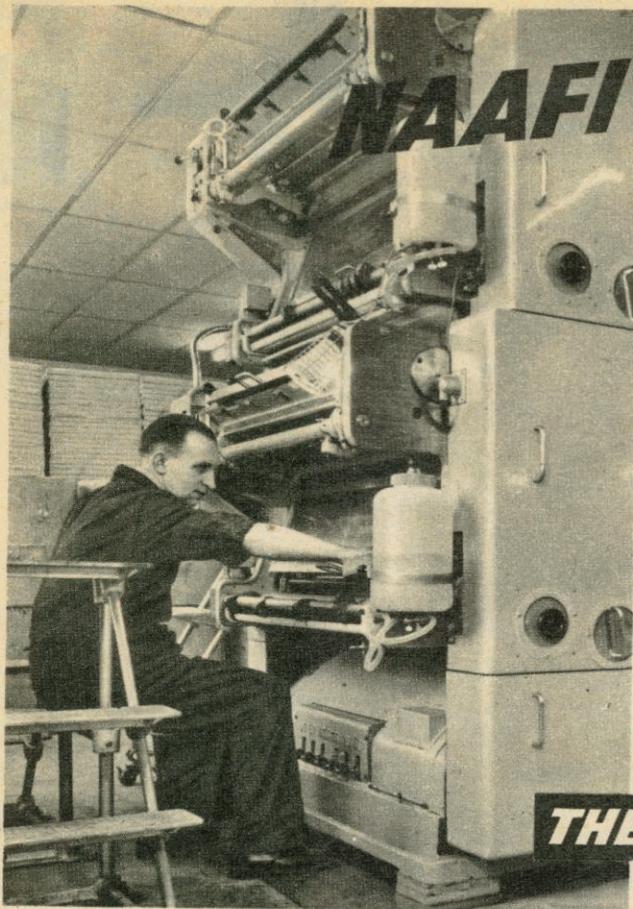


DECEMBER 1962 ★ 9d

# SOLDIER





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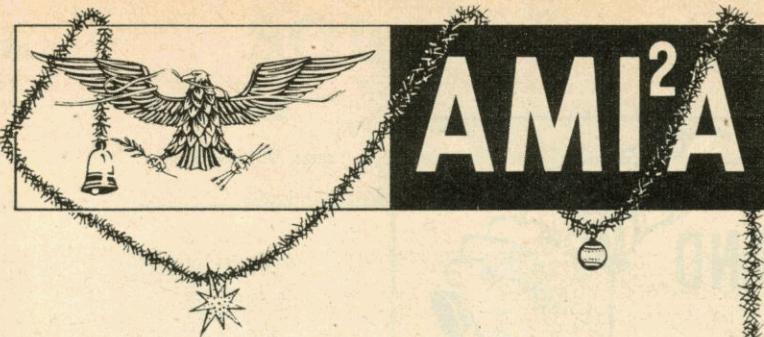


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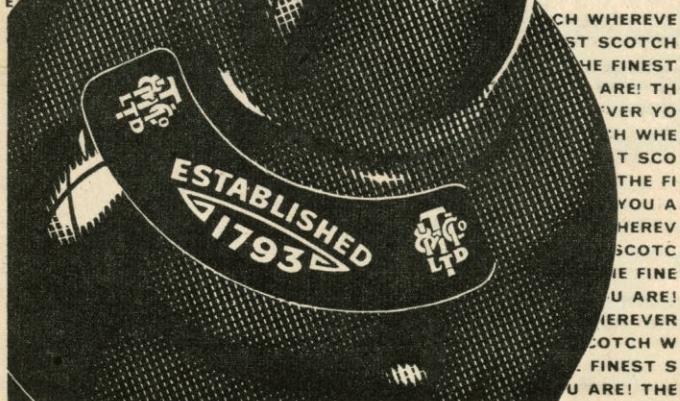
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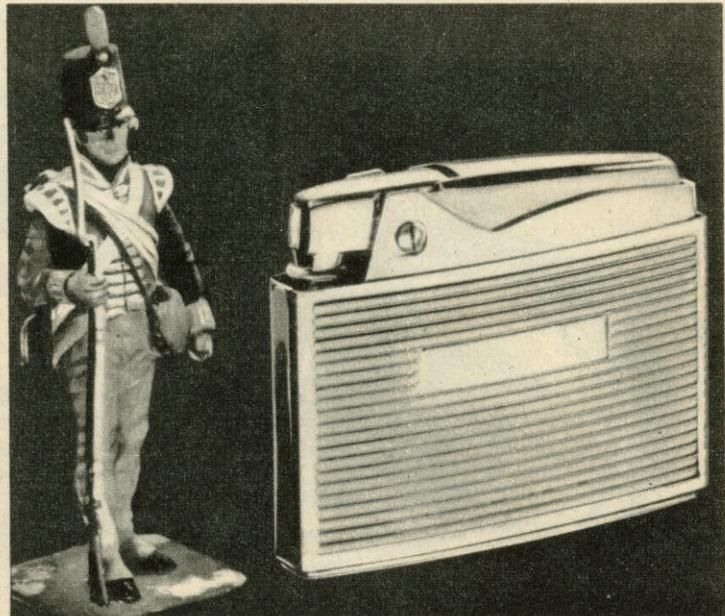
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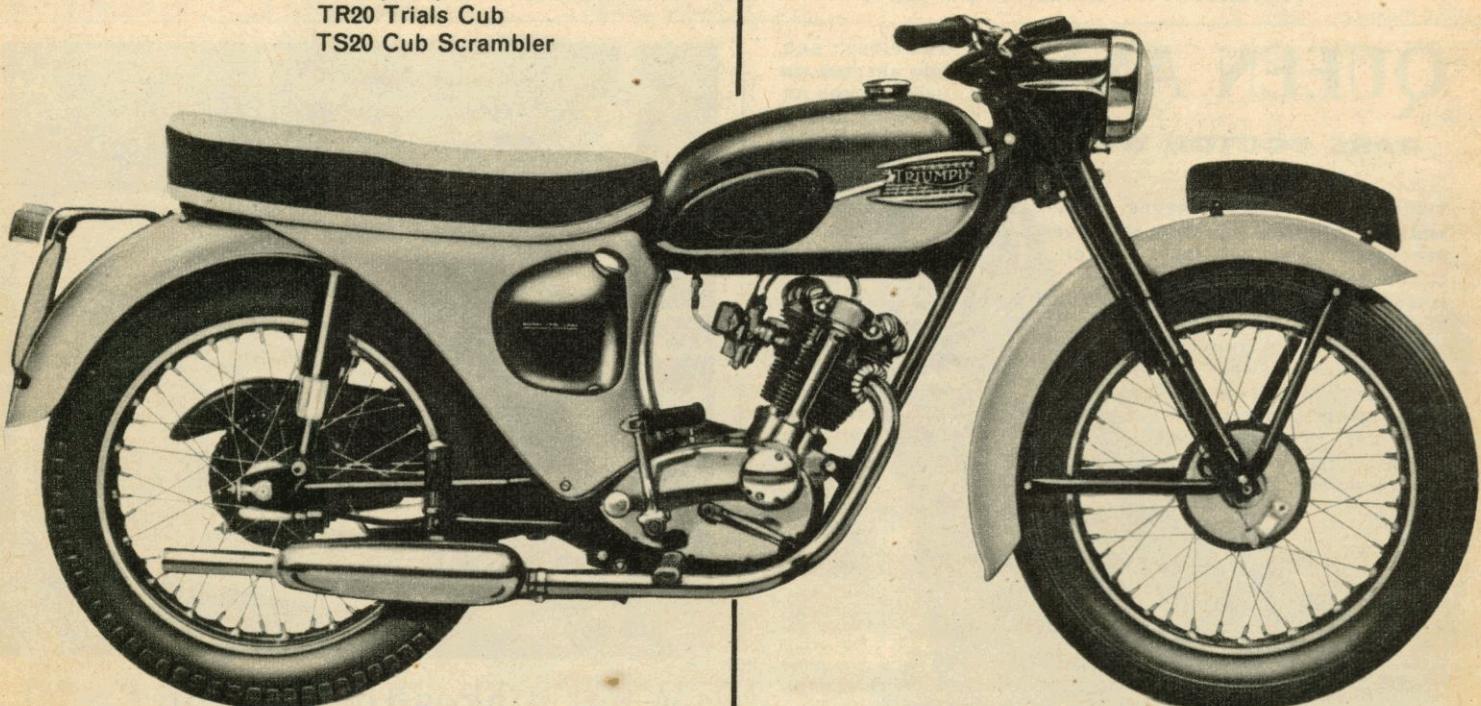


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# THE

# JOY OF HIS COMPANIONSHIP

A Christmas wish for readers from the Chaplain-General, The Venerable Archdeacon I. D. Neill

**A** FEW years ago I stood in a field below Bethlehem and looked up at the lights of the town, twinkling in the silence on the top of a hill. It was here, I told myself, the news first broke. It was from hereabouts that a small group of simple men had an experience which sent them stumbling in their hurry to the town. Heaven had seemed open; God had spoken to them by His angels. Was it real? Was it imagination? Was it that their eyes saw more than eyes can normally see? They didn't care: their hearts and minds were too full for that kind of theorising.

God had broken through to them in their daily work—to them, who felt themselves outcast because their job did not allow of their observing ordinary religious customs. Yet they were the people to whom God had chosen to tell the good news which was to change the whole destiny of mankind.

The climb to Bethlehem must have seemed almost unreal. They knew the town. Where could this special Child have been born? And so, puzzled and panting, they must have hurried along. The Babe in swaddling clothes in a manger! This was the way the working class villagers bedded their babies! Was God then not visiting the world in divine majesty? Could He have somehow planned to come alongside common folk like themselves?

I often wish the story were fuller. I'd love to know what they said to Mary and Joseph, and what Mary

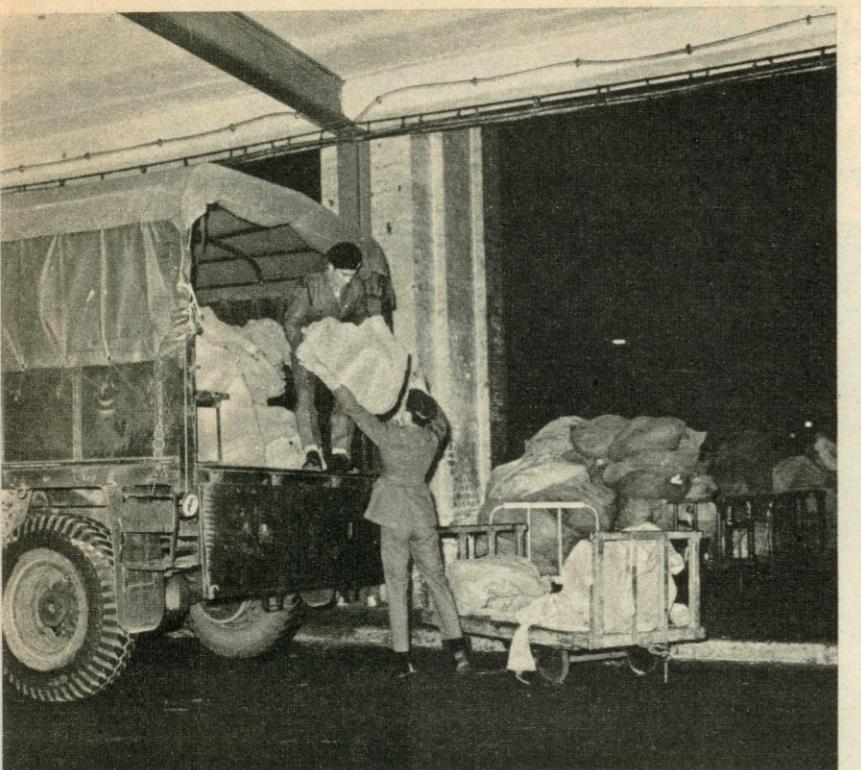
and Joseph said to them. How did they worship, and did they bring gifts as did the Wise Men who came later? We never hear of them again. History has forgotten them, but I believe God has not forgotten them. They went back to their work with all its daily routine but with a story to tell; and somehow I think they must have gone back with a new happiness in their hearts. Drudgery would not matter so much now that they knew they were important to God.

This Christmas we shall peer into the shadows of history as once the shepherds peered into the shadows of the stable. We, too, must feel unworthy and puzzled that we should have any part in this great event. We may or may not bring gifts, but whatever we do or do not do, one thing is certain, there is a Gift, a supreme Gift. God has given us Himself because we are really important to Him—made important because He loves us.

Nineteen hundred years ago, in blind self-centred pride, the people refused God's Gift. They finally crucified Him. But God does not give His Gift to take it away. In spiritual form He came again at Pentecost, and still He comes to each of us personally. The shepherds could only take His memory to their daily lives; we can take Him Himself in the wonderful companionship He offers.

This is my Christmas wish for you—the joy of His companionship, who is our Saviour and our Lord.

Today's highly-mobile Regular  
The new Home Postal Depot



Sappers of the postal service, on their regular round of London's main stations, pick up another late-night batch from Kings Cross.

## KEEPING

THE tempo at Mill Hill is quickening. The heart of the British Army Postal Service is beating faster, coping with the mounting flow of Christmas mail pouring into the London rail and air termini, and speeding it to British Servicemen all over the world.

Inglis Barracks, at Mill Hill in North London, house the Home Postal Depot, Royal Engineers, a fully-operational military village, streamlined and geared to match the new mobile Army of the Sixties and carry its mail swiftly to the four corners of the earth.

This Christmas, only the second at the new Mill Hill centre, the men and women of the postal service are out to see that 23717980 Private Smith, J. gets his Christmas cheer from home more quickly and certainly than ever before. A mechanical handling system that is second to none in Britain, and a keen and efficient staff, are ready to take the Christmas mail avalanche in their stride.

This will mean receiving, sorting and dispatching some



Army needs a slick and adaptable postal service.  
at Mill Hill is geared to the Army's postal needs

## THE ARMY POSTED

33 million items over the lengthy seasonal period, compared with a normal weekly turnover of about half a million.

Even that normal weekly figure represents an unceasing flow into the sorting office, a vast former anti-aircraft ordnance workshop, now the centre of a gigantic web, throbbing with movement by land, sea and air.

The magic letters "BFPO" take an item, wherever posted in the United Kingdom, into a mailbag bound for Mill Hill. When that bag arrives at one of the London rail or air termini, the Army takes over.

Three-tonners of the postal service call every two hours at London's stations, airports and main post offices collecting mail—intended for Army, Royal Air Force and

sometimes Naval personnel overseas—for the Mill Hill sorting office. Here the mail begins a short but vital stage of its journey—by hooks attached to an endless belt that weaves round the lofty sorting office.

The secret of this part-manual, part-mechanical channelling of the mail to the sorting points lies in a simple arrangement of coloured hooks. The Sapper unloading the mailbags attaches each one to its appropriate coloured hook—green for letters, blue for parcels, yellow for insured parcels and red for the "final letter bag" containing registered items and dispatch instructions. As each bag arrives above its sorting point the hook releases the mail and detailed sorting begins.

The staff of the Depot work in three eight-

hour shifts. Busiest shift is through the night when 60 per cent of the mail is sorted and sped on its way. A staff of 50, including 29 Women's Royal Army Corps personnel, work on the night shift, many of them permanently. During the day the sorting staff is cut to 35—but not at Christmas-time!

Day and night, strict schedules are maintained. Sapper drivers and couriers, speeding the outward mail on its way, are a familiar if unobtrusive sight at all airports and docks in the London area.

Unobtrusive, too, is the word for the men of the courier service, who provide a reliable and confidential link between Army commands and the War Office. Every day couriers and their guards—highly trusted

OVER...



Right: Cpl Babs Jolley has had four years in Army postal work. She goes out to Hong Kong in March to help the Army Post Office there.



Below: London sleeps, but these girls on the night shift must stay alert, sorting mail to all parts of the world.



Above: Cpl William Sim (courier) and Cpl Stan Smith (guard) board the express at Kings Cross for Edinburgh.

Left: A quick slice of the knife frees more parcels to add to the avalanche for sorting.



WRAC personnel empty the letters into the trolleys ready for detailed sorting.

non-commissioned officers—carry this important mail in deep leather padlocked dispatch cases, travelling in reserved accommodation by rail and air.

Another vital department at Mill Hill traces the movement of British Forces throughout the world so that mail can be redirected without delay. Even when only part of a unit is temporarily moved, mail is sorted direct to the addressee, a personal service in which the men and women of the Depot take pride.

The same sprawling roof at Mill Hill covers another carefully-guarded room

which holds stocks of stamps, postal orders, Premium Bonds, saving stamps and valuable postal equipment for dispatch to the 60 or 70 overseas post offices of the postal service.

Alongside the bustling sorting office is the Postal Training School, with its miniature sorting office and life-size post office counter. After six weeks in the classrooms the Sappers and Women's Royal Army Corps spend the final fortnight of the course in the main sorting office. About 80 per cent of the graduates go overseas to help man British Forces Post Offices, which can be

found in such exotic corners as Miami, Honduras or Honolulu.

But though the travel prospects are attractive, the tempo of work is brisk, and postal work abroad is likely to call for a variety of added skills. For instance, postal workers in a parachute brigade must be parachute trained, and in Infantry formations they receive the same exacting training as the Infantry, so that in war members of the postal service move with the same speed and efficiency as the troops they are serving.

