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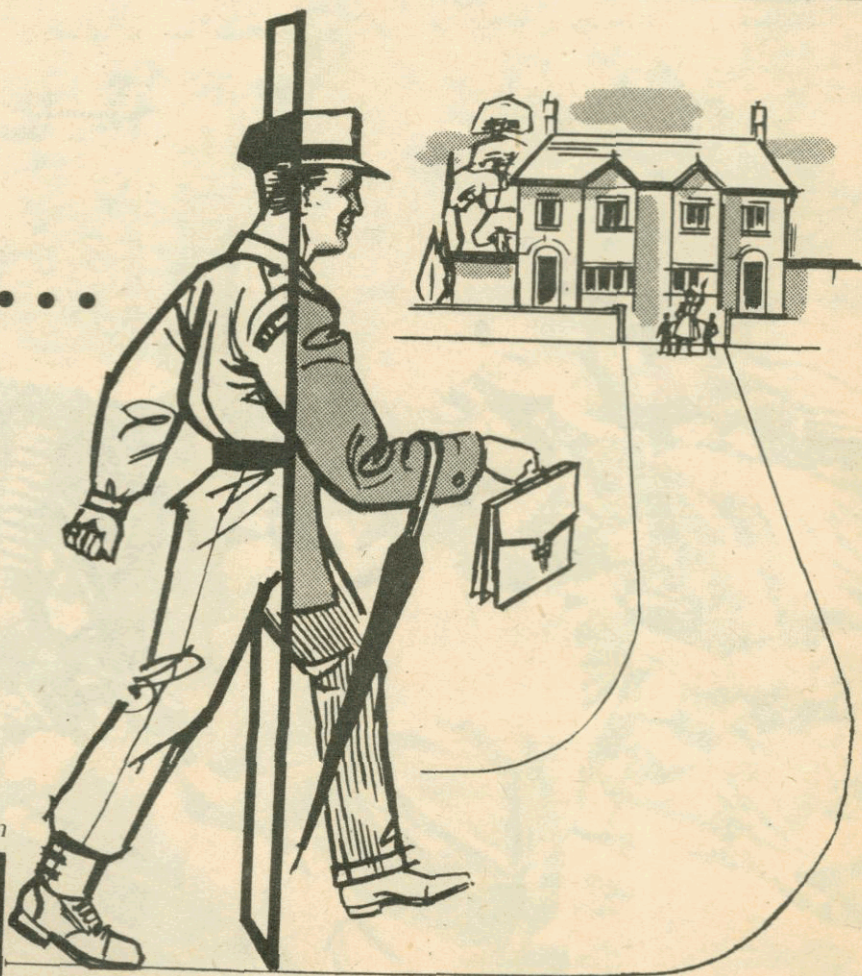
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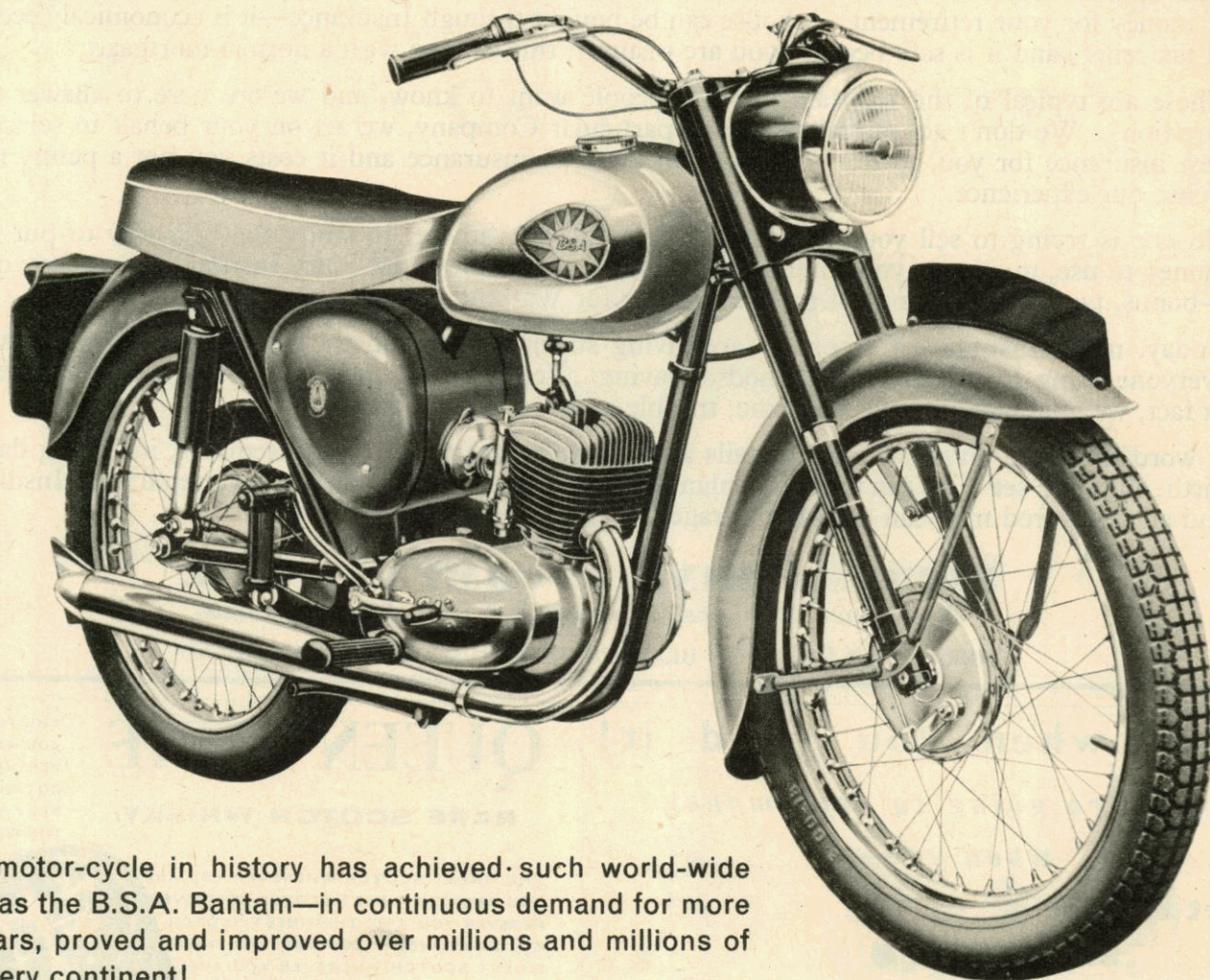


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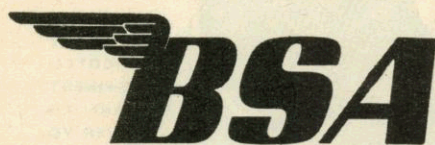
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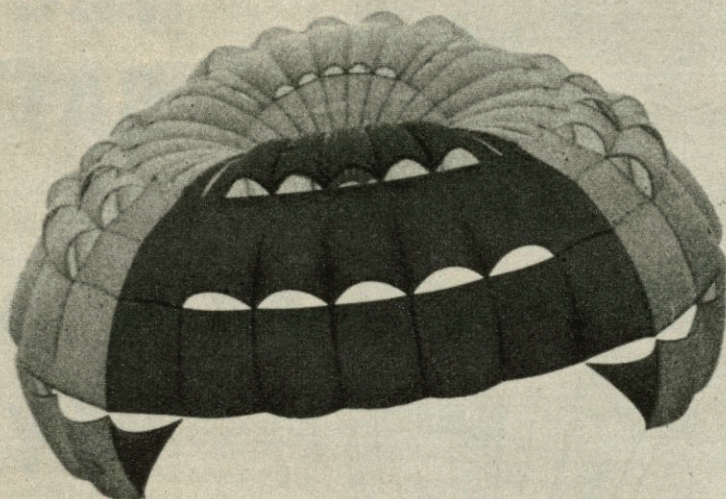
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This Parachute Goes UP

ALL you need is a parachute, a length of nylon rope and a *Land-Rover*. Then you can soar into the sky like a kite, hover at 150 or 200 feet up, come back to earth and land gently on both feet.

The secret of this new "flying" is the Lemoigne ascending parachute, a French invention which has only recently been taken up in Britain. The Army has been quick to spot its possibilities as a training device and parachutes have already been bought by 16 Independent Parachute Brigade Group and its Territorial counterpart, 44 Brigade Group. It has been tried out, too, at the Royal Aircraft Establishment, Farnborough, and the Army Airtransport Training and Development Centre, Old Sarum.

In effect the Lemoigne parachute is a soft wing glider. As the parachutist is pulled behind his towing vehicle, the specially

shaped and slit panels of his parachute catch the wind like the sails of a yacht and after only a few steps he is clear of the ground and soaring rapidly. His maximum height is determined by the length of the tow rope, and the rate of ascent and descent by the vehicle and wind speeds.

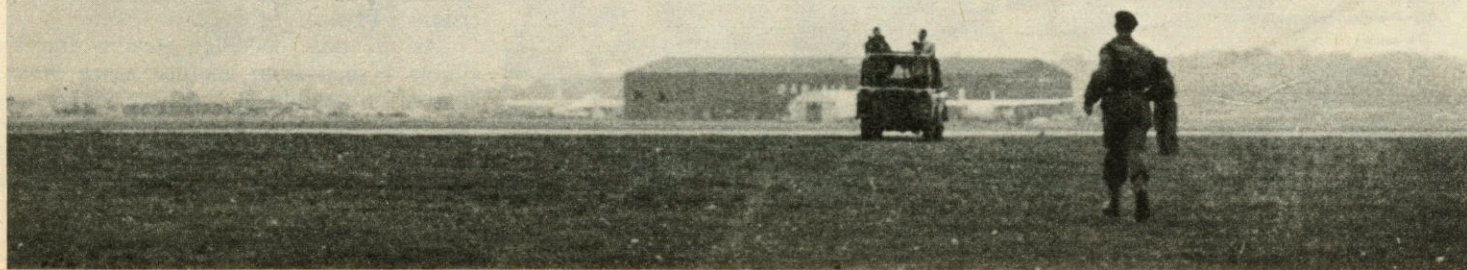
As the vehicle slows down the parachutist hovers, then descends to a landing which, again, can be controlled by the tow driver. If the vehicle is at a standstill the parachutist lands in the same way as he would from a normal drop—except that, because of its construction, he is not able to "steer" the Lemoigne parachute by its lines.

The Army's paratroopers see this French invention as a useful and economical training device which will teach landing techniques and bridge the gap between indoor training and the towers which are the next step

towards jumping from balloons. Its great advantage to the Army and particularly perhaps to Territorial units, is in needing no more than a suitable open space, a rope and a *Land-Rover*.

A French test pilot, glider pilot and aerodynamicist, M. Lemoigne, invented the parachute, which is under trial by the French Army. It was introduced into Britain only a few months ago by Mr. Michael Borrow, a diving engineer and member of Lasham Gliding Club who is now its distributor. His first interest was in towing it behind a motor boat to observe marine life—an idea akin to a German experiment during World War One of towing a parachute with a rigid framework and system of pulleys behind U-boats.

The Lemoigne parachute, which costs £140, may well become, too, a new, thrilling and satisfying sport.



THIS WAS MAN'S STUFF—AND THE SAPPER JUNIOR LEADERS THOROUGHLY ENJOYED THEIR REAL-LIFE AMPHIBIOUS ASSAULT ON A JERSEY BEACH, PATROLS IN ENEMY COUNTRY AND THE WITHDRAWAL TO . . .



Photographs by
SOLDIER Cameraman
PETER O'BRIEN

Even in fairly calm waters, clambering down a scramble net can be a tricky business when you are wearing a lifejacket and carrying both pack and rifle.

The junior leaders joined HMS Plover in Portsmouth in gentlemanly fashion.



THE BATTLE OF BEAU PORT BAY

“OVER you go,” ordered the First Lieutenant. Quickly the waiting soldiers stepped forward, clambered over the deck rails and disappeared down the scramble net slung on the ship's side. Below, sheltered by the Royal Navy's minelayer, HMS Plover, as she lay quietly at anchor off Jersey, nestled six light assault boats.

It was a great moment for these 60 young Sappers—the senior term of the Royal Engineers' Junior Leaders Regiment—and the real start of an adventurous weekend exercise in the Channel Islands for which they had been training for some weeks. Now the practices in Dover Harbour had suddenly become actuality.

Their rifles, small packs and blankets slung over lifejackets, the Sappers swung themselves hand over foot down the net and dropped lightly into the waiting craft. Within minutes the last of the Commando-blackened faces, some set, others relaxed, all of them boyishly eager and topped by a jaunty cap comforter, had disappeared below the level of the deck.

As each boat filled it was quietly paddled away into the rapidly growing dusk. The last of the six joined the others and 72 paddles dipped into the slight swell of Ouisné Bay as the invasion force headed for the dimly-grey cliffs more than a mile ahead.

For the purposes of Exercise “Foreign Fields” the junior leaders—and senior ranks of their Regiment's permanent staff—were friendly NATO forces making a Sapper task reconnaissance of the island. Jersey was being extensively fortified by the occupying forces—Sea Cadets and the Combined Cadet Force of the island's public school, Victoria College—and its inhabitants were writhing under the heel of the notorious, and aptly named, François le Cochon.

As the boats paddled steadily forward lights flashed from another beach where, barely discernible in the near darkness, a small group stood at the water's edge. Were they friends in the Jersey Resistance Movement—or a decoy? The Sappers shipped



A study in determination as the young Sappers, cap comforters over blackened faces, paddle their craft towards the assault beach.

Below: As an assault boat runs ashore, Sappers jump from the bows, grab hold of the painter and haul their boat up the beach.

their paddles; a hurried discussion and the bobbing fleet swung away to starboard.

Through the surf the pace quickened, then the bows ground into the sand. The beach came alive as the young Sappers hauled on painters to drag the assault boats clear of the water, then dashed forward with their scaling ladders and swarmed over the sea wall. The next minute the beach was deserted, the silence broken only by the distant, desultory crack of rifle fire.

It wanted only two hours to midnight. Behind the Sappers lay a crack-of-dawn start from Dover, train to London and

OVER . . .



Discarding lifejackets, the Sappers dash across sand and pebbles then scale the wall with their ladders.



A LIEUTENANT and four men of the Intelligence Corps Centre at Maresfield Camp, Uckfield, assisted the Victoria College cadets by questioning their junior leader prisoners, while a detachment of four from the School of Military Engineering, Chatham, provided radio communications for the exercise.

Despite its hazards, the exercise produced only one minor, casualty—a young Sapper who injured his wrist jumping from a bridge. Perhaps it is as well that the four Pressmen, sharing a ruined and very draughty cliff-top building with the exercise's control staff, were unable to catch the cadets who gleefully bombarded them with thunder-flashes!

Portsmouth, and a ten-hours' sail. Ahead, a patrol into unknown and "enemy" held territory, withdrawal under attack to a defended beach and, at the end of 30 sleepless hours, re-embarkation and the long journey home.

The 15 patrols, each of four junior leaders, had been given both demolition and observation tasks. One patrol managed to make its way into Fort Regent in the centre of St. Helier, Jersey's principal town, to survey gun positions and fortifications. Another target was a former German radar station, a complex system of bunkers and tunnels poised over a cliff face. Here the Sappers checked measurements and the position of sentries.

For their observation tasks the Sappers had to lie low during the day, keeping watch on shipping and logging movements on roads and on Jersey's busy airport where,

because of its exposed position and the profusion of Victoria College cadets, many junior leaders were captured.

But all the patrols reached their demolition tasks, some of which involved a 20-mile cross-country march, although not in every case were the Sappers able to complete their reconnaissances. Their two tasks finished, the patrols made their way back to the embarkation beach of Beau Port Bay and the final battle against more than 150 exuberant cadets armed, like the Sappers, with rifles, Brens, the ubiquitous thunderflash and the football rattle waved by a tiny cadet to simulate machine-gun fire.

The battle was brisk but shorter-lived than had been planned. Amid the confusion of Bren and machine-gun bursts, Verey lights (and the small fires they started in the gorse), thunderflashes and rifle fire at point-

blank range, the bugle calls of the junior leaders' trumpet-major were the last straw for the cadets. It had been a long and hard day for the younger boys and honour had been satisfied all round. It was time to interpret the "Cease fire" call literally.

Then came the roll call and arms check—that tiny cadet's rattle, mysteriously lost, was the only deficiency in the College's armoury—and the Sappers settled down for the long night's wait, huddled in their boats in an unseasonable temperature lower than that in Dover.

In a cold dawn, 60 young Sappers paddled out to sea, excusably a little wearily, and climbed the scramble net back aboard HMS *Plover*. They were cold, wet and tired, but happy. It had been great fun and a long-to-be-remembered weekend.

P.N.W.

A running battle between junior leaders and Cadets across Les Blanchés Banques, the sand dunes once used as a training area by the old Jersey Militia.



Below: Sappers march their prisoners along the cliff top track overlooking Fliquet Bay. The cadets enjoyed the exercise as thoroughly as did the Sappers.



Below: The battle is over. Now the reckoning. Lieut-Col Eden (left) and Lieut Blashford-Snell sort out the captured arms and ammunition.



Below: More cadet prisoners, taken on Les Blanchés Banques. To ensure no further trouble the Sappers confiscate the ammunition.



HOME AND AWAY

COMMANDING the Sappers and directing Exercise "Foreign Fields" was Lieutenant J. N. Blashford-Snell, Royal Engineers, whose home is in Jersey. He had mustered his friends to form the "Resistance Movement" and to supply administrative transport, and had enlisted the help of his father, an Army padre, as pilot for the invasion. Prebendary L. J. Blashford-Snell, now Rector of Culmington, in Herefordshire, was formerly curate of St. Helier's Parish Church.

Jersey meant home, too, to one of the Sappers, Junior Leader O'Connell, and, in a more remote way, to HMS *Plover's* captain, Lieutenant-Commander P. J. Messervy GM, who was born in nearby Guernsey of an old Jersey family. His present ship has the distinction of having been in continuous commission longer than any other ship of the Royal Navy. Commissioned in 1937, she laid thousands of mines off Britain's coast during World War Two.



Wearing the dress and equipment of NATO's Mobile Land Force, men of the Prince of Wales' Company parade before the Duke of Edinburgh.

RHINE ARMY REPORT

1

Pictures by SOLDIER Cameraman PETER O'BRIEN

Once a unit of Britain's Strategic Reserve, the 1st Battalion, Welsh Guards, now has a new and exciting job as part of NATO's hard-hitting, and fly anywhere, Mobile Land Force

THE WELSH GUARDS FLY WITH NATO

ON a barrack square in Germany a Welsh Guardsman backed a *Land-Rover* up a ramp and on to a "mock-up" of a giant *Beverley* troop carrier. Two of his comrades dashed up and quickly fastened the vehicle to the floor and then set about lashing down an anti-tank gun.

Nothing unusual in this, you say? But there was. The men of the 1st Battalion, Welsh Guards, have two vital roles to perform in helping to keep the peace and they were training for their latest and most exciting one as part of Britain's contribution to the Mobile Land Force of Allied Command, Europe.

