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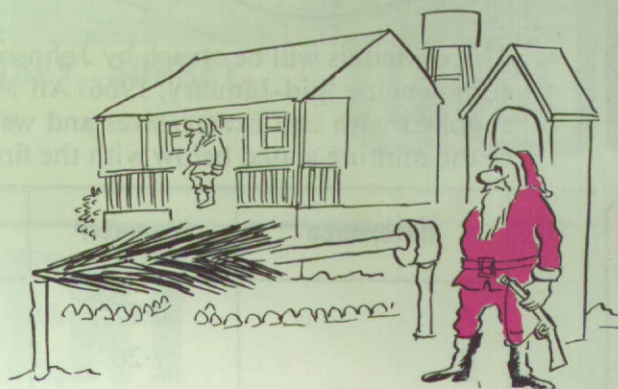
SOLDIER

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Next month's **SOLDIER** will include articles on Berlin and the rebuilding of Aldershot. "Your Regiment" will be The Queen's Royal Irish Hussars.

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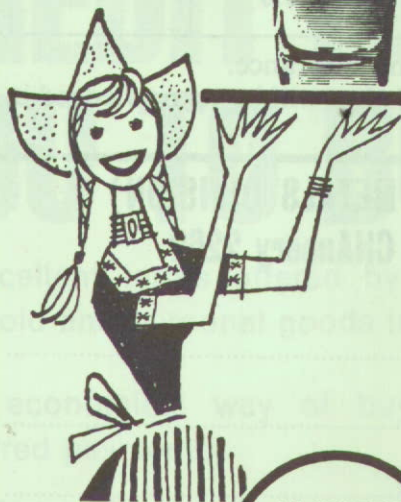
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AMSTEL BEER



AMSTEL
BEER

THE GREAT BEER OF HOLLAND



BEN-HUR (MGM)

IN those days a decree went out from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be enrolled. This was the first enrollment, when Quirinius was Governor of Syria. And all went to be enrolled, each to his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, from the city of Nazareth, to Judea, to the city of David which is called Bethlehem, because he was of the house and lineage of David, to be enrolled with Mary, his betrothed, who was with child. And while they were there the time came for her to be delivered. And she gave birth to her first-born son and wrapped him in swaddling cloths, and laid him in a manger, because there was no place for them in the inn.

And in that region there were shepherds out in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And an angel of the Lord appeared to them, and the glory of the Lord shone around them, and they were filled with fear. And the angel said to them, "Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good news of a great joy which will come to all the people; for to you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord. And this will be a sign for you: you will find a babe wrapped in swaddling cloths and lying in a manger." And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying,

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men with whom he is pleased."

When the angels went away from them into heaven, the shepherds said to one another, "Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this thing that has happened, which the Lord has made known to us." And they went with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger. And when they saw it they made known the saying which had been told them concerning this child; and all who heard it wondered at what the shepherds told them. But Mary kept all these things, pondering them in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all they had heard and seen, as it had been told to them.



THEY STAND BETWEEN



ON the bullet-spattered balcony of a minaret in the Turkish quarter of a town in Cyprus, a British soldier stands scanning the streets below.

Perched on the edge of a dizzy precipice in the Kyrenia Mountains, a Canadian soldier listens with amusement as abuse is roared back and forth between the limp

flags of Turkey, on his right, and Greece, on his left.

Along a deserted street of shuttered shops in Nicosia, a Danish soldier walks the "Green Line" between the barricades and barbed wire which separate the city.

Up a rickety observation tower in the city outskirts, a Finnish soldier watches traffic passing through an elaborate road

This month the present mandate of the United Nations Force in Cyprus runs out, but it is almost certain to be extended for a further six-month period.

Meanwhile, a solution to the Cyprus problem seems as far away as ever. The Turkish minority says that Turk and Greek can never live together. They say it has been tried once and failed (when this present trouble flared to a crisis at Christmas, 1963). The Greeks will not accept this and say Enosis (union with Greece) is the answer. The Greeks will not accept partition; the Turks will not accept Enosis.

Currently the government of the island is run by the Greek Cypriots—the Turks look after themselves in their own enclave. In an exclusive interview with SOLDIER, the President of Cyprus, Archbishop Makarios, paid tribute to the UN soldiers:

"I believe the United Nations Force in Cyprus have offered valuable services and they have proved very helpful. Although their mission is a delicate one, I am very satisfied by the excellent way they are carrying out their duties."

"No one can say how long they will be here in

Cyprus. I don't think that the Cyprus problem will be solved in the very near future, but the size of the Force could be reduced. I don't think it would have any bad effect on the situation and peace will not be disturbed."

On the Turkish Cypriot claim that Greek and Turk cannot live together, the President said: "The Turkish leadership is using arguments of security and protection to justify the separation of the Turks from the Greeks; but what about the Turks who are living peacefully with Greeks in many villages all over the island—they do not enjoy the 'protection' of the armed Turkish leadership. Turks who have been concentrated in certain areas controlled by the Turkish leadership are not allowed to go back to their villages. In cases where some have escaped, the leadership has prevented their wives and children joining them."

"My personal feelings are in favour of Enosis. But the question of Cyprus will take a long time to be solved. It is a question of patience, and we will show inexhaustible patience and tolerance. Although the present situation is not a happy one for the prestige of the Government, we shall not use force against the Turkish Cypriots in our efforts

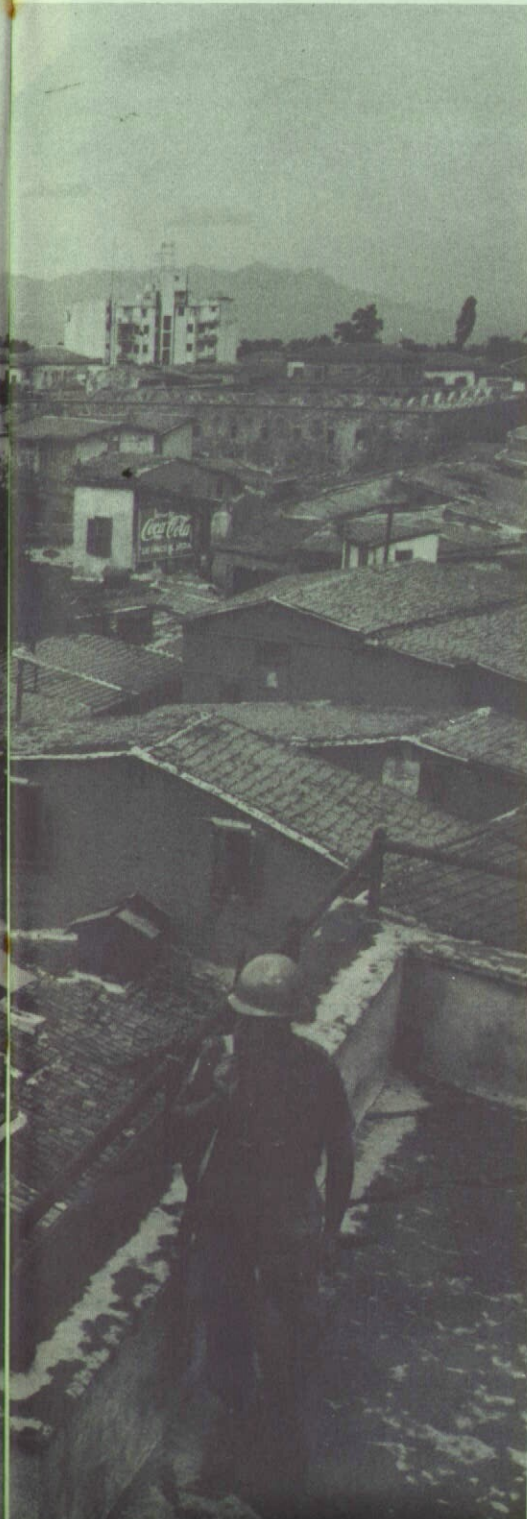


Archbishop Makarios pictured by SOLDIER.

to restore law and order."

The official spokesman for the Turkish Cypriots denied that Turks are forcibly detained within the Turkish enclaves. "Surely all the refugees who are suffering great privations now are proof that our people are frightened to live under the Greeks."

Nicosia signposts (above) spell the story of fear and distrust. Below: At the Ledra Palace Hotel, where the Danish contingent has its headquarters, a Dane on guard looks across the Green Line towards the red flag of Turkey. Right: A rooftop observation post overlooking Nicosia and the heavily barricaded Green Line.



block and waits for the hour he can relax in his platoon sauna bath.

In a post at Limnitis overlooking the blue Mediterranean, an Irish soldier stands directly in the sights of Greek binoculars on one side and Turkish binoculars on the other.

Atop historic Othello's tower in the ancient walled city of Famagusta, where Desdemona died at Othello's tortured hand, a Swedish soldier brews coffee on a little primus stove, watched by Greeks on one side of the wall and Turks on the other.

All these soldiers wear the blue badge of the United Nations; all of them are responsible for keeping the peace in Cyprus. Unconcernedly interposed between

the two sides, often directly in the sights of both Greek and Turkish rifles, they are waging a non-war while international politics search for a solution to the Cyprus problem.

Despite frequent minor shooting matches, often provoked by an incident of school playground proportions, the United Nations Force in Cyprus has established overall peace on the island.

It has done so not because of the tactical genius of the officers nor the diplomacy of the politicians, but because of the down-to-earth common sense of the corporals and lance-corporals of the six national contingents in the Force.

These are the men, the thinly spread

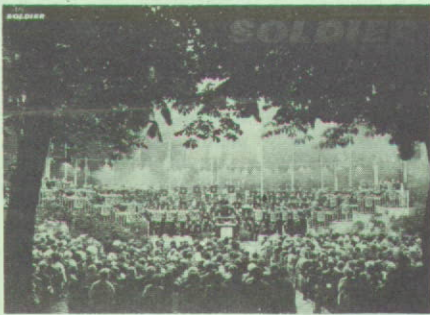


Above: The Chief of Staff's morning conference with the contingent commanders at UN headquarters. Below: A Canadian soldier "frisks" a Greek before escorting him in convoy through the Turkish enclave.



Story by **RUSSELL MILLER**

Pictures by **FRANK TOMPSETT**



COVER PICTURE

One of the most popular of London's outdoor summer entertainments is the season of concerts by students of the Royal Military School of Music in the School's grounds at Kneller Hall, Twickenham.

The performances are given between May and September, for the most part weekly with a grand concert each month, and although not widely publicised they attract thousands of people including coach parties from well outside the London area.

SOLDIER's covers this month, by Leslie Wiggs, emphasise the attractive wooded setting and the colourful variety of regimental and corps uniforms in the band of 250 performers which is largely made up of the students, with guest bands and guest conductors.

As the home and headquarters of the Army's music, Kneller Hall gives a very advanced and comprehensive musical education to "pupils" and "student bandmasters." The pupils are bandsmen and bandboys who spend a year at the School on a course which includes the elements of music, elementary harmony, instrumentation and aural training.

Student bandmasters — non-commissioned officers recommended for training as bandmasters—undergo a three-year course after which they are promoted warrant officer and appointed bandmaster. During the course they are encouraged to take examinations of the Royal College of Music, Royal Academy of Music, Trinity College of Music and Guildhall School of Music and Drama.



The two men who run the United Nations Force in Cyprus—General Thimayya DSO (right), the Force commander, and Brig Wilson MC, Chief of Staff.

filling of the Greek and Turkish sandwich, who stop the shooting when, and often before, it starts. They have to be as unbiased as a High Court judge towards the problem on their doorsteps and when the air begins to bristle it is their responsibility to cool down both sides, using nothing more than gentle persuasion.

The vital need to keep the peace in Cyprus is about the one thing on which both Greek and Turkish Cypriots are in accord. The problem is difficult enough and without peace—no matter how uneasy—it can never be solved.

This awareness of doing an important and worthwhile job permeates the whole UN Force and there is not one of its soldiers who cannot repeat the three-point charter of the Force to: Prevent a recurrence of fighting; contribute to the maintenance

and restoration of law and order; and contribute to a return to normal conditions.

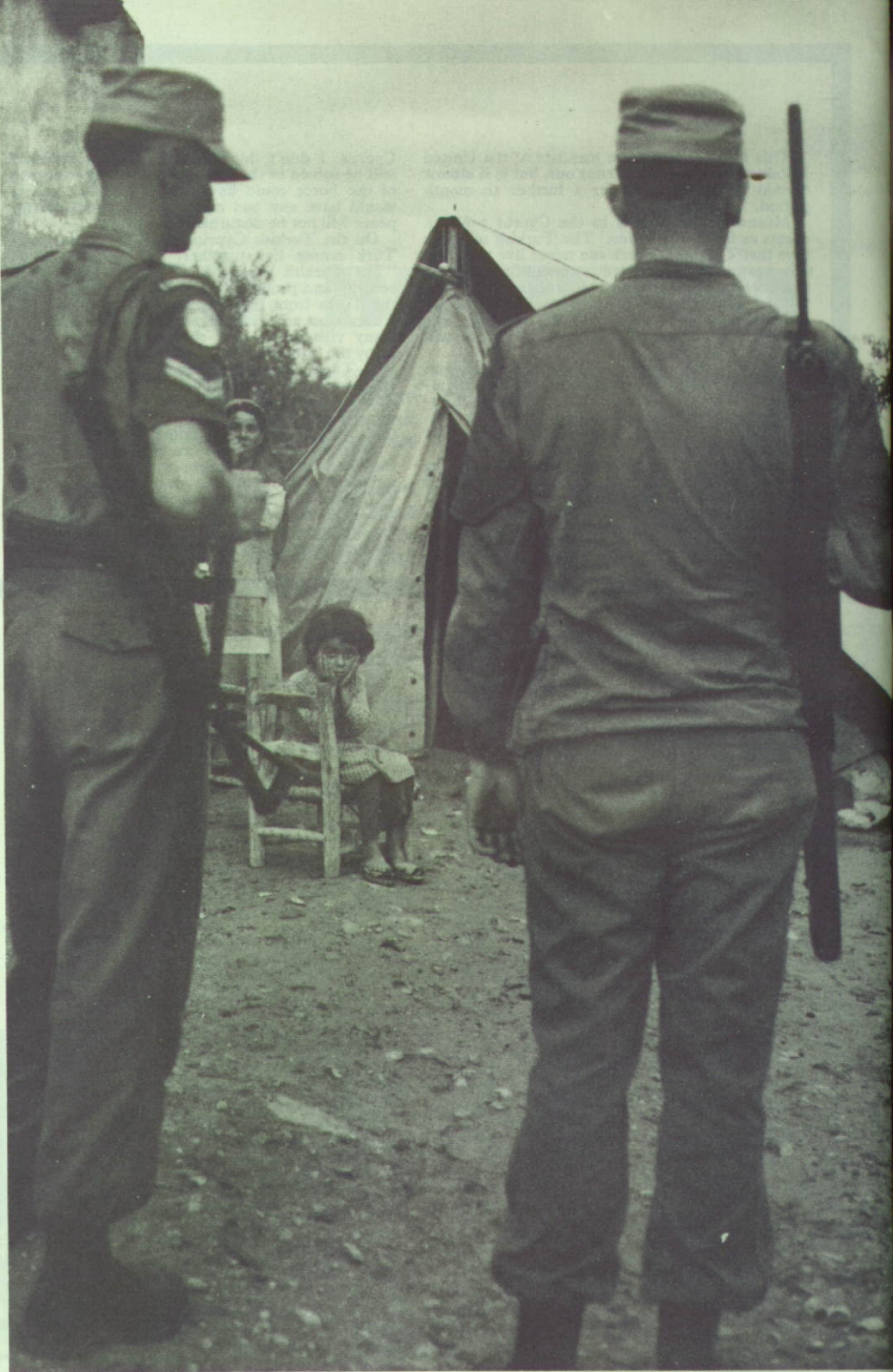
Six thousand strong, the Force has its headquarters at Nicosia and comprises British, Canadian, Irish, Finnish, Swedish and Danish soldiers plus a small Austrian medical unit. Each contingent is responsible for a specific area of the island and the whole Force is supported logistically by the British Sovereign Base Area at Dhekelia. It is the first time a UN force has received efficient backing of this nature and the success of the operation has made it virtually certain that no other UN operations will be undertaken without proper logistical support.

