

FEBRUARY 1966 ★ One Shilling

# SOLDIER



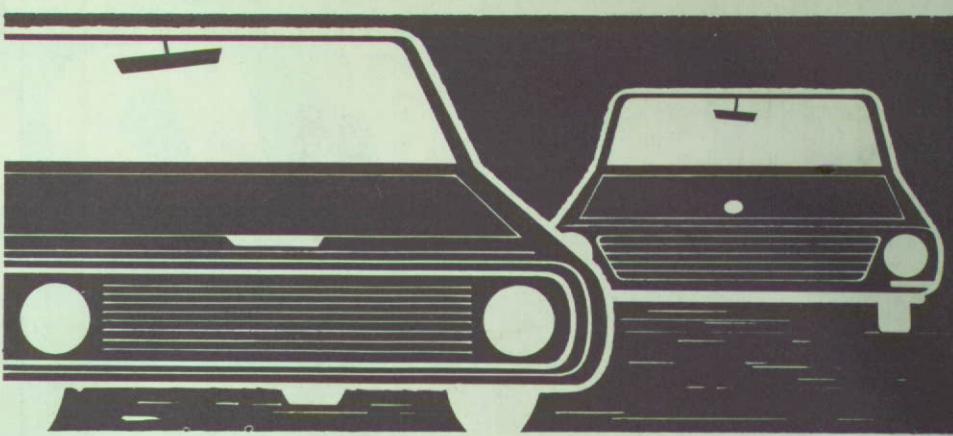
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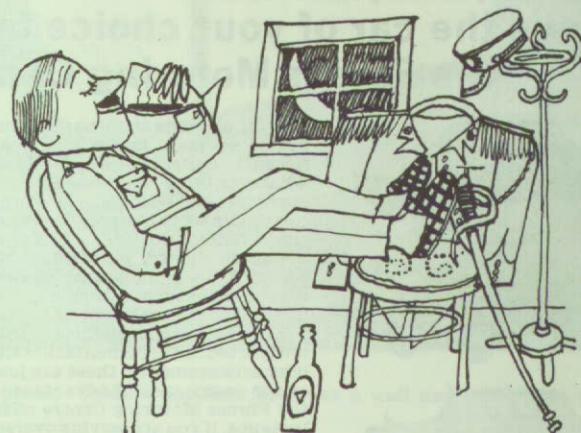
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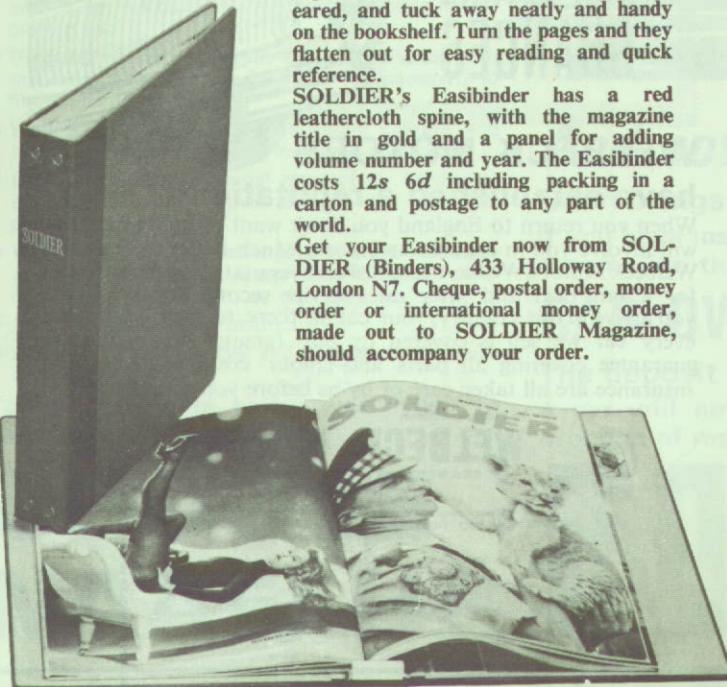
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# SOLDIER

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Deputy Editor/Feature Writer: RUSSELL F MILLER  
Feature Writer: JOHN SAAR  
Art Editor: FRANK R FINCH  
Research: DAVID H CLIFFORD  
Picture Editor: LESLIE A WIGGS  
Photographers: ARTHUR C BLUNDELL,  
FRANK TOMPSETT, PETER O'BRIEN  
Circulation Manager: K PEMBERTON WOOD

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Built on the lava afterbirth of a volcano, Aden now faces a new onslaught of violence—self-destructive. The Biblical state experiences the bomb-blast and gun-shot of so-called freedom fighters. Egyptian-paid hirelings peddle indiscriminate death on the open streets, showing callous indifference in their choice of victims: Arabs and Britons, women and children have been slain and maimed. The fleeting hours of peace that descend on this malignant isthmus in South Arabia are earned by the patience, courage and determination of the British soldier. A day free of bloodshed counts as his victory

# ADEN'S DIRTY WAR

By night, Crater simmers in uneasy peace. Soldiers put their backs to a wall and cover one another.

**B**EHIND the mesh the carbon snout of the sub-machine gun was chest high and steady. "Step through that door and I shoot, and shoot to kill," said the British Soldier in Aden.

He spoke his stark orders in the sorrowing tones of a man announcing a funeral. He was guarding the tree-shadowed entrance to the Joint Security Centre, a tempting flashpoint in Aden's explosive night-life. A harshly lighted room in this building is the axis of a labyrinthine internal security operation. From here the three battalions of the Aden Brigade have hounded to the brink of disintegration the Aden network of the National Front for the Liberation of Occupied South Yemen.

The future of the British base in Aden awaits a political decision. The role of the Army has been to hold the forum until the talking is done. And by a prodigy of effort the soldiers have succeeded. Three battalions are keeping the peace in 75 square miles of desert, waterfront, gaunt, Godless mountain and ugly townships. The multi-racial 300,000, who defy climate and geography to stay here at all, live in packing case shanties, unsanitary hovel-warrens and in poky flats in jerrybuilt Western blocks.

In the quiet times a soldier gets four nights a week in bed. When a whirlwind riot fills the fetid air with flying rocks he spends tense, edgy hours on the street. He snatches meals and cat-naps on the stone

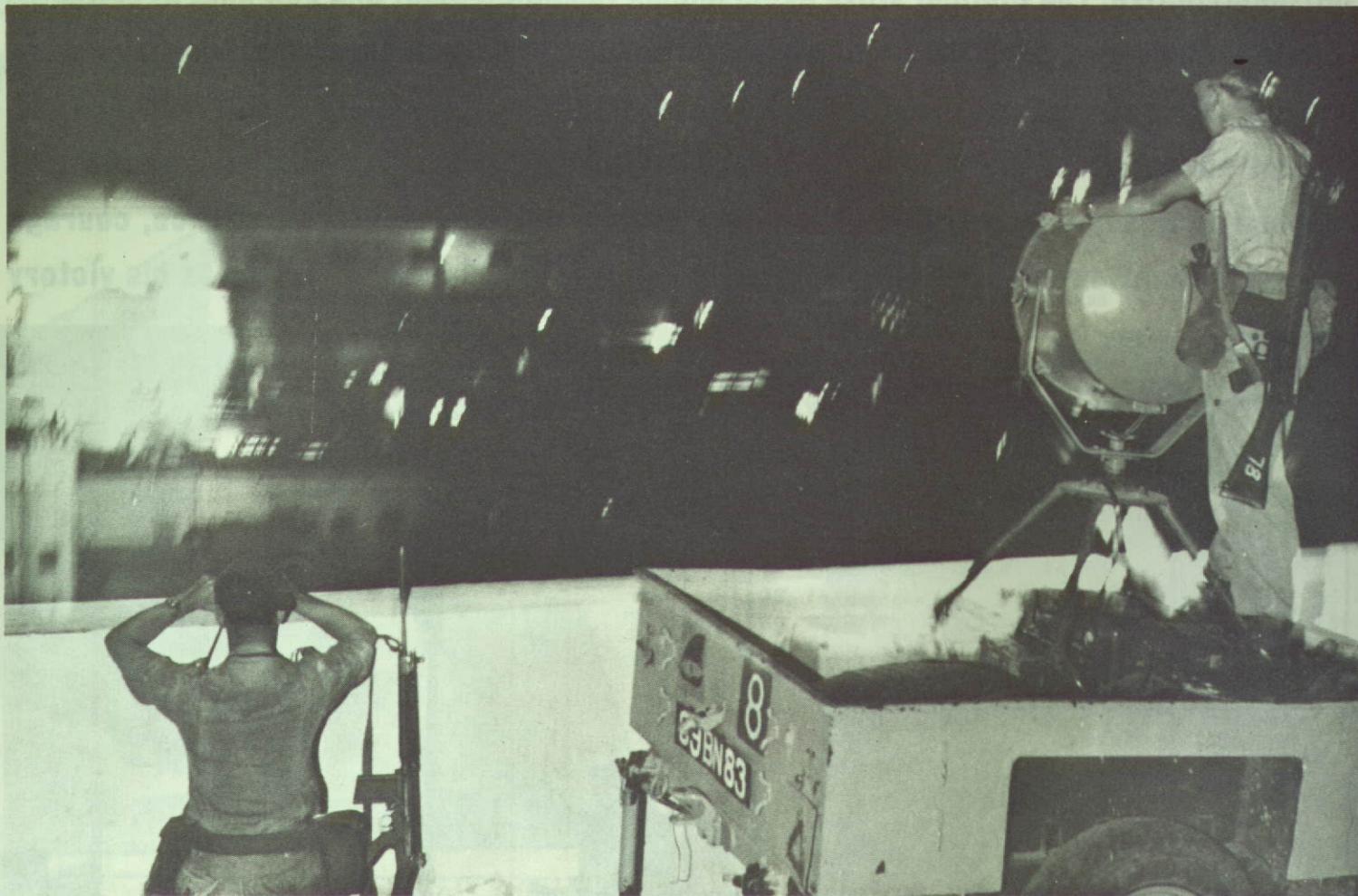
floor of the police barracks. Like every Briton in Aden he is a terrorist target. Not a comforting thought to live with for the two years some non-Infantry soldiers are serving.

No effort has been spared to curb the men who want to railroad the British out in a shower of grenades. Flatly worded entries in the operations log sketch the pattern of NLF move and hard-hitting counter-move by the security forces.

A wanted car crashes through a checkpoint and roars away, in seconds the squawk box in the operations room blares with the report. A cliff-hanging close, "Am manoeuvring vehicles to chase him," leaves the duty controller sitting tight with fingers crossed. Radio reports give him an

# ADEN'S DIRTY WAR

continued



From a rooftop observation post (above) a searchlight roams about the town and men of the 1st Battalion, KOYLI, keep constant watch. The searchlight and generator were helicoptered in by the Army Air Corps. Below: Packing case "towns" on the mountain slopes receive regular surveillance.

Aden has been a British Colony, basking port and military base since 1839. Aden and the other states in the South Arabian Federation have been promised independence in 1968. The deal does not please the Adenis. With some cause, they fear domination by the feudal rulers of the hinterland states.

Egyptian-trained extremists of the National Liberation Front are running a terror campaign to exploit Aden's doubts and problems. The assassination of its Speaker, Sir Arthur Charles, proved that the Aden Government overtly supported the terrorists and in September 1965 it was suspended.

Since then the High Commissioner, backed up by the Army, has ruled Aden. With government again in responsible hands the security forces felt a resurgence of confidence.

Not least of the Army's tasks has been the protection of Sir Richard Turnbull. A round-the-clock guard patrols his official residence. When the SOLDIER team arrived to interview him, credentials were carefully checked.

Sir Richard knew in detail the formidable peace-keeping routine of the Aden Brigade. He was sympathetic and appreciative.

"They are doing a difficult job extremely well. I have admired their restraint, particularly in the hot weather when it is difficult to imagine a more tiresome and disagreeable job for a soldier."

He added a warning postscript: "Things are better now but the situation could get much worse. We are prepared."

Sir Richard Turnbull, the High Commissioner, has revived the Aden Brigade's confidence in the civil government.

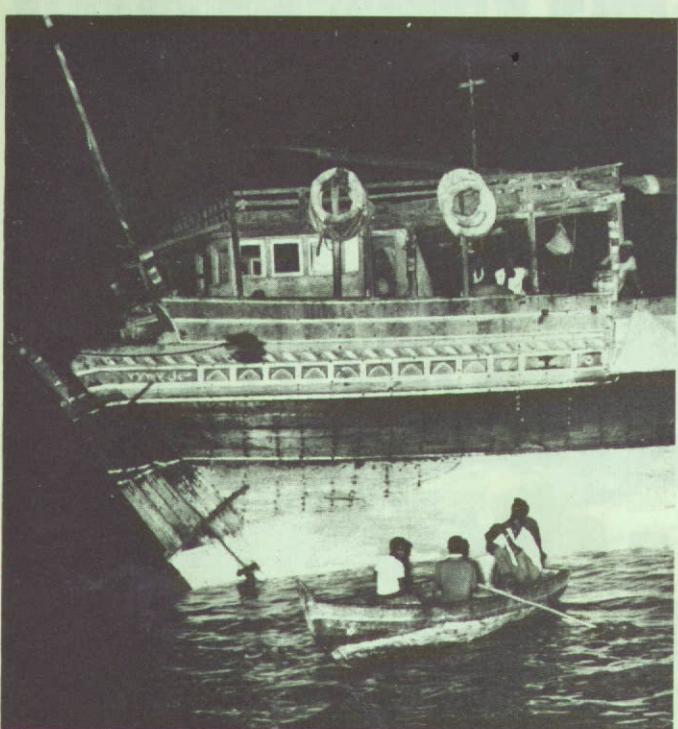


CORNER



In Aden's chaotic streets even an armed soldier is unobtrusive. Killers melt easily into the bustle.

Below: A searchlight exposes an unlit boat crossing Aden's dhow harbour. Gentle interrogation and investigation of several packages disclosed harmless mirrors decorated with Nasser's picture. The Royal Corps of Transport share harbour patrol duties with the Royal Navy. Below right: Off Slave Island, soldiers go aboard a souvenir boat to make a routine search for arms and ammunition.



idea of the situation. Wits and instinct decide his action. The net has to be thrown fast and cunningly to make a catch. For eight hours at a time the duty officers play a hair-raising game of chess against an opponent who seeks to strike at any undefended target.

The battalions "mind" a slice of territory apiece and generally keep their troubles in the family. The security centre keeps the defence plan cohesive with "all station" orders for curfew or reinforcement (swiftly imposed roadblocks can seal off turbulent Crater and chop Aden into manageable sectors).

Scrawled on a blackboard is the name of a technical officer whose line of duty calls him to deal with what are politely dubbed "explosive devices." Phones which bring news of riot and civil disturbance from the police stations ring too often. One remains silent for weeks at a time although the number is the best known in Aden. In spite of £5000 rewards, calls from informers are extremely rare.

Men are gunned down in crowded streets. People melt away and no one remembers—"I saw no shooting" is the parrot-cry.

Even those who oppose the NLF keep their knowledge of its activities to themselves. Fear plays a large part in their silence. Sana Radio broadcasts Hitlerian tirades daily. Absurd allegations against the British and farcical news bulletins are partially digested by the Adenis because the overall message is one that exerts a certain fascination—the dream of Arab nationalism triumphant.

Kid-glove treatment of the population has won no support for the British cause. Terrorists regard restraint as weakness and take full advantage. Escaping terrorists rush for crowds knowing that the soldiers will not risk a shot, hide in mosques and traverse Aden under the inviolable veil of the Moslem woman.

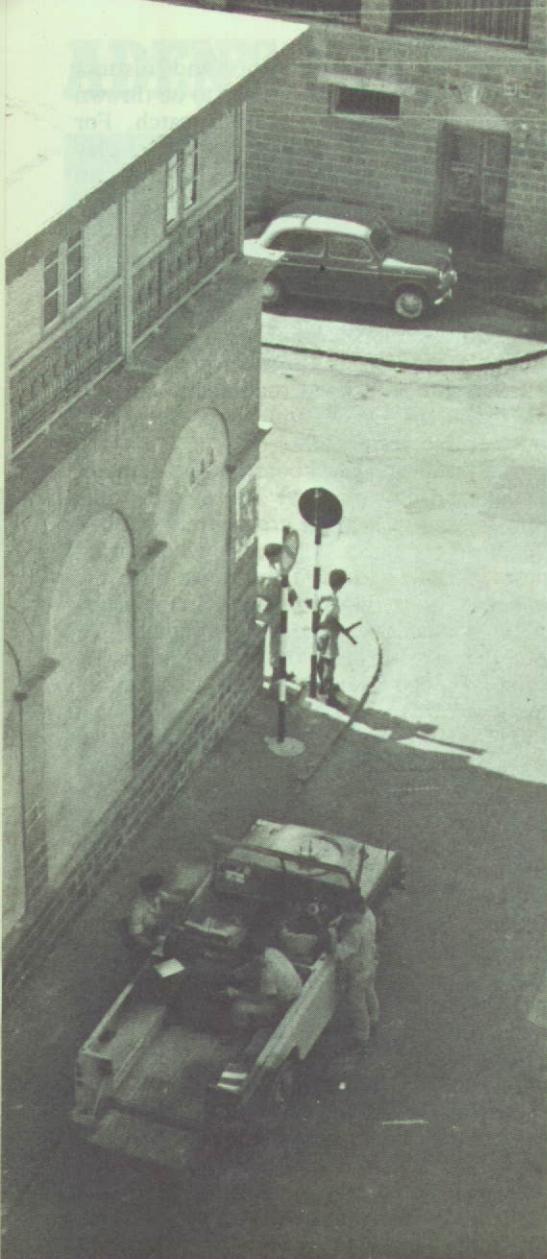
Cairo plans all subversion and pays blood money to some of the successful "heroes". A full-scale training centre and headquarters with Egyptian soldier instructors is located in Taiz, twin capital of the Yemen.

The security forces were able to shrug off the first attacks—by waterfront thugs who were untrained and irresolute. Customarily they threw grenades with the pins in or lobbed them in places where only Arabs could be hurt.

The Egyptians rethought and sent in some bazookas to their gangs to make rocket attacks on the family blocks in the mile-long Ma'alla Straight. By blocking alleys, patrolling incessantly and using wardens and snipers, the Army has put up its guard over these soft targets.

