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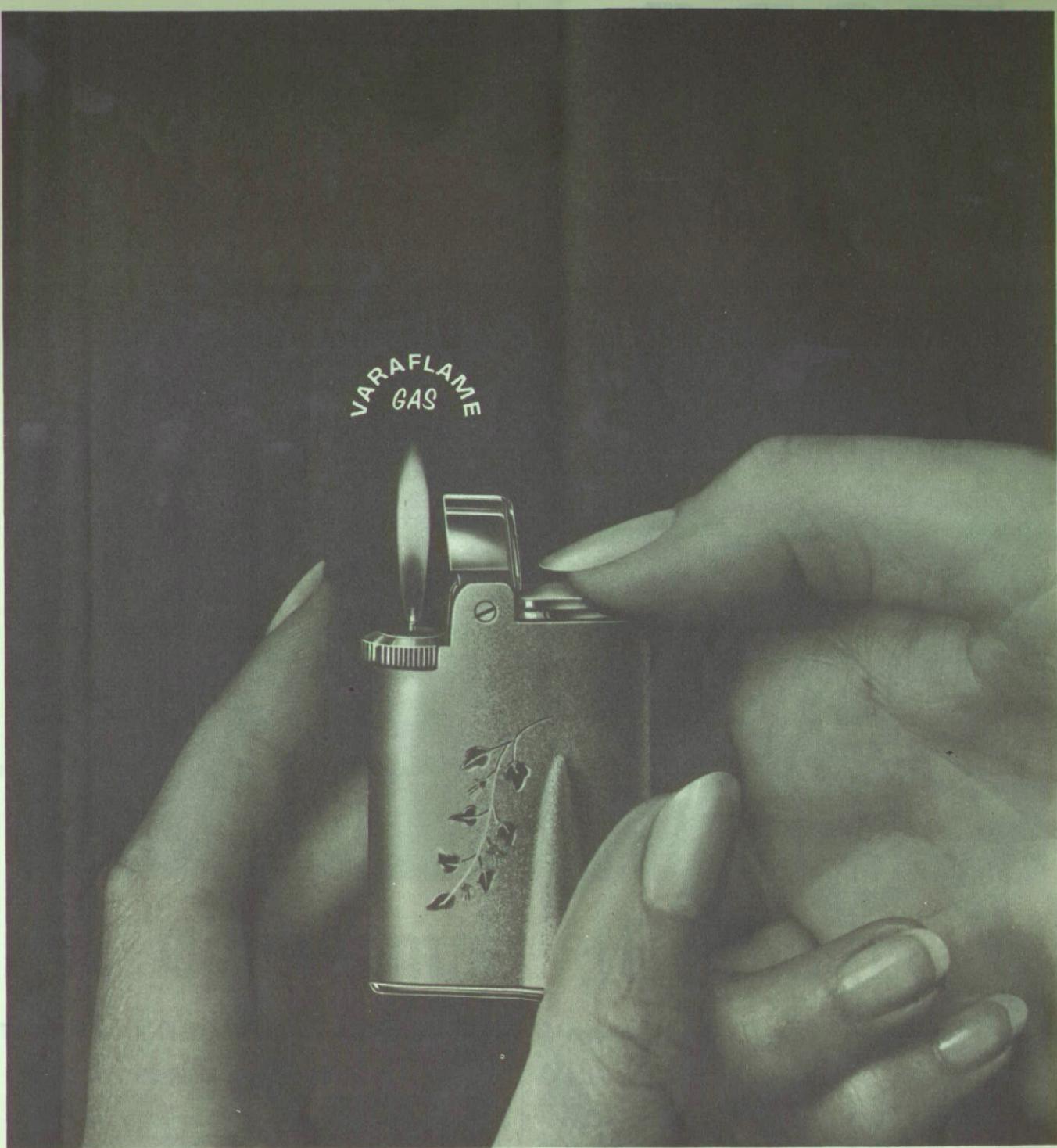
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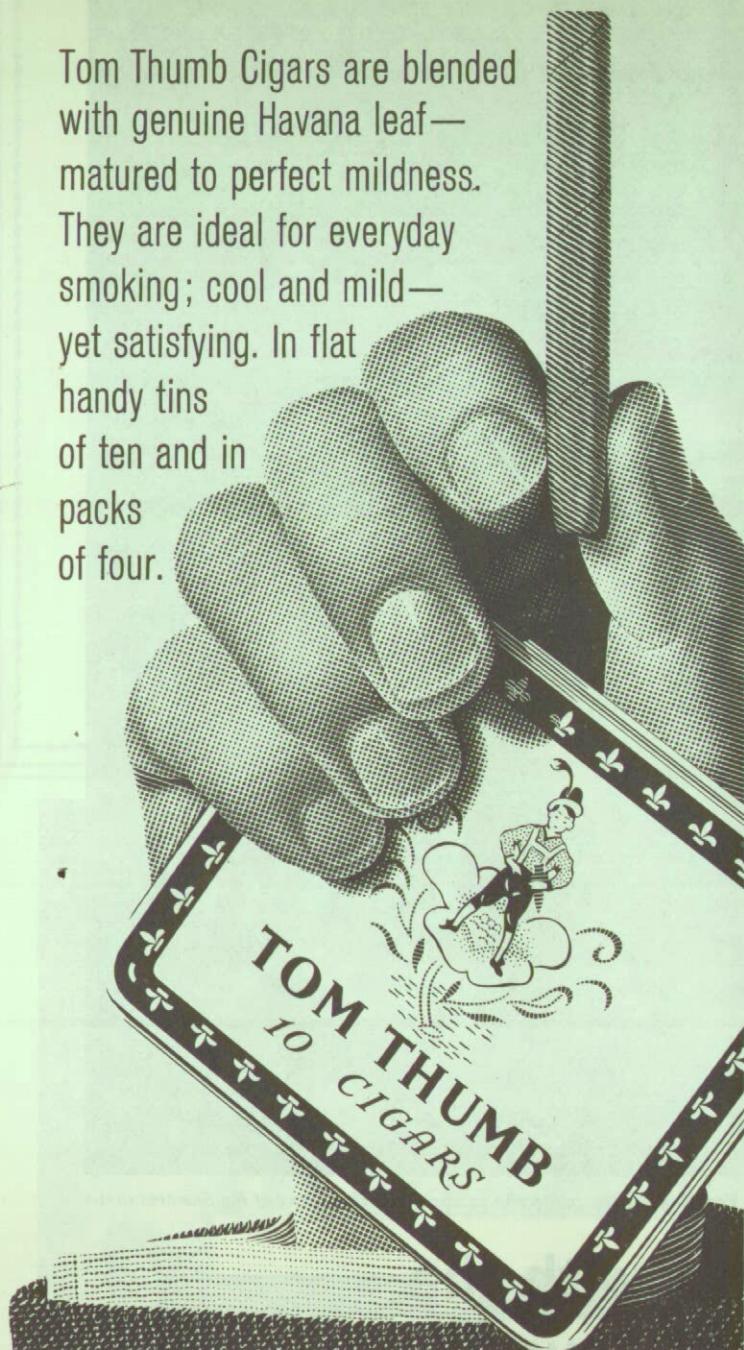
probably be boasting about her lighter's age long after she's stopped lying about her own. So before this Christmas gets any closer, look at all 14 Ronson Varaflame ladies' lighters and choose very carefully. Though whichever you pick, she'll know you love her.

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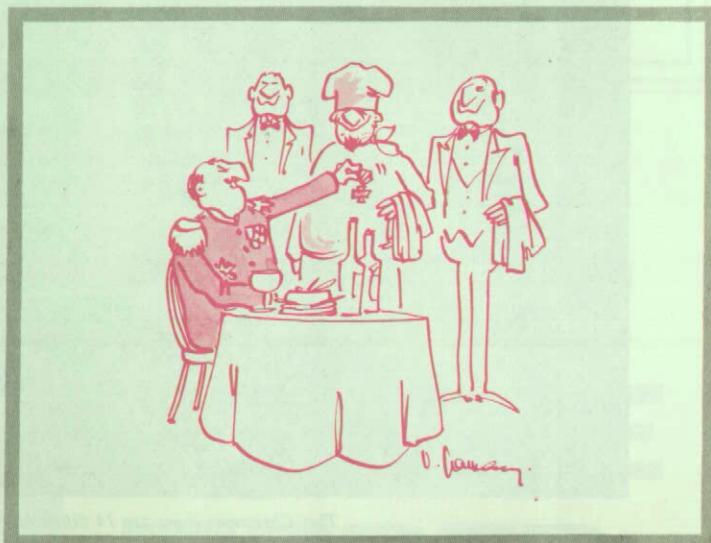
SOLDIER

DECEMBER 1964

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Christmas Message

From The Chaplain-General The Venerable Archdeacon I D Neill

MOST Christmas presents have to be unwrapped. So often they arrive in uninteresting brown paper tied up with knotted string and sometimes they are the worse for travel. Then, as we undo the wrappings, we find Christmas paper gay with Christmas trees, holly, candles, Father Christmas and his sleigh. It's all part of the fun! But the real thing is inside the wrapping and we struggle through.

At last we find the present itself and our delight is not only in what we have unwrapped but in that somebody has remembered us. "With dear love" perhaps the greetings read and we know that what has thrilled us and what has made the present so welcome is really the love and the thought lying behind it.

The wrappings are part of the gift. They make us interested, excited, eager and they get us into the frame of mind that we are ready for the gift. When God decided that the time had come to make His gift, He used wrappings too. Not Santa Claus and reindeer of fairy tale association but shepherds and wise men and angels. We have taken God's "wrappings" and we have made so much of them and sung carols about them so much that we could easily miss the gift in our enjoyment of the wrappings. -

I suppose the best-known verse in the Bible is "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son". THIS is the true Christmas gift. God has given Himself to us in a way we can understand. God has come to us because—*incredible as it is*—He loves us, and

loves us in spite of the fact that He is the only one who knows us through and through. So, as you enjoy the wrappings of this Christmas, as you hang up the stockings for the children, as you parcel your gifts, as you enjoy again the old familiar carols and the thought of simple shepherds and of royal wisdom all converging on the manger cradle—as you enjoy all this and more, remember the greatest gift is still deep down in the "parcel."

I wish we Christians were better Christians. We try to bring the gift to those who have not yet found it. But too often we present it like a trampled and bedraggled parcel which, occasionally, some embarrassed postman has to handle. If you haven't yet found God's gift to you don't be put off by our poor wrappings but rather look down through the lovely wrappings of the Christmas Story and find the truth for yourself. "How wonderful of God—He's thought of me—I matter to Him."

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believes in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Not in the manger only as I come

To match the thoughts made gentle by a child,

But that abundant life might be your heritage.

Not in great beauty only am I found

Of poet's verse and artist's coloured brush,

But in man's need and peril I have come to dwell.

Emmanuel—the name of God come down to man,

For in his sin and blindness man from God had turned,

And I am come in love to claim him back.

Fings ain't wot they used to be!

Story by RUSSELL MILLER, pictures by ARTHUR BLUNDELL

PRIVATE A J WILSON'S contribution to the war effort at the height of the Battle of Britain was picking up conkers in preparation for the visit of a senior officer the following day.

Twenty-four years later, Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson MC had good cause to remember that day as he strode across the conker-littered square of Norton Barracks, Worcester, with the cheers of his men still ringing in his ears.

For when the former conker-collecting private arrived as a stranger to take over command of 1st Battalion, The Lancashire Fusiliers, he announced, to the trepidation of the men, that he was going to "make a few changes."

And they certainly did not involve useless tasks like trying to pick up conkers faster than chestnut trees dropped them.

Among the first "few changes" were the banning of "bull," square-bashing, restriction of privileges and reveille, quickly followed by the introduction of only two full days' training every week with sport on the three remaining afternoons.

And that was only the beginning. Things began happening in 1st Battalion, The Lancashire Fusiliers, that would turn old soldiers pale.

But when, in October, Colonel Wilson's command came to an end, the Battalion possessed a brilliant reputation at work and play. And if its commanding officer ever had any personal doubts about his policy, the rousing cheers from his men at his farewell dispelled them.

The winds of change began blowing in the latter half of 1962 when Colonel Wilson's reputation arrived at the Battalion before he did. "We were all dead worried," said Fusilier Sidney Scott. "We just did not know what was going to happen, but most of the blokes thought things would be worse." They did not have to wait long to find out and at the end of the first week everyone realised that life was certainly going to be different, very different indeed.

It was hardest for the older soldiers to accept drastic new changes. "Shouting is inefficient," the new colonel told them—and demolished an integral facet of their working lives.

"It wasn't a revolution by any means," said the colonel. "All I was trying to do was make the Battalion more efficient by cutting out the time and energy wasted on unnecessary and outdated customs."

Outwardly the unit changed its appearance by wearing a sensible, practical dress—everyone from the regimental sergeant-major downwards adopted pullovers, trousers and stable belts, the only stipulation being that they should look clean, tidy and workmanlike.

Any notions of a life of ease under the radical colonel rapidly vanished. Three afternoons of sport a week were achieved only by completely revising work schedules and discarding all unnecessary jobs. "But we probably work harder now than we did before," said Sergeant Brian Walsh, a former trainee accountant who joined the Army five years ago.

"Drill just wastes time," said the colonel, with near sacrilegious disregard for convention and, except for short rehearsals for ceremonial occasions, drill was drastically cut to a church parade once a month.

Reveille was also abolished, with the

There's no square-bashing There's no reveille There's no bull There's no bawling



Colonel Wilson . . . "drill wastes time, it is outdated in the modern Army of today."

men being relied upon to get up and get to work in time. Those on late duty lie in until 10 am—"Making those chaps get up just because everyone else is getting up is just plain inefficient."

A new atmosphere filtered through the Battalion. Restriction of privileges as a punishment was abolished and fines were imposed in its place with detention in the guardroom for more serious offences.

"When I had a few too many drinks the other night and caused a bit of trouble, the CO fined me £7 10s because that is what they get for the same thing in civvy street. It seems fair enough to me," said Lance-Corporal Roger Young.

During the two full days' training every week, the men always get right away from the barracks to tackle realistic problems thought up and planned by the "bosses" during the recreational afternoons.

"You see, we don't train to dig a hole and stand in it," said second-in-command Major David Lloyd-Jones. "We try and make it interesting and exciting—for instance, we borrow a derelict barracks not far away to use for street fighting."

The men soon realised that the CO—they called him "Swinging Jim"—had an extraordinary ability to recognise hidden talents in men and bring them out in the right job. Men like Corporal John Feldon of the Recce Platoon.

"I used to be bored with the Army and always in trouble. But when things started changing in the Battalion everything got more interesting. The training is tough and keen and seems to have a purpose. There is no more shouting or blind obedience. If a bloke thinks he knows a better way of doing a job, he is not afraid to say so."

The results of this new feeling and new approach quickly made themselves felt. Petty crime virtually disappeared; trouble in the town disappeared; training and efficiency greatly improved and recruiting figures jumped to among the highest in the Army.

Now the Battalion is trying more and more to promote its new, up-to-the-minute image. On recruiting tours in Lancashire it stages spectacular mock battles on bomb sites and unscripted "This Is Your Life" programmes at which the men explain their jobs and the prospects.

Another interesting and unusual idea is a Selected Non-Commissioned Officers' Course, irreverently nicknamed the "IDC" (Imperial Defence College), aimed at broadening the outlook and scope of the Battalion's non-commissioned officers. The intensive programme includes lectures by prominent personalities, not necessarily connected with the Services, visits to factories and places of interest and help in planning training programmes.

A key figure during this time of radical change has been Regimental Sergeant-Major Frank Burrows, a man completely removed from the popular image of a bristling, open-mouthed, wax-moustached, very regimental RSM.

"All the warrant officers were surprised," he said, "when the CO explained his ideas, especially at the lack of drill. We all had to get used to a different way of life to what we had been taught. But it did not take us long to realise that the time spent on drill was being put to much better use."

"Now we have far less regimentation without loss of discipline and there is no more bawling and shouting. The accent is



Fusilier Scott (above) was "dead worried" about the arrival of the new colonel. But when the training (right) became more exciting he decided life was much better.



