JUNE 1966 ★ One Shilling and Sixpence

SOLDIER

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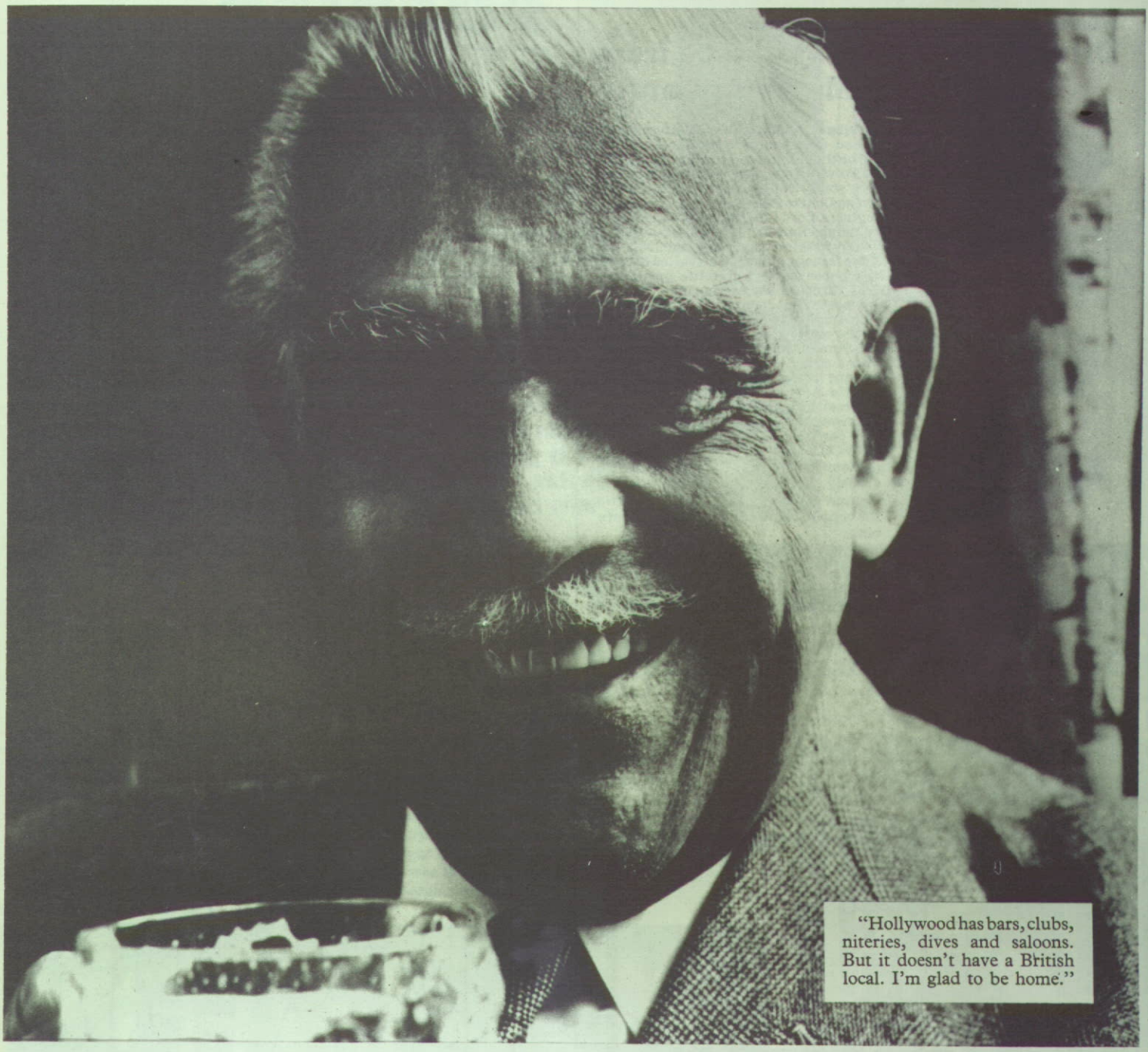

"Hollywood has bars, clubs, niteries, dives and saloons. But it doesn't have a British local. I'm glad to be home."

BORIS KARLOFF

looks in at the local

BECAUSE of my name, most people think I'm Russian. In fact I'm English and Karloff was my mother's family name. I borrowed it because I thought that it would look and sound better. I've kept my British nationality through more than forty years in Hollywood and now I'm home to stay more or less for good.

Why I came back

It would sound too much like an advertisement for the Brewers' Society if I said I had come home because of the pubs. I didn't. The English countryside (where I now have a cottage), London, English voices, the food here, the pace at which life is lived, sheer homing instinct—all of these things drew me back.

But pubs are a part of it. They are, as everyone in this series must have told you and as you must know yourself, unique to Britain. The American bar has a lot to be said for it—but there's something about the British pub that no other country can quite capture.

Somewhere very like home

It would be easy to say that this was because of the polished mahogany and old fashioned beer pumps and the feeling of a continuing British inheritance (all of which I personally like) but I doubt if that's all. Because tremendously up to date pubs, with thick carpets, air-conditioning and soft music—all the advantages of an American bar in fact—still have the same feeling. The feeling of being somewhere very like home. Where you can eat in a sensible unpretentious way; where you can relax and talk in a civilised fashion; but where, unlike home, you can talk casually with interesting people whom you would not otherwise meet.

I still go to California to work occasionally, and I appreciate my home and my local all the more when I come back.

SOLDIER

JUNE 1966 Volume 22, No. 6

Contents

Sports Day by Dik (page 13)

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This is the story of two weeks in the two lives of Staff Nurse Frederick Nock of Tooting Bec Hospital, London, alias 23924706 Corporal Frederick Nock of the City of London Battalion, The Royal Fusiliers. Recently Nurse Nock left the ordered calm of a hospital ward and flew 4000 miles to Aden; there, as Corporal Nock, he was involved in quelling riots and investigating a terrorist killing; before two weeks elapsed Corporal Nock shed the trappings of his second life and returned to his hospital as Nurse Nock. He volunteered for his schizophrenic existence when he became one of Britain's 6000 Ever-Readies, the trained force of part-time soldiers permanently available to be called up to reinforce the Regular Army. Men like 24-year-old Fred Nock prove the concept works—one day he is a civilian tending the sick in a London hospital; the next he is a soldier patrolling streets of hate in Aden's Crater with a loaded rifle . . .

PEACE AND WAR

"I started nursing when I was 18. At that time I was working as a mortuary attendant and one day I saw two dead children brought in and I thought to myself that it would be far better to nurse the living than the dead—so I started training. I had been training for about a year when it occurred to me that I could probably get useful experience of nursing work if I joined the TA. I wanted to specialise in dealing with accidents and I thought that in the TA I could be the chap who is there at the time and able to help. I called in at the local drill hall here in Tooting and asked a sergeant how I could join. He just said 'Sign here.' I did and that was that. The funny thing was that I was the first casualty—during my first training session I stuck a bayonet through my wrist!"

"This is my second engagement with the Ever-Readies. I suppose you could say I joined for the adventure—although the bounty has come in handy and helped go towards the deposit to buy a house for my mother in Tooting. Last year I went to northern Norway with the Ever-Readies and when this chance came to train in Aden for a couple of weeks I jumped at it. I live in the nurses' home at the hospital because it is more convenient for work but I always go round and say goodbye to my Mum before I go off anywhere. I try to keep it as short as possible because she usually sheds a tear—you know what Mums are. She thinks that if I go off to somewhere like Aden I will get blown up or something."

continued over ▶

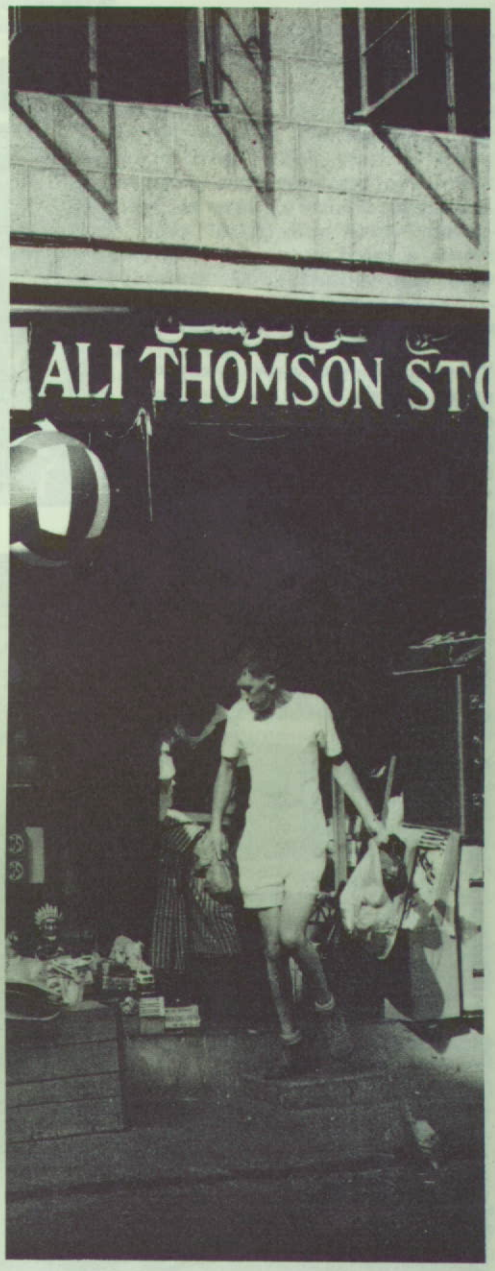
PEACE AND WAR

continued

"We left Lyneham on an RAF Transport Command Britannia at six in the morning, just before dawn. It was fantastically cold that morning and we were all really shivering as we crossed the tarmac and got into the plane. It was a very long flight stopping at Cyprus and Bahrain and we eventually got into Aden at five o'clock the following morning. My first impressions as I got off the plane were the heat and the horrible smell and I thought: 'Well, this is it for two weeks.' I was surprised to see everyone carrying rifles and all the vehicles were caged in with wire mesh."

"After we had settled in at the barracks of the 1st Battalion, The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire, who were looking after us, we were shown round Crater, the area the Battalion was responsible for. At first it made me feel quite ill to see all the disease, the shanty towns, cows and goats wandering the streets and the awful stench everywhere. Most of us were a bit jittery at the beginning although the Regular soldiers all seemed fairly relaxed. The first trouble we saw was when we were manning an observation post on top of the Charter Bank. *(Nock is in the centre of picture on left.)* I noticed water spurting across the road and then saw that a crowd had gathered. It got bigger and bigger and they started chanting something. We radioed the information back to HQ and our recce platoon and the riot police arrived and broke up the crowd with tear gas. But in a few minutes they had gathered somewhere else. They had broken the water pipes to wash their eyes clean of the tear gas. The crowd got bigger and bigger and we started picking out the ringleaders from our bird's eye view and radioing the information to the soldiers and police below so they could arrest the troublemakers. After a bit the riot fizzled out and we were relieved."

"The following evening when we were doing a turn of standing by ready to move at a minute's notice, we were called out to a murder. It was a man who had been shot three times and the body was lying face down on the road. It was sickening to see the people round about take it as an everyday happening —a woman was quietly drinking tea nearby and on the other side of the road some men were playing cards and not even bothering to look. We were all put out as sentries to surround the area. It was very dark by then and a bit scaring—once a car slowed down and I thought 'If anyone wants to get rid of me they could do it now and never get caught.' We finally got back to the barracks in the early hours of the morning and I washed down the stretcher on which we had taken the body to the morgue —it was like being back at the hospital. We only had a few hours' sleep that night as we were off at dawn on more foot patrols in Crater. Every time I passed the spot where we found that body I was doubly careful to look all around. *(Picture below.)* There was a bit of a scare when one of the other lads saw a double barrelled shotgun pointing at him through a window—he got it in his sights when a small child appeared behind it—it was just a toy. A couple of days later we had to break up riots by schoolchildren who were shouting 'Nasser is good man.' They were throwing stones at us and although they were only about five to 14 years old, the girls were the worst. The funny thing about incidents like this was that you knew when something was going to happen—the place went very quiet and the shopkeepers all hurriedly put up their shutters."



"We only had one afternoon off and most of us went for a quick swim at the Mermaid—I thought it was a pretty good club and I was surprised at all the facilities—and then we all went shopping in the Steamer Point area. I really enjoyed all the bargaining with the shopkeepers and I bought a small pair of binoculars to use when I am climbing, a watch, two dressing gowns—one for my girl friend and one for me—a necklace for my mother and two wall mats—one for my sister and one for my brother. I was astonished how low the shopkeepers would drop their prices if you kept bargaining."

continued over ▶

PEACE AND WAR

continued

"The same evening we were on guard for six hours on the high points surrounding the Commander in Chief's house *(picture right)*. Our job was to watch the area to ensure no intruders got inside the grounds."

"The day after this picture was taken, this Land-Rover was written off by a grenade in Crater and two soldiers were injured. By a fantastic stroke of fate I was not in it, although I should have been. But the day before I had got really sunburned without realising it and I reported sick that morning and was given the day off. Otherwise I would have been sitting in the seat occupied by one of the soldiers who was injured. Luckily he was not badly hurt, but a small girl who was near the explosion had her leg blown off. The other lads in the Land-Rover were all quite badly shocked."

"There is a legend in Aden that says if you climb Shamsan, the highest point, you will never return—consequently most of the soldiers try and climb it! We went up one afternoon and it was especially interesting for me, as a keen mountaineer, to study the rock formations. But the climbing potentialities in that area are negligible because of the crumbling rock.

"That weekend we were due to leave Aden but because of the flight delays we did not actually leave until Monday and we returned via Bahrain and El Adem, arriving back in England on Tuesday. Naturally, it was pouring with rain when we touched down."

"When I finally got back to the nurses' home I started to pack my climbing gear as I had a few days' holiday left and I had decided to spend it climbing in Wales. Looking back on the trip I can really say that I enjoyed it. It was marvellous experience and really opened my eyes. I was amazed at all the disease there and it was horrible to see all the Arab food covered in flies. I was also amazed to see some of the Adenis who live in houses made of old packing cases seem to have brand new cars. I thought I would see more camels than we did. I would have liked to have been able to use my nursing skills in some way, but that can't be helped. I think really that two weeks is too short a time to be able to settle in properly and fully understand the local situation—six months would be much better. The only annoying thing is that because I am suntanned most of the other nurses here at the hospital have been asking: 'Did you have a good holiday?' If only they knew!"

SOLDIER *to Soldier*

Girls of the Women's Royal Army Corps will be glad to know that their sisters "down under," the Women's Royal Australian Army Corps, are definitely with it. The skirt of their summer dress frock was in many cases being worn too long for current fashion, it was officially observed. And, says "Australian Army" newspaper, this detracted from a smart appearance. So authority has now been given for the "fault to be remedied by the shortening of hemlines when desired."

Back "up top" there is no real problem when the dictates of fashion demand a change. All is covered by the simple decree that the Women's Royal Army Corps skirt must be "of a reasonable length."