All the officers are specialists, seconded in the first instance, from the civil postal service on short service commissions. On completion of their term they can, if they wish, return to their civilian jobs or continue with the Army. Other ranks serve on a normal Army footing, but there are several ex-postmen on the strength.

Facilities at Mill Hill are a vast improvement on the old depot at Gun Site Camp, Shepherds Bush, with its sorting office at Acton, and they are improving all the time. Work is progressing on an £850,000 building project which includes barrack accommodation for all of 12 Battalion, Women's Royal Army Corps "B" Company which at present has an hour's journey to and from Kingston every day to provide the feminine touch within the Depot. Another new building will house a junior ranks club and a rank and file mess to be shared by both sexes.

Altogether 16 new buildings are due for completion by 1964, all for one primary purpose—to keep Private Smith, J. in close touch with the folks at home wherever this modern, leap-frogging Army may take him.

PETER J. DAVIES

FROM next month **SOLDIER** will cost one shilling. The Army's magazine has cost ninepence since August, 1951. Over those 11 years production costs have steadily risen while the Army—the biggest section of **SOLDIER**'s readership—has declined in size.

FROM next month, too, **SOLDIER** will be printed by The Forces Press, NAAFI's new printing works at Aldershot. It will be printed on a better quality paper and there will be new features and improvements.

THE new subscription rate will be 13s 6d a year including postage to any part of the world. Subscriptions received up to 1 December, 1962, have been accepted at the current rate of 10s 6d.



The final phase of the Depot's operations. Sappers Derek Williamson and John McGonigle load the sorted bags on to a Germany-bound DC4 at Southend Airport.



Strolling amid the scenic splendour of Bangkok, these British soldiers gather memories that will last a lifetime. A Thai Army corporal acts as their guide.

Below: The attention of L/Cpl Edward Fallon is fixed on these deft fingers spinning the thread of silk, just as it was spun in Thailand 100 years ago.



quarters in the Far East. They are hand-picked men, all first-class unofficial ambassadors to this "King and I" country, and all on the friendliest terms with one of the world's friendliest peoples.

As few of the Thais speak any English, the language barrier is more of a problem than elsewhere, but many of the men are overcoming this by learning the Thai language. Warrant Officer Peter Davis, who has charge of technical maintenance, is already quite fluent and is taking examinations in the language.

The small detachment deals with a heavy weight of signals traffic, consequently a 60-hour week plus two night duties is normal, but the hours are busy ones and time passes briskly. "It is not a bad thing to have plenty to do," says Captain Ivor Amos, 26-year-old commander of the section. "With every tradesman fully occupied there is no wastage of manpower."

To offset the high cost of living in Bangkok the detachment is given a correspondingly high local allowance, a private receiving more than £4 15s a week on top of his pay. "But it doesn't seem to go very far," says Staff-Sergeant Bert Millington. "A small bottle of beer in a restaurant or night club can cost anything from seven to 12 shillings."

But the troops have no need to overspend, with their leisure time packed with visits to private houses and sight-seeing trips. One such trip took them 90 miles north-west of Bangkok, to the remains of the original bridge over the River Kwai. "There's not much to see now, except the bamboo stumps on the bed of the river," says Lance-Corporal Alan Moore.

OVER...

# SIGNALMEN IN TEMPLE-LAND

ACCOMMODATION at the luxurious Grand Hotel—dining alongside rich businessmen and American tourists—cruising on a millionaire's yacht, a hundred fascinating places to visit . . . As a British Army posting, Thailand takes some beating!

It may take time to get used to the countless exotic sea foods that are a feature of the cuisine at the Bangkok hotel—third best in

all Thailand—but 23 soldiers of 237 Signal Squadron, Royal Signals, have had since February, 1961, to develop their taste for luxury. This, they will tell you as they stroll through the picturesque streets of this land of a thousand temples, is the best posting in the British Army.

The only British unit in Thailand, the signals detachment is there to link SEATO headquarters in Thailand with other head-



L/Cpl Alan Moore (bending) and Sgmn Chris Bates admire this lion at the Emerald Buddha Chapel.

WO II Peter Davis collects a happy smile with his mail from the receptionist at the Grand Hotel.

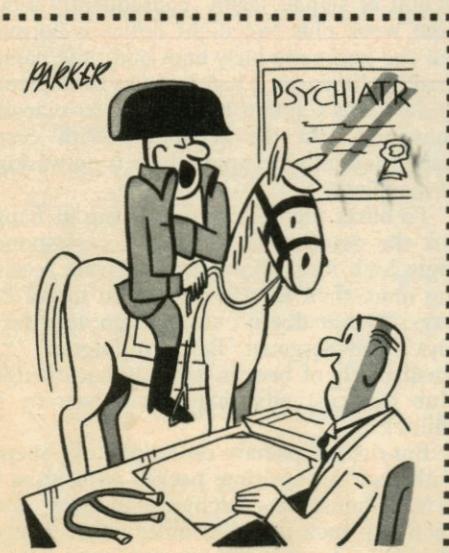


continued from previous page

The Signalmen have sailed a millionaire's yacht, and most of them have made more than one early-morning tour round the "floating market" of this Venice of the East. Here, small launches from the main river dock meet the hundreds of market boats, heavily loaded with flowers, vegetables and every tropical fruit imaginable.

For these men of 237 Signals Squadron this posting in "King and I" country really is "Something Wonderful!"

From a report by Sergeant G. C. Stanton, General Service Corps, Army Public Relations, Far East.



"It's about my wife—she thinks she's Josephine!"



While these giant radar scanners stand sentinel, beamed across Alaska and Siberia, an Eskimo Army learns to defend this frozen frontier.

## AND ESKIMOS

## ON THE SQUARE

THE Eskimo Territorials of Alaska are ready. Should the call come, 200,000 citizens of America's 49th State could be mustered at a moment's notice to defend this primary link in the Western Perimeter defence chain.

And who better? These tough, weather-hardened Eskimos are all excellent marksmen, old hands at natural camouflage, skilled at tracking in polar conditions and well able to take care of themselves in winter temperatures as low as 80 degrees below zero. Should ever the cold war spark into life across the narrow frozen sea dividing Alaska and Siberia, it would still be a very cold war.

With little to teach the recruits about Arctic guerilla warfare, large-scale exercises are staged only infrequently. Rifle, bayonet and foot drill are far more important to mould these lone polar hunters into a disciplined fighting force. The sight of a caribou or polar bear will drive all thought of soldiering from an Eskimo's head and he will set out—Army rifle at the ready—in search of a good raw meal.

An enterprising Eskimo Territorial at Kotzebue, on the north-west coast, mounted a light machine-gun on a dog-sledge and set out for the Kotzebue edge. He was soon back with his quarry—a large polar bear! His comment on the military value of the expedition: "Hunt enemy just like hunt bear."

Eskimo Territorials do an initial period of training at a United States Army base in Alaska. At the end of it they are flown home equipped with weapons for use on compul-

sory weekly drill nights in their villages. These are run by the Eskimos themselves who can fill any rank up to captain.

Recruitment of the peace-loving Eskimo in defence of his country began soon after the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbour. Major Marvin P. Marston, of the American Army, travelled 69,000 miles in Alaska, much of it on a dog sledge, recruiting for the Alaska Territorial Guard. On one sledge trip two of his huskies froze to death and on another he ran out of food and had to share the dogs' meals. He became a well-known and popular figure among the Eskimos (who called him "Angnaiyokok"—the bossman) and some

15,000 answered his call.

Across the border the Canadian Defence Department has a similar system. The Canadian Eskimo soldier has been used on "zero manoeuvres" in the bleak Fort Churchill area of Hudson Bay, on exercises in Northern Canada and on the north and west coasts of Alaska.

More recently these experienced Arctic hunters have become the teachers, passing on their knowledge of polar combat to Canadian and Central American Servicemen. This young American state is playing its full part in defence of its adopted country and of the Western world.



The practical side of rifle drill comes easily to most of the soldiers in America's part-time Eskimo Army. The Eskimo is a natural hunter.

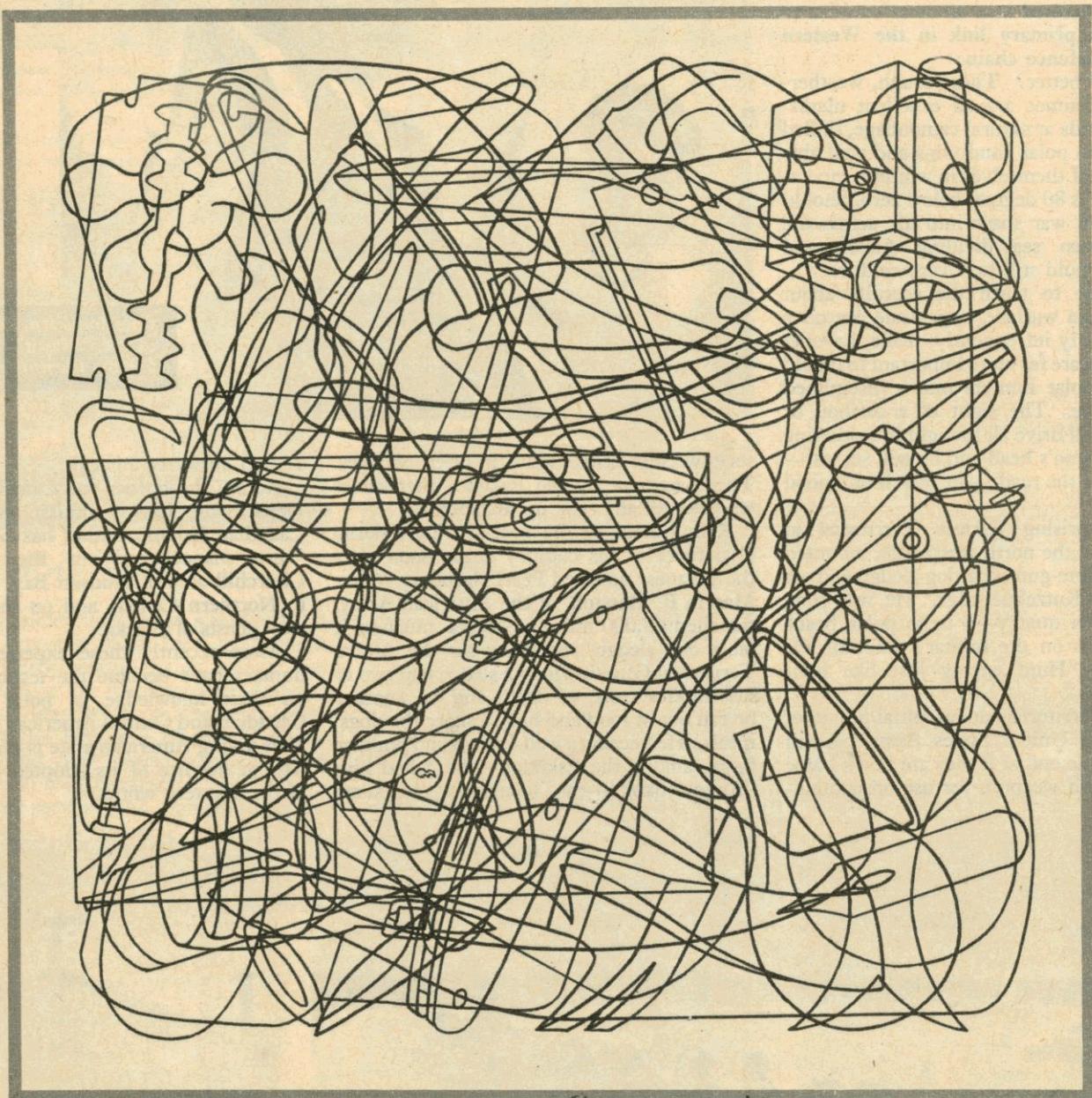


This drill hall at Kotzebue is only 40 miles from Russia. The Eskimos train here weekly.



Once forgotten, now a citizen of the "Strategic North," the Eskimo learns the art of war.

# **JUST A FEW LINES . . . !**



**H**ERE'S a new kind of competition, one that anyone can try, from Junior to Grandma. Lots of straight lines, curved lines and squiggles, jumbled up in a maze.

But it all makes sense. Hidden in the confusion are the outlines of familiar objects. All you have to do is to list as many as you can of these and send in your list to reach **SOLDIER** by Monday, 21 January, 1963.

And, with Christmas a-coming, there are bumper prizes—nine in all—this month. The senders of the first nine correct or nearest-correct solutions to be opened by the Editor will receive the following prizes:

1. A £15 gift voucher.
2. A £10 gift voucher.
3. A £5 gift voucher.
4. Four recently-published books.
5. Two 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 55), SOLDIER, 433 Holloway Road, London N7.**
2. Competitors may submit more than one entry, but each must be accompanied by the "Competition 55" 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 March, 1963, issue of SOLDIER.*

This month's "How Observant Are You?" feature is on Page 23.



The soldiers of today serve the soldiers of yesterday from a sandbagged dug-out of World War One. A reunion of old comrades must always be a happy occasion—but the scars of battle still remain.

## NOR DO THEY FADE AWAY

THE candles flicker as the reminiscent bayonet slices through the once-familiar hessian round the sandbag pudding... The yellow tongues of light catch the wistful expression of the veterans round the dinner table as thoughts wander back across four decades.

Back, back to Ypres, where 100,000 British troops died during World War One—blown to pieces, buried alive, gassed or drowned in the shell-hole slime... A piano tinkles in the corner and the veterans strike up the songs that kept that vital spirit alive through the hell of the Salient.

That memorable evening three years ago at the Toc H, Whistable, was to have been a once-and-for-all reunion, just one get-together—before it was too late—of some of those who survived the Ypres Salient. But such a memory-filled evening could never

OVER...

Such was the purgatory of Ypres that the spirit it bred through those four long years remains strong more than 40 years later. The comradeship of Kent's Salient Circle is that of men who have shared an unforgettable experience



The face of a veteran. Sgt Henry Merrelle was 28 when he earned his Military Medal by scorning shell and machine-gun fire to rescue wounded comrades in no-man's land.

be the last of its kind. The formation of Kent's Salient Circle ensured that the comradeship of Ypres, reborn at Whitstable, should continue to thrive and grow.

This year's "shell-hole supper" filled a main dining hall at Wemyss Barracks, Canterbury. The 150 members, wives and guests included a party from Ypres, which has built up close links with this lively young group of veterans.

The newest recruits of the Home Counties Brigade Depot and their sergeant drill instructors worked together to serve the supper—cooked by the Army—and attend to the veterans' every wish. Colour-Sergeant Charles Stanley, of the 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd, wore the familiar 1914-1918 uniform as he served beer and wine from a specially-built sandbagged dug-out in the dining hall. The Colours of the 4th Battalion, The Buffs (TA), were brought out for the occasion and at eight, just as, traditionally, the bugles sounded at the Menin Gate at Ypres, a young bugler stood before the Colours and sounded the Last Post.

Replying to the toast to the Army was Colonel D. J. Dean who, as a lieutenant in the 8th Battalion, The Royal West Kent Regiment, won the Victoria Cross for his gallantry in action near Lens, France, in 1918.

1915. Round the tables were veterans of The Middlesex Regiment, The Buffs, The Royal West Kent Regiment, The East Surrey Regiment, The Queen's Royal Regiment, Gunners, Sappers and representatives of nearly every corps that played a part in the first major conflict of the century.

Already, in three short years, this young association had grown up and built itself a history. From that first meeting at Whitstable the snowball began to roll. An invitation from the Burgomaster of Ypres, urging the Circle to hold its next shell-hole supper "on the spot," led to a party of 75 veterans returning to Ypres and to a royal welcome from the Belgians.

That was in May, 1960, and six months later, when the time came for the ever-widening Circle's second "home" supper,

Mr. R. V. Hollington, present chairman of the Circle, lays a wreath on a memorial during the Circle's 1962 visit to Ypres.



the Army stepped in. The Home Counties Brigade Depot would be "proud to welcome you old soldiers to our barracks as honoured guests" read the invitation. "Our resources are gladly at your disposal."

A party from Ypres joined the veterans at Wemyss Barracks, bringing with them another invitation to Ypres, and so the pattern began to form. At the subsequent visit to Belgium, Circle members met a

party of German veterans who had fought at Ypres.

These men who, 40 years before, had fought one of war's most merciless campaigns, and whose sons had renewed the conflict 20 years later, met in an atmosphere of friendship that made it clear that World War Two would never have begun had the decision been in the hands of those who fought at Ypres.

**PETER J. DAVIES**



"The pepper-pot—that was me!" The table-top strategists are (from left) Mr. Ben Ford, Mr. J. F. Shepherd, Mr. Fred Drury and Mr. Lish Lewery.



These two attractive guests of the Circle are hostesses who had guided the veterans on their visit to Belgium. Between them sits Mr. V. van Clevén, also from Belgium.

"I LIFTED my head and there was a Jerry looking straight at me. I don't know who was more surprised . . ." "... they turned the Maxims on them—mowed them down like wheat in a field . . ." "... then the gas came over—April 1915—I was blind for a week . . ."

Snatches of conversation drifting through the friendly haze round the tables at Wemyss Barracks painted a picture of the drama, agony and occasional humour of the Ypres battles.

Ex-Staff-Sergeant Ben Ford, now 75, a veteran of 41 years' Regular service, recalled the retreat from Mons, when he was one of 18 members of the 1st Battalion, The Hampshire Regiment, who remustered outside Paris and wondered what had happened to their 1,000 comrades.

