SOLDIER

FEBRUARY 1968
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Army Cadet Force

SOLDIER

FEBRUARY 1968 Volume 24, No. 2

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Five soldiers and a marine are representing Britain in the biathlon event of the Winter Olympics at Grenoble this month.
In December SOLDIER gave the facts behind the faces.
Then SOLDIER visited the team in long, lonely training in Norway for their thoughts as they prepared for the . . .

Olympic Ordeal

Above: Their shooting was the only sound that broke the silence of this frozen countryside. Below: Their mini-bus became a familiar sight.

They call him Sid. Staff-Sergeant John Siddall, from the School of Electrical and Mechanical Engineering, is the team's shooting coach. He also works incessantly to keep their weapons in tip-top condition The rifles are 7.62 millimetre Norwegian Kongsbergs based on the German Army Mauser rifle. "Some people say it's a skive for these lads," he says. "But when you get down to it, it is hard going—comparable to marathon running."

Below: An uphill section of one of the team's training circuits in Norway. A training feature was ski-ing without sticks, as illustrated here.

TEMPTATIONS line a ski-sportsman's route to the Olympics. His presence is highly desirable at the smart parties that are as profuse in ski-ing Europe as icicles on a winter waterfall.

So he goes. A determination to stick to orange juice is easily eroded. Sun on snow does something to those blonde ski-slope girls. The hours slip by so quickly. Thus the go-go-go of *après-ski* makes a man slow on the slopes the following morning. This isn't the way to win Olympic fame.

And even if the flesh is as strong as the spirit—in an Olympic athlete it should be—the presence of temptation can have an unsettling effect. Which is why the spartan training life of Britain's biathlon team in the Norwegian mountains made sense.

Their Home Guard camp base was some 20 miles from the nearest town; about the only temptation was to eat too much porridge for lunch.

Not that the soft life of the south would have sucked them into its vortex. They are not that kind of men. That is one of the reasons why *they* are taking part in the Olympics and *we* are simply watching the Games on television.

In the land where the serious six trained, biathlon, though now obsolete as a means to stock the larder, seems as much a part of the domestic scene as the housewife going shopping with a sledge. A hungry man would have to put on skis to kill one of the reindeer that roam the mountains—and be a good shot. And after all, that is what biathlon is all about . . .

The team members went to the camp, about 150 miles north of Oslo, after workouts in the Cairngorm Mountains of Scotland and at Longmoor in Hampshire. After Christmas they joined the Norwegian racing circuit as a prelude to the British and Army championships.

How much success they buy at Grenoble will depend a lot on the amount of value they gained from their lonely weeks at HVO 6, as the camp is known.

These men differ in their attitude towards biathlon. To some it is the only thing that matters; training is a religion and they are the monks. Others regard biathlon as a pleasant way of avoiding normal Army duties but at the same time accept that national prestige is in their hands. And although they may not be as single-minded as their comrades they throw themselves into training with an enthusiasm that is a useful substitute for dedication.

What makes these men tick? Why do they devote a large part of their lives to one of the world's hardest sports? Why do they endure the loneliness of the sort of life they led in Norway?

Corporal Alan Notley, aged 27, of 3rd Battalion, The Royal Green Jackets, is the quiet, shy racing captain. He opens up when he talks about the sport he loves and excels in.

"As in any other sport you go on and on until you get satisfaction," he says.

"In biathlon there is a lot of satisfaction and a lot of disappointment. For example, you can run a good race but not shoot well—then the racing is wasted.

"If you push yourself too hard in training you slow down. The whole secret is relaxing

Above: Before going to Norway the team members trained hard in Scotland's Cairngorm Mountains. Below: Portrait of a biathlete—Bdr Andrew.

Above: Captain Leaning fits new boots on to his skis. Dozens of firms contributed equipment and clothes to help the team to go to the Olympics.

Henry Hermansen, a tough Norwegian railwayman, may be 46 but he can out-ski the members of the team, who are 20 years his junior. Henry, who came 10th in biathlon in the 1960 Winter Olympics, has taken time off from the railways to train the British team. Captain Leaning says: "It is very difficult to get a high-grade instructor; he is." In the past Henry has advised the team, so he is no stranger to them.

while you are ski-ing. The same with shooting—especially if your icy breath is like a cloud of smoke in front of you or the sun is in your eyes. In our case we have to shoot straight because we can't hope to ski as fast as the best."

He says he feels capable of making the first 20 in the Olympics and you feel he does not say that lightly. "It depends on my form that day. Even the best Norwegians have off-days, and if you fall over or something like that you are finished."

Loneliness? "I think this Home Guard camp is the best thing for us. We haven't any entertainment tempting us to stay out at night. Here you can put on your skis and go out when you like."

He spends the long, dark evenings "studying maths for pleasure."

Bombardier Fred Andrew, also 27, of 39 Missile Regiment, Royal Artillery, is the Scotsman of the team. He reminds you of Notley—serious, laconic, scientific about training.

"I get self-satisfaction out of biathlon; that's why I keep on doing it," he says. "Each year brings its own improvements to your performance. I think the reason I have continued is because it takes at least six years before you can hope to compete with the internationals. You have got to stick at it. This is my sixth season."

He thinks the sport improves a person mentally as well as physically. "I think it makes you more tolerant because you have got to practise self-control to a great extent."

Physically the biggest of the bunch is *Corporal Peter Tancock*, another 27-year-old, of 1st The Queen's Dragoon Guards. "The only thing you get out of biathlon is satisfaction.

"As in any other sport you try to get as far as you can," says this quick talker who drives the team's mini-bus so expertly on snow-covered roads.

"We are not going to win at Grenoble—we know that. We are just trying to do better than we have done before." His way of passing the long evenings after training is learning German "to get my mind working again."

He is leaving the Army this year, hopes to go to teachers' training college and eventually teach physical education.

Gunner Roger Bean, at 22 the youngest member—and the only married one—is tall and dark-haired and belongs to the same unit as the captain and manager, Captain John Leaning—94 Locating Regiment, Royal Artillery.

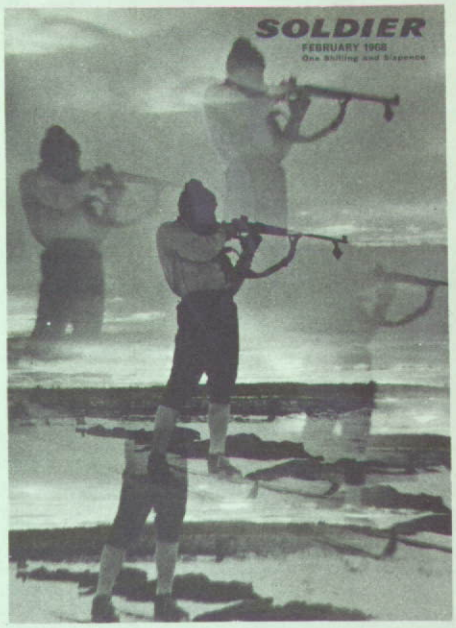
He is frank about why he is in biathlon. "The main reason is to get out of soldiering. I don't like the sport—there are so many things against you. You might fail through no fault of your own. One good thing is the feeling of well-being it gives you—and the sport has taught me a lot about physical training and things like that."

Soon he is leaving the Army to join an engineering firm, looking after the physical well-being of its employees. "I don't like the loneliness of training," he adds. "It's not good for you, especially when you are married. It works on your mind."

Twenty-four-year-old *Victor Dakin*, like Tancock a corporal in 1st The Queen's Dragoon Guards, also says: "I just do it really to get out of Army work. But it is a

Front Cover

The area of Norway in which Britain's biathlon team trained has a magical quality. Trolls, those good fairies of mythology, are supposed to inhabit the snow-covered mountains and thick pine forests. In winter the dazzling rays of a sun always low in the sky add to ethereal atmosphere. Photographer Trevor Jones experimented with a five-image supplementary lens to take this picture of a biathlete resting in the land of the trolls.



Relaxing after a day's training. One eagerly-awaited event of the day was arrival of mail.

The Norwegian food was plain but filling—and if it was too dull could be enlivened by compo.

new sport—something different that I like doing. You travel and meet interesting people—I like that."

He does not like the loneliness but recognises that it helps self-discipline. He reads adventure stories to occupy his mind, sleeps ten hours a night and writes lots of letters to his fiancée. Like the others his reaction to receiving letters is rather like a child's reaction to Christmas morning.

You get a feeling that *Sergeant Marcus Halliday*, aged 30 and the lone Royal Marine, would take anything in his stride. His life seems to have been a series of unusual sports.

His latest craze is orienteering. His main grumble about life is that he will never have time to take part in all the sports he would like to attempt.

"Biathlon is an unusual sport. I like unusual sports," he declares. "You get a lot of exercise and I like endurance sports and those needing a certain amount of initiative.

"We are dedicated up to a point—in comparison with what a civilian would classify as training. I am looking forward to the Olympics—what athlete wouldn't? As a team we shall do better than in the previous Olympics—at least I hope so." Loneliness? "Wide open spaces don't bother me."

It is 30-year-old Captain John Leaning's job to look after this brood of biathletes. He uses a light rein, relying on the men's self-discipline.

He calls them by their christian names, they call him "Spud." Sometimes you forget this is a Services set-up. But when the occasion demands it the "sirs" fly around as fast as snowflakes in a blizzard.

He is fully aware of the introspection that the biathlete's life encourages, fully aware of the brushfire rows that can occur in the atmosphere of hard-training and living closely together. As well as looking after the team's welfare he is also keeping himself in trim—just in case!

Dedication can be carried to extremes and sometimes Captain Leaning has to force his biathletes to go out and enjoy themselves—but the six men are in a tunnel of concentration that will end only when they hear the final result of their ordeal at Grenoble.

Soldier to Soldier

Before the Army has hardly had time to recover from the body blows of last July's White Paper and the bewilderment of organisational changes—the new divisions, large regiments, amalgamations and re-shuffled home command structure—the axe has fallen again.

The additional economies demanded by the Government are to be effected mainly by speeding up the programme of reductions and to some extent increasing them. Within the three Services the July-announced reduction of 75,000 Servicemen and 80,000 civilians is now to be achieved earlier than the mid-1970s (although it will not be completed before 1972-73)—and these totals may be greater. The rate at which Army units are amalgamated or disbanded will be increased.

The Brigade of Gurkhas is to run down to 10,000 by 1969 and, at the same rate, to 6000 in 1971—no decision on the Brigade's future beyond then has yet been taken.

Because it considers the basis of Britain's national security to be in Europe, the Government has decided to withdraw all British forces from the Persian Gulf and the Far East by 31 December 1971 (excluding Hong Kong, where the garrison will remain at its present strength). No special military capability for possible deployment to the Far East will be retained after 1971 but forces based in the United Kingdom and in Europe will be available for deployment overseas.

These changes in the Army's role lead to the acceleration of the rundown announced in July.

Until these latest economies were announced the Army had reconciled itself to the wiping out of historic regiments by amalgamation, merger or disbandment. The pattern of the immediate future, while grim, at least seemed to be settled. Now every soldier will be wondering again where the new cuts will come—which regiments will go, what proposed equipments will be axed, who will be redundant . . .

But though beset by its own problems of the future, the Regular Army extended its sympathy to the Territorials of T & AVR III. These men and their units, allied to Civil Defence and the maintenance of law and order at home in the event of nuclear attack, faced extinction. They came into being only last April and almost as a concession from the Government to the Territorial and Auxiliary Forces Council, with the cost of the force borne by the Home Office.

The Council accepted and many of the old titles of the former Territorial Army were perpetuated in the 87 units of the new Territorials. Now it seemed the last links of many an old regiment would be severed—and many a town, too, would see the last of its "Saturday night soldiers."

★

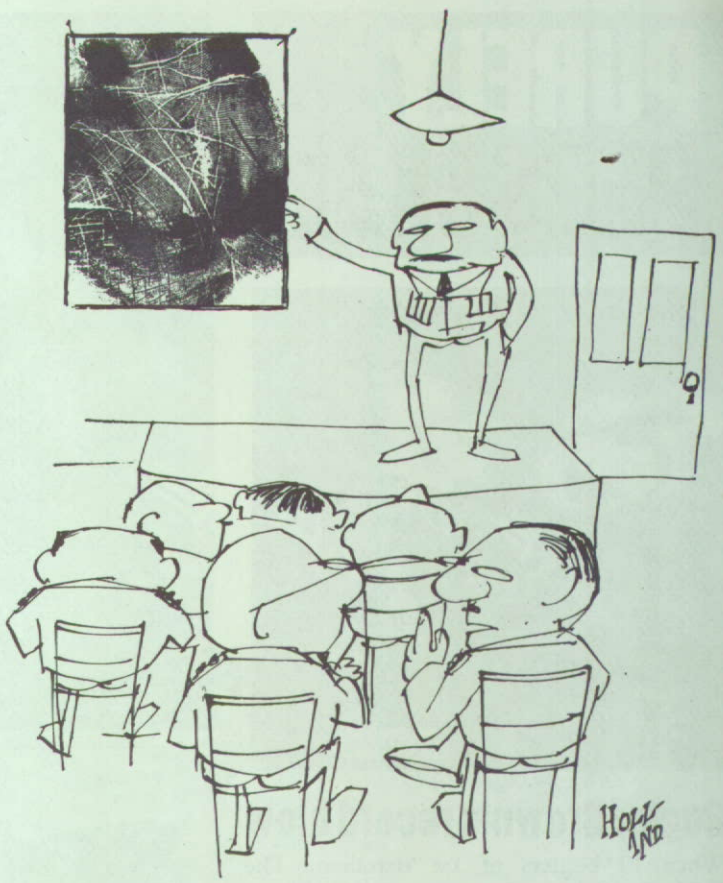
In the December SOLDIER it was announced that The Royal Irish Rangers (27th (Inniskilling), 83rd and 87th) would be formed on St Patrick's Day, 17 March 1968.

This was the date officially given when SOLDIER went to press. The correct date for the new Regiment's formation is 1 July 1968.

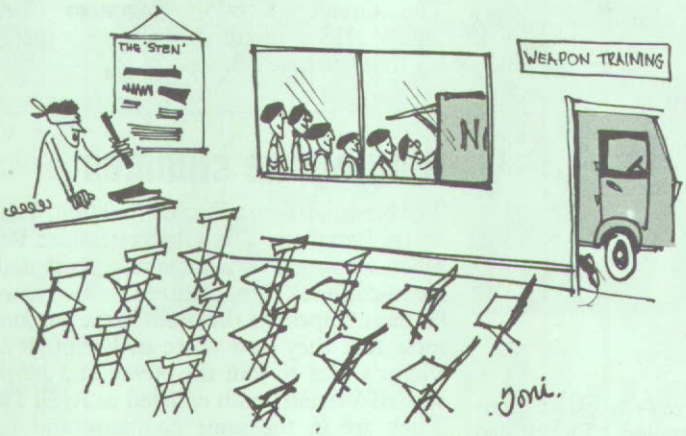
"I can't find 'em."

Delving into the hundreds of cartoons that have delighted readers over the years, SOLDIER has resurrected some and is republishing them in subject groups. This first collection is the . . .

ARMY TEACH-IN

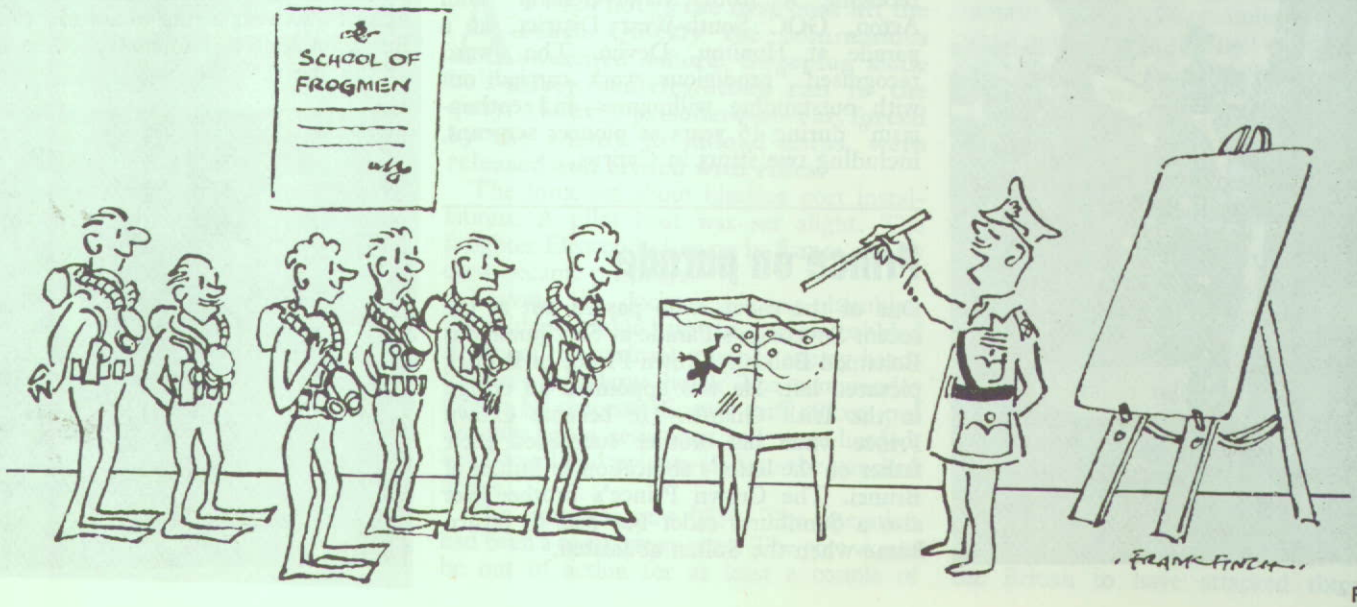


"Knows the country like the palm of his hand."



