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SOLDIER

DECEMBER 1967 Volume 23, No. 12

Contents

"I use it for vertical take-offs!"

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The Vauxhall Breed's got style

AUSTRALIA'S 94TH VC

THIS is the face of a hero, the face of a man who died in Vietnam and won the Victoria Cross—the face of Major Peter John Badcoe of the Royal Australian Infantry Corps.

He became the latest recipient of the VC —and the second Australian to receive it in the Vietnam War—as a result of three episodes in three months of this year.

After 13 years in the Royal Australian Artillery, Major Badcoe transferred to the Infantry Corps in 1965 and joined the Australian Army Training Team in Vietnam the following year. His job entailed working with South Vietnamese soldiers.

On *23 February* this year, acting as an adviser to a company supporting an operation in Phe Thu district, he monitored a radio message that a United States Army adviser had been killed and his body was about 50 yards from an enemy machine-gun position—and that an American medical adviser had been wounded and was in immediate danger.

Major Badcoe—"with complete disregard for his own safety," says his citation—moved alone across 700 yards of fire-swept ground to reach the wounded officer. He attended to him and ensured his further safety. Then he organised a platoon and led it towards the enemy position. "His personal leadership, words of encouragement and actions in the face of hostile enemy fire forced the platoon to assault successfully the enemy position and capture it."

The major personally killed the machine-gunners directly in front of him and afterwards he picked up the body of the dead American and ran back to the command post over open ground still covered by enemy fire.

On *7 March* in Quang Dien, while the Viet Cong were attacking district headquarters, Major Badcoe led a company over open terrain to assault and capture a heavily defended enemy position. "His personal courage and leadership turned certain defeat into victory and prevented the enemy from capturing the district headquarters."

So to *7 April* at Huong Pra. Major Badcoe was moving towards an objective with a company of 1st Army of the Republic of Vietnam Division and some armoured personnel carriers. The company came under heavy small-arms fire and withdrew to a cemetery, leaving Major Badcoe and his radio operator about 50 yards in front of the leading elements.

He ran back to the company and, reads the citation, "by encouragement and example got them moving forward again." The company stopped once more under heavy fire but Major Badcoe continued on to cover and prepared to throw grenades.

When he rose to throw, his operator pulled him down—and they came under heavy fire. The major rose again to throw a grenade—and was killed by a burst of machine-gun fire. Soon afterwards artillery fire was called in and the enemy position was assaulted and captured.

"Major Badcoe's conspicuous gallantry and leadership on all these occasions was an inspiration to all. Each action ultimately was successful due entirely to his efforts, the final one ending in his death. His valour and leadership were in the highest traditions of the military profession and the Australian Regular Army."

Major Badcoe, who left a wife and three children in Canberra, graduated from Officer Cadet School, Portsea, in 1952, and joined the Royal Australian Artillery. After a short period with 14 National Service Training Battalion he was posted to 1 Field Regiment. In 1958 he went to Army Headquarters. Following this posting and further regimental duties he moved in August 1965 to the Infantry Centre as a staff officer—and in August 1966 he went to Vietnam.

In 1965 Warrant Officer II Kevin Arthur Wheatley, also of the Australian Army Training Team in Vietnam, won the VC when he chose to stay and die beside a wounded comrade as the Viet Cong moved in.

Major Badcoe's VC is the 94th awarded to an Australian.


OIEC27
4

ANYTHING TO PLEASE AN OLD LADY

One of the nicest parts of Germany that could have been selected for the exercise, said Major-General Deane-Drummond. Lissendorf (right) was one of the sleepy villages where peace was disturbed by make-believe war. Here the Paras go through. Left: Two Ferrets of B Squadron, 5th Royal Tank Regiment, splash across the River Kyll over which battle raged for several days.

Story by JOHN WRIGHT
Pictures by LESLIE WIGGS

"WHEN," demanded the old woman, "are the soldiers coming back?" Strange, one thought, that she should want the battle to return to her peaceful village. Old ladies are concerned usually with Sunday dinner, gossip and grandchildren rather than wars.

"When?" she insisted, with the sort of look that made one feel that if there had been an umbrella handy she would have dug it in one's ribs. "When they were here I made them tea. It's so quiet without them."

This characterised the attitude of the majority of the people of the Eifel area of Germany as two brigades of 3rd Division of Strategic Reserve, including two parachute battalions, were locked in mock battle in this area of rolling forest-covered hills and fairy-tale villages west of the Rhine—and as the jet trails of Royal Air Force aircraft criss-crossed the sky.

Whenever men of the Army's "Fire Brigade" appeared in the narrow streets of the quaint villages they were beleaguered by curious children armed with toy guns and frequently offered refreshment by the children's more restrained but equally friendly parents.

It was the first time so many British troops had been in this area since the war. A German newspaper said: "The Eifel has once again become a combat area. It is reminiscent of the winter months of 1944 during the Ardennes offensive." So the British were on their toes to make Exercise Overdale as painless as possible to the Eifel.

Due to the absence of vehicles larger than Ferrets and the care of the more-than-6000 troops there were only 40 minor damage incidents. Mr E G Brown, a senior officer of the Joint Services Liaison Organisation—link between the soldiers and local civilians—was a happy man. "Never had such a quiet time on an exercise," he said.

Major-General A J Deane-Drummond, GOC of 3rd Division, the Joint Force Commander—Royal Air Force Air Support Command and RAF Germany were involved in a big way—was happy, too. He said after Overdale that 1001 minor lessons had been learnt and his Division was a very much more professional organisation than on the previous exercise a year before. Undoubtedly the General would like to exercise 3rd Division, a vital part of the Army, three or four times a year. Normally restricted to one exercise annually, he was, after Overdale, hopeful of another in six months' time.

Air Support Command, which rushed most of the troops from Britain in true fire brigade fashion, used jet VC 10s and turbo-prop Belfasts for the first time in a tactical exercise. It was obvious that both Royal Air Force and Army officers were impressed by the former's enormous passenger capacity and speed and the latter's huge bulk capacity.

Jet fighters from Royal Air Force, Geilenkirchen, base of the Joint Force Headquarters, made the best of air space restrictions over the exercise area to bring a taste of jet fright to the embattled troops.

And that old lady? Well, her wish came true. The battle did return to her village—and out came her kettle!

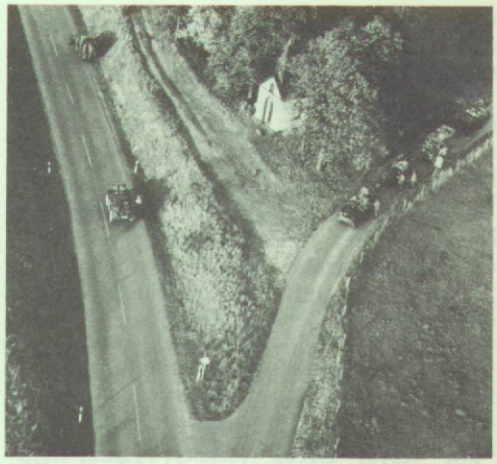
OVER . . .

continued from previous page

This picturesque area (above) is not normally used for troop training. Indeed, part of it is a nature reserve. The British agreed to no live ammunition, no convoy movement or air activity below 4000 feet at weekends and full respect for the traffic regulations and for people's property.

One story told during Overdale was of the *gasthof* proprietor who became rather worried at the alarming effect on one soldier of his generous alcoholic hospitality. So the German called a taxi and the soldier was delivered horizontally but safely back to his unit! Right: Very sober men of The Royal Welch Fusiliers dive for cover as a Hunter jet swoops. Bottom right: Men of The Parachute Regiment—tired but alert.

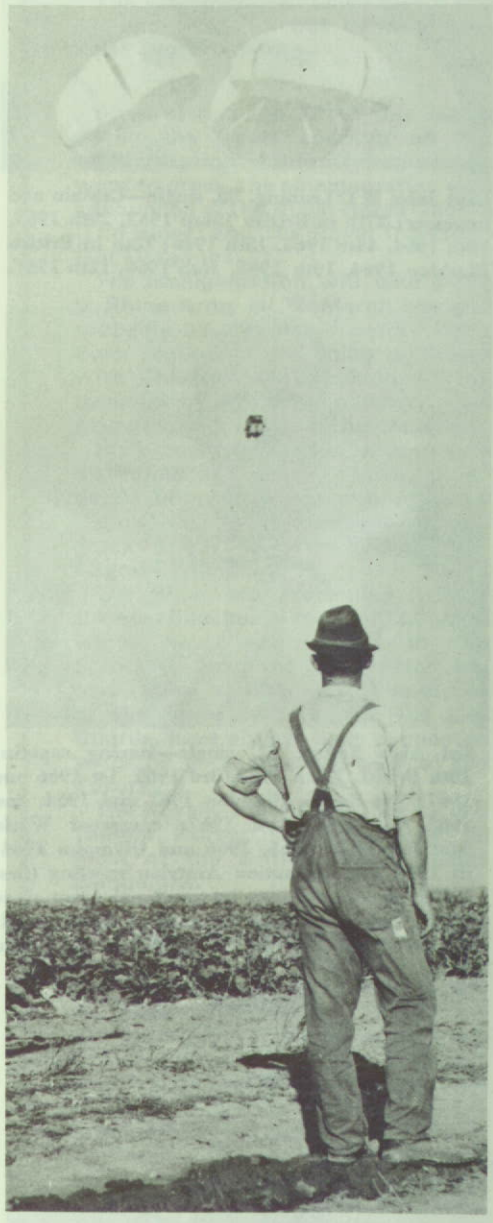
Above: Umpire control. Norland had an agreement that the British would assist if her borders were threatened. Souland violated Norland, Britain stepped in—and the battle began. Enemy: 19th Infantry Brigade—1st battalions of The Green Howards, The Royal Welch Fusiliers and The Durham Light Infantry. Opposing: 16th Parachute Brigade—2nd and 3rd battalions, The Parachute Regiment, 3rd Battalion, Royal Anglians.

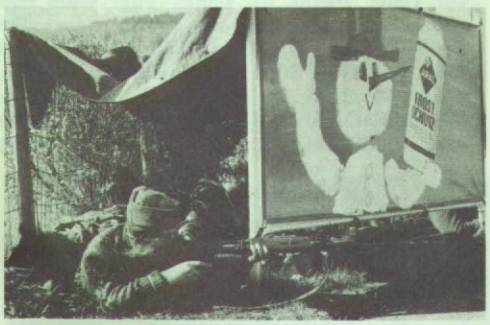


It was a Land-Rover "war" and long convoys of these ubiquitous Army vehicles passed through the Eifel villages (above left) and along the long straight roads of the countryside (centre). There was also an armour battle—without tracked vehicles—and many Germans had Ferrets for neighbours (right).

"Expensive things, but my goodness they are wonderful." Major-General Deane-Drummond's comment on helicopters. Chopper techniques, rusty at the beginning of Overdale, progressed much during the week. Three battalions had their own choppers; soon most of the Division's other battalions will follow suit. Besides the Army's helicopters there were RAF Wessex and Whirlwinds. Overdale was marred by the crash of a Sioux—the pilot, Sergeant Dick Gawtrey of 1st Battalion, The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire, died. Above: Paras and an RAF Wessex.

Left: In the tiny village of Ripsdorf tiny boy learns all about big gun—helped by the Paras.





Overdale troops set up home in some strange places. Above left: Royal Welch Fusiliers guarding a bridge over the River Kyll enlist the aid of Jack Frost. Right: At Nohn a German housewife, seen here cleaning her windows, found a 105mm pack-howitzer of 1st Parachute Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery, at the bottom of her garden. Nearby Royal Anglians stayed in a used cars graveyard (below left). Right: Two men of The Durham Light Infantry, left behind, spent days here, looked after by locals.

Drop of the Paras' 3rd Battalion was called off because of bad weather as the plane from England approached the dropping zone. The men were landed at Geilenkirchen and rushed into action by all available transport. Smaller drops were made. Above: A drop of Land-Rovers. Farmers were warned by police, who were on hand ot restrain curious watchers, mainly children (PR picture).

FIVE SOLDIERS AND A MARINE

GREAT Britain's biathlon team is hardly likely to bring back from next February's Winter Olympics a coveted gold medal—or a silver, or even a bronze.

But against competition from countries where men are brought up on skis the five soldiers and a marine will be more than happy if they can substantially better the British performance at the last Olympics. They are certainly fitter and better trained this time and between Olympics the team members have put Britain in the reckoning in international biathlon.

The team members are Corporal Alan G Notley (racing captain), 3rd Battalion, The Royal Green Jackets; Lance-Bombardier Frederick Andrews, 39 Missile Regiment, Royal Artillery; Gunner Roger Bean, 94 Locating Regiment, Royal Artillery; Corporal Victor T Dakin and Corporal Peter Tancock, both 1st The Queen's Dragoon Guards; and Sergeant Marcus Halliday, Royal Marines Depot, Deal.

Their captain and manager is Captain John M C Leaning, 94 Locating Regiment, the shooting coach is Staff-Sergeant John M. Siddall, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, and the ski trainer, Mr Henry Hermannsen, is a Norwegian.

For the Olympic Winter Games, which open at Grenoble on 6 February, the team will also be accompanied by Brigadier V A P Budge (team manager) and Colonel John C Watts (team doctor).

Corporal Notley and Bombardier Andrew have been in the British biathlon team since it was formed in 1962, Corporals Dakin and Tancock joined in 1966 and Gunner Bean and Sergeant Halliday have been promoted from the 1966 B team.

Intensive training for next year's Olympics began in the Cairngorms where the team worked up without skis and, competing in the Four Peaks Patrol Race, set up a time of 4 hours 46 minutes to beat the previous Royal Marine record by 2 hours 59 minutes.

From the Cairngorms the team moved down to Longmoor to polish up its shooting and early last month went to Norway for ski training. Christmas is being spent in Oslo after which the team will join the Norwegian racing circuit as a curtain-raiser to the annual British and Army championships and the Olympics.

Biathlon has now achieved a firm place in world winter sport, with national and international championships and a world championship in other than Olympic years. The sport, simulating the qualities of the old hunter on skis, demands a very high standard

Capt John M C Leaning, 30, single—Captain and manager; 27th in British 15km 1962, 20th 1963, 16th 1964, 44th 1965, 15th 1966; 18th in British Biathlon 1964, 19th 1965, 16th 1966, 12th 1967.

Cpl Alan Notley, 27, single—Racing captain; 10th British 15km 1963, 3rd 1965, 1st 1966 and 1967; 7th British Biathlon 1963 and 1964, 2nd 1965, 1st 1966, 2nd 1967; competed World Biathlon 1963, 1965, 1966 and Olympics 1964; in 1967 won six-nation Austrian meeting (first Briton to win an open international event since 1939); 9th in an international at Grindelwald; started skiing 1959/60 in his regimental team.

L/Cpl Fred Andrew, 27, single—In British biathlon team since start; 16th in British 15km 1962, 9th 1963, 5th 1964, 4th 1965, 3rd 1966; 9th in British Biathlon 1962, 6th 1963, 5th 1964, 4th 1965, 3rd 1966, 3rd 1967; competed World Biathlon 1963, 1965, 1966 and 1964 Olympics; 7th in 1967 Austrian event, won Danish 30km 1967.

Cpl Victor Dakin, 24, single—Four years regimental team, two seasons British team; 58th British 15km 1962, 19th 1963, 12th 1964, 9th 1965, 2nd 1966, 5th 1967; 15th British Biathlon 1964, 10th 1965, 9th 1966, 1st 1967; competed World Biathlon 1966; 14th in Austrian event, 23rd Grindelwald, 25th in pre-Olympics 1967.

Sgt Marcus Halliday, 30—Started skiing 1962; 10th in British 15km 1964, 16th 1965, 3rd 1966, 2nd 1967; 16th in British Biathlon 1964, 6th 1966, 4th 1967; 8th in Grindelwald international and 22nd of 41 starters in Holmenkillen 50km 1967.

of cross-country skiing coupled with the ability to shoot straight at small targets during intensive physical activity.

The two main events are an individual of 20 kilometres, including four halts at a range to fire a total of 20 shots, and a four × 7.5 kilometre team relay, introduced in 1965, with ten shots for each man. Biathlon became an Olympic event in 1958 and only six countries competed in the first three international championships. Fourteen nations took part in the 1964 Winter Olympics.

The British team has always concentrated on biathlon although its members continue to compete in some cross-country events. In the 1964 Olympics the British team of five soldiers and a Royal Marine was let down by its shooting—had all the runners scored possibles there would have been three in the first 20 placings.

During the 1964-65 season the British biathletes won the French and Swiss national championships, took first six places in the British Championships and came 7th in the World Biathlon relay, beating France, Czechoslovakia and West Germany.

In the following season the team was 12th in the World Championships. Earlier this year, before dispersing for the summer, the team was beaten by the Danes for the second time in the Lowlanders 15 kilometre cross-country but defeated West Germany and Canada in a three-man relay and came 10th in the pre-Olympics, ahead of Canada and all Alpine countries.

The team members are on special paid leave from the Services during the biathlon season but each is buying some clothing and contributing five shillings a day—a total of £225—towards the £3800 which is being spent this season on training, expenses, clothing and equipment.

Towards this the National Ski Federation has made a grant of £2300 and the British Olympic Association is giving £686, representing the charges for accommodation in the Olympic Village and a £10 travel allowance each for the team competitors and officials. The Army Ski Association makes an annual per capita contribution of around £700 to the Federation and has made an additional grant of £1900 to the Olympic fund, to which the Royal Marines have contributed £100.

To help the National Ski Federation to send three Winter Olympic teams to Grenoble—men's Alpine, women's Alpine and biathlon—dozens of firms have contributed £4500 worth of equipment and clothing. These gifts include a minibus presented to the biathlon team by H R Owen Ltd.

