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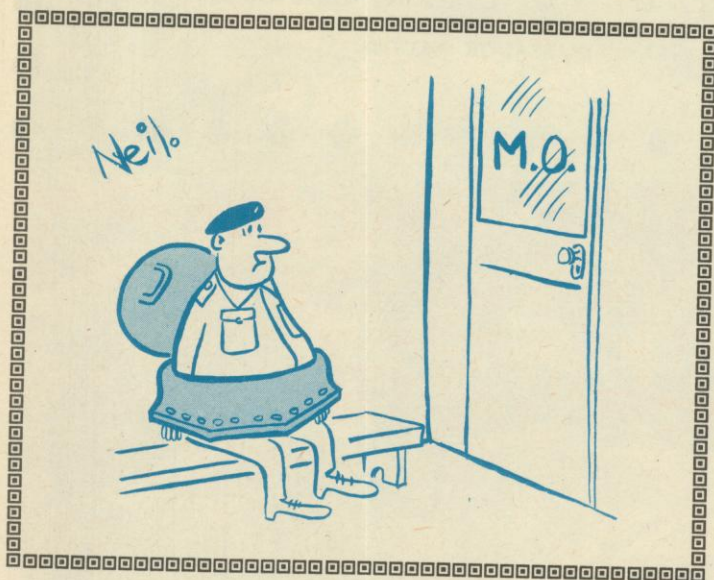


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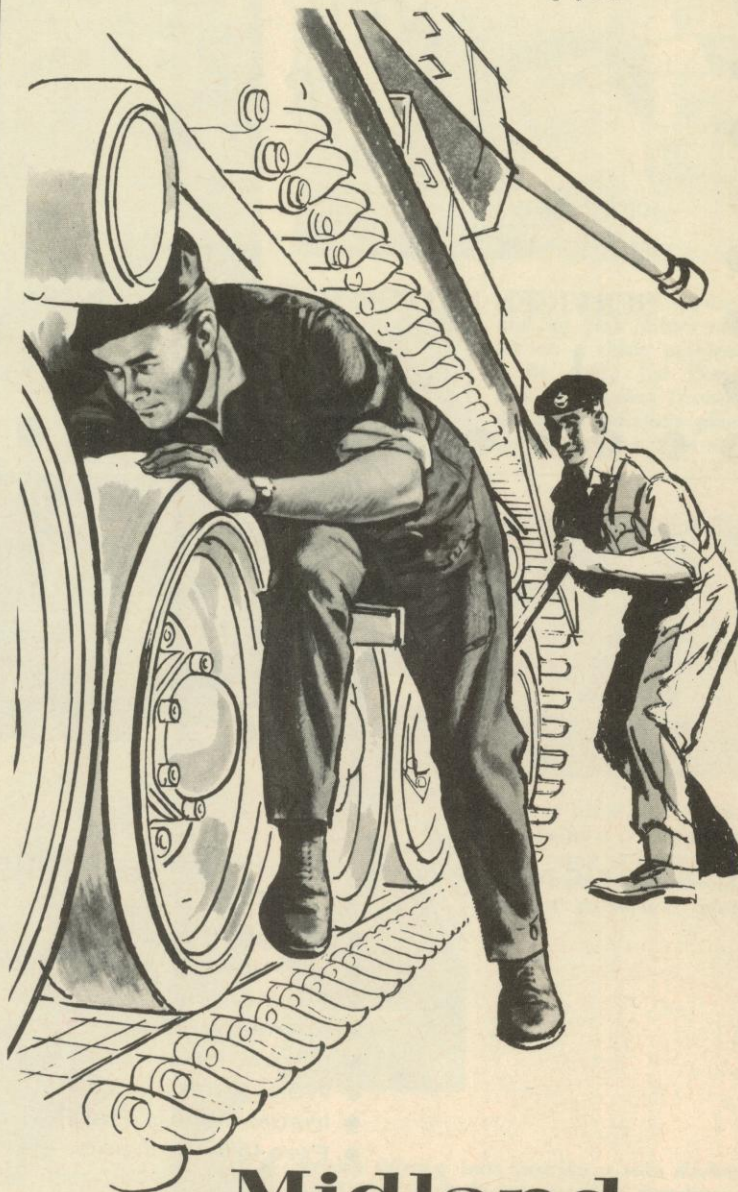
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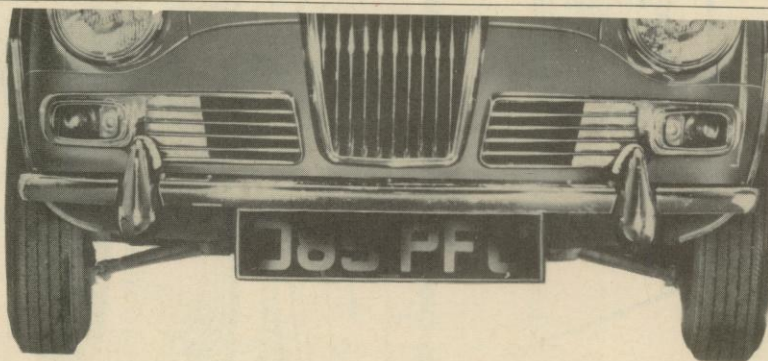
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REBUILDING A TORN CITY



S/Sgt Jeff Richardson and Sgt Alan Milner confer on a siting problem, while (left) Cpl Peters and L/Cpl Lenny Leonard draw up building plans on the Butel school site.



Above: L/Cpl Ian Atkinson helps a Yugoslav to fix a ramp to a hut, and (left) Sgt Steve Hambrook uses a surveyor's level.

British Nissen huts provide a safe shelter amid the cracked and tottering structures.

TEN enormous lorries and trailers, piled high with *Nissen* hut components, packed into the central Tito Square in Skopje. On each one in bold letters was "British Aid for Skopje: London—Skopje: Britanska pomoc Jugoslavia." People of the earthquake-shattered town emerged from their tents and tarpaulin shelters to welcome the giant convoy. Among them were seven British Sappers who had travelled ahead from Germany to see the huts built. They didn't speak—just grinned at one another. At that moment there was no one more proud of being British.

OVER...

SKOPJE

continued

With the help of an interpreter, Capt Charles Brodley talks to an elderly resident of Skopje.



The Sappers, first British Army detachment to visit Yugoslavia since the war, were still marvelling at this remarkable break in the daily routine of life within 11 Engineer Group at Osnabruck. Corporal John Crankshaw had just climbed into bed the previous Saturday when the door flew open and a voice said: "Start packing, lad, you're off to Skopje."

There were, in fact, 72 hours before Corporal Crankshaw and six fellow Sappers, led by Captain Charles Brodley, 35 Corps Engineer Regiment, boarded the Trans-Europa Express at Dortmund for the 36-hour journey to Belgrade. They made for Skopje's town park where the city council had set up offices in temporary rushwork structures. It was here, among rows and rows of tents, that the party sorted its seven tons of stores and built bivouacs for the night.

The convoy, carrying components for 24 *Nissen* huts, arrived three days later and the huts were immediately earmarked for use as schools. The earthquake had left the city without a single school and replacements were

urgently needed. The *Nissen* huts, with their large floor space—66ft by 24ft—were the only buildings on offer that filled the bill. They were to form three schools, eight huts to each school, on sites in different parts of the city.

Within 24 hours the Royal Engineers' task was doubled. The British Government offered 20 more *Nissen* huts and these were immediately earmarked for two more schools. Four more Sappers left Osnabruck, this time travelling by road, bringing two *Land-Rovers* to ease transport problems and towing trailers bearing 1600lb of tinned food.

But work on the first three schools had already begun, with Sappers supervising Yugoslav labour. Each of the nine or ten settlements in the area was being administered by a separate authority—in Djorce Petrov they worked for the Skopje Council, in Butel for the Macedonian Government, at Madari for the Zagreb Council—and civic pride turned the work into a friendly race.

It looked at one time as though a British *Nissen* hut would be the first foreign-built building to go up since the earthquake, but the West German Red



Yet another *Nissen* hut takes shape. Spr Paddy Moore helps Yugoslav workers secure the frame.



A shy smile that speaks volumes in any language. L/Cpl Barry Madle has all the thanks he needs.

Here's proof for Spr Sid Gough's grandchildren. He really did drive a Yugoslav steamroller!

Cross stepped in one day and built a house on timber piles while the Sappers were waiting for their concrete to set.

As the Sappers toiled from 5.30 am till dusk six days a week (seven if labour was available) the British citizen at home was dipping into his pocket. The result was £370,000 realised by the War on Want appeal and this was spent on a further 200 *Nissen* huts.

This meant Britain was destined to play a major part in the rapid housing of Skopje's 70,000 homeless before the hard winter set in. It also meant the Royal Engineers' commitment leapt to six schools and two 1000-man camps with services. The detachment was increased by another 46 Sappers and four more *Land-Rovers*.

Work was now taking on considerable proportions and those unglamorous but eminently practical structures that have served the British soldier as dining-hall, hospital and store since World War One were springing up all over the city. If Macedonian architecture takes on a semicircular aspect the Royal Engineers will be to blame!

Heavy rains caused considerable dis-

ruption of schedules but despite this the work was completed early last month. The Sappers will have supervised the mixing of 6000 cubic yards of concrete and seen 80,000 square yards of corrugated iron secured by 27,000 nuts and bolts and 100,000 drive screws.

They will have returned to Osnabruck with many memories: Of the great cheer that went up as the final screw was driven home on the first hut, of the friendliness and generosity of the people, quick to augment the "compo" rations with fresh eggs and other gifts, of the sing-song in the Skopje hotel with West German and Yugoslav workers singing English songs, the Sappers singing German songs and both the British and German parties failing utterly to master the songs of the Yugoslav workers.

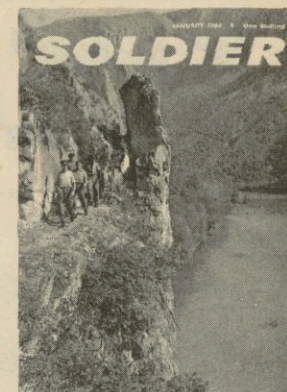
And behind them the Sappers will leave school places for 7000 Yugoslav youngsters, a lectern in each school carved with the Royal Engineers cap badge, accommodation for more than 2000 rebuilding workers—and a great feeling of friendship and gratitude to Britain, and especially to those British Army Sappers.

Plans for the siting of the temporary housing at Skopje were put quickly in hand thanks to a plan for the redevelopment of the city drawn up in 1949. Temporary settlements are being built on sites proposed on the 1949 plan while the centre of Skopje is rebuilt. All services and facilities can be provided for the temporary settlements and will remain for the permanent buildings that will follow when the original plan is put into effect.

Though at first sight much of Skopje appears to be intact, 80 per cent of the city's 36,000 dwellings are unsafe. The lateral shocks of the earthquake moved the

foundations of buildings to one side, pulling out or loosening floor joists and beams. When the Sappers arrived they found people living in tents or makeshift shacks in every street, many alongside the house they once occupied.

Yet only half of the city's population remained. Skopje station, itself the most spectacularly hit building, handled 50,000 passengers in four days, including nearly all mothers with children under seven. Any family was free to move out of the city during the first week after the disaster and family effects were moved free.



COVER PICTURE

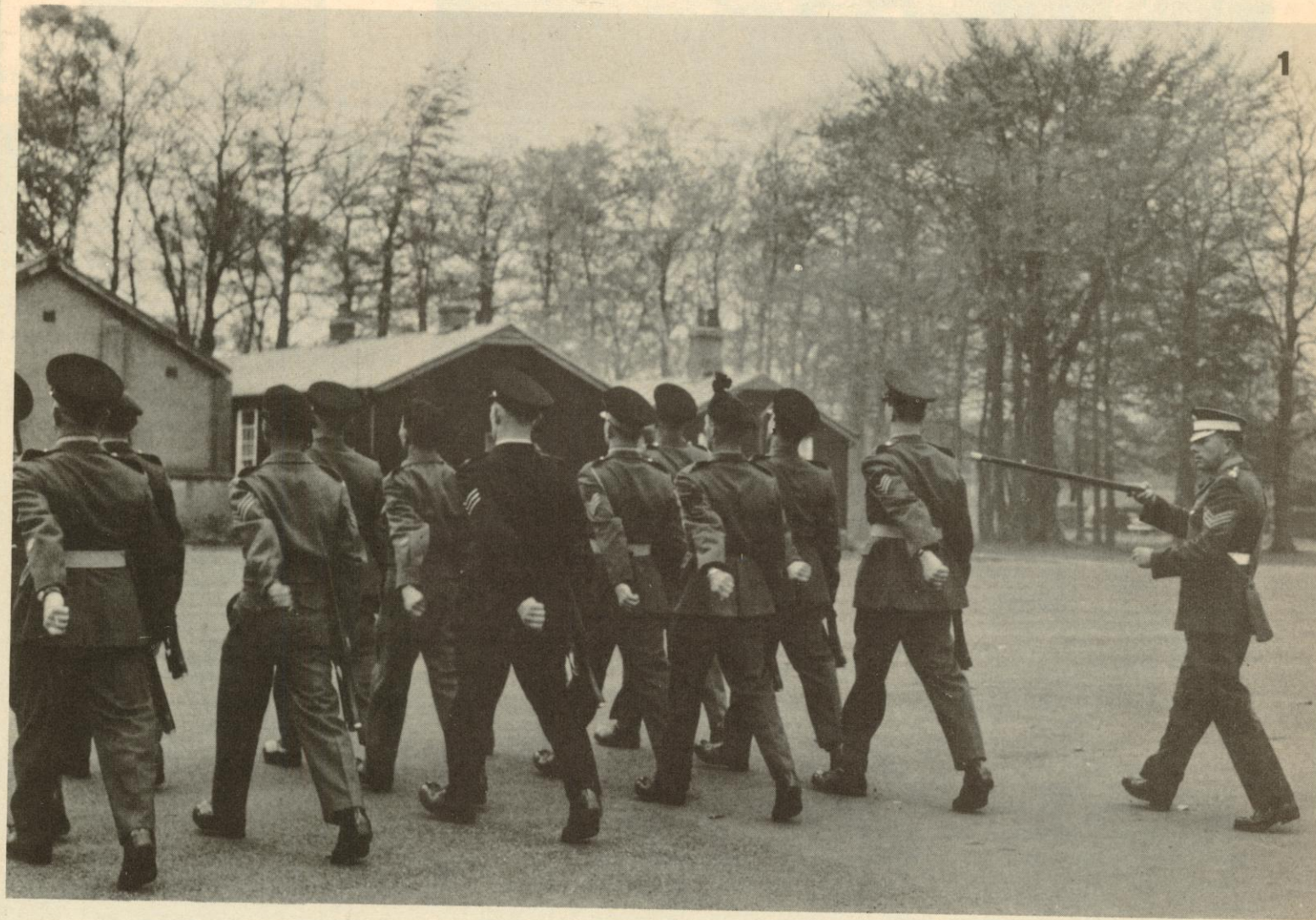
SOLDIER's front cover picture, taken by Sergeant George Tollefson, British Army Public Relations, shows four British Sappers taking a precarious walk in the mountains near Skopje during a rare break in their dawn-till-dusk labours in the shattered city. About 300 feet below them is an artificial lake that supplies water for the city. Thanks to its special construction to resist earth tremors, the city's water supply was unaffected by the earthquake.



Pictures by Sergeant GEORGE TOLLEFSON, British Army Public Relations

THE ANCIENT ART OF BASHING A SQUARE

Story by RUSSELL MILLER: Pictures by FRANK TOMPSETT



1



2



3

1 Head up, chest out, arms swinging. Lowest rank in this picture is sergeant.

2 Drill Sergeant H Jones, Coldstream Guards, shows a student the right way.

3 Policeman with a rifle is Sergeant Fyffe, now a police drill instructor.

4 Thirsty work this drill. Students drink about 27 gallons of beer nightly.



4

DRILL instructors are traditionally fearsome men. Every recruit cherishes (?) a memory of him, pace-stick jammed horizontal under one arm, a bolt-up-right, bristling, rigid man with a bark of command capable of shearing dropped steel.

Beloved by cartoonists and music hall comedians, the drill instructor remains equally as vital today to a modern army as he was to the Roman legions that invaded Britain before the birth of Christ. For in the ever-changing British Army with its computers and missiles one aspect has never changed through the centuries—the importance of drill.

Recruits have often been known to voice various fanciful theories about where drill instructors originate. The truth is that they are born at the All Arms Drill Wing at the Guards Depot, Pirbright.

It takes the Guards six weeks to train a drill instructor and their course

has earned such a fine reputation that soldiers from many different armies throughout the world travel to England to attend. It comprises about 50 periods of straightforward "square bashing," revision, teaching instruction, lectures and ceremonial drills—it's certainly no holiday.

Each course consists of 60 men, all senior sergeants or warrant officers. They come from all corps and regiments of the British Army and Commonwealth forces, and even police forces send their potential drill instructors on the course.

Sight of a drill squad made up entirely of sergeants and warrant officers racing across a square at Pirbright while a towering, red-sashed Guards sergeant barks "Lef, right, lef, right . . ." is enough to gladden the hearts of private soldiers the world over.

But that is only part of it. For the students have to face up to some of the same problems as raw recruits on the other side of the barracks. Their huts

must be spotlessly cleaned every morning, kit polished and laid out for inspection, blankets boxed and boots must have a mirror shine all over—the first week comes as a bit of a shock to soldiers old enough to have forgotten the peculiar art of boxing blankets.

Their drill instruction starts at the bottom (theoretically, of course) with attention, stand at ease and forming up in three ranks. It progresses through arms drill and ends with instruction on complicated ceremonial parades like trooping the Colour.

Students have to shout the time of drill movements under the eagle eye of the special Guards instructors who only accept near-perfect timing and movement.

During the early part of the course most of the evenings are spent swotting the drill book or cleaning kit, but most courses find that feet stamping, shouting and marching is thirsty work and they manage to squeeze in an average nightly

beer consumption in their own mess of about 27 gallons.

The most unusual student of recent months was Sergeant John Fyffe of the Metropolitan Police who was sent to Pirbright for six weeks before he became a drill instructor at the Police Cadet School, Hendon. He completed the course just like other students, bulling his boots, boxing blankets and learning the Army salute and rifle drill.

During the latter half of the course students learn how to instruct drill and in the fourth week there is a keen inter-squad competition judged by independent officers.

