

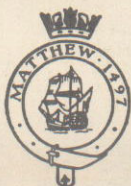
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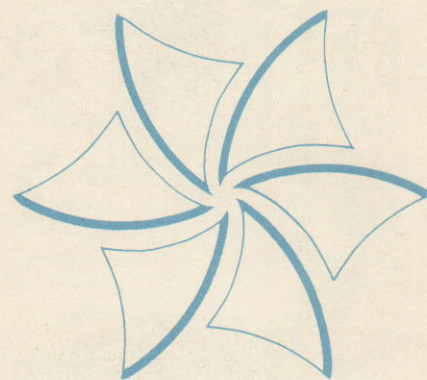
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The Colonel at Christmas

by LARRY
(see Pages 38-39)

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

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

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

TRADE distribution inquiries: PO Box 569, London SE1.

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

ADVERTISEMENT inquiries: The Forces Press, Crimea Road, Aldershot, Hants (Aldershot 21293).

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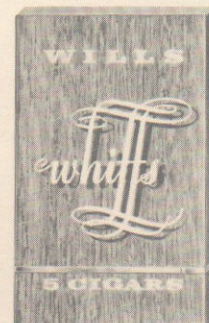
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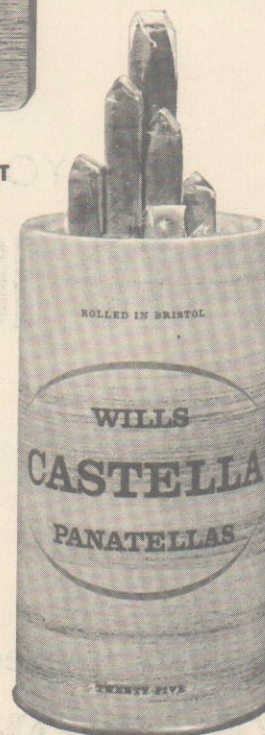
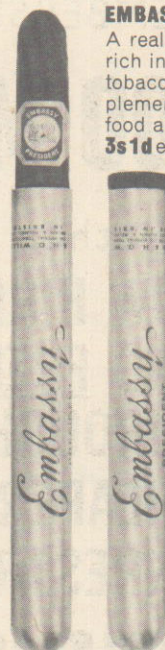
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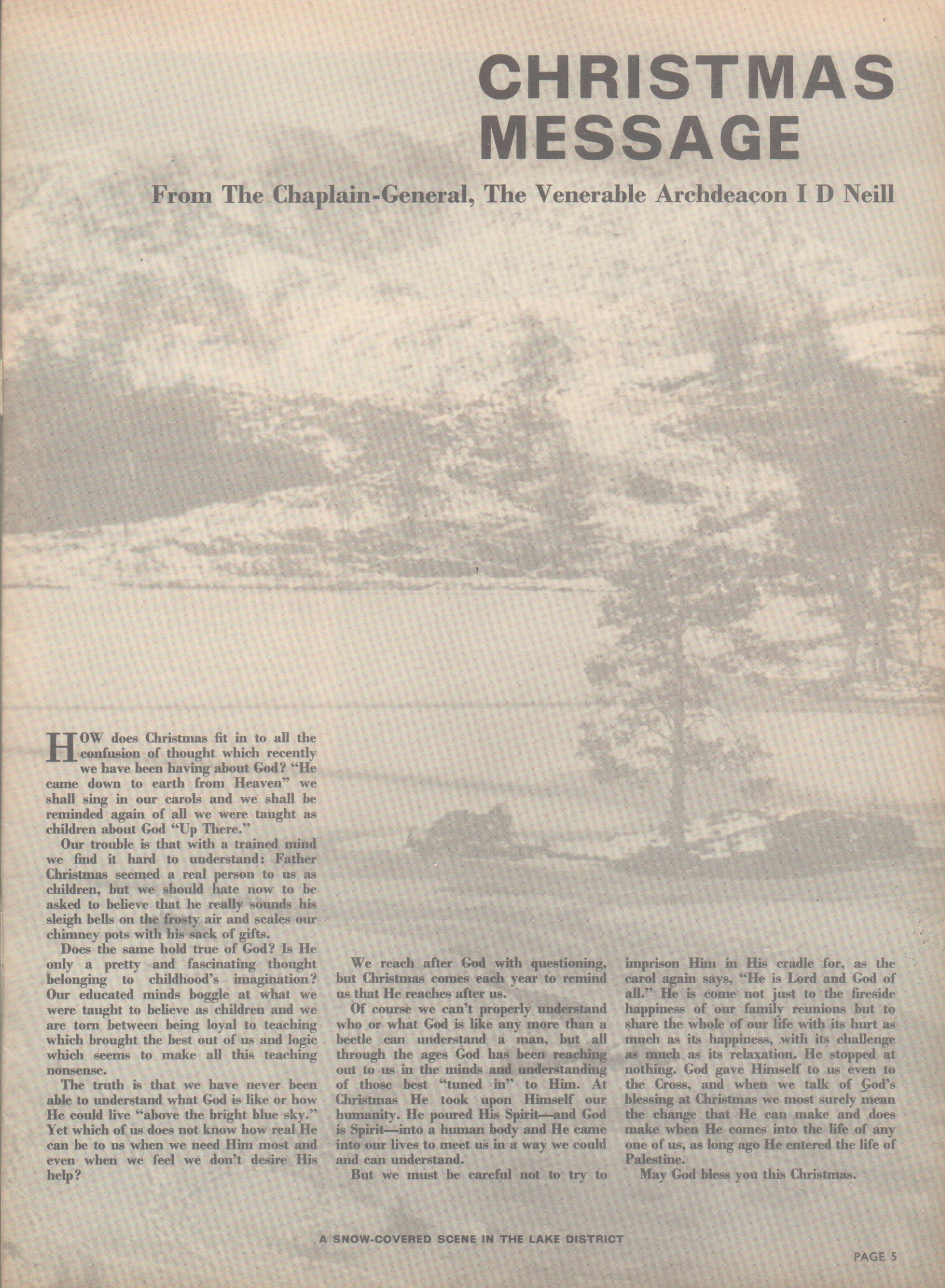
OVERSEAS

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CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

From The Chaplain-General, The Venerable Archdeacon I D Neill



HOW does Christmas fit in to all the confusion of thought which recently we have been having about God? "He came down to earth from Heaven" we shall sing in our carols and we shall be reminded again of all we were taught as children about God "Up There."

Our trouble is that with a trained mind we find it hard to understand: Father Christmas seemed a real person to us as children, but we should hate now to be asked to believe that he really sounds his sleigh bells on the frosty air and scales our chimney pots with his sack of gifts.

Does the same hold true of God? Is He only a pretty and fascinating thought belonging to childhood's imagination? Our educated minds boggle at what we were taught to believe as children and we are torn between being loyal to teaching which brought the best out of us and logic which seems to make all this teaching nonsense.

The truth is that we have never been able to understand what God is like or how He could live "above the bright blue sky." Yet which of us does not know how real He can be to us when we need Him most and even when we feel we don't desire His help?

We reach after God with questioning, but Christmas comes each year to remind us that He reaches after us.

Of course we can't properly understand who or what God is like any more than a beetle can understand a man, but all through the ages God has been reaching out to us in the minds and understanding of those best "tuned in" to Him. At Christmas He took upon Himself our humanity. He poured His Spirit—and God is Spirit—into a human body and He came into our lives to meet us in a way we could and can understand.

But we must be careful not to try to

imprison Him in His cradle for, as the carol again says, "He is Lord and God of all." He is come not just to the fireside happiness of our family reunions but to share the whole of our life with its hurt as much as its happiness, with its challenge as much as its relaxation. He stopped at nothing. God gave Himself to us even to the Cross, and when we talk of God's blessing at Christmas we most surely mean the change that He can make and does make when He comes into the life of any one of us, as long ago He entered the life of Palestine.

May God bless you this Christmas.



FIFTEEN THOUSAND TO THE INCH!

SCOTLAND had never seen anything like it—ever! Perth's North Inch, sun-drenched for the occasion, shook as the combined weight of the men of the 51st (Highland) Division past and present descended upon it. It was a day of handshakes and salutes, of tales retold, battles refought. It was the giant, super-colossal, wide-screen, Technicolor reunion to end all reunions.

As the dew began to dry in the pale morning sun, the skirl of a lone piper drifted across the Inch. Then a second joined in and a third, the sound building up through the day as the Division's 15 pipe bands competed for musical honours, the whole stirring cacophony blending into one massive display of disciplined, kilted musicianship as Drum-Major Alex Wilson led 180 pipers and 100 drummers in a thrilling climax to an historic event.

This musical build-up reflected in

sound the story of this unique Highland day. Old comrades of the Territorial Division poured in from all over the Divisional area—largest in Britain—and from all over the British Isles, to form a massed band of comradeship within this great family.

Fourteen regimental marquees were pitched round the main arena. Each one had a bar. To find a comrade among the 15,000 crowd an old soldier had simply to park an elbow on the appropriate bar, keep one eye on the entrance, the other on his beer, and await developments! The formula was used by thousands. For some it was a never-to-be-forgotten occasion. Others could not even remember it next day, but knew they had a whale of a time!

With the event held in Red Hackle country, The Black Watch marquee was easily the busiest. In a quieter corner of it they were talking about that day in the Reichswald in 1944 when two Black Watch characters almost caused

a subsidiary war by delightedly showing Gunners of 30 Corps two plump ducks they had pounced on and slain for the pot. The ducks were Villers and Bocage, cherished pets of the Gunners since they "liberated" the ducks at Villers-Bocage soon after D-Day!

In the Royal Army Service Corps marquee someone mentioned Driver "Chick" Howie of 525 Company, who bought three hens from an Arab at Sidi Barrani in 1942 and kept them with him all through the desert campaign. He had a fresh egg for breakfast every morning. Then there was Driver "Bunt" Dewer, who was with 527 Company when it moved into a French village in 1944. When a delighted postman called a cheerful "Bonjour" to the Company drawn up on parade, Bunt was heard to mutter: "Would you believe it? I've just got here and somebody kens me already!"

The Divisional Commander, Major-General Derek B Lang DSO, MC, was



Shadows grow longer as the Division's massed pipes and drums bring this great Highland day to a stirring climax.

THREE GENERATIONS OF THE HIGHLAND DIVISION GET TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME. LOYAL SONS OF THIS FAMILY OF FIGHTERS COME FROM FAR AND NEAR FOR THIS UNIQUE MILITARY FAMILY REUNION

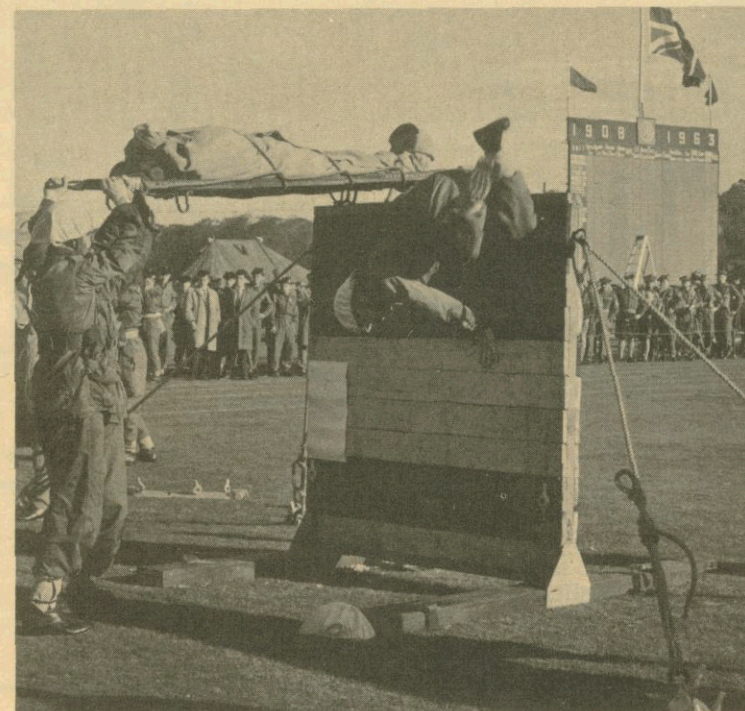
Story by PETER DAVIES

Pictures by PETER O'BRIEN

busy entertaining guests who included two full generals, a lieutenant-general and five major-generals, all of whom had commanded the Division before him. Among them was Major-General Douglas Wimberley DSO, MC, who, with General Lang, had initiated the reunion. It was General Wimberley's passion for posting up Divisional signs during the desert campaign of 1942-43 that sparked the famous "Highway Decorators" nickname.

Another welcome guest was Dr Donald Caskie, who helped many of the Division escape from France after the 51st was cornered at St Valery in 1940. Dr Caskie, former Scottish minister in Paris, stayed in France after the occupation, becoming secretary of the Seamen's Mission in Marseilles and helping scores of escapees, including General Lang, then a captain in The Cameron Highlanders.

But the special guest was the Division's own heroine, the Lady in White,



Toughest obstacle in the Military Relay, a compulsory Divisional Cup event, was this high wall, which all team members had to surmount individually.



This was the kind of effort that took 3rd Bn, The Gordon Highlanders, to the tug-of-war final.

What finer setting for this great family party than the North Inch, beside the shimmering Tay?

Mrs Perla Gibson, who sang to thousands of British troops docking at Durban on the way to the Middle East during two World Wars. Her familiar white-clad figure was on the dockside when the Highland Division passed through Durban in 1942, and her son was later killed while fighting with the Division near Cassino.

So, all round this mammoth happy circle of marquees, the talk—and the beer—flowed on, and as the soldiers of yesterday refought their battles, men of today's Division battled for honours in the new Divisional Cup Competition. After more than 20 battalion and corps teams of the Division had competed in everything from tug-of-war to cookery, the 11th Battalion, The Seaforth Highlanders, emerged as the best Territorial unit.

In the tug-of-war, 17 company teams—best of their battalion or corps—heaved and strained throughout the day while, in contrast, two-man cookery teams coaxed field equipment to produce braised steak, buttered cabbage,

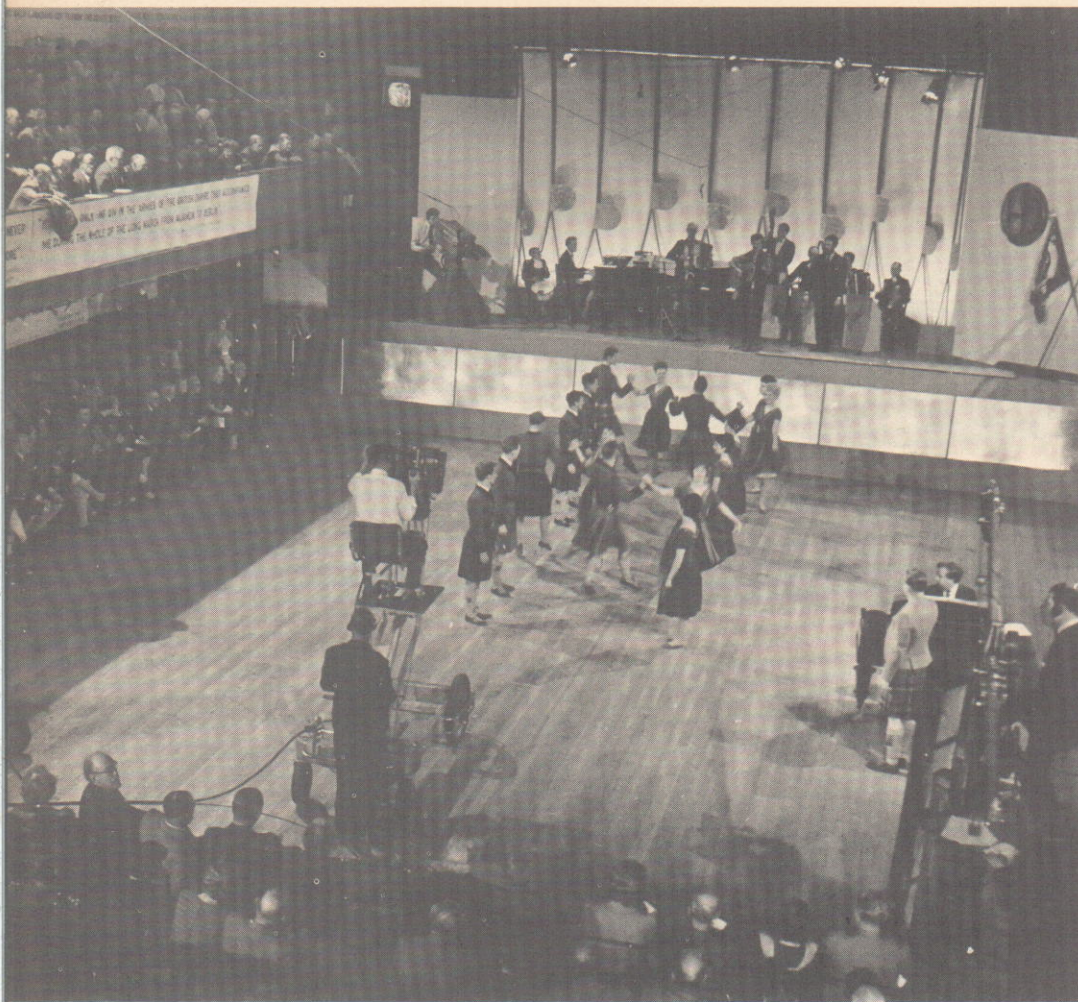
mashed potatoes and steamed fruit pudding. Adding spice to the event was the Division's youngest component, the Women's Royal Army Corps, represented by Corporal Patricia Nestor and Private Sheila Manderson who, despite unfamiliar equipment, came sixth.

