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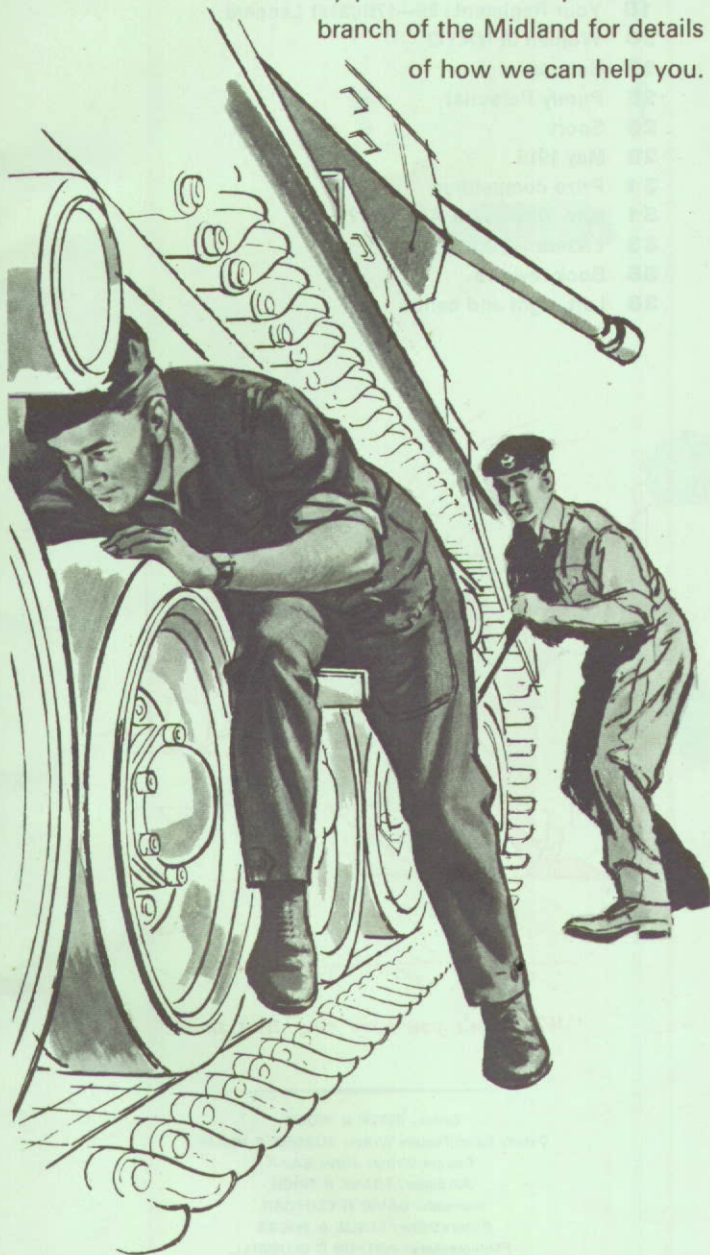
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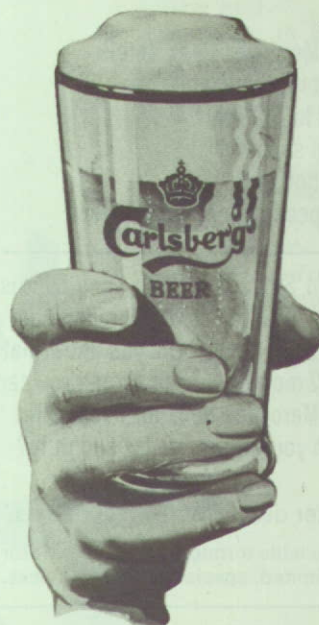
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SOLDIER

MAY 1965

Volume 21, No. 5

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"Why don't you keep your trap shut!"

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In famous battles past, the British Cavalry's spirited charges shattered enemy armies weakened by the Infantry. Now the Cavalry, minus bugles and pennants, plus the *Malkara* missile, is set to jump and fight beside airborne Infantry

MAILED FIST AND RED BERET

THE buccaneers of a new airborne Cavalry unit have lifted the dash and drama of old-time horse soldiering into the 20th century. Men of The Parachute Squadron, Royal Armoured Corps, wear the red beret with a "mailed fist" cap badge and sport the motto "Go anywhere, do anything" with a touch of the Balaclava spirit. Their weapon is *Malkara*, long-range destroyer of tanks.

This two-hundredweight missile is launched and guided from a lightly armoured *Hornet* vehicle by a crew of three. It is phenomenally accurate and will deliver a high-explosive deathblow to any tank in the world.

After an initiation ritual that began a year ago at the Airborne Forces Depot, Aldershot, the Squadron has been fully integrated in 16 Independent Parachute Brigade Group. The vital operational role is to protect a brigade landing with an anti-tank weapon capable of neutralising enemy armour.

The three launcher troops are equipped with the *Hornet* and are supported by administrative and reconnaissance troops and a Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers workshop. Last month one of the

Story by JOHN SAAR

Pictures by FRANK TOMPSETT

Charge of the height brigade. Troopers from many tank and Cavalry regiments jump from a *Hastings* in a Parachute Squadron practice drop.



RAF parachute instructors call it mind over matter: "We don't mind and you don't matter."

troops left the Squadron for duty overseas. Exercises in France, Kenya and Libya will keep the balance of the Squadron enviably busy this year.

The Parachute Squadron owes its existence to the Cyclops Squadron of 2nd Royal Tank Regiment which worked for two years to prove the weapon's "parachutability" before returning to conventional tank warfare in 1964. To the *Malkara* addicts from this source was added a nucleus of 30 men from the disbandment of the SAS-trained Special Reconnaissance Squadron.

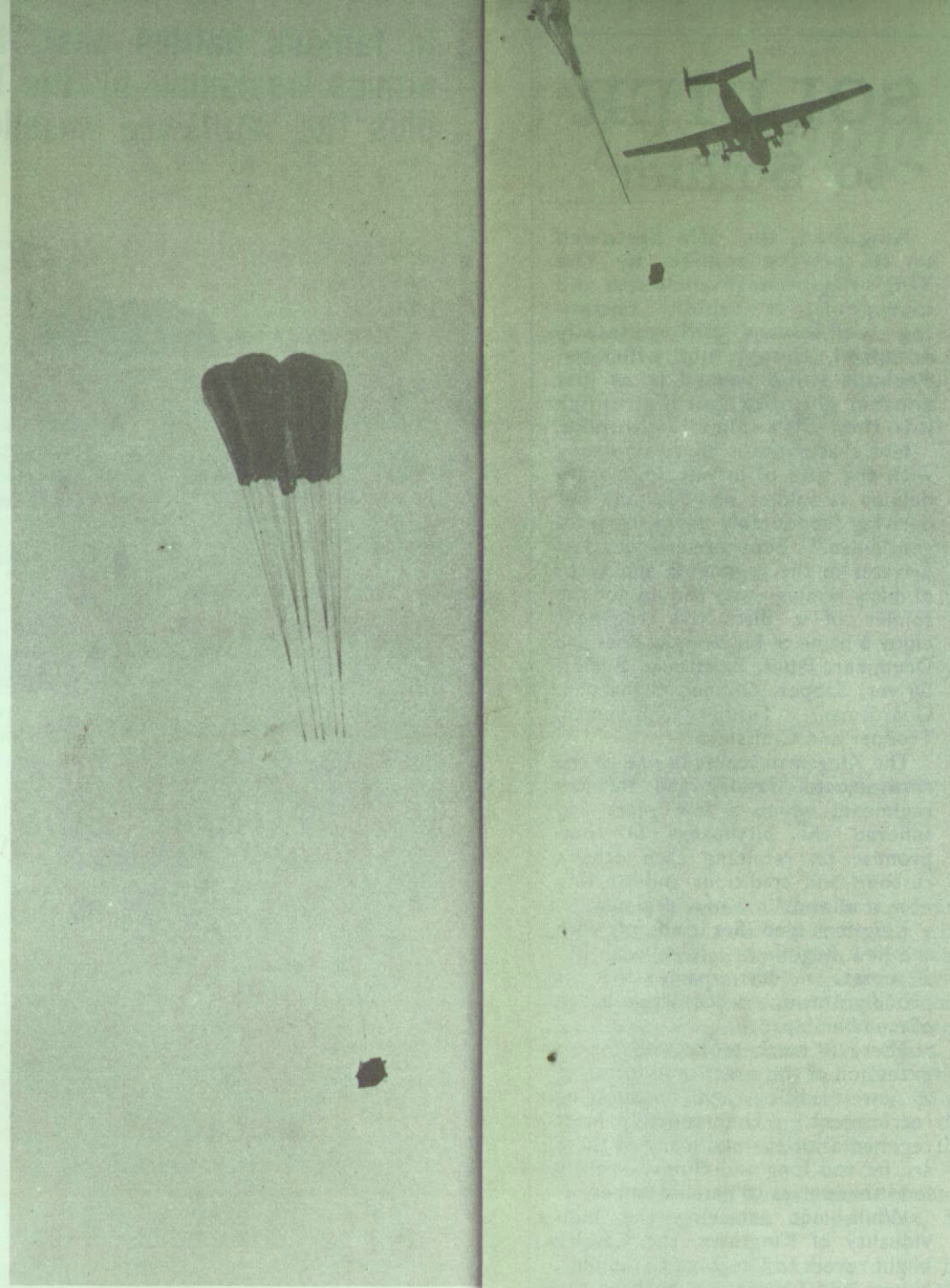
Volunteers from almost every tank and Cavalry regiment brought the new Squadron up to its full establishment. The normal tour of duty is three years but this may be extended.

The inspiring example set by the

Squadron Commander, Major Ken Bidie, and Squadron Sergeant-Major "Paddy Mac" McLaughlin from the parachute selection course onwards, has welded the force tight and proud.

Formerly a parachutist with 3rd Hussars, Sergeant-Major McLaughlin challenged every volunteer to reach the high standards of fitness and determination demanded. Now the squadron runs a two week pre-pre-para course and of the 40 per cent who pass, 60 per cent succeed at Aldershot. Potential controllers take a guided weapons course at Bovington and fire 200 indoor shots on the simulator before graduating to practice missiles.

Brigadier R C Gibbs DSO MC, Commander of 16 Brigade, watched a recent heavy drop exercise with keen interest. "We are delighted," he said, "to welcome



Above: The main chutes on the lower load are still reefed. All the squadron vehicles are parachuted.

Far left: The Hornet is vulnerable . . . The crew stack their *Bergens* and work fast at de-rigging.

Left: *Malkaras* stored in rear bins are ready to fire in a few minutes.

back to airborne forces an armoured unit which will give us a strong anti-tank capability immediately after landing."

A blast of cold air from the *Beverley's* boom aperture jostles the swaying stick of *Hornet* crews. The snow-covered Salisbury Plain looks as dreary as Korea as the plane runs in on the Everleigh dropping zone at 1400 feet.

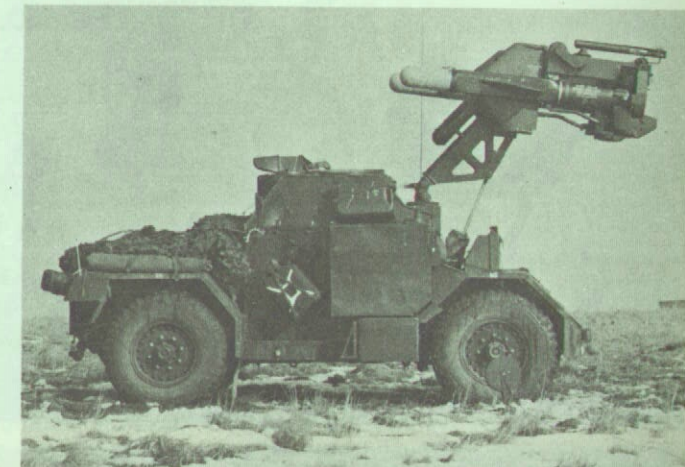
In the confusion of the wind rush the troopers go through their aircraft drill with the nonchalance expected of crewmen used to intricate manoeuvres in the cramped innards of tanks.

The green has barely lit and the first man is dropping through the floor into the slipstream. With the last man clear by seconds, the navigator electrically releases a 21-foot extractor chute to drag the six-ton *Hornet* from its nest in the freight bay. The *Beverley* trundles along trailing its entrails from the cargo maw until the eight-ton load of the launcher on its medium-stress platform somersaults free.

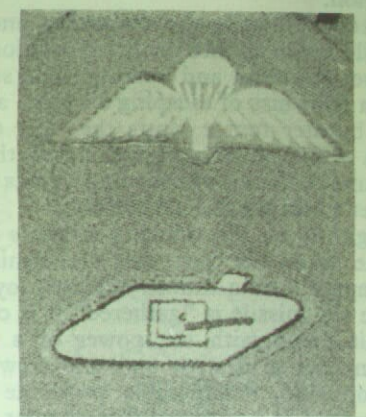
While the parachutists glide down to plop neatly into the snow, their battle chariot hangs under six 66-foot chutes and steams into the ground at 18 miles an hour. The 12 airbags explode on landing and when the deriggers race up to slacken off the festoons of chains they find the sturdy launcher and its complex guidance system intact.

The dropping zone flares are still smouldering when the vehicle is driven

Right: A *Hornet* ready to fire. The practice rockets have dummy warheads and can be destroyed in mid-air if they go "rogue."



Below: The rocket-propelled missile outranges every known tank gun. No tank has enough armour to resist the deadly warhead.



Cyclops Squadron men wore wings and the RTR's tank. The new Squadron has drawn volunteers from Cavalry and tank units.

into the rally area ten minutes later. The signaller-loader and driver-loader mount missiles on the twin launcher booms and store two more in rear bins. The commander-controller—a sergeant, corporal or lance-corporal—checks the circuits on the missiles.

A *Malkara* attack is fast and lethal. An enemy tank sighted by a *Hornet* crew or a



recce troop *Ferret* is only seconds from oblivion.

"Action!" yells the controller and the missiles glide up into the firing position on a pre-set elevation and bearing. One second and a faint hiss of escaping air later, a solid fuel booster motor blasts the tiger off its leash at 300 miles an hour. Below the tail of flame trails the wire feeding signals to the rocket's compressed air controls.

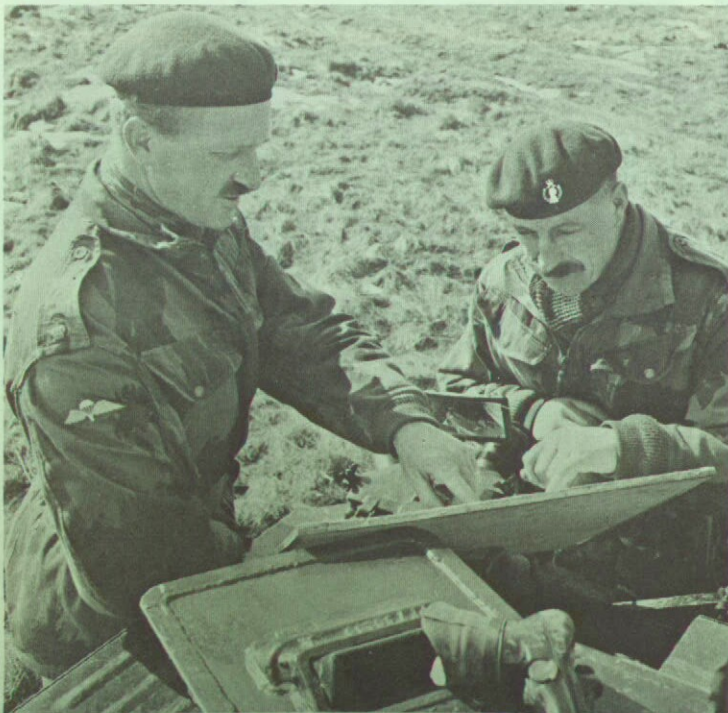
Sighting on the smoking missile's wing-borne flares, the controller masterminds it to impact with a thumb-operated joystick. Once the missile is "gathered" it is certain to hit home with the power of a flying steamroller to destroy tank and crew. The unstoppable, unjammable projectile is as dangerous to a tank as a suicide pilot flying a planeload of high explosive.

The *Hornet* is armoured to resist small arms fire and shell splinters and a general purpose machine-gun is mounted for local protection. Vulnerability can be minimised by firing from prepared positions with only

the periscope and—fleetingly—the missiles in view, or completely turret down with the controller in a forward observation post.

By exercising with this Australian weapon, named after the aboriginal word for shield, the Parachute Squadron is providing sharper anti-tank teeth for 16 Brigade and invaluable data on the use and development of guided weapons for the whole Army.