Silver-haired Mr. Rupert Lewis was a young private in the 1st/8th Battalion, The Middlesex Regiment, which spent April and May of 1915 in the Salient, pulling out with only 16 officers and 150 men. He was taken prisoner two years later.

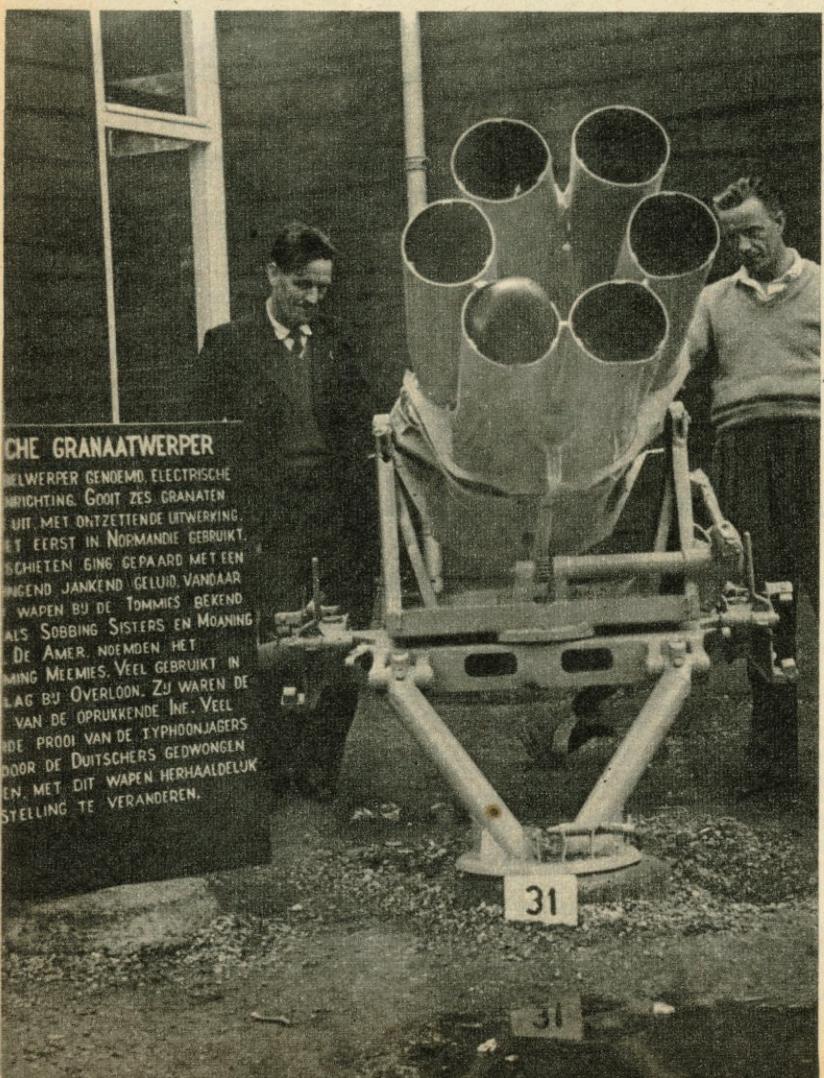
As a runner for one of the first British tank formations, Private Henry Berry spent hour after hour in no-man's land with shells falling all round. It was Mr. Berry, now 68, who was blinded for a week by gas, but recovered to see the Germans pushed back in the big Allied advance of 1918.

Sergeant Henry Merrele, aged 74, survived the Ypres battles of 1915 and a year later earned the Military Medal when he braved shell and machine-gun fire six times to bring back wounded comrades from no-man's land. He served with the 4th Battalion, The City of London Regiment.



# BACK THROUGH THE BATTLEFIELDS

Top: With tents pitched on the Battalion's 1944 axis of advance, Mr. J. Mills, Pte Dorrington and CSM Alexander (right) prepare a meal.



CHE GRANAATWERPER  
WELWERPEN GEDENKT, ELECTRISCHE  
OPRICHTING. GOOT ZES GRANATEN  
UIT, MET ONZETTENDE UITWERKING.  
ET EERST IN NORMANDIE GEBRUIKT.  
SCHIETEN GING GEPAARD MET EEN  
VINGEND JANKEND GEWIJD. VANDAAR  
WAPEN BIJ DE TOMMIES BEKEND  
ALS SOBBING SISTERS EN MOANING  
DE AMER. NOEMDEN HET.  
MING MEEMIES. VEEL GEBRUIKT IN  
LAG BIJ OVERLOON. ZU WAREN DE  
VAN DE OPRUKKENDE INF. VEEL  
DEE PROOI VAN DE TYPHOONJAGERS  
DOOR DE DUITSCHERS GEDWONGEN  
EN, MET DIT WAPEN HERHAALDELJK  
STELLING TE VERANDEREN.

Mr. Ron Drew (right) and CSM H. J. Alexander both owe their wartime injuries to just such a weapon as this Nebelwerfer at the Overloon Museum.

EN of the 4th Battalion, The Wiltshire Regiment, surveyed the battered German gun emplacements, the offshore remnants of Mulberry Harbour, the stretches of beach, now deserted, all in sharp contrast to the Battalion's previous visit to Arromanches 18 years before. It was a memorable moment, the first of many during the fortnight ahead.

Colour-Sergeant F. G. Shepherd had pored over maps and studied the campaigns of the 4th and 5th Battalions and the 43rd (Wessex) Division. Headquarters Company of the 4th Battalion would advance again through North-West Europe, following the historic path of the 4th and 5th Battalions in the campaign that brought final victory in Europe. But on this trip there would be time to stand and stare, to re-appraise and to pay homage to fallen comrades.

The 1962 invasion was by special coach, with only French hospitality slowing the progress of the 20 members of the Company and three former members of the Regiment. Soon the veterans of the party stood again on Hill 112. They found the shallow dip in the ground where they had brewed a cup of tea, the car track where a carrier struck a mine, the sloping field where the Germans had to be prised out of fortified positions.

There were similar reminiscences at Mount Pincon, scene of another major action, where the party spent the night camped in the fields of a farmhouse that in 1944 was on the 4th Battalion's axis of advance. After a brief detour via Paris the group pressed on through Beauvais, Bapaume, Mons and Waterloo to Herent-hout, to renew friendships made when the 4th Battalion was billeted there before moving forward to the Nijmegen battle. This time there were wine and cigars with the Mayor at a civic reception.

Despite tempting invitations to stay another day, the Territorials moved on to Eindhoven, Nijmegen, Elst and Arnhem, where Mr. Jim Mills pointed out the church tower from which he had kept watch on the Arnhem Bridge.

On through the bitterly-contested Reichswald Forest and across the Rhine went the Wiltshires, on through Cloppenburg, then to Bremen, the Battalion's final major objective of the war, and on to Belsen, where the beautiful memorials to the camp's victims stood in dramatic contrast to the horrors of 1945.

It was in this area, in 1946, that the Battalion disbanded, but the pilgrimage was not yet over. Because of routing problems the battle of Geilenkirchen had been left to the return trip. A 300-mile run south on the *autobahn* enabled Mr. Ron Drew to find the grave of his brother, who died with the 5th Battalion.

The final lap of the journey took the party through Lille, Armentières and Tournai, where the coach driver, Mr. Cyril Guppy, found the grave of his father, killed in 1918. Fittingly the tour ended at Dunkirk and the voyage home, along that historic sea route, provided for the Wiltshires pilgrims the perfect climax to a memorable fortnight.

# THE SAS IN THE



Guerillas led by men of the Special Air Service move in after ambushing a convoy in Exercise "Swift Strike II."

**C**LUSTERS of dark shapes emerged from the 14 American aircraft over the battle area. All at once, it seemed, 120 parachutes opened, and men of Britain's 22nd Special Air Service Regiment were descending on American soil. Soon they would become the first British soldiers to do battle on that soil since the "Redcoats" crossed the Canadian border 150 years ago, occupied Washington and burned down the White House.

This was "Swift Strike II," the first of three major exercises in which the British troopers fought alongside and against American troops in the forest-covered mountain regions of West Virginia and North and South Carolina.

"The most successful training we have ever done," is how Lieutenant-Colonel J. M. Woodhouse MC, who commands 22nd Special Air Service Regiment, describes the three-month visit, and Brigadier-General

William P. Yarborough, Commander of the United States Special Warfare Centre at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, is equally enthusiastic.

The British unit visited Fort Bragg—"home" of the American airborne forces—at the invitation of its American counterpart, the Special Forces, so that each could benefit from the other's experience. Before getting down to large-scale exercises the two units exchanged lectures and

## SOLDIER to Soldier . . .

**N**EXT month SOLDIER reaches another milestone in its 18 years' life. For only the second time the price of the magazine will be increased, from ninepence to a shilling, and for the first time since its production in this country—SOLDIER came home from Germany in 1953—it will have a new printer.

The price increase has been made reluctantly, but inevitably. The first two issues of SOLDIER were free. Then a charge of sixpence was made and 11 years ago the price was increased to the present ninepence. Since 1951, production costs,

particularly the major items of printing, paper and staff salaries, have risen continuously and considerably.

Offsetting these, advertisement revenue has remained constant while sales within the Army have naturally decreased as the Army has run down to today's strength. The gap between expenditure and income, falling on the taxpayer, must be closed. So SOLDIER goes into battle next year with a price increase, a new sales campaign and an advertising drive, all backed by a better-than-ever magazine which,

we think, will be as good a bobsworth as you can find anywhere.

And, in case any mathematician should draw attention to a 33½ per cent increase in the price, we are forearmed! We carefully looked up the pay of a soldier of 11 years ago and compared it with his pay today!

**T**HE War Minister's statement that next year some "Ever-Readies" will fly out to Hong Kong, to train with Regular units there, gives a timely fillip to recruiting to the Territorial Army's new Emergency Reserve. This scheme, which will replace their annual camp for the selected men, will test mobilisation procedure and exercise these "Ever-Readies" in their role of individual reinforcements to the Regular Army in times of tension.

# USA

demonstrations, the British troopers particularly passing on the knowledge of jungle warfare they gained during the Malayan campaign.

Then came "Swift Strike II," in which the British regiment fought with 60,000 American troops, achieving its objectives without mishap—despite several treetop landings—and linking up with members of the Special Forces. After a two-day break came a 400-mile flight to West Virginia for a three-week anti-guerrilla exercise in which some of the British soldiers fought alongside a company of the "Screaming Eagles" (101st Airborne Division).

The 900 square miles of Cherokee Indian country on the forest-covered slopes of the Smoky Mountains provided the setting for the final exercise. Ranged against the 120-strong British force, scattered all over this vast forest, were 2000 men of the "All American" 82nd Airborne Division.

The exercise lasted almost a month and showed the British force just how tough their guerrilla role can be against first-class troops with strong air support. But the British troopers had their share of success with speedy ambushes of patrols and road convoys.

Free-falling back at Fort Bragg—described by a British trooper as an "All-American Aldershot"—and a spell with the United States Air Force's Air Commandos, brought the business side of the British unit's memorable visit to a close, but there was still the four days' leave to spend in Washington DC.

Throughout the visit the unit found American hospitality overwhelming, with a lavish barbecue, staged for the British troops by the Governor of West Virginia, among the highlights. A scrapbook of the visit, presented to the Regiment by the American Army, contains a message from General Yarborough praising the spirit of the Regiment, and adds: "Everyone you have met in the United States is proud to say he has known the 22nd Special Air Service Regiment and its men."



High over the treetops of West Virginia a Special Air Service trooper ropes down from a United States Army H34 helicopter.

The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire. "Wouldn't have missed it for anything," "Send me again anytime" and "Shall we be going again next year?" are comments that sum up the Territorials' reactions.

Other "Ever-Readies" have enjoyed similar experiences and, more recently, men of The Queen's Royal Rifles and London Rifle Brigade Rangers practised combined operations with the Royal Navy, and helicopter assault techniques. It will not be long before the word spreads and applications to join this corps d'élite outnumber the vacancies.

**T**ailpiece: A Territorial Sapper found he had planned his honeymoon for the same time as his annual camp. He decided to forego the honeymoon. There's keenness for you!

## THE ARMY IN THE HOUSE

**I**N a statement on *Blue Water*, the surface-to-surface missile which the Army had hoped would replace the *Corporal*, the Minister of Aviation (Mr. Julian Amery) said the Government was keenly aware of the shock caused by the cancellation of *Blue Water*, particularly to the British Aircraft Corporation and its employees.

The Government's decision had been made because of the necessity for further economies in the defence programme, the increasing number and yield of tactical nuclear weapons which would be available in the later 1960's, and because hopes that *Blue Water* would be adopted by other NATO countries had not been realised. The efficiency of *Blue Water* was not in question, said Mr. Amery.

In reaching its decision the Government weighed very carefully the fact that commitments approaching £25 million had already been incurred on the development of the missile. But to have brought the weapon into service would have cost at least a further £50 million and possibly substantially more.

Replying to Mr. Roy Mason (Barnsley), the Secretary of State for Air (Mr. H. Fraser) said the Royal Air Force's transport force consisted at present of 23 *Britannias*, 11 *Comets*, 48 *Hastings*, 28 *Beverleys*, 12 *Valettas*, 10 *Argosies*, 12 *Pioneers*, 27 *Twin Pioneers*, 4 *Pembroke*s, 26 *Whirlwinds*, 10 *Sycamores* and 18 *Belvederes*.

Mr. Mason was told that in the year ending on 30 September, 1962, Royal Air Force Transport Command had flown 950 Servicemen home from the Middle and Far East for treatment of illness or serious injury. During the same period, 534 soldiers were evacuated by air from Rhine Army for medical reasons.

In reply to Colonel Sir Richard Glyn (Dorset, North) the War Minister (Mr. John Profumo) said that in the last ten years the Army had held three exercises involving two or more divisions and the use of tactical nuclear as well as conventional weapons. These were all in Germany. Exercises involving only one division had been more numerous. It was normal practice in exercises of this type for the umpires to assess casualties in relation to the weapons assumed to have been used.

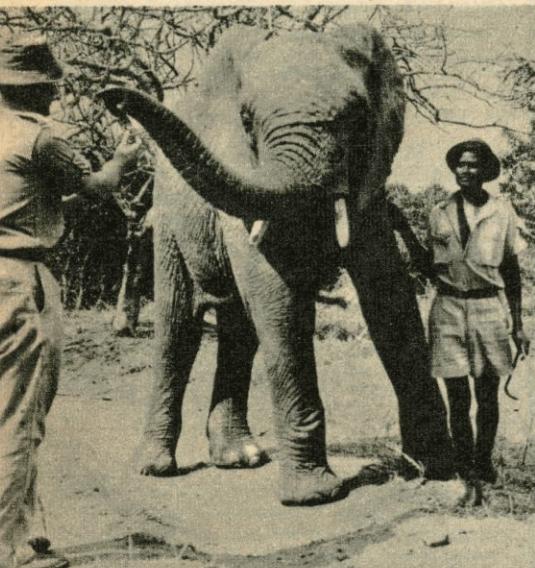
Mr. Fraser told Mr. Mason that British United Airways had held, since 1 October, 1961, the contract for normal trooping between the United Kingdom and Germany and over the last 12 months an average of 314 flights per month had been made. During the same period it had been necessary to let some *ad hoc* charters for joint Service trooping to or from Germany to other airline operators. These firms, and the flights their aircraft made in the same 12 months were: Danair 63, Silver City 4, Derby Aviation 22, Cunard Eagle 5, Skyways 15, Lloyd International 9, Tradair 7 and BUA 4.

Relying to a number of questions by Mr. Mason, the War Minister said that in 1961 59 soldiers died in Germany, of whom 45 were buried there. In the Middle East 35 died, and in the Far East, 31. All but one of these were buried locally. During 1961 a total of 151 soldiers died in overseas stations. The cost of moving their bodies home by air would have been about £15,000, this figure not including the cost of providing coffins at the overseas stations, nor the cost of movement within the United Kingdom to the place of burial.



On parade in Tsavo Game Park: 65 men, two Beavers, two Alouettes and 19 vehicles of the Flight, and the game wardens' pets.

## THE AIR CORPS COUNTS THE ELEPHANTS



Sgt Brian Balman, Army Air Corps, feeds a titbit to Samson, elephant pet of a Tsavo game warden.

THE Army can usually turn its hand to most things, but counting elephants was something new. Still, the Kenya Government Game Department wanted to know how many elephants it had in its Tsavo Game Park—and aircraft of 8 Independent Recce Flight, Army Air Corps, were in Tsavo on a tactical mobility exercise. So why not kill two birds with one stone, so to speak?

Elephant counting is not the easiest task the Flight has undertaken. Admittedly, elephants are difficult creatures to overlook, but when there are 15,000 wandering about a reserve, blissfully unaware that a chap 1,000 feet above them is trying to take stock, they are liable to get themselves counted twice. After all, one elephant looks much like another from the air!

The Flight set about its task in business-like fashion, splitting up into three sections. Headquarters and workshop sections stayed at Voi airstrip while the helicopter and Beaver sections set up counting houses among the elephant—and the rhino, lion and buffalo!

As you can't persuade a national park full of elephants to sit still for a while, there is

just one way to tackle the job: quickly! In fact it was done in six days, with the three Beaver pilots, Captain Joe Dance, Lieutenant Jeremy Hope, and Second-Lieutenant Alan Blaxland, packing in 150 hours' flying time between them.

The count was not without co-operation from the tuskers. Men of the Flight awoke one morning to find a herd had invaded the airstrip and was apparently waiting to be counted.