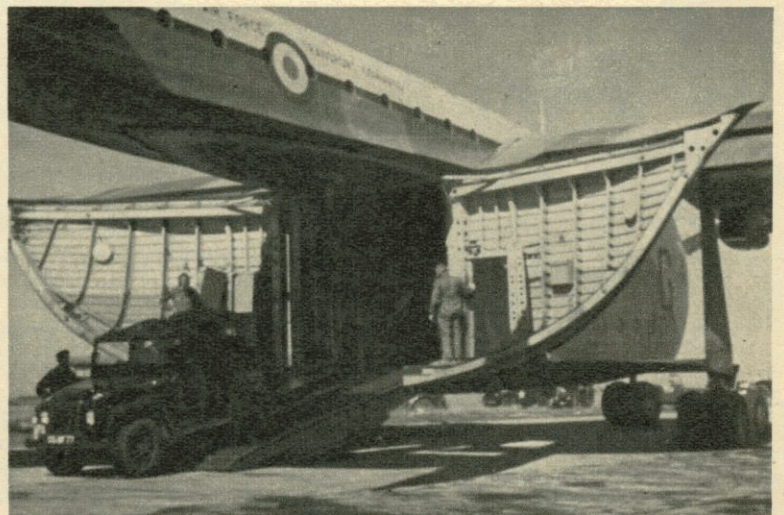
These are the men who, with a Royal Artillery battery, a troop of Sappers and supporting arms, and members of Belgian, United States and German army units, are held in a state of permanent readiness to fly anywhere in the world at short notice. They are part of the hard-hitting highly mobile task force whose job it is to quell trouble before it develops into a war: in other words, NATO's spearhead "fire brigade" force.

The Welsh Guards, who also have a normal Infantry role as

OVER...



L/Cpl G. Gunner (left) and L/Cpl D. John practise lashing a Mobat on a mock-up of a *Beverley*. But (below) the Guards used the real thing when they flew on a NATO exercise. The front wheels of the *Champ* have landed in Sardinia.



WELSH GUARDS *continued*

part of 1 (British) Corps in Germany, are clothed, equipped and armed to move rapidly and to fight within minutes of landing from the air or sea. Proof of their ability to do so has already been tested in a four-nation exercise in Sardinia, where the Welsh Guards were flown direct from Rhine Army.

In settling down to their new and exacting role, the Welsh Guards, not long ago part of Britain's Strategic Reserve, have had many problems to overcome. Most have been solved by exchanging visits to units of the other three countries. On several occasions the Welsh Guards have carried out exercises side by side with the Belgian contingent and recently more than a hundred of them spent two months at the United States Army's winter sports and ski training centre at Lengries (see *SOLDIER*, May, 1962) on the border between southern Germany and Austria.

In the Mobile Land Force, English and French are the common languages but each unit has its own interpreters. Small arms and radio sets are standardised and though each nation's troops will continue to wear their own uniforms, they will soon be issued with a common distinctive shoulder flash, the design of which has not yet been decided.

After months of training, the Welsh Guards now consider themselves ready for any emergency. As one sergeant told *SOLDIER*: "I reckon we could go into action with our eyes shut. We are all as keen as mustard because we know we are doing a very important job and are likely to be sent anywhere in the world at a moment's notice. And it's all free, too!"

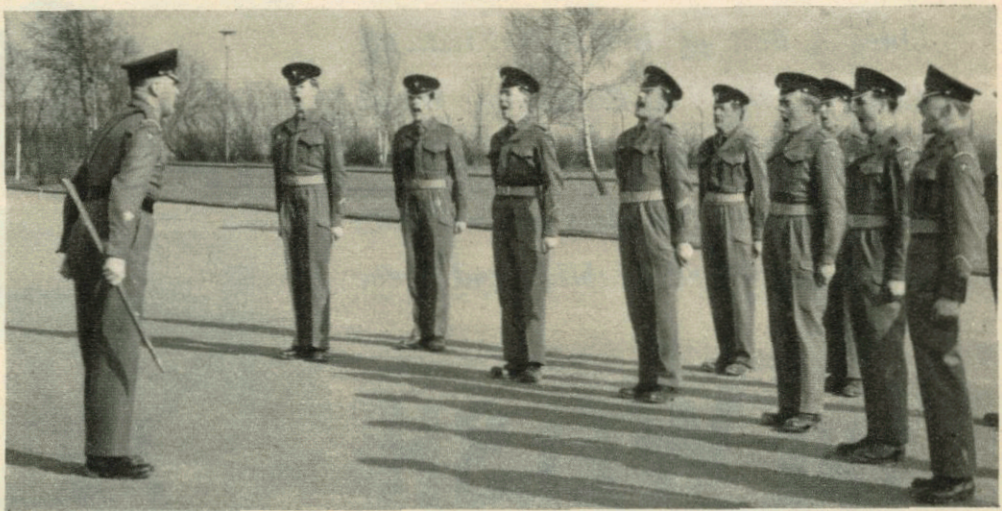
The 1st Battalion, Welsh Guards, has not allowed its dual role to interfere with its other activities. A few months ago the Battalion won the Army Rugby Cup and beat all-comers, including Australian and Canadian Army units, in the Duke of Edinburgh's Trophy, a contest between units of which Prince Philip is Colonel-in-Chief. The Battalion choir, which has been in existence since 1918, and is made up of all ranks from major to guardsman, has found time, too, to sing for British and German audiences.

E. J. GROVE



Carry a comrade for 200 yards—using either fireman's lift or pick-a-back—then try shooting a rifle straight. This was one of the tests the Guards undertook in competing for the Duke's Trophy.

NCOs try to match the vocal powers of Sgt Idris James as he instructs them in parade ground drill.



Bright sunshine reflects from the gravestones of Welsh Guardsmen killed in action as the 44-year-old choir of the Battalion holds an open-air rehearsal for a remembrance service at Bourg Leopold.

An affectionate pup wraps his paws round the Duke's hand as he chats with wives of the Battalion.

THE 1st Battalion, Welsh Guards, was formed in 1915 and, appropriately, carried out its first guard duty at Buckingham Palace on St. David's Day of that year. Three battalions of the Welsh Guards were raised in World War Two but the 2nd and 3rd battalions have now gone into "suspended animation." The 1st Battalion fought with the Guards' Armoured Division in France and Germany in World War Two and since 1945 has served in Palestine, Cyprus (where it had a company of Irish Guards attached), Britain and Germany. The Duke of Edinburgh has been Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment since 1953.

It's here at last. The dream of every Infantryman. No more tired, aching feet. No more long, hazardous marches, but a fast, shielded ride into battle as . . .

THE INFANTRY TAKES TO TRACKS

AN armoured vehicle roared along a narrow, twisting track, crashing through mud-filled holes at least four feet deep, grinding up one-in-two hills and riding comfortably over fallen trees and boulders.

Suddenly, in a clearing, the vehicle stopped. Ten men of the 1st Battalion, The Royal Ulster Rifles, leapt out and within ten seconds were charging an enemy anti-tank gun.

In pouring rain—the best kind of weather for any troop trial—The Royal Ulster Rifles were putting the Army's new Infantry armoured personnel carrier—the FV432—through its paces on Luneburg Heath, in Germany. And the FV432 was doing everything the Ulstermen asked.

The FV432, which is amphibious and can cross almost any country a tank can negotiate, is the Infantryman's dream and the answer to the age-old problem of how

to give mobility and protection to the man who fights on his flat feet. Capable of travelling at 30 m.p.h. on roads and as fast as any tank across country, the FV432 is armoured against small arms fire and in a nuclear war would afford protection against fall out. In an area where a nuclear bomb had been dropped, the section of men it carries could live inside the vehicle for 24 hours.

The new armoured personnel carrier, **OVER . . .**



Men of The Royal Ulster Rifles leap nimbly and easily from their new pride and joy, the armoured personnel carrier, and dash into action. From the hatch of a similar vehicle, Major D. G. McCord, commanding "C" Company of the Battalion, orders an attack.



Nature's resistance is thrust contemptuously aside as the APC surges irrepressibly onward. ▶



which is petrol driven, equipped with radio, armed with a General Purpose machine-gun and fitted with night driving aids, can also carry four days' supplies so that it could operate alone for that time. Mortars can be fired from inside the vehicle, directed through the hatch, and a Wombat can be carried in or towed behind it.

"The FV432 is one of the best things that has ever happened to the Infantry," says Major D. C. McCord, who commands The Royal Ulster Rifles' "C" Company, which carried out the trials. "It means that in future the Infantry can be moved rapidly into action on tracks and inside armour instead of having to do a long approach march unprotected and on foot. It also means that we can often be driven right on to the objective and give much closer and more rapid support to tanks."

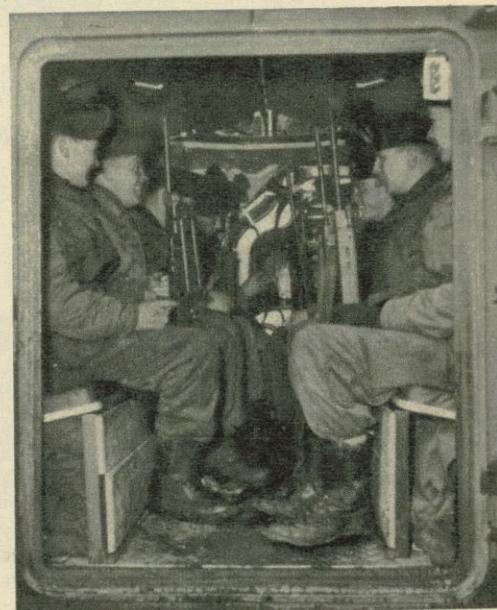
The Royal Ulster Rifles, who also carried out the troop trials with the *Saracen* as an armoured personnel carrier (see *SOLDIER*, May, 1961) is the first British Infantry regiment to be fashioned into the Infantry battalion of the future. Organised for almost two years to fight in carriers, it is the only battalion in the British Army to have its own Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers light aid detachment, Royal Corps of Signals section and two *Scammell* recovery vehicles. And it is not the first time the Regiment has been equipped to go into action mounted. In the Boer War the 1st Battalion served for a time as mounted Infantry.

The Royal Ulster Rifles, who had little difficulty training drivers and operators, were



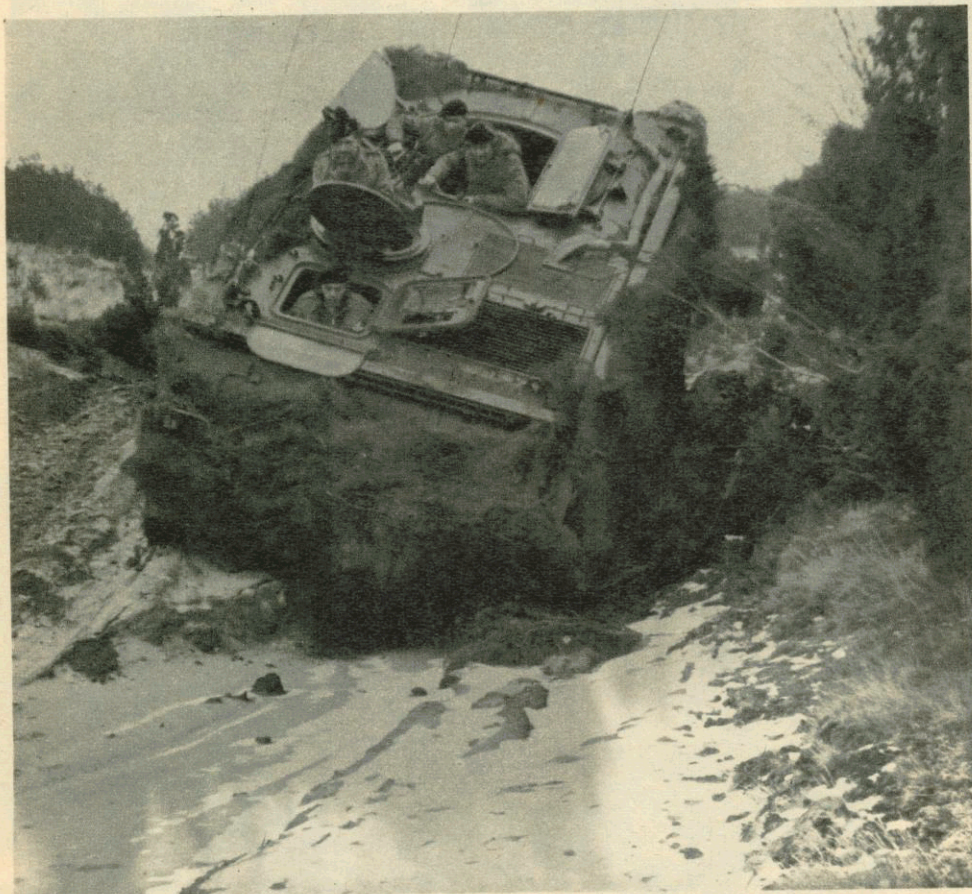
The Royal Ulster Rifles also put the *Saracen* through its paces as an APC. Major McCord is watching one coast round a rough, steep bend.

Snug inside the APC the Ulstermen reflect on all the marching they are being saved. They are riding to an attack on the Hohne ranges.



issued with five FV432s which were first put through their static trials in Iserlohn. For a month the men of "C" Company practised embussing and de-bussing, loading and familiarising themselves with the new vehicle. Then they drove the FV432s 200 miles by road to Rhine Army's tank ranges at Hohne where, for three months, they tested them night and day in the most rigorous conditions and over almost every kind of terrain—from metal roads and sandy heath to precipitous rock-covered slopes and thick woods. As *SOLDIER* went to press, "C" Company was to put the FV432 through its amphibious tests on the River Weser.

"The FV432 is just what we wanted," Corporal Stephen Graham, a driver, told *SOLDIER*. "It does everything the makers claim. It is easy to drive and maintain and it rides comfortably. There is plenty of room inside for the section, too."



The nose dips, the rear end swings high, and the crew holds on as the APC trundles over a ridge.

Pictures by *SOLDIER* Cameraman Peter O'Brien

Before the new armoured personnel carrier comes into general service, *SOLDIER* hopes that someone will find a more appropriate title for the vehicle which will revolutionise Infantry tactics and organisation. Any suggestions, you readers?

Life without Father

by Agnes M. Lewis

HOLIDAYS? Don't mention holidays to me. Even thinking about them puts me in a state of anxiety. But there's nothing I can do to avoid them, and sure as fate another is looming near. Of the "mixture as before" variety.

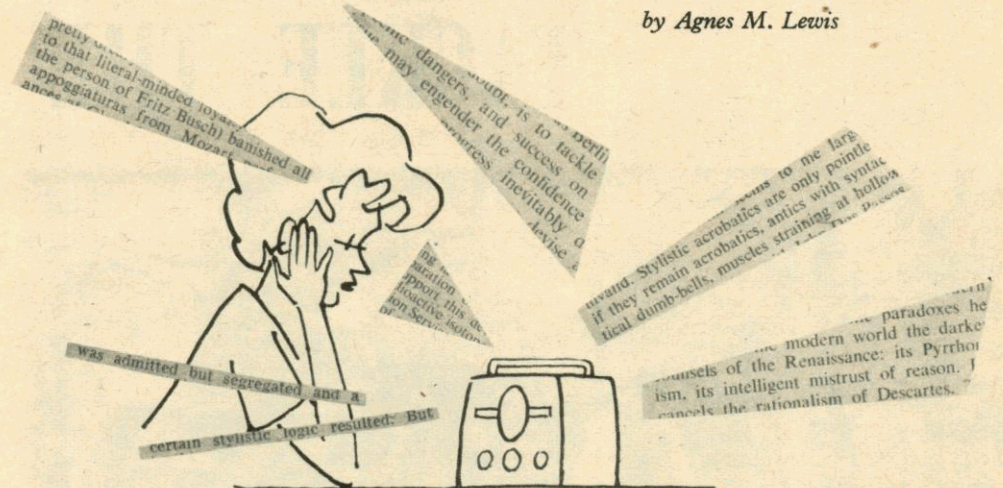
For my husband is in the Territorial Army, and once a year, for two tormenting weeks, he departs to serve Queen and Country. He has no conscience leaving me. Which is my own fault. For once, in an unguarded moment, I said I thought it was good for married couples to spend holidays apart, and, fool that I was, even said airily that I liked holidays at home.

There is no power on earth that will make me weep on his shoulder and beg him not to go. On the contrary, I speed him on his way. With a "glad to be rid of you" air, I tell him I'll be delighted to have the house to myself. That the kids can have dinner at school and I will eat at any old time. And that I'll have poached eggs on haddock as often as I like. I indicate subtly that, when the cat's away, this mouse is going to play.

But it's a different story early on the morning when I hear his Army boots clumping down the path and out of the front gate. My spirits sink with every receding step. Then I have to face it. I'm now the sole caretaker of six children and an Aged Parent.

In the twinkling of an eye, six normal children turn into six poltergeists, whose vocabulary is limited to one word, Mum. Then it starts. My first pipe dream dissolves. A half-term school holiday has sneaked up on me and bang go half of my planned child-free days.

Making use of our new-found freedom, I take them all to the seaside. Without the restraining hand of the financial wizard of the family, I discover that I have spent in one week the money intended for two. The bus conductor hurts my feelings. "Never mind the baggage, Missus, have



"From Luxembourg we get the Third Programme."

you got all the kids?" he says as we get off the bus.

It's disastrous at home. I switch on the radio. From Luxembourg we get the Third Programme. I wouldn't mind if I were an intellectual, but I'm not. It never happens the other way round, which I wouldn't mind at all.

The radio has been off-beat before, but the financial wizard, who is also a genius with things electrical, has been at home to open the set, spread its insides out on the table and, to my great admiration, finally succeed in getting Radio Luxembourg to come from Radio Luxembourg. This time I have to make up my mind that for two weeks I shall have to be intellectual and like it.

Then I think I will use a little of my holiday leisure to run myself up a frock. The sewing machine whirrs happily, takes two stitches, and stops. I tuck in a few odd wires and tighten some screws and things and start again. For a few dreadful moments blue smoke, wee flames and a horrible smell of burning rubber issue from the machine.

I investigate and discover that the lights won't work and I have a nasty suspicion that I've blown a fuse. Very sensibly switching off at the mains, I poke around inside the little box. I adjust this and that and connect up a few things that don't look right to me. I am all prepared to connect us up again. But one of my children, who doesn't quite trust me, suggests that I ought to send for someone

else's husband to have a look to make sure.

I think myself that this might be a good idea and a friendly neighbour comes in. He obviously knows a thing or two because when he saw my little attempt at "Do-it-yourself" he went very white, and said that if I'd switched on at the mains I would probably, among other things, have electrified the gas fridge and all the knives and forks. He gave me the impression that he was thinking it wasn't safe to leave me alone and was wondering whether to ask the police to recall my husband.

I wished that he would.

Somehow he's communicated his fear to me, and I decide to relax in a bubble bath.

Before I hop into the luxurious suds, an urgent SOS from the Aged Parent calls me away. I find her, stuck with rheumatics, tangled up in the grandfather clock. Like everything else, our heirloom has gone temperamental. Like myself, Grandma believes in "Do-it-yourself."

