SOLDIER

NOVEMBER 1967 ★ One Shilling and Sixpence

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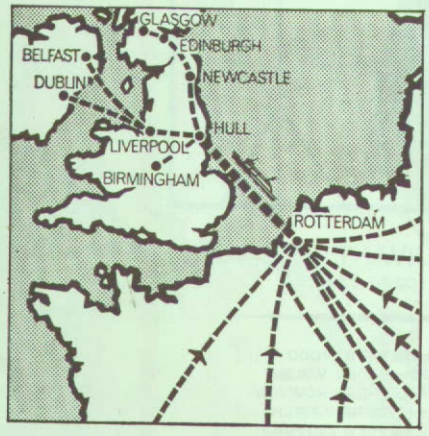

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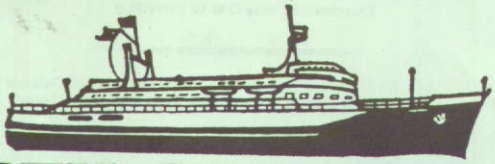

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SOLDIER

NOVEMBER 1967 Volume 23, No. 11

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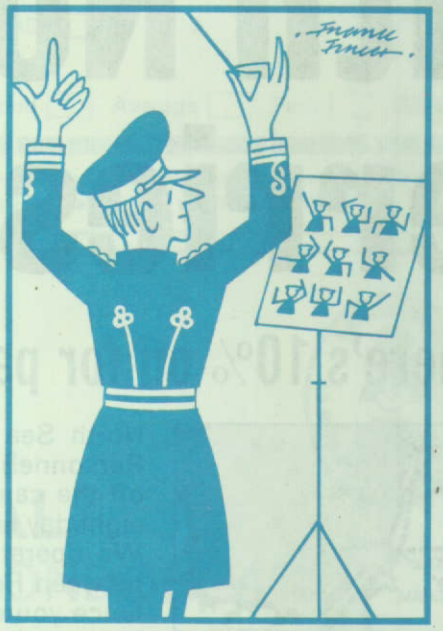

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?
(page 23)

