

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE

DECEMBER 1958

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(Photo by Kellett.)

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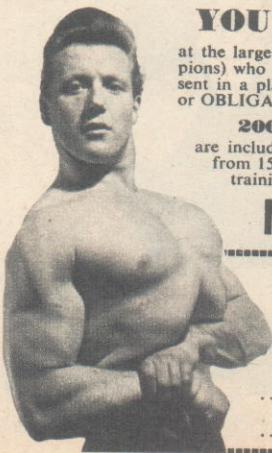
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*I say
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Christmas Greetings

From Akaba to Point of Ayr.
Attention, all ranks, everywhayr!
SOLDIER's staff best wishes send
In doggerel lines, sincerely pend.

GOOD health to all you Army types,
To generals snug in Humber Snypes,
To subalterns inspecting guards,
To private soldiers playing guards,
To families in married quarters,
All you subscribers who suppaunders.

GREETINGS to Snowdon mountaineers,
To riflemen and carabineers,
To Corporal crews in space-age suits
And the SAS in parachuets.
Greetings too, with equal weight,
To those who must amalgameight.

THE very best to the RE squad
Who made a bridge for the Eisteddfaud,
To the Sappers with another goal
—erecting Windsor's totem pool,
And all who helped, with equal claims,
To organise the Empire Gaims.
To NAAFI girls, so deft and chic
And the mobile shop in Catteric.
To GSOs with stomach ulcers,
Doctors feeling patients' pulcers,
And hospital cases feeling bored
Who spend this Christmas in a wored.

HERE'S to the US Air Force Band,
With pirouettes so neatly pland,
Delighting, startling London staid
With "Dixie Land" on Horse Guards' P'raids.
—And a word for the Guardsmen (in their 'teens)
Drinking milk from slot macheens.

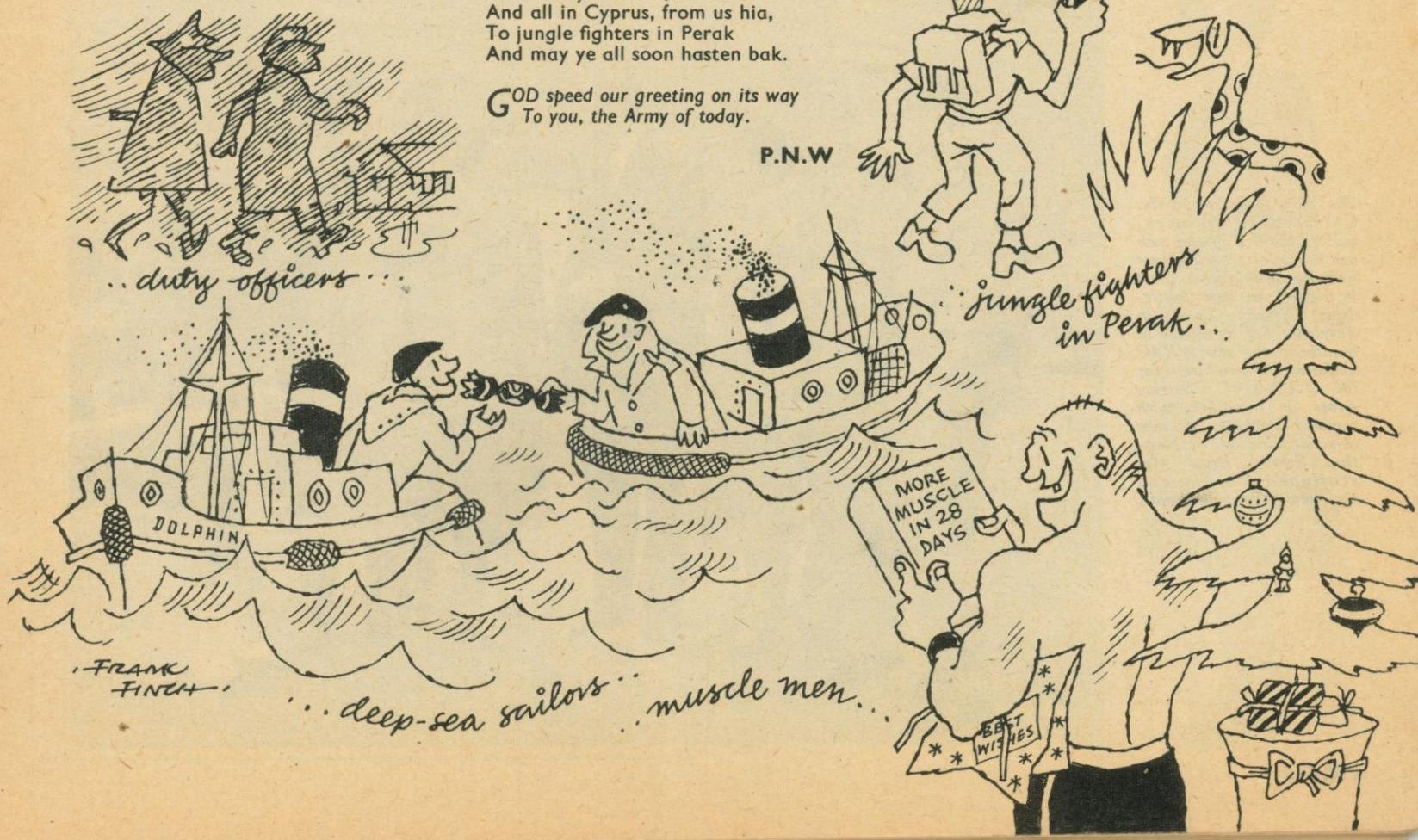
HERE'S to the Army's deep-sea sailors,
To postal staffs who seldom failors,
Drivers towing long, long trailors
And men on beaches with loud-hailors.
Greetings, Trucial Oman Scouts,
And Muzzle Loaders (down the spouts),
The now retired Bordon Flyer,
The men in Aden who perspyer,
Rockets flying hyer and hyer
And muscle men who never tyer.

TO these a special greeting: Mr. Christopher Soames
(Pray continue building married families hoames);
Gen'ral Sir Francis Festing, the new CIGS
(We send you, Sir, our compliments and wish you all success).
To all ex-Army Ministers and Members of both Houses
Who recollect in speeches their days in khaki trousers;
May duty officers everywhere (a sympathetic thought)
Enjoy in peace this Christmas Day as lone they hold the fought.

GREETINGS to all and a Christmas Merry—
Army Air Corps (with sky-blue berry),
The Army Legal Services Staff,
And the unit wits who make us laff,
To the Terriers who celebrate
Their founding in nineteen-o-ate.
And finally to Nicosia
And all in Cyprus, from us hia,
To jungle fighters in Perak
And may ye all soon hasten bak.

GOD speed our greeting on its way
To you, the Army of today.

P.N.W





Three thousand soldier mannequins are to carry out troop trials on a range of new officer-style walking-out uniforms, one of which will be chosen for the all-Regular Army of 1962

PRIVATE'S MAY GET THE 'OFFICER' LOOK . . .



Four of the designs for the new walking-out dress closely resemble the officers' Service Dress. A fifth is a new tunic for Highland regiments and the sixth a smart new battledress.



Left: This design is in light khaki barathea, has scalloped breast pockets and is cut with two vents in the rear of the jacket. The buttons do not need polishing.

Right: Similar in design, but made in medium khaki barathea, is this uniform which has rounded breast pockets and only one vent at the rear.

SOLDIERS in Plymouth, Dover and Tidworth should keep a sharp look out during the next three months or they may find themselves saluting privates and NCOs.

Why? Because nearly 3000 new walking-out uniforms in various shades of khaki, based on officers' pattern Service Dress and made of the same material (16 oz. barathea) or Terylene worsted, begin troop trials in those three towns this month.

The object? To see if they meet the need for something between "Blues" and battledress, to find out how they wear, whether the soldier likes them and, not least important, what his wife or girl friend thinks of them. Units in large towns, such as Plymouth, have been chosen to test public reaction.

If, after the trials which end in February, it is decided to adopt one of the new designs it will be 1960 before issues of a new uniform to replace the soldier's "best" battledress can begin. It is expected, however, that 10,000 new walking-out uniforms could be ready by March, 1960 and that 1500 a week could be produced after that—sufficient, that is, completely to clothe the all-Regular Army by 1962.

The War Minister, Mr. Christopher Soames, quizzes the first of the men and women to wear the new walking-out uniforms. Left to right: the new battledress; Service Dress in Terylene; Service Dress in barathea; the new WRAC uniform; the new dress for the QARANC; Service Dress in barathea with rounded pockets; the new raincoat worn over the barathea Service Dress with scalloped pockets; and the new Highland tunic.



Right: Also to go on troop trials is this civilian-style raincoat made of wool gaberdine which may be issued for wear with the new walking-out dress. Who could blame the soldier in the groundsheet for looking envious?

... AND PERHAPS A RAINCOAT, TOO

AT long last there are hopes that the soldier may be issued with a raincoat—an item of apparel which every soldier has been clamouring for since the end of World War Two.

The suggested design, which was on show with the proposed new walking-out uniforms, is a civilian-style, belted raincoat in wool gaberdine, with side slit pockets.

If it is accepted as a result of troop trials which begin next March the new raincoat will become a general issue and will replace the groundsheet as an article of clothing. The groundsheet will continue to be used, however, for its originally intended purpose—as a waterproof undersheet and for bivouacking.

Other new items of clothing and equipment are also expected to make their appearance in the fairly near future. Among them will probably be a new type of kit-bag worthy of the new walking-out uniforms and a new-style overall to take the place of the unpopular denims. Denims, however, will be retained for field work.

There are four designs of walking-out dress all based on the officers' Service Dress. Each varies slightly in colour (dark, medium and light khaki) and in the styling of pockets. Three are made of barathea and one of Terylene worsted. A fifth design is for a smart, new battledress, also made of barathea, which is cut on more shapely lines than the present garment and has no hip or knee pockets. This would obviously be preferred to the present battledress, but in a choice between it and the other "walking-out" uniforms it is unlikely to top the popularity poll.

The sixth walking-out uniform to be put on trial is a Highland-pattern tunic in light khaki for wear with the kilt. It has a cut-away front and two rear vents and if adopted will be worn by all other ranks in Highland regiments.

Each uniform, which costs about £8 10s. to make—compared with £4 for a battledress—has buttons that do not need to be

polished and will be worn with a khaki poplin shirt (it has not yet been decided how many shirts will be issued to each man), a khaki tie and a No. 1 Dress forage cap and black shoes.

The men chosen to act as mannequins for the new-style Service dress belong to the Royal Leicestershire Regiment, No. 42 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery and Headquarters 2nd Infantry Brigade Group Signal Troop—all stationed in Plymouth—10th Royal Hussars (Prince of Wales's Own) at Tidworth and the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders at Dover. They will also be worn by all recruiting sergeants throughout Britain.

The new battledress will be tested by the Somerset Light Infantry who are stationed in Warminster.

Unlike "Blues" which are issued only to NCOs at present the new walking-out dress (if approved) will be worn by every Regular soldier.

Questionnaires designed by the Army Operational Research Group will be issued to every man taking part in the trial and a Central Office of Information field team will undertake a civilian public opinion poll.

Introducing the new uniforms at a War Office press preview, Mr. Christopher Soames (the War Minister) described the present-day soldier as a man who had a morning suit ("Blues") and plus-fours (battledress) but nothing in between. "Blues," he said, were excellent for drill and formal military occasions but quite unsuitable for walking-out. On the other hand battledress, though serviceable, was not smart enough for an all-Regular Army. But it would still be needed for rough work. There was an urgent need for a new walking-out dress and he hoped one of the new designs would solve the problem.

Major-General R. F. Johnstone, Director of Personnel Services, told SOLDIER that the War Office Dress Committee had been dealing with the problem for over two years and they had considered cloths of almost every conceivable shade of khaki and green. Brown had been rejected because "it looked ghastly" and blue because that colour was too close to uniforms worn by the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force.

It is understood that the new walking-out dress will be issued first of all to units in Britain and then to those in Rhine Army. At present there is no proposal to issue a new tropical walking-out dress.—K. J. HANFORD



New Styles for the WRAC as Well

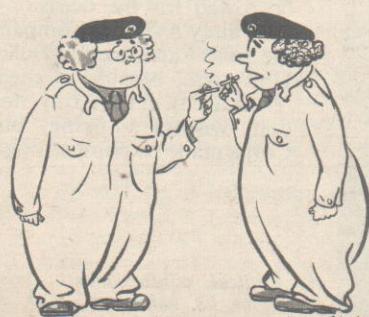
The Women's Royal Army Corps and Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps are also to have a "new look" Service Dress coat and skirt to replace battledress. And for the first time high heels will be worn.

The WRAC uniform is in Lovat green worsted, cut on classical lines, with the shoulder straps piped in dark green. The skirt has a pleat at the front and two at the back and the coat has no breast pockets or belt. They are worn with a white poplin shirt and collar, a bottle-green tie, nylon stockings and black court shoes.

The QARANC uniform is cut on the same style but is in grey worsted with shoulder straps piped in scarlet, the facing colour of the Corps. It will be worn with a white shirt and grey tie, nylon stockings and black court shoes.

Fifty of the WRAC uniforms are now on trial in Edinburgh and a similar number of QARANC uniforms are being tested at Aldershot, Hindhead, Catterick, Chester and Glasgow.

This is the new "figure-hugging" uniform which may replace the battledress in the Women's Royal Army Corps. It is made of worsted and will be worn with high-heeled shoes.



"It was the glamour of the uniform that made me join, too."

In its Diamond Jubilee Year
the Royal Army Medical
Corps is geared to meet
the threat of nuclear war.

But one big problem re-
mains: how are medical
teams to be rushed to the
'strike' areas and casualties
to be evacuated? The Corps
believes the answer rests
in fleets of helicopters



ARE HELICOPTERS THE ANSWER?



TIME: *The future.*

SCENE: *An Infantry bat-
talion in the forward area.*

ACTION: *A nuclear missile,
landing without warning,
explodes and causes heavy
casualties.*

THIS is the reality which may face the Royal Army Medical Corps in a nuclear war. Many soldiers are injured almost simultaneously in the same area—immediate medical aid lies perhaps in the hands of a few surviving Royal Army Medical Corps non-commissioned officers.

The answer to the problem is two-fold. First, medical personnel must be highly trained to give skilled first aid. Secondly, help must be brought in quickly and serious casualties evacuated without delay to be given further treatment.

In a recent demonstration, ordered by the Director General of the Army Medical Services, Lieutenant-General Sir Alexander Drummond, the Royal Army Medical Corps proved conclusively that it can meet this new challenge and effectively minimise the result of a nuclear strike.

In its Diamond Jubilee Year the Corps has broken away from its old traditions by training its other ranks in medical tasks that in previous wars have been undertaken solely by medical officers and nurses. Non-commissioned officers and men (and women of Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps, too) are now being taught advanced nursing skills and trained to accept medical responsibility for casualties until doctors and nurses become available.

This problem of nuclear warfare the Corps has solved for itself. The solution to the need for rapid movement of reinforcements forward and of casualties to the rear the Corps sought to prove at its demonstration rests in the use of helicopters.

In a pinewood near Aldershot some 200 senior medical and other officers of the British Commonwealth and foreign Services watched the "nuclear strike," the initial and immediate treatment of casualties and then the surprisingly rapid shuttling in and out by helicopters of medical reinforcements and wounded men.

The use of the helicopters—borrowed for the occasion from the Fairey Aviation Company and the Joint Experimental Helicopter Unit—was, because of their current scarcity in the Army, no more than wishful thinking, but the Corps made its point strongly and

As medical reinforcements arrive by helicopter an uninjured NCO of the Royal Army Medical Corps begins treatment of an Infantryman's leg wound.

must now, as a senior officer commented, pin its hopes on a lavish provision in wartime, when emergency opens wide the national purse.

The demonstration, staged by the Royal Army Medical Corps' Field Training Centre, Mytchett, opened with an Infantry battalion moving up into the forward area. The bursting on the flank of a "small yield" nuclear missile left the valley strewn with casualties. Spectators saw the surviving Royal Army Medical Corps non-commissioned officers clamber out of the destroyed regimental aid post, send up a distress smoke signal and begin immediate treatment of casualties.

Within minutes a Fairey ultralight helicopter (a small and relatively inexpensive aircraft) flew in to assess the damage and to evacuate the first stretcher case. Larger Westland "Whirlwind" helicopters followed, bringing in two sections of a field ambulance and ferrying out walking wounded and stretcher cases with the regularity of a bus service.

The "Whirlwinds" landed, discharged their cargoes of medical officers, men and equipment, reloaded and were off the ground again in a bare 40 seconds. Meanwhile the field ambulance sections set up a temporary dressing station near the landing zone and doctors began life-saving treatment while NCOs searched for



Flown in by helicopter, men of a field ambulance section unpack their equipment and set up a temporary dressing station near the landing zone.

wounded, sorted them into priorities and supervised their evacuation.

Helicopters also demonstrated their ability to bring in stretchers (slung in nets) and to land by rope a parachute field surgical team.

The present "ultimate" in helicopters—the Fairey Rotodyne—flew over the demonstration area

and earlier, on the barrack square, disgorged a complete medical unit of 48 personnel, the load of several Whirlwinds.

Static demonstrations emphasised the flexibility of the Royal Army Medical Corps' new basic unit, the medical company of 100 beds. Four companies, two of them mobile, and a head-

quarters form the casualty clearing station which is normally held in a corps area and is the most forward unit to provide comprehensive medical and surgical treatment. A field dressing station will normally comprise headquarters and two mobile companies. The essence of this reorganisation is that a medical company can be detached at a moment's notice to reinforce another medical unit.