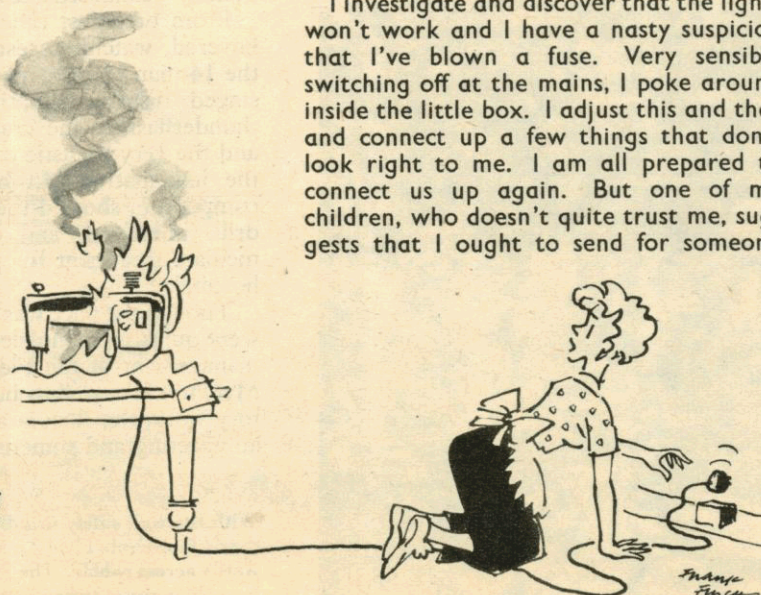
Leaving both Grandma and the clock ticking at least temporarily, I go back to my bath. The water has gone cold, so I start again.

It seems that all is now well, and as I soak, I am soothed. But then I hear the noise of a waterfall and know with awful certainty that it is the overflow. I do know what my husband does on such occasions, though. So standing up in the bath, I wind myself round the airing cupboard door, reach up and plunge my hand in the cold water in the top of the tank and waggle the globe thing that floats there.

I feel like a Greek statue holding an urn. But no Greek ever felt so desperate. I know I shall find it difficult to meet my husband with complete self-possession when he returns tomorrow. He will say with concern that I look a little peaky. I will go to the doctor as he suggests, and the doctor will look at me critically and say, "When are you having your holidays?"

I shall have to tell him that I have had them.

How I wish that years ago I had just kept quiet.



"... horrible smell of burning rubber ..."

Undeterred by yards of barbed wire, 7ft fences, snipers, mortar bombs, and—worst of all—twelve expert judges watching their every move...

THE "TERRIERS" TACKLE THE CASUALTIES



The obstacle course leaves ample scope for teamwork and initiative. In fairness to newcomers, tests change each year, a policy which has produced 15 different winners in the last 20 events.



A LAND-ROVER is blasted by a mine. Casualties mount as an explosion devastates the cookhouse. Snipers' bullets, tall fences and barbed wire hamper the rescue and treatment of other troops lying injured. It is an ambulanceman's nightmare.

Striving to bring order out of apparent chaos are Territorials of the Royal Army Medical Corps—men from Edinburgh, Exeter, Newcastle, London and Manchester competing at Mytchett, Aldershot, in the Territorials' annual ambulance competition.

The Land-Rover's three passengers look in bad shape. The cookhouse blast left three men badly burned, a fourth blinded and hysterical. Now a mortar bomb explodes, causing more casualties. Snipers harass rescuers. Three other men are wounded. They lie unconscious beyond bomb rubble, barbed wire and a 7ft fence.

This was just a part of the rigorous programme mapped out at Mytchett to find the champion Territorial ambulance team in Britain. The prize—an impressive £1250 challenge shield.

Their week's work done, men of the five units—the best in their respective Commands—had no time to lose. For the first time, the units brought their own equipment. It had to be ready for the detailed inspections by lunchtime on Saturday, with 400 of the 1000 marks resting on the outcome.

By evening only five points separated the leading four teams. The Scottish unit, 155 (Lowland) Field Ambulance, led from 125 (Lancashire) Field Ambulance, 1 (Northern) General Hospital and 128 (Wessex) Field Ambulance. The stage was set for Sunday's exhaustive tests.

From breakfast time a dozen examiners hovered, watching, testing, questioning, as the 14-man teams coped with imaginatively staged disaster situations. The roar of thunderflashes, the crack of snipers' rifles and the very realistic casualties left little to the imagination. In between the drama, competitors showed their prowess in splint drill, injections, and in providing intermediate treatment for patients en route to hospital.

Though the pace was hot, the Territorials were quick to acknowledge the skilful stage management of the Field Training Centre, Mytchett. As well as handling the preparatory work, the Regulars acted as casualties, an exacting and sometimes hazardous task.

With the wall safely negotiated, men of the 44 Parachute Field Ambulance tread warily across rubble. The 14-man teams have 20 minutes to complete the course.

In all, 50 casualties were needed, half of whom endured rescue and treatment three times, the others twice.

With plasticine, theatrical make-up, pieces of bone, and "blood" out of a bottle, a make-up department—Captain J. Scott and his artistic staff of six National Servicemen—created an imaginative assortment of wounds. "Casualties should be able to act injured as well as look it," said Captain Scott. "One can often tell from a casualty's posture where the injury is."

Despite the keenness of the competition there were no real-life casualties (though one unfortunate "patient" was pitched from a stretcher when an unlucky bearer caught his foot in a rabbit hole).

The outcome was in doubt until the final seconds. Then "The Bladen Races" greeted a first-ever victory by 1 (Northern) General Hospital with 744 points. Six points behind, 155 (Lowland) Field Ambulance, Edinburgh, won the Fell Cup as runners-up. After trailing badly on Saturday night, 44 Parachute Field Ambulance came back to finish third and gain the Cowell Cup for the top team in the Thomas splint drill.

With or without a trophy, the Territorials were soon on the long road back home. And the thought suddenly struck 70 tired, part-time soldiers: "I've got to be at work for half-past eight tomorrow!"

PETER J. DAVIES



Squeezing beneath low barbed wire, competitors gently ease a patient forward.

CURBING KENYA'S BORDER RAIDERS



Sullen Ngwatella tribesmen, separated from their wives and precious cattle, sit under guard, stubbornly refusing to say where their rifles are hidden.

The possession of old but lethal rifles by ruthless raiders of Northern Kenya upsets the power balance between the tribes. That balance must be restored

ARIFLE shot echoes over the parched plains along the Kenya-Uganda border. Then another. As two Uganda tribesmen fall dead a village springs into frantic life.

Spear brandishing warriors, rushing to defend their homes, stagger and fall under a hail of bullets. Spears are no match for rifles. Soon, women and children are helpless before the savage armoury of the raiders.

Another Uganda village has fallen prey to the illegally-armed Turkana tribesmen of Kenya's Northern Frontier Province. The Turkana have acquired many old but still lethal rifles and have upset the balance of power between the spear-carrying tribes. If the slaughter is to be stopped, the Turkana must be disarmed—and this is a job for the Army.

The 5th Battalion, The King's African

OVER...

BORDER RAIDERS continued

Rifles, from Kenya, and a company of the 4th Battalion, from Uganda, were called in to help the Kenya police. Helicopters and planes of 8 Independent Recce Flight, Army Air Corps, and the Kenya Police Airwing were brought in to support. The scene was set for "Operation Utah"—disarming the particularly aggressive Ngwatella section of the Turkana.

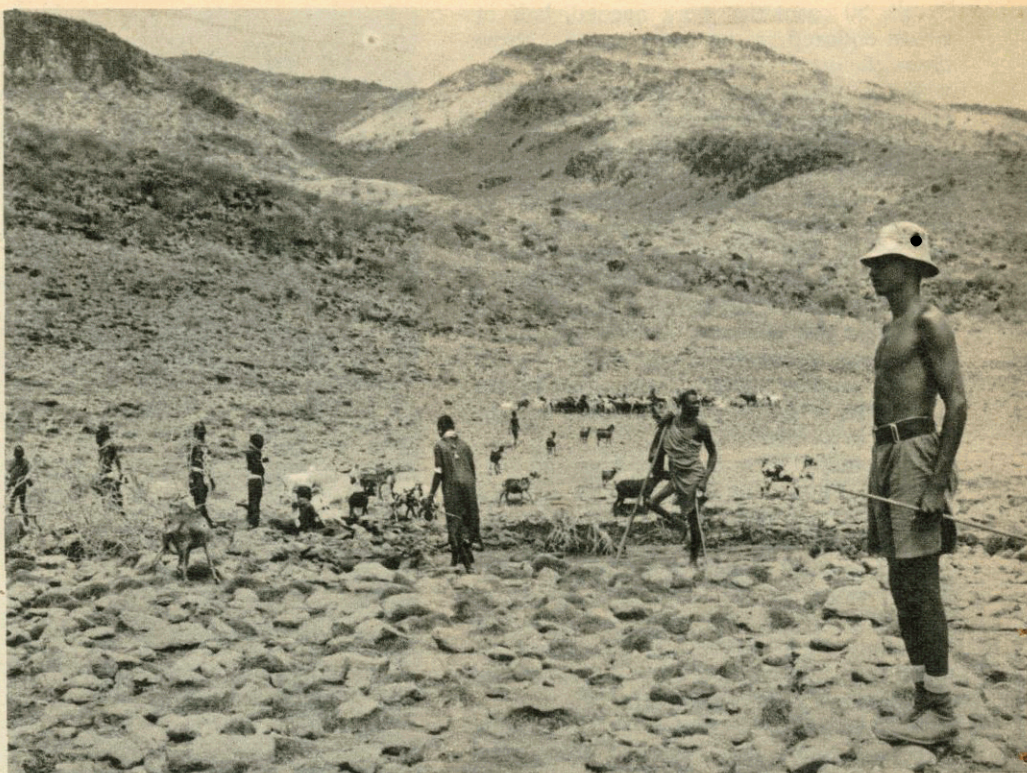
It was a big job. The areas involved were vast and unyielding. The nomadic Ngwatella were scattered across thousands of square miles of hot, dry, wind-swept and dust-plagued country. Each company of the 5th Battalion had about 900 square miles to cover.

The second major problem, having found the tribesmen, was to ferret out the illegal rifles. Any warrior who possessed one would not readily surrender it. The rifle had cost him at least six and possibly ten of his cattle, his next most prized possession. It was this knowledge that led to the surrender of about 90 rifles—half the total haul.

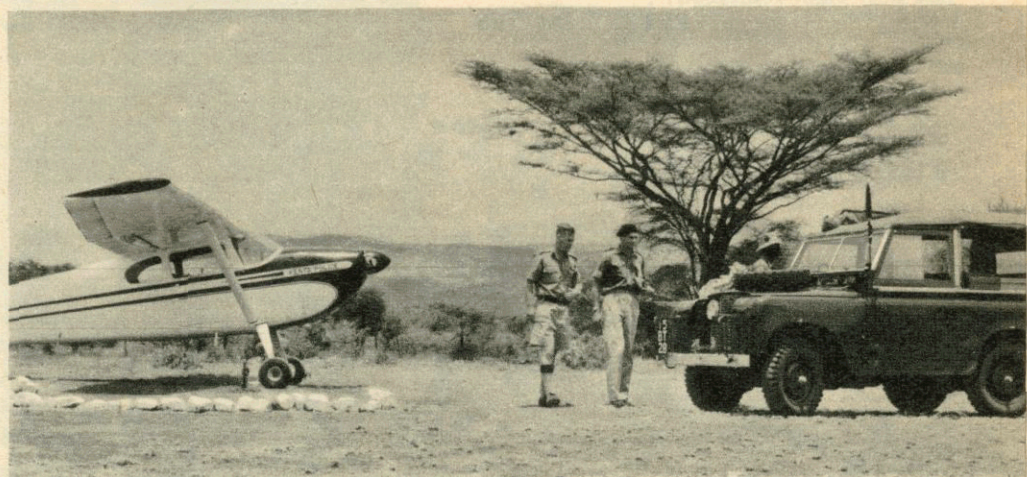
Whole communities were rounded up, the men isolated and the women told to look after the cattle. This worried the Turkana warriors so much that after a few days their resistance cracked and they gave up their prized weapons.

Vigorous patrolling and many exhaustive searches in abandoned villages or *manyattas* accounted for the remainder in the final total of 181 rifles and 545 rounds of ammunition. Some patrols, flown into the desert, rounded up cattle and collected rifles as they returned on foot; other *askari* were taken out in vehicles.

Blistering heat, with swirling dust probing into eyes, nose, throat and food, turned a routine patrol into an endurance test. Good filterable water was found only by digging deep into dry river beds. Roads were simply tracks of loose lava dust which took heavy toll of tyres and springs. The Light Aid



On rugged, rock strewn terrain, Private Aliof, of the 5th Battalion, guards the Turkana stock near a water hole. Water holes are few and far between.



Captain Jerry Smith (right), Signals Officer, 5th Battalion, returns from a liaison flight with Mr. Roy Drummond, Kenya Police Airwing.



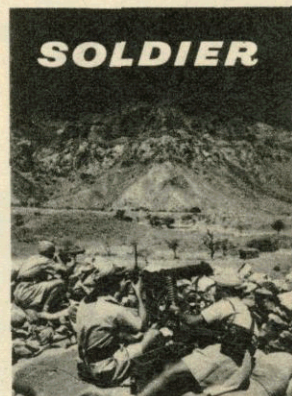
◀ L/Cpl Ebei (right) is a Turkana member of the 5th Battalion. Cpl Kunyo, a Somali, helps to check over his rations for a two-day patrol.

Detachment of 93 MT Company, King's African Rifles, repaired more than 130 vehicles in three weeks. Nor had the searchers any illusion about having reformed or even more than momentarily deterred the fighting Turkana. For centuries tribal warfare and cattle raiding have been national sports in this rugged, primitive region. Like Kenya's Turkana, the Dodoth of Uganda and the Merille from Ethiopia have carried out raids, paying scant regard to the artificial straight-line boundaries drawn by the white man.

It will take more than one military operation to change all that. But, for the time being at least, the balance of power has been restored.

From a report by Captain J. D. Ellis, RE, Military Observer in East Africa.

SOLDIER



COVER PICTURE

SOLDIER's front cover shows Arabs of the Federal Army (formerly the Aden Protectorate Levies) manning a post at Dhala', 5000 feet up on the disputed frontier with the Yemen. In the background rises the craggy Jebel Jihaf from which, in a spirited action, the rebels were ejected by the Levies and the Buffs.

THE INFANTRY SHOWS ITS TEETH



The Swedish *Carl Gustav*, an 84-mm anti-tank weapon with a "killing punch," is being considered as a replacement for the Infantry 3.5-inch rocket launcher.

JUST how much the Infantryman has become a specialist in his own right—and how far his armoury has advanced from the not-so-long-ago days of rifle, bayonet and grenade—were vividly pinpointed at Battlesbury, Warminster, in a demonstration of today's Infantry weapons and equipment.

On display, too, and watched by senior officers, Infantry commanders and officers from the Royal Marines, Commonwealth countries and the United States Army, were new weapons and equipments under trial or development. The spectators, joined by the War Minister, Mr. John Profumo, for the demonstration, were attending the biennial Infantry Commanders' Conference at the School of Infantry.

First to be put through their paces, by

men of the 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd, were the FN rifle and the General Purpose Machine-Gun, the latter showing its particular effectiveness in the sustained fire role and in dial sight firing on recorded tasks.

Support weapons demonstrated included the *Wombat*, brought into action in 30 seconds from its towing long-wheelbased *Land-Rover*; the anti-tank missile *Vigilant*, which scored an impressive direct hit on a distant tank; and the Infantry's new armoured personnel carrier, the FV 432, carrying the 81-mm mortar. The mortar's ranging bomb was fired only 75 seconds after the FV 432 had swung into position and halted.

The *Vigilant*, now on order for the Army, will be the Infantry platoon's heavy anti-tank weapon. Also demonstrated was the *Carl Gustav*, a Swedish 84-mm gun weighing 29lb which is being considered as a possible replacement for the 3.5in rocket launcher as a medium platoon weapon. The *Carl Gustav*, described as a good weapon with a killing punch, is smaller than the present rocket launcher and has a much longer range.

Infantrymen who have dug their foxholes the hard way were particularly interested in a demonstration of mechanical aids to this old problem. One was the Swedish *Cobra* hand digger, which has been undergoing trials with the British Army. The *Cobra* is driven by a petrol engine and weighs 50lb. Using the *Cobra*, the thumper and explosives, the Green Jackets showed how much more quickly and easily a trench could be dug.

Then came a prototype light machine digger, with a bucket wheel, to cut hours of work down to minutes. This digger excavated a hole 10ft long by 6ft wide and 5ft deep, suitable for a command post, in just 15 minutes. In one minute it made a trench 9ft long, 2ft wide and 4ft deep.

As a tailpiece the demonstration paid homage "to a weapon which has stood us in good stead for over 50 years." To the background of "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," the *Vickers* machine-gun, which will probably be out of service before the next Infantry Commanders' Conference, fired a last triumphant burst across the range as a warrant officer of the Small Arms School Corps stood at the salute beside the gun team.



The new 84-mm mortar will replace the 3-in mortar in the next three years. It has a range of over three miles and can fire at the rate of 30 bombs a minute.

QMSI R. Eaton, Small Arms School Corps, salutes the *Vickers* machine-gun as it fires a burst. It was in tribute to this weapon's 50 years' gallant service.

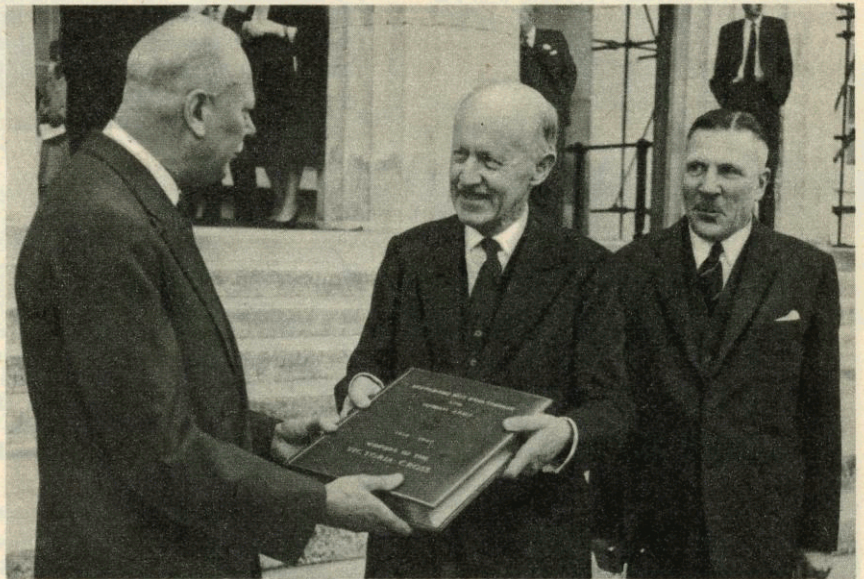




In the peaceful setting of the Indian Army Memorial Room 200 acts of bravery in action are remembered as the Duke of Gloucester praises the new and unique Roll of Honour.

The Duke, as Patron of the Museum, had received the Memorial Book from its donor, Major C. W. d'A. Steward (centre). Right is Lieutenant-Colonel C. B. Appleby DSO, Museum Director.

A BOOK OF GALLANTRY



THEY were old soldiers who had served in the Indian Army, each of them the proud holder of the Victoria Cross. With them, in the Indian Army Memorial Room of the National Army Museum at Sandhurst, were the relatives and descendants of other gallant soldiers who earned the supreme award for courage.

They were there to witness the formal presentation to the Museum of a unique gift—a Memorial Book recording in one historic volume the names and citations of 164 officers and men who won the Victoria Cross while serving with the Honourable East India Company and the Indian Army, of 19 soldiers who subsequently served in the Indian Army after winning the Victoria Cross, and those of 32 Indian Army holders of the George Cross.

