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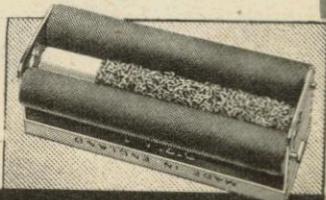
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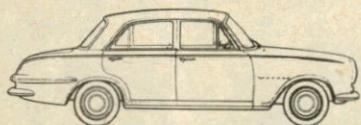
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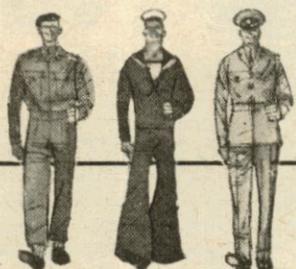
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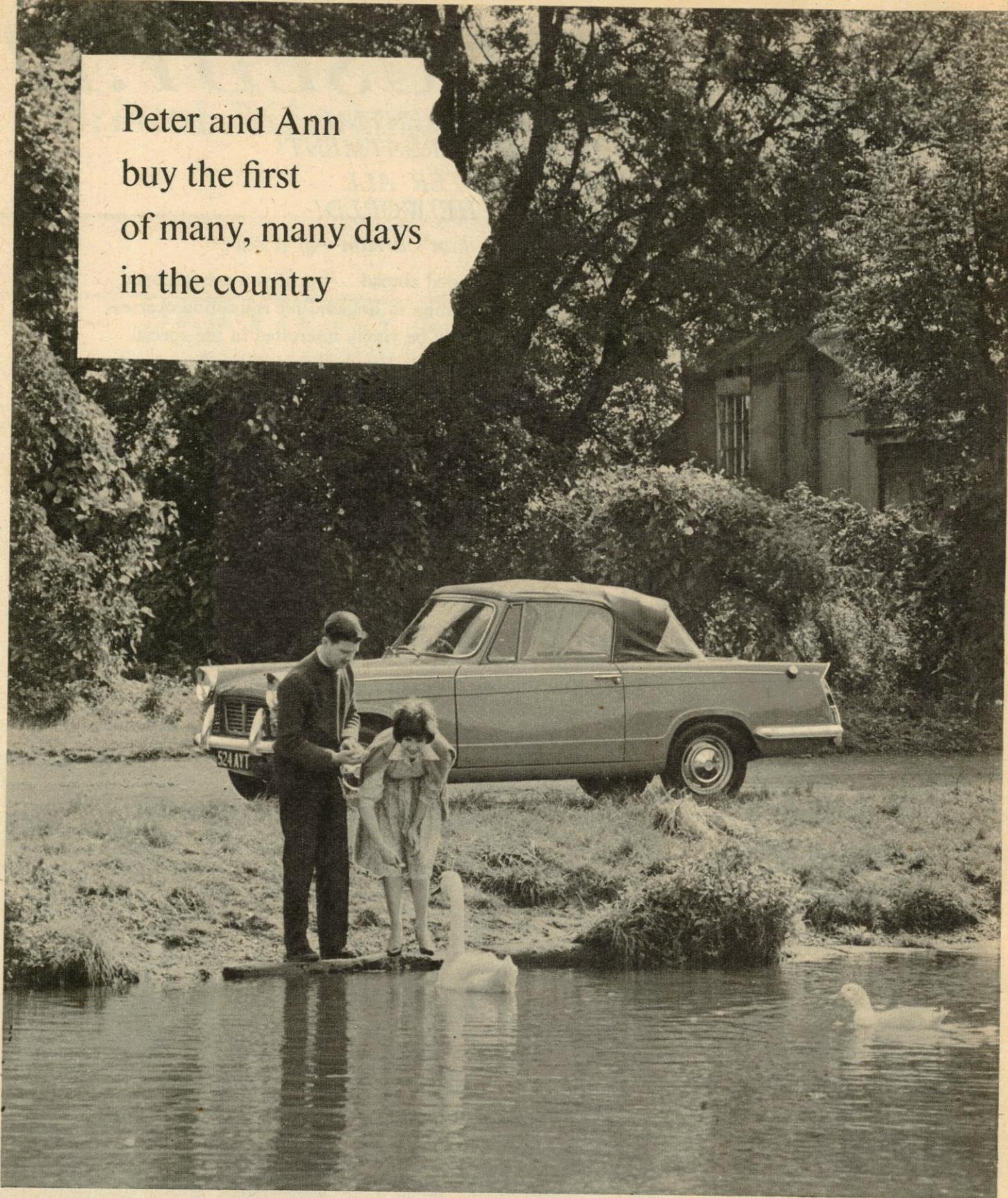
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THE JOY OF CHRISTMAS

A message from the Chaplain-General, The Venerable Archdeacon I. D. Neill

THIS is the season when streets and doorways ring again with the song which the Shepherds heard the Angels sing: "Glory to God in the Highest and on Earth Peace and Good Will towards men."

Christmas has a meaning and joy which are as real today as they were nineteen hundred and more years ago. The joy of Christmas was meant to make itself felt not just in the majesty of a star-lit sky, but in every street and in the doorway of every home. For God has come to every home, and the Manger story of the Babe wrapped and placed in the straw is there forever to tell us that there is no home, no life, that there are no circumstances which are too mean or poor in terms of caste or morals for Him to enter.

It is not often remembered that in the East, where hospitality is a sacred duty, an inn in a township was a place frequently used by the roughest of people who felt themselves excluded by their roughness or lawlessness from any respectable home.

The story is so familiar that sometimes we miss its meaning. God came in visible form, God in human flesh, and entered the life of Palestine at its poorest level. A "manger throne" we sometimes call it, but it was a messy, smelly stable. He was prepared to make it His birthplace and it was to the poorest of the poor—for the shepherd was not recognised socially—that the Good Tidings of great Joy were revealed.

Had He been born in Herod's palace, where He was sought by the Wise Men, or had He been of the stock of some great Jewish noble, then He would have been acclaimed hero and Messiah. But He chose a different way. He came into life at such a level that He visited the poorest as well as the rich, and accepted our life with its deprivations rather than with its privileges.

So it is that He still comes. He comes to offer Himself to every man as Saviour, no matter how unworthy. He meets us where we are, not at the level of our best, and we know that if He is ready to visit us in our unworthiness, then He is ready to visit us indeed.

Today is the day of outer space. Men have been beyond the confines of our world and we gasp still at the exploits of Gagarin and Shepard; but to reach out and return on a space excursion is nothing compared with the Visitor of Christmas. He came not to view and disappear, but to bridge the gap between the timeless realities of the spirit life and the uncertainties and tensions of life as we know it. He came to introduce and bring together man and his Maker. He came to tell us we mattered to God, whom we were to regard as our Father in Heaven. He came to deal with the problem of our unworthiness and He came to stay a living Presence amongst us, dwelling in the very being of those who open their lives to Him.

This is why we say "A Happy Christmas," for happy is the man who has such an experience of Christ Jesus our Saviour.

SOLDIER to Soldier

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

ALTHOUGH the Army expected some such measures, the news that some National Servicemen may have to serve for another six months and that about one in ten of those already released may have to be recalled, comes as an unpleasant surprise.

And not only to those National Servicemen who may be affected and who can be forgiven if they feel a sense of injustice. In Parliament and the Press the proposed new measures (they are expected to become law by the end of this year) have been condemned as "futile, feeble, unfair and a hand-to-mouth stop gap"—though, notably, no politician or newspaper has put forward a sensible alternative.

Certainly the proposals are unpalatable and SOLDIER sympathises with those who may have their civilian careers further interrupted. But, short of a return to conscription, which is wasteful and inefficient, what else could have been done?

The Army must have at least 182,000 officers and men to meet all its commitments, although even at this level there will still be some shortages. Yet, at present, it seems unlikely that by the end of 1962, when National Service is due to end, the Army will have more than 165,000—and this at a time when more and more men are needed to achieve a balanced force capable of dealing with any emergency.

Obviously, the only answer is to retain for a further short period those men who have already been trained. They may feel disgruntled (though with less cause than an earlier generation of conscripts who fought—and died—in World War Two) but they should soften their resentment with the knowledge that their sacrifice will play a vital part in the country's defence. And for those who have to soldier on there will also be compensations. During their extra six months' service they will receive the higher Regular rates of pay and the time they serve will be deducted from their reserve liability.

The retention of National Servicemen will only be effective until early 1963, when the last conscript will have left the Army, but there may still be the need for men to fill the gaps in times of emergency. For this reason those who have completed their National Service less than three-and-a-half years before the new legislation becomes effective may be called up again, though it is anticipated that only about a tenth of the 140,000 then available may be needed. These men will not be liable for call up more than once and they, too, will receive Regular rates of pay.

★

A PROPOSAL which will meet with universal approval is the plan to set up a new reserve of trained volunteers—the War Minister, Mr. John Profumo has christened them "The Ever Readies"—prepared for immediate service in any part of the world in times of tension.

"The Ever Readies" will have to have served for at least a year in the Territorial Army or be former National Servicemen who have joined the Territorial Army and only well-trained men will be selected to be called up, individually or in sub-units. They will volunteer for a year at a time and will receive larger bounties and gratuities than those in the present Category I Reserve and a guarantee of retaining their civilian jobs.

The creation of this new reserve is the first step in a drastic reorganisation of the Army Reserve and an eminently sensible one. It will go a long way towards simplifying and speeding up the present slow and cumbersome machinery of the Reserve Army.



Led by his piper, "Lord Lovat" (Peter Lawford) and his Commandos relieve The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire. The piper in the film is Pipe-Major Leslie de Laspée, London Scottish, the Queen Mother's personal piper.

D-DAY

HELLS and mortar bombs burst among Lord Lovat's Commandos as, to the skirl of the pipes, they marched up the towpath to the bridge over the Caen Canal at Benouville.

The Commandos scattered, then reformed and, with Lord Lovat at their head, rushed to the bridge which for 13 vital hours had been held by a handful of glider-borne Infantry and paratroopers.

It was like D-Day in Normandy all over again. In fact, it was D-Day again. The Commandos, glider-borne troops and paratroopers were men of the 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd, and they were re-enacting the brilliant action at the Canal bridge—probably the most daring and successful of all the Allied operations on 6 June, 1944—for a new Darryl Zanuck film—*The Longest Day*—which will tell through British, American, French and German eyes the epic story of that fateful day 17 years ago.

With them, to ensure that every detail is authentic, were Lord Lovat (his part in the

film is played by Peter Lawford) and the man who led the glider-borne raid in the early hours of D-Day: Major John Howard DSO, of the 2nd Battalion, The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, descendants of the 52nd. His men were the first formed body of troops to land in Normandy on D-Day and their action at the bridge—now called Pegasus Bridge—is one of the 1st Green Jackets' proudest battle honours.

By remarkable coincidence, the part of Major Howard is being played by Richard Todd, who was a platoon commander of 7th Parachute Battalion, in 6th Airborne Division, which reinforced the glider-borne troops and helped them to beat off German counter-attacks. In the film, Todd wears the same bullet-scarred steel helmet which Major Howard wore during the battle.

The 85 officers and men of the 1st Green Jackets who were chosen to fight the battle all over again nearly 20 years later also flew to France—but this time in a luxury class air



A paratrooper, who has swum the Canal to get his message through, warns "Major Howard" (Richard Todd) of an enemy attack. The glider in the background is an exact replica of the one in which Major Howard and his glider-borne troops crash-landed by the Canal bridge.

BRITISH TROOPS HAVE BEEN BACK TO NORMANDY TO RE-ENACT D-DAY AMONG THEM WERE THE 1st GREEN JACKETS WHO FOUGHT AGAIN THE FAMOUS ACTION IN WHICH THEIR PREDECESSORS TOOK PART

Picture: SOLDIER Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT

ALL OVER AGAIN

liner which landed in Paris. They travelled to the Normandy battlefields by motor coach—stopping on the way for a meal in the Champs Elysées—and were the guests of the French Air Force at Carpiquet, near Caen, scene of bitter fighting in 1944, where now they were taken in hand by teams of seamstresses, make-up men and wardrobe mistresses and the film's British military adviser, Colonel James Johnson, who had spent weeks studying wartime instructions on dress and equipment and hundreds of photographs taken on D-Day. With them was Lance-Corporal D. Dixon, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, whose job was to ensure that all British weapons were kept in working order.

A few hours later they had been transformed into as tough a looking bunch of assault troops as ever set foot on the Normandy beaches, dressed in the same type of battle dress the assault troops wore and wearing the same berets and badges and equipment (all from the surplus stores of World

War Two), some badly wounded and all unshaven and dishevelled. There was only one thing wrong. Their battledresses were too clean. So, in the interests of authenticity, the Green Jackets were sent to Ste. Aubin-sur-Mère where, on Sword Beach, they startled French holiday makers by bathing fully clothed and then rolling themselves in the sand.

Probably for the first time in the history of the British Army the troops were forbidden to shave, on pain of being charged with disobeying an order—not because the assault troops went ashore unshaven but because an unshaven face reproduces better in a film.

Next morning, dressed as Commandos, the Green Jackets went to Pegasus Bridge and turned back the pages of history by re-enacting the action in which the Commandos relieved The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry and the paratroopers. It took longer to do than the real thing. Time and again they raced up to the bridge under

heavy fire but not until the producer and Lord Lovat were satisfied that every detail was correct was the scene finally filmed.

Later the Green Jackets, now dressed in the uniform and equipment of Major Howard's glider-borne Infantry, took part in the filming of the assault on Pegasus Bridge, its subsequent capture and the fighting during the German counter-attacks.

The bridge itself had also been transformed to resemble its appearance on D-Day. Close by the bridge were models of the three *Horsa* gliders which crash-landed there in the early hours of 6 June, 1944, a German gun position, trenches and a sentry box.

The Longest Day, which will take at least 18 months to make and is being produced by Darryl Zanuck, is based on the book of that name by Cornelius Ryan, a former British war correspondent. It will tell the story of 6 June, 1944, as it affected both invaders and defenders and British, American, French and German directors will be responsible.

OVER . . .



Above: With the aid of wartime photographs, Colonel J. Johnson, the film's military adviser, dressed a Green Jacket in the battledress and equipment of a Commando.

Right: On Sword Beach, where British troops landed on D-Day, the Green Jackets acquire authentic battle grime.

Below: Officially unshaven and unkempt, the Green Jackets as Lord Lovat's Commandos line up to have the final touches of make-up applied to their faces.



sible for the scenes which affect their own countrymen and women. Some scenes depicting the landing of British paratroopers have been taken during an Army exercise in Cyprus and the American assault on Omaha beach, Ste. Mère-Eglise and Pon du Hoc have already been filmed.

In its search for weapons, aircraft, landing craft and tanks used in the invasion the film company unearthed five Spitfires in Belgium, two German fighter aircraft now in the Spanish Air Force and an old British flail

tank which 17 years ago went ashore on Sword Beach to clear a way through the minefields. The company is now busy buying up thousands of French two-litre milk cans of the type used by the Germans as dummy mines.

The film will also tell the story of two unlikely assault vehicles which lumbered ashore on D-Day. One was a London taxi, the other a milk van.

The taxi, commandeered by an officer to rush him back to his tank landing craft in a

British port, arrived just before the order was given to sail for France and for security reasons was not allowed to leave. The milk van, which delivered milk to American troops aboard a tank landing craft in Portsmouth, made its usual round in the early hours of D-Day and, like the taxi, was not allowed to leave. When the troops landed in Normandy the milk van went with them, the driver plying up and down the beach selling milk to the GIs until his supply gave out!

E.J.G.

THEY WERE THERE ON D-DAY



Left: CSM J. Bailey (left), who landed in Major Howard's glider, talks over the times of 17 years ago with CSM J. Ball. Above: Lord Lovat (left), Major D. Fox (in uniform), Major J. Howard (right) and Cornelius Ryan, the author, exchange wartime memories.

MOST of the 85 officers and men of the 1st Green Jackets who were chosen to fight the battle of Pegasus Bridge all over again were being pushed about in prams when, in the early hours of 6 June, 1944, glider-borne troops of B and D Companies The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, captured the bridges over the Caen Canal and the nearby River Orne, near Benouville.

But two had been there before—on D-Day.

One was Major Dennis Fox, then a lieutenant in D Company, whose glider landed against the Orne bridge at about the same time as Major Howard's party assaulted the Canal bridge. After capturing the river bridge, Lieutenant Fox's section was joined by men from a second glider which had landed short, and together they joined up with Major Howard's men and sent out patrols, one of which knocked out a German tank with a PIAT.

The other was Company Sergeant-Major J. Bailey, of Headquarters Company, who in 1944, as a corporal in charge of a scout section, landed in Major Howard's glider.

Company Sergeant-Major J. Ball, of the 1st Green Jackets, who plays a private soldier in the film, was in a glider which broke away from its towing Halifax aircraft on D-Day and had to land in England.



Above: One of the scenes in *The Longest Day*: American troops land on Omaha Beach where hundreds of men lost their lives.

Right: Another film shot of the US 82nd Airborne Division's raid on Ste. Mère-Eglise in the early hours of D-Day. A burning house made easy targets as the paratroopers floated down.

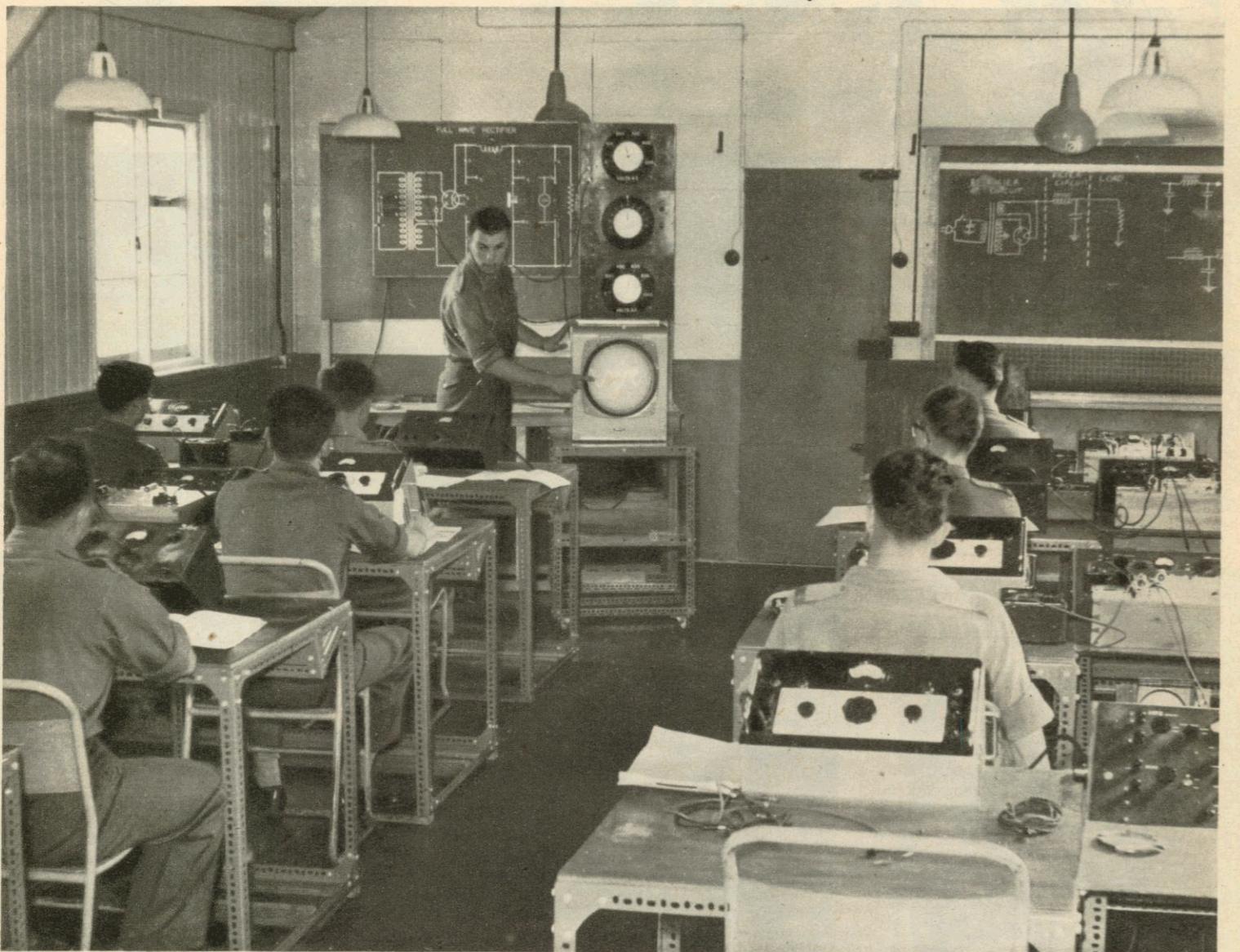


Major Howard, who won the DSO for his gallantry on D-Day, and Richard Todd, former paratroop officer who also landed on D-Day and helped to reinforce the bridge.

At the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers' new School in Arborfield students are taught the mysteries of the complex science of electronics by revolutionary methods

The School That Makes Learning Easy

An officer instructor demonstrates an electronic circuit with the help of a live blackboard. Each pupil's desk is fitted with similar equipment so that they, too, can carry out the experiment.



In a lecture room at Arborfield, in Berkshire, Captain J. Ross, of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, was demonstrating the theory of electrical circuits with the aid of a blackboard on which were drawn a series of intricate lines and symbols.

The soldier students watched fascinated as he picked up a number of electrical parts, inserted them into holes in the board and turned a knob. Suddenly, from the blackboard, came the romantic strains of a tango!