". . . and then you take the muzzle . . ."

"Well, that's it chaps. Off you go and synchronise your hourglasses."



PURELY PERSONAL

Bugler Brown's record blow

When 19 buglers of 1st Battalion, The Durham Light Infantry, began blowing at Colchester in the annual competition to select the commanding officer's bugler, Lance-Corporal Bob Brown, pictured above, was a firm favourite—for he has held the title for the last five years. And when his two-minute rendering of the Long Reveille clinched victory he had set a new regimental record. Lance-Corporal Brown must be able to play from memory any of the 50 regimental bugle calls in daily use. His silver bugle, worth £130, is engraved with the Battalion's battle honours. He became a bugler when serving in the Army Cadet Force.

Bearded BEM

Colour-Sergeant Bill Street's work as pioneer sergeant of 1st Battalion, The Royal Welch Fusiliers, has not only entitled him to wear a beard—it has also won him the British Empire Medal. And he is pictured above receiving it from Major-General Tom Acton, GOC South-West District, at a parade at Honiton, Devon. The award recognised "prodigious work carried out with outstanding willingness and enthusiasm" during 15 years as pioneer sergeant, including two stints in Cyprus.

Prince on parade

One of the cadets who passed out at the recent Sovereign's Parade at Sandhurst was Bohamed Bolkiah, Crown Prince of Brunei, pictured left. He was appointed an ensign in the Irish Guards. He became Crown Prince when his brother succeeded their father on the latter's abdication as Sultan of Brunei. The Crown Prince's brother was also a Sandhurst cadet but had to return home when the Sultan abdicated.

Commission for West Indian

Second-Lieutenant Donald Browne, recently commissioned, is believed to be the new Reserve Army's first coloured officer. Mr Browne, a schoolteacher from the West Indies, joined the Territorial Army as a gunner in 1958 and reached the rank of sergeant in 1965. When the Reserve Army was reorganised last year he was posted to The Greater London Regiment (Territorials). He is pictured above with three of his unit's senior soldiers.

Ringing the changes

The Newman twins, Vernon (left) and Victor, of 1st Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment, who were simultaneously promoted to lance-corporal, are pictured below sewing on their "tapes" in the room in the corporals' mess that they now share in Berlin. It was Victor's idea to join the Army and he persuaded Vernon; both enlisted in April 1965. They are in the same company and have served together in Cyprus, Swaziland and at home. They are constantly being mistaken for each other and once a platoon commander told Vernon, the elder by 15 minutes, to wear a ring to aid identification. But soon Victor is to marry—then he will be the one with the ring.

Two months before the end of World War Two, Americans in France were surprised by a German commando-type raid—mounted from British soil. Here is the little-known story of that daring

Stab in the Back

Above: Germans patrol the Channel Islands.

Charles Whiting, who wrote this description of the attack on Granville, was preparing a book about the Battle of the Bulge when he came across the story of Huffmeier's commandos. He says: "Apparently the raid on Granville was to be one of many actions to be carried out behind the Allied lines to coincide with the start of the German offensive. There was also an abortive attempt to stage a mass breakout of all German prisoners-of-war in the United Kingdom."
During World War Two the author served in 52nd (Lowland Division) Recce Regiment.

AT 0120 hours the first boat hit the beach. Quickly the commandos swarmed ashore. Sweeping aside half-asleep sentries, they ran to the quay. About 50 prisoners-of-war, forced by the enemy to unload ships, were released and armed with rifles.

The force set about blasting port installations. A pilot boat was set alight. The freighter Ekswood went up in flames and its crew became prisoners.

Leaving the docks a blazing shambles, the raiders doubled up the narrow cobbled streets of the seafront towards enemy headquarters in a large hotel. The commandos took it by surprise. Enemy staff officers put up only token resistance and were herded, bewildered and pyjama-clad, to the wrecked quays.

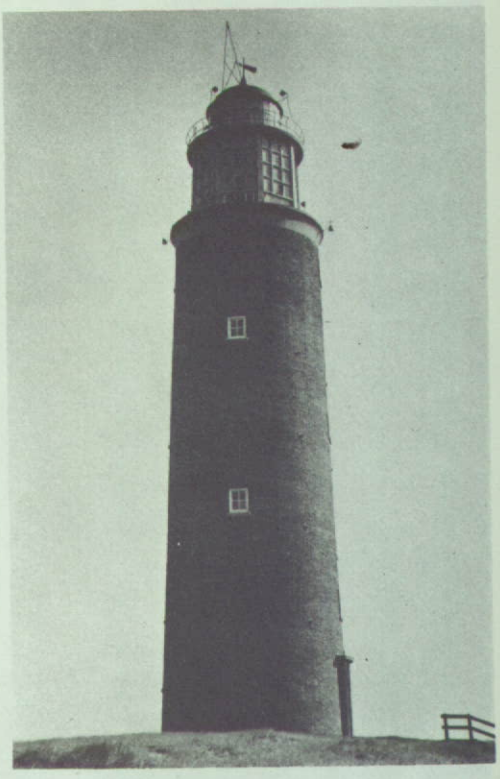
The time was now 0330. The operation had been a complete success. The port would be out of action for at least a couple of months. And the commandos' only casualty was a minesweeper that had run aground and been abandoned. Flushed with success, they re-embarked with about 50 prisoners.

An hour later tanks rumbled into the port, followed by troops. Cautiously they hugged the sides of the houses as they made their way to the port installations. But the angry, destructive birds had flown . . .

No wonder these relief troops were surprised. It was March 1945. The Allies were in the heart of Germany; the whole of France had been under Allied control for nearly nine months—and yet what had just happened was a raid by Germans on the American-held French port of Granville near Cherbourg, 450 miles behind the front line!

This D-Day-in-reverse operation was mounted from the Channel Islands, held by the Germans until the end of the war. For the British to have attacked the islands

▲ Veterans of the attack pose for a victory photograph back at camp in the Channel Islands.



▲ Pierre d'Harpin lighthouse, shot up by Germans with 88mm cannon from converted trawlers.

would have endangered the 60,000 civilians —Churchill described the 30,000 German occupation troops as "prisoners-of-war who feed, occupy and guard themselves."

After D-Day, life became tough for the Germans on the islands. They were cut off, food became short, fuel ran out. By December 1944 the troops were on a diet of 1650 calories a day; a month later it had been reduced to 1125 calories. Tuberculosis reached epidemic proportions. Military doctors estimated than only five out of every 100 men were capable of combat.

Starving German soldiers waylaid civilians and stole their Red Cross food. Something, the Germans decided, had to be done quickly to improve morale and obtain food.

Vice-Admiral Friedrich Huffmeier, commander-in-chief of the Channel Islands, decided to hit the Allies where they least expected it—on the beaches they had stormed themselves only a few months before. While fellow Germans on the Continent were launching the Ardennes counter-offensive he called for volunteers. A force of 150 started commando training.

The commander-in-chief turned his attention to the ships he would use. Although the sailors were in better condition than the garrison troops, their ships were a collection of antiquated naval cast-offs. The admiral picked the best—about ten craft. Some had only enough fuel to get them to the target—they would have to rely on captured fuel to return.

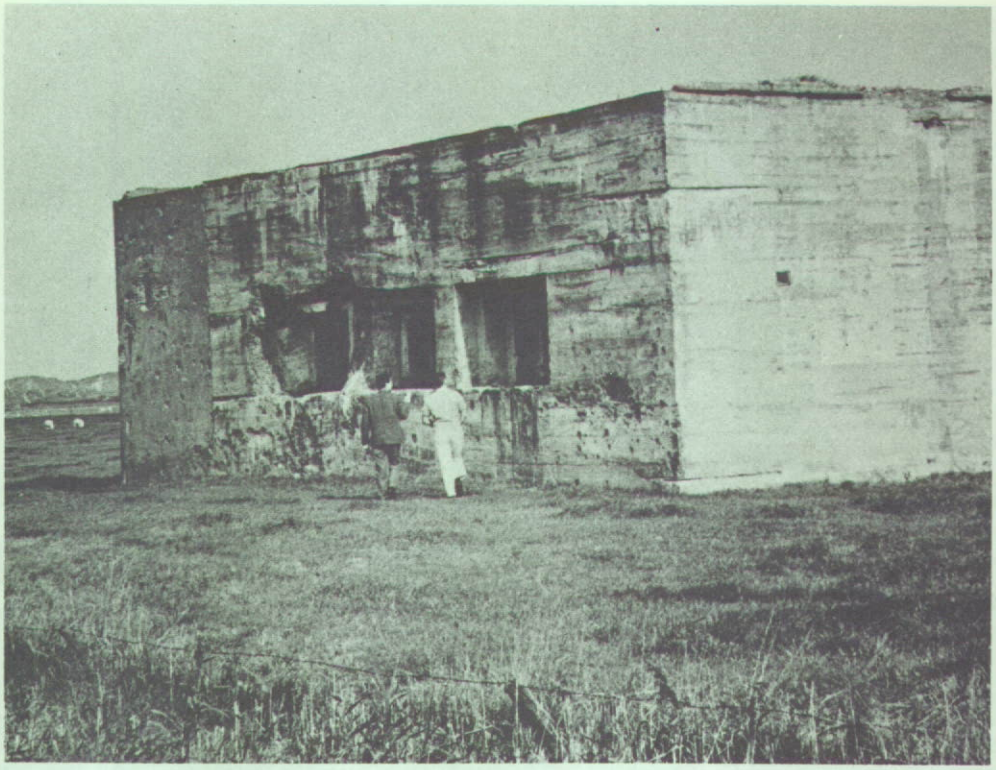
It was a tall order for the decrepit fleet and its disease-ridden crews but Admiral Huffmeier planned the operation well. He divided the three coastal defence boats, four coal-fired minesweepers and two converted fishing trawlers, armed with 88-millimetre cannon borrowed from the Army, into three sections and gave these orders:

Section One would land 150 commandos to destroy the port of Granville.

Section Two would land a small group in the town to create alarm and uncertainty.

Section Three—that armed with the 88s

▼ Tommies march through the streets of Jersey, relieving it after five years' Nazi occupation.



▲ **The pleasant Channel Island coasts were scarred with barbed wire, minefields and ugly pill-boxes.**

▲ **Nazi commandos arrive back in St Helier after their successful raid on the port of Granville.**

—would remain at sea to tackle any interfering American patrol boats.

This latter force was engaged by a United States patrol craft after being picked up by Allied radar. In a fierce action out at sea the American boat was badly damaged. It disengaged and beached at the Pierre d'Harpin lighthouse with nearly every member of its crew dead or wounded. The German craft, with its follow-up fire, shot up the lighthouse and its solitary keeper.

As the first German ships returned to the Channel Islands, Admiral Huffmeier proudly released this communique:

"Commando troops from the Channel Islands under the command of Lieutenant-Commander Mohr last night attacked the enemy supply base at Granville in the St Malo Bay. They destroyed the port sluices (*this was not true*), set the port and town alight and took numerous prisoners, including one colonel. Fifty-five German prisoners-of-war were released and five Allied freighters were sunk. A further ship was seized as a prize."

A few days later a parade was held and heroes of the raid were awarded the Iron Cross by Huffmeier. Afterwards they received an extra ration of a jar of jam and a pack of cigarettes—more welcome, said the cynics, than the coveted medal.

The raid was a big boost to the cut-off Germans' morale and Huffmeier started to plan another attack. At the beginning of April he sent small groups of saboteurs to France to destroy Allied installations. Meanwhile he gave his planners order to prepare a second raid on Granville, reasoning that the Allies would not expect him again in the same place.

He told his operations officer: "In May, both tides and the moon will be exactly right for the operation. Let us say May seventh."

But on 7 May General Jodl signed the German surrender in Rheims. On 9 May the British landed in the Channel Islands. Huffmeier's commandos never had to repeat their daring raid.

▼ **Maj-Gen Heine surrenders the Channel Islands to the British on board the destroyer Bulldog.**

▼ **Channel Islanders, with flags and rattles, cheer the relieving force of British troops.**

FEBRUARY 1918

It is the lull before the storm. There is an atmosphere of tension. Ominous rumours of a massive German offensive sweep through the Allied trenches.

The soldier in this Australian official picture predicts that the Boche "will try for open warfare on a big scale." "And what if it fails?" asks his colleague. "Oh, it will fail all right."

That offensive—the Germans' last desperate effort to win the war by a decisive victory—was to come next month. The Russian Front had collapsed. British Intelligence estimated that the German Army in France had been increased from 155 to 185 divisions. The Germans had, in fact, 6000 artillery pieces packed into the 40-mile front from the River Sensée to the Oise with approximately one division per mile. Their infantry was winnowed and bolstered by fresh, hardened troops. Besides hand weapons, they were armed with light machine-guns, mortars and flame-throwers.

The imminent fate of the British Fifth Army dawned on its commander, General Sir Hubert Gough. February had been unseasonably dry and much of the British front, which would normally have been moated by the flooding of the Oise, was an open plain. Sites for trenches had merely been surveyed and staked—there were no deep dug-outs. The pioneer force was hurriedly increased. American reinforcements arrived. Gough disposed tanks in defence, deployed field guns within 1500 yards of the forward infantry line, and preset positions to the rear where broken formations could reassemble and fight back. But all these provident preparations were of little avail. The odds in the coming onslaught were to be four to one . . .

FIREPOWER of the FUTURE

Above: A mock-up of the 105mm light gun. It will oust the 105mm pack-howitzer. Below: 5.5 gives way to Anglo-German 155.

A NEW British airportable 105-millimetre lightweight gun is now in production at the Royal Ordnance Factory, Nottingham. Designed to replace the Italian-designed 105mm pack-howitzer, it will come into service in the early 1970s.

The weapon's performance is a great improvement on the pack-howitzer, adopted by the Army some years ago, and it uses the same ammunition as the 105-millimetre self-propelled Abbott, now in service in Germany. A flexible charge system enables it to be fired at low or high elevations and a low silhouette and fast all-round traverse help to make it extremely effective in an anti-tank role. It can be linked to the Royal Artillery's fire control computer system, FACE (Field Artillery Computer Equipment) (see SOLDIER, April 1967).

A "mock up" of the new weapon has been shown to NATO representatives in Germany and has also been taken to Canada and Australia. It is hoped to sell the gun abroad.

Also on show to the men from NATO was a "mock up" of a lightweight towed 155-millimetre gun being developed jointly by Britain and West Germany. It will replace the 5.5-inch gun, which has seen many years' service.

This weapon, in a much earlier stage of development than the 105, has a British-designed carriage and a much better performance than that of the American M109. It will also come into service in the 1970s.

A novel feature of the 155 is an auxiliary power unit, German designed and basically a 1500 cubic centimetre Volkswagen engine, intended to move the gun across country and into position. This makes the gun halfway between the conventional artillery piece and the self-propelled gun with its tank-like appearance.

Neither new weapon has atomic capability.

The recent defence cuts have meant a partial run-down and redeployment of Rhine Army. The first major garrison town to be abandoned is Iserlohn. But it was a

PARTING WITH PANACHE

THEY came as conquerors but left as friends. British troops have said goodbye to Iserlohn after 22 years.

Thousands of local people lined the streets while 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards, and 3rd Battalion, The Royal Green Jackets (The Rifle Brigade), and 4th Guards Brigade Signal Squadron, marched through the streets with drums beating, fixed bayonets and the skirl of pipes. Their mirror-like boots clicked smartly on the cobblestones while the pipes and drums and band played a selection of British and German marches including "Colonel Bogey" and "Prussian Glory."

In a touching ceremony on the city's new square—named Schillerplatz after the 19th century German writer who came from a military family—Brigadier D A H Toler, commander of 4th Guards Brigade, and the Oberburgermeister exchanged parting presents. Brigadier Toler gave a silver tray, inscribed with the names of units which have been stationed in the city, and copies of masterworks of Shakespeare, Shaw and Churchill for the Public Library.

Oberburgemeister Gunther Einert presented a framed picture of Iserlohn and leather-bound volumes of the city's history. The Pipes and Drums and Band played "Deutschland uber Alles" and the British national anthem while the troops presented arms.

Later, in the Haus der Heimat, the city's 200-year-old museum and library, local dignitaries and British officers and warrant officers toasted each other in Rhine champagne and exchanged gifts and speeches. Oberburgermeister Einert said the British had arrived as an army of occupation. The Iserlohners were dour people who did not take to outsiders easily. Yet during the years a close friendship had grown up. "Now they are almost citizens of this town," he said "and we are very sad to see them go."

He related an incident that touched the hearts of all the local people. During the parade two little English boys were chatting excitedly, he explained, but when "Deutschland uber Alles" was played one turned to the other and said, "Be quiet—that is the German national anthem."

