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SOLDIER

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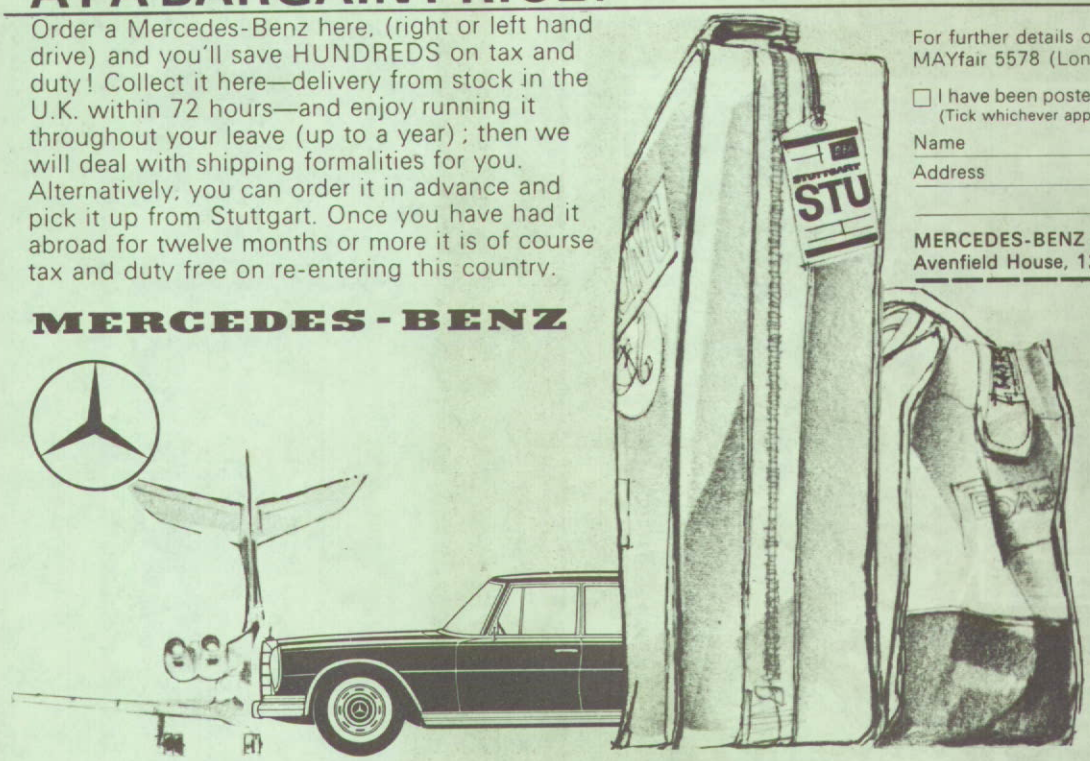

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SOLDIER

OCTOBER 1966 Volume 22, No. 10

Contents

"He's put on a bit of weight recently!"

HOUSE TRAINED by FINBOW (page 31)

Next month's SOLDIER will include a feature on NATO Exercise Summer Express in Greece. "Your Regiment" will be the Royal Tank Regiment.

Editor: PETER N WOOD
Feature Writer: JOHN SAAR
Art Editor: FRANK R FINCH
Research: DAVID H CLIFFORD
Picture Editor: LESLIE A WIGGS
Photographers: ARTHUR C BLUNDELL, PAUL TRUMPER
Circulation Manager: K PEMBERTON WOOD

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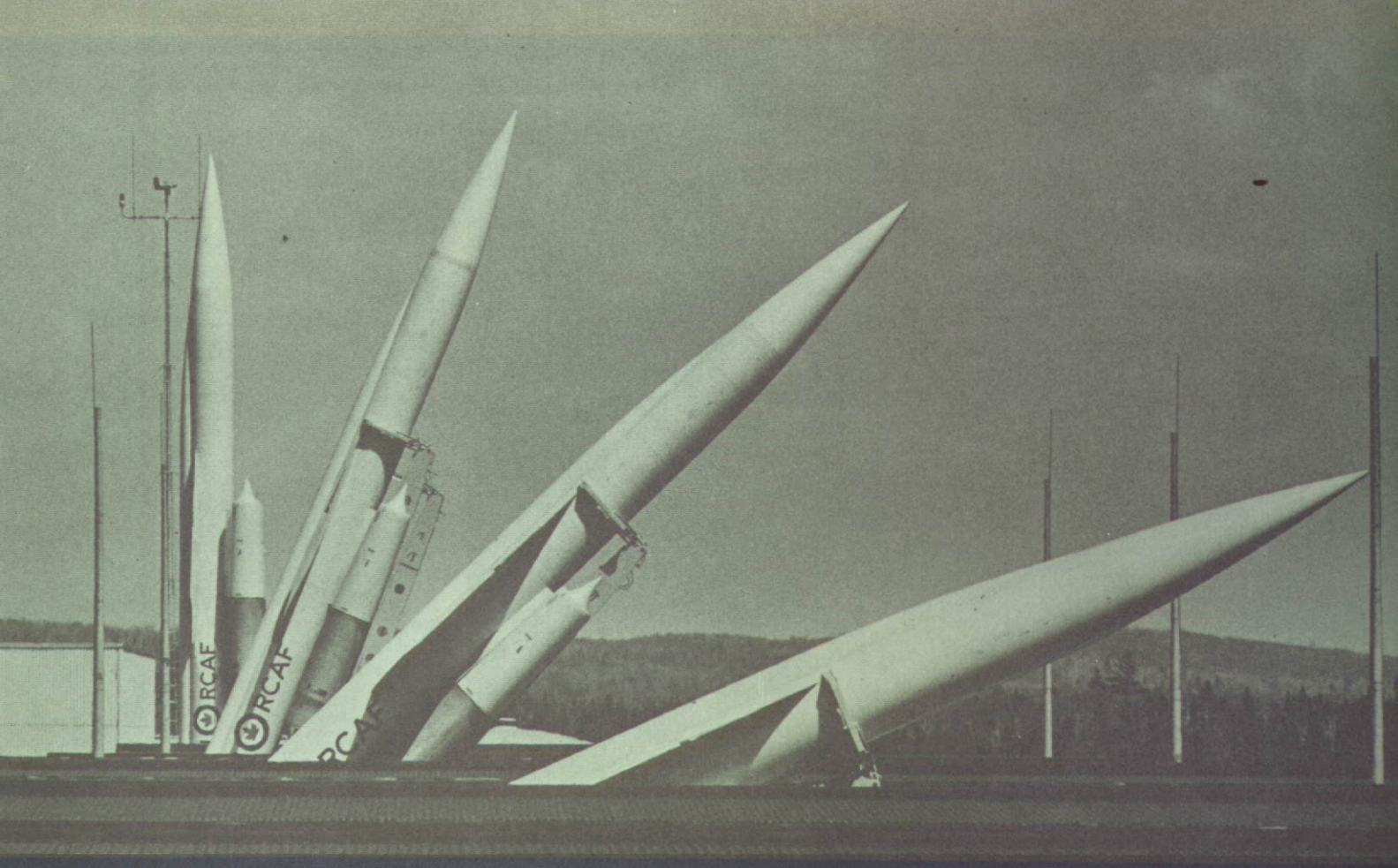


Blasted 500 feet down in the bowels of a hill in Ontario, Canada, is a fantastic subterranean city straight from the pages of Jules Verne. The men who work there are responsible for the safety of two hundred million people. This month SOLDIER tells the stranger-than-science-fiction story of this city where the worst sound in the world would be the clanging shut of three 13-ton steel doors, a clanging finality which would indicate the outbreak of a nuclear war and which would seal the underground inhabitants in...

[NATO pictures by Dominique Berretty]

the Hole

Above: In the Colorado Springs headquarters of NORAD, two senior officers study an illuminated map of North America.

SOLDIER'S front cover this month shows the fantastic array of equipment in the combat centre of The Hole. Wall-size data boards show the readiness of all weapons and a film reproduction, up-dated every 30 seconds, shows all air movements in the area. The men in this room would be the first to know of an air attack on America. The sleek Bomarc missile on the back cover is one of 56 that could be fired by pressing a button in The Hole. Both pictures are by Eddy van der Veen.

The Hole

An unidentified aircraft is approaching Canada from the Arctic wastes of the polar ice-cap. In a dim, blue-lit room in The Hole, American and Canadian airmen peer into a mass of display consoles which shed a greenish-yellow glow on their solemn, tense faces. The intercept director speaks: "Kilo November one two. Angles 35, vector two seven zero, target dead ahead 40 miles. Arm safety check."

The pilot of a supersonic CF-101 jet fighter screaming towards the unknown aircraft replies instantly: "Roger, Dustbowl. Arm safety check complete." There is a pause and a few seconds later the pilot's voice booms again in the underground chamber.

"Dustbowl, this is Kilo November one two. Have target in sight. It is a Boeing 707. Will have its tail number in a minute . . . it's Pan Am 3170."

Everyone in The Hole breathes a sigh of relief. The Pan American Airways plane, probably off course due to weather or a small navigational error, had just showed up as a white blip on a radar scope in The Hole. A white blip that should not have been there . . . .

The Hole is a £17 million underground air defence installation at North Bay, Ontario, which keeps day and night watch on everything in the sky north of the Great Lakes between Alaska and northern Europe. It is part of the North American Air Defence Command, set up in 1957 to shield the continent from air attack.

About ten times during any month, The Hole scrambles two fighters aloft to check on an "unknown"—an object sighted by its radars but unidentified by its computer. Every man in The Hole knows that any strange white blip—like the Pan Am plane—could be a fleet of jets on its way to drop nuclear "eggs" on America, so there is no presumption or margin for error down there. They have to know for certain what every flying object is in the two million square miles of their region.

This is the "no sweat" war—no shouting, no hubbub, no excited running about. It is electronic warfare, with switch actions, button pushing and telephone headsets instead of battle fatigues, steel helmets and bayonets. There are no trenches, no foxholes.

Any identification scramble could turn into the start of World War Three and every airman keeps his shaving kit and toothbrush in his locker, just in case he cannot go home after his eight-hour shift. But the suspense of an identification scramble is usually short-lived. An average intercept takes about 20 minutes and the airmen involved are too busy to think: "Is this it?"

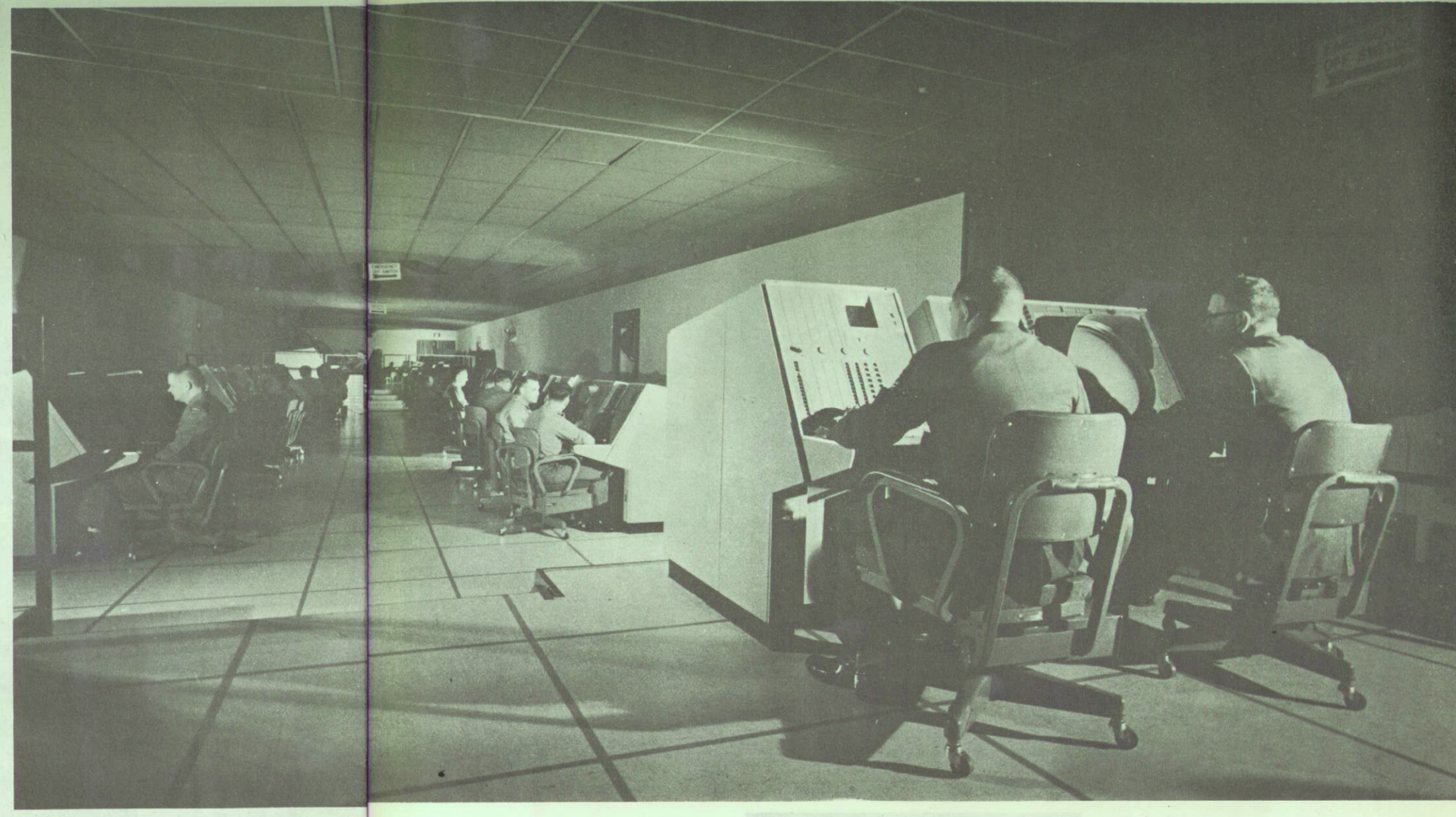
There are about 200,000 flights a day in North America, only about five of them unknown. Every aircraft flying above 10,000 feet must file a flight plan, giving destination, speed and altitude. The aircraft may vary five minutes fore or aft and ten miles either side of this plan. Any more, and the small white blip it makes on the display consoles underground at North Bay is investigated.

A giant electronic computer, one of the largest in the world, compares where the aircraft is with where the pilot said he was heading. Only three minutes are allowed for other checks, to see if a revised flight plan was filed but not fed into the computer or some other human error occurred. Then fighter planes are sent up to investigate.

The Hole—its official title is Headquarters Northern Region NORAD, but no one calls it that—is blasted 500 feet under a tree-covered hillside at North Bay. It took four years to excavate 300,000 cubic yards of rock two billion years old to make way for the installation. Two tunnels give access to the underground complex.

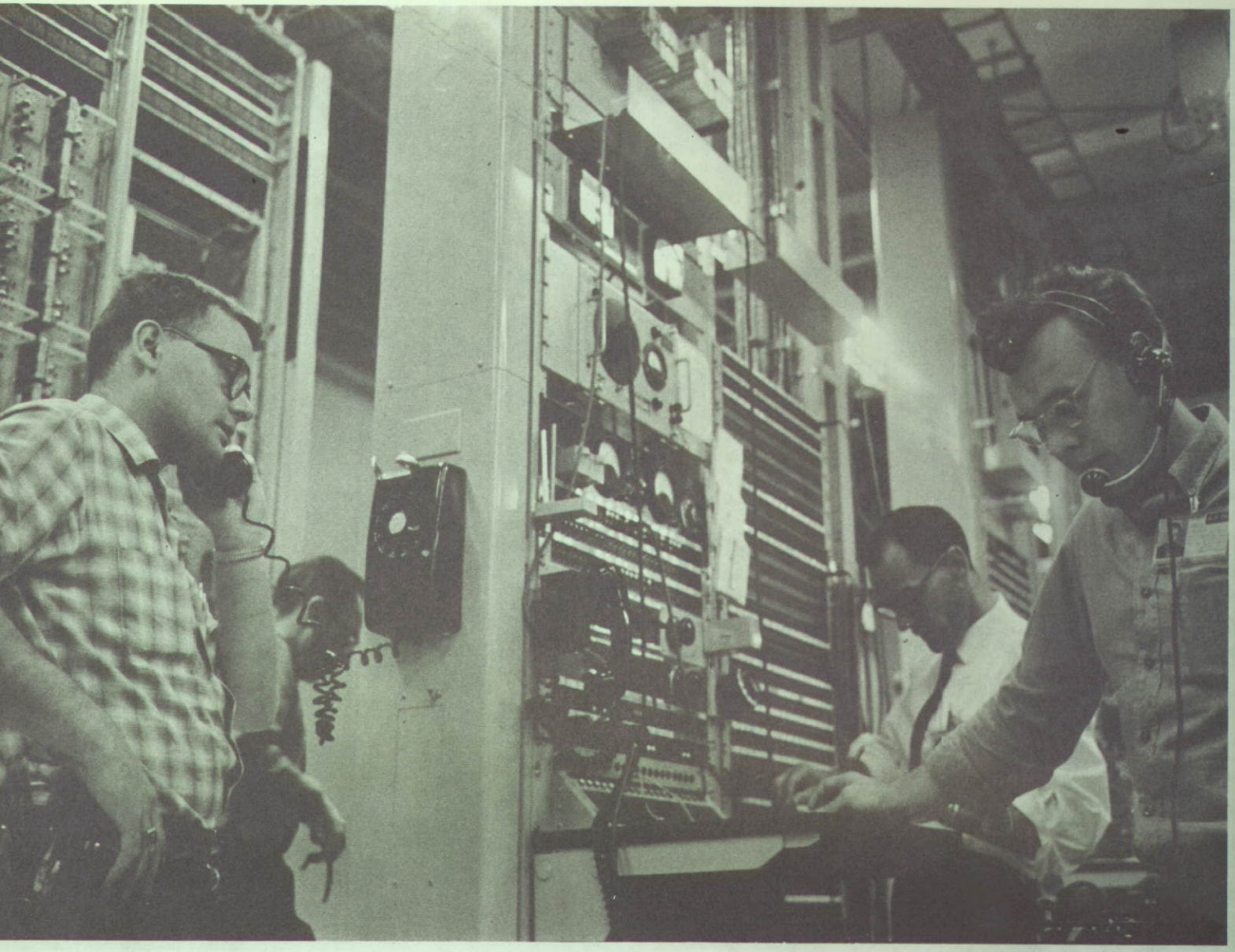
Three huge caverns were hollowed out, 430 feet long, 60 feet high and 45 feet wide, and in this area a three-storey, free-standing building with a strong steel framework was constructed. All the equipment for heating, sewage, water, lighting and other services is hung on the outside walls between the building and the rock.

Inside, The Hole is like any modern office building, except for the pride the occupants take in their one and only



Above: The "Blue Room" in The Hole. The men are watching consoles showing radar reports from all over north Canada.

Below: The computer stores information in its memory drums and suggests various courses of action to the commander.



The Hole

Above: In the "frame room" in The Hole, maintenance men run continuous checks to ensure permanent contact with radar sites.

"window". Behind beige curtains and venetian blinds is a typical northern Ontario view of mountains and rivers, painted on a screen. Behind that, of course, is the rock.

No unauthorised person ever enters this underground complex; armed guards patrol the entrances and all passes are inspected each time the men go below.

Working an eight-hour day underground seems to have had no effect on the staff, military or civilian. No one has resigned because of claustrophobia and all agree, except that they cannot sit in the sun at lunch-time, they forget they are labouring like moles under the surface of the earth.

In an enemy attack, The Hole would be "buttoned up." Three 13-ton steel doors would swing shut and the military would stay underground to fight a televised, electronic war. They are trained never to discuss the fate of families and friends left outside.

The Hole is planned to be self-sufficient under attack, with kitchen and dining room facilities for feeding the staff, an infirmary, well-equipped canteen, large washrooms with showers and emergency space for women to sleep. Included in the installation are a 200,000-gallon domestic water reservoir and another subterranean reservoir containing nearly five million gallons of water for air-conditioning under emergency conditions.

A nuclear "exchange" would probably last about 12 hours. How long The Hole could stay "buttoned up" is classified information, and authorities will say only "as long as the enemy could still mount an offensive, and then some."

Four hundred underground airmen of both the Royal Canadian Air Force and the United States Air Force work in The Hole, employing £11 million worth of electronic equipment. Prime threat is considered to come from Russia, which maintains a manned, long-range bomber force of more than 1000 aircraft.

Nerve centre of the system is the computer, which covers about seven-eighths of an acre of floor space. This 275-ton electronic brain receives, stores, compares and displays actual and forecast flight data, air base and missile locations, readiness, types and numbers of interceptors and meteorological conditions. With 900 miles of wire, 58,000 vacuum tubes, 500,000 diodes and 600,000 resistors, it makes mathematical calculations in microseconds.

The computer presents air defence problems, information and possible solutions to the commander and his staff in their command post under the earth. At the combat centre, they can watch and direct an air battle. Lighted data boards show readiness of the region's defence forces, along with a film reproduction, updated every 30 seconds, of all air movements in the region reported by radar and displayed by the computer.

The electronic equipment co-ordinates and compiles reports from long-range radar stationed across the Canadian North and from widespread early warning sensors, including those at Fylingdales in England.

In the command post, war is a wall-size television screen with front-row seats reserved for the commander of the Northern Region and his deputies. When an unidentified white blip appears on the radar scope which cannot be explained within three minutes, the senior director makes the switch selections that tell the computer an intercept is ordered. The position, heading and speed of the unidentified aircraft are electronically compared against the capabilities of the manned and unmanned interceptors available and then the computer presents its suggestions to the weapons director.

Above: Billboard antennae in Greenland look over the Pole—they can give The Hole 15 minutes' warning of a missile attack.

Below: A Bomarc missile shelter is opened manually for an airman to inspect the weapon. They can be fired from The Hole.

Probably three choices are ranged across the scope—the quickest intercept first, then the next best and finally the third selection. Fastest might be a missile, but of course this intercept would never be used in peacetime.

Second preference could be a fighter base where a snowstorm is reported. Considering these factors, the weapons director makes the final choice—scramble from Val d'Or, Quebec, with two CF-101's. He presses the scramble button, calls the station and within five minutes the aircraft are up.

Meanwhile, the computer calculates the best altitude and heading for the fighters and begins sending them specially coded instructions. If their "dolly" is "sweet" (their data link is working well) the intercept is carried out almost completely electronically. The computer-generated instructions tell the pilots where to go and where to look. These electronic signals are almost impossible to jam. However, if the data link does fail, the intercept director can instruct the fighter verbally.

In the commander's arsenal are two squadrons of CF-101B Voodoos supplied by the Royal Canadian Air Force; one squadron each of F-101B Voodoos, F-89J

The Hole

Above: When the billboard antennae locates an unidentified object, tracking radar in this plastic bubble report its course.

Scorpions and F-106 Delta Darts, furnished by the United States Air Force; several F-89J Scorpions from the United States Air National Guard; a Nike Hercules missile battalion from the United States Army; and two squadrons of Bomarc B missiles provided by the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Twenty-eight Bomarcs are based about ten miles north of The Hole and another 28 are located at LaMacaza, Quebec. The Bomarcs can range more than 400 miles at supersonic speeds and their "kill capability" varies from sea level to 70,000 feet.

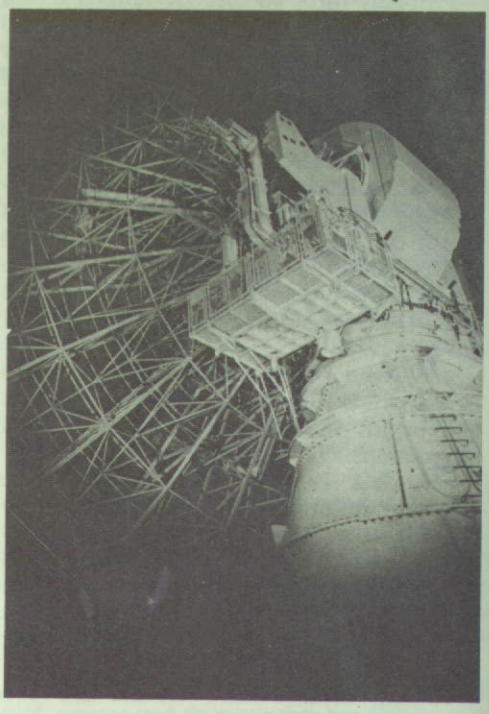
Housed in concrete and steel launching shelters, they can be fired automatically by pressing a button in The Hole. On command from the underground airmen, the shelter roofs slide back and the sleek, 47-foot long missiles are erected to the vertical firing position. Radio instructions from The Hole direct the Bomarc to its target area, then the missile's own guidance equipment pinpoints the enemy and it detonates at the closest point of interception, or impact.