The first murder operation of the Killer Gang signified the opening of a dark phase. Unmistakably, it was the work of professionals. They were confident, daring, and they used their 9-millimetre pistols as accomplished marksmen. The five Arab Special Branch officers in Aden were killed with ruthless efficiency. A number of the killers are still loose, so naturally few Arabs dare work with the security forces. Some have been identified as Yemenis, and in

continued on page 9



Each day men of 1st Bn, Coldstream Guards, make checkpoint searches of 600 cars and 2000 people. Body searches (right) rarely produce a single round of ammunition, yet ten miles north of the state border every Arab carries a rifle. The checkpoints and the six-mile Scrubber Line of barbed wire have cut the smuggling of arms into Aden. At one checkpoint the guardsmen live on a roundabout for seven-day duties. Wanted cars are listed in three categories, but at least 2000 cars in Aden are unregistered and number plates can be changed with chameleon rapidity to confuse the searchers.



Left: A patrol of 1st Bn, The Prince of Wales's Own, operating in Crater. Below: Under the guns of the Infantry, children board wire-screened school buses.





Left: An officer in the warden scheme takes his turn of duty in Ma'alla. Men of the 1686 families living outside protected areas are organised into all rank guard squads.

Right: Martin Stannard at the microphone of the British Forces Broadcasting Service, Aden. One announcement is always gladly received—"No details of any incident have been received by us since our last security report."

Below: Behind the notorious Crescent the hunt is on for the bomb-thrower known as the Tawahi Grenadier. Within two minutes of an incident patrols reach the spot. The soldiers have had shot men die in their arms. Speed loads heavy responsibilities on NCOs in all battalions.



## ADEN'S DIRTY WAR

continued

some cases their names are known. It is one of the most serious implications of their assassination programme that only on rare occasions has anyone in Aden betrayed them.

The break came with a mysterious explosion one night and the sharp-eyed spotting of a broken window the next day. Another break followed when an alert and determined mobile patrol of The Royal Anglian Regiment captured a terrorist after a high speed chase through the streets.

Both incidents produced valuable information. Searches and raids were made and the authorities were able to counter or forestall planned attacks. A wave of bombings infinitely worse than the normal small charge in an air-conditioning unit, was narrowly aborted. Reports of bomb outrages in Saigon are read with a chill sense of foreboding in Aden—the more so since a terrorist had an accident with sufficient plastic explosive to blow him and his car to smithereens.

Strict control of the State border has

checked the smuggling of arms from the Yemen down the historic camel trails. Men of 1st Battalion, Coldstream Guards, patrol the boundary barrier at all hours. Traffic is directed through checkpoints where vehicles and occupants are searched. To protect Khormaksar Airfield and the tented camp they share with 1st Battalion, The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, the Coldstreamers continually patrol against infiltration by mortar teams.

The detection and blocking of the loopholes is a never-ending process because defending Aden against a largely unknown enemy is as easy as carrying water in a colander. Paradoxically Aden is dying by inches while the NLF wage a terrorist campaign they cannot win. The Aden Brigade is shouldering a heavy burden, but the squeals for quarter will come from the other side. Packed bunkering berths once brought prosperity to Aden. Now the berths are mostly empty and Aden will ebb away at the rate of £10,000 per absent ship until peace is restored.

## SOLDIER to Soldier

No one, including its 20,000 employees, would ever expect NAAFI to be able to divest itself entirely of the old "char and wad" image. NAAFI has always been considered a fair target for criticism although it is today a much less maligned institution than it used to be.

NAAFI has a difficult job to do, particularly in these days of rapid movement, and there is no doubt that overall it does its job well. It has certainly come a long way since the canteen, char and wad days and has kept pace with the changes in the Services it serves.

In fact NAAFI's annual report for 1965 mirrors in the increasing sophistication of its services the high standard of living which Servicemen enjoy today. Five years ago NAAFI introduced its car hire-purchase scheme—at the end of June last year agreements involving more than five million pounds had helped more than 8000 Servicemen to become car owners. A month later the scheme was extended to enable customers to save against the deposit on a car.

At home the service to car owners was extended by the opening of three more NAAFI petrol stations.

Another reflection on the standard of living is in the demand for wine, which has meant the installation of a new bottling plant in NAAFI's London wine cellars to increase filling and labelling from 500 to 1400 bottles an hour.

Similarly the demand for frozen foods throughout the NAAFI world has led to expansion in the Corporation's storage facilities and in the number of its refrigerated vehicles.

In Rhine Army a mobile men's wear shop was introduced (a second was added at home) and in the major shops customers now have the services of trained fitters instead of having to wait for the visits of a tailoring representative. Other new services last year were the sale of musical instruments to individuals, beat groups and regimental bands, producing a turnover of £14,000, and the sale of a wide range of long-playing records with a turnover of £82,000 from 76,000 of these records in the first ten months.

Outside Europe the main development has been in the Borneo territories where new clubs have been built to meet the needs of the Navy, Army and Air Force.

During the 12 months covered by the report, the amount returned to customers in rebates to unit welfare funds, discounts and dividends, totalled £2,720,000, an increase on the previous year of £66,000 in spite of pressure from rising costs. And at the end of the year extra rebates of £50,000, £158,000 and £101,000 were paid into the respective central welfare funds of the Royal Navy, Army and Royal Air Force.

# PLATOON ON CAP BADGE RIDGE

Welcome early morning visitors to Cap Badge are the crew of the Royal Air Force Wessex which brings in food and water for the mountain-top platoon. The approach to the rough landing pad is tricky.

ACTIVE service on Cap Badge Ridge perpetually dances the knife-edge between reality and pure Arabian fantasy. Cap Badge is one of the formidable Radfan mountains which prop up the sky in South Arabia. On the 3500-foot peak of this sterile, black pinnacle live some stunted bushes and 27 Welsh Guardsmen.

Platoons of the up-country battalions may be exiled to this lofty outpost of the Federation for up to seven weeks at a time. Eventful days and nights later they come down from the mountain bubbling with the experiences of a long spell of uninterrupted soldiering.

Shading their eyes, the unprivileged ground-level soldiers can see the resident platoon swarming about like a bunch of fleas on a giant's skull. Two hours of hard climbing got them there and a magic carpet of helicopters maintains them. Living in the penthouse suite of a mountain is constantly exhilarating. When half the Radfan is able to watch, even taking a shower feels



like the preliminary to a bizarre sacrificial rite.

Space in the huddle of tents and sangars is cramped, yet the platoon enjoys pleasant daytime breezes, cool nights and a war that runs hot and cold. Danger and excitement are guaranteed and occasionally come in slight overdoses. Darkness on the very night the Welsh Guards took over from the Royal Marines brought a stiff attack, and eight others followed.

The mountain surveys the Danaba basin and the wild Halmaini country where the Lee-Enfield Mk 4 is the only acknowledged lawmaker. It is also the all-important key to Wadi Taym, a semi-fertile plateau and, in 1964, the battlefield for much of the Radfan Campaign. With a number of dissidents reputedly based at the far end of Taym, British soldiers are hanging on to the mountain "in case it comes in useful again."

Anywhere but in Arabia, the defenders of Cap Badge could rely on the natural defences to deter anything but a serious attempt at capture. Illogical and optimistic

as ever, the Arab irregulars use the platoon's defences as a battle school for their recruits. The hopefuls sling their rifles, scale precipitous cliffs risking ambush and deadly defensive fire, all to take a few harassing pot-shots and scamper.

But the dangers are not to be belittled. The dissidents have mounted simultaneous attacks from three sectors employing a mortar, Belgian rocket launchers and small arms.

Defences are kept at the state of readiness of a Crusader fortress under siege—only the cauldrons of boiling oil are missing. Cobwebs of trip-flares criss-cross the steep approaches and the sangars are ringed by wire. A rocket launcher with a round partially digested is at hand on the command post roof. Grenades, 36 and phosphorus, are ready. The 2in mortar—newly resurrected in the high-explosive role with Australian ammunition—is highly popular, a real crowd-pleaser.

Occasionally at sundown the tiny figures assert their domination over the mountains

with a short fire-power practice of destructive beauty. Ammunition belts jig and scramble along the sandbags to the chrome gullets of the machine-guns. The rattle resounds among the peaks, tracer lashes the hillsides. On extreme range, parabolas of fire gracefully arc down to the wadi floor. Sergeant Michael Butler, a colourful Caerphillian, roars encouragement at the top of his voice—which is very loud indeed. "Left 100 . . . now the centre . . . Get the rocket launcher on that outcrop . . . Come on boy, get that gun working. There's a million Arabs coming through the gap and I'm a married man . . . Right, he's dead. Take over."

When distant artillery joins the tune-up to check targets the imperturbable platoon commander takes his supper to the radio and gives corrections between mouthfuls. Savage explosions follow as the shells fly into a shoulder which is uncomfortably close. It has been known for phosphorus to fall inside the wire. Playing William Tell with pack howitzers is unsettling but necessary



A well-drilled fatigue party dashes under the whirling rotor blades to fling empty jerry cans aboard. Cap Badge platoons load and unload in seconds, saving expensive engine time for the helicopters.



## COVER PICTURE

When an Arab soldier of the Trucial Oman Scouts paused against the sunset at the end of a day's camel patrol, photographer Arthur Blundell "saw" a **SOLDIER** cover. Photographs and stories gathered by a **SOLDIER** team during a month-long tour of the Middle East appear in this and subsequent issues. In one hectic 24-hour period, the team travelled by aircraft, helicopter, lorry, car, camel and donkey . . .



A platoon of Welsh Guards in occupation of the huddle of tents and sangars on the summit of Cap Badge Ridge. Games are banned. The danger of players falling off the mountain is too great.

if the guns are to be of any help in an emergency. Cap Badge's final deterrent is the Wombat, which can envelop any of the dissidents' favourite perches in a luxuriant ball of crimson candescence.

Until dawn the mountain is open season and the sentries fire on any movement. Returning ambush patrols are careful to follow planned routes and timings. The platoon's safety rests on the keen eyes and cool heads of soldiers under aimed fire for the first time. Usually the attackers move in the shadows and the first warning is a flash in the darkness and the thud of a bullet striking a sandbag. The wakened officer or sergeant shouts a state of alert to the platoon. State Three, yet to be called, is a

Rorke's Drift dire emergency—"Stand to the walls and wait for the whites . . ." The off-duty men itch to join in but receive the historic order, "Stay in bed." Overwhelming firepower subdues the attacks quickly.

However heavy the fire, the Arabs show admirable bravery in extricating their dead and wounded. The next day, patches of blood are occasionally seen glistening on the oily surface of the rocks. Sometimes they are significantly large.

When the day's first helicopter putters across from Battalion Headquarters at Habilayn, Lieutenant Michael Williams-Bulkeley, already NAAFI manager and platoon commander, begins duty as air

traffic controller. When the two rough helipads are occupied, late arrivals go into orbit round the peak and await their turn. The choppers bring everything from generals to jerrycans. As they stand in the duststorms stirred by the idling rotor blades, the helicopters are clocking up waiting time at several pounds a minute. A supercharged fatigue party plunders supplies and the daily 120-gallon water supply in seconds.

When petrol began arriving in unaccountable and embarrassing quantities the platoon advised its leader that much bother would be saved if he indented for his own helicopter.

Once in a while there arrives on Cap Badge a man with the moustache, horn-rimmed glasses and black attaché case of the travelling diplomat. Sapper Corporal Brian Chaffe, the Army's up-country flying postman, gets a tremendous reception from the mountain squatters.

The only Arab visitors are groups of children who struggle up the mountain in pathetic hand-in-hand procession for medical treatment. They suffer from everything from septic cuts to bilharzia, and the platoon's "doctor", Guardsman David Owen, does what he can. The presence of this former state registered nurse is immensely reassuring to the platoon when stray bullets are flying about.

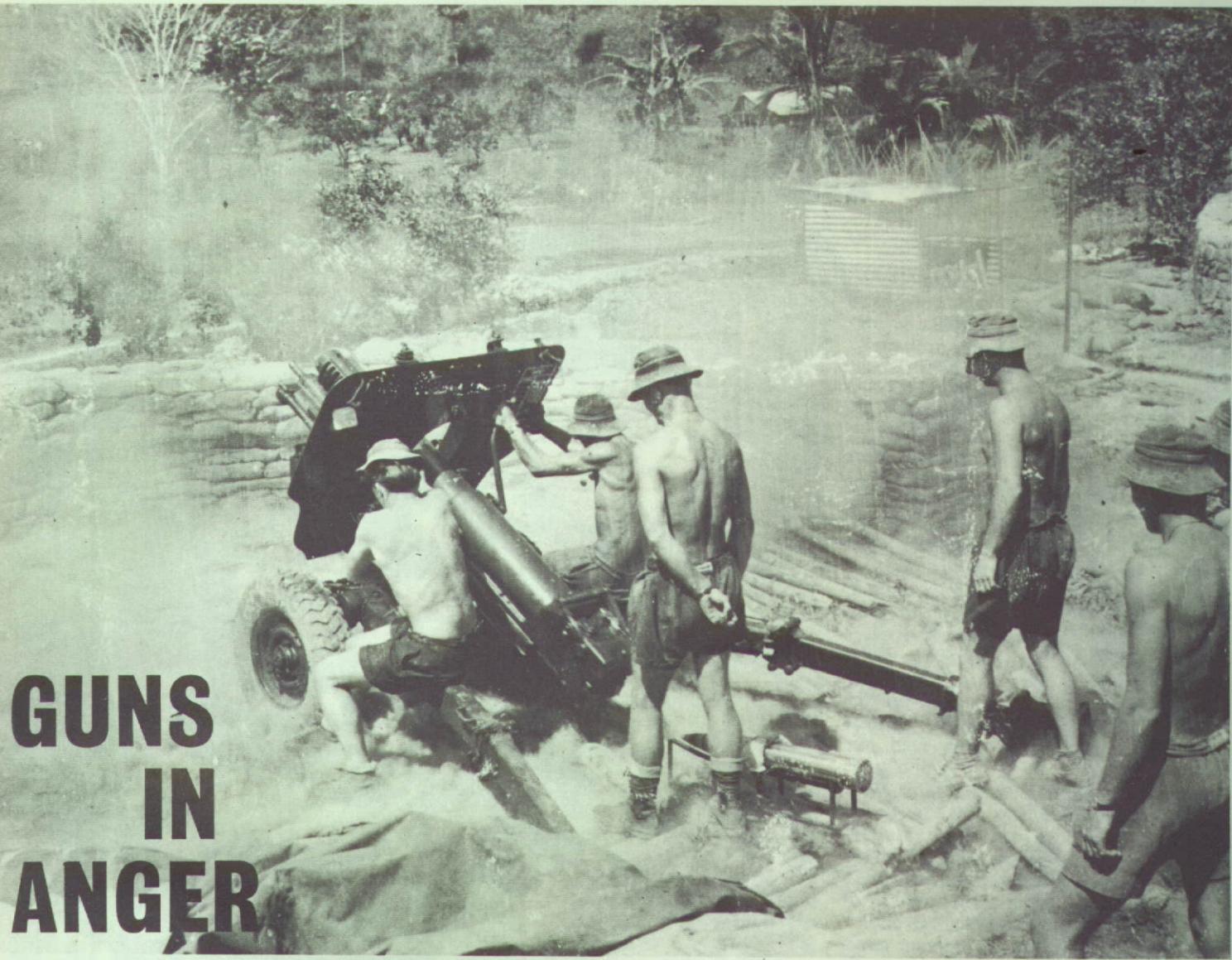
After what may be seven weeks a platoon gets the Ben Gunn feeling, and Habilayn with its few scattered lights begins to look like a lurid desert city. Even so the platoons which have matured on Cap Badge would agree with one former resident's verdict, "I don't think there is a man here who would rather be anywhere else."

## It Happened in FEBRUARY

### Date

	Year
1 British Air Training Corps founded	1941
7 Benghazi captured by the British	1941
8 Confederate States of America formed	1861
17 Pact of Bordeaux signed	1871
18 Nepal proclaimed a constitutional monarchy	1951
21 Battle of Verdun began	1916
26 "Buffalo Bill" Cody born	1846
26 Battle of Benevento	1266





# GUNS IN ANGER

THE was no sound but the jungle as a platoon of Gurkhas waited silently in ambush for an Indonesian patrol. The metallic buzz of jungle life dominated everything until a sharp-eared soldier picked out an odd sound and, almost immediately camouflaged Indonesians appeared moving swiftly along a narrow track.

The gunfire was deafening. Brens blazed, Claymore mines belched steel destruction,

rifle grenades lobbed lazily through the air and punctuating this cacophony were the screams of the dying.

A Gunner officer, crouching beside the Gurkha commander, got busy and seconds later 105mm shells howled overhead, bursting with thunderous cracks in the tree canopy a hundred yards away and spreading death among the Indonesian troops massed in confusion outside the ambush killing zone.

In three minutes the ambush was over. Twelve Indonesians lay dead and screams rang out down the track where the shells were falling.

And while the Gurkhas moved with practised ease along their withdrawal route, the Gunner forward observation officer continued to bring down shellfire on the remnants of the Indonesian patrol.

This was an incident typical of scores of similar actions experienced by men of 45 Light Regiment, Royal Artillery, who were due to return to England last month after more than two years in the Far East.

It has been an exciting tour for the Regiment. Part of 28 Commonwealth Brigade stationed at Terendak Camp, Malacca, the Gunners spent much of their time spread out in Borneo along the Indonesian border.

170 (Imjin) Battery was the first in action and was followed by 70 Light Battery. Only a few weeks after arriving in the area, B Troop of 70 Battery fired 168 rounds at maximum charge in support of a Gurkha

assault on a stores dump in a cliff-top cave. Later B Troop suffered seven slight casualties in a night mortar attack on its hill-top base.

In the ambush which claimed 12 Indonesians, A Troop fired the first defensive fire SOS since the Korean War and killed eight more Indonesians in the subsequent shellfire.

