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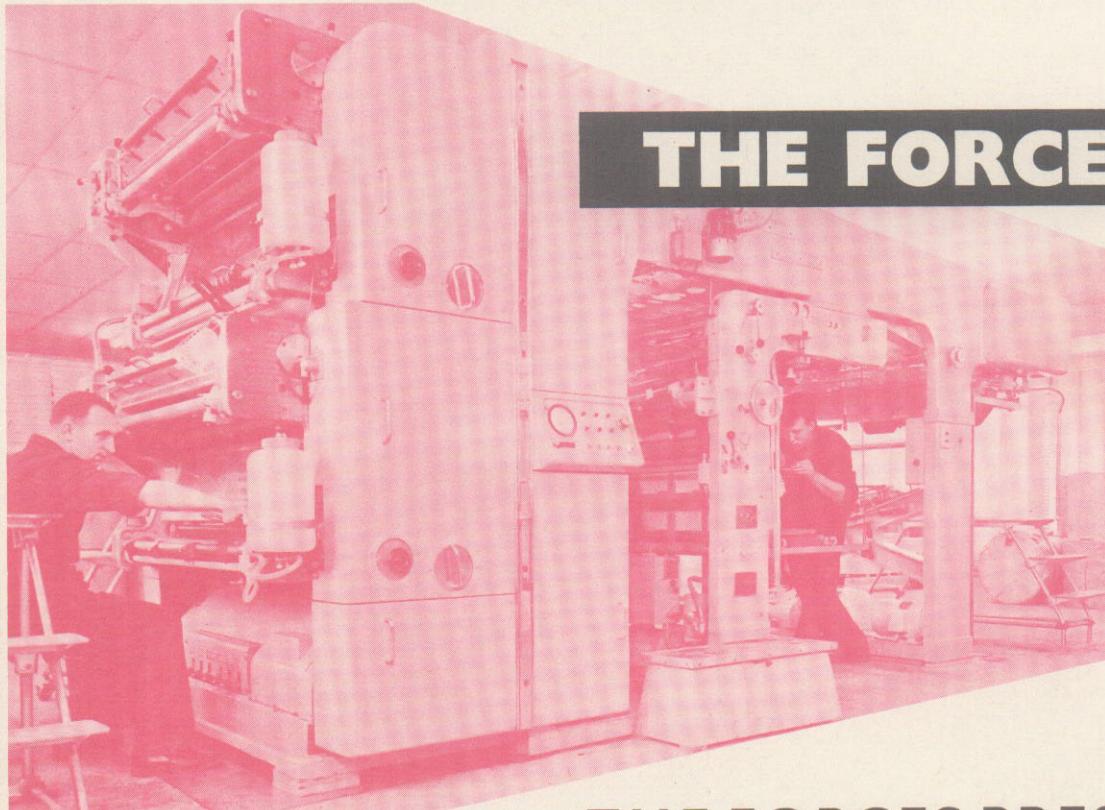
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Next month's SOLDIER will include a feature on beer mats and their collectors, and two adventure articles (a journey by sloop from Aden to Britain and potholing in Cyprus). "Your Regiment" will be the 9th/12th Royal Lancers (Prince of Wales's).

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SOLDIER, the British Army Magazine, is published for the War Office by HM Stationery Office and printed by The Forces Press, Crimea Road, Aldershot, Hants.

EDITORIAL inquiries: Editor, SOLDIER, 433 Holloway Road, London N7 (ARCHway 4381).

CIRCULATION inquiries (except trade): Circulation Manager, 433 Holloway Road, London N7 (ARCHway 4381). Direct postal subscription: 13s 6d a year (including postage).

TRADE distribution inquiries: PO Box 569, London SE1.

PHOTOGRAPHIC reprint inquiries: Picture Editor, 433 Holloway Road, London N7 (ARCHway 4381).

ADVERTISEMENT inquiries: Cowlishaw and Lawrence (Advertising) Ltd, Memorial Hall Buildings, 16 Farringdon Street, London EC4 (CITY 3718).

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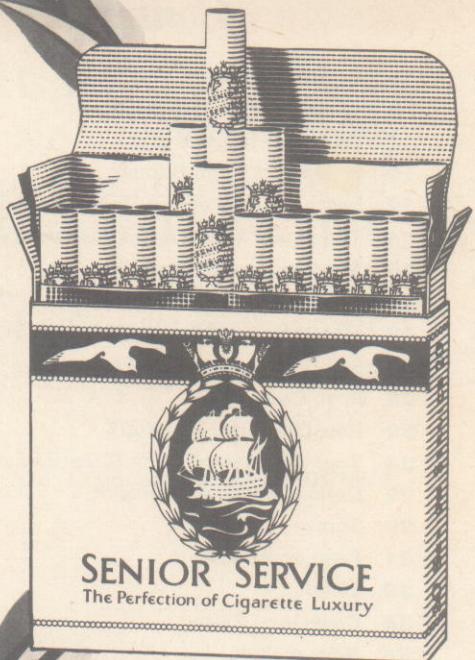
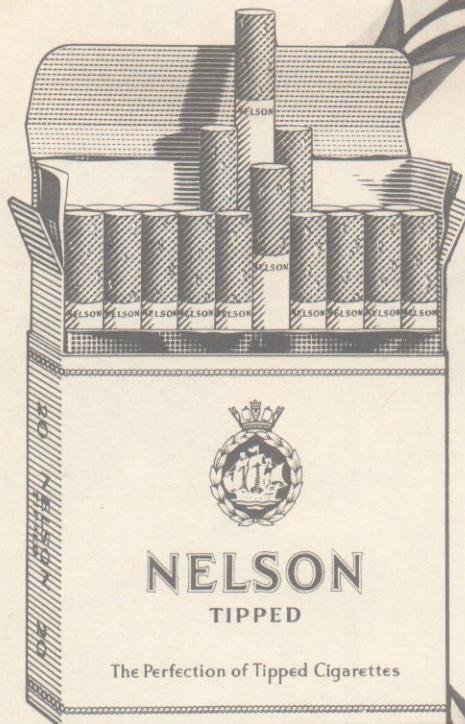
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BRUNEI

LESS THAN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS AFTER A REBELLION FLARED IN A TINY BRITISH PROTECTORATE, TROOPS FLOWN FROM SINGAPORE, 1000 MILES AWAY, WERE ON THE SPOT AND ENGAGED IN BATTLE

BLAZING guns shattered the still night as heavily armed men wearing oddly-assorted uniforms emerged from jungle hide-outs. In the moonlight, hordes of desperadoes swooped on police posts, stormed the Sultan's palace and seized a vast, sprawling oilfield in an audacious bid for power. Open rebellion had flared in the oil state of Brunei, tiny British protectorate on the north-west coast of Borneo.

The insurgents, members of the Raayat People's Party led by Sheikh A M Azahari, were rebelling against proposals to unite Brunei, and the neighbouring British colonies of North Borneo and Sarawak, with Malaya and Singapore in the new Malaysia. But the uprising was doomed to fail, for within 24 hours of the first wild shots being fired, the ill-disciplined and excitable rebels were to come across battle-trained British soldiers in a series of clashes that could have only one end.

Drenched by a monsoon downpour these watchful Highlanders surround a *kampong* at Seria, where rebel guns were hidden.

Weeks of rumour preceded the revolt. Rumours of men drilling openly in Indonesian villages . . . arms being supplied by an American gun-runner to an underground organisation in Borneo . . . uniformed men moving in boats along jungle rivers . . . and rebels being trained in remote areas of North Borneo, Brunei and Indonesian Borneo. A few days before the rebellion broke out, all jungle-green clothing and boots vanished from shops and young men disappeared into the jungle.

Some of them reappeared in the early hours of Saturday, 8 December, in a band of about 300 armed rebels which stormed the police station and the Sultan's palace in Brunei Town. Simultaneously the major oil town of Seria was seized, arms and ammunition were stolen from police posts throughout the country, hundreds of Europeans were taken as hostages and many more placed under house arrest.

After repeated attacks on his palace, the Sultan, Sir Omar Ali Saifuddin, appealed for British help and at 5 am the 1st Battalion, 2nd King Edward VII's Own Gurkha Rifles, was warned in Singapore: "Prepare to move." Six hours later the entire Battalion was ready to go and by 8 pm the first com-



OVER . . .



BRUNEI

continued

1

1 Just a few hours after unloading arms and equipment at Brunei airport, these Highlanders were fighting the rebels.

2 A soldier covers the road near Anduki airfield where four rebels were killed the night before in the abandoned car.

3 After storming Seria, troops with fixed bayonets search for weapons hidden by rebels before fleeing into the jungle.

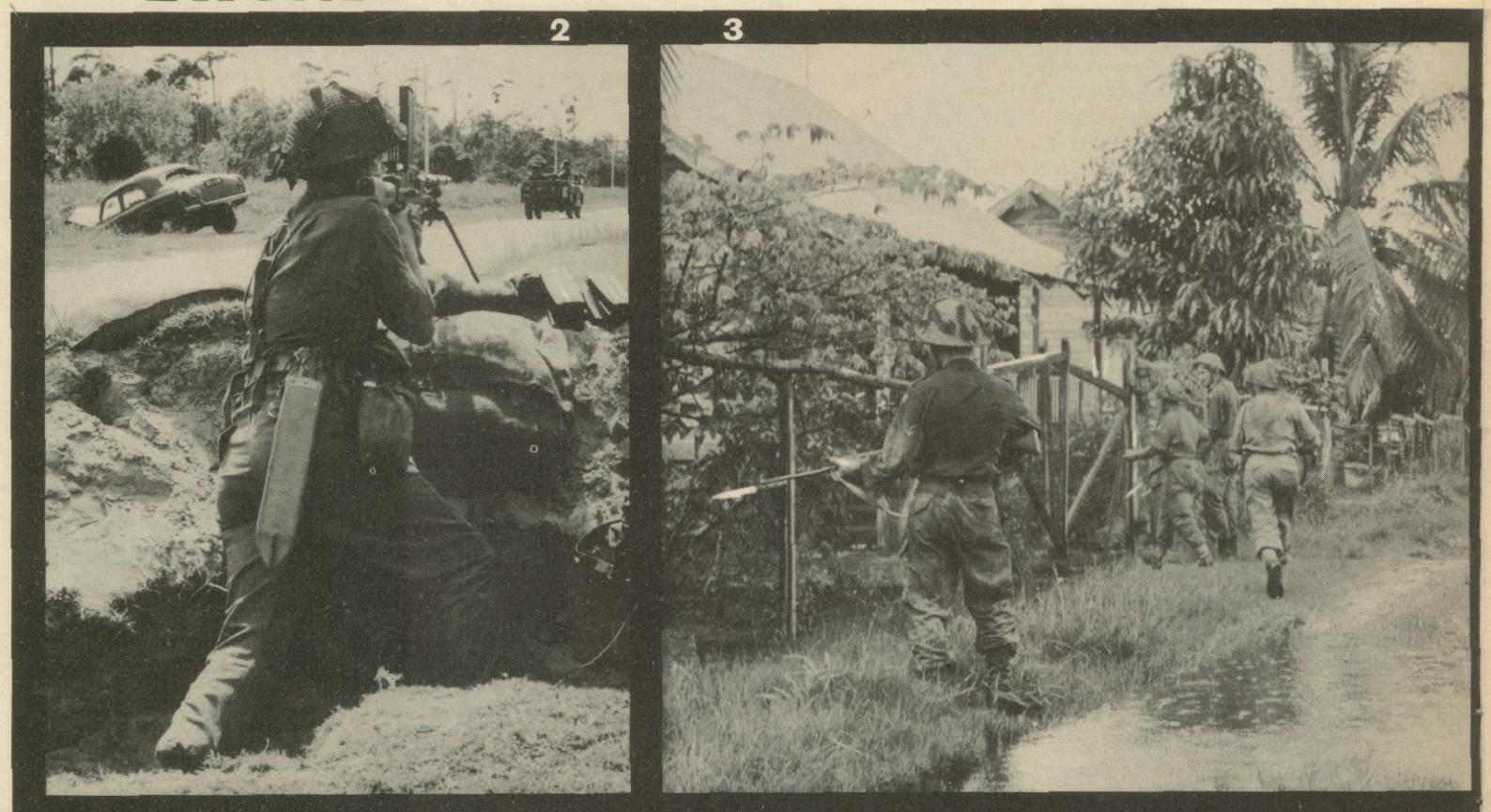


4

4 With a Union Jack flying proudly from the canoe, loyal Iban tribesmen bring in rebels they have captured up-river.

5 British troops and local police search for rebels in a house on stilts during mopping-up patrols in the dense jungle.

6 Frightened rebel prisoners are herded by a Gurkha soldier into a converted cinema being used as a jail in Brunei.



2

3



5



6

pany was landed in Brunei by the Royal Air Force. The situation was grim. Police, helped by the Sultan's loyal forces, were fighting rebels everywhere. The Brunei police station managed to hold out until the Gurkhas arrived but others were in rebel hands.

A Gurkha guard was mounted over the Sultan's palace while "C" Company set off in a convoy of commandeered vehicles to reinforce police at Penaga where the rebels were reported to be gaining control.

After shooting its way through rebel roadblocks without casualties, the Company ran into an ambush at Tutong village where 300 rebels, hiding in upstairs rooms, opened fire. The

Gurkhas, many of them veteran jungle fighters, dived for cover and soon blasted their way through the village, but after taking a bridge further on they realised their company commander, Captain F A Lea, was missing.

His *Land-Rover* crashed during the Tutong action and he and his company sergeant-major dragged their wounded driver and signaller into a monsoon ditch to wait for dawn. As first light filtered through the jungle tree tops Captain Lea saw three rebels searching the area about 100 yards from their ditch. He hissed "mari sin"—Malayan for "come here." The rebels fell for the trick and as the leader approached he was promptly knocked out! Soon a

search party located the missing men and the battle for Tutong was over.

The Company was then ordered back to Brunei Town where renewed activity was reported—rebels had infiltrated under cover of darkness. Against fire from rooftops, ditches and windows, the Gurkhas advanced relentlessly through the narrow streets and regained control of the town, but only after a patrol led by Lieutenant D E Stephens came under heavy fire. Two men were killed—Lieutenant Stephens and Lance-Corporal Dalbahadur Thapa—and another 13 were wounded. The rebels lost 24 men in the action and many more were taken prisoner.

At the British High Commissioner's

office, Brigadier J B A Glennie DSO had set up a Force Headquarters to command the three Services. All land forces were under Brigadier A G Patterson MC, Commander, 99 Gurkha Infantry Brigade Group.

Meanwhile the remainder of the Gurkha Battalion was being flown to Brunei with a troop of Sappers from 69 Gurkha Field Squadron. Twenty-two officers and 360 men of the 1st Battalion, The Queen's Own Highlanders, left Singapore the same day—half in the destroyer HMS *Cavalier* and the remainder by air. The Highlanders' first task was to relieve Seria, where 400 Europeans were imprisoned in their homes and where the rebels had

threatened to blow up the oil installations if British troops attacked.

A two-pronged attack was planned.

One party was landed by *Beverley* at an airstrip north-east of the town. The moment the plane halted, the Highlanders jumped out under rebel fire and the aircraft took off immediately without taxi-ing. At the same time *Twin Pioneer* planes set down at one-minute intervals on a muddy field at the other end of the town. Quickly dealing with resistance at the airstrips, the Highlanders began advancing from two sides on Seria. A tattered, yellowing and bullet-holed map found on the airstrip was used by the Battalion's Commanding Officer, Lieutenant

Colonel W G McHardy, to direct the operation, and within 48 hours the heavily armed rebels were beaten from the town.

The last skirmish was at the town's police station where 45 hostages were rescued by the Highlanders after a low-flying aircraft had circled overhead with a loudspeaker warning the rebels to surrender, and Royal Air Force *Hunters* had flown over in a display of force. The troops found only four frightened men guarding the prisoners.

Back in England the 1st Battalion, The Royal Welch Fusiliers, a unit of the Strategic Reserve, left Lyneham,

OVER...

Wiltshire, by air to replace the Highlanders in Singapore while more and more troops were being sent to Brunei, among them two armoured car squadrons of The Queen's Royal Irish Hussars, a composite flight of the Army Air Corps, a company of Sarawak Rangers, 145 (Maiwand) Commando Battery, Royal Artillery, and 12 Battery, of 20 Regiment Royal Artillery.

While Seria was being taken by the Highlanders, the men of 42nd Commando, Royal Marines, arrived in two Royal Navy minesweepers off Limbang. They went ashore in landing craft and stormed the beach only to be met by heavy fire from 300 rebels well dug in round the town. The worst casualty toll of the whole operation was recorded there when five Marines were killed and seven wounded.

By this time the rebel force was becoming highly disorganised and its casualties were heavy. One of the heaviest blows was struck by the 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd, who accounted for 500 of 1500 rebels known to be in the Miri area of Sarawak. The Green Jackets were incredibly fast to go into action. Stationed at Penang in North Malaya, they rounded up their men from swimming pools, beaches and tennis courts and within 48 hours of leaving Penang, the Battalion was in action.

They landed at Miri, an oil town connected by pipeline with the sprawling oilfields of Seria, and discovered that a large number of rebels had been seen at Bekenu, a village entirely surrounded by jungle. The Green Jackets were taken round the coast by local Shell vessels and after a 15-mile

trek through dense jungle swamps they took the rebels completely by surprise.

Six days after the first attack, British troops were in control of the country and extensive mopping-up operations began, directed by Headquarters, British Forces, Borneo Territories, with Major-General W C Walker DSO in command. The primary task was to ensure that the remains of the rebel organisation were rendered incapable of initiating protracted guerilla warfare as Brunei returned to normal life.

Patrols went daily deeper into the jungle arresting suspects and recovering large quantities of arms and ammunition. Except for isolated sniping incidents, the rebels offered no further resistance. During Christmas, turkey and plum pudding was delivered to 31 jungle patrols by road, river and parachute, and an Army chaplain, the Reverend John Stuart, flew over 60 miles of dense jungle with a portable church organ to conduct carol services. In Seria, grateful civilians put on a special Hogmanay show for The Queen's Own Highlanders by organising parties, dinner-dances and free drinks.