Gnr Roger Bean, 22, single—Promoted from B team; 12th in British 15km 1965, 6th 1966, 3rd 1967; 23rd in British Biathlon 1965, 20th 1966, 6th 1967. Youngest member of the biathlon team.

S/Sgt John Siddall, 36, single—Shooting coach for five seasons, represented Army in shooting.

Cpl Peter Tancock, 27 single—Four years in regimental team, two seasons British team; 29th in British 15km 1963, 20th 1964, 15th 1965, 31st 1966, 12th 1967; 9th in British Biathlon 1964, 8th 1965, 10th 1966, 7th 1967; 28th in World Biathlon 1966; 11th in Austrian international.

Sprinting to the range at Longmoor are (left to right): Cpl Dakin, Cpl Notley and behind him Sgt Halliday, Gnr Bean, Cpl Tancock, L/Bdr Andrew.

FRONT COVER

SOLDIER's front cover, by Trevor Jones, shows Lance-Bombardier Andrew heading through a wood during the biathlon team's training period at Longmoor.

SOLDIER *to Soldier -*

Once again SOLDIER apologises to its readers for delays in publication.

Several cumulative problems beset the November issue. This December issue is also late, simply because the printing contract expired and a new contract was not awarded until almost a month after the printers would normally have started work on the issue.

The lost month will also affect the January SOLDIER but by a shorter delay in publication.

*

Soon after page 22 of this issue, giving the latest position on the reorganisation of infantry regiments, went to press, the amalgamation was announced of the Royal Horse Guards (The Blues) and The Royal Dragoons (1st Dragoons).

The amalgamation will take place in Rhine Army by 31 March but will probably be completed before then. Both regiments are being equipped with Chieftain tanks which will be retained by the new regiment, the title of which is still to be decided.

Both regiments have a long and distinguished history with many battle honours in common, among them Dettingen, Waterloo, Ypres, Arras 1917, North-West Europe 1944-45 and El Alamein.

The Blues are descended from a Cromwellian heavy regiment of horse which was incorporated in the Standing Army of 1661 after the restoration of Charles II. The duties of the Regiment, and of The Life Guards, have always been connected with the personal protection of the Sovereign.

The Royals, founded in 1661 as The Tangier Horse, have taken part in most of the British Army's major campaigns.

*

Re-equipping The Blues—and The Life Guards—with Chieftain, so that the Household Cavalry takes its turn in tanks with units of the Royal Armoured Corps, is a decision which follows a reorganisation of the Corps. Until now the Household Cavalry's operational role has been restricted to armoured cars; to even up opportunities of overseas experience, some Royal Armoured Corps units will now take over the armoured car tours which would have fallen to the Household troops.

While the Corps' officers and men are to be placed on common rolls, this is not expected to affect greatly postings to regiments of choice and the majority can expect to serve out their careers in their own regiments. Those who move between regiments will do so either to improve career prospects or to level up strengths.

Badges and dress will not be standardised but eventually there will be a degree of uniformity in the more expensive dress items.

Shetland is in the same latitude as the Greenland ice-cap, farther north than most of Siberia. Royal Engineers went to its most northerly island to lessen the influence of the sea on people's lives by building an airstrip. But the sea had a powerful ally, as the sappers discovered

WHEN THE RAIN CAME DOWN

ALMOST 2000 years ago, after Shetland had been rounded by a Roman fleet, the Roman historian Tacitus said, "Nowhere does the sea hold wider sway." The Roman Empire crumbled many centuries ago but the sea is still dominant in Shetland.

Sluggish waves hit the shore of Balta Sound, Unst, once Britain's busiest herring port, now a tiny, almost forgotten community on the most northerly of the British Isles. "I've never met the chap," said Mr Vivian Owers, maker of Shetland woollens. He was talking of the Glasgow representative of the Export Credits Guarantee Department.

The ECGD man had been trying to visit Mr Owers for two years to discuss his exports of garments. The difficulty is that dominant sea. First time he got as far as the north coast of Yell, middle of Shetland's three main islands. The sea between Yell and Unst was too rough; he turned back.

Next time he came by sea from Lerwick. A gale was blowing; the coaster Earl of Zetland could not land him on Unst.

Mr Owers, a willing Essex exile who is director of a Balta Sound firm of general merchants and manufacturers, told the tale to stress the remoteness of Unst—a remoteness that may one day be more bearable because of the work of 15 Field Squadron of 38 Engineer Regiment, Royal Engineers.

"Yes," mused the old postman in his Norse-influenced accent, "people round here would welcome an air service." And he looked across those sluggish waves at the sappers at work in the thick mud.

Build an airstrip on Unst, they had been told. So they put the facts supplied by Zetland County Council into a computer at the School of Signals, Catterick, and completed in an evening a design that would have taken normally three to four weeks.

They took their plan and their plant from Ripon to Unst on the 6000-ton Sir Bedevere, an Army logistics ship, in July. They were there for 96 days; scattered freely among those 96 days were 20 dry ones. No wonder the sappers recently left the island with disappointment, with only 75 to 80 per cent of the earthworks and 1200 feet of the planned 2400-feet length completed.

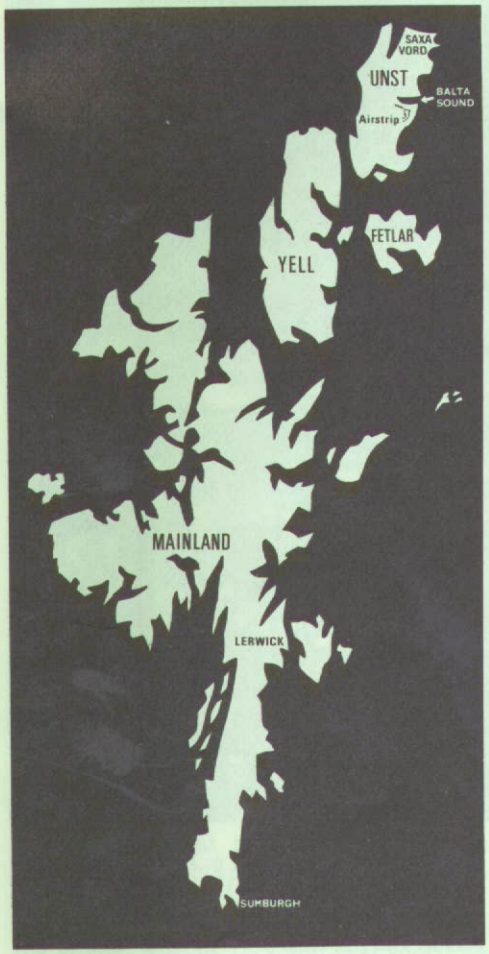
continued on page 16

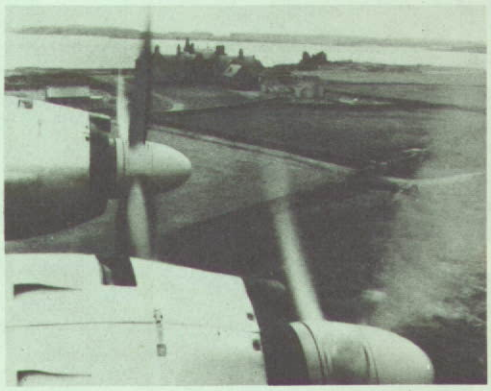
Top: Like some prehistoric marauder this earth-mover wallows in lonely Unst's ubiquitous mud.

Right: Amid the slime, maintenance was a formidable problem. Even walking round was difficult.

Left: Earl of Zetland brings supplies to Balta Sound. The Army is there to collect its share.

It is about 300 miles from Glasgow to Unst as the crow flies. In the absence of passenger-carrying crows the SOLDIER team which visited 15 Field Squadron used two aircraft, five coaches, two motor-boats, a taxi and a Land-Rover during a 14-hour journey from Glasgow to this barren island home of fewer than 1200 people. "We left Glasgow in a Viscount and reached Unst in a battered boat resembling (and probably as old as) the African Queen," says photographer Trevor Jones. British European Airways flew the team to Shetland via Inverness, Wick and Kirkwall (Orkney) with an aircraft change on Orkney. They were taken over by what some call the Shetland shuffle service—a journey by coach across the almost treeless terrain scarred by peat diggings and indented by voes (lochs), and by boat across the dark windswept sea. Although Shetland is remote, communications are better than when a minister attending the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in Edinburgh travelled by fishing boat via Holland!





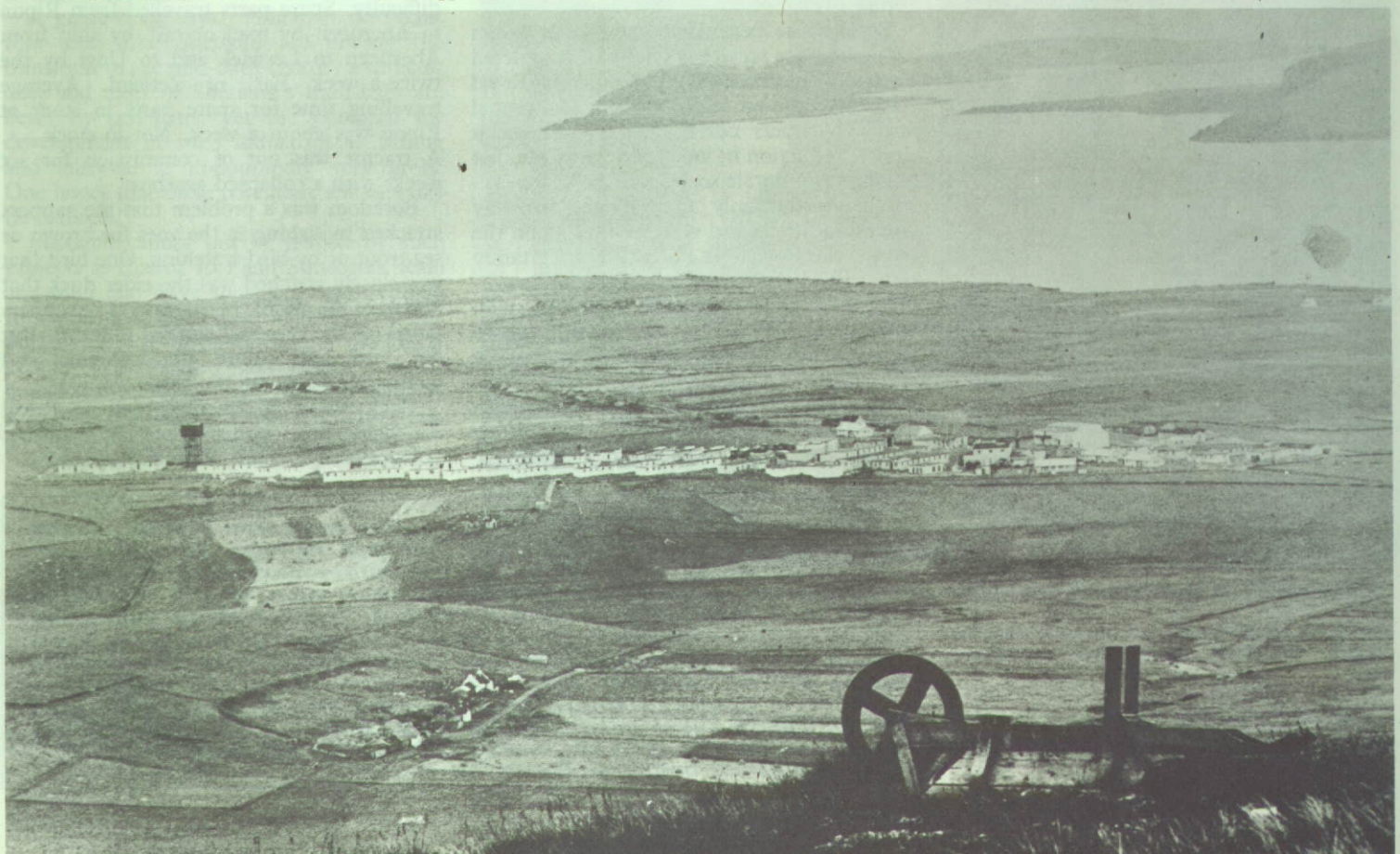
SOLDIER's Viscount nears Shetland's south tip at Sumburgh, the island's only airfield. Planes fly from here over to Faroe, Norway and Denmark.

BEA terminal, Lerwick. Because of rich fishing grounds there are Norwegians, Danes, Russians, Swedes, Germans, French, Poles in these streets.

Coach from Lerwick to North Mainland, boat to Yell, coaches across Yell. Now the boat from North Yell (in background) has arrived on Unst.

SOLDIER arrives at RAF Saxa Vord in an Army Land-Rover about eight hours after landing at Sumburgh airfield which is about 70 miles away.

After the mud, the rain and the wind, the sappers returned to this—RAF Saxa Vord, which offers a style of comfort previously unknown on Unst.



continued from page 14

Squadron-Leader Sparkes, commanding Royal Air Force, Saxa Vord, is no stranger to soldiers. At Saxa Vord, most northerly Royal Air Force station in the world, he was host to the hardworking sappers from Ripon. A couple of years ago at Mukeiras, South Arabia, then the highest Royal Air Force station in the world, he had under his command a company of infantry—first from 1st Battalion, The King's Own Scottish Borderers, and later from 1st Battalion, The East Anglian Regiment.

Rocks that dotted the proposed airstrip had to be got rid of. Top: Preparation for blasting.

Above: Second-Lieutenant Brian Semple lays the charge as gently as he unhooks a brown trout.

Top right: Bang! Another of the rocks that bedevilled operations disintegrates explosively.

The engineers may return next spring to finish the work. They left the airstrip in the hands of the County Council, their partners in the joint project. At the moment there are no plans for an air service and the project's future is unsure.

Besides the benefits to the islanders—an air ambulance service is one—the completed airstrip would be a boon to the nearby Royal Air Force station at Saxa Vord. Daily mail and newspapers not three days old and a drastic reduction in journey time to London would send morale soaring.

Having the only fire engine, two-way communications and weather experts on the island, the Royal Air Force would certainly be involved in the running of the airstrip.

It did not take Captain John Robertson and his 50 men long after they arrived to discover the problems of working in this wet and windy part of the world. The area was more badly drained than had been appreciated—there is no drainage equipment on the island. One side benefit of the sappers' drainage work is that a local crofter will eventually gain an acre because they drained a loch on his land, getting rid of a thousand eels in the process.

Communications with Ripon were another difficulty. Spare parts travelled from Ripon to Aberdeen by road or rail; by ship from Aberdeen to Lerwick and to Unst by the twice-a-week Earl of Zetland. Average travelling time for spare parts in stock at Ripon was about a week. Not in stock . . . A tractor was out of commission for six weeks with a collapsed gearbox.

Boredom was a problem that the sappers attacked by fishing in the voes for brown or sea trout or by bird watching. One bird that was closely watched was the eider duck that nested in the middle of the strip. The sappers taped off the nest and worked round it. But the bird left before the hatching and marauding skuas ate the eggs.

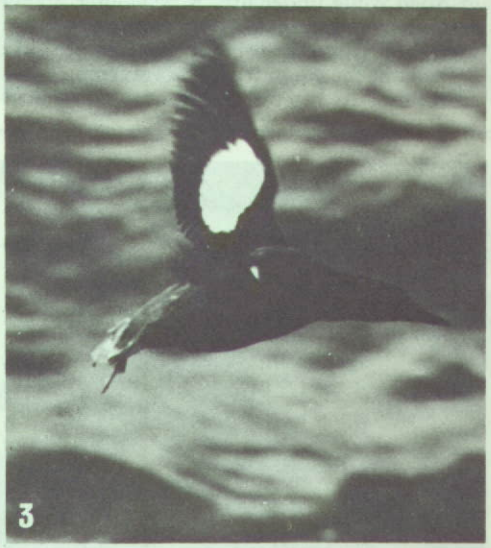
They stayed at the ultra-modern Royal Air Force base with its excellent facilities. Unst offered one pub, Yell offered dances.

If General Wade is remembered as the man who brought roads to Scotland in the 18th century, perhaps 15 Field Squadron will be remembered for opening up the wilder parts of the country to aircraft in the 20th century. In 1964, men of the Squadron extended Sumburgh airfield, Shetland; the following year they built on the west coast island of Mull an airstrip now being used commercially; and last year they constructed a strip at Plockton, near Kyle of Lochalsh, Ross and Cromarty. There are many other places in Scotland where airstrips are desired. When built they enable people of remote areas to receive medical treatment quicker and provide means to develop commercial air services.

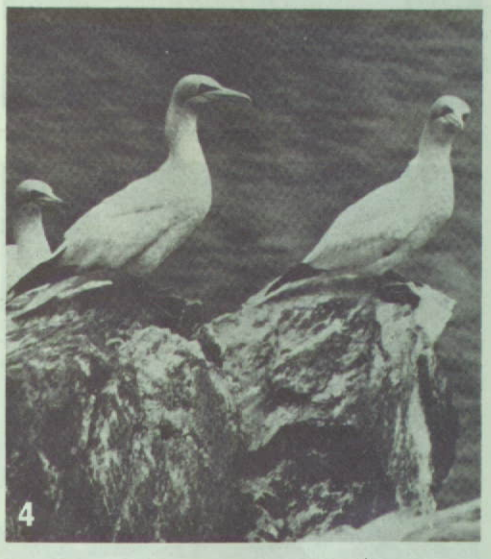
Wild Unst is a bird-watcher's paradise and many of the sappers became interested in the pastime. There are large numbers of birds rarely seen on the mainland of the United Kingdom. Skuas, fulmars, gannets, puffins, guillemots, arctic terns, cormorants, black and red-throated divers, cross bills, shrikes, buzzards, ravens and hooded crows—they are all there. And nesting on the nearby island of Fetlar, while the sappers were on Unst, was the first family of snowy owls in the British Isles for many years.