Iserlohn, which dates back to 1050 and is the home of millionaire Ruhr industrialists, will miss its 3000 British inhabitants. They represent one in 20 of the population. The local papers have pointed out how this will affect the economy of the town—600 Germans employed in the garrison are now out of work and local traders, especially in the fruit and vegetable market, will be hit.

The 4th Guards Brigade, 2nd Battalion, Grenadier Guards, and 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards, are moving to Munster, and the 3rd Royal Green Jackets are going to Celle. The British Military Hospital, Iserlohn, which is run jointly by the British and Canadians, is remaining. The Iserlohners hope that Canadian and German troops will move into the British-vacated barracks.

The British have taken an active part in local affairs. Officers and soldiers have played in the Iserlohn Hot Club and sung in the Choral Society, they ran a thriving Anglo-German club with 80 members, and jointly organised the local Kleine Olympiade (Mini Olympics) and Reitertage (show jumping competition) held each year. The band of The Royal Green Jackets gave several concerts in old folk's homes and orphanages, 225 officers and soldiers recently donated blood to the German Red Cross, and troops cleared snow from the roads after a severe blizzard. About a dozen soldiers have married German girls and settled in Iserlohn after leaving the Army.

The relationship between the British and Iserlohners is described as "truly cordial" by Mr Clive Graham, the Service Liaison Officer in Iserlohn for the past seven years. Mr Graham said they existed side by side "on the most friendly possible basis." Neither had held a major event without inviting the other—the Germans, for example, had attended the Queen's Birthday Parade and the British took part in the Schutzenfest (shooting festival). Thousands of soldiers were granted free membership of local sports clubs and more than 200 men of The Royal Highland Fusiliers (who were granted the Freedom of the city last year) spent Christmas with German families.

Among the hardest hit is the local football club, Turn und Sportverein Iserlohn. More than 50 British soldiers have played for the team. Herr Hans Schmid—the club meets in his hotel—commented: "They are *prima* boys. England is the land of football. Together we make a great team."

And a last word from a German who worked for the British Army in Iserlohn for 19 years: "It was OK with the Tommies. They are so *freundlich*."

Above: The 3rd Royal Green Jackets, with rifles at the trail, march off at their fast 140 paces to the minute. It was the first military parade on Iserlohn's new square, named Schillerplatz.

Left: Brigadier Toler, commander of 4th Guards Brigade, presents Oberburgermeister Einert with a silver tray. It is inscribed with the names of units which have been stationed in Iserlohn.

Far left: The Army does not forget loyal and long service. Brig Toler presents illuminated certificates to German civilians who worked in the garrison (some for more than twenty years). They get a gratuity of 2% of pay from 1955-67.

Right: Sgt Derek Thorne, star forward of TUS Iserlohn, has scored 14 goals in 11 games for the team this season. Said publican Hans Schmid (right): "Many of our best players were British soldiers. It is a great pity they are all going."

Bits of paper

by OSCAR KETTLE

"THE Japanese Government promise to pay the bearer ten dollars." There it was looking straight up at me. A green Malayan ten-dollar bill with more memories than a NAAFI corporal.

It was my own fault of course. I asked for it. There was my old kit bag in the bottom of the wardrobe, and like a fool I took it out and tipped it upside down.

A lot of old bits of paper. But how the years fell away as the memories flooded in.

A little white postcard asked me please to report to Acton drill hall for my medical examination. Another buff one told me I was category "A1" . . . Then a letter signed by a real captain started, "You will report to Catterick Camp." No please this time, you notice. I was IN! But they sent me a four-shilling postal order for grub on the trip, which was snatched from my first week's pay.

The next off the floor was a dirty little stained letter. The only one I ever got as a Far East prisoner-of-war. It was from my brother doing his whack in the desert, and it told me my mother had died. I first read it sitting on the bank of a Thailand river with a half-finished railway behind me. I remembered how the baboons screamed with laughter in the jungle trees close to where I sat.

My sweat-stained old pay book revealed all the past history of Signalman Yours truly, Class 1 Lineman, fighter of red ants up the top of many a jungle pole.

An oriental looking postcard came next. The only word my family got from me in four years. Busily building a railroad I had written, "Prisoner of War. Unwounded and in excellent health. Hope all well at home. Don't worry. Tell friends." Modest? You had to be. Only set phrases could be sent.

News was scarce of Far East prisoners-of-war. My lost four years were all contained in the next four bits of paper fastened by a rusty pin.

"Office form 202" regretted in May '42 to report me missing on 15 Feb '42.

"Army Form B104.83A" informed my parents in August 1943 that Signalman 2331449 was a prisoner-of-war. "Address Unknown." Never did two words describe a Far East POW better. The Japanese Army Post Office was not a patch on its British counterpart in finding the boys.

On 6 March 1945 the War Office "was directed to inform" that the same signalman was one of a number of prisoners-of-war to be rescued from a sunken Japanese troop transport.

The Records Office "had much pleasure" on 22 November 1945 to report that 2331449, who had been a prisoner in Japanese hands, had been repatriated.

All a bit terse, I thought. Two more pieces of paper filled in a bit of the gap.

One dropped from the gaping belly of an American B29 bomber, on a sunny August morning over Southern Japan, with great bundles of clothing and food.

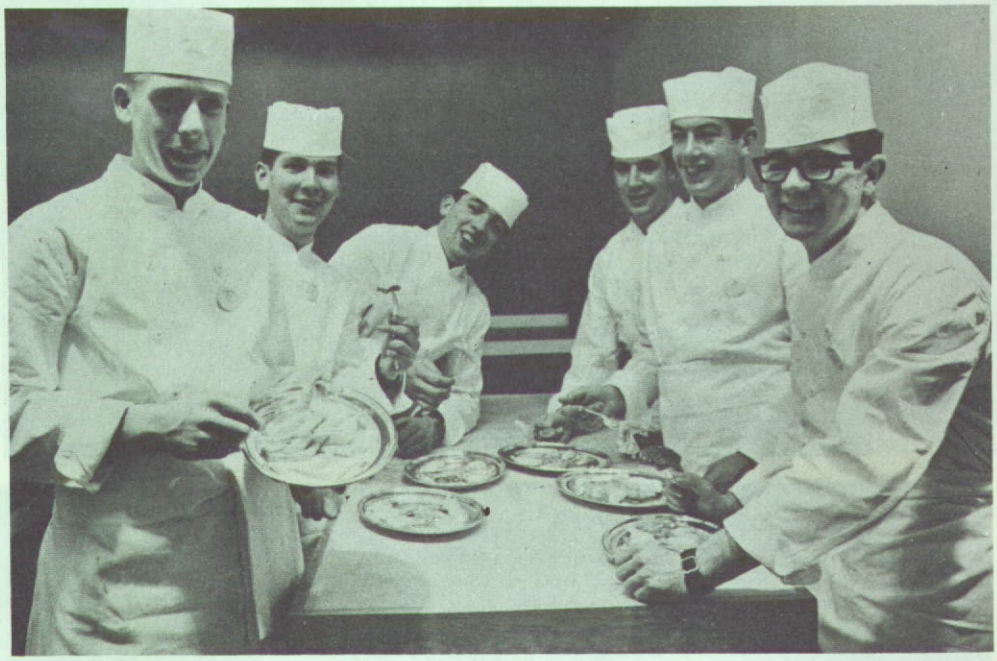
It is printed in Dutch and English and starts: "The Japanese Government has surrendered. You will be evacuated by Allied forces as soon as possible".

There followed a list of food and medicines dropped, with the cryptic warning "Do not over-eat or over-medicate."

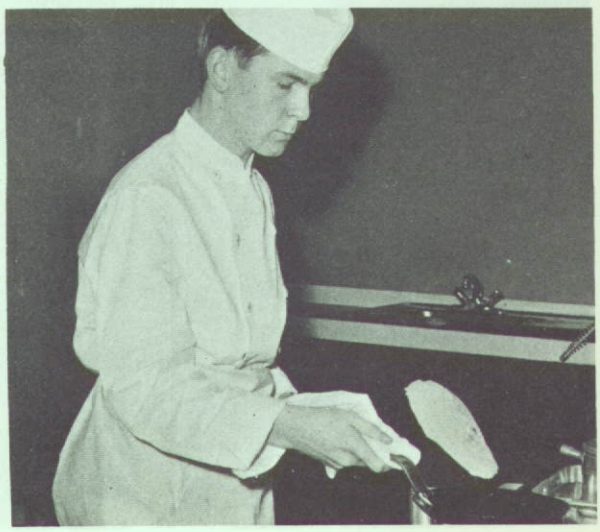
I went off rice pudding from then on.

My story ends with the last bit of paper I got on a grey winter's evening at Southampton Docks. It is headed "Buckingham Palace" and starts, "The Queen and I bid you a very warm welcome home." And it ends "With all our hearts we hope that your return from captivity will bring you and all your families a full measure of happiness which you may long enjoy together".

Anyone want to buy an old kit bag? . . . I'll keep the bits of paper a while longer.



Above: White caps, a smattering of French and an epicurean palate. These are the up-and-coming Philip Harbens of the Army Catering Corps Junior Tradesmen's Regiment in Aldershot.



Right: Junior Lance-Corporal William Lougheed tosses a *crêpe citron* (more mundanely known as a lemon pancake).

Chefs d'honneur

IT was a far cry from bubble and squeak. The menu—to titillate the palate of the most discriminating gourmet—is *tournedos princesse* and *crêpe citron*.

And it was all done in 45 minutes by each of these six apprentice chefs from the Junior Tradesmen's Regiment of the Army Catering Corps.

The six, aged 17 to 18, were competing at Hotelympia, an international catering exhibition held in London once every two years.

This contest was won by Leslie Rhodes (extreme left).

The others are (left to right) William Lougheed who was second, Richard Hayes, Roger Gould, Ronald Croft and Thomas Strong who was third.

Among the Army exhibits was a five-foot long replica of Tower Bridge made of potato by Second-Lieutenant Michael Le Grove, Army Catering Corps. Sergeant L Harrison, Women's Royal Army Corps, won the Maison Prunier Silver Challenge Cup and gold medal in the Women's Services cookery competition with a menu for four, including *filet de sole véronique* and *omelette au rhum*.

With a *galantine of chicken*—it beat both Service and civilian entrants—ACC apprentice chef J Hall won the Elkington Challenge Trophy for the most meritorious individual exhibit in the Junior Salon.

The Army, competing against some of the best chefs in Europe, won 13 challenge trophies and higher awards, three miniatures, seven gold and three silver medals, seven silver plaques, 13 bronze medals and plaques and 14 certificates of merit.

THE CUSTOMERS HAVE THEIR SAY

DEMOCRACY at work. This is where privates and junior non-commissioned officers can fire loaded questions at senior NAAFI officials. Where the customers have a say in the running of NAAFI.

The place is the plush boardroom at NAAFI headquarters, Imperial Court, Kennington. The occasion is the annual meeting of the Army General Institute Committee.

The 36 delegates from Britain and Rhine Army included the Women's Royal Army Corps, Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps and Royal Marines as well as soldiers. The subjects discussed this year ranged from cleaning walls and ceilings in junior ranks' clubs to the provision of gaming machines in Rhine Army.

And NAAFI came in for some criticism:

Private Linda Valeriano (WRAC) said of the clothes available at the new Marks and Spencer-style store in Rheindalen: "It's very nice if you have a figure of 36-24-36, but we would like to know if you can get a larger range of sizes." Mr S L London, manager of Central Services, replied: "The chairman of NAAFI was recently in BAOR. He has chased us up about the need to enlarge the range of sizes in NAAFI shops. It looks as if something will be done."

Sergeant Wilfred Pearce (Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers) complimented NAAFI on the interior brightness of their shops but added that façades could be improved. He commented that the shop in Arborfield "looks like an old dug-out shelter." "It probably is," retorted Mr London. "The buildings are provided by the State. I think we produce a silk purse out of a sow's ear." Exterior redecoration was carried out only at laid-down intervals —usually every five years—by the Ministry of Public Building and Works.

The Army General Institute Committee for soldiers meets in November and that for officers in March or April. Similar meetings take place in centres right down to barrack level. Their composition and frequency is laid down in regulations. A unit, for example an infantry battalion, holds monthly meetings attended by up to a dozen delegates with NAAFI's local manager or district manager in attendance. Wives can attend this meeting at the discretion of the commanding officer or, alternatively, a special sub-committee can be convened for them.

Garrison meetings are also held monthly and district and sub-district meetings every six months. Matters that cannot be ironed out at the latter meetings are referred to command-level meetings in February and September.

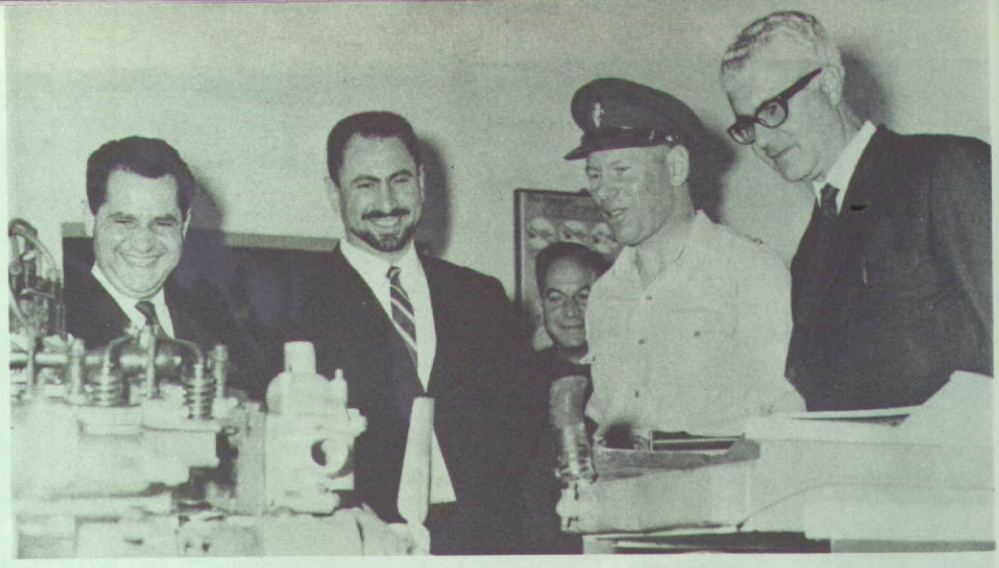
What does NAAFI think of all this? "It gives the soldiers a chance to ventilate their grievances. It helps us too. It puts us in the picture and gives us ideas for changes and improvements," said a spokesman.

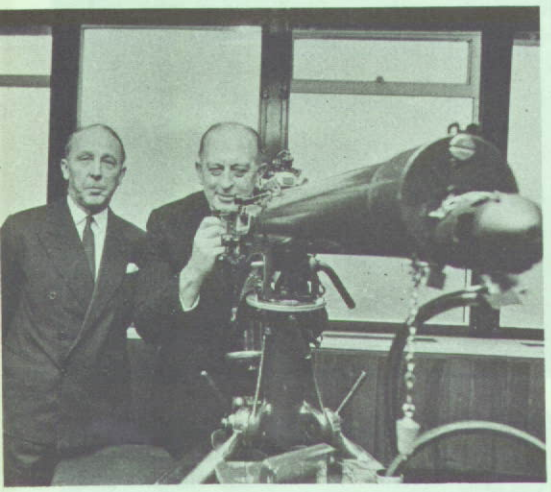
Footnote for Rheindalen: Since the meeting, NAAFI has stepped up the supply of larger clothes.

Above, left, Pte Valeriano: "Clothes very nice if you have a figure of 36-24-36." Above, right, Sgt Pearce: "NAAFI shop like an old dug-out shelter."

Left: After the meeting the delegates sit down to a meal of chicken, ham and mushroom pie and fruit salad with cream—provided free by NAAFI.

Cypriots who have become redundant through the run-down of the British Sovereign Bases are getting special treatment from the Army. A Civilian Trade Training Centre—with four Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers technicians as instructors—has been set up at 48 Command Workshop, Dhekelia, to teach them new skills. Already 20 students, mainly ex-clerks and storekeepers, have begun an 18-month heavy vehicle course. Other courses planned are sheet metal-working, plumbing, welding and agricultural implement repairing. The school, sponsored by the Ministry of Overseas Development, is thought to be the first of its kind in the world. Right: Lieutenant-Colonel W J Exley, Commander, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, Cyprus, conducting the Director-General of the Cyprus Ministry of Labour, Mr Sparsis (extreme right), and other Government officials on a tour of the new Centre after the opening ceremony.