The Battle of the Somme opened with 60,000 British casualties on the first day. The threat of mass casualties is inherent again in nuclear warfare, but the Royal Army Medical Corps is ready to meet it. The men who fought in Flanders mud suffered an inevitably slow and agonising removal to hospital. Tomorrow's wounded will be whisked away in almost the lap of comfort.



Nurses alight from the Fairey Rotodyne which can carry an impressive amount of equipment and evacuate 48 stretcher cases.

IT ALL BEGAN WITH BALLOONS—88 YEARS AGO

THE evacuation of casualties by helicopter reached its highest efficiency in the Suez operations of 1956. A field ambulance, landing from assault craft, set up a casualty collecting post at Port Said, then "Sycamores" and "Whirlwinds" flew in with Royal Marine Commandos from carriers nine miles off shore. By the time the third wave of helicopters arrived, casualties were ready to leave on the return flight.

One Royal Marine took off from his carrier and only 19 minutes later found himself back in its sick bay. He had been flown in, landed, wounded and flown back again by helicopter.

Helicopters have been used in the Malayan anti-terrorist campaign for 10 years, but only on a limited scale. In Korea, medical officers could call up a helicopter from a "cab rank" to pick up casualties from forward regimental aid posts.

The French pioneered air evacuation. In 1870, during the siege of Paris, balloons took 160 patients out of the city. In 1915 a wounded Serbian airman was flown to safety by a French pilot, and three years later the French introduced air ambulances in Morocco.

The Royal Air Force began its air evacuation service in 1918 with

a single-engined biplane converted to carry a stretcher in the tail of the fuselage. The first air ambulance flew three patients 165 miles during the campaign in Somaliland against the "Mad Mullah." (The alternative method of evacuation at that time was an unpleasant journey of 10 to 14 days by camel.)

In Iraq, in 1922, 198 dysentery cases among men of the Cameronians and The West Yorkshire Regiment were flown from Kurdistan to hospital in Baghdad. In the 20 years between the wars the Royal Air Force carried an average of 139 casualties a year for all three Services—in Iraq, Palestine and India, including men wounded in the Waziristan operations and victims of the Quetta earthquake.

The 200 casualties evacuated by air in 1940 were mainly from France to Britain; in the next year, as the result of Wavell's advances in the Western Desert and the campaigns in Iraq and Syria, the number rose to nearly 2000. Most of the 10,000 flown in 1942 were in the Western Desert; in 1943 the 40,000 casualties were mainly from Italy. In 1944 more than 300,000 were evacuated by air in Western Europe, the Mediterranean and the Far East.

Until 60 years ago, when the Royal Army Medical Corps was created, the Army's medical services were practically non-existent. At one time an Army surgeon ranked below a shoemaker

THEY BATTLE FOR YOUR HEALTH

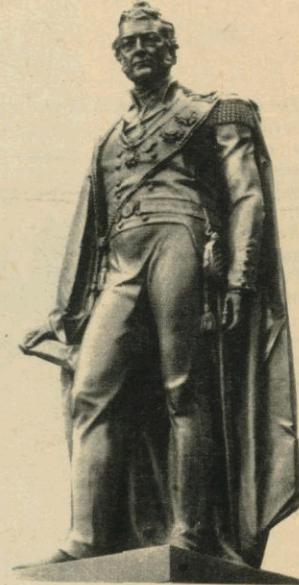
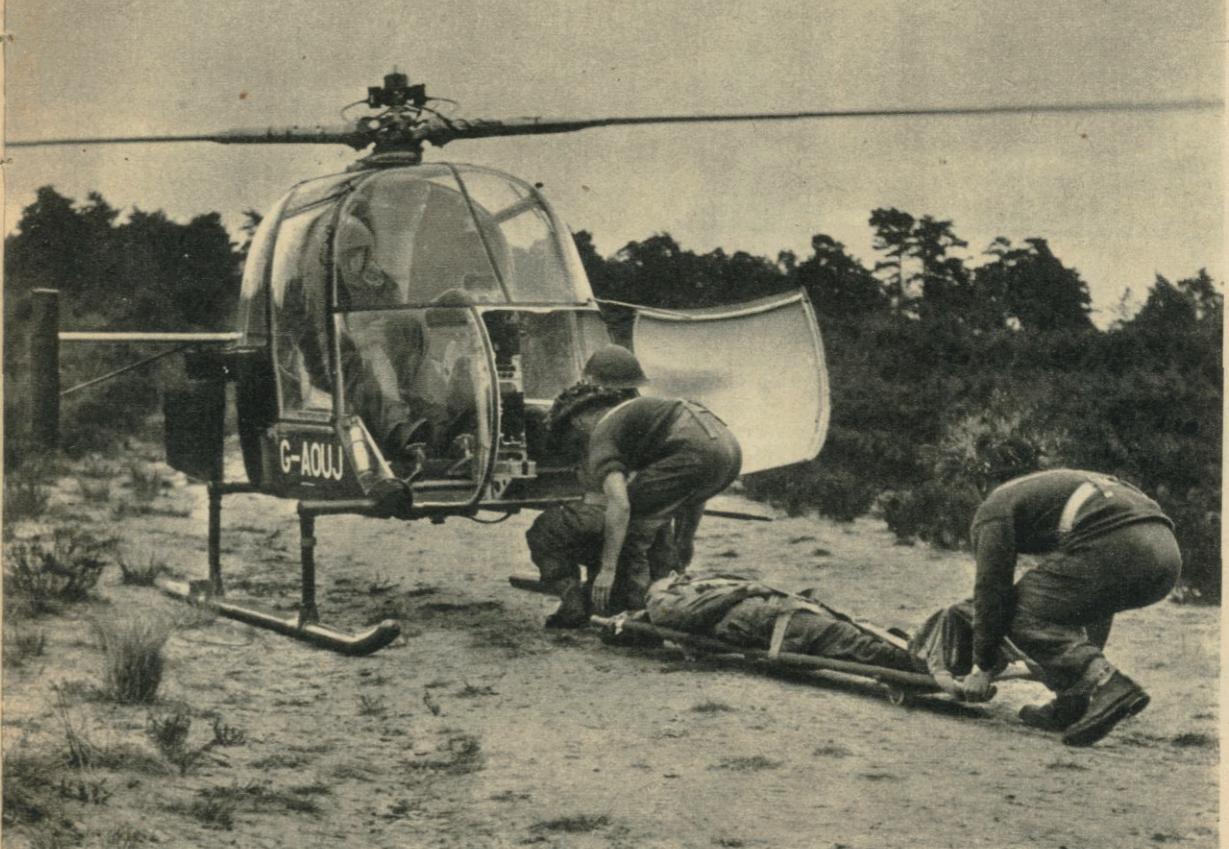


The badge of the Royal Army Medical Corps. Its Latin motto means "Faithful in Misfortune."



Stretcher bearers on the Western Front in World War One plough through a sea of mud with one of nine million sick and wounded.

Right: Stretcher-bearers of 1958, training for an atomic war, evacuate a "casualty" by helicopter. Speed is vital in saving men's lives.



This statue of the first Director General of the Army Medical Services—Sir James McGrigor—stands in the courtyard at Millbank Hospital, London.

TODAY, the Royal Army Medical Corps—which this year celebrated its Diamond Jubilee—commands the unstinted admiration and respect of every soldier and a high place in Army organisation. But it was not always so. In the days of Henry V the military surgeon was only next in rank above a washerwoman and below

transport (in defiance of the Iron Duke's orders) to evacuate the wounded from the battlefield.

By 1914 the Corps was made up of men fully trained in hospital and field duties; this and the development of inoculation and introduction of sanitary measures enabled the Corps to concentrate on its primary task of preventing disease and promoting health.

Typhus and typhoid took on a minor significance, but World War One brought new problems. In the Dardanelles, dysentery caused more casualties than did the Turks; on the Western Front 1,600,000 wounded were treated and returned to the firing line, and the total of sick and wounded treated on all fronts reached the staggering figure of nine millions.

Between the wars and in World War Two the Royal Army Medical Corps made an ever-growing contribution to medical research and itself benefited from new developments such as penicillin and sulpha drugs and advances in blood transfusion, surgical and anaesthetic techniques.

Modern warfare presented a

new challenge to which the Corps responded magnificently, from the Harley Street specialist carrying out an operation in the front line to the medical officers and men who flew and dropped with parachutists into the thick of battle and served with the Commandos and Chindits. Lieutenant-General Sir Alexander Hood reorganised the Corps, giving mobility to static units, pushing forward and decentralising dressing sta-

tions and setting up expert teams in field, surgical, transfusion, neuro-surgical and maxillo-facial units. Non-medical officers, introduced to deal with administrative detail, and the attachment of 500 women doctors for all but front-line duties, left the soldier doctors and surgeons freer to save life and limb.

But the paramount advances in World War Two were in the improvement of the soldier's

health and the minimising of epidemic disease. The incidence of sickness was halved in World War Two and in North Burma the Royal Army Medical Corps reduced the ratio of sick to wounded in jungle warfare from 100-to-one to six-to-one. Victory over malaria gave commanders the tremendous tactical advantage of being able to seek battle deliberately, instead of avoiding it, in malarial areas.

The Army Blood Transfusion Service was a major factor in improved casualty treatment during the 1939-45 war. It was organised with a large home depot at Bristol and base transfusion depots in each major theatre of war. The amounts of blood and blood products handled were enormous, the record collection for one day being 1657 pints. No other Army has ever had a transfusion service even approaching that organised by the Royal Army Medical Corps during World War Two.

In Burma the doctors who gave Burmese their first medical treatment earned the name of "miracle officers"; in Europe the Corps assumed the unexpected responsibility of dealing with thousands of starved and sick displaced persons in addition to succouring and maintaining the British Army in

far better health than in World War One; in prison camps doctors performed incredible operations with razor blades, bent spoons and bits of thread.

By the end of World War Two the Corps had made tremendous advances in every sphere of its activities. But the decade between the Corps' Golden and Diamond Jubilees was the most momentous in its history.

The changed outlook in pulmonary tuberculosis, reflected in the opening of the Army Chest Centre at Hindhead, Surrey, in 1946, and in tubercular meningitis, has been of special significance to the Army. Once a diagnosis of tuberculosis ended a soldier's career; now soldiers suffering from the illness can be cured and returned fit for duty. The Gurkhas, particularly susceptible to tuberculosis when they leave the mountains of Nepal, are now treated in their own sanatorium at Kinrara; some are treated surgically at the Army Chest Centre.

Tubercular meningitis, once universally fatal, is now curable. The Army Chest Centre. Tubercular meningitis, once universally fatal, is now curable.

In other specialised fields of surgery a Head Injuries Unit and the Army Orthopaedic Centre offer a high standard of treatment and investigation. Military surgeons serve with these units for

training in special techniques, enabling them to deal with problems of emergency surgery that may confront them in isolated stations.

Today, units in the Corps are better equipped than ever before. Work is going on to replace textile by plastic dressings for wounds. And even the steel Army glasses have begun to disappear; since the introduction of the National Health Service civilian type spectacles have been available to soldiers for use off duty, at the same rates charged for civilians.

In 1958, the Royal Army Medical Corps is geared to meet a cold, limited or global war. For the Army's "fire brigade" rôle a new unit, the Medical Company, has been evolved to get wounded back to static hospitals by air (there are now no hospital ships in commission) or by motor ambulance, the only evacuation transport on which the Corps can fully rely at present.

In limited warfare the Corps will provide tented hospitals with 50 doctors, nurses and orderlies to treat a hundred casualties. In the event of atomic war the whole of the medical resources will be spread over the theatre, from front to rear.

PETER N. WOOD



The Duke of Wellington forbade wounded to be evacuated by transport. In World War Two improvised Jeeps saved hundreds of lives by whisking casualties quickly from the front line.

Until the middle 1800s surgeons were regimental officers, often with no medical knowledge, who either bought their commissions or obtained them through influence.

The Royal Army Medical Corps first went into action as a Corps at the Battle of Omdurman on 2 September, 1898.

Twenty-nine members of the Royal Army Medical Corps have won the Victoria Cross. Two medical officers—Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Martin-Leake and Captain Noel Chavasse—have each won the award twice.

The first women medical officers were appointed to the Corps in 1939 to look after the Auxiliary Territorial Service. Later, they served in North-west Europe, Italy, East Africa, the Middle East and also in India.

"The Town of Coldstream, because the General did it the honour to make it the place of his residence for some time, hath given title to a small company of men whom God hath made the instrument of Great Things; and though poor, yet as honest as ever corrupt Nature produced into the World, by the no dishonourable Name of Coldstreamers."

(THOMAS GUMBLE, CHAPLAIN TO GENERAL MONCK AND HIS BIOGRAPHER, IN 1671)

The Corps of Drums, in full dress, brought a splash of colour and unaccustomed pageantry to Coldstream as they beat Retreat on the town's market square. The Provost, councillors, magistrates and almost everyone in the burgh turned out to watch the men who glory in the town's famous name.



Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman PETER O'BRIEN

THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS GO HOME

Coldstream's admiring children took the opportunity of collecting the Guardsmen's autographs for their albums. It was the first time for many years that the Coldstreamers had been home and the chance was too good to miss.



IN the chancel of Coldstream Parish Church the old Colours of the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards symbolise the pride of this lovely Scottish Border town in the famous Regiment to which it gave its name nearly 300 years ago. But only rarely, for the Guardsmen's duties at home lie near the Sovereign, do the townspeople of Coldstream meet men of the Regiment which has made the burgh's name known, and sometimes feared, in many lands.

After a gap of 37 years the 2nd Battalion, while in camp at nearby Otterburn, recently revisited Coldstream, enjoying official celebrations and off-duty hospitality in a happy atmosphere accentuated by foreknowledge of the Battalion's probable departure next month for Cyprus and a three-year Middle East tour.

First a company on an exercise marched into Coldstream across the Border bridge, covering in reverse from Wooler to Coldstream the first 15-mile leg of the famous march to London by General Monck and his men in 1660. The Guardsmen played football against a town team and were entertained at a dance before camping out for the night and marching on again to Kelso.

Major Torquhil Matheson, the Company Commander, summed up his men's feelings in a letter, displayed in Coldstream's shop windows, to the town's Provost: "To be a Coldstreamer means just that very much more now that we have all been there. I can imagine that Colonel Monck (or General as he then was) must have found it very difficult to march



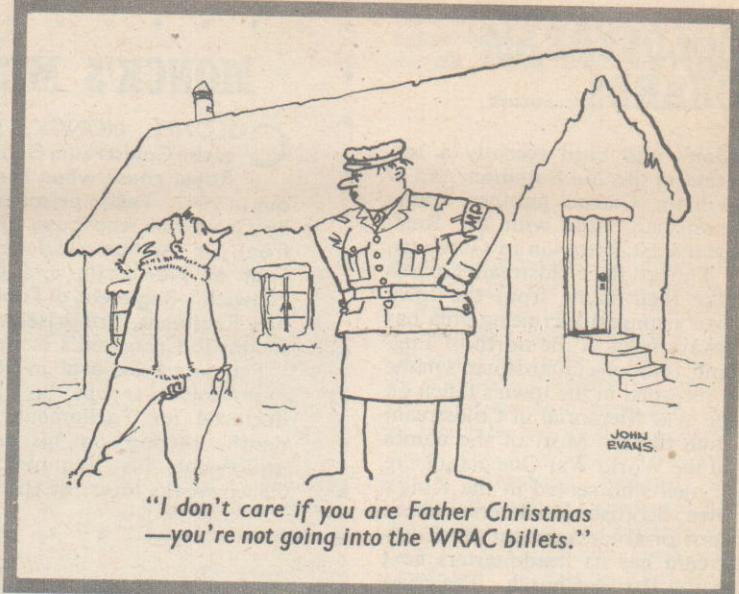
Drum-Major E. Roberts points out the plaque on the site of General Monck's old headquarters near the market square. Rebuilt in 1865, the property was bequeathed to the Regiment and handed to the Town Council for preservation.

our Regiment away in 1660. In 1958 No. 1 Company found itself very, very reluctant to go."

Guardsmen spending special week-end leave in Coldstream joined the Battalion's official contingent and the Corps of Drums in Sunday morning worship at the Parish Church. Never before, even when the old Colours were laid up in 1921, had there been as many Coldstream Guardsmen in their own town.

From the pulpit the Reverend William Browne welcomed the Battalion, the Member of Parliament for Berwick, the Mayor and Sheriff of Berwick, Provosts of the neighbouring towns of Jedburgh and Kelso, and Old Comrades of the Regiment from Newcastle. As the Minister, in his sermon, traced the history of the Regiment from the New Year's Day in 1660 when Monck set out from Coldstream, fording the icy-cold and swift-flowing waters of the Tweed only a few hundred yards from the church, today's Coldstream Guards listened in their pews, eyeing the Colours, the plaque commemorating the laying-up ceremony, and the bugle and side-drum presented to the church last year.

"Today you still act as the Monarch's Bodyguard, the greatest honour that can be conferred on any men," said the Minister.



"I don't care if you are Father Christmas —you're not going into the WRAC billets."

JOHN EVANS.

"You have served with honour in most wars, your banners have flown in many countries and your blood has enriched the soil of many lands."

After the service nearly everyone in Coldstream and former townspeople from as far away as Durham gathered in the market place where the Corps of Drums, in full dress, beat Retreat, their music happily including the town's own Festival Song.

Official ceremonies ended with the Provost and the town entertaining the Battalion to lunch in a local hotel. There the Provost accepted the surprise gift of a plaque commemorating the 2nd

Battalion's visit. The plaque, to which every man in the Battalion contributed, is to be placed in the Parish Church.