In amplification of this it is pointed out that "a reasonable length" excludes mini fashions and at the moment means about knee-length. In the days of the Auxiliary Territorial Service, hemlines were at a fixed distance from the ground, but sensibly the Women's Royal Army Corps skirt has always been slightly elastic, allowing both for some bowing to fashion and a tactful recognition that not all legs and knees lend themselves to the short skirt.

★

Chad, that odd wartime character popping his long nose over the wall, has come out of retirement to threaten his successors. He has been resurrected by the Local Government Information Office to persuade people to vote in local elections.

Mr Chad, alias Clem, Phoo, Private Snoot, Isa Wotchinya and a host of other names, appears on the posters minus his single question-mark hair on a bald pate and instead wearing a neat trilby.

In World War Two, Mr Chad appeared just about everywhere in one guise or another. Under the alias of Urgi he was even the unit sign of 20 Troop Carrying Company, Royal Army Service Corps, and a familiar figure in North-West Europe as he peered from the tailboards of the unit's lorries.

★

Drum-Major Denis Brown, of The Green Howards, casually lit a cigarette—and singed his moustache. Yes, others have done this before him and countless more will follow.

But Drum-Major Brown is no ordinary drum-major and his was no ordinary moustache. He and his four-and-a-half-inch waxed handlebars had proudly made the front cover of the April SOLDIER—but before the congratulations subsided two inches of moustache had gone up in smoke.

To preserve his balance the Drum-Major forfeited the matching two inches. But all is well—it is growing again on his own recipe of plenty of bitter and his personal brand of soap.

THE AIRLINE THAT CARES- AND DARES

BOAC flaunts Marlene Dietrich on posters, Air-India has all those lovely girls in *saris*, PANAM has its supporters, but the only airline that matters to the soldiers of Borneo's Central Brigade is FATOC.

FATOC is a flying pipeline supplying this jungle-locked formation with the essentials of life and a few prized luxuries. Without the first class service of the Forward Air Transport Operations Centre it would have to withdraw from its forest forts on the Indonesian frontier.

Central Brigade is buried deep in a morass of vegetation many, many miles beyond road or river transportation. It could not exist, let alone function as an alert and eager anti-Confrontation force, without total air support.

Elephantine Royal Air Force transports unload the heavy items of tinned rations, fuel and ammunition on resupply drops. The delivery of all other commodities and internal travel is the business of FATOC'S Joint Services staff.

Within the precincts of the closely guarded brigade headquarters compound, a team of soldiers, sailors and airmen plans schedules for aeroplanes and helicopters from all three Services. Their unorthodox airline runs with admirable smoothness. Every day they bring off a near miracle of organisation.

From a many-voiced clamour for transport to and from more than 250 different landing zones of a 100 different loads they produce a tailor-made flight plan to do the job as cheaply as possible. Gold-dust is cheap by comparison with the flying hours the FATOC staff are able to save because their power is absolute: not a loaf of bread, not a general moves without their say-so.

Front-man and can-carrier for FATOC is Captain Aidan Charlesworth of The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. Cool-voiced and unruffled after hectic marathon sessions on the telephone, he accepts bids from the customers up at the front and their suppliers at rear.

As the bids flood in he grades them strictly according to priority. Veiled threats, cajolery of the "but we were at school together . . ." brand and plaintive appeals—as the SOLDIER team found out—fall on deaf ears.

Priority one covers the evacuation of a

A FATOC-controlled Scout scurrying for the safety of its base as solid cloud cover rolls in over Central Brigade's treacherous mountain territory.

Yashmak Mission 74—a Twin Pioneer with a mixed cargo of passengers and freight. Sternly applied priorities decide who rides and when.

Plane-spotting—an effortless pastime with international appeal. The "great iron bird" era is long gone.

life-or-death casualty, rapid movement of troops in an action and the carriage of aircraft and communication technicians on urgent repair tasks. Such people as padres, journalists and battlefield rubberneckers all fall in a lower category and their flights may be changed or delayed at no notice. FATOC offers no guarantees to non-vital travellers and the wise ones carry their kit against being marooned at one of the remote staging points.

Nonetheless, on a good day FATOC meets 90 per cent of the applications. Unsuccessful bids are resubmitted until they go through.

Passengers or "pax" are generally no problem, although a 20-stone cook was one exception. But as bulk rather than weight is often the limiting factor, sizes are always noted by Captain Charlesworth. Through handling such items as a Gurkha rice cooking pot which turned out to be a yard square he has become a relentless questioner.

At one pm the shutters go up and the next controller sets out to solve the nightmare riddle of tomorrow's flying programme. Pax and freight must be correctly assigned so that the aircraft jig about 30,000 square miles of territory on the shortest possible flight lines. For hour upon hour the designate controller pores over his draft until all the data is down in a thick mass of pencil lines which looks quite indecipherable.

"A computer," said one of the three controllers, "would do this job in half an hour. It takes me up to seven."

Gratefully the controller reads out the last mission and watches a Royal Air Force clerk enter it on an imposing situation map. At first light the following day he is back in front of the board to see how it all works out.

Before then Captain Charlesworth will

have made his all-stations call to alert interested parties on FATOC's schedule. Without a key to the code which disguises the identity of passengers and conceals aircraft types under pseudonyms the fast-talking monologue is an incantation of gibberish. (To which a FATOC man might reply, "You don't have to be crazy—but it helps!")

Yet the people who matter, the listeners on faraway airstrips and landing zones extract the details of their own missions with routine ease.

When FATOC closes down for the night everything possible has been done to ease life for the hard-working men in the squadrons and flights. Tomorrow is another day of intense flying activity. Only the gods and gremlins can say whether aircraft serviceability and the weather will allow the fliers to weave out the kaleidoscopic patterns planned for them.

Frequently they fly in marginal conditions and hardly a day passes without one or other of the crews surviving some rather torrid moments. If there is a worse flying area in the world, no one in Borneo wants anything to do with it. They live with the peril of being shot up by ground fire when delivering troops or stores to forward positions which in many cases are overlooked by Indonesian posts, and the nagging fear of engine failure.

Aircraft attempting forced landings are usually destroyed on the fresh green lances of the jungle timber. Add in the freak turbulence which can drag down a helicopter on full power, the sudden massing of cumulo-nimbus storms and you understand the "twitch" problem the pilots half joke about.

After looking slowly all around, an Army Air Corps staff-sergeant told his passengers: "If we lost our engine here and assuming we got down safely—and incidentally I don't see anywhere—it would take us about a month to walk out."

Take-off and estimated arrival times are signalled back to FATOC by all aircraft operating in the Central Brigade zone. While keeping the flying programme moving over one, two or three 'phones, the controller has a watchful eye on these all-important numerals. His alarm signal on an overdue aircraft will start a search-and-rescue operation rolling within minutes of it going down.

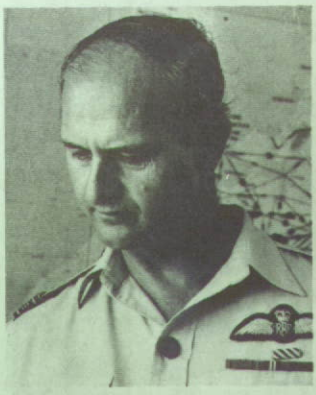
Hitches or emergencies call for quick decisions by the controller. If a security force location wants rocket or cannon fighter support, he scrambles the pilots and briefs them in the air before passing them on to a forward controller.

The FATOC controllers could not run the jungle airline for month after month without fingertip information in great detail.

Aircraft serviceability states, fuel and parachute stocks at any airstrip and aircraft flying hours are seen at a glance on wall charts and fluctuate continually.

An achievement rated as one of FATOC's finest followed a plea for a soldier to be brought out from Borneo on compassionate grounds. FATOC engineered his extraction from a patrol by helicopter and routed him back to London on five planes. The journey from the Brunei interior to a bedside in Aberdeen took 33 hours.

Heavy re-supply drops are closely co-ordinated with FATOC's short-range transport flights.



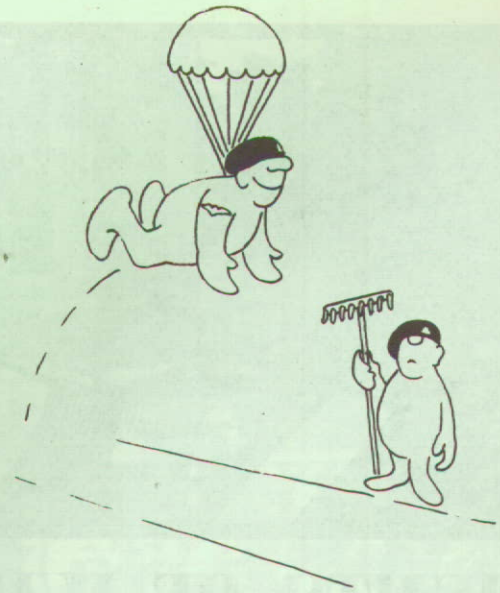
Squadron-leader Dennis Stoten commands Central Bde FATOC

Pilots of all three Services fly missions for the Centre.

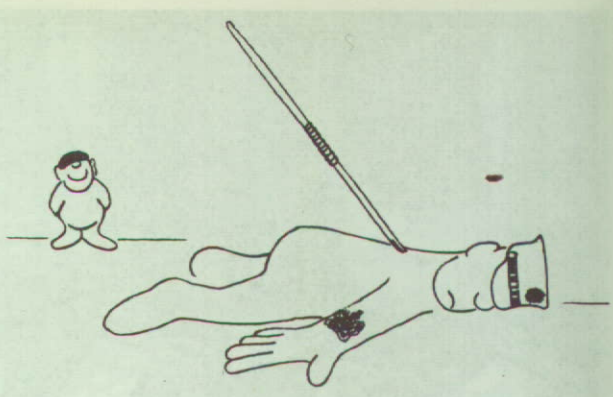
Anxious moments for a Royal Air Force duty controller.

Below: FATOC's call for the return of supply 'chutes is answered by Gurkhas in a remote location.

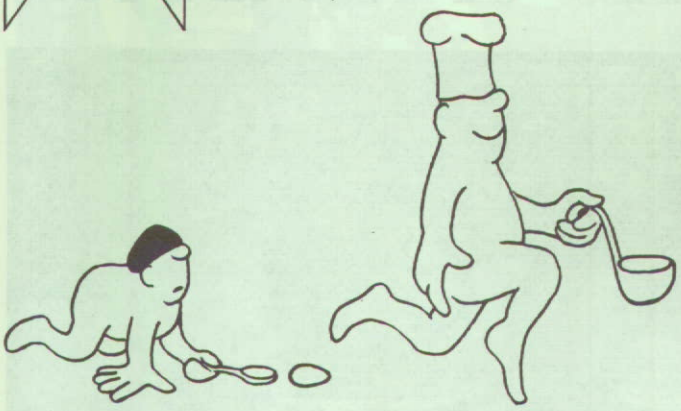
SPORTS DAY



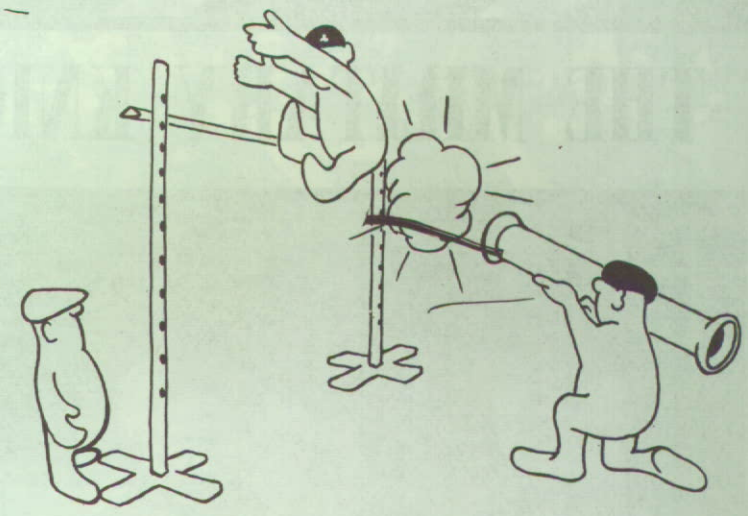
LONG JUMP



JAVELIN



EGG-AND-SPOON RACE



HIGH JUMP

ONE MILE

by DIK

POLE VAULT

PRIZE-GIVING

THE MILITARY KNIGHTS OF WINDSOR

WINDSOR CASTLE has been home to the "Poor Knights" for more than 600 years. Edward III moved them into the castle in 1348—"26 impoverished warriors, infirm of body or in needy circumstances," they were to be "worshippers of Christ perpetually."

The arrangement survived the test of centuries and today "Poor Knights" still live in a terrace of grey stone houses within the battlements of the Castle.

Now named the Military Knights of Windsor, the "Poor Knights" are retired Army officers who have rendered long and honourable service to the Crown. These gallant old gentlemen are very much a part of the traditional scene at Windsor and every Sunday morning, dressed in scarlet tail coats, crimson sashes, scarlet braided blue trousers, swords and red-and-white plumed cocked hats, they can be seen filing into St George's Chapel to attend divine service.

They live in the same rent-free houses within the castle walls which were specially built for their predecessors 400 years ago and they are required to attend divine service in the Garter Chapel every Sunday, on St George's Day and on certain other occasions.

The story of the Military Knights begins in 1348 when King Edward III returned from his great victories in France and founded the Order of the Garter, its numbers limited to himself and 25 of the bravest knights in the land. At the same time he also established the College of Secular Canons—now more commonly known as St George's Chapel—to support the Order with its prayers.

As the Knights of the Garter were expected to be frequently absent on service in the Royal cause, the King decreed that 26 "poor veteran warriors lacking the means of a livelihood" should be established within the College "for the glory of God and the blessed Saint George . . . and they shall serve continuously in prayer," attending daily service in St George's Chapel, the Order's shrine of chivalry.

Quarters in the Castle were provided for these "Poor Knights"—as they were then known—and the royal wage scale fixed their remuneration at "twelve pence daily for sustenance and forty shillings for their other needs." If any "Poor Knight" absented himself or failed to answer the daily roll call his sustenance money was forfeited to his comrades.

King Edward intended that admission to the ranks of the "Poor Knights" should remain a perquisite of really hard-up warriors; and if any of them happened to inherit or otherwise acquire cash or property to the annual value of £20 he was required to relinquish his post with its free food, clothing and housing.

But this embargo was frequently ignored. Several of those later admitted as "Poor Knights" had never been soldiers at all, nor were they impoverished. One was a Frenchman who became a schoolmaster at Eton and died leaving an estate worth thousands of pounds. Another spent eight years "on leave" in Guiana cultivating his plantations.

For almost two centuries after the death of King Edward there were rarely more than two or three "Poor Knights" in residence at Windsor. It was not that the job lacked applicants, but simply that the finances of the College could not stand up to the strain.

Several monarchs nominated "Poor Knights" as a reward for personal service. Edward IV appointed his own physician and Henry VII in 1498 nominated his barber.

