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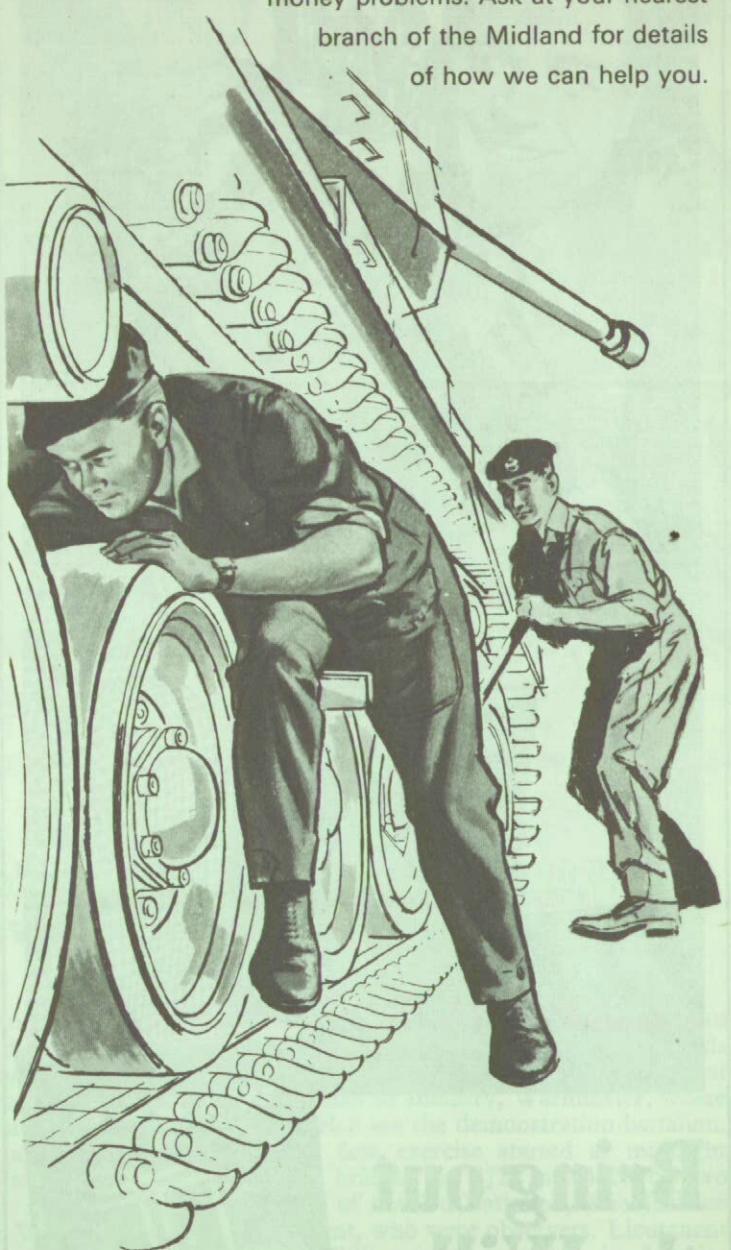
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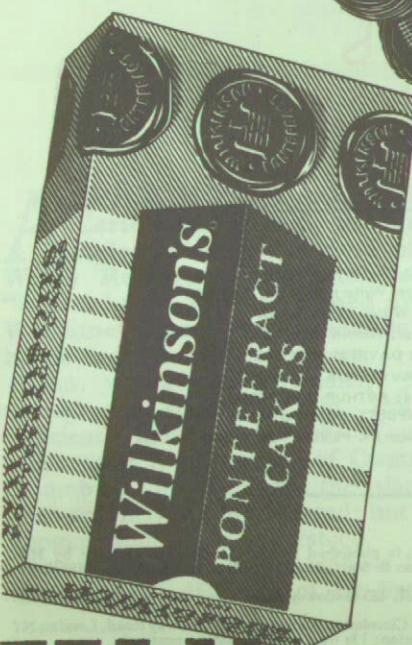
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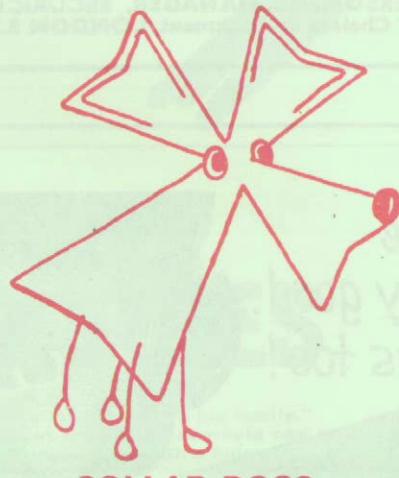
SOLDIER

JULY 1965

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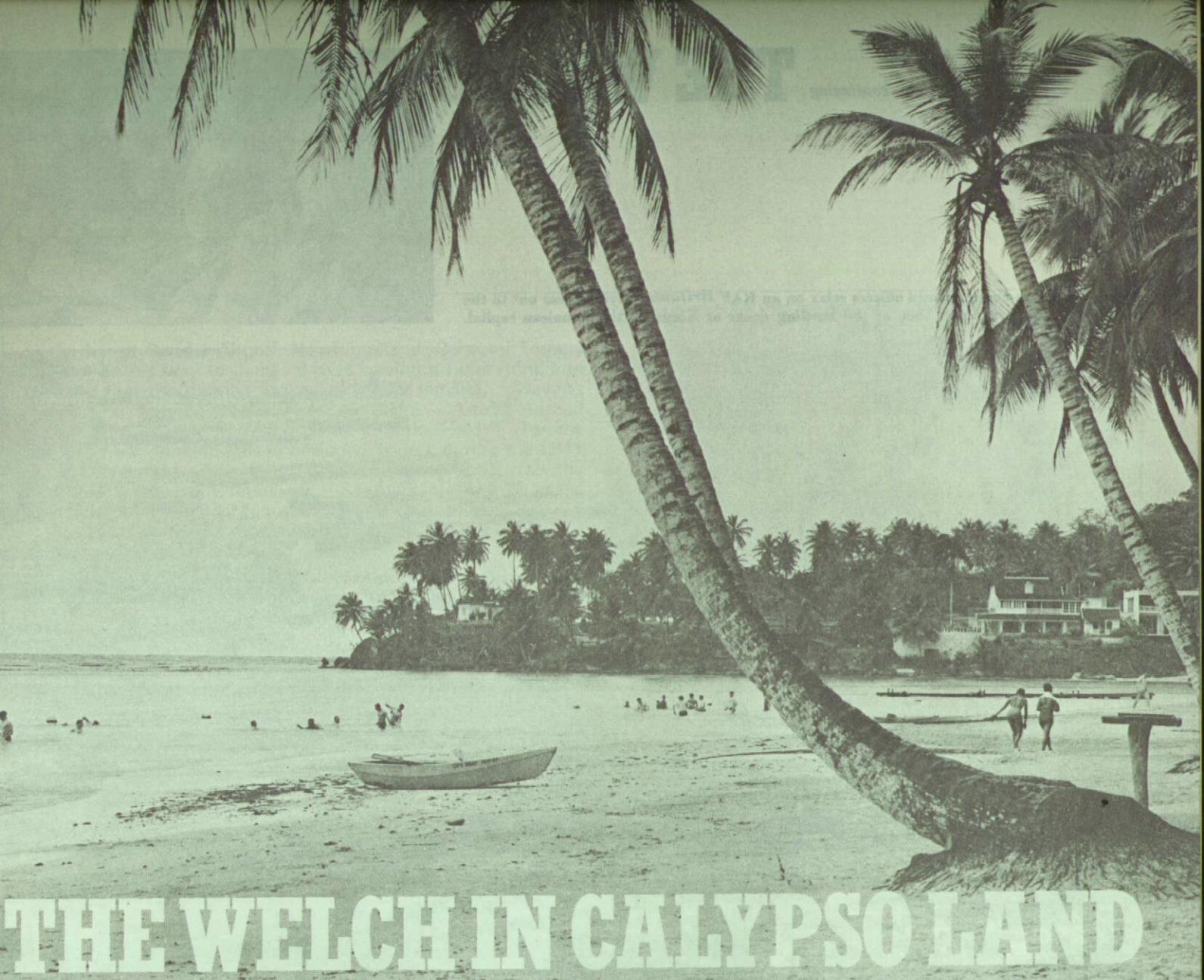
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THE WELCH IN CALYPSO HAND

West to freezing Newfoundland and then due south to the sweltering Caribbean—it was a 10,000 mile training adventure for 450 Welsh soldiers

A FOUR-MONTH drought in the Caribbean island of Jamaica ended with the arrival of The Welch Regiment. The skies of the "island in the sun" darkened and the Welshmen were welcomed with a home-from-home downpour.

One young Welsh soldier, peering through the sheets of rain, was even sufficiently moved to remark: "You know what, man? It reminds me of Cwmwdi." Columbus, who discovered the island 500 years ago, may not have agreed; but Dylan Thomas would have understood.

It was Exercise Calypso Hop—a 10,000-mile jaunt for 450 men of 1st Battalion,

The Welch Regiment, to practise a quick move by air over a long distance. Royal Air Force *Britannias* flew each company for a fortnight from the British spring to freezing Newfoundland, where six-foot snowdrifts surrounded the airport, and from there to sweltering Kingston in Jamaica.

The untypical rain did nothing to dampen the spirits of the Welsh lads, whose first task was to winkle out the "insurgents" causing trouble in the hills in the north of the island.

These daredevil fighters, comfortably ensconced up-country, were played by a platoon of The Welch Regiment and a platoon of the Jamaica Defence Force.

Organising the exercises was an American officer, Major "JB" Tower, who commands a Welch company as US Liaison Officer at the School of Infantry, Warminster, where the Welch are the demonstration battalion.

The first exercise started at midnight after a briefing by "JB" attended by two officers of the 3rd Battalion, The Jamaica Regiment, who were observers. Lieutenant John Williams, who settled in Jamaica 12 years ago and claims a Welsh great-grandfather, took a look at the country the soldiers had to cross and commented laconically: "There'll be plenty of bruises tonight."

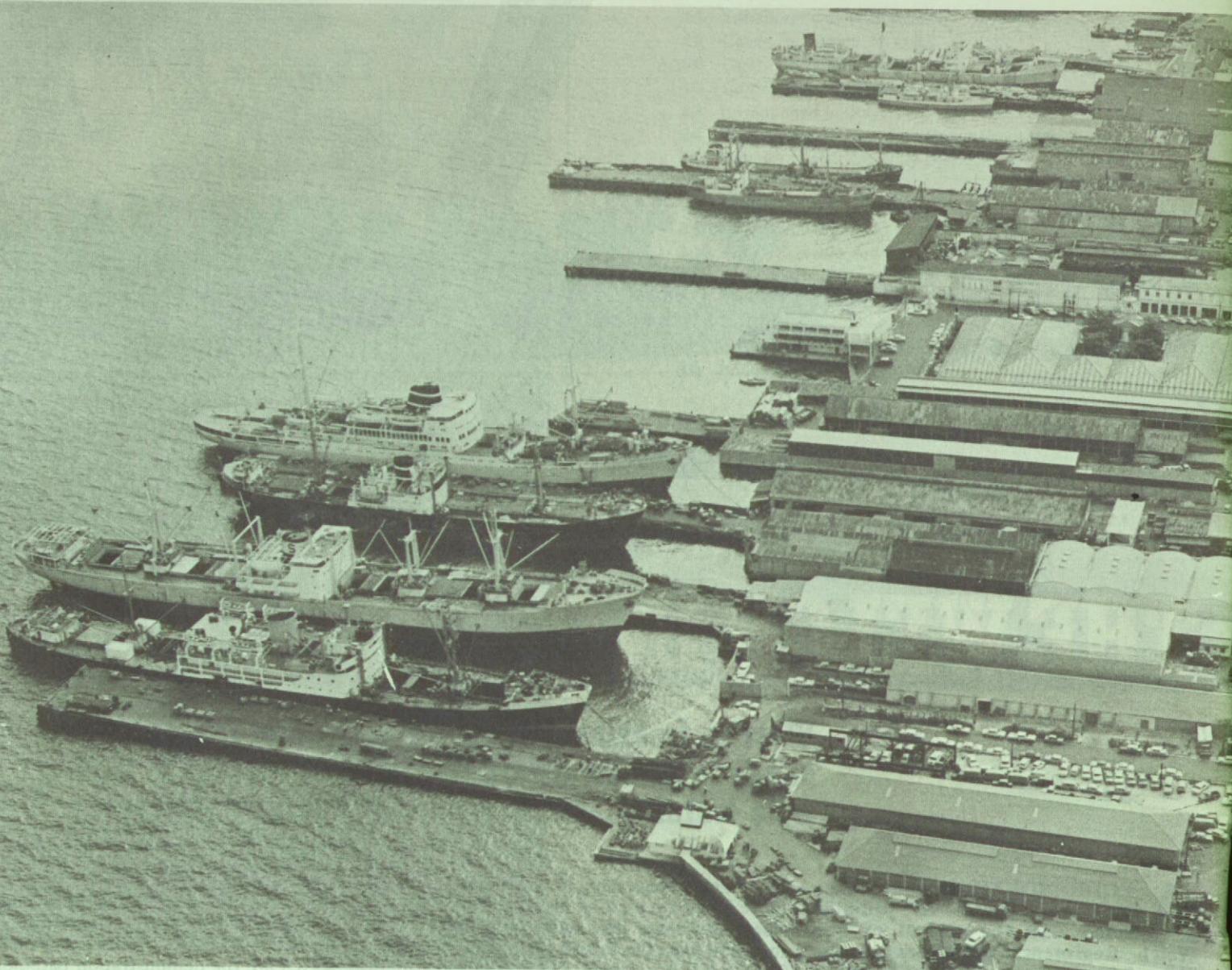
To hit the enemy simultaneously at two

Above: In an idyllic millionaires' playground setting, men of The Welch Regiment take time off on a Jamaican beach.

continuing

THE WELCH

Right: Three non-commissioned officers relax on an RAF *Britannia* flying them out to the elusive sun. Below: Aerial shot of the bustling docks at Kingston, the Jamaican capital.



Right: Every morning started bright and early at Cotton Tree Camp with physical training.



IN CALYPSO LAND

In the bar at Gander Airport, Newfoundland, Corporal Tommy Thorne, on his way to Jamaica, was having a quiet drink and thinking that the barman looked strangely familiar. "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?" he asked. "You're durned right," drawled Bill McMahon, "in Tobruk, 1941." Tommy and Bill were drinking pals in besieged Tobruk during the 1941 desert campaign. The reunion was a short one, for the *Britannia* was quickly refuelled. "See you in about 20 years' time," quipped Bill McMahon as he waved goodbye.

Reunion in the bar at Gander Airport, Newfoundland, when Cpl Thorne (right) met a war-time comrade (second from right) for the first time since 1941.



In pouring rain Captain John Ayres (above) briefs his men before setting off on a reconnaissance. Below: On one of the many exercises a patrol of the Welch races across a field in north Jamaica.

points at first light, the soldiers had to trek across razor-sharp volcanic rocks in pitch darkness for five hours. The battle started rather disconcertingly with half the leading Welch platoon assessed as "casualties," but when the supporting platoon took over, things improved and, dodging from tree to tree, they rooted out the "insurgents."

The last few hours of the battle were fought, of course, in pouring rain.

Back at Cotton Tree Camp, Moneague, the soldiers dried out, only to be soaked again on the next exercise. On the church parade, the local minister, sheltering under a huge black umbrella, informed his drenched congregation: "I know you won't appreciate the sentiment of my remarks, but we really need this rain."

But the sun did break through for recreational afternoons on the north coast beaches—the millionaires' playgrounds of Ocho Rios and Montego Bay.

Undoubtedly the man who had the most enjoyable stay in Jamaica was Lance-Corporal Brian Dingle—he was on leave. He married a Jamaican girl ten years ago and his Battalion agreed to let him go on the exercise and spend his leave with his wife's family.



THE WELCH IN CALYPSO LAND

concluded



And everyone felt the benefit. Lance-Corporal Dingle's relatives entertained all the soldiers to a party on their private beach at St Anne's Bay, and it was really quite a shindig.

One of the key personnel at Cotton Tree Camp was Milton, a blind man from a nearby village who organised his own army of small boys to do odd jobs round the camp.