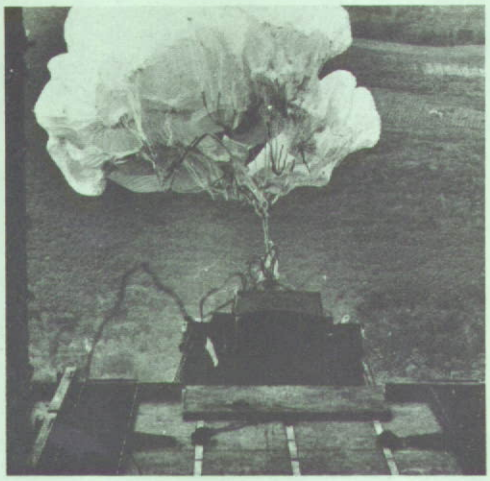
Left Right & Centre

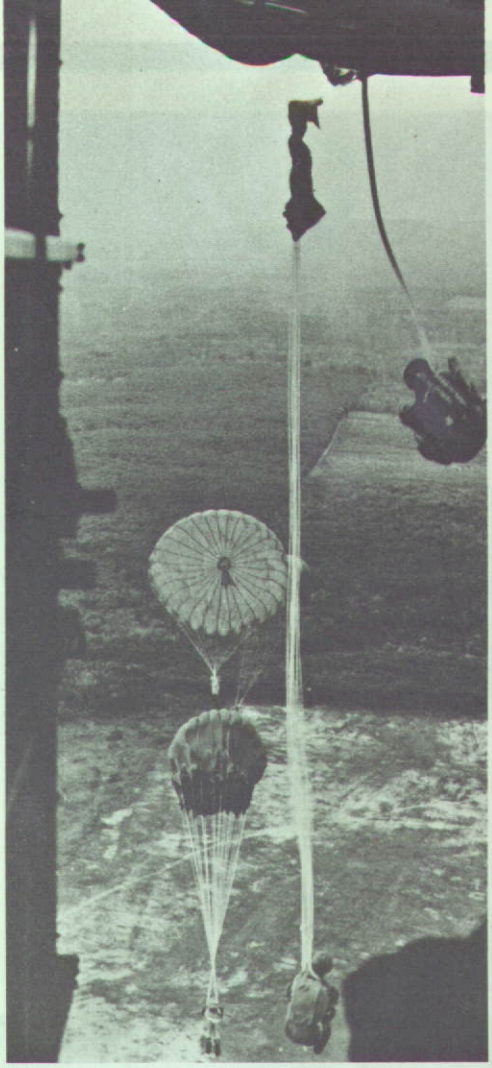
The highlight of a trip to Denmark by 1st Battalion, The Royal Anglian Regiment, was a march through Copenhagen with bands playing, bayonets fixed and Colours flying, with its host, the 220-year-old Falsterske Fodregiment, one of Denmark's oldest regiments. The Anglians went from their barracks in Celle, Northern Germany, to Vordingborg, Zeeland, for an exercise with the Danish regiment. Then both regiments marched through the streets of the capital—in torrential rain—and the Anglians' commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Brian Emsden, laid a wreath at the war memorial for Danish soldiers killed in both world wars. Picture below shows the Royal Anglians being inspected by a Danish officer.

Despite the professional manner in which Major-General Peter Young, Director of Infantry, is lining up this .303-inch Vickers medium machine-gun (above), he isn't about to shoot the photographer! The Vickers, the infantry's backbone in both World Wars, has in fact ended its long career for Britain. As the last guns were withdrawn from service, Major-General Young presented this one—dated 1944—to Vickers Ltd at a ceremony at the firm's Millbank Tower headquarters in London. The Vickers came into service in 1912 and is regarded as one of the best weapons of its type ever produced. Accurate long-range fire could be sustained for long periods by its water-cooling system. It was once proved that it could be fired continuously for seven days and nights before breaking down! Last to use it were parachute battalions of the Territorial & Army Volunteer Reserve. Its role has been taken over by the GPMG but it is still in service in several overseas armies. Pictured with the General is Sir Leslie Rowan, Vickers Chairman.

It's not the conventional way to cut the tape. But Group-Captain David Hughes—who opened "Ladies' Mile," a new all-weather road at Akrotiri in Cyprus—thought this giant road-making machine (left) more appropriate than scissors. The road, which replaces a sand-and-earth track along the coast line, was built by 62 (Near East) Support Squadron, Royal Engineers, helped by 33 Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, 58 Squadron, Royal Corps of Transport, and the Ministry of Public Building and Works. Group-Captain Hughes, of RAF Akrotiri, said the project was the result of good inter-Service co-operation. "Ladies' Mile," built in four months, is two miles long and the sappers' second major road project.

Over the years the para platoons of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps have carried out countless assignments with the redoubtable Beverley, soon to be replaced. Recently a heavy stressed platform was dropped from a Beverley for the last time (below) during an exercise by 3 Para Platoon, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, attached to 15 Air Dispatch Regiment, Royal Corps of Transport. The aircraft, of 34 Squadron, Royal Air Force, took off from Seletar, Singapore. Picture on the right shows men following the platform down, and illustrates the stages of parachuting from exit to canopy fully opened.





The Army has introduced a plastic container (below) for the carrying of mortar ammunition by the fighting soldier. Made in high density polyethylene, it is a one-piece moulding that replaces the spirally-wound, waxed cardboard tube. The container is completely corrosion-resistant and is lighter than its cardboard predecessor. It has a plastic sling and carrying handle for carrying over the shoulder or in the hand.

Roast chicken, lyonnaise potatoes and Dutch apple pie—not the sort of menu you would expect at a school lunch, especially at two shillings a time. But this is the sort of thing they have been getting at the Army Children's School, Dhekelia, Cyprus. The meal service has been introduced only for children living at Larnaca, 20 miles away. During the first week, 37 children stayed to lunch. Provided by the Army's central kitchens at Dhekelia. Captain Ken Smithies, Army Catering Corps had no complaints from these young ladies (right).

This picture (left)—a "mock up"—of a Military Police corporal giving a driver a breathalyser test in Germany, is a reminder that the new Road Safety Act, which allows breath tests, applies to the British Army of the Rhine. The Military Police in Germany have the same powers under the Act as constables in Britain and all British soldiers, United Kingdom civilians and families are subject to its provisions. The application of the Act in Rhine Army was delayed until Military Police were trained in use of the breathalyser. Some officers and non-commissioned officers were trained by civil police in Britain and later their colleagues attended a special course in Germany.

Rough...

A FEW hours before these pictures were taken four Hong Kong policemen were injured when exploding home-made parcel bombs peppered them with fragments and another bomb damaged a police patrol car.

The outbreak of terror was answered by a joint patrol of police and 1st Battalion, The Lancashire Fusiliers. Orders—to search the whole area for troublemakers and bomb-planters and look for bombs on the steep mountain tracks.

Fusilier Sergeants Bernard Flannery and Bert Johnson reported no contact with communists by their patrols. But a few miles away a waterborne patrol led by Corporal Richard Wordsworth ran into a group of slogan-shouting Maoists. Aided by the Fusiliers, police searched the troublemakers and "booked" them for breaking emergency laws.

Anti-communist patrols in the mountains of Hong Kong's mainland New Territories, road blocks, searches and other security duties in the teeming cities of Kowloon and Victoria have been keeping the Fusiliers busy since arriving in the colony at the end of October. One of the Battalion's big operations has been patrolling the rugged mountains of the Sai Kung peninsula, known hotbed of communist agitation, in temperatures of up to 90 degrees.

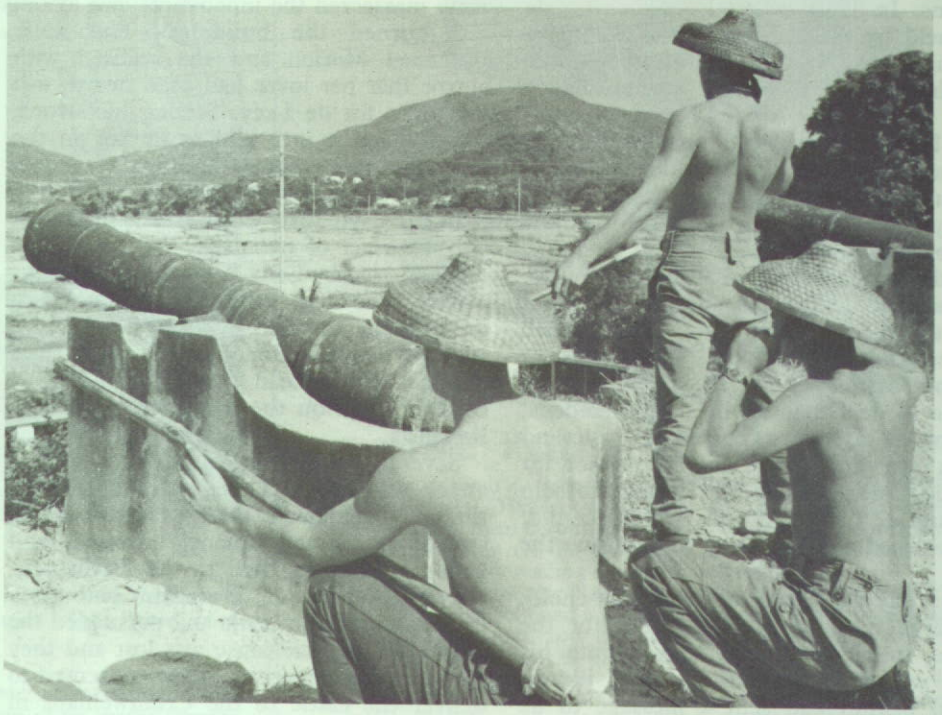
At high speed, Corporal Wordsworth's joint Army-police patrol heads for the island of Cham Tau Chau. Below: Sergeant Flannery's patrol alert and ready on a mountain track leading to Yuen Wang Chuk village.

...and smooth

A soldier's life in Hong Kong is not all trouble-shooting. Recently 6 Platoon of B Company, 1st Battalion, The Welch Regiment, renovated an old Chinese fort on the colony's largest island, Lantao.

The 18th century fort is a relic of the Ch'ing dynasty. Once it guarded the sea approaches to the island but now the shoreline has extended and the fort is 300 yards inland. The Chinese are proud of this symbol of their past and took due note of the Welshmen's efforts.

Top: Welshmen at work on Tung Chung Fort. Bottom: Wearing coolie hats, three members of The Welch Regiment indulge in a little play-acting with the fort guns.



Reports by Army Public Relations, Hong Kong. Pictures by Joint Services Public Relations, Hong Kong.

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR

BATTLES and sieges are not always won by force. Instances have occurred in history of success being achieved by the unlikeliest methods—even love.

Recently the caretaker of Rochester Castle and Keep was forced to leave his gatehouse home because it became unfit through an invasion of ticks from the castle pigeons. In 1215, when Rochester Castle was held by the Barons, it was forced to capitulate to King John after a three months' siege largely because the drainage pipes to the River Medway were blocked. The latrines overflowed and the stench became so bad that the defenders gave in.

During the reign of King Stephen (1135-1154), Joce de Dinan, Lord of Ludlow Castle, had a feud with a Walter de Lacy. One day, after a savage battle between the de Lacy and de Dinan armies, de Lacy and a companion, Arnold de Lisle, were injured and captured and taken back to Ludlow Castle.

One of de Dinan's wife's handmaidens, Marion de la Bruere, nursed de Lisle and fell in love with him. Using her passion for him de Lisle persuaded the woman to help him and de Lacy to escape, which she did. They raised another army to continue the feud.

One day de Dinan and his household, including most of his army, left for the estates in Herefordshire to celebrate his son's wedding. Marion, claiming illness, stayed behind and sent a message to de Lisle begging him to visit her. She carelessly added that the castle garrison was only 100 strong.

Realising his opportunity, de Lacy led his army of 1000 knights and soldiers to a site outside the town. De Lisle climbed into the castle up a leather ladder drawn up by a rope lowered by the lovesick Marion. And while they made love in her room, 100 of de Lacy's soldiers climbed the ladder and slaughtered the sleeping garrison.

The town gate was opened and the main army massacred the inhabitants and looted and burned the buildings. The noise awakened Marion and she realised with horror that her lover had used her to win the castle for de Lacy. Seizing his sword, she plunged it into him as he lay on the bed, then threw herself through a window to her death on the rocks below.

In the Civil War, Corfe Castle in Dorset fell to an act of treachery. At the time it was occupied by Lady Bankes, a courageous woman who had realised there was going to be a war and had put the fortress in a state of defence. For 13 weeks the castle resisted Roundhead assaults until the besiegers fled on the arrival of a body of Royalists.

Several years later in 1645 a second attack was made. The castle would have probably remained impregnable but for two of its officers, Colonel Lawrance and Colonel Pitman. Earlier, the Parliamentarian governor of Wareham had been imprisoned in the castle and persuaded the colonels that their cause was lost and they should save themselves. They consented to deliver the castle to the Cromwellians in exchange for a promise of protection.

Colonel Pitman suggested to the castle governor that he should gather reinforcements from outside by pretending to be on a mission to arrange for the exchange of prisoners. The governor agreed. Once with the commander of the besiegers, Pitman arranged for 100 Roundheads to return to the castle with him as "reinforcements."

Pitman arrived back at the castle at night, the gates were opened and the "reinforcements" began to enter. When about 50 were inside the governor became suspicious and ordered the gates to be shut. Immediately those of the enemy inside seized the keep and could not be dislodged.

At daybreak the besieging army attacked and the castle governor, with enemy inside and outside, realised the position was hopeless, treated with the Roundheads' commander and finally surrendered the castle. After it was plundered, orders were given to destroy it so that it would never again be defended.

The last invasion of Britain was defeated by a strange ruse. On 22 February 1797, French ships landed a force of 1200 men near Fishguard in Pembrokeshire. Some were trained soldiers but many were criminals released from French jails for the expedition.

The commander was an Irishman, 70-year-old General Tate.

France believed the British population was tired of the war and hated the government in London. The idea of the expedition was to capture Bristol and cause such consternation and panic that a large-scale French invasion across the Channel would be easy.

But the criminals in the invading party discovered kegs of wine, got drunk and

went on an orgy of destruction, making local people hostile. The population seized what weapons they could find—from ancient shotguns to pitchforks—and began rounding up Frenchmen.

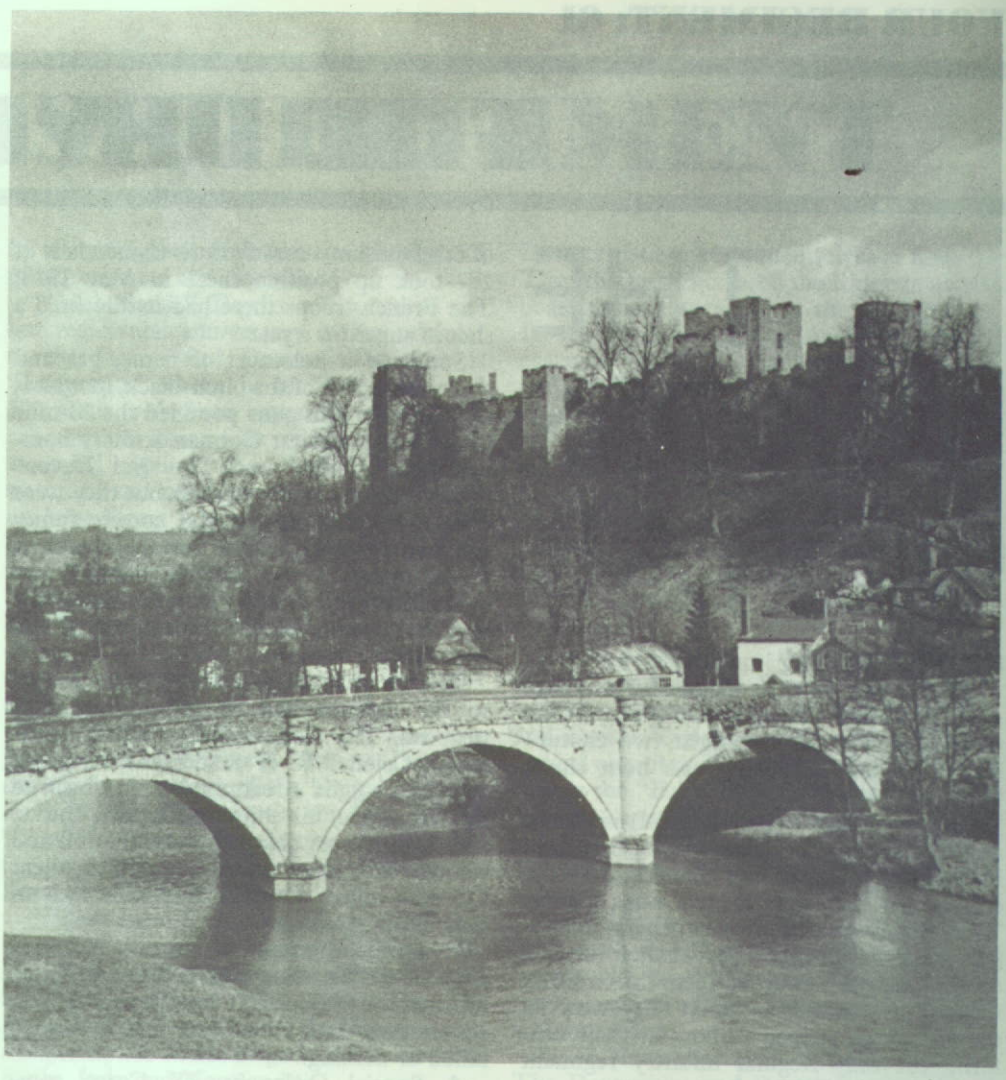
In the evening a small military force, comprising Pembrokeshire Yeomanry, Cardigan Militia, Fishguard and Pembroke Fencibles, sailors from Milford Haven and local men who could fire a musket, assembled in front of the French position. And to the invaders' dismay there appeared on a hillside towards Fishguard what seemed to be troops wearing red coats and black hats. Thinking it was a crack British regiment, the French decided to try to surrender conditionally.

