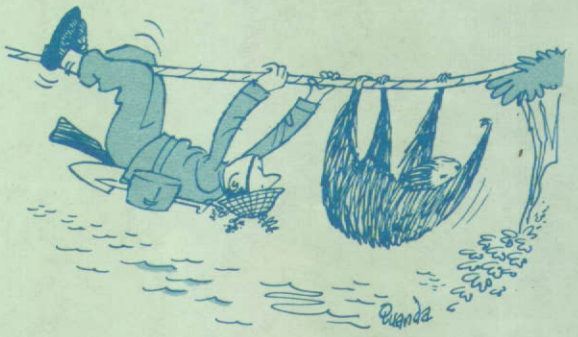
JULY 1968 ★ One Shilling and Sixpence

SOLDIER

SOLDIER

JULY 1968 Volume 24, No. 7

Contents



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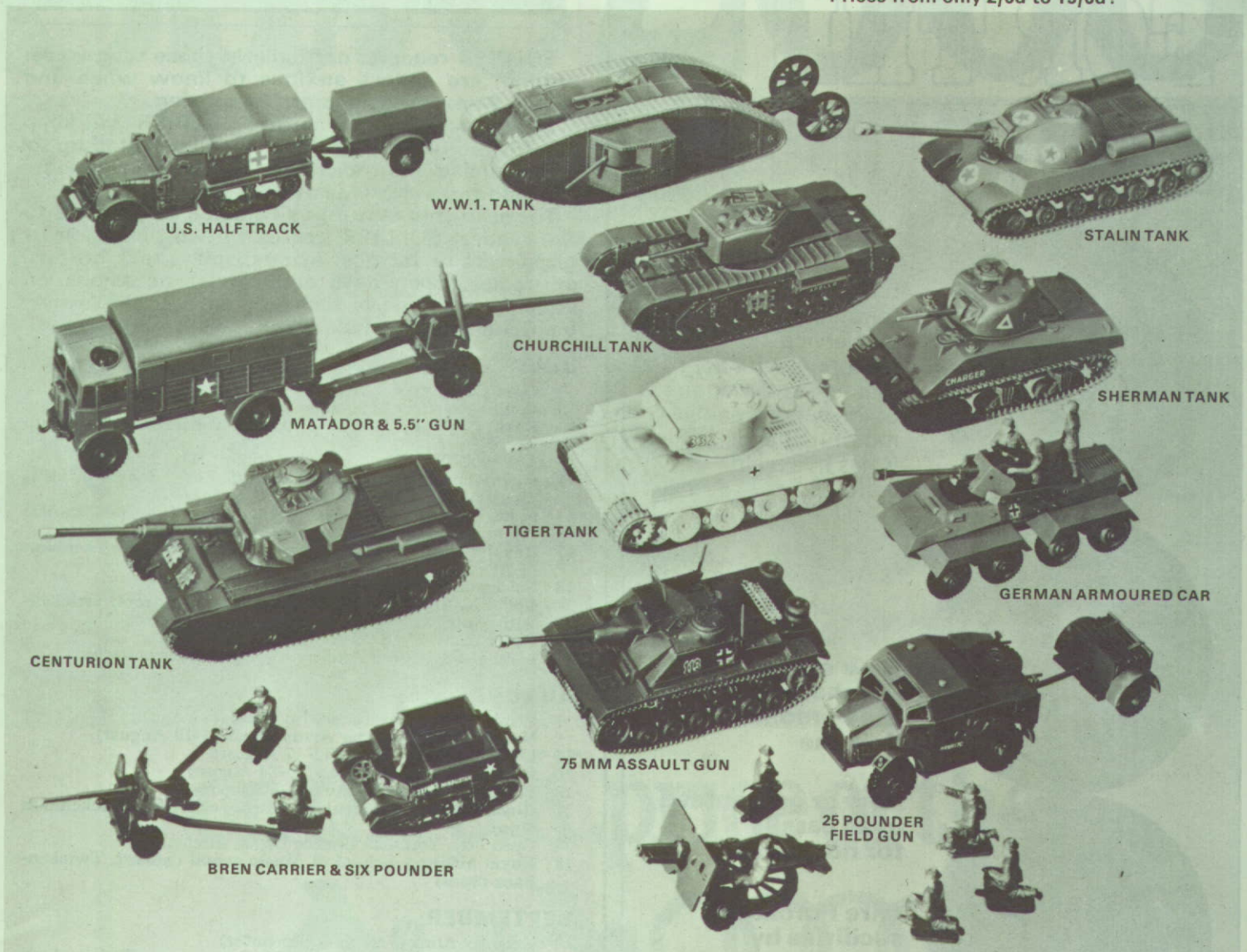

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See-the-Army

DIARY

SOLDIER readers, particularly those who travel around, are always anxious to know when and where Army occasions are happening.

In this new regular feature SOLDIER will keep you posted up-to-date. Events will be listed up to a year ahead and repeated monthly. Amendments and additions are indicated in bold type.

To make this feature as valuable as possible to the reader, SOLDIER invites the co-operation of organisers of tattoos, Army displays, exhibitions, at homes, open days and similar occasions on which the public is welcome to see the Army's men and equipment.

JULY

7 Open Day, Depot The Queen's Regiment, Canterbury
10 Vesting day, The Light Infantry
10 Royal Military School of Music concert, Twickenham (8pm)
11 At Home, The Royal Anglian Regiment (11–13 July)
13 Open Day and Veterans' Weekend, Royal School of Military Engineering, Chatham (13–14 July)
13 Frimley and Camberley Cadet Corps Diamond Jubilee celebrations, Krooner Park, Camberley
17 Royal Military School of Music concert, Twickenham (8pm)
18 Colchester Tattoo (18–20 July)
24 Royal Military School of Music grand concert, Twickenham (8pm)
25 Dover Army Week (25–27 July)
27 Larkhill Day (Royal Artillery display and demonstration)

AUGUST

1 Combined Services Tattoo, Inverness (1–7 August)
5 Newcastle-upon-Tyne Army Week (5–10 August)
13 Darlington Army Week (13–17 August)
16 Cardiff Searchlight Tattoo (16–24 August)
18 Edinburgh Tattoo (18 August–7 September)
21 Royal Military School of Music concert, Twickenham (8pm)
24 Open Day, Yorkshire Brigade Depot, Strensall
28 Royal Military School of Music grand concert, Twickenham (8pm)

SEPTEMBER

4 Keighley Army Week (4–9 September)
4 Royal Military School of Music concert, Twickenham (8pm)
5 Sheffield Army Week (5–7 September)
10 Belfast Army Display (10–21 September)
11 Royal Military School of Music concert, Twickenham (8pm)
18 Royal Military School of Music grand concert, Twickenham (8pm)

NOVEMBER

9 Festival of Remembrance, Albert Hall, London

Collectors' Corner

R Ruman, 7101 N Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60626, USA.—*Requires Army, Navy and Harts rank lists period 1839 to 1920. Will purchase or exchange for other military titles.*

R Dawson, 50 East 79 St, New York, NY, USA.—*Requires Courtenay Knights figures.*

I Bunn, 344 London Road South, Lowestoft, Suffolk.—*Requires British Army cap badges, especially TA and Special Forces insignia. Offers other badges in exchange. All letters answered.*

D Walls, 19 Ardmore Avenue, Downpatrick, Co Down, N Ireland.—*Wishes sell or exchange for stamps small collection of cap badges, including one RFC/ASC and Free Belgian Forces cap badges.*

S E Kellington, Canadian Forces, 2 PPCLI, CFPO 5050, 476 Werl/Westf, Germany.—*Collects worldwide parachutist insignia. Offers similar in exchange or will purchase. Particularly interested in Scandinavian, S American and Communist Bloc countries.*

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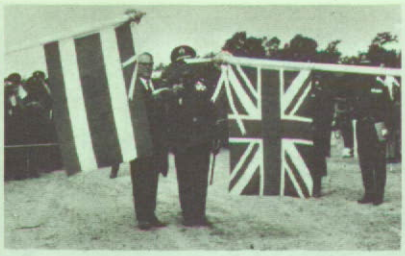


In a remote corner of Thailand a government minister cut a ribbon. The ceremony marked a new life for 16,000 poor people and for the British Army in Thailand the

END OF THE ROAD

IT was nearly the rainy season when the British Army left Thailand. That is why the village children flung water at visitors; it is a custom at this time.

And there were many visitors—and thus many wet visitors—to north-east Thailand around that period. The Royal Engineers had built a road; they had built it well—and now there was to be a ceremony.

Yes, a fine road. By English standards somewhat spartan, perhaps, but to the Thais an M1. At one time or another 1000 British troops, mainly sappers, had worked on it. Operation Post Crown, as it was called, had been the Far East Army's biggest talking point since Confrontation with Indonesia. Now the road's 39 kilometres of compacted laterite—red clay—was bringing a new life to 16,000 people.

And so there was to be a ceremony.

This ceremony—this Thai farewell—must have been as spectacular to the local people as their own poverty was sobering to the well-fed visitors from Singapore 1000 miles away. A fleet of helicopters, big black shiny Mercedes cars, bands blaring, generals with chests full of medals, and soldiers, soldiers, soldiers—no wonder the Thais of Ubon and Roi-Et provinces were wide-eyed.

It is easy to be shocked by a coach ride along the road that the sappers built from Loeng Nok Tha in Ubon to Ban Nong Phok in Roi-Et. To be shocked by the squalor of the wooden huts on stilts, to be shocked by that little naked boy with deformed legs, to be shocked by those scraggy chickens and mean-looking pig that are so important to that family.

But it is easy to be impressed, too—impressed by the people, who seem to possess a happiness, a valuable inner quality, that is enviable, and which is reflected in the delicious smiles of the beautiful women and the water-throwing antics of the youngsters. They seem at peace with the world—and peace is not common in this part of Asia. It would be a tragedy if the horror that grips Vietnam, not many miles away across the Mekong River, were to spread to here.

The Royal Engineers, young men brought up in a selfish society, have contributed unselfishly to keeping that horror beyond the Mekong, for the benefits that the road has brought are powerful weapons against communist insurgency. Two years ago it was not safe for Thai government officials to go more than two miles from their district headquarters. Communists regarded these areas as "liberated." Assassinations were frequent and guerilla gangs ran indoctrination meetings in the villages, most of which contained Hanoi-trained cadres.

It is different now. The Thais have made great progress in dealing with the communist threat, chiefly because the villagers willingly are giving information about the guerillas and the cadres. And, with the better way of life coming to them because of the British Army road, there is every hope that they will continue to do so.

Back to the ceremony . . .

26 buses a day use the road to serve the area.

Above: This Thai battle waggon reminded visitors to the opening ceremony of the unrest which the road is helping to cure. Top of the page: Helped by Sir Neil Pritchard, British Ambassador, Air Chief-Marshal Dawee formally opens the road.

Story by JOHN WRIGHT
Pictures by ARTHUR BLUNDELL

END OF THE ROAD

continued

Marshal Dawee arrives for the ceremony (below) and (right) with the British Ambassador inspects a Thai guard. He told the British sappers: "I wish all of you the best of luck in whatever undertakings may come your way in the future."

Air Chief-Marshal Dawee Chullasapya, Thailand's Deputy Minister of Defence and Chief of Staff, Supreme Command, and the British Ambassador, Sir Neil Pritchard, arrived at Ban Nong Phok in splendour by a helicopter that flopped down in a smog of red dust that enveloped the whole area and the whole assembly—the sappers in their white uniforms, the Thai troops in American-style outfits, the Thai spectators sheltering from the sun under their red, yellow, green and orange umbrellas, the camera-clicking British officers, and the security men: Thai military policemen with roving eyes and loaded Sten guns and equally vigilant Thai paras with Armalite rifles.

After the Deputy Defence Minister and Her Majesty's Ambassador had inspected the guards of honour there was a religious ceremony conducted in a tent by a row of Buddhist monks in yellow and orange robes. It was like the prelude to a mediaeval tournament, if English comparisons can be used in such a context.

Then the troops paraded. The Thais marched in a relaxed manner that verged on being sloppy—to which one of the many Thais fighting with the Americans in nearby Vietnam would probably reply: Immaculate drill doesn't do you much good when the Vietcong are around.

The British troops—men of 54 Support Squadron and 59 Field Squadron, Royal Engineers—marched as British troops have marched on such occasions throughout history. Fifty-four Squadron's corps of drums—formed on the road and practised in the early hours before the day's road work began—was superb. The sappers showed the Thais the kind of display they will probably never see again—and, come to think of it, the Far East in general will not see much of again either.

The temperature rose to a hundred, the red dust swirled—and girls, beautiful Thai girls, brought cooling scented towels and refreshing drinking coconuts to the weary watchers whose weariness could not have matched that of those on the square.

Above: Brigadier R L Clutterbuck makes an offering to Buddhist monks at the religious ceremony.

In May's SOLDIER Public Relations S/Sgt P Hamp (left, in Thailand) was seen filming Mauritius.

In this part of the world you can't be *too* careful. Far left: Minesweeping before speechmaking.

Right: One of the road's 14 timber bridges and its guard of tough no-nonsense Thai soldiers.

"This road is permanent testimony to the close and friendly relations between our two nations—and to the capability of your military engineers. The Royal Thai Government is dedicated to an extensive programme of road building throughout the nation. While much has already been accomplished, far more remains to be done before all sections of Thailand are adequately linked together. These roads are essential in order that we may better defend our land against aggression from outside and against dangers of poverty, hunger, illiteracy and boredom from within. Progress breeds progress and this road is certain to promote a better life for the thousands of people it serves."—**Air Chief-Marshal Dawee Chullasapya, Deputy Defence Minister, Thailand,** at the opening ceremony.

"I believe that in this project Britain has been able to make a significant contribution to social and economic progress in Thailand. In performing this task the Royal Engineers of the British Army have represented their country with distinction. Their achievement is, in a very real sense, a gift of the British people to the Thai people."—**Sir Neil Pritchard, British Ambassador to Thailand,** at opening ceremony.

"Requests for help of this nature will continue to be dealt with sympathetically within the limitations of the Army's strategic commitments and training programme. . . . The road-building operation in Thailand has been a most useful training experience."—**Mr William Rodgers, Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs,** in Parliament.

Above: Traditionally British. Sappers on parade. Left: More American. Thais with chrome helmets.

There were music and salutes and speeches. Marshal Dawee shook a few local hands, while his heavily-armed escort examined a few faces, on his way to the cutting of tape that opened the road. Afterwards a convoy of limousines took the VIPs to a model village, developed by the Thais with a certain amount of sapper help, where street lighting illuminates the dusty street at night and a well provides all the water the people need.

Back to the British officers' mess at Loeng Nok Tha—champagne, lobster and Thais carrying heavy pistols in leather holsters. Then those British officers and journalists who had flown by Royal Air Force Hercules aircraft from Singapore for the ceremony flew back again, to be followed two weeks later by the Post Crown force.

What did the sappers leave behind? The list is formidable.

First, the road. The 320-strong Post Crown force began work in January 1967. Original plan was that 25 kilometres would be built in that year. Twenty-eight were completed and the British Government offered to push on westwards for three months of 1968 if Royal Thai Army Engineers would assist. This was agreed, resulting in the 39 kilometres from Loeng Nok Tha to Ban Nong Phok.

The road, which has linked up with another one, built by the Thais, has greatly improved the national highway system and opened up for all-weather traffic a large

Cost-effectiveness is a popular word today. What was the cost-effectiveness of Operation Post Crown? The extra cost of maintaining soldiers in Thailand for 16 months was about £204,000. The Thais spent a further £70,000 on materials and village labour. This all works out at £11,000 a mile—less than half a civilian engineering firm's estimate for the road, which averaged £24,000 a mile.

END OF THE ROAD

concluded

Right: The model village visited by the VIPs—and (below) one of the men charged with protecting this area in which communist assassinations were rife but are now less frequently occurring.

area of north-east Thailand previously inaccessible to vehicles.

Before it was built 75 per cent of the area's villagers had no access to the existing road system during the five monsoon months—and even in the dry season the tracks were suitable only for bullock carts. It was not an economic proposition to have anything but subsistence requirements of rice, vegetables, cattle, chickens and fish.

Now buses and trucks carry farmers and their produce to market. It has become worthwhile to develop agriculture, including the growing of more jute to further the weaving industry. Thai doctors have been able to run monthly clinics in the villages, not only to treat the sick but to give preventive inoculations, especially to children.

Perhaps most important of all it has enabled the area's children to enjoy secondary education. And it has given older people the chance to widen their horizons—to train for jobs in the town rather than looking ahead only to a life of labour in the paddy fields.

In addition to working on the road the sappers dug shallow wells and used a boring rig to sink deeper ones. They made furniture for village schools. A detachment of 50 found a tiny Christian village two miles off the road line and used bulldozers in their spare time to take a spur road to it.

Thai villagers—up to 200 at a time—were used to help the work and many were trained in skilled trades—surveying, blasting, bridge building.