British casualties in the Brunei operation totalled seven dead and 27 wounded. Sixty rebels were killed, many more wounded and more than 2,400 arrested.

Throughout all the fighting, no single skirmish lasted more than half an hour. In a series of swift, crushing blows, the rebel army was disintegrated by units that knew nothing of what was happening until a few hours before landing on Brunei soil. As a masterpiece of quick action alone, the operation is memorable.

From reports by Army Public Relations, Far East Land Forces.

Christmas Day meant a break from mopping-up operations. Here, men are singing carols on the quay at Brunei.



Background to BRUNEI

BRUNEI is a small but wealthy state on the north-west coast of Borneo covering an area of 2226 square miles with a tropical climate and high rainfall and a population of about 83,000, the majority of whom are Malays and Chinese.

In 1847, the 23rd Sultan signed an agreement with Great Britain for furtherance of trade and mutual suppression of piracy. A further treaty was signed in 1888, placing Brunei under British protection, and it was under this treaty that the present Sultan asked for assistance to quell the rebellion.

The Seria oilfield was discovered in 1929 and gave added importance and wealth to the state. Now the Shell oilfields produce 85,000 barrels of oil

daily and pay royalties exceeding £10 million a year to the Sultan. Brunei had become the third largest producer of oil in the Commonwealth.

Brunei is ruled through a Legislative Council by the 28th Sultan, Sir Omar Ali Saifuddin, who has achieved a reputation as an enlightened and progressive ruler instituting free education, universal medical care and pensions for old people.

The Legislative Council has 17 seats nominated by the Sultan and 16 elected seats held by Sheikh Azahari's Raayat party. The Sultan has agreed in principle that Brunei should join the Malaysia Federation in August. The Raayat party is fanatically opposed to the Malaysia project.

SOLDIER to Soldier

THE news item about subalterns and sergeants of the 1st Battalion, The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire, being put on a slimming course will doubtless have been read with relish throughout the British Army—and, perhaps, by the portlier, with some little trepidation.

It seems a visiting general made some slight reference to the not-so-slight waistlines which had confronted him, and the Battalion took it all very seriously, with battle order, assault course—the lot—not just the uncivilised early morning physical training session which was the bane of every war-time soldier between 18 and 48.

A good, solidly respectable frontage in the Army has usually commanded respect for its owner, if only for the obvious capacity and long years of hard training reflected therein. No nonsense, either, about fancy short drinks or mysteries of "hollow legs."

No, there it was, plain for all to see and appraise, and no problems, other than tying bootlaces, persuading the tailor to girdle the globe, and putting boundless trust in braces.

But not today, not in anyone's modern army and certainly not in an age of fly-anywhere mobility.

The American Army's "Fat Boy" programme has already run a year, with 94 per cent of 163,000 troops passing the new physical combat proficiency test. Four per cent failed and two per cent were excused on medical grounds. Only 3260 soldiers were overweight—unfortunately the source of this insight does not resolve overweight into comparable stones and pounds—and, good news for the older end, the 40-year-olds took a modified test.

The Canadian Army, too, takes an interest in its waistline, though not yet to the extent of pay forfeiture. But all is solemnly booked and recorded and, while Canadian soldiers eat well by any standard, they are generally sufficiently concerned to spend part of their leisure in vigorous chasing round an athletic track or hurling javelin, discus or shot.

It is a measure of his fitness that the British Infantryman has twice now—and in Canada at that—beaten the Canadian Infantryman in a tough marching contest. And the British soldier's fitness has been proved in steaming jungle and the blazing heat of Kuwait.

Let him by all means chuckle over The Prince of Wales's Own Yorkshire Regiment's experience. But no deep belly laughs, please. The general, those subalterns and those sergeants may have started something!



AND THE KING CLAPPED, TOO

HIS Majesty Boroma-Setha Khatya Sourya-Vongsa Phra Maha Sri Savang Vatthana, King of Laos, Head of State, Supreme Religious Authority, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, got slowly to his feet and clapped vigorously. He was applauding 22 men of a British Army physical training display team who had just

Above: King Savang Vatthana. He applauded the British gymnasts' display.

High above the trampolin; these were the feats that brought cheers from the crowds. ▶

A member of the Band looks toward the big spires of the largest temple in Vientiane.



finished a performance to mark That Leong, the biggest religious festival of the year in Laos.

It is said that the King rarely claps. But the skill of the British gymnasts brought him—and hundreds of his subjects—to his feet in a show of spontaneous appreciation.

A party of British soldiers spent a week at Vientiane, capital of Laos, during the ancient That Leong festival. The group consisted of the Band and Bugles of the 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd, from Penang, and the gymnastic display team from the Far East School of Physical Training, Singapore.

They were on a goodwill trip to troubled Laos. And it was tremendously successful. The cheerful British soldiers quickly made friends with Laotians, Japanese, Thais and Vietnamese during the festival. They chatted with yellow-robed Buddhist monks, played jazz at a Vientiane night club, visited a Buddhist temple and watched a religious proce-

sion headed by the King.

In the streets of Vientiane foreign soldiers are a common sight. But the white uniforms of the Band and the sealskin shakos of the buglers drew many curious stares.

On Remembrance Sunday the Band took part in a service in the grounds of the British Embassy and later in an Armistice Day parade at the French military camp. In the afternoon the men watched the King, accompanied by his chief ministers and generals, lead the Buddhist procession towards the temple to the sound of beating of gongs and blowing of horns.

At dusk, as the setting sun reflected on the golden spire of the temple, the Band and Bugles of the Green Jackets stepped smartly on to the field at crisp Rifle Brigade pace to the strains of "Marching Through Georgia." Tumultuous applause greeted the display of marching and counter-marching.

Later, after playing before the King,



the Band went out to entertain Vientiane society at the Vieng Ratri, a small night club. There they played hot jazz and twist music into the small hours.

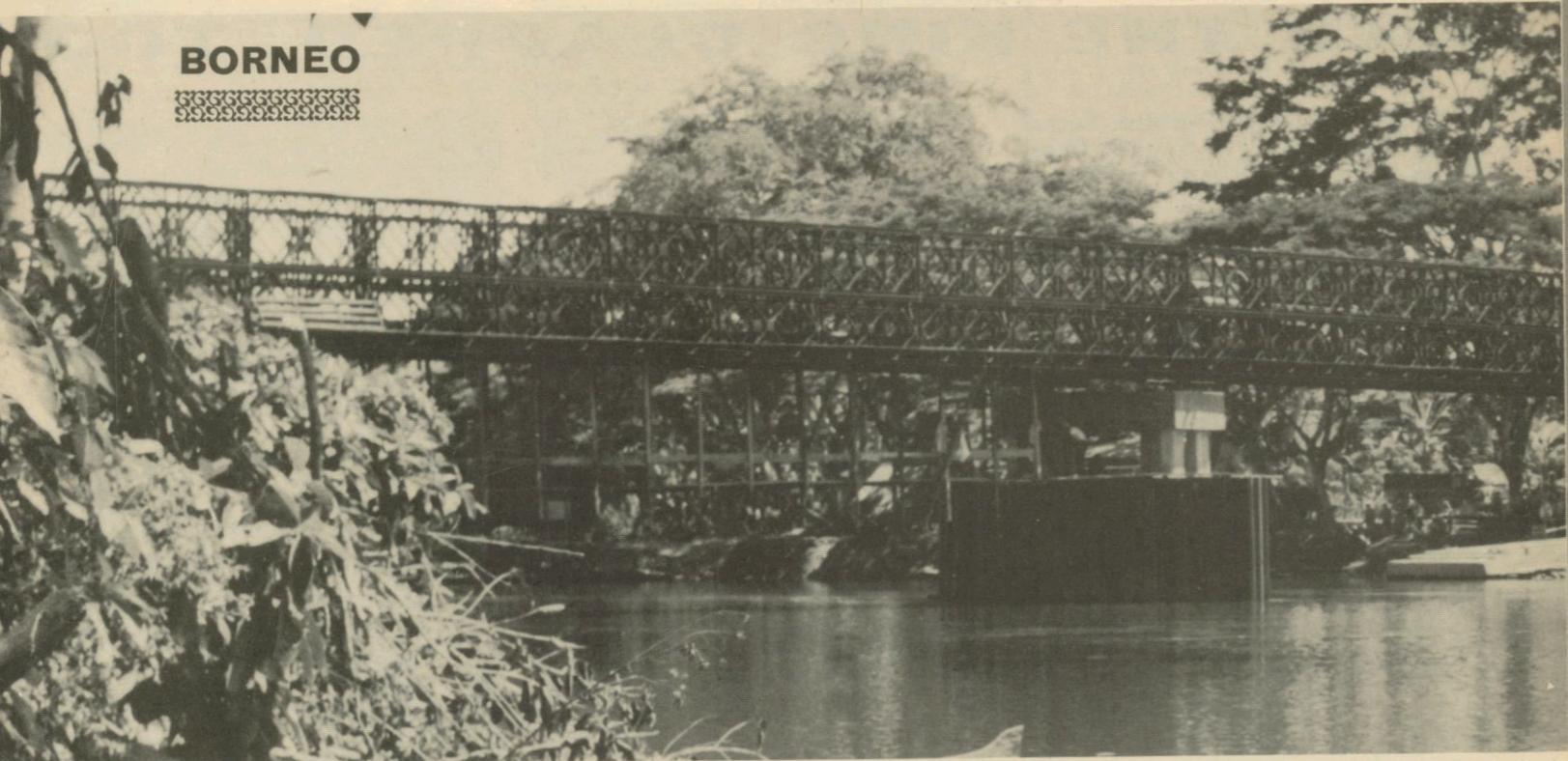
At a big parade the following day, the King presented medals to Laotian dignitaries. Then the gymnasts, drawn from units throughout Malaya and Singapore, went into their act. In the bright sunlight they twisted and somersaulted over high boxes, bounced on the trampolin and staged acrobatic displays that left the crowd gaping. And when their display ended, the crowd—and the King—stood to applaud the team. It was the ultimate success for the British visitors.

From a report by Army Public Relations, 17 Gurkha Division Overseas Commonwealth Land Forces.

Tam Kan, he say:

SAPPERS FAST MEN-WIN YEN!

BORNEO



▲ The bridge over the Tempasuk river—it will speed development in remote north-east regions of Borneo.

Sappers race against time to finish the bridge and win the bet that would help pay for the rest house. ►



FLASHBACK

An underwater track built of stones held together by wire netting was once the only way of moving heavy equipment and vehicles across the river to reach a training ground on the opposite bank. Called the Countess Mountbatten Causeway, it was washed away after the Army had installed a ferry.



IT was a wager no self-respecting Sapper would have turned down. A Chinese businessman bet 1000 Malay dollars that the Army could not build a 524-foot bridge across a North Borneo river in 14 days. Nine days later the Sappers walked off the completed bridge to collect the money.

Nearly £120 richer, the men of 11 Independent Field Squadron put the money towards the cost of a tuberculosis rest house they were building in their spare time. The bet enabled them to finish the house before returning to base at Terendak Camp in Malaya.

The new double double-Bailey bridge across the Sungai Tempasuk gives access to the Army's Kota Belud training area and will accelerate Government plans for developing the remote north-east part of the country. The bridge takes the place of a light ferry installed by the Army in 1960 which in turn replaced a local hand-wound wooden ferry and the Mountbatten Causeway. Before this the Borneans poled across the Tempasuk on bamboo rafts and in flimsy canoes. The redundant ferry operator now controls traffic lights at each end of the bridge.

The British and Australian Sappers—the Squadron has an Australian troop—were based in "Paradise Camp" set high in the hills in the shadow of the 13,000-foot Mount Kinabalu. While they were there they played Rugby against Jesselton teams, swam in mountain streams and tried polo—priority

sport amongst expert Bornean horsemen.

More than 2000 Borneans travelled by foot, buffalo, mountain pony, canoe and bicycle to attend the opening of the bridge and rest house by the Governor of North Borneo, Sir William Goode. A reception was held for the Army, Government officials, local tribal chiefs and the Chinese firm which built the piers and abutments.

But the highlight of the celebrations was a river-bank *makan besar*—a Borneo barbecue—given by the Paramount Chief of the Kota Belud District, Orang Kaya Kaya Nuar, and the village headmen. Two water buffaloes and a cow were barbecued, sliced, curried and washed down with *tapai* and *bahar*, highly potent local rice wines.

Australian Corporal Steve Johnson, a former Scot from Lanark, first thought of building the rest house for tuberculosis sufferers who had previously to sleep either on the hospital verandah or in makeshift shacks while waiting for admission. The new rest house is a 66-foot single storey, blue-painted weatherboard building divided into two main dormitories for 16 people.

Without the help of the Sappers the rest house would have cost about £1200—but it was built for less than half this amount. The Sappers donated £180, local authorities gave £120 and the remaining £120 was given by the Sappers after they won the bet placed by the Chinese contractor, Tam Kan.

From a report by Army Public Relations, Far East Land Forces.



The completed bridge was formally opened by the Governor of North Borneo, Sir William Goode. It was built in record time and takes the place of a ferry installed by the Army three years ago.



COLD WAR IN THE SOUTH

Whenever nature goes berserk and violent weather grips the country, the first calls for help are usually to the Army. Blizzards are no exception

WAR was declared in England last month against an enemy that almost paralysed the country in a surprise overnight attack. Army units were rushed to the front to join battles already being waged by civilians and to rescue hundreds of people surrounded in their homes. Directed from emergency operation rooms, the campaign continued round the clock for more than six days.

The ruthless enemy was SNOW . . . and the worst blizzard to hit England this century. Transport virtually ground to a halt . . . villages were marooned for days . . . abandoned cars disappeared in huge snowdrifts.

Throughout the country the Army answered urgent calls for help of all descriptions in the desperate fight against the snow blanket. A helicopter was wanted here to drop food to a snow-bound farm . . . a pair of hands there to wield a shovel. No matter what the job, soldiers were close by to help wherever men were fighting the blizzard.

At the Army Air Corps Centre, at Middle Wallop on Salisbury Plain, a special operations room was set up to deal with all the calls for help. Helicopters made dozens of mercy flights to deliver food to stranded villages, medical supplies to sick pensioners, fuel to a marooned caravan site and fodder to starving animals. *Skeeters*



Flying in dangerous freezing rain, an Army Air Corps helicopter lands a doctor at a marooned farmhouse where a little girl lies very ill. An anxious mother watches the examination—for her the sight and sound of the helicopter brought answer to her prayers.



Above: A Beaver aircraft fitted with skis takes off from Middle Wallop, the Army Air Corps Centre. Below: In Devon the Army was helping shepherds in the search for sheep stuck in snowdrifts.



also assisted Devizes police by flying recce to report on the state of roads.

One helicopter's crew braved the most dangerous flying weather possible—freezing rain—on a mercy mission. All aircraft had been grounded because of the weather when a doctor asked for help to visit a small girl possibly suffering from pneumonia in a marooned farmhouse.

A *Scout* took off and collected the doctor without incident—the ice had not completely obscured vision. On the way to the farmhouse some urgent tablets were delivered to a sick woman who would have died had she not got them. The doctor was landed safely and decided after treating the little girl that it was not necessary to fly her to hospital. Fortunately the weather lifted a little for the flight back to base.

And while the helicopters were flying in and out, the fixed-wing pilots were chafing at the bit waiting for two *Beaver* aircraft to be fitted with skis. These were later used extensively on the snow for training and dropping fodder.

Elsewhere the Army was busy with other equally important if less glamorous tasks. Drifts up to 20 feet deep blocked the main Exeter-Plymouth railway line. Sixty men from 6 Training Battalion, Royal Army Service Corps, started digging at one end while 23 men from the Wessex Brigade Depot at Honiton started at the other. Relieved by squads

of railwaymen, the troops worked through the night and opened the line after five days.

At Yeovil, 6 Training Battalion used its three-tonners to collect milk from outlying farms. The soldiers did the job so well that one creamery had too much milk and girls from the Women's Royal Army Corps attached to the Battalion turned the surplus into cheese.

Tracked vehicles from the Royal Armoured Corps Driving and Maintenance School, at Bovington in Dorset, bulldozed through snowdrifts to rescue 70 people snowbound for two days in a small cafe at Evershot after two coaches were stranded there.

Gurkhas played a prominent part in the operations. Fifteen from Tidworth Camp hacked through a deep drift to get a doctor and food supplies to 20 old people marooned at Amesbury in Wiltshire. Lorries of 30 Company, Gurkha Army Service Corps, were on a daily fodder run while men from the 1st Battalion, 6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles, used radio to help Wiltshire Police control traffic.

Men from the Welsh Brigade Depot at Crickhowell; 42 Regiment Royal Artillery, at Pembroke; 1st Battalion, The Royal Leicestershire Regiment, at Watchet, Somerset; 521 Company, Royal Pioneer Corps, at Didcot; and the School of Electronics, Arborfield, were all out clearing railways and marshalling yards.

All over England the Army rolled up its sleeves. On the Welsh border, 20 men from 22nd Special Air Service Regiment, Hereford, delivered supplies on skis to marooned farms; in Hertfordshire the Radio Troop of 209 Signal Squadron, Colchester, spent five days helping county council officials organise road clearing; in Kent and Sussex, Royal Engineers from Chatham used a bulldozer to clear roads while men from 36 Corps Engineer Regiment helped clear roads in the town; men of The Devon and Dorset Regiment helped rescue stranded sheep near Plymouth; ambulances standing by in the thick of the blizzard at Tidworth Military Hospital successfully collected two expectant mothers; and a five-ton lorry of 506 Company, Royal Army Service Corps, Territorial Army, fought its way to Dartmoor Prison with much-needed food.

MEN WHO WERE PROBABLY GLAD TO SEE THE SNOW were young soldiers of the Army Apprentices School, Chepstow, whose term started late because of the weather.