After lunch the Guardsmen wandered off to enjoy for a day the freedom of the burgh. In the "Newcastle Arms" they chatted with Alexander Whitelaw, an old friend who, in a Household Brigade tie and wearing the Coldstreamers' Association badge, had proudly marched No. 1 Company into his home town. Now a posiman, he served in the 3rd Battalion from 1914 to 1930. There was talk, too, of John Law, son of the licensee of the nearby "Red

OVER . . .



Behind the bar at the "Newcastle Arms," Mr. Alexander Whitelaw, a Coldstream Guardsman for 16 years, shows bandsmen the "Coldstream Guard" blend of Highland whisky, marketed by a firm in the town and first produced in 1832.

COLDSTREAM GUARDS continued

Lion" and until recently a sergeant in the 2nd Battalion, and of William Clazie, another young townsman, now with the Regiment's 1st Battalion in Germany.

Though the Coldstream Guards take their name from the town their strongest recruiting area has always been in the north of England. Not one Guardsman's name is recorded in the town's fallen on the War Memorial in Coldstream High Street. Most of the names on the World War One plaque are of men who served in the King's Own Scottish Borderers, whose Territorial detachment in Coldstream has its headquarters next to the Parish Church. The dead of World War Two served mainly in the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force.

From the High Street and the Market Place the Guardsmen wandered down narrow wynds, with enchanting names like Luke's Brae, leading to the waterside of the Tweed and its tributary, Leet Water. Along the Leet's banks, Penitents' Walk leads to the historic ford across the dividing Tweed to England—the ford by which, centuries before Monck, Edward I entered Scotland in 1296.

From the Tweed Green, near the ford, men of the Coldstream strolled along Nuns' Walk towards Smeaton's graceful stone bridge which in 1766 replaced the old invasion route. Nuns' Walk along the Brae Heads takes its name from a Cistercian Priory

MONCK'S MEN MARCHED FROM COLDSTREAM

COLONEL MONCK, first commander of the Coldstream Guards, supported the Royal cause when the Civil War broke out in 1642. Taken prisoner, he was released by Cromwell who gave him five companies from Sir Arthur Hazlrigg's Regiment of Foot at Newcastle and five from George Fenwick's Regiment of Foot at Berwick. The new Regiment, authorised on 13 August, 1650, fought in Cromwell's campaign in Scotland.

Promoted General in command of Commonwealth troops in Scotland, Monck declared for Parliament after Cromwell's death, setting up his headquarters and quartering his Regiment in Coldstream. Three weeks later, at the head of 6000 foot

and 1800 horse, he left the burgh, fording the Tweed on New Year's Day, 1660, to start his historic march to London to restore Charles II to the throne. Newcastle surrendered on sight and the Commonwealth collapsed. The new King made Monck Duke of Albemarle and commander of his Army, and after inspecting "The Regiment from Coldstream" ordered that it should remain in his personal service.

So in February, 1661, Monck's men laid down their arms and took them up again in the name of the King, to become My Lord General's Regiment of Foot Guards, a title which later gave way to the 2nd Foot Guards, then the Coldstream Guards.



Down by the Tweed at the point where Monck's men crossed on the march to London in 1660, Coldstreamers look across from Scotland to England on the far bank. Behind them, the river curves away to the right to flow under Smeaton's bridge.

which stood for four centuries on Tweed Green until its demolition in 1545.

Brave Scotsmen camped near the Priory before fording the Tweed and marching five miles into England to meet disastrous defeat at Flodden Field, the last decisive battle to be won by the longbow. From Flodden carts brought back to the Lady Abbess of St. Mary's Priory the bodies of James IV, King of Scots, and the flower of Scottish nobility.

At the Scottish end of Smeaton's bridge the Guardsmen saw the old toll-house, a "marriage house" which once rivalled Gretna Green Smithy in its willingness to conduct ceremonies—with no questions asked—for eloping couples who included three Lord Chancellors of England.

On the centre of the bridge stands a plaque which records that above the "glorious River Tweed, clear and majestic," as he described it in his diary, Scotland's Robert Burns first set foot upon English soil.

One strong link between Coldstream and the Regiment the Guardsmen were unable to see. It is with the town's Junior Secondary School, to which annually for the past ten years the Regiment has presented the Dux medals and

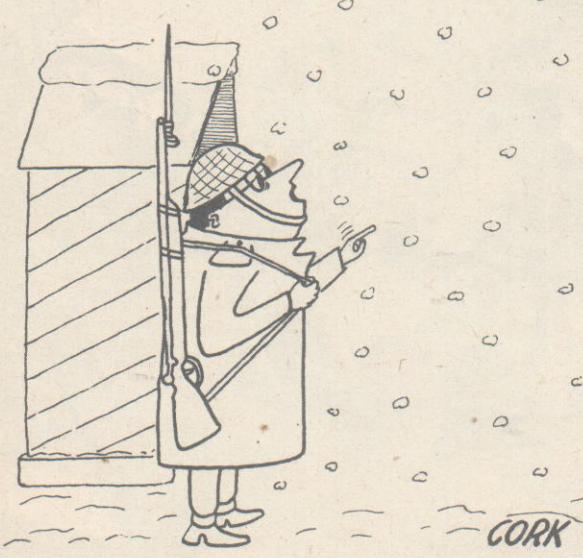
prizes for the leading boy and girl in the primary and secondary departments. This year's medals and prizes were appropriately presented by the 2nd Battalion's Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Kenneth Sweeting.

Soon the townspeople of Coldstream hope to establish an even closer link with their Regiment. The houses in the Market Square on the site where General Monck had his headquarters were bequeathed to the Regiment and handed to the Town Council for preservation. When their tenants leave, says the Provost, the Council hopes to convert the houses into a museum or memorial.

FOOTNOTE: While in Malaya the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards gave their name to a village—Kampong Coldstream, in South Perak. The Battalion created the kampong from partly cleared jungle in the plan to house squatters in controlled and defensible villages.

There is a Coldstream in South Africa, too, a small town in Cape Province. The Coldstream Guards served in South Africa during the Boer War, but this Coldstream has no association with the Regiment.

PETER N. WOOD



"18768, 18769, 18770, 18771 . . ."

With Centurion tank crews, the five Sandhurst cadets attend a briefing before taking part in an exercise on the Libyan coast near Homs.



names went into a hat—five came out and the party was complete.

Royal Air Force Transport Command's commitments in the Middle East made it difficult to fix a definite date for the "indulgence" flight and there were one or two false alarms before a telephone call to Wales one wet and windy afternoon brought the news that Captain Duckworth and the cadets were to "get moving. You fly to Malta early tomorrow morning." A frantic dash from Wales to Sandhurst to collect kit, including the Academy's cine camera, a few hours' sleep, and the party was aboard a Hastings bound for Malta.

The following day an eight-seater RAF Pembroke landed at Idris airport, Tripoli, and for the Sandhurst party aboard their holiday had really begun. An 80-mile drive along the Libyan coast road brought them to Homs and their hosts.

It had been arranged that they should make a ten-day trek to Ghadames, one of the most beautiful oases in the Sahara, but it lies on the Libyan-Algerian border and the British Embassy refused permission for the trip. The programme had to be changed but it gave the cadets more time to study the work of a tank regiment in the desert.

Gunnery and wireless instruction was given in Centurion tanks, and, acting as extra members of the crews, the cadets took part in tank exercises along the coast. In Ferret scout cars the cadets travelled over 100 miles into the desert where they learned how to navigate by sun compass.

"Hedge-hopping" flights in Auster aircraft of 8 Independent Recce Flight, Army Air Corps, sight-seeing trips to Tripoli, the Garian Pass and the Roman ruins at Sabratha and Leptis Magna, and sun bathing on the beach at Homs completed a memorable fortnight.

The only "casualty" was Officer Cadet Stutchbury—stung by a scorpion during a trip into the desert. Fortunately, it was not virulent and after treatment with surgical spirit Stutchbury quickly recovered. Later, Officer Cadet Spicer found a dead scorpion in his bed roll on the return journey to Homs.

Flown back to Malta by another Pembroke, the party split up. Captain Duckworth and three of the officer cadets flew back to Norfolk. Officer Cadets Spicer and Stutchbury went by sea to Syracuse and then by train to Naples. There they met a United States Navy aircrew who flew them to Blackbushe airport only a few miles from Sandhurst!



Five officer Cadets of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, looked miserably out of their tents as the rain lashed down, turning the Academy's annual camp at Sennybridge in Wales into a mud bath. But a telephone call changed the gloom to smiles with the news that in less than 24 hours they would be in North Africa, sampling the sunshine and blue waters of the Mediterranean.

The five officer cadets—Frederick Spicer, Peter Stutchbury, Jeremy Blacker, Peter Boitel-Gill and David Morgan—were to fly to Malta and from there to Tripolitania to spend a fortnight training with the 6th Royal Tank Regiment at Homs.

The trip was the idea of Captain Geoffrey Duckworth, Royal Tank Regiment, a tactics instructor at Sandhurst. A wet English "summer" had made him long for the North African sunshine he had enjoyed when he was Adjutant last year of the 5th Royal Tank Regiment at Barce. He decided to have a "tankman's holiday" and to take five prospective tank officers with him.

Selection was restricted to cadets of senior intakes who hope to join the Royal Tank Regiment when they pass out. Fifteen

On a sight-seeing trip to the troglodyte village of Garian, 100 miles south of Homs, the cadets pause in the hills to admire the view of the Garian Pass.

THE ARMY HITS BACK

"Hit Back Hard" is the new slogan in Cyprus. These men undergoing anti-ambush training race into action at a demonstration near Nicosia.

"My Government have persevered in their efforts to overcome the obstacles to a settlement in Cyprus: and my Forces are discharging their unhappy task in the island with courage and integrity in the face of great difficulties."—Her Majesty the Queen in her speech proroguing Parliament.

AS SOLDIER went to press there were heartening signs that the Army's "get-tough-and-hit-back" policy to combat the rising tide of terrorism in Cyprus was achieving considerable success.

Part of the plan, devised by the new Director of Operations, Major-General Kenneth Darling, was to train all troops in anti-ambush drill so that immediately they are attacked they can take swift offensive action instead of getting their vehicles away rapidly, which was the previous rule. Patrols and searches were also stepped up and "forbidden" areas laid down where the Security forces were ordered to shoot to kill.

These new measures produced immediate results; soon after they were introduced there was an appreciable drop in the number of terrorist ambushes and fewer casualties among the Security forces.

Several successful "swoop and search" operations, leading to the arrest of wanted terrorists and the discovery of large arms dumps, have also been carried out, sometimes with the help of EOKA informers.

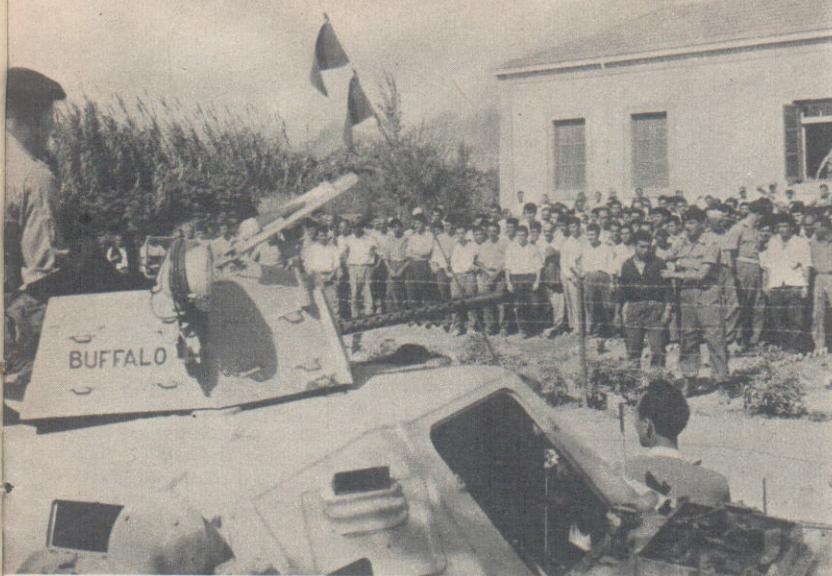
Ten miles north of Nicosia, 2000 troops—including men of the Grenadier Guards, the Irish Guards and the Lancashire Fusiliers—trapped a band of terrorists after sealing off three villages during a sudden "raid" launched at midnight.

While the rest of the population were confined to their homes, all males between 15 and 60 were paraded in a barb-wired enclosure for identification by hooded EOKA informers peering from the slits of a Saracen armoured car belonging to the Royal Horse Guards. Many suspects were questioned and 30 known terrorists detained.

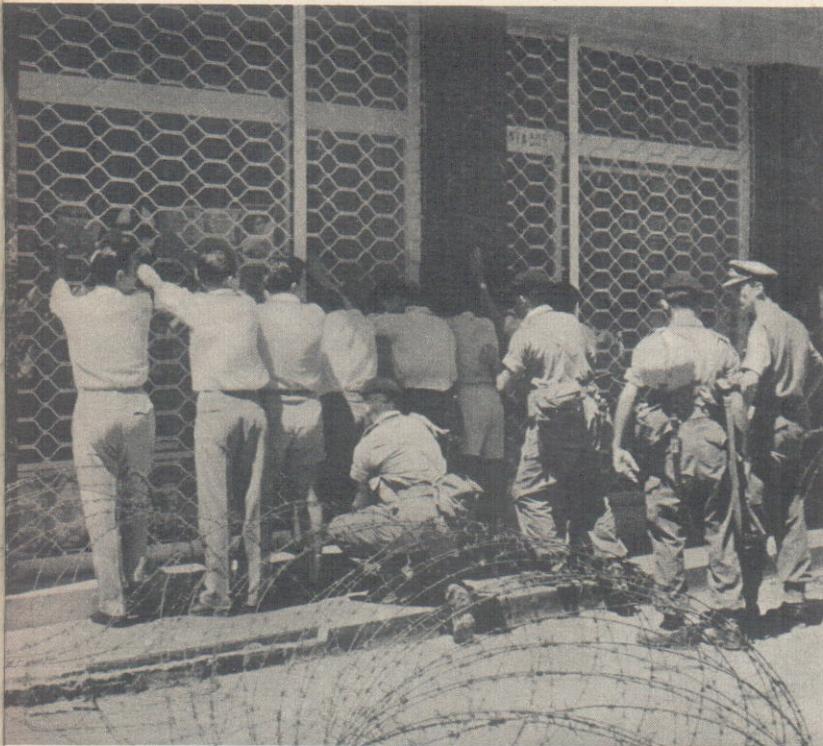
Searching patrols in the Astromeritio area, 20 miles from Nicosia, also arrested four terrorists in a tree hide-out and captured a large quantity of arms and ammunition.



A soldier dives for cover as "bombs" explode and "ambushers" pour down a blanket of fire from the hilltops. Until now ambushed troops have been instructed to retire to save their vehicles; now they fight back.



Behind the barbed-wire are the male inhabitants of a Cyprus village, rounded up in a midnight swoop. From an armoured car hooded EOKA informers identify suspects.



Above: In Nicosia's infamous "Murder Mile," British troops search Greek Cypriot youths in the hunt for the murderer of a British officer. Armed soldiers stand guard. Below: Following the murder of a sergeant's wife, British wives in Larnaca go shopping at the local NAAFI under armed guard.



SOLDIER

THE new Service Dress, ever out and for best occasions, welcomed throughout the Army.

No less popular will be the promise (providing the Treasury can find the money to pay for it) to issue every soldier in the new all-Regular Army with a civilian-style raincoat to replace at long last that ridiculous and useless article of clothing called the groundsheet.

These proposals are considerable and commendable steps forward in the Army's scheme to make Service life more attractive than ever before; a smart new uniform which he will be proud to wear—and to be seen wearing—will do more, perhaps, than anything else to boost the soldier's confidence and self-respect.

There is great truth in the proverb "Clothes do much to make the man." In the soldier, no less than in the members of any other honourable profession, a sense of pride in appearance is essential for good morale.

★ ★ ★

IF, as seems likely, one of the four "officer-type" uniforms is chosen to be the Other Ranks' new Service Dress, every soldier of the future may be faced with a ticklish problem whenever he meets another soldier. Should he salute or not?

So similar are these uniforms to the officers' Service Dress that one of the "models" waiting to be photographed at the War Office Press preview recently was mistaken for an officer and saluted several times by senior NCOs!

The daily Press has put forward several suggestions aimed at avoiding confusion between the officer and the private soldier dressed in his best uniform and one, which appeals vastly to **SOLDIER**, is that officers should revert to the pre-World War One practice of wearing their badges of rank on their arms, in the same way that officers of the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force still do today.

Another remedy, with which **SOLDIER** definitely does not agree, is the suggestion that saluting should be abolished on the grounds that it is an outdated and useless procedure anyway.

This is not the first time—and will probably not be the last—that **SOLDIER** has had to point out that when a soldier salutes an officer he does not salute the man in the uniform but the commission he holds and, indirectly, the Sovereign.

So, let's have no more nonsense about doing away with saluting.

★ ★ ★

THE recent announcement that another 629 redundant officers will be leaving the Army by March, 1960 (making a total of nearly 2000 since February this year) highlights the serious shortage of suitable officer candidates now available to the Services—and particularly to the Army.

At present the Army is commissioning only some 450 permanent officers a year—about two-thirds of the required number—and the signs are that the situation will become increasingly more serious if drastic measures are not taken to stop the rot.