Captain Sir Robert Wilmot, Scots Guards, the officer commanding the Wing for almost two years, said: "Many students find it very hard going at first but because they are all experienced soldiers they quickly settle down and soon begin to enjoy the physical rigours which can turn them into first-rate drill instructors."

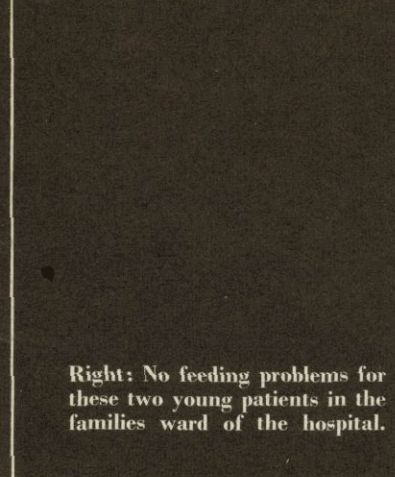


Under the expert eye of Sgt Stan Williams, Sgt Fyffe learns to shout.

Below: Ward assistant Bishnu Thapa helps Maj O'Rorke RAMC, examine this young out-patient.



Left: After their long trek to attend hospital, Nepalese girls sleep while awaiting attention.

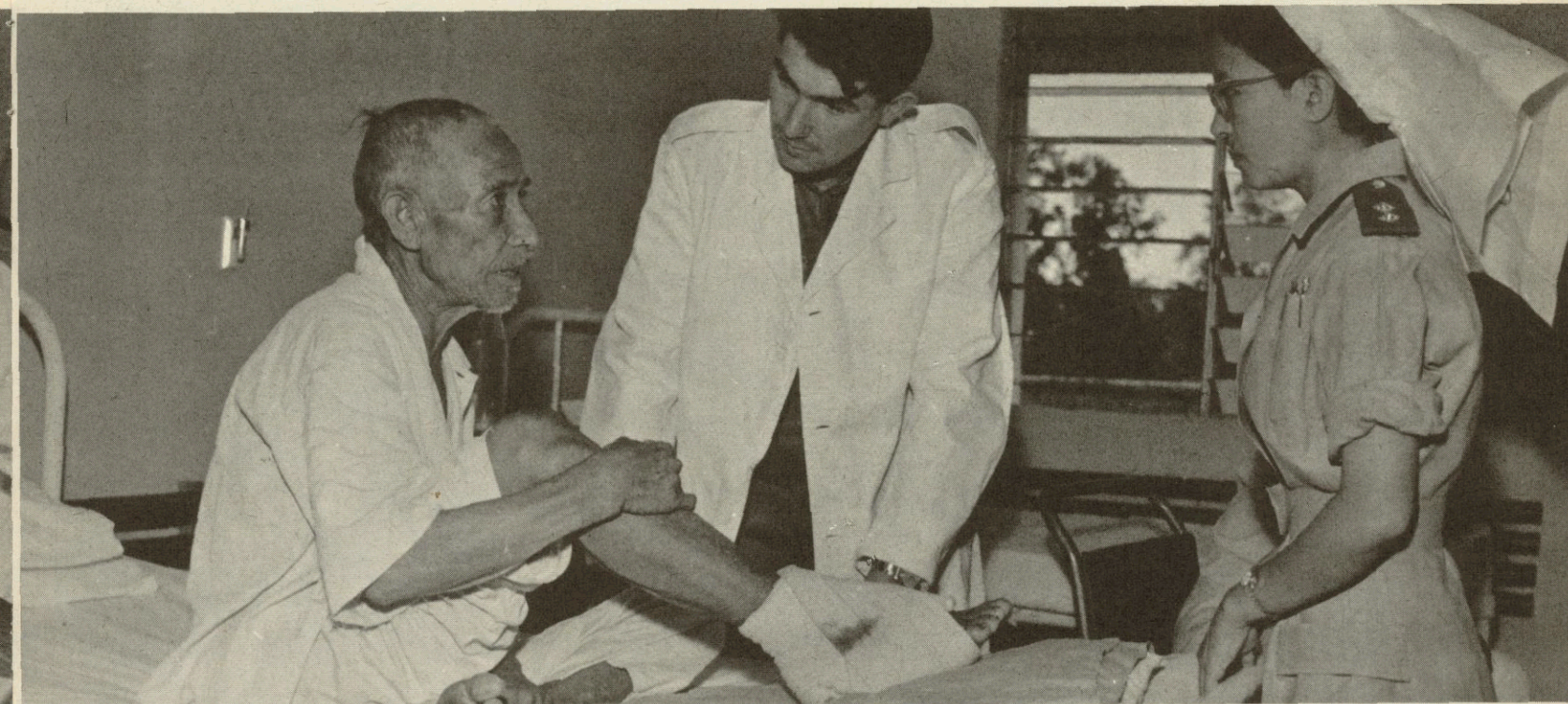
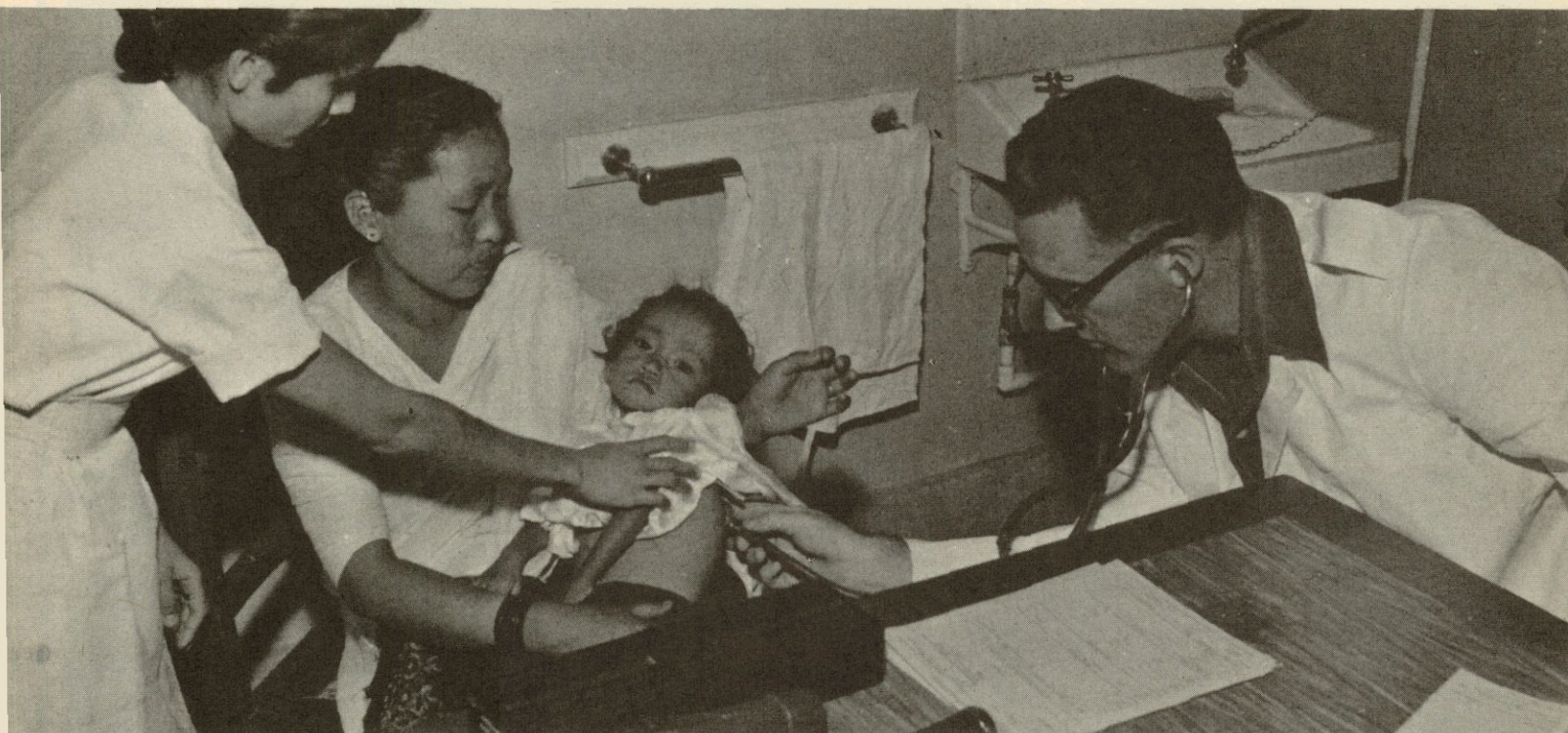


Right: No feeding problems for these two young patients in the families ward of the hospital.



Below: Capt Bill Johnston and Lieut Rawat talk to a 72-year-old patient from Dharan village.

ARMY HOSPITAL SERVES THE FOOTHILLS



IN some ways, working at the British Military Hospital at Dharan, Nepal, is like working with 20th century equipment and skills in 19th or even 18th century Britain. There is much tuberculosis, much malnutrition and its accompanying diseases, many broken limbs and burns, and illnesses are often well advanced, with no hope of a complete cure.

In other ways the work at this small three-year-old hospital at the gateway to the Himalayas is quite different, with snake bites, leprosy and, occasionally, savaging by tigers, panthers or bears among the complaints.

The hospital is officially intended only for Gurkha and British soldiers and civilians and their families attached to the British Gurkha recruiting depot at Dharan. But in practice it serves a much wider public. How could a doctor refuse to treat a patient who has walked for ten days with a tourniquet on his snake-bitten arm, or a badly burned child carried for days by its mother?

In fact more than half, sometimes

three-quarters of the in-patients at the hospital, are not officially entitled to treatment, and the out-patient clinic handles work out of all proportion to the size of the hospital. After trekking over the foothills for days, villagers are content to lie for hours on the verandah of the clinic, waiting for it to open.

The clinic's work has grown to 2000 patients a month, and though it is hard work, the medical staff is always rewarded by the gratitude of the hill people for anything that is done for them. The staff's only complaint is that their treatment all too often has to effect a compromise rather than a complete cure.

"There is so much work you have to be pretty hard-hearted sometimes," Captain Bill Johnston, the hospital surgeon, told **SOLDIER**. "You have to be satisfied with enabling a patient to walk again and earn a living, and not worry about a limp or deformity."

At least he does not have to deal with the injuries from road accidents that occupy so much time and skill in Britain. The foothills are impassable by any kind of road traffic, and the only likely

road accident on the flat *terai* would be one involving a bullock cart. More common are broken limbs caused by falls from trees—a 70-year-old patient had this misfortune—and trees falling on people.

The villagers' simple means of cooking—a bamboo fire on the cottage floor—leads to many burns among babies or toddlers who roll or trip into the flames. The fact that there are not even more of these burns says much for the great care of the Gurkha mothers.

But tuberculosis, with 20 per cent of the population suffering from the disease, is the chief medical problem. Despite most of this work being done in out-patients, the special tented TB wards alongside the main building are the largest and busiest in the hospital.

First-class X-ray equipment operating in an air-conditioned room keeps a check on everyone at the depot and on former British Gurkha soldiers. About 500 X-rays are taken every month, including more than 100 fractures. The hospital also has a fine modern operating theatre and a well-equipped and extremely busy dispensary.

Accommodation at the hospital comprises two 14-bedded wards for British and Gurkha soldiers, a families ward (12 beds), officers ward (four beds), maternity (two beds), and as well as the tented TB wards (each with 24 beds) there is special tented accommodation for lepers.

All this is administered by a staff of three doctors (including the hard-working head of the hospital, Major Charles O'Rorke), a matron, three sisters, four British sergeant technicians and 42 Nepalese civilians as nursing orderlies, ward clerks, etc.

Among the sisters is Lieutenant Radha Rawat, first Gurkha girl ever to join the Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps. She trained at St Thomas's Hospital, London, where she became a state registered nurse, and has only recently returned to Nepal.

Though the work is exacting and often frustrating, Lieutenant Rawat could hardly have found anything that was of more practical help to her people than her work at this British Military Hospital.

Story by **PETER DAVIES**

Pictures by **FRANK TOMPSETT**

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IT'S ALL DONE BY MIRRORS!

THERE is one very good reason why it is important that a soldier firing the *Vigilant* anti-tank missile should score a direct hit every time—about £500 goes up in smoke when he pulls the trigger.

For the *Vigilant*, indisputably an excellent weapon, is a little on the expensive side (although its cost will go down when mass production is in full swing). And the Army is understandably not too keen on training Infantrymen to fire the missile by practical trial and error.

Two misses by a raw, trigger-happy operator would waste enough money to keep the average soldier in beer and fags for the rest of his life—so the need for a machine simulating the firing of a *Vigilant* was obvious.

Now the Army has three simulators and intensive training on one of them starts this month at the School of Infantry Support Weapons Wing at Netheravon, Wiltshire. Infantrymen who pass the three-week course should be capable of hitting six tanks with six shots.

In battle the operator ranges about six missiles in their metal boxes around his position and when an enemy tank comes into view he selects which missile to fire, pulls the electric trigger and guides the *Vigilant* on to the target simply by moving a sensitive thumb control.

His training is literally all done by mirrors. In the darkened simulator room, the trainee pulls the trigger and a white dot of light representing the missile is projected on to a screen. The dot becomes smaller as the "missile" nears its target and in these few vital seconds the trainee learns how to guide it. It is not easy at first, but with expert instruction soldiers find they can soon hold the elusive white dot on the target and keep it there until a bell rings, signalling a "hit."

The dot of light is projected by prismatic mirrors on to a special curved screen and the range is simulated by the number of seconds before the bell rings. The targets are tank silhouettes of

different sizes for corresponding ranges and they can be moving or stationary. At a simple control console every condition that an operator could come across in actual firing can be fed into the simulator—range, drift, cross-winds, terrain.

After pulling the trigger every movement of the thumb—up or down or from side to side—is correlated with the path of the missile, although there is a tricky time lag before the missile answers a thumb movement instruction.

The simulator has one other vital asset—a built-in magic brain which accurately records the performance of each trainee operator. For each shot the "Indicator, Operator's Performance" will show the acquisition (time taken to "gather" the missile), the guidance (number of seconds the missile is held on target), the number of times the missile crosses the target in flight and the exact accuracy of the hit. All these controls are so simple that they can be operated by the trainees after a few minutes' instruction.



In the darkened simulator room the "missile" is a dot on the screen which trainees guide with their thumb.

IDEAS

THERE was trouble with the *Thunderbird* rocket launcher. Under certain conditions it would not lift the rocket to the firing position. After poring over various methods of curing the trouble the makers suggested a modification costing £12,000.

Warrant Officer F G Waitt, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, scratched his head over the electrical circuit and asked simply: "Why don't they connect that wire up over there, and this one down here?" The trick worked. The makers gladly accepted this simple and effective adjustment and Warrant Officer Waitt accepted a well-deserved 75 guineas for his suggestion.

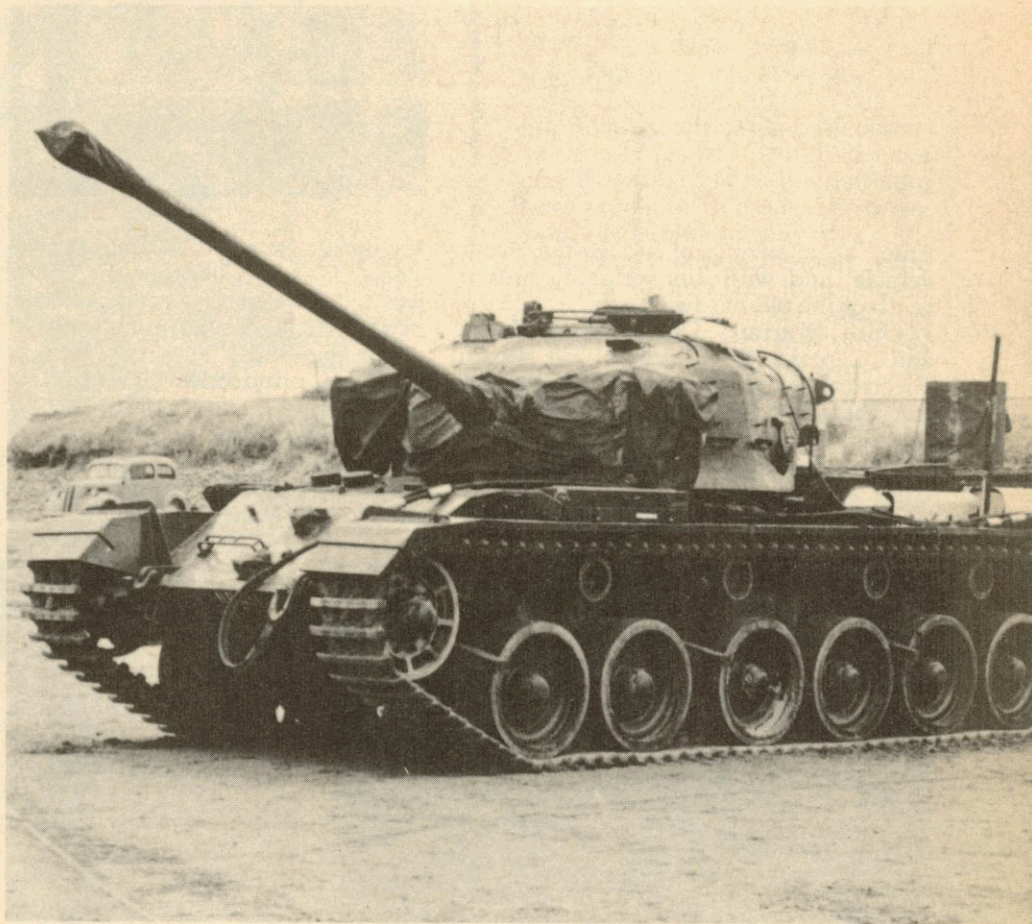
The money came from the War Office under its 20-year-old Suggestions Scheme. Each year the scheme pays out thousands of pounds to hundreds of soldiers and War Office civilians in amounts ranging from a guinea upwards. It is a payment for initiative, an encouragement to think of—and pass on—better ways of doing things. The answer to that age-old query "Why don't they do it this way?" is that "they" probably hadn't thought of it!

The man who has made the biggest transformation in an Army technique and gained the biggest-ever award under the scheme—£250—is Major Tony Singleton, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, now commanding 64 Station Workshop at Ipoh, Malaya.

It was while working at Fording Trials Branch of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers in Devon that he became irritated by the cumbersome mass of hardware required to waterproof a tank or armoured car for a beach or river assault. Though it was not his direct concern he tossed the problem around and devised a method of waterproofing with fabric.