Resplendently dressed in uniform scroun-

ged from different units who have stayed at the camp, Milton militantly drilled his motley private army before work and insisted on rigid obedience.

The trip ended with more exercises during which desperate "insurgent" leader Drum-Major John Slape managed to avoid detection by an advancing Welch recce patrol and then impressively demolished a whole platoon in a spectacular—if suicidal—stand.

The rain decently held off when the Welch had a chance to visit one of Jamaica's golden beaches.



Blind villager Milton (centre) marches at the head of his private army of odd-job boys during one of his unofficial morning working parades.



Worst casualty sustained during the "war" was Private Anderson, pictured here being helped to the returning aircraft. He was bitten by a sea urchin.

THE ARMY BENEVOLENT FUND

Many who contribute annually to the British Legion's Poppy Day may wonder whether the Legion and the Army Benevolent Fund are not doing the same job.

The British Legion is a wide-ranging inter-Service organisation covering charitable and social welfare of all ex-Servicemen while the Army Benevolent Fund is a single Service charitable organisation which does for the soldier what the Royal Navy Benevolent Fund and the Royal Air Force Benevolent Fund do for the sister Services. Each of the three funds works in close co-operation with the Legion.

Notwithstanding the trend towards integration, the fighting Services remain independent of each other in matters of personnel administration, recruiting and welfare—and similarly in their benevolent work.

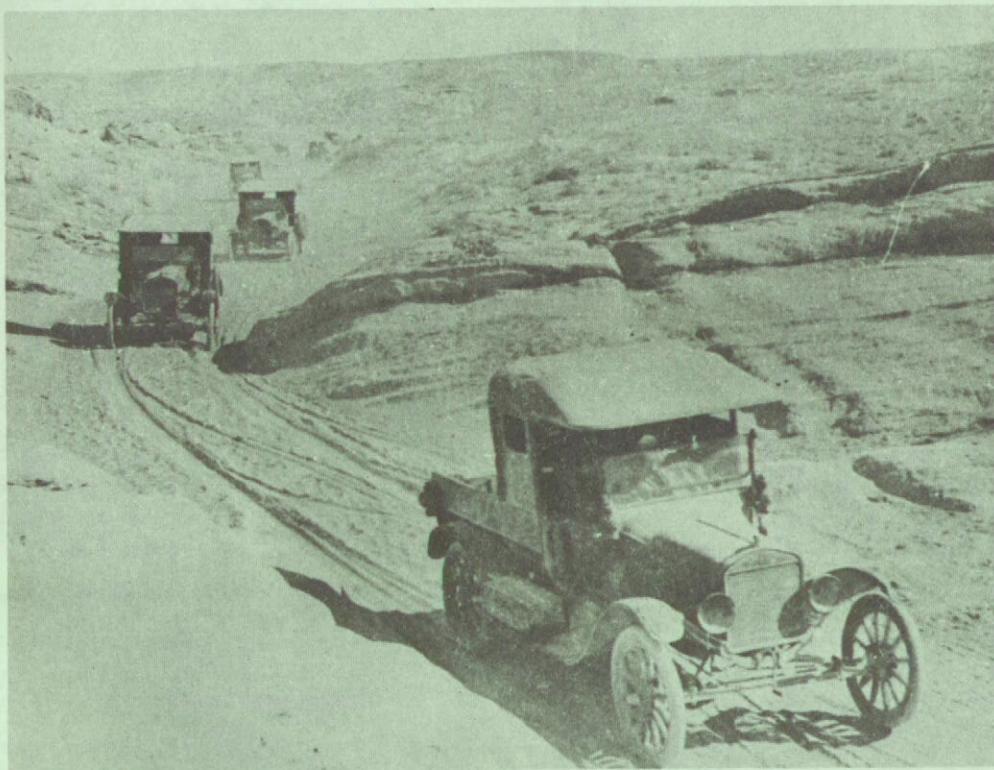
The Army, particularly, has been built traditionally on the corps and regiment, each of which has its own benevolent trust founded long before the British Legion.

And if to the Legion's relief work of £539,000 were added the three Services' benevolent work, totalling £1,255,700, the task would be too formidable for a single organisation.

THE NEW WAGGONERS



Above: An officer, driver and private of the Royal Waggon Train in its hey-day at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Below: Pictured a century later, a convoy of magnificent Model T Fords in the desert.



Below: Newest transport for the newest Corps. A hovercraft being tested by the Army in the Far East.



THIS is an historic month for the Waggoners. It sees the death of the Royal Army Service Corps and the birth of the Royal Corps of Transport.

From locomotives to landing craft, from heavy lorries to hovercraft, from limousines to launches, from motor cycles to mules, the new Corps is responsible for all Army transport.

It takes over the transport units of the Royal Engineers and hands over the fire service, barrack service, supply and clerical duties to the Royal Army Ordnance Corps.

This re-organisation has logic that everyone can understand. The Sappers lose their boats and trains and movement control duties, the RAOC now become responsible for virtually all supply and the new RCT will concentrate solely on transport.

The new Corps starts life with about 1300 officers and 11,000 soldiers. The Colonel-in-Chief is the Duke of Gloucester and Major-General W J Potter, the last Director of Supplies and Transport, becomes the first Transport Officer-in-Chief and head of the Corps. The new colours include the blue and white of the old RASC and the red of the Royal Engineers. With all this, the new Corps inherits a proud history.

The first officially recognised transport corps was the Royal Waggoners, formed in 1794. It was the wars of the French Revolution that demonstrated the need for organised military transport—before this horses and wagons were bought, hired or commandeered as necessary and supplies were either foraged or provided by civilian sutlers.

Various organisations followed the Waggoners and it was not until 1888 that Sir Redvers Buller, the Quartermaster-General, planned and formed a new Army Service Corps. Buller Barracks at Aldershot is the Regimental Depot of the Royal Corps of Transport.

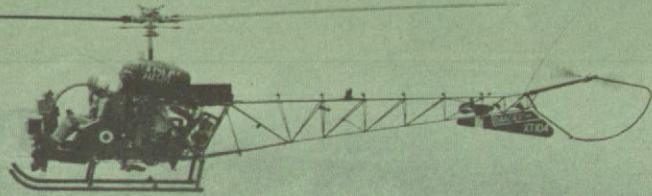
In World War One the Corps increased its motor transport from 100 vehicles to 120,000 and served with such distinction that in 1918 it was granted the "Royal" prefix. In World War Two the Corps was expanded to 335,000 men—one in ten soldiers wore a Royal Army Service Corps badge.

The re-organisation will mean much swapping of cap badges. RASC experts in supply of food and fuel are transferring to the RAOC, where their futures now lie, as are men of the Army Fire Service. Sapper railway specialists, movement and port personnel will now be donning the RCT cap badge. And the battalions, companies and platoons of the old RASC now become regiments, squadrons and troops of the RCT.

Without question the Royal Corps of Transport can look ahead to a golden future, for there are many exciting developments still to come in the field of transport. Already the Army is experimenting with hovercraft. But what next? And what after that?

SIOUX ON THE WARPATH





Story by RUSSELL MILLER
Pictures by FRANK TOMPSETT

THE Sioux are making their presence felt in the jungles of Malaysia. These unlikely, slightly ridiculous, glass bubbles on a skeleton frame are the Army's newest and most revolutionary helicopters.

They are revolutionary not in design but in concept. For the Sioux is just a straightforward addition to unit transport. Every Infantry battalion, Cavalry and Gunner regiment is to be issued with them. They will be flown by unit pilots and will come under the complete control of the unit commander.

Was it really such a short time ago that a helicopter was a wondrous spectacle? In Borneo, tribes that have never seen a wheeled vehicle consider helicopters to be very ordinary machines.

Recently a unit of Australian Sappers toiled through the jungle in appalling

conditions hacking a road into the interior. When, to their great pride, the first Land-Rover ceremonially drove up the road it was greeted with a hearty kick and general disgust from the natives who scorned a machine that couldn't fly!

The Sioux brings the helicopter into the general "run-about" field for the Army. It is a significant step in these golden days of Army aviation.

The first Sioux arrived in Malaysia at the beginning of the year. Now they are a common sight, skimming the jungle on a thousand different errands.

At Kluang in Malaya, 4 Wing Army Air Corps, runs a three-week "theatre conversion course" at which Army pilots—the lowest rank is sergeant—learn to fly Sioux helicopters in the exacting and exhausting conditions of the jungle.

Dropping on to a landing pad in a jungle clearing is a job for expert judgement and steel nerves. With trees up to 200 feet high it is like edging down into a vertical cylinder. If the rotor blades hit the trees something has to crash—and it probably will not be the tree.

Also at Kluang is 75 Aircraft Workshops, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, where many of the Sioux are assembled—they arrive in pieces from Italy and Britain. The specialist mechanics at the Workshop are largely responsible for keeping the Sioux—and all the other Army aircraft in

the Far East—in the air, although major repairs are done by the Royal Air Force.

A 90-hour working week is not unusual as mechanics race against time to service and repair the Sioux so that they can get back into the operational area.

Most of the Infantry battalions in Borneo now have their own air platoons operational. An air platoon has two Sioux, two pilots and its own Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers mechanics to carry out "first line" maintenance.

The 4th Royal Tank Regiment in Brunei has its own Air Troop of six Sioux which create an extension to the Regiment's reconnaissance role. Gunner regiments, too, are using Sioux helicopters in an air observation role.

Costing about £22,000, the Sioux can carry two men in addition to the pilot. Its bubble cockpit gives extraordinarily good visibility. Apart from its major reconnaissance role, the Sioux in Borneo is used for putting small patrols down in the jungle, picking up casualties and many other urgent unit errands.

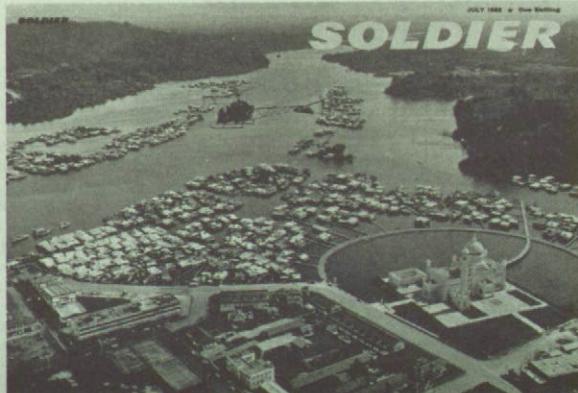
Unfortunately at the moment there are few regiments with sufficient trained pilots for their air troops or platoons to be exclusively regimental. But with intensive training going on all the time at the Army Air Corps Centre at Middle Wallop, the day is not too far off when every unit will have its own pilots flying its own helicopters.



Above: REME mechanics work on a recently assembled Sioux at 57 Aircraft Workshops. They often have to work a 90-hour week.

Top: Air-to-air elevation of a Sioux in flight. The "bubble" cockpit gives perfect visibility for both the pilot and passenger.

A Sioux gingerly prepares to drop into a jungle clearing. It is being flown by one of the pilots on the conversion course at Kluang in Malaya. Landing in tiny holes in the jungle requires plenty of confidence.



COVER PICTURE

Clattering over the famous golden dome of Brunei Town mosque, a Sioux piloted by Captain Lindsey Smith, commanding 4th Royal Tank Regiment's Air Troop, moves off on another mission up country. Surrounding the £2 million mosque is Kampong Ayer, a sprawling stilted water village housing more than 13,000 people. This graphic picture was taken from another Sioux by SOLDIER Cameraman Frank Tompsett when two of the Troop's six helicopters were off into the jungle to visit remote longhouses inaccessible by road. Their task, part of the "Hearts and Minds" campaign, was to make friends with the tribes and let them know the Army was available to help if required. Yet another job for which the little Sioux are invaluable.

PURELY PERSONAL



Boutique NAAFI

Eight pretty girls, mostly with great poise and the evening Servicemen's wives and daughters, became models for an evening when a NAAFI fashion show topped the bill at a gala night at the St George Club, Dhekelia, Cyprus.

Pictured here are Beverley (left), wife of Senior Aircraftman Hancock, in a one-piece swimsuit and (far left) Gill, wife of Corporal Merrick, Intelligence Corps, in a shimmering Chiffon cocktail dress.

Anything you can do . . .

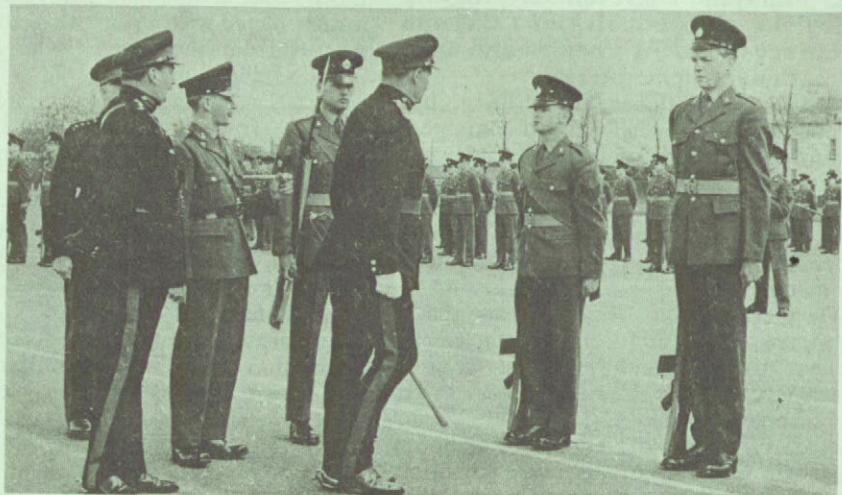
Selected to attend a tough four-week course at the United States Army Non-Commissioned Officers Academy in Bavaria, young **Corporal John Huckstep** had to face the additional task of learning a new set of drill.

Up before dawn and on the go until the early hours it was an exhausting month. But 24-year-old John, from 4 Divisional Engineers in Paderborn, managed it so well that he finished top of the course, beating 180 American non-commissioned officers, most of whom were senior in rank.



"On the last day of the course," he said, "the order of merit was read out starting from the bottom up. When my name didn't turn up I thought there had been a mistake. Then—there it was—at the top of the list. I have never been so proud in all my life."

He is pictured (above) receiving his diploma. In addition he was presented with an engraved cigarette lighter, a silver swagger stick and the General Patton Award for the best all-round student. John, now a sergeant, was a Junior Leader only six years ago.



Twice twice

Two sets of identical twins with identical lives finished their Army training recently. Pictured (above) at the passing-out parade at the Army Apprentices School, Chepstow, is **Apprentice Regimental Sergeant-Major Douglas Ashley** standing by while Chepstow's highest ranking "old boy", **Brigadier S C Chambers**, inspects **Apprentice Sergeant Derek Ashley**. Both boys were prefects at their school in Cambridgeshire, both shared the same interests at Chepstow, both are judo enthusiasts, both are soccer referees and both have been awarded their silver Duke of Edinburgh's award. Now they are both in the Royal Engineers.

At the Sovereign's Parade at Sandhurst this month an identical Cadet-Sergeant and Senior Under-Officer will pass out. They are **James** and **Andrew Burgess**, twins who joined the Army on the same day and have been together all through Sandhurst.



Mr. Tank retires

They say that what **George Langham** doesn't know about tanks isn't worth knowing. Warrant Officer Langham, now retired from the Royal Tank Regiment, served for a quarter of a century at the Royal Armoured Corps Centre, Bovington.

He joined the Old Royal Tank Corps in 1929 for six years, then re-enlisted shortly before World War Two. In May 1940 he was posted to Bovington and his vast and constantly increasing knowledge kept him immovable—quite a rarity in today's Army.