The RSM and the Colonel (above) ignore the conkers. Left: The approach is "come in and sit down" when a soldier wants to see his company commander about some problem.



Everyone from the Colonel downwards is a fan of the five bandsmen who form the Battalion beat group.

on essential training, morale and discipline.

"I have found it extremely interesting working with Colonel Wilson and there is no doubt in my mind that we now have a much better way of soldiering—I only wish it had happened ten years ago."

Perhaps the recruiting figures, above all, are the physical sign of success. Many of the new arrivals are recruited by men of the Battalion who go home and talk enthusiastically about their life—the Battalion's 15 sets of brothers virtually recruited each other in this way.

Now Colonel Wilson has handed over to his former second-in-command and great friend, Lieutenant-Colonel K A Hill MC. When he said goodbye to the Battalion he presented a portrait of General Wolfe, who commanded the Regiment from 1748-57, as a token of thanks for the honour of serving with them.

Lusty cheers echo through Norton Barracks as the men say goodbye to "Swinging Jim" (foreground).



SORROW to Soldier

As one of its most eventful years of post-war "peace" nears its end, the Army takes stock of itself and with military caution assesses its future under a new Government. And one by one the fundamental issues will reappear and be thrashed out.

This year the Army has been stretched almost to the limit of its numbers to maintain its strength in Germany, man overseas bases and garrisons and carry out its unenviable tasks of policing and fighting.

And this year the Army has deservedly earned international respect for the magnificent way in which its troops have rushed to trouble spots and stood so resolutely and impartially, particularly in Cyprus, between opposing factions.

As the Army takes stock of its achievements and eyes the future, so SOLDIER looks back on an eventful year and makes its plans for 1965.

In the past 12 months SOLDIER's world coverage has probably exceeded even the immediate post-war days when British troops soldiered in countless countries. SOLDIER's staff men have been to Canada, Holland, Corsica, the Trucial States, Aden, Gibraltar, Germany, Persian Gulf, Cyprus and to the rarely visited Sultanate of Muscat and Oman.

Other stories and pictures have come from Australia, Belgium, Berlin, Borneo, Brunei, Chile, Cyprus, France, Hong Kong, Italy, Jugoslavia, Kenya, Libya, Malaya, Malta, Nepal, New Zealand, Norway, Russia, Sarawak, South Vietnam, Spain, Swaziland, Switzerland, Tanganyika, Thailand, Uganda, United States and Zanzibar.

During next year SOLDIER hopes to introduce more new services for its readers and further improve the magazine. The "Medal," "Your Regiment," "World War One" and, of course, "How Observant Are You?" regular features will be continued, to which will be added a new feature about people.



His many friends, particularly in Southport and Kenya, will share SOLDIER's deep sorrow in the sudden death from a heart attack of colleague Alan J Forshaw. Alan, who was 31, had been a reporter and youth worker for six years in his home town of Southport before he joined Army Public Relations in Nairobi in July, 1962. His articles from Kenya made him known to readers before he joined SOLDIER as a feature writer less than two months before his death.

EX-MILITIA MAN IS NEW ARMY MINISTER

MR FRED MULLEY, the new Army Minister, certainly wasted no time after telling **SOLDIER** he intended visiting Army units to get first-hand knowledge of the problems.

Just three days after his appointment, he whisked off to visit Southern Command. There he met, among others, the 52 regimental sergeant-majors of the Royal Engineers attending their annual convention. He told them he was a little overawed, as a former lance-sergeant himself, to be among so many RSMs.

A few days later he flew off to Germany to spend four days with Rhine Army. This hectic start to his new job is typical of the determination and dedication Mr Mulley has shown throughout his career.

His background is a classic Socialist success story. Born in 1918, the son of a general labourer, he attended Bath Place Church of

Message to "SOLDIER" Magazine from
The Rt. Hon. Fred Mulley, M.P.
Deputy Secretary of State for Defence

It is a great privilege to have been appointed Deputy Secretary of State for Defence and to be the Minister for the Army. I am deeply conscious of the responsibilities of this post. I hope to gain first-hand knowledge of Army problems by visits to Army units when I will try to meet as many people as possible.

While it is true that in the defence field there are many problems which affect all three Services and indeed cannot be separated from international issues of great importance, nevertheless it is my job to consider the Army's well-being and I do not intend to lose sight of this especial responsibility.

Fred Mulley



Mr Fred Mulley arriving at his office in the Ministry of Defence, London

England School before winning a scholarship to Warwick School.

His first job was as a clerk in the National Health Insurance Committee offices in Warwickshire and at the age of 18 he joined the Labour Party and the National Union of Clerks.

Before World War Two was declared, Mr Mulley was called up into The Worcestershire Regiment as a militiaman. He was wounded at Dunkirk and in 1940, as a lance-sergeant, was taken prisoner-of-war. For five years he was a prisoner in Germany and during that time he showed the determination that was to take him to the top.

For, as well as being welfare representative in his camp, Mr Mulley studied with fantastic energy and devotion. While other prisoners were whiling away time, he was at his books and by the time he was liberated he was a BSc (Economics), a Chartered Secretary and had passed the Institute of Industrial Administration examination.

After the war he won an adult scholarship to Christ Church, Oxford; a research studentship in industrial relations to Nuffield College, Oxford; was a fellow of St Catherine's College, Cambridge, from 1948 to 1950 and in 1954 became a barrister-at-law.

With an impressive list of qualifications he won the seat for Sheffield Park in 1950 and has held it ever since. Specially interested in economics, defence and disarmament, education and European affairs, Mr Mulley was vice-president of the Western European Union Assembly in 1960 and is the author of "The Politics of Western Defence", recognised as one of the few authoritative books on NATO written by a British politician.

He will work under Mr Denis Healey, the new Minister of Defence, and will be assisted by Mr Gerald Reynolds, a front bench spokesman on Army matters, who has been appointed Under-Secretary of State (Army).



THE SCOUTS STEP IN



Silhouetted on a barren hillside (above), the local Arabs watch as the Scouts move into action in an area where tempers have again reached boiling point.

IN the Arabian Peninsula, arguments are often settled by the simple expedient of one party shooting the other. Unfortunately this solution, while quick and decisive, is not always final. It can lead to a prolonged, full-scale shooting match between whole tribes.

Arabs tend to prize their rifles more than human life and any excuse to use them is welcomed with enthusiasm—whether it is blasting into the sky during a Bedu dance or blasting at each other.

Men of the Trucial Oman Scouts know this better than anyone else in the world—for one of their essential tasks is to step in before the shooting when tribal disputes reach boiling point.

It is a job that requires many talents. For the Scouts—perhaps one of the most spectacular armies in the world—are responsible for keeping the peace in the Trucial States and it means keeping a well-tuned ear constantly close to the ground to be forewarned of likely trouble.

And when trouble does flare, the Scouts have to move fast and think quickly to persuade the opposing sides to lower their voices and perhaps their guns.

In the last resort the Scouts have to be prepared to stand literally in between the two parties and hope that they do not decide to resolve their differences or relieve their itchy trigger-fingers by mowing down the intermediaries.

Disputes between individuals and tribes which the Scouts are called on to smooth over are many and varied, but a typical example is the row involving the Habus tribe in the Ras-al-Khaimah district, where most of the inhabitants are descended from one of the biggest pirate tribes.

The Habus are fiercely independent people living in the foothills of a big mountain range which runs into Muscat and Oman. They live off their sheep and goat herds which graze part of the year in the hills and part on the plain below.

The harmony of the area was first upset when the Habus angrily discovered

that their grazing land on the plain was being cultivated and fenced off by farmers developing small gardens.

Trouble began with the farmers finding their fences broken down and wells and pumps damaged. Incidents became more frequent and more serious until about 50 Habus tribesmen built stone positions in the hills and began firing at everyone passing on the plain below.

D Squadron of the Trucial Oman Scouts quickly arrived on the scene and, ignoring the flying lead, the squadron commander calmly walked up to the Habus positions and curtly ordered them to "pack it in."

Much lengthy and noisy discussion followed and the situation was brought off boiling point, but continued to simmer gently.

The farmers and the Habus tolerated each other for a few months, but meanwhile the ruler of Ras-al-Khaimah needed gravel for building and ordered that lorries should collect it in the Habus' foothills.



Above: Mounted on camels a Scouts' patrol leaves headquarters at Sharjah. **Right:** This farmer had 100 young trees cut down in a raid by the Habus.



Below: Inevitable facet of Arab life is the pow-wow to exchange news and drink scalding hot coffee.



This opened all the old sores and the Habus immediately complained that the ruler was physically removing their territory. Then they impounded three lorries and sent a message to the ruler that if he wanted gravel from the area he would have to come and fight for it.

Scouts rushed back to the area in time to prevent both sides shooting it out and days of bedlam-like negotiations followed which finally resulted in the marking out of ground for gardens and establishing where the gravel was to be collected.

Whether it was the talking that settled this particular incident remains a matter for conjecture; nevertheless it did settle things—for a few months.

This year trouble flared again when the Habus warned that the garden fences were not strong enough and that their sheep and goats might break in—mysteriously they did so immediately.

The farmers retaliated by killing some of the goats and the whole chain was sparked off once more—Habus tribesmen broke into a garden at night and cut down more than 100 young trees and the Scouts once more appeared to separate the parties and calm them down.

These squabbles may have a child-like flavour to Western eyes, but there are serious undertones behind the juvenile arguments. Throughout the Habus incidents, there was a constant threat that the Habus might throw in their lot with another hill tribe, known to be spoiling for a fight, and start a battle on a really big scale.

The incident is typical of the hundreds with which the Trucial Oman Scouts deal every year. It is a tribute to their skill and tact that overall peace has been established in the Trucial States—an unusual situation which even the Arabs living there are beginning to enjoy.



COVER PICTURE

Gracing **SOLDIER**'s front cover this month is a Gurkha bride, Dhandrani Limuni, pictured in Nepal in her wedding dress the day after her marriage to Rifleman Bhuwansing Limbu. The wedding was at the Gurkha Depot, Dharan, where the bridegroom's father is regimental sergeant-major.

Picture by **SOLDIER** Cameraman **FRANK TOMPSETT**.



The Liberators Return



OPPIES fluttering in the autumn wind . . . the plaintive wail of a bagpipe lament . . . men, bare-headed in the rain, wiping away tears . . . memories flooding back . . . a bugle sounding the Last Post. It was the day the warriors returned.

Just 20 years ago they were battle-hardened troops fighting their way through the Netherlands, joyfully liberating towns in their path from Nazi occupation.

They returned to three of those towns—s'Hertogenbosch, Middelburg and Flushing—on the 20th anniversary not as liberators but as honoured guests. Dark suits replaced their mud-spattered uniforms, umbrellas their guns, and on the chests that felt the anguish of war were proudly pinned rows of chinking medals.

It was a happy, but nostalgic, occasion. Flushing and Middelburg were practically swamped by about 300 Old Comrades of the 52nd (Lowland) Division and by about 120 Territorial and Regular soldiers.

At s'Hertogenbosch it was a smaller, but equally moving, reunion. The liberators of 53rd (Welsh) Division were represented by a small party of Old Comrades. Major-General D L Darling DSO MC, present commander of the Division, led a deputation of officers.

Anniversary celebrations began there with the arrival of a liberation torch carried by young athletes from Normandy, and at an evening service at the town's resistance memorial the Burgomaster, Mynheer R J J Lambooy, lit a flame of remembrance.

The following morning a similar service was held at the Welsh Division memorial, attended by the Band of 1st Battalion, The Royal Welch Fusiliers, from Minden in Germany, and a Dutch Army band.

For one of the Welsh musicians, Sergeant Chris O'Connor, the service was more than just another engagement for the Band—he was one of the soldiers who liberated the town 20 years before.

The Germans defended s'Hertogenbosch street by street and building by building and it took most of the Division,



Remembering—Welsh Old Comrades at their own memorial and (top) Scots on their old battlefield.



At the Welsh Division memorial, Major-General Darling reads the lesson before laying a wreath.



A young Dutch athlete arrives in s'Hertogenbosch with a torch of liberation, carried from Normandy.

Welsh Division officers at a Town Hall reception with the Burgomaster before the tattoo (far left).



supported by tanks, four days of hard and bitter fighting to liberate the town.

That fighting was recalled later at a Town Hall reception attended by the British visitors and many former Dutch resistance fighters.

Stories and reminiscences came thick and fast, tragic, moving and amusing—like the Dutch doctor who had the wall of his house, overlooking a canal, blown out by Gunners who wanted a certain field of fire. When the fighting moved on the doctor decided he liked the view and had the hole made into a window which he now calls the "Welsh window."

Meanwhile, on the island of Walcheren, the Scotsmen had arrived by the hundred in a Royal Navy destroyer and cross-channel ferry. Every one of the 400-odd British visitors was accommodated in Dutch homes, huge evidence of the fantastic welcome and hospitality they received.

The anniversary celebrations began with conducted tours of the battlefields. Ex-Commandos, proudly wearing their old green berets, went back to the same beaches they stormed 20 years ago to free the island.

It was a tough and vital battle. The



The Band and Pipes and Drums of The Royal Highland Fusiliers beat Retreat at Middelburg.



Past and present soldiers of 52 Lowland Division plant a tree of remembrance on Walcheren island.

Studied expressions at a memorial service. In the centre is Major-General Leask and on his left is Major-General Hakewill-Smith, who commanded 52 Division during the battle to free Walcheren.



advance into Germany depended on the use of the port of Antwerp, and 52nd (Lowland) Division, with 4 Commando Brigade, was ordered to seize the German-held island of Walcheren, which controlled the mouth of the river.

With so many old soldiers back on their former stamping ground it was a day of countless personal reunions—even the Dutch resistance leader who first met the British troops on Walcheren was on hand to welcome them once again.

Later in the day many wreaths were laid at the memorial in Middelburg. Major-General H L E C Leask DSO, present commander of the Division, and Major-General E Hakewill-Smith MC, who commanded the Division during the battle, laid a wreath together.

On Middelburg's market square, thousands gathered to watch the Band, Pipes and Drums of 1st Battalion, The Royal Highland Fusiliers, beat Retreat. Then, after a reception by the Queen's Commissioner, nearly 700 people sat down to an anniversary dinner in Flushing.

The whole cost of the mammoth operation was met by the Dutch people, who literally overwhelmed the Scotsmen with hospitality. Bonds of friendship forged 20 years ago had been strengthened by the years and in Middelburg and Flushing the warmth of the welcome was apparent everywhere.

The Division set up its headquarters in the same room of the Provincial Offices in Middelburg that it used 20 years before.

On the battlefields and at the memorial services, every face told a different story. For the Dutch it was a time to remember the dreadful oppression of enemy occupation—for the British the beaches, towns and the country brought back the grim reality of war.

In the evening at s'Hertogenbosch, the Welsh and Dutch bands played at a tattoo on the market square. And next morning, six former Sappers of 244 Field Company, led by Captain T Cosgrove MC, re-visited the woods outside the town which they had cleared of mines.

More memories, more nostalgia, more anecdotes—they recalled lying up at the edge of the minefield when a British lorry, headlights blazing and completely oblivious of the danger, drove full speed into the minefield.

Unable to risk showing themselves, they watched fascinated as the vehicle entered deep into the minefield. Suddenly the driver realised something was wrong, turned round and drove out again unscathed. They never saw him again.

The horde of memories unleashed by the visits will be discussed for many months, by both Dutch and British. For although the flowers left on the memorials wilt and die, the feelings of comradeship between men who fought together 20 years ago will live on down the years.

Extreme left: Watched by a huge crowd of Dutch and British and flanked by a guard of honour from the Netherlands Army, the Burgomaster lays a wreath at Middelburg's resistance memorial.

Left: Under flags at half-mast, soldiers from many nations watch the moving ceremony as old soldiers remember the gallant Dutch resistance fighters who helped to make victory possible.