The girls also heightened the keenness in the driving competition, shaking the men by finishing ninth out of 23 in

OVER...



SOLDIER to Soldier



A telerecording of the BBC's "White Heather Club" began a memorable evening in Perth's City Hall. The Divisional sign (stage left) opened the programme.

the skilled driving section, which included manoeuvring a three-tonner round a testing obstacle course. Winners of this section were 6th/7th Battalion, The Black Watch, who received the new SOLDIER Magazine Cup and replicas.

To add to the excitement the Provost of Perth arrived in a helicopter, there were telegrams from the Queen, Field-Marshal Montgomery and others, and the Royal Signals Motor-Cycle Display Team put on its famous show.

Though the spectacular massed pipes and drums parade brought all this to a close, the day was not yet over. A special Highland Division edition of the BBC's "White Heather Club" was followed at Perth's City Hall by a concert for which 150 musicians from the Division's five military bands massed to form the largest band the Division has ever mustered, and Mrs Gibson, wearing that same white dress, sang again for her Scottish soldier friends.

As the veterans sang and cheered, round the walls, in big letters, were historic quotes of praise for the 55-year-old Division. They tell its story:

"One of the greatest feats of the war," was the way the Corps Commander described the Division's capture of the hitherto impregnable village of Beaumont Hamel in 1916. After Cambrai, 1917, General Fergusson, Commanding 17 Corps, was "proud and delighted with the Division," and General Maxse, 18 Corps, placed the 51st "among the three best fighting divisions I have met."

Even when the Division was in retreat in 1918 there was praise from the enemy, the Germans dropping the message "Good old 51st. Still sticking it," and when the tide turned, captured German documents showed the 51st at the top of the list of divisions to be feared. Prime Minister David Lloyd George added: "Its deeds will be memorable in the history not only of the war, but of the world."

After the World War Two capture at St Valery, Field-Marshal Rommel spoke of "a good Division which had bad luck," and of the new 51st at El Alamein, General Montgomery said it "did its first battle right well." The attack on Wadi Akarit, Tunisia, 1943, was, said General Leese, 30 Corps, "an outstanding epic" and, in Sicily, General Montgomery said the 51st had done "magnificently."

At Lisieux, France, 1944, General Crerar, Canadian Army, spoke of "that same unbeatable spirit." And of the Division's great attack at Reichswald, 1945, General Horrocks said: "The Division has never fought better. No division has ever accomplished more." General Dempsey, Second Army, said the Rhine crossing was "a great achievement" by a "magnificent Division."

And Field-Marshal Alanbrooke summed up with this carefully weighed appraisal: "The 51st unquestionably takes its place alongside the very few which, through their valour and fighting spirit, stand in a category of their own."

SOLDIER is wholeheartedly behind the Army's Director of Public Relations (Major-General the Hon G W R Monckton MC) in his campaign to chase away for ever those outmoded terms which have persisted in the Army since the year dot. Prime examples quoted by him are "other ranks," "married families" and "released from the Service."

Speaking at the Staff College, Camberley, the General said he preferred "soldier" to "other rank," but he was open to suggestions. Here's a chance for SOLDIER readers to come up with a simple collective noun that will include every Private, Trooper, Rifleman, Driver, Drummer, Fusilier, Gunner, Bandsman, Craftsman, Piper, Sapper and so on who has yet to make that first stripe.

SOLDIER itself has always used "families" instead of that stupid phrase, "married families," which may have been a necessary distinction in Wellington's day but is now quite ridiculous. And wherever possible SOLDIER refers to "other ranks" as "men," "soldiers" or, more specifically, "Gunners," "Sappers," "Infantrymen," "Platoon" and so on.

With an eye on recruiting and "image" of the modern Army, the General is equally anxious to get away from "released," a term more applicable to prisoners than soldiers. Here one has to avoid such terms as "discharged," "demobilised" and "resigned" and alternatives like "completed his engagement" are too clumsy. Perhaps soldiers—all of them—could simply leave the Army or retire from it?

This new drive for simpler and more appropriate terms has indeed plenty of scope. Perhaps readers can quote other archaic examples and suggest modern alternatives to them?

SHOPPING NOTE:

Still some last-minute presents to buy? For husband, son or favourite nephew? No need to be stuck fast for an idea and no need to trail round the shops again. The answer's simple—a year's subscription to SOLDIER. Just send us 13s 6d with his name and address and he'll get not one but a dozen presents. Or, better still, make it an even longer-lasting gift with a two-year subscription at 25s, or three years for 35s. It's a gift he'll look forward to for months!

How Observant Are YOU?

SOLDIER's distinctive monthly competition takes on bumper proportions to greet the festive season and drops its "amusement only" status to help the Editor dispose of a bumper crop of 15 Christmas prizes, including a £12 first prize and six other cash awards!

For years Art Editor Frank Finch has been foxing regular addicts and newcomers with his fiendishly concealed differences between two apparently identical pictures. Junior private and general have responded to his "How Observant Are You?" challenge with a success record that takes no account of age or rank.

Competition 67 is simply a matter of observation. The festive scenes below vary in more than the usual ten details. Just list the differences you can spot, add your name and address and the "Competition 67" label from this page, and post to reach SOLDIER's London offices by Monday, 20 January, 1964. The first 15 correct solutions to be opened by the Editor will receive these prizes:

1 £12 in cash.

2 £6 in cash.

COMPETITION 67

3 £4 in cash.

4-7 £2 each in cash.

8 Four recently published books.

9 Two recently published books.

10-11 A 12 months' free subscription to SOLDIER and whole-plate monochrome copies of any two photographs and/or cartoons which have appeared in SOLDIER since January, 1957, or from two personal negatives.

12-15 A 12 months' free subscription to SOLDIER.

The address is: The Editor (Comp 67), SOLDIER, 433 Holloway Road, London N7.

The solution and winners' names will appear in the March, 1964, issue of SOLDIER.



SOLDIER VISITS A REALLY REMARKABLE RECRUIT AND LEARNS THE STORY OF . . .

(HOW EMMY READS THE BIBLE IN THREE MINUTES)

WHATEVER way you look at it, Emmy is a bit of a mathematical marvel. Not so famous perhaps as her brother Ernie, but nevertheless the Army has been pretty glad to recruit her. And who wouldn't be? For Emmy can do 40,000 sums a second AND play a passable game of noughts and crosses.

Emmy is a computer stationed at Chilwell in Nottinghamshire where she is helping the Central Ordnance Depot look after about 220,000 different motor spares. She is a big, big help.

Boffins describe her coldly as a "second generation digital computer with magnetic core main storage of 32,768 words and a high-speed diode capacitor working store of 64 words, a word length of 36 binary digits, plus a single parity digit and alpha-numeric representation taking the form of a 6-bit code."

But she is more affectionately known as plain "Emmy" by the people of Chilwell—although she was called other things when she displayed a little temperament during trials.

It has taken four years to get Emmy happily installed. And next year she will be taking over the major share of the Depot's work of supplying spare parts for all the fighting, industrial, load- and passenger-carrying vehicles used by the British Army.

At Chilwell, 220,000 different items are kept in stock for current vehicles as well as the records for a further 100,000 items relating to superseded vehicles. Emmy has the immense job of keeping stock, producing issue vouchers for stores demanded by units and calculating and ordering future requirements.

She is in fact the world's finest electronic quartermaster, costing more than half a million pounds and installed in a new air-conditioned building costing

£100,000. A special unit of military and civilian staff of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps looks after her. These are the men who have completely revised out-of-date procedures, designed simpler forms, written programmes of instruction for the jobs Emmy has to undertake, and listed possible mistakes.

During initial experiments with Emmy they discovered she could play a fair game of noughts and crosses and if she suffered the indignity of losing, a teleprinter would disgorge: "Your game, sir"—or madam, of course. She could also produce an excellent picture of a horse and once, in a fit of pique, was induced to turn out a very acceptable likeness of the colonel operating her!

But now the fun and games are over and Emmy is hard at work 16 hours a day, five days a week. During one day she can handle 10,000 transactions of 138 different types and during the course of these transactions she will

produce up-dated files of about 60 million words as well as about 12,000 printed vouchers or instructions.

The system works like this. Units requiring vehicle spares fill in one copy (once they needed five) of a simple, re-designed form which is sent to Chilwell.

At Chilwell the information on the indent is transferred to a punched card by trained girls operating special machines. Batches of punched cards are then moved into the computer room where the information is further transferred at high speed on to magnetic tapes, each capable of holding five million characters.

The whole of the Bible could be transferred on to one of these tapes and Emmy could digest and memorise the lot in just three minutes.

When the magnetic tape is fed in, the computer calls for the correct programme of instructions and gets on with the work at lightning speed. In the case of a unit demand, Emmy would:

- 1 Check the indent was correct in every detail;

- 2 Check if there was sufficient stock to issue;
- 3 Check that an issue would not affect war reserves;
- 4 Print an issue voucher showing the exact location of the item in the three million square feet of the Depot;
- 5 Order more supplies if stocks were running low.

She can produce 500 completed issue vouchers—after going through this procedure in each case—in seven minutes.

While she is doing this little lot, she also records all receipts and issues of stores, forecasts requirements up to three years ahead and even sends out reminders if units are a bit slow with their human-operated paperwork. And if any one of 1300 possible errors is fed into Emmy she automatically rejects it.

Secret of Emmy's brain is in the programmes. For a computer will carry out to the letter whatever instructions are recorded on a programme. If some ambitious computer programmer instructed Emmy to involve herself in a

sizzling verbal love affair she would respond with delightful enthusiasm.

It is taking a year to give Emmy all the information she needs and to transfer from the old system to the new. But the final result will be improved control of the Depot's work, faster operation, better accuracy and a considerable saving both financially and in manpower. When Emmy is working flat out, many of the Depot's 4300 staff will be released for other duties.

Another computer will start work next year at the Central Ordnance Depot at Donnington, Shropshire, which is responsible for the supply of armament, engineering and signal stores. By then Emmy will have absorbed all the work connected with the entire stores range at Chilwell and the experts will be sorting out additional jobs for her.

Other recruits might complain that taking on more work would be about "the end." Not Emmy. Anyway, even if she agreed, she would put it in her own inimitable computerese: "010100 001000 000101 000101 001110 000100!"

Story by **RUSSELL MILLER**
Pictures by **PETER O'BRIEN**

Magnetic tapes like this—each capable of holding the contents of the Bible—feed information into the computer . . .

. . . and the tapes are printed from punched cards produced by special machines operated by girls prettier than Emmy.

Below: Emmy's £100,000 air-conditioned home where she lives with all her staff (both human and mechanical).

Man and machine. Through this imposing console of flashing lights and switches Emmy makes known her demands and receives her instructions.

Every year people
in Britain send
out more and more
Christmas cards
—the tragedy
is that they
begin to mean
less and less



Designed in 1843, the first Christmas card was genuinely intended to be a seasonal token of goodwill . . .

. . . unlike today when no joke is too corny and no subject too tatty for use on the so-called Xmas card.

With Best Wishes

IT was Christmas, 1843. In London, the distinguished writer and art critic, Sir Henry Cole, had put off the irksome task of writing letters of greeting to friends so often that in desperation he asked a young artist to prepare some printed cards which would only require signing.

His little cards turned out to be quite popular. They still are, in fact. This year in Britain we will be sending 606,000,000 to each other. They will cost us rather more than £15,000,000. Sir Henry's harmless idea 120 years ago is now big business, very big business indeed, and the Christmas card habit has degenerated into more of a social burden than a

token of goodwill and brotherly affection.

An early sign of the approach of the festive season every year is the urgent despatch of tons of Christmas cards to the British Army all over the world. These have to be sent out early so that they can be bought, signed, addressed, stamped, and sent back again in time for 25 December. Cards make up the majority of the 33 million items the Home Postal Depot of the Royal Engineers at Mill Hill, London, can expect to handle this season.

But even this is small fry compared with the gigantic task the Post Office faces every year. During the ten days before Christmas, it handles about 800,000,000 items. To do this it needs a sizeable army of extra postmen; church halls are turned into temporary sorting offices; lorries, ice cream vans and coaches are used for delivery.

For people in Britain apparently find it necessary to send more and more Christmas cards each year. Twenty-five years ago we sent out a mere 47 million

—this year the staggering total will work out at more than ten cards being sent by every man, woman and child.

A redeeming feature is that charities have grasped their golden opportunity and cashed in. Money collected through the sale of Christmas cards is now being used to help refugees, concentration camp victims, handicapped children and adults, orphans, under-privileged, cancer relief and countless other charities throughout the world.

Two of the biggest charities in the

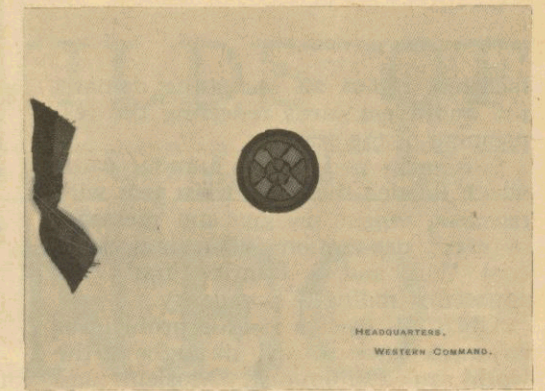


Even the fashionably religious cards cannot get away from contemporary versions of the Nativity.

A horse-drawn sleigh speeding across an unlikely snow-covered landscape—the traditional card with mass appeal.



Above: A typical wartime scene as a soldier draws his own cards under a blazing desert sun. Right: A stereotyped official Army card at its dullest.



for Christmas

from
RUSSELL MILLER

Christmas card market are UNICEF, the United Nations Children's Fund, and OXFAM, the Oxford Committee for Famine Relief, both of which hope to sell more than three million cards each in Britain this year. Half the cost of a card normally goes towards the charity's work—UNICEF says that the sale of ten cards will buy enough vaccine to protect 50 children from tuberculosis and last year the world-wide sale of cards netted more than £570,000.

The Army is belatedly showing some

interest in "good cause" cards. As the Army Benevolent Fund does not produce its own cards (competition, it says, is too stiff) several units and commands have ordered either UNICEF or OXFAM cards to send out this year instead of regimental cards.