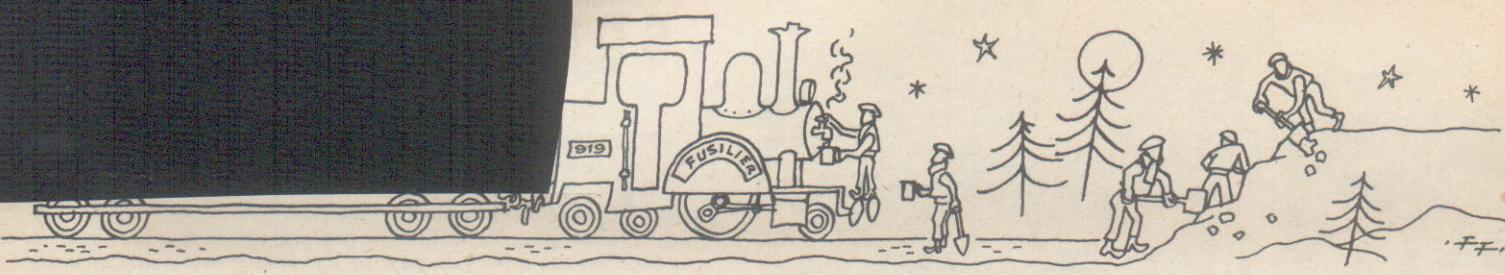
The much more attractive prospects offered by industry and the fact that most officers are retired at an age when it is difficult for them to obtain good civilian jobs are almost certainly the two main reasons why young men who would make good officers are shunning the Army.

What, then, is the answer? In **SOLDIER**'s opinion the remedy is threefold: increased pay and allowances for officers (particularly for those up to field rank), earlier retirement for junior officers, and better pensions, especially for older officers whose prospects of beginning a new career in civilian life are slender.

★ ★ ★

THE Danish Army has hit on a bright idea (not even the Americans have thought of this one) for making better soldiers. It gave prizes for the most efficient men during recent autumn manoeuvres and the first prize was a night out in Copenhagen with Vivi Bak, a beautiful 18-year-old film starlet known as "Denmark's Brigitte Bardot."

The British Army is unlikely to adopt the scheme. It expects its soldiers to be efficient at all times. Instead of a first prize for the bright boy there is more likely to be a booby prize for the slacker—in the shape of an unpleasant five minutes in front of an irate commanding officer.



Christmas QUIZ

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

1. A Russian dog circled the world in a Russian satellite recently. What was the dog's name? *ALS*

2. Who wrote: (a) Treasure Island; (b) Macbeth; (c) Uncle Tom's Cabin; (d) The Cruel Sea? *H. B. Stowe*

3. *H. W. W.*

3. This shapely girl is practising a new slimming game. What is the game called?

Hula hoop



4. A "henry" is: (a) a member of a religious sect in Turkestan; (b) a unit of electrical self-induction; (c) the American equivalent of "a proper Charlie"; (d) an Australian sweetmeat. Which?

5. Complete these well-known lines: (a) I wandered *lonely* as a *cloud*; (b) Into the Valley of Death *wade* the *bold*; (c) Under the spreading *elm* tree the *smithy* stands.

6. What are the official currencies of the following countries? (a) Poland; (b) Germany; (c) Egypt; (d) India; (e) Italy. *Zloty* *DM* *Pruises* *Rupes* *lire*



"Poor Gerald just can't wait for the season of goodwill to finish."

HERE'S a chance to win a Christmas present—or possibly three.

The winner of the General Knowledge section (the sender of the first correct solution to be opened by the Editor) will receive £2 2s. The winners of the Military Affairs and the Sports sections will each receive a recently published book of their own choice from the following list: "They Fought Alone" by Maurice Buckmaster; "The Rainbow and the Rose" by Nevil Shute; "The Battle of the Ardennes" by Robert E. Merriam; "The Lost World of the East" by

Stewart Wavell; "Give Me a Ship to Sail" by Alan Villiers; "World Cup 1958" by John Camkin; Philip Harben's "Best Party Dishes" or a bound volume of SOLDIER, 1957-8.

All entries, which must be accompanied by the "Win a Book and £2 2s—6" at the top of this page, should be sent to: The Editor (Competition), SOLDIER, 433, Holloway Road, London, N.7, by 20 December, 1958.

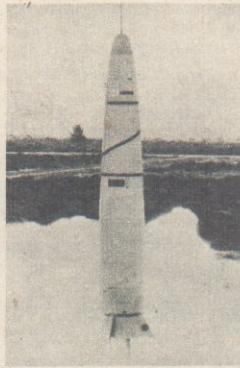
You may enter for one, two or all three sections. The answers will be published in SOLDIER, January, 1959.

- Three of these words are mis-spelled: Relieved, Mediteranean, parallel, nau-sous, sylable, hippopotamus, trenchent. Which?
- A famous German composer wrote some of his finest music when he was deaf. Who was he? *Beethoven*
- A mandrill is: (a) a vegetable grown in Malaya; (b) a long-billed duck; (c) a mechanical saw; (d) a ferocious baboon; or (e) a dancing movement. Which?
- The tallest building in the world is the Empire State Building, New York. It has: (a) 73; (b) 159; (c) 102; (d) 237 storeys. How many?

MILITARY AFFAIRS

- How many Infantry regiments will be amalgamated in pairs by 1963?
- The new Fusilier Brigade will consist of the following regiments: Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, Royal Fusiliers; Royal Welch Fusiliers and Lancashire Fusiliers. True or false?

- The Royal Air Force is being equipped with this guided missile. What is its name?



- A famous soldier recently retired after 50 years' service. He was the son of a vicar and was left for dead on the battlefield in World War One. Who was he? *Moult*
- British soldiers are serving in Australia at two bases where nuclear weapons and guided missiles are being tested. What are the names of these two bases?
- Which regiments have the following nicknames? (a) The Trades Union; (b) The Cheeses; (c) Light Bobs; (d) The Mudlarks; (e) Guise's Geese.

- Which regiment fires royal salutes at the Tower of London? *HAC*
- A Party of Royal Engineers recently visited Canada to celebrate the centenary of the province they helped to found. What is the name of the province?
- What is: (a) the weight of a Conqueror tank; and (b) how many wheels has the Ferret Scout car?
- Who is the War Minister? *Swannell*

SPORT

- Which English League clubs have never been relegated from the First Division?
- An American boxer—initials H. A.—held three world boxing titles at the same time, the only man ever to do so. Who was he?
- In a cricket match the batsmen run five while a fieldsman retrieves the ball. Then the fieldsman kicks the ball over the boundary. How many runs should the scorer mark down for the hit?
- The English native record for the men's 100 yards which had stood for 44 years was recently broken. By whom?
- Which club has won the FA Cup most often and how many times?
- Name two boxers who retired as undefeated world heavyweight champions.

- This world-famous athlete is a National Service officer in the Royal Army Medical Corps. Who is he?

Roger Bannister



- An Australian won this year's British Open Golf championship. Who was he?
- Pair these names and sports: Victor Barna, Peter Loader, Ray Booty, Harry Weetman, Joe Davis, Peter Broadbent, J. D. Currie, Derek Johnson. Cricket, Association football, Rugby, athletics, table tennis, cycling, golf and snooker.
- A German keeps goal for Manchester City. What is his name?

CHRIST' CROSSY'

ACROSS

- Self-propelled vessel for Noah?
- Thus married, planted seed.
- Burned lightly.
- Bunches of feathers, or grass.
- To a "t" it's frightful.
- Sounds a lazy god.
- One hundred, zero, fifty-one, one hundred.
- Is in are mixed.
- I'm in an anaesthetic as an alternative.
- Hot-pot county.
- The place for breakfast in Surrey?
- Brief queen takes in an epoch.
- Newt.
- Cricket innovations from America? (3, 7)
- Bold, bad bit of beef?
- Tidy command.
- Enough for a pair.
- Parson's tenth.
- Not the tool's years, but the advantage it gives.
- Illustrious coin.
- At about two men about 500.
- Restraints—a dog starts it.
- Birdlike opening for a vessel. (4, 4)
- Confectionery a careless chemist might discover. (4, 5)
- Fisherman's gain? (3, 6)
- LACE GIRL (anag.)
- Behead him, and the rogue has somewhere to sleep.
- O SIP TO ERR (anag.)—it's never in front.
- Stony part of Wales.
- Plant in confused nail is hellish.
- Arithmetical serpent.
- Kings fall to it.
- The proper angle for squaring things.
- Flowers of Minden memory.
- APPLE OR NOT (anag.)—it gets the soldiers there. (5, 5)
- Grandmother knows how to suck it.
- After day, it makes castles in the air.
- Boy with a mountainous middle.
- Did Doctor Watson get tired of such deductions?
- Breach of the peace.
- Dead as confused nails.
- Composer anagram of 72 down.
- Set foot.
- Boy starts to serve food.
- Consumed meal in ship.
- Light in little streets wanders.
- Lass I make grass.
- N.B. obeyed.

DOWN

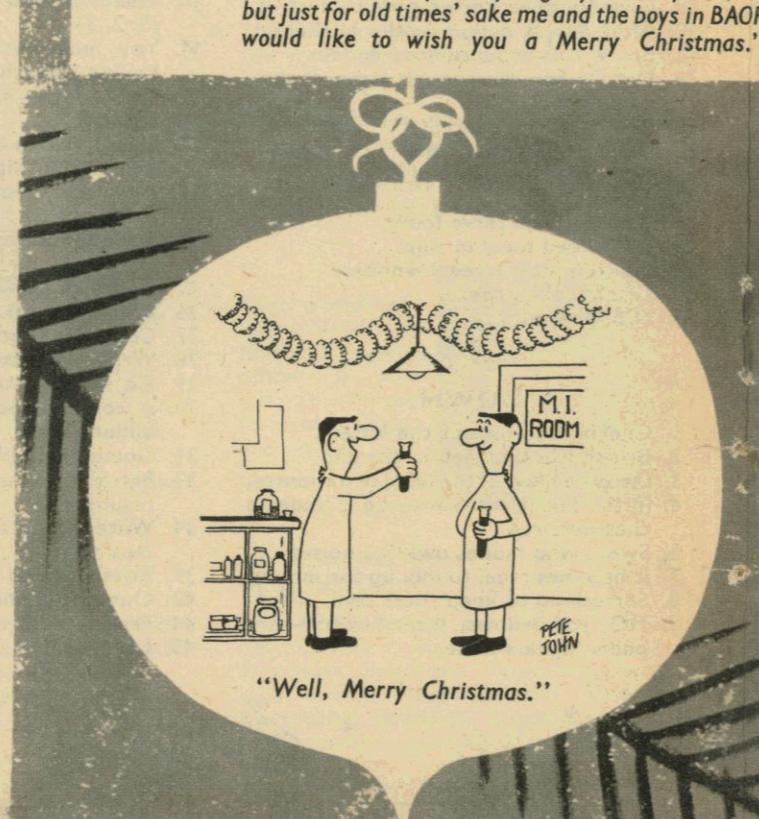
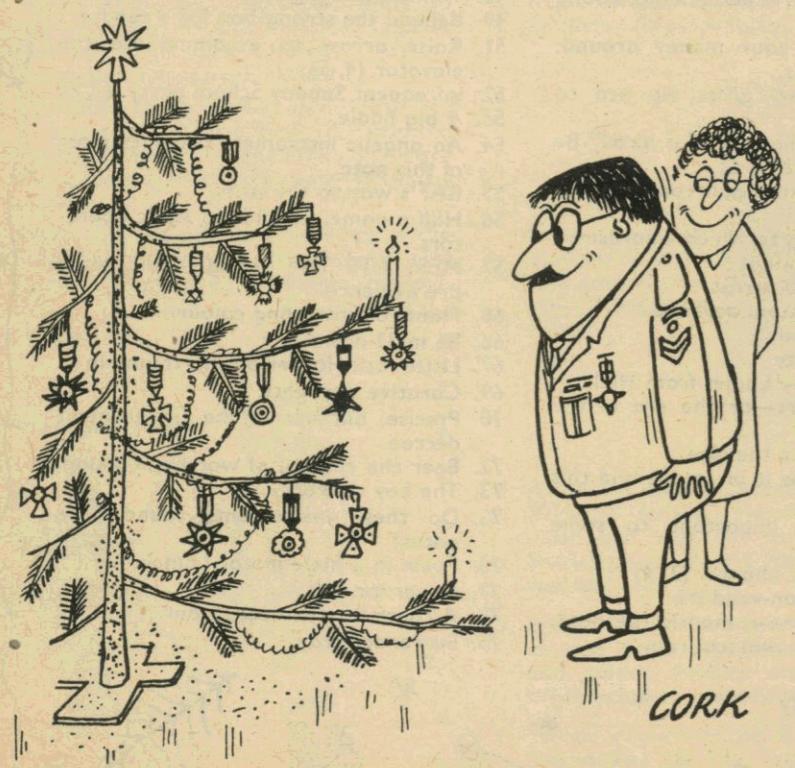
- Charm, and set out the letters.
- British isle that fled in the end.
- Decisive blow at the head of a country.
- In the poem, his workshop is under a chestnut tree.
- Swain who makes owl-like noises.
- It becomes cruel to mix up the money.
- Something to keep roots cool. *welsh*
- MO, you fellows, little Edward—the paper work's done.

- The odds on a trio performing a song (5, 2-3)
- You may this your money around, having your this.
- Take oath—how gross we are to conceal it.
- Untruthful in the role of a bird? Be behind the ship! (3, 6)
- A fee witch makes a pale countenance. (5, 4)
- Form of address to which Guardsmen give many meanings.
- Angry end of 20 across.
- Warning to skaters perhaps.
- Colourless liquid.
- Writer in outsize.
- Garments of the Ladies from Hell.
- A coming apart—or the era of the billiard score.
- Going back, like the tide.
- Bet 500, confuse it or lose it and this results.
- Water plants important to some musicians.
- Briefly taking a chance. (2, 4)
- One of the onion-vendors.
- French business—romantic, perhaps.
- Lawyers, not a zodiacal ram
- Thin on the ground.
- Behead the strong-box, for a tender.
- Raise arrow to accommodate the elevator (4, 5)
- Infrequent Sunday School party. (4, 5)
- A big fiddle.
- An angelic instrument provides most of this note.
- RAF's way to the stars.
- Half a game, familiar to Asdic operators.
- MESS ATE TNT (anag.)—and these are evidence.
- Plants of unvarying colour.
- Be in 33 down.
- Little Jack Horner put his thumb in it.
- Curative draughts.
- Precise, but not in the Government decree.
- Beer the reverse of worthy of a king.
- The boy to worry.
- Do these instruments sound false notes?
- Poem in a little motor-launch.
- Cover for calf.
- A check for the accountant.
- Surrender crop.





"Watch the officers, Pennythorpe. At Christmas time they like to slip up quietly and pinch your rifle or something."



THE TALE OF THE CHRISTMAS COWS

ROYAL Army Service Corps officers carry out many unusual tasks but none, surely, more extraordinary than the job I had at Christmas some years ago when serving with 92 Company, East African Army Service Corps: to buy cows for a feast for 400 Askaris.

It happened like this. A few days before Christmas my CO gave me £5, saying, "Go to the native quarters and buy some cows. Every Christmas it has been the custom of this Company to hold a Christmas N'Goma and I intend to carry it on. Buy as many as you can—enough to feed 400 hungry Askaris."

That day I left camp with a Land-Rover, a three-tonner, and an escort of four Askaris. We headed north towards the Kikuyu Reserve, Mount Kenya in the hazy distance beckoning her white finger in welcome. Two hours later we reached Nyeri and met a local veterinary officer.

"No cows," he said, "but I can let you have some native cattle."

"How much each?" I asked, like a housewife buying Jaffa oranges.

"How much have you got?" "Only £5 I'm afraid."

"I'll take that and you can go and help yourself to as many as you want," he said. "But wait till you've seen them. They're native cattle impounded from the Kukes. You'll find them at —, a village beyond Othaya. See the District Officer there."

As many as I liked! Why, I could take 30 lorry loads and start a ranch!

Next day, having borrowed a second three-tonner, we set off for the village but before long one of the lorries turned over on a corner so we all crowded into the remaining three-tonner and sped on.

After we had passed through

Othaya we saw a solitary British soldier of the Royal Army Medical Corps, shambling along with his rifle slung upside down over his shoulder. We stopped and his face lit up when I told him who I was.

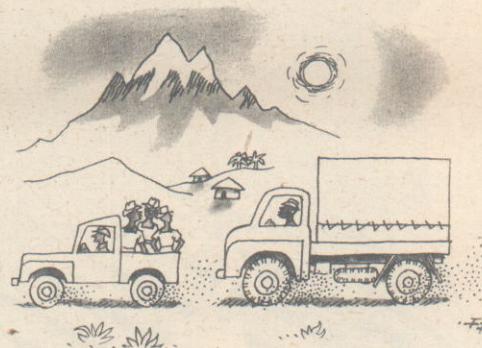
"My OC said I was to go with you and take a cow back to the Station hospital for Christmas. He gave me this," he said.

He turned his rifle the right way up and extracted a soiled 10s note from the muzzle. "Keeps the dust out," he remarked. (I later learned that he had walked from Othaya through one of the worst Mau Mau infested areas.)

Taking the soldier with us, we reached our destination and went to see the District Officer. I asked him how many cattle he had for sale. "About 600 and you can have the lot as far as I'm concerned," he said.

Then, more businesslike, he looked at our three-tonner. He wandered over and examined it. "Mind if I try it?" he asked and without waiting for a reply he climbed in and drove off. An hour or so later he returned. "Just been to do some shopping," he said, and let down the tailboard to show the floor covered in straw.

The next problem was to load the cattle. We backed the lorry against a steep bank so that the beasts could enter from the same level but they would not co-operate. First they refused to go up the bank and then disliked the idea of entering the lorry—it was like trying to fill a wine bottle from a bucket.



With every rush of cattle one perhaps would be left inside the truck and the rest passed by on either side. But after an hour of exhaustive herding we had five cows aboard. Three hours later 17 were packed in, so we got the tail-board up, strapped down the canopy and set off home, all five of us squeezed in the cabin.