The result of the count—over 15,000—has staggered the Game Department. It reveals that there are far more elephants in the area than was expected and unless they are drastically reduced they will eat some of the other game out of house and home.

For the soldiers, elephant counting provided an ideal tactical mobility exercise. It gave the pilots valuable practice in aerial observation, exercised the Flight Photographic Section, and gave the ground crews of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers experience in maintaining the aircraft under field conditions.

*From a Report by Army Public Relations, East Africa.*

FOR VALOUR **11**

# ASSAULT ON ST. NAZaire

**S**T. NAZaire, 27 March, 1942. A small Commando force steams up the estuary of the River Loire, bent on the destruction of the important dock installations of the German-controlled base. Suddenly a searchlight bites across the water, fixes on the small flotilla, and German defences on both sides of the river open up.

On the bridge of the leading gunboat on that historic raid stood Lieutenant-Colonel Augustus Charles Newman, unflinching as the murderous cross-fire burst about him. Though, as leader, he need not have landed himself, he was among the first ashore,

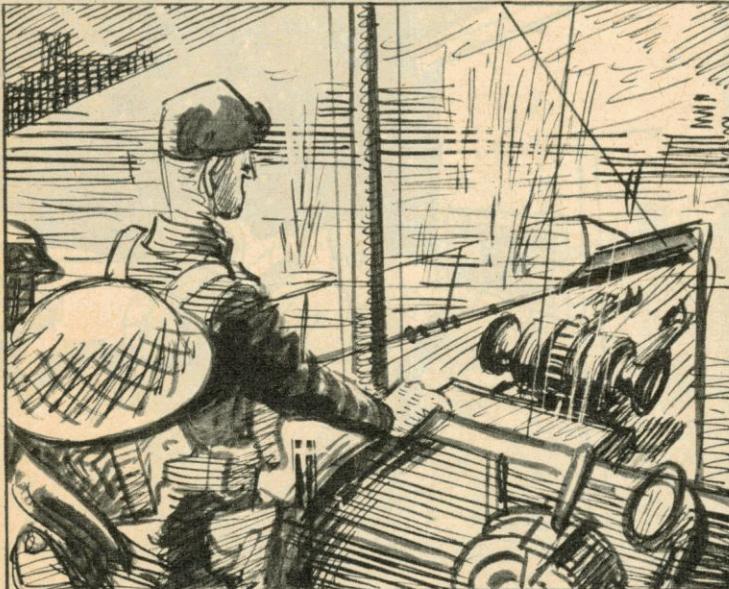
forcing his way into several sniper-occupied houses and shooting up the occupants.

A major problem to the raiders was an enemy gun position on the roof of a U-boat pen. Colonel Newman directed mortar fire against the position so effectively that the gun was silenced. Then, still fully exposed, he directed machine-gun fire at an armed trawler threatening the demolition party in the harbour. The vessel was forced to withdraw and many casualties were prevented.

With the demolition work complete the Commandos' job was done, but by this time evacuation by sea was no longer possible.

Lieutenant-Colonel Newman decided to lead his men into open country.

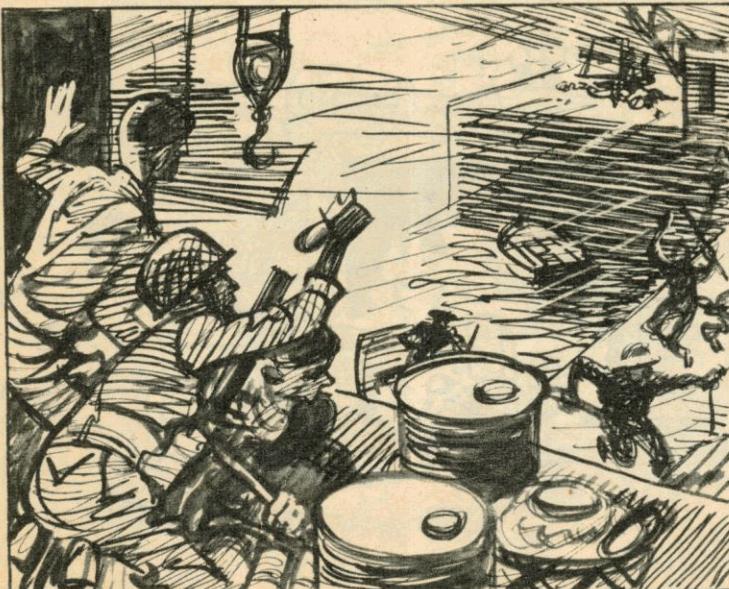
The only way out of the harbour area lay across a narrow iron bridge covered by enemy machine-guns. Though badly shaken by a German hand grenade bursting at his feet, Colonel Newman led the charge across the bridge. The small force fought its way through the streets until all ammunition was gone and was finally overpowered. The citation to Colonel Newman's Victoria Cross says the "brilliant leadership" of this "fearless officer" was largely responsible for the success of the raid.



THE GUNBOAT STEAMS UP THE ESTUARY THROUGH A HAIL OF FIRE.



LIEUT-COL NEWMAN FORCES HIS WAY INTO SNIPER-OCCUPIED HOUSES.



ACCURATELY DIRECTED MORTAR FIRE SILENCES THE TROUBLESOME GUN.



MISSION COMPLETED, COL NEWMAN LEADS THE CHARGE FROM THE DOCKS.



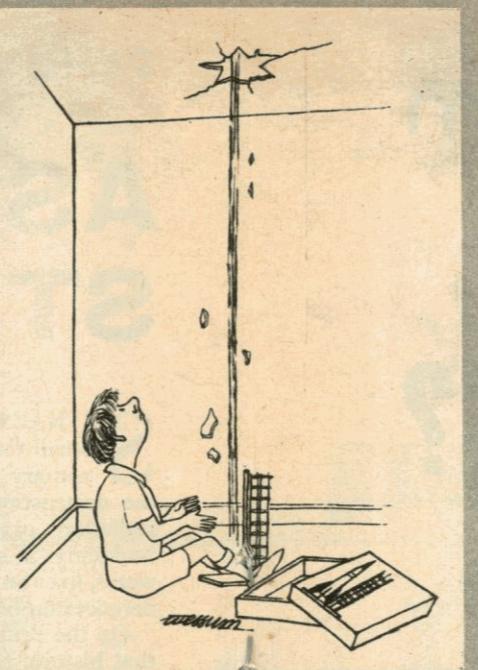
Lieutenant-Colonel

**AUGUSTUS CHARLES NEWMAN**  
THE ESSEX REGIMENT

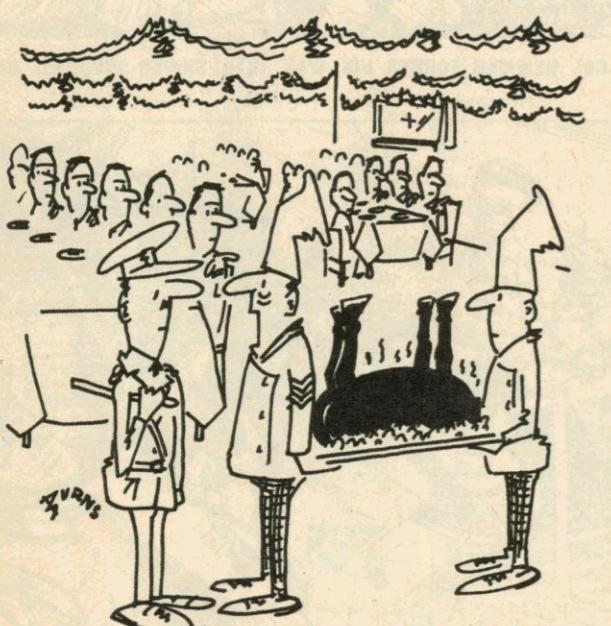
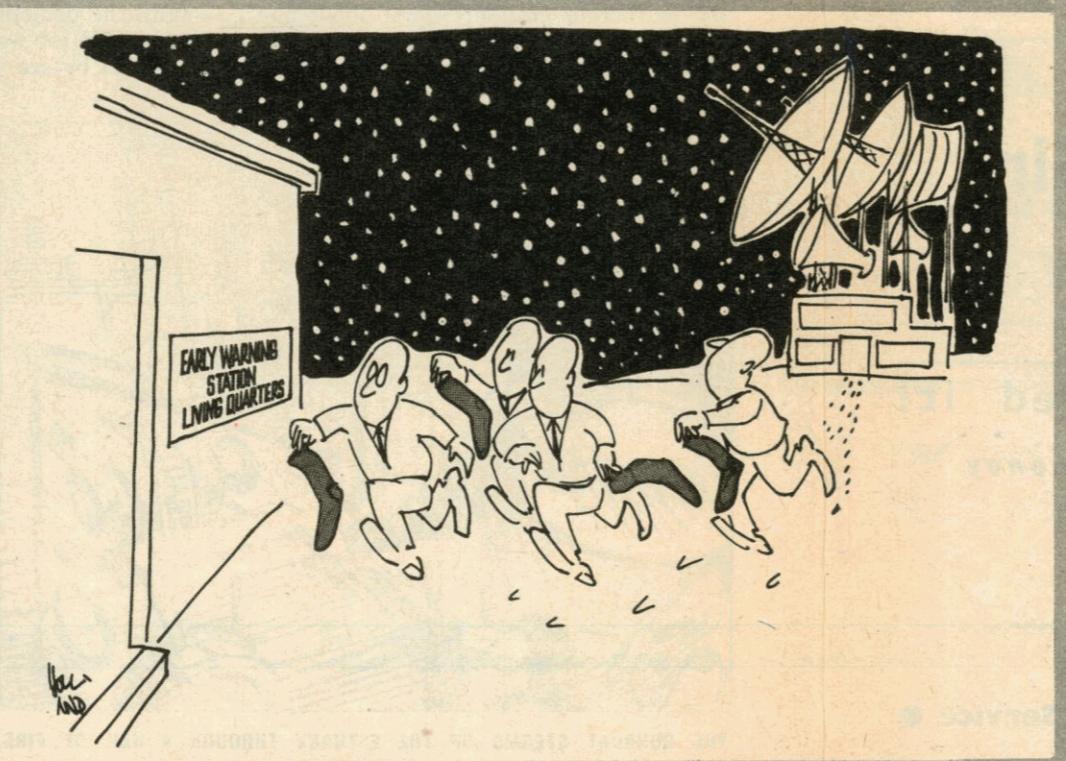


"Can't you wish people a Merry Christmas without slapping them on the back?"

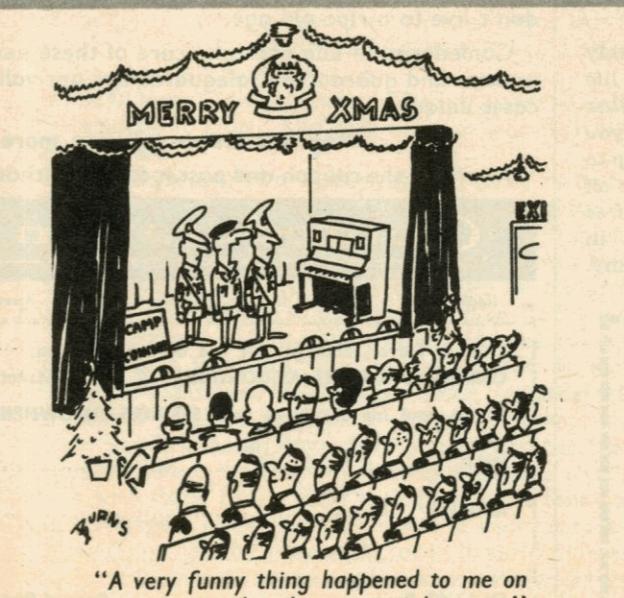
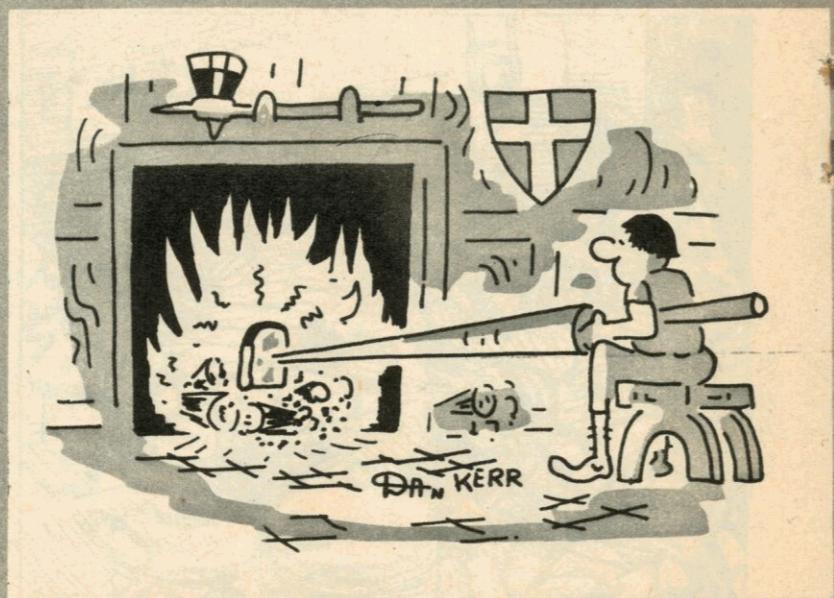
## CHRISTMAS HUMOUR



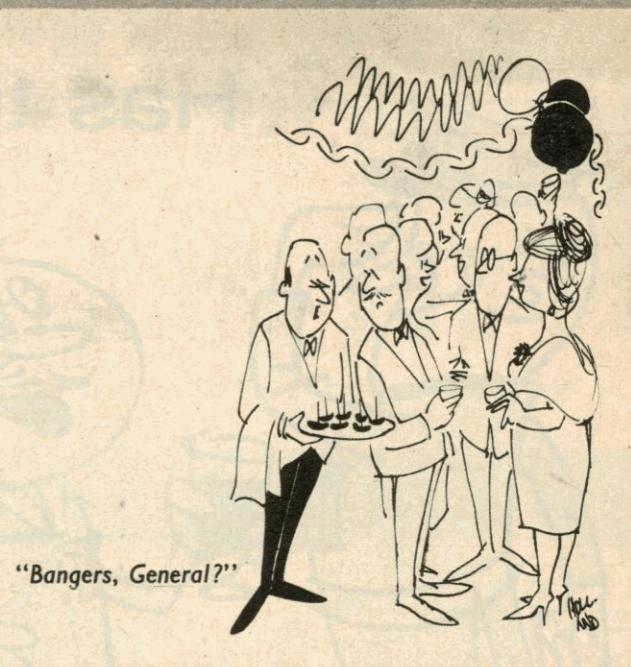
"It's fantastic, sir. This year I didn't get any shaving soap for Christmas!"



"We couldn't get a turkey, sir, so we had to make do with the regimental mascot."



"A very funny thing happened to me on my way to the theatre tonight . . ."



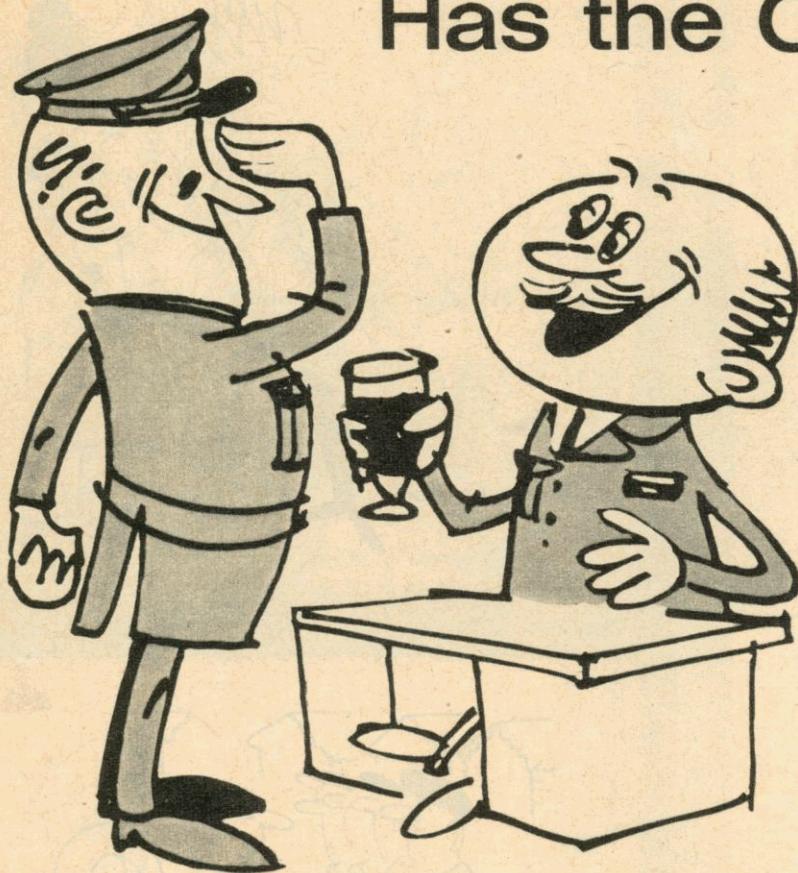
"Bangers, General?"



"And who's the budding Henry Moore?"