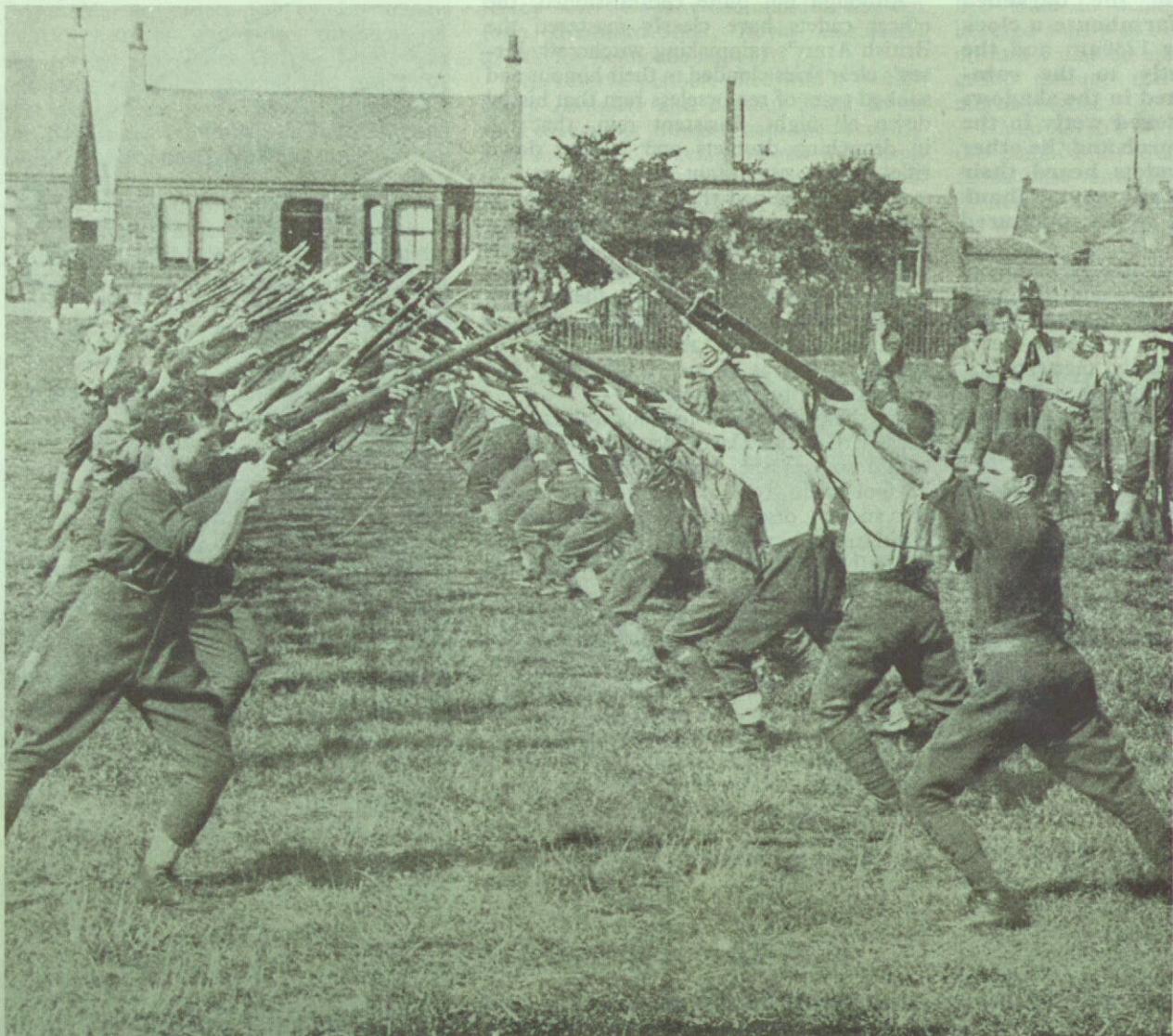
During that time, as a technical author in the Publications Wing, he wrote scores of pamphlets and handbooks, millions of words of simplified explanation of the mechanical and electrical intricacies of every tank and armoured car operated by the Army since the middle of the war. His last work was a considerable section of the handbook for the new *Chieftain* tank.

JULY
1915



Topical Press

Newspaper Illustrations



A portly General Botha receives the surrender of Windhoek, capital of German South-West Africa, from the Mayor. July 1915 saw the triumphant conclusion of the African campaign in which the Germans had been outnumbered, out-generaled, and above all, outmarched. Botha's army of 40,000 had conquered on foot a territory five times the size of England. In one five-day period, none of the Union troops marched less than 190 miles.

England echoed to the ring of steel and the crackle of rifle fire as Kitchener's citizen army readied itself for France. In the first three months of hostilities, 700,000 men volunteered for service. The spirit of the times was such that those who did not join up faced public scorn and the white feather treatment. Uniforms and even rifles were in short supply at the outset, but the New Army's enthusiasm was unquenchable and, as later events proved, its courage was unquestionable. In some battles, the Service battalions fought on after sustaining losses which the pundits said should have shattered their morale.

SPLASH AND GRAB



SOMEWHERE in the darkened dryness of the farmhouse a clock gonged once for 1230am and the sound carried faintly to the rain-drenched patrol halted in the shadows outside. A map glistened wetly in the brief glimmer of a torch and the other Sandhurst officer cadets heard their patrol leader gratefully say: "Thank the Lord I shall be in an armoured car."

From the clammy depths of saturated combat suiting another voice said, "I knew I should have brought my brolly," and a third character added in a pseudo-weary whisper, "I, am absolutely shattered."

Still wry if not dry, the nine men rose at the leader's wave and rubber-booted cheerfully off on the next leg of their 15-mile patrol.

Eight hours before, the senior term of the Royal Military Academy had flown from Royal Air Force, Thorney Island, to Jersey's hilltop airport for Exercise "Island Grab". They were involved immediately—the daisy-dotted airfield perimeter was almost the front line in a complex little "war."

The officer instructors of Old College Company had cooked up a civil strife hotspot, with a dash of Eastern interference, as a shake-down for the cadets. It was to be an aperitif to 14 weeks of intensive military training before their commissioning parade this month.

With twilight fast fading, the Sandhurst company dug in among coastal sandhills honeycombed with old Nazi bunkers and casemates. Through the gloom, officer cadet platoon commanders slithered and struggled among the dunes to give panting briefings to colleagues who chuckled unsympathetically.

Although not quite commissioned, the officer cadets have clearly mastered the British Army's rainmaking witchcraft. Jersey's clear skies clouded in their honour and sobbed tears of remorseless rain that hissed down all night. Insistent rain, that fell in drenching droplets and hurtled down rifle barrels as instant rust.

Rain that pulped the out-dated maps to soggy, papier-mâché antiquity and doubled the difficulties for the four Sandhurst patrols threading through the blackness.

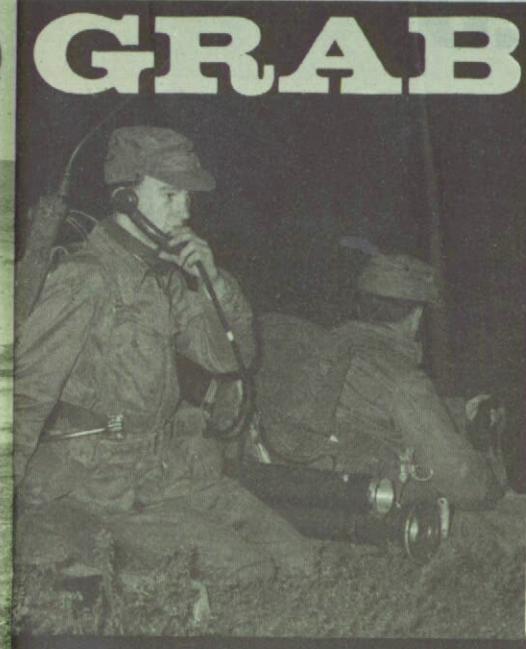
The leader of one of them, the fighting patrol tasked to take a prisoner, was still chuntering happily about the pros of armoured cars as he moved efficiently and unflappably to his objective.

On the brink of 200-foot cliffs, the ruined arch of Grosnez Castle was clearly visible—and so was the guard beneath it. The 15-foot pit in front of him was less so and the sudden disappearance of their leader left the snatch party baffled. The ambushers gleefully sprang their trap with hammering bursts of Bren fire.

Blinded by thunderflashes, the officer cadets groped forward and grasped a chunky Sapper "enemy"—one of 12 Territorials of 131 Parachute Engineer Regiment on the exercise. He upset the plan by refusing to go and, with violence officially vetoed, the patrol was committed to a waterlogged and prisonerless retreat.

Another patrol was more successful and lit the sky with a petroleum ball of fire by blowing a simulated rocket fuel dump.

Packs, radios and platoon weapons stream out of the *Beverley* and minutes later the scheme begins.



Sandhurst officer cadets operated as an Infantry company on Exercise Island Grab.

◀ A seawall covers the Sandhurst cadets as they race in to assault a strongpoint.

► A section leaves a *Belvedere* and deploys at speed under the flailing rotor blades.



The bulk of the enemy were excellent Royal Marine cadets led by Lieutenant Derek Seymour and other members of the Jersey Sea Cadet Corps. They were operating on home ground and made the best use of their local knowledge to attack the Sandhurst sandhills at Blanches Banches. Atlantic rollers were crashing through a damp dawn mist when they put in a spirited "back door" assault which was beaten off with difficulty.

In full daylight Sandhurst followed up with a counter-attack up the island's west coast. The "rebels" held up the two platoons from a series of bunkers built for

a German heavy battery and forced the Jersey-born company commander, Captain John Blashford-Snell, Royal Engineers, to call for heliborne support.

The reserve platoon piled into a Wessex and a Belvedere and contour-flying Royal Air Force pilots brought them spectacularly into the attack. Having broken this stand the officer-cadet platoons forced the rebels back into Grosnez Castle by a relay of quick advances.

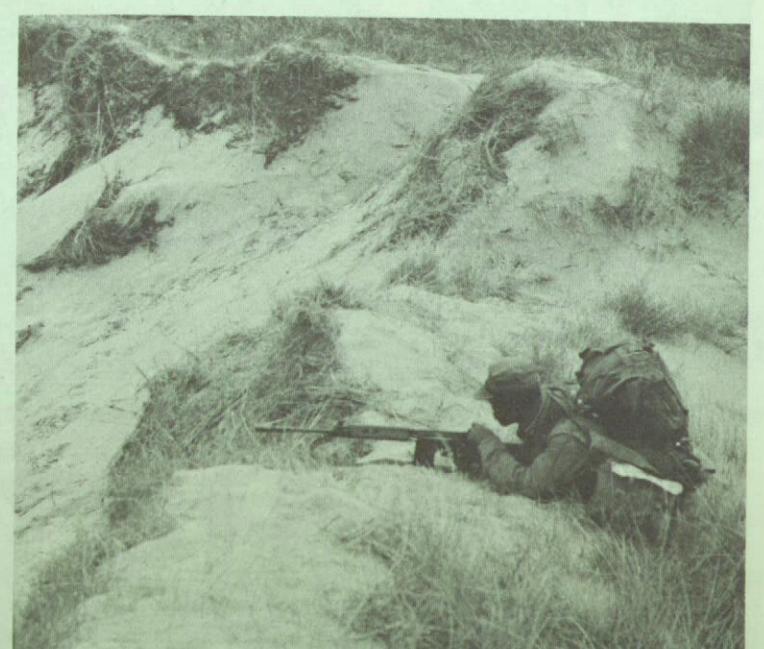
The pace hotted up until in the final set-piece attack on Grosnez the Sandhurst company saw the green light and went like a runaway train. The instructor officers

were all but overtaken by the realism they had tried to achieve and a helicopter hovered warily as 3.5-inch rockets blasted off and a platoon assaulted at a breakneck gallop through the smoke of cascading mortar bombs.

Island Grab's 24 watery hours worked the planned for transformation in officer cadets rusty and off form after four terms of mainly academic work and a holiday. At the close, with another 14 weeks of training to go, they were moving like the Infantry company the exercise brief supposed them to be. Put it down to the lubricative qualities of rain!



The officer cadets outflank and over-run the "enemy" from behind a smoke-screen. Well trained Royal Marine cadets usually pulled out in time.



The desert setting is deceptive. Ponchos were in demand more than topees.

CALAIS REMEMBERED

THIS time they were not left behind. Aboard the *Maid of Orleans* as she idled out of Calais harbour were 600 veterans who fought for the port in 1940. Then, their ships sailed empty and the Green Jackets of 30 Armoured Brigade were left to make a sacrificial stand. Outnumbered and ill-equipped, the riflemen stemmed the field-grey tide for four days while 338,226 others escaped at Dunkirk.

The momentous signal committing the Calais defenders to death or capture was signed by Anthony Eden: "Evacuation will not (repeat not) take place and craft required for above purpose are to return to Dover."

Twenty-five years later, the survivors had returned for a commemorative visit, and Lord Avon was the first of many to lay a wreath "in proud memory" of their dead. He had shrugged off illness to attend.

His strain-shrouded face spoke eloquently of the sorrow he must have known at consigning to destruction two battalions of his old Regiment.

The major units he ordered to embark immediately were 2nd Battalion, The King's Royal Rifle Corps; 1st Battalion, The Rifle Brigade; 1st Battalion, Queen Victoria's Rifles (now commanded by his son) and 3rd Royal Tank Regiment. They sailed on this desperate mission in what an eye-witness called an "excited, holiday mood."

Their gallant interpretation of Churchill's directive that Calais was to be "fought to the death" diverted the crushing force of two entire *Panzer* divisions from Dunkirk. Inch by grudging inch the riflemen were driven back. An offer to surrender was courteously declined and the grim battle went on until the German armour smashed all organised resistance. Even then scattered

groups united by the common will to resist fought on in the smoking ruins of the town to postpone capture.

Among those who returned were two battalion commanders, Lieutenant-General Sir Euan Miller DSO MC and Lieutenant-Colonel J A M Ellison-Macartney. Like most who survived the battle they spent five years as prisoners-of-war. One of the few able to celebrate a successful escape was Major-General E A W Williams, former adjutant of the 60th Rifles, who made a hazardous crossing of the Channel in a French motor-boat.

Climax of the visit was an unusually meaningful service in the sunshine of a day as warm as embarkation day a quarter of a century before. The rich hues of fluttering Tricolours and inverted Union Jacks and the encircling Standards of the British Legion and the French Anciens Combattants set off the white simplicity of the



Medal be-decked veterans with their families and friends disembark from the *Maid of Orleans* for a nostalgic look at their old battlefield.



Some of the men who went back to remember the gallant, but utterly hopeless, fight that made the Dunkirk miracle possible.



quayside memorial. Those grouped round it found for rare invaluable minutes a unity that the background clangour of a busy port and the clumsy antics of impertinent photographers could not violate.

French generals sang English hymns and English generals sang loudly. Matelots of the Royal Navy contingent joined with young soldiers from Winchester and Rhine Army and the soldiers of yesteryear seated on a grassy mound overlooking the parade. Under stern pressure from the Old Comrades associations, nearly all were wearing their medals.

There followed the laying of many wreaths and the valedictory notes of the Last Post met, as they floated across the still harbour waters, by a booming salute from HMS *Lynx*.

Keeping the ground were guards from the Green Jackets Depot, Queen's Royal Rifles, 3rd Royal Tank Regiment, HMS

Lynx and the French 110th Regiment of Infantry. They had been inspected by the British Ambassador in Paris, Sir Patrick Reilly.

The rapid Light Infantry march-off of the combined bands of The Rifle Brigade and Queen's Royal Rifles left the veterans free to stroll into peace-time Calais at rather less than 140 paces to the minute.

"I remember a bloke saying to me as I got off the boat, 'Good luck to you mate. The Germans 've got tanks as big as 'ouses an' they ain't takin' prisoners!'" Jogged memories released a flood of reminiscences and the back-street *estaminets* vibrated with uproarious laughter. There was a time when water in Calais was more precious than wine. The jolly cafe proprietors pointed out that it was a purely temporary reversal of values—long since corrected.

The massive rebuilding of the town has left only two old landmarks, the lighthouse

and the huge Hotel de Ville, once a swastika-topped vipers' nest of snipers.