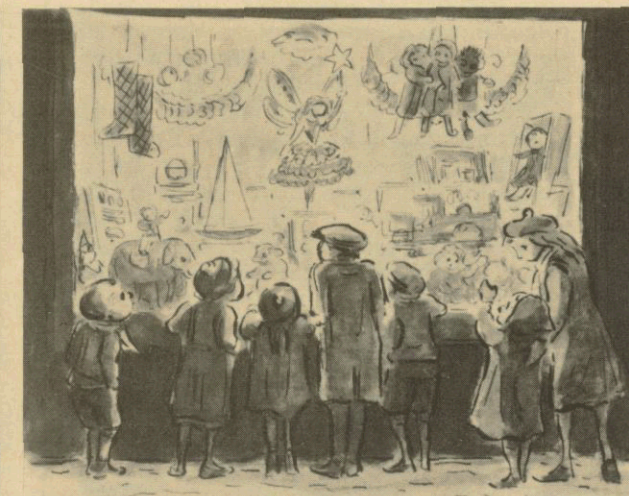
Commercial manufacturers have recently expressed some concern at the increasing slice of the Christmas card market being taken by charities, although one would have thought the astronomical additional sales of gim-

mick cards for the most trivial occasions ("Good luck in your exam" or "Sorry to hear about your driving test") would have compensated them handsomely.

Since the middle of the last century, Christmas card design has followed an interesting pattern, closely linked with changing social trends. Early cards favoured Victorian pin-ups and gruesome humour. After 1900, flowers and religious subjects became popular, followed by stage coaches and village scenes in the 1930s. This year the manu-



Anyone who would send a BLACK Christmas Card With a Spotted TURQUOISE ETHIOPIAN HIPPOPOTAMUS ON IT IS A GREAT HUGE MAMMOTH TASTELESS FOOF!



Above: One of the UNICEF cards designed by Edward Ardizzone: their sale directly aids sick children.

Right: Probable best-seller from the Gordon Fraser Gallery—fanciful, frivolous, funny.



Left: A typical gimmick card. Completely lacking any aesthetic merit, their popularity is fading a little.

Thousands of Nazi propaganda "Xmas" cards were showered on the Allies in World War Two.

continued from previous page

facturers report an increasing demand for traditional cards reflecting the real meaning of the season.

Gimmicks and "sick" humour cards which flooded the market last year with tasteless, vulgar designs and messages of every description ("Wishing you a cool Yule and a frantic First") are apparently fading in popularity.

UNICEF faces a unique problem as its cards have to sell throughout the world to Communist, Moslem and Buddhist countries, consequently their designs have no special link with traditional Christmas scenes or religion. This year for the first time UNICEF offers an air mail card of light-weight paper, eminently suitable for soldiers serving abroad.

The Army can probably claim to be about the most unadventurous of Christmas card designers. NAAFI, which prints about half a million cards for the Services every Christmas, reports that regimental crests, regimental ribbons and old prints of battle scenes are still top favourites. Pictures of regimental heirlooms occasionally break the monotony.

However, the Army did show a bit more originality during World War Two when the Christmas "card"



often consisted of a single sheet of paper crudely printed with sprigs of holly and with just a space for the addressee and sender. Subtle difference in the message was "A Merry Xmas and a Happier New Year."

Hitler also decided to spread a little Christmas spirit by showering thousands of propaganda Christmas cards on the Allies. Typical was one showing the face of a wistful child asking: "Daddy, why didn't you come home for Xmas?" Hitler's own cards were less imaginative with the Nazi symbol ominously replacing holly and Father Christmas.

Copies of Sir Henry Cole's original 1843 card are being sold this year as Christmas cards by the Victoria and Albert Museum, which he founded. But it is by no means certain that his was the very first Christmas card. It is reported that in 1842 a 16-year-old London artist, William Maw Egley, engraved a Christmas greeting card but, as it failed to arouse any interest among his friends, he abandoned the project. Before this, cheaper postal rates had induced people to start sending written greetings to their friends.

However, by 1895 the card habit had certainly caught on. Lloyd's Encyclopaedic Dictionary that year saw fit to include "Christmas card" in its pages and commented: "Not much known prior to the decade 1870-1880; Christmas cards during that period came so much into use as to inflict upon postmen an amount of extra labour second only to that of Valentine Day."

The situation has changed somewhat from those romantic years. Postal traffic on Valentine's Day is now only a trickle compared to the Christmas avalanche.

In fact, as sales create new records this year, there is legitimate cause to speculate that if, 120 years ago, Sir Henry Cole could have known just what he was letting the world in for he would have changed his mind about printed cards and got down to it with a pen.

For even the disposal of tons of Christmas cards when the festivities finish has become an interesting problem. Some smaller charities collect used cards and sell them for scrap to raise a little money. But it can be a hazardous business, as one vicar found out when he diligently collected 12 tons of Christmas cards and then found that the bottom had dropped out of the market and no one wanted them!

THE ARMY'S MEDALS

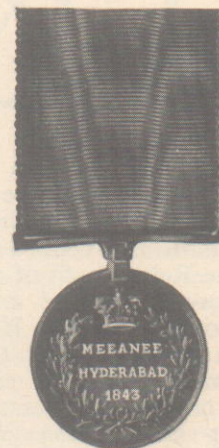
by Major John Laffin

24: SCINDE CAMPAIGN

In mid-1843 the 22nd Foot (Cheshire Regiment), returning from active service, marched on to the parade ground at Bombay to find the entire garrison waiting for them. The garrison then saluted the battle-weary and travel-worn Cheshires, who were "proud and pleased," as a contemporary account notes.

The 22nd deserved the honour, for they had fought in the severe Scinde actions of Meeanee on 17 February and Hyderabad on 24 March.

In September the Scinde Medal was authorised to commemorate the battles. There are three different striking, although



The reverse of a Scinde Campaign medal of 1843. The ribbon has a rainbow pattern.

the obverse—the diademed head of Queen Victoria with legend "Victoria Regina"—is common to all.

The reverses show "Meeanee 1843," "Hyderabad 1843" or "Meeanee, Hyderabad, 1843," within a laurel wreath surmounted by a crown. All medals are rare, but that for Meeanee alone is rarest of the three.

Operations were commanded by Sir Charles Napier who, in January, 1843, was sent to punish several Scinde chieftains who had been raiding British convoys. The enemy army of 35,000 took up strong positions at Meeanee on the Indus River, where it was decisively defeated with heavy loss.

The 22nd, the only English regiment, led the British force of only 2800 men. Sixty-five medals were awarded to the Regiment, mostly to men who were wounded and therefore unable to take part in the second action. Various native regiments received about 700 medals and crew members of Indus flotilla ships collected 110 medals.

Another enemy army, 20,000 strong, was defeated near Hyderabad by a force again spearheaded by the 22nd. Several native regiments were engaged and a larger number of medals was awarded. The Bombay Horse Artillery fought magnificently.

Oddly enough, two men of the 40th Foot (2nd Somersets, later 1st South Lancashires) and one man from the 32nd (Cornwall Light Infantry) were present in the fight and received the medal. It is oddities like this which add to the fascination of medal collecting. Possibly the men concerned were serving on detachment with a native unit.

The medals are found with either a straight steel or silver suspender or a steel ring passing through a clip on the medal. The ribbon is of the rainbow pattern common to Indian medals of the time and the naming is in block letters, although I have seen some in script.



COVER PICTURE

For every small boy and girl Christmas is a time of gaiety and excitement—a whirl of presents, pantomimes and lots of good things to eat. And there is no greater thrill than frantically opening up the parcels on Christmas Morning.

On SOLDIER's front cover this month, FRANK TOMPSETT captures the joy of Christmas in Timothy John Silk, three-year-old son of Sergeant and Mrs Bill Silk, of 62 Slade Road, Pirbright Camp, Surrey. There are still more presents to open but one parcel has already produced a Guardsman's tunic, trousers and bearskin just like those that Daddy, a physical training instructor at the Guards Depot, wears in the Coldstream Guards.

Sergeant Silk and his wife have two other sons, five-year-old Steven Thomas and Nicholas David, who is four. And to add to the family joy, it is Daddy's birthday on Christmas Day!

MAPPING THE WILDS OF

STORY BY PETER DAVIES : PICTURES BY FRANK TOMPSETT

BORNEO

IT looked like any other Borneo jungle hill. Tales about ghosts on it were taken with the usual pinch of salt by the two Sappers helping to map the area. Yet three successive attempts to climb the hill were thwarted. First the men were driven off by a swarm of bees, then the equipment was damaged, and finally one of the Sappers fell and had to be evacuated.

Men of the Field Troop of 84 Survey Squadron, Royal Engineers, have come to take such hazards in their stride. Their task of mapping thousands of square miles of jungle in North Borneo and Sarawak has led them into little-known regions and many unlikely adventures.

Seven lance-corporal technicians of the troop handle the bulk of the field work, usually operating alone in the dank, uncharted jungles, setting out

each time with £100 to finance their expeditions, paying their own porters and guides. It is a responsible and exacting job but the Sappers, mostly former Army apprentices, are well trained to deal with the technical side. Their main problem is one of existence.

They are often treading ground that has never been touched before even by the local Iban natives. They must take care, when climbing to an observa-



L/Cpls Robert Pomroy and Brian Houldershaw with their porters on a typical water-borne jungle survey in Sarawak.



Sharing the simple life of the people is part of the job. L/Cpls Jones and Gould squat in a room of a big longhouse at Segu.

Left: L/Cpl Roger Jones leads his porters through typical Sarawak jungle.

Behind the big Segu longhouse, L/Cpl Jonathan Gould has a keen audience as he reads his altimeter.



tion point, not to dislodge loose rock; they must watch for rotting trees that may fall at a touch, and all this in addition to the routine jungle precautions necessary to maintain health.

They must get to know the people, live with them and eat with them. Though the Sappers carry a small quantity of tinned food and take vitamin tablets, they share the natives' staple diet of rice, augmented by any local fish and game that can be caught.

The biggest enemy is the leech, especially the giant buffalo leech whose bites have a more telling effect as the Sappers' resistance is lowered by long spells in the jungle. When a leech bite starts to take a fortnight to heal it is time for a change of air.

Elephants are not usually a hazard, but there was one occasion in North Borneo when a survey party was charged by a mother elephant after her playful offspring had trotted over to make friends. The party dropped everything and scattered. No one was hurt but the equipment was ruined and the work help up.

The Sappers' task is part technical,

part physical, part research. They work from a map compiled from aerial photographs showing rivers and villages. Physical details are added by working from the highest points in the area, calculating an unknown height from comparisons with two other heights previously determined. Setting up observation points involves chopping down 80ft trees to form a pyramid, and contacting the other points with a flashing light, heliograph or mirror. Sometimes, when the ground is unusually high, the key points are covered for long periods by cloud, and the surveyor may have to wait a month just to complete two hours' work.

But this is only one aspect of the task. The surveyor must also note the types of terrain, vegetation, swamps, water points, and name every village, jungle track and stream. This too has its complications as Malays and Dyaks use different place names. The district officer is accepted as the authority and the completed maps are sent to him for checking. But the whole process takes about two years and by this time a new district officer may have taken over who

may have different ideas about some of the titles.

The young Sappers took a six weeks' Malayan language course before being sent into the jungle and several have augmented this by picking up the local dialects. This helps enormously in promoting good relations with the tribesmen, upon whom the Sappers depend for information and help. Much can also be learned from the porters. Each man learns his own job and gets on with it, and regular operations are performed with military precision under the Sapper lance-corporals' command.

The Field Troop, commanded by Captain G R Gathercole, is sharing the Sarawak Government's Land and Survey Department office in Kuching and co-operating closely with the Department in producing an up-to-date topographical record of the country.

The co-operation within this modern office block in the country's capital is strangely echoed on a more personal, more rewarding level between lance-corporal and tribesman in the remote corners of this untamed yet friendly land.

MOSQUE WITH ALL MOD CONS

FIVE times daily the call rings out over Singapore Island, calling worshippers to the mosque on the hill. The mosque is a central feature in the lives of 3000 Malayan soldiers of the British Army and their families. It is the only mosque the Army has ever built. And there is nothing quite like it anywhere else in the world.

Concerned that its Malayan soldiers, all Muslims, had nothing but converted Army buildings in which to worship, the Army sanctioned 87,000 Malayan dollars (£10,150) to build its first mosque. A hilltop site was levelled by Sappers and work on the building, designed by a civilian architect, began.

Overjoyed at the prospect of a new place of worship, the Muslim soldiers quickly set up a fund to furnish it, making monthly donations from their pay, and the Singapore Base District

Mosque Fund grew rapidly. The Army paid for the mosque itself, for turfing and terracing round it, and contributed to the sumptuous carpeting that now covers the entire floor.

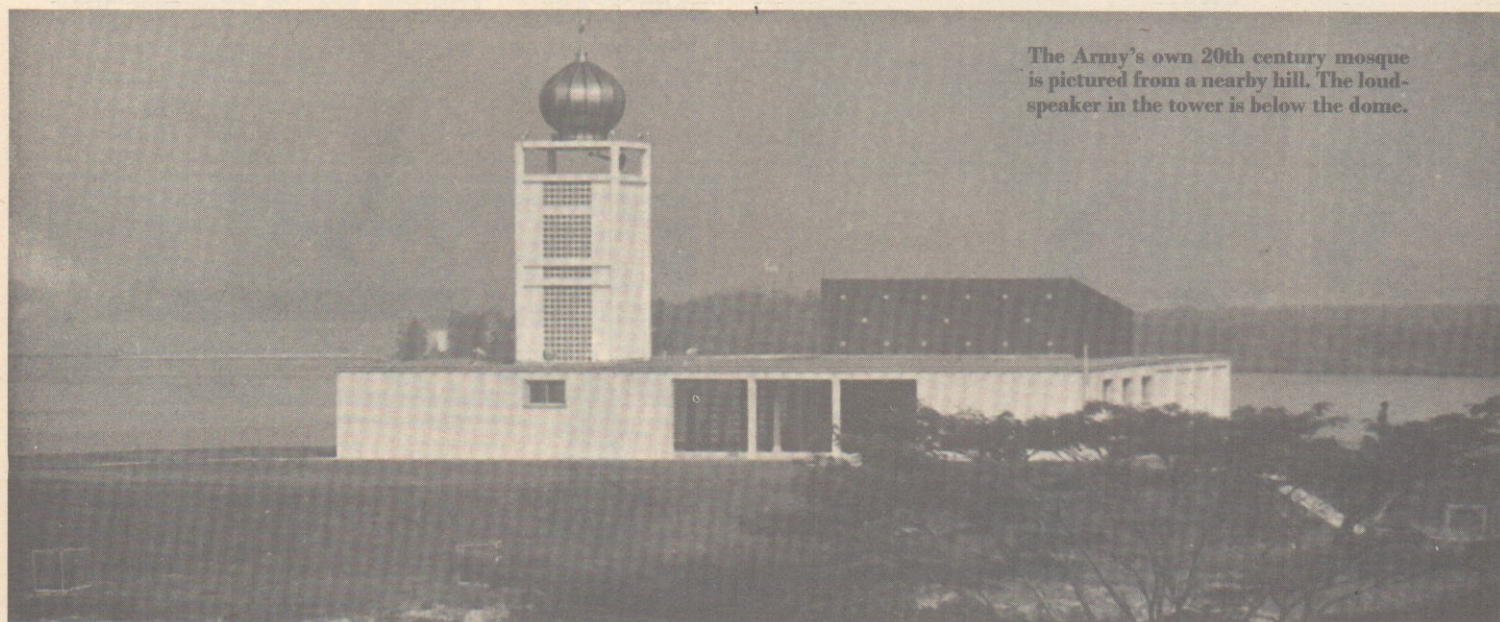
Most awe-inspiring accessory financed by the fund is a public address system which includes a giant loudspeaker in the tower that can be heard up to ten miles away! There are also internal loudspeakers carrying sound from four microphones clearly to every corner of the building. The troops have shown their pride in the 20th century structure by festooning it with coloured lights and fitting floodlighting.

