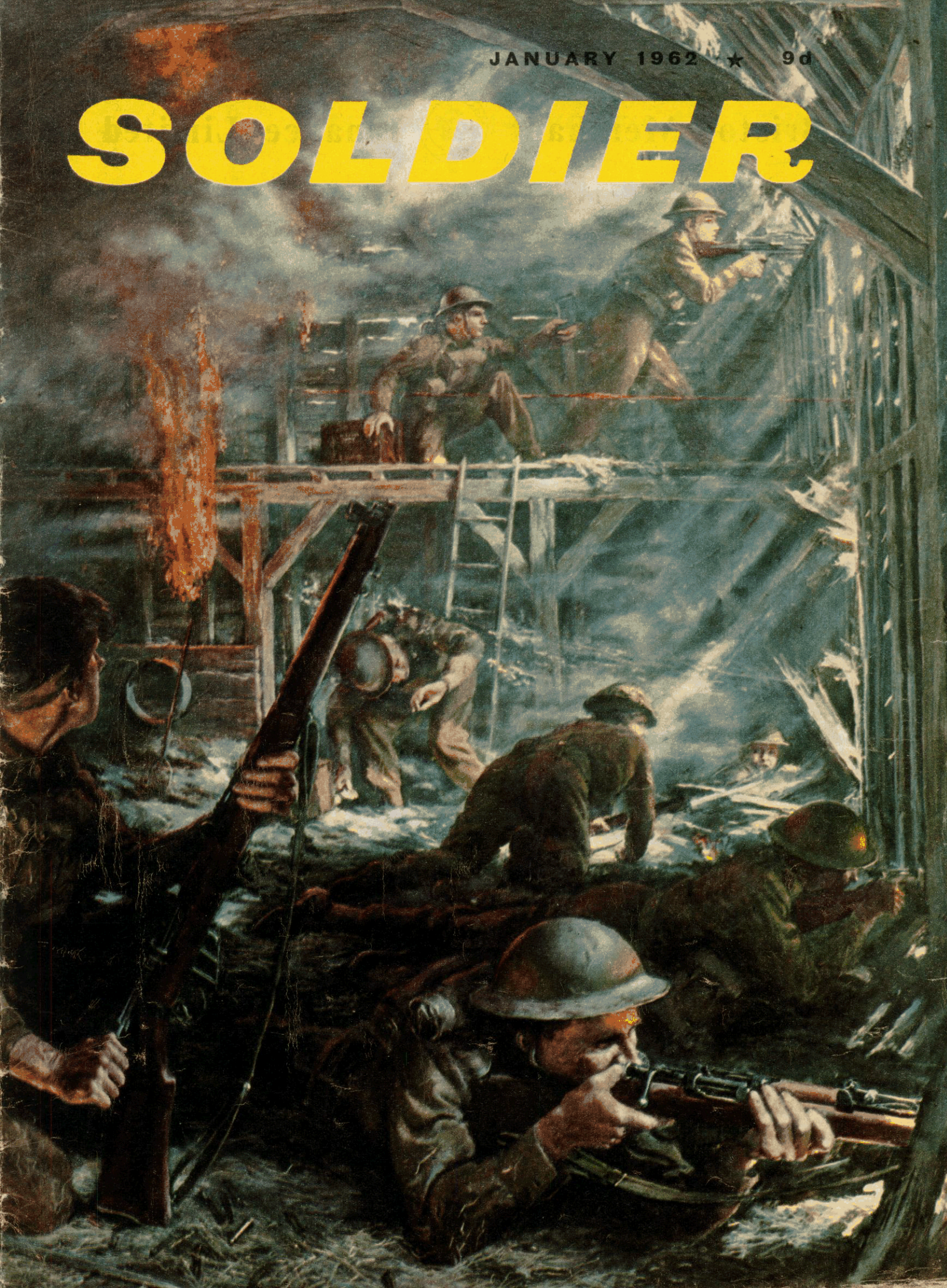


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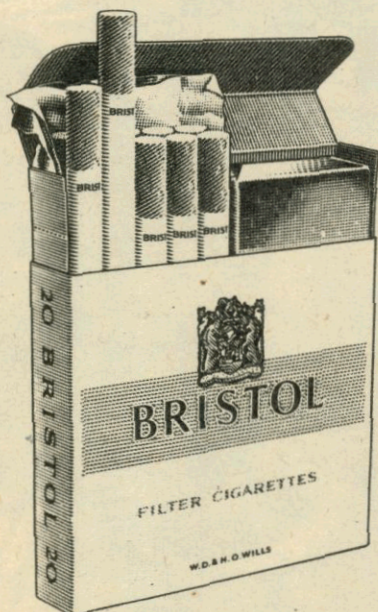
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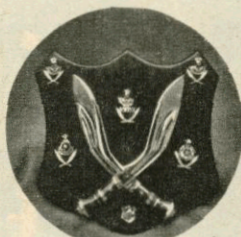
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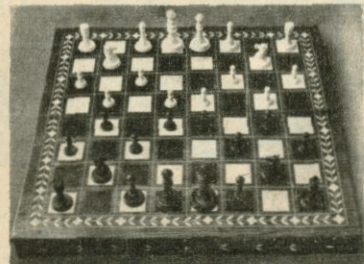
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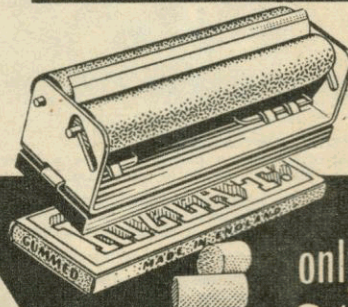
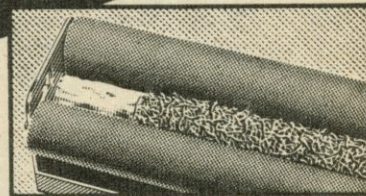
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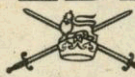
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MILITARY MIGHT ON SHOW

It was an impressive and heartening sight when the curtain was lifted on the Army of the future. On display were all the latest military weapons and, making their debut, some of the weapons and equipment which will soon be coming into service

THE world's most powerful tank, its huge gun emphasising its remarkably sleek and low silhouette, roared down the road. The *Chieftain*, Britain's fastest and most heavily armed new battle tank of a revolutionary design, was on show for the first time.

The *Chieftain*, which packs a bigger punch than either the *Conqueror* or *Centurion*, was making its debut at the Fighting Vehicles Research and Development Establishment at Chertsey in Surrey, during the biggest demonstration of Army weapons and equipment ever held.

It was the star turn in an impressive display of military might which gave a heartening **OVER ►**

THIS IS THE CHIEFTAIN

THERE has never been a tank like the *Chieftain*.

It is faster and more mobile, harder hitting and harder to hit and of a more revolutionary design than any other tank in the history of armoured warfare.

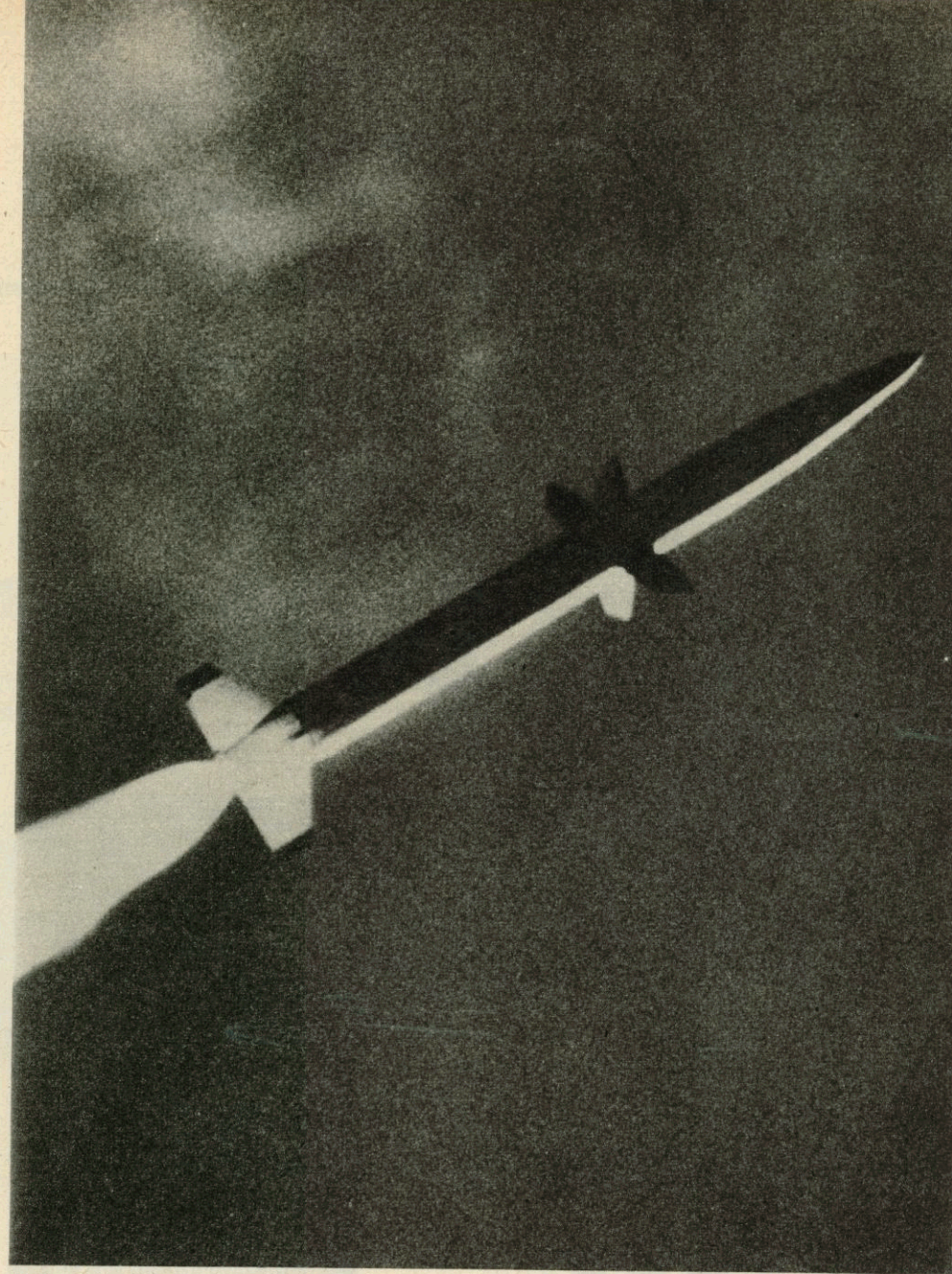
One of its many outstanding features is its low silhouette, achieved by having the driver lie flat on his back and steer with the aid of a periscope.

Its very high velocity gun—an improved 120 mm—is the most powerful and accurate tank gun in the world, with a range of up to 20 miles, and its round is capable of piercing any known thickness of armour.

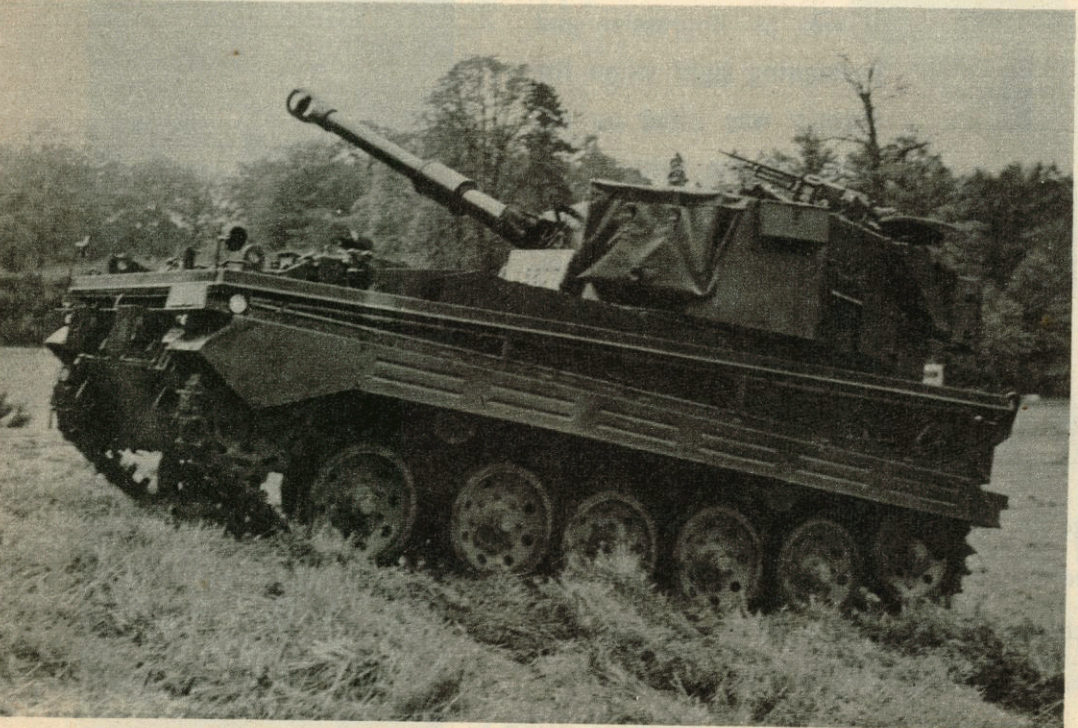
The *Chieftain* weighs only 47 tons—three tons lighter than the *Centurion* and 18 less than the *Conqueror*—but its armour is as strong as the *Conqueror's*. It is the fastest tank Britain has produced, having a road speed of more than 40 miles an hour.

The new tank is driven by a multi-fuel engine which runs equally well on low grade diesel oil or high octane aviation petrol.

Six of the eight *Chieftains* which have already been built—they are reputed to cost more than £60,000 each—will soon be sent to Rhine Army for troop trials.



Above: *Blue Water* takes off. This surface-to-surface British guided missile, which is to replace the American *Corporal*, has a 70 mile range and is powered by a solid fuel motor.



Below: The *Abbot* 105 mm. self-propelled gun will replace the 25-pr. The *Abbot* can be made amphibious and its gun will fire at low and high elevation or in the anti-tank role.



One man can operate the new *Hoversled* which rides over a cushion of air produced by an electric motor and can carry two casualties over the roughest ground without rocking them. It can be towed, patients aboard, behind a vehicle.

glimpse into the future, for many of the weapons and much of the equipment will come into service within the next three years. By 1965 the Army will be more highly mobile, strategically and tactically, and more powerfully equipped than ever before and many of the vehicles which carry men into battle will be amphibious.

At long last the Infantryman is to be given the multi-fuelled, amphibious, air-portable and tracked armoured vehicle he has always needed in modern warfare to whisk him rapidly into and out of action. It is the Armoured Personnel Carrier FV 432, which will carry a crew of two and a section of ten men equipped with weapons, ammunition and rations to last for several days so that each vehicle can fight as a separate unit.

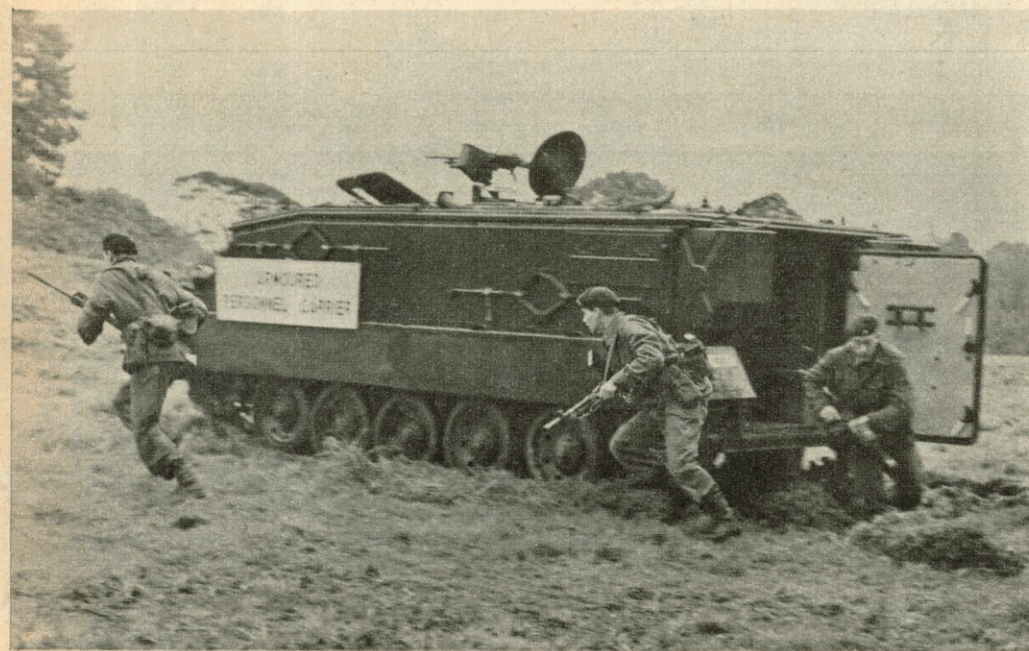
The FV 432 will be armed with the new General Purpose machine-gun and can be used to transport the new 120-mm *Wombat* anti-tank gun, as an ambulance or command post or to carry the new British-designed 81-mm mortar and crew.

The 81-mm mortar is one of several new and more powerful weapons the Infantry will have by 1965. It has a range of more than three miles and can fire—from the FV 432 if necessary—30 rounds a minute with astonishing accuracy. New infra-red equipment for use with small arms is also to be introduced and the 3.5-in rocket launcher will be replaced by a better weapon, either the Swedish 84-mm *Carl Gustav* or the Canadian 3.2-in *Heller* anti-tank weapons, both of which have an effective range of 350 yards.

The Gunners, too, are soon to have more powerful and mobile weapons, among them the 105-mm *Abbot*, which is reputed to be the best self-propelled gun in the world. It can be traversed through 360 degrees and fires a heavier shell a considerably greater distance than the 25-pounder which it will replace. It can also be used as an anti-tank gun in an emergency and, with minor adjustments, can be made to swim rivers.

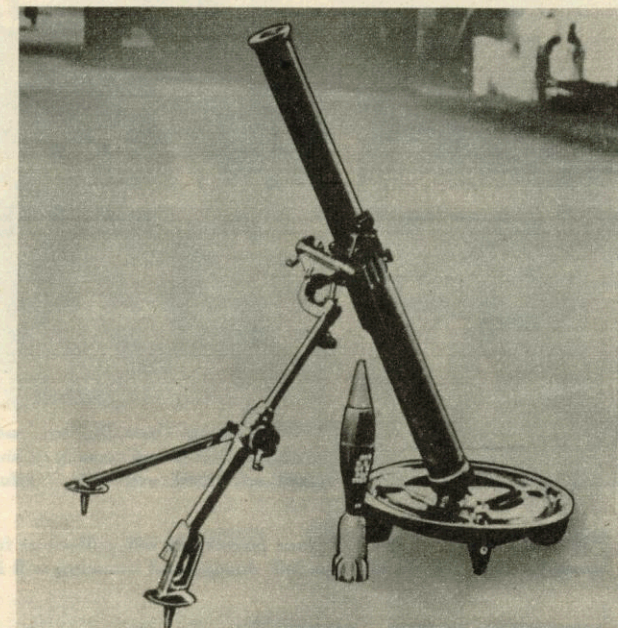
The British-designed *Blue Water*, the

continued on page 8

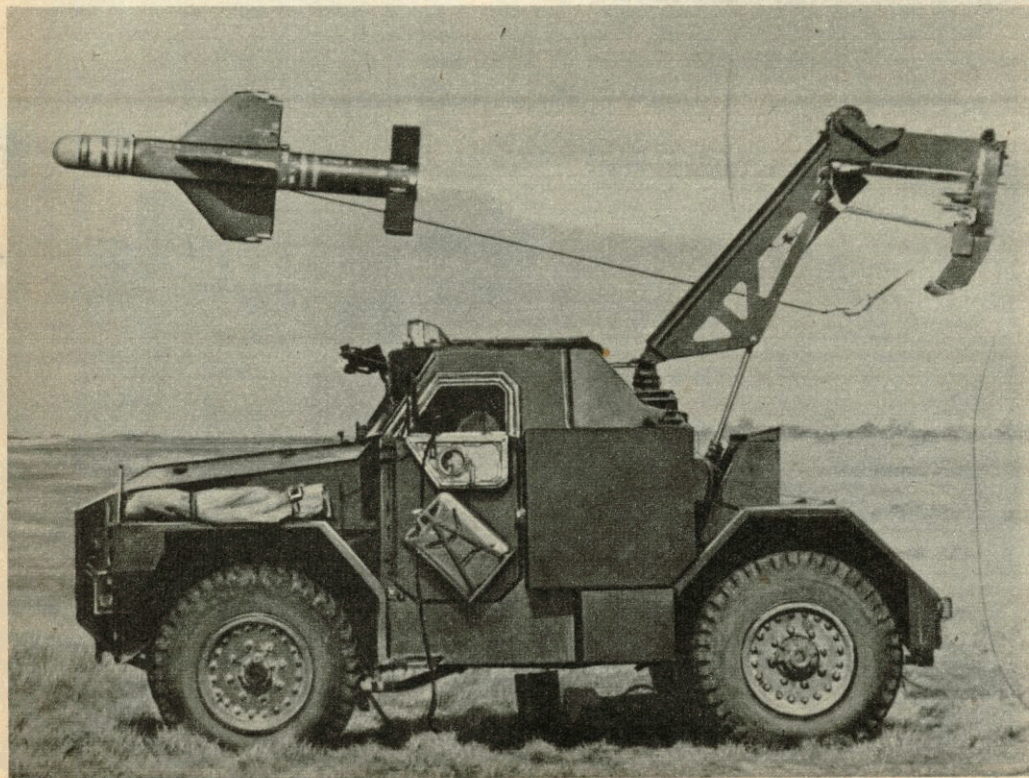


The vehicle the Infantry have been waiting for: The FV 432 Armoured Personnel Carrier. It can carry a section in action, tow a *Wombat* anti-tank gun, act as a command post, an ambulance or a mobile mortar platform and will be in service by 1965.

Right: The new 81-mm mortar. This will replace the 3-in mortar in the next three years. It has a range of over three miles and fires a bomb every two seconds.



Below: The wire-guided anti-tank missile *Malkara* takes off from the *Hornet* which is now fitted with four of these weapons. The vehicle and weapons can be dropped into action by parachute.



SOLDIER to Soldier

AS the Army enters a new year in its three-centuries-old history it can look back on 1961 with justifiable pride and satisfaction and look forward confidently to meeting the challenge of 1962.

The past year was the end of an era and the beginning of a new one—a year in which the last National Serviceman was called up and the last of the regimental amalgamations took place and the year in which the new all-Regular Army began to take shape.

It was a year of rapid change, full of bright prospects of better things to come, and a year of valuable experience and solid achievement.

With traditional good humour and patience, sometimes strained to the limit, British troops kept the peace in Aden, Singapore, Zanzibar and the Cameroons, and in a magnificent air- and sea-borne "fire brigade" operation in Kuwait prevented a clash of arms that could have led to World War Three.

Never before in peacetime has the Army trained so hard or so objectively as it did in 1961. For the first time British troops of the Strategic Reserve went to Canada for an exercise, the forerunner, it is hoped, of many more to come. Adventure was the theme and by the end of the year there were soldiers who could boast of having paddled canoes down the Nile, ridden on horseback from Nigeria to Dover, sailed a ketch from Ghana to Weymouth and flown an *Auster* from Malaya to Middle Wallop!

The Army found time, too, to help the needy and distressed, notably in willingly giving assistance (and money contributed by soldiers), to the starving tribesmen of Kenya and the flood victims of British Honduras.

And what of the future?