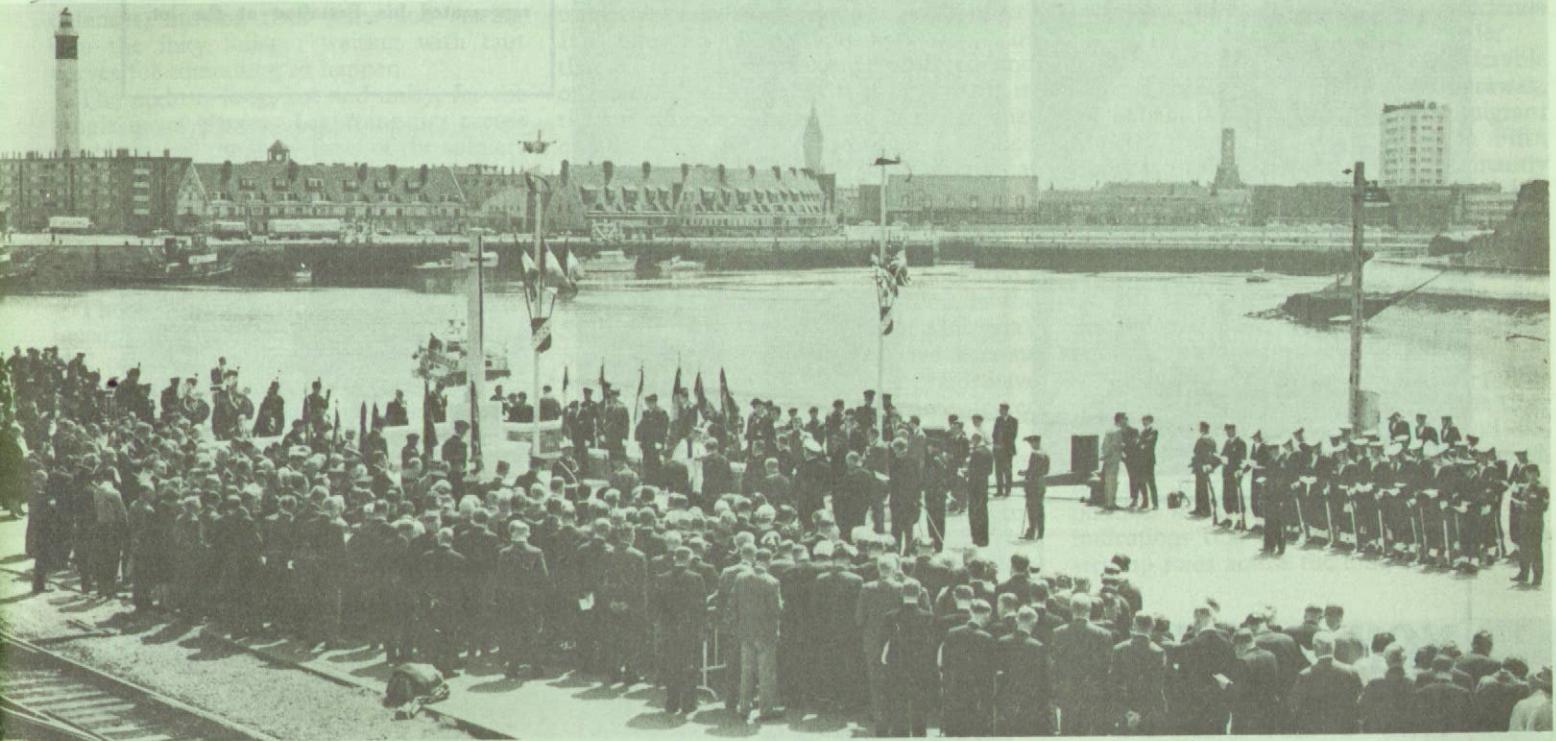
The Citadel, scene of the last organised resistance is in process of becoming a sports stadium.

Some locations are unalterable and so Colonel Ellison-Macartney casually noted the spot where he collected a head wound and ex-Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant Joe Harbett sited the tragic-comic moment when his car came face to face with a Nazi tank.

The majority of the visitors saw little that they recognised from 25 years ago. And that after all was at once their reward and a measure of their achievement. As the *Maid of Orleans* threshed out into the Channel the dying sun set the windows of reconstructed Calais aflame with farewell.

Story by JOHN SAAR

Pictures by LESLIE WIGGS

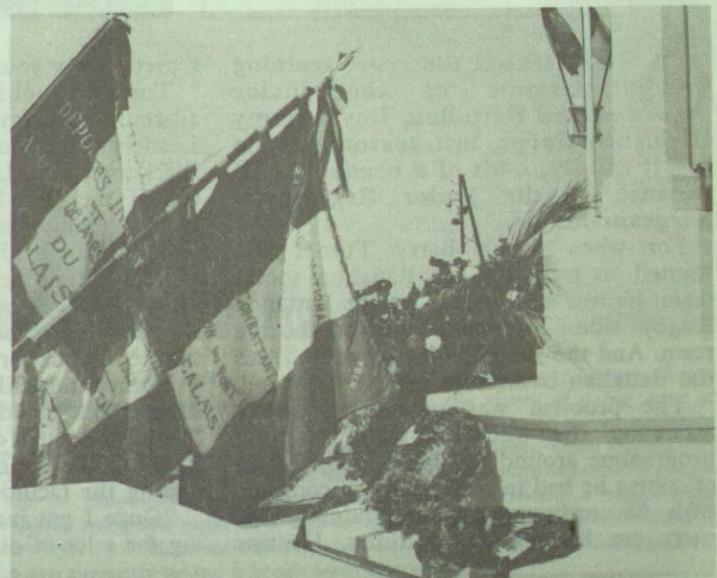


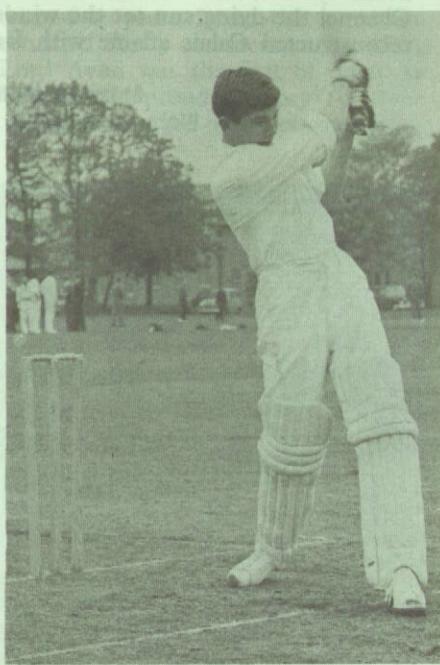
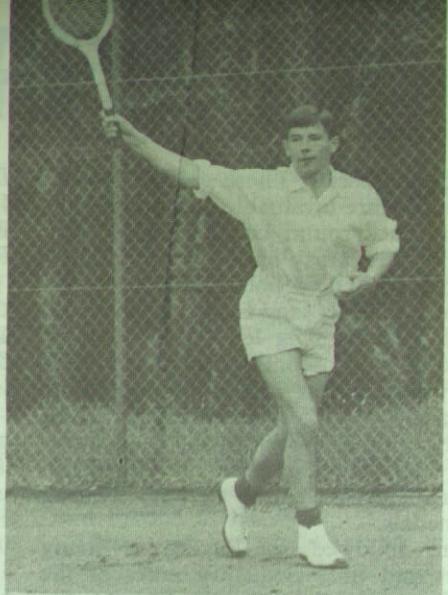
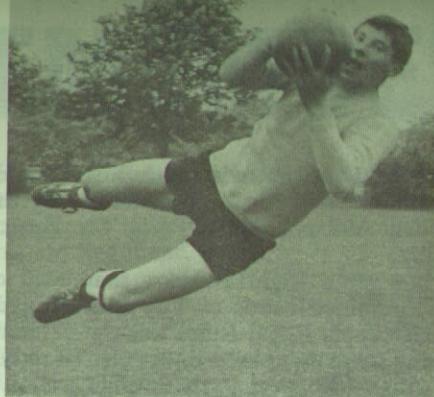
Above: The poignant scene on the quayside at Calais during the moving service.

Left: The men who fought and lived lay wreaths in memory of those who died.

Right: Lord Avon at the service. He signed the historic signal to Calais.

Far right: British and French standards draped before the war memorial.





YOU NAME IT— HE PLAYS IT

ORGANISING the sport training programme at the Junior Leaders Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, last season was, to put it mildly, a bit of a headache. All because of the Junior Regimental Sergeant-Major.

For when young Barry Turner was wanted to train for the Battalion soccer team, he was also needed by the Battalion Rugby side. And the Battalion boxing team. And the Battalion hockey team. And the Battalion basketball team.

The problem was solved by simply arranging the whole Battalion sporting programme around the Junior RSM. And of course he had to be left time to continue with his ordinary military training and carry out his regimental duties. He was

a pretty busy young man.

Turner is probably the most outstanding all-round sportsman ever to join the Junior Leaders Battalion at Dettingen Barracks, Blackdown, in Hampshire. He has represented the Battalion in Rugby, football, cricket, tennis, basketball, boxing, hockey, and athletics in the javelin and 440 yards.

In addition he played Rugby for the senior Royal Army Ordnance Corps team and for the Junior Army XV and was selected to box for the Junior Army.

Turner modestly attributes his sporting success to a "good eye for a ball." He said: "I didn't do a lot of sport until I joined the Army in the spring of 1963. I just wasn't getting the facilities before.

"Once I got into the swing of it, training for a lot of different sports wasn't too

difficult. I just concentrate on keeping fit generally. Every morning before breakfast I go out on a cross-country run and then I found that training for one sport would help me for another—for instance, basketball training kept me in trim for Rugby."

Now ex-RSM Turner has completed his Junior Army training and is Private Barry Turner, a staff clerk at Central Ordnance Depot Bicester—one of the jobs taken over from the Royal Army Service Corps.

With him on his new posting, he has taken his 11 medals, the Commanding Officer's Shield presented to him by the Junior Leaders Battalion for "services to Junior Army Rugby" and a small mountain of sports equipment . . .

CONFRONTATION

Story by RUSSELL MILLER

Pictures by FRANK TOMPSETT

EVERY night when the sun plops down in a haze of glory behind the jungle in Borneo, the soldiers sitting along Malaysia's 1000-mile border with Indonesia resume the near-war they can almost forget during the daylight hours.

From the stinking black mangrove swamps in the east to the impenetrable primary jungle in the west, the pink-and-orange glow of sunset along the twisting frontier signifies the daily start of the Confrontation proper.

And by the time the blood-red horizon has given way to the night, the soldiers are all in their positions behind prepared defences, nursing their guns and staring into the inky foliage; waiting with taut nerves for something to happen.

The night is long, hot and noisy, for the jungle never sleeps. Lightning jigs across the black and the wary faces of the soldiers are lit for a split second. It rains often, starting with great soft blobs that turn instantly into a deluge and end like a turned-off tap, leaving men and jungle dripping, steaming.

There is time to shut out the metallic buzzing of the insects and dream about a cool pint of beer in a pub at home. Time to chat in undertones and discuss a million things ("You know what old Soekarno does when he's not feeling too good—he sticks gold needles in hisself"). Time to plan the next leave. Time to think of girls, friends, wives, parents and homes.

But there is never enough time to forget the danger; an odd noise means heart-

stopping seconds of glaring into the gloom, gun clenched in white-knuckled fists and sweat trickling into sore eyes.

Dawn is an eternity away but arrives sedately and promptly enough. The sinister black shapes of the night turn back into green jungle in the bloodshot eyes of tired men. And another night is over.

This is the Confrontation. Apart from the odd skirmish and the ceaseless patrols, it is a waiting game. Waiting in night-long ambush at known border crossing points or waiting in defence of a sleeping camp behind sharpened bamboo stakes, barbed wire and anti-personnel mines.

Two powerful armies ranged along an unmarked border growling at each other. It is one of those extraordinary situations that all-too-quickly become accepted and ordinary. Confrontation is a new word in the military dictionary, but it is one that exactly fits a situation too often described as "the forgotten war." That is just what it is not.

Indonesian confrontation against the whole of Malaysia was officially launched in January 1963 as part of Soekarno's campaign to support the rebellion in the Sultanate of Brunei (not part of Malaysia). Since then the Indonesians have become much more organised and recent raids have ominously displayed a far greater degree of professionalism than in the past.

The reason British soldiers are in the jungle today is to support the struggling new-born Federation of Malaysia and indirectly to protect the strategically vital base of Singapore, the indispensable hub

of British influence in the Far East.

British, Malaysian and Commonwealth forces ranged along the border in Borneo are in many places "confronting" overwhelming Indonesian forces. In the east the Tawau Assault Group faces—literally within sight—a whole brigade of crack Indonesian commandos and in the west, where men of 1st Battalion, The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, currently man the "crunch" sector, strong Indonesian forces make frequent raids into Sarawak where the border comes closest to populated areas. Elsewhere, in the more remote central areas are lonely men like the Border Scouts and the Special Air Service operating in small patrols and cut off outposts for months at a time.

Soekarno's extensive subversive campaign on "our" side of the border has met with a spectacular lack of success, due in no small part to the vast "Hearts and Minds" campaign which is really winning friends among the tribes living near the border.

There is still, however, a considerable internal threat, both in Sabah and Sarawak. In Sabah, 19,000 Indonesian immigrant workers form a convenient built-in Fifth Column and in Sarawak the predominantly Chinese Clandestine Communist Organisation (CCO) present the most sinister and dangerous long-term threat of all. Militant, pro-Indonesia, its members form virtually an underground army which could give extensive internal support to an all-out attack from Indonesia.

And although Soekarno's much-publicised threat to crush Malaysia by the time "the cock crows on January first, 1965, God willing" proved to be just so much hot air, there is little sign as yet of a political solution. And there are plenty of indications that Indonesia is preparing to step up raids across the long border.

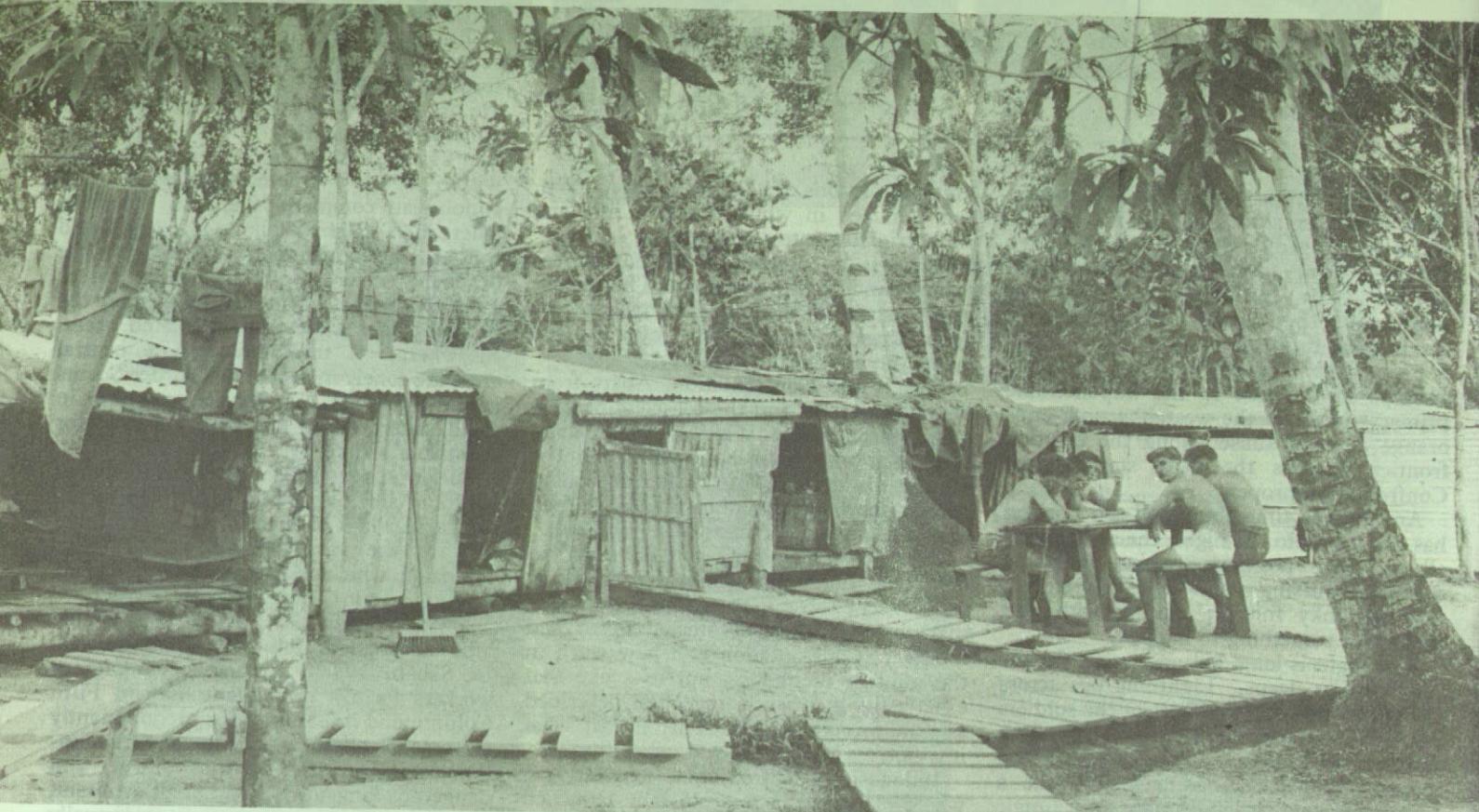


Enveloped in clouds of choking dust, Gunner Commandos stripped to the waist fire their 105mm pack-howitzer in Sabah, on the extreme eastern end of the Indonesian border. At irregular hours every week the men of 145 (Maiwand) Commando Light Battery, Royal Artillery, provide harassing fire to discourage movement in the jungle near the border. Their camp is at Simandalan, in a converted longhouse built on the only solid ground on a mangrove swamp island in the centre of a vast complex of swamp and rivers. Much of their time is spent in assault boats creeping along smelly narrow creeks where one of the major hazards is poisonous black snakes that lurk

in the overhanging mangrove and drop into the boat as it passes. From Simandalan their task is to patrol constantly the rivers of a big area of swamp in a ceaseless search for Indonesian infiltrators. At secret points in the swamp they have built rickety wooden ambush posts, often approached by long catwalks over sinister black mangrove deep enough to swallow a man. While at Simandalan the Gunner Commandos perfected a night-firing technique using the radar of a coastal minesweeper patrolling the coast as their "eyes." A Malaysian battery has now replaced the British Gunners, who are currently taking a break from operations.