Begrudging this individual the necessary financial support, he persuaded Windsor's Dean and Canons to find the wherewithal, according them his "right heartie thanks" in anticipation. One of Henry VIII's appointees was a dish-server from his own dining room.

Henry VIII provided in his will for the re-foundation of the company of "Poor Knights" on a firmer footing and his daughter, Queen Mary I, ordered the construction of their present lodgings in the lower wall of the Castle, putting her arms

and those of her husband, Philip of Spain, on the central tower—where the Governor of the Knights now lives.

She increased the number of Knights from three to nine and her sister, Queen Elizabeth I, finally brought the establishment up to 13 and promulgated the statutes under which the Knights still live.

Frowning on marriage, the Virgin Queen continued to forbid her "Poor Knights" to wed, on pain of instant dismissal. Despite the fact that their official salary was then a mere shilling a day, several Knights successfully defied this ban and espoused ladies of their choice.

Cromwell brought the "Poor Knights" under the cold scrutiny of his commissioners but they reported that as these superannuated warriors seemed disinclined to dabble in politics they could safely be left alone. But to bring them into line with the national policy of austerity their Garter robes of red gown and blue mantle were replaced (for a time) by a gown of "sad grey colour at 13s 4d a yard lined with baize at 2s 4d a yard." Forbidden to say prayers for the King, the Knights were ordered to read a chapter of the Old Testament daily.

Above: Led by the present Governor, Major-General E Hakewill Smith, the Military Knights of Windsor head the procession at last year's Garter Service.

Since Cromwell raised their pay, the "Poor Knights" accepted the new regime without protest.

But when King Charles II was restored to the throne he took a harsh view of their behaviour and all those who had dared attend the funeral of the Lord Protector in their official capacity were summarily dismissed.

In the eighteenth century two "Poor Knights" were expelled for disobeying a rule requiring them to live in the Castle for at least nine months of the year and another retired warrior with sporting proclivities incurred the wrath of the Castle authorities because his pet hounds became a nuisance.

Several were banished for having wives and one who apparently smoked in bed was found dead in his room one day with a "great part of his body consumed with fire."

Although they are no longer forbidden to wed, the Military Knights of Windsor (their title was changed by William IV) are still required to live in the Castle for nine months of the year. In 1905 the Dean and Canons ceased to be responsible for the discipline of the Knights who since then have been subject to the Governor and Constable of the Castle as well as to their own Governor, although they remain part of the College.

Chosen from the list of retired Army officers with distinguished records, the Military Knights are still appointed by the Sovereign.

At the annual Garter Service the Military Knights have the honour of leading the Sovereign's procession and sit in special stalls below those of the Garter Knights themselves.

The uniform they now wear is the unattached staff officer's dress of 1834 which William IV was "graciously pleased to prescribe and assign unto them."

Thirteen permanent representatives of the highest order of chivalry, the Military Knights of Windsor live out their days in peaceful tranquillity, a picturesque link with six centuries of English history.

Applications for appointment to the Military Knights of Windsor are considered only from married officers with long distinguished records. Serving officers interested should apply through the usual channels and retired officers should apply direct to the Military Secretary of the Army Department.

BACK ON THE TREASURE TRAIL

A CASUAL sundowner drink in a Malayan bar has put The Gloucestershire Regiment back on a £10,000 treasure trail after 24 years of silence and mystery.

Foster's Smokehouse in the Cameron Highlands with its so very English *décor* was a relaxing place to spend a leave and the ice was tinkling pleasantly in Major Tony Streather's glass when he saw something that sent a memory chord jangling. He was looking at a stately silver candelabra —a miniature Albert Memorial of unfurled flags, sphinxes, acorns and thistles. Surely it was one of the pieces of his Regiment's silver missing, believed stolen, since 1942.

Major Streather's secondment to The Gurkha Brigade and the pure chance of his visit to Foster's had given the Regiment a possible clue. A snapshot and letter sent to the Regimental Secretary, Brigadier T M Grazebrook, confirmed his hunch. The candelabra WAS from the hideaway hoard. It was unmistakably the work of a fashionable London silversmith and one of four candelabras presented to the 1st Battalion in 1881.

The owner of the Smokehouse, Mr Stan Middleton Foster, found it in a Singapore gutter—the parts wired together and lying among rusting car parts.

The fate of the silver—so often discussed in the Gloucesters' mess—goes back to 1942 when the Japanese armies were pouring into Siam. Laden with the full impedimenta of a regiment in a peacetime station, including Colours and mess silver, the 1st Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment, began a long withdrawal. They had neither steel helmets nor vehicles, yet fought six fine battles on the road to India. The silver was evacuated with the sick and wounded to a "safe" depot at Maymyo. When the Japs were threatening this position, a King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry officer got the casualties out in a convoy and found room for the silver.

The frantic chaos of the British retreat overtook the pathetic procession when a staff officer commandeered the lorries and ordered the sick to walk to India. At this desperate point a civilian businessman, Mr J Waters, arrived in the nick of time. He was given a temporary commission in the Regiment and his six vehicles were hastily equipped as ambulances.

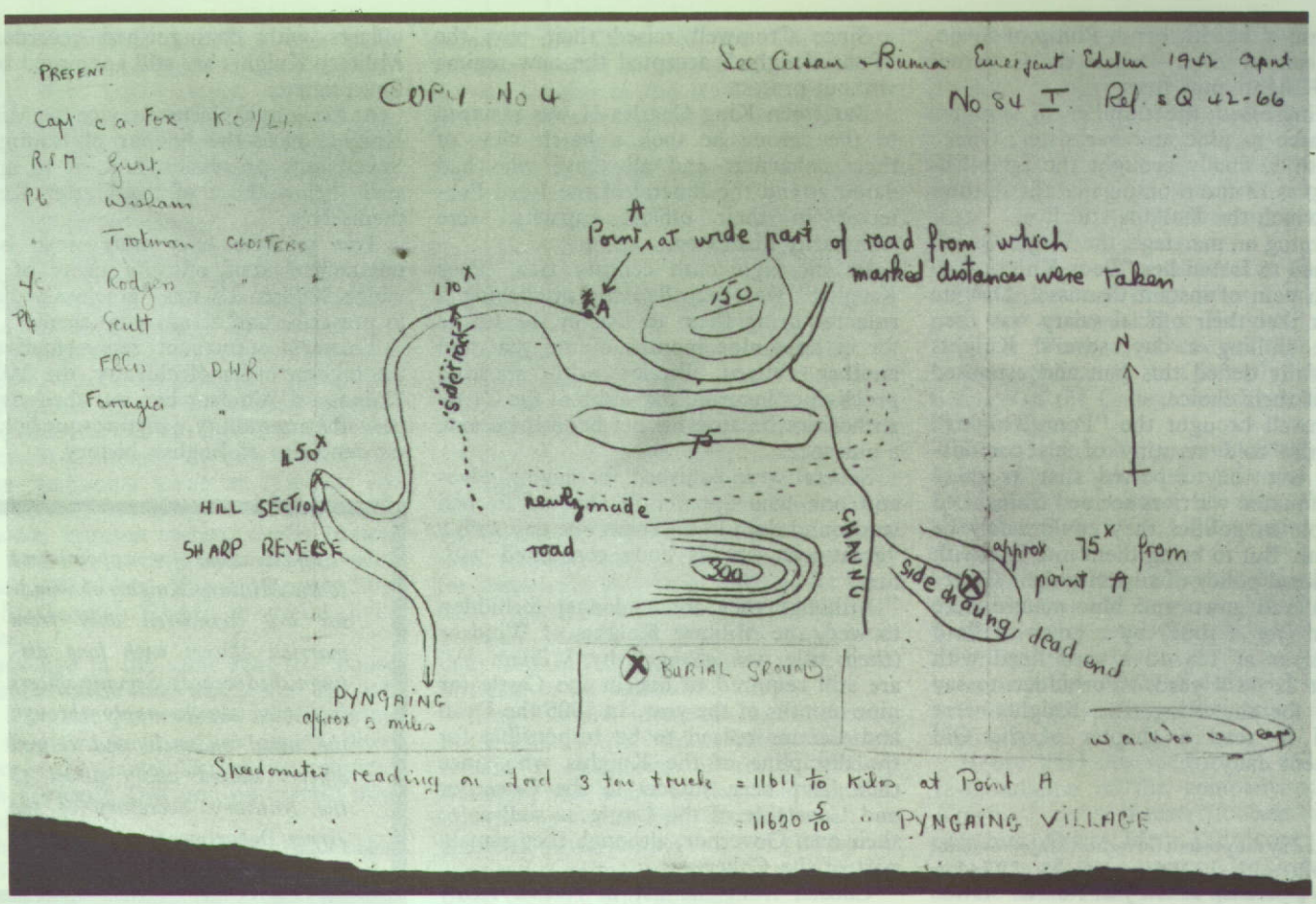
The last obstacle before India was the River Chindwin and the party was within 50 miles of it when another staff officer ordered the ditching of their vehicles as there was no chance of getting them across.

Faced with a scarifying march on which several of the sick were to die, the officer in charge knew that the silver had reached the end of the road. Working hurriedly and at night, a few men interred the Regiment's historic collection in a Burmese burial ground. The officers stowed a few priceless pieces in their packs and scrawled maps showing the location of the remainder.

Following one of those maps two years later, men from the Glosters' 10th Battalion discovered the cache had been rifled. Some small items were rounded up in neighbouring villages, but of the bulk of the silver, particularly the striking centrepieces, there was no trace. Extensive inquiries and two more searches proved equally fruitless.

Mr Foster was hunting for antiques in Singapore's Thieves' Market when he saw the candelabra. "It was dirty and blackened

Captain Fox's roughly drawn map with an "X" marking the spot where the £10,000 treasure was buried. Eight men are named as being present.



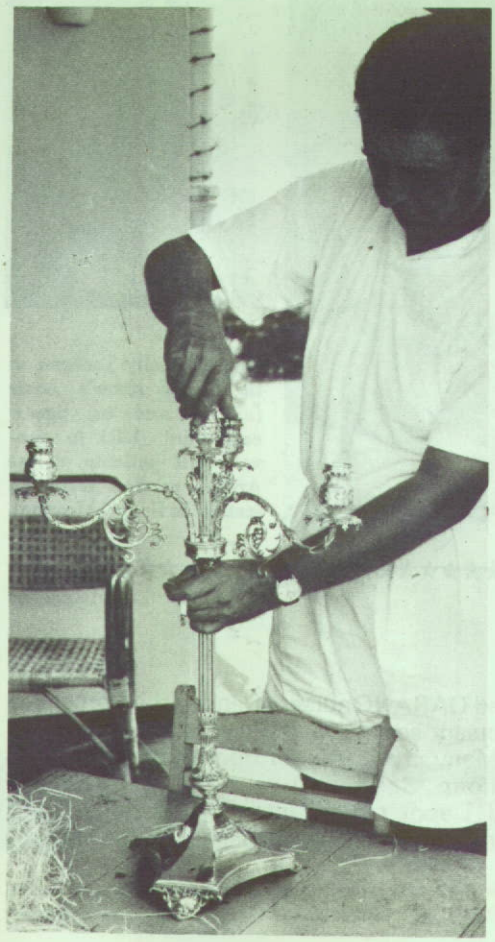
as though it had been in a fire. I thought it had possibilities so I bought it for 40 dollars. It cleaned up in no time and made an intriguing talking point for visitors to the Smokehouse. There was no regimental marking on it although I thought it might have been a Scottish piece—perhaps one of hundreds cast after the fall of Khartoum."

When the candelabra was identified the restaurateur, a wartime lieutenant-colonel in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, was anxious that the Regiment should have it back. A Gloucesters officer serving with the Singapore Guard Regiment, Major Bill Morris, planned the "handover" and arranged for a replacement antique candelabra to be sent from England.

On the Gloucesters' Regimental Day the scene was set for a strange ceremony in Foster's Steakhouse—a favourite British venue of Britons in Singapore. Under the timbered beams the Gloucesters regained their long-lost candelabra. They are hoping it is only the first instalment.

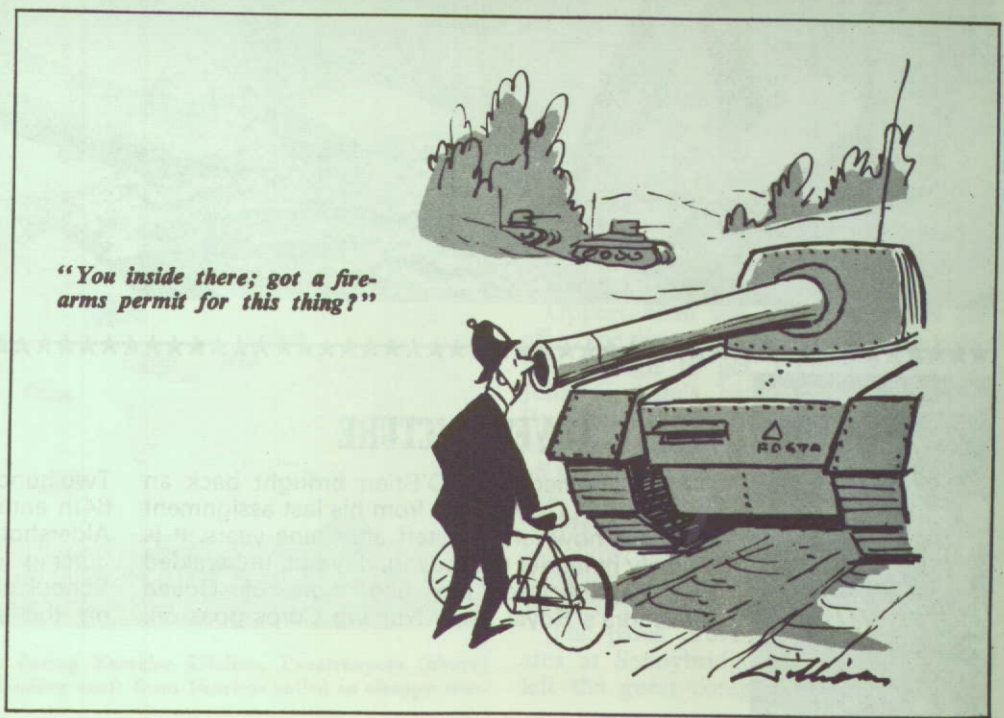
Brigadier Grazebrook said: "We are delighted to have it back but we should dearly like to know where the rest is. The insurance company would not pay up as the disappearance was through war, and the loss was considerable. The solid silver pieces were probably melted down as trinkets for the Burmese lovelies. They may even be adorning temples or wealthy Burmese homes."

It could even be that the Gloucesters silver is glittering away on old soldiers' sideboards in Tokyo!



Above: Back in Gloucester hands after 24 years AWOL. Mr Middleton Foster restores the truant candelabra to Major Bill Morris of the Gloucesters.

Left: Mr Foster was "more than pleased" with the replacement piece shipped out from England.



"You inside there; got a fire-arms permit for this thing?"

