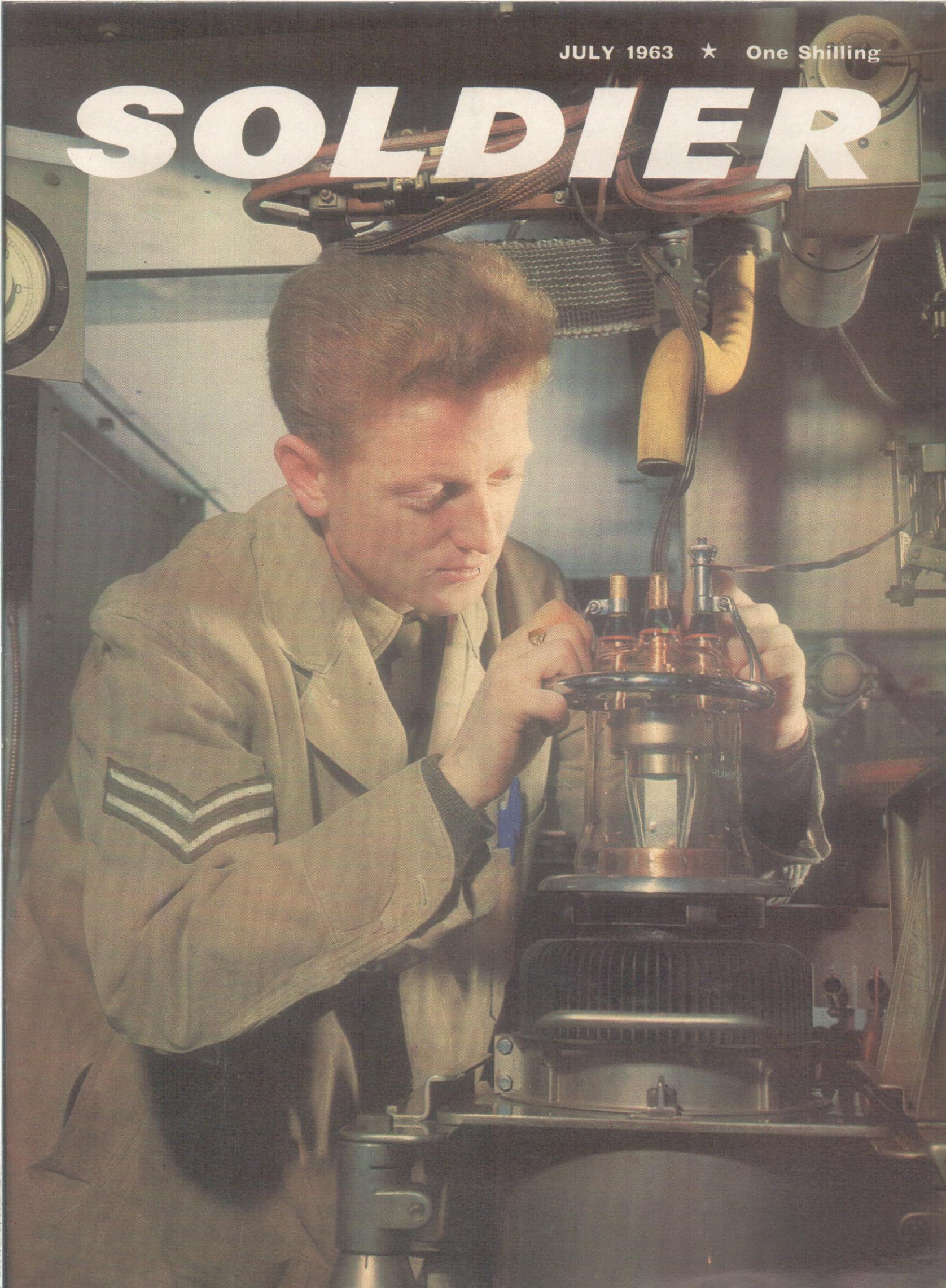


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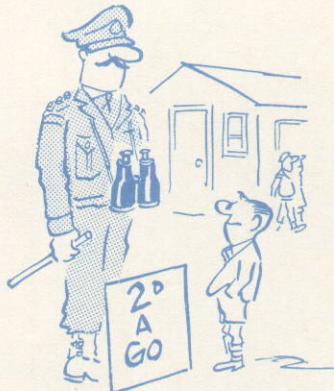
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Editor: PETER N WOOD
Deputy Editor/Feature Writer: PETER J DAVIES
Feature Writer: RUSSELL F MILLER
Art Editor: FRANK R FINCH
Research: DAVID H CLIFFORD
Picture Editor: WILLIAM J STIRLING
Photographers: ARTHUR C BLUNDELL,
FRANK TOMPSETT, PETER O'BRIEN
Circulation Manager: K PEMBERTON WOOD

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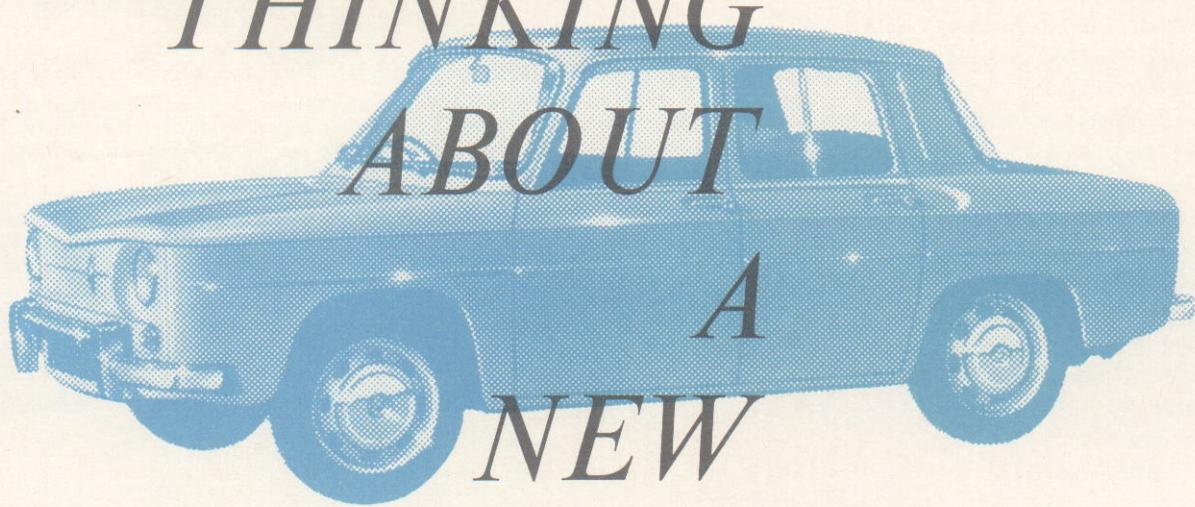
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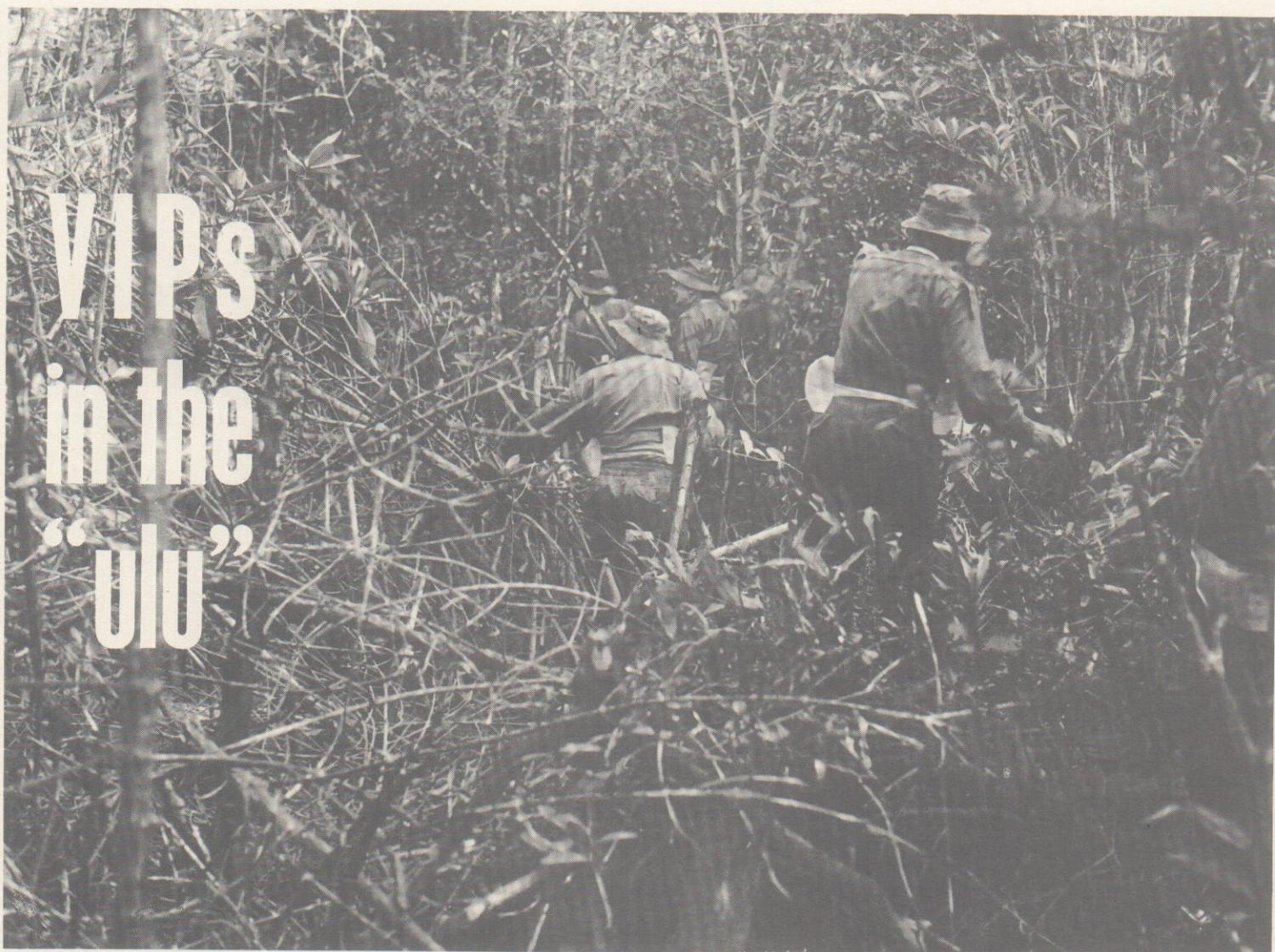
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FAR EAST REPORT: 1

SOLDIER's 1963 Far East report begins at the Jungle Warfare School, Ulu Tiram, where by chance Feature Writer PETER J DAVIES and Cameraman FRANK TOMPSETT found a battle-clad band of senior officers hacking and sweating their way round a special, streamlined course, an effort that would have gone unreported but for this exclusive picture story. . . .



VIPs
in the
"ULU"

After landing from longboats, the VIPs hack their way through a mangrove swamp in search of "terrorists."

DEEP in the Malayan jungle Brigadier J B A Glennie DSO, aged 49, wiped the sweat from his brow, took a new grip of his *golok*, and hacked again at the bamboo he needed to build his *basha* for the night . . . Lieutenant-Colonel P D Vaigncourt-Strallen adjusted his monocle as he crouched over a mess tin mixing compro rations . . . Colonel Sawyer, United States Air Force, chomped on what remained of his cigar as he struggled to start a fire with his gold lighter. . . .

Brigadier R G S Bidwell, also 49, his tall square frame leaning casually against a shepherd's crook, was filtering stream water into his water bottle . . . Colonel D A Caughley, aged 55, commander of the New Zealand Army's Far East force, thumped a bamboo stake firmly into the ground with a large rock. . . .

On all sides, senior officers of the British Army and other friendly forces were coming to terms with jungle survival. Their chores done they bathed communally in a jungle stream then settled down to snatch what sleep they

could in these noisy, and lately unfamiliar, surroundings.

This was the second night of the first-ever senior officers' course at the British Army's Jungle Warfare School, Ulu Tiram, Malaya. The five-day course was the idea of the School's Commandant, Lieutenant-Colonel E S Purcell, a hardy Scot who suggested that senior officers should take a refresher course in jungle warfare—the hard way!

The programme Colonel Purcell planned for the VIPs streamlined the normal five-week course into five days

continued

Building his *basha* with a new Australian light-weight cape is Maj V V Tucker, REME, an operational research expert who was testing equipment.

Before the senior officers tried it for themselves, Gurkhas demonstrated the arts of embarking in longboats and making an assault beach landing.



and pitched the distinguished students into the jungle after only one crowded day of lectures and demonstrations. They learned first what could be eaten and what must be left alone, and were invited to sample palm-tree tops and several varieties of root. Only afterwards did they learn that the samples they had eaten contained chopped snail—a memorable lesson on what can be eaten in an emergency.

After that first night in the jungle came a tough navigation exercise, involving a 5000-yard trek through thick jungle carrying all their overnight equipment. It was a hot, sweating band of VIPs which finally forced its way to the required map reference to learn anew the relief of discarding a heavy pack and resting wet and weary feet.

So, with clothing already wringing wet, this was a good time for the students to study rivercraft. They learned how to wrap their equipment in a groundsheet and use the parcel as a float to cross rivers, and learned the disciplined use of river craft, a lesson which ended in the students paddling upstream into an ambush set by the School's Gurkha demonstration platoon. The evasive and

offensive action called for from the students meant leaping from the boats into chest-high water and chasing the attackers through a mango swamp.

On the fourth day the officers saw demonstrations of the use of dogs in the jungle—by 2 War Dog Training Unit—and were put through their paces on the jungle ranges, all specially designed to develop rapid sighting, aiming and firing at targets at various distances, heights and degrees of camouflage across the jungle scene.

After lunch came another long drive and trek into the jungle to begin an exercise which entailed another night in the jungle, followed by a search for and reconnaissance of a jungle camp.

It was a fitter, lighter and more knowledgeable band of VIPs which returned to homes and desks, each officer determined that this was a course all senior officers should tackle.

Although this was easily the most distinguished batch of students ever to pass through the School, the usual intakes never lack interest and variety, with students coming from the Commonwealth, America and all the SEATO countries.

At this tough British school, Australian and Thai, Philippino and New Zealander, Nepalese and American "muck in" together to practise the exacting techniques of jungle warfare and survival. British clothing and equipment are used and ranks and nationalities forgotten as each student takes his turn to command his platoon or troop.

The School grew out of the Burma and Malayan emergencies and was formed in South Johore in 1948, with Lieutenant-Colonel W C Walker DSO (now Major-General Walker, commanding 17 Gurkha Division) as its first commandant.

Every battalion destined for Malaya—they came from East Africa, Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, as well as Britain—sent an advance party of about 25 officers, sergeants and corporals to the School (then called the Far East Training Centre) to take a six-week course and qualify as instructors.

When the battalion arrived it moved to an adjacent camp and took the same course under its own newly-qualified instructors. Some 35 battalions were trained in this way during the Malayan Emergency and the course was con-



Biting thoughtfully on his cigar, Col Sawyer, of the United States Air Force, attempts to light a fire with his gold lighter. Watching him—and proferring advice—is Col Prasart, Royal Thai Army.

Below: Col D. A. Caughley, New Zealand Army (left), and Brig J B A Glennie served together in the Western Desert as lieutenant, 2nd New Zealand Division, and major, 4th Indian Division.



Col Caughley tests a stretcher raft which floats on equipment carefully wrapped in groundsheets.