Handwritten on calfskin vellum, the Memorial Book, covering the period from 1856 to 1945, took more than a year to produce. It was handed over by its donor, Major C. W. d'A. Steward, late of the 1st Punjab Regiment, to Field-Marshal The Duke of Gloucester, Patron of the Museum.

Medals and decorations on display—there were 80 Victoria Crosses and four George Crosses—included three Victoria Crosses won by the Gough family. The brothers Charles and Hugh Gough both earned Victoria Crosses during the Indian Mutiny, became generals and were knighted. Charles' son, John, who was killed in 1915, also won the Victoria Cross. John's elder brother, General Sir Hubert Gough, who is 91, attended the Sandhurst ceremony.

Another Victoria Cross on show was that

of General Sir Sam Browne (of Sam Browne belt fame) who lost an arm gaining the honour during a mutiny in 1858.

Although the Museum contacted six members of the Fitzgibbon family, the medal of Andrew Fitzgibbon, youngest person ever to gain the Victoria Cross (see *SOLDIER*, January, 1957), could not be found. But photographs of the attack on the Taku Forts in China, where this young hero earned the medal, were discovered and displayed.

Also on show was the Victoria Cross of Captain H. J. Andrews, who was for 30 years a Salvation Army doctor. Then he took a temporary commission as a medical officer in the 1919 Waziristan Campaign. He was killed at the wheel of his own Ford ambulance van while rescuing wounded.



FOR VALOUR 6

Fusilier

FRANCIS ARTHUR JEFFERSON
THE LANCASHIRE FUSILIERS



A FUSILIER AND HIS PIAT

FUSILIER JEFFERSON'S gallant act not merely saved the lives of his company and caused many casualties to the Germans but also broke up the enemy counter-attack and had a decisive effect on the subsequent operations."

So reads part of the citation to the Victoria Cross won by Fusilier Francis Arthur Jefferson on 16 May, 1944, in Italy.

The "gallant act" was this Fusilier's inspired one-man assault against the enemy tanks. During an attack on the Gustav Line an anti-tank obstacle held up the

British tanks, leaving the leading company of Fusilier Jefferson's battalion of The Lancashire Fusiliers to dig in on a hill without tanks or anti-tank guns.

The enemy counter-attacked with Infantry and two Mark IV guns which, at short range, caused casualties and eliminated one *Piat* group. As the German tanks advanced towards the partially dug trenches, Fusilier Jefferson, entirely on his own initiative, seized a *Piat* and, running forward alone under heavy fire, took up a position behind a hedge.

When he found he could not see his target properly, he came out into the open again and, standing up under a hail of bullets, fired at the leading tank which by now was a mere 20 yards away. It was a direct hit. The tank burst into flames and all the crew were killed.

Fusilier Jefferson then reloaded the *Piat* and moved towards the second tank. It withdrew before he could get within range. By this time the British tanks had moved up and the enemy counter-attack was smashed with heavy casualties.



AS ENEMY TANKS MOVED IN ON THE INFANTRY, FUSILIER JEFFERSON ...

... SEIZED A PIAT AND RAN TO A HEDGE, BUT WAS UNABLE TO SEE ...



... SO, STANDING IN THE OPEN, HE FIRED AT THE LEAD TANK . .

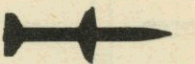
... RELOADED AND MOVED UP TO THE SECOND.

Drawn by ERIC PARKER



WITHIN TEN MINUTES

BLUE WATER

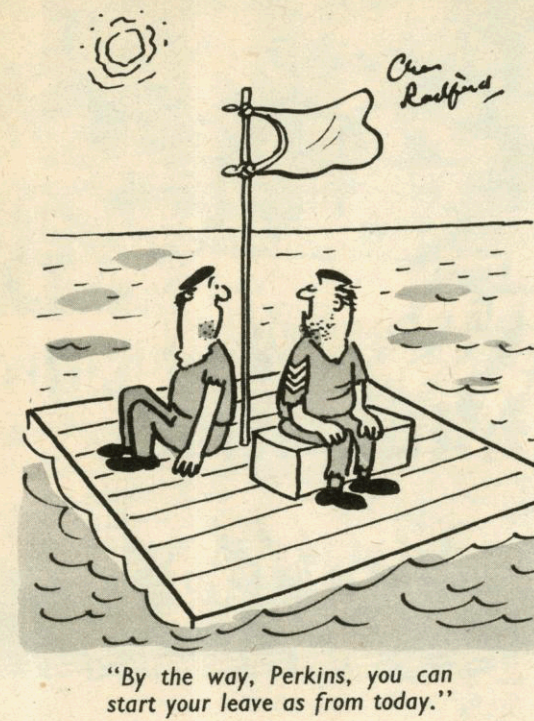
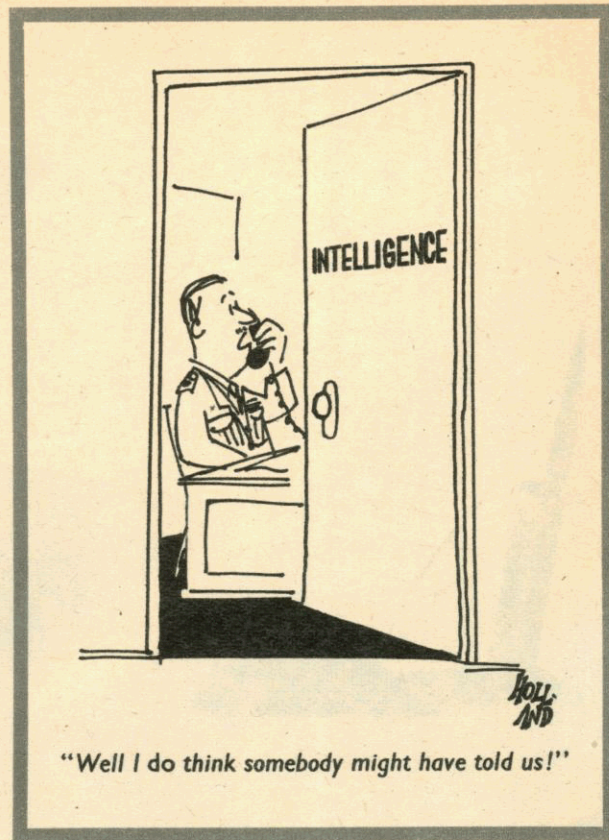
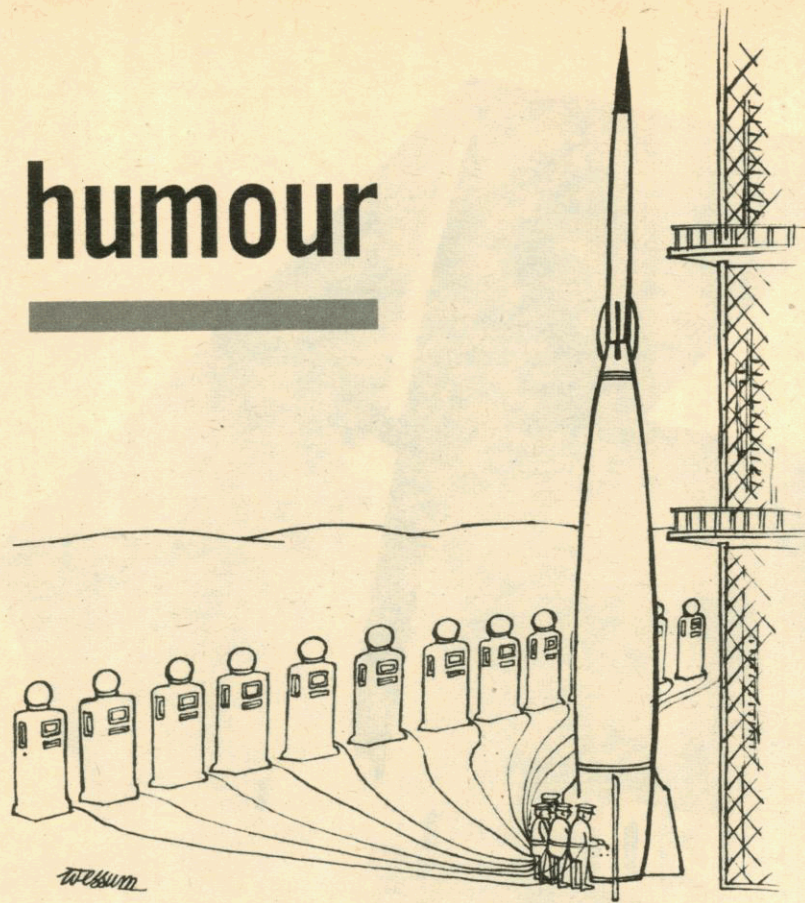


BLUE WATER is a compact, accurate and self contained unit. It is unaffected by counter measures. Speed into action and great mobility mean maximum protection from counter attack. Firing range can be varied within wide limits, the lowest range being exceptional for this class of weapon. The unit comprises only two vehicles—a 3 ton 4 x 4 launcher and a Land Rover.

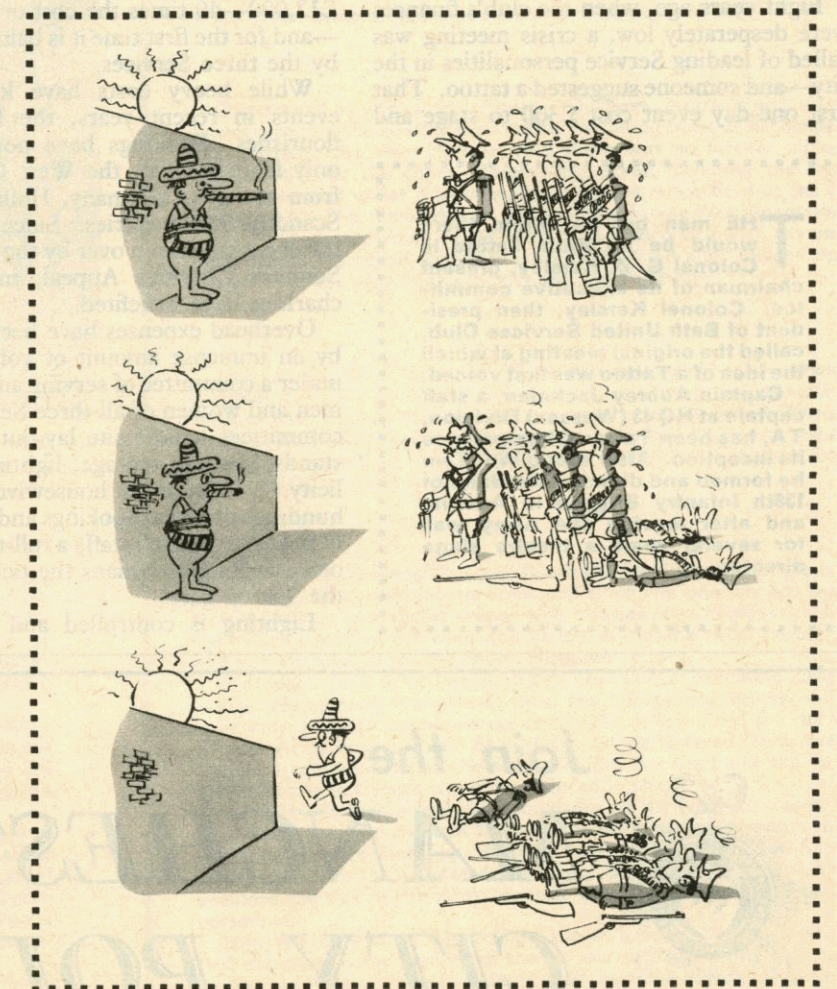
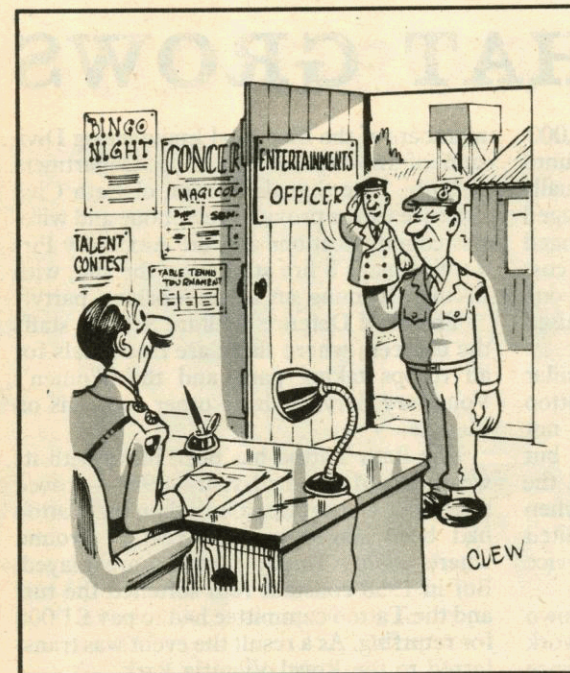
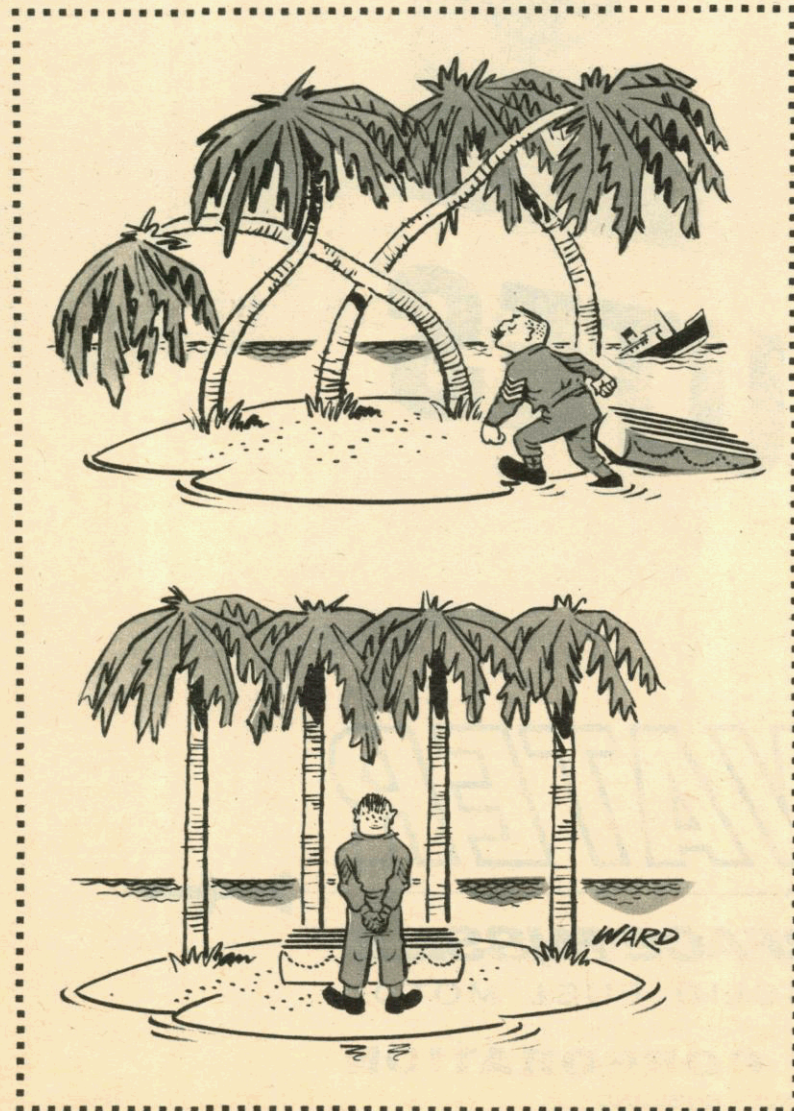
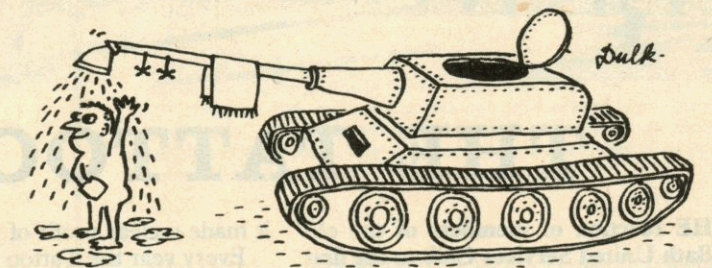
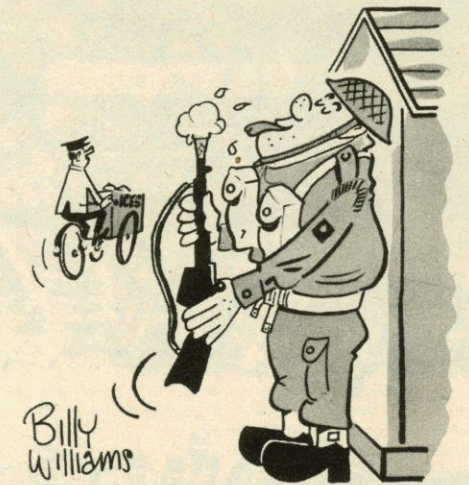
SURFACE TO SURFACE MISSILE
INERTIALLY GUIDED... SOLID FUEL MOTOR

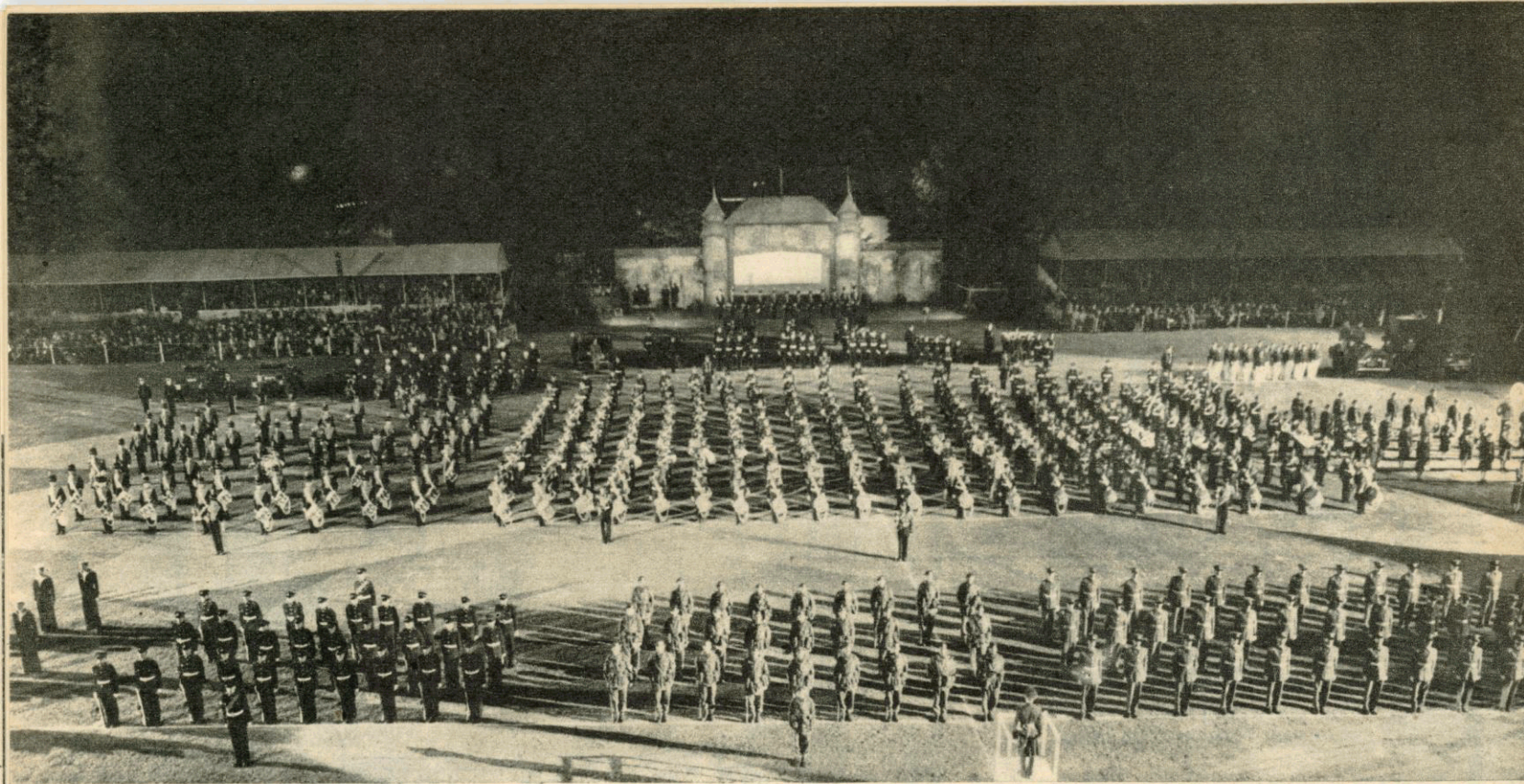
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humour



cool column





THE TATTOO THAT GROWS

THE reaction of members of the old Bath United Services Club to the first Bath Searchlight Tattoo must have been similar to that of Jack's mother when, after throwing the bag of beans out of the window, she awoke to find the beanstalk.