After dumping the cow for the Station hospital and picking up five sheep I had bought for a friend, we set off to cover the 97 miles to Nairobi. But trouble soon developed. Suddenly there was a despairing cry, the sound of scuttering feet and shocked silence.

I stopped and one of the Askaris yelled, "He is gone. One cow he jump out." He collapsed in a fit of giggles and everyone joined in, helplessly laughing our heads off for five minutes.

After re-securing the rear canopy we set off once more. By now the floor of the lorry was several inches deep in slimy straw so that every time we went uphill there was an avalanche of cattle to the back of the truck. Every

time we went downhill they slid forward.

At last, without further mishap, we reached camp in the early hours of the morning and turned the weary, battered cows and the five frightened sheep into the sports field and went to bed.

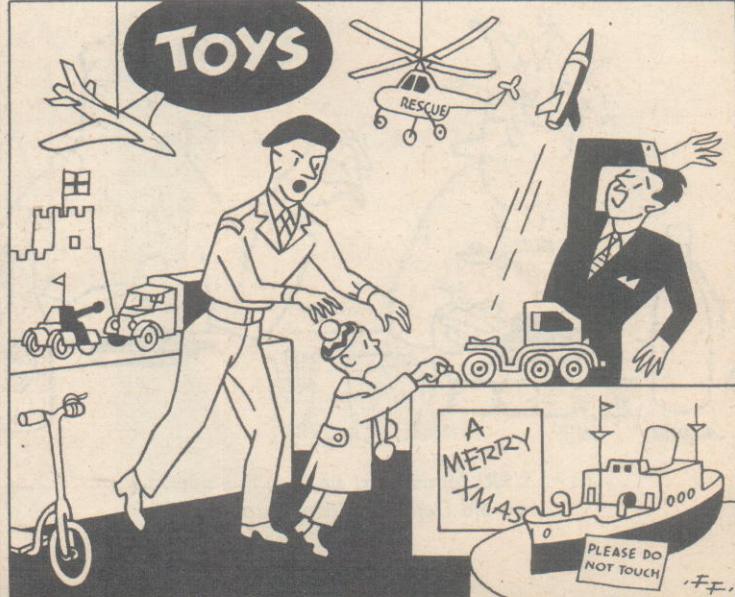
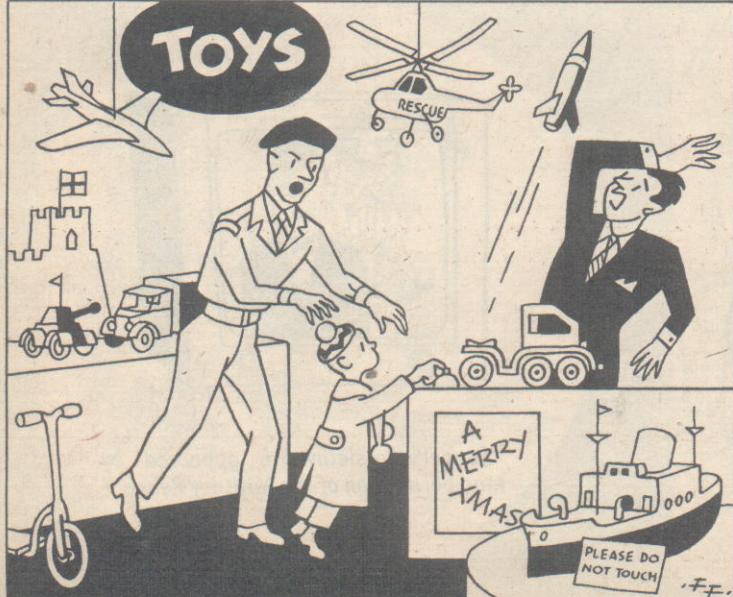
On Christmas Day I was Orderly Officer and had to attend the ceremonial killing of my cows. I was surprised how quickly and well it was done: an African sergeant-major, wearing a little white cap, turned the animals towards the East and with no more ado just slit their throats.

Sadly I watched the fruits of my labours reduced to carcases; but the Africans were gay, it was "Chrismasi" and time to celebrate. They hacked and tore at the meat, seizing the choice pieces like vultures. One came up to me with bloody hands and a huge grin: "You be here next year for Chrismasi? Can I come with you to fetch meat?"

That night the guard failed to turn out for mounting and I knew N'Goma had been a success.

LEO COOPER

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

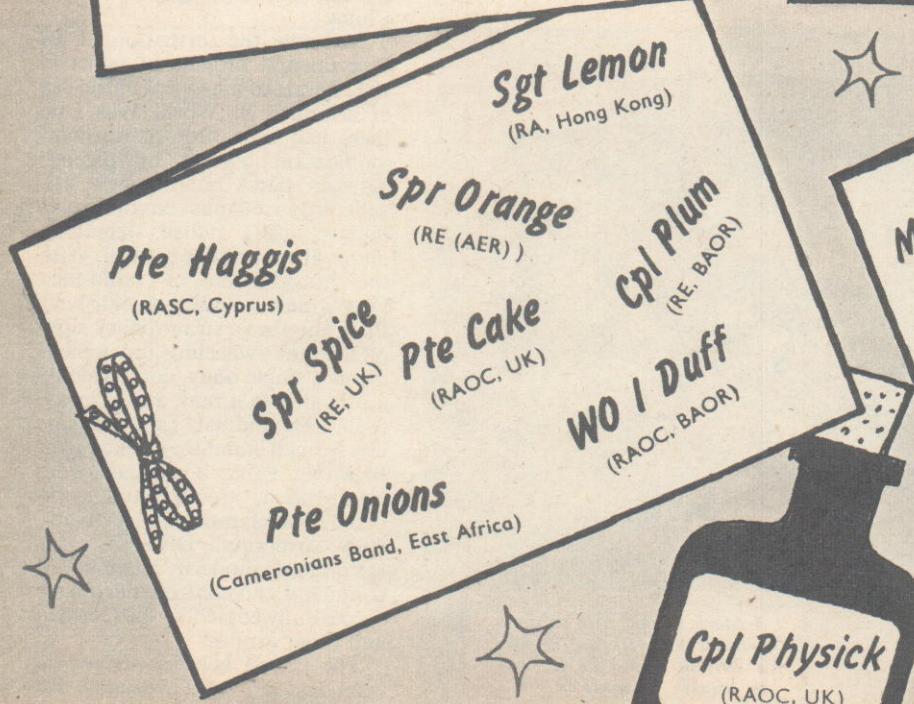


These two pictures look alike but they vary in ten minor details. Look at them very carefully. If you cannot detect the differences see page 38.

Festive Fellows

LDY dreaming of a white Christmas, sleigh bells and pretty girls waiting to be kissed under the mistletoe, SOLDIER's old-soldier staff got to thinking about former comrades with whom they had spent many a happy Yuletide: chaps like Charlie Midwinter, Freddie Snow and "Tinkle" Bell....

This set us wondering if many of today's soldiers are blessed with such seasonal surnames. We never bargained for the answer. From the Army's Record Offices came lists of hundreds of men whose names are a reminder of Christmas all the year round. On this page are the names of just a few of these kindred spirits.





A German 5.9-inch naval gun, one of more than 100 captured during the Battle of Cambrai, is brought into a wood near Ribecourt by a "C" Battalion tank.

THE TANK GREW UP at CAMBRAI

The enemy fled in terror as 350 steel monsters smashed through the Hindenburg Line. It was the dawn of a new era in warfare



A Mark I tank, with an anti-grenade net on its roof, crosses a British trench on its way to attack Thiepval in 1916.

FROM Tidworth to Tripoli, from Homs to Hong Kong, men of the Royal Tank Regiment have been celebrating Cambrai Day. On 20 November 41 years ago, men of the Tank Corps—the world's first tank men—proved the tank to be a formidable and battle-winning weapon and not, as Field-Marshal Lord Kitchener once described it, "a pretty, mechanical toy."

Far more than the success of one battle was at stake at Cambrai. Large sums of money had been spent on tanks since the first was built in 1915 but no great victory had been won by their unaided efforts in the mud of Arras and Ypres.

Now at last the Tank Corps had its first real chance—and perhaps its last—to prove its worth.

Hidden by mist, 350 tanks were drawn up in a single six-mile-long line in front of the British trenches, waiting for the dawn. Their objective was the "impregnable" Hindenburg Line, its three 15-feet wide "tank-proof" trenches and acres of dense wire, heavily covered by machine guns, forming a barrier five miles deep.

An artillery barrage from a thousand guns crashed down on the enemy lines as the tanks moved slowly forward, led by the Commander of the Tank Corps himself, Brigadier-General H. J. Elles. His tank "Hilda," in the centre of the line, was flying for the first time in battle the brown, red and green flag, the colours of which typified the Tank Corps' struggle "from mud, through blood to the green fields beyond."

Sweeping through the triple belts of wire the tanks made pathways for the following troops. Panic-stricken Germans surrendered or fled, as the steel monsters appeared. The huge bundles of brushwood which each tank carried on its roof, ready to drop into the trenches, added to the Germans' nightmare.

All along the six-mile front tanks dipped and reared their way through the Hindenburg Line, flattening barbed wire entanglements and destroying machine-guns. In a day they led the Infantry several miles into enemy-held territory, capturing 8000

prisoners and 100 guns. It had taken three months to penetrate as far as Ypres at a cost of 250,000 casualties. In the first two days of the Cambrai Battle III and IV Corps had 6000 casualties of whom about 600 were Tankmen. One hundred and seventy-nine tanks were knocked out, 65 by direct hits, 71 by mechanical trouble and accidents.

Ten days later a German counter-attack retook most of the ground; but the setback could not detract from the part played by the Tank Corps. They had proved their worth.

The Mark IV tanks which fought at Cambrai in 1917 were little different from "Mother" or "Big Willie," the 28-ton, 31-feet-long "monstrous engines of war," as the German High Command called them when first they went into action at Flers on 15 September, 1916. Both carried a crew of eight, were armed with two six-pounders and three Hotchkiss machine-guns, and travelled at a top speed of 4 mph.

After its success at Cambrai the Tank Corps grew from three to five brigades and its 10,000 officers and men, who between them won four Victoria Crosses, 82 DSOs, 447 Military Crosses, 145 DCMs and 627 Military Medals, fought on all battle-fronts. Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, in his final despatch said, "It is no disparagement of the courage of our Infantry, or . . . Artillery to say that (their) achievements would have fallen far short of the . . . success achieved . . . had it not been for the very gallant and devoted work of the Tank Corps."

Between the two world wars armoured car and tank companies of the Royal Tank Corps were kept busy in India quelling tribal disorders and also served in Russia, Palestine, Egypt, Iraq and China.

At home the formation of an experimental brigade of tanks in 1931 heralded a new era in the use of armour. In World War One there had been little or no communication (except by pigeon) between tanks but the new brigade produced manoeuvrable battalions, using Morse signalling, under direct brigade control. With the introduction of radio-telephony there followed on Salisbury Plain the then extraordinary sight of 200 tanks wheeling and deploying as a single body, controlled by a brigadier in a tank a mile away.

In 1934 the 1st Tank Brigade was formed under the command of Brigadier P. C. S. Hobart, who later raised, trained and commanded the famous 7th, 11th and 79th Armoured Divisions. He introduced modern methods of command and control which were successfully copied by the German and other armies.

The period between the world wars was an uphill struggle for



Above: These Crossley armoured cars of the 1st Armoured Car Company, Royal Tank Corps, were kept busy in India between the wars quelling tribal disorders on the North-West Frontier.

Below: Matildas, almost hidden in a dust cloud churned up by the leading tank, advance towards Tobruk.



the pioneers who foresaw that the old concept of war was outdated. Their work was justified when four months before World War Two the Royal Tank Corps became a Wing of the newly-formed Royal Armoured Corps.

The title was later changed to the Royal Tank Regiment but the courage of the men who wore the famous black beret remained unaltered. In France, North Africa, Greece, Abyssinia, Burma, Sicily and Italy, on the beaches of Normandy, through France and Belgium to the day when the same brown, red and green flag was carried across the Rhine for the second time in 27 years, the men of the Royal Tank Regiment in World War Two fought as bravely as their predecessors had in World War One. Two tankmen won the Victoria Cross, 103 the DSO, 309 the Military Cross, 39 the DCM and 348 the Military Medal.

Whatever changes the future may hold, men of the Regiment who taught the world to use tanks and armoured cars will always remember Cambrai and those whose bravery and skill made the Tank Corps a name to be feared and respected.

K. J. HANFORD



Lieutenant-General Sir Giffard Le Q Martel MC, demonstrates a one-man tank he designed in the 1920s. The photograph is from Captain Liddell Hart's "The Tanks: The History of the Royal Tank Regiment and its Predecessors" to be published by Cassell next month.

HE MADE HIS OWN TANK

AMONG the outstanding pioneers in tank development was Lieutenant-General Sir Giffard Le Q Martel MC.

General Martel, who died recently, was the Tank Corps' first Brigade Major in France in 1916 and he played a great part in the preparation of the tank battles at Arras, Messines and Cambrai. As early as 1916, when the tank was regarded as an expensive and useless piece of machinery, he wrote a paper called "A Tank Army" in which he forecast the creation of tank armies operating like fleets at sea.

Soon after World War One he invented the box-girder bridge (forerunner of the Bailey Bridge) and adapted tanks for use as bridging, minesweeping and engineer track vehicles, and in 1925 designed and built at his own expense in his own workshop a vehicle which heralded the appearance of the machine-gun Carden Loyd tracked carrier.

After a visit to Russia in 1936, when he became Assistant Director of Mechanisation, General Martel was the moving spirit in designing and building the cruiser tank which a few years later gave excellent service in the Western Desert. He also designed the Matilda Infantry tank.

After Dunkirk General Martel became the first Commander of the Royal Armoured Corps with the task of raising new armoured regiments and developing a new technique for armoured warfare.

Below: The 28-ton "Mother" or "Big Willie," the first tank to go into action, being put through tests in Burton Park, Lincoln, in January 1916.



Right: The latest British tank, the 65-ton Conqueror, carries a 120-millimetre gun. "Big Willie" had a six-pounder—and a maximum speed of 4 mph.



“Eightieth, that gun must be silenced!”

THIS MONTH THE SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE REGIMENT CELEBRATES A GREAT VICTORY—THE OCCASION 113 YEARS AGO WHEN THE 80th FOOT'S GALLANT EXPLOIT IN SPIKING THE SIKH GUNS STAVED OFF ALMOST CERTAIN DEFEAT

THE Battle of Ferozeshah, in the first Sikh War, was a classic example of the military maxim that a battle is never lost until it is won. In few other battles in the history of warfare was final victory snatched so dramatically from impending disaster.

At Ferozeshah, in December, 1845, the British forces led by General Sir Hugh Gough, were heavily outnumbered and outgunned by an enemy of exceptional fighting ability and courage. Yet, for hours on end, against almost overwhelming odds, they struck again and again at the Sikh Army to be thrown back with heavy casualties each time they advanced.

Then, when almost completely exhausted and down to their last few rounds of ammunition, the men of the 80th Regiment (later the 2nd Battalion, South Staffordshire Regiment) struck the blow that led the way to victory. In a desperate, almost foolhardy, attack by night they stormed a

particularly troublesome enemy battery and spiked all the guns. Next morning a final surprise attack by British Infantry swept the Sikhs from the field.

The 80th were one of several Infantry regiments to distinguish themselves at Ferozeshah, but as notable as any on that day were the 3rd Light Dragoons (later the 3rd Hussars) whose superb gallantry contributed much to the famous victory.

The events leading to the battle began in December, 1845, when a Sikh Army of 50,000 men, with 100 guns under the command of

Lal Singh, crossed the Sutlej River and invaded British territory in India with the object of sacking Delhi.

Their army, the most formidable part of which was called the Khalsa, a sort of Praetorian Guard of the Punjab, was well equipped, especially with artillery, and had been well trained and disciplined by French officers who had served under Napoleon Bonaparte.

When over the Sutlej the commander had detached part of his army to lay siege to Ferozepore, where the British that year had established a fortified post and installed a garrison of about 7000 British and native Indian troops. Sir Hugh Gough, Commander-in-Chief in India, a redoubtable old warrior of the

Peninsula who always wore a white coat in action to show where he was, marched with about 10,000 men from Umballa to the relief of Ferozepore.

On 18 December, at Moodkee, while preparing to bivouac, Gough was attacked by a Sikh force of rather more than his own strength. He repelled this assault, at heavy cost to both himself and the enemy, and at 4 a.m. on 21 December he moved again, this time against the entrenched camp at Ferozeshah where a large part of the Sikh army was in position to cover the investment of Ferozepore.

When he arrived within striking distance that morning, General Gough, who always believed in going straight for the foe, decided to attack at once. He had reliable reports that the Ferozepore garrison had escaped and was on the way to join him, and he wanted to strike before the thwarted besiegers could reinforce the Sikhs at Ferozeshah. But Sir Henry Hardinge, the Governor-General of India (also a Peninsular veteran), for political reasons ordered a postponement of the British advance.

It was late in the afternoon before the attack was launched, and in the short time of daylight left British troops and Sepoys went forward through thick woods and semi-jungle, fighting a confused battle to reach the entrenchments and get in with the bayonet. Time after time they were repulsed, and were able to get only a lodgment in part of the position when darkness fell.

The Sikhs had more guns,



The scene at Ferozeshah on the morning after the 80th had spiked the guns. This painting by H. Martens from a sketch by Major G. F. White, of the 31st (later the East Surrey Regiment) shows Gough's Army going in to the final assault on the Sikhs in their entrenched camp.

Right: "As notable as any to distinguish themselves that night were the 3rd Light Dragoons whose superb gallantry contributed much to the famous victory."—From the painting by H. Martens.