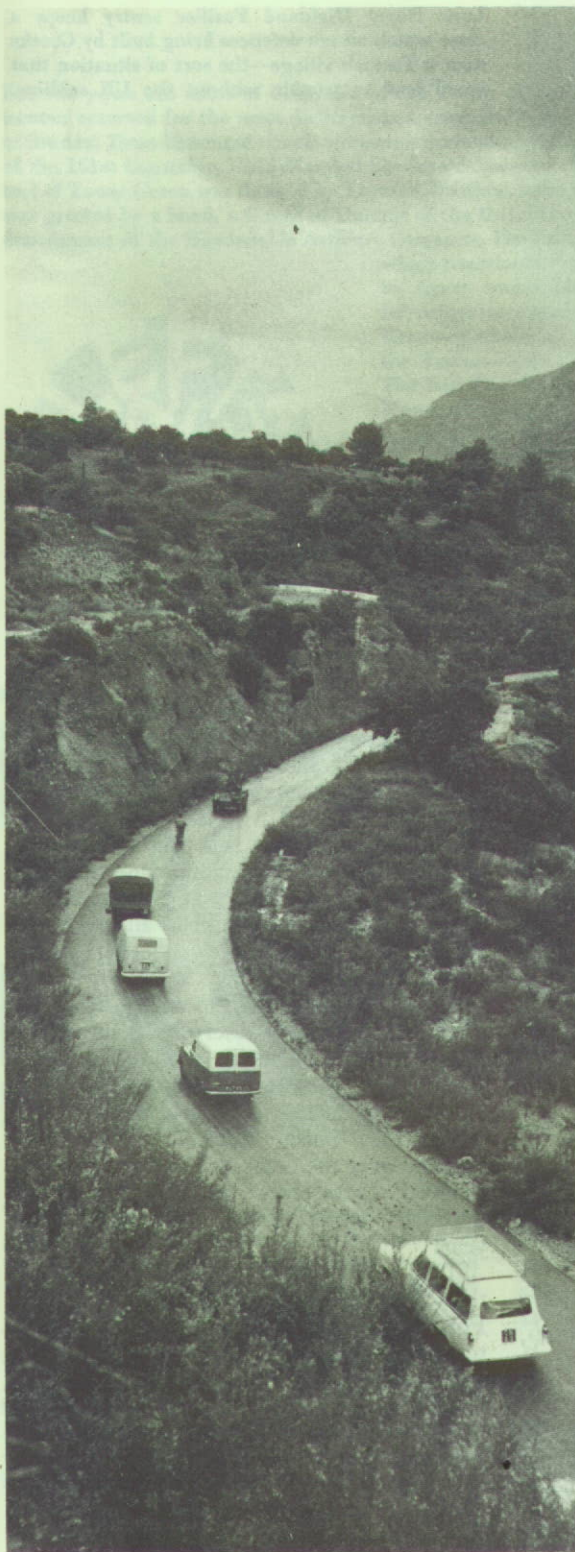
Many of the Scandinavian soldiers are mercenaries specially recruited for service in Cyprus and their wages make the British pay packets look a bit mean. However, with a common job the soldiers get on well

together during their six-month tour on the island.

The British contingent, consisting at present of 1st Battalion, The Royal Highland Fusiliers, from Germany and A Squadron, 14th/20th King's Hussars, from Libya, is responsible for an area on the western side of the island.

The Highland Fusiliers settled down to the job very quickly when they arrived in Cyprus, although at first the wearing of a UN blue beret with tartan and trews caused a few raised eyebrows. General K S Thimayya DSO, the Indian commander of the Force, must have been pleased to see the Regiment arrive for he served with them as a young officer when he was known for months as "Mr Ulia" after someone had mixed his name with ULIA—Unattached List, Indian Army.





Far left: A solemn little Turkish refugee girl watches Canadian soldiers patrolling through a tented camp.

Left: A convoy of Greek vehicles is escorted through the Turkish enclave by UN twice a day. Right: One of the escorts waits to move.

Below: Observation post at Kokkina overlooking deserted village and an abandoned cargo ship in No Man's Land between Greek and Turkish areas.



Perhaps the most delicate situation the Regiment had to take over was at Kokkina, a Turkish Cypriot coastal village which looks like a cross between Dodge City and Gallipoli. Eight hundred Turkish "freedom fighters" have established the village as a bridgehead, building strong defences behind a white painted cease-fire line. Behind another cease-fire line surrounding the village are 1500 Greek Cypriot National Guard soldiers. Between the two are the United Nations.

Kokkina itself, crammed with Turkish fighters and refugees, is filled with bell tents—little white triangles perched on the foothills all around the village.

The place bustles with activity day and night and is supplied weekly by Red Crescent (Turkish Red Cross) convoys which are thoroughly searched by Greek



Ever-Ready Craftsman Bill Mann (left) tackling a *Ferret* gearbox at Nicosia with Regular Lance-Corporal Brian Randall.

Twenty-five Ever-Readies of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers will finish their service with the United Nations this month and be home for Christmas.

They will leave Cyprus with a medal each and a fine reputation. Captain Reg Stipling, commanding the United Nations workshop, said of them: "I cannot speak too highly of them. Within a few weeks of arriving, they were quite indistinguishable from our Regular soldiers."

Some of the 25 men had never served in the Regular Army before and nine had civilian jobs completely divorced from their Army trade of mechanic, ranging from a ladies' underwear salesman to a bricklayer.

Brigadier A J Wilson MC, UN Chief of Staff, paid this tribute: "I consider these chaps have done a really marvellous job while they have been here. They have been thoroughly proficient and have earned the greatest respect of everyone."



Lone Royal Highland Fusilier sentry keeps a close watch on sea defences being built by Greeks near a Turkish village—the sort of situation that could lead to trouble without the UN soldiers.

Cypriots before they are allowed to enter the village.

Up in the United Nations observation posts, the Scotsmen have to keep a constant watch to ensure neither side crosses the cease-fire line. In the evenings the atmosphere relaxes a little and each side serenades the other with patriotic songs usually received with sarcastic applause from across the valley.

On his first night in Kokkina, Fusilier Robbie Kiers announced the arrival of his Regiment by bawling out the Glasgow Rangers' song and receiving wild applause from both sides.

But this bonhomie is a thin veneer over the hatred and suspicion. One night a Turkish fighter slipped and dropped his *Sten* gun, spraying bullets all over the valley, and a full-scale shooting match started up immediately.

On the other side of the village, in a post overlooking a grim deserted village and a near-derelict cargo ship abandoned by its Greek crew when it was "buzzed" last year by Turkish planes, more shooting started when the Turks claimed the Greeks sneaked over the cease-fire line at night and relieved themselves on the graves of Turkish "heroes" killed in the fighting last year.

This is the sort of situation with which the corporals have to cope and the UN Force relies on them to a tremendous extent to sort out the squabbles before they spread and involve adjoining areas.

When the Greek Cypriots pulled a "guided missile" out of the bag and ostentatiously rested it on some rocks in the direction of the Turkish Cypriot positions, it was a corporal who had to discover that it was a dummy made of sardine tins—and quickly relay the news to the Turks.

To encourage a return to normal conditions, the Force tries to persuade both sides to move freely between Turkish and Greek areas, but it is an uphill task.

When a Greek wants to pick his olives in a Turkish area, or vice-versa, he will ask for a United Nations escort, and if it is a question of providing the escort or losing the crop, then the Force has no choice but to help.

These situations are repeated ad infinitum throughout the island. The patient task must go on of persuading one side that they will not get their throats cut if they move through the other side.

And in the actual areas of confrontation where the red flag of Turkey flutters defiantly before the blue-and-white flag of Greece there is always a third flag in between—bearing the blue emblem of the United Nations.

Stuck for an idea?

Stuck to know what to buy for Christmas? **SOLDIER** has a suggestion.

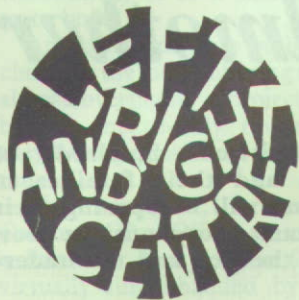
All the guts and glory of D-Day are captured in this magnificent painting by Terence Cuneo, specially commissioned by **SOLDIER** for the 20th anniversary.

A print of the painting, 20 inches by 30 inches and in six colours on art paper, makes an unusual gift to fire the imagination. A print costs one guinea including wrapping and posting to any part of the world.

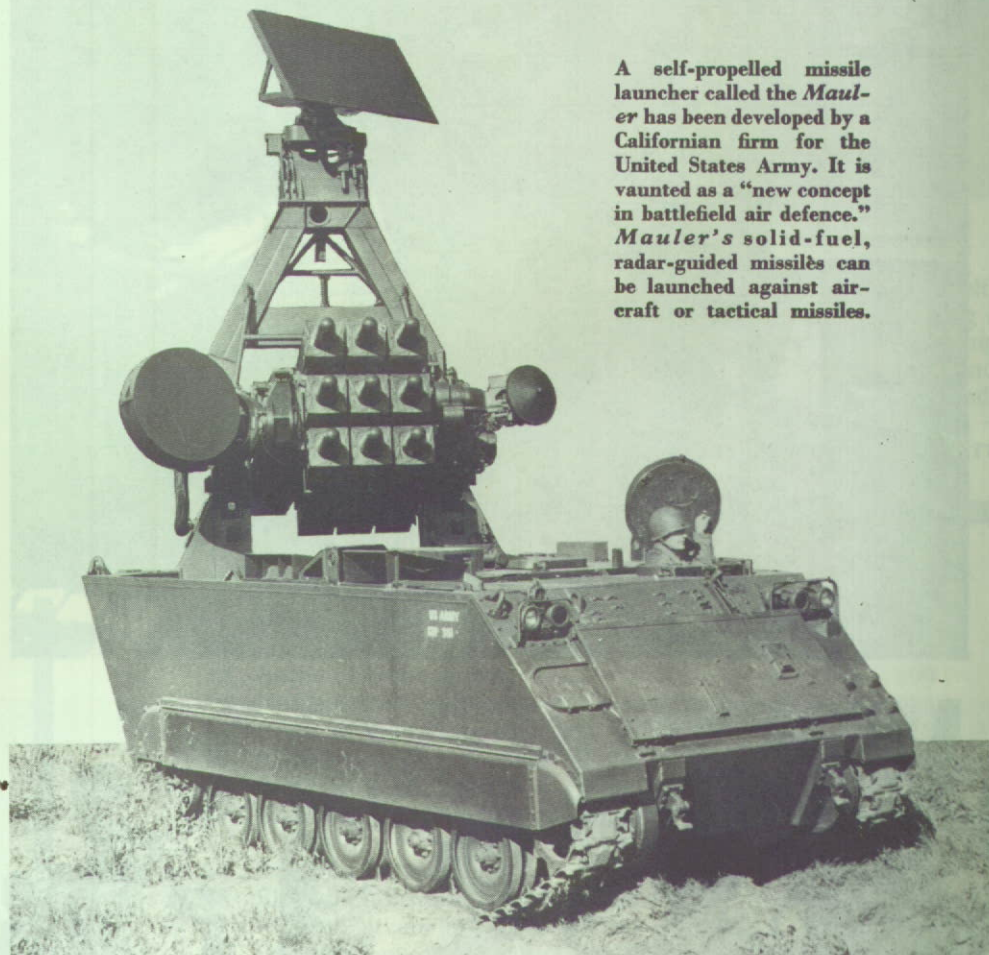
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For 900 years the office of Constable of the Tower of London has been an honour reserved for the most distinguished generals, statesmen and bishops of the day. Time-honoured rituals were once more observed at the installation of the 151st Constable, Field-Marshal Sir Gerald Templer DSO. The ancient turf of Tower Green was flanked by Yeomen Warders, and the new Constable was greeted by a band, a Guard of Honour of the Royal Horse Guards and a detachment of the Honourable Artillery Company. The Royal Letters Patent which traditionally give him the right to direct communication with the Sovereign were read and the Queen's Keys—symbolic of the custody of the Tower—were presented to him. The first Constable was Geoffrey de Mandeville, a French knight appointed in 1078 by William the Conqueror for brave services rendered at the Battle of Hastings. Thomas A' Becket was Constable and so, from 1826 to 1852, was the Duke of Wellington since whose death the office has always passed to famous soldiers. Last to hold the five-year appointment at the Tower was Field-Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis.



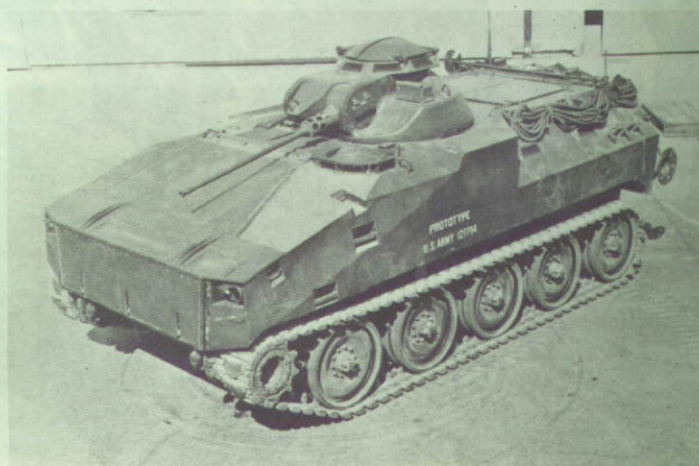
These sombre-faced ex-Servicemen were on parade in Kampala, Uganda, when the Colours of the 4th Battalion, King's African Rifles, were laid up. In 1962 Uganda became independent and the Battalion reverted to its old name of Uganda Rifles. The Colours, presented to the 4th Battalion by the Queen 11 years ago, now rest in Parliament House. A contingent of the Uganda Army marched them to the forecourt of the Parliament building where the Speaker of the National Assembly was waiting to receive them. The new Colours still bear the battle honours of the old 4th Battalion, KAR.



A self-propelled missile launcher called the *Mauler* has been developed by a Californian firm for the United States Army. It is vaunted as a "new concept in battlefield air defence." *Mauler's* solid-fuel, radar-guided missiles can be launched against aircraft or tactical missiles.



Yet another armoured personnel carrier is under test by the United States Army. The MICV—mechanised Infantry combat vehicle—carries an 11-man rifle section at speeds up to 37 miles an hour. The amphibian's maximum range is 400 miles. A turret mounted 20-millimetre automatic gun and a 7.62 light machine-gun provide a useful fire-power. Grenade dispensers give close range protection and there are firing ports in the hull for the riflemen.



The Army Plays- Fairy Godmother

THIS Christmas hundreds of soldiers and their families in Singapore will be opening their homes and hearts to orphans, the poor, the crippled, the sick and the under-privileged.

As well as entertaining in their own homes (Christmas goes on as usual even if it is sweltering hot and the guests are non-Christians), they will be out and about in the island running a holiday camp by the sea for orphan boys, organising and helping at Christmas parties, playing Father Christmas to giggling girls at a Salvation Army home, visiting families in slum shacks and taking on countless tasks not normally associated with the soldiering profession.

And it is not just the season that promotes this tide of goodwill. It goes on non-stop the whole year round as part of a big campaign to earn and retain the good-

Left: Delighted matron of a Salvation Army girls' home learns of the Army's plan for a new extension from Major Errol Shaw and Sergeant Ted Naseby.

Below left: Boys of all races are interested in outdoor life and Army outward bound classes like this one on tent construction are very popular.

Below: Former boxing champion Corporal Gus Holmes watches closely as two of his pupils spar at a Singapore Community Centre training session.



will of the people of Singapore. The lesson was learned at some cost in Kenya and Cyprus where, during the height of the emergencies, the Army was inevitably widely unpopular. The Services do not want history to repeat itself in Singapore and the extent of the voluntary civil aid programme is enormous.