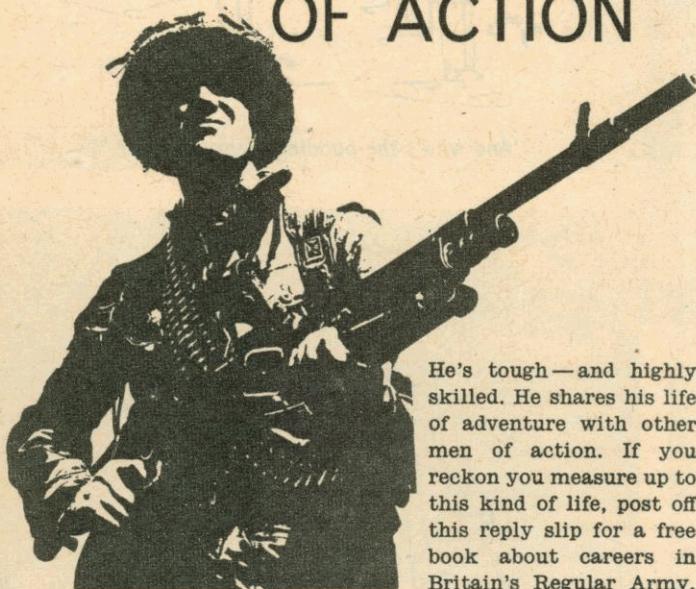
"That's right—520 'Get well' cards . . ."



# Has the Orderly Room for a GUINNESS?

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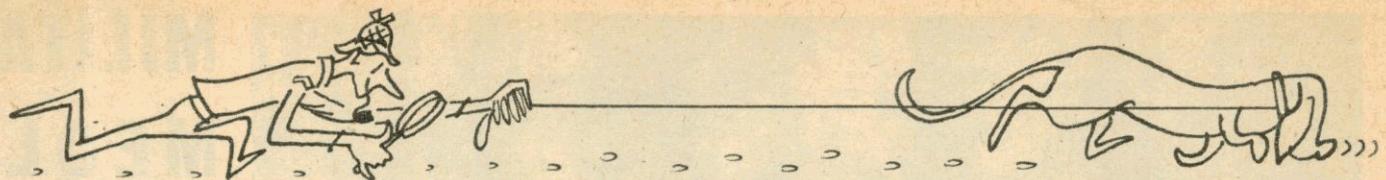
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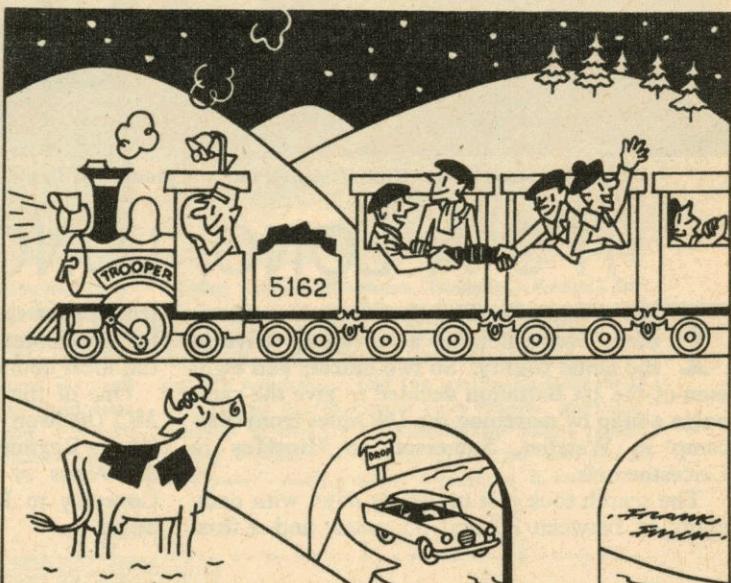
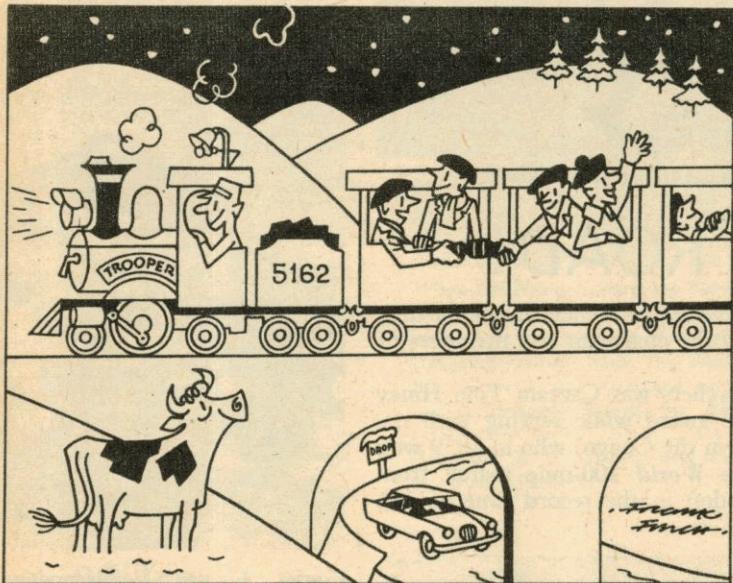
SM.12/62 Rank.....

Date of Birth.....



# 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.



## THE ARMY'S MEDALS

by  
Major  
John  
Laffin

THE Sikh War of 1845-46 was one of the toughest in British battle annals, for the Sikhs were among the finest soldiers we ever met. Tragically, many of the Sikhs had fought side by side with British troops in the advance on Kabul, three years earlier.

Four battles were fought—Moodkee, Ferozeshah, Aliwal and Sobraon. At Moodkee, 84 officers and 800 men were casualties, but this was a minor engagement compared with Ferozeshah, where the Sikhs could not be forced from their entrenchments and the battle raged for two days. It was during this fight that the 80th Regiment (South Staffordshire) made itself immortal by silencing Sikh guns.

Then followed Aliwal, where 10,000 men routed 20,000 Sikhs supported by 68 guns. The 16th Lancers rode right through an enemy square.

Aliwal was a complete victory, but the hardy Sikhs regrouped at Sobraon and made a desperate last ditch stand in 3500 yards of entrenchments. They had 34,000 men with 70 guns, but the British force of 6533 English and 9681 native troops broke them.

Eight thousand Sikhs lay on the field after the battle and many hundreds were drowned in their flight across the Sutlej River.

The impressive design of the Sutlej Medal shows a figure of Victory, with a trophy of Sikh arms at her feet. In the exergue is the name and date of the battle for which the medal was struck. The soldier received bars for subsequent actions.

The 31st Regiment (Royal East Surrey) and the 50th (Royal West Kent) were the only two British regiments to receive the medal with three bars. They took part in all four battles, all within the space of two months, a feat of endurance in itself.

It would be possible for a collector to have 15 different Sutlej medals, with battles named singly and in various combinations, but I have never heard of anybody possessing such a set.

A figure of Victory with a trophy of Sikh arms at her feet is the design on the reverse (left) of the medal, and the dark blue ribbon is edged with red.





Journey's end! The "Tigers" march into the grounds of Lawn Agents House at Hinckley.

## IT'S A LONG, LONG ROAD!

THE "Tigers"—The Leicestershire Regiment—were holding a recruiting drive in the home county. So two officers and eight men of the 1st Battalion decided to give the campaign a fillip by marching the 169 miles from their camp in Watchet, Somerset, to Hinckley in Leicestershire.

The march took just under six days, with daily stints of between 20 and 35 miles, and a final

triumphant six-mile leg to arrive exactly on time for a welcome by the chairman and members of the local council.

One of the marchers was Captain Tom Hiney MC (he won the award while serving with the Ghana Regiment in the Congo) who in 1959 won the *News of the World* 100-mile march from Coventry to London in the record time of 33½ hours.



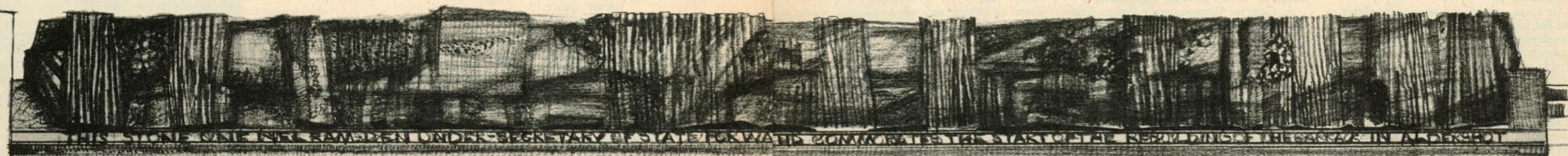
When Typhoon "Wanda" hit Hong Kong, wrecking homes and blowing junks inland, a 2½-ton Decca wind-tracking set stayed put on its perch overlooking Kowloon at the Royal Observatory Radio Sonde Station. Four soldiers breathed a sigh of relief, for they had worked against the clock to bed down the radar "dish" before the typhoon hit the Colony and make it available for tracking "Wanda's" path. Lieutenant J. Barclay and Staff-Sergeant G. J. Magee, both of 50 Command Workshop, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, directed the delicate operation of manoeuvring and securing the "dish" and were helped by a Coles crane and its crew of Lance-Corporal Robin Petty and Sapper Walter Nelson, of 54 Independent Field Squadron, Royal Engineers.

## MILITARY MEDLEY



Cypriot Kotsios Hadjigeorgiou, former goalkeeper of Anorthosis, Cyprus' champion football team, is up and out on the road at the crack of dawn five days a week. He drives NAAFI's first refrigerated meat lorry and in four months has covered 13,000 miles carrying fresh joints from the Central Butchery in Famagusta to Service clubs and shops. On three days his route takes him to Episkopi, Akrotiri, Limassol and Berengaria, and on the other two days he calls at Nicosia, Larnaca, Dhekelia, Richmond Village and Pergamos. The £3,000 van carries a load of nearly four tons which includes meat, locally-made sausages, poultry, frozen fish, cheeses, pies and fats.

## IT WAS TOO LONG (76 FEET) AND TOO HEAVY (70 TONS) TO



WHAT is thought to be the biggest-ever commemoration stone—it is 76 feet 9 inches long, 5 feet 6 inches high and weighs 70 tons—was unveiled by the Under-Secretary of State for War, Mr. James Ramsden, at a ceremony in Aldershot.

The unique stone commences both the new Stanhope Lines and the whole rebuilding of military Aldershot. It has been designed by a young artist, Mr. G. W. Mitchell, to express the idea of the Army and its function as an enforcing and protecting body and shows how



### The SSM Retires

An old soldier of more than 30 years' service who is known the length and breadth of Great Britain has just retired from the Army. He is Staff Sergeant-Major 1st Class G. R. A. Beale, Royal Army Service Corps. For the last three-and-a-half years Warrant Officer Beale has been employed in the Officer Documentation Office at the War Office and has travelled 50,000 miles in Great Britain, visiting 400 units of all arms and types. He enlisted as a drummer boy in the 2nd Battalion of The Buffs, was taken prisoner early in World War Two and spent five years in Germany as a prisoner-of-war. Later he served for three years in the Royal Military Police and took part in the Korean and Malayan campaigns.



### But Lance-Jack "Ginger" Soldiers On

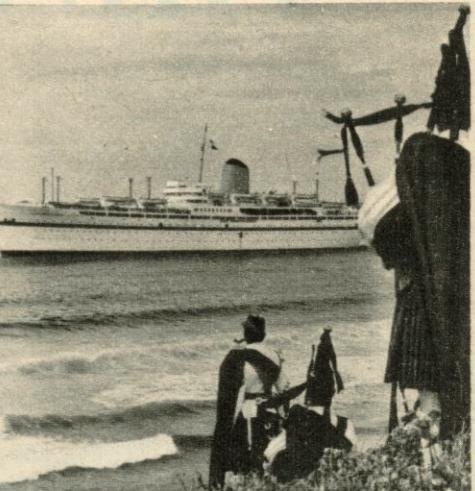
"I'll stay on till they kick me out," says Lance-Corporal Thomas George ("Ginger") Hooper. Lance-Corporal Hooper, who claims to be the oldest soldier in the British Army, recently celebrated his 64th birthday, though he is reputed to be 66. An Infantryman since he enlisted 45 years ago, he joined The Dorset Regiment, transferred to The Devonshire Regiment five months later and remained in the Devons until the amalgamation of the two regiments. Lance-Corporal Hooper is now camp postman and chapel orderly at The Wessex Brigade's headquarters in Honiton. Picture shows Major-General J. H. Cubbon, Commanding 43 Wessex Division/District, talking to Lance-Corporal Hooper and 15-year-old Junior Drummer Alan Aspinwall.

## BE LAID, SO THIS FOUNDATION STONE HAD TO BE UNVEILED

## GOODBYE TO TWO MORE TROOPERS



When the *Nevasa*, carrying Servicemen and their families, put in at Famagusta, Cyprus, on her final voyage, it was, too, the last occasion on which a troopship would visit the island. The 20,527-ton *Nevasa* was accorded an official farewell by Lieutenant-General Sir Richard Anderson DSO (GOC-in-C, Near East Land Forces), Brigadier J. H. Gibbon and Lieutenant-Colonel G. W. P. Fisher.



Sailing out of Mombasa Harbour, Kenya, for the last time, the 20,500-ton *Oxfordshire* received a typical Highland farewell from the Pipe Band of the 1st Battalion, The Gordon Highlanders, playing her out from a cliff top overlooking the bay. Aboard the *Oxfordshire* were officers, men and families of the 1st Battalion, The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, returning home after two and a half years' distinguished service in Kenya.



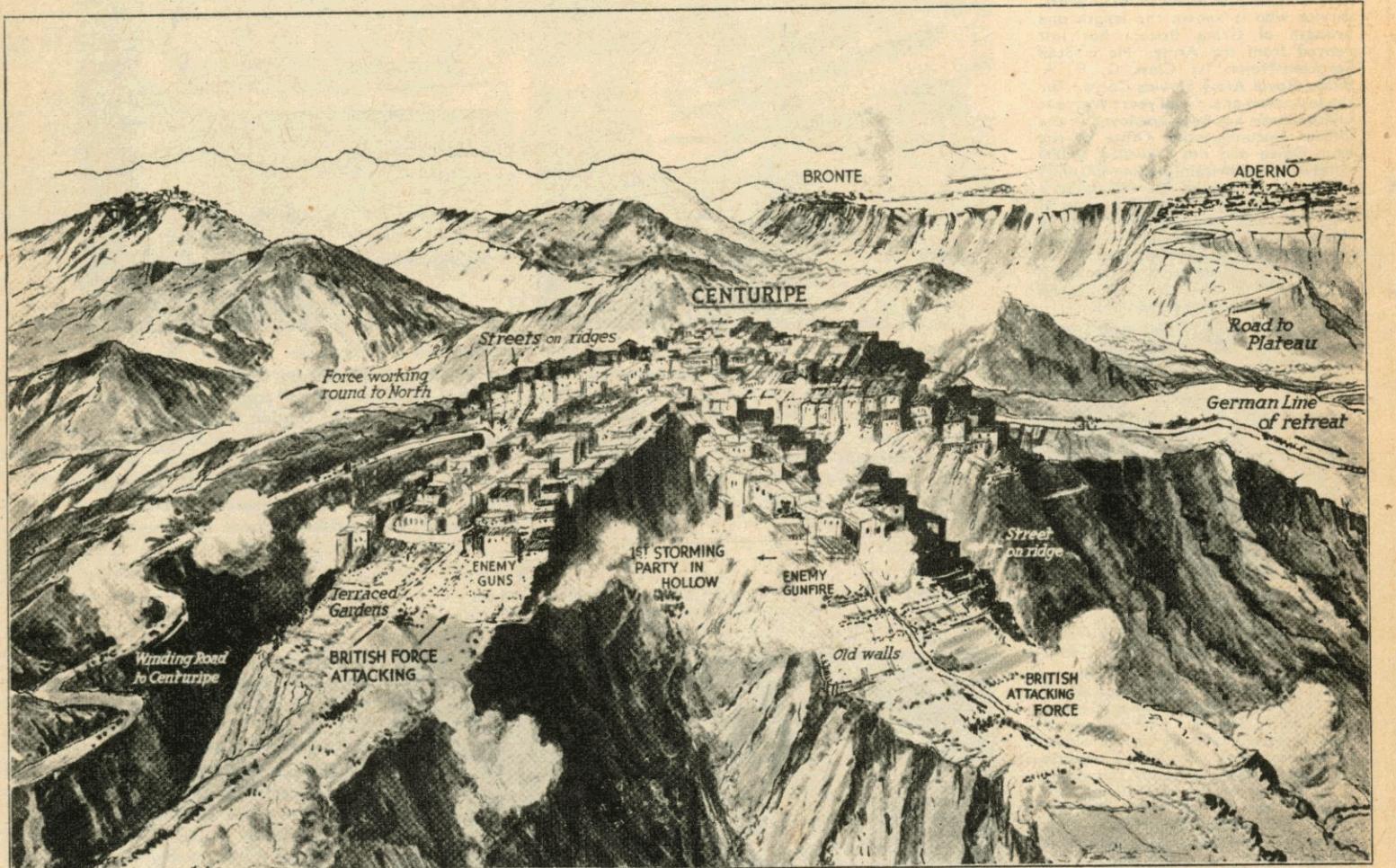
Seventy-three-year-old Mr. Isaac Ellis, of Tudeley, near Tonbridge, Kent, leads a busy life keeping the wheels turning. Besides making wheels for farm implements and repair work, he has an exclusive commission to meet the needs of the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery. One of his recent orders was to build 82 new gun carriage wheels, all with rims of ash and spokes of oak. Picture shows Mr. Ellis, who has been a wheelwright for 52 years, tightening up the hub bolts to hold the spokes in place before the fellows (rims) are fitted.

the Army, influenced by wars, conflicts and changes, continues to emerge stronger and better throughout its history. The striped panels in this artist's impression symbolise the regimental pattern of Army tradition and the absorbing of other patterns. The events of history

which disrupt the set pattern are shown by the cutting through of the rugged texture, the Army always emerging again as an orderly body. The stone is made of pre-cast concrete into which has been inserted brick and rubble from the old barracks on the same site.