He managed to get hold of a tank and a couple of workmen and began to test his theories. First he had to prove that the engine would not overheat within the required time. This he achieved and after testing the tank in water he called in War Office representatives to see a trial. Finally came the official trial with representatives of the War Office, Ministry of Supply, his own Corps and the Royal Armoured Corps present. The fabric-sealed tank entered the river and faced stronger waves than were required by the test, but came through with flying colours.

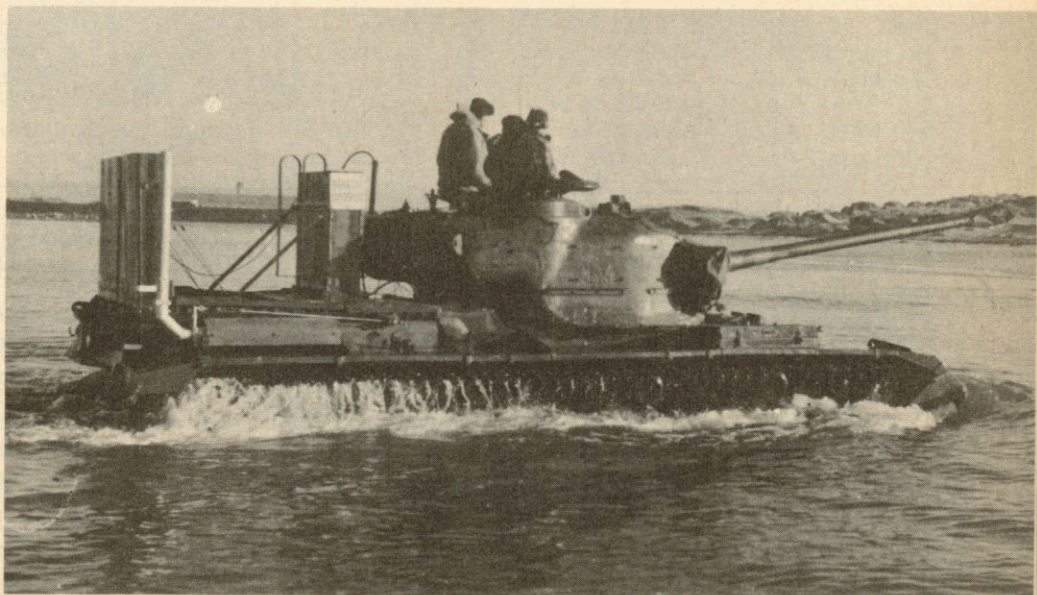
Today all "A" Class vehicles—including *Centurion* and *Chieftain* tanks and *Saracen* armoured cars—are proofed the Singleton way. It means vehicles can be waterproofed in a third of the



UNLIMITED

Above: A *Centurion* tank ready for the water, sealed with fabric in the new Singleton manner.

Below: The old method—cumbersome, bulky and expensive—had served the Army for years.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE ►



Watched by his wife, Maj Singleton tries a long putt at Ipoh. He has transformed waterproofing methods.

time, at a saving of £218 for every vehicle, and with kits weighing only a tenth of the old hardware kits.

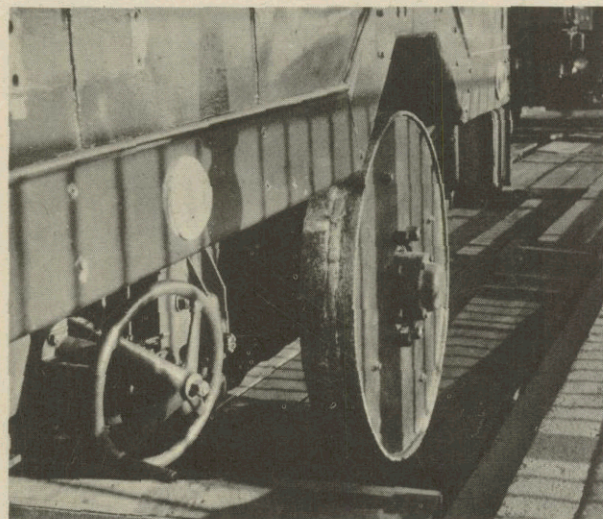
Until Warrant Officer A B Jones and Captain R B Job, both Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, put their heads together a large piece of radar equipment (Anti-Aircraft No. 4, Mark 7) had always been transported from the mainland to the guided weapons trials establishment on Angle-

sey by ship at a return cost of more than £600. This was because the equipment was too wide to pass between the arches of the Menai Suspension Bridge.

On paper the two men had proved that the equipment, if stripped of all protruding parts, could be driven through the arches—just! But testing the theory was a courageous venture involving an outlay of some £1300, the co-operation of the Welsh police,

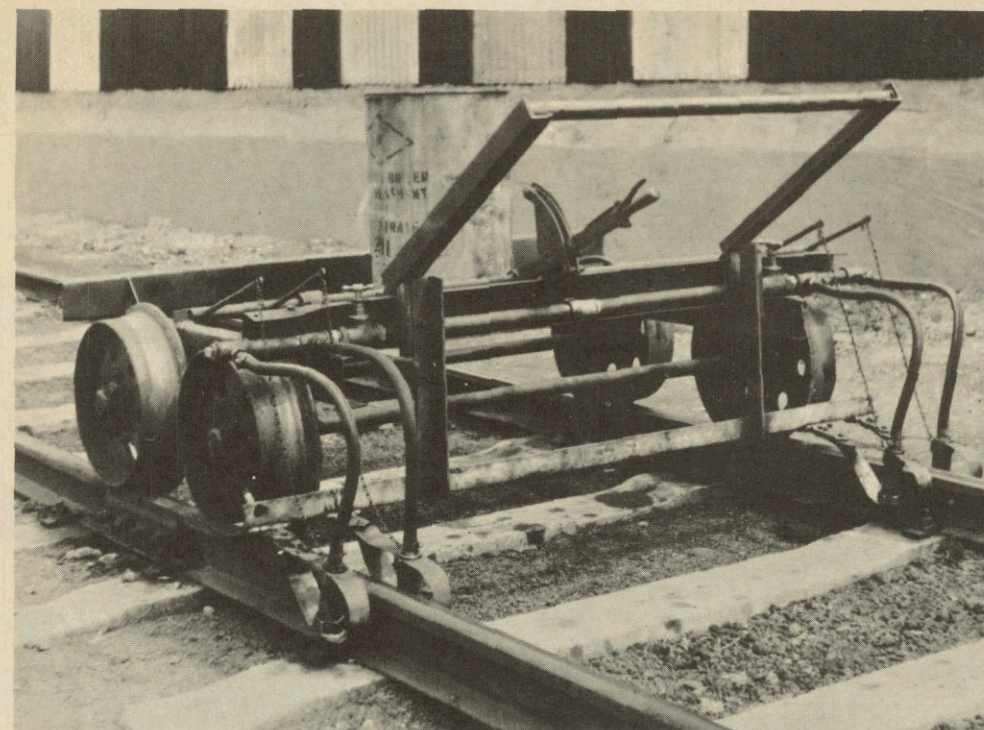
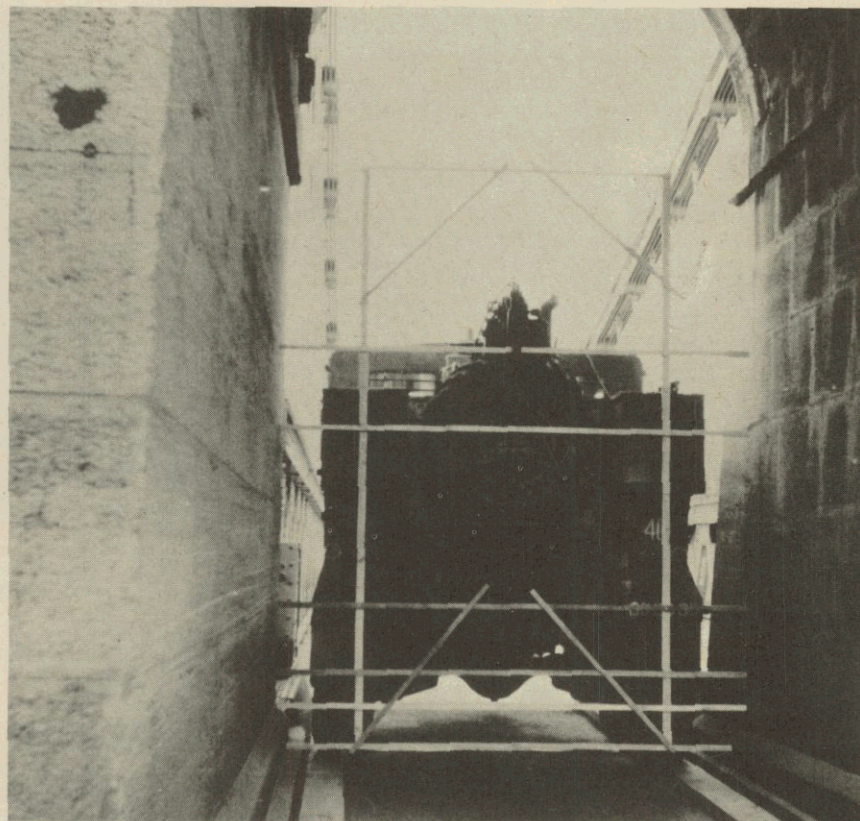
and advice from the county surveyor.

Steel wheels had to be made to replace the rear wheels of the equipment for its passage between the arches, and an immense quantity of wooden planks had to be used to build up the roadway. In the all-important test—made at dawn in May, 1961—the equipment was squeezed through successfully and the pattern set for scores of subsequent moves at a great financial saving.



Steel rear wheels save those few vital inches so that the bulky radar cabin passes through the Menai Bridge arches.

Right: This wooden frame, built to the exact measurements of the cabin, passes through the arches on an initial trial.



Mr Walton's wonderful labour-saving oiling machine. As the springs strike the bolts the springs are forced up and the oil, fed into the four pipes from the five-gallon drum, drops on the bolts.

WO II Jones received 35 guineas for his share of the development and Captain Job got 15 guineas.

The design of an iron trolley that took the back-ache out of oiling railway sleeper bolts earned 32 guineas for Mr E J Walton, vehicle mechanic at 1 Railway Group, Royal Engineers, Hounslow. The trolley, devised when Mr Walton was working at Bicester, automatically oils the bolts as it is pushed along the track, covering 8200 in an hour. Previously the work was done by hand with an ordinary oil can.

Dismantling a tank took up 20 times the space of the tank—with bits of tank spread out in all directions!—until someone effected a great saving in space and shoe leather by designing a storage rack for the lighter components—and earned an award.

But not all the suggestions are from technicians. There are suggestions on storekeeping, methods of palletising, on locks and security of documents, on time-saving changes to Army forms and other office improvements—including the suggestion for a window in stapling machines to see when the staples are running low!

Frank Finch, SOLDIER's art editor, earned one of the first guineas ever to be paid out under the scheme—with an idea for teaching Africans to darn socks! While serving in Africa during the war he designed a poster illustrating the strange technique step by step for men who had never before worn socks. The number of socks returned to stores with enormous holes was at least cut down.

Electrical devices are a happy hunting ground for the amateur boffin and many useful fusing devices, automatic cutouts to prevent overheating, etc,

have stemmed from the Suggestions Scheme. And of course there are the cranks, such as the man who wrote in with a scheme for blowing up tanks, which involved connecting a town's electricity supply to its tram-lines, thus touching off explosives planted beneath them. The scheme promised to be devastatingly effective, but somewhat indiscriminate!

But any suggestion which reaches C9, the War Office branch concerned, is considered carefully and, if rejected, the suggester is told precisely why. Award winners receive a letter on blue crested notepaper from the Assistant Secretary of State, and details of the award are recorded in the recipient's personal file.

The War Office is allowed to pay out awards of up to 100 guineas for any one idea. Larger amounts need Treasury approval. Awards of up to 100 guineas are tax free, and higher awards may also escape tax.

But though the scheme is still awaiting the really great find—something in the class of Sir Frank Whittle's jet engine—it is aimed mainly at encouraging simple suggestions for improvements in methods and techniques. Most suggestions come from civilians (the War Office employs as many civilians as it has soldiers) and most of the suggestions from the serving soldier come from the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. On the other hand the Women's Royal Army Corps has yet to earn an award.

The Suggestions Scheme stands for initiative. Here is the channel through which every soldier and civilian can play his—or her!—individual part in improving Army efficiency. Here is an answer to the "Why don't they do it this way?" types: Why don't *they* suggest it?

SOLDIER to Soldier

THIS is 1964—and blazer and flannels are definitely out. The Army apprentices of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers at Arborfield have said they are out and their officers have agreed with them. The boys, who have had to buy this old-fashioned outfit as the only walking-out alternative to uniform, have found that their stock is pretty low among the girls of Reading, who prefer boys in more modern attire.

So five tailoring firms have been invited to submit designs, and the boys and their officers will come to an agreement on what the well-dressed apprentice will wear in 1964.

So far, the officers of Arborfield are to be congratulated. The Army must attract alert, modern youngsters with a pride in themselves and their appearance. But while it is well qualified to choose the uniform in which a soldier should fight and the one in which he should parade, the Army is on tricky ground in attempting to select what a teenager should wear for the battle of the sexes.

If a standard civilian "uniform" must be chosen, the choice must be bold, well-informed and forward looking. It must have the approval not only of enlightened senior officers but also of teenage girls.



SOLDIER greets the New Year with three small additions to the crop of regular features. Every soldier who will one day be an ex-soldier should find something of interest in a new series, "That Second Career," beginning on Page 19. Each month we will tell how an ex-Regular tackled a new career in middle life. A list of the main anniversaries of the month likely to interest readers is displayed opposite, and "Serving the Soldier" (Page 18) looks from a practical viewpoint at organisations a soldier may find useful and helpful.

In 1963 the small editorial staff travelled widely, bringing first-hand stories from all over the Far East, from the foothills of Nepal, from Canada, Norway, Germany, France and Britain. Next month the net is spread even further, with SOLDIER's own report and pictures of The Royal Ulster Rifles' 12,000-mile airlift and the Regiment's adventures in the Australian Bush.

It happened in JANUARY

Date		Years ago
5	Nazi party founded in Germany	45
6	Jet propulsion invented	20
15	British Museum opened	205
16	Death of Sir John Moore at Corunna	155
18	Siege of Leningrad raised	21
19	Britain approved adoption of FN rifle	10
21	Death of Lenin	40
22	Anzio landings began	20
22	Defence of Rorke's Drift	85
23	Tripoli fell to Eighth Army	21
25	Robert Burns born	205
30	Charles I executed in Whitehall	315



The Highland Division enters Tripoli.

TALE OF TWO CHAPELS

SURVIVING THE SHELLFIRE

IN the black stormy night only the rich colours of the stained glass window could be seen. An organ chord was drowned by the howling wind and hammering of the rain. Suddenly a hymn burst out from the tiny chapel on the cliff. Welsh voices boomed "Onward, Christian soldiers . . ." and the volume of the singing wafted over the sheep huddled in the gorse, through the empty firing points, buffeted by the wind across the barren cliff top where it died in competition with the angry, crashing waves.

Inside the chapel, warrior saints in uniform looked down from the windows on the crowded little congregation of soldiers, families and Welsh villagers, all singing. They were celebrating the diamond jubilee of the rededication of Flimston Chapel, Britain's loneliest, bleakest church.

Just once a year Flimston Chapel comes to life with a service to mark the anniversary of its rededication. For the

other 364 days it stands in the firing line of tanks practising on the Royal Armoured Corps ranges at Castlemartin, Pembrokeshire. Thousands of shells have passed within yards of the tiny grey stone building, but it has never once been hit.

No one knows the full strange story of the ancient chapel, but if the grey stones could divulge their secrets they would probably tell a fascinating story dating from the times of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. It is known that in 1784 the tenant of Flimston was given permission to use the Chapel as a shed and granary, and this use was continued until 1901 when Colonel and Lady Victoria Lambton obtained permission to restore it in memory of three of their sons—William, Alexander and Ronald—who died within a few months of each other.

Work was lovingly and carefully started on restoration without innovation and in November, 1903, the chapel was rededicated.

On the walls are plaques erected to the memory of many members of the Lambton family, most of whom were soldiers. The stained glass windows depict five saints as Roman soldiers—Longinus, Eustace, George, Martin and Maurice, the patron saint of foot soldiers.

At the diamond jubilee service, representatives of the regiments in which the Lambton sons were serving at the time of their deaths—The Highland Light Infantry, The Durham Light Infantry, The Worcestershire Regiment and Pembroke Yeomanry—were present. The service was conducted by the Vicar of Castlemartin and the Chaplain-General to the Forces, Archdeacon I D Neill, Chaplain to the Queen, preached.

The fact that the chapel is undamaged despite its exposed location is largely due to the efforts of successive Range Commandants to preserve it, and most of the interior decorations are kept for safety in the church at Castlemartin camp.

On a bleak cliff top in the danger area of a tank range stands the loneliest church in Britain. Every year only one service is held there.