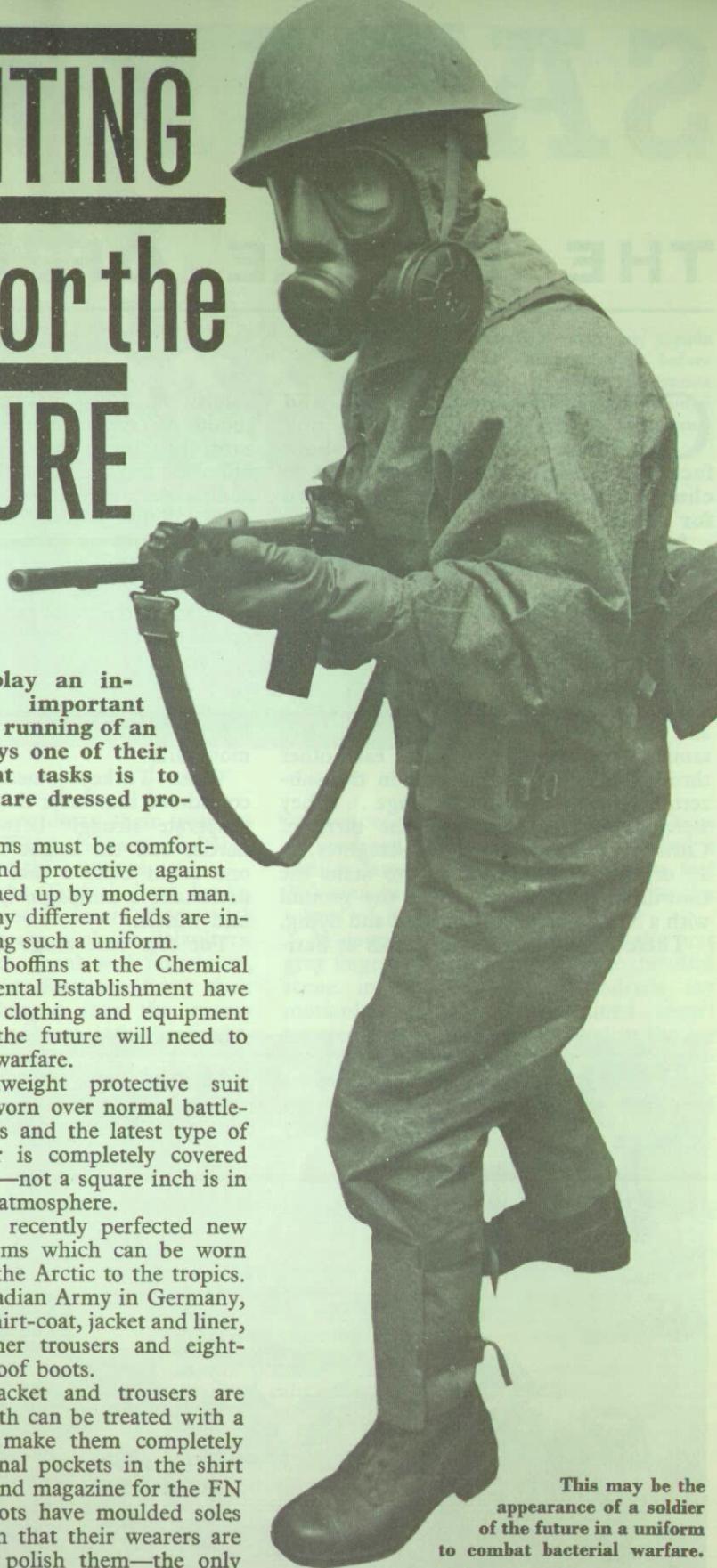
Canadian uniforms to wear winter and summer.



A French soldier wearing a polythene overall (above) looks fearsome when putting it on (below).



FIGHTING FIT for the FUTURE



BOFFINS play an increasingly important part in the running of an army and always one of their most important tasks is to ensure soldiers are dressed properly.

Modern uniforms must be comfortable, practical and protective against the hazards dreamed up by modern man. Experts from many different fields are involved in producing such a uniform.

In **BRITAIN**, boffins at the Chemical Defence Experimental Establishment have developed special clothing and equipment that soldiers of the future will need to combat bacterial warfare.

It is a lightweight protective suit (pictured right) worn over normal battle-dress. With gloves and the latest type of mask, the soldier is completely covered from head to foot—not a square inch is in contact with the atmosphere.

CANADA has recently perfected new all-weather uniforms which can be worn everywhere from the Arctic to the tropics. Issued to the Canadian Army in Germany, they comprise a shirt-coat, jacket and liner, winter and summer trousers and eight-inch high waterproof boots.

Parts of the jacket and trousers are rubberised and both can be treated with a silicone spray to make them completely waterproof. Diagonal pockets in the shirt each hold a 20-round magazine for the FN rifle. The new boots have moulded soles and are unusual in that their wearers are ordered NOT to polish them—the only maintenance required is an occasional treatment with a silicone compound.

The new uniforms give protection in temperatures as low as 22 degrees below freezing and are perfectly comfortable in temperatures as high as a sweltering 80 degrees.

At the army technical laboratory in **FRANCE**, the boffins have come up with a new battle-dress made of "Satin 300," a synthetic material which is very difficult to contaminate by radio-activity.

Unlike the Canadians, they favour completely different uniforms for summer and

This may be the appearance of a soldier of the future in a uniform to combat bacterial warfare.

winter, each with several different styles designed for men with specific jobs.

They have also developed a special polythene overall—like an enormous bag—which the soldier can pull over his battle-dress to give the same sort of protection as the British uniforms.

Not far from the French army laboratory, the world's leading women's fashion designers work in their Paris salons. But it is very doubtful that they put more effort or forethought into their designs than the men who design uniforms for the soldier.

SARIKAMISH

THE BATTLE OF CHRISTMAS DAY

CHRISTMAS morning, 1914, and the world at war. Mothers and children were putting on a bold face and trudging through the cold to church to pray for their loved ones and for peace.

Soldiers everywhere took a few hours off, laid down their weapons in their frozen trenches and tried to forget war. They sang a few carols; thought about their homes.

As it has done for centuries, the Christian world was calling a temporary halt to strife on Christmas Day.

But thousands of miles from the carols and the turkeys and the goodwill, two armies were struggling towards each other through blinding snowstorms in the sub-zero heights of a mountain range . . . they were destined to celebrate the birth of Christ in a bloody frenzy of slaughter, in an orgy of killing that was to stain the snowdrifts scarlet and cover the ground with a human carpet of the dead and dying.

There were no strains of carols at Sari-

kamish on Christmas evening, only the shouts of command, the howl of the blizzard, the screams of dying men, the bedlam of bullets and shells and the dreadful never-ending stutter of machine-guns.

The Battle of Sarikamish in the Caucasian mountains, 50 years ago on Christmas Day is little known and long forgotten. This is very surprising; for it can claim to be about the bloodiest battle ever fought on the day of "goodwill to all men."

The story begins a few weeks before Christmas with a huge concentration of Turkish troops at Erzerum, an important fortress town 6000 feet up in the Caucasus mountains.

When Turkey joined the war, it was considered inevitable that there would be a desperate struggle between the Sultan's hordes and the might of Russia, but no one could believe that any army would undertake a campaign in the Caucasus in mid-winter.

For this vast range of towering peaks

and snow-swept ravines forms a mountain wall between the two countries, running from the Black Sea in the west and the great bulwark of Mount Ararat in the east.

But, under her German advisers, Turkey chose to face the unspeakable horrors of a mid-winter campaign in those frozen snow-bound heights without roads or railways.

The plan was for the Turkish 11th Corps to drive the Russians northwards from a small town they had captured just inside Turkey. Meanwhile the 9th and 10th Corps were to attack from the north-west and cut off the Russian army in an enveloping movement. It was a bold and simple plan. Turkey threw in about 150,000 soldiers against Russia's 100,000.

The 9th Corps was given the job of capturing the railhead at Sarikamish. Equipped only with cotton summer uniforms, the gallant Turks struggled in deep snow up precipitous ridges and through waist-high drifts to a height of 10,000 feet.

In violent blizzards the supply convoys





Turkey's army on parade in Constantinople before its terrible Christmas ordeal in the snow-bound heights of the Caucasus.

completely broke down and the artillery was left behind as the men were forced on. On the morning of Christmas Day, the Turks were within striking distance of Sarikamish.

But the terrible conditions had taken their toll. Only 6000 men were left in the 9th Corps; they had not eaten for three days; the temperature was 30 degrees below zero; many of the soldiers were scarcely able to stand from exhaustion and hunger.

The Russians too had their worries—no reinforcements had arrived at Sarikamish. Undaunted, the handful of defenders marched out through deep snow to meet the enemy and, 13 miles from the town, they sighted the Turks and set up their machine-guns.

Ragged, hungry and half-frozen, the Turks rolled on in dense columns until, at 300 paces, the Russian machine-guns opened fire . . .

Men were mown down in their hundreds. It was a massacre. Realising that every hour was precious if Sarikamish was to be taken, the enemy came on with the madness of despair and, as one line fell before the machine-guns, another would take its place, then another.

Slowly the slender Russian line fell back under sheer weight of numbers—but every inch of ground was dearly sold. When the Russians moved their kitchens up to the front line, hundreds of Turks,

smelling food, threw down their weapons and surrendered. When they were fed they kissed the hands of their captors.

Several times the Turkish lines broke, but on each occasion German officers with loaded revolvers drove back the defaulters.

When the Turks, drunk with fanaticism, fired standing, the Russians fixed their bayonets and plunged into the enemy masses with ringing cheers, inflicting frightful slaughter.

At last, three miles from Sarikamish, the Turkish artillery arrived—but too late. By this time Russian reinforcements were

on the scene and the whole of the 9th Corps surrendered. The other attacks suffered a similar fate—in one battle the Turks lost 300 men in just one cavalry charge to the sabres of Siberian Cossacks.

At dawn on 26 December 1914 the first grey fingers of light crept over the dreadful scene in the Caucasus. Hundreds lay motionless in the blood-stained snow: tattered cotton uniforms flapped in the icy wind; equipment was abandoned everywhere. It was a scene of utter devastation—the blood-chilling end of the Battle of Christmas Day.

It happened in DECEMBER

Date

		Years ago
1	First Woman MP (Lady Astor) entered Parliament	45
2	Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood died	45
2	Napoleon crowned by the Pope	160
11	Battle of Magersfontein	65
15	Battle of Colenso	65
23	Hansom cabs patented by Joseph Hansom	130
24	Treaty of Ghent signed	150



Hansom cabs in the street outside the General Post Office in London in the early 19th century.

Left: Ragged, frozen and starved, Turkish stragglers retreat through howling snowstorms after their defeat at Sarikamish, in the Caucasus.



DECEMBER 1914

THE CHRISTMAS TRUCE

by KIRKBRIDE



"Did you have to head it?"



*"Schulz - Atkins - Finkleheimer -
Bloggs - Fritzenkraut - Jones . . ."*



KIRKBRIDE

CRACKERS



Padre's Hour x 24!

PARSONS PLEASURE" was the code-name of Rhine Army's most unusual exercise of the year. Only 24 men were taking part—and they were all padres.

From units throughout Germany the padres, wearing clerical collars with combat suits, reported to Sennelager, where their "battle" was to take place. Aim of the 24-hour exercise was to give them some experience of the jobs they would have to perform in war as regimental padres.

First of the "pleasures" was a map-reading test through thickly wooded country, simulating a move from one company position to another. Armed with maps and compasses, they made their way in pairs with one marching 100 yards forward on a compass bearing directed by the other.

This was followed by an obstacle and time trial course in Land-Rovers and Champs. Archdeacon I D Neill, Chaplain-General to the Forces, who had been

Padre Tony Jones (left) examining one of the "patients" with Padre Bert Stanley, the winner.

watching the exercise, could not resist the temptation to take part in the driving tests and in the subsequent test of the padres' basic mechanical knowledge.

After a night under canvas, the Royal Army Medical Corps provided a gruesomely realistic demonstration of an advanced dressing station where the padres were shown what help they could give the



▲ Interested spectator throughout the exercise was Archdeacon Neill (centre), the Chaplain-General.

◀ Runner-up, the Reverend I H Bull of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment, tackles the driving test.

medical officer in a unit position. All the cases were typical of the physical and mental wounds that could be expected after long or short battles. The padres practised first aid and helped "settle the patients' nerves."

Supervised by the Reverend John Cribb, Senior Chaplain of 4th Division, the exercise produced very close results, with the first ten competitors finishing within five points of each other.

Eventual winner was the Reverend Bert Stanley, chaplain of 1st Battalion, Grenadier Guards, Wuppertal. It was his second "Parsons Pleasure"—last year he came third.

Runners-up were the Reverend B J L Hay of 1st Battalion, The Black Watch, from Minden, and the Reverend I H Bull of 1st Battalion, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, Osnabrück.

THE ARMY'S MEDALS by Major John Laffin

36: Ashanti Medal 1900



THIS MEDAL was the first awarded in the reign of Edward VII and the campaign it commemorates might have become better known had the South African War not been in progress at the time. The obverse shows the British lion, standing on a rock with a native shield and two assegais below. One assegai is symbolically broken. Below is a scroll with the word "Ashanti." Only one bar was issued—Kumassi.

Trouble began when Captain V Armitage with a small force was sent to seize the "Golden Stool," a token of high authority owned by a native chief. The government believed that if it possessed this stool the natives would be more obedient. But when they heard of Armitage's expedition they broke into violent rebellion.

They surrounded Kumassi in which were

the Governor, Sir Frederick Hodgson, and Lady Hodgson. In mid-April two very small relief forces broke through into the town; a month later Major P Morris fought his way in. The authorities could use only the forces at hand; there could be no reinforcement from Britain.

The situation was serious; the garrison had to break out or starve. On 23 June Major Morris escorted out the Governor and his wife, taking a force of 600 and about 1200 non-combatants. Two captains with 100 men remained behind to hold the town.

Brigadier-General Sir W Willcocks relieved Kumassi on 28 July and a further force arrived on 7 August. Fighting continued until December, when the chiefs surrendered.

Disease and climate were as troublesome as the enemy. Of the total armed force of about 2100 no fewer than 62 British officers and 820 men became casualties.

The bar was awarded to all men in garrison at Kumassi between 31 March and 15 July and to members of the two later relief columns.

The medal, a fine one in appearance, has a black ribbon with two dark green stripes. Naming is in impressed small square capitals.





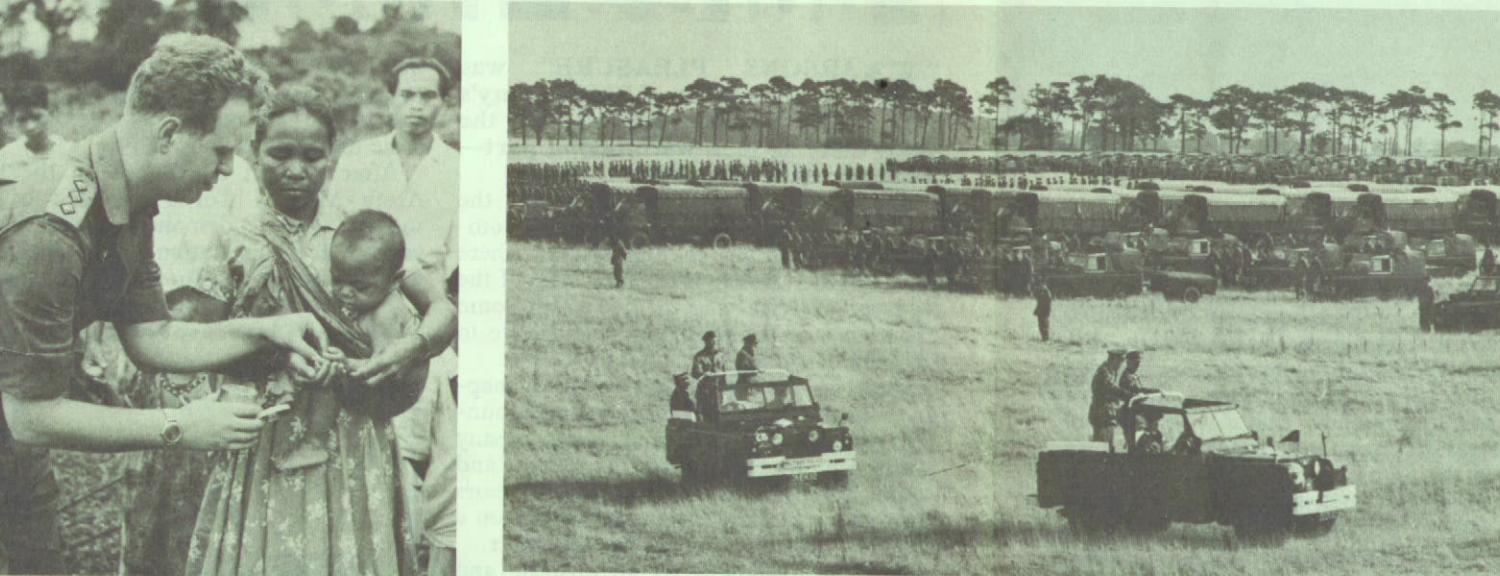
A hand-carried, self-powered radar unit, weighing only eight pounds and capable of tracking a variety of moving objects, has been developed in America. The unit, which will revolutionise military reconnaissance, can be used after a few hours' training and is particularly useful in front-line detection in heavily overgrown areas, or in poor visibility. It can also be used for communication with aircraft or vehicles.