CONFRONTATION

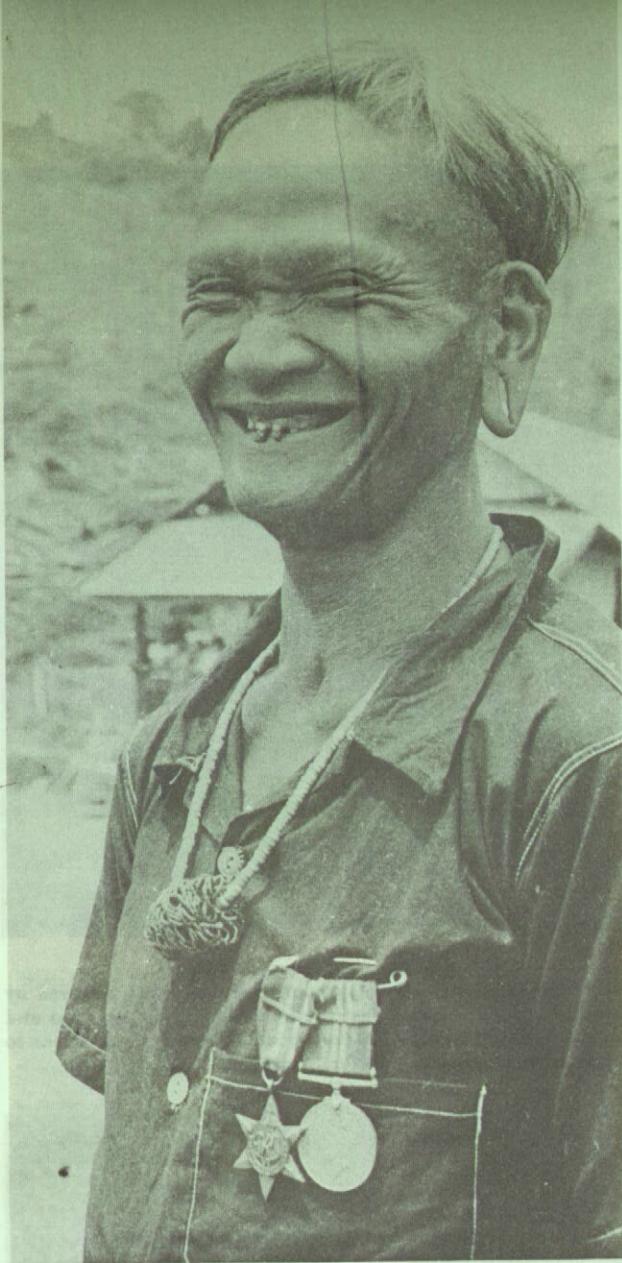
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This is Serudong Laut, typical forward location in Sabah. It is as uncomfortable as hell; but it is action. This is what the men joined up for. Indonesia is just a few hundred yards away on the other side of the Serudong River. While these men of 42 Commando, Royal Marines, rest in camp, their mates are up at the border silently moving through primary jungle in the hope of catching a patrol of Indonesian raiders. It is a lonely place. All civilians have been evacuated. The camp is supplied either by helicopter or by river—

PAGE 20

occasionally a hovercraft on trial at Tawau roars up the river with supplies (above). Drinking water comes from the heavens—it always rains frequently enough to keep the fresh water barrels topped up. The men sleep in ramshackle sheds three feet high (top picture) more like pigsties with corrugated iron roofs than anything else. There are catwalks throughout the camp, for when the rains swell the muddy yellow river the whole place is flooded with evil-smelling water. It is hardly a holiday.



The Kelabits, most picturesque of all the Borneo tribes, are a living example of the success of the Hearts and Minds campaign. In their lonely, inaccessible longhouses near the border they were virtually impossible to protect and the friendly Kelabits were at the mercy of marauding Indonesians. Now a huge resettlement programme has moved hundreds of tribesmen and their families from their vulnerable longhouses to the safety of Bario, a village near the border but protected by Gurkhas stationed on hills overlooking the longhouses. The evacuation operations were extended over many months. Those who were able walked into Bario and the remainder—mainly old people and children—were airlifted by helicopter. The pilots also had to cope with all the animals that could not walk in, and with mountains of provisions. Two helicopters stationed at Bario moved 200,000 pounds of rice in a matter of months. These pictures were taken at the mission school sports day at Bario. Kelabit women still hang heavy rings in their ears which stretch the lobes to incredible lengths, while the men usually wear a single brass ring. At parties they plug holes in the top of their ears with leopard's teeth.



CONFRONTATION

concluded

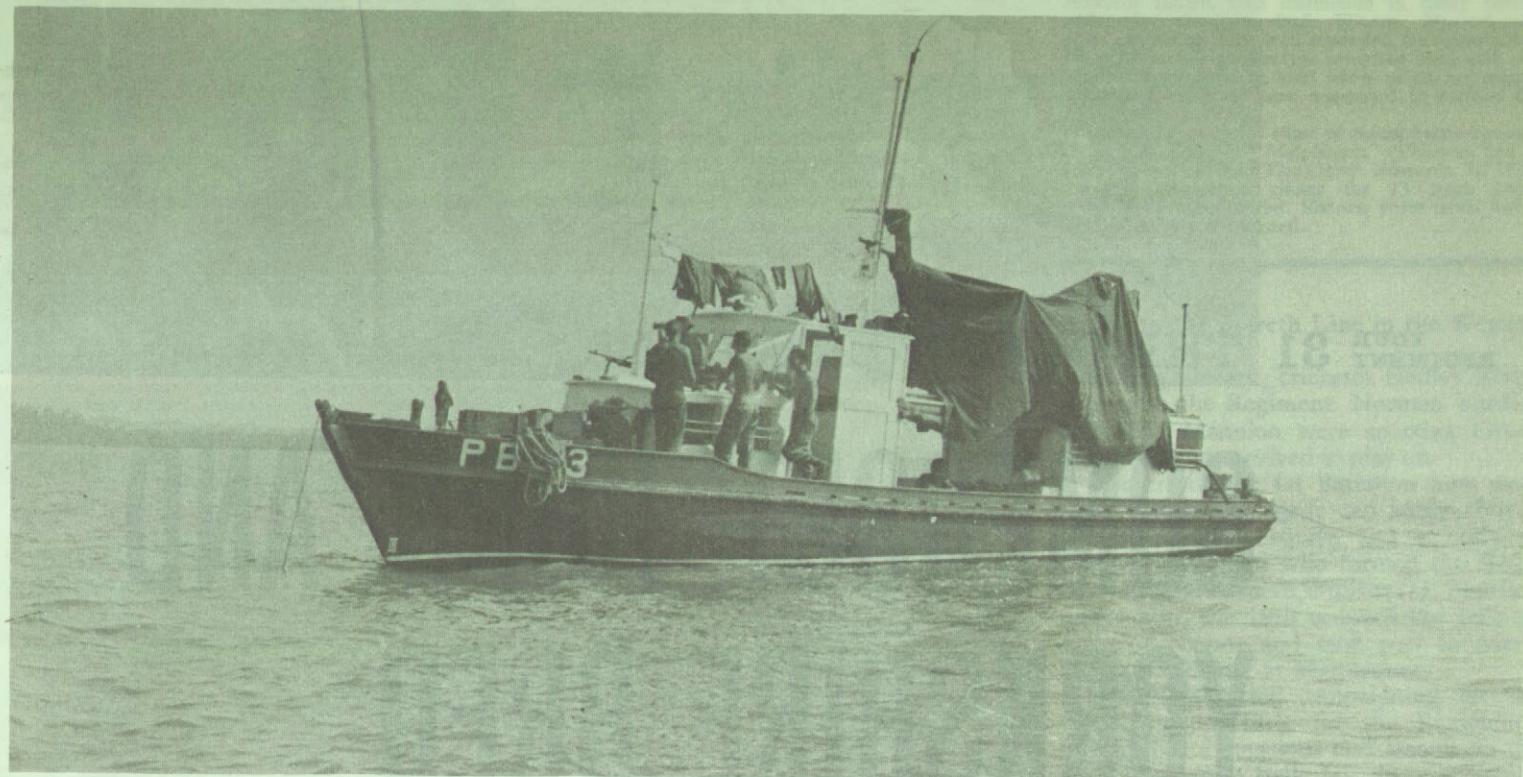
A British Army surgeon examines one of his patients in the surgical ward of Kuching Hospital in Sarawak. Major Robert Scott commands the Field Surgical Team, Royal Army Medical Corps, based in Kuching, and carries out many operations on civilians — an indirect contribution to "Hearts and Minds." The other officer in the Team, Major Denis Fitzpatrick, is the only anaesthetist in Borneo and he too is voluntarily kept busy in the operating theatre of Kuching Hospital. 19 Field Ambulance, Royal Army Medical Corps, flown out to Borneo from Colchester in England, has taken over a ward in Kuching Hospital for the exclusive use of Servicemen.



Armed Malaysian police (below) patrol a river near Sibu in Sarawak. It is part of a vast complex of waterways which present a serious hazard to security forces. The only answer is endless patrolling. Fast launches of the Royal Corps of Transport help the local forces but even so it is still impossible

to cover every creek and river. The Malaysians use longboats powered by big outboard motors which are very fast even when carrying ten men and their equipment. They stop at all *kampongs* and riverside longhouses to question villagers in a ceaseless search for "strangers."





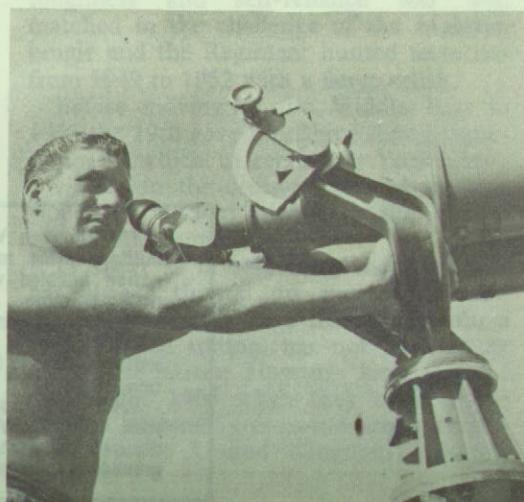
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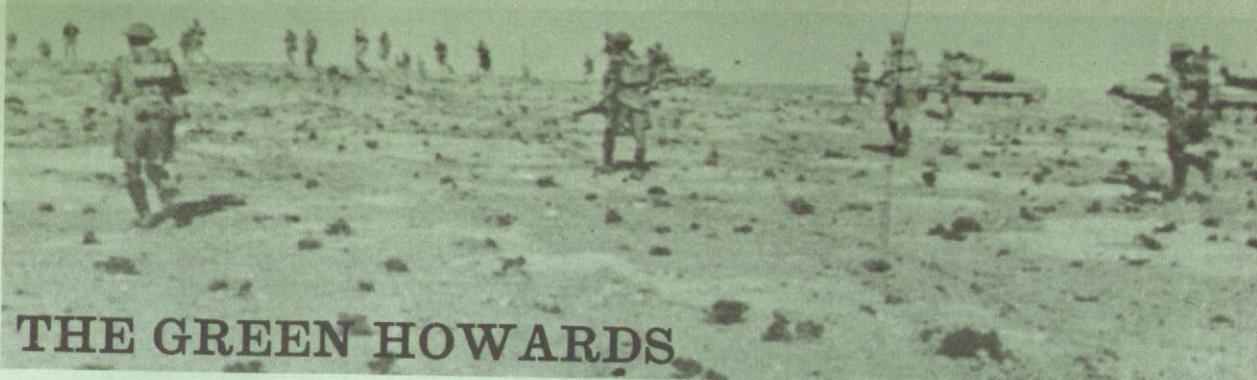
JULY

Date	Year
2 Battle of the Boyne	1690
2 Vichy Government set up in France	1940
3 Treaty of Ulm signed	1620
6 Battle of Sedgemoor	1685
15 Franco-Prussian War began	1870
16 First atomic bomb exploded in New Mexico	1945
17 Potsdam Conference began	1945
19 King's Prize at Bisley first won by a woman	1930
28 Forth and Clyde Canal opened	1790
29 Treaty of Moscow signed	1945

From this police boat anchored a few yards off the border, day and night observation is kept on the Indonesian island of Nanuken, where a brigade of the KKO (crack marine commandos) is stationed. British soldiers spend a week at a time on the boat, watching the shore and noting all activity. Through powerful binoculars and telescopes they can clearly see all the gun positions and the movements of Indonesian troops on the shore. They can even look straight into the binoculars of an Indonesian observation post watching them.

Lance-Bombardier Dane, of 145 (Maiwand) Commando Light Battery (pictured below at the big double telescope on the deck of the police boat), was in command of the boat when an Indonesian canoe carrying seven KKO personnel overturned. After watching them in the water for some time, the young NCO ordered the boat forward on his own responsibility and "rescued" the Indonesians. They proved to be key personnel of the KKO brigade.





SOMERSET BORN AND YORKSHIRE BRED



The Green Howard badge is now worn on uniform collars. The letter "A" relates to Queen Alexandra and the entwined Cross to her Danish birth.

ANYONE whose call of "Smith!" has been answered by a chorus will know how the brigade commander felt. There he was on active service, in the days when regiments were known by their colonels' names, with two Colonel Howards. Confusion reigned and the brigade commander despaired until someone noted the 19th Foot's green facings and dubbed them "green Howards."

The nickname so casually coined has been ennobled by generations of soldiers with the honours of 277 years of campaigning. In 1921 the one-time tag was officially recognised. Blunt Yorkshire would not have it otherwise: The Green Howards (Alexandra, Princess of Wales's Own Yorkshire Regiment) is an institution and monkeying—most of all with the title—cannot be allowed.

The era of public attachment and intense pride in the Regiment began in 1918 with the end of a war for which nearly every home in the North Riding had given a man to The Green Howards.

Professional soldiers generously agree that the Regiment's admirable record in two world wars was largely due to the

teak-hard volunteers from the farms, foundries, mines and quarries of Yorkshire and Durham.

Their deeds have been immortalised in the Regiment's excellent museum at Richmond, Yorkshire, and the 4th/5th Territorial Army Battalion continues to flourish as an emphatic testimonial to the fine quality of those volunteers.

In World War One The Green Howards gained 12 Victoria Crosses, more than any other regiment save one. As expected in a Regiment always hard pressed and occasionally asked to complete with the bayonet what others had left undone, casualties were heavy. Almost half of the 65,000 men who enlisted were killed or wounded.

Twenty-one years later the grim struggle began again and Green Howards followed their fathers' fighting footsteps through France. Four Territorial battalions in varying states of unreadiness fought in a bitterly pursued rearguard action which spanned hundreds of miles in 15 days and ended on the Dunkirk beaches.

A Green Howard despatch rider made a name in those days for fearless riding over terrain reported as enemy held.