The man who would press the button is the intercept director in the direction centre. But Bomarcs may be fired only on authorisation from both Canadian and United States governments. To prevent missile firing by accident or malice, or without consent of both governments, two locked switches in the Bomarc control circuitry in The Hole must be turned to the "on" position. The keys to these switches are worn around the necks of the senior Canadian and American duty officers, who may release the switches only after authentic evidence of consent from their own governments.

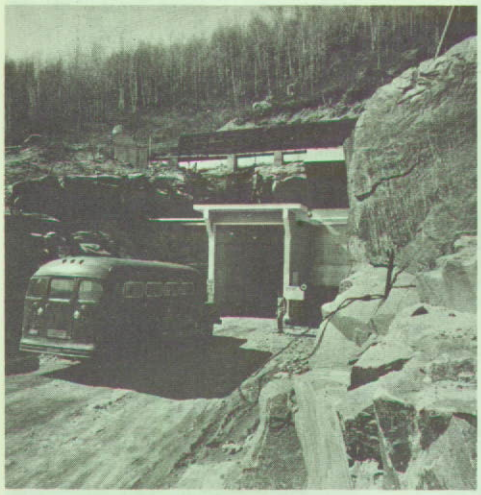
Now that the concept of underground air defence has proved practical at North Bay, a mountain at Colorado Springs in the United States is being excavated to accommodate the supreme headquarters of NORAD.

Whether The Hole will be obsolete by the 1970s is a controversial question. Some sources say submarine-launched missiles, ICBMs and possible orbiting offensive satellites will be the only weapons of attack in a project war. But NORAD officials believe the defence against manned bombers must be maintained because bombers have more versatility and accuracy than missiles.

Obsolete by the seventies or not, it can only be hoped that none of this will ever be needed and that the steel doors of The Hole will remain firmly open.



The early warning radar antennae, stretching from Alaska to England, are each as big as a football field.



Above: An air force bus takes personnel down into The Hole via one of the two tunnels—this one is 6600 feet long.

Below: Men in The Hole work eight-hour shifts round the clock and eat in one of the windowless mess halls under the ground.

Right: Continual maintenance and inspection keeps the 56 Bomarc missiles always ready for firing from The Hole.

Eskimos at the Great Whale Base ignore the installation which connects this far-flung spot with the men in The Hole.

MISSILE SURGERY

Above: Warrant Officer Jim Ware inspects damage caused by dirt to a piston. Right: Technicians in white rubber boots at work in the Clean Room.

CLUTCHING your security pass, you follow Missile Road past black and bolted hangars to find the place they call the Clean Room. In an outer chamber Sergeant Clifford Hansbro is dressing for a shift. Grey protective overalls tuck into white rubber boots and a skull cap tops off the ensemble of a surgeon going on ops.

Despite a disturbing Orwellian ring to its title this is no brainwashing laundry. Nor is the name "Clean Room" a euphemistic cloak for a delousing centre—although that's closer to the mark, because this is where Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers of 35 Central Workshops at Melton Mowbray get the bugs out of some of the Army's fanciest machinery.

Sergeant Hansbro and nine other soldiers and civilians dress like physicians to perform delicate brain surgery on sick guided missiles and ailing radar sets. The Clean Room is their operating theatre. Alone among the Army's workshops, the Clean Room offers a pure atmosphere of controlled temperature and humidity for the repair of hyper-sensitive gyros, hydraulics and pneumatics.

The new generation of weapons, Vigilant, Malkara Thunderbird and mortar and light anti-aircraft radar rely heavily on complicated and vulnerable electronics. When the simple pre-operational checks reveal faults in the missiles, the users casually slot in a replacement unit and leave the headscratching to the brain doctors back at the Clean Room.

Dirt more often than not is the cause of the failure. Undetected specks breaking vital contacts cause missiles to go expensively haywire or flop their pre-firing checks. The weapons are made in a totally unpolluted atmosphere, and the Army declines to undertake repairs in anything less than the same conditions.

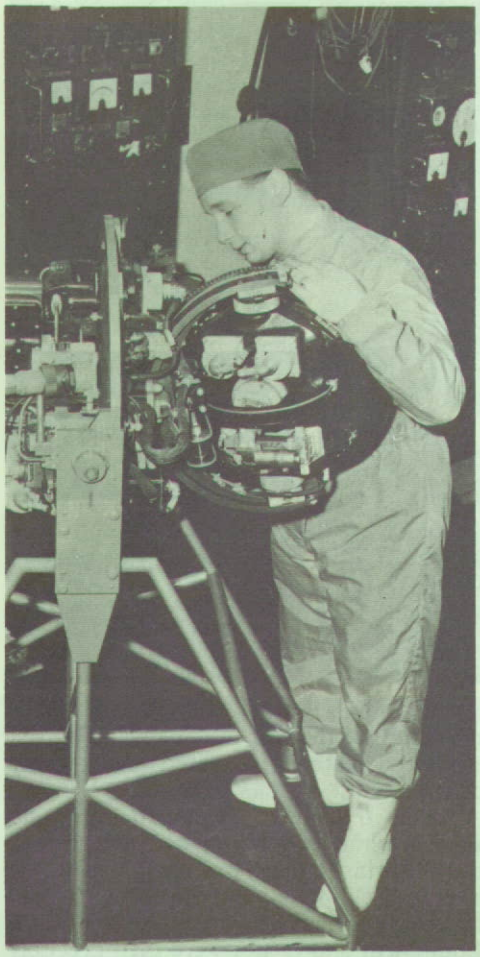
Even 35 Central Workshops with the finest facilities in the Army was meeting this requirement doubtfully until the opening of the Clean Room changed the picture nearly two years ago. It cost more than £100,000 to build and is crammed with so much test equipment that it looks like the control room of a nuclear submarine. Say it is as good as anything of its kind in Britain and no one in private industry will contradict.

Set within the walls of another building and sealed off from it by airlocks and doors which open in strict order, the Clean Room is a world apart from the usual hurly-burly of soldiering.

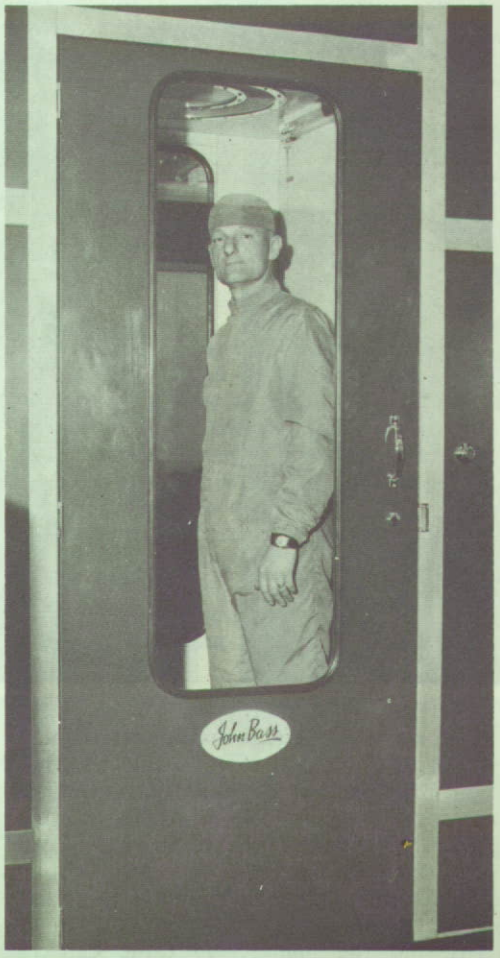
In the quarantine room for incoming machinery, a pathetic pile of mis-guided guidance sections from Malkaras waits its turn in the ultra-sonic cleaners. The civilian and soldier technicians rustle about in their dustproof overalls and feel in every doorway the tug of tacky mats on the soles of their shoes.

A generating plant with an independent stand-by system changes the air in the Clean Room twenty times an hour and raises the air pressure slightly as an invisible barrier to dust-laden draughts. It also compresses air for tests on rocket plumbing at a colossal 4000 pounds per square inch.

The inner sanctum of the Clean Room where the most delicate mechanisms are stripped, repaired and reassembled, can be reached only through an air lock. It looks like a telephone box and for 30 seconds while jets of air explore the occupant it makes a noise like a tube train. So pure is the air on the other side that a filter between the two rooms has picked up practically nothing in two years. The instrument workers wear spotless white gloves and work at cowled benches with



Dressed like a surgeon about to perform an operation, Sergeant Clifford Hansbro checks the homing head of a missile at the workshops.



The inner sanctum of the Clean Room is reached only through this air lock inside which the men are cleaned by air jets before entering.

extractors almost snatching the expelled air from their lungs.

The slow rate of work is the price of perfection. With weaponry of this cost and importance, there can be no human error. Because one speck of dust in a newly repaired gyro could nullify the precision work of a week, reassembly is checked at every stage. The technicians work within a framework of precautions as minute as the dust particles they aim to combat. For instance pencils, which throw off tiny graphite particles, are banned.

When the highly qualified soldiers and civilians found that the sudden clang of a falling spanner in the Clean Room's monastic silence was making them jumpy, they bought a radio. Now the homing heads of the latest Thunderbird surface-to-air missile get adjusted to the music of the hit parade. Outdated it may be, but the antique radio standing unabashed among the Clean Room's chic electronics must be the cleanest radio in Britain after going through the cleansing processes valve by valve to get there.

Warrant Officer I Jim Ware, house-proud, gimlet-eyed and ever-watchful, is the chief protector of the Clean Room's uncontaminated atmosphere. Twice a day he takes a dust count with a konimeter and anything over two microns will cause him as much anguish as a barrow of dung. Two microns is an incredibly high standard since the speck of dust you can see in a sunbeam is at least 60 microns!

In the outraged tones of a man talking about sacrilege he described how once he found a man cleaning his nails in the Clean Room. "Of course," he said with dark significance, "he doesn't work here any more."

His vigilance is a constant frustration to the Clean Room's dogged lady cleaner. She never finds anything, but every day she goes round mechanically flicking her duster in the hope of catching him out just once.

For the duration of the working day, the sealed-up soldier technicians lead a life as isolated as that of the staff of a polar weather station.

The bonuses of a spell in this electronic cake tin include freedom from colds and visiting generals who rarely persist when told about the bothersome protective clothing. A tour in the Clean Room is also a kind of cold turkey treatment for smokers anxious to give up. The danger, say the staff, is a replacement addiction to mint imperials.

SOLDIER *to Soldier*

Paradoxically, as the Army steadily withdraws from long-occupied bases abroad, experience of varying terrain hardly shrinks for the withdrawals have been off-set by "fire brigade" operations and new training areas.

But while the Regular Army leaves British Guiana, Libya and Kenya, moves in to Mauritius, Swaziland and Uganda, and trains in Norway, Denmark, Canada and Australia, the Territorial Army, despite its much closer association today with the Regulars, has made only slow headway in its natural desire to train for war outside the United Kingdom and the familiarity of annual camp areas.

Territorial paratroopers have been to Malaya, Aden and the Persian Gulf and Ever-Readies to Aden and Libya. Territorials now train regularly in Germany.

Now a composite squadron of 21st and 23rd Special Air Service Regiments has broken new ground (both metaphorically and literally) by flying to British Columbia for a long-range patrolling exercise in the Big Country —a wild plateau between the Rockies and the Coastal Range.

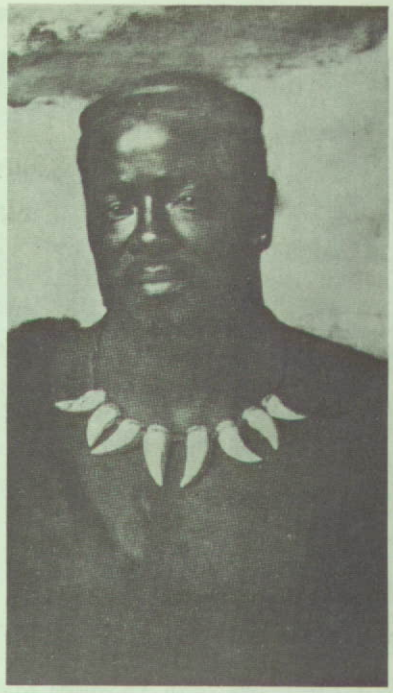
The SAS Territorials are a special case—they have for years exercised in Germany, Denmark and Norway because home training areas are so familiar as to represent no challenge to their particular skills. They will want to visit Canada again and if, despite the inevitable financial problems, such visits can be repeated, the Canadian Army would welcome not only the SAS but other Territorial units.

When not serving in Germany, Cyprus or the Gaza strip, Canadian Regulars are as confined to barrack areas, except for annual concentration, as British Territorials. There is much to be gained by both armies from joint exercises, involving not just Regular soldiers in the brigade concentrations, but Territorial and Canadian Militia units.

The SAS visit was unquestionably good value. The terrain and the tasks were difficult and the lessons were learned as they should be, from hard training. In addition the "enemy," a composite company of the Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, profited considerably from meeting a new kind of opposition—learning, among other things, that infantrymen today cannot always move in vehicles but must be ready to fight on their two feet.

This exercise was immensely valuable to the SAS and points directly to the need for more Territorials to train abroad. It will draw attention particularly, too, to the unlimited areas of Canada available in both summer and winter, and present an on-the-spot recommendation that the Canadian Defence Forces should follow Australia, New Zealand and Rhodesia in forming a Special Air Service unit on the tried British pattern.

THEY ALWAYS WON (OR DIED)



Left: Cetshwayo, the last Zulu chief, fought his brother for control of the fierce, proud nation.

Right: Cetshwayo's kraal at Ulundi, scene of the final defeat of the Zulus.

Far left: Zulus preparing to attack—a scene from the film "Zulu" which. . .

. . . portrayed the defence of Rorke's Drift (below right) when a few soldiers fought off the Zulu hordes.

ONE of the most ruthlessly disciplined armies the world has ever seen was raised in Africa at the beginning of the last century while the armies of Wellington and Napoleon were battling over Europe.

At that time every European regarded every African as a pathetic savage. But one of these "pathetic savages" was using his brilliant army to carve out a military nation the size of France!

His name was Chaka Zulu, chief of a small Bantu tribe noted for the ferocity of its fighting. Chaka had realised that the weakness of his warriors lay in their individuality and lack of discipline, so he set about training them in his own way.

First he abolished ties of kin in his fighting formations. Clannish factions within the tribe brought petty feuding, so he created regiments, or Impi, in which families were deliberately mixed. Intense loyalty was demanded and received by the Impi, with the result that family squabbles were forgotten.

Next he imposed discipline so harsh that to Western eyes it was diabolical. Trivial offences were punished instantly by death.

Chaka knew that people whose lives had previously been dominated by savage disorder would respond only to the sternest methods. And respond they did.

Chaka introduced new ideas on tactics based on the Zulus' traditional weapons—the assegai, a short stabbing spear with a two-foot blade, and cowhide body shields which were used for attack as well as for defence.

In close-quarter fighting it was a weapon for beating the enemy off balance before finishing him with the assegai.

Like the Roman legions, which also relied on body shields and short stabbing weapons, the Impi adopted a linear formation in battle. Depth was sufficient only to replace casualties—all was staked on the success of a disciplined frontal rush. When they charged, the Zulus presented a solid line of shields, each man slightly crouched, assegai at the ready.

Behind the main body came Chaka's specially chosen bodyguard troops. Their task was simple—to kill any Zulu running away from the battle. The only way a Zulu could come out of a fight alive was to win—so he did.

After the battle the victorious survivors were paraded for inspection. Each man had to produce his shield and assegai, or those of a defeated enemy. Failure to produce either resulted in immediate summary execution. Chaka required his men to look after their weapons.

The result of his military reforms was a close-knit, hard-hitting body of shock troops with a fierce pride in their nation and regiment. The Impis were divided into two groups—those with white shields and those with black.

The "Whites" were experienced campaigners, proved in battle, while the "Blacks" had yet to blood their spears. Within these two basic groups the units were further divided by coloured insignia daubed on their shields.

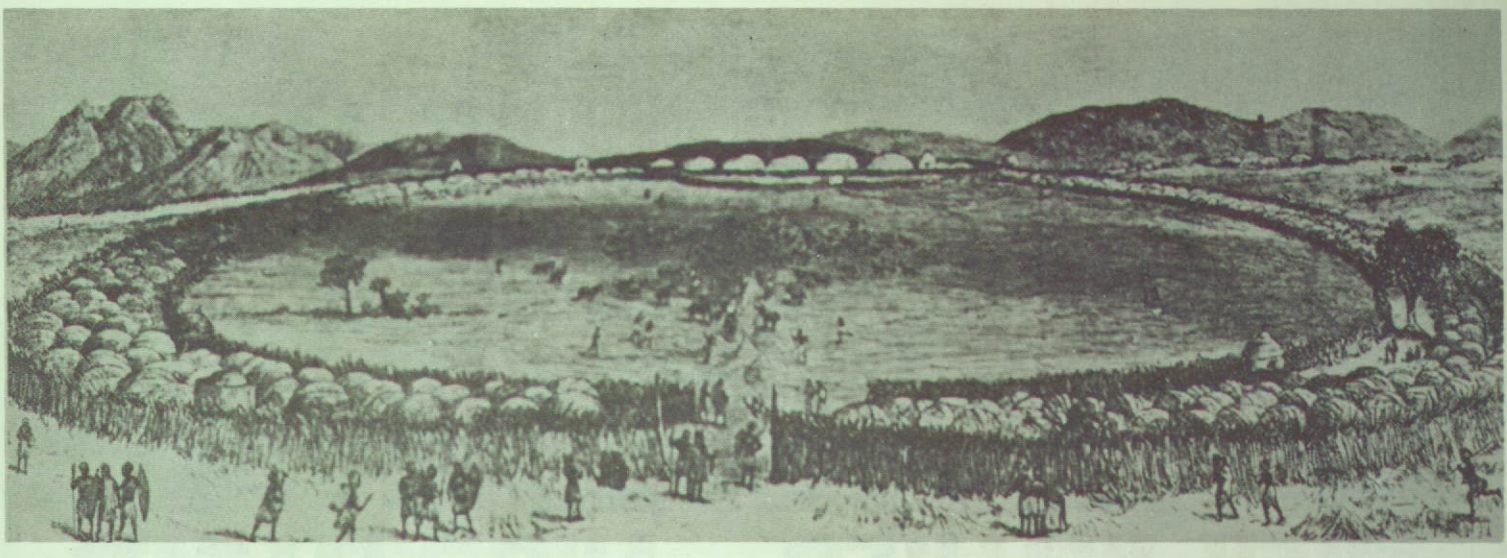
The shield, oval in shape, took a whole cowhide to make. As cattle were standard currency among Zulus, used for the purchase of essentials such as weapons and luxuries like wives, the shield had considerable monetary value. It was made up of layers of beaten leather welded together, so well seasoned that it would deflect a bullet if hit at an angle. It was mounted on a wooden pole which ran up the centre of the rear of the shield. Woven strips of leather interlaced decoratively completed it.

When the Zulus began to come up against white troops armed with firearms, the throwing assegai was introduced. The warrior held four of these in his shield hand and discharged them on the rush. Equipment and tactics were then precisely the same as those of the Romans. The massed linear body of infantry, the wall of body shields, the iron discipline, the throwing of javelins before close combat. . . even the Roman soldier's fanatical loyalty to his legion is paralleled by the pride of the Impi.

With this military organisation behind him, Chaka was unbeatable. No tribe could stand up to him. From his small beginnings of hard-core shock troops he embarked on a career of conquest which lasted almost 20 years and cost in lives twice the number Britain lost in World War Two. But at the end of it all he had forged a nation with laws, peaceful government and intense loyalty to its ruler—no mean feat in nineteenth-century Africa.

There were inevitable clashes with white adventurers who were then beginning to settle in Africa, although Chaka's policy towards them was surprisingly one of peace. But in 1828 he was murdered and his successor, Dingana, massacred a group of more than 500 Boers who had crossed into Natal with their weapons. The Boers retaliated by sending a strong force into Zululand and in 1838 Dingana's army was defeated at Blood River.

The years went by after that in comparative peace and when the famous Cetshwayo came to supreme power in 1873, the Zulu nation was as strong and united as ever. But soon this independent military



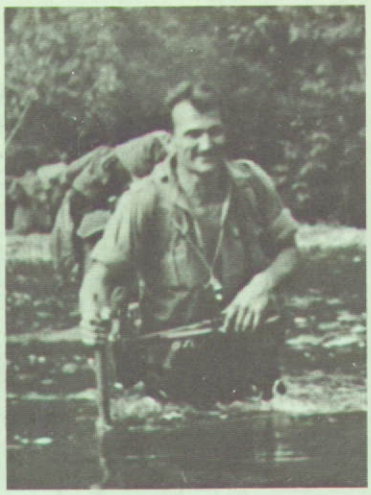
nation came into conflict with British interests in bordering African territories and, in January 1878, war was declared.

Five columns were sent into Zululand. The main column was ambushed and wiped out at Isandhlwana; proof that Zulu tactics could be completely effective even against the equipment and experience of the British Army.

But the remaining four columns were too much for the Zulus and they were finally defeated at Ulundi.

Cetshwayo went into hiding but he was later captured and in 1882 was taken to England where he reached an honourable settlement with the British government. Zululand was reorganised into 13 small kingdoms and he was given one of them. But such a set-up was the very thing that Chaka had striven to avoid. Bickering and strife arose between the separate tribes. At length a large tract of Zululand was handed over to the Boers and Great Britain annexed what was left in 1887. In 1897 this became part of Natal. As a military people—indeed as a nation at all—the days of the Zulus were over. There was a rebellion against the introduction of a poll tax in 1905 but it was a half-hearted affair, scarcely becoming of warriors cast in Chaka's mould.

But it is worth remembering these great soldiers at their highest pitch. Proud, brave and disciplined, they earned the respect of every British soldier unlucky enough to face them.

THEY WALKED—AND WALKED

Story by PETER N WOOD | Pictures by LESLIE WIGGS

THERE'S a new legend in the Big Country—a 20th-century epic to add to the lore of the Cariboo Trail, the Fraser steamboats and the Barkerville gold rush of British Columbia's rarin', roarin' nineties.

It is the saga of 60 Territorials of the Special Air Service Regiment who pitted themselves against the Big Country—the inhospitable Chilcotin Plateau in the heart of British Columbia.

Leathery cowpokes, sinewy loggers and wily trappers will hand down the story of the men who struggled through unmapped muskeg, dense pine forest, endless swamp and across countless creeks where man had not walked in living memory.

In the planning stage this first venture west by the Territorial Army was a training exercise "in long-range patrolling through difficulty country." Pre-exercise briefing described the area as inaccurately mapped, the ground as not mountainous nor broken but 90 per cent wooded, swampy in parts and with alkali lakes. The mosquitoes were bad.

These cheerful items of information, for part-time soldiers humping 60lb Bergens for seven days and more than 100 miles, were revealed as the understatements of the year.

None of the three scales of maps tallied with each other or with anything else. A harmless-looking creek on the map presented itself in reality as a minor torrent in a precipitous gorge. Gently spaced contour

There were briefings all along the line—this one (above) was at Gander's modern international airport. Upper right: Packing at Bouchie Lake, Quesnel, for the long trek across the Chilcotin. Right: Men of 3 Troop start walking through the forest.

Men of 1 Troop faced swift creeks flowing through deep gorges into the Fraser. This picture and two of those opposite were taken by the Troop Commander.

lines had a habit of bunching themselves unexpectedly on the ground to form steep obstacles (one ridge marked at 4500 feet has had another 1000 feet casually added by the forest rangers).

Ninety per cent woods there may have been but the SAS had to learn the hard way that in re-afforestation areas the young trees grow so closely it is nigh impossible to edge through sideways unequipped, much less with a Bergen, rifle or sub-machine-gun. They learned too that dead-fall—for in the practically untouched forests the pines die, tumble and eventually rot away—is even more exacting on leg muscles and knee joints than the tangled bamboo of Malaya and Borneo.