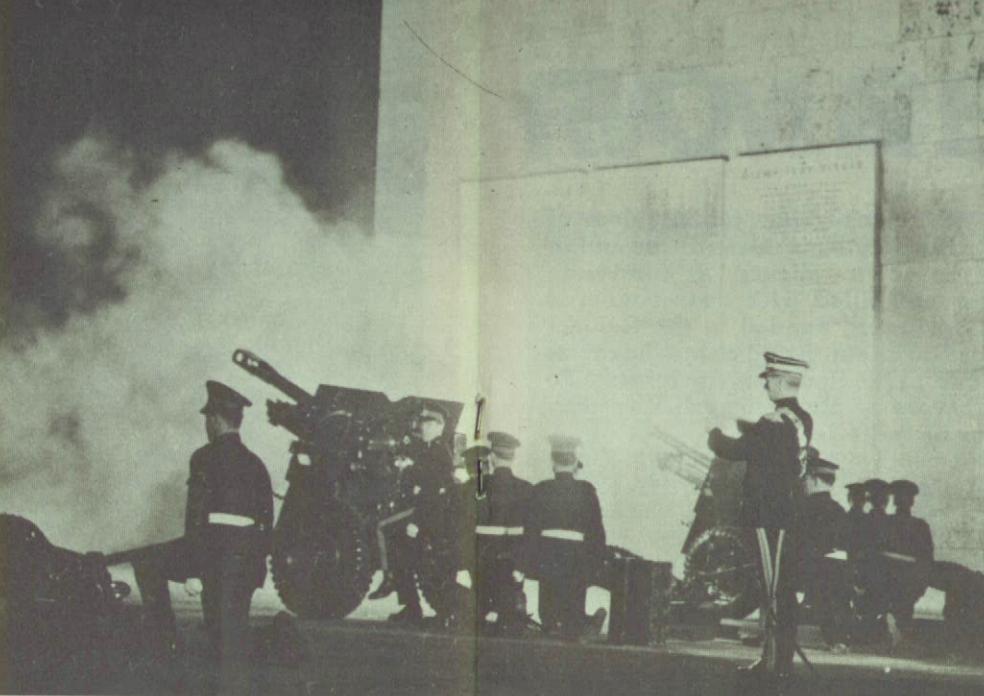
As well as looking after the health of 1st Battalion, The Royal Ulster Rifles, in Sarawak defending the newly independent state's border against Indonesian aggression, Captain Ken Rooke, the Battalion's Medical Officer, found himself with a new problem when 72 hungry and frightened Iban men, women and children stumbled into the Battalion's forward positions after an exhausting 48-hour trek over jungle-covered mountains across the Indonesian border. Many of the refugees were suffering from vitamin deficiency and malnutrition. Captain Rooke soon had a makeshift jungle surgery opened and was kept hard at it dispensing pills and ointment and giving treatment to the refugees who were temporarily housed in an Army marquee. Thanks to his untiring efforts they quickly regained their health.



When Major-General N Crookenden, Director of Land/Air Warfare, visited the Persian Gulf he was invited by Arab soldiers of the Trucial Oman Scouts to join them in a *fadal*—a corruption of an Arabic word for "please come and grab a handful." A large bowl filled with food is placed on the floor and everyone literally digs in, with the choicest tit-bits being handed to the principal guest. One of the officers serving with the Scouts has said: "A *fadal* is all right once you get used to it, but the first time people usually pick up the smallest piece of food possible, close their eyes, put it in their mouths, swallow and hope for the best. Biggest mistake is to ask what you've just eaten—it is best to let it remain a mystery."



At the end of 19 Infantry Brigade Group's Exercise "Storm King," one of the largest parades to be held in Britain since the end of World War Two—the front rank stretched for a quarter of a mile—was staged at Stanford, Norfolk. Representing battalions and support units which had taken part in the exercise, the 3000 troops, four regimental bands and 360 vehicles were reviewed by the GOC-in-C Southern Command, Lieutenant-General Sir Kenneth Darling DSO, who also took the salute at a two-hour march past.



When the British Army took over Berlin's vast Olympic Stadium for the Searchlight Tattoo—the biggest ever seen in the city—the crowd of 100,000 was certainly given value for money. More than 600 musicians from 16 regimental bands, and massed pipes and drums from four battalions, gave an impressive display of marching and counter-marching. Undoubtedly highspot of the Tattoo was the finale, when the bands played a new arrangement of Tchaikovsky's 1812 Overture, with Warrant Officer Tom Griffiths, Bandmaster of 17th/21st Lancers, conducting the gunfire. To add further effect to the crescendo of the battle sequence, fireworks and roving searchlights pierced the sky, while a carillon of amplified bells, signifying the Russian victory, echoed round the arena. Not to be outdone by this man-made tempest, nature joined in with an accompaniment of distant lightning flashes and hissing rain. Unknown to the audience, who gave the bands a standing ovation when the last cannon blasted across the stadium, Lieutenant Tony Richards, the Tattoo's music director, conducted most of the "1812" from memory—his rain-soaked score disintegrated during the performance!



Pick any continent and somewhere you'll find a bridge built by the Royal Engineers. Latest in their long line of projects is a 135-foot double-span bridge crossing George Creek near Petersville, New Brunswick, Canada. The bridge, which took 32 Squadron, Royal Engineers, six weeks to complete, was opened by Brigadier A F B Knight, Acting GOC of the Canadian Army's Eastern command, who described it as a permanent symbol of Commonwealth co-operation. The Sappers also built an approach road, opened by Lieutenant-Colonel I R R Hollyer, commanding 38 Corps Engineer Regiment, who named it "Ripon Road" after the Squadron's home station nearly 3000 miles away in Yorkshire.

LEFT, RIGHT and CENTRE



Fifty-five boys from Merseyside flew to Germany to spend a fortnight as guests of 1st Royal Tank Regiment at Hanover. The trip was thought up by the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel R E Simkin, when he found that many of Merseyside's youngsters had never been out of the area. Their first thrill was the flight to the Rhine and their second a civic reception by the German authorities in Bergen. The boys' fares and spending money, £20 a head, were found by the Corporations of Liverpool, Wallasey and Birkenhead, the Bronte Charity and private donations. The remaining expenses of £500 were donated by the Regiment, Hohne Garrison and by Territorials of 40th/41st Royal Tank Regiment. To add to their excitement the boys, aged between 12 and 15, lived under canvas and were entertained with a packed programme which included a visit to Hamburg Zoo and docks, tank rides, film shows, sailing, a barbecue, a concert and a variety of games on the assault course.



Men of the Royal Signals represented Britain at the commemoration of the World War One Battle of the Marne at the French cathedral city of Rheims. Commanded by Captain W G Robinson, the 100 men were all from 11 Signal Regiment, Catterick. In pouring rain President de Gaulle reviewed the British, French and Belgian troops taking part and during the march-past the crowd whistled and sang when the band leading the Royal Signals contingent jauntily struck up "It's a long way to Tipperary."

THE HEROES OF RAMNUGGAR



14th / 20th KING'S HUSSARS

Above: The crest of the Royal House of Prussia—cap badge since 1798 for the Regiment.

Right: A familiar scene for today's Hussars—armoured cars on an exercise in the Libyan desert near Benghazi.

Below: Ferrets and Saladins are used for the Regiment's armed reconnaissance role.



"All you who are kicking your heels behind a solitary desk with too little wages, and a pinch gut master, all you with too much wife, or are perplexed with obstinate and unfeeling parents, may apply to Sergeant Hammond, at the Rose and Crown, Whitechapel".

This was how an early recruiting poster of the Napoleonic War period attracted young men for service with the 14th Light Dragoons. The poster went on: "Those of address and education are sure of preferment, your comforts in the service surpass all clerks or mechanics, an hospitable table and a capacious bowl of punch that will float or sink the little Corsican chief. NB Four Farriers are wanted and a Master for the Band."

THE clock strikes ten, the door of the Sergeants' Mess opens and in complete silence a handsome silver cup, filled with champagne, is carried in and handed to the Colonel of the Regiment. Amid cheers he raises the cup to his lips with the toast: "To the heroes of Ramnuggar! May they never be forgotten!"

Last month in Libya the 14th/20th King's Hussars celebrated Ramnuggar Day for the 116th time, commemorating the heroic charge during the second Sikh War in India by the 14th Light Dragoons, one of the Regiments from which the 14th/20th King's Hussars were formed in 1922.

The date was 22 November 1848. The Sikh Gorchurras (Irregular Cavalry) had crossed the dried-up River Chenab, at Ramnuggar, in large numbers. The British Commander-in-Chief, Lord Gough, ordered the 14th Light Dragoons, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Havelock, to charge and drive them back. Under withering fire from artillery, two squadrons of the 14th routed the Sikhs.

Colonel Havelock noted that dry channels leading into the river bed were alive with Sikh Infantrymen. Havelock reformed his squadrons, now reinforced by the 5th Light Cavalry, and contrary to Lord Gough's orders, charged a second time. The Cavalry hacked their way into the centre of the oncoming enemy, forced them back to the river and then, despite the overwhelming odds, cut and slashed their way back to safety.

The charge cost the 14th the lives of 40 men, including Colonel Havelock, whose action was later described by Lord Gough as "headlong valour."

To commemorate their joint action the 5th Light Cavalry presented the 14th with the Ramnuggar Cup and each year the anniversary has been celebrated with the formal toast-drinking ceremony, a ball in the Sergeants' Mess, and a Regimental parade.

The 14th Light Dragoons were raised in July 1715 by General James Dormer and in their first action, four months later, they attacked a Jacobite force at the Battle of

RAMNUGGAR



A regimental tradition—toasting the heroes of the past from the Ramnuggar Cup (above) presented to the Regiment for its famous charge against the Sikhs in 1848 (left).



Preston. Two days later the rebels surrendered and the 14th escorted the prisoners to Lancaster gaol. Today the Regiment recruits in Lancashire.

After Preston the Regiment served a total of 73 years in Ireland, changing its role from dragoons (mounted Infantry) to light dragoons, responsible for reconnaissance; a role which the 14th/20th retains in today's Army as an armoured car regiment.

In July 1798 the Regiment became the 14th (or Duchess of York's Own) Regiment of Light Dragoons. George III gave it this name after the Regiment had received and escorted Princess Frederika of Prussia on her arrival in England to marry the Duke of York. The Princess conferred on the Regiment its present cap badge, the Prussian Eagle—crest of the Royal House of Prussia.

The collar badge, the Royal cipher within the garter, was conferred by William IV in 1830, when he ordered the Regiment to change its title once again to "The 14th" or "The King's Regiment of Light Dragoons."

During the Peninsular War, where it was a great favourite of the Duke of Wellington, the Regiment gained another of its treasured souvenirs. In the rout after the Battle of Vittoria on 21 June 1813, the 14th pursued the French and after passing their slow-moving baggage column, struck at the enemy's rearguard, capturing a tumbrel.

In it was the personal baggage of

Napoleon's brother, King Joseph of Naples. To the delight of the Dragoons one of the captured items was the King's silver chamber pot, complete with the engraved crest of the Napoleon family and a napkin also embroidered with the crest.

This pot, known as "The Emperor," is filled with champagne and passed round the Officers' Mess on guest nights. By tradition the last to drink, usually the most junior member, places the pot on his head when it is empty.

Seven years after the battle the Regiment was accorded "Vittoria" as a battle honour and this was added to the guidons, with the names of "Talavera," "Fuentes d'Onor," "Salamanca" and "Orthes."

In the Sikh wars the Regiment added more battle honours to its growing list and in 1858 was awarded its first Victoria Cross, won by Lieutenant J Leith who saved the life of a fellow officer at Betwa.

During World War One the 14th fought mainly in Mesopotamia, causing some confusion among the German forces who could not understand why British troops wore the Prussian eagle in their caps.

The 20th Light Dragoons were raised in 1759 during the Seven Years War against the Austrians, Russians and French. They later saw active service in all parts of the world, including the West Indies, South Africa, South America, Sicily, Italy and the Sudan.

One of the 20th's most historic actions was fought at Vimeria on 20 August 1808.

When the British Infantry were being hard pressed by enemy attacks and French Cavalry was forming up for a charge, Colonel Taylor, commanding the 20th, was ordered to advance with Portuguese support on both flanks.

As they passed, Sir Arthur Wellesley, later Duke of Wellington, shouted: "Now, 20th! Now's your chance!"

They cut a path through the oncoming French Cavalry and rode down another body of reserve Cavalry. They then charged a large number of Infantry and grenadiers and killed them to a man. Charging on they found themselves surrounded by hedges too high for their horses to jump over and were under withering fire from enemy Infantrymen hidden in the hedges when the 50th Foot advanced and drove off the French.

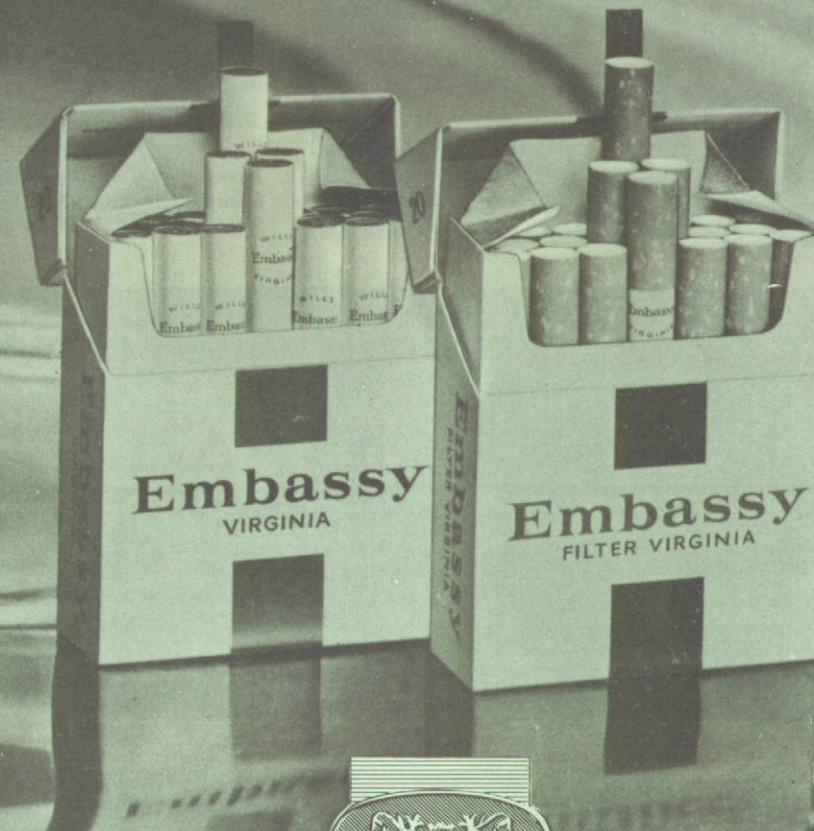
After amalgamation in 1922 the 14th/20th served mainly in Egypt and India and became the 14th/20th King's Hussars in 1936.