In the foreground of this painting by Martens are some of the volunteers of the 80th Foot, exhausted after their gallant raid on the Sikh guns. In the centre are Sir Henry Hardinge and General Gough who bivouacked with the men that night.

especially heavy guns, than the British and they worked them all with first-rate efficiency. Early in the fight on the 21st, after the Horse Artillery had pounded the enemy batteries as best it could with its light pieces, the 62nd, or Wiltshire Regiment, with the two native Indian battalions of its brigade charged the enemy guns. In a few minutes, the British battalion had lost 260 all ranks; 18 of the 26 officers were casualties, and sergeants found themselves in charge of companies. Their attack then broke down.

Elsewhere on the field the 9th Foot, or East Norfolk Regiment, suffered even more terribly.

Night fell on the still undecided field, and amid the smoke and dust the opposing armies settled down to bivouac where they stood, scarcely more than striking distance apart.

Soon a Sikh heavy gun opened fire on the British lines, mainly on the 80th Foot. Sir Henry

Hardinge called out: "Eightieth, that gun must be silenced!"—and the weary, battered Staffordshire Volunteers forthwith went into action once again. In the darkness they quietly fell-in, formed line, and disappeared in the direction of the gun flashes. In astonishingly quick time they stormed the battery and spiked all the guns in it; then went back (most of them) to sleep on the ground again.

At first light next morning Gough put in a further determined assault, taking the Sikhs by surprise and driving them pell-mell out of their earthworks, capturing prisoners, guns and stores.

It was then that the rest of the Sikh army appeared from Ferozepore. If its commander, Tej Singh, had realised that the British had been more or less in action for about 40 hours, without food or water and suffering also from the intense heat, and that most of their small arms ammu-

tion and all the gun ammunition was spent, he might have pressed his attacks with more resolution and with success. As it was, when he saw the indomitable 3rd Dragoons apparently preparing to make another charge (though by that time they had scarcely the strength to mount, or their horses to trot) he retired in disorder from the field, abandoning most of his guns, stores and baggage.

The two Sikh forces in the battle lost altogether 73 of their cherished guns and a large part of their strength in men. The British casualties totalled 674 killed and 1721 wounded. In the two actions the 9th Foot had 330 casualties, and the 31st (afterwards The East Surrey Regiment) nearly 300. At Ferozeshah the 102nd Foot (afterwards The Royal Dublin Fusiliers) lost 204 of all ranks killed or wounded.

In England the Duke of Wellington was much impressed by the victory at Ferozeshah and

especially the exploits of the 80th Foot. He asked in Parliament: "Who but old soldiers could have done what the 80th did at Ferozeshah, when they stormed at night the batteries which were plunging shot and shell into their bivouac?"

Hardinge wrote an account, which was read in Parliament and included this passage: "I found myself again with my old friends of the 27th (afterwards The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers) 31st, 50th (afterwards The Royal West Kent Regiment) and 9th; all in good heart, and with them that Regiment which has earned for itself immortal fame in the annals of the British Army—Her Majesty's 80th Regiment. . . . The British Infantry as usual carried the day."

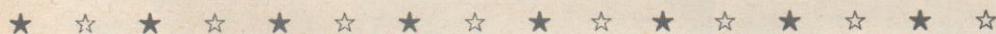
A further tribute came later from the fabulous William Hodson, the founder of Hodson's Horse. He wrote of the 80th: "It is a splendid corps; well behaved in cantonments and first-rate in action. I lay between them and my present corps on that memorable night when Lord Hardinge called out: 'Eightieth, that gun must be silenced!' They jumped up, formed into line and advanced through the darkness, and soon we lost the tread of their feet while they gradually gained the front of the enemy's battery whose fire had caused so much loss; when suddenly we saw the blaze of the Sikh battery, followed at once by a thrilling cheer from the 80th, accompanied by a murderous fire as they sprang upon the battery and spiked the guns. In a few moments they moved back silently and laid down as before on the cold sand, but they had left 45 of their number and two captains to mark the exploit by their graves."

ERIC PHILLIPS

NEXT MONTH: The Manchester Regiment at Ladysmith.



IN THE NEWS



CYPRUS

SOLDIER PILGRIMS IN THE HOLY LAND

ONE of the most popular of the many off-duty interests the Army provides to relieve British troops in Cyprus of the strain of guards, armed patrols and riot-breaking is a seven-day pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

Each month, parties of Servicemen and their families, up to 26 in number, fly from Nicosia to Jerusalem by way of Beirut, Amman and the Jordan Valley. On their journey they pass close by the Dead Sea and the Sea of Galilee and over the wil-

derness of Judea and the city of Jericho.

In Jerusalem, where they stay in an hotel in the old city, the visitors are taken on conducted tours of the Holy places—to the courtyard of Pontius Pilate's Castle of Antonia from where Christ set out on his last journey, and along the Via Dolorosa to the Rock of Calvary. Later, by bus, they visit Bethlehem and are taken to the River Jordan where Jesus was baptised and follow Christ's journey through the wilderness to Jericho.

Below: Servicemen from Cyprus (seen in the far distance) stroll through the main street of Bethlehem.



BURMA

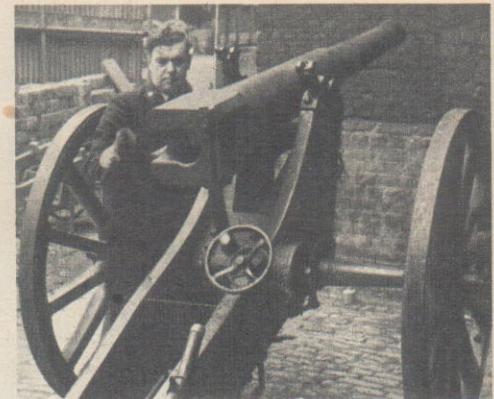
WOMEN WITH RIFLES

HERE is a picture that is bound to revive the old controversy: Should a Woman Kill?

It shows the recent passing out parade at Mingaladon, Rangoon, of the first members of Burma's Women's Infantry (188 of them) all armed with rifles. As the Union flag is slow-marched along the ranks the girl soldiers touch it to signify their allegiance.

Other countries—but not Britain—have allowed their women soldiers to carry arms, notably Russia and Yugoslavia (during the last war) and since then Israel. But British girls did man anti-aircraft guns.

Burma's women soldiers on parade, wearing old-fashioned puttees and American-type steel helmets. Note the name-tabs on each girl's shirt.



A member of the staff at the Tower of London cleans the Boer War Krupp gun before the armoury experts had put it into working order again.

BRITAIN

A BOER WAR VETERAN

THREE'S a new piece of ordnance on show at the Tower of London—a 63-year-old field gun made by Krupps of Essen, which last fired in anger in the Boer War.

For years the gun had been rusting on the Tower wharf, its brake mechanism and breech damaged by mischievous children. Now it has been repaired and occupies a prominent place inside the Tower grounds where little boys can stand and admire but not meddle.



"Only officers have pains in the abdomen. What you've got is belly-ache."

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THESE WERE THE "QUEEN'S" MEN

THREE was once a relief bugler in the 2/7th Battalion, The Queen's Royal Regiment, of whom it was said that the relief came only when he returned to his normal duties as mess orderly.

One afternoon in 1941 he was giving an excruciating rendering of "CO's Orders" when a passing soldier gave the bugle a gentle push and the call ended in a scream and a gurgle. Hailed before the commanding officer, the offender explained, "I just didn't like it, Sir." "Neither did I," said the commanding officer, "but don't let it happen again. Case dismissed."

Not a very important piece of military history? Possibly not, but that story probably kept the Battalion chuckling for days. So it takes its place in Roy E.

Bullen's "History of the 2/7th Battalion, The Queen's Royal Regiment, 1939-46" (obtainable from Mr. H. T. Neale, 35 Consort Road, Peckham, London S.E.15, price 15s 6d).

We are told nothing about the author, though the appendix on honours and awards lists a Sergeant R. E. Bullen as having been Mentioned in Despatches. It is a fair bet, however, that Sergeant

Bullen served with the Battalion for most, if not all, of its life. He writes in the first person plural, and throughout the feeling that the Battalion was a family is strong. It was a family whose members did not easily part from it. Many a Queen's man went "absent" from a hospital, convalescent camp or transit camp to rejoin it. One of its most notable members started in the Battalion as a second-lieutenant and six years later, at 24, was its commanding officer—Lieutenant-Colonel M. E. M. MacWilliam DSO and Bar, MC.

The advantage of having a

regimental historian who was one of the family is that he is in a better position than most to record the things the war-diaries miss. Incidents like that of the bugler, for example; the day the CSM lost his false teeth shouting "Quick March," and did not recover them from the mud until the company had passed over them; and the morning six sergeants awoke to find that their tent had been stolen from over them by Iraqi marauders.

He is also the man to record how the troops really lived. Anybody who made the painful wartime voyage round the Cape on a troop-deck will recognise the author's description as authentic, down to the shortage of open deck for sleeping on in the tropics and the glorious adventure of a meal in unrationed Capetown.

The author does not neglect the battles. His description of the Battalion's stand at Anzio is brief but memorable. At Anzio the Battalion, already weakened, relieved an isolated American unit and was itself cut off. When the survivors gathered three days later, they numbered four officers and 17 men; 362 were killed, wounded or missing. The Battalion's stand had held down five German battalions for 48 hours, enabled the Americans to get away and gave time for the whole position in the rear to be strengthened.

The Battalion fought in Italy to the end and then moved to Trieste, where after six years it was disbanded.

A Soldier of Fortune . . .

CAPTAIN WALther STENNES, of the 16th Westphalian Infantry, emerged from World War One with six German decorations and trophies of 57 British regiments, ranging from kukris to cap-badges.

He was a professional soldier—a cadet at the outbreak of war in 1914—and like many of his kind had a turbulent career in the years that followed the Armistice. Unlike many of his kind, however, he has never settled down since and it is as a soldier of fortune that he is portrayed in "The Amiable Prussian," by Charles Drage (*Anthony Blond*, 18s).

In the "civil war" that followed in Germany, 1918, he raised and commanded one of the "free companies" that went trouble-shooting when there were strikes and insurrections. He organised the riot squad of the security police, which he succeeded in using both for and against the Government.

After a short spell in business, he was soon organising a secret battalion, in contravention of the Treaty of Versailles, and sabotage against the occupation forces. This brought him into trouble, but he soon bobbed up again, learning "sport flying" which was the Germans' way of building for the Luftwaffe they were not supposed to have.

He was mixed up with a rising politician named Hitler and soon commanded all the Brown Shirts, (the Nazi storm troops) east of the Elbe. This ended in a quarrel with Hitler (Stennes at one time sued the Fuehrer for libel) and the forming of his own political party to oppose the Nazis. Then he was arrested.

The intervention of friends, Goering among them, kept Stennes alive and free from torture by the Gestapo, and he was released on condition that he left

Europe. He became a military adviser to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek.

In China his adventures were many. He commanded Chiang's bodyguard and his squadron of mixed aircraft, ran courses and planned battles. Finding that Chinese generals, like German generals in World War One, always changed the positions of pill-boxes when they took over a new command, he devised a self-contained pill-box which

could be pushed on to its side and rolled to a new position by a gang of coolies.

Stennes was trapped by the Japanese in Shanghai in 1942, and spent the war years in precarious comfort, looking after the personal possessions of Madame Chiang Kai-Shek.

He was a thorn in the flesh of the relieving Americans at the end of the war, and then went back into the service of the Generalissimo until almost the end of the fighting on the mainland of China.

Now he lives in Germany, devoting himself to the welfare of the men who fought with him in 1914-18.

. . . and an Audacious Sailor

IN the early spring of 1942, the Norwegian coaster "Galtesund" steamed into Aberdeen with a naval and air escort.

She had been captured by a little group of Norwegian resistance men from under the noses (and coastal guns) of the Germans. Only two of those who had been captured with her appeared distressed:

few unsatisfactory days in the Norwegian Army, he decided to escape to Britain. He crossed the North Sea with two friends in an open boat in rough weather and spent his first night in a free country as a guest in an Aberdeen jail.

He returned to Norway, set up a successful underground organisation and left via Stockholm. Back he went again, and returned in command of the "Galtesund." His third journey was at the head of a group of Norwegian commandos and their plan was to steal not one ship but a whole convoy. This project, however, was dogged by ill-luck. In the

end, Starheim and some of his men boarded a ship they intended to take over, and apparently succeeded in making the capture. But the Luftwaffe found her the next morning and bombed her to pieces. There were no survivors.

The splendid audacity of the Norwegian resistance runs through this book, and is exemplified by one of Starheim's friends who joined the Quislings in order to work better for the Allies. At one meeting, in his Nazi uniform he made a speech which he ended quickly with an excuse, then dashed home to send off a message to London on his hidden radio and returned to the meeting. This same man became a part-time driver to the local CID and acted as guide to Germans hunting the transmitter he was himself operating.

PAPER BACKS

WORLD WAR TWO began a generation ago but the demand for stories of the fighting Services remains unsatisfied. Four florin paperbacks in recent issues by *Digit Books* (Brown, Watson, Ltd.) help to allay the war-reader's appetite.

"Four Men" (David Richards) follows at a fast pace the adventures of a quartet in their close-combat operations with a Commando on the French Coast, at Salerno and the Lofoten Islands, Bruneval, St Nazaire and Dieppe. Tough fighting, too, marks Macgregor Urquhart's "Desert Group," in which the desert forms the backcloth for plenty of action by a patrol of the Long-Range Desert Group.

"The Wire Has Two Sides" (Peter Baillie)

movingly tells the story of a British corporal's capture in Crete and his journey with other prisoners to a camp in Germany. He escapes, is recaptured and sent to a concentration camp, then escapes again to level an old score with a Nazi thug. In "The Liberators" Richard T. Bickers follows United States airmen in heavy bomber raids over Europe, into and out of captivity, then via the desert to the Pacific.

David Horsley's fifth *Digit Book*, "The Ocean Their Grave," is another of his exciting sea yarns, this time featuring corvettes on convoy escort duties. "Gladiator-at-Law" (Frederik Pohl and C. M. Kornbluth), in the *Digit* science fiction series, deals with a future era in which machines take over even the work of a jury and the Stock Market.

An American Praises Monty!

FOR the United States Army the battle of the Ardennes in 1944 was the most desperate of all in World War Two. The sudden and overwhelming German panzer attack on the front which the Americans till then had found so quiet shook them more than anything since the Japanese stroke at Pearl Harbour three years before.

In the Ardennes they were "caught napping" again, but the speed of their recovery and the valour of their troops were superb. American over-confidence and carelessness largely gave the opportunity for that last colossal German offensive, but the doggedness of American soldiers frustrated it.

Mr. Robert Merriam, who was with the U.S. Army in the Ardennes at the time and was afterwards chief of the Ardennes section of the U.S. Army Historical Division, has now produced an authoritative account of the episode: "The Battle of the Ardennes" (*Souvenir Press Ltd.*, 21s net). He writes in an admirably fair and objective way, giving praise and blame impartially as he describes the successive phases and actions of the battle.

The book recalls how the plans for the German offensive originated after the attempt on Hitler's life in July, 1944; traces the working out of the remarkably ingenious schemes by which the Allies were completely deceived; and goes on to give us the whole picture of the chaotic and heroic events that culminated in the repulse of the Germans after a month of bitter winter fighting.

In his last chapter, Mr. Merriam discusses a number of "myths of the Ardennes." Of the "British Myth" he writes:

"The most controversial figure in the Battle of the Ardennes was Montgomery. Brought into the midst of the battle by Eisenhower when he made his decision to split the battlefield, Montgomery is first of all accused of recommending this split, which some Americans think was ruinous to a quick Allied recovery . . . Secondly, he is charged with poor handling of the troops which came under his command . . . On both these counts, the charges are not substantiated. . . Competent military strategists agree that . . . it was absolutely essential that a unified command in the north rally all threatened forces to shape the troop movements and strategy . . .

into this command, where they would have wasted precious days adjusting to American ways, and put American troops along the Meuse River, Montgomery used his troops in the reserve role where they could be directed as a unit. . . National spirit, which we (Americans) have in abundance, sometimes blinds us to good sense and understanding. But viewed in retrospect, Eisenhower's decision was eminently sound and satisfactory for coping with German efficiency. This is no apology for Montgomery's action, nor is it a condemnation of Bradley. Both were doing their jobs in different ways. Both contributed to the defeat of a strong, hard, clever German attack."

What Happened at Loos?

SERGEANT GARTH of the Black Watch did something at the Battle of Loos which turned him from a cheerful soldier to a grim and silent man.

Unless you cheat by turning to the last chapters first, you read nearly all the way through W. Townend's novel, "Royal Highlander" (*Jarrolds*, 15s), wondering what Garth did. But the revelation is not very startling.

In the main, this rambling story serves as a vehicle for the narrator's reminiscences of World War One, mostly about the 15th Scottish Division.

One story the author tells is that of the famous young lady of Loos, Emilienne Moreau. (*See SOLDIER, November.*) During street-fighting in the town, she was helping to look after wounded in a regimental aid post which was under fire from a sniper. After a while, the 17-year-old girl picked up a revolver and disappeared. Later she took the medical officer to inspect two dead Germans.

Members of the Black Watch may find this novel to their taste, for throughout there is a theme of pride in their Regiment and of envy on the part of the narrator, whose weak sight diverts his military service from the Royal Highlanders to an unglamorous war in a sanitary unit.



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BOXING

28 YEARS IN THE RING —AND NEVER K.O'd

Amateur boxing owes a big debt to soldiers who devote themselves to teaching the art: men like QMSI George Nielsen, now retired from the ring but still giving the Army's youngsters the benefit of his long experience . . .