Swampy in parts? It was—mile after mile of deceptive spongy grass-grown swamp fringing innumerable lakes and reducing walking speed to 600 to 700 yards an hour then to nil yards, back-tracking and long detours.

Tracks, said the maps. Tracks there were, sometimes in embarrassing profusion with no indication of which direction they might take after the first few yards—one group set off due south and soon found itself walking north-east. Loggers, trappers and homesteaders carved their tracks down the years to suit their own purposes; today most of them lead nowhere and to add to the confusion many divide only to loop together again.

And the mosquitoes? Bad, they said, and they were right. Non-malarial, certainly, but persistent, ubiquitous and hunting in clouds for vicious bites of that rare delicacy, the human flesh. Issue repellent duly repelled them, but not for the advertised couple of hours. After ten minutes' hard walking the sweat pores opened and the mosquitoes were biting again, each a lump that closed eyes, distorted faces and swelled arms like dog-handler's padding.

While those who had time caught fish a-plenty, there were none in the alkali lakes, the water of which, even when sterilised, made unpalatable curries and an obnoxious brew of tea.

After the first few yards the compass became the most valuable piece of equipment—it had to be dead-reckoning navigation all the way.

It is a challenge, said the briefing—and it was a challenge that few but men of the Special Air Service would have accepted and met successfully.

When the exercise ended, little more than three-quarters of the original 60 queued at the base camp kitchen for the first four-square meal in seven days. Bearded, scruffy, limping, they goggled at a Canadian Army breakfast—milk, fruit juices, cereals, bacon, potatoes and fried eggs, brown and white bread, coffee, jam and marmalade.

His eyes almost popped out as one soldier had the inevitable second egg added "sunnyside up" to his heaped plate. He was speechless for a moment, then fervently told the staff-sergeant cook: "God bless you!"

While earlier arrivals were ferrying by truck to hot showers in a new Indian village, or scalping mosquito bites as they shaved off beards (some moustaches were proudly there to stay), the remainder were trucked into base camp from their short-fall final positions.

Tales of hardship were legion and will grow as memory dims, but when the time comes again every man-jack who walked the Chilcotin will fight to put his name at the top of the list.

The paper war, still being waged, began in March—a war because this was something new and bold. Territorials have trained in Europe, Malaya, Aden and the Persian Gulf and the SAS have trained in Denmark and Norway, but Canada was a precedent.

The comparatively small military training area within the Chilcotin had been used by Royal Canadian Engineers until earlier this year when the hosts to the SAS—1st

Battalion, The Queen's Own Rifles of Canada—trained there before annual brigade concentration at Wainwright, Alberta. Now the Chilcoton area is to be opened up to the Canadian Militia.

It was their first visit to Canada for most of the 60 pioneers of 21 and 23 Regiments and their 21-strong base party of signallers, instructors, administrative and directing staff led by Colonel John Waddy, Colonel of the Special Air Service Regiment. They flew in a Royal Air Force Transport Command Britannia to Prince George, where they were welcomed by officials of the local Canadian Legion, then drove south down the River Fraser valley to Quesnel for a first *poncho* camp at a lakeside resort.

In simulated airdrops the SAS were then launched into the wild Chilcotin: 1 Troop (21 SAS) from Quesnel, 2 Troop (21 SAS) from Nazko Creek 60 miles west of Quesnel, and 3 and 4 Troops (23 SAS) from points between.

After the approach march each troop had a specific task in or near the training area before joining in a raid on a "radio installation" and a final simulated helicopter evacuation. Defending the area was a composite company of Canadians who had postponed their end-of-training leave to act as hosts and enemy.

From Quesnel, 1 Troop, led by Major D——, set off along a track which after four or five miles petered out then decided to avoid all tracks and simply march on a compass heading irregardless of terrain. The Troop met almost impossible going—300-foot gorges with sheer cliffs, swamps and, worst of all, endless deadfall of large trees. One whole day was spent crossing a wide river in a gorge and after four days the Troop had completed only 20 miles.

Because the exercise had to end on a pre-determined day the Troop was ordered to the main Quesnel—Williams Lake road to "commandeer" a vehicle and move quickly down to take part in the final phases.

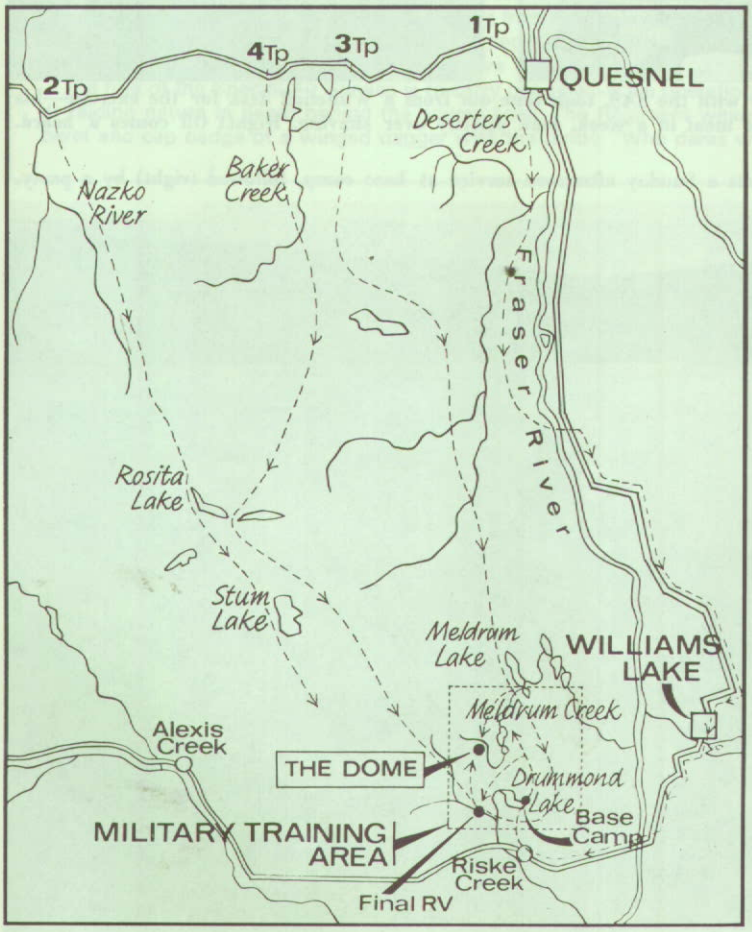
It was 1 Troop which was followed by grizzly bears, a rare hazard of the Chilcotin. Armed only with blank ammunition, the Troop hastily lit, in record time, a large bonfire and huddled round it until the very real enemy retreated.

Number 2 Troop, commanded by Major M—— and setting out from the extreme west, made good time for the first four days, but eventually walked into an

Above: In open forest a signaller taps a Morse message giving 1 Troop's location. Below: "Enemy" Canadians scan the Chilcotin from the fire watchtower topping The Dome, a 4517-foot high feature.

Beards, mosquito bites, rakish headwear and clothes lived in for a week give the SAS Terriers a piratical look.

Above: Lieut-Col Black (left) and Canadian Lieut-Col Douglas catch the rain in mess-tins for a welcome fresh water brew. Below: Canadian calling his base.



Above: Lieut-Col Black and headquarters party walking a trail. On the left is Lieut-Col Douglas who took a holiday to join in the exercise and meet the SAS again.

No map of the Chilcotin shows accurately either tracks, creeks, lakes or other features. As one SAS man commented: "You might as well use a map of London Underground." Sketch map on left shows the approximate route taken by the SAS troops through the Big Country and ignores the myriad lakes, creeks and big swamps.

impossible swampy area and at the end of the exercise was 15 miles' walk from base. The Troop had met only one person in seven days.

Number 3 Troop leap-frogged down tracks in small patrols, meeting three Indians and three cowboys but neither moose nor bears and, although late, made its reconnaissance of the final objective and reached the rendezvous. One of its patrols, led by the troop commander, Major H—— "bumped" a Canadian enemy truck. Canadian Second-Lieutenant Pete Busby, determined to "get myself an SAS," drove on with a smashed windscreen and rushed back with reinforcements but was again ambushed and captured by the patrol which had smartly moved a mile down the track to meet him. "They had me bang to rights," was Lieutenant Busby's comment.

Commandeering the truck, the patrol added insult to injury by a cheeky visit to the base camp to borrow maps from an exercise-neutral Canadian officer and "liberate" from his tent five bottles of very welcome beer left behind by an SAS trooper.

Number 4 Troop, under Captain T——, walked only 100 yards through forest before turning to tracks. This Troop was fortunate in meeting a trapper who diverted it from an area which he last entered 30 years ago—and was lost for ten days! At one point the Troop came within 20 yards

THEY WALKED —AND WALKED

concluded

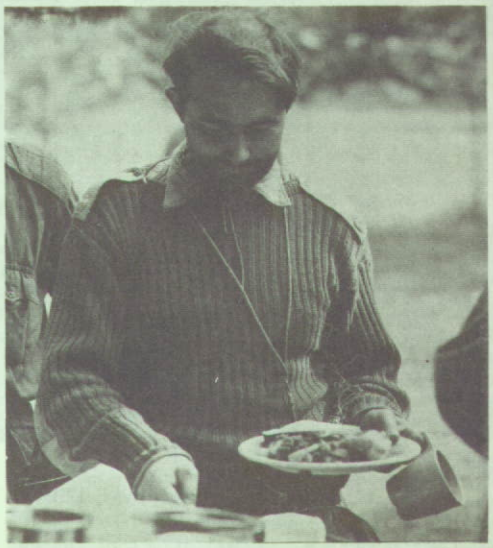
of a very large wolf, but he loped off—"We did not know who was most scared."

With typical SAS initiative, this Troop took to water to circumnavigate marshy land. Its men built a raft to sail a three-mile lake. With everyone aboard the raft sank. They rebuilt it and constructed a second raft to carry the heavy Bergens and five men. The first raft, with poling and a *poncho* sail, made the distance safely though often awash in two-foot waves. The baggage raft, caught in a sudden 40-knot wind, shipwrecked on an island but refloated when the wind dropped and, too, sailed the lake. "We sang 'Abide with Me' and we were all right," was the laconic comment on this exploit.

From the Drummond Lake base camp, 3260 feet up, Lieutenant-Colonel Eric Black, commanding the raiding force, moved out to the final rendezvous with his signaller, a sergeant, his padre (a country vicar in Somerset with a penchant for elaborate *poncho bashas* and a tongue-in-cheek after-exercise view "that the Special Air Service is not suitable for clergymen") and a visiting Canadian Militia officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Bob Douglas, who has served an attachment to the SAS.

At the rendezvous, 100 miles and six days south of the dropping-off points, Colonel Black mustered 12 of his 60 men. But others joined as they moved off to cache their Bergens then walk a "mere" 3000 yards to the foot of the final objective, The Dome, a 150-foot rock-faced feature, 4517 feet high, atop of which stood the

Canadian infantrymen, who postponed their leave for the exercise, returning to base at its end.



This Regular major, now with the SAS, took time out from a Whitehall desk for the exercise—his breakfast, the first square meal in a week, took priority over shaving. Right: Off comes a beard.

Below: The Padre conducts a Sunday afternoon service at base camp, followed (right) by a party.

The four troop commanders (left to right) are Maj D—— (1 Troop), Maj M—— (2 Troop), Maj H—— (3 Troop) and Capt T—— (4 Troop). For them and every man-jack of 21 and 23 SAS Regiments their visit to Canada and the trek across the Chilcotin will long be remembered.

The Special Air Service Regiment not only remains intact under the reorganisation of the auxiliary forces – and is the only regiment to do so – but will increase its numbers and widen its geographical deployment. The present London-based 21st Regiment will have squadrons in Portsmouth and Hitchin, while 23rd Regiment, currently based on Birmingham and Hitchin, will lose the latter squadron but raise new squadrons in Doncaster, Leeds and Dundee.

Formed in 1941 by David Stirling for raiding missions behind the German lines in the Western Desert, 1st Special Air Service Regiment destroyed more than 250 enemy aircraft. A year later 2nd SAS was formed for service with First Army in North Africa.

In 1945 the SAS was disbanded but two years later, on re-formation of the Territorial Army, came into being again as 21st Regiment (Artists) on conversion of the Artists Rifles. In 1952 the present Regular 22nd Regiment was raised from the Malaysian Scouts to serve in Malaya – for the past three years it has been in Borneo. Finally 23rd Regiment came into being in 1959 to meet the need for a second Reserve Army unit.

The role of the Special Air Service is to carry out small-scale operations of a reconnaissance or raiding nature in depth behind the enemy lines. The Regiment wears the distinctive beige beret and cap badge of a winged dagger with the motto "Who dares wins."

"radio installation" which in fact is a Canadian Sapper-built fire watchtower.

For that 3000 yards the Colonel allowed $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours; it took three hard hours of crossing one gulch and skirting two others unrevealed on the map. By now he had the majority of three troops and two appropriated vehicles, one the Canadians' "gas" lorry which a true Briton, in a Canadian accent, described when challenged as "petrol truck." "Petrol my ——!" shouted a Canadian as he opened fire.

The final assault was in the confusion of night, but two SAS pairs made the summit and placed their dummy charges. Whether or not this was during a temporary "stand-down" period will always be argued, and perhaps no one will ever know either just who—and when—wrote the SAS motto "Who dares wins" at the top of the tower.

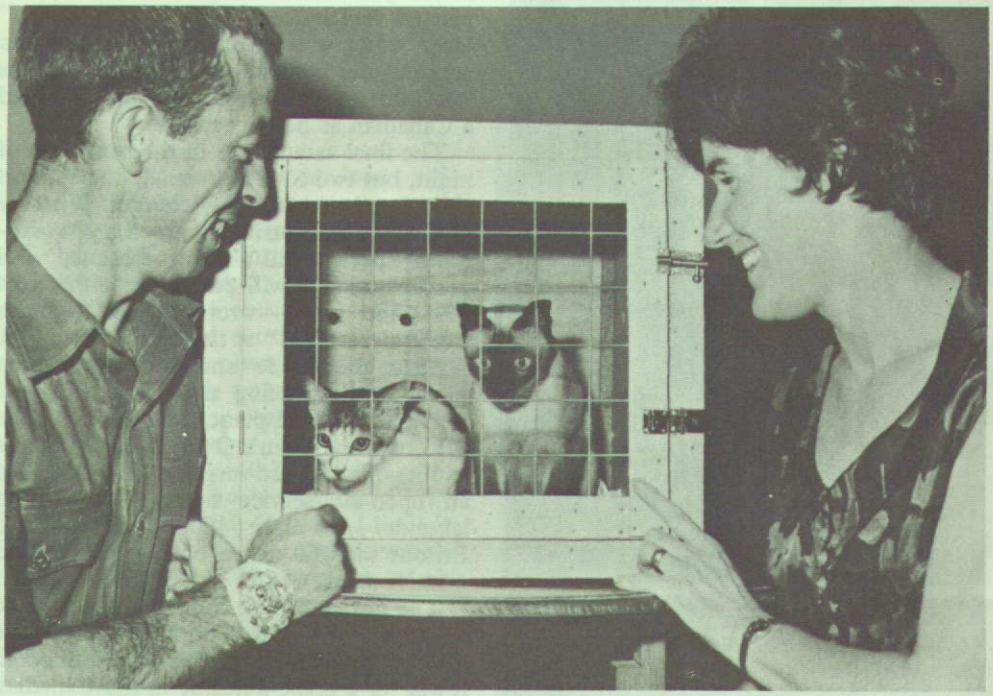
After the battle and the cleaning-up came the de-briefing after which Colonel Waddy presented plaques on behalf of the SAS to The Queen's Own Rifles of Canada and its officers' and sergeants' messes, then an open-air service by the base camp lakeside. At night 120 Canadians and Britons sank 60 dozen bottles of beer and massive steaks round a camp fire.

The next morning came the coach drive back up the Cariboo Trail to Prince George, British Columbia's papermill boom town, for a great welcome in the Canadian Legion club and, because of a flight delay, a night in the armoury of the Rocky Mountain Rangers, a round of shopping and meals in the restaurant of the town's new luxury hotel.

And so they flew back, still tired and foot sore but full of enthusiasm and realistic experience, to their office chairs, driving seats and workbenches—sales director, Civil Servants, estate agent, lorry drivers, policeman, manufacturer, accountant, pupil barrister, computer executives, chargehand, teachers, lecturer . . .

. . . Men of all walks of life levelled up in the Territorial Army and the exclusive camaraderie of the Special Air Service. As the Padre put it, "a little community motivated by complete unselfishness."

Purely Personal

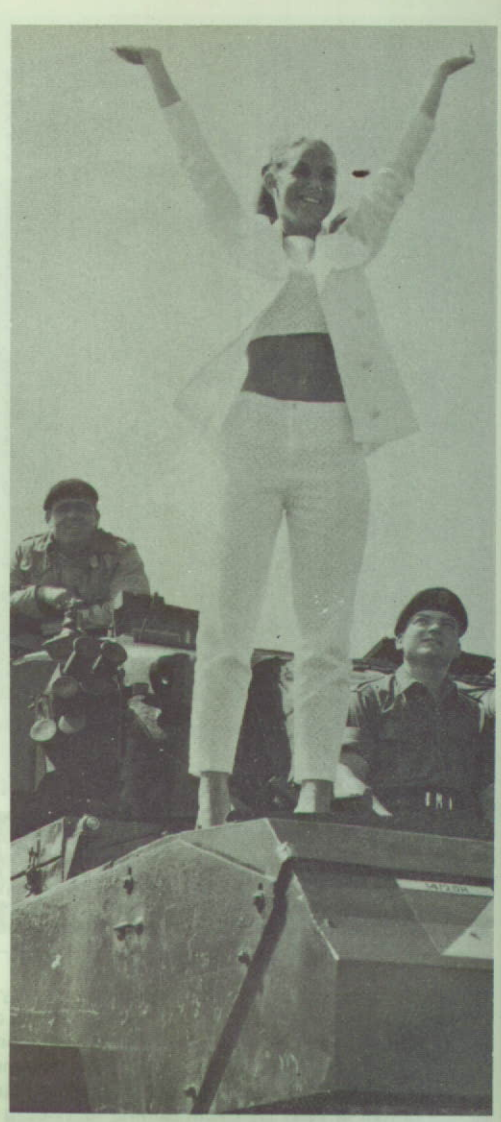


Costly cats

Two Singapore-born cats, Minnie, a Siamese with cauliflower ears, and Tina, a humble tortoiseshell, have cost their owners more than £60 in the last few weeks. For after three years in Singapore, **Warrant Officer Ninian Kemp** and his wife **Anne** could not bear to part with Minnie and Tina, so they decided to soldier on together and fly them 8000 miles home to Britain. The bills soon mounted up—£18 12s 6d air freight charges from Singapore to London Airport, £8 10s handling charges from the airport to kennels in Bedfordshire and £36 for three months' quarantine there. At least they were spared the full six months' quarantine period as this month Warrant Officer Kemp, a Royal Army Ordnance Corps Clerk, and his wife will be taking Minnie and Tina with them to Germany where there are no quarantine regulations. They have no regrets about the expense—Mrs Kemp said: "We think the money is well spent."

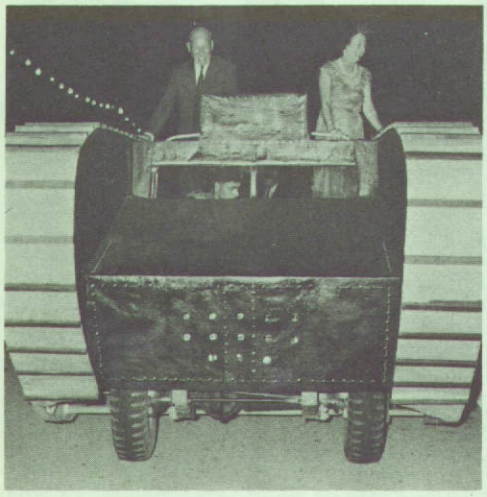
Two more Military Medals have been awarded for gallantry in Aden. **Sergeant Brian Harrison,** of 1st Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery, was in charge of a section defending part of Dhala' camp when it was attacked by about 80 dissident tribesmen armed with mortars, rockets, machine-guns and rifles. During the attack, which lasted more than two hours, he gave no thought for his own safety and repeatedly stood up, unprotected against heavy fire, to ensure full control of the two defending guns. The citation said he was "an inspiration to all on the gun position."

Guardsman Harry Holland, of 1st Battalion, Welsh Guards, also won his medal near Dhala' when his section was attacked by tribesmen with rockets and small arms. When the non-commissioned officers were wounded, Guardsman Holland took command. He controlled the guns, kept the platoon commander informed by radio and attended to the wounded—one man would have lost a lot of blood and suffered considerable pain but for his attentions. The citation says "Guardsman Holland's cool courage, bravery and calm handling of the situation under fire was beyond praise."



"Docker" girl

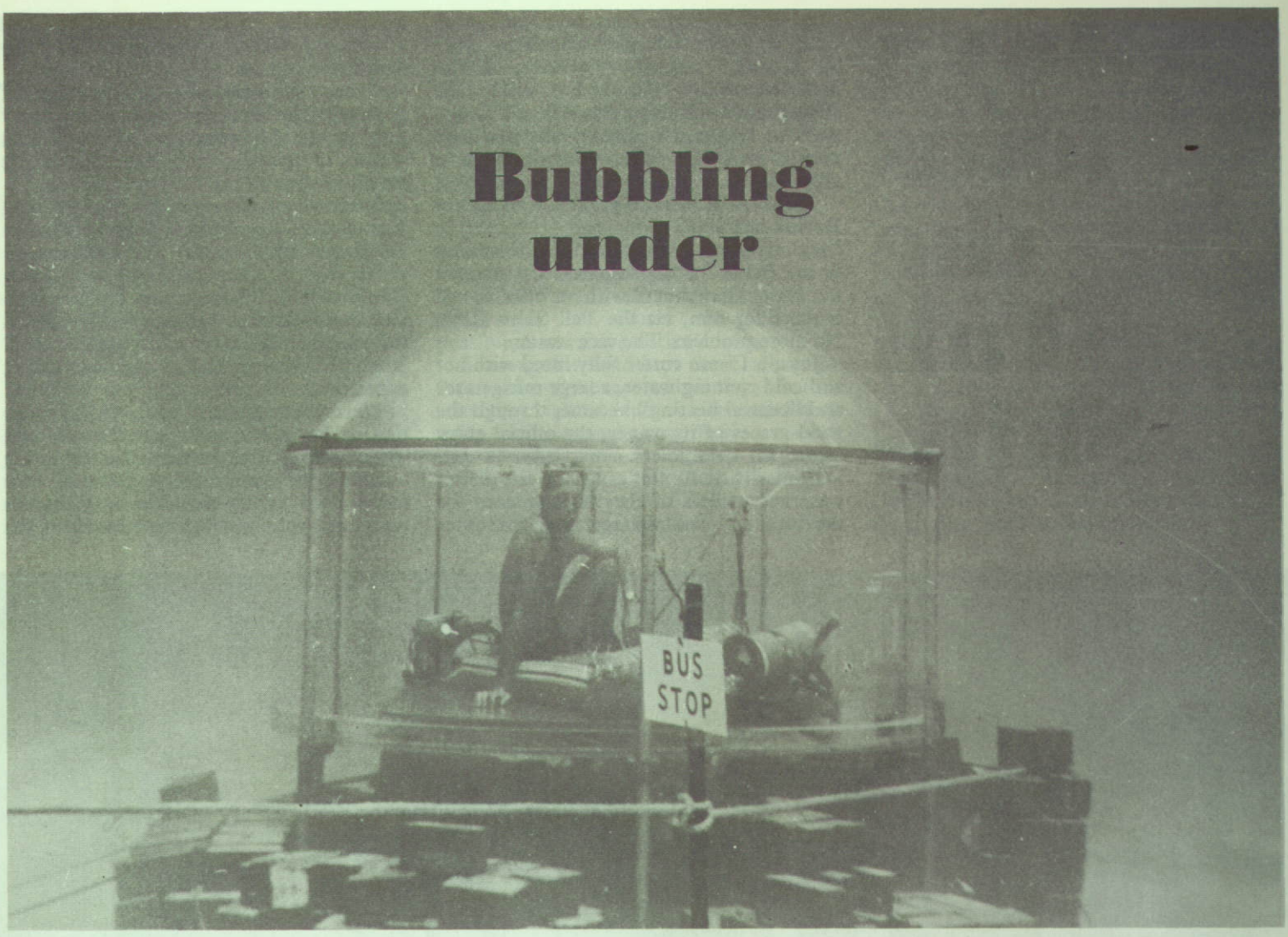
Broad grins all round in this picture and it is hardly surprising—after all, it is not every day that a blonde in a snazzy white lace trouser suit joins a tank crew. It happened at the Royal Lancashire Show when **Yvonne Brecher,** "Personality Girl" for a Blackpool cigarette firm, visited men of the 14th/20th King's Hussars on the Army stand. An ex-World Fair model and fashion designer, Yvonne (35-24-36) speaks fluent German, French and, of course, English. Sample: "I love men—I think they should be treated as gods". No wonder she was popular on the Army stand.