Left: Brig R G S Bidwell concentrates on inflating his lifejacket and (below) it's "all aboard the Skylark"—and the Plimsoll Line disappears—as the senior officers paddle their way across to the mangrove swamp ready to attack the "enemy."



SOLDIER to Soldier

EVERY soldier, and particularly those who have fought the rebels in Brunei and Sarawak, will acclaim the gallantry awards to men of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines whose small, outnumbered task force was ambushed by rebels in a narrow Brunei jungle river.

A lieutenant receives the Distinguished Service Cross, a petty officer the Distinguished Service Medal, a Royal Marine captain earns a bar to his Military Cross and two corporals gain the Military Medal.

In other Brunei actions, a major of The Queen's Own Highlanders and a captain of the 2nd Gurkha Rifles each won the Military Cross, and the captain's driver, a Gurkha lance-corporal, receives the Military Medal.

*

Wot! New daisies and almonds for the old plates! Yes, now that the Army has rubber-soled boots, it is to have new synthetic fibred socks, too. And while the march off parade of the old boot evoked only a few regrets, there will be fewer still for the passing of socks, woollen, grey, pairs.

They belonged to the breast-beating, martyrdom days of hairy shirts, thick underwear, clumsy kitbags and dripping groundsheets. They had a habit of growing as stiff as boards after a few days' wearing, or perversely developing holes which were beyond the local repair of either housewife, but never sufficiently large to invoke the sympathy of a quartermaster.

And if the holes ever happened to be really big, no quartermaster could ever be convinced that they had not been judiciously encouraged!

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A fugitive is attacked during 2 Dog Company's realistic demonstration of the use of dogs for tracking purposes.

from page 6

stantly adapted and improved as experience of jungle fighting grew.

By 1958 the work of the School had been rewarded by the success of the anti-terrorist campaign, and training slowed down. But by 1960 the need for jungle warfare training on a wider scale became evident. The School was built up again, its scope widened and the present title adopted.

Today, as well as the standard five-week course, there are six-week courses for Vietnamese troops, officers' tactical courses, non-commissioned officers' course, courses for non-Infantry (mainly survival and navigation) and a highly-specialised combat survival course.

The techniques taught are based mainly on experience gained, but much useful material has been adapted from the Australian tropical warfare manuals; the School has close links with the American Jungle School at Panama, and Colonel Purcell is keen to maintain close liaison with the Army's School of Infantry at Warminster in Wiltshire.



Stripped to the buff and taking things leisurely for the moment are Brig R G S Bidwell (on the left) and Brig J B A Glennie DSO.

For the first two weeks of the standard five-week course the students learn basic jungle movement—how to live in the jungle, how to move quietly and, most important, to navigate with confidence through the many square miles of featureless foliage.

It is essentially a practical course, the student learning how far a few thousand yards of mango swamp or even secondary jungle seems when carrying all his requirements—75lb or more—on his back; learning the vital importance of jungle hygiene—keeping one set of clothing clean and dry for evening, wearing wet clothing if necessary through the day—gaining a practised jungle ear, learning to use sense of smell, learning visual tracking. . . .

And he learns to fight—to lay, evade and counter ambushes, to site, build and hide defensive positions, spot a target and shoot quickly at short range. From the lessons of the Malayan Emergency he learns the tactics of the "vandal soldier."

One feature of the course is a 12,000-yard march and navigation exercise by parties of six students through primary and swamp jungle. Though the average time for the course is 36 hours, parties still come in after three days and almost invariably an air search is called for to find a wayward group.

But the man who completes his course at Ulu Tiram should be able to spend three months in a jungle swamp without rotting, able to survive off the jungle for days on end—and able to go into jungle battle with the knowledge and confidence that his training was gained at one of the most thorough and practical jungle-fighting schools in the world.

LIETEENANT Hugh James took a firm grip on his number two wood, kept his eye firmly glued on the ball—and swung. The ball soared high, then curved away as the slice took effect—and landed in a monsoon drain. The stocky Welshman grimaced, muttered something about too much right hand, and set off to recover the wayward ball.

Like many other members of 18 Signal Regiment at Singapore, Lieutenant James has only recently taken an interest in golf. The incentive is the Regiment's own golf course.

Only 18 months ago the broad fairways and lush greens of the 2700-yard nine-hole course were a mass of jungle and scrub. Much of it had to be cleared in the interests of hygiene, so the then Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Derek Warren, had the idea of putting the land to use as a golf course.

The Regiment pitched in with enthusiasm and with this new incentive the jungle was cleared in record time. A committee of the Regiment's golfing fanatics (including two National Servicemen who played off scratch) met under the Colonel—a non-golfer—and planned the course.

The bulldozing of the jungle left a clay surface which meant a large-scale turfing job. Special tests were made to find the most suitable turf for the greens, the choice falling on a Japanese grass which has proved very successful. Five short holes were prepared first and the course extended as funds became available.

Ambitious plans for an 18-hole course were well advanced before it was decided that nine good holes—to include a 530-yard dog-leg at the sixth—would be better and easier to maintain. After little more than 12 months' work the Commanding Officer officially opened the course by playing a round with the Regimental golfers.

From that moment, sales of golf clubs in Singapore rocketed as the lure of the course on their doorsteps caused one after another of the members of the Regiment to take up the game. Already the club has more than 70 members who pay either four dollars (9s 4d) a month or two dollars a month according to rank. Membership is open to all Servicemen and their families throughout the island.

Though there is yet no club house, an application for a grant towards one is being made to the Nuffield Trust (which has already contributed generously to the club's facilities).

Today the 18 Signal Regiment Club can probably boast the highest average handicap inside or outside the record book. But the enthusiasm that went into the construction of the course is now directed to mastering it. This, it seems, may take just a little longer. . . .

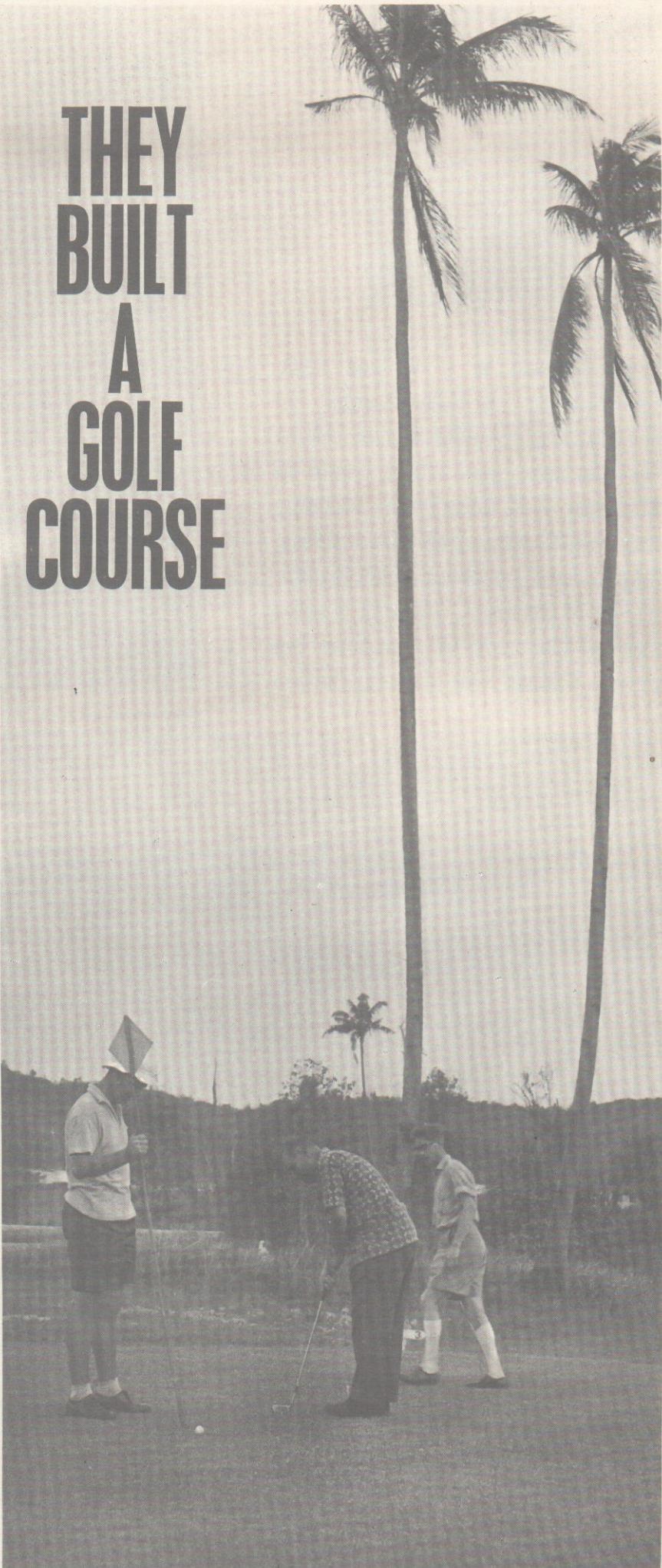
With its men—half of them Malayan—spread throughout Singapore, Malaya, North Borneo, Brunei and Sarawak, 18 Signal Regimental Group is probably the largest regimental group in the British Army.

The military strength is augmented by 300 civilians, and as well as its own 600 families and 2000 children, the unit is responsible for administering three Army housing estates, two schools, a church and six military installations.

The Regiment has won the Army Rugby Cup and the Malayan Armed Forces Liaison Soccer Cup for three years, and last year took the Far East Land Forces fencing and inter-corps sailing championships and was runner-up in athletics.

All of which provides ample scope for the Regiment's own newspaper, published fortnightly. With running costs fully covered by advertising, it has a free circulation of 3000 copies. Currently its most popular feature is a golf lesson!

THEY BUILT A GOLF COURSE



A men's foursome plays one of the greens on the nine-hole course.

RAID ON TEBEDU

Major-General W C Walker DSO, Commanding British Forces in Borneo, had forecast weeks before that the next rebel attack would be at Easter. And Good Friday was only two hours old when the raiders, after a four-month lull since Brunei, struck in Sarawak. SOLDIER'S team was on the spot to report on the classic British "fire brigade" action

Commando reserves, called forward from Kuching, emplane in Wessex helicopters on the flight deck of the Commando carrier, HMS *Albion*. The carrier had sailed from Singapore with men of the 2nd/10th Gurkha Rifles.

CORPORAL John Remek, Sarawak Police, 30-year-old father of four boys, sat alone at his desk in the charge office of Tebedu Police Station, three miles from the Indonesian border. He was about halfway through his night's duty when the raiders burst in. He made a dash for the passage behind him to sound the alarm, but covered only three strides when the shot rang out, and he reeled as the fatal bullet hit him.

Another band of raiders burst into the nearby sleeping quarters. As Corporal Joseph moved to resist, a bullet snicked his right ear, another cut through his hip. As Constable Anyau moved in support, he was shot in the arm.

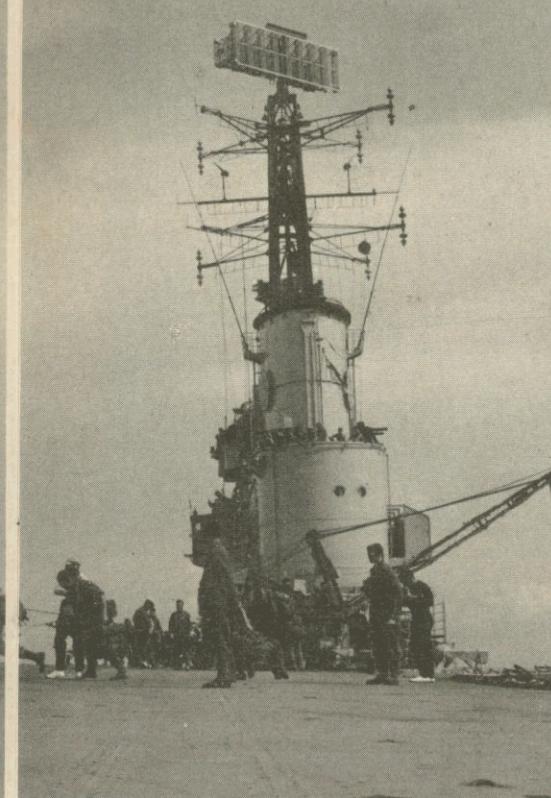
The shots awoke Inspector Reginald Chimon, head of the station, in his separate accommodation within the compound, and shots missed him narrowly as he dashed out. He fired back from beneath his stilted quarter then leapt for cover into a water tank.

The raiders had entered stealthily via an open drain running beneath the ten-foot wire fence. At the rear of the compound they had simply uprooted the fence and crawled beneath it. Having stripped the armoury of its Bren gun and 11 rifles they left boldly, "shooting up" the nearby bazaar, looting, and finally disappearing into the jungle.

The first militant action in North Borneo since the Brunei flare-up in December was ended. It was not to be the last—but next time British forces would be waiting.

Word reached Lieutenant-Colonel

Royal Marines of "L" Company, 42 Commando, and civil police, visited houses and shops, asking occupants to produce their shotguns and ammunition. The police wrote out details of weapons, then issued official receipts.



J M Strawson, The Queen's Royal Irish Hussars, Military Commander, West Sarawak, 68 miles away at Kuching, by 4 am. Six Troop of 40 Commando, Royal Marines, under Lieutenant Douglas Keelan, set out from Serian, covering the tortuous three-hour, 30-mile drive in the Hussar's Land-Rovers, organising the local home guard and arranging defences.

Confirmation reached General Walker at Brunei soon after dawn. By 8.30 am the Commando's "fire brigade" force—"A" Company, The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry—was alerted. By lunchtime the advance party was aboard a Royal Air Force *Valetta* heading for Kuching.

After top-level conferences it was decided to reinforce from Singapore rather than from Brunei, and 40 Commando and "L" Company of 42 Commando were flown in while the 2nd Battalion, 10th Princess Mary's Own Gurkha Rifles left Singapore aboard the Commando ship, HMS *Albion*. From Brunei a Royal Army Service Corps tank landing craft, diverted from its normal Labuan-Brunei run, sailed for Kuching with transport and supplies for the "fire brigade" company, and with men of Lloyds Troop, 20 Regiment, Royal Artillery, on board.

The Commandos and "C" Squadron of the Hussars moved into the 1st Division of Sarawak, "A" Company of the Yorkshire Light Infantry into the

Men of The Queen's Royal Irish Hussars check a lorry at a road block on a bridge near Kuching.

2nd Division and the Gurkhas into the more remote 3rd Division. *Albion* was anchored off shore with a company of 40 Commando aboard and the big Wessex helicopters of 845 Naval Air Squadron were standing by to speed them wherever they might be needed. Six Whirlwind helicopters of 846 Naval Air Squadron had flown in to Kuching in impressive formation, the day after the raid, to reinforce 656 Squadron, Army Air Corps. Headquarters of 3 Commando Brigade also moved in and Brigadier F C Barton took over command from Colonel Strawson.

Tebedu had been the spark that alerted British military forces in North Borneo, but it was not the sole reason for the moves. The raid could easily have been a signal for united action by subversive forces inside and outside North Borneo at a time when progress towards Malaysia was reaching a critical stage.