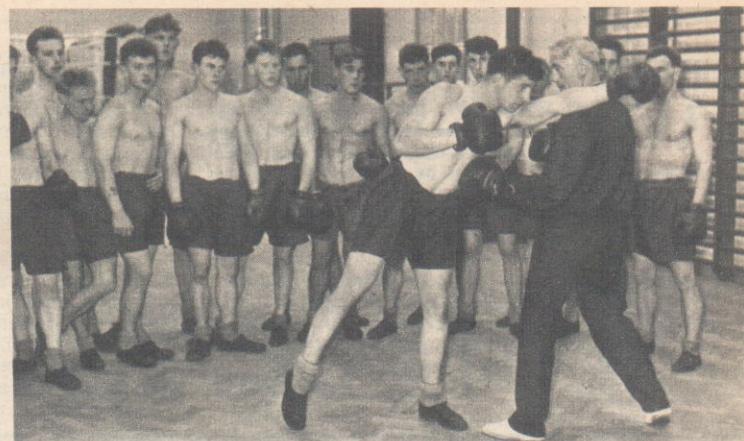
BOXING and soldiering are the two most important things in life for Quartermaster-Sergeant Instructor George Nielsen, of the Army Physical Training Corps, whose recent retirement from the ring has ended a unique career. In 28 years as an amateur pugilist he has been floored only once in 161 fights and lost only nine contests, six of them on the referee's casting vote. He has never been knocked out.

But boxing and the Army—he has 29 years service—have not lost QMSI Nielsen. He is a referee (unqualified) and a judge and through his work at Western Command's School of Physical Training at Oswestry he continues to give the Army the benefit of his long and valuable experience in coaching its young boxers.

Naturally, because his Danish father, Lauritz Nielsen, was a world middleweight champion wrestler and the 12-stone champion of Britain, QMSI Nielsen's first love was wrestling. He took up boxing only at the age of 19 when he joined the East Lancashire Regiment but a year later he had won his first competition—the Regimental novices welterweight title. Twenty-seven years later he gained his last title, the light-heavyweight championship of Western Command's North-West District.

During that period QMSI Nielsen, who went to the Corps of Royal Military Police and in 1940 transferred to the Army Physical Training Corps, won more than 50 cups and medals and "piles of clocks and cutlery sets." His individual successes included the East Lancashire Regiment welter titles in 1934 and 1935, China Command welter titles in 1935 and 1936, the Manchester area welter championships in 1936 and 1937, Aldershot Command's middleweight titles in 1940, 1941 and 1942 and the South-Eastern Command middleweight championship in 1942. He represented the Army against the Royal Air Force in 1942 and fought for Northern Counties against Ireland and for Hampshire against the Western Counties in pre-war days.

The highlight of QMSI Nielsen's brilliant boxing career came last year when, at the age of 47



Watched by students on a course at Western Command School of Physical Training, QMSI Nielsen (right) deflects a straight left from Lance-Corporal W. J. Furnham, a Welsh representative, and counters to the body with a left hook.

and giving away weight to an opponent 25 years younger, he outfought his man so clearly that the contest was stopped in the second round. This year, defending the title, he lost narrowly on points.

Apart from his personal achievements in the ring, QMSI Nielsen has made a considerable contribution to the sport in coaching youngsters, promoting contests and in administrative work. While in Perth for three years during the last war he travelled round the county's Army Cadet Force units with scales and gloves, visiting three or four units each night. None of the boys had boxed before, but from 70 Perthshire entries in the first Army Cadet Force championships in 1945, six were selected for the Scottish championships. Five of these won their weights and two subsequently won national Army Cadet Force titles.

During a Middle East tour in 1946-7 QMSI Nielsen was dubbed "Jack Solomons of the Canal Zone," organising 18 boxing shows at a time when troops from India swelled the numbers already in Egypt and entertainment resources were stretched to the limit.

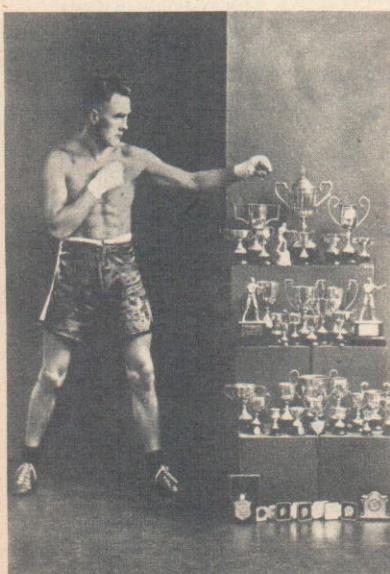
Now QMSI Nielsen is preparing to coach Western Command's team. This year the Command has an above-average group of young boxers who include Private H. Winstone (Empire Games featherweight champion), Private

K. S. Jones (Welsh ABA champion), Lance-Corporal B. Groves (Wales), Private J. Furnham (Wales), Lance-Corporal K. Price (Wales and Army), Bombardier J. Leeming (England and Army, ISBA and ABA champion) and Lance-Bombardier D. Higgins (ISBA champion and Army).

QMSI Nielsen has trained many successful teams and coached outstanding individuals like Ponty Davies and Alex Ambrose (both Army champions). Professionals in the Army whom he prepared for bouts included George Markwick (an ex-Army heavyweight), Dave McCleave (former British welter champion) and, best known of all, Joe Erskine, the former Empire and British heavyweight champion.

In his last year of Army service Erskine took the Army, ISBA and ABA titles, boxed as an international and Army representative and won 40 of his 41 contests.

There can be no greater tribute to QMSI Nielsen's knowledge and ability than that paid by Lance-Corporal Erskine, who wrote: "He is outstanding among the many who have handled my training . . . I was taught many combination punch tactics. At times he even sparred two rounds and enthusiastically gave satisfactory measure; in fact, there was no limit to his help. Words cannot fully express my appreciation."



Left: QMSI Nielsen in his younger days with some of the 50-odd trophies and medals he has won in boxing.



Right: Using "Biffim," the gymnasium punching bag, QMSI Nielsen guards his chin with his right hand, lands a straight left to the face.

A TOUGH TEST FOR TWO-STROKES



Photo by courtesy of Motor Cycling

OUR soldiers, wearing the green and gold badge of the Army Motor-Cycling Association, made history in this year's International Six Days Motor-Cycle Trials at Garmisch-Partenkirchen in Germany.

It was the first time the Army had entered two-stroke machines for this event, the world's greatest test of motor-cycle reliability and riders' stamina.

Only one member of the team, Sergeant D. Brooker, Royal Army Service Corps, gained a bronze medal, but all four put up a courageous display against atrocious conditions and an unusual amount of bad luck to prove that light-weight machines are suited for military purposes. So tough was the Trial, (the six days are equivalent to about six years in the normal life of an Army machine) that 70 of the 213 riders failed to finish.

The Army team was led by Staff-Sergeant A. Nicolson, Royal Signals, a gold medallist in the International Six-Days Trial in Wales in 1954. He and Sergeant Brooker both rode for the

victorious Army team against the Royal Swedish Army in Sweden in June and both are motor-cycle instructors at the Army Mechanical Transport School, Bordon.

Twenty-year-old Lance-Bombardier D. J. Theobald, 31 Training Regiment, Royal Artillery, and 22-year-old Craftsman P. Brittain, 6 (Vehicle) Training Battalion, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, Bordon, who completed the team for the International, are also experienced motor cyclists, despite their youth.

Craftsman Brittain is a member of a famous motor-cycling family—his father is Vic Brittain, a pre-war British Trophy team captain and his brother, Johnny, is a member of the present British Trophy

In the world's most rigorous motor-cycling test—the International Six Days Trial—an Army team showed that two-stroke machines are suitable for military tasks.

On the fifth day, all the Army's hopes for a gold medal centred on Lance-Bombardier D. J. Theobald (left) here shown taking in fine style a steep slope near Garmisch-Partenkirchen.

• • • • •

1 Captain of the Army team, Staff-Sergeant A. Nicolson, Royal Army Service Corps, was a gold medallist in the 1954 Six-Days International.



1



2



3



4

2 Lance-Bombardier D. J. Theobald, Royal Artillery, was unlucky not to win a gold medal in his first International attempt.

3 Craftsman P. Brittain, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, who retired on the second day, won a silver medal in last year's International.

4 Sergeant D. Brooker, Royal Army Service Corps, whose courage and determination won him a bronze medal in this year's event.

team. Craftsman Brittain last year won a silver medal in the International Six Days Trial in Czechoslovakia as a member of the Royal Enfield team, and in this year's Welsh Three Days Trial, a tough event run on the same lines as that of the International, he won the trophy for the best individual performance.

The six-day trial was Lance-Bombardier Theobald's first major ride, although he won Western Command's championship in 1957 and the North-West and Mid-West District titles this year.

Riding Greeves and Dot 250 c.c. machines, the Army team in Germany covered more than 1240 miles (228 miles a day on each of the first five days at an average speed of 28.6 mph)—a feat requiring great skill and stamina, for the course was rocky and muddy, and abounded in watersplashes, hairpin bends and rough mountain tracks. They made an impressive start—

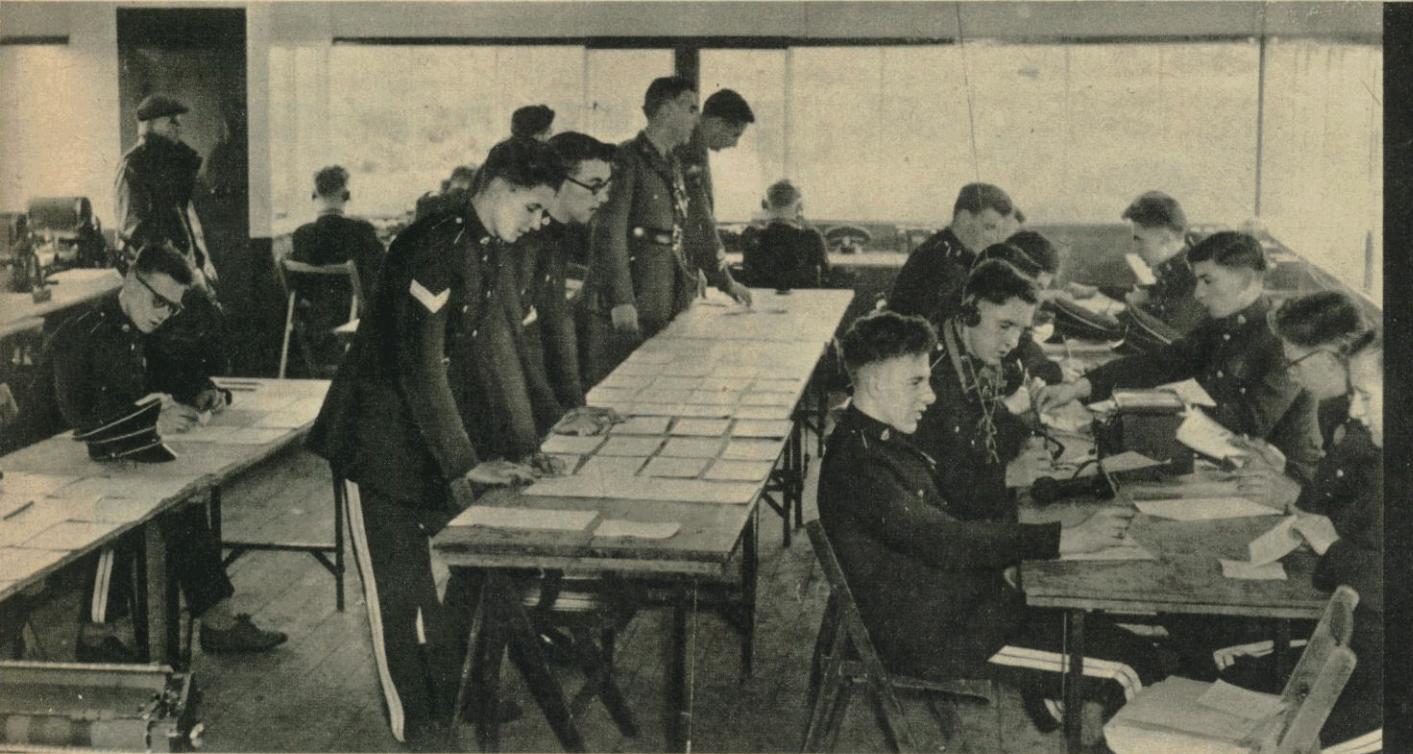
Brooker, Theobald and Brittain getting through the day without losing a point. Nicolson lost 54 marks as a result of gear-box trouble.

A faulty big-end caused Brittain to retire on the second day but Theobald again went through without loss of points as did Nicolson. Brooker lost eight points for taking time off to repair a broken chain.

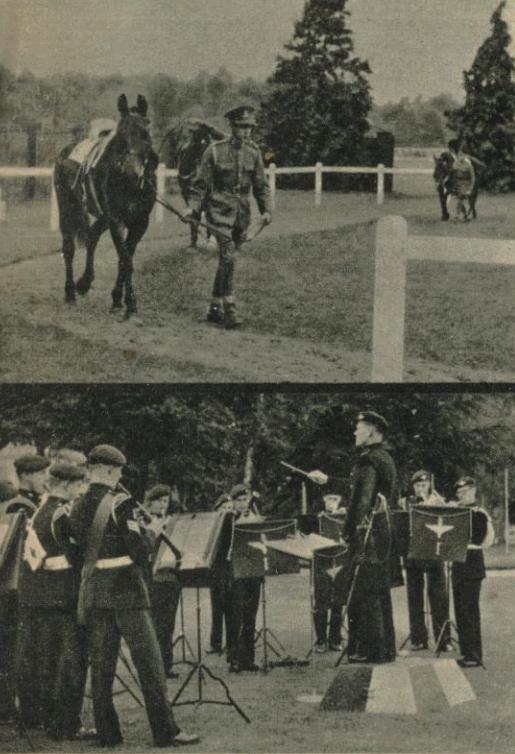
The Army's captain was forced to retire on the third day when he was thrown and injured but Theobald again rode brilliantly without loss, a feat he repeated on the fourth day when Brooker dropped 24 points. Now all the Army's hopes of getting a gold medal centred on Theobald but bad luck dogged him on the fifth day when the rear sprocket of his machine was damaged beyond repair and he had to retire. Despite a faulty gear box Staff Sergeant Brooker finished the course and got his bronze.

Praise from the world's finest all-round athletes
for the magnificent arrangements at this year's
Modern Pentathlon Championships is the Army's
reward for organising athletics' most complex contest

The Army Was Host To 13 Nations

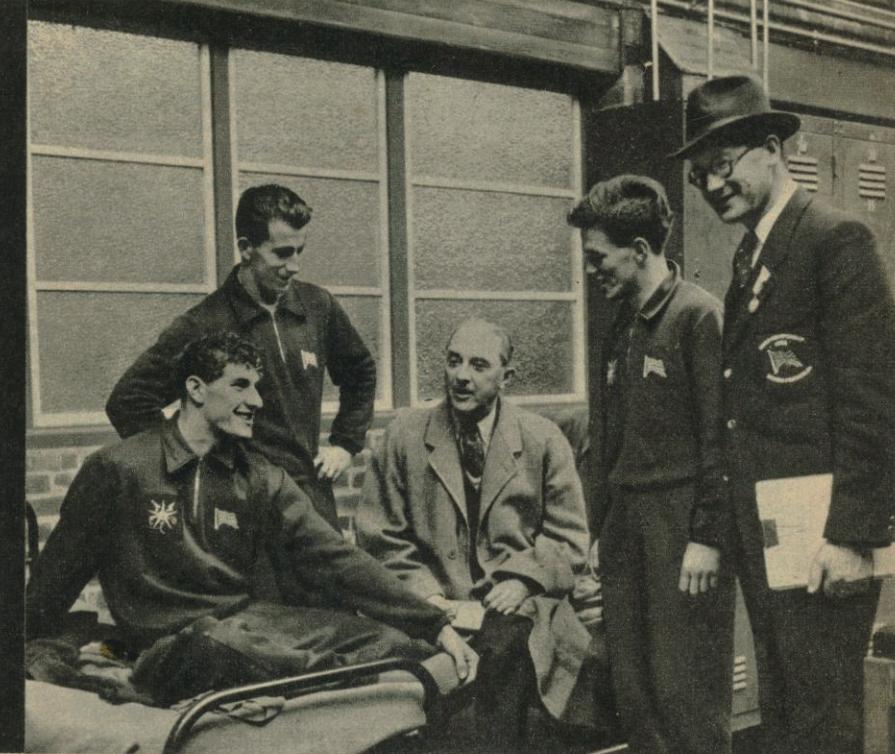


Fast and accurate work by these members of the statistics team, led by Captain B. R. Hanauer, turned complicated results into points and placings on scoreboards with in three minutes.



Left: Saddled and ready for the competitors, the horses are exercised by men of the Royal Horse Artillery.

Right: Field-Marshal Sir Gerald Templer with the British team and their coach, Major Peter Duckworth, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards.



Left: The Band of the 1st Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, conducted by Bandmaster F. Morgan, practised 13 national anthems for the Victory Ceremony.

THE Modern Pentathlon Association of Great Britain was stumped when it was proposed to hold the world championships in Britain this year—for the first time since it became an annual event in 1950.

Where would it be held and who would take on the task of organising this most complex contest in the athletic world?

The Army provided both answers with the result that on War Department land in the Aldershot area 500 soldiers, from field-marshall to private (with a few representatives of the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force), played host and organising managers to more than 100 athletes and officials from 13 competing nations.

To confirm results telephoned to the statisticians a Mounted Royal Military Policeman collects a competitor's card from a fence judge.



throughout the championship in newly-decorated Army huts. Thirty men of the Brigade of Guards acted as orderlies.