The Whitehead Mk I

When **Sergeant Maurice Whitehead** was ordered to build a tank he replied: "Certainly, sir, what type would you like?" Fortunately the job was somewhat simpler than knocking up a Chieftain—a replica of a World War One tank was planned to provide a farewell surprise for **Lieutenant-General Sir Alan Jolly,** a former Royal Tank Regiment man, who was leaving the Far East to take up the appointment of Quarter-master-General at the Ministry of Defence in London. It was a challenge no true Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers man could turn down and Sergeant Whitehead, using a handbook on old tanks as a blueprint, designed a wooden frame to fit over a Land-Rover. Heavy tarred paper was stretched over the frame and the tracks and rivets were painted on with the letters HMLS (His Majesty's Land Ship). A nice touch was the installation of a tape recorder which produced genuine tank noises. When the Whitehead Mark I made its appearance it was a tremendous success. Pictured (left) Sir Alan and **Lady Jolly** drive off with Sergeant Whitehead at the controls. The tank is not now destined for the dustbin—it is to be used to entertain children at Christmas parties and unit fetes.

Bubbling under



A QUEST to the seabed frontier of the underwater world took 14 Sandhurst cadets and Royal Engineer divers to Malta on an unusual mission. They flew out to man a plastic bubble resting 30 feet below the glittering surface of Comino's Blue Lagoon and sat in it for up to 24 hours at a time.

Their experiences provided valuable data on life under the sea in an air bubble. They also carried out tests aimed at shedding light on the problems of surgery with doctor and patient in a pressure chamber and "bends"—the divers' sickness.

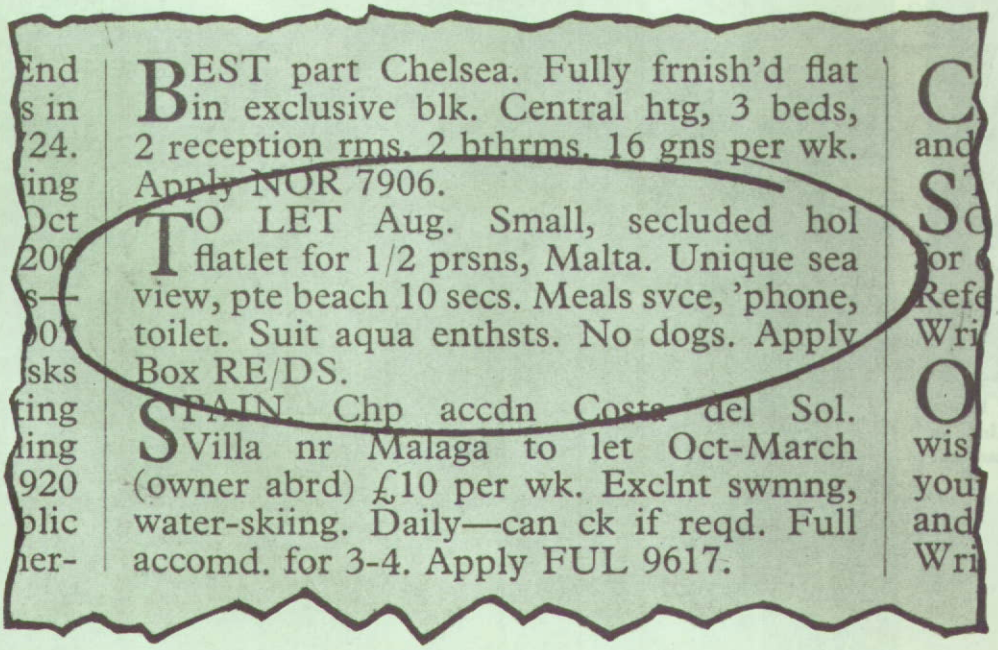
Early reports called the experiments "most successful." Each diver due for a spell in the bubble completed intelligence tests on the surface and repeated them underwater as a barometer to mental slowing-up. Dexterity tests such as screwing up nuts and bolts were carefully logged and complete medical examinations followed every return to the surface.

Although the bubble is only seven-and-a-half feet in diameter, it was equipped with emergency equipment, Lilo, telephone and toilet. Dozens of iron ingots placed on the buoyant bubble's legs clamped it to the seabed leaving just enough room for the divers to slip in and out of a trapdoor in the floor. Hot meals in plastic bags were carried down to the underwater Robinson Crusoes by their off-duty comrades.

Air was constantly pumped into the bubble from above and air-flow checks banished any chance of a carbon dioxide build-up. First of the divers to complete 12 hours in the bubble was Exercise Sea Snail's leader, Captain David Jones, chief instructor at the Royal Engineers Diving School, Marchwood. He later described a 36-hour staydown as "absolutely magnificent." At night, with the underwater lights switched on, he watched thick layers of plankton and brightly coloured fish drift past.

Mr Gerry Reynolds, Army Minister, who swam out from Comino, was one of a host of visitors. From the surface they could see the bubble and occupant and—planted bizarrely in the sand all around—signs such as "Bus stop" and "Waiting limited to 30 minutes in any hour."

Above: A photographer mounted on sharkback brought back this picture of underwater castaway Captain David Jones in the depths of the Blue Lagoon. Left: Ever fancied a plaice of your own?



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Joya joins the Tall Ships

AFTER "messing around in boats" at a British yacht club in Germany, amateur sailors of the 3rd Carabiniers decided to enter the 1000-mile Tall Ships Race from Cornwall to Denmark. There was just one small problem. They didn't have a ship.

But they did have 22-year-old Lieutenant David Scholfield who had a friend in London who had a yacht which he wanted in the Baltic for the summer. Up stepped the brave Carabiniers with an offer to sail it there for him, via the Tall Ships Race. No more problem. The race was on.

Joya, a 15-ton cutter fully fitted with hot and cold running water, a large refrigerator and "central heating" became, through the good graces of its owner, the official entry of the 3rd Carabiniers.

Primarily built for cruising, the cutter was the smallest of the ships entered for the race and was up against eight other boats in her class, including the Sail Training Association's schooner, Sir Winston Churchill.

There was naturally no shortage of volunteers for the crew—practically every man in the Regiment seemed more than willing to abandon tanks for a few weeks to sail in the race.

Eventually Lieutenant Scholfield picked Lieutenant Robin Wilson, Sergeant George Richards and Corporal Peter Wilson as watch leaders, Corporal Douglas Warren, Corporal John Wildman and Trooper John Greatbanks as deck-hands, and 17-year-old Private Roger Williams was appointed cook. The last four men had no previous sailing experience.

The crew took over the yacht at Lymington in Hampshire and spent the next two weeks training for the race. Concentrating on sail drills against the stop watch, they sailed slowly along the coast to Falmouth where the race was to start. Many of the biggest windjammers were already there when they arrived.

Light winds blessed the start and the Joya, by sailing close-hauled on the starboard tack along the starting line and forcing the other yachts to give way, was third over the line.

Soon the bigger boats were well ahead, but because time handicaps had been allotted to all the competitors Joya's crew had expected to lose sight of the faster ships within a short time.

The wind freshened the following day and by midnight it was gusting up to gale force. The Joya's soldier-sailors faced their first experience of really heavy weather. Determined to get the best speed out of the cutter and keep other competitors in sight, Lieutenant Scholfield did not shorten sail.

But his enthusiasm was a mistake. Shortly after dark the mainsail track extension and one of the running staysail booms on the mast broke off and Joya was not able to carry maximum sail until repairs could be made at first light the following day.

During the night Corporal Warren fell heavily on the foredeck and injured his knee. The destroyer Dainty was acting as escort ship to the race and had a doctor aboard but unfortunately the Joya did not sight her all day so it was decided to call at Dover to put the injured man ashore.

The coastguard was signalled and an ambulance was waiting on the quay when the Joya came alongside. Having seen Corporal Warren safely into hospital, the cavalrymen left Dover as quickly as possible to continue with the race.

A strong fair wind kept them sailing fast for the rest of the race and six days after the start they sighted land. Lieutenant Scholfield, who was navigating, heaved a secret sigh of relief when he realised they were exactly on course, about 90 miles short of the most northerly tip of Denmark.

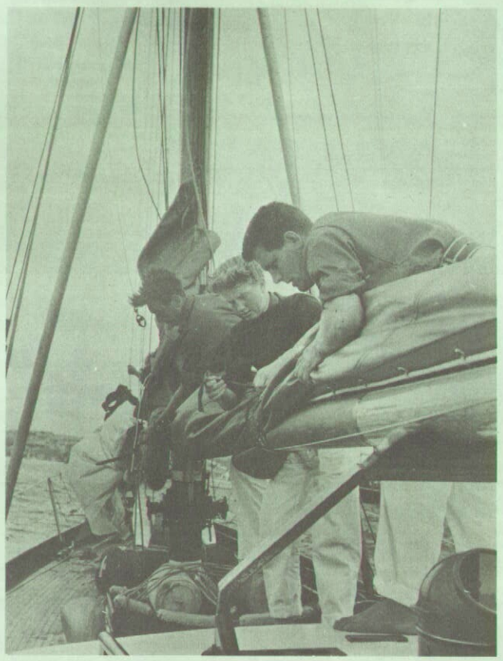
HMS Dainty steamed out to meet Joya and escort her over the last four miles to the finishing line. Young Private Williams, who even in the roughest weather had produced marvellous meals for the crew, was given the privilege of steering the yacht over the finishing line.

The Joya moored just off the Mermaid in Copenhagen almost exactly seven days after the start in Falmouth. She had sailed more than 1000 miles and on arrival the crew realised they had done well in the race—on handicap Joya had finished third in her class, even beating the Sir Winston Churchill.

Two days of celebrations and sightseeing in Copenhagen followed the race and all the crews paraded for King Frederik IX. The Joya crew was presented with a silver salver, the third prize.

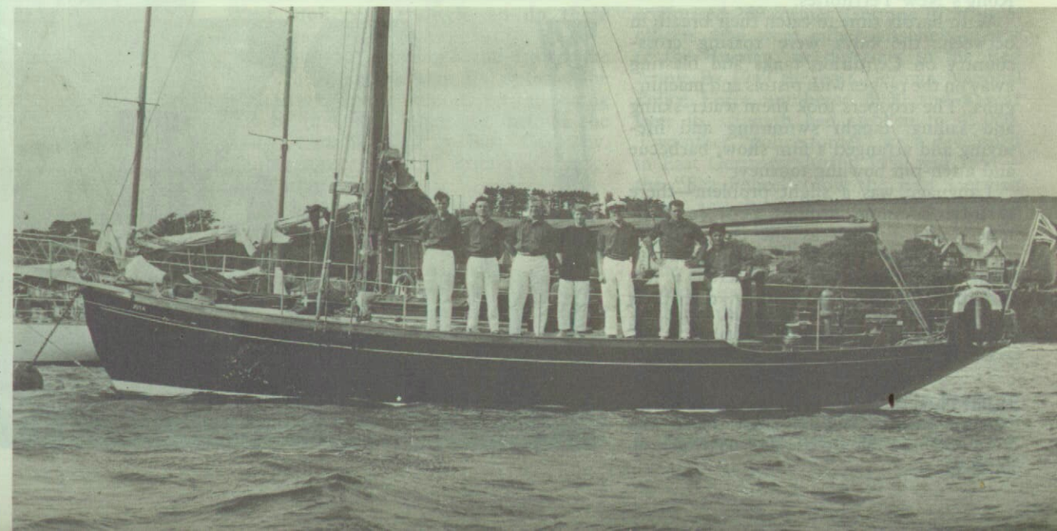
Soon after that the sea-borne cavalrymen were on their way back to barracks at Detmold and the more familiar routine of navigating tanks across country.

Above: Swinging in a bosun's chair, skipper Lieut David Scholfield checks the rigging. Right: The crew lie low as the Joya, with full sail up, reaches for Falmouth harbour.

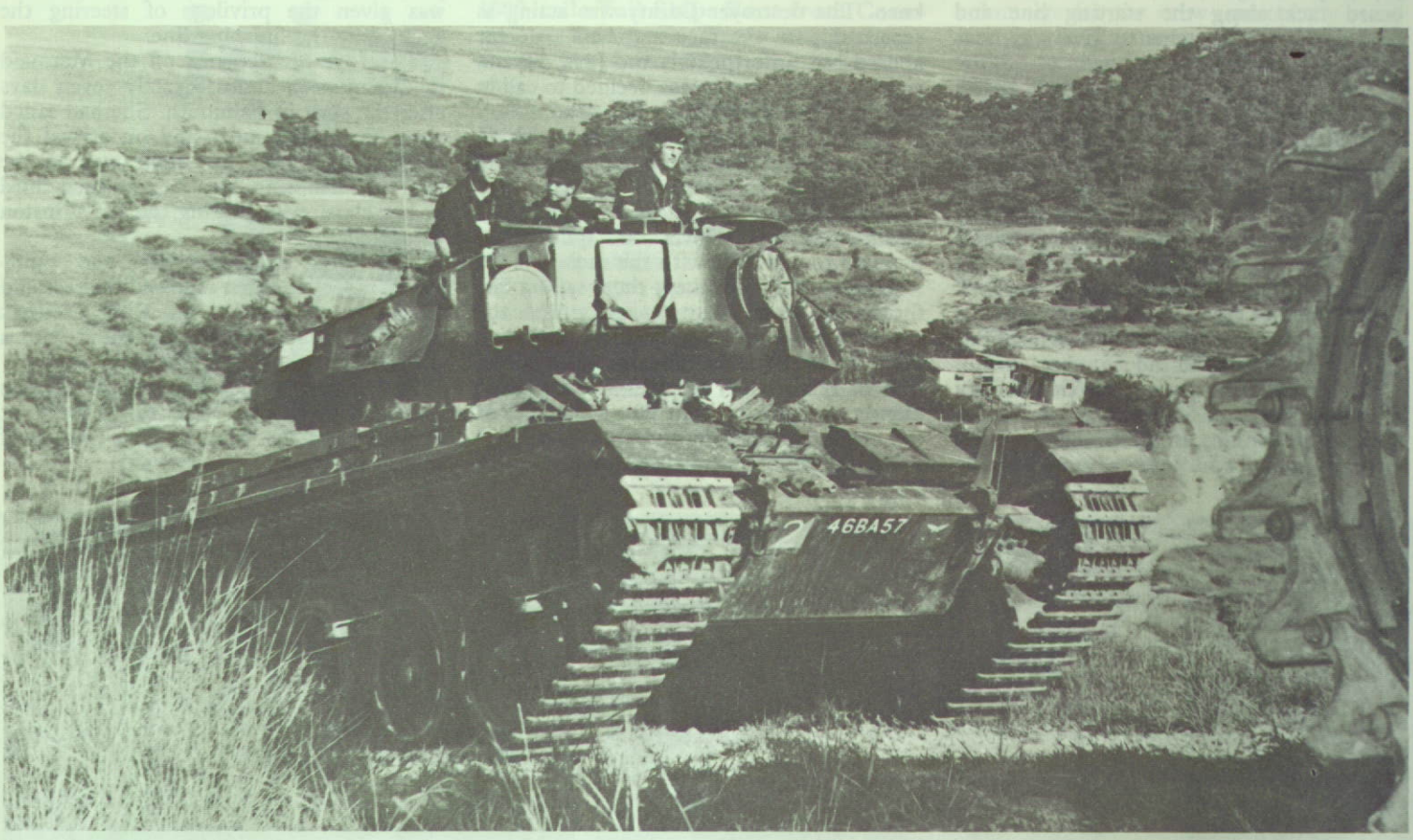


Tpr Greatbanks, Pte Williams and Sgt Richards stow a sail. Cpls Warren and Wildman tackle early morning chores.

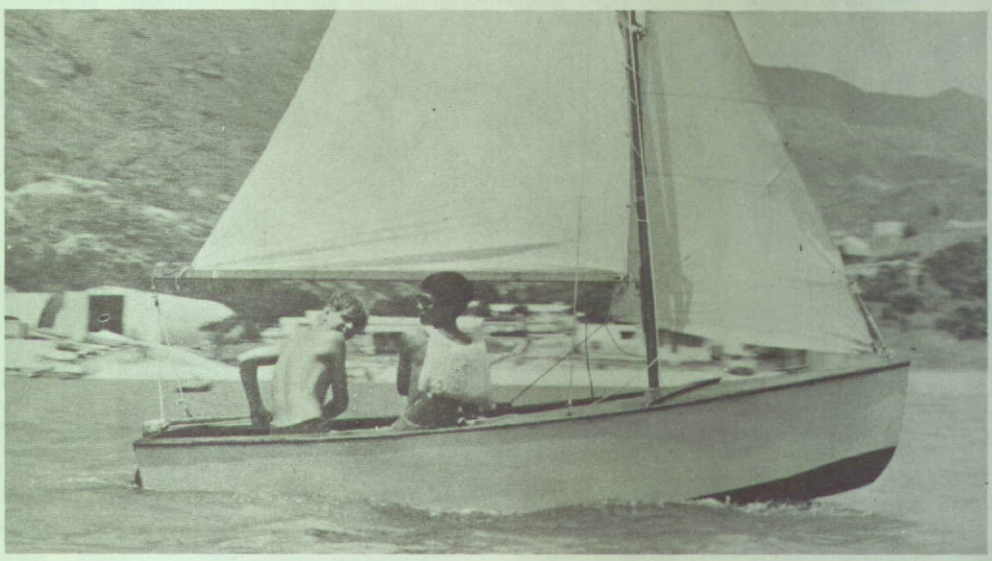
Below: The full crew posed on Joya at Falmouth before the start of the Tall Ships Race.



Chinese boys "join" the tanks



Above: With Communist China behind and Hong Kong Chinese aboard, Lance-Corporal Frank Cavanagh guides his Centurion "over the top." Right: Trooper Ken Drew coaching a member in the gentle art of sailing and staying upright.



That well-known sub-unit of the British Army, the Chinese Troop of B Squadron, 1st Royal Tank Regiment, has disbanded. After four hectic days, B Squadron has reverted to something like normal and ten Chinese boys have returned to their Hong Kong youth clubs with tall stories about the week they "got some in."

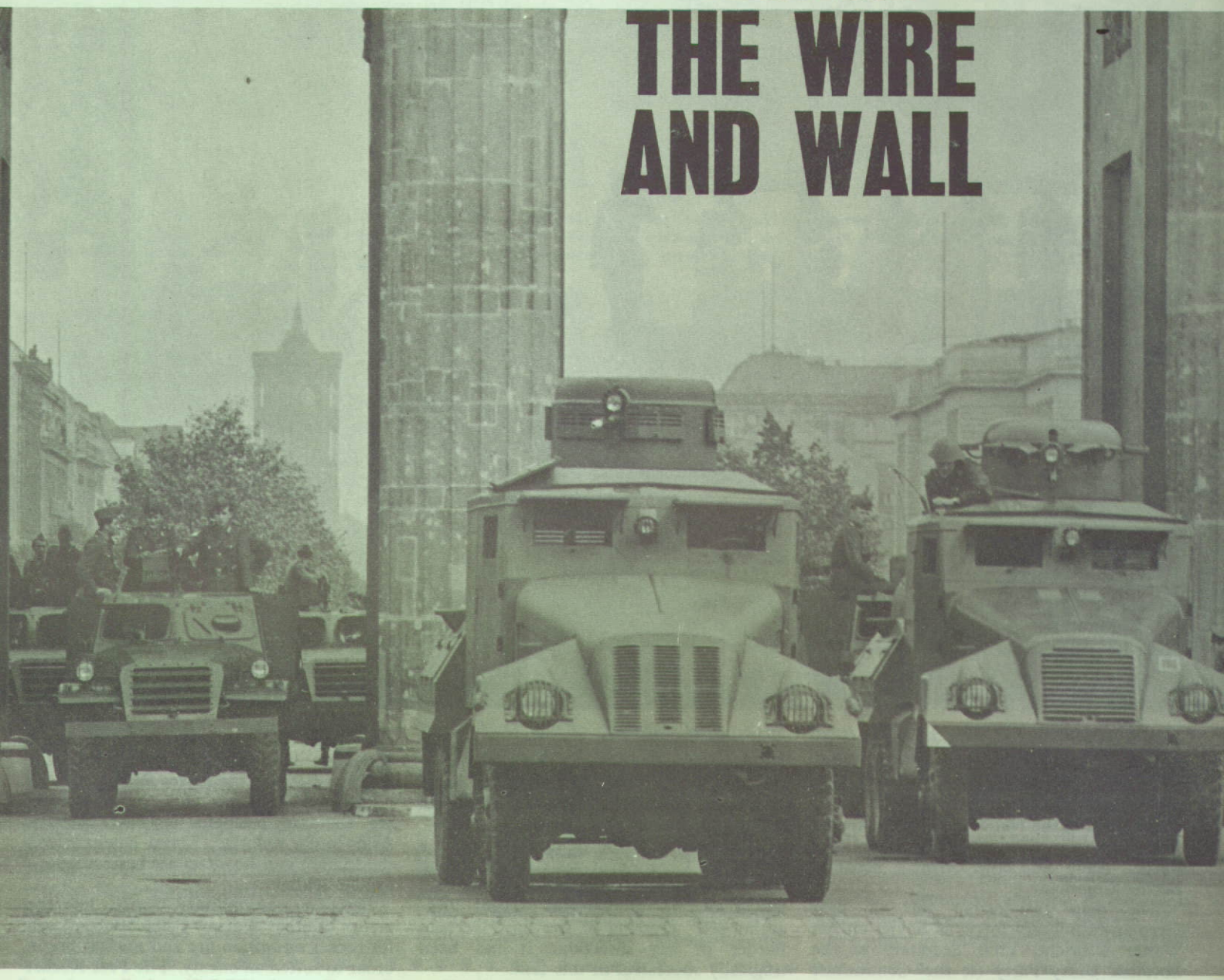
The Liverpool troopers are on detached duty from Aden and the local youngsters were invited to spend a few days with the Squadron. They received a warm welcome and the run of Sek Kong Camp in Hong Kong's New Territories.

With hardly time to catch their breath in between, the boys were roaring cross-country on Centurion tanks and blasting away on the ranges with pistols and machin guns. The troopers took them water-skiing and sailing, taught swimming and life-saving and arranged a film show, barbecue and a ten-pin bowling tourney.

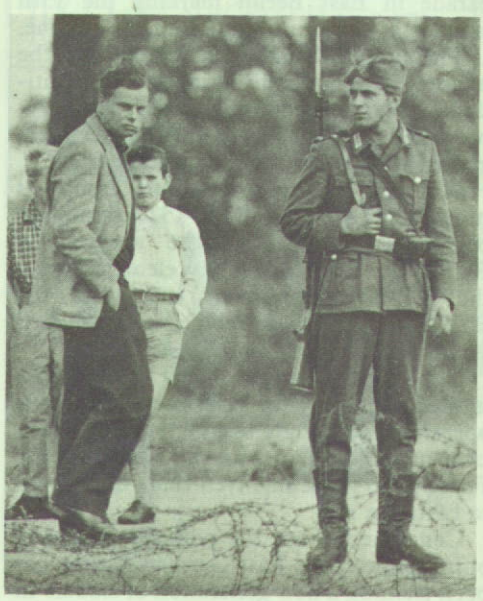
Language was a slight problem—there is little common ground between Cantonese and English as she is spoken in Liverpool—but sign language helped out until the Chinese boys mastered a few essential phrases. Now they call their friends "Wack" and "Scouse" and yell, when excited, "Ee-ay-addio!"

Right: Pistol shooting was on the agenda for the "Chinese troop's" four-day crash course with B Squadron of the 1st Royal Tank Regiment.

BEHIND THE WIRE AND WALL



Above: Armoured cars of the East German Army Border Command crowd in front of the Brandenburg Gate in East Berlin during the building of the infamous Wall which divides the city. Below: An East German soldier on guard behind the wire.