Evidence had been pouring in of preparations for an armed resistance by the secret Communist organisation of Sarawak, the CCO. Groups of young Chinese had been disappearing from their homes and establishing camps in the jungle, learning jungle survival and receiving elementary arms training. In at least one instance a group received training in the use of automatic weapons



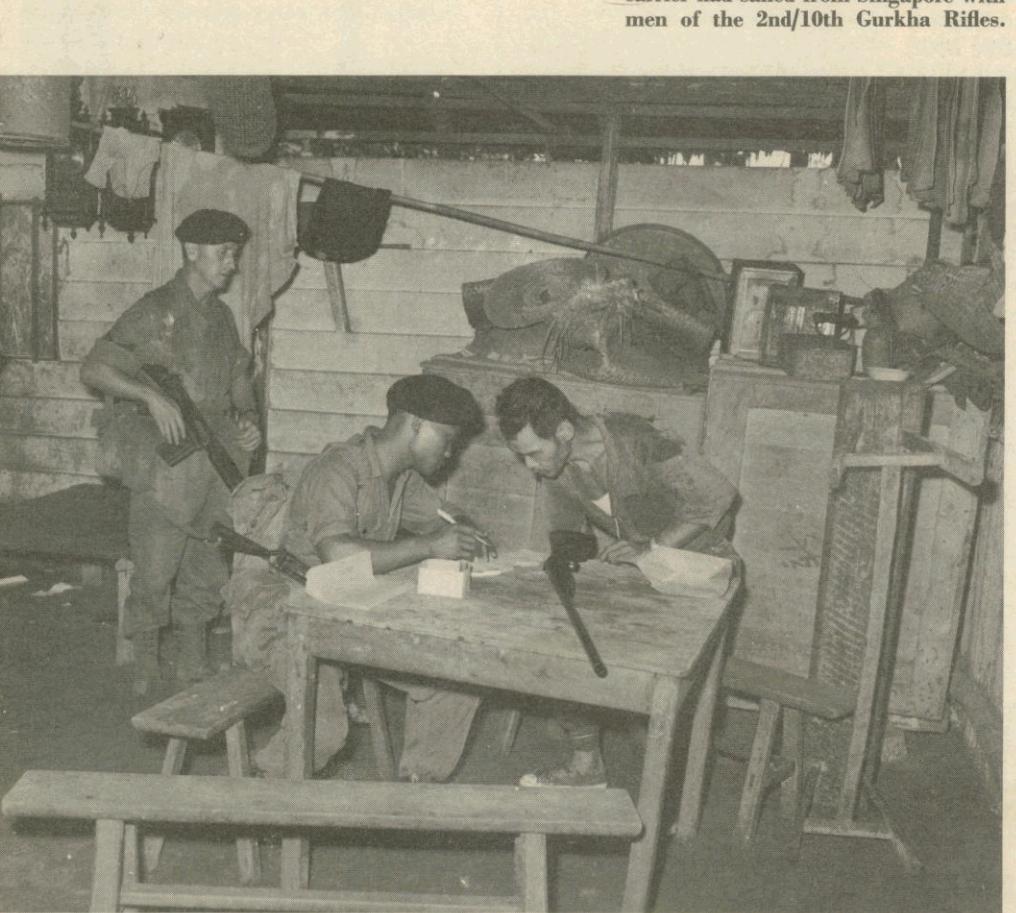
COVER PICTURE

SOLDIER's front cover this month shows a corporal of the Royal Corps of Signals—he is a radio technician, heavy—working on an E 10 transmitter at the Royal Signals Experimental Station, Droitwich.

which must have been brought in from outside Sarawak.

With this knowledge, plus the danger of increased secret Communist activity from over the border (from where the Tebedu raid had almost certainly stemmed), the Sarawak Government had decided to ask the British forces to

OVER ...



move first to forestall any Communist action. Lack of action would most probably have led to a situation similar to that endured by Malaya during the Emergency.

One week after the Tebedu raid all "non-native" holders of gun licences—this excluded the Land and Sea Dyaks and Malays but included Chinese and Europeans—were told to hand in their firearms. The order applied to the 1st and 2nd Divisions of Sarawak and to part of the 3rd Division.

The broadcast came at 1.15 pm on the Friday, but police and troops had moved into the known CCO areas during the early morning, surrounding houses and confiscating shotguns of known or suspected CCO sympathisers. Men of the Royal Irish Hussars set up road blocks in the 1st Division, stopping and searching vehicles and questioning occupants. Two troops of "A" Company, 40 Commando, were called from *Albion* to reinforce units in the 1st Division. By evening, Brigadier Barton was able to announce that the operation was proceeding well, with no adverse reaction from gun owners. A military move that began as a "fire brigade" action had gone a stage further—to fire prevention.

But there was more "fire fighting" to do. As the internal security operation proceeded well, the border raiders were sparked into their expected renewed action, attacking a security patrol at Gumbang and staging a second raid on Tebedu. This time they found it was not so easy. Troops and police were ready and the raiders were beaten off, a trail of blood indicating at least one casualty.

The result was more fire prevention, with a night curfew imposed along the border. The Army, this time off to an excellent start, was keeping a firm grip on the situation.

Future developments are impossible



Some of the collected shotguns ready for storing at Central Police Headquarters, Kuching. Below: A Gurkha corporal watches intently as a trooper of The Queen's Royal Irish Hussars inspects identity cards of passengers in a civilian lorry which has been halted for a roadside spot check.

to foresee, but it may well be that the world will never know what bloodshed and terrorism has been prevented by these prompt and forthright moves in Sarawak.



THE ARMY'S MEDALS

by Major John Laffin

19: INDIA GENERAL SERVICE 1895-1902

IT is not so very long since serving soldiers could still be seen wearing the medal for service in India between 1895 and 1902, and the ribbon is still prominent on uniforms at The Royal Hospital, Chelsea.

The medal's obverse shows the crowned and veiled head of the Queen, with the wording VICTORIA REGINA ET IMPERATRIX. The reverse is striking, with a British and native soldier supporting a standard between them. On the right is the date, 1895, and on the left is INDIA.

The seven bars issued were: Defence of Chitral 1895; Relief of Chitral 1895; Punjab Frontier 1897-98; Malakand 1897; Samana 1897; Tirah 1897-98; Waziristan 1901-2.

Rarest of the bars is Defence of Chitral 1895, which was awarded to just over 500 men of the Chitral garrison, commanded by Major C V Townshend. They held the fort for six weeks until relieved. The only Englishmen present were a few officers, so this bar is extremely rare today.

Large forces were engaged in the other campaigns and the bars for Punjab Frontier,



Obverse of the first issue, with the crowned and veiled head of Queen Victoria (left), and reverse, with the British and native soldiers.

Samana and Tirah are commonplace. That for Waziristan 1902 deserves special mention. Because Queen Victoria had died in 1901 the original medal had to be altered. The obverse of the medal carrying the Waziristan bar shows a bust of Edward VII in field-marshall's uniform. The reverse is the same as on the Queen's medal, except that the date is absent. The medal is noticeably thinner, too.

Apart from British officers of native regiments, the only members of the British Army to get this medal were three men of The Cheshire Regiment. It is not rare to native regiments, but even so it is not often encountered in England. (In all, five Waziristan bars were issued; 1894-95; 1901-02; 1919-21; 1921-24; 1925.)

I have heard that India General Service 1895 medals with the Queen's head and the Waziristan bar exist, but I have never seen one and would be doubtful of its authenticity.

Three-bar medals in silver and bronze are commonplace and four-bar medals not really rare.

The medals are named in script, with some exceptions. Those to The Highland Light Infantry for the Punjab and Tirah are named in block capitals.

The ribbon is crimson with two dark green stripes down its centre.



The girls exercise trainee war dogs in the pine forests surrounding the unit.

RHINE ARMY REPORT: 1

Stories by RUSSELL MILLER

Pictures by ARTHUR BLUNDELL

Sceptics said that helping to train ferocious war dogs was no job for a girl—but they were wrong

LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG!

EIGHTY pounds of solid muscle let out a blood-curdling growl. In a snarling blur of sharp white teeth and bristling fur, the huge Alsatian lunged forward at the command of its handler . . . vigorously ordering "Attack, attack" was a slim, 19-year-old girl!

As the dog leapt at a running man, the girl ordered: "Leave!" Immediately, the animal let go his quarry and reluctantly returned to the girl's side.

Private Stella Clarke, Women's Royal Army Corps, affectionately hugged "Texas," the dog which was ready to attack a man at her command—but just as ready to let him go. Stella—now Mrs R C Hardie, wife of a Royal Army Veterinary Corps soldier—was one of the tiny detachment of Women's Royal Army Corps girls who are brightening 1 War Dog Training Unit, Royal Army Veterinary Corps, at Sennelager in Germany.

These girls really destroy any lingering image of delicate young ladies leaping on to the nearest chair at the sight of a mouse—with complete confidence they handle dogs that with only a growl can send a shiver down one's spine.

The Women's Royal Army Corps arrived in Sennelager as an experiment. With full employment in Germany and a reduction in the strength of the Army, the unit had to take a cut in strength—so it was decided to see if girls could help during the initial stages in the difficult job of training war dogs.

The experiment has been a great success, and even Staff-Sergeant Albert Fulcher, the acknowledged dog training expert at Sennelager, willingly admits that the girls are doing a fine job.

All volunteers, the girls went straight out from England, only two having previous experience of work with animals. Apart from those engaged on full-time dog handling, one is a nurse

in the animal hospital and another is a groom in the unit stables.

About 70 war dogs are constantly being trained at the school. Most of them are Alsatians intended for guard duties, but Labradors are also trained for Infantry patrols, tracking and finding casualties.

The girls look after newly-arrived dogs and train them to a "basic obedience" standard—doing what they are told immediately. Dogs are taken on three weeks' probation at the school to see if they are suitable.

During their first few weeks, the dogs are groomed and exercised in the pine forests which surround the school and, if they are accepted, more important training begins.

Starting with simple commands like "Sit" and "Heel," the Women's Royal Army Corps train their dogs with patience and understanding. The most advanced stage for the girls is teach-



Private Sandra Bayne treats a dog for eczema in the unit's modern and well equipped hospital.

Pte Drummond Littlefair at work in an operating theatre equipped for all types of surgery.

RHINE ARMY REPORT: 2

ing the dog to be aggressive. When teased by a man with a padded sleeve, the dogs are trained to attack the sleeve but to leave the attack when ordered.

Staff-Sergeant Fulcher does not envisage the girls doing more advanced training—they would just not be strong enough to handle fully-trained war dogs capable of killing a man. But he has found the feminine touch very useful with nervous dogs which girls can often win over where a man has failed.

Apart from grooming, by hand massage and dandy brush, exercising and training, the girls have a few less glamorous jobs—someone has to clean out the kennels.

The school has a modern, well-equipped veterinary hospital capable of all minor and major surgery, where pretty Private Drummond ("everyone calls me Tuesday") Littlefair works. A former greyhound groom, "Tuesday" does minor nursing jobs of bathing and administering potions and anaesthetics.

A Women's Royal Army Corps sergeant and lance-corporal handle the detachment's administration. The arrival of the girls has got rid of one headache for the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel F H Orr, Royal Army Veterinary Corps—the men formerly employed on basic obedience training are now released for more advanced combat work.

The girls have to guard against becoming too attached to any particular dog—so far, tearful parting scenes have been avoided, although several devious strings have occasionally been pulled in attempts to stop certain dogs being posted away from the unit.

Dog training techniques—formerly a man's job in the Army—have been learned with speed and understanding by the Women's Royal Army Corps. The dogs, in turn, have responded well to commands from a softer female voice.

Once trained—it takes about two months—the dogs are sent to establishments, barracks and camps anywhere between Berlin and Belgium. And in the week-by-week build up of a dog's willingness to obey a snap command, the girls are playing a vital role.



Grooming is the girls' speciality—Private Pam Reynolds works with a dandy brush on a war dog.

New arrivals soon discover that it is just not as easy as it looks—fortunately snow is soft!



Left: The arm badge worn by the ski instructors.

In a thick mist, students still shaky on their skis attempt to master the tricky art of sledging (below).

SOLDIERS ON SKIS

On the slopes of the Harz Mountains in Germany, soldiers will be learning to ski this winter—to the great delight of the local inhabitants.



WHEN the first snowflakes fall on the lovely pine-clad slopes of the Harz Mountains, people living in the tiny German village of Saint Andreasberg will get ready for a laugh . . . a tear-jerking, body-shaking, rollicking laugh.

For as the gloomy green valleys and stark peaks become covered with winter whiteness and the snow settles its clammy hand over the mountains, the British Army will arrive. Supremely confident and bubbling with enthusiasm, the soldiers will provide the finest annual good-natured spectacle that Saint Andreasberg and district has seen.

With strange, cumbersome skis attached to their feet, they will launch themselves over the brink of the slopes and tumble grotesquely into the snow in a flurry of whirling skis, sticks, legs and arms. . . . The unwitting entertainers get far more fun out of their situations than the spectators!

Rhine Army teaches its soldiers to ski in the Saint Andreasberg district. And the men who reduce the locals to helpless hysterics by their clumsy antics become fairly accomplished skiers after only two weeks. Last year, about 2000 men were taught skiing from scratch—many caught the skiing bug in a big way and applied for more advanced training at Oberjoch on the Austria-Germany frontier.

The first snowfalls will be the sign for feverish activity in the valley, preparing a former derelict ammunition factory where the students will stay. They will live in cramped conditions, sleeping on two-tiered bunks jammed into vast rooms; washing arrangements are primitive and there is a good chance that they will have stew every day for lunch . . . but they will all thoroughly enjoy the course.

The converted factory can accommodate up to 500 students at a time. Seven hundred pairs of skis and 500 pairs of boots are kept at the centre and it is a full-time job servicing and repairing the skis.

It is no long winter sports holiday for the permanent staff which includes ski instructors, drivers, cooks and storemen.

Soldiers from all over Germany will be attending courses this season. In addition to skiing instruction they will learn sledging, cross-country skiing with equipment, how to build a snow house and reinforce bivouacs with snow, and how to live in severe winter conditions.

At the beginning of a course, the students strap on their skis and take them off only once during the day—at lunchtime. They quickly learn how to remain upright although huge damp patches on their combat trousers brand them for a few days. Last year there were about 25 broken legs—Instructors expect to get one injury during the first

few days of the course—and a *Champ* fitted with stretchers stands by during all ski training.

When they have mastered elementary techniques, the men learn how to "herringbone" uphill, traverse, turn and stop. Next comes sledging, perhaps the most hilarious operation of the whole course. The students are hitched by ropes to a sledge which they have to negotiate down a slope. Often, while an impassive private sits atop the sledge enthusiastically urging "Mush . . . mush," the team starts to topple around him. Frequently the only way of stopping the whole party from plunging out of control down the hillside is for some of the men to collapse into the snow.

The students spend one night out in bivouacs and, after inter-squad cross-country ski races, the course ends with tests. Major John Deane, The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, Commandant at the Wing last season, estimated that soldiers completing the course were better skiers than the average civilian learning during a fortnight's winter sports holiday.

Last season, relations between the Army and the local civilians were excellent. During the very cold weather, students on skis helped to feed stranded deer which would otherwise have died.

The valley in which the soldiers ski has an interesting connection with World War Two—it was there that V-bombs were made. The building where the students now sleep was a factory producing ammunition for use against the Allies.

Behold the snowman emergeth! Students learn to build igloos and live in sub-zero temperatures.



A student gets the hang of it. After the two-week course they pass out as fairly accomplished skiers able to live and fight in a snowbound country.

Kenya's only Territorial Regiment has fallen to the economy axe. It was only 26 years old, but its men were proud veterans of many a campaign

DEATH OF A



Men of The Kenya Regiment form up in Nairobi for their last parade. On the right is their Commander, Lieut-Col D R L Bright.

WITH bayonets fixed, drums beating and Colours flying, The Kenya Regiment had marched proudly through Nairobi in a flourish of colour and pageantry. Now, inside the cathedral, the tone had changed. The pipes wailed a plaintive "Auld Lang Syne" as the Colour party marched slowly down the aisle, and the Colours, still looking bright and new, were passed into the keeping of the Church—and into the realms of history. The 26-year life of the Regiment was at an end.