Eight years ago, when the club's finances were desperately low, a crisis meeting was called of leading Service personalities in the city—and someone suggested a tattoo. That first one-day event cost £300 to stage and

it made a clear profit of more than £1,000.

Every year the Tattoo has expanded until it is now the largest to be presented annually in England. This year's Tattoo, to be staged later this month in the attractive tree-fringed arena in Royal Victoria Park, Bath, has cost £12,000—40 times the cost of the first one—and for the first time it is being recognised by the three Services.

While heavy costs have killed similar events in recent years, the Bath Tattoo flourishes. Bookings have poured in, not only from all over the West Country, but from as far as Germany, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries. Since 1956, when the event was taken over by the Bath United Services Charities Appeal, many Service charities have benefited.

Overhead expenses have been kept down by an immense amount of voluntary work under a committee of serving and ex-Service men and women of all three Services. Sub-committees handle site lay-out, erection of stands, seating, tentage, lighting and publicity. A team of ten housewives deals with hundreds of postal bookings and distribution of tickets to agents, staffs a full-time booking office in Bath and mans the ticket offices at the Tattoo gates.

Lighting is controlled and manned by

members of the Electrical Engineering Division of the Admiralty's Ship Department at Bath. The Signals Section of Bath Civil Defence Corps provides telephone and wireless communications and the Auxilliary Fire Service mans a fire station on the site, with firemen forming an arena working party.

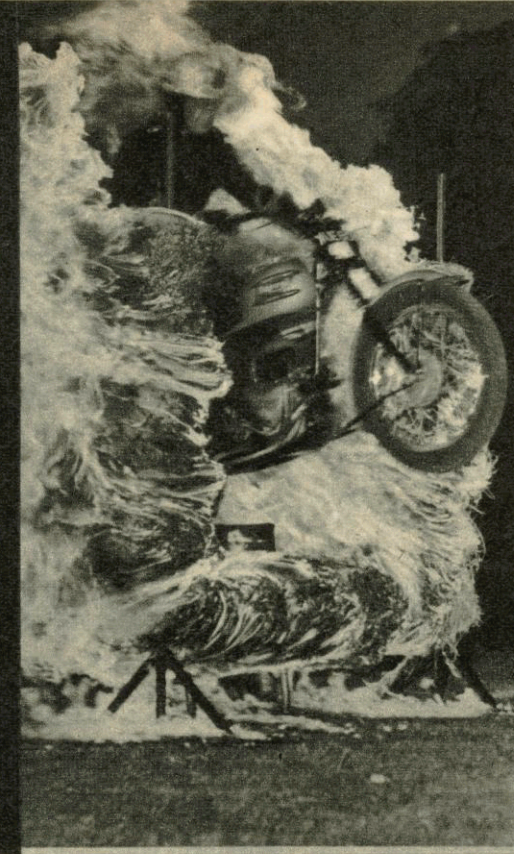
The Civil Defence Welfare Section staffs the canteen, where there are free meals for all troops taking part, and the Women's Voluntary Services have other canteens on the site.

The Bath Tattoo has been lucky with its weather and one bad year—1958—proved a blessing in disguise. Until then the Tattoo had been staged on a recreation ground where county Rugby matches are played. But in 1958 constant rain softened the turf and the Tattoo committee had to pay £1,000 for returfing. As a result the event was transferred to the Royal Victoria Park.

Last year's Tattoo brought in a record profit of more than £2,000, but expenses are increasing while the audience capacity is unchanged. Professional impressarios would hesitate to stage an outdoor event which required a 75 per cent capacity attendance to break even. But the Bath organisers are convinced they can put on a fine show and still make a profit for charities.

Searchlight beams bite diagonally through the Bath arena, creating a neat patchwork of dark shadows in the square ranks of units in the Tattoo finale of 1961.

The spectacular thrill provided by motor-cycle display teams is always a Tattoo favourite. The RA team this year takes over from Royal Signals, last year's performers.



AND GROWS



The scarlet tunics and white plumes of the Band of The Life Guards will add their share of colour to the pageantry. State Trumpeters of The Life Guards will take part in the resounding fanfare that heralds the Tattoo.

AMONG the impressive array of military musical talent at the Bath Tattoo this month will be the Regimental Band, Pipes and Drums of the 1st Battalion, The Black Watch, stationed in England for the first time in a quarter of a century, and the Pipes, Drums and Bugles of the newly-arrived 1st Battalion, 6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles.

Other musical attractions include the Band and State Trumpeters of The Life Guards, and the No. 5 Regional Band from Locking Royal Air Force Station. More than 300 musicians will take part in the colourful massed bands display.

Other features include tactical and ceremonial displays by the Queen's Company of the 1st Battalion, Grenadier Guards, spectacular shows by the Royal Air Force Physical Training Display Team and the Royal Artillery Motor-Cycle Display Team, a bridging contest staged by the Royal Engineers, and the Royal Air Force Queen's Colour Squadron Continuity Drill Display.

In the traditional tattoo "battle", Royal Marine commandos will scale and attack an enemy radar station on top of a 60-ft tower.

THE ARMY IN THE HOUSE

REPLYING in the House of Commons to a question by Mr. J. S. R. Scott-Hopkins (Cornwall, North), the War Minister (Mr. John Profumo) said that during the past financial year £4,300,000 had been spent abroad on arms and munitions for the British Army. Of this total, £2,100,000 had been spent in the United States, £1,100,000 in Italy, £800,000 in Australia, and the rest in various other countries.

Asked by Sir Godfrey Nicholson (Surrey, Farnham) what difficulties there were in recruiting for the medical services, the Minister of Defence (Mr. Harold Watkinson) said the ending of National Service and the departure of many short service commissioned doctors were creating a shortage of Service medical officers. To counteract this, a wide range of new measures was being introduced which, it was hoped, would attract young doctors into the Armed Forces.

Mr. Watkinson said he and the Service Ministers had had professional advice from inside and outside the Services. The British Medical Association had told him that newly-qualified young doctors would not be attracted in adequate numbers unless they were offered a substantial lead over the remuneration which they could expect as civilian doctors. The Government had accepted this advice and decided, within the framework of the Grigg procedure for the biennial review of Service pay, to supplement the pay of Service doctors.

About 500 Gurkhas are to be recruited this year, Mr. Profumo told Mr. Scott-Hopkins. The role of the Brigade of Gurkhas was "under active consideration", said the War Minister. If adjustments to the Brigade's strength had to be made, any Gurkhas whose services had to be prematurely terminated would receive suitable compensation.

In reply to a series of questions by Sir Eric Errington (Aldershot), the War Minister said a new NAAFI shop, designed to replace two existing shops, was being built as part of the redevelopment of the military area of Aldershot. In accordance with practice no rent would be charged and the cost of the building, which would be met from public funds, would be about £35,000. Annual rates paid on the two shops were £346—those on the new shop would be about £700.

Questioned by Mr. J. W. Ainsley (Durham, North-West) on his future plans for the now vacated military training camp at Brancepeth, Co. Durham, the War Minister said there was no further military requirement for the camp. Twenty-five acres, including the castle itself, were held under a lease which would be terminated at the end of this year. The remainder of the site, which was War Department freehold property, would be disposed of in accordance with the usual procedures. He added that the future of the land must depend upon the views of the planning authority and the purchaser.

Asked by Mr. D. S. Box (Cardiff, North) if he would release Maindy Barracks and fields to Cardiff City Council for housing and recreational purposes, Mr. Profumo said he could not agree to this as Maindy Barracks would continue to be needed for Regular and Territorial Army units. He had made arrangements by which Cardiff City educational authorities could use the fields for recreational purposes.

Asked by Mr. Emanuel Shinwell (Durham, Easington) what plans he had for curtailing headquarters and staff when National Service ended and the target of Regular troops was reached, Mr. Profumo said he was always looking for ways and means of making these reductions and had not waited for the end of National Service.

In a year's time the strength of the War Office, excluding departments subsequently transferred from the Ministry of Supply, would have been reduced by a quarter since 1956, when plans for the all-Regular Army were formed. As explained in the Defence White Paper, a unified command would be set up in the Far East and the Army headquarters in Cyprus would be reduced in size.

Mr. Shinwell then asked if it would not be desirable to adjust the proportion between those at the top and not near the top when there would be no more than, say, 180,000 troops. Mr. Profumo said he was trying to reduce the number as quickly as possible, but one could not evaluate the size of the Army against the number of administrative personnel.

Commenting that he appreciated the difficulties, Mr. Shinwell said that obviously if the number of troops was reduced in any particular base or garrison or even in Rhine Army, the same number of generals and major-generals "and all the rest of them" could not be retained. Mr. Profumo replied: "We are doing all we can and it seems to me that where the heads fall the branches wither."



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MAHMUD. KITCHENER'S MEN, READY TO AVENGE
THE MURDER OF GENERAL GORDON IN KHARTOUM
13 YEARS EARLIER, WERE MARCHING ON TO . . .

ATBARA

TWILIGHT OF THE DERVISHES

IT was an hour before dawn on Good Friday, 8 April, 1898. Major-General Sir Herbert Kitchener's 14,000-strong force of British, Sudanese and Egyptian troops had been on the march since early evening, plodding through the choking dust across the bare, featureless desert of the Sudan. Somewhere ahead, on the bank of the River Atbara, a tributary of the Upper Nile, lay the camp of the Dervish leader Mahmud and his 13,000 fanatical warriors.

As the leading troops topped a low ridge they saw, a mile-and-a-half away, a scattered line of red, flickering lights. With the night almost over, the Dervishes' camp fires were burning low. Kitchener's men lay quietly down to rest until dawn, but the General, his mind too active for sleep, paced slowly along the ridge.

Here was his chance to lay the ghost of the Mahdi, to rid Egypt and the Nile Valley of the Dervish menace and, above all, to avenge the crime that had shocked Britain

13 years earlier—the murder of General Gordon in Khartoum.

Having virtually abandoned the Sudan, Britain had been content for a decade to maintain the security of Egypt; but now, with Berber again in British hands and the railway being slowly extended along the Nile Valley, the time was ripe for a showdown with the dead Mahdi's successor, the Khalifa Abdullah. Not that the Khalifa was avoiding the issue. Eager to come to grips with Kitchener, he had early in 1898 sent a strong force under his cousin and leading general, Mahmud, to Metemma, on the Nile, with the intention of attacking Berber, 90 miles to the north.

Kitchener moved south to meet the threat and Mahmud, thinking to work round the British flank, cut east across the desert to the Atbara, crossing the river and making camp. On the same day—20 March—Kitchener reached the Nile-Atbara junction and frustrated Mahmud's plans by swinging left

along the Atbara. The scene was set for a clash between the disciplined troops and fanatical savages.

At the first grey streaks of dawn on 8 April, Kitchener's men stood to arms and formed into line. On the left flank stood Brigadier-General W. F. Gatacre's British brigade; the 1st Cameron Highlanders in extended line across the front, the 1st Lincolnshires and 1st Seaforth Highlanders behind them in columns of companies and the 1st Royal Warwickshires posted on the extreme left to face a possible flank attack from the Dervish Cavalry. The Sudanese brigades of Colonel MacDonald and Colonel Maxwell held the centre and right respectively of the 1300-yard line, with Colonel Lewis's Egyptian brigade behind in reserve.

Mahmud had selected his position skillfully. His rear was protected by the river and dense thorn and palm thickets, and the camp was surrounded by desert thorn, piled up and interlaced so that in places it was ten



Within their double defences of stockade and zariba, fanatical Dervishes fought to the last.

feet high and 20 deep. Inside was a second line of stockades and behind, a labyrinth of trenches, gun pits, shelters and mud huts.

The British advanced steadily in line—a formation which, but for the wild, high firing of the Dervishes, might have cost them dearly. As they approached to within 600 yards the two Highland regiments made an impressive show, the tartans of their kilts providing the only splash of colour in a long, khaki-clad line. The screaming Dervishes, seething like ants on a disturbed ant-hill, brandished their rifles and spears defiantly. Above them fluttered the multi-coloured banners inscribed with "lucky charm" texts from the Koran.

For tense, silent minutes, with 600 yards between them, the two armies stood still and looked at each other. At 6.15 am the first British shells soared into the enemy camp. The Dervishes promptly went to ground. Occasionally a black face would appear over the stockade, to be smartly withdrawn at the sound of a shot.

Suddenly, from out of the desert, the Dervish horsemen charged at the Royal Warwickshires. Driven back by Maxim fire, they re-formed and swept in again, only to be shattered again by the Maxims. Disconsolately, they trotted off the battlefield. Over 1400 shells burst in the camp during the 80-minute-long bombardment before Kitchener ordered a cease-fire. Now the bugles sounded the advance, and the three brigades strode forward. From the left came the stirring bugle notes from the English regiments and the wild battle music of the Scottish pipes. The Sudanese bands joined in, and a mighty cheer surged down the line.

Two shots from the Dervish cannon whistled high over the heads of the British to bury themselves harmlessly in the desert. Thereafter Mahmud's cannon remained strangely silent, but his musketry developed into a rising roar. At 200 yards Kitchener called the last halt, and a well-aimed volley ripped into the Dervish works. Bugle and pipe sounded the charge and Gatacre, leading the kilted Camerons on foot, dashed straight for the thorn barrier.

The Camerons and the 11th Sudanese, on their right, reached the barrier simultane-

ously. Gatacre, miraculously unharmed in a storm of bullets, grabbed a branch and tugged furiously at it. Willing hands helped him as others poured volley after volley into the Dervishes. The hedge was torn to pieces and, as Gatacre burst through, a Dervish levelled his rifle at the General's head from point-blank range. "Give him the bayonet," said Gatacre coolly to his nearest comrade, Private Cross of the Camerons.

Now the Seaforths, the Lincolnshires and the Royal Warwickshires came pouring through the gap. It was bayonet against spear. Staff-Sergeant Wyatt, carrying Gatacre's huge Union Jack, fell with a shattered knee. A sergeant of the Warwickshires gallantly took up the flag, which was promptly ripped to shreds by bullets. The custom of carrying regimental Colours into battle had recently been abandoned by War Office order because they attracted fire. Gatacre's Union Jack may have been a stirring sight, but his policy of bearing it into battle was of doubtful value.

THE CORPORAL WITH NINE LIVES

FOR the rest of his life after the battle of the Atbara, Corporal Lauri, of the 1st Seaforth Highlanders, lived on borrowed time. That he survived was a miracle. As he charged the barrier a bullet ripped off the toe of his left foot without touching his feet. Another struck his bayonet and bent it at right angles; a third went through his left sleeve, tearing two holes.

As he reloaded his rifle, a bullet splintered the butt and ricocheted past his head off the iron bolt. Seconds later a Dervish leapt from a trench and drove his spear at Lauri, missing his ribs by an inch and splitting his haversack from top to bottom. Yet another bullet seared across his hand, drawing blood. Finally, as he reached the river bank, a Dervish fired almost vertically up at him. The bullet went through the open lid of his right ammunition pouch and right-hand tunic pocket, smashing a penknife and two pencils. It tore four holes in his shirt, made a three-inch surface wound across his chest, emerged near his left shoulder and cut through coat and ammunition-pouch braces.

As MacDonald's eager Sudanese surged in from the right they drew so far ahead of the British that the two brigades began to suffer from each other's cross-fire. In vain their British officers tried to hold the Sudanese back. "There was no question of having to lead the men on," wrote an officer. "They had to be beaten back."

Piper Stewart, of the Camerons, earned a proud place in regimental history when he leapt on to a mound of earth and played with all his strength "The March of the Cameron Men." The stirring music broke off abruptly as Stewart fell dead, riddled with bullets. The many earthworks in the camp, each held by about 50 men, had to be stormed separately with the bayonet. At the central citadel, manned by the bravest of the Dervishes, the first British rush was met by a withering volley.

Desperate groups of men held out in trenches and shelters, preferring, in their fanatical fury, to die fighting. In fewer than 20 minutes after the sounding of the charge, the last shots in the camp were fired. Thousands of Dervishes who attempted to escape across the river were swept up by Lewis's Egyptians, who raced round Gatacre's flank to cut off the retreat. Many who fled into the open desert met a terrible fate. Eager sightseers on the fringe of the battle were a group of pro-British Arabs, who had old scores to settle with the Dervishes. Galloping gleefully after the fugitives, they massacred every man they overtook.

The climax came moments before Kitchener rode into the camp in triumph. From a hut in the centre of the compound the Emir Seniussi, Mahmud's second-in-command, made a dash for cover and was promptly shot dead. He was followed by a small boy who begged for mercy for himself and his master. A British officer assured him he was in no danger, and immediately a tall man in handsome robes emerged—Mahmud himself, sullen and defiant. "Why have you come into my territory to kill and burn?" asked Kitchener. He replied: "I am a soldier and have to obey the Khalifa's orders without question, just as you have to obey the Khedive's."

Of the Dervish army less than a third got away; over 3000 dead were counted in and around the compound. British losses were only 125 (24 killed); those of their Sudanese were never accurately recorded, but were considerably heavier. The great mass of captured Dervish weapons included firearms of all descriptions, from Remington rifles to fowling pieces and heavy elephant guns firing explosive bullets.

The British were hardly in a position to complain about the explosive bullets for, in a description of the advance along the Atbara, "The Antelope," regimental magazine of the Royal Warwickshires, recorded: "The Battalion was employed in converting the nickel bullets issued into Dum-Dum bullets by filing off the heads. The alleged reason was to make it more a stopping projectile against savages."