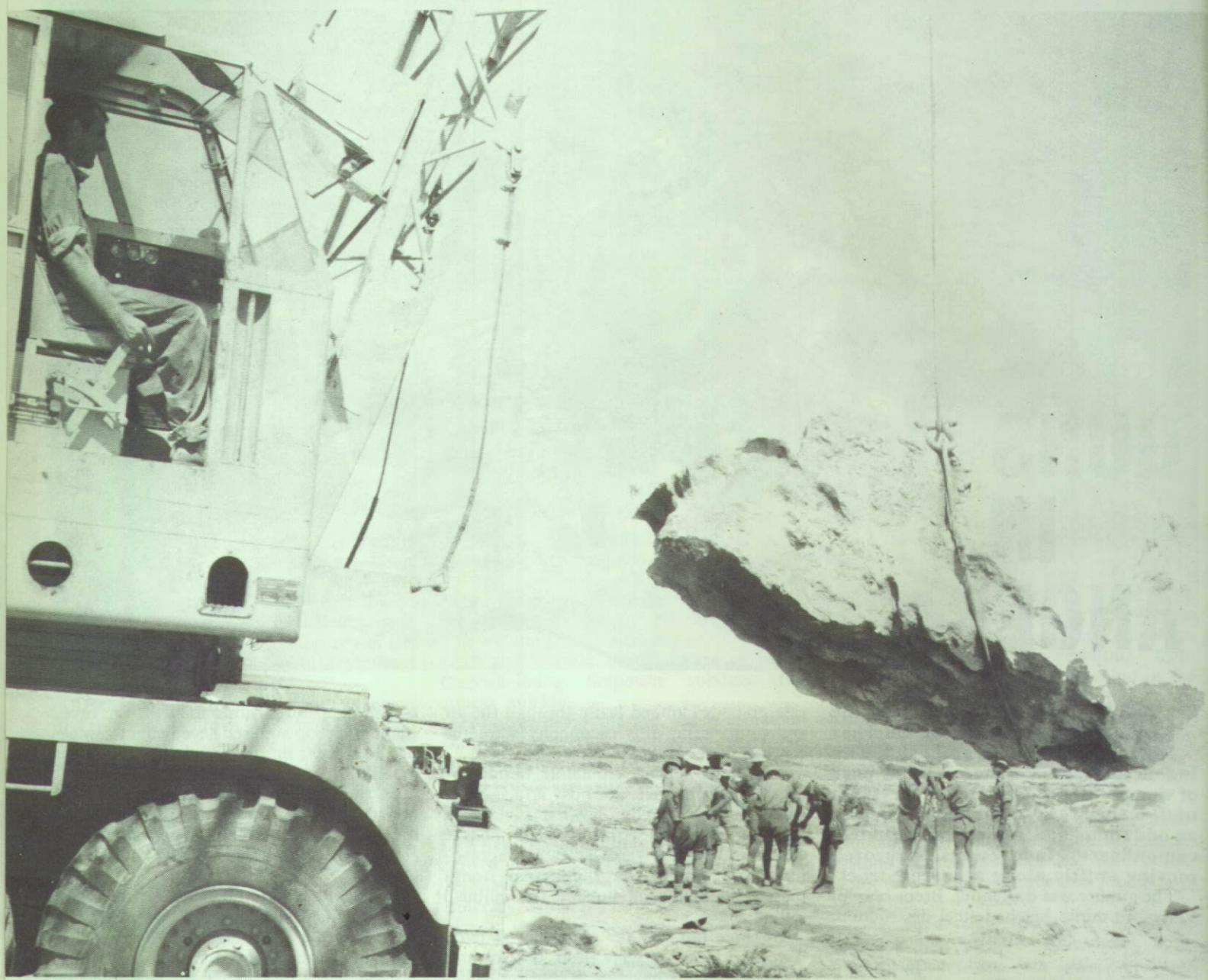
Soon after 176 (Abu Klea) Battery took over the field, the guns of the Regiment were covering a frontage of 173 miles. All the guns were deployed singly in Infantry company locations under the command of a subaltern or warrant officer, who usually spent most of his time on patrol as a forward observation officer.

Battery Sergeant-Major Webster, of 176 Battery, earned a Mention-in-Dispatches while commanding his gun position in an open-sights engagement at a range of 80 yards, and 70 Battery was credited with 23 kills when it helped break up a large enemy infiltration in March last year. 102 Field Battery, Royal Australian Artillery, the Commonwealth battery attached to 45 Regiment, was sent to Borneo in May last year after kicking its heels in frustration for some months after taking part in the repulsion of Indonesian landings on the Malayan mainland.

During its tour in Borneo and Malaya, 45 Light Regiment gave artillery support to 22 Infantry battalions—a proud record to bring home.



# FROM A HOLE TO A MOLE



**K**ING NEPTUNE, complete with trident, rose from the depths and caused something of a sensation at the opening of a newly-built harbour on Akrotiri Sovereign Base Area in Cyprus.

Gesticulating madly, he popped up in front of a Z Craft of 471 Lighterage Troop, Royal Corps of Transport, as it approached the harbour, and insisted on being hauled aboard by a 20-ton crane.

After much parley with the Commander Royal Engineers, Lieutenant Colonel E C O'Callaghan, the King graciously agreed to sign an impressive document conveying the freehold of the harbour to the Queen (of England, that is) and together King Neptune and the Colonel stepped ashore to perform the official opening ceremony.

It was a fitting climax to Operation Neptune, the biggest Sapper project ever undertaken in Cyprus, which has given the Sovereign Base Area its own harbour through which supplies can be delivered direct from ship to shore.

Neptune started eighteen months ago soon after it had been decided to build a rough-rock mole suitable for Z Craft and other lighters. Fresh from beating a 21-day deadline to build a 1000-yard airstrip, Sappers of Cyprus Park Squadron, Royal Engineers, rolled up their sleeves and accepted the challenge to complete Operation Neptune on time.

By the time winter halted work for four months, emergency shelter had already been built and when work started again in the spring, the long finger of the mole

grew week by week. Huge rocks, averaging seven tons apiece, were cut from nearby quarries and handled by crane operators working on the brink of 330-foot high cliffs. Often they were fighting at the controls to lift the maximum weight. They had to shift about 60,000 tons of rock to build the 900-foot long mole. Eighty feet wide at the base, tapering to a height of 12 feet above sea level, the mole was laid in about 20 feet of water.

Ancillary projects were the building of an access ramp within the harbour area, a vehicle park, a 1000-yard approach road and a 240-foot slipway blasted into the coastline nearby so that vessels can be hauled up for maintenance and repair.

Other units involved were 42 and 58 Squadrons, Royal Corps of Transport;



Left: Another huge rock for the mole is man-handled by a heavy crane at one of the quarries.

Above: A Z Craft takes on a cargo of massive rocks which will be used on the fast-growing rock mole.

Below: The mole virtually complete—it took 60,000 tons of rock to build it in about 20 feet of water.

48 Command Workshop, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers; 251 Company, Royal Pioneer Corps; Malta Fortress Squadron, Royal Engineers; 471 Lighterage Troop, Royal Corps of Transport; 33 Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, and Royal Air Force Akrotiri Workshop.

King Neptune at the opening ceremony was played by Captain John Berkley-Matthews, the project officer, and his hard work and enthusiasm were acknowledged by naming the vehicle park after him—what else but Berkley Square?

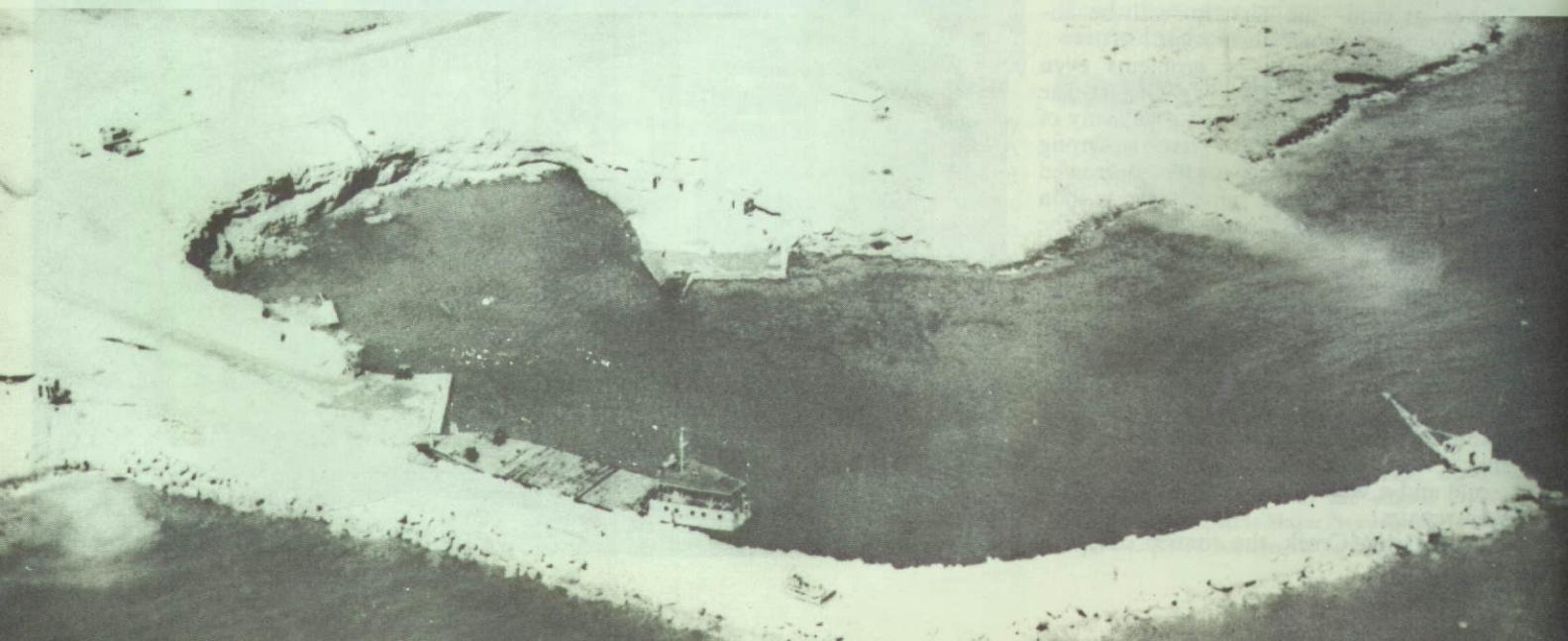
The other individual particularly honoured was Warrant Officer Dick Collins, the Military Plant Foreman. He was described by Colonel O'Callaghan as: "A tower of strength. Like the best type of crane, he has a good reach, an excellent engine and an efficient built-in loud-speaker system. This project . . . would not have been finished in time without 'Q' Collins."

Warrant Officer Collins had a pleasant shock at the opening. The nameplate Neptune Mole had been prominently displayed before the opening but a few hours before the unveiling it was secretly switched to "Collins Mole."

The remaining three projects were all given names. Malta Ramp and Pioneer Slipway paid tribute to the work of the Fortress Squadron and the Pioneer Company, and the access road was christened Park Lane, after the Park Squadron.

Final tribute paid by Colonel O'Callaghan was to the wives of the men involved in the project. "For 11 days in every fortnight, month in and month out, they spent lonely hours at home. Yet they managed their affairs well . . . and it has rarely been necessary for soldiers to leave the project and return to their homes some 70 miles away."

*From a report by Terry Coombs, Army Public Relations, Cyprus.*



# UBIQUE THE RAIN

**R**AİN, buckets of it, gallons of it. Inches and inches of rain. Rain that washed away bridges and blocked roads. Ten days of rain. It hardly made British Honduras a Caribbean paradise for 200 Sappers who flew there from England to build a bridge and an airstrip.

This freak weather played havoc with the tight programme that the soldiers set themselves and was the worst of a series of problems and setbacks. Nevertheless it was an adventurous and exciting project for the men from 36 Engineer Regiment at Maidstone.

Faithful Britannias of Royal Air Force Transport Command lifted the party of men and their equipment via Gander to Nassau in the Bahamas from where Hastings aircraft moved them on the last leg of the journey to Belize, the capital of British Honduras.

It was like walking into a Hollywood set for a Wild West film—lots of single storey wooden buildings with men wearing cowboy boots and ten-gallon hats.

Setting up headquarters with D company of 1st Battalion, The Staffordshire Regiment, the Colony's garrison troops, the Sappers quickly moved out to the location of their tasks.

One party trundled off along the bumpy highway that leads south to Freshwater Creek, 100 miles from the capital, where they were to build a bridge. The other party moved off to the proposed site of the Colony's new capital, 50 miles from Belize, where they were to build an airstrip capable of taking a Cessna five-seater aircraft.

Belize, still recovering from the disastrous effects of Hurricane Hattie four years ago, is judged to be too vulnerable to Nature's wrath and a new capital is to be built on higher ground—the airstrip will be invaluable when work starts soon.

There were plenty of problems even before the rain started. Arriving at the bridge site the Sappers found that many of the piles that had been cut were the wrong size. And the two pile-drivers they borrowed were hardly ideal—one tipped over as soon as it picked up any sizeable weight and the other was fitted with equipment for much smaller piles.

However, having flown 5000 miles to do the job, the Sappers were not to be put off by this minor problem and by combining the equipment of both pile-drivers they managed to get one working, although the frame of the modified version was so weak that it snapped almost every time it struck a pile and a welder was kept busy on non-stop repairs.

At Roaring Creek, the airstrip site, they

began clearing the jungle to make way for the 2000-foot runway. A bog had to be cleared and filled with hardcore before they were able to start routine cutting and filling to make the ground level.

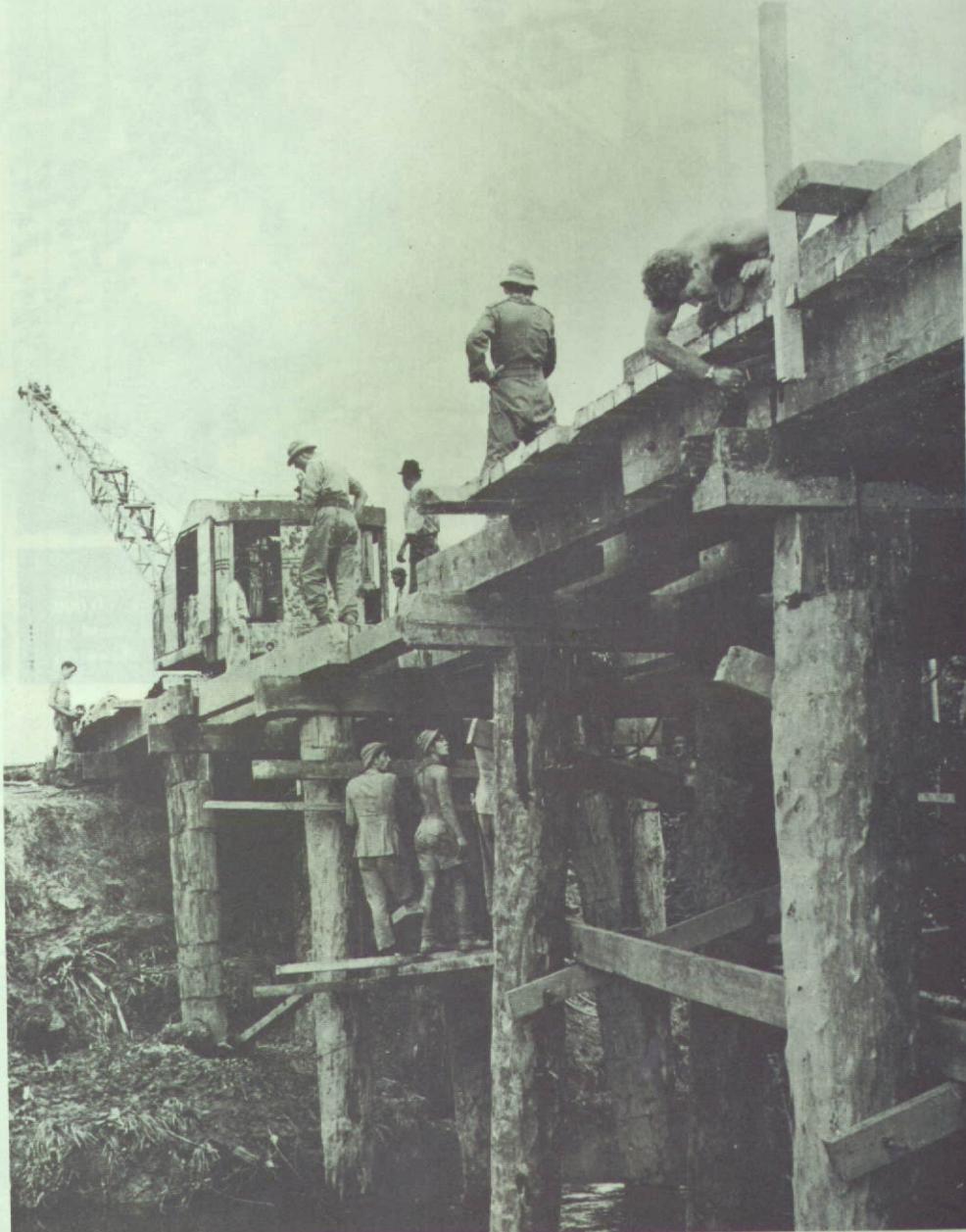
Another big problem was the local insects. At the bridge site, which was damp and green, bottler flies bit and bit the men. Liberal smearings of the Army's insect repellent helped but could not stop all the bites.

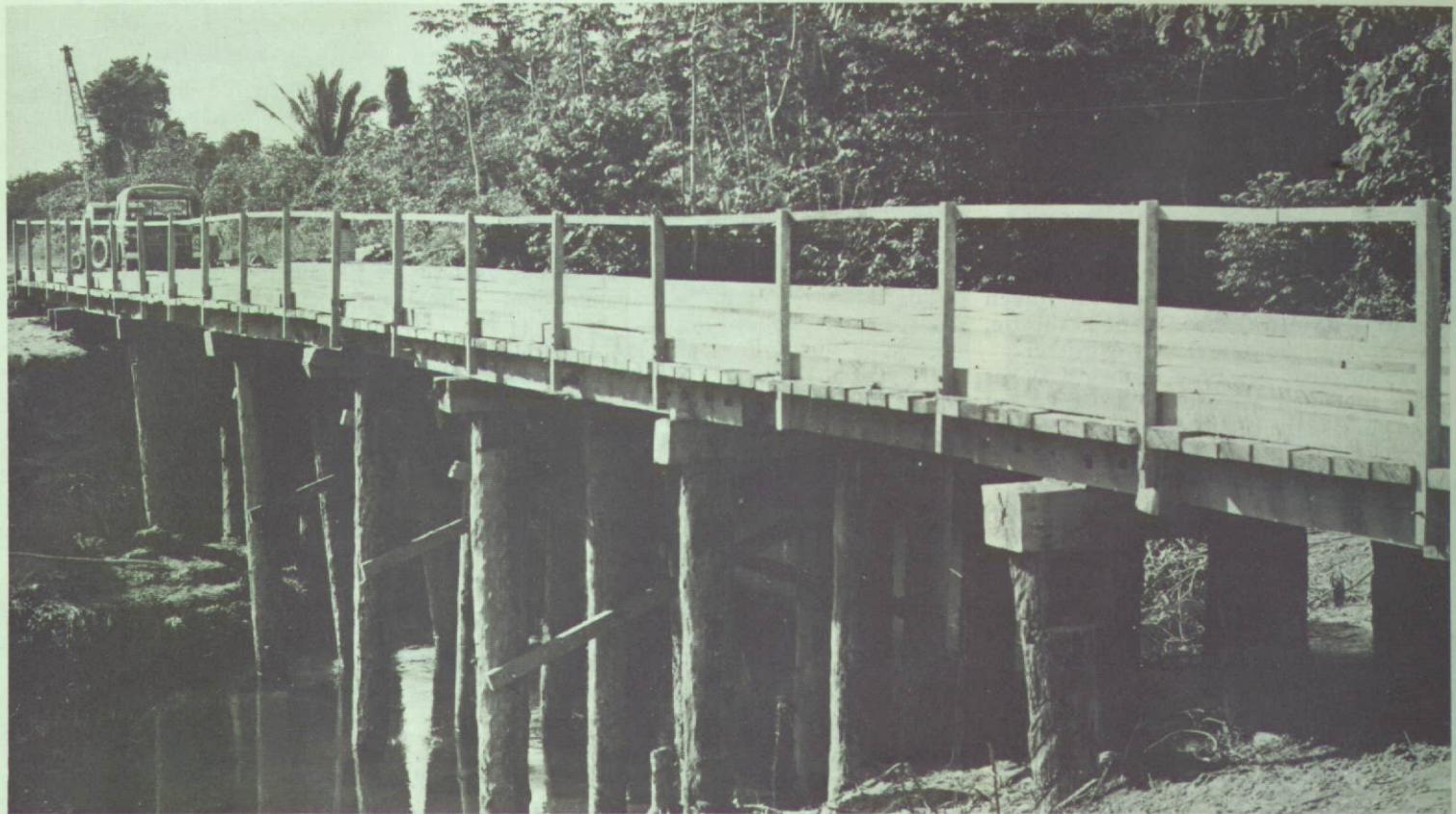
Major H E H Newman, who commanded the project, said: "With all the men working stripped to the waist the repellent just wore off during the day. By the end of the exercise

everyone was really badly bitten and there were two chaps on whom you could not have put a threepenny bit without touching a bite."