Yet just last year Kenya's only Territorial force had celebrated its quarter-century with a service in that same cathedral, and afterwards, with conscription ended, set out with a new heart on a highly-successful recruiting drive. There was every sign that this élite force would become an effective battalion of volunteers within 12 months. But it was not to be.

On the recommendation of an Economy Commission, which found the Regiment was costing £122,000 a year,

the Kenya Government decided that the Regiment should be suspended. Though it could be revived should finances permit, the chances of this happening in the near future are remote.

The Colours are now probably unique in that they have been laid up without a single battle honour to adorn them, but this is a travesty of justice caused by the fact that the Regiment was formed primarily to provide leaders for others, particularly officers, non-commissioned officers and specialists for The King's African Rifles.

During the Regiment's short life its sons have seen an incredible amount of action. After its formation the Regiment had barely finished its second annual camp when World War Two began. Within a month more than 400 men had been posted as leaders and specialists to the six battalions of The King's African Rifles and other newly-formed East African units.

In one year, 2000 men had been enlisted and men of the Regiment were serving in East Africa, the Middle East, Italy, Europe, and South-East Asia.

Through the war many individual honours were earned, including a posthumous Victoria Cross by Sergeant Nigel Leakey who, armed with only a revolver, made a lone attack against tanks in Abyssinia in 1941, knocking out two and turning the tide of the battle.

During the Mau Mau emergency in Kenya, the Regiment, as well as providing leaders for other units, fought as a self-contained seven-company battalion, and took a leading part in the anti-terrorist campaign. The Regiment devised new measures of tackling the Mau Mau menace in the Aberdare forests and the foothills of Mount Kenya, took the battle into the terrorists' home territory and inflicted heavy casualties. Anti-terrorist methods devised by the Regiment were later adopted by all security forces.

Men of the Regiment also operated as police, others formed intelligence teams, and men of the Support Company, trained to operate mortars, found themselves in isolated posts training the Kikuyu to fight the Mau Mau. The Regiment had a long and close



REGIMENT



Volunteers signed on for four years, with an annual 15-day camp and a minimum of three weekend camps a year. Above, at camp, is a Bren gun position.

During the Emergency, the Regiment did much to stem the advance of Mau Mau. Here, Sgt Bob Pottinger leads a watchful patrol of the Kikuyu Guard.

Below: Two volunteer African Territorials, and one of the last conscripted European youths, practising mortar firing during an annual camp at Nanyuki.



association with the 2nd Green Jackets, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, a link that was recognised in 1956 when the Queen approved the alliance of the two Regiments. The Kenya Regiment adopted the green beret and green patrol uniform of the Green Jackets, while the permanent staff instructors of the Green Jackets serving with The Kenya Regiment adopted its lanyard.

The passing of The Kenya Regiment has been no quiet fade-out of a unit of failing strength. Originally all-European, the Regiment was reorganised as a voluntary multi-racial force when conscription ended. Since then it has continued to thrive and earn the support of the youth of Kenya, invariably attracting three times the number of applicants for each recruit training course.

Every one of the 7500 men who have served with The Kenya Regiment—many of whom were among the crowds lining the streets for the farewell parade—can be proud to have served with Kenya's one and only Territorial regiment.



As the pipeline grows, the line of sampans stretches out across the bay

PIPELINE TO KAT O

IT was a sight to astonish anyone in Hong Kong. The sampans—usually the most untidy collection of craft—were neatly arranged in line abreast, 120 of them, all spaced with military precision 50 feet apart. As a Very light soared skywards, the boatmen, moving like well-drilled guards, each released a rope to allow some mysterious underwater load to sink to the sandy seabed.

The load was a pipeline. Captain Brian Licence and his men of the Hong Kong Fortress Squadron, Royal Engineers, had taken a 6000ft step forward in their operation to bring life-giving water to the parched Hong Kong island of Kat O, in the extreme north-east of the Colony.

This was one of three stretches of underwater piping the Sappers—mostly locally-enlisted Chinese—laid to link Kat O with the mainland dam they had built to provide the supply. And, each time, the sampan fishermen of Kat O “joined” the Army for the day, working without pay to help the Sappers bring water to their homes.

The entire scheme, including the construction of the mainland dam, a storage tank on Kat O, and some 20,000 feet of overland and underwater piping, took three months, but the actual laying of each underwater section had to be completed in a day so the sampans could be allowed home in the evening.

These were three days of hectic activity for the Sappers. They first connected the 20ft sections of 3in iron piping together in lengths of six. The resulting 120ft lengths, each weighing more than 600lb, had to be pushed down the beach on Bailey bridge rollers and looped by rope beneath the sampans.

But to screw each 120ft length on to the end of the pipe protruding from the water was a job for a dozen men working in precise unison on six wrenches. As the line of sampans grew, the Squadron's motor tug sped up and down, “drilling” the craft to keep the pipe straight.

For the operation the Squadron's detachment set up a tented camp in the area, travelling to work each day by assault boat and receiving weekly, by Government launch, its supplies, mail and pay.

It was an invaluable and interesting training exercise for the Sappers. But for the villagers of Kat O, who had begun to despair of ever having any supply other than from the island's three wells, the Sappers' work means much more. It has brought a new way of life to the island.



A lifetime of service has ended happily for In-Pensioner Morlidge DSO at Chelsea. He is one of the official guides to the Hospital.

Captain Arthur Morlidge DSO

MORE than a lifetime ago, young Arthur Morlidge joined the Army. Today, at his home at The Royal Hospital, Chelsea, he recalls happily: "It was the best day's work I ever did."

Few men can claim a lifetime of service similar to that lived by In-Pensioner Morlidge DSO. For he spent the first half of his life being a soldier and very nearly the rest of it helping other soldiers.

A couple of blind jobs made him turn to the Army all those years ago in March, 1892, when he joined the 15th Hussars in Southern Ireland. After spells at Aldershot and Shorncliffe, he was sent to India in 1899, where he became paymaster-sergeant of the Regiment.

Tragedy entered his life quite soon when his wife died of cholera in 1906, but two years later he married again in Karachi. Returning to England, he became Squadron Quartermaster-Sergeant of The Worcestershire Yeomanry and organised the Regiment's mobilisation at the outbreak of World War One.

In 1916 he was commissioned into the Regiment. "Actually I did not apply for a commission. What happened was that

the other officers decided to ask me to join their mess—that was how they described it in those days."

Transferred as a captain to The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, he was sent to France and arrived in the front line trenches in the middle of New Year's Eve celebrations. For the next few months he commanded a company in the front line until March, 1918, when his company was completely cut off. In thick fog, Captain Morlidge managed to bring out the remains of his unit to join the rest of the battalion.

But a month later the Germans attacked again and this time he was not so lucky and almost the whole of his division was captured.

He was sent to five different prisoner-of-war camps and was finally released after the Armistice. The first letter he received as a prisoner was from his wife, and when he opened the envelope a piece of brightly coloured ribbon fluttered out—it was the Distinguished Service Order he had been awarded for his conduct in the trenches.

After the war, Captain Morlidge found himself a job in Worcester, helping to resettle demobilized soldiers. No work could have suited him better.

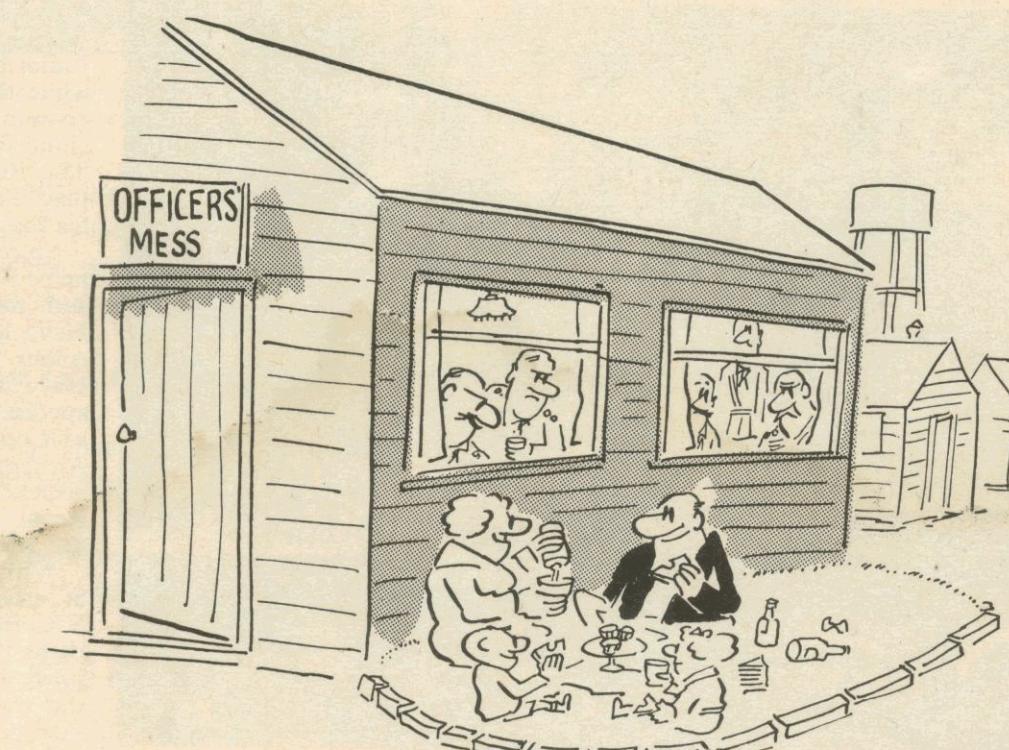
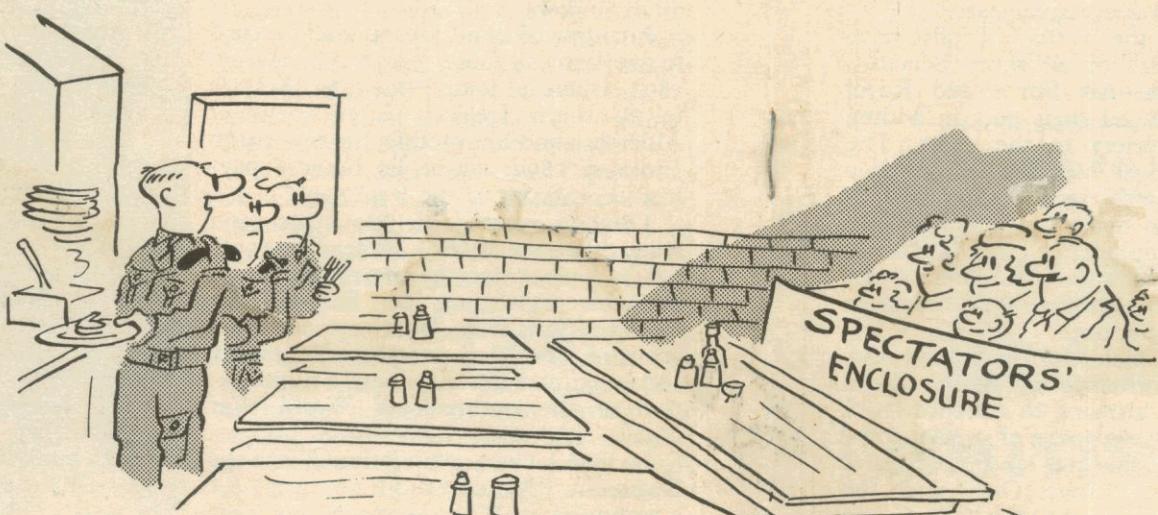
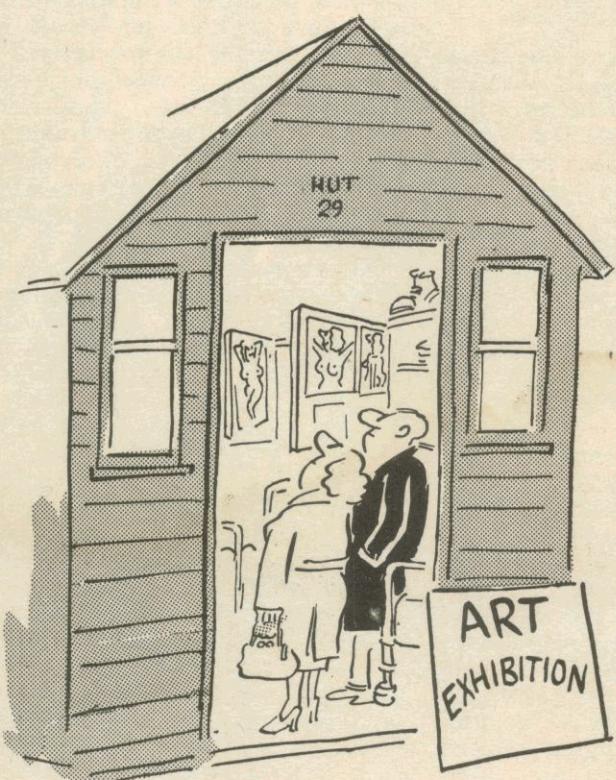
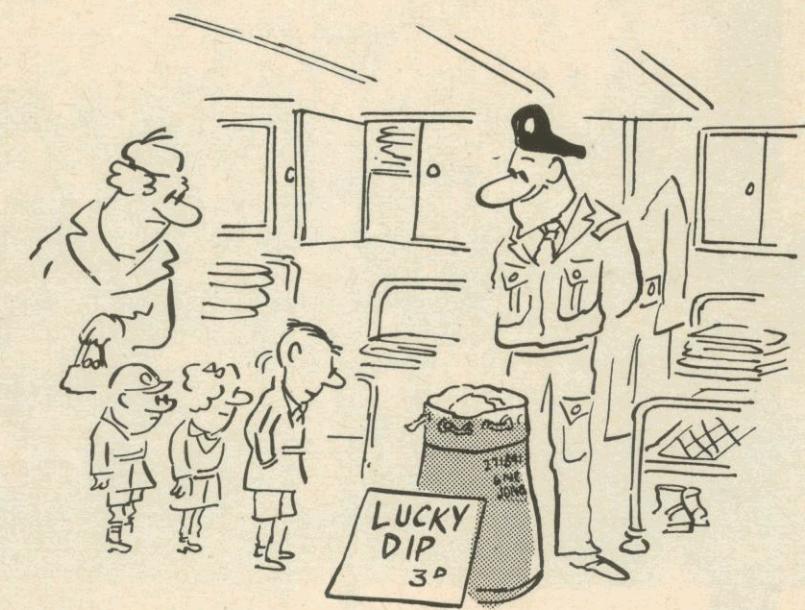
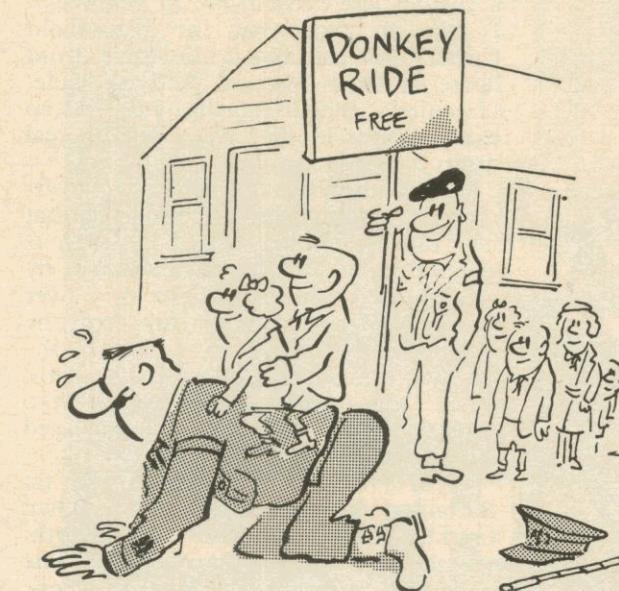
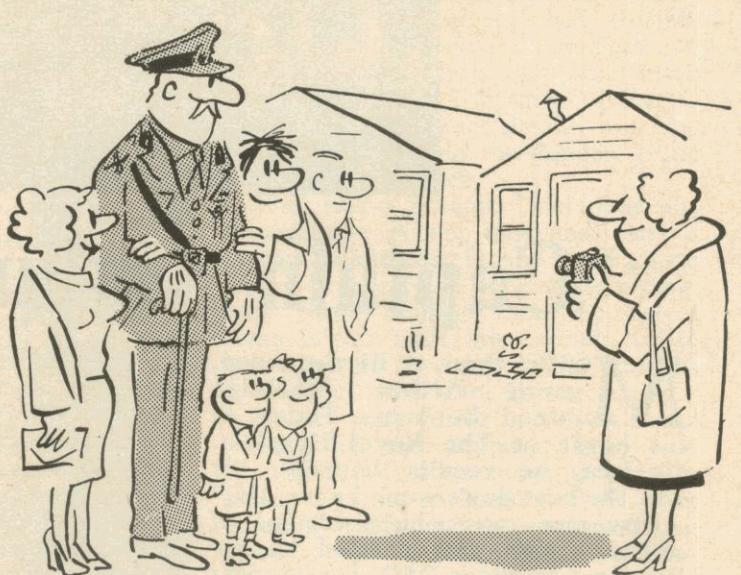
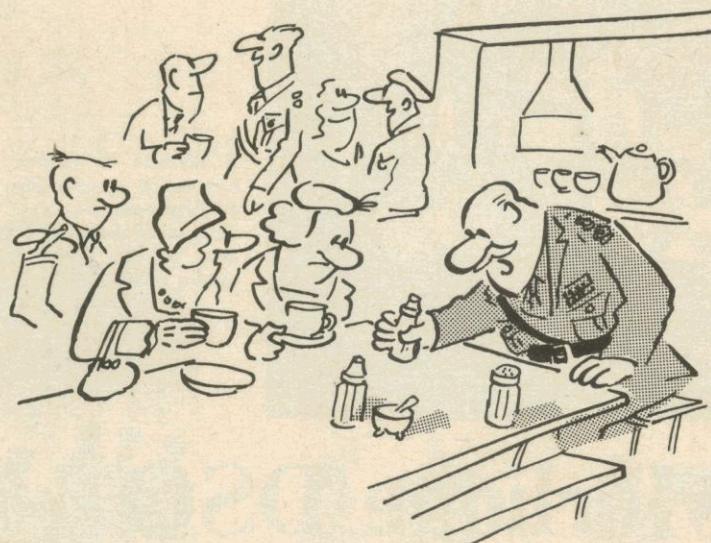
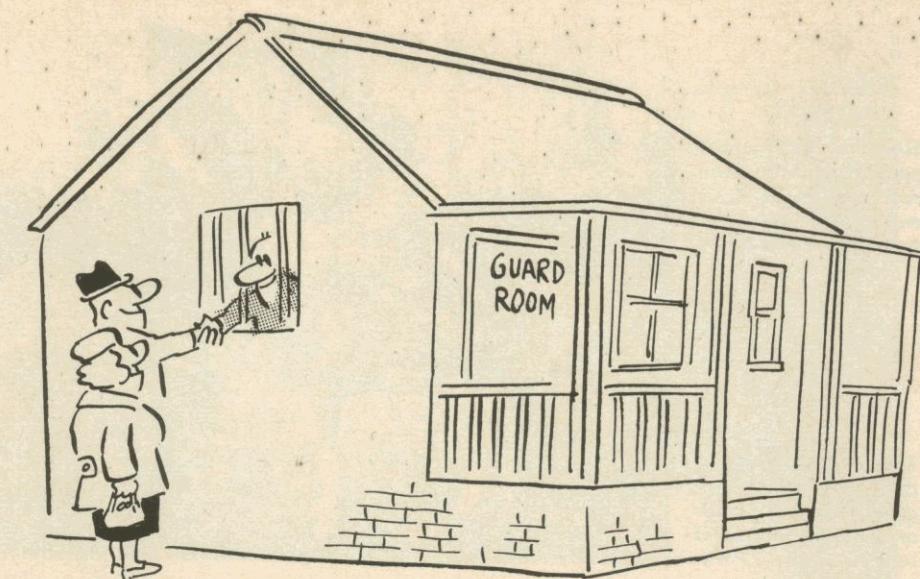
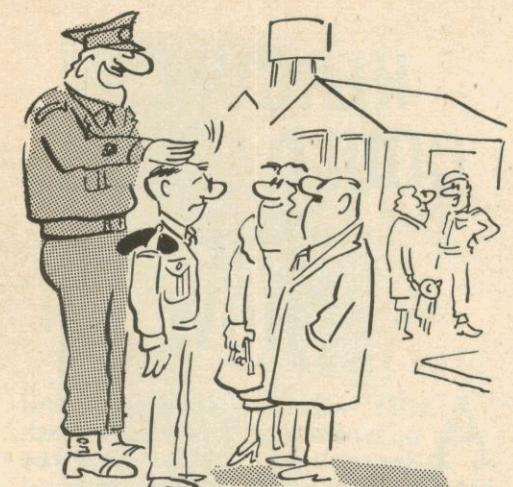
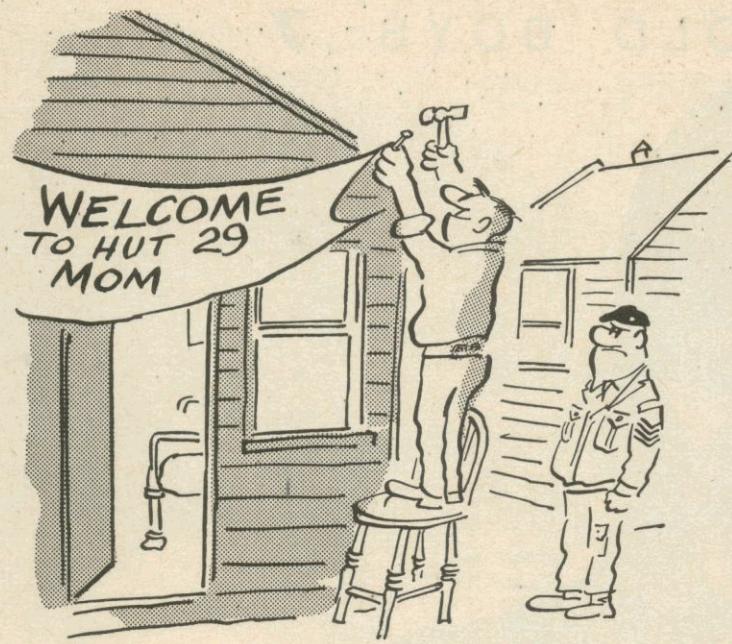
Four years later, when the job was finished, he joined a building firm.