1 Arctic tern, remarkable migrant.

2 Puffin with a mouthful of fish.



3 Guillemot, lonely, sombre bird.

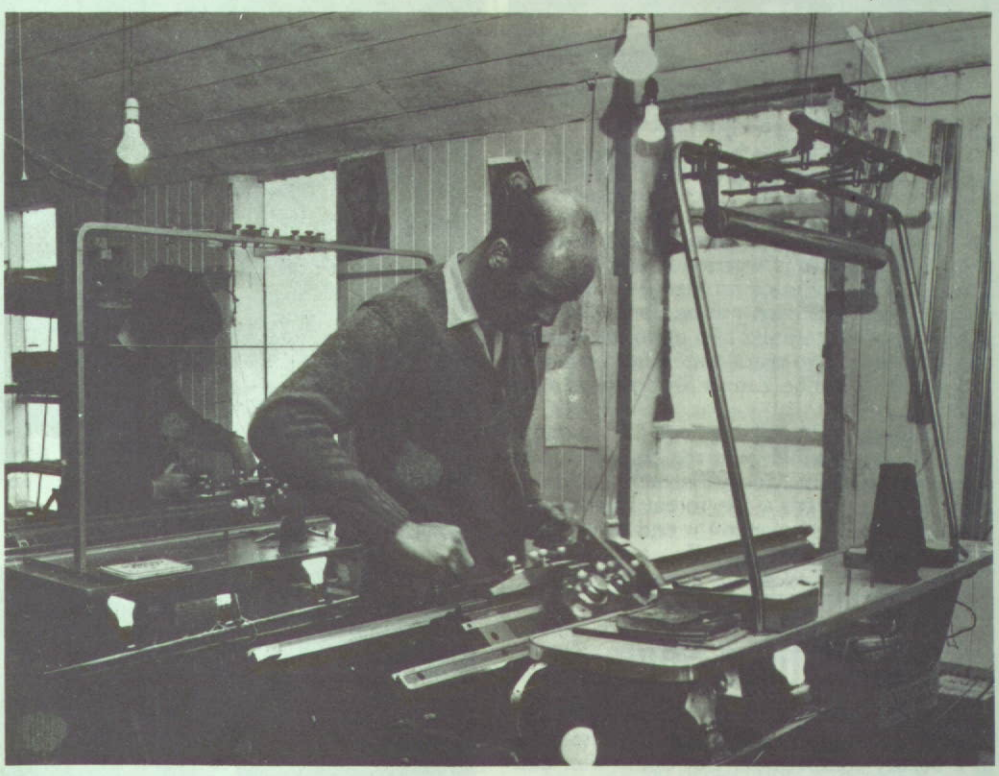


4 Gannets, wonderful diving birds.

The island had its attractions but the morale of the sappers was largely governed by the progress of their work. And the rain, the mud and the wind plus the bad state of the ground with its rock and peat added up to much frustration.

A guide book says: "There is no doubt that areas like Shetland are finding the transition to the mid-20th century a difficult one, and most of Shetland's industries are beset by problems, yet the potential for development in such industries as fishing and knitwear is undoubtedly very great. One hopes that these potentials will one day be realised."

Shetland cannot but be helped by such projects as that of 15 Field Squadron. Rain and mud may have conspired against them this year but they have achieved an important victory—the gratitude of the lonely people of Unst. And next year it is to be hoped that they will forge ahead in partnership with the County Council to give Unst its airstrip and the benefits it will bring.



Most northerly "factory" of the British Isles. Many of the wool garments made here go to the USA.

"It has always been one of the functions of the Armed Forces to aid the civil power when asked to do so . . . The Government is studying the scope for developing further the peaceful use of military forces in this country."—Defence White Paper 1967.

Purely Personal

For driving eight miles with a highly dangerous anti-tank rocket cradled in his lap, **Major Malcolm Emery,** a Royal Army Ordnance Corps bomb disposal officer, has been awarded the MBE. Major Emery was called out at night to deal with the rocket which had been found in a school out-building near Wareham, Dorset. Someone had tampered with it and removed the safety pin.

Because of danger to the school he decided to remove the rocket. He realised that the jolting of the vehicle might explode it if he placed it in the customary sandbagged container. So he cushioned it on his knees while being driven along winding lanes to a site where it could be disposed of in safety.

His driver, **Private Geoffrey Abbott,** also of the RAOC, receives the Queen's Commendation for Brave Conduct.

The rarely awarded Distinguished Conduct Medal has been won by **Fusilier John Duffy,** 1st Battalion, The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, for saving the lives of two soldiers in Aden while under fire. A helicopter, flying in to relieve his picquet overlooking Crater, was shot down and burst into flames. He helped out the wounded pilot, returning twice more, first to lift out a corporal whose legs were shattered and again to recover the radio.

The citation reads: "But for Fusilier Duffy both men would have perished in the wreck. His action with the radio resulted in their quick evacuation to hospital."

For standing up in full view of Radfan tribesmen to direct the fire of his own men, **Lance-Sergeant James Lewis,** 1st Battalion, Irish Guards, receives the Military Medal. They killed four of the tribesmen and wounded seven others.

The Military Medal has also been awarded to **Staff-Sergeant Colin Atkinson,** 1st Battalion, The King's Own Royal Border Regiment. While on patrol in Aden in May there was a sudden grenade attack and more than 50 pieces of metal pierced his body. Despite his wounds he organised defence against further attack, dressed his men's wounds and personally escorted them from the danger area before handing over command and going to hospital himself.

Three officers have won Military Crosses for gallantry in Aden. They are: **Major John de Candole,** The Queen's Dragoon Guards; **Captain John Beckingsale,** Royal Artillery, and **Major Courtenay Welch,** The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers.

Eat—and that's an order

Spoonsful of spaghetti and spuds, doorstep sandwiches and bags of buns. **Junior Bandsman Mike Platt** is worried about his diet. But he has no slimming problem—it's just the reverse. Mike has been put on double rations in an all-out bid to build him up to the regulation five feet in two years' time when he is due to sign on with The King's Shropshire Light Infantry.

Fifteen-year-old Mike, who is 4ft 9in and a mere 91 pounds, is pictured in the lunch queue at Sir John Moore Barracks, Shrewsbury. He says: "It's a job to eat it all sometimes. I usually manage in the end by washing it down with a pint of milk."

First-time Sonja

Pretty 15-year-old **Sonja Wade** is the sort of girl who would walk off with the first prize in a beauty competition. But Sonja won that silver trophy, at her first attempt, by swimming 1550 yards across Hong Kong harbour.

Sonja, whose father is a staff-sergeant in 3 Supply and Petroleum Depot, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, was first in the Army's ladies' section. Nearly 600 swimmers completed the race which was won by a Chinese in 23½ minutes. **Captain D G Margetts,** second last year, led the Service entrants.

He earned seven wings

Major Keith O'Kelly, NATO's most qualified parachutist, has left the Army for a job at the Foreign Office. During the past nine years, as Airborne Liaison Officer with 16 Parachute Brigade, he has qualified as a military parachutist with seven countries. He is pictured wearing four of his wings (British on his right arm, German and French on his right breast and United States on his left breast). In addition he can wear the wings of two other NATO countries—Denmark and Norway—and also those of Sweden.

Major Kelly, now 48, joined the Indian Army in 1942 and after the war became an instructor at the Pakistani Special Air Service school.

He has made more than 400 drops all over the world, including the Malayan jungle, arctic Norway, the Sinai Desert and the mountains of Greece.

Team and reserve

A Berlin newspaper described them as a "Mini-Army." They are **Sergeant Bill Hodges,** his wife **Ruby,** and their ten children—**Andrew** (1½), **Robert** (3), **Nicholas** (4), **Leslie** (7), **Charles** (9), **James** (11), **William** (13), **Rosemary** (15), **Graham** (16) and **Anne** (18).

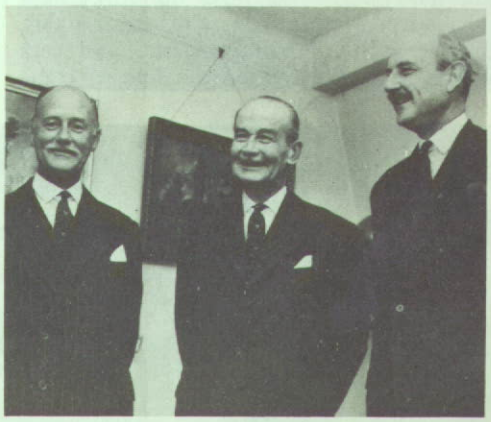
Sergeant Hodges and fellow soldiers of 1st Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment, and their families, have just flown in to the divided city after two years in Chester. The Hodges have been housed in *two* married quarters in a block of flats. They take a push-chair to the NAAFI because a week's provisions include 60lbs of potatoes and 21 loaves.

Sergeant Hodges, who is Battalion Provost Sergeant, says he believes in keeping his family in good order and discipline. Everyone helps with the potato peeling, the older ones look after the youngsters, the girls help around the home, and father takes the boys off fishing at the weekend. Sergeant Hodges and his wife celebrate their 20th wedding anniversary next month.

Twenty-eight years on

These generals who served together in the 1st Battalion of the 8th Gurkha Rifles 28 years ago are (left to right) **Lieutenant-General W C Walker,** who was the adjutant, **Major-General J Bruce Scott,** the commanding officer, and **Major-General B G T Horsford,** the quartermaster.

General Walker, who is 55, was recently appointed GOC-in-C of Northern Command. General Scott, 74, is now retired, and General Horsford, 50, is GOC Yorkshire District. They met in General Scott's flat in Hurlingham and attended the 8th Gurkha Rifles Regimental Association annual dinner.



Leo of Berlin

First call for every new GOC and Brigade Commander arriving in Berlin is the Public Relations' Photo Section studio tucked away in a basement corner of Headquarters British Sector. There the new general or brigadier sits for his PR picture, taken by Leo.

Leo, whose surname is an unpronounceable Chrzanowski, has just completed 20 years as a civilian photographer for Army Public Relations in his adopted Berlin where he has pictured everything that the military scene has had to offer.

His toughest assignment was covering the Queen's visit; his most frequent job is picturing groups at the Brandenberg Gate.

Born in West Prussia of a Jewish family, Leo went to Berlin in 1921, studying commercial art and photography while working as a window dresser, eventually got a job as a photographer but lost it when Hitler came to power in 1933. Leo moved to Prague, but six weeks later the Germans moved into Czechoslovakia, and back he went to Berlin. In 1938 he sailed to the United States, spent four weeks on Ellis Island and was deported—to arrive in Berlin on Crystal Night when the Jewish synagogues were burned.

Leo escaped persecution, although as a Jew he was exempted from German military service in war or peace.

Then came the British, and photography again, taking pictures for the Royal Air Force newspaper, Airline. In November 1947 he moved over to the Army and started the PR Photo Section. Leo will be 65 next month but he doesn't want anyone to know—he's not for retiring!

Helping the children

Three veteran campaigners were completely disarmed for the first time in their lives—by the shy smile of a little coloured girl. The Chelsea Pensioners, **Sergeant Bob Flatman** (left), **Sergeant Campbell Tait** (centre) and **Corporal Will Armstrong,** went along to the opening in London of a special Christmas shop for the "Save the Children Fund."

Three-year-old **Kemi Adjopje,** on Sergeant Tait's knee, is one of the children who will benefit from the Fund.

Corporal paints Sheikh

Ambition of **Lance-Corporal John Reynolds,** Royal Army Ordnance Corps, who is serving in Headquarters Land Forces, Persian Gulf, is to own a pottery shop. He studied at the Camberwell School of Arts and Crafts and holds the National Diploma in Design.

Recently he turned his talent to painting a portrait of the **Ruler of Bahrein, His Highness Sheikh Isa bin Sulman Al Khalifah,** working in his spare time in his barrack room with a photograph as reference. When the painting was finished, after four hours' work a day for three weeks, Corporal Reynolds presented the portrait to the Sheikh.

BERLIN SHARES THE BILL

INDIA, Canal Zone, Aqaba, Kenya, Sarawak, British Guiana—and now Aden. The list grows, and all too often the pattern—threats, terrorism, death, the rejoicings of independence and later the hindsight discovery that the British military presence was perhaps not without its advantages.

But in Gibraltar and Hong Kong the British soldier is still welcome. So, too, is he welcome in Berlin where the city, ringed by East Germany, relies entirely on the British, French and American occupation forces to provide a deterrent to a Communist take-over.

And uniquely in Berlin the British soldier costs less than anywhere else in the world for while the British taxpayer pays, clothes and arms him, the West Germans and Berliners feed, transport and house him as they do the American and French soldier in the city.

In effect the Berlin budget, which is tied to the West German economy, pays for Army and Royal Air Force rations, provides and maintains their barracks, married quarters, NAAFI and other buildings, pays for all civil labour (a force of about 4000), buys and runs military lorries and cars within Berlin and along the line of communication as far as the Dutch border, and bears the cost of rail, road and air links with the British Services in West Germany.

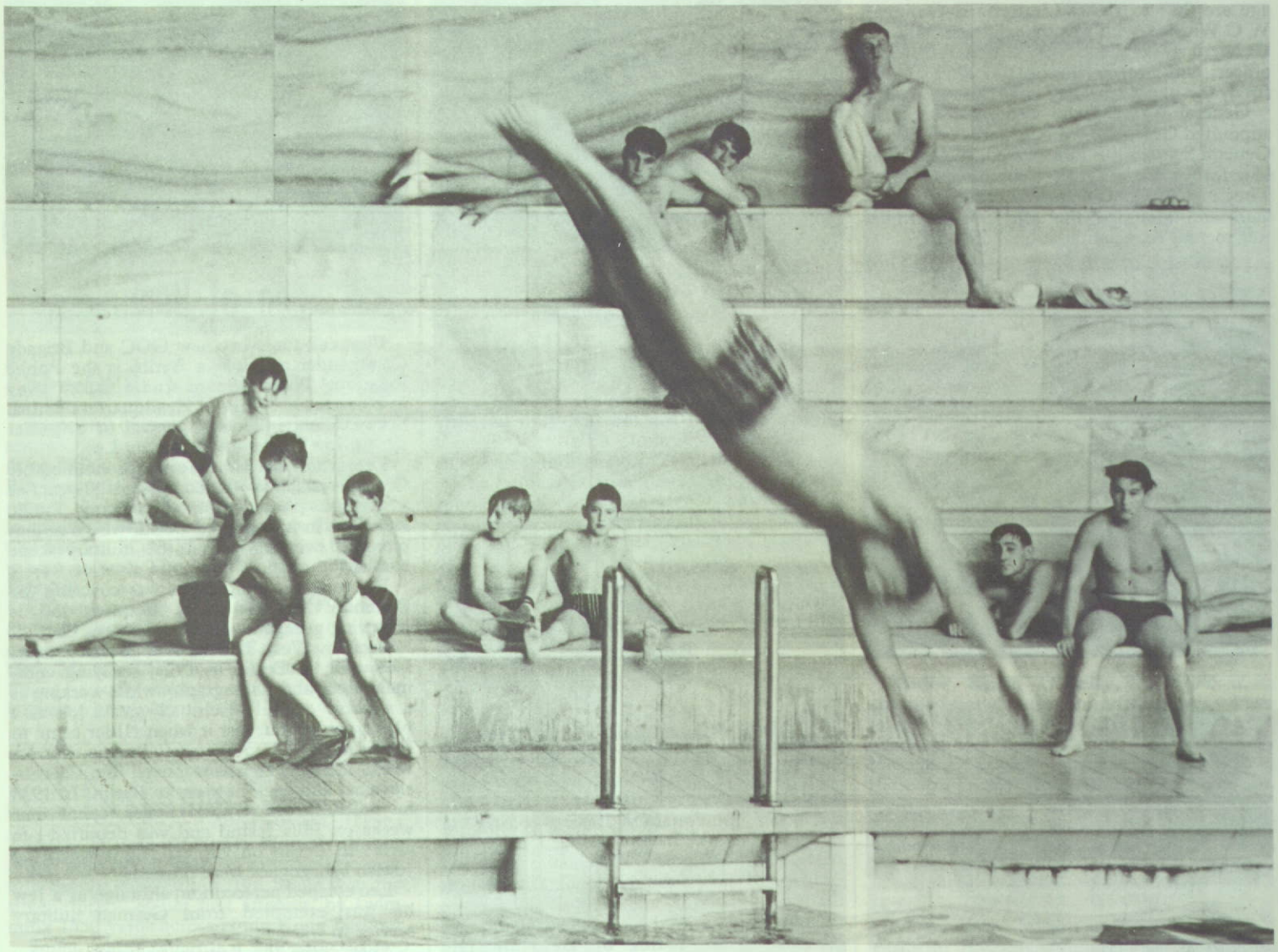
Since the Army has its normal arms and equipment, one of the few outward signs of this unique financial arrangement is the range of German vehicles. But even this is becoming less evident now that Berlin has agreed to the purchase of BMC 1100 estate cars to replace the Volkswagens.

There was a wry comment in Berlin's newspapers when the present GOC replaced his official Mercedes-Benz with an Austin Princess, but Berlin and West Germany, with a trade depression of their own, are understanding and sympathetic towards the Buy British campaign. Whenever possible—and with the Berlin Senate's specific agreement—the British Forces do, in fact, buy British when the cost is cheaper than the German article.

While adhering to the normal Army scales of equipment, accommodation, furnishings and so on, Headquarters Berlin Brigade has its particular problems of procurement and channels, and the paper war is certainly no less than anywhere else.

But there are enormous compensations, particularly in capital works. Berliners know that tangible assets will eventually become

Below: One of the amenities of the Olympic area is the practice swimming pool which has a ten-metre diving board. The terraces, while somewhat hard, are comfortably heated by hot water pipes.