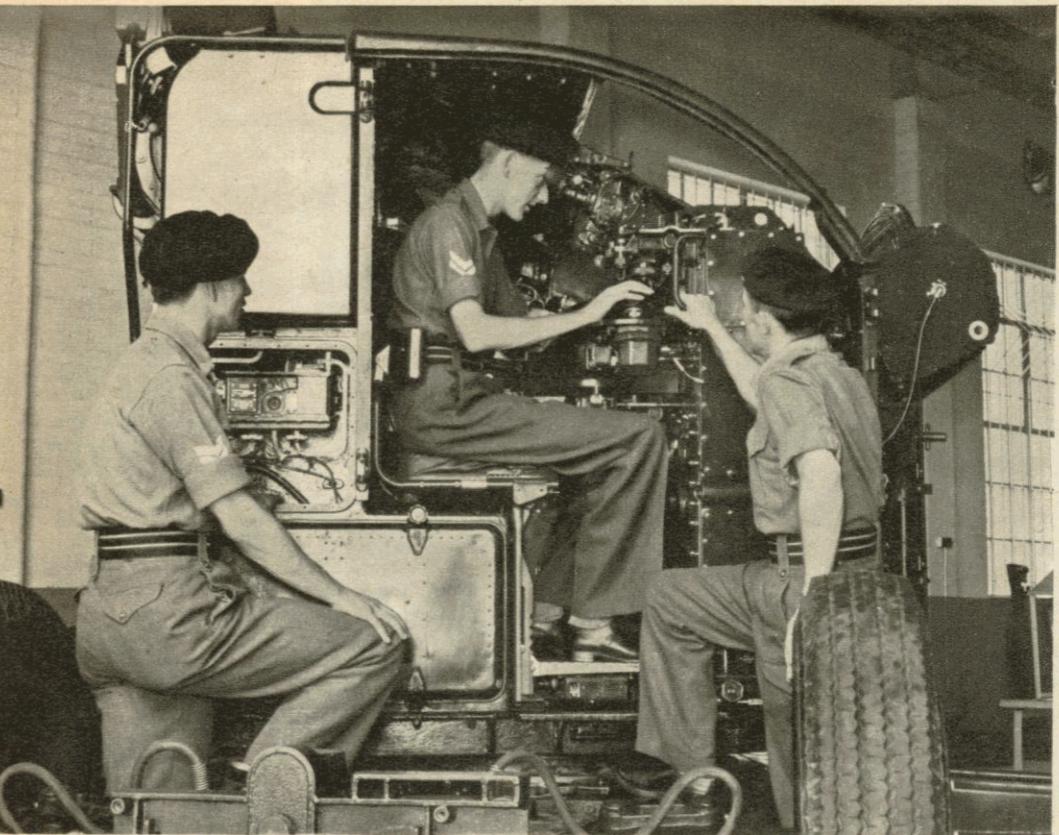
Not only the blackboard was alive in this strange classroom at the Royal Electrical and

Mechanical Engineers' new School of Electronic Engineering. The pupils' desks—each a combination of work bench, built-in power unit, test equipment bed, signal generator and cathode ray oscilloscope—began to hum with activity as the students plugged similar electrical parts into their own smaller boards. Within minutes the tango was blaring from a dozen desks.

The experiment was an example of the revolutionary methods which the School uses in its 35 different courses—ranging from basic instruction to beginners to post-graduate courses—to teach the complicated

science of electronics to officers and men of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers and to civilian technicians who are employed in REME workshops. When SOLDIER visited the School, more than 400 students—including young Regulars who had just joined the Army, former apprentices on continuation training, technicians, and artificers—were being put through their paces.

In the basic training courses—known collectively as the Fundamentals Department—note-taking is kept to a minimum and the emphasis is largely on demonstrations and



Above: In a more advanced class students learn how a fire control equipment works. Left to right: Sergeant R. V. Young, the instructor, Corporal L. Richardson and Corporal R. Riley. Below: A civilian instructor shows the test points to investigate when a Centurion tank's gun stabiliser goes wrong.



practical experiments, for the men who repair and maintain the Army's telecommunications systems, radar and electronic control mechanisms in tanks, guns and guided missiles must be able to diagnose faults and put them right quickly.

After each lesson everything the pupil is told or has seen is summarised in printed notes which he can take away and study at leisure. And instead of trying to hammer home dry formulae, instructors prove their teaching on electrically-live boards. Then, using their own boards, the students carry out the same experiments.

After completing simple tasks such as soldering two pieces of wire together, students rapidly advance to the more complicated job of building an amplifier and then a tuner unit capable of receiving high frequency transmissions, both of which they can buy at cost price for their own use. Finding faulty components and connections on the live boards and replacing and repairing them is also a popular feature of the training because it challenges a man's intelligence and initiative and encourages him when he finds the answer.

A Royal Electrical and Mechanical

Engineers' training investigation team—known as ETIT—has been mainly responsible for introducing these new training ideas which have already proved that a pupil with little previous knowledge of mathematics and physics can quickly master complex electronics problems. ETIT has also designed many new training aids and has produced training manuals which are so clear and concise that they enjoy a wide civilian readership as well.

After passing through his basic training, the student learns how to apply what he has been taught to electronic equipment in the Army. He is initiated in easy stages, first being shown an exploded, but working, model of the device, with its component parts scattered over a demonstration board, then a complete, engineered equipment, with its scores of component parts connected and packed into their correct positions.

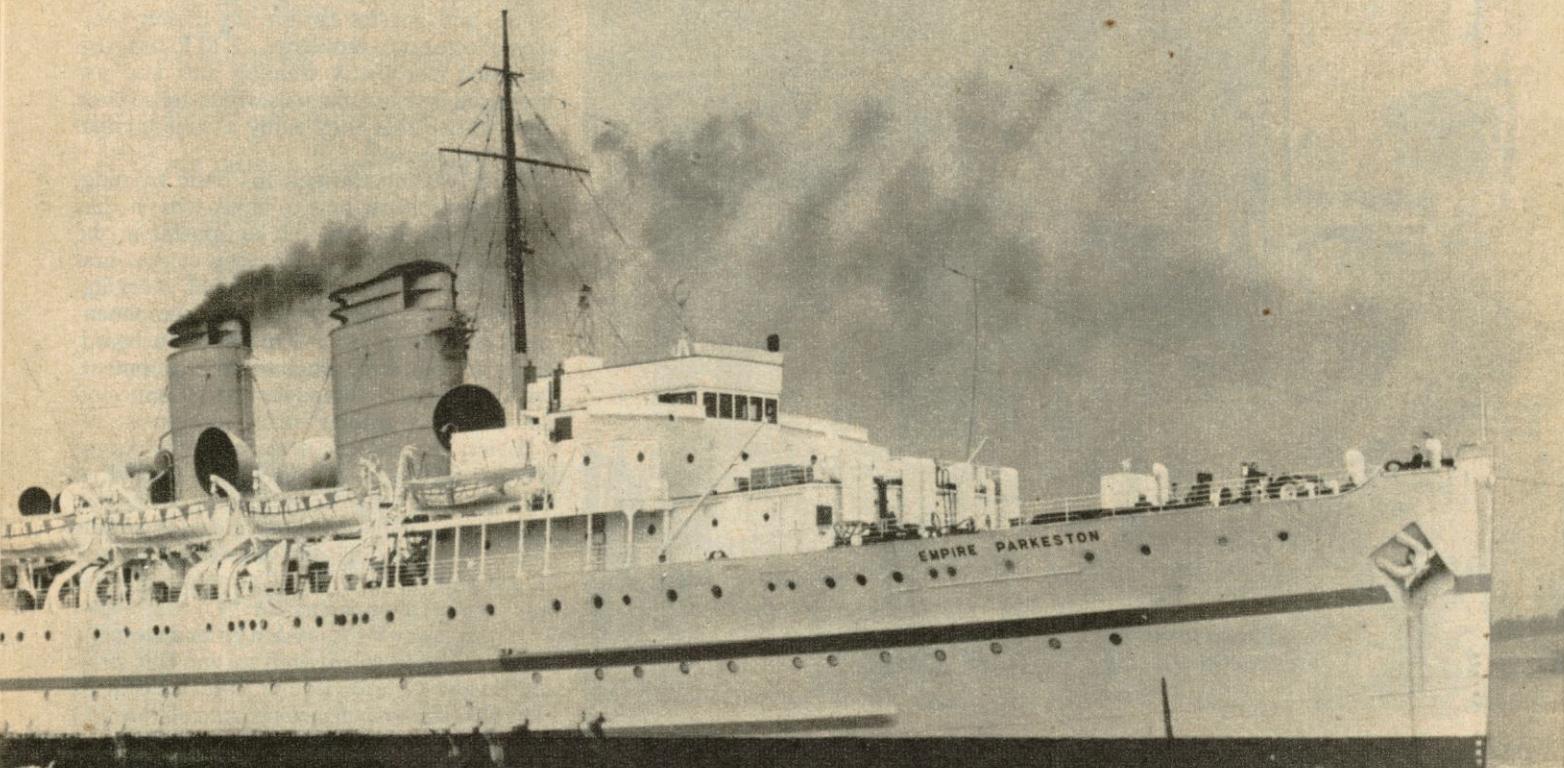
Later, the student deals with the equipment in which he has decided to specialise. In "A" Company he is taught radio, line equipment, and electro-medical apparatus used in diagnosing, and sometimes curing, illness and injuries; in "B" Company, radar and control equipment; in "C" Company, the complex systems used in guided weapons such as *Thunderbird*, *Malkara* and *Corporal*; and in the Control Equipment Department the intricacies of electronic controls used in the *Centurion* and *Conqueror* tanks and the *Bofors L 40/70 gun*. At the end of their course, eight out of ten students emerge as Class Two tradesmen.

The School, formed last April by the amalgamation of 3 and 5 Training Battalions, REME, to cater for the new all-Regular Army's needs, exists at present in a number of old and scattered buildings. But by 1965 it will be housed in new buildings—including laboratories, lecture rooms, workshops, a drawing office, model shop, and equipment and tank hangars—and a modernised Sandhurst-type barrack block in which students will live four and six men to a room. The scheme will cost £1,250,000 and building will begin in 1963.

The School's first Commandant is Colonel R. T. Barfield, who has spent a lifetime in electronics and was, until last April, Chief Instructor at REME's nearby Army Apprentices' School.

Craftsmen R. McClarron (right) and D. Freeman, test a valve on a Barfield board. Students learn the characteristics of hundreds of valves used in electronics.

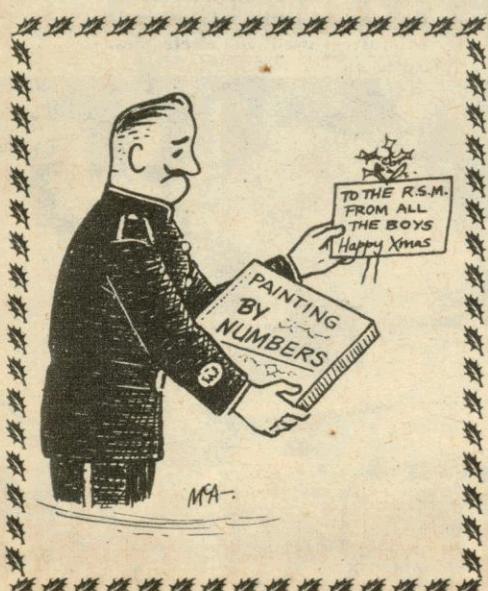




FAREWELL TO THE SHIPS

IN the grey dawn the 30-year-old trooper *Empire Parkeston* slid alongside Parkeston Quay, Harwich, for the last time. As the first of her 771 passengers disembarked the Band of the 1st East Anglian Regiment played on the quayside. It was the swan song of the Services' sea route to Rhine Army, now displaced by air trooping from Gatwick and Ringway, Manchester.

Starting as a leave route on August 1, 1945



—in the days of crowded, wooden-seated and windowless trains wandering through Germany and the Low Countries—the cross-Channel service between Harwich and the Hook of Holland had carried more than eight million Service passengers and their families.

An outsize disembarkation card handed to Private Alan Armstrong, of the Army Catering Corps, as he walked down the gangway at Harwich, recorded that he was the last of the eight million. Another souvenir was presented to the last passenger to board the *Empire Wansbeck* as she, too, made her final run to the Hook, where the transit camp has been handed back to the Dutch.

During the 16 years the Royal Engineers' Movement Control staffs maintained an outstanding record of regularity and punctua-

lity. The service was cancelled only once, in 1953, because of serious flooding in Holland, and only one serious accident occurred, when the Berlin train, the *Crossed Swords*, was derailed at speed. Even then, the uninjured survivors still caught their ship at the Hook.

The *Empire Parkeston* and the ex-German *Empire Wansbeck* replaced the railways-owned *St. Andrew* and *Duke of York* which, with the *Vienna*, a pre-war vessel, began the regular nightly sailings in each direction. After 13 years the frequency was reduced to alternate nights, then to three sailings a week. On the introduction of air trooping a year ago, the *Vienna* was withdrawn (see *SOLDIER*, November, 1960) and the service cut to twice-weekly sailings.

The Hook Garrison was formally closed

The Empire Wansbeck, built in 1943 at Danzig, was fitted out in Denmark by the Germans as the mine-layer *Linz*. She was captured when the Allies over-ran Germany and taken over by the Ministry of Transport. Mr. W. S. Hepton, for all 16 years her Troop Officer, missed only four of her 2030 cross-Channel trooping runs.

The *Empire Parkeston*, built at Birkenhead in 1930 as the *North Star*, was later re-named *Prince Henry* and employed on the Pacific Coast of Canada. She was then bought by the Ministry of Transport and converted for the Harwich-Hook route. A lively turn of speed which enabled her to pick up time lost on road and rail movement made her a favourite of Movement Control.

For her carpenter, Mr. E. E. Boling, who joined the *Empire Parkeston* at the start of her trooping career, it was his last voyage before retirement. It was the end of the line, too, for the Commandant, Major William Burton, of The Devonshire and Dorset Regiment, and his Ship's RSM, Regimental Sergeant-Major G. A. Bell, of The Royal Highland Fusiliers, who earlier served in the *Vienna*. Both are retiring from the Army.

It's goodbye to the Harwich-Hook run as, after 16 years and eight million passengers, the short-sea troopships give way to flying. And it's goodbye, too, to the familiar Hook camp

The *Empire Parkeston* (5576 tons) sailed between Harwich and Hook for 13 years. Her 18 knots could make up on delays by road or rail.

Right: The *Empire Wansbeck* carried 1,804,241 passengers during her 16 years of trooping. She was a German mine-layer during the war.



—AND THE HOOK

and handed over to the Netherlands authorities at a parade attended by the British Ambassador (Sir Alexander Noble), General Sir James Cassels DSO, Commander-in-Chief, British Army of the Rhine, the Deputy Chief of Staff of the Netherlands Army and the Burgomaster of Rotterdam. A Guard of Honour was mounted by men of the 1st Battalion, The York and Lancaster Regiment.

During the parade, presentations were made to Dutch civilians who had been employed at the camp, including that of an honorary MBE to Mr. Izaak Post, supervisor of civil labour since the camp's inception.

After a speech by the Burgomaster, the Union Jack was lowered for the last time by Sergeant E. Stevenson, of The Prince of Wales' Own Regiment of Yorkshire, and the Netherlands flag was hoisted in its place. Finally the Band of The York and Lancaster Regiment led a march to the quayside where the last soldiers were embarking and, as eight bells were struck, symbolising the end of a 16-year association between the British Army and the Merchant Navy, the *Empire Parkeston*'s ship's bell was presented to Headquarters, British Army of the Rhine.

And as the last note died away the old trooper drew away into mid-river on the final voyage while her passengers waved and shouted their goodbyes to the Hook.

Air trooping from Ringway, Manchester, to Germany, serves Servicemen and their families from Northern Ireland and counties in the Midlands, Northern England and North Wales. In both directions, passengers can leave home, catch a plane and arrive at their destination the same day.

First to fly from Ringway were men of The 15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars. Their trip from Barnard Castle to Germany took eight hours—instead of 27 hours by land and sea.

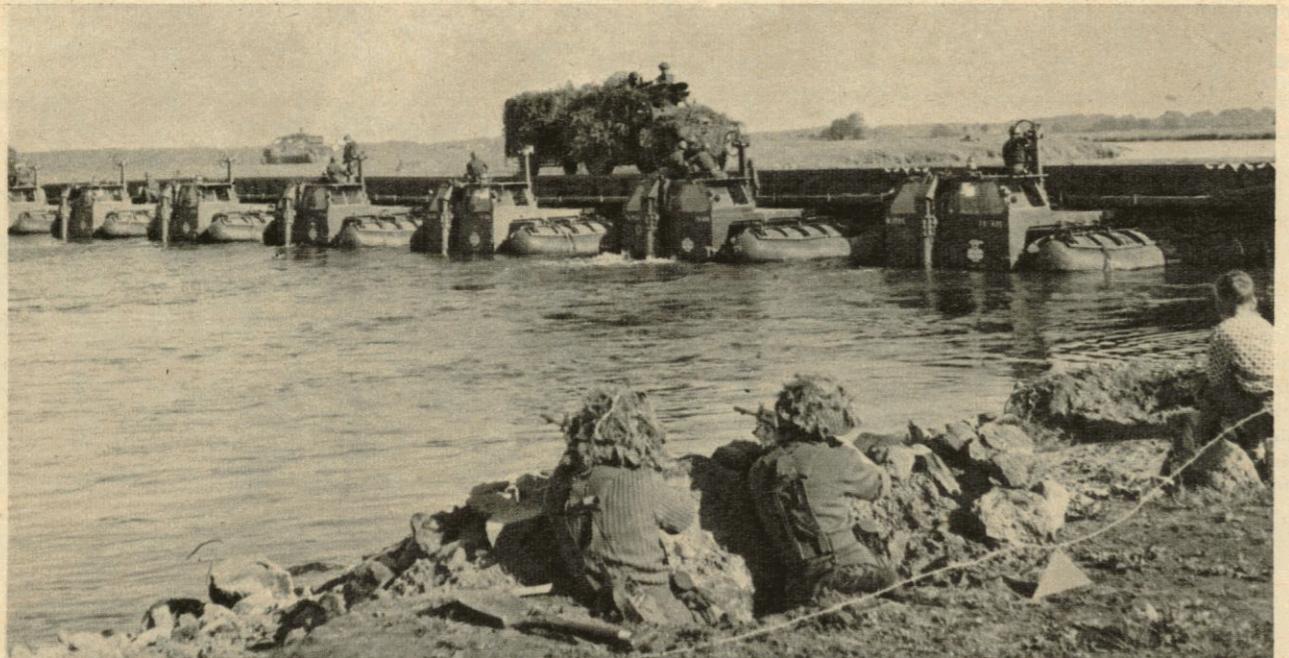


Captain W. G. James, 26 years a master, had skippered the *Empire Parkeston* since 1958 and served 42 years at sea.

Left: Sgt. E. Stevenson lowers the Union Jack for the last time as the Hook of Holland camp is handed to the Dutch.

THE BATTLE OF THE BIG BANGS

Thirty-three thousand men and 10,000 vehicles ranging over 4500 square miles in Germany; nuclear strikes, bridging. This was "Spearpoint" . . .



Men of the 1st Battalion, The Green Howards, guard a Gillois bridge over the River Aller as their vehicles cross to continue Redland's advance to the next obstacle, the River Weser.

An Honest John launcher moves out of its "hide" to fire. It was tucked away on a track concealed by trees, but both the missile and Gunners were standing by for immediate action.

Photographs by
SOLDIER Cameraman
FRANK TOMPSETT

EXERCISE "Spearpoint" will be remembered: As the biggest British manoeuvres in Germany—with 33,000 men and 10,000 vehicles, including 450 tanks—for seven years . . .

As the first large-scale exercise in which the Army added the nuclear tip to its spear . . .

For the controversies which made headlines in newspapers and raged in Parliament—"Is Rhine Army undermanned, under-equipped?" "Can it, would it, fight with atomic or conventional weapons?" . . .

As a Sapper field day, an armoured frustration and an Infantryman's war on wheels . . .

And because in six days there was not a single drop of rain.

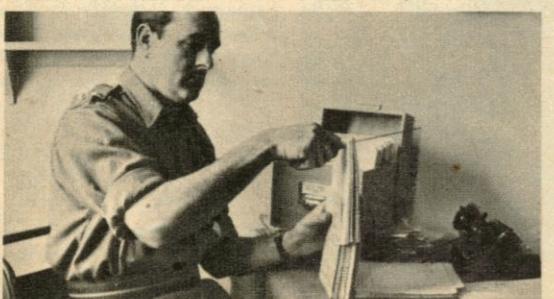
"Spearpoint" was 1 (British) Corps' first full-scale test since its reorganisation into brigade groups armed with the Honest John and 8-inch howitzer tactical nuclear weapons. Its aim, continually stressed by the Director, Lieutenant-General Sir Charles

Jones MC, 1 (British) Corps Commander, was simply to practise commanders and their staffs in the handling of subordinate formations and units on the ground.

The exercise, lasting six days and fought out by two opposing divisions over an area 150 miles long by 30 wide from Hamburg south to Lippstadt, resolved itself into a test of how long a smaller defensive force could contain an invasion without resorting to nuclear weapons.



Infantry were lifted in helicopters or rode in armoured personnel carriers and on tanks. But these men of The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire marched!



From this set of punched cards—one for each visitor to Exercise "Spearpoint"—Captain J. Bartlett, Royal Artillery (left) produced in one hour information which represented a full day's work for six clerks. This invention of Major B. H. C. Gatensbury, 9th/12th Royal Lancers, was used in the spectator control organisation run by Headquarters, Royal Armoured Corps, 1 (Br) Corps.

Each hole on a card represented a piece of information such as the visitor's unit, nationality, mess, accommodation and, even, whether

he had his own aircraft! By lining up the cards with a master card, then putting a needle through the holes, the relevant cards dropping out ready for counting, the operator could rapidly produce answers to such questions as: "How many dining in 'Y' Mess tonight?" or: "Which generals will be attending tomorrow's briefing?"

This punched card system, which proved invaluable during the exercise, may well have a usefulness in orderly rooms to give quick answers and save the tedious preparation of nominal rolls.

THE BATTLE OF THE BIG BANGS



RUNNING REPAIRS—BY THE SAPPERS

ELABORATE precautions were taken to minimise damage to property and crops during "Spearpoint." The heavier tanks were banned and troops were forbidden to enter homes, churches and other buildings, damage trees, crops and floodbanks—and to destroy ant-heaps (which are protected in many areas). And they were reminded that the British taxpayer would have to meet three-quarters of every damage claim.

For the first time on a Rhine Army exercise the Sappers repaired damage on the spot (see picture above). They were men of 25 and 35 Corps Engineer Regiments whose formation headquarters, 11 Engineer Group, set up a special damage repair organisation under its Commander, Colonel R. H. Walker, Royal Engineers.

Working closely with Colonel Walker and his staff were representatives of the Joint Services Liaison Organisation, Lände governments, German police and the Lands and Claims Department. The new scheme was keenly studied by officials of the German Ministry of Defence which is contemplating a similar organisation for Bundeswehr exercises.

Damage reports came from units, the two Sapper regiments and local German police who had been supplemented by 800 Federal and Lände police. Priority was given to damage involving possible danger to civilians and troops, and interference with traffic.