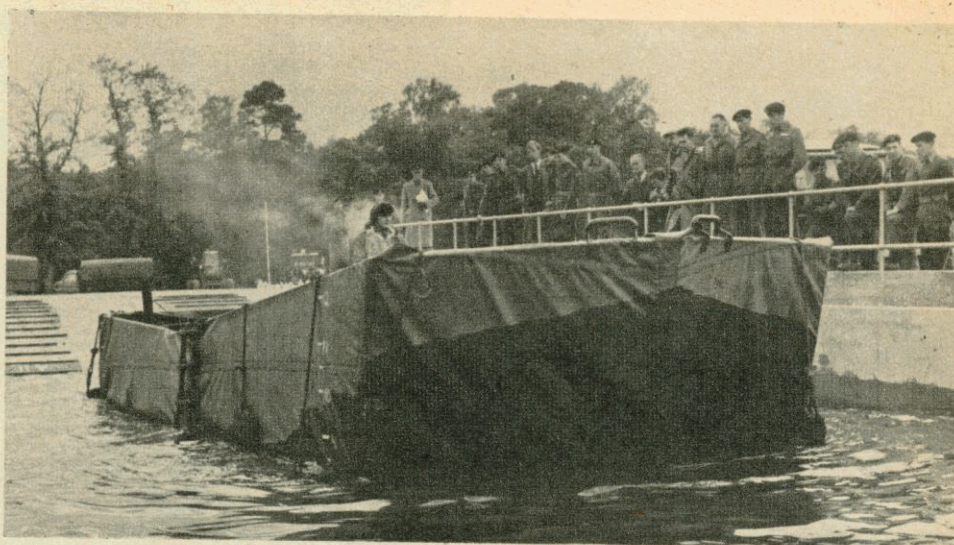
As *SOLDIER* reveals in this issue the Army of the immediate future will be the best-armed and equipped and the most highly-mobile in Britain's history. Within the next few years weapons of a power never dreamed of 20 years ago will come into service, and plans have been laid to provide the Royal Air Force with a fleet of long-distance transport aircraft which will enable the Army to carry out its tasks at short notice anywhere in the world. The tremendous advances that have already been made in training and re-housing will continue and the soldier's financial future is assured, for his pay and allowances are now linked with rises in the cost of living.

As the Army becomes all-Regular it will face many difficulties and many unpleasant decisions may have to be made. Undoubtedly, the way ahead will be hard but *SOLDIER* does not subscribe to the gloomy view, expressed both inside and outside Parliament, that the Army will be unable to reach its manpower target. There are heartening signs—the brightest being the latest recruiting figures, which show that more men joined up in one recent month than in any other month in the past ten years—that the Army's recruiting problem is well on the way to being solved.

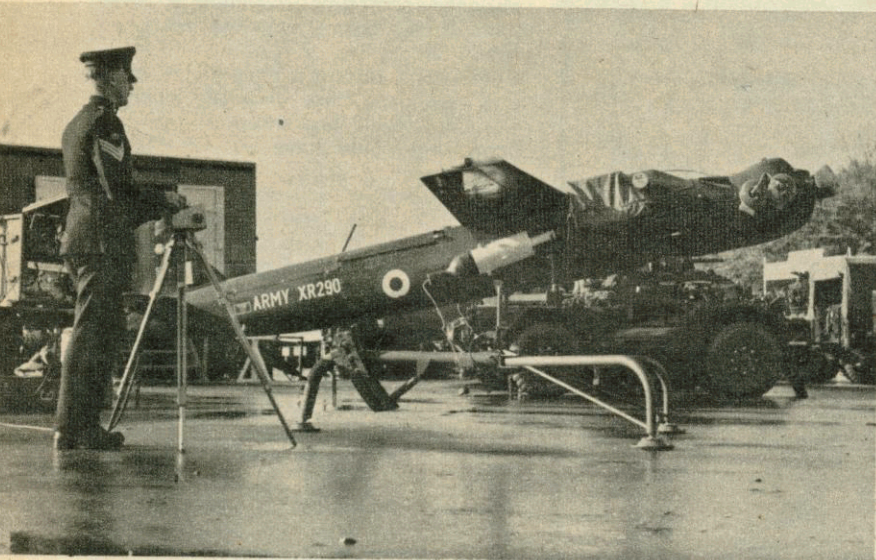
70-mile surface-to-surface solid fuel rocket will also replace the American *Corporal* in the Royal Artillery's guided weapons regiments within the next three years and by 1965 the Gunners will also have *Green Archer* and *Peeping Tom*.

Green Archer is a revolutionary type of radar which tracks mortar bombs in flight and automatically calculates the position from which the bombs were fired. *Peeping Tom* is an aptly named pilotless, radio-controlled plane, powered by a two-stroke engine and fitted with a television camera, which can spy out enemy positions and be brought back to base by parachute. Fifty of them are now being used for training on Salisbury Plain.

There is good news, too, for the Royal Armoured Corps, which in addition to the *Chieftain* is to be issued with the *Stalwart*, a five-ton amphibious carrier, a *Ferret* scout car mounting two *Vigilant* anti-tank missiles



A *Centurion*, enshrouded in its new floatation equipment, ploughs through a 10-ft. test tank. The equipment, which can be fitted rapidly and easily in the field, will enable the tank to cross rivers.



Left: *Peeping Tom*, the tiny, radio-controlled drone which spies out enemy positions and returns to base by parachute. Above: A *Ferret* scout car fitted with two *Vigilant* wire-guided anti-tank missiles.

and a *Hornet* armoured vehicle fitted with four long-range *Malkara* anti-tank missiles, two of them mounted ready to fire.

The Royal Corps of Signals is to have a new range of equipment, including a fully transistorised system which provides five telephone channels over any one line or radio relay link, and the Sappers will receive new assault vehicles and mines, the Gillois bridge, improved compressed air tools, the *Giant Viper* which explodes a lane through a mine-field, and the *Centurion Ark* bridge.

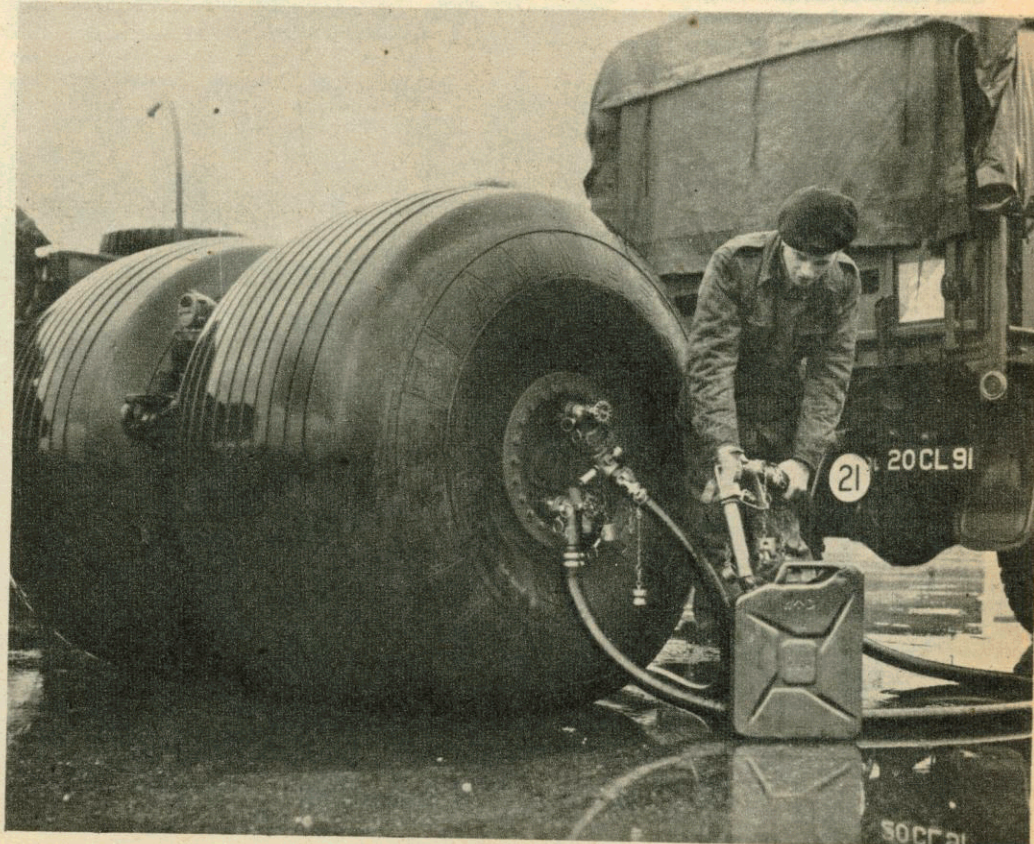
Two of the more remarkable pieces of equipment on display were the *Hoversled* ambulance and the *Rolit* (short for rolling liquid transporter).

The *Hoversled*, which looks like a gigantic lawn mower, is a simple platform, supported on an air cushion produced by a motor-driven electric fan, on which two wounded men at a time can be carried quickly and smoothly even over the roughest country. It can be pushed or pulled by one man or towed behind a vehicle.

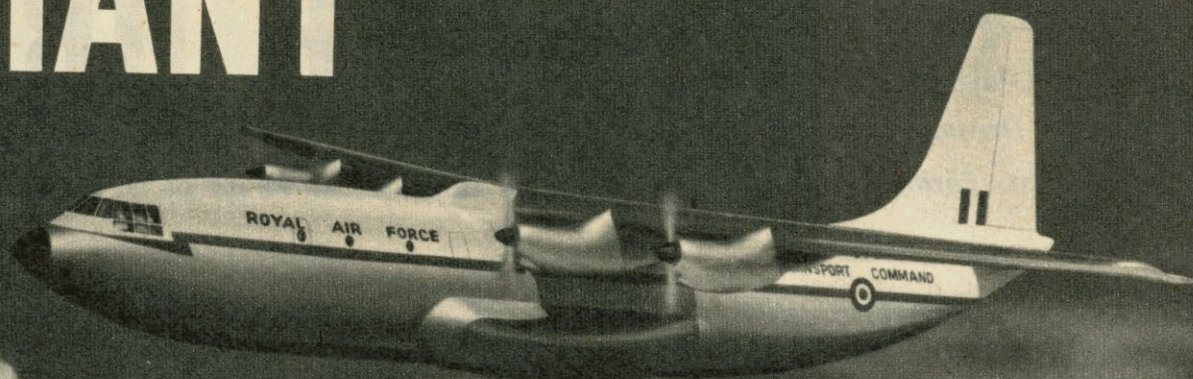
The *Rolit*, now on trial with the Royal Army Service Corps, is a trailer consisting of two mammoth tyres, each of which holds 500 gallons of fuel. They can be towed on roads and across country, singly or together, and are designed to move petrol and oil in bulk in the battle area. They are air portable and will float even when fully loaded.

E. J. G.

The *Rolit*. Each of the two giant tyres carry 500 gallons of fuel which can then be towed across country. They will float when fully loaded and in action will be used for bulk movement of fuel.



GIANT



PLANES

An artist's impression of the *Belfast* strategic freighter. Its graceful lines are reminiscent of the Royal Air Force's *Sunderland* flying boat.

FOR THE TROOPS

THREE *Saladin* armoured cars, each weighing 11 tons, or 242 troops, are two of the huge military loads—twice those of any other British aircraft—which can be carried by the Short Brothers' *Belfast* air freighter, due to come into service with the Royal Air Force in 1964.

The *Belfast*, a long-range strategic freighter, is being built in three versions, the first of which, the SC 5/10, is now in production and will fly this year. Ten of these aircraft have been ordered for Transport Command. The SC 5/10 has a payload of

over 36 tons and a hold 63 feet long by 12 feet wide, enabling it to carry almost any kind of military stores, equipment or vehicles except the heaviest armoured vehicles.

Ramped rear doors facilitate loading on rough-and-ready airfields and allow parachute dropping of vehicles and equipment on platforms. The aircraft can be used as freighter, troop carrier or paratroop dropper, and as an ambulance. It is powered by four Rolls-Royce Tyne turbo-prop engines, has a range, fully-loaded, of 1100 miles and a cruising speed of 360 miles an hour.

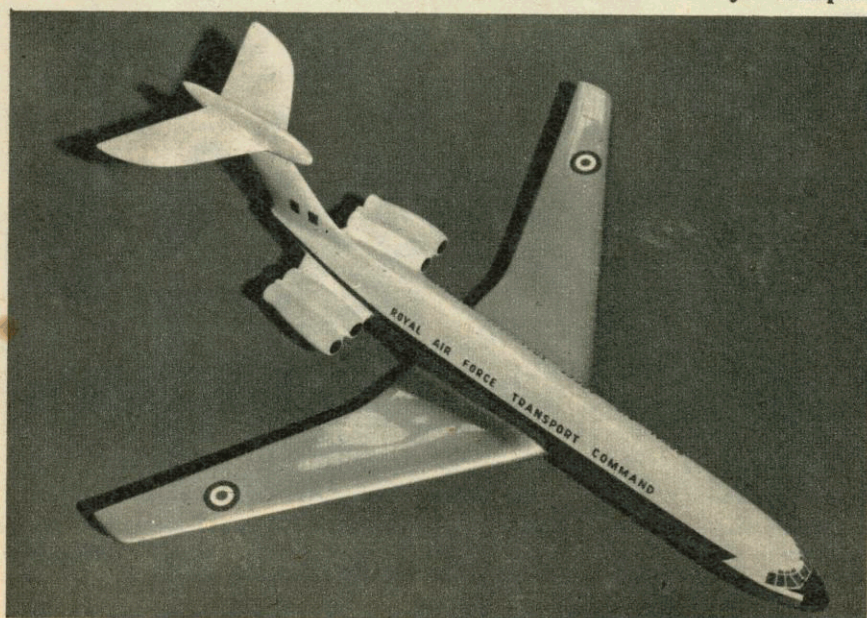
Later versions of the *Belfast* will be a heavy tactical freighter with more powerful engines and a much shorter take-off run, and a two-deck civil transport with nose loading.

Another new aircraft which will join Transport Command's fleet of *Comets*, *Hastings*, *Beverleys* and *Britannias*, is the Vickers VC 10, five of which have been ordered, primarily for troop transport. This "second generation" jet transport follows the current trend in mounting its four Rolls-Royce Conway engines at the tail of the fuselage.

The VC 10 will carry 135 passengers or, with slightly reduced cabin services, a maximum of 151 passengers. It has been designed to operate economically up to stage lengths of 4400 nautical miles.

Transport Command's third new aircraft, the Armstrong Whitworth *Argosy* C1, is now coming into service. The military version of the *Argosy*—there are 56 on order—has the twin boom tail and large fuselage of the civil type but is fitted with "crocodile jaw" rear supply doors. As a freighter the *Argosy* can carry loads of up to 29,000 lbs. It can also be used as a troop transport for 69 fully-equipped men, as a transport for 54 parachutists, or as an air ambulance can accommodate 48 stretcher cases with medical attendants.

Rear-mounted engines, high tailplane, swept-back wings and a slim, long fuselage characterise the Vickers VC 10 as a "second generation" jet transport.



Centurions and Ferrets, SPs and AVREs—these and all the other armoured vehicles are the stock-in-trade of the Royal Armoured Corps' Driving and Maintenance School at Bovington, source of...

THE DRIVE

BEHIND THE DRIVERS



How to cross the ditch? A nice problem for the Centurion driver and his fellow NCO students—solved by signalled instructions from Sgt K. Gayner, The Queen's Own Hussars.

THE Centurion's engine throbs steadily. In his cockpit the driver waits expectantly, gripping the track levers and peering over the armour at the deserted stretch of road ahead of him.

Over the headset the instructor's voice crackles: "Driver, prepare to advance!" Clutch in, pull the gear lever, like a joystick, into second gear, near the right knee.

"Driver, advance!" Depress the footbrake slightly, to help release the handbrake. Shift right foot to accelerator, move the handbrake forward and let the clutch out slowly. Too slowly, and nothing happens. Then, smoothly, the 50-ton tank moves off along the road...

There's a drill for learning to drive a Centurion, as for any other Army vehicle, and before a driver reaches that exciting stage of handling a tank for the first time, he has been taught the drill, watched demonstrations by his instructor and familiarised himself with the controls.

The driving drill for all armoured fighting vehicles in the British Army is evolved at Bovington, in Dorset, by the Royal Armoured Corps' Driving and Maintenance School whose primary job is to teach instructors to train drivers in their regiments.

When a student arrives at the School he is in the Royal Armoured Corps' home. Nearby are the Corps Depot, the RAC Signal School, Junior Leaders' Regiment, School of Tank Technology and the celebrated tank museum which attracts thousands of visitors every year. Only a few miles away,

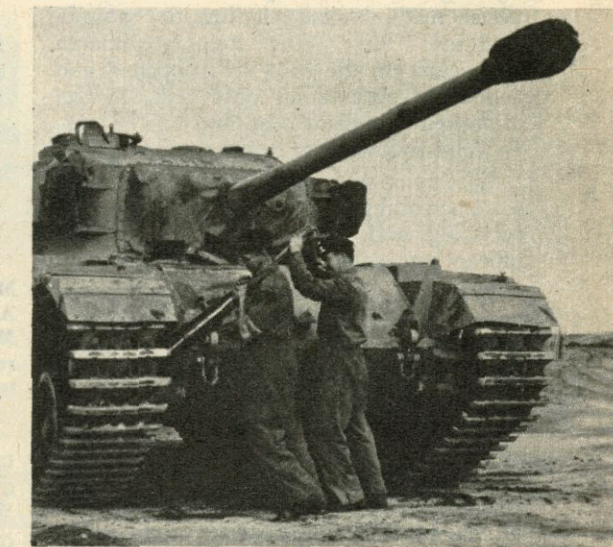
at Lulworth, is the Centre's Gunnery school.

But although he is a qualified driver, the student has to start all over again for it is one of the School's basic principles that only by starting from scratch himself can he learn the problems an instructor will meet in teaching novices. Another is that he should have a detailed knowledge, for background purposes, of a vehicle's systems. Then, when a driver in his regiment asks a question about some inaccessible part of a tank or armoured car, the instructor can answer him.

He sees all these details in Bovington's model halls where everything is laid bare in a series of exploded and cut-out engines, chassis, gearboxes, transmissions, suspensions and electrical systems. As the "guts" have become more and more complex, the School has extended its range of models, most of which are prepared by the Centre's Equipment Wing at Lulworth.

A provisional instructional drill for the new Chieftain tank has already been written. Before the Chieftain comes into service, the School will be putting in its bid for one of the first off the production line—but will no doubt meet some reluctance to consign a new tank, worth £50,000 or more, to be dissected and immured in Bovington!

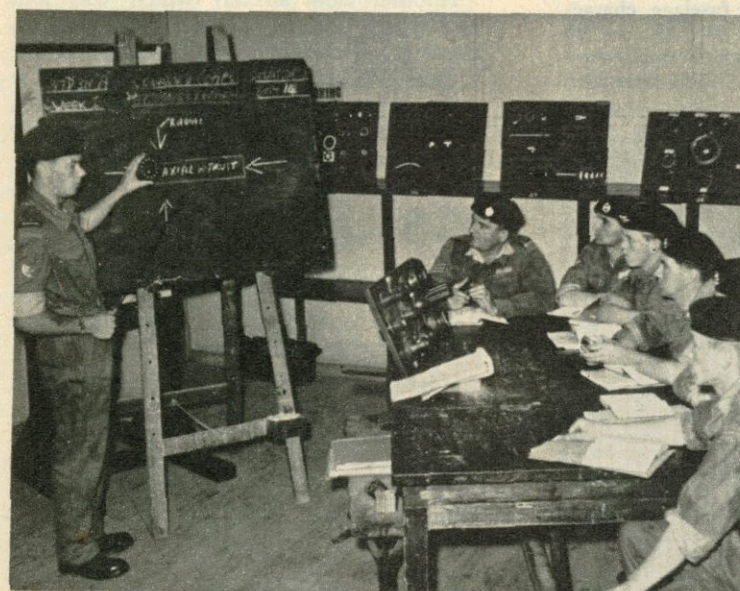
In the School classrooms and vehicle sheds the facilities are those found in a regiment—diagrams, blackboards and inspection pits—and here the student learns instructional methods which will enable him to take regimental courses up to Class I driver level and cope with upgradings and remusterings.



A hammer, sledge, 7lbs, and a spanner, ratchet, track adjusting, here wielded by two students, are two of the 48 driver's tools of a Centurion.

The School's Driving and Maintenance Wing handles 50 officers and 350 non-commissioned officer students a year, running ten-week and five-week courses for regimental officers and non-commissioned officers, conversion courses for instructors whose unit equipment is being changed, and special courses for officer students of the School of Tank Technology. The Wing also teaches Territorial Army instructors and

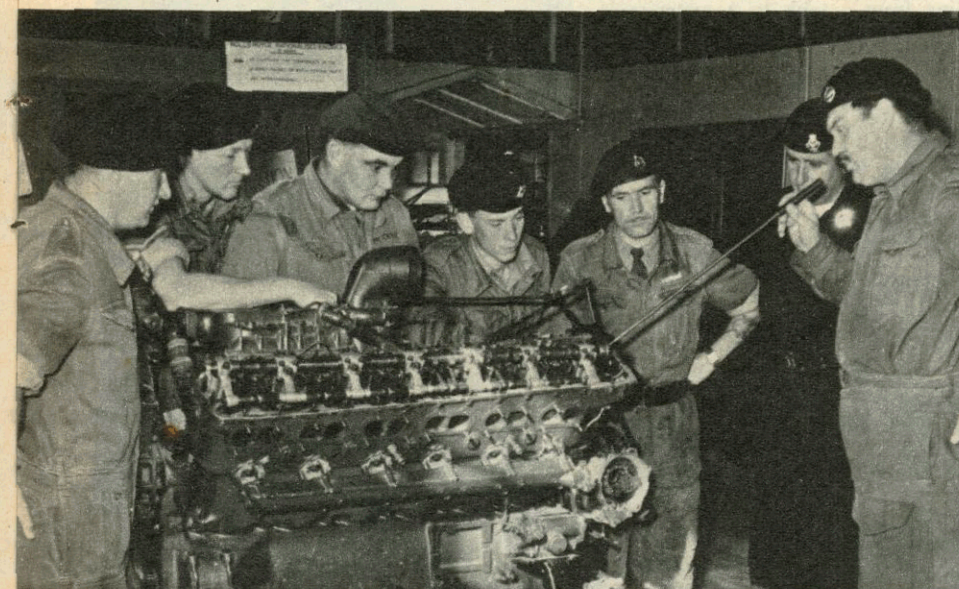
OVER...



Basic principles first. Subject: Bearings. Instructor: Sgt A. Watson, of 11th Hussars. The NCO students are (left to right): Sgt A. Roberts, L/Cpl P. Steadman, L/Cpl L. Ardern, Cpl J. Condon, Cpl E. Jones and L/Cpl P. Wright.



In the School's classrooms and vehicle sheds, teaching methods and facilities are those which will be used by the regimental instructors in their units. Here, in a pit, the students have a worm's eye view of a Saladin.



Sgt G. Neve (1 RTR), explains a Centurion Meteor engine to (left to right): Cpl E. Caine (13/18 Hussars), Cpl D. Coxall (16/5 Lancers), L/Cpl H. Hayward (Queen's Hussars), Cpl T. Maxwell (3 RTR), Cpl T. Caldwell (11 Hussars), Sgt R. Bradshaw (8 Canadian Hussars).

BOUQUET FOR THE ARMY

The standard of driving in the Army, says the Driving and Maintenance School, is higher than in civilian life. Army drivers are young and therefore more accident-prone, but they are better trained, more practised and physically fit and subject to stricter discipline.

The Army driver is trade tested and has to pass the normal driving test before being granted a licence. Unlike the civilian he can, however, drive a heavy lorry at the age of 17½ instead of 21.

Vehicles are becoming more complex and driving becomes a more difficult art as the density of traffic on the roads increases. But, says the School, the Army standard of instruction is also rising.

young officers from the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.

Back with their regiments, the students are kept up to date by the RAC Centre liaison letter which contains "instructors' bulletins" issued by the School. The best students eventually return to become School instructors, every one of whom passes the advanced motorist test.

The School's Royal Artillery Wing—Bovington has a cosmopolitan air—runs similar courses to those of the Royal Armoured Corps on Gunner armoured fighting vehicles, using the same instructional methods and sharing the training facilities. This Wing trains regimental instructors on the M44 self-propelled gun, *Centurion* observation post tank, *Saracen* armoured command post, and on the *Mac*, *Leyland* and *Matador* heavy tractors.