At the Atbara, Kitchener smashed a powerful Dervish army, but greater triumphs were to follow. The battle opened the way for the great clash, five months later, at Omdurman, in which the Khalifa's 40,000-strong army was routed; and for the historic re-entry into Khartoum.

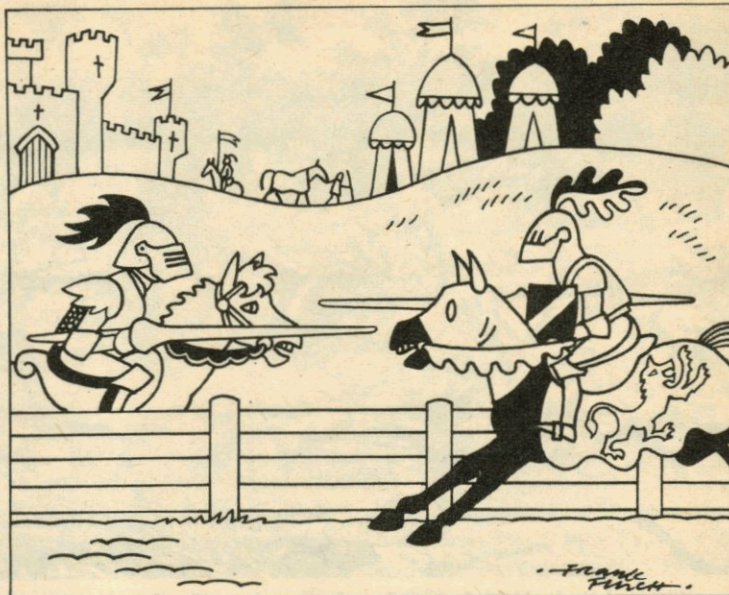
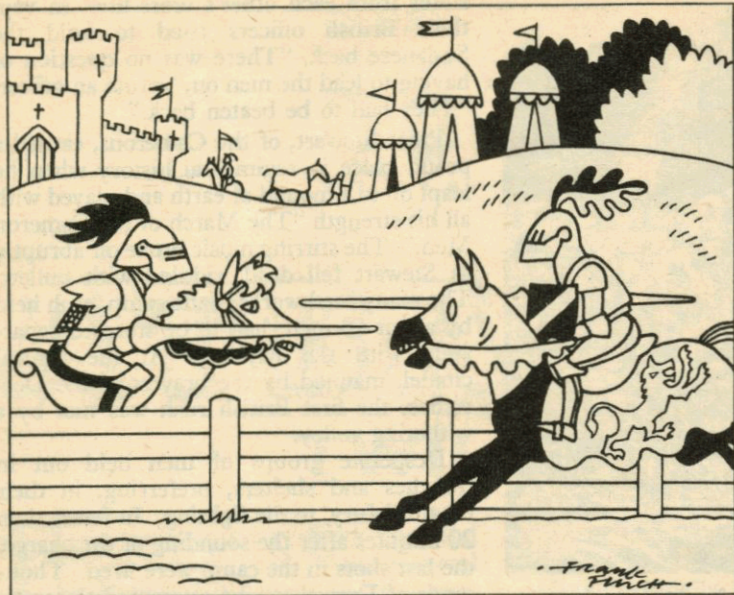
K. E. HENLY

A bird's-eye view of the advance. The British moved steadily forward in line to within 600 yards of the Dervishes.



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 38.



Test Your Wits

£20 must be won

THIS is the 50th of SOLDIER's prize competitions and, to celebrate this jubilee, there are additional prizes to be won, making a total of nine prizes this month.

So everyone has three more chances of winning. And don't forget that as there may be no all-correct solution offered, it is worth while entering even if you cannot answer every question. Send your entry to reach SOLDIER's London Offices by Monday, 20 August. The senders of the first nine correct or nearest-correct solutions to be opened by the Editor will receive the following prizes:

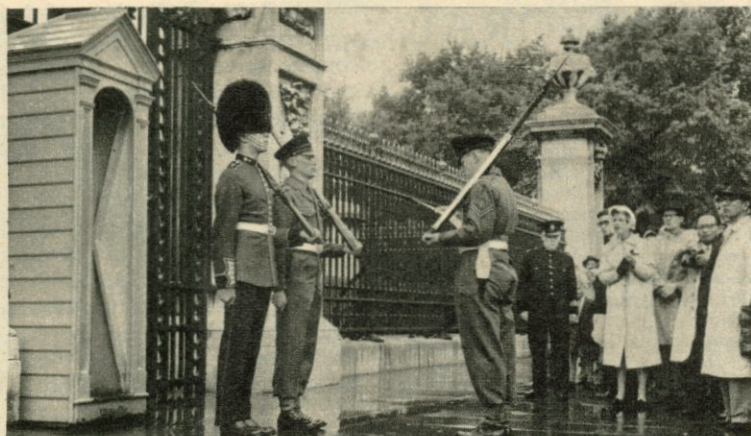
1. A £10 gift voucher.
2. A £6 gift voucher.
3. A £4 gift voucher.

- 4 and 5. Three recently published books.
- 6 and 7. A 12 months' free subscription to SOLDIER and whole-plate monochrome copies of any two photographs and/or cartoons which have appeared in SOLDIER since January, 1957, or from two personal negatives.
- 8 and 9. A 12 months' free subscription to SOLDIER.

RULES

1. Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to:
The Editor (Comp. 50), SOLDIER,
433 Holloway Road, London N7.
2. Competitors may submit more than one entry, but each must be accompanied by the "Competition 50" label printed on this page.
3. Correspondence must not accompany the entry form.
4. Servicemen and women and Services' sponsored civilians may compete for any prize; other readers are eligible for prizes 4 to 9 only.

The solution and names of the winners will appear in the October issue of SOLDIER.



1 The Buckingham Palace Guard, whether mounted by the Brigade of Guards, Regiments of the Line or the Territorial Army, has for many years attracted London's sightseers. But tourists today are not as anxious to take pictures as they used to be. Why not?

2 As green as grass, as good as gold... You know these, of course. Now try the following: (a) As c---n as a w-----e; (b) As c--l as a c-----r; (c) As p-----y as a p-----e; (d) As p----d as a p-----k;

(e) As p----n as a p-----f. The dashes indicate the number of missing letters.

3 First names, please, of: (a) Montgomery; (b) Bevan; (c) Korda; (d) Adenauer.



4 The consonants have been removed from these well-known regiments and replaced by dashes:

- (a) --e -o-a- -u-i-ie--;
- (b) -o-----ea- -ua---;
- (c) --e -o-a- U---e- -i-e-;
- (d) --e -i--- ---o---i-e -i---
l--a----;
- (e) -o-a- -o--e -ua---

What are the regiments?

5 A person born on 29 February, 1876, will by next leap year have had how many "birthdays": (a) 20; (b) 21 or (c) 22?

6 Wine, women and song go together, it is said. Can you group the following in threes: Fat, Going, Delivered, Skip, Book, Barrel, Fair, Candle, Gone, Line, Sealed, Forty, Stock, Bell, Jump, Hook, Lock, Sink, Going, Hop, Signed?

7 Unravel these famous sea battles: (a) RA TAR FLAG; (b) A TAN MAP; (c) GENE PANCHO; (d) AIR AND AXLE.

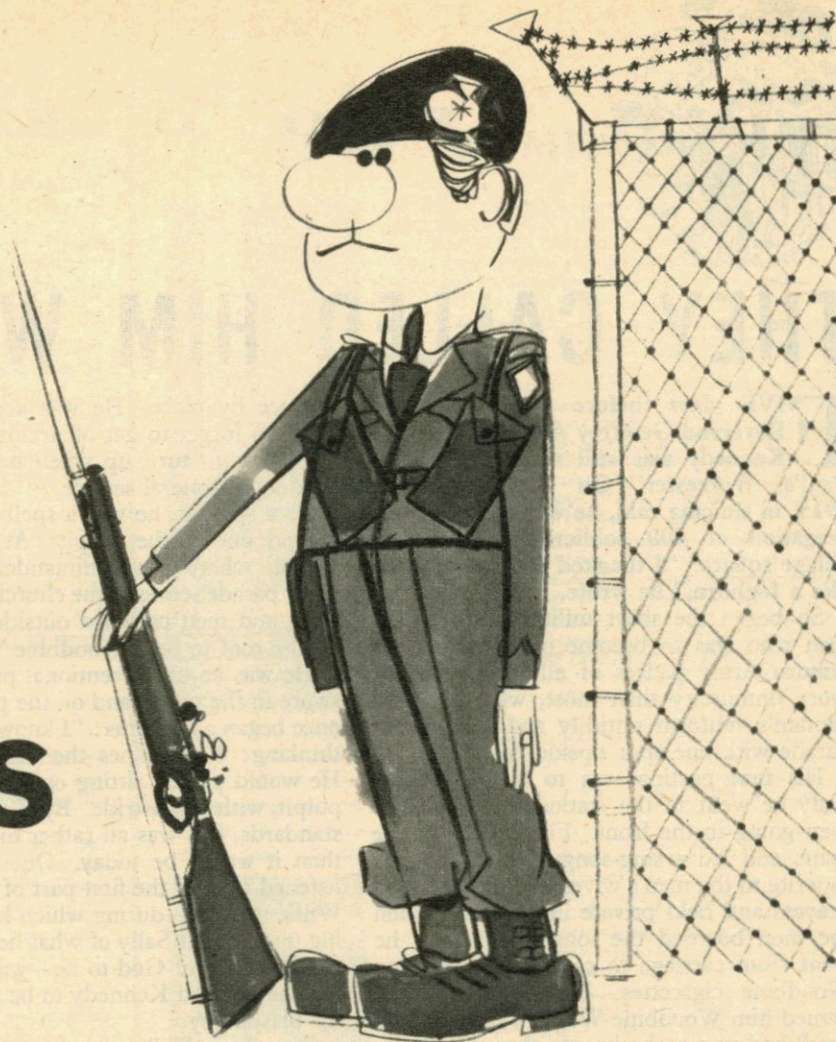
8 Complete the sequences: (a) 2 4 12 48 ?; (b) 7 14 20 25 29 ?; (c) 3 5 8 12 15 ?

9 Which is the intruder here: (a) Tomato; (b) Lettuce; (c) Radish; (d) Onion; (e) Cucumber?

10 Which word on this page is incorrectly spelled?

11 A biretta is: (a) a motor-scooter; (b) the cape waved in front of a bull at a bullfight; (c) a term used in ballet dancing; (d) a square cap worn by clergymen; (e) a ball-point pen for a lady's handbag. Which?

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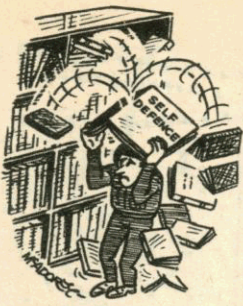
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B O O K S H E L F

THEY CALLED HIM WOODBINE WILLIE

FIVE days before Christmas, the Reverend Geoffrey Anketell Studdert Kennedy was still the Vicar of St. Paul's, Worcester. On Christmas Day, 1915, in sluicing rain, he was facing a congregation of 400 soldiers in a French village square. "I thanked God for a voice like a foghorn," he wrote.

So began the short military career of a man who was to become one of the most famous Army padres of all time, a padre more unmilitary than most, who wore his captain's uniform untidily and was apt to parade with one spur upside down.

His first posting was to Rouen, where daily he went to the station to see off the men going to the front. First he sat at the piano and led a sing-song, then he offered to write to the men's wives and mothers, led prayers and held private interviews. When the men boarded the long troop-train, he went from carriage to carriage distributing Woodbine cigarettes. The soldiers nicknamed him Woodbine Willie, a name which stuck and was to be known throughout the British Expeditionary Force.

The story of this remarkable parson is told by William Purcell in "Woodbine Willie" (Hodder and Stoughton, 21s). Kennedy was a little man with big brown eyes, bat-wing ears, a large mouth and an Irish accent. In peace-time, he chose to work among the poor. When he went among them, he invariably got home with no money in his pockets. When he needed an overcoat, a kindly landlady gave him one, and he promptly gave it away.

Once he was forced to wear a cassock because he had given away his trousers. His wife arrived home to find he had given a bed to a sick parishioner and was delivering

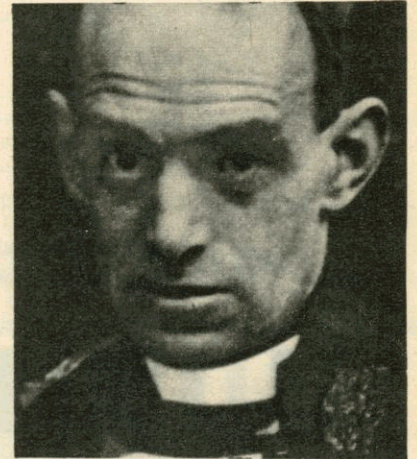
it piece by piece. He was absent-minded, liable to forget to get off trains at the right station or to turn up when he was due to conduct a funeral service.

As a speaker, he was a spell-binder, both in and out of the pulpit. At an Infantry school, where the commander refused to allow parade services, the church hut quickly filled and men crowded outside or climbed on the roof to hear Woodbine Willie.

He was an unconventional preacher, who swore in the pulpit and on the platform. He once began a talk thus: "I know what you're thinking: here comes the bloody parson." He would preach sitting on the edge of the pulpit, with legs astride. By World War One standards, this was all rather more shocking than it would be today. One general who listened to only the first part of a Woodbine Willie sermon—during which he was building up an Aunt Sally of what he thought the soldiers' idea of God to be—was so shocked that he ordered Kennedy to be reprimanded for blasphemy.

Woodbine Willie was obviously not the sort of padre to linger in the base areas. In 1917 he was awarded the Military Cross for attending the wounded under heavy fire and for searching shell-holes for both British and German wounded and helping them back to the dressing-station.

He reported that he was "much cut up" at having to leave his front-line battalion on posting to a "soft job" back at base. His superior explained, "As you have been given by the Lord Almighty the gift of the gab, you have to do as you are told." The "soft job" turned out to be preaching three times a day to audiences of between 500 and 1500 troops. The padre was to have two more tours in the front line.



Woodbine Willie—a name recalled with affection by soldiers of World War One.

On another posting, Woodbine Willie travelled round with a morale-building "travelling circus" which included lectures and demonstrations on the bayonet. The team included a champion boxer, with whom Woodbine Willie would spar for a demonstration, and he would also demonstrate unarmed combat.

All this was done by a man constantly plagued by asthma, probably aggravated by gas-poisoning which he suffered on one of his front-line tours.

He left the Army in 1919 and ten years later, on Merseyside, asthma killed him. When his coffin was placed in the Mersey ferry, for the start of the journey to Liverpool, an unknown man stepped forward and placed a packet of Woodbines on it—a tribute, one feels, that would have appealed to Woodbine Willie more than all the wreaths, orations and newspaper obituaries.

"A SCRIPT FOR A COMIC OPERA"

THE attempt to unseat Fidel Castro, the Communist dictator of Cuba, was one of the more haphazard incidents of recent military history. One man who became casually involved was Hans Tanner, whose interest was aroused by a desire to help a motor-racing colleague languishing in a Castro prison. He was to play more than a Pimpernel role.

He joined a group of Cuban refugees preparing in Miami, with the help of the American Central Intelligence Agency, to infiltrate guerillas into Cuba, and relates his experiences in the first half of 1961 in "Counter - Revolutionary Agent — Cuba" (Foulis, 22s 6d).

Not being a Cuban, the author was able to make several trips to Havana as an agent

of the counter-revolution, and to contact the resistance people there. They were exciting trips during which he smoked vast quantities of cigars and went about his business in all the atmosphere of a spy-thriller.

In the event, his group made one abortive attempt to land its guerillas, and two successful ferry-trips to Cuba. It was only one of many groups and splinter-groups trying to operate from Miami. When the big, American-sponsored invasion took place from Central America and failed, all these groups remained idle in Miami. "Except that it was all tragically serious, the counter-revolutionary activities would, on occasion, have made a good script for comic opera," the author ruefully reports.

While the author's associates were unavail-

ingly arming and training themselves for battle, a Miami advertising man named Erwin Harris was taking unilateral action. Castro's Cuban Tourist Commission had bilked him of a large sum of money due for tourist advertising, so Harris went into legal action, to "attach" Cuban government property.

He secured several Cuban government aircraft, loads of Cuban tobacco being landed in the United States, and so many railway trucks full of lard which had been bought for Cuba that Castro had to impose severe rationing of this commodity. The author confesses that all the activities of the counter-revolutionary exiles did no damage to equal that inflicted on Castro by Erwin Harris' one-man campaign.

SERGEANTS' MESS BESIEGED

A SERGEANTS' mess does not often feature in novels, but readers who have followed the career of Robert Holles will not be unduly surprised at this choice as the setting for "The Siege of Battersea" (Michael Joseph, 15s).

It was as Sergeant Robert Holles, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, that he wrote his first successful novel, "Now Thrive the Armourers," based on the Battle of the Imjin, during which he was attached to the 1st Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment.

"Battersea" is the British non-commissioned officers' name for Batasi, a West African station where they are serving with an African battalion after the former colony has attained independence. A revolution breaks out, and the British are confined out of harm's way in their messes, with lady guests who have arrived for protection. The battalion is handed over to African command, but a politically-minded African junior officer stages a mutiny in which the British sergeants' mess finds itself unavoidably concerned and is virtually besieged by the mutineers.

Very much in command is a regimental sergeant-major of the old school. This is a well-drawn character, overshadowing (as a regimental sergeant-major should) the other members of the mess, but well-backed by a likeable old staff-sergeant whose pension is only a few days away. Ex-Sergeant Holles writes with skill as well as first-hand knowledge, and holds the reader's interest.

WORLD WAR TWO

"THE VALIANT YEARS" (Harrap, 35s) is a "recap" of the successful television series of the same name. The authors, Jack Le Vien and John Lord, tell the story of World War Two with Sir Winston Churchill as the central figure.

The book plucks a great deal of drama from those exciting years, but adds little or nothing to the well-known facts. For readers who have not plodded through overlapping biographies and histories of World War Two, this book is an entertaining way of getting into the picture and one which requires little more effort than watching television.

REGIMENTAL DRESS

MOST recent productions in the series of booklets on regimental dress distinctions published by Langridge's Military Publications, 13 Oxford Road, Cambridge, are those on the 3rd Carabiniers (POWDG) and the 9th Queen's Royal Lancers, both at 12s 6d.

Supplements containing alterations and additions to previous booklets of this series are also now available in respect of the 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards and the 15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars, at 2s each.

These booklets are entirely original, depict many items of regimental dress never before illustrated and, as the first and only edition of each is limited to 200 copies only, the demand will probably exceed the supply.

CREDIT AND LOSS

IF you are in charge of regimental accounts, check your cash once a day. If you don't and there's an error, you'll have little chance of finding how it happened.

This, and much other good advice is given by Lieutenant-Colonel W. B. Wilton MC, of the Royal Army Pay Corps, in his "Guide to the Maintenance and Control of Regimental Funds" (Gale and Polden, 10s 6d). The book covers every aspect of accountancy from the basic principles of book-keeping to the more complicated business of drawing up accounts, reconciling bank statements and preparing fluid asset graphs. This is a must for the keeper of accounts.

THE ARMY'S

MEDALS

by Major John Laffin

7: THE CRIMEA MEDAL



The reverse (above) and obverse of the Crimea Medal. Four ornate bars rest on a light-blue ribbon edged with yellow.