The closeknit camaraderie they have found in airborne forces is highly prized by every member of the Squadron. In turn they have surprised a few people with their determination to win a place in 16 Brigade on their merit as parachute soldiers. They made their mark as Infantrymen on an exercise in Libya and won the Brigade rigging competition last year. Senior officers may talk of the Squadron as "a mobile and flexible force . . ."; to the paratroopers of 16 Brigade the Royal Armoured Corps newcomers are just "More of us."



Above: A six-eyed *Hornet*. Cpl David Vale uses the commander's glasses. Tpr Graham Dootson, driver, and L/Cpl Trevor Bagley, signaller, also observe.

Left: Major G K Bidie and SSM H McLaughlin passed P Company together and have built up a Squadron with a fine reputation.

SOLDIER to Soldier

Kingsman, the title bestowed on its private soldiers by The King's Regiment (Manchester and Liverpool), is rapidly becoming well-known and generally accepted, though not officially. Perhaps some regard it as just another gimmick, but if gimmick it is, then it is a splendid gimmick.

Not that there is anything wrong with the title of private, dictionary defined as soldier without rank but deriving honourably from "private gentleman." But there are countless privates in the regiments and corps of many armies—why should not the soldier of a distinctive regiment enjoy a name of his own, as does the Drummer, Piper, Bandsman, Bugler, Driver, Sapper, Gunner, Signaller, Guardsman, Fusilier, Rifleman, Trooper and Craftsman?

The Kingsman serves in one of the amalgamated Cavalry and Infantry regiments which a few years ago suffered the birthpangs of compromise on retaining each other's customs and traditions and starting new traditions in a new regiment.

Kingsman identifies itself only with the new Regiment. It is "with it," a smart, modern name that is proudly borne as a distinctive badge of membership.

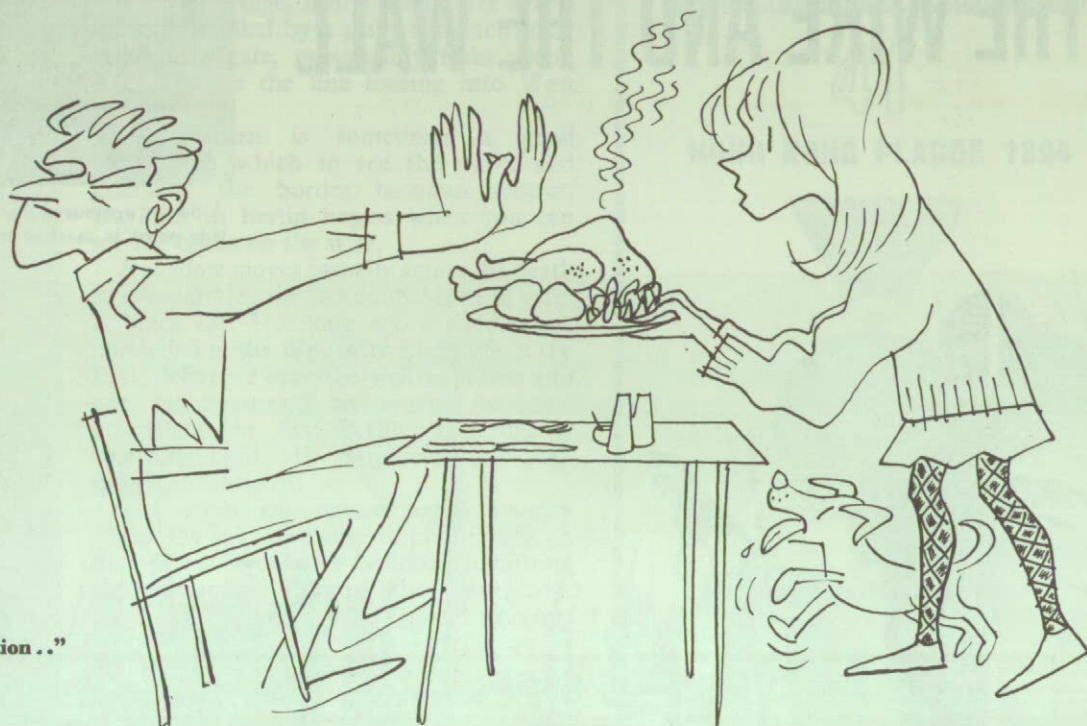
There is much to be said for an extension of this practice in fostering a new tradition and encouraging recruitment. Unfortunately most regimental titles—and many of these are far too long and clumsy—hardly lend themselves to parallel names.

While not achieving the individuality of Kingsman, the Cavalry might revert to Dragoon, Carabinier, Hussar and Lancer and perhaps the Yeomanry to Yeoman. Buff would probably be considered a little blunt by The Queen's Own Buffs but would certainly be easier to mouth than Green Jacket or Dukeman.

For national and geographical reasons, Highlander would be an appropriate appellation though Lowlander might not have the same appeal. Forester would be a natural choice of The Sherwood Foresters. But obviously Footman would hardly be welcomed by the 3rd (16th/44th Foot) Battalion of The Royal Anglian Regiment, nor would The Black Watch care to call its private soldier Watchman, though this is not inappropriate in relation to the Army's border - scanning, peace - keeping duties today.

Yes, The King's Regiment is firmly one up—and SOLDIER is happy to join in calling its private soldier a Kingsman.

Trumping the ACE



"... how to safeguard himself against nutrition .."

THE Sergeants Mess is a private account run by treasure who is responsible to the PMC who is in turn responsible to an officer (major) for the Commanding Officer—so wrote a candidate in the Army Certificate of Education First Class.

This bright thought and the other "howlers" on this page were jotted down by an examiner marking papers on the subject of "administration within the unit."

Such moments of illumination did much to lighten the burden of his chore, he claimed.

Now that the pain has been dulled by the passage of time, SOLDIER hopes the anonymous authors appearing here will be able to raise a smile at what they, and their fellow candidates, perpetrated under stress . . .

"Pitfalls on taking over the bar" were described with brutal honesty by one

examinee as "open bottles of spirit" while another stated flatly: "I would not take any bottled bear unless unopened."

Group loyalty was described as "the will to work with other people to an alternate aim" but even this was capped by the pundit who wrote: "Group loyalty is common among criminals and frequently found in the Army."

Various thoughts were advanced on unit health ranging from "... a dirty person is likely to spread deacease ..." to the priceless theory that "a soldier should be advised how to safeguard himself against nutrition."

Two obvious humanists suggested "... a soldier must rest as much as possible to keep his body fit for action at any time ..." and "... work must not be too strenuous for the soldier at all times otherwise he becomes dissatisfied with his career."

A third thought the answer was simply avoiding "increment weather."

On self-discipline a candidate recorded with logic: "A soldier who is weak in the mind is a great trial to his commander" and self-confidence was beautifully defined as "mutual trust in yourself."

Thoughts on morale brought forth the mysterious comment: "A good groom or servant don't take kindly to changing tracks or barrels."

Slightly less mystifying was: "The soldier is only normal when there is nothing on his mind."

Many thought that food played some small part in fostering good morale, including "... meals must be off the best standard possible ..." and "... duty roasters must be fair."

Enlightening news for every commanding officer was contained in the description of duties of key personnel. "Someone has got to look after the CO," one writer pointed out forcefully, "and if the RSM can't the provost sergeant has to!"



"... a dirty person likely to spread deacease ..."

THE WIRE AND THE WALL



A Soviet armoured car patrol in front of the Wire—the border at this point is marked only by the wire strand in the foreground.



BERLIN. A *Ferret* scout car of 1st Battalion, The Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry, drives swiftly towards the city's edge. The time is 0445 hours. In the open turret sits the patrol commander, Lance-Corporal Albert Hawkes, aged 21. Huddled against the bone-chilling dawn slipstream, he gives crisp directions over the inter-com to his driver, 19-year-old Private Peter Horman.

The scout car zips beneath a railway bridge which booms like an echo chamber; both soldiers let out blood-curdling yells. A solitary pedestrian, a Berlin charlady, freezes in mid-stride, then smiles and waves. Frau Mop has met the dawn patrol before.

Abruptly the tyres pass from tarmac to granite cobbles. The border is close. Almost immediately the headlights pick out a metallic undergrowth reaching back into the dark. This is the Wire.

Officially it is called the border of the Soviet Zone of Germany. Its amenities include barbed wire entanglements, trenches, rifle pits, camouflaged pill-boxes,

a ploughed mine-sown death strip thirty furrows wide, electric warning devices, trip flare wires, road, rail and under-river barricades. And 165 watchtowers from which binoculars constantly glitter.

When the East German Ministerial Council broadcast an instruction to "all persons" telling them "in the interest of safety to stay a hundred metres away from both sides of the border" the advice did not go down at all well with the Western Commandants.

From that moment on, constant patrols were organised along the Wall and the Wire. These patrols, American, French and British, have today developed into a round-the-clock surveillance reminding the Deutsche Demokratische Republik that West Berliners are free to go just where they like in their own city—right down to that last 100 metres.

More slowly now, the *Ferret* noses along a narrow cobbled road. Without warning, a powerful searchlight floods across, blinding the driver.

Corporal Hawkes rises to the occasion, stands up in the turret and in broad Geordie

informs the DDR sentries of many things concerning themselves that they do not wish to know. Up in the watchtower they get the message and the searchlight slants away.

Minutes later the scout car halts near Heerstrasse Checkpoint. Both soldiers clamber out, stand for a moment in the warm airflow from the radiator louvres, and unscrew a flask of tea. It was here, in April 1964, that the last spy exchange took place—British businessman Greville Wynne for Russian espionage chief Conon Molody, alias Gordon Lonsdale.

Under the checkpoint arc-lights a West German long-distance truck angles its bulk between concrete chicanes and stops at the barber's pole frontier barrier where, before continuing its 180-mile journey up Route 5 to Hamburg, it must submit to lengthy DDR customs and security checks.

Resuming patrol, the *Ferret* turns northward toward Staaken. On the roadside at a tight S-bend caused by the wire is a tall black cross. Twenty-year-old Berlin student Dieter Wohlfahrt died here 15 days before Christmas 1961. Machine-gunned while

MEDALS

By MAJOR JOHN LAFFIN

41

HONG KONG PLAGUE 1894



ON 5 May 1894 bubonic plague broke out in Hong Kong with subsequent fear, confusion and panic. In this crisis some British soldiers showed their courage and humanity by volunteering to help fight the disease.

They were 300 men of The Shropshire Light Infantry, 50 men of the Royal Engineers, sick bay attendants from the Royal Navy and a few nursing sisters. For five months these troops and women remained devotedly and dangerously on duty until, on 3 September, the Colony was declared plague-free.

Their gallantry resulted in the Hong Kong Plague Medal, one of the most unusual medals ever awarded to British troops. The obverse shows a Chinese lying on a trestle table leaning against a soldier—out of uniform—who is fending off the winged figure of death with his left hand. A woman bends over the sick man. In the exergue is the date "1894" on a scroll and to the left of the design is a Chinese inscription.

In raised lettering on the reverse is the inscription "For Services Rendered During the Plague of 1894." Around the outer circumference is "Presented by the Hong Kong Community." Each man entitled to the medal had his rank, name and regiment indented on the edge in thin, well-spaced capitals.

Silver medals were given to the men while 13 gold medals were presented to officers. The nursing sisters probably received gold ones as well.

The medal is a fine piece of craftsmanship and was struck by a member of the famous Wyon family of medal designers. It is highly symbolic, as is the ribbon—red with yellow edges and with two thin yellow stripes down the centre.

For suspension, a loop is soldered on to the top of the medal, through which passes a ring.

Unhappily, the men who won this medal—and I think that "won" is a better word than "awarded" in this case—were not allowed to wear it in uniform as it was not a service medal.

The men were upset about this ruling while the people of Hong Kong who organised the presentation were very offended for they felt that the Army was, in effect, reprimanding the men for having helped in the emergency.

They felt, too, that the ruling was an insult to Hong Kong.

Still, whether allowed to wear the medal or not, the Shropshire men and the others were as proud of it as though they had won a decoration for bravery in the field. Come to think of it, that is just what it was.

helping an escape attempt, young Dieter was left where he fell for two hours. He bled to death.

Just one of the 54 men, women and children killed by their fellow countrymen for attempting to move too far within their native city.

Staaken bridge, lifting the border over a railway, is filled by a giant half-inch thick steel plate gate, presumably train proof, which blocks the line leading into West Berlin.

Neu-Staaken is sometimes a good place from which to see the dawn and gradually the border becomes clearer. Daylight in Berlin begins when you can see the barbs on the wire.

A shadow moves casually across the death strip separating the two double rows of wire. A black cat. Not long ago a similar cat, domiciled in the West with night life in the East, delivered over-the-wall messages and one night carried an urgent medicine unavailable in East Berlin. This one is travelling light. His assignment has been more conventional.

The scout car reaches open country where the soldiers pause to photograph an East German military bulldozer churning the rich soil to improve the death strip. Two fields away, in the Western sector, another bulldozer works—preparing a building site for a block of flats.

One night recently on this same stretch of border a patrol saw a figure struggling through the entanglements. The soldiers froze so as not to attract the attention of nearby watchtowers.

Another figure appeared. Muddy and torn by the wire, the two escapers told the patrol that a man and a girl were still on their way across.

Tensely they waited for a guard dog's bark, or a *Verey* light to hiss a warning in the sky and bloom phosphorous betrayal, or a searchlight to spotlight the escape scene . . . But the other two made it, shaky but happy, into West Berlin and freedom.

Winter is the right season for the Wire. Their shades match. Against this drab background isolated patches of colour glow—the white line marking the frontier down the middle of the road; the peppermint-striped barrier bar; the black, red and gold DDR flag at Heerstrasse Checkpoint with its hammer and compass wreath of grain. A signboard bidding "Willkommen in der DDR" (Welcome to the DDR) is answered in the West by another: "Die Mauer. Furcht und Eland des SED Regimes" (The Wall. Fear and Misery of the Eastern Regime.)

The *Ferret* crew drives up and down till noon then back to barracks for lunch. End of patrol. No incidents—this time.

By Corporal John Acock

The Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry

Left: British patrol face to face with East German armoured car "protecting" men working on the death fence. Above: Cold job for two East German guards. Below: *Ferret* opposite an East German post office being demolished to provide a clear field of fire near the wire.





IN the middle of the lonely Kalahari desert, hundreds of miles from any civilisation, a small crowd of near-naked bushmen squatted on the ground in the moonlight and stared with awe at a colour film of the Trooping the Colour on Horse Guards Parade.

No world premiere audience was ever more attentive; never was the precision drill of the Guards more appreciated. And if some of the comforts of an ordinary cinema were missing, this was lost on the Kalahari bushmen.

A generator throbbed in the background providing power for the projector and a collapsible screen was propped on the roof of a *Land-Rover*.

Enthralled, the audience did not miss a single detail of the impressive English pomp and ceremony and a groan of disappointment ran through the crowd when the film ended. But they need not have worried—a Charlie Chaplin film was planned for later in the programme.