EVERY day, along the Iron Curtain and in Berlin, British troops face soldiers of an army that does not exist. The men on the other side of the barbed wire that separates East and West look real enough—so do their weapons.

They walk, talk, laugh and frown like most other human beings. But as far as the West is concerned they are on the wrong side of the fence—they are men of the East German Army in East Germany. Neither is recognised by Britain so politically neither exists.

But to the unfortunate wretches who attempt the do-or-die crossing of the Iron Curtain, the hail of bullets that frequently intercepts them is all too real . . . .

The Soviet rifle and the *Wehrmacht*-style boots of the East German soldier symbolise the brief tradition of his army—an ironic combination of Nazi militarism and Soviet ideology. Conceived by the Soviet occupation authorities, it was born in July 1948 under the guise of training and cadre units for an East German National Police Force. (This in fact was an illegal organisation as four-Power agreements on the occupation of Germany stipulated that all police in Germany were to be controlled at local and not national level). The cadre comprised 250 former German *Wehrmacht* officers who were either prisoners-of-war of the Russians or deserters to the Red Army. By 1949 the East German National Police Force numbered 6000 and a year later its strength had swollen to 43,000. Two other "police forces" were developed in East Germany during 1950 and 1951—the "Sea Police" (now the East German Navy) and the "Air Police" (now the East German Air Force).

In 1952 this militarised "police force" of some 90,000—excluding normal police, transport police, border police and military units of the Ministry of State Security—was gradually "Sovietised." Former *Wehrmacht* weapons and tactics were replaced by Soviet doctrine and equipment.

At the same time police titles began to disappear in favour of military ranks and in January 1956 the pretence that these

were police forces was dropped altogether and the National People's Armed Force (*Nationale Volksarmee*) and the Ministry for National Defence emerged.

Included in the National People's Armed Force are the East German Army, Air Force, Navy and the Army's separate Border Command.

The man responsible for all East Germany's military forces is Soviet citizen Walter Ulbricht, First Secretary of the Socialist Unity Party (ie the Communist party), chairman of the State Council and chairman of the National Defence Council. When he took over power in September 1960, the East Germany Army periodical *Die Volksarmee* carried this tribute to "Comrade Walter Ulbricht":

> "We soldiers know him. We soldiers honour him. We soldiers consider ourselves fortunate, together with the entire people, that he stands at the head of the state council: Comrade Walter Ulbricht, our friend, our comrade, and our great model. He is the worthiest among us . . ."

Ulbricht's former personal assistant, Army General Heinz Hoffmann, is both Minister for National Defence and the head of the National People's Armed Force. Like Ulbricht, he too is a Soviet citizen.

As a member of the Warsaw Pact, the East German Army is expected to come to the aid of any pact member under attack. But it can respond to this call only under Soviet direction and with Soviet assistance. Because of its comparatively small size and complete dependence on Soviet logistical support for sustained operations, the Army cannot take independent action.

The Soviets and the other Warsaw Pact countries—particularly Czechoslovakia and Poland—have reservations about the political reliability of the East German Army and, because of this, 20 Soviet divisions are still maintained in East Germany.

Primary role of the Army is to act as a tool of the Communist party in controlling the people, although the Border Command has a special mission—to prevent "unauthorised" crossing of the East German border in any direction. It has been tragically successful in this task.

With a force of about 90,000, the East German Army today is modern, well-trained and well-equipped. Its troops are deployed within two military districts and along the western, eastern and southern borders of the Soviet zone.

Each military district is capable of acting as a small field army of two motorised rifle divisions and one tank division. Besides combat troops, each of the two districts has an anti-aircraft artillery regiment, an artillery regiment, an engineer battalion, a signal battalion, a transportation battalion, a special reconnaissance company and miscellaneous support troops.

The four motorised rifle divisions are highly mobile and comprise about 11,000 men with a variety of vehicles, including 200 tanks. Despite a lack of support and maintenance for sustained, independent operations, these divisions are rated "combat ready." Each of the two East German tank divisions has about 9000 men and 320 tanks (largely Soviet-made T54s and newly introduced T55s).

Basic weapon of the East German soldier is the Soviet 7.62mm *Kalashnikov* (AK) sub-machine-gun, with a 30-round magazine. Each motorised rifle squad is armed with one light machine-gun, either the 7.62mm RPD or the newer RPK.

Soviet-made 82mm and 120mm mortars are standard weapons in East German Army units and the 122mm howitzer and the 152mm gun-howitzer are basic weapons for the artillery.

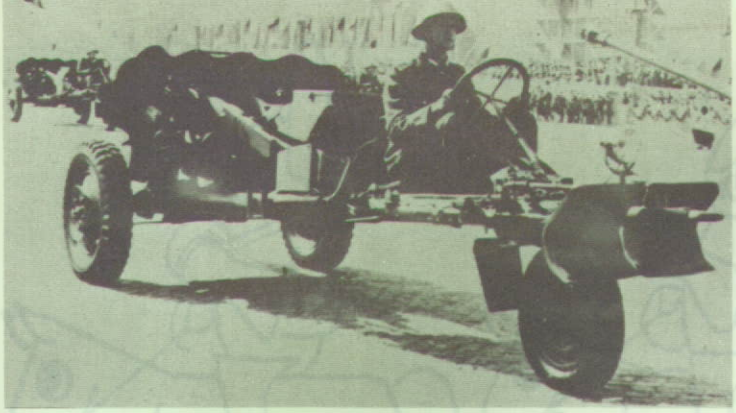
East German military tactics, like the tactics of other Warsaw Pact countries, call for rocket saturation fire and nuclear fire in order to soften an enemy. The Free Rocket Over Ground (FROG) missile and the surface-to-surface guided missile (SCUD) can be armed with nuclear warheads to provide such fire. Both systems were first shown publicly during the October 1964 parade in East Berlin marking the 15th anniversary of the founding of the regime.

The principal anti-tank weapon for the infantry is a grenade launcher, but anti-tank units are equipped with auxiliary-propelled 85mm AT guns and a newer wire-guided missile mounted on a light truck.

Mobility for motorised rifle troops is provided by the BTR-152 armoured personnel carrier and the amphibious BTR-50P. Reconnaissance elements have the PT-76 amphibious tank and the BTR-40P. Both these vehicles are propelled across water by jets at the rear.

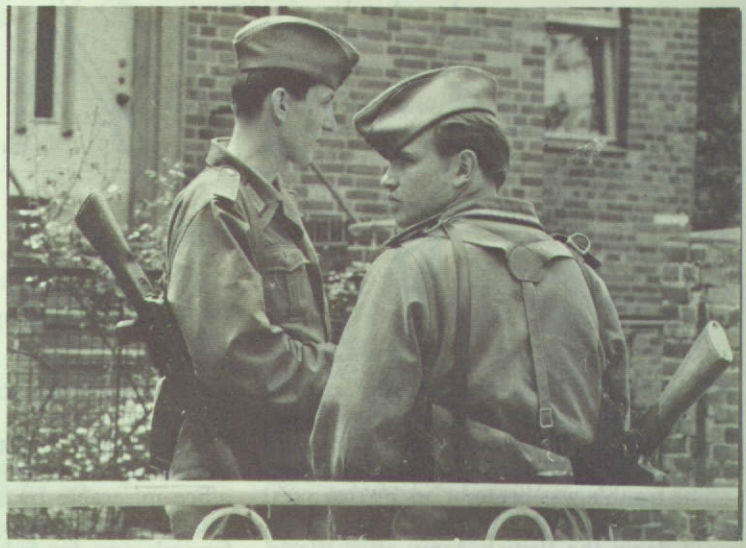
The East German Army has also a limited capability for seaborne amphibious operations although assault landing exercises in conjunction with the Navy and Air Force have so far involved units of only up to battalion size.

Concerned about the political reliability of its soldiers, the East German regime has been training a new generation of leaders in



Left: Armoured personnel carriers rumble past Herr Ulbricht at a parade in East Berlin to mark the anniversary of the "liberation" of the city. Above: 85mm auxiliary propelled anti-tank guns. Below: 152mm gun-howitzer.

Above: The BTR-152V armoured personnel carrier. Below: Border guards are encouraged to shoot to kill at would-be escapers, although there have been several instances where they have oddly "missed" completely.



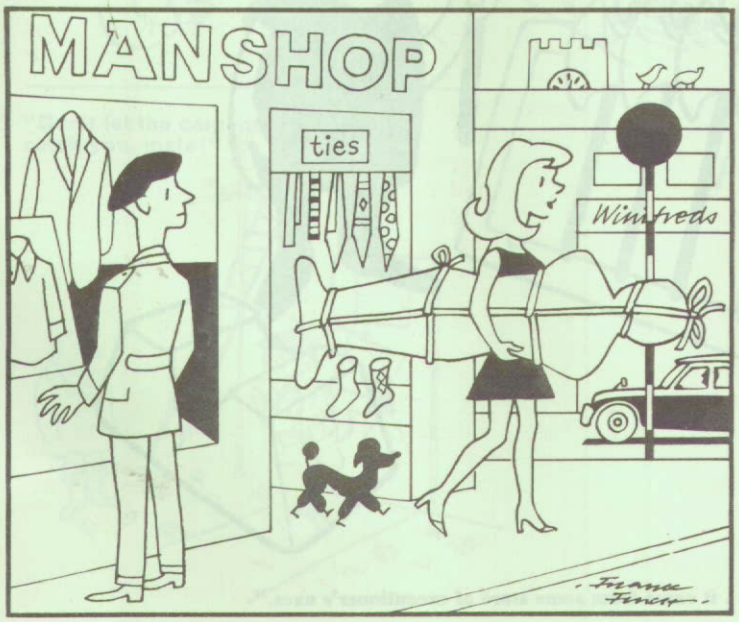
officer cadet schools at Dresden, Naumburg, Lobau, Zittau and Plauen, to replace by attrition the old ex-*Wehrmacht* officers whose political sympathies could never be trusted. Raised in a totally Communist atmosphere, and often schooled in the Soviet Union, these new officers are both militarily competent and politically trustworthy. Naturally, the East German Army has a flourishing political branch. Political officers are assigned down to battalion level in the Army and to company level in the Border Command. These officers carry out programmes of political training and indoctrination which occupy one-fifth of all training time.

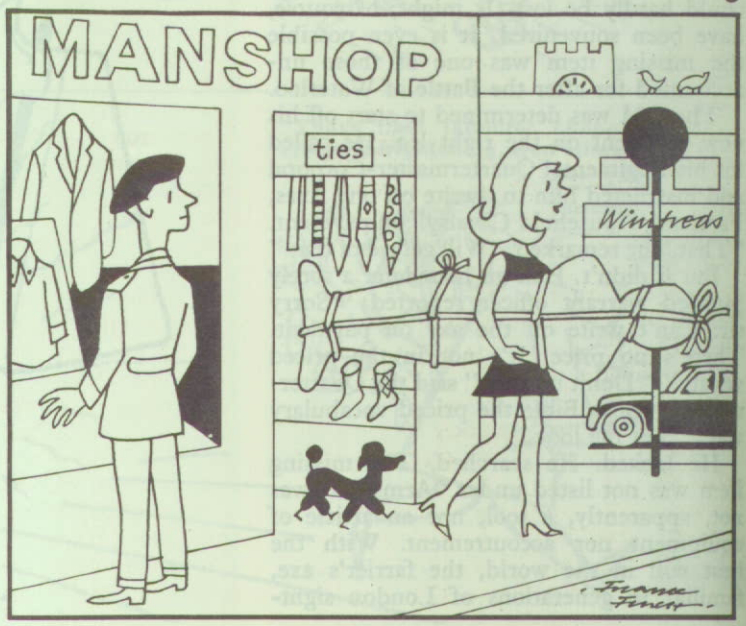
In addition the East German Communist party and its youth organisation, the Free German Youth (FDJ), oversee the spare-time activities of every soldier and officer. Lastly, "liaison" officers of the Ministry of State Security, scattered throughout the Army, operate nets of informers within units. Suspected from within by its own government and distrusted from without by other members of the Warsaw Pact, including the Soviets, the East German Army forms a large question mark in the Eastern bloc jig-saw puzzle. Nevertheless, its modern equipment and combat-ready status make it a substantial addition to the total Soviet bloc arsenal in eastern Europe.

Story by courtesy of Army in Europe.

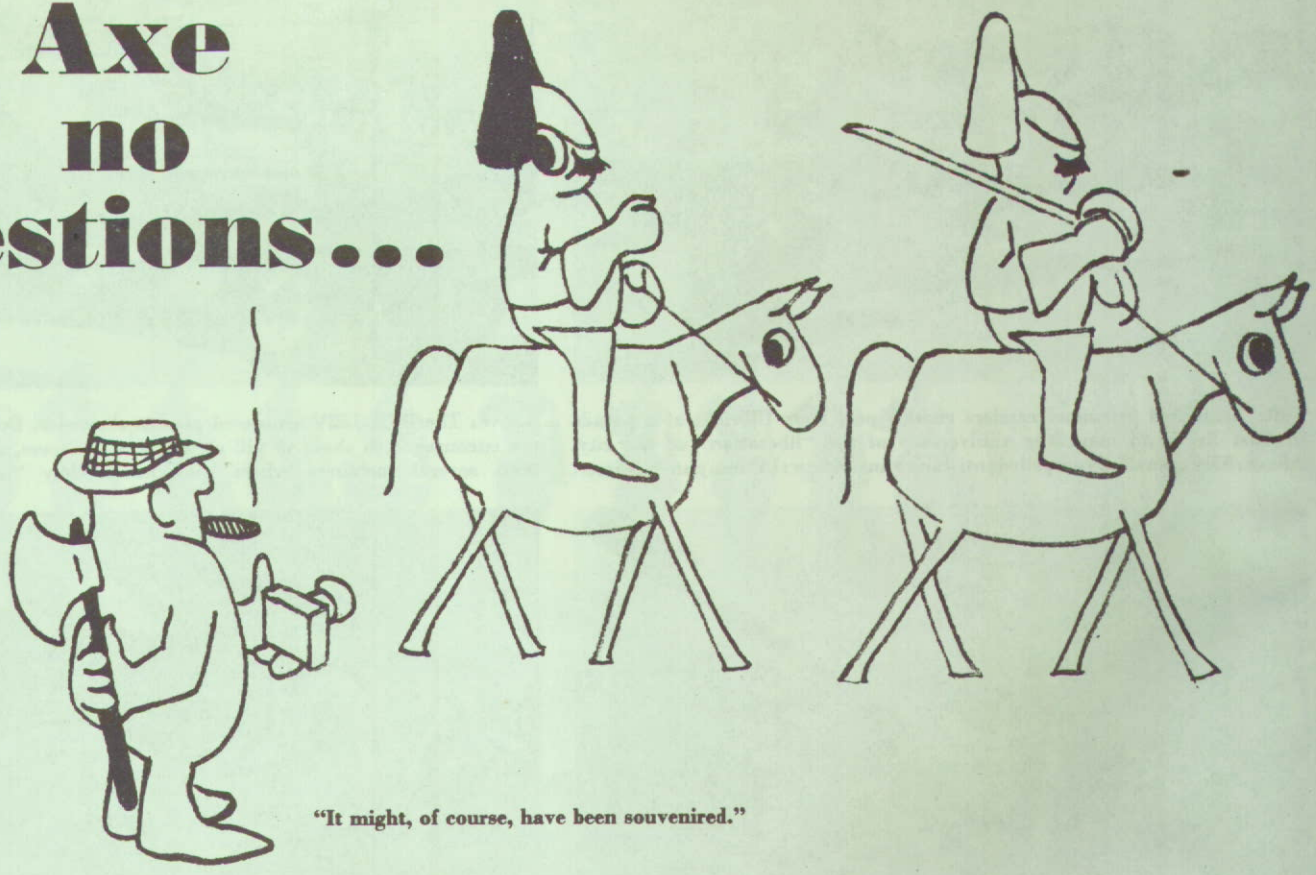
HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

These two pictures look alike, but they vary in ten minor details. Look at them very carefully. If you cannot detect the differences, see page 39.





Axe no questions...



"It might, of course, have been souvenired."

GOOD quartermasters never admit defeat. The word certainly did not exist in the vocabulary of Major Walter Dearnley.

The trouble was brought on by two axes. One was the so-called "Geddes Axe" which pared down the British Army after World War One. It decreed the amalgamation of certain cavalry regiments, including that of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards. The other was the enormous ceremonial axe carried by farriers of the Household Cavalry on state occasions.

Now Major Dearnley was Quartermaster, 1st Life Guards, and Quartermaster-elect of the new Regiment of Life Guards. His ledgers were as near immaculate as experience dating back into the last century could make them.

But one thing troubled him. For more years than even he could remember, while the equipment ledger showed a total of eight farriers' axes on charge, he could produce only seven. Now a farrier's axe could hardly be lost. It might, of course, have been souvenired. It is even possible the missing item was one of those unaccounted for after the Battle of Waterloo.

The QM was determined to start off his new regiment on the right leg. He called for his Regimental Quartermaster-Corporal and instructed him to "write off one Axes, Farriers', Household Cavalry" on payment. "That," he remarked, "Will get rid of that."

But it didn't. Half an hour later a sorely puzzled warrant officer reported: "Sorry sir. Can't write off the axe on payment. There's no price. It's not in the priced vocab." "Don't be silly," said the Quartermaster, whose Bible the priced vocabulary was. "Let me look."

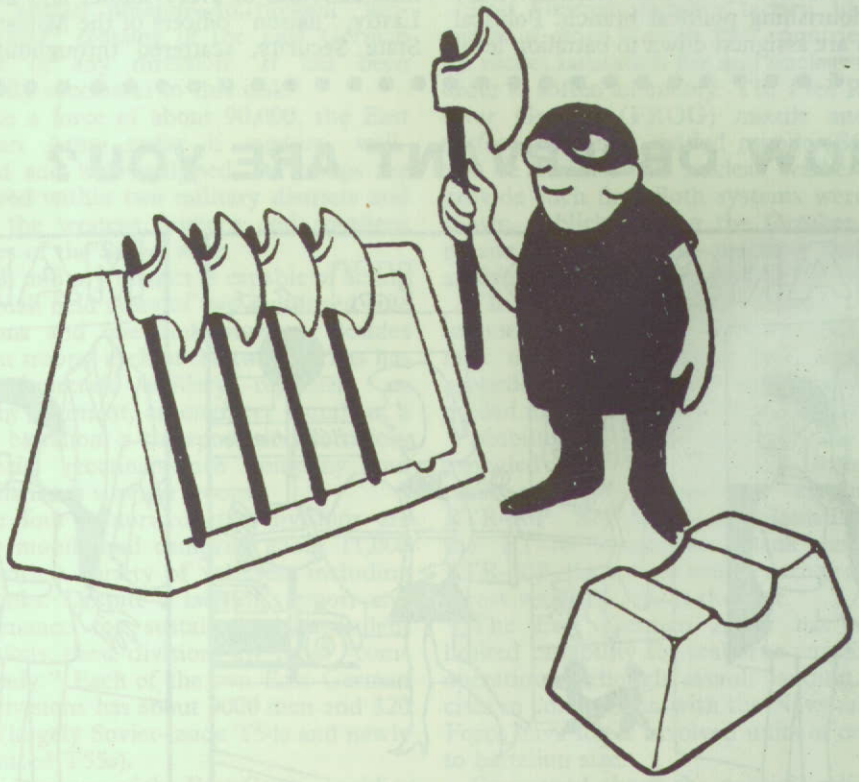
He looked. He searched. The missing item was not listed under "Arms." It was not, apparently, a tool, nor an article of equipment nor accoutrement. With the best will in the world, the farrier's axe, familiar to generations of London sightseers, just did not exist for the Royal Army Ordnance Corps.

Old Walter Dearnley lost the best part of two nights' sleep. For a day he made his office miserable by speculation. What was the confounded thing anyway? Was it the farrier's arm for fighting off the foe? Was it just an ornament? He toyed with the idea that it came from some store of executioner's axes in The Tower of London.

The suggestion of a junior clerk that it was an elementary form of pole-axe, used for knocking off horses that fell by the wayside, was snorted off in disgust. But it left the germ of an idea. After his second sleepless night, the QM came down to the office with jaunty step.

"Corporal-Major," he roared. "Bring me a conversion voucher." It was an army form rarely used and with the vaguest of purposes. It even took a bit of finding. The old man unfolded his scheme.

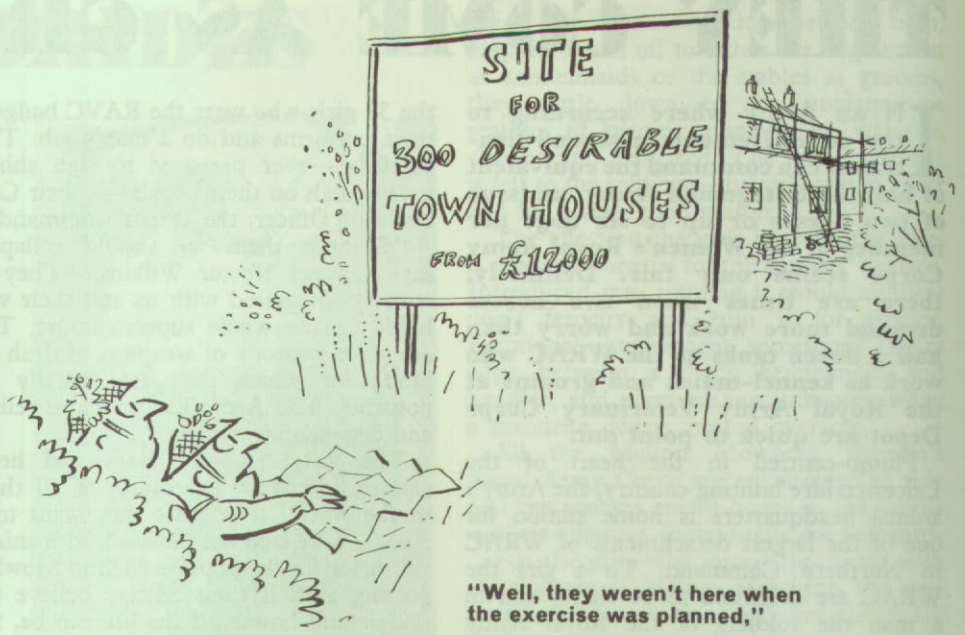
With a few strokes of the pen "One Axes, Farrier's, Household Cavalry" was converted into "One Axes, Pole" and marked in the ledger as deficient. It was paid for as such. Authority was satisfied and the new Regiment of Life Guards started life with a ledger clear as the Quartermaster's conscience.



". . . it came from some store of executioner's axes."

House Trained

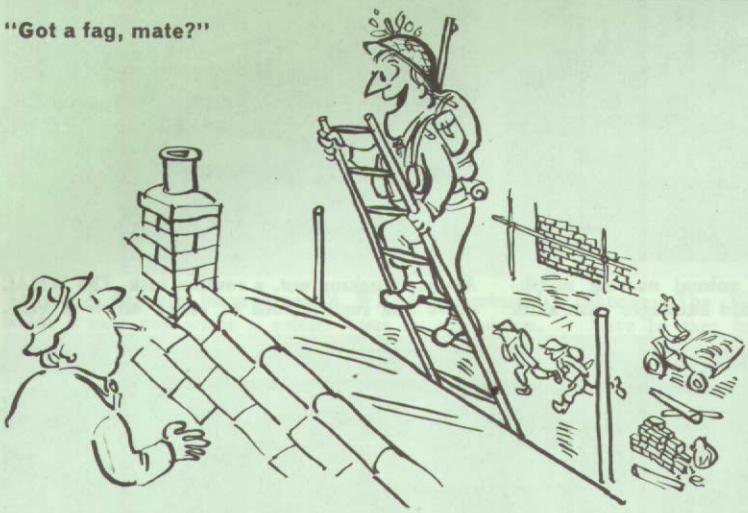
by FINBOW



"Well, they weren't here when the exercise was planned,"

"Do you mind building a little wall round me?"