FEW medals were ever more arduously earned than that for the Crimea. Britain had 32,681 casualties in the Crimean War, but of the 21,815 who died, battle accounted for only 4774. Disease, cold and sheer exhaustion claimed the rest.

The winter was particularly savage and between November, 1854, and February, 1855, no fewer than 9000 men died in hospital.

The original order authorising a medal for the war was dated December, 1854, while the war was still in progress—an unusual action. At this time only two bars were sanctioned—Alma and Inkermann. In February, 1855, Balaklava (sometimes spelled Balaklava on the bar) was added and in October of the same year, Sebastopol. A special bar for Azoff was given to the Royal Navy.

The bars are the most ornamental ever issued with a British medal, being in the form of an oak leaf embellished with acorns. The suspender matches the bars and is peculiar to this medal.

Medals awarded to Cavalry regiments with Balaklava are highly prized because of The Light Brigade's charge. Regiments concerned were the 17th Lancers, 13th Light Dragoons, 11th Hussars, 4th Light Dragoons and 8th Hussars—621 men in all.

Balaklava also went to The Heavy Brigade—Scots Greys and Inniskilling Dragoons—whose wonderful charge history has shamefully overlooked—and to other troops in the vicinity. Most noteworthy were the men of the 93rd, "the thin red streak tipped with a line of steel."

Every man who was present in the Crimea between 1 October, 1854, and 9 September, 1855, was granted the bar for Sebastopol, apart from some non-combatants. But some medals were distributed before the order granting this was issued. This accounts for many genuine medals being without the Sebastopol bar, although it was intended that all medals with bars for Inkermann and Balaklava should have it.

All medals were issued with plain edges, but could be returned for naming. Some are impressed, others engraved in various styles. British soldiers also received the Turkish Crimea Medal.

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MACDONALD

PAGE 31



Counter-revolutionaries had a warm reception on the Cuban beaches.

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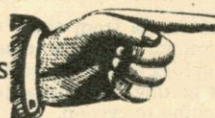
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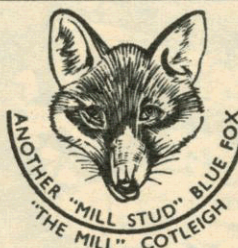
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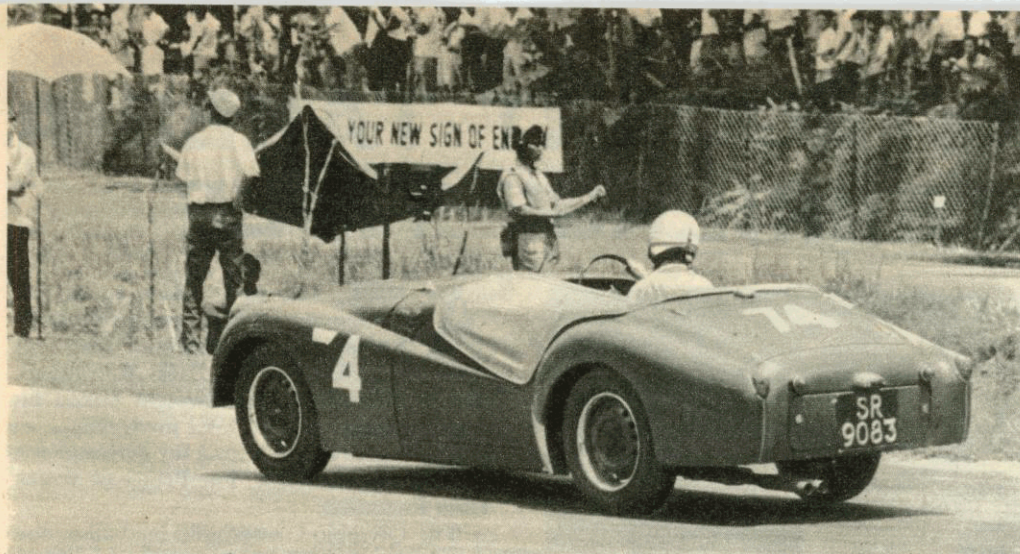
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Captain Brian Willis leaves the north hairpin on the Malaysia Grand Prix circuit. He came fifth, leading a strong Army challenge.

A SCORCHING SIXTY LAPS IN SINGAPORE

ONLY a day before the Malaysia Grand Prix, Captain Brian Willis' *Triumph TR3* seized up in a sports car race. He worked on it into the early hours and got it going again. But it was with mixed feelings that he took his place at the starting grid alongside three E-type *Jaguars*, a Formula Junior *Lotus*, a *Cooper F1* and six other different marks of *Lotus*.

Of the 31 starters only eleven finished. Among them, a good fifth, was Captain Brian Willis, Royal Army Service Corps. Close behind him, in sixth place, came Major Desmond Houston, of the 6th Gurkha Rifles, in an *AC Ace*, and Captain Maurice Young, RASC, finished eighth in an *Austin-Healey Sprite*.

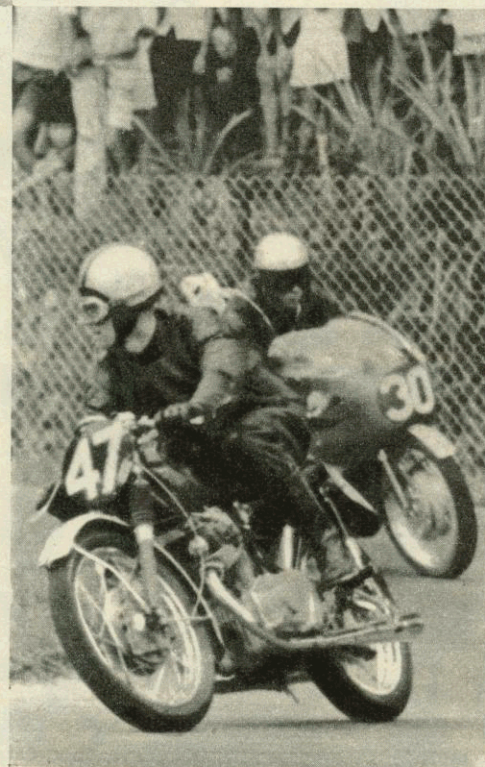
Major Houston, too, had misgivings about lasting the course. He had had engine trouble during practice and in a previous race, but his *Ace* turned up trumps!

None of the three expected to finish in the first twelve, but the intense heat and hard driving took their toll—several drivers retired with heat exhaustion—and by the

end of the 180-mile race most of the faster cars were back in the pits. Those who had concentrated on steady driving found themselves up with the leaders. An E-type *Jaguar* was the eventual winner.

There was keen competition too, in the motor-cycle section of the Malaysia Grand Prix, with two Japanese works teams and world-class riders like Suzuki and Teisuka Tanaka in the field. Against such opposition, Lance-Corporal John Nightingale, RASC, did amazingly well to finish ninth in a field of 30 on a 250cc *Honda* which he bought in Singapore for £180. It was his first big race for four years. "I couldn't really hope to compete with the Japanese works teams," he said. The event was won by Tanaka, runner-up in last year's Italian Grand-Prix.

The only challenge to Tanaka came early in the race from Leading Aircraftman Chris Conn, Royal Air Force, a former Manx Junior Grand Prix winner. He had flown from England specially for the race and began by creating a new course record. But after two visits to the pits with clutch trouble, and suffering from the heat, he had to retire.



In his first big race for four years L/Cpl John Nightingale competes with two top Japanese works teams. The RASC rider finished ninth out of 30.

BOUNCING HIS WAY TO FAME

SERGEANT-INSTRUCTOR Pat Winkle, of the Army Physical Training Corps, is a resilient character. He may take a few tumbles occasionally, but the further he drops the higher he bounces back. Which is what you would expect of the Army Trampolin Champion.

Earlier this year he led in the preliminary rounds of the British Trampolin Championships. But in the finals he could only finish fifth. The resilient Sergeant-Instructor was not taking this lying down. He bounced back and has since beaten everyone placed above him.

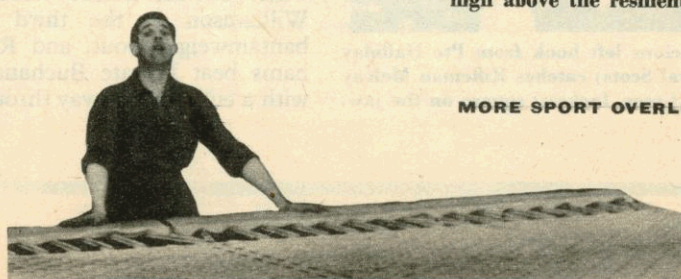
His career took another bound forward when he was chosen to represent Great Britain in the European Championships at Ludwigshafen, in Germany. His interest in the trampolin dates from two years ago when he transferred from The Royal Norfolk Regiment to the Army Physical Training Corps. He was soon past the novelty stage, and began to spend hours studying and practising the exacting techniques.

In no time, Sergeant-Instructor Winkle was picked for the APTC team which gave displays in the Corps' centenary celebrations. After only one major competition he was chosen for a British team competing in Germany, a well-earned honour which gave him an established place among Britain's top athletes.

That European Championship?—he came a creditable fourth. But those three chaps up above him had better watch out. Sergeant-Instructor Winkle is on his way up.

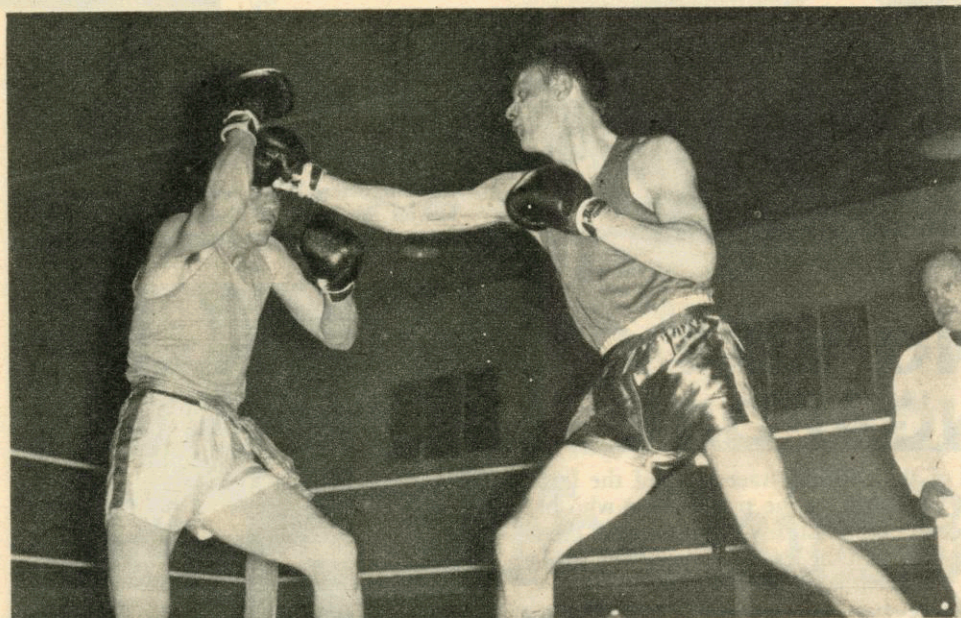


Sergeant-Instructor Pat Winkle makes trampolin work look so easy, swinging in a gentle arc high above the resilient canvas.



MORE SPORT OVERLEAF

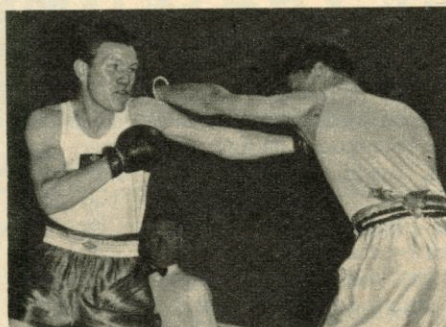
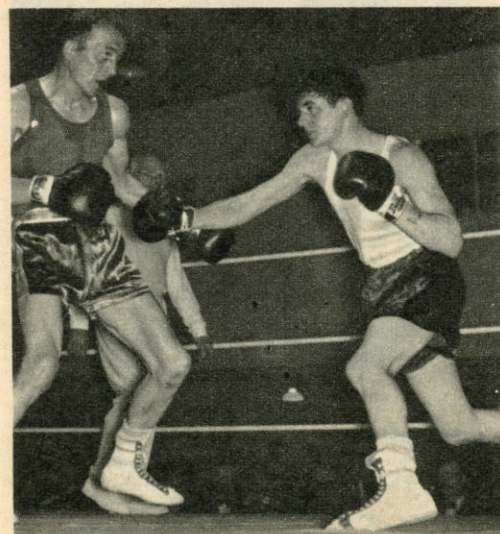
McTAGGART TAKES A "TERRIERS" TITLE



Pte Peter Young ducks away from a McTaggart right as the Scottish international punches his way to the TA light-welterweight title.

Left: Pte Beardmore (right) proved too much of a handful for his opponent, L/Cpl Cairns.

Pte J. Wood, the English international, lands a straight left and makes his opponent miss.



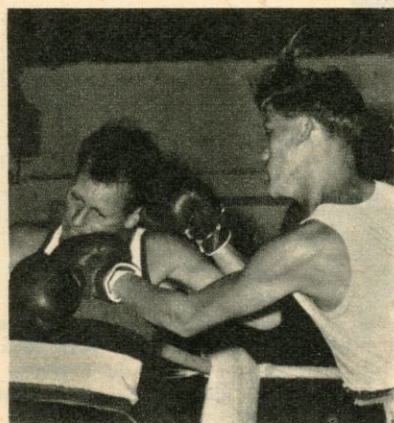
A NEW name to be added to the roll of honour in the Territorial Army Boxing Championships, but one with a familiar ring, is Dick McTaggart. The Scottish light-welterweight boxed his way impeccably to the 1962 finals where his armoury proved too strong for Private Peter Young, 3rd Battalion, The Prince of Wales' Own Regiment.

The Olympic Games gold medallist, now a sergeant in the 1st Battalion, The Glasgow Highlanders, is a recent Territorial recruit and his entry came as a surprise—especially to other light-welter contenders!

Another top-flight amateur to enhance his reputation was Private J. Wood, 5th/6th Battalion, The North Staffordshire Regiment. This ABA finalist and English international, like McTaggart, had two fights on the final night. He finished them both inside the distance. Private J. T. Beardmore, also of 5th/6th North Staffordshires, a TA finalist for two years running, won the bantamweight title.

Results—Fly: Pte R. Russell (3rd Bn, Prince of Wales' Own Regiment) outpointed Pte A. McHugh (577 Company, RASC). Bantam: Pte J. T. Beardmore (5th/6th Bn, North Staffordshire Regiment) beat L/Cpl R. Cairns (Glasgow Highlanders) (stopped third round). Feather: Cpl Barker (3rd Bn, Prince of Wales' Own Regiment) outpointed Pte Garrett (North Irish Horse). Light: Pte J. Neil (North Irish Horse) outpointed Pte N. Rice (7th Bn, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders). Welter: Pte S. Garrigan (3rd Bn, Prince of Wales' Own Regiment) outpointed Pte G. Young (601 Company, RASC). Middle: Cpl G. Donnohoe (248 Field Squadron, RE) outpointed Driver J. T. Gilliland (601 Company, RASC). Light-heavy: Pte I. Lowther (6th Bn, Durham Light Infantry) outpointed Pte J. McCormack (15th Parachute Battalion). Heavy: Gunner R. James (883 Locating Battery, RA) knocked out Pte M. Goodwin (5th/6th Bn, North Staffordshire Regiment) (first round). Light-middle: Pte J. Wood (5th/6th Bn, North Staffordshire Regiment) beat Pte M. Garrigan (3rd Bn, Prince of Wales' Own Regiment) (stopped, third). Light-welter: Sgt R. McTaggart (Glasgow Highlanders) outpointed Pte P. Young (3rd Bn, Prince of Wales' Own Regiment).

THE ROYAL SCOTS WIN AGAIN



A vicious left hook from Pte Halliday (Royal Scots) catches Rifleman McKay (3rd Green Jackets) square on the jaw.

IT was all square with three bouts to go in the Near East Inter-Unit Boxing Championships final at Tripoli. The 3rd Green Jackets (The Rifle Brigade), from Cyprus, had levelled the match after being 4—2 down at the interval.

But their opponents, 1st Battalion, The Royal Scots, finished powerfully to take the three remaining contests and clinch the championships. It was a well deserved win for the Royal Scots, who had punched their way to the final with good wins over 2nd Royal Tank Regiment and 40 Commando.

The Green Jackets took an early lead when Rifleman Bentley knocked-out Private Williamson in the third round of the bantamweight bout, and Rifleman Woodhams beat Private Buchanan who retired with a cut eye half-way through the feather-

weight contest. The lightweight, second string light-welter, and second string welter contests brought points wins for the Royal Scots through Privates Adams, Robb and Hamilton, and at first string light-welter the fight was stopped in favour of Private Halliday, Royal Scots.

Rifleman Coleman (light middleweight) and Rifleman Longhurst (middleweight) both produced knock-out punches to put their Battalion level, but points wins by Privates Dick and Robertson clinched the championship. The Royal Scots' first string welterweight, Private Caven, sealed the victory with a first-round knock-out.

The Royal Scots thus retained their two-year-old unbeaten record. Their only defeat in four years was in the UK/BAOR Army Final at Aldershot in 1960.

SPORTS SHORTS

It took Signalman Maurice Coupe just 1 hour, 2 minutes and 54 seconds to burn up 25 miles of Hampshire road and win the Army Road Time Trial Cycling Championship. Coupe, a professional, is stationed in Rhine Army with 28 Signal Regiment. Private Mike Barnes, of 1st Battalion, The Royal Sussex Regiment, was second, 37 seconds behind, and Driver Ramsay McAuley, the Scottish international, of 1st Training Battalion, Royal Army Service Corps, was a further 23 seconds behind, third.

The Royal Army Ordnance Corps gained a first and second in the team championships, through the 16th Battalion (winners) and the 6th Battalion. Third were the Royal Army Dental Corps.

Apprentice Tradesman J. Laughton, of the Army Apprentices School, Chepstow, covered the course in 1 hour, 4 minutes, 42 seconds to win the junior title, with A/T J. Bodsworth, Army Apprentices School, Arborfield, second, and Junior Private R. E. Smith, Infantry Junior Leaders Battalion, third. The Infantry Junior Leaders Battalion won the team event, with Chepstow second and Arborfield third.

A defeat by 28 points to 16 at Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, was the only setback the Combined Services Rugby party suffered in their five-match tour of Kenya and Rhodesia. The side had a comfortable 36-17 win over East Africa, at Nairobi, but the other matches were hard-fought.

Northern Rhodesia fell 19-15 at Kitwe, the Federal Combined Services were beaten 17-10 at Bulawayo, and at Gwelo, Southern Rhodesia went down by 22-14.

The party met the British Lions when they arrived at Salisbury, and were entertained to dinner by the South African Rugby Board.

Judging by the convincing 93-40 points win of the 1st Battalion, The Lancashire Regiment, in the Army Basketball Championships at Aldershot, the standard of basketball in Rhine Army is higher than in Britain.

The Guards Depot gave the Rhine Army champions far less trouble in the Army final than they encountered at Osnabruck in March, against such teams as the 3rd Canadian Horse Artillery and 25 Corps Engineer Regiment, Royal Engineers.