MEN WHO WERE PROBABLY NOT GLAD TO SEE THE SNOW were The South Wales Borderers who had just returned from Rhine Army when they were called out to help clear railways at Worcester. They had probably seen enough snow in Germany to last them a lifetime.

RUSSELL F MILLER

BOYS

SOLDIER visits Troon,



Signalling: Theory and practice are combined in modern classrooms. Talk in class is permitted—by radio!

Lieut-Col Hogg, head and driving force of the Troon unit, has won the full support of staff and pupils.

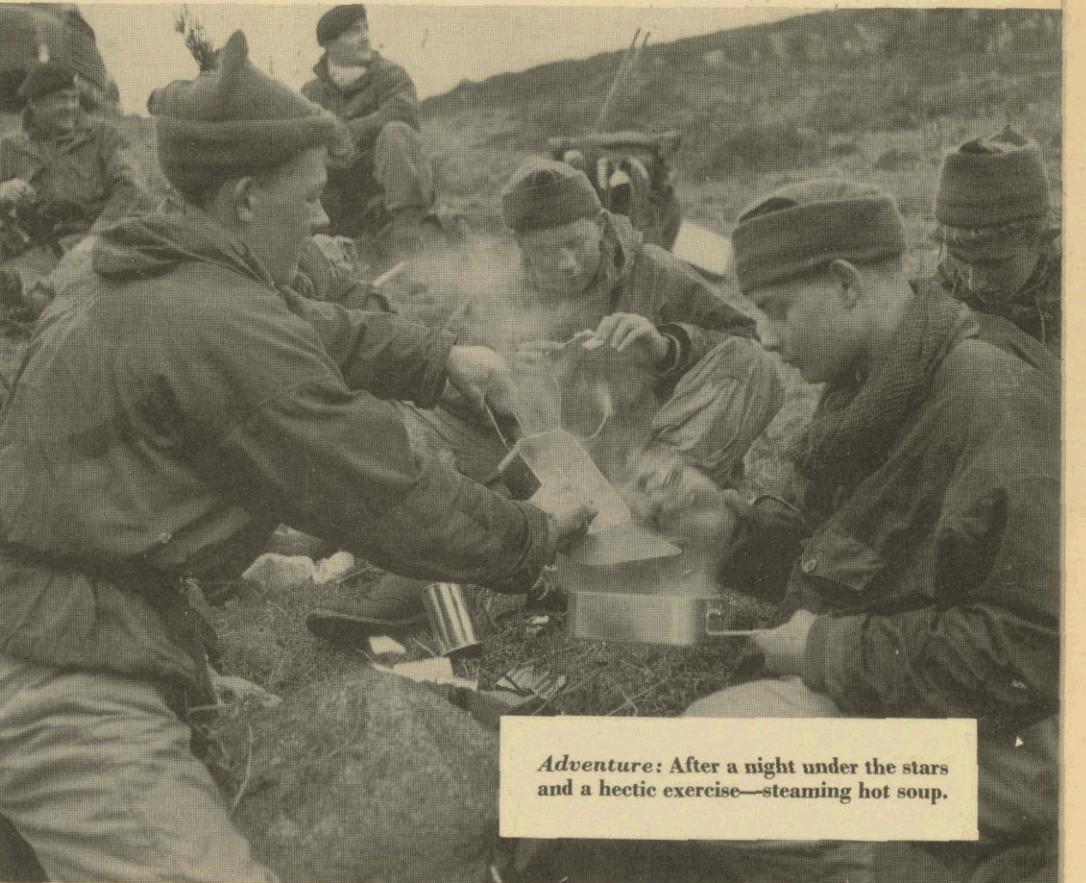


WITH A DRIVING AMBITION



Motor-cycling: With the school providing machines and tuition, this hobby has many devotees.

PAGE 14



Adventure: After a night under the stars and a hectic exercise—steaming hot soup.

ON the first of May last year the British Army gave birth to twins. In the remarkable way the Army has of doing things, one was born in Wales and the other in Scotland. And despite growing pains and teething troubles these romping youngsters are making their presence felt in the Army household.

The Junior Tradesmen's Regiments at Troon and Rhyl are remarkable babes. Within little more than a year they will be fully grown, and from next September will be supplying the Army with 1200 young soldiers every year, each one trained in military subjects, educated for promotion, qualified in a trade and able to drive.

The boys are learning to be drivers, clerks and driver/radio operators—and learning to live happily in the Army. The secret is in training for leisure. Every boy at Troon and Rhyl must take up a hobby. He has a wide variety to choose from, every facility and encouragement, and is urged to continue with his chosen pastime when he joins his unit. All this youthful energy is at present concentrated in camps that until nine months ago were still and silent.

“Where's Troon?” was the reaction of Lieutenant-Colonel Anthony Hogg, Royal Artillery, when he was offered the job of raising one of the twins. He soon found out. With a nucleus of half-a-



Driving: In convoy on the school's private circuit, 17-year-old boys drive like veterans.

one of the two new centres where boys learn to live happy and purposeful lives in the Army

dozen officers he arrived at the sprawling disused camp on Scotland's west coast just a year ago. They had three months to turn it into a boarding school.

Equipment soon began to roll in and as the army of builders, joiners and painters swarmed over the huttet camp, extending, refurbishing, decorating, the school soon began to take shape. The first intake of 153 boys brought it suddenly to pulsating life.

The school was geared to teach everything from local government to driving and the boys were keen to learn, to take advantage of this full-time further education—with full board and a wage thrown in! From the start, instructors and boys shared the spirit that invariably pervades a young, busy community with a common aim.

Half of the boys trained as drivers, radio operators will serve in the Royal Artillery and the remainder in the Royal Engineers, Royal Corps of Signals, Royal Army Service Corps and Infantry. The Service Corps takes half the drivers' course output and the rest will join the Sappers, Signals and Infantry. All these corps are represented among the clerks, with the Royal Armoured Corps and Royal Army Ordnance Corps added.

During training the boys wear the badge of their chosen corps or regiment, each of which has a representative on the permanent staff.

To encourage them to take an interest in the civil community wherever they are posted, the boys are taught “local studies,” with visits arranged to police and fire stations, the Sheriff's Court at Ayr, the ship-building yards of the Clyde, a big explosives division of ICI, the international airport at Prestwick, a Shell oil refinery, the coast-guards of Troon harbour and an ultra-modern coal mine.

Trade training begins in the second term, with driving instruction a main attraction for the boys, most of whom start to learn at 16½. As they may not drive on a public road until 17, a special private circuit has been laid out. The school has 18 civilian and three Army driving instructors and each boy is given at least 50 periods of 40 minutes driving with an instructor.

Adventure training is a feature of school life, the students spending several days living rough on the rugged Scottish countryside, with realistic manoeuvres adding interest.

Education for leisure at Troon takes up

90 minutes each on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, when the entire camp is busy with its many and varied hobbies. In a drill shed a group of boys work on their golf swing, driving balls into a vast hessian net while, across the square, model railway enthusiasts build their own layout, engines and rolling stock. Then there are fencing, art, sailing, chess, boxing, gardening, motor-cycling, drama, swimming and a score more. Additions this term include meteorology, bird-watching and archery. Judo, go-karting and leatherwork are on the way.

The boys have their own youth club in camp which they share with girls from Troon who are brought by special coach. A committee of four boys and four girls arranges social evenings, debates, dances and games.

All this diversity of interest is building in the young soldier an affection and feeling for the Army that is not based solely on traditions. The boys can begin their man's service with confidence in the knowledge that this newest generation of soldiers has its own vital contribution to make to the Service, during working hours and outside them.

PETER J DAVIES



Seamanship: Supervised by WO II John Fraser, a Sapper, the boys launch their boat and paddle across Loch Doon.

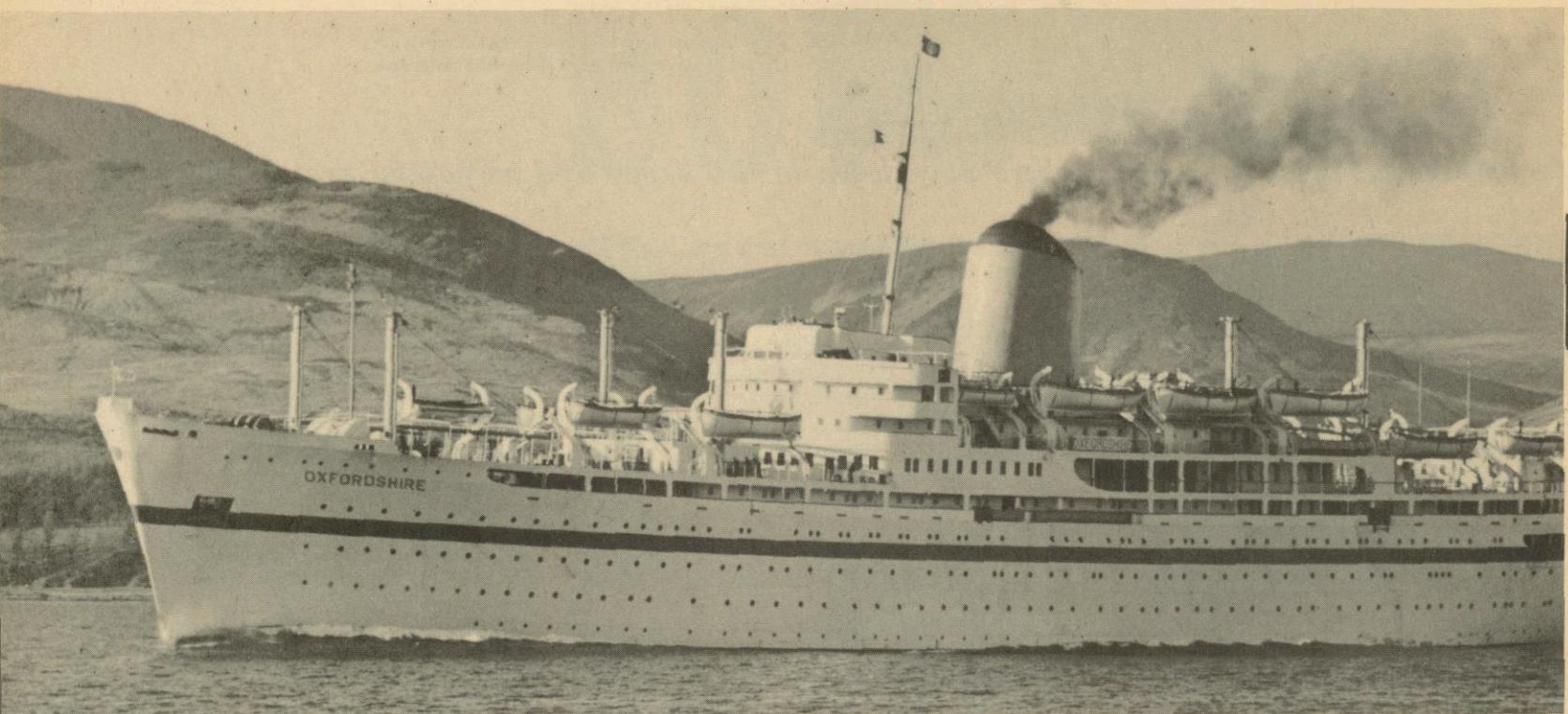


Golf: With professional tuition, indoor practice, clubs provided and every chance to use them, golf is a very popular hobby.

Dancing: Once a week they roll back the carpet and call up the girls. Nothing like Twisting for warming up a youth club!

Photographs by SOLDIER
Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT

PAGE 15



The *Oxfordshire*—last of a long line of troopships. Fitted with many of the amenities of an ocean liner, she was the Army's finest trooper.



Above: The scene that has faded into the past. Loaded with equipment, soldiers file up a gangway on to a troopship. Below: A pontoon school on the troopdeck. Hammocks were later replaced by comfortable bunks.



In World War Two even the *Queen Elizabeth* carried troops. Here 14,000 American veterans cram her decks.

THE LAST

TROOPSHIPS HAVE CARRIED BRITISH SOLDIERS ROUND THE WORLD FOR THREE CENTURIES. NOW THE LAST NOSTALGIC VOYAGE HAS BEEN MADE

OF THE LINE

A HEAVING line snaked from the proud white bows looming above the quayside at Southampton. In the gathering dusk a military band played carols as the giant ropes were pulled ashore. A long blast from the siren on the yellow funnel echoed round the docks as the tugs churned away. Troop Transport *Oxfordshire* was safely berthed. Another historic chapter in the annals of the British Army had ended.

For troopships are finished. The *Oxfordshire*, 20,586 tons, the fastest, biggest and best trooper the Army ever had, was also the last. Her arrival at Southampton from Malta with the 1st Battalion, The Royal Highland Fusiliers, signified the end of an era. With her charter prematurely ended, the *Oxfordshire* has been returned to her owners. All trooping is now by air—it is both quicker and cheaper.

The Pipes, Drums and Bugles of the Fusiliers had struck up as the ship entered the Solent. The stirring sound drifted across the channel and prompted an occasional cheery wave as the *Oxfordshire* nosed into Southampton

Water. Appropriately, the daylight faded as she nudged up to her berth and the last red glimmerings of a pale winter sun silhouetted the stark dockyard skyline.

As the tugs nudged the great white ship into place, 500 soldiers let out a roar that must have been heard in their home towns of Glasgow and Ayr. The 156 families and 520 officers and men were more concerned about being home after three years abroad than being on the voyage that ended an era. But for her crew and the old soldiers aboard, it was a sad day.

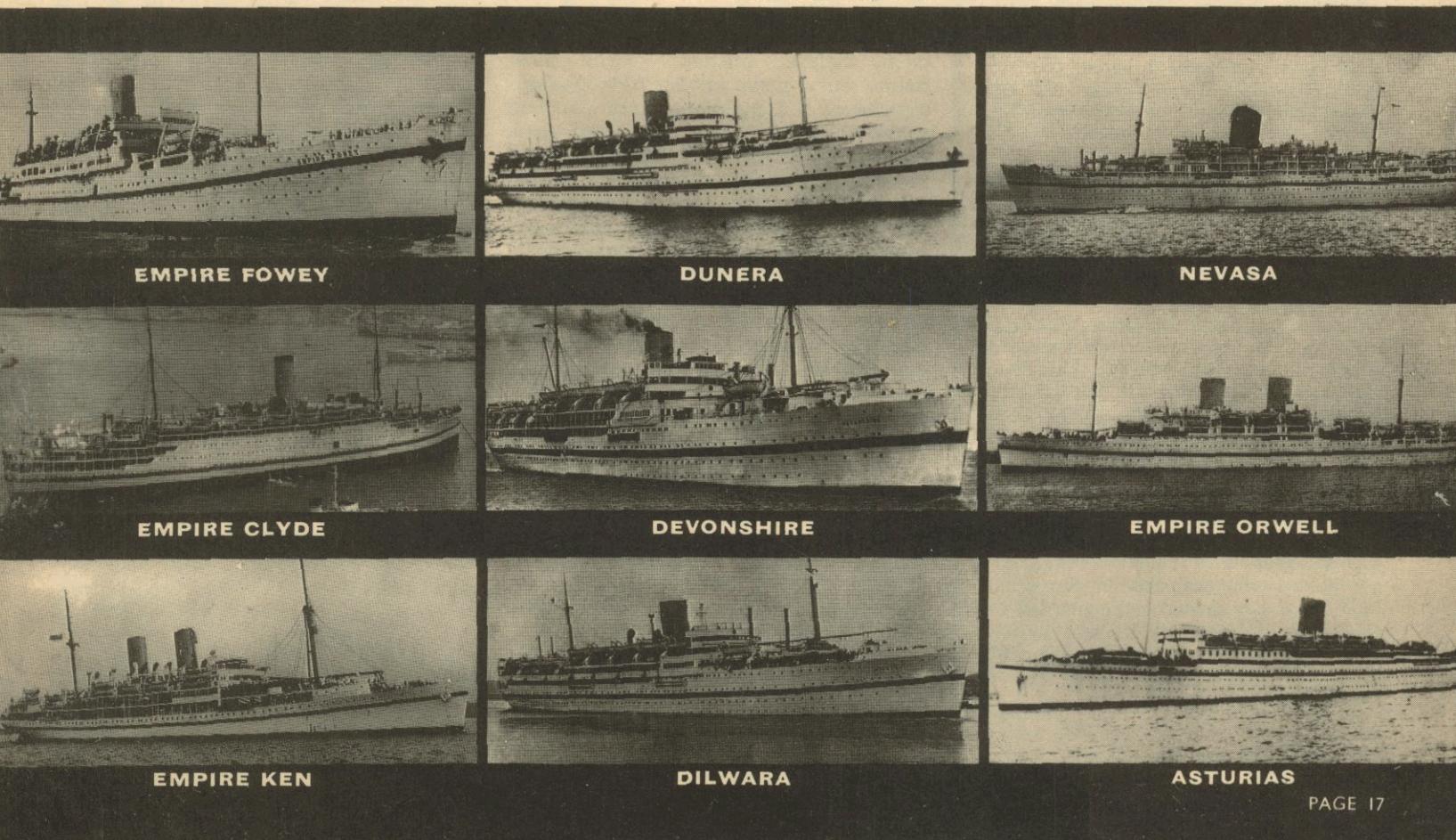
On the quay a small welcoming party waited and listened to the carols. Cranes lifted the cumbersome companionways and linked the ship with the shore in the last symbolic act of berthing the last troopship after its last voyage. Welcoming officials, including the Provost of Ayr, stepped aboard and messages were read from Princess Margaret, the Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment, the Lord Provost of Glasgow and Provost William Cowan of Ayr. The *Oxfordshire*'s last nostalgic voyage had ended quietly without pomp or ceremony.

Throughout the voyage, soldiers on all decks had maintained a constant argument about the merits and demerits of future trooping by air. It was an argument that will continue in barrack room and mess for many a year.