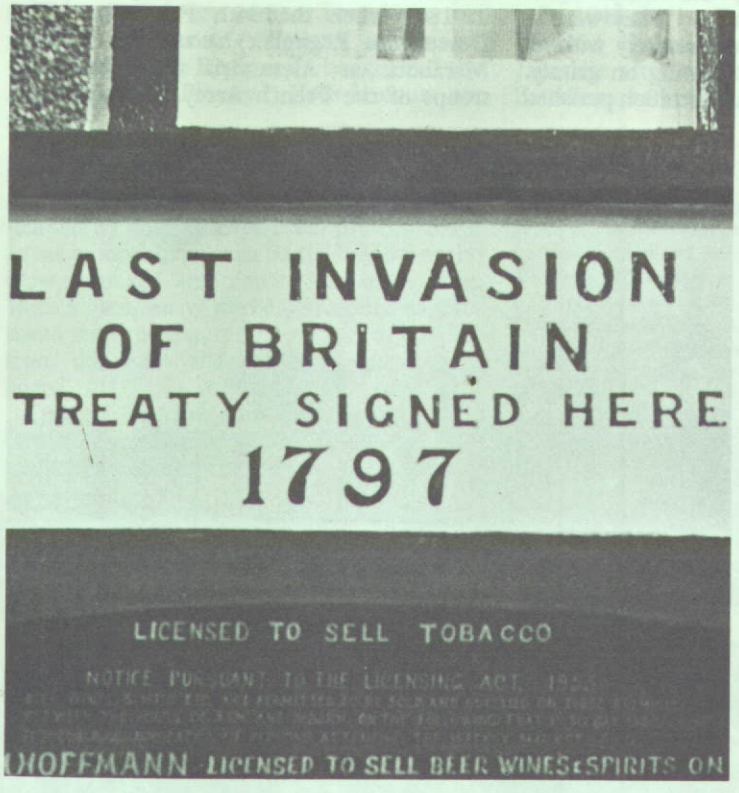
They said they would surrender if the British government would pay for their return to France.

In reply, Lord Cawdor, president of a British council of war, said his army of 10,000 men would wipe them out if they did not give up. Had they not seen them on a distant hillside?

The French immediately signed a surrender at the Royal Oak Inn, Fishguard. The following day the British troops—in reality only 600 strong—lined up to watch the 1200 Frenchmen lay down their arms.

The last invasion of Britain had lasted just two days and cost eight lives—two Welsh and six French. As for the "regiment" of "redcoats," this was really numbers of Welsh women, dressed in their red shawls and tall black hats, who had been instructed by Lord Cawdor to march around the hill in the setting sun to fool the French!





Above: The inn at Fishguard where Lord Cawdor, after fooling the French, received their surrender, which ended the last invasion of the British Isles.

Top right: Ludlow Castle in Shropshire, which was once betrayed by a woman servant of the wife of the tenant through her love of an enemy warrior.

Top left: Corfe Castle—fell to the Roundheads by trickery from within.

THE DEVONSHIRE AND DORSET REGIMENT

THE CROSS OF WAR

THE fighting qualities of West Countrymen are legendary. Wrote novelist Charles Kingsley: "One west-countryman can fight two easterlings and an easterling can beat three Dons any day."

"Semper fidelis" (ever faithful) is an apt motto for men of The Devonshire and Dorset Regiment. It was this "fight to the end" spirit that won them a rare honour. The French—whose greatest general, Napoleon, suffered his first defeat at their hands a century before— awarded them the Croix de Guerre in World War One. They wear its red-and-green striped ribbon on their uniform, the only Regular infantry regiment to do so in the British Army.

The award was for their action at the Bois des Buttes, a key point in the front line north of the Aisne. The battle-weary 2nd Battalion, The Devonshire Regiment, and other units of 8th Division—mostly little-trained lads of 18—took up position there in May 1918. The French troops there had hardly fired a shot in anger for a year.

Suddenly a holocaust of flame, gas and shrapnel fell out of the pitch-black, moonless sky; 855 German guns pounded the 20-mile front in the heaviest German artillery bombardment of the war. The 2nd Devons luckily occupied deep tunnels but they were choked by chlorine gas and cordite fumes and had to make a rush for the trenches, losing many in the shellfire. The Boche surged into the attack—21 fresh battalions against the nine battered battalions of the British 8th Division.

The British artillery had been silenced so the defence had to rely on infantry weapons. The Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel R H Anderson-Morshead, decided to fight a rearguard action back to the Aisne. He, his adjutant, Captain Burke, and 50 survivors charged down the hill and routed a detachment of Germans. The gallant CO was killed. Captain Burke, now with only 30 men, was hit.

When the ammunition ran out, the remnants of the Battalion made a bayonet charge into a horde of Boche. It was the end. In that action they lost 23 officers and 528 men killed or missing.

A Special Order by IX Corps commemorated the heroic stand. "They were in a position where they were entirely without hope of help, but were fighting on grimly. There is no doubt that this battalion perished en masse. It refused to surrender and fought to the last." The Order was signed by a Major B L Montgomery who was himself later to achieve fame . . .

But for the 2nd Devons' stand the Germans would have crossed the river several hours earlier and might never have been stopped on the Marne.

Death and glory. It was an echo of the Pyrrhic victory a century before at Salamanca. The 1st Battalion, North Devonshire Regiment (11th Foot), lost all but four officers and 67 men and many of these were wounded.

It was here that they earned the nickname of "The Bloody Eleventh." This battle turned the tide against the French. The Battalion rebuffed the main waves of cavalry and counter-attacked. The 11th, with the 61st of Foot, advanced up the slope towards the enemy ridge in neat ranks with drums beating as though on parade.

Eighty men fell at the first volley. The dry grass caught fire from spent cartridges. An observer remarked: "(they) seemed to be attacking a burning mountain, whose crater was defended by a barrier of shining steel." The enemy line cracked and the flagging French fled. This victory enabled Wellington to break French power in the south of Spain.

This was the beginning of the end for Napoleon. But the end of the beginning was in 1801 when the 54th Foot (later The Dorsetshire Regiment) seized the Fort of Marabout at Alexandria from seasoned troops of the French Army. It was Napoleon's first significant defeat by the British Army.

The accuracy of the 54th's small-arms fire completely unnerved the fort's defenders.

The 39th Foot (which amalgamated with the 54th to form The Dorsetshire Regiment) earned the Regiment's greatest distinction, Primus in Indis (First in India) half a century before. The British Government sent troops to India and the 39th were the first to land there. The Regiment, under Clive, took part in several actions against the powerful Nabob of Bengal but the final test of strength came at Plassey. Clive had 3000 men (900 were European of which the 39th's strength was 224), no cavalry and only 15 light guns. After a 15-mile march in torrential rain they were confronted at Plassey by the Nabob's 50,000 infantry, cavalry, and 50 large guns drawn by elephants.

The Nabob attacked at dawn. The firing was dampened at noon by a heavy rainstorm and the enemy powder kegs became waterlogged. Their cavalry, thinking a similar misfortune must have befallen the British, charged. But the British gunners had kept their powder dry. The enemy cavalry was met head on by a hail of metal and floundered in the mud. The 39th counter-attacked with rapid and accurate small-arms fire. The Nabob fled, his army routed and his stores captured. This was the first decisive battle for the British in India. The 39th was granted the motto "Primus in Indis" (inscribed on the Regiment's badge) and the battle honour "Plassey." Both honours are unique.

Exactly 100 years later Dorset soldiers (men of the 54th) returned to India to help quell the Mutiny. Their outward trip was marked by near disaster when fire broke out in the troopship "Sarah Sands." Most of the crew panicked and fled in the boats. The Dorset men, many of them seasoned sailors, saved the situation, removing kegs of powder from the stern and throwing them overboard.

Queen Victoria demanded a General Order be published commending the "remarkable gallantry and resolution displayed by all ranks, their high courage, presence of mind, coolness and discipline."

"Sarah Sands" Day is celebrated as the last regimental anniversary in the calendar of the Devon and Dorsets. The first is "Ladysmith" where the 1st Devons charged 300 yards with fixed bayonets, into a Boer hill position, losing four officers and 29 men wounded against the Boers' 96 killed, wounded and prisoners. The Boers brought up large forces which pinned down the 1st Devons and other British troops in Ladysmith for four months.

When the Boers attacked Ladysmith, the 1st Devons counter-attacked with a bayonet charge in a blinding rainstorm and routed them. It was here that Lieutenant J E I Masterson won the Victoria Cross.

The Regiment's first VC was won two years before by Private S Vickery (Dorsets) during the storming of the Dargai Heights on the Indian Frontier, the third by Private Theodore Veale and fourth by Lance-Corporal George Onions (both Devons) in France in World War One.

Soldiers from Devon and Dorset had the unique distinction of being in the only Regular brigade to take part in three assault landings in World War Two. The 1st Dorsets, 2nd Devons, and 1st Hampshires comprised 231 Malta Brigade which invaded Sicily, Italy and Normandy.

In 1944 the 1st Devons took Nippon Hill (on the Burma/Assam border) from the Japanese after six counter-attacks by other battalions had failed. A month later the 2nd Dorsets distinguished themselves at Kohima. The 4th Dorsets crossed the Rhine in assault boats to take supplies to the hard-pressed 1st Airborne Division at Arnhem and help evacuate them. Of the 300 Dorsets who crossed only 50 returned.

The Devons had two operational tours in the next decade—against the Communist guerillas in Malaya and Mau-Mau terrorists in Kenya. In its two years' action in the Malayan jungle, the battalion killed 70 guerillas, wounded 35 and captured five, with the loss of six killed and 22 wounded. In Kenya the Devons caught and killed 137 terrorists.

On 17 May 1958, at historic Minden in West Germany, the Devons amalgamated with the Dorsets to form The Devonshire and Dorset Regiment. The new Regiment carried out internal security duties in Cyprus during the "Eoka" troubles from November 1958 to August 1961. Its last operational role was in British Guiana in 1964, dealing with the worst inter-racial riots of the colony's history.

Immediately after flying in, the men of the Devon and Dorsets were patrolling the streets with fixed bayonets. They organised the evacuation of 2000 Indians and imposed a night curfew.

Since November 1965, the 1st Battalion, The Devonshire and Dorset Regiment, has been stationed in Münster, West Germany. It has been equipped with the FV 432 armoured personnel carrier and has been on exercise in the South of France and Libya.

The last stand of the 2nd Devons at Bois des Buttes on 27 May 1918. They held out for several hours, mowing down waves of grey-uniformed Boche with accurate small-arms fire. But few survived.

Cap badges of the two former Regiments. They amalgamated in May 1958 to form The Devonshire and Dorset Regiment. Now they wear the cap badge of The Wessex Brigade.

The man with ten long-service stripes is Lance-Corporal Thomas Hooper. When he retired in 1964, he had the longest service of the British Army—47 years. He enlisted in The Devonshire Regiment in 1917, and served in France, India, Shanghai, Burma and Malaya. An outstanding athlete, he represented the Regiment at athletics, cricket, rugby and soccer. His last appointment was sports storeman and post corporal at The Wessex Brigade Depot in Exeter. He was eligible for promotion to full corporal, but declined since it meant taking down his long-service stripes.

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humour

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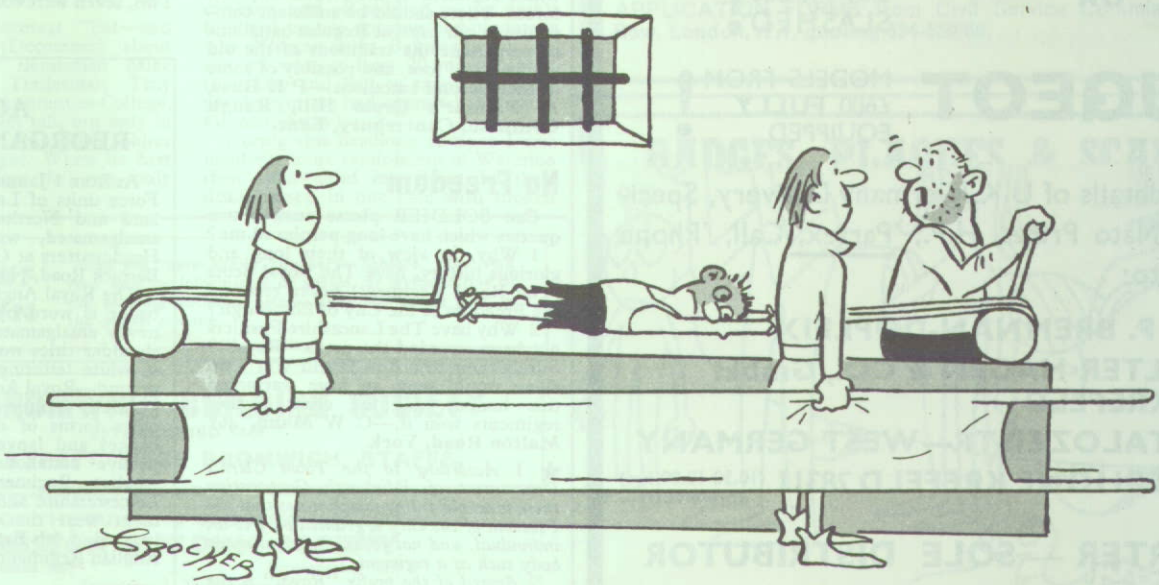


"Leave the stretcher here—I'll call you when I've finished."

DISAPPEARING REGIMENTS

It is a sad reflection upon SOLDIER'S many British readers that an American, Mr F E G Weil, should have to draw our attention to the harm being done to the British Army (Letters, December). Perhaps I may be permitted to add my own observations.

Since World War Two several foreign armies have taken considerable pains to fabricate traditions for units which are, in fact, of recent origin. The British Army, with unbroken traditions, has been the victim of "suspended animations" and amalgamations and is now to suffer the complete disbanding of certain units. Enemies of this country have repeatedly failed to annihilate our regiments, but now our politicians and civil servants will apparently succeed where our enemies have failed.

Your December issue announces that The Cameronians, raised in 1689, are to be disbanded. This is not merely an old regiment but one of the oldest in the world. Older, too, than many institutions which some regard as essential to the British way of life, such as the Bank of England, the Stock Exchange, the MCC, the Boat Race and the Labour Party.

If the Army had retained its commando role and had not relinquished airfield defence and the firing of long-range missiles to the Royal Air Force, the Army's establishment of infantry and artillery regiments would be larger and many of the amalgamations and disbandments would have been unnecessary.

If disbandments are absolutely essential why does this Government not apply the industrial principle of "last in, first out" and dispense with the newest units, for example the Royal Marine Commandos, the RAF Regiment, the SAS, The Parachute Regiment and even, if necessary, the Welsh and Irish Guards. Older units could take over their tasks.

The changes of recent years have produced some odd results. Regiments have anachronistically become "green jackets" and fusiliers in the 20th century. The use of terms such as "Wessex," "Mercian" and "Anglian" would seem to indicate that the authorities wish to draw the Army's traditions from the early middle ages. If so, they have not been thorough for The Royal Anglian Regiment contains the Saxons of Essex and Hertfordshire while The Queen's Regiment contains a mixture of Saxons and Jutes.

The new large regiments are each derived from several county regiments and have, in consequence, many battle honours and traditions—one sympathises with the recruit who has to learn regimental history. It would be better to do as Mr Weil suggests and permit one sub-unit to perpetuate the traditions of one unit.

After World War One, the companies, squadrons and batteries of the small army Germany was allowed to retain each maintained the traditions of a whole regiment of the former imperial forces. There should be sufficient companies in our present Regular battalions to perpetuate the traditions of the old regiments of foot, and possibly of some of their second battalions.—**P H Buss, 19 Palmar's Cross Hill, Rough Common, Canterbury, Kent.**

No Freedom

Can SOLDIER please answer two queries which have long perplexed me?

1 Why, in view of their long and glorious history, have The Royal Scots (The Royal Regiment) never received the Freedom of the City of Edinburgh?

2 Why have The Lancashire Fusiliers not been awarded the prefix "Royal"? Surely their record in World War Two alone would seem to have warranted this honour. All the other fusilier regiments won it.—**C W Mann, 461 Malton Road, York.**

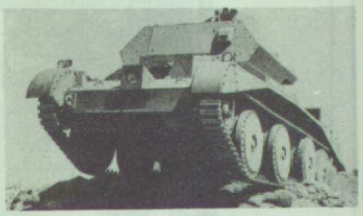
★ 1 *According to the Town Clerk's Department of Edinburgh Corporation there is an old ruling which states that the Freedom of the City is granted only to an individual, and not to an organisation or body such as a regiment.*

2 *Award of the prefix "Royal" is the prerogative of the Queen.*

LETTERS

Covenanter

The tanks shown on page 16 of the November SOLDIER as "Covenanter cruisers on the move" are incorrectly captioned; these tanks are A 13s (Cruiser tank Mk IV).