As the battle moved southwards the Sapper regiments began repairing bridge parapets, reinstating torn down fences, shoring up damaged corners of buildings and replacing cobbles and kerbstones thrown up by tank tracks. They were helped by heavy equipment manned by the Mixed Service Organisation.

One tank knocked down a tree which, in falling, made a hole in a house roof. Sappers quickly removed the tree and covered the roof with a tarpaulin as a first-aid measure. A less serious matter was a German farmer's indignant claim that his cow "was frightened by a jet and died on a fence."

Not all the aggrieved owners sought to make claims, for these had to be vetted by their burgomasters. One farmer who yielded a corner of his barn to a turning tank, demanded that it should be rebuilt exactly as it was. The Sappers were quite prepared to do that—to the last crumbling brick and wood-wormed joist!

In the circumstances, with 33,000 soldiers and 10,000 vehicles in the field for six days, the total damage was surprisingly slight—a tribute to the troops and the Damage Repair Organisation alike.



A Centurion of 1st Royal Tank Regiment, carrying men of 1st Battalion, The Loyal Regiment, rumbles through a village on the road to Nienburg and the River Weser.



These were "Spearpoint's" generals. Left, Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Jones MC, Commander of 1 (Br) Corps, who directed the exercise; centre, Major-General Alan Jolly DSO, GOC 1st Div; and Major-General E. A. W. Williams MC, GOC 2nd Div.

BATTLE continued

Aller, replacing them with heavier bridging and as quickly moving up their equipment to span the Weser.

The Gillois bridge was there, too, with a NATO flavour—a French-designed bridge built in Germany and erected by 552 Engineer Company of the United States 7th Army for British troops to cross.

If the Cavalrymen envied the Sappers they could hardly be blamed. It was not their day. *Conquerors* were banned for fear of causing undue damage to property and *Centurions*, for the same reason, were mainly confined to roads. But there were compensations as in one spirited action in which Redland armoured cars seized a bridge before it could be blown and then fought a see-saw battle at point-blank range in the narrow confines of a village street.

The Infantry dug itself in and hid in hedges and copses—there was rarely little to be seen beyond a well camouflaged *Mobat* or a few men in a slit trench. Camouflage and concealment were splendidly practised—men and vehicles melted into the ground.

Though Infantrymen dug in the good old style, they marched the modern way—on tanks, in armoured personnel carriers—and flew in helicopters. One company, eyeing an approaching enemy patrol, probably broke the record for embarking in *Belvederes*!

Helicopters were also successfully used for troop lifts and for re-supply, but their tactical deployment in forward areas caused a controversy over vulnerability to ground defences.

But helicopters, bridging, tanks and foxholes were all overshadowed as, when Redland reached the Mittelland Canal, the nuclear war began, with strikes from both sides by *Corporals*, *Honest Johns* and 8-inch howitzers. Their earlier use, explained General Sir Charles Jones, would have prematurely ended his exercise.

"Spearpoint" began slowly and conventionally. It ended suddenly and atomically. It was an exercise that will certainly be remembered.

PETER N. WOOD

Laughter In The Ranks

Exercise "Spearpoint" had its lighter moments, too.

One armoured unit which ran out of petrol requested permission to stock up from a German filling station, offering to pay the bill from regimental funds! Permission was refused.

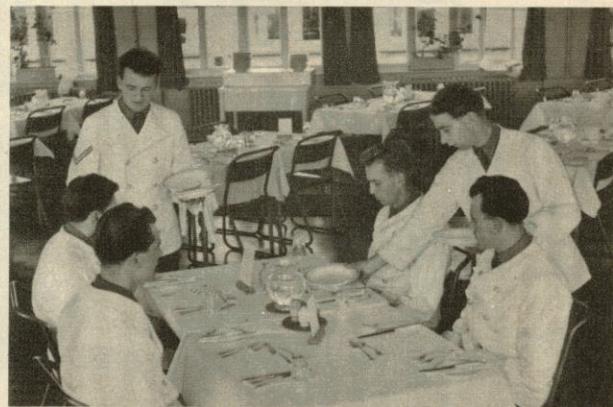
A quick-witted Sapper officer brought the house down at one of the evening briefings for spectators. Pointing to the cloth model, he announced that two bridges had been blown—and each was duly destroyed by a small explosion on the model.

Men of "A" Company, 1st Battalion, The King's Shropshire Light Infantry, who had been guarding the approaches to a cross-roads, prepare to withdraw across the Verden bridge.



Gunners of 19 Regiment practise on each other the skills of waiting.

MINE HOSTS —THE GUNNERS



THIRTY Gunners, spruce in white jackets, sat at tables in their dining room at St. George's Barracks, Minden. At their elbows hovered another 30 equally neat Gunners, carrying napkins and proffering a menu—or a soup plate filled with water.

The Gunners, most of them gun numbers or drivers of 19 Regiment, Royal Artillery, were rehearsing the unfamiliar role of waiting on the 300 officer spectators and guides accommodated by the Regiment during Exercise "Spearpoint." A one-day course under an Army Catering Corps staff-sergeant turned the Gunners into waiters. Then they practised waiting on each other and finally served a meal to their own officers.

Nearly a fortnight before the exercise started, 19 Regiment organised itself as an administrative battery and began to turn its home upside down. The men's and junior ranks' dining rooms were transformed into an officers' mess for spectators while the Regiment's own officers' mess prepared for an invasion of some 30 generals and brigadiers of NATO forces.

The Regiment doubled up on its own accommodation to turn barrack blocks over to spectators and guides,

and blocks of 54 Company, Royal Army Service Corps, which was out on the exercise, were taken over for incoming drivers.

It was a quartermaster's jamboree—250 sets of crockery and cutlery to be drawn from NAAFI, 14 ten-tonner loads of furniture to be checked in from an Ordnance Corps depot at Bielefeld and four three-tonner loads to come from Hamburg.

Cooks arrived from all over Germany to help run a 24-hour meals service, 20 Gunners manned round-the-clock bars and another 60 became temporary batmen.

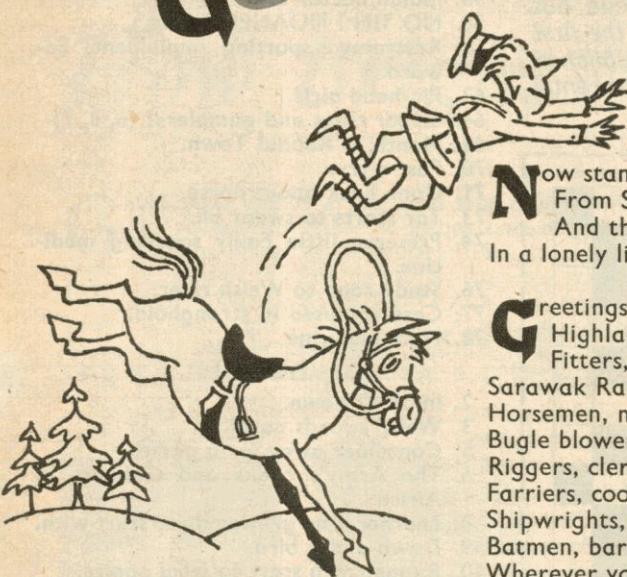
One of the Regiment's batteries provided a briefing staff for the exercise information room, the other two batteries helped to staff the spectator organisation and men of Regimental headquarters looked after the reception of visitors.

After the last guests had gone it took a week-end's hard work to get the barracks ship-shape again—leaving the Gunners with just three days in which to prepare for their annual administrative inspection. Then, and only then, after a hectic three weeks, the Gunners had their reward—a bottle of beer for every man and a well-earned long week-end holiday.

But when he mentioned that a third bridge had been destroyed there was a shattering silence. But the Sapper officer was equal to the occasion. Barely pausing, he added: "This was blown by a simply splendid device which is still top secret and absolutely silent in operation!"

And General Sir Charles Jones told of the Infantryman who was so well concealed in a riverbank that an attractive girl in a midnight bathing party hung her lingerie, in blissful ignorance, on the hide's radio aerial!

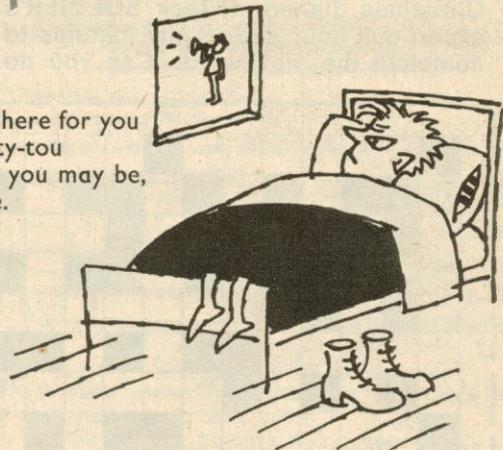
GOD REST YE MERRY!



Here's to "The Wonders," Canada-trained,
To trooping families (snug emplained),
To jumping horses (tightly rained),
And exercise "wounded" (cleverly fained).
To men who swelter in Kuwait,
To Pioneer soldiers handling fraft,
Defaulters (double up, you're lait!),
Old Comrades where they congregait,
To raw recruits (the Army's grait!),
Adventurous souls who concentrat
On crossing the Channel in frail canoes
Or rafting along on a jungle croes.
Here's to Commandos, here's to The Bloes,
Here's to the kilt and, of course, to the troes,
Here's to the National Servicemen whoes
So valuable help the Army will loes.

Now stand by your beds! There's a message here for you
From SOLDIER to soldier: The best for sixty-tou
And the merriest of Christmases wherever you may be,
In a lonely little outpost or a troopship out at se.

Greetings, all you Army types:
Highland warblers, clutching pypes,
Fitters, gun, and helio workers,
Sarawak Rangers, pint-sized Gurkers,
Horsemen, moulders, boilermakers,
Bugle blowers who rudely wakers,
Riggers, clerks and Junior Leaders
Farriers, cooks (who kindly feeders),
Shipwrights, seamen, navigators,
Batmen, barmen, bustling wators—
Wherever you are and whatever you do,
We send our best wishes to yours and yo.



Awelcome to the Belvederes
And Chieftain tank whose driver steres—
And changes smoothly, without any teres,
The multi-fuel engine's various geres—
As he —— o n o = —— o o u x and carefully peres
pe as the enemy neress.

O
C
S
I
R

Through a pe
And while we're about it, here's three cheres
For Lancers, Dragoon Guards and Carabineres,
For Riflemen, Privates and Fusileres,
For Ordnance and Signals and Royal Engineres.

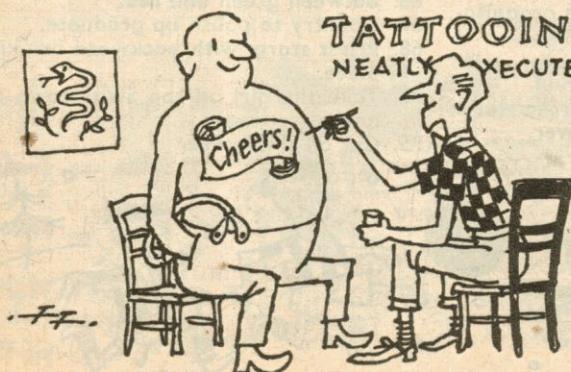
The Royal Dragoons we gladly fete,
300 years they celebrete,
And 40 years the Dental Corps
(Whose drilling's just a gentle borps).
Hail to tattooed and, too, to tattoos,
Greetings to single-stripe corporals whoos
Tape has assumed a more permanent air.
Hail to the Special Air Service who dair.
Here's to sportsmen hunting pots,
Playing chess or sailing yots,
And roller cyclists keeping slim
By pedalling nowhere in a gim.



Wherever you are, to you, our friends,
SOLDIER's staff this greeting siends.
P.N.W.



TATTOOING
NEATLY
EXECUTED

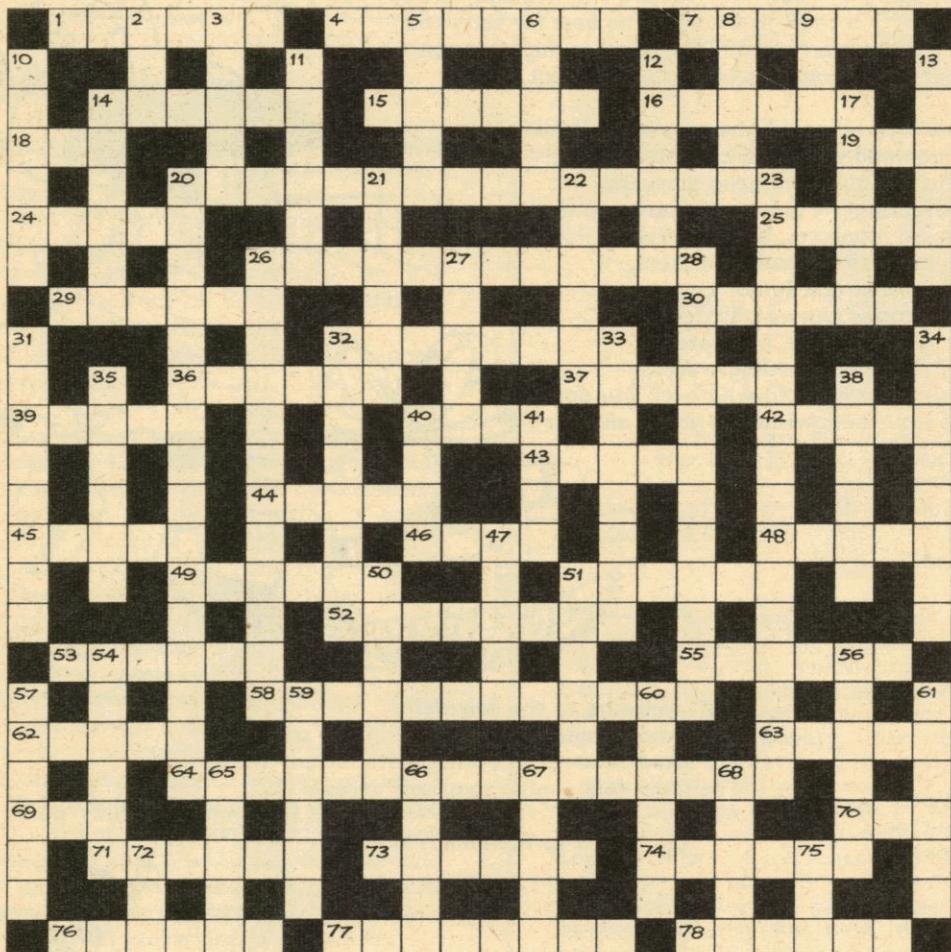


Christmas Crossword



Here's just the thing to while away a couple of interesting hours after your Christmas dinner. It took SOLDIER's expert one hour and twenty minutes to complete the crossword. Can you do

better? Right, eyes down, pencils out and get cracking. *The sender of the first correct solution, which will be published in March 1962, will receive two recently published books.*



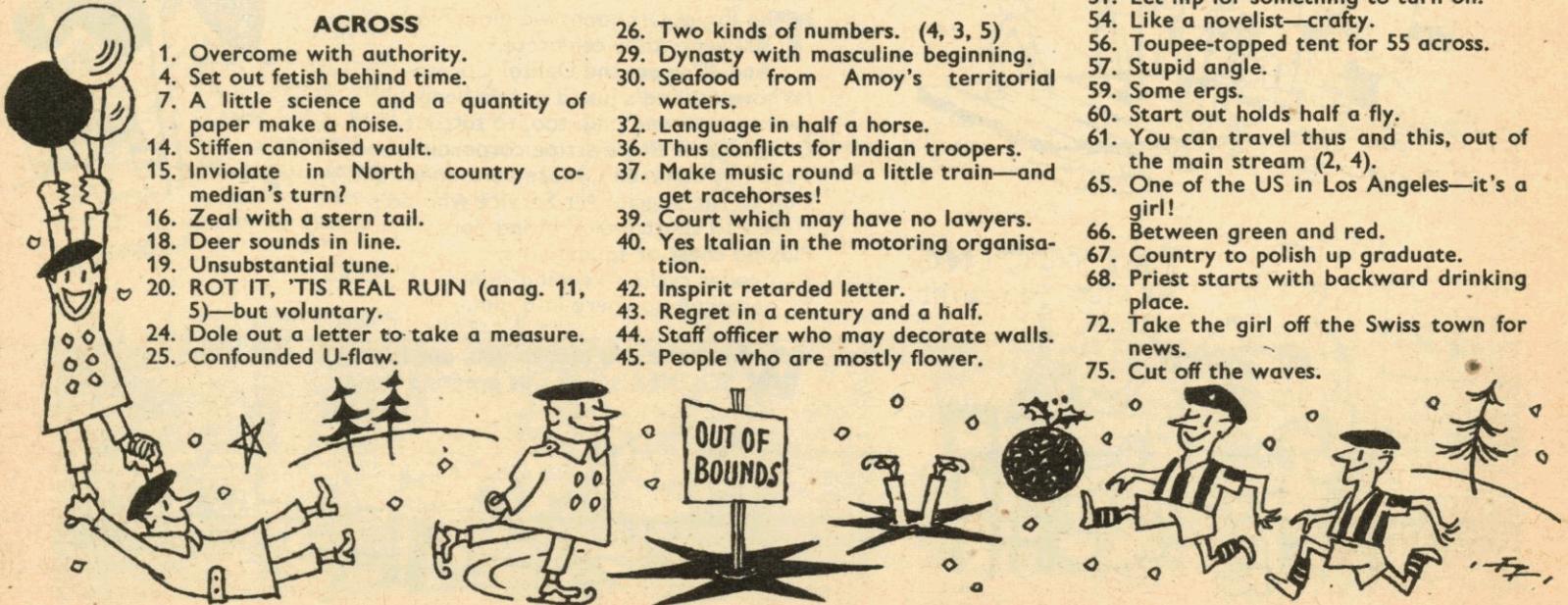
Name

Address

**CHRISTMAS
CROSSWORD
1961**

ACROSS

- Overcome with authority.
- Set out fetish behind time.
- A little science and a quantity of paper make a noise.
- Stiffen canonised vault.
- Inviolate in North country comedian's turn?
- Zeal with a stern tail.
- Deer sounds in line.
- Unsubstantial tune.
- ROT IT, 'TIS REAL RUIN (anag. 11, 5)—but voluntary.
- Dole out a letter to take a measure.
- Confounded U-flaw.
- Two kinds of numbers. (4, 3, 5)
- Dynasty with masculine beginning.
- Seafood from Amoy's territorial waters.
- Language in half a horse.
- Thus conflicts for Indian troopers.
- Make music round a little train—and get racehorses!
- Court which may have no lawyers.
- Yes Italian in the motoring organisation.
- Inspirit retarded letter.
- Regret in a century and a half.
- Staff officer who may decorate walls.
- People who are mostly flower.



- Address employment for the river.
- One of the US 50 on material
- Girls all right in the middle summons.
- Colourless friend cover.
- I get news of drink.
- Short arrangements in big city makes a populous place.
- Indian doctor bird?
- NO TIN I MOANED (anag.).
- Restrained sporting implement, Edward.
- Pin-head girl?
- Senior trees and gamblers? (6, 3, 7)
- Month in Rabaul Town.
- Past a try.
- Gone back about horse.
- Tar starts to swear off.
- Preserve little Emily soothing medicine.
- Study road to Welsh river.
- Case confused in stronghold.
- Plain medicine.

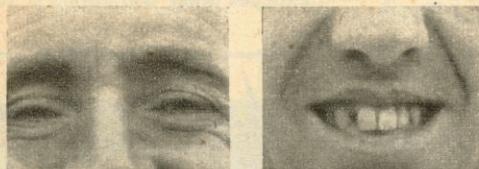
DOWN

- In off 47 down.
- Weird sounds aural.
- Container away for a game.
- The Army's cooks and Gunners in Africa.
- Learner is no gentleman to start with.
- Down-under bird.
- Rugger men start to steal apples.
- South went fast to be divided.
- Girl in metal helps skin-workers.
- Shape attributable to wine-bibbing?
- Sounds as if you could sit on standard meal.
- Service starts chancy business.
- FRED HIKES TO TRACT (anag. 6, 2, 3, 5)—and picks up some wrinkles.
- Tries 38 down, perhaps.
- Number in rights cheers.
- Some dish! Confounded Duse sang AA with carpenter. (8, 3, 5)
- But this training is still on the way in. (7, 5)
- Organ between compass points come close.
- Not, strangely, a pillar of society. (6, 6)
- Cover a town for holding-power.
- SEND RAGE (anag.).
- Comes from Italy and ends with useless container.
- Times for levelling?
- Some southern transport?
- Politician in transaction.
- Laos is confused, too.
- To His Excellency's account.
- Material used for rest?
- Court in the compass points, and passes out.
- Let nip for something to turn on.
- Like a novelist—crafty.
- Toupee-topped tent for 55 across.
- Stupid angle.
- Some ergs.
- Start out holds half a fly.
- You can travel thus and this, out of the main stream (2, 4).
- One of the US in Los Angeles—it's a girl!
- Between green and red.
- Country to polish up graduate.
- Priest starts with backward drinking place.
- Take the girl off the Swiss town for news.
- Cut off the waves.

How Bright Are You?

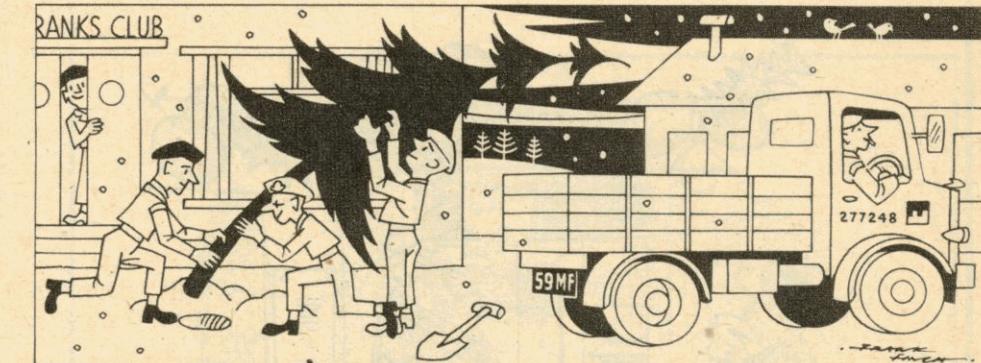
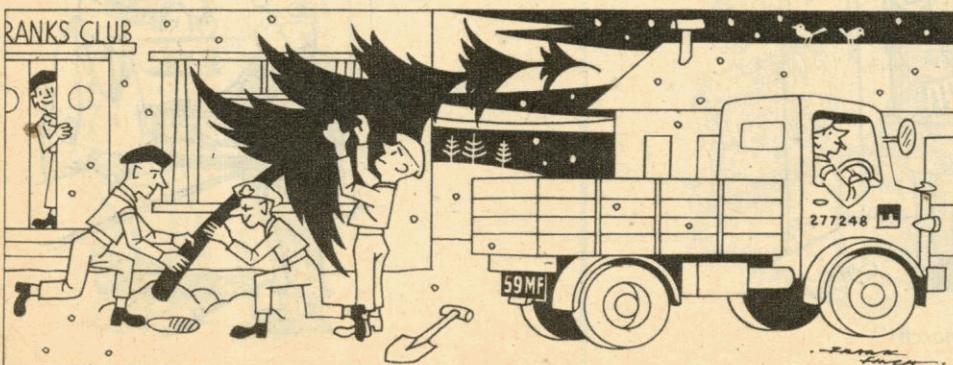
GIVE your brain a test and win one of SOLDIER's Christmas gift vouchers. All you have to do is solve the questions set out below and send your entry to SOLDIER's London offices by 20 January, 1962.