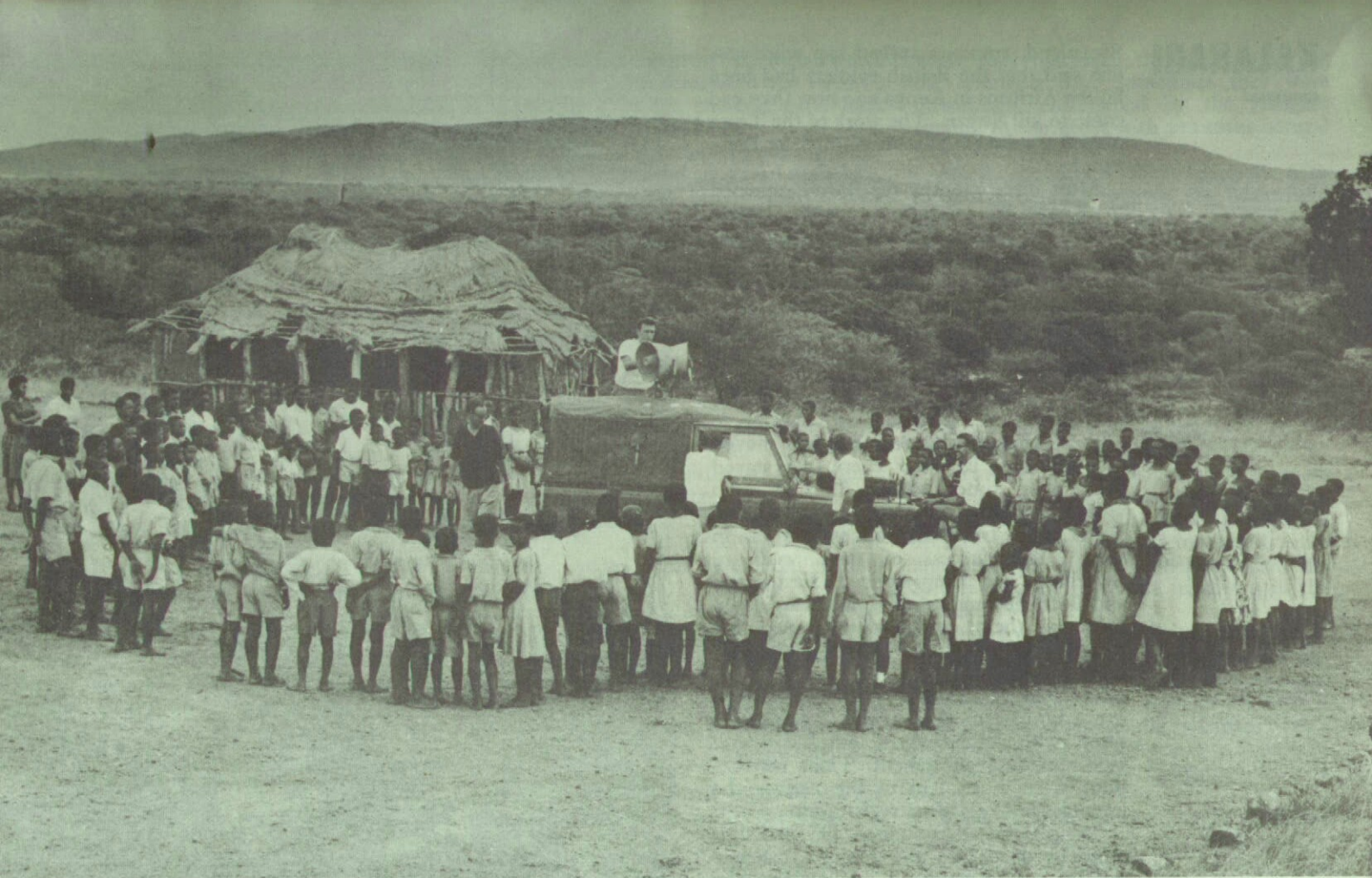
This extraordinary scene was repeated again and again in remote areas of Bechuanaland. And operating the mobile cinema were five British soldiers who had landed one of the most interesting and unusual jobs in the Army.

They comprise the Middle East Army Information Team, based in Aden. Their job is to help spread information in areas where normal methods of communication

TWISTING IN THE KALAHARI

STORY BY RUSSELL MILLER





OPPOSITE PAGE

Bushmen children in the Kalahari carry their water supply in ostrich eggs.

Captain Longbottom hands a leaflet to a grinning Swazi in traditional dress.

THIS PAGE

Touching scene at a mission school in Swaziland when the Team was entertained by a beautifully rendered school song.

Right: Leaving Bechuanaland, the Team crossed the Zambezi on an ancient ferry.

Kenya with the main task of producing *Askari*, a monthly newspaper in Swahili for the King's African Rifles.

Then, when 1st Battalion, The Gordon Highlanders, flew into Swaziland to help local police deal with illegal strikes that were crippling law and order, the Army Information Team was presented with its first real challenge—to reassure thousands of peace-loving Swazis mystified and alarmed by the sudden appearance of troops in their country.

It was something of a rush job. The Team arrived with its loudspeakers, hurriedly fitted them to a *Land-Rover* and

then, armed with thousands of leaflets, drove off into the country with much more enthusiasm than confidence.

But their work proved to be invaluable. Driving round the main centres of population, they stopped at tiny *kraals* of straw huts, broadcast a tape-recorded message and handed out leaflets. Encouragingly, the Swazis always listened carefully to the broadcast and read the leaflets thoroughly, often folding them and keeping them to show to their friends.

Light aircraft flew over the few towns in the country dropping more leaflets. In the absence of normal communications in

are non-existent and their parish stretches from the island of Bahrain in the north to the High Commission Territory of Basutoland in the south—a distance of more than 4000 miles.

The members of the Team would be the first to admit they have a plum job and that the past few months have been the experience of a lifetime.

Not long ago they were ordinary soldiers scattered about the world doing comparatively ordinary jobs. But now they are an introversive team of specialists to whom the extraordinary has become routine and who have shared countless experiences that read like chapters from a travel adventure book.

Captain David Longbottom, The Lancashire Regiment (Prince of Wales's Volunteers), has commanded the Team for two years and now, with many regrets, he is in the process of handing over the job. When he joined the Team, it was based in



KALAHARI

continued

Swaziland, rumours spread like wildfire—one said that the British soldiers had been killing Africans in Kenya and now they had come to kill Swazis. The work of the Team played a valuable part in countering these rumours.

After three months the Team returned to Kenya to produce a special Uhuru edition of *Askari*, but shortly afterwards its members again returned to Swaziland to maintain the goodwill of the locals while the British battalions were changing over. This time they added a generator trailer and projector to their equipment and took films round the country.

With the winding up of the British forces in Kenya, they returned to Nairobi to pack up their equipment and then moved to a new base in Aden where they stayed for a short time showing films at Arab villages in the Protectorate.

But more travel and adventure was in store. The success of their work in Swaziland had been noticed. Basutoland and Bechuanaland asked if the Team could help in their countries by spreading information about the forthcoming elections.

In October last year, the first soldiers drove into Basutoland in two *Land-Rovers* fitted with loudspeakers, amplifiers and tape-recording equipment. Their instructions were to explain to the natives the importance of electoral registration.

Completely self-contained, the little unit motored deep into the remote, majestic interior of Basutoland, following dirt tracks and stopping at every village on route.

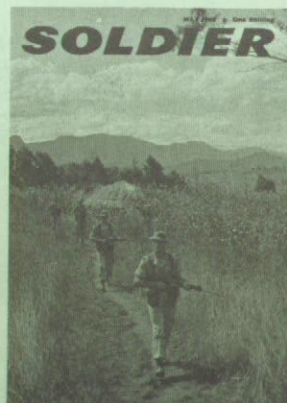
By chance they discovered an infallible



Unforgettable climax of one trip was a visit to the magnificent Victoria Falls (above). Craftsman Weir (above left) collects another stamp for his impressive passport. Left: Cpl MacGill syphons petrol in the Kalahari.

SOLDIER

Front Cover



The unspoiled beauty of the highlands of Swaziland forms the backdrop of *SOLDIER*'s front cover this month. In this tiny picturesque country, no bigger than Yorkshire, the 1st Battalion, The Lancashire Regiment (Prince of Wales's Volunteers), is stationed. Routine training patrols, like the one pictured here by *SOLDIER* cameraman Arthur Blundell, are sent out most days from St George's Barracks, Matsapax—they "show the flag" in the straw hut *kraals* and give the Swazis and the soldiers an opportunity to get to know each other.

method of gathering a large crowd round the loudspeakers and breaking the ice with the shy natives—they simply played twist music as loud as possible over the loudspeakers.

Within a few minutes they were surrounded by a crowd of grinning natives, writhing and shaking in a dedicated interpretation of the twist which put the European version in the pale.

To reach mountain villages inaccessible by road, the Team's second-in-command, Sergeant Geoff Williamson, The York and Lancaster Regiment, was propped on a horse for the first time in his life and pointed in the direction of the mountains.

For weeks he rode along winding paths, alone except for a native interpreter, often spending eight hours grimly clinging to the saddle and trying to ignore the sheer mountainside yawning below him. At each village he would ask the chief for permission to hold a meeting to explain, through a loud-hailer, the election procedure.

"I had to be very polite," said Sergeant Williamson, "because I was always treated as an honoured guest. At each village two chairs would be brought out and placed with their backs to the sun and wind. One was for the chief and one for me.

"The senior men of the tribe gathered in front of the chairs after we were seated. The conversation started with long pleasantries—I would say what a nice village and how pleased I was to be there and so on.

"Through the interpreter I used to make a joke about how I had only just learned to ride and this would always make them laugh.

"Sometimes I was presented with a whole sheep, but tradition demanded that I should immediately give the choicest parts back to the chief."

At village meetings the sergeant explained election procedure and answered questions, many of them real posers like: "Why should we have elections when we take orders from our chief?" The simple logic was sometimes difficult to counter.

While Sergeant Williamson's lone explorations were going on in the mountains, three members of the Team returned to Swaziland to service their equipment. Corporal Alan Hendon, a Royal Army Service Corps clerk, stayed behind and drove his *Land-Rover* as close as possible to Sergeant Williamson's route and set up base camps in the little trading stores dotted throughout the country.

When the work finished in Basutoland, all five moved off to Bechuanaland where they took round a film explaining election procedure.

During this job they crossed and re-crossed the vast Kalahari desert, often making long detours to ensure petrol was available on the route.

To get maximum attendance for their film shows, the Team leap-frogged, first advertising the film in a village and then returning to show it.

Bushmen walked many miles to see the films, which always included the Trooping the Colour and a Charlie Chaplin—he was a great hit—to hold the attention of an audience slightly bored by election procedure.

The show usually ended with a brew-up in an electric kettle run off the generator

while they discussed the programme for the following day. Sometimes they were unwittingly entertained by the villagers singing in the night with beautiful natural harmony.

Along the route they bartered with bushmen, trading tobacco for beautifully carved ostrich eggs used by the bushmen to carry water.

Corporal Don MacGilp, Royal Signals, who maintains the electrical equipment, smartly traded an old denim jacket for a heap of native curios.

At one village bordering the salt pans in the north of the country, a red-faced Craftsman Mark Weir, the Team's Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers mechanic, drove their borrowed one-ton truck into a swamp and got it bedded down to its axles. It looked like serious trouble until a column of about 130 children big and small appeared on the scene led by their teacher and, to the utter astonishment of the soldiers, bodily lifted the truck out of the swamp.

Those weeks are full of memories—camping by the thundering Victoria Falls, washing *dhobi* in the great Zambesi river, digging hopefully for eggs in an ostrich nest only to discover the occupant was a male, diving by mistake into a school of hippos, mending 11 punctures in one day...

When their work came to an end, the men left Bechuanaland with many regrets. Because of the nature of the job, it is impossible to measure the effect of the Team's work in the three protectorates. But there can be no doubt that they did nothing but good.



Sgt Williamson tops up a gourd with fresh water for a little Swazi boy.

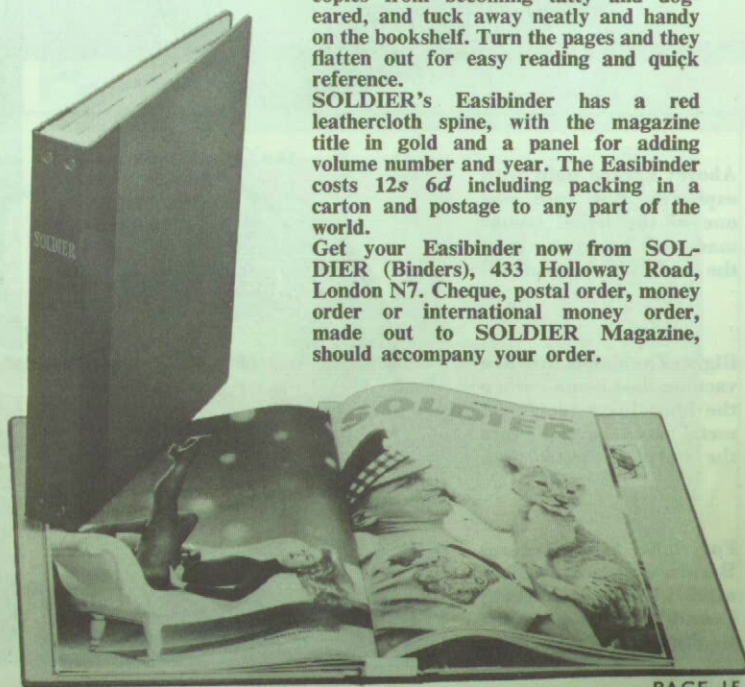
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STEEL-NERVED



This small glass ball held by Conductor Attwood was thought to be a nitro-glycerine bomb—until someone identified it as a gadget to cool whisky.

A “FLYING SQUAD” of five steel-nerved ammunition experts in Aden is on call day and night ready to rush off and deal with lethal home-made bombs planted in the Colony by dissident agitators.

During the recent period of unrest, explosives and bombs have been discovered with disturbing frequency and the “flying squad” has been kept busy. Many calls are well-intentioned false alarms, but occasionally the experts are faced with an evil tangle of wires, fuses and detonators, ominously ticking towards destruction.

On one occasion a bomb was concealed in a child’s satchel with Micky Mouse transfers on the outside. Bombs have been found in harmless-looking vacuum flasks. But they are becoming more and more sophisticated and several recently discovered had a cunningly concealed and particularly nasty anti-handling device.

The five men who comprise the unofficial “flying squad” are all Royal Army Ordnance Corps bomb disposal experts. They are Major John Elliott, who is senior ammunition technical officer at Middle East Headquarters, Major Julian King, commanding Aden Ammunition Sub-Depot, and three of his staff—Captain Bill Edwards, Conductor David Attwood and Warrant Officer II Maurice Wright.

Whenever a suspicious object of any kind is reported, one of these five men is immediately contacted and taken to the scene.

While the area immediately around the object is cordoned off, the expert goes in alone to investigate. If it turns out to be a bomb, he usually attempts to make it “safe to travel” so that it can be taken back to the Sub-Depot, properly examined and then exploded.

If the object is too dangerous to touch or move, then as a last resort it is exploded where it lies. “We usually know from experience what can be picked up and what has to be blown *in situ*,” said Major King, who is a former Special Air Service officer.

After several months of operation, the men of the “flying squad” have some hair-raising stories to tell. Early in the year, Major King was called to a police station in nearby Lahej where a quantity of explosive and ammunition had been handed in.

On arrival he found the building was locked and he had to wait outside for three hours—knowing that if any bombs inside were primed, then the time available to make them safe was gradually ticking away—before someone turned up to let him in.

Inside he found seven vacuum flask bombs, five children’s satchel bombs, a

“FLYING SQUAD”

grenade, an anti-tank mine and loose plastics totalling more than roolbs of explosive. The whole lot had to be made “safe to travel” and he had no idea just how many hours—or minutes—were available.

He finished the job without mishap, but fortunately luck was on his side. One of the flask bombs was primed and would have been detonated when the hour hand of a pocket watch inside touched a metal stud—but the hour hand had fallen off.

It was these vacuum flask bombs—outwardly they look like a perfectly ordinary flask, such as you can buy in any shop in Aden—which had the anti-handling device. It was possible to remove all the wires, batteries, fuses and detonators at the top—but if the explosive was then drawn from the flask, a hidden detonator would blow up the whole lot.

Extricating these devices at the Sub-Depot proved to be a ticklish business, involving sheltering behind a traverse and pulling the flash away from the explosive with a piece of string. They managed it successfully and now the dummies prove useful as exhibits at lectures to the local police.

The “flying squad” diary makes fascinating reading and certainly has its lighter moments. A “mine” reported buried in the

sand with the only part visible looking like a radio aerial, turned out to be—a radio aerial.

A “time pencil”—a thin device worked by acid which slowly eats through to a striker which sets off a detonator when released—was pushed through the bars of a unit magazine, blowing off the doors but failing to blow up the explosive inside. The “flying squad” had the particularly unpleasant task of going into the magazine to make sure there was nothing else about to blow everything sky-high.

Conductor Attwood was called out one lunchtime after a bomb hidden in an air travel bag had been discovered on a bus. By the time he arrived it had been put into a sandbagged enclosure. He coolly set to work removing the time pencils from the sticks of explosive and just three minutes later he “noticed” that one of the time pencils had exploded. There had not been a lot of time!

A box thrown into a unit guardroom caused a certain amount of consternation until the “flying squad” arrived and announced that it was just a snuff box, and really a rather nice one at that complete with snuff.

The false alarms upset no one—for in almost every case the reported object could have been a bomb. They have been the

well-intentioned result of constant appeals to Servicemen and their families to report suspicious objects immediately.

There was the time when the experts heard rumours of a new dissident device—a coloured ball filled with nitro-glycerine which exploded when trodden on. This small glass ball, filled with an oily, colourless liquid and discovered by an internal security patrol in the silent hours, was treated with great respect.

It was brought back to the Sub-Depot—once a Turkish fort—where it steadfastly defied attempts to be blown up. Even dropping a brick on it did not produce any reaction.

Eventually an officer who had visited the United States immediately recognised the object as a gadget used in America to keep whisky cool.