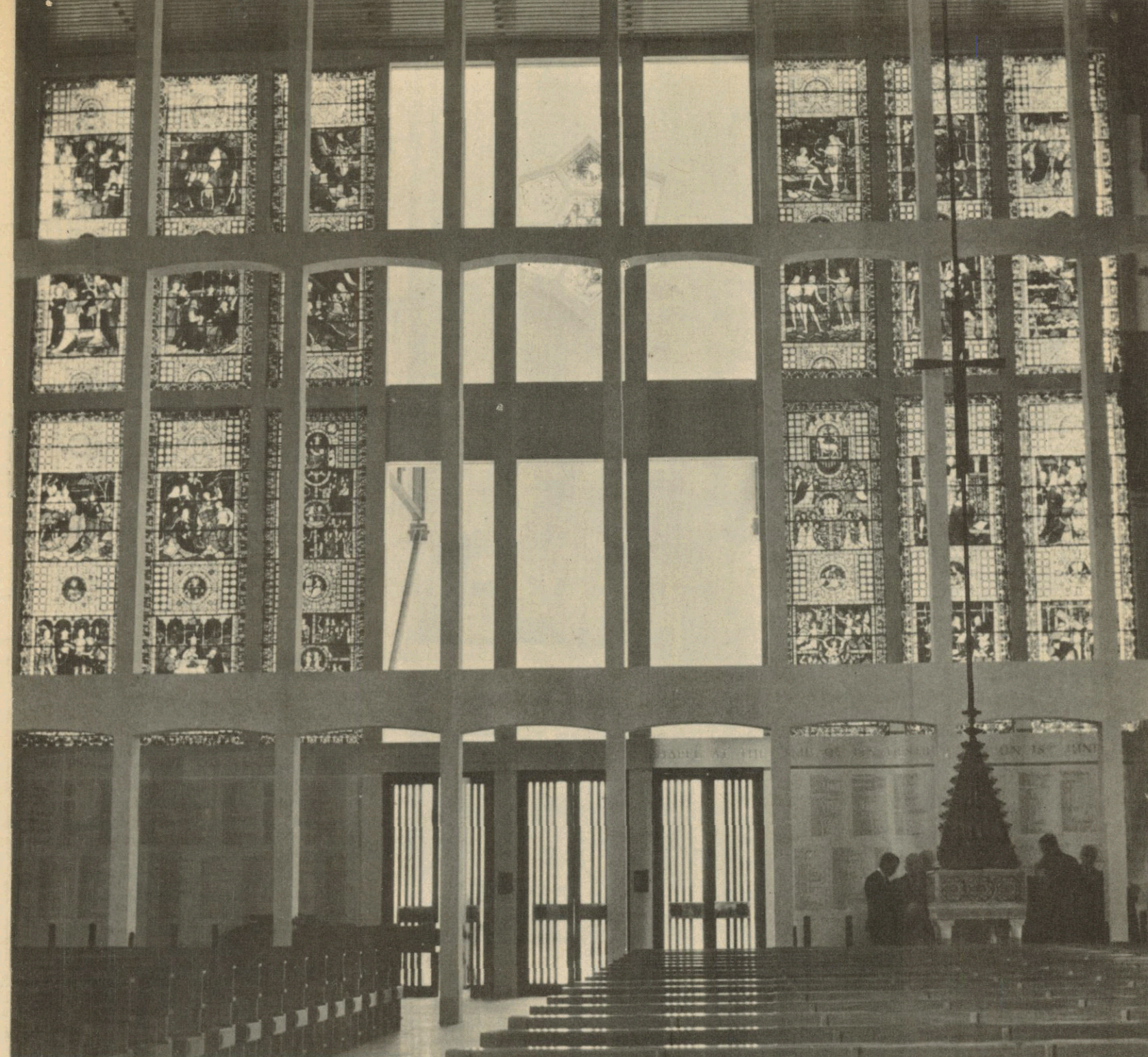
Stories

RUSSELL MILLER

Pictures

ARTHUR BLUNDELL ▶

FRANK TOMPSETT ▼



Simple, striking—the west end of the Guards Chapel.

BLITZED BUT RESTORED

IT was Sunday morning, 18 June, 1944. Over the English Channel a flying bomb was heading for London. In the Royal Military Chapel at Wellington Barracks a crowded congregation was praying for peace.

Immediately after the Lesson was read, the bomb struck the chapel. Huge concrete beams crashed to the ground . . . the walls crumbled . . . and in the ruins 121 worshippers lay dead.

Now, almost 20 years after that tragic happening, one of the finest regimental chapels in the world has

risen on the same site. And in its foundations are the shattered remains of the memorial tablets from the original chapel.

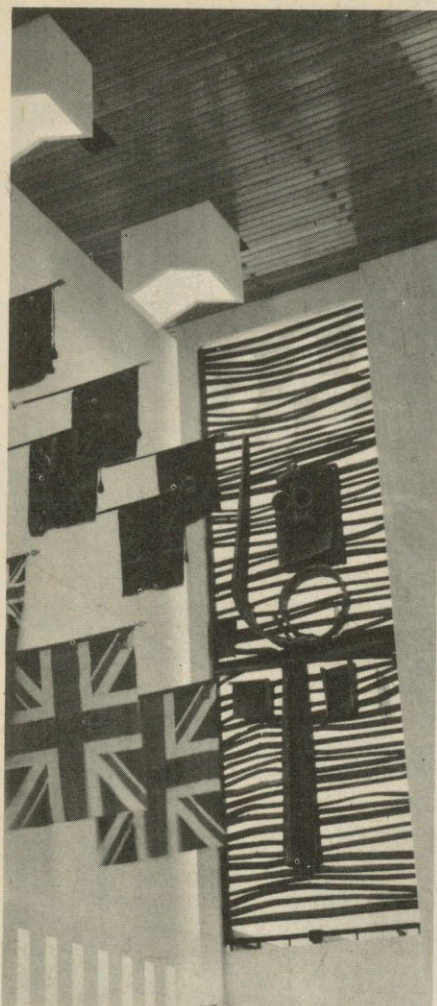
The new Guards Chapel is a simple white building decorated with a black Celtic cross and the Household Brigade star.

Its triple bronze doors, facing the parade ground, were bought by the 6th South African Armoured Division which was fighting alongside the Guards in Italy when the first chapel was destroyed.

Inside, the richly decorated apse—

only part of the original chapel that remained standing—has been incorporated into the east end and makes a startling contrast with the plain white walls. It is also visible from the outside through large open grilles.

From the walls on both sides of the chapel hang the regimental Colours reflecting the great fighting history of the Guards, and including the Colours carried at the Battle of Waterloo. Special lighting filtering ultra-violet rays, and air conditioning restricting the humidity, have been introduced into the design to preserve them.



Old and faded Colours make a striking contrast with one of two symbolic screens.

The Duke of Edinburgh read the first Lesson at the nostalgic dedication service.



Built into the south wall are six cloisters—each lit by a single slit window—dedicated to the five Guards regiments and the Household Cavalry. They are each embellished with a coat of arms carved in Portland stone and the regiments' battle honours in gilt lettering.

Indirect lighting from screened roof lights and slit windows fosters the sense of privacy within the chapel and the whole design has a toughness perfectly suited to a soldiers' place of worship.

The most striking and controversial decorations are two huge cast aluminium screens on either side of the chancel arch. One represents the Household Brigade in ceremonial order and the other in battle protecting the Crown.

The new chapel cost £188,000 of which about £39,000 was contributed by the Guards with a further £30,000 for interior embellishments. Among the many gifts is a pulpit of white marble presented by the Royal Family.

Looking after the new chapel is Sergeant John Brobbel of the Cold-

stream Guards. He has a special interest as he was in the original chapel when it was bombed in 1944. His life was saved by the telephone—seconds before the bomb dropped he went outside to jam the telephone bell to prevent it from ringing and disturbing the service. The other chapel orderly alongside whom he would normally have been standing was killed instantly.

The first chapel was built in 1838 and forty years later the interior was reconstructed in the Lombardo-Byzantine style. The rich, gold mosaic apse undoubtedly looks better now as an isolated feature in the new building than it ever did when it formed just one part of the whole elaborate interior.

Embellishments were repeatedly added to the chapel during the next 60 years until World War Two when bombing frequently damaged the building until its final destruction. On Christmas Day, 1945, services were resumed in a large hut erected on the site of the nave and these continued until 1962 when work on the new building was started.

SERVING THE SOLDIER

Featuring each month an organisation which helps the soldier and his family, explaining what help is available and how to apply for it.

1 SSAFA

The sudden death of her soldier husband soon after leaving the Army left the ex-corporal's wife with four children to care for, a fifth on the way, and, as the furnished home went with the husband's job as chauffeur, a new home to find. Desperate, she phoned SSAFA.

After much negotiation SSAFA got hold of a council flat in the couple's home town in the North of England, persuaded her husband's employers to allow her to stay on in the house until the flat was ready, and organised a £60 grant from the ex-soldier's regimental association.

By judicious second-hand buying the SSAFA worker and her assistant in the North practically furnished the flat out of the £60 and when the family arrived after their journey from London there was a cheerful fire burning, the kettle was on for tea, and there were groceries for a few meals. For a lonely widow and her children, things began to look up.

This is just one example of how the 12,000 workers of the Soldiers' Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association, operating from 1500 branches at home and overseas, help up to 100,000 families every year. They also handle many more personal problems—such as sorting out home problems for the soldier serving overseas—and every one is treated in confidence.

SSAFA provides:

Confidential advice and help in solving family problems;

Temporary financial aid and clothes for families in need who are not helped by the State;

An emergency home for children when mothers are ill;

Information on the need for compassionate leave or release;

Urgent temporary help for widows and orphans in need;

A trained nursing service in every overseas command.

Applications at home can be made to local SSAFA branches or Headquarters, 23 Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, London SW1. Men serving overseas with no SSAFA branch near should apply through their commanding officers.

THAT SECOND CAREER

Sooner or later every Regular soldier faces the problem of starting a new career in mid-life. In this new series, **SOLDIER** features stories of some of the men who have made this transition

1 **Dennis Gay: Power Cable Engineer**

DENNIS GAY left the Army in 1949 with understandable misgivings. He had joined the Grenadier Guards from school 16 years before, and gained a commission in The Parachute Regiment after 13 years. He had won the DCM at Arnhem, the Belt of Honour on his officers' training course, and a considerable reputation in the boxing ring. But all this, he knew, counted for little in the tough competitive outside world.

When he went home on "demob" leave he had his modest retirement pay but no lump sum nor any money saved. He had a wife and baby daughter, but no house, no furniture, no job—and no idea what he was going to do for a living.

Yet today this ex-soldier has a key post in the British Insulated Callender's Construction Company, part of the biggest cable organisation in the world. As district engineer at Gloucester he controls power cable installations over a wide area and employs hundreds of men.

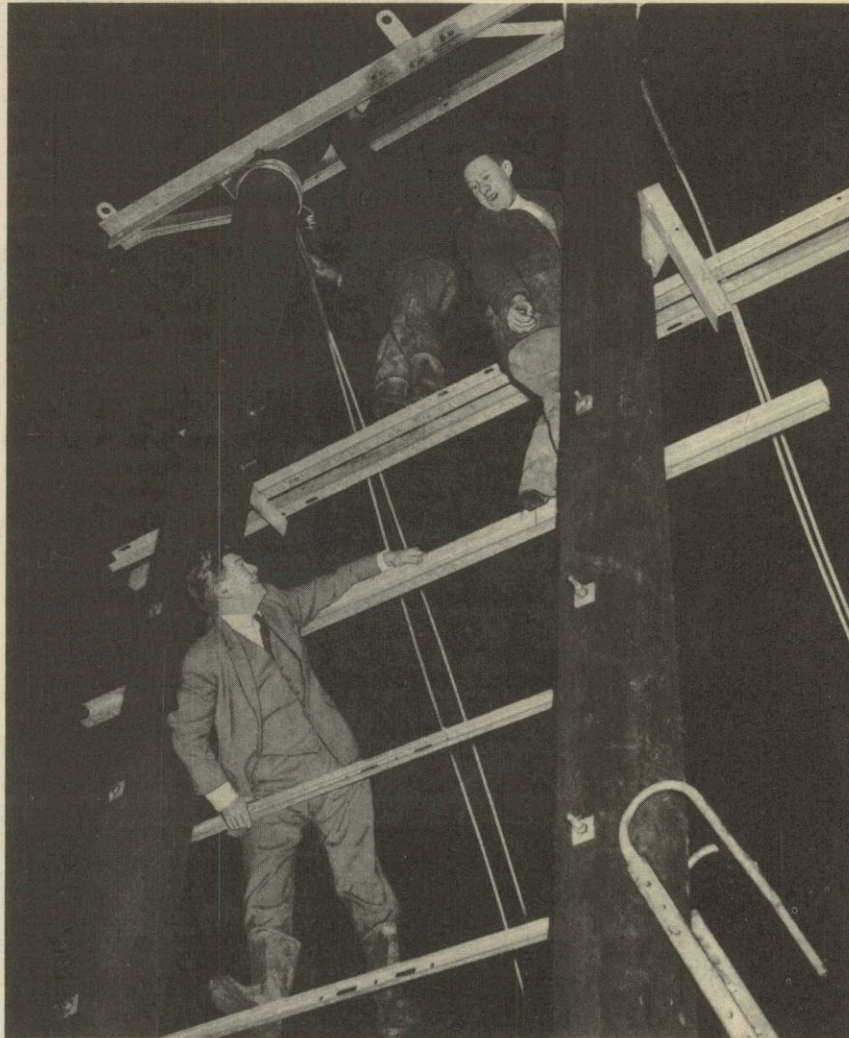
His interview with BICC in London—arranged by his regimental association—went well and he was taken on as a somewhat elderly trainee manager. Within a week he was in Scotland, helping to supervise cross-country cable and line work. He had to learn about theodolites and levels, survey work, way-leaves and a score of other technicalities.

"I had never been technically minded, and there were times when I wondered if I was in the right job," he told **SOLDIER**, "but BICC were good to work for and I was encouraged to keep at it." Then after 18 months in Scotland his father offered him a house in Bristol. The company agreed to the transfer and the family moved south into their first own home.

The ex-soldier took the chance to study at evening classes in Bristol, and after much hard work gained the engineering qualifications he required. All the time he was being entrusted with more important work and he found his Army experience in handling men and making decisions most useful. His appointment to his present post came in 1957 after only eight years as a civilian.

He and his wife, Iris, now have four children—Frances (15), Robert (12), Cheryl (7) and Lynne (3)—an Alsatian, two cats and a lovely home in its two acres of ground in National Trust country at the edge of the Cotswolds.

Though the late start in engineering made the study extra hard, Dennis Gay has never regretted the impetuous schoolboy decision which took him to the Bristol recruiting office 30 years ago. "I enjoyed life in the Army, saw a



Former Guardsman Dennis Gay shares a lofty joke with two of his men.

good deal of the world and made many good friends," he says. He still keeps in touch with those friends and never misses The Parachute Regiment's annual "At Home."

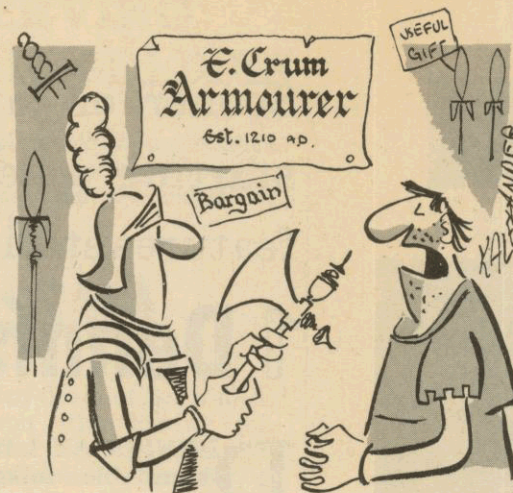
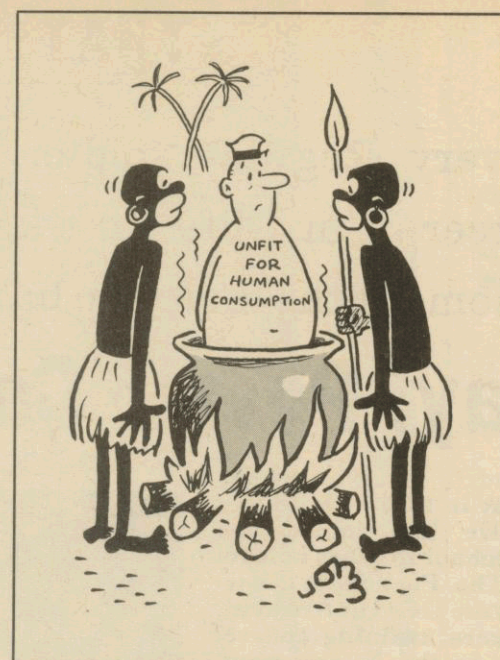
And he has not forgotten that it was through his regimental association that he got the job in the first place.



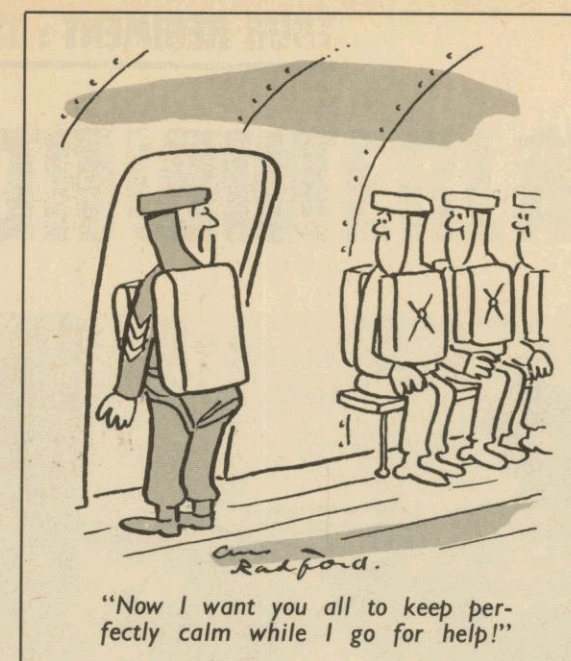
At his Gloucester HQ the ex-soldier dictates a letter to Mrs Jean Tanner, his secretary.

Guardsman Gay began his military career by winning the Guards Depot recruits' welterweight championship, went on to represent the Brigade at middleweight and later sparred regularly with Freddie Mills and Len Harvey. He was a lance-sergeant after three years, transferring to The Parachute Regiment in 1941 and becoming Regimental Sergeant-Major of 156 Parachute Battalion in North Africa. He won the DCM at Arnhem, "killing" a German tank despite being shot in both legs by its machine gun. After the war he served in Norway and Palestine before going for officer training and becoming assistant adjutant of the Training and Holding Battalion, The Parachute Regiment.

HUMOUR

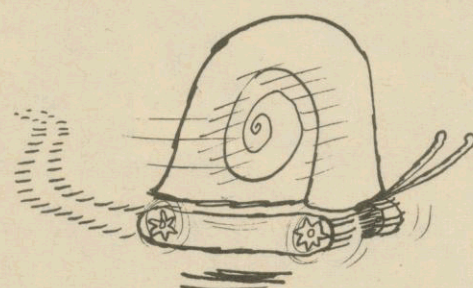


"It's all available under our Pay-as-you-slay scheme."

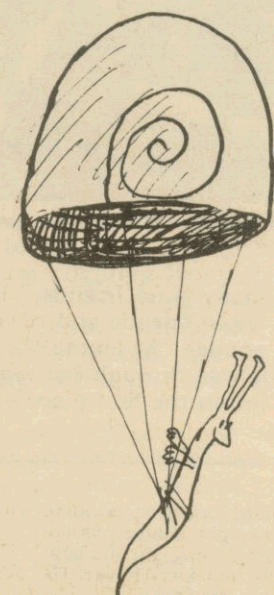


"Squad . . . Halt! . . . Robinson at the rear . . . Whoa!"