The senders of the first six correct solutions which are opened by the editor will receive: 1. A £20 gift voucher. 2. A £12 gift voucher. 3. An £8 gift voucher. 4. Four recently-published books. 5. A 12-months' free subscription to SOLDIER and whole-plate, monochrome copies of any four photographs and/or cartoons which have appeared in SOLDIER since January, 1957, or of four personal negatives. 6. A 12-months' free subscription to SOLDIER.



1. These parts of faces belong to two famous British soccer players. Clues: Both belong to the same club and are internationals, one Irish, the other Scottish. Who are they?
2. Robert Burns wrote a poem in which the line "The best laid schemes o' mice and men" appears. What is the next line?
3. Put this long-winded sentence into six words: "The abode of blest spirits renders aid to individuals who make a habit of self-assistance." Now put this into five words: The fluid that circulates throughout the human body has a greater density than a liquid compounded of hydrogen and oxygen.
4. Which is the intruder here: second, degree, hectare, circumference, diameter?

HOW
OBSERVANT
ARE YOU?



RULES

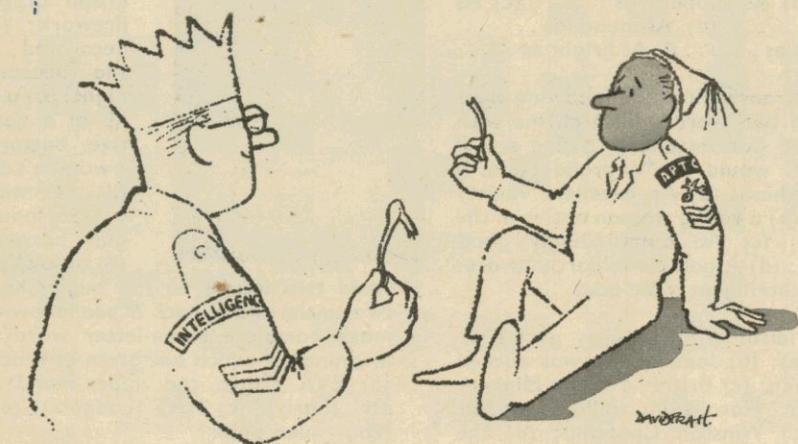
1. Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to: The Editor (Comp. 43), SOLDIER, 433, Holloway Road, London, N.7.
2. Each entry must be accompanied by the "Competition 43" panel printed at the top of this page.
3. Correspondence must not accompany the entry form.
4. Competitors may submit more than one entry, but each must be accompanied by the "Competition 43" panel.
5. Any Serviceman or woman and Services' sponsored civilian may compete.

The solution and names of the winners will appear in SOLDIER, March, 1962.

9. How many (a) continents are there in the world; (b) poles in a perch; (c) loaves in a baker's half dozen; (d) £s in a pony; (e) men were there on the dead man's chest?
10. This is a photograph of (a) a firework; (b) a decorated Belisha beacon at night; (d) a close up of a decorative button on a woman's dress; (d) the inside of a 25-pounder gun barrel; or (e) an owl's eye.
11. Add two letters to the beginning and two to the end of each of the following to make complete seven-letter words, the meanings of which are given in brackets: (a) EVA (Have the upper hand); (b) TIM (Early); (c) MAT (Lodgers); (d) ELI (Four-sided pillar).
12. Find four separate words made up of these eight letters: GLTRNIAE.

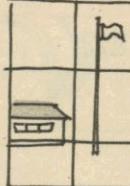
These two pictures look alike, but they vary in ten minor details. Look at them very carefully. If you cannot detect the differences see page 38.

CHRISTMAS
HUMOUR



"Two paces forward, march!"

SCHEERZO



SCHEERZO

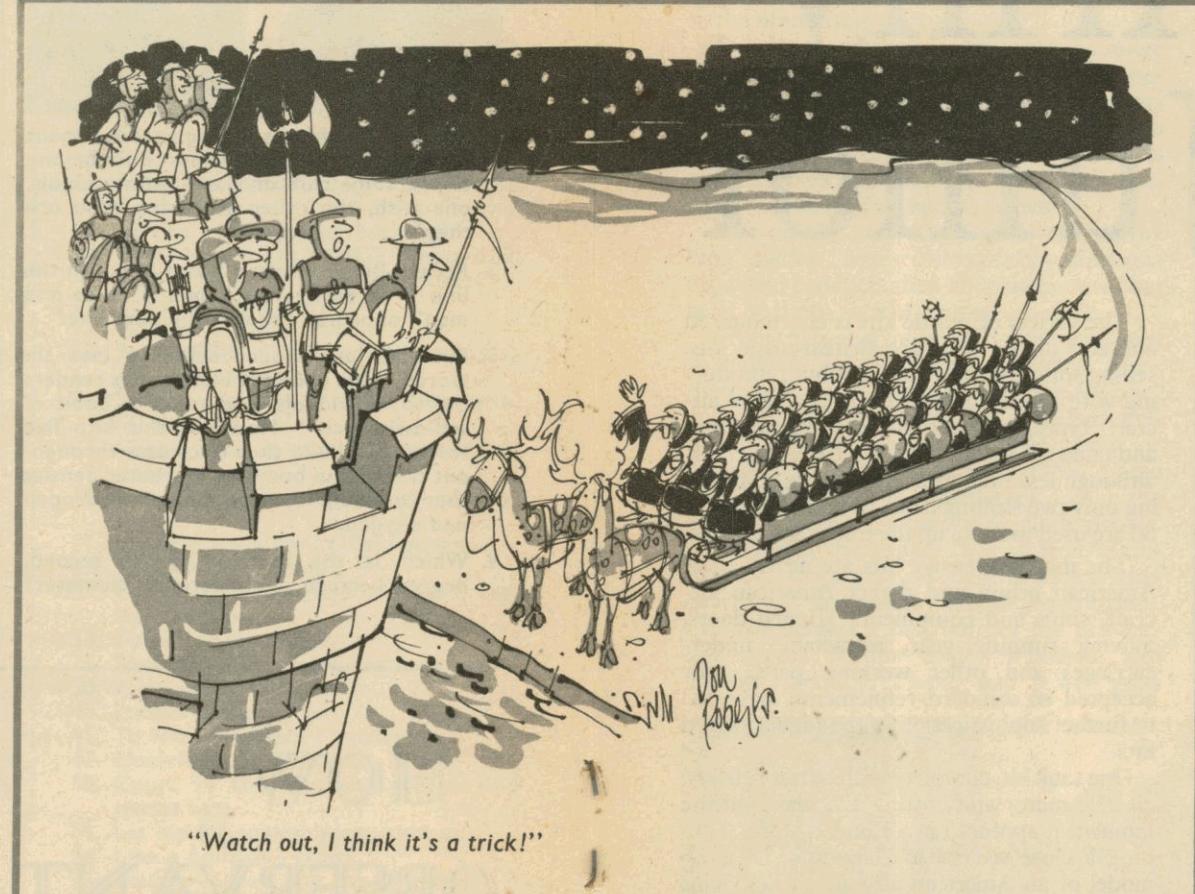


H. J. L.



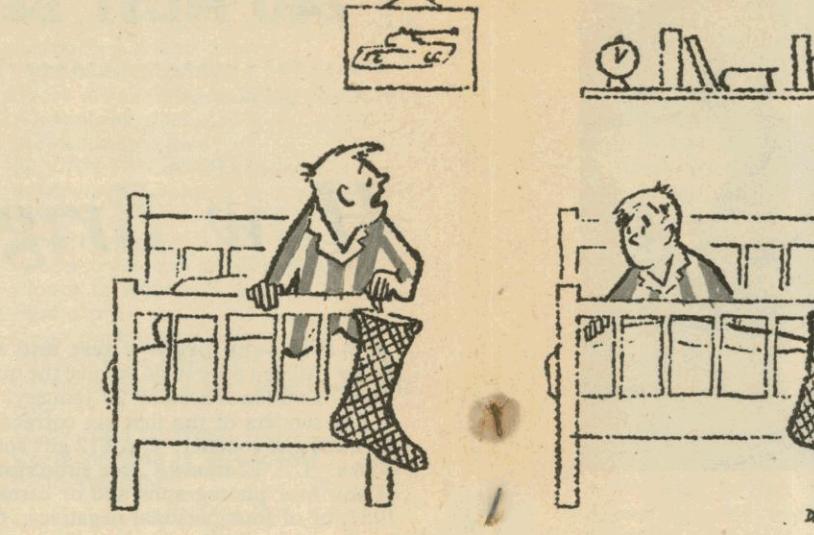
"Could I have this analysed?"

C. R. L.



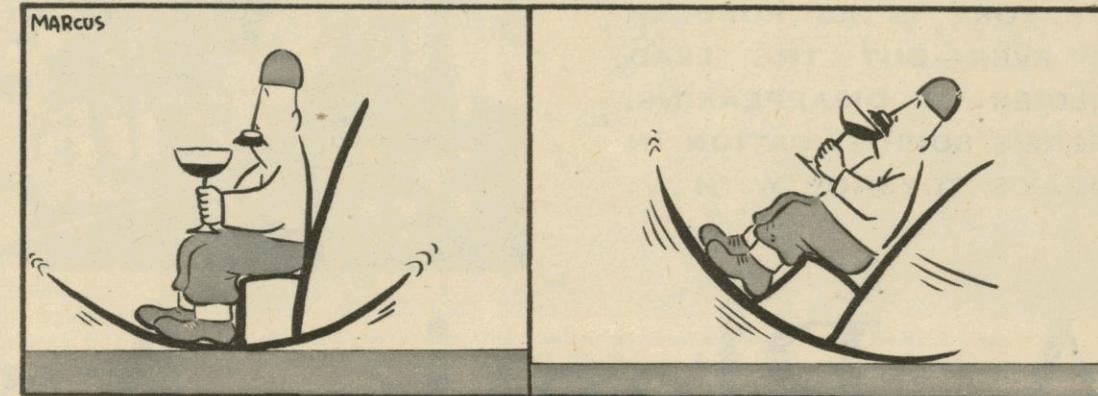
"Watch out, I think it's a trick!"

D. R. L.

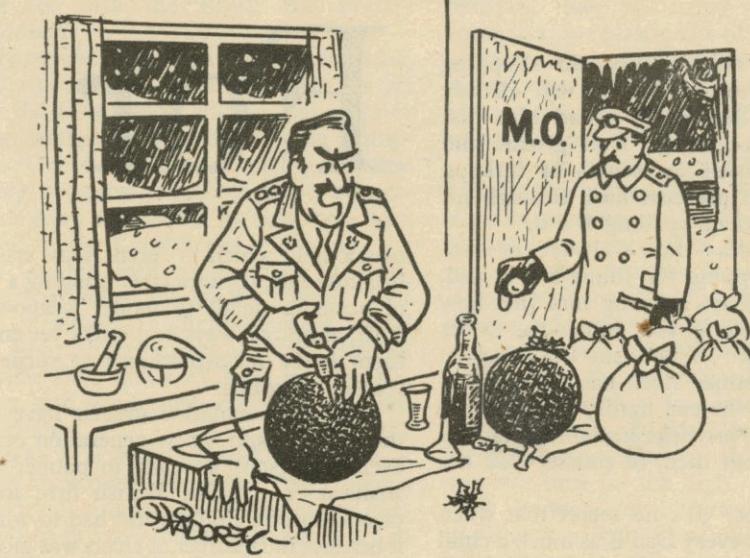
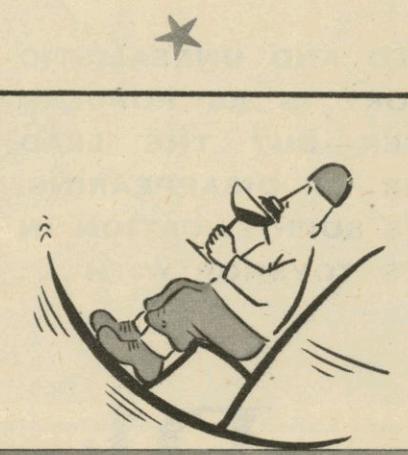


"I expect Father Christmas is still living it up in the Sergeants' Mess with Mum."

D. R. L.

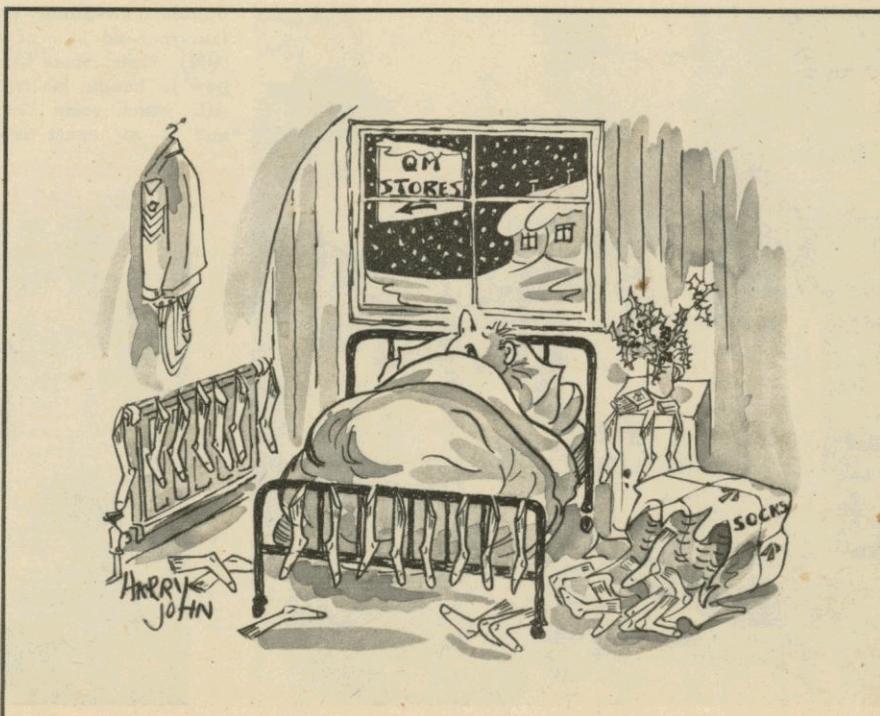


MARCUS



M.O.

"Confounded cook forgot to put the brandy in!"



HARRY JOHN



HARRY JOHN



HARRY JOHN

"This year I'm giving everybody Hell!"

SYMMINGTON

These youngsters are working out just how many weeks' pocket money they need for this biggest of military toys—an electrically-operated half-track howitzer. It fires shells and costs £4 10s.

THE OLD AND UNREALISTIC TOY FORT IS AS POPULAR AS EVER—BUT THE LEAD SOLDIER IS DISAPPEARING. THERE'S SOPHISTICATION IN TODAY'S TOYSHOP WITH...

A Plastic Army For Junior

WITH only twenty-odd shopping days to go, Junior will already have dropped a broad hint that Christmas is a-coming. Dad groans and mutters to himself as visions of turkeys, pantomime and presents flash through his mind, each of them spelling £ s d.

Then he smiles—there's always the two-fold joy of shopping for Junior's toys and, on Christmas Day, showing him just how they work. Traditionally, Junior has rather a thin time of it. If he visits the toy shop early the Christmas stock has not arrived; if he goes later he can hardly see anything for Dads. As a privilege he can unwrap his own presents but then, of course, Dad has to take over.

And why not? It's no secret that when it comes to toys every Dad is as much a child as Junior—the only trouble is that Dad will persist in thinking he knows more about the subject than his offspring.

Yes, it's a Dad's world, particularly in the

plastic field which in recent years has revolutionised the toy industry, bringing a wealth of accurate detail to model weapons, aircraft, ships, railways and tanks yet enabling them to be mass-produced at surprisingly reasonable prices.

Exactly moulded models have ousted the old toys and a new generation of hawk-eyed youngsters is ready to pounce on the smallest error. One British firm issued a plastic kit of a *Spitfire* and had to withdraw it because the number of rivets was incorrect!

Left: A fort and soldiers seem to appeal more than the up-to-date *Corporal* models.

Right: CSM Cameron, Scots Guards, shows Jimmy White, four-year-old son of Capt (QM) White, Scots Guards, how to handle his toy FN rifle which costs 12s 11d and is an exact replica.



One tank kit, complete with battery-driven electric motor and costing £7, was sold the moment it appeared in a London store. Running a close second in elaboration is a £6 model of an American aircraft carrier. This



store's plastic counter deals almost exclusively with Dads and teenagers—and there is an insatiable demand. Junior's nose is pushed out of joint because few small boys have the patience to fiddle with the myriad small parts or do the precise painting which hallmarks the good model.

What is there left for Junior? Well, there's always the fort and toy soldiers. Even in this missile age the fort has lost none of its attraction. It may be modelled on the Tower of London and famous castles or on United States Cavalry and Davy Crockett-type forts. But the most popular is still that unlikely and unrealistic mediæval fort with its crenelated towers, drawbridge and approach ramp of such steepness that soldiers would have to crawl up it on hands and knees.

With the fort go the soldiers, and somewhere here is that almost undefinable line drawn between "toy" and "model." Soldiers have been children's toys down the ages. For a time, wooden soldiers, made on the Continent, reigned supreme. Then came tin and lead soldiers which, in turn, are giving way to the ubiquitous plastic.

Despite the changes in material the range of soldiers has altered little. The Household Cavalry, bands and Scottish regiments are as popular as they were half a century ago and the appeal of a full dress uniform is still stronger, particularly to Americans, than the khaki-clad figures of war.

Nor do the real enthusiasts sniff at the "toy" soldier. Many collectors buy the mass-produced products then alter them, resetting head or limbs so that no two are alike.

From forts and soldiers Junior's next step is probably towards working models. Here there is a good range of military vehicles and equipments, all made to scale and well detailed, which can be pushed along or arranged to fight modern battles. These toys have their more serious uses, too, in the Army's training schools and on cloth models.

Although the missile age is well established in the toy world there is a surprising dearth of up-to-date British equipments. One firm makes a *Bat*, but not the present-day *Mobat* or the newer *Wombat*, and another produces 25-pdr and 5.5-in guns



Miniature vehicles, guns, tanks and missiles represented Blueland and Redland forces on the cloth model of Exercise "Spearpoint". The "candy floss" mushrooms are atomic strikes.

and a *Saladin*. There is a choice of two *Corporal* sets but only one *Thunderbird* which has inexplicably become mixed up in a gift set with the Royal Air Force's *Bloodhound*.

Only two firms produce a *Centurion* tank, one as a plastic kit, and *SOLDIER* has yet to see the *Conqueror*, anti-tank missiles or Sapper bridgelaying and bridging equipments. One would have thought, too, that the *jeep* pedal-car, which made its appearance 15 years ago, would by now have been replaced by the *Land-Rover* or *Champ*.

But in one military respect, at least, Britain is ahead of the United States. This is in a remarkably authentic-looking model of the FN rifle, fashioned in plastic with an adjustable sling and a realistic, but flexible, bayonet, and firing nine safety bullets from its magazine.

Because it is made of plastic this rifle is unlikely to achieve the wider, but dubious popularity of a metal gun produced not long ago. When this toy suddenly began to sell in hundreds at a time, a London department store became suspicious and found that the gun was being exported because it could

quite easily be converted into a lethal weapon!

In another toy department a young assistant has so many demands from foreigners for plastic kits of modern aircraft, naval vessels and military weapons that he is almost convinced they are filtering through obscure channels to the intelligence sections of defence ministries.

Only six months ago Admiral Rickover, Chief of the United States Navy's propulsion division, said he was "aghast" that a plastic kit had been marketed of the *Polaris*-launching nuclear submarine *George Washington*. The model, costing 35s, incorporated the submarine's interior details. "A good ship designer," said the Admiral, "could spend one hour on the model until he has millions of dollars' worth of free information."

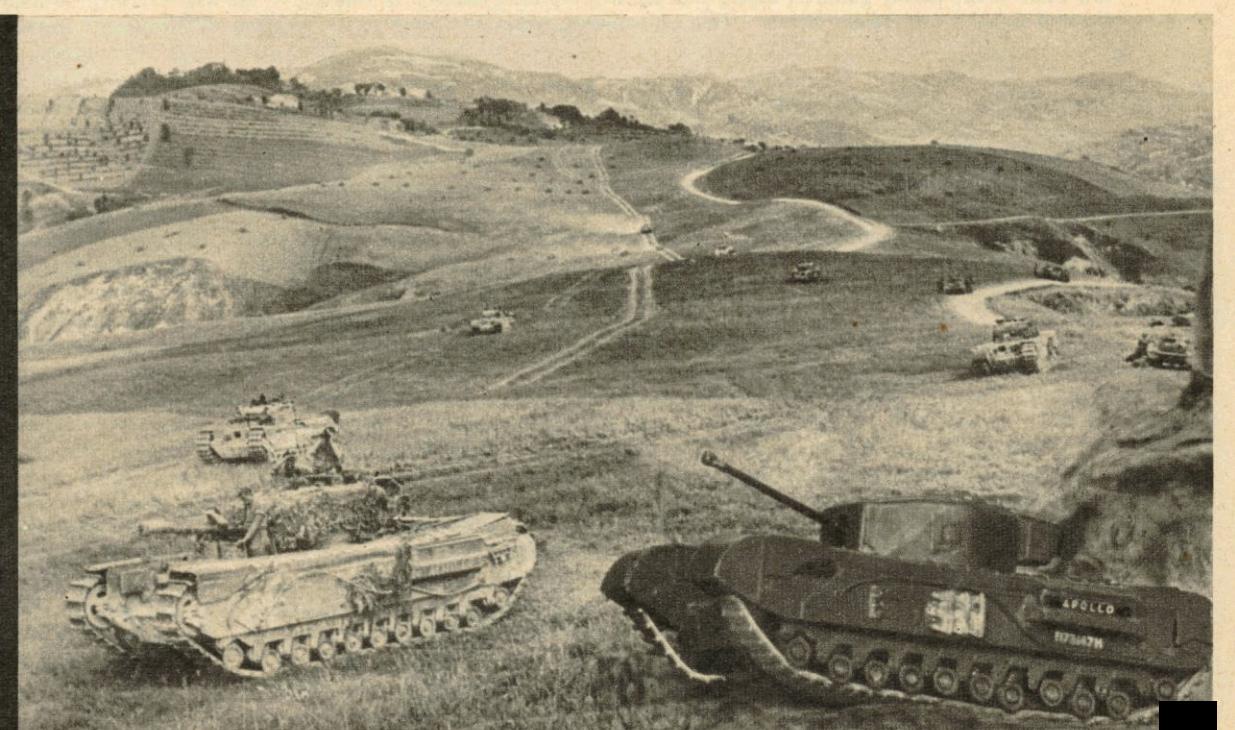
Not surprisingly the *George Washington* kit has been withdrawn—the price of realism was this time far too high.