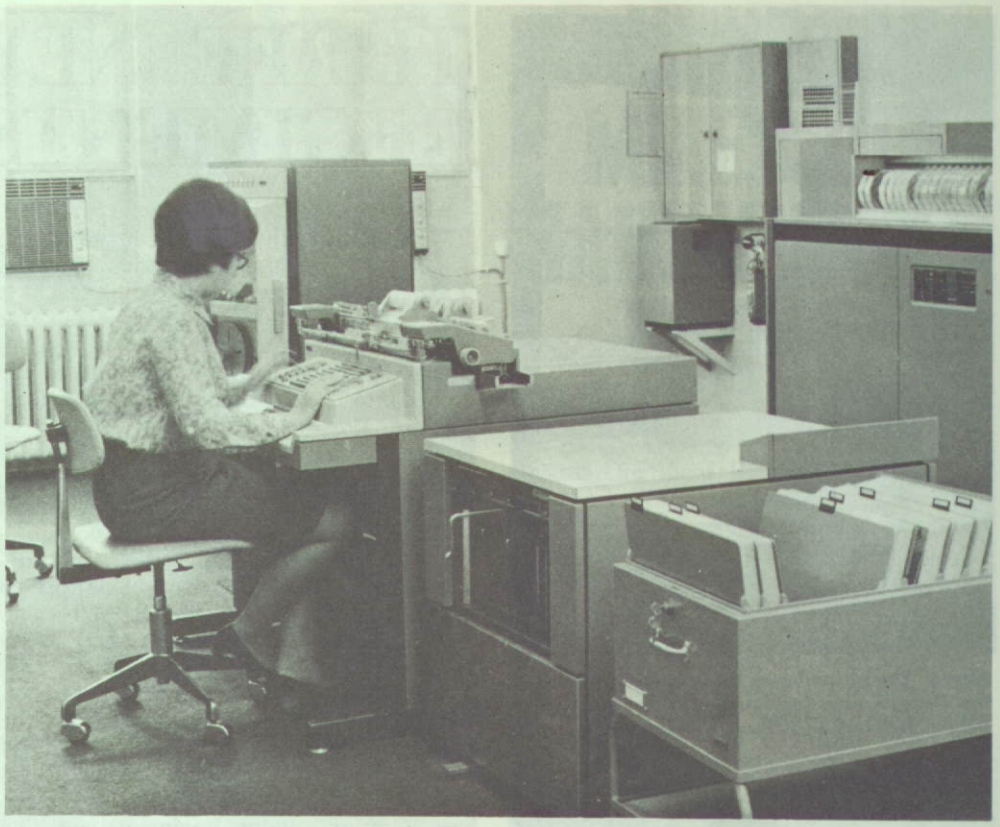


The 4000 civilian employees of the British Services in Berlin include a large ground staff for the Olympics area. Some of the present groundsmen were on the Olympic Games staff. The Headquarters Officers Mess gardener has been working there since 1931—two years before Hitler became Chancellor!

theirs, so houses and the magnificent new British Military Hospital are regarded as an investment for the future and built accordingly, incorporating the latest equipment. Berlin is the dream posting for a staff officer for where else could he think up, plan and see built projects costing up to about £20,000 all within his two-year tour?

Apart from the generally higher standard of barracks and married quarters, many of them in the residential area of Charlottenberg, the British soldier in Berlin has the benefit of excellent recreational facilities and, again uniquely, of most of the 1936 Olympic Games area in which the headquarters of the British Sector and Berlin Brigade are sited.

The Olympic Stadium, venue of the Berlin Tattoo, and its open-air swimming pool, have been handed back to the city, but the whole Brigade has full use of the indoor pool, athletic tracks, hockey, football and Rugby pitches and tennis courts, sharing them with the West Berlin Police and schools.



Above: Making up the families rations in containers at 91 Supply Depot, Royal Army Ordnance Corps.

Top right: The NCR 500 computer (operator, Miss Edda Weichert) is housed in a quiet, carpeted room.

SHOPPING BY COMPUTER

UNIQUE yet again in Berlin is the issue of rations to families on repayment, and a shining example of the speed with which a project can be carried through there is the conversion to a computer of the detailed work of FRIS—the Familes Ration Issue Section.

This Royal Army Ordnance Corps section used to employ 27 civilian clerks. The Rhine Army Planning and Works Study Group, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, made a works study, the Army went out to tender and the Germans approved the purchase for £45,000 of an American NCR 500 computer. This has reduced the 27 clerks to 12 and will pay for itself in three-and-a-half years.

Each member of the 1200 families in Berlin has a maximum daily ration cash entitlement of 2s 9d for an infant up to 12 months old, 3s 8d for a child up to nine and 5s 5d for an adult. Few families spend their full entitlement but an underspending cannot be carried forward.

The housewife has the choice of 77 basic commodities including 22 prepacked joints of meat. She sends in her shopping list on a Monday, marking items for delivery on the following Monday, Wednesday and Friday. The computer takes in these orders and prints invoices for each delivery with a summary for the supply depot. It rejects shopping lists which have overspent on total entitlement or over-ordered on controlled items such as tea and meat, and the staff has then to adjust these. Conversely the computer happily remembers birthdays

Above: The ration boxes being loaded into one of the Depot's nine insulated vans for a delivery. Below: Delivery to Brigade Commander's House.

and duly increases entitlement—but it does have to be told when a new baby arrives!

As well as dealing with the shopping list the computer produces from the family's account card a monthly debit voucher—and the paymaster then deducts from the soldier's pay the amount he owes.

The weekly orders are made up at 91 Supply Depot, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, and sent out—1100 metal boxes, each neatly stencilled with name and address—in nine insulated vehicles on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

The use of the computer is being extended to take on 91 Supply Depot's account, but it has already proved its worth and is earning its keep. In fact it has only the fault of rigidity—it must have all the housewives' orders on the dot to do its job properly.

"It can run off ten late orders fairly economically," says Major I M Birkett, who is in charge of the Computer Section and who worked for four years on the Donnington computer staff. "The problem is the 'one-off.' We don't like it, but of course we accept it."

THREE NEW REGIMENTS

THREE of the eight infantry brigades have now announced their plans for reducing by one battalion each to meet the Army's defence cuts (see SOLDIER, September).

The Royal Regiment of Fusiliers will come into being on St George's Day, 23 April 1968.

The Light Infantry vesting day is 10 July 1968, the 165th anniversary of the generally accepted date of the formation of the Light Brigade by Sir John Moore.

The Royal Irish Rangers (27th (Inniskilling), 83rd and 87th) will be formed on St Patrick's Day, 17 March 1968.

The Regular battalions in The Royal Regiment of Fusiliers will be the 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th battalions and will not retain any subsidiary titles perpetuating the present regimental titles of The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, The Royal Warwickshire Fusiliers, The Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment) and The Lancashire Fusiliers.

The new large Regiment will inherit the emblems bearing St George which The Fusilier Brigade has borne since 1958 and its battalions will wear one hackle which will be red and white, the colours of St George, the patron saint of fusiliers.

Regimental Headquarters of the new Regiment will be in the Tower of London and the present headquarters in Newcastle, Warwick, the Tower and Bury will be retained.

In a joint announcement the colonels of the Brigade's present regiments say the new Regiment "will inherit and carry forward into the future the spirit, the traditions and the customs of our four regiments.

"In this way we shall ensure that nothing from the past will be lost, and that in the future our new Regiment will be able to trace in the British Army a clear line of ancestry from our present regiments."

Of the future the announcement says that when it becomes necessary in a few years' time for The Royal Regiment of Fusiliers to lose one of its Regular battalions, "this will no longer be one of our present 1st battalions nor will it be identified with one of our present regiments as they are now known to you.

"We will lose neither the traditions nor the spirit of any of our famous regiments, nor any of our most valued territorial connections. These will all be inherited, preserved and carried forward into the future by The Royal Regiment of Fusiliers."

The Light Infantry will be formed from the Regular regiments of The Light Infantry Brigade—The Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry, The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, The King's Shropshire Light Infantry and The Durham Light Infantry—as a large regiment with 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th battalions.

The North Irish Brigade will also form a large regiment, The Royal Irish Rangers, from the three regiments of The North Irish Brigade—The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, The Royal Ulster Rifles and The Royal Irish Fusiliers (Princess Victoria's). The three battalions of the new Regiment will be composed of officers and men from all of the three existing regiments. In 1969 The Royal Irish Rangers will be reduced from three to two battalions.

Although the five remaining brigades, all of which are eventually to reduce by one battalion, had made no public announcement when SOLDIER went to press, it is understood that their intentions are:

The Lowland Brigade—The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) to disband on 14 May 1968 (the anniversary of the Regiment's raising in 1689).

The Lancastrian Brigade—The Loyal Regiment (North Lancashire) and The Lancashire Regiment (Princess of Wales's Volunteers) to amalgamate, probably in 1970.

The Yorkshire Brigade—The York and Lancaster Regiment to disband, probably in 1970.

The Mercian Brigade—The Sherwood Foresters (Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire Regiment) and The Worcestershire Regiment to amalgamate in 1970.

The Welsh Brigade—The Welch Regiment to amalgamate with The South Wales Borderers, probably in 1969 or 1970.

DIVISIONAL COLONELS

Five new appointments, of colonels commandant of the divisions of infantry to be created on 1 July 1968 (see SOLDIER, July), have been made with effect from 1 January 1968. They are:

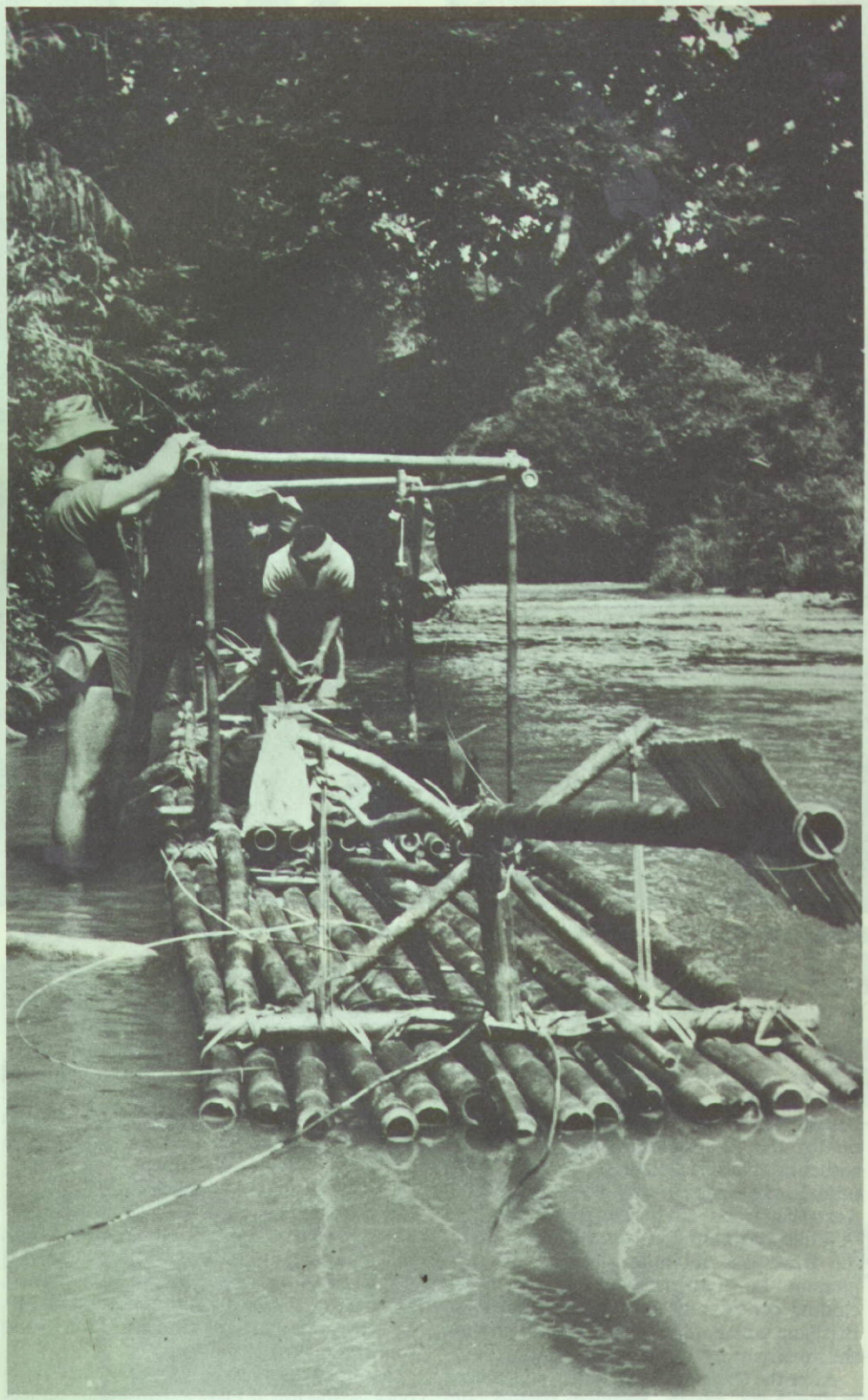
Major-General Michael Forrester—The Queen's Division (The Queen's Regiment, The Royal Regiment of Fusiliers and The Royal Anglian Regiment).

Major-General H E N Bredin—The King's Division (The Lancastrian Brigade, The Yorkshire Brigade and The Royal Irish Rangers).

General Sir Charles Harington—The Prince of Wales's Division (The Wessex Brigade, The Mercian Brigade and The Welsh Brigade).

Major-General F C G Graham—The Scottish Division (The Lowland Brigade and The Highland Brigade).

Lieutenant-General Sir Antony Read—The Light Division (The Light Infantry and The Royal Green Jackets).



A HUNDRED MILES OF MAINLY WHITE WATER

SERGEANT Sidey's expedition upset the local lizards. But for less than the price of a return ticket from London to Edinburgh he and two other men bought three days of exhilaration and adventure.

Sergeant Dave Sidey, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, Corporal Barry Etheridge, Royal Corps of Transport, both of Headquarters, Far East Land Forces, and Mr Bob Riley, a civilian attached to Far East Command, journeyed 100 miles down the treacherous River Gallas in West Malaysia, shooting rapids on the way, on a 40-foot long bamboo raft.

They built the raft on the spot at Gua Musang, built it with the aid of two men found by a local headman, built it and set off for Dabong with the two Malays as advisors on how to shoot rapids without a soaking.

There were anxious moments when the raft scraped submerged rocks but the rattan lashings held. In some stretches of rapids the raft hurtled through turbulent white water with waves up to three feet high threatening to engulf it, but the experience of the Malays kept the expedition afloat.

And those lizards ? Four-foot long monitor lizards abound on the Gallas and, according to the expedition members, when the reptiles saw the raft approaching they took off into the jungle looking upset.

Forty bamboo legs were needed for the raft. Nearest suitable bamboo was three miles up river from Gua Musang and had to be floated downstream after felling. Two sections, three feet six inches by 40 feet, were fixed on top of each other and a platform was fitted in the centre for equipment. Final touches were two huge bamboo paddles fore and aft and poles for punting.

The raft is born (left) in the muddy shallows of the Gallas. Soon the white water will whisk it downstream through the gloomy green jungle.

It happened in DECEMBER

Date		Year
1	Beveridge Report on Social Security issued	1942
3	Battle of Cambrai ended	1917
5	Battle of Leuthen	1757
6	Battle of Cawnpore	1857
6	Independence of Finland proclaimed	1917
9	Jerusalem surrendered to the Allies	1917
13	Battle of Fredericksburg	1862
17	Milan Decree issued	1807
19	Battle of Dreux	1562
21	Battle of Konieh	1832
25	Natal discovered by Vasco da Gama	1497
30	Zululand annexed to Natal	1897

DUSTY DOWN UNDER

A Shropshire APC in Shoalwater Bay. Thick bush, tangled undergrowth, eucalyptus trees, sand, dust and voracious insects make it a tough terrain.

DUST is the main enemy. Dust—white or brick-coloured—rising in choking clouds whenever the rough tracks are used by men or transport. Trees and bushes rise gauntly against a brilliant backcloth of blue sky, their leaves and branches coated with white powder. But for the heat, it is like a Christmas card.

This is Shoalwater Bay military training area on the Clinton Peninsula of Queensland, Australia, where 1st Battalion, The King's Shropshire Light Infantry, took part in Exercise Piping Shrike. Some 2000 Australian troops were practising counter-insurgency. And the jungle-wise British infantrymen went by sea and air from Terendak Camp, West Malaysia, where they are based as part of 28th Commonwealth Brigade, to act as enemy to 3rd Battalion, The Royal Australian Regiment.

The Royal Australian Air Force operated Caribou aircraft and Iroquois helicopters for troop lifts, resupply of rations, water and ammunition and air-lifting of 105-millimetre howitzers—and the Shropshire men took their own transport, armoured personnel carriers and three Sioux helicopters.

Trained to deal with guerilla enemies, the British troops made things tough and realistic for the Australians. They constructed authentic guerilla villages, complete with tunnels and booby traps—the sort of thing Australian troops are finding in Vietnam.

While the Battalion was on the exercise, the Band was fulfilling an extensive programme in Melbourne and Brisbane, including concerts at the Warana Festival in Brisbane where a lively performance earned the musicians a tremendous ovation.

After the exercise the British troops moved to Brisbane where Battalion, Band and Bugles marched through the city and past the City Hall. Here the salute was taken by Australia's GOC Northern Command, Major-General T F Cape.

Marching at brisk light infantry pace, their uniforms pressed and starched, brasses gleaming, the men of the Battalion made a big impression on the thousands of people lining the route. Shouts of "Good old Tommy", "Those Pommies are ruddy smart" and "No one can march like the Tommies" were heard—and many an old soldier of World War One from Britain watched proudly.