Every unit in Singapore is affiliated to a community centre run by the People's Association, or to a charitable institution, or to both.

And what started as perhaps just another chore for the long-suffering soldiers became, almost overnight, a project in which men became inextricably involved and which they let eat up more and more of their spare time.

This happened, for example, at the Command Pay Office, which is affiliated to a Salvation Army home for 50 girls run virtually single-handed by one dedicated woman.

It was quite obvious, right from the very start, how much the Army could help at the home and now the matron, Captain Kitty Kruger, frankly admits that the soldiers of the Pay Office are invaluable.

The latest project at the home has only recently been completed and involved building an extension to join two houses to provide a recreation room (an undreamed-of luxury) and accommodation for ten more girls—previously beds were crammed into every room and even the landings.

Sergeant Ted Naseby, who devised the project, has become so tied up with the home that he has even officially adopted one of the girls and will be bringing her back to England with his family when his tour in Singapore is finished.

For the Royal Engineers in Singapore, particularly 54 Field Engineer Squadron, there is never any shortage of work, for they are constantly bombarded with requests from units wanting an engineering job done at their affiliated club, home or centre. From levelling a sports field to erecting Nissen huts for a youth holiday camp, it is all good Sapper training.

At Boys' Town, a school for 1000 boys run with staggering efficiency by the Teaching Order of the Brothers of Saint Gabriel, they have more than one good reason to be grateful to the men of 40 Base Workshop, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.

Much of the old equipment discarded by the Workshop is now put to good use at Boys' Town in the electrical and mechanical instruction classrooms.

An old lorry, discarded by the Army four years ago, was stripped and rebuilt by the boys and now regularly bounces round the grounds with a grinning orphan at the wheel.

Three times a year the Workshop takes 65 orphan boys on a holiday by the sea and at the sports day it provides officials, starters and judges. The Boys' Town pop group was financed by men from the Workshop and there will be a good attendance later this month at the school's bumper Christmas party organised by the soldiers.

On two islands off Singapore the Army runs outward bound courses for boys and girls specially selected from Singapore schools. During eight days the young



Girls help to prepare vegetables at the Outward bound school the Army runs in Singapore.

people take on initiative tests, map reading, fieldcraft and field cooking.

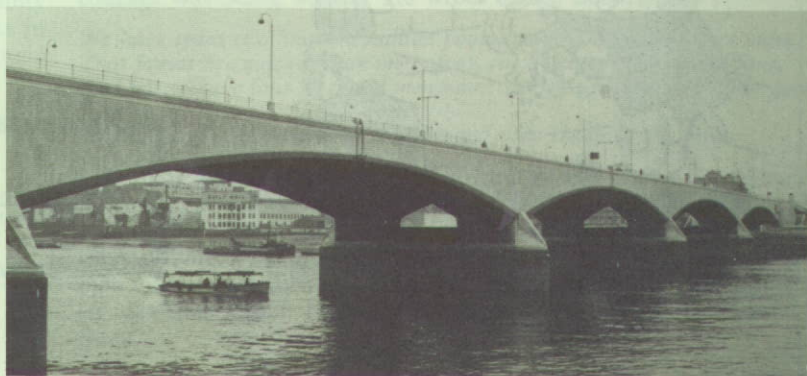
As well as all these major undertakings, many minor units and hundreds of individual soldiers and their wives are quietly

and voluntarily getting on with self-imposed welfare tasks that are cementing a bond of friendship between the teeming multi-racial population of Singapore and the soldiers who clump about their island.

Story by RUSSELL MILLER/Pictures by FRANK TOMPSETT

It happened in DECEMBER

Date		Year
2	Battle of Austerlitz	1805
3	Battle of Hohenlinden	1800
4	Nurse Edith Cavell born	1865
10	Battle of Villa Vicosa	1710
10	Waterloo Bridge opened	1945
15	Battle of Kesselsdorf	1745
17	President Roosevelt proposed 'Lend-Lease' for Britain	1940
18	Battle of Clifton Moor	1745
18	Slavery abolished in United States	1865
21	Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock	1620
25	Charlemagne crowned first Holy Roman Emperor	800
29	The Jameson Raid	1895
30	Rudyard Kipling, writer, born	1865
30	Battle of Wakefield	1460



Waterloo Bridge.



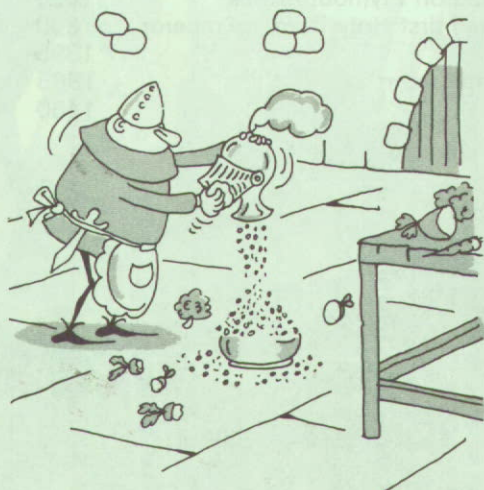
"Surely you can look a bit more like Father Christmas than that, sergeant-major?"

CHRISTMAS HUMOUR

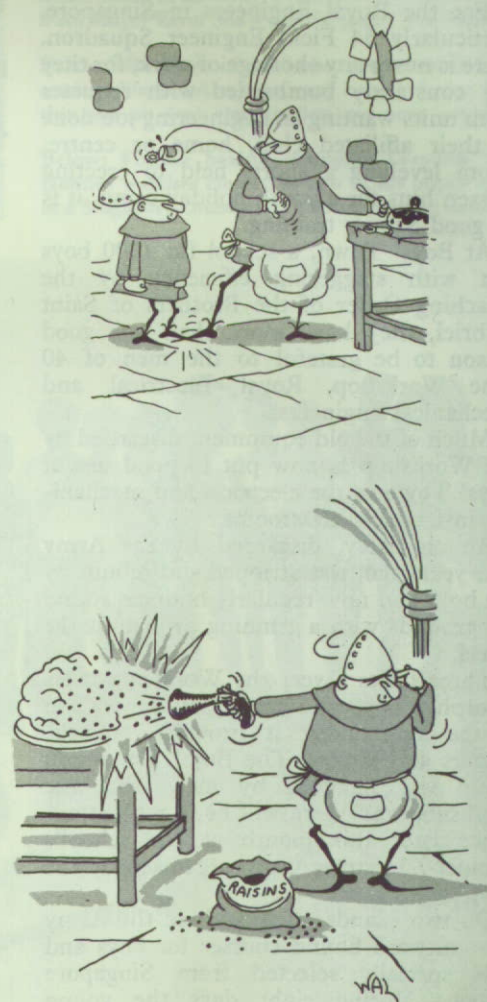


"You never make a proper job of anything!"

All-Knight Bakery



by WAL



“...single men in barracks
most remarkable like you...”



THE Army does not fight well with words. The pundits march across *The Times* and *The Daily Telegraph* in boring columns to protest at the dismemberment of the Territorial Army. The nation yawns. One man could and would have spoken with a voice mightier than all. In fact nothing but the sheer misfortune of having been dead for 29 years could have kept Rudyard Kipling quiet.

Born 100 years ago, Kipling was the most formidable literary champion the British soldier has ever had. He never carried arms, but he fought titanic battles against public opinion. Kipling was enraged that the British people should hide behind the long-suffering soldiery in war and malign them in peace. He penned a scathing broadside:

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck him out, the brute!"
But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when the guns begin to shoot.
Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?"
But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll.

The Kipling saga began curiously when his parents named him Rudyard after a lake—and it got curiously. He was born in Bombay and brought up to speak English and Hindustani bilingually. Because he was reckoned delicate, he was 12 before he started school.

At 17 he was back in India working as a journalist for the *Civil and Military Gazette* and contributing stories to a regional paper. People who met Kipling found it hard to reconcile the stirring poetry with the aesthetic poet. He was slightly built, bald, and wore glasses. Only his moustache struck a faintly military note.

Deceptively, Kipling had the enormous energy necessary to develop his genius to the full. He explored the geography, folklore and customs of India and wrote fascinating stories for a lifetime afterwards. He met and talked easily with everybody he met and as this was India in the 1880s many of them were soldiers.

He liked and understood them, so his writings were naturally accurate and sympathetic. He found the Army's goings-on a never-ending source of human interest material. How many Indian service soldiers recognised pals in the three fictional warriors Mulvaney, Learoyd and Ortheris of "Soldiers Three"?

Kipling published a book of poems in soldier slang called "Barrack-Room Ballads." Since 1892 it has been reprinted more than 70 times. His soldiers were earthy, humorous, courageous and faithful. And from his stories a new hero emerged—"Tommy Atkins." With all the force and faith at his command, he spoke in verse and prose for the cause of his friends the soldiers—"single men in barracks most remarkable like you."

He was amused by their weaknesses:

I've a head like a concertina, I've a tongue like a button-stick,
I've a mouth like an old potato, and I'm more than a little sick,
But I've had my fun o' the Corp'ral's Guard; I've made the cinders fly,
And I'm here in the Clink for a thundering drink and blacking the Cor-poral's eye.

He liked them for their appreciation of a worthy opponent:

I do not love my Empire's foes,
Nor call 'em angels; still
What is the sense of 'atin' those
'Oom you are paid to kill?

So, barrin' all that foreign lot
Which only joined for spite
Myself, I'd just as soon as not
Respect the man I fight.

and:

So 'ere's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man.

Yet he understood when a new wrath spread through the Army in 1914-18,

It was not suddenly bred,
It will not swiftly abate,
Through the chill years ahead,
When Time shall count from the date
That the English began to hate.

Kipling's son was killed in that war so perhaps there is bitter personal knowledge behind the simple tragedy of these four lines:

On the first hour of my first day
In the front trench I fell.
(Children in boxes at a play
Stand up to watch it well.)

He wrote many tributes to Army units and individuals. One he wrote to the Brown Bess musket, victress of Waterloo:

She had danced till the dawn of that terrible day—
She danced till the dusk of more terrible night,
And before her linked squares his battalions gave way,
And her long fierce quadrilles put his lancers to flight.

He did not forget the plight of old soldiers. In this poem he reminded the public that there were hoary veterans of the Balaclava Charge alive and needy:

There were thirty million English who talked of England's might,
There were twenty broken troopers who lacked a bed for the night.
They had neither food nor money, they had neither service nor trade;
They were only shiftless soldiers, the last of the Light Brigade.

These are just a few of the thousands of words Kipling wrote to champion the "thin red line of 'eroes." He was outraged that the loyalty of men who had dutifully fought England's battles should be exploited. Neither was he slow in the field when he felt their courage was being wasted. He wrote of the Boer War:

We have spent two hundred million pounds to prove the fact once more,
That horses are quicker than men afoot, since two and two make four;
And horses have four legs, and men have two legs, and two into four goes
twice,
And nothing over except our lesson—and very cheap at the price.

Kipling was a master of words. In a telling phrase or epigram he could crystallise any complexity—"the sheltered life," "law of the jungle," "white man's burden," and "he travels fastest who travels alone." He originated the term Serviceman and before he died quite suddenly at 74, he had given us another magical phrase, an idea that 55,000 British soldiers are now defending—"East of Suez."

Quotations from "Rudyard Kipling's Verse: Definitive Edition" by permission of his daughter, Mrs George Bambridge.

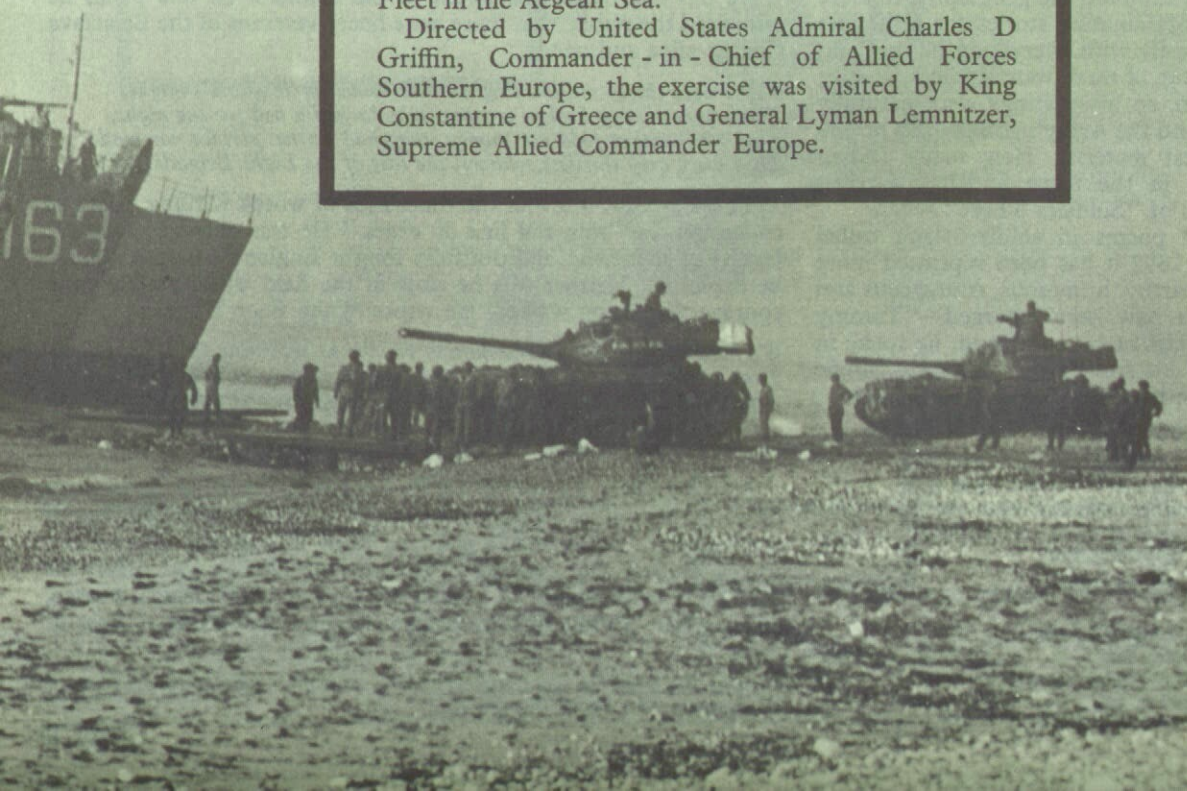
GUARDING THE SOUTH-EAST FLANK

Spanning three Mediterranean countries, these pictures were taken during an exercise to test the capability of NATO forces in warding off enemy attack on NATO's south-east flank.

Code named "Deep Furrow" and described as "routine," the exercise stretched over Italy, Greece and Turkey and involved troops from many different countries in big land, sea, air and amphibious operations.

It included dropping 3000 Turkish and American parachutists in the Adapazari area of Turkey about 100 miles south-east of Istanbul; flying a joint task force of fighter bomber aircraft and a brigade of United States Army paratroopers direct from Missouri to the Mediterranean to support Southern Region forces; and amphibious operations by the United States Sixth Fleet in the Aegean Sea.

Directed by United States Admiral Charles D Griffin, Commander - in - Chief of Allied Forces Southern Europe, the exercise was visited by King Constantine of Greece and General Lyman Lemnitzer, Supreme Allied Commander Europe.

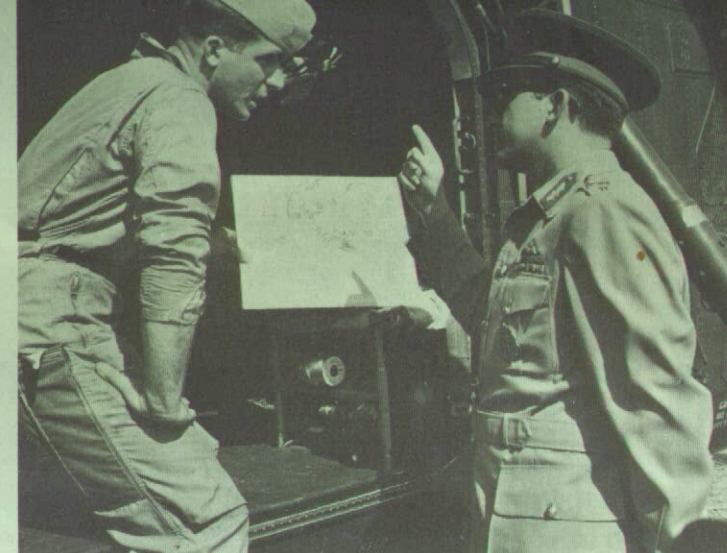


Left: Tanks rumble ashore from a Greek landing craft in the estuary of the River Strimon in Salonika.