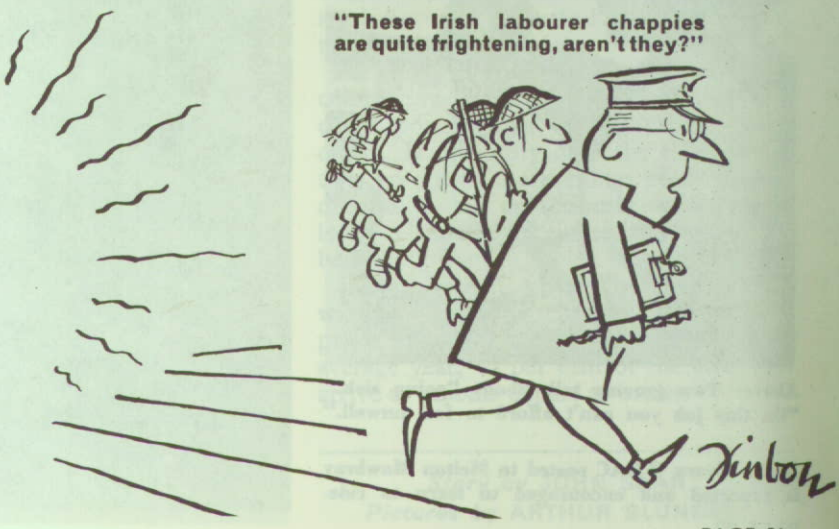
"Got a fag, mate?"



"No, you can't put 'em in here–this isn't a flaming prisoner-of-war camp!"

"Don't let the carpenter catch you, mate!"

"These Irish labourer chappies are quite frightening, aren't they?"



THEY COME AS GROOMS—AND

IN an Army where according to the advertisements a second-lieutenant can command the equivalent of half the Patagonian Army, an issue of two horses or up to six dogs per member of the Women's Royal Army Corps seems only fair. Definitely, there are times when two horses demand more work and worry than half a dozen tanks as the WRAC who work as kennel-maids and grooms at the Royal Army Veterinary Corps Depot are quick to point out.

Plumb-centred in the heart of the Leicestershire hunting country, the Army's animal headquarters is home station for one of the largest detachments of WRAC in Northern Command. To a girl the WRAC are delighted to be there, and to a man the soldiers of the Royal Army Veterinary Corps are heartily pleased to have them. The Depot's function of training men and animals leans heavily on the 38 girls who wear the RAVC badge on their uniforms and do a man's job. Their chief fan—ever prepared to sign shining testimonials on their behalf—is their Commanding Officer, the Depot Commandant.

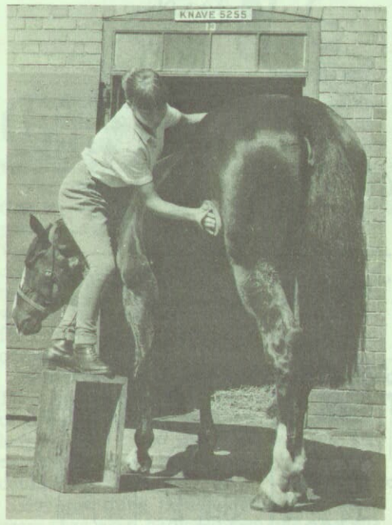
"Without them we should collapse", says Colonel Hector Wilkins. "They are entirely integrated with us and their work holds up the whole superstructure. They are given custody of weapons of flesh and blood for which they are morally responsible. The Army has no more reliable and dependable soldiers."

The girls tend the dogs and horses extraordinarily well because, of all things in the world, it is what they want to do most. Those who want to work with animals volunteer for the popular Melton Mowbray posting and, if their officers believe they understand how hard the life can be, they go to the Depot on a month's probation. Inevitably there are mistakes and a thick file marked "repostings" to prove it.

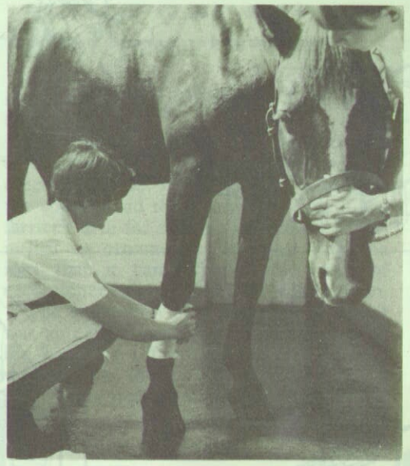
Illusions shatter fast in a workaday life of stables, muck and shovels. Girls who are obviously out of place realise the truth long before they see the trio of kindly but adverse reports. Some girls are wrong in temperament, others have to go because they lack the physical strength to hold in 80 pounds of independent-minded dog.

One who has made a stand for the smaller fry is 19-year-old five-foot-nothing Private Janet Jones. She bubbled with enthusiasm, but the trainee dogs were thought too powerful for her. Authority showed faith in transferring her to the stables and she justified it by winning a David-and-Goliath mastery over horses. Seven-stone Private Jones standing on a bucket to groom 15-hundredweight Jupiter is now one of the sights of the Depot and nobody—least of all Jupiter—has any doubts about which of the pair is boss.

Fortunately the girls who survive the probationary period usually have a marked



Above: Jupiter stands in the gutter and Private Janet Jones hops on a box for a grooming session.



Above: Newly qualified animal nursing auxiliary, Private Carol Forwood bandages with skill.

Above: Mucking out, a routine task. The WRAC move and replace tons of soiled straw a year.

Above: Two grooms talk about "going sick." "On this job you can't afford to feel unwell."

Right: Every WRAC posted to Melton Mowbray is expected and encouraged to learn to ride.

LEAVE AS BRIDES

Above: A WRAC member of a Melton Mowbray display team handles her Alsatian on an assault course practice.

Above: A worried looking recruit arrives for quarantine with a WRAC escort.

Above: A dog buy in progress. A WRAC kennelmaid holds a new dog while a soldier tests its aggression.

Above: The WRAC kennelmaids may have to care for as many as six dogs.

liking for horses or dogs—rarely both. Happily hived off to either the dog section as kennelmaids or the stables as grooms, they settle down to the unglamorous realities of keeping animals fed, watered, cleaned and exercised. The actual training is left to the soldiers—the girls play no part and for a very good reason.

The affection the girls heap on the dogs is perhaps essential for the animals' welfare. Introduced into training it would muffle a dog's ferocity and ruin it for service. Emotional involvement sometimes causes edge between a dog's kennelmaid and handler, and tears are not unknown when a favourite dog is posted overseas.

All the Melton Mowbray Women's Royal Army Corps are encouraged to ride and the grooms spend hours in the saddle in their clinging, individually cut jodhpurs.

For the girls who joined the Army with the thought of Melton Mowbray, the long exercise rides in the early mornings are dreams come true. But for a complete picture of the toughest job in the WRAC set against those pleasant rides the never-ending, back-breaking humping of straw and the chilling unpleasantries of rubbing down two horses on a winter's evening.

Like all work with animals, the menial tasks of stable and kennel have to be accepted and enjoyed as a way of life. Melton Mowbray is not one of the Army's weekend ghost towns—volunteers stay to help the official duty WRAC give the animals their usual daily treatment. Even so there is precious little time for relaxation.

The distance between the various outbuildings makes Melton Mowbray no place for weaklings. On top of their strenuous toils, the WRAC march four miles a day between their quarters and the stables.

In case the Melton Mowbray girls begin to sound like hard-muscled, straw-chomping bumpkins, think again. Imagine the Upper Sixth at St Trinians and you are on the right lines.

Academically they can muster a wad of GCE "O" Level certificates and Private Carol Forwood. Carol is the first WRAC girl at Melton Mowbray to qualify as an animal nursing auxiliary. After normal daytime stints in the veterinary hospital, where she cares for 20 or more sick horses, Carol shut herself up with her books to swot for the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons examination. Now she is the veterinary equal of a state registered nurse.

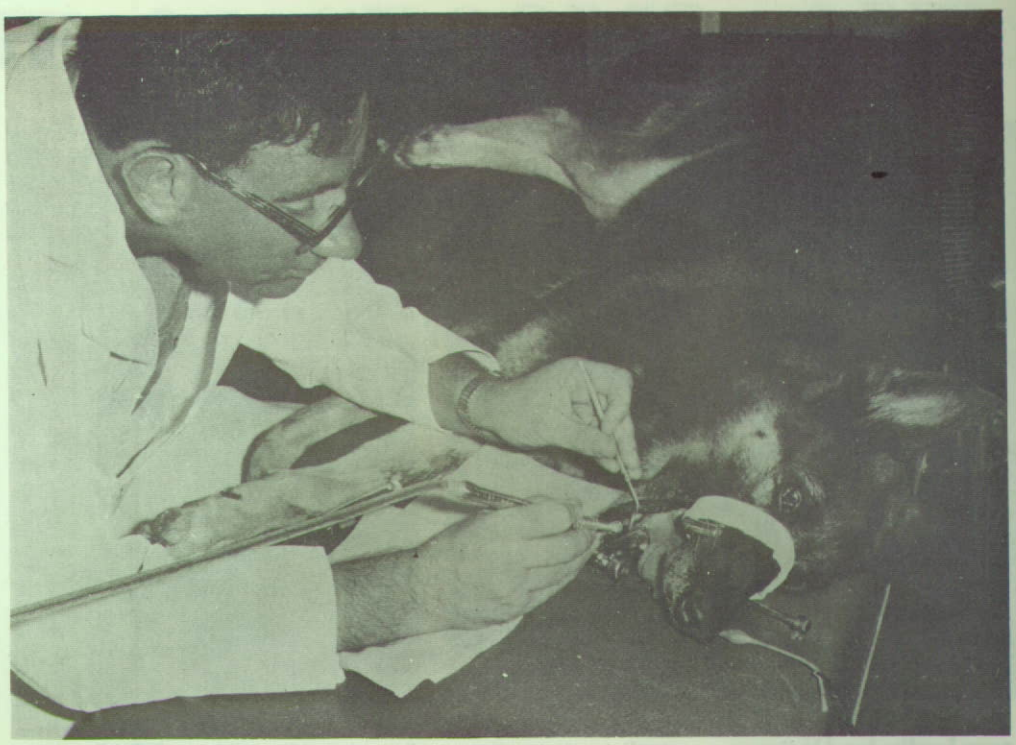
Sports? But yes. Melton Mowbray boasts several distinguished sportswomen, none more than Private Rosemary Morton, the Army foil champion.

There is also a record to which the girls confidently lay claim. No one, they say, could possibly get through more hand-cream. It obviously does the trick. When they go out in the evenings made up and dressed to kill or seriously wound, they look deliciously feminine and quite unbelievably fragile.

Which leads us to the "bride-slide," the wastage through marriage which is a perpetual worry to Colonel Wilkins. In an average year, 43 per cent of the girls who arrive as grooms depart as brides.

Story by JOHN SAAR
Pictures by ARTHUR BLUNDELL

LEFT, RIGHT AND CENTRE



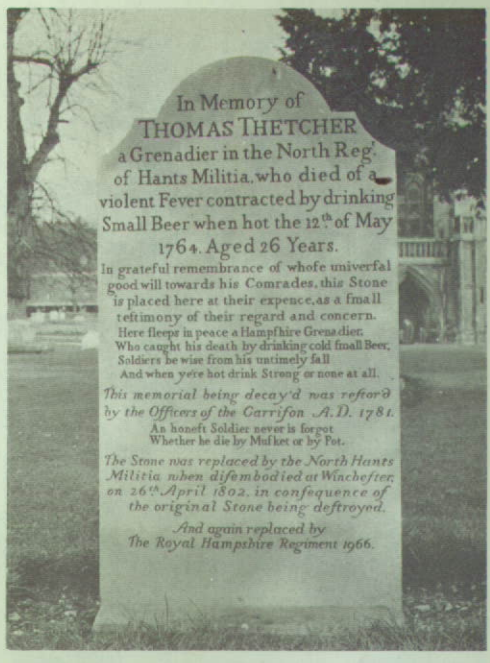
Sheba, a three-year-old war dog, has been fitted with a silver tooth by the Royal Army Dental Corps. The only bitch in a kennel of dogs at 3 War Dog Training Unit, Royal Army Veterinary Corps, in Cyprus, Sheba broke one of her fang teeth a few months ago—and for a war dog that is about as serious as losing a rifle. So she was marched off to the British Military Hospital at Dhekelia where, under an anaesthetic administered by veterinary officer Captain Mike Heald, dentist Major Lionel Kessel set to work on his most unusual patient. Staff-Sergeant Bill Rossborough prepared the "crown" for the broken tooth from a series of impressions and Sheba finally left hospital with much tail-wagging and a gleaming silver fang tooth. There will be no holding her in the kennels now—she will probably want false eyelashes next! Equally happy was the dentist: "I wish all my patients were as good."

In less than four months boys at the Army Apprentices School, Chepstow (who are hardly in the super-tax income bracket), voluntarily donated enough money from their weekly pay to buy a tractor for Oxfam. Now being used by an agricultural training school for homeless children in Chile, the tractor, complete with loader, was handed over to Oxfam at a ceremony on the school parade ground by Apprentice George Whittick, youngest boy in the school.

How's that? No, it's not going to be a perfect catch. The gunner is throwing a hot shell clear after Chestnut Troop, 1st Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery, fired a ceremonial salute in Aden recently.

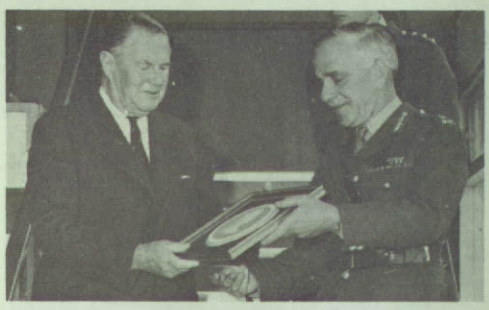
Mr Osita Aduba (left) meets another Nigerian ex-soldier, Alhaji S M Mu'azu, after a service in St Clement Danes Church, London, for delegates of the British Commonwealth Ex-Services League. Representatives of 38 countries met in London for the 17th conference since the League was founded in 1921. It links 17 million ex-Servicemen and women of the British Commonwealth through their national bodies and it helps individuals and finances schemes likely to benefit large numbers of former Servicemen. Unusually, it makes no public appeal for funds, relying on the generosity of the member nations.

Trumpeters' eye view of the scene in Glasgow during one of the many events held this year to celebrate the 250th anniversary of the Royal Artillery. It was a beating of the retreat ceremony before a civic ball in the City Chambers and here, as the massed pipes and drums of divisional artillery parade in front of the Cenotaph, trumpeters sound the Last Post.



For the third time in history a memorial stone to a militiaman who, poor chap, died after drinking "cold small beer," has been replaced by The Royal Hampshire Regiment. The memorial has stood outside Winchester Cathedral for the last 200 years—now the Regiment hopes that the new stone will last for at least the next century, proving "An honest Soldier never is forgot, Whether he die by Musket or by Pot."

See the anguish on this young mother's face? Her baby, tucked away in the folds of that sling, is desperately ill. Now she is arriving at Kuching Hospital where doctors will save the life of the baby. An hour ago she was sitting in a jungle village watching her baby approaching death. There was no hope until miraculously a patrol of green-clad soldiers appeared. They talked into a box and a great bird appeared in the sky to carry off the mother and baby. To the jungle Ibans it is powerful magic—to British soldiers in Borneo it is humdrum routine and to the helicopter crew just one more mission.



Wedgewood blue plaques marking the 50th anniversary of the National Savings movement have been presented to Commands of all three Services. They are a token of appreciation of the support given by the Services to National Savings. Here Air Chief-Marshal Sir Hugh Saunders, Chairman of the Forces Saving Committee, is seen presenting a plaque to Lieutenant-General Sir Kenneth Darling, of Southern Command.

Worried that a traditional champagne launching might smash the boat and not the bottle, Mrs Heather Herring, wife of the officer commanding 200 (Singapore) Provost Company, launched speedboat Redcap II by pouring a baptismal dribble on the foredeck. The spectators drank the remainder of the bottle. Capable of 30 knots, Redcap II was bought with a Nuffield grant and will be used by the policemen for water-skiing, fishing and sight seeing around Singapore waters.

By road, rail, sea and air

Above: Black Watch crews and carriers waiting for the "off" at Tobruk. Below: Lorries and APCs load for shipping across the Mediterranean.

INSTEAD of the usual two watches, the Charles Macleod sailed from Malta to Tobruk with three—port, starboard and Black. Seven hundred men of 1st Battalion, The Black Watch had lashed down their vehicles, brushed up their boat drill and embarked for desert training in Libya.

Following a successful foray to Tobruk last year, the whole Battalion again abandoned its barracks in Minden, Northern Germany, for Exercise Seabird II. By taking their FV 432 armoured personnel carriers across the Mediterranean, The Black Watch notched a notable first. Never before had a British Army unit exercised with the tracked carriers outside Europe.

The new vehicles were driven through Germany and France and into the hold of the waiting transport ship. The journey reminded roadside spectators of the days when the armoured columns of the Afrika Korps drove this route to fight in North Africa against, among many others, The Black Watch.

By road, rail, sea and air, the 700 soldiers, their vehicles, supplies and equipment were ferried over to miraculously meet up at a training area camp 200 miles inland.

The most eagerly anticipated event of The Black Watch's training year lasted six weeks and left "432" tracks across thousands of square miles of desert. In the mechanised army of 1966 you're never alone—even in Libya—and helicopters and a squadron of Royal Scots Greys' tanks were there to join the fun.

The few gaps in a hectic training schedule were filled by visits to the Regiment's memorial cairn at Tobruk, sightseeing and bathing in the Mediterannean.

From a report by Army Public Relations.

It happened in OCTOBER

Date		Year
2	First British submarine launched at Barrow	1901
3	Surrender of Limerick	1691
7	Battle of Lepanto	1571
10	Outbreak of Chinese Revolution	1911
14	Battle of Hastings	1066 ▶
14	Battle of Jena	1806
17	Battle of Nevil's Cross	1346
18	Last State Lottery drawn in Britain	1826
19	Lord Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown	1781
23	Hungarian Revolt began	1956
27	Berlin captured by the French	1806
30	Fire at the Tower of London	1841

MACHINE-GUNNERS save British CENTO team

SHOOTING on home territory at Bisley, only the machine-gunners saved the British team from a crushing all-round defeat in the CENTO Small-Arms Competition this year.

Even brilliant sunshine on all three days of the competition could not help British fortunes and by the final afternoon the team trailed dismally behind the other three teams from the United States, Turkey and Persia.

All British hopes were pinned on the final event—the Light Machine-Gun Championship—and to the vast relief of all the home spectators the British team carried off the trophy and bolstered itself into third place overall.

It was the third annual shooting match held by the Central Treaty Organisation powers to test the skill of competing teams and to enable soldiers of all ranks in the CENTO nations to have a friendly get-together.

The competition, named Nishan (a Persian word for aiming), was held in Turkey last year when Persia won the overall championship and the rifle trophy, with the United States winning the pistol trophy and Britain the light machine-gun title. Pakistan, the fifth CENTO power and a keen competitor in the first two Nishan matches, was unable this year to send a team.

Each team comprised 28 men from one battalion with a fixed proportion of officers, experienced soldiers and young soldiers. The British team was found from marksmen of 3rd Battalion, The Royal Green Jackets (The Rifle Brigade).

Nishan III opened at Bisley in perfect weather with the strong United States team from 21st Infantry Regiment in Germany, led by NATO rifle champion Lieutenant Michael Wikan, winning the rifle title with a score of 1658 points, 135 ahead of Persia. Turkey scored 1430 and Britain trailed with 1409, despite British Company Sergeant-Major P Young, a well-known Bisley figure, shooting his way to the second highest individual score, only four points behind the individual winner, an American.

It was the same sad story for Britain in the pistol championship which was easily won by the United States pair with 253 points out of a possible 288. Top scorer Sergeant Geza Hajos (Turkey), reigning NATO pistol champion, dropped only 11 points in the four practices. Turkey came second with 229 points, Persia scored 225 and Britain 210.

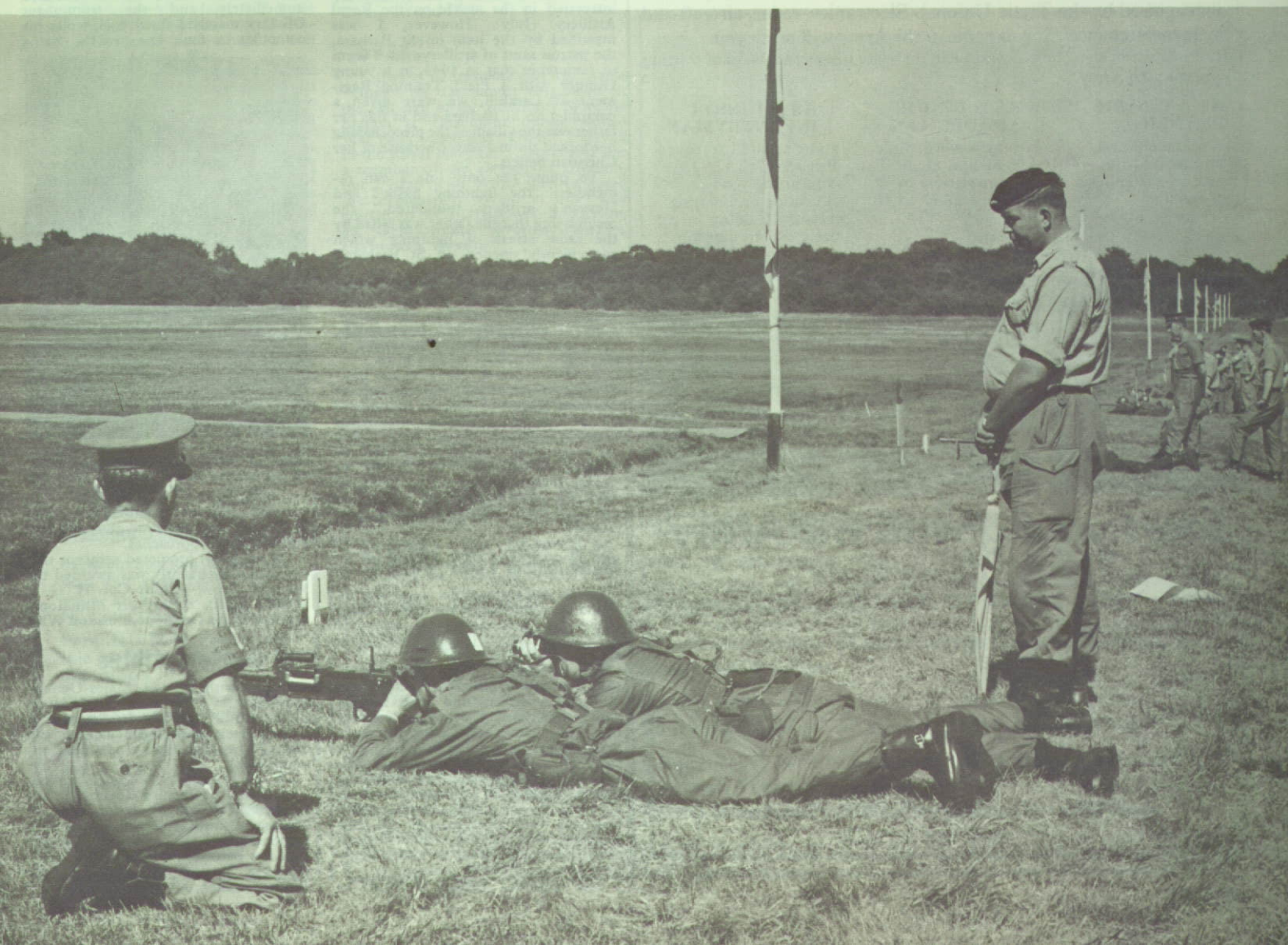
Before the start of the final event, Britain was in a depressing situation 292 points behind the leading Americans and 40 points behind Turkey, then in third position.

Five pairs were firing for each country and in the British team were two Army champions—Corporal V Brooks, the reigning Queen's medallist, and Corporal A Notley, 1963 champion. They quickly piled on the points and after the first two pairs had fired Britain had overtaken the Turks by 117 points. The supreme hopefuls even thought the British lads might squeeze into second place overall, but with 1238 points they won the event and got themselves third place overall.

A complaint that Corporal Notley stamped the tripod of his machine-gun into the ground was upheld as a "minor infringement" and it cost the British team 34 points, though this had no effect on the final placings.

Runners-up in the machine-gun match were America with 1159, Persia with 1149 and Turkey with 1061.

Final scores, out of a possible 4008 points, were: United States 3070; Persia 2897; Britain 2857; and Turkey 2720. At the closing ceremony in Aldershot on the following day, the prizes were presented by Field-Marshal Sir Richard Hull, Chief of the Defence Staff.