BORNEO

SISTERS FOUR

SHOVELS fell to the ground and mouths dropped open as soldiers building forward bunkers in Borneo stopped work to a man. True the Royal Air Force and the Army Air Corps had dropped everything else to make their jungle billet comfortable, but a girl..... They screwed their eyes against the equatorial sun and stared at the trim figure in olive green on the helicopter dust pad.

Making the sensational entry of a lifetime was Molly Jackson, a vivacious captain in Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps. Regular Sioux rides to the confrontation zone are all in the line of duty for QARANC volunteers serving in Borneo. They are flown across one of the world's worst aviation areas to check that the health of the forward companies is being properly cared for.

Four commissioned sisters in the Corps serve three-month spells in Borneo at Kuching and Brunei. They are the best-known Service quartet in East Malaysia. News of a routine change of sisters spreads like wildfire and newcomers face an unnerving scrutiny in the all-male messes.

The sisters find the two bustling medical reception stations a far cry from the pleasant hum-drum-along of life at the British Military Hospital, Singapore. Casualties come in at all hours of the day and night and they may be Britons, Gurkhas, Australians, New Zealanders or Malaysians. Whatever their nationality they need help—some urgently.

The sisters meet the sick and wounded off the casualty evacuation helicopters and escort the stretcher parties to the neat wards. The badly wounded are evacuated from Borneo and occasionally the sisters travel to nurse them through the journey. Those who stay in the reception centre thrive on the luxury of feminine attention and recover fast.

A medical officer running the Brunei station was appreciative: "There's no doubt they are tremendously good for morale. The only snag is that the soldiers never want to leave!"

At this 18-bed station in a wing of the Brunei General Hospital the sisters assist at operations and supervise the day-to-day running of the unit at a super-efficient level. They also shield the medical officer from hordes of harassers. A brisk "Yes, m'dear what can I do for you" has sent many an interloper on his way.

As a QARANC officer Captain Jackson is a state registered nurse. On joining the Army from the Durham City Hospital she went on a three-week course—"to learn to march and salute." A year at the Royal Herbert Hospital, Woolwich, opened the way to a two-year Far East tour and Borneo. For her the exciting Brunei days of rewarding work and sailing and water-skiing off golden beaches are over. She is to marry a New Zealand Army officer she met in Malacca.

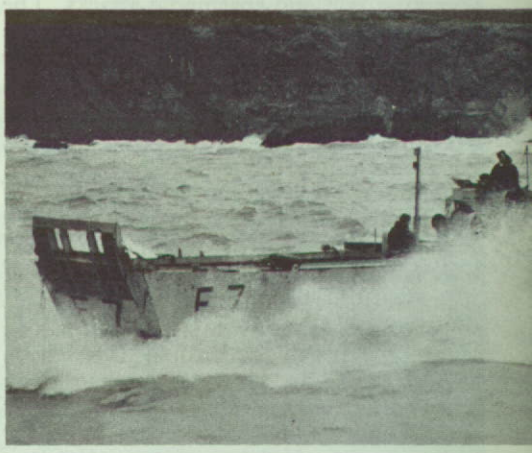
For her successors in Borneo the legacy is a puzzle unsolved—"Why do the Gurkhas have so little appendix trouble?" —and a minor complaint unanswered. "There are too many men—just not enough girls to go round," said a blushing Captain Jackson.

Captain Molly Jackson in the ward sister's chair (above) and as jigsaw consultant (left) to convalescent patients at the Army's medical reception station in Brunei Hospital.

FRONT COVER PICTURE

Photographer Peter O'Brien brought back an unusual SOLDIER cover from his last assignment —he has now left the staff after nine years. It is a timely reminder that day in, day out, unheralded and unpublicised, the fine work of Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps goes on. Two hundred QARANC nurses attended the Corps' 64th anniversary service in the Garrison Church, Aldershot. Many came straight from the wards in nursing uniform. Some days later the QARANC School and Depot moved into a new building on the site of the Royal Pavilion, Aldershot.

LIFELINE FOUGHT THE WEATHER



Pembrokeshire under invasion from air and sea during Exercise Lifeline. Paratroopers (above) dropped well in marginal winds while (top right) landing craft from Fearless sailed in choppy seas.

THE background narrative that set Exercise Lifeline in "a group of windswept, fog-ridden islands" was a triumph for the Gloomy Prophecies Group of the Ministry of Defence. Britain's weightiest exercise since World War Two all but foundered in two April weeks of historic wetness.

Saturating rain and a marathon gale lashed the men of the Strategic Reserve as they pressed through an ambitious programme of sea and airborne landings with Royal Air Force and Royal Navy support.

The three joint commanders could have followed Eisenhower's example when he postponed the D-Day invasion in similarly appalling conditions. Major-General C H Blacker, Vice-Admiral Sir A A Fitzroy Talbot and Air Vice-Marshal P C Fletcher elected to join battle with the weather and 11,000 Servicemen responded in fine style. Much of the original plan went overboard but as a demonstration of tenacity and endurance Lifeline was remarkable.

This was meteorological warfare at its deadliest. The *hors d'oeuvres*, a 72-hour counter-insurgency scheme on the Stanford training area, succumbed swiftly. The parachute battalion cast in a key role was checkmated by blustering winds and the phase was cancelled.

The action moved to Castlemartin, a white-man's-grave of a place where sheep, soldiers and the Welsh folk are united in suffering. On this bleak peninsula in South Wales the weather was ominously worse.

Opportunism was clearly going to pay off so the forecast of an hour of slack winds was enough to get Lieutenant Colonel John Graham's battalion group of The Parachute Regiment airborne. Wind and rain were starting again as the paras moved off to secure a beach-head after a workmanlike drop of men and vehicles. That miserable night was no worse than others to follow, but it was the first for the 1st Battalion Group, fresh from Bahrein and, as such, especially grim.

The paras drove to the main exercise area at Sennybridge in the morning and left the guest company of Italian Bersa-

LIFELINE *continued*

glieri to hold the beach-head against scurrying rain and spasmodic attacks. The Italians were confident of holding out; the question was could HMS Fearless get her assault force ashore? Heavy seas had given the Navy's first assault landing ship and her embarked force a rough passage from Portsmouth.

Crashing breakers and flying spume off the beach-head left the control officers anxious lest the weather balk her first full-scale amphibious trial.

But with her protecting screen of escort ships Fearless dropped anchor off Milford Haven and began the landing. Buccaneers and Sea Vixens screamed overhead on strike tasks as the ship's landing craft swam from the hull dock with the men and heavy plant of Fearless's amphibious beach unit. The blunt-nosed landing craft surged into the tiny bay of West Angle through a 50-yard gap in the reef.

Wheeling spectacularly in the angry Atlantic surf they grounded to put Michigan tractors and a recovery tank ashore. While Royal Marines marked the approaches and organised the beach, Sappers bulldozed an exit and laid flexible roadway. Frogmen recovery mechanics of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers stood by to rescue "shipwrecked" vehicles.

There were longish gaps in the flow of landing craft and the gaggle of watching military attachés, including Russian Major-General Edemsky had to be told that Lifeline was a working-out trial for Fearless. As their water-proofed vehicles waded bonnet-deep to the firm sand, soldiers of Headquarters 19th Infantry Brigade, 1st Battalion, The King's Shropshire Light Infantry, and 64 Battery of 19th Regiment, Royal Artillery, were ferried ashore to Pembroke Dock or flown to the beach-head from the ship's helicopter deck.

This force finally captured the beach-head and advanced to Sennybridge to take its place in the line.

Meanwhile the rest of the exercise was "waiting for the paras" with a frustration shared by men of the 3rd Battalion Group. The dreary hours of stand-by suddenly exploded with a fast order to draw 'chutes and board the waiting fleet of 38 Group, Royal Air Force, planes.

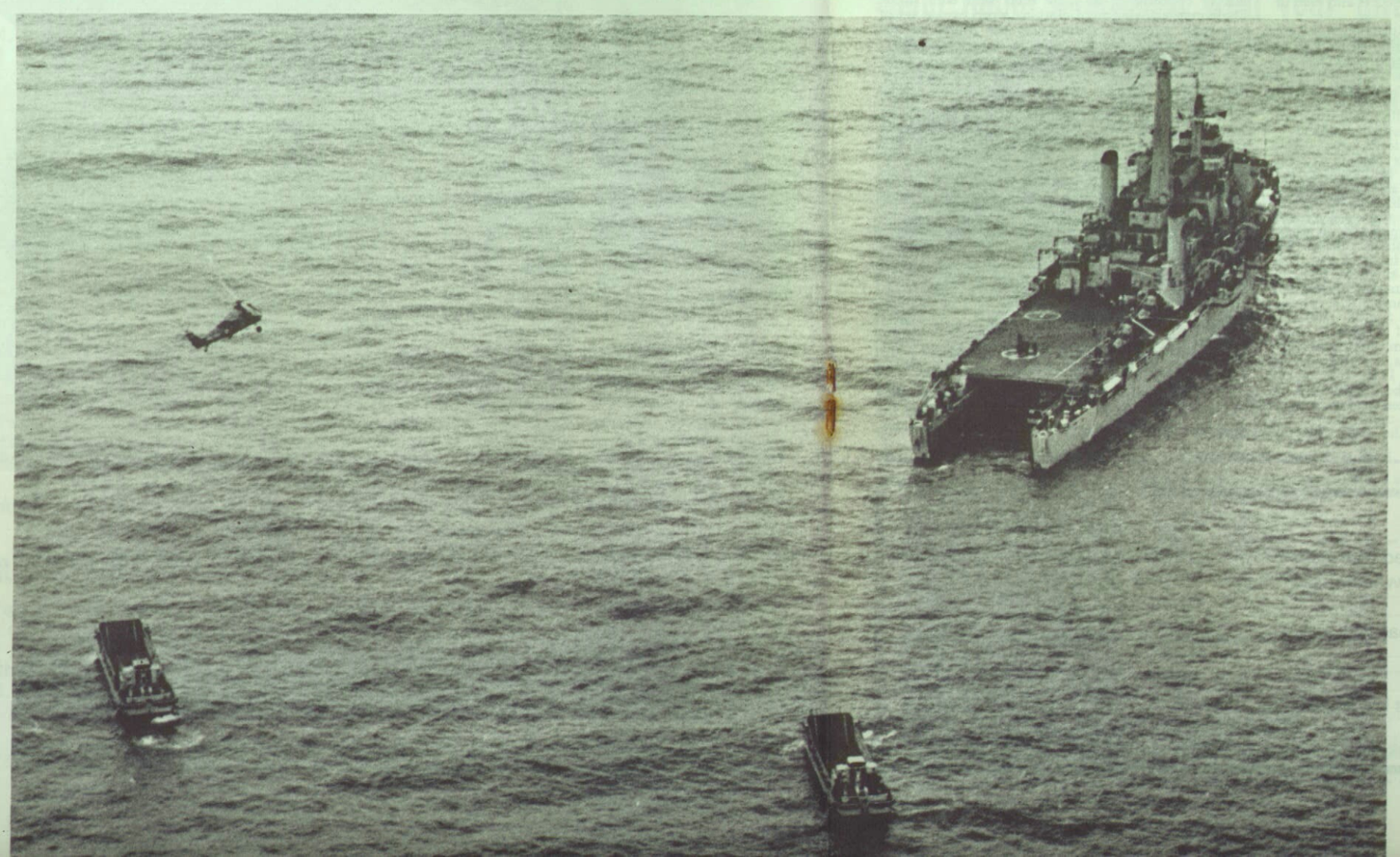
Short temper, the tension of waiting, apprehensions of a leap in dicey 15-knot winds—all vanished as the 28 aircraft flew in dead on heading.

In peace-time training no soldiers run higher risks or face them with more resolution than the paratroopers. They cold-bloodedly hurl themselves into the slipstream in the sure knowledge that a percentage will leave the dropping zone in an ambulance.

Injuries are unavoidable and rise on a calculable ratio to wind speed and landing ground hazards.

The air was filled with drama. One soldier with a malfunctioning main para-

continued on page 22



Top: Wessex helicopters whirl away after carrying a 3 Para company into an attack. Left: A helicopter and landing craft home on to their parent ship, HMS Fearless. The flight deck and floodable hull dock can be clearly seen. Above: A life-jacketed soldier drives his water-proofed Land-Rover ashore from an LCM.

LIFELINE *continued*

chute struggled desperately with a drooping reserve before it eventually inflated. Another with the same problem inexplicably chose to ride it out without his reserve. He fell far faster than other men in his stick and landed hard. Then three men—in a helpless tangle of rigging lines and weapon containers—came in together under a mess of flapping parachutes. But the soft ground was a bone-saver and the parachute field ambulance men who shed their harnesses to tend the injured found only nine minor cases.

The attachés were able to compare this impressive aerial assault with a shock attack by heliborne troops. A swarm of Wessex helicopters protected by offensively armed Scouts flew against a hilltop position. Manoeuvring fast and skilfully out of sight of the enemy they brought a company to an assault position only 400 yards from the objective.

As the mock assault went in, eight ground-attack Hunters set the hills throbbing with the rolling thunder of their low passes and full-throttle climbs.

General Edemsky, not slow to voice his criticisms of other events, was pleased. Beaming like a schoolboy, his long grey overcoat flapping, he told SOLDIER: "It was good. Well planned, well led, and well executed."

As Lifeline moved to its finale the enforced spells of inactivity in prolonged bad weather began to take a toll of the sodden troops. The temperature was low—snowdrifts still lay about—and the bare-faced Brecknock Hills offered no shelter from the graveyard wind. Chill nights in rainsoaked clothing threatened exposure, pleurisy and pneumonia.

The degree of discomfort varied from unit to unit. Some had bivouacs, most had waterproof sleeping bags. Poorest equipped were Territorials of The Parachute Regiment's 10th Battalion who spent one frozen night amid the live shells of an artillery range, lying by the side of their water-filled trenches under *ponchos* and lightweight blankets.

Lifeline will not be forgotten in a hurry, yet the misery had been endured and the purpose accomplished. In spite of the weather the 3rd Division had operated efficiently by land, sea and air under the increasingly confident manipulation of a joint headquarters.

Above: Military attachés from a score of countries brought cameras, criticisms and compliments to bear on Exercise Lifeline.

Left: An Anglo-Soviet jest between Gen Edemsky and Maj-Gens Fitzalan Howard (centre) and Blacker.

Veni, vidi, vici. The first Italian troops to soldier in Britain since Caesar made a dashing appearance on Exercise Lifeline. The noblest Roman of them all would have been proud of the 147 officers and men of the 8th Regiment of Bersaglieri.

The Italians, whose title means "marksmen," were on a three-week exchange trip following a visit to Italy by a company of 1st Battalion, The Royal Sussex Regiment. The flight from their camp near sunny Venice was a foretaste of the infamous British weather and the waterlogged exercise to come. The transport aircraft ran into poor visibility and dispersed in confusion to airfields all over Southern England.