The little ball was handed over to Staff Sergeant Geoffrey Barrow, who runs the unit’s dissident ammunition store—a veritable black museum of gadgets much more sinister than a whisky cooler.

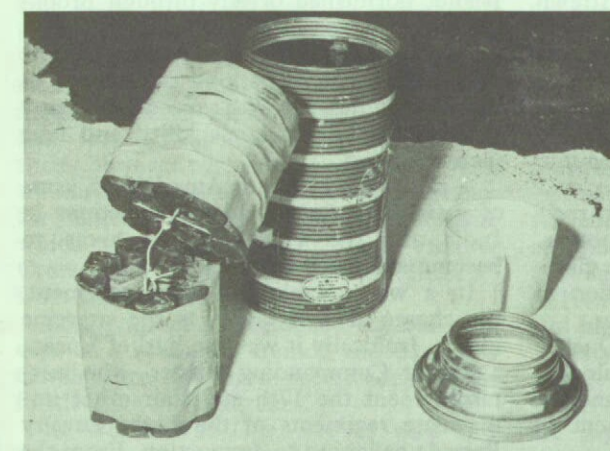
Perhaps the most alarming moment for Major King was when a “bomb” was reported right outside the block of flats where he lives with his family. He rushed down to find the “bomb” was a soda syphon refill that he had thrown out of his window the night before!



Above: Packed tight with explosive, this case was one of the lethal bombs made safe by an expert of the RAOC “flying squad.”

Right: The simple fuse of a vacuum flask bomb—when the hour hand touches a metal stud pressed into the dial . . . destruction.

Far right: Staff Sergeant Barrow examines a child’s satchel bomb. The “Crazy Comics” transfer could hardly be less appropriate.



The anti-handling devices in a vacuum flask bomb. If the explosive was drawn out of the flask, a hidden detonator blew it all up. The label at the base of the flask is from the Good Housekeeping Institute . . .

It is a popular misconception that bomb disposal is generally a Royal Engineers job. In fact the lion’s share of bomb disposal is taken by the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, although Sappers often seem to get the glory.

Before World War Two, all bomb disposal was handled by the Royal Army Ordnance Corps. During the war, when bombs dropped from a great height were driven deep into the ground, the Sappers were asked to help with disposal, particularly when tunnelling was involved to reach the bomb.

Gradually the Sapper took over that specialised task and today their role in bomb disposal is confined to “bombs dropped from enemy aircraft.”

The Royal Army Ordnance Corps is responsible for the disposal of all other bombs and stray ammunition—a job of which it is justifiably proud.

It happened in MAY

Date	Year
2 The Hudson Bay Company chartered	1670
2 Berlin surrendered to the Allies	1945
4 Derby first run	1780
6 King Edward VII died	1910
6 First postage stamp issued	1840
7 Unconditional surrender of Germany signed	1945
10 Sir Winston Churchill appointed Prime Minister	1940
11 Battle of Fontenoy	1745
12 Florence Nightingale born	1820
14 Home Guard formed in Britain	1940
17 Relief of Mafeking	1900
18 Tonga proclaimed British protectorate	1900
24 Field-Marshal J C Smuts, statesman, born	1870
26 King Charles II landed at Dover	1660
28 Belgian Army surrendered to the Germans	1940
28 Evacuation of Dunkirk began	1940



Historic meeting in May 1945, on Luneberg Heath, when the Germans sought surrender terms.

YOUR REGIMENT : 29



17TH/21ST LANCERS



The 17th/21st Lancer *Shermans* fought in close support of the Infantry at the Battle of Cassino. Right: *Melée* at Omdurman. Sir Winston Churchill rode with the 21st Lancers against the Dervishes.



THE DEATH OR

THE pass at Fondouk was a trap that had to be dared. To hound the Afrika Korps in retreat, British armour had to pierce a deadly ring of anti-tank guns. The regiment chosen to attack "regardless of casualties" had shown how such orders should be obeyed in the Charge of the Light Brigade in 1854.

Dubbed "Death or glory boys" from their macabre skull and crossbones cap motif, the 17th/21st Lancers resolutely rode their *Sherman* tanks across the coverless *wadi*. Close-range fire from 25 88-mm guns pounded the leading tanks to scrap. Caught in a cockpit of crossfire on ground sown thickly with mines, tanks blew up or blazed fiercely as the shells tore through their armour. Mortars and machine-guns deluged the stricken tanks with fire to kill the crews as they baled out.

The rear troops drove unhesitatingly on. And the handful of surviving tanks did not halt until the anti-tank network was broken.

Coupled with other actions in North Africa and Italy, this tenacious 1943 attack left behind more than a battlefield strewn with the hulks of 32 Lancer tanks. The lingering suspicion that the Cavalry had outlived its usefulness was banished for ever. The 17th/21st mounted in tanks were as dangerously fast as the Cavalry of 100 years before—a stiletto thrusting deep into the enemy.

Amalgamation in 1922 united two regiments raised within months of each other. Their composite achievements made glowing history and included participation in the three major British lance charges.

For bringing news of victory at Quebec and Wolfe's death, Colonel John Hale was rewarded in 1759 with land, money and the authority to raise the 17th Regiment of Light Dragoons.

Then, as now, fine recruits flocked to wear the skull and crossbones representing "Death" and "Or Glory" motto he adopted in memory of Wolfe.

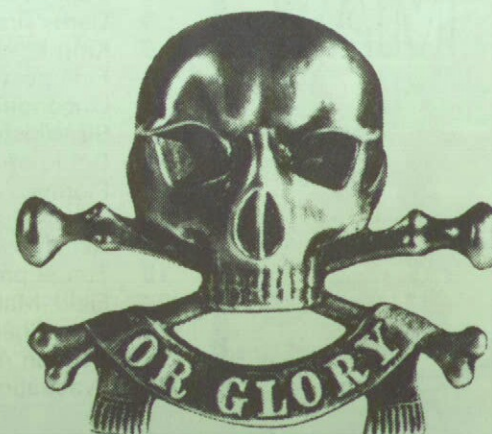
Fighting colonists in the American War

they whetted their taste for glory. Alliances have changed since the 17th landed on Long Island, skirmished briskly through Brooklyn and wintered in New York.

Cavalry charges frequently took a terrible toll at small cost. Charging at Grenada in the West Indies, the 17th sabred 300 enemy for the loss of one horse killed and four men wounded.

A campaign in South America, 15 years of marching, illness and minor actions in India and the 17th returned home to become a Lancer regiment.

In a war notable for mismanagement, the charge at Balaclava was the supreme idiocy. Ironically it was the Earl of Lucan, a former Commanding Officer, who mistakenly sent the 17th and four other immaculate regiments of the Light Cavalry Brigade galloping to destruction. From the wreckage of this appalling débâcle the 17th won undying glory. Three men received Victoria Crosses for acts of valour beyond valour. The awe surrounding this tale of incredible bravery has not faded with time.



The skull and crossbones adds "Death" to the words "Or Glory". The badge is called a cap motto.

GLORY BOYS

In 1964, a bugle reputed to have blown the Balaclava charge was bought for £1600 and given pride of place in a splendid regimental museum at Belvoir Castle.

The 21st, raised from recruits "light, straight and by no means gummy," had meanwhile seen rapid changes of fortune and three disbandments. Posterity was theirs however when they broke up a huge, well-armed Dervish army at Omdurman. Sir Winston Churchill rode in the charge which won the Regiment three Victoria Crosses and the title "Empress of India's" from Queen Victoria.

Both regiments abandoned the old concept of a brilliantly trained and equipped Cavalry, preserved from dreary war routines for decisive masterstrokes.

In World War One, barbed wire and machine-guns invalidated the horse assault even for troopers carrying sword, lance, rifle and bayonet.

Among officers fighting with the Royal Flying Corps was Captain Maybery MC who shot down 25 enemy planes. Members

of the Regiment will soon be airborne again as the pilots of reconnaissance helicopters.

The dark age before the emergence of a new Cavalry role was prolonged; in 1927 the lance was still in service. Mechanisation came in 1936 with a bang—as the tracks flew off the first tank and the second dropped its turret.

Today, the 17th/21st Lancers are stationed at Sennelager hoping to be re-equipped with *Chieftains*. Germany postings since 1951, broken by two years in Hong Kong, have resulted in an efficient and highly trained Regiment.

Sixty Territorials from an affiliated regiment, The Sherwood Rangers Yeomanry, which is being equipped with *Centurions*, are expected to go to tank commander courses this year. They will find a happy Regiment in which bull and unnecessary duties have been outlawed. The likely departure within two years of threequarters of the sergeants has opened the promotion door wide.

THREE FIELD-MARSHALS

Latest of a distinguished trio of 17th/21st Lancers to hold high command is Field-Marshal Sir Richard Hull DSO, Chief of the Defence Staff. He joined the Regiment in 1928 and commanded a regimental group codenamed "Blade-force" in North Africa. He was Colonel of the Regiment for ten years.

Near his Whitehall headquarters are the statues of two former 17th Lancer commanding officers. Field-Marshal The Duke of Cambridge commanded the Regiment at the age of 23 and was Army Commander-in-Chief for 39 years.

Field-Marshal Earl Haig commanded in 1901. Fourteen years later, he controlled more British soldiers than anyone is ever likely to again, as Commander-in-Chief of the British Armies in France.



Famous as the "Death or Glory Boys," the 17th/21st Lancers have various other nicknames. The label "Horse marines" originated in 1759 when the Regiment served as marines in HMS *Success* in privateer-infested waters. Lord Bingham decked the soldiers out in expensive finery, earning them another nickname—"Bingham's Dandies." The Boers knew and respected the 17th as Das Totenkopf, or "The Death's Head Regiment," and this was abbreviated to "Tots."

NATO's Army of Women



STATESMEN from the 15 NATO countries will be visiting London this month to attend the spring Ministerial meeting of the North Atlantic Council.

Convened twice a year—one meeting is always held at NATO Headquarters in Paris—the Ministerial meeting will be attended by Defence, Foreign Affairs or Finance ministers from all the NATO member countries.

Under the chairmanship of the Secretary-General, Mr Manlio Brosio of Italy, the meeting will discuss the world situation and will review the work of NATO during the last six months. Undoubtedly high on the agenda will be the common infrastructure programme under which NATO forces benefit by fixed installations such as airfields, telecommunications networks and fuel pipelines.

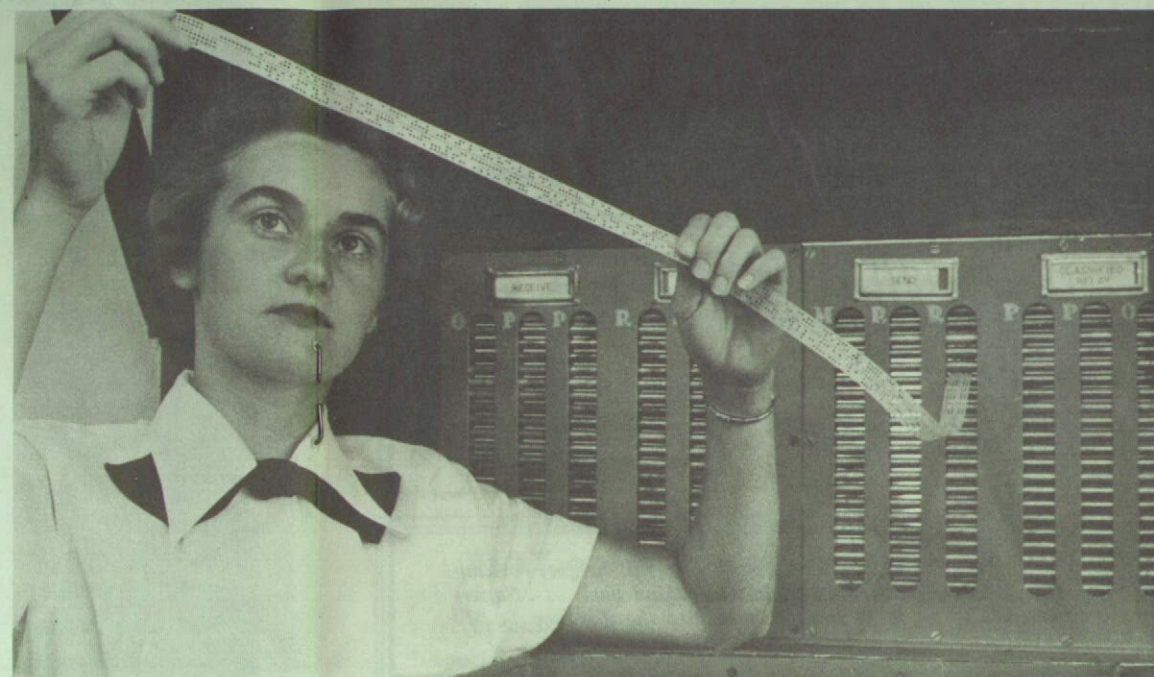
But while this top level meeting is going on, **SOLDIER** this month takes a look at another less publicised, but more photogenic, aspect of NATO—the thousands of women who are serving side by side with men throughout the world.

General Matthew B Ridgeway, former Supreme Allied Commander in Europe, once said: "To back up and support our fighting men, the Women's Army Corps is indispensable." This complement can be extended to cover NATO's army of women.

If it were not for the women's forces, the manpower problem in some NATO countries would be even more acute than now. Eight of the 15 NATO member countries have so far introduced women into their armed forces.

They are replacing men in a variety of jobs ranging from administration, signals and meteorology to transport and air control. Women today hold down jobs their grandmothers would never have dreamed of and their work release more men to do the actual fighting.

NATO employs hundreds of women both in and out of uniform. They are scattered in many different countries throughout Europe and North America. Here are a few of them.



Above left: Canadian girl in France rings jet fighter stations.

Above: American Wren checks a coded message as it is transmitted.



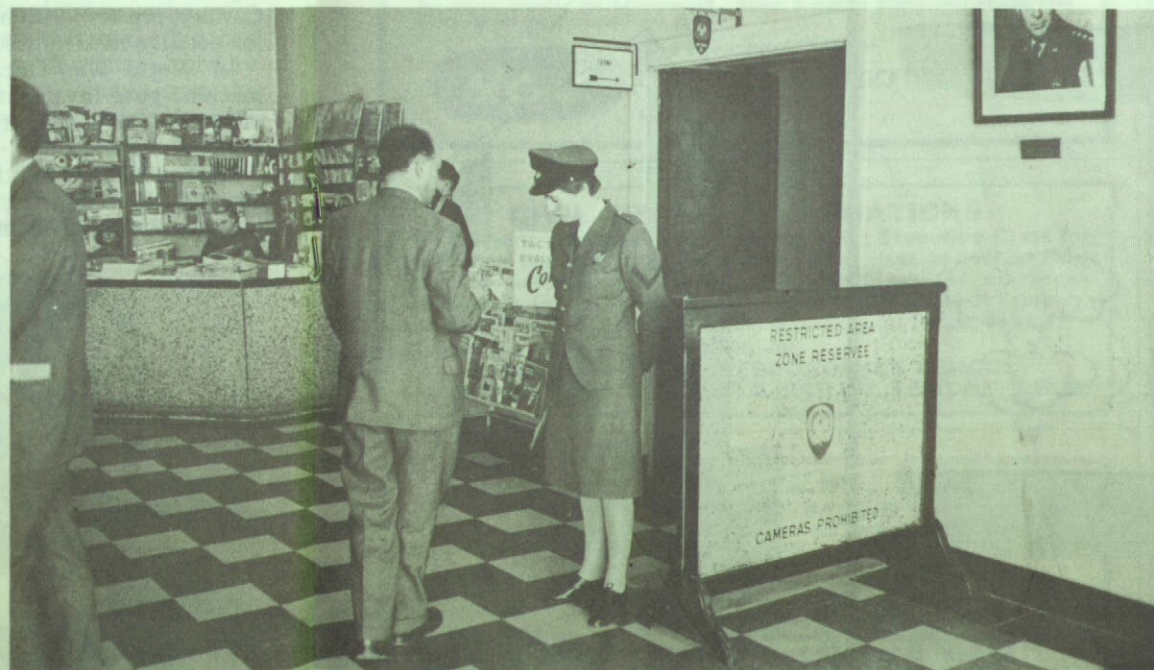
Left: Pretty Turkish woman pilot prepares for a routine flight.



Left: Time for a chat for women from France, America and Holland.