SHELL CASES



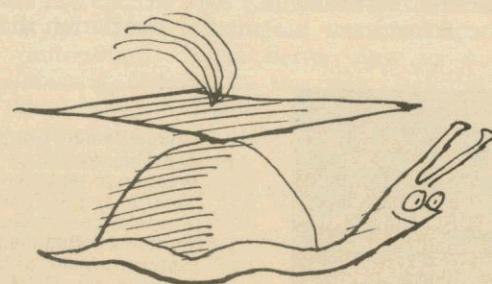
ROYAL ARMoured CORPS



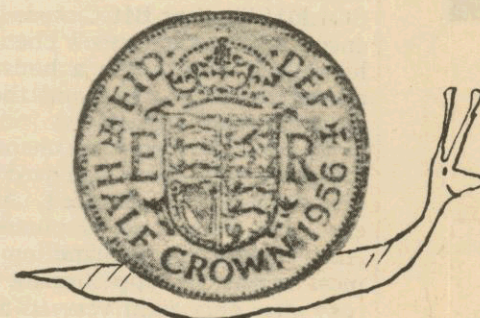
THE PARACHUTE REGIMENT



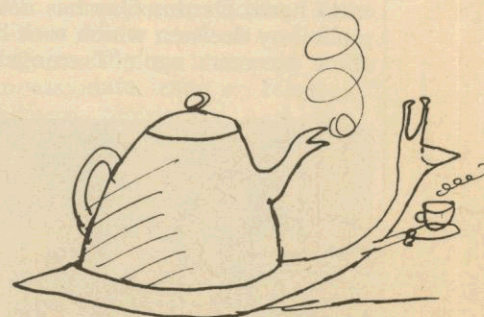
BRIGADE OF GUARDS



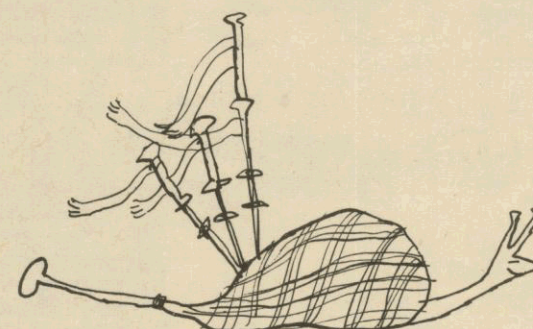
ROYAL ARMY EDUCATIONAL CORPS



ROYAL ARMY PAY CORPS

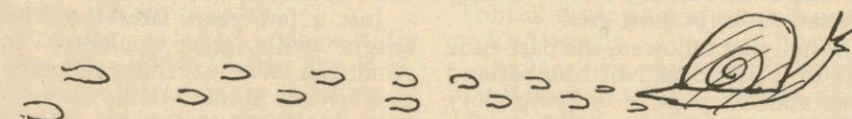


NAAFI

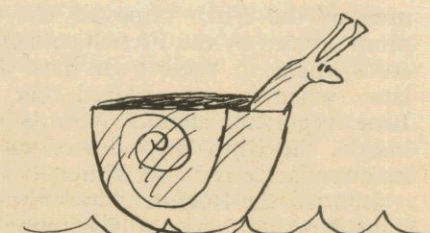


HIGHLAND INFANTRY

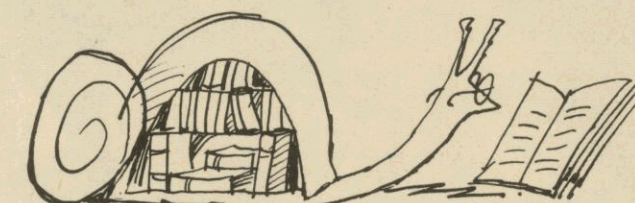
BY GORDON STOWELL



HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY



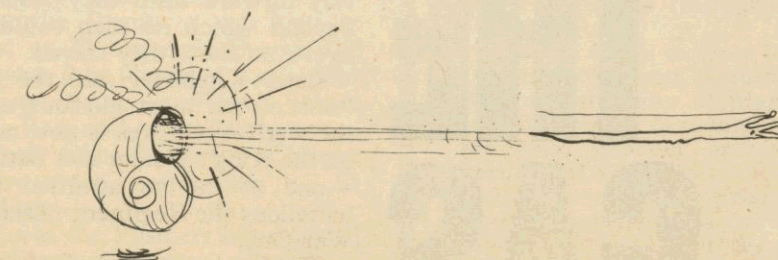
ROYAL MARINES



INTELLIGENCE CORPS



ARMY CATERING CORPS



ROYAL ARTILLERY



The Fusilier Brigade cap badge surmounted by the Fighting Fifth's famous hackle of red and white.

YOUR REGIMENT : 13

THE ROYAL NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS



Armed with machine-guns and tommy guns, men of the Fifth train grimly for battle in the dark days of Spring, 1942.

Moving up for the famous battle at Imjin River in Korea, 1951. They fought for 80 hours inflicting vast losses on the enemy.



GLORY AMID THE GAS

IT was 1915. The Northumberland Brigade had just arrived at the Western Front. They were nearly all Geordies, born fighters, eager to hit the Boche, but completely untried in battle. They were put into a "quiet" part of the line—Ypres. But on the other side of No Man's Land the enemy were waiting to release their poison gas.

In the hell that followed, the part-time soldiers of The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers added a page of undying glory to their regimental history. For they fought—every one of them—like battle-hardened veterans. Refusing to flinch or give ground, these new arrivals suffered terrible casualties. They battled their way forward until they reached a line beyond which no man could pass and live. And there they stayed.

Later Kitchener said the battle was "one of the most glorious episodes of the war" and Ypres is now emblazoned on the King's Colour as a Battle Honour—one of the 78 awarded to the 52 battalions the Regiment raised in World War One.

The Regiment was raised from a band of Irish mercenaries that went to fight in the Low Countries in the 17th century, before Britain had standing

armies. First named the Irish Regiment, it soon lost the title and became Fifth of the Line.

During the Seven Years War the Regiment won its first Battle Honour in 1762 at Wilhelmstahl where the Fifth captured the colours of six French regiments—the event is recalled still by the carrying of a third unofficial Colour.

Just a few years later the Regiment fought with great gallantry in the American War of Independence, particularly at Bunker Hill, about which General Burgoyne wrote: "The Fifth has behaved the best and suffered the most." At St Lucia was originated the distinction of wearing red and white hackles. After defeating the French, men of the Fifth removed the white plumes worn by the French soldiers and stuck them in their own hats. Much later, when it was ordered that every Line regiment should wear a white hackle, the Fifth was allowed to make its own hackle red and white.

In 1784 the Regiment took the name The Northumberland Regiment as a compliment to the Duke of Northumberland who had been its Colonel for 16 years.

During the Peninsular War, when the Fifth was acting as a rearguard to

Wellington's retreating army, the French Cavalry attacked and captured the Portuguese guns. But they came up against sterner stuff when they faced the Fifth which, with the 77th Foot, charged the enemy Cavalry and re-captured the guns. Wellington later issued a special order holding up their conduct in charging Cavalry as an example to the entire army.

That charge was led by a Major Ridge who was later killed leading the Regiment into the breach after the siege of Badajoz. A historian wrote of him: "Ridge fell, and no man died that night with more glory—yet many died and there was much glory."

Then came the Indian Mutiny—with fierce fighting at Arrach and Lucknow—and more action in the Afghan Wars, the Crimean War and the South African War.

When World War One broke out, thousands of Geordies rushed to join their own Regiment. The Newcastle and Gateshead Chamber of Commerce recruited and equipped 5500 troops and whole battalions were formed from Tyneside railwaymen and dockyard workers.

Most of the 52 battalions fought in France and Italy, some being com-

pletely wiped out—but always the Fifth fought with courage.

Four years after the Regiment was officially designated The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, World War Two broke out and the Fifth set out to prove it was worthy of the "Royal" prefix. After the early desert campaigns under Wavell, the 1st Battalion helped to hold Tobruk during the siege and were later at El Alamein.

Perhaps the unluckiest Battalion of the Regiment at that time was the 9th, which sailed for Singapore and landed just before capitulation. After only two days of fighting it was captured and the men endured years of imprisonment by the Japs during which they worked on the infamous Burma railway.

In 1950 the Regiment was sent to Korea and on St George's Day in the following year they fought in the famous Imjin River battle, suffering severe casualties. Red and white roses, worn by the men who faced the Chinese hordes, are worn every year on St George's Day.

Since Korea the Fusiliers have served in the Far East, in Kenya—where they fought the Mau Mau—at home and in Germany, where they are currently fulfilling the role of armoured Infantry.

Phoebe of the Fifth

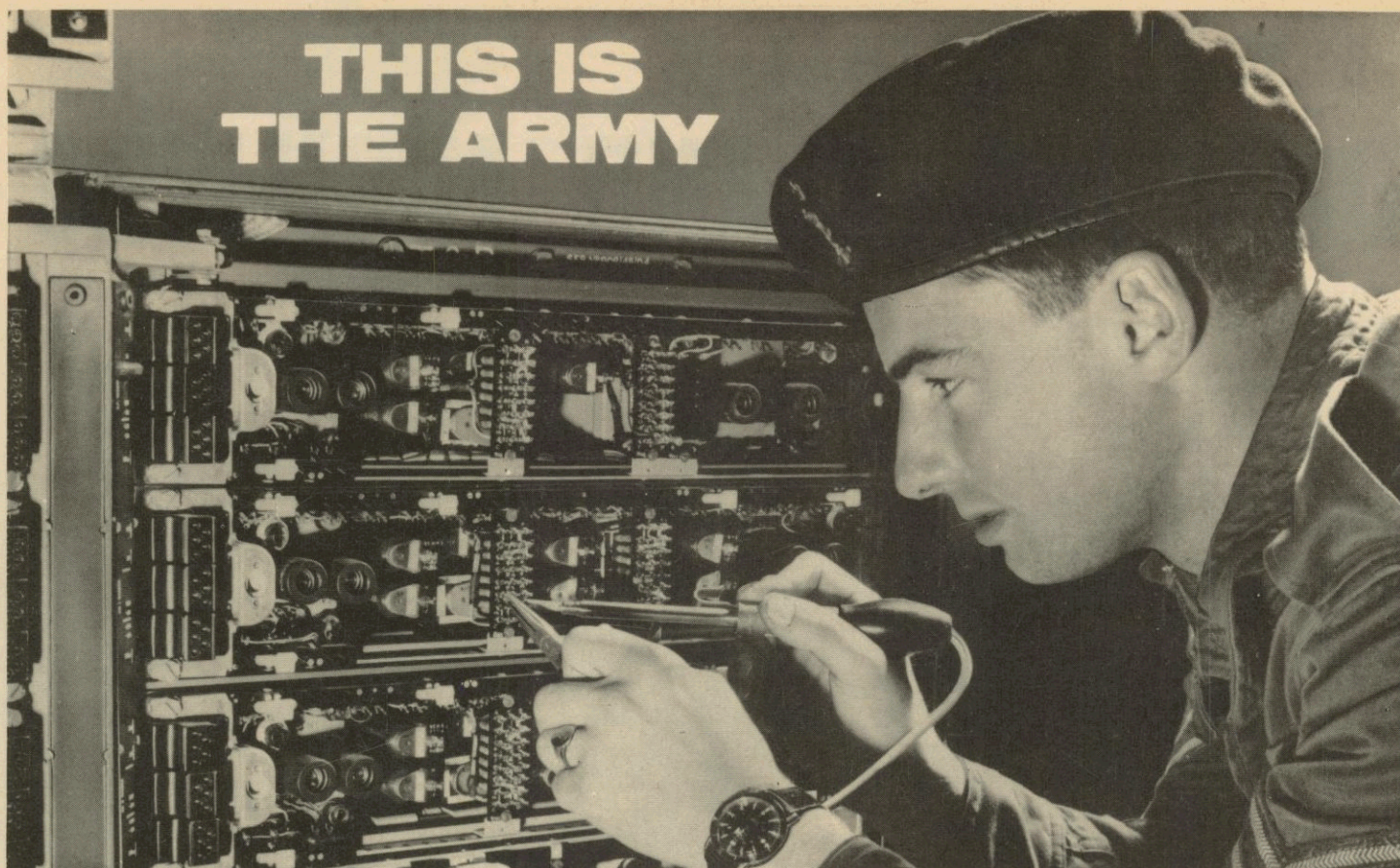


One of the most unusual recruits ever to join the Fifth was a girl. Phoebe Hessel enlisted in the Regiment in 1728 at the tender age of 15 and served for many years as a soldier. This fact is recorded on her tombstone at a church in Brighton.

The Fifth's regimental journal, the *St George's Gazette*, is believed to be the oldest monthly Infantry journal, having been published since January, 1883. It has never missed an edition and was published regularly throughout both world wars.

Another claim to fame is that in 1767 the Regiment established the Regimental Order of Merit—presented annually to men of the Fifth for good conduct and military merit. The Fifth claims it was the forerunner of the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal which was established throughout the Army in 1856.





'I wanted to see a bit of the world —and save some money'

says Corporal Colin Gardiner from Minchinhampton, Gloucestershire—aged 24, a specialist technician on an advanced course in the Royal Signals.

'I'm a practical sort of man . . .

You take a test when you come in, to see which job you can do best; and you get extra pay when you learn a trade. One thing I like especially about the Army—promotion comes with what you know—not whom you know.'

'Drill wasn't as bad as it was made out . . .

The early stages in the Army weren't worrying at all. You don't come into the Army and say "I'm not going to do this and that." It's a necessity—so you do it and accept it. I found trade training difficult—not having any technical experience before—but I managed. I think being in the Army makes you more mature—you're broad minded, you're experienced

and you can manage people. And the Army has given me security.'

'I like travelling . . .

I left Catterick after training, and went to Singapore for 3 years. I toured twice round Malaya on a motor bike, and travelled to Hong Kong and Borneo with the Navy. We did a lot of adventure training. We were always on the go, out there in the Far East.'

'I can manage on what I get . . .

I'm getting a car soon, a Mini. I'm going to pay for the majority of it now—and the rest with small weekly payments. That's why it's good to know you're going to get paid every week. There's a lot to be said for security like that—specially if you're married and have a family.'

**GET THE FACTS ABOUT
LIFE IN TODAY'S ARMY!**

Please send me a free booklet about careers and trades in the Regular Army.

(APPLICANTS MUST BE RESIDENT IN THE U.K.)

TO: THE WAR OFFICE, MP6, (RW/44/A), LONDON S. W.1.

NAME

ADDRESS

DATE OF BIRTH

SQUAREBASHERS — FALL IN!

SOLDIER's many crossword enthusiasts take pride of place in the first of the 1964 series of prize competitions. But before the non-enthusiasts turn the page, a word of encouragement. There is not one uncommon word in the crossword, no vast general knowledge is needed and, but for the odd anagram, the clues are quite free of those crossword clichés that give the enthusiast an unfair advantage.

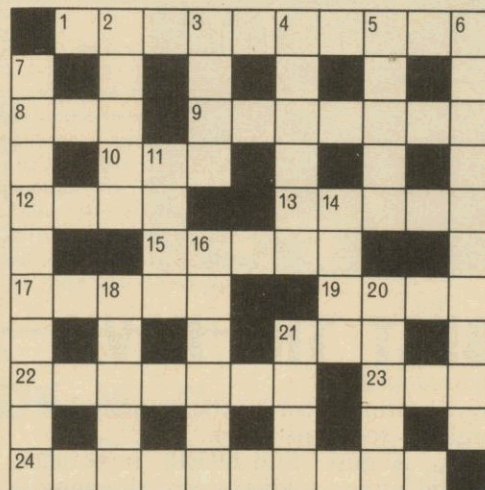
The object is to provide amusement for all—and a free chance to win these prizes:

- 1 £10 in cash.
- 2 £6 in cash.
- 3 £4 in cash.
- 4 Three recently published books.
- 5 A 12 months' free subscription to SOLDIER and whole plate monochrome copies of any two SOLDIER photographs and/or cartoons which have appeared in the magazine since January, 1957, or from two personal negatives.
- 6 A 12 months' free subscription to SOLDIER.

If you do not wish to cut out the crossword, write the clue numbers and your answers on a sheet of paper, add your name and address and the "Competition 68" label from this page, and post it to arrive at this address by Monday, 17 February:

**The Editor (Comp 68), SOLDIER,
433 Holloway Road, London N7.**

The solution and winners' names will appear in the April edition of SOLDIER.