Colour-Sergeant Robert Atkinson estimated that half the Battalion were very much in favour of air trooping and the other half equally against it. Regimental Sergeant-Major Noel Kisbee was looking forward to trooping by air. . . . Major Denis Halstead swore they would all regret the change. Sergeant George "Sailor" Watson, who once served in the Royal Navy, was surprisingly glad that sea trooping had ended . . . while Lance-Corporal Murdo Nicholson bemoaned the end of shipboard friendships. So the arguments went on ceaselessly into the night as *Oxfordshire* steamed home.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Harrington MC, Ship's Commandant of the *Oxfordshire* during her last year (and very much against air trooping) retired after her last voyage. The remainder of the Army personnel on board—the Regimental Sergeant-Major, Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant, Chief Clerk

OVER . . .



MEDALS

by Major John Laffin

14: INDIA GENERAL SERVICE
1854-1895

THIS interesting medal is a good one in which a collector could specialise, for over a period of 41 years no fewer than 23 bars were issued for various actions and campaigns. For this reason—and because Indian service was always tough—I personally like the medal very much.

When first struck, the medal was not intended to be a general service medal, but was authorised to commemorate operations in Burma in 1852-53. Then the Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie, suggested a general service medal with bars so as to limit the issue of medals which he and others thought were becoming too numerous.



The obverse (left) and reverse of the India General Service Medal, 1854-95. The ribbon is crimson with two equal dark blue stripes.

The obverse, as usual, shows the diademed head of Queen Victoria. On the reverse is the winged and standing figure of Victory, crowning a seated soldier. A lotus flower and four leaves dominate the exergue.

The bars, in order of issue, were: Pegu; Persia; North-West Frontier (covering at least 16 different campaigns over a period of 19 years); Umbeyla; Bhootan; Looshai; Perak; Jowaki 1877-8; Naga 1879-80; Burma 1885-7; Sikkim 1888; Hazara 1888; Burma 1887-89; Chin Lushai 1889-90; Samana 1891; Hazara 1891; NE Frontier 1891; Hunza 1891; Burma 1889-92; Lushai 1889-92; Chin Hills 1892-93; Kachin Hills 1892-93; Waziristan 1894-95.

No medal was issued without bar and the maximum number won was seven—by a Subadar-Major of the Punjab Frontier Force.

Bars should read upwards from the medal. Some bars are rare, most are common. In order, I regard these bars as the rarest: Hunza 1891; Kachin Hills 1892-93 (especially to the Yorkshires); Chin Hills 1892-93 (especially to the Norfolks); Naga 1879-80.

Others, such as North-East Frontier 1891, Sikkim 1888 and Lushai 1889-92 are only relatively rare. Interesting medals can be found to troops on detached duty, such as signallers with a field force.

Following the campaign in Burma in 1885-87, bronze medals were awarded to official camp followers. Many thousands of these medals were distributed but they are rarely found in Britain and consequently are highly priced.

Naming varies greatly, from impressed Roman capitals to light engraved script and engraved, slightly sloping squat Roman capitals.

continued from previous page

and Warrant Officer II—were scattered to Aden, Gibraltar and Germany.

The *Oxfordshire* made her first trooping voyage in February, 1957, to Singapore. Managed and run for the Ministry of Transport by the Bibby Line, she completed 27 trooping voyages during which she steamed nearly 500,000 miles and carried more than 90,000 passengers. With anti-roll stabilisers, cabins for 491 passengers and 978 berths for troopdeck passengers, she was the most modern troopship ever built and had all the amenities of a normal ocean liner. Troopdeck passengers had their own bar and recreation rooms, there were nurseries for the children and a fully-equipped power laundry, wide beds instead of hammocks, and spacious mess halls.

Throughout her trooping service she was commanded by Captain N F Fitch. Among the unusual passengers she carried was Bobby the antelope, regimental mascot of the 1st Battalion, The Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

During the last three years troopships have been retiring with saddening regularity. In January last year only three were left—*Devonshire*, *Nevasa* and *Oxfordshire*. And since the war 31 troopships with their familiar white hull and blue stripe have retired. Not many are still afloat—the majority have been broken up, some were renamed to continue passenger service and two—the *Dunera* and the *Devonshire*—were turned into floating classrooms for schoolchildren.

Troopships had a long and happy tradition behind them. For more than three centuries they carried British soldiers and their allies in peace and war through all the oceans of the world and to all the continents.

But these voyages have not always been without mishap. The most heroic story in the history of troopships is that of the paddle steamer *Birkenhead* which struck a rock and sank within 25 minutes between the Cape and Port Elizabeth in 1852. She had on board about 20 women and children, 488 officers and men and 130 crew. After the collision only three boats could be lowered and the women and children got away in one of them. Then, as the ship broke in two, the commander shouted: "All those that can swim, jump overboard and make for the boats."

But two Army officers begged the men not to do so as the boat with the women and children would be swamped. Only three made the attempt. The remainder stood shoulder to shoulder on the sinking poop until they were thrown into the shark-infested water. A total of 193 people, including the women and children, were saved. But 455 died—of these, 357 were soldiers.

"*Birkenhead drill*" has since become a watchword in all passenger ships as a prime example of conduct on a sinking ship and undoubtedly helped save all lives when the troopship *Empire Windrush* caught fire and sank off Algiers.

Sea trooping was not always the comfortable business it was on the *Oxfordshire*. One of the ugliest stories was on the overcrowded *Surat Castle* which sailed for South Africa in the 1790's. Pestilence broke out among the lascars, scurvy among the whites. Every day from the stinking decks the lascar dead were thrown to the sharks. Then a storm dismasted the ship and as a last macabre touch, ten barrels broke loose and hurtled about the congested gun deck smashing everything and everyone in their path. Seventy-two soldiers died on that voyage.

Only a century ago the long and hazardous journey to India took three months in sailing ships carrying cattle on deck to provide fresh milk and meat. Vessels were often becalmed for as long as six weeks in the Indian Ocean, and scurvy was just one of the many hazards to the soldier and his family.

The swing to all-air trooping has taken ten years to complete. Ten years ago 423,000 Service personnel were moved by sea and only 18,500 by air. Last year about 148,000 were moved by sea and more than 284,000 by air. The *Oxfordshire* could reach Singapore in 22 days and Hong Kong in 27 days. Troops are now flown there in 25 hours and 27½ hours respectively.

British troopships have become familiar sights at ports all over the world. Now it is all over. There will be no more sights and smells of picturesque harbours. No more shore leave. No more bartering with bumboats at the ship's side. No more brown-skinned urchins diving for coins. No more cat-calls between passing troopers in the Suez Canal.

No more shipboard romances. No more seasick pills. No more fire floats saluting with fountains of spray.

No more pretty girls brushing away tears on the quayside. No more regimental bands echoing across harbours.

Troopships have sailed into the past.
RUSSELL F MILLER



Above: The scene thousands of soldiers remember—bartering over the side with bumboats. Below: Pictured on *Oxfordshire*'s last voyage, Captain Fitch and the Ship's Commandant.





THE ARMY'S OLD BOYS

Though only two months from his 80th birthday, C/Sgt King scorns the English winter, taking fresh air with a nip in it on the Embankment.

2



COLOUR-SERGEANT

George H King DCM

IN 1900, with the world on the threshold of a new century, young George Henry King was on the threshold of a career. He looked skywards, shading his eyes as he watched a balloon soaring into the sun, the small crew busy with aeronautical tasks. It was a century full of promise, technical achievement, triumph over gravity—and George King wanted to be part of it. So he joined the Army.

He had been watching the Balloon Section of the Royal Engineers in action. He knew that slight young chaps like himself were trained for balloon flight. But though he trained as a telegraphist it took him 60 years to join the men of the air. . . .

The now more substantial frame of Colour-Sergeant King sprinted through the Embankment traffic, dropped into a bench overlooking the Thames and pulled a small silver tankard from his pocket. "If you are caught in the Mess without this it costs drinks all round," he said.

This veteran among veterans at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, was on his way to Honington Royal Air Force

Station, in Suffolk, where he is an honorary member of the Sergeants' Mess and of the exclusive Silver Tankard Club. The quiet, well-spoken bachelor is a regular and welcome visitor at Honington and will be there on 3 April for a special celebration to honour his 80th birthday. He may well look back on a career that lacked the thrill of flying, but had its full share of down-to-earth drama.

In 1916 he held the key post of signal sergeant with 105th Infantry Brigade on the Somme. With his officer dead at his side, Sergeant King found himself in charge of the forward signal post during a vital attack on Maltz Horn Farm, near Trones Wood. An urgent dispatch came through from Brigade Headquarters for the battalion attacking the farm. When the two runners he sent with the message failed to return, Sergeant King set out himself, finding the runners wounded a few hundred yards from the post. Leaving them, he pressed on through the shell-torn countryside, delivered the message then helped his wounded men to safety. The change in tactics outlined in the dispatch brought the fall of the farm, and

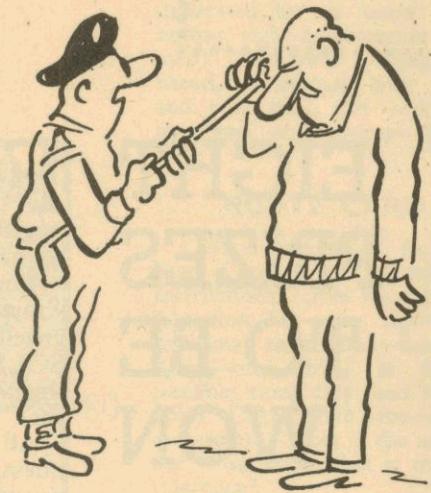
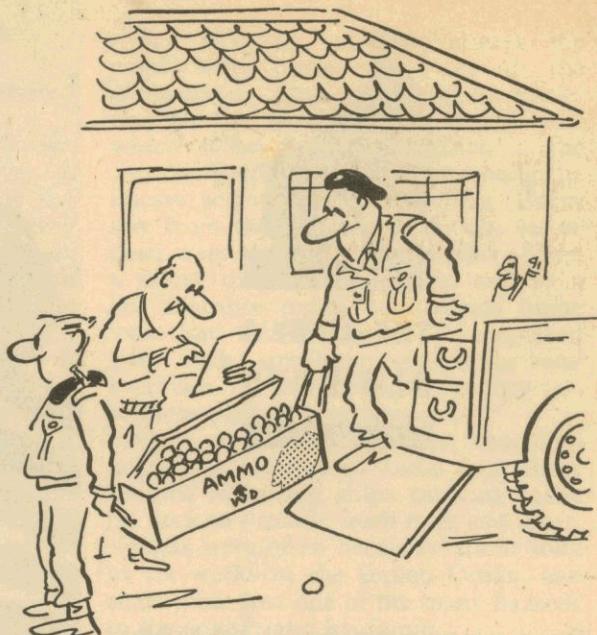
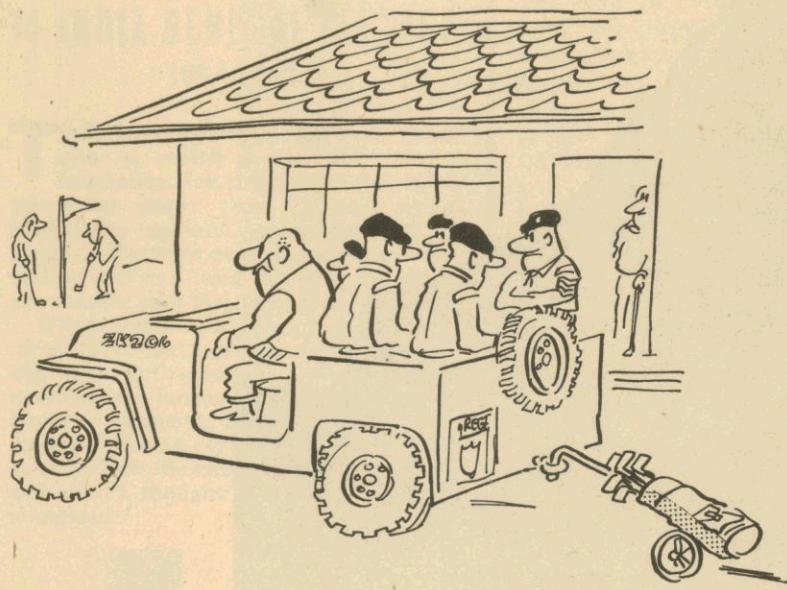
Sergeant King was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal on the spot.

There were other incidents too, such as the time when a shell blew the small detachment's bully beef tin into a hundred pieces just as the men were starting their first meal in three days . . . And the shells that dropped first in front, then to the rear then directly on the post—a few seconds after Sergeant King had prudently decided to evacuate it!

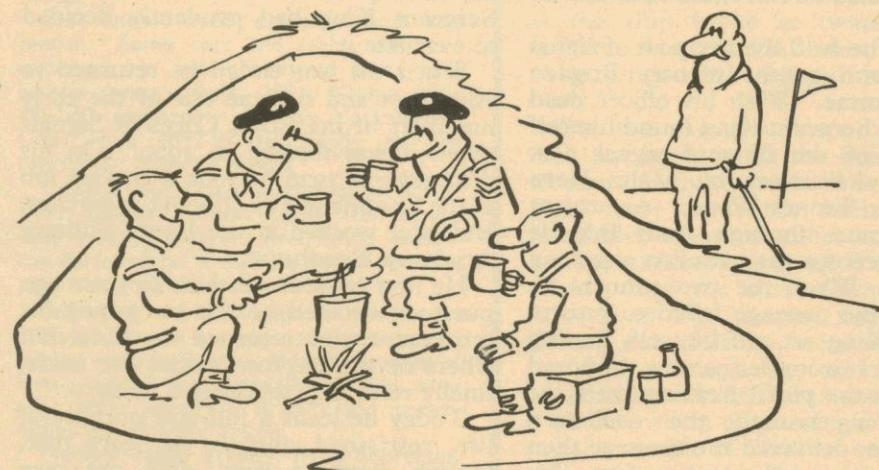
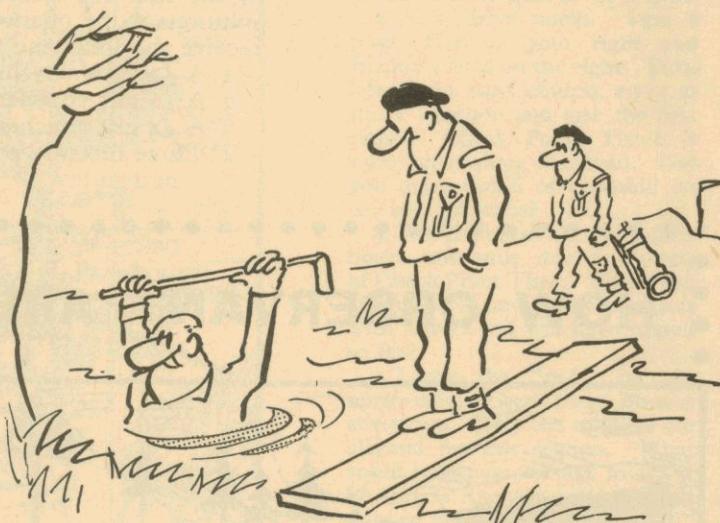
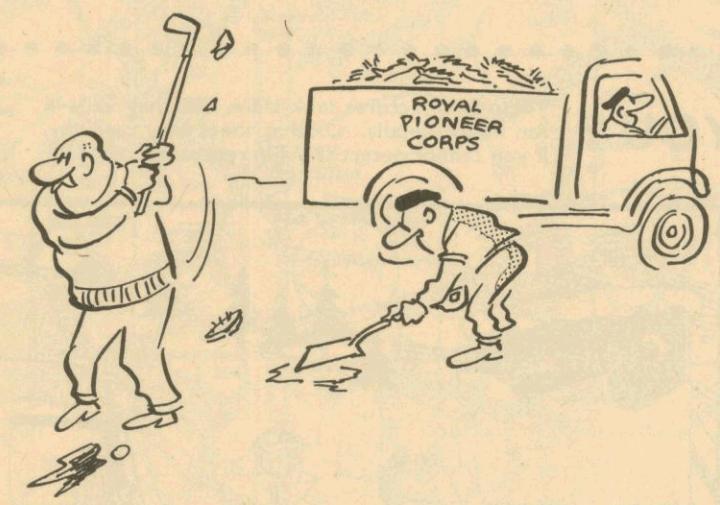
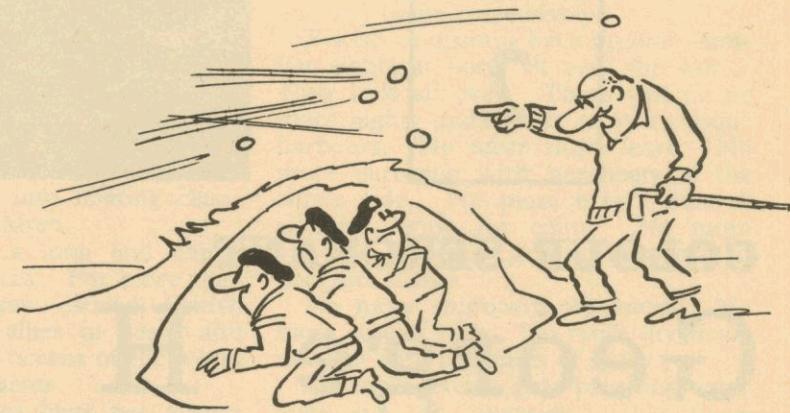
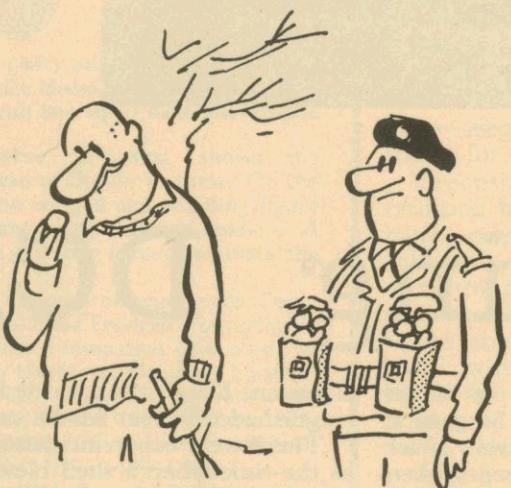
When the war ended he returned to Aldershot and became one of the early members of the Royal Corps of Signals when it was formed in 1920. On his discharge in 1926 he took a civilian job in the Command Pay Office at Aldershot, and later worked at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.

