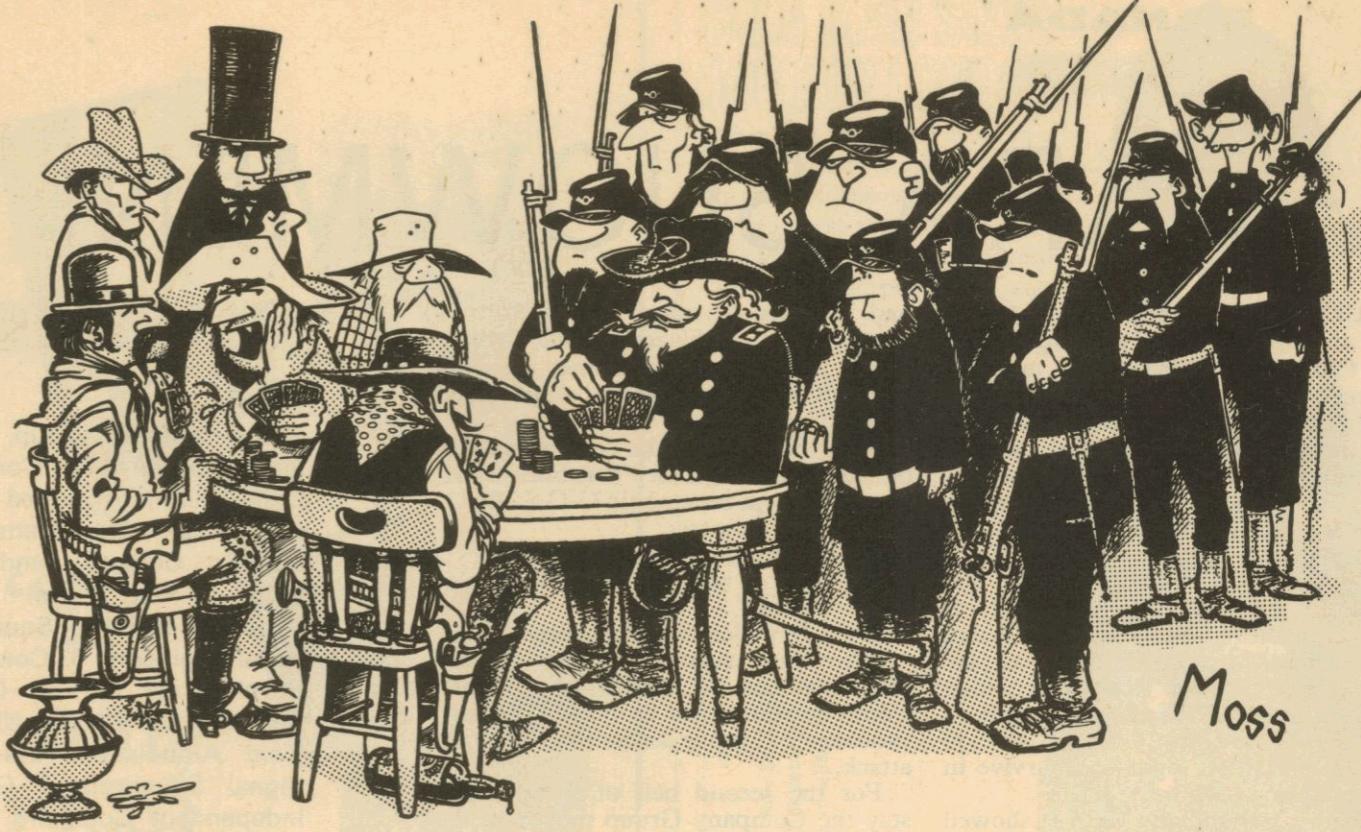
"... So it's Easter—So what?"



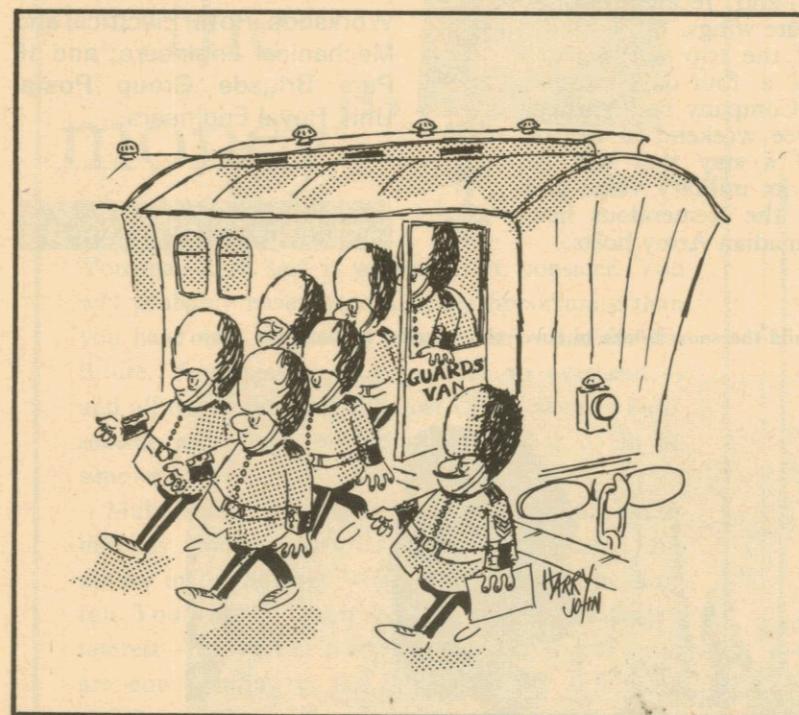
"... Friend or foe?"



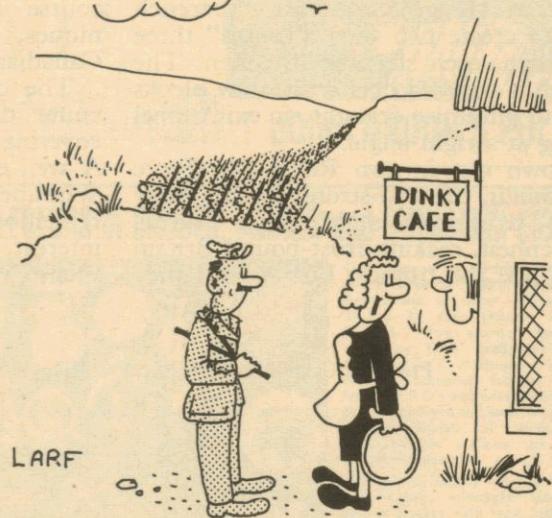
HUMOUR



"Ah hates playin' poker with the general—he's such a damn bad loser."

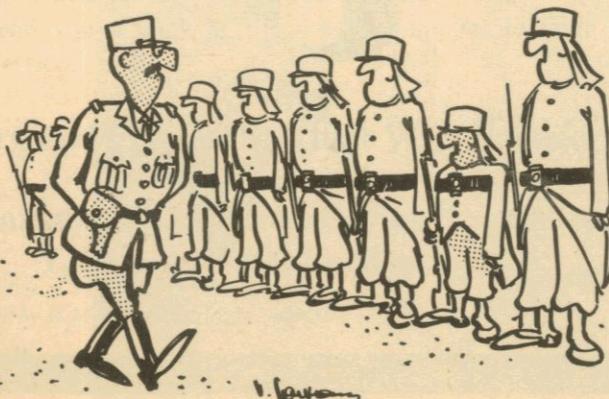


200 Harry John



LARF

"Can we do three hundred and eight dainty teas?"



"Your transport's outside, Sergeant!"

PARA SNOWMEN

SUDDENLY, from the centre of an apparently virgin expanse of Canadian Arctic snow, a head appeared—and vanished. Minutes later, dozens of muffled, Eskimo-like figures were advancing across the snow. Men of 3rd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, were learning the art of Arctic warfare.

They had emerged, literally, from the snow—from caves built ten feet below the surface, caves essential for survival in biting winds that can freeze exposed flesh in seconds. This was part of Exercise "Frozen Jump," in which the Battalion's "D" Company, augmented to a Company Group, flew to Canada to learn to fight and survive in sub-zero temperatures.

Canadians from Fort George showed the paratroopers how to make the snow-holes. They dug trenches ten feet deep and 20 feet long, then cut into the trench wall to create two small "rooms" three feet high, each sleeping five men. The trench is covered over with snow blocks and, to minimise draught, an exit tunnel is dug at a right angle.

Flown out in two Royal Air Force *Britannias*, the 169-strong British party faced temperatures of -45 degrees Fahrenheit, making frost-bound Britain seem like the tropics. But at least they

had clothing to match the weather—Arctic boots (*mukluks*), *parkhas*, wind-proof trousers, fur mittens, sleeping bags, snowshoes and so on, all provided by the Canadians.

First they learned the basic principles of guarding against frostbite—summarised in the mnemonic C-O-L-D:

- C — Cleanliness;
- O — Overheating to be avoided;
- L — Loose clothing for good circulation;
- D — Dry clothing essential.

After basic survival lessons, the accent switched to tactics, the British troops learning how to build defensive positions and move across the snow into attack.

For the second half of the month's stay the Company Group moved to the Canadian Joint Air Training Centre at River, Manitoba, to take a conversion course in Canadian parachute techniques, earning—and receiving—their Canadian parachute wings.

The climax of the trip was a parachute drop into a four-day exercise covering all the Company had learned. A well-earned free weekend in nearby Winnipeg ended a stay that will be remembered for its military value and interest, and for the tremendous hospitality of the Canadian Army hosts.



The Company Group, under Major Neil Fidler, "D" Company Commander, included elements of 3rd Battalion's Support Company and men from 7 Para Royal Horse Artillery; 9 Para Squadron, Royal Engineers; 63 Company, Royal Army Service Corps, Para Brigade Group; 23 Para Field Ambulance; 216 Para Signal Squadron; 1 Guards Independent Company, Para; 16 Para Brigade Group Provost; 16 Para Brigade Group Ordnance Field Park; 16 Para Workshop, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers; and 16 Para Brigade Group Postal Unit, Royal Engineers.

Pte Fred Granville (left) and Pte Mike Pankhurst build the snow bricks to cover their shelter beneath the snow.



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LEFT RIGHT AND CENTRE

THE LAST BALLOON

A HISTORIC shed, built at Aldershot in 1892 for the School of Ballooning, has been demolished to make way for new barracks. But before the bulldozers moved in, a last balloon was launched to mark the demolition of the first permanent home of military aviation.