• Bargain note: Airfix Products, Ltd, the British plastics firm, will supply free kits of tanks and soldiers to any Army unit requiring them for training purposes.

P.N.W.



Just how realistic are the modern plastic kits can be judged from this World War Two picture of Churchill tanks in Italy near the Gothic Line. The nearest is a 3½-inch long replica of the Mk VII, made up from a 2s kit containing 104 separate parts.



"STEADY, THE 31st,

One hundred and sixteen years ago General Gough's army force-marched to Moodkee and in the jungle there routed the fanatical Sikhs. Among the heroes on that day were the 31st Foot, whose courageous charge turned the tide

HOURS
OF
GLORY

48



The 31st charge the guns. As the British Infantry went in they routed a Sikh Infantry battalion and in one crashing volley laid low most of the enemy gunners, killing the rest in a bayonet charge. In this action the 31st captured 14 Sikh guns and saved General Gough's army from disaster. This contemporary print now hangs in the museum of The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment.

(Courtesy: The Parker Gallery.)

In the inky blackness of an Indian jungle on the night of 18 December, 1845, the roar of battle faded as buglers all along the line sounded the cease fire.

Minutes later the silence was shattered by three thunderous cheers from elated British soldiers; and cheering with the rest of them was their Commander-in-Chief — General Sir Hugh Gough.

There was good reason for cheering, for Gough's men had overcome the fiercest enemy the British had yet met in India. Through the dense jungle and out into the plain beyond, 15,000 Sikh warriors were retiring from the fray. Contemptuous of the fighting qualities of the British troops after their recent setbacks in Afghanistan and withdrawal from Kabul, the Sikhs had boldly clashed with Gough's force at Moodkee, south of the River Sutlej, which formed the border between the Punjab and British India. And they had learned a bitter lesson.

Moodkee was the prelude to a series of savage actions in the First Sikh War. The battles of Ferozeshah, Aliwal and Sobraon

followed in the next six weeks and the British, at a cost of over 6000 men, finally smashed the might of the Sikh nation.

If Gough's victory at Moodkee was hardly decisive, it at least destroyed the myth of Sikh invincibility and proved that British troops had the edge on a bitter and fanatical foe.

Internal anarchy and the need for an outside distraction prompted the Punjab government to pick a quarrel with the British. On 11 December, 1845, a 60,000-strong Sikh army, vastly superior in artillery to Gough's force, crossed the Sutlej. Two days later the Governor-General, Sir Henry Hardinge, declared war.

The British were ill-prepared. Their frontier force of 30,000 white and native troops was widely dispersed and Sir John Littler's 7000 men garrisoning the fort of Ferozepore, on the south bank of the Sutlej, were dangerously isolated.

Anticipating an assault on Ferozepore, Gough hurriedly collected his scattered force and sent them to the rescue. At Ludhiana, a

small fort 80 miles to the east, the 5000 troops marched out to join the 10,000 coming up from Ambala, 65 miles to the south.

In the race to save their comrades at Ferozepore, the Infantry drove themselves to exhaustion. In seven days they covered over 150 miles through deep sand and choking dust, with little water and no regular food.

A 25-mile dash on the 18th brought them close to the village of Moodkee, and by this time the weary column was scattered and disorganized. At a stop two miles south of the village only 50 men of the 31st Foot (later The East Surrey Regiment) remained with the Colours, the stragglers tailing off miles to the rear.

Scouts sent ahead by Gough reported that the Sikhs held Moodkee. The stragglers were rounded up, formation switched to order of battle and the five Cavalry and 13 Infantry battalions (six of them British) and 42 guns bore down on the village—to find the enemy had left.

It was then 3 p.m. and the thirsty, weary men were ordered to be ready to move at

STEADY!"

midnight. Thankfully they removed their equipment and sank down to rest. Fires were lit, food prepared; for the 3850 white and 8500 native troops this promised to be the first real rest in a week of relentless marching.

But there was no food and no rest that night. Hardly had the troops settled down when George Broadfoot, British agent in Lahore, the enemy capital, galloped into the camp, burst in on the Governor-General and, pointing to a vast cloud of dust to the north, cried: "There, Your Excellency, is the Sikh army!"

Officers and men leapt to their feet as the alarm sounded. Gough urged his men forward, anxious to get at the enemy's throat, and in the rush many left their tunics and belts behind.

General Thackwell led his Cavalry out, and behind them the three Infantry divisions, commanded by Major-Generals Sir Harry Smith, W. R. Gilbert and Sir John McCaskill, advanced in echelon from the right. It was Smith's men who came first into action and bore the brunt of the fighting.

Dusk was already approaching as the British Cavalry and Horse Artillery raced across the open towards a strip of thick jungle where the Sikhs had halted, and in a spirited artillery duel at the edge of the trees British Gunners and horses fell fast under a hail of grape and musketry.

The first crisis came when the Sikh horse, estimated at 10,000, emerged from the jungle and attempted to envelop the shorter British line. Immediately, Gough sent The 3rd Light Dragoons to the left and The 4th Lancers to the right to combat the threat.

The 31st, reeling under continuous heavy fire, were in danger of annihilation and only the speedy capture of the enemy position could save them. Gough himself rode up and shouted: "We must take those guns." "Where are they?" an officer asked. The Governor-General's secretary, Major Somerset, putting his hat on his sword and waving it aloft, called for the 31st to follow him and dashed into the smoke.

The flanking charges were brilliantly successful. The Dragoons turned the Sikh left, put the Cavalry to flight and disappeared into the jungle at a gallop, sweeping along the Sikh rear and creating confusion in the enemy ranks. At a cost of 100 men and over 100 horses, the Dragoons had saved the day.

In a ragged line the British Infantry forced a way into the jungle where the enemy positions were masked by trees, dust and smoke.

Sikh sharpshooters high in the trees picked off man after man with demoralising accuracy.

In the deepening dusk the Infantry could see little of the enemy; only the red flashes of

musketry in front of them. British cheers mingled with the guttural shouts of the Sikhs and the thunder of the cannonade reverberated through the trees.

Moodkee was fought "blind" almost from start to finish. The Governor-General, always in the thick of the fight (he waived his rank and offered his services to Gough as second-in-command), later said that in the darkness and confusion British troops fired into each other and that half the casualties were caused by friends. But fortunately for the British the Sikhs were firing high. Private J. W. Baldwin, of the 9th Foot (later The Royal Norfolk Regiment), recorded: "Bullets came teeming over our heads as thick as hailstones. Had we been mounted on stilts, they would have knocked us off."

Things were going badly for Colonel Samuel Bolton's brigade of Smith's division. Bolton, a Peninsular War veteran of the 31st Foot, swept forward on his grey charger, his bugler by his side. "Steady, 31st, Steady!" he roared. "Fire low for your lives." A second later, Bolton, his horse and his bugler fell. Bolton died a few days later.

Hardly had the 31st begun to advance when their commander, Lieutenant-Colonel John Byrne, was severely wounded and the two officers carrying the Colours and the rest of the Colour party were killed. The Colours were immediately raised by Quartermaster-Sergeant Jones, who carried them through the battle and was rewarded with a commission as Ensign.

The 31st, reeling under continuous heavy fire, were in danger of annihilation and only the speedy capture of the enemy position could save them. Gough himself rode up and shouted: "We must take those guns." "Where are they?" an officer asked. The Governor-General's secretary, Major Somerset, putting his hat on his sword and waving it aloft, called for the 31st to follow him and dashed into the smoke.

Shooting or bayonetting every man who stood in their path, the 31st bore down on the Sikh guns. The gunners stood their ground to the last, but the bayonet in the hands of veteran British Infantrymen proved decisive.

For 90 minutes after sunset the battle raged, men on both sides "blazing away at nothing or each other." Slowly the Sikhs were driven back, but the darkness robbed the British of the chance to press home their

COMEDY IN BATTLE

The British soldier has always had an eye for comedy, even at the height of battle. Private J. W. Baldwin, who fought with the 9th Foot at Moodkee, recorded how an Irishman in his regiment, rapped gently on the stomach by a spent musket ball, writhed and twisted about and bellowed at his officer: "Mr. O'Connor, I'm kilt! I'm kilt!"

There was a roar of laughter as the officer replied: "Then kindly lie down, my man."

Baldwin also recalled in a letter home that two privates of the 9th—one from Liverpool, the other from Cornwall—retired to the village of Moodkee at the start of the battle. When the two were paraded before their regiment later and asked for an explanation, the Liverpool man replied that he "didn't like shooting folks," and the Cornishman offered: "Why should I kill the Sikhs? They didn't kill me!"

At the end of the fighting the 31st had no bugler left to sound the regimental call. Lieutenant (later Colonel) Robertson wrote: "We grabbed a nigger bugler and got him to try it. Just as he got a squeak out of it someone came along and nearly knocked the bugle down his throat. It was Sir Harry Smith (the divisional commander), demanding to know what on earth we were making such a row for."

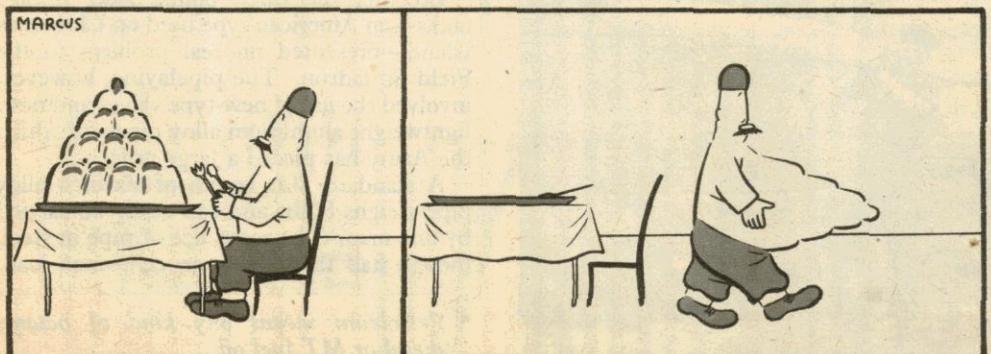
Colonel Robertson was believed to be the last survivor of Moodkee when he died in 1916.

advantage. The recovery of dead and wounded had to wait until the moon came up, and it was 2 a.m. before Gough led his weary men back to Moodkee.

The Sikhs left 17 guns and hundreds of men on the field and British casualties were nearly 900, of whom well over 500 were white troops. The 31st lost 164, the 50th (The Royal West Kent Regiment) 109, the 9th Foot 52. (The 9th also suffered severely four days later at Ferozeshah, where 273 of their officers and men fell.)

The fighting over, Gough toured his battered battalions in the jungle and Private Baldwin, of the 9th Foot, described the scene thus: "In the perfect tranquility prevailing after the cease fire, the Governor-General, the C-in-C and the Staff came over and congratulated us on having beaten the proud Sikhs for the first time. They literally daubed our regiment over with soft soap, highly applauding us for dispersing the enemy as we did. Then, taking the time from the C-in-C, we gave three thundering cheers at having achieved a most glorious victory at Moodkee."

K. E. HENLY



THE SAPPERS SPEED



A Whirlwind helicopter hooks up a bundle of eight six-inch alloy pipes—pre-packaged by the Army Airtransport Training and Development Centre—and whisks them away to the Sapper pipelayers.



Right: Aluminium alloy pipes are twice as expensive as steel but much easier to handle—one man can carry a 20ft length weighing 30lbs. Eight men are needed to handle the equivalent in steel.

HOW long does it take to build a bulk petroleum* installation? That was the question the Royal Engineers set themselves in Exercise "Go-Devil," a large-scale trial of new equipment and methods held recently at 1 Petroleum Reserve Depot, West Moors, in Dorset.

In operations the answer would depend, of course, on the tank capacity of the installation, the length of pipeline to be laid and a host of local factors. In "Go-Devil" the Sappers limited themselves to a "fairly small" tank farm of 500,000 gallons and only nine miles of pipeline—in practice they would probably lay up to 200 miles—and reckoned the job would take about a fortnight. Working normal hours the task was virtually completed in ten days—by Sappers who had no previous experience of building petroleum installations.

They were men of 12 Field Squadron, from Ripon, Yorkshire, and a part of 38 Corps Engineer Regiment which is in the Strategic Reserve. The Field Squadron, commanded by Major J. A. Notley, tackled the erection of storage tanks and pipelaying as a Sapper field task, supplementing its normal equipment with new tools.

The Squadron was helped by a detachment of 15 Corps Field Park Squadron, also from Ripon, which provided plant and crane operators and stores experts, and by 35 Stores Squadron, a part of 1 Engineer Stores Depot, Long Marston, Warwickshire.

Behind the project was a new Regular Army Sapper unit, 516 Specialist Team (Bulk Petroleum), of two officers, two clerks of works and a small number of sergeants of top rating in the trades of electrician, welder, draughtsman, petroleum fitter and engine fitter.

The Specialist Team, which was formed in April, 1960, under the command of Major E. Price, made a survey at West Moors, designed the installation for the Royal Army Service Corps and ordered the necessary stores. Then the Team handed over the plans to 12 Field Squadron and stood by to give technical advice on the construction.

Another specialist team, from the Army Emergency Reserve, also took part in the exercise during its annual fortnight's training. Unlike its Regular counterpart, whose Sappers are Army trained, this team's men are mainly from civilian petroleum firms. Their job was to help the Regulars in a time and motion study of the installation's construction from which information could be obtained to assist in planning similar projects in the future.

Erecting the three bolted steel storage tanks—an American type used on Christmas Island—presented no real problem to the Field Squadron. The pipelaying, however, involved the use of new-type valves and new, lightweight aluminium alloy pipes for which the Army has placed a large order.

A standard 20ft length of six-inch alloy pipe weighs 30lbs and can easily be carried by one man. The same size of pipe in steel, though half the cost, is an eight-man load.

* Petroleum means any kind of octane, diesel or MT fuel oil.

THE FUEL

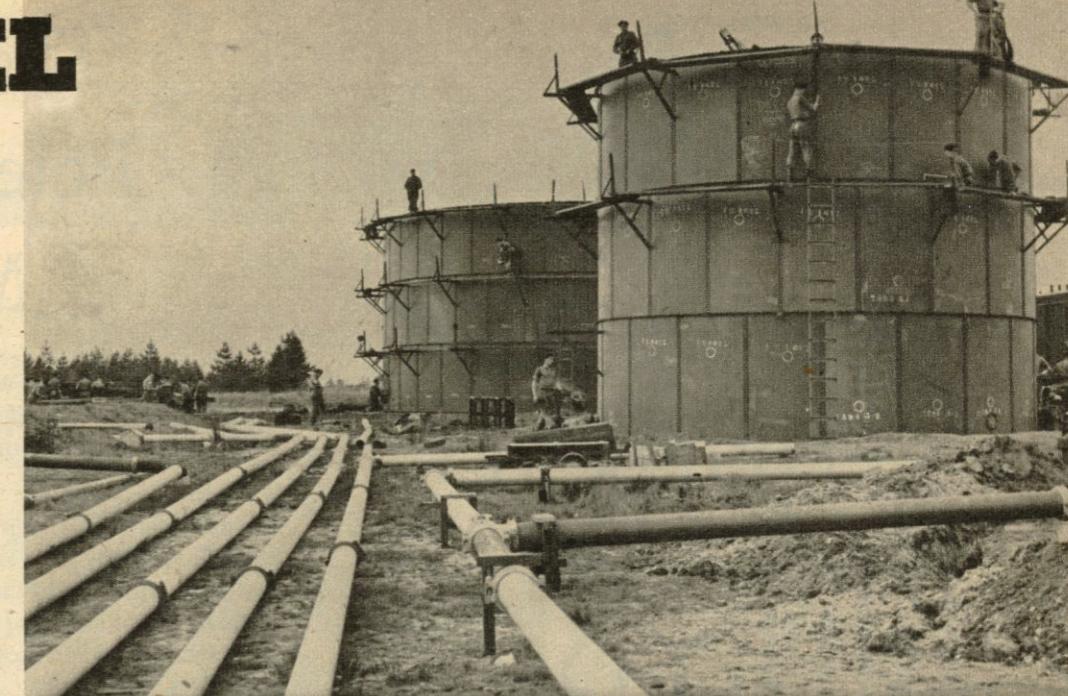
The Sappers found they could lay the alloy pipes three times faster than steel pipes although greater care had to be taken in handling them.

The basic problem in pipe laying is to have as many men as possible laying and yet avoid cutting the standard lengths and making extra joints. During "Go-Devil" the Sappers tried the stovepipe method of one team laying lengths and connecting them, and a faster method in which two parties joined pipes in threes, leap-frogging each other while a third team joined the three-pipe lengths.

The fastest laying was achieved by a third method with teams working inwards from each end of the run while two more teams worked outwards from the middle.

Obstacles such as roads and railway lines which the Sappers met in running four- and six-inch pipes round the Petroleum Reserve Depot's perimeter were overcome in a variety of ways. One was the use of a machine which forces a hole under the obstacle and another the building of a special bridge.

Where the line ran near a road the Sappers worked from a vehicle. They also experimented with delivery by helicopter. A Whirlwind, lifting six-inch alloy pipes in bundles of eight, showed how it could pick up from a dump, deliver to the working site and make the round trip of three miles or so inside five minutes.

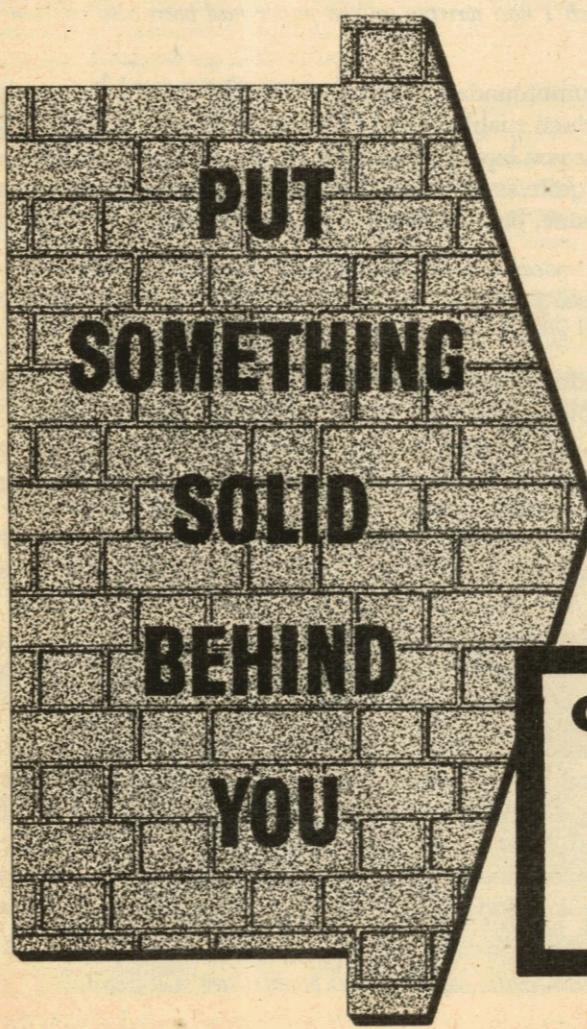


Sappers of 12 Field Squadron tighten plate bolts on the American storage tanks—of 350,000, 105,000 and 17,500 gallons capacity—which they built.

stationed at West Moors, pumped 150,000 gallons of petrol through the new pipelines.

● In operations most of the output from a bulk petroleum installation would probably go to forward airfields. Compared with this demand the Army's requirements, although considerable (it takes more than 10,000 gallons of fuel to move an armoured regiment 50 miles), would be small.

P.N.W.



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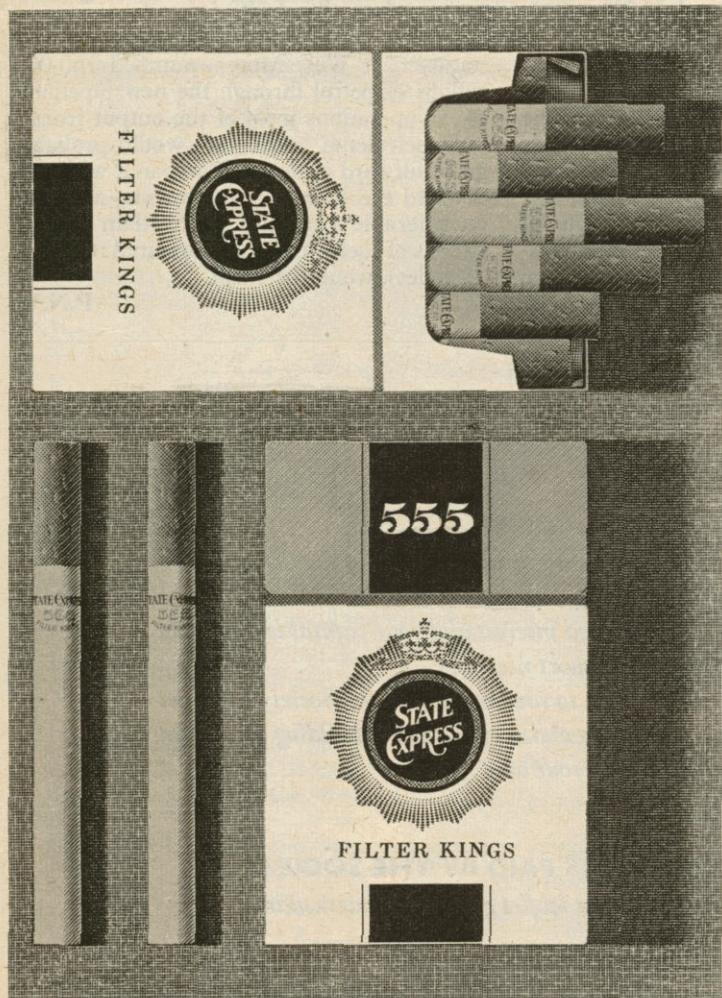
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PAGE 28

The Amazing Potentialities of Memory

I LITTLE thought when I arrived at my friend Borg's house that I was about to see something truly extraordinary, and to increase my mental powers tenfold.