In addition it trains the Gunners' technical storemen and gives a short course on vehicle servicing and inspection to all Gunner officers before they join their regiments.

Bovington has been the Gunners' "A" and heavy "B" vehicle driving and maintenance centre for 14 years. Now the Royal Engineers, too, are concentrating their armoured engineer, driver, signaller and gunner training there as a new wing of the Royal Armoured Corps School. The Engineers Wing has been formed from a troop of 26 Armoured Engineer Squadron—the survivor of war-time assault engineers—which has previously trained its own Sappers in Germany.

The Royal Engineers Wing will instruct Sapper drivers on current equipments and teach its gunners to fire and maintain the 165-mm demolition gun. It will also carry out user trials on new equipments, such as the *Centurion* versions of the *Churchill Ark*, *AVRE* and bridgelayers and, like the Royal Armoured Corps and Royal Artillery, provide teams for demonstrations.

The Driving and Maintenance School is also responsible for administration of the Signal School where Royal Armoured Corps signallers are trained as instructors by men of their own Corps. This is the only school where the Royal Armoured Corps and Royal Signals work side by side, the latter providing workshop staff and radio technicians and, through the School's commander—a Royal Signals lieutenant-colonel—advising on Signal matters.

All the Driving and Maintenance School's vehicles are the responsibility of its very busy Demonstration and Vehicle Squadron which also provides transport for the headquarters and units of Bovington Garrison.

The Tank Troop services over 50 tanks and armoured cars for the School instructors' use on a "drive yourself" basis and also loans them for demonstrations and Royal Armoured Corps recruiting drives. The 120 "B" vehicles, driven by civilians, soldiers and Women's Royal Army Corps, form the garrison "hire" service.

Backing the Demonstration and Vehicle Squadron are the School's Light Aid Detachment of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, and a vast technical store. One of the Light Aid Detachment's tasks is to main-



Maintenance work by the School's Light Aid Detachment, REME, on the 1917 Mk V tank, World War One's only remaining "runner." Three men used to turn the engine—now it has a self-starter.

tain the 1917 Mk V tank—always a favourite at demonstrations—which is now World War One's only "runner." The Mk V has its original Ricardo 150 horsepower engine, giving it a cross-country speed of five miles per hour—with a tail wind!

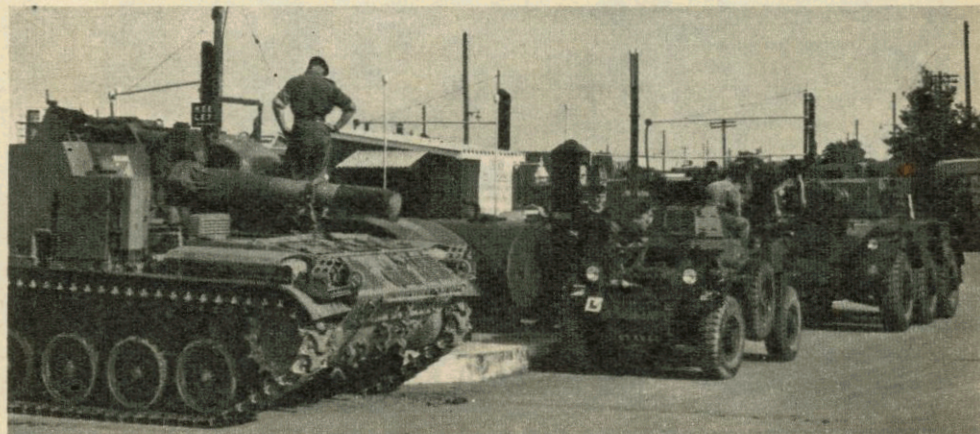
The technical store keeps over 20,000 items in stock to serve every military vehicle in Bovington and half the Gunner School's vehicles at Lulworth. Equally busy is Bovington's all-owners' petrol point where some 3000 vehicles gobble up 25,000 gallons of fuel a month.

PETER N. WOOD

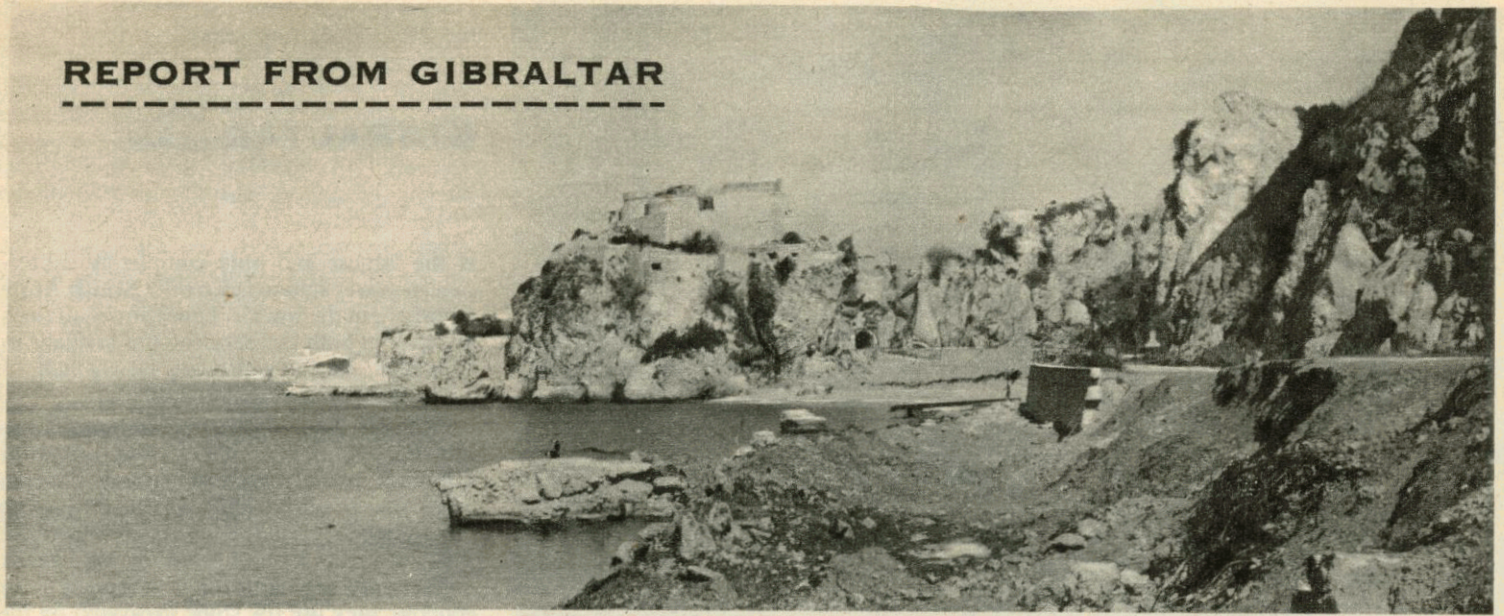
The pride and joy of TQMS Rodgers, 14th/20th King's Hussars, is his "gasketry" in the technical stores. On display here are 200 different gaskets for anything from a tank to a motor-cycle.



An M44 self-propelled gun, *Ferret* and *Saladin* fill up at Bovington's petrol point which supplies two kinds of petrol and diesel, kerosene and 21 greases and oils to 3000 monthly "clients."



REPORT FROM GIBRALTAR



ABOVE AND BELOW GIBRALTAR BRITISH TROOPS
ARE BUSY — TUNNELLING, RUNNING TWO BIG
POWER STATIONS AND KEEPING OUT THE SEA

The coast line at Little Bay where Sappers are building a wall to keep out the sea. British troops have been on "The Rock" for more than 250 years.

SINCE 1704, when British and Dutch marines captured Gibraltar, the Royal Engineers have played a vital rôle in the history of "The Rock." And they are still doing so.

The first of the oft-besieged, but never conquered, defences were constructed by the Company of Military Artificers, fore-runners of the Corps of Royal Engineers, and the first of the 25-mile-long maze of tunnels and galleries which honeycomb "The Rock" was begun by a famous Sapper—Sergeant-Major Ince—during the Great Siege of 1779-83, when Spain made her last warlike attempt to regain Gibraltar.

The gallant sergeant-major drove a gallery out to the Notch (it can still be seen in

ON AND UNDER "THE ROCK"

the north face) from where fire could be brought to bear on the Spanish lines and as a reward was given a farm which still bears his name—as do many other places on "The Rock."

Today, the Sappers of the Fortress Engineer Regiment put their skills to more peaceful purposes. The Tunnelling Troop of the 1st Fortress Squadron, which proudly claims

direct descent from the Company of Military Artificers, has a double task. Its highly-skilled Sappers, some of them miners in civilian life, are driving a new tunnel from Little Bay to Europa Flats for a new roadway connecting the town area with the southern end of "The Rock" and maintaining two power stations, one of which, at Calpe Hole,

OVER...



Sergeant Keene presses the plunger and up goes another lot of nitroglycerine. Watching him are Corporal Bird and Corporal Mitchell who helped the sergeant search more than 20,000 square yards of old wartime tunnels.

GIBRALTAR *continued*

is the largest and only completely subterranean power station run by the British Army anywhere in the world. These power stations are vital to both the Services and civilians in Gibraltar, for they provide nearly half of "The Rock's" electricity supplies.

The other part of the Regiment—32 Construction Squadron, which was raised in Gibraltar and can trace its history back to more than a century ago—also has a big job on its hands: building a massive concrete wall at Little Bay to stop the sea eating farther into the shore line. To make their concrete they use the stone excavated by the Tunnelling Troop, crushing it into a fine aggregate on the site.

Not only the Sappers on "The Rock" have a close interest in its tunnels. Recently, three non-commissioned officers of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps—Sergeant T. Keene, Corporal B. Mitchell and Corporal P. Bird, all ammunition technicians—were called upon to search and make safe nearly 2000 yards of tunnels and galleries, constructed during World War Two but never used and believed to be littered with demolition explosives.

It was a dangerous and difficult assignment, made no less unattractive when Major

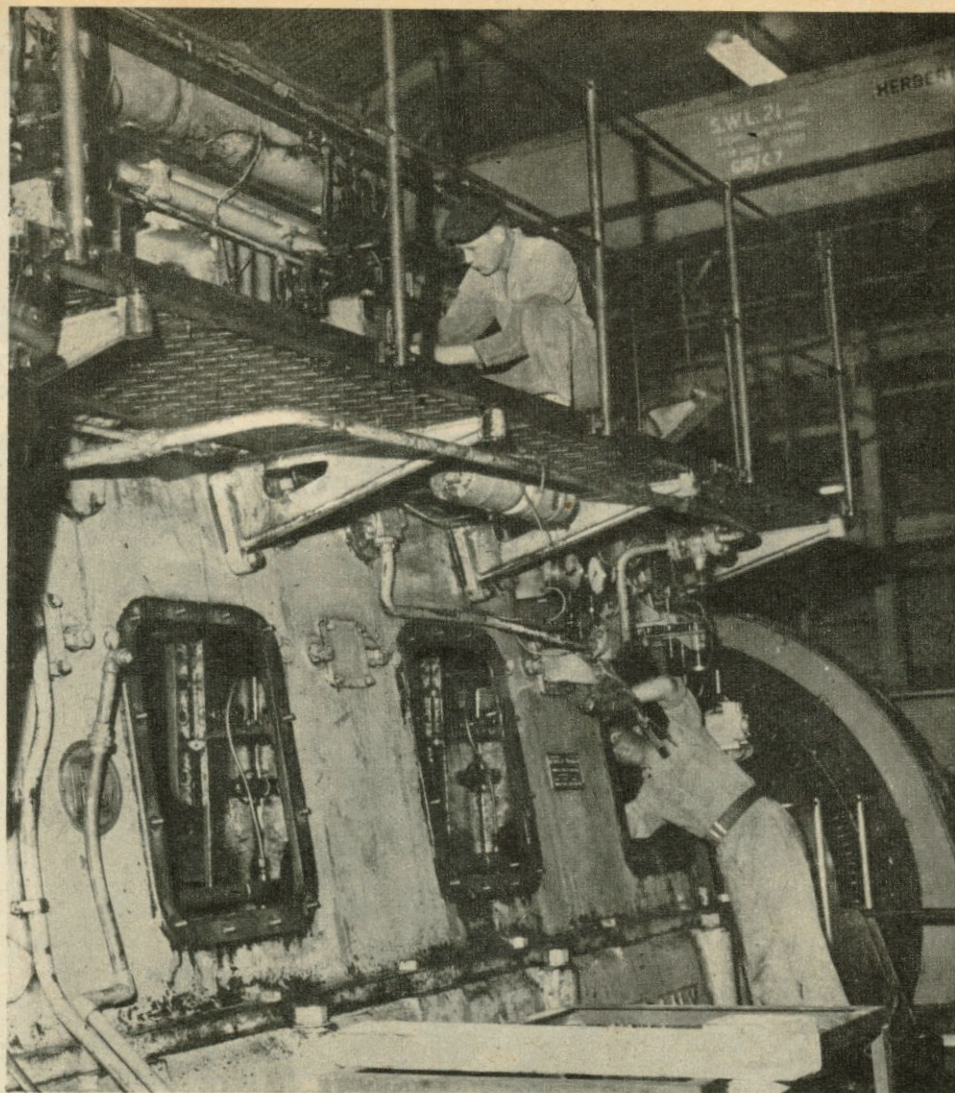
Sappers at work on a concrete mixer during the construction of the new sea wall. The pile of aggregate on the right was crushed from stone excavated by the Fortress Regiment's Tunnel Troop.

Its Sappers are specialists but the Fortress Engineer Regiment knows how to drill. Lieut-Col J. M. Lewis, the Commanding Officer, takes the salute at a march past.

Maj-Gen T. H. F. Foulkes, Engineer-in-Chief (wearing spectacles) with officers of the Regiment after inspecting the new tunnel.

C. T. M. Loveless, the Senior Ammunition Technical Officer on "The Rock," made a preliminary inspection and confirmed that there were indeed explosives there, scattered on the floors of the workings. And that was not all. The tunnels were strewn with rubble and precariously-perched boulders, some weighing several tons, and contained a number of deep, unprotected shafts. Some of the caverns had collapsed and in places the roofs had fallen in. The tunnels varied in width from 25-50 feet and in height from nine to 50 feet and in the workings farthest from the entrances the air was so foul that a man could not remain there for more than a few minutes.

But the job had to be done and the three ammunition experts, wearing lightweight tunnellers' helmets and working by the glare of accumulator-powered mobile floodlights, began carefully and methodically to inspect every inch of the workings. Several months and many heart-in-mouth moments later the operation was successfully completed. The three men had searched more than 20,000 square yards of tunnel and chamber floors, inspected 3000 bore holes and found and destroyed on the spot 50 lbs of dangerously active nitro-glycerine. Often, unwrapped explosive cartridges which had become coated with limestone dust were barely discernible from the surrounding rubble. One cartridge was found growing out of the floor like a cactus. It was a spine-chilling moment, too, when a beam of light from a lantern suddenly revealed a calcified cat!—*From a report by Captain R. J. R. Stokes, RA, Military Observer.*



Sappers of the 1st Fortress Squadron check a generator set in the Calpe Hole power station, the largest of its type in the world. The Sappers provide nearly half the electricity on "The Rock."

A LARC FOR A DUKW?



Courtesy: The Western Morning News.

IN a choppy sea off Saunton Sands near Instow, in North Devon, Major-General F. G. Turpin, Director of Supplies and Transport at the War Office, skilfully manœuvred a tiny craft through the waves and then drove it rapidly up the beach.

The General was trying out for himself the new American wheeled amphibian

LARC 5 (the initials stand for Lighter Amphibian, Resupply, Cargo) which, if trials are satisfactory, will replace the DUKW in the British Army.

The LARC 5, which is being tested by 18 Company, Royal Army Service Corps (Amphibious), is more manœuvrable than the DUKW and can travel through water at nearly ten miles an hour. Its four large,

low-pressure tyres give it an excellent cross-country performance and on roads it has a speed of 30 miles an hour. And maintenance on the LARC 5 can be completed in half the time required for a DUKW.

Pictured above is the LARC 5, with General Turpin aboard, entering the water at Saunton Sands.

THE WRAC



Cpl Margory Kennedy (right) records a reading taken by Sgt Irene James. Both were in the original party.

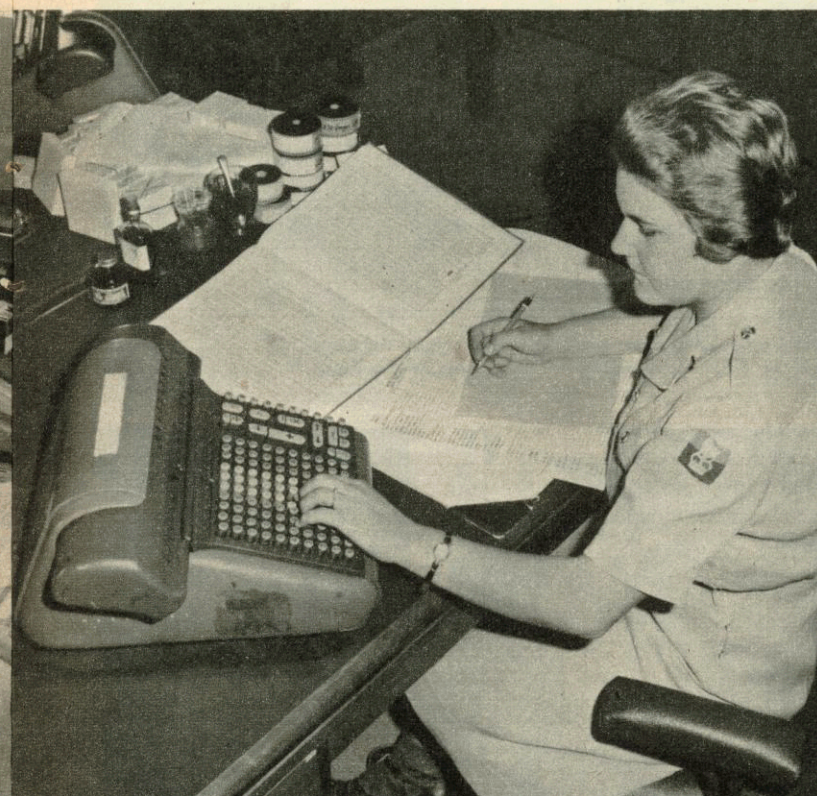
IN THE OUTBACK



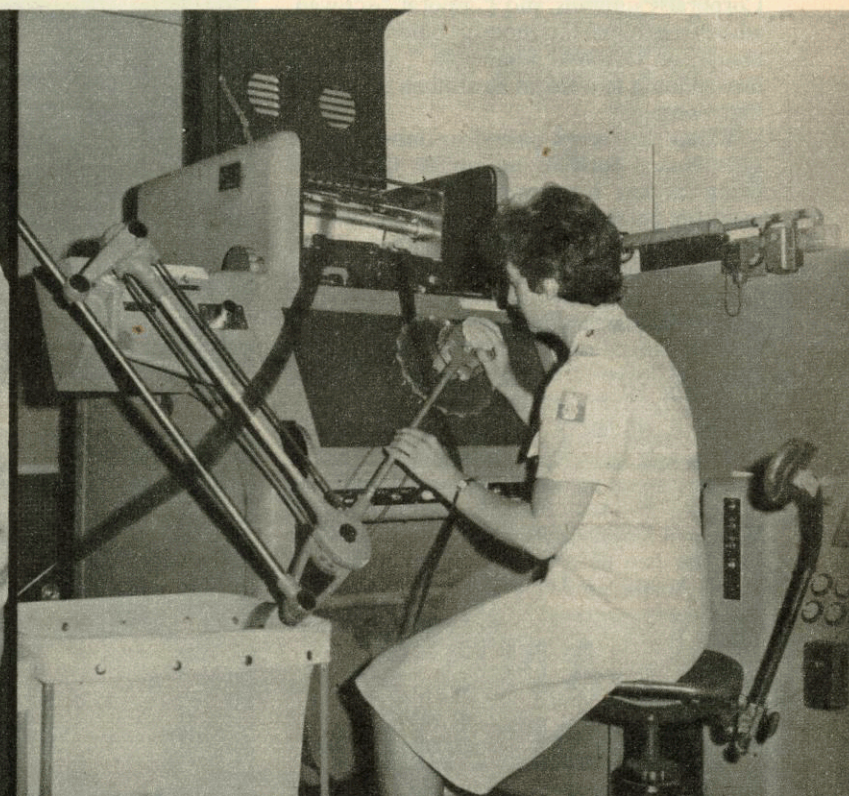
Corporal June F. Cummins, her lips pursed in concentration, holds a stop-watch as she times events on a radar screen. She and her colleagues at Salisbury all wear the War Office shoulder flash.



Corporal Eda Banner (right) checks punched cards on a data conversion machine. The Women's Royal Army Corps girls work side-by-side with civilians and the Women's Royal Australian Army Corps.



Corporal Jessie L. McEwan is busily operating a desk calculator as she works on some of the data necessary for evaluating the performance of a missile. She is returning home to Fife this month.



Corporal Eda Banner takes measurements on a film reader in the war-time munitions factory which has been converted to house instruments and technicians of the Weapons Research Establishment.

Australia's missile establishment was a man's world—until radar operators of the Women's Royal Army Corps invaded it

ON the other side of the globe, in Southern Australia, ten radar operators of the Women's Royal Army Corps have invaded a man's world to play their part in the proving of guided weapons. Their job is to help in analysing and assessing the results of missile trials conducted jointly by the United Kingdom and Australia on the desert range at Woomera.

The original ten non-commissioned officers, the first Women's Royal Army Corps girls to serve in Australia, flew out in October, 1960, under the command of Major June Sharcott, to 16 Joint Services Trials Unit at the Weapons Research Establishment near Salisbury, 17 miles from Adelaide, the capital of South Australia. From the fiery blast-offs at Woomera, 300 miles inland, echoes reach Salisbury in the form of statistics which the girls feed into their computers. The work is highly technical and most of it of a secret nature.

The girls live on the Royal Australian Air Force base where a floodlit swimming pool is their favourite off-duty haunt, particularly on hot summer evenings when the tempera-

ture stays in the eighties until 10 or 11 o'clock. Some joined a skin-diving club and learned to use aqualungs and flippers.

But most of the girls have found Salisbury unexcitingly similar to life at home and have taken every opportunity to travel farther afield in search of the bright lights and to sample the Australian way of life. Australia has been characteristically hospitable and the girls have enjoyed expeditions arranged by organisations like the Victoria League.

On one such trip, Sergeant Irene James travelled by train to Oodnadatta, a vast and lonely desert of pebbles towards the centre of Australia, where she was the guest of Miss Breaden, a cattle station owner of pioneer descent whose unfenced paddocks cover 3000 square miles. There, as one of a house party of 20 guests, mostly from "neighbouring" stations, some of them hundreds of miles distant, Sergeant James found civilised living in the outback in a homestead built long ago—and built to last—with walls 3 feet thick.

There she helped to cook big juicy steaks over a barbecue with such skill that the

jackaroos—young men who work for nominal wages to gain experience of station management—admitted her to their order and gave her the female equivalent of their title, *jillaroo*.

Sergeant Margaret G. Spence, who came home last month, and Corporal Eda Banner, took up water-skiing on a lake about 140 miles from Salisbury and other girls tried the thrills of sailing.

The Women's Royal Army Corps girls soon made a name for themselves as sports-women in the South Australian Ladies' Hockey Association and in other ways fitted themselves into the Australian communal life.

Nine joined the South Australian Blood Transfusion Service and all quickly developed the Australian sense of responsibility for the bush fires which can so rapidly devastate huge areas.

Between them they bought two second-hand cars to defeat Salisbury's isolation—"We thought we were in the Wild West when we first arrived; just open spaces and a little

continued on page 18



The WRAC girls (left to right: Cpl J. A. Gauld, Cpl M. Kennedy, Cpl J. F. Cummins, Cpl E. M. Derwent, Cpl E. Banner, Cpl M. Snodgrass, Sgt M. G. Spence, Cpl J. L. McEwan, Cpl G. S. Ashton and Sgt I. James) pose with Pte Natasha Kouksenko, Women's Royal Australian Army Corps. Natasha was born in Shanghai of Russian parents, and has lived in Australia for 17 years.