## THE STORMING OF

## CENTURIPE



Centuripe Ridge, the bristling natural fortress from which, in 1943, the Germans had to be pried.

After five years and 60 historic battles, *SOLDIER*'s Hours of Glory series, originally intended to run for only 12 months, comes to an end, temporarily at least. This popular series has spanned some 250 years of British Army history, covered most of its major actions up to the end of World War One, and the majority of its regiments.

In these articles the sterling qualities of the British soldier have been underlined—Cavalryman, Infantryman, Gunner, Sapper, tradesman, in disaster and triumph, in attack and retreat; in many parts of the world and in every extreme of climate and terrain.

Possibly the outstanding quality, as revealed in this series, is the sheer dogged courage of the average British soldier. He has not always been well led. Too often he has had a place in an appallingly "thin red line"; too often the battle tactics laid down for him have been suicidally unimaginative—frontal assaults on positions that might have been outflanked at little cost.

But his courage has carried him through to massive triumphs. The story of the

British Army in battle is, in fact, an epic of courage in the face of adversity.

To wind up the present series, Hours of Glory moves for the first time into World War Two. The battle—Centuripe, in Sicily, in 1943. Centuripe has been selected because it illustrates, as vividly as any action in Army history, the readiness of British troops to "have a go at the impossible."

As General Montgomery's Eighth Army, moving up from the south, approached the sprawling mass of Mount Etna in those blazing July days, and halted in the shadow of the sheer crags of the Centuripe Ridge, the German-held fortress appeared to be impregnable. "The task looked too much for any troops to undertake," wrote Eighth Army's Chief of Staff, General de Guingand.

The fortress town of Centuripe crowned the topmost point of a 2000-feet razor-backed ridge whose precipitous sides swept down into the surrounding ravines. The only approaches across the 6000 feet from foot to summit were one steep, winding road with perilous hairpin bends, and three rough mule tracks. First impressions were that it

was a job for experienced rock-climbers. And the final hazard was the inevitable encounter with some of the toughest German troops in Sicily—men of the Hermann Goering Panzer Division and the 3rd Parachute Division, who held Centuripe and the neighbouring peaks in strength.

Orders found on a captured German officer laid down that Centuripe was the pivot on which the whole German front hinged, and that it was to be held at all costs. But the town, sprawling across the Eighth Army's path, had to be taken if General Montgomery was to operate his "left hook" round the mountain mass of Etna and advance towards Messina.

By 20 July, the British troops were pinned down south of the position, and the Army Commander called for his only reserve division—78 ("Battleaxe") Division, then in North Africa. In the intense heat of high summer this famous division, which had spearheaded the Allied advance into Tunis, moved north across the ridges and ravines of Sicily and by 30 July was within range of the sulphurous fumes of Etna. To this Division, commanded by

General Everleigh, was given the task of taking Centuripe.

With the Germans speedily reinforcing their garrison, every day's delay would add to the hazards of the task, and the General decided to launch his assault at the earliest opportunity—on the night of 31 July. In this wilderness of rock it was impossible for vehicles to operate. Every available mule, military and "civilian," was pressed into service, and much of the ammunition and supplies had to be manhandled as the Division began its advance against this menacing enemy position.

The plan was for 36 Brigade—5th Buffs, 6th Royal West Kents and 8th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders—under Brigadier Howlett to seize an outlying feature on the Centuripe plateau, with 11 Brigade (2nd Lancashire Fusiliers, 1st East Surreys and 5th Northamptons under Brigadier Cass) holding a covering position and 38 (Irish) Brigade (6th Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, 1st Royal Irish Fusiliers and 2nd London Irish Rifles, under Brigadier Nelson Russell) in reserve.

As the Buffs moved up to their start line they were attacked by German parachute troops who emerged after dark from the cover of caves under the ridge. By dawn on 1 August the Battalion was still disorganized, but the Royal West Kents were relentlessly on the move.

During the morning the Highlanders attempted a frontal assault on the hill, and throughout the day they and the Royal West Kents were under heavy machine-gun fire from the peaks and ridges as they probed towards Centuripe.

That night the East Surreys, switched from 11 Brigade, joined the battle, and at daybreak on 2 August attacked a strong enemy force holding the cemetery west of the town. One platoon reached the cemetery, only to find that every tombstone was

a strongpoint. They were driven back and for the rest of the day the Battalion, pinned down on the exposed ridge, was engaged in a small-arms and machine-gun duel with the Germans in the cemetery.

By late afternoon the Royal West Kents and the Highlanders had been hotly engaged for 48 hours and the East Surreys, without food, were still clinging to their ridge. This first attack failed to take the fortress, but it had dented the defences and shaken the enemy. Now it was the turn of the Irishmen who, from their position in reserve, had heard the thunder of battle and gained the impression that Centuripe had fallen. Expecting to be greeted with flowers, they were met instead by a storm of machine-gun fire as they moved towards the ridge.

Their assault was preceded by a barrage from the whole of the divisional artillery. The London Irish, under Lieutenant-Colonel Harry Rogers (now Colonel of The North Irish Brigade) were to attack three commanding peaks on the left flank; the Inniskillings were to use the mule tracks—the highest and roughest approach of all—and the Irish Fusiliers were to move up the twisting road and pass through the East Surreys en route to the cemetery.

Through the August haze the fortress town loomed menacingly atop the long, vast hill as the Brigade began its assault. The London Irish briskly took two of the three hills in their sector, but were held at the third by concentrated machine-gun fire. By 9 am "C" Company of the Inniskillings, under Major Savage, had reached the last crest in front of the main mountain, which reared 500 yards ahead. Here they came under a hail of fire from a flanking hill from which "D" Company failed, in a gallant attempt, to dislodge the enemy.

Here was the crisis, with every route to Centuripe apparently blocked. Major Savage made a bold decision. Pulling his com-

pany off the track, he set them scaling a steep, high cliff. With the sure-footedness of trained mountaineers, the "Skins" swarmed up the sheer rocks and, appearing over the crest like Wolfe's men at Quebec, gained a precarious footing on the outskirts of the town. "A" Company, following up swiftly, swept through them and disengaged into the narrow, cobbled streets.

Away across the valley the "Fauchs" (The Royal Irish Fusiliers), toiling up the hairpin road under fire, were immensely heartened to see the Inniskillings scaling the heights and entering the outermost buildings of Centuripe. At 8 pm they launched their own major assault, and with the ringing cry, "Up the Fauchs!" "D" Company, led by young Captain Billy Hanna, surged up the hill and disappeared into the dusk.

The attack, during which Hanna was killed, was halted by intense fire from the cemetery and neighbouring strongpoints, and on this narrow, bullet-swept front, "C" Company followed up under cover of darkness. Their comrades below listened to the din of battle and the distant shouting, and at midnight raised a cheer at the sight of success signals flaring from the peak. In a final dash, "D" and "C" Companies had reached their objective simultaneously. "The place was a shambles," wrote an officer, "littered with dead bodies of Boche and the bones of long-deceased Sicilians blown from their resting-places inside the smashed tombs."

For the "Skins" and the "Fauchs" there followed several hours of savage street fighting against German Infantry and tanks, but by dawn on the 3rd the place was cleared and the Irish Brigade held the heights. The storming of Centuripe was everywhere acclaimed. Mr. Churchill announced it a few hours later, amid cheers, in the House of Commons. Reuters' correspondent described it as "one of the greatest achievements in storming almost impregnable heights" and General Alexander as "a particularly fine feat."

"It will for ever spell valour," wrote General de Guingand. Lieutenant-Colonels T. M. Grazebrook and B. H. Butler, commanding the "Skins" and the "Fauchs" respectively, were each awarded an immediate Distinguished Service Order and praised officially for their personal courage and inspiring leadership.

For the Inniskillings in particular, this was a distinguished day in a distinguished history. Of Major Crocker, who led "A" Company, the official dispatch said: "After leading his company up an almost vertical cliff into the centre of the town, he continued to display conspicuous gallantry and leadership in the hand-to-hand fighting. Although wounded and suffering from loss of blood, he remained with his company throughout the night until the enemy withdrew."

There was still some hard fighting to come in Sicily, but with the fall of Centuripe the German line was smashed, with the immediate result that the enemy had to abandon the important port of Catania.

From General Montgomery himself came the highest praise of all for the men who took Centuripe—"Cherry Ripe," as it will always be known to the troops of 78 Division. "This was a feat," he wrote, "which will live in the annals of British arms."

K. E. HENLY

PAGE 27



A view of the entrance to Centuripe, showing one of the steep approaches to the town.





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## MUTINY IN WORLD WAR ONE

**I**N June, 1917, only two dependable divisions stood between the Germans, at Soissons, and Paris, 60 miles away. In 54 French divisions there were units in revolt. The mutiny was one of the best-kept secrets of World War One. Some rumours filtered through to the Germans, but not enough information to enable them to take action.

It was a hideous episode, an object lesson which anyone who aspires to command should study. In "Mutiny, 1917" (Heinemann, 25s), John Williams describes it briskly and thoroughly.

The causes of the mutiny were many. For long, the Press and agents had been busy with subversive propaganda among troops. The revolution in Russia, and its disruptive effect on the two Russian brigades serving in France, fanned the flames. The *pouilles* were battle-weary, after three years of war, and short of leave. Their drooping morale was boosted high by General Nivelle's promises of victory as he prepared his much-vaunted offensive. But again the men saw their battalions shattered against German defences the artillery had failed to soften up—and they cracked.

The mutiny took many forms in its 119 separate incidents of "collective disobedience". Men of two regiments, having lynched some military policemen, seized a train and set off for Paris. They were halted by a rail block manned by Cavalrymen and machine-gunned, and most of the mutineers surrendered.

Though one unit stoned its commander's house and another debagged and thrashed a major, few mutineers showed violence towards their own officers who, they felt, had suffered with them. The major theme of the mutiny was refusal to attack.

Then General Pétain, a quarter of a century later the pathetic old man of Vichy, succeeded Nivelle as the French commander-in-chief. He restored confidence in the high command, made expensive but necessary new leave arrangements, and dealt humanely with the mutineers.

Pétain alone commuted 219 death sentences passed by courts-martial and officially only about 35 mutineers were shot. This figure takes no account, however, of the unnumbered mutineers who were summarily executed by local commanders as an example to the rest, or of the 250 who were driven into no-man's land and wiped out by French artillery, aided by German machine-gunners who thought there was a raid on.

Perhaps the luckiest mutineer was a man named Moulia. He had been condemned to death by court-martial, but as he was on his way to execution a German shell killed his guards, leaving him unharmed. He got clean away and, it was rumoured, he was in Spain 19 years later.

## A PICTURE OF GENERALSHIP

**I**N 1956, SOLDIER proclaimed "Defeat Into Victory," Field-Marshal Viscount Slim's account of the fighting in Burma in World War Two, to be the military book of the year.

A new abridged edition (Cassell, 25s) has suffered little shortening. Though 551 pages have been reduced to 460, much of the difference is due to the use of a more economical type-face.



## "ALEX"

## THE MODEST GENERAL

**T**HE Memoirs of Field-Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis, 1940-1945" (Cassell, 25s) avoids the lengthy accounts of well-worn conferences and campaigns which readers have come to expect from the leaders of World War Two.

Instead, the Field-Marshal and his editor, John North, have evolved a new formula. The book deals independently with the four campaigns with which Lord Alexander was associated—Dunkirk, Burma in 1942, Alamein and Italy. In each case, he takes up the controversies that arose at the time and later, deals with them briskly and forthrightly, introduces some interesting but unknown personal reminiscence and gives a brief analysis of some of his colleagues. The tactical picture in each case is cleverly and concisely presented as a separate commentary on some battle-maps of each campaign. The result is a book that is both readable and very convenient for reference.

"Alex" comes down heavily against those who allege that Field-Marshal Montgomery fought the Battle of Alam Halfa with a plan devised by his predecessor. Not the least of his several reasons is that "the plan devised itself by its obviousness."

He gives weight to the story (denied by Major-General Michael Carver in his "Alamein" — see SOLDIER, November) that a false, planted map caused Rommel to alter his plans for the worse. Field-Marshal Alexander's authority is General von Thoma, the captured commander of the Afrika Corps.

Of Field-Marshal Montgomery, "Alex" says he is unwise to take the credit for his great success as a commander all to himself, calls him "opinionated, ambitious, difficult and not a good mixer" and unsuitable for his self-appointed role as a "political globe-trotter." But these strictures in no way detract from his

Field-Marshal Earl Alexander with Mr. Harold Macmillan, then his Political Adviser, drive through the battered town of Cassino after the fall of the monastery.

good opinion of "Monty" as a commander.

"Alex" joins the American electorate in saying "I like Ike," but assigns General Eisenhower a heavy share in the responsibility for halting the advance in Italy. His admiration for the thrusting, theatrical General George S. Patton—"America's best fighting general"—is far less qualified than that expressed by other British leaders.

In Italy, Field-Marshal Alexander was faced with a rare exercise in diplomacy. At his Supreme Headquarters, Mediterranean, at Caserta, a stalemate was reported—his American staff officers liked all the office windows shut, the British officers liked them open. The Supremo decreed that whoever arrived first in the office would have the windows as he liked them for the day, which brought both contentment and an earlier start to the day's work. In that job, the Field-Marshal needed diplomacy: there were contingents of 26 nations in his command.

On the still-debated question of whether the monastery at Cassino should have been destroyed, Field-Marshal Alexander is very definite: destruction was necessary on military grounds, for its effect on the morale of the attackers, and on moral grounds because "bricks and mortar cannot be allowed to weigh against human lives."

Field-Marshal Alexander not only led two victorious campaigns. He was also the general who rode into Dunkirk on a bicycle and toured the beaches to make sure everyone was off before leaving himself. He was the general who was pitched into Burma at a moment of disaster, quickly decided he could not save Rangoon but could, with luck, save the Burma Army—and did. He was known throughout his commands as a modest man, and this book is a characteristically modest account of his great services.

The blue pencil has been skilfully wielded in the purely military parts of the narrative, leaving those parts dealing with human problems untouched.

The author modestly claims the book is "not an attempt to give the history of a campaign, but to show how, on the anvil of defeat and difficulty, some men hammered out for themselves and

applied those principles of leadership and morale that are basic to success in any great enterprise." Students of tactical detail may want more, but for most readers this remains a great man's worthy account of a dramatic campaign and an honest picture of generalship by one who is not ashamed to say, more than once, "I made a mistake."

# MEN AGAINST MAU MAU

ON the day the Kenya Emergency was declared in 1952, a company of the 1st Battalion, The Lancashire Fusiliers, who had arrived by air the previous night, hustled round Nairobi to show that the authorities meant business. And, like stage soldiers, they gave the impression of strength by appearing several times in the same place.

A few weeks later, the Battalion struck a blow for white prestige at Nakuru by providing the first white team ever to win the local football competition.

The Fusiliers were the first of several British battalions to serve alongside the King's African Rifles and the other local security forces against the Mau Mau. If it all started off, like so many other British operations, with improvisation and an air of unreality, much serious work was to be done before the Emergency ended and 10,000 Mau Mau terrorists were dead. Yet, for the British troops, it was not an unduly dangerous operation compared with others they had experienced.

Some of the troops might say the animals were as dangerous as the Mau Mau, particularly an officer who was charged by rhino five times in two days and dodged with complete success only three times. Even more dangerous than the animals, to subalterns in an area known as Blood Pressure Ridge, were the retired senior officers of all three Services who lived there and were apt to lecture young officers in front of their men and even try to

take charge of the local operations.

Fred Majdalany writes with understanding of the British soldiers' role in "State of Emergency" (Longmans, 25s). This swiftly-moving account of the Mau Mau episode is balanced, colourful and clear. It concentrates on the background and the broad sweep of events and is not, therefore, a book in which to seek accounts of operations by individual units.

The author does give deserved prominence to a small and remarkable unit to which the Army owed much: the Kenya Police Air Wing. This was a group of week-end flyers, mostly former members of the Royal Air Force, who mobilised themselves with private and hired aircraft, later graduating to American light planes. Over the Kenya Highlands, at altitudes where the air was too thin for helicopters, they piloted their little aircraft over forest and moorlands, between dangerous mountain ridges, to seek targets for the troops, to carry messages and drop supplies. They became the eyes and ears of the Army, and friends to troops isolated in the forest.

The operational phase of the Emergency lasted four years. During that time the man behind the Mau Mau movement, Jomo Kenyatta, was in prison. Had they had to seek him, some of the British troops might have hunted with personal knowledge—one of Kenyatta's war-time jobs in Britain was lecturing to the Army.



The Citadel, Briançon, a sinister prison of immense strength set high among snow-clad mountains.

## PRISONERS IN COMFORT

**N**APOLEON BONAPARTE set a lot of new fashions in war, not least in the matter of prisoners. He was the first to hold civilians, and those on his territory when the war broke out became the first of what the 20th Century was to call internees. He made a mock of the traditional exchanges of combatant prisoners, and struck a mortal blow at the custom of "parole."