The public address system proved its value at the very first service when hundreds of worshippers packing the mosque and overflowing on to the grass heard every word of the ceremony. It was a memorable day for all British Army Muslims, but none was more



Bare feet and knees sink into the deep pile of the carpet as the Muslims kneel towards Mecca.

pleased and proud than Major Attan Bin Yatim, senior Malayan soldier in the British Army, who did more than anyone towards having the mosque built and raising the additional funds. "The way the Malayan troops contributed to the mosque fund showed how much they value it," he said. "It has been a wonderful boost to morale."



The Army's own 20th century mosque is pictured from a nearby hill. The loud-speaker in the tower is below the dome.

Major Attan Bin Yatim, the British Army's senior Malayan officer, has had a colourful military career, fighting with the Singapore Volunteer Corps against the Japanese invaders during World War Two and alongside underground forces in Java after the fall of Singapore. He passed valuable intelligence to British forces before he was finally captured and held as a political prisoner until released by British Gurkhas in 1945, when he returned to Singapore to help reorganise the local forces.

He joined the Royal Army Service Corps in 1947 and was a representative of Singapore and Malaya in the London Victory Parade. The following year he was the first Malay to become a regimental sergeant-major.

In 1953 he became one of the first five Malays to be commissioned into the British Army, joining 61 Company, Royal Army Service Corps. Later, while commanding a detachment of 52 Company, there were regular brushes with Communist terrorists in southern Malaya. After another trip to Britain, this time on a course, Major Attan returned as second-in-command of 61 Company, taking over command in 1960.

Today he also commands the respect of all ranks and is consulted by the Army authorities on almost all matters relating to Malayan troops.



SOLDIER PICTURES

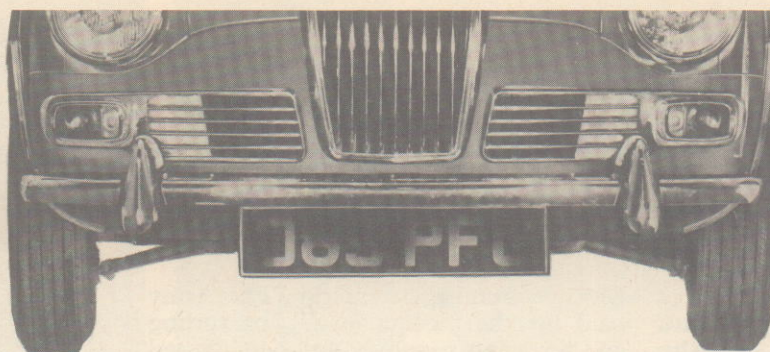
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THE WAR MINISTER

LIKE many of his colleagues the new War Minister went to Eton and Oxford. But for Mr James Ramsden the transition from public school to university was less smooth than most. His was a shell-torn route via the North-West Europe of 1944-45, serving with the 8th Battalion, The Rifle Brigade, in 11th Armoured Division.

At the time, his war service seemed to be just a necessary break in his education. But it has proved to be an invaluable part of it. At Eton, the schoolboy became the New-castle scholar of 1942. In war, the young subaltern (commissioned into the 60th Rifles) became the seasoned campaigner, earning a mention in dispatches. At Trinity College, the undergraduate became the Rugby Blue and honours graduate in political economy.

It was a background that gave him a head start when he joined the Government three years ago as Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State for War. He was soon taking a close interest in the soldier, meeting him in Germany, the Cameroons, Kuwait, Cyprus, Libya, Malta . . .

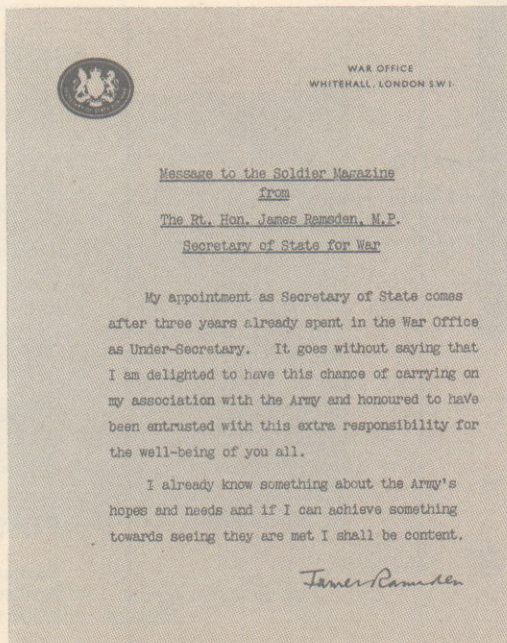
In politics he fought two losing election battles at Dewsbury before holding Harrogate for the Conservatives in a by-election in 1953. Since then he has been associated with the Council of Europe, and the Assembly of the Western European Union. For a year before joining the Government he was Parliamentary Private Secretary to Mr R A Butler, then Home Secretary and Leader of the House.

His love of the countryside, especially his native Yorkshire, was reflected in his Parliamentary career when, in 1960, he put through a Private Bill against pollution of rivers. He loves hunting, and until his appointment as War Minister, would hunt as often as once or twice a week with the West of Yore pack, of which he is Master.

Son of Captain Edward Ramsden MC, Mr Ramsden, who was 40 last month, was, until joining the Government, a director of the family brewing concern, Thomas Ramsden and Son, Ltd, Halifax. In 1949 he married Miss Juliet Ponsonby, whose father, former Conservative MP Sir Charles Ponsonby, was Parliamentary Private Secretary to Sir Anthony Eden during World War Two. Mr and Mrs Ramsden have five children—three sons and two daughters.



Mr Ramsden takes his place at the War Office desk he had come to know well.



And one of his first jobs was to pen this note to serving SOLDIER readers.

THESE PICTURES WON PRIZES

The amateur photographers among SOLDIER's readers have been out and about with their cameras all over the world. This month they take over the centre pages for a display of some of the 14 pictures which won prizes in the August photographic competition.

FIRST PORTRAITS.

Camera: Yashica 635. Film: Ilford HP3. Aperture: F8. Speed: 1/125. Light: Daylight.

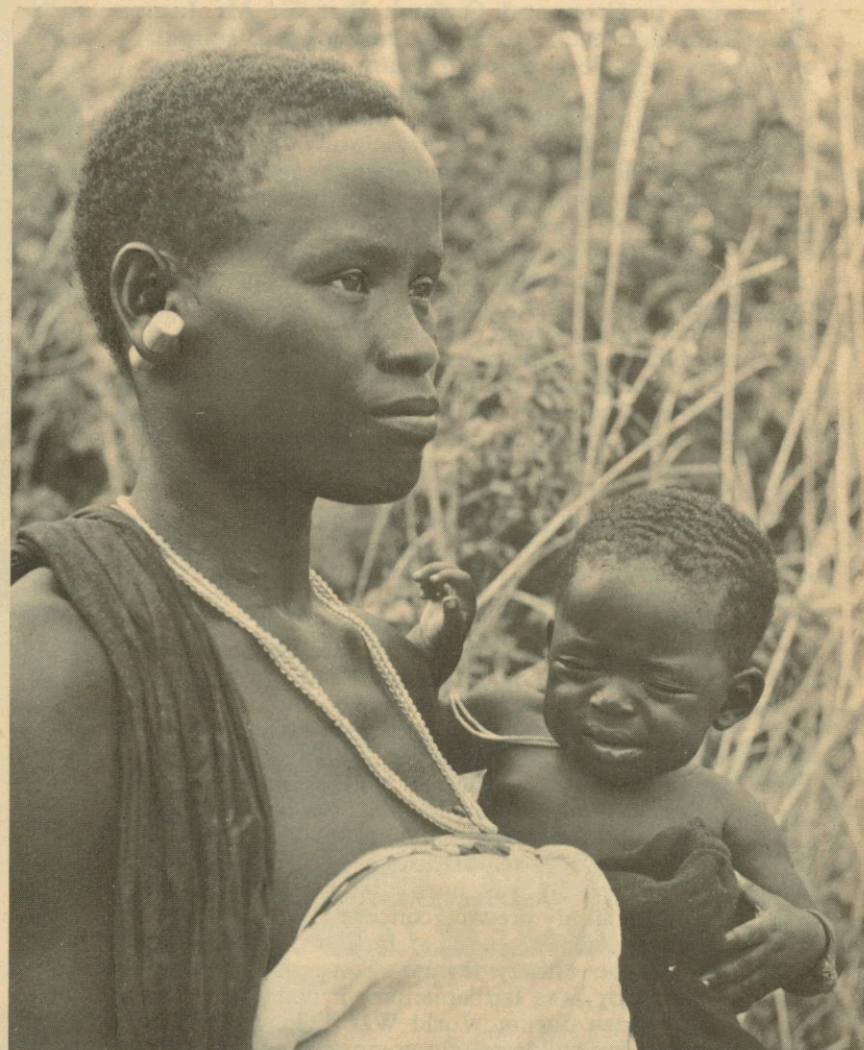
SECOND PORTRAITS.

Camera: Rolleiflex 3.5. Film: Agfa Isopan. Aperture: F16. Speed: 1/500. Light: Electronic flash.



THIRD PORTRAITS.

Camera: GP Goerz plate. Film: Ilford FP4 plate. Aperture: F8. Speed: 1/25. Light: Daylight, through window.



There was an encouraging response to the competition except in the section for young soldiers where the entry was so small and the pictures so mediocre that no awards have been made. In both the views and portraits sections the pictures were generally of a high standard.

PRIZES

PRIZE WINNERS

PORTRAITS

- 1 (Camera) Sgt M J Bush, RASC, HQ 12 Inf Bde Gp, BFPO 36.
- 2 (L6) L/Cpl K Mottley, "B" Pl, 38 Coy, RASC, BFPO 57.
- 3 Maj P Hewlett, RAOC, 2 St George's Crescent, Queen's Park, Chester.
- 4 Cpl Pasang Tamang, 2nd/10th PMO Gurkha Rifles, Blakang Mati, c/o GPO Singapore.
- 5 (tied) S/Sgt G Boulton, SIB Trg Wing, Inkerman Barracks, Woking, and WO I B O Megson, RAOC, 154 FAD, RAOC, BFPO 17.

VIEWS

- 1 (L10) Sgt M R Mason, British Military Hospital, c/o GPO Singapore.
- 2 (Photographic outfit) Mr K L Stone, 82 Park Road, Aldershot, Hants.
- 3 Cpl Pasang Tamang, 2nd/10th PMO Gurkha Rifles, Blakang Mati, c/o GPO Singapore.
- 4 Mrs K Hewlett, 2 St George's Crescent, Queen's Park, Chester.
- 5 Cpl G Walsh, HQ Pl, 11 Inf Wksp, REME, BFPO 29.

CHILDREN

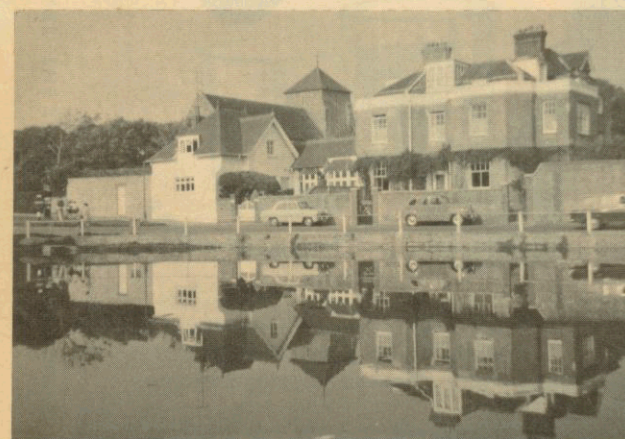
- 1 (tied) (L2 each) Christopher Fosbury, 22 Wish Road, Hove 3, and Alexandra Ablett, c/o Lieut-Col H A Ablett, Engineers (Tn), HQ Farelf, c/o GPO Singapore.
- 3 Roger Harrison, The Coach and Horses, Trumpington, Cambridge.

CHILDREN'S SECTION



FIRST (TIED).

Camera: Agfa Apotar. Film: Kodak. Aperture: F11. Speed: 1/300. Light: Daylight.



FIRST (TIED).

Camera: Kodak Brownie 127. Film: Kodak Verichrome. Aperture: Fixed. Speed: Fixed. Light: Daylight.



FIRST VIEWS.

Camera: Yashica LM. Film: Kodacolor 120 (ASA 32). Aperture: F4. Speed: 1/10. Light: Daylight.



SECOND VIEWS.

Camera: Mamiyaflex C3. Film: Ilford FP3. Aperture: F11. Speed: 1/500. Light: Daylight.

★ Christmas Humour—in colour—is on Pages 38 and 39.

★ Prize winners of the Armchair Rally (Competition 64, September) and the answers—see Page 32.



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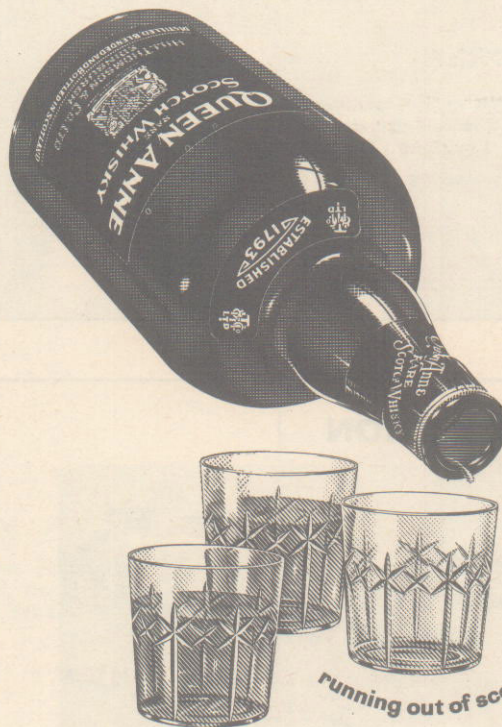
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This is the last of **SOLDIER's** current series on the **Army's Old Boys** and providing a fitting conclusion is the story of James William Ives, Sergeant-Major at The Royal Hospital, Chelsea, for the past nine years

THE ARMY'S OLD BOYS: 12

Regimental Sergeant-Major J Ives

FEW old soldiers can claim to have met Royalty as frequently as Jim Ives. During the last few years he has been introduced to both the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh; he has met the Queen Mother twice and many other members of the Royal Family.

For Jim is the Sergeant-Major at The Royal Hospital, Chelsea—although, at 56, he still rates as a sprightly “young ‘un” among the veterans. During the past nine years he has welcomed about 800 pensioners to the Hospital and today he knows almost every one of the 400-odd residents by name.

From playing his part in ceremonial parades to arranging a bingo session his duties are many and varied, and even after 38 years in uniform his affection for the Army is as strong as on the day he joined up in 1926.

In fact he nearly didn't get into the Army although both his father and grandfather were soldiers. For when his father died as the result of a gas attack during World War One his mother turned against soldiering and refused to allow young Jim to enlist.

But at the first opportunity, when his

mother went away on holiday, Jim left home and joined The East Surrey Regiment. He never regretted it and by 1938, when the Regiment moved to China, he was a sergeant.

In February, 1942, Sergeant-Major Ives was taken prisoner by the Japs during the fall of Singapore. “I was a prisoner for three years, 255 days,” he said (the exact period has been indelibly printed on his mind).

During captivity he worked on the infamous Burma railway and when he was finally released in October, 1945, he weighed only eight stones—but he knew he was among the luckier ones just to be alive.

Back in England he was sent on a refresher drill course, then after several months at his regimental depot he was posted as a clerk to the Army Legal Services at the War Office where he stayed until January, 1954, when he finally left the Army. He took a job with the Royal Mint but after only a few months applied for the vacant position of Sergeant-Major at Chelsea.

To his delight he was selected from many applicants and can probably now claim to know more old soldiers than

anyone else in Britain. When he first arrived at the Hospital, he made it his business to introduce himself and shake hands with every pensioner. From that moment on he was completely accepted.