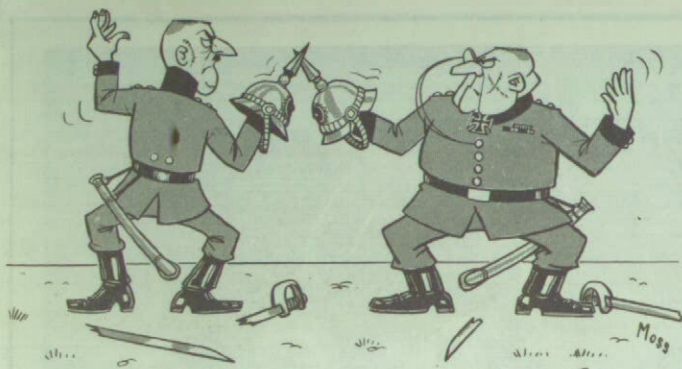
Below left: A Canadian airwoman sight-seeing in France at her leisure.

Below: British girl in Paris checks passes at SHAPE Headquarters.

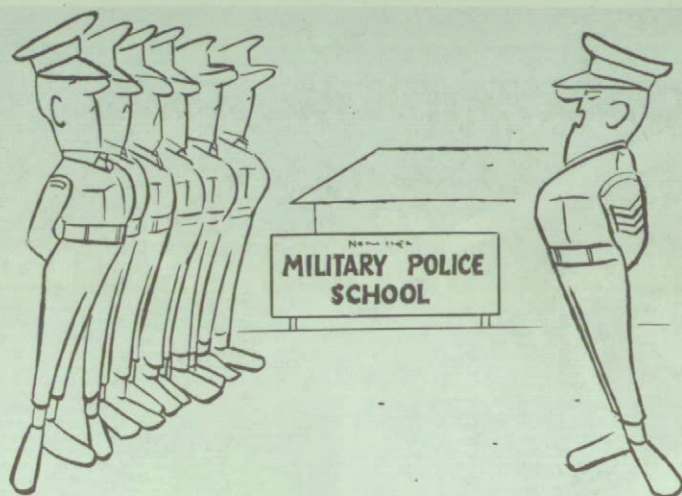


This Danish girl helps to track aircraft movement over the Baltic.

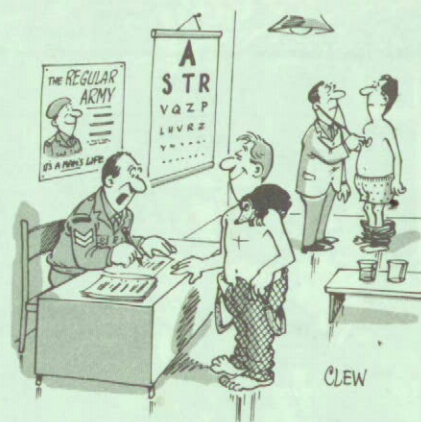
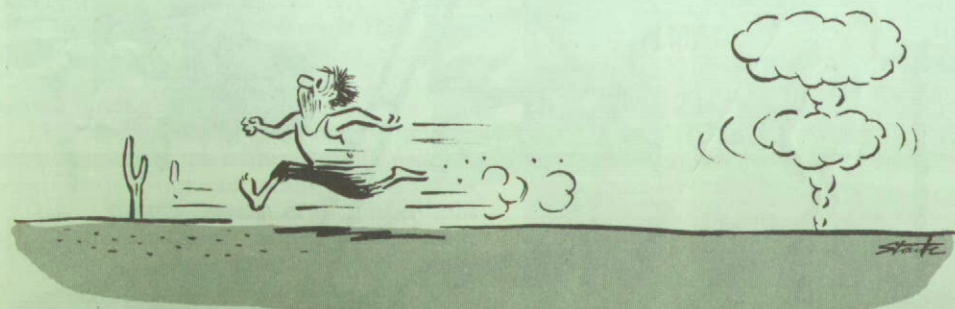
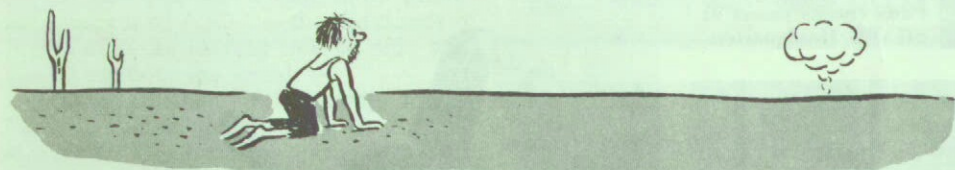
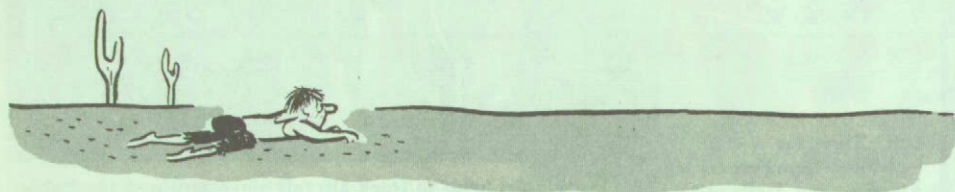
Below: British Wren checks weather conditions in Southern Europe.



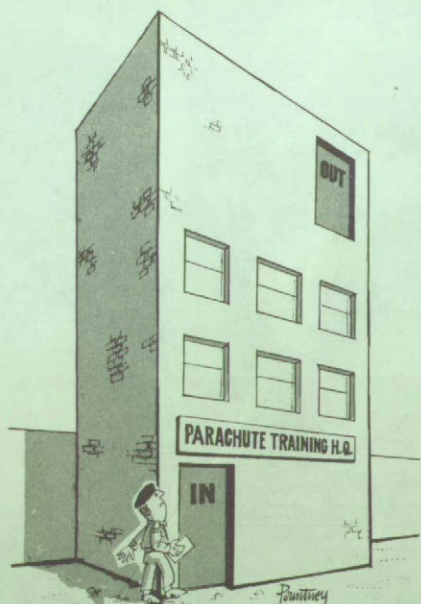
HUMOUR



"Come along, now, let's have you! Up to full height, rocking gently to and fro . . . Hands clasped behind back . . . Supercilious smile . . . Eyes staring right into the distance . . .!"



"Identifying marks—scar on forehead and mole on left shoulder!"



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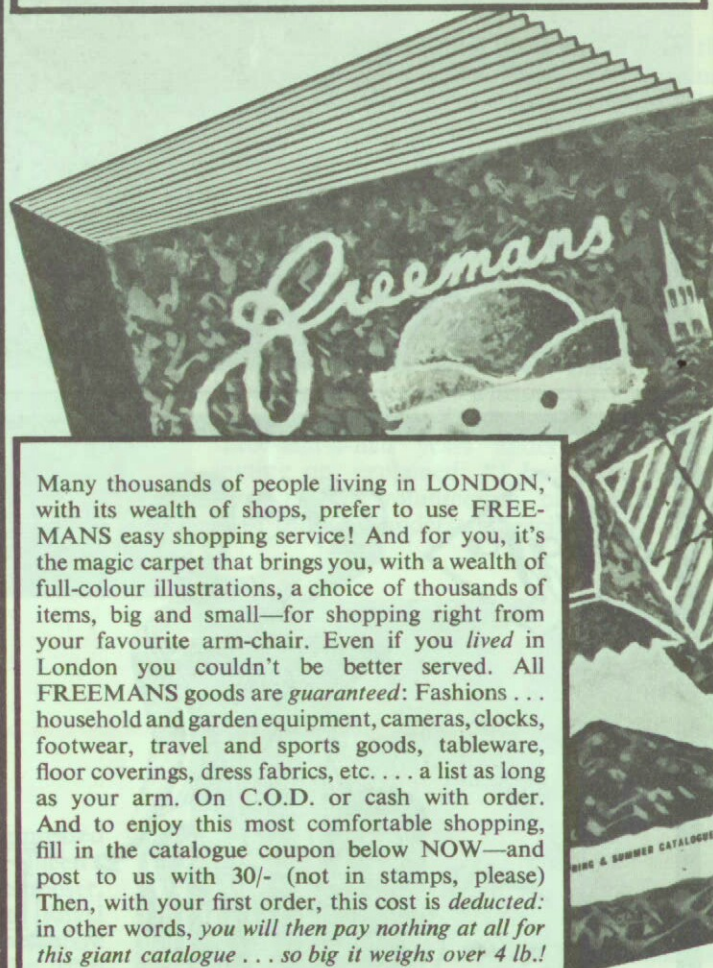
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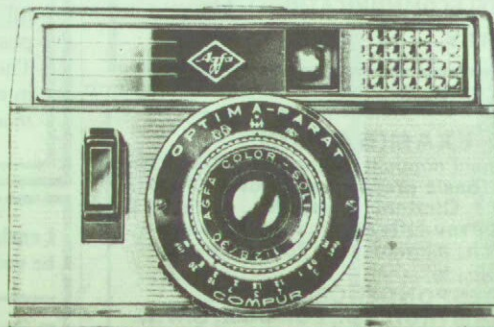
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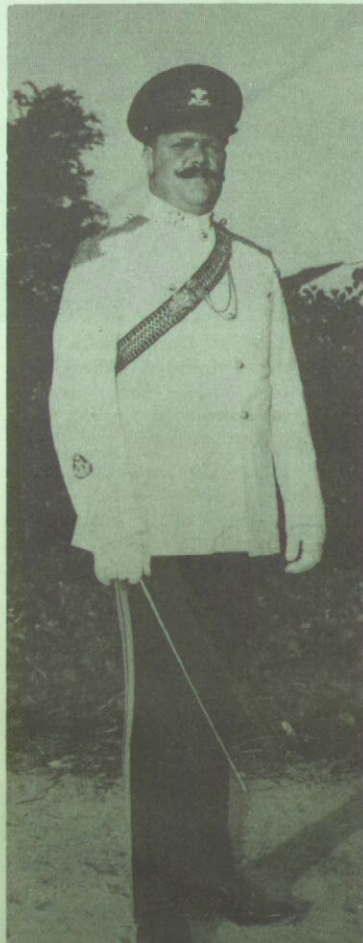
Chef on skis

Pictured on the ski slopes of the Cairngorms in Scotland, this young soldier is an expert skier; but he has another, more unusual, talent—he can produce a meal that would turn the average housewife green with envy. Eighteen-year-old **Junior Regimental Sergeant-Major Norman Farthing** startled his instructors at the Army Catering Corps Apprentices School, Aldershot, by winning the prize for the best chef at the school. It was an unusual achievement, because as Junior RSM—he has several hundred young soldiers under him on the square—his regimental duties do not allow much time for actual cooking. Earlier this year, Junior RSM Farthing went off to Norway for ski training and he was a member of the ACC team which won third place at the Army Junior Ski-ing Championship in Scotland.



Up and out

Neat solution to the problems of Bob, the ex-pit pony mascot, was finding ex-miner **Private Jim Clay** to look after him. Bob joined the Army when he was invalided out of a Derby colliery with a leg injury and became official mascot of 19 Tank Transporter Company, Royal Army Service Corps, at Retford, Nottinghamshire. But “quick march” and “right wheel” were Greek to Bob and sergeant-majors left him cold . . . until Private Clay volunteered to act as his handler. Now, in polished harness, braided blanket and embroidered coat, he sets off smartly at the head of parades to the whispered command of “Giddy up, old lad.” Private Clay, who spent three-and-a-half years underground before joining up, explained: “I broke the barrack room rule by volunteering, but Bob’s worth it—I think we understand each other.”



Top scores

Ethiopian authorities were so impressed by five fanfares played during the Queen’s visit that they have asked the composer, **Bandmaster Michael Lane**, 10th Royal Hussars, for the scores. The first fanfare was played by trumpeters of the 10th Royal Hussars on the arrival of the Queen in the Ethiopian capital and four were played at the state banquet. Mr Lane was complimented by the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh in Addis Ababa on the Band’s playing. The eldest boy of Mr Lane’s five children, **Charles**, aged 11, is already following in his father’s footsteps—he is at the Duke of York’s Royal Military School, Dover, and is showing promise with the French horn, the instrument his father played as a bandsman.



Doubly welcome

Lucky soldier and proud new father being kissed by two pretty Danish milkmaids is **Corporal Joe Rowe**, of 1st Battalion, The Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry, stationed in Berlin. Joe was visiting the British Military Hospital, to see his wife, at the same time as girls from the Danish stand at a Berlin agricultural show. The girls were handing out gifts of Danish produce, but only new fathers were blessed with kisses as well. Gingerly holding the baby, six-foot two-inch Joe had to perform a stylish knees bend to get down to kissing level. And baby **Jonathan Steven** covered his eyes and wondered perhaps what Mum would think of the goings on.

FIGHTING FAUGHS WIN THROUGH

A LAST fight, last punch win by West Indian welterweight Corporal Harold Toney gave The Royal Irish Fusiliers their first-ever victory in the Army Team Boxing Championships. With the Faughs drawing 5-5 against 1st Battalion, The King's Regiment, 1500 spectators raised the gymnasium roof at Trenchard Barracks, Germany, when the judges ended the suspense to give Toney a narrow points win over Kingsman Dave Dair.

For the fighting Fusiliers it was a fine reward for 12 months of blitzkrieg boxing since their defeat in last year's final by the Irish Guards. Under the management of Regimental Sergeant-Major Joe Cash, they



Faughs bantamweight Lance-Corporal Willie Doyle (right) advancing in an inter-unit bout.

won 45 bouts out of 55 to take the Rhine Army championship.

Boxing experience was decisive in the final victory over the King's, United Kingdom title-holders. A King's boxer was beaten by Armagh lightweight Corporal Pat McSorley, who has 183 bouts to his credit—more than the King's team totalled between them. The Faughs team were slightly older and had an average of 35 Army bouts a man against the 12 of their opponents.

To "musical support," Fusilier John McNamara won a tough light-welter contest against Kingsman James Doglay from the Seychelles. Lance-Corporal Bill Dennehy won the shortest fight of the evening by stopping King's welter Lance-Corporal Bob Medwell in 30 seconds.

RESULTS

Fusiliers names first: **Bantam-weight:** L/Cpl W Doyle outpointed by Kngsmn M McDonough. **Featherweight:** Cpl P McSorley outpointed Kngsmn J Doglay. **Lightweight:** Cpl E Johnson beat Cpl E Franklin. **Light welterweight:** Fus N McNamara outpointed Cpl M Woods; Fus T Linehan outpointed by Kngsmn D Smith. **Welterweight:** L/Cpl B Dennehy beat L/Cpl B Medwell; Cpl H Toney outpointed Kngsmn D Dair. **Light middleweight:** Fus B Lambe outpointed by Kngsmn L Duncan. **Middleweight:** Cpl R Jack outpointed Cpl J Thurston. **Light heavyweight:** L/Cpl J Delaney lost to Sgt G Fuller. **Heavyweight:** Fus M Stennett knocked out by Kngsmn N Kinnavilliam.



BROOM, STONE AND HACK

THE four brigadiers, six colonels, ten lieutenant-colonels and 28 majors met as planned "somewhere in Scotland" and carefully selected a broom apiece. The air crackled with tension at the prospect of a new clash in the age-old strife twixt Highlanders and Lowlanders.

The smooth blue ice beckoned. Military curlers had come from the mountains and the plains for the annual curling contest between The Highland Brigade and The Lowland Brigade. It was the Lowlanders who went home victorious, by 103 shots to 84.

In Scotland, curling is a national sport with thousands of devotees. Like golf, another ancient Scottish pastime, its origins are lost in the past. Probably it began in the long winters of centuries ago when the clansmen gathered on frozen lochs to slide flat stones taken from stream beds. Handles were added 250 years ago and, as the game became more scientific, stones were rounded and polished.

Curling in the early days was a furiously exciting sport and the lochs rang with wild cries as the players scampered over the ice after their stones. Womenfolk were presumably not welcome and the size of the stones—the largest weighs 117 pounds—would not have encouraged them.

Modern stones of unblemished granite from the island of Ailsa Craig average 41 pounds and the game is now enjoyed by ladies, the very young and the very old.

The normal refreshment is Highland coffee, taken frequently for insulation. Multi-coloured sweaters, plus-fours and non-skid shoes protect the exterior while a wee dram (or better still, several) fortifies the interior.

Tremendous fellowship is a feature of curling and Scottish teams often tour in the 13 other competing countries. Numerically, Canada is the biggest curling country. Since Scotsmen started curling in Quebec nearly 200 years ago the sport has become popular nationwide.

A rink comprises two four-a-side teams with each player using two stones. Launched from a footstop or "hack", the stones glide 42 yards to the tee mark in the centre of a seven-foot circle. Scoring is simple. Any stone closer to the tee than an opposition

SPORT



Curling was first played on frozen lochs. Most matches now are played indoors. Above left: Curling in perfect style, Major Allan Cameron, chairman of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club.

stone counts one shot. By scrubbing hard with their brooms—"sooping"—the players cause friction that melts the ice and makes it more slippery. Spirited sooping will add two feet to a stone's travel.