Afterwards—leave. Most headed for the beaches of the Gold Coast and their surf. Accommodation had been arranged, as had everything from water-skiing to visits to a boomerang factory. And the hospitable Queenslanders welcomed many of the young soldiers in their home.

Most of the Battalion returned to Singapore by the Royal Fleet Auxiliary Sir Lancelot, the dust of Shoalwater Bay by that time well washed away by good Australian beer!

Report and pictures by Public Relations, Far East Land Forces.

Last time 1st Battalion, The King's Shropshire Light Infantry, and 3rd Battalion, The Royal Australian Regiment, were together was in Korea. On opposite sides during Piping Shrike were the respective commanding officers, English Lieutenant-Colonel John Ballenden and Australian Lieutenant-Colonel J Shelton, who were both in Korea and more recently together as instructors at the Staff College, Camberley.

Past palm trees and General Cape—the Battalion at City Hall, Brisbane.

Amid the deep shadows of the bush—two Shropshire men in jungle green.

Left: Lone Pine Sanctuary, Brisbane—a kangaroo meets the KSLI. Meeting handy for both!

Far left: A feature of the trip was a singing programme by the tame Queensland dolphins...

Right: Still at Lone Pine and this time it is a koala bear that's getting the attention.

Above: This is the badge of the Gibraltar Regiment some of whose conscripts are pictured on the right taking their drill very seriously on the square.

Lieut-Col J M E Gareze, commanding officer (left), also a JP, with the adjutant, Maj D L Collado.

DEFENDERS OF THE ROCK,

LEGEND says that if the apes leave the Rock of Gibraltar the British will go too. Superstition, perhaps; but apart from maintaining its ability to muster 1000 men, the Gibraltar Regiment takes pains to protect the rock apes.

With increasing Spanish pressure on the Rock its population must be thankful for the Gibraltar Regiment. It is a force to be reckoned with. In addition to being able to raise a 1000-strong infantry battalion armed with platoon weapons, the Regiment has a Royal Artillery element to man Gibraltar's three 9.2-inch coastal guns—the only coastal artillery now in the British Army's sphere of influence.

They call their barracks Buena Vista—Good View, often not a very apt name. For there is conscription into the Regiment and many young men take a bad view of joining it. Main objections are by their families which miss their sons' pay packets from their low income. And employers do not like losing staff for four months. But, in the view Lieutenant-Colonel J M E "Pepe" Gareze, commanding officer, initial reluctance on the part of the conscripts soon turns into enjoyment.

The Regiment has twice-yearly intakes of 18 to 19-year-olds, 65 to 70 per intake. Until the age of 28 the conscripts are called up for two weeks' training every two years. The permanent staff numbers nearly 50 officers, non-commissioned officers and men and there is a voluntary reserve of some 70 officers and non-commissioned officers. Voluntary and involuntary reservists come together on the two-yearly training periods and train by companies with a minimum of supervision by the permanent staff.

The Regiment's unbroken line dates back to just before World War Two when the Gibraltar Defence Force came into being. This was a gunner unit until 1958 when the Regiment was formed with its present role.

Colonel Gareze was one who joined the Defence Force in 1939. He took a Regular Commission in the Royal Artillery and retired as a captain in 1953. Now he divides his time between running the Regiment and a civilian firm. He makes no bones about being dissatisfied with his men's pay. The Regiment does not automatically follow the British Army; it follows civilian pay scales. Its rates used to be two-thirds of the British Army's; at the time of writing they were well below but the Regiment was awaiting the results of a civilian pay review.

Another veteran of the Defence Force is Private Joseph Garcia, a member of the permanent staff and at 53 the Regiment's oldest soldier. He says there used to be more discipline in the force but adds philosophically that all armies are changing.

After only six weeks' basic training the men mount ceremonial guard on the Governor's residence and after three-and-a-half months they carry out the Ceremony of the Keys, considered their passing-out parade. One thing to be envied by this country's recruits—after a long and arduous morning's training the Gibraltarians are allowed to walk home in the afternoon.

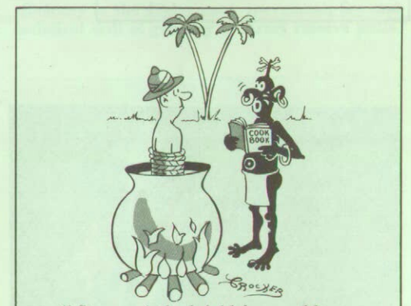
The Regiment's only UK-based soldier, RSM R L Marsh of The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regt.

They look studious. He looks benign. Pupils and instructor discuss future of a Bren magazine.

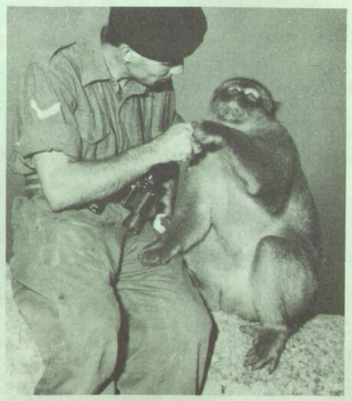
Private Garcia, the Regiment's oldest soldier, fits out one of the Regiment's newest recruits.

PROTECTORS OF THE APES

One distinction enjoyed by the Regiment is that when the Governor dines with its officers the keys of the fortress accompany him. This is the only time they leave the Governor's residence except for the Ceremony of the Keys.



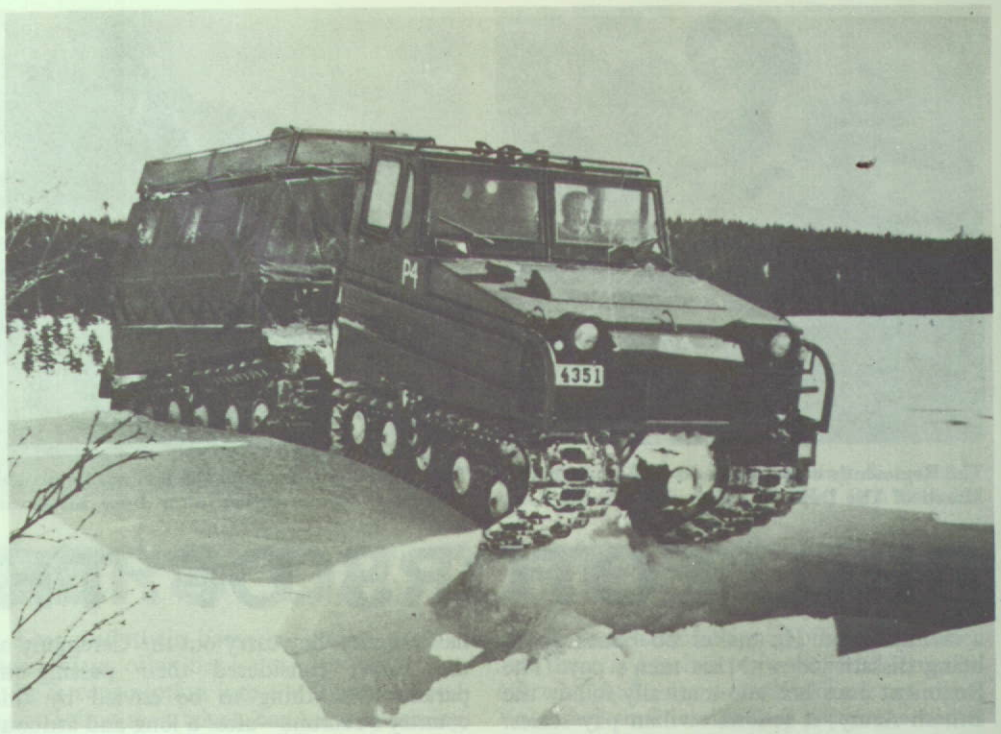
"It says 'stir briskly'—would you mind keeping twisting around?"



For the past ten years the apes have been cared for by Lance-Corporal Alfred Holmes, pictured here feeding a 12-year-old male. The establishment is 32 and on this number is calculated their daily ration allowance at sixpence a head. Often there are more than 32 apes but requests from zoos keep down the surplus. Frontier restrictions imposed by Spain have put up the prices of fruit and vegetables and sixpence a day does not stretch as far as it used to. But 80 per cent of the apes' diet is natural food growing on the rock. They live in two packs which have to be kept apart. They fight.

Left: Famous view, famous gun—high on the Rock, conscripts training with the Bren gun.

LEFT AND RIGHT AND CENTRE



The British Army has never had anything like it before. Twelve of these new Swedish snow vehicles (above) are being issued this month to 1st Battalion, The Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry, stationed in Gravesend. The Battalion, with supporting elements of artillery, engineers, signals and medical services, forms the United Kingdom detachment of the Allied Command Europe Mobile Land Force which is at short notice to deploy anywhere in Europe and Scandinavia. The vehicle, called a BV 202E, has a road speed of 24 miles an hour and a payload of one ton (equivalent to an infantry section equipped with small arms, ammunition and rations). It can negotiate deep, loose snow, marshland and streams. Track pressure is only 12.1lb per square inch, little more than a man on skis. The Ministry of Defence decided to buy this vehicle from Sweden, where it has been proved under arctic conditions, rather than spend considerable time and money on development and research in Britain.

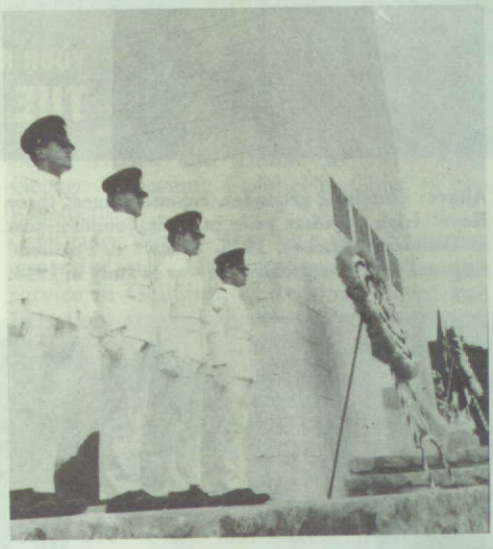
The Cross commemorates the men who fought in Ethiopia in World War Two. It is carried (above) by Yeoman Warder Leonard Loates in a procession to its resting place in the Chapel Royal of St Peter ad Vincula in the Tower of London. The Cross, made by the Ethiopian Crown Jewellers, was presented by a member of the Honourable Artillery Company. It consists of silver from the mines of the Queen of Sheba and wood taken from a beam in the White Tower which dates back to the time of William the Conqueror. The Service of Dedication was conducted by the Bishop of London, a sermon was given by the Provost Emeritus of Khartoum Cathedral, and lessons were read by General Sir William Platt (who commanded Allied Forces in the Sudan, Eritrea and Ethiopia) and General Sir Geoffrey Baker, the Chief of the General Staff designate.

The new £700,000 Depot and Training Centre of Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps at Aldershot has been officially opened by Princess Margaret, who is the Corps' Colonel-in-Chief. She is pictured above arriving with Brigadier Dame Margot Turner, Director of Army Nursing Services and, behind, the Depot's Commandant. Unveiling the plaque, the Princess said the Corps was based on the same firm foundations laid by the first Army nurses in the Crimea more than 100 years ago.

Left: As near smiles as the etiquette of an eastern sport allows are (left to right) Captain Walter Anderson (Army Catering Corps), Lance-Bombardier James Rollo, Gunner Thomas Nichol and Gunner Alan Roberts, all of the Royal Artillery. They had good reason to be happy. Representing 28th Commonwealth Brigade, this team entered the Malaysian Judo Championships —Gunner Nichol won the light-heavyweight bout, Captain Anderson was runner-up in the open and Lance-Bombardier Rollo third in the middleweight class. Captain Anderson took over the Brigade Judo Club only seven months earlier when it was very much in need of a transfusion.

The skirl of bagpipes heralds the beginning of British Week in Toronto, Canada. Pipers of the Scots Guards play (above) outside Toronto City Hall after Prime Minister Lester Pearson opened the Week.

The Queen's Cup, for the top Battery of the Territorial & Army Volunteer Reserve, was won this year by 201 (Herts & Beds Yeomanry) Medium Battery RA (Volunteers). It was presented (above) by General Sir William Stirling to the Battery Commander, Major R Squires, at the Mansion House, London. 201 Medium Battery, of Luton, won this award (then the King's Cup) in 1910, 1927 and 1931. The competition, originated by Queen Victoria in 1868, is aimed at increasing efficiency in the deployment, movement, fire and technical skill of gunnery in Army reserve units.



Four men of 1st Battalion, The Welch Regiment, stand to attention (above) at the Korean War Participation Monument unveiled by Prime Minister Chung Il-kwon. The monument, in honour of soldiers of the United Kingdom, Canada, Australia and New Zealand who fought in the Korean War, is at Kapyong, 36 miles from the capital of Seoul. Kapyong was the scene of a key battle which helped to repel a major Chinese offensive in the spring of 1951. The United Kingdom alone suffered 930 men killed and 2674 wounded. Prime Minister Chung said: "This monument will be preserved forever in Korean history as a symbol of the victory of free people over aggressors."

This Malayan fisherman (above) really will have a tale to tell—all about three mermaids he caught basking on the beach. They are (left to right): Captain Jennifer Brady, Corporal Susan Nicholls and Private Richardson, all of 4 Company, Women's Royal Army Corps, Singapore. The trio spent a week at the "Evergreen" training camp on Malaysia's east coast, combining a change of air and environment with some jungle training, including helicopter emplaning drill, a Belvedere flight into the jungle, a short march with 25lb packs and a bivouac night in the jungle. The camp is visited by the Company's 70 girls who are attached to 18 Signal Regiment and who work a 24-hour shift system on the switchboards of Far East Command and Farelf headquarters, Singapore.

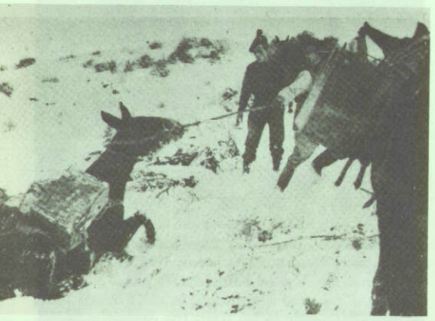
Thirty students will soon be sitting down to their first lessons in Cantonese and Mandarin at a new tri-Service language school in Hong Kong. Four local Chinese teachers and two Chinese-speaking British officers will make use of every modern aid for the teaching of languages including films, tape recordings and audio-lingual programme text-books—listening and speaking the language over a monitored intercom. There are 12 booths for individual tuition and classes will be limited to 12 students to ensure a high standard of instruction. The lecturers also intend to make wide use of Hong Kong's homegrown teachers—the local people. Visits to the docks, airport and Colony industries will be fitted into the curricula for all students on the nine, 18 or 30-month courses. Left: Squadron-Leader Bob Sloss, a Mandarin linguist, using the teach-yourself equipment.

PLUCK OF THE IRISH

YOUR REGIMENT: 59

THE ROYAL IRISH FUSILIERS

Above: Clutching grenades, bayonets fixed, three Royal Irish Fusiliers pose in their bombing-post at Beaumont Hamel, 1915. Below: A Fusiliers' sergeant tackles a problem of war in Italy in 1944.



Left: Former cap badge of the Regiment. Now its members wear the badge of The North Irish Brigade. Above: Battle of Barrosa, 5 March 1811. The 2nd/87th turned possible defeat into victory and the grateful Prince Regent subsequently granted it the title of The Prince of Wales's Own Irish Regiment.

"I must confess I do love to be on duty on any kind of service with the Irish. There is a promptness to obey, a hilarity, a cheerful obedience, and a willingness to act, which I have rarely met with in any other body of men . . . In that corps (the 87th) there was a unity I have never seen in any other; and as for fighting they were very devils."

From the Memoirs of John Shipp, Lieutenant, 87th Regiment, 1815-25

THE Irish are good story tellers. And the tale of the bailiff, the bank manager, the German colonel and the Regimental silver of The Royal Irish Fusiliers (Princess Victoria's) is tall but true.

It is as true as the recent momentous announcement that the Fusiliers' Regular battalion will become the third battalion of a new regiment, The Royal Irish Rangers (27th Inniskilling, 83rd and 87th), to be formed from the Regular regiments of The North Irish Brigade.

First, that silver blarney. When the Regiment's 1st Battalion left Guernsey in 1939 on the outbreak of war it was understandably in a hurry—and it left behind in the vaults of Lloyds Bank the valuable Regimental silver and pictures. Later the Regiment endeavoured to get the collection to England but failed.

After the Germans had arrived on the island Lloyds Bank received a visit from Colonel Schumacher, Nazi commandant of Guernsey.

His minions carted away 18 cases of the Regiment's silver. Vigorous protests were made by the Bailiff of Guernsey, Mr (later Sir) Victor Carey, and the manager of the bank, Mr A S Ives. So vigorous, in fact, that the Germans returned a large proportion of the treasure, although some of it was never seen again.

After the war a rescue party from the Regiment found the collection jumbled but largely intact—thanks to Bailiff Carey and bank manager Ives.

Although the impending reorganisation may seem to diehards a hopeless jumbling of treasured traditions, most people believe that the Fusiliers will emerge from the shake-up as successfully as did their silver from the shambles of the last war.

For a start, there are no plans for farewell ceremonies. Emphasis is rather on welcoming the new set-up.

The name Rangers has been chosen to express both old and new. It is a name with strong Irish connections—and a name with a vigorous ring.

Other battalions of the new Regiment, which will come into being next July, will be formed from The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers and The Royal Ulster Rifles. The name of the Fusiliers will live on in 5th Battalion (Territorials), The Royal Irish Fusiliers, a unit of Territorial & Army Volunteer Reserve III.