In 1929 he took his family out to Canada. But the slump clamped down and to make ends meet he joined the Canadian Corps of Commissionaires, doing odd jobs all over the country. The Corps was not slow to recognise his talents, however, and within six months he was appointed its secretary and adjutant.

He worked there until 1934, then returned to Ireland to do social work in a group of homes for old soldiers. In 1937 he became secretary of the St John Ambulance Brigade in Belfast, a job that had only one big drawback—it did not permit him to get back into the Army for World War Two.

If he found any spare time, Captain Morlidge occupied it with what he calls little "sideshows"—Boy Scouts, Sunday schools and other organisations that depend for help on men like him.

When he finally retired he made his home at Ashford "to be near the sound of guns" and entered The Royal Hospital when his wife died four years ago. Currently, in between showing parties of visitors round the Hospital, he is "enjoying a bit of a rest."



Hercules, the Shetland pony, carries the same doll rider on his back as his predecessor, who was last seen in 1930.



The rough riders of the Household Cavalry gallop over the jumps at a dress rehearsal in Windsor Great Park.



Searchlights bite through the darkness as the massed bands parade in last year's Tattoo.



HERCULES COULD STEAL THE SHOW

AMID all the spectacle and pageantry of this year's Bath Searchlight Tattoo—now the biggest event of its kind in England—Hercules, one of the smallest participants, is sure to attract a lion's share of the limelight.

As Hercules, an attractive Shetland pony, trots on parade, he will be reviving a custom last carried out 33 years ago. It was in 1930 that the Household Cavalry last featured a miniature drum horse in their Musical Activity Ride. Hercules's model regalia will be an exact replica of that worn by the real drum horse, Horatius.

The Bath Tattoo, which has mushroomed in amazing fashion since that first modest one-day event in 1954, is celebrating its ninth anniversary by staging the show for the first time over five days—from 23 to 27 July—and the Tattoo will feature eight bands, the largest number ever to appear at Bath. They will combine to present 350 musicians in an impressive massed bands display.

A drill display by men of the 1st Battalion, 6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles, stationed at Tidworth, will be another popular feature. The drill team will wear Number 2 Dress, which includes the small black pill-box hat and black leather belt from which hangs the Gurkha kukri. The Battalion's own pipes and drums will play for the drill.

Another attraction will be a physical training display by 100 boys of the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Signals, while the competitive item will feature 105mm howitzer teams of 7th Parachute Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery. The Royal Artillery Motor-Cycle Display Team will be performing at Bath for the second successive year.

Since 1956 the Tattoo's profits have helped charities of all three Services, and the Royal Air Force and Royal Navy have played their part in adding colour and variety to the show. The Navy and Royal Marines will stage a spectacular battle scene, with men of 41 Commando being flown in by Fleet Air Arm helicopters in a mock raid on an airfield. Alsatians and handlers of the Royal Air Force Police will represent the youngest Service.

With the demand for the 10,000 seats at each performance in Bath's Royal Victoria Park growing to a record level, there is every prospect of a handsome profit by the time the lone piper plays the traditional "Lights Out" after the final performance.

VIGILANT

LETHALITY

These Crown copyright extracts from a British Government trials film show a Vigilant round approaching and killing a tank

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Brigadier A D McKechnie DSO takes the salute from the raised dais in the Great Hall. Behind him are Cadets.

ON PARADE – IN GUILDHALL

THE City of London was almost deserted. Only a handful of bowler-hatted executives hurried homeward past shuttered shops and empty office blocks. But as the Band of the Junior Soldiers' Wing, from The Green Jackets Brigade Depot, marched smartly down Aldersgate at a brisk 137 paces to the minute, the City momentarily sprang to life again.

Commissionaires and charwomen were drawn to office doorways, heads popped from upstairs flats and two women danced an impromptu jig as the sound of the bugles echoed round the Underground station. Behind the Band marched nearly 100 officers and men of

the London Rifle Brigade Rangers, many of them stockbrokers, bank clerks and insurance men who work in the City's offices.

The khaki-clad Territorials and their officers in Rifle green were marching to London's historic Guildhall to parade in its magnificent Great Hall, the setting of state banquets and ceremonial occasions. It had been 79 years since the London Rifle Brigade—merged with the Rangers in 1950 to form the present Regiment—last exercised its historic right to hold drill parades in Guildhall.

Inside the Great Hall the Territorials were joined by affiliated units of the Army Cadet Force, by bemedalled

detachments of the London Rifle Brigade Veterans, the Rangers Old Comrades Association and the London Rifle Brigade Rangers Club, and by regimental personalities—Lieutenant-Colonel Victor Turner VC, Major-General Sir Victor Paley, Honorary Colonel of the present Regiment, and Colonel C D Burnell, President of the Veterans and the Regiment's oldest soldier.

It all began, as Brigadier A D McKechnie DSO, Chairman of the City of London Territorial and Auxiliary Forces Association, reminded the parade after he had inspected it, when the nearby Honourable Artillery Company refused to allow the London Rifle Brigade to drill in its grounds. So the City fathers offered the use of Guildhall.

When the Rifle Brigade acquired its first drill hall, in 1884, the Guildhall privilege was allowed to lapse. Now it has been revived and once a year, strengthening another link—providing the guard of honour at the Lord Mayor's Banquet—the London Rifle Brigade Rangers will march again through the City to parade within Guildhall's august walls.

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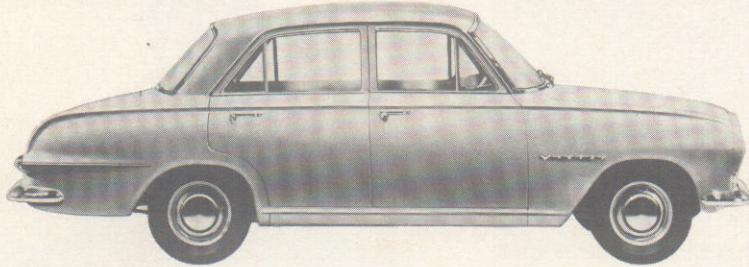
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Earlier this year the firm of Vickers, Ltd, presented to the London Rifle Brigade Rangers a Nordenfeldt machine-gun, one of what are believed to be the only two remaining versions of this weapon.

The first machine-gun to be introduced into the British Army was the Gatling, in 1875. Three years later the Nordenfeldt was adopted, and in 1893 the then commanding officer of the Central London Rifle Rangers bought two Nordenfeldt guns at his own expense for use by his Regiment.

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MOST FAMOUS OF THE "DESERT RATS," CHERRYPICKERS FOUGHT FROM TO BERLIN AND PROVED THE COURAGE OF BALACLAVA DAYS REMAINED

YOUR REGIMENT: 7

11th HUSSARS



THE "CHERRYPICKERS" WERE ALWAYS THERE



A Cherrypickers' Ferret scout car patrol waits to escort a convoy through the Khareiba Pass in Aden.

The 11th Hussars pride themselves in having a go at all Army sports from boxing to billiards and from water polo to weight-lifting.

Without any outstanding victories to their credit, they have maintained a good all-round reputation with regular sporting achievements wherever they have been stationed.

In Northern Ireland they won the command Rugby cup, the major units Soccer competition and the command boxing championship. In the same year the regimental ski team won the slalom in the Army Championships at St. Moritz.

Later, in Aden, the Regiment provided ten members of the Army athletics team of 25 which won the inter-services title. The Cherrypickers' polo team beat both the Aden civilians and a combined service team in a final tournament.

Probably the most famous sporting personality to have served in the Regiment was Ted Dexter, a troop leader.

THE WESTERN DESERT UNWAVERING, ENDLESS



Cap and collar badge of the 11th Hussars taken from the crest of Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg.

For the Cherrypickers, the end of a triumphant war at the Berlin Victory Parade in July, 1945.

SIX years ago, the hallowed columns of that unique British institution, "The Times," paid an incomparable compliment to the 11th Hussars. Commenting that the Regiment had been spared amalgamation, the paper's leading article declared: "... every cavalryman, after placing his own Regiment first, would have listed the Eleventh second in excellence."

In almost 250 years it is unlikely that the untarnished reputation of the 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own) has ever been so neatly described. Once they charged with the immortal Light Brigade at Balaclava, more recently they fought fearlessly in World War Two. And today every 11th Hussar is instilled with a deep-rooted pride in his Regiment.

It is a pride born in 1715 when Brigadier Honywood was ordered to raise a regiment of dragoons to defend the throne of George I against the threat of the Stuart Pretender. Four months later the Regiment first saw action against the Scottish rebels.

In the Seven Years War against France, the 11th disembarked their horses and galloped inland on Commando-type raids. At St Malo they destroyed by fire 73 ships and 17 sloops. Later they swam their horses out to sea to outflank the French and attack them from the rear.