But worse was to come. After seven days of Caribbean sunshine, the sky darkened and the rain started. It pelted down day after day. Work at the airstrip ground to a halt as the earth became a quagmire and plant floundered uselessly in the mud. Up at the bridge, work got slower and slower. New piles being cut to the correct size were stuck in a forest—nothing could pull them through the rain-swamped ground.

Then a bridge over which they would





Above: The completed bridge is a permanent structure and will last for many years. It has helped to open up the road leading towards Guatemala in the south.



Left: Sappers working on the bridge near its completion. The piles were made of a local hardwood and pine cut from nearby forests.



Right: Territorials working on extending a Forestry Commission trail high in the Maya Mountains. Conditions became so bad at one point that they were cut off for four days.

had to be brought was swept away and that was the end of those piles. Another forest was rapidly found and pine piles were cut and moved to the site.

The men splashed around in the deluge getting on with their work as best they could. In one day alone, four-and-a-half inches of rain fell. But after ten drenched days and 14 inches the rain stopped and at last work could start again in earnest.

While the two major projects were going on, Sappers were busy in other parts of the Colony. Up in the Maya Mountains, 20 men, including ten Territorial volunteers from 131 Parachute Engineer Regiment, were extending a Forestry Commission trail over a mountain ridge. Conditions were so

bad for these men during the rain that they were completely cut off for four days. A small party from 42 Field Survey Regiment did useful work fixing the location of fire lookout towers and 61 Field Park Squadron were kept busy around Belize re-painting signs, building a school playground and lots of other odd jobs.

With an average of 60 men working day and night on the bridge, it began growing fast. Huge piles, some up to 35 feet long, were driven up to 15 feet into the ground by the much-welded pile-driver. The bridge, 120 feet long, was finally completed after 14 working days. Without the rain, Major Newman estimated it could have been finished in seven to ten days.

Because of these setbacks, there was not much time for recreation for the hard-pressed Sappers. Stann Creek and Roaring Creek, the villages nearest the two projects, had few recreational facilities although most of the men had some time off to sample the pleasures of the Continental and Bamboo Bay night clubs in Belize.

Most popular recreation was a trip to the islands off the coastline where the men could fish and swim in safety protected from the many sharks and barracuda. The local garrison came in for plenty of praise for their hospitality and the Sappers were given the run of the Garrison's facilities, including a swimming pool.

The happy-go-lucky people of British Honduras made a big impression and most of the Sappers were sorry to go when the time came. On the return trip they were all booked into the luxurious Royal Victoria Hotel and tasted the pleasures of the millionaire's playground where beer is four shillings and sixpence a glass and tomatoes are three shillings each.

Left behind the Sappers in British Honduras were a permanent bridge and an airstrip for a new town.



Mr R E Barefoot, a Colony official, signs for "one bridge, complete" at the official handing over ceremony. Left is Major Newman and right is Major P G Rosser, commanding 60 Field Squadron.

# Mr Reynolds moves up

After 14 months as Under-Secretary of State for the Army, Mr Gerry Reynolds has been promoted, in a Government reshuffle, to become the new Army Minister.

He succeeds Mr Fred Mulley who has been appointed Minister of Aviation, but does not take the latter's additional appointment of Deputy Secretary of State for Defence, which now lapses.

Mr Reynolds, 38 years old and one of the fastest speakers in the House of Commons, is an expert on local government matters which, with cars, he lists as his hobbies.

Educated at Acton County Grammar

School and Ealing Technical College, he has been a member of Acton Borough Council, chairman of its Finance Committee, then Mayor in 1961/62, chairman of Ealing Borough Council and is now an alderman of the Greater London Borough of Ealing. He has been local government adviser to the Labour Party, which he joined in 1945, and is a member of the Transport and General Workers' Union, Co-operative Party and London Co-operative Society, and treasurer of the London Federation of Trade Councils.

The new Minister won his seat in the Islington North bye-election of May 1958

and held it in the General Election of October 1964 with a majority of 6613 in a three-cornered contest.

Mr Reynolds's father-in-law was a Regular soldier for 21 years and the Minister himself served in the Army, but for only four days—he applied for a short service commission in 1945 but was turned down on medical grounds.

His successor as Under-Secretary of State for the Army is Mr Merlyn Rees, 45-year-old schoolmaster and economics lecturer and Member for Leeds South where he succeeded Mr Hugh Gaitskell in June 1961.



Mr Reynolds at his desk in the Ministry of Defence.

**MINISTRY OF DEFENCE**  
**MAIN BUILDING, WHITEHALL, LONDON, S.W.1**  
**TELEPHONE WHITEHALL 7022**

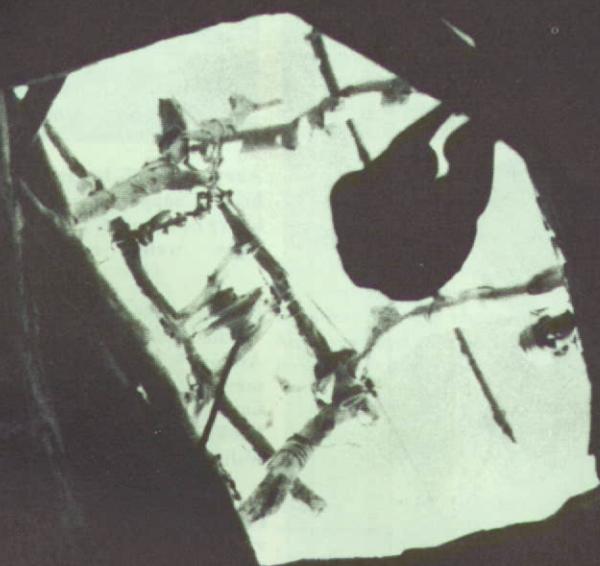
**MINISTER OF DEFENCE  
FOR THE ARMY**

Message to the Soldier Magazine  
from  
Mr. G.W. Reynolds, M.P.  
Minister of Defence for the Army

In a year spent as Under Secretary of State for the Army I have met many of your readers serving at home and abroad, learnt something of the Army's hopes and needs and the problems still to be overcome. It will be my task as Minister of Defence for the Army to deal with those problems and to see that the Army continues to play its full part in our National Defence. Count on me to do my best. I wish Soldier Magazine and all your readers a happy and prosperous New Year.

[Handwritten signature of Mr. G.W. Reynolds]

31st December 1965



Left: A Sapper clambering down into the dank gloom of a well shaft in the South Arabian Federation. Overhead are the bleached timbers of a rough gantry. Above: Lance-Corporal Jim Ray surfaces.

## SUBTERRANEAN SAPPERS

Story by JOHN SAAR / Pictures by ARTHUR BLUNDELL

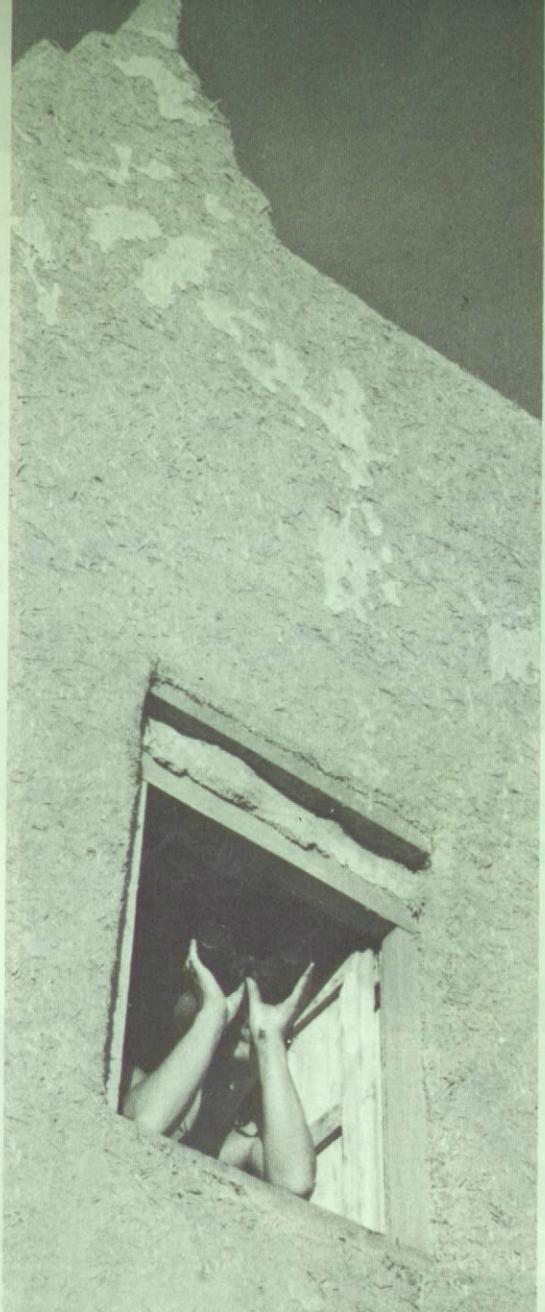
**H**IGH in the parched hill-states of South Arabia a tiny group of Sappers is hunting for buried treasure. The commodity they sweat and fight for is water: the liquid gold which pushes back deserts, the key to survival for dying tribes.

Land once so fertile as to be thought the site of the fabulous Garden of Eden is now scorched and shrivelled semi-desert. Below this dehydrated waste lies water in Mancunian quantities. In between is the barrier—100 to 130 feet of sand and rock.

Enter Sappers of the Civil Assistance Troop, bravely titled but reduced by wear and tear to seven Trojans. With fanatical enthusiasm they are bulldozing, blasting, digging and damming six days a week to bring precious moisture to this arid land. For weeks at a time, many miles from the nearest British unit, they toil away under the protecting rifles of tribal guards.

“Ubique” for these Sappers means 80 feet down a claustrophobic well-shaft, a Hell’s workshop far removed from the bright sunlight. Two at a time they stand to their knees in mud and claw their way downwards. Dog-tags swinging against mud-smeared chests, they force bucking drills into the bedrock. In the light smuggled down from the sky-circle far above they communicate by mime and grimace.

At the musty depth of the burrow the scream of the drills is an encouraging as whistling in the dark. When the clangour stops, the squelch of boots and mutter of conversation fracture the sepulchral silence.



Above: Somali interpreter helps a Sapper to haul up heavy equipment. The men below watch carefully.

Far left: The Sappers eat "some of the best food in Arabia." Highly complimented cook is Lance-Corporal C Pestridge. Left: Lookout window in the walls of "The Alamo."

Right: Bedou tribesmen visit the site and greet their Naib (local ruler) with a volley into the air.



Above: Immediately a new well is started, it becomes a social centre. While Sappers work elsewhere Arab soldiers of the Federal Regular Army exchange news with the Nisab Naib.



Right: Lance-Corporal Jim Watson cuts lengths of fuse for blasting charges. Much-coveted explosives have to be closely guarded.

Below: A hard life has etched deep lines in the face of the Troop's aged Chokidar. He brews tea and guards the site at night.



The shaft feels menacingly like a tomb for two. A fall-out of sand from the unshored walls patters down continuously in a gritty rain. If a cave-in happens, talk of rescue is mere academic debate. Long before help could arrive the trapped men would have ceased to take interest.

When these men, now full-time subterraneans, were posted to the new Troop a year ago they expected something different.

"We saw 'civil assistance' and thought we'd be in Aden—wearing civvies, lots of swimming." On that optimistic note they flew up-country one day after arrival as the sharp end of a hearts and minds campaign.

As they dug new wells, repaired old ones and demolished rock outcrops hindering agriculture, candid Arabs were asking for more Sappers. By the time inter-tribal feuding over the priority of their projects ended their first operation, the Sappers had established their versatility. Unexploded ammunition brought with hair-raising confidence from far and near was dealt with: an Arab severely injured when he fell from a tree, now lives on borrowed time through Lance-Corporal Jim Watson's intelligent medical aid.

Her Majesty's purveyors of water to the

South Arabian Federation then flew to Nisab which boasts a landscape midway between the Moon and Montana. When the Beverley took off from a rough sandstrip, the Troop's men were left like desert castaways with composite rations, a seventeen bulldozer and their own weight in plastic explosive.

They were not idle or abandoned for long. The rain is two years late in Nisab and their help was badly needed. Installed in a fortified house they call "The Alamo" they began operations. Since then 32 square miles of territory have been surveyed for an irrigation scheme and wire cages filled with rocks have been strategically placed to hold the rain when it comes.

Requests for wells are endless and the leader, Quartermaster-Sergeant-Instructor Peter Wells, compromises by persuading the villagers to make a start. When they strike rock or trouble the Sappers take over. The rate of progress increases sharply as they start sowing the bottom of the shaft with explosive charges and spiderwebs of instantaneous fuse. One Arab was caught pocketing a stick of explosive. Requests for charges to blow private wells are regularly made and just as regularly turned down.

The risk of injury from falling objects is an ever-present danger for the shaft workers. As the baskets carrying rubble and heavy equipment sway up and down through the festoons of cable they hug the walls and watch warily. After one or two alarming incidents the erratic local labourers were banned from the wellhead. Even with a Sapper permanently stationed at the top, communication is hampered by infuriating complications. At these times of stress the depth of the shaft has certain advantages, as pointed out by Lance-Corporal Jim Ray, a keen boxer: "You storm off up the rope to punch someone and when you get to the top all your steam has gone."

Although damp walls are a useful warning that they are getting near water, the borers often find that seepage starts high above a good source. In one well a pump was keeping down 14 feet of seepage before the Sappers struck the stream.

Wells dug at a tangent to the main shaft introduce extra hazards. The dangers of a sudden and disastrous flood are only too clear to the Arabs when they ask for the Army's help. The Sappers go down with torches and steel probes to make the breakthrough.

Nisab is only 12 precarious miles from the Yemen border and the isolated Troop has had its share of scares. The closest call came when the Troop's Land-Rover skidded to a stop two feet from a mine. Leaving their bulldozer unguarded on the site at night is a habit the Sappers have broken. Uncertain moments when the button was pressed first thing in the morning were rather too exciting. Now the guards protect the Sappers and their equipment. Offenders get short shift. One was going to be hung up by his wrists for a day until the Troop intervened.

The Sappers get repeated assurances that while they are improving the water supply no one will harm them. They nod and smile and wisely take no chances. They never leave the walled courtyard of the Alamo without an escort. When they go to bed on the roof at night they do so without lights.

Living in almost total isolation, daily placing their lives in one another's hands, the Sappers have evolved as a happy, confident team. As valued a member as any is the pipe-smoking Army Catering Corps cook, Lance-Corporal Charlie Pestridge. He presides over a well-scrubbed table on which are served ingeniously good meals

and countless coffees. In true badland style he keeps a pair of binoculars by a handy window to study any clouds of dust on the horizon. Living on the fringe of a village the Troop has found it pays to know what is going on.

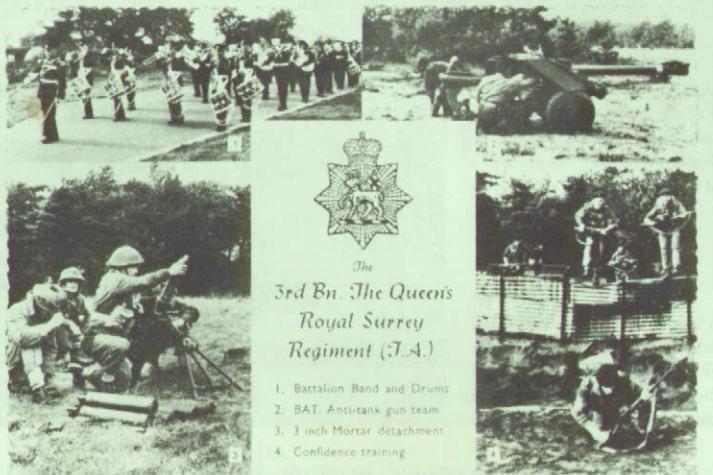
Due to the lack of all facilities, including barbers, conversation as an art has returned at the Alamo. Any subject under the sun rates a night's chatter and visitors go to bed hoarse in the small hours. Reading, bridge, chess, draughts, marathon games of Chase the Lady and studying the stars upside down through a theodolite all help to pass the time. When things are desperate Sapper Tich Batchelor plays the only tune he knows, *Auld Lang Syne*, on an orchestral mouth organ.

By luck and process of elimination the surviving members of the Troop have adapted perfectly to their peculiar existence and thoroughly enjoy it. They are earnest about the work they do and warmed by the immense gratitude of the Arabs. In every mind's eye is a picture of maize and cotton growing round their wells in the years ahead. They all thought the Army was not doing enough of their type of work. Certain it is that no seven men could do more.