Professor Michael Lewis has made some penetrating researches into this fascinating and little-known side of the Napoleonic Wars for "Napoleon and his British Captives" (Allen and Unwin, 42s). Since naval prisoners outnumbered soldier prisoners by about three to one, this book is mainly about sailors.

British prisoners received favoured treatment, in theory (though not in practice) as good as that of the Emperor's own soldiers. The British captives were divided into two classes: gentlemen and others. The gentlemen's word of honour could be trusted and they could be given parole; the rest, including the other ranks, were not to be trusted. This was a curious attitude in revolutionary France, where many of the officers were not themselves gentlemen and where officers returned to France from captivity in Britain, having given their word not to fight again in the wars, were promptly put back to combatant duty.

British officers were, with some dishonourable exceptions, scrupulous in observing the conditions of their parole. Those who wanted to escape committed some offence which would get them locked up and thus released from their honourable bond. Those who broke parole to escape were severely dealt with when they got back to England.

Accommodation of the British prisoners was, for the most part, in the great fortresses which were originally built to safeguard France and which lay idle when the Emperor's armies pushed his frontiers far afield. The oddest centre was Verdun, where the wealthier civilians and Service officers led a life of paroled comfort and even gaiety, many of them for the full 11 years from 1803 to 1814. Balls, race-meetings, gambling, clubs and duels kept them occupied.

For the non-gentlemen, particularly the sailor and soldier "other ranks," life was misery indeed. Separated from their officers, on whom they were more dependent than their better-educated counterparts of the 20th century, many deteriorated badly.

The author deals briefly with some of the escape stories, which rank in excitement with those of World War Two. At least 15 British escapers owed a great deal to a Belgian woman "resistance worker." She was arrested and sentenced to death, but survived the wars. It was not until 36 years later that one of the officers she had helped sought her out, found her blind and penniless, and set her up in comfort for the rest of her days.



Men of the Kikuyu Guard at the ready in one of their defensive positions. Note the first ditch outside the wire; this was usually planted with very sharp stakes.

## BURMA REVISITED

**A**RE the Chindits still remembered in Burma? What is life like today in the hills, jungles and valleys where Slim's "Forgotten Army" fought and defeated the Japanese? The answers to these and many other questions can be found in "Return to Burma" (Collins, 25s), by Brigadier Sir Bernard Fergusson DSO.

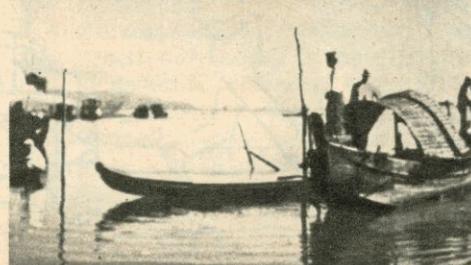
In 1959, within a year of retiring from the Army, Brigadier Fergusson realised the ambition of many an old soldier when, accompanied by his wife, he revisited the scenes of many of his wartime exploits and experiences, already so vividly recorded in "Beyond the Chindwin" and "The Wild Green Earth." The author describes this sentimental and very personal pilgrimage with a wealth of detail, skilfully combining day-to-day incident with memories and reflections in such a way that this finely-written book will prove as fascinating and informative to those who did not serve in Burma as to those who did.

Names like White City, far behind the Japanese lines, Myitkyina, Mandalay and Indaw stand out among a host of other places where British soldiers fought and died. But this is no lightly-constructed travelogue, as into his story the author has woven the threads of Burma's disturbed historical and political background with some of the problems besetting the country today. In contrast are such modern incongruities as a neon-lit pagoda and monumentally inept BBC South-East Asian programmes on such

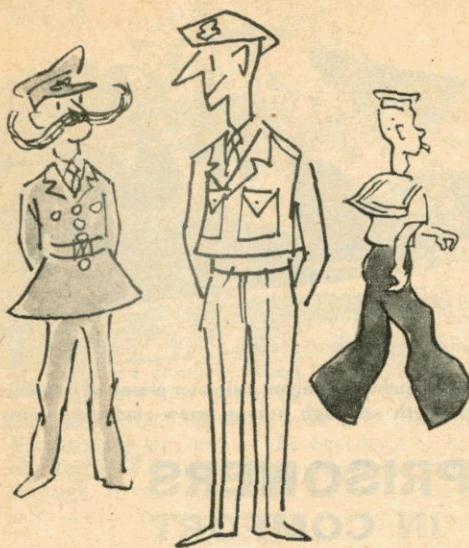
subjects as clinical thermometers and the poet Crabbe.

The book is not all good humour and sunshine. The author discovered cases of grim and cruel reprisals and found that some old comrades had suffered imprisonment or loss of pension through participating in the Karen revolt. During World War Two the loyalty of these courageous people never faltered, and today it still exists.

Brigadier Fergusson writes of Burma and its people with insight, warmth and affection, but perhaps the greatest virtue in this book lies in its descriptive passages of a brave and gentle people and their strangely beautiful land.



Tugyaing: Tun Sein (left) and the author in the boat in which they crossed the Irawaddy in 1943.



## “STRAIGHT UP”

by OSCAR KETTLE

WHEN the Royal Air Force steps out it has got only the size of its whiskers to boast about. The Royal Navy swears by a tiddly blue collar and a tight jumper. But the Army has one asset that beats them all—that knife-edge crease in its pants.

An old soldier will dodge a haircut now and again and, sergeant permitting, he will even forget to stand as close to the razor as he should. But nothing, nothing at all, will ever see him going out of the barrack gates without a crease down his trousers that would not slice the smoke-filled air of a coffee bar.

The soldier has been interested in his trousers for a long time, and being stuck with them he decided to do the only thing you can do with trousers and that is put a crease in them. Being what he is, the crease had to be good.

There are advantages, of course, to wearing trousers. They say that at Waterloo the Scots regiments got such a bashing because the French troops preferred dashing themselves against their hairy knees rather than be cut to pieces by the serried ranks of the English Foot with muskets up and murderous-looking creases pointing straight at them.

Having started this crease business, the boys had to keep it up, and this

has worried many a recruit ever since. With a sharp needle and fingers like leather it is possible to sew in the crease. But without, it is foolish to start. The pants look all right but for weeks afterwards, with every finger bandaged, it is very difficult to throw a dart or raise a pint. And if the lance-corporal is nasty, it is even worse peeling spuds for damaging Government property. Your trousers, not your fingers, I mean.

By far the most used method is the mattress press, popular with all ranks. The mattress is pulled back and the trousers neatly disposed on the springs. The mattress is then rolled carefully back and you are in business, going to your well-earned rest on top with the full knowledge that in the morning you will be one of the best-creased soldiers in the Army.

For guard duties and special occasions the mass production job is best. All the boys in the barrack room can join in. Five or more pairs of trousers are laid neatly crosswise over the top of one barrack room table, then another

table is put upside down on the top and five full kit bags (sorry, SUITCASES!) are piled on the top. The result will bring a satisfied gleam to the eye of the sergeant-major when he reviews the troops in the morning.

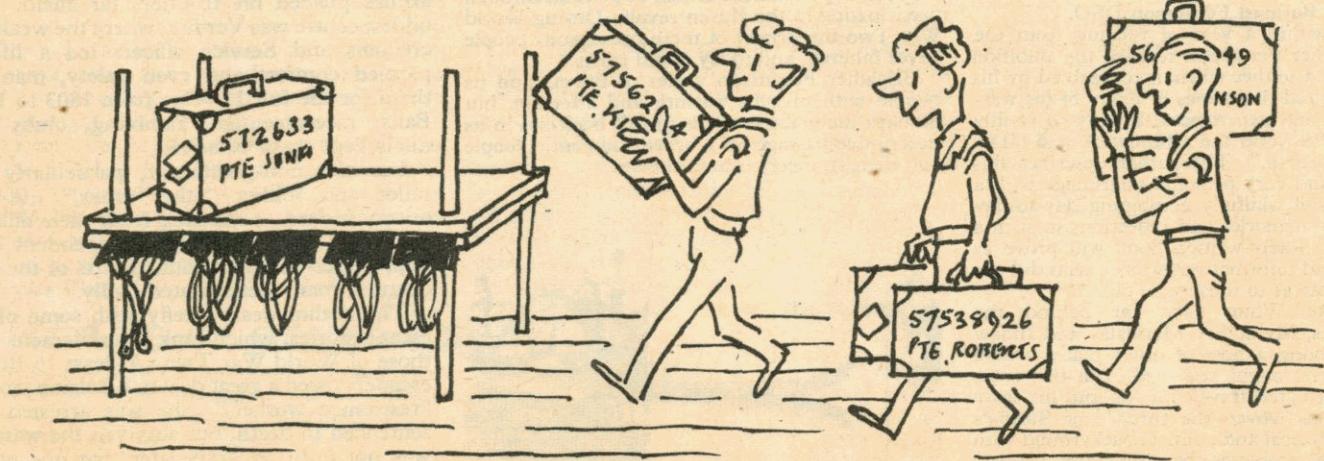
There are new-fangled ideas like



“... difficult ... to raise a pint ...”

electric irons, but what soldier of any spirit wants to slave over a hot iron all day? That way leads to marriage—and you try creasing a pair of battle-dress pants in one of the new caravan married quarters!

“... mass production job ...”



—France  
—France—



**L/Bdr J. Hindle** took the orthodox route through the water, but most riders dodged it, riding round the untaped hazard.

The "wall of death", a feature of this year's Army championships at Pirbright, claims yet another unlucky victim.



# THE WATERSPLASH THAT WASN'T!

**T**HE 1962 Army Motor-Cycle Championships had everything—thrills and spills, hard luck stories, comic episodes—but will probably be remembered as the championships of the watersplash that wasn't.

More than 20 riders had churned through the thick muddy water, climax of the championship, before Corporal Brian Riley, of 288 Regiment, Royal Artillery (TA), arrived on the scene. Spotting that no boundary had been taped round the water, he simply drove round it, finishing dry, clean and penalty-free. The news spread, most of the 80 subsequent riders followed his enterprising lead and the "splash" became the driest on record.

But the other 14 hazards, mapped out among the rugged training area of the Guards Depot, Pirbright, Surrey, gave the Army's top riders plenty to think about. With its zig-zagging "wall of death" hill climb, steep gradients and boulder-strewn gullies, the course was voted the most challenging for some years.

Yet though the machines stay the same—still the pre-war 500 c.c. BSA—the standard of riding continues to improve, and the champion, Staff-Sergeant Steve Johnstone, dropped only four points in a competition in which many riders could take credit for dropping only 40.

This 28-year-old instructor at the School of Electrical and Mechanical Engineering, Borden, had beaten a hoodoo that had dogged him since his first crack at the championships four years ago. First his clutch went, the following year it was a burnt valve, in 1960 there were three punctures and a broken chain, and last year he sprained his back. But his luck changed this year just before the Army event, when, in the six-day

international trials in Germany, he rode brilliantly to finish clear of penalties and earn a gold medal.

Unluckiest rider of 1962 was Private John Jeremiah, of The South Wales Borderers, 22-year-old Rhine Army champion. He dropped only three points on the 15 hazards, but this National Serviceman's chance of success went with the wind on the map-reading section when his map blew away—and the rider he chose to follow missed the route. The 41 points he dropped for being 41 minutes late put him out of the reckoning.

A less costly but more spectacular mishap featured a Royal Marine rider who, travelling at speed, missed a right-hander, tore through a check-point scattering marshals in all directions, and finished in a lake. The Marine, a member of one of two Royal Marine teams competing for special prizes by invitation, extricated his machine and finished the course.

Until the final stages of the competition, Driver Laurie Spackman (23), 1st Training Battalion, Royal Army Service Corps, shared the lead with the winner, but Driver Spackman dropped ten points on the hazards and had to be content with overall second place and the Norton Trophy for the best National Serviceman.

In the team event, however, the tables were turned, with the 1st Training Battalion team—Captain K. Ovenden, Corporal M. Soames and Driver Spackman—winning with 77 penalties, just four fewer than the School of Electrical and Mechanical Engineering team of Staff-Sergeant Johnstone, Warrant Officer M. Noyce and Staff-Sergeant H. Pace.

Best of the 15 Territorial teams in the championships was 3rd Battalion, The Gordon Highlanders, whose top rider,

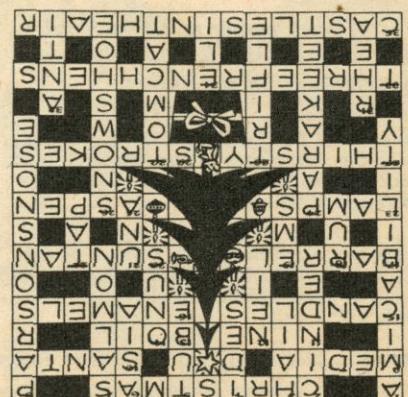
Corporal W. W. Allerton, dropped only 25 points and gained the Holden Trophy as the best Reserve Army rider other than the Norton Trophy winner. Regimental Sergeant-Major A. Timms, last year's winner, gained the Motor-Cycle Industries Trophy as the best Regular Army rider other than the champion.

Though the 15 Rhine Army competitors had a thin time individually, the 7 Signal Regiment team took a silver cup back to Germany by finishing overall third. The cup for the best Royal Signals rider went to the team's leader, Sergeant K. M. Slaughter, who collected only 17 penalties.

Riding in only his second major competition, Sapper Steve Slotin, 38 Corps Engineer Regiment, Ripon, Yorkshire, won the SOLDIER Magazine Shield for the best Regular soldier with under two years' service.

more sport overleaf . . .

**Solution to Christmas Crossword (Page 28).**



# INSPECTORS OF POLICE HONG KONG

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## SPORT continued

# GREEN HOWARDS ON TOUR

HOME from Germany came The Green Howards, their football boots studded and polished ready to tackle the best that Northern and Yorkshire league clubs could provide in opposition. In three weeks' leave that made a normal day's work seem like a convalescence, they travelled 1,540 miles and played 11 matches—winning five and drawing three.

Six of the side also played for York City, and the captain, Private Hugh Watkins, spent the rest of his leave playing for Norwich City on the invitation of manager George Swindin, who travelled 400 miles to see The Green Howards in action. England's amateur selectors also took a close interest.

England trainer Harold Shepherdson, himself a former Green Howard, visited the Yorkshire Brigade Depot at Strensall and kept the players on their toes, bringing with him Ian Gibson, Gordon Jones and Billy Horner from Middlesbrough.

Private Willi Sturm, who plays for the German 1st Division club, Borussia Dortmund, travelled from Germany for two guest appearances. He is at present doing his National Service with the German Army and made friends with The Green Howards while training with them in Iserlohn when he was unable to travel to Dortmund. Another playing guest was Corporal Roy Newson, the Rhine Army and Combined Services goalkeeper.

The tourists received a warm welcome wherever they went, meeting former soldiers of the Regiment, members of The Green Howards Association, the Territorial Battalion, civic heads, and their own families and girl friends during a whirlwind 23 days.



Some of The Green Howards' team being put through their paces by England's Harold Shepherdson.



A trip round the bay was part of the programme of the MCC cricketers when they stayed with the Services during a brief stop at Aden on their way to Australia. The team, which arrived by *Comet* and left aboard the SS *Canberra*, was met at the airport by the Commander of Aden Garrison, Colonel M. N. Harbottle, who captained the Army cricket team only two years ago. Some of the players stayed with him and others were quartered with the 1st Battalion, The King's Own Scottish Borderers. Before their brief visit ended, the cricketers signed many autograph books and autographed two cricket bats which were later raffled among the Forces to raise money for charities. Pictured (from foreground) are Cowdrey, Shepherd, Trueman, Murray, Illingworth, Pullar, Parfitt, Titmus, Bedser, Dexter, Smith, Barrington and, behind, Caldwell, Graveney and an oil company official.



Cpl M. Green, the Army goalkeeper, leaps high to make a timely clearance, with the FA's Christmas (left) and Sadler (jumping) in close attendance.

## THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

HERE were presents for Christmas from the Army footballers in their match against the FA Amateur XI at Aldershot—gift goals for the FA centre-forward, A. Christmas. He seemed to be irresistible and accepted his chances and half-chances promptly, finishing with four goals.

To be fair to the Army, this was very strong opposition in all departments and the home side did well to snatch two second half goals to keep the margin to 6—2. The livewire FA attack had the Army defence at full stretch for much of the game, consequently the Army forwards had a lean time, finding no answer to centre-half Kingsland who (despite many examples of the Christmas spirit) gave nothing away.

Christmas (two) and Terry (the FA's right back!) gave the FA a three-goal interval lead, reduced ten minutes afterwards by the inside-left, Corporal C. Gough (The Parachute Regiment), who pounced on a shrewd pass from his wing. Two quick FA goals from Sadler (Maidstone) and Christmas were followed equally promptly by one for the Army from Lance-Corporal Melling (Coldstream Guards), Christmas scoring again near the end.

## SPORTS SHORTS

ANCE-CORPORAL Brian Brazier, boxing for London, had matters well in hand against E. Fasoli in the match against Rome. Britain's 20-year-old light-welterweight champion had floored his opponent twice and was easily beating him to the punch, cheering up the crowd at the Albert Hall, who saw seven other London boxers beaten and an eighth bout conceded through a failure to make the weight.

Then, in Round Three, the Croydon boxer reeled away from a collision of heads, blood streaming from a cut near his right eye. After a doctor had inspected the injury the fight was stopped and Brazier became London's unluckiest loser. The cut was so bad that Brazier, who is a physical training instructor with The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment at the Canterbury depot, had to miss England's match against Russia two weeks later.