The Bersaglieri won many friends with their cheerful determination to make the best of it. Rain streaked down an officer's face as he looked at the dismal Pembrokeshire landscape and said with a brave smile, "Ah! it reminds me a little of Sardinia."

The fit and alert young Italians were a reminder that National Service has marked benefits for an army. All the men were 18-month conscripts chosen for their fitness and integrity to serve in the Bersaglieri. The Regular officers undergo a 30-kilometre test run to join the Regiment and while in Britain the Bersaglieri maintained their tradition of running everywhere. They clumped effortlessly about Seaton Barracks, Plymouth, with gay lilac-coloured scarves at their necks and blue tassels swinging from their caps.

When they do march, the Bersaglieri march like their hosts, The King's Shropshire Light Infantry, at 140 paces to the minute. Usually they double and on ceremonial parades that goes for the band as well.

In the field they were smart and unmistakable. On their steel helmets they wore the badge of the Bersaglieri—a dark green plume of feathers plucked from the Japanese fighting cockerel. They carried fully automatic FAL carbines and much regretted the lack of opportunity to show their skill with these. Their mottled windproof clothing worn over a set of rainproofs certainly warded off the worst of the weather—and kept them singing to the end.

Above: Men of the 8th Regiment of Bersaglieri quickly found their feet—but this one lost his during this demonstration early in the exercise.

It happened in JUNE

Date		Year
3	Third Class railway travel abolished in Britain	1956
5	Field-Marshal Lord Kitchener drowned at sea	1916 ▶
10	Italy became a republic	1946
13	Last British troops left the Suez base	1956
15	Wat Tyler killed at Smithfield	1381
22	Battle of Morat	1476
25	Battle of Little Big Horn (Custer's last stand)	1876
26	The Corn Laws repealed	1846

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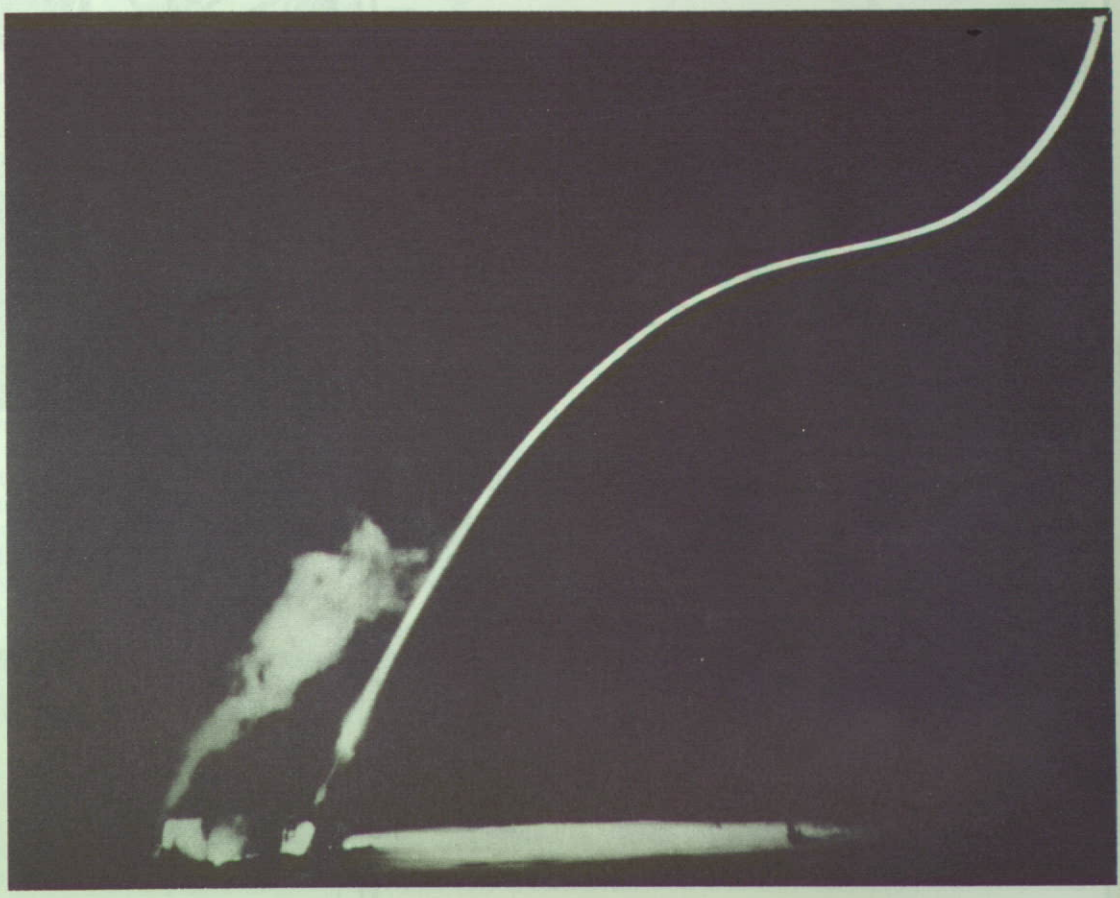
LEFT, RIGHT AND CENTRE

This is a time exposure of Redeye, the world's smallest guided missile, scoring a direct hit at night during Arctic field tests in Alaska. The thin straight line at the top is a target dracone crossing from left to right and the curving line is the path of the Redeye missile. There are no fireworks at the point of intercept as the missile was not fitted with its high-explosive warhead. Fired from the shoulder, Redeye is designed for the United States Army and Marine Corps for forward defence against low-flying enemy aircraft. It gets its name from an infra-red heat-seeking device it employs to "home" on the heat of the enemy aircraft's engines.



Major Martin Farndale kicked off at the first football match on a new pitch built by the Army for an Arab primary school at Little Aden. Pictured here waiting for the whistle, Major Farndale followed the kick-off with a scintillating Matthews-style dash down the wing which had the spectators screaming their heads off. The occasion was the official handing-over of the volley ball and football pitch by 1st Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery, who sponsored the project with help from the Royal Engineers (pitch surfacing), Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers (sundry welding) and the Army Physical Training Corps (coaching). Before the match Major Farndale, second in command of the Gunner regiment, presented a regimental plaque to the school.

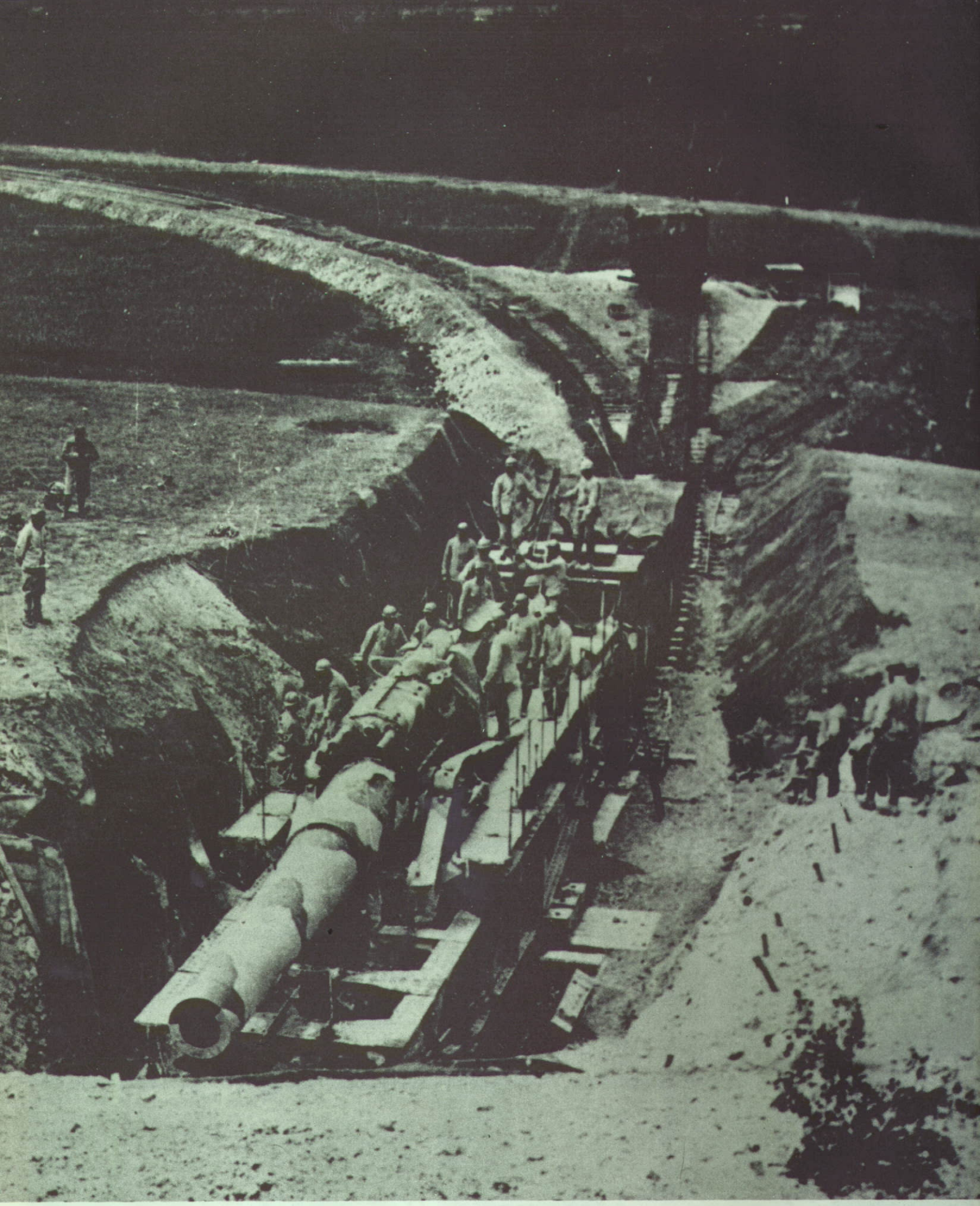
Pictured here are a new-style helmet and a new tent which are being issued to Swiss troops. The helmet, which is lined with four leather pads and has a double chinstrap, covers practically the whole of the forehead. The tent, specially designed for mountain troops, accommodates three men, packs into a small bag, weighs 25 pounds and replaces the outdated 60-year-old Gotthard tent.

Territorial Army chaplains of 44th Parachute Brigade are learning new skills—they are being sent on canoe-handling courses in Portsmouth Harbour. With their clerical collars just showing above their camouflaged combat outfits, the chaplains—all trained parachutists — are being trained in case they are air-dropped into the sea in an emergency. Leaving their parishes in the hands of reliefs for a week, Reverend John McNaughton of Durham, Reverend Alan Reid of Glasgow, Reverend Percy Grey of Bermondsey, Reverend B Whiting of North Petherton and Reverend Christopher White of Aysgarth, received instruction in capsize drill, survival techniques and handling high-speed power boats.

Fifty years ago this tank was lumbering across the stinking battlefields of World War One—but today, like a lot of old veterans, it cannot get around too well under its own steam and a heavy winch is needed to pull it along. The tank, a Mark V, is pictured here being manoeuvred into the Imperial War Museum in London where it is to be displayed in a new extension which will be opened later this year. It was brought from the Royal Armoured Corps Tank Museum at Bovington—and a slow undignified journey it was too!

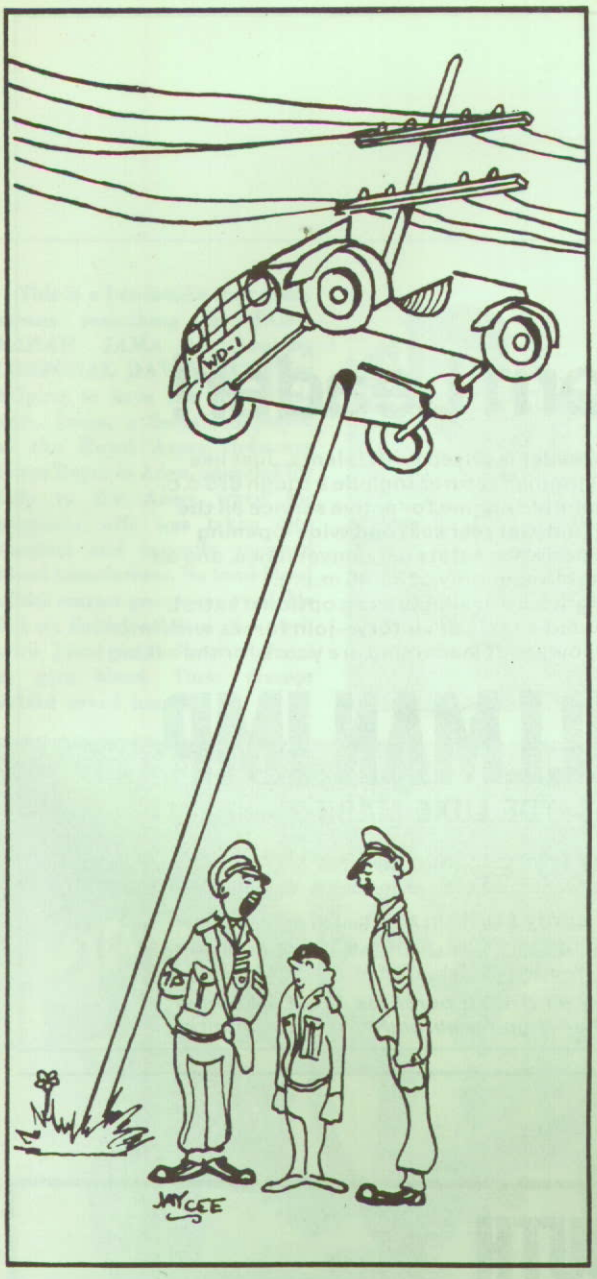
A folding, floating fuel barge made of rubber-impregnated nylon has been the subject of a combined Royal Army Ordnance Corps and Royal Engineers experimental project off the coast of Aden for the past 12 months. More than 220 feet long and capable of carrying 80,000 gallons of fuel, the floating barge is designed to be a ship-to-shore link in the transfer of bulk fuel supplies. The object of the experiments in Aden was to test the equipment in high temperatures. The huge sausage-like container is partly submerged in the background in this picture (above) while Privates David Johnstone (right) and Vincent Borg, both RAOC, renew pipe clamps in the fuel-line system.

Ching Ming in the Chinese calendar is the time when the Chinese pay homage and respect to the memory of people parted from them. This was the time chosen by volunteers from The Volunteers to spring-clean the badge of the Middlesex Regiment on a hillside at San Wai Shan, in Hong Kong's New Territories (picture below). So many riflemen from 3 Company of the Hong Kong Regiment, known as The Volunteers, volunteered to help that their numbers had to be thinned to 70. The Middlesex Regiment, who laid out the badge during the Korean War, have close associations with The Volunteers.