He first came to Chelsea 20 years ago but soon decided he was too young for retirement and returned to Aldershot where he worked for another five years, finally returning to Chelsea in 1950.

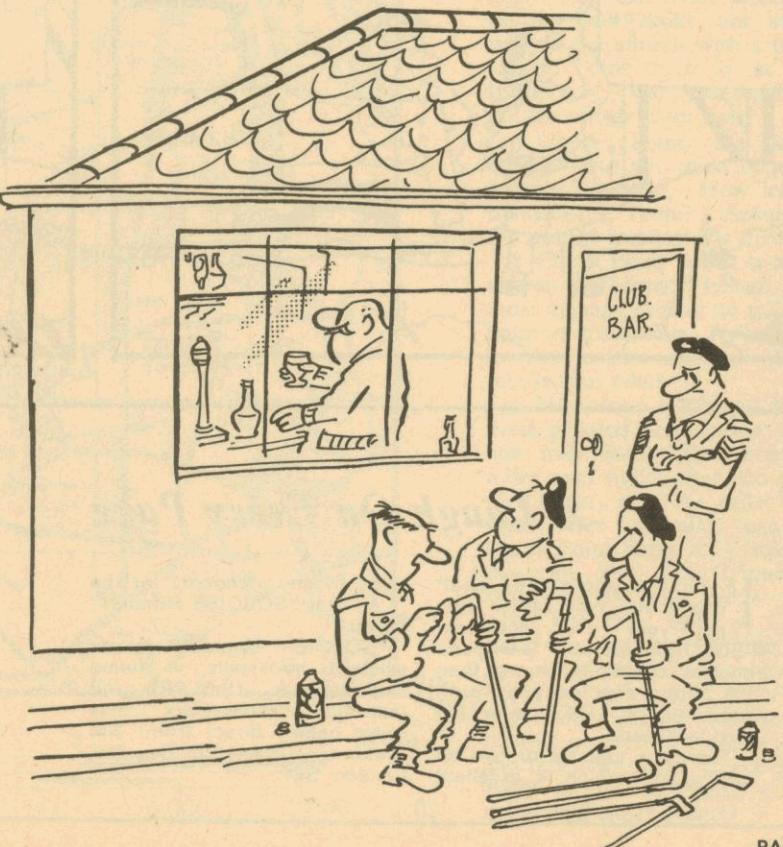
Today he leads a full and purposeful life, restrained only by a heart that, though stout as ever, does not take kindly to sprints through Embankment traffic.



THE COLONEL PLAYS GOLF



by
Larry



EIGHT PRIZES TO BE WON

FANCY yourself on the Monte Carlo Rally? Even champion navigator Stuart Turner was a beginner once—so why not start now by entering the **SOLDIER** Rally?

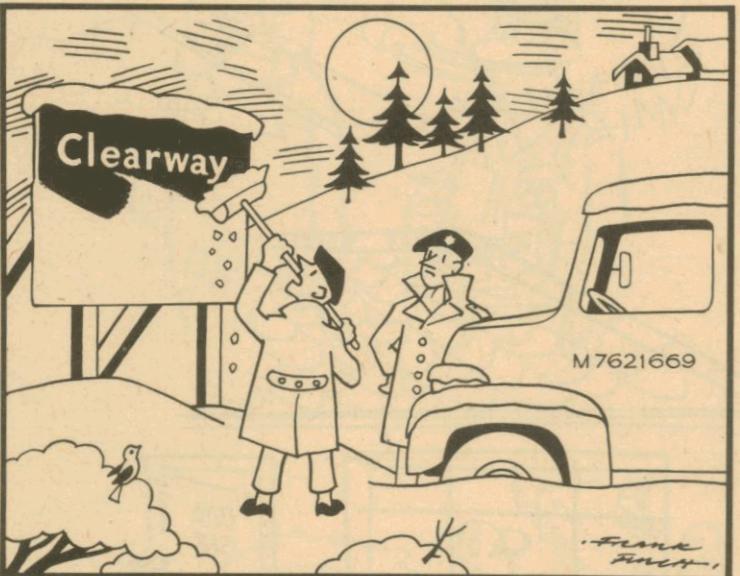
You may not get all the thrills of wrestling with a steering wheel for 1000 gruelling miles to Monaco. But the **SOLDIER** Rally has a big advantage over the Monte Carlo. You don't even need a car!

All you have to do is to answer the questions opposite, based on this reproduced section of an ordnance survey map, and send the answers to reach **SOLDIER** by Monday, 18 March.

Eight prizes are being offered to navigators in the **SOLDIER** Rally. Senders of the first six correct or nearest-correct solutions to be opened by the Editor will receive the following prizes:

- 1 A £10 gift voucher.
- 2 A £6 gift voucher.
- 3 A £4 gift voucher.
- 4 Three recently published books.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?



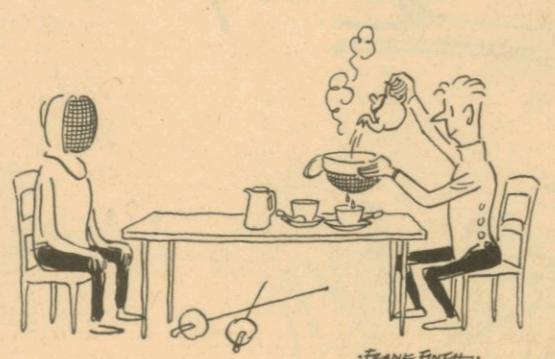
A Laugh On Every Page

If you want a jolly good laugh you couldn't do better than get your own copy of "SOLDIER Humour," a 64-page booklet containing more than 100 of the best cartoons published in **SOLDIER** over the past few years.

There's a chuckle or two on every page—which is excellent

value by any standards for the £3 that "SOLDIER Humour" costs.

"SOLDIER Humour" is on sale at bookstalls at home and overseas. Unit PRIs and individual subscribers may order copies direct from: HM Stationery Office, PO Box 569, London SE1.



5 A 12 months' free subscription to **SOLDIER** and whole-plate monochrome copies of any two photographs and/or cartoons which have appeared in **SOLDIER** since January, 1957, or from two personal negatives.

6 A 12 months' free subscription to **SOLDIER**.

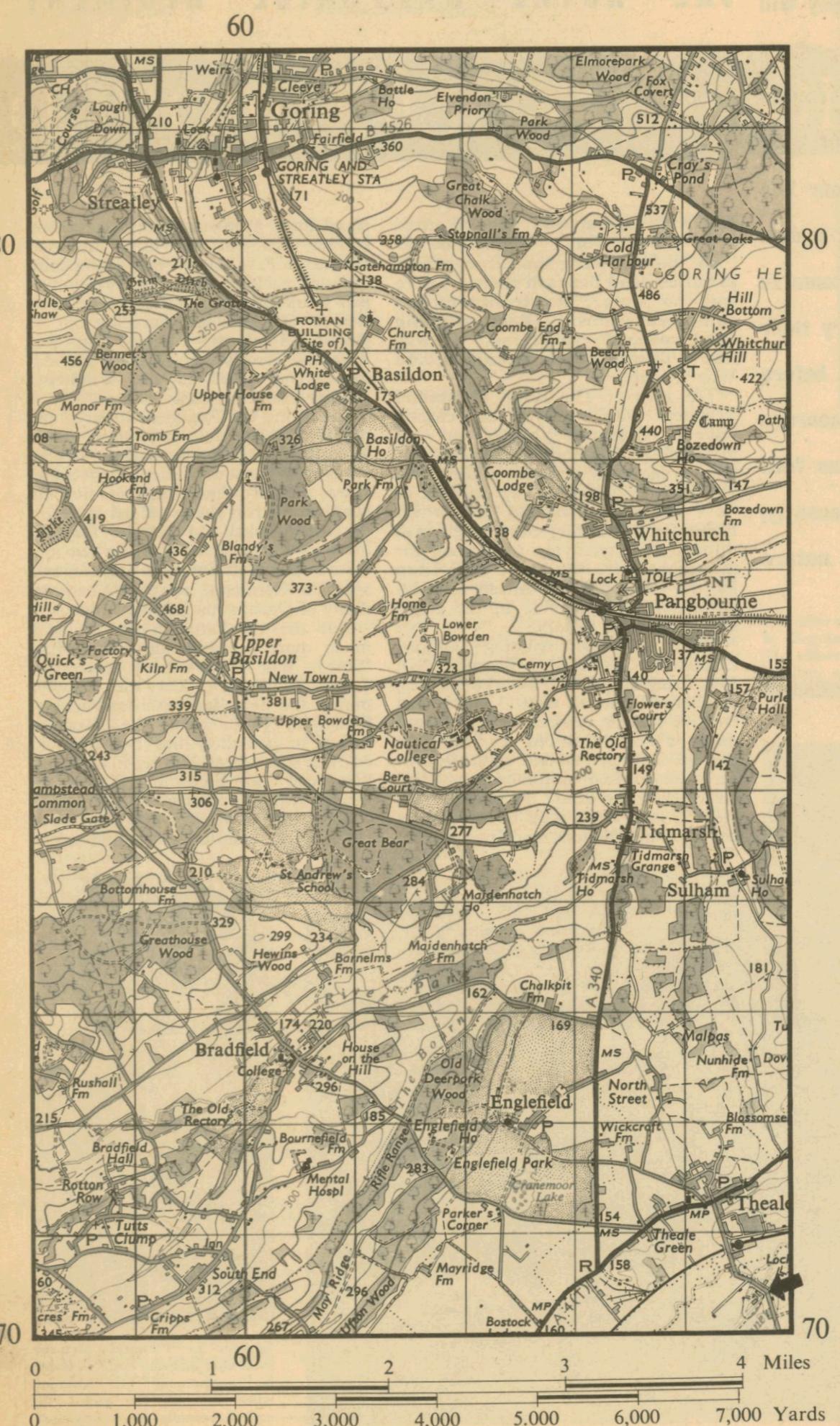
7 and 8, for Junior Soldiers only, will each be a 12 months' free subscription to **SOLDIER**.

RULES

- 1 Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to: The Editor (Comp 57), **SOLDIER**, 433 Holloway Road, London N7.
- 2 Competitors may submit more than one entry, but each must be accompanied by the "Competition 57" label printed on this page.
- 3 Correspondence must not accompany the entry form.
- 4 Servicemen and women and Services sponsored civilians may compete for prizes 1 to 6; other readers are eligible for prizes 4, 5 and 6 only. Prizes 7 and 8 are for Junior Soldiers only.

The correct answers and the names of the rally winners will appear in the May issue of **SOLDIER**.

These two pictures look alike, but they vary in ten minor details. Look at them very carefully. If you cannot detect the differences, see page 34.



COMPETITORS start the rally at map reference 648704 (indicated by an arrow in the bottom right-hand corner of the map). There's a long drive ahead, so sharpen your pencils and your wits, put your brain into gear and prepare for the OFF...

ROUTE CARD

1 Accelerate away from the Start Control and follow these instructions: Cross the railway—take first left—first right—turn left down main road—first right again—now drive as fast as possible along this road for two miles. Check Point One is at the crossroads. What is the name of the village and what is the map reference?

2 Check Point Two is at 600757. Get there by the shortest possible route. How far did you drive between Check Points One and Two? Answer to the nearest quarter of a mile.

3 Now drive north. Pass a post office on your right and Blandy's farm on the right. Turn left at the next church, right at the T junction and take the first right. Check Point Three is 1500 yards along this road. Did you drive uphill or downhill on the last half-mile?

4 NAAFI break is in the public house one mile due north-east of Check Point Three. When you arrive there, how many churches with towers will you have passed so far?

5 Leave the "pub" by the north-west. Check Point Four is at 636799. Only ten minutes are allowed for this section. What speed must you average to arrive on time? Answer to the nearest mile an hour.

6 Now drive south past a church with a steeple on the right, over the river, under the railway and strike out south-west at the church with a tower. Check Point Five is at spot height 323. Can you see Pangbourne village from here?

7 Check Point Six is at 610736—but you must approach it from the west. How long is the shortest route? Answer to the nearest quarter of a mile.

8 Check Point Seven is at the church in Tidmarsh village. You must average exactly 20 miles an hour on this section. How long—to the nearest minute—should this section take?

9 Now drive south and follow these detailed instructions: After one mile turn right; after $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles turn right; after 800 yards turn right; after $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles turn right; after two miles turn left. Check Point Eight is $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles up this road. Stop at the T junction. What is above your head?

10 The rally ends at Cray's Pond crossroads. On the way you must visit check points at 639811, 614814 and 617780 in any order. How far—to the nearest quarter of a mile—is the shortest route from Check Point Eight to the rally finish via the three final check points?

When future historians

Y O U R R E G I M E N T : 2

chronicle the deeds of
the Hampshires, they will

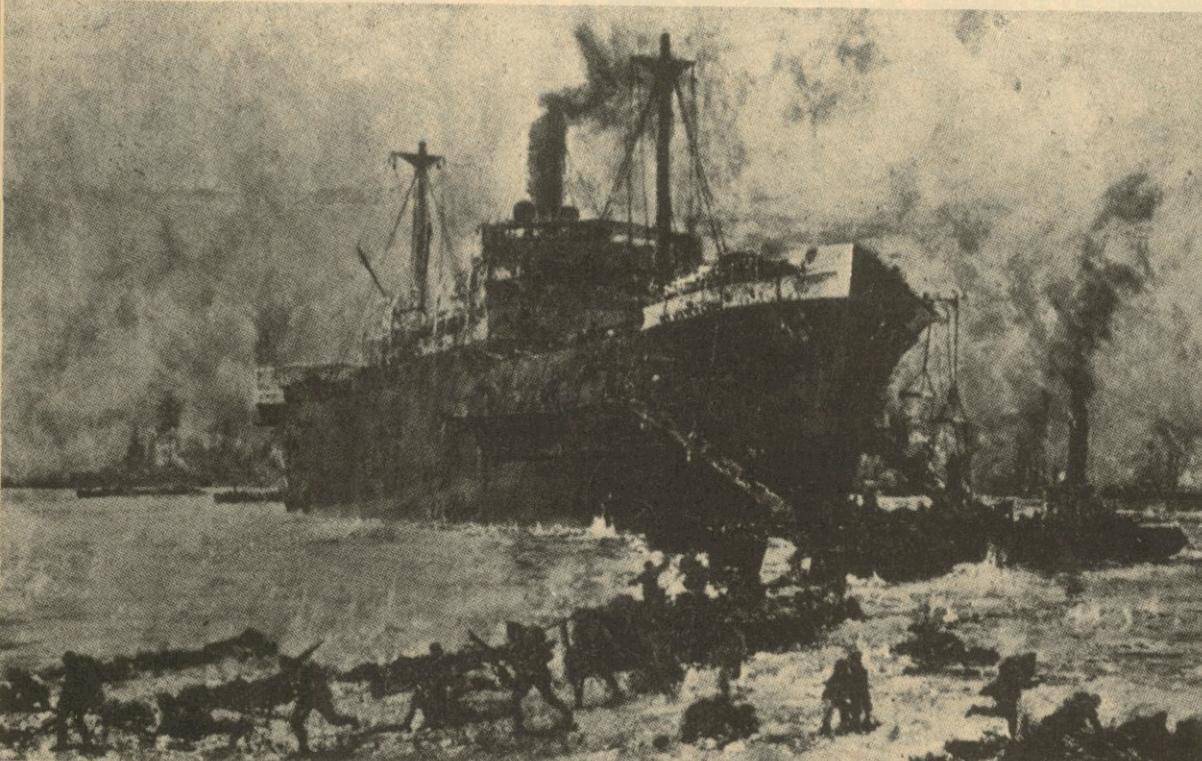
write of Minden, where

impudent Infantry routed
Cavalry, and of Taku

Forts, where Four VCs
were earned in a day.

But when they come to
the 20th Century their
pens will pause before
the resource and courage
shown against human foes
and, even more recently,
against turbulent nature

The Tigers storm ashore over the bodies of dead
comrades and into a hail of deadly fire on "V"
beach at Gallipoli on that fateful day in 1915.



Captain Le Patourel, pictured
soon after he came home to claim
his "posthumous" VC. A major
when he won the award, he
retired recently as a brigadier.

THE ROYAL HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT

WOLFE WOULD HAVE BEEN PROUD OF THEM

THE scene was one of utter devastation. Thousands of houses were shattered, whole families dead beneath them. There was no water, no transport, no communications. Black stinking mud covered everything. It was like a dream of an atomic World War Three.

The men of The Royal Hampshire Regiment who surveyed the chaotic wake of Hurricane "Hattie" on that memorable Caribbean morning 15 months ago know it was no dream. The 113 men, 23 wives and 23 children of "Z" Company stationed in British Honduras had hardly closed their eyes through that terrifying night, and for the troops there was to be little sleep for the next month. Ahead of them lay action incomparable in the Regiment's 260-year history.

With the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel D J Warren DSO, MC, flying in with two more companies, the Battalion set to work. The troops ran five feeding centres serving 12,000 meals a day, enforced a curfew to prevent looting, guarded valuable property, supervised clearance gangs and disposed of the dead. In one day the medical staff dealt with 600 casualties and 4500 inoculations, and Infantrymen

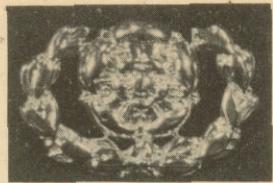
cared for a 3500-strong refugee centre. This was just one duty the men serving today under the Hampshire Colours performed during two-and-a-half years in the Caribbean. They also cleared Guatemalan insurgents out of British Honduras, rounded up Ras Tafarian terrorists in Jamaica and did more relief work in the Windward Islands after Hurricane "Donna."