He had asked me to come to Stockholm to lecture to the Swedes about Lister and other British scientists. On the evening of my arrival, after the champagne, our conversation turned naturally to the problems of public speaking and to the great labour imposed on us lecturers by the need to be word perfect in our lectures.

Borg then told me that his power of memory would probably amaze me—and I had known him, while we were studying law together in Paris, to have the most deplorable memory!

So he went to the end of the dining room and asked me to write down a hundred three-figure numbers, calling each one out in a clear voice. When I had filled the edge of an old newspaper with figures, *Borg repeated them to me in the order in which I had written them down and then in reverse order, that is beginning with the last number.* He also allowed me to ask him the relative position of different numbers: for example, which was the 24th, the 72nd, and the 38th, and I noticed that he replied to all my questions at once and without effort, as if the figures which I had written on the paper had been also written in his brain.

I was dumbfounded by such a feat and sought in vain for the trick which enabled him to achieve it. My friend then said: "The thing you have just seen and which seems so remarkable is, in fact, quite simple? everybody has a memory good enough to do the same, but few indeed can use this wonderful faculty."

He then revealed to me how I could achieve a similar feat of memory, and I at once mastered the secret—without mistakes and without effort—as you too will master it tomorrow.

But I did not stop at these amusing experiments. I applied the principles I had learned in my daily work. I could now remember, with unbelievable facility, the lectures I heard and those which I gave myself, the names of people I met—even if it was only once—as well as their addresses, and a thousand other details which were most useful to me. Finally, *I discovered after a while that not only had my memory improved, but that I had also acquired greater powers of concentration; a surer judgement—which is by no means surprising since the keenness of our intellect is primarily dependent on the number and variety of the things we remember.*

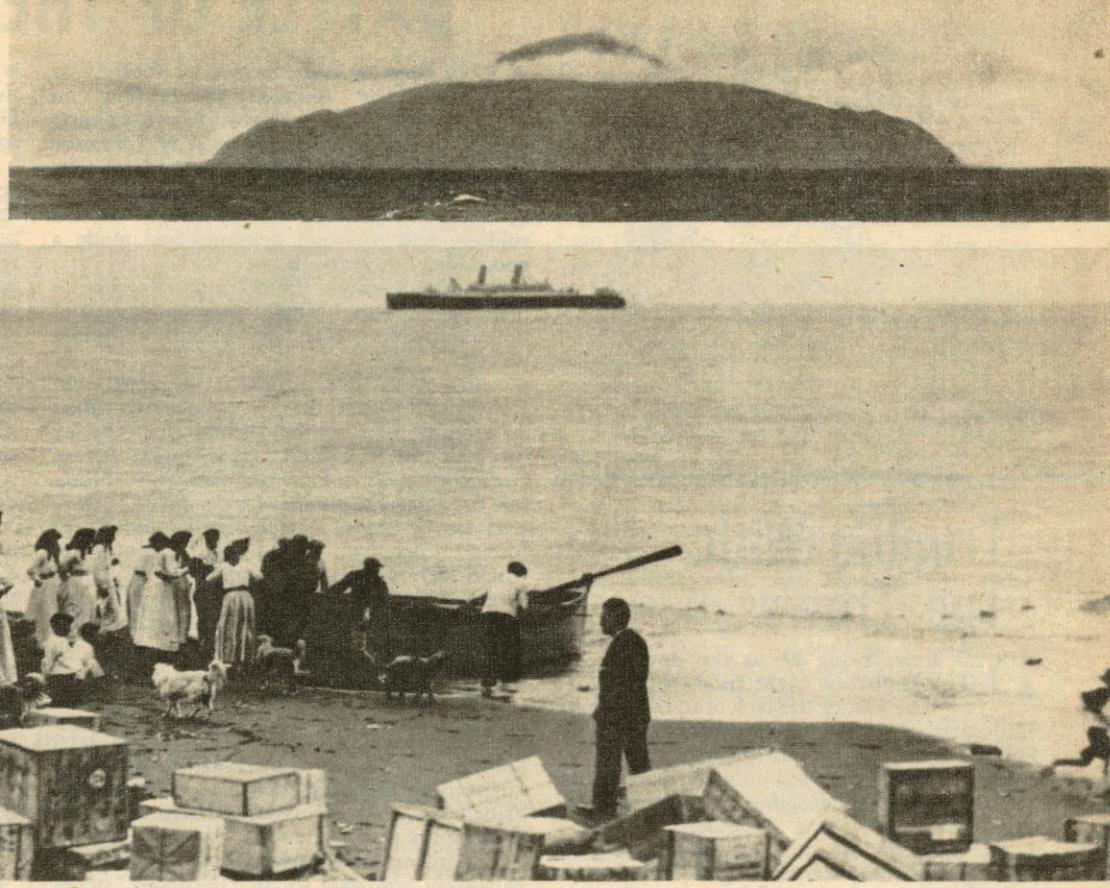
If you would like to share this experience and to possess those mental powers which are still our best chance of success in life, ask D. A. Borg to send you his interesting booklet *The Eternal Laws of Success*—he will send it free to anyone who wants to improve his memory. Here is the address: *D. A. Borg, c/o Aubanel Publishers, 14 Highfield Road, Rathgar, Dublin 6, Ireland.*

Write now—while copies of this booklet are still available.

L. CONWAY.

Right: Tristan da Cunha, capped by its volcano, rises out of the centre of the South Atlantic. It was discovered by a Portuguese.

Below: The island women help to land stores. When Corporal Glass was Governor, Tristan da Cunha grew its own fruit and vegetables.



Corporal Glass's Island

WHEN a volcano recently devastated Tristan da Cunha—the world's loneliest island, in the South Atlantic—the last, sad chapter was written in the astonishing story of a British soldier who founded the Colony nearly 150 years ago and from whom many of its 280 inhabitants were descended.

He was Corporal William Glass, a driver in the Royal Artillery, and he landed on Tristan da Cunha in 1816 as part of a British force, composed mainly of Gunners, sent there to prevent the French using the island as a base from which to organise Napoleon's escape from St. Helena.

When the garrison left a year later, Corporal Glass, with his mulatto wife and two children, volunteered to stay behind to look after the stores which could not be taken on board ship and to await the arrival of another ship five months later. He signed a receipt for "two six-pounders, ammunition, six troop horses, two cows, one bull, 13 sheep, two lambs, two turkeys, five ducks, 16 bags of biscuits, 13 bags of flour, four casks of wheat, 60 lbs of coffee and 270 lbs

of sugar" and on 18 November, 1817, with his family and two stonemasons who had also elected to remain, waved goodbye to his commanding officer, Lieutenant R. S. Aitchison, Royal Artillery, and his comrades.

He never saw them again and all his letters to Lieutenant Aitchison went unanswered, even the one he sent five years later in which he reported on the state of the stores and signed himself "William Glass, late Corporal, RA," presumably having completed his service by that time.

A lesser man would have given up hope when the first five months had passed and no ships had come. But not Corporal Glass. With the two stonemasons he immediately set to work to build a village, which he named Edinburgh, scratched a living from the soil and carefully tended the livestock. Then, several survivors from a shipwreck, the first of many who arrived on that island that way, were washed ashore and willingly joined Glass in his plan to establish Tristan da Cunha as a British colony, with Glass as Governor.

The former Corporal ruled with a patri-

archal hand. He quickly organised communal fishing and agriculture and ordered that verses from the Bible should be read by each member of the colony every night. He also laid down a strict code of moral conduct and in 1827 sent to St. Helena for five women to become wives of bachelors on the island. A woman castaway, washed up from a wreck in 1821, also married an islander, and by the time Corporal Glass died in 1853, aged 67, every grown man on the island had a wife. During his governorship there were no suicides or murders and no epidemics and every day the two six-pounder guns the Gunners left behind were manned in case of attack.

After Corporal Glass died—he left 16 children—many of the islanders settled in South Africa and America and because there were not enough men to tend the fields those who were left were reduced to a diet of fish and potatoes. For want of shelter from the biting gales which sweep Tristan most of the year, vegetation ceased to flourish and all the trees were cut down for fuel. But, despite great privation, the depleted Colony survived.

In 1942 the Royal Navy established a naval station on Tristan da Cunha and in 1947 a crawfish canning industry was set up there, each family earning at least £220 a year and receiving free medical, educational and agricultural services.

Tristan da Cunha, discovered in 1506, lies about 1900 miles from Cape Town and 1800 miles from St. Helena, its nearest inhabited neighbour. It rises from an under-sea mountain range, is about 12 miles square and the volcano rises to 6780 ft.

The islanders, all of whom were rescued after the volcano erupted, may be settled in the Shetlands.



One of the thatched roof cottages in Edinburgh, the village Corporal Glass and the stonemasons built.

BATTLE OF THE BANKNOTES



ONE morning in the week after World War Two had finished in Europe, an Austrian river was covered with paper, which soon spread into the nearby Traunsee lake. The paper appeared to be British banknotes, and the American authorities began investigating (though not before one or two soldiers and Austrian peasants had made a good thing out of the discovery).

The investigators found a lorry with 23 cases packed with millions of pounds worth of the notes. Part of a very secret Nazi operation was out.

Anthony Pirie describes it in "Operation Bernhard" (Cassell, 21s). It was no less than an attempt to ruin the British economy by forging and circulating vast quantities of British currency. That was the original idea, but its sponsors found it hardly practicable.

However, to a Reich hard-pressed for foreign currency, forged British notes (to which were later added a smaller quantity of forged American dollars) were extremely useful. By the end of the war, something like £100,000,000 worth of them were in circulation.

They bought arms from troublesome partisans in the Balkans, which both reduced the effectiveness of the partisans and later helped to arm some of the Nazi forces. They financed an unofficial intelligence service and bribed the Hungarian radio-listening service to work for the Germans.

The information which led to the rescue of Mussolini was paid for in "Bernhard" notes, and the rescue of Count Ciano was financed from the same source.

"Cicero," the valet who sold the Nazis the secrets of the ambassador's safe in the British embassy in Turkey was rewarded with £300,000 worth of the fake money. Similar notes were used to buy 300 cigarette cases intended to win over Arab sheiks to the Nazi cause, but here the victim of the forgers got his own back—the cases turned out to be only gold-plated, the sheiks felt insulted and one of them had his German contact killed.

"Bernhard" was an operation of the SS—the Reich security service. Like so much else in Nazi Germany, it was bedevilled by quarrels

and jealousies between individual departments. Its strongest opponent was the Gestapo, and more than one "Bernhard" agent was arrested.

It is not surprising that with the official resources of Germany behind them, the forgers were able to produce paper and printing that were well-nigh perfect. Notes were "aged" partly by a chemical process and partly by being passed up and down columns of men, from hand to dirty hand. They were submitted to bankers' tests, inside and outside Germany, and passed.

Production was carried out by a team of carefully-selected prisoners who were segregated in two blocks at Sachsenhausen concentration camp. At the end of the war, they were carted around Southern Germany and eventually released to the Red Cross.

Distribution was in the hands of a businessman named Schwend, who built up a network of salesmen in both Axis- and Allied-held territory as well as neutral countries. Through them, "Bernhard" notes became a second currency in Italy and the Balkans, more highly regarded than the official issues. One of Schwend's men attempted to steal £2,500,000 worth of the notes and was murdered for his pains. Schwend had to give up a large treasure to the Americans at the end of the war, but was still able to retire to South America a very rich man on the proceeds of his "Bernhard" earnings.

Perhaps the most tragic-comic figure in the "Bernhard" story is an Obersturmführer (first lieutenant) of the SS who, in May, 1945, with the Nazi world tumbling round his ears, was driving round with the printing plates and stocks of forged notes, desperately seeking someone who would give him a receipt for them, or orders for their disposal.

The contents of one of his lorries which broke down was that which floated on the Traunsee. A second broken-down lorry was found by the Americans. In 1959, a team from a German magazine fished up still more cases of notes, the printing plates and German secret service records from another lake in the same area. There were indications that whoever had sunk them had planned to recover them.

Underground In The Netherlands

AT precisely twenty minutes to four on an afternoon early in 1943, Erich Meent, a Dutch Resistance man, disguised as a German major, drove up to the Wehrmacht headquarters in The Hague, strode inside, collected and signed for a copy of the blueprints of German fortifications from northern Holland to the Pyrenees—and drove away.

Minutes later the real German major who was to have taken the plans to Berlin arrived—and went away empty handed.



A Dutch Resistance man risks death or torture as he takes down the news from London for the underground movement's news-sheet.

For sheer impudence and timing this coup was one of the most remarkable in the long list of Dutch Resistance achievements in World War Two revealed in "The Silent War" (Hodder and Stoughton, 18s) by a former member of the Orde-Dienst Resistance movement, Allard Martens.

At first, the Resistance organisation in the Netherlands was so amateur that the Gestapo were able to track down members and even whole groups from carefully prepared lists which some resistance men kept in unlocked drawers. But there were always survivors and from them grew a highly efficient, nationwide underground army which balanced its lack of professionalism with astonishing courage and daring.

Women and children, too, braved death and torture by distributing illegal news sheets and weapons. For months one young mother wheeled pram-loads of Sten guns, hidden beneath her twin babies, without arousing German suspicions.

The author saw the paratroopers land at Arnhem and blames the failure of the operation on a lack of preparation and co-operation between the Allies and the inadequate knowledge of the dispositions of German troops. In his opinion the infamous Dutch traitor, "King Kong," had little influence on the battle.

BOOKSHELF

Trouble With The Trews

Did trews bring about the downfall of The Highland Light Infantry?

"The kilt, or the lack of it, has caused endless trouble and embarrassment to The Highland Light Infantry and may be suspected to have played no mean part in the final removal of the Regiment from the Highland Brigade," says Lieutenant-Colonel L. B. Oatts, in the third volume of "Proud Heritage" (Grant, 42s), the regimental history. (The Highland Light Infantry was amalgamated with The Royal Scots Fusiliers in 1959 and the resultant Royal Highland Fusiliers are now, curiously, in the Lowland Brigade.)

In the South African War the 1st Battalion was removed from the Highland Brigade, just before the surrender of Paardeberg, because the brigade commander, General Hector Macdonald, wanted the brigade to consist entirely of kilted battalions.

Their removal caused such a row in Scotland that the commander-in-chief in South Africa ordered the immediate return of the battalion to the Highland Brigade.

The Highland Light Infantry had the last laugh—that time. Their trews were far more suitable to war in South Africa, since the kilted men suffered from sunburned legs, from chafing in wet weather, and were far more conspicuous lying down.

If they did not have their kilt, the men of The Highland Light Infantry were not to be done out of their tartan. In India they produced and wore their own tartan shorts.

This volume covers operations with the Malakand Field Force, an insurrection in Crete, South Africa, and World War One.

There are doughty battle stories. Private George Wilson, a World War One reservist, stopped a runaway horse the day after being called back to the Colours and was told by an admiring old lady: "Man ye suld hae the VC." Said Wilson, slapping his chest, "Just bide till I get back frae the front. I'll hae it right here." He did, too—by shooting and bayonetting the entire crew of seven of a German machine-gun in September, 1914.

Another heroic episode is the last stand of 100 men of the 16th Battalion, surrounded by Germans on the Western Front. With little food or water, they held out for eight days, until only 15 were left and those too weak to stand.

The author claims that it was a tune composed by a Sergeant-Piper Ross of the Regiment to commemorate the Regiment's march to Heilbronn, in South Africa, which became known as "The Burning Sands of Egypt"—"being apparently pirated by another piper"—and then adapted for the song "Road to the Isles."

A Lifetime With Armour

WHEN the Royal Canadian Armoured Corps holds its annual week-end at Camp Borden, its centre, a feature of the parade is a World War One armoured car in which rides the man who commanded it in action.

Even more than the car, the man is part of the Corps's history, to which, as colonel-commandant, he is still contributing. As far as can be said of any one man, it was Major-General F. F. Worthington who built the Canadian Army's armoured force. "Worthy" (*Macmillan of Canada*, 32s) is his story, told by his wife, Larry Worthington.

"Worthy" first saw shots fired in anger at the age of 12. An orphan from California, he was water-boy at a Mexican gold-mine when Pancho Villa's bandits made a raid and murdered most of the staff, including "Worthy's" half-brother who was his guardian. The boy continued to work at the mine for a time, picking up an informal education from a drunken English remittance-man, and at 15 went to sea.

Taking time off to fight as a soldier in a couple of South American wars and a Mexican revolution, "Worthy" remained at sea and had his second engineer's certificate when World War One broke out. Then he made his way to Montreal and joined The Black Watch of Canada.

In France he was much impressed by the first tanks and applied to join them when he was commissioned. He was not too disappointed when, instead, he was posted to the armoured cars of the motor machine-gun corps. Before the end of the war he had added the Military Cross and Bar to the Military Medal and Bar he had earned as a non-commissioned officer in the Infantry.

The war over, "Worthy" stayed in Canada's Permanent Force. It was back to Infantry, since Canada had given up armour, and back to horses. As a machine-gun subaltern, he took part in an annual exercise in which it was a foregone conclusion that the victory must go to the Cavalry, who would wind up proceedings with a spectacular charge. With another officer, he arranged that the Infantry should go into action with a newspaper under every man's tunic. As the horses charged, the papers were waved; there was a stampede and the Infantrymen scored an overwhelming victory. Standing orders were issued that



Major-General F. F. Worthington, waterboy, sailor, engineer and soldier. He was one of the early champions of the tank.

the cavalry were to be victorious in future!

In 1936, amid rumours of tanks for the Canadian army, "Worthy" was appointed to command an armoured fighting vehicle training centre at Camp Borden. First, however, he went to Bovington, in England, for a tank course, during which he became associated with the so-called "Dangerous Young Men"—the officers advocating the use of armour in the manner in which it was used by the Germans in 1940.

Soon he was building up Canada's first armoured units—but with no more than two old tanks on which to train them. When war broke out, tanks still did not come and "Worthy's" outspoken views on the Canadian government's slowness in providing them almost got him into trouble. The blitzkrieg came just in time to prove him right.

In 1942 he took command of the 4th Canadian Armoured Division in Britain. He was still unorthodox on manoeuvres. On one exercise he twice defeated a British formation by means the umpires regarded as unfair, and the exercise was ordered to start again. The enemy were unable to engage the third time, however: all their tanks had been put out of action by the Canadians.

"Worthy" shared the heart-breaking experience of other senior officers when he was removed from the division he had trained because he was considered too old to take it into action. He went back to Camp Borden and continued to serve his Corps from there.

A MILITARY HORNBLOWER

IN "The Soldier" (*Hodder and Stoughton*, 16s.), Richard Powell has created a military man with the Hornblower touch.

Lieutenant-Colonel William Farralon arrives, in 1942, in a Cinderella command, the Lower Pacific. His career, as he puts it, has been loused-up. The first thing he does is to change a latrine sign from "General Officers" to "WACs," thus bringing much-needed comfort to the first, and newly-arrived, feminine soldiers in the command. Farralon, too, immediately feels better now that he has accomplished something.

He is unpopular with his superiors. When a brush with some Japanese gives him an undesired (thought later useful) reputation as a fierce man with a grenade, the atmosphere does not improve. His stock begins to rise only when he goes to an island to evacuate what little American garrison the Japanese have left alive. He signals back, "Evacuation impossible. Am attacking to clear island of the enemy." And clear the island he does.

Farralon is an unconventional soldier in cunning planning and in adeptness at bending or dodging orders and regulations—but he is conventional among American officers of fiction in his affair with a WAC lieutenant. His career in the Lower Pacific command is an action story of unflagging interest.

IN BRIEF . . .

Jean Larteguy's "The Centurions," the best-selling French novel based on the experiences of French paratroopers in Indo-China and Algeria, has been translated by Xan Fielding (*Hutchinson*, 21s). An exciting, vividly written, penetrating and moving study of soldiers and their dilemmas.

*The story of the men and women of the three Services who kept the aircraft flying in two world wars is told for the first time by Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferte DSO in "The Forgotten Ones" (*Hutchinson*, 25s). It traces the achievements of the ground crews and aircraft maintenance teams from the days of the man-lifting kites and the Army's Air Battalion to the modern jet age.*

Gale and Polden have published a useful and informative booklet—"The Weapon Training Questionnaire," 3s 6d, which every Infantryman should have in his bedside locker. It consists of 500 questions and answers on small arms and has been compiled by Sergeant R. C. Sweeting, of The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire.

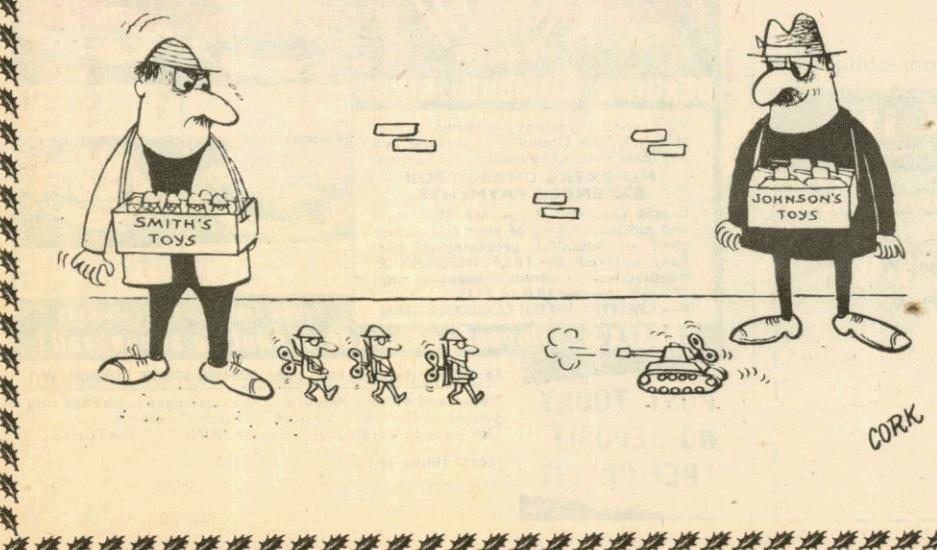
Robert Graves' "Proceed Sgt Lamb," the story of the experiences of a sergeant of the 9th Foot (later The Royal Norfolk Regiment) during the American Revolution, has now been published in paperback form. (Mayfair Books, 3s 6d)

Four new additions have recently been made to the series of detailed and well-illustrated booklets on the dress distinctions of Cavalry regiments, published by Langridge's Military Publications, 13 Oxford Road, Cambridge.