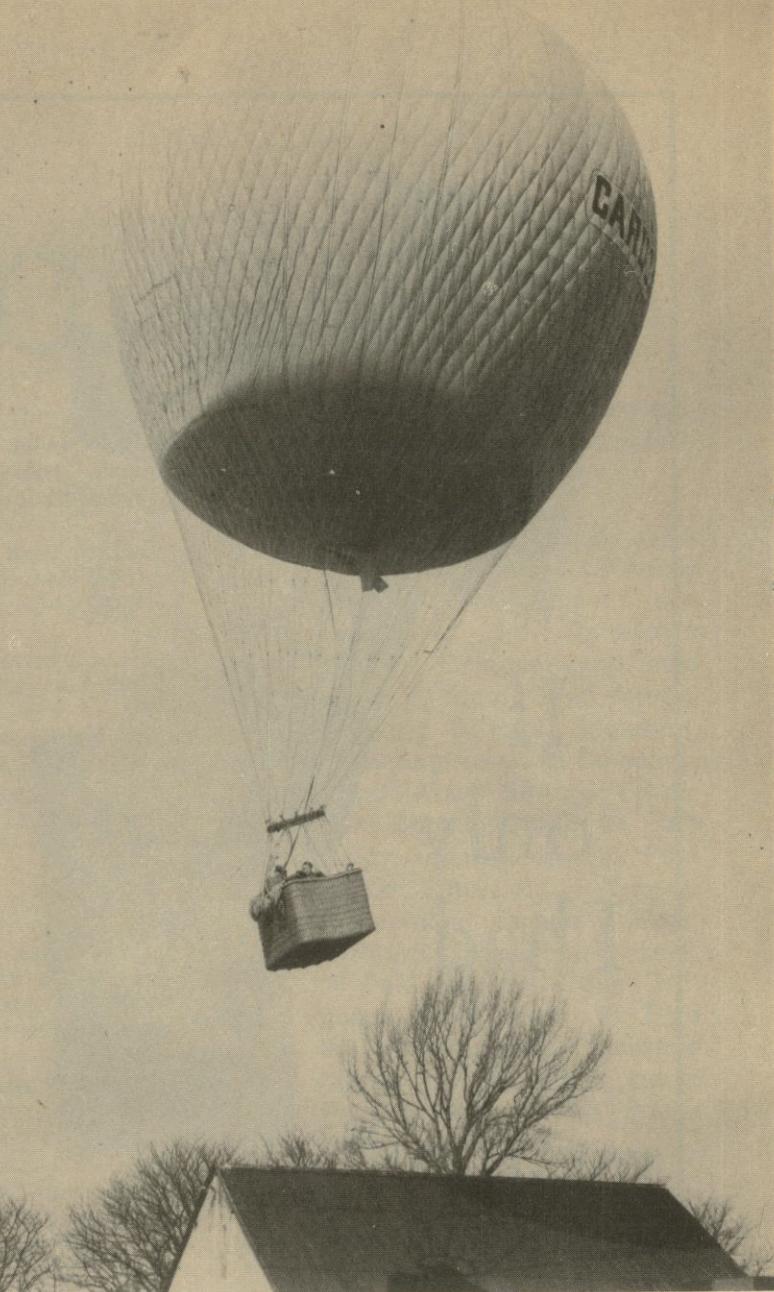
The corrugated iron shed was the headquarters of flying when the Royal Engineers were experimenting with ballooning. Soon after, a Royal Engineers' Air Battalion was formed which eventually became the nucleus of the Royal Air Force.

A Guard of Honour at the ceremony was made up of Sappers, Gunners and airmen and also present was 90-year-old Brigadier F R S Gervers, who was adjutant of the Royal Engineer company which included the first balloon section.

Making the last balloon ascent were Wing-Commander G Turnbull, of the Royal Air Force, Captain J R Hill, Royal Engineers, and an official photographer. It was a boisterous, windy day and the basket collided with the shed and narrowly missed a chimney stack before the balloon was buffeted into the air as the Royal Engineers Band played "Will Ye No Come Back Again."

The balloon did not come back—but got no further than a field five miles away.

Still linked by a handling line, the balloon soars above the old shed.



An old custom is revived in Colchester Garrison for the first time since World War Two as a Commanding Officer—Lieut-Col J H P Curtis MC, of the 2nd Green Jackets—is hauled out of office at Roman Barracks and given a musical farewell by the Regimental Band.



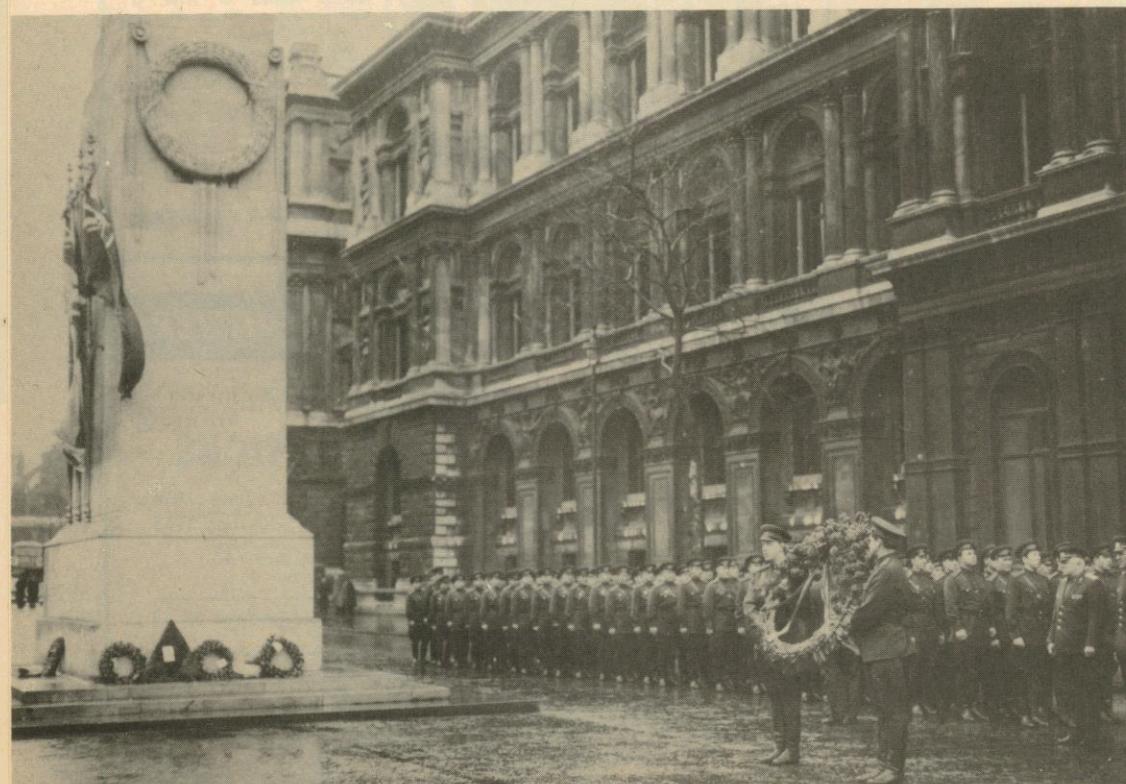
Bandmaster Raymond Pinkley leads the Regimental Band of The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire through the streets of Bonn, the German Federal capital. The Band headed the annual Rosenmontagszug carnival parade and, for the four-hour procession, had rehearsed 11 German marches, carnival and students' songs.



In the shadow of Vesuvius a Sapper runs a one-man post office. He is Staff-Sergeant Ronald Philp, and his job is to serve the 67 British Servicemen and their families stationed in Naples, Italy's third largest city. Staff-Sergeant Philp makes two 12-mile trips a day, with an Italian Army driver, to collect mail for the British contingent of NATO Headquarters, Allied Forces, Southern Europe, at Bagnoli, and handles some 60 bags of mail in a normal week. A married man with four children, he lives in the city with his family. He joined the Royal Engineers in 1944, during his GPO apprenticeship, and has served in Germany and the Mediterranean since the war.



When the Director of the Military Engineering Experimental Establishment, Brigadier H A T Jarrett-Kerr, recently visited Cyprus, the Sappers of 33 Field Squadron were ready for him. On 10-ton lorries and trailers they took their heavy ferry out of store and down to Famagusta harbour, to prove that the ferry is seaworthy and not just a river craft. A crew of 11 men from 3 Troop, under Lieutenant Neil Carlier, put the £60,000 ferry through its paces, taking it out of harbour through the dock traffic and successfully landing vehicles on a nearby beach.



CURTAIN UP! IT'S THE RED ARMY!

The Red Army marches down Whitehall . . . to lay a huge wreath of red carnations on the Cenotaph. It was all part of a brief visit to England by the Red Army Ensemble of singers and dancers.

And for the first time since the Iron Curtain clamped down, Russian and British soldiers met at an official get-together in Britain when part of the ensemble visited The York and Lancaster Regiment at Chester.

Soldiers and families packed into Saigton Camp Theatre listen enthralled as a Russian soldier sings the well known "Oh, No John, No . . .". Accompanied by accordions and balalaikas, another song was a sombre piece called "Do the Russian People Want War?" But the mood lightened when the Russian singers struck up "Tipperary" and 200 soldiers joined in with gusto.



But if the singers brought thunderous applause, the dancers almost brought the house down! The agility and skill of the Cossack dancing brought gasps of astonishment from the audience.

Later the boot was on the other foot and the Russians watched the "Young and Lovelies" give a display of precision marching.



Cold war and Iron Curtain are forgotten as the British audience cheers with wild enthusiasm the Red Army's performance.

Later the visitors were entertained to lunch and over pints of beer the soldiers found they could chat quite well with "patchy" German. The officers' mess still has six bottles of specially-bought vodka—the Russian officers preferred Yugoslav wines.

Later, the Russians moved north to visit The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in Edinburgh. Both were happy, informal and friendly visits that can have done nothing but improve Anglo-Soviet relations.



THE WELCH REGIMENT



Cap badge, worn by TA and ACF, bearing Prince of Wales plume granted in 1831.



The Welsh dragon collar badge of Regulars and (below) the regimental button.



One regimental nickname of The Welch Regiment is "The Ups and Downs"—an allusion to the "69" which reads the same upside down. Another is "The Old Agamemnons," referring to the 69th's adventures under Nelson aboard HMS *Agamemnon*.



Landing from an assault boat on the Havelsee during the 1st Battalion's busy tour in Berlin.

RUGBY has long been the premier game of The Welch Regiment and the Regiment has every claim to being the leading Rugby unit of the British Army, having won the Army Rugby Cup a record ten times. It has also won the all-India Rugby Cup four times and, on its travels, has won the Singapore, Calcutta, Bombay, Cawnpore,

Aldershot and Northern Ireland District cups. The Regiment can also boast a current triple Army champion and record-holder in Lieutenant J E J Lane. He won the 120, 220 and 440 yards hurdles in last year's Army championships, having set up records in the 120 and 220 events the previous year.

"Stick it, the Welch," cried the

dying captain. And in many a tough spot the Welch have lived—and died—by that creed

BATTLE HONOURS WON AT SEA

EVEN the cloud of smoke that hung above The Welch Regiment's fire-ravaged Officers' Mess at Pembroke Dock in 1895 had a silver lining. The building and contents, including the Regimental silver, were completely destroyed, but someone saved the Colours by throwing them through the window—and 24 buckets of silver were salvaged from the wreckage!