Curling is not expensive. A club membership costs ten shillings to £1 a year and the eight members of a rink can buy a three-hour session on the ice for seven shillings each.

In 122 years of administering the sport, the Royal Caledonian Curling Club has devised rules to cover every contingency. One that has its roots in the curler's only serious hazard relates: "... a match shall not proceed, or be continued, when a thaw has fairly set in."

SIXTH TIME RUNNING

LEADING the Army team home for a sixth successive win in the Inter-Services Cross-Country Championships, Corporal David Gibson won his second major Services title of the season. The Army champion covered a six-and-a-quarter mile course at Halton in 30 minutes 42.8 seconds, 16.8 seconds ahead of the next man in, Sergeant Bill Jeffs, Royal Air Force.

Last year's champion, Corporal Ernie Pomfret, was unable to catch the flying Gibson and had to be content with a third place finale to his fine Army running career.

The first six from each team scored and Gibson and Pomfret were closely supported by the team leader, Captain A I H Fyfe, Colour-Sergeant D Burt, Lieutenant M Bryant and Lance-Corporal J Reynolds, who finished fifth, seventh, eighth and tenth. Packing six runners in the first ten, the soldiers finished with an unbeatable total of 32 points. The RAF took second place with 50 points, the Royal Navy and Royal Marines trailing third with 101.



Army cross-country star Cpl David Gibson, with a "who's going to be second?" expression, all set to win the Inter-Services race.

B Company, 4th Battalion, The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment (TA), kept right on to the end of a long, hard road to win the 1965 Territorial Army Marathon and receive the Courage Trophy from Mr G W Reynolds, Army Under-Secretary. A gruelling weekend took 350 soldiers from 15 units over a three-county course which included a water crossing and two forced marches in battle order.



Lance-Corporal Colin Booth makes an opening for his right. His fight with Gdsmn Brendan O'Sullivan ended with a split points decision against him.

FOUR KEEP THEIR TITLES

IN a "sudden death" final night of the Army Individual Boxing Championships in which only three out of ten contests went the distance, four champions retained their titles.

Among them was the Army's outstanding boxer, Corporal "Pip" Taylor who put Corporal W Halliday down three times in the first round.

Like Private Peter Teasdale, Lance-Corporal Freddie Rea and Guardsman Brendan O'Sullivan, Corporal Taylor, 16 Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, is also an Imperial Service Champion. He has never been beaten in three years of Services boxing and is now in line for international honours.

The Army's fifth Imperial Services champion, Sapper Bill Sutherly, was hurt while boxing for Scotland and could not defend his title.

Flyweight Teasdale took only 30 seconds to knock out his rival and International Rea overwhelmed a plucky fighter to win the bantamweight title for the fourth time.

Guardsman Brendan O'Sullivan, a former ABA champion,

got up from the canvas in the third round and stormed back to win a split points decision.

RESULTS

Flyweight: L/Cpl P Teasdale (16 Bn, RAOC) knocked out Cpl R Quirk (2 Sig Regt) first round. **Bantamweight:** L/Cpl F Rea (Home Postal Depot, RE) beat Pte G Morrison (206 Coy, RPC), referee stopped fight second.

Featherweight: Sgmn F Waters (2 Sig Regt) knocked out Sgmn N Keenan (2 Sig Regt) first. **Lightweight:** Gdsmn B O'Sullivan (1st Bn, Irish Gds) outpointed L/Cpl C Booth (6 Trg Bn, RASC). **Light welterweight:** Cpl P Taylor (16 Bn, RAOC) beat Cpl W Halliday (1st Bn, Royal Scots), stopped first.

Welterweight: Dvr G Gibbons (6 Trg Bn, RASC) beat L/Cpl A Tibbs (16/5 Queen's Royal Lancers), stopped third. **Light middleweight:** Tpr J McMahon (Para Sqn, RAC) beat L/Cpl T Little (Trials Est, RA), stopped third, cut eye.

Middleweight: Kingsman L Duncan (1st Bn, King's Regt) outpointed L/Cpl B White (17 RVD, RAOC). **Light heavyweight:** Sgt G Fuller (APTC att 1st Bn, King's Regt) outpointed Gdsmn S O'Sullivan (1st Bn, Irish Gds). **Heavyweight:** Pte B Robertson (1st Bn, Royal Scots) beat Cpl B Waters (School of Electrical and Mechanical Engineering), stopped third.

Sports Shorts

RUGBY

With the Army's star tackler, Lieutenant G C Edwards off the field, the Civil Service scored 19 points in 20 minutes to beat the Army by the flattering margin of 22-12.

A Territorial Army side handicapped by late scratching was well beaten 15-0 by the Army. On heavy ground, superior fitness and better understanding of the Army side told, and the match was not as close as it has been in recent years.

FOOTBALL

A strong-tackling British Army XI held a full professional French Forces side to a goalless draw in a televised Kentish Cup match in Paris. In a fast end-to-end game the British defenders gave their goalkeeper magnificent cover and repeatedly broke up close-passing French raids down the wings.

Captaining the side was Captain John Harding, Royal Army Educational Corps, Oxford Blue and former Pegasus player. Ten days after the Kentish Cup game he was recalled to the England Amateur team, to play against Scotland, after an absence of six years.

In the first match of the season's Inter-Service Championship, the Army beat the Royal Navy 4-2.

CROSS-COUNTRY

The Army ran fourth in a six-mile race against the Civil Service, Universities Athletic Union and Berks, Bucks and Oxon.

MAY 1915

MAY, 1915. While the war dragged on abroad, here at home occurred an event as shocking and bloody as anything happening at the Front—the Gretna Green train disaster, the worst British rail crash ever.

On the morning of the 22nd, A and D companies of 7th Battalion, The Royal Scots, were packed into a troop train travelling from Edinburgh to Liverpool, where they were due to embark for Gallipoli. Most of them never made it.

At Gretna Green, due to the carelessness of two signalmen, a local train was stationary on the main line and the troop train, travelling very fast down a falling gradient, crashed head-on into it.

As the engine of the troop train ploughed into the stationary train, the first carriage, filled with soldiers, reared up and hurtled over its own engine smashing to the ground

some distance in front of it. The remaining 14 carriages disintegrated. The force of the collision reduced the length of the train in an instant from 213 yards to 67 yards.

It was a terrible scene. Dazed survivors began attempts to rescue their trapped comrades. But worse was still to come—a few miles away a Scottish express was thundering north unaware of the wreckage in its path...

Three railwaymen running towards the express made a desperate attempt to warn the driver, but full emergency application of the brakes was unable to halt the 600-ton train, travelling at full speed.

It plunged into the wreckage, mowing down many soldiers trying to rescue their friends. Through the smashed carriages it careered, into the tender of the troop train, driving it for 30 yards clean through the wagons of a stationary goods train in a siding.

To add to the havoc, hot coals from the gas-lit troop train engine set light to escaping gas and the roaring flames spread with terrifying speed through the wreckage. While dead and dying were dragged clear, firemen fought the blaze.

All that day and throughout the night the holocaust blazed. Twenty-four hours later the troop train had been reduced to smouldering remains.

The nominal roll of the Royal Scots companies was lost, but it is estimated that 215 officers and men in the troop train were killed and 191 men seriously injured. Only a handful of men from the two companies eventually arrived at Liverpool. They were in such a state of shock that they were sent home.

And the 7th Battalion sailed for Gallipoli with only two companies, having been severely mauled by fate before getting anywhere near the war.



Above: The harrowing scene at the side of the track at Gretna Green 50 years ago. Helpers comfort the injured and in the centre stand two soldiers of The Royal Scots who by some stroke of good luck have cheated death. Left: The skeleton of a burned-out coach silhouetted against clouds of smoke which obscure the mangled wreckage.



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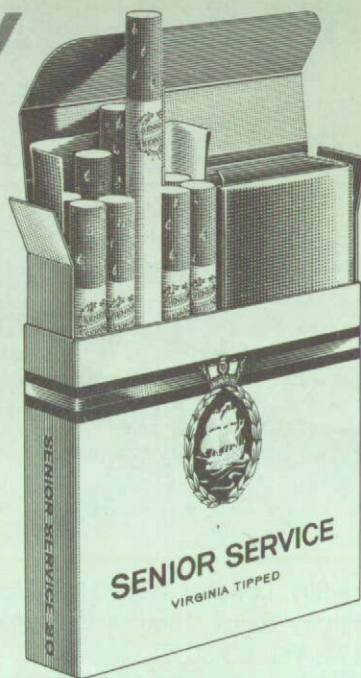
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Closing date for this competition is Monday, 12 July 1965. Winners' names will appear in the September SOLDIER. The competition is open to all readers at home or overseas. More than one entry can be submitted but each must be accompanied by a "Competition 84" label.



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B



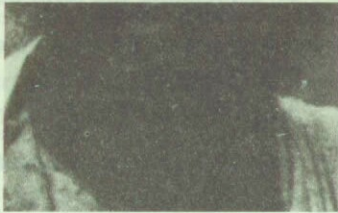
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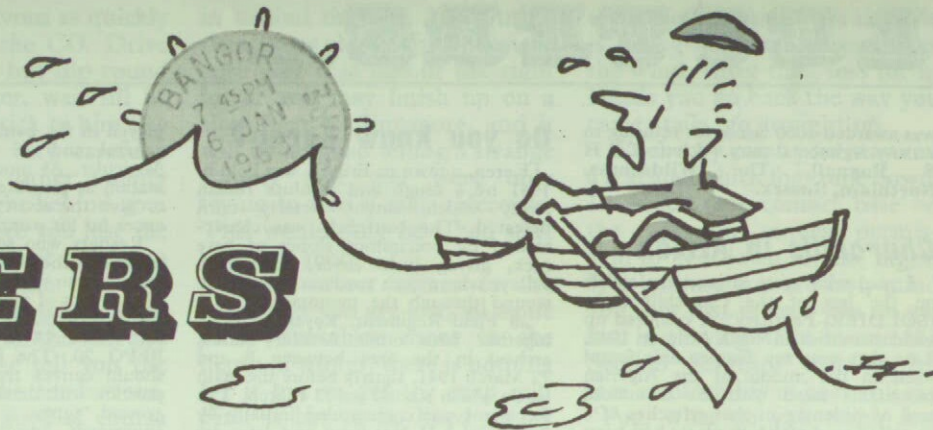
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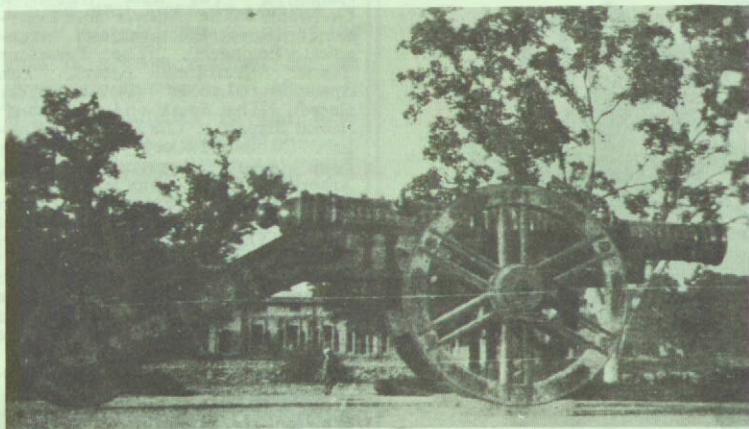
LETTERS

KIM'S GUN

THE film of C S Forester's "The Gun" reminded me of Kim's Gun. This enormous piece stood on a brick platform opposite the old museum in Lahore some 40 years ago, when this photograph was taken, and some idea of its size can be gauged from the tiny human figure standing directly beneath it. This is the gun referred to by Rudyard Kipling in "Kim" and must have been well known to him when he lived in Lahore and edited the "Civil and Military Gazette" toward the end of the last century.—"Gunga Din."

★ The Zamzamah Gun was cast at Lahore, with another gun of the same size, in 1757, by Shah Nazir. It was made of a mixture of copper and brass, obtained by a capitation tax levied by the Mohammedans from the infidels, a metal vessel having been taken from each Hindu house in Lahore. The gun was used in the battle of Panipat in 1761 and, after a chequered history, was badly damaged at the siege of Multan in 1818 and removed to Lahore as unfit for further service. The second gun was lost on its way to Kabul after the battle of Panipat.

The Zamzamah Gun is 14 feet 4½ inches in length, exclusive of the casement, the aperture of the bore being 9½ inches, and it was mounted opposite the museum at Lahore, where it still stands, in 1870.



From the hip?

I wish to protest against the old-fashioned methods used in the Army to practise rifle and pistol shooting. Surely it is about time we understood the value of combat shooting training? When I watch pistolmen stand sideways to the target, aim carefully and then eventually throw a shot, I want to laugh out loud.

The pistol and revolver are short-range weapons, fast to point and with a high rate of fire, hence training should emphasise speed, instinctive point and firing from any position as we are not looking for target groups but killing hits on man-size objects. I am pistol-trained, having trained myself during the war to use my .45 automatic all the time from the hip, and my speed has saved my bacon many times.

Our American friends use combat

methods and, though I expect shouts from the drill wallahs, this is the only way to use a hand gun. I know I have the edge because I am a quick-draw expert and can hit my target before sights can be brought to bear by ordinary methods. I can easily prove by demonstration that safety is still the most important factor.

It is a step in the right direction to have SLRs etc, but how about hand guns? The majority of the Army is armed with .38 revolvers, an under-powered cartridge which I would not trust in combat; the 9mm automatic pistol is coming slowly, but has the method of training with this fine automatic changed? Fast draw and combat shooting with the 9mm automatic can be taught safely and with great effect; I have a 9mm high-powered Browning automatic pistol and its speed, hitting and fire power pull it out of the defence niche.

The British idea of the hand gun is way behind the times and, though I expect mine is a voice in the wilderness, I can prove my words on any range using my combat methods against the textbook methods. Why does not the voice of the Army—your excellent magazine—investigate the use of the hand gun in the Army? Reaction, speed and instinctive pointing make the combat pistolier.—J Lees, 52 Moorcroft Road, Lawton Moor, Wythenshawe, Manchester 23.

★ Reader Lees is perhaps confusing range shooting with battle shooting. The latter method, snap-shooting from the hip, is both approved and taught in the Army today.

Framed!

While taking apart an old picture recently I discovered the backing to be a Certificate of Service giving details of 34197 Maj Hubert Havard Wright, enlisted 5 August 1914 and discharged 11 October 1917. He was a member of the New Zealand Expeditionary Force. The certificate is in good condition and is signed by the Minister of Defence, whose name happens to be the same as mine—J Allen. Anyone connected with Maj Wright or interested in the certificate as a souvenir may have it on request.—A J Allen, 23 Solden Road, Nunhead, London SE15.

Punishments

The article "Branding, Bottling and Beating" (February), describing some of the terrible punishments of the past, will remind many veterans still living of cruel and sadistic punishments officially inflicted during the present century.

In 1921 I witnessed soldiers undergoing "Field Punishment No. 1" for quite minor offences as well as for other breaches of discipline not considered sufficiently serious to warrant trial by court-martial. This was awarded by a company commander in Southern Ireland who was in charge of a detachment of about 40 men.

The "crime" for which one teenage soldier received several days FP No. 1 was that he was too exhausted to get out of his bed (three blankets, no sheets and a straw paillasse on bedboards in an unlined Nissen hut) at reveille, owing to excessive duties. He was carried to the guard hut and his FP No 1 began the same morning without previous medical examination.

He was bound neck to ankle and bareheaded to a stake in an open space in the camp for two hours each morning and afternoon, often getting soaked with rain and numbed with cold. Apart from his daily four-hour airing he was confined to the guard hut on a diet of biscuits (real old-time hard tack) and half a tin of bully; no cigarettes or tea (officially).

On occasions I have seen three soldiers undergoing this punishment at the same time, each bound closely to a thick stake and guarded by a steel-helmeted sentry with fixed bayonet and dressed in battle order. The company commander who awarded these punishments was often referred to by the men as "Pontius Pilate."—"Sentinel."

In very recent years, while serving with The King's African Rifles, my

company second-in-command was an African captain who, as Regimental Sergeant-Major of the same Battalion, had taken part in floggings and told me that the last one took place as late as 1945. He went on to say (surprisingly) that the askari much preferred this form of punishment to CB or detention as it was "the punishment for a soldier and a man." On further enquiries I obtained the following graphic description of what took place.