THREE hundred miles west of Salisbury and the Women's Royal Army Corps radar operators, British soldiers and airmen live and work at the "sharp end" of missile development. They are in Woomera, a new township built in "the middle of nowhere" at the south-eastern end of a missile testing range that stretches 1200 miles to Australia's north-west coast.

The Long Range Weapons Establishment, a joint British and Australian project to develop and test guided weapons, pilotless aircraft and air-launched equipment, began operating in 1947, and British Gunners, men of the Royal Signals and Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers have served there since 1955. From Woomera they have seen the Army's *Thunderbird* and *Malkara*, the Navy's *Seaslug*, the Royal Air Force's *Bloodhound* and the high altitude rockets, *Skylark* and *Black Knight*, blast off from their launching pads across the barren, arid plain.

Five hundred miles farther west, in a remote bush area on the edge of the Nullarbar Plain and the Great Victoria Desert, is Maralinga where more British troops, mainly men of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers and Sappers, help to maintain the nuclear trials range.

continuing **WRAC**
IN THE OUTBACK

railway"—and span the vast distances between Australian towns and cities.

Three of the girls—Corporal M. Snodgrass, who joined the detachment in April last year, Corporal June F. Cummins and Corporal Jessie L. McEwan—had an early opportunity to see the bright lights of Sydney. They drove the thousand miles to the city so that Corporal Cummins and Corporal McEwan, who comes home this month, could be bridesmaids for Corporal Elaine M. Ordoyno at her wedding to a Royal Australian Air Force flight-sergeant.

When they were posted to Salisbury the girls looked forward to foreign travel and living in new surroundings rather than to marriage prospects, but marriage has halved the original 10. Sergeant Felicity A. Miles was an early "victim," marrying a former canteen manager at Salisbury, with her colleagues as bridesmaids, and leaving the Service to run a country store. Another girl, Corporal Joyce A. Gauld, married out there and left the Army last month.

Those still left of the original detachment and the new girls, too, find only one sour note in their two-year tour of duty—the high cost of living in Australia. A corporal in the Women's Royal Army Corps receives about half the pay of a private in the Women's Royal Australian Army Corps!

AND REDCAPS IN THE FAR EAST

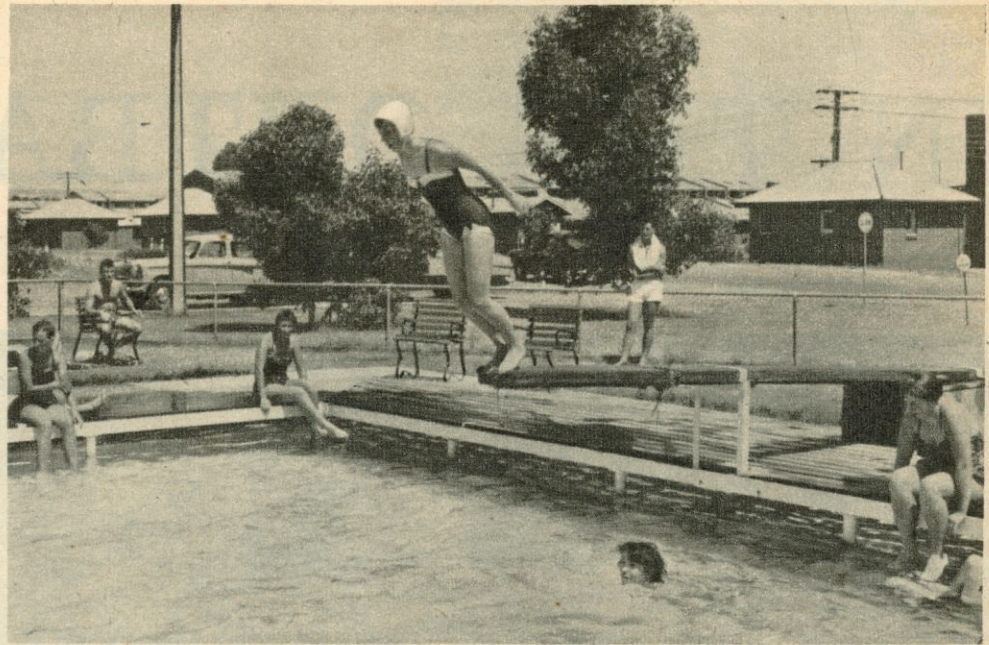
MANNING police radio sets, meeting troopships and going out on mobile patrols in the fascinating bazaars of the Far East are duties which make the posting of a handful of girl "Red Caps" to Singapore and Hong Kong the envy of their colleagues at home.

The "Red Caps," who are in the first Women's Royal Army Corps provost section ever to serve in the Far East, flew out to Singapore a few months before their Corps "invaded" Australia. There were five in the original party, of whom two remain, and subsequently an additional three girls went out so that a detachment could be sent to Hong Kong.

The five included Sergeant-Major Marjorie J. Hall whose seven years in the Corps had already included two Middle East tours. She was in Cyprus when the trouble there was at its height and was mentioned in dispatches for her work.

She and Corporal Mary Pearce, the only other "original" left, soon became known as the "Annie Oakleys" of the Far East when they joined the Royal Military Police in shooting practice. Using pistols for the first time and shooting at life-size targets, the girls did exceptionally well, Corporal Pearce finishing with the highest score.

Leaving their jobs in offices and as shop

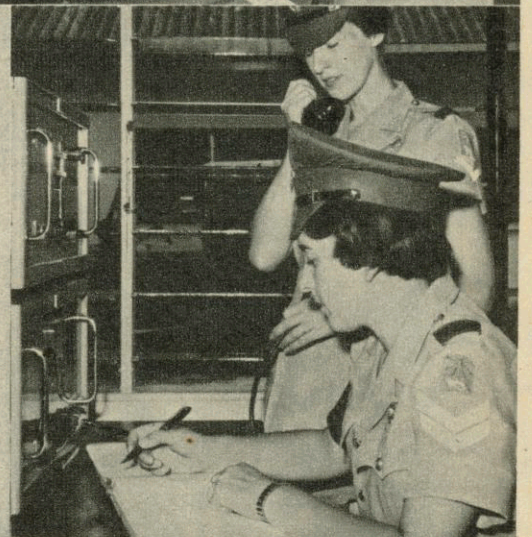


Swimming in the pool at the Royal Australian Air Force Base where they live is a favourite recreation for the girls, particularly on hot summer evenings.



Studying a map before going out on patrol in Singapore are (left to right): Cpl Jeannette Popper, L/Cpl Lavinia Griffiths, Cpl Mary Pearce, Sgt-Maj Marjorie J. Hall (section WO) and L/Cpl Diane Salisbury.

Right: Operating a police radio set in the control room are Corporal Jeannette Popper and Lance-Corporal Lavinia Griffiths.



assistants to join the Army, all five girls had two ambitions—"to see something of the world" and to become military policewomen. In Singapore and Hong Kong they have achieved both and been gladly accepted. "They're a fine bunch of girls and a good team. We get on well with them," said a military policeman.

But in Singapore, as in Woomera, another tempting career—that of housewife—is always just around the corner. After only a few months in the Far East, Lance-Corporal Lavinia Griffiths was planning her wedding—to a Military Police lance-corporal whom she met at a welcoming party on her very first day in Singapore!



As the *Pembroke* heads into a cloud, two members of the Air Despatch team fling out one-pound bags of salt which burst in the slip stream. The salt binds tiny drops of moisture which then fall to earth as rain.

It's rain and the Royal Army Service Corps made it! As the salt-carrying plane makes off, a light drizzle falls from a seeded cloud. This was the British Army's first successful attempt at rain-making in Africa, where for centuries it has been the witch-doctor's job.

THE RAINMAKERS

THE Army has done some unusual jobs in its time but none more so than the one performed recently by members of 16 Company, Royal Army Service Corps (Air Despatch) 4000 feet up over the parched grazing lands at Machakos, near Nairobi, in Kenya.

In two sorties in *Pembroke* aircraft of the Royal Air Force they chased clouds and bombarded them with little bags of salt! Their task—carried out at the urgent request of the Kenya Government's Meteorological Department—was to seed the clouds to make tiny droplets of moisture coalesce and produce rain in an area which had had virtually no rainfall for six years.

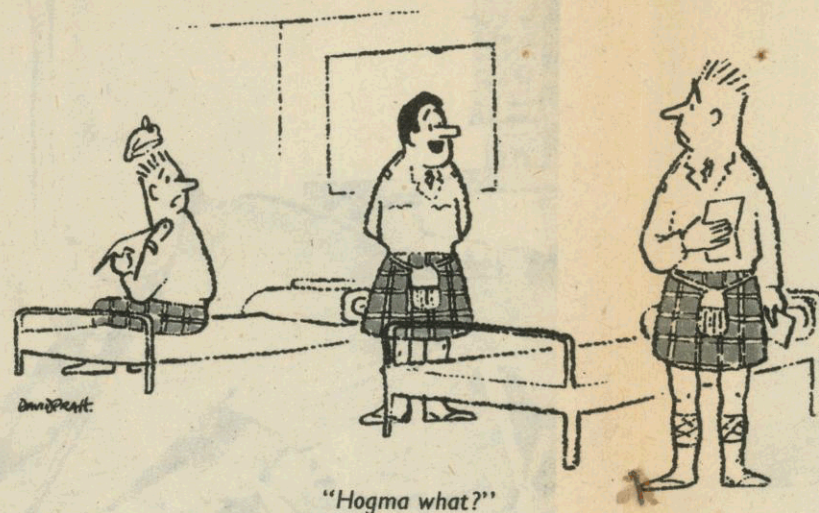
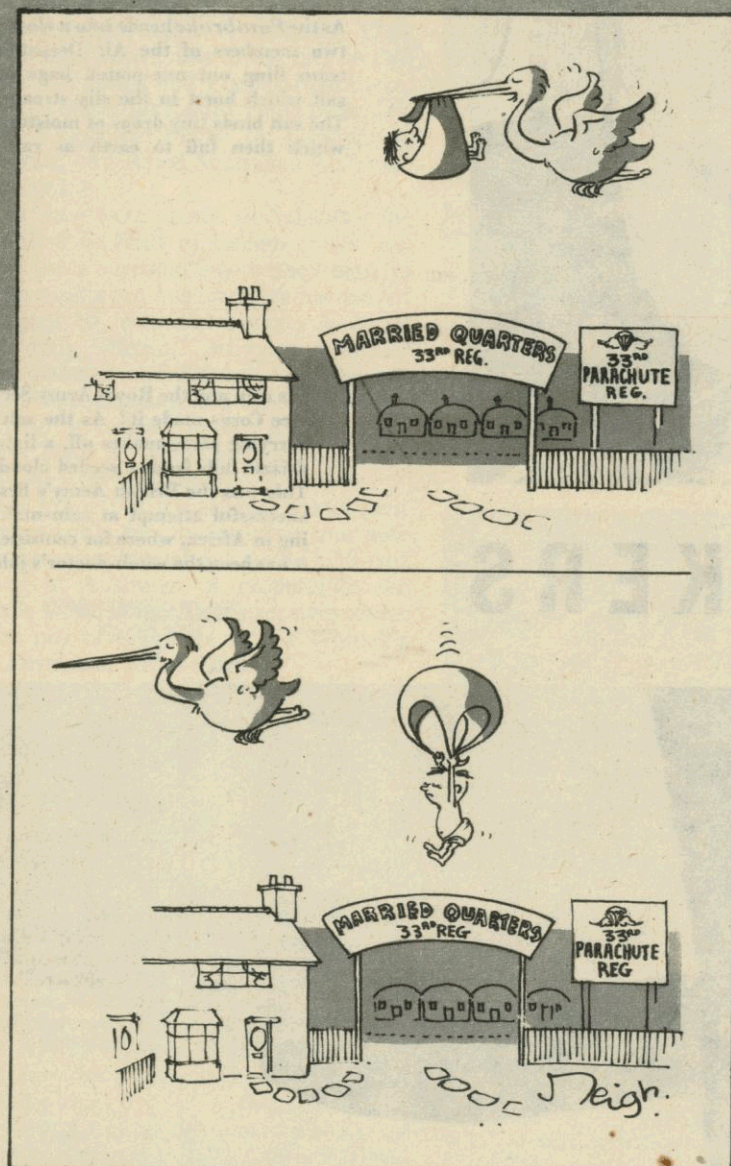
The operation was both a success and a failure. Immediately after the first sortie half an inch of rain—the biggest for many months—fell. The second attempt failed to produce even a shower.

Although this is believed to be the first time the Army has experimented with artificial rain-making, successful attempts have been recorded in the United States and Australia. In the United States clouds have been seeded by balloons fitted with time fuses which explode and scatter crystals of ice and silver iodide. In Britain, just before World War Two experiments were carried out with electrified silica which was scattered on clouds from an aircraft but no definite result was achieved.

The possibility of controlling the weather by artificial means has long concerned military experts. A nation able to make rain at will could, for instance, exhaust clouds by seeding them before they reached enemy territory and cause droughts and crop failures. Prolonged artificial downpours could ground enemy aircraft, disrupt their supply lines and bog down armoured units in mud.



Humour



"Hogma what?"



"We're supposed to be out for a walk, so do you have to mark time at all the crossings?"



"Hoskins, you're out of step again!"

Something to Carry Around

THE modern rifle is a masterpiece of the gunsmith's art. The smooth polish of the butt, the gleam of the blue metal, show best when the weapon is viewed at full length—as when you drop it on parade and then stand rigidly "at ease," hand thrust forward crooked round a fistful of morning air, hoping nobody will notice the difference.

When you join the Army, the first thing you get is your uniform with all the trimmings just to make you look like a soldier. As yet there is no mention of a rifle, only some sinister remarks by the barrack-room corporal about a "best friend" you are shortly going to meet. Towards the end of the week the platoon sergeant says he is sick of the sight of you marching round on your own and that he has decided to give you something to carry.

"Your rifle," says the armoury sergeant, "is your best friend." From that moment of your military career you are well and truly lumbered. Never again will you be alone. Your rifle has even got a number just like you, and before long it has got yours, too!

Friend it may be, but a very demanding friend, one that has to be carried everywhere, and cleaned continually, though you can get a bit of your own back by pouring hot water down its gullet occasionally.

But things could be worse; the rifle as a personal weapon has got its advantages, especially in weight and size. The private soldier of the 17th century had to cart a 16-foot pike around with him—that was why all sergeants in those days always stood 17 feet in front of the ranks!

Soon, the Army started to fool around with the new-fangled musket which took ten minutes to load, was fired from a rest, had a recoil that stunned, emitted a tremendous cloud of black smoke and fired a ball that carried about 15 feet.

Like the British Army, the musket got better and better. About 1678 the flintlock came into use, dispensing with the lump of smouldering rope called a slow match. As muskets got better so the poor old pike faded away, but the Army still remembers it in the commands "Order arms," "Port arms," and "Trail arms," all originally intended for pike drill. A picket in those days was a party of pikemen.

But muskets weren't good enough for everyone. Soldiers who quaintly called themselves "Grenadiers,"



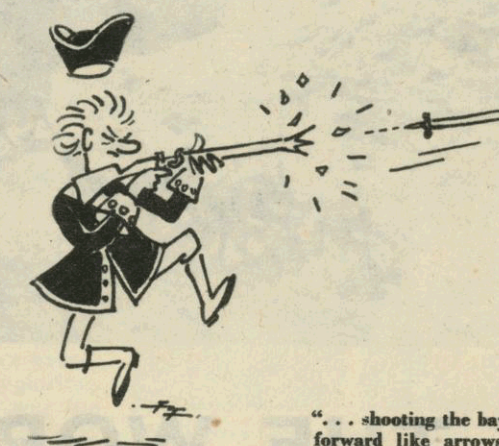
"... recoil that stunned ..."

just to be different, filled hollow iron balls about the size of a tennis ball with gunpowder, pushed a fuse in the side and very unsportingly started throwing them all over the place. But the War Office got so many one-armed pensioners as a result that the Grenadiers had to pack it in and make do with muskets like all the rest of the boys.

The troops missed the pike, however, and to make up for it the bayonet was adopted. Named after the French town of Bayonne which first produced it, the first British bayonet screwed into the muzzle of the musket. This was all right until some of the lads got excited, forgot their muskets were loaded, and fired them, blowing off the barrels, a few odd fingers, and shooting the bayonets forward like arrows.

Another French invention was the "fusil," a much-improved musket which once again added a new name to the units that used them. Even then the Fusiliers had to hump around about 15 lbs. of musket, with all its allied equipment and spare parts for the musket as well. The soldier was his own armourer in those days and needed to take good care of a firearm that still sent a ball only about 50 yards with any effect. Sergeants, of course, were not allowed to handle weapons of such a powerful nature, and most of them still carried the halberd even up to nearly 1830.

About 1800, attempts were made to rifle the barrels of muskets for greater accuracy; but as the ball had to be bashed down the barrel with a mallet it was not very popular with the already overloaded troops. But nothing could stop the march of progress. In 1839 the percussion cap replaced the flintlock and the Minie and Enfield rifles appeared. These were roughly accurate over 300 yards but they were still muzzle loaders. The first magazine bolt action rifle arrived in 1889 from America, the



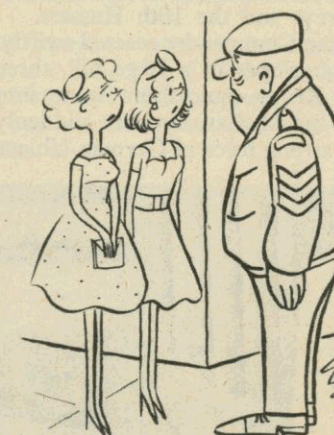
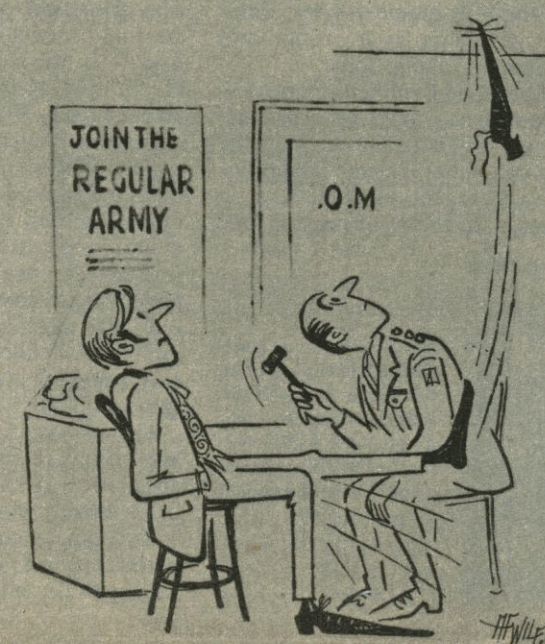
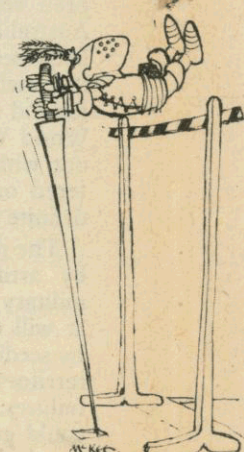
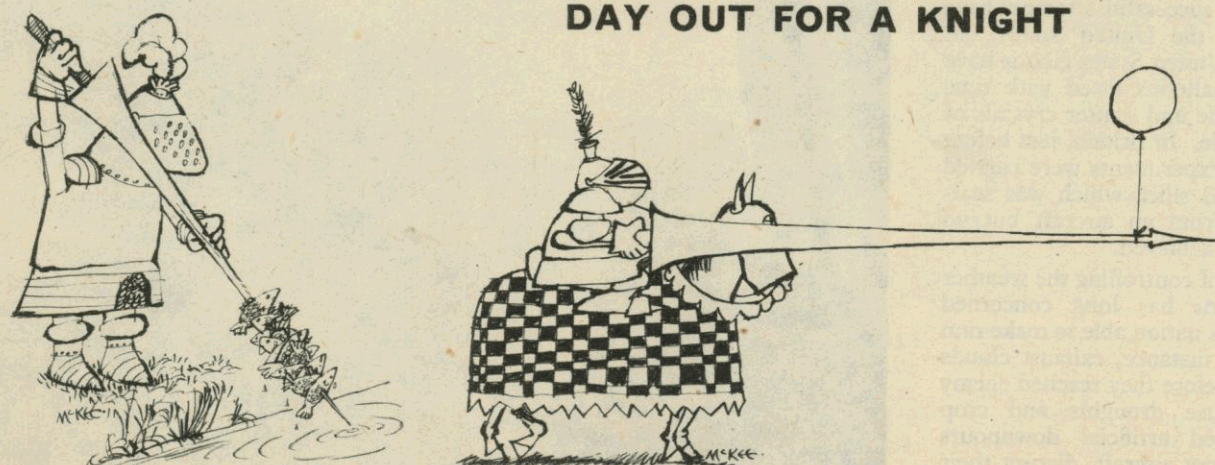
"... shooting the bayonets forward like arrows ..."

birthplace of most automatic weapons.

Much has been heard lately of the Army's new rocket weapons, but it might come as a bit of a shock to the lads that man them, to know that the Royal Artillery had a rocket troop in 1805. Mind you, the rocket that the boys mount up today is a bit different from the first ones invented by Colonel Congreve, but he had the idea first, and "getting a rocket" was just as dangerous in his day. So next time you "For inspection, port arms" remember that your "best friend" has nearly 300 years of evolution behind it—treat it gently and with respect.

OSCAR KETTLE

DAY OUT FOR A KNIGHT



"Sorry, Mavis, I couldn't find a friend."

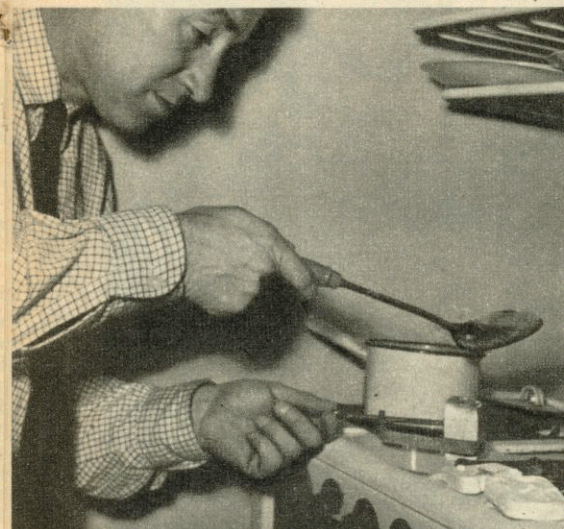
On many a dining room table in Britain famous battles are fought again by a growing number of war gamers who build their own battlefields and make their own soldiers



The author puts the finishing touches to his war games table and the stage is set for a battle. The soldiers are only an inch high.



Above: On a map of the area where the original battle was fought the author measures the distance between the enemy forces. Below: Pouring lead into a master mould at the kitchen stove.



WARS

the "Horse-and-Musket" period of the 1860-80s and have complete armies of both sides in the American Civil War, French and Prussian of the War of 1870, a British Army of 1880 which fights Zulus, Afridis and even Red Indians and two large World War Two armies, complete with tanks and all modern arms.

The battles war gamers fight are usually part of specific campaigns which begin on large-scale maps of the area over which the war is to be fought. Initial dispositions are made on the map and when two opposing forces make contact that area is accurately reproduced on the war games table. Damp sand is moulded into the type of terrain required and then painted with distemper—green for grass, brown for plough, yellow for cornfields and light brown for roads—while rivers are simulated by pouring a blue-green mixture into a previously prepared riverbed so that the paint flows realistically into position. The table is embellished with trees, bushes, fences, bridges and buildings according to the map.

Then the campaign opens, armies retreating and advancing until, after several months and many battles, one country is almost wholly occupied, its troops decimated and all hope lost.

Sometimes war games reproduce historical battles, using a replica of the original terrain and a scaled-down number of troops. Interesting results occur, largely because,

THE WORLD OF THE LITTLE

THE small wood became alive as the Grenadier Guards broke cover and advanced up the grassy slopes, and the ground was dotted with fallen figures as the Prussian Infantry, huddled behind their low stone wall, fired their measured volleys. The Guards were only halfway up the slope and their brave attack seemed doomed to failure.