The Covenanter (Cruiser tank Mk V) was similar in design to the Crusader (Cruiser tank Mk VI), except that the Covenanter (pictured above) had only four road wheels, as had the A 13.—**Maj L Jones (Rtd), Army Careers Information Office, 48 Woodgrange Road, Forest Gate, London E7.**

Riposte: 1

Please, Royal Marines, stop trying to create the imaginary schoolboy image by blowing your own trumpets ("Disgusted Bootnecks" (October) and "Marines were there" (December)).

Living on past glories achieved mainly by Army Commandos does not fool everyone. Of the eight Commando Victoria Cross winners of World War Two, seven were soldiers.

ACF REORGANISATION

As from 1 January 1968 the Cadet Force units of Leicestershire, Rutland and Northamptonshire were amalgamated, with new County Headquarters at Gibraltar Barracks, Barrack Road, Northampton.

The Royal Anglian Regiment cap badge is worn by all ranks of the newly amalgamated force, and the shoulder titles worn on battle dress in white lettering on a red background—Royal Anglian ACF.

Adult members, when wearing other forms of dress, wear collar badges and lanyards of their respective battalions in The Royal Anglian Regiment, for example, Leicestershire and Rutland detachment wear the collar badge and lanyard of 4th Battalion, The Royal Anglian Regiment.

FIRST PHASE OF INFANTRY REORGANISATION

The first stage of the infantry reorganisation announced last year (SOLDIER, July) has begun with the appointment of divisional brigadiers and the setting up of headquarters for the five new divisions of the Infantry of the Line.

The Scottish Division headquarters will be at Edinburgh, The Queen's Division at Colchester, The King's Division at York, The Prince of Wales's Division at Lichfield and The Light Division at Winchester.

The divisional brigadiers are Brigadier F H Coutts (Scottish Division), Brigadier M W Holme (Queen's), Brigadier W S G Armour (King's), Brigadier D E Ballantine (Prince of Wales's) and Brigadier J R Burgess (Light).

The divisions are to be headed by Colonel Commandants who are all senior serving or retired officers. Their names have already been announced (SOLDIER, December). The divisional brigadiers, acting as their principal staff officers, will be responsible for the day-to-day direction of the divisions.

Divisional headquarters will be working in a planning capacity until they assume control of their respective brigades and large regiments on 1 July 1968. By July 1969 they will have replaced the existing headquarters of the brigades and large regiments.

The creation of these large groups for personnel management will counteract the fluctuations in recruitment to individual brigades and large regiments and eliminate inequalities in their strength and composition.

The Divisions are made up as follows:

SCOTTISH: The present Lowland and Highland Brigades. Colonel Commandant: Major-General F C C Graham (Rtd).

QUEEN'S: The Queen's Regiment, The Royal Regiment of Fusiliers (to be formed from the present Fusilier Brigade in April 1968), and The Royal Anglian Regiment. Colonel Commandant: Major-General M Forrester.

KING'S: The present Lancastrian and Yorkshire Brigades and the Royal Irish Rangers (to be formed from the present North Irish Brigade in July 1968). Colonel Commandant: Major-General H E N Bredin.

PRINCE OF WALES'S: The present Wessex, Welsh and Mercian Brigades. Colonel Commandant: General Sir Charles Harington.

LIGHT: The Light Infantry (to be formed from the present Light Infantry Brigade in July 1968) and The Royal Green Jackets. Colonel Commandant: Lieutenant-General Sir Antony Read.

The green beret you still wear was first awarded to the Army Commandos after their success on the Dieppe raid.

Royal Tournament and Albert Hall Commando displays are old hat to the Army; we did them way back in the early 1940s at Achnacarry.

Come off it, Royal Marines, you did not win the Battle of Waterloo either! **—W H Bidmead (ex No 4 Commando), 8 Bleriot Road, Heston, Middlesex.**

Riposte: 2

Judging from his letter on Commandos (December) your correspondent "Nulli Secundus" does not seem to be very well informed.

For his information:

1 As Commandos the Royal Marines are continuing, in a modern way, the job for which they were formed.

2 Like The Parachute Regiment we are specialists, but we are also infantry and have been since our formation more than 300 years ago.

3 In reply to his remark "one man, one trade," there is only one answer. Let him look at our record, during and since World War Two, and he will see that we are very good at our trade.— **Cpl J Simpson, Commando School, ITCRM, Devon.**

Diddy soldiers

We read with interest "Eat—and that's an order" (December) about 4ft 9in-tall Junior Bandsman Mike Platt. Apprentice Tradesman Tiny Pescod, of the Army Apprentice College, Carlisle, is also 4ft 9in tall, but only in the last 28 weeks has this diddy soldier risen to such a height. When he first came to the College he was only 4ft 7½in tall.

The question now is: Who will reach 5ft 2in first?—**A/T L/Cpl R Walker, 18 Pl, C Coy, Army Apprentice College, Hadrian's Camp, Carlisle, Cumberland.**

"Vive le cheval"

There are many, still alive and kicking like myself, who were present at Cambrai in November 1917 when our great tank attack took place. It must have evoked many grim memories to see the picture in the November SOLDIER and to recollect the events, a few days later, in the snow and ice of that bitter weather.

But I must take issue with the sweeping statement that "from that moment the horse had no real part on the battlefield."

On 8 August 1918 was fought that turning point in World War One, the battle of Amiens, which loosened the grip on the city which the Germans had maintained since their tremendous attack of the previous March. Their defeat at Amiens resulted soon afterwards in defeat at Bapaume and eventual breaking of the formidable Hindenburg Line.

On that day at Amiens the Cavalry Corps, which had converged on Amiens in complete secrecy (we moved from billets by a series of night marches, eight men abreast to save length, were not allowed to smoke nor speak to civilians, and off-saddled in the dark), followed up the opening bombardment with Whippet tanks. Before the day was out we were at least 20 miles behind their line and had so many prisoners we thought we had captured the whole German Army!

During this headlong advance I saw incidents more reminiscent of Waterloo than 1918—dead men lying by their dead horses, in one case with broken swords. When the German resistance stiffened we spent the night in woods, expecting to continue the advance the next day—and were well and truly bombed. Though that was the limit of our advance, the cavalry came into its own on that August day.

When the Hindenburg Line broke we were always on the Germans' tail and at the end of each day far in front of the infantry, though the Germans left dedicated machine-gunners to pick off patrols. A few days before the Armistice these determined fellows even allowed the patrol I was with to get in front of them, and we had to run the gauntlet. They should have wiped us out but possibly the proximity of one of our planes distracted them.

So "Vive le Cheval"—I still think the German return to the Fatherland would have been far less hasty had we not had the valuable assistance of the horse in 1918.—**A W Bradbury (late Trooper, Royal Scots Greys), The Candles, Swailes Green, Staplecross, Robertsbridge, Sussex.**

ONE OR THE OTHER

Of the 78 words listed in Competition 113 (October), competitors produced 17 different ones as the answer, with butter heavily in the lead, followed by shine, rod, grave, foul and garden.

The word which did not "belong" was in fact "fine." Groupings were: All or nothing, coming or going, common or garden, death or glory, day or night, do or die, east or west, fair or foul, fast or slow, friend or foe, grave or gay, guns or butter, heads or tails, heaven or hell, hit or miss, left or right, life or death, love or hate, man or mouse, more or less, now or never, odds or evens, once or twice, one or two, plain or fancy, rain or shine, right or wrong, rod, pole or perch, rough or smooth, sink or swim, sooner or later, stand or fall, swords or pistols, this or that, win or lose, work or play, yes or no, young or old.

Closing date of this competition was extended to allow for the late receipt of the October issue.

Prizewinners:

1 J L Harraway, 16 Vicarage Street, Warminster, Wilts.

2 QMSI F Gray SASC, Wessex Brigade Depot, Wyvern Barracks, Exeter, Devon.

3 Pte B A Carty WRAC, FVRDE Box 2, Chobham Lane, Chertsey, Surrey.

4 Cpl L Edwards, A Tp, 1 Sqn, 13 Signal Regt, BFPO 40.

5 Mrs J Cook, Flat 1a Campbell Parade, Cranbrook Road, Barkingside, Ilford, Essex.

6 Mrs F A Tucker, Tpt Branch, HQ BAOR, BFPO 40.

7 Cpl John Cooper (ACF), 44 Hillfield, Whitley Bay, Northumberland.

8 Maj P K Bridges RAMC (T & AVR), 34 Hazlemere Court, Palace Road, London SW2.

9 Jun Cpl R C Bond, A Room, Anzio Pl, A Coy, Junior Tradesmen's Regiment, Kinmel Park Camp, Rhyl, North Wales.

10 British Army Gurkha (no award).

11 Pte T E Grant, QARANC, 1 Coy RAMC, Cambridge Military Hospital, Aldershot, Hants.

12 Maj T S Chutter, Apt 3, 26 Clarey Avenue, Ottawa 1, Ontario, Canada.

13 Foreign Serviceman or woman (no award).

COLLECTORS' CORNER

J Westlake, 7 Lambley Avenue, Mapperley, Nottingham, NG3 6DW.—*Requires beer mats issued by Army units.*

D J Farquhar, 43 Ferndale Avenue, Wallsend-on-Tyne, Northumberland.—*Interested in all items connected with The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers. Also requires sergeant's chevrons for full dress tunic Grenadier Guards and one pair each collar and epaulette badges for same of The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, both George VI period.*

H L King, 3 South Street, Farnham, Surrey.—*Wishes to purchase collection of British and/or British Empire military badges and cross-belt plates. All correspondence answered.*

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COMPETITION 117

AS LIKE AS NOT

HERE is another bumper "How Observant Are You?" type of competition for all the lynx-eyed readers who have enjoyed this monthly puzzle over the years. And this month there is the incentive of 12 prizes to be won.

Art Editor Frank Finch makes ten variations in the normal feature, but in this competition there are certainly more than ten differences.

Study the drawings carefully then send your list of differences, on a postcard or by letter, with the "Competition 117" label from this page, and your name and address, to: **The Editor (Comp 117), SOLDIER, 433 Holloway Road, LONDON N7.**

This competition is open to all readers at home and overseas and closing date is Monday, 15 April. The answers and winners' names will appear in the June SOLDIER. More than one entry can be submitted but each must be accompanied by a "Competition 117" label.

Winners will be drawn by lots from correct entries.

Prizes

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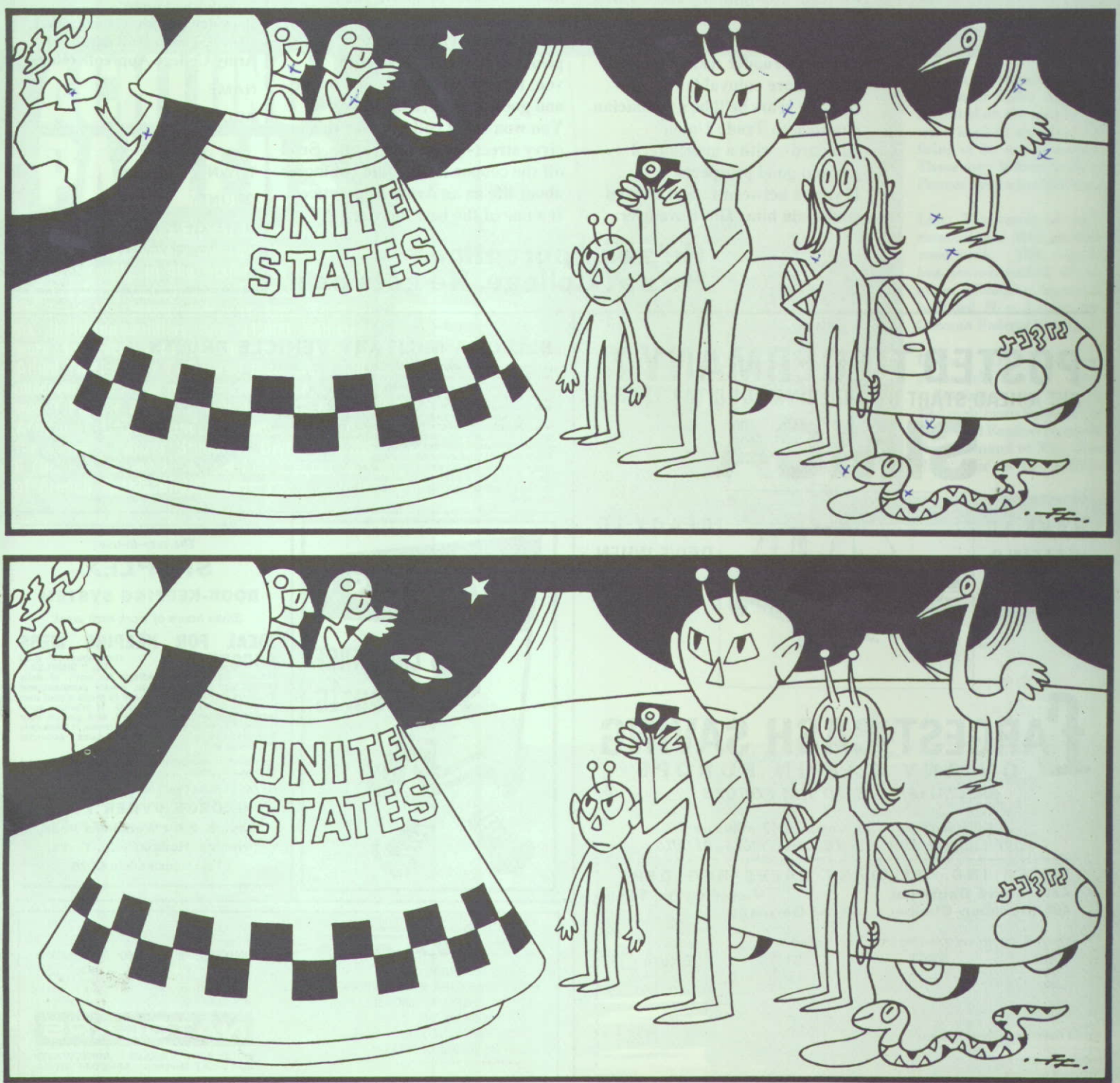
11-12	SOLDIER free for a year or a SOLDIER Easibinder



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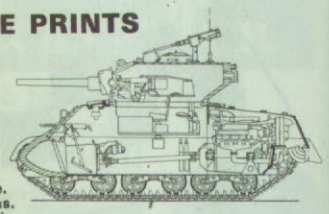

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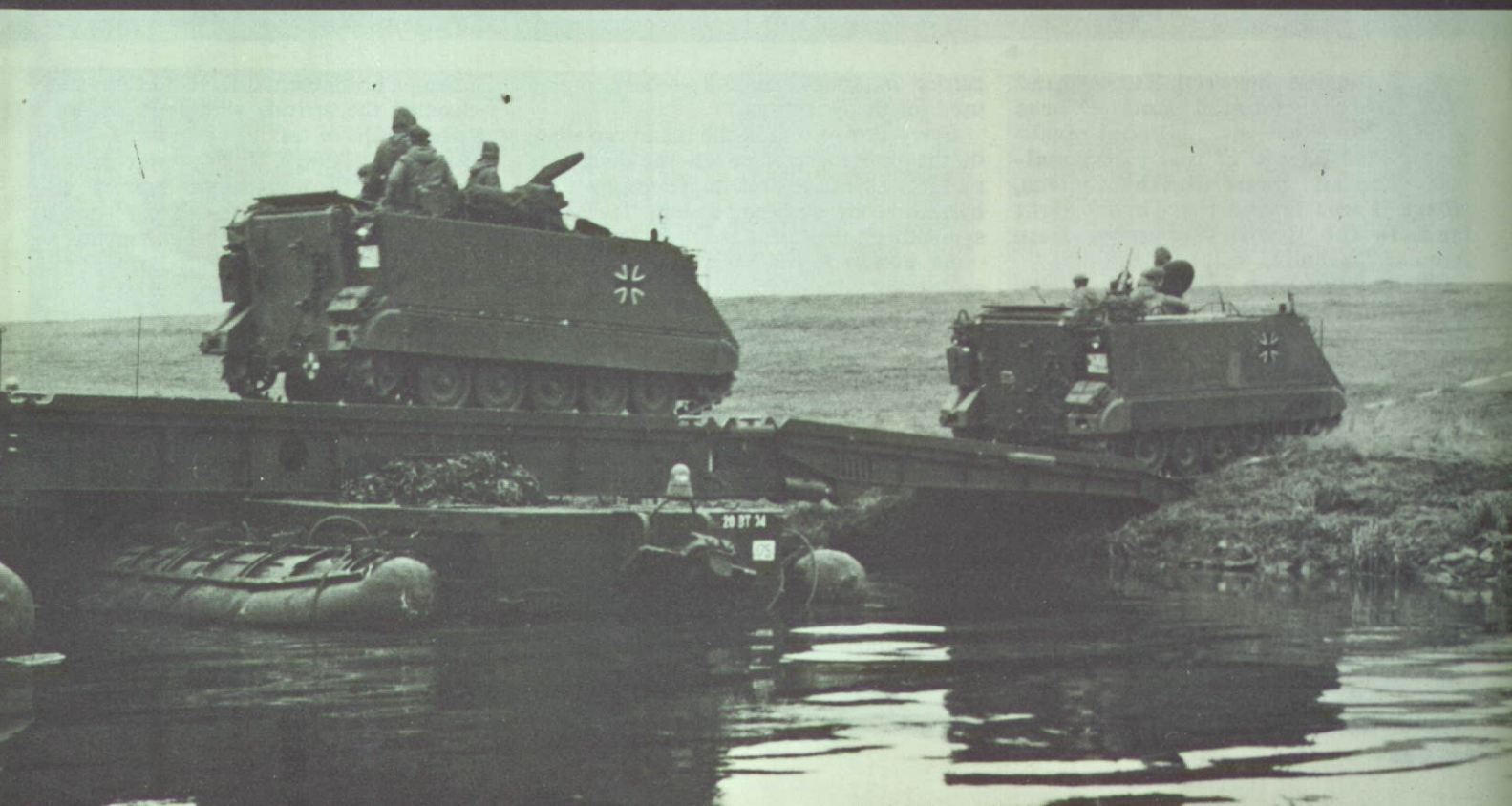
ACHTUNG! PANZERS

White-edged black crosses on armour spell Panzers. And Panzers were on the move in droves recently in the major 1967 Federal German Army manoeuvres—Exercise Hermelin 2—in the Hanover-Hohne area. Thirty-six thousand soldiers and 11,000 vehicles were involved with air forces of Second Allied Tactical Air Force and there were 300 observers from many countries. On one side was 3 Panzer Division with 41 (Netherland) Armoured Brigade under command, and on the other 1 Panzer Grenadier Division with 6 (British) Infantry Brigade and a squadron of French Spahis under command.