The unit formed up in a hollow square and the offender, wearing only shorts, was marched forward and spreadeagled on the ground, where his shorts were removed. Next a towel was dipped in a bucket of water and laid across the man's bare buttocks. Then the drum-major came forward carrying a *kiboko* (a hippo-hide whip) and, on a signal from the regimental sergeant-major, administered the punishment prescribed.

The next part I found most intriguing. After the beating the towel was removed and several of the offender's comrades were allowed to break ranks, come forward and jump up and down on the recently lashed bottom to (as my friend said) "loosen the muscles and thereby relieve the pain." The askari was then released. He put on his uniform, marched up to his commanding officer (or the officer who had ordered the punishment), saluted and shook hands.

The man then marched smartly (if painfully) off parade, and the incident was completely forgotten by everyone concerned. There was no brooding or malice at all, a statement I can well believe as it is typical of the African nature. As adjutant of a KAR battalion I was frequently the cause of soldiers receiving detention. But, after punishment and providing they were justly dealt with, they would be perfectly happy.

I would be surprised on many occasions when a shaven-headed prisoner would look up from his fatigue as I passed to give me a big grin and the greeting "*Jambo effendi*" (Hullo, sir) when only the day before we had both shared in the ceremony of CO's Orderly Room. Of course he, like all the askari, was "a soldier and a man."—Maj A J Ward, 7th Battalion, The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, The Castle, Stirling.

Readers may be interested to know that in "General Regulations of the Madras Army 1849" it is laid down that the cat to be used in future in all corps, European and Native, was to be as follows:

Length of handle ..	18 inches
Length of cord ..	24 inches
Number of cords ..	9
Knots on each cord	9
Quality of cords ..	Thin Europe whipcord.

On 15 September 1811 a Sergeant Rogers, 80th Regiment, was sentenced to receive 1000 lashes on his bare back "for going to Captain Dashwood's quarters with a drawn sword after being refused leave of absence from evening parade and refusing to put by his sword when ordered to do so."

On 9 May 1811 Private Goolam Ali

was awarded 1000 lashes for refusing to do any regimental duty.—Lieut-Col H S Bagnall, The Wilderness, Northiam, Sussex.

Churchills in Africa

I read with great interest the article on the last of the Churchill tanks (SOLDIER, February); it conjured up vivid memories of North Africa in 1942. Late that year my Sapper unit found itself in the middle of the Algerian mountains faced with the mammoth task of widening of vast stretches of a so-called road which in places had been designed for nothing bigger than a camel train; the strengthening, re-placing or putting in a diversion or ford for all the bridges on the road and, as a labour force, the recruiting of all available Arab labour for many miles around.

Work proceeded apace, but it was some time before we really appreciated the reason for all this feverish effort. The first coded message came through: "Five camels expected at —". When the "camels" arrived they were, of course, the latest Churchill tanks, all carefully sheeted and with their crews, and each one travelling on its own transporter. They had been landed at Algiers and Bone, the two nearest ports, and then had to traverse the mountains to get into action in Tunisia. They were moved by night for security reasons.

It was with some satisfaction that a little later we both saw and heard of their magnificent efforts in the hills of Tunisia. We then realised that the all-out effort put in by ourselves and our Arab friends had played no small part in getting them into action.—F L Smith, Home Office Civil Defence School, Eastwood Park, Falfield, Glos.

Do you know Keren?

Keren, a town in Eritrea, was held in 1941 by a tough and resolute Italian Army which fought bitterly until defeated. The battlefield was characterised by precipitous slopes of bare rock, giving little cover, and steep valleys where such roads as there were wound through the mountains.

28 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, together with other Artillery units, arrived in the area between 8 and 12 March 1941, shortly before the main battle which started on 15 March. The Regiment was commanded initially by Lieut-Col J H Needham and later by Lieut-Col G de V Welchman.

The Regiment, now 14 Field Regiment at present serving in Rhine Army, proposes to commission a painting from David Shepherd to mark the part

played in the battle by the Gunners in general and 28 Field Regiment in particular. As much background information as possible is required in order to give the artist the necessary references for his painting.

Readers who served with the Regiment or other Gunner units at Keren and who can supply detailed information in the form of photographs, sketches or word pictures, are invited to communicate with 14 Field Regiment RA, BFPO 20. The information required should convey the scene at a battery position with detail of local and distant ground, types of vehicles, guns and equipment and especially particular markings peculiar to the Regiment. All communications will be acknowledged and photographs etc returned after use.—Capt P R Barton, 14 Fd Regt RA, BFPO 20.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(See Page 31)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1 Depth of black cloud at left. 2 Check design at bottom left of capsule. 3 Right gun of warship. 4 Bootlaces of left spaceman. 5 Funnel of warship. 6 Shoulder-strap of right spaceman. 7 Left top black square on capsule. 8 Small black waves below capsule checks. 9 Wave on right of ship's funnel. 10 Position of aircraft.

NAME THE PUB

Sadly, presumably because competitors were required to produce original thought, SOLDIER's February Competition 81 attracted little interest. As a result, and because no competitors produced two outstanding titles, only four prizes are awarded, of £5 each to the following:

WO II D Fell, RE, 46 Wksp and Pk Sqn, RE, BFPO 21, for "The Gap and Spanner" (Royal Engineers) and "The Old Bailey" (bridge).

Mr I D L Lloyd, Youth Liaison Office, c/o Army Information Office, Fore Street, Devonport, Plymouth, for "The Air and Ground (The Parachute Regiment) and "The Plain and Planner" (HQ Southern Command).

WO II K B Coello, 7 Armed Wksp, REME, BFPO 38, for "Hammer and Tongs" (Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers) and "The Wind and The Wilderness" (Fallingbowl Garrison, West Germany).

Captain H Mortimore, The Orchard, 143 Westwood Road, Tilehurst, Reading, Berks, for "Table and Lamp" (Royal Army Medical Corps) and "Stand and Baton" (Bandmaster).

Titles from other entries included "The Needle and Thread" (Royal Army Medical Corps), "Tank and Beret" (Royal Tank Regiment), "The Cape and Lamp" (Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps), "The Dig Inn" and "The Patient Peacemaker" (Infantry), "The Bull" (Aldershot Garrison), "The Answer for Everything" (Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers), "The Tenacious Terrier" (Territorial Army), "The Spade and Labour" (Royal Pioneer Corps), "The Spark and Lightning" (Royal Signals), "The Cops and Robbers" (Military Police), "The Turning Point" (Army Apprentices School, Arborfield), "The Spurs and Scalpel" (Royal Army Veterinary Corps), "Pen and Ink" (Royal Army Educational Corps), "The Brave Digger" (Australian Army), "The Track and Turret" (Royal Armoured Corps), "The Rat Catcher" (Hamelin, Germany), "The Green Rifleman", "The Goat and Dragon" (Welsh Brigade Depot), "The Rising Blocks" (Catterick Camp).

An armoured car struggles up a mountain road soon after the Keren battle.



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OSNABRUCK (Church Army)
PADERBORN (Toc H)
SENNELAGER (Church Army)
VERDEN (Toc H)

WOLFENBUTTEL (Church of Scotland)

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As the crow flies

by

OSCAR KETTLE

MAP references are like pin-up pictures. Easy to look at but very hard to find. And the Section Officer doesn't help. "Now lads," he says, "There's the map reference, we will all rendezvous there at 1500 hours, and don't anybody be late. I'll go in the first truck and the sergeant here in the last. Start them off at ten minute intervals, sergeant," and with a merry laugh he hops into his truck and clears off.

That's the annoying part about a secret exercise. The landlord of the village pub tells you about it a week before so the obvious thing to do to avoid all the map reading is to find out the name of the place. It's much easier. Once you're off you can draw up by the nearest copper, a quick whisper in his ear, a pointing finger, and you are there and brewing up the old tea hours before anyone else comes struggling in.

So the Section puts a 24-hour unseen watch on the sergeant. Eating and sleeping, drunk or sober, a large flapping pair of ears is always waiting for an unguarded word to slip. A willing volunteer in the Sergeants' Mess helps if the old Gunner saying, "When the beer is in the rendezvous is out," is taken advantage of. But sergeants are cagey men at best so a few more volunteers sweeping and dusting the Orderly Room might give a lead. Such as answering the telephone in a passable imitation of the CO's voice when there is no one around.

Should time be getting short a couple of saccharine tablets slipped into a NAAFI girl's cup of tea may stir up some startling revelations. If she doesn't know the rendezvous you will be able to blackmail the Canteen Corporal for life.

But in spite of all your efforts it is on the cards that the big day will arrive with no clue at all to the rendezvous. So Plan B will have to swing into operation. Make a careful note of the map reference and particularly where the CO's driver is, because if anyone is going to

get to the rendezvous as quickly as possible, it's the CO. Drive off in your turn but nip round the nearest corner, wait till he drives off, then stick to him like glue. But drive very carefully because all the other twenty trucks will be right behind you.

If by any chance you lose the CO, wait for the first redcap to come along, tell him that you have urgent despatches from Whitehall to call off the exercise and can he please tell you the nearest way to the rendezvous. It won't be any good of course but at least you can say that you worried him a bit.

The boys in the back may be getting a bit weary by this time so just to cheer them up get fell

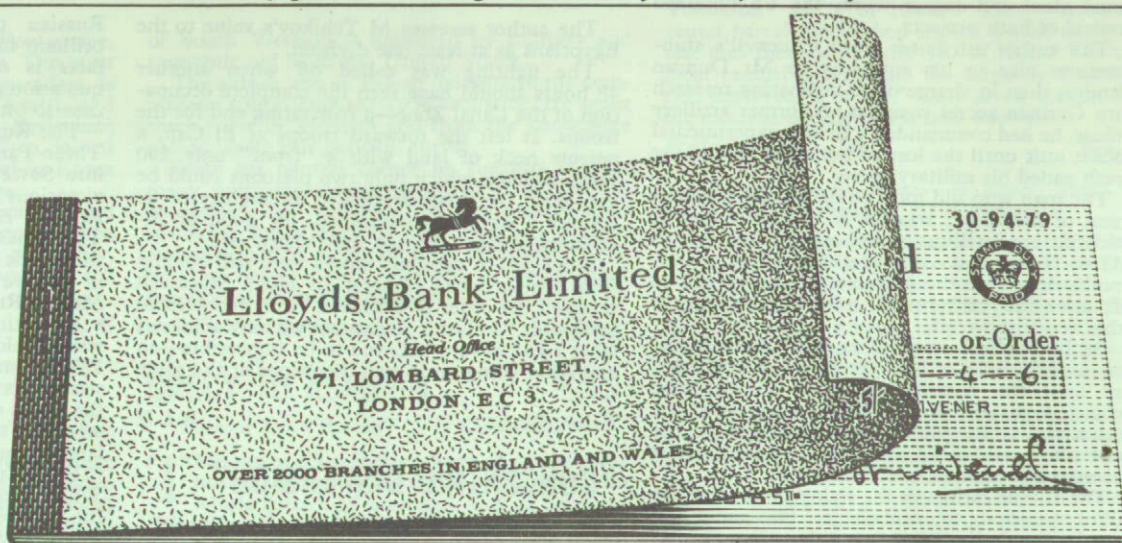
in behind the first Army truck that comes along. Try and make sure that it is one of the right lot or you may finish up on a slow boat to Singapore, and it will be no good telling a strange colonel that you were only trying to find a map reference. This would only be a bad start in a new mob.

If the worst comes to the worst and you are lost, all alone on a Yorkshire moor in the depth of winter, there is nothing for it but to get the map out. First it has to be lined up by the north, so spread the map on the ground then lick your thumb and hold it up in the air to see which way the wind is blowing. Then turn your map

until the little arrow on the side is facing the same direction as the wind. After that, toss for it. Heads you go back the way you came; tails, go straight on.

Luck may come your way and a real good thick fog come down. In which case contact base on the radio and request permission to bed down for the night. Not because you are lost, mind you, but just in case you do get lost in the fog. Ten to one the Section Sergeant toasting his toes comfortably at base will say "Fog, what do you mean fog, you've got a perishing map haven't you?"

So hoist up a sail and try the stars. Sailors can do it—why can't you?



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FLYING-BOMB AND ROCKET

"The Mare's Nest" (David Irving).

IT was Lord Cherwell, wartime scientific adviser to Sir Winston Churchill, who provided Mr Irving with his title. In October 1943, when the Defence Committee (Operations) was discussing German secret weapons, Lord Cherwell said he still felt that at the end of the war, when they knew the full story, they would find the rocket (the V-2) was a mare's nest.

There are four separate stories to be told about the V-weapons—their development, the British Intelligence attack before they were used, the assault, and the counter-measures during both development and assault. The author devotes most of this book to the first two, with the main emphasis on the rocket. He relates events on both sides of the North Sea to make a continuous story and introduces a great deal of intimate and fascinating detail.

The rocket was an Army project, to the disgust of the Luftwaffe, which developed its own flying-bomb in rivalry. Ultimately, after much of its usual cloak-and-dagger work, the SS obtained control of both projects.

The author attributes Lord Cherwell's stubbornness also to his antipathy to Mr Duncan Sandys, then in charge of co-ordinating research into German secret weapons. A former artillery officer, he had commanded a British experimental rocket unit until the loss of both feet from a car crash ended his military career.

The man who did most to detect the development of the rocket was Dr R V Jones, chief of scientific air Intelligence and scientific adviser to MI 6. His amateur interpretation of air photographs distressed the professionals but, allied to his scientific background, added materially to what was discovered.

Dr Jones's task was lightened by some of the less useful pieces of intelligence put before him, not least the contribution of a general who solemnly passed on the information that the rocket was to be guided by a small man in the nose who would make his escape by parachute at the very last moment before impact.

The author estimates the flying-bomb cost the Allies nearly £48 million in two-and-a-half months (excluding permanent housing repairs) against a German expenditure of less than £13 million. A flying-bomb cost £125 and a rocket about £12,000; the rocket delivered little more explosive than the bomb.

Why did the Germans persist with this uneconomical weapon? Dr Jones's answer was "romantic appeal." It was a fantastic technical achievement which captured the imagination of the Nazis.

William Kimber, 50s.

R L E

OPERATION MUSKETEER

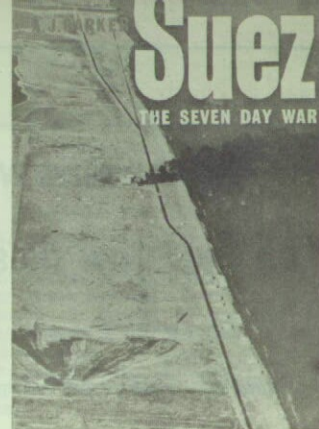
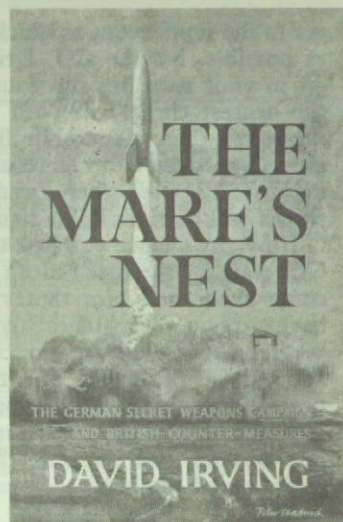
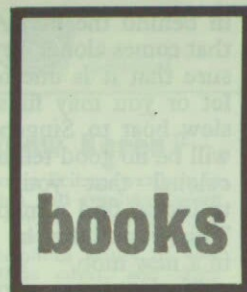
"Suez: The Seven-Day War" (A J Barker).

IN "Operation Musketeer," the invasion at Port Said in 1956, "the planning drew attention to the military hollowness of our defences, preparations exposed it, and the actual operation paraded our inadequacy before the whole world," writes the author.

Among the principal sufferers were the recalled reservists who found that mobilisation machinery had not kept up with the times. When they reached their units a lack of urgency quickly affected their morale. Some were not even wanted—reinforcement tank crews had been called up on a basis of five men to a tank though a *Centurion* had a crew of only four.

Equipment was short and out-of-date. The author contrasts the 1945 left-overs used by British parachutists with equipment available to the hardened French "Paras." In fairness to the generals, admirals and air-marshals responsible for the operations, he points out that they were bedevilled by the political stop-go which hampered their planning, by the inadequacy of available bases, and by the lack of suitable craft, both sea and air, for getting the troops into battle.

A sinister star of the operation was the Soviet consul at Port Said, M Tchikov. He had already done much to strengthen Nasser's hand before he began to organise subversion against the British occupation.



The author assesses M Tchikov's value to the Egyptians as at least one division.