The Crimean War brought British military pride to the boil and the nation bubbled with highly inflammable emotion. An act of enormous bravery lit the bomb and a 17-year-old Green Howard officer became a national hero on the blast of acclamation.

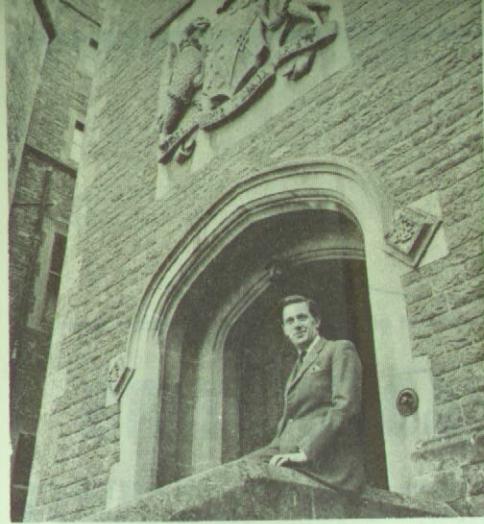
With two months' experience of war, young William Massy was deputed to lead the Regiment's grenadier company in a suicidal

assault on the Redan—key Russian position at Sebastopol. Green as he was, he had only courage to offer his men. Massy was first into the fortress and the last British soldier on his feet inside it.

Friend and foe watched in amazement as the puny figure mounted the rampart and stood in defiance of the maelstrom of Russian bullets. Sword in hand, he shouted The Green Howards on in the hopeless attack

until at last he was hit. The Russians left Massy for dead, yet he survived. Recovery from severe wounds entailed six months of suffering borne with a fortitude which matched his courage.

In 1855 the Victoria Cross did not have its present significance and Massy was more highly awarded with instant promotion to captain. He became the best-known officer in the Army and was known to the end of his long career as Redan Massy.



Mr Julian Luttrell is a direct descendant of Colonel Francis Luttrell, who founded The Green Howards in 1688. Dunster Castle near Minehead, Somerset, has been the Luttrell family's home for 561 years.

Far left: Dangerously skylined in the Western Desert, Green Howards advance to take an objective with tanks in close support.



Sometimes he fell asleep in the saddle from exhaustion. The Regiment went back to France on June 6, 1944 and ex-despatch rider Stanley Hollis, by then a company sergeant-major, won a Victoria Cross for his bravery on the beach-head. Actions in Norway, Italy, Sicily and Burma will all be remembered with pride, but history will always associate The Green Howards with a costly and courageous

A Green Howard assault goes into the smoke on an enemy-held ridge in North Africa.

This 12-man patrol from the medium machine-gun platoon killed seven terrorists in a classic attack on their camp in Tampin, Malaya, in 1952. In three years, The Green Howards killed or captured 103 terrorists.



For 200 years The Green Howards have been puzzled and quite rightly annoyed by an official reluctance to grant the Regiment its early battle honours. From formation in 1688 to the outbreak of the Crimean War in 1854—a period of 166 years—The Green Howards fought with distinction in many battles without receiving a single honour. Mysteriously, other regiments were well rewarded for lesser roles.

Long absence overseas, a recurring feud with the honours committee or, least likely of all, regimental disinterest, have all been suggested to explain the omissions.

Receipt of a rightful share of recent battle honours and the granting of "Malplaquet" (1709) as late as 1882 has not satisfied The Green Howards. In 1935, minutely researched claims for 13 more battle honours were submitted. Sixteen years later, one—"Belle Isle"—was awarded.

attack on the Mareth Line in the Western Desert.

During the war, cricketer Hedley Verity died with the Regiment. Norman Yardley and Wilf Mannion were sporting Green Howards who survived to play on.

Soldiers of the 1st Battalion now wear The Yorkshire Brigade cap badge, but it was a Somerset squire and a body of West Countrymen who formed the Regiment in 1688 to serve William III. Fighting under him, the 19th reduced the fortress town of Namur and took part in Marlborough's victory at Malplaquet.

Bread-and-butter campaigning on the Continent did little for the Regiment's esteem, but a tenacious cliff assault on the French island of Belle Isle deserved major recognition.

The English Channel is only 22 miles wide yet in 1793-94 the 19th spent four luckless months trying without success to cross it for an invasion of France. The appalling conditions in a troop transport at sea in the winter shattered health. There followed a disastrous campaign in the Lowlands which coincided with a cruel winter and caused the soldiery unprecedented hardships.

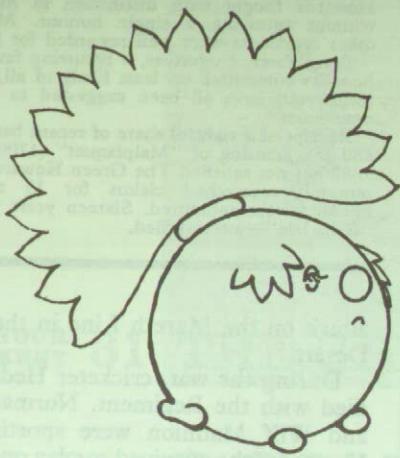
With incredible lack of consideration, The Green Howards were then banished to Ceylon for 25 years. The unhealthy climate and protracted campaigns against a treacherous and barbaric tyranny cost the lives of 50 officers and 3000 men.

A gallant attack at Alma was the Regiment's outstanding achievement of the Crimean War and is celebrated annually as Regimental Day. Always flown with great pride on such occasions is the flag of the Colonel-in-Chief, King Olav V of Norway.

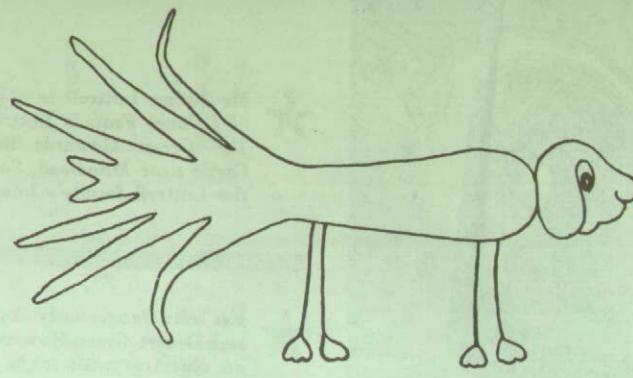
The Green Howard blend of humour, toughness and self-reliance was well matched to the challenge of the Malayan jungle and the Regiment hunted terrorists from 1949 to 1952 with a fierce relish.

Before moving to the Middle East in 1963 the 19th gave the Rhine Army something by which to remember Yorkshire—a victory in the cross-country championships and second places in the boxing and cricket competitions.

In sport as in soldiering the Regiment has always thrived on competition and the routine of garrison life in Tripoli, a one-battalion station, has not been to its taste. The Green Howards look forward to January 1966 when they come home for the here-today-gone-tomorrow excitement of the United Kingdom Strategic Reserve.



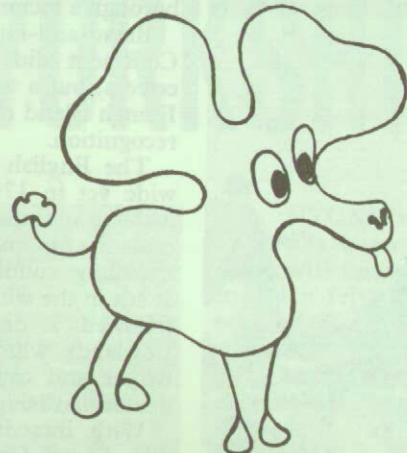
GRENADIER GUARDS



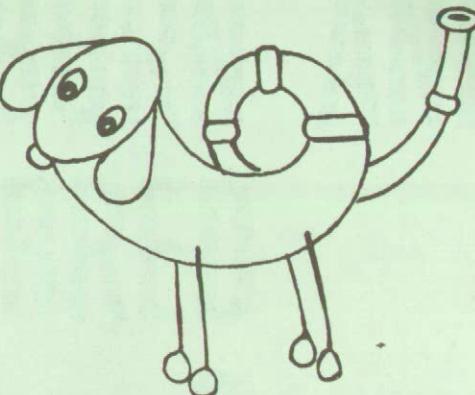
WELSH GUARDS

COLLAR DOGS

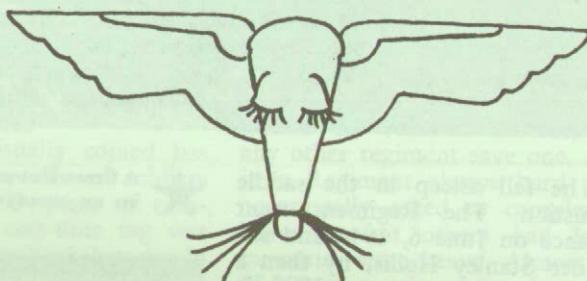
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LONDON IRISH RIFLES



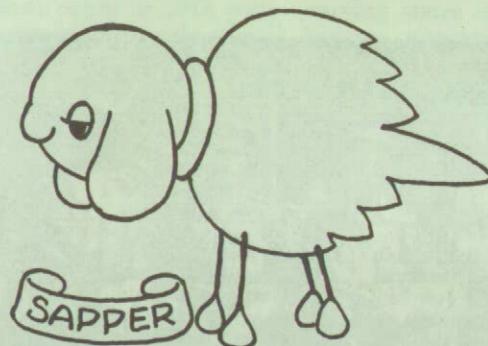
KING'S OWN YORKSHIRE
LIGHT INFANTRY



PARACHUTE REGIMENT



ROYAL ARTILLERY



ROYAL ENGINEERS



Overall winner Captain Bob Kenyon receives his

trophies from the CO of the School of Artillery.

BRITISH CANOEISTS TRIUMPH IN FRANCE

BRITISH Army competitors swept to success in the Canoe and Kayak Championships on the River Marne in France, organised by the French School of Artillery.

More than half the competitors were from the British forces and they had to finish a tough 100-kilometre race on the first day to be eligible for an intricate slalom on the second. The course included rapids, weirs,

strong cross currents, a mosquito-infested swamp and many hazards like submerged logs.

From the start the only British solo entrant, Captain Bob Kenyon of 16 Parachute Brigade Group, Aldershot, went into the lead and drew steadily away from the field, finally completing the course in seven hours 45 minutes, 42 minutes ahead of the French single canoeist who finished second. Third

were Regimental Sergeant-Major Clem Palmer and Lance-Corporal Bob Holwell, of 13 Signal Regiment. British soldiers also took fourth and fifth places.

Probably the hardest worked competitor was Lieutenant Nick Holder, Royal Army Service Corps, who completed the course alone in a double canoe. For this and his efforts in the slalom—in which he came eighth—he was awarded a prize for the "most unlucky" entrant.

In the slalom the British competitors were at a disadvantage manouevring round and through obstacles in the fast-flowing cross currents as their double canoes were much less manoeuvrable than their single rivals.

Captain Kenyon, in his single canoe, gained third place and Signallers Frank Barber and Raymond Hall, of 2 Signal Regiment, finished a creditable fifth out of the remaining 19 competitors.

The overall individual championship was won by Captain Kenyon with Signallers Barber and Hall fifth, Signallers Richard Philips and Hank Hankins, 13 Signal Regiment, sixth and RSM Palmer and Corporal Holwell eighth. The team championship was won by 13 Signal Regiment, followed by the French School of Artillery, the SHAPE team from Versailles and 1 (BR) Corps Troops Column, Royal Army Service Corps.

Ploughing through rapids during the 100-kilometre race are L/Cpl J Anderson (front) and SAC J Boulton.



TERRIERS BATTLE IT OUT

HEFTY Lieutenant Tony Brogan, The Devonshire Regiment, won the heavyweight title for the third successive year in the Territorial Army boxing championships held in London. A West Country farmer, he won his semi-final in the third round and his final in the second.

For the first time for many years, International middleweight Jackie Woods went away empty-handed. A lance-corporal in the 5th/6th Battalion, The North Staffordshire

Regiment, he has many Territorial boxing honours, but this year was out-pointed in the semi-final.

Another surprise came when reigning flyweight champion Private Alec McHugh, Royal Army Service Corps, was outpointed by Private Wenton, Liverpool Scottish, who went on to win the title. In the cruiserweight class Private Frank Tighe, 3rd Battalion, The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire, made short work of his two opponents, defeating both in the first round.

The best boxing of the tournament was in the welterweight final when Scottish International Sapper Jock Imrie, 432 Engineer Regiment, outpointed English International Private Peter Young, 3rd Battalion, The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire.

And the hardest fighting was seen in the lightweight final when Private John Cunningham, Liverpool Scottish, outpointed Fusilier Jimmy Crawford, 5th Battalion, The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.

Right: Imrie covers to avoid a left from Young in the welterweight final.

Far right: Hardest boxing was seen in the lightweight final. Cunningham catches Crawford on the chin with a long left.



SHERMAN DOES IT AGAIN

SERGEANT Peter Sherman, 22nd Special Air Service Regiment, became Army Parachute Champion for the second year in succession by winning both individual awards in the Army championships at Netheravon.

He walked off with the Royal Artillery Cup as Army Champion, the SOLDIER Magazine Cup for the individual style event from 2000 metres and the Parachute Regiment Cup for the individual precision landing event from 1000 metres. There was excellent parachuting weather for the championships this year, which was attended by the Duke of Edinburgh on the final day.

Runner-up for the second year was Staff Sergeant Michael Turner, Royal Engineers, who was also awarded a cup for the highest placed competitor stationed outside Britain and a tankard as runner-up in the precision landing event. A London mechanic, Sergeant Ron Griffith, of The Queen's Royal Rifles, Territorial Army, was runner-up in the individual style event. Sergeant Bill Scarratt, 3rd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, won a trophy as the highest-placed paratrooper and Lance-Corporal Richard Hall, 22nd Special Air Service Regiment, won the Green Jackets Cup for the best novice.

On the last day of the competition, spectators watched a demonstration of new Paracommander parachutes brought back from America by members of The Parachute



Sergeant Peter Sherman, 22 SAS, with the SOLDIER Trophy he won at the Championships.

Regiment—they give the parachutist much greater control over movement. Staff Sergeant Turner and Staff-Sergeant D Hughes successfully "passed the baton," one of the most difficult feats for sky divers.

22nd Special Air Service won the team event and two trophies for accuracy. Runners-up were 1st Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, and 4th Divisional Engineers, from Germany, won the trophy for the highest placed non-airborne unit.

SPORT SHORTS

SAILING

Squally weather suited the Army team in the Services dinghy team tournament for the Victory Trophy, sailed at Shepperton, Middlesex. They beat teams from the Royal Navy, the Royal Air Force and the Civil Service. When the last race began the Royal Navy—last year's winners—were slightly ahead but two of their dinghies capsized, leaving the Army to sweep to victory.

NETBALL

The Women's Royal Army Corps won the Inter-Services Netball Championship for the second year by defeating the Women's Royal Naval Service 52-15 and the Women's Royal Air Force 40-15.

SOCER

Nicknamed the "Pretty Ones" because of their striped shorts, the champion footballers of the 4th/6th Battalion, The Royal Berkshire Regiment, Territorial Army, have won the Territorial Army Challenge Cup, the Reading and District Industrial Cup and the Reading and District Sunday League. In the League they won every game they played, scoring 154 goals against 12 from their opponents. It is the fourth time the Battalion

has won the TA Cup since 1956. Top goal scorer was captain Corporal Ray Mortimer who put 33 in the net.

GOLF

Warrant Officer I Issitt, Army Physical Training Corps, won the Army Golf Championship at Royal St George's, Sandwich, beating Lieutenant J B Winckley, Royal Anglian Regiment, in a play-off after a tie. Major-General B W Key won the Generals Cup, Lieutenant Winckley won the Black Watch Gold Medal, Lieutenant-General Cole won the Black Watch Silver Medal.

RUGBY

The Combined Services XV beat the French Armed Forces by two goals and a try (13 points) to a penalty goal and a try (6 points) in Paris—the first British victory in the series for 11 years.

MOTORING

Competing against sports cars and drivers of many nationalities, two British Army *Land-Rovers* stole the limelight in the first ever 24-hour rally in Libya. A *Land-Rover* entered by 38 Company, Royal Army Service Corps, and crewed by Corporal Lawrence Lamb, Corporal Charles Oldfield and Lance-Corporal John Bartlett, won the special prize for the longest and toughest section. Another *Land-Rover*, crewed by Major B Tuck, The King's Regiment, Major D Walter, Royal Tank Regiment, and Major R Jenkinson, Royal Artillery, finished in fifth place overall, beating more than 60 sports and saloon cars.