The Regiment also wears the crossed kukris of the Gurkha Rifles—this stems from service during World War Two as the armoured regiment of the Gurkha 43rd Lorried Infantry Brigade Group.

Fighting side by side, Hussars and Gurkhas took the town of Medicina in Northern Italy causing General Freyberg, the New Zealand Corps Commander, to comment: "That is the only formation the New Zealanders have admired from behind."

W.D. & H.O. WILLS

Embassy

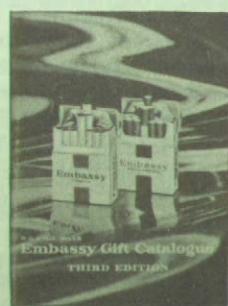


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(BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE)

THE YOUNGEST SUBALTERN LOWERED THE FLAG

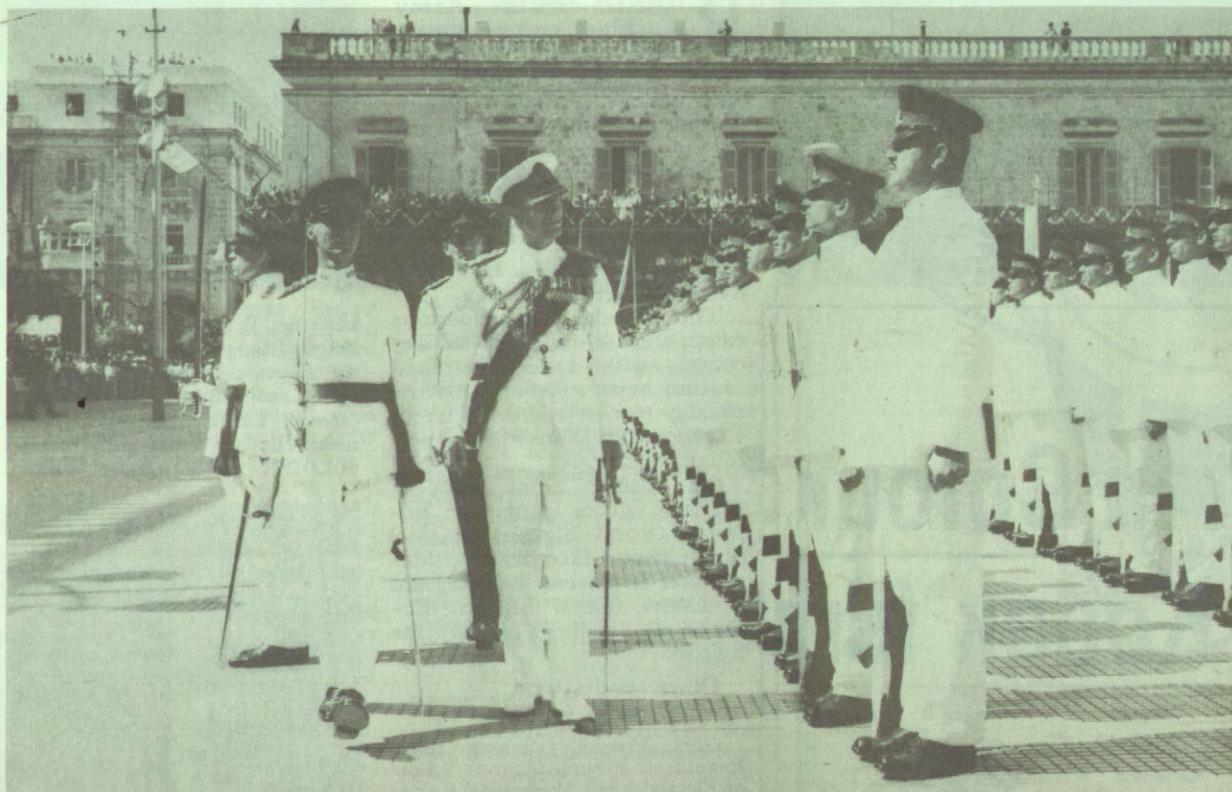
THE wheels of time turned full cycle for the George Cross island of Malta when the youngest subaltern of 1st Battalion, The Royal Sussex Regiment, Lieutenant S C Thorpe, hauled down the Union Jack to mark the end of 164 years of British rule. In 1800, the same Regiment raised its King's Colours after capturing Fort Ricasoli, Napoleon's last stronghold on the island. Today, those same Colours, the island's first British flag, hang in a place of honour in the Palace Armoury in Valletta.

Representatives of the three British Services and other NATO countries played a large part in the island's independence celebrations. In a two-hour tattoo, watched by a crowd of 60,000, men of The Royal Sussex Regiment, dressed in the uniform of the period, recalled the scene on the Fort's ramparts in 1800 with a tableau "The First British Flag"—one of five tableaux depicting major events in Malta's history.

The Regiment's Band and Corps of Drums, with the bands of The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment and the

Royal Malta Artillery, were featured in a massed band display of marching and counter-marching.

During his stay on the island as the Queen's representative at the celebrations, the Duke of Edinburgh paid his first visit as Colonel-in-Chief to his own Regiment. After inspecting a Guard of Honour, Prince Philip strolled round the barracks chatting with all ranks and meeting wives and families. He said he hoped the Battalion was enjoying its stay in Malta as much as he did during his service in the Royal Navy.



Dazzling white uniforms were the order of the day for men of the Royal Malta Artillery when they were inspected by Prince Philip — one of the many military events during the island's independence celebrations.



Thrill of a lifetime for wives and children — the Duke of Edinburgh stops for a chat during a visit to his own Regiment in Malta.

OLYMPIC SILVERS FOR TWO TERRITORIALS

TWO silver medals and a mountain of praise was the reward for the British soldiers who represented their country in the £1,000,000,000 Olympic Games in Tokyo. In every respect, the Army is proud of them.

Former world épée champion Major H W F Hoskyns, a Territorial of North Somerset Yeomanry/44th Royal Tank Regiment, won a silver medal in the individual épée event and brought Britain closer than ever before to winning a first gold medal for fencing.

In the final barrage against Russian Grigory Kriss, Hoskyns often looked close to winning, but the match ended with a gold for Kriss with five hits to two.

After winning his silver, the Somerset fruit farmer carried on

fencing in the team events but was unable to prevent Britain's épée team, which included Rome bronze medallist Captain Michael Howard, Royal Pioneer Corps, from being eliminated in the second round. Both Hoskyns and Howard were in the sabre fencing team which was eliminated after being beaten first by Rumania 10-6 and then by France 9-2.

Britain gained an unexpected silver medal in the rowing finals when our coxless four—which included Hugh Wardell-Yerburgh, a Territorial lance-bombardier in 883 (Gloucestershire Volunteer Artillery) Locating Battery, Royal Artillery—finished only one second behind the winning Danes.

The silver medallists were a scratch crew decided only seven weeks before and Wardell-Yerburgh,

previously contesting for a place as a skuller, was added only at the last moment.

Two Army riders in the equestrian three-day event—Captain James Templer, Royal Horse Artillery, and Sergeant Ben Jones of The King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery—both gave promise of bringing home a medal. In this event, horses and riders undergo dressage tests, complete 20 miles of an endurance course and then jump in a show ring.

At the end of the first day, Britain was proudly in the lead largely due to Sergeant Jones, the first non-commissioned officer ever to ride for Britain in an Olympic three-day event. With a faultless performance, and undoubtedly the best dressage test he has ever completed, he conceded only 35 penalty points.

continued on next page



MEN AND MACHINES

RIDING British Army machines and obviously handicapped by this, a Royal Swedish Army team was decisively beaten by a nominated British Army team in the Army Motor Cycling Championships at Longmoor, Hampshire. The British team, which recently did well in the Vali Bergamasche competition in Italy, won back the Swedish Army Trophy.

The two-day championships comprised a 40-mile map-reading course, with acceleration and braking test, a 20-mile cross-country section and a circuit of 15 observed sections in extremely rough country.

The British Army team of Warrant Officer II M G A Edwards (Royal Signals), AQMS Noyce (Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers) and Sergeant P Lasota (Royal Signals) forfeited 78 points against the Swedes' 159.

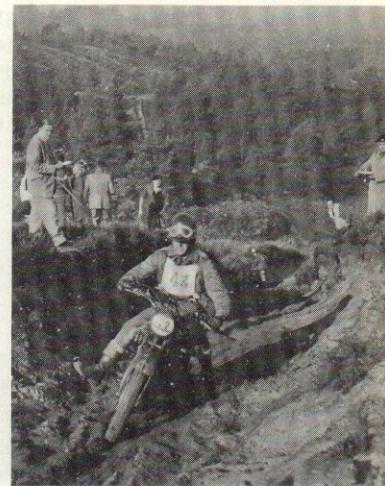
Other results were:

TEAM EVENTS

Gort Trophy (winning team, Regular or Reserve Army): School of Electrical and Mechanical Engineering, 119. Mills Trophy (best Regular team, excluding Gort winners): Army Motor Transport School, 128. Graham Walker Cup (best Reserve Army team, excluding Gort winners): 3rd Battalion, The Gordon Highlanders, 182. Silver Cup (third best team, excluding Gort, Mills and Walker winners): 1 Training Battalion, Royal Army Service Corps, 163. Parham Trophy (best Royal Artillery team): 288 Light Air Defence Regiment, Territorial Army, 270.

INDIVIDUAL EVENTS

Norton Trophy and Royal Signals Cup (best rider, Regular or Reserve Army): Sgt P Lasota, 23. Motor-Cycle Industries Trophy (best Regular rider other than Norton winner): AQMS Noyce, 28. Motor-Cycle Industries Cup (best novice rider other than Norton winner): Sgt Smith (1 Training Battalion, RASC), 42. Holden Trophy (best Reserve



Left: Sgt D Brooker, London Rifle Brigade/Rangers, negotiates one of the observed sections. Feet down (and penalties) as L/Cpl I Davies (above), 1st Division Signal Regiment, climbs a sandy gully. Below: SOLDIER Shield winner Watton.



Army rider other than Norton winner): L/Cpl G Saddler (London Rifle Brigade/Rangers, TA), 29. Rhyl Cup (best Regular RA rider): Capt J A Booth (D & M Wing, RAC Centre), 71. Best Reserve Army RA rider: Cpl I Telfer (277 (A & SH) Fd Regt, TA), 65. Best Royal Marine: Sgt T Harris, 28. Second best: Mne D Smith, 47. Third best: Sgt D Stirzaker, 57. SOLDIER Magazine Shield (best Regular or Reserve Army private not winning other individual award): Sgmn J Watton (24 Sig Regt), 54.

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But the following day the British team—hot favourites for a gold—was eliminated. Captain Templer, on *M'Lord Connolly*, achieved maximum bonus points on the steeple-chase and started at the same pace on the cross-country, galloping and jumping with great zest. But at the 27th fence *M'Lord Connolly* refused and was eliminated.

Hopes still ran high that Sergeant Jones, lying fifth on the second day, would get an individual medal, but during the show jumping he picked up 30 penalty points and finished a disappointed ninth.

Britain's two-man gymnastics team, anxiously watched by team manager Nick Stuart, a former sergeant-major instructor in the Army Physical Training Corps, was foreseeably overshadowed by the brilliant Russians and Japanese.

One half of the British team was Staff-Sergeant Instructor John Pancott, Army Physical Training Corps, who hitch-hiked to Tokyo to attend the Olympic rehearsal. Although his lowest mark was 8.2, he was unplaced among the high Olympic standards, but the team fulfilled its main object which was not to conquer, but to learn and pass on the wisdom at home.

Britain's modern pentathlon team, led by Sergeant Mick Finnis, 1st Battalion, The Middlesex Regiment, never presented any serious challenge to the brilliant pentathletes from Russia and Hungary. Despite an injured shoulder muscle, Finnis

made a good start in the riding event, and in the fencing Bob Phelps—the only civilian member—pulled up to fifth place overall.

Sergeant T Brereton, attached to The Parachute Regiment, who hitch-hiked from Britain to Tokyo to be the team's swimming coach, must have thought his journey worthwhile when the team came third with Lance-Corporal Jim Fox, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, finishing fourth overall.

Finnis maintained his reputation as a fine marksman in the shooting but both Phelps and Fox put up disappointing scores. In the last event—the cross-country—Fox was again fourth and helped the British team to finish ninth of the 11 teams. Individually Finnis was 21st, Phelps 25th and Fox 29th.

Bitter disappointment came when world-famous light-welterweight Dick McTaggart—a Territorial sergeant of 1st Battalion, The Glasgow Highlanders—was eliminated in the second round after a points decision in favour of Jerzy Kolez (Poland). Convinced he had taken the first two rounds, the stylish Scot really had a go in the last round—but there was a 4-1 vote against him.

After an easy win against Australian Joe Rossi, in the first round, McTaggart seemed set to win yet another Olympic medal. His defeat was a surprise to many experts who watched the contest.

Identical twins Adrian and Stuart Jardine—both captains in the Royal

Engineers—were members of Britain's Olympic yachting team, with Adrian a member of the crew of *Yeoman XII*, the British 5.5-metre yacht, and Stuart a reserve.

Skipped by R A Aisher, *Yeoman XII* had her best race after fracturing her mast—instead of retiring, Aisher not only sailed on but finished sixth overall, although she was never in the medal reckoning.

In the athletics, Lance-Corporal Ernie Pomfret, 10th Royal Hussars, qualified for the 3000 metres steeple-

chase final, but was sadly outclassed finishing 10th and last in a time of 8 minutes 43.8 seconds. But he did have the satisfaction of seeing his stable-mate Maurice Herriott win a silver by finishing second to world champion G Roelants.

The fourth Territorial, Private Alan Dean, 6th/7th Battalion, The North Staffordshire Regiment, failed to qualify for the semi-final of the 800 metres—but he is a young athlete without much experience but with plenty of promise.



Five English amateur internationals were in the Football Association eleven which provided the Army with their first victory of the season. A goal up in three minutes, the soldiers built up a three goal lead in about half an hour. The 4-1 win bodes well for the future. Army goalkeeper Private Brian Gambrill, pictured making a save above, was one of the stars of the match.

SPORTS SHORTS

SAILING

Superior teamwork enabled the Royal Air Force to win the Inter-Services Dinghy Team Racing Championship sailed in *Fireflies* on Plymouth Sound. It was their third successive victory in the competition. The RAF helmsmen won all their four races, the Navy were second with two wins and the Army last with no wins at all.

SOCCER

After twice being a goal down, the Army beat Cambridge University by three goals to two in a fine, hard-fought game at Cambridge. One-all at half time, the University again scored first but five minutes later Signalman A Gordon equalised and ten minutes later the Army scored the winning goal.

SWIMMING

Title holders for only one year, the Army were narrowly beaten by the Royal Navy in the Inter-Services Swimming Championships in London. The Army team, which included four Junior Leaders, scored 69 points to the Navy's 72. The Women's Royal Army Corps were last in the women's events.

But at the Middle East Command Inter-Services Swimming Championships in Aden it was the WRAC who saved the day, taking the women's title with a convincing win after the Army men's team was beaten by both the RAF and the Navy.

RIDING

Major-General C H Blacker and *Pointsman*, the 16-year-old chaser on whom he won the Grand Military Gold Cup 10 years ago, were easy winners of the open class at the Army Hunter Trials at Tidworth. He completed the two-mile course in the fastest time of 6 minutes 7 seconds and also, recorded the only clear round. Major-General H J

Mogg's *Chevalier* won the novices class and Captain A B Maxwell-Hyslop's *Silver King* won the intermediate.