Above: An American paratrooper, flown from Missouri for the exercise, pauses near a Turkish village.

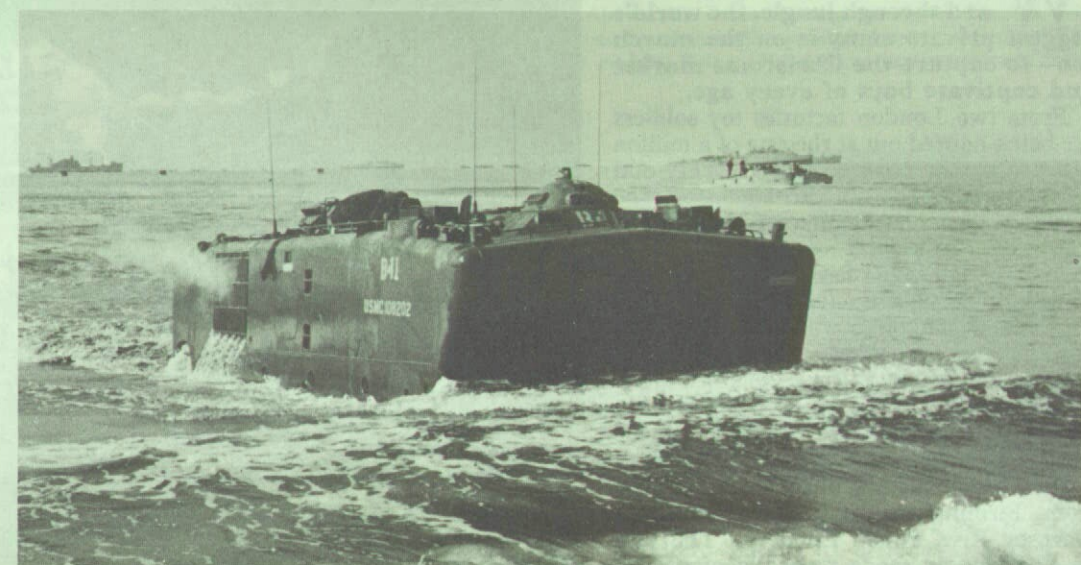
Right: Under cover of a smoke screen, Greek amphibious forces wade ashore to join the NATO "battle."

Nearly 300 Greek parachutists drop into Salonika to join an attack with US Marines.



Left: King Constantine of Greece questions an American helicopter pilot on the progress of Exercise Deep Furrow.

Below: A United States Navy armoured personnel carrier lands Sixth Fleet marines on a beachhead in Greece.



SOLDIERS BY THE MILLION

WHILE soldiers the world over tramp across parade grounds and through jungle, the world's biggest private army is on the march too—to capture the Christmas market and captivate boys of every age.

From two London factories toy soldiers are being poured out at the rate of a million a week, as they have been for seventy-odd years, by the firm of Britains Ltd, the world's biggest manufacturers of toy soldiers.

And though metal has largely given way to plastics and attractive packaging has superseded the old cardboard box, little else has changed down the years. The demand is as great as ever, even in these days of highly sophisticated toys, and the small boy is as happy with a troop of horse as with a model of the latest missile.

It all began when William Britain moved from Birmingham to a quiet street in Hornsey Rise, North London. The toys he had already made were ingenious but expensive—he sought a wider scope. Germany then ruled the toy soldier world



with its solid lead models. William Britain invented a method of hollow casting, cutting costs and time, and produced his first soldier, a two-inch high Life Guard, in 1893.

His sons and daughters worked with him and within ten years he had captured the market. Their Victorian home was soon swallowed up in an expanding factory, where metal soldiers are still turned out by exactly the same processes, and a second



Above: Complete regiments come to life in serried ranks as the models are painstakingly painted by hand.

Far left: This realistic American 155mm gun can fire plastic shells from its spring-loaded breech and eject cases.



Left: Technical director Mr Roy Selwyn-Smith working on the wax prototype of a horse in the Wild West series.

Right: Reference models are kept as a guide for painting. These are of American Infantry, War of Independence.

factory grew at Walthamstow to concentrate on plastic models. Today the two factories each employ about 180 people and there are 5000 local "out-workers" who assemble and paint models, collecting them from 13 depots.

Toy soldiers are indeed big business—so big that no one in Britains knows just how many soldiers have marched out in 72 years. Mr Denis Britain, present managing director and grandson of the founder, can be no more precise than thousands of millions.

But he can unhesitatingly single out any model and recount its history. He is proud of the fact that his firm exports 45 per cent of its output—and prouder still of the farm horse which took him a month to model in his first year with the firm, a year in which he worked for nothing to learn the trade. The board of directors solemnly accepted his horse which, with its tumbrel, is still in the catalogue, though now made in plastic.

Like Mr Britain's horse, every new model must be absolutely authentic. Reference books, pictures, the Ministry of Defence, embassies, are all consulted for every soldier must be as near the original as possible. When military bandsmen were first turned out in the 1920s the brass instruments were painted gold. This tarnished. Now they bear a 24-carat plating of gold while silver instruments are silver plated.

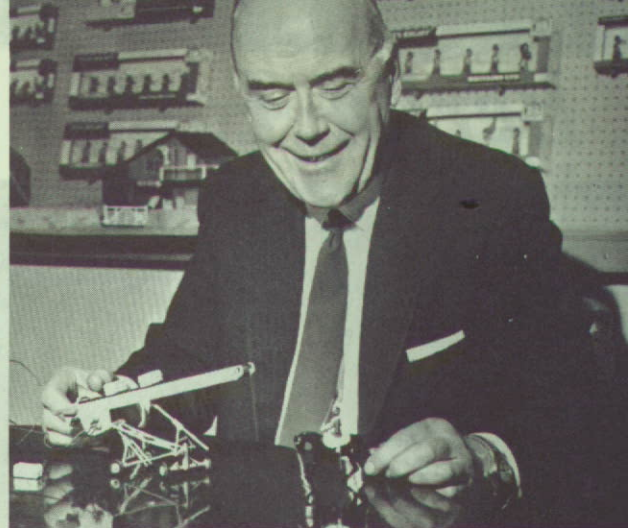
Britains were selling soldiers to Germany before World War One and now export to more than 50 countries. In World War One the firm turned over to making shrapnel—then bought back surplus stocks to convert into soldiers. In World War Two it was munitions again—and a useful legacy of ammunition boxes, now used as carrying trays between departments.

The battle between metal and plastic began with experiments before World War Two and afterwards became a rout. Plastic models are cheaper and hats, rifles, legs and arms can be made detachable to give variety. Now only ten per cent of the output is in metal, still preferred in Canada and the United States perhaps because these countries have become over-plasticised.

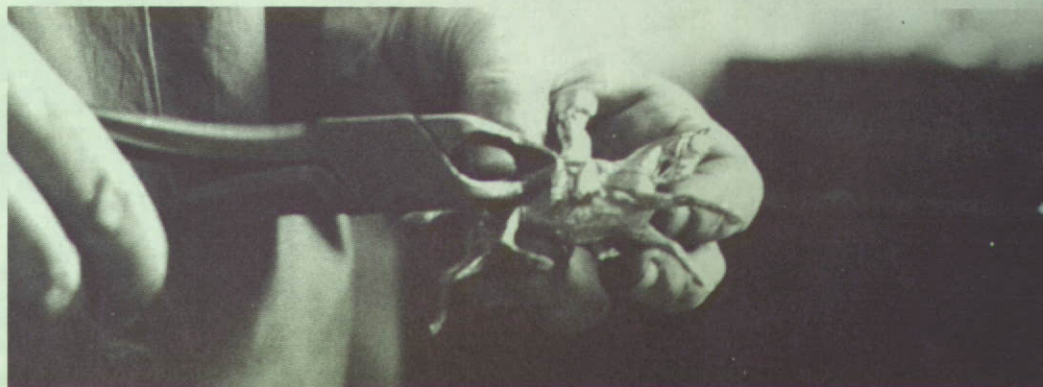
Whether in plastic or metal the firm can and does produce soldiers from any of its thousands of dies right back to that first Life Guard. Dad, and even Grand-dad, can recognise the soldiers they themselves played with as boys.

Every year the old favourites stay in the catalogue—best-sellers like the State Coach, Life Guards and Foot Guards—but every year sees a few new models and old lines resurrected.

Next year will bring back the Red Army Guards, King's African Rifles and the



Left: Mr Thomas Barke "slush" moulding—the hand process of moulding hollow figures on which the firm built up its trade. Above: Mr Denis Britain, managing director, with the newest (an electrically operated elevator) and oldest (Life Guard) models. Below: Hand-trimming newly cast metal.



running Zulu warriors with shield and assegai which Dad will recall, and introduce, to add to the collection of American Civil War figures, a gun and team with the politic alternatives of Confederate or Federal soldiers.

There have, of course, been experiments. Once the firm departed from its standard 1:32 scale to make smaller figures to meet the requirement of wargamers and HO/OO gauge enthusiasts.

Once Britains decided that small boys needed an enemy—and produced enemy troops in darker uniform and differently coloured helmets.

But basically little changes, for the small boy has himself changed so little down the years. Making toy soldiers is a serious business and at the end of the line are the small boy investing his pocket money in a single figure, and the fond aunt whose eye is caught by an attractively boxed collection—probably one of those portraying London's military pageantry.

While Britains take careful note of the

hundreds of letters that come in from children, output is strictly governed by productive capacity. Soldiers compete today with a flourishing trade in cowboys and Indians, miniature gardens, farmyard accessories, wild animals, petrol stations and vehicles. And every new line involves considerable expense in research, making a wax model and then a costly die.

Are they models or toys? Mr Denis Britain is undecided. Among his customers are adult collectors, looking for the vintage pieces or adapting the commercial product—so he talks about model soldiers. And admits his firm is really in the toy business, making toy soldiers for small boys. And goes on to call them model soldiers again.

Toys, models, miniature figures—it hardly matters to the youngsters of 50 nations who this Christmas, as every year, will delightedly unwrap their boxes of soldiers.

Pictures by ARTHUR BLUNDELL



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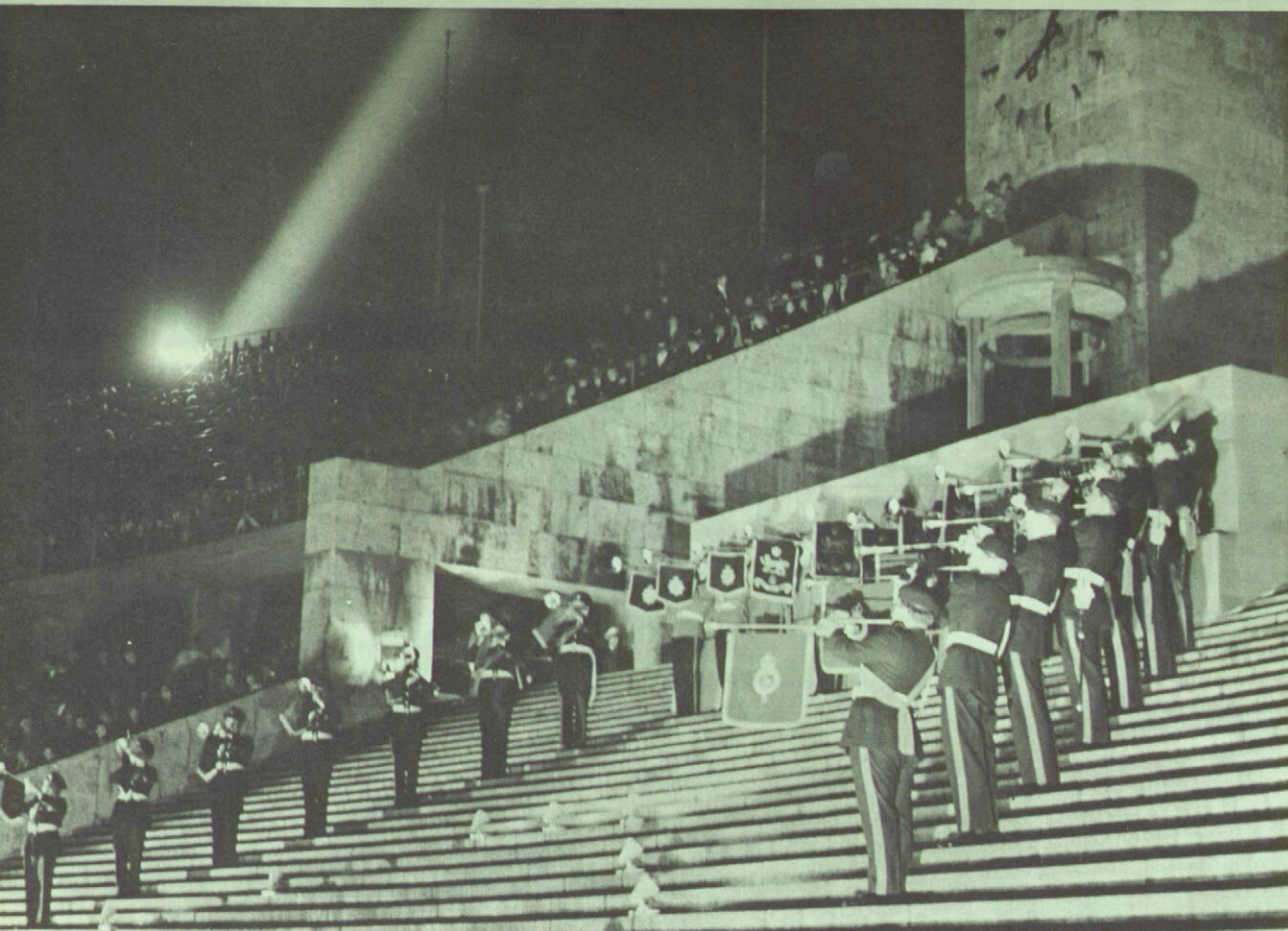


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Berlin Tattoo



BERLIN. Searchlights probing the night sky; the crackle of rifle fire; the boom of artillery shaking through the island city.

The sound effects, reminiscent to many Berliners of unhappier days, came from the vast Olympic Stadium where 90,000 West Berliners were having the time of their lives watching the biggest and most ambitious tattoo ever staged by the British Army in Berlin.

It was the British soldiers' annual opportunity to show off in a grand fashion—and show off they did. On two separate evenings they put on a spectacle that drew roars of applause from a crowd enthralled by the sheer size and grandeur of the scene.

More than 1000 soldiers were involved in this year's Tattoo, which was held to support British participation in the German Industrial Fair in Berlin. Last year it was held for the first time at the 100,000-seat Olympic Stadium and despite torrential rain throughout the evening the Berliners stuck it out to the bitter end and were rewarded with a dramatic performance of the "1812 Overture" accompanied by thunder and lightning.

The wonderful atmosphere of that evening (when the whole audience apparently decided that if the soldiers were prepared to get soaked performing, then they were prepared to get soaked watching) set an incredibly high standard for future tattoos and two performances this year meant a double headache for the organisers.