At Loeng Nok Tha camp the British soldiers built their own swimming pool, badminton and tennis courts, football ground, chapel, radio station, amenities centre, canteen, power station, cold store, water works, signals station, post office and petrol station. Here, too, was a 14-bed hospital—and the Army doctor treated ten times as many Thais as British, up to 1500 a month. The hospital was handed over to the Thais as a going concern.

What did the Army get out of all this?

Far left: Many of these people had never seen anything like the road opening ceremony before. Their life is hard work, like weaving (left).

Right: British officers talk to officials and teachers—often the target of communist guns.

It all started in 1963. A British Army force of about 450 men went to Loeng Nok Tha to build an airfield. That was Operation Crown. The airfield was finished in 1966—5000 feet long and topped with eight inches of high-quality concrete—and handed over to the Thais. In the closing stages of its construction the British Government offered to leave behind a smaller force to build a road, the road from Loeng Nok Tha to Ban Nong Phok . . .

One of the wells built by the Royal Engineers.

Its engineers received valuable training in road building, it contributed to the stability of the area by removing grounds for communist insurgency, and it earned Britain considerable prestige and lessened the likelihood of its being called to Thailand under South-East Asia Treaty Organisation obligations.

And the work of the Royal Engineers in remote Thailand prompted this comment by Major-General R L Clutterbuck, now the Army's Engineer-in-Chief, when, as brigadier, he was Chief Engineer, Far East Land Forces:

"Personally I can't understand our gloomy national introspection about the British no longer being any good at working hard. I have never seen anyone who works as well, man for man, in Asia or anywhere else. Given a worthwhile job, properly organised with the right equipment and a fair reward, not necessarily always financial, the British are unbeatable."

Construction of the road involved the movement of 700,000 tons of earth, the spreading of 120,000 tons of laterite, the building of 14 timber bridges with 336 piles and the installation of 93 reinforced concrete culverts comprising 1700 individual culvert pipes all of which were prefabricated at Crown camp. The road, six metres wide, bypasses villages along its route and short link roads were constructed to connect them with it.

The sappers, who worked long hours in temperatures of up to 100 degrees Fahrenheit, used some 50 pieces of roadmaking plant, which were repaired and overhauled at the camp workshops. A large spare parts depot was kept stocked by a weekly Royal Air Force flight from Singapore.

Units involved in the work have been: 34 Field Squadron (January to April 1967), 59 Field Squadron (May to July 1967), 11 Independent Field Squadron (August 1967 to January 1968) and 54 Support Squadron (January to April 1968).

SOLDIER TO SOLDIER

Since the introduction of Terence Cuneo's D-Day print and subsequently the Oosterbeek Crossroads print, from the painting by David Shepherd, many readers have asked if other military prints are available.

SOLDIER now announces a major extension to this popular reader service—a series of 18 prints of British military uniforms available singly or, at a special discount, in sets of six. The prints are from original authenticated paintings and are also available framed.

Turn to page 39 of this issue for full details.

★

The precedent set by The Royal Regiment of Fusiliers (SOLDIER, June) in not retaining any subsidiary titles for its four battalions has now been followed by two existing regiments, The Royal Green Jackets and The Royal Anglian Regiment.

The three regiments of Green Jackets, formed on 7 November 1958, became the 1st, 2nd and 3rd battalions of The Royal Green Jackets on 1 January 1966 but respectively retained in their titles 43rd and 52nd, The King's Royal Rifle Corps and The Rifle Brigade. It is these subsidiary titles which are now being dropped.

These changes are related to the new divisional structure. The Royal Green Jackets are now in The Light Division with the four regiments of The Light Infantry Brigade. These four—The Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry, The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, The King's Shropshire Light Infantry and The Durham Light Infantry—merge this month into numbered battalions of a new regiment, The Light Infantry, again with no subsidiary titles.

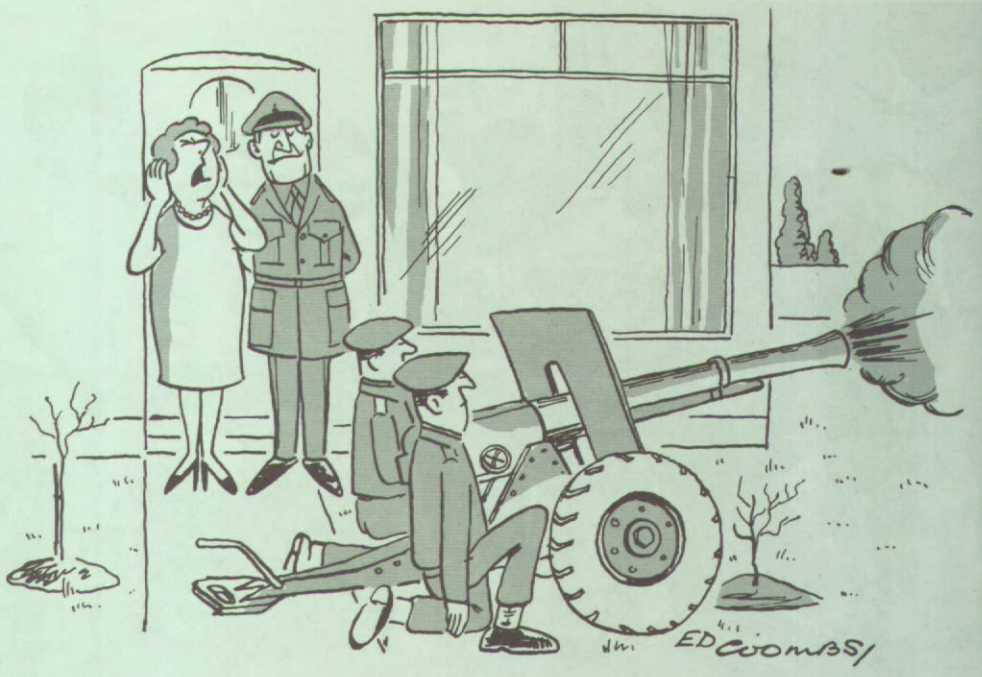
Like The Royal Green Jackets, the four battalions of The Royal Anglian Regiment, too, are dropping their old titles of Norfolk and Suffolk, Duchess of Gloucester's Own Lincoln and Northamptonshire, 16th/44th Foot and Leicestershire. For three of these battalions it is the fifth change of title in less than ten years—from amalgamations to East Anglian regiments, to Royal Anglian regiments, then to battalions of The Royal Anglian Regiment and finally the dropping of subsidiary titles.

★

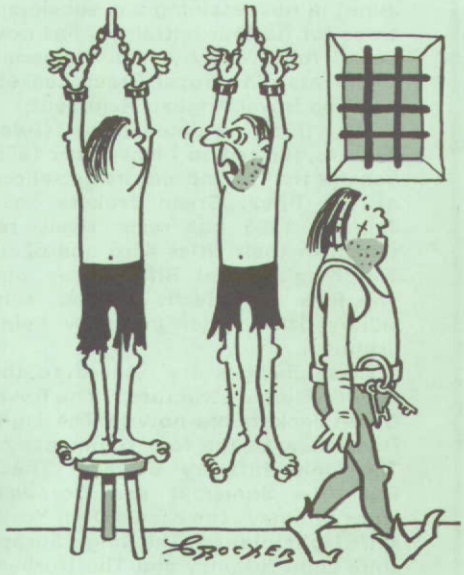
The Queen has approved the title The Queen's Lancashire Regiment for the regiment to be formed by the amalgamation of The Lancashire Regiment (Prince of Wales's Volunteers; and The Loyal Regiment (North Lancashire). The amalgamation will take place by March 1970.

The Queen will be Colonel-in-Chief and the Colonel of the Regiment will be Major-General Michael Fitzalan Howard, now Colonel of The Lancashire Regiment.

HUMOUR



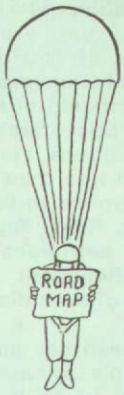
" Why can't you be like other husbands and send me a birthday card ! "

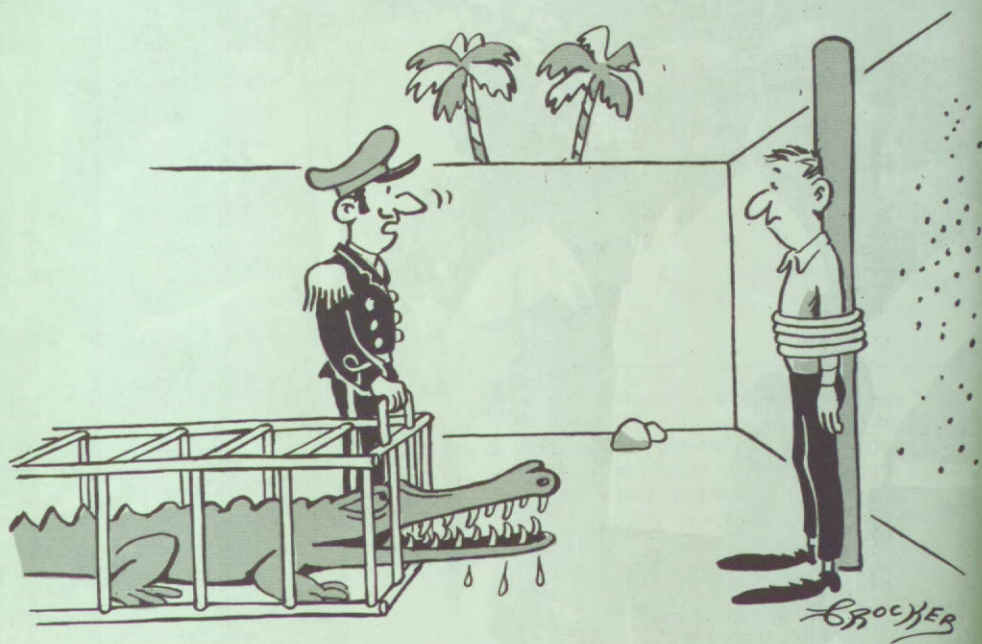


" Blue-eyed boy ! "

" Heavens! I'll be late for the Crusade! "

" I've got just the thing for you— it's called 'Escalation.' "





" All the men are on leave ! "

Half a mile from where the Regiment was raised 279 years ago to the day, 8,000 Scotsmen mourned the passing of The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) as with impeccable dignity Scotland's only rifle regiment disbanded

"SIR, WE'LL HAVE TO GO NOW"

Story by Peter N Wood / Pictures by Trevor Jones

IT was a Tuesday afternoon in the heart of Lanarkshire, but to the quiet beauty of Douglasdale came in their thousands the villagers and schoolchildren, the Regiment's wives and families, the "old and bold" and the serving Cameronians.

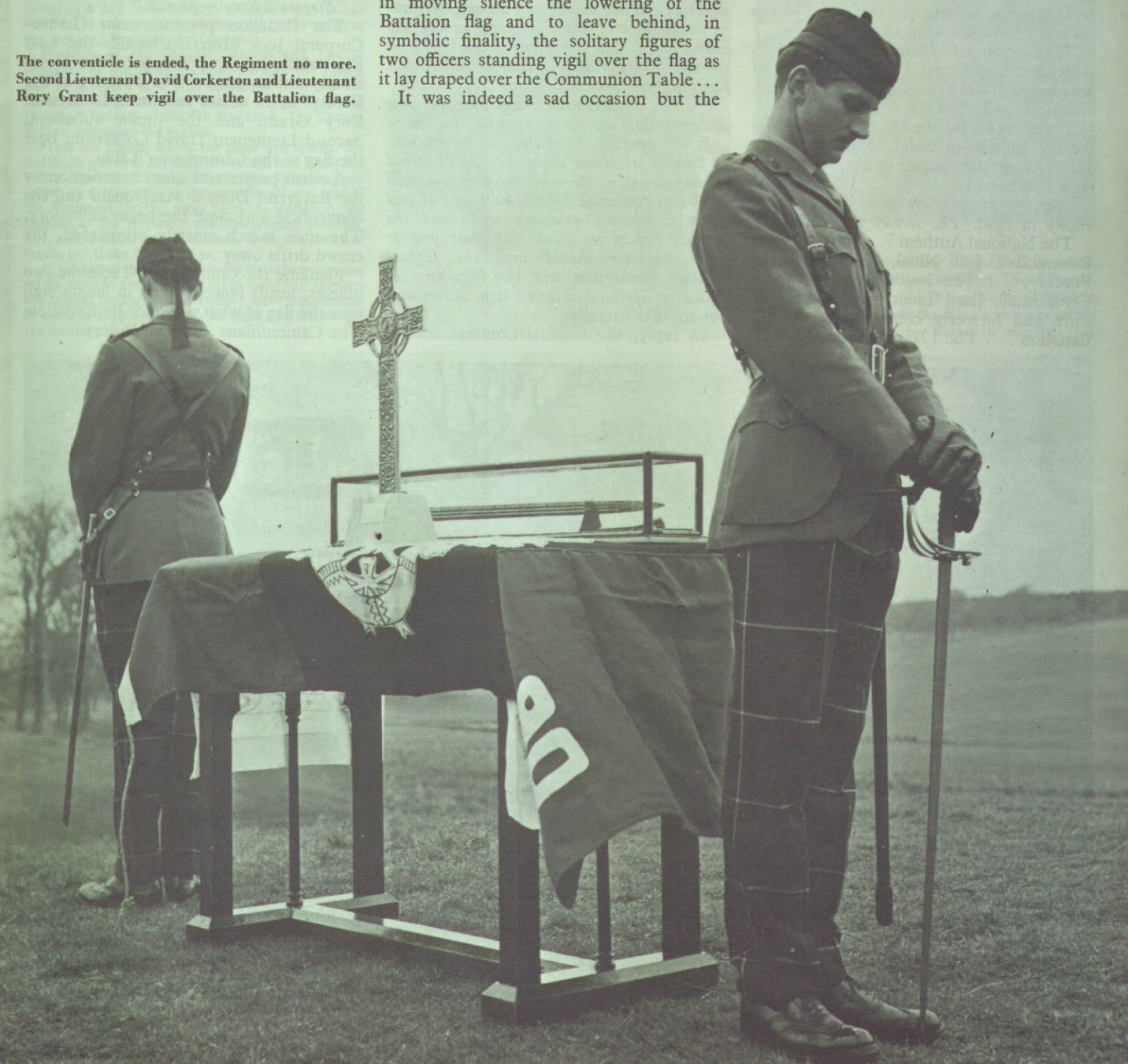
They came to pay their tribute and to share in the proud wake for a Regiment which, never yielding in war, had fallen victim to the demands of peace—and honourably chose death rather than surrender to amalgamation.

At their disbandment The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) expected 2500, even perhaps 5000 people. There were 8000 there to join the 1st Battalion in its final conventicle at Castle Dangerous, to share in the singing, to "Crimond," of the 23rd Psalm, to hear the last speeches, to watch in moving silence the lowering of the Battalion flag and to leave behind, in symbolic finality, the solitary figures of two officers standing vigil over the flag as it lay draped over the Communion Table . . .

It was indeed a sad occasion but the sadness of extinction was tinged with the resilience of men keenly aware of their Regiment's 300 proud years, men who knew that they and their Battalion were at a peak of morale higher than even that of the recent hard days in a torn Aden . . .

An infectious resilience, too, which drew the more closely together the 250 Cameronians on parade with the thousands of others to whom the Regiment meant so much. A resilience reflected in impeccable marching and drill movements which, even in so solemn a context the spectators, like Tuscans, could not forbear to applaud . . .

The Communion Table, made by Italian prisoners-of-war at Lanark in 1946, is on a knoll behind which the hills roll gently away from the valley floor. On the table stand the Cleland Sword and the Cross



The conventicle is ended, the Regiment no more. Second Lieutenant David Corkerton and Lieutenant Rory Grant keep vigil over the Battalion flag.

presented to the Kirk of the 1st Battalion by past and present members . . .

Behind the table are two sentries of the picquet traditionally posted at the holding of any conventicle, a practice stemming from Covenanter days when clandestine religious meetings required a sharp and ready eye for approaching enemies. Two more sentries keep watch on a hill, another pair guard the flank near the ruins of Castle Dangerous.

Across the grass and up the slight slope towards the Cross the 1st Battalion marches on parade to form up as converging sides of a triangle. The Commanding Officer stands by the flagpole, facing his men. The clergy walk to the Communion Table and the Battalion comes to attention to hear Lieutenant-General Sir George Collingwood, Colonel of the Regiment, read a message from the Queen:

"*This is a sad occasion but the Regiment can look back with great pride, as I do, on a distinguished history of nearly 300 years' service to this country. As your Sovereign I wish to pay tribute to the splendid achievement of a fine Scottish regiment and wish you all every good fortune in the future.*"

Then General Count Thord Bonde, Aide-de-Camp-General to King Gustav of Sweden, delivers a message from the King, Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment.

Three cheers for the Queen, three cheers for the Colonel-in-Chief, then Lieutenant Jeremy Cox, the picquet officer, salutes the senior minister:

"*Sir, the picquets are posted. There is no enemy in sight. The service may proceed.*"

The National Anthem . . . Prayers by the Reverend T J T Nicol, Chaplain to the Forces . . . The lesson, read by Lord Clydesmuir, Lord Lieutenant of Lanarkshire and formerly commanding 6th/7th Battalion . . . The 121st Psalm . . .