From his vantage point overlooking the battlefield, the British Commander barked out his orders. From the village on his right burst orderly lines of British Infantry and trotting round the small hill on his left came the Scots Greys and the 10th Hussars.

The Prussian Commander reacted swiftly. From the rear slopes of a large hill, three batteries of Krupp quickfiring went into action. The British Cavalry were suddenly faced with a strong force of German Uhlans

and Prussian Cuirassiers. The fate of the battle now rested on the encounter of sabres and lances as the two Cavalry forces met in headlong conflict.

Who won? Well, the battle has not yet been completed because the respective Commanders, reverting to their substantive ranks of physiotherapist and accountant, went off to supper!

This was not war but the war game; the soldiers were only about an inch high and made of lead; the hills moulded from damp sand, trees formed from dyed sponge and half-wrecked houses of plasticine.

War games with model soldiers are no new craze. They have been played as a pastime and a means of military training since the 17th century, when the French Dauphins were taught, with model soldiers, how to command armies. In the 19th century, the

game flourished as more manufacturers came on to the scene.

Oddly, one of the most gentle of men became a devotee at this period—Robert Louis Stevenson, who devised and played an intricate and prolonged mimic war in an attic during his convalescence in Davos between 1880-1883. G. K. Chesterton found war games intensely interesting and the fashion for literary giants to fight with model soldiers was upheld by Sir Winston Churchill who possessed vast numbers of model soldiers and fought battles against his brother. And it is to yet another famous writer—H. G. Wells—that war gamers owe their greatest debt. Wells's rules form the basis of those now universally used.

Part of the fun in war gaming is making one's own model soldiers and this is done by first fashioning a master figure from which a mould is cast, usually in plaster of Paris. The lead figures the mould produces require patient filing and considerable research goes into the details of uniforms and arms, information culled from old prints and books and a mutual assistance system among war gamers all over the world.

Collectors can be found who favour almost any period in history. My main opponent specialises in ancient wars and there have been many exciting battles using elephants, war engines, chariots, catapults, archers, pikemen and knights in the Roman, Greek, Carthaginian and Persian styles. I prefer



Mr. Featherstone peers through his home-made periscope to see if the tank on the right can be engaged by the one on the left. War gamers are sticklers for realism.

THE ARMY'S MEDALS

BY MAJOR JOHN LAFFIN

CAMPAIGN medals preserve the history of the British Army and the valour of its soldiers more tangibly than any other means. They are more than mere tokens. They are the only real link between past and present. Each one represents a soldier and his service, his blood and sweat, his courage and suffering, travels and adventures.

Most British medals carry on their edge the name of the recipient, though the campaign stars of 1939-45 are unhappy exceptions. Thus they are blessed with an intimacy unknown to coins.

Rare or commonplace, each medal is a tiny part of the great canvas of Army service of the last 160 years. The man who earned the medal may be gone, but while his medal exists he can never be forgotten.

Here is the first in a series of brief articles on the British Army's famous medals.

1 MILITARY GENERAL SERVICE MEDAL 1793-1814

This medal was not sanctioned until June 1, 1847, and not issued until 1848, by which time many men entitled to it were dead. A total of 26,240 officers and men eventually received it.

The Duke of Richmond deserves most credit for its institution, while the Duke of Wellington did his best to stop it. His objection was hardly logical, as he had accepted the Army Gold Cross for his own services and had approved the issue of Army Gold Medals and Crosses to 1300 officers. (Paradoxically, Wellington had been responsible for issue of the Waterloo medal, awarded only a year after the battle.)

The MGS Medal covered services from 1793, but no bars were issued for service before 1801 and none between that date and 1806. Twenty-nine bars were issued, commemorating some of the most glorious deeds of British arms. Fifteen was the greatest number won and this in only two cases—by Private James Talbot of the 45th (later The Sherwood Foresters) and by Private Daniel Loochstadt of the King's German Legion, who served in the 5th Battalion, 60th Foot (later The King's Royal Rifle Corps).

These were the 29 bars: Egypt 1801, Maida, Roleia, Vimiera, Sahagun, Benevente, Sahagun and Benevente, Corunna, Martinique, Talavera, Guadaloupe, Busaco, Barossa, Fuentes d'Onor, Albuera, Java, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Fort Detroit, Chateauguay, Crysler's Farm, Vittoria, Pyrenees, San Sebastian, Nivelle, Nive, Orthes and Toulouse.

Rarest are those for the North Ameri-



The Military General Service Medal 1793-1814

can actions—Fort Detroit, Chateauguay and Crysler's Farm. One Royal Navy officer is believed to have received the medal with bar for Maida (Italy) and one Royal Marine received it for Java.

Relatively few MGS medals are now available to collectors, who are plagued by re-named or otherwise defective pieces. The nation, the Army and all collectors owe an enormous debt of gratitude to Lieutenant-Colonel Kingsley Foster DSO, who compiled a roll of the recipients of the MGS medal. He was killed in 1951 at the Battle of the Imjin River, while commanding The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers.

knowing the mistakes that lost the battle, perhaps a hundred years ago, the players do not repeat them. Thus a recently refought Waterloo was won by Napoleon and the American Civil War culminated in a Southern victory after the Confederate Army had defeated the Union at Gettysburg and then captured Washington!

Periodically military toys are condemned on the grounds that they engender a warlike spirit. In 1867 George Augustus Sala accused Germany of such a misuse of toy figures and four years later England similarly accused France, who in turn denounced Germany for "... skilfully influencing the upbringing of the child ... to set alight the flame of patriotism."

After World War One the League of Nations banned the making of model soldiers

in Germany—the Nazis later revived them—and after World War Two model-makers in Western Germany were restricted to cowboys and Indians as their most warlike productions.

"The best possible cure for wars," wrote H. G. Wells, "is to put this prancing monarch and that silly scaremonger, those excitable patriots and that adventurer into one vast Temple of War, with plenty of little trees and houses to knock down and cities and fortresses and unlimited model soldiers—tons, cellars full of them—and let them lead their own lives there away from ours. Indeed, you have only to play at Little Wars three or four times to realise just what a blundering thing Great War must be."

DONALD F. FEATHERSTONE



Scrambling up their scaling ladders the 5th Foot, led by Major Ridge, swept the defenders off the wall. Under withering fire they then assaulted the main breach, opening the way into the town.

With superb and dauntless bravery the "Fighting Fifth" led the assault on the fortress of Ciudad Rodrigo early one morning 150 years ago this month. Less than two hours later the city had surrendered and Wellington's men had won a resounding victory

INTO THE BREACH AT CIUDAD RODRIGO

THE fortress walls of Ciudad Rodrigo, at the frontier of Spain and Portugal, rose dark and massive from the rocky plain. Fitful moonlight touched scattered snow patches, and in the deep shadows under a nearby hill 7000 British soldiers shivered in the bitter cold.

The guns which had been battering the fortress for five days were silent, and the only sound was of the blind, haphazard firing of jittery French riflemen.

It was 7 p.m. on 19 January, 1812. For all General Barrié and his 2000 troops could see as they peered into darkness from the fortress, Wellington's Army might have been fast asleep.

But already British troops were on the move. Creeping towards the outer walls were men of the 5th Foot (now The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers), spearhead of the storming party. They reached the palisade undetected and the crash of their axes on the timber was drowned by the aimless musketry from the walls above.

Suddenly the night air was rent by a sound which echoed through the fortress, brought a hail of grenades down on the "Fighting Fifth" and signalled the start of a campaign which was ultimately to sweep Napoleon's men out of the Peninsula.

It was a soaring, piercing war cry from a young ensign fresh from the wilds of Kerry

which tore the veil of secrecy from the Fusiliers' approach and galvanised French and British into thunderous action on that icy winter night. Untimely it might have been, but that blood-curdling Irish yell fired the Fifth with reckless courage and echoed like a death-knell among the defenders.

General Barrié's surrender 90 minutes later set the seal on an historic feat of arms. Not since Cromwell sacked Wexford 163 years earlier had the British Army stormed a fortress.

Having survived the critical stage of the Peninsular War, Wellington was ready to take the offensive at the end of 1811. But the French-held fortresses of Ciudad Rod-

rigo and Badajoz, 120 miles to the south, not only barred his way into Spain but provided French Marshals Soult and Marmont with bases from which to attack Portugal.

On New Year's Day, 1812, Wellington issued orders for a stroke against Ciudad Rodrigo, a city enclosed by 32-foot-high walls on the crest of a rocky hill rising 150 feet above the River Agueda. Marmont, with his powerful Army of Portugal, was only 100 miles away in Valladolid, and Wellington was banking on taking the fortress before the Marshal could march to its relief. But had he known that Ciudad Rodrigo housed Marmont's entire siege train of 153 guns and a huge stock of ammunition he might have hesitated.

The 1st, 3rd, 4th and Light Divisions were ordered to invest the city and by 8 January they were in position. The fast-flowing river to the south and rocky slopes to east and west precluded attacks from those directions. Only from the north was there a chance of success.

About 700 yards north of the fortress reared a hill called Great Teson, and 200 yards from the walls was another known as Little Teson. On the flanks of Little Teson were the fortified convents of Santa Cruz and San Francisco.

First obstacle was a redoubt on Great Teson which the French considered strong enough to give them five days' respite. It was taken brilliantly in 20 minutes on the night of the 8th by the 43rd and 52nd (later The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry), the 95th (2nd Sherwood Foresters) and some Portuguese Cacadors.

In the next week, in face of mounting losses from French artillery, the four divisions took turns to establish batteries along Great Teson. In the bitter nights they suffered severe hardship, for no fires were permitted. Raids by wolves added to their discomfort, and many a sentry was found frozen to death at his post when dawn broke.

"This is the severest duty we have yet performed," a soldier wrote. "Our clothes are worn thin and wrecked by the fatigues of former campaigns. It is difficult to tell to which regiment we belong, for each man's coat is like Joseph's—of many colours."

On the night of 13 January work began on setting up batteries on Little Teson and that same night 300 men of the German Legion and the 60th (The King's Royal Rifle Corps) stormed Santa Cruz convent. The next day 32 British guns opened up at the wall at a point where fresh masonry marked the breach smashed by Marshal Ney when he took the fortress from the British two years earlier. That night the 40th Foot (later The South Lancashire Regiment) hurled the French out of San Francisco convent and cleared the way for the assault.

The wall crumbled under the continuous battering and on the 18th some guns were directed against a mediæval tower 250 yards east of the main breach. By noon the tower was tottering and at dusk it crashed in an avalanche of masonry. But the breach was only a narrow seam compared with the big gap at the main breach.

Next day Wellington decided the breaches were practicable and he wrote his orders for the assault. It was to be carried out by the Army's two most famous divisions—the Third and Light. The Third would tackle the main breach and Craufurd's Light

Division the smaller one. There were to be feint attacks from west and east by Colonel O'Toole's Cacadors and General Pack's Portuguese Brigade.

The toughest task went to the Fighting Fifth and the 94th Regiment (2nd Connaught Rangers). The former were to attempt an escalade to the left and sweep round to the main breach, and the 94th to get over the outer wall and reach the breach along the inner ditch.

At 7 p.m. the Fifth moved out from behind Santa Cruz and by error the 77th Foot (later The Middlesex Regiment) who were to have remained in reserve, went with them. The Fifth had smashed down the palisade gate before the Irishman's wild cry gave them away. Down came a shower of grenades and shells into the struggling mass of men in the ditch. Three tense minutes went by while ladders were fixed. Then the Fusiliers climbed up, so closely after their commander, Major Ridge, that one of the ladders broke and the troops fell on to the bayonets below.

They struggled up again, swept an enemy group off the top of the wall, leapt into the inner ditch and raced round to the main breach. The 94th joined them, but there was no sign of Mackinnon's Brigade (1st Sherwood Foresters, 2nd Highland Light Infantry and 1st Connaught Rangers) which formed the main storming party.

The two units, blinded by fireballs, flashing lights and thick smoke, blundered up the breach on their own, and were saved from annihilation only by the timely arrival of Major Manners, with The Highland Light Infantry, of Mackinnon's Brigade.

Under heavy fire, the mass of troops clambered up the debris-strewn slope to the lip of the breach. Ahead of them was a 16-foot drop on to the level of the city. A gun on each flank showered them with grape, and between them and the guns were deep defensive cuts in the parapet. Suddenly a French magazine blew up with a tremendous roar, the explosion hurling Mackinnon and many of his officers into the air. Mackinnon's blackened corpse was found later in the ditch.

In the confusion which followed, Major Thompson (Highland Light Infantry) and three men of the Connaught Rangers leapt across the gap on the left and bayoneted the French gunners. At heavy cost a group of Sherwood Foresters took the gun on the right and, the way now open, the 3rd Division jumped down into the streets.

The Light Division, assaulting the smaller breach with great determination, had an easier time, although their commander, the famous General Craufurd, was killed. The French broke before the rush and within minutes the Light had hundreds of men on the ramparts.

With the defences breached at two points the garrison gave up and there was only desultory fighting in the streets. The columns of O'Toole and Pack burst into the city from the far side and Barrié and his staff, who had taken refuge in the castle, surrendered at the first summons.

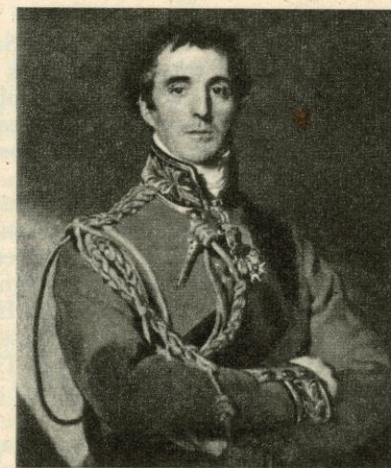
At a cost of about 650 men, Wellington's Army had taken an enemy stronghold by assault for the first time. But now came the sorry sequel to dim the military glory.

All trace of discipline lost, 7000 half-crazed soldiers roamed the streets, the

hooligans among them intent on plunder and rape. In the Cathedral Square some men began firing at the windows of houses, at the sky, even at each other. They plundered and set fire to the houses of friendly Spaniards who had been waiting to welcome their liberators. Above the din could be heard the voice of the 3rd Division's veteran commander, Sir Thomas Picton, "with the strength of 20 trumpets, proclaiming damnation to all and sundry."

When the storming regiments marched out in the morning, dressed like characters in a comic opera—some wore jackboots, others French white trousers, cocked hats and frock coats with epaulettes—Wellington failed to recognise his own men. Turning to his staff he asked: "Who the devil are those fellows?"

K. E. HENLY



The Duke of Wellington, the Soldier's General. At Ciudad Rodrigo he cashiered officers who neglected their troops.

A SOLDIER'S GENERAL

WELLINGTON, who was rewarded with a British earldom, a Portuguese marquise and a Spanish dukedom for his victory at Ciudad Rodrigo, was always the "Soldier's General."

At a dinner party after the battle an officer mentioned he had passed through an Army post where sick and wounded were lying, exposed to the bitter weather. Wellington asked where the post was and after the party rode 30 miles there with his aide, Major Gordon. He arrived at midnight and saw several hundred men lying in the open.

Knocking up the Commanding Officer, Wellington asked why the men were left in such a condition and, on being told there was no accommodation, replied: "Be so good as to show me this house." Having inspected it, he ordered 150 men to be moved into it. He repeated the process at other officers' houses until all sick and wounded were under cover. Before leaving he called the officers together and warned that he would make an example of them "if any should again presume to consult his own convenience or luxury while a single sick man remained unsheltered."

Suspecting that his orders might not have been obeyed, he rode out again with Gordon the next night and found the sick and wounded again in the open and their officers back in their quarters. He ordered the sick to be brought in, put the officers under arrest and had them marched to headquarters where they were tried for disobedience and cashiered.

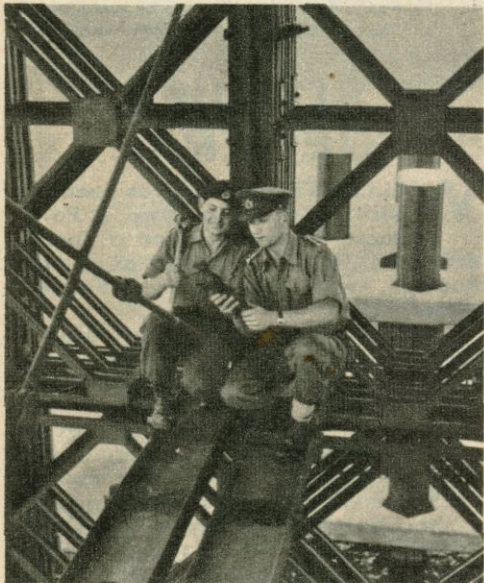
MILITARY MEDLEY

SIXTH SENSE SAVES A BRIDGE

BUT for the sixth sense of a young Sapper officer the bridge which spans the Maas between Venlo and Nijmegen might have crashed into the river and with it scores of the hundreds of vehicles which cross it each day.

The story goes back several months to the day when Lieutenant Clive Brousson, of 44 Field Park Squadron, Royal Engineers, from Paderborn, in Germany, was returning to his unit after a motoring holiday in Holland. As he crossed the bridge—a Class 80 Bailey erected by the British Army in 1954—he noticed that it was unusually rusty and sensed that it was unsafe. It was.

Stopping his car and making a rapid inspection Lieutenant Brousson found that



Lieutenant Brousson and Sapper A. Banner at work on the Maas bridge which 44 Squadron made safe.

all the transom clamps were thick with rust, most of the 15,000 bolts which held the bridge together were loose and one base plate had been eaten through by rust. Many parts were in need of replacement.

Lieutenant Brousson immediately reported to the Dutch authorities who closed the bridge and asked 44 Field Park Squadron if they could help. Within a week a party of ten men from the unit, led by Lieutenant Brousson, had begun work on the bridge, inspecting every inch, greasing and tightening all the transom clamps and every nut and bolt. Their work finished, the Sappers handed over to the Dutch Army.

PARATROOPERS DROP IN ON ARNHEM

OUT of a clear blue sky over Arnhem 70 men of 10th Battalion, The Parachute Regiment (Territorial Army), floated down on to the same dropping zone used by the Battalion during the famous airborne assault on the town 17 years ago.

Among them were six who had dropped at Arnhem in 1944.

The 10th Battalion was demonstrating parachuting to the thousands of pilgrims who each year, on the anniversary of the airborne assault, go back to Arnhem to pay

homage to those who lost their lives in the operation.

Flown from Britain to Deelen, from where, in 1944, the Luftwaffe air strikes were mounted in the final stages of the assault, men of the 10th Battalion landed at the same time as their predecessors did and, after rallying, laid a wreath on the Ginkel Memorial which commemorates the landings of 4 Brigade, 1st Airborne Division, on Ginkel Heath, just outside Arnhem. Then, led by their Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel G. C. A. Gilbert MC, the Territorial paratroopers travelled over the same route followed by the former 10th Battalion, and laid a wreath on the memorial at the Airborne cemetery at Osterbeek. Later, they were shown a film of the Battle of Arnhem which included scenes shot during the operation by German, Dutch and British cameramen.

Paratroopers of 10th Battalion land in the fields outside Arnhem, 17 years after the battle.



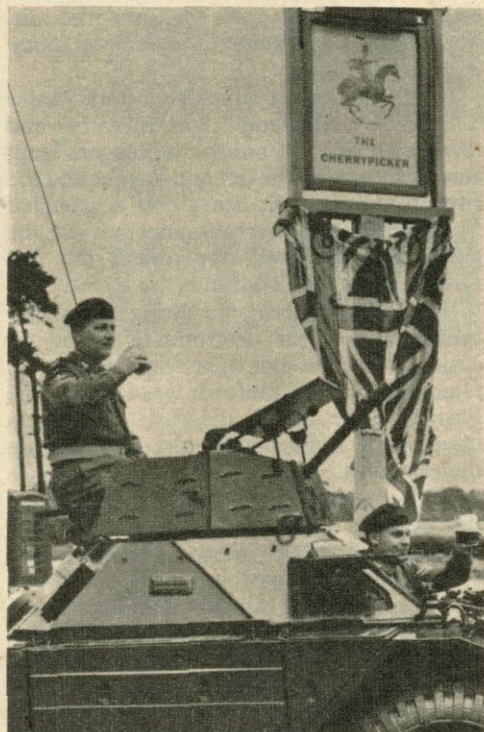
HUSSARS ON THE INN SIGN

ANOTHER famous name joins the select company of regiments which appear on British inn signs.

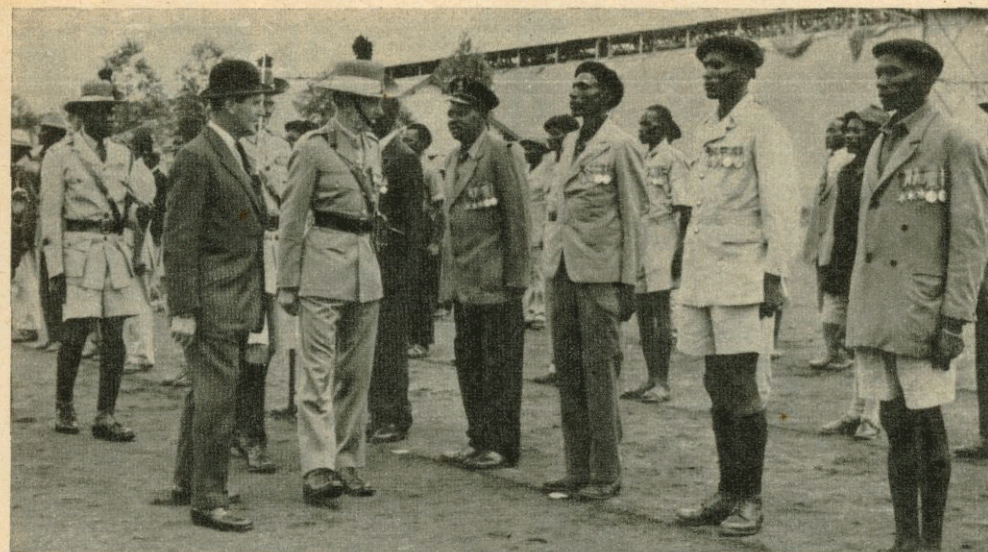
It is "The Cherrypicker," nickname of a member of the 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own), and now the name of a new public house in Slough, Buckinghamshire, chosen to commemorate the Regiment's recent adoption by the town.

Appropriately, the Regiment attended the opening of the inn, trumpeters sounded a fanfare and "Stables" and Lieutenant-Colonel J. A. N. Crankshaw MC unveiled the sign to reveal on one side a mounted officer, sword drawn, charging the enemy and on the other the Regimental badge and nickname. And, just as appropriately, members of the Regiment sampled the first glasses of ale to be served in the inn.

The Regiment's nickname dates back to the Peninsular War when some of its men were surprised picking cherries in an orchard and had to fight a dismounted action against French Cavalry.



Troopers of the 11th Hussars drink the health of "The Cherrypicker," in the Buckinghamshire town which has adopted the Regiment. The name of the inn was chosen to commemorate that alliance.



Brigadier Fitzalan-Howard and Major Barkas inspect the be-medalled heroes of Letsega.

THE ASKARI REMEMBER

THEY may not have been the smartest-dressed squad to adorn a parade ground, but pride gleamed in the eyes of 130 ex-Askari of the 5th Battalion, The King's African Rifles, as they marched past Brigadier M. Fitzalan-Howard, Commander of 70 Infantry Brigade, KAR, headed by a retired major who once led them into battle.

The ex-Askari had come from Lanet, 100 miles from Nairobi, to take part in celebrations marking the 17th anniversary of the

Battle of Letsega, in Burma, in 1944, when the 5th Battalion captured a strongly-held Japanese hill position and suffered 97 casualties.

The survivors of the 5th Battalion formed an extra company on parade and were led by Major A. C. K. Barkas, who commanded "A" Company at Letsega. Among those on parade were 14 men who had fought under him.—From a report by Sergeant D. H. Howorth, Military Observer.

THE SAPPERS FOUND THE ANSWER

THERE'S an old saying that if the Army doesn't issue it, the Sappers will make it. And it was proved true in Malaya recently when 28 Commonwealth Brigade decided that it wanted for the Infantry a raft capable of carrying light vehicles yet light enough to be carried itself on a Land-Rover and trailer.