June 1916

In a sunken position at Ravin d'Harbonnieres, Somme, the gun detachment of a huge 400mm railway gun is ready for action. Its task is to lob 15.7-inch shells at German artillery behind the Somme. D-Day for the heaviest Anglo-French attack of the war was to be 1 July and the month of June passed all too quickly in a quickening frenzy of preparation. While the British Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Douglas Haig, celebrated his 55th birthday with a full day of briefings on his unhappy plan, vast numbers of guns and men were moving up to the front. Haig was not to know that the German machine-gunners would survive his colossal bombardment and shoot down 60,000 British soldiers in a single day.



COMPETITION 97

Make 'em laugh

Fall in you funny men and write a caption to this cartoon—it could be worth £10 to you. Authors of the six captions that make SOLDIER'S staff laugh loudest will all have the last laugh when they get their prizes.

That military policeman with the big mouth could be saying a million things to the embarrassed little driver in the middle, so send your caption on a postcard or by letter, with the "Competition 97" label from this page and your name and address to:

The Editor (Comp 97)
SOLDIER
433 Holloway Road
London N7.

This competition is open to all readers at home and overseas and the closing date for entries is Monday, 1 August. The funniest caption and the prizewinners' names will appear in the October SOLDIER. More than one entry can be submitted but each must be accompanied by a "Competition 97" label.

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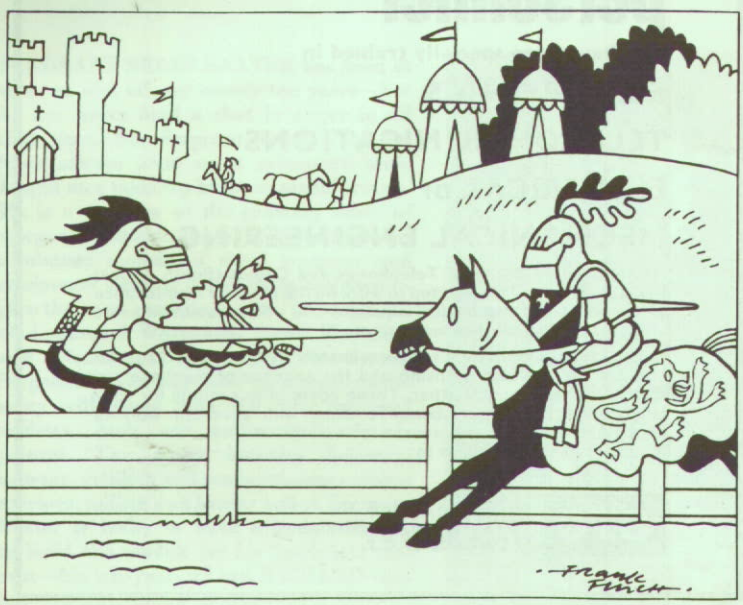
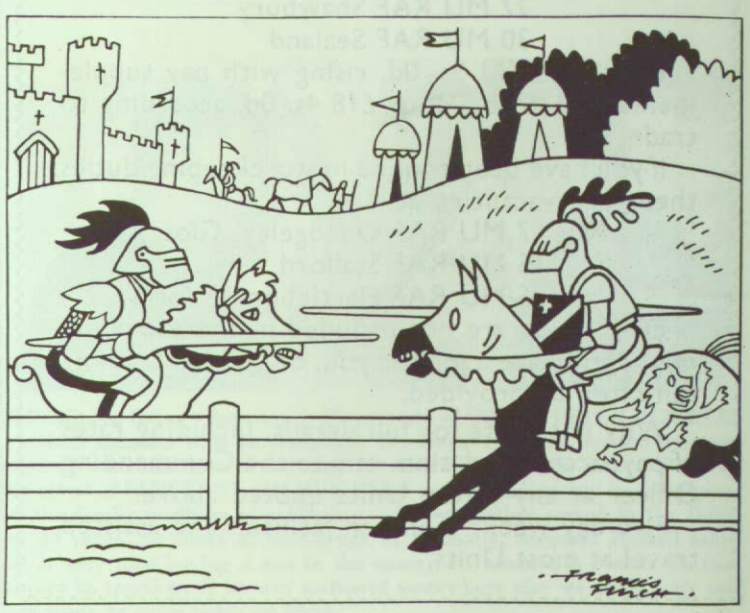
How observant are you?

These two pictures look alike, but they vary in ten minor details. If you cannot detect all the differences, turn to page 35.





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LONDON W.C.2.

Purely Personal

This is a handshake that really means something for JAMA FARAH JAMA is thanking CORPORAL DAVID FRIPP for helping to save the life of his wife. Jama, a Somali employee at the Royal Army Ordnance Corps Depot in Aden, appealed for help to the Army when his pregnant wife was taken into hospital and urgently required blood transfusions. No local blood of the correct group was available but six British soldiers who work with Jama immediately offered to give blood. Their prompt action saved her life.

Pretty SUSAN MOOR was the first member of the New Zealand Women's Royal Army Corps to train for a commission at the WRAC College in Camberley and she proved the journey was worthwhile by flying home with the coveted ceremonial sash as well as a commission. Susan, the daughter of a lieutenant-colonel in the New Zealand Army, is now a platoon commander at the NZWRAC Training Depot in Christchurch.

It was a wedding with a distinct flavour of mystic Arabia when 20-year-old GUARDSMAN DOUGLAS DEAS was married to pretty ANNE SEARLE at an Aden church—the happy couple drove off in a cart pulled by a distinctly supercilious camel. Guardsman Deas, serving on internal security duties with the 1st Battalion, Coldstream Guards, met Anne at a New Year's Day beach party and she recalled: "When he learned I was on holiday in Aden visiting my parents, he spent all his off-duty time showing me around." Because of the Battalion's heavy commitments, the bride and groom could take only a very short honeymoon—even romance cannot interfere with the deadly serious job of keeping the peace in troubled Aden.

SERGEANT BRIAN BAXTER has been at war, on and off, for nearly ten years—but he has never fired a shot in anger in all that time. For Sergeant Baxter's battles have always been on a miniature scale fought on a table top between model armies. He is a member of the growing army of wargame enthusiasts who stage battles with miniature models of men, weapons and equipment fighting under rules designed to give the most realistic results. Serving with 48 Command Workshop, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, in Cyprus Sergeant Baxter has built up a scale model army with more than 500 fully equipped soldiers, each one authentically hand-painted. The Army includes Infantry, armour, artillery and reconnaissance troops marines, militia and border police. Sergeant Baxter is lucky to have a keen assistant to build the models for his battlefield terrain—his ten-year-old son RICHARD who has his own model army.

Following in father's footsteps is 19-year-old FUSILIER PETER RUSSELL, a trainee signaller with 1st Battalion, The Royal Fusiliers, for the sergeant pictured with him here is not only his instructor but his father. Peter is the eldest of SERGEANT JIM RUSSELL'S seven children and he is keeping up the family tradition of soldiering—his grandfather served in the Buffs for 29 years. Stationed at Osnabruck in Germany, Sergeant Russell said: "It is very nice having a son in the same unit because it means we can always be together. If he was stationed somewhere else we could only see him when he came home on leave."

YOUR REGIMENT: 42 *THE ROYAL ULSTER RIFLES*

SHAMROCK SHARPSHOOTERS

THE Somme, 1 July 1916. Next month is the fiftieth wake of the catastrophic battle and nation-wide mourning will poignantly recall the shattering losses Britain sustained.

In Ireland, misty eyes will linger on Helen's Tower, a Belfast landmark and a perpetual reminder to the City of all the Somme took from it. At Thiepval a replica tower commemorates the men of the Ulster Volunteer Division who left the cornfields ghastly with dead and dying on the way to their objectives.

Many of them were soldiers of The Royal Irish Rifles. The Royal Ulster Rifles, as they now are, take some considerable pride in the fact that no fewer than 11 of their battalions shared the horror and honour of that July bloodbath.

Even before the whistles blew, one rifleman had died in a selfless act of heroism.

When a box of Mills bombs slipped into a crowded trench, William McFadzean did not hesitate. He saw two safety pins fall out and bellied forward on to the bombs to save his comrades. His was the Regiment's sixth Victoria Cross and, before that day was over, Robert Quigg had earned the seventh.

The two regiments, destined to join and fight like tigers in World War One, began separate existences in 1793. King George III raised the 83rd in Dublin and the 86th in Shrewsbury under General Cornelius Cuyler. Soon after, Cuyler's Shropshire Volunteers—packed out with hulking Irishmen—were retitled Leinster Regiment of Foot. They were already popularly known as "The Irish Giants."

Both regiments were quickly in action but the 86th was the first to make its mark, doing so in 1801 in curious circumstances—not in a war but on its way to one. The commander, Colonel Lloyd, an irrational man of more muscle than brain, was set on heading his men at the fall of Cairo. They set out to march across 90 miles of desert with three pints of water per man in temperatures up to 116 degrees. Nine men died yet the remainder, suffering tortures from thirst, got through. Their deed is often cited as a marching epic.

These were unbelievably hard times for soldiers. After 23 years in India the 86th returned with just two survivors of the original battalion.

One expedition took them into the interior of Ceylon, marching barefoot to defy hordes of leeches. Of a party of 200 only 60 tottering, emaciated wretches emerged from the jungle.

Remembering all this, a general's letter thanking the 86th for "correct and orderly conduct" was less than effusive. However, a gallant attack on the French-held island of Bourbon had not escaped attention and in 1810 the 86th was retitled The Royal County Down Regiment and given the Irish harp and Crown buttons worn to this day.

The second battalion of the 83rd cut a dash through history in a glorious 13-year career. It won 11 battle honours in the Peninsular War and was disbanded forever. A rare rest from active service followed until 1857 when both regiments campaigned against the Indian Army mutineers. In two tragic years of fighting closely presaging the war in Vietnam, the 86th won public acclaim for a fiery charge against a vastly greater force of rebels at Jhansi.

And so to 1881, the Cardwell Reform and the amalgamation of two great regiments always happiest when fighting together. They took as their motto "Quis separabit" ("Who shall separate us"). The joint ancestry brought the new Regiment a richly deserved honour—the green tunics, powderhorn badges and status of a rifle regiment. Colours were laid up and the battle honours were worn on the officers' crossbelt badges entwined with shamrock. Since then the shamrock has been fighting a losing battle with an abundance of new honours.

Hardly a single battle was fought in the 1914–18 War without a full-blooded con-

The brave start to a black day. The Irish Rifles go over the top for the dreadful Somme assault. By nightfall one battalion was reduced to three men.

Above: The strain of six months on the Indonesian border was evident when the Ulsters finally pulled out of Sabah. Below: In Korea, a succession of withdrawal orders infuriated the fighting Ulsters.

The Regimental Band was dirging Chopin's march for the dead. Behind marched a solemn Battalion and a firing party with reversed arms. The newly named Royal Ulster Rifles were bearing their celebrated former title, The Royal Irish Rifles, to the grave in an orange box covered by a Union Jack.

But the prepared tomb had filled with water and when the time came for interment the crate bobbed indecorously on the surface. A sergeant-major tried to push it under with his foot, slipped and fell into the grave to a gale of laughter. "Begob!" roared the unfortunate, "The Irish Rifles will never die!"

Beyond the farce there was genuine regret that the 1921 partition of Ireland had cost the Regiment its name. A gravestone was cut and stands today in the Ulsters' museum in Belfast.

tribution from one or other of the Regiment's 21 battalions. Roused by the Somme slaughter, the Rifles fought the rest of the war in a frightening fury.

The partition of Ireland caused the Regiment to change its title for the last time, to The Royal Ulster Rifles.

World War Two began for the Ulsters with a famous defence of Louvain and with a rifleman shaking his fist at Dunkirk and shouting, "We'll be back." His prophecy was fulfilled four years later almost to the day.

Soldiers in "The Family Regiment" were fighting their way up the Normandy beaches when their brothers in the 1st Battalion flew overhead in gliders. The Ulsters' war closed in fine style with an amphibious assault on Bremen and the crossing of the Elbe. As in World War One the Regiment had received the finest imaginable support from the Territorial units, now represented by The London Irish Rifles and 6th Battalion, The Royal Ulster Rifles.

Only five years elapsed before the Ulsters were called to Korea to help repel the Chinese invaders. At Chaegunghyon and the Battle of the Imjin River they fought two magnificent actions and wrote a lustrous appendix to the Regiment's history.

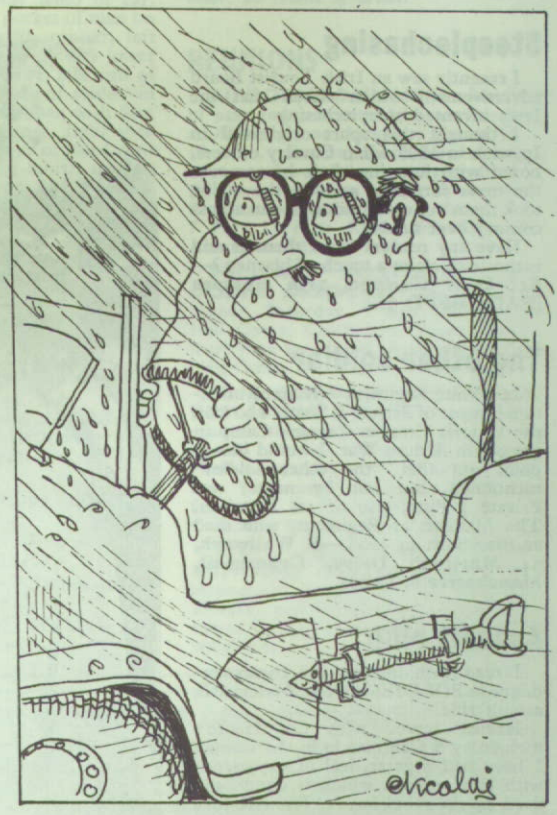
Nor have the Ulsters been indulging in any laurel-resting of late. Outright battles in Cyprus and Borneo have provoked some rare displays of Ulster fireworks.

With a spell in Germany coming up the Ulsters intend to channel some of that spirit of success and aggression into the sports they have had to neglect for so long.