And now a stirring address by the Reverend Donald MacDonald, a Cameronian padre of World War One:

"*This is a grievous day for you and all of us here, and for all Scotland . . . It has never been the habit of The Cameronians to whimper . . . To most of us here and to many not here this Regiment will never die . . . It will live in our hearts . . . It is not you who are being proved unworthy or unwilling . . . You move out of the Army List because of changes in our defence system, economic duress and political expediency . . . As you march out you are marching into history, and from your proud place there no man can remove your name.*"

Quietly, triumphantly, the 23rd Psalm. Now Lieutenant-General Sir George Collingwood, charging the Colonel Commandant of The Scottish Division with safe custody of the Battalion flag:

"*We shall deliver this flag to you for safe custody on behalf of the regiments in The Scottish Division, to keep among you as a token of our Regimental spirit which through our long history has inspired all our devotion, all our valour and all our sacrifices in the service of the Sovereign and of the country . . . That spirit will of course live on in our Territorial Volunteers and Cadet units and our associations and clubs . . .*

"*We Cameronians cannot regard this disbandment as final because we have sufficient conceit of ourselves to believe that in time of stress our country could ill afford to dispense with the services of such a well tried and renowned fighting unit . . . If and when it becomes necessary to expand the Armed Forces we would ask that you or your successor should urge the highest military authorities and the Secretary of State for Scotland as a first step, to remuster our Regular battalion.*"

In reply, the Colonel-Commandant of The Scottish Division, Major-General F C C Graham:

"*On this sad day we from sister regiments stand beside you with the deepest sympathy. We believe like you that the Cameronian spirit cannot die . . . We accept your trust and pledge ourselves to do all we can to keep your memory alive not only in all ranks of the Scottish infantry but in all Scotland . . .*

"*We intend to keep this day annually as Cameronian Day. On that day your flag will fly at HQ Scottish Division at Edinburgh Castle, and at the depots . . .*

"*We hope that one day we shall see you remustered . . . I salute your illustrious regiment.*"

The Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Leslie Dow, reads from Ecclesiasticus, Chapter 44:

"*Let us now praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us . . .*

Colonel Dow is to report to the General Officer Commanding Scotland, Lieutenant-General Sir Derek Lang, for permission "to disband the 1st Battalion." The Colonel says simply:

"*Sir, we'll have to go now.*"

The Battalion presents arms. Lance-Corporal Jock Morrison sounds the Last Post while the flag is lowered. Pipe-Major Roddy Gillies plays "The Flowers of the Forest" as the senior subaltern, Lieutenant Rory Grant, and the junior subaltern, Second Lieutenant David Corkerton, bear the flag to the Communion Table.

A silent prayer and silent benediction by the Reverend Donald MacDonald end the conventicle and close the pages of history. The men march smartly off parade, the crowd drifts away . . .

Flanking the Communion Table the two officers, heads bowed, stand in lonely vigil over the flag of what was once 1st Battalion, The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles).

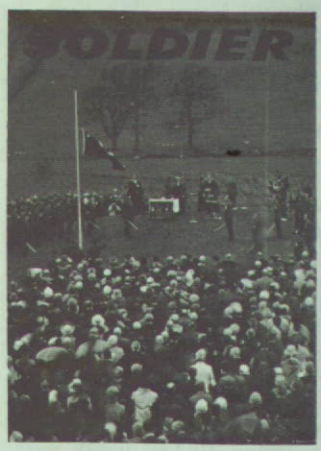
Left: General Sir Richard O'Connor, one of the 11 Cameronian generals at the ceremony. Above: The "old and bold" march in to the conventicle site. Young Cameronian soldiers who had recently been drafted were there too to pay their tribute.

The Cameronians disbanded in the Douglas estate of Sir Alec Douglas Home who was represented at the conventicle by his daughter, Miss Caroline Douglas Home.

Castle Dangerous, made famous by Sir Walter Scott's novel of that name, was built in the 13th century or earlier but later completely destroyed. Only the tower now remains of the rebuilt castle.

Above: The Duke of Hamilton (left), Lieutenant-General Sir Derek Lang (GOC Scotland) and two Cameronian generals. Right: Rifleman Neil Hawthorn and Rifleman James Gallagher, oldest and youngest riflemen, on guard as picquet sentries.

FRONT COVER



The last conventicle of The Cameronians, and the moment when, to the bugle call of the Last Post, the 1st Battalion's flag is lowered. Picture by Trevor Jones.

Before the conventicle the Cameronians paraded in Douglas at the statue (below) of the Earl of Angus which commemorates the 200th anniversary of the raising of the Regiment. The first Cameronians, raised in a day, were stern Covenanters who joined the Earl to take up arms in the struggle to preserve the national Presbyterian Church.

Members of the Douglas, Biggar and Lanark branches of the British Legion formed the fourth side of a square at a brief ceremony in which the Duke of Hamilton (The Earl of Angus), former Honorary Colonel of 6th/7th Battalion, The Cameronians, addressed the parade.

From the statue, led by the pipes and drums, the Battalion marched through the village and along the valley. Near the conventicle site the Battalion was joined by contingents of Regular officers and men of the Regiment serving away from the Battalion, the Colonel of the Regiment and Cameronian generals, and past members and veterans, to march past and salute the Duke of Hamilton.

At the end of the conventicle the Battalion marched off to hand in arms, draw a tot of rum, join families and friends for tea then prosaically leave Douglasdale in coaches played away by the pipes and drums and the military band.

Before the disbandment many of The Cameronians had already been posted to other Scottish regiments, to be followed by the majority of the Jocks.

The officers, too, have now been posted although some, like a few of the men, preferred to leave the Service for civilian life, one to become an accountant, another to train for the Church, a third to sell property in South Africa. One is transferring to the Army Legal Services and another to the Army Catering Corps.

Much of the regimental silver is going to museums or to other Scottish regiments—but enough to equip a battalion officers' mess now lies in a bank vault "against the day when we might need it again."

Left: As the Commanding Officer and Battalion stand to attention, General Count Thord Bonde, Aide-de-Camp-General to King Gustav of Sweden, Colonel-in-Chief, reads the King's message to the Regiment. Below: The Battalion marches off.

They meet again (right) after 23 years. Havildar Lachhiman Gurung VC shakes hands with his former commanding officer, Lieutenant-General Sir Walter Walker, now GOC-in-C Northern Command. It happened at a Gurkha battalion's Taungdaw Day celebration in India. On the night of 12/13 May 1945 the 8th Gurkha Rifles cut off the escape route of the formidable 54th Japanese Division at the village of Taungdaw on the west bank of the Irrawaddy. Gurung (then a Rifleman) threw back two grenades which landed in his trench but a third burst in his hand, shattering his arm. Improvising a tourniquet, he carried on firing with his left hand. The Japanese—31 bodies were later found in front of Gurung's trench—were stopped dead. For this he won the Victoria Cross. General Walker, who commanded the battalion in 1944-45, flew out to India specially for the celebrations which included a *Barakhana* (Indian feast), sports and Beating the Retreat by the Pipes and Drums and the Gurkha Training Centre's Band. Also pictured (centre) is Lieutenant-Colonel Depinder Singh, the present commanding officer of the Battalion.

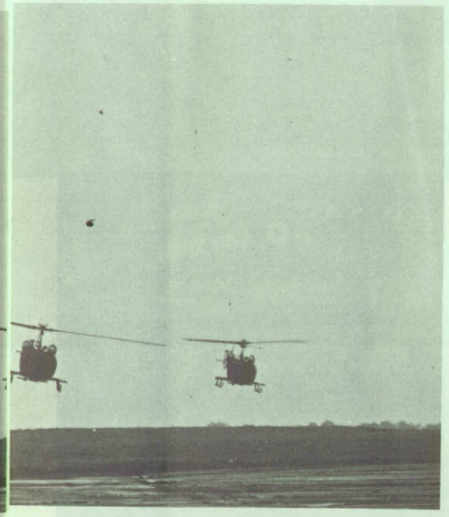
Left, Right and Centre

It was more fun than plastic soldiers and wooden fort. The young man above took an unrehearsed part at the passing out parade of Salerno VI platoon at the Wessex Brigade Depot in Exeter. (The salute was taken officially by Professor A Davies, of Exeter University). Showing such an early interest, perhaps this young man might become a soldier himself one day. But first he will have to sort out his right hand from his left.

They are built from a kit. Seventy smart contemporary houses—for soldiers and their families shortly returning from overseas—have just been completed at Tidworth (left and above). Whole walls and floors, complete with pipes, windows and electrical fittings, are made up in a factory. The only conventional work is decorating. This system, approved by the Ministry of Public Building and Works, cuts man-hours by up to half. A typical three-bedroom house takes only 320 hours to complete from laying foundations to handover. The project cost about £260,000.

Some say "Fire!" The others *Feu, Feuer, Fuoco,* or *Skyd.* But when gunners of NATO's Air Mobile Force—British, American, Canadian, Belgian, German, Italian and Danish—go on exercise together they all have to speak English. The exercise is code-named "Annual Barbara" after St Barbara, the patron saint of gunners. It took place over moors and scrubland in North Jutland. Britain was represented by 1st Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery (above) from Colchester.

It was business with pleasure when the Band of The Manchester Regiment (Ardwick & Ashton) Territorials played in the interval at two major football matches—Manchester United v Real Madrid and (above) the FA Cup semi-final between Everton and Leeds United. The band, 30-strong, is one of many in the Territorial & Army Volunteer Reserve III which are not officially sponsored. These bands receive no pay or allowances and depend entirely on their fees.



They call it a "square dance" (above). Army Air Corps Sioux helicopters take up four points of a square, then fly criss-cross. It was one of the spectacular aerobatic feats at the Biggin Hill Air Show. The team, led by Major Mike Somerton-Rayner, was from the School of Army Aviation at Middle Wallop. More than 200 aircraft, including the Royal Air Force's Red Arrows, took part in air and ground displays. A cookery demonstration was given by the Army Catering Corps and there were concerts by the Regimental Band of The South Wales Borderers during the four-day show.

Riding in Centurion tanks, wearing combat kit, operating radio sets and living in tents. It sounds like a schoolboy's dream of paradise. And this is how two groups of Army Cadets have been spending a fortnight in Rhine Army. One group, from Staffordshire Army Cadet Force, were guests of their county regiment, 16th/5th The Queen's Own Lancers (one tries out a Browning machine-gun, left). The other, 11 cadets from Stevenston, Scotland (some of whom are pictured above), were with The Royal Scots Greys. The boys, average age 16, paid from £7 10s to £12 for their food and travel. They slept in barracks, ate in the cookhouse and spent several nights in bivouacs during training on Luneberg Heath.

UP, UP AND AWAY—

BEAVERS are sturdy aircraft. And the Beaver of 130 Flight, Royal Corps of Transport, that took off from Singapore one day a few months ago needed to be sturdy—its destination was Nepal, more than 2000 miles away in the Himalayas.

At the controls was Major Michael Duddridge, flight commander, who says it was the first time an Army aircraft has gone to Nepal. It might be, he believes, the longest single trip ever made by soldier-fliers.

The Beaver went to the wild mountainous land to support Gurkha lines of communication for a trial period of several months. If successful the experiment could lead to a Beaver remaining in Nepal during the rundown of Gurkha forces.

It took the aircraft—with Major Duddridge, pilot Captain David Hazelton and two fitters aboard—four days to reach the land of the Gurkhas. First stop was Phucket in Thailand and the Beaver also called at Rangoon in Burma, and Calcutta, India. Afterwards the aircraft, with one pilot, an airframe and engine fitter, an electrical, instruments and radio fitter and a signaller were based at a small airfield near Biratnaga. This is about 20 miles from Dharan Basaar, a Gurkha base.

Tasks were to fly military personnel between Dharan and another Gurkha base, Paklihawa, and between these two places and Katmandu, Nepal's capital. Casualty evacuation was another job.

The Army airmen—they did five weeks at a time in Nepal—were handicapped by shortage of air-strips, incredibly strong west winds and extreme turbulence at heights over 10,000 feet.

They flew close to the Himalayas and close enough to Everest—60 miles—to take a photograph.

The problems of maintaining the aircraft at such a distance from Singapore were formidable and eventually the flight sent to Nepal nearly enough spares to make up a second Beaver.

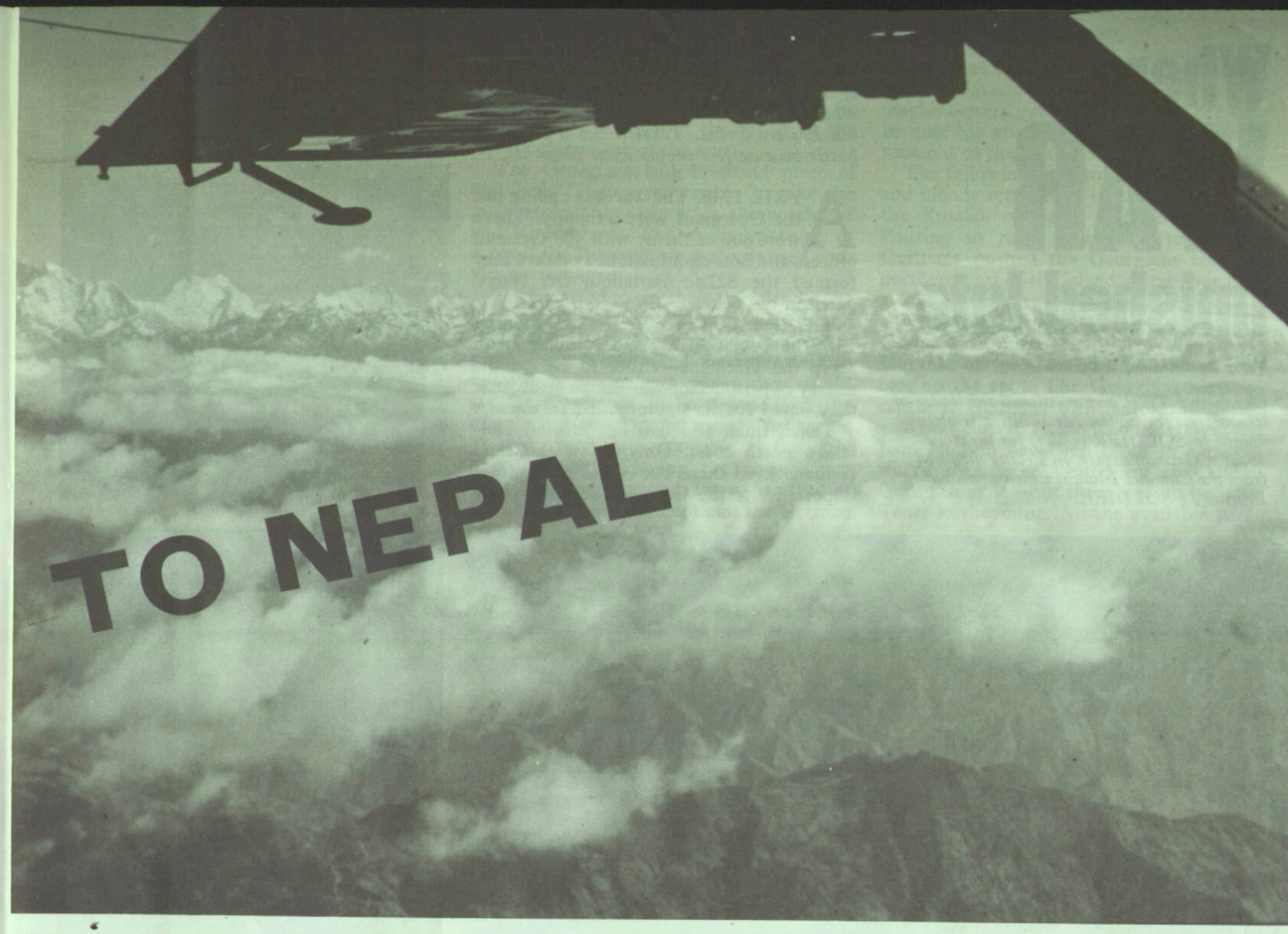
Three of the four who flew to Nepal pictured at Katmandu. Left to right: Captain Hazelton, Corporal Kelvin Grainger and Major Duddridge.

These pictures were taken by Corporal Ian Fee, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, one of the fitters who flew in the Beaver to Nepal. He used an Agfa Flexilette 35-millimetre twin-lens reflex camera.

A curious crowd at journey's end—Biratnaga, the Beaver's Nepal base . . .

And couldn't-care-less kids at Katmandu.

Report by JOHN WRIGHT



Corporal Fee's lens is 60 miles from Everest but the Beaver crew is still nearer the mountain than most people ever will be.