“There's never a dull moment in this job,” he said. “I run the orderly room, attend all the parades, organise many of the social activities and generally look after all the pensioners.”

Since he has been at the Hospital, Sergeant-Major Ives has appeared on television on several occasions and has been on guards of honour for President de Gaulle and Sir Winston Churchill.

During Christmas, as chairman of the In-Pensioners Club, he will be organising many of the social activities and will probably attend most of them—choir concerts, carol singing, music hall, bingo, tea and social; they must all go off with a swing and it will be the Sergeant-Major's responsibility to see that they do.

Stimulating and rewarding are adjectives that could aptly be applied to Sergeant-Major Jim Ives's job. But he would put it more simply: “I am just an old soldier looking after older soldiers.”



A youngster among veterans: Sergeant-Major Ives wearing ceremonial uniform.

THE RED DEVILS

ALONE THEY JUMP
INTO BATTLE FROM
THE SKIES — THE
MEN WHO PROUDLY
WEAR THE COVETED
MAROON BERET AND
THE BLUE WINGS
OF PARACHUTISTS

During World War Two, ten Infantry battalions volunteered for parachute duties to make up The Parachute Regiment's 17 battalions. They were: 7th Battalion, The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders; 10th Battalion, The Royal Welch Fusiliers; 13th Battalion, The Somerset Light Infantry; 13th Battalion, The Royal Warwickshire Regiment; 10th Battalion, The Essex Regiment; 2nd Battalion, The Royal Sussex Regiment; 10th Battalion, The Green Howards; 2nd/4th Battalion, The South Lancashire Regiment; 1st Battalion, The King's Regiment; and 1st Battalion, The South Staffordshire Regiment.

TRAINING FOR
D-DAY—A BIG
MASSED DROP.

YOUR 12 REGIMENT

ON 22 June, 1940, during the dark days of World War Two, Mr Winston Churchill issued a brief instruction to the War Office ordering the formation of a corps of at least 5000 parachute troops. It was the birth of a regiment—and a legend.

From that directive emerged a *corps d'élite* of famous, feared fighters, men who were to become known through their deeds as "The Red Devils." These are the men who go into battle alone, jumping into the night through the door of an aircraft miles behind enemy lines, and whose very arrival on the battlefield has sent a cold chill through the ranks of the enemy. These are the men of The Parachute Regiment.

Today their battle honours have a familiar ring—Bruneval, Normandy, Arnhem, The Rhine, North Africa—and behind each name is the story of the fearless band of brothers who fought and died winning a war and building the foundation of an unparalleled regimental history.

Intensive training of parachute troops started in 1940 with plenty of enthusiasm but not much equipment or experience. Unsuitable aircraft, unwise training techniques, accidents, dubious equipment—the first volunteers had to put up with a lot.

But the spirit and endurance they showed was firmly established by August, 1942, when The Parachute Regiment officially came into being. In February of that year the Regiment had won its first battle honour when Major J D Frost DSO, MC (later dubbed the "Mad Colonel of Arnhem" and now Major-General) led a successful airborne raid on the Bruneval radar station in France.

Eight months later the 1st Parachute Brigade, highly trained and grimly eager for battle, dropped into North Africa. It was the first occasion Allied troops were dropped on a large scale and the first real opportunity for men of The Parachute Regiment to show their mettle. While they were fighting across a continent into Sicily and Italy, more parachute troops were being trained in

By the very nature of its men and its task, The Parachute Regiment has had within its ranks colourful daredevils for whom fear was an unknown word. Men like Colonel Alastair Pearson, a Territorial who commanded 1st Battalion and parachuted into North Africa, Sicily and Normandy, winning four DSOs and an MC in 18 months. Men like Corporal Frederick Topham VC, a medical orderly who, despite his

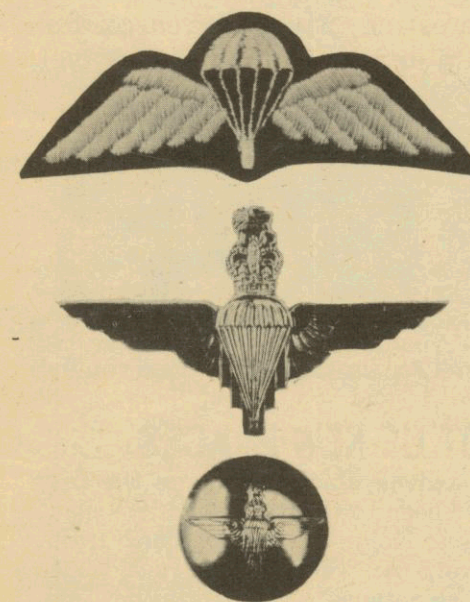
THE PARACHUTE REGIMENT

Britain. Whole battalions volunteered for parachute duties and by the end of the war 17 parachute battalions had been formed.

On the historic 6 June, 1944, 6th Airborne Division dropped by night into Normandy to help prepare the way for the greatest invasion the world had ever seen. Perhaps the most dangerous of the heroic parachute tasks performed that night was the capture of Merville Battery by men of 9th Battalion, each with a luminous skull and crossbones painted on his jumping smock.

But the Regiment's most famous, most heroic action was still to come. Four months after D-Day, 1st Airborne Division dropped in two lifts near Arnhem. Its task was to seize the bridge and hold it until relieved by Second Army within an expected 48 hours. Facing only light opposition at first, the Red Devils fought through the town and seized the north end of the bridge.

Fighting became fiercer with the arrival of the 11th SS Panzer Corps but



Top: The coveted blue wings worn with pride on the arm of every parachutist. Below: The cap badge and button of The Parachute Regiment.

own injuries, treated wounded parachutists under heavy fire and rescued three men from a burning ammunition carrier.

And whenever the Regiment's battle honours are mentioned, integrally connected with those historic places are names like Gale, Lathbury, Frost, Luard, Tatham-Warter and hundreds more who left their mark on the gallant deeds of the Red Devils.



All the grim reality of street fighting in Arnhem is reflected in this wartime picture. The Red Devils' heroic stand was to become an epic in the annals of gallant fighting men.

against fantastically heavy odds the paratroopers refused to yield. After three days the 2nd Battalion at the bridge virtually ceased to exist. The Red Devils were surrounded and hopelessly outnumbered.

Bitter house-to-house fighting followed. After seven days the remnants of two battalions—about 100 men—were warned to be ready to fight to the last round and the last man.

Fortunately it was not necessary. Two days later the paratroopers withdrew, tattered, desperately tired, but still defiant. Of the 10,000 who landed nine days before, only about 2000 escaped.

In the final airborne operation of the war, 6th Airborne Division parachuted across the Rhine and fought through Germany to Wismar where 3rd Parachute Brigade became the first British troops to link up with the Russians.

Of the 14 battalions of The Parachute Regiment which saw service in Europe or North Africa, six were wiped out. Lesser soldiers may have found a famous wartime reputation difficult to live up to. Not so these parachutists. Since the war they have fought rebels in Java, anarchists in Palestine, terrorists in Cyprus and guerillas in Malaya.

Today The Parachute Regiment has three Regular battalions—one stationed abroad—constantly ready for action. They are part of 16th Parachute Brigade Group which includes airborne artillery, engineers, signals and services supporting the parachute battalions in battle.

Every man in the Regiment is a volunteer and a parachutist. A special spirit, an integral, all-embracing con-

fidence, exists between men of The Parachute Regiment. Perhaps it emanates from the shared experience of jumping out of a hole in the side of an aircraft or the fact that they usually go into battle first—and alone.

The Regiment has a thriving Junior Parachute Company at Aldershot training Red Devils of the future and four Territorial Army battalions—the 10th (County of London), 12/13th (Yorkshire and Lancashire), 15th (Scottish) and 17th (9th Durham Light Infantry).

Parachute training is tough and only the best succeed. Jumping lasts four weeks and after eight jumps recruits receive their coveted parachute wings (and extra pay)—it is a proud moment for them all.

The Regiment trains world-wide, in the arctic and in the tropics, for every man knows that at any time—often within a matter of hours—he could be fighting on the other side of the world. And if they have a special pride in their red berets and a quiet tendency to think of themselves as a race apart, they can be forgiven. For they are the truly professional soldiers.

Daphne du Maurier, the famous novelist and wife of Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick Browning DSO, who raised the first airborne division, has been credited with choosing the colour maroon for The Parachute Regiment.

Red berets were first worn by paratroopers when they went into action in North Africa. In February, 1943, the 3rd Battalion captured about 200 German prisoners carrying pamphlets giving them detailed instructions on the best way to fight the "red devils."

The Parachute Regiment accepted this as an honour won in battle and subsequently adopted the title as its official nickname—probably one of the few occasions an enemy has chosen the nickname of a British regiment.

'Here's why I chose the Army...'

SAYS CORPORAL 'PADDY' DONALD,
22, FROM ST. HELENS



'I WANTED MORE VARIETY IN MY WORK... I was working in the mines, doing the same job day in, day out. I wanted something more interesting. My first reason for choosing the Army was really a desire to travel abroad—but once I'd joined, I found that travel wasn't the only interesting part of Army life...'

'IT'S A GOOD FUTURE... For example, I don't stick to one job—I try to accumulate knowledge in a variety of different activities. There's no limit to where you can get in the Army. If you've got a good, quick brain, and a fair bit of drive, there's nothing to stop you getting to the top.'

'I'M NOT SAYING THE FIRST TEN WEEKS WEREN'T TOUGH...

There's drill, to start with, and there's discipline, and one or two things you have to do that you don't like. But that happens in any job. On the whole, the balance is a good one. I'd heard a lot of tales about how bad the drill would be; but when I got into it, it was dead easy. You get very fit. On one endurance test, I lived in snow for a week, doing patrols every night. I didn't know I had it in me. When you're as fit as that, the training's no problem at all.'

'THE PAY'S GOOD... I reckon I'm getting more money in the Army than I could earn in civvy street. You find you have more real spending money, all the time. I run a motor bike, for instance, which I doubt if I could



An infantry 'Wombat' anti-tank gun in action

have afforded if it wasn't for the pay advantages you get in the Army.'

'I'VE SEEN A LOT OF NEW PLACES...

That was what attracted me to the Army in the first place — the travel. I've been to Germany, and I've spent fourteen months in Hong Kong. We did advanced training there: exercises every two weeks or so — sometimes up in the mountains, sometimes right beside the Communist border. It was a marvellous journey out there. I wouldn't mind doing it all over again.'

Is this the sort of life you are looking for? Information costs you nothing. Why not drop in for a friendly chat at your local Army Information Office? They are there to help you. Or fill in the coupon below.

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RW/31/B

SPORT

A 3-tonner plunges into the "water" hazard on the cross-country course near Catterick.

Below: For the smaller vehicles the hazards were less messy but needed more delicacy.



SIX DAYS A-DRIVING

REGARDLESS of starting point, the road to Colchester for the Army Driving Championships was 375 miles long. Then the Championships really began: In Yorkshire there was a cross-country course that would have tested a tank, in Scotland a hill-climb fit for the Monte Carlo Rally, and in Wales a navigation test round a maze of twisting roadway. But six days and 1100 miles later, 82 of the 111 three-tonners, *Land-Rovers* and *Champs* which set out from Colchester passed the finish point with faults fixed, pistons beating and mud-flaps flying!

This year competitors had to be entirely self-contained. The hot meals and accommodation of previous years were out! The only concession to comfort was an area set aside in each Command where vehicles took an enforced rest period of six hours. Competitors could either take their own food or cash to buy it on route. Many chose to buy it and the few fish and chip shops and transport cafés on the route did a roaring trade. One northern village store sold completely out of food and closed—leaving several hungry competitors wishing they had opted for "compo" rations.

As in previous years, speed was not a factor, the accent being on driving skill, courtesy and safety, maintenance, map reading and navigation. Civilian road safety officials stationed at secret points along the route told **SOLDIER** that a consistently high

standard of driving was observed throughout.

The new British Army champions, 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards, runners-up in 1961 and Rhine Army champions, received the President's Trophy from Lieutenant-General G C Gordon-Lennox DSO, President of the British Army Motoring Association. In addition to becoming the overall champions by a decisive margin, the Regiment won four other awards. Runners-up were the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Artillery, who also did splendidly to win four other awards, and third were 1st Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, with five other awards.

The **SOLDIER** Trophy for the best team on the cross-country trials went to 1 Training Battalion, Royal Army Service Corps, Aldershot, and the winners of the Coup des Dames were 2 Independent Company, Women's Royal Army Corps.

From start to finish the only near-casualty was a three-tonner which overturned in the Welsh mountains. None of the occupants was hurt; the vehicle was righted by a recovery team of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers and carried on to finish the course.

In the Territorial Army Championship, held concurrently over a shorter but equally arduous course, 140 vehicles of the 168 starters completed the course. The new champions, third in 1961, are 107 Infantry Workshop, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, Belfast; the runners-up, 135 Survey Squadron, Royal Engineers; and third, 217 Field Squadron, Royal Engineers.

Story: D H CLIFFORD

Pictures: FRANK TOMPSETT



Two of the new *Bosun* class dinghies, bought by the Nuffield Trust, sailing at Roermond.

OFF ON THE RIGHT TACK

THOUGH British Army Headquarters in Germany has most sporting and leisure facilities, two members of the Inter-Services Yacht Club found there was at least one missing. Major "Jock" Morgan and Staff-Sergeant Jim Ashcroft found there was no Army sailing club within anything like hailing distance. They had no money, no premises, no boats, no water within 25 miles. . . . But they brushed aside these trivialities and set out to form a club!

Today, 18 months later, the Rhine Area Sailing Club has 16 boats, more than 100 members, a flourishing cadet section and a training programme that includes winter lectures and demonstrations.

It all stemmed from a meeting called by the two enthusiasts which attracted 40 interested people, including Sergeant Mike Reynolds, who became the club's hard-working secretary. First great stride forward came when the Royal Air Force (Germany) Sailing Club generously offered the new club the use of some of its boats for the summer. The second came in the depths of winter with lakes ice-bound and snow-covered.

Club members travelled to the Möhne See

to collect six international *Sharpies* of about 1930 vintage which the Möhne See club could no longer use. Each one needed six months' hard work to make it seaworthy, and again the Royal Air Force stepped in, offering the use of a large shed as a workshop.

The many nights and weekends spent scraping, repairing and painting were rewarded when the elderly but shipshape craft were proudly launched. The Nuffield Trust encouraged this enterprise by supplying five new boats, and the Club president, Brigadier J W A Stares DSO, bought two more from funds at his disposal. School holidays created a need for a cadet section, and 12 youngsters, after first showing they could swim 50 yards, quickly absorbed the finer points.

The club sails at Roermond, Holland, where Maas en Roer Sailing Club members have been most helpful and friendly. The Army club's crimson burgee has a blue section in appreciation of the help of the Royal Air Force, and bears a windmill in honour of its Dutch hosts. Sailing matches between the three clubs are always popular events, with a social evening in the friendly Dutch clubhouse an essential part of the proceedings.

SPORTING BOOKSHELF

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

In 1943, Anti-Aircraft Command introduced a new high-speed mechanical loader, only to find that the gun crews were not strong enough to keep it supplied with heavy shells.

Warrant Officer Al Murray, called in from the Army Physical Training Corps, put a squad of Gunners through a six-week course of exercises with 48lb shells. At the end of it, they were more than able to meet the loader's appetite.

As a result, weight-lifting became accepted as an aid to strength and physical efficiency.

Although a sport in its own right, weight-lifting now plays a big part in training for athletics, swimming, football, tennis and many other sports. At the top of the training tree is ex-Warrant Officer Al Murray, official coach to Britain's national weight-lifting teams and to sportsmen and sportswomen in other fields.