Last June the Regiment lowered the flag for the last time in Jamaica, signifying the final withdrawal of the British Army from the newly-independent State. It was the third time in 40 years that the Hampshires had taken official leave on the Army's behalf. In 1922 the "Tigers" lowered the flag in Cork when the British Army left Southern Ireland, and again in Germany, in 1929, when the Army of Occupation left the Rhine.

But the 1st Battalion can claim a much more dramatic hat-trick during World War Two—three successive assault landings. On the heavily-mined and defended beach at Pachino, Sicily, in June, 1943, the Battalion helped to gain the Allies' first foothold on Axis soil. After fighting in the front line deep into Sicily the Tigers re-formed ready to pounce on Italy.

They landed at Pizzo, 70 kilometres north of the main offensive, and struck

HAMPSHIRE'S county regiment was formed from the amalgamation in 1881 of the North Hampshire Regiment, formerly the 37th of Foot, and the South Hampshire Regiment, the old 67th of Foot. The 37th, formed in Ireland in 1702 when war was declared against France, helped the Duke of Marlborough to a succession of fine victories, and some 57 years later fought in the battle of Minden, on which the Regiment's traditions are based. The 67th was formed from the 2nd Battalion of the 20th Regiment, with Colonel—later General—James Wolfe, of Quebec fame, as its first colonel. The Hampshires became a "Royal" regiment in 1946, and have since the war received the Freedoms of Aldershot, Winchester, Bournemouth, Southampton, Portsmouth and Romsey.



WOLFE WOULD HAVE BEEN PROUD OF THEM

northward, prising Germans out of strong defensive positions and drawing other enemy units away from the main British force. Then came the trip home to prepare for the biggest landing of them all. At 4am on D-Day they sailed from the shores of Hampshire, landed at Arromanches against stiff opposition, then fought through to Arnhem. The Regiment had enhanced its reputation for seaborne assaults, a tradition begun in 1761 when the 67th of Foot landed at Belleisle and scaled a cliff under fire only to be outnumbered and overwhelmed by the French.

When the 1st Battalion returned home in 1943 it was for the first time in 23 years. In 1938 the Tigers had moved from India to Palestine and when war came were soon transferred to the Western Desert. Two years in Malta were followed by preparations for the Sicily invasion.

As the 1st Battalion landed at Pizzo the 2nd Battalion went ashore on a bullet-raked beach at Salerno. The paths of the two Regular battalions had run parallel for the first time. The 2nd Battalion had fought through Europe back to Dunkirk, landed in North Africa in November, 1942, and, at Tebourba, made a stand which ranks with any in the Regiment's long battle-scarred history.

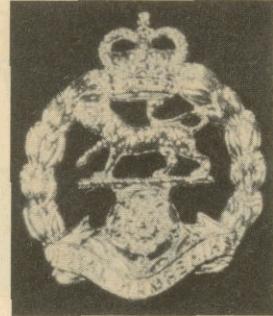
Outnumbered four to one the 2nd Battalion held an exposed position for

four long days against desperate pressure from German Infantry, tanks and aircraft, a vital stand that cut its strength from 689 to 194. King George VI later described the lone stand as a triumph of leadership and corporate discipline.

Just two months ago one of the Regiment's sons became the first holder of a "posthumous" Victoria Cross ever to retire from the British Army! It was earned at Tebourba. Brigadier Herbert W Le Patourel, then a major, led four volunteer Tigers in an attack on several enemy machine-gun posts. He did not return and was reported killed in action. After being seriously wounded by a grenade he was taken prisoner, recovering in Italy.

Throughout World War Two the Hampshires served on almost every front, earning 57 Battle Honours, a feat that gives them top place among English regiments. The Tigers' deeds in World War One could fill—indeed have filled—a weighty book. The Regiment raised 36 Battalions and fought on every front. From this wide panorama of battle the Tigers chose another epic seaborne landing, the assault on Gallipoli, as the occasion to remember every year on 25 April.

More than half the 2nd Battalion was on board the *River Clyde*, which ran ashore on "V" beach, just 40 yards from land. The hail of fire from the waiting Turks annihilated whole platoons in seconds. Time and again, with only the slimmest chance of survival, the Hampshires battled for the shore, charging unhesitatingly forward along a line of small craft choked with bodies, finally winning what must have been the most costly few square yards of beach in the history of combat. It was an example of Regimental valour that can never be surpassed.



The other ranks' cap badge (top) no longer worn by Regulars but retained by the Territorials. The officers' cap badge is an eight-pointed star in silver with a rose in the centre. Regulars still wear the collar badge (centre) and button.



A SWEDE ON A STICK

CALL them the "Tigers" or the "Swede-Bashers," it's all the same to the men of The Royal Hampshire Regiment. "Tigers" refers to the tiger on the other ranks' badges and buttons, an emblem earned by the 67th through great fighting service in India from 1805 to 1826.

"Swede-Bashers" is the irreverent title first given to the part-time soldiers of Hampshire who left their farms to fight under the Regiment's Colours. At every annual dinner of the Regiment's Territorial unit, the 4th/5th Battalion, a soldier of the Battalion dressed as a farmer's boy—straw hat, loose smock, straw in ear—carries in a swede spiked on a stick and the company sings "To be a Farmer's Boy."



Twentieth Century Tigers, at Minden in 1951, plucked roses from the same soil as men of the 37th picked them, marching into battle in 1759.

HENRY V, on his way to the Battle of Agincourt in 1415, conferred his own red rose emblem on the City of Winchester (the traditional home of the Regiment) in recognition of the prowess of the Hampshire Archers and other trained bands of the County who served so well at that historic battle.

This is the rose which adorns all the badges and buttons of the Regiment, not to be confused with another rose, the emblem of the 37th's most famous triumph, at Minden, when the Regiment marched to glory in response to the wrong order. That was in 1759, fighting alongside the Germans against the French.

Ordered to advance "with drums beating," the Hampshires and five other British Infantry battalions advanced without hesitation on the French Cavalry, with aides-de-camp vainly trying to get them to turn back. The aides had no more success than the crossfire of 60 French guns. The troops marched on through fields of roses, each man plucking a bloom and fastening it in his cap.

Every year on 1 August the Tigers still honour Minden Day by wearing roses in their caps. In 1951 the 1st Battalion celebrated the anniversary at Minden, while on garrison duty there, and last November moved back to the same area of Germany, to Munster.

Grass-skirted natives in a remote colony of coral islands are singing a new song. It is dedicated to the "coral blasters"—the eight young Sappers who have given them new hope

PACIFIC

MAN-EATING barracuda swarmed round the young Sappers swimming above a coral reef in the Pacific. Breathing through snorkel tubes the men worked quickly as shoals of the killer fish watched every movement. One bad cut on the sharp coral and the vicious fish would taste blood . . . and attack in a savage frenzy.

The Sappers were fixing explosives to huge coral "mushrooms" under the sea. As the last charge was laid, the men pulled themselves quickly out of the water on to a small boat and paddled to the pure white coral beach glaring in the sunshine a few hundred yards away.

Minutes later, from the shelter of coconut trees, the charges were fired. A solid plume of boiling water and coral boulders erupted into the air. It left behind hundreds of dead fish floating on water turned milky by coral debris. A channel into the lagoon had been cleared. The Royal Engineers had given new hope and new wealth to another tropical island paradise.

The brush with the dreaded barracuda was all in a day's work for the two officers and six non-commissioned officers. They made a round trip of 15,000 miles to blast channels in rock-hard coral reefs surrounding the remote Gilbert and Ellice Islands in the Pacific. They finished the job in nine months and became experts in undersea coral blasting—a task few men have ever attempted.

The project was born when the Islands' Government asked the Royal Engineers if they could improve sea access. Every island in the Colony is surrounded by an almost level shelf of coral about 150 yards wide and normally covered by the sea at high tide.

At the edge of the coral reef the sea bottom plunges almost vertically to fantastic depths. Most of the Colony's 42,000 inhabitants are natives living off the sale of copra collected periodically by boats. But because of the coral,



native canoes could cross the reefs only for very short periods at high tide to reach the copra boats at the reef edge. When the tide dropped, the natives staggered across the reef carrying copra on their shoulders—a slow process.

The Government wanted channels blasting so that canoes could cross from beach to ship for much longer periods. A Royal Engineer recce party from Christmas Island—more than 1000 miles away—decided the project was possible. Eight men would be needed.

In England, Captain Terry Hardy, from 36 Corps Engineer Regiment at Maidstone, was asked to command the party and a search began for volunteers who were good swimmers and divers. The men picked were: Second-in-command, Captain Mike Addison, Corporal J McCabe and Corporal David Edmonds, all from 9 Independent Parachute Squadron at Aldershot, Staff-Sergeant "Taffy" Thomas and Corporal (now Sergeant) S Chadwick, both from 36 Corps Engineer Regiment, and Staff-Sergeant Frank Bartlett and Sergeant Les Bourne from 3rd Division.

While they were training in England, a special magazine was being fitted into a new ship at Hong Kong which was to carry the explosives and transport the party and stores round the islands.

At a Royal Engineers stores depot, tailor-made boxes were produced for the hundreds of different items the men would need—rock drills, diving sets,

Natives unload crates of stores at the start of another job. Soon, dances will be organised in honour of the visitors.

A gigantic fountain of spray and coral debris erupts as the charges are fired to gouge a channel in a rock-hard reef.



BLAST



bicycles, camp beds, sledge hammers, chicken netting. . .

Finally the stores were loaded and dispatched. The Royal Colony Ship *Nevanga* left Hong Kong with the explosives. And the eight men of the party, leaving a cold England in the grip of winter, flew via Singapore, Sydney and Fiji to Tarawa, capital island of the Colony.

The white coral sand glared harshly as the men climbed from the aircraft. They were rowed ashore and welcomed with a friendliness and warmth that was to be a major impression of the Sappers' visit.

Their first task was at Nui, where a small channel had been blasted part of the way across the reef some years previously. Using portable drills powered by small petrol engines, the Sappers bored holes three feet deep in the coral in a regular pattern four feet apart. Working under a temperature of 126 degrees Fahrenheit, each borehole was filled with a service plastic explosive. When the charges were fired a channel four feet deep was blasted across the reef from the sea to the beach. Using native labour, huge coral boulders and rocks displaced by the explosion were cleared from the channel. Job One was successfully accomplished.

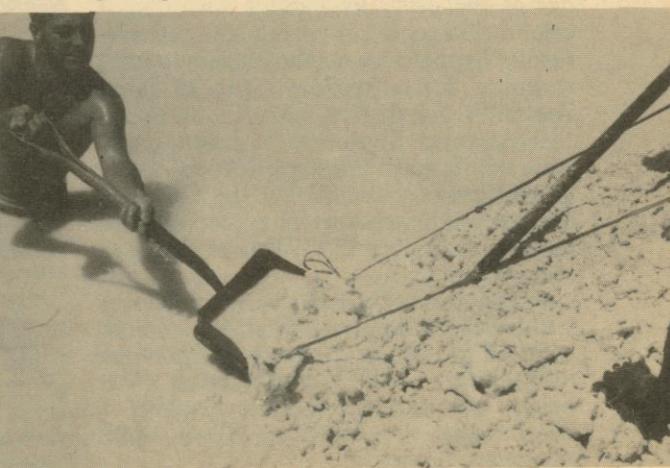
After initial experiments the party split into two groups. Channels were blasted without incident at Tamana, Arorae, North and South Beru and Namomana. At North Beru the Sappers found the coral so soft that a channel had to be blasted there by exploding about 1000lb in surface charges.

Now they were becoming more proficient. Work eased as each man became acclimatised, although many were troubled at first by cuts on the razor-sharp coral. Baseball boots had a maximum life of four weeks!

On every island the natives insisted on providing feasts and dances for their visitors. At North Beru the Sappers were invited to a native wedding and treated to a colossal feast which included whole roast pigs and dozens of chickens. For the Queen's Birthday, the natives at Arorae put on a special feast and dance. A visiting Colour party from the

OVER . . .

One of the channels (left) that will give the islanders more time to load visiting copra boats. Native labour was used to clear rubble after blasting. Below: One of the Sappers lends a hand using a deep shovel pulled up by two men on the bank.



continuing

PACIFIC BLAST

survey ship HMS *Cook* made up a parade with the Sappers while the ship fired a 21-gun salute offshore.

After two weeks' leave in Tarawa the Sappers were off again to blast further channels at Gardner, Sydney, Hull, Makin, Marakei and Maiana. At Phoenix they caught turtles and fed on turtle steak; at Maiana, Staff-Sergeant Thomas and Corporal Chadwick blasted a channel on their own while the remainder of the party worked on other islands. Two channels were blasted at Marakei and while they were there the men had the opportunity of seeing traditional Gilbertese dancing.

It was at Aranuka that the party came across the barracuda—but Captain Hardy decided to carry on working as the fish appeared to be keeping their distance. Instead of blasting a channel through a reef at Aranuka, the Sappers exploded coral heads blocking the entrance to the lagoon.

During a visit to the Pacific missile tracking station at Canton, they heard recordings made by astronauts Glenn and Carpenter while in orbit. The Americans were wonderful hosts to the British visitors who had been on tinned rations for some weeks—the huge steaks set before them were a delicious change.

While the remainder of the party returned to base at Tarawa, Captain Hardy flew 1100 miles to the Solomon Islands where he had been asked to recce the blasting of a coral shoal obstructing the harbour at Honiara. He went one better. He removed it. The shoal had restricted shipping that could use the harbour. At a depth of 22 feet, Captain Hardy laid 15 war-time depth charges and blasted off seven-and-a-half feet of coral—now ships with a draught of up to 30 feet can use the harbour.

While in the Solomons another job came his way. The 110-ton mission ship *Southern Cross* ran hard aground on a coral reef at ten knots and could not be dislodged, even at high tide. Captain Hardy blew a channel from the lagoon to the bows of the ship allowing it to be floated into the lagoon.

Then he flew back to join the remainder of the party in Tarawa and after a celebration cocktail party the adventurous Sappers began the journey home, stopping for a ten-day tour of New Zealand's North Island.

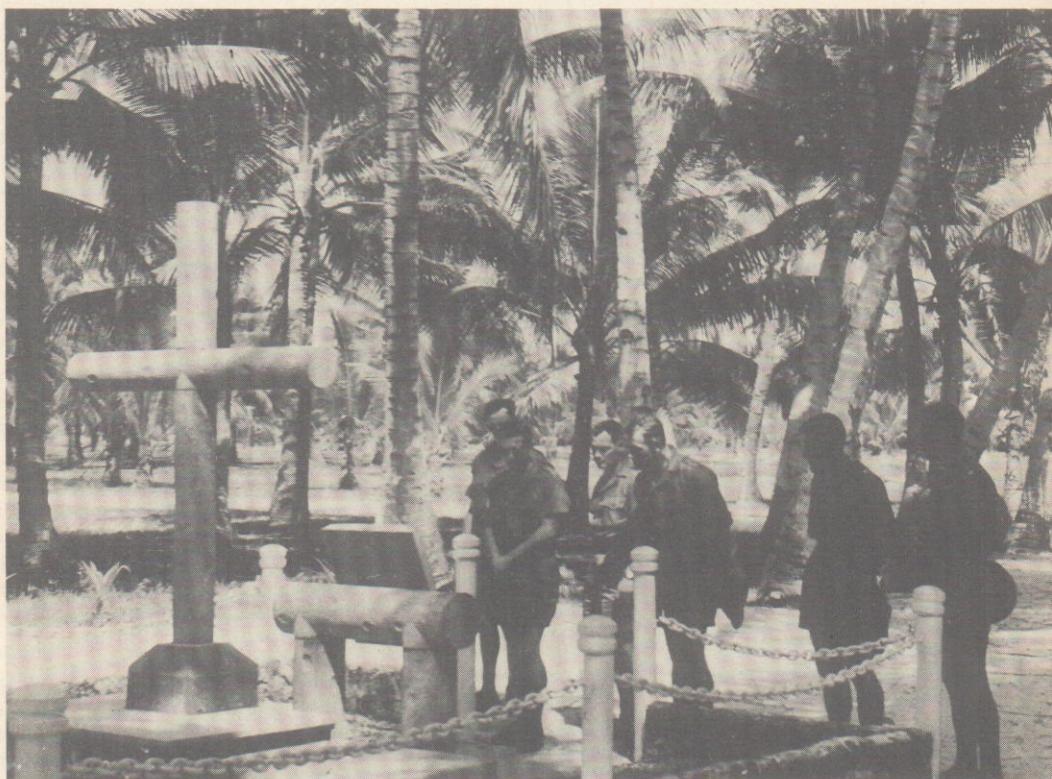
The Royal Engineers brought a new lease of life to the natives of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands. Using the channels blasted by them, copra boats can now be loaded by natives in a third of the previous time.

After nine months of continuous sunshine, the eight sun-bronzed soldiers touched down at Gatwick Airport in mid-winter. The temperature was below freezing and a thick blanket of fog covered the country. They knew they were home.



This unfortunate turtle (left) made a delicious change from tinned rations! Above: Surveys were conducted on many islands when blasting was finished before the boat was due back.

Many soldiers lost their lives in the battle to force the Japanese out of Tarawa. Shaded by the palm trees the Sappers read a memorial citation.



THE Gilbert and Ellice island Colony lies in mid-Pacific and is crossed by the equator and the 180 degree meridian. Thirty-seven islands, totalling about 369 square miles of land, are spread over more than two million square miles of sea.

Population is estimated to be about 43,000 of whom nearly 30,000 are Micronesians and 5000 Polynesians.

Main exports are copra and phosphate, although phosphate is now a wasting asset.

It is thought the Gilbert Islands were first discovered in 1537 by the Spaniards. Then at various dates between 1764 and 1824 the islands of the whole group were discovered by British naval officers.

The Japanese occupied the Colony during the Second World War and Tarawa, the capital, was the scene of fierce battles in 1942 when they were driven out by the United States Army.

SQUASH-THAT CLASS BARRIER!