The only Beavers in the Far East—seven of them—are operated from Royal Air Force, Seletar, by 130 Flight, Royal Corps of Transport. There are three RCT flights in existence—the other two are 131 Flight in Rhine Army (half Beavers and half Scout helicopters) and 132 Flight in England (all Beavers). *Picture (left) shows a Beaver of 130 Flight over Singapore.*

It happened in JULY

Date		Year
1/3	Battle of Gettysburg	1863
5	British National Health Service came into being	1948
7	Hawaii annexed by USA	1898
10	Allied invasion of Sicily began	1943 ▶
12	British took possession of Cyprus	1878
27	Korean armistice signed	1953
29	Spanish Armada routed	1588

Where WAR finished late

Story by CHARLES WHITING

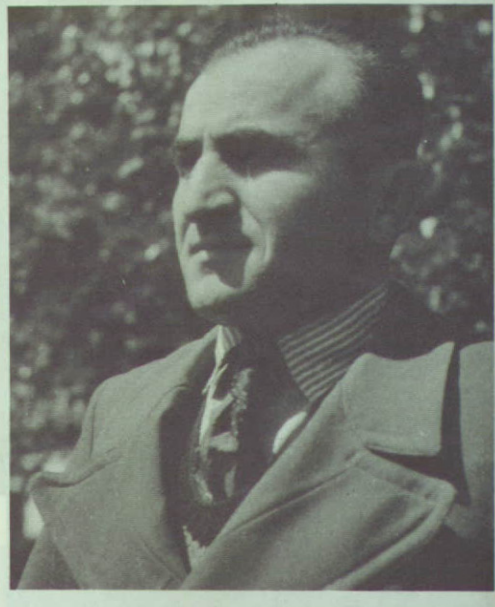
who visited Texel and questioned the leader of its wartime resistance. Mr Whiting is already known to SOLDIER readers for his story about a German attack on France mounted from the Channel Islands, which appeared in February's SOLDIER.

For two weeks after the end of World War Two, fighting continued on the Dutch island of Texel. Germans and Russians killed each other as ferociously as they ever had done on the Eastern Front. Texel is not a forgotten battle because few people knew about it . . .

APRIL 1945. The war was ending but the Georgians were unhappy. There were 800 of them; with 400 German officers and non-commissioned officers they formed the 822nd Battalion, the Nazis' garrison on Texel.

The Georgians, captured while fighting with the Soviet Army, had volunteered to serve the Germans—either to escape the misery of prisoner-of-war camps or because they hated Russia's communist régime.

Texel, small and flat, lies just off Holland's north coast. Only a few thousand civilians lived there but it was of strategic importance to the Germans because of the



Top: Lieutenant Loladze in Nazi uniform pictured at an 822nd Battalion parade. Above: Eugene Artemidze, "brains" of the revolt and the Georgians' political boss.

Left: This was shattered Den Burg village after the German bombardment of 6 April.

Right: The Canadian troops who landed on Texel Island and found war still going on.

Below: A parade of the 822nd Battalion before the Georgians' revolt. Note the mixture of German and Russian uniforms.

nearby Den Helder naval base. Those Georgians realised Germany was bound to lose the war, their commander treated them more like prisoners than soldiers, and there was a rumour that they were going to be sent to the mainland to fight the British. So they contacted communists serving in the Dutch Resistance—under their influence the unhappy Georgians decided to mutiny.

They chose as leaders Lieutenant Loladze, formerly a pilot in the Soviet Air Force, and Eugene Artemidze, brains of the movement. Their plan was simple. Wherever they were in the majority the Georgians would overpower their German "comrades." The main concern was to ensure no one warned the Germans on the mainland, only a ten-minute boat trip away. Once the island was captured they would just wait until the British reached it.

At about midnight on 5 April the Georgians slaughtered the sleeping Germans and overpowered one strongpoint after another. For five minutes there was a savage battle at battalion headquarters, an hotel in the village of Den Burg, a battle that the Georgians won.

Two hundred and fifty Germans were dead, most of the remainder were prisoners. The Georgians were masters of Texel.

But unfortunately for the rebels Major Breitner, commander of the 822nd, got away. He was not in his headquarters that night but at the home of a woman friend. Hearing the shooting he jumped from the woman's window and managed to reach a boathouse where he forced some Dutch at pistol point to take him to the mainland. Very soon he was telling the story of the revolt to the naval commander of the area.

The Georgians had a second piece of bad luck. They were unable to take the gun batteries that protected the boathouse and landing area. But on the morning of 6 April the Russians were too flushed with victory to worry about that.

They started to organise the island. The local people were invited to join them and about 100 Dutchmen responded and were given arms. They asked for volunteers to sail a boat to England, where they would ask for paratroops to be dropped on the island, and the Dutch, mainly fishermen by trade, soon formed a crew. In the early hours of that morning the rescue boat Joan Hodson, manned by a handful of Dutch and Russians, crept past the German mainland shore batteries and headed for Cromer in Norfolk.

But the mood of jubilation was soon shattered. At midday on the 6th the German batteries on the mainland started to bombard the island, particularly the headquarters village of Den Burg. Under cover of this—and fire by the island battery still in German hands—German troops started landing on the island with the object of capturing Den Burg.

Within six hours the Germans had fired 1800 rounds into Den Burg and their troops had reached the outskirts. For a while a lone Russian—sited in, of all places, a public lavatory—held them back with a machine-gun; but eventually the pressure became too great and Loladze ordered his men out of the ruined village.

The following days were ones of pursuit and bloody retribution by the Germans for the Russian massacre of 5 and 6 April. Pouring in more and more troops the Germans pushed the Georgians into the northern part of the island where they held a former German bunker line.

Neither side took prisoners. When the Germans captured a Russian they made him take off his German uniform and shot him on the spot. The Georgians blew up captured Germans with hand grenades.

Weeks passed. In England the crew of the Joan Hodson had been taken to London, where they were visited by the Dutch Queen in exile—but there was no help for Texel forthcoming. All the available para-troops were needed for the occupation of Norway and Denmark.

World War Two ended. The Russians on Texel had been broken up into little bands of armed partisans hiding by day and foraging and sabotaging by night.

Sometime in the first week of May, Lieutenant Loladze and nine of his men were hiding in a lonely farmhouse in the north of the island when they were surrounded by Germans. Setting the straw roof of the place on fire with a flamethrower, the German infantry waited for panic-stricken Russians to run out. Then

their machine-guns mowed down the mutineers.

But Loladze was tough and cooler than his men. When he heard the sound of firing he realised what was happening and, instead of running out, hurried deeper into the house and hid in a cellar. The night passed and Loladze, feeling safe, cautiously sneaked out of the still smoking ruin. He ran straight into a German ambush left for any Russians who came to check what had happened to their colleagues.

Loladze was dead, but new leaders were found, such as Congladze, a former corporal. While the rest of Europe celebrated the end of hostilities the bitter little battle of Texel, isolated in a pocket of surrendered German troops in Holland, went on with appalling casualties on both sides.

And then on 20 May Canadians arrived on the island to carry out what they thought would be a routine task—the disarming of German troops. Instead they found 1200 German soldiers and sailors trying to eliminate the remaining Georgians.

The Canadian commander had the Germans disarmed and replaced by his own infantry. Then he set about negotiating with the pathetic remains of the mutineers, who came out of their hiding places.

After more than six weeks of fighting, two weeks of it carried on after the war had ended, there were 250 men left out of the original 800 Georgians of the 822nd Battalion. German losses were never ascertained, but local people estimate they were nearly 1000 killed.

Today Den Burg has been long rebuilt. German tourists inhabit the former bunkers which the Dutch have turned into holiday bungalows. And in summer the wind-swept island has a gay holiday air.

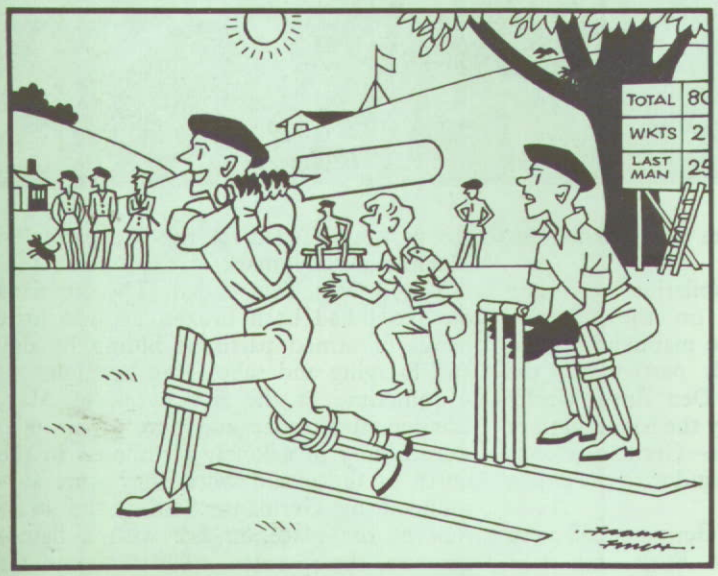
But anybody who wanders into the local cemetery will be confronted by row upon row of gravestones bearing names in Russian characters and a monument carved with the hammer and sickle.

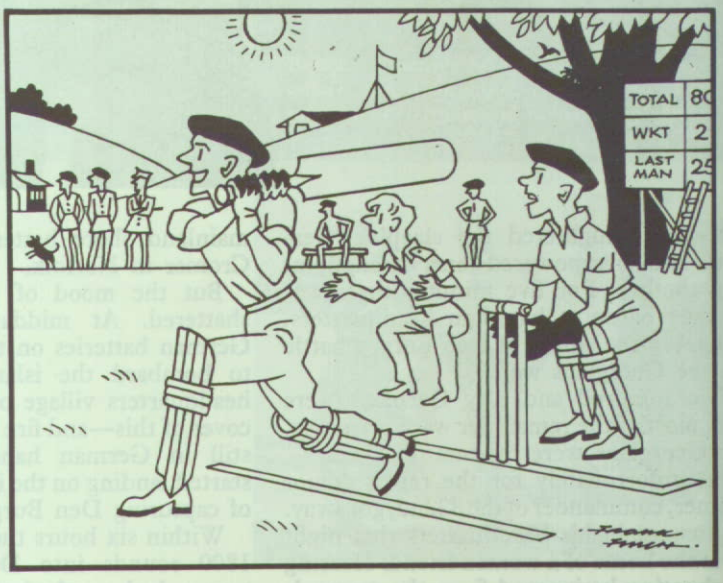
They are the last reminders of the grim little war that carried on after the big war had ended. . . .

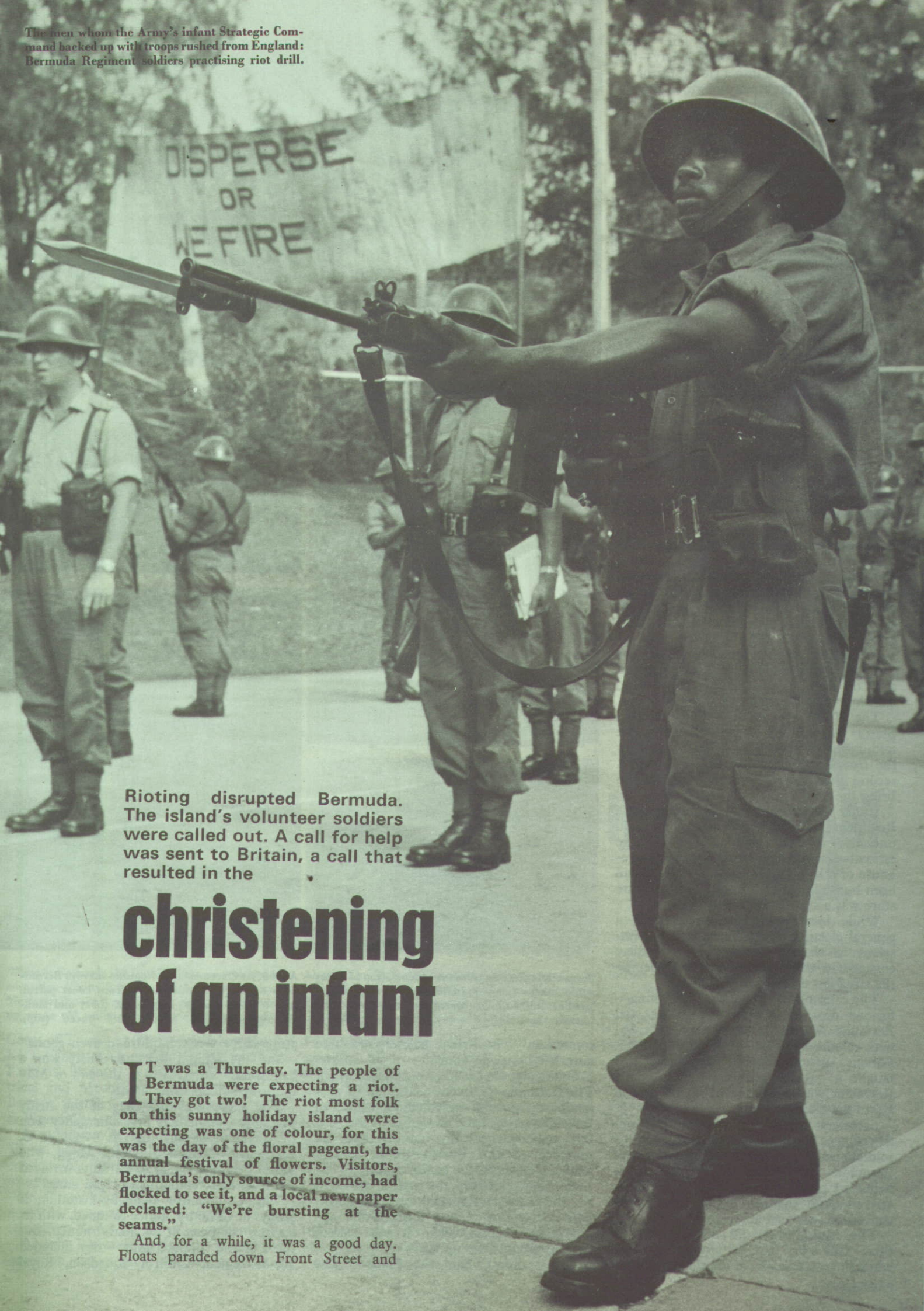
Above: One of the few Russian officers to survive the revolt meets the Canadian liberators. Below: Den Burg today. It is summer—and German tourists relax in a former bunker line.

How observant are you?

These two pictures look alike but they differ in ten details. Look at them carefully. If you cannot spot the differences see page 33.







The men whom the Army's infant Strategic Command backed up with troops rushed from England: Bermuda Regiment soldiers practising riot drill.

Rioting disrupted Bermuda. The island's volunteer soldiers were called out. A call for help was sent to Britain, a call that resulted in the

christening of an infant

IT was a Thursday. The people of Bermuda were expecting a riot. They got two! The riot most folk on this sunny holiday island were expecting was one of colour, for this was the day of the floral pageant, the annual festival of flowers. Visitors, Bermuda's only source of income, had flocked to see it, and a local newspaper declared: "We're bursting at the seams."

And, for a while, it was a good day. Floats paraded down Front Street and

hundreds flocked to a charity fair. Then violence carved a path through gaiety—the riot of colour turned into a riot of terror.

The two-day nightmare of stone-throwing, burning and bombing that followed was unparallelled in the history of this British colony.

In the early hours of Saturday, 27 April, the island's Executive Council, in an emergency session at Government House, declared a state of emergency and imposed a dusk-to-dawn curfew. The volunteer Bermuda Regiment was embodied; London was asked for help . . .

Within five minutes of the embodiment call, men were arriving at the headquarters of the Bermuda Regiment's two infantry companies on the outskirts of Hamilton, the capital. Within two hours, men of B Company were patrolling the troubled streets of Hamilton armed with their self-loading rifles and Israeli *Uzi* sub-machine guns. The mobile reserve force was A Company.

Sunday. The appeal for aid flashed across the Atlantic by Bermuda's Governor had hopped from the Commonwealth Office to the Ministry of Defence and. so to the Wilton, Wiltshire, headquarters of the Army's new Strategic Command, an infant barely a month old.

An order to move was given to seven units just before nine in the morning. The stand-by infantry, 1st Battalion, The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, based at Worcester, alerted its leading company while soldiers were still at breakfast. One officer was told as he left church, another as he was about to tee off at South Wiltshire Golf Club.

At six in the evening an RAF Air Support Command VC10 of 10 Squadron took off from Brize Norton, Oxfordshire. The fire brigade was on its way!

The VC10 arrived at Kindley United States Air Force base, Bermuda, at midnight, British time, just 15 hours after the troops had been ordered to move. A second VC10 arrived a few hours later to bring the total of men up to 180.

Under the watchful eyes of the Bermuda Regiment the Saturday morning dawned uneasily. Rioters had caused damage estimated at up to £1 million. The warehouse of a leading Hamilton merchant had been burned to the ground, a big furniture store was a smoke-blackened shell.

While local politicians, faced with a general election on 22 May, buried themselves in theory, the volunteer soldiers engaged in the practical work of keeping the situation under control.