This seems a very apt time to consider the history of a Regiment that faces such a major upheaval. The Royal Irish Fusiliers have two ancestors—the 87th or Prince of Wales's Irish Regiment and the 89th Regiment, both raised in Ireland in 1793, a time of great unrest in Europe.

After seeing its first action in Flanders and helping to capture Trinidad, the 87th in 1804 sprouted a second battalion.

In its first years the 1st/87th campaigned in South America, helped—with the 89th—in the capture of Mauritius and took part in 1816 in the tough but little known Gurkha War.

The 2nd/87th was in the Peninsula and in 1809 suffered 40 per cent casualties at Talavera. In 1811, ordered to Algeciras, it emerged—yelling the battle cry "Faugh-a-Ballagh" (Clear the way)—from woods at Barrosa with three companies of Coldstream Guards. This charge decided the defeat of the attacking French. After Peninsular service the Battalion was disbanded in 1817 and its 330 men were sent to the 1st/87th in India.

In 1827, after the Burmese War, the Regiment was granted the title The Prince of Wales's Own Irish Fusiliers but this was altered in the same year to The Royal Irish Fusiliers.

During the next 30 years the Regiment served in many countries from India to Hong Kong.

The 89th started life with death on a large scale in Flanders. Later its troops were among the first to enter the Citadel of Cairo after Sir Ralph Abercrombie's defeat of the French at Alexandria.

In 1804 a second battalion was formed. It was sent to Canada in 1812 and with the 49th Regiment was responsible for turning back the Americans bent on attacking Montreal. It was disbanded in 1816.

The 89th served in the Burmese War and spent the mid-19th century in places from Cork to the Crimea to the Cape.

The 1881 Cardwell Army reforms brought together the 87th and 89th as Princess Victoria's (Royal Irish Fusiliers) with a recruiting area of counties Armagh, Louth, Cavan and Monaghan.

Three militia battalions were incorporated, the Armagh, Cavan and Monaghan, as 3rd, 4th and 5th battalions respectively of the new Regiment.

After worthy service in the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir and the Boer War, the 1st Battalion served at home until World War One. The 2nd Battalion fought at the renowned battle of El Teb and later went to South Africa and India. In 1910 King George V became Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment.

During World War One the Regiment expanded to 14 battalions which saw service in Gallipoli, Macedonia, Egypt and Palestine as well as the Western Front. More than 1000 men of 1st Battalion alone lost their lives.

At the end of the war all but 1st and 2nd battalions were disbanded. In 1919 detachments of 1st Battalion fought in North-West Persia against the Bolshevists.

In 1922, on the establishment of the Irish Free State and owing to need for economy, the majority of Irish infantry regiments were ordered to be disbanded. Both Fusilier battalions were included. But The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers offered to sacrifice a battalion and the Regiment preserved its identity as a battalion linked with the Inniskillings.

From then until 1937 the Battalion globe-trotted. In 1937, a happy announcement—that 2nd battalions were to be restored to The Royal Inniskilling and The Royal Irish Fusiliers. The 1st Battalion moved to Guernsey in 1938.

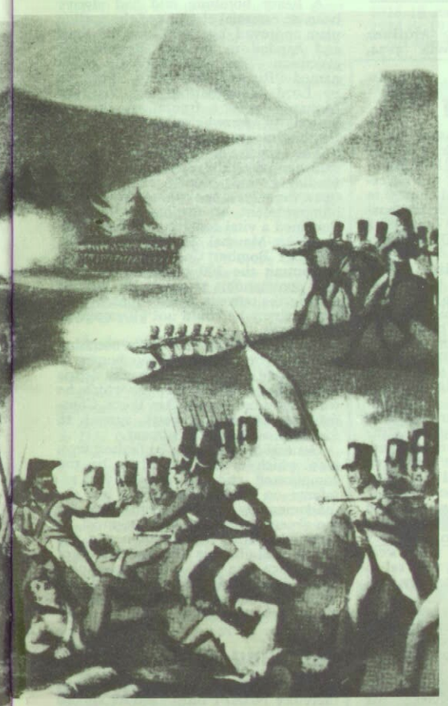
During World War Two there were four battalions. After Dunkirk, 1st Battalion reorganised and went to North Africa. From 1942 to war's end it was in action continuously—in the desert, in Sicily, in Italy.

The 2nd Battalion spent the first four years of the war in Malta. Later it was part of the ill-fated force sent to try to occupy Leros island. The commanding officer was killed, the Battalion taken prisoner.

After the war 1st and 2nd battalions were amalgamated, and since then 1st Battalion has had many moves—Palestine, Korea, Kenya, Egypt, Libya . . .

Recently it served in Swaziland. Now it is at Catterick.

And at Catterick it will stay until the end, or, as most connected with the Regiment would say—the new beginning.



Trust an Irish regiment to have characters among its ranks. Take the young Dubliner of The Royal Irish Fusiliers who, while fighting with 1st Battalion in 1944, walked by mistake into a house full of Germans. After a spot of quick thinking he pointed the aerial of his small radio at the Germans—and they, thinking it was some kind of weapon, surrendered.

At Barrosa the focal point of the charge of the 87th was the eagle of the French 8th Regiment, which the French Colour party defended desperately.

Ensign Edward Keogh, serving in the grenadier company, saw the eagle held high on its wooden pole and shouted to Sergeant Patrick Masterson to follow him.

In a bloody struggle Keogh was killed but the eagle bearer was also killed and Sergeant Masterson snatched the standard and hung on to it (see above) as the French tried to regain it. The sergeant was given an ensigncy in the Royal York Light Infantry Volunteers for capturing the eagle. Later, he rejoined the 87th, which had been nicknamed "The Aigle-Catchers."

LETTERS

DISAPPEARING REGIMENTS

I have continued my subscription to SOLDIER more or less since the end of World War Two because I have always been interested in the British Army and particularly in what might be termed its more picturesque aspects —this does not imply any disrespect for the British soldier as a fighting man.

I have been impressed with the extent to which the traditions of regiments and units develop an *esprit de corps* which is largely lacking in the United States where loyalty is much more generalised and to the Army as a whole rather than to a unit.

So I am rather dismayed by the British Army's reductions in strength and would appreciate an explanation as to why this should necessarily involve the disappearance of units with old and distinct histories, with a particular following of former members and with their roots in particular sections of the country.

I would like to know why other methods could not have been employed to achieve a reduction in troop strength without sacrificing tradition. One would be by reducing all or most units across the board by a given number of men, perhaps by de-activating one squad in each platoon, platoon in company or whatever proportion might be appropriate.

The other would be to adopt the structure used, I believe, by the Canadian Army at one time, of having, say, a Highland, rifle or Guards battalion made up of companies from different regiments. Each company would wear its own regimental uniform and a Highland battalion would have companies wearing either the kilt or the trews (a solution which would have saved much heartbreak when two Scottish units amalgamated).

I note that regiments have been making commercial tours of the United States every year for many years and I take it that the British Army is not suffering a net loss on this. It might be possible to use such tours as a means of raising money so that they would not be a burden on the national budget.

Indeed, in the short run, it seems to me that amalgamation or abolition of units would increase costs since the soldiers will have to be issued with new uniforms and the old uniforms, even if still wearable, become redundant.—**Frank E G Weil, Counselor at Law, 610 E Street SE, Washington DC 20003, USA.**

Quickest quarter-milers

The "Flying Squad" (Purely Personal, October) of 1st Battalion, The Queen's Regiment (Queen's Surreys), did not beat the Army and Rhine Army record times for the 4 x 110 yards. The Army record is 42.8 seconds, set by 1st Battalion, The Cheshire Regiment, this year. The Battalion's fastest recorded time in the Rhine Army Championships is 44.3 seconds in 1964.

The Army's four fastest men over a quarter of a mile are therefore Corporal Nat Ledua, Corporal "Buko" Bukasoqo, Sergeant Dave Baddeley and Lieutenant Richard Halpin, all of 1st Battalion, The Cheshire Regiment.

We are inviting 1st Battalion, The Queen's Regiment, to a competition should they dispute that these four men of the Cheshires are the current Army champions!—**C/Sgt E G Beck, Chief Clerk, 1st Battalion, The Cheshire Regiment, Battlesbury Barracks, Warminster, Wilts.**

★ *SOLDIER's informant was a perhaps over-enthusiastic supporter of the Queen's "Flying Squad." Sorry, Cheshires, and keep in front! The world record is 38.6 seconds, set by the University of Southern California in Utah on 17 June 1967.*

COLLECTORS' CORNER

Ltn Arve Andersen, c/o Leistad, Valer, Norway.—*Collects stamps and wishes exchange with British collectors.*

Pipe-Major Bruce Cameron, 100 Overlook Terrace, NYC 10040, USA.—*Required to complete collection Scottish badges: The Royal Scots Fusiliers (officer's cap badge), The Cumberlnad Highlanders (Canada 1920-36), The First City (South Africa) and Calcutta Scottish (India); will pay £2 each.*

Russell Jardine, 329 East Street, Chicopee Falls, Mass, USA.—*Wanted, steel helmets World War One and Two; also wishes contact collectors in Italy and Scandinavian countries.*

Marines were there

In your list of worldwide commitments since World War Two (Worldwide Army, September) you include two Commandos in Kuwait (Jul-Sep 61) but do not mention Commandos or Royal Marines in the following: Feb-Mar 48, British Honduras, invasion threat, ship's detachment; Jun 48-Jul 60, Malaya, Communist terrorists, Commando brigade HQ and three Commandos; 1950-53, Korea, invasion, one independent Commando and various ships' detachments; 1954-59, Cyprus, EOKA terrorists, Commando brigade HQ and two Commandos; Nov 56, Suez, Anglo-French operations, Commando brigade HQ and three Commandos; Dec 62-Aug 66, Malaysia, Indonesian Confrontation, Commando brigade HQ and two Commandos; Jan 64, Tanganyika, one Commando; Apr 64-, Aden, two Commandos.—**Maj J F E Clarke, RM, for Commandant-General, Royal Marines, Ministry of Defence, Old Admiralty Building, London SW1.**

★ *The list was of the Army's commitments, but SOLDIER is, as ever, happy to credit the Royal Marines.*

Quadruple MM

I have read with interest in SOLDIER about triple Military Medal winners. However, up to and including the August edition, the latest on sale here at the time of writing, I have seen no mention of an Australian stretcher-bearer named A E Corry, who served in the 55th Battalion, AIF, and won three bars to his MM. He was also recommended for the DCM six times.

With much appreciation of your journal.—**R A Pullin, 20 Mullum Road, Ringwood, Victoria 3134, Australia.**

The Light Brigade

Delighted as many of us will be to know that the Light Brigade is to ride again for the films (SOLDIER, September), I cannot see that it was necessary for the director to "hold court." in Turkey or elsewhere, on those responsible, far less that he had to draw up a "damning indictment of Queen Victoria's Army."

If he felt that he must deliver a message, instead of pursuing his proper vocation of providing entertainment for "millions of popcorn-woffling cinemagoers," then he might have been better employed in damning Queen Victoria's ministers who were responsible for her Army being where it was and in the state it was. But that would not have made a good colour film!

The fact is that this director, like others for whom, quite rightly, "the play's the thing," has taken his subject clean out of context. The "drunken ignorance of the rank and file" was derived entirely from the drunken ignorance of that part of the nation from which it drew its recruits. If the officers purchased their commissions, as they did quite openly, then the rules were derived from the politicians who sat in Parliament by means of bribery and corruption.

Deplorable as it was by present-day standards, the purchase of commissions provided us with a Marlborough and a Wellington, as bribery did with a Walpole and two Pitts.

The Crimean was the first campaign to give photography its chance. Mr Roger Felton's pictures reveal that the officers and men of the Army of that day looked very much the same, in type, as those of 1914 and 1939. They gave us cheap defence as the politicians did cheap government. And, in modern parlance, they "took the can back." **"Retired" (Name and address supplied).**

Dieppe Raid

In his speech at the 25th anniversary commemoration of the Dieppe Raid, Earl Mountbatten attributed the decision not to soften the German defences by aerial bombardment to the Military Force Commander, Major-General John Roberts.

The former Chief of Combined Operations said the lessons learned at Dieppe largely assured the success of the Normandy landings. There is in this a real danger that General Roberts, who was sent to command a training camp after Dieppe and was still a major-general when he retired in 1945, will go down in history as the sole scapegoat for the raid's shortcomings.

A heavy bombing raid had always been an essential element of the outline plan approved by the Chiefs of Staff and handed to General Roberts for execution. The plan, originally code-named "Rutter," had been conceived by Lord Mountbattten and Viscount Montgomery as a frontal assault supported by overwhelming air and sea bombardment.

The vision of heavy sea support vanished when the First Sea Lord, Sir Dudley Pound, bluntly refused a request for at least one capital ship. An air bombardment of maximum intensity remained a vital constituent of the plan until Air-Marshal Sir Arthur Harris, Chief of Bomber Command, declined to commit the 300 bombers the joint raid commanders wanted. He warned that on the current level of high bombing accuracy he could not guarantee to hit Dieppe.

On the basis that inaccurate bombing would destroy many civilian homes in Dieppe and block the streets with debris against his tanks—a view in which he was supported by his Air Force Commander—General Roberts agreed to forgo the aerial bombardment.

General Roberts may be faulted for a plan which events proved to be too complicated and the decision to reinforce on scant information, but the fundamentally basic responsibility for the absence of heavy support must be shared by Lord Mountbatten and the Chiefs of Staff. Only they had the power to replace the lost resources.—**John Saar, Editorial Offices, Life, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 10020, USA.**

Knocking NAAFI

Monopolies are never popular and therefore NAAFI must take its knocks with the rest. From its beginning the organisation has had to stand up to criticism, mainly in the form quoted by

F/Sgt A More (October Letters) of higher prices for one particular article. It does not help that NAAFI spokesmen are too apt to be right—in their own estimation.

Your correspondent obviously never suffered at the hands of commercial organisations which preceded NAAFI and were one of the reasons for its birth. He compares NAAFI with the US PX. This organisation may now, for all I know to the contrary, be perfection but I had considerable experience of it during World War Two and was always glad to get back to the humble NAAFI.

But NAAFI once suffered defeat. When the 1st Life Guards came home in 1919 we were considerably upset to find that beer was being served by mere girls; we protested most audibly. Nothing availed until the Quartermaster learned that beer was being drawn from the tap. The girls were not strong enough to work the old engines that drew beer from the deep Knightsbridge cellars so, at any rate for a space, we got men back behind the beer counter and drank our beer as it should be drunk.—**Lieut-Col R J T Hills, Germany. (Full address supplied).**

On being charged DM 2.95 for a 3s 6d book in NAAFI I asked what the extra was for and was told transport and departmental fees. I feel certain it does not cost 1s 6d to bring a paperback from England to Germany.

When I buy a litre of milk in the NAAFI canteen it costs DM 1.40 but at the NAAFI Services shop 300 yards away it costs DM 0.87. I am told the extra DM 0.53 is for haulage but what is the world coming to when it costs DM 0.53 to transport a small carton of milk 300 yards?

The NAAFI spokesman (October Letters) said Local Overseas Allowance (LOA) is to compensate for extra costs overseas. At the rate at which prices are going up in this area, if the Army doubled my wage it would only just compensate. If this is the best that NAAFI can do I wish they would let civilian contractors take over.

I know you will probably come back with the old tale that NAAFI serves the Forces no matter where they are, but I don't believe this to be the case in the Borneo campaign where there were *charwallahs* and unit-run clubs—admittedly the beer came from NAAFI but it could as easily have been supplied by any other warehouse.

So, NAAFI, either learn something from the American PX clubs that I've had the pleasure to use, or pack up.—**Cfn A V Gunn, LAD REME, 2nd Battalion, The Royal Green Jackets, BFPO 17.**

★ *And NAAFI replies:*

The price charged by NAAFI in Germany for a 3s 6d paperback is DM 2.05—if Cfn Gunn paid more he should ask the manager for a refund.

A litre carton of milk in a Services shop is DM 0.90 and no discount is allowed. In the restaurant, milk is served by the ¼-litre glass at DM 0.35, which works out at DM 1.40 per litre for four glasses. On this NAAFI pays rebate to unit welfare funds. Shop and restaurant prices cannot fairly be compared—pricing structures are entirely different for obvious reasons. One might just as well compare, for example, the price of a bottle of spirits in the off-licence with the tottage price in the public bar. The real test is what Cfn Gunn would have to pay for a glass of milk in a German restaurant of comparable standard.

NAAFI cannot comment on whether or not LOA fully covers the difference in the cost of living—this is a matter for the Ministry of Defence.

NAAFI had some 200 staff in Borneo, operating 17 clubs, six shops and five mobile canteens with £30,000 worth of business a week, in addition to the bulk issue stores which provided goods for unit-run canteens. Charwallahs have their uses and many served the British Forces with distinction, but they also have their limitations.

NAAFI accepts criticism and indeed actively seeks it. It has never claimed infallibility and, by pointing out genuine mistakes or shortcomings, its critics keep NAAFI on its toes. But Colonel Hill will find that NAAFI has a so-called monopoly only in areas where commercial competition finds things too uncomfortable—and where NAAFI is left to go it alone.

Commandos

As Royal Marine Commandos, "Disgusted Bootnecks" (Letters, October) should know that Commando training in all modern armies is based on that inaugurated at the Army Commando Training Centre at Achnacarry in Scotland. This wartime centre was staffed by soldiers, including many guardsmen, and produced the greatest breed of fighting men in the world.

All Army Commandos were volunteers; Marine Commando personnel, with the possible exception of 40 Commando, were pressed men. This was evident in unit spirit and in performance during exercises and operations.

The real tragedy is that due to pressures at high level the Army Commandos were disbanded at the earliest opportunity. These fine units should have been maintained at brigade strength on the same lines at The Parachute Regiment.