Early in the 19th century, "C" Squadron of the 11th fought so well against Napoleon's army in Egypt that it has held the honour of senior squadron ever since. It is said that the Regiment earned its famous nickname of "Cherrypickers" when, serving as light dragoons during the Peninsular War, it was surprised by French Cavalry while picking fruit in an orchard.

In 1840, after a spell in India, the Cherrypickers were chosen to escort Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg, who was arriving in England to marry Queen

Victoria, from Dover. He was so impressed by the troops' smartness that he asked for the Regiment to be made his own. His bride granted the request and the 11th Light Dragoons became known as the 11th Prince Albert's Own Hussars. They were given permission to wear the livery and arms of Saxe-Coburg with the distinctive royal crimson trousers.

During the Crimean War the Cherrypickers formed part of the famous

Lord James Thomas Brudenell, Earl of Cardigan, is probably the best-known personalty of the 11th Hussars.

He was appointed to command the Regiment in 1836.

He made it the smartest in the British Army and kept his men up to a high standard of efficiency.

His personal gallantry at Balaclava will be remembered long after the controversy about the mistaken order, which led the famous charge into the very teeth of the Russian guns, is forgotten.

In memory of Lord Cardigan, the Regiment still sounds "Last Post" at ten minutes to ten, the exact hour of his death, instead of at the usual time.

Light Brigade, commanded by Lord Cardigan. They took part in the immortal charge and Cornet Dunne was awarded the Victoria Cross for his gallantry. After the disastrous attack, only 25 men answered the muster roll. But even after these appalling casualties the Regiment remained in action to add the battle honours of Inkermann and Sebastopol to those of Albu and Balaclava.

At the outbreak of World War One, the Cherrypickers sailed back to old hunting grounds in France, but this time to face a new enemy—Germany, whose Crown Prince Wilhelm was at that time their Colonel-in-Chief. It was a strange situation, and a strange war for Cavalrymen.

They were first to enter Tobruk, Benghazi, Tripoli and Tunis during Montgomery's advance. When the war ended in North Africa they landed on the beaches at Salerno and fought up

Under cover of thick fog and heavy shellfire, the 1st Cavalry Brigade was attacked at Nery by an overwhelming enemy force. After two hours of hard fighting, one troop of the 11th Hussars charged alone and captured eight German field guns—literally at the points of their swords. But the days of glorious Cavalry charges were fading, and the Hussars had to adapt themselves to trench warfare.

In 1928, with the winds of change blowing away old conceptions of warfare, the 11th Hussars made a sad but bold decision. Rather than suffer amalgamation, they volunteered to become the first mechanised Cavalry regiment. It was the end of 200 years as horsed Cavalry, but the beginning of a great new role for the Cherrypickers.

With the war clouds gathering over Europe and the world, the 11th Hussars were ready and trained with their armoured cars in the Western Desert—ready to play their part in battles that were to rank with Balaclava in their history. For five years they fought almost continuously across 3000 miles in 13 countries. During those five years they were longer in contact with the enemy than any other British regiment.

As "Desert Rats" they fought in every campaign with tenacity and skill. Almost always in the front line, sometimes beyond it, they searched tirelessly for information and constantly harassed the enemy. Such was their efficiency that the Italian brigade commanders lamented in despair: "What can we do? We cannot move because of these 11th Hussars." A whole air squadron was detached to combat the Cherrypickers, who obligingly retaliated by shooting down the squadron leader.

They were first to enter Tobruk, Benghazi, Tripoli and Tunis during Montgomery's advance. When the war ended in North Africa they landed on the beaches at Salerno and fought up

the road to Rome before being returned to England to prepare for D-Day.

Over the Normandy beaches they built up strength, squadron by squadron, until the long-awaited break-out came at last and they found themselves in the classic Cavalry role of pursuit. In the spring of 1945 the Regiment led the way across the Rhine and after the surrender of Germany the Cherrypickers were selected, as a final honour, to lead the 7th Armoured Division into Berlin on the first entry of British troops into the enemy capital.

The Regiment spent the next eight years in Germany before being sent to fight the terrorists in Malaya. In 1961, when Kuwait asked for British aid, the Cherrypickers were among the first to arrive and patrolled the frontier in blinding sandstorms some 40 miles in front of other British troops.

Now the 11th Hussars are back in Germany, equipped with tanks. Fighting fit, they are ready for anything in the best traditions of their magnificent past.

BADGELESS BERET

The colour of the trousers worn by the Cherrypickers is unique in the British Army. Some say it was this colour that gave them their famous nickname, not the alleged incident during the Peninsular War.

When the Regiment was first mechanised it adopted a brown beret with a crimson band which is still worn today. It became so well-known during World War Two that the King decided the 11th should never wear a badge in their berets, the colours alone being sufficient identification.

ACROSS AND DOWN

THIS month's prize competition will appeal particularly to the many crossword enthusiasts among SOLDIER's readers. It is moderately difficult and has a military flavour. So sharpen those pencils and send in your solution to reach SOLDIER by 19 August, 1963.

If you do not wish to cut out the crossword, write the clue numbers and your answers, and name and address, on a sheet of paper. Prizes will go to the senders of the first correct solutions to be opened, or to the nearest correct.

This month's prizes are:

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

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

- 6 A 12 months' free subscription to SOLDIER.

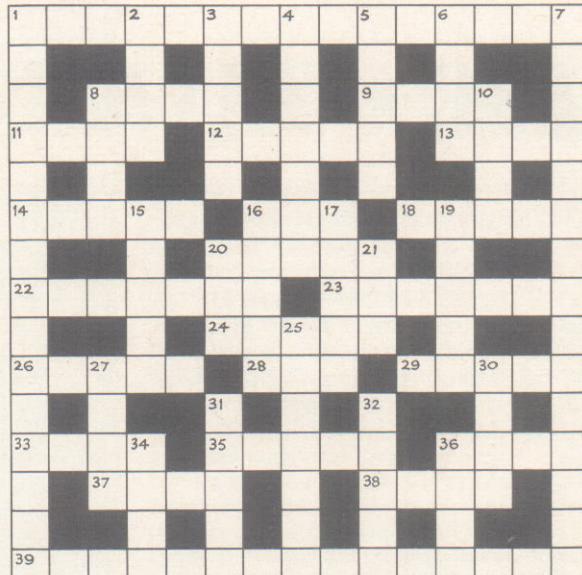
ACROSS

- 1 Modern Infantry weapon (5, 4, 6).
- 8 Old Infantry weapon turns into French soldier's hat (4) . . .
- 9 . . . to hang on this medieval torture (4).
- 11 It's not often diners like their steaks thus (4).
- 12 Mythological temptress and war-time warbler (5).
- 13 New Zealander in uniform (4).
- 14 Tries—on cricket rather than Rugby field (5).
- 16 Line-up for the botanical gardens (3)?
- 18 Of the eye (5).
- 20 World War One battle (5).
- 22 Round at the Woolwich museum (7)?
- 23 Battle which ended first Sikh War in 1846 (7).
- 24 Throws (5).
- 26 31 Down is one of their countries (5).
- 28 Out-of-wind general (3).
- 29 Less dangerous (5).
- 33 Charity sought by 26 Across (4).
- 35 Once the hallmark of an officer cadet (5).
- 36 Staggering dance (4).
- 37 Slender field-marshall (4).
- 38 Military band instrument (4).
- 39 An' men of yon glade became this medieval stalwart (6, 2, 7).

DOWN

- 1 It's a real tie, Moriarty, but well worth joining (11, 4).
- 2 Duelling sword (4).
- 3 Both Liverpool and London this serve in the 1 Down (5).
- 4 Officer's horse (7).
- 5 World War One battle (5).
- 6 Gibraltar's is famous (4).
- 7 Directed over the air (5, 10).
- 8 Malayan weapon (4).
- 10 Swung by Scotsmen (4).
- 15 Its rule is based on experience (5).
- 16 South African village (5).
- 17 Desolate area (5).
- 19 Cold climate coat (5).
- 20 General help (3).
- 21 (3).
- 25 Despatched—from the field (4, 3)?
- 27 Weapons sounding like 33 Across (4).
- 30 At liberty (4).
- 31 Middle East country (5).
- 32 Recognised (5).
- 34 33 Across makes a bang (4).
- 36 Called in the Army (4).

Name and address



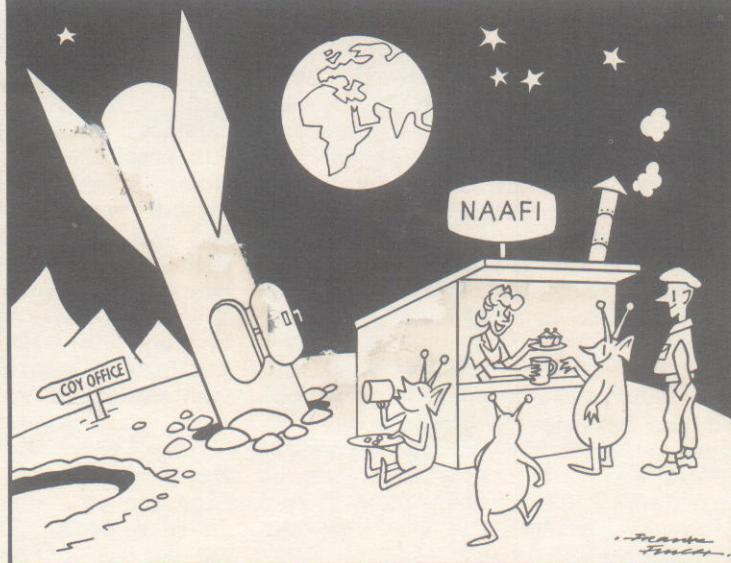
RULES

- 1 Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to: The Editor (Comp 62), SOLDIER, 433 Holloway Road, London N7.
- 2 Competitors may submit more than one entry, but each must be accompanied by the "Competition 62" label printed on this page.
- 3 British Servicemen and women and Services-sponsored civilians may compete for prizes 1 to 6; other readers are eligible for prizes 4, 5 and 6 only.

The correct answers and winners' names will appear in the October issue of SOLDIER.

Don't forget SOLDIER's new photographic competition. Watch out for full details in the August issue. This will be your chance to win an Ilford Sportsman camera as a major prize.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

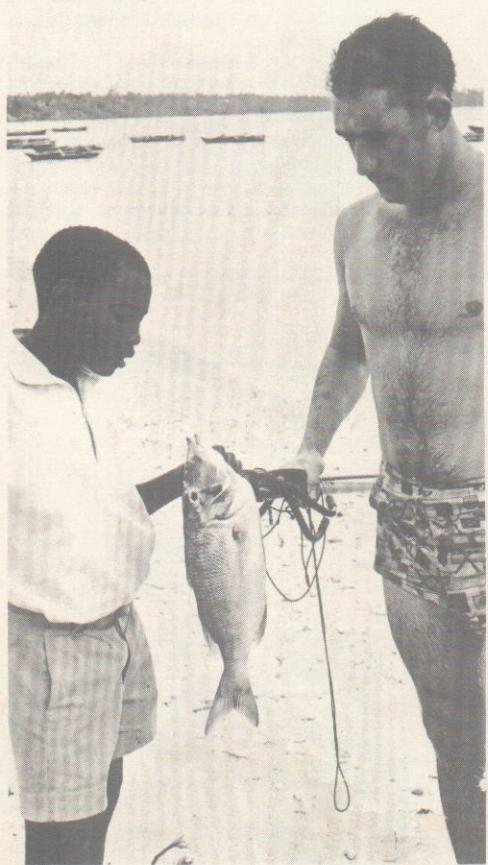


These two pictures look alike, but they vary in ten minor details. Look at them very carefully. If you cannot detect the differences, see page 34.



Guardsman Joe Singleton surfaces with a weird looking crayfish caught during an underwater expedition.

FIVE-FATHOM GUARDSMEN



An African boy appraises a tango fish caught by Guardsman Ronald Longstaff off Zanzibar.

TROPICAL Zanzibar. Island paradise in the Indian Ocean. Swim in the warm crystal waters, wonder at the fascinating, multi-coloured world of dazzling coral and exotic fish . . . have the experience of a lifetime—like men of the 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards.

Taking a leaf out of the guide book, men of the Left Flank Company, posted to the island on internal security work last December, have become experts at underwater fishing and skin diving. Using goggles, flippers and spear guns provided by the Army, they have spent hour after blissful hour gliding through an aquatic wonderland.

The Guardsmen have found that the sport calls for breath control, practice in the use of the equipment and the development of a smooth swimming style to cause minimum disturbance. They have also become sharp spotters of the myriad varieties of fish, learning to steer clear of the vicious shoals of barracuda, and to pick out the tame and friendly East African angel fish, which by underwater lore must not be harmed.

The Guardsmen's favourite spot is a sparkling white sandbank on a coral reef about five miles north of the island, where the water is only about 30 feet deep. But despite the attractive setting, man-eating sharks, though rare, are a constant threat. Guardsman Bill Weir one day found himself in the shadow of a 10ft grey shark as he examined a mound of coral. Though he could not swim before he joined the Army, he

claims the 150 yards free-style record back to the boat!

Guardsman Joe Singleton's scare came when he saw his first puffer fish, which blows itself up to three times its normal size when frightened, and resembles a barnacle-covered creature from the realms of science fiction.

Hunting with the spear gun is a skilful and energetic business. "We soon learned it was no use pressing the trigger hoping to spear a passing fish," said Lieutenant John Clavering. "You have to follow the fish and wait until it tries to hide in a nook or cranny. We have often chased a fish for anything up to an hour, and with surfacing every few minutes for air and diving again to 20 feet or more it can be hectic."

But not all the Guardsmen are interested in shooting the fish. "I enjoy just gliding along and watching the fish, especially the porpoises," said Guardsman James Hamilton. The porpoises, play-boys of the sea, are always ready for a game, swimming in circles and leaping high out of the water.

Such pleasures must come to an end, of course—for Guardsmen if not porpoises—and the Left Flank Company is now back in its Kenya station at Templer Barracks, near Nairobi. But the lure of underwater fishing and exploring has captured the enthusiasts of the Company. There is no question about where they will be spending their future leaves.

From a report by Alan J Forshaw, Army Information Officer in Kenya.

TERRITORIAL TAKES THE TITLE

HISTORY was made in the Army Fencing Championships this year with a Territorial winning the foils title for the first time ever. Sergeant L Johnson, 7th Battalion, The Royal Warwickshire Fusiliers, out-fenced Lieutenant M J Howard, Royal Pioneer Corps, the Olympic fencer, who was runner-up.

Lieutenant Howard, however, won

the master-at-arms event, with British pentathlon champion Sergeant Mick Finniss second, and Sergeant Johnson third. Another pentathlete, Lieutenant O N P Mylne, 10th Royal Hussars, took the Army epee title, with a third pentathlete, Corporal-of-Horse L Collum, the runner-up.