Practically before last year's Tattoo was finished, planning started for this year's

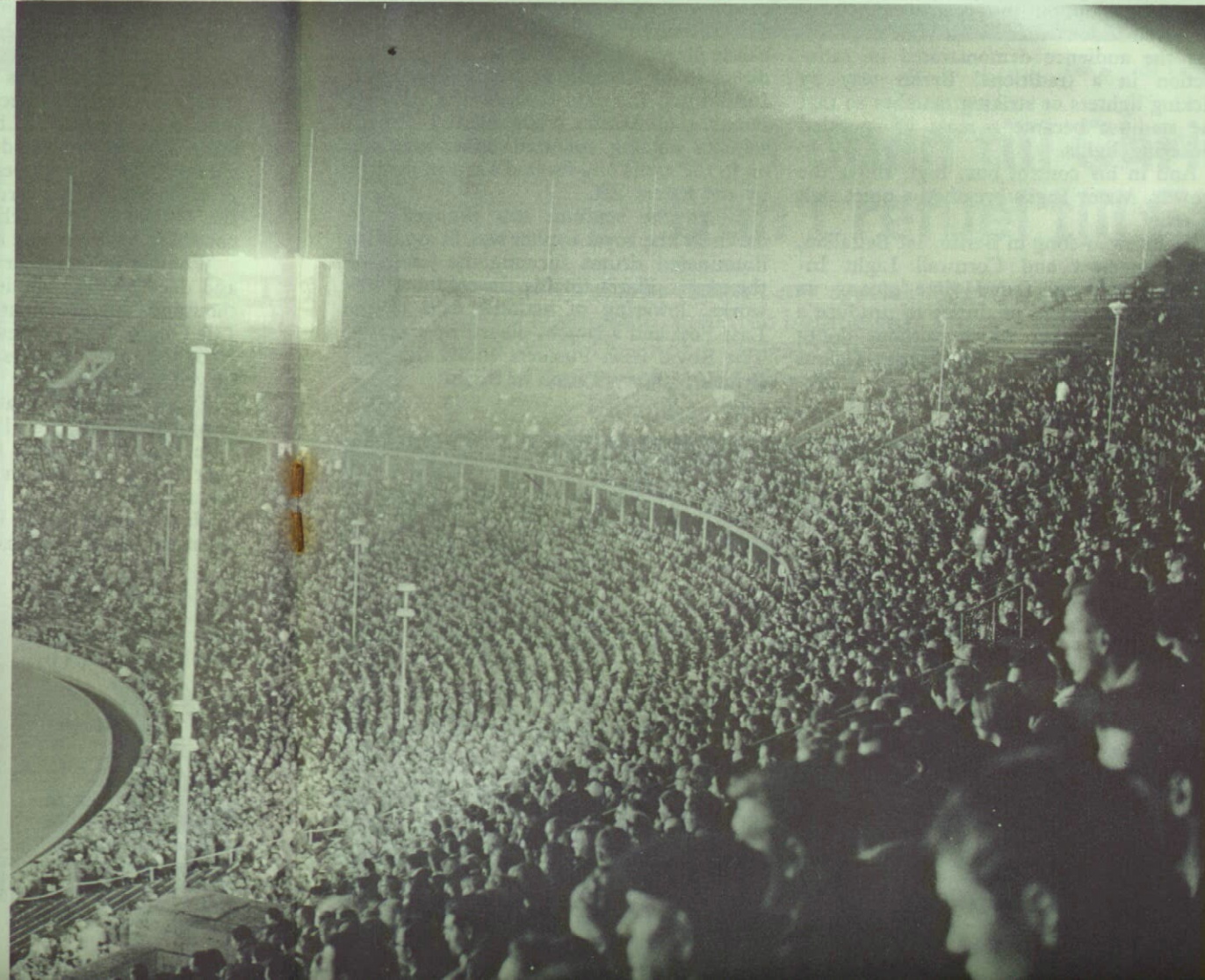


Above: A blare of trumpets hushes the crowd of 90,000 West Berliners and the British Army's superb Tattoo dramatically opens.

Left: Leading the march-past of 600 musicians is proud Junior Bandsman Philip Partington. He flew to Berlin to take part.

Top right: Soldiers carrying torches pick out the Royal cypher "ER" in the Olympic Stadium illuminated drums represented gems.

Right: Audiences at two performances thrilled to the martial music and gave voice to some magnificent mass singing in return.



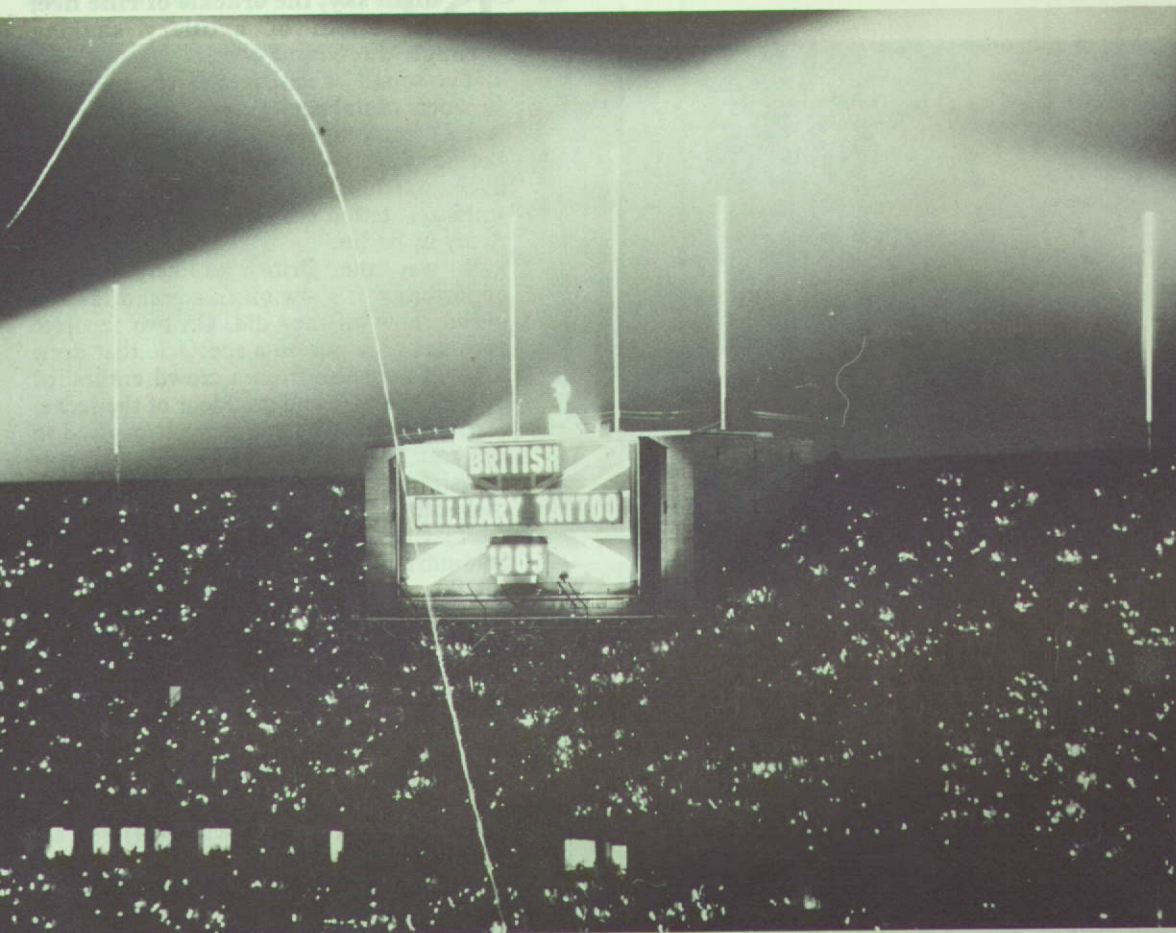
The origin of military tattoos can be traced back to the 17th century custom of sounding a call by drums, fife or bugles at nightfall to warn all soldiers to return to their billets. The word tattoo is probably derived from the old Dutch expression "Doe den tap toe"—the time when innkeepers "turned off the taps." After that hour civilians locked their doors and no law-abiding citizen moved about without a password. Over the years the drums and bugles were joined by other instruments and the lone "tattoo" call developed into a more musical occasion and then into a display. The first recorded military tattoo was performed in 1894 at the Royal Pavilion, Aldershot, in honour of Queen Victoria.

event. For Major John Inglis, 15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars, who co-ordinated all the organisation, it was a mammoth task which even included the setting up of a special barracks to accommodate all the tattoo troops as they arrived in Berlin. Lieutenant Michael Parker, The Queen's Own Hussars, was appointed "artistic director" and came up with a string of ideas for maximum visual impact.

Backbone of the programme was a massed band of 600 musicians from 17 different regiments. When they eventually swaggered into the floodlit arena to start the performances, it seemed to the onlookers as if the column would never end. On and on they came, line after line of musicians wearing many different uniforms, playing many different instruments and marching with precision.

Berlin Tattoo

CONTINUED



Massed bands in the Berlin Tattoo were those of 1st The Queen's Dragoon Guards; The Royal Scots Greys; 13th/18th Royal Hussars; 17th/21st Lancers; 1st Battalion, The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment; 1st Battalion, The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers; 1st Battalion, The Royal Warwickshire Fusiliers; 1st Battalion, The Royal Fusiliers; 1st Battalion, The Cheshire Regiment; 1st Battalion, The Royal Hampshire Regiment; 1st Battalion, The Royal Welch Fusiliers; 1st Battalion, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment; 1st Battalion, The Royal Irish Fusiliers; the Royal Air Force (Germany); 1st Battalion, The Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry; 3rd Battalion, The Royal Anglian Regiment; and the 1st Green Jackets.

A Squadron, The Queen's Own Hussars, provided tanks and Ferret scout cars; 38 (Berlin) Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, was responsible for all the lighting and fireworks; 229 Signal Squadron, Royal Signals, provided special communications; 62 Squadron, Royal Corps of Transport, had to meet heavy demands for transport; and 247 (Berlin) Provost Company, Royal Military Police, was responsible for signing and parking arrangements and crowd control.

The youngest bandsman in the Tattoo had the star spot when, picked out by a spotlight and dressed in a uniform of the Prussian Guard dating from the time of Frederick the Great, he played a drum solo during the "Radetzky March" and then led the bands off the arena. Junior Bandsman Philip Partington, of the Royal Armoured Corps Junior Leaders Regiment at Bovington, was specially flown to Berlin to take the part.

The immaculate drill of the Queen's Colour Squadron, Royal Air Force, got a big reception from the Germans as did the frightening precision of the Royal Artillery motor-cycle display team and the graceful skill of the Army Physical Training Corps.

Many people confidently predicted before

the tattoo that the community singing item would be a flop, but in fact it turned out to be a tremendous success on both evenings and the audience demonstrated its satisfaction in a traditional Berlin way by flicking lighters or striking matches so that the stadium became a mass of speckled flickering lights.

And in his control box, high above the crowds, Major Inglis breathed a quiet sigh of relief.

As its swan-song in Berlin, 1st Battalion, The Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry, somehow found time among its heavy commitment of duties to produce a drill display team which without doubt rivalled the experts of the Queen's Colour Squadron.

The Grande Finale was a series of breathtaking climaxes. With their music embellished by artillery fire, the massed bands played "Crown Imperial" under the direction of Captain H Vince, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, the Tattoo's Director of Music, while silently files of soldiers holding coloured lights marched on to the arena and formed a crown flanked by the letters ER.

When the stadium was plunged into darkness the royal cypher was lit up, with illuminated drums forming the jewels of the crown. Flares ringing the stadium, fireworks, lowering of national flags to the Last Post and a lament played by pipers of The Royal Irish Fusiliers ended the 1965 British Military Tattoo in Berlin.

Above: A lone floodlit bugler sounds off while the delighted West Berliners applaud lightly.

Right: Drifting banks of smoke and precision gun drill as the Royal Artillery opens fire in West Berlin's stadium.





The Ronson Varaflame Premier lights 3,000 times on one filling

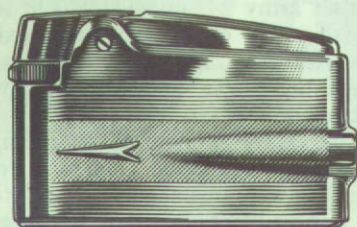
Don't open till Christmas. Don't refuel till Easter.

Ronson Varaflame lighters are special. They run on clean, safe, tastefree butane gas. They never smell. Or smoke. Or leak. They light for months before you need to refuel. So if you get one for Christmas you shouldn't need to refill it until Easter. At least.

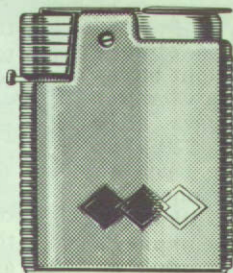
Refuelling takes seconds with a Ronson Multi-Fill. And in normal use you get a full year of lights from one Multi-Fill.

The flame height is adjustable. Just twirl the Varaflame wheel and the flame rises or falls obediently. Up for pipes and cigars. Down for cigarettes.

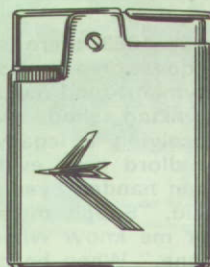
Before Christmas gets any closer, look at the full Varaflame range (three of them are shown below). Pick up each lighter. Handle it. Admire. Compare. Then choose. Carefully—whoever gets it will own it a long time!



Adonis



Windmaster



Banker

RONSON

Ask to see the Ronson range of lighters
next time you're in the N.A.A.F.I.



THE DURHAM LIGHT INFANTRY



"STEADY AS A ROCK IN BATTLE"

HARDLY stirring from year to year in the brooding air of Durham's mighty Cathedral, the treasured flags are mouldering. In time the men who rallied to them in two world wars will join their comrades whose names are enshrined in the flagstoned chapel, yet their courageous deeds live on immortally in the aura of legend that surrounds The Durham Light Infantry.

The jagged pitmen who packed the "Faithful Durhams" in wartime were tough, hard-bred characters, conditioned to a nonchalant acceptance of danger by the everyday risks of coal-cutting. People called them "a race apart" because they talked and joked in broad banter and swore ferocious loyalty to all things Durham. Although they drank overmuch and shrugged off discipline, they were demons in battle and never better than when their backs were to the wall.

Even when dismally injured, like Adam Wakenshaw, they fought to the bitter end. His left arm was severed at the shoulder but he crawled back to bring his gun into action again. A direct hit ended this superhuman effort and his inevitable Victoria Cross was awarded posthumously.

Usually the wild streak turned out supremely well, as with Bradford; sometimes, as with Byrne, it was uncontrollable, but the rare fighting spirit common to these soldiers was always there. "Boy" Bradford won the Victoria Cross and at 25 was the Army's youngest brigadier when killed in 1917. Private John Byrne was an exemplary fighter in war and a peacetime scallywag who spent most of his time in the cells. In 1872 he was ignominiously discharged—fine combat record, Victoria Cross and all.

Such a great future seemed unlikely in 1758 when a battalion raised for The Royal Welch Fusiliers two years earlier took separate identity under a Durham man, Colonel Lambton. In fact the first 50 years were deathly dull for the 68th, "Lambton's Regiment of Foot."



In three shattering tours in the West Indies yellow fever killed more men than the Regiment was to lose in action from 1758 to 1914. Among the 2000 who died were culprit soldiers lucklessly condemned to perpetual service in the Caribbean death islands.

At this trying time, the 68th was given the title "Faithful Durhams." The name survived the jealous protests of other regiments for 16 years and then, officially, it died. But the tradition that the loyalty of The Durham Light Infantry is unquestion-

In 1883 there was a strange inquest on a Durham Light Infantryman found dead in a Gibraltar drinking shop two days after receiving a legacy of £28. The landlord gave evidence that the man handed over his money and said, "Supply me with drink and let me know when the money's gone." When he could drink no more he lay on the floor asking, "Pour it over me, I like the smell." After two days he died.

able had taken root; this explains why officers do not toast the Monarch or stand for the National Anthem on mess guest nights.

Upheavals in Army organisation wrought a change in titling to "Durham Regiment of Foot" in 1782, and a more significant switch to a Light Infantry role in 1808. Armed with improved Light Infantry muskets and wearing green-tufted shakos, The Durham Light Infantry were set for the great wars.