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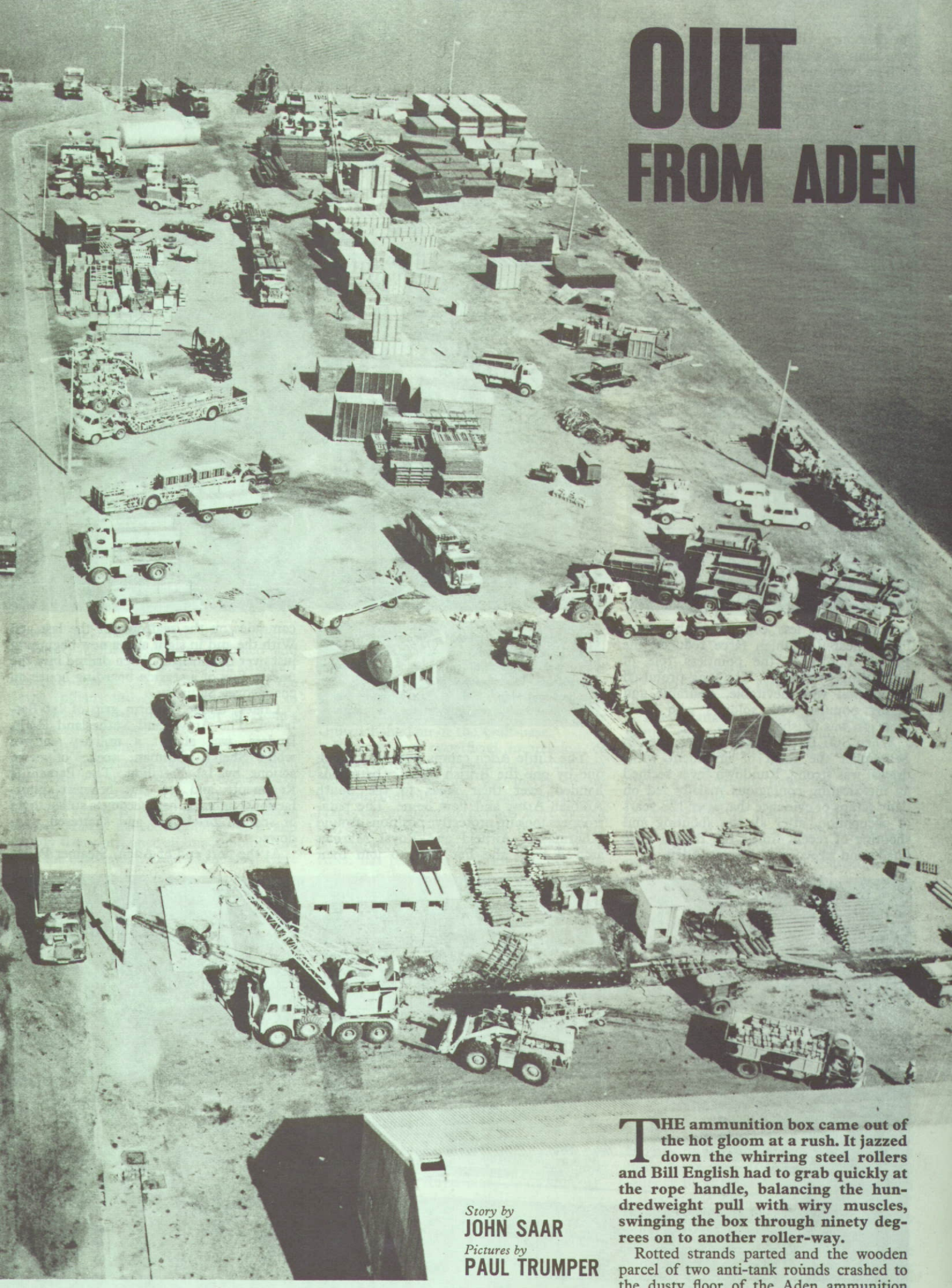
OUT FROM ADEN



Ma'alla Wharf, focal point of the logistic withdrawal. Something like 60,000 tons of cargo left from here.

Story by
JOHN SAAR
Pictures by
PAUL TRUMPER

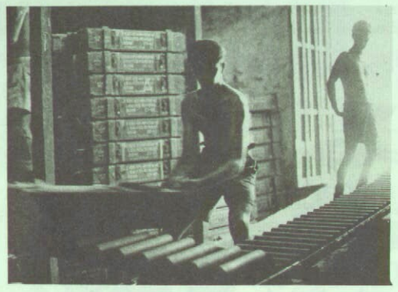
THE ammunition box came out of the hot gloom at a rush. It jazzed down the whirring steel rollers and Bill English had to grab quickly at the rope handle, balancing the hundredweight pull with wiry muscles, swinging the box through ninety degrees on to another roller-way.

Rotted strands parted and the wooden parcel of two anti-tank rounds crashed to the dusty floor of the Aden ammunition depot. He might have sworn hard, gone on

to denounce Allah, the appalling heat and the man who made the seven-letter box. There was no time. The rollers were squealing again. He bit his lip, drew a sweaty forearm across a grimed and sweaty forehead and flung the next box on the path to the sunlight. The boxes were on their way back to Blighty and like the other soldiers in Aden's shrinking garrison Lance-Corporal Bill English aimed to be not far behind . . .