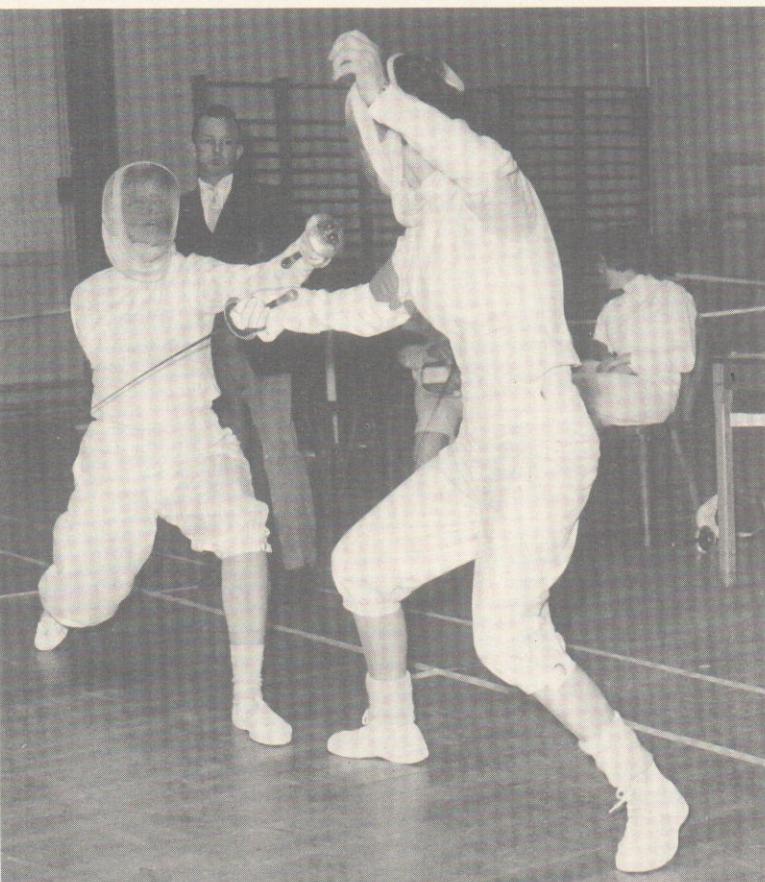
Company Sergeant-Major Instructor R McNeill, Army Physical Training Corps, won the sabre event, Lieutenant

Howard coming second. The Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, won the Army Inter-Unit Championship, with 1st Signal Regiment second and 1st/3rd East Anglian Regiment third.

The Royal Armoured Corps Junior Leaders Regiment, Bovington, won the team title in the first-ever Army Junior Fencing Championship. All Arms Junior Leaders Regiment, Tonfanau, came second; Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Engineers, Dover, third; and the Junior Tradesmen's Regiment, Troon, fourth.

The Army won the Inter-Services Fencing Championship for the sixth successive year, gaining 42 victories against the Royal Air Force's 21 and the Royal Navy's 17. The team set up a record by winning all three weapons events for the second successive year.

Sergeant Valerie Stephenson, of the Women's Royal Army Corps Wing of the Army School of Physical Training, Aldershot, won the women's section of the Army Fencing Championship at her first attempt, fencing through the competition without defeat.



One of the bouts in the Women's Fencing Championship, won by Sgt Valerie Stephenson, WRAC, unbeaten in her first attempt.

Boxing brothers both win titles

TWO brothers triumphed at their respective weights in the Territorial Army Boxing Championships in London. Private John Woods, and his brother Robert, both of 5th/6th Battalion, The North Staffordshire Regiment, took the light-middleweight and welterweight titles respectively, John, an English international, becoming the only boxer to retain a title.

The 3rd Battalion, The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire, took three of the ten titles and played a major share in 49th Division's victory in the Earl of Scarbrough's Team Championship Cup. Two of the Regiment's boxers, both champions last year, took titles in a higher weight division. Last year's featherweight champion, Corporal R Barker, won the lightweight class, and Private M Garrigan stepped up from welterweight to become middleweight champion.

The Regiment's third champion, bantamweight Private R Russell, outpointed Private J Beardmore, who was the only other defending champion to reach the final.

Sergeant Dick McTaggart, The Glasgow Highlanders, could not defend his light-welterweight title as he was busy training for the European Championships in Moscow.

FLIED LICE

Thappened in Ceylon in the hectic weeks after the fall of Singapore and Java. The Ceylon Defence Force had been mobilised and British, Australian and Indian troops had poured into the island.

Failure of local supplies made it impossible to issue the normal fresh curry stuffs (chillies, garlic, cinnamon, turmeric, etc) to the Ceylonese troops in Colombo. Curry powder was issued instead.

Then the supply depot's stock of curry powder was exhausted. A minor "flap" followed, but was averted by the discovery of two sacks of brown powder. The sacks were unmarked. The contents looked like curry powder, but the British officer in charge of the depot decided to take no chances; he consulted a Ceylonese storeman.

The storeman tasted the powder, beamed and said, "OK. Curry powder."

The officer in charge thanked his stars that another problem had been overcome, and tackled the next worry.

A few days later, the messing officer of a Ceylonese unit apologetically queried whether there was anything wrong with the curry powder.

"It makes a darned good curry, old boy," he confided, "but half the unit is down with tummy trouble, and the MO is getting a little worried."

A sample of the powder was sent for analysis. In due course the analyst reported that the powder was fit for issue for the purpose for which it was manufactured. It was, in fact, anti-louse powder!

As the supply depot wit pointed out, it was a pity there were no Chinese troops on the island, for the "curry powder" would have gone well with their "flied lice."

DONALD NOAKES



SPORTS SHORTS

THE Women's Royal Air Force have won the women's inter-Services hockey title for the third successive year, defeating the Women's Royal Army Corps by seven goals to two and the Women's Royal Naval Service by three goals to one.

A Scottish unit has won the Territorial Army small-bore competition for the Duke of Norfolk Trophy for the third year in succession. With a score of 1572, "S" Company, 11th Battalion, Seaforth Highlanders, were only 12 points short of the record set up by last year's winners. Two University Officer Training Corps teams, Cambridge and Leeds, came second and third. There were 379 entries.

With 1545 points, the Army Apprentices School, Chepstow, narrowly beat the Army Catering Corps Centre in the annual Army small-bore rifle match. The 1st Battalion, The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment, were third and the Royal Military College of Science fourth in a field of 43.

The 1st Battalion, The Royal Scots, left Libya in a blaze of boxing glory, winning the final of the inter-unit team boxing championships at Medenine by eight bouts to three over 14th/20th King's Hussars. Five of the bouts ended in knock-outs.

After a second play-off at Prestwick, Captain John Harman, Royal Artillery, became Army golf champion for the first time, defeating the holder, Captain Richard Carroll, Royal Signals, by three strokes. In the first play-off, over 18 holes, Captain Harman was five strokes ahead with two holes to play. Then he seemed to throw the title away with a disastrous 10 at the 17th. However, Captain Carroll fluffed this golden chance to take the title by taking three putts from six yards to produce another tie and prolong the suspense over a further round.

The 4th Battalion (Carmarthen), The Welch Regiment, beat the holders, 6th Battalion (Bishop Auckland), The Durham Light Infantry, by two goals to one in the final of the Territorial Army Soccer Cup at Penlegaer, near Swansea. In the semi-finals the Welsh side beat 470 Regiment, Royal Artillery, 4-2, while the Bishop Auckland side accounted for 135 Survey Engineer Regiment, 2-1.

Clear rounds by all three of the Household Cavalry's "B" Team—Corporal-of-Horse D Thompson (on Loch Lomond), Lieutenant J D Smith-Bingham (By Golly) and Lieutenant the Hon P Connolly-Carew (Ballyhoo)—gave them a clear 12-point victory and the Queen's Trophy in the inter-Services jumping competition at the Royal Windsor Horse Show. Runners-up were The King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, "B" Team, with 12 faults. The King's Troop "A" team were third with 15 points, and the Household Cavalry "A" team were a further point behind, fourth. The Royal Army Service Corps, who had won the trophy for three successive years came sixth with a comparatively new team.



Perfect co-ordination as Lieut the Hon P Connolly-Carew and Ballyhoo complete yet another clear round.



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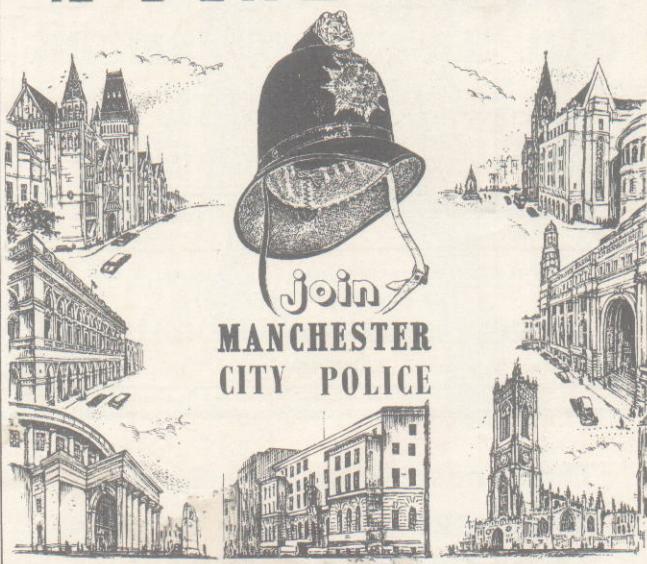
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LETTERS



TWO AT THE TOP

THE older generation of SOLDIER's readers may be interested in two cartoons I have, both signed by their subjects and drawn by the famous "Spy" in the early 1900s. They are of two of the only four holders of the Victoria Cross ever to reach the top in the Army, Field-Marshal Lord Roberts (left, above) and Sir George White; the others were Sir Evelyn Wood and Lord Gort.

Lord Roberts won his VC in 1858 during the Indian Mutiny, and Sir George White in 1879 during the Second Afghan War; Sir Evelyn Wood was another Mutiny VC while Lord Gort won his award during World War One.

Lord Roberts' only son, a subaltern in The King's Royal Rifle Corps, also won the VC, in 1899, during the South African War.—"Uitlander," Johannesburg, Transvaal, South Africa.

General Salute

I have often been asked if the command "General Salute" is given because of the rank of the inspecting officer. However, on making a study of several books dealing with the customs and history of the British Army, I have been unable to obtain a satisfactory answer and so, as a last resort, I am appealing to SOLDIER for guidance. I would much appreciate your views on this matter or any advice as to where I might find this information.

As always, I am looking forward to the next edition of SOLDIER.—W G Collins, Glenburnie PO, Ontario, Canada.

* The command "General Salute" is not given because of the rank of the inspecting officer. An inspecting officer can be of any rank, not necessarily of field rank or above, and the "General Salute" is given to suit the occasion and not the individual officer.

Put Out More Flags!

Bordon Garrison became a hive of activity recently when demolition and building contractors moved in as part of another phase in the barracks and housing modernisation scheme for the British Army, though exactly what is to be built, where and in what quantities I have been unable to discover. However, the building contractors left us in no doubt as to who

During research for the projected history of The Hertfordshire Yeomanry there came to my notice a diary of 135 (Herts Yeomanry) Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, Territorial Army, on the campaign in Malaya and Singapore in early 1942. This was compiled by Lieut-Col

- **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.



Australian Colours

P J D Toosey, during and immediately after the battle and, almost miraculously, was preserved during the remainder of the war in Japanese prisoner-of-war camps. The Australian Army summer dress is olive green which has progressively been replacing khaki for the past two years.—J C Procter, Flat 4, 1 Emily Street, Woodville West, South Australia.

Any publicity that can be given to this diary would be welcome in so far as it might enable me to contact former members of the Regiment and obtain further material for the history. If any former member of the Regiment or relative thereof would like to have a copy of the diary I have a small supply and would be pleased to send one.—Lieut J D Sainsbury, RA (TA), 23 Mandeville Rise, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

New Raincoat

As an old soldier I am disgusted by the cut and style of the new raincoat issued to the modern soldier. Surely the Army could at least have put epaulettes on the shoulders, thus giving it a slightly military style? I wonder where these raincoats came from; they look very much like surplus demob kit!—D L Griffiths, 124 Baldwin Webb Avenue, Donnington, Wellington, Salop.

* The new raincoats are NOT surplus demob kit. They are of good quality, comparatively expensive and were designed without epaulettes at the express intention of the Army Council so that they could be worn with civilian clothes. They are regarded as a great improvement on the old groundsheets and are much appreciated by the modern soldier.



Oldest Regiments

Can SOLDIER please tell me which are the three oldest regiments now existing in the Regular Army? Also, in what year was the Royal Regiment of Artillery raised?—K Beddington, PO Box 47, Bandoorlie, W Australia.

* The Royal Scots, raised in 1633 for French service, are the oldest Regiment. Next come the Coldstream Guards, raised in 1650. A battalion of the Grenadier Guards was raised in Flanders in the spring of 1656, while King Charles II was in exile, but the date given in the old Army lists for the official raising of the Regiment is August, 1660. The Royal Regiment of Artillery was not raised until 1716.

The Honourable Artillery Company is the oldest of all, having been raised in 1537, but it is a unit of the Territorial Army.



Toxophilites

I am forming an archery club in this area and would be grateful for information on this subject from individuals or units already practising this sport in BAOR. All letters will be acknowledged.—L/Cpl D S Fletcher, ST Branch, HQ 1 (BR) Corps, BFO 39.

Still Going Strong

Because "When the Trooper's on the Tide, my Boys" has given way to "Into the Wild Blue Yonder" ("The Last of the Line," SOLDIER, February), will this mean the end of such time-honoured institutions as "Housey-Housey" and "Priest of the Parish"? Or have they already disappeared into the limbo,

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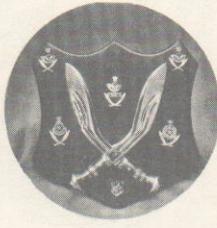
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LETTERS

continued

together with Australian frozen rabbit?—
F J Inch, Librarian, Canadian Forces Medical Service Training Centre, Camp Borden, Ontario, Canada.

* The playing of "Housey-Housey" was not confined to trooperships and it is still popular with soldiers and their families, particularly overseas.

Reshuffle

I read in **SOLDIER** (May) that The Royal Warwickshire Regiment becomes The Royal Warwickshire Fusiliers and joins The Fusilier Brigade on dispersal of The Forester Brigade. What is to happen to the remaining two regiments of The Forester Brigade?—**P A Robinson, Esholt Hall, Gargrave, Skipton, Yorks.**

* The Royal Leicestershire Regiment joins The East Anglian Brigade and The Sherwood Foresters join The Mercian Brigade.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(see Page 28)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1 Position of earth. 2 Middle mountain peak. 3 Stones on left of rocket. 4 Cakes on plate held by girl. 5 Girl's lapel. 6 Right toe of moonman at counter. 7 Left end of canteen roof. 8 Length of rocket body. 9 Soldier's breast pocket. 10 Cowl of canteen chimney.

PRIZE WINNERS

Prize winners in **SOLDIER**'s Competition 59 (April—military quiz) were:

1 **WO I G A Gladman**, 35 Central Wksp, REME, Old Dalby, Melton Mowbray, Leics. 2 **Gnr J Giblin**, The King's Troop, RHA, Ordnance Hill, London NW8. 3 **WO II R Best**, The Life Guards, 15 Rycroft, Clewer Green, Windsor, Berks. 4 **Barbu Alim**, RFD 5, Box 75M, Vienna, Virginia, USA. 5 **Norman F Bradley**, Pomeroy, 48 Three Elms Road, Hereford. 6 **Sgt R Joyce**, 4 SPRD, RASC, c/o GPO, Singapore. 7 **Pte D M W Hart**, HQ WRAC Provost (TA), 132 Upper Tulse Hill, London SW2.

The correct answers were: 1 (a) (Cardigan) and (c) (Balalaika). 2 (a) (Dettingen, 1743), (b) (Imjin River, 1951), (c) (Ypres, 1915), (d) (Balalaika, 1854), (e) (El Alamein, 1942). 3 Cease Fire (in Europe). 4 President Kennedy. 5 (a) True, (b) True, (c) True. 6 From GP (General Purpose). 7 (d) (114). 8 The Royal Company of Archers. 9 Parliament. 10 Landowners, squires, etc.

REUNIONS

Arborfield Old Boys' Association. Annual reunion at Arborfield, 20 July, 11.30am, followed by cricket, annual general meeting and dinner. Details and tickets 5s from Master Artificer, Army Apprentices School, Arborfield, Berks.

Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment (TA). Presentation of Colours by Queen Elizabeth The Queen Mother at Luton Hoo, 13 July. Members should contact Adjutant, 1 Bedf Herts, 28 St Andrew St, Hertford.

Military Provost Staff Corps. Reunion dinner at Berechurch Hall Camp, Colchester, 13 July. Further details of Corps weekend etc from Hon Sec, Past and Present Association, MPSC, Berechurch Hall Camp, Colchester, Essex.

Green Howards Association. 1963 reunion at The Yorkshire Brigade Depot, Queen Elizabeth Barracks, Strensall, 28 and 29 September. Tickets and details from Regimental Secretary, RHQ The Green Howards, Richmond, Yorkshire.

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J J Ashworth, 39 Tebav Avenue, Cleveleys, Blackpool, Lancs.—Formation signs, shoulder titles, cap and collar badges British and pre-1947 Indian Army.

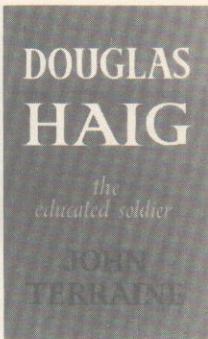
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“Brilliant to the top of his Army boots”

FEW victorious commanders have been subjected to as much adverse criticism as Field-Marshal Earl Haig, who led the British armies on the Western Front for 35 months to their triumphs in 1918.

David Lloyd George, who worked with Haig from various ministries, including the premiership, was a pace-setter for the critics. “Brilliant to the top of his Army boots,” was one of his jibes.

In his memoirs the ex-prime minister revealed that he tried to find a replacement for Haig as commander-in-chief, but, “Who could be put in his place? It is a sad reflection that not one among the visible military leaders would have been any better. There were amongst them plenty of good soldiers who knew their profession and possessed intelligence up to a point. But Haig was all that and probably better within those limits than any other within sight.”

John Terraine calls this admission of disappointment that the Army was in the best possible hands one of the most remarkable tributes that Haig ever received, “for nobody could have wanted to get rid of him more than Lloyd George.”

Mr Terraine comes to Haig’s defence in a smoothly-written, 500-page appraisal, “Douglas Haig: The Educated Soldier” (Hutchinson, 50s). “Educated soldier,” the dust-jacket points out, means one “who takes his work seriously, who studies it from all aspects, who above all has the mind, as well as the



Field-Marshal Haig gestures as he makes a point to David Lloyd George. Listening to the conversation is Marshal Joffre. This top-level meeting was in September, 1916.

aspiration, to think an issue through from first to last” and will put into action the lessons he has learned from study and battlefield experience.

So the picture emerges, not merely of the best man available at the time, but of one who was very good—a thoughtful, humane and above all far-sighted, tactician, strategist and administrator. The author suggests one reason for Lloyd George’s dislike of Haig was that events so often proved him right.

Haig had one disability which must have counted against him in his dealings with politicians—he found verbal communication difficult. To Lloyd George, who wrote, “In my experience a confused talker is never a

clear thinker,” this fault could have been damning.

Haig leaned heavily on his staff, partly because of this inability to communicate. To them, as to others his junior in rank, he was unfailingly loyal. It was his defect, which the author admits, that he was unwise in his choice of staff.

His own diaries provide the grounds on which Haig has been accused of intriguing to become commander-in-chief by talking ill of Sir John French to King George V and to Kitchener. The author examines this proposition and finds it absurd, but on this issue his defence is less convincing than on others.

The author finds Haig wise on one of the subjects on which he has been most widely criticised, the use of the first tanks. It has been said he squandered the surprise this splendid new weapon could have procured by using a driblet of tanks on the capture of a ruined village. He had actually been promised 150 of them in time for his 1916 attack on the Somme; the promise was later cut in half. In fact 49 tanks turned up, but because of last-minute troubles only 18 were effectively in action.

None of the figures Haig was quoted for planning were considered “driblets” at the time, the author points out. Haig was engaged in what he hoped was a decisive battle; unlike other generals, he perceived the tank to be a decisive weapon. What could he do but use it?

It was Haig alone among the war leaders who saw, in August, 1918, that victory could be achieved that year. The War Office thought the decision would come in July, 1919; Sir Winston Churchill, at the Ministry of Munitions, was talking about “the decisive struggle of 1920.”

There came a final vindication of Haig in 1920 when Sir Winston Churchill, then at the War Office, was coping with demobilisation and found that the indiscipline and disorganisation that would arise in the Army if “pivotalism, ie favouritism” were to rule the demobilisation procedure had been “forecasted” by Haig as far back as 1917.

By then, Haig, who had been left without employment at the age of 59, thanks to Lloyd George’s vendetta, was busy founding the British Legion, his living memorial.

AN UNDERESTIMATED ENEMY

A pleasant military promenade in Zululand”—with this thought in their minds, British soldiers went to war with the Zulus. The over-confidence of the British force was encouraged by its commander, Lord Chelmsford, who ignored the advice of seasoned colonists who knew the Zulus. The notion that they were up against inferior natives persisted in the minds of all the British ranks.

Underestimating an enemy is the worst offence a general can commit, and by his contempt for the wisdom of experience and the total lack of any appreciation of what he was facing, Chelmsford must take a large

measure of the blame for one of the British Army’s most humiliating defeats.

The Battle of Isandhlwana turned out to be “a pleasant military promenade,” but for the Zulus. The British had crossed swords with the best-trained, best-disciplined military machine on the African continent.

The story of this machine and its leader, Cetshwayo, is told in “The Last Zulu King” (Longmans, 30s) by C T Binns. It is a tale well worth the telling. This remarkable book really brings to life all the tragedy of a war which should never have been fought.

Mr Binns has obviously been to great pains in his research into Cetshwayo’s life and times. He gained the confidence of the Zulus

OVER...



The captive Zulu leader, Cetshwayo, is brought to Sir Garnet Wolseley’s camp on 31 August, 1879.



themselves—and, in 40 years, is the only white man ever allowed to visit the still jealously-guarded grave of Cetshwayo in the lonely mountain area of Zululand.

Much of the book is taken up with Zulu customs and military organisation, but this does not detract from the whole. Rather, it enables the reader to whom the subject is new to grasp the reasons for many of Cetshwayo's actions.

The Zulus could be described as the Prussians of Africa. Compulsory military service, iron discipline and harsh punishments, coupled with endless *assegai* and physical training produced an army to be reckoned with. Its order of battle was much the same as in any European army. The Zulus had their regiments and corps, their officers and other ranks.

Little wonder then, that Chelmsford came to grief. But against Britain, the Zulus could never have hoped for a permanent victory. This was the age of conquest. Africa was being carved up, and throughout the book runs the thread of Boer and British expansion.

J C W

Cetshwayo, warrior born and bred, never stood a chance. This nephew of Shaka, the founder of the Zulu nation, grew up amid land disputes. The Boers stooped to many a low trick to rob the Zulus of their land, and the problems thus created were inherited by Cetshwayo when he mounted the throne.

Britain annexed the Transvaal in an attempt to sort out this sordid mess, but despite his high regard for the British, Cetshwayo would not and could not, surrender his nation's land to them either. To make matters worse, the Crown representatives with whom he had to deal were often hostile.

Eventually an ultimatum was delivered. Even if Cetshwayo had rejected violence, there seems little doubt that Chelmsford, in his own words, would have "driven him into a corner to make him fight." In the end, however, Cetshwayo's men were defeated. The king fled, only to be arrested later.

The esteem in which Cetshwayo was held is proved by his being allowed to visit London to plead his case. Queen Victoria granted him an audience, presented him with a silver cup, and commissioned his portrait. Eventually he was restored to his throne, albeit under impossible conditions. Cetshwayo returned to a Zululand which was divided. Civil war ensued, and while seeking the help of the British, Cetshwayo died.

His death remains a mystery. The British were convinced that he was poisoned, but since the king's followers would not permit an autopsy to be held, the puzzle remains.

Students of military history will be grateful to Mr Binns for telling, for the first time, the full story of a great African leader. The general reader will be grateful for a real-life story more exciting than any piece of Rider Haggard fiction.



Sutton's back-hand drive from the right shoulder carried for 200 yards.

Gallipoli—with his golf clubs

At a critical moment in Gallipoli, a Sapper subaltern took command of some officerless Gurkhas and led them in a counter-attack. The Turks retaliated with hand grenades. He picked up or caught six of them and threw them back; the seventh blew off his hand.

From this incident, one of the most colourful of the 'tween-wars China hands got his sobriquet, Tan Pang-tzu, "Single-Arm Fellow," as well as a Military Cross. His name was Frank Sutton, and Charles Drage recounts his bullet-spattered career as an adventurer in "General of Fortune" (Heinemann, 30s).

This tall and hefty Etonian was a qualified engineer and a mighty athlete who had lived dangerously in South America before the war. After Gallipoli he went to the War Office where he invented a fuze, helped to develop

CONQUEROR OF QUEBEC

THE Duke of Newcastle had been pestering King George II with stories about the peculiar behaviour of General James Wolfe. Angrily the King gave his famous retort: "Mad, is he? Then I wish he would bite some of my other generals!"

What kind of a man was this James Wolfe whose victory at Quebec gave us Canada? This is the question that Duncan Grinnell-Milne tries to answer in his book, "Mad, is he?" (Bodley Head, 30s).

Several books have been written recently on this campaign, but none so expertly as this. The author makes a very strong case for Wolfe as a first-class strategist and tactician, one of the few to realise the value of naval co-operation.

Quebec was a seemingly impregnable fortress commanded by a brave and experienced Frenchman, Montcalm. Everything seemed

against Wolfe. His health was poor, the Royal Navy was clamouring to get away from the St Lawrence before winter set in and, worst of all, his three brigadiers were agitating behind his back.

Despite this, Wolfe was hard at work studying the topography of the river, its tidal currents and the prevailing winds. Every day his telescope scanned the enemy lines searching for that fatal flaw that would give him victory.

As every schoolboy knows, he found it. Not by luck, as some would have it, but by a process of analysis and elimination. One would have to search far before one came across a more dramatic moment than the silent approach in boats towards the cliffs.

Grinnell-Milne has surely answered for all time those who would deny greatness to General James Wolfe.

A W H
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the trench mortar, and brashly caused a pointless altercation between Lloyd George and Winston Churchill. He ended the war in America, selling armaments and making speeches for war charities.

His next venture was gold-mining in Siberia, in the new Bolshevik disorder. He mined no gold, but got out after some profitable trading and considerable gun-play. He then decided to sell simplified mortars to the Chinese war-lords and found himself running the arsenal at the Chungking Mint and commanding it during a siege.

He became Master-General of Ordnance to the famous Old Marshal, who controlled Manchuria; trained and led a brigade which stormed the Great Wall (he was always anxious to get a field command), and was made a major-general in the Old Marshal's army—all this in defiance of a British Government order forbidding service with the Chinese war-lords. With his rewards from the Old Marshal, some gun-running and legitimate trading, Sutton amassed a fortune of £500,000—and decided to leave China.

Unwise investment in Canada, and the depression, combined to whittle away his capital, and at 50 he started from scratch again, as a circus barker.

He went back to China, but the opportunities for European adventurers seemed to have gone. An attempt at gold-mining in Korea led to his arrest by the Japanese Kempeitai. At last he went into business in Hong Kong and prospered peacefully until the Japanese invasion.

One-Arm Sutton went into an internment camp as he had gone ashore at Gallipoli, carrying a bag of golf-clubs, and there he died, in 1944, of hunger and heart-break.

RLE

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SOLDIERS IN SKIRTS

LADYLIKE first-aid qualifications failed to impress the matron of a London hospital in August, 1914, so a disappointed volunteer nurse set off to look for war-work in Serbia instead.

Thus started the military career of a remarkable woman soldier, Flora Sandes, which Alan Burgess describes in "The Lovely Sergeant" (Heinemann, 21s). Her first job was at a military hospital in Valjevo, where a typhus epidemic played such havoc with the staff that she found herself amputating gangrenous limbs.

This job ended with typhus, but Flora survived. On recovery, she joined a regimental field ambulance. The colonel soon invited her to enlist as a combatant private to join other women carrying rifles in the Serbian Army. Private Sandes fired her first shots at the enemy during the Serbian Army's disastrous retreat through Albania, and became invaluable when the retreat was over by getting rations and equipment for her regiment out of British and French allies.

She was promoted sergeant and fell in love with her company commander, but he was killed shortly afterwards in Macedonia and Flora was wounded in the same action. Flora's gallantry brought her Serbia's



The war now over, Flora Sandes relaxes on a river bank.

highest decoration and promotion to sergeant-major.

Influenza struck her down towards the end of the war and she was taken to hospital.

The war over, Flora stayed in the Jugoslav Army and in 1919 became its first woman officer. As a subaltern, she fell in love with her sergeant, an ex-Tsarist colonel. They resigned and married and went to live in Paris, where Flora became wardrobe mistress and chaperone at the Folies Bergères.

She was back in Jugoslavia when the Germans invaded in 1941, and for a few heart-breaking days became "Madame Captain." After several weeks in the hands of the Gestapo, she was released to nurse her dying husband. She herself died in East Anglia not long ago.

RLE

HITLER ASCENDANT

IT is now 24 years since the start of World War Two. A new generation of youngsters must be hazy about its background and course. "European Land Battles 1939-1943," by Trevor N Dupuy (Ward, 10s 6d), is designed for such people. In simple language, and with excellent maps and photographs, it records those terrible years.

The book begins with the growth of German militarism in 1934 and takes us through the period of appeasement when first Austria and then Czechoslovakia were flung to Hitler to satisfy his appetite for *lebensraum* or "living space."

Then it describes the new concept of *blitzkrieg* (lightning war) which the Germans unleashed on Poland. Here was a new type of war which was to be repeated against Norway, Holland, Belgium, France, Yugoslavia, Greece, Crete and Russia.

Apart from well-known events like the "Miracle of Dunkirk" and the "Battle of Britain," Dupuy explains almost forgotten episodes such as the Russo-Finnish and Italo-Greek wars. Finally, his book gives a picture of Hitler's tremendous tactical errors on the Russian front.

This is a book which should be

The FIRST BOOK Military History of World War II

EUROPEAN LAND BATTLES



by TREVOR NEVITT DUPUY

read by all those too young to recall the stirring words of Churchill—"We shall not flag or fail. We shall fight in France, we shall fight on the seas and oceans, we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the air, we shall defend our island, whatever the cost may be, we shall fight on the beaches, we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender!"

AWH

BADGES UP TO DATE

ALL who have an interest in the history and traditions of the British Army will be interested to know that the long-awaited third edition of "Regimental Badges" by Major T J Edwards (Gale and Polden, 37s 6d) has now been published.

The last few years have seen major changes in the organisation of both the Regular and Territorial Armies. In the Regular Army some 30 Infantry regiments have been amalgamated to form half that number, and the whole of the Infantry of the Line organised into brigades, all regiments of a brigade wearing the same cap badge. The distinguishing badge of regiments is now the collar badge, and many new designs have been introduced.

Regiments of the Territorial Army in most instances continue to wear the cap badge previously worn by Regular battalions. However, reorganisation has meant a considerable number of amalgamations, particularly among the former Yeomanry regiments which had been converted to the Royal Armoured Corps or the Royal Artillery, and this has necessitated the design of many new badges. All these changes are described in detail, with historical notes, and the new badges are illustrated in clear and authentic line drawings.

This new edition of the late Major Edwards' standard work has been very carefully revised by Mr A L Kipling, the military historian, with the result that, at the time of going to press, it is the only complete and accurate work of its kind in print—a "must" for collectors.

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