The fighting was called off when another 48 hours should have seen the complete occupation of the Canal Zone—a frustrating end for the troops. It left the forward troops at El Cap, a narrow neck of land with a "front" only 250 yards wide on which only two platoons could be deployed. On them descended an average of 60 visitors a day, all determined, for good or indifferent reasons, to see the "sharp end."

Ships full of men and stores were still coming from Britain when General Sir Hugh Stockwell received the order to evacuate. He is reported to have said: "At last it seems that we have achieved what I had always believed to be impossible—an operation going on in two directions at the same time."

Faber, 30s.

R L E

"CONCENTRIC DISPERSION"

"Conventional Warfare in the Nuclear Age" (Otto Heilbrunn).

DR HEILBRUNN, who has made some notable contributions to guerilla warfare literature, now turns to the wider problems of conventional warfare under nuclear threat. Although his conclusions are general, the book is written in relation to an actual NATO war in which NATO is on the defensive.

The problems of this situation are numerous. One of the knottiest is that of deployment. Faced with the need to prepare for a conventional war which might turn into a nuclear one at any moment, does a commander accept military ineffectiveness by dispersing his forces so as to offer no target to nuclear weapons, or does he court nuclear disaster by concentrating them for conventional strength?

The author sees the answer in "concentric dispersion." The troops must be deployed for nuclear war. Operations will be mobile. The object will be to surround the enemy's forces with a number of battle groups to strike jointly without concentrating.

The dispersed troops would not be expected to hold ground but control it. The author counsels strategic moderation in exploiting victory lest the enemy sees himself forced to introduce nuclear weapons.

This is a thoughtful book, which any budding staff officer will find stimulating.

Allen and Unwin, 21s.

R L E

FIRST STEP TO DEFEAT

"Hitler's War on Russia" (Paul Carell).

HITLER'S invasion of Russia was his first step towards defeat. Like Napoleon he failed to realise that he could lose his whole army in the vast, rolling steppes to Russian arms or Russian snow.

The author reconstructs this war of attrition with quite astonishing detail. He interviewed countless German soldiers, drew on official records and the memoirs of both German and

Russian commanders, and has produced a brilliant history. His ability to sift and evaluate facts is obvious throughout and his use of quotation gives his account that reality and liveliness so often lacking in military histories.

The Russian front was the longest in history. Three Panzer spearheads thrust simultaneously into Soviet territory in an attack planned to be victorious in eight weeks. Despite heavy defeats, Russian resistance was unexpectedly fanatical. Thousands trudged westward into captivity but thousands more took their places—and hovering in reserve always was the trusted defender of Mother Russia, "General Winter."

Operation Barbarossa lasted until January 1943 when Field-Marshal von Paulus surrendered with 123,000 men, all that was left of the 250,000-strong Sixth Army surrounded at Stalingrad. On the banks of the Volga, Barbarossa changed from an attack to a retreat which was to end two years later in the flaming ruins of Berlin.

But clearly there were grave Soviet errors too. Whole armies were needlessly sacrificed early in the campaign when a well-conducted retreat would have left the Panzers on the end of thin supply lines.

Russia had plenty of shocks for the invaders. The T-34, KV-1, KV-2 and Voroshilov super-tank with its five revolving turrets, came as a complete surprise. No German tank or anti-tank gun could touch them, but they were used piecemeal. On the day of the invasion Russia possessed 17,000 tanks.

There are people who believe that Stalin's winter war of 1939-40 was deliberately conducted with obsolete weapons and inferior forces just to deceive the world. At all events, the Germans had no clue to Russia's actual strength.

This book has excellent illustrations, many in colour and published in this country for the first time.

Harrap, 45s.

J C W

BURGESS, MACLEAN AND CO

"Spies in Britain" (Bernard Newman).

THAT veteran of the espionage bookshelves, Bernard Newman, takes a new look at espionage as it has been practised in and against Britain.

Briefly he touches on early spy stories, including Daniel Defoe, who spied in Scotland, and the hermaphrodite Chevalier d'Eon, who was a French agent at the Tsar's court as a woman, and in London as a man. He recalls also that in 1668 Britain had a "Cicero" in Holland who stole the Dutch leader's keys while he slept, removed his papers for a British representative to peruse, and restored everything before his victim awoke.

In the two World Wars most German attempts at espionage in Britain were amazingly inept, but there were a few competent exceptions. One was Hans Schmidt who, after a shaky start when his companion was irretrievably injured in their parachute drop on Salisbury Plain in 1940, operated in Britain for five years. The author believes Schmidt is still alive and living in London.

About half this book is devoted to Russian espionage and the author goes again over the

HITLER'S WAR

THE STORY OF THE GERMAN DEFEAT IN THE EAST

ON RUSSIA



PAUL CARELL

cases of Burgess, Maclean, Philby, Pontecorvo, Fuchs, Vassall and the Portland spies. The most unsatisfactory case of espionage, he considers, is that of George Blake who, born of Jewish and Dutch parents, served in the Dutch Resistance and the Royal Navy in World War Two, joined the Foreign Service, was a vice-consul in Korea and was taken prisoner by the Chinese.

Later he was sent to Berlin where from being a double spy—a British agent pretending to work for the Russians—he became a triple spy, a Russian agent pretending to work for the British.

Robert Hale, 21s.

R L E

"SOOR-MILK JOCKS"

"The Proud Trooper" (Major W Steel Brownlie).

BORN in the grim days of the war against Napoleon, the troopers of the Ayrshire Yeomanry (The Earl of Carrick's Own) were purely civilian-soldiers, colourfully clad in helmets of fur and feather and equipped with sabres and pistols. Their early exploits were little more than police actions against Radical street mobs in Paisley and Glasgow.

It was not till the Boer War that they were given a chance to show their real mettle, playing a gruelling part in the anti-guerilla campaign across kopje and drift. In World War One the Yeomanry served as Infantry at Gallipoli, then in the heat of the Palestinian plains and in the mud of Flanders.

World War Two brought another challenge—the Yeomanry became Gunners. In Normandy 151 Field Regiment won its spurs in the bocage country, fired 1000 rounds per gun daily and helped to dig the German 7th Army's grave at Falaise. Then came the dash for Antwerp, the leap across the Rhine and the sweep towards the Elbe.

In North Africa 152 Field Regiment was blooded at Bou Arada and later fought at Monte Cassino. Having fired more than 200,000 rounds, the "soor-milk Jocks" crossed the Po and streamed towards the Alps and Austria.

This enormously long book is a stimulating and interesting addition to regimental records.

Collins, 42s.

A W H

STILL A BATTLEGROUND

"Vietnam Divided" (B S N Murti).

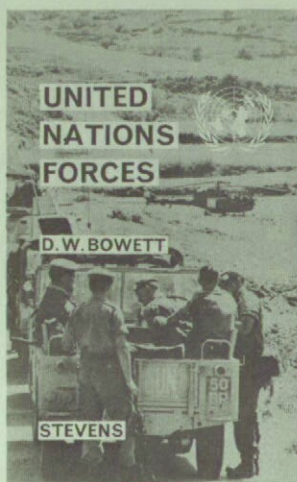
IN 1945 the surrender of the Japanese troops in the south of what is now Vietnam was entrusted to British troops; in the north to the Chinese of General Chiang Kai-shek.

The British restored French sovereignty to the south. In the north the Chinese gave the Vietnamese their heads. Years of strife followed which for the French came to a climax in the gallant but futile defence of Dien Bien Phu in 1954.

Today the unhappy land of Vietnam is still a battle-ground. The government in the north is influenced and supported, to an extent that is not very clear, by Russia and China. The government



BERNARD NEWMAN
SPIES
IN
BRITAIN



UNITED
NATIONS
FORCES

D. W. BOWETT

STEVENS

of South Vietnam is bolstered by military and economic aid from the United States.

The author was an Indian delegate to the commission supervising the 1954 armistice. He spent three years in Vietnam and from the knowledge gained wrote this political survey.

From his neutral corner he suggests a great many problems would be solved if all nations recognised the existence of two independent sovereign states. But his book indicates clearly, and more recent events confirm, that much has to be done before South Vietnam, at least, could function as an independent state.

Asia Publishing House, 32s.

R L E

CRECY TO ALAMEIN

"Famous Land Battles" (S D Kneebone).

THE author's selection here of seven vital battles is based on those in which "the whole future of England, and of Europe, depended on the skill and bravery of a handful of English soldiers."

Accordingly he takes Hastings, Crecy, Marston Moor, Blenheim, Waterloo, the Somme and El Alamein. Even if you accept the criterion (and few Scottish, Welsh or Irish readers are likely to accept the last three battles without a smile) would you include Marston Moor and exclude the capture of Quebec?

Surley, if we must have a battle within the United Kingdom, why not Bannockburn, Bosworth or Culloden? But assuming that the author has selected his seven battles rightly, how does he deal with them? Each account is accompanied by a clear diagram to illustrate the sequence of the action, and the language is quite simple and direct. Nonetheless, the background historical explanations tend to be rather lacking in depth.

But the most irritating feature of this latest in the True Book series is its errors. For example, the Normans at Hastings were not a "vastly superior force" (at least not in numbers) and the Elector of Hanover was not an ally of the French at Blenheim!

Frederick Muller, 10s 6d.

A W H

FRONT-LINE PRIVATE

"Old Soldiers Never Die" (Frank Richards).

IN 1914 Frank Richards was a miner, a Reservist of The Royal Welch Fusiliers with eight years' Colour service, nearly seven of them in India.

He rejoined the 2nd Battalion of his Regiment and served with it throughout World War One, winning the Distinguished Conduct Medal and the Military Medal, refusing promotion or transfer. He saw the Battalion constantly smashed and reconstituted; he missed no battles and few raids yet came through without a serious wound.

Like many other ex-Servicemen, Richards fell on hard times after the war and during a spell of unemployment wrote this book about his war experiences. With the help of Robert Graves, once an officer in his Battalion and author of an introduction to this paper-back edition, he got it published in 1933.

It is a splendidly simple account, sometimes shaky on grammar, of the life and near-deaths of a front-line private. The author displays a fine sense of humour and humanity, a quick evaluation of new officers and comrades, an unbounded respect for his fellow old soldiers, a discerning eye and economy of style.

Faber, 7s 6d.

R L E

IN BRIEF

"Famous Guns from the Winchester Collection" (Hank Wieand Bowman).

This is a profusely illustrated American paper-back abridgement of a bigger work, containing seven articles of historic and technical interest. One is a biography of Oliver F Winchester who entered the firearms industry in 1855 when he was 45 years old. He started life as a carpenter and graduated from shirt-making to gun-making when he and some associates bought out Smith and Wesson.

Today discerning collectors seek out Winchester sporting rifles engraved "One of One Thousand" or "1 of 1000." They were built round barrels which had shown special merit on test and there were only 187 of them. For the most exclusive collectors the target is a similar rifle engraved "1 of 100." Only seven were made; the location of only one is now known.

Frederick Muller, 5s.

R L E

"United Nations Forces—A Legal Study of United Nations Practice" (D W Bowett).

In 1962 Dr Bowett was invited by the David Davies Memorial Institute to undertake a study of United Nations forces. This book is a result.

In his conclusions the author points out that there is no real scheme to provide the United Nations with armed forces, a weakness demonstrated as recently as last year by the Cyprus situation.

He proposes a four-phase ten-year scheme which would provide the United Nations ultimately with an individually recruited force not exceeding 10,000. This could undertake limited peace-keeping tasks, form a nucleus for large peace-keeping operations and undertake functions which might be allotted by a disarmament treaty.

Stevens and Sons, £5 10s.

R L E

"True's Gun Annual No. 2."

This is a magazine-type American publication, well illustrated, covering a wide range of small-arms subjects, including hunting, equipment and history.

One author writes intriguingly of the pleasures of hunting foxes, rabbits, squirrels and such-like with a revolver. Another describes how new materials like nylon and fibre-glass are finding their way into gun-making.

A third tells of children's shooting clubs, which apparently boast more than half a million members in the United States and get free ammunition from the Army Department. It is stated that the junior shooters have a "safety record unequalled in any other sport."

Frederick Muller, 3s 6d.

R L E

SOLDIER PICTURES

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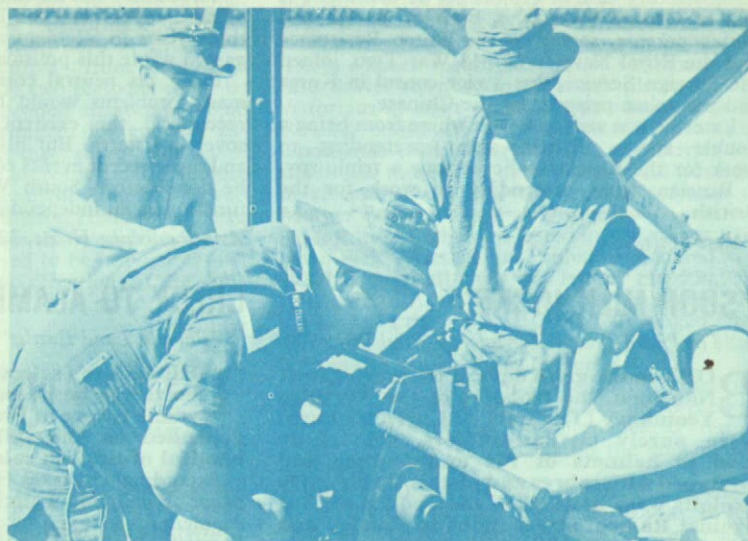
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Flanked by an escort of junior soldiers, the new mascot of the Junior Tradesmen's Regiment, Troon—a vintage grey Rolls Royce *Phantom*—is marched off parade. The old car was adopted as the regimental mascot at a special parade after being used for the last 25 years as the official car of the Army Commander in Scotland. A 1936 *Phantom* III 12-cylinder saloon, the car was originally presented to Scottish Command in 1940 by the late Lord Craigmyle. After 700,000 miles, General Sir George Gordon-Lennox, present Army Commander in Scotland, decided to give the Rolls to the Junior Tradesmen. Now it is used to train mechanics as well as performing duties as official mascot. Entrusted to the care of the "Rolls Major"—Junior Corporal Robert Cameron, Royal Army Service Corps—the old car has given the Regiment the distinction of being the only Army unit with a grey *Phantom* as a mascot.



Many free world nations are helping the people of South Vietnam fight Communist aggression. A detachment of 25 New Zealand Army engineers, all volunteers, has arrived in Saigon to assist Vietnamese civil and military authorities in road and bridge repairs. Here they are working with Vietnamese to repair a bridge in Binh Duong province, just north of the capital.



Arab guards nursing their treasured ancient rifles maintain a vigilant lookout from clifftops overlooking a beach on the coast of Southern Arabia where men of the 10th Royal Hussars (Prince of Wales's Own) enjoy an afternoon off from their duties. Based in Southern Arabia, this detachment has a beach only a mile and a half from camp, but because the bathing area is too exposed the men must drive on another 12 miles to a location where guards can be mounted to cover any possible attack by tribal dissidents. Deserted beaches along this part of the coast look like a holiday paradise—but there are sharks!



An unforgettable moment for pretty Private Lorraine Baghurst, Women's Royal Army Corps, one of the lucky people who met the Duke of Edinburgh during his visit to British units in Singapore. Lorraine, a member of 4 Independent Company working at Headquarters Far East Land Forces, spoke to the Duke when he called at the headquarter offices. The roads of the military area were lined with cheering wives and children of Servicemen as the Duke made his tour. He stopped at the Sandes Soldiers Home, Alexandra Junior School and St John's, the Army's newest school in Singapore.



The United States Army is testing prototypes of a new 1 1/2-ton cargo carrier consisting of two aluminium units—a four-wheeled tractor and a two-wheeled carrier with a jointed system between the two. The new vehicle, the XM 561, can cross the worst terrain, is amphibious and airportable.

Also being tested in America is an experimental marsh screw amphibian driven by two rotating pontoons with spiral blades. Turning the pontoons in opposite directions causes the vehicle to move forward or backward, depending on the direction of rotation. The vehicle can also be made to travel sideways by disengaging one pontoon and spinning the other. With a speed of 20 miles an hour in snow and eight miles an hour in water, the amphibian is constructed of aluminium and is 13 feet long and eight feet wide. It can carry cargo or men through fresh or salt water, over sand, rice paddies, swamps and mud banks. Tests on this vehicle are being carried out at Fort Lee, Virginia.



This is the interior of a NAAFI mobile men's wear shop which is touring units in Germany. Stocked with a wide range of suits, shirts, shoes, knitwear and accessories, the ten-ton vehicle is fitted with an ingenious device to extend the floor area by moving out the side walls, producing an elegant showroom 30 feet by 15 feet with wall-to-wall carpeting and a fitting room. Setting up takes about four hours.



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