The latest publications describe the regimental dress of The Queen's Own Hussars, The 12th Royal Lancers, The 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards and The 15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars. All are profusely illustrated and are obtainable from the publishers at 12s 6d each.

In "Weapons of the British Soldier" (*Seeley, Service*, 35s), Colonel H. C. B. Rogers traces developments in the personal arms used by the British soldier and the reasons which influenced their design.

He also describes the craftsmanship which goes into the manufacture of small arms weapons, of which a large number of fine examples are illustrated. A book for collector and connoisseur.



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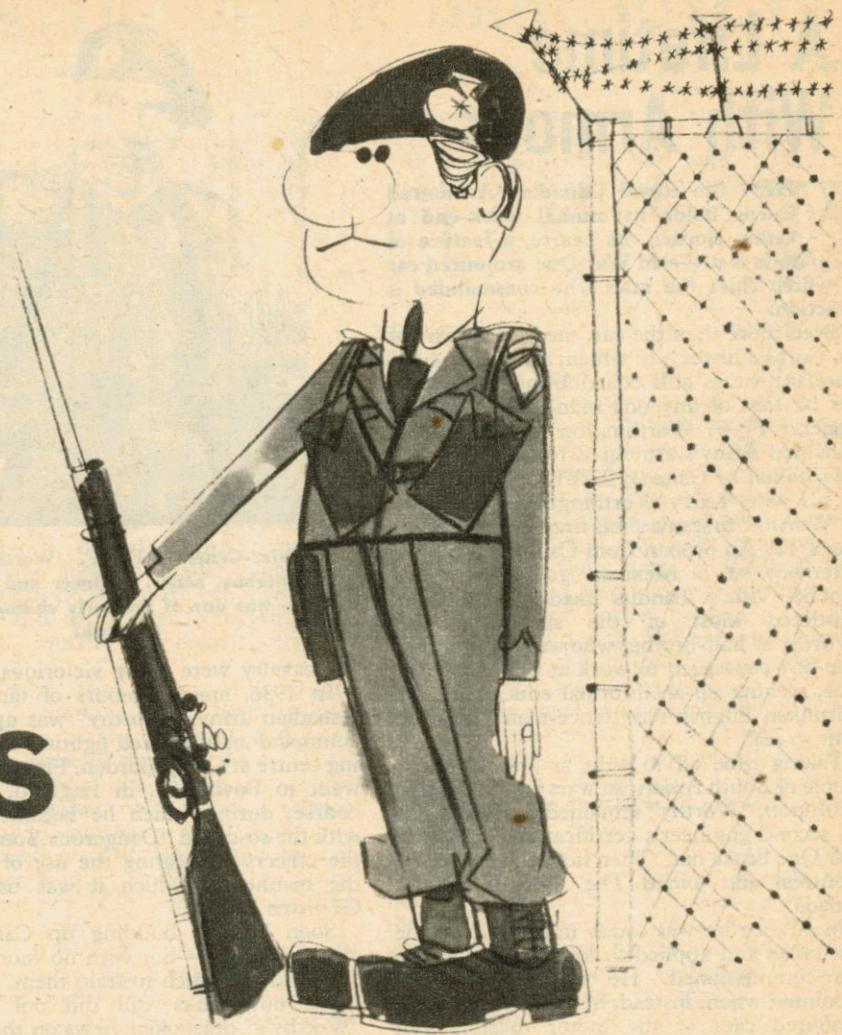
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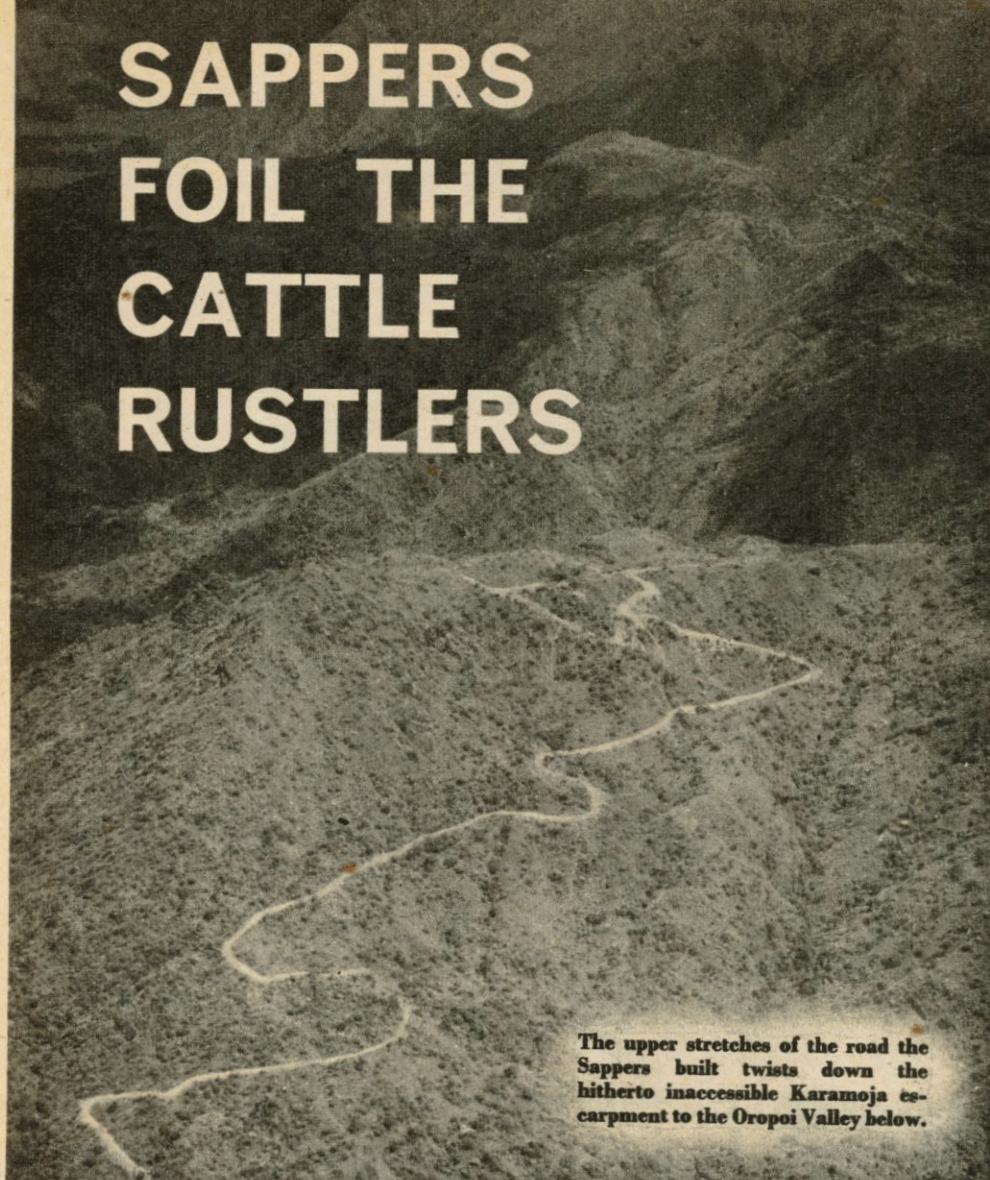
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SAPPERS FOIL THE CATTLE RUSTLERS



The upper stretches of the road the Sappers built twists down the hitherto inaccessible Karamoja escarpment to the Oropoi Valley below.

FOR years tough Turkana tribesmen have made cattle raids into Uganda from their semi-desert Kenya home-land near the Sudan border. Their main attack routes lay across the Oropoi River and up a 2500-ft escarpment into the Karamoja District. There they would grab cattle, kill any Dodoth herdsmen who got in the way, and drive their booty back to Kenya.

Police and security forces could do little, for in communications that corner of Karamoja was the end of the world, rugged, rocky, broken thick-bush country with access limited to a few goat tracks. By the time the police heard of a raid it was all over. The Turkana can cover up to 60 miles a day at a steady lope, and, if pursuit did get hot, they ambushed their pursuers. Inevitably, Dodoth reprisal raids followed.

Accounts were fairly even until lately, when the Turkana obtained rifles and their incursions became a serious menace. In the past year over a hundred people have died in border raids.

Something had to be done. Farther south Uganda had driven tracks to the border, but came to a halt in the vital Oropoi River area.

The terrain was too much for their resources, no labour gang would stay and there was no way of getting heavy plant there.

So somebody thought of asking the Army's advice. The nearest Sappers—24 Brigade's 34 Independent Field Squadron, Royal Engineers—580 miles away at Gilgil, in Kenya, were consulted, and they decided to tackle the problem.

Then came the Kuwait crisis and away went 24 Brigade and the Field Squadron with it. Into Kenya flew 19 Brigade and its

3 Independent Field Squadron, which immediately agreed to take on the job.

Lieutenant A. Mornement's No. 1 Troop landed in Nairobi on 11 July and motored 75 miles up to Gilgil. Two days later they left for Uganda and reached Kamion, base for their operations, early in the evening of 14 July.

First priority was the escarpment track into the Oropoi valley. The troop's only mechanical equipment was new to the Army—a lightweight, high-frequency generator used in conjunction with petrol-driven spades—but with these tools and 1500 lbs of high explosives the Sappers blasted a route down the precipitous escarpment and after three days the first Land-Rover went up and down it. But it is no easy drive. There are gradients of 1 in $2\frac{1}{2}$ and in 800 yards, as the crow flies, the road drops over 2000 ft!

Later, part of 34 Independent Field Squadron returned from Kuwait and one troop, under Captain R. W. M. Eagle, was sent to Uganda to improve road access to the area, cutting through dense bush, blasting away rock, snaking their road round precipice and ravine.

Meanwhile, Lieutenant Mornement's Troop built an airstrip capable of taking a troop-carrying *Beverley* and in days had it ready for the Royal Air Force to try out.

The Oropoi River project was one of the toughest jobs ever tackled by the Sappers. They operated over 500 miles from their base, had no heavy plant, there were no local engineer or administrative resources, and they did the job in the wet season when two inches of rain a day was not uncommon.

Major S. A. Frosell, who commands 3 Field Squadron, has worked on similar jobs in Burma and Korea and says the Uganda project was the toughest he has ever known.

The Sappers later went over the ground again, improving drainage and easing some of the steeper gradients, and the Uganda Police are setting up new posts in the area.

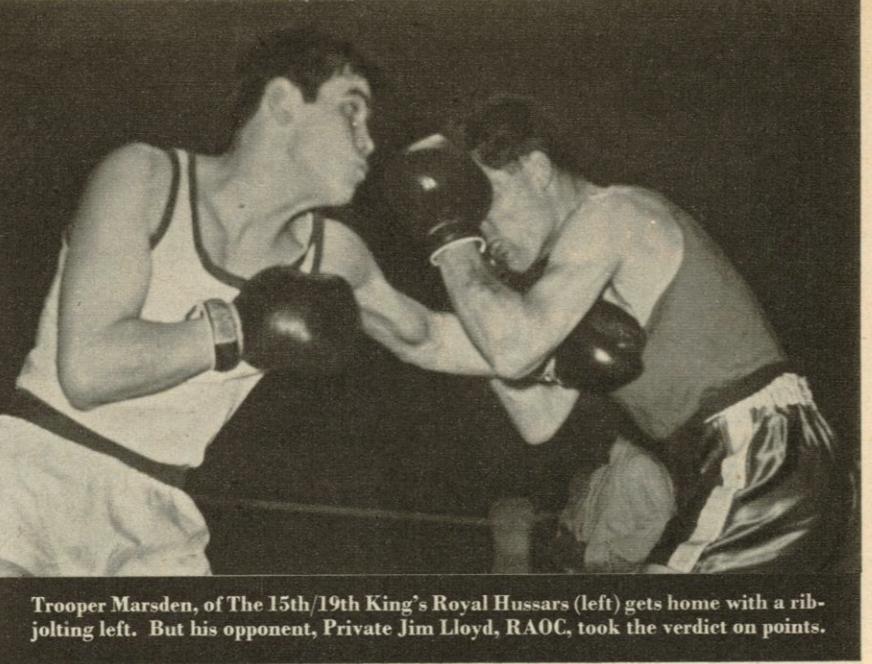
Now, Police communications will give the alert and reinforcements will be brought in, on Sapper trucks, if necessary driving straight down the escarpment to head off the returning raiders. If it should be a large-scale raid, *Beverleys* can fly in with Police or troops.

Another border has been tamed—thanks to the toil, sweat and skill of the Sappers.—Major F. E. Dodman, RAC, Army Public Relations.



At Kamion, Sappers drive Land-Rovers along the track which in parts has gradients of nearly one in two.

BOXING PROSPECTS BRIGHT



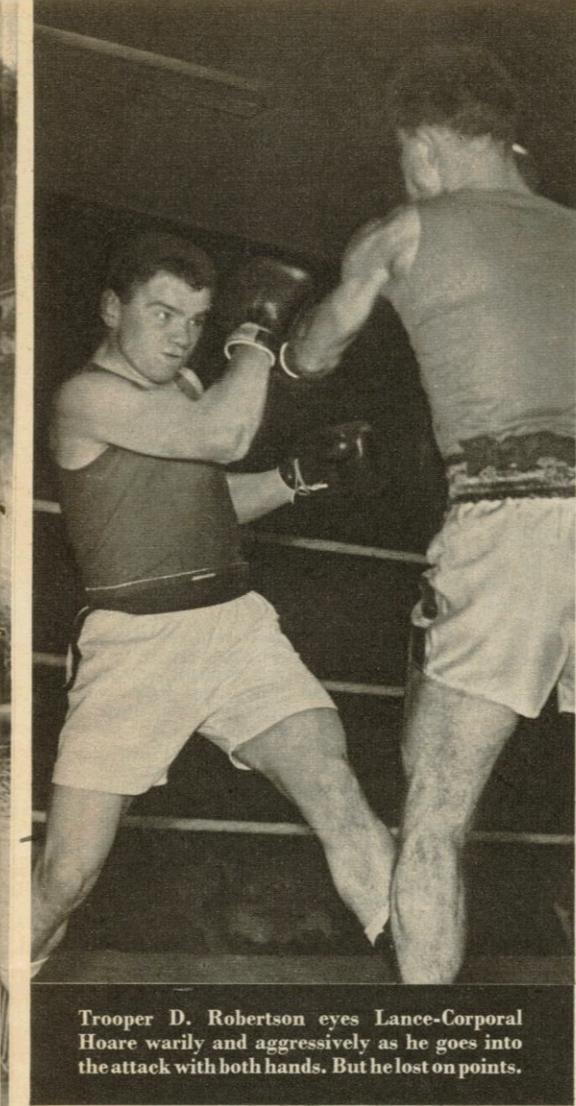
Trooper Marsden, of The 15th/19th King's Royal Hussars (left) gets home with a rib-jolting left. But his opponent, Private Jim Lloyd, RAOC, took the verdict on points.

WILL the Army's boxing team be as good this year as last? To judge from the opening trials in the recent match at Tidworth between The Army and The Rest which produced some brilliant boxing, the signs are hopeful.

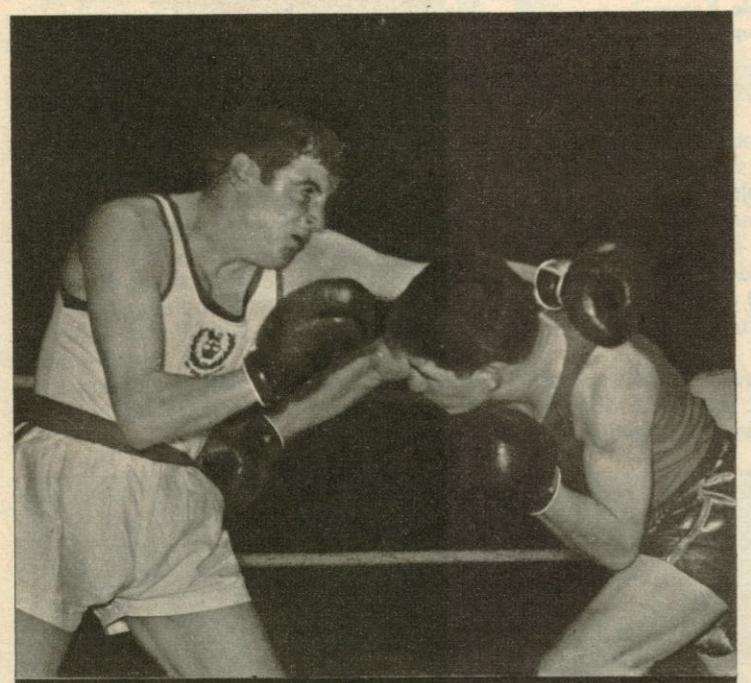
The Army won by seven bouts to four and most of the established champions had little trouble accounting for their opponents. Private Jim Lloyd (welter), of 14 Battalion, RAOC, won convincingly over Trooper C. Marsden, one of the four Army representatives from The 15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars. Private R. Keddie (light middle), also of 14 Battalion, RAOC, knocked out

Guardsman S. Harrison, 1st Battalion, Irish Guards, and Trooper R. Taylor (lightweight), of the 15th/19th Hussars easily outpointed Lance-Corporal D. Deldridge, Royal Welch Fusiliers. Trooper D. Robertson, of the 15th/19th Hussars, was surprisingly outpointed by Lance-Corporal A. Hoare, Royal Welch Fusiliers, but his regimental teammate, Lance-Corporal R. Clapperton (light-heavy) coasted home to a points win over Corporal R. Priestley, of 1 Training Battalion, RAOC. A surprise result was the fine points decision which Private A. Kennedy, of 23 Parachute Field Ambulance, gained over Corporal G. Clarke, 23 Independent Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, in their light-heavyweight fight.

Other results (Army names first): Bantam: L/Cpl M. McLaughlin, Junior Tradesmen's Regt, ACC, beat Tpr F. Quinn, 4/7 Dragoon Guards, on points; Cpl N. McDuff, Gordon Highlanders, outpointed Bdr R. Woodcock, 16 LAA Regt, RA. Feather: Pte R. Hutchinson, 14 Bn, RAOC, outpointed L/Cpl P. Johnson, 44 (HC) Signal Regt. Lightwelter: L/Cpl B. Brazier, Home Counties Brigade Depot, outpointed Pte L. Wilson, 14 Bn, RAOC; L/Cpl P. Taylor, 7 Ordnance Field Park beat Pte W. Thomas, The Royal Sussex Regt., in the second round.



Trooper D. Robertson eyes Lance-Corporal Hoare warily and aggressively as he goes into the attack with both hands. But he lost on points.



Private Keddie (left) makes Guardsman Harrison miss but himself misses with a left lead. Keddie scored the only k.o. of the contest.

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SPORTS SHORTS

READY holder of three titles in the Army's Near East Land Forces Tennis championships, Major R. Marshall, Royal Army Pay Corps, went one better this year and won all four of the events he entered—the Men's Singles and Doubles, the Regimental Doubles and the Mixed Doubles.

PRIVATE B. G. KIRBY, of the 1st Battalion, The Queen's Own Buffs, easily won the Army Cycling Hill Climb championship with a brilliant ride up a stiff, one mile course, of 4 mins. 37 secs. Second was Signalman G. Bennett, of 8th Signal Regiment in 4 mins. 52.4 secs., half a second ahead of Private R. V. Runham, 1st Battalion, The Royal Sussex Regiment. The team championship was won by 8th Signal Regiment with 2574 points and runners-up were 17 Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, with 2231 points.

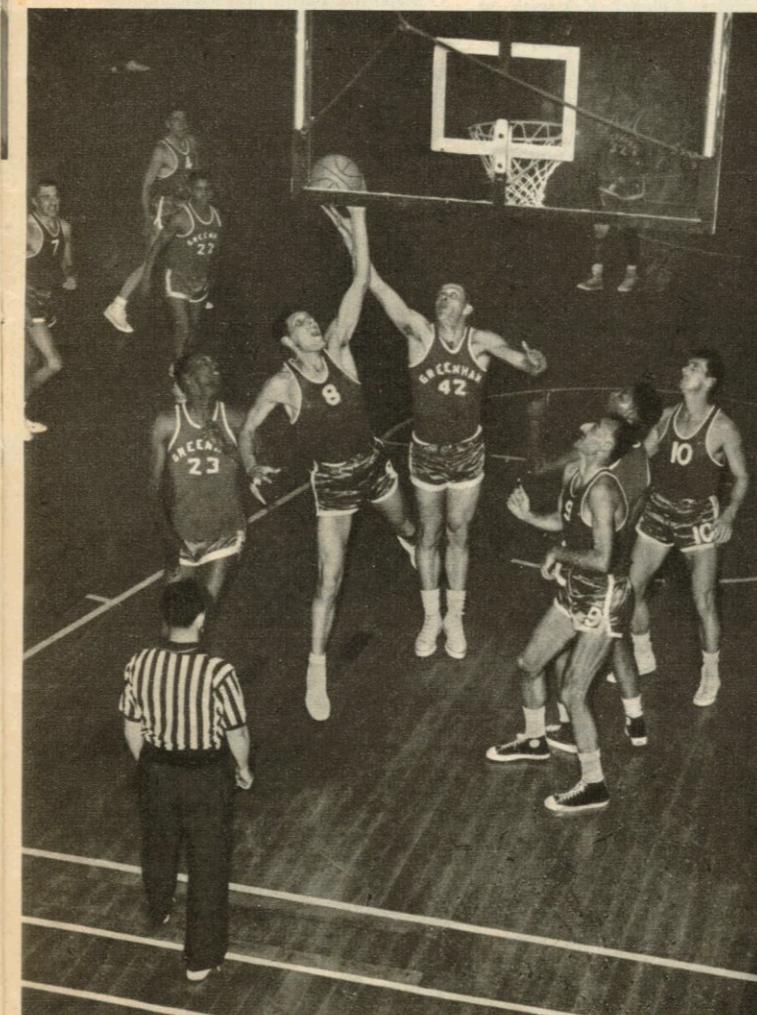
D RIVER R. CULLEN, of 1 Training Battalion, Royal Army Service Corps, won the Army Motorcycling Association individual title, losing only three points. The SOLDIER trophy awarded to the best young Regular soldier went to Lance-Corporal Pilbeam, of 16 Parachute Workshops, REME.