In "Modern Weight-Training" (Kaye, 25s), he writes of weight-training as a science and describes clearly, and with the aid of excellent pictures, the exercises and equipment involved.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

WHITE TO BLACK

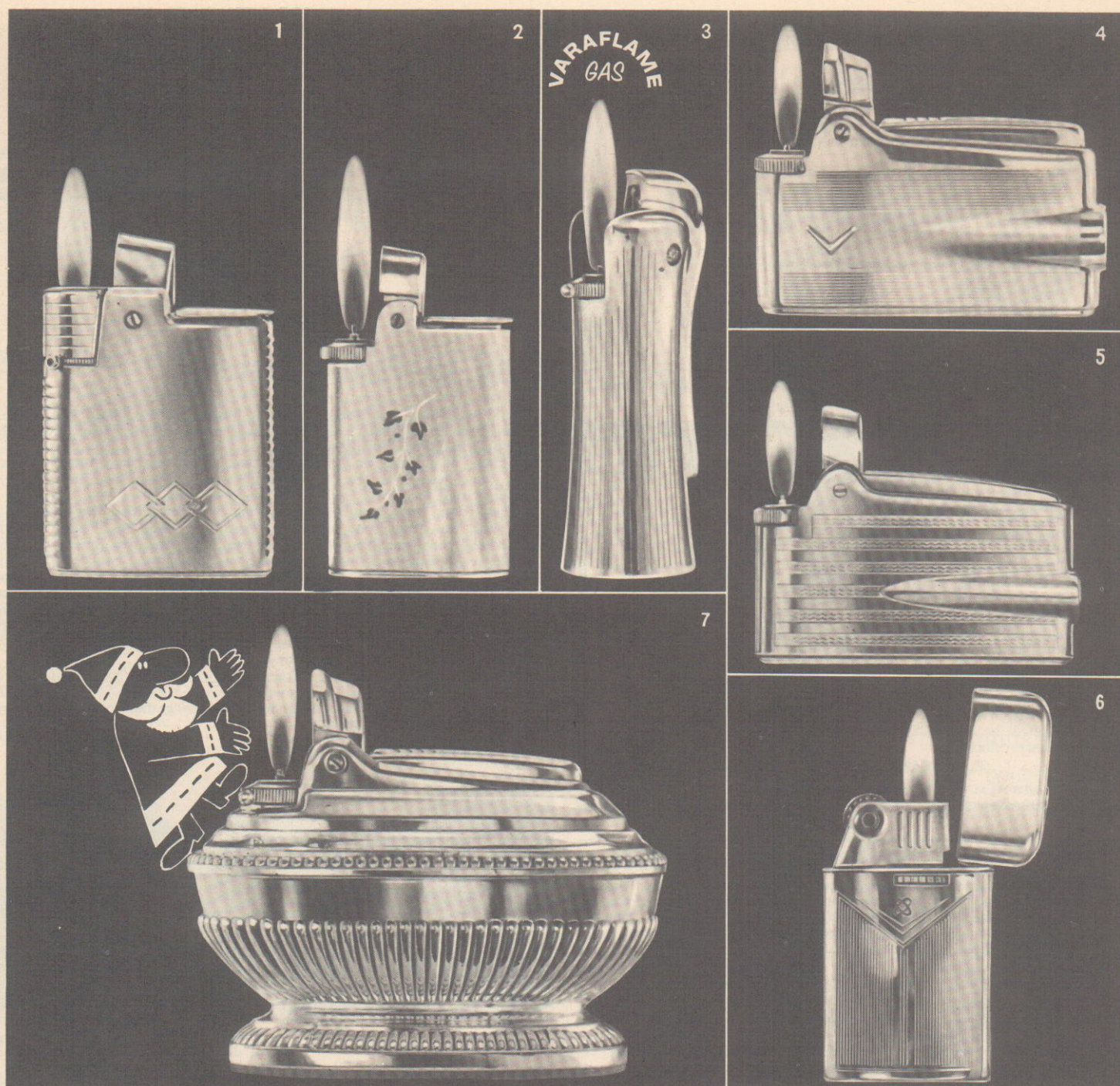
Ju-jitsu is an ancient form of unarmed combat developed by the Japanese under the feudal system. When that system came to an end last century, many of ju-jitsu's methods and tricks were developed into a new sport, judo. Today, judo has more than 5,000,000 adherents and Britain alone has about 1000 judo clubs.

For those who want to study this sport, Pat Butler has produced a handbook, "Judo Complete" (Faber, 42s), from which one can learn the complicated gradings, from the elementary 6th Kyu (white belt) to the 1st Kyu



(brown belt) and into the first five Dans (black belts).

There are five higher Dans, three of which rate red-and-white check belts and two red belts, but the novice need not worry too much about these. The author knows of only three people who have reached the eminence of 10th Dans, and they are all Japanese. The highest grade held by an Englishman is a 6th Dan.



Seven presents to please seven friends who already own lighters

A petrol lighter can be a loyal and trustworthy companion. But it can't match a Ronson Varaflame. Because a Varaflame runs on butane, a safe, clean, tasteless gas. That's why a Varaflame doesn't smoke, or smell or leak. Or need filling every couple of weeks. And every one has the exclusive Varaflame control that lets you turn the flame up for pipes. Down for cigarettes. In between for cigars.

No wonder any smoker, even one who already owns a petrol lighter, will be thrilled to get a Varaflame for Christmas. There are 40 models to choose from. Here are seven.

Ronson Varaflames in the picture are:

1. **Windmaster** in satin chromium, 63/-. A completely windproof gas lighter, tested on Mount Everest. Other finishes: engine-turned, handstitched buffalo, 65/-.
2. **Starfire** in golden finish with enamelled decoration, 63/-. Other golden or black finishes from 59/6. The lightest, most feminine lighter you could give.
3. **Ladylite** in chromium, 90/-, in golden finish, £5.5.0. Sleek, elegant, sophisticated.
4. **Premier** in chromium, 77/6. Gives as many as 3,000 lights on one filling. Other finishes: chromium, enamel,

crocodile, handstitched buffalo skin from 72/6.

5. **Adonis**—all the Varaflame virtues in a new, *slender* shape. Three luxury golden finishes from 89/6.

6. **Windlite** (made in W. Germany) in engraved chromium, 49/6. Windproof. Practical. One of the toughest gas lighters you can buy.

7. **Queen Anne**, £4.19.6. A silver-plated table lighter in classic style. Six other distinctive designs from 72/6.

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LETTERS

Back to Fallingbistel

YOUR article on Academy Sergeant-Major Lord was, for me, almost uncanny in its timing, for I had just returned from the site of the old Stalag XIB, at Fallingbistel.

Evocative of memory as was your article on Jackie Lord, you may imagine how it was to wander among the crumbling foundations of this former hell on the Soltau road.

A sign by the former entrance to the camp warns against the dumping of litter. What unwitting irony when one remembers what the Nazis did to the inmates! All those men . . . the superlative Arnheim boys; the irrepressible Poles from the Warsaw rising; the Yugoslav partisans (one a boy of fourteen); the Americans from the Battle of the Bulge; the huddle of scarcely human material that had once been proud Russian soldiery; the seemingly indestructible "Dunkirk" men who, in March, 1945, after a nightmare three months' trek from *stalags* behind the crumbling Eastern Front, arrived only to find that there was no room at the inn, and that if they were to survive it was to be on the ground outside or the floor inside.

Fortunately, years of gruelling toil and acutely developed guile had tempered this band of rogues to withstand the worst ideas of National Socialism and the best intentions of he who stood ten feet tall among them all—Jackie Lord. They survived.

All those men . . . where were they now?



Reader A MacDonald Bell stands on the old central square of Stalag XIB.

One wandered on through the tangle of vegetation, rediscovering the old camp roads and remembering where once they led; to the British Compound below and to the right of the slope; beyond to the marquee of the Yankee flyers; deeper in to the Russian Compound where once it was possible—if you didn't mind typhus—to get a haircut for half a swede and two fags.

Memories came of the last days when "Lord's Constabulary" went into action, rounding up the German personnel and manning the perimeter guard, the North Gate guard and the *Vorlager* guard, and the unique experience of taking over a "Goon Box" from its former occupant one April night when the air crackled as much with expectancy as with the small arms fire of the approaching front.

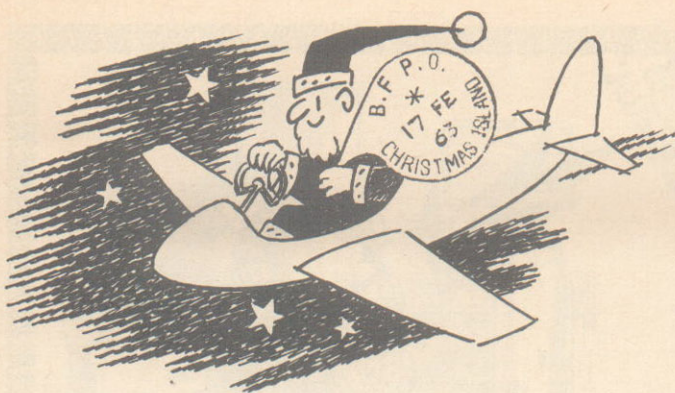
There was the small panic on the last night occasioned by two SS men who decided to dig in with their *Panzerfaust* between a corner of the camp and the bridge through which the tanks of Guards armour must soon come. Eternal credit to the anonymous and scruffy POW who, with hands in pockets, strolled up to the edge of the bazooka pit and impolitely told the startled SS men to "B—r off." It is strange to think there are men—the crew of the first tank into Stalag XIB—alive today who probably owe their lives to this unknown soldier's casual but determined action.

The first *Sherman* rumbling through the *Vorlager* Gate on a grey, April morning; the joyous uproar, the laughter and the tears. Monty himself, arriving a few days later and inspecting a guard of honour resplendent in toothpasted web equipment. All those men . . . those memories.—A MacDonald Bell, 14 Iona Avenue, Exmouth, Devon.

Congratulations on the wonderful colour photograph of Academy Sergeant-Major John C Lord on the front cover of your October issue, and the article on him, "Portrait of a Soldier."

If the Army of today had fewer welfare officers but more warrant officers of Academy Sergeant-Major Lord's calibre and character, we could be spared the horrid spectacle of sloppy soldiers slouching along the streets with their hands in their uniform pockets.—Miss Alison Kinnis, 5 Conway Court, Marina, St Leonards on Sea, Sussex.

* *SOLDIER* is particularly happy to publish these tributes to a soldier and a gentleman.



Link with Napoleon

My 84-year-old neighbour, Mr Joseph Wilde, who came of a family justly proud of its long Army service, has recently died. He served for many years in the Corps of Army Schoolmasters and was commissioned into the Army Educational Corps when it was first formed.

His father, Superior Barrack Sergeant Joseph Wilde, born in 1839, died in 1904 after 54 years in the Army. He wore the Crimean Medal with "Sebastopol" clasp, the Turkish Crimean Medal, the Indian Mutiny Medal with "Lucknow" clasp, the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal and that for Meritorious Service (1895). He was the youngest son of Spear Sergeant James Wilde, Royal Artillery, who was a Peninsular War and Waterloo veteran, and so a link with the Napoleonic era 150 years ago has been snapped.

Unfortunately Mr Wilde's grandfather's Waterloo Medal is missing, but his family are sending his father's medals to his old Regiment.—A T Lloyd, 1 Barton Drive, New Milton, Hants.

Bouquet

Since I began to write articles on medals for SOLDIER two years ago, I have become aware that the magazine is well read throughout the British Commonwealth and in other English-speaking countries. I have had letters from readers as far afield as New Zealand, Hong Kong, British Guiana and Canada.

But SOLDIER's appeal is not confined just to English-speaking readers. Recently, while camping in Luxembourg, I met an officer of the Dutch Intelligence Corps who told me that SOLDIER is the best-read magazine in the officers' mess at his station. I would find it, he said, in every mess in The Netherlands. I think this is quite a compliment.—Maj John Laffin, Nook Cottage, Halland, Lewes, Sussex.

Red Cross parcels

As this centenary year of the Red Cross draws to a close I should like to place on record, as a World War Two prisoner-of-war, my heartfelt gratitude for the wonderful work this organisation did on our behalf.

Ask any prisoner who spent years in a German prison camp and he will tell you that the Red Cross food parcels, arriving on an average almost once weekly, undoubtedly saved his life. Yet the odd thing is that this life-saving item, the greatest boon of all, was never expressly covered by any rules between warring countries.

The Geneva Convention of 1929 simply stipulated that rations for prisoners-of-war should be equivalent in quality and quantity to those of depot troops—the enemy soldiers guarding them. The Germans insisted to the International Committee in Geneva that this was being observed, and added that they were giving us as much to eat as their own civilians. This was far from true, and as time went on even these meagre rations deteriorated. The International Committee, hard at work fighting for strict observance of the Convention by both warring sides, was flooded with complaints but, while its right to intervene was recognised, it had no means of compelling a belligerent to obey its proposals.

However, so highly was its moral

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

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

authority respected that its delegates were able to invoke successfully a clause in the Convention providing for "relief" by voluntary aid societies. The British Red Cross then began consigning vast quantities of food parcels to the International Committee in Geneva, whose delegates obtained German agreement to deliver them to the camps scattered throughout the Reich. Extra parcels containing special nourishment for TB and other sick prisoners were channelled through Geneva to the prison camp hospitals, and at Christmas special parcels arrived containing such precious scarcities as butter, sugar, honey, chocolate, Christmas cake, plum pudding and cigarettes.

With the basic ration from the Germans down to a tenth of a loaf of black bread, three rotten potatoes and a cupful of thin mangel-wurzel "soup" a day, our thankfulness knew no bounds.—"Taffy," Cardiff.

Stalemate

Mr H W J Taylor, of Caterham, states (SOLDIER, October) that it is possible to find, in all three Services, men with qualifications which entitle them to ranks above those held. I agree, as in my troop there are seven B1 tradesmen, all troopers with a fair amount of service behind them but who will get no promotion for ages because, as six years is the shortest period we can sign on for, we must wait for someone to get demobbed before there is even a faint chance of promotion.

I also think the only thing that will encourage more recruits is to go back to a three-year engagement. How many lads in civvy street want to sign on the dotted line for at least six years before they know what they are in for? And, apart from that, there will have to be quite a few changes before lads will even stop thinking of buying themselves out of this not-so-modern British Army.—Tpr J Clarkson, 17th/21st Lancers, BFPO 16.

Military bands

Your correspondent, Mr H Eaton, complains of the "dreary and stereotyped" music played by British military bands (SOLDIER, October).

Having a strong liking for the very bands he criticises, I feel impelled to reply. These bands travel extensively and try to suit all tastes. Folkestone is lucky in being one of the few seaside resorts where they

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play twice a day every summer. I have attended most of these performances for the last eight summers, having a season ticket, and I have never found them dreary.

Compositions by Tchaikovsky, Strauss, Haydn, von Suppé, Elgar, Waldteufel, Gung'l, Chopin, Handel, Alford, Sousa, Novello, Sullivan and many others are included, also current selections from musical shows and films. What more could your correspondent want?

Perhaps Folkestone is especially fortunate in the quality of visiting bands, some of which play as orchestras.—**Capt L F Mercer (Rtd)**, 92 Cheriton Road, Folkestone, Kent.

Temple grave

Amid all the talk of saving the 3200-year-old Abu Simbel temples from being submerged by the Aswan Dam project, no one mentions what is to become of the grave of the English officer in the forecourt of the larger temple.

The grey marble tombstone says Major Benjamin Incham Tidswell, Royal Dragoons, was born 11 May, 1850, and died 18 June, 1885, while serving in the Heavy Camel Regiment with the Nile Expedition.



Maj Tidswell's grave in the forecourt of the temple of Abu Simbel.

One wonders why a Christian was buried in such pagan surroundings, especially if there was enough money available to transport the stone from England to Abu Simbel, which is only a



few miles from the Sudan frontier. Why was his body not taken back to Cairo, for instance, to be buried in a Christian cemetery there? Members of the Coptic Church at one time used this ancient temple as a place of Christian worship, so perhaps it was considered consecrated ground in 1885?

Near the grave, carved in pink limestone, is the world's first recorded peace treaty, that concluded between the Pharaoh, Ramses II, and the King of the Hittites.—**Miss M R Bull**, Tanger-Socco, Box 2052, Tangier, Morocco.