Corporal Alan Notley shooting in the machine-gun event and piling up vital points for Britain.

Letters

Fit for heroes

Accepting the precept that "nothing is too good for the best," the hospitality offered to that gallant Gurkha VC, Lance-Corporal Rambahadur Limbu, was surely marred by the fact that he was accommodated in London, in Regents Park Barracks, Albany Street, and not in the more modern Chelsea or Wellington Barracks.

When I first learned he was to stay at Regents Park Barracks my mind went back over 30 years to the memory of outside open iron and stone stairways and an abundance of whitewashed walls. Even in those days we were told the barracks had been condemned and so I thought the present barracks would be very up-to-date.

Imagine my surprise when a televised interview with the Press showed him walking down those self-same open stairs with his son against a background of whitewashed walls! I felt ashamed that this was the best the powers-that-be could do for this gallant young man.

Among all the pleasant memories he will surely have taken back with him to his homeland,

St Barbara

As an ex-Gunner I was particularly interested in the article on the Royal Artillery (July). However, I was mystified by the item on St Barbara, the patron saint of artillerymen. I seem to remember that in 1944, as a young Gunner with 4 Field Training Regiment at Larkhill, we were given a pamphlet on St Barbara and in this her father was the villain of the piece, having her locked up in a tower because of her Christian beliefs.

To quote the only line I can remember, "the lightning flashed and Heaven's artillery thundered," the result being that the father was killed by the same streak of lightning which conveniently opened up St Barbara's prison.

I wonder if any reader recalls this pamphlet as the St Barbara in the article sounds more like the patron saint of chemical warfare.—**J Sims, 111 Hollingbury Road, Brighton 6, Sussex.**

★ *There are several legends of St Barbara. Another, similar to that quoted by Mr Sims, runs that when she confessed herself a Christian she was taken before the prefect, who ordered her torture and execution. The sentence was carried out by her father who was then struck by lightning on his way home. The legend quoted in SOLDIER is certainly more colourful.*

Michael O'Leary VC

It was unfortunate that space was not found in the article on the Irish Guards (July) for the remarkable story of Michael O'Leary VC, which became a legend around the world.

On 1 February 1915, at Guinchy, the Germans captured a trench held by the Coldstream and Irish Guards which immediately came under very heavy shell and small-arms fire as a preliminary to counter-attack. Lance Corporal O'Leary had spotted a German machine-gun barricade and when the Guards went over he rushed forward, jumped into a trench and killed five Germans who barred his way. He then raced off to the barricade some 80 yards away, making a detour to avoid boggy ground in front of the position.

The Germans worked feverishly to get their gun into action but the intrepid Irishman was upon them. Two Germans fell, the other two surrendered immediately and the triumphant O'Leary marched them back while his comrades re-took the trench, being

Single-handed, L/Cpl O'Leary silenced an enemy machine-gun position.

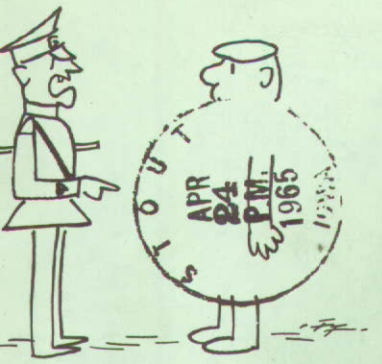
spared very heavy casualties as a result of the silenced machine-gun that had dominated all approaches.

O'Leary was promoted sergeant that day and subsequently was awarded the Victoria Cross.—**Lieut-Col H G E Woods (Rtd), 2 Playfair Mansions, Queens Club Gardens, London W14.**

Old Contemptibles

I read with interest Major-General R E Barnsley's letter (July). However, the record of the Boast family, of The South Lancashire Regiment, can cap that of the Loft family as Old Contemptibles.

On 14 August 1914, 2nd Battalion, The South Lancashire Regiment, landed in France, was engaged at Mons on 24 August, and served in France and Flanders until the Armistice. Present with the Battalion at Mons were Lieutenant S T Boast (later Major), the Quarter-master; his brother, Sergeant J



the accommodation given him during his sojourn in London cannot be very high on his list.—**Maj F H Blackburn (Rtd), 53 Devonshire Road, Mill Hill, London NW7.**

★ *Regents Park Barracks are the transit barracks used to accommodate soldiers staying temporarily in London and the interior fittings and decorations, SOLDIER is told, are similar to those in other more modern barracks in London. SOLDIER understands that Regents Park Barracks are scheduled eventually to be replaced by new married quarters.*

S Boast, (later Captain) and his eldest son, Corporal S W Boast (later Major).

All three were later awarded the Military Cross and all were also mentioned in despatches, Major S T Boast three times. He also held the Distinguished Conduct Medal, which he won in the South African War.

Captain J S Boast, also a South African War veteran, was killed in action with the 2nd Battalion in March 1918, his brother and nephew surviving until 1930 and 1961 respectively, the latter again seeing active service in World War Two.—**Capt T W A Watkins, Secretary, Regimental Association, The South Lancashire Regiment, Peninsula Barracks, Warrington, Lancs.**

Apropos Major-General Barnsley's letter, I would like to add the following.

When the Irish Guards went to France with the BEF in 1914, with them were Company Sergeant-Major George Murphy and his son, Tom, later promoted sergeant. In 1916 father and son had the proud distinction of winning the Distinguished Conduct Medal on the same day and in the same trench.

A second son, Con, joined the Regiment in 1916 and saw active service for the remainder of the war, and a third son, Phil, joined the Regiment in 1918. The horse that won the Grand National in 1922, Sergeant Murphy, was named after Tom.

After retiring, CSM George Murphy became an In-Pensioner at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, and died at 89. Sergeant Tom Murphy died in 1921, Sergeant Con in 1935 and CSM Phil in 1943. I attended the funeral of CSM Phil and leading the cortege was his father, proudly marching behind the last of his three sons, who were all Regulars.—**J Barrett, Honorary Secretary, Midlands Branch, Irish Guards Assn, 78 London Road, Worcester.**

Soldier of the year

May I congratulate SOLDIER on the excellent July front cover.

To see the smiling, happy face of Lance-Corporal Rambahadur Limbu VC, not in full regimental dress but in his jungle green, makes him stand out as Soldier of the Year.—**Lieut-Col. F W Heffer REME, Central Ordnance Depot, Donnington, Shropshire.**

I write to compliment SOLDIER on the picture of Lance-Corporal Rambahadur Limbu VC. It is first class. In my wife's opinion he is much better looking than any of these film stars and pop singers who adorn so many of our popular magazines.

Keep on producing this excellent magazine; it is certainly good value for money.—**D Paul, Rose Villa, 4 Honey Hill, Gamlingay, Sandy, Beds.**

I have read SOLDIER for nearly four years and think its quality and taste are as good as ever. The July cover picture is a great tribute to a very brave man, but can you please tell me what the end ribbon of the three shown represents? I am a keen collector but cannot trace it.—**J Hodgson, 27 George Street, Whitby, Yorks.**

★ *The ribbon is that of the General Service Medal* 1962.

"Guzz"

I always understood that the name "Guzz" for Devonport originated in the call sign of the Admiralty Wireless Station at Devonport during World War One, which was "GUZ." I served in the Royal Navy for 17 years and was a member of the Devonport Division, but I have never before seen or heard the explanation given in the July edition of SOLDIER.—**R S Taylor, 86 Grassendale Avenue, Swilly, Plymouth, Devon.**

★ *SOLDIER's gastronomic derivation was supplied by the Ministry of Defence (Navy).*

Expatriate's view

I am a regular reader of SOLDIER and enjoy every issue. I have great respect for the British Army, with the exception of the Irish regiments and the Irishmen in them. These men, who join and fight for an army that occupies a part of Ireland, are Quislings. I have no use for them, Ireland has no use for them and I cannot understand how the British Army can have any use for them. This is equally true of Irishmen from the North and the South, as any man who turns on the country of his birth cannot and should not be trusted by anyone.

I also take exception to a statement made in the article on The Royal Ulster Rifles (June) that "there was geniune regret that the 1921 partition of Ireland had cost the Regiment its name." Since when does the name of a regiment compare with the freedom of a nation? We all work and pray for the day when no British regiment carries the name of even a part of Ireland.—**Patrick McVeigh, 10 Plaza Street, Brooklyn 38, New York, USA.**

SECOND TIME LUCKY?

Competitors in the second picture acrostic (Competition 96, May) found this as simple as the similar April puzzle. Only three entries were wrong.

The correct solution was:

			A	U	S	T	E	R
F	E	R	R	E	T			
			B	E	A	V	E	R
		V	I	G	I	L	A	N	T
			D	U	K	W		
			C	H	A	M	P	
		L	A	N	D	R	O	V	E	R
			A	B	B	O	T	

Prizewinners were:

1 Sgt T Lowless, Recce Sqn, I RTR, BFPO 69.

2 Sgt T Baxter, 3 DG, 8 Victoria Road Estate, Prestatyn, N Wales.

3 Cpl R Robinson, HQ Tp, 21 Sqn RCT, BFPO 20.

4 Capt D G Smith, 62 Humber Way, Donnington, Salop.

5 Mrs J M Soutar, 18 Gisborne Close, Mickleover, Derby.

6 Cfn T Stephenson, LAD REME, 4 Div HQ and Sigs Regt, BFPO 15.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(*see page* 29)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1 *Pattern of tie third from left.* 2 *Soldier's pocket.* 3 *Left Bird.* 4 *Length of the second from left.* 5 "*A*" *in "MAN-SHOP."* 6 *Hand of church clock.* 7 *Wing mirror of car.* 8 *Foot of Belisha beacon.* 9 *Collar button of shirt in window.* 10 *Length of girl's skirt.*

COLLECTORS' CORNER

E E Woods, 38 Ashurst Road, Cosham, Hants.—*Will exchange German propaganda leaflet on Dieppe raid for United States World War Two helmet, size 7⅛.*

G Christian, 200 East 21st Street, New York 10010, USA.—*Requires insignia of French and Spanish Foreign Legions, Spahis, Chasseurs d'Afrique, Senegalese, Zouaves, Tirailleurs etc. Also interested Colonial and Commonwealth regiments.*

REUNIONS

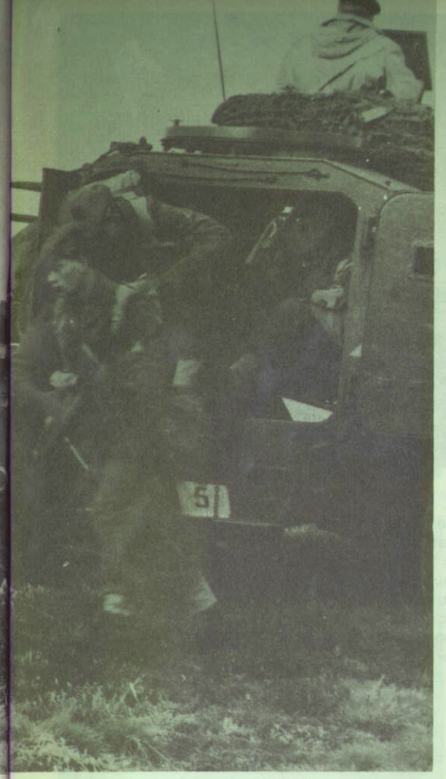
1st/4th Battalion, The Buffs (1914–1919). Reunion dinner, Saturday, 29 October, at County Hotel, Canterbury, 6 for 6.30pm. Tickets 12s 6d from local secretary or from Lieut-Col H L Cremer, Hampton Gay, 40 New Dover Road, Canterbury, Kent.

Army Catering Corps Association Reunion dinner at Victory Ex-Services Club, Seymour Street, London W2, Friday, 21 October. Tickets 27s 6d each from Secretary, ACC Association, Tournai Barracks, Aldershot, Hants.

Queen's Royal Irish Hussars. Regimental dinner at Victory Ex-Services Club, Seymour Street, London W2, 5 November. Details from Home HQ, QRIH, 74 Clifton Street, Belfast 13.

4th/5th Battalion, The Northamptonshire Regiment. Reunion dinner, Saturday, 15 October, 7.30pm. at TA Centre, London Road, Peterborough. Tickets 10s from Adjutant at above address.

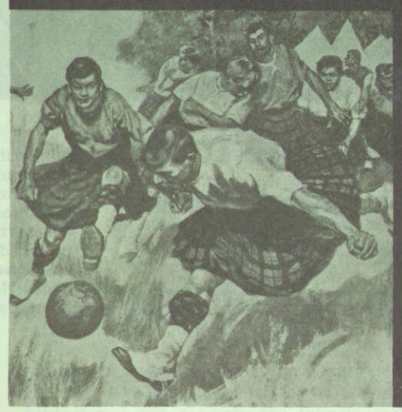
Mountains and Music



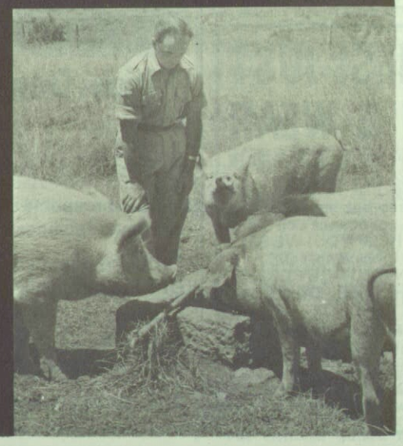
Right: Service since the end of the war has taken the Gordons to every kind of terrain and climate.

Bottom picture: The Gordons played on when a Boer shell enlivened a football game at Ladysmith.

Below right: Immaculate parade in bad weather for (below) a duly impressed American general.



Above: Spirited exits from armoured personnel carriers for Gordons training at Celle, Germany.
Right: Pipers and warriors confer on tribal dress.
Below: Rifle talk with Bechuanaland Police.
Bottom left: Observation on an Indonesian island.
Bottom right: In Kenya, the Gordons ran a farm.



PICQUETTING the burning heights of the Khyber Pass, searching the forested peaks of the Troodos and probing the jungled ridges of Borneo were tasks tailor-made for the mountain-born men of The Gordon Highlanders. The Regiment which embodies the proud spirit of the warrior Highlander has always fought well, but never better than when in the mountains.

In times past, breeding and environment gave the Scot an inner resolution and a short, strength-conserving pace for exhausting campaigns like Wellington's Pyrenees battles against the French. Terrain that has left other soldiers breathless, the Gordons have crossed at the charge inspired by their own wild cries and the skirl of the pipes.

Music and mountains played their part in a famous Gordons battle remembered whenever the regimental march, "Cock of the North," is played. In 1888, rebel tribesmen were holding a brigade at bay at Dargai, on India's North-West Frontier. The Gordons were ordered to continue the attack and, in simple words that later became famous, Colonel Mathias told his men: "The General says the hill must be taken at all costs—The Gordon Highlanders will take it."

A wave of kilted, cheering demons swept across the dangerous approaches at a run and took the ridge. The pipes were skirling although the piper was shot through both feet and could not move. For playing on under heavy fire, Piper George Findlater received the Victoria Cross. Among the tunes he played that day was "Cock of the North."

The Regiment was born in 1794, when France declared war on England and the 4th Duke of Gordon decided to raise a regiment from his vast Scottish estates. He was helped by a wife of elegance and shrewdness who rode to country fairs in a regimental jacket and tempted recruits to enlist for a kiss.

Originally the 100th Regiment, the Gordons had been renumbered 92nd when they sailed for Holland and their first campaign. There, to quote an eye witness's courtly phrase, "they excited admiration" for their bravery in a battle against Dutch and French on the beaches of Egmont-op-Zee.

In three great battles resulting in a French retreat from Egypt in 1801 the Gordons helped to give Napoleon a foretaste of the future. Nine years later the Spanish Peninsula was the battlefield and the 92nd fought in Wellington's Army for four years before the French finally retreated over the Pyrenees. During one of these battles the 92nd made a night march and surprised a French encampment at dawn by marching in to the strains of "Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye waukin' yet?"

The fifteenth of June 1815 was a night of splendour and excitement for the top people of Brussels at the Duchess of Richmond's Ball. The ladies particularly enjoyed the Highland dancing of four Gordon sergeants and, looking on, their Colonel, John Cameron, was pleased and proud. The ball broke up in confusion with the news of Napoleon's advance and the officers left to join their regiments on the march. Within 24 hours some of the gay Gordon dancers had been killed and Cameron himself was dying.

Quatre Bras was a vital holding action and Cameron's death roused the Gordons to a seething fury which drove the French from the field. That night the 92nd ate their supper from the breastplates of dead French cuirassiers, but their hearts were heavy for the Colonel they called "Fassiefern" and many other dead. Sir Walter Scott wrote that in 20 years with the Regiment, Cameron had accompanied and led it "always to honour, almost always to victory."

He would have exulted in the charge the 92nd made at a crucial stage of the main battle of Waterloo. The Gordons thundered into the French lines on the stirrups of the Scots Greys yelling "Scotland for ever."

Called to India to crush the mutiny in 1857, the 92nd first met the 75th with which they were to be forcibly amalgamated in 1881. Founded in 1787, Abercromby's Highlanders had done most of their soldiering in India, but they saved their finest achievement for the arrival of the 92nd. After a three-month siege they stormed the walls of Delhi and won three Victoria Crosses.

The two Regiments "celebrated" the merger with mock funerals. The Gordons interred a flag inscribed "92" with full panoply of oration, piper's lament and shots over the grave. When the flag was recovered next morning, someone had scrawled on it "No deid yet!"

And Doornkop proved it. What started as a demonstration against a strong Boer position became a full-scale assault. The Boers fled before a superb display of unflinching resolution. Winston Churchill watched the remorseless advance and wrote: "There is no doubt that they are the finest Regiment in the world."

The Gordons put comparatively few battalions into the field for World War One but the death roll shows they were in the thick of the battle and paid heavily. The nine Gordon battalions sustained nearly 30,000 casualties. It must have been a day of great joy and sorrow when the 1st Battalion force-marched to join seven other battalions for a great Gordon gathering in the middle of the war.

The Regiment was unusually afflicted in World War Two by the capture of the two Regular battalions at St Valery and the fall of Singapore. The Gordons fought in North Africa, Italy and Burma with the settlement of this score in mind. By the time Germany finally surrendered, three battalions had fought across north-western Europe from the Normandy beaches and the Gordons had taken their revenge.

The end of the war brought no end to fighting for The Gordon Highlanders. In fact the last 23 years have been as varied and eventful as any period in their history. From Berlin the newly amalgamated 1st and 2nd Battalions went to Malaya. In three years of jungle operations against the Communist terrorists the Gordons gained an excellent reputation reinforced immediately afterwards in Cyprus. Fifteen months on the murder island cost the Gordons as many killed as the Malayan Emergency.

On duty in East Africa from 1961 to 1964, the patient men of the 92nd intervened in a series of Ruritanian disorders in that part of the world. On a one-year tour to Borneo the Regiment scored striking successes and set a record for the longest unbroken period of operations.

Now at home in Scotland on ceremonial duties, the Gordons find it a relief to speak their native tongue after years of miming to Swazi warriors, Chinese, Cypriots, Dyaks—and the English.

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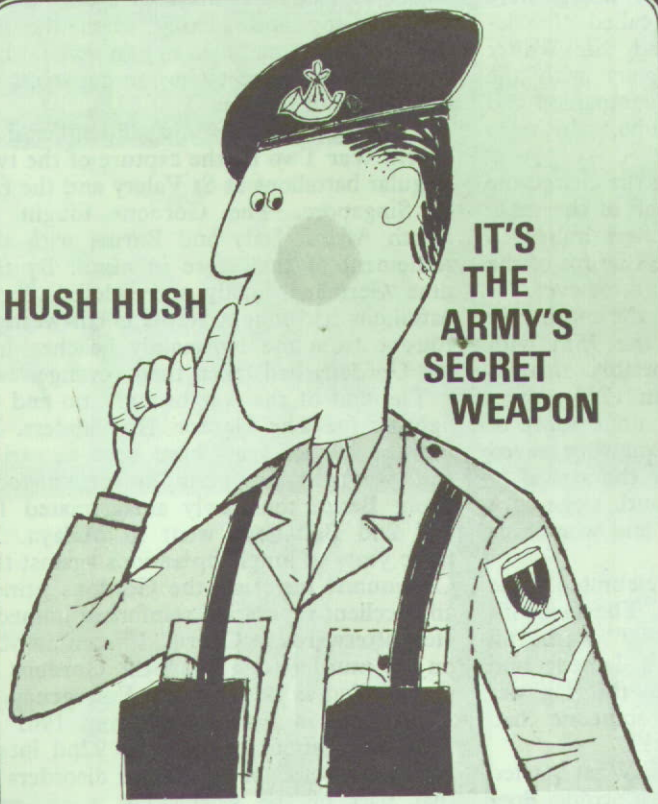


GUINNESS

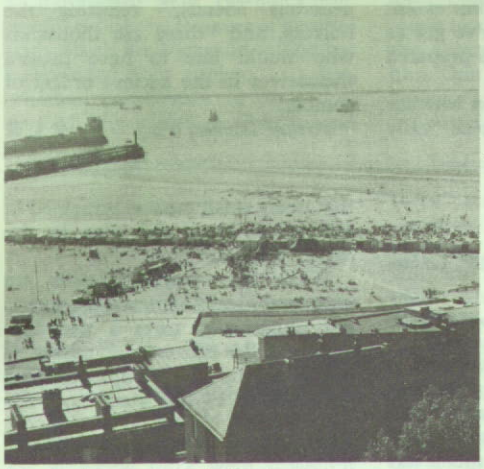
FOR STRENGTH

Meet Miss **Mint Imperial**

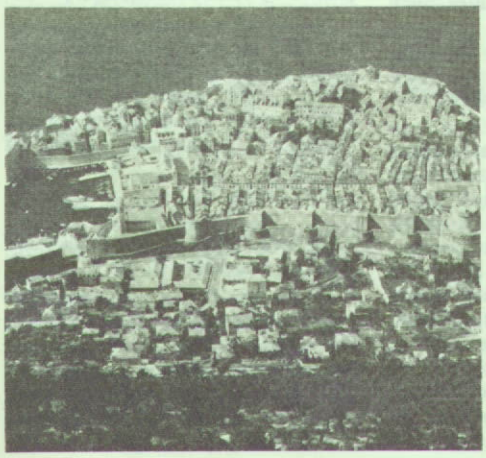
You could, if she was, but she isn't . . . just a picturesque way of bringing to your attention the fact that **Wilkinsons** make marvellous **Mint Imperials** from only 6d per pack from your Naafi.

Back from holiday

The drummer did not go to Palma . . .



Line had never been to Boulogne . . .
Jetways flew to Dubrovnik (below) . . .



THERE WERE just six privates in the train compartment, all returning from leave to their units at Colchester in Essex. Each, it turned out, had been on a "package" holiday to a European resort and each had booked through a different agency.

The only points they all had in common were that their holidays began and ended in London, each brought back a gift associated with the area he visited, and each bore a surname associated with another's rank (for example, the Gunner was not called Abbot).

Fitter limited his choice to the Betta-tours, Coachwise and Railhols brochures because these agencies offered no air holidays and he preferred not to fly. The Piper, wanting to travel much further afield than Blackpool, favoured the Far-flung agency.

Horn flew over Perpignan at the same time as the Coachwise soldier, who brought back castanets, arrived there. The Signal-man did not go abroad. Gatwick Airport was the starting point of the Jetways holiday to Dubrovnik; the Bandsman, who brought back lace, also flew out and back.

While the soldiers discussed their holi-days, the Craftsman and Line admitted they had never heard of Estartit and Montreux and never been through Boulogne although one of them had brought back Slivovica and could spell it!

The soldier who flew to Palma from London Airport was not the Drummer. Chanter, who had never landed at Nicosia Airport and had not seen the Jetways and Medflights brochures, set out from Euston Station.

One of the musicians spent an air holiday at Kyrenia and another brought back pearls. The other gifts were a watch and a stick of rock. Gunner Kettle, who never took seaside holidays, booked with Railhols.

From this information you can deduce (don't make too many assumptions!) the answers to the following three questions:

(a) What rank was Abbot?

(b) What agency did the Drummer choose?

(c) What gift did the Craftsman bring back?

Send your answers on a postcard or by letter, with the "Competition 101" label (above) and your name and address, to:

The Editor (Comp 101)
SOLDIER
433 Holloway Road
London N7.