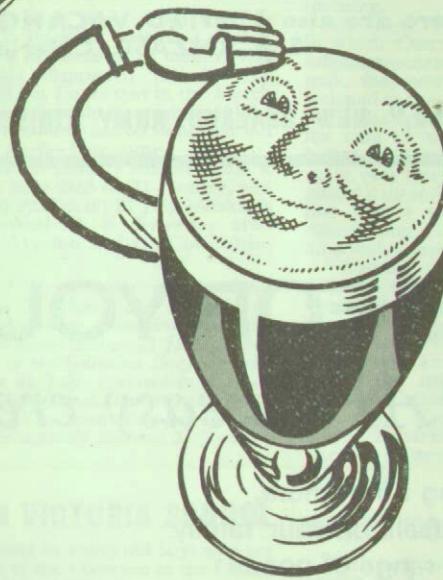
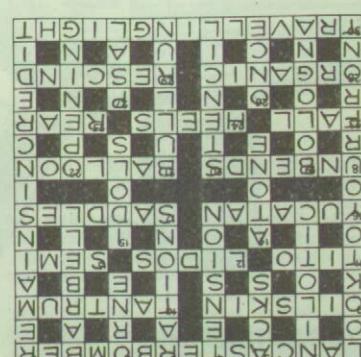
ATHLETICS

Prizes are to be presented at Christmas to the record holders of the world's highest one-mile race. It is run on Mukeiras airstrip, 7000 feet above sea level in the South Arabian mountains. The idea of an RAF officer serving at the airstrip, the record stood at 8 minutes 25 seconds until other athletes arrived to try running in the rarified atmosphere. Now the record is a little over 5 minutes and Servicemen and civilians in three age groups who set up the fastest times are to receive special awards this month.

MOTOR CYCLING

A team from the School of Electrical and Mechanical Engineering won the Dartmoor Trophy, principal award in the Dartmoor Motor-Cycle Trial. Winning Territorial Army team was from The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry.

CHRISTMAS CROSSWORD SOLUTION (see page 39)



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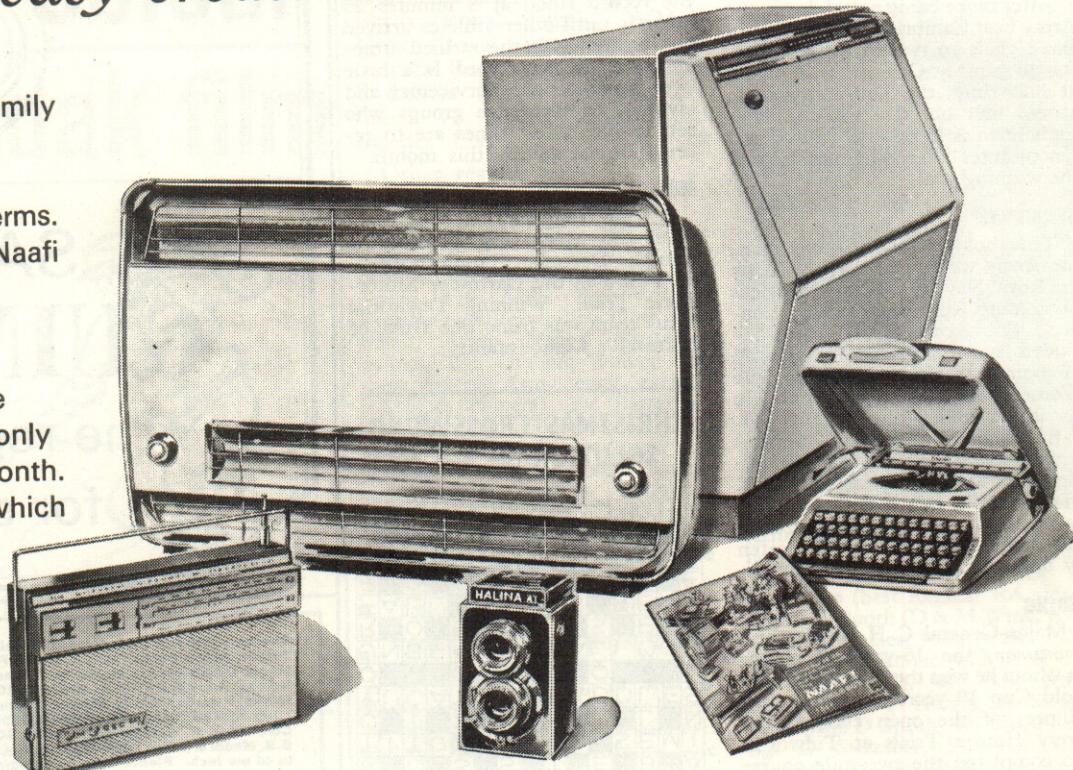
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WAR OF BLUNDERS?

An article about World War One recently appeared in a Sussex evening paper with the theme that this was a war of blunders. A reasonably accurate general picture was given but the article closed with an incident of which I have never heard.

According to the author, in the final few hours on the Western Front on 11 November 1918, a British Cavalry squadron mounted an attack on German machine-guns defending a bridge in France or Flanders. Despite losses this attack persisted until eleven o'clock when the Germans punctiliously ceased firing and the remains of the squadron occupied the bridge.

This story seems most unlikely to me and I think the implied assertion that blunders continued until the end of the war and even reached down to regimental level should not be allowed to go unchallenged.—**N S Major, 26 Buxton Road, Brighton, Sussex.**

OLD MEDALS

A set of medals was recently received through the post accompanied by the following cryptic note, unsigned, undated and unaddressed:—

"I have not seen the owner of these medals for over 30 years. They were left with me and he was going to call for them. I don't know what to do with them, perhaps you do."

The medals are inscribed as follows:—

Queen's South Africa (with six clasps) and King's South Africa
"11789 Pte W Skinner RAMC"

British War and Allied Victory Medals

"QM and Lieut W Skinner"
Long Service and Good Conduct Medal

"11789 S Sgt W Skinner RAMC"

We know that this ex-member of the Corps was gazetted as Temporary Quartermaster on 20 February 1918 and retired on 1 November 1919.

If this letter should come to the notice of any of his relatives or friends we should be very glad to hear from them.—**Maj-Gen R E Barnsley MC (Rtd), RAMC Historical Museum, Keogh Barracks, Ash Vale, Aldershot, Hants.**

MARCHING

With the present interest in marching, the following record of the amount of foot-slogging involved in a normal tour of duty by an embodied Militia regiment in the 18th/19th centuries may be of interest to *SOLDIER*'s readers.

In April 1778 the 2nd West York Militia was embodied at York and during a five-year tour of duty marched by route to Wakefield, Newcastle, Sunderland, Coxheath, Sheffield, Doncaster, Hull, Doncaster, Hyde Park (Gordon Riots), Blackheath, Greenwich, Dartford, Brompton Heath, Doncaster, Colchester, Harwich, Ipswich and back to York, where it was disembodied in February 1783.

In February 1793 the Regiment was again embodied, this time for a nine-year tour, and the itinerary runs: Pontefract, Manchester, Plymouth, Falmouth, Truro, Tiverton, Bristol, Barham Down, Dover Castle, Ashford, Sheerness (Nore Mutiny), Ashford, Ramsgate, Margate, Broadstairs, Hillsea, Lyndhurst, Winchester, Portsmouth and thence to Ireland.

The Regiment disembarked at Waterford and marched to Clonmel and Dublin before returning to Liverpool, thence to Manchester, Wakefield, Sheffield, York, Thirsk and finally back

to its home in York, where it was disembodied in December 1802.

Troop movement has certainly improved since those days, but two small items from the records of the Regiment may bring comfort to present-day quartermasters:

"May 10th 1808. Received from Tower — Pikes 47.

July 30th 1840. Returned to Ordnance, Hull — Pikes 46."

I wonder who explained that one away!—**Capt J O Cornes ACF, 34 Redenhall Road, Harleston, Norfolk.**

CRI DE COEUR

I am a corporal in the Gloucestershire Army Cadet Force and at times am appalled by the seemingly lackadaisical manner in which we are treated by the Regular Army. The ACF is its main source of recruitment, yet the Regular Army does comparatively little to aid ACF units financially, socially or in any other way.

We recognise that the Army does help to some extent but in most units in our County much practical and social training has to be left out owing to lack of money and opportunities.

The main complaint is against the Territorial Army. We recognise that it is a part of the Army but, after all, if war broke out then all ACF boys over 17 would almost certainly join the Army. In our County the ACF are better shots than the TA, yet it is they who get nearly all the ammunition while we get surprisingly little. Why not give a little more to the ACF and, if necessary, a little less money, ammunition, transport etc, to the TA?—**T J Davis (aged 16), 400 Innsworth Lane, Gloucester.**



in attics or hanging on the walls of private homes that would have a valuable contribution to make to any such history.

If any reader has such a sword, or knows the whereabouts of any sword of special interest, or has any historical or personal anecdote about a sword of this period, I would be most interested and grateful to hear from him. Any material published would, of course, be acknowledged and, while I would rather not have actual examples at this stage, any documents or swords lent to me would be treated with the utmost care and returned to the owner.—**Maj J Wilkinson Latham, Wilkinson Sword Ltd, Southfield Road, London W4.**

ANOMALIES

I have been most interested in *SOLDIER* since its birth and read it from cover to cover every month. The feature "It Happened In" is very interesting but I note that in the March and April editions the Spanish Civil War is alleged to have ended on 28 March and also on 2 April—how come?

Again in the January edition Lenin is alleged to have died on 21 January, and in the July edition on 21 July—which is correct?—**Maj B K Favelle, 2186 Mathers Avenue, British Columbia, Canada.**

★ *Touche!* The Spanish Civil War ended in fact on 28 March and officially on 2 April. According to the Encyclopaedia Britannica Lenin died on 21 January, but according to the Columbia Encyclopaedia he died on 21 July. Presumably to be on the safe side, Newnes Dictionary of Dates gives both! The Soviet Embassy confirms that Lenin actually died on 21 January 1924.

QUEEN VICTORIA SCHOOL

There may be many old boys who are not aware of the existence of the Queen Victoria School Old Boys Association, the London Branch of which meets twice yearly, once for its annual general meeting and a "get together" and once for a social occasion when guests are made welcome. The president of the London Branch is Colonel A C T White VC, MC, and the Secretary will be glad to hear from all interested old boys, who should write to:—**J Grassick, 52 Yeomans Row, Kensington, London SW3.**

BIBLES FOR RECRUITS

In the article on The Cameronians (*SOLDIER*, August) the Regiment is said to have a tradition whereby recruits are issued with a Bible. By drawing notice to this matter some variety of distinction is implied.

Paragraph 1458 of Queen's Regulations 1961 shows that (though recruiting officers are lax in the matter) all recruits into the Army are supplied with appropriate religious books.—**Officer Cadet R E P Spencer, Rhine Company, RMA Sandhurst, Camberley, Surrey.**

★ The implied distinction is correct. Only such items as the New Testament, New Testament with Metrical Psalms, Douai Testament and Roman Catholic Prayer Book are issued to individual recruits. Bibles are allotted for use in military churches, schools and hospitals.

"GARRY OWEN"

I would like to give the facts about "Garry Owen" (*SOLDIER*, June) to your readers, and in particular Mr C H Yust. It seems that while serving with the British Cavalry a young officer picked up the tune which was often sung on long rides, having a bouncy swing that well suited the step of a horse. After leaving the British Army and gaining officer status in the United States Cavalry, this officer met and became friendly with another subaltern, George Custer. They gathered around the piano and he introduced "Garry Owen" to his American friends, the tune appealed to Custer and was repeated over and over again until the early hours of the morning.

After the "War between the States" in which Custer achieved the rank of brigadier-general and the other field rank, they were reunited, both being assigned to the Seventh Cavalry. Custer asked the one-time British officer about the song he had heard so many years before and the cycle of repetition began again, only this time the men of the base picked it up and it gained such popularity that Custer made it the Regiment's official song. It is said that the officer died with Custer at the Little Big Horn.

"Waltzing Matilda" has entirely different words and music and is in no way related to "Garry Owen". It has been the theme music of films depicting Australians at war, such as "The Desert Rats," and is a nation-wide patriotic song second in importance only to the National Anthem.—**Lieut R W Mounsey, 100 Commando Company, Royal Australian Army, 53 Parer Street, Burwood E13, Victoria, Australia.**

NAAFI TOKENS

With the cooperation of NAAFI a record of the history and use of the currency tokens introduced in NAAFI canteens overseas during the period 1944-1959 has been prepared. To illustrate the article fully, two tokens are required to complete the series:

The octagonal brown plastic issue dated 1944 and of 1 franc value, impressed (not the later printed issues).

The round red 1 piastre marked "VALID IN NAAFI SUDAN ONLY" (similar to the Egypt type).

If any reader of *SOLDIER* can supply either piece I shall be most grateful.—**Capt (AP) F Pridmore, RPO (REME), Devizes, Wilts.**

LINE-SHOOTING?

As the squadron commander of the "line-shooting" squadron, I feel duty bound to reply to Cpl G McMonies' interesting letter (*SOLDIER*, August).

As he quite rightly says, we were not "shot at" while in Ataq. I do not think the article specified where the action took place. In fact, prior to going to Ataq, my squadron had been in action in Dhala', Thumier and at Wadi Manawa, near Beihan on the Yemen border. Obviously the writer of the article missed this out when condensing his notes for publication.

I quite agree that the canteen was

BRITISH SWORDS

I am preparing a comprehensive, fully illustrated history of British military swords from 1800 to the present day and am writing in the hope that *SOLDIER* readers can help me make this the most complete and authoritative book on the subject ever to be published.

Much of the material exists in the archives of our company, for whom I am official historian. But we feel there may be many swords either hidden away

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built under the auspices of the Federal Regular Army. However, I can assure Cpl McMonies that we did the painting and internal decoration, and again I think this is all the article mentioned.

During our eight months in the Federation we changed countless major and minor assemblies in all sorts of places and under all sorts of conditions. We worked at times very closely with the FRA fitters and had the greatest admiration for them. I cannot say whether our job was any easier or more difficult than theirs.

My squadron supported all the FRA battalions during our tour and, I think, made many firm friends. I am sorry if Cpl McMonies feels that others should get the publicity before us, but that really is not within my power to arrange.

I apologise for the delay in writing this letter. Since the article was published my squadron has served in the Trucial States, Muscat and Oman, the Radfan, Malaya and is now on operations in Sarawak—but there I go, line shooting again!—Maj G Forty, A Squadron, 4th Royal Tank Regiment, BFPO 628.

CHESTER OAK LEAVES

I was very interested to read the suggested origin of the Cheshire oak leaves put forward by Lieut-Col R J T Hills (SOLDIER, September).

Forty-five years ago, as a young soldier in The Cheshire Regiment, I attended a lecture on regimental history by a Regular officer who explained that our acorn badge was bestowed by King George II at Dettingen, when he was saved from capture by the Grenadier Company.

According to the lecturer the King plucked a sprig of oak leaves from the tree around which the action was fought and handed them to the soldiers who had saved him, saying: "Let this be your emblem for ever." Thus the acorn and oak leaves have been part of the Regimental insignia since 1743.

When questions were invited I suggested that, as the battle in question occurred in mid-February, there would be no leaves on the trees and therefore oak leaves could not have been handed to the King's rescuers. The lecturer replied that he expected sensible questions only!—R Rimmer GC, 29 Conistern Road, Chester.

"HANDS ACROSS THESEA"

Three cheers for the Irish! That was the sentiment of the audience after seeing the excellent spectacle "Pomp and Ceremony" which was recently presented in Houston, Texas.

This wonderful show was presented by the massed bands, drums and pipes of The North Irish Brigade, and is now touring Canada and the United States. I feel that the current policy of allowing bands of famous British regiments to tour the United States is most worthwhile. Their reception has been enthusiastic and these tours are bringing

pleasure to thousands while at the same time strengthening the ties of friendship and common interests that exist between our countries. May we please have more.—W A Payne, 914 Peach Street, El Campo, Texas, USA.

MODEL SOLDIERS

The enclosed photograph may be of interest to model soldier enthusiasts. For some years now I have been making model figures which are nine inches high, made of hardened clay and are as nearly authentic as my knowledge and ingenuity can devise.



Incidentally, I have just received the latest issue of SOLDIER and I value your publication very highly—G A Baldwin, 1177 Hillcrest Blvd, Millbrae, California, USA.

BOUQUET—

Thanks to SOLDIER we received a great deal of invaluable help from readers during the shooting of our film, "It Happened Here."

Now the film is complete we would like to take this opportunity of thanking both you and those many readers who gave up their time to help us make the picture. The film has been shown at the Mannheim, Cork and London film festivals, and we hope for public screening before long.—Kevin Brownlow and Andrew Mollo, Rath Films Ltd, 11a Curzon Street, London W1.