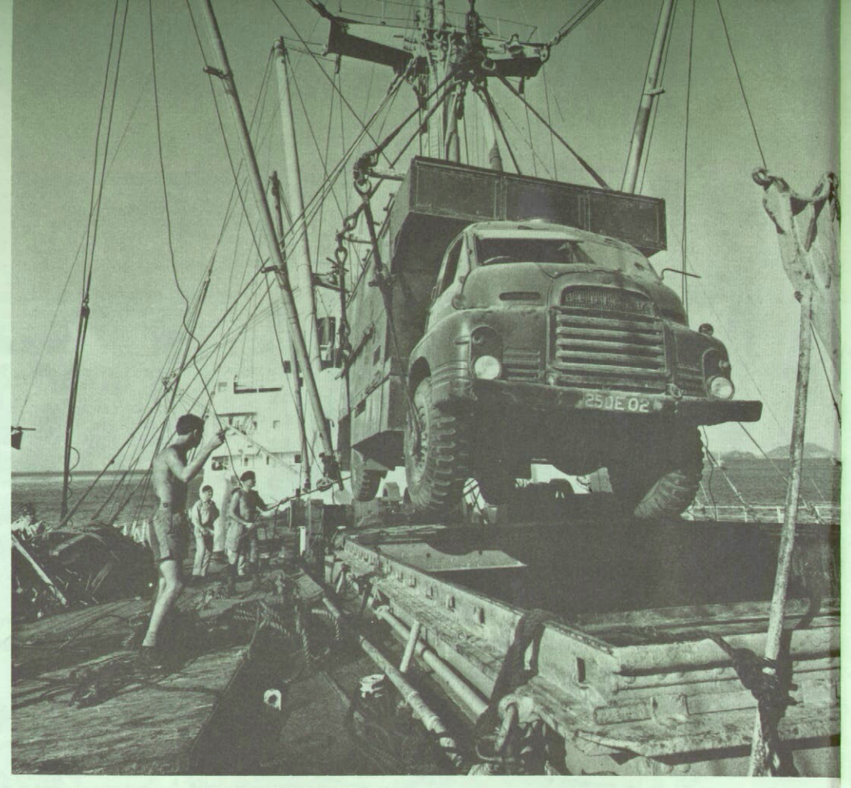
Times in Aden had changed since the day a quarter-trained terrorist lobbed a pin at the " filthy British " and left this world abruptly in a state of confusion and explosion. In the latter stages the dissidents grew more proficient in homicide—so much so that a senior officer sent to Aden for the closedown tried in vain for additional life cover and was solemnly advised to see what odds he could get from a bookmaker.

Politics became more muddled, more



important and less comprehensible until finally near-Ruritanian farce reduced the British Forces to the pointless role of hamstrung bystanders. The long-promised withdrawal was inevitable, desirable and highly popular with soldiers who knew their job was finished.

When SOLDIER's team visited Aden in September the scent of imminent withdrawal was strong. Rundown fever seemed an intoxicating contagious malady fed on daily scraps of evidence that after 128 years of occupation, after all the shouting and shooting of recent times, the British were finally and irrevocably leaving Aden.