Action in the Low Countries in 1809 left the Regiment weak from Walcheren fever. The soldiers had barely recovered when they took ship for Portugal to join Wellington's "army of invalids." The doughty Northerners excelled in the exhausting marches and mountain battles of the Peninsular War and emerged with six battle honours.

The battle honour "Inkerman," celebrated as Regimental Day, was won when the 68th were mistakenly ordered to charge an impossible number of Russians in the Crimea. Alone among the British regiments at Inkerman, the 68th were clad in the conspicuous red coats and they fared badly in the gallant rush.



Top left: Stretcher-bearers at work after the famous 151st Durham Brigade's fierce battle for Primosole Bridge, Sicily.

Left: Wounded DLI soldiers at an aid post on the banks of the notorious Wadi Zigzaou, scene of savage action in 1943.

Above: Marrying up with tanks for an attack in the last winter of the war. This battalion fought on to Hamburg.

Below: In Korea, the DLI were watchful and aggressive. The kings of the pick and shovel dug in phenomenally fast.



Private Adam Wakenshaw, 9th Battalion, The Durham Light Infantry, won a posthumous Victoria Cross for fighting on when dismally maimed at Mersa Matruh in North Africa, in 1942.



The Cardwell Reform link with the 106th Bombay Light Infantry was by absorption rather than marriage. The former East India Company Regiment was at first shunned, then engulfed.

Last in action against the Maoris in New Zealand, The Durham Light Infantry went to fight the South African Boers in another colonial war. The Afrikaners were getting the better of one attack when a Durham soldier was heard yelling, "I'm a pitman at home and I've been in deeper holes than this before."

In the 1914-18 War, The Durham Light Infantry raised 43 battalions. It was a monumental effort and it has given the people of County Durham a powerful sense of shared ownership in the Regiment. Even in 1914 the townsfolk paid the unique tribute of raising and equipping a battalion at their own expense.

The new battalions met their baptism by fire at Second Ypres in 1915 with predictable resolution. They slogged away on every front until 12,000 Geordies were dead and the war was won.

The Arras counter-attack in 1940 demonstrated that the new generation has inherited the old strength of unemotional bravery in tight spots. When every hour was precious to the retreating British Army, a Durham Light Infantry Territorial brigade took on the enemy's main armoured force and gained five hours' respite. Between the evacuation of six battalions from Dunkirk and the return in June 1944 of five of them, The Durham Light Infantry fought unforgettable battles in the island of Cos, North Africa, Sicily and Italy.

The Korean War was thought to be over when the Tynesiders landed in 1952. Yet the Chinese were determined to press on and The Durham Light Infantry were always more than ready to stop them. A year later they emerged from this theoretically static situation with six well-earned Military Crosses and Military Medals.

Tours in Berlin and strife-torn Cyprus led up to a move to Hong Kong in 1963. Quite recently the 1st Battalion gladly exchanged the expensive pleasures of the Colony for an operational tour in Borneo. News, which if he has not already heard it, will intrigue Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein DSO. He once wrote: "It is a magnificent Regiment, steady as a rock in battle and absolutely reliable on all occasions."

Football is the sporting passion of North-East England and men of The Durham Light Infantry—true to type—have played it all over the world. It was generally reckoned bad luck that a war was on when 'Spurs' manager Bill Nicholson was posted to the Brancepeth Castle Depot as physical training sergeant. In competition the standard has been vigorously upheld recently by the two Territorial Army battalions. The 6th Battalion won the TA Cup in 1961 and 1962 and the 8th took the Queen's Cup, awarded to the best sporting Territorial battalion, three times.

Purely Personal

Discus Decade

For ten years **Warrant Officer I Eric Cleaver**, Army Physical Training Corps, was the Army's discus champion. Now, retirement from the sport, a handshake (above right) from **Lieutenant-General Sir Richard Goodwin** and an Army Athletic Association silver cup in recognition of his 1954 to 1964 marathon. While holding the Army title, he won 24 international caps and threw the discus for Great Britain at Empire and European Games. He still holds the Army discus record and his title has appropriately passed to an athlete he helped to train, **Sergeant Bill Tancred**. There are signs that the Cleaver family may yet win it back. Sixteen-year-old **Michael** won a Rhine Army schools title for the discus last year and may yet follow in the footsteps of father (1954-64) and grandfather, Army champion in 1922. Warrant Officer Cleaver is a qualified coach. His immediate ambition at Sennelager, where he is Sergeant-Major Instructor at the Army's Physical Training School, is to train two young soldiers as top-flight pole vaulters.



Last Post

Bugle call to bugle call, old soldier **Jim Keefe** has served for 60 years. He was a drummer boy when he joined up in 1905 and he blew one last call when he retired recently. His father was the bugler at Rorke's Drift and Jim followed him into The South Wales Borderers. He recovered from a 1914 wound and soldiered on until he retired to work for the Army as a civilian in 1930. When World War Two broke out he was a mobilisation storekeeper and within two days he had mobilised himself. Since his second retirement in 1944 he has been a civilian employee at Brecon Barracks. At 74 he has retired for the third and last time to take the rest so well earned over the past 60 years.



Gunners Afoot

Gunners David Hodgson and Beverley Roberts finished a week's exercise by walking back to camp. Nothing unusual in that, except that the scheme was in Norway and the camp was 1500 miles away in Gutersloh, Northern Germany. With their fellow gunners of 5 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, they flew to Norway to join 8000 British, Norwegian and American troops on "Bar Frost." At the end, when everybody was happy to take a four-hour plane ride home from Bardufoss air base, David and Beverley began their four-week walk. Notice the solemn map-reading in the picture. Bardufoss is in Norway's Far North—grave danger of going round in Arctic circles!



Sitting Standing

"Stand still!" was the order when **Drill Sergeant James Officer** paraded to have his portrait painted. He did, and **Luciano Guarnieri's** painting of him in full dress uniform was a feature of the Italian artist's London exhibition. Drill Sergeant Officer has served in the Irish Guards for 19 years. The artist, who is pictured with him, also served—for 15 years as a pupil of the famous Annigoni.



Anything to declare? "Yes. We five Gunners are on a speed march from Hilden, Germany, to Lewisham and we hope you Dutch Customs chaps aren't going to hold us up for long." Moments later the tramping Gunners of 34 Light Air Defence Regiment were off again at a cracking pace. In a week they covered the 250 miles to Lewisham and delivered a Hilden pennant to the Mayor. It's quicker by Gunner.

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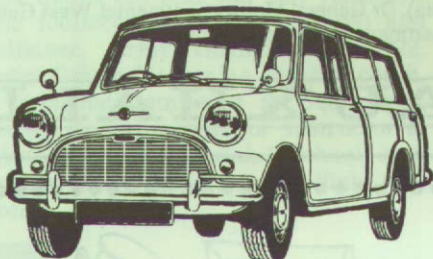
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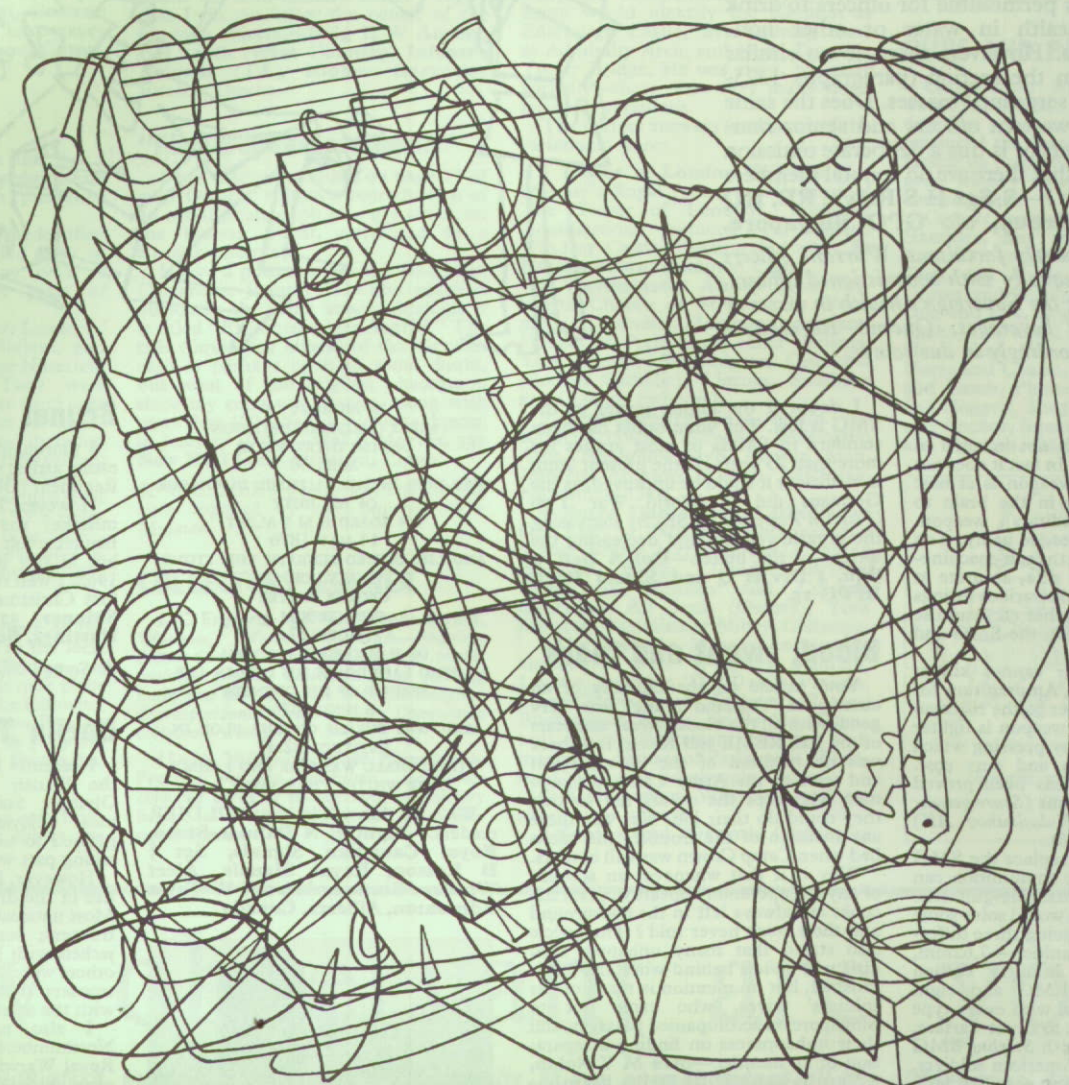
Bring out the Wills Whiffs...



AND MAKE IT A
REAL OFF-DUTY OCCASION!

W.W. 47

A-mazing!



FOR SOLDIER'S bumper Christmas competition, Art Editor Frank Finch has produced another intriguing conglomeration of higgledy-piggledy squiggles.

In disguise, but clearly outlined, are some familiar objects—for example, a drawing pin is easily recognised midway on the left edge. List as many objects as you can find and send the names by letter or on a postcard, with the "Competition 91" label to:

**The Editor
SOLDIER (Comp 91)
433 Holloway Road
London N7.**

Closing date for the competition is Monday, 7 February 1966; solution and winners' names will appear in the April 1966 issue. Winners will be drawn from entries identifying all the objects in the maze. The competition is open to all readers. More than one entry can be submitted but each must be accompanied by a "Competition 91" label.

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"How Observant Are You?" is on page 31.

LETTERS



LOYAL TOAST

Queen's Regulations for the Army (paragraph 1305) state that it is permissible for officers to drink the Sovereign's health in water or other non-alcoholic beverages. However, there is no similar ruling laid down in the section (paragraphs 1325-1341) dealing with sergeants' messes. Does the same privilege apply to warrant officers and senior non-commissioned officers or is this a deliberate omission on the assumption that there are no teetotal members of sergeants' messes?—**S/Sgt H S Rawle RE, HQ Engineer Base Group, c/o GPO Singapore.**

★ The omission is purely fortuitous. Warrant officers and senior NCOs, equally with commissioned officers, are entitled to drink the Sovereign's health in water or other non-alcoholic beverages. Queen's Regulations will be amended accordingly in due course.

Assault rifle

The British Army is not in need of combat pistol training. In fact it does not need a pistol as this weapon is at best a last-ditch, or bullet in the brain to avoid capture (or creditors), weapon. What is needed, and needed badly, is an assault rifle longer than the sub-machine-gun, shorter than the rifle, accurate at 300 yards, which can take various fittings (bayonet, grenade launcher etc) and use a cartridge lying between the SMG and rifle.

The average soldier cannot kill at ranges over 300 yards. Ammunition for the assault rifle is lighter so the rifleman can carry more. The weapon is lighter and can be produced by pressing which speeds up production and cuts cost. This type of weapon has been proved in battle by the Germans (*Sturmgewehr MP 44*), Russians (*Kalashnikov AK*) and Americans (*AR 15*).

An assault rifle can replace the SMG and rifle and its short ammunition can be used in a light machine-gun (the Russians do this). This would solve some problems caused by having three different types of ammunition—7.62mm, 9mm and 380. An Infantry section equipped with one LMG and eight assault rifles could deal with every type of fighting from trench to street warfare.

By the way, the British *Sterling* SMG is highly thought of. American soldiers, above average shots and familiar with all types of weapon, tried their hands with our *Sterlings* on the range and the overall opinion was: "Fine li'l gun, wish we had them."

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Oldham, Lancs.

I doubt if the killing power of the SMG is low. The 9mm bullet has been standard in SMGs of most armies for more than 25 years. If the present 9mm is inefficient it could be improved, as the Germans did in World War Two (*Pistolen Patronen 08 SE*) by increasing the muzzle velocity and decreasing the weight of the bullet.—**Cpl A Bell, 2 Sqn, 4 Div H Q and Signal Regt, BFPO 15.**

Blood, sweat and tears

Your article on the building of an airstrip in Thailand (June) was very good, with all the blood, sweat and tears of the RE, REME and Kiwis. But there was no mention of the blood, sweat and tears of the Army Catering Corps men who kept the others fed so that they could do their job. Nor was there any mention of the troubles the cooks had when Camp Crown was still in tents.

Why is it that whenever an account of any big operation appears in print the cooks are always left in the background and their story never told? The article also stated that many unhappy Thai girls will be left behind when the job is finished, but no mention is made of the soldiers' wives, who came out to Singapore on accompanied passages, and their unhappiness on finding a separation of 20 months.—**Mrs M V Nolan, 8 Sambawang Hills Drive, Sambawang Hills Estate, Singapore 20.**

Mounted bagpipes

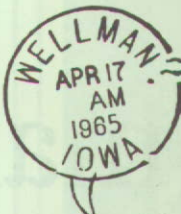
A friend assures me that he has seen photographs of a mounted bagpipe band which is supposed to have existed in the old Indian Army towards the end of last century. I find this very hard to believe, but perhaps **SOLDIER** can confirm or deny.—**C Graham, 8 Bellingham Road, Dennistown, W Australia.**

★ Such a band did indeed exist—that of the 17th Bengal Cavalry, which was absorbed into the 17th Bengal Lancers in 1922.

Polar Medal?

We read Major John Laffin's article on the Polar Medal (July) with great interest because not far from here there is the grave of a possible recipient of this medal, and on the grave marker is the name of another.