There's a well-tried old maxim—"Every man to his trade." Leave the infantry fighting to the Army.—**Nulli Secundus (name and address supplied).**

Survivors' medal?

Next year sees the Golden Jubilee of the end of World War One in which 8,538,315 men were killed and 21,219,452 wounded. Yet the few survivors are forgotten and not mentioned in the National Insurance Act although men getting a living wage are given marital allowance and farmers receive an average weekly subsidy of more than £20 a week.

The least the Government can do is to show its gratitude by issuing a commemorative medal to all survivors and a 1916-18 star to those who did not get a 1914 or 1915 star.

All survivors, many of whom served later in the Home Guard without pay, should also receive a handsome gratuity to prove that their labours, hardships, privations and valour are not forgotten by a grateful country. For this the Government could use the £300,000,000 now squandered every year on "foreign aid."—**Cecil Pugh-Jones, 119 Splott Road, Cardiff.**

WORD-MAKING

SOLDIER's note on Competition 111 (August 1967) said there were more than 60 words which could be made from the letters in SOLDIER. There were indeed more—first prize goes to a list of 124!

There were two ties and third and fourth prizes have accordingly been duplicated.

Prizewinners:

1 Clifford L W Barratt, 14 Myrtle Grove, Low Fell, Gateshead 9, Co Durham.

2 Mrs E Potter, 104 Belgrave Avenue, Gidea Park, Romford, Essex.

3 (tied) Capt G Cross ACC, Depot & Training Battalion ACC, Tournai Barracks, Aldershot, Hants, and Maj A J P Sankey RE, 1 Ripon Avenue, Gordon Barracks, Gillingham, Kent.

4 (tied) Capt W M Kerr, The Anglo-American Centre, Via Mameli N 46, Cagliari, Postal Code I-09100, Sardinia, Italy, and WO I G A Gladman REME, 35 Central Workshop REME, Old Dalby, Melton Mowbray, Leics.

5 Lieut-Col P W Lonnon, Ponderosa, Park Road, Ashtead, Surrey.

6 G A Hewitt, St Anthony, 2 Upper St Michael's Road, Aldershot, Hants.

7 Mrs R S Page, HQ REME, Malta, BFPO 51.

8 Maj H V Noble, 15 Magdala Road, Nottingham.

9 Officer Cadet Colin C Lamont, 39 Coates Gardens, Edinburgh 12.

10 A/T P A Mitchell, 66B, Block 6, A Coy, AAC Chepstow, Monmouthshire.

11 S/Sgt Amerbahadur Rai, 30 Sqn, The Gurkha Transport Regiment, c/o GPO Singapore.

12 L/Cpl P Ross, 73, Radnor Avenue, Welling, Kent.

13 Sgt H Dean, Canadian Forces Medical Training Centre, CFB Borden, Borden, Ontario, Canada.

14 No award.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(*see page* 43)

The two pictures vary in the following respects:

1 Tree third from right. 2 Striker of second reindeer's top bell. 3 Lettering on sack of oats. 4 Right hind leg of leading reindeer. 5 Tail of second wolf. 6 Lower foreleg of third wolf. 7 Rear antler of leading reindeer. 8 Belt of Santa Claus. 9 End of Santa Claus' beard. 10 Top left corner of toy sack.

Addition to the list of military museums in the September SOLDIER.

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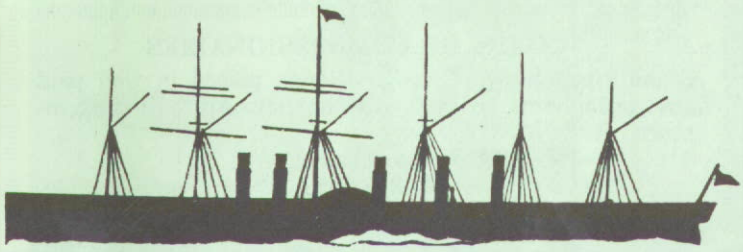
COMPETITION 115

I saw three ships...

And here are another seven, in silhouette. All you have to do is name them. Send your answers, on a postcard or by letter, with the "Competition 115" label from this page, and your name and address, to:

The Editor (Comp 115)
SOLDIER
433 Holloway Road
London N7.

This competition is open to all readers at home and overseas and closing date is Monday, 19 February. Answers and winners' names will appear in the April SOLDIER. More than one entry can be submitted but each must be accompanied by a "Competition 115" label. Winners will be drawn by lots from correct solutions.



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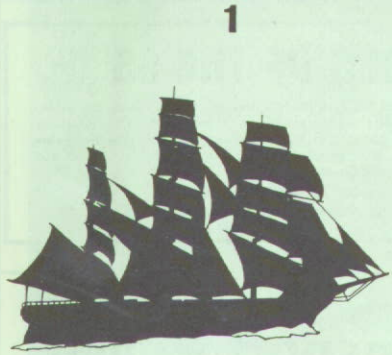

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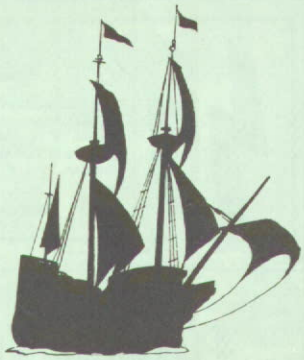

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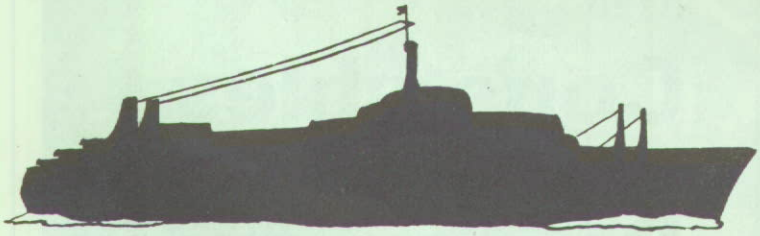

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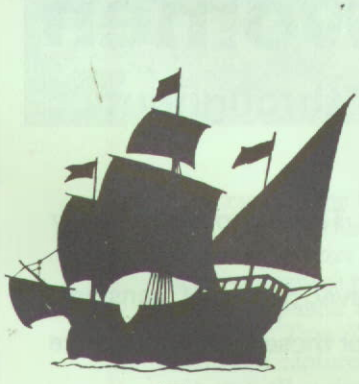

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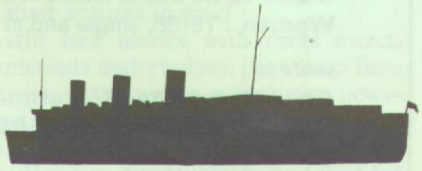

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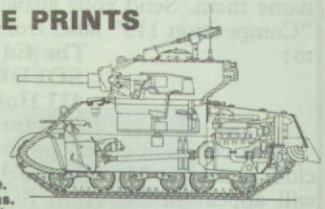

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DECEMBER 1917

From a drawing by S Eduardo in The Sphere

Battle rages at the front a mere 1000 yards away. Yet these French villagers, who have stayed in their homes throughout the war, are full of seasonal good cheer—a dispatch rider is handed wine, the Tricolour is given a public airing and one little boy sports a borrowed "Tam o'Shanter" while another mimics a Boche in a captured German helmet.

It was all quite different from the scene at the Somme and Flanders, where buildings had been flattened by incessant artillery bombardment and men sank up to their armpits in mud.

This village still had houses with roofs intact, whitewashed farmsteads and gardens. The shop here is still in business, selling mostly magazines, newspapers and refreshments to passing Tommies.

Six million Allied troops were destined to spend Christmas on the Western Front which stretched for more than 350 miles from the Belgian coast to the Swiss border. There had been deadlock for seven months. Allied and German soldiers, bogged down in dank trenches, could see each other through the wire across a narrow no man's land.

The Germans and Austrians marched south together into the boot of Italy and the Italian Army was all but kicked to death. Worse was to come. The Bolsheviks, who had seized power in Russia, signed an armistice with Germany on 15th December. The great Russian "steamroller" had broken down and the German dream of war on one front now looked like becoming a reality.

However, there was some cheering news. Jerusalem was won by Allenby two weeks before Christmas. He entered the Holy City on foot, the first Christian conqueror to do so since the Crusades.

Fascinations of ORIENTEERING

IT is a sport associated with the sun sparkling among the branches of closely-packed pine trees, the feel of multitudinous pine needles underfoot . . . Ex Olympic athlete and broadcaster Chris Brasher, one of its leading advocates, says map-reading is the real clue to the sport's fascination.

The sport is orienteering. And it is fascinating increasing numbers of people in this country—not least those in the Army. This major Scandinavian sport—cross between a map-reading exercise and a cross-country run—is not officially recognised as a sport by the Army but regarded as a useful form of military training.

It is easy to see why soldiers benefit from it. Orienteering (see SOLDIER, December 1966) involves finding a way through unknown country, be it hills, heavy woodland or moors, with map and compass.

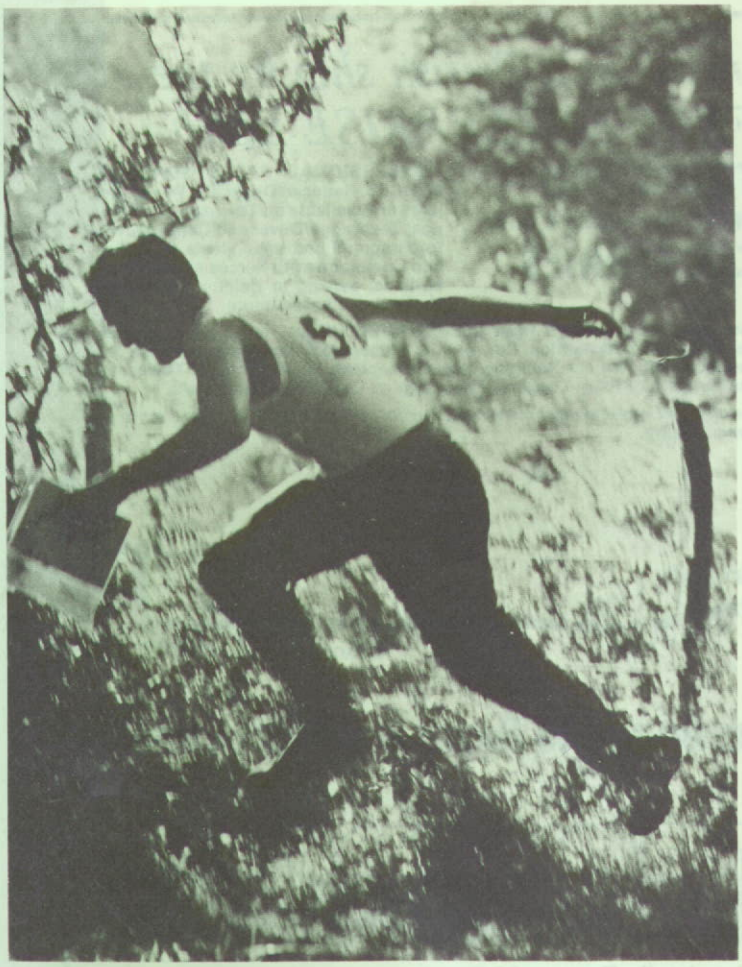
The first Army Championships, although unofficial, attracted wide interest, as the list of entrants shows. They ranged from 16 Para Workshops, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, to the Army Apprentices' College, Aborfield, and the School of Signals, Blandford, to the Mercian Brigade. Well-known athletes, including Chris Brasher, took part by invitation.

Held in the New Forest, the Championships were organised by the Royal Marines Orienteering Club in return for the Army's help with the first Royal Marine Championships in July.

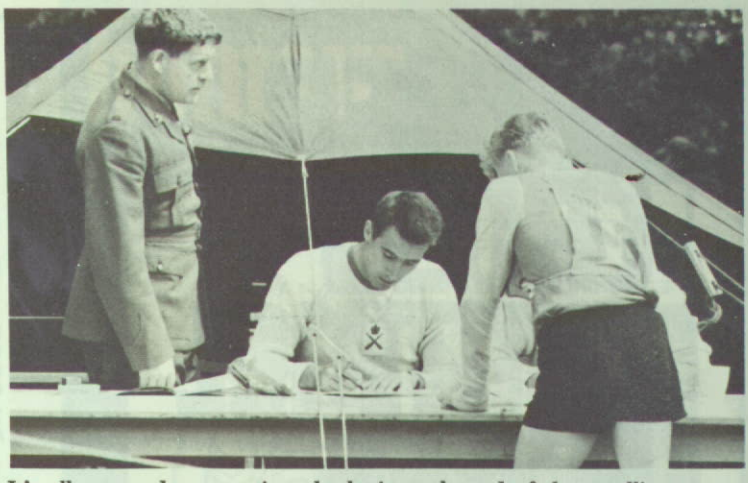
A team from Royal Engineers, Chatham, walked away with the Jan Kjellstrom Memorial and the SOLDIER individual trophy went to Staff-Sergeant A Whale, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, serving at the Fighting Vehicles Research and Development, Chertsey—an outstanding Army orienteer.

As Chris Brasher says, orienteering needs complete mental and physical concentration, hence the apparent seriousness of those who took part and who are pictured here . . .

A concealed radio patrol reported the competitors' progress to this base.



Portrait of a dashing orienteer: Physical and mental effort are close allies.



It's all over and a competitor checks in at the end of the gruelling course.

S/Sgt Whale gets SOLDIER cup from Maj-Gen A J Deane-Drummond.

Where the thinking begins: Competitors mark checkpoint positions on maps.

An officer's dog spurs a junior competitor over a five-bar gate obstacle.

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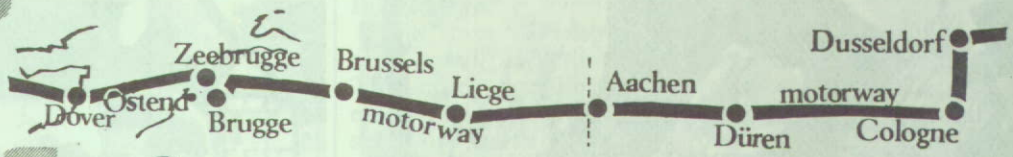

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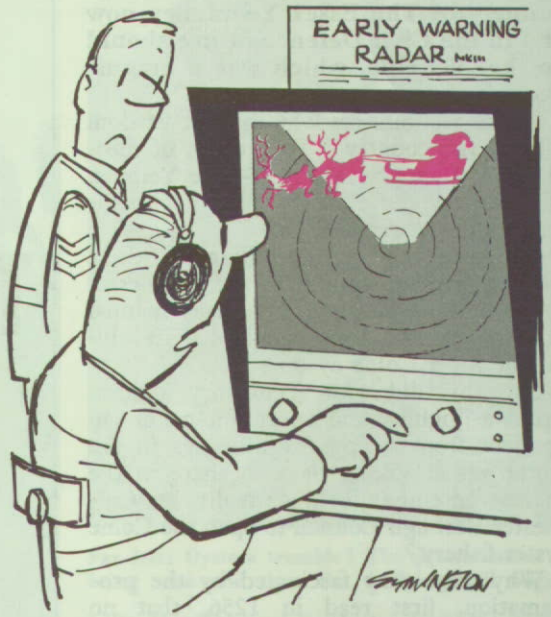


" Pinch me . . ."

" It's twelve o'clock on a fine night and all's well!"

" Now which lucky chap got the sheep's eyeballs?"

" I think this must be the Black Forest."

An alliance
between Territorials and
the edible regiments
of the riverbed;
a feast of gin and
gingerbread; dredging
without fear of
"grievous amerciaments"
—it all happened on . . .

THE DAY THE OYSTER CATCHERS WORE SPURS

FATE in the shape of the Territorial Army shake-up decreed that the sole armament of the gunners of The Essex Yeomanry now and in the Civil Defence future should be the .303 rifle, which was a magnificent weapon.

Those reorganisers who in their wisdom robbed the country's Territorials of most of their weaponry take note—the Yeomen of P Battery at Colchester have got themselves a new "weapon."

At first sight the flirtation of these gunners-without-guns with the Colchester oyster may be puzzling. No Army manual lists the tactical deployment of a freshly-caught River Colne oyster.

So why did two Yeomanry officers (spurs a-jingling) and a sergeant-major sail up-river from sleepy Brightlingsea in the motor vessel Viking Saga to share in the ancient ceremony held annually by Colchester Borough Council to open the Colne oyster fishery?

Why were they fascinated by the proclamation, first read in 1256, that no "dredgers of oysters may dredge broods in the water of our said fishery nor in any of the creeks of the same, nor at any time except in the time limited, under pain of forfeiture and grievous amerciaments"?

Why did they consume gin and gingerbread (traditional antidote to unpurified oysters), nibble shrimps and clamber aboard the oyster-dredging barge along with aldermen, councillors and council officials out on the murky water of the Colne? Why?

Simple. P Battery's involvement in the annual oyster antics was just a public relations exercise. In the words of Major Peter Sebag-Montefiore, Battery Commander, "The idea is to foster relations between ourselves and Colchester."

A quick survey revealed that the three soldiers did not desire their liaison with the oysters to be too personal.

"Eat them? No fear! Why? Because of my stomach"—jovial Captain Herbert Dafforn, regimental administrative officer.

"They don't like me. I can't eat them"—Warrant Officer II George Delaney.

Words echoed by Major Sebag-Montefiore: "I like them but they don't like me."

Despite this the major raised an oyster—the only thing the British eat alive—to his lips for the benefit of newspaper photographers, and the sergeant-major actually put one in his mouth, spitting it out when the lenses developed new interests.

Far left: Oysters tremble! The proclamation is being read and soon the dredging will begin.

Left: The Mayor of Colchester leads the oyster assault and the Essex Yeomanry is in the van. Above: Major Sebag-Montefiore inspects fruits of victory—but he did not fancy tasting them.