CIVIL SERVICE EXAMINATIONS

The following examinations are held annually: Executive Class for ex-Forces candidates, June. (Basic grade rises to over £1,200;) good promotion opportunities. Clerical Class for ex-Forces candidates, October. Assistant Preventive Officer, 19-21 February, and Customs Officer, 18-22 March; allowance for Forces service. Write stating age, Forces service, etc., to:

CIVIL SERVICE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
10 STATION PARADE, BALHAM HIGH RD., LONDON, S.W.12.

MEDALS

By MAJOR JOHN LAFFIN

43

THE POLAR MEDAL



DESPITE its name this is very much a Service medal and it has been awarded to some very gallant soldiers—to Captain L E G Oates, 6th Inniskilling Dragoons, for example.

Royal Navy and Royal Air Force men have also been awarded the medal, as well as some civilians. The extraordinary thing about this medal is that although no fewer than 91 bars have been issued since 1904 only 804 medals in all have been distributed, 736 for the Antarctic and 68 for the Arctic. Consequently, they are extremely rare and interesting.

The first Polar medal was issued in 1857 for expeditions between 1818-1855; the second was struck in 1876 for further Arctic discoveries. The present medal was instituted in 1904 for award to members of Captain Scott's expedition of 1901-04. It has been issued as well with the heads of King George V, George VI and Elizabeth II.

The medal's reverse is illustrated with the *Discovery* with a party of six and their packed sledge with its square sail. The piece is octagonal and has a wide, plain white ribbon through a swivel suspender.

It has been issued in silver and in bronze and those recipients who made further expeditions were awarded bars, all of which simply show "Arctic" or "Antarctic" and the year or years. One of the most recent bars is "Antarctic 1958" but I understand others are pending. Naming is usually in engraved capitals.

The silver and bronze medals are different awards and may be worn together. This applies, probably, in only two other cases concerning campaign medals.

Probably the most famous Polar Medal was that awarded posthumously to Captain Oates, that "very gallant gentleman" who, very ill, deliberately walked out into a blizzard to give his companions a better chance of survival during their appalling trip back from the South Pole in 1912.

Soldiers who have won the Polar Medal include warrant officers and junior non-commissioned officers, so that the Army is well represented in the ranks of the cold-bloodedly courageous men who have volunteered for dangerous service in the Polar wastes.

I have always thought it a pity that some similar medal does not exist for mountaineering of exceptional distinction. If it did then many soldiers would qualify.

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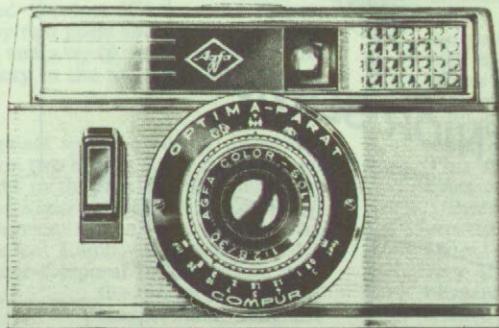
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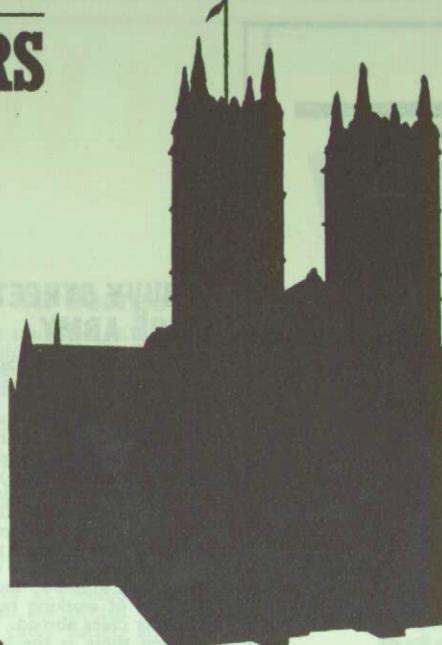
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SHAPELY POSERS

COMPETITION: 86



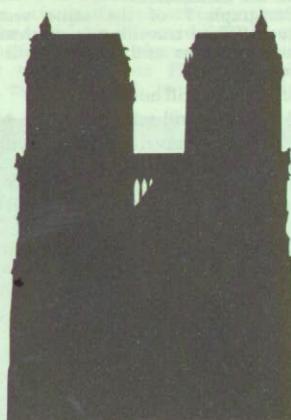
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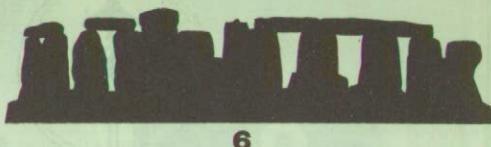
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PRIZES

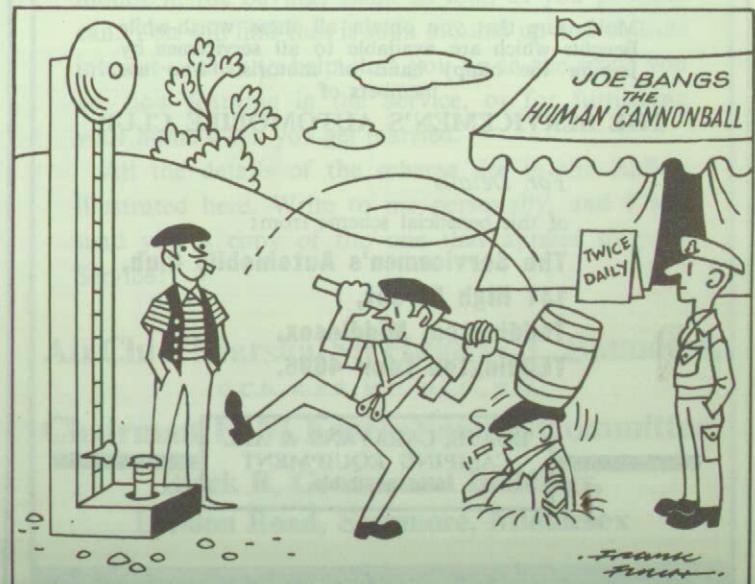
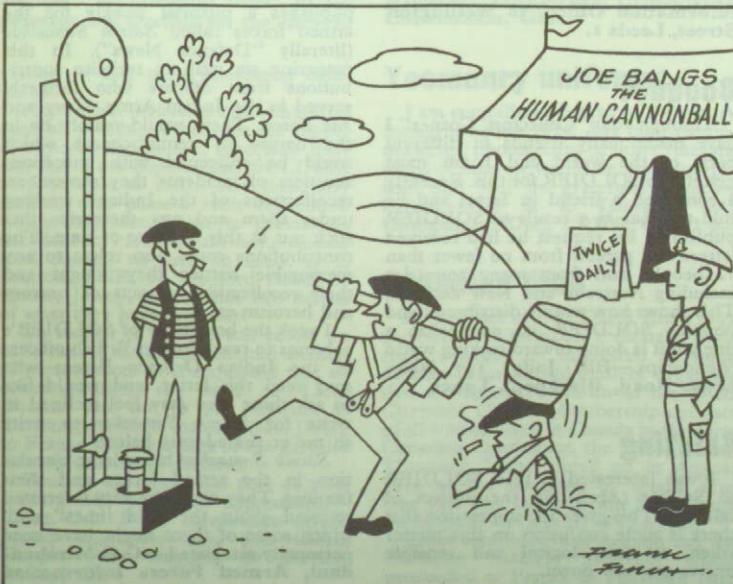
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8

How observant are you?

These two pictures look alike, but they vary in ten minor details. If you cannot detect all the differences, turn to page 34.





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LETTERS

"CIVVY STREET"

v THE ARMY

It has always been a soldier's privilege to grumble, but if he stops to think and to weigh up the pros and cons, the soldier of today will realise how fortunate he is. How many remember working like trained sheep in "civvy street" for 50 weeks a year just for two miserable weeks' holiday?

And what about the jobs? Most civilians work indoors, often under cramped conditions, and seldom or never travel while the soldier is apt to take for granted the health-giving freedom of working out of doors and in many cases abroad.

Then there is the pay. The soldier has everything provided for him free, including his board, lodging and uniform. His pay is all his own to spend as he wishes and at today's rates he is far better off financially than most civilians of his age.

I have tried both "civvy street" and the Army and there is just no comparison—it's the Army for me every time. These moaners in uniform make me sick!—*"Trooper," Malaya.*

That TV image

The following conversation took place in this office recently between a disgruntled lady whose son was being discharged from the Army and a sergeant on reception duty.

After raising a number of issues the lady finally said: "Of course, the Army is not what you recruiters make it out to be." Asked if she could be more specific she quoted television advertising. The sergeant replied that all the Army advertisements he had seen on TV depicted soldiers being interviewed under normal working conditions, and he considered that these advertisements gave an accurate picture of life in the Army and what the present-day soldier thought of it as a career.

In reply the lady quoted the advertisement in which tanks and Infantry are in action, shells are crashing and a sergeant is blazing away with a machine-gun. However, his No 2 is quite oblivious to both the raging battle and the sergeant's orders to assist him because he is languishing on his back eating a "crunchy bar."

If we are guilty of misrepresentation do you think this could be rectified by an issue of "crunchy bars" to every recruit on attestation?—*RSM B Tyndall, Coldstream Guards, Army Information Office, 36 Wellington Street, Leeds 1.*

Bouquet

Through your "Collectors' Corner" I have made many friends in different parts of the world and I am most grateful to SOLDIER for this. Recently I contacted a friend in Israel and he told me that as a result of SOLDIER publishing his request he had received letters and parcels from no fewer than 72 people, and from many countries including Australia and New Zealand. This shows how widely distributed and popular SOLDIER is, and what a fine job it is doing toward making world friendships.—*Bill Jolly, 197 Newhouse Road, Blackpool, Lancs.*

Saluting

I was interested to read SOLDIER to Soldier (April) on the subject of saluting. This gives the impression that there is some confusion on this matter when, in fact, logical and sensible orders are laid down.



Paragraph 6, Section 41, Chapter VII of "Drill (All Arms) 1951" lays down that "The rider of a bicycle or similar vehicle (pedal or motor) will not salute when the vehicle is in motion, owing to the danger of taking the eyes off the road. When a vehicle is stationary he will salute by giving an eyes right or left but will not remove his hands from the handlebars."

Paragraph 7 of the same section states: "When travelling in mechanical vehicles officers and soldiers will act as follows:

- (a) Drivers will not salute
- (b) Officers will salute with the hand
- (c) Soldiers travelling as passengers in the front of vehicles will salute with the hand
- (d) Except as above, all personnel will sit or stand to attention."

—*A H Coles, 61 Tweedy Road, Bromley, Kent.*

Sorry no letters

Can SOLDIER please clarify the following issue? Is the recipient of a Meritorious Service Medal entitled to use the letters MSM after his name as would the recipient of a Distinguished Conduct Medal or a Military Medal?—*S/Sgt M Evans WRAC/TA, 2 Parlick Road, Moor Nook, Preston, Lancs.*

* There is no authority in the Royal Warrant authorising the recipient of the Meritorious Service Medal to use the letters MSM after his name.

Sainik Samachar

The Indian Ministry of Defence publishes a pictorial weekly for the armed forces called *Sainik Samachar* (literally "Defence News"). In this magazine we wish to serialise contributions from officers who formerly served in the Indian Army, Navy and Air Force. These would mainly be in the nature of reminiscences which could be enlivened with anecdotes, accounts of incidents they remember, recollections of the Indians working under them and any memories that stick out at this distance of time. The contributions could also relate to any memorable battles they fought and their recollections of acts of bravery and heroism etc.

I seek the hospitality of SOLDIER's columns to reach former British officers of the Indian Defence Forces who may read this letter, and would like to ask those who may feel inclined to write for *Sainik Samachar* to write to me at the address below.

Sainik Samachar has a large circulation in the armed forces and their families. They would be very interested to read about the "old times" with which some of them might have been personally associated.—*G G Mirchandani, Armed Forces Information*

Officer, Ministry of Defence, South Block, New Delhi 1, India.

Indian Army numbers

In the pre-partition Indian Army some of the personal numbers of the officers had a prefix of IA and some had the suffix AI, eg IA900 Major . . . and 900AI Major . . . I think both the British and Indian officers had these letters as prefixes and suffixes. I am aware that the Indian officers who were commissioned from the Indian Academy at Dehra Dun had IC as the prefix before their personal numbers. Can any reader of SOLDIER explain the significance of these letters or what the IA and AI stood for?—Maj Gian Singh, The Ex-Soldiers Farms, PO Pendra Road, Madhya Pradesh, India.

Any offers?

It is the intention of my unit of the Sea Cadet Corps to undertake an exercise next month in an area centred around Ste Mère Eglise, the first town liberated in France in 1944.

As a result of a recent reconnaissance in the area I am informed that the civic authorities there wish to extend appreciably their Airborne Forces Museum and especially wish to open a British



Shooting a scene in Ste Mère Eglise, for "The Longest Day," of US paratroopers landing on the church.

section of this most interesting exhibition.

I have been invited to make enquiries from all possible sources for the supply of airborne equipment, especially British, and I am hopeful that SOLDIER may be able to assist. Are there any readers who possess such equipment which they would like to present to the Museum? If so, would they please be kind enough to write to Lieut D L Danican RNR, 94 Stoford Road, St Helier, Jersey, giving him full details of what they have available.

On receipt of this we will advise on collection of the equipment and method of presentation. It is requested that all communications be sent to Lieut Danican and not to the Museum as the transport of the material from Jersey to France will form part of the exercise that my cadets will perform.

Your co-operation and that of your readers will be much appreciated.—Lieut-Cdr P H Beveridge RNR, Jersey Unit No 447, Sea Cadet Corps, Fort Regent, St Helier, Jersey, CI.

Knights of St. George

May we invite readers of SOLDIER to join the Knights of St George? Many ex-Servicemen enjoy the lively comradeship and serving soldiers often find it possible to become members and to take part in our activities during periods of leave.

We serve the war-disabled and others in any practical way open to members and thus maintain the fine spirit of comradeship of the past. On social occasions wives and lady friends join the members, disabled friends and their families.

The Knights of St George work in co-operation with the British Legion, the British Red Cross Society and the movement is affiliated to the Royal Society of St George. There is no subscription, but membership is prized and guarded.—R Webber, 3 Wolseley Gardens, Chiswick, London W4.

"Winkle pickers"

While home on leave recently I saw a soldier dressed exactly the way we dress (No 2 Dress) and wearing No 1 Dress cap. Thinking he was "one of us" I checked him for wearing "winkle pickers" and being about six months overdue for a haircut. It transpired that he was a member of a local Territorial Army unit and can purchase No 2 Dress suits at £3 a time!

If TA units want to be like the Regulars, they should be checked on drill nights by their NCOs. Incidentally, it was a drill night when I saw this "thing".—Disgusted Regular, The Middlesex Regiment, Gibraltar.

"Garry Owen"

The March issue of SOLDIER contains correspondence about Garry Owen as if he were a man, whereas the word actually means "John's Garden."

I was born within 100 yards of Garryowen, a suburb of Limerick City, and I sent an extract from SOLDIER to a friend there, with the result that the LIMERICK CHRONICLE, of Saturday, 1 May, published a long article on the subject, including various versions of the words.

Garryowen is also the name of the Rugby Club there, which has in the past furnished many Irish Internationals, and a "Garryowen" is a high kick fifty yards down the field and over the heads of most of the players.—J Beckett, Greenways, Cleeve Hill, Cheltenham, Glos.

Yeomanry uniforms

I am compiling a record of Yeomanry uniforms before 1914. Any information, drawings, photographs or other relevant items of interest would be most acceptable and will be gratefully acknowledged.—Cpl R E Thomas, HQ Company (BOR), 1 RWF, BFPO 29.

Canadian Club

As a reader of SOLDIER since 1945 and still a subscriber I thought your readers might be interested in some details of a unique old soldiers' organisation we have here known as the "Red Chevrons Club." Membership consists of all who enlisted in Canada in the First Canadian Contingent, the "First Thirty Thousand," who joined up in August 1914 at the outbreak of World War One and who sailed in one big convoy for England in October of that year.