Closing date for this competition is **Monday, 19 December, 1966.** The answers and winners' names will appear in the February 1967 SOLDIER. More than one entry can be submitted but each must be accompanied by a "Competition 101" label. Winners will be drawn by lots from correct entries.

★ Prizes

1 £10 in cash
2 £5 in cash
3-4 £3 each in cash
5-6 £2 each in cash
7-8 £1 each in cash
9 Three books and SOLDIER free for a year
10 SOLDIER free for a year or a SOLDIER Easibinder

COMPETITION 101

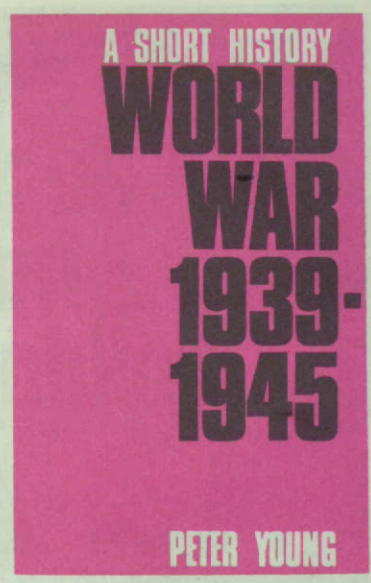
London Airport was the starting point for Palma . . .

Horn flew over Perpignan . . .

A musician went to Kyrenia . . .
Kettle never went to the seaside . . .

S.O. Code No. 72-32-66-10

BOOKS



MOMENTOUS YEARS

"World War, 1939-45" (Peter Young)

This is a crisply-written account of the momentous events of those six years which can be confidently recommended to young people who have grown up with no memories of them and which also contains some brief comments of interest to those who took part.

Of the Norway and Dunkirk campaigns, for example, Brigadier Young says the British forces were well commanded, a verdict which will find much more support today than it would have done at the time.

Reviewing Wavell's Middle East campaigns, he makes the interesting assertion that "War is to some extent a business of credit—you've got as many men as the enemy is prepared to believe you've got."

He has an open mind on whether the British effort in Greece really did delay Hitler's attack on Russia; calls the fall of Singapore "an anthology of all that is worst in British military history," and considers that the Allies had very much the better of the bargain in Italy.

Montgomery he rates as "that rarest of animals in the British military hierarchy, a thoroughgoing professional," and his D-Day plan as "masterly."

Eisenhower he calls a "loyal and trusted ally" to rank with Prince Eugene and Marshal Blucher.

Brigadier Young is pessimistic about the world's having learned the lesson that war should be avoided in the future. This is in part because the veteran "remembers the good times, the careless—almost carefree—life of disinterested comradeship amidst brave and generous friends," rejecting the horrors, and "there are thousands who would like to have proved themselves in the ancient ordeal of combat."

Arthur Barker, 45s **R L E**

IN BRIEF

"Russia at War, 1941-1945" (Alexander Werth)

The author, a journalist, was born in Russia, emigrated to England after the Revolution and returned to Moscow as *Sunday Times* correspondent when Hitler launched his invasion. His book is a readable 932 pages, in his own words "much less a military story of the war than its human story and, to a lesser extent, its political story." It includes much personal experience.

Pan Books, 12s 6d

"My Life in the Machine Gun Corps" (P G Ackrell)

An artlessly unemotional record of the simple facts of life as seen by a young soldier in a "suicide corps" of World War One—the aftermath of the Somme, Cambrai, the German breakthrough of March 1918, the final advance to the Rhine and a short spell of garrison life in India.

Historians will be interested in some of the authentic minutae of soldiering in a Corps that had no past and was destined to have no future. Younger readers may note that many small matters remained in 1939-45 as they had been in the earlier conflict.

While his everyday details are photographically accurate, the author not unnaturally takes a parochial view of wider matters, and makes an occasional slip; for example, the field guns of 1917-18 were not 25-pounders.

A H Stockwell, Ilfracombe, 9s

"Hitler's War Directives, 1939-1945" (Edited by H R Trevor-Roper)

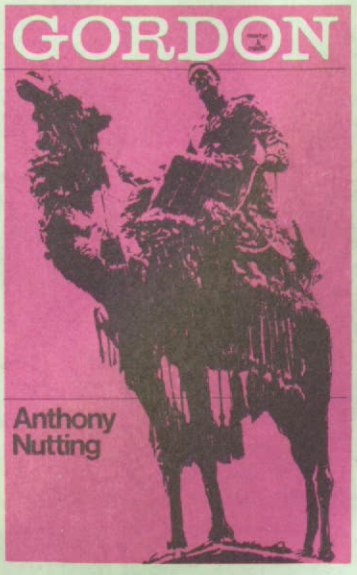
Helped by an admirable introduction and commentary, these documents give a good insight into Hitler's war planning methods. They include his directives for the invasion of Britain and capture of Gibraltar.

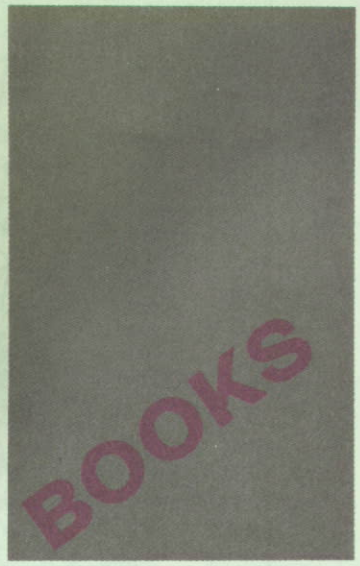
Pan Books, 5s

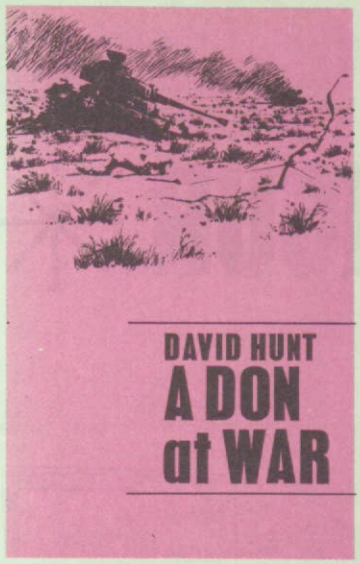
"The July Plot" (Roger Manvell and Heinrich Fraenkl)

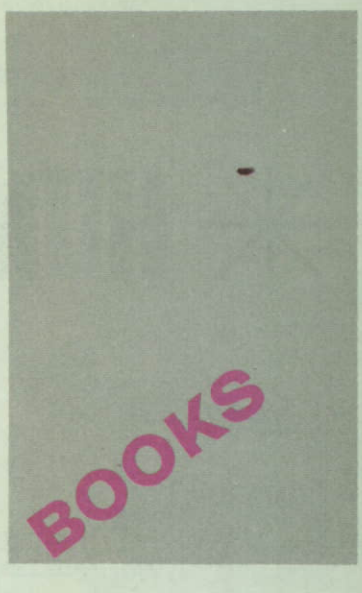
On 20 July 1944 a bomb exploded under a conference table in Hitler's headquarters. The Fuhrer emerged shaken, bruised, and more convinced than ever of his destiny, to exact bloody revenge on the conspirators.

Pan Books, 5s









DEATH WISH

"Gordon: Martyr and Misfit" (Anthony Nutting)

Victorian Britain idolised Gordon. He embodied all the virtues the Victorians held dear—fervent Christian, fighting soldier and perfect example of courage, patriotism and godliness.

Mr Nutting presents a deeply penetrating study of Gordon and shatters much of the legend that other biographers have helped to perpetuate.

Of the Taiping rebellion, for instance, the author writes: "It is a matter of inescapable historical fact that the lion's share of the credit for defeating the Taipings belonged to Tseng Kuo-fan and his armies. Yet so hypnotised have Gordon's biographers been by the aura of heroism with which the Victorian legend has surrounded their subject . . . that, whether consciously or not, they give all the credit to Gordon and ignore Tseng Kuo-fan, in some cases not even mentioning his name."

Nevertheless Gordon's intense religious fervour, his reckless courage in China (and earlier in the Crimea) and the fact that he died at the hands of a heathen fanatic made the birth of the legend inevitable.

What drove Gordon on? Why did he take such risks? Mr Nutting, a former Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, asserts that Gordon's life was governed by a death wish. He asks: "Was it simply . . . the impatient longing of a man . . . to have done with earthly life and live all the time in the next? Or was there some other irresistible psychological compulsion which made him yearn for his 'release'?"

If Gordon's death in Khartoum was in fact the satisfaction of a death wish then the Victorian hero has much to answer for, bearing in mind the thousands who perished with him. One can hardly believe that the "release" he found was happy.

Constable, 35*s* **J C W**

EPIC IN NAGALAND

"Kohima" (Arthur Swinson)

On 7 March 1944 Tokyo Radio announced that the "March on Delhi" had begun. Less than four months later the bedraggled and demoralised remnants of the Japanese attacking force were straggling back across the Chindwin river.

Key point of this turning of the tide was the Battle of Kohima which according to Lord Mountbatten "will probably go down as one of the greatest battles in history."

Brigadier C E Lucas Phillips's "Springboard to Victory" (reviewed SOLDIER, July) gave an excellent account of the heroic defence of Kohima against the Japanese onslaught. Mr Swinson, who served there as Staff Captain, 5 Brigade, now surveys the whole battle, for after the siege there remained two months of fierce fighting in foul conditions before the final breakthrough opened the road south to Imphal and Burma.

Mr Swinson brings to his narrative the authority of one "who was there" and has obtained much new material from commanders, officers and men, both British and Japanese, who also took part in the battle. He paints an accurate picture of the extremely difficult terrain—described by Field-Marshal Lord Slim as "the hellish jungle-mountains" of Assam.

We meet the fierce, head-hunting Naga tribesmen whose goodwill proved such an asset to the gallant British and Indian troops and also portrayed are the contrasting personalities of the British and Japanese generals, Grover and Sate, whose divisions struggled for possession of Kohima Ridge.

The troops of 2nd British Division, newly arrived from amphibious warfare training in Southern India, were inexperienced in mountain and jungle fighting. Their relief of the gallant defenders of Kohima and pressing on to vanquish the jungle-hardened and allegedly invincible Japanese are therefore the more remarkable.

The author is at pains to defend his Division against what he considers to have been its denigration for political expediency.

Cassels, 30*s* **D H C**

INTELLIGENCE AT WORK

"A Don at War" (David Hunt)

Colonel Sir David Hunt was an archaeologist who became a wartime Intelligence officer and a post-war diplomat. In the second capacity he saw service in Greece in 1940-41, in the Western Desert, Cairo, the other end of North Africa, Sicily, Italy and back again to Greece in 1944-45.

He writes racily of the campaigns in which he took part and assesses Allied and enemy commanders shrewdly and sometimes caustically. Alexander, on whose staff he served from August 1943 onward, is his principal hero—"unmistakable flash of genius . . . fantastically active mind."

Rommel's real gift, he considers, was for commanding an armoured regiment, perhaps a division; his absolute ceiling an armoured corps. He is scathing about Montgomery's caution and lines up with those who believe Monty's desert successes were due "not to wearing twice as many cap badges as General Auchinleck, but to having twice as many resources" and finds inaccuracies in his memoirs.

Apart from the Long Range Desert Group and the early Popski set-up he has no great opinion of "private armies."

He found that few officers who had spent their careers in the Intelligence Corps seemed at ease with other members of the staff. He maintains that Intelligence officers need no different qualifications from those in other staff branches, an unexpected view from a don who served in an area where Intelligence was often dominated by academics.

He is contemptuous of psychological warfare, which he found valueless, and has a poor opinion of German Intelligence.

A controversial question to which the author gives an answer is why Tobruk, which held out against the enemy for seven months in 1941, fell in two days in 1942. In the first case Rommel launched his attacks at the very strongest part of the perimeter. Crusader, the operation which relieved the garrison, was timed to anticipate the next German assault—solely because it was assumed the Germans had discovered by then where they should attack.

Without disparaging the garrison, the author believes the successful defence of Tobruk was due as much to Rommel's mistakes as to the defenders' gallantry and skill. In 1942 Rommel did not repeat his error.

William Kimber, 50*s* **R L E**

COGS, CRAYERS & BALLINGERS

"The Organisation of War Under Edward III" (H J Hewitt)

Every generation thinks its own particular conflicts are more bloody, involve more effort and are more devastating than those of any other age. It is refreshing therefore for moderns to delve through this book into the 14th century.

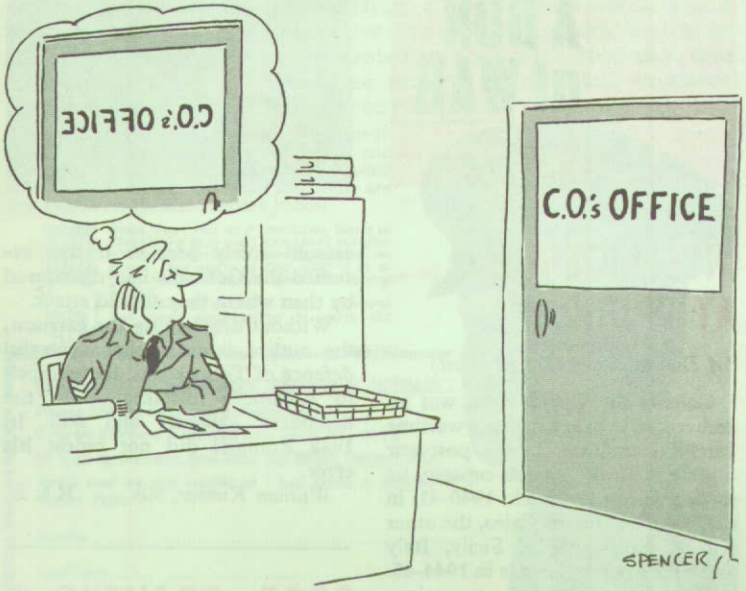
These were certainly exciting times. French raids on the south coast were almost daily occurrences and a complex system of beacons, bells and militia was evolved for defence. But the only real defence was to carry the war to France itself and this is what Edward III did. Offering plunder for all, he was prepared to recruit even criminals to swell his army. At 6d a day for a skilled mounted archer the plunder was a vital inducement.

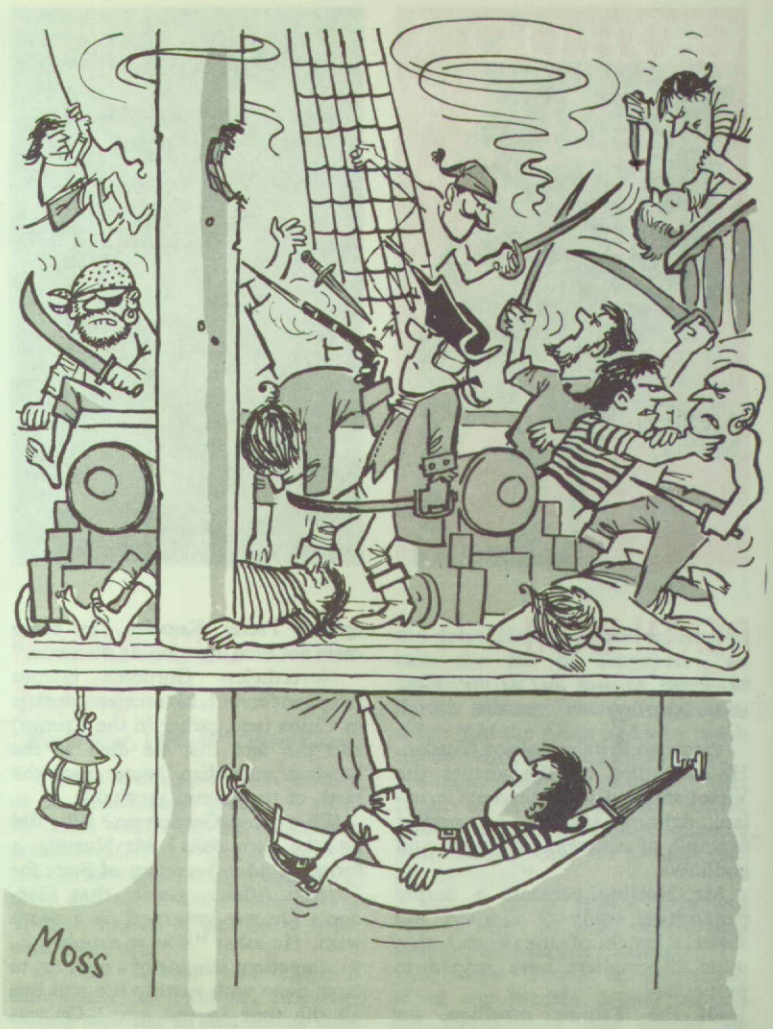
Even in the 14th century, invasion plans involved tremendous preparations. All kinds of ships, including cogs, crayers and ballingers had to be gathered then loaded with crossbows, arbalests, beef, oats, peas, cheese, nails, axes and spades. The campaigns aimed only at maximum destruction. Nothing was spared and atrocities were inevitable. The effect on France was devastating. Misery and ruin were everywhere as brutal mercenaries ravaged the land.

But in at least one way things were different from today—news travelled so slowly that wars were almost won (or lost) before the people at home knew about them. As there were no maps the "fog of war" was a very real thing.

Manchester University Press, 37*s* 6*d* **A W H**

✳ HUMOUR ✳

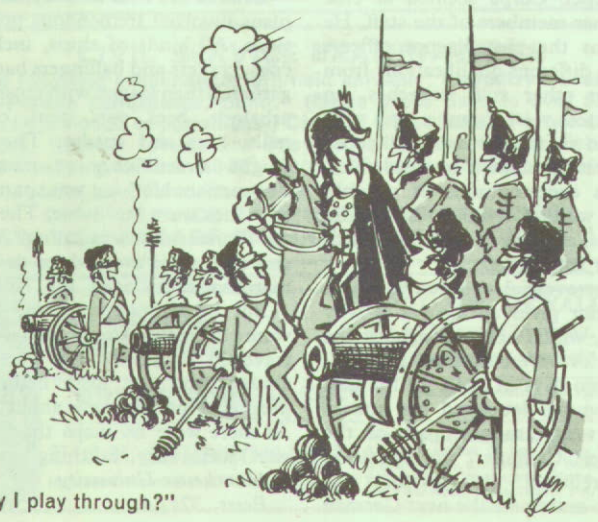




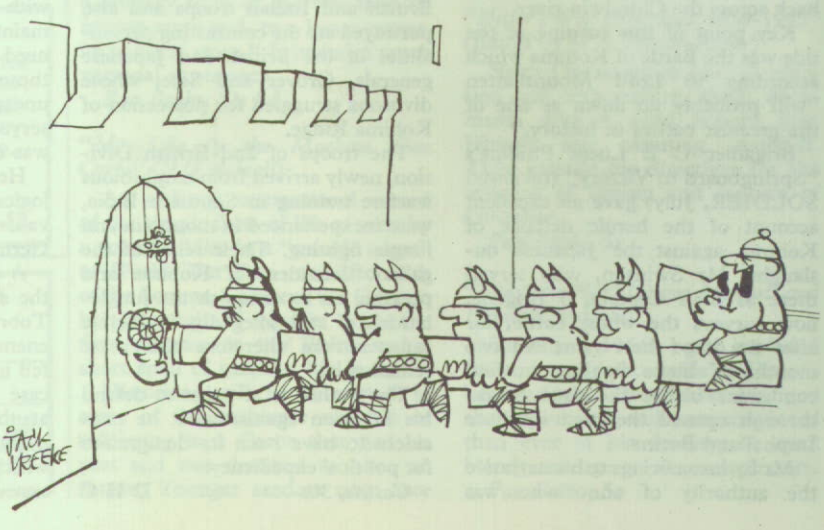
"Quick march to the traffic lights, left wheel, then right incline, fifteen paces forward march, then halt–you're there!"

"The Army could only accept anyone in your condition if there were a war on."

"He was a great general–but a rotten horseman."

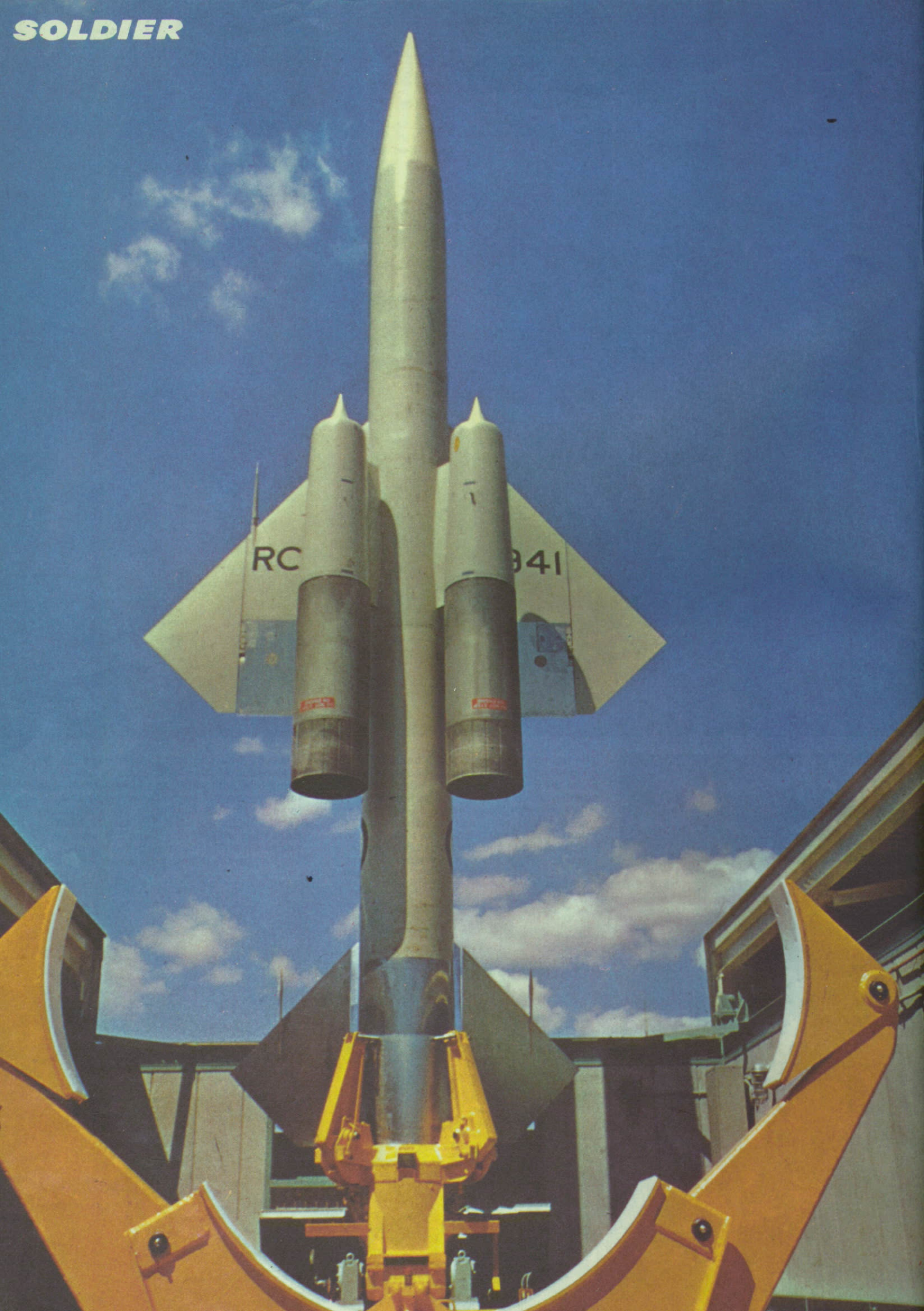


"May I play through?"



October 1916

The Somme in October was a battle fought in a quagmire. Successive days of constant rain broke the destructive cycle of attack and counter-attack, but it came at a time when the Allies were gaining ground and felt the Germans were breaking. Rain beat the pulverised battlefield to a soft mud, flooded the trenches and left the cratered country roads impassable. Once an evil novelty on the Western Front, death by drowning became commonplace. Men drowned in shell-holes filled to the steep-sided brim with water, and those who strayed into the marsh slime baths were engulfed in seconds. The men having a wash (above) cared little for the risks. The cavalry (below) were still confident of striking the enemy a decisive blow. If only, they thought with impatience, the infantry would make us a gap.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