In the inter-Services championships Lance-Corporal Cuppock, of 1 Training Battalion, RASC, won a gold medal with a brilliant ride in which he lost no points and silver medals went to Staff-Sergeant Johnstone, REME, and to Driver Cullen.

USING borrowed rifles loaned by the Canadian Army, 14 British cadets won five of the Dominion of Canada's Rifle Association meeting competitions held in Ottawa, among them the Michael Faraday Cup with a record score.

Ten of the cadets reached the final of the Governor-General's contest and the Adjutant, Lieutenant G. T. Martel, of the Bromsgrove School Combined Cadet Force, won the Governor-General's prize.

IN their first game of the season the Army Basketball Association lost narrowly to the United States Army Air Force team from Greenham Common. With only five minutes to go the Americans were leading by 49 points to 37 but in an exciting rally the Army piled on 12 quick points. The final score was 52-49. In the picture (right) Sergeant Fuller (No. 8) leaps to take a shot at "goal."



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TEAM WITH A WILL TO WIN

BEHIND the news that the Depot Battalion, Royal Army Service Corps, at Bordon has won both the Army and inter-Services 100-stone Tug-o'-War titles, lies a story of team spirit, hard work and sacrifice.

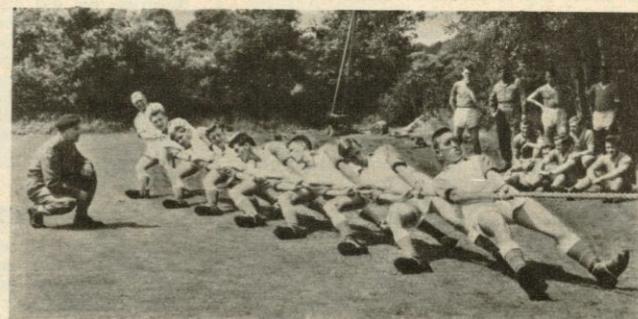
Although the unit has fewer than 100 officers and men to call upon it has won every Services' event it has entered in the past year and is now well in the running for national honours. And, astonishingly, its success has been achieved in little more than 12 months since Major (QM) J. R. Boxall—a member of the all-conquering 100-stone team from the Motor Transport Depot, RASC (Feltham), which won the Army championship every year from 1932 to 1939 and the AAA title from 1934 to 1938—formed the Depot Battalion's team, with himself as anchor-man.

On most evenings throughout the winter and spring the team trained strenuously for success—loosening up in the gym, weight training, pulling against trees and other teams—and in June recorded its

first victory, winning the 88-stone and 100-stone titles in the Aldershot District championship. In the same month the team won the Royal Army Service Corps championship at 88-stones and the following month the Southern Command 100-stone title. Then, in August, the unit won the Army championship at 100-stones, followed by victory in the inter-Services competition.

Between times, the Depot Battalion provided two teams to compete in civilian Tug-o'-War Association meetings and one—representing the Army—was only narrowly beaten by the 1961 AAA champions, Newham and Woodham.

The Depot Battalion team, which has as coach CSM H. R. W. Parnell, who trained 5 Training Battalion, RASC, in winning the Army 88-stone titles from 1958 to 1960, is now busy preparing for even better success next year. It will not be for lack of enthusiasm or hard training if the Depot does not win the AAA championship.



The Army 100-stone champions at practice. Anchor man is Major J. R. Boxall and urging them on is CSM H. Parnell, the unit coach.

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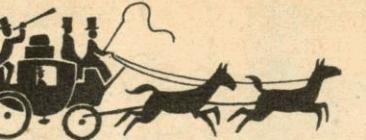
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LETTERS



RESPONSIBILITY, INITIATIVE AND AMATEURISM

The Regular soldier today is comparatively well paid, well fed and well quartered. He is secure in his employment and the prospect of an assured pension. But something is missing and that something may be the lack of opportunity the Regular has to develop his senses of responsibility and initiative.

The British Army seems to have devised a system in which only officers of field rank appear to be worthy of shouldering the burden of real responsibility. They are entrusted with command of a company, battery or squadron, whereas their opposite numbers in other armies command battalions or regiments, with junior officers commanding companies and, in some armies, senior non-commissioned officers commanding platoons.

For the NCO in the British Army there is little real responsibility. He is always dogged by the shadow of the officer who must sign the document, take the declaration, issue the pass and award the punishment. Lack of willingness to delegate responsibility is one of the major drawbacks encountered by the ambitious young man who makes the Army his career.

Lack of responsibility may result in lack of initiative. Many Regulars do not want to accept responsibility and it is regrettable that some are placed in a position where they are able to discourage initiative in their juniors. To them, initiative must come from above and responsibility must always be shifted to higher shoulders. The junior with ideas and willingness to "stick his neck out" is inevitably discouraged because his actions nearly always have to be accounted for by his superior.

The third curse of the modern Regular Army is amateurism. It is all too common to find the amateur filling a post that should be occupied by an expert. In a small, specialised Regular Army this is unforgivable. The days of muddling through should be past, and to let an officer or an NCO "pick it up as he goes along" is a sad reflection on the small, highly-skilled Army boosted in the recruiting posters. If a man is to fill a specialised post he should be trained and tested beforehand. The counter argument, of course, is that shortage of manpower makes such postings inevitable. But, the apparently haphazard allocation of untrained men may in itself be responsible, to some extent, for the shortage in manpower. I wonder how many junior ranks have left the Army because of the muddle and mismanagement of an amateur placed in charge of a specialised department, and how many leave because their so-called specialist tasks are little different from those of the ordinary general duties man.—Sgt H. Eaton (Int. Corps), HQ 28 Commonwealth Inf Bde Gp, c/o GPO, Taiping, Perak, Malaya.

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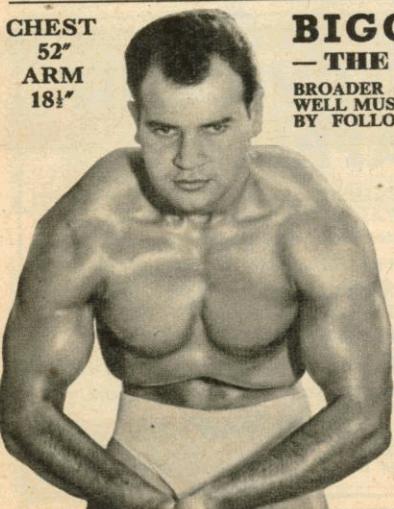
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LAST CHARGE

In stating that the last cavalry charge by a complete regiment—the 20th Hussars—took place in Anatolia in July, 1919 (Letters, September), the journal of the Royal United Service Institution is wrong.

In July, 1919, the Regiment was aboard a troopship en route for Egypt, and did not go to Turkey until the following year. The charge referred to took place at Gebye, on the Izmit Peninsula, in July, 1920.—F. Hocking (late 20th Hussars), 40 Hickes House, Harben Road, London, NW6.

★ Mr. Hocking is correct. According to Volume XI of the Cavalry Journal (1921) the charge took place on 13 July, 1920.

KILTED DAMN YANKEES

I think your correspondent (Letters, October) is mistaken about the second kilted unit in the American Civil War. The 60th New York Volunteers were surely the 1st St. Lawrence County Regiment.

However, Company I of the 59th New York Volunteers was, according to "New York in the War of the Rebellion, 1861-1865," formed from

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Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

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

two units known as New York's Own and the Cameron Highlanders. Company K of this same regiment, known as the Sarsfield Rifles and evidently Irish from the inscription on their banner—"If you come with us to fight for the Union, well and welcome, Myheer! If you go to fight against the Union, then Faugh-a-Ballaugh!"—was originally raised as the Cameron Legion. That part of the Cameron Highlanders which did not go into Company I of the 59th went to form part of the 78th Regiment, New York Volunteers.—J. L. Garland, 73 Upway, Rayleigh, Essex.

IRATE "COLONEL"

In reply to "Ex-Grenadier" (Letters, October) I may say that I have the honour to be a lieutenant-colonel in the Confederate High Command, but it was not a case of having to join. My husband and I were extremely interested in the Confederacy long before we had ever heard of the Confederate High Command organisation.

I would suggest that "Ex-Grenadier," if he wishes to perpetuate Cromwell's Gestapo-like outfit, heads an organisation called the Roundhead High Command.

He should read a little of the Civil War story and see just how many Britons took part in it. As for the Confederate High Command being an alien organisation, this is ridiculous. Why not call us traitors, and have done with it?—Mrs. H. J. Wiseman, Lieutenant-Colonel, CHC, 8 Woodhurst Road, Acton, London, W3.

QUIET GUARDSMEN

In your comment about rubber-soled boots (SOLDIER to Soldier, August) you imply that Guardsmen always make a noise when they stamp their feet.

But there was at least one occasion when they did not. I was on guard at Windsor Castle in 1944 when we were under orders not to stamp our feet outside the royal apartments for fear of disturbing the royal children. So at night we wore Wellington boots or rubber soled PT shoes.—"Lightfoot," BAOR.

CROIX DE GUERRE

Readers who have been following the correspondence in SOLDIER on the award of the Croix de Guerre to British Army units may like to know that the following enjoy that distinction: 2nd Bn, The Devonshire Regt (lineal ancestor of the 1st Bn, The Devonshire and Dorset Regiment formed by amalgamation in 1958); 5th Field Bty, RA; 8th (Leeds Rifles) Bn, West Yorkshire Regt, TA (now amalgamated with 7th Bn to form The Leeds Rifles, The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire, TA); 14th (now 4th) Bn, The King's Shropshire Light Infantry, TA; 6th (now 6/7th) Bn, The Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment), TA, and 128th (Wessex) Field Ambulance, RAMC, TA.

The Battalion was formed as the Hallamshire Rifles on 27th June, 1859, and has always included Hallamshire in many changes of title. It became the Territorial Battalion of The York and Lancaster Regiment in 1881. This is not so.

The 1/4th KSLI and the 8th West Yorks both won the award for gallantry at La Montagne de Bligny, but on different occasions.

Other units, now disbanded, which also won the award were: 7th (Service) Bn, South Wales Borderers; 9th Bn, Tank Corps; 12th (Service) Bn, Cheshire Regt; 9th (Service) Bn, Cheshire Regt and 56th Infantry Brigade, 19 Div.

Many American units were similarly honoured in World War One.—G. Archer Parfitt, 4 Bn, KSLI (TA), Drill Hall, Coleham, Shrewsbury.

ANOTHER RECORD?

I wonder if Private Joseph Papworth's service constitutes a record? He enlisted on 6 March, 1872, into The Royal Welch Fusiliers. I do not know the date of his transfer to the



Royal Army Medical Corps, but he was discharged from that Corps on 24 April 1920, with a total of 48 years' and 49 days' service in the Regular Army. As the photograph (above) shows, he wore 12 good-conduct stripes.—Maj-General R. E. Barnsley MC (Rtd), RAMC Historical Museum, Crookham, Hants.

INSIGNIA

I have been a subscriber to SOLDIER for several years, and enjoy reading about the history and traditions of the British Army. My admiration for the Regulars increases as I learn more about them.

For the last two years a friend and I have been collecting American Army

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with the 7th Dragoon Guards (Princess Royal's) as the 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards did not take part in Marlborough's campaign. The 7th Dragoon Guards were present at Blenheim but this Regiment was not raised in Ireland.

However, it is true that there were Dragoons of Irish origin at Blenheim and these were The 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, now amalgamated with The 5th Dragoon Guards (Princess Charlotte of Wales's) as the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards.

The Scots Greys and The Inniskilling Dragoons also rode together at Waterloo, Balaklava and Sevastopol, and I think I am right in saying that The Inniskilling Dragoons and their sister Regiment, The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers (27th Foot), both of which were raised in Enniskillen, Northern Ireland, were the only Irish regiments to take part in the Battle of Waterloo.

Both Inniskilling regiments (Horse and Foot) were already in being for a few years before they were incorporated in the British Army in 1689, and both had their baptism in war at the Battle of the Boyne.—G. A. Dennison (late The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers), 21 Mountpleasant, Banbridge, Co. Down, Northern Ireland.

HALLAMSHIRES

In your August issue (Letters) Mr. V. A. Trapani implies that the word Hallamshire was included in the title of the Territorial Battalion of The York and Lancaster Regiment in 1881. This is not so.

The Battalion was formed as the Hallamshire Rifles on 27th June, 1859, and has always included Hallamshire in many changes of title. It became the Territorial Battalion of The York and Lancaster Regiment in 1881. This is not so.

The 1/4th KSLI and the 8th West Yorks both won the award for gallantry at La Montagne de Bligny, but on different occasions.

Other units, now disbanded, which also won the award were: 7th (Service) Bn, South Wales Borderers; 9th Bn, Tank Corps; 12th (Service) Bn, Cheshire Regt; 9th (Service) Bn, Cheshire Regt and 56th Infantry Brigade, 19 Div.

Many American units were similarly honoured in World War One.—G. Archer Parfitt, 4 Bn, KSLI (TA), Drill Hall, Coleham, Shrewsbury.

KUWAIT

SOLDIER's reporter in Kuwait must still be having his leg pulled over the title of 9 (Rocket) Squadron in the article "Quickly Into Kuwait" (September). No doubt Rocket Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, were intrigued. The men were, in fact, Sappers from No. 2 Troop, 9 Independent Parachute Squadron, Royal Engineers. We get very tired of being confused with the Parachute Regiment.—Major I. T. C. Wilson MC, RE, 9th Independent Parachute Sqdn, RE, Gibraltar Barracks, Aldershot.

★ Our apologies. SOLDIER does not have any representatives in Kuwait or elsewhere abroad and the caption to the picture was provided by an agency.

LEGION IN AUSTRALIA

It may be of interest to your readers, particularly any who may be contemplating emigration to Australia, to know that the British Ex-Service Legion of Australia, with representation in all states and in each major city, can help with information about housing, amenities, social life and also with settling-in problems on arrival. Initial enquiries should be addressed to me, stating the writer's arm of the Service.—S. Guyenette, General Secretary, The British Ex-Service Legion of Australia, 17 St. James St, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.

IRISH DRAGOONS

In "Marlborough's Men were Magnificent" (SOLDIER, August), the author says: "... the attempted break out of the French forces at Blenheim was baulked by the Scots Greys at the rear and by the Irish Dragoons on the other side."

It is unfortunate that the actual title of the Irish troops involved was not more explicitly stated as the reference is misleading. The only regiment bearing the name—the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards, now amalgamated

with the 7th Dragoon Guards (Princess Royal's) as the 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards did not take part in Marlborough's campaign. The 7th Dragoon Guards were present at Blenheim but this Regiment was not raised in Ireland.

Collectors' Corner

L. Bayliss, 82 Grove Ave, Pinner, Mx.—Pictures of British Cavalry (mounted).

M/Sgt R. Forties, Combat Supply Coy, 1st Battle Gp, 23rd Infy, APO 949, Seattle, USA.—Medals and Badges.

M. Griffin, 1761 Leclair Ave, Montreal 19, Canada.—British Army badges, cigarette cards with pictures of badges.

G. A. Parfitt, "Delbury," 26 Priory Rd, Shrewsbury, Salop.—Military history, badges, medals, Shropshire, Herefordshire, Radnorshire.

Master R. J. Farrant, Greenways, Lees Rd, Willesboro', Ashford, Kent.—British Army cap badges, buttons.

Capt H. McWhinnie, 23F Sunchon St, Fort Bragg, N. Carolina, USA.—Almost complete set US Army Divisional insignia for disposal.

J. Llewellyn-Jones, PO Box 29, Choma, N. Rhodesia.—British Commonwealth badges.

Master T. Hall, White House, Heath End, Farnham, Surrey.—Badges, buttons, formation signs.

Sgt E. Burnell, RM, 1 Thorn Park, Mannamend, Plymouth, Devon.—Worldwide medal ribbons.

Pte A. Moffat, RCOC, 313 Arlington Ave, Toronto 10, Ontario, Canada.—Brigade of Guards badges and insignia.

W. Stafford, 115 Dorset Cres, Moorside, Consett, Durham.—Badges, medals, shoulder titles, bayonets.

Anthony Burt (aged 15), 179 Bedford Rd, Tottenham, London, N15.—British Army militaria.

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FAMILY RSMs

It may interest your readers to know that in the 1st Battalion, The Gordon Highlanders, we had the Michie brothers, Charles and George, who followed each other as RSM, both subsequently being commissioned as quartermasters.

Captain (QM) Charles Michie is still serving with our 3rd Battalion (TA), but George has since retired. I think it is probably unique for two brothers to follow each other as RSM of an Infantry battalion.—**Colour-Sgt L. Ross, 1st Bn, The Gordon Highlanders, BFPÖ 23.**

A SKILLET

The skillet inscribed "73 Regt" (Letters, October) may have belonged to MacLeod's Highlanders, later The Highland Light Infantry, as the number 73 was borne by that Regiment from the time it was raised, in 1777, until 1786, a year of much re-numbering of regiments as a result of disbands following the American War of Independence. In 1786 it was renumbered the 71st and its old number, 73, was allotted to the 2nd Battalion of the 42nd (The Black Watch), raised in 1780. Incidentally, The Black Watch was numbered 43 when raised in 1739 and was re-numbered 42nd in 1749.—**T. S. Cunningham, 6 The Lindens, Prospect Hill, Walthamstow, E17.**

EX-CHINDITS

As a result of your mention several months ago of the Chindits Old Comrades Association we have enrolled about a dozen new members from places as far away as Bermuda, the Somali Republic and Malaya. Good for SOLDIER!—**J. W. Evanson, Secretary, Chindits Old Comrades Association, 63 Smeaton Street, Wolverhampton.**

Prize Winners

The winners of SOLDIER's "What Do You Know?" competition in September were:

1. WO II B. Campey, 3rd Bn, Prince of Wales's Own, Wylie Park, Beverley, Yorks.

2. Sergeant W. G. Wilson, RE, 84 Survey Sqn, RE, c/o GPO, Singapore.

3. Lance-Corporal L. Hill, HQ Pl, 19 Coy RASC (Tk Pptr), Ranby Camp, Retford, Notts.

4. Miss J. Robinson, 7 Beechwood Avenue, South Gosforth, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

5. Lance-Corporal J. Guy, Coldstream Guards, c/o Greta Farm, Gilmonby, Bowes, Barnard Castle.

6. Officer Cadet K. Goad, Blenheim Company, RMA, Sandhurst.

The correct answers were: 1. An artificial language. 2. Crimea. 3. Luxembourg (the rest have coastlines, or Sweden, the only one not a member of NATO). 4. Any German composers whose names begin with B. 5. Copper and zinc. 6. Trevor Howard. 7. Saracen. 8. (a) smell; (b) niece; (c) cone; (d) hockey or ice hockey; (e) best. 9. Prime Minister; football coach; Skaters' Waltz; tea tray; ice cube; long shot. 10. Over 75 m.p.h. 11. (a) The Cameronians; (b) The Middlesex Regiment; (c) The Gordon Highlanders; (d) The Manchester Regiment. 12. (a) hand; (b) foot; (c) shoulder. 13. Carol Lesley.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(See page 19)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1. Boot of soldier in doorway. 2. Head of left bird. 3. Width of left window of hut. 4. Position of legs of soldier third from left. 5. Middle tree on horizon. 6. Design of flash on lorry. 7. Shape of driving mirror. 8. Rear mudguard below number plate. 9. Position of side lamp. 10. Cowling on hut chimney.

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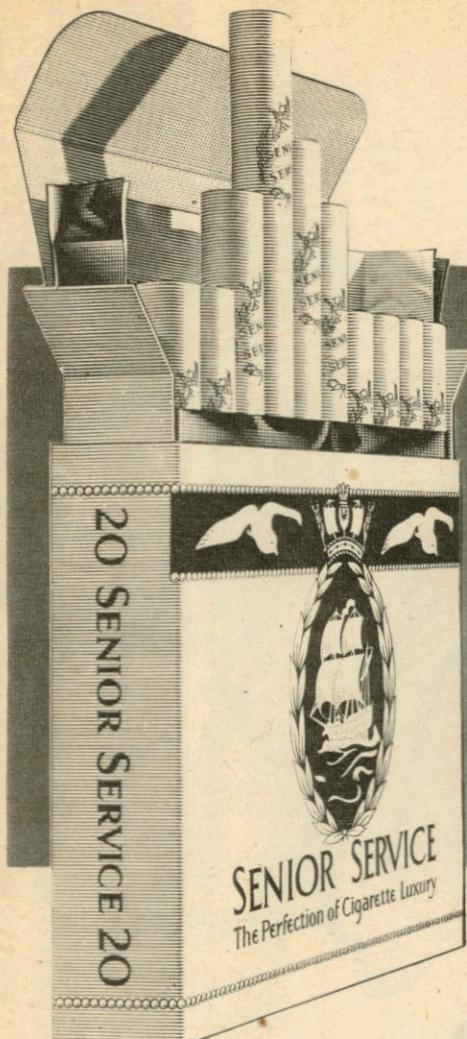
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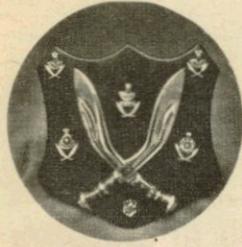
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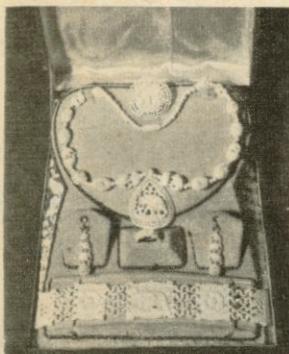
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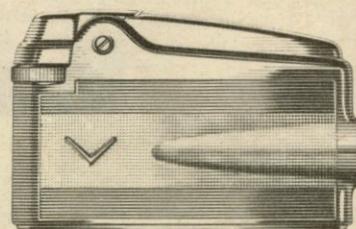
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