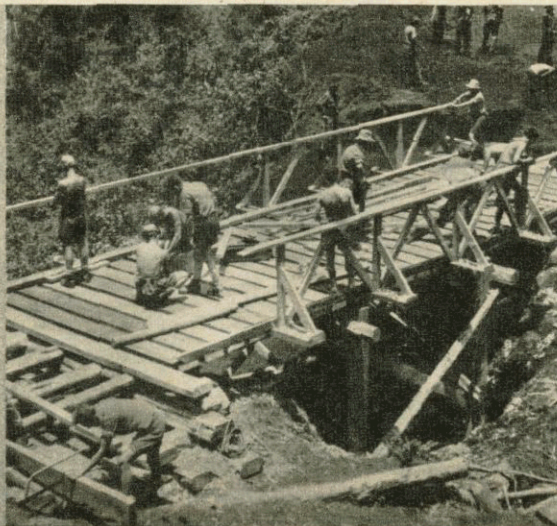
No. 70 Gurkha Field Park Squadron accepted the challenge and provided the answer: a raft made from two light-alloy assault boats fitted with four outboard motors and joined by a lightweight superstructure which acted as the decking.

To prove it could do the job, the Sappers, led by the Squadron Commander, Major D. D. Miller, took the raft 60 miles up the

east coast of Malaya from Mersing to Pekan—a tough journey over rough country and across five major rivers. In 24 hours they had completed the test to their own and the Brigade's satisfaction.

The Sappers travelled in two Land-Rovers, one with a trailer to carry the raft, the other to carry the men, rations, water and petrol. At the first river, the Pontian, the current was so strong that the outboard motors could make no headway and the raft had to be floated farther downstream to calmer water. The other rivers were crossed without incident.

This latest example of improvisation may turn out to be a useful addition to the Army's present rafting and bridging equipment.



While African labourers remake the road, the Sappers construct the bridge with cedar wood from the nearby forest, opening up a way to Mount Kenya.



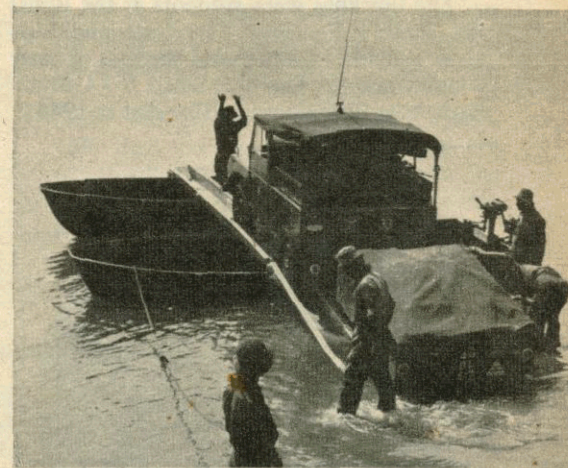
Precariously perched on their camels, the Gunners and Troopers set off on patrol.

CAMEL PATROL

WHEN "C" Battery, Royal Horse Artillery, and the 11th Hussars, stationed side by side at Ataq in a desert camp in the Western Aden Protectorate, were ordered to send a patrol to explore a part of Southern Arabia they had never before visited, someone had a bright idea. Why not go by camel?

The next day 25 camels, borrowed from the local sheikh, were taken on strength and introduced to their riders—25 men from both regiments who had volunteered for the camel patrol. The following day they set off across the desert into the hills some 20 miles away to see if a section of a road made impassable by heavy rains was now open and to pay courtesy calls on local villagers.

It was a gruelling trek but the Gunners and the Hussars stuck to their task, in spite of a blinding dust storm on the return journey. Fourteen hours after they left camp the camel patrol returned, numbed and sore and convinced that camels are the most awkward and uncomfortable creatures on earth to ride.



Up the ramps and on to the raft go a Land-Rover and trailer which in turn can carry the raft.

Lieutenant Percival's Bridge

THANKS to the Sappers of 34 Independent Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, a new bridge now spans the fast-flowing river near Ponit Lenana, 16,355 feet up on the slopes of Mount Kenya, re-opening to vehicles the Naro Moru track—one of the few pathways through the dense forest on the lower slopes of the mountain.

The bridge—called Percival's Bridge after Lieutenant D. H. Percival, a member of the Squadron who was killed in a mountaineering accident in Aden last year—replaces one which was washed away by floods some months ago. It was erected by 52 men of No. 2 Troop who first raised the road leading to the river and then, using cedar hewn from the surrounding forest by African lumberjacks of Kenya's Forestry Department, cut the timber to size and built the bridge. As there was little room on the site only eight Sappers at a time were able to work on the bridge which can carry loads of up to eight tons.

THE GURKHAS DROP AGAIN

As a *Beverley* bumbled over Sembawang airfield on Singapore Island the doors opened, the red light turned to green and the despatchers roared: "Stand in the doors . . . GO!"

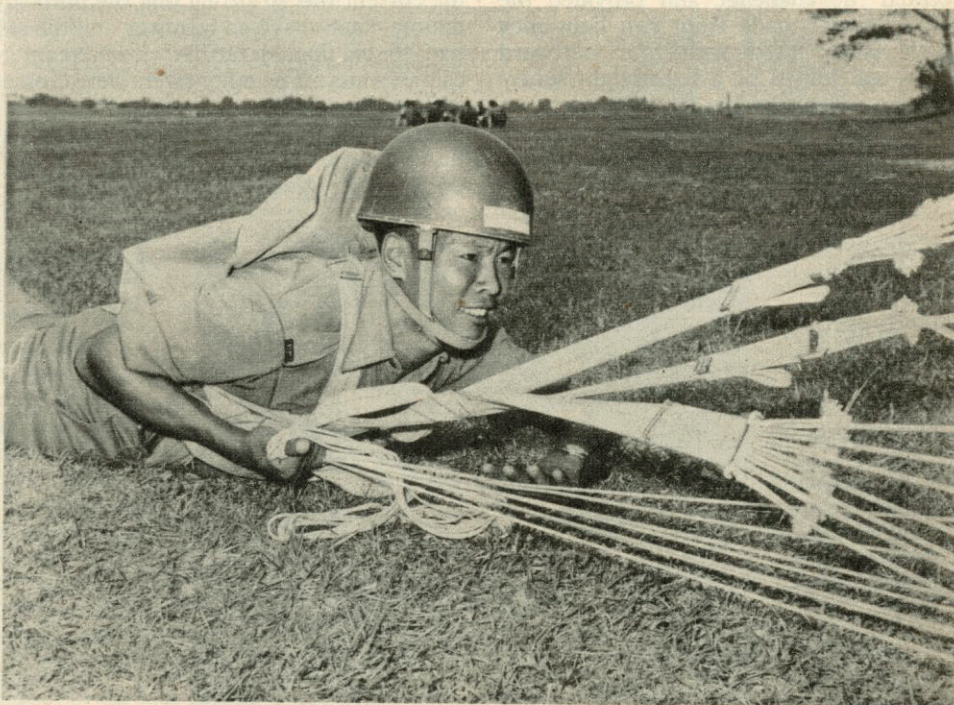
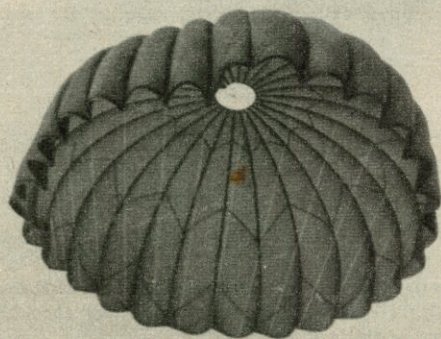
It was a history-making moment. For the first time for 17 years the Gurkhas were parachute jumping again. Two at a time from each of the two doors 20 men of the 1st Battalion, 10th Princess Mary's Own Gurkha Rifles flung themselves into space to float gently down to the dropping zone.

Every man made a perfect landing which, said Flight Lieutenant L. W. Brown, the chief instructor, was not surprising. "The Gurkha, with his light, compact body and strong legs, is ideally built for the job. He is probably the best natural paratrooper in the world."

The Gurkhas were students at the Royal Air Force's Far East Parachute and Survival School at Changi and the first of their countrymen to parachute since 153 Gurkha Parachute Brigade was disbanded in 1944.



Above: GO! and a Gurkha steps out into space, rapidly followed by a comrade while the Royal Air Force despatcher stands by. Below (left): The first Gurkha to parachute since 1944 swings gently to earth on Sembawang airfield.



Before jumping the Gurkhas had to become accustomed to their equipment. Here one gets the feel of a billowing parachute and learns how to collapse it.



TEST YOUR WITS

- 1 Complete the sequence by adding the next number or letter in the following:
(a) J F M A M —; (b) 2 4 8 16 32 —;
(c) V VI VII VIII IX —.

- 2 The consonants have been removed from these titles of famous British regiments and replaced by dashes. What are the regiments? (a) —e —o-a —a-o—;
(b) l-i— —ua—; (c) —e —ee —o-a—;
(d) —e —o-a —ei-e—ie —e-i—.

- 3 Haile Selassie, Emperor of Ethiopia, has the title of: (a) The Pride of Addis Ababa; (b) The Source of the Nile; (c) The Lion of Judah; (d) The Prince of Paupers. Which?

- 4 It's Jack Hawkins, of course, playing one of his military roles. Here, he's Major Warden in "The Bridge on the River..." The River what?



- 5 Select the appropriate word in the following: (a) King is to crown as bishop is to (hat, robe, mitre, surplice); (b) Tame is to wild as friend is to (cousin, foe, ally, comrade); (c) Stream is to river as grain is to (grass, sand, pound, particle).

- 6 Unravel these well-known battles: (a) AIM CRAB; (b) A-COURTING; (c) NITS GASH; (d) OR A TOWEL.

- 7 Which is the least "important" of: (a) King, emperor, count; (b) Inspector, constable, sergeant; (c) Speak, shout, whisper; (d) Try, conquer, strive; (e) Wound, scratch, gash?

TRY your hand at this quiz and win a prize. Don't worry if you can't answer all the questions. Send your entry in, there may be no all-correct solution. Make sure your solution reaches **SOLDIER's** London offices by Monday, 19 February.

The senders of the first six correct or nearest correct solutions to be opened by the Editor will receive:

1. A £10 gift voucher.
2. A £6 gift voucher.
3. A £4 gift voucher.
4. Two recently-published books.
5. A 12-months' free subscription to **SOLDIER** and a whole-plate, monochrome copy of any two photographs which have appeared in **SOLDIER** since January, 1957, or of two personal negatives.
6. A 12-months' free subscription to **SOLDIER**.

RULES

- 1 Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to:
The Editor (Comp. 44), **SOLDIER**,
433, Holloway Road, London, N.7.
- 2 Each entry must be accompanied by the "Competition 44" panel printed at the top of this page.
- 3 Correspondence must not accompany the entry form.
- 4 Competitors may submit more than one entry, but each must be accompanied by the "Competition 44" panel.
- 5 Any Serviceman or woman and Services' sponsored civilian may compete.

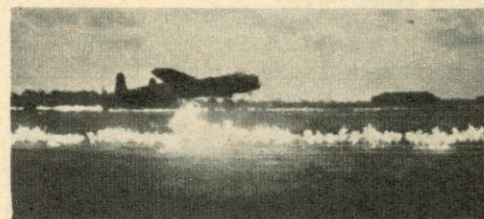
The solution and names of the winners will appear in **SOLDIER**, April, 1962.

- 8 Pair these countries and their national emblems: (a) France; (b) Shamrock; (c) Sugar-maple; (d) England; (e) Scotland; (f) Germany; (g) Rose; (h) Thistle; (i) Wales; (j) Canada; (k) Leek; (l) Fleur-de-lis; (m) Ireland; (n) Cornflower.

- 9 A peal of bells, a posse of police, a galaxy of stars... These are group names. Can you complete: (a) A batch of...; (b) A pride of...; (c) A clutch of...; (d) A string of...?

- 10 A pedometer measures distance walked. Which "meter" tells you: (a) Your temperature; (b) How high you are; (c) What the weather is likely to be; (d) How fast you are moving?

- 11 Ex-officio means: (a) Gone for lunch; (b) Retired from business; (c) By virtue of one's office?



- 12 This Royal Air Force Lancaster has not caught fire. Returning from a war-time sortie it is landing with the aid of: (a) PLUTO; (b) FIDO; (c) BONZO; (d) BO-BO; (e) CO-CO?

- 13 Little Bishop, Long Knight, Champion, Tulip Boy, Halifax Windguard. These are names of: (a) Chrysanthemum varieties; (b) Breeds of racing pigeon; (c) Chimney pots; (d) Racehorses; (e) Chessmen?

- 14 Which word on this page has been misspelled?

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

These two pictures look alike, but they vary in ten minor details. Look at them very carefully. If you cannot detect the differences see page 38.



BOMBS WERE HIS BUSINESS

FOR 20 years the Royal Engineers' Bomb Disposal teams have made news—and for almost all that time the headlines have been shared by one man, Major Bill Hartley GM, now quietly retired from the Army to a country pub in Hampshire.

Major A. B. Hartley was a "natural" to newspapermen—a reluctant hero, burly and bespectacled, who might be delicately fiddling with a fuse at the bottom of a shaft, or nonchalantly hammering at a huge bomb with mallet and chisel.

But defusing unexploded bombs was only part of Major Hartley's job. The gamut of his 19 years in Bomb Disposal, as revealed in John Frayn Turner's "Highly Explosive" (George Harrap, 15s), involved countless hazards and innumerable occasions on which the major stared death in the face. Sometimes he was just lucky but generally his survival against odds of four to one was the result of quick and clear thinking and an innate coolness.

Perhaps he was never nearer to death than when he trod on a beach mine. Major Hartley felt the lid sink. He ordered another officer out of range then delicately began to transfer his weight from one foot to the other. It took him five long minutes.

The big bombs were calculated risks and their sterilisation was often accomplished in a blaze of publicity, but clearing the beaches of war-time minefields was a thankless task against unknown odds. Records had often been lost or destroyed, the pattern of charted minefields had been changed by cliff falls or erosion.

From one four-mile stretch of beach Bomb Disposal extracted 4000 mines—and 14 armoured bulldozers were blown up in the process. Another was written off in a much more unusual way. While it was

turning the steering locked. The bulldozer headed for the sea and, unable to control it, the driver jumped. Watching Sappers saw the dozer disappear, still chugging away, its exhaust submerging like a periscope.

Knowing just how lethal were old and corroded mines—they lost 19 officers and 120 other ranks killed in just over three years—the Bomb Disposal men were staggered by the risks taken, not always unwittingly, by civilians. One woman tried unsuccessfully to peel the rubber covering from a mine, then lost patience and jumped on it. Fortunately the mine was not armed. Near Hull, a man built a wall from 30 mines propped on their sides.

Major Hartley will not readily forget the famous one-ton Hermann, uncovered during

excavations for the Shell-Mex skyscraper on London's South Bank. Eight years before he made it harmless, millions of visitors to the Festival of Britain Exhibition had walked over the bomb.

He will long remember, too, the 250-kg bomb, unusually fitted with two clockwork fuses, which buried itself in the garden of a large Essex house—and the 250-kg bomb, also fitted with two clockwork fuses, which a month later buried itself in the same garden!

Above all he will remember working thigh deep in the muck of a sewer as the base of a shaft collapsed. This was the Putney bomb which earned Major Hartley the George Medal to add to the BEM already awarded for his work on the beaches.



A bomb disposal team busy extricating a 1200-pound German time bomb which, ironically, buried itself in the grounds of the German Hospital in London. The officer seated on the edge of the crater is searching for the time fuse.

SANDHURST THROUGH THE AGES

APPALLED by the shocking incompetence of his colleagues, Colonel Le Marchant of the Seventh Light Dragoons, persuaded the Duke of York in 1798 that the Army needed more professionalism and that officers should be trained for their jobs instead of buying their commissions.

It was a revolutionary idea at a time when almost all commissions and promotions were sold, generally to the highest bidder and sometimes even to children at school, and one which laid the foundations of the world's most famous officer training school—the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.

The story of Sandhurst, from the days when it was set up in 1802 as the junior department of the Royal Military College at Marlow, is now told in two books published within four weeks of each other: "The Story of Sandhurst" (Hutchinson, 30s) by Hugh Thomas, who was too young to serve in World War Two; and "Sandhurst" (Weidenfeld and

Nicolson, 36s) by Brigadier Sir John Smythe VC, MC, MP, who was a student at Sandhurst in 1911.

In its early days the Royal Military College, which moved to Sandhurst in 1812, was little more than a public school. Students were admitted between the ages of 13 and 17 and, except for the sons of officers killed in action, paid fees varying between £40 and £90 a year. They led a spartan life, rising at 5 a.m. and studying for seven hours a day. The only military subjects they were taught were drill, fencing, military drawing and fortification, and all their instructors were civilians. Astonishingly it was not until 1892 that rifle shooting became compulsory.

The cadets lived in dreadful squalor, sometimes four to a room, and had their own system of punishments which included "ventilating" (being jabbed with dining forks), "shovelling" (spread-eagled on a bed and beaten with tennis racquets and shovels) and "adamising"

(being lowered naked in mid-winter from a dormitory on to the parade ground).

They bore these hardships with great fortitude until, in 1862, the cadets mutinied in protest against the inadequacy of their food. For three days they held out in Narrien's Redoubt, bombarding with loaves of stale bread any who approached. It took a visit from the Duke of Cambridge himself to break up the riot and hurry the authorities into improving conditions at Sandhurst.

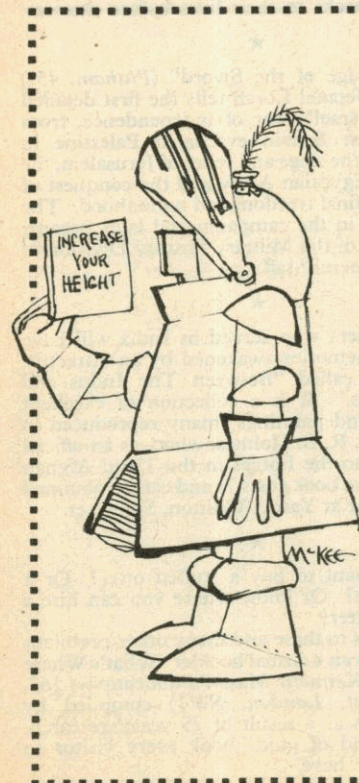
Yet, before many years had passed, many of the cadets had proved the value of their training by distinguishing themselves in the latter stages of the Peninsular War.

The Cardwell Army reforms in 1871, when the system of purchasing commissions was finally abolished, spelled the end of an era for Sandhurst and the beginning of a new and more vital one. From then on all Regular officers, except those commissioned from the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, until it amalgamated with the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, in 1947, passed through Sandhurst. More than 3000 of them were killed in World War One and 37 won the Victoria Cross.

From 1871, too, the subjects taught at Sandhurst took on a more professional and up-to-date flavour but the cadets continued to be as high spirited as their Regency predecessors. Until World War Two they administered their own punishments—ink baths for less serious offences and tarring and feathering for pilferers—and inter-Company fights between future generals and even field-marshal with canes, knuckle dusters and chair legs were not uncommon.

Both authors cover much the same ground, though Brigadier Smythe deals more fully with the history of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, an addition which makes both books complementary for the historian.

Neither, however, does more than briefly mention the rôle of Sandhurst in the nuclear age when scientific developments in warfare offer a new challenge to the young men who are destined to become the leaders of Britain's future Army.



SARTORIAL SPLENDOUR

THE study of military uniforms may be sufficient in itself for the most dedicated enthusiasts, but for many part of its attraction lies in the remoter by-ways of military history to which it leads.

Mr. Cecil C. P. Lawson is in the front rank of experts on the subject, but he does not hesitate to wander along the by-ways in his "A History of the Uniforms of the British Army." The first two volumes of this work were published in 1940 and 1942; now, the third volume (price 45s) comes from a new firm of military publishers, Norman Military Publications, Ltd, with the announcement that the previous two are to be re-issued and two more are in preparation.

The third volume includes chapters on the Body Guards, the Yeomen of the Guard, the Battle Axe Guards of Ireland, Invalid Companies and other lesser-known units.

There is a careful survey of the Infantry from 1760 to 1797, one of the sources for which was "System for the Interior Management and Economy of an Infantry Battalion," by a Captain Cuthbertson of the 5th Foot (later The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers). "It should never be objected to a Drum-Major that he is too great a coxcomb," wrote Cuthbertson. "Such an appearance is rather to be encouraged, provided it does not exceed the bounds of proper respect to his superiors." A colour-plate of the Bucks Yeomanry of the period confirms that the drum-major was indeed a gorgeous creature.

The same writer is also quoted on saluting: "To show their respect by taking off their hats with the left hand and letting them fall in a graceful manner down the thigh... is a better manner than only putting the hand to the hat as some prefer." Mr. Lawson says the reason



Officers of two unusual Irish volunteer units: The Cork Legion (left) and The Bank of Ireland Yeomanry, in the early 1800s. Both units were originally Infantry and served without pay.

for the preference was that the hat became soiled by frequent handling.

Mr. Lawson also has a long and interesting chapter on units, now mostly forgotten, which were raised in the American colonies.

They started with militia raised among settlers in the early 17th century and equipped with material discarded from the Tower of London. Besides artillery and muskets, this included crossbows and longbows and full suits of armour, which provided protection against Red Indian arrows. Some of the Militia units of the following century boasted uniforms only for officers, and the command-

OVER...

Capt: Safety flag up, Sergeant?
Sgt: Yes, Sir. Private Smith's on duty there, Sir.
Capt: Smith? Who's he?
Sgt: Forces Book Shop man, Sir.
Capt: Oh, yes. Always telling us how he can get almost anything he wants there.
Sgt: Yes, Sir. You would be surprised what they've got—everything in books, magazines, periodicals...
Capt: Jolly good. Well, keep 'em at it, Sergeant.



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PADERBORN (Toc H)
SENNELAGER (Church Army)
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MIDDLE EAST

ADEN (M.M.G.)

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HOMS (Church of Scotland)
TOBRUK (Salvation Army)
TRIPOLI (Y.M.C.A.)

EAST AFRICA

GILGIL, KENYA (M.M.G.)

FAR EAST

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

and other main centres

ing officer of the Connecticut Regiment in 1757 had to issue an order that his men must appear in shoes and stockings "before they march to ye grand parade."

Another out-of-the-way unit the author describes was the Spanish Chasseurs, dressed in straw hats, check shirts and check trousers and armed with fierce dogs, who were recruited by the British Army to help subdue the troublesome Maroons in Jamaica. The dogs did not take kindly to manoeuvres and

caused a general who went to review them to beat a hasty retreat to the safety of his post-chaise. Their mere presence in Jamaica was enough to cause the rapid surrender of the Maroons.

A writer who served in the Duke of York's campaign in Holland in the 18th Century describes how, when "some poor fellow got popt off in a skirmish" his friends would dry the widow's tears as soon as possible and "frequently would not suffer her to remain

in a state of widowhood more than two or three days." The marriage ceremony was performed by a corporal of the regiment in military style, then the husband was "hoisted upon the shoulders of two stout fellows of his company, with a couple of bayonettes stuck in his hat by way of horns, and preceded by a drum and fife playing 'The Rogue's March,' he is paraded in front of his regiment." One wonders when performing marriages was struck from the corporal's list of duties.

PAST MANDALAY AND BACK

JOHN MASTERS was one of the officers of the old Indian Army whose professional careers, founded in family tradition, came to an untimely end with the independence of India. He has since turned into an uncommonly successful novelist—"Bhowani Junction" is among his best-known books. In "Bugles and a Tiger," the first volume of his autobiography, he wrote engagingly of life in a Gurkha regiment in the 1930s.

Now, "The Road Past Mandalay" (Michael Joseph, 21s) tells of his experiences in World War Two, and of a brilliant war record.