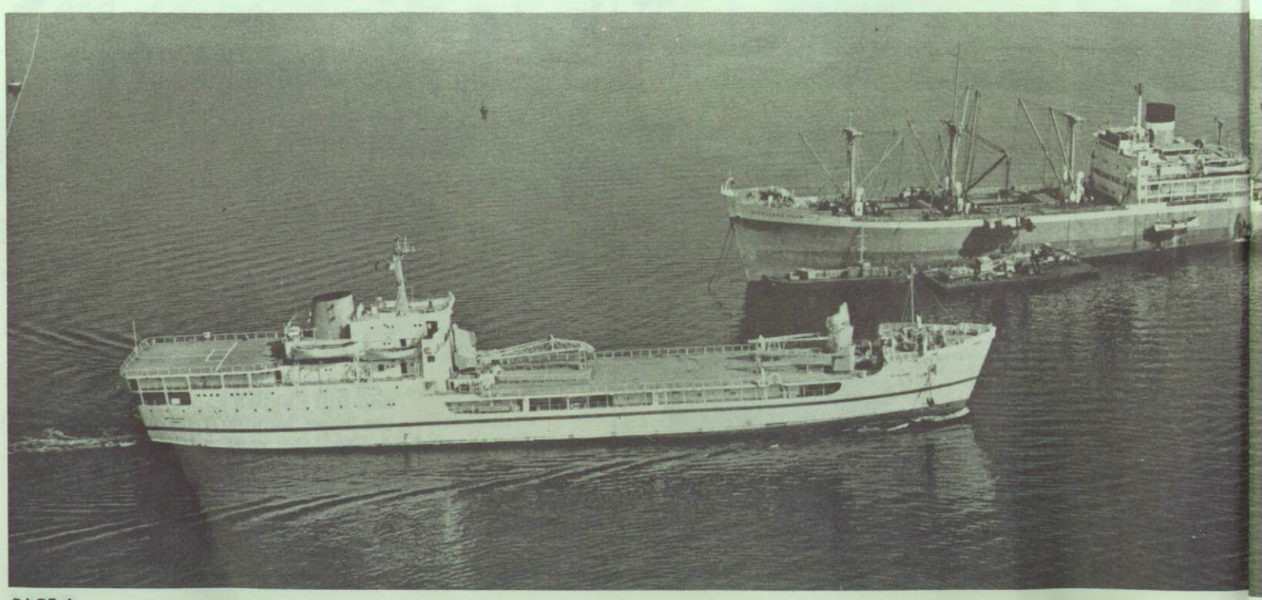


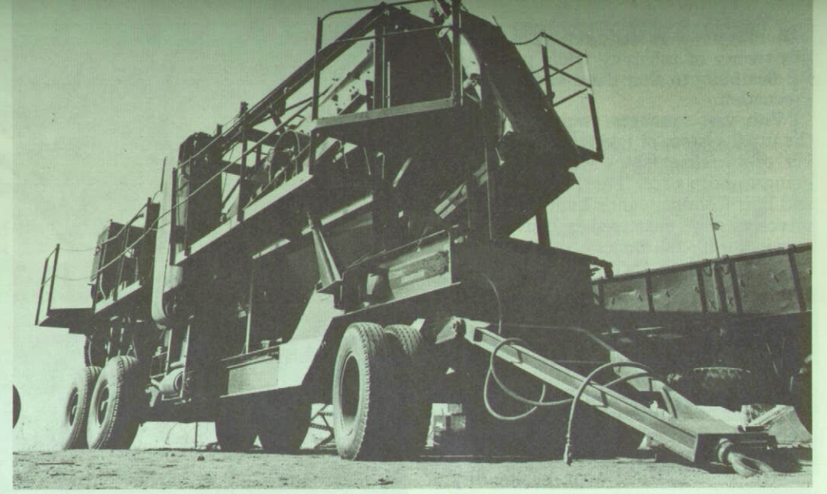
Ammunition was high priority cargo and L/Cpl English (left) pulled his weight. The survey vehicle (above) was one of 2000 vehicles closely packed into the innards of chartered ships. Below: The logistic ship Sir Galahad arrives to take on cargo.

The Little Aden camps were evacuated, one by one the British infantry battalions handed over their areas to the South Arabian Army and flew home. The paratroopers took up protective positions around Khormaksar Airfield and Royal Marines arrived from the Far East to join their comrades on the seafront for the last act. With the end in sight and a new beginning just over the horizon, Aden drifted into the uneasy flux of a seaside boarding house on changeover Saturday.

Crater, under the firm grip of 1st Battalion, The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, was almost a military enclave while Sheikh Othman, scene of stern actions by 1st Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, and of the heaviest inter-factional fighting, had become a sullen town of scarred brickwork and shattered windows.

At the port end of Aden, Steamer Point,



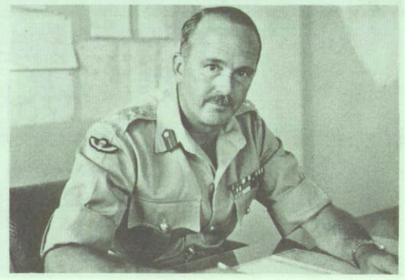


Above: Dynamite or mess china? These crates are causing the loaders much worry.