Featured this month in the second of the new **SOLDIER** series about Army sport is squash, a game that suffers from its own snob appeal

All the speed and action of a rally on the squash court is portrayed in this picture taken at the only championship final ever won by an other rank. Near the camera is Gunner Hicks returning a shot to runner-up Major M J D Tingey.

THAT familiar "zonk" loved by enthusiasts echoed in triplicate as the squash ball sped round three walls of the court. With the incredible reflex action the game demands, a player darted forward to slam the ball back. This was the climax of the Army Squash Rackets Championship, the third set of the five-set final.

With the top seed, Captain M G P Chignell, of The Royal Hampshire Regiment, and Captain C M Wilmot, of The Royal Sussex Regiment, level at set-all, the third was clearly the vital set. Both players sensed this and pulled

out all the stops in a series of exhausting rallies. Though the top seed fought like the tiger on his regimental crest, Captain Wilmot clinched the set and soon took the fourth set and the match at 9-3, 5-9, 9-7, 9-5.

It was a fine match to watch, as full of life as the game itself. Yet this fast and exhilarating sport—the most concentrated form of exercise in existence—is struggling to maintain its appeal to the Army. Only 26 players entered for this season's Army championships at London's Naval and Military Club. For the equivalent competition in the Royal Air Force there were 46 entries. At the subsequent inter-Services championships the Army was surprisingly beaten by both the Royal Air Force and the Royal Navy.

This is just not good enough for the Service that has introduced the game all over the world and dominated it for many years, winning the inter-Services competition 20 times since 1929. What is happening to this Army sport?

The fact is, squash is suffering from its own snob appeal. Because squash is taught largely in public schools it is officer-dominated in the Army. And the situation is worsened on the other ranks' side by a combination of inverted snobbery, social reticence and ignorance of the game. Another reason this great game has remained so exclusive is its unique problems of staging. Four walls are needed in play, with only the rear wall, lower than the others, allowing space for a small balcony of spectators. Few non-players ever see a game, which is a pity as a top class match has all the thrills of a Wimbledon final.

But all is not lost. The Army Squash Rackets Association is on the warpath, with secretary Major Tony Naylor, Royal Army Education Corps, leading the assault on the class barrier. It is time, he says, that the prejudices against squash were swept away, time the rank and file marched in and tackled the former public schoolboys at their own game. But the challengers will need to be fit and have a quick eye for a ball.

"Men who have played at school obviously have an advantage," says

OVER . . .

Major Naylor, "but anyone who has played tennis should take to squash reasonably well." The Association is also urging the current enthusiasts to encourage the rest of the Army to join in and to ensure that other ranks have every facility on Army courts.

The problem of courts is another the Association is tackling boldly. Most major units have them, but there is an energetic drive in progress to fill the gaps, with priority given to the Army's apprentice schools and Junior Leaders and Junior Tradesmen's Regiments.

A squash court costs £3000, but an innovation the Army is making use of is a portable court, with hardboard walls, costing only £1200. Junior Leaders units at Dover and Oswestry already have these. The Association is also striving to introduce more inter-unit competition and a complete network of corps and command championships.

Recruits to the game will find it is not expensive. A ball will last a season, a racket—barring accidents in play—will give good service, and the wooden courts are light on footwear.

Squash is not restricted by weather and can be played all the year round wherever the Army is stationed. In the 40 minutes' whirlwind action of a five-set match a man can have all the exercise he needs—and develop a wonderful thirst!

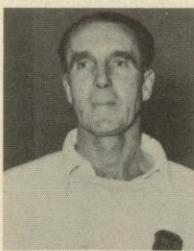


Gunner Stuart Hicks is the only other rank ever to become the Army squash rackets champion.

* A Sapper and a Gunner were the Army's outstanding squash players before World War Two. Douglas Burnett, Royal Engineers, won the championship six times—on the first occasion he was a second-lieutenant and on the last a lieutenant-colonel. His great rival was Captain C P Hamilton, Royal Artillery, a Kent county cricketer as well as a champion squash player, who was killed during the war.

* Only once has an other rank won the Army Squash Championship—the distinction went to Gunner Stuart Hicks, Royal Artillery, in 1959.

* Two outstanding players have dominated the more recent veterans' and Women's Royal Army Corps championships. Brigadier G O M Jameson, four times winner of the Army Championship, has won the veteran title since it was instituted in 1954 and Captain Myrtle Maclagan, an all-round sportswoman, had an unbeaten record in the women's event from 1957 until this year.



Left: the man who has dominated the veterans—Brigadier Jameson.



Right: Captain Myrtle Maclagan, WRAC champion for six years.

* Perkins held the title until 1958 when squash champion Nigel Broomfield joined the 16th/5th The Queen's Royal Lancers. In the most exciting final for years, Broomfield, holder of the British and South African amateur squash titles, wrested the Army championship at long last from Perkins.

A fine action shot of the man who was Army champion five years running—Captain Michael Perkins.



COVER PICTURE

ALL the drubbing drama of the square ring is captured in colour by SOLDIER Cameraman Frank Tompsett. He chose the most exciting and punishing battle of a hectic evening at London's Seymour Hall when the Army tackled the London Amateur Boxing Association.

Sergeant Charles Garrigan (red boots), permanent staff instructor with a Yorkshire Territorial unit, found he had a lively handful in Steve Hiser, of the Fisher Amateur Boxing Club. After three hard-hitting welterweight rounds the Army man gained a narrow victory, one of only three Army successes in the 13 bouts of the match.

This was the second bout-of-the-match battle in which Sergeant Garrigan had figured within a fortnight. He shared a drama-packed three rounds with a private soldier of his own unit—3rd Battalion, The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire—in the Army's annual match against the Territorial Army (SOLDIER, January).

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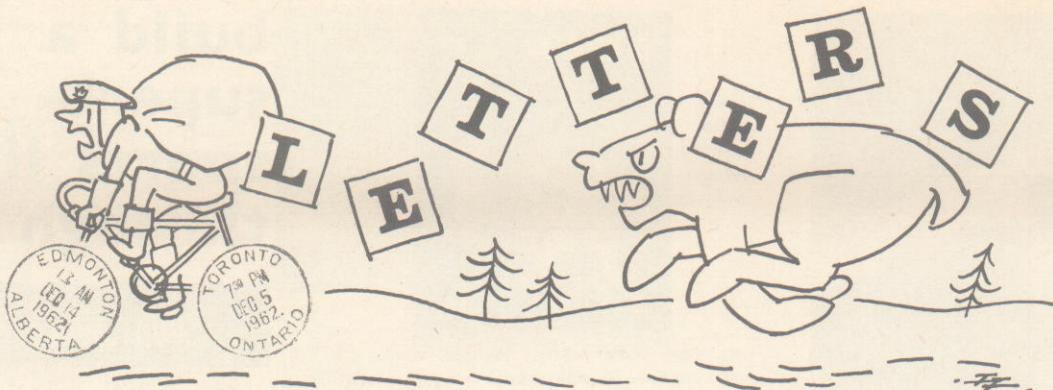
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CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES

I FEEL that a strong protest is required against the present Civil Service policy of restricting temporary clerical appointments and recruiting only established boys and girls direct from school, aged 15 and 16, for employment in War Department establishments.

Firstly, we are getting these teenagers to replace men and women, retiring after many years of service, who are experts at their jobs. Most of the retiring men are ex-soldiers, some ex-officers, who have spent their entire working lives in the Service. The impact of "green" teenagers on an office has to be experienced to be realised. They know absolutely nothing, yet have to take over the jobs of those they replace. Very many do not even want to learn, being interested only in how much time off they can get, either legitimately or otherwise. They have no ambition, and most of the girls merely want the very liberal pin money they are paid until such time as they marry.

Secondly, these young people have a bad influence on the existing staff, both military and civilian. The girls mess about with the boys (and the older men, who "lap it up"), while the boys taunt young soldiers with such remarks as "You must be daft to join the Army," "You

can be made to type letters, but I can refuse to type because I am a clerk, not a ruddy typist," "We finish at five—you are paid 24 hours a day and should work 24 hours a day," etc. All this has a very disturbing effect on headquarter offices and I am amazed at some of the Teddy Boy and beatnik types being recruited. Some of the boys wear drainpipe trousers and fancy sweaters to work, and have hair hanging over their necks and ears. One of their favourite jibes is to tell young soldiers to get their hair cut!

Thirdly, this recruitment of school leavers has closed the previous opening for ex-Regular Servicemen, many of whom need a clerical assistant's job to supplement their pensions and who (particularly the long-serving men retiring at 45-55) do not wish to sit the examination for executive or clerical officer.

In conclusion, there are first-class clerks with a lifetime's experience being forced on to the dole, or into jobs as messengers and cleaners, while the very jobs they can do efficiently are being thrown to irresponsible juniors who treat the work as a joke. I am surprised that the War Department employs any persons other than ex-Regular Servicemen.—"Disgusted Soldier" (name and address supplied).

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

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

Capering Bandsman

May I add my indignation to that of the two retired officers (**SOLDIER**, November) regarding the antics of the Band of The King's Shropshire Light Infantry? Since when have the members of a British Army band forgotten that they are British soldiers and should conduct themselves as such, instead of performing like the band of a junior high school?—Cecil Shackley, Belle Vernon, Pennsylvania, USA.

I was interested to see the reactions of various readers to the performance of the Band of The King's Shropshire Light Infantry, and was surprised that it should take so obvious an infringement of military dignity to arouse indignation. Whatever one may think of these antics, they are unlikely to be mistaken for anything other than a piece of showmanship comparable to the chorus girl dancing routines. In any case, it would appear that people are unappreciative of a truly professional performance; I recall that they slow clapped to the music of the Band of the Royal Marines at last year's Edinburgh Tattoo.

It is when drill, distorted for the public's enjoyment, is nevertheless accepted even by Service personnel as representative of a unit's standard, that one feels some exposure is required. The type of drill display one is becoming accustomed to seeing seems to be so great a departure from professional conduct as to be alarming.—Sgt E W L Barlow, Irish Guards, The Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.

Bantams

What was the World War One formation or regiment known as "The Bantams"? Was it formed for small men and how did it originate?—J Mahony, PO Box 7, Belsize, Queensland, Australia.

* In the early days of World War One, before the introduction of conscription, various regiments formed battalions intended to attract recruits who were below the accepted height. These were known as "Bantam" battalions and became fairly common.

Arms Drill, 1619

A little more of interest can be added to the mode of handling the matchlock by the English musketeer described in Captain A S Hawke's letter (**SOLDIER**, October). Edward Davis goes on to say: "His flaske and touchbox must keep his powder, his purse and mouth his bullet; in skirmish his left hand must hold his

'Pon My Sole!

I refer to the front cover of the December issue depicting a soldier who has studs deficient from his boots, ankle.

To publicise such idleness on the part of the soldier (not to mention his non-commissioned officers and officer, for failing to ensure that his kit was in good order) brings his Regiment and the Army into disrepute.—A Coles, 61 Tweedy Road, Bromley, Kent.

* This highly irregular state of affairs was solemnly noted when **SOLDIER**'s staff brooded over the selection of a front cover. But this picture, so happy and colourful, was too good to miss. **SOLDIER**'s handsome and friendly model is not languishing behind bars, however. He is now with his battalion overseas.

Scots Wha Hae

I write to tell you that a group of us left Newport on the night of 5 December and drove about 34 miles to Providence, Rhode Island, to see and hear the combined Bands of The Royal Scots Greys and The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. It was a real miserable night, with fog and rain combined with a slapping wind. But, once inside the auditorium and hearing the skirl of the pipes rehearsing, all the bad weather was forgotten. We spent one of the pleasantest two-and-a-half hours possible, watching these superb musicians drill and listening to their music. It was,

I am sure, one of the finest performances put on in America. Let us see more—each year.—Elton M Manuel, PO Box 14, Newport, Rhode Island, USA.

Non-Combatant Corps

Your most interesting article on National Service (**SOLDIER**, January) calls to mind the Non-Combatant Corps. They were the most reluctant soldiers of all, yet as a former member of the Royal Pioneer Corps I met several and found them cheerful, easy to get on with, and good workers at the various non-combatant

jobs they were called upon to do.—J G Sheldon (Ex-Sgt), 7 Badger Lane, Southampton.

* The Non-Combatant Corps came into being at the outbreak of World War Two. The handful from each fortnightly intake went through a period of training at the Royal Pioneer Corps Depot—they were not, of course, issued with rifles—and were then found appropriate work to do. Most of the men in this small Corps—which had its own cap badge—were members of the Plymouth Brethren or the Exclusive Brethren. The last member of the Corps, who was stationed at the Royal Pioneer Corps Depot at Wootton, Northampton, left the Army last October.



Men of the Non-Combatant Corps singing hymns to the accompaniment of a harmonium in a barrack room at the Depot, Royal Pioneer Corps.

match and piece, and right hand use the office of changing and discharging."

A complete detail of the then elaborate system of drilling pikeman and musketeers in the early years of King Charles I's reign was published in London in 1637 by the Scottish Colonel Munro, who says: "Platoon firing was first practised by the Scottish troops, that by this new method they spread terror and amazement among the Austrians in the wars of Germany. The musketeers should be formed in companies with a front of thirty-two men, but six ranks deep; the first, firing at once, casting about and reloading; the second rank passing to the front between the files, to give fire next; then the third rank, and so on."—Bdr R F Jennings, 286 (H & BY) Regiment, RA (TA), Lemsford Lane, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

"Why Are We Waiting?"

I have often heard the song "Why Are We Waiting?" (LETTERS, December) sung by hungry troops while sitting waiting in the mess hall for their dinner when it was late. The song consisted of just those four words and was sung to the tune of the Christmas carol, "Oh Come, All Ye Faithful." It was generally accompanied by beating on the tables with spoons.—L A Whittingham MBE (RSM Rtd), 58 Dawes Avenue, Hornchurch, Essex.

The song goes back to World War One, as I know several "Old Contemptibles" who say they sang it when being kept waiting longer than they thought necessary. We used to sing it for the same reason during World War Two, sometimes with devastating effect on the top brass!—Howard Peers, 31 Clementina Street, Sunderland.

In common with thousands of others, I remember singing these famous words in NAAFI and other queues all over the world.

Apropos the soldier's versatility in adapting well-known songs to suit his own position, I recently came across a 1916-17

copy of the "Boys' Own Paper" which contained a very good example of Tommy Atkins's art at parody. Sung to the tune of "My Little Grey Home in the West," it is called "My Little Wet Home in a Trench" and goes as follows:

"I've a little wet home in a trench
Where the rainstorms continually
drench.
There's the sky overhead,
Clay or mud for a bed,
And a stove that we use for a bench.
Bully-beef and hard biscuits we chew;
It seems years since we tasted a stew;
Shells crackle and scare,
Yet no place can compare,
With my little wet home in a trench."



"Here, I have a request—play
'Oh Why Are We Waiting?'"

What regiment hasn't got its own version of "John Brown's Body"? In The Glider Pilot Regiment we shared, with The Parachute Regiment, a version which contained such frightening lines as "They scraped him off the tarmac like a load of strawberry jam" and "I'd like to find the WAAF who forgot to pack my 'chute'."

If there isn't one already, it would seem there is a place for a Soldiers' Song Book.—A E C Lambden, Spring Lawn, 78 Shirley Road, Southampton.

Yeomen Of The Guard

Can SOLDIER please give the qualifications required of an applicant for entry to the Yeomen of the Guard?—F T Selby, 197 Warnham Street, London SE17.

* A candidate for appointment to the

Yeomen of the Guard must be a discharged warrant officer or non-commissioned officer not below the rank of sergeant who has completed 21 years' service in the Regular Army, Royal Marines or Royal Air Force. He must be under 50 years of age, not less than 5ft 10in in height (without boots) and in possession of at least one medal for field service. Further details are set out in Appendix XIX of The Queen's Regulations, 1961.

cost of a Brown Bess when new was £1; today one would be lucky to obtain one for less than £30.—A D Smith, 23 Anglesea Road, Shirley, Southampton.

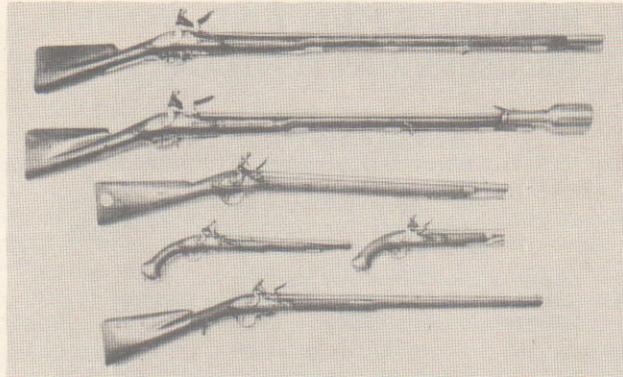
* SOLDIER's source of information on the date 1717 was page 90 of "Weapons of the British Soldier," by Colonel H C B Rogers. However, the Armoury at the Tower of London confirms that reader Smith is correct.

I have read with interest the correspondence in your columns on the subject of "Brown Bess."

The old smooth bore firearms were called "Brown Bess" throughout the Army and were in service in 1645, when an equal complement of matchlockmen and pikemen formed the Infantry. However, the origin of the name dates back only to Wellington's day, when he had the barrels camouflaged by painting them brown, and from the German word "busche," meaning a gun or hollow tube.

The weapon in service at the time the name was derived was the flintlock, which was introduced into the Army by General

Top to bottom: Brown Bess musket of 1747; musket with grenade cup; carbine; Queen Anne Cavalry pistol (left); "Paget" light dragoon pistol (right); and Ferguson rifle.



LOOK... NEW LOOK!

PLAYER'S have
changed their pack

THE WORLD'S BEST LIKED CIGARETTES



more letters

Monk (1608-1670). By the end of the seventeenth century the flintlock had replaced all earlier firearms, and it continued in service until the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century.—**Capt P J K McLaughlin, Area QM, West Riding ACF, Chequer Road Barracks, Doncaster.**

Lest We Forget

Much hot air has been talked about the pros and cons of help to India against the Red Chinese aggressors, but there can be no doubt as to where our duty lies.