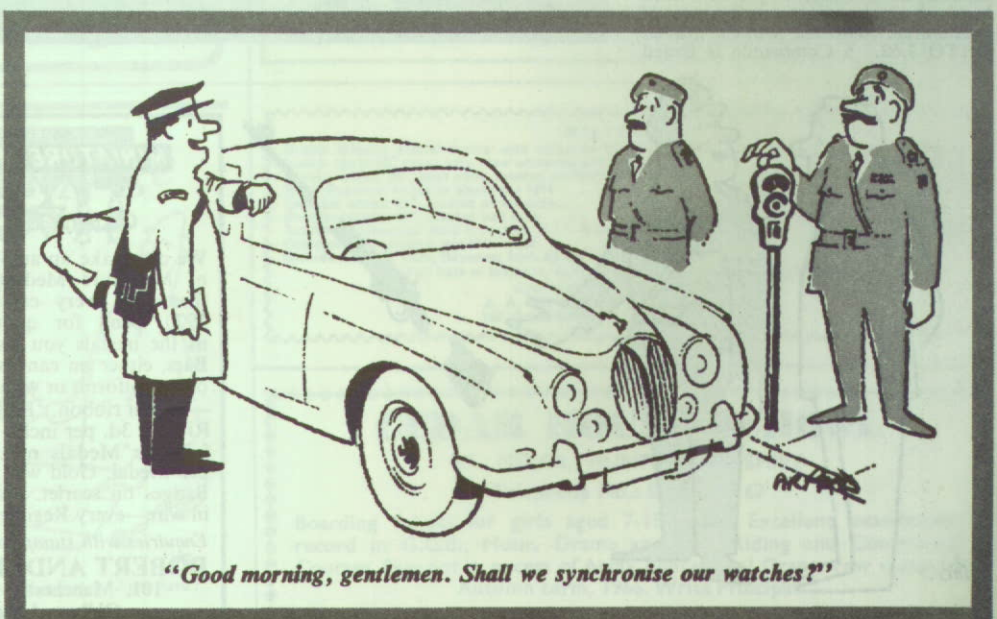
The 86th were embarked as marines in the King's Navy when they were overtaken by a unique and peculiarly Irish disaster. With their usual zeal for marksmanship they were practising musket drill while at sea. Unfortunately they stood on the windward side of the ship when given the order to fire. Fire indeed. A glowing fuse dropped by one of the Irishmen blew into the admiral's cabin and kindled papers on his desk. Fire raked the battleship Boyne until she spluttered down in a plume of steam. Perturbing no doubt, but the company of the 86th was equally grieved at the loss of its muskets, equipment and baggage.

humour

"It's usually a cigarette, senor. We haven't got all day, you know."



"Sorry to see you on sick parade, sarge. Nothing trivial I hope?"

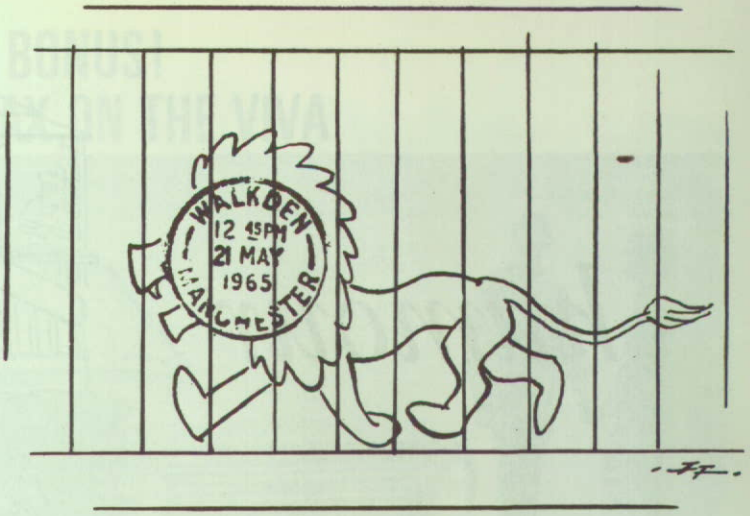


"Good morning, gentlemen. Shall we synchronise our watches?"

Thanks to the Lads

My husband and I enjoy SOLDIER even though we are Royal Air Force.

Your article on Aden was of special interest to us and I would like to endorse the sentiments of all the families out here, especially those of us living in Ma'alla, in a very grateful "thank you" to all the lads who have the unenviable task of patrolling our streets. Their unfailing cheerfulness is a credit to them all.—**Mrs E D Turner, c/o F/O G W Turner, OC CSF(B), RAF Khormaksar, BFPO 69.**



LETTERS

Steeplechasing

I recently saw an Irish Tourist Board advertisement which stated that the Irish invented steeplechasing.

I thought this sport originated in Ipswich in 1803 when Cavalry officers, bored with jumping their horses over the mess furniture and up the stairs, took them out on a midnight run across country over fields.

Have any readers other theories and is the Irish claim a touch of blarney?—**Sgt D W Garland, 11th Hussars (PAO), BFPO 30.**

The other soldier

In "Your Regiment" (March), mention is made of Private R Scott, who won the Victoria Cross at Caesar's Camp in the South African War. I would like to point out that "the other soldier" mentioned, but not by name, was Private J Pitts, also of 1st Battalion, The Manchester Regiment, who died at Blackburn in 1955.—**R Wallwork, 34 Mariman Drive, Crumpsall, Manchester 8, Lancs.**

Assault rifle

I read with interest the correspondence in SOLDIER on the Russian AK assault rifle.

Having served with Col Hoare's mercenary 5 Commando in the Congo, I have had a great deal of experience with this weapon which is commonly used by the rebel forces. The AK fires a short 7.62 and the magazine capacity is 30 rounds. Virtually jam-free, it is certainly an excellent weapon in trained hands. A great advantage is lightness of ammunition compared with the heavier NATO 7.62. 5 Commando is issued with the 1964 model FN which is a far superior weapon to the communist AK or SKS Infantry rifle.

The enclosed photograph (left) shows one of the reasons which make our job so rewarding. After clearing numerous ambush spots and road blocks, we rescued some ill-treated nuns from Yakela, near Stanleyville.

I would be delighted to hear from any members of 205 Signal Squadron with whom I served during my spell of National Service in 1959 - 1961. —**Howard A Carter, (ex-205 Signal Sqn, BFPO 24), 6 Linridge, 4 Regent Street, Yeoville, Johannesburg, S Africa.**

007 pistol

With reference to the illustration accompanying the Rank Organisation advertisement on page 3 of the April SOLDIER, "Have you got what it takes to deal with James Bond?"

I submit that a seven-pound brick applied in the right quarter should be sufficient to deal with any secret agent armed with a Walther .177 air pistol! Personally, I prefer a Browning or Smith & Wesson. A chance skirmish might prove interesting for one of us!—**M L Hart, 70 Gleneagle Road, Streatham, London SW16.**

★ *The Rank Organisation replies that James Bond was holding a special air pistol which fires darts with poison tips.*

Dhala Road

I read with interest the article "Dhala Road Crusade" (March). It was well written and factually very accurate. However, I must point out that in the list of units that have worked on this

"We consider this a major breakthrough in personal camouflage."

task, one is sadly missing—3 Field Squadron, Royal Engineers. This was the first unit to start turning the "track" into a road proper, in May-October 1964. Also, for the last five months, 2 Troop, 3 Field Squadron, has been working as an Independent Troop under command of 73 Field Squadron.

I am sure that many would not notice our exclusion from the list, but you will never convince those who were shot up, blown up and "sweated it out" on the road that they were never there—some not only once but twice.—**Sgt H R Barton RE, 2 Troop, 3 Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, BFPO 90.**

A section of 518 Company, Royal Pioneer Corps, has been stationed at Al Milah since March 1965 and supported the various Sapper squadrons on many of the tasks mentioned in your article. It was demoralising to the Pioneers concerned to see that they had no mention in your list of units/sub units who have worked on the road.—**Maj J A O Napier RPC, 518 Company, Royal Pioneer Corps, Normandy Lines, BFPO 69.**

★ *SOLDIER's list of the units involved was supplied on the spot by a senior officer.*

Military Cross

I was surprised to read in my newspaper that Major J D Hague, who was recently killed in a road accident, won his Military Cross on British soil. How many other Military Crosses, and for what, have been won on British soil?—**Capt D M G Bird, HQ 42 Div/NW Dist, Cuerden Hall, Bamber Bridge, Preston.**

★ *Short of a physical check of* The London Gazette, *there is no way of ascertaining if and when any other awards were made for deeds performed in this country. Major Hague won his Military Cross for bravery during the Battle of Britain at Kenley Airfield in* 1940. *He won a bar to his MC in Italy in* 1944.

Gallant Irishmen

I read with interest the letter from L Cpl C J O'Connor (April).

Those natives of neutral countries who fought in World War Two were not "fighting for Great Britain", but were helping Great Britain and her Allies in fighting for the freedom and liberty of the whole world, including those countries which remained neutral. —**H. N. Peyton, 11 Rodney Avenue, Tonbridge, Kent.**

Red River Rebellion

The article "Long Run to Red River" (March) was a most interesting account of the Red River Rebellion in Canada. But I must challenge the author's statement about the Riel Rebellion of 1885. He asserts that the Canadian Pacific Railway moved the troops to the trouble spot within a few days.

The 10th Battalion, Royal Grenadiers, from Toronto (now The Royal Regiment of Canada) were warned for duty in the West at the end of March 1885. The journey through the wilds of Northern Ontario along the shores of Lake Superior, where the railroad had not yet been completed, involved forced marches across gaps as wide as 50 miles and filled with ice and slush.

Blazing sun by day and 30 degrees below freezing point at night were the climatic conditions under which they marched. The "Royals" then marched 210 miles in nine days over the burning Alkali Plains of Saskatchewan to catch up with General Middleton's column at Clark's Crossing. The turning battle was on 12 May at Batoche.

The "Royals" sustained three killed and 73 wounded in this campaign, and were proud to receive North-West Canada Medals with bar "Saskatchewan" and the battle honours "Fish Creek" and "Batoche" for their Colours.

All in all, a very interesting exercise for the Toronto militiamen!—**P Fairclough, 99 General Brock Avenue, Roxboro, Quebec, Canada.**

Pensions

"Ex-Regular, Chiswick" (name and address not given) should write, for an answer to his query on pensions, to: Army Pensions Office, Division F, Stanmore, Middlesex.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

Announcements in "Collectors, Corner" are published free of charge as a service to readers. Subsequent correspondence must be conducted between readers and not through SOLDIER.

R G Needham, 115 Plains Road, Mapperley, Nottingham.—*Collection of Machine-Gun Corps officers badges for sale.*

Ian Edgar (age 12), 16 Manor View, Stevenage, Herts.—*Requires British and German items of uniform and equipment, especially helmets.*

Secretary to the Trustees, Hertfordshire Yeomanry & Artillery Historical Trust, 23 Mandeville Rise, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.—*Herts Yeomanry & Artillery Museum requires all types of historical material concerning Herts Yeomanry and Herts Yeomanry regiments of the Royal Artillery (photographs, medals and diaries particularly).*

COMPETITION 93

The bumper "How Observant Are You?" (February) caught out many competitors who thought that 30 was a pleasant round figure. There were in fact 31 differences, correctly identified by about a sixth of the 2000 entrants. Entries came from foreign and Commonwealth soldiers and civilians in Canada, Australia, Sardinia, West Germany, Malaysia, Pakistan, Turkey, Italy, Norway, Ghana, Nigeria, Lebanon, Aden, Gibraltar, Yugoslavia, Denmark, Singapore, Fiji, Ethiopia, Hong Kong, United States, Iraq, Jordan, South Africa, Jamaica, India, Afghanistan, Mozambique, New Zealand and Rumania.

The differences were: First line across sun, width of helicopter's rotor, right arm of soldier at top left, position of squirrel on log, rear lamp of car, steering wheel of car, pocket of man on car roof, legs of twelfth runner, left thumb of man on front of car, lower right branch of white tree, left arm of eleventh runner, right leg of soldier in tree, dog's mouth, hat of man with dog, numeral on second runner, right sock of fifth runner, left sleeve of third runner, stripe on shorts of fourth runner, shape of puddle near fifth runner, "d" on tea notice, right boot of soldier with cup, length of axe handle, left leg of thirteenth runner, grass on right of tree stump, slope of mountain at extreme left, rear door handle of car, shoots on right of second tree from left, legs of bird on right, width of broom head, lower bar of fence, neckline of fourteenth runner.

Prizewinners were:

1 Pte M A Jones, c/o Officers Mess, RA Range (ACC), Hebrides, Nunton, Lochboisdale, Outer Hebrides, Scotland.

2 A T E Jones, Phillips Sqn, AAS, Harrogate, Yorks.

3 Mrs J Randall, 10 Priory Road, Stanford-le-Hope, Essex.

4 S J Bannister, Shemming's, Birch, Colchester, Essex.

5 G M Capper, PO Box 18, O'Connor, ACT, Australia.

6 C/Sgt G Somers, TA Centre, Peterhead, Aberdeenshire.

7 L/Cpl W T Torto, 1 Inf Bde Gp, Burma Camp, Accra, Ghana.

8 Maj J F A Overton SCLI, 132 Green Lane, Shepperton, Middlesex.

9 S/Sgt A Costellor RE, c/o Sgts Mess, 25 Engr Regt, Roberts Bks, BFPO 36.

10 Sgt D Davison RAF, HQ Far East Command, Phoenix Park, c/o GPO Singapore.

11 L/Cpl S M Swain, 3 York Pln, WRAC, HQ Northern Command, Imphal Bks, York.

12 Gnr W Charlton, c/o Officers Mess, 24 Regt RA, BFPO 16.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(*see page* 27)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1 *Tail of horse near castle.* 2 *Door of middle tent.* 3 *Door of right tent.* 4 *Teeth of black horse.* 5 *Stripe on shield of right horseman.* 6 *Pennant on middle tent.* 7 *Tail of lion.* 8 *Right ear of black horse.* 9 *Lines on left horseman's visor.* 10 *Name of artist.*

REUNIONS

AIRBORNE GUNNERS. Reunion of past and present Airborne Gunners at Aldershot on Airborne Forces Day, 18 June. Parade, lunch, sports, sideshows and free-fall parachuting display. All ranks reunion social in evening. Families welcome. Details from 21C, 7 Para Lt Regt RHA, Lille Barracks, Aldershot, Hants.

MILITARY PROVOST STAFF CORPS ASSOCIATION. Reunion dinner, Saturday, 9 July, Berechurch Hall Camp, Colchester, Essex. Details from Hon Sec, MPSC Assn, Berechurch Hall Camp.

THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS' ASSOCIATION. Annual Regimental dinner, Saturday, 18 June, at Tower Room, Co-operative House, Parliament Street, Nottingham, 6.45 for 7.15 pm. Tickets 25s. from Secretary, E. Matthews, 35 St. Mary's Crescent, Ruddington, Notts.

THE GORDON BOYS' SCHOOL. Prize-giving and annual inspection at the School, Saturday, 23 July. Inspecting officer General Sir James Cassels CGS. All old boys very welcome.