The Bermuda Regiment is young—formed from the Bermuda Rifles and Bermuda Militia Artillery and presented with colours by Princess Margaret in 1965. Labour disturbances in that year had taught a valuable lesson—the Bermuda Regiment was now thoroughly trained in aid to the civil power.

Saturday night. As assistance from Britain was being organised the Regiment's soldiers isolated Hamilton from the rest of Bermuda by roadblocks while steel-helmeted police patrolled. Then the Brits arrived. And that, as far as rioting was concerned, was just about that.

The Inniskillings did little except be there. One story bandied around says that when they arrived one of the rioters told his comrades: "The British soldiers are here now. We better go home."

Gradually, the island returned to normal. The Bermuda Regiment continued to man roadblocks during curfew hours while the Inniskillings sat back and enjoyed the sun. But nobody has any doubt that the presence of the British troops had a sobering effect on the troublemakers.

On Sunday, 5 May, the curfew was lifted and the Bermuda Regiment was sent home. Eyes were now turned towards the approaching election when, it was feared, violence might flare up again.

But it didn't. Said the *Times:* "The atmosphere was tranquil and even genial" —and the United Bermuda Party won a handsome victory. And at the end of May the Inniskillings came home.

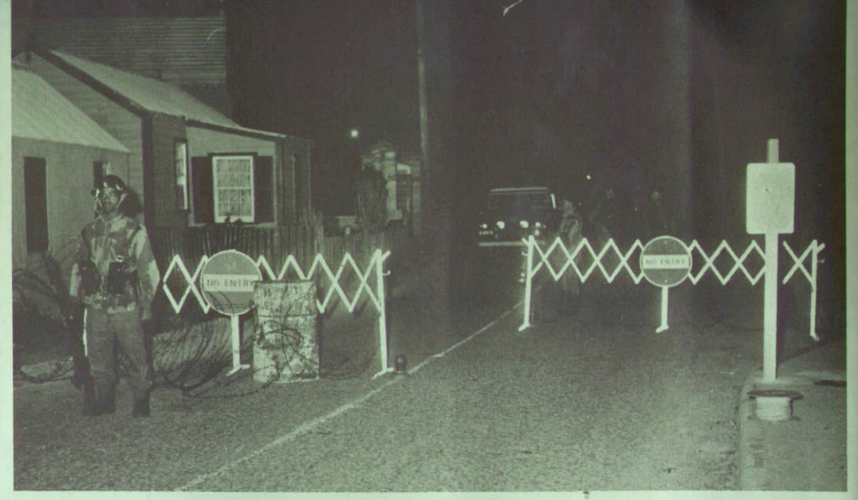
The speed and efficiency of the Army Strategic Command's first emergency won the congratulations of its GOC-in-C, Lieutenant-General Sir John Mogg, who sent a personal signal to all units involved praising their "smooth and rapid move."

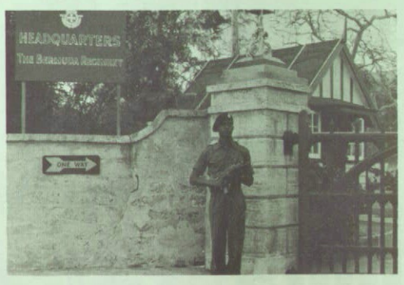
The Command's stand-by battalion is always at 72 hours' notice to move, with its leading company at 24 hours' notice. But some of the support units—they included 50 Movement Control Squadron, Royal Corps of Transport (Devizes); 60 Squadron, RCT (Tavistock); and 24 Ordnance Field Park, 15 Infantry Workshop, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, and 24 Brigade Postal Unit, Royal Engineers, all at Plymouth—were at seven days' notice.

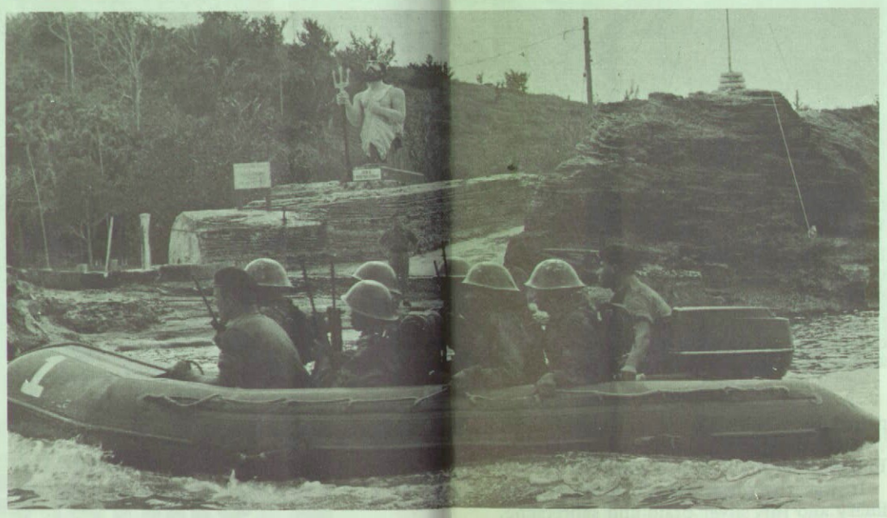
A nine-man detachment of 640 Signal Troop, based at Blandford, Dorset, with a considerable amount of communications equipment, was ready to move in record time. Heavy equipment and vehicles were flown in by two RAF Hercules of 36 Squadron, Royal Air Force, Lyneham.

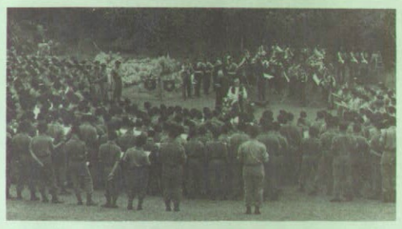
And the Bermuda Regiment's part in the operation was a great success, too. Said Lieutenant-Colonel J A Marsh, the commanding officer: "The embodiment went without a single hitch of any consequence. Everyone behaved very well indeed. You can imagine the difficulty of being a soldier in a community in which virtually everyone is related, if not by family ties then by friendship. Despite that, the men were as keen and co-operative as they could have been—and during the operation there was not a single word spoken in anger."

The Governor, Lord Martonmere, told the Bermudan volunteers: "Your restraint and devotion to duty have been exemplary. I congratulate you."









Bermudans man Hamilton road block (top of page) while others (above) guard their headquarters. Middle: Inniskillings arrive to help them out. Luckily the Irishmen were used as reserve only.

Above: At Clarence Cove, Neptune surveys Bermudans of the boat troop back from coast patrol. Above that—rioters' handiwork (left) and Inniskillings' briefing (right) and recce (top).

While in Bermuda the Inniskillings were visited by comedian Jimmy Edwards and the *Daily Mirror's* Marjorie Proops (top of page, right) and cleaned up some old military cemeteries (above, right).

Above: The Bishop of Bermuda conducts an open air service for the Inniskillings and the Bermuda Regiment—and, accompanied by Bermudans, Inniskillings relax during a show-the-flag march.

15TH/19TH THE KING'S ROYAL HUSSARS

SABRES OF KEENER METTLE

Above: The *dernier cri* of sartorial splendour. Officer of the 15th Light Dragoons c 1813. The War Office made uniforms utilitarian in 1829.

Left: With flashing sabres and pounding hooves the fearless Fifteenth charge 400 yards across the snow at Sahagún. They cut through six ranks.

Right: A Cromwell tank of the 15th/19th Hussars trundles through the ruins of Udem, Germany on 28 February 1945. Infantrymen ride on the back.

EIGHT hundred Frenchmen chuckled. The enemy horsemen, with their grandiose mustachios, could only be the Spaniards. And the Spaniards boasted that hollow heroism later celebrated in the comic verse: "Was none who would be foremost to lead such dire attack, While those behind cried 'Forward!' and those before cried 'Back!' "

But the Frenchmen's faces froze when the "Spaniards" charged towards them over the snow and they tasted the cold steel of sabres. In ten minutes they were routed.

Those "Spaniards" were the 15th Hussars and a battery of Royal Horse Artillery. The action, near Sahagún, Spain, on 21 December 1808, was the first British cavalry victory against Napoleon.

The fearless 15th—a mere 300 sabres—are celebrated in more appropriate poetry:

> We saddled our horses, and away we did go
> O'er rivers of ice and o'er mountains of snow,
> To the town of Sahagún then our course we did steer,
> 'Twas the Fifteenth Hussars, who had never known fear . . .

Victory was all the more remarkable because they had travelled all night through the snow and ice and the French, forewarned and forearmed, had risen fresh from sleep and taken up a commanding position. Yet it cost the British only four men killed and 21 wounded.

Captured French officers admitted that they took the charge at the halt because they thought the opposing force were Spaniards who would never have dared to charge the Grande Armée.

It was a mistake that had been made a year before. The Regiment was renamed 15th, The King's Hussars. They adopted elaborate uniform, similar to the original Hungarian hussars, and were ordered to grow moustaches to distinguish them from the rest of the Army which was mostly clean shaven. A London mob they had to disperse mistook them for foreign troops, pelted them with stones and called them "little, hairy-mouthed fellows." Unlike the French, that mob *lived* to regret it.

It was that swashbuckling uniform of finery and fur, silver braid and sabretache, tassels and trimmings that attracted the original recruits. Most were tailors who had come to London in 1759 to petition Parliament about their grievances. The Regiment—called Eliott's Light Dragoons after Major-General George Augustus Eliott who raised it—thus became nicknamed "The Tabs."

The tailors cut a dash from the first. At Emsdorf—in the British force allied with Frederick the Great against Napoleon—they charged with such panache and brilliance that five French battalions surrendered to them. In this, their first battle, they captured 16 colours, six cannon, 177 officers and 2452 men. A German historian wrote: "The bravery with which Eliott's Light Horse fought fills the whole army with amazement." An account of the battle was ordered to be engraved on the helmets

He gained immortality in the Valley of Death. Captain Lewis Nolan, 15th Hussars, passed on the famous order that set off the Charge of the Light Brigade, then died trying to stop it. The order—a scribbled note, hopelessly vague—was rudely thrust at Lord Lucan by Nolan. They intensely disliked each other (Nolan was hot-headed and heroic, Lucan cool and cautious). Lucan did not understand the order and asked angrily, "Attack, sir? Attack what? What guns, sir?" Nolan furiously waved, "There my lord, is your enemy. There are your guns." But that wave took in not only the Causeway Heights and the redoubts with the captured British guns (meant by the order) but the Russian artillery and cavalry at the end of the Valley.

The advance was proceeding at a steady trot when Nolan, riding alongside his friend Captain Morris in the front line, suddenly spurred his horse and galloped diagonally across the front. Morris called him back. Nolan took no notice but shouted and waved his sword. He probably realised they were going in the wrong direction. But no one can be sure. Because at that moment shrapnel from an exploding Russian shell tore into his breast, he uttered a shriek and fell from his horse—dead.

Actor Mark Burns, once a short-service officer in the 15th/19th Hussars, takes the part of Captain William Morris in the film "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

During filming in Turkey "I allowed my hair to grow long, an ambition I found very hard to realise in the modern Army" writes Mr Burns in the current edition of the Regimental Journal. Elegant Victorian officers, he explained, had puffed-out chests and narrow waists produced by pads and corsets. This, and the temperature of more than 100 degrees, "making my jacket similar to a Turkish bath."

Unlike most of the actors he had no qualms about riding: "Many happy hours spent on the Ipoh polo ground at 6.30 in the morning with a horse, a hangover, but without a saddle had convinced me that I was competent in that department!" His narration continues: "With four cameras trained on me, the echoes of my colleagues' 'Good Luck, Mark' still in my ears, a large section of Turkish soldiers—who one knew would quite happily ride over any unfortunate British actor unlucky enough to fall off—sitting on extremely restless horses behind me, a Verey light exploded in the air, someone yelled 'Action,' I screamed '17th Lancers, charge' and we were off at the gallop."

of all ranks. "Emsdorf" was the first battle honour (in the sense of gallantry commemorated by the name of an action) granted to the British Army.

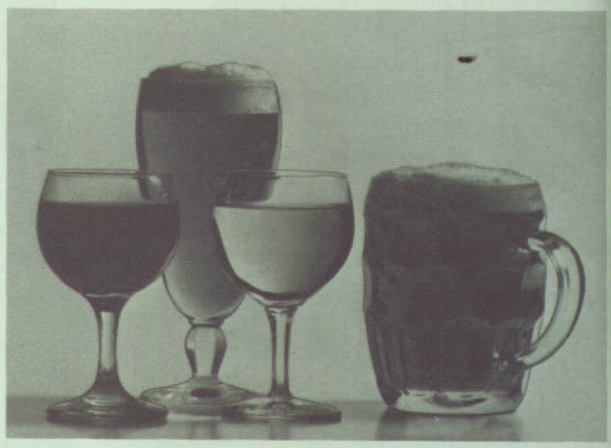
A great family tradition was established at Emsdorf. Cornet John Floyd, only 12 years old, led one of the squadrons into battle. He later became the first commanding officer of the 19th Hussars (amalgamated with the 15th Hussars in 1922). Members of the Floyd family have served in the Regiment for more than two centuries. The last, Captain John Floyd, left in 1961; Brigadier Sir Henry Floyd was a recent Colonel of the Regiment.

Cambrai, that historic battleground, was where the 15th Hussars were to see action in three centuries—in 1794 they smashed the French front to rescue the Emperor of Austria; in 1815 they captured the town of Cambrai shortly after taking part in the Battle of Waterloo; in 1917 at the Battle of Cambrai (the turning point in military history when tanks took over from horses) both the 15th and 19th Hussars incongruously fought on foot with infantry.

The 19th Royal Hussars were a foreign legion, serving mainly in India, Africa and America. They were raised in 1781 to protect the Honourable East India Company and train native troops (a 19th Regiment of Light Dragoons had been raised in 1760 in Ireland but was later disbanded). India had never seen cavalry that charged knee to knee at full gallop. They swept all before them like the tanks were to do at Cambrai and became known as "The Terror of the East." Their greatest victory was at Assaye in 1803 when they routed the Mahratta Horse, obliterated infantry and guns and charged a further brigade of infantry in a hail of bullets. Wellington later described it as the bloodiest battle he had ever known. The Regiment today wears the battle honour Assaye and an elephant motif on its belt buckle.

It was not until World War One that the 19th Hussars fought on European soil. In 1914 the 19th (and the 15th) covered the retreat from Mons. History was repeated in 1940 when they covered the retreat to Dunkirk. But they met near disaster on the Dendre. The Germans infiltrated between the Regiment and the River Dendre and attacked from front and rear. The commanding officer was taken prisoner and 13 officers and 127 men were killed or captured. The Regiment, re-formed and with Cromwell tanks, later fought in the spearhead from Normandy to the Baltic.

After World War Two they were involved in internal security duties in Palestine during the Zionist troubles, fought communist terrorists in Malaya and dissident tribesmen in the Radfan and Oman. Back in Omagh in Northern Ireland they were called on to assist the Royal Ulster Constabulary in stopping border incidents by the Irish Republican Army. Then came a spell in Barnard Castle as a training regiment and the following seven years were spent in Münster, West Germany. Equipped with Centurion tanks, they are now stationed in Tidworth as part of the Strategic Reserve.



Pub grub!

These days you find lots of pubs in the good food guides.
Pubs where you can get anything from a slap-up dinner with wine to a chunk of fresh bread and cheese —with a pint to help it down.

So when you're peckish, head for the local.

The Brewers' Society, 42 Portman Square, London W.1.

Farelfin

THEY called her the Twiggy of Far East Land Forces. And, you must admit, there *is* a strong resemblance between the world - famous model and elfin-like Mary Morrison, pictured here.

The comparison used to worry Mary, who is 17 and daughter of a Singapore-based Royal Army Ordnance Corps captain. Not any more—now she is a well-known model in her own right.

After being "discovered" at a charity show at the Royal Thai Embassy, Singapore, her modelling engagements snowballed—and included a television advertisement for toothbrushes.

Mary, who until recently was studying for her GCE O level examinations at St John's School, Singapore, has no ambition to be a full-time model. "It's a rat race—not as glamorous as people make out," she says.

Picture by Army Public Relations photographer Sergeant Jim Dickson.

The great U.K. tax dodge.

This tax dodge is perfectly legal.
Here's how it's done.
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Hopefully you will return home soon.
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Name _____

Address _____

_____ 14

If you're still in the U.K. and likely to be posted abroad write and ask about the Ford Personal Export Scheme. Another legal tax dodge.

LETTERS

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Papers for posterity

I am undertaking, on behalf of the Imperial War Museum, an intensive drive to secure the many still outstanding collections of private military, naval and air papers which form such an important part of the historical records of this century. The dispersal of these records has resulted in their deposit at a wide variety of institutions. These include university and college archives, national and local museums, local record offices and so on. Many of these institutions are admirably suited for the preservation of such papers and do a first-class job in making them available to students of the many aspects of war.