ACROSS

- 1 What every sergeant-major should be (10)
- 8 A soldiers' drink for centuries (3)
- 9 The piece left over (7)
- 10 A lady in unusual clothes (3)
- 12 Famous member of the Nazi party (4)
- 13 Sweeping job for some Army technicians (5)

- 15 Often leads to a fight (5)
- 17 The soldiers' shop (5)
- 19 A weapon and a four-legged friend (4)
- 21 American equivalent of RN (3)
- 22 Successful wager (4, 3)
- 23 The Army's most common form of address (3)
- 24 Most soldiers have slept in them (6, 4)

DOWN

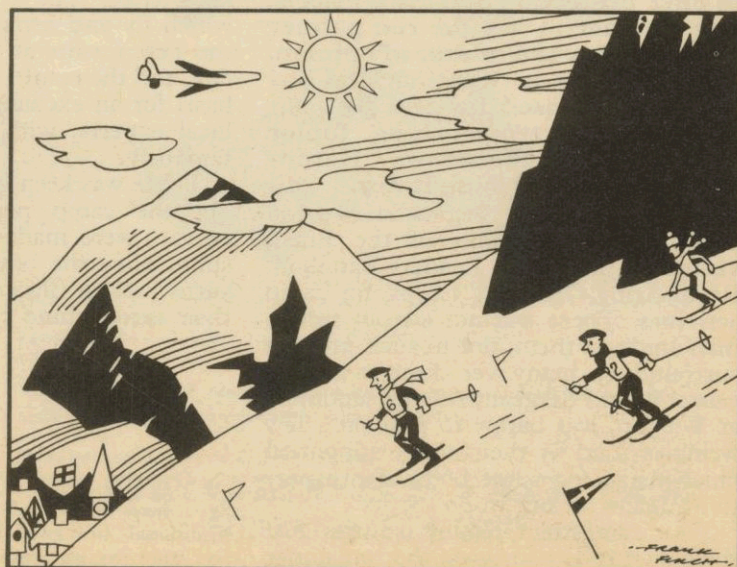
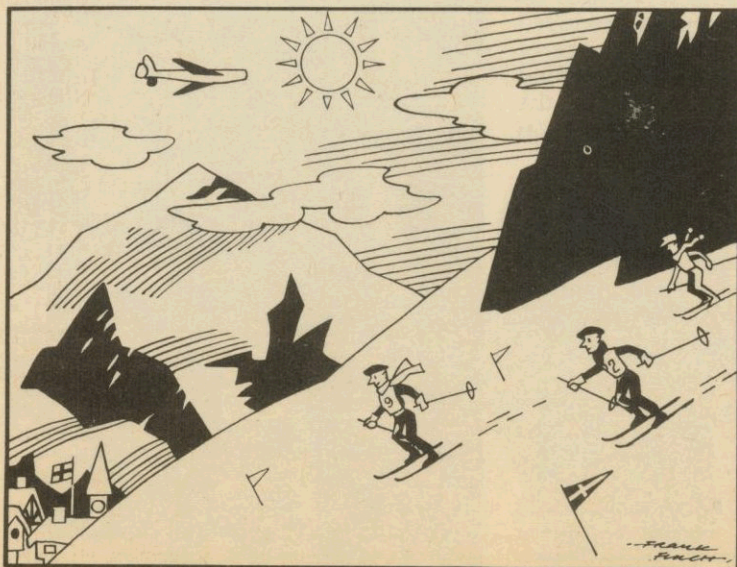
- 2 A Sapper in a bulldozer does it (5)
- 3 Tool for soldier and housewife (4)
- 4 Put up with (6)
- 5 Commandos do it softly (5)
- 6 It's no lie—true art can be found in books (10)
- 7 It caused terrible casualties in World War One (7, 3)
- 11 Junior service to 21 across (4)
- 14 Curves (4)
- 16 Agile (6)
- 18 Explosive little things (5)
- 20 An attack (5)
- 21 Scene of a famous beach assault (4)

Name

Address

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

These two pictures look alike, but they vary in ten minor details. Look at them very carefully. If you cannot detect the differences, see page 33.





Effort and enthusiasm from these young soldiers cycling on rollers. Apprentice Tradesman Ballard (nearest camera) is winning the 440 yards sprint.

JUNIOR SOLDIERS BEAT THE NAVY

RIDING a bicycle at 60 miles an hour without moving forward sounds like one of the tricks a Goon might tackle. But many of the Army's junior soldiers can do it with ease.

They did it at the Army Cycling Union's Roller Racing Championships held recently at Arborfield. It was the official Army championship—and the young soldiers really put their older colleagues to shame.

Vast majority of the 60-odd entries were from junior soldiers and when an Army team had to be picked to race against the Royal Navy, the Juniors were slightly faster than the seniors and were chosen to ride against the

Navy, beating them by the comfortable margin of 40 points to 29.

Last August **SOLDIER** reported that the junior soldiers were dragging Army cycling out of the doldrums. And they certainly are. They have proved themselves to be really keen and are setting up track and roller times easily comparable to civilian performance and in many cases much better.

At the championships, held at the Army Apprentices School, Arborfield, the "home" team were overall winners in the junior section after an exciting final against the Army Apprentices School, Chepstow. In the poorly supported senior events, both the 440 yards and the one mile were won by Corporal

W Happy, Royal Army Dental Corps, one of the few really enthusiastic senior riders.

Roller racing requires a completely different technique from track or road events. Because there is no friction the rider can achieve "speeds" exceeding 70 miles an hour and with the pedals moving at lightning speed, good breathing is all-important.

After the championships, Colonel J L Dobie, Commandant at Arborfield, presented the prizes and told the competitors he was so impressed with what he had seen that he would recommend the purchase of more rollers for use by Army cyclists.

Junior results were: One mile and 440 yards team events, AAS, Arborfield; one mile individual, Apprentice Tradesmen Ballard (17.9 seconds), Holdstock, Crittenden; 440 yards individual, Apprentice Tradesmen Ballard (1 minute 20.1 seconds), Holdstock, Hooker.



TROUT-CATCHING YOUNGSTERS

There's nothing to beat a horsehair line for trout fishing. It has no glint, floats readily and it's transparent on the water. And you'll find the best trout where the bushes overhang the stream to offer protection and tasty insects. But whether to fish the red palmer fly wet or dry is a matter of opinion. The locals up in Westmorland say it should be used for wet fly fishing—but the trout-fishing Junior Leaders from Blackdown, Hampshire, swear by fishing it dry.

This fishing tale begins at Warcop Camp, near the banks of the Eden, visited by the Junior Leaders Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, for camp activities. There was not a trout fisherman amongst them, but in such inviting surroundings many were keen to make a cast at it, and Sergeant Adams, stationed at Warcop, was happy to pass on a few wrinkles. Led by their newly appointed chief instructor a fine body of prospective anglers set out to do battle.

Four confirmed fishing addicts had their own rods and lines, the remainder

quickly made them (horsehair of course, quite cheap in the area) then set about the more delicate task of dressing the fly. They learned that casting a line was not as easy as it looked, but the beginners soon acquired a useful working knowledge. The boys kept records of which fly and fishing method produced the best results at the relevant time of day, and the results gave the boys a good basis for an exchange of views with the local experts, with whom they got on famously.

There was keen competition throughout the camp period, some sizeable catches were made—and sizeable yarns spun. Now the boys are spinning their yarns back at Blackdown—and planning their next fishing trip to Westmorland.

Sgt Adams in the Vale of Eden. Complete with traditional headgear he explains fly fishing for trout to an enthusiastic Junior Leader.



Colour Sergeant J H Rhodes, The Black Watch (driving), and Sergeant G R Smith, Scots Guards, head south from Scotland in the 1963 RAC Rally. It was their first big international rally and they became the first men to drive an official Army staff car in the event. The two men—from the Army MT School at Bordon—put up a great show in finishing the tough 2000-mile course. Of the 163 top drivers who left Blackpool, only about 100 reached Bournemouth six days later. The Army entry finished 88th with 2093 penalties, half of which were earned in Scotland through a cracked sump. The two men had to drive 300 miles after a quick temporary repair, lost 90 minutes for the full repair, and were still only 35 minutes late into the checkpoint.

NINETY MILES OF MUD

Ninety of the 300 miles of the Army Five Star Tidworth to Bovington motor rally were over the roughest tracks and military training areas, and it poured with rain. It was no surprise that of the 92 Territorial and Regular Army vehicles leaving Tidworth from 4 pm on Saturday, only 55 had finished 16 hours later.

The event was run under Royal Automobile Club competition rules and was watched by an RAC representative who was asked to consider whether the event could be upgraded to Restricted status.

The winning crew was from Bovington itself. Major Barry Grove, Captain Simon Smail and Lieutenant Charles Dawes, of Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Armoured

Corps, each won a silver tankard. The team event was won by MT Troop, School of Artillery, Larkhill, whose vehicles came in third and tenth. In the leading vehicle were Sergeant Steve Scowen—who also received his cup as Southern Command Rally Champion of 1963—Warrant Officer Topper Brown and Sergeant Ian Osborough.

Overall second, and winners of the Territorial Army prize, was 505 Company, Royal Army Service Corps (TA), Christchurch, best novice crew was HQ Company, 5th Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment (TA), which finished a creditable eighth, and winners of the Women's Royal Army Corps prize was 2 (Hampshire) Platoon, 105 Company, WRAC (TA), Southampton.

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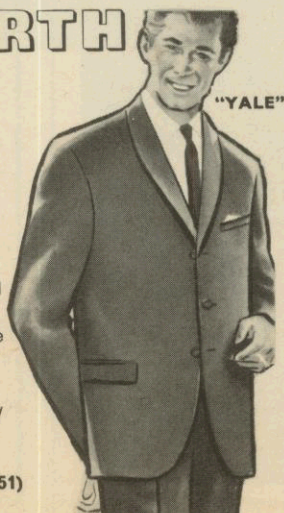
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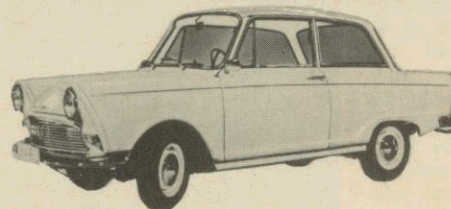
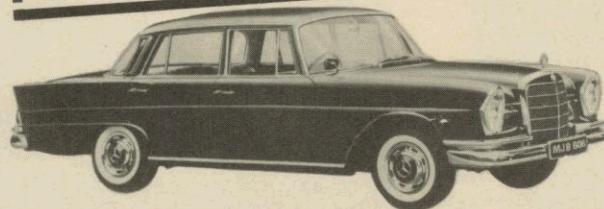
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Cheerful grins from some of the marchers as they set off from London on the long road to Brighton.

ARMY OUTNUMBERED 37 TO ONE!

The Army should hang its head in shame. Only four soldiers accepted a challenge to compete against civil servants in a London to Brighton walk. And among the finishers were a woman in her forties, two teenage girls from the Army Pensions Office and just one soldier.

More than 140 civil servants from all over England accepted the challenge and the 63 who finished at Brighton have a pretty poor opinion of the Army's response—those four stalwarts excepted!

The marathon walk was organised by the War Department Recreational Association, with civil servants from the War

Department and the Ministry of Aviation, and men from military units throughout the country, invited to compete.

A total of 148 marchers set off from London to tackle the 53 miles. Staff Sergeant Gibson, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, from 27 Command Workshops, Warminster, came in third, completing the march in 11 hours 20 minutes.

But the Army will almost certainly have its chance of redemption. Because of the success of the competition, the organiser, Mr E Hicks, hopes to make it an annual event. "We are hoping that next time more soldiers will enter," he says.

In the shadow of Big Ben a canoe crosses the finishing line at the end of the annual Reading to Westminster canoe race organised by 16 Para Bde Group. A total of 41 canoes entered the tough 74-mile race which was won by the team from 9 Ind Para Sqn, RE, led by L/Cpl Bob Masson and Spr Derick Munson, who were individual winners in a time of 11 hours 45 minutes.



THE ARMY'S MEDALS

by Major John Laffin

25 : QUEEN'S SOUTH AFRICA

THIS medal commemorates the Boer War and most of its famous actions and can still be seen on the breast of many an old soldier at Chelsea.

The obverse shows the crowned and veiled head of Queen Victoria. There were two different striking of the reverse, though they are basically the same. Britannia with a flag in her hand holds out a laurel wreath to an advancing party of soldiers; in the background are two warships. Round the top are the words "South Africa."

In the first striking the wreath of Britannia points to "R" in Africa, in the second it points to "F." The first issues bore the dates 1899-1900 and only one unit was entitled to them. The dates were later removed but on many medals traces of them can still be seen.

Twenty-six bars were awarded: Cape Colony; Natal; Rhodesia; Relief of Mafeking; Defence of Kimberley; Talana; Elandslaagte;



The reverse, showing the first striking.

Defence of Ladysmith; Belmont; Modder River; Tugela Heights; Relief of Kimberley; Paardeberg; Orange Free State; Relief of Ladysmith; Driefontein; Wepener; Defence of Mafeking; Transvaal; Johannesburg; Laing's Nek; Diamond Hill; Wittebergen; Belfast; South Africa 1901; South Africa 1902.

The rarest bars are Defence of Mafeking, Wepener, Defence of Kimberley, and Rhodesia. All the others are common. The maximum won by any one man was nine, but medals with up to six bars are frequently found. Many were issued without any bar. Bronze medals were awarded to Indian troops and to some loyal natives.

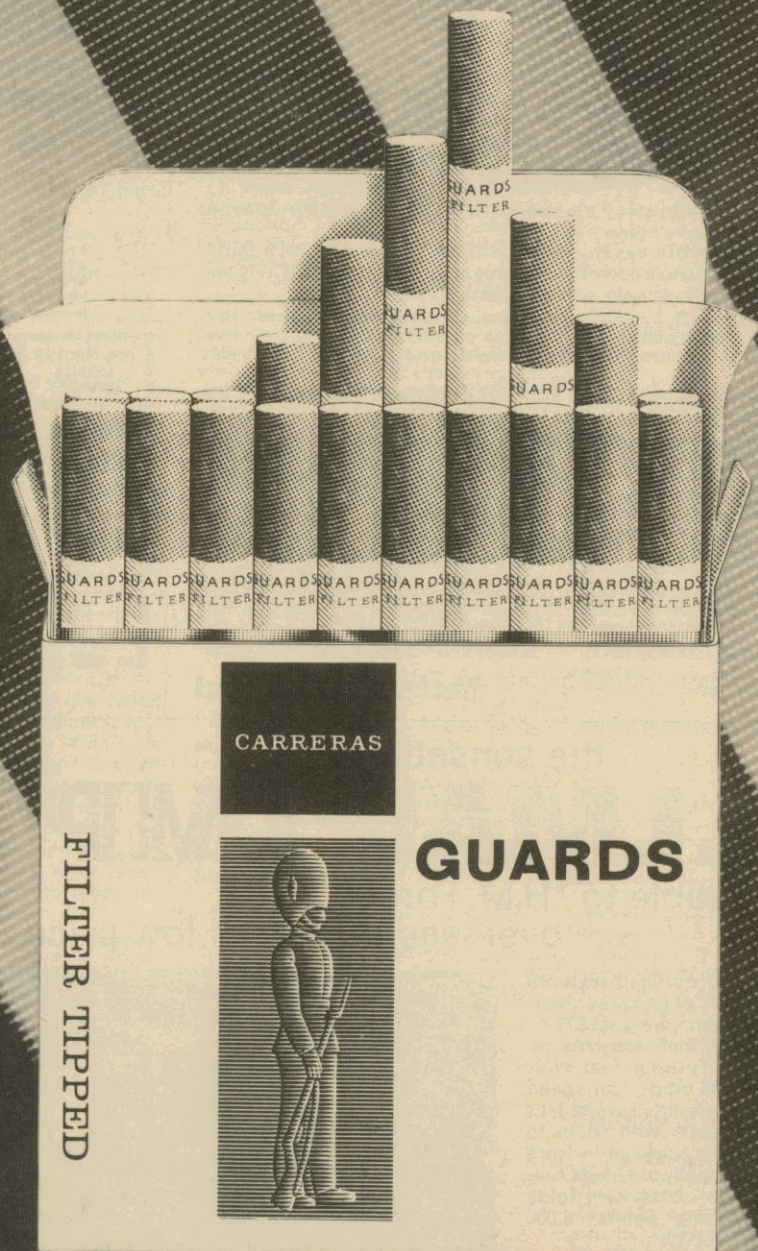
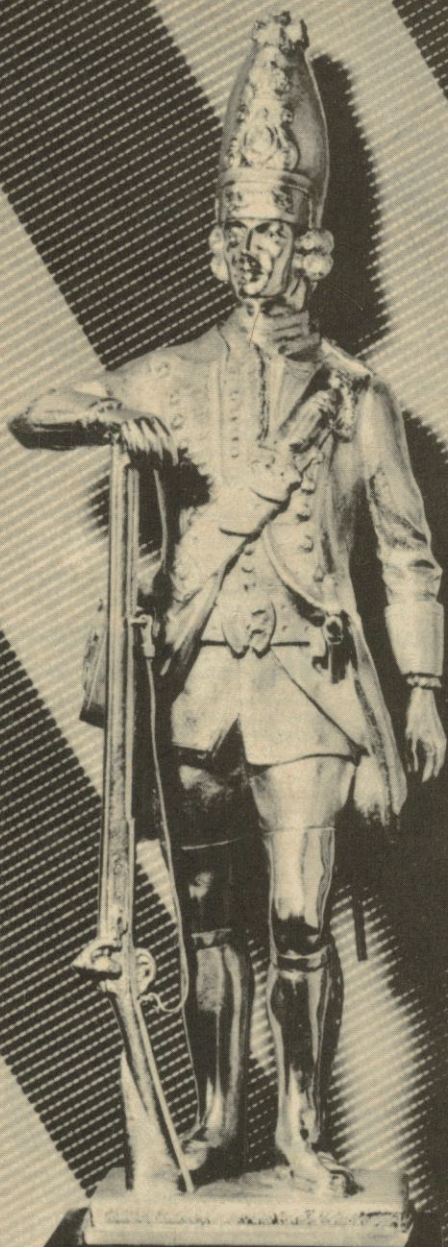
Nearly every regiment in the British Army served at some time during the Boer War, as well as hundreds of other Imperial and Colonial units.

Queen Victoria died during the war and King Edward VII authorised the King's South Africa Medal for all men serving in South Africa on or after 1 January, 1902, and who would complete 18 months' service before 1 June, 1902. The King's bust replaced that of the Queen. Two bars were issued: South Africa 1901 and South Africa 1902. The medal was always issued jointly with the Queen's medal and was not issued without a bar except to some nursing sisters.

The Queen's medal ribbon is red with two blue stripes and a broad orange one in the centre; that for the King's medal is of equal widths of green, white and yellow. Naming is varied, but is most common in indented block or sloping capitals.

Yet a third medal was associated with the war. It is the Queen's Mediterranean Medal, awarded to men on garrison duty. It has no bars and is exactly the same as the Queen's South Africa Medal except that the word "Mediterranean" replaces the words "South Africa."

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LETTERS

Those Nery Guns . . .

In reply to Major Smith, *The Middlesex Regiment*, who wrote (*SOLDIER*, October) disputing the claim of the 11th Hussars to have captured the eight German guns at Nery (*Your Regiment*, July), two eminent Cherrypickers substantiate the Hussars' claim:

It was my good fortune to have commanded 3 Troop, "C" Squadron, 11th Hussars, at Nery. The Squadron had been ordered to cross the steep ravine, move east, capture the German battery and reap the fruits of victory.

Mine was the leading troop and I confirm that we did charge the German guns with drawn swords, capturing eight of them and prisoners as well. My troop sergeant with his sword actually wounded one German gunner who was too slow in shouting "Kamerad" and in putting up his hands with the rest of them.

There were no other British troops by the guns and the charge was a spectacular one over 300 yards of open country, supported by rifle fire from another Troop. I know that both *The Middlesex Regiment* and *The Queen's Bays* have claimed the capture of the guns but this was not the case.