And at Colchester Town Hall the major ate one of the first oysters of this year's harvest—presented to the Battery by the Mayor—confessing afterwards: "I have taken my life in my hands."

At the ceremony, splendidly civic, P Battery was formally renamed Oyster Battery and the Mayor said stirring things about the Territorials and their place in the life of the old garrison town.

The new title of Oyster Battery certainly opens up an interesting field of thought. How about a Haggis Squadron of The Ayrshire Yeomanry, Clotted Cream Squadron of The Devonshire Territorials, Kipper Battery of The Humber Regiment, Cider Company of The Somerset Yeomanry and Light Infantry, Hot Pot Battery of The West Lancashire Regiment, Cheese Squadron of The Cheshire Yeomanry—or even a Yorkshire Pudding company of The West Riding Territorials?

The oyster alliance may do much for the morale and recruiting of The Essex Yeomanry. In return one is confident that if ever an enemy threatens the oysters of the Colne the Regiment will spring to their defence—complete with .303 rifles!

When the axe of Territorial Army reorganisation fell this year the 304th (Essex Yeomanry) Regiment, Royal Artillery, became The Essex Yeomanry (Royal Horse Artillery), Royal Artillery (Territorials), a unit of T & AVR III, the force designed to aid the civil power in nuclear war and defend the United Kingdom.

Headquarters is at Colchester, where P Battery has been based for many years. Other batteries are at Southend-on-Sea and Harlow.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

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

CLOUD-CUCKOO LAND

"Gibbs and a Phoney War" (Anthony Gibbs)

What does a war correspondent do when he discovers a brigade headquarters staff colonel doing his rounds of the outposts by tramcar?

This is precisely what Mr Gibbs found in 1939 when he went to France to deputise for his father, that great reporter of World War One, Sir Philip Gibbs.

He found a British Expeditionary Force scarcely better equipped than a troop of Boy Scouts. He found a tank unit with its tanks' tracks overdue for replacement, its guns incomplete and useless, and only the BBC audible on its radios.

He found a pillbox on the Belgian frontier with fire slits to left and right but none facing the direction from which an enemy would come; a sergeant confessed to having had "to 'ack inches off" an anti-tank gun to mount it in the pillbox.

Mr Gibbs paints a devastating picture of a military cloud-cuckoo land. The whole thing is highly amusing; at times it is side-splitting —until one remembers that this book was written for publication in 1940 and intended as a warning of approaching disaster.

Newspapers were censored but not books. So Mr Gibbs "dashed this curious document off" in two weeks and sent it to his publishers who in turn sent it to the censor. The result was a welter of blue pencil marks and a note from Anthony Eden: "Dear Gibbs, I must ask you as a patriotic English gentleman not to publish this book."

Mr Gibbs says that when he was returning home other correspondents implored him to publish the facts. It was his duty, they said, to let the British public have the full story. It seems incredible that he should ever have attempted to do so. Had his book been published it must certainly have also told the full story to the German High Command.

On the other hand his treatment of his subject is so lighthearted—he now thinks the lightheartedness could have been lightheadedness—that one wonders how seriously it would have been taken in Britain.

One must agree that at 27 years' distance Mr Gibbs's book has value in that it captures the mood of the days before the *blitzkrieg* in the West. Students and researchers into that period will be grateful for a contemporary description of how the BEF went to war.

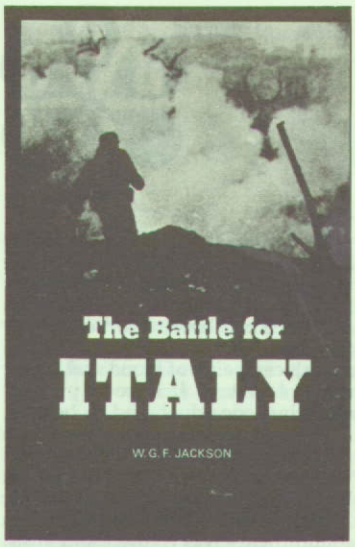
Peter Dawnay, 21s **J C W**

LINE AFTER LINE

"The Battle for Italy" (Major-General W G F Jackson)

One more mountain or one more river—to the rain-soaked, dust-choked soldiers who slogged their way up Italy those few words summed up two years of their lives.

It never seemed possible to force a decision. Gustav Line, Caesar Line, Gothic Line—always there



seemed to be another line, and generally they incorporated rivers and mountains.

The Italian campaign was frustrating. The earlier successful capture of Sicily and the Salerno landings raised high hopes for a powerful drive to the north, but the farther the Allies struggled, the more tenacious became the defence.

Militarily the Germans can look back on Italy with pride. They never fought better. Their defeats of the Allies at Cassino and Anzio shattered all hope of quick success and the offensive ground to a bitter crawl.

The capture of Rome was swept off the front pages by D-Day, which came two days later, and thereafter the Allied forces in Italy were doomed to another awful winter.

After D-Day the Italian theatre was relegated to secondary status, something more than a sideshow but lacking the priorities in men and supplies enjoyed in North-West Europe. Nevertheless the Allied armies in Italy forced the German Army Group C, which had bedevilled them for so long, to capitulate before the German forces in other theatres laid down their arms.

General Jackson maintains that the battle for Italy may become one of the most studied facets of World War Two. It was the focal point for rival strategies in both the Allied and Axis camps. Rommel, fearing the campaign would jeopardise the Russian Front, opted for withdrawal to the north to fight a defensive battle. Kesselring, the airman, knew the danger of enemy air bases in Italy and his successful defence of Cassino prompted Hitler to decide in favour of defending the south. And once German troops were committed, every inch of Italy had to be defended.

On the Allied side, the British and American ideas collided. The British strategy of indirectly sapping German strength by keeping up the pressure in Italy found little favour with the American Chiefs of Staff. They wanted a full-blooded assault on the heart of the Reich.

Despite the withdrawals the British strategy prevailed. In a foreword Lord Alexander of Tunis writes: "At the critical moment when General Eisenhower's armies crossed the Channel, we routed Kesselring's 10th and 14th armies, taking Rome and forcing Hitler to send four more divisions into Italy to join the 23 already retreating before us."

General Jackson's account is lucid and compelling, capturing vividly the whole atmosphere of the Italian front—he fought there himself—and placing it firmly in the context of the European war.

Batsford, 55s **J C W**

AGAINST THE SIMBAS

"Congo Mercenary" (Mike Hoare)

In the English language the word Congo stands for rebellion, violence, murder and chaos. It has been so since independence prematurely descended on this vast African tract seven years ago.

The nearest the Communists have come to a successful take-over was in 1964 when Pierre Mulele, former Minister of National Education and Fine Arts, raised a rebellion in a heavily populated area of Kwilu province. Mulele, like his former chief, Lumumba, was a rabble-rouser. He had been trained in Peking and quickly found supporters, mainly those disillusioned by the meagre fruits of independence.

continuing

BOOK

Tshombe, then Congolese Prime Minister, sent for Major Hoare and asked him to form a white mercenary force to fight the Simbas, Mulele's rebels. This book is Major (now Colonel) Hoare's account of the 18-month campaign of blood and horror which followed. It is not a pleasant story but one which had to be told.

Most of Hoare's men were South Africans, but a score of countries was represented in the ranks of his No 5 Commando. Holders of the Military Medal and the Iron Cross found themselves comrades in arms. Hoare himself had been a Royal Armoured Corps major and he ruled No 5 Commando with discipline as strict as, if not stricter than, any in the British Army.

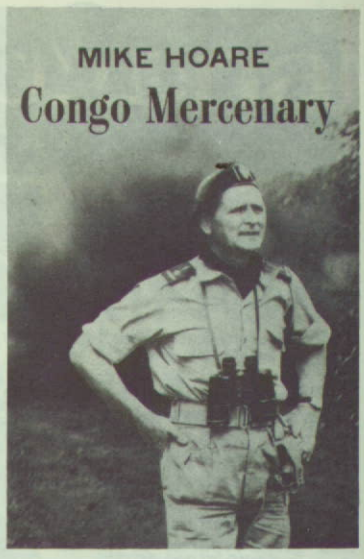
Through four campaigns over 18 months this resolute band of men liberated Stanleyville, drove the Simbas from the hinterland, freed hundreds of European hostages and helped inmeasurably to restore law and order to the Congo.

Hundreds of thousands of innocent Congolese had fled from their towns and villages before the terror of the Simbas. The mercenaries' victory allowed the Congolese to reclaim the liberty they thought they had when independence was first thrust upon them.

The fact that the mercenaries fought for money is frequently held against them; the Organisation of African Unity waxed indignant because it was not consulted on the mercenaries' employment. Colonel Hoare comments: "They completely ignored the fact that their piddling and inefficient armies were quite incapable of looking after themselves, let alone embarking on a foreign adventure."

There can be little doubt that the white mercenaries gave the Congo another chance. One would hope that the world and the United Nations will by guidance and aid (other than military) help the Congo to grasp it. If Colonel Hoare's book helps towards that end it will be as important as the mercenaries were in that country's history.

Hale, 35*s* **J C W**



OFF-BEAT CAMPAIGN

"*The Neglected War*" (*Colonel A J Barker*)

The soldiers called it "the land of sweet FA with a river running up it." The maps said it was Mesopotamia. Today they call it Iraq. In World War One it was the scene of one of the most tragic and controversial campaigns in the history of the British and Indian armies.

It was an off-beat campaign with no more than 100,000 casualties—chickenfeed compared with the slaughter on the Western Front.

Happily, we have a skilled military historian who delights in off-beat campaigns. Colonel Barker wrote excellent accounts of "Eritrea 1941" and "The March on Delhi" and the same high standard and regard for accuracy obtain here. He makes a deeply penetrating study of the campaign—its muddle, its mismanagement, its heroism, its shame.

In 1914 most of the Royal Navy's oil came from Persia and with Turkish troops on the doorstep a British expedition was mounted from India to safeguard Abadan and to take Basra. Both objectives were quickly achieved. This success was encouraging and there soon came pressure for more. Another campaign was launched which can have few parallels in the annals of military and political ineptitude.

It took the form of a long-range offensive against Baghdad, 200 miles away, under the ambitious Major-General Charles Townshend. Initially this totally unnecessary campaign was brilliantly successful. Townshend repulsed a Turkish attempt to recapture Basra and then forged ahead along the Tigris with the Turks in flight. But as with Rommel in the desert, so with Townshend. As his lines of communication lengthened, his striking power weakened. The Turks, on the other hand, became stronger.

Townshend was checked at Ctesiphon and his offensive collapsed. The early successes had given rise to the belief that Baghdad was just around the corner waiting to fall. Then came a communique stating that the British force was "in full retirement." Despite the reluctance to use the word "retreat," Townshend was in full flight for Kut-al-Amara where he was to be besieged for four months before surrendering with more than 10,000 men. Two out of three were to die in captivity.

Colonel Barker leads his readers with sure steps through the subsequent campaign in which Baghdad was eventually taken and through the international and political ramifications which resulted. In doing so performs a service to history, but most of all he produces a memorable tribute to the soldiers who fought and died in Mesopotamia. Too long have they been members of a "Forgotten Army."

Faber, 63*s* **J C W**

ONE VOLUNTEER

"*Thomas Morris*" (*edited by John Selby*)

"After a restless night, produced by the anxiety and distress which I knew my sudden departure would cause to my parents, I left about four o'clock in the morning, without taking leave of a single individual so fearful was I of being again disappointed. I left a note for my parents, praying their forgiveness and hoping all would end well."

This was the start of the career

and adventures of Sergeant Thomas Morris of the 73rd Regiment (Highlanders) which are the theme of the latest volume in the fascinating series of Military Memoirs.

Because the 17-year-old Cockney had been a Volunteer he persuaded his colonel to include him in an overseas draft. Within a few weeks Morris was involved in the little-known Baltic campaign of 1813 and the rout of the French at the Battle of Gohrde. His enthusiasm for "the thrilling tones of the bugle, and the merry fife and drum" was somewhat dampened when he was exposed to the savage system of punishments—150 lashes for stealing two carrots! But Morris's real complaint was the selection of officers by birth and not by merit.

Despite these, Morris loved his regiment and was proud of its achievements and reputation. He was a good soldier and gives clear accounts of his experiences in Holland and finally at Waterloo.

There is humour in his tale—the drum-major who wrote his wife a fictional description of his great gallantry only to find it headlines in a newspaper! And of course there is tragedy—the sergeant provost-marshal who charged his colonel with being drunk and was reduced to the ranks, received 500 lashes and died in solitary confinement.

This is a highly readable little book, furnished with clear maps and explanatory notes to the historical background.

Longmans, 30*s* **A W H**

IN BRIEF

"*Advanced Motoring*"

This is the bible of the Institute of Advanced Motorists, that too small section of motorists who not only appreciate that the joyful discarding of L-plates is only the beginning, but who are ever ready to keep on learning and put into practice the techniques of good driving.

They are not people who can drive faster yet more safely from A to B, but people who approach driving as a craft, who know precisely the reactions of their vehicles and themselves in any conditions or circumstances—and who drive well within those limits.

This book is invaluable for the learner-driver. All other drivers ought not to need its advice, but most of them certainly do—vehicular behaviour on any road at any time is proof enough of the need for a skilled and responsible attitude towards driving.

Queen Anne Press, 9*s* 6*d*

"*Orders, Medals and Decorations of Britain and Europe*"
(*Paul Hieronymussen*)

This book, originally published in Denmark, is an excellent and authoritative addition to the comparatively small bibliography on the subject of orders and decorations, and 80 of its 256 pages consist of splendidly produced colour plates.

Every effort was made to ensure the authenticity of every detail and in preparing the British section the publishers enlisted the help of Major-General C H Colquhoun, secretary of the Central Chancery of the Orders of Knighthood.

In addition to the coloured and black-and-white illustrations and detailed descriptive notes, a 30-page introduction covers the general history of various orders and also describes their classes, insignia, devices and precedence.

The title might have been more accurate had the word "medals" been omitted; only comparatively few of these are included and no campaign medals other than those of the United Nations.

Blandford, 35*s*

"*Uniforms of the Yeomanry Regiments* 1783-1911" (*P H Smitherman*)

This volume is the latest in the opulent and well-produced series on British Army uniforms by Colonel Smitherman and is similar in format to its predecessors, even to the 20 colour plates beautifully drawn by the author.

Colonel Smitherman traces the history of the Yeomanry regiments from the end of the 18th century when they were called into existence by Pitt. More than a hundred years elapsed before they saw action in 1899 in South Africa where their success was such that more Yeomanry regiments were raised, all of which fought with distinction in both world wars.

Hugh Evelny, 75*s*

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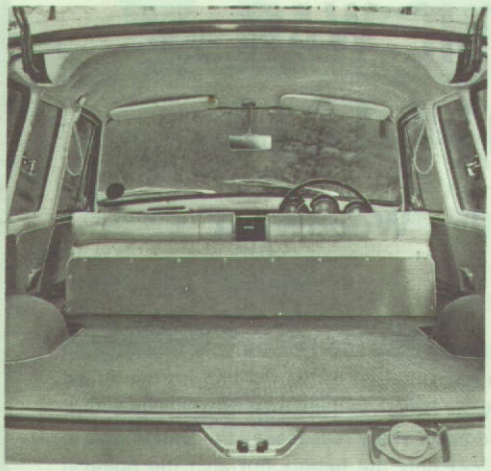

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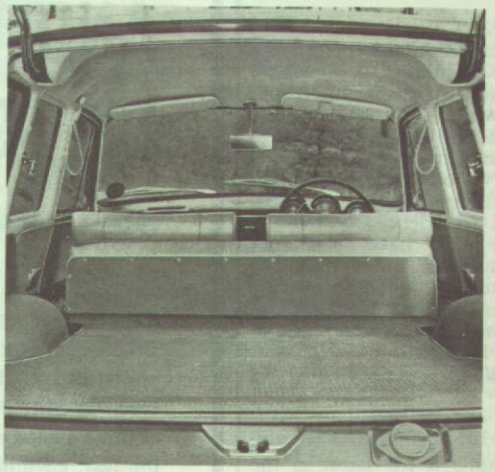

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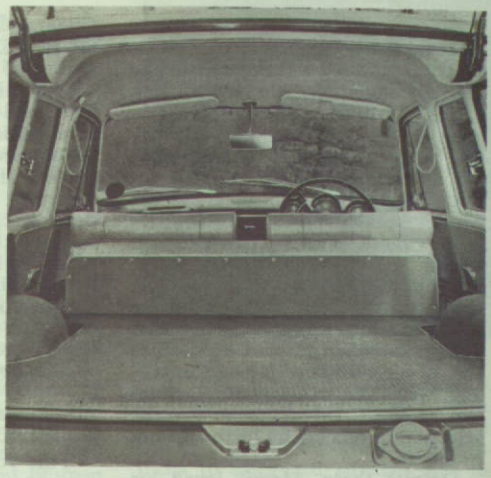

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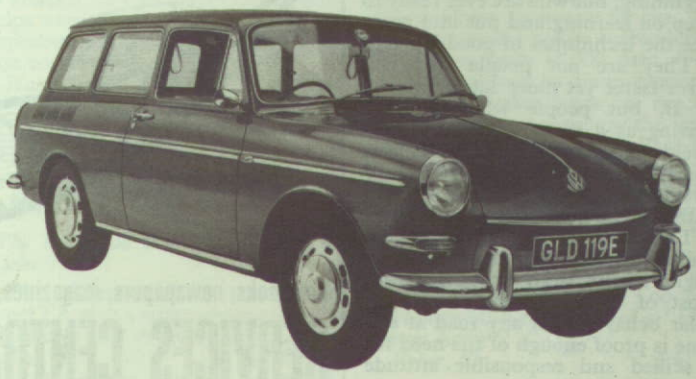

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