At Sandhurst, the Army arranged cinema shows, laid on special continental meals for the teams and provided a fleet of 42 vehicles, mainly staff cars drawn from 17 units in Southern Command, for the competitors to use.

At Tweseldown racecourse, eight miles away, the riding course had been planned by Brigadier J. A. H. Mitchell DSO, and modified by Lieutenant-Colonel A. P. D. Yorke MC,

Royal Artillery. The 16 fences were constructed by groundsmen employed by the War Department Land Agent at Tweseldown.

A week before the Pentathlon began riding instructors from the Household Cavalry, the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, the Royal Marines and the Royal Army Service Corps Horse Transport Company, Aldershot, put the units' horses through their paces at Tweseldown, eliminating the very good and the bad until 43 of almost equal performance were ready for the draw.

Watching the riding from the new brick tower built on the summit of Tweseldown Hill by Aldershot Command Trust "to perpetuate the tradition of mounted sports in Aldershot and particularly the World Pentathlon riding event," Lieut-Col. Yorke told SOLDIER that the 2500 metres course was the shortest possible. World championship courses are usually 5000 metres but this would have been too much for the troop horses and it was on condition that a shorter course was used that Britain agreed to hold the Pentathlon.

At every fence officers and cadets from Sandhurst and Mons were in touch by telephone and "walkie-talkie" with the judges and the Army statistical team. Mounted Royal Military Police trotted across the course with the fence judges' official cards.

Ten miles of cable were laid for the 45 field telephones and another ten miles for the public

address equipment. Men of the Aldershot Signals Works Service under Major A. Long, Royal Signals, worked for a month on the communications for all the events, except cross-country running, which was organised by the Signals Wing at the Royal Military Academy.

One of the busiest sections at each event was the statistics team led by Captain B. R. Hanauer. With Company Sergeant-Major Instructor C. Trainor and Sergeant M. Farr, both of the Army School of Physical Training, and 31 soldiers from No. 2 Royal Army Service Corps Training Battalion, Aldershot, Captain Hanauer produced unconfirmed results for the announcer, the scoreboards and the information room at Sandhurst within three minutes of each competitor finishing. Confirmed team and individual results were printed by duplicating machines and issued to the Press only 20 minutes after the events were over—no mean feat considering the complicated system of scoring.

The Army School of Physical Training played a big part in the championships, organising the fencing, swimming and running. Lieutenant-Colonel O. G. W. White DSO, Commandant of the Army Physical Training School, was vice-chairman of the committee organising the events; Major L. Lambert, an instructor at the School, was the organising secretary, and three other instructors were in charge of

The Army, however, did not shine so well in the actual contest. The British team—Lieutenant P. J. Harvey, of the Royal Tank Regiment, Corporal-of-Horse T. Hudson, of the Royal Horse Guards and Sergeant D. Cobley, Royal Air Force—was placed 7th, a long way behind the Russian winners, victors for the third successive year.

K. J. HANFORD



This Season's
"Umbro" is styled by Matt Busby

"Umbro" is worn by the English League
Div. I Champions, by the English and Scottish
International Teams, and England, Scotland,
Wales and Ireland in the World Cup.

The choice of champions

FROM ALL LEADING OUTFITTERS
AND N.A.A.F.I.

LETTERS

THE RIFLE

There seems to be a good deal of confused thinking on the subject of rifle shooting (SOLDIER to Soldier, August and Letters, October). It is about the only form of military training that has direct application as a competitive sport and for this reason it is important that it should be given every encouragement, as by doing so efficiency in its military application will be achieved.

Football, cricket, riding, athletics and so forth are all part of Service life but nobody tries to pretend that riding a horse or throwing a javelin are any longer of military value. These and many other sports are all rightly encouraged because they help to develop a man mentally and physically.

Competitive rifle shooting teaches a man to be precise, careful and accurate—nothing but the best he can produce will get him to the top. It makes him rely on his own judgment and develops a sense of sportsmanship.

The Royal Air Force appreciates the value of this sport and encourages it in every way, though the rifle is one of the last weapons likely to be used by the RAF in time of war.

With the advent of the self-loading 7.62 mm. rifle comes the problem that an indifferently trained soldier can use a terrific amount of ammunition to very little effect. This makes it absolutely essential that every soldier is trained to the highest possible standard, far higher than the present conventional "marksman" qualification, if really efficient use is to be made of this new weapon. Competitive rifle shoot-

● **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.

ing is one of the best ways of achieving this desirable state of affairs. If a man can shoot really well with a rifle, he can quickly adapt his ability to any other firearm.—R. A. Fulton, Chaseley, Bisley, Surrey, (this year's Queen's Prize winner at Bisley).

THOSE "BLUES"

The thought that there are people who actually approve of No. 1 dress (Letters, October) amazes me. Perhaps the uniform is very smart and does compare favourably with its counterparts in certain branches of the United States Army, but apart from the unfortunate resemblance to "the uniform of a superannuated postman" the main objection is one of discomfort together with a general dislike for the incessant stiff necks, flap pockets, brass buttons

and blue serge. Perhaps one day the War Department will produce a uniform suitable for social and ceremonial occasions which combines comfort with efficiency and smartness and not merely a dress to please overseas visitors.—Lance-Corporal L. Temple-Edwards, Royal Engineers, Chatham.

★ See "Privates May Get the Officer Look" (pages 6-7).

THE IRATE RAM

The front cover of your October issue depicts a right shambles, bordering almost on a military catastrophe. In trying to sort the sheep from the goats, I find it difficult to decide what made "the thing" take off. Could it have been the sight of the clerk with an armful of papers or the whitewash wallah at his work, in full view of and very near the ceremonial parade?—Sarkin Takida."

★ *The animal, Sir, is a ram belonging to a mythical regiment. It went berserk—and who could blame it?—after reading in Part One Orders that the Regiment was to be amalgamated with another which has a Siamese cat as a mascot. These mascots have their pride, you know.*

The incident did not happen on a ceremonial parade. It was only a rehearsal. No well brought up ram would create such chaos on a proper parade; rehearsals don't count.

THAT BANK PICQUET

The information on the Bank picquet (Letters, June and August) is only partly correct.

I was a corporal in the Bank picquet

about 1936-37. We had marched from Chelsea Barracks and a traffic jam near Ludgate Hill forced us to break ranks and make a detour. As it looked as if we would be late for duty the Officer in charge of the picquet, Lieutenant "Tich" Knight, decided to travel the rest of the journey by Underground. He led us down what he thought was the entrance to an Underground station but it was, in fact, a gentlemen's toilet. The picquet marched down the left-hand stairway and back up again. We eventually found the proper entrance and finally arrived at the Bank of England.

In later years we discovered that we had secured for ourselves a rather dubious niche in regimental history and now, more than 20 years later, I find that the story is still alive and, true to the Army, has gathered a few embellishments.—F. R. Clark (ex-Coldstream Guards), 74 Powell Street, Yagooma, New South Wales.

The story of the Bank picquet in the toilet was current when I joined 1st Battalion Scots Guards in 1930 and the incident was supposed to have occurred the previous year.

I cannot reconcile the facts as given by your correspondents since the normal practice was for the picquet to leave by the back gate of Chelsea Barracks. The first tube station is Victoria, and there were no toilets between the two points.

If the picquet had left by the front gate, Sloane Square was the nearest Underground station and, again, there were no toilets in between. The incident is more likely to have occurred after

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On behalf of 47 Guided Weapons Regiment (Field), RA, Lieut-Col. J. E. Cordingley, accepts the Corporal model from Major-General Ernest Moore.

GUNNERS GET A ROCKET

THE Gunners at Crookham got a rocket from the United States Army recently. It was a scale model of the Corporal guided missile, presented to Lieutenant-Colonel J. E. Cordingley, Commanding Officer of 47 Guided Weapons Regiment (Field), Royal Artillery, to mark the completion of his unit's training on Britain's first surface-to-surface guided missile.

The model, which is inscribed: "In recognition of their contribution to the success of our joint efforts to strengthen NATO," was handed over by Major-General Ernest Moore, of the United States Air Force on behalf of the United States Artillery and Missile Centre. He said that men of the Regiment had recently demonstrated at the United States Missile Range in New Mexico the soundness of their training and their ability to maintain, service, and, should the need arise, to fire the Corporal. It was a considerable contribution to the strength of NATO.

WHO'LL SWAP A SWORD FOR A PAINTING?

OIL paintings for old swords is the cry of a Canadian Army sergeant who uses his artistic talent to add to his collection of edged weapons.

There is keen demand today—particularly in the United States—for old firearms, swords and daggers, but prices are steep and the hobby can be expensive. Sergeant W. B. DesChamps, of the Royal Canadian Engineers, solves the problem by painting, in oils, landscapes or other scenes in exchange for additions to his collection of a hundred swords, bayonets and daggers.

He started this hobby only three years ago and there is a story in the acquisition of each of his trophies, which include many bayonets and swords of the two world wars. An oil painting was his payment for the most recent addition—a Royal Artillery officer's sword bearing the Royal Cipher of Queen Victoria.

If the sergeant hopes to achieve a comprehensive collection he has a life time's work ahead of him for there is an enormous range of edged weapons—and they are still

being made in quantity, though mainly for ceremonial purposes.

The Wilkinson Sword Company, of Acton, London, has been forging swords since 1772 and the demand for its products is as great in this age of guided missiles as ever. In World War One they manufactured kukris for the Brigade of Gurkhas, knives for Commandos and thousands of bayonets.

In peace-time the accent is on ceremonial and dress swords for foreign diplomats, Freemasons, Court officials and officers not only of the British Army, Navy and Air Force, but of Commonwealth and foreign fighting services, too.

The United States Marine Corps, one of the firm's customers, differs from any of the British Services in varying the length of the dress sword blade to suit the owner's height. The longest sword made at Acton is for Household Cavalry officers; the shortest British blade goes to the Royal Navy. A Household Cavalry sword costs about £25, an Infantry sword £12, diplomatic sword £9 10s. A general's sword may cost up to £200.



Sergeant W. B. DesChamps with some of his edged weapons.

the picquet had been dismounted.—James S. Allan, DCM, Regimental Pay Office, RAOC, Halifax.

TRI-CENTENARY MEDAL?

The tri-centenary of the Stuart Restoration and the establishment of the Regular Army will be celebrated in 1960. I suggest it would be very desirable for a medal to be struck for issue to all ranks of the Regular Army serving on that date.

Such a medal would not cheapen our system of awards. The record of the British Army over the last 300 years is something well worth commemorating.—"Miles."

OUT OF STEP?

This picture (below) appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* recently and shows officers of the Highland Light Infantry (including David Niven, the actor) coming from St James's Palace.

There seems to be more wrong with the picture than the officers being out of step. What about the sentry? When I was in the Army, before and during World War One, a sentry presented arms to officers of field rank. According to this picture some of these officers, especially the grey-headed man, are at least majors. So why the butt salute? Or do they do things differently in the Guards? Furthermore, should not these officers have acknowledged the sentry's salute? Or were they too disgusted at him for not paying them the proper compliment?—John E. Harrington, 1934 Mission Avenue, San Diego 16, California.

★ The occasion was a levée at St James's Palace. These officers were not on a formal parade but were making their respective ways to or from the Palace. There was no reason, therefore, why they should have been in step.

Normally, sentries of the Brigade of

Guards do not "present" to officers of other regiments and arms of the Service, whatever their seniority. Sentries mounted on a Royal Palace guard present arms only to members of the Royal Family.

The officer second from the right in the back row is David Niven.

MORE ABOUT MEDALS

Though I have worn the ribbon of the Defence Medal for about 12 years I was not given the medal with three others when I applied some years ago. I think I am entitled to it through combined service in the Army and Civil Defence. What should I do now? —"Teknab."

★ Write to the Army Medal Office and ask whether you did qualify for the Defence Medal; meanwhile stop wearing the ribbon.

Has a double medal ribbon at any time been issued in connection with the award of the Efficiency Medal (TA)? I have seen this double ribbon worn and wondered if it was in accordance with regulations.—"Observant."

★ Only one ribbon of the Efficiency Medal (TA) can be worn, no matter what the length of service.

THE TWO 78ths

You stated (September) that "the 78th (now the Seaforth Highlanders)" were present at the Battle of Quebec in 1759. The only regiment which can properly be called the 78th (Seaforth Highlanders) was that raised by Francis Humberston Mackenzie, the last Earl of Seaforth, and passed for service in 1793.

The regiment known as Fraser's Highlanders, raised by Simon Fraser, Master of Lovat, in 1756 and disbanded in 1763-64, was numbered the 78th and was present at Quebec. But the Seaforth Highlanders of 1793 did not claim any descent from Fraser's Highlanders, being a Mackenzie Regiment.

Although no record exists of the tartan worn by Fraser's Highlanders, their devotion to the Highland garb is well known and there can be little doubt that the tartan must have been the Fraser which was mainly red in colour. The 78th raised in 1793 wore the Mackenzie tartan which was predominantly green.

There doubtless have been a few cases of regiments assuming honours of a previous regiment bearing the same number with which it had no connection. The Seaforth Highlanders are content with the honours which the 72nd and 78th regiments actually earned.—"Scotus."

Your recent article on the Battle of

Quebec during which General Wolfe was killed (SOLDIER September) brings to mind the story of the remarkable potion his mother prepared for him when he was a delicate boy suffering from a chest ailment.

This was the prescription:

"Take a peck of green garden snails, wash them in beer, put them in an oven and let them stay until they are done crying; then with a knife and fork pick the green from them and beat the snails and shells and all in a mortar.

"Then take a quart of green garden earthworms, slice them through the

middle and strew them with salt; then wash and beat them, the pot being first put into the still with two handfuls of angelica, a quart of rosemary flowers, then the snails and worms, the agrimony, bear's feet, red dock roots, barberry brake, bilberry, wormwood, of each two handfuls; one handful of rue, turmeric and one ounce of saffron, well dried and beaten. Then pour in three gallons of milk.

"Wait till morning, then put in three ounces of cloves (well beaten), harts-horn grated. Keep the still covered all

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Is the sentry wrong in giving a field officer a butt salute? Why did the senior officer not return the salute? (See letter above.)



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more LETTERS

night. This done, stir it not. Distil with a moderate fire. The patient must take two spoonfuls at a time."—"Medico."

REME v RE

To settle an argument between members of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers and the Royal Engineers will SOLDIER state which is the larger of these two corps?—Sergeant G. Richardson, RE, BFPO 30. ★REME.

NOT AIR

In the article "School of Many Trades" (SOLDIER, October) you show a photograph of two soldiers said to be checking pressure in compressed air cylinders. They are, in fact, acetylene cylinders. Compressed air cylinders are not stood on end when filled.—Private F. Robinson, 358 Industrial Gas Platoon. BFPO 40.

★ Our apologies. SOLDIER's caption writer has been suitably "blown up"

SAHARA JOURNEY

Your article "Greenjackets in the Sahara" (SOLDIER, August) said that the King's Royal Rifle Corps had performed a feat never before attempted in crossing 90 miles of desolate sand in Land-Rovers, relying entirely on sun compasses for navigation.

Yet Lieutenant-Colonel Peniakoff in his book "Popski's Private Army" tells of a Major Bagnold, now a brigadier, who in the early 1930s made a journey of 680 miles from Cairo to the Northwest tip of Sudan, and other journeys totalling thousands of miles, in Ford cars, across desert considered impassable to vehicles, also relying entirely on sun compasses for navigation.

It appears that this instrument has been established as a method of desert navigation for at least 20 years.—Private David K. Smith, RAMC, Crookham.

★ SOLDIER did not claim that the feat of navigating by sun compass had never before been attempted. What was probably unique was the crossing of 90 miles of the sand sea from El Gatrur to Mourzouk without a guide and using only sun compasses.

REDUNDANCY REFUND

I am a redundant staff-sergeant who has to leave the Army this month. I have had an appointment arranged for me as a barrack inventory accountant. As this job is pensionable I am advised

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(See page 22)

The drawings differ in the following respects: 1. Tail rotor of helicopter. 2. Width of ship's funnel. 3. Salesman's left cuff. 4. Pattern on salesman's tie. 5. Window of toy fort. 6. Height of jet plane's tail fin. 7. Bell on scooter. 8. "Y" in Merry. 9. Length of boy's coat. 10. Soldier's right lapel.

WIN TWO BOOKS—4

The winner of SOLDIER's "What Do You Know?" competition October was: Corporal Sharp, "C" Squadron, 17/21st Lancers, B.F.P.O. 16.

The correct solution was: 1. A hand. 2. (a) fiddler; (b) cucumber; (c) ditch-water; (d) kitten. 3. Godfrey Evans, Kent. 4. Sir Hugh Foot. 5. General de Gaulle and General Eisenhower. 6. The Scots Guards. 7. Robinson, actor; Soames, politician; Beecher Stowe, authoress; K. Norris, athlete; Callas, singer; Kennedy, ballet dancer. 8. Mike Rawson. 9. Commemorate, elucidate, gauge. 10. Booth; he was a general in the Salvation Army.

that I will be made to relinquish about a third of the lump sum due to me on discharge.

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★ If this reader takes up his new job immediately on discharge he will be asked to refund £590. Payment cannot be deferred. If the deduction of £590 from the special capital payment he receives under the terms of ACI 385/57 leaves him with less than £250 he will be asked to pay only a sum which ensures a balance of £250.

BOUQUET

Each issue of SOLDIER is a mine of useful information to anyone interested in the traditions, dress, records of service and daily activities of the British Army to which we Americans owe a vast debt for the present peace, quiet and freedom we enjoy in our own country.

This statement needs no elaboration; the immortal record of the British Armed Forces during the years 1939-45 stands without possibility of refutation.—Paul L. Husson, 469 Pine Street, Rm. 401, San Francisco 4, California.

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