Although not so apparent at the time, the capture was a comparatively simple task as the machine-gun fire of the Bays and the 11th Hussars had virtually silenced the battery, and the fire of "I" Battery, Royal Horse Artillery, prevented the guns from being taken out of action. These units, together with "L" Battery, of immortal memory, and the turning movement of the 5th Dragoon Guards, made the capture of the guns possible.

The most probable explanation of the other two claims is that the main body of "D" Company, *The Middlesex Regiment*, did not arrive at the guns until 3 Troop had moved on—having handed over the guns and prisoners to the former's advance guard—and possibly the *Middlesex* had moved on when a party of the Bays arrived. The *Middlesex Regiment* had marched to the sound of the guns to support the 1st Cavalry Brigade, and we much appreciated this from old friends.

Although nearly 50 years have elapsed, I personally vouch that the facts given in this account are accurate. The whole of my Troop took part in the charge, which was seen by others in "C" Squadron, and last but not least by the German gunners who surrendered.—**Lieut-Gen Lord Norrie DSO, MC.**

As an old Cherrypicker I very much appreciate what Major Smith says about my Regiment and I should like to return the compliment by saying that I myself was brought up to respect and admire that most gallant of corps, *The Middlesex Regiment*.

I have made a close study of the battle of Nery and I am convinced that the account I have given is completely accurate. The following is a summary.

At about 8 am the 4th Cavalry Brigade appeared, together with "I" Battery, Royal Horse Artillery,

which unlimbered and opened fire on the German guns at a range of about 2000 yards as "L" Battery fell silent. "I" Battery reduced the German guns and destroyed the teams which galloped up to remove them. The German gunners tried to manhandle their guns away under heavy and accurate rifle and machine-gun fire. Four guns that were extricated were captured next day.

Willoughby Norrie's troop supported by fire from the following troops charged the guns and captured or scattered the gunners. Only one stood his ground, who was run through by Sergeant Haily, Norrie's troop sergeant, with his sword. There were eight guns flanked by two machine-guns, the first to be captured in the war.

While the rest of the Cavalry squadron was scouring the fields for prisoners, taking a good many, some companies of *The Middlesex Regiment* appeared. Major Lockett came to a quick understanding with them that they would take over while the Cavalry moved on to attack the next village which was held by the enemy. Later the guns were taken away by the Cavalry who made up teams for the purpose.

I think that most people would conclude that the Cavalry which charged the German gunners and disposed of the gun crews were the captors of the guns.

I myself have always believed in the old axiom that the Infantry was queen of the battlefield but I do not think it adds anything to the glory of *The Middlesex Regiment* to give the impression that they cantered ahead of the Cavalry to capture the guns at Nery.—**Maj-Gen Sir Edward L Spears MC.**

Cadet Guardsmen?

As a member of the Army Cadet Force I was interested to read Mr R Wall's letter (*SOLDIER*, November). Would it not be economical for members of the Army Cadet Force to carry out some of the duties of the Brigade of Guards during the



Just a little more height needed—then Guardsmen had better look out!

school holidays? I think that this would give the cadets a more lively and interesting annual camp. As an alternative each Territorial and Auxiliary Forces Association could be asked to supply a platoon of cadets of the regulation height who would be willing to do two weeks of duty as guardsmen.—**J Cochran (Cadet L/Bdr), 13 Cuffabouls, Carriden, Bo'ness, West Lothian.**

The CO's favourite

I cannot agree with Mr H Eaton's criticisms of British military bands. As an ex-bandsman I know something about the subject and, taken all round, our bands are second to none.

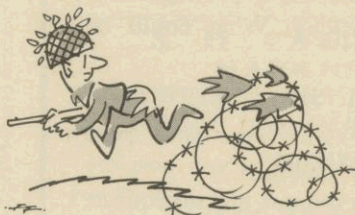
Does Mr Eaton not know that programme music is not a military band's main function? In addition to parade work, do they not put up a good show for the troops' dance; a workable ensemble for a troops' stage show; or church service; put over the Commanding Officer's special tunes at Mess dinners and come in at the right place for the Royal Toast?

Bandsmen (not "musicians") are to be found in regimental sports and boxing teams, many are marksmen, and all can and do take up other duties in an emergency. Mr Eaton rightly eulogises the drums and bugles, but I reckon that any band could change over to this work, if necessary, in two weeks, whereas the reverse would be utterly impossible.—**Pat O'Keefe, 18 Highview Road, Upper Norwood, London SE19.**

Improperly dressed

The cartoons we see published in the humour section of *SOLDIER* are very amusing and are appreciated by all the members of my family. But surely isn't it time the soldiers we see depicted handed in their battledress and wore either combat clothing or No 2 dress?—**M Kippin, 7 The Homestead, Old Manor Road, Rustington, Sussex.**

* Battledress is used until it is considered no longer serviceable. Although the Regular Army is now almost completely re-equipped, the Territorial Army will continue to wear battledress until present stocks are exhausted.

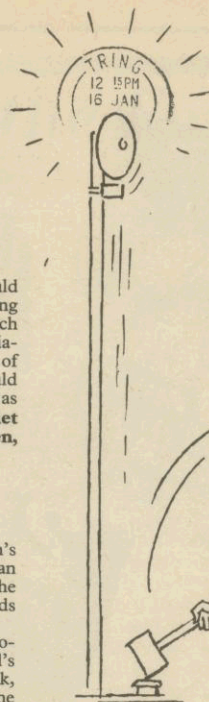


"No longer serviceable."

Another tribute

Your "Portrait of a Soldier" (October) was a tribute indeed to that fine soldier, Academy Sergeant-Major J C Lord. As a member of the staff at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, for nearly three years (1949-1951) I have experienced at first hand the teaching of his belief in the good that is to be derived from firm, fair and sensible discipline. *SOLDIER* acknowledged the effect this had on the Officer Cadets and now with this must be coupled its effect on the permanent staff.

To his extreme efficiency, tremendously high personal standards and his ability to get the best out of men, can be added the sympathetic understanding and attention he gave to individual personal problems when they were laid before him. The standards he achieved were undoubtedly the target at which many of his staff set their sights when they returned to their own regiments.



● **SOLDIER** welcomes letters. There is not space, however, to print every letter of interest received; all correspondents must, therefore, give their full names and addresses to ensure a reply. Answers cannot be sent to collective addresses.

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

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

Over the years the occasional correspondence with "J C" (usually seeking his advice!) has been met always with a promptness and kindness not usually associated with replies to juniors, and "old boys" who have returned to pay him a visit always speak highly of the warm reception which met them.

Thank you, "J C," for all that you taught us and for being a "Soldier's soldier." May yours, so richly deserved, be a happy and contented retirement.—**Lieut R Baylis, 1st Bn 2nd East Anglian Regiment, BFPO 36.**

Bearskins

This year I was touring England and Scotland in the months of March and April, and I happened to see a picture of the British Guards in your paper. I have seen the King's Guard of Denmark and the whistling boys following them on their way to the Palace, and now I ask, why do both wear the same caps "Barentell-mutzen" on their heads? Perhaps it is from the time when Denmark occupied England and that Denmark was the first to wear them?—**Harald Hjernevik, Wattenwil/BE, Switzerland.**

* The first soldiers to wear bearskins were French, and the British Grenadier Guards were granted the distinction of wearing this headdress after defeating Napoleon's Im-



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more letters

perial Guard at Waterloo in 1815. Bearskins were introduced in The Royal Danish Life Guard in 1803.

Before the President

I have seen every British military band to visit the United States in the last few years. They always put up a fine show, receive a great welcome and attract huge crowds. When the Band, Pipes and Drums of The Black Watch played recently in Madison Square Garden, New York, every seat was booked away in advance, several weeks before they were due to appear. Later they played on the lawn of the White House before President Kennedy, his family and 1700 delighted children from child-care agencies.—**P E Leventhal, 530 W 163rd Street, New York 32, NY USA.**

* The day after Mr Leventhal's letter was received, President Kennedy was assassinated. Men of The Black Watch had the sad honour of playing at his funeral.

Cavalry drums

Recently I watched The Royal Dragoons (1st Dragoons) exercise their privilege of marching through the City of London with "guidon flying, drums beating and bayonets fixed." I was surprised to see the Regiment led by a very smart and efficient Corps of Drums. It would be interesting to know if any other of our old Cavalry regiments possess such a corps. (Who trained them—the regimental trumpet-major?) Perhaps it is a throw-back to the days when all Dragoon regiments carried drums, not trumpets. Incidentally, the last time I saw the Royals on parade was at Aldershot on 10 June, 1925, when King George V presented them with a new guidon. They were then still horsed and did not fix bayonets.—**F W Roope, 64 Burnham Road, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex.**

In anticipation of Mr Roope's query, **SOLDIER** took this picture!



COLLECTORS' CORNER

Yves Vollmacher, Muscar Street 2, Ostend, Belgium.—Requires German (Nazi) Knight's Cross with or without oak leaves; in exchange offers 12 British medals and 120 picture cards of Belgian Army.
Sgt M E Youl, 1 Pacific Island Regiment, Port Moresby, Territory Papua & New Guinea.—Requires Commonwealth and foreign stamps, will exchange.
A/T Roberts 097, A 2, "A" Company, Army Apprentices School, Arborfield, Reading, Berks.—Requires military head-dress badges, all types.
T F Barrett, 28 Overn Crescent, Buckingham.—Requires ex-Army leather bandolier

Judo slip

The Army Apprentices School, Chepstow, were runners-up in the junior team event of the Army Judo Championships, not Army Apprentices School, Harrogate, as stated on Page 30 of the November, 1963, **SOLDIER**.—**A/Cpl Walton, "A" Coy, AAS Beachley, Chepstow, Mon.**

* Sorry, Corporal! **SOLDIER** perpetuated an error in the results list sent out by the Army Judo Association.

He saw red

On reading Major T R Bond's letter criticising the Armed Forces (**SOLDIER**, November) I saw red. What is this "national malaise" to which he refers? Is it that which, mentioning only Service matters, has produced the *Chieftain* tank and the TSR2, both world beaters in their own class?

I ask him to read thoroughly his back numbers of **SOLDIER** and then to question himself on the validity of such a remark. Is he really referring to the same men who, since World War Two, have maintained the peace, often through bloody engagement, in every corner of the world and who, through their discipline, toughness and devotion to duty, have gained the respect and admiration of friend and foe alike?—**B A Everett, 130 St Dunstan's Hill, Cheam, Surrey.**

Scots in Dublin

I found the letter from Guardsmen Aitchison and Thomson regarding the oldest regiment (**SOLDIER**, October) very interesting. The Scots Fusilier Guards must have been stationed in Dublin around the 1860s, for in Arbour Hill, which is a national burial ground of the leaders of the 1916 Rebellion, there are about 100 headstones to men of the 2nd Battalion who died on service here in Ireland about 1860. Though it is no

longer a military cemetery, this may be of interest to visiting Scotsmen.—**A Browne, 1 Black Street, Infirmary Road, Dublin 7, Eire.**

Postal orders

Six pounds' worth of postal orders arrived for me this morning, my prize for the October quiz. I am thrilled to bits and inspired to keep on trying. Thank you very much indeed.—**Mrs M Sharman, 1 Queens Avenue, Shorncliffe, Kent.**

Edith Cavell

I have been commissioned by the Governors of the London Hospital to write the life of Edith Cavell who trained at "the London", became Matron of the School of Nursing in Brussels, and was executed in October, 1915, for helping British and Allied fugitive soldiers to



Edith Cavell

escape into Holland. I am therefore anxious to get in touch with anyone who trained under her and also anyone whom she helped to escape. I would be most grateful if they would write to me at the following address.—**A E Clark-Kennedy MD, FRCP, The London Hospital, Whitechapel, London E1.**

Pensions

I was pleased to read the letter on pensions by Mr H W J Taylor (**SOLDIER**, October) and would like to see more letters on this subject. However, I think the idea of disregarding rank when assessing pensions is contrary to the basic way of life in Britain and indeed the world. The higher the position attained during working years, either in military or civil life, the higher should be the pension awarded.

A more practical scheme, and one that should be pushed to the limit until it is implemented, is that those now on pension should receive an increase based on a cost of living index or, better still, an increase to bring them in line with those fixed at the last review for the serving soldier, and from then on a biennial review.

It is downright disheartening to see one's pension dwindling in value year after year.—**J E Jones, 6 Douglas Street, Stockton-on-Tees, Co Durham.**

Still there

Some of **SOLDIER**'s readers may be interested to know that in July last, while driving along the desert road to Agaba, in Jordan, I saw painted in large letters on a huge rock about ten kilometres outside the town—"16 Coy RASC." I do not know when this unit was serving in Jordan, but former members may be interested to know that the name is still clearly to be read there.—**Lieut-Col H F L Castle (Retd), 1M Wiesengrund 19, (29) Oldenburg, West Germany.**

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(See Page 25)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1 Position of pennant in front of leading skier. 2 Staff of flag on left of church. 3 Shape of middle cloud. 4 Bottom ray of sun. 5 Number of leading skier. 6 Left ski of middle skier. 7 Window of house in front of church. 8 Cap of skier on right. 9 Scarf of leading skier. 10 Length of aircraft's nose.

PHOTO QUIZ WINNERS

Entries to **SOLDIER**'s Photo Quiz (Competition 65, October) revealed a great variety of points of view—in the optical sense! Of the hundreds of entries received only 44 all-correct solutions emerged. The answers were: 1 Powder compact. 2 Walnut. 3 Hair brush. 4 Address book. 5 Comb. 6 Cigarette case. 7 Safety pin. 8 Zip.

Most people had no trouble with 1, 5, 6 and 7, but the other four proved more difficult. Soap bubbles, shaving brush, washing hands, several kinds of cereal, many varieties of flower and plant (including phifferling mushroom!), sponge, bone and bacon rasher were all hazarded for question 2. Many thought 3 was a toothbrush despite the clue of the hairs among the bristles, and in 4 such answers as "indexed book" were not precise enough when other entrants had offered the correct answer or such exact guesses as diary, ledger, telephone book, and even Stationery Office Book 134 (Indexed). The competitor who said there were "156 pages of an indexed book" saved us a decision on that exceptional effort by making one other mistake. Most common error in 8 was rubber linked mat, and others included watch strap, tank tracks and tyre.

Winners were:

- 1 Pte D Williams, 1 Glosters, BFPO 53.
- 2 Mrs M Sharman, 1 Queens Avenue, Shorncliffe, Folkestone, Kent.
- 3 Mr R J Rigelsford, Ministry of Defence Travel Bureau, BFPO 6.
- 4 A/T Connelly, AAS, Arborfield, Berks.
- 5 Mrs M Leech, c/o 14 (Berlin) Workshop, REME, BFPO 45.
- 6 WO II P T Vidler, RAMC, HQ Singapore Base District, c/o GPO Singapore.

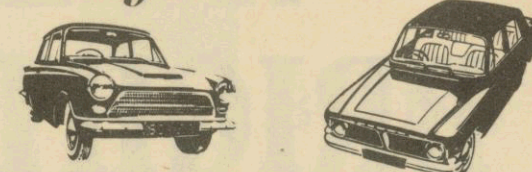
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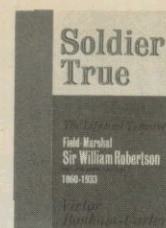


HER MAJESTY'S PRISON SERVICE

Footman to



Kitchener (left) with the field-marshal who joined the Army as a private soldier.



BOOKS

Field-Marshal

ONLY one Regular ranker has ever succeeded in rising to field-marshal in the British Army, and this achievement is all the more remarkable in that it happened more than 40 years ago in the face of barriers which no longer exist. Victor Bonham-Carter tells the story in "Soldier True—The Life and Times of Field-Marshal Sir William Robertson" (Muller, 50s).

The son of a village postman-cum-tailor in Lincolnshire, Robertson left school at 13 to serve as a footman to the widow of Lord Cardigan. He then volunteered for the Cavalry in 1877 and was posted to the 16th Lancers. Robertson soon made his mark, and the story of his steady rise by sheer, dogged determination, application and sustained effort, is well told in the earlier chapters of the book.

Commissioned into the 3rd Dragoon Guards in 1888, he became the first ranker officer ever to enter Staff College. In due

course he became its Commandant, Chief of Staff of the British Expeditionary Force and then Chief of the Imperial General Staff, all without ever having held a command in the field.

The greater part of Mr Bonham-Carter's book is devoted to Robertson's tenure of office as CIGS, from December, 1915, until February, 1918, and it throws new light on the desperate conflict which raged throughout this period between the volatile Prime Minister Lloyd-George, who wished to swing the British effort away from the slaughter in France, and the stolid, rock-like CIGS, who was convinced, with Haig, that only in France could we "destroy the German Army, and win the war ourselves."

Although both were self-made men, there was no common ground on which they could meet. Blunt and forthright, Robertson stood up to Lloyd-George and his behind-the-scenes intrigues for more than two years, and his unswerving loyalty to Haig, though he

did not always see eye to eye with him, amounted at times almost to subservience.

When, in February, 1918, Lloyd-George manoeuvred Robertson into an untenable position by telling King George V to choose between himself and the CIGS, the latter resigned at once, without any apparent bitterness. Not unjustifiably, he expected Haig to hand in his resignation also, and was deeply disappointed that he did not.

The author evokes a very human picture of Robertson, his character and his limitations: "Here, indeed, was John Bull in person, English to the core, shrewd, suspicious of frills and foreigners, intolerant of shams, robust, reliable and human."

Robertson was sparing of words and not noted for tact. "'Oraice, you're for 'ome,'" was his way of telling Smith-Dorrien he had been sacked. His last words, before he died of a heart attack at 73, were, so very fittingly for a soldier: "Where's the damn tea?"

DHC

"The Soldier's Friend"

IN an age when generals rarely hold any but purely honorific appointments for more than three years, it is not difficult to understand that a man who was active head of the British Army for nearly four decades should become set in his ways and an obstacle to progress.

Field-Marshal His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief from 1856 to 1895, refused to see himself in this light. When the Duke's stubbornness at last forced Queen Victoria to end long and painful negotiations with a blunt order to resign, he fought a rearguard action over the exact date and to the end of his life complained of having been "kicked out."

Though nobody would now deny that his retirement was long overdue, one cannot read Giles St Aubyn's biography, "The Royal George" (Constable, 35s), without a pang of sympathy for the old gentleman. If he thought himself indispensable, it was only because of the love he bore the Army. Few men can have served it with more devotion.