However, this museum is concerned with the records of senior officers and other public servants who have yet to make arrangements for the deposit of their papers at a centre where they will eventually be subject to serious historical research. We are concerned with the large number of officers who have probably never even considered that their records could valuably be subject to such investigation and consequently have never brought them together in any coherent manner. We are concerned also with the many cases where collections, as such, do not exist, but where single documents still remain as valuable historical evidence.

The military archive of the Imperial War Museum is the only national institution in this country, established by Act of Parliament, for the collection and preservation of the records of all three Services. It provides a place of deposit for the records of the nation where the history of war in the 20th century may be studied from every aspect, Service and civilian, and where documentary records are valuably complemented by the foremost collections of photographic and film records in this field.

I would greatly appreciate the opportunity to appeal through SOLDIER to the many officers whose personal papers will help to throw light on the events and decisions in which they have played a part. It is vital that their records be preserved and desirable that valuable collections are centrally held by a public institution actively engaged and professionally competent in this field.

The Imperial War Museum is one such centre. I would welcome contacts from senior officers who might be prepared to consider adding their papers to the national collection which we already hold.—**D G Lance, Keeper of Libraries and Archives, Imperial War Museum, Lambeth Road, London SE1.**

Information required

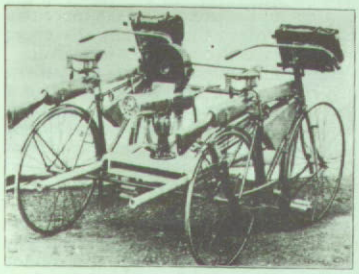
I am interested in German air activities over the British Isles and the Middle East during World War Two and would be grateful if any SOLDIER readers could help with information on the following lines—locations of where German planes were shot down, dates and types of aircraft involved, number of crew killed or captured. I would also be grateful for the loan of photographs of crashed German aircraft and would return these after making copies. I am particularly interested in hearing about air activities over Wales at this time.—**A W Evans, Cynlas, High Street, Llanberis, N Wales.**

Maxim v Gatling

The machine-gun illustrated on page 43 of the April SOLDIER is not a Maxim, as stated, but is a six-barrelled Gatling. It is probably a short-barrelled 1893 bulldog or a police patrol Service Gatling of the late 1880s or early 1890s, (only about 15 of the police Gatlings were made and none exported).

The magazine shown is an Accles positive feed, holding some 104 rounds. Both the police and short bulldog had barrels about 12 inches long, weighed about 74 lbs and fired 800 rounds per minute.

The cycles in the illustration appear to be of American design and manufacture.



At a guess I would say the whole machine was designed and manufactured by Dr R J Gatling for police riot control, probably for the Hartford or New York police department.—**WO I F L Callery RA, All Arms Training Area, Sennybridge, Brecon, Wales.**

Sashes

During a visit to the Intelligence Corps Depot I was intrigued to see senior non-commissioned officers of that Corps wearing scarlet sashes. I have always been under the impression that the wearing of scarlet sashes was a privilege awarded to senior ranks of infantry regiments only, as a battle honour.

Should this be the case perhaps a representative of the Intelligence Corps would be good enough to explain why and by what authority his Corps has usurped that right.—**I P Greenaway (ex-RA), The Glades, Abbott's Crescent, Bagshot Park, Surrey.**

★ *These sashes were originally slings for carrying wounded from the battlefield. The privilege of wearing them was never granted as a battle honour. Sashes were introduced into the Intelligence Corps by a regimental officer (the Corps did not have its own officers until* 1958). *Those seen at the Depot by Reader Greenaway were possibly worn by senior non-commissioned officers of the Army Physical Training Corps, though the Depot's Intelligence Corps drill staff have indeed worn scarlet sashes. The whole question of whether the Intelligence Corps' senior non-commissioned officers should wear sashes generally, and whether these should be in scarlet or in the Corps colour of green, has been taken up with the Army Dress Committee.*

"The Moles"

Recently I read the article entitled "The Moles" (SOLDIER, April). While it is agreed that the Royal Engineers provided the drillers, shotfirers, light railway and plant operators, it should be appreciated that the operations carried out during World War Two were very much shared by other corps and regiments.

For example, dumper-truck drivers were provided by the RASC (now RCT) and all the "mucking-out" was performed by men of the four wartime fortress garrison infantry battalions. (2nd Royal Scots, 4th Black Watch, Beds & Herts and SCLI, to name but four who were for short periods stationed on the Rock during World War Two).

These battalions provided large working parties around the clock and completed concreting and mucking-out tasks, while continuing to carry out their many other duties such as Governor's Guard, waterworks tunnels guards, nightly curfew patrols, lights duties and VP guards, maintenance of their fighting galleries and, by no means last and certainly not least, furnishing the nightly airfield guard of a complete rifle company backed by dogs and two-man canoes to provide guard in depth for those parts of the airfield which are built into the sea.

The infantry battalions' participation was considerable and it is quite incorrect to infer that the tunnelling in Gibraltar is wholly attributable to the Royal Engineers. The sappers certainly contributed the technical knowhow and the skilled drillers and other tradesmen, and this fact is not overlooked.—**Maj J H Sunderland, Royal Scots, Army School of Recruiting, Connaught Barracks, Woolwich SE18.**

Third Battle of the Aisne

The fiftieth anniversary of the Third Battle of the Aisne was on 27 May 1968. It records the last defeat of the Allies in World War One but is memorable for the outstanding bravery and tenacity of all ranks of three battle-weary British divisions, the 8th, 21st and 50th, which had been sent there to recuperate and train.

The local French command had put the three divisions into the line with French reserves at least 48 hours away. British General Headquarters had grave misgivings but was assured by the French Sixth Army Staff, as late as 25 May, that "there was no reason to suppose that the Germans were in a position to launch a major offensive." But such a project had been ordered by the German High Command on 17 April.

On 30 April Major-General A D von Unruh, Chief of Staff, 4th German Reserve Corps, presented his plan for the main assault, including the concentrated use of *minenwerfer* and trench mortar attacks against Winterburg (Californie Plateau), a strong point honeycombed by deep dug-outs and tunnels. With customary thoroughness the Germans had also carried out a most comprehensive aerial reconnaissance, pinpointing 50th Division Headquarters as a consequence of badly camouflaged telephone lines converging at the site.

Colonel Bruckmuller, an artillery specialist and ballistics expert, had worked out details of the barrage of HE, gas and smoke shells which opened up at 1.0am with a thunderous roar. Heavily outnumbered, the three British divisions bore the brunt of the German attack after a three-and-a-half hour bombardment by 3700 guns. The 25th Division came into action within a few hours and the 19th Division were holding the line on 30 May, but by 1 June the five divisions were so reduced by constant engagement as to be barely equivalent to one.

This calamitous assault on British arms resulted in the near annihilation of the British IX Corps but again emphasised the dedicated and stubborn resistance of men who continued fighting until the last round of ammunition. The fighting qualities displayed by the British divisions made a deep impression on the French and was acknowledged, but perhaps no greater tribute has been paid than that by the Germans themselves who wrote, "The English both individually and in groups fought magnificently, sometimes submitting only when their weapons were literally torn from their hands."

Almost all of them are still there on the Aisne, too many in unidentified graves, but their names are inscribed in our great shrines and in all the books of honour.—**Lieut-Col H G E Woods, 2 Playfair Mansions, Queens Club Gardens, London W14.**

Fighting drill

Although Captain Beckett does not appear to make the mistake of thinking precision is the only, or even the right, criterion for assessing drill ("Round the Square in Diamonds," April), he falls into a similar error mainly, perhaps, by not having understood the implications of his own experience of drill.

Drill apparently needs to be revised

more letters

because it relates to fighting formations which are obsolete. The question is whether the terms of reference have become wider and, if so, whether what Captain Beckett proposes is retrogressive or not. The answer depends largely on the extent to which one feels the barrack square should be related to the battlefield. I contend that the more this is, the narrower the terms of reference; at this level drill becomes merely drill.

If a criterion for the proper assessment of drill is its capacity to give a man a true sense of identity, then it is far from being obvious that what Captain Beckett is attempting is a good thing. It bears the stamp of the abyssmal Tiller Girl antics of a Royal Tournament drill squad.

I have no doubt the men feel themselves to be, as Captain Beckett puts it, individuals in a team, but that is not enough. They need to feel themselves something bigger and should know that they are someone within a human organism, the regiment.

It is the individual in the team who is the cog in the wheel. I am profoundly grateful that the Guards' "square bashing" has helped me to see this.—**E W L Barlow (ex-Irish Guards), Bishops College, Cheshunt, Herts.**

HMS Birkenhead

No 63 of the "Your Regiment" series, on 1st Battalion, The Royal Anglian Regiment, was most interesting and a delight to read.

Young Irishmen wishing to serve in the cavalry or the Royal Artillery can now carry out their initial training in Northern Ireland instead of having to go to a depot in England. Under a new scheme, the Depot, at St Patrick's Barracks, Ballymena, of The North Irish Brigade (now, since the beginning of this month, the Depot of The Royal Irish Rangers), is training young soldiers for the two Irish cavalry regiments, the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards and The Queen's Royal Irish Hussars, and also for the gunners although the main role continues to be training infantry.

However, as a one-time member of The Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment) may I query one of the statements made about HMS *Birkenhead*? I quote: "The largest single contingent of soldiers on board—55 men—were in the 12th Foot, later The Suffolk Regiment."

My own regimental history states: "The men stood firm in their ranks while the ship sank, and 357 of them were drowned; 56 of them were from the 73rd, more than from any other regiment."—**T E Kempshall FSA (Scot), 36 Glendower Avenue, Coventry, CV5 8BE.**

★ *Far be it from SOLDIER to belittle any achievement of that splendid regiment, The Black Watch. However, our reference was to soldiers and did not include officers, though the largest single contingent, including officers, was indeed that of The Black Watch. According to "The History of The Suffolk Regiment" the figures were:*

12th Regiment — 55 soldiers
73rd Regiment — 54 soldiers and 2 officers.

Corps of Drums

May I appeal through SOLDIER to all those with experience in a corps of drums who have left, or are about to leave the Regular Army?

Fifes and drums have long been an integral part of British military tradition but in recent years have been in decline. We of The Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment (T) Corps of Drums are making every endeavour to keep alive this the finest of all military music. We have many engagements throughout the year and enjoy an active social life. And whatever decision the Government reaches on the future of the Territorials, this Corps of Drums will carry on, if necessary in a private capacity.

Recruitment is a current problem, particularly now that the Government has clamped down on pay. I would therefore like to call upon all those who live within reasonable travelling distance of Hertford (we already have members from Bedford, Luton and London) and who would like to join us to please contact me or call at the Drill Hall, Hertford, any Monday evening after 8pm.—**S King, 45 Fanshawe Crescent, Ware, Herts.**

World War One cyclists

I have had the pleasure of reading "Revolutionary War Machine" (SOLDIER, April) and, as an ex-member of the 25th County of London Cyclists from 31 August 1914 to 9 January 1920, it brought back many old memories.

From cyclists on Coast Defence to become infantry, then to India with the 1/9 Hants, 1/1 Kents, 25 Londons and 2/6 Royal Sussex, all cyclist regiments with drafts from Suffolk cyclists.

On arrival in India we were formed into 43/44 Brigades of the 16th Indian Division. Served during the Waziristan Campaign 1917, the Amritsar and Punjab riots in 1919 under Brigadier-General R E H Dyer, and lastly the Thal Relief Force, 3rd Afghan War,

also under Dyer's command, for which we were awarded the IGS Medal with clasp "Afghanistan NWF 1919."

I and several old members have not heard from the OCA for a number of years. Perhaps some SOLDIER reader knows the name and address of the secretary and would be kind enough to send it to me.

Thank you for the memories.—**F G A Wilson 7 Macnamara House, Lacland Place, Chelsea, London SW10.**

Passchendaele

The statement on page 20 of the April SOLDIER that the ground won around Passchendaele was lost again is completely wrong.

Ypres and ground to the north remained in British hands and were never again captured by the Germans. The Lys sector, on which the Germans made their advance, took in Armentières, Messines, Bailleul and Strazelle with St Verient to the south.

As an infantryman I was in continuous action from the Somme in 1916 until the end of hostilities and have my own opinion as to why these retreats came to be enacted. I am well advised to keep my opinion to myself but details and facts published in SOLDIER should, and indeed must, be correct.—**Capt R A Caplan (Rtd), 33 Oxenden Crescent, Wingham, Canterbury, Kent.**

★ *SOLDIER's source was "The First World War" by A J P Taylor.*

The Light Brigade

I suppose I *would* notice it—non-admittance for critics or no! But the bits used in the film were all wrong. They were the "Universal," which we of the light cavalry took up in 1914. Previous to that, and certainly in the Crimea, the bitting was the bridoon and the curb. A very heavy bit indeed, in fact a cruel piece of saddlery.

The producer might have put up a few more millions to have the saddlery historically correct!—**Lieut-Col The O'Doneven, Gold Mead, Lymington, Hants.**

a b or c ?

Almost every alternative presented in Competition 118 (March) was offered by readers. In particular, intestines and a blanket in a washing machine were widely preferred to the correct, if not immediately apparent, answer of cabbage for one of the ten puzzle pictures.

Correct solution was: 1-b (comb teeth), 2-b (safety pin head), 3-a (ball point refills), 4-c (cigar ash), 5-b (match head), 6-b (cabbage), 7-b (wood shaving), 8-b (daisy), 9-c (pen nibs), 10-b (walnuts).

Prizewinners were:

1 Martin Lowe, 14 Kilbrack, Beccles, Suffolk.

2 Sarah Jones, 121 Hough Green, Chester, Cheshire.

3 B Preston, 10 Oak Road, Whiston, Prescot, Lancs.

4 WO II A G Croucher RAPC, HQ 24 Inf Bde, Crownhill Fort, Plymouth, Devon.

5 K Brown, 49 Church Road, Hove 3, Sussex.

6 Valerie Pettigrew, Tile House, Hadley, Droitwich, Worcs.

7 Mrs G Seymour, 19 Heath Square, Larkhill, Salisbury, Wilts.

8 William Wickens, 225 Brook Street, Erith, Kent.

9 Drm Hanson, 10 Sheldon Close, Aylesham, Canterbury, Kent.

10 Hilary J Charlesworth, Frog Hall, Wokingham, Berks.

11 E Lack, 15 Elmfield Terrace, York.

12 WO I R Beardon RGJ, MOD AG2, Room J10, London Road, Stanmore, Mx.

SOLDIER PICTURES

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Picture Editor
433 Holloway Road
London N7

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HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(see page 22)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1 Door of hut on left. 2 Stick of officer third from left. 3 Leaves at top right of tree. 4 Length of bat. 5 Right leg of right spectator. 6 Fold behind batsman's right knee. 7 Wing of bird above nest. 8 Gap between bails. 9 Spelling of "WKTS." 10 Turn-up of wicket-keeper's right sleeve.

REUNIONS

14/28 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery. Second reunion dinner at Victory Ex-Services Club, Seymour Street, London W2, 28 September. Ex-members of these two regiments wishing to attend please contact A E Dufall, TA Centre, Church Walk, Devizes, Wilts. Tickets 25s should be obtained before 31 July.

Beachley Old Boys Association. Annual reunion 20, 21 and 22 September. Particulars from Hon Sec BOBA, Army Apprentices College, Chepstow, Mon.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

See page 4.

A laugh on every page

If you want a jolly good laugh you couldn't do better than get your own copy of "SOLDIER Humour," a 64-page booklet containing more than 100 of the best cartoons published in SOLDIER over the past few years.

There's a chuckle or two on every page—which is excellent value by any standards for only 1s 3d.

"SOLDIER Humour" is on sale at bookstalls at home and overseas. Unit PRI and individual subscribers may order direct from HMSO, PO Box 569, London SE1, or from SOLDIER, 433 Holloway Road, London N7.

"Three extracted in error. Sign here!"

COMPETITION 122

YOUR BALL

WHETHER in the deadly earnestness of competition, just for the fun of it, or under the guise of keeping fit, this is the season of the ball game.

Here, in silhouette and easily identifiable, are seven implements for whanging a ball. Write down the names of the seven sports in which they are used. Then take just one letter from each of your seven words and rearrange to make the names of a game and a sport.

Send your two words by letter or on a postcard, with the "Competition 122" label from this page, and your name and address, to:

The Editor (Comp) 122
SOLDIER
433 Holloway Road
London N7.

This competition is open to all readers at home and overseas and closing date is Monday, 23 September. The answers and winners' names will appear in the November SOLDIER. More than one entry can be submitted but each must be accompanied by a "Competition 122" label. Winners will be drawn from correct answers.

PRIZES

1	£5
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5-6	£2
7-8	£1
9-10	SOLDIER free for 6 months
11-12	"Two Types" and "SOLDIER Humour"
13-15	"Famous Aircraft of the RAF" chart

QUICK, QUICK - SLOW

QUICK has slowed down!

Fleet Street knows him as Archie, "Monty" knew him as his chief clerk—and long ago Portsmouth pigeons knew him as their taskmaster.