He was adjutant of the 2nd Battalion of the 4th Gurkhas when the war started, and in 1940 was still coping with some of the niceties of soldiering in peace-time India. His commanding officer objected to his Emergency Commissioned officers having printed on their visiting cards "Mr. ———, 4th Prince of Wales's Own Gurkha Rifles." Emergency Commissioned officers, he maintained, were not members of the regiment; they were attached from the General List. The author won that round by saying: "If any of them win the VC while they're with us, I suppose we'll have to say that it wasn't a 4th Gurkha who won it, only some chap on the General List."

The 4th Gurkhas' itch to get into the war was gratified in 1941, and as adjutant the author served in the fast-moving campaigns in Iraq, Syria and Persia. Then came a spell at the Staff College, Quetta, and the newly-promoted Major Masters became a brigade-major. His brigade had just finished its training and was off into action when an exasperated brigade-major was posted to another brigade about to start training.

This time, it was Brigadier Joe Lentaigne's 111th Chindit Brigade. Scarcely had it got into action than Lentaigne was called away to take command of the whole Chindit force. Major Masters, without benefit of promotion, was given command of five-eighths of the brigade, over the heads of two lieutenant-

colonels. It was a startling moment for a 29-year-old. Major Masters took down his crowns and became a rankless brigade commander.

It was the author's command which established the famous Blackpool block in a Japanese dump area close behind the front. The plan was that other brigades should join his and wreak havoc among the enemy installations. As he expected, the Japanese reacted vigorously; to his consternation, the other brigades did not turn up to co-operate. After 17 fighting days, with the block no longer tenable, the author withdrew his exhausted Chindits. They continued to fight until, at the author's request, doctors were flown in to examine them and found only 118 out of 2200 survivors to be fit for action.

The author is no blind admirer of Major-General Orde Wingate, the founder of the Chindits, and has some severe criticisms of the way the Chindits were used. His most bitter comments, however, are reserved for the American general, the late "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell, to help whose Chinese armies the Chindits were, in the author's view, misemployed. "The only evil—as opposed to tragic—occurrence of the campaign," he writes, "was the long struggle of Stilwell and his staff to pin a charge of shirking on the Chindits."

Stilwell had a favourite staff officer whom he used to send on missions solely to tell the Chindits they were yellow. This treatment was not reserved solely for the Chindits; Stilwell also gave it to their American equivalent, Merrill's Marauders, whom he drove to destruction.

The author's last big success of the war was that he held the post of GSO 1 to Major-General Pete Rees of the 19th Indian Division in the last phases of the fighting. General Rees had a reputation liable to cause any officer given this appointment to quail: he had sacked 13 of them in a year. When the bomb dropped

on Hiroshima, the author was awaiting command of a brigade.

John Masters tells his story with his usual skill and vividness, but here and there, with unnecessary coarseness. Some of the words he uses would not have got into print before the "Lady Chatterley" case. For this reason only, this is not a book to be left within the children's reach.

IN SHORT

A SECRET weapon containing enough germs to spread cholera across the world is lost in an air crash in remotest Turkey.

The secret is Anglo-American; no other nation can be told about it as publicity would prejudice a Summit meeting which is about to be held. So from Cyprus a party of Special Air Service men, with civilian experts and an American officer, is landed clandestinely by helicopter into Anatolia to seek the missing germs. In a well-sustained and up-to-the minute thriller, "The Seventh Fury" (Souvenir, 16s) John Castle carries the hunt at high speed through secret NATO installations across Europe to a spectacular conclusion.

★

ALAN COWAN'S novel, "A Kind of Truth" (Hutchinson, 21s) offers a kind of puzzle in leadership.

When a British unit is overrun by Germans on a Mediterranean island, command of a party of five survivors is taken over by a lance-bombardier, who had once been an officer in the International Brigade in Spain. There seems no good reason for this, as the party includes a subaltern and a bombardier who both appear quite capable of sustaining their rôles. Why they knuckle under willingly remains a mystery, despite flash-backs to their lives before the war.

★

IN "The Edge of the Sword" (Putnam, 45s) Colonel Netanel Lorch tells the first detailed story of Israel's war of independence, from the time when Britain evacuated Palestine in 1948, through the siege and relief of Jerusalem, the defeat of the Egyptian Army and the conquest of the Negev, to final freedom and nationhood. The author fought in the campaign and later became the first Chief of the Military History Division of the Israeli General Staff.

★

OLD soldiers who served in India will have many memories awakened by an attractive booklet called "Between The Indus and Ganges Rivers." It is a collection of excellent photographs and paintings (many reproduced in colour) by Mr. R. B. Holmes, who was an official photographer to the Forces in the Third Afghan War, 1919. The book costs 7s and can be obtained from the author at Yarde, Williton, Somerset.

★

DO you want to buy a stuffed otter? Or a skeleton? Or know where you can hire a baby sitter?

The answers to these and many other problems are provided in an unusual booklet "What's Where in London" (Kenneth Mason Publications, 167, Victoria Street, London, SW1) compiled by Denys Parsons as a result of 25 years' research. It's a new kind of guide book every visitor to London should have.

TRIBUTE TO A GREAT SOLDIER

AS Field-Marshal Lord Wavell's body was being carried into Westminster Abbey in June, 1950, a policeman turned to the crowd and said: "They're making a hell of a fuss of him now he's dead. Why didn't they do it while he was alive?"

He was echoing the sentiments of thousands of British troops who served under him in World War Two and who, with good reason, believed he was the greatest captain of war Britain has produced for a hundred years.

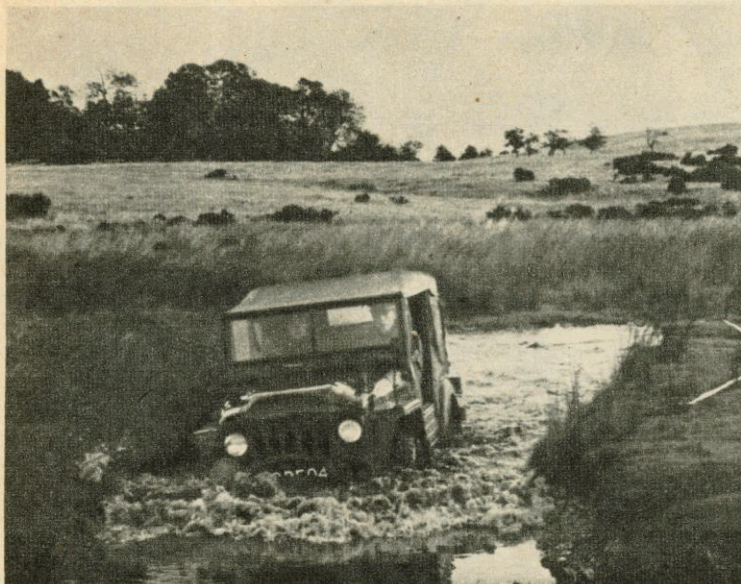
That opinion is shared by Brigadier Bernard Fergusson, his former ADC, who now pays tribute to his chief in a moving little book entitled "Wavell, Portrait of a Soldier" (Collins, 12s 6d). It is a record of the friendship of the two men rather than the story of Wavell's great achievements.

Wavell was an intensely human character, supremely honest and unselfish, and with a streak of that simplicity which often denotes

genius. When the author was appointed Wavell's first ADC he told the general: "I've never been an ADC before. I may make an awful mess of it." Typically, Wavell replied: "Well, I've never had an ADC before. I may make an awful mess of you!"

Yet he was a difficult man to get to know, withdrawn and often uncommunicative, and his glassy one-eyed stare—he lost an eye at Ypres in World War One—gave him a forbidding appearance which hid a kindly and sensitive heart. In victory, as in his brilliant triumphs in the Western Desert, he was generous and humble; in defeat he did not despair.

Brigadier Fergusson says that had Wavell lived he would have written his memoirs and that he had recorded some passages and chosen a title, "Reasons in Writing." It would have been a fine book, worthy of a place beside Wavell's own anthology of poems: "Other Men's Flowers."



Cfn W. Wells, REME, drives his *Champ* through one of the water hazards in the cross-country section.

Tpr A. Parsons, of 22 SAS Regiment, negotiates a steep and slippery slope near Catterick Camp.



SKILL, STAMINA AND SAFETY

A BITING WIND whipped across the bleak Yorkshire moors as competitors fought out the final phases of the five-day 1961 British Army Driving championship at Catterick Camp.

It was a gruelling test of skill, stamina and mental alertness in which 489 contestants with 163 vehicles, from all home commands and Rhine Army, took part. Each team consisted of nine men (or women) in three vehicles—two quarter-tonners and one three-tonner—and at least six members of each team, including the nominated drivers, were either privates or lance-corporals.

Starting from points as far afield as Colchester, Aldershot, Yeovil, Chester and Catterick, the teams converged by equidistant routes of 250 miles on the assembly area at Proteus Camp, in Nottingham's Sherwood Forest. Then they drove down to Bordon, in Hampshire, where the first cross-country tests took place, up through the Midlands and the Lake District to Rothbury, in Northumberland, and on to the final punishing cross-country course at Catterick, where the many

hazards included a rough and slippery gradient of one-in-one.

The teams drove through 32 counties by day and night, over mist-covered moorland roads, along farm tracks and winding country lanes and through river fords, the quarter-tonners covering 1250 miles and the three-tonners 1000 miles on a slightly less rugged route. The accent was on safety not speed, and competitors faced tests of map and compass reading, manoeuvrability and maintenance and servicing. Road safety civilian officials stationed at secret check points along the route told SOLDIER: "Road manners were excellent. The general standard of driving was very high indeed."

For the second successive year the championship proved a triumph for the Royal Army Service Corps, whose teams won eight of the 20 major awards. Seven of these, including the President's Trophy, went to 6 Training Battalion, RASC. The 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards were runners-up and the School of Electrical and Mechanical Engineering, third. In the quarter-ton class

the 1st The Queen's Dragoon Guards from Germany were first, 1st Training Regiment, Royal Engineers, second, and 6 Training Battalion, RASC, third.

No. 6 Training Battalion, RASC, won the Vauxhall Trophy for the best Bedford, the Rover Trophy for the best Land-Rover and the Marshal Trophy for first place in the three-tonner class. The British Motor Corporation Trophy for the best Austin was won by the 1st The Queen's Dragoon Guards, and the Ferret (Daimler) Trophy, for the best road section team, went to 1st Training Battalion, RASC, Aldershot.

The trophy presented by SOLDIER to the best team on the cross-country trials was convincingly won by the Royal Armoured Corps Training Centre, Bovington, and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents' trophy for road safety and skilful driving was awarded to 22 Special Air Service Regiment.

Two of the most outstanding performances were put up by the Royal Artillery Junior Leaders Regiment, Oswestry, in winning the RA Trophy, and by the Women's Royal Army Corps Wing, 6 Training Battalion, RASC, in winning the Coup des Dames. Two members of the WRAC team had been driving for only six months.

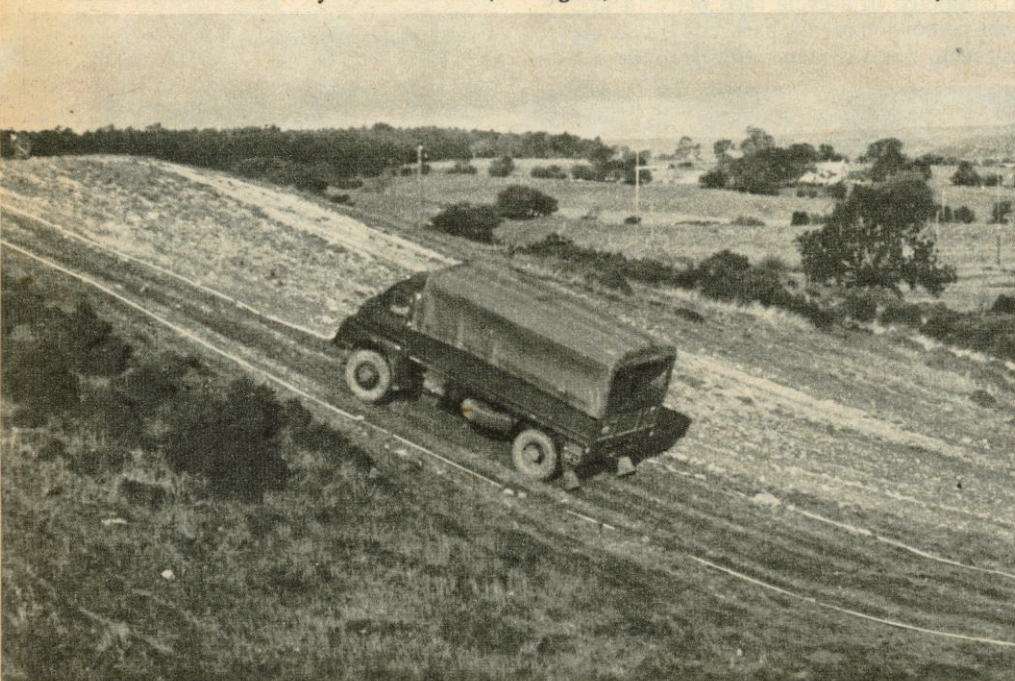
Other results were: Royal Engineers Trophy, 1st Training Regiment, RE; Royal Signals Trophy, 8 Signal Regiment; and Royal Armoured Corps Trophy, 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards.

For the first time a separate Territorial Army Driving Championship was held this year, over a shorter but equally gruelling two-day course. More than 500 competitors in 177 vehicles took part. The President's Trophy was won by 926 Company, RASC (TA), with Yorkshire District Provost Company, CRMP (TA), second; and 107 (Ulster) Infantry Workshops, REME (TA), third.

D. H. CLIFFORD

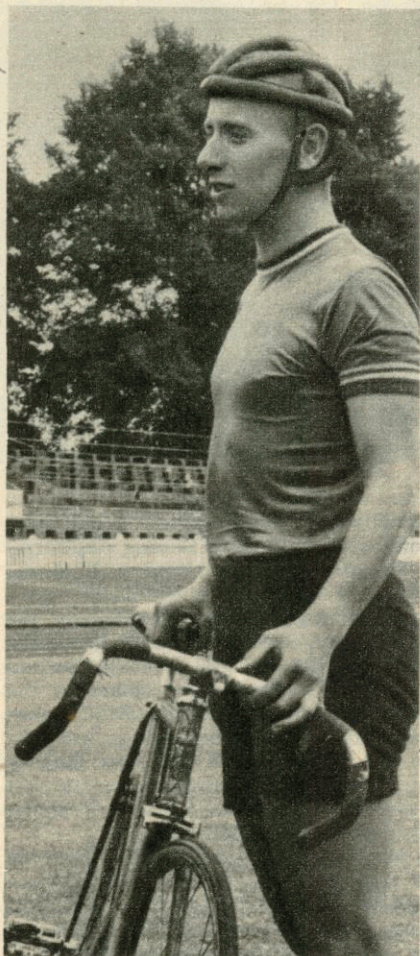
MORE SPORT OVERLEAF

A three-tonner entered by the RAC Centre, Bovington, at the start of the cross-country trials.



SPORT

continued



The champion of champions: Private Brian Kirby, of The Queen's Own Buffs. He excels at both time trials and track events.

A SOLDIER CHAMPION

B RITAIN'S champion cyclist is a soldier—Private Brian Kirby, of The Queen's Own Buffs. And runner-up is a former soldier—John Bayliss, who served with 8 Signal Regiment.

Kirby, who is the national 100 miles champion and the Army Best All Rounder, Five Miles and 4000-Metres Pursuit title holder, had an average speed of 24.04 miles an hour in the three events—50 and 100 miles and 12 hours—which make up the British Best All-rounder Competition.



Staff-Sergeant Smith (left) and Corporal Arnott are neck and neck as they cover the last few yards in the 440 yards sprint. Remarkably, this was Staff-Sergeant Smith's first cycle race.

50 MPH IN THE GYM

I N a gymnasium at Woolwich some of Britain's best racing cyclists were clocking speeds of more than 50 miles an hour—and not moving forward an inch! Their faces contorted with effort, they pedalled furiously as their wheels whirled round on rollers.

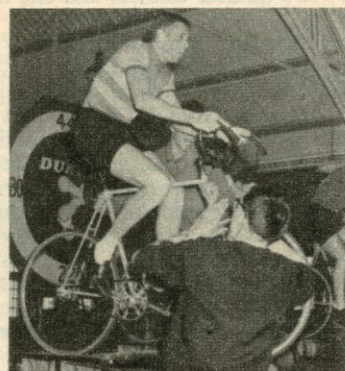
They were competing in the Army's third Roller Racing championships, an increasingly popular sport in which soldiers are putting up astonishingly fast times for the one-mile time trial and the 400 yards sprint.

This year two new records were set up, both by the holders of the titles. In the mile event Lance-Corporal R. Agar, of 10 Command Workshops, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, knocked more than three seconds off his previous best time with a brilliant ride of 1 min 9 secs—a speed of 52.2 miles an hour. Corporal P. Arnott, of the School of Electronic Engineering, rode the 440 yards sprint in 16 secs—a speed of 56.3 miles an hour.

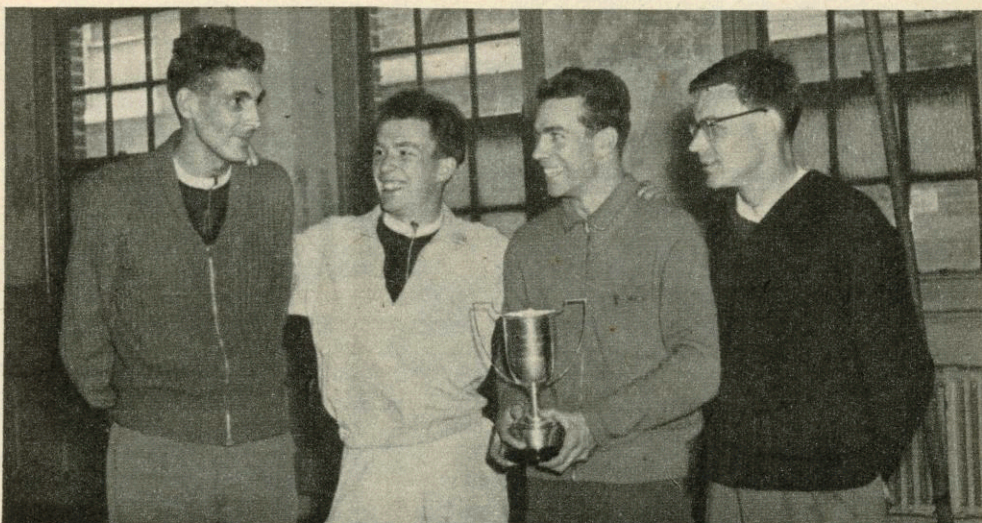
Even more remarkable was the achievement of Staff-Sergeant B. Smith, of the School of Electronic Engineering, who had never competed in a cycle race before and who was persuaded to take part only because his unit team was one man short. He fought

his way through to the final of the 440 yards sprint in which he was beaten by only one-tenth of a second and in the one-mile time trial was placed 12th with a speed of 48.1 miles an hour.

The School of Electronic Engineering narrowly won the inter-unit team title for the SOLDIER Cup, with a total of 67 points. No. 8 Signal Regiment were second, with 63, and 1st Battalion, The Royal Sussex Regiment, third, with 48.



L/Cpl Agar flat out in his winning ride in the one-mile race which he covered in 1 min 9 sec.



The inter-unit team champions with the SOLDIER Cup. They are (left to right): Staff-Sergeant B. Smith, Corporal T. Hallam, Corporal P. Arnott and Lance-Corporal M. Landers, REME.

A SAD NIGHT FOR THE ARMY

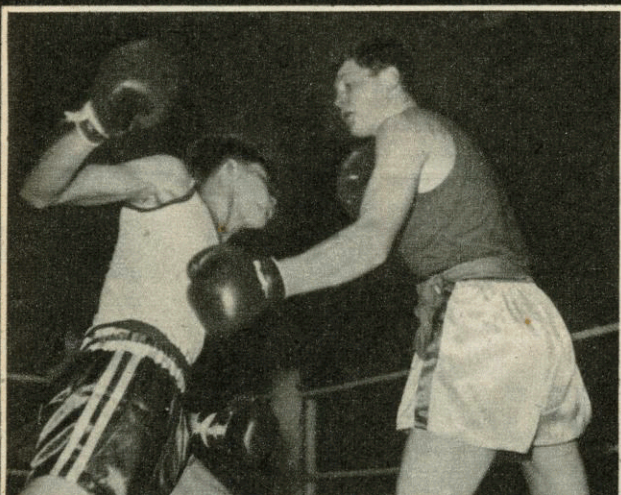
IN the first leg of their annual match against Wales the Army boxing team crashed to an unexpected defeat, losing the contest for the first time in 23 years by seven bouts to three.

It was a sad night for the Army who, against a team which included five national champions, lost the first five bouts in a row—a disaster that has not happened since before World War Two.

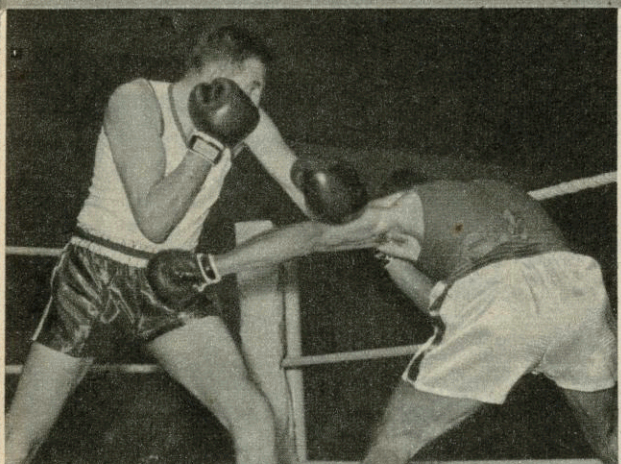
Surprisingly, two of the Army and Imperial Services champions—Corporal Bobby Mills (bantamweight) and Trooper Bobby Taylor (lightweight), both of the 15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars—lost on points and a third Army and ISBA champion, light-heavyweight, Private Tom Menzies (1st Battalion, The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders) only just managed a points verdict after a desperately close fight. But Lance-Corporal Brian Brazier, of The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment, the ABA, ISBA and Army light-weight champion, easily outclassed his man on points.

The only other Army winner was light-welterweight, Private L. Wilson, 14 Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, who outpointed his opponent.

Unluckiest man in the ring was the Army flyweight, Sergeant Nick Macduff, 1st Battalion, The Gordon Highlanders. After putting his man down for a count of eight within 30 seconds of the start, he was cut above his right eye and forced to retire towards the end of the first round.



Lance-Corporal Brian Brazier, one of the Army's only three winners, brings over a looping right hand. He easily outclassed his opponent, O. Davies, of Wales.



Private Tom Menzies covers up and wards off a left to the stomach in his light-heavyweight fight with D. Paley. Menzies just scraped home a points winner.



COMPANY Sergeant-Major Instructor "Nick" Stuart, of the Army Physical Training Corps (above)—the British Gymnastics Champion for the past six years—has been chosen to represent Britain in the world championships in Prague.

CSMI Stuart, who was captain of Britain's Olympic Games team in Rome, is the only Briton ever to gain a European gymnastic's championship silver medal.

SPORTS SHORTS

SAPPER BRIAN MARSHALL, of the Royal Engineers, has broken by 1 hour 45 minutes the 100-mile walking record recently set up by two New Zealand soldiers. He did the journey from Longmoor to London and back in 28 hours 15 minutes.

★

LIEUTENANT TONY HOLLIS and Corporal John Pym, of the 1st Battalion, The South Wales Borderers, recently paddled their canoe 700 miles down the Rhine in 12 days 7 hours, beating the previous record held by two Royal Air Force NCOs by 25 hours. Their journey began at Chur in Switzerland and ended at Willemstad in Holland.

★

TWO soldiers were in the British amateur boxing team which thrashed the United States by ten bouts to nil. Private Jim Lloyd, of 14 Battalion, RAOC, repeated his Olympic Games' victory over Phil Baldwin, of Michigan, and Lance-Corporal Brian Brazier, 1st Battalion, The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment, had an easy points win over Jim Caldwell, of Wisconsin.