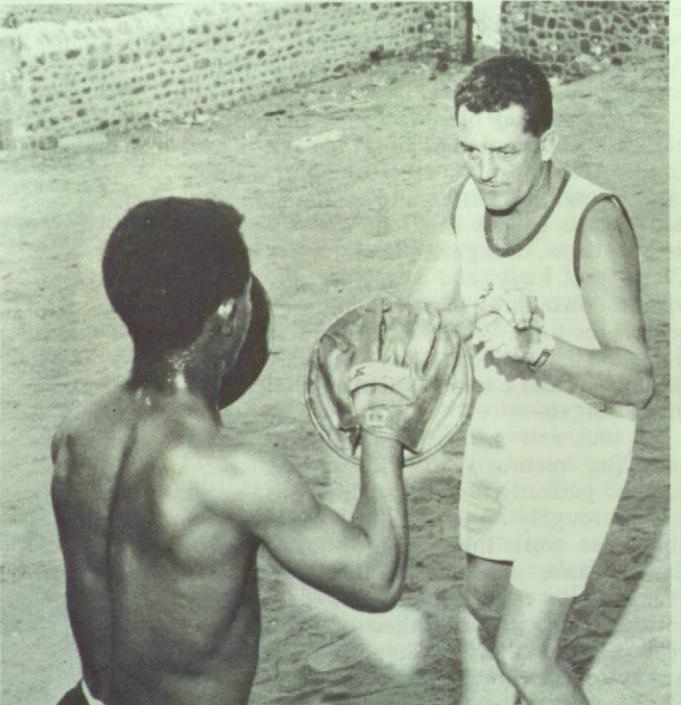


A flimsy horse-drawn buggy wisely pulled off the road to let this tank thunder through during the Indo-Pakistan hostilities. United Press photographer C J Dawson was there to click his shutter on the incident. The picture won him a second award in the "British Press Pictures of the Year" competition organised by the Rank Organisation and the Institute of Incorporated Photographers.

Book matches, beermats and brochures have always been popular recruiting aids. Now comes the glossy postcard (right) produced for 3rd Battalion, The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment, Territorial Army. Attractive pictures of Battalion training catch the eye on the front and a list of drill halls underlines the message.



There is one place in Aden where the Arabs throw punches at the British rather than rocks. At a body-building gymnasium in the tough Crater area, Adenis are being taught to box by men of 1st Battalion, The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire. Pictured right is Staff-Sergeant Eric Costall, Army Physical Training Corps, who came to the club's first tournament and stayed on as chief instructor. While the weekly training sessions are in progress, armed guards keep discreetly in the background. Battalion ring equipment is used. In spite of the language problem training could not be going better. Staff Costall keeps up a non-stop corrective commentary in broad Yorkshire, and somehow the Adenis catch on.



This impressive new armour is destined for the Swedish, German and American armies. For Sweden there is a self-propelled, radar-equipped 40mm anti-aircraft battery (above right). Fitted with automatic tracing equipment, the vehicle is a fast reactor—the turret can turn a full circle in 1.5 seconds. The other new Swedish vehicle is a 48-ton self-propelled 155mm gun (above) with good cross-country mobility. Manned by a crew of between four and seven men, it can fire 14 rounds in 45 seconds at a range of more than 13 miles. Both these vehicles have dual power plants—a 240 horsepower Rolls Royce engine for cruising and a 330hp



# Left, Right and Centre



Boeing turbine engine for high speed operation. Demonstrating its ambitious capabilities is the Leopard (below left), a new German tank with a 105mm gun which can travel at full speed through water and, with an observer up the conning tower, can even travel completely under water. New from America is "Muscles" (below), a 57½-ton tank developed for the United States Army for front-line engineering work. Pictured here, at Detroit tank arsenal, lifting a 16,000-pound turret casing, "Muscles" is equipped with bulldozing equipment, a boom capable of lifting 21,000 pounds and a potent 165mm assault gun for blasting enemy fortifications.



This is the Andover, a new Hawker-Siddeley aircraft for Royal Air Force Transport Command. Powered by two Rolls-Royce Dart engines, the short take-off-and-landing Andover has been designed for a variety of roles—troop-carrying, paratrooping, transport of freight and vehicles, air supply and casualty evacuation. It has big rear loading doors and a hydraulically-operated "kneel-ing" undercarriage which enables the floor of the aircraft to be adjusted to meet any truck level.



The first Laotian girl to audition for the pipes and drums of 1st Battalion, The Gordon Highlanders, took a preliminary and cautious puff. Corporal Joe Kerr was the man who loaned his pipes (left) at a British Embassy party for orphaned children in Vientiane, Laos. In celebration of the annual religious festival of That Luang, the King of Laos attended a display by the Battalion's dancers, and a parade.



Behind the cloud of smoke (left) is the Hurofinpany, the only musical instrument in the world played by giving it a good bash with a hammer. It was invented in New Zealand to replace the guns in a performance of the 1812 Overture and comprises a rack of 25-pounder shell cases with detonators and a carefully calculated explosive charge. To play the instrument the musician places a primer-popping hammer on the detonator and at the conductor's signal gives it a good hit with an ordinary hammer. Demonstrating the Hurofinpany here is Lieutenant D R Hughes, Royal New Zealand Army Ordnance Corps, co-inventor with Captain D H Rollo and Second Lieutenant J B Finnerty. The only accomplishments needed to play this charming new instrument are a straight eye, a steady hand and a sense of timing. However, some care has to be taken in the size of the charge to avoid blowing up the whole orchestra.

As the Guardsmen advanced through the darkness the promised gentle initiation to war seemed to be coming true. Overhead the air was filled with the comforting shriek of a 24,000-shell supporting barrage. From the objective, a horseshoe of hills in the Western Desert, came a few scattered shots.

Then a single strand of wire was cut and disaster followed. Unbeknown to British intelligence, the Germans had sown two minefields and the battalion was ensnared. As the Guardsmen struggled to advance, mines laid them low in dozens and mortars added to the murderous toll.

The survivors rallied and, when they gallantly over-ran German positions, victory still seemed possible. But as dawn approached, Germans in undetected posts brought the defenders under fierce fire from all points of the compass. After a desperate bid at reinforcement, and heavy loss of life, the Guardsmen fought their way out.

The intelligence failure and the capture by the enemy of a vital map cost 279 killed, wounded and missing. The 1943 attack on the Mareth Line had failed but the soldiers had triumphed and their Regiment, the Grenadier Guards, was intensely proud.

As in a thousand other crises in the Grenadiers' 309-year history, the peacetime characteristics of smartness and discipline transmuted easily to battlefield valour.

The tradition of unquestioning obedience may stem from the Civil War when Britons were first formed into disciplined armies. Cromwell forced Charles II and the remnants of his Royal Army to flee to Belgium and they took with them the memory of the bitter lessons taught by the highly organised New Model Army. In 1656 the King founded his own Army by raising the Royal Regiment of Guards.

The Regiment began as many others have ended, with an amalgamation. It united with a Guards regiment raised in England and sailed for America to put down a rising in Virginia.

Defending Tangier against a Moorish army which vastly outnumbered them, the First Guards won their first battle honour. The date was 1680. The assault on the fortress town of Namur and the defence of Gibraltar saw more good work by the First Guards and ushered in the 18th century.

The Duke of Marlborough now took a hand in Britain's destiny and none felt the effect more than the Regiment he had joined as a young man many years before. This ancestor of Winston Churchill was one of Britain's greatest leaders, but his battles were bloody affairs for victors and vanquished alike. Occupying their usual post of greatest danger at the right of the line, the First Guards suffered heavily at Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet.

From 1740, when the Regiment was split into three battalions, until 1960 when the 3rd Battalion was disbanded, the First Guards were in action all over the world. They fought under King George II at Dettingen and had a famous encounter with



## LOYAL AND STEADFAST

Above: Princess Elizabeth was only fifteen years old when she was appointed Colonel-in-Chief of the Grenadier Guards. Right: The war was only three months over, yet the Grenadiers marching through Brussels in 1945 were as smart as ever.



At Waterloo, the Grenadiers won their cap badge (top), a flaming grenade. The right to wear the royal cipher as shoulder badges is one of the Regiment's unique privileges.

## GRENADIER GUARDS

the French Guards on a hilltop at Fontenoy. Because their allies could make no progress in spite of three successful British attacks, Fontenoy is written into Grenadier history as a glorious defeat.

War against Napoleon in Spain led to a fearful winter retreat. Four thousand men lay down in the snow to die and whole regiments lost heart. The First Guards repelled the French and marched so smartly into Corunna despite their bare feet that Sir John Moore recognised them from afar.

At Waterloo, the First Guards were nothing less than superb. They marched 26 miles to forestall Napoleon's early thrust at Quatre Bras and held the right flank at

Waterloo against ceaseless assault. Two stupendous days of battle culminated with their defeat of the handpicked Imperial Guards. Their reward was the prized title "Grenadier," flaming grenade cap badge, and the enemy's bearskin caps.

The battles of the Crimean campaign made new demands of the Regiment's fabled discipline. Their courage at Alma and Inkerman where four Grenadiers won Victoria Crosses earned the awed respect of fighting men the world over.

In World War One, battalions pressed on to the point of extinction. From accounts of magnificent attacks at Loos and Les Boeufs and the record of unremitting aggression on all fronts emerges the picture

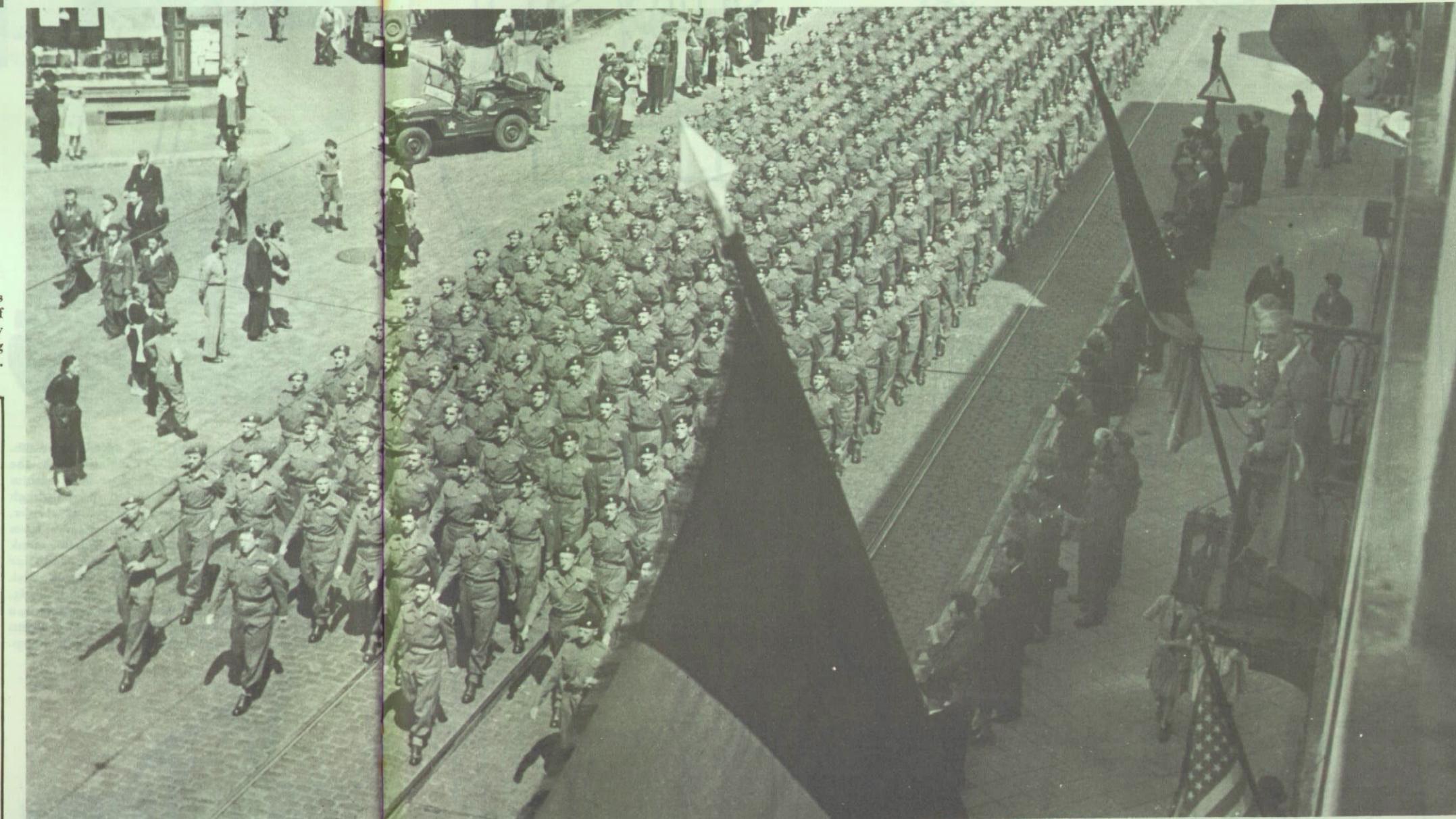
of a Regiment that never knew when it was beaten.

The German offensive of 1940 called for another exemplary action by the Grenadier Guards and they did not disappoint. The River Escout was grimly defended by the 3rd Battalion and Lance-Corporal Harry Nicholls won the war's first Victoria Cross for a Bren charge against three machine-gun posts.

His battalion was later joined in the North African campaign and the deadly tug-of-war for Italy by the 5th and 6th Battalions. The 4th Battalion and the two-battalion Grenadier battle group fought as armoured units through France, Belgium and Holland to Germany.

The end of the war meant a resumption of ceremonial duties and the Grenadier Guards have fulfilled their share supremely well. It did not mean an end to soldiering and the Regiment has collected an impressive number of General Service Medals in the last 20 years. Battalions fought against the Stern Gang in Palestine and Communist terrorists in Malaya. Tours in Cyprus, the Cameroons and British Guiana have recently added to the gilt of public duties in London.

Last month saw a changing of the Grenadier Guards. The 1st Battalion came back to Catterham and bearskins while the 2nd Battalion left for Germany to take its place in the 4th Guards Brigade.



Although other Foot Guard regiments were older, King Charles II rewarded the loyalty of the Grenadiers by calling them the First Regiment of Foot Guards. Three hundred years later, absolute loyalty to the will of the Sovereign is still the sacred covenant of the Grenadier Guards.

The Regimental badge is the royal cipher and every soldier wears this on his shoulders. When company markers march on parade, they carry miniatures of the 24 Company Colours originally

granted by King Charles. On them are the badges of most English kings since 1326.

The King reserved the right to command the First Company himself, since when the King's or Queen's Company has owed special allegiance to the Monarch. As the senior company in the Brigade of Guards it claims the tallest men in the Regiment. The height standard has never fallen below 6ft 1in and in 1956 only men over 6ft 4in were accepted.

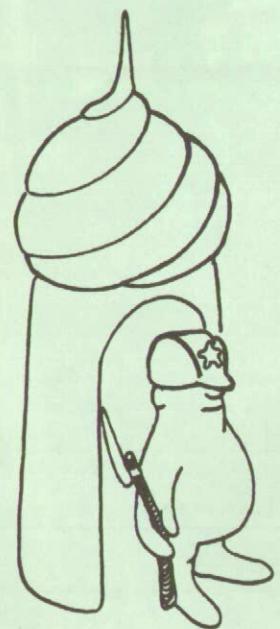
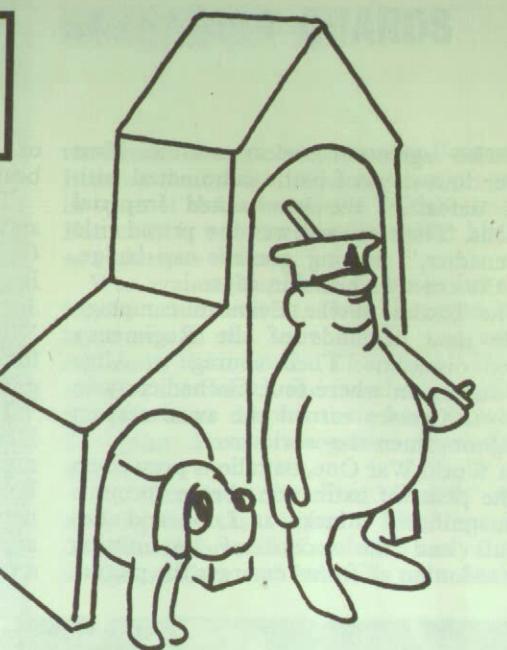
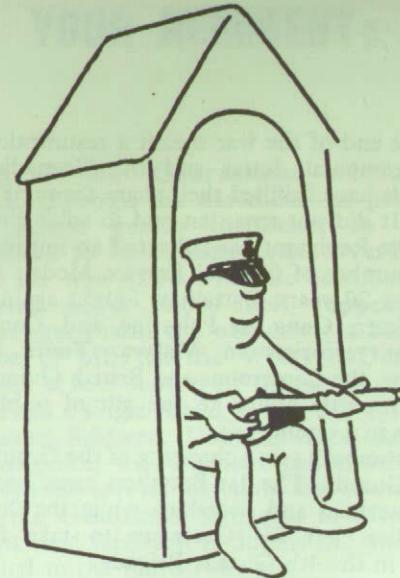
If the 1st Battalion is required to find a guard of honour for the Queen, the honour falls automatically to the Queen's Company. The Queen's Company Colour, the Royal Standard of the Regiment, is paraded and lowered to the Queen.