That mass of precious metal became a magnificent £3000 centrepiece, honouring a previous occasion when the

Colours were in danger—at Inkerman, in 1854, the last time they were carried in battle. When Ensign John Stirling, who carried them, was shot dead, a Russian seized one end of the Colour pike. But Sergeant-Major Daniel Ford grabbed the other end, won the ensuing tug-of-war and earned the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

Welshmen were in the thick of this epic soldiers' battle, fiercely contesting every inch of ground, inspired by such leaders as Captain Hugh Rowlands whose charge to rescue Colonel Haly of

the 47th won him the Victoria Cross.

His was not the first Victoria Cross earned by the Welch at Inkerman. A few days before, at "Little Inkerman," Sergeant Ambrose Madden gained the award by leading a party of men in an audacious raid, capturing a Russian officer and 14 men.

Inkerman was fought only 23 years after the 41st of Foot became known as The Welch Regiment of Infantry, but the origins of the 41st go back much further, to 1719 and the formation of the oldest new-born regiment in the Army.

With active units needed to fight the French, out-patients of The Royal Hospital, Chelsea, were enrolled to form a "Regiment of Invalids." The old soldiers did sterling service, quelling riots, seeking out smugglers and doing garrison duties for 68 years, becoming the 41st of Foot after 32 years and finally handing on to younger men.

But this was only part of the heritage of today's Welch Regiment. In 1881 the 41st was amalgamated with the 69th of Foot, from South Lincolnshire, whose links with Wales stemmed merely from formation in 1754 as the 2nd Battalion of the 24th of Foot, later The South Wales Borderers.

The 69th had a spectacular early career as Marines, fighting in the capture of Belle Isle from the French in 1761, and serving boldly under Rodney and Hood in the victorious naval Battle of the Saints, earning the thanks of Parliament and being awarded a Naval Crown superscribed "12th April, 1782"—a unique battle honour.

The 69th's Marine service ended dramatically with a detachment aboard Nelson's ship, *Captain*, playing a swash-buckling role in the boarding and capture of the *San Josef* at St Vincent. Private Matthew Stevens smashed a stern window for Nelson to board the Spanish ship and Private John Ashcroft struck the Spanish Colours and hoisted

the British while the deck was still a battleground, the two men helping to earn yet another unique battle honour.

Just 18 years later the 69th fought at Waterloo under the Duke of Wellington, who had served as a lieutenant in the 41st, a regiment which had also won its share of unique battle honours, notably Detroit and Miami, gained while helping to hold Canada for the Empire during the War of 1812.

During World War One the Regiment raised 34 battalions, took a full share in 79 battles and actions, earned three Victoria Crosses and lost nearly 8000 men. By September, 1914, the 2nd Battalion was in the thick of the battle of the Aisne, crossing the river under heavy fire with Captain Mark Haggard making a dash for an enemy machine-gun post and shooting three Germans before falling mortally wounded.

Despite heavy rifle and machine-gun fire, Lance-Corporal William Fuller dashed forward 100 yards and carried Captain Haggard back to cover. The captain's dying words, "Stick it, the Welch," have been recorded in gold beneath the clock at Maindy Barracks, Cardiff, home of the Regiment. Corporal Fuller was awarded the Victoria Cross.

The second battle of Ypres cost the 1st Battalion 28 officers and 795 other ranks, and the 38th Welsh Division lost 1600 men in taking Manetz Wood in the battle of the Somme. And many more costly struggles lay ahead, with numbers depleting but honours mounting through to the breach of the Hindenburg Line and the sweep to victory.

World War Two began disastrously for the 1st Battalion which emerged from invaded Crete with only a handful of men. Six months later, near Benghazi, the Headquarters and two companies were overrun by the Afrika Korps after fighting another rearguard action.

The boot was on the other foot two years later as the Battalion drove north-



Private Gwilym Jones, to give Taffy his official name, is the latest of a long line of 1st Battalion goat mascots which come, traditionally, from the Royal Herd. The Regiment has had a goat mascot "on strength" since the Crimean War, and unofficially for some years before that, perhaps as early as 1823, before the 41st gained their Welch title. Each of the Regiment's three Territorial battalions has its own goat. The 4th's (Llanelli) is called Sospan, the 5th's (Pontypridd) is another Taffy, and the 6th's (Cardiff) is always Gwili. Taffy XI of the 1st Battalion is pictured on parade with the Battalion in Berlin, wearing his nylon uniform presented by British Nylon Spinners at Pontypool in 1960. With him is his Goat-Major, Corporal Llynwerth Vaughan.

wards through Italy. Even then the price of progress was high, the offensive against the German Gothic Line again reducing the Battalion to cadre strength. But after reinforcement the Battalion had the last word in an advance along the line of the Senio River. The 2nd Battalion had a quiet time in India until 1944 but later met fanatical Japanese resistance along the jungle-fringed Toungoo-Mawchi road through Burma. The Regiment's sixth Victoria Cross was won by a Territorial of the 1st/5th Battalion, Major Tasker Watkins (see SOLDIER, May, 1962).

Since the war the Regiment has had its full share of action, notably in Korea where the Welshmen relieved the Gloucesters. After constant patrols through the bitter Korean winter, the Battalion took over the defence of Hill 355, key to the Commonwealth Division's defence. On the many bold patrols, men of the Welch earned three Distinguished Service Orders, three Military Crosses, three Military Medals and many Mentions-in-Dispatches. There were Mentions, too, for the rugged anti-terrorist work of the Welch in Cyprus, where two men were killed and seven seriously wounded.

In October the 1st Battalion returns home after two-and-a-half years in Berlin—one of the longest and busiest periods of service any regiment has carried out there—and will move to Warminster to become demonstration battalion at the School of Infantry.



Lieut J E J Lane, triple Army champion hurdler and record holder, clearing a hurdle ahead of the field.

1 Unfamiliar to most people as a lance-bombardier in the Gunners at Woolwich. Broke Army 880 and mile records, but better known outside the Army. Who is he?



2 With his straight lefts to the jaw and one punch knock-outs during an inter-regimental boxing contest at the Guards Depot, in the early 1930s, a lance-corporal attracted the attention of boxing promoters. Dan Sullivan promptly bought the lance-corporal out of the Army, but unhappily this prospect never attained his potential championship class although he several times fought the British heavyweight champion. Was this ex-Army boxer: (a) Jack Peterson; (b) Peter Kane; (c) Len Harvey; (d) Jack Doyle; or (e) Bruce Woodcock?

*

3 Brigadier Sir John Hunt DSO made mountaineering history by leading the first party of climbers to conquer Mount Everest. It was a few days before what great national event? And in what year?

*

4 Army officers and other ranks who competed in the equestrian and rapid pistol firing events in the 1952 Olympic Games competed for gold, silver and bronze medals at: (a) Melbourne; (b) Rome; (c) London; (d) Helsinki; (e) Amsterdam; or (f) Athens?

KNOW YOUR ARMY SPORT?

HERE, by way of a change, is a quiz on Army sport and sportsmen. All you have to do is send in your answers to the eight questions to reach SOLDIER's London offices by Monday, 24 June.

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.
- 7 A bound volume of SOLDIER, March, 1960, to February, 1962 (Junior Leaders, Army Apprentices and Junior Tradesmen only).

RULES

1 Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to:
The Editor (Comp 60), SOLDIER,
433 Holloway Road, London N7.

2 Competitors may submit more than one entry, but each must be accompanied by the "Competition 60" 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; Junior Leaders, Army Apprentices and Junior Tradesmen for prizes 1 to 7; other readers are eligible for prizes 4, 5 and 6 only.

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

5 In April, 1947, Barton Stacey beat the Irish Guards, by the only goal of the match, to win the Army Football Cup. What was so tragic about the 1948 Army Football Cup final?

*

6 Antony Wilding, a New Zealander serving as a captain in France, was killed at Neuve Chapelle in May, 1915, at the age of 31. His death was a tremendous loss to the world of sport and particularly to the sport in which he was an international champion for four successive years. Was it: (a) Boxing; (b) Lawn tennis; (c) Swimming; (d) Squash rackets; (e) Athletics; or (f) Rowing?

*

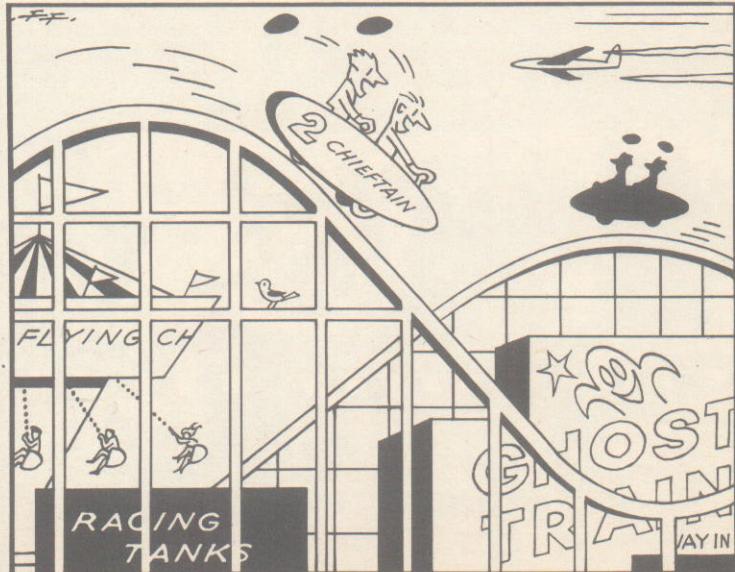
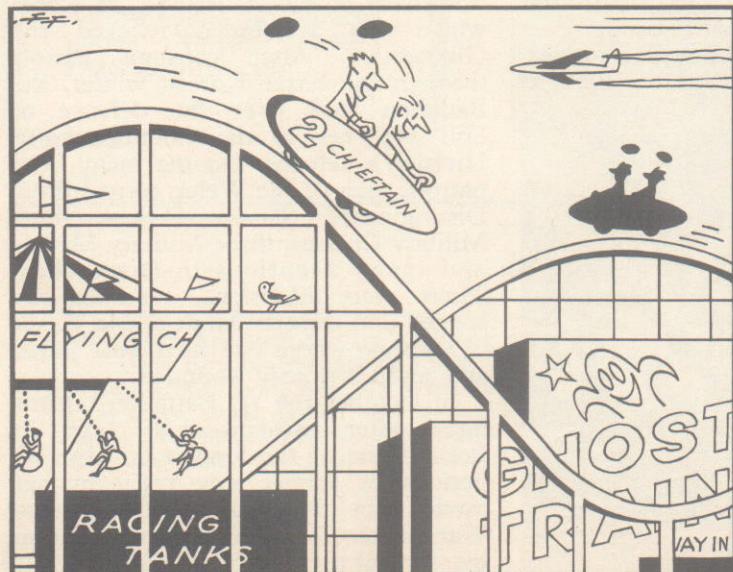
7 Soldiering in India, he won the Army Heavyweight Boxing title and later, in London, became a proud Lonsdale Belt holder. He was knocked out by the mighty French boxer, Georges Carpentier, in December, 1913, but until the 1920s was rated the best boxer of his weight in Great Britain. Was he: (a) Billy Wells; (b) Jim Driscoll; (c) Jimmy Wilde; (d) Sam Langford; or (e) Tommy Burns?