PRIZE WINNERS

Prize winners in SOLDIER's Competition 64 (Armchair Rally—September) were:

- 1 Sgt S E F Brown, 81 Sec, SIB, RMP/AER.
- 2 Sgt R M Fowler, 155 (L) Inf Wksp, REME (TA).
- 3 Capt C C Dunphie, London Rifle Brigade Rangers.
- 4 Lieut R P Hulley, RAMC, Military Hospital, Shorncliffe, Kent.
- 5 Capt R St C Preston, KOYLI, Old Bank House, Pickering, Yorks.
- 6 Cfn Parslow, 3 Pl (FRG), 7 Arm Wksp, REME, BFPO 38.

Special prizes of bound volumes of SOLDIER were won by App Davies, Venning Pl, "A" Coy, JTR ACC, St Omer Bks, Aldershot, Hants (young soldiers); Cadet E Simpson (King's School, Ely, CCF); The Vicarage, Witcham, Ely, Cambs (ACF and CCF); and Maj J A Hewson, TD, Stonegate, Wadhurst, Sussex (Auxiliary Forces).

The correct answers were: 1 491151. 2 Start Navigation. 3 1½-2 miles. 4 North. 5 1½-2 miles. 6 Yes. 7 6-7 minutes. 8 A120. 9 28½-32½ mph. 10 South.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

J F Batty, 22 Almonds Way, Slough, Buckinghamshire.—Parachute, glider, Commando and special units insignia. Correspondence welcomed.

V A Ramcharan, Belvedere Settlement, Corentyne Coast, Berbice, British Guiana.—Postcards, photography, Scouting, stamps and coins. Correspondence welcomed and all letters answered.

G Lyles, 14 Grice Court, Alwyne Square, London N1.—Requires books, photographs etc of armoured fighting vehicles and self-propelled guns.

The guns at Nery

The photograph of "L" Battery, RHA, in action at Nery (SOLDIER, October) shows 18-pr guns, unless the camera lies. All RHA batteries had 13-pr guns in 1914, and I believe that "T" and "F" Batteries, RHA, were the first to have 18-prs, about the end of May or early June, 1915.—**L S Offord**, 15 West Avenue, Chelmsford, Essex.

* The guns used by "L" Battery, RHA, at Nery, were indeed 13-prs. No cameraman was present at the action, and SOLDIER's reproduction is of a contemporary painting.

Modified or not

In reply to Mr R J C Holmes's letter concerning the rifles used by the United States Marine Corps (SOLDIER, October) I find it is possible to do a great deal of similar display drill using the No 4 Short Lee-Enfield, a heavier rifle.

This is possible by finding the point of balance and then making the weight of the rifle do the work. A great deal of effect is obtained with white gloves, butt slapping, white rifle slings and sharp movements.—**D G Fairley** (Cadet Drum-Major, Dundee High School CCF), 45 Albany Terrace, Dundee.

Early tanks

I was very interested to read the review of Maj Foley's book, "The Boiler-Plate War" (SOLDIER, October). When I was first posted to it during World War One, the Tank Corps was called the Machine Gun Corps, Heavy Section, and we wore the cap badge of two crossed machine guns with a crown above. I believe the name was changed to the Tank Corps in late 1916 or early 1917.

There were no self-starters or joysticks in those days. The crank handle broke many a thumb and steering was accomplished by cycloptic gears on each side of the tank.—**T H Minness**, 34 Garner Road, Walthamstow, London E17.

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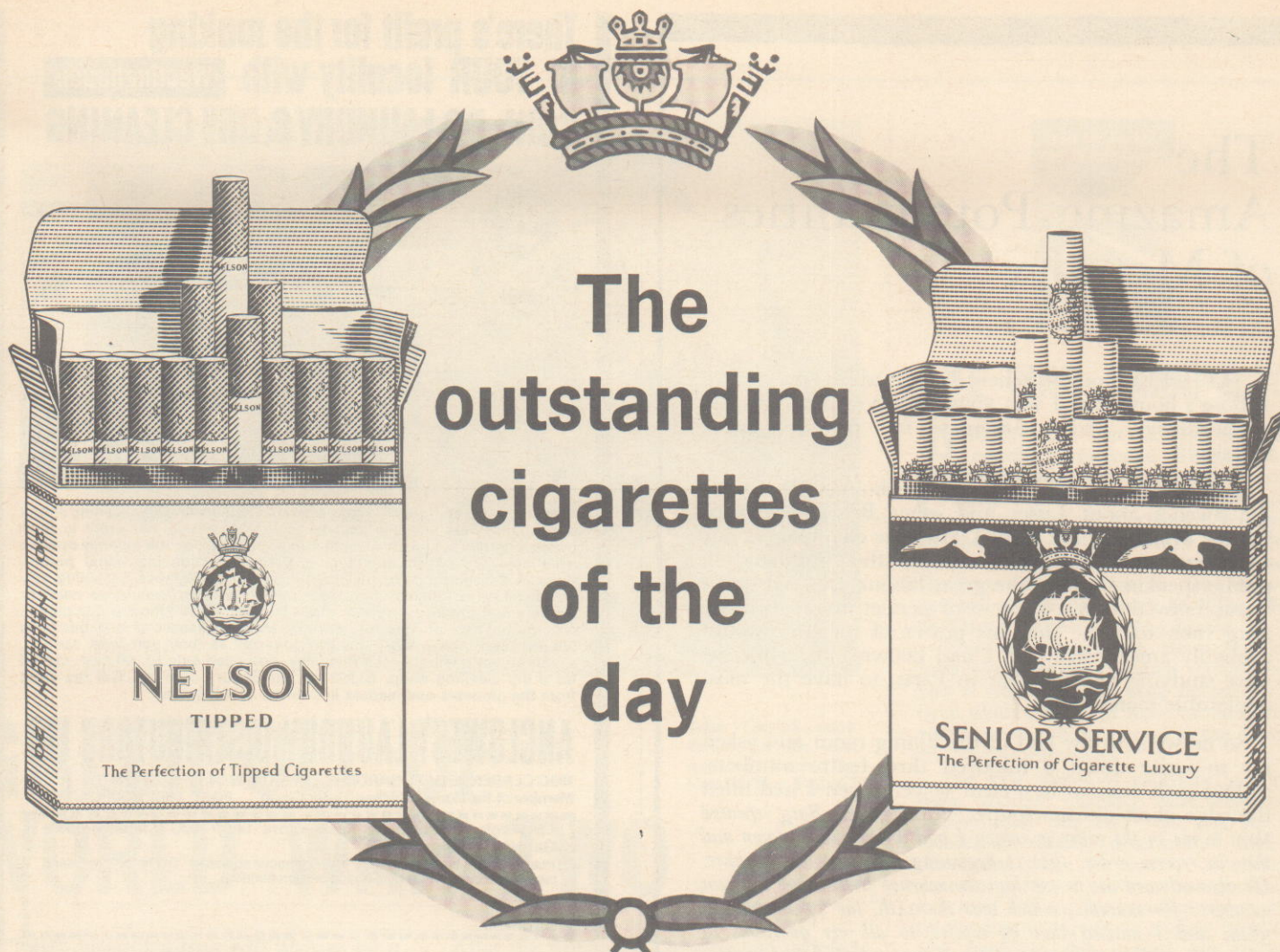
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I LITTLE thought when I arrived at my friend Borg's house that I was about to see something truly extraordinary, and to increase my mental powers tenfold.

He had asked me to come to Stockholm to lecture to the Swedes about Lister and other British scientists. On the evening of my arrival, after the champagne, our conversation turned naturally to the problems of public speaking and to the great labour imposed on us lecturers by the need to be word perfect in our lectures. Borg then told me that his power of memory would probably amaze me—and I had known him, while we were studying law together in Paris, to have the most deplorable memory!

So he went to the end of the dining-room and asked me to write down a hundred three-figure numbers, calling each one out in a clear voice. When I had filled the edge of an old newspaper with figures, Borg repeated them to me in the order in which I had written them down and then in reverse order, that is beginning with the last number. He also allowed me to ask him the relative position of different numbers: for example, which was the 24th, the 72nd; and the 38th, and I noticed that he replied to all my questions at once and without effort, as if the figures which I had written on the paper had been also written in his brain.

I was dumbfounded by such a feat and sought in vain for the trick which enabled him to achieve it. My friend then said: "The thing you have just seen and which seems so remarkable is, in fact, quite simple. Everybody has a memory good enough to do the same, but few indeed can use this wonderful faculty." He then revealed to me how I could achieve a similar feat of memory, and I at once mastered the secret—without mistakes and without effort—as you, too, will master it tomorrow.

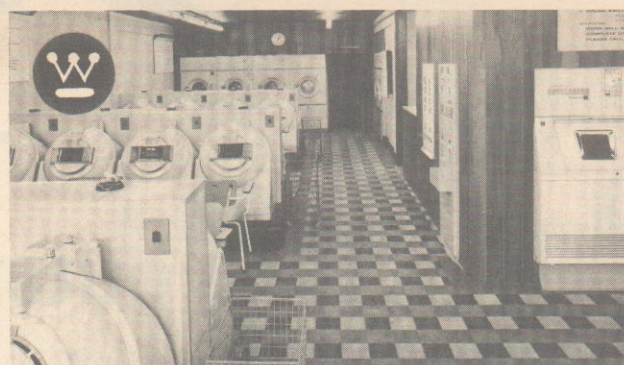
But I did not stop at these amusing experiments. I applied the principles I had learned in my daily work. I could now remember, with unbelievable facility, the lectures I heard and those which I gave myself, the names of people I met—even if it was only once—as well as their addresses, and a thousand other details which were most useful to me. Finally, I discovered after a while that not only had my memory improved, but that I had also acquired greater powers of concentration; a surer judgment—which is by no means surprising since the keenness of our intellect is primarily dependent on the number and variety of the things we remember.

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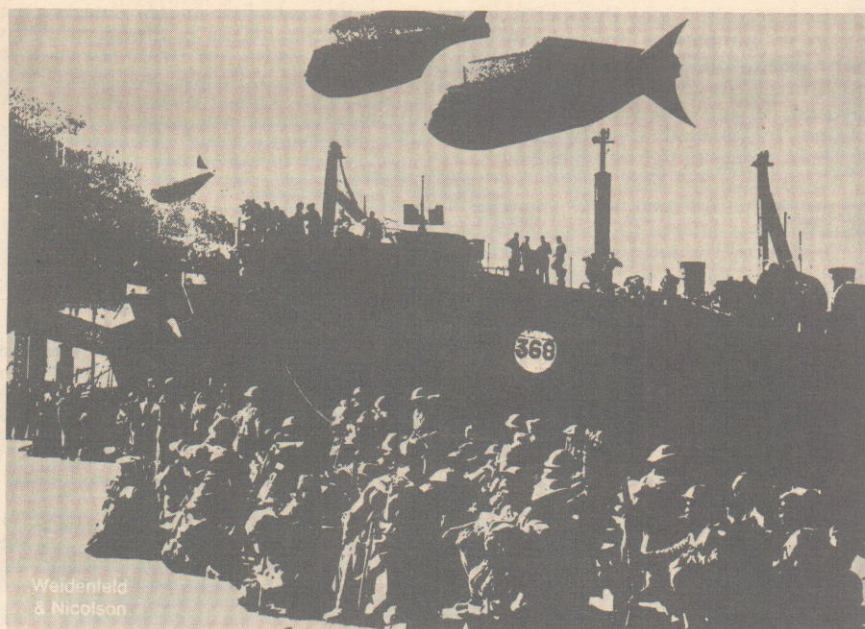
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GALLIPOLI OF WORLD WAR TWO

John Curtis's stark design for the dust cover of "Anzio: The Gamble That Failed."

THE Anzio landing will always be a subject of controversy. There are so many unanswered questions, so many ifs, so many what-might-have-beens. In "Anzio: The Gamble That Failed" (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 25s) an American historian, Martin Blumenson, tells the story from the American point of view.

The landing was supposed to be a short cut to Rome with the added attraction of breaking the deadlock at Cassino. The Americans, preoccupied with D-Day plans, never wanted Anzio. They suspected Churchill's Mediterranean ambitions involved the Balkans and were unwilling to tie up forces and landing craft needed for Normandy.

Searching for the reason why this great gamble failed, the author says the fundamental fault was the haste with which the landing was prepared and executed. It was not made in sufficient strength, because more troops could not be withdrawn from Southern Italy and it was impossible to wait for others from North Africa or America.

In bringing out these points so clearly and in his general handling of the story, Mr Blumenson has produced a valuable account of the battle. He skilfully sets the scene by giving sufficient "before and after" history and despite an American tendency to belittle British efforts, the account is quite well balanced.

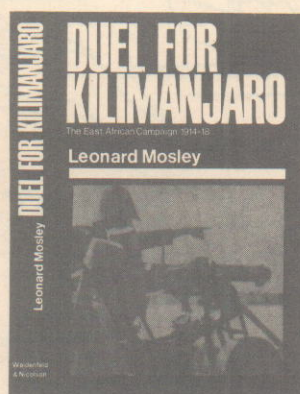
Perhaps the most valuable aspect is the penetrating analysis of the leading figures, particularly the gloomy General John P Lucas and the "disenchanted" General Mark Clark. Lucas, who commanded the landing, confided to his diary: "They will put me ashore with inadequate forces and get me into a serious jam. Then, who will be to blame?" At Anzio, on 22 January, 1944, the Allies achieved one of the greatest surprises of the war. But Allied hesitation gave the enemy a chance to recover—and the gamble was lost.

After the British 1st Division had suffered serious losses repulsing an attack, Lucas wrote of it: "I wish I had an American division in there. It is probably my fault that I don't understand them [the British] better. I think they suffer excessive losses. They are certainly brave men, but ours are better trained in my opinion, and I am sure our officers are better educated in a military way."

General Clark was irked by having to serve under British command and thought the British slow and lacking in aggressiveness.

The author places ownership of the Anzio gamble squarely in Churchill's lap, and writes: "Churchill's Gallipoli of World War Two, Anzio, was not so catastrophic a failure, but was a blunder none the less."

J C W



The Gentlemen's War

IT is a curious fact that for years a subject may be shrouded in mystery and then, suddenly and for no apparent reason, the curtains and cobwebs are swept away. Such a subject is the World War One campaign in German East Africa. For years it was the side-show all but ignored by official histories but in reality perhaps the most interesting of the campaigns of 1914-18.

"Duel for Kilimanjaro" (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 25s), by Leonard Mosley, is the second book to be published this year on this campaign. The first, "German East" (Brian Gardner), was reviewed by SOLDIER in June. Careful and untiring research, commonsense and admirable objectivity are all apparent in Mr Mosley's book. It deserves to be read by everyone in whom the spirit of adventure is not dead.

And what an adventure that campaign became for its hero, Paul von Lettow-Vorbeck. For the whole of World War One—plus a fortnight—he outmanoeuvred the British. When war broke out, he was a colonel commanding the Schutztruppe—a handful of white officers and 2500 askari forming the colony's sole protection. He realised how great his contribu-

PAGE 35



ONE WHO CAME BACK

AMONG the last British troops to reach threatened Singapore in early 1942 was Reginald Burton, a young captain in the 4th Battalion, The Royal Norfolk Regiment. Wounded in the final battle before surrender, and subsequently suffering the worst the Japs could inflict, he describes the ordeal of his captivity in "The Road to Three Pagodas" (Macdonald, 25s).

This is a horrifying story of almost miraculous survival against terrible odds, and is the more shocking because it has been written after the lapse of many years, when events can be viewed in the perspective of cool distance.

The first stages of captivity in Singapore, though chaotic, were reasonably comfortable, but this was not to last. Conditions steadily deteriorated until the time came when the author, in a heterogeneous party of officers, was packed off in a steel box-car for an unknown destination. After a journey of ghastly privations and hardship this turned out to be a railway construction camp in Siam—"The Road to Three Pagodas" and the last resting place for many of the party.