This grave is located at Cape Sheridan, about ten miles to the east of this station; the inscription on the stone is as follows:



IN MEMORY OF
NIELS CHRISTIAN PETERSON
DANISH INTERPRETER
AGED 38

WHO DIED IN THE FAITHFUL DISCHARGE
OF HIS DUTY
ON BOARD H M S ALERT
14 MAY 1876

AND LIES BURIED BENEATH THIS STONE

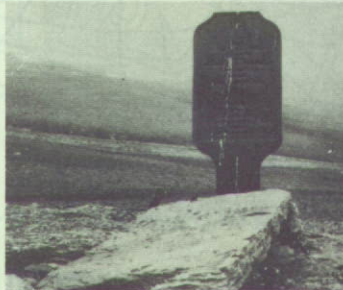
ALSO OF
GEORGE PORTER
GUNNER R M A
AGED 27

OF H M SLEDGE VICTORIA
WHO LAID DOWN HIS LIFE IN THE
SERVICE OF HIS COUNTRY
8 JUNE 1876

AND WAS BURIED ON THE FLOE IN
LATITUDE 82.41

"THOU SHALT WASH ME AND I SHALL
BE WHITER THAN SNOW"

We hope this will interest **SOLDIER** readers.—**Sigm F N Palmer-Stone, Royal Canadian Signals, Sgt J B Rosson, Royal Signals, Alert Wireless Station, Alert N W T via Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.**



Hirsute padres

Browsing through some back numbers of **SOLDIER** I saw a note on bearded padres (February Letters) which states: "SOLDIER does not recall meeting a chaplain sporting a moustache." The Reverend Norman Lee CF, Chaplain at Winchester in 1914, had a moustache, a ramrod back and looked far more of a soldier than a chaplain. I quote from the Army List for April 1914: "Chaplain to the Forces (1st Class) Norman Lee Rev FBN MA 28 Mar 06."

Winchester is my home town and as a boy I usually attended the parade service in Winchester Cathedral at 9.30 on Sunday mornings and I well remember the Reverend Norman Lee with his upright figure, grey military moustache and (I think) two South African War medals.—**R A Judd, Hoofprints, The Drift, Forton, Chard, Somerset.**

Brunei

I thoroughly enjoyed the most interesting article on the Royal Brunei Malay Regiment (October).

However, I must point out one small mistake; the article stated that the Brunei revolt started in December 1963, but in fact it started on 8 December 1962. I well remember this as it was my first Christmas in the Far East.—**R A Skinner, 32 Oakfield Road, Ore, Hastings, Sussex.**

★ Sorry! SOLDIER's error.

Berlin Tattoo

I recently had the pleasure of seeing the British Military Tattoo in the Olympic Stadium, Berlin. It was a most enjoyable evening and I was pleased to see that most of the troops taking part wore full dress uniform.

However, I did notice some irregularities in the dress of the Infantry bands. Most noticeable were the headdress and trousers; some were wearing scarlet jackets with No. 1 Dress trousers while others wore No. 1 Dress jackets and the trousers that should have been worn with the scarlet jackets.

I also noticed that The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers and The Royal Warwickshire Fusiliers wore the same wide stripe on their trousers as The Royal Fusiliers. I know that they are all in the same Brigade, but I always understood this was a unique privilege enjoyed only by The Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment) through long association with the Royal Regiment of Artillery.—**J P Drayner, 19 Alcajen Strasse, Dodeshiede, Osnabruck, W Germany.**

★ Reader Drayner is right. However, on formation of The Fusilier Brigade it was agreed that all regiments in the Brigade should be allowed to wear the wide stripe.

Bomb disposal

To clarify the exact division of responsibility between Royal Engineers and Royal Army Ordnance Corps for bomb disposal, the following extracts are taken from Ammunition and Explosive Regulations (Land Service) Part 2:

"RE Bomb Disposal Units—These are highly specialised units whose responsibility is restricted to:—
a Disposal of unexploded enemy aircraft bombs; b Beach mines, whether laid in recognised minefields, or washed up on beaches; c Pipe mines.

RAOC responsibility—the RAOC is responsible for the disposal of all other sorts of stray ammunition, which includes any dangerous objects (explosive, incendiary, chemical warfare or smoke) whether designed for operational use, for training or for practice. Such objects may have been discovered in a public place, washed up on a beach, reported or surrendered by private individuals. The RAOC will also make a periodical collection of such objects at the particular request of Civil Police forces, or by standing arrangements with them."

The Royal Navy and Royal Air Force also have clear divisions of responsibility where their own establishments and own special types of ammunition are concerned. However, the writer wishes only to define clearly how the Army divides its bomb disposal duties between RE and RAOC, in view of the popular misconceptions held by the Press and public.—**Capt P R Butlin, Eastern Command Ammunition Inspectorate RAOC, Beavers Lane Camp, Hounslow.**



surrender (by the German Commandant) of the historic fortress called Akershus in Oslo in April 1945. The Norwegian accepting the surrender is now Colonel T Rollem of the Norwegian Army, who is still serving. He was then, I think, commander of the Norwegian Liberation Forces in Oslo, which explains his semi-military attire. I regret that I do not know the names of the German officers.—**Brig E W Anstey, HQ 130th (West Country) Infantry Brigade (TA), Higher Barracks, Exeter, Devon.**

"Flammenwerfer Angriff"

I was interested to see on page 17 of your October edition a reproduction of an aerial photograph of a gas attack on the Eastern Front, attributed to a Russian observer.

I have a postcard which I bought in Cologne in January 1919 and which is obviously the same attack although it is titled "Flammenwerfer Angriff." The title (liquid fire attack) of the German card is perhaps open to some doubt, but what of the original photograph since my copy was bought, along with more than 100 others of various subjects, in January 1919?—**Maj F Morris, 330 New Hall Lane, Preston, Lancs.**

★ **SOLDIER's** photograph and caption were supplied by the Imperial War Museum.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

L C Englert, 1627 Fairmount Street, Wausau, Wisconsin, USA.—Requires British Commando insignia, manuals, books, uniform pieces, Fairbairn-Sikes fighting knife and battle jacket with all insignia. Correspondence from other Commando collectors welcome.

J Davis, 28 Bowland Road, Moor Nook, Preston, Lancs.—Requires worldwide coloured cards or photographs of military bands, also worldwide metal or plastic naval figures.

N F Ashley, 21 Meadway, Maghull, Liverpool.—Collects British and Commonwealth Army cap badges, interested in exchanges.

D A Tresham, Box 306, Kingston, Ontario, Canada.—Requires worldwide military medals, decorations and badges. Purchase or exchange, all letters answered.

A J Stockdale, 44 Buccleuch Street, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancashire.—Collects British Army cap badges, urgently requires 26th Hussars. Correspondence welcomed.

J Paine, Top Flat, 3 Walpole Terrace, Brighton 7, Sussex.—Requires pictorial items Regular Army from commencement to date.

SHAPELY POSERS

One competitor commented in his entry for Competition 86 (July) that many would identify the Kremlin as Edinburgh Castle, Brandenburg Gate as Admiralty Arch, and Notre Dame as Tower Bridge. He was right, but only partially—there were very many more incorrect variations.

The correct answers (and some of the variations) were:

1 **Tower of London** (full title Her Majesty's Royal Palace and Fortress of The Tower of London). Proffered identifications included Taj Mahal, Windsor Castle, Edinburgh Castle, St James's Palace, Hampton Court.

2 **Westminster Abbey** (The Collegiate Church of St Peter in Westminster), London. Most popular variant, Houses of Parliament; other variants, York Minster, Westminster Cathedral (Roman Catholic), Lincoln, Salisbury and Cologne cathedrals.

3 **Brandenburg Gate**, Berlin. Incorrect choices included Wellington Arch, Admiralty Arch, Marble Arch, Imperial Archway (Rome), Reichstag, Nuremberg Gate.

4 **Notre Dame** (The Cathedral of Our Lady of Paris). Variants included Tower Bridge (very popular), Sydney Harbour Bridge, London Bridge, Canterbury, Rheims and Cologne cathedrals, All Souls (Oxford), York Minster, Westminster Abbey, Coliseum.

5 **The Kremlin**, Moscow. Interesting alternatives were Wembley Stadium, Louvre, Red Fort (Old Delhi), Vatican, Horse Guards Parade, St Peter's (Rome), Buckingham Palace, St Sophia (Istanbul), Dutch Parliament building and, inevitably, Houses of Parliament, Windsor Castle and Edinburgh Castle.

6 **Stonehenge**, Wiltshire—and no alternatives offered!

7 **Sphinx and Pyramid** (Sphinx of

Gizeh and Pyramid of Cheops). No alternatives offered but many competitors omitted the Pyramid.

8 **Arc de Triomphe**, Paris. Variants were Indian War Memorial (Delhi), Arch of Titus (Rome), Brandenburg Gate, Marble Arch and Admiralty Arch.

The draw from more than 1500 correct answers produced the following prizewinners:

1 **3QMS F I Jones**, Flat 14, Dovey Lodge, 39 Bewdley Street, London N1.

2 **Lieut-Col P W Lonnon**, Ponderosa, Park Road, Ashted, Surrey.

3 **Sgt D Housden**, Royal Signals Detachment, RAF Gatow, BFPO 45.

4 **John Gallagher**, 63 Mill Green Road, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

5 **C J Grace**, The Old Rectory, Crundale, Canterbury, Kent.

6 **Howard Ripley**, 12 Broomfield Crescent, Leeds 6, Yorkshire.

PUBS AND PAIRS

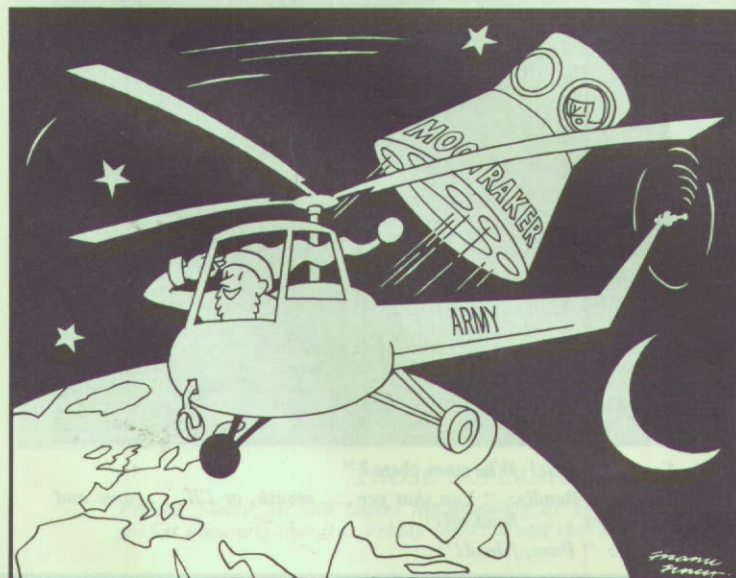
Competition 87 (August), pairing words to make inn names, brought in 21 different selections, but no competitor produced the correct answer of "Bell". Hence no prizes have been awarded; the prize money will be added to future competitions.

Correct pairings were: Anvil and Hammer, Boy and Barrel, Bull and Last, Cart and Wheel, Coach and Eight, Cock and Bottle, Cod and Lobster, Crown and Woolpack, Dog and Duck, Dog and Fox, Dog and Gun, Eagle and Snake, Fox and Lamb, Goat and Boot, Hand and Pen, Hope and Anchor, Horse and Chaise, Jug and Glass, Lion and Lamb, Plume and Feathers, Ram and Hoggert, Shepherd and Flock, Ship and Anchor, Square and Compass, Stag and Hunters. Odd word: Bell.



How observant are you?

These two pictures look alike, but they vary in ten minor details. If you cannot detect all the differences, turn to page 35.



DECEMBER 1915

* Christmas, 1915, and SOLDIER takes leave from the trenches to feature some of Bruce Bairnsfather's famous cartoons. Although trained as a civil engineer, he joined the Army in World War One as an Infantryman and illustrated his letters home with sketches of life at the Front.

Eventually one of his cartoons was published and readers were delighted. From then to the end of the war thousands followed Ole Bill's uncertain passage of arms in *The Bystander*. The character reappeared in Bairnsfather's work during World War Two.

Fifty years ago Britain chuckled at the grousing veteran sauntering unconcernedly through the war. The hideous casualty lists told the civilians all they wanted to know, and perhaps all the soldiers cared for them to know, about the horrors of France. Ole Bill told the world that Tommy could take it and see the funny side of what bids fair to be history's unfunniest event.



Colonel Fitz-Shrapnel receives a message from GHQ: "Please let us know, as soon as possible, the number of tins of raspberry jam issued to you last Friday?"



In an old-fashioned house in France an opening will shortly occur for a young man, with good prospects of getting a rise.



Sentry: "'Alt! Who goes there?"

He of the Bundle: "You shut yer . . . mouth, or I'll . . . come and knock yer . . . head off!"

Sentry: "Pass, friend!"



"Well if you knows of a better 'ole, go to it!"

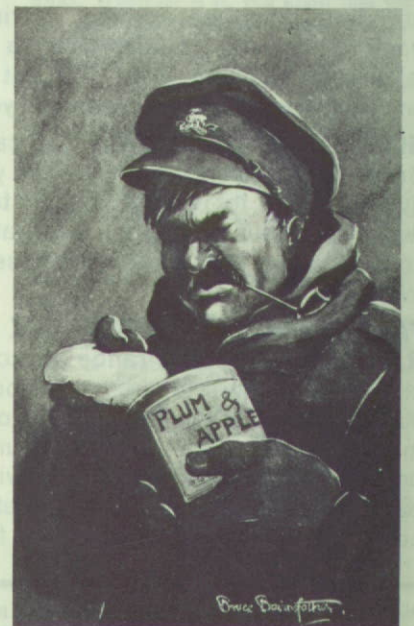


"Give it a good 'ard 'un, Bert, you can generally 'ear 'em fizzin' a bit first if they are a-goin' to explode."



THOSE SUPERSTITIONS

Private Sandy McNab cheers the assembly by pointing out (with the aid of his pocket almanac) that it is Friday the 13th and that their number is one too many.



THE ETERNAL QUESTION

"When the 'ell is it goin' to be strawberry?"

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FINNIS AND FOX IN PENTATHLON SUCCESS

PENTATHLON rivals Sergeant Mick Finnis and Corporal Jeremy Fox made an unbeatable combination when they joined forces in the British team. With a Royal Air Force sergeant and a Cheltenham civilian they defeated seven other national teams in a world-class pentathlon tournament at Cagliari, Sardinia.

Corporal Jeremy Fox regaining the British Open Pentathlon title.



Before teaming up for Britain, Finnis and Fox rode, fenced, shot, swam and ran in opposition. Between them, they have won all the home titles this year. Sergeant Finnis, The Middlesex Regiment, attached to the Royal Military Academy, notched up the Army pentathlon title. Corporal Fox, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, hit back to win the British Open Championship with 5005 points—199 points ahead of Finnis.

They were joined by Lieutenant Matthew Howe, The Parachute Regiment, for the team event and held off a strong challenge from a Hungarian team to retain the title for the Army.

Finnis, Fox, Sergeant Alex Wilson, Royal Air Force, and Mr Roger Phelps, a world champion pistol shot, were picked for the Cagliari tournament.

The competing nations were United States, Switzerland, Japan, West Germany, Australia, Italy, Spain and Britain. Strong teams, including 11 Tokyo Olympic performers, were in the field and the British quartet did brilliantly well to win.

After a shaky start in the fencing, Britain swung into the lead over their chief rivals, the United States, with a team win in the shooting event. Phelps and Finnis shot superbly and shared

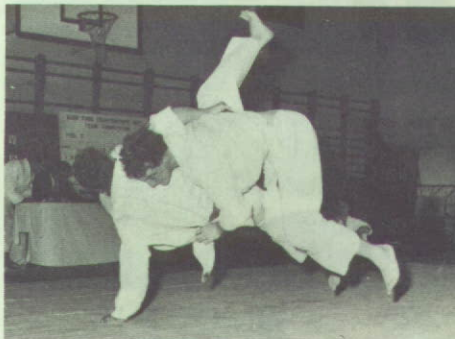
the highest individual scores. The team lead was held in the swimming.

The 2000 metres cross-country was run in tropical heat and all the runners battled against exhaustion. The British team kept its lead but after four events the United States—with the help of a sub-four-minute miler—had cut the margin from 150 points to 36.

All depended on the jumping

and after a frighteningly close finish the team came through to win by one point. Finnis was the star performer in the equestrian event and took the individual title.

Points totals were: Britain 14,772, United States 14,771, Japan third with 14,552. Fox and Finnis, fourth and sixth with 4984 and 4907 points respectively, were the highest placed British individuals.