This square of beautifully embroidered crimson silk figures in one of the Company's solemnest duties. When the Sovereign dies, the bearer party is drawn from the Queen's Company and the Colour is laid over the coffin. As befits a royal

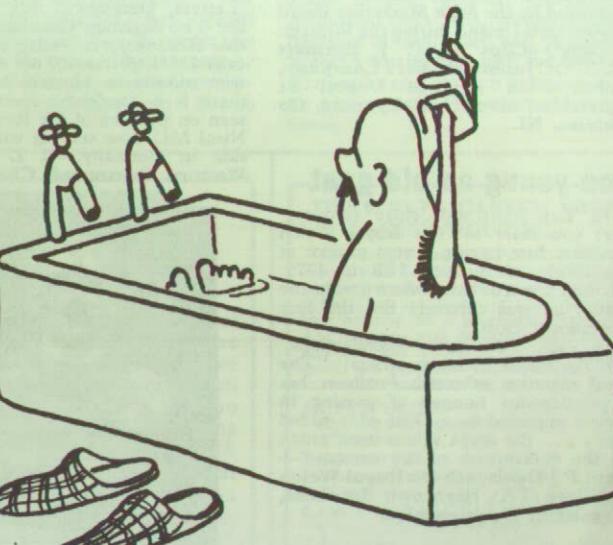
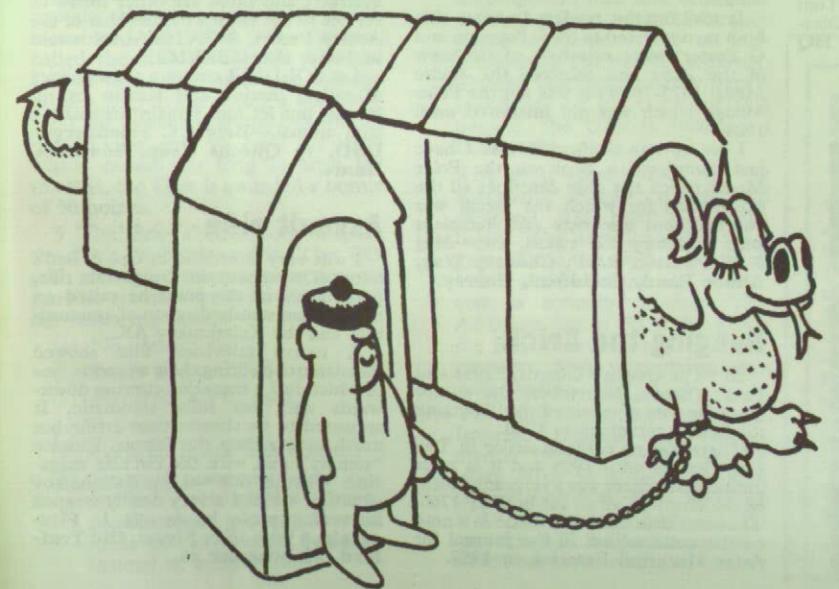
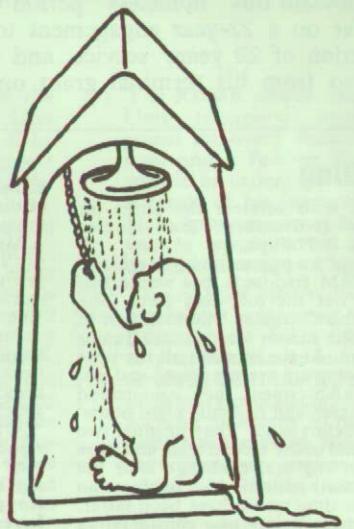
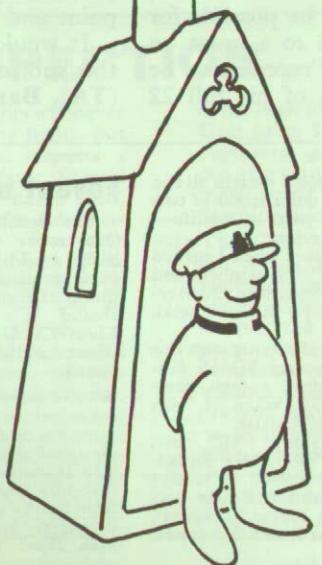
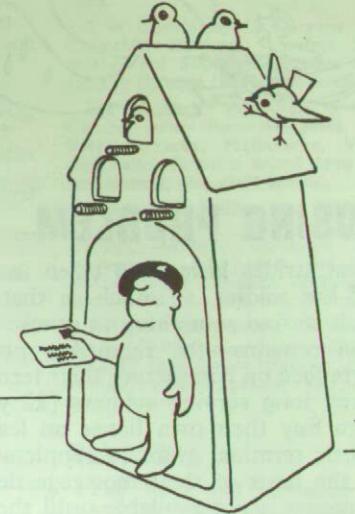
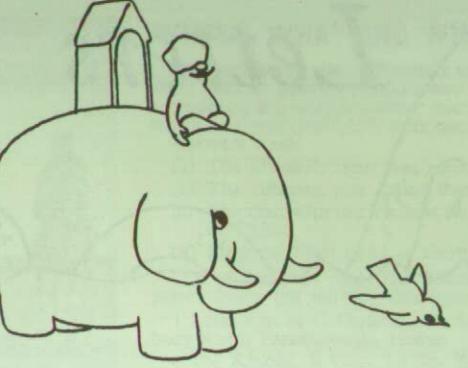
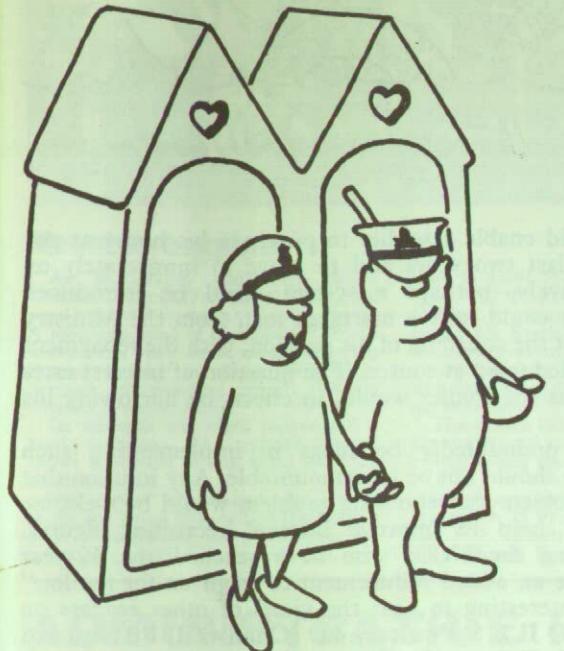
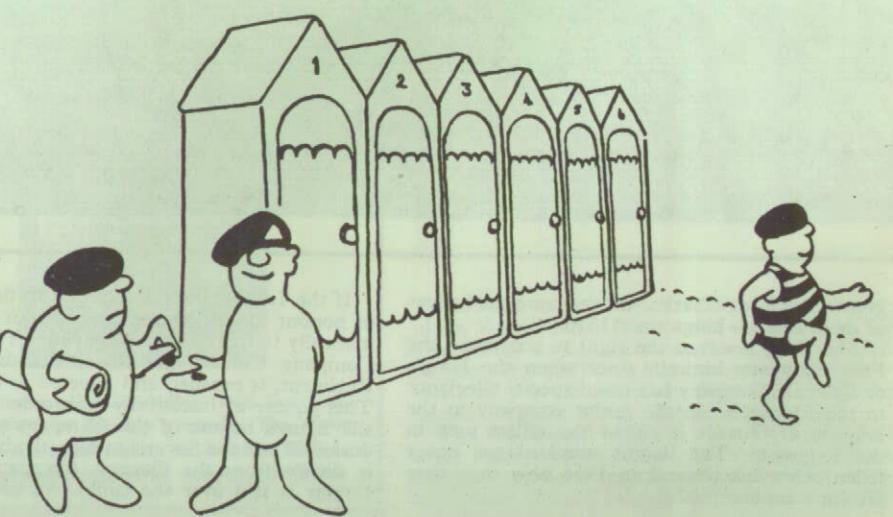
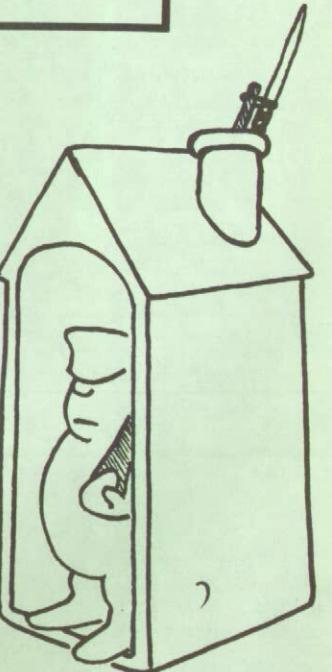
bodyguard, the Company is stationed in Westminster Abbey during coronations.

The Queen inspects the Company in the grounds of Buckingham Palace and personally approves the posting of new officers. It is 52 years since the Prince of Wales, now the Duke of Windsor, joined the King's Company as a second lieutenant. By no mere presumption do the Grenadier Guards hope that another royal prince will join their ranks in the not too distant future.

## BOXOGRAPHY



by DIK



# Letters



## HOUSING PROBLEM

Great strides have been taken in recent years to improve the lot of the soldier, so much so that it is becoming increasingly difficult to find something to grouse about. But one bone of contention remains—the rehousing problem which most married soldiers face on completing their term of service.

Many long serving soldiers (22 years or more) very sensibly save to buy their own house on leaving the Service, and many use their terminal grant to supplement what they have saved to form the basis of their mortgage deposit. The drawback is that this money is not available until the soldier has left the Service and is virtually homeless, and some considerable time elapses between initiating a venture into house purchase and actually moving in.

To obviate this "homeless" period would it not be possible for a soldier on a 22-year engagement to be entitled to a grant on completion of 20 years' service, and for the sum received to be deducted from his terminal grant on completion of his full 22

years? This would enable a soldier to purchase his house at any time during his last two years and to move in immediately on release. Alternatively, perhaps a system could be introduced whereby a soldier could raise a mortgage loan from the Ministry of Defence against the collateral of his pension, with the repayment premiums to be deducted at source. The question of interest rates would not arise as the soldier would, in effect, be borrowing his own money.

There would undoubtedly be snags in implementing such systems but these should not be insurmountable. Any solution that would help to alleviate the rehousing problem would be welcome and should also help to improve internal recruiting figures, particularly among the NCOs who have reached the 12-year point and require an added inducement to "sign on for the lot."

It would be interesting to hear the views of other readers on this subject.—**WO II F S Poulter, 409 (Cornwall) Fd Sqn RE (TA), Bar Road, Falmouth, Cornwall.**

## Marching

I read with interest the letter on marching (November) from Junior Marine J E Phillips.

I do not for a moment wish to criticise the ITCRM standards, but would like to point out the following facts. The boys of this Company who took part in the 25-mile march were in fact Junior Bandsmen. At the moment all the boys in the Company are musicians and not Junior Infantrymen, they volunteered for the march and had only eight hours' practice beforehand. They finished two miles ahead of the second team and were not given any real challenge after the 15-mile mark; if this had been so no doubt the time would have been faster. Taking these points into consideration the time was very reasonable.

This year the Junior Soldiers Company of this Depot would be only too pleased to accommodate and compete against a team of Junior Marines in the next 25-mile march, which will be organised by the Milk Marketing Board of Northern Ireland during the Whitsun weekend.—**Capt D C J Emmett RUR, OC Junior Soldiers Company, North Irish Brigade Depot, St Patrick's Barracks, Ballymena, Co Antrim, NI.**

## Too young an old goat

In "Left, Right and Centre" (November) you refer to The Royal Welch Fusiliers first having a goat mascot at the Battle of Bunkers Hill in 1775. Though it is true there was a goat at the battle, he was certainly not the first Regimental Goat.

In his "Military Recollections" (1777), Major Donkin writes: "The royal regiment of welch Fusiliers has a priviligous honour of passing in review preceded by a Goat with gilded horns . . . the corps values itself much on the ancientness of the custom."—**Capt P J Davis, 4th Bn Royal Welch Fusiliers (TA), Hightown Barracks, Wrexham, Denbighshire.**

## "The Shiny 10th"

Completely by chance, in fact killing time before an appointment, I glanced along a local newsagent's shelves and, for the first time since demobilisation, caught sight of SOLDIER.

For the price of a bob I bought all the memories, trials and tribulations of two of the most eventful years of my life—those of National Service.

My pleasure increased when I turned to "Purely Personal" (November) and saw your picture of Squadron Quartermaster-Sergeant Joseph Kolaczkowski, 10th Royal Hussars.

I had the pleasure of serving with this Regiment and remember SQMS Kolaczkowski as, I think, a tank commander, in 1956-58 when I was attached as a radio technician.

What of "The Shiny 10th" now, especially Signals Troop, HQ Squadron? I would be delighted to receive any information.—**John B Forde (ex-Royal Signals/10th Royal Hussars), Inverary, 10 Moxon Road, Newport, Mon.**

## Hirsute padres

Padres don't sport moustaches? (Letters, December). It's a barefaced lie! The Assistant Chaplain-General at this Headquarters, Padre Neville Metcalfe DSO (pictured), not only wears a trim moustache himself, but tells me there is a handsome specimen to be seen on the face of the Reverend Tom Nicol MC, now serving with 4th Division in Germany.—**R L Elley, HQ Western Command, Chester.**



## Fovant badges

The article "Badges in Jeopardy" (November) made no mention of the badge of The Wiltshire Regiment, the most prominent feature of the lot among those existing today. Also, to whom should one send subscriptions?—**Lieut-Col G A W Hungerford, HQ 54 (East Anglian) Div/Dist, Colchester, Essex.**

★ *The omission was deliberate in order not to confuse readers; SOLDIER's story was concerned only with those badges cut during World War One. The badges of The Wiltshire Regiment and the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry were cut after World War Two by members of the Fovant Home Guard and have since been maintained by them. Donations towards the maintenance of these two badges will be gratefully accepted by the Hon Sec, Fovant Home Guard Old Comrades, Fovant, Salisbury, Wilts.*

## Polar Medal

Reference the letter from Signalman F N Palmer-Stone and Sergeant J B Rossen (December) about the Polar Medal.

It may interest readers to know that both men referred to (N C Peterson and G Porte) were members of the crew of the *Alert* and received the Arctic Medal 1875-76. This was not the Polar Medal, which was not instituted until 1904.

I am able to confirm this as I have just completed a book on the Polar Medal which not only describes all the expeditions for which the medal was awarded, but also lists each recipient with authority for award, etc.—**Maj N W Poulson RMP, Chantry Way, Abbot Road, Guildford, Surrey.**

## Hanging the Brick

In "The Queen's Guards, Horse and Foot" (Books, November) the author gives the date of origin of the "Hanging the Brick" ceremony as 1760.

There was no corporal-major in The Life Guards until 1804 and it is most unlikely that there was a sergeants' mess in the Army at all so far back as 1760. The same date error was made in a note on the same subject in the Journal for Army Historical Research in 1957.

The present brick used in The Life Guards was presented before this century opened by Mr Joe Holland, civilian forage master of the 2nd Life Guards, to perpetuate the then existing custom of marking the opening of the Christmas season. It is hung on Christmas Eve and remains in position until New Year's Day. The date may very likely be 1860.—**Lieut-Col R J T Hills, Essen, West Germany.**

## One Service—one magazine

Mr A Scott suggests (Letters, November) that SOLDIER is the right vehicle for an atmosphere of cooperation and understanding between the three Services, and that the magazine's scope be extended to include material of interest to the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force.

Increase the scope by all means and let soldiers be informed about the other two Services, but do not otherwise alter SOLDIER's sphere or set-up. SOLDIER is the British Army Magazine, is excellent, and should remain so.

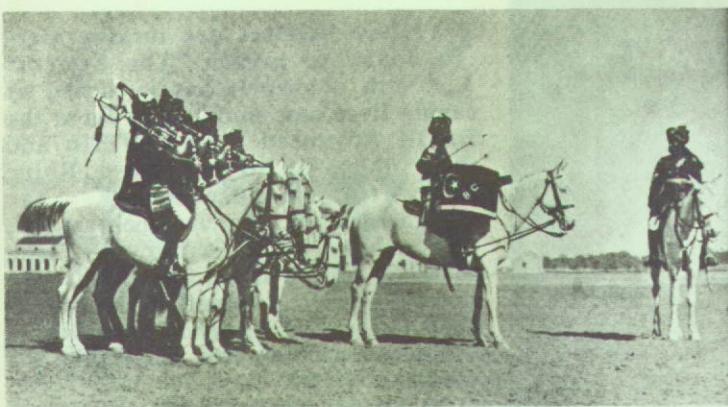
Change the name to SERVICE? Too abstract; and there are other forms of service to the Crown besides that of the Armed Forces. SERVICEMAN would be better than SERVICE.

Let SOLDIER embrace the activities of sailor, marine and airman by all means, but let him remain primarily a land animal.—**Brig J C Friedberger DSO, 19 Queens Keep, Southsea, Hants.**

## Assault rifle

I was very interested in Cpl A Bell's letter (December) on the assault rifle, particularly in the point he raised on the Russian standardisation of ammunition and the Kalashnikov AK.

A recent television film showed Russian troops firing their weapons, one of which had a magazine curving downwards and was fully automatic. It appeared to be shorter than a rifle but much longer than the famous Russian "tommy" gun with the circular magazine. Whether this was the Kalashnikov or not, it seemed a very deadly weapon in very capable hands.—**R L Fitzgerald, 6 Woodliffe Street, Old Trafford, Manchester 16.**



## Mounted bagpipes

As SOLDIER confirmed to C Graham (Letters, December), a mounted pipe band did exist in the Indian Army. A mounted band of trumpeters, turned into pipers, was introduced into the 17th Bengal Cavalry in about 1895 by a Scottish commanding officer, Colonel Charles Wemyss Muir.

Its strength was eight pipers and a kettle-drummer. The picture (above) shows a portion of the band with the band-daffadar.

The pipers' horses had two sets of reins, one being dropped on the horse's neck when playing the pipes while the other set, buckled to the stirrups, was

used to guide the horse.

In 1902 the then commanding officer, Colonel Francis Garnet Atkinson, who began his Service career in the Royal Marines, evidently did not share Muir's enthusiasm for pipe music and the band was disbanded during the first year of his command.

The ornate kettle-drums were sent to the regimental stud farm to be used for calling young stock to feed.

The 17th Bengal Cavalry was amalgamated with the 37th Lancers (Baluch Horse) on 15 February 1922 to become the 15th Lancers.—R G HARRIS, 62 Bath Road, Southsea, Hants.

## ADMINISTRATIVE INSPECTION by "T2"

THE game of Administrative Inspection is played between two teams one of which is known as the Unit and the other as the Administrators. The Unit is captained by a lieutenant-colonel and the Administrators by a brigadier, known respectively as the CO and the Brig. The game is more enjoyable when played in a single day but the Administrators may elect to spread it over a fortnight. The field of play is the area within the perimeter of the barracks occupied by the unit. The major rules are:

1 The Brig may arrive from an unexpected direction, but must appear at the proper time. The remainder of his team must come by the normal route, but may arrive at any time. The Unit must provide a Quarter Guard. Should this Guard turn out for any Administrator, other than the Brig, or fail to turn out in time for the Brig, the Administrators score 20 points. The Unit gains 30 points for each opponent arriving after the Brig has started inspecting the Guard.

2 The Brig then spends 15 minutes questioning the CO, and his vice-captain, known as the BM, cross-examines the Unit vice-captain, called the Adjutant. Each time the CO or the Adjutant has to ask the other's help in answering a question, the Unit loses ten points, but should the CO be able to raise an issue which causes the Brig to send for the BM, the Unit is awarded a bonus of 50 points.

3 The Brig should then inspect the Unit in battle order. The CO will arrange for each company to provide six men, each having one of the following faults:

(a) No identity card;  
(b) Boots not studded;  
(c) Incorrect kit in pack;  
(d) Rusty mess-tin;  
(e) Cobweb inside rifle barrel;  
(f) Personal possessions (eg love letters, boot polish, string, mouthorgans, paperbacks with lurid covers) inside pouches instead of ammunition.

4 The Brig may order some or all of the Unit to change into a different order of dress, in a specified time, which must be calculated to permit success provided the required kit has previously been laid out in readiness on the men's beds. For getting back on parade in time the Unit secures a bonus of 50 points. For each man late, the Administrators gain five points, with a further ten for every discovered error in dress.