8

These twins, here being weighed, both served in the Army. What is their surname, and their sport?

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.



One of the many famous footballers in the Army—Frank Blunstone.

Brian Hewson set up a mile record that will still take some beating.



George Cooper (left) punishes Joe Erskine with a fierce left cross during an Army bout in 1953.

But this was not surprising, with a choice of such stars as Trooper John Charles, 12th Lancers; the late Duncan Edwards, a lance-corporal in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps; the late Tommy Taylor, a Gunner; Lance-Corporal Bobby Charlton, Ordnance Corps; Albert Quixall, Cliff Jones, Ronnie Clayton, Frank Blunstone, Jim Baxter and many others. With their help the Army played such sides as Everton, Aston Villa, Glasgow Rangers and Dundee, and put Army football in a very comfortable financial state.

Today's all-Regular side, after taking a few hidings as a result of that in-

Albert Quixall is congratulated by Gen Crocker at an Army Cup Final.

SPORT



NATIONAL SERVICE LEAVES ITS MARK

The Army is going to miss its two year champions

NATIONAL Service brought the aristocrats of sport into the rank and file of the Army — men like John Charles, Bobby Charlton, Ted Dexter, Tony Lock, Joe Erskine, Henry Cooper, Brian Hewson, Ken Norris. . . . In football, National Service brought a golden era; in athletics, records tumbled regularly; the Army boxing team could battle with the best. . . . Now the Army has lost its conscripted sporting specialists—and the loss will be felt for some time.

Especially in football. Since the war the Army team had been made up entirely of National Servicemen, most of them professional footballers. There was also a second, largely professional side and a third, all-amateur team. Not a single Regular soldier made even the amateur side during conscription.



One of the Army's team of stars—Ronnie Clayton.



herited fixture list, is starting from scratch with a revised programme, and is slowly finding its feet. But the stars are still sorely missed in matches against other NATO countries still benefiting from conscription.

In athletics the National Serviceman has built a formidable fortress of records that could stand firm for years. Brian Hewson's mile in 4 minutes 5 seconds in 1955 will take some beating by a Regular soldier. Bombardier Hewson, who, with National Service pending, signed for three years, was Army half-mile champion in 1953-54-55, setting up a record 1 minute 52 seconds in 1954, a time equalled only by another National Serviceman, Welsh international Driver Anthony Jones, in the 1960 Inter-Services Championships. In the same year Private Robin Woodland, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, set up the existing 440 record of 48.8 seconds.

During 1953-54, Signalman Ken Norris twice set up new Army three-mile records, but his 14 minutes 7 seconds lasted only four years before Lance-

Corporal R O Williams, also Royal Signals, clocked 14 minutes 4.6 seconds in winning the 1958 Inter-Services event. At the same meeting two years later, Private R Barlow, The Cheshire Regiment, clipped it to 14 minutes 1.4 seconds, a fine effort shattered a year later by Lance-Corporal Dominic Keily whose 13 minutes 47.2 seconds is likely to remain in the record books for some time to come. Private A Paterson, Royal Army Pay Corps, remains the high jump record holder with his 6ft 7½in, cleared in 1947, and the hammer, javelin and pole vault are also held by National Servicemen.

Yet no one has approached the 9.8 seconds for the 100 yards, set up 30 years ago by Second-Lieutenant W H Summers, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, or the 22 seconds for the 220 yards clocked by Second-Lieutenant G L Rampling, Royal Artillery, in 1931. In the hurdles and the steeplechase too, Regulars have held their own as they have in the discus, thanks to one man, Company Sergeant-Major Instructor E A Cleaver, who this year hopes to win the event for the tenth successive time, a fantastic performance!

Boxing is another leading Army sport in which the conscript will leave a gap. The two-year men filled nine out of ten places in the Army team, with such



Kent county cricketer Peter Richardson played for the Army while serving as a lance-corporal.

personalities as Joe Erskine, Henry Cooper and Brian Nancurvis (now Brian Curvis, British welterweight champion). Other leading National Servicemen included light-middleweight Private James Lloyd, 14 Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, who won a bronze medal in the Rome Olympics, and Trooper Johnny Caiger, 15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars, who was unbeaten as an Army boxer.

In Rugby, names like Peter Jackson, Jim Roberts, Haydn Morgan and Doctor Jack Matthews spring to mind. David Marks and John Currie, the great England line-out "twins," served in the Army at about the same time, but neither made the Army team, both developing later at university. The honour of being the only National Serviceman ever to captain the Army side went to Lieutenant Hamish Inglis, Royal Artillery, the Scottish forward, in 1957. Lance-Bombardier Angus Cameron, former Scottish captain; Lance-Corporal D F White, Northamptonshire Regiment, and Captain D W C Smith, former London Scottish player, are among those National Servicemen who gained caps for their country while serving in the Army.

It seems that many of the big names of cricket served their two years in some remote overseas station far from representative cricket, Ted Dexter, Ken Barrington and the Reverend David Sheppard among them. But the Army XI was never without some big cricketing name. In 1948 there was Gunner Tony Lock; in 1949, Signalman Frank "Typhoon" Tyson; 1950 and 1951, Signalman Brian Close (Yorkshire's new captain); 1952, Surrey's Sapper Mike Stewart, Corporal K V Andrew (Northants captain) and Signalman John Mortimore; 1953 and 1954, Lance-Bombardier Peter Sainsbury (Hampshire) and Lance-Corporal D E V Padgett, Royal Signals. . . .

Tennis, hockey, swimming, and especially cycling, are among the many other sports in which the National Serviceman joined and helped to raise standards. Now, this month, as the last conscripts leave the Army, the Regular soldier has the field to himself. As he strives to maintain those standards he will at least have the incentive of competition that will be more even and consequently keener.



Jim Roberts was among many famous names in Rugby who gave the Army side new impetus during their service.



Former London Scottish player Capt D W C Smith won an English Rugby cap during his two years' service.

Six-Star Sportsmen

WINNING the Army Junior Boxing Championships—and SOLDIER Shield—the Infantry Junior Leaders Battalion brought its sporting victories this year to a total of six: Boxing, swimming (second year), athletics (second year), cycling, Judo and cross-country. Battalion teams were runners-up in Rugby, hockey, football, and in the Army Team Swimming Championship.

The Battalion, host at Oswestry for the boxing finals, scored 16 points, two more than the runners-up, Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Engineers. Other placings were: All Arms Junior Leaders Regiment and Army Apprentices School, Chepstow, 7 points; Army Apprentices School, Arborfield, 5; Junior Tradesmen's Regiment, Rhyl, and Junior Guards Company, 4; Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Artillery, and Army Apprentices School, Carlisle, 3; Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Armoured Corps, Junior Leaders Battalion, Royal Army Service Corps, and Junior Leaders Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, 2;



The audience thoroughly enjoyed this hard bout between J/Pte Smith (winner) and J/L/Cpl Gordon.

Junior Tradesmen's Regiment, Troon, and Mercian Brigade Depot, 1.

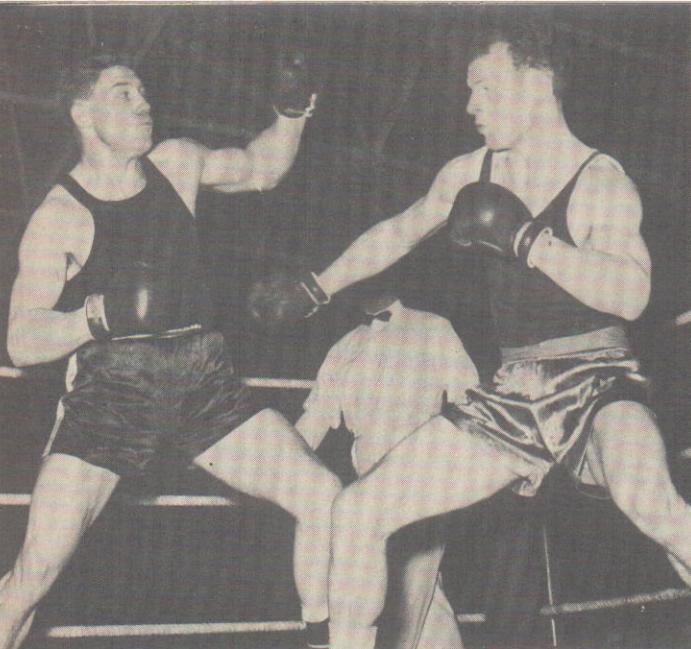
Outstanding in half a dozen close and hard bouts were the victory of the winners' captain, Junior Lance-Corporal Malcolm, over Apprentice Tradesman C O'Brien, both boys fighting to a standstill; Junior Guardsman "Killer" Kelly's eagerly-awaited knock-out of his opponent; and the contest, with no points at stake, between the two Infantry Junior Leaders, Gordon and Smith.

RESULTS

Class "A"—7st: J/Pte N Wardle (Inf) bt A/T T McLaughlin (Carlisle). 7st 7lb: J/Pte J Walker (Inf) lost to J/Spr H Lubeck (RE). 8st: A/T J O'Sullivan (Arborfield) bt J/Pte I Ross (Mercian). 8st 7lb: J/Gm J Warton (All Arms) scr, J/Spr J Wilbourne (RE), wo. 9st: A/T J Clayton (Chepstow) bt J/Spr J Devine (RE). 9st 7lb: A/T J McDonald (Arborfield) bt J/Gnr D Clarbull (RA). 10st: J/Gds J Kelly (Inf) KO'd J/Tpr J Collins (RAC), 3rd round. 10st 7lb: J/L/Cpl E Prince (RAOC) lost to J/Spr G Walker (RE).

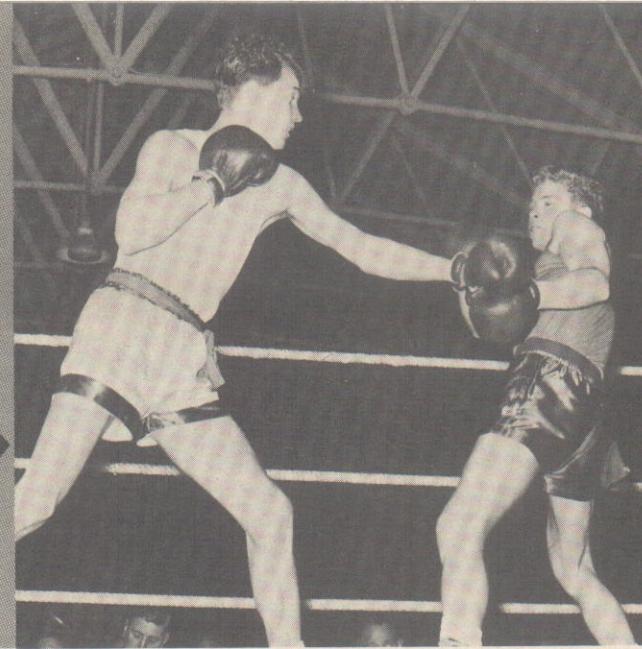
Class "B"—7st 7lb: J/Pte L Finn (Rhyl) lost to J/Spr D Field (RE). 8st: J/Rfn J Doyle (Troon) lost to J/Spr W Liddle (RE). 8st 7lb: J/Pte C Gregory (Rhyl) bt J/Spr E Green (RE). 9st: J/Pte A Cooney (Inf) KO'd J/Gnr A McMahon (All Arms), 1st round. 9st 7lb: J/Pte T Varley (All Arms) lost to A/T T Bebbington (Chepstow). 10st: J/Pte R Liddell (Inf) bt J/Pte B Hall (RA). 10st 7lb: A/T D Dick (Chepstow) bt J/Tpr J Webster (RAC). 11st: J/Pte M Hincliffe (All Arms) bt J/Gnr P Swabey (Rhyl). 11st 7lb: J/Bdr G Swindell (All Arms) lost to J/Sgt R Long (Gds), fight stopped end of 2nd round.