Pictured going down to the mat with his opponent, Lance-Corporal Cairns, 7 Signal Regiment (right), was the only British Army competitor to win a title in the Rhine Army Judo Championships. Canadian soldiers won the other five finals and 1st Battalion, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, won the inter-unit competition.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(see page 31)

The two pictures vary in the following respects:

1 Top passenger in Moonraker. 2 Thickness of moon. 3 "K" in Moonraker. 4 Hub of helicopter's near landing

wheel. 5 Number of stars. 6 Length of lower left rotor blade. 7 Movement lines of tail rotor. 8 Line on helicopter's fuselage. 9 Width of earth at bottom right. 10 Shape of Red Sea.

SPORTS SHORTS

ORIENTEERING

The Army orienteering team won the Scottish National Orienteering Championship at Douane Castle, Aberfoyle. The individual intermediate and senior awards were won by Army team members Lance-Corporal Derek Pickup and Sergeant James Murphy. Lieutenant David Griffiths was picked for Scotland's national team on his performance at Douane Castle.

SHOOTING

The Army Cadet Force won the Inter-Cadet Force Cup at Bisley by nine points. The Air Training Corps was second and the Sea Cadet Corps third. The meeting attracted entries from 126 units and almost 500 cadets.

RIDING

Sergeant Ben Jones, King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, rode Fulmer Flight to second place in the intermediate class of the Army One-Day Trials. Second-Lieutenant R C A Campbell, Royal Horse Guards, won the preliminary military class on Kenbayne. The King's Troop won the open team event at the Army and Royal Artillery Hunter Trials, Larkhill. A team from 160 Provost Company, Royal Military Police, was second.

SAILING

Sandhurst Officer-Cadets I Bye and H Vines helped a Combined Services team to victory in a five-race contest with the British Universities Sailing Association. The Royal Air Force won the Inter-Services Team Dinghy Racing Championship for the sixth successive year in spite of a good effort by the Army's sailors. The Royal Air Force with 125½ points just beat the Army's 123½, with the Royal Navy trailing in third place with 108½.

FOOTBALL

A fit Army side nearly shattered Cambridge University's unbeaten record. The University's equaliser was a breakaway goal in the dying moments of the game. The final score was Army 2, Cambridge University 2. The Army led a strong Football Association Amateur side for 80 minutes at Aldershot but the game ended in a one-all draw.

ATHLETICS

Competing in Milan in the London v Lombardy athletics match, Sergeant Bill Tancred won the discus event with a throw of 168ft 6¼in and Lance-Corporal Jeffrey Fenge polevaulted 13ft 9¼in for a third place.

CROSS-COUNTRY

A 16th Independent Parachute Brigade team came third in the Ben Nevis race. They were the best-placed Service team and one member, Colour-Sergeant G R Burt, 14th, was the highest placed Serviceman.

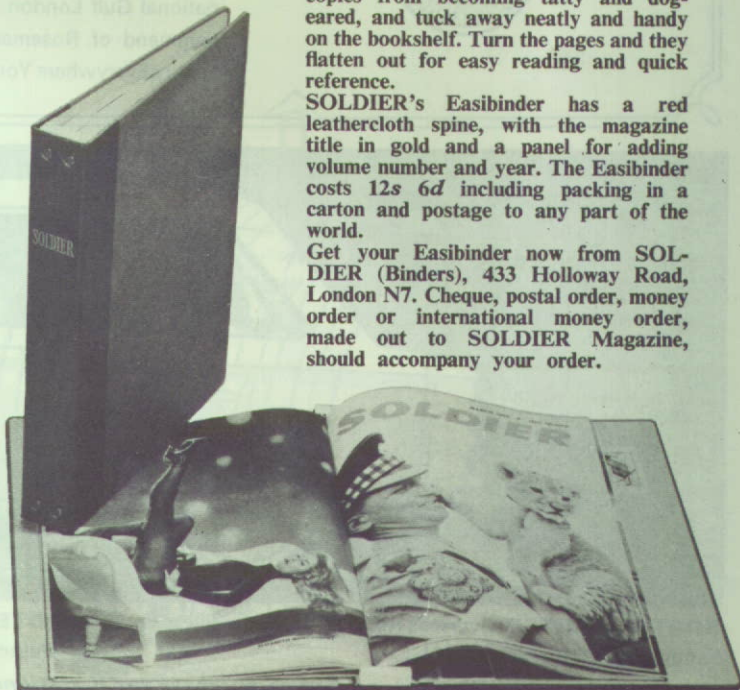
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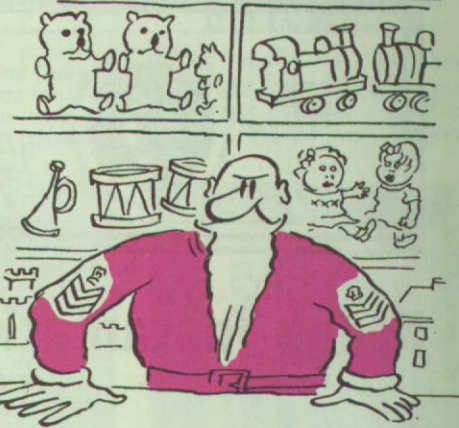
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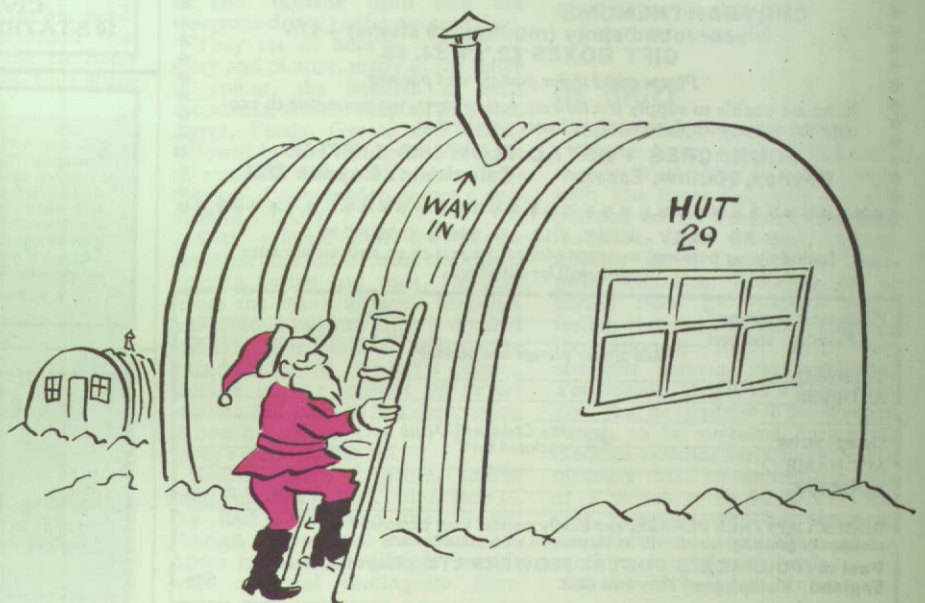
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FATHER CHRISTMAS REGIMENT

by

Larry



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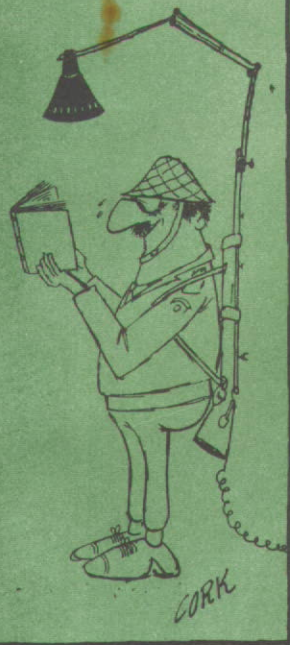
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BOOKS



KNIGHTS—ERRANT IN SPAIN

"The International Brigades"
(Vincent Brome)

WHEN the Spanish Civil War broke out in 1936, volunteers to fight for the hard-pressed Republicans began to flood in. There were 40,000, mainly recruited by their countries' Communist parties.

About six out of every ten were Communist Party members; others were woolly idealists, adventurers, criminals and cranks. A quarter were to die in action.

Training was minimal, discipline smacked of comic opera, and discussion of orders was common practice in the early days. When the first fine flush of enthusiasm was over, and there was trouble because volunteers were not being repatriated after the promised period, attempts were made to tighten discipline. Even the salute, earlier referred to as "bourgeois snobbery," was urged on the comrades.

The first commander to take the British battalion into action was Tom Wintringham, a Communist with a public school and Oxford background who put his OTC training to use as a chief instructor for the early units.

One of the best-known and liked British officers was George Nathan, who in World War One had risen from private to Guards officer. He appeared on Spanish battlefields immaculately dressed, with shining boots and swagger stick.

In a balanced account of the volunteers, and some striking descriptions of the battles in which they fought, mostly well, the author concludes that they served three purposes. Arriving in the crucial moment of the defence of Madrid, they stiffened the population's morale, stopped a possible Nationalist break-through, and prevented the capital's encirclement, winning a breathing space while the Republican Spanish forces were trained.

Heinemann, 45s

R L E

MECHANICAL HORSES

"Tanks in Battle" (Colonel H C B Rogers)

IN a factual, non-controversial relation of the story of the tank, the author is at pains to demonstrate its direct succession in role to the Cavalry.

He finds it remarkable that in the early years of World War Two senior soldiers thought of armoured warfare as a land version of naval warfare instead of appreciating that handling of mounted troops must always be based on the same fundamental principles, whether on horseback or in tanks. To this misconception he attributes the disasters in the Western Desert, excepting honourably Lieutenant-General Sir Richard O'Connor who handled his tanks brilliantly.

In his review of tank development the author describes an astounding number of tanks which did not get beyond the prototype stage.

He relates one incident which refreshingly shows that not all generals between the two world wars were prejudiced against the new weapon. In 1929 Field-Marshal (then Major-General) Ironside, visiting the Khyber Pass, said "What you want up here is tanks." The author (a young officer acting as guide) thought the general was talking nonsense, but in time saw light tanks operating among hills thought accessible only to Infantry and mules.

The author's passages on the tank's predecessors prompt the thought that a million Army clerks can be grateful that security inspired its short name. Had its sponsors been over-historically minded they might have called it the *ribaudequin*.

Seeley, Service, 35s

R L E

TURNING THE FLANK

"The Marne" (Georges Blond)

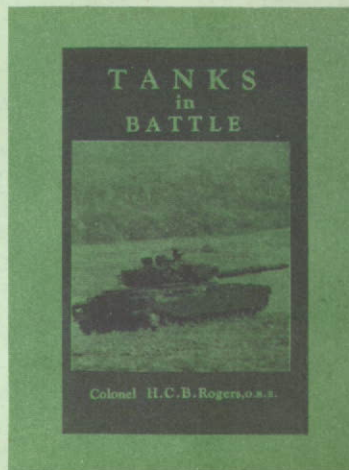
THE Schlieffen Plan, by which the right wing of the Kaiser's armies was to encircle Paris from the west, was going awry. General von Kluck's 1st Army, on the extreme right, was behind schedule, not least because of the efficient resistance of the British Expeditionary Force near Mons.

Now there was a danger of a gap opening between 1st Army and its eastern neighbour, General von Bulow's 2nd Army. In his headquarters, General Helmuth von Moltke decided that the 1st Army must pass east of Paris, thus aban-

doning the long-standing Schlieffen Plan, and follow in echelon slightly behind 2nd Army to cover the flank of the main body.

To von Kluck, von Moltke's order was senseless. He was a day's march ahead of von Bulow and in a far better position to exert pressure on the French left wing. To obey would mean halting for 48 hours and giving the French and British a breathing space. Arrogantly he decided to disobey, and crossed the Marne ahead of von Bulow.

In Paris the newly appointed military governor, General Gallieni, saw that the German flank was wide open. His troops went into the offensive and the other French armies



halted their retreat. The British in French eyes at least, were excessively cautious and failed to bring swift support to the Army of Paris. For all that a decisive victory was achieved on the Marne.

The author tells the story of those stirring days with a Gallic vigour that highlights the drama and colour in his material.

Macdonald, 35s

R L E

SOLDIERING DOWN THE AGES

"Soldiers Soldiers" (Richard Bowood)

IN his oddly but aptly titled book the author has assembled an international parade of warriors and their weapons down the ages. Beginning with the earliest records of organised armies, of between 6000 and 7000 years ago, he traces the history of the fighting man and his weapons down to the present day.

They are all here in a blend of story and picture, many of the latter in colour, the soldiers of each succeeding ancient empire, Sumeria, Egypt, Persia, Greece and Rome, followed by the Vikings and knights in armour. Then, with the introduction of gunpowder, comes a new form of soldiery.

With eclectic skill the author develops his chain of cause and effect, through battles and wars. He describes the many different branches into which a modern army is divided and how they function, tells of the introduction of women's corps, touches on the subject of model soldiers and ends with a description of how the soldier lives and fights in today's push-button era.

Soldiers from Lapland, cadets from America's West Point, men of the Red Army and the French Foreign Legion and the Forces of Africa and Asia are all represented, with colourful contingents from

the British Commonwealth.

Duties, parades, Colours, mascots, traditions and almost every aspect of military life are covered somewhere in the 150 pages of this lavish book which is almost incredible value at its price.

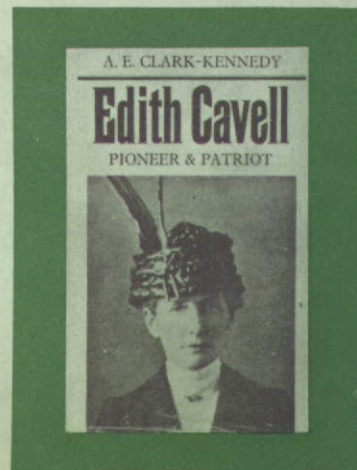
Hamlyn, 15s

D H C

"NO HATRED OR BITTERNESS"

"Edith Cavell" (A E Clark-Kennedy)

I REALISE that patriotism is not enough. I must have no hatred or bitterness



against anyone." These were virtually the last words of Nurse Edith Cavell before she was shot by a German firing squad in October 1915.

Germany denounced her as a spy while Britain hysterically hailed her as a martyr.

Edith Cavell's religious upbringing left her a serious-minded young woman. As a governess and later a nurse in Brussels she was known for her grave dignity and efficiency. When Allied soldiers begged her to help them to freedom she did so almost recklessly.

She admitted all the charges quite openly and was found guilty. The new German Governor, Von Sauberzweig, had almost a pathological hatred of the British and ordered her execution. German military law made an appeal impossible.

Nurse Cavell died with the same dignity with which she had lived. A legend was born which has grown to obscure the very real work she did for Belgian nursing.

Faber and Faber, 30s

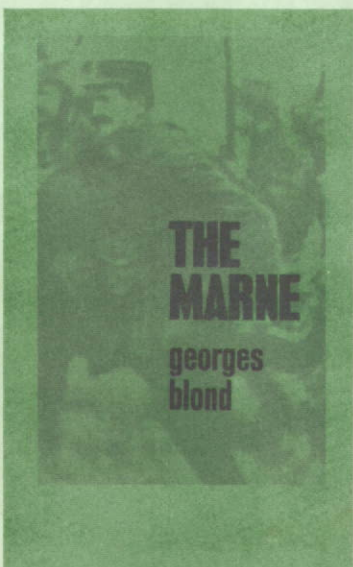
A W H

IN BRIEF

"Soldier's Luck" (Percy Croney)

The author was one of Kitchener's men in World War One. He fought with The Essex Regiment at Gallipoli and on the Western Front, until wounded. Later he fitted uncomfortably into a Cameronian Territorial battalion, unhappy to be parted from his beloved Essex, feeling that he and other seasoned Expeditionary Force men were strangers among the unblooded Territorials. It was as a Jock, however, that he returned to the Western Front, to be captured during the German advance early in 1918. His memoirs make an authentic picture of a private's life in World War One, complete with his pleasures, prejudices and peccadilloes and a good measure of grim battle.

Arthur H Stockwell, 17s 6d



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