Archie Quick, veteran Sports Editor of the British Army News Service, has retired. And although this organisation—which daily sends news bulletins to soldiers all over the world—is often nicknamed *Baa* News, he has roared through 50 years of journalism and Army life in a manner far from lamb-like.

No, there's nothing sheepish about 66-year-old Archie, friend of international sportsmen and a familiar of a few field-marshals. And his remarkable career began with those pigeons . . .

When he started in journalism he used them to send half and full time scores of Portsmouth Football Club games back to his paper, the *Portsmouth Evening News*. He also sent his reports with a boy on a bike every ten minutes. For away matches he used telegrams at 80 words a shilling.

That was in 1917. In World War Two he was dealing with bigger birds.

A Warrant Officer I in the Royal Army Service Corps, he was chief clerk to the now Field-Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck and was personally recommended by him to be a Member of the British Empire for work in connection with destruction of iron ore mines, the evacuation of King Haakon, the second battle of Narvik and the final pull-out.

He was later chief clerk to Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery when he was promoted from Major-General 3rd Division to Lieutenant-General 5 Corps.

Archie also knew Field-Marshal Sir Gerald Templer when he was a brigadier. Moved to Headquarters, Templer said: "They have taken my brigade away from me and turned me into a clerk. They have ruined my career, Mr Quick."

When they met years later, Archie told Templer, then a field-marshal, that he hadn't done badly after all—and the distinguished soldier doubled with laughter.

Archie says "Monty" went white when he told him he was a Fleet Street reporter in Civvy Street. After the war the field-marshal sent for him from the press box at the first Army boxing championships. Now they meet occasionally at Portsmouth Football Club where "Monty" is president.

Archie has been on BANEWS for 23 years. His other journalistic jobs have included assistant sports editor of the Press Association and a gossip writer on the old "Star."

He claims, without much exaggeration, to have met everybody in sport for the last half-century. He reported the 1928 Olympic Games in Amsterdam, has seen every Cup Final at Wembley since the original one in 1923 and most heavyweight boxing championships; he has scribbled away at many Test matches and produced copy at Wimbledon, Henley and numerous golf championships.

And Archie has exercised more than his wrist. He was an amateur with Portsmouth and Brighton and Hove Albion football clubs, won county soccer caps with Hampshire and gained prizes on the cycling track.

When he was a cub reporter earning 7s 6d a week he fought sailors in the rough slum clubs of Portsmouth for 5s for three rounds and then earned a further 5s by holding a bucket for another boxer.

He was founder-secretary of the Football Writers' Association, a member of the Boxing Writers' Club and—the crowning glory of a lifetime of sportswriting—last year he was national chairman of the Sportswriters' Association of Great Britain.

He has flown higher and faster in journalism that he ever dreamed he would in those far-off days when he released his newspaper pigeons into the Portsmouth sky.

Archie with the Countess of Harewood at the annual dinner of the Sports Writers' Association.

Story by John Wright/Picture by Arthur Blundell

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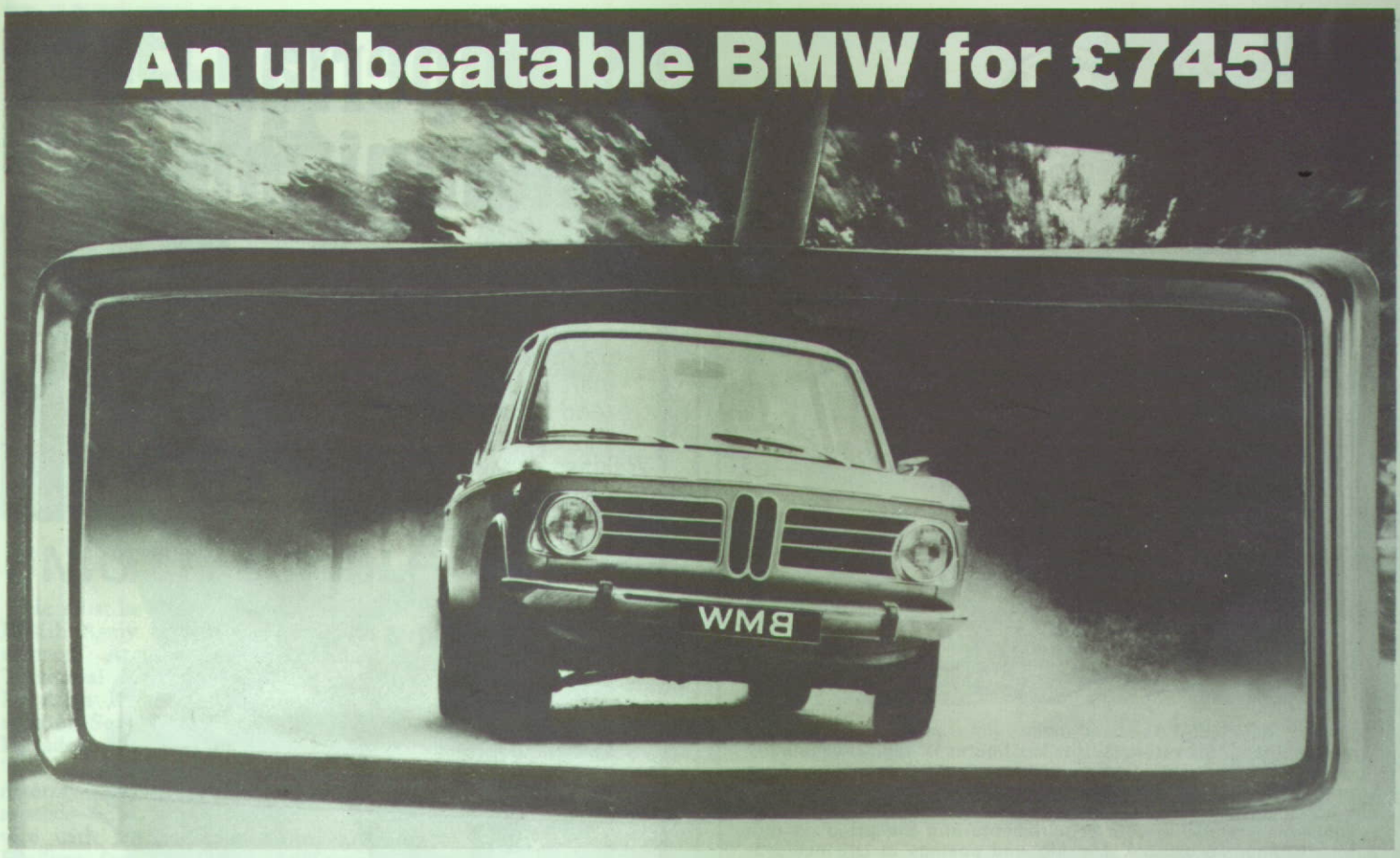

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He must be the only serving soldier in the British Army to wear two identical medal ribbons. At least that is the belief of the Territorial & Army Volunteer Reserve in Northern Ireland. **Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant Albert Rusk** (above), of Portadown, has one medal—inscribed "Militia"—for service with the Supplementary Reservists from 1939 to 1946, and another—inscribed "Territorials"—for service with 5th Battalion, The Royal Irish Fusiliers, from 1953 to 1965. He wears both ribbons side by side. RQMS Rusk, a senior Post Office technician, is at present serving in the North Irish Militia.

COOKING POTS

He won the cups for cooking. Eighteen-year-old apprentice chef **John Hall** (above) was recently awarded the Smethurst Challenge Trophy and the Elkington Grand Challenge Cup for being the best junior in the Salon Culinaire International de Londres at Olympia. His galantine of chicken beat those of all other junior Service and civilian chefs. John is serving in the Army Catering Corps at Aldershot.

For dealing with hundreds of bombs and booby traps in Hong Kong during communist riots last year, two men of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps have been honoured. **Warrant Officer Stanley Woods** receives the MBE and **Sergeant David Birch** the British Empire Medal. From July to October, Mr Woods dealt with 300 devices and Sergeant Birch 200. Not all were filled with explosive. Some were hoaxes which nevertheless had to be handled with equal care until established harmless. Their work was made more dangerous by terrorists planting a dummy device to attract a bomb disposal squad and then lobbing real bombs from nearby buildings. Both men were wounded on separate occasions.

INFORMAL PARADE

With winning charm and a warm smile, the **Duchess of Kent** paid an informal visit to 12 Company, Women's Royal Army Corps, at Inglis Barracks, Mill Hill, London. She is engaged in an earnest exchange (above) with **Corporal Ann Cooper,** recently mentioned in dispatches for her services in Aden. But the conversation was more one-sided in the Warrant Officers' and Sergeants' Mess—when she met their pet talking budgerigar. The Duchess, who holds the honorary rank of major-general, is Colonel Commandant of the WRAC. The Duke of Kent is a major in The Royal Scots Greys.

CARRY ON, ALEX

Actress **Alexandra Dane** (above) got a special cheer when she jumped from a 35-foot parachute training tower at Battersea Festival Gardens. It was all a bit of a carry on. Alex had promised to visit the Territorial & Army Volunteer Reserve's one-week display at the Festival Gardens. But she was busy at Pinewood Film Studios making "Carry On —Up The Khyber." However, shooting schedules were hurriedly re-arranged and Alex was allowed just two hours, still wearing costume and make-up, to dash to Battersea.

TRICKY DICKIE

It is enough to make a sergeant squirm and a warrant officer wince. But there were guffaws in the ranks when television comedian **Dickie Henderson** sported this cavalry helmet (above) during his visit to A Squadron, 3rd Carabiniers, in Cyprus. Dickie was topping the bill at a Combined Services Entertainment show nearby.

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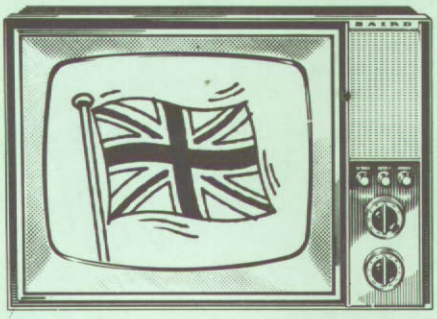

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5 The 2nd or Coldstream Regiment of Foot Guards (captain, 1815)
6 The Royal Horse Guards (officer, 1815)

SERIES II

No **7** The 14th Regiment of Foot (officer, 1802)
8 The 95th Regiment of Foot (Rifles) (officer, 1810)
9 Lieutenant-general (service dress, 1810)
10 The 12th Regiment of Light Dragoons (officer, 1812)
11 The 2nd Regiment of Dragoons (Scots Greys) (officer, 1815)
12 The Royal Horse Artillery (officer, 1815)

SERIES III

No **13** The 1st Regiment of Foot Guards (captain, 1688)
14 The Royal Regiment of Artillery (lieutenant, 1743)
15 The Wiltshire Militia (major, 1760)
16 The British Legion in North America (Tarleton's) (major of cavalry, 1780)
17 The Corps of Marines (captain, 1790)
18 The 79th Regiment of Foot (Cameronian Volunteers) (officer, 1799)

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Some of the prints are pictured here; others will be illustrated in future issues of SOLDIER.

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Above: One of the Series II prints, of an officer of 2nd Regiment of Dragoons (Scots Greys).

Also from the larger Series II are (far left) an officer of the 14th Regiment of Foot and (left) an officer of the 95th Regiment of Foot (Rifles).

Top of page: Series II again—lieutenant-general in all the finery of the service dress of 1810.

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The German Army—once the flower of Aryan manhood—had become largely reduced to weedy youths and seedy old men. The situation is epitomised by this prisoner flushed out of his insanitary dug-out by men of 5th Battalion, The Devonshire Regiment, near Rheims.

German commander Ludendorff was like a punch-drunk boxer making mechanical gestures of aggression. But each movement weakened his army more than the enemy. His last desperate blow was on 15 July. This time the Allies were forewarned. Prisoners of war had freely divulged the details.

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It was on 24 July that Allied commanders Haig, Pétain and Pershing met at Foch's headquarters to plan the offensive that was to end the war.

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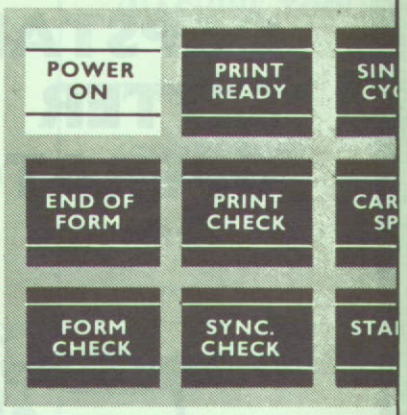

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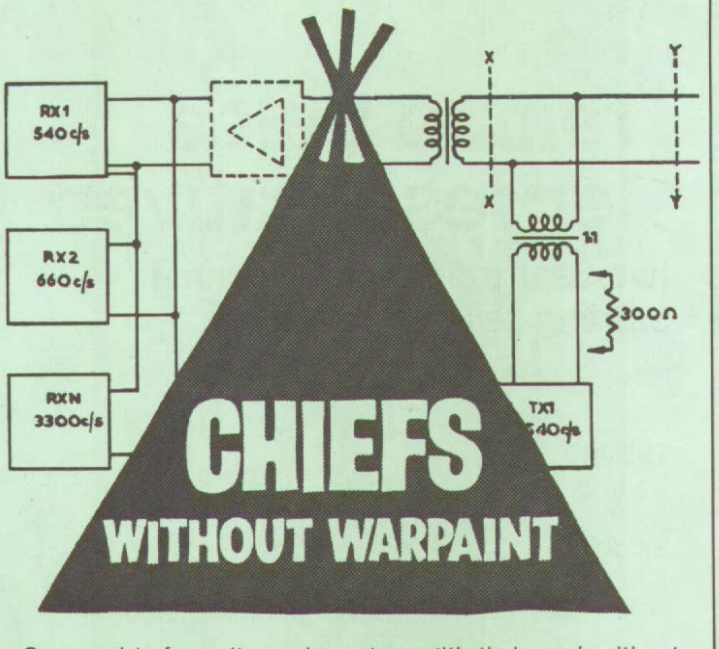

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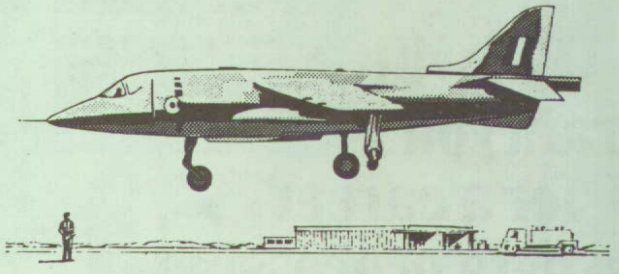

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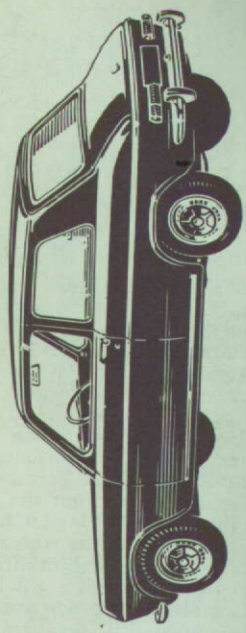

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"Scientific Soldier" (R H Thoumine)

Major-General John Gaspard le Marchant has two memorials—the Staff College and the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst. Both are direct descendants of the Royal Military College which he formed at High Wycombe in 1799.

He started his career, in the Wiltshire Militia, by challenging his colonel to a duel. Fortunately the colonel smoothed out the incident. In the early 1790s le Marchant campaigned in Flanders with the Duke of York, returning to England to command the 16th Light Dragoons and evolve both a new sword and a new sword drill for light cavalry. The drill was so successful that he was ordered to set up a school at successive centres around the country.

When commanding the 7th Light Dragoons he hit on the idea of a new establishment which he saw as a three-tier school. The senior would train officers for the staff, the second would train cadets to be officers, the third would be a preparatory school for the second. In addition there would be a legion of 200 soldiers' sons, a kind of junior leaders unit, to train with the cadets and give them experience of handling men.

The first two came into being, probably not least because le Marchant proposed that the budding staff officers should pay fees and that the cadets' pay should go to the school. He calculated the establishment would thus show a financial profit—a cunning way to ensure Treasury approval.

The senior section was established at High Wycombe and the cadet section at Marlow. Le Marchant was appointed lieutenant-governor of the College and in the normal course of seniority promoted major-general—then told his position at the College was "incompatible with his rank." He went off to command a cavalry brigade in the Peninsula and distinguished himself at Villa Garcia.

At Salamanca his brigade smashed the French left wing, the general himself cutting down six men. Then, at the head of a half-squadron, he charged a small group of Frenchmen and was shot dead.

Le Marchant's fame has never been proportionate to his significance in the development of the British Army and this readable account of his life will do something to make amends.