Above: A Leopard tank refuels near Celle. Rockets mounted on the gun barrel were used to simulate the firing of the main weapon. These men belong to the 1 Panzer Grenadier Division.

Left: The turret of well-camouflaged M42 air defence tank. This vehicle has twin-barrelled 40mm guns. Exercise observers included Herr Lubke, the German Federal President.

Below: M113 armoured personnel carriers cross a floating bridge built by 23 Amphibious Squadron of the Royal Engineers, under the command of Maj Alan Ross, over the River Aller.



The President's son and the Scandinavian countess—when troubled Cyprus seemed once more on the brink of an explosion one was the welcomer and one the welcomed in . . .

THE ARMY'S SANCTUARY

AS tension between Turkey and Greece mounted and Cyprus became an international flash-point, 1400 people of many nationalities flocked from North Cyprus, where it was feared the Turks might land, to the British Sovereign Base Area at Dhekelia.

The way the Army welcomed them won international praise. Sir Norman E Costar, British High Commissioner, in a letter to the Commander British Forces Near East, Air-Marshal Sir Edward Gordon Jones, said: "I am sure that I speak for the whole British community when I say that the job done by the Servicemen was quite outstanding in every way. From all sides I have received laudatory comments, and the representatives of the United Nations and the foreign countries you received have called to ask me to add their thanks."

The evacuation of Nicosia and Kyrenia areas, recommended by Sir Norman and taken up by friendly foreign embassies, was carried out under a carefully-rehearsed plan used for the first time.

Every British unit in the island can share in the praise showered on the Army by refugees surprised and impressed by their barrack-room accommodation, food and sympathetic treatment at Dhekelia.

As hundreds of vehicles followed the signposts to the garrison and poured into the British-protected area, their worried occupants were received at the Church of England Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Club by Royal Army Educational Corps officers assisted by High Commission officials and the base customs officers.

Evacuation of the risky north was suggested over the British Forces Broadcasting Services network, and as the numbers reaching Dhekelia grew the base's Key Cinema was taken over as a reporting centre. Sandhurst cadets, field training on the island, acted as refugee processors. One of them, unknown to those being processed, was Panji Kaunda, son of the President of Zambia. The Church of England Club staff welcomed the arrivals with food and—of course!—cups of tea.

And Royal Corps of Transport drivers transported the refugees to barrack accommodation at five centres. Then it was a matter of looking after the sanctuary-seekers.

Men of the Army Catering Corps had to provide something like 4000 extra meals a day plus a continuous service of baby foods and milk—and even water for hot-water bottles!

The tension lasted for the last seven days of November—and then the tributes to the British protection and hospitality rolled in. Thanks came from the Israeli Ambassador, the commander of the United Nations force in Cyprus, a Danish countess caught up in the crisis . . .

The Cyprus affair of last November might have caused the world a few uneasy days—but it boosted the prestige of the British soldier in no uncertain way.

Top left: Turkish tanks and crews prepare for a possible invasion. Above: A precautionary checkpoint at Dhekelia manned by the Royal Horse Guards.

1

2

3

1 Capt Ann MacGregor, Women's Royal Army Corps, and an armful.

2 Harding Barracks, Dhekelia: Some of the evacuees queue for a meal.

3 Maj-Gen D L Lloyd Owen, GOC Near East Land Forces (left) chats to the Garrison Commander, Lieut-Col Petty, and WO II A Holmes.

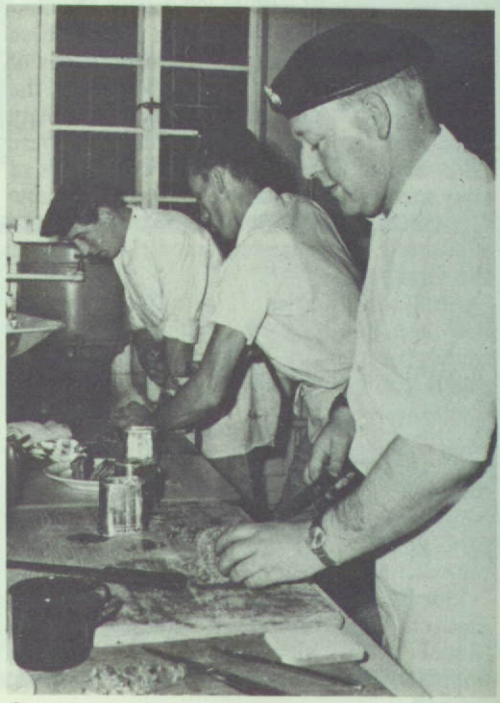
4 Domestic routine goes on—an evacuee mother preparing baby food.

5 Maj Norman Thacker RAEC settles a query by a Sandhurst cadet at the Evacuation Reception Centre.

6 ACC cooks prepare for the influx of many nationalities at Dhekelia.

4

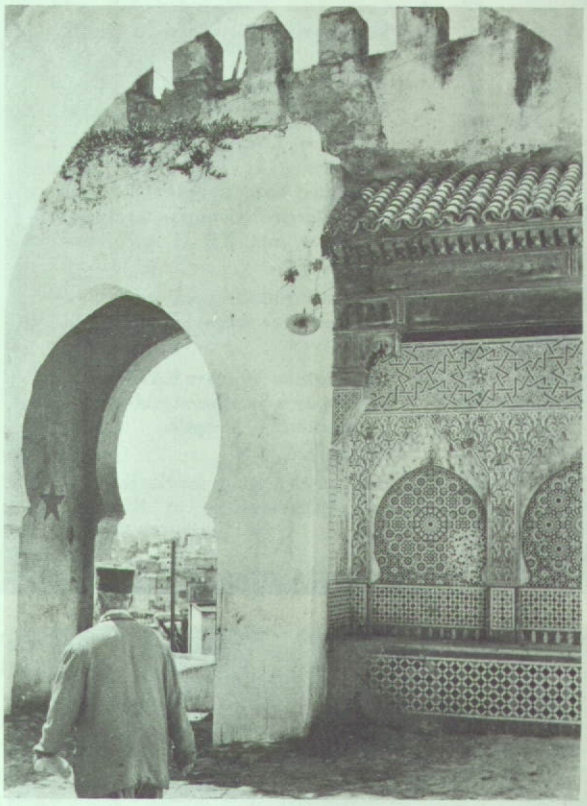
5



6

A North African port, now popular with British tourists, gave birth to The Royal Dragoons (1st Dragoons), which next month amalgamate with the Royal Horse Guards (The Blues). But this is not the only British regiment that was

MADE IN TANGIER



Above: Tangier's inner harbour with the kasbah and ruined fortifications above.

Parts of the walls pictured left date from the British occupation of Tangier.

The cannon below include many relics of Britain's short but stormy stay here.

DURING the long history of Tangier—once a Phoenician commercial centre—it has been occupied by many nations. For 22 years it was British. And although this cosmopolitan port on the Strait of Gibraltar has often been fought over it became British quite peacefully—as part of the dowry of Charles II's Portuguese bride, Catherine of Braganza.

On 6 September 1661 the Earl of Peterborough was commissioned as Governor of Tangier with orders to raise a regiment of foot and a troop of 100 horse. The regiment, known as 1st Tangerines and later as the notorious Kirke's Lambs, is now part of The Queen's Regiment.

The cavalry became The Tangier Horse and when they left North Africa after many years of fighting the Moors they became The King's Own Royal Regiment of Dragoons, later changed to The Royal Dragoons.

In 1680 a second regiment of foot was raised in Tangier, the 2nd Tangerines. It later became the Fourth or King's Own (Royal Lancaster) Regiment, now part of The King's Own Royal Border Regiment. The Grenadier Guards also have origins in Tangier.

The hand grenade, invented in the 16th century, was a new weapon in English warfare but "grenadoes" were among the first arms asked for for Tangier in 1662. These grenadoes were small globular iron shells of one to two inches in diameter. However, the "Grenadeers" attached to each company were found to be so useful that they were later formed into two separate companies of sixty men each and joined and gave the name Grenadier to the Grenadier Guards. There is still a Tangier street named the Street of the Grenadiers.

Although Charles II and his ministers had high hopes of establishing an overseas trading outpost in Tangier, the first troops found insufficient quarters (there were three thousand of them with families of several hundred).

Though Tangier had had quite a large European population—Spanish and Portuguese—most had left after looting everything they could. The fortifications were also very dilapidated.

During the English occupation, the garrison was continually attacked by the Moors who, although using primitive weapons, were skilled in using what cover was available, as well as treachery and surprise. In May 1664 an English sortie of seven companies was ambushed in a wood by more than 5000 Moors. Only nine men survived the massacre. In the end Tangier proved too costly to keep and the last troops sailed for England on 5 February 1684 after blowing up all the fortifications.

Britain again had an interest in Tangier in 1925 when it became an international zone. She was one of the eight nations which administered this city of some 150,000 inhabitants among whom was quite a large British community.

During the international regime, which lasted until 1956 when Morocco became independent, the British had their own post office, church, banks and newspaper. In fact both the post office and the *Tangier Gazette* were the first institutions of their kind in Morocco.

During World War Two and until 11 years ago groups of 15 to 20 British soldiers came from Gibraltar to spend a week's leave at an American-owned hotel in Tangier. The Army organised and paid for these holidays, which ended when Tangier ceased to be international.

Today Tangier belongs to the Kingdom of Morocco. The British post office, banks and shops have closed and many British residents have left. The British Army no longer uses it for leave purposes though it is a favourite place for tourists from Britain—and many of the port's famous smugglers are British.

Above: Major Loch explains the working of a detector to the members of his team and (below) a Chinese rubber tapper looks on as three members of the bomb disposal team examine a Japanese bomb.

EVEN EIGHT SUICIDE PLANES!

FOR more than 22 years the islanders of Penang, off Malaysia's west coast, have lived on the doorstep of death. Their lethal lodger is a huge Japanese ammunition dump—thousands of bombs, torpedo warheads, depth charges and even eight suicide planes rotting just below the ground.

Attempts to clear the dump have been marred by death. Just after the war Japanese prisoners started clearance but, according to a local story, a fatal accident halted work.

A 1957 attempt by Royal Engineers was called off after trench walls collapsed and buried two sappers; however, 500 bombs were cleared on this site by local labour. Another effort by sappers ended, after 200 bombs had been cleared, because the job proved bigger than anticipated.

For nine years the explosives were not touched. Then a Royal Engineers bomb disposal team commanded by Major Antony Loch flew to the Far East to finish the job once and for all. In March last year the team of 14—since increased to 22—landed on the island that had the misfortune to be a Japanese naval base.

After a lot of ground work the first milestone was reached on 25 July when 41 bombs were taken into the Straits of Malacca 25 miles from Penang and dropped into 30 fathoms of water. During the following weeks there was a twice-a-week dumping run by tank landing craft of the Royal Corps of Transport—the latest reported tally is more than 1300 bombs weighing nearly 100 tons.

The job goes on. It will be finished by the end of this year or the beginning of next—and with it the risk of a violent explosion shattering the peace and beauty of this island of palm trees and golden beaches.

IT HAPPENED IN FEBRUARY

Date		*Year*
1	Egypt and Syria formed United Arab Republic	1958
2	Germans capitulated at Stalingrad	1943 ▶
4	Hitler took command of German Army	1938
10	Peace of Paris ceded Canada to Britain	1763
11	First miracles of Lourdes	1858
13	Nuffield Foundation founded	1943
18	"Pilgrim's Progress" published	1678
26	Second French Republic proclaimed	1848
27	Russia's first trade mission reached London	1558
27	Burning of the Reichstag	1933

OLD GLORY ON THE MARCH

JOHN O' GROATS to Land's End, Dr Barbara Moore, Kabul, Nijmegen . . . Words from the world of the long-distance walker—a world in which the Army often gets involved.

Nothing is new, of course; and that includes long-distance walking. But it comes as a surprise to learn that nearly 100 years ago a soldier hit the headlines for tramping the length of Britain. And it is even more surprising to discover he was an American soldier.

What is more, he was a farsighted man who prophesied, at a time of Anglo-American tension, today's close alliance between the two countries.

In 1872 Sergeant Gilbert Bates of The 24th Massachusetts Regiment, five feet seven inches tall, marched alone from Gretna Green to London wearing full uniform and carrying the Stars and Stripes on a nine-foot hickory pole.

The march began as a bet of 1000 dollars to the sergeant's 100 dollars that the English would insult the United States flag borne by an American soldier. Bates's friends even said the British Government would imprison him and that his life would be in danger in certain areas.

But the little sergeant had guts and an unwavering belief in Anglo-American friendship, strained by the Civil War's disastrous effects on British trade.

A typical remark by comrades was: "I bet he doesn't travel 12 miles before he sets face homeward and leaves his bean pole in the custody of some parish beadle." Yet before he had covered 50 miles, Bates cancelled the wager; his reception shamed mercenary considerations.

At the first English village he passed through, two small boys asked him when the circus was coming, but by the time the sergeant reached Kendal the reason for his venture was known and cheering crowds gathered in welcome.

At Garstang, Bates got a civic reception and was entertained at a public banquet. The streets of Preston were lined by an enthusiastic throng. At Bolton the inhabitants gave the walker a pair of clogs and a dove for President Grant.

On the outskirts of Manchester the welcoming crowds were so dense that Bates finished the journey to his lodging in an open carriage. Far from resenting the flaunting of Old Glory in their midst, Mancunians pressed gifts and hospitality on Bates. One showman offered him £60 a night simply to appear on stage with his flag. Bates refused all such offers.

Through Macclesfield, Burslem, Stafford and Wolverhampton he plodded. In Birmingham one enthusiastic hotel proprietor placed not only his entire establishment at his disposal but his wine cellar and cash drawer.

Bates, 34 at the time of the epic march, came from Saybrook, Connecticut, had a wife and four children, and during the Civil War was a colour-sergeant in the United States Artillery. Immediately after the defeat of the South he walked the 1500 miles from Vicksburg to Washington bearing the Union Flag to prove that the Confederates were not as black as they were painted.

Only leaving his route to visit hastily Shakespeare's birthplace at Stratford-on-Avon, Bates marched into Oxford where he had been warned to expect a frigid reception if nothing worse. Instead he was cheered and showered with college invitations.

At a New College dinner he said: "I have come through England not only believing that my flag would not be insulted but feeling sure that Englishmen would show it such respect everywhere that my countrymen would hail my coming as a step full of joyful hope for the future."

Passing through Uxbridge, Bates reached London on 1 December and lodged for the night at a Shepherds Bush hotel. Next morning an open landau provided by the Lord Mayor collected him and his travel-stained flag.

The capital's tumultuous reception outshone everything that had gone before. Londoners took the little sergeant to their hearts. Everywhere Union Jacks and Stars and Stripes waved side by side. It was estimated that 5000 people shook his hand.

As Bates's landau passed through Notting Hill, Bayswater and Oxford Street, cheering people fell in behind. In Bond Street the horses were unharnessed and more than a score of enthusiasts took their places in the shafts.

The procession wound along St James's Street, Pall Mall, through Trafalgar Square, down the Strand and Fleet Street and up Ludgate Hill to Cheapside. There Bates was handed bodily over the heads of the cheering, flag-waving crowds to the steps of the Guildhall where a civic reception awaited him.

When he returned to America Bates left behind for exhibition at Madame Tussauds his boots, a piece of his flag and a prophesy. "God grant," he wrote, "that work so begun may not willingly be laid down. May the flags of both countries ever wave in freedom and peace 'till that far truer time when there shall be but one flag because but one people on the face of the earth."

What would he have thought of the United Nations?

Bates and his flag arriving at the Guildhall. Picture from the Radio Times Hulton Picture Library.