5 Each Administrator then selects a special subject:

(a) The Brig looks at the general cleanliness and state of repair of the barracks. He gains five points for every item of damage or dirtiness he discovers. The CO accompanies him and scores 60 points for every piece of damage previously reported to an Administrator but not yet repaired. Should the Brig openly reprimand one of his team for this neglect, the Unit is awarded a bonus 200 points.

(b) The BM, accompanied by the Adjutant, checks security of weapons and classified documents. For any lapse his team gains 20 points, with a bonus of 100 if a secret document or firearm is actually missing. The Adjutant scores 50 if he keeps the BM to a rehearsed route and prevents him uncovering any such lapses.

(c) The Staff Paymaster checks the Imprest Account and Regimental Funds, scoring ten for every error in accounting procedure and 200 if he finds an IOU in the safe. Should he unwittingly find the mistake which has kept an account holder

## WHERE, WHAT AND WHO

Competition 89 was deliberately made more difficult than its predecessors and accordingly attracted a smaller entry of which just over two-thirds were correct.

Answers were:

- The private's sport was rowing.
- The rifleman was called Perth.
- The man with the Vigilant served in Wales.
- Corporal Flint lived at Derby.

Out of the draw came the following prizewinners (all military this time):

1 Lieut-Col A C Carkeek, 50 Salisbury Road, Farnborough, Hants.

2 Pte Kippin, B Coy, 1st Bn Royal

Sussex, BFPO 51.

3 Cpl M Maxwell, 10 Veh Coy RAOC, BFPO 56.

4 Sgt L Pluck, Regt Pay Office, Hounslow, Middlesex.

5 Maj J L Beynon, Flat 5 MOQ, Preston Barracks, Brighton.

6 Capt R J Crossley, 32 Med Regt RA, BFPO 33.

## COLLECTORS' CORNER

W G Wood, Rock, Washington, Pulborough, Sussex.—Requires piper's large cap badge, The Royal Irish Fusiliers.

S Stobbs, 28 Rosefield Avenue, Halesowen, Birmingham.—Wishes purchase cards and letters connected with prisoners-of-war, South African and both world wars.

M Sadler, 76 Brightwell Road, Norwich, Norfolk.—Requires German Nazi soldier's complete steel helmet; exchange or purchase.

A Hudson, 127 Beverley Drive, Edgware, Middlesex.—Requires Atlantic, Air Crew Europe, Pacific and Burma campaign stars.

S H Constable, 13 Lutysen House, Churchill Gardens, London SW1.—Wishes sell SOLDIER complete October 1953 to October 1965, mint condition. Sgt M Park, WRAAC, C Group, Central Army Records Office, Albert Park Barracks, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.—Requires British Army badges and buttons, also cloth badges.

Lieut S T McDonald, 1770 Taylor Street, Victoria, British Columbia, Canada.—Requires worldwide artillery photographs, cap badges and insignia; will exchange Canadian artillery photographs and Canadian Army cap badges.

P Laws, 104 Dawlish Drive, Ruislip Manor, Middlesex.—Wishes sell unbound SOLDIER copies, mint condition, all issues January 1952 to January 1965; no individual copies.

## REUNIONS

The York and Lancaster Regimental Association. Annual reunion dinner, Saturday, 23 April, Queen Elizabeth Barracks, Strensall, York. Details from Regt Sec, RHQ, Endcliffe Hall, Sheffield 10.

(f) The REME officer inspects the Unit transport, scoring ten points for every vehicle off the road and a further 20 for any vehicle he orders off the road as a result of his inspection. The Unit, however, scores 50 for each vehicle which is in this state through shortage of spares.

(g) The A Staff officer resumes his permanent argument with the Adjutant and makes a final effort to pass the blame for the latest errors in court-martial or board-of-inquiry procedure. Should he succeed he scores 20 points, but loses ten for every fresh query, requiring an urgent answer, which he takes away with him.

6 At the end of the game the points are added up. Should the Unit win, no members of the opposing team, other than the Brig himself, is permitted to enter the barracks until the game is next played. Should the Administrators win, however, each member of their team will be entitled to pay a fortnightly visit for the next 12 months and on each occasion must be given several drinks and a free lunch.

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#### BIRMINGHAM

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5' 8" or over

#### LANCASHIRE

if you are between 19 and 30,  
5' 9" or over

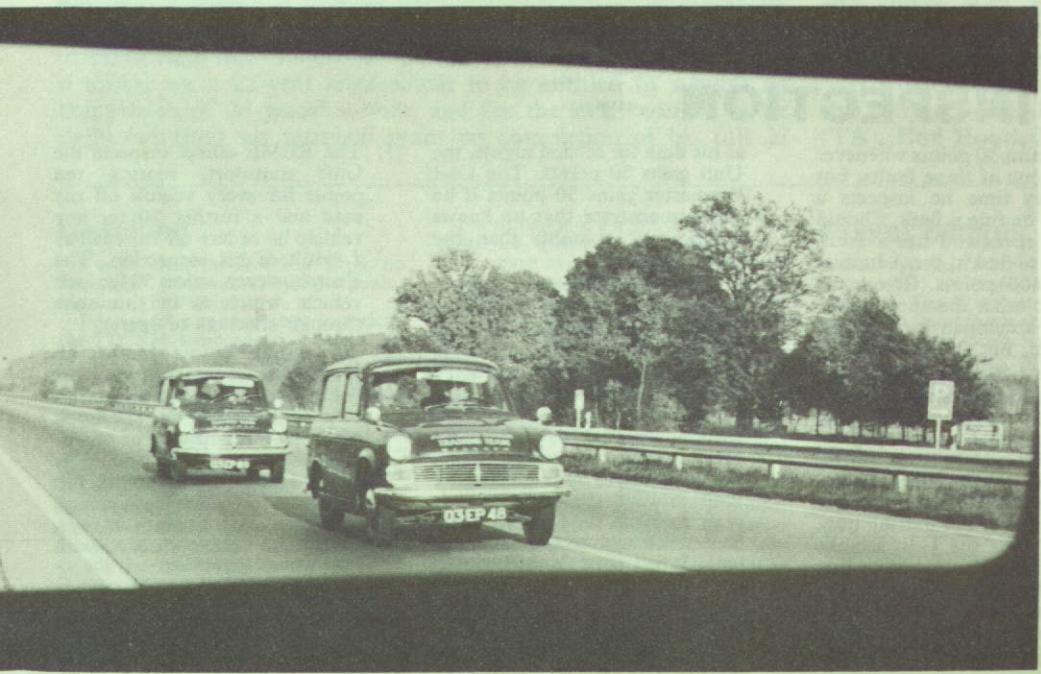
#### LIVERPOOL

if you are between 19 and 29,  
5' 8" or over

If you meet these requirements and have good eyesight without glasses, write for details to Police Careers Officer, Dept. N.454, Home Office, London, S.W.1.



## DRIVE FOR BETTER DRIVING



Top: The stiff practical test for student instructors includes a reversing problem. The Army's best drivers are selected for the course. Only 60 per cent of them pass.

Above: Two of the team vehicles formate on the autobahn during an instructional run. The team clocked up 120,000 miles last year in its bid to improve the traffic accident statistics of Rhine Army drivers.

Right: Staff-Sergeant Barry Vasquez, like all the team's instructors, was taught special safety techniques at "the best driving school in the world"—the Metropolitan Police Driving School at Hendon.



**S**EVEN soldiers are touring Germany to preach "The System" with a gospel that is aimed at saving lives, not souls. They form the BAOR Advanced Driving Team and their object is to cut down Rhine Army's traffic accident record.

Formed nearly a year ago, the team runs courses throughout Germany to train advanced driving instructors based on a system of driving learned at the Metropolitan Police Driving School in England—a system reckoned to be the best in the world.

Only good drivers are selected for the ten-day Advanced Driver Instructors Course and the pass rate is about 60 per cent—an indication of the high standard set by the team.

Last year more than 50 soldiers qualified; they returned to their units to spread the gospel and train and test selected drivers on their own unit advanced driving courses.

Leading the team is Captain Maurice Squier, Royal Military Police. He is helped by Staff-Sergeants Ivor Poole and Barry Vasquez, Sergeants Henry Mackie and Maurice Kent, all Royal Military Police, and Sergeants Fred Snellus and George Doig of the Royal Corps of Transport.

For Staff Poole and Sergeant Mackie, much of their spare time is a "busman's holiday" for both are keen rally drivers with some considerable success in German events last year.

Applicants for the course must be warrant officers or senior non-commissioned officers and they must have had a driving licence for at least seven years, six months' current driving experience in Germany and no blameworthy traffic accidents or other traffic offences during the previous two years.

Equipped with six Hillman Huskies, the team clocked more than 120,000 miles last year teaching "The System" to an average of ten students per course which includes practical driving, German traffic laws and roadcraft theory.

Important aspect of the course is commentary driving which tells the instructor if the students are seeing all potential hazards and activity on and off the road. A typical commentary runs like this: ". . . I am driving along Federal Route One, good road surface. I want to take the next left turn. Select my course, check mirror, drive on to course, check mirror, signal. Brake. Recheck mirror and signal. All clear. Accelerate out of turn . . ."

Students are full of praise for "The System." Sergeant Len Jones of the 11th Hussars said about it: "I have been driving for 15 years but I've learned a lot since starting the course. Learning the Hendon system is like learning to drive again, it quickens the reflexes and by giving a commentary teaches one to see much more on the road."

Throughout the course the instructors hammer home the fundamentals of "The System." They are: "Always be in the correct position on the road, travelling at the right speed, with the right gear selected—this means one can accelerate out of danger or stop in distance you can see to be clear."

*From a report by Michael Simon, Public Relations, HQ 1 (Br) Corps.*

# HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

ART Editor Frank Finch has run amok this month with his popular regular feature and produced a king-size "spot the differences" competition.

He would not commit himself on the exact number of differences between the two drawings but says there are more than the usual ten.

Study the drawings carefully then send your list on a postcard or by letter, with the "Competition 93" label from this page, and your name and address, to:

The Editor (Comp 93)

SOLDIER

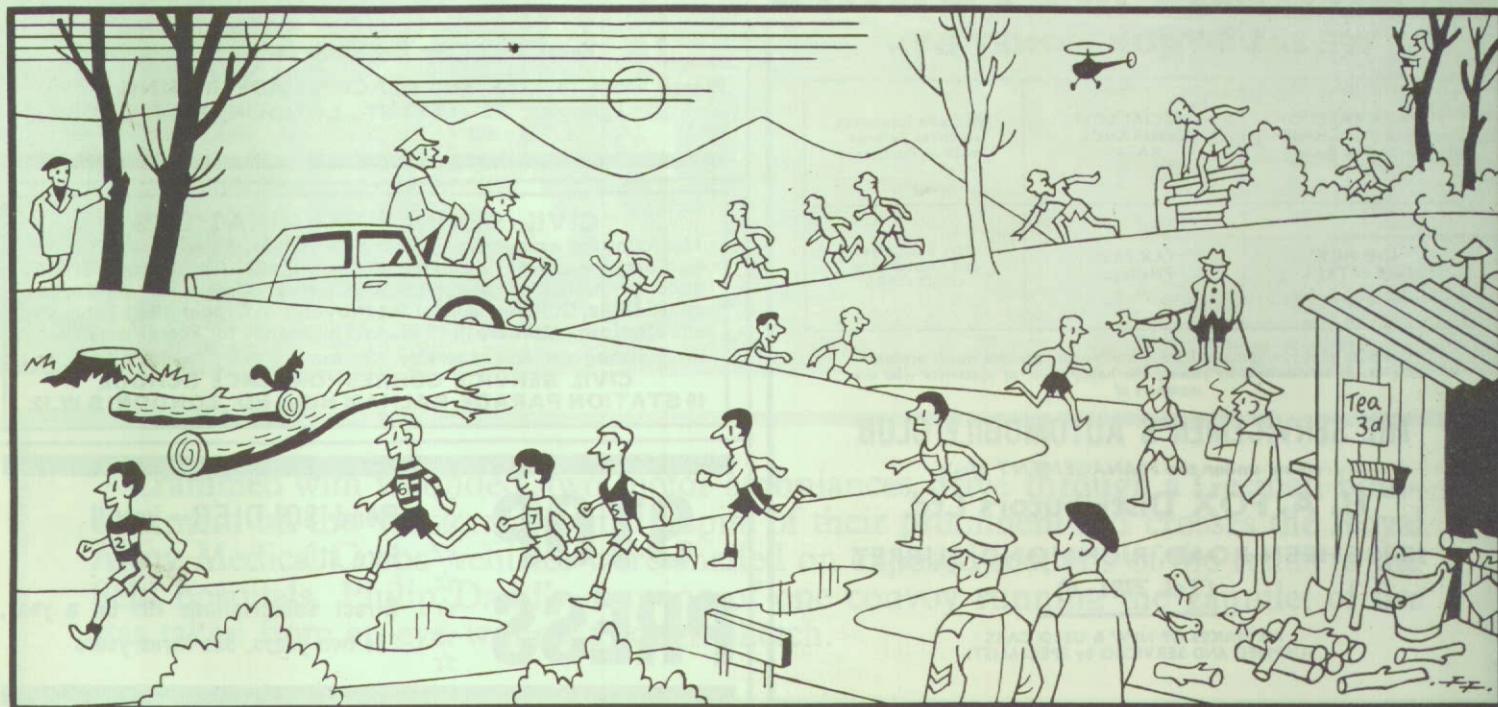
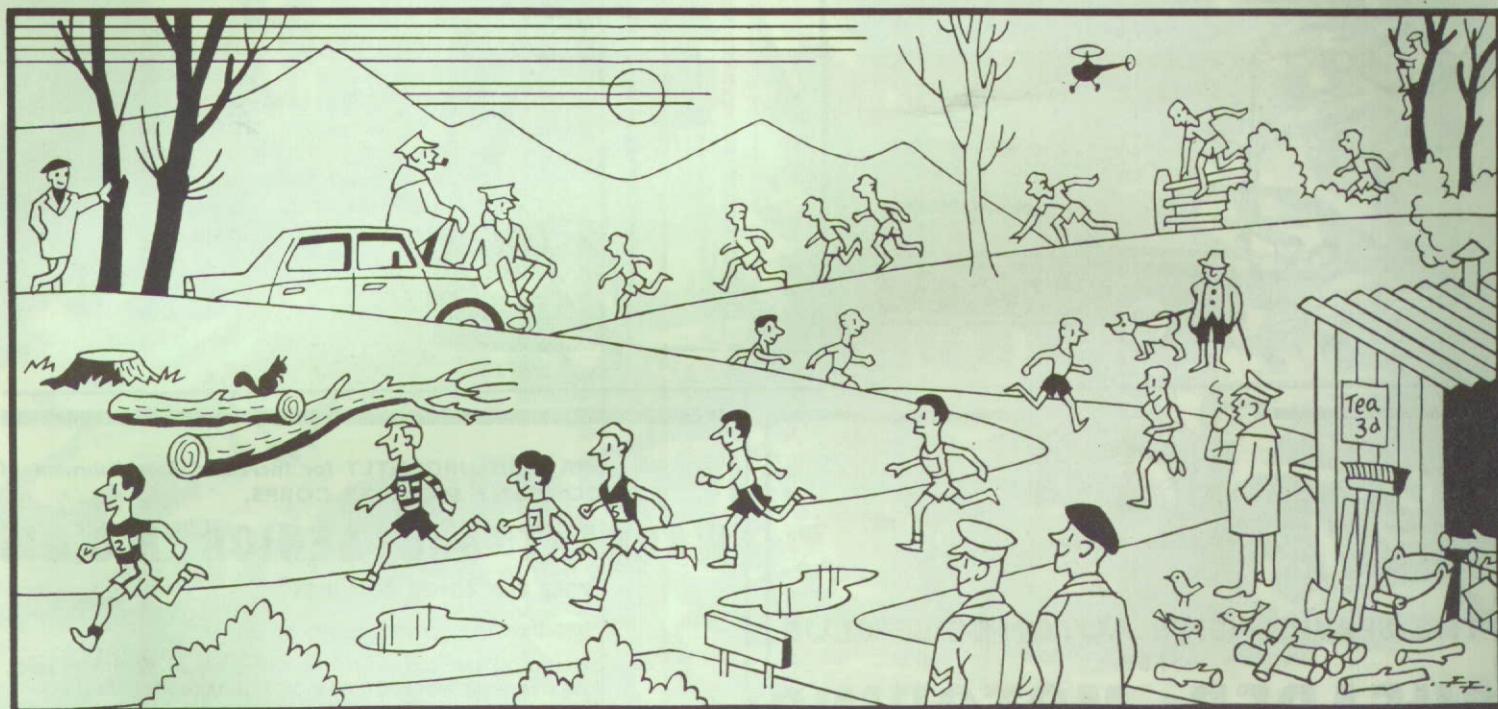
433 Holloway Road

London N7.

Closing date for this competition is Monday, 11 April; winners' names and the correct solution will appear in the June SOLDIER. The competition is open to all readers. More than one entry can be submitted but each must be accompanied by a "Competition 93" label.

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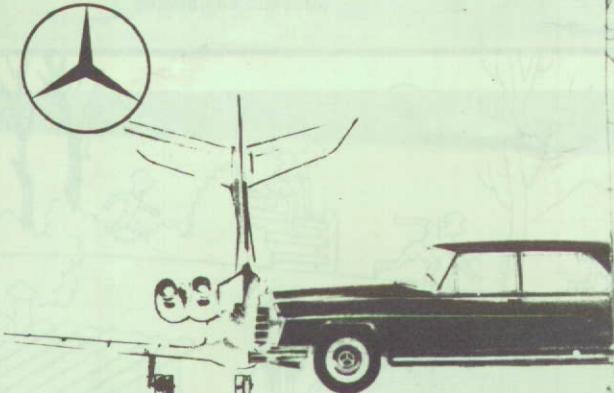


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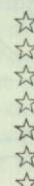
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# February 1916



Crammed with wounded, two motor ambulances drive through a German bombardment on the Western Front. In spite of their prominent red crosses the Royal Army Medical Corps' vehicles were shelled on exposed sections of the roads to the field hospitals. Philip Dadd's drawing of one convoy running the gauntlet of fire was taken from an eye-witness's rough sketch.

## TRAGEDY OF "IFS"

"Spotlight on Singapore" (Denis Russell-Roberts)

**T**HIS, though the title may mislead, is in fact a first-hand account of the fall of Malaya and Singapore to the Japanese. Lieutenant-Colonel Russell-Roberts took part in the retreat from Kuantan and was in action during most of the time up to the final surrender.