We in Britain must never forget those brave brothers-in-arms of the old Indian Army who fought so gallantly beside us for so long. In World War Two alone the Indian Army won no fewer than THIRTY Victoria Crosses.—**G F Cartwright, 17 Belsize Road, Eastham, Devon.**

What Is It?

The information sent to you by Major J A Henry (Letters, January) is quite correct except for the date I was invalided out of the Army and went to Bradfield, which was 1944.

The badge was designed by Lieutenant-Colonel J D Hills, the then headmaster, who gave me every support with my Junior Commandos.

I'd raise another unit tomorrow if you gave me the chance, and I still hanker after my private army.—**Michael Halsted, The British Council, 67/69 Lewis Street, Rangoon, Burma.**

Hours of Glory

As an ex-soldier and a regular reader of your excellent magazine, may I say how much I thoroughly enjoyed your "Hours

of Glory" series. The colourful way they were put together, and the first-class illustrations, were a credit to the persons concerned.—**R A Turner, 82 Bittams Lane, Chertsey, Surrey.**

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(see Page 22)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1 Height of letter "L" on notice. 2 Lower edge of middle tree. 3 Snow on right of lorry's wing. 4 Third "6" in lorry's number. 5 Length of broom handle. 6 Depth of snow on roof of lorry. 7 Length of black area below "CLE." 8 Bird's beak. 9 Twig in middle foreground. 10 Driving mirror arm.

PRIZE WINNERS

Prize winners in SOLDIER's Competition 54 (November—quiz) were:

1 Capt W A Rowbory, Divisional HQ Coy, HQ 17 Gurkha Div/OCLC, c/o GPO Seremban, Malaya.

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

3 Sgt R Joyce, 4 SPRD, RASC, c/o GPO Singapore.

4 Gnr J Giblin, The King's Troop, RHA, Ordnance Hill, London NW8.

5 Cadet Sgt Ian N Scrutton, 64 Northwood Gardens, Clayhall, Ilford, Essex.

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

The correct answers were: 1 (b) (Metal cabinets). 2 (a) Queen's cars bear no number; (b) Larboard or port is left; (c) No polar bears in Antarctic; (d) Henry VII not King of Scotland. 3 (a) P; (b) P; (c) X; (d) Q. 4 (a) Gaits; (b) Battledress; (c) Raincoat; (d) Haversack. 5 (a) 6 (Bells); (b) 5 (Nobel prizes); (c) 5 (Weeks in balloon) and 20,000 (Leagues under sea); (d) 152—125 accepted. 6 (a) Charles (André Joseph Marie) de Gaulle; (b) Wolfgang Amadeus (Chrysostom) Mozart; (c) Donald (George) Bradman; (d) Charles (Augustus) Lindbergh; (e) Henry (Wadsworth) Longfellow. 7 (a) John Mills; (b) Ingrid Bergman; (c) Greta Garbo; (d) Alec Guinness; (e) Charles Laughton. 8 Constantines. 9 (a) (Sir Henry) Bessmer; (b) (Colonel Jim) Bowie; (c) General Sir Samuel James Browne; (d) (Charles) Macintosh; (e) (Earl of) Derby. 10 (a) False (no South Riding); (b) True (when ball bounces on player's side of net and is spinning back over net to opponent); (c) False (no seventh wife); (d) True. 11 (c) (Spreading shrimps to dry).

Collectors' Corner

S/Sgt J D Crane, c/o St Clair Street Armouries, 673 St Clair Street, Sudbury, Ontario, Canada.—British cap badges and shoulder flashes with short history of each.

R W Proctor, 18 Woodhead Road, Highfields, Sheffield 2.—Worldwide cap badges, medals and insignia.

R Stephen, 32 North Place, Cheltenham, Glos.—All badges, formation signs and hats.

L Thurston, 155A Castle Road, Bedford.—Treatises, textbooks and handbooks on old artillery ammunition, also German World War Two shell cases.

R H Colleman, Fivestreet 4, Ghent, Belgium.—Worldwide police badges, buttons and insignia.

WO II A R Ball, HQ RE Malta & Libya, Malta GC, BFPO 51.—Will exchange Maltese stamps for those of any other British colony.

Maurice Renard, 94 Drève de l'Infante, Waterloo, Belgium.—Metal or cloth badges of Paratroop and Commando units of all countries. Exchange possible.

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Among the many facilities available through the Institute of Army Education is assistance to Army parents with handicapped children.

Many parents may not be aware of the fact that the Institute can and does offer advice and guidance on the type of education provided for children suffering from physical or mental handicaps.

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Readers of SOLDIER who are interested should apply through the Chief Education Officer to the Commandant, Institute of Army Education, Eltham Palace, London SE1.

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“A STRATEGIC AND TACTICAL FAILURE”

OPERATION “Husky,” the invasion of Sicily in 1943, was a “strategic and tactical failure,” and “chaotic and a deplorable example of everything that planning should not be,” said a War Office report written after the event.

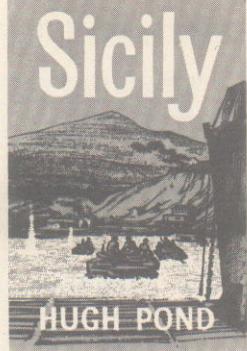
Hugh Pond, quoting the report in “Sicily” (William Kimber, 30s), agrees. He heavily criticises the Allied navies as lacking drive, the air forces as half-hearted and inaccurate, and Eighth Army as too slow and methodical.

He believes the Allies should not have landed on the southern tip of Sicily, whence they had to fight bitterly the length of the island, but should have aimed first at Messina to cut the route by which the Axis forces were supplied

and by which they later escaped.

Part of the trouble was the memory of Gallipoli. A fear of narrow waters, reminiscent of the Dardanelles, made the navies shy away from the Straits of Messina and later prevented them from hindering the evacuation.

The invasion of Sicily was planned as early as 1940. In spite of what the author describes as a “highly insubordinate” signal from Field-Marshal Montgomery to Field-Marshal Alexander, which resulted in Montgomery’s recasting the invasion to suit his requirements, the War Office report called it an old idea and said too many people had lived with it too long. The fact that commanders had little idea of what they were up against also contributed to



misplanning. Intelligence from the island was hopelessly inadequate.

The campaign started badly. Most of the parachutists and glider-borne troops were landed off their dropping zones—those who did not come down in the sea. One American regiment was scattered over 65 miles. Many seaborne troops were also landed in the wrong places. All this was due to insufficient training of air and sea crews.

Luckily, all was not well on the other side. Relations between Germans and Italians were deteriorating rapidly. In one Italian division there were reports that soldiers were frightened of cutting themselves on their own bayonets. Some Italian commanders surrendered without resistance. An admiral was condemned to death in his absence for the surrender of Syracuse and Augusta, but the sentence was revoked after the war and he received a medal for gallantry in the defence of the two places, which fell with scarcely a shot fired.

Yet there were Italian units which fought well, and the Germans gave battle with their customary courage and efficiency. The burden of the fighting fell mainly on the Infantry, tired Infantry in the case of Eighth Army, partly because the men were desert veterans and partly because too little transport had been landed and they were literally footsloggers again.

From the former First Army, the 78th Division joined them, its vehicles bearing the legend “Nothing to do with Eighth Army.” The 1st Canadian Division was fighting its first battle, after years of frustration in Britain. To the west, the American Seventh Army overcame much tough resistance under its flamboyant commander, General George S Patton.

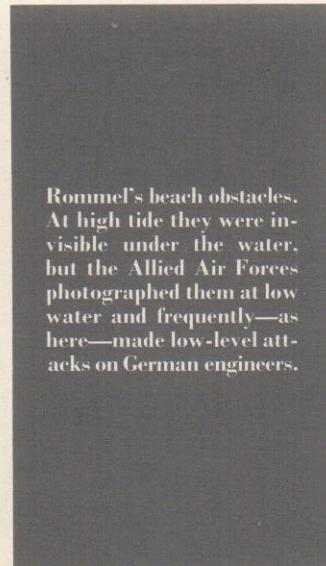
For these men, Sicily was a hard battle. It may have been galling that the bulk of their opponents got away in an evacuation which has been compared with Dunkirk. It might have heartened them had they known that most of the evacuation rafts had been designed for the invasion of England.

Hugh Pond’s is a well-written account of the campaign and, like his “Salerno,” shows events interestingly not only from the points of view of the fighting Services of both sides, but also from that of the unhappy civilians whose towns and farms became battlefields.

FROM BEHIND THE “WALL”

SIX months before the invasion of Normandy, Hitler was making a prophecy: “The decisive point is that, at the moment of landing, the enemy will have bombs dropping on his head. We shall then compel him to take cover. And so long as there is even a single aircraft in the sky he must remain under cover. In this way he will lose time hour by hour. Within half a day, however, our reserves will be moving up. If the enemy is pinned down on the beach for only six or eight hours

OVER . . .



Rommel’s beach obstacles. At high tide they were invisible under the water, but the Allied Air Forces photographed them at low water and frequently—as here—made low-level attacks on German engineers.



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BOOKS *continued*

you can well imagine what this will mean for us."

He could not have been more wrong. No bombs were dropped on the invaders' heads, because the Luftwaffe was not there. They were pinned down on the beaches for a time, but no reinforcements moved up. Hitler believed Normandy was a diversion and refused to move his reserves until too late. The men on the beaches had not thought the Allies would land at low tide and advance over an open beach.

In "Invasion—They're Coming" (Harrap, 21s), Paul Carell's account from the German side, it is made clear that troops manning the defences were caught on the hop. "Not tonight," they decided on the night of 5 June. Senior commanders had been summoned to a conference the next morning and many officers and men were holding parties.

Counter-attacks were bedevilled by confusion in headquarters, and counter-orders followed orders. That, and Hitler's over-caution, contributed to the late start of the panzers, which could have created Germany's only chance of throwing the Allies back into the sea.

The author's admiration is for the German fighting men, and he

depicts them as brave and resourceful, as indeed the Allies found them. There are stirring accounts of the determined resistance put up by strong-points, like the batteries at St Marcouf and Azeville which fired at each other to sweep attacking American Infantry from each other's bunkers. There was strong-point W5, which fired until its last gun was destroyed, then sent out its Goliaths, those miniature, remote-controlled tanks stuffed with explosives. They ran off course and lay uselessly on the foreshore, except one. Into this a thoughtless American thrust a grenade, blowing up himself and his entire assault group.

Perhaps the most impressive thing about this book is the account of the effect of Allied aircraft on the Germans. British troops had known what it was like to do battle when the enemy was master of the skies, but they never had to face the massive pattern-bombing that blotted out whole positions, or the persistent, ubiquitous fighter-bombers that made road movement almost impossible during daylight hours unless the weather was bad. The author goes so far as to say that the war in the West was decided by Allied superiority in the air.

R L E

Hollywood in Normandy

THE Hollywood touch comes naturally to the American soldier under combat pressure," writes Brigadier-General S L A Marshall in "Night Drop" (Macmillan, 25s).

There are plenty of Hollywood touches in this account of the first few days' fighting of the two American airborne divisions in the invasion of Normandy. The incident which provokes the author's remark concerned a wounded officer who sent a message to his second-in-command: "Tell the company to give them hell, and I'll be back in a couple of days."

Not all the Hollywood touches

waited for battle. Before they climbed into the aircraft for the flight to Normandy, one colonel assembled his regiment, raised his knife and screamed: "I swear to you that before tomorrow night this knife will be buried in the back of the blackest German in Normandy." This same commander gave his men the battle-cry, "We are the best!"

But Hollywood could not have bettered the story of Sergeant Harrison Summers. Finding the 15 men with him unwilling to fight, he set off single-handed against some German-occupied barracks which were a battalion target. For five



The Carentan Causeway was very heavily defended by the Germans.

PROTOTYPE OF A HERO

SINCE the end of World War Two a spate of military memoirs has covered almost every aspect of that conflict, but the period from 1937 to 1940 has hitherto lacked an authoritative, day-to-day account of events viewed from the top by a soldier. This omission has now been rectified by Colonel R Macleod DSO, MC and Denis Kelly in "The Ironside Diaries 1937-1940" (Constable, 35s).

Ironside meticulously wrote up his diaries each night as a task of self discipline "to clear his mind and crystallise his judgement of day-to-day events," and his editors, with commendable restraint, have confined themselves to the bare minimum of explanatory comment.

"Tiny" Ironside was the prototype of John Buchan's hero, Richard Hannay, but his own life was even more romantic. An

artillery subaltern during the South African War, he afterwards spied for British Intelligence in South-West Africa. He saw front line action in World War One and later commanded the Allied Expeditionary Forces at Archangel. A sternly impressive figure standing 6ft 4in tall and fluent in several languages, he was one of the British Army's most colourful figures at the outbreak of World War Two.

Thus it was not without good grounds that Ironside was expecting to be appointed Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force rather than Gort, whom he replaced as CIGS on 3 September, 1939. "I am bitterly disappointed that I am not to command the Army in the field," he wrote. "My great ambition. I am not suited in temperament to such a job as CIGS, nor have I prepared myself to be such." His forebodings were very soon justified, for on 8 September he wrote:

"I have a Secretary of State (Hore-Belisha) who knows nothing about military matters whatever and who is very jealous of Winston's interference."

Things rapidly went from bad to worse, and in November a dispute arose on BEF defence works.

"Our Belisha waited until I had left the Cabinet and then made a statement on what he had seen in France."

And later, "So I told Belisha that he must not lower the prestige of the C-in-C in the eyes of the Cabinet without telling him."

Chamberlain sent Ironside to France to report on the allegations of negligence, which were untrue,

and later he wrote: "I warned Belisha that any undermining of the C-in-C would be reflected at once in the BEF. That he couldn't start any intrigue against Gort."

There emerges from these diaries the picture of a dedicated soldier in the great tradition; forthright, honest, farsighted and, if occasionally guilty of faulty judgement, incapable of deceit, subterfuge or a mean act. It was his great misfortune as CIGS, to be bogged down in a morass of political unpreparedness, muddle and intrigue.

The end of Ironside's military

OVER . . .

Normandy

hours, sometimes accompanied by a few men who were quickly shot down, sometimes by himself, later partnered by a single private, he charged building after building, bearing a charmed life. When it was all over, this splendid soldier commented, "It was all kind of crazy. I'm sure I'd never do a thing like that again."

The two airborne divisions were to seize the exits from Utah beach, where American seaborne forces were to land, and seize or destroy bridges and other crossings of the Merderet and Douve rivers. It was an operation of great difficulty. Many men dropped in the wrong places. Lost parachutists will instinctively move towards lower ground, but it was only in Normandy that this lesson was learned, too late to be of use to commanders seeking their scattered men.

The country where many of them landed was broken into small fields with high hedges, making it difficult to assemble and see what was happening. Many other parachutists landed in flooded marshes, some of them never to emerge. There was little radio communication.

The author describes scores of actions fought by such groups, often against unknown odds, with much gallantry and (he makes no attempt to conceal it) sometimes the reverse. He writes vigorously and picturesquely, but is heavily idiomatic in places. From it all, the American parachutist emerges as a variety of likeable types, mostly endowed with initiative and courage and making Hollywood come true.

R L E

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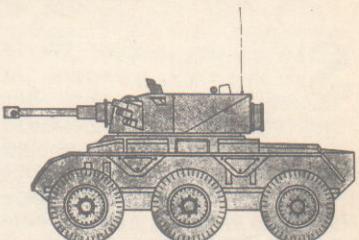
BOOKS *continued*

career, after more than 41 years' service, came with cruel unexpectedness, but he accepted it with dignity. The same day as he was told that he was to be replaced by Alan Brooke he

wrote: "I can't complain. Cabinets have to make decisions in times of stress. I don't suppose Winston liked doing it, for he is always loyal to his friends."

D H C

Everybody's AFVs



Silhouette of a now familiar vehicle—*Saladin* Mk I armoured car.

The Russians have an interesting amphibious reconnaissance tank.

The biggest field for innovation seems to be in armoured personnel carriers, with four, six or eight wheels, or tracked, and with a wide variety of armour and armament. Britain has two entries in this field. One is the *Saracen*, which the author describes as "Mobile vehicle with remarkable cross-country performance. Limited provision for the crew to fight from within the vehicle. Complicated chassis." The other is the FV 432, on trial in 1961 but now in production and named *Trojan*.

There seem to be few startling ideas about just now. In tanks, particularly, all the producers seem to be sticking to well-proven ideas, although Britain is a step ahead of the field with the *Chieftain's* multi-fuel engine. The United States can boast a self-propelled gun which suffered no damage 490 yards from a 35-40 kiloton nuclear explosion, and the same country is experimenting with nylon armour for self-propelled guns.

R L E

TABLE-TOP TACTICS

ANYONE who still believes that playing with model soldiers is a game for children should browse through Donald F Featherstone's "War Games" (Stanley Paul, 18s). He deals in detail with every aspect of the hobby—making soldiers, laying out a battlefield, organising a campaign and the many and varied rules.

Actions are decided on the throw of dice, but there is a multiplicity of amendments to cover such refinements as morale, range of weapons, terrain, weather conditions, visibility, speed of movement, and so on.

Rules for ancient warfare, horse and musket actions and finally the complexities of modern campaigns are dealt with individually and in painstaking detail, and the rules are such that while the odds can be weighed carefully and a logical outcome predicted, a small force is still capable of holding out against vastly superior forces.

P J D



LAND, SEA AND AIR

THE Eagle Book of Britain's Fighting Services (Longacre, 15s) is a well-illustrated and comprehensive volume designed for older children.

Each Service has a section to itself, sub-divided to cover history, role, organisation, equipment, career prospects and specialist activities, all very much up-to-date.

Writing on the Army's future, Robert G Blackman emphasises both the growing interdependence of the three Services and the Army's independent activities both in the air and on the sea.

This book is an interesting piece of education for future citizens, as well as a guide for potential recruits. If Father thinks he knows all about the Army already, he will still be able to learn a good deal about the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force by dipping into it.

R L E

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