Class "C"—8st: J/Pte T Miller (Inf) disqualified against J/Pte M Thompson (RASC). 8st 7lb: J/L/Cpl J Gordon (Inf) lost to J/Pte R Smith (Inf). 9st: J/L/Cpl D Brown (Inf) KO'd J/Cpl K Ellison (All Arms), 1st round. 9st 7lb: J/Pte R Haylor (All Arms) scr, J/Cpl J Spicer (RE), wo, lost: J/L/Cpl J Malcolm (Inf) bt A/T C O'Brien (Chepstow). 10st 8lb: J/Gnr R Heard (RA) lost to J/L/Cpl F Murray (RAOC). 11st 2lb: J/Gds J Horton (Gds) wo, J/Gnr B Williams (RA), scr. 11st 11lb: A/Cpl A Jones (Arborfield) lost to A/T B Brown (Carlisle).



Pte Ernie Lofthouse (left), last of the fighting NS boxers, beat Gdsm S O'Sullivan in the middle-weight title bout.

L/Cpl Brian Brazier (left) retained his light welterweight title, beating Spr F Hawkins on points.



THE FIGHTING O'SULLIVANS

BROTHERS Brendan, Sean and Jamie O'Sullivan made it a great day for the Irish at the Army Individual Boxing Championships at Aldershot. Brendan won the lightweight title, Sean reached the middleweight final and Jamie reached the light-middleweight semi-final.

Four holders successfully defended their titles: Lance-Corporal Brian Brazier, Lance-

Corporal Tom Menzies, Lance-Corporal Bob Rea and Bombardier Arthur Tomlinson.

For the first time in ten consecutive contests, Lance-Corporal Tom Menzies failed to knock out his opponent in the first round—but he finished him off in the second. Second-Lieutenant John Prior knocked out his opponent with a right hook to the jaw and became the first officer ever to win an Army open title.

Imperial Services lightweight titleholder Lance-Corporal Pat Taylor, plagued by increasing weight, went up two divisions to the welters, was beaten on points but was awarded the "Sparta" Trophy of Denmark as the best losing semi-finalist.

RESULTS
Fly: L/Cpl R Rea (1 Trg Regt, RE) outpointed Pte P Teasdale (14 Bn, RAOC). Bantam: Pte G Morrison (200 Coy, RPC) outpointed Tpr D Noble (15/19 King's Royal Hussars). Feather: Bdr A Tomlinson (2 Regt, RA) outpointed Cpl R Lonsdale (16 Para Wksp, REME). Light: Pte B O'Sullivan (ACC att 21 Coy, RASC) outpointed Tpr M Rosser (15/19 Hussars). Light-welter: L/Cpl B Brazier (Queen's Royal Surrey Regt) outpointed Spr F Hawkins (1 Trg Regt, RE). Welter: L/Cpl A Tibbs (16/5 Queen's Royal Lancers) outpointed Spr R Boomer (1 Trg Regt, RE). Light-middle: Gdsm R McNamara (Guards Depot) outpointed Pte A Fleming (3 Para Bn). Middle: Pte E Lofthouse (16 Base Vehicle Depot, RAOC) outpointed Gdsm S O'Sullivan (1st Bn, Irish Guards). Light-heavy: L/Cpl T Menzies (1st Bn, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders) KO'd Gnr J McMenemy (29 Cdo Regt, RA), 2nd round. Heavy: 2/Lieut J Prior (RE Depot) KO'd Pte R Foster (2nd Bn, Black Watch of Canada), 2nd round.

CAPPED FOR SCOTLAND

TWENTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD Corporal Charles Gough, 3rd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, has become the first Regular soldier to gain an international soccer cap for a quarter of a century.

Glasgow-born Gough was among seven new caps selected to play for Scotland after a trial at Stirling in February. Now stationed at Aldershot, he came back from Bahrain with his

unit just in time for the football season.

It was in 1938 that the last Regulars played in international soccer when Sergeant R R Mudford, Royal Engineers, was chosen for Wales and Lance-Corporal C V Bootland, Seaforth Highlanders, appeared for Scotland.

Corporal Gough, an inside left, plays for Alton Town, the successful Hampshire League club and captained the Army against the Royal Air Force and the Royal Navy in the Inter-Services Championship.

SPORTING BOOKSHELF

WITHOUT going too deeply into technical details, R B Hawkey has produced an interesting book, "New Angles on Squash" (Faber and Faber, 21s), which should have a wide appeal among enthusiasts who have already mastered basic techniques. Although the author admits that his coaching theories are not generally accepted, he stresses that orthodox coaching will often reduce a player of exceptional talent to a mediocre performer.

This may seem strange coming from a player who has represented Great Britain and England and is technical adviser to the Squash Rackets Association. But a man of such experience is entitled to advance personal theories—and they make absorbing reading.

This book, illustrated with some excellent action shots of the world's leading players, is a valuable contribution towards the growth of squash and Mr Hawkey's attitude towards coaching and assisting younger players is commendable. He firmly believes that international players and those of similar standard should "mingle a little more with the common herd," providing encouragement whenever possible.

LEARN how to dribble. Your play will be gay and you will be loved . . ." This is the advice the legendary Garrincha offers young players in "The Brazil Book of Football" (Souvenir Press, 15s). He tells how in his early days he was passed over as too much of an individualist during a period when the authorities were looking for a football "system."

But the system failed. Better results came from allowing players to develop their natural styles without inhibition, and such players as Garrincha, Didi, Pelé and Bellini—all contributors to the book—came into their own.

After three general chapters on Brazil and its football, editor Stratton Smith devotes eight chapters to first-person accounts by eight of Brazil's leading players. Though ghosted in styles that vary from self-centred to self-conscious it is easy reading and there is much to interest followers of world football.



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

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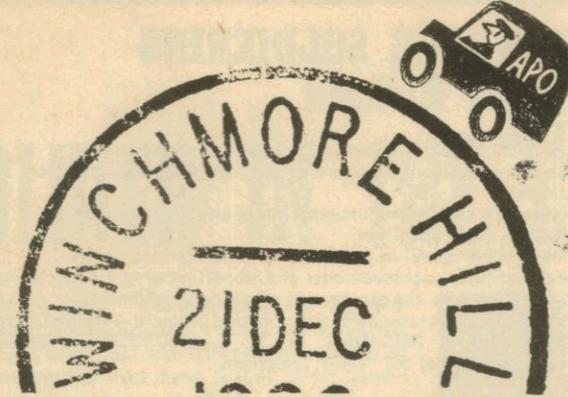
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LETTERS



Lawrence of Arabia

IT is our understanding here that Lawrence of Arabia, in a fit of pique, packed all his medals and decorations in a shoebox and dumped them on the War Office. We do not know why he used a shoebox, but maybe that is not important. What we are interested in now is their whereabouts. Presumably the War Office had no authority to destroy them.

Can SOLDIER say what these items were and where they now rest?—James R Power, Associate Editor, "The Medal Col-

Peter O'Toole in the role of T E Lawrence in the current film.



lector," Orders and Medals Society of America, 4168 Charlene Drive, Los Angeles 43, California, USA.

• The shoebox story is just so much hokum. Lieutenant-Colonel T E Lawrence qualified for the following awards:—CB, DSO, 1914/1915 Star, British War Medal, Victory Medal, Legion d'Honneur (Chevalier) and Croix de Guerre (France), Silver Medal for Military Valour

(Italy), and Order of El Nahda—2nd Class (Arabia).

He received permission from the late King George V at an investigation to decline the CB and the DSO, the insignia of which were returned from Buckingham Palace to the Central Chancery of the Orders of Knighthood. The declining of the British awards is referred to in "The Letters of T E Lawrence" published by Jonathan Cape.

He notified the appropriate branch of the War Office on some date before 31 July, 1924, that he did not wish to receive the insignia of his foreign decorations.

Thus it would appear that Lawrence never received any decoration or award other than in the abstract.

for his must surely be an odd posting. At one time I was one of the "green" youngsters to whom he refers and in response to his tirade would make the following comments.

That newcomers know nothing about the job is, I should think, fairly obvious. It takes a long time to become an expert and no doubt "Disgusted Soldier" was, once upon a time, a pretty "green" recruit.

In my ten years' experience I have yet to encounter the oddities whom your correspondent has met. Doubtless there are, within the Civil Service, a few of the types mentioned, but please let us keep a sense of proportion; they are the exception and not the rule.

As a clerk and not a "ruddy typist" I can refuse to type—in fact I do a fair amount of typing because it is to the advantage of my Department.

To presume that all civilian jobs in the War Department should be the exclusive right of ex-soldiers is an ill-considered and quite stupid remark. I do not wish to belittle or object to ex-soldiers in the Civil Service, and I agree that they have much experience in WD matters, but I cannot agree that they—and only they—know anything at all about the War Department.

I refute the comment that we younger members of the Civil Service treat our job as a joke; this is very far from being the case and should be only too obvious to those who are not as myopic and self-righteous as your correspondent. If "Disgusted Soldier" did not mean his letter to apply to all those who entered the Civil Service direct from school he should have said so.—W J E Williams, Clerical Officer, Youth Liaison Office, Army Apprentices School, Harrogate, Yorks.

• 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.

Civil Service Vacancies

I am one of five ex-Servicemen employed as Civil Servants in a War Office establishment who fully agree with "Disgusted Soldier" (Letters, February). We share his sentiments and send him our best wishes, at the same time reminding him that "old soldiers never die."—1914-18 Vet.

This is the best letter yet. "The impact of 'green' teenagers on an office has to be experienced to be realised"—surely a 16-year-old cannot know as much as a person who may have been working for 15 or 16 years in the same office.

This is the old story of teenagers which has been plucked every generation. The fact that these boys have long hair has no bearing on the job they do, but is a morale booster if they wear a bowler and a pinstripe suit.