Having beaten the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force, the Indian Air Force hockey team completed an impressive treble by defeating the Army 6—0 at Aldershot. But for sterling work by the Army defence, with WO II W. Williamson outstanding in goal, the score could easily have been astronomical. In the first half the Army conceded only one goal against almost constant pressure. The situation could have got out of hand soon after half-time when the Indians snatched two quick goals, but the Army defenders stuck to their job, succumbing only to moves to which there seemed no answer.

Spectacular plunges into a swollen watersplash and an awkward stile which had to be approached diagonally from a muddy track were the features of a tough cross-country course in the Army's one-day horse trials at Tweseldown, Aldershot. But they presented no terrors for Lieutenant Richard Meade, 11th Hussars, and Barberry, who won the Unrestricted Military Class, beating Sergeant R. S. Jones, Royal Horse Artillery, on Master Bernard (second), and Lieutenant P. T. Connolly-Carew on Ballyhoo (third).

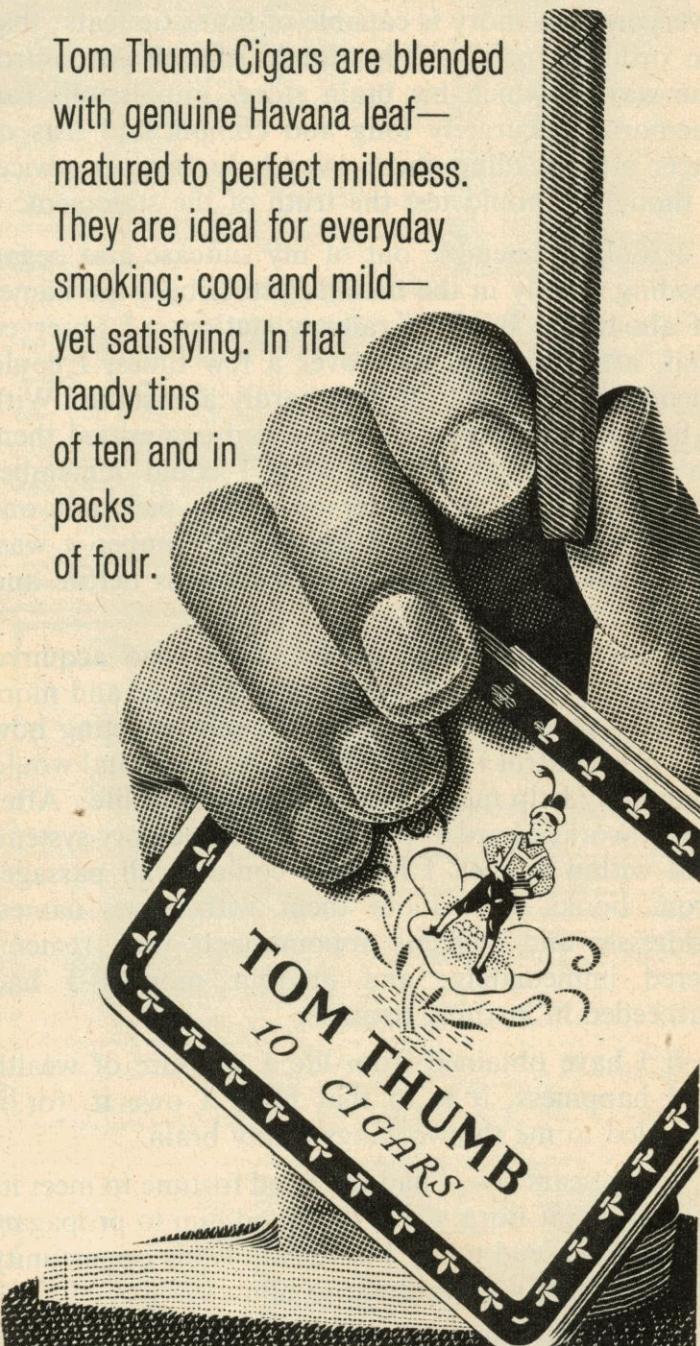
Subsequently, in the Army Hunter Trials, Captain J. R. Templer, on M'Lord Connolly, finished a successful season by narrowly beating Brigadier J. A. d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, on Viking, in the Army open class, with Bombardier R. C. White, King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, on High Hat, third.

The King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, filled first and third places in the inter-unit event, and first and second in the Army novice class. The Royal Army Service Corps, Aldershot, came second in the inter-unit, and third in the Army novice classes.

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# MEMORY UNLIMITED

I JUMPED into the first railway compartment which seemed empty: my eyes fell on a book left on the seat opposite by a previous passenger.

I took it up absent-mindedly and ran through the first lines. Five minutes later I was reading it as eagerly as a clue to a hidden treasure. I learned that everyone's memory is capable of fantastic feats; that an ordinary person if he taught himself to control the way in which his brain stores impressions can memorize accurately long and complicated lists of facts after reading them over only once or twice. I thought I would test the truth of the statement.

I took a timetable out of my suitcase and began reading quietly in the manner prescribed, the names of about one hundred railway stations. I observed that, after reading them over a few times, I could recite the whole list off with hardly a mistake. With a little more practice I found I had committed them so completely to memory that I could remember them in the reverse order and even pick out one station from the list and say which number it was, and what were the names of the towns before and after it.

I was astonished at the memory I had acquired and spent the rest of my journey on more and more difficult experiments in memory, and reflecting how this new control I was achieving over my mind would materially help me to a greater success in life. After this, I worked hard at this wonderful memory system, and within a week I found I could recall passages from books and quote them with ease; names, addresses and business appointments were remembered immediately; and in four months I had succeeded in learning Spanish.

If I have obtained from life a measure of wealth and happiness, it is to that book I owe it, for it revealed to me the workings of my brain.

Three years ago, I had the good fortune to meet its author, G. S. Borg, and I promised him to propagate his method, and today I am glad of this opportunity of expressing my gratitude to him.

I can only suppose that others wish to acquire what is, after all, the most valuable asset towards success in life.

Borg's address is: G. S. Borg, c/o Aubanel Publishers, 14 Highfield Road, Dublin 6, Ireland. Apply to him for his little book, "The Eternal Laws of Success." It is free to all who wish to develop their memory.

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SOLDIER, December 1962



# L \* E \* T \* T \* E \* R \* S

## Bouquet for the Bands

ON Saturday, 22 September, I went to see a display by the massed bands, pipes, drums and dancers of The Royal Scots Greys and The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders in Madison Square Garden, New York City. It was a magnificent performance and every seat in the vast arena was sold out. At present on a tour of the United States and Canada, the bands are due for a return engagement in New York on 3 December, and tickets are already in great demand. I think if more bands of famous British regiments visited these United States more often it would do more for Anglo-American friendship than anything else.

—P. Leventhal, 530 W. 163rd Street, New York 32, USA.

## "Why Are We Waiting?"

During a recent delay in military training my Commanding Officer, who was on exchange duty with the Commonwealth Division in Korea, started to sing a few bars of a song. He stated that he believed it was entitled "Why Are We Waiting?" and that it was supposed to have originated with an airborne unit of the United Kingdom Forces during World War Two. Can SOLDIER tell me anything of its history and where I could obtain a copy of the words and music?

Our unit, an independent airborne company, is part of the United States Army in Alaska.—1st Lt Swift Martin, Co F (Airborne) 1st BG 23rd Infantry, APO 949, Seattle, Washington, USA.

★ This is not, of course, an official piece of military music and the Royal Military School of Music at Kneller Hall has no record of either the words or music of such a song ever having been published. Can any reader help?

## British Swastika

The enclosed photograph may be of interest to SOLDIER's readers, and particularly to the pre-war gunners among them.

Although giving the appearance of an old Nazi tank receiving a direct hit, the photograph actually shows a Dragon towing a 6-inch 26-cwt howitzer in the annual Grose Cup competition for drivers, held at Longmoor Camp,

abolished for enlisted boys aged from 14 to 18 years. I enlisted at 14 and served with The Royal Irish Fusiliers from 1901 to 1910, seven-and-a-half of those years in India, and at that time boys were disciplined by flogging.

The procedure was as follows: The boys of the band and drums were assembled in a barrack room where the adjutant read out the crime for which the boy was arraigned to be punished. After the doctor had examined the culprit, which he did by putting his ear to the boy's chest (a foolish examination, as any boy anticipating a flogging would have his heart beating like a sledgehammer), the boy would be pronounced fit. The culprit was then told to lower his trousers and was spreadeagled by four big boys, or men, on a table with a pillow under him, so that his backside was elevated. Then the bass drummer, using a regimental cane and counting aloud, gave twelve vicious strokes, causing weals to rise as thick as a man's finger.

I witnessed many of these floggings as a drummerboy, and the reason given for these floggings was that they were not entered on the individual's conduct sheet, thus it was kept clean until a boy reached man's service at the age of 18.—J. E. Harrington, 1934 Mission Avenue, San Diego 16, California, USA.

## Green Beret Boys

May I say how much we, the Army personnel serving with 3rd Commando Brigade, Royal Marines, enjoyed your main feature in the September issue of SOLDIER concerning the training of 29 Regiment, Royal Artillery, for its Commando role?

However, we know that you will wish to correct a small inaccuracy that appeared in the heading to the feature which said: "Sixteen years ago the Army lost its Commandos. But today an Army badge again rests firmly on that proud green beret." In fact five Army badges, those of the Royal Engineers, Royal Signals, Royal Army Service Corps, Royal Army Ordnance Corps and Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, have continued to grace the green beret throughout these years.

These badges belong to the four officers, two warrant officers and ten rank and file who make up the element of Army ranks serving with the Headquarters of 3rd Commando Brigade, Royal Marines.

Before joining the Brigade each man earned his right to wear the green beret by joining a Marine trainee squad and completing the Commando course at Lympstone. After this he was posted to the Brigade and could expect to complete a tour of three years with Commandos before returning to his

Corps. Each man is a specialist, not just in his own trade, but in all the services provided by the Corps he represents. He must also master in a short time the procedure of his equivalent branch in the Royal Navy, and be able to provide for the Royal Marines "the best of both worlds" in technical service.

On behalf of this select band I should like to welcome 29 Commando Regiment to Commando service, and in particular 145 (Maiwand) Battery to 3rd Commando Brigade, Royal Marines.—Capt M. N. V. Duddridge, RASC, 3rd Commando Brigade, Royal Marines, Sembawang, c/o Fleet Mail Office, Singapore.

## Cap Badges

While reading the December, 1961, issue of SOLDIER recently we noticed with interest Mr Stanley S. Cook's letter on the loss of their old cap badges by many of Britain's famous old Infantry regiments.

As Infantrymen ourselves, we think that the old badges should have been retained and the new brigade badges used as collar badges, a simple enough solution to any problem of identification.

In a changing world we fully appreciate that a regiment must undergo many changes itself, but losing its cap badge must have been a very bitter pill for many a fine old regiment to swallow. Although it could have been worse, we suppose, in that they might have been given mere numbers.—"Two more Footsloggers," 3rd Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment, Brisbane, Australia.

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

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



## Old Soldiers . . .

I wonder if any of SOLDIER's readers can better the proud record of 19052 Regimental Sergeant-Major G. W. Brown DCM, now of Redhills Hospital, Exeter?

George Brown enlisted in the Royal Engineers in 1884 and served as a boy bugler throughout the Nile Expedition of 1884-1886. During the South African War he gained the rank of sergeant and saw action at Belmont, Modder River, Magersfontein, Zuikerbosch

OVER . . .

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Hampshire, in 1934. The swastika was, at that time, the battery sign of 4 Battery, 2nd Medium Brigade, Royal Artillery, but later, owing to the activities of Hitler, it was changed to a four-leaf clover.—C. Hobson, 48 Brighton Road, Godalming, Surrey.

## The Bad Old Days

According to Mr W. H. Bidmead's letter (SOLDIER, August) flogging was abolished in the British Army in 1846. I should like to know when flogging was

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## more letters

and elsewhere. Rejoining in 1914, he served throughout World War One and in 1917 won the Distinguished Conduct Medal before Arras.

Today, at the ripe old age of 92 plus, he must stand fair to being the oldest living holder of the DCM in the country but, even if this is not so, George is the most charming and gallant old soldier I have ever encountered.—A. MacDonald Bell, 14 Iona Avenue, Exmouth, Devon.

## Four In One

I enclose a photograph of Mr Alexander Sinclair Duffus, who served with the 2nd Battalion, Seaforth Highlanders, from 1926 to 1934, and four of his sons, all of whom are at present serving as Regular soldiers with The Queen's Own Highlanders (Seaforth and Camerons).

Sergeant Alexander Duffus, Corporal David Duffus and Private John Duffus all enlisted in the Seaforth Highlanders before the Regiment's amalgamation with The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, and Junior Drummer James Duffus joined The



Highland Brigade Junior Soldiers Wing at Fort George last September. Nor is this all, for there are two other young boys at home and Mr Duffus will be very happy if they follow in their father's and brothers' footsteps and in due course join The Queen's Own Highlanders.

Are there any other instances in the Army today of four brothers serving as Regular soldiers in the same regiment? —Maj H. Barker, Regimental Headquarters, The Queen's Own Highlanders (Seaforth and Camerons), Cameron Barracks, Inverness.

## Thanks!

May we use the columns of SOLDIER to thank all the units who so kindly helped us recently with our school project on “The British Army”? It was a great success and, as far as the children were concerned, the best part of any day was when the postman called with replies to the letters they had written to various regiments. We are indeed grateful for all the help given us, and would like to assure the units concerned that the badges, buttons,



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flashes, books etc., that they sent us, were put to very good use.

Our thanks also are due to SOLDIER for all the information we were able to find in its pages.—B. M. Lazarus, BFES Cromwell School, c/o 35 Corps Engineer Regiment, BFPO 36.

## Accident Insurance

It may be of general interest to SOLDIER's readers to know that the Corps of Royal Military Police Association has recently adopted an accident insurance scheme whereby all life members can receive benefits from £40 to £200 at no extra charge to themselves. Any former members of the Corps who are not life members of the Association should contact the secretary at Inkerman Barracks, Woking.—Lieut-Col M. A. Ransome (Rtd), Regimental Headquarters, Corps of Royal Military Police, Woking, Surrey.

## Collectors' Corner

Cpl D. Harrison, RAF, 18/6 Castle Street, Gibraltar.—Worldwide stamp exchange, all letters answered.

P. Richards, 110 Clinton Street, Goulburn, New South Wales, Australia.—World War Two firearms, edged weapons, helmets, uniforms, etc.

L. J. Parslow, 29 Pittlesden, Tenterden, Kent.—Exchange Vols I, II and III “Connaught Rangers” regimental history, for 1933-34-35 issues of the “Ranger”, cap badge, collar badges and numerals of Connaughts, or caubeen and pipers badges of The Royal Irish Fusiliers.

J/T R. Gorringe, Staging Flight, Royal Air Force, Eastleigh, BFPO 10.—British Army cap badges.

C. W. Mann, Hop Grove Farm Cottage, Malton Road, York.—Fur cap and Glengarry grenades of all nine fusilier regiments.

R. G. Coleman, 5 Somerfield Road, Bloxwich, Walsall, Staffs.—All types of bayonets.

## HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(see Page 23)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1. Cowl over headlamp. 2. Position of number on tender. 3. Middle tree on hilltop. 4. Right lapel of second soldier from left. 5. Left end of roof of first coach. 6. Lines on car radiator. 7. Cliff edge near front of car. 8. Height of locomotive's dome. 9. “A” in “Frank.” 10. Cow's tail whiskers.

## PRIZE WINNERS

Prize winners in SOLDIER'S Competition 52 (September-crossword) were:

1. Maj D. M. Robertson, Royal Military College of Science, Shrivenham, Wilts.

2. S/Sgt T. M. Brown, 5 Inf Wksp, REME, BFPO 20.

3. Cpl J. Sloan, “D” Coy, 1st Bn The Black Watch, School of Infantry, Warminster, Wilts.

4. Mrs. Sheelagh Taylor, 42 Goodwood Road, Sussex Estate, Singapore 5.

5. Sgt H. R. Yates, RNZA, HQ Papakura Camp, Auckland, New Zealand.

6. Sgt R. Hurst, RAPC (TA), 93 Rydal Avenue, Ramsgate, Kent.

The correct answers were: Across—

1. Saracen. 4. Aspries. 9. Leer. 10. Fife.
11. Cutlass. 15. Chieftain. 17. Inshore.
18. Titania. 19. Ares. 20. Alun.
21. Quoi. 22. Akin. 24. Tsar. 27. Atte.
30. Eugina. 31. Briefly. 32. Centurion.
35. Russian. 37. Ache. 38. Hamm.
39. Equerry. 40. Accuses. Down—1. Saladin. 2. Reel. 3. Esquire. 5. Set sail. 6. Ruin. 7. Sherman. 8. Golf.
11. Chorister. 12. Tees. 13. Atta.
14. Situation. 15. Chaotic. 16. Nankeen.
23. Mediates. 25. Annular. 26. Rats.
27. Abri. 28. Triadic. 29. Dynamos.
33. Used. 34. Thru. 36. Bats.

## REUNION

The Royal Dragoons (1st Dragoons). Social Club Reunion, Saturday, 8 December, at TA Centre, Albany St. Barracks, NW1. Particulars from Maj C. W. J. Lewis MBE, Hill House, Beckenham Lane, Bromley Kent.

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