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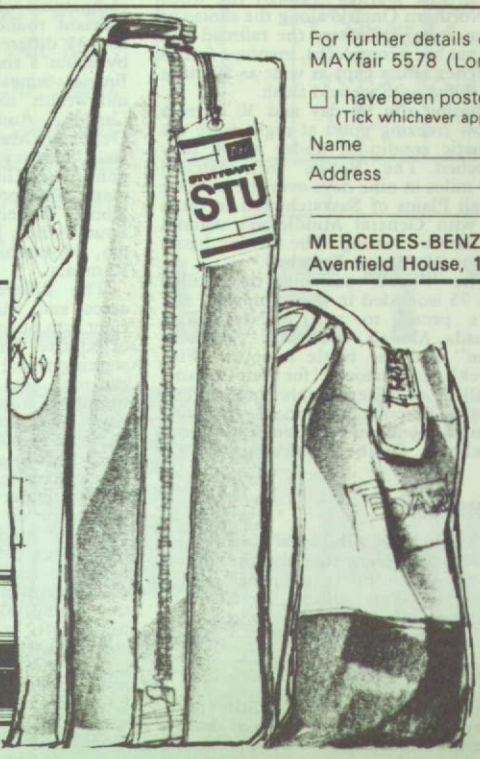

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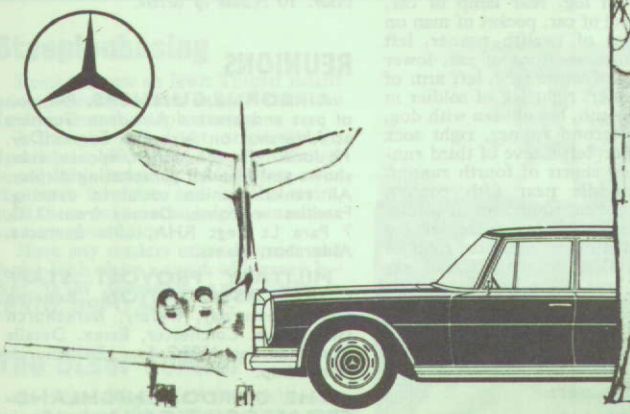

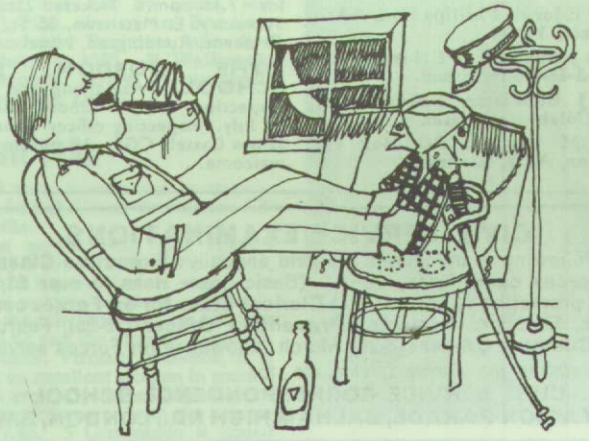

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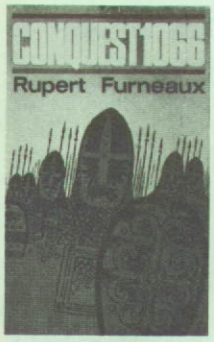
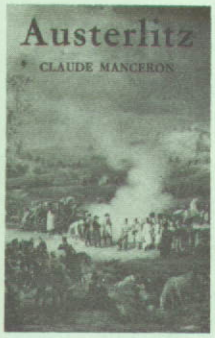




HASTINGS BY A DESCENDANT

"Conquest 1066" (Rupert Furneaux)

OF all the accounts of the Norman invasion to be written in this 900th anniversary year, this is the only one likely to be by a descendant of one of William the Conqueror's followers, Eude de Fourneaux.

What better reason could a writer of Mr Furneaux's standing have for covering the Conquest? Much of his previous writing has concerned crime and the law and he opens this book with a present tense account of Harold's ascent to the throne in much the same way as Perry Mason setting the scene for a jury.

With some necessary flashbacks, Mr Furneaux ably places the Battle of Hastings against its background, describing with clarity the events leading up to and immediately following the invasion.

However, he or his printers should be taken to task for one unfortunate slip. It concerns the oath Harold made to William on the succession to the crown of England. The Norman and English versions are at variance on the circumstances in which the oath came to be sworn. But it is not at all helpful to the reader to have to correct transpositions of names.

We read: "Duke Harold could ensure William's peaceful succession, or make him fight for it. If we are to believe the Norman chroniclers, William tamely agreed to support Harold's succession on Edward's death."

Of course the idea of Duke William ever doing anything tamely puts us on our guard and on re-reading the sentence we are able to see what has gone wrong. But we shouldn't have to.

Secker and Warburg, 30s **JCW**

NAPOLEON AT VIENNA

"Austerlitz" (Claude Manceron)

AS 1805 drew to a close it was obvious to Napoleon that Britain could not be defeated while she commanded the seas. In a black mood he turned his army to the east and by December was face-to-face with the Austro-Russian forces just beyond Vienna.

The ordinary French soldier worshipped the Emperor because of his frightening skill in handling masses of men and material. Indeed, only four hours before Austerlitz he actually altered his plans. It was this ability to adapt that gave his tired troops (some of whom had force-marched 90 miles in two days) victory over vastly superior numbers.

This book, translated by George Unwin, takes almost 200 pages to reach the story of the battle and consequently the details of the conflict lack sharpness. As Austerlitz was one of the greatest battles ever fought it deserves to be treated in more detail. Written in a controversial style, much of the dialogue sounds artificial and far too much time is taken up by an irritating analysis of the various Coalitions against the French.

Yet it has its merits. The extracts from contemporary letters are moving and the hospital preparations to receive the casualties are enough to send a chill down the bravest spine.

Allen and Unwin, 42s **AWH**

FROM 1694 ON

"The Slashers"

THIS anonymous short history of The Gloucestershire Regiment is admirably done. To keep the narrative flowing without skimping detail of the Regiment's most memorable battles, the author presents separate accounts of seven of these in an appendix.

They range from Alexandria, where the 28th fought back-to-back and earned that famous second cap badge, to the epic stand on the Imjin River in Korea in 1951.

A "family tree" tracing the organisation from the formation of Colonel Gibson's Regiment of Foot in 1694, the county Militia of the 18th century and the Volunteers of the 19th, gives a clear guide to the evolution of the Regiment. Regrettably it omits the New Army battalions.

There is also a regimental calendar with some 250 anniversaries. An astonishingly large majority of them are of battles—brief, impersonal reminders of the vast amount of blood shed by just one county's regiment in the service of its country during 332 years.

RHQ, The Gloucestershire Regiment, Robinswood Barracks, Gloucester, 4s post free **RLE**

IN BRIEF

"Ghosts" (Dennis Bardens)

The author, a former SOLDIER feature writer, breaks away from his biographies to make a survey of ghosts, haunting and other phenomena. It is a subject which has always interested him—he is a member of the Society for Psychical Research—and the wide range of hauntings, spirits, poltergeists, ghostly lights and sounds, haunted houses and even ghostly animals, includes his personal experiences (one with a SOLDIER photographer in Germany) and personally investigated occurrences. One chapter is devoted to military ghosts and includes the experiences of SOLDIER readers.

Zeus Press, 25s

"The Virgin Soldiers" (Leslie Thomas)

Eroticism, "mickey-taking" and the tough action of riots and ambushes are the ingredients of both a best-seller and a box-office draw. Leslie Thomas's caricature of his own National Service experiences in the Army, in an accounts office in Singapore, has so far brought down on him the wrath of an Infantry regiment whose soldier illogically graces the book's dust cover, but has yet to incur public protest from the corps which he amicably lampoons. Rumblings at the top there may be but the soldier, happy to laugh at his mates, will enjoy this novel.

Constable, 21s

"Stockade" (Jack Pearl)

Just a weekend guard duty at the nearby "glasshouse"—but a weekend which plunges the men of an American Infantry company into cumulative violence ending in retribution for the sadistic stockade commander. Then follows the inexorable course of military justice. This is an absorbing novel, particularly engrossing in the court-martial scene with the central figure, the victim of circumstance, defended unusually, brilliantly, but in vain, by a fellow soldier.

Souvenir Press, 25s

"Soccer" (Arpad Csanadi)

This is the textbook (two volumes totalling 697 pages and 675 illustrations) to follow up that World Cup enthusiasm. Produced for the first time in English—it has been translated into eight languages and officially adopted in Italy, Spain and East Germany—this manual covers techniques, systems of play, coaching and training. The author, master coach in the Hungarian College of Physical Education, draws on his own wide experience and on that of other international experts. The result is the most complete manual on soccer today.

Clematis Press, 4 guineas

"The Second Division"

During the command of Major-General B A Coad, a short illustrated history of 2nd Division was published to tell its story from its founding by the Duke of Wellington in Portugal in 1809 up to 1953—a century-and-a-half's tribute to the well-tried British divisional organisation and to a still active battle formation.

Now 12 years have been added to bring history up-to-date. The 156 years take the Division through the Peninsular War, Crimea, China, Zululand, Egypt, South Africa, France in World War One, France, India and Burma in World War Two, then Malaya and Rhine Army.

The crossed keys, divisional sign since 1940, were chosen by Major-General H C Lloyd, then commanding. He had previously commanded a Guards brigade with a single key as its sign and added a second key for his new command.

G(SD), HQ 2nd Division, BFPO 22, DM 1.70 (3s)

MAIRIDH AN CLIU GU BRATH!

"Glory of the Gordons" (W Pratt Paul)

A PIPER lay propped against a boulder with both his legs smashed. Yet, defying enemy bullets which spattered around him, his fingers twinkled out the famous rhythm of "Coileach an tabobh tuath" ("Cock o' the North") and kilted men with glistening steel surged past him to flush the fierce tribesmen from the Heights of Dargai.

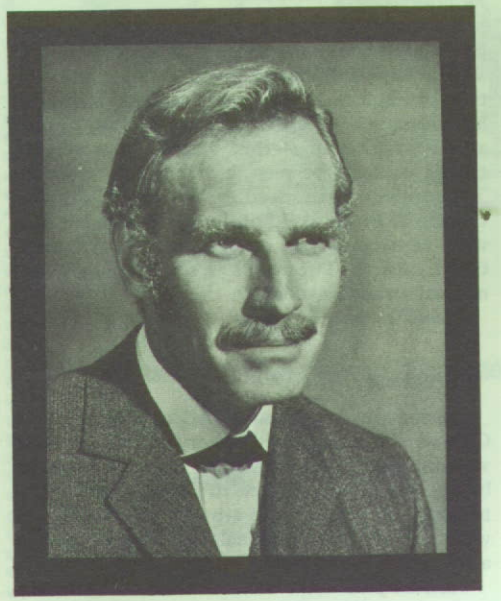
Music has always played an important part in the story of Na Gordanaich (The Gordons). They drove the French from the Pyrenees to the rousing "Haughs of Cromdale;" they saved the British line at St Pierre to the stirring "Cogadh na Sith" ("War or Peace"); they gave a display of Highland dancing at the ball on the eve of Waterloo: they fought to the wild notes of "The Cameron's Gathering" when their commanding officer fell at Quatre Bras; they thrilled Tunis with their pipes and drums at the Allied Victory Parade.

It is hard to select episodes from the rich and colourful story contained in this slim volume—all do justice to this fine Regiment. There was the disciplined volley fire at Corunna, the charge with The Royal Scots Greys at Waterloo, the mobile columns of elephant and camel troops in the Indian Mutiny, the savage struggle at the Somme and Loos, the dive-bomber attacks at St Valery and the Death Railway in Siam.

Na Gordanaich are still ready to serve. From Swaziland to Borneo, from Germany to Malaya, by helicopter or hovercraft, they are always ready. Mairidh an cliu gu Brath! (Their glory will live forever).

Highland Printers, Inverness, 12s 6d **AWH**

KHARTOUM



Top: Opening scene of the film showing the massacre of General Hicks's army by the Mahdi's hordes. Above: Hollywood star Charlton Heston even manages to look something like Gordon.

IN Cinerama and glorious Technicolour, "Khartoum"— the multi-million-pound film of General Gordon's heroic stand in the Sudan 80 years ago—opens this month in London with a world premiére in aid of the Army Benevolent Fund.

Gordon, the mysterious soldier and Christian martyred by an indifferent Government, is played by Charlton Heston, Hollywood veteran of countless epics. Laurence Olivier plays the Mahdi, leader of 200,000 fanatical dervishes who besieged Khartoum for 317 days.

Shot at Pinewood Studios and on location near Cairo, every effort has been made to make the film as authentic as possible but two liberties have been taken with history—Gordon and the Mahdi, who never met, do meet in the film and Colonel Stewart, Gordon's second-in-command played by Richard Johnson, is sent on a fictitious mission to London to try and persuade Gladstone (Sir Ralph Richardson) to send a relief expedition.

Opening scenes of "Khartoum" show the bloody massacre of General Hicks and his 10,000 Egyptian troops by the Mahdi's hordes on the sun-scorched plains of the Sudan in 1883. It was this incident which forced Gladstone to do something—and he gives Gordon and Stewart the gigantic task of evacuating Khartoum.

On arrival the two British officers realise that the Government has dangerously underestimated the power of the Mahdi and soon Khartoum is surrounded and cut off from the outside world.

The seriousness of the situation is not realised in London until public opinion convinces Gladstone that Gordon, a national hero, is in danger and must be rescued. Gordon's friend, Wolseley, assembles a relief expedition made up of 7000 picked men from crack British regiments and sets off to save his friend.

The relief force, clad in special uniforms, is shown entraining in London, and their faces will be familiar to many Guardsmen —soldiers of 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards, were used for this scene. The Army helped in other ways during the making of the film and 16 Railway Regiment, Royal Corps of Transport, loaned three Victorian railway carriages to show Colonel Stewart arriving in London.

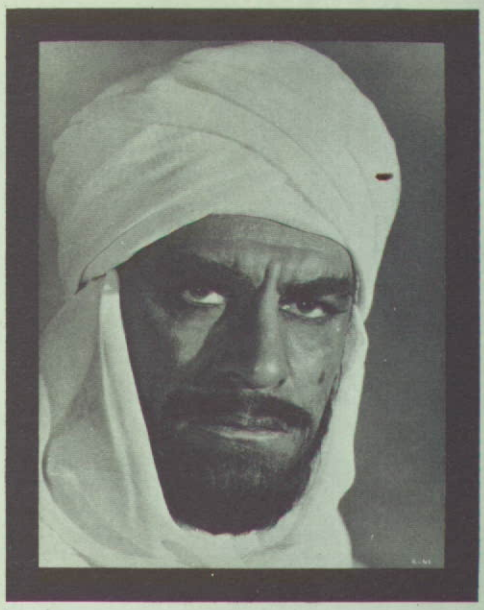
Two days before the advance party of the relief force arrives at Khartoum, the Mahdi attacks and Gordon is speared to death.

"Khartoum" ends with the battle of Omdurman 13 years later at which the Mahdi was defeated, Khartoum recaptured and the assassination avenged. The film is produced by Julian Blaustein and the script is by Robert Ardrey.

S.O. Code No. 72-32-66-6

Colonel Stewart (seated left) bluntly tells Gladstone (right) that if Khartoum is allowed to die, Gordon will die with it. Wolseley (played by Nigel Green) stands behind Col Stewart.

Above: Shooting a scene for "Khartoum." The soldiers are from 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards. Below: Demonstrations outside Parliament persuade Gladstone he must act to save Gordon.



Above: Laurence Olivier plays the Mahdi, the fanatical Arab religious leader of 200,000 men.

Above: Gordon inspects the defences of Khartoum —they withstood a siege lasting 317 days.

BACK COVER

Over: Gordon visits the Mahdi in his camp who says: "I will take Khartoum and the streets will run in blood and every man, woman and child will die."

SOLDIER