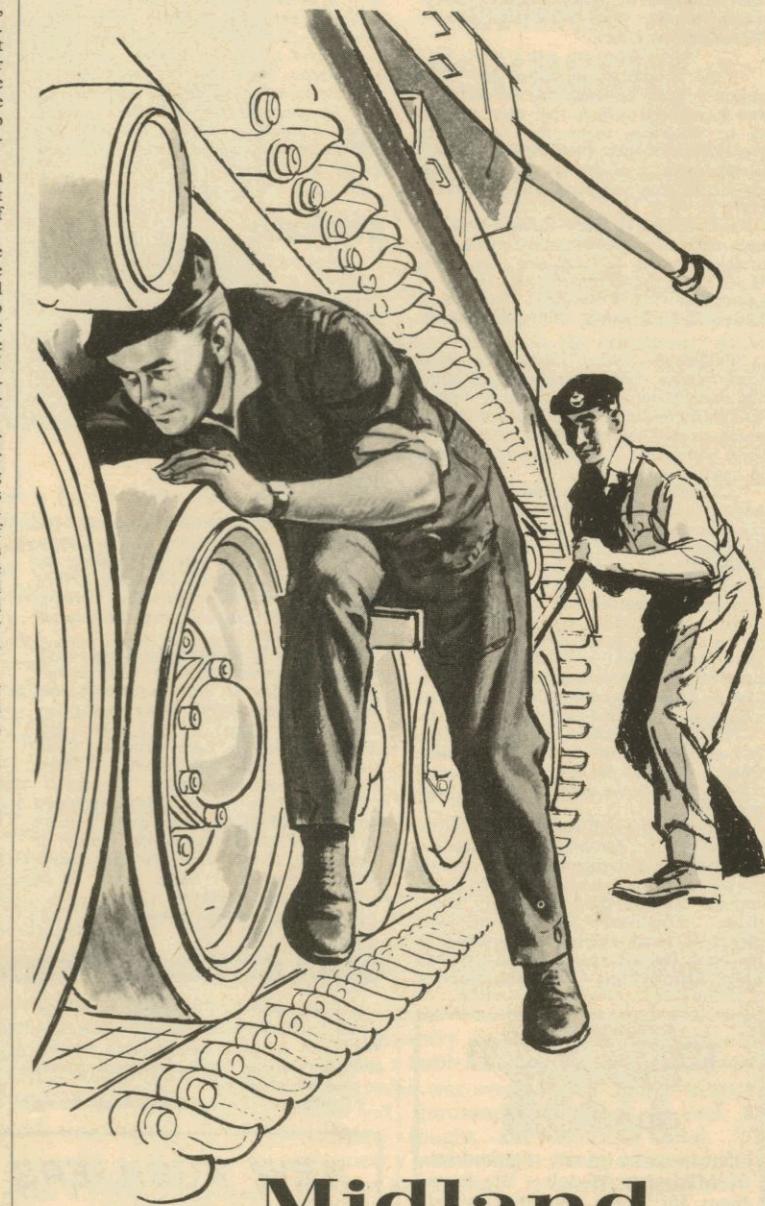
Young people are realising that if they want to get anywhere they must work, and the fact that ex-Servicemen will not take Civil Service exams shows bone idleness on the part of the older generation. I am surprised at such loose thinking.—Boy Entrant K Mellows, C Flight, 1 Squadron, Royal Air Force, Hereford.

"Disgusted Soldier" should fully acquaint himself with the facts before he "lets off steam" over a matter on which he appears to lack knowledge.

The War Department has no control over the appointment of personnel who have passed the Civil Service examination, for all established vacancies are controlled by the Civil Service Commissioners. It is impossible to maintain numbers in any Service establishment purely from ex-Servicemen and no department is permitted to restrict entry solely to ex-regulars. Admittedly a vacancy can be filled temporarily but that vacancy is always liable to be permanently filled by a person who has qualified by passing the entrance examination.

Easy for some

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more letters

It is ridiculous to state "there are first-class clerks with a lifetime's experience being forced on to the dole, or into jobs as messengers and cleaners" for, after all, the "first-class clerk" will know what line he is best suited to follow on return to civilian life and he will, accordingly, make adequate provision by passing the examination to enter the Civil Service as an established clerical officer (subject to completing a probationary period).

If an ex-Regular is willing to take "pot luck" by accepting a temporary appointment in a clerical capacity then he must be prepared to give way to a person who intends to make the Civil Service his or her career and has passed the qualifying examination, without regarding such employment as a "fill-up" until such time as he is old enough to draw a pension.

An ex-tradesman wishing to follow his Army trade in civilian life and gain recognition by a trade union, has to prove his ability by passing a trade test as well as having been certified as spending a certain period "at his tools" while in the Service, so why should acceptance of ex-Servicemen be allowed in clerical civilian appointments for other than ex-Service clerks?—**"Ex-Regular Clerk."**

If the conditions described by "Disgusted Soldier" are anything like correct—and I can well believe that they are just as he describes them—the sooner the recruitment of these undisciplined school-leavers in place of deserving and suitable ex-Service men and women is stopped the better.

One hopes the Army Council will not only take an immediate and serious view of the situation, but will also take action to put a stop to this undesirable practice.—**Lieut-Col G A I Sanders (Rtd), Yew Close, Bristol Road, Wells, Somerset.**

"Disgusted Soldier" seems to think Civil Service clerical assistants are doing old soldiers out of a job. This is untrue. The Army needs a large number of clerical assistants and there is plenty of room for them and retired soldiers to work together in peaceful co-existence.

"Disgusted Soldier" wastes three paragraphs in an ill-informed description of the behaviour of clerical assistants working in military establishments. This would be laughable were it not for the fact that some may believe him. As for nasty Teddy Boy and beatnik types shouting "Get your hair cut" and similar epithets at the soldiers; is the modern soldier so namby-pamby that he would put up with such things? Civil Service clerical assistants have to have an interview before appointment and long-haired beatniks don't get in.

The average clerical assistant is keen and ambitious and, in the establishment where I work, 75 per cent attend technical college either in the evenings or on a part-time basis.

The idea of skilled clerks being thrown on the dole in favour of inefficient unskilled labour is ludicrous. Young clerical assistants are very necessary in the Army and are doing a good job. Don't knock them, "Disgusted Soldier"—there is plenty of room for both of you.—**J M Heward, Barn Cottage, Sand Pit Hall Lane, Mimbridge, Chobham, Surrey.**



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* The War Office states that this correspondence may have misled ex-Regulars about the possibilities of entry into the War Department as civilians. The normal source of recruitment for establishment in the clerical assistants grade in the Civil Service has for a long time been from young people under the age of 20; before World War Two clerical assistants were in fact recruited exclusively from girls under 17. In spite of this, and as a consequence of the war, more than 80 per cent of the established clerical assistants in the War Department are over 40 and only 8 per cent under 20.

However, in areas where there is shortage of school-leaving recruits or in the case of certain posts whose permanence is in doubt, clerical assistant posts are filled by temporaries who are recruited locally from people of all ages, priority being given to suitable applicants who are ex-Regulars from the three Services. Temporary clerical assistants between 40 and 59 years, including ex-Regulars, can become established after a short period of service and success in a limited competition; in fact a good proportion of established male clerical assistants in the War Department are ex-Regulars.

Nevertheless, the clerical officer and executive officer grades are regarded as more suitable for ex-Regulars seeking permanent appointments in the Civil Service, because of their experience, and special competitions are held for their benefit. The War Office is highly satisfied with the standard and keenness of the young people in the Department.

Beefcake

I enjoy reading SOLDIER but, as most members of the Women's Royal Army Corps would agree, why not have pin-up pictures of male stars on the back cover once in a while, just to please your female readers?—**L/Cpl Anne Scotcher, WRAC, HQ Company, RHQ, Depot & Trg Centre, WRAC, Hobbs Barracks, Lingfield, Surrey.**

* Agreed?

REUNIONS

Royal Military Police Association. Reunion Saturday, 25 May, Corps Depot, Inkerman Barracks, Woking, 6.30pm for 7.30pm. Tickets 15s from Secretary, RMPA, RHQ/RMP Inkerman Barracks, Woking. Accommodation in barracks available on written request.

The Royal Dragoons (1st Dragoons). All ranks annual reunion and dinner, Saturday, 4 May, TA Centre, Albany Street Barracks, London NW1. Tickets and information from Major C W J Lewis, Hill House, Beckenham Lane, Bromley, Kent. Memorial service and parade, 11.15am, Sunday, 5 May, Hyde Park.

Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment (TA). Presentation of Colours by Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother at Luton Hoo, 13 July, 1963. Members should contact Adjutant, 1 Bedf Herts, 28 St Andrew Street, Hertford.

Royal Scots Greys Association. Lon-

don Branch reunion dinner, Victory Club, London, Saturday, 4 May. Particulars from Hon Sec, Pat O'Rourke, "Tayside," Elm Grove South, Barnham, Bognor Regis, Sussex.

RAOC Association. Chilwell Branch annual reunion, dinner and dance, Friday, 10 May, Daybrook House Club, Nottingham. Tickets 15s from Hon Sec, H Grantham, COD Chilwell, Beeston, Notts.

The York and Lancaster Regiment. Officers' Dinner Club annual dinner at United Service Club, Pall Mall, London SW1, Friday, 17 May, 7.30pm for 8pm. Those attending should inform RHQ, Endercliffe Hall, Sheffield 10, not later than Monday, 13 May.

South Lancashire Regiment. London Branch all ranks dinner and dance, Saturday, 11 May. Particulars from T Meek, 12 Cortayne Road, Fulham, London SW6.

Military Provost Staff Corps. Reunion

COLLECTORS' CORNER

L G Schumann, "Highfields," 16 Kingsmead, Cuffley, Potters Bar, Middlesex.—Worldwide collection cheese labels for disposal. Decorations, medals, books and pictures on medals etc wanted.

J Gladstone, 92 Mungahhead Road, Bains-

ford, Falkirk, Scotland.—Collects weapons, correspondence and exchanges welcomed.

Flt-Lieut V F Hippman, Royal Air Force, Aberporth, Cardigan.—Books (and bibliographies), plates, cigarette cards of military uniforms, particularly foreign.

NEW FUSILIERS

From the first of this month, after 288 years of fighting history, The Royal Warwickshire Regiment becomes The Royal Warwickshire Fusiliers on dispersal of The Forester Brigade, and joins The Fusilier Brigade. The Regiment will now have its Depot in the County of Warwick once more, at St George's Barracks, Sutton Coldfield.

The Royal Warwickshire Fusiliers will wear The Fusilier Brigade cap badge, but to ensure that the Regimental emblem of the "Antelope" is not lost, all four regiments of The Fusilier Brigade will in future wear Royal Warwickshire buttons.

Each Fusilier regiment wears a distinctive hackle behind its cap badge and that chosen for The Royal Warwickshire Fusiliers is royal blue and orange, the Regimental colours.

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dinner at Berechurch Hall Camp, Colchester, Saturday, 13 July. Further details of Corps week-end etc from Hon Sec, Past & Present Association, MPSC, at Berechurch Hall Camp, Colchester, Essex.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(see Page 28)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1 Position of black "tank" above track. 2 Head of bird. 3 Depth of large pennant. 4 Lower vapour trail of aircraft. 5 Rear wheels of "Chieftain." 6 Width of Ghost Train entrance. 7 Lower left point of star. 8 Cuff of rear man in "Chieftain." 9 "R" in "Train." 10 Position of vertical girder at right of far track.