Oxford University Press, 38*s* **R L E**

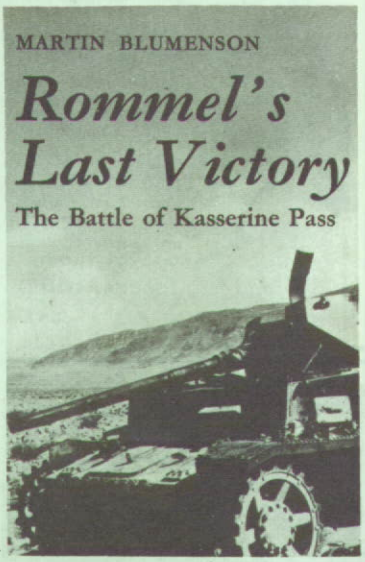
MISTAKES ON BOTH SIDES

"Rommel's Last Victory" (Martin Blumenson)

The Battle of Kasserine is one of the actions in World War Two which reflect no great credit on the senior commanders of either side, but which taught the Allies, especially the Americans, some salutary lessons.

When Rommel struck in February 1943, his main blows fell on the ill-trained and unblooded Americans and on ex-Vichy French troops who were pathetically ill-equipped.

Eisenhower was the Supreme Commander and General Sir Kenneth Anderson, commanding the British First Army, was his advisor for the whole Tunisian front. The corps commander mainly responsible for the battle was the American Major-General Lloyd R Fredendall.



Inter-Allied co-operation was not then at the highly developed pitch it was to reach later and Fredendall was not the man to make it so. One of the "Get-off-your-goddam-ass-and-hit-the-hell-outa-them" American generals, he was anglophobe in general and disliked Anderson in particular. He also had neither confidence in nor understanding of the French.

They all made mistakes, especially Fredendall who was incapable of keeping control of his troops. After the battle he was relieved of his command, promoted and given a training appointment.

The troops were driven back through the Kasserine Pass but reinforcements were rushed up, including the British 6th Armoured Division. The German thrust was finally halted under a fierce bombardment by American artillery.

The mistakes were not all on the Allied side. The attack lost some of its bite from the lack of co-operation between Rommel and Arnim, his fellow German commander in North Africa. The Axis achieved a tactical success, not a major victory, says the author in one place; elsewhere he says that Rommel, a sick man, lost his nerve when victory was in his grasp.

As it was, the Germans surprised the Allies by withdrawing. It was the turn of the tide at Kasserine and, as Eisenhower wrote, "proved actually to be the turn of the tide in all Tunisia."

Mr Blumenson's account of Kasserine is dramatic and clear. He also gives an excellent account of events leading up to the battle.

Allen & Unwin, 42*s* **R L E**

ENEMIES THEN ALLIES

"Robert Parker and Comte de Mérode-Westerloo" (edited by David Chandler)

This volume pleasantly offers "two for the price of one" in the memoirs of two men, totally different in character and outlook, who fought in the long War of the Spanish Succession from 1701 to 1713, at first on different sides, then finally on the same side.

Captain Robert Parker served in the Royal Regiment of Foot of Ireland. He ran away from home to enlist and saw much service in Ireland and the Low Countries. He had a profound admiration for Marlborough as a commander in Flanders. A somewhat modest and unpretentious man himself, Parker's writings are solid and reliable. His story—the march to the Danube, the battles of Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet, even the interesting account of his system of platoon-firing—is told in a simple, factual manner.

The Comte de Mérode-Westerloo is as colourful as his name suggests. Possessed of vast estates and great personal bravery, he changed sides during the war with scarcely a backward glance. A typical 18th century aristocrat, he was arrogant, self-assertive and very touchy. He was therefore engaged in endless lawsuits over debts and quite a few duels over his honour.

But he is as lively as Parker is dull. Nearly killed by the English at Blenheim, he fought for them at Ramillies. Yet he had little regard for Marlborough as a man or as a soldier. Much of this is pique, but any man who can rescue a friend from a debtor's prison with five companies of his regiment can afford to be a trifle vindictive!

There are interesting appendices on contemporary tactics, sieges, biographical notes and a most useful glossary of terms. In all an excellent addition to Brigadier Peter Young's "Military Memoirs" series.

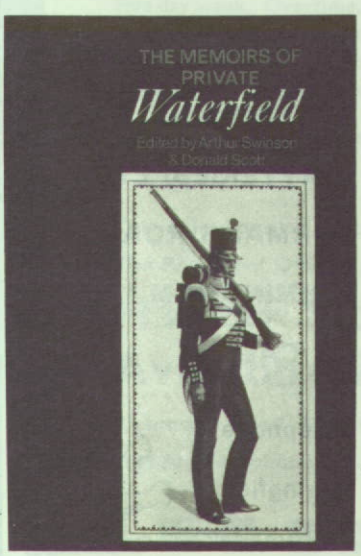
Longmans, 50*s* **A W H**

DIARY OF A FOOT SOLDIER

"The Memoirs of Private Waterfield" (edited by A Swinson and D Scott)

In 1966 Donald Scott, auctioneer and valuer in Rayleigh, Essex, stumbled across a tattered folder containing 136 pages of small handwriting. On examination it proved to be the diary of a foot soldier of the 32nd Regiment of Foot (Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry).

Robert Waterfield, of Leicester, was strolling through the streets of Portsmouth in April 1842, intent on joining the Royal Navy, when the sound of music came to his ears. Round the corner swept a detachment of the 32nd. The fine uniforms attracted him and he enlisted.



Before long he regretted his impulse. The barracks were filthy, the food horrible and the subalterns worst of all, with savage punishments one day and stupid pranks the next. Life was miserable and even a spell of duty in Dublin did not lighten the gloom.

Then came orders to sail to pre-Mutiny India where the white man was king. Like so many others the young soldier was fascinated by the glittering rajahs, delicately coloured mosques and swaying *howdahs* on the lumbering elephants. Then the real and eternal India came home to him—the smells and heat, hordes of beggars and pariah dogs, disease and, hardest to bear, boredom. Drink brought some relief but so did war. This was mainly countermarching, digging trenches or rushing breached walls. Occasionally there were big battles like Multan and Gujerat or exciting missions on the North-West Frontier.

Waterfield came home in 1857, before the Mutiny, complete with Sikh War Medal and three clasps. He was never promoted and disappeared quietly without trace. Yet he and thousands like him made and held the British Empire.

A most interesting little book.

Cassell, 42*s* **A W H**

AIRBORNE GENERAL

"Call To Arms" (General Sir Richard Gale)

With "Boy" Browning, General Sir Richard Gale was one of the founders of Britain's airborne forces. He raised 1st Parachute Brigade and later the famous 6th Airborne Division which he led into Normandy as the spearhead of the D-Day invasion.

General Gale's last post before he retired in 1960 was Deputy Supreme Allied Commander Europe. Immediately before that he commanded Rhine Army and NATO's Northern Army Group, following a stint as Director of Military Training.

Each was a key post from which it is possible to look down and take stock. One of his most pertinent observations is that the Army of today is over-staffed at all levels. "A comparison of Rommel's staff in the Western Desert with an American or British corps staff of today is worth study. When I asked General Speidel how Rommel managed so successfully he merely smiled, remarking that it worked."

General Gale feels that the bigger the staff the more work it creates. In these days when the call is for greater efficiency would it not be wise of the Army to look to the civilians for help? The general might well have continued his argument by pointing to the genuine economies wrought in industry and local government by work study.

General Gale demands honesty from the politicians. He warns that when financial expediency dictates strategy one is on the dangerous slope that can lead to a Dunkirk. He urges: "If financial straits force cuts let us be honest about it and not cloak the truth by a bogus strategical argument."

On a more domestic note the

author observes that Service appointments are changed fairly frequently. Though this may have certain advantages he wonders whether these changes are not too frequent. He reasons that civilians take time to get to know soldiers and that where the two have to co-operate closely the irritation of trying to get to know a rapid succession of soldiers has distinct disadvantages.

Although these three aspects may give the impression of a man at war with the Army, on the contrary General Gale emerges as a man in love with his job, whether with the Machine Gun Corps on the Western Front, on regimental or staff duty in India, planning at the War Office or loading airborne forces.

Hutchinson, 45*s* **J C W**

THE FALL OF SINGAPORE

"*Sinister Twilight*" (*Noel Barber*)

Even now the fall of Singapore to the Japanese in 1942 evokes feelings of frustration and disbelief. How could we have been so naïve? How could we have blithely assumed that no army could penetrate the jungle? Why were the guns pointing the wrong way?

When the blow came, the Services, unco-ordinated as they were, did their best. The Royal Air Force was swept from the skies; in one fell swoop, by sinking the Prince of Wales and Repulse, the Japs drew the Navy's teeth; and on land, though often proving that the Jap was not invincible, the Army was driven back.

The Japs swept through the jungle while muddle reigned in Singapore. There were constant bickerings in high places, notably between Duff Cooper, Churchill's special representative, and the Governor, Sir Shenton Thomas. Orders were given then countermanded; trenches were dug and filled in—and all the time the Japs drew nearer.

To Britain's everlasting credit, the island's civilians rose to the occasion, shouldering vital responsibilities in face of lack of direction from the top. Dunlop's rubber buyer, Tim Hudson, became a divisional ARP commander; his wife became a nurse. The police chief's wife, Mrs Bunny Dickingson, ran the blood transfusion service.

These are just a few of the people through whose experiences Mr Barber reports the fall of Singapore from a different angle—that of the civilians. But he does more than that. In a compelling and poignant book he produces one of the most lucid accounts yet to appear.

By sifting through a multitude of sources, many of them diaries and unpublished accounts, he finds much that is new. The splendid work of Malaya Command's Chief Engineer, Brigadier Ivan Simson, for instance, provides welcome relief from the gloom which always seems to surround the military image in the context of Singapore, 1942.

And one must not overlook the loyalty of the local population. Take Mei Ling, the Hudsons' *amah*. On Tim Hudson's last night of freedom she waited six hours to deliver his *dhobi*—and a picture of his wife. On 5 September 1945 Hudson was released from Changi Jail. The first person to greet him was the faithful Mei Ling carrying—as she did the last time he saw her—a parcel of freshly laundered clothes for him.

Collins, 30*s* **J C W**

IN BRIEF

Bellona Military Vehicle Prints

Series Fourteen in this popular range of detailed descriptions, pictures and drawings of tanks (to the scale of 1 : 66 or 4mm to 1 foot) features a British, a Canadian and a German tank and a German self-propelled gun. The colour cover, by George Bradford, depicts a female Mark IV tank, with fascines mounted, which was destroyed by a mine during the Somme offensive of September 1918.

The Mark IV is the British tank dealt with in detail. The majority were females, armed only with machine-guns—the male tanks carried two 6-pounder guns. The Mark IVs were first engaged at Messines in June 1917, took part in the mass attack at Cambrai and became the main tank of the Tank Corps.

The Canadian cruiser tank Ram II used the basic hull, engine, suspension and transmission of the American M3 medium tank but incorporated British and Canadian ideas. Between January 1942 and the middle of 1943, 1908 Rams were produced and used for training Canadian troops at home and in the United Kingdom and as a reserve for the defence of Britain. None saw action as gun tanks.

Only two models, both prototypes, were produced of the German VK 3001(P) Porsche Type 100 Leopard medium battle tank. These represented the *début* of Porsche in the armoured vehicle field. The order, for a tank in the 30-ton class, was also issued to Henschel. The project was abandoned in favour of a heavier tank after the appearance of the Russian T34.

The fourth vehicle in Series Fourteen is the German 15cm schwere Panzerhaubitze 18/1(SF) Aug GW III/IV Hummel, the panzer division's self-propelled heavy artillery.

Bellona Publications, Badger's Mead, Hawthorn Hill, Bracknell, Berks, 4s plus overseas postage; subscription scheme and ring binder available.

Bellona Handbooks

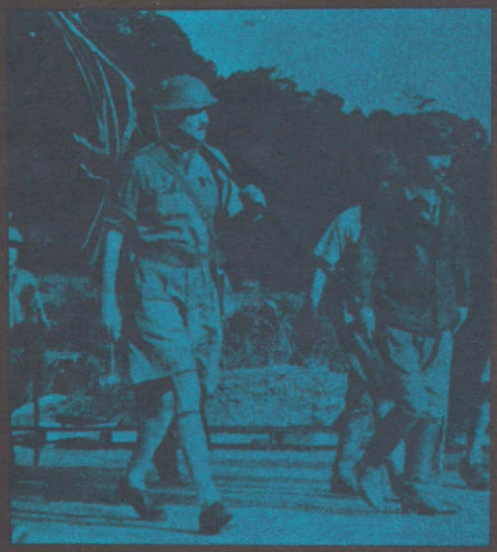
The first in this new series, which will act as companion to the Bellona military vehicle prints, bears the title "A Summary of the Self-Propelled Weapons of the German Army 1939-45, Part I Weapons on German Built Fully Tracked Chassis." And that is what it is all about. Compiled by P Chamberlain and H L Doyle, this booklet's text gives official designations of types, basic technical data and dates of introduction and cancellation.

The more important types are accorded a brief historical comment. A full introductory chapter gives background information on this family of armoured vehicles and there is a useful glossary of terms. The text is supported by some 60 photographs, many of them previously unpublished.

Bellona Publications, Badger's Mead, Hawthorn Hill, Bracknell, Berks, 8s (8s 6d by post).

Singapore's British Military Hospital appeals to SOLDIER readers to solve the mystery of the

DARK DAYS OF FEBRUARY



Singapore surrenders on 15 February 1942—one of Britain's great tragedies, said Churchill.

Above: These QARANC girls of the BMH were not born when Jap troops struck here.

Left: Col Irwin, CO who wants an answer.

Below: BMH today—view of women's ward.

Right: Maj W P Merrick examines patient in new out-patients' department. Middle: Gurkha mothers and babies in maternity unit. Far right: A QARANC officer—there are over 60 and the same number of nurses.

Story: John Wright/BMH pictures: Arthur Blundell

DOES anybody know what happened when Japanese soldiers stormed into the British Military Hospital, Singapore, on 11-12 February 1942?

Before British troops withdraw from the Far East the staff of the BMH is anxious to write a history of the hospital. And it wants to contact people who can help to piece together a big gap in the story—the facts of those dreadful February days and what happened to the hospital in the years before the British returned to Singapore.

Rumours are rife. The Japanese invaders are said to have used their bayonets on many of the 1000 patients and staff believed to be in the hospital at the time. It is also said that a surgeon was bayoneted in his operating theatre and also his patient, that 150 patients and staff were machine-gunned . . .

The Japanese, it is understood, tried to justify themselves by saying that British troops retreating through the hospital fired from it.

Colonel W J Irwin, BMH commanding officer, told SOLDIER: "We are very interested to discover exactly what did happen. I have just read a book by a Japanese officer about the fall of Singapore but he doesn't mention the hospital." He feels sure there are some survivors who can fit more pieces to the jigsaw; any small detail would help.

During the war, the staff understands, the main building was not used as a hospital although the sisters' mess was. Luckily, when the Royal Army Medical Corps returned it found that although the Japanese had taken some equipment most was still there.

The hospital was built in 1938 to replace one at Tanglin Barracks and the staff would also like stories of the period before the war. When written the history will be published in the RAMC magazine and preserved in the Corps museum.

Singapore has the largest BMH in the world. There are 400 beds but this number could be expanded to more than 600 in an emergency. Last year there were 12,000 in-patients and 51,500 out-patients; the average number of occupants at a time is 300 to 325.

About 1800 babies a year are born in the hospital's thriving maternity unit with its 66 beds and 23 midwives of Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps.

The building is largely as it was in 1938 with the addition of an ultra-modern out-patients department opened at the beginning of 1966.

The hospital has 66 Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps officers and about the same number of QARANC nurses under training. There are nearly 40 doctors.

The hospital caters for all military personnel, including Gurkhas and Malaysians, and all United Kingdom-based civilians and embassy staff—and all their families. It is a specialist hospital for the Far East and receives casualty evacuees from all over the theatre.

There are other BMHs in the Far East at Terendak Camp near Malacca (160 beds) and Kluang (40 beds), both in Malaysia—and there is a new one in Hong Kong.

The planned withdrawal from the Far East by 1971 is likely to bring a windfall to the Singapore medical authorities. The *Straits Times* of 10 April 1968 reported that the Singapore Government was having second thoughts about a proposed third general hospital in view of the likelihood of inheriting British hospitals—especially the BMH—sooner than anticipated.

In the chapel of the British Military Hospital, Singapore, is a book of remembrance containing the names of members of the Royal Army Medical Corps, Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps and the Royal Army Dental Corps killed by the Japanese while serving at the hospital.

Many are recorded as dying on 11–12 February when the Japanese are said to have rampaged through the packed wards and corridors with bayonets fixed.

On the first Monday of every month one of the hospital's nurses turns a page of the book in a simple ceremony attended by two Malaysian and two British RAMC soldiers, the commanding officer, the matron and the RAMC regimental sergeant-major. Then those dark days in RAMC history are remembered by two minutes' silence . . .

This is Singapore's British Military Hospital 26 years after the Dark Days of February. And Arthur Blundell's attractive subject is Captain M C Reason, Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps, attending a patient in the women's ward. Captain Reason is married to an Army officer whom she met in the Far East.

Left: Singapore freed. These liberation troops are Indians. Far left: Allied POW at Changi, Singapore, cheer their release.