★

LANCE-CORPORAL R. E. FOSTER, of the School of Preliminary Education, scored a fine win in the Army cyclo-cross championships, completing the five-lap course at Mytchett in 27 minutes 30 seconds. Second was Lance-Corporal W. R. Lievesley, of 8 Signal Regiment, and third, Private J. Speight, of 17 Battalion, RAOC, whose team won the inter-unit championship.

★

THE Army boxing team beat the Territorial Army at Lincoln recently by ten bouts to one. The big surprise was the defeat of the Army and Imperial Services light-heavyweight champion, Private Tom Menzies, 1st Battalion, The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, who lost on points to Private T. Lowther, 6th Battalion, The Durham Light Infantry (TA).

★

The Real Madrid Book of Football (Souvenir Press, 15s) tells the fascinating story of the great Spanish club, five times winners of the European Cup in six seasons and holders of the World Club championship. Puskas, Di Stefano, Gento and other stars describe some of their most colourful experiences.

The third edition of International Football Book (Souvenir Press, 12s 6d) also refers to Real Madrid but travels farther afield as well—to Moscow, Lisbon, Budapest, Rio de Janeiro, Turin and Rheims. U.K. contributors include Denis Law, Bobby Charlton, Jimmy Greaves and George Eastham.

In Wild About Football (Souvenir Press, 15s), Harry Gregg, Manchester United's Irish International goalkeeper, writes very frankly about his controversial career.

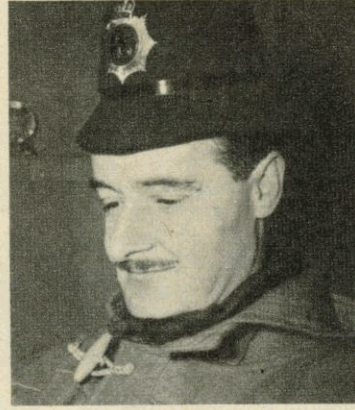
Tackle Karting This Way, by Ivan Berg (Stanley Paul, 12s 6d), the first British book on this sport, deals fully with engine-tuning, driving, maintenance and many other technical aspects in simple non-technical language.



Harry Secombe: Joined TA, 1939. Served in 132 Fd Regt, RA. Most amusing Army experience? "Meeting Spike Milligan North Africa, 1943."



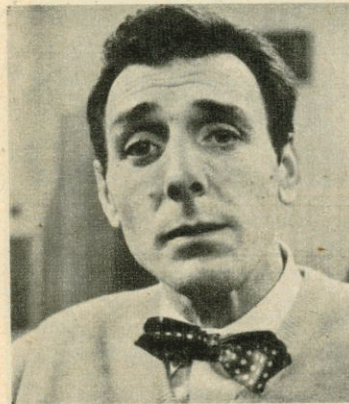
Benny Hill: Former REME craftsman in France and Germany. Claims NAAFI Star for shooting the cook, thus saving his comrades from death.



Brian Reece: Joined RA 1940. Eighth Army Entertainments Officer in Italy, Greece, Egypt. Entertained troops in Korea, Malaya and N. Africa.



Frankie Vaughan: Corporal in the RAMC. Served two years as medical NCO on troopships calling at Malta where he first began singing.



Eric Sykes: RAF sergeant attached 8 Corps Signal Regt, France and Germany, in World War Two. Says he was the only British displaced person.

THE STARS REPAY A DEBT

WHEN the Army needs help it can always rely on its old soldiers, especially those it helped to set on the road to fame.

So it was that when the Army Benevolent Fund appealed for assistance many of Britain's most famous television, radio, screen and stage stars who had once been soldiers fell in again and, giving their services free, put on a Royal variety performance in London.

Among them were Britain's most unlikely soldier, ex-Lance-Bombardier Harry Secombe, who fought with Eighth Army, and Bud Flanagan,

who joined the Royal Field Artillery before most of today's soldiers were born; the lugubrious Eric Sykes, a Signals sergeant in 8 Corps and Benny Hill, a former REME craftsman who claims to have been the only soldier to win the NAAFI Star.

There were some former officers in the cast, too. Brian Johnston of the BBC, was a major and Brian Reece, of PC 49 fame, once an instructor at the School of Anti-Aircraft Artillery.

On this page are some of the stars who remembered their days in battle dress and helped to repay a debt.



Bud Flanagan, of Crazy Gang fame. Joined the Royal Field Artillery 1915, served throughout World War One, recalls no amusing experiences.



Ken Morris: Ex-Welch Regiment and PT instructor, World War Two. Original member "Stars in Battle-dress" playing to troops in Europe.



Eddie Calvert: Joined the Loyals as a boy bugler and became despatch rider in searchlight regiment. He once played Reveille for the Last Post!



George Melachrino: A wartime Military Policeman. First a despatch rider, then a PT instructor and finally an RSM in Army Broadcasting.



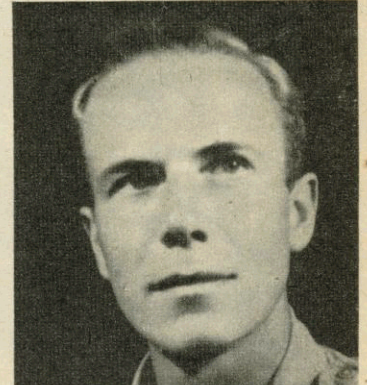
Peter Cavanagh: Joined RAMC 1940 and became a corporal. Looks like Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery and imitated him during the war.



Brian Johnston, BBC Question-master: Won the MC, while serving with the Grenadier Guards in North-West Europe in World War Two.



Cliff Michelmore: A former squadron leader, founder, with wife, Jean Metcalfe, of the Germany-London Forces Favourites programme.



Kenneth Carter, Royal show producer: Served with 74 Med Regt, RA, in North Africa, and Italy, and produced touring shows for Eighth Army.

PLEA FOR UNIFORMITY

May I suggest that before next summer some uniformity be adopted in the wearing of badges of rank with shirt-sleeve order?

The chevron armbands at present in use include worsted or white tape stripes on battledress cloth, on khaki drill, on olive green drill and sewn directly on to the khaki flannel shirt. Either brass or worsted crowns are worn according to the whim of the individual.

The British Army's shirt-sleeve order is not a very presentable form of dress at the best of times, particularly when compared with the much superior summer dress of our NATO allies. But it could be improved by the compulsory wearing of the brassard, as worn by the Commonwealth Forces in Korea and Japan.

This type of brassard is still in general issue for Canadian summer dress in Germany, and among its advantages are the following: (a) It can be worn on cardigans, combat suits, parachute smocks and denims; (b) the cost of a general issue would be negligible as present stocks of crowns and chevrons could be used; (c) when fitted with elastic no size variations would be necessary, and (d) it would provide a uniformity at present sadly lacking.—Ex-CQMS, BFPO 16.

SELF HELP

I understand (SOLDIER, October), that for the first time the Army Benevolent Fund is to launch a public appeal.

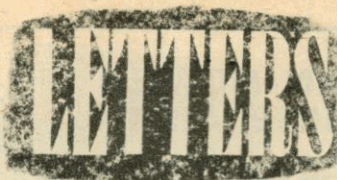
Is it not time that we serving soldiers made a regular contribution to this deserving cause and our very own fund?

The Royal Air Force gives us a cue. Almost 90 per cent of their serving members make a voluntary contribution on the basis of one-sixth of a day's pay every three months and provision is made to deduct this from their pay. I should think no soldier would object to the introduction of such a scheme, which would provide a regular guaranteed income to the Fund, in the Army.—Staff-Sgt D. Fisher, REME attached, Ordnance Depot, BFPO 53.

★ SOLDIER understands that a scheme under which soldiers can make voluntary contributions is at present under consideration, and if adopted would enable soldiers to subscribe directly to their own regimental associations.

LAST POST

In a recent issue of the *Spectator* the answer to a quiz question: "Why is the Last Post never sounded on a Thursday?" was "Because Queen Victoria, when hit on the head by a bugle accidentally dropped from a balcony while she was inspecting troops at Aldershot



● **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.

on a Thursday, forbade it thereafter."

Is this true?—P. T. McGinnigle, Figgins, Cabinteely, Dublin.

★ It's a very good story—but quite untrue. Both question and answer were part of a deliberate leg pull, as was the subsequent explanation given in answer to a *Spectator* correspondent who asked: "As far as I know the Last Post is still sounded every night, in units which still have bugles, at 10 pm or 2200 hours. How then did Queen Victoria happen to be inspecting troops at that hour?"

The *Spectator* replied: "Queen Victoria, due to inspect the troops during the afternoon, was delayed by an important series of despatches on the worsening of the Franco-Prussian situation which needed her immediate attention. She did not, therefore, arrive at Aldershot until late evening, but rather than disappoint the troops (who had been drawn up on the parade ground since lunch-time) she went through with the inspection, with the results indicated in our quiz."

CHARGE OF THE 21st

Mention of the 21st Lancers (Letters, November) reminds me of the story of a charge recounted by Brigadier Sir John Smyth VC, MP, in his autobiography *The Only Enemy*.

During the Mohmand campaign in 1917, at the end of a terrifically hot day, the 21st found a crowd of Mohmands in some high crops. The 21st charged, unaware that a deep drain, known as the Shabkadr, lay between them and the enemy.

Being better mounted, the officers got safely over, but heavily laden and tired troop horses fell in heaps. Some

scrambled over to find most of the officers killed. One of them, with almost the whole top of his head sliced off, died while saying what a wonderful scrap it had been. He had used his revolver to good effect for a ring of 14 Mohmands lay dead around him.—C. W. Westley, 66 Wychwood Avenue, Canons Park, Middlesex.

KILTED DAMN YANKEES

I am happy to see so much interest in our regiment—the 79th New York Highlanders (SOLDIER, July, and subsequent letters)—and hope that I can clarify one or two points on the question of uniform.

As originally proposed in 1859, all ranks were to be kilted and at the outbreak of the American Civil War this was so. However, the unit was under strength and before leaving, in May, 1861, it had to be recruited up to full strength.

The new members of the Regiment did not have the kilt, so at the Battle of Bull Run some men were kilted and others wore trews or blues. The kilt was turned in after Bull Run and trews were worn. The uniform of the 79th from 1868 until its disbanding in 1876 included feather bonnets and white gaiters.

The Confederate Army had several Scottish units at the outbreak of the War and one regiment—the Charleston Highlanders—had full plaids, feather bonnets and gaiters. Charleston also raised the Scots Fusiliers and other Scots units in Confederate service were The Scots Guards from Atlanta, Georgia, The Scots Greys, from North Carolina, and the New Orleans' Highland Guard. Any of your readers who are further interested should write to me.

Last July our regiment took part in the re-enactment of the Battle of Bull Run before 158,000 spectators.—1st-Sgt B. Cameron, 102 W, 93 St, N.Y.C., U.S.A.

THE YOUNGEST VC

A discussion on boy soldiers and the days when they went on active service prompts me to ask who was the youngest winner of the Victoria Cross?

Inevitably, the name of Boy Cornwell, Royal Navy, has been mentioned, but some contend that a boy soldier won the VC with The Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regiment in Abyssinia in 1867. Can SOLDIER confirm or deny this?—Lieut H. Braithwaite, RAEC, Army Apprentices School, Hadrian's Camp, Carlisle.

★ The only two VCs of the 1867 campaign in Abyssinia were won by men of the 33rd Regiment (West Riding)—Pte J. Bergin and Drummer M. Magner. Bergin was 22 at the time but there appears to be no record of Magner's age.

Collectors' Corner

D. Owens, 3 Perry St, Belfast 5, N.I.—Weapons, pictures of uniforms, banners, battle scenes.

R. J. Russell, 161 Kamloops Ave, Victoria, B.C., Canada.—Badges, shoulder titles, general militaria.

Stephen Mills (aged 10), 7 Blunde Rd, Cove, Farnborough, Hants.—Badges, shoulder titles, formation signs.

Jacques De Vos, De Pintelaan 183, Ghent, Belgium.—Canadian regimental cap badges, histories.

Sgt W. T. A. Marsh, Dental Sec., Papakura Military Camp, via Auckland, N.Z.—Will exchange N.Z. badges for British.

D. L. Packer, 13 Buckingham Pl., Queen's Rd., Clifton, Bristol 8—Worldwide medals, badges, insignia.

J. Kemp (aged 13), 35 Alford St, Grantham, Lincs—British Army badges, shoulder titles, insignia.

S/Sgt J. Zaback, Box 83, 1st Radio Relay Sqn, APO 171, New York, N.Y., U.S.A.—Worldwide medals, badges, insignia.

S/Sgt K. Overgaard, Danmarks-gade 33, Aalborg, Denmark.—Canadian cap badges, cloth shoulder titles.

P. Chamberlain, 122 Duckett St, Stepney, London, E1—Books, photos all types tanks, AFVs.

However, he was gazetted as a drummer and not as a drummer-boy. Bergin died in 1880 and Magner in 1897.

The youngest winner of the VC, younger than Boy Cornwell by more than a year, was Hospital Apprentice Andrew Fitzgibbon, of the Bengal Medical Service. Fitzgibbon was only 15 years and three months old when he won the Victoria Cross at the capture of the North Taku Fort in China in 1860. (See SOLDIER, January, 1957.)

... AND THE OLDEST

I was surprised to read in two national newspapers recently that Mr. James Rogers, who won the Victoria Cross in the South African War in June, 1901, while a sergeant with the South African Constabulary, was the oldest holder of the award when he died recently in Sydney, Australia, at the age of 88.

This is not so. At least two others who won the Victoria Cross and are still alive are older. One is General Sir Lewis Halliday, who won the VC in China in 1900, and is 91; the other is the Earl of Dunmore, who won his VC as Viscount Fincastle in India in 1897, and is 90.—J. Beresford-Powis, 7 Polkinghorne Road, London, N6.

MORE LETTERS OVERLEAF

COVER PICTURE

SOLDIER's cover is a reproduction of a painting depicting the action in which Captain (now Lieutenant-Colonel) Harold M. Ervine-Andrews, of The East Lancashire Regiment, won the Victoria Cross in 1940,

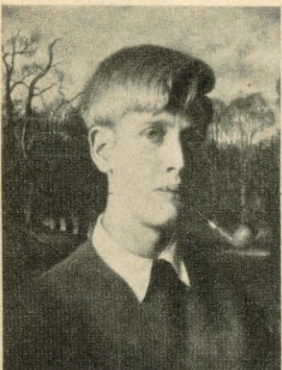
and which was recently unveiled in the Officers' Mess of the 1st Battalion, The Lancashire Regiment, in Plymouth.

The painting, by Mr. John Walton RA, shows the scene in a barn just outside Dunkirk on the night of

31 May-1 June, 1940, when, with men of "B" Company, The East Lancashire Regiment, he held up the advancing Germans who had crossed the Canal de Bergues. In this action Captain Ervine-Andrews (shown top right) accounted for 17 of the enemy with this rifle and many more with a Bren gun.

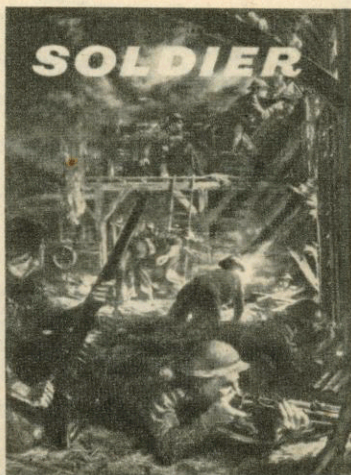
In face of intensive artillery, mortar and machine-gun fire, Captain Ervine-Andrews and his men held their position for over ten hours. Later, when the house he had held had been shattered by enemy fire and set alight and all his ammunition had been expended, Captain Ervine-Andrews sent back his wounded and, collecting the eight remaining men of his company, fought his way back to a company in the rear, he and his men swimming and wading up to their chins in water for over a mile.

Mr. Walton—his self-portrait is shown on extreme left—painted the picture in the hall at Aldenham School, where he himself was a pupil, using members of the School's Army Cadet Force Company as his models. It is his first military painting.



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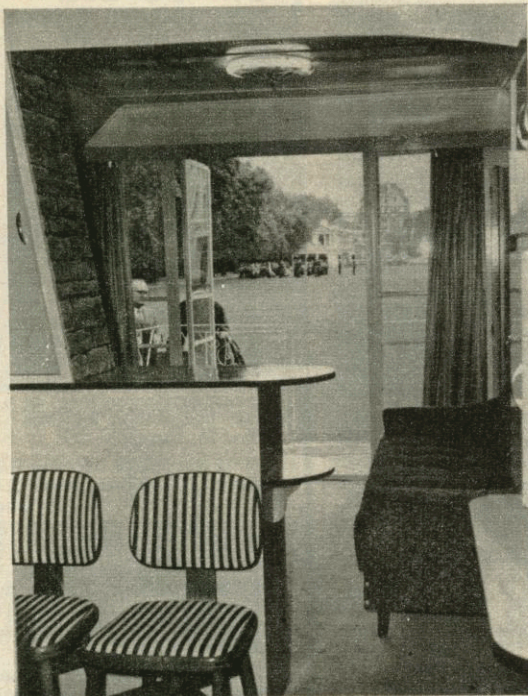
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CARAVAN HOMES FOR RHINE ARMY

TO ease the shortage of married quarters in Germany 200 fully-furnished caravans (some have already been delivered) are being sent from Britain to areas in Rhine Army where the lack of accommodation is most acute.

The caravans are 30 ft long and each has a twin-bedded room, with fitted wardrobes and an electric fire; a bathroom and a separate lavatory; a kitchen with a sink unit, electric cooker and refrigerator, airing cupboard and a cabinet; and a lounge fitted with table and chairs, a settee which can be converted into a double bed, a cocktail cabinet and an electric fire. French windows from the lounge open on to a verandah.

The caravan scheme is only a temporary measure. As more permanent homes become available (at present 8675 married quarters are being built or are planned for Rhine Army and 3000 should be ready for occupation by October, 1962), the caravans will be moved to other parts of Rhine Army to provide more comfortable homes for families living in indifferent accommodation and to re-unite more families.

The lounge of one of the caravans being sent to Germany, seen from the kitchen.

more letters

CANOE RACE

In the article "Cross-Channel Record for a Captain" (SOLDIER, November) it is stated that Captain W. Crook and Corporal Bob O'Keefe won the 1961 Devizes to Westminster canoe race. This is not so. The race was won by two Royal Marines, Sergeant G. R. Howe and Marine C. E. F. Tandy, in a record-breaking 20 hours and 59½ minutes, beating by more than two hours the previous record held by the Special Air Service Regiment.—A. D. M. Wheway, Box 1858, Cold Lake, Alberta, Canada.

★ Reader Wheway is correct and SOLDIER's contributor erred.

DRUMMING OUT

In your December issue (Letters) a correspondent mentions a drumming out ceremony which took place in 1905, but I know personally of a case which happened much later than that.

In 1943 I was present at a parade of a Royal Artillery regiment in Larkhill, when the entire regiment was paraded around a square, the guns were drawn up in line and three deserters were doubled to the centre to the rolling of drums. The charges and the punishments were then read out and, as far as

I can remember, the three men were sent to prison.—J. Sims, 111 Hollingbury Road, Brighton 6, Sussex.

LOST WATCH

A German friend has given me a wristlet watch which bears the following inscription: "Presented to Sgt J. R. Hanley, by the members of the Bugle Band, 2/6 Finsbury Volunteers. Sep. 1917." My friend would like to restore this watch to Sgt Hanley or to his nearest surviving relative. Can any reader of SOLDIER help?—C. D. Cossar, 19 Elmcroft Road, Forest Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

ATHLETICS

In your October issue you said that the Army Minor units' athletics championship was won by 16 Parachute Ordnance Field Park.

For all sporting purposes this unit is amalgamated with 16 Parachute Workshops, REME, and it was, in fact, a combined team from both units which won the championships. The correct designation of this combined team is 16 Parachute Ordnance Field Park/Workshops.—Captain A. J. Pettersen, 16 (Parachute) Ordnance Field Park, Elles Barracks, Farnborough.

ST. KILDA

Those who were serving with the St. Kilda detachment (SOLDIER, September) in March last year will long remember the incident of the Spanish sailor to which you refer. It began when a Spanish trawler came into Village Bay, hooting and flying the medical assistance flag. The Medical Officer (Lieutenant W. N. T. Roy) put out in a dory, diagnosed a suspected cancer case and brought ashore a seaman for a tooth extraction.

As the wind increased to gale force, another Spanish trawler arrived, also hooting violently. Lieutenant Roy went aboard and gave first aid to a seaman who had lost his foot when it was caught by a winch rope. The injured man, strapped to a mountain rescue stretcher, was lowered into the dory and brought ashore through a heavy swell.

The Medical Reception Station's operating theatre had been prepared for an emergency operation which was carried out by Lieutenant Roy, assisted by Sergeant Marsham, Royal Army Medical Corps, and other members of the detachment, under a general anaesthetic administered by the detachment's officer commanding, Captain D. F.

Williamson, Royal Artillery. The Spaniard was later given a blood transfusion and evacuated to the mainland by a Royal Air Force air-sea rescue helicopter.

The blood donors included Captain Williamson and Staff-Sergeant Bennett, Royal Engineers, who had himself been previously evacuated by helicopter for an appendicitis operation. The dory, which had to put out in heavy seas to the two trawlers and to a third, anchored far out in the Bay, to fetch an interpreter, was magnificently crewed.—"Puffin."

CHOLERA BELTS

The recent discussions on the suitability of the topi as a headgear for troops in hot climates reminds me that in India British soldiers were once issued with cholera belts.

These belts were double thickness flannel about five inches wide and were worn round the body.—H. Clayton, Huntingdon Road, Coventry.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(See page 29)

The two pictures vary as follows:
1. Roof of staff car above windscreen.
2. Shoulder flash of highest skater.
3. Number of hut windows.
4. Hut door.
5. Direction of cyclist.
6. Slope of barrack roof.
7. Left skater's scarf.
8. Sergeant's left skate.
9. Stick of officer climbing slope.
10. Lower right branch of right tree.

Prize Winners

The winners of SOLDIER's "How Bright Are You?" quiz in October were:

1. Sgt D. Webster, Command Workshops REME, BFPO 1.
2. Sgt J. Cobb, RE, MQs 44, Inglis Barracks, Mill Hill, London, NW7.
3. Staff-Sgt R. L. Sorbes-Ritte, RASC, Combined Stats and Records Centre, HQ NEARELF, BFPO 53.
4. Mrs M. G. Weldon, c/o C/Sgt Weldon, 2nd Green Jackets KRRC, BFPO 45.
5. Mrs J. Wright, c/o RSM Wright, 1st The Queens Dragoon Guards, BFPO 33.
6. Captain M. J. B. Garrick, PO Box 3286, Salisbury, S. Rhodesia.

The correct answers were: 1. Thrift. 2. Joan of Arc. 3. (a) true; (b) true; (c) false; (d) true; (e) false. 4. Jeanne Crain. 5. Queen Elizabeth the First was unmarried. 6. (a) Tirana; (b) Oslo; (c) Edinburgh; (d) Bonn; (e) Belgrade. 7. Cat and Fiddle; Red Admiral; Iron Duke; Hard Cheese. 8. Lady Godiva. 9. (c). 10. Napoleon (and Hitler). 11. Full house. 12. Any four of the following: (a) Pyramids of Egypt; (b) Hanging Gardens of Babylon; (c) Statue of Jupiter at Olympia; (d) Colossus of Rhodes; (e) Pharos of Alexandria; (f) Temple of Diana; (g) The tomb of Mausolus. 13. Saladin. 14. Necessity. 15. The Waltz King.

RE-UNIONS

If there is sufficient response to this announcement, SOLDIER will in future publish on its letters pages notices of Regimental and Corps re-unions and similar events.

There will be no charge. Secretaries of associations should send their notices to the editor at least six weeks before the event they wish to announce takes place.



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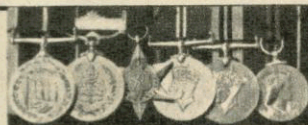
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Executive Class examination for ex-Forces candidates, June 1962 (Basic grade rises to over £1,100); good promotion opportunities. Clerical Class examination for ex-Forces candidates, October 1962. Assistant Preventive Officer (Customs and Excise), 19-21, with allowance for Forces service—examinations in February 1962 and 1963.

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