Two newspapers in America were not as enthusiastic about Sergeant Bates's efforts as was the British public. The New York Times said the really courageous thing would have been for him to carry the English flag through the Sixth Ward, the chief Irish quarter of New York. And the Washington Capital, an anti-President Grant paper, declared:

"This brave man, who earns a precarious livelihood by carrying flags through peaceful rural neighbourhoods, sailed for Europe for the purpose of carrying our national gridiron on bunting through England. Sergeant Bates is such an ass that we are astonished he did not remain at home and vote for Grant."

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BOOKS

NATO & EUROPE

André Beaufre

TWO-PILLAR STRUCTURE

"NATO and Europe" (General André Beaufre)

NATO, some would have us believe, is either on the verge of disintegration owing to internal dissensions or increasingly irrelevant. Yet the Atlantic Alliance, created in 1949 to halt the creeping advance westwards of the USSR which had annexed her World War Two conquests and formed a belt of satellite states entrenching her power in the heart of Europe, has been fully justified by the results.

The shield it provides has helped to deter the Soviets whose strategy has switched to indirect action via underdeveloped countries.

Despite the relaxation of tension in Europe, the necessity for the continued existence of the Organisation is recognised by all but one of the member countries. While the prospect of Soviet aggression has receded, Foreign Secretary George Brown warned the North Atlantic Council in Brussels in December that it could easily return.

Is NATO attuned to the present? France's leaders considered its military set-up ponderous and illogical. They objected to the integration of staffs and command headquarters and to US staff control, which merely reflected the military and financial realities of the situation. They objected, with much more substance, to nuclear strategy decisions being taken unilaterally in the White House and Pentagon without Allied consultation.

These grievances—and other considerations of pride and prejudice—were behind General de Gaulle's disruptive initiative in 1966 which led to France leaving NATO's military side and the command headquarters moving house to Belgium and the Netherlands.

Not many Frenchmen follow their President all the way on this course. General Beaufre, a distinguished soldier and now director of the French Institute of Strategic Studies, had seven years' experience of Western European Union and NATO. In this long-sighted study of the Alliance, which contains an excellent review of its structure and the evolution of its strategy, he deals frankly with its shortcomings but also recognises its "remarkable success."

He thinks NATO is still essential for any East-West balance but should be reorganised to preserve the independence of the European nations until their political union can be achieved. He envisages, at the summit, an "Atlantic" level in Washington responsible for overall American-European planning with, on the European level, a military and political organisation comprising only the European members and leading eventually to a European defence community with joint arrangements for armament production, research and development.

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KIRKE'S LAMBS

"The Queen's Royal Regiment" (Jock Haswell)

Today, when so many fine regiments are losing their identity, is a good time to pause and look back on their achievements. This is what this new "Famous Regiments Series," edited by Lieutenant-General Sir Brian Horrocks, attempts. Each volume will aim at tracing the evolution of the *esprit de corps* rather than recording minute details.

This volume is the first in the series. The outstanding feature of the Queens has always been the Regiment's steadfast discipline which was certainly vital in the early days when garrisoning Tangiers. "Kirke's Lambs," as they were ironically called, not only had to fight fierce Moorish raiders but endure the frustration of serving without pay for two and a half years!

Back home there were unpleasant tasks against English rebels at Sedgemoor and Irish guerillas at Kilconney Hill. No wonder the men preferred to make commando-type raids on the coasts of Spain, France and Holland or chase pirates in the West Indies.

But these lush islands were disease-ridden pest holes—in the 1790s two battalions of 1000 men were reduced by fever to a mere 70.

During the long Napoleonic Wars the Queens showed their mettle to the world. They stormed ashore with the bayonet at Aboukir Bay and earned their laurels the hard way at Salamanca and in the Pyrenees.

Wherever the Empire needed them, the Queens were there—on the North-West Frontier manhandling guns across *nullahs* and hunting *ghilzai* bandits; in the Waterkloof Mountains of South Africa, where they held assegai-wielding tribes in check at the Fish River; in China, where they captured Peking and met the dreaded Jingal (an enormous musket fired by three men); at the Irrawaddy, where they suffered heat exhaustion and dysentery to track down the murderous *dacoits*; in the veldt, where their flying columns cornered the elusive Boer leader, Joubert.

It was the same in the two world wars; in the first they endured the Mons Retreat, Ypres, Festubert, Loos and Passchendaele; in the second they triumphed at Alamein, Mareth, in Normandy and Burma.

The young men of recent years continued the splendid traditions in Berlin, Korea and Malaya, helping to shape a history of toughness, loyal service and gallantry.

This slim volume has interesting photographs, sketches, maps and brief notes on regimental music and Colours.

Hamish Hamilton, 21*s* **A W H**

ROYAL AMERICANS

"*The King's Royal Rifle Corps*" (*Herbert Wood*)

The family spirit has played an important part in this Regiment's history as this second volume in the "Famous Regiments Series" aptly illustrates.

Born from the *debacle* of Braddock's defeat in America, the "Royal Americans" as they were once called, quickly obtained revenge over their Indian opponents at Bushy Run. Their far-sighted Swiss colonel, Bouquet, gave them light equipment and inconspicuous clothing and taught them the value of fighting in open formation with fast movement.

Their markmanship was so renowned that in the Peninsular War it was the theme of a special report from Marshal Soult to the French Minister of War. Invaluable to Wellington were their "killing ability" and scouting skills as they marched and countermarched through Spain.

The 19th century provided the Regiment with a great deal of action and experience in wars against Sikhs, Kaffirs, Chinese, Afghans, Zulus and scores of expeditions in remote parts of Egypt and Burma. The riflemen's fast-moving, hard-hitting skills won the Punjab for the Empire in a fierce, five-week campaign.

Firing the first effective volley of the Indian Mutiny campaign they soon earned themselves the name of "The Regiment from Hell." This savage campaign in which 60 per cent of the Regiment fell was made bearable only by close friendships with the Gurkhas and seven Victoria Crosses.

In the South African War The King's Royal Rifle Corps suffered more from the effects of bad generalship than from the Boers. This distressing experience was repeated in World War One. Seventeen battalions showed the same splendid raw courage when called upon to fight. It cost the riflemen almost 13,000 dead but they had won 71 battle honours and earned another eight Victoria Crosses.

The outbreak of World War Two saw the same spirit gallantly displayed at Calais in a noble resistance to Guderian's panzers. While some of The King's Royal Rifle Corps were slowly slogging up the mountainous peninsula of Italy, others were scything their way from Normandy to Brussels. Even when it seemed to be all over they were needed to clear up the Greek Civil War.

Since then the Regiment has done its share of "fire brigade" chores. Each succeeding generation has lived up to its motto of "Swift and bold."

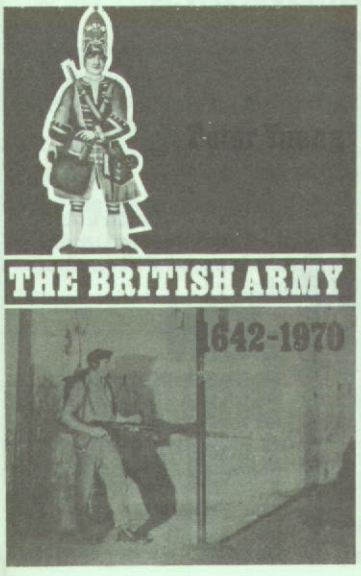
Hamish Hamilton, 21*s* **A W H**

COMPANION TO HISTORY

"*The British Army*" (*Brigadier Peter Young*)

Not a complete history, not even a short history, rather "a companion to that history, highlighting certain aspects which, as it seems to me, somebody interested in the background of the military profession might legitimately wish to know about."

This formula gives the Reader in Military History at Sandhurst an opportunity to flit from place to place most pleasantly and informatively.



He finds that in the field of personnel selection, discipline and leadership, Cromwell "has still something to say to the British officer." Other subjects include Marlborough and his army, the Light Infantry, Wellington's and Raglan's armies, the Old Contemptibles, Kitchener's armies and the Dunkirk army.

Brigadier Young selects Dettingen, Minden, the Great Siege of Gibraltar, Maida, Waterloo, Balaclava and Inkerman for concise and graphic descriptions.

In his final chapter, on the Army of the Seventies, the author doubts whether the Army's position is really worse now than it has been in peacetime during the last 250 years or so. Recent defence reviews, he points out, do at least examine the nation's defence needs up to about 1975.

He warns senior officers to be more alert to such things as "cost effectiveness" which are in the minds of their political masters and their scientific advisers when they scrutinise Service organisations.

William Kimber, 70*s* **R L E**

SOLDIER-AUTHOR

"*Remember Butler*" (*Edward McCourt*)

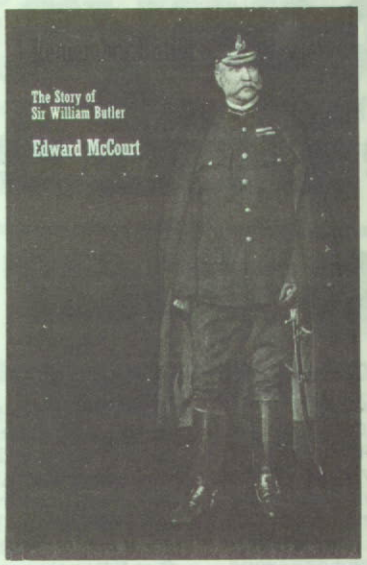
"Please remember me, Butler 69th Foot." Colonel Garnet Wolseley received this telegram as he prepared for the Red River expedition in Canada. He did remember Butler, a young lieutenant with extensive experience of Canada, who was on the point of leaving the Army because he could not afford to buy promotion.

Butler became one of Wolseley's intelligence officers, with a roving commission, and served the expedition well.

A subsequent 3700-mile journey through the Canadian winter produced "The Great Lone Land," a travel classic and one of the best of many books to come from Butler's pen.

"Remember Butler. Will sail by first steamer," he telegraphed from Canada when Sir Garnet was about to set out for the Gold Coast. But it was Wolseley who telegraphed for Butler, now an established member of the "Wolseley Ring," for a peaceful tour in South Africa.

After this Butler went home and



married Elizabeth Thompson, the Lady Butler whose paintings of battle scenes make her better remembered today than her husband. He did not always approve of her work. Of her "Defence of Rorke's Drift" he said, "One more painting like this and you will drive me mad."

Butler fought with Wolseley at Tel-el-Kebir and in the abortive attempt to relieve Gordon. In 1898 he was appointed commander-in-chief in South Africa. He disapproved of the British Government's policy towards the Boers and said a conflict between the two white races would be the greatest calamity ever to have occurred in South Africa.

He was recalled a few weeks before fighting started.

At home he was blamed by newspapers for the early reverses in South Africa and accused of failing to prepare the forces there for war. Butler's conduct in South Africa was vindicated by a commission set up after the war.

The author gives a sympathetic picture of this dedicated, brilliant and likeable officer.

Routledge and Kegan Paul, 45*s* **R L E**

CALL IN THE ARMY

"*Aberfan*" (*Tony Austin*)

In Merthyr Tydfil, Sergeant Ron McCarthy, permanent staff instructor of 5th Battalion, The Welch Regiment (TA), heard from the beer delivery man that the tip at Aberfan had slipped. From battalion headquarters he was told the Territorial Army was not needed to help.

Then he heard that 150 children were buried. On his own initiative he collected 21 Territorials and they waited for the call. It did not come so Sergeant McCarthy, on his own initiative, moved them to Aberfan. He reflected that if anybody was reprimanded it would be he. Instead of a

reprimand, eight days later he was presented to the Queen.

Sergeant McCarthy's uninvited Territorials, the first soldiers at Aberfan, began helping the hard-pressed police with traffic control. All day the Army had been offering help but it was not until 38 hours after the disaster that military aid was officially requested on a significant scale.

Why the delay in calling in a willing body with discipline and equipment? "It was not politic to call in the Army too soon," writes Mr Austin.

Later, he explains that the Merthyr authorities were sensitive that a request to the Army would give an impression of failure and so affect the issue of the local authority's status under a re-organisation scheme then under discussion.

Merthyr's long-standing pacifism was another factor. Six months previously the council had refused permission for a recruiting exhibition in the town and nine years earlier to allow cadet training facilities in local schools.

Just one misunderstanding between soldiers and miners could have led to violence.

Once the Army moved in, says the author, there was a definite "if occasionally heavy footed" overall sense of organisation.

It is clear that an earlier call to the Army could not have saved lives at Aberfan. But other local authorities may reflect that in similar circumstances a quick call on the military may do just that.

This restrained account of the Aberfan tragedy also spells out the relief and efficiency that a body of soldiers can quickly bring to hard-pressed workers in an emergency.

Hutchinson, 30*s* **R L E**

SCAPEGOAT OF MESOPOTAMIA

"Townshend of Kut" (*Colonel A J Barker*)

Whenever there is a disaster or a defeat someone has to be found to be held responsible. Major-General Charles Townshend was the scapegoat of Kut-al-Amara in what was then Mesopotamia. Its garrison of 13,000 British and Indian troops, which he commanded, surrendered after a three-month siege.

Seventy per cent of the prisoners failed to survive their captivity under the Turks.

When Townshend returned from captivity the War Office did not want to know him. He was not employed again but no one would tell him why. He tried to defend himself but he was boxing shadows.

Colonel Barker, who recently covered the whole of the Mesopotamian campaign in "The Neglected War," sets the record straight by painting a detailed picture of Townshend with all the shades, light and dark, which were part of his make-up. Townshend, for all his faults, emerges as one of the ablest generals ever to command a British force.

Early in his career he was dubbed "Hero of Chitral" after his defence of a North-West Frontier fort. He took part in Lord Wolseley's bid to relieve Gordon and commanded a Sudanese regiment at the Battle of Omdurman when the Khalifa and his Mahdists were finally defeated.

Townshend also served in South Africa and Burma.

But despite his brilliance and dash, there is the darker side—Townshend was undoubtedly a supremely ambitious egotist.

Colonel Barker writes of him: "Much of the criticism of Townshend stems from his self-advertisement, an art in which he was in advance of his time. By his detractors he has been represented as an impudent charlatan, forever blowing his own trumpet, continually wire-pulling and jockeying for position . . ."

Impudent maybe, but charlatan never. He was a spearhead general if ever there was one. His advance far up the Tigris ahead of his main force, accepting the surrender of thousands of Turks on the way, was a classic. His abortive march on Baghdad, which ended at Kut, was against all his soldier's instincts. He knew he was being stretched to the limit but, having made his protest, he carried out his orders.

Duty forbade him to resign.

Colonel Barker feels Townshend deserved better treatment and that he should not have had to suffer for mistakes which were not mainly of his own making. "A courageous soldier and a good general," he became one of the Mesopotamian scapegoats. After reading this excellent book one cannot disagree with Colonel Barker.

Cassell, 42s

J C W

IN BRIEF

"The Mediterranean Strategy in the Second World War" (*Michael Howard*)

These are Professor Howard's 1966 Rees-Knowles lectures at Cambridge. He describes the British and American thinking which produced the Mediterranean strategy, and the debates through which it was evolved.

Operation Torch took place because of President Roosevelt's insistence that United States forces must be in action against the Germans in 1942, and an operation in French North Africa was the only one which made strategic sense.

The operations of 1943 were not seen as an easy way into Europe nor as a way of forestalling the Russians but as a necessary preliminary to the attack on North-West Europe and a means of drawing Axis forces away from the Russian front.

Later the British leaders tended to regard the Mediterranean theatre as an end in itself; the Americans insisted that the previously agreed strategy should be followed and the Mediterranean continue to be a subsidiary. Comments Professor Howard: "An effective case has still to be made out that there could have been any more rapid or economical way of winning the war."

Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 21s

"Small-swords and Military Swords" (*A V B Norman*)

A scholarly monograph by the assistant to the Director of the Wallace Collection, with 24 large illustrations. The material in this monograph first appears, with smaller illustrations, in "Antiques International" (Joseph, 8 gns).

Arms and Armour Press, 22s 6d

"Alamein and the Desert War" (*Edited by Derek Jewell*)

To mark the Battle of Alamein's 25th anniversary the *Sunday Times* published a series of illustrated articles in its colour magazine. These are now reproduced in pocket form with the excellent colour and black-and-white pictures.

They cover a wide range of subjects, from badges to weapons, desert poets to generals, the Cairo scene to the fall of Tobruk and, of course, the fighting.

Field-Marshal Montgomery stresses some little-known facts about the battle and answers some of the critics who have found fault with his handling of Alamein. "Hindsight is useful when planning criticisms," he writes. "For my part I am content. My only sorrow remains the casualties."

Monty attributes his success to three basic reasons—he chose good subordinate generals and trusted them, he built a very high-class staff, and he had a clear understanding of the human factor in war and of the need to preserve the lives of those under his command.

Sphere, 7s 6d

"British Pistols and Guns, 1640-1840" (*Ian Glendenning*)

Large photographs of 34 weapons, accompanied by detail drawings and very thorough descriptions of decoration, construction and marks, provide an anatomy of some splendid items in the author's collection.

He has avoided military weapons where possible, and variations and freaks. The book also includes a short history of firearms and a glossary invaluable for anybody newly taking up firearms collecting.

Arms and Armour Press, 55s

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