PRIZE WINNERS

Prize winners in SOLDIER's Competition 57 (February—Rally) were:

1 S/Sgt F G Sumner, 59 Sta Wksp, REME, BFPO 32.

2 WO I G A Gladman, 35 Central Wksp, REME, Old Dalby, Melton Mowbray, Leics.

3 J/Ppr A Bainbridge, Pipe Pl, HBJSW, Fort George, Inverness-shire.

4 BSM P Bowman, SIG Office, All Arms Training Area, Sennybridge, Brecon, Wales.

5 WO II H M Kibble, 1st Regt, RHA, BFPO 33.

6 J/D A Pearce, Drum Pl, HBJSW, Fort George, Inverness-shire.

7 J/Gds N G Price, Gren Gds Pl, Jnr Gds Coy, Pirbright Camp, Woking.

8 J/L/Cpl J A S Seivwright, Drum Pl, HBJSW, Fort George, Inverness-shire.

The correct answers were: 1 Bradfield (map ref 605726). 2 2½ miles (distances between 2½ and 3 miles accepted). 3 Downhill. 4 Two. 5 Thirty miles per hour. 6 In theory the village cannot be seen, in fact it can (both answers accepted). 7 3½ miles (distances between 3½ and 3¾ miles accepted). 8 Six minutes. 9 Electricity power lines. 10 Distances between 8 and 8½ miles accepted.

SOLDIER IN THE CLASSROOM

FROM the "glasshouse," a World War Two soldier who had entered the Army as an illiterate, wrote to his mother for the first time. "Far more men ought to be sent to these detention barracks," said the delighted lady.

In a way, this incident sums up "The Story of Army Education, 1643-1963" (Harrap, 21s), by Colonel A C T White VC. It is a story of endeavour, sometimes misunderstood, which has brought new opportunities and pleasures to uncounted men and has rewarded the British Army with more contented and more efficient soldiers. Colonel White writes it without flamboyance, but with an eye to the illustrative anecdote, and the result is lucid and absorbing.

His starting point is the issue of pocket-books to the Parliamentary troops in 1643. For long, literacy among soldiers, enough at least to make recruits trainable, was a basic aim of Army education. The days of completely unschooled recruits in Britain have now gone, but only 12 years ago schools of preliminary education were calculated to be "saving" the equivalent of a brigade every year, and today the remaining unit caters at a time for 220 "backward" soldiers.

Not only the British soldier has benefited. In India and other countries which have achieved independence since 1945, ex-soldiers who learned, while soldiering under Britain, the three Rs and something of citizenship and civilian vocations, are making an incalculable contribution to their countries' progress.

Citizenship and vocational training date back, in major terms, only to World War One when, following a start in France, the War Office drew up a scheme with the objects of raising morale by providing stimulus and change, giving the men a wide view of their duties as citizens and helping them with their work after the war.

There was a tremendous demand, and it is estimated that at the end of the war 3,000,000 men were influenced by resettlement courses. In retrospect, it is strange that the Army had not earlier done something about resettlement. A great deterrent to recruiting had for long been the fear that there was no place for the ex-soldier in civil life. Yet, apart from some experiments in 1906, the only move was the setting up of a committee in 1914.

From 1920, the story of Army education becomes that of the Army Educational Corps (it became "Royal" after World War Two). It took over the old Corps of Army Schoolmasters and started out with a distinguished list of officers headed by three Victoria Cross holders. Its warrant officers and sergeants included several who had held commissions.

In the 'thirties the Corps trained for cypher work and was dispersed to cypher duties when World War Two broke out. The mistake was soon obvious and before long it was reassembled. Its subsequent activities were vast, ranging from basic education for recruits to advanced education, current affairs for everyone, the provision of books and music and the production of news-sheets.

It interested troops in the Northern Isles in recording the migration of birds, sent teams to give front-line classes and lectures in Burma, and examined a candidate for the Fellowship of the Royal College of Organists in a church near the firing-line in Italy.



In the Middle East a Royal Army Educational Corps team-leader was told reinforcements to an Indian division were so illiterate that some battalions could not form intelligence or signals sections, or run an orderly room—and it largely depended on the team whether the division rejoined Eighth Army or not. It did, and a few weeks after Alamein the team was holding English examinations.

The Corps can be credited with Roman Urdu (the written version of the common military language in India), a Nepali dictionary, "diversionary therapy" (to interest hospital patients) and demonstrating, by the success of its post-war educational broadcasts, that there existed an audience for the BBC Third Programme.

Besides the traditional responsibilities for educating soldiers' children and boys in Army schools, as well as recruits, the Corps today continues with soldiers' further education, plays its part in officers' education, runs correspondence courses, the library and resettlement services, and sponsors the British Army News Unit, which includes the Army News Service and SOLDIER.

R L E

Learning carpentry, under a civilian instructor (left), on a resettlement course in Aldershot.



Edgar O'Ballance

THE
RED
ARMY
OF
CHINA

CHINA RESURGENT

NAPOLEON said: "Let China sleep. When she wakes the world will be sorry." The China of today is wide awake. For possibly the first time in her long history she is under control—and if the West is sorry, so, too, are many on the eastern side of the Iron Curtain.

Mighty Russia herself seems to have the gravest misgivings over the emergence of the Chinese People's Republic. And while many Western observers puzzle over the current rift between Moscow and Peking, it is well to note that Red China became what she is without the help of Russia.

The history of Red China, almost to the present day, is the history of her army. It is a story worth the telling, as Major Edgar O'Ballance shows in "The Red Army of China" (Faber and Faber, 30s). Notwithstanding the need for firm concentration—like every other author on oriental affairs since Marco Polo, Major O'Ballance is not quite happy in the maze of similar Chinese names—here is an eye-opening volume which should be read by every Western soldier to learn the Chinese background and ways.

To achieve success the Red Chinese had to have something like the fervour of a Crusader. They had Communism, and there can be little doubt that to the average peasant this was far more acceptable than the corruption which flourished under the leadership of Chiang Kai-shek.

Although Chiang took his place alongside Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin during World War Two, he never controlled a united China. The civil war which had raged in his country for 20 years had apparently become a habit. And it was the most breathtaking civil war ever fought. Scores of armies marched thousands of miles to and fro, millions fought and millions died. The frequency with which whole armies changed sides is astonishing. It could happen only in China.

Throughout the story runs a thread—the climb to power of Mao Tse-tung. Mao disciplined the Red hordes and forged them into China's mightiest army since the days of Genghis Khan. He ordered his men not to flirt with women, not to ill-treat prisoners, to be polite, to return anything borrowed, to be fair-dealing and to pay for damage. Little wonder that they gained the sympathy of the Chinese people when Chiang Kai-shek's men more often than not behaved like swaggering brigands.

OVER...

PAGE 35

The Second Holocaust

When the Japanese invaded, Chiang withdrew and waited for the day when he could deal the Reds a knock-out blow. But the plan misfired. The Reds seized huge quantities of Japanese equipment and by the end of 1949 swept Chiang into the sea. Only then did Moscow offer help. Like no other Communist state today, China owes Russia nothing. Perhaps that is why Mao defies the Kremlin so vehemently.

The Chinese civil war is not over, however. Formosa and the offshore islands are still "free"—and the Reds have 4,000,000 men under arms. How many would welcome a chance to change sides once more?

J C W

WORLD War Two was fought by more men and over a wider territory than any other war. To attempt a concise account of this struggle with all its ramifications and problems is a mammoth task. Mr Louis Snyder tackles it in his 590-page book, "The War" (Robert Hale, 30s), and despite a welter of detail and quotation he is never dull. He presents fact dramatically and succinctly without losing his sense of proportion.

"Four men in four hours signed away the peace of Europe," is his judgement of the Munich fiasco. Czechoslovakia, he continues, "was sold down the river by the powers that created her and had been expected to protect her." But he fails to suggest what Europe should have done to avoid war. The drift to

war, he writes, had the relentless momentum of a Greek tragedy. To block by diplomacy Hitler's path of conquest was impossible because Russia would not co-operate. Munich had proved to Hitler's satisfaction that Britain and France would not fight. Is the author condemning Russia or Neville Chamberlain? We are not told.

Military minutiae do not blind Louis Snyder. He paints a vivid picture of campaigns with an economic brush. The incredibly heroic, but easily forgotten, stand by the "lion-hearted Finns" in 1940 is pointed in the comment: "Many a Russian was knifed in the Arctic dark." Nor does he leave to cold fact and the imagination conditions on the Russian front. Germany was defeated by snow and ice and by the tough, aggressive Russian soldier.

"British Intelligence was caught flat-footed" by the speed and extent of the Nazi attack on Norway, he says. No reasons are given for the short-comings of British Intelligence. Was it British inefficiency or German genius?

The Norway campaign, argues Mr Snyder, was disastrous because it was mismanaged. The small Territorial force landed near Trondheim to thwart German invasion was thrust "into the snow and mud . . . without a single anti-aircraft gun or a single piece of artillery."

Trondheim was well beyond British fighter range and the Luftwaffe controlled the air. The Norway attack showed how badly the Allies had misjudged the war. The British Navy evacuating the Territorials was seriously mauled but two years later the lesson that naval superiority was useless without air support had still not been learned when the *Repulse* and *Prince of Wales* were sunk off Malaya for want of it.

Mr Snyder presents detailed fact palatably. He rarely makes judgements and, when he does, too rarely supports them by argument. But he gives us a very readable and concise text book, well written and containing plenty of appropriate maps. The volume of his material is too great for him to do more in under 600 pages.

M G

IN BRIEF

THOSE who served in 53rd (Welsh) Division during World War Two will be interested in a "bargain offer" of copies of the Division's war history, written by Brigadier C N Barclay DSO. It is well illustrated by pictures and maps, has a comprehensive index and appendices give the order of battle, commanders and senior staff officers, and a selection of messages and orders of the day.

Present or ex-members of the 53rd Division can now buy copies of this history at 10s each from Lieutenant-Colonel R A Bevan, AA and QMG, HQ 53rd (Welsh) Division (TA)/Wales District, The Barracks, Brecon.



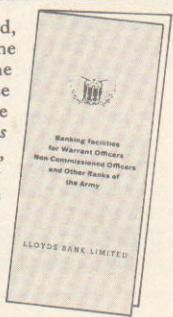
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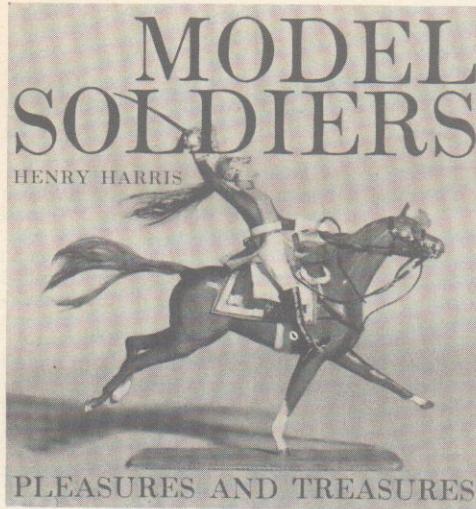


TABLE TOP TROOPS

FROM the mammoth task of writing a history of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, Major Henry Harris has turned to his private love, model soldiers, and produced a magnificently illustrated work—a "must" for everyone of his fellow enthusiasts.