The Duke was a colonel in the Hanoverian Guards at the age of nine, and at 17 described his first guard-mounting as the happiest day of his life. At 35 he commanded a division in the Crimea and displayed great courage.

The Crimea established a popularity which was to expand and last the rest of his days. As Commander-in-Chief of the Army he knew nearly every officer, took a particular interest in cadets and would always spare time to investigate cases of injustice affecting

The Duke of Cambridge—he complained he was "kicked out" after 39 years as boss.



any soldier. His efforts to improve the lot of the troops earned him the nickname of "The Soldier's Friend."

In his 39 years at the head of the Army he fought successive Governments and 18 War Ministers for money for the Army, and to prevent reductions. Though he was reactionary in later years, he started off as a reformer, instigating large-scale manoeuvres to improve training, calling attention to the need for a trained reserve, revolutionising the Staff College, and setting up a department of military education and the School of Army Music at Kneller Hall.

He loved inspecting units and did so thoroughly and outspokenly. "I have never seen such a damnable incompetence as has

been shown by the Grenadier Guards today," he told that Regiment's assembled battalions in Hyde Park. Of another unit, he demanded that the pioneers should "dig a very deep and very wide hole and then bury this battalion in it."

Mr St Aubyn has written a very readable, sympathetic and well-balanced study of his subject. He concludes: "We owe it to the Duke of Cambridge that, despite the reorganisation of every regiment in the Kingdom, old customs endured, old traditions flourished and old loyalties survived. That this was so, was not mere indulgence of the reactionary whim of a royal retrograde: It was the salvation of the Queen's Army."

RLE



Mr Woolley (top right) winning his Victoria Cross on Hill 60 in 1915.

FIGHTING PADRE

IN 1940, a new chaplain visited prisoners in the guardroom at the Guards' training camp at Pirbright. A corporal enquired what the chaplain's first medal ribbon was, and a sergeant chimed in, "Good conduct medal, ain't it?"

It must have been one of the sergeant's most embarrassing moments. The visiting chaplain was the Reverend Geoffrey Harold Woolley VC, MC, who tells the story in his autobiography, "Sometimes a Soldier" (Benn, 21s).

The Victoria Cross had been

earned in 1915 when, as the only surviving officer, he commanded a company of Queen Victoria's Rifles while it desperately fought off German counter-attacks on Hill 60. The young soldier continued to rally his forces, refusing to retire until he was properly relieved. Then he led out 14 survivors of the company's 150 men.

With a distinguished record as regimental officer, instructor and staff officer, Mr Woolley left the Army in 1919 to become ordained and work as a parish priest and schoolmaster.

In World War Two he was a

chaplain in Britain and then senior chaplain in Algiers. There, when amenities were lacking, he improvised 24 clubs for troops, obtaining supplies for them in very unorthodox ways. His son was killed, flying with the Royal Air Force, and his wife died, but he remained with the troops, his military service ending when he was injured in a road accident in Italy.

Since the war, he has given much time to old soldiers' organisations, and has a particularly soft spot for the Old Contemptibles.

RLE

The Sword-bearers

Studies in Supreme Command in the First World War

CORRELLI BARNETT

FOUR MEN AT THE TOP

CORRELLI Barnett, the young historian who sharpened his pen on leaders of World War Two in "The Desert Generals," takes a look at some of the commanders of World War One in "The Swordbearers" (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 35s). It is a penetrating study of four men at the climaxes of their careers in the great struggle that changed the world.

Colonel-General Helmuth Graf von Moltke, Chief of the Kaiser's General Staff in 1914, was in effect commander-in-chief of the German Empire's field army. He launched the Imperial German armies on the Schlieffen Plan, a blueprint for quick victory, and then found he was unable to control them. Out of touch and indecisive, he saw the German offensive in the West grind to a halt.

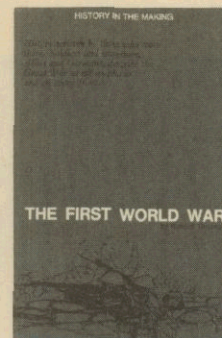
Admiral Sir John Jellicoe was the man of whom Sir Winston Churchill said that he could have lost the war in an afternoon and evening. That half-day was at Jutland, where Jellicoe faced a fleet numerically inferior to his own, but vastly superior in the quality of its ships, guns and gunnery, officer-training and organisation for war.

Both sides claimed victory, the Germans because their smaller numbers had sunk nearly twice the tonnage they had lost, the British because the Germans had been driven back to port.

General Henri Pétain (in World War Two the despised leader of the Vichy Government) took command of the French armies at the time of the mutinies which followed Nivelle's ill-fated offensive. "We must wait for the Americans," said Pétain, and in the third year of war abandoned general offensives in favour of twelve months' re-training, re-organisation and intensive staff studies. His policy was criticised but it yielded a modern force capable of meeting the strenuous demands of 1918.

General Erich Ludendorff, titular First Quartermaster, was, as Moltke had been, in effect supreme commander of the German field armies after August, 1916. At the end of 1917, Moltke could see victory only in a great offensive on the Western Front. He launched it in March, 1918. As its commander, Ludendorff, fast becoming a nervous wreck, brought about his own downfall and hastened that of his country by meddling with detail when he should have been making major decisions.

RLE



World War One Anthology

"THE First World War," by General Richard Thomin (Secker and Warburg, 30s), is an anthology of first-hand reports and memoirs, linked by a neat narrative, and covering the whole gamut from mobilisation to armistice, the Russian revolution to American intervention, the Western Front to Lawrence in Arabia.

It is history in a series of close-ups, readable, dramatic and human. It has been translated, condensed and adapted from a three-volume work in the author's native French.

There are moments of incalculable consequence, like Lloyd George's description of the scene in the Cabinet room on 4 August, 1914: "We sat at the green table in the famous room where so many historic decisions had been taken in the past. . . . And now came the terrible decision. Should we unleash the savage dogs of war at once, or wait until the time limit of the ultimatum had expired, and give peace the benefit of even such a doubt as existed for at least another two hours? . . . We resolved to wait until eleven. . . ."

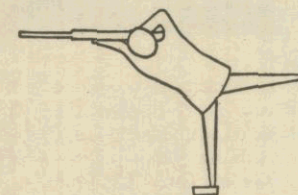
And there are moments, including the introduction of the tank, which change the histories of armies. Ian Hay describes a minor one—the advent of the steel helmet—in his Scottish regiment. "Private M'A deposited his on the parapet . . . to report his new headpiece 'lost'. . . . Private M'B wore his insecurely perched upon the top of his tam-o'shanter bonnet. . . . Private M'C opened fire on it at a range of six yards, surveying the resulting holes with the gloomy satisfaction of the vindicated pessimist. Private M'D removed the lining from his and performed his ablutions in the inverted crown. 'This,' said Colonel Kemp, 'will never do. We must start wearing the dashed things ourselves.'"

RLE

Shooting for fun

ANY marksman whose soldiering days are over, but who would like to keep his eye in, should take a look at his nearest small-bore club. And if he wants to learn the sport from A to Z, he cannot do better than read "Small-Bore Target Shooting," by W. H. Fuller (Herbert Jenkins, 30s).

Small-bore shooting claims 80,000 adherents in Britain and there are more than 4000 clubs. It is a sport for people of all ages. The author recalls that in a recent grand aggregate at Bisley, a girl of about 20 with four years' experience, and a man old enough to be her grandfather with 40 years of high-level



The military firing position is impossible for many people to adopt, says Mr Fuller in his book.

competition behind him, returned identical top scores.

The author says there are some differences in procedure between Service and small-bore club practice, but Servicemen taking up the sport will find their past experience valuable, provided they are sometimes ready to accept a new approach to attain a similar end.

RLE

Tiddly om pom pom

THE old-time bandmaster who "knows nowt about music but can make t' band play" is going out of fashion, and today's brass bands are mostly made up of accomplished amateur musicians.

To anyone with a liking for the brass band as a hobby, Dr Denis Wright's "The Complete Bandmaster" (Pergamon, 17s 6d) is a very handy little book. There seems to be little in its field that it does not cover, from defining a brass band to listing a repertoire and giving hints of rehearsals, programme-building, concerts and contests.

For those whose part is just to listen, the most revealing chapter is that which describes what the conductor does with his hands and the exercises needed to perfect his movements.

RLE

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BERLIN (Y.M.C.A.)
BIELEFELD (Y.M.C.A.)
BUNDE (Y.M.C.A.)
CELLE (Church of Scotland)
COLOGNE (Y.W.C.A.)
DETMOULD (Salvation Army)
DORTMUND (Y.M.C.A.)
DUSSELDORF (Y.M.C.A.)
FALLINGBOSTEL (Y.W.C.A.)
HAMELN (Church Army)
HANOVER (Salvation Army)
HERFORD (Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A.)
HOHNE (Y.M.C.A.)

HUBBELRATH (Y.M.C.A.)
ISERLOHN (Y.M.C.A.)
KREFELD (Y.M.C.A.)
LIPPSTADT (Church Army)
MINDEN (Salvation Army)
MOENCHEN-GLADBACH—Main H.Q. (Y.W.C.A.)
MUNSTER (Church of Scotland and Toc H)
OSNABRUCK (Church Army)
PADERBORN (Toc H)
SENNELAGER (Church Army)
VERDEN (Toc H)
WOLFENBUTTEL (Church of Scotland)

GIBRALTAR
WESLEY HOUSE (M.C.F.C.)
CYPRUS
AKROTIRI (Y.W.C.A.)
BERENGARIA (Y.W.C.A.)
DHEKELIA (C. of E. Club)
EPISKOPI (Y.M.C.A.)
FAMAGUSTA (M.M.G.)
NICOSIA (Hibbert Houses)
MIDDLE EAST
ADEN (M.M.G.)
NORTH AFRICA
BENGHAZI (Salvation Army)

TOBRUK (Salvation Army)
TRIPOLI (Y.M.C.A.)

EAST AFRICA
GILGIL, KENYA (M.M.G.)
KAHAWA, KENYA (Y.W.C.A.)

FAR EAST
HONG KONG (European Y.M.C.A.)
SINGAPORE (Union Jack Club)
SEK KONG (Church of Scotland)
MALACCA (Church of Scotland)

and other main centres

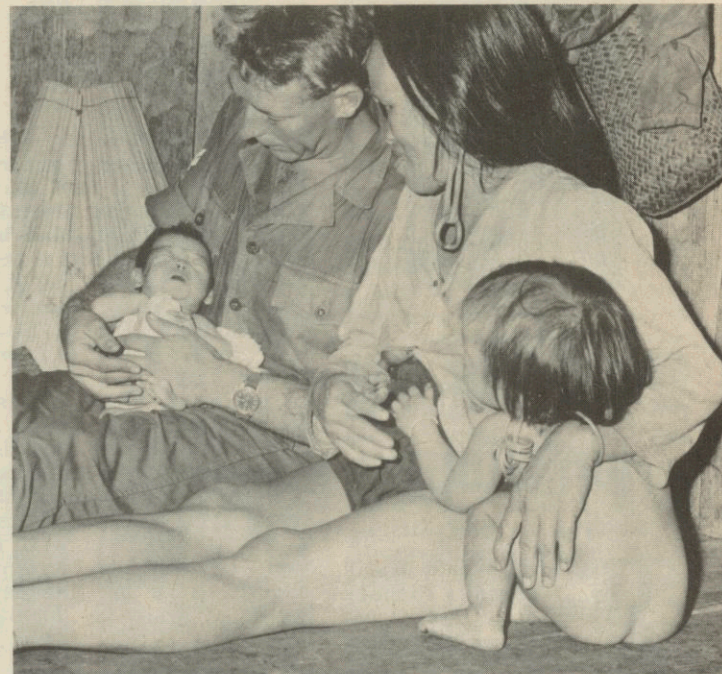
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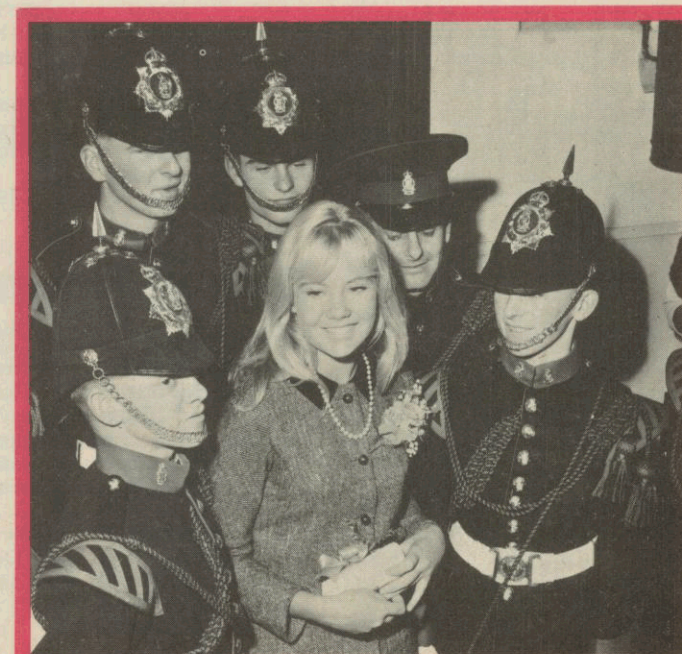
No, it's not a minstrel show but a party of Royal Army Service Corps officers, warrant officers and sergeants who have just surfaced from a trip down a mine in the industrial Ruhr area of Germany. The party, from Headquarters Royal Army Service Corps at Düsseldorf, went down 350 metres and saw work at the coal face. They were entertained and kitted out with miners' helmets and uniforms—and the Regimental Sergeant-Major was given special overalls with polished brass buttons.



Latest recruit to Kukri Troop of the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals, weighs ten stones and stands only two and a half feet tall. He is Laddie, a three-year-old Pyrenean mountain dog adopted by the Troop as a mascot after his owner had to go abroad. Pictured with Laddie at the Newton Abbot, Devon, base are Junior Signaller James Orman (left) and Junior L/Cpl Trevor Taylor. Boys take turns to care for Laddie.



In a primitive village untouched by Western civilisation in the jungles of Borneo there lives a bouncing baby boy called Bobby. He is named after a British soldier who acted as a midwife at his birth. It happened soon after a platoon of the 1st Battalion, The Queen's Own Highlanders, was sent to Borneo to train native volunteers as guards against bandit raids. Corporal Robert Hogg was called to the village longhouse where he found an expectant mother in labour. Without any medical experience he safely delivered a five-pound baby boy and when the child stopped breathing he applied a "kiss of life" which started its heart beating again. Here proud mother, proud "jungle midwife" and baby sister view Bobby.



Sharing the limelight with 17-year-old film star Hayley Mills are boys of the Corps of Drums, Junior Leaders Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps. They provided a fanfare for Hayley when she opened the SSAFA Christmas Market at the Duke of York's headquarters in Chelsea. With many important visitors the event was the most successful ever held and raised about £4,250 for the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association.



The sultry blonde with the slit skirt, garter and winning ways hails not from the Casbah but from Sutton Coldfield. She is pretty Private Tina Moulds, Women's Royal Army Corps, one of the amateur troupers who have been brightening up the Dhekelia Sovereign Base area in Cyprus. In this scene from "Services Showtime" 19-year-old Tina plays a dumb blonde who certainly makes a hit with Corporal Ian "Speedy" Workman, of the 3rd Green Jackets. On the right is Corporal Bob Williams, of 58 Company, Royal Army Service Corps, who devised, produced and directed the three-hour variety show at the Dhekelia Theatre.

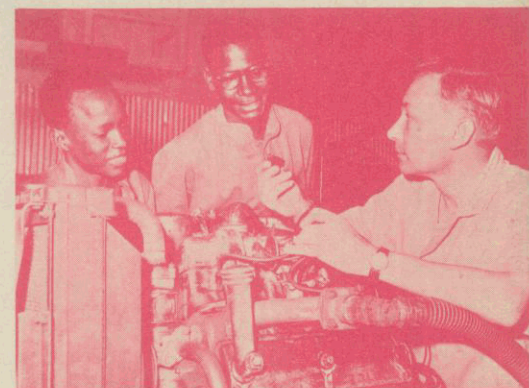


S.O. Code No. 72-32-64-1

Private Christina Ann Howell is not just a pretty face—she has brains as well. And they have earned her an extra day's leave after only three months in the Women's Royal Army Corps. After sailing through the clerks' course at 6th Training Battalion, Royal Army Service Corps, Yeovil, she was allowed home a day early to collect her prize as the best student of the year at South Warwick College of Further Education, Stratford-upon-Avon, which she attended before joining the Army last August. Private Howell, who has a shorthand speed of 140 words a minute and a typing speed of 60, who left grammar school with passes in nine GCE subjects and who holds gold, silver and bronze medals for ballroom dancing, joined the Army to "travel, speak foreign languages, and meet different people." Obvious officer material, she has already passed a Regular Commissions Board, but is not yet old enough to be an officer cadet. That will come next May when she will be 18½.

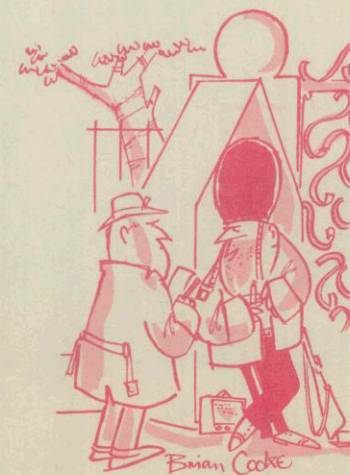


Pte Howell



At a special ceremony in Singapore the British Army said goodbye to its only all-Malayan unit—75 Malayan Field Squadron, Royal Engineers. The Squadron is now back home in Malaya where it is part of the new Malaysian Federation Army. Malayan Sappers have served with the British Army since 1887 when they were recruited into the submarine mining companies of the Royal Engineers. At the farewell parade the Squadron wore songkoks (Malayan hats) and their traditional red sarongs.

With only three exceptions, all the African Electrical and Mechanical Engineers serving with the King's African Rifles in Kenya have been trained by the same team of instructors. This is the proud boast of Artificer Sergeant-Major Claude Longhurst and his instructors at the Electrical and Mechanical Engineers Training School near Nairobi. Since the formation of the school in 1951, more than 300 African Askari have qualified as vehicle mechanics, fitters and armourers. Our picture shows ASM Longhurst instructing two students.



"The rumours are true. Discipline has been relaxed following a walk-out threat."

SOLDIER