★ This is an amateur film of what might have happened had England been occupied by the Germans during World War Two.

—AND BRICKBAT

I read with interest the article on the Royal Marines (SOLDIER, October). However, as a Green Jacket recently returned from Malaysia I would point out that the picture at the foot of page 16 shows four soldiers of the 1st Green Jackets, and not four Royal Marine Commandos, on patrol in the Brunei jungle.—Rfn C F Harrison, 46 Army Youth Team, c/o RA Depot, Woolwich, London SE18.

★ Apologies to all concerned. The photograph and caption were supplied by the Central Office of Information.

CAVALRY SONGS

I have a book entitled "The British Cavalry Songs" by Nugent Taillefer, published in London about 100 years ago, which contains the regimental songs of all the regiments up to the 21st, the Royal Horse Artillery, the Military Train, the Yeomanry Cavalry and the Volunteer Cavalry.

I should be very interested to know from readers if the original scores for these songs are still in existence anywhere.



Should any reader of SOLDIER be interested in having a copy of any particular song I shall be pleased to forward it.—Col P F Hughes, 45 Ashlyns Road, Berkhamsted, Herts.

WINNING STREAK

Thank you very much for notifying me of another SOLDIER competition win.

If I recollect correctly, this latest win brings my SOLDIER prize money up to a total £39 over the years, plus various books and photographs.

The chances of winning in SOLDIER are far greater than on the pools, and now that the competitions are open to all readers I can go on submitting entries for as long as I wish. Luck is not the complete answer as your competitions take a long time to puzzle out; I imagine many readers just have not got the patience to stick at it. If I cared to estimate the total time I have spent on these competitions compared with my resulting prize money, I feel sure I should find that I could earn faster during my leisure than at my normal daily task! This difference in wage-earning may be even more marked when I am "downgraded" to a civilian, and so my advice to myself is always "stick at it".—WOI G A Gladman, 35 Central Wksp REME, Old Dalby, Melton Mowbray, Leics.

EX-SERVICES CLUB

Now that it is becoming increasingly difficult to find accommodation in London, readers might be interested to know of the facilities offered to ex-Service men and women by the Victory Ex-Services Club.

This fine Club is within one minute's walk of Marble Arch in the West End of London. From Marble Arch buses and the Underground radiate to all parts of London and the Club is within easy reach of the main stores, theatres and cinemas.

Membership is open to all ex-Service men and their wives and ex-Service women and their husbands for only one pound per annum.

The amenities available for this small sum include excellent accommodation in both single and double rooms at a price ranging from 8s to 14s per night (exclusive of breakfast), a restaurant, fully licensed bar, cafeteria which is open from 10am to 10pm daily, a large library and comfortable lounges and a bar lounge where friends can be entertained. There are also excellent facilities for reunion dinners and other social occasions of old comrades associations.

If any of your readers are not already members of this Club and would like to join, they should send for a brochure and application form to Secretary, Victory Ex-Services Club, 63/79 Seymour Street, London W2.—Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir John C Slessor DSO, MC, 63/79 Seymour Street, London W2.



COLLECTORS' CORNER

H J Trueman, 52 The Fold, Monkseaton, Whitley Bay, Northumberland.—Requires postage stamps of Great Britain and Commonwealth. Will exchange stamps, beer mats, matchbox labels etc. Correspondence welcomed.

H J Pike, 35 Hauteville, St Peters Port, Guernsey, CI.—Requires pipers, Home Guard, TA, Colonial, CEF badges. Exchanges, all letters answered.

A Fern, 182 Uxbridge Road, Hampton Hill, Middlesex.—Requires horse driver's arm badge, crossed whips and spur, also later pattern, spur over one whip, preferably in brass; farrier's arm badge, horseshoe in brass; World War One chaplain's cap badge.

K L Smith, 25 Newlands Grove, Intake, Sheffield 12.—Requires by purchase or exchange a Manchester Regiment cap badge.

D J Hamilton, 16 Craiglockhart Road, Edinburgh, Midlothian, Scotland.—Requires antique weapons, uniforms, badges, insignia, helmets and Nazi souvenirs.

H J T Sharp, 125 Rosebery Road, Muswell Hill, London N10.—Requires envelopes, postcards etc with FPO numbers of Forces cachets. Will exchange worldwide used stamps, mint GB pictorials.

C A Thompson, 24 Hardie Street, Dorlinghurst, Sydney, NSW, Australia.—Wishes to exchange Australian Army badges for British Army badges.

M Gransby, 123 Park Street Lane, St Albans, Herts.—Wishes to purchase 6.5mm Arisaka rifle, also requires bayonets and steel helmets.

A Birtwistle, Ashton House, Quernmore Road, Lancaster, Lancs.—Requires worldwide military insignia, will exchange for British Army collar badges, correspondence welcomed.

G Wilberforce, Apt 115 Court 6, 2531 Lakeshore Blvd West, Toronto 14, Ontario, Canada.—Urgently requires colour illustrations of full dress uniforms of 17th Lancers (1854), 8th Hussars (1854), 11th Hussars (1854), 4th Light Dragoons (1854), 13th Light Dragoons (1854), 24th Foot (1879) and RHA (1914).

SNAP!

Prizewinners in SOLDIER's photographic Competition 73 (June) were:

1 Capt A H Morley, Youth Liaison Officer, Army Information Office, Fore Street, Devonport.

2 L/Cpl K Mottley, B Pln, 38 Coy RASC, BFPo 57.

3 Bdsmn BJ Hayes, 1st The Queen's Dragoon Guards Band, BFPo 33.

4 Capt M Mullett, Scales Branch (M), Tech Group REME, Chilwell, Notts.

5 David Moir, 3 St Leonards Bank, Perth.

6 Capt C M F Randall, Royal Military College of Science, Shrewsbury, Wiltshire.

No awards were made to junior soldiers.

CODE IN THE HEAD?

The entry for Competition 76 (September) has been overwhelmingly large. Prizewinners' names and a summary of readers' comments will be given in the January issue.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(See page 38)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1 Depth of truck's tail-flag. 2 Mat on doorstep. 3 Length of screen wiper. 4 Dog's forelegs. 5 Length of path cleared in foreground. 6 Right window-frame of mess. 7 Flag on staff car. 8 Position of truck door handle. 9 Height of right tree. 10 Artist's initials.

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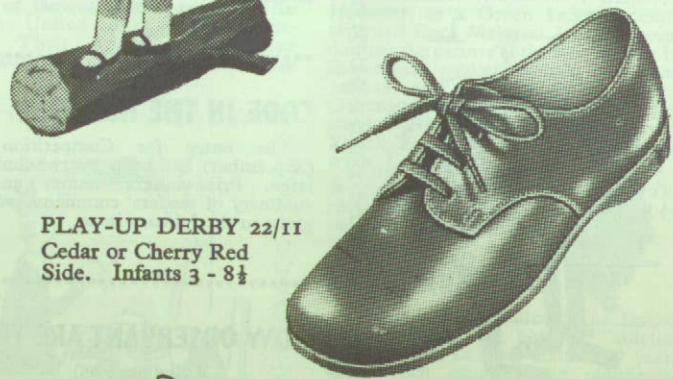
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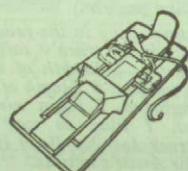
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Besieged, Relieved and Lost

MAJOR-GENERAL MICHAEL CARVER makes his second contribution to the Batsford British Battles series with "Tobruk." It is a fine, lucid account of the fighting in the Western Desert between November 1941 and June 1942, well coloured with eye-witness accounts.

The author fought in the desert campaigns himself, as a major on the staff of Lieutenant-General Sir Willoughby Norrie, at the time of the battles described in this book. His earlier volume was on the Battle of Alamein.

Tobruk was the fulcrum from which the pendulum of battle swung during the period the author describes. It began those months besieged, was triumphantly relieved and later lost to Rommel.

Its relief came as a result of the Crusader battle, which the author describes as a victory of "considerable significance." But Crusader was "exhausting, frustrating, disappointing and often tragic to the participants, to whom it generally appeared to be a never-ending series of sudden surprises and maddening muddles."

The subsequent battles, culminating in Gazala and the fall of Tobruk, were disastrous and led to the retreat to Alamein. Once again there was a series of surprises and muddles, but this time there were rather more on the British than on the German side.

Though Rommel's incisive command in the Gazala battles is contrasted favourably with that of the British generals, there were

occasions when he was exposed. The author believes Gazala could still have been won up to 12 June, the day after Bir Hacheim fell.

The British commanders, he says, were neither better nor worse than those who succeeded them.

The event most bewildering at the time was that Tobruk should have fallen. The author shows it to have been well garrisoned and well stocked; its defences had been proved. Yet it fell at the first assault.

The unfortunate South African commander, General Klopper, with his inexperienced division but with a number of first siege

veterans among his officers, was under a number of disadvantages. Nobody had envisaged that the fortress would be invested again. Indeed, Auchinleck had insisted that he would prefer to abandon Tobruk rather than face another siege. His hand was forced from London.

When the ring closed, General Klopper's forces were deployed to operate beyond the perimeter, a plan that had rapidly to be dropped. Thereafter he was too slow in making new dispositions before Rommel struck.

Batsford, 30s.

RLE

A British *Crusader* tank approaches a knocked out and burning German Mk IV on the desert battlefield.



Men of an enemy machine-gun post smashed by British bombardment at Guillefont in September 1916.



Mud, Rubble and Casualties

The Third and Fourth Armies will undertake offensive operations on the front Maricourt-Gommecourt, in conjunction with the French Sixth Army astride the Somme, with the object of relieving the pressure on the French at Verdun and inflicting loss on the enemy

THIS instruction, issued by Field-Marshal Earl Haig in June 1916, launched a series of battles in the region of the Somme river which lasted from the beginning of July until mid-November. Lieutenant-Colonel A H Farrar-Hockley describes them with that clarity and readability which has become the hallmark of the British Battles series, in his latest book, "The Somme."

The author says he has been unable to discover any document which explains why the area of the Somme was chosen for the 1916 offensive. He thinks it was probably because the British and French armies joined on its banks and Joffre could be sure of maintaining overall control.

Because the battleground was chosen for reasons of military politics rather than strategy, the Fourth Army's commander, Lieu-

tenant-General Sir Henry Rawlinson, had to begin planning without an objective in view. Even Haig, whose preference was for an offensive in Flanders, was unsure of what he wanted. Only later did he begin to speculate on what might be achieved if and when his troops broke through the German line.

A great deal was wrong in the training for

the offensive. Senior men had had no experience of company or even battalion warfare in the trenches. The author regrets that none broke the bonds of his past to analyse what was wrong and what was needed to put matters to rights.

Much went wrong when the offensive began and in many sectors Infantry foundered

Grivas Speaks

THEY saw a Briton watering his garden with a hose. Pavlou walked up to the garden wall and shot him once at close range; then, as he screamed and fell, fired three more shots into the body and escaped . . . I sent my congratulations on this attack."

The speaker is General Grivas, and his words set the tone of brutal ruthlessness which permeates "The Memoirs of General Grivas," edited by Charles Foley. Inevitably this book must re-open old wounds, but there can be no doubt of its historical value, if only in exposing the guile and duplicity of Archbishop Makarios in his involvement with EOKA.

Grivas now reveals the bitterness and distrust which existed between them. The two men met in Nicosia as early as 1951 to discuss plans for organised terrorism. But Grivas was constantly frustrated by what he describes as "the Archbishop's timidities."

In October of that year Makarios set out for the United Nations. "Now he wanted to speed the despatch of arms to Cyprus . . . He said he would signal from America when he wanted us to strike." On his return journey Makarios paid out £795 in Athens for a new shipment of arms and promised a further



From this point on the island of Rhodes, General Grivas sailed to Cyprus by caique, October 1954.

IN BRIEF

A short booklet, "The Story of the RAMC," has recently been published with a view to presenting a general picture of the history, traditions and ideals of the Royal Army Medical Corps to young recruits and apprentices in the early days of their service. This highly readable and informative booklet is available at 1s, postage free, from the Secretary, RAMC Historical Museum, Keogh Barracks, Ash Vale, Aldershot, Hants.

Private at War

Among the men who fought on the Somme in 1916 was an Australian-born poet and classical scholar, the late Frederic Manning. He served in the ranks of The King's Shropshire Light Infantry.

Manning distilled his experiences into a novel, "Her Privates We," putting his regimental number instead of his name on the title-page.

Like himself, Manning's hero, Private Bourne, is a fairly unusual private, highly educated, obviously officer material, and affluent enough to stand his fellow-privates frequent bottles of champagne and well-cooked suppers.

Those readers who have served in the British Army at war will recognise authentic comradeship. Any reader will eagerly follow Bourne and his mates through their sprees, pardonable column-dodging, and ordeals, and take a reluctant farewell of them when they meet their fate in no-man's land.

Reprinted, Peter Davies, 21s.

RLE

£480 when the consignment was delivered. This was the Christian prelate who denied any responsibility for terrorism.

Nevertheless, when it began in April 1955, Grivas complains that Makarios remained blind to the value of guerilla warfare and refused to finance an "execution group" in London to assassinate Greek Cypriots who had helped the British and subsequently been sent away from the island for their own safety. Makarios also demurred at the shooting of Turkish Cypriots involved in clashes: "I think it would have been possible to throw a hand grenade or two at the Turkish mob," he wrote coolly from Athens.

"God help us," writes Grivas, "I did not want to reply directly in case my anger caused an open breach between us." Two months later the Archbishop wrote again, this time reproaching Grivas for "failing to teach the Turks a lesson."

None will deny Grivas's courage, single-mindedness and masterly ability as an expert in underground warfare, and he has been well served by his editor. Charles Foley founded and edited the *Times of Cyprus*, a pro-Greek Cypriot paper, during the Emergency. His defence of EOKA at a time when British Servicemen were being shot in the back infuriated many of his countrymen. Though he has selected his material cleverly and presents his hero in the best possible light, he cannot whitewash facts and actions which speak for themselves.

Longmans, 30s.

DHC

Stuck for an idea?

Stuck to know what to buy for Christmas? **SOLDIER** has a suggestion. All the guts and glory of D-Day are captured in this magnificent painting by Terence Cuneo, specially commissioned by **SOLDIER** for the 20th anniversary.

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Invasion - Evacuation

ONE of the most tragic stories of World War Two is that of the Allied evacuation of Narvik. In this area the Norwegian Army, with Allied support, had the Germans on the run. Before the overdue assault to capture the port began, the decision to evacuate had already been forced by considerations which included the German invasion of France and the Lowlands.

In "The Narvik Campaign" a Norwegian writer, Johan Waage, sets out to sketch the people rather than the tactics and strategy of the campaign. It is a pity he invented some of those in his book; this much reduces its value.

Though most of the people of whom he writes are fighting men, the most memorable is Fru Martha Hagen whose (genuine) letters to her daughter from the German-occupied town he quotes. Fru Hagen was there with, apparently, her son and a daughter who was an invalid. She woke to the sound of guns.

"I realised that these were not ceremonial salutes, so early in the morning. At last it occurred to me that it was no business of mine and . . . I tried to get to sleep again and not to worry." But the war was on her doorstep; gunfire was her daily music. "The house shook so dreadfully that it seemed a miracle that it could hold together." Her son was operated on to the sound of guns: "The only good thing is that the food in hospital is better than we get at home." It is on people like Fru Hagen that war bears hardest.

Harrap, 21s.