Though a shade too long, possibly because in parts it becomes a bit too gossipy, it is nevertheless a compelling account of those tragic days.

The Singapore story will always be punctuated by battalions of "ifs"—if only the troops had been jungle-trained; if only the Royal Air Force had had more aircraft; if only the Navy had had carriers. The author tells his story without too many "ifs" and there emerges an inspiring tale of the all-to-often-forgotten heroic resistance put up by the British and Indian armies. He tells how, even in those hours of defeat, British troops proved conclusively that the Jap was in no way invincible.

His description of the fighting in Malaya will come as a revelation to many. And his marriage and its tragic end are a story in themselves.

Bitterness rarely shows. Indeed the author is at pains to put in a word for the "good" Japanese—the air force sergeant who took a letter to his wife, the naval officer who allowed the Mata Hari's captain to be last to leave his captured ship.

He pays massive tribute to the Indian Army. Its soldiers fought well in retreat and the majority bore up magnificently as prisoners, resisting the endless onslaught of Japanese propaganda which turned a handful into traitors. If for no other reason, Colonel Russell-Roberts's book proves worthwhile because it puts the record straight.

Times Press, Anthony Gibbs and Phillips, 30s

J C W

## "DUSTBINS AND SMELLY FEET"

"Airborne to Suez" (Sandy Cavenagh)

**A**RMY medicine is nothing but dustbins and smelly feet," proclaimed a senior doctor to young men just finishing their training. Despite this the author, one of the young men, seeing National Service looming

before hitting the ground but carried on his work as Battalion Medical Officer for five hours until evacuated administering plasma to one of the patients for whom he had hitched a lift in a French staff officer's aircraft.

His book is less his personal story than that of his Battalion, and he tells it admiringly, with sensitivity and humour. He found the non-chalance of the "Toms" in action, and their professionalism, worthy of note and quotes a hard-boiled French Para liaison officer on El Gamil airfield: "You are an impossible people. Look at these men. They walk off the dropping zone under fire, stroll around as if in barracks, and the only excitement I've seen was when someone shouted, 'Anybody for char?' Then they all ran."

As a civilian general practitioner the author is again taking sick parades and detects no falling-off in standards: "The mods and rockers who are the Toms today will serve us every bit as well as the

## CONFlict IN VIETNAM

"The New Face of War" (Malcolm W Browne)

**T**HE war in Vietnam is one in which, the Americans now realise, "the nice guys finish last." After three years of reporting it for a news agency, Mr Browne writes with a horrified fascination heavily laden with gloom.

"There is a distinct possibility this war may be lost," he says. To this the American Ambassador in Saigon, Mr Henry Cabot Lodge, replies, in an otherwise approving foreword, "There is a distinct possibility this war will be won." The recent American build-up emphasises Washington's determination to see it Mr Cabot's way, but meanwhile here is not only a useful textbook for GIs and Leathernecks crowding into Vietnam but also for any student of the current Communist way of war.

Illuminated by a journalist's colourful style and wealth of anecdote, it conveys the feeling of the war in Vietnam more vividly than any study by a soldier or politician.

The author makes no attempt to gloss over his countrymen's errors. This is a war very much like the Malayan Emergency which the British Army had to learn about the hard way. In many respects it is worse—the political background is far messier, the rot has gone much farther, the enemy has better

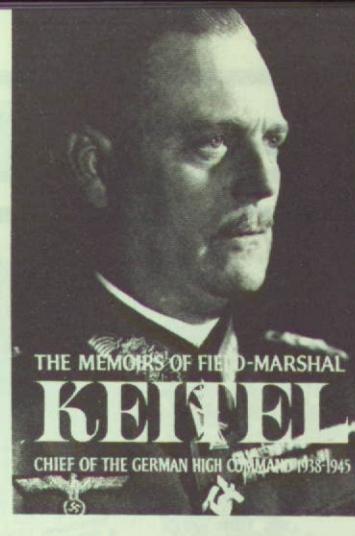
## HITLER'S YES-MAN

"The Memoirs of Field Marshal Keitel" (Editor, Walter Gorlitz)

**T**HEY hanged Field-Marshal Wilhelm Keitel on 16 October 1946. During his trial at Nuremberg he began writing his memoirs and had reached the end of 1942 when the death sentence was passed.

In ten days of the fortnight left to him he wrote feverishly of the events in which he took part from 20 April 1945 until he signed the instrument of surrender and went into captivity the following month. The Editor summarises Keitel's career up to 1937 and fills the gap between 1942 and 1945.

Keitel was an unwilling soldier whose main ambition was to farm the family estate in Brunswick. In this he was thwarted first by his father's determination to hang on to the reins and subsequently by Hitler's determination to hang on to Keitel.



## BOOKS

resources and his way of fighting is further developed, though the principles of infiltration, propaganda and terrorism are much the same.

The Viet Cong often fight in tiny groups and ambush parties, using captured or improvised weapons. They have fought with crossbows and poisoned arrows, thrown hornets' nests at their opponents and even damaged a helicopter with a spear-catapult.

Against them the Americans and the American-trained and equipped South Vietnamese forces have used napalm, heavy guns and much other paraphernalia of modern war.

The Americans really got to grips with the problem when they decided, as an experiment, to fight the Viet Cong with their own methods by setting up "Special Government Commandos" trained in the image of the Viet Cong agitprop groups on rules unashamedly borrowed from Mao Tse-Tung. These men make themselves agreeable guests among the villagers but operate as terrorists among the Viet Cong by night.

The operation may be objectionable to American readers but, the author points out, almost everything else the United States has tried in Vietnam has failed.

Cassell, 25s

R L E

Teds a few years ago, who in their turn lived up to the standards of their forefathers in the Second World War." This may only confirm what soldiers already know, but coming from such a knowledgeable civilian source it is encouraging.

William Kimber, 30s

R L E

## WHEN JOFFRE SAVED FRANCE

"The Battle of the Marne" (Henri Iselin)

**E**ARLY in September 1914 the grey-green hordes of the German army were pouring relentlessly across Northern France. Superbly trained and equipped, confident in the leadership of von Moltke and other professionals of the High Command, they were convinced that a few days would see them in Paris.

The French were reeling backwards to the Marne and the British seemed reluctant to risk a supporting attack. Language difficulties were made worse by personality clashes among the commanding generals. Defeat seemed around the corner. Yet only two weeks later the Germans were in full retreat—France

had been saved. What had happened?

The answer is Joffre. At the critical hour this huge, placid man, devoid of personality, had taken command. Combining the tactical skill of General Gallieni with extremely accurate artillery fire, he appealed for devotion and sacrifice from the French Infantry and as always they responded.

The carefully conceived Schlieffen Plan failed and the Germans were hurled back 35 miles. The myth of the German "superman" was shattered for the Allies for the remainder of the war.

But there were other results. The Battle of the Marne marked the end of classical warfare in which masses of troops manoeuvred in the open. Quickly the front was stabilised and the agony of trench warfare began. The Marne was also notable for the use made of aeroplanes for spotting and automobiles for transporting troops, though the Marne taxis were more famous for their drama than for their positive results.

The Germans never understood what had happened. Moltke was politely removed and a court of inquiry fixed the blame on an unfortunate staff officer. The real culprits were the professionals of the General Staff.

Elek Books, 42s

A W H

Early in 1938 Hitler appointed himself Supreme Commander of the Armed Forces and Keitel became his right-hand man as chief of the High Command.

He proved a faithful and efficient servant but could never stand up to the Führer and was unpopular with his fellow-generals.

Keitel put his name to orders, among them those for mass-murder in Russia, reprisals in other occupied territories, and ill-treatment of prisoners-of-war, which were to help put the noose round his neck at Nuremberg.

He was found guilty of conspiring to wage a war of aggression; waging a war of aggression; war crimes; and crimes against humanity.

In those last days of Hitler's tottering Reich, of which Keitel writes vividly, the staff yes-man suddenly blossomed into something else.

In a desperate attempt to keep Hitler alive, Keitel took it on himself to become a field commander and worked feverishly to organise a relief of Berlin. When his master was dead, he spent his last days of freedom trying to get three million German troops away from the Russians into the more tender care of the Americans.

William Kimber, 50s

R L E

ahead, chose instead a short service commission and soon after volunteered for parachute duties.

He joined 3rd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, was whisked out to Cyprus for a few weeks of anti-EOKA operations and whisked home again for hurried parachute training. Then he dropped with the Battalion, the spearhead of the operation, on El Gamil airfield at Suez. He was wounded in the eye

## CAMPAIGNS IN 23 COUNTRIES

"A Traveller's Guide to the Battle-fields of Europe, Vols 1 and 2" (Edited by David Chandler)

**T**AKING all aspects of history it is the campaigns and the battles which most excite the imagination—and these two volumes answer most of the questions one might ask.

Between them they cover 23 national sections—eight in the first and 15 in the second—and the main battles fought in each country are described by a galaxy of talent headed by Major-General J F C Fuller, Captain Cyril Falls, senior lecturers in military history at the Royal Military Academy and several university professors. Volume 1 covers Western Europe; Volume 2 deals with Central and Eastern Europe.

Wherever a major clash of arms took place the authors have pinpointed it, given the background, size of the forces engaged, result of the battle and a description of the fighting. Of necessity the outlines are brief, but for the reader who wishes to widen his knowledge further there is a list of suggested books.

The Editor says the volumes' purpose is three-fold: To follow the changing pattern of warfare and leadership; to furnish a store of valid factual information for the serious student; and to encourage more travellers to visit the sites of historic battlefields at home and abroad for nostalgic or educational reasons.

A disappointment is omission of the Spanish Civil War. The omission of the Scandinavian countries on grounds of economy is understandable, but the Spanish conflict gave birth to new patterns of warfare.

Hugh Evelyn, 30s each J C W

## BIRTHDAY ESSAYS

"The Theory and Practice of War" (Editor, Michael Howard)

**A**S a tribute to Captain Liddell Hart on his 70th birthday, 15 of his pupils, disciples and friends have got together to provide him with this collection of essays, surely a unique birthday present.

Their subjects range in time from the French General Jomini (about whom the Editor writes) and the German General Clausewitz (discussed by Peter Paret), who were putting forward opposing views in the first half of last century, to the British Army since 1945, by Lord Chalfont (Lieutenant-Colonel Alun Gwynne-Jones), and the making of Israel's army, by Brigadier-General Yigal Allon.

General Sir Frederick Pile describes Liddell Hart's influence on the British Army and says that for most of the time between the wars Liddell Hart was the sole prophet. An Australian, Captain Robert O'Neill, writes of the doctrine and training in the German Army of 1919-1939 and quotes Guderian, creator of the panzer arm, on Liddell Hart: "The creator of the theory of the conduct of mechanised war."

Général d'Armée André Beaufre reflects sadly that, immense as Liddell Hart's influence was, it was insufficient to change the course of the French Army's history.

Cassell, 50s

R L E

## IN BRIEF

"British Campaign Medals" (John Laffin)

"Every medal is a symbol of a human life . . . People who collect medals also collect history" says Major Laffin in this welcome and comparatively inexpensive addition to the very limited bibliography on this subject.

Copiously illustrated with black-and-white photographs, the book contains not only detailed descriptions of the medals but also the bars and ribbons applicable to each, and in his first chapter Major Laffin traces the origin of the issue of medals for specific battles and engagements, quoting many incidents and occasions of interest to all those for whom military history holds a fascination.

Abelard-Schuman, 18s

"How to Draw Military and Civilian Uniforms" (Arthur Zaidenberg)

Some books on drawing read as a boy never failed to impress at first by their author's confidence in a few geometric diagrams as a groundwork for figure drawing. Practice, alas! proved the imperfection of the method. This book starts there and the minimal aid offered scarcely justifies "How to Draw".

Ostensibly a book of art instruction for young people, it is largely a collection of sketches, some with brief historical comments unconnected with drawing. Instruction is confined to barely a hundred words accompanying those diagrams.

Abelard-Schuman, 15s

"Monica Takes a Commission" (Nancy Allum)

This is a logical sequence to the same author's "Monica Joins the WRAC." It is a career novel which takes Monica from the time she is recommended for a commission, through her commissions board and her training at the Women's Royal Army Corps School of Instruction and with the Royal Signals.

Then, with frequent glances at her private life, on to postings at Aldershot and Wilton up to the time she becomes engaged but decides to soldier on for another year in Germany. Factual and authentic, and useful for an undecided girl who has reached the O level stage.

Max Parrish, 11s 6d

"Memoirs of an Infantry Officer" (Siegfried Sassoon)

A famous novel of World War One now reprinted as a paperback. The narrator starts as a keen Infantry officer, his morale boosted by the award of a Military Cross, and ends by inviting court-martial with a defiant statement against war and those who caused the soldiers to suffer. His fate is to be classified as "shell-shocked" by a medical board.

Faber and Faber, 7s 6d

"Antique Guns from the Stagecoach Collection" (Hank Wieand Bowman)

A magazine-type book about a highly commercial museum which houses not only 3000 hand and shoulder firearms but also such relics of the Wild West as kinetoscopes (peepshows), nickelodions (pre-electronic juke-boxes), Indian scalps, horse-drawn hearses, the skeleton of a member of the James gang and a silver-dollar studded bar. Many pictures of pistols.

Frederick Muller, 5s



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# PURELY PERSONAL

Pretty Second Lieutenant Lesley Reynolds (right) took all three top awards as an officer cadet at the Women's Royal Army Corps commissioning ceremony at Camberley. Brunette Lesley received the coveted ceremonial sash for being the best cadet, a certificate of merit and a special prize she won for an essay on Russian history. Second Lieutenant Reynolds is pictured here after the ceremony.



When a car crashed on a bend in a dusty Cyprus road and condemned Craftsman Tommy Taylor to a life of paralysis in a wheelchair, it also gave him a passport to a new world of sport and led him to being nominated as Britain's "Disabled Sportsman of 1965." Tommy was in his third year of service with the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers when the car crash broke his neck and altered his life. After nearly two years in hospital he moved to Chaiseley Home for Disabled Ex-Servicemen at Eastbourne where he met his wife and took up table tennis. Now Tommy has amassed a collection of 15 gold medals and represented Britain at the Paraplegic Olympic Games in Rome and Tokyo. His medals were won for both singles and doubles titles and his doubles partner is Mike Beck, a former second lieutenant in The Welch Regiment, also the victim of a car crash in Jamaica.



Look at that happy and contented smile on the face of Sergeant Norman Steer, Royal Army Medical Corps. You will never hear him complain about his work—he is the only man on the staff of the Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps training school at Aldershot. Our picture shows 33-year-old Norman tied up with just a few of his pretty Army nurse colleagues.



The Bakhsh family were tailors to the British Army in India in the days when soldiers wore red coats. And Miran Bakhsh, who started as a tailor in Rawalpindi at the age of 13, became so close to the Army that when the British soldiers left India he followed the flag and settled down near Aldershot. Pictured here at his faithful sewing machine, Mr Bakhsh, a Pakistani, was employed as a regimental tailor in barracks all over north-west India before coming to England.

# IT'S THE ARMY LOOK!

**I**T was bound to happen. Mods, mini-skirts, pop art, op art . . . it was just a question of time before London dress designers ran short of gimmicks and turned an inquiring eye towards pastures new. The result is liable to make the toughest sergeant-major swoon. For this month a new London boutique launches a new fashion. Believe it or not, it's THE ARMY LOOK.

Yes, lads, this month London's smartest girls will be forming up to BUY uniforms modelled on the ones you were given FREE. They are all made from the genuine coarse khaki serge, just like the old battledresses you threw out a few years back.

And that's not all. To go with these natty new outfits there are hats ranging from forage caps to balaclavas, bags like ammunition pouches, gas-capes, and jewellery made from regimental buttons!

They are for sale in an Air Raid Post in Kensington. Well, not exactly an air raid post, but a boutique called "ARP,"

If Queen Victoria looks a bit sour (right) it is hardly surprising—she would never have approved of "Battle," the suit on this page. It is sold with two stripes on one arm.





Jewellery made from old regimental buttons goes with The Army Look—here is a ring made from a Devonshire Regt button.

painted in khaki, of course, and done out inside like one of those cosy old Nissen huts.

Corrugated iron panels separate the changing rooms where recruits try on their new uniforms behind sacking curtains, and a warden with a tin hat and a gas-mask (prepared for anything) is on duty at weekends to keep the girls in line. White-painted buckets filled with paper Union Jacks leave no doubt where the loyalties of this particular Army lie.

Men behind The Army Look are Neil Conway (an ex-paratrooper) and Roy Starling, who together conceived the idea and designed ARP. "It's going to go like a bomb," said Conway "this is THE look for Spring. We even tried to sell the uniforms to the Ministry of Defence to help their recruiting problems, but for some reason they weren't interested."

On issue (on repayment of course) to potential Army Look girls are three khaki suits—Private, Battle and Air Raid. "Private" is worn with a forage cap, "Air Raid"

has a couple of useful ammunition pockets built into the jacket and is worn with "Pegasus" (a hat copied direct from a wartime paratrooper's helmet), and dashing "Battle" has two chevrons on the right arm and a balaclava hood to go with it.

For rainy weather there is an identical copy of that dear old elegant gas-cape that every soldier knows. Named "The Soldier's Friend" (if only they knew!), the only slight difference is that it comes in bright red or yellow and has a polka-dot lining—hardly ideal from a camouflage angle.

Girls with The Army Look can even get "jankers"—the boutique's name for the trousers our model is wearing on the back cover overleaf. Incidentally she is no stranger to the Army—her father is a serving officer.

There are off-duty clothes at ARP too. Dresses are inspired by such delightfully feminine objects as bullets and trenches and rejoice in names like "All Clear" and "AWOL".

For girls with the courage of a hero, there is an ankle-length evening dress named "48 Hour Pass" which is transparent! Just the thing for a quiet evening in the mess.

All these clothes are on sale from the beginning of this month. And the designers are so confident they are going to be a smash hit that they are planning to sell the range wholesale—and make deliveries in old Army lorries.

Their enthusiasm is not shared, however, by one unimpressed policeman in Whitehall.

When SOLDIER cameraman Frank Tompsett took pictures outside Horse Guards Parade he was warned for causing an obstruction and told to move off in two minutes or "get nicked."

Told it was The Army Look, the officer added: "I don't care what look it is. You're causing an obstruction. And if that's The Army Look, all I hope is that they don't bring out a Police Look. Move on!"



Far left: "Jankers" and gas-cape in Whitehall. Left: "Private" on duty at ARP. Note the forage cap and "gas-mask case" handbag—all accessories for The Army Look girls.

Our model in "Air Raid" outside ARP. She is also wearing the "Pegasus" hat and she has every right to wear it—she is a free-fall parachutist. Turn over to see The Army Look in colour.

SOLDIER