"Model Soldiers" (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 27s 6d) is Major Harris' first book on a hobby which has interested him since the "toy" soldiers of childhood and on which he has long been a recognised expert.

He traces the history of model soldiers, their makers and collectors, and describes the world's major collections. Another comprehensive chapter deals with collecting today, including ways of building up a collection, societies, the "War Game" cult and conversion of the modern plastic figures. Finally, he gives advice to newer enthusiasts on such matters as conversions, casting and painting of their models.

Many of the illustrations are of Major Harris' own models—he has permanent displays in the Royal Academy, Sandhurst, and in Curragh Camp Military Museum, Ireland—and he has deliberately drawn attention to the British Army's displays in regimental museums and to its practical use of model soldiers for training purposes.

FR

IN his novel, "The Bridge" (Cresset Press, 16s), Manfred Gregor brings grim reality into the lives of seven youngsters, barely left school and swept into the German Army. World War Two is nearly at an end but there is a bridge to defend against advancing Americans. The purposeless day-long battle leaves only one survivor.

LIKE Gregor, Richard Matheson takes teenage soldiers and their reactions to grim battle as the subject of his novel, "The Beardless Warriors" (Heinemann, 16s). These are young Americans in a rifle squad assaulting a small German town in 1944, and in days, under a veteran sergeant, they make or break.

YOUNGEST OF THE BRAVE

"RAVEST of the brave, most generous of the generous, never had country more faithful friends than you"—this apt quotation comes from the "History of the 7th Duke of Edinburgh's Own Gurkha Rifles" compiled by Colonel J N Mackay DSO (Blackwood, 74s).

No body of fighting men has a higher reputation than the Brigade of Gurkhas and, although this is the history of the youngest of those regiments, it shows how the 7th Gurkhas have built up a tradition the equal of any.

The Regiment gained its full share of battle honours in World War One in such famous actions as Kut al Amara, Megiddo and Baghdad, but in World War Two it came to even greater glory at Tobruk and Cassino, Imphal, Bishenpur and Meiktila. Here is no dry catalogue of historical events, cold and impersonal. In telling the story of this fine Regiment, Colonel Mackay holds

attention with a wealth of descriptive detail and fascinating anecdote combined with many stories of fantastic courage far "beyond the call of duty."

Outstanding among the latter is that of a PIAT gunner, Rifleman Ganju Lama VC, MM, who, "though wounded three times in the arms and legs, his left wrist being broken, courageously struggled forward and with the utmost coolness destroyed first one and then a second tank, killing the crews. Not content with this he returned for more bombs and dealt with the crew of the third tank which had been knocked out by an anti-tank gun."

The thousands of British soldiers who have served and fought beside the Gurkha hold him in admiration and affection; those who have never had this privilege have only to read this book to find out why.

Copies may be obtained at 74s, postage free, from Colonel J D F Curling, Newlands Mount, Shere Road, West Clandon, Surrey.

DHC

Four Gurkhas, who evaded capture at Tobruk, arrive in the British lines after a 36 days' trek across 300 miles of hostile desert.

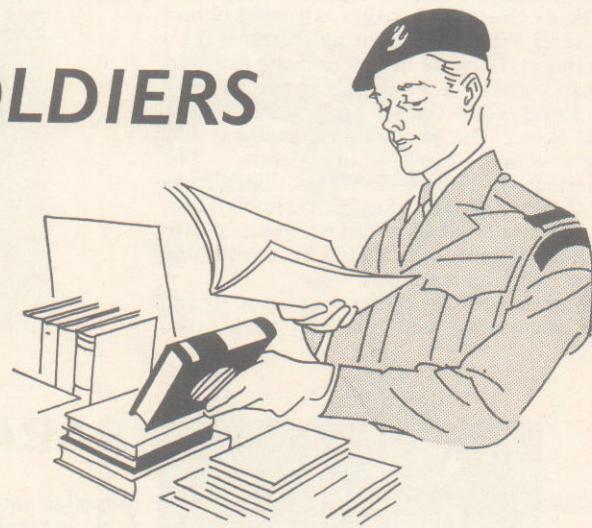


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Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders marching up to the battle area in France, 1944.

“AM I NO A BONNY FIGHTER?”

HIGH on a hill near Magersfontein in South Africa stands a Celtic cross with this simple inscription: “Scotland is poorer in men, but richer in heroes.”

This is the theme of John Laffin’s “Scotland the Brave” (Cassell, 30s), which claims to be an appreciation of Scottish arms rather than a record. The author, an Australian, is convinced that soldiers reflect the qualities of their nations. While there may be some truth in this, the result is an embarrassing eulogy for the pride, loyalty, toughness and courage of the Scot at war.

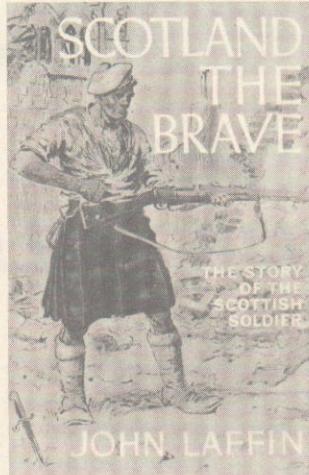
Major Laffin traces the story of the Scottish fighting man from the early clan battles to the Middle Ages when he found service in France, Sweden or Germany as a mercenary. Then he delves into the rich and colourful stories of Scotland’s 12 regiments—The Royal Scots Greys, Scots Guards, The Royal Scots, The Royal Scots Fusiliers, The King’s Own Scottish Borderers, The Cameronians, The Black Watch, The Highland Light Infantry, Seaforth Highlanders, The Gordon Highlanders, The Queen’s Own Cameron Highlanders and The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

Anecdote and quotation flow in a stream of events dealing with the kilt, pipes, cold

steel, outstanding characters and battles.

As a Scot it would be churlish not to be grateful to Major Laffin for the tributes he has showered upon my race. Unfortunately, his excessive zeal on more than one occasion does not quite ring true. With more sobriety and less enthusiasm it would have been a much better book.

A W H



BETWEEN THE WARS

THE worst gaps in military history are those between wars. Dr Robin Higham sets out to fill one of them in “Armed Forces in Peacetime, 1918-1939” (Foulis, 63s).

This is a scholarly work, carefully documented although marred briefly in places by slipshod writing, which succeeds in setting out the dangers of vacillating defence policies and putting economy before effectiveness.

These factors bedevilled the British Army until the last-minute rush to rearm before World War Two. The nation had a cheap Army after World War One, when it could still “live off its fat,” and there was an income from the disposal of war-surplus stores. This happy state the Government of the day was loath to end.

A ten-year rule, which assumed in 1919 that no major war or invasion of Britain need be expected before 1929, was the excuse to keep spending down and “economy” was the watchword until rearmament slowly got under way in the thirties. The author forcibly makes the point that the financial savings of the lean years were swept away in the vast expenditure which followed up to 1946, not only in treasure but in lives and world-wide trade and respect.

At the same time, there was indecision about the kind of Army Britain ought to have. One result the author sums up thus: “In the ‘twenties and ‘thirties the British Army was a display case full of samples, commanded by men who were not at all sure how these things should be used, if employed at all.”

The most notorious “sample,” of course, was the tank. While younger generals and the “independents” like Captain Liddell Hart and Major-General J F C Fuller were urging mechanisation and mobility, the older generals were still thinking in the horse age. It was not until 1933 that the War Office was forced to abandon the practice of providing officers with horses.

An experimental armoured brigade took the field on manoeuvres in 1927, but the armoured forces had to wait nearly another ten years before they began to develop. Meanwhile, the Germans and Russians were putting British ideas on armoured warfare into practice. “In part,” says the author, “the blame must be laid on the fact that the British have never liked the Army as compared to the Navy and the Air Force.”

Yet in spite of it all, some progress was made. Better pay, more interest in education and welfare, and stricter recruiting, brought higher standards in the ranks. In staff colleges and minor commands, younger officers were thinking out the doctrines which brought them eminence as commanders in the later stages of World War Two. It was a clouded period in British military history, but it had its silver lining.

R L E

PARACHUTE IN SPORT AND WAR

THE men who first donned the red beret of The Parachute Regiment looked on parachuting as anything but sport, yet sport it has become. The Green Jackets and Household Cavalry, The Parachute Regiment and Special Air Service Regiment, have their own clubs dedicated to the exclusive and expensive pastime of plummeting through the air in free flight and landing on target under guided canopies.

One of the greatest sporting parachutists was the late Mike Reilly, British national champion and captain of the British parachuting team. Before his death in a parachute accident, he wrote a book on parachuting now published under the title “Alone in the Sky” (Robert Hale, 21s).

It is something of an encyclopaedia of parachuting—history, personal stories and advice on picking and packing parachutes and on using them—but the author deals only briefly with military parachuting. He does recall, however, the little-known story of the American general who advocated training paratroops as long ago as 1920. His proposals were received with derision and he was

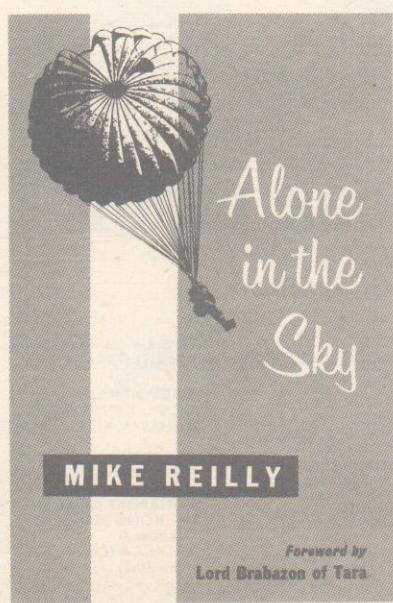
so incensed that he laid himself open to a court martial and was convicted. He died, unvindicated, in 1936.

The author also tells a tale he guarantees true of an Airborne soldier who was medically downgraded and had to watch while his comrades made their practice jumps with automatic parachutes from 1000 feet. At week-ends he went off to a civilian club and made delayed-opening jumps from 10,000 feet.

This book is intended for the parachutist rather than the paratrooper. Mr Reilly describes the latter as “a military creature which leaps out of aeroplanes at low altitudes at the bidding of its superiors and regards a parachute as a means of transport,” and the former as “an equally odd animal which has not the sense to keep its feet on the ground and insists on throwing itself out of aeroplanes from increasingly higher altitudes, just for fun.”

But both will find a great deal of absorbing interest in this book and, in its less technical chapters, so will those who have never strapped on a parachute harness.

R L E



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