RLE



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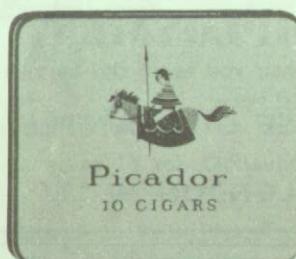
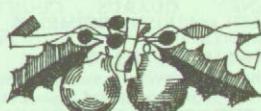
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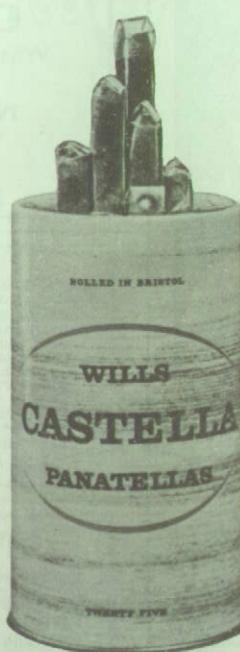
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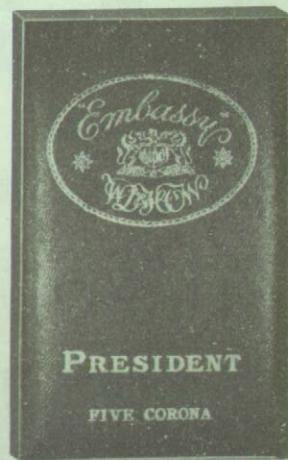
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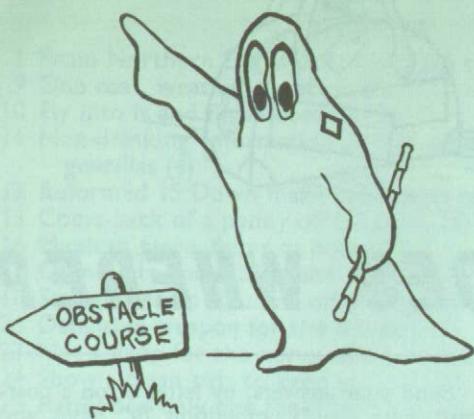
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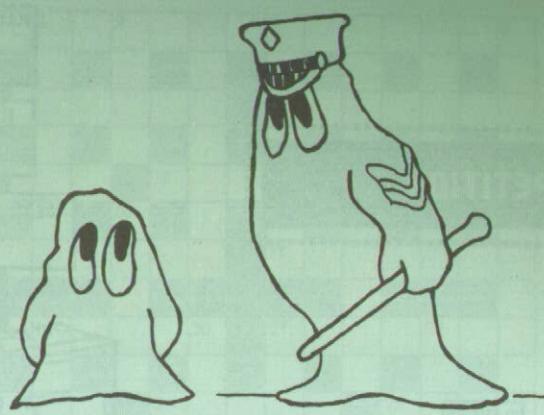
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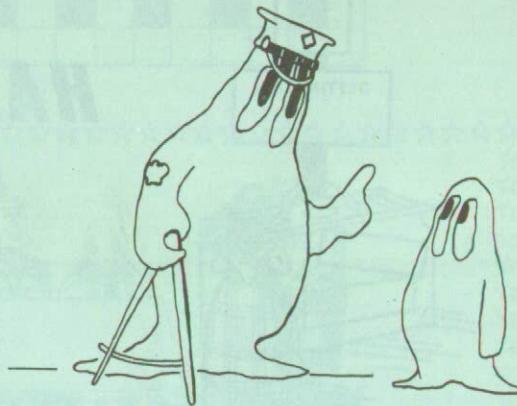
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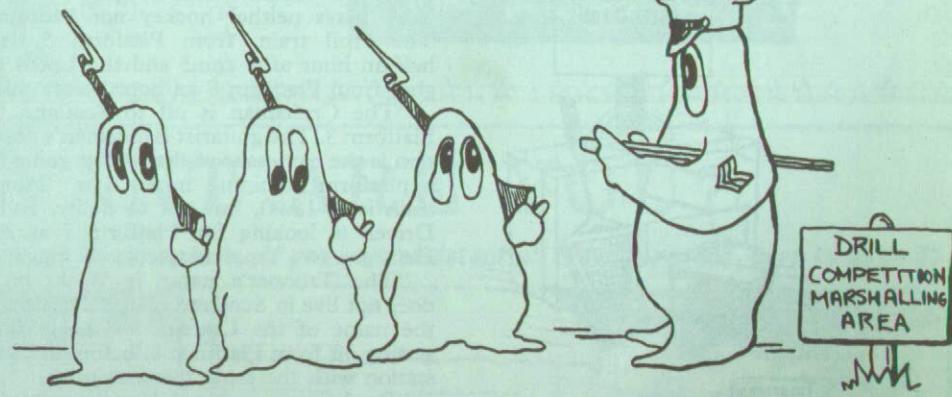


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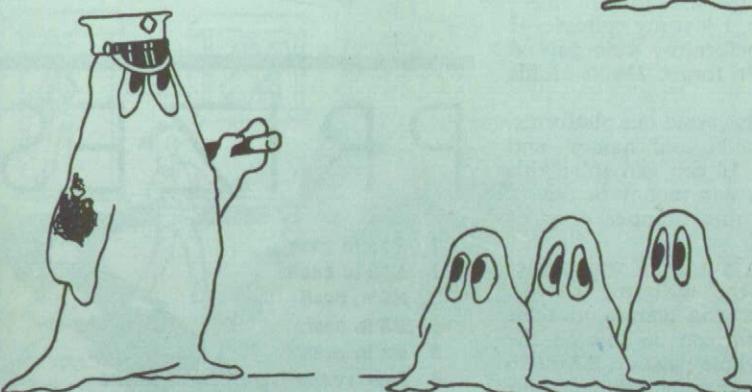
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"You lot haven't a ghost of a chance"

by DIK

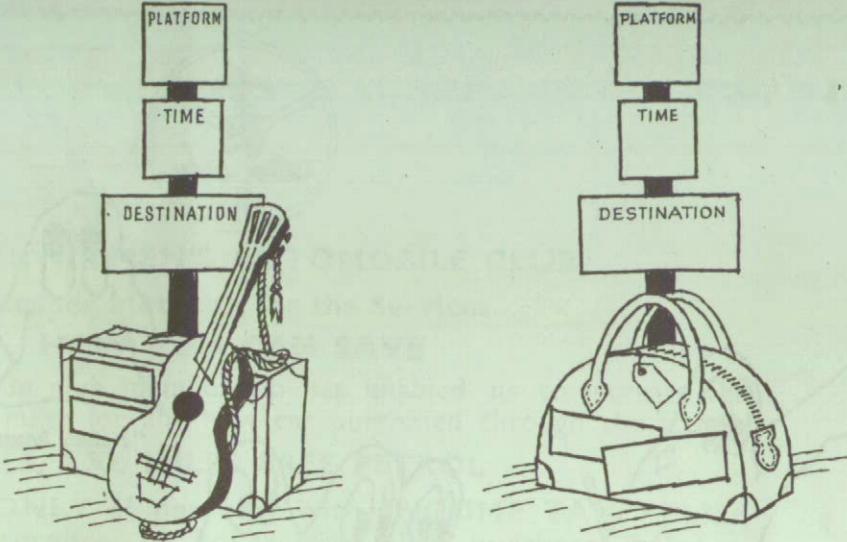


"Appari i i i i tion!"



Ammunition inspectre

COMPETITION 79



HALT! - WHO GOES WHERE?

RIIGHT," said the Sapper to the porter at King's Cross. "There's a pound for you if you can put our luggage on platforms 3 to 8 quarter of an hour before our trains leave. There are six of us off on Christmas leave. We're all private soldiers though we belong to different regiments or corps. And our surnames are the same as the stations we're going to although no one is travelling to the station bearing his own name.

"Just to help you, we all leave at different times from different platforms. The soldier with the most luggage is going to Perth and he'll be the second to leave—the first train, three-quarters of an hour earlier, from Platform 4, has the furthest to go. The soldier going to York will be here longest.

"Wick has no interest in sport and neither have I so we'll have a drink together when I've seen the badminton player off on the 10.15. The Gunner does not play the guitar; York plays neither hockey nor badminton. The Hull train, from Platform 5, leaves half an hour after mine and the Leeds train goes from Platform 8 an hour before mine.

"The Craftsman is off to Scotland from Platform 3. The guitarist Bandsman's destination is the namesake of the soldier going from a platform adjoining mine. The Trooper's train is at 15.00, but not to Selby, and the Driver is looking for Platform 7 at 20.45. He's got two separate pieces of luggage.

"The Trooper's name is Wick, but he does not live in Scotland. The soldier bearing the name of the Craftsman's destination is setting off from Platform 8, before me, to the station with the same name as mine.

"By the way, porter, I lost my suitcase—I hope I'll get it back before my train goes at 14.30. Oh! And don't forget Hull's duffle bag!"

The porter accurately sorted out platforms, times, destinations, ranks and names—and earned a pound note. If you can solve this problem you, too, can win money or one of the other awards in this bumper crop of Christmas prizes.

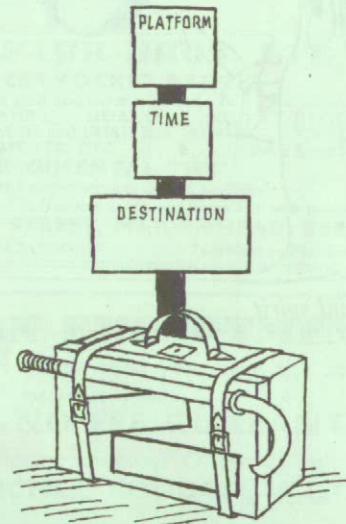
Fill in the platform numbers, train times and destinations on the indicator boards. Put the soldiers' ranks and names on their individual luggage. You can do this on the page and send in the whole page or, if you do not wish to mutilate your copy, tabulate your answers.

Closing date for this competition is Monday, 18 January 1965, and the solution and winners' names will appear in SOLDIER's March issue.

Send your answers, by letter or on a postcard, with the "Competition 79" label, and your name and address, to:

The Editor (Comp 79)
SOLDIER
433 Holloway Road
London N7.

The competition is open to all readers. More than one entry can be submitted but each must be accompanied by a "Competition 79" label.



PRIZES

- 1 £15 in cash
- 2 £10 in cash
- 3 £5 in cash
- 4 £3 in cash
- 5 £2 in cash
- 6 Four recently published books
- 7 Two recently published books and a 12 months' free subscription to SOLDIER
- 8-10 A 12 months' free subscription to SOLDIER or a SOLDIER Easibinder.

CHRISTMAS CROSSWORD

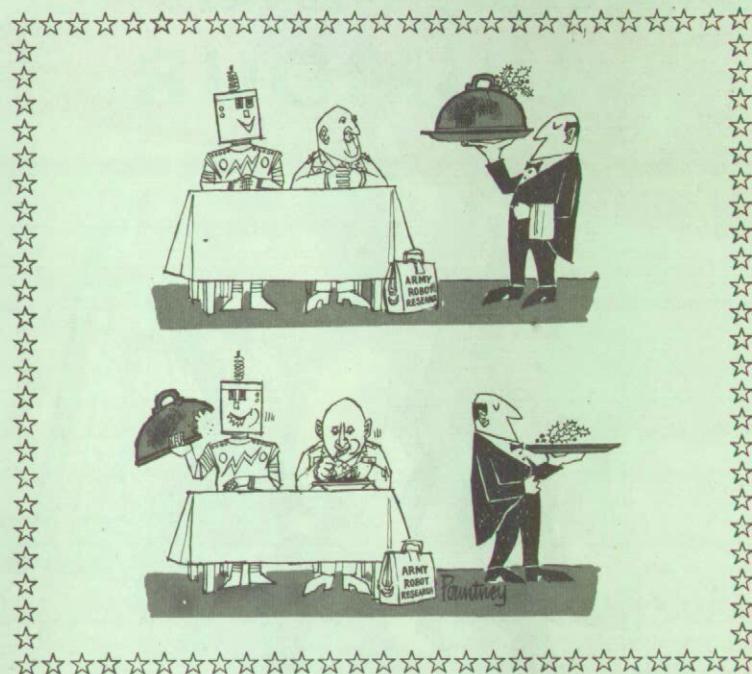
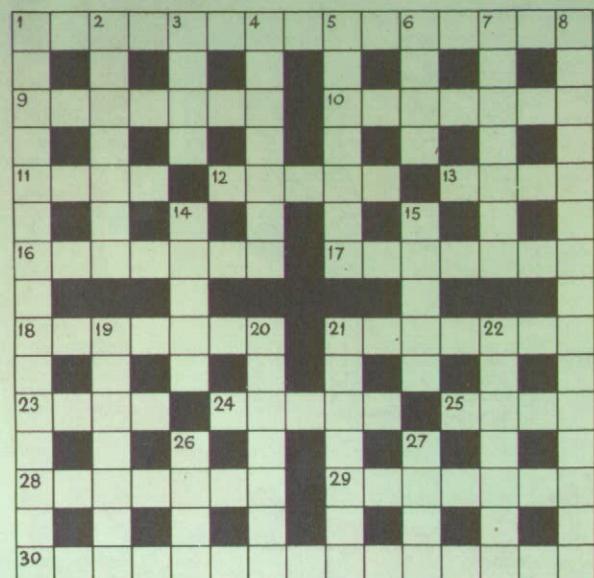
Here, for the enthusiasts, is another crossword. Just for fun, with no prizes offered. If you're stuck, turn to solution on page 27.

ACROSS

- 1 From Northern England, armed with sticks? (9, 6)
- 9 One coat, weather resistant (7)
- 10 Fly into it and finish bottled (7)
- 11 Non-drinking information officer who led World War Two guerillas (4)
- 12 Reformed 15 Down make recreation centres (5)
- 13 Come-back of a penny off US coins (4)
- 16 Mexican piece, feline at heart (7)
- 17 Of mounts, mountains and mutton (7)
- 18 Straightens up to come off his high horse (7)
- 21 Defensive weapon for the nursery (7)
- 23 Not a drop for the nervy when it's free (4)
- 24 Show a clean pair to keep in front (5)
- 25 Raise; but only one rank! (4)
- 28 Musical instrument in command of the body (7)
- 29 Cancel the scattered, burnt-out coal (7)
- 30 Going without kit? (10, 5)

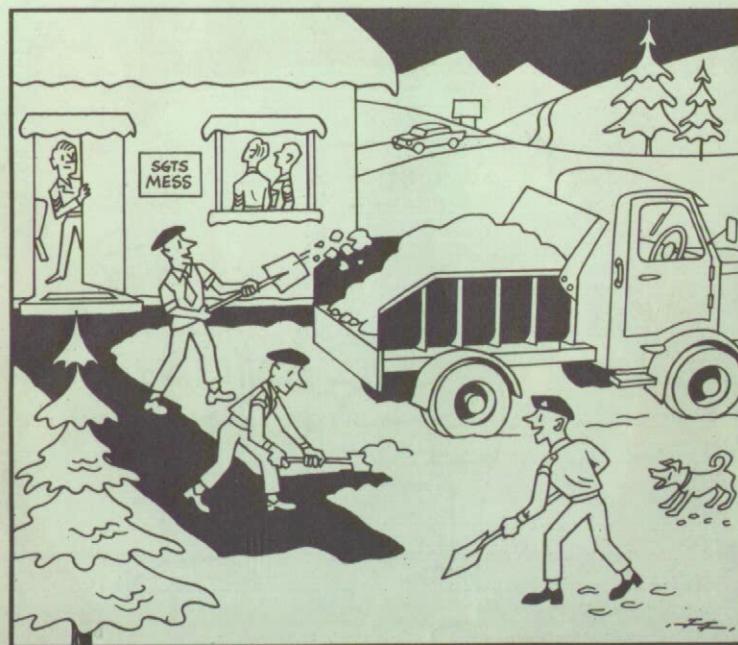
DOWN

- 1 Command that might have saved Mrs Lot? (4, 2, 4, 5)
- 2 Colin, it makes an African tribal group (7)
- 3 Briefly acknowledges the sack (4)
- 4 Excitement in tennis love (7)
- 5 Fixes portions for eating (7)
- 6 Even Nero would find this river costly to cross (4)
- 7 Time, gentlemen, to build up those muscles (7)
- 8 The soldier's pay he doesn't take (7, 2, 6)
- 14 Make a note to pay for it (5)
- 15 Some worship them. The engine takes it easy, it seems (5)
- 19 Town of Northern Italy (7)
- 20 Cut it out to make it (7)
- 21 Did the red rag make it in the American Civil War? (4, 3)
- 22 Starting the programme with an opportunity (7)
- 26 When the cowshed stood in Royal David's city (4)
- 27 A thousand more would give your mixed up chums a song (4)



HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

These two pictures look alike, but they vary in ten minor details. If you cannot detect all the differences, turn to page 31.





CHRISTMAS HUMOUR