From this body was formed the 1st Canadian Infantry Division which proceeded to France in February 1915

"If only I had the money!"

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London Road, Stanmore, Middlesex



MORE

LETTERS

and saw its first big battle at Ypres in April of that year.

The Canadian Army decreed that these men should wear on their lower sleeve a small red chevron to which was added a blue one for each successive year they saw action. Thus those who came over in 1915 or later had only blue chevrons.

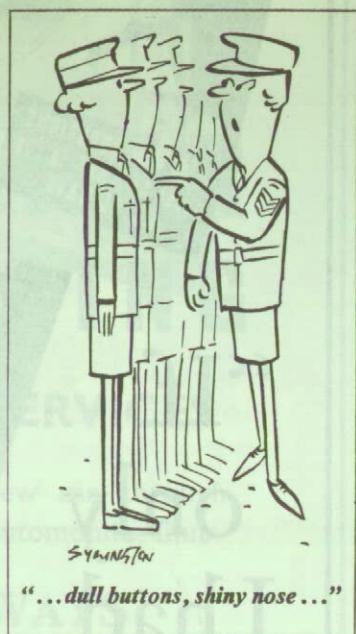
Our Red Chevrons Club has members from many units. There is no membership fee and one cannot resign; we just "fade away" as the years pass. Our average age is around 75 years now but we can still round up about 100 in the Ottawa area to attend our annual celebrations. Our annual wreath-laying and parade at the Cenotaph here on 22 April, the anniversary of the Second Battle of Ypres, is followed by a reunion dinner in the evening and on both these occasions we are joined by the Ambassadors of France and Belgium and the High Commissioners of Great Britain, Australia and New Zealand.

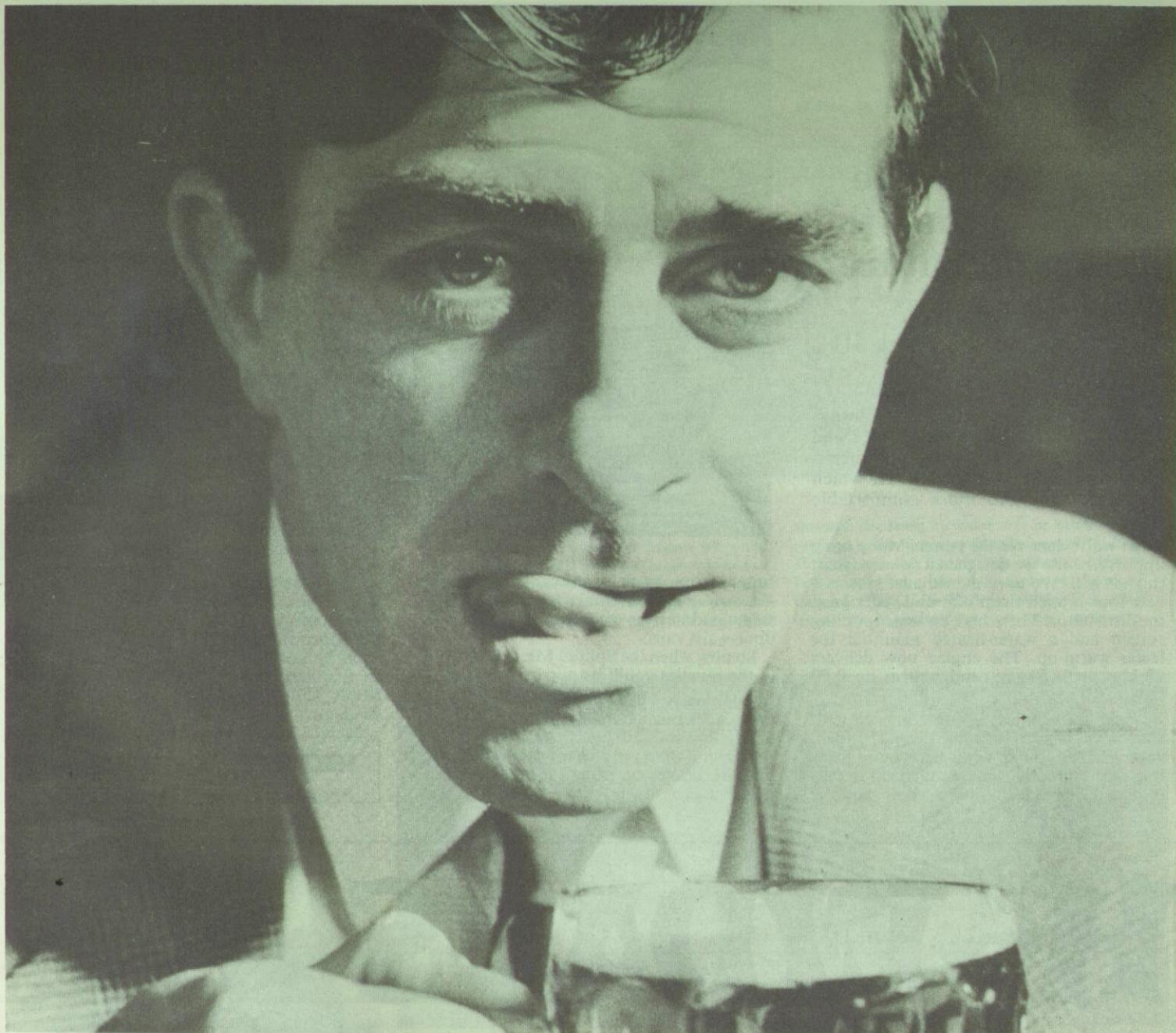
Last October we celebrated the 50th anniversary of our sailing in convoy from the St Lawrence and in April of this year the 50th anniversary of our "blooding" at Ypres.—Maj T S Chutter, 26 Clarey Avenue, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

Normandy Cup

Judging from the letters (SOLDIER, April) from Royal Marine L/Cpl Sanson and Woodrow, misconceptions seem to exist concerning the Normandy Cup, and these should be clarified.

The Normandy Cup was presented for competition in various sports be-





What do you want to know about fast bowling?

asks Freddie Trueman

WHEN I'm in a pub and I get chatting to people, I'm often asked questions about cricket. The favourite one from people who've seen me on TV is why I keep polishing the ball as I walk back for my run up.

The shine

That's an easy one. It's to keep the shine on the ball. The shine cuts down wind resistance, makes the ball faster through the air, helps it to swing.

A lot of people don't know that I only shine one side. I generally bowl with the shiny side forward. Now and then I let 'em have one the other way round. Just

one of the ways to keep 'em guessing. Don't let 'em settle. They're no friends of mine, batsmen, not when they're trying to belt me all over the field.

The one thing I can't tell you is how to get 300 Test wickets. Some of the best wickets I've ever had were when I didn't know for sure which way the ball was going. But if I don't know, what chance has the batsman of finding out?

Don't run away with the idea that I spend all my time talking about cricket. I'm doing a lot of writing and commentating these days. About other sports and about things in general.

Talking and listening

To do this sort of job right, you've got to get the other fellow's point of view. It's a funny thing that people who wouldn't give you the time of day if they met you on a train, get talking to you in a pub as easy as that.

I suppose three of the most exacting professions a man can choose are being a cricketer, a writer and a business man. And I'm all three. So believe me, it's a grand thing to be able to take it easy when I get the chance. Relaxation—that's the greatest thing about a pub.

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Now for the comfort. We've come up with a new kind of seat. It's more deeply padded, and reshaped to hug you when you're hustling through the curves. Then there's moulded carpet from door to door and the



The new Triumph Spitfire Mk II cornering at speed.

supplest upholstery on any car (at any price) — two-way-stretch Ambra. Finally, we added safety padding covers for grab-handles and door-waist rails.

So now when the Spitfire Mk II is purring in the nineties you'll be purring too.

In addition to all this, beautiful Michelotti coachwork on an ultra-tough girder chassis; a tiny 24-foot turning circle; independent suspension all round; a monsoon-proof top; big disc brakes up front and a windscreen that detaches if you want to be a racer.

Any Standard-Triumph dealer will give you a free trial drive in the Spitfire Mk II. Take him up on it and find out about the tax concessions available. If you prefer to shop by post, write for a glossy catalogue to Standard-Triumph Sales Ltd., Export Sales (European Division), Coventry, England.



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COLOURS AND FREEDOMS

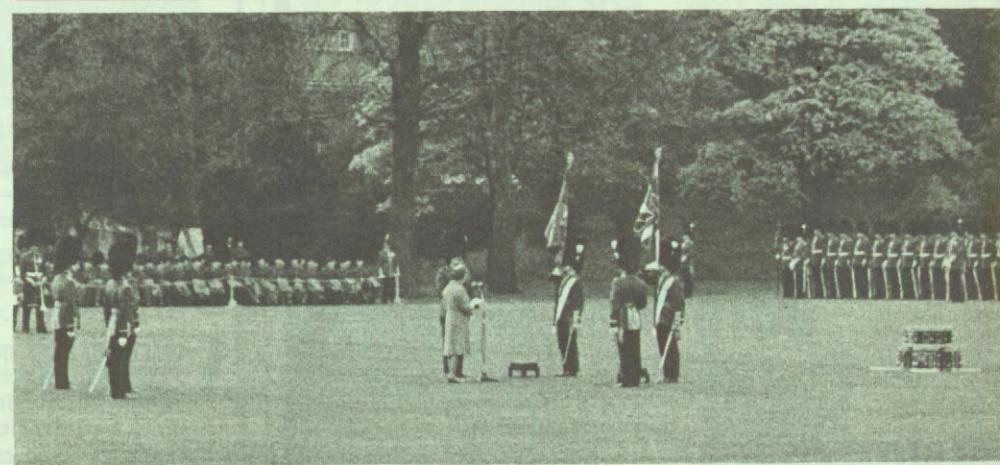


Foot drill assumed a new importance in the Household Cavalry when the horses were laid low by influenza just before a major parade to receive the Freedom of Windsor. The Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards paraded on foot and in armoured cars and marched

through the town in which one or other of the regiments has been stationed since 1821. Earl Mountbatten of Burma cut short a visit to India and wore the full dress uniform of Colonel of the Life Guards for the first time since his appointment at the ceremony.



One of the Regiment's three Victoria Cross holders, Mr F Greaves, was among 2000 spectators when 1st Battalion, The Sherwood Foresters, received new Colours from the Duke of Devonshire at Hyderabad Barracks, Colchester.



In the year of their 50th anniversary, men of 1st Battalion, Welsh Guards, paraded at Buckingham Palace to receive new Colours from the Queen. The Duke of Edinburgh,

Colonel of the Regiment, was present to see the old Colours trooped and marched off. The Regiment's fourth set of Colours was then presented by the Queen after consecration.



The Royal Engineers promised to "defend the customs and privileges of Aldershot in every just and lawful cause" when they received the Freedom of the town. Only four other units have been so honoured, but the Royal Engineers were the first troops to be stationed in Aldershot and have done more than most to make it the "Home of the British Army". Three bands and 500 men went on parade and it fell to an ex-Sapper, Alderman Tom Wicken-den, Mayor of Aldershot, to present the freedom scroll to the Chief Royal Engineer, Gen. Simpson.

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books

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Gallipoli



BEATEN BY THEIR OWN COMMAND

"Gallipoli As I Saw It" (Joseph Murray).

Joseph Murray was a Durham miner who joined the Royal Naval Reserve in 1914, went to Gallipoli in the Hood Battalion of the Royal Naval Division, as one of a "suicide party" which distracted Turkish attention from the real landings, in conjunction with Lieutenant (later General Lord) Freyberg's epic swim to place and light misleading flares.

As an Infantryman, the author got among the Turkish trenches and was knocked out when machine-gun fire exploded the 150 cartridges in his pouches. He survived with his skin whole but scorched to make a painful and hazardous trip back to his own trenches.

Next he became a Sapper, in the grim and dangerous game of fighting the Turk underground. On one occasion, when the Turks blew their mine first, he and a companion were entombed 25 feet underground. With their bare hands, they clawed their way upwards and after 31 hours, with their strength gone, got their heads above ground. After treatment to their hands they disobeyed an order to report to hospital and instead returned to duty.

The author's Gallipoli diary is terse, vivid and full of spirit. It ends defiantly: "The Turks did not beat us—we were beaten by our own High Command."

Kimber, 30s. RLE

EVOLUTIONARY PROCESS

"An Introduction to Strategy" (Général d'Armée André Beaufre).

Strategy, in General Beaufre's definition, is "the art of the dialectic of force or, more precisely, the art of the dialectic of two opposing wills using force to resolve their dispute."

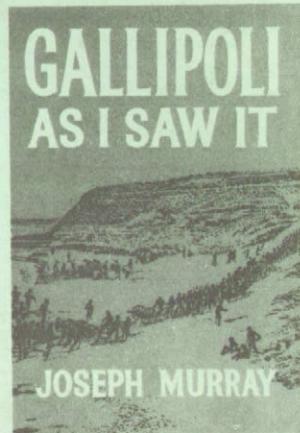
He concedes that this is highly abstract and very general in terms, but says it is on this plane that strategy must be considered if the thought processes involved and the rules which emerge from them are to be understood.

The author makes a general survey then looks at traditional military strategy, nuclear and indirect strategy. His foundation is total strategy which, guided by policy, must direct a contest, conducted in the political, economic or diplomatic field, or all at once. Strategy is almost unintelligible if looked at through military spectacles only.

In a preface Captain B H Liddell Hart calls this book the most comprehensive and carefully formulated treatise on the subject, brought up-to-date, that has appeared in this generation, and forecasts that it is likely to become a classic.

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"A TERRIBLE MUDDLE"

"Gallipoli" (Robert Rhodes James).

"What are we to do now, sir?"— "I don't know, I'm sure. Everything is in a terrible muddle." This conversation on Anzac Beach epitomises much of the Gallipoli campaign. It was a terrible muddle.

The author sees the initial landing plan as bold, intelligent and ambitious, but overplanned by the General Staff; the administrative staff was neglected with disastrous results.

The controversy about the conduct of the campaign by the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Ian Hamilton, still goes on. Hamilton, it seems, had most of the assets, but his optimism became wishful thinking. At no stage of the campaign, says the author, did Hamilton act like a commander-in-chief. The initial landing was planned by his staff, later operations were initiated by his subordinates. Too often Hamilton

was out of touch.

Gallipoli was a dramatic campaign which lasted eight-and-a-half months and turned a peninsula scented by wild herbs and gay with wild flowers into a charnel house. It was a campaign in which British, Australian, New Zealand and French troops, mostly green, fought devotedly.

They acquired a considerable respect for their opponents, particularly after a much-needed burial truce on the Anzac front when the two sides mingled amicably. It became common for gifts of tinned food or cigarettes to be thrown across no-man's land.

The author's description and assessment of the campaign maintains the high standard of the British Battles series. It rivals Alan Moorehead's classic *Gallipoli*, takes issue with that author on a number of points, and introduces new material.

Batsford, 50s.

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"OLD BLOOD-AND-GUTS"

"Before the Colours Fade" (Fred Ayer).

When Fred Ayer was a little boy he hero-worshipped his Uncle George—and he has never seen any reason to change his attitude. His book is neither a biography nor a military assessment but a kaleidoscope of the vivid hues in which General George S Patton Junior painted himself.

For Patton was a self-portrait. He created an image of himself as a tough fighting man, "Old Blood-and-Guts," and strove to make the man fit the image. He was not unsuccessful. He was a notable horseman and shot, the first American officer to represent his country in military pentathlon; his courage and dash in battle were beyond question.

Patton also cultivated a "war face" in front of his mirror and a cutting edge to his high-pitched voice for telephone use. His conversation was

monotonously and unthinkingly larded with "godammit" and "hell."

He sometimes found living up to the image a strain, and confessed to his nephew that he maintained it even when he felt tired or depressed, lest his men say, "The old man's sick, the old son-of-a-bitch has had it," and their own morale drop. A friend, the widow of one of his officers, considered the blood-and-guts manner, the swaggering and swearing, to be a sort of whistling in the dark.

This theatrical braggart would not have done for the British Army. But Patton's brand of showmanship was as effective with the American Third Army as Montgomery's brand with the British Eighth Army. With his other qualities it made him a successful army commander whose contribution to the victory over the Nazis was considerable. That is Patton's justification.

Cassell, 25s.

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