Starved, subsisting on only a tiny ration of rice, insulted, beaten and forced to labour for as long as they could stand, the prisoners were in a veritable hell on earth. In addition to all this the author managed to survive *beri-beri*, pellagra, dengue fever, blackwater fever, malaria, dysentery, jaundice, scabies, tinia, ringworm, tropical pamphlicus and ulcers, despite almost non-existent medical supplies.

Horror piles upon horror in this story of man's inhumanity to man. Not for reading in bed!

D H C

tion to Germany's war effort could be and by careful handling of his little force he drew off British troops which would otherwise have been fighting in Europe.

Apart from the odd blockade runner and artillery salvaged from the cruiser *Königsberg* after she was sunk, he received no outside aid. Yet he geared German East Africa's economy for war, turning out uniforms, boots and even whisky for his troops, and opening factories for ammunition, soap, chocolate, benzine, quinine, cigarettes. . . .

All this by a man who knew he had little chance of ultimate victory. But the object of his exercise was achieved. Von Lettow-

Vorbeck recruited 3007 Europeans and 12,100 *askari* as combatants and employed several thousand natives as carriers. To counter him, the British employed 160,000 British, South African, Indian and East and West African troops. In addition, the Portuguese and the Belgians threw in fighting troops.

Never once did Von Lettow-Vorbeck lose the respect of his men or his enemies. Under Hitler he was offered the post of Ambassador to Britain, but he refused rather than join the Nazi Party. Today, at the age of 94, he still lives in a little house on the banks of the Elbe, a venerable and respected figure.

J C W

TWO YEARS OF TERROR



Rebels in flight at the battle of Betwa, 1858.

MORE has been written about the Mutiny that broke out in the East India Company's army in May, 1857, than about any other episode in the whole period of the British connection in India, but most of it is involved in the political implications rather than the military aspects of the two-year campaign. In "Battles of the Indian Mutiny" (Batsford, 25s), Michael Edwardes has produced a lively and lucid account of the principal engagements and personalities involved.

Long-smouldering discontent with British reforms was sparked into revolt when it was decided to replace the old "Brown Bess" musket with the new Enfield rifle which had a much longer range and infinitely greater accuracy. To load the new rifle entailed biting a greased cartridge.

The sepoys believed, not without justification, that the grease was made from cow or pig fat—the first, from an animal sacred to the Hindus, and

the second from an animal unclean to the Muslims.

Seeing this as an attempt to break their age-old caste system, the Hindu sepoys refused to accept the new cartridges and finally broke into open mutiny. From a military point of view the scale of the fighting was small and only a part of the Company's army was involved in the revolt. Many Indian soldiers fought on the British side and vast areas of the country remained quiet and untroubled.

It was a war of movement, of tracking down, and of short, sharp engagements, fought with a ferocity which neither gave nor expected quarter on either side, each of which was guilty on occasions of the savage murder of innocent and defenceless women and children.

The author paints a vivid picture of some of the outstanding leaders; on the British side, John Nicholson, Colin Campbell and Henry Havelock, and on the Indian side the Nana Sahib, Tantia Topi and the fierce, indomitable Rani of Jhansi; the latter, despite her sex, described by Sir Hugh Rose as "the bravest and best military leader of the rebels."

Utilising much hitherto unpublished material, the author has crammed into 200 pages an erudite and eminently readable story of the saddest two years of Anglo-Indian history.

D H C

"A NOBLE CREATURE"

I SUPPOSE one day the British soldier will be treated with humanity by his officers and his country. I hope so. He is, for all his faults, a noble creature." So spoke Lord Raglan, the British Commander-in-Chief in the Crimean War, who, possibly alone among the military leaders of the day, knew the value of the British soldier and was not ashamed to proclaim it.

This was the war in which the British soldier, time and time again, pulled his leaders' chests out of the fire and it is fitting, therefore, that Raglan's comment should come at the beginning of "The Battle of Alma" (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 25s) by Peter Gibbs.

As a description of the battle it is a worthy companion to other books in the "Great Battles of History" series, edited by Hanson W Baldwin. Its message—the rankers' war—comes across loud and clear and Mr Gibbs rarely lets go an opportunity for a side-swipe at the military leadership. Certainly, most of the generals, French and Russian too, had little or no tactical ability, but what they lacked in thinking power, they more than made up in sheer courage.

Perhaps the greatest achievement of Raglan and his generals was that they communicated their own courage to their men, most of whom were green and untried.

However, none of this detracts from the author's coverage of the battle. Clearly and concisely he takes us into action, the first attack on the Great Redoubt, the second attack—and he clears up once and for all some misconceptions about the French part in this battle.

And throughout the book are lively cameos which stir the blood. One is the duel between Colonel Yea's Royal Fusiliers and the Russian Kazan Regiment. This is a valuable picture of 19th-century soldiering and clearly illustrates the value of the line as opposed to the column advance.

Another is a moving incident where Colonel Hood of the Grenadier Guards refuses to sanction the stationing of 300 of Codrington's men from line regiments in a gap on the Guards' left. Later, however, when the Grenadiers had begun their advance up the slope from the river, Hood spotted eight men of the line, the survivors of the 95th, still proudly carrying their regimental Colours. The Colonel invited the gallant eight to take their place on his left.

In 1854, a colonel of the Guards could pay men no greater tribute.

J C W

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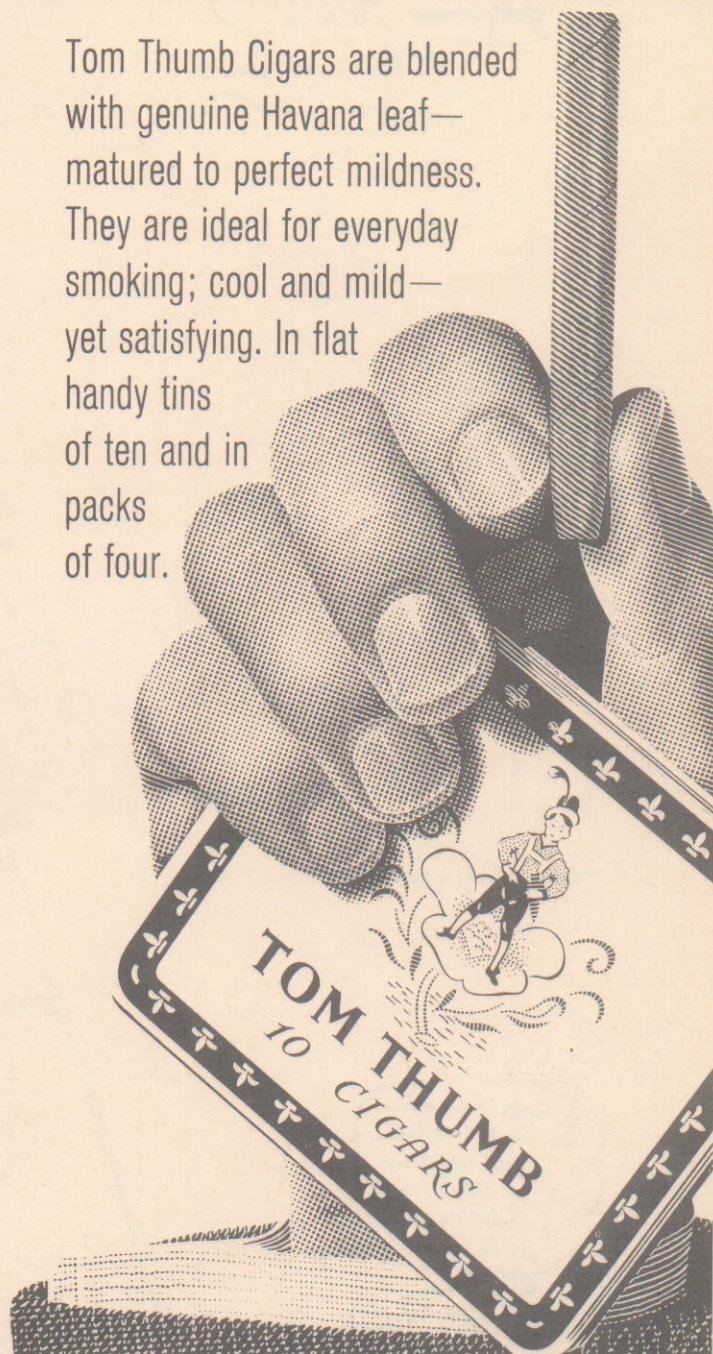
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A Lambert & Butler Brand Made in London

10 for 4'4

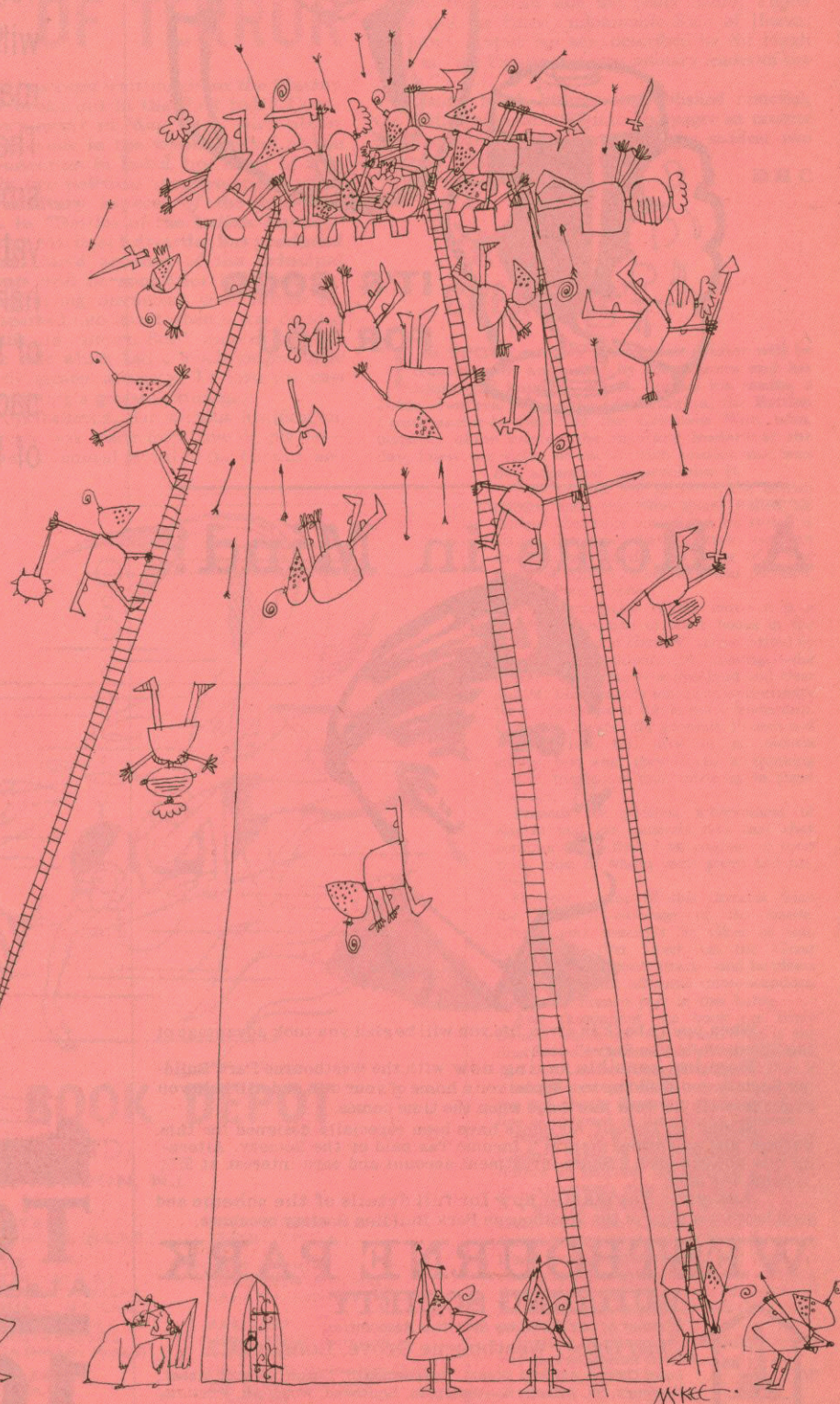
**4 FOR
1/9**

U.K. PRICES

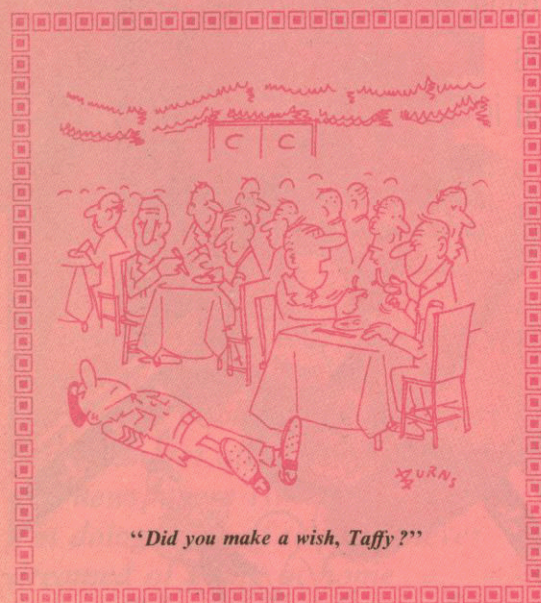


CHRISTMAS

HUMOUR



"Same every Christmas
—nothing but parties!"



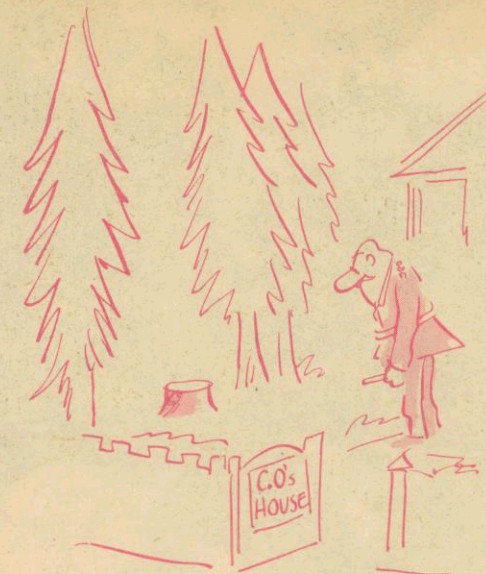
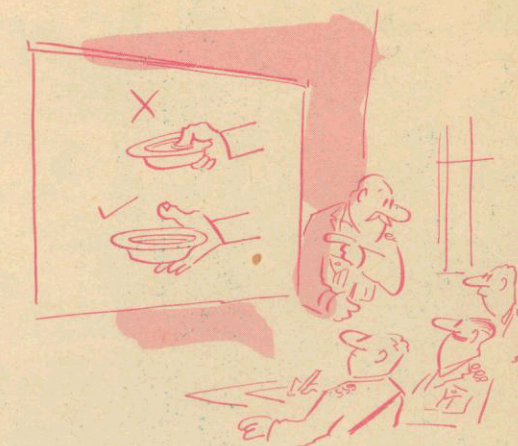
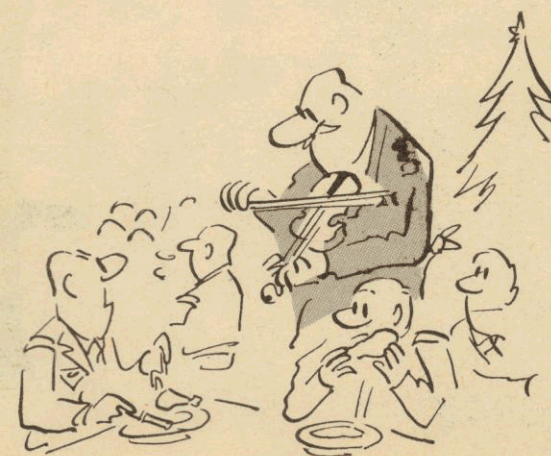
"Did you make a wish, Taffy?"



The Colonel at Christmas



by Larry



SOLDIER