Marine Sergeant G. R. Howe and Marine C. E. Tandy broke their own record by more than 22 minutes when they won the annual canoe race from Devizes to London. They covered the 125 miles in a new record time of 20 hours 37 minutes.

Two youngsters of the Royal Canoe Club, V. Handscombe (19), and A. Chapman (17), won the junior section. Second were two youths, both under 17½, of the Army Apprentices School, Harrogate, J. Rayment and J. Tucker. Of the 61 starters, only 35 finished.

A play-off at Royal St. George's, Sandwich, decided this year's Army Golf Championship. After Captain Denis Carroll, Royal Corps of Signals, and Major D. W. Nisbett, Royal Army Medical Corps, had tied with 153 for the 36 holes, Captain Carroll won the day with a consistent 77, two strokes better than his rival.

General E. Cole won the Generals' Cup, beating last year's Army champion, General G. Cole, in the final by two and one. The Royal Artillery won the Army Team Championship beating The Queen's Own Buffs in the final, and also took the five-a-side tournament (for the Ordnance Bowl), beating the Royal Army Medical Corps by 12 holes. The Queen's Own Buffs also won the Argyll and Sutherland Bowl.

The Royal Army Service Corps equestrian team made it three-in-a-row at Windsor Horse Show when they again pulled off the Services Team Jumping Championships. But it was a very close thing.

A tie with the Household Cavalry "C" team meant a jump-off, and finally the result depended on the last rider in the ring, Major George Boon, captain of the RASC team. A faultless round ensured the retention of the trophy, which he received from the Queen. Other members of the team were Major T. J. Brown and Lieutenant R. A. Hill.

Third place was shared by the Mounted Infantry Club and the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, "B" team.

The SAS Swept The Board

As well as winning the Army Cup and the Daily Telegraph award in the National Parachute and Sky-Diving Championships at Goodwood, Corporal K. B. (Bud) Sanders, of 22nd Special Air Service Regiment, had the added satisfaction of beating his Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel R. D. Wilson MC.

The Army swept the board, taking the first seven places. Five of them went to the 22nd SAS Regiment. Runner-up was Private Vatnsdal (1st Parachute Battalion), then came Lance-Corporal Beaumont, Lance-Corporal Jickells and Corporal Reid (all of 22nd SAS Regiment), Flight-Sergeant Moloney (1st Parachute Training School, RAF) and Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson.

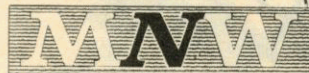
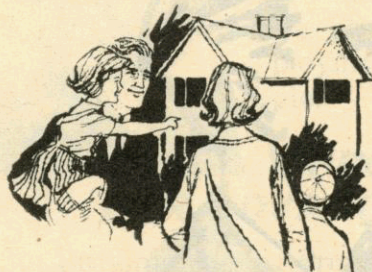
About 70,000 people saw the Army eclipse international competition, including teams from Austria, Sweden, and from the United States Army Eighth Division.

Private Hughes, a substitute in 22nd SAS Regiment's spot-landing demonstration team, showed his mettle by achieving easily the best landing—only three feet eight inches from the target.

In another exhibition the Regiment's team, which holds the British altitude record for a free fall, dived from 5,000 feet.



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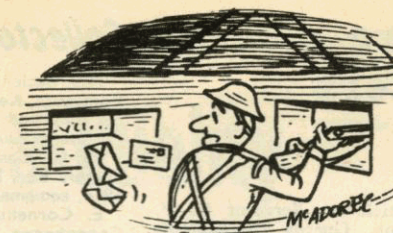
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L E T T E R S



A SHRINE FOR THE ARMY

THERE has been much controversy recently on the subject of cap badges, and it seems a pity that the powers that be do not use a little imagination and ingenuity in preserving the symbolism and traditions represented by these little bits of metal.

The Royal Air Force now has its own church where the badges of commands and squadrons are enshrined forever. There are some beautiful old Wren churches which are even now being renovated. Surely one of these would make an ideal "Shrine of the Soldier"?—J. Sims (ex-S/Sgt), 111 Hollingbury Road, Brighton 6, Sussex.

Fine feathers . . .

As a Regular soldier I am strongly interested in recruiting for my regiment and for the whole Army. I am convinced that the serving soldier is still the best advertisement for the Army when he "shows the flag" among his civilian friends. I feel that general wearing of the new No. 2 Dress will greatly assist recruiting—a potential recruit will picture himself wearing a uniform that appeals to his dress sense. It is imperative, therefore, that the serving soldier wears the new uniform on leave or when off duty.

The lessons learned from battledress, too, must be kept clearly in view. That dress was produced for a utilitarian purpose, but the soldier had to press, sew, whiten, alter and adorn it. I hope that never happens to the new uniform.—"Regular Sergeant."

Leaflets from the sky

I was very interested in your article on leaflets dropped from the air (SOLDIER, March). So much so, in fact, that I spent a pleasant couple of hours delving into my old kit in search of a leaflet dropped to Allied prisoners after the Japanese surrender in World War Two.

The leaflets were dropped from the gaping belly of an American B29 bomber that drifted over Fukuoka POW Camp on the southern island of Japan, Kiushu, soon after dawn on 7 September, 1945. They listed supplies of food, clothing and medicines which were dropped a few hours later, but the warning "Do not over eat" was sadly (and sickly) disregarded!

The leaflets were accompanied by a letter from the captain of the B29 and his crew of eight, informing the prisoners that every effort was being made to get them back home, to rest camps and to hospitals. "Since you have sacrificed so much it is with humility that I offer a short record of our crew," wrote the captain. "We arrived in the Marianas in the middle of March, 1945, and since that time have flown 33 combat missions. We have had our share of the rough ones, but by the Grace of God our original crew remains intact, with no Purple Hearts to our credit . . . If any of you live near any of our crew or ever come close to where we live, we want you to drop in and will treat you as royally as possible."—F. T. Kettle, 10 Hughenden Gardens, Northolt, Greenford, Middlesex.

Those Plastic Kits

Many thanks for your article, "A Plastic Army For Junior" (SOLDIER, December, 1961) which, as a keen collector and builder, I found most enjoyable. The plastic kit has indeed revolutionised modelling. I can remember, not too many years ago, when the ordinary kit was of balsa wood and usually provided material only for the main parts—the modeller was expected to furnish the small details himself from any available scrap.

Today, thanks to the coming of plastics, the picture has changed entirely.

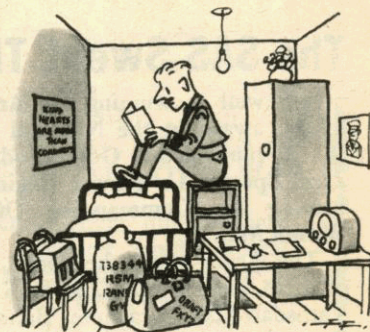
Many critics tend to condemn unjustly the plastic model kit in that it tends to remove all skill from modelling, but the painstaking assembly of dozens of tiny parts, modification of the basic kit into a particular model, and laborious research in order to determine correct colour schemes or insignia, can involve many weeks or months of work on a single kit.

SOLDIER is certainly correct in saying that it's a dad's world. The largest American manufacturers have placed observers in large toy and hobby shops and found that, almost without exception, plastic kits are sold to dads and teenagers, not to children. British Airfix kits are imported into America in increasing quantities and enjoy great popularity, although they are not quite so detailed as the somewhat more expensive American kits. British manufacturers seem to produce more models of World War Two while American firms lean towards the jets and missiles. I believe that most adult American modellers would prefer more World War One and Two kits. This space and missile nonsense leaves me cold!

Model soldiers seem to be virtually ignored by the plastic firms. Only two American firms produce plastic soldiers of reasonably good quality and only in a very limited range of marines in World War Two and Korea. British-made Herald figures and the tiny figures by Airfix are imported in large quantities.—J. F. Schroter, 1933 N Edgemont Street, Los Angeles 27, California, USA.

In the dog-house?

Does the keen young soldier of today realise that providing he works hard, gets promotion and eventually reaches a position which carries with it some measure of authority and responsibility,



"... accumulation of kit and items of equipment . . . cunningly stored."

for example, regimental sergeant-major of his unit, he will be entitled, if living in, to a floor space measuring 10ft. by 10ft?

Into this space (in which a medium-size St. Bernard would be able to manage quite nicely) his lifetime accumulation of kit and items of equipment will have to be cunningly stored; somewhere must also be found for the bed, ward-

robe, chair, locker and table. Floor covering does not present much of a problem as there is not much space left and this is covered admirably by an attractive dark grey hair cord mat 2ft by 3ft. An additional feature is that through the thin walls he can hear his neighbours' every movement—this is no doubt designed to foster the general communal spirit and prevent the awful feeling of loneliness.

This then is his home for the rest of his Army life. He will not, of course, ever be able to invite anyone into the privacy of his little home—for one thing it is illegal and anyway he could not get them in.

By comparison one of his junior privates occupying a married quarter enjoys a much higher standard of living. But that, of course, is the wrong way of looking at it.

Getting married so that he can have a married quarter is one way out, but if this is unacceptable he is stuck with it until someone realises that a change is long overdue and amends the Barrack Synopsis and Schedule.—RSM K. W. Sear, RAMC, Army Medical Rehabilitation Unit, Saughton Camp, Chester.

Seringapatam

In No. 3 of his interesting series on medals, Major John Laffin writes: "This was the medal for the capture of Seringapatam, Ceylon, in 1799." I think an error has crept in here, for Seringapatam is not in Ceylon but in Mysore State, India, less than 80 miles from Bangalore.—Capt Khurshed Lalkaka, MBE, Salisbury House, 10-C Benson Cross Road, Bangalore 6, Mysore State, S. India

★ Touché! Major Laffin and SOLDIER are buying each other atlases for Christmas.

Motor-Cycle Corps

I was appalled when I read Staff-Sergeant Sims' letter (SOLDIER, May) suggesting the formation of motor-cycle units as a Recce Corps. Surely this is quite unnecessary as scout cars can, and do, cope with great efficiency. As for the idea of modelling the proposed corps on the lines of those used by the Third Reich and the Communists, to say nothing of providing them with "teddy-boy" leather jackets, I think Staff-Sergeant Sims has let his imagination run away with him.—Cadet Birtwistle, Ashton House, Quermore Road, Lancaster.

The British Soldier in Guiana

THE following, written by a British Guiana girl, appeared in the Guiana Graphic under the heading "What I think of the British troops":

"I have been thinking to myself that some of them are good looking—or 'sharp' as I call it—but as yet I have not dared to say so. If one does speak to me I shall feel good because I shall know there is something he likes about me. I expect it will be a few days before I find out what it is—but I hope it's the way I dress and walk—my face and figure. If not all of these then at least one of them!

"But the soldiers are something new. Most of them are inclined to be handsome but above all they are friendly and well behaved—and in any girl's language will make a good catch. They are easy to talk to as well as quick to ask you for a date and they don't like to take 'no' for an answer. That must show the masculine instinct to be the hunter. Certainly they are not snobs and they have little interest in our political affairs. What is good to see is the way they like children and the kindness with which they treat them.

"For dancing the twist and rock and roll they are good. But when it comes to a foxtrot or waltz—watch your toes! The way they dress is a little unusual but soon when they are allowed to wear civilians they may look better.

"But while the circumstances which brought them here are tragic enough—now they are here it is nice to have them and this girl, for one, looks forward to seeing more and more of them during their stay. Despite the tension under which our country is living—we still haven't lost our friendliness."

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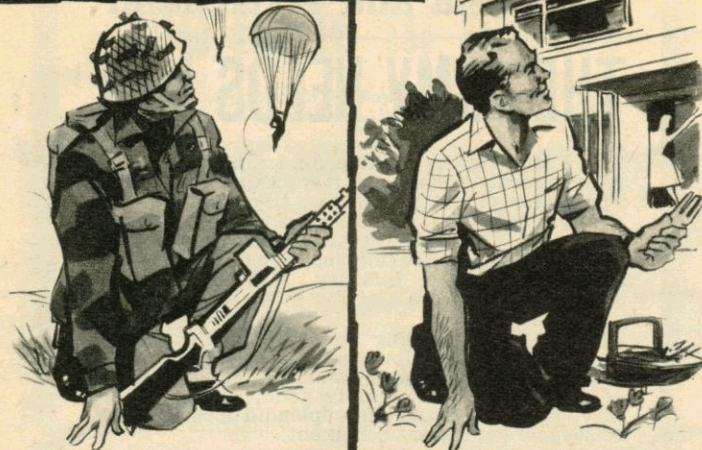
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more letters

Boxing

In an article on Sergeant R. F. George, Scots Guards (SOLDIER, May), it was stated that he was trainer to the Scots Guards boxing team and "saw them win the Army championship seven years running from 1931 to 1937." May I respectfully point out that the 2nd Battalion, The Loyal Regiment (North Lancashire), won the Army Team Championship in 1935 and 1936—WO I W. R. Sawyer, The Loyal Regiment (NL), HQ Troops, Malta.

The White House

I watched the television programme in which Mrs. Kennedy showed reporters around the White House in Washington. Each time she mentioned that it had once been burned down she



The White House today. Rebuilding between 1949-52 cost 5½m dollars.

seemed to emphasize that it had been done by the British, presumably as pure wanton destruction. Can SOLDIER please give the facts of the case and who did the burning, the Army or the Navy?—Lieut-Col P. N. Holden (Rtd), Michaelmas Cottage, Churt, Surrey.

★ The capture of Washington in 1814 was accomplished by a combined force of soldiers, sailors and marines, in which soldiers predominated. General Ross and Admiral Cochrane first entered the outskirts of the city in advance of their troops and were fired on from the Capitol and two adjoining houses.

According to "The Canadian War of 1812" (Lucas), "The troops were brought up and the houses and Capitol taken and burned." At the same time, by admission of the Americans themselves, the troops were kept carefully in hand, private property was rigorously respected, and such looting as took place was the work of town loafers.

Washington was evacuated by the British after barely 24 hours' occupation and the Capitol, the President's house and other government buildings were destroyed to prevent their re-occupation and use by the Americans—a legitimate act of war.

"For Gallantry"

I have been told that the medal ribbon of an OBE awarded for conduct during operations is different from that awarded for other reasons. Is this true?—"Sapper," Aden.

★ The ribbons of all military OBEs are the same. However, since 14 January, 1958, appointments to the Order specifically awarded "for gallantry" are distinguished by a silver emblem on the ribbon.

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H. J. Butler, 19 Dumpton Park Drive, Ramsgate, Kent.—Exchange cloth shoulder titles and insignia (Canada and UK) for foreign coins.

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R. Burden, 4 Turn Again Lane, Palace St, Canterbury, Kent.—Beer mats.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(see Page 28)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1. Number of lines on castle door. 2. Angle of staff held by man leading horse. 3. Eye-slots of left knight's visor. 4. Height of door of right tent. 5. Length of lance of right-hand knight. 6. Lines of black horse's tail. 7. Eye of heraldic lion. 8. Pennant of horseman near castle. 9. Tail of led horse. 10. Shin armour of knight on right.

PRIZE WINNERS

Prize winners in SOLDIER's Competition 47 (April—quiz) were:

1. Sgt I. H. Ross, RAMC, Pathology Laboratory, BMH Berlin, BFPO 45.

2. S/Sgt J. B. Ebbatson, 4 Company, RAMC, RVH Netley, Hants.

3. WO I G. A. Gladman, 35 Central Workshop, REME, Old Dalby, Melton Mowbray, Leics.

4. Mr. S. H. Barlow, GM, 27 Fitzroy Square, NW1.

5. Master Paul Treen, 443 Malpas Road, Newport, Mon.

6. Gnr J. Giblin, King's Troop, RHA, Ordnance Hill, NW8.

The correct answers were: 1. (a) 64 (squares); (b) £25; (c) 22 (snooker balls); (d) 12 or 13 (full moons); (e) 15 (men). 2. (a) Sousaphone (xylo-, vibra-, heckel-, sarruso- and tubaphones accepted); (b) Telephone; (c) Gramophone. 3. Mulberry. 4. (a) M (Roman 1000); (b) 28; (c) M (Monday). 5. Tuesday. 6. (a) Blue Water; (b) Vigilant; (c) Corporal; (d) Thunderbird. 7. (a) Copenhagen; (b) Vienna; (c) Madrid; (d) Brussels. 8. Everest (NB—It always has been!). 9. (d) (Typewriter key bars). 10. (a) Superb; (b) Inspid; (c) Lettuce. 11. 6 (Five heads, four heads one tail, etc.).

REUNION

Highland Light Infantry Association. Meeting Caxton Hall, Westminster, SW1, 7 pm, 7 July. Particulars from J. Dewar, 11 Flaxley House, Abbots Manor, Warwick Way, London, SW1.

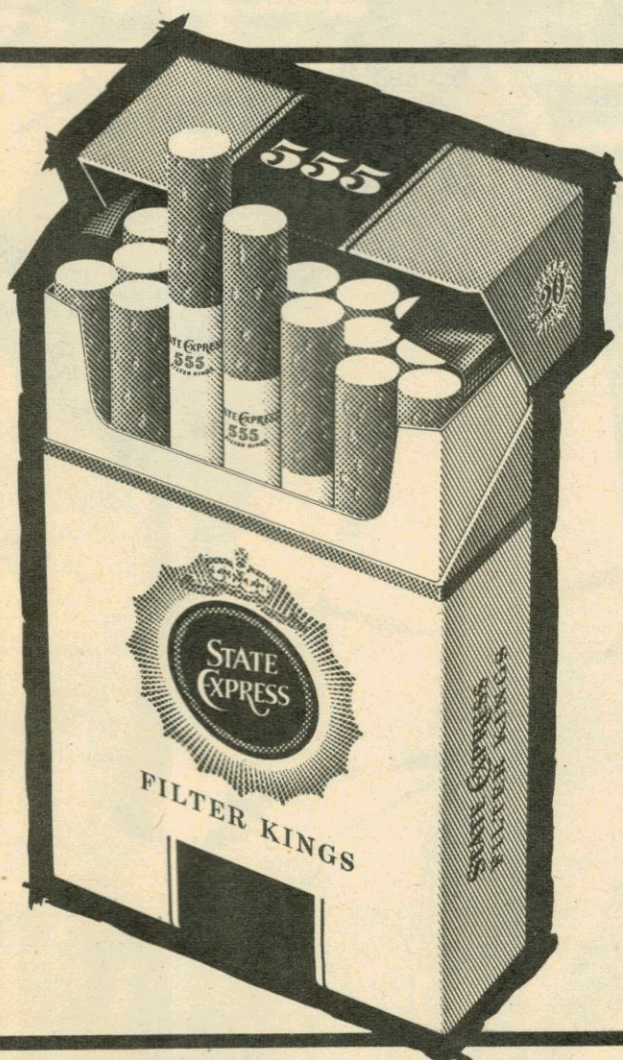
First beret

Can SOLDIER please tell me what corps of the British Army first wore the black beret? Was it the Royal Tank Corps or the Machine-Gun Corps, and when? I have been told that it was copied from schoolgirls' headgear, but find this rather hard to believe.—A. V. Bellenger, 17 Courtown Road, London, SE18.

★ The black beret was first worn by the Royal Tank Corps at the end of World War One. The idea was borrowed from a French regiment, but their beret was considered too skimpy for British troops. Several schools were asked to send samples of their pupils' headgear and the selection which arrived helped the Army to make its final decision.

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