Top right: Sample specimen of the problem freight. This stonecrusher weighs 25 tons.

Right: Brig "Dare" Wilson fused units together and made the whole operation swing.

Far right: Vehicles like this mined Saladin came home irrespective of condition.



Tawahi and Ma'alla were ghost suburbs of empty British quarters, darkened and shuttered shops. The streets were strangely deserted—partly due to the exodus of the Jews, Indians and Somalis and mainly to the trade slump and lassitude of Aden's suspended animation.

A nasty, unfamiliar smell of decay overlaid the clockwork regulation with which the Army's installations have ticked away the imperial decades. Doorhandles broken and not replaced, walls peeling, creaking chairs, failing air-conditioning, sick and scruffy transport, once all unacceptable and now the cost-saving order of the day. Here was an Army with days to do and calendar scoring an all-rank sport. Off-duty men lazing on the beaches swapped gravevine rumours on the magic date while watching heavily freighted Royal Air Force planes climb away on the air lift routes to the United Kingdom or the Gulf base.

Beneath the superficial impression of haphazard decline, beyond the eye-catching movement of troops, the pieces of an intricate pull-out plan to save the British taxpayers millions of pounds were falling into place. Even now, before the operation is complete, the logistic withdrawal from Aden has proved a brilliant success. The delicate balance has been struck between taking all that it was economic to remove yet leaving enough equipment and permanent installations to give the South Arabian Army and whatever government may take over a fair start. With the exception of the rearguard units now living at near-operational standards the British Forces in Aden have sold up and moved out.

They did so in a sea evacuation of a size unseen since Suez in 1956 and an airlift bigger than anything since the Berlin Airlift. It started gently, but the pace built up month by month until the dawn-to-dusk whirring of ships' derricks, the motorised processions to the docks and the distant thump of unserviceable ammunition exploding contributed to a round-the-clock swansong. The Royal Navy had a supporting role and the Royal Air Force was more than busy, but this was essentially the Army's show and it was a good one.

The fighting units surrendered their stores without question or complaint until they were carrying out their internal security duties on a shoestring. In the supporting services morale was sky high and the men with the not-so-fashionable corps badges laboured prodigiously hard and well to beat a challenge that exploited the qualities they rarely get a chance to show.

They planned, boxed, crated and transported everything from Union flags to a 2000-ton power station. When in June 1967 a harbour workers' strike paralysed the docks, a unit freshly flown out from home took over the waterfront and kept the shuttle service of transport ships on the move. In the first three months of military port operations the Royal Corps of Transport port units loaded and shipped out of Aden 1086 vehicles and 49,343 cargo tons.

Responsibility for direction of the logistic withdrawal started in the highly air-conditioned, heavily brain-powered office of Brigadier " Dare " Wilson. Remembered and respected, wherever he has served, as a brilliantly gifted organiser and administrator, he might have been custom-made for the job. Ascetic in personality, meticulous in manner, precise in speech and painstaking to the point of pain, he put in as many hours as any of the hundreds of men who did as he bid.

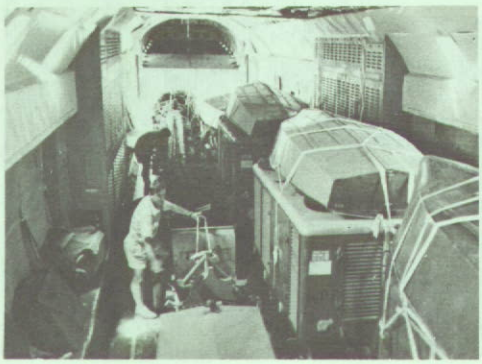
As senior administrative officer in the Joint Middle East Headquarters he was given the task of maintaining the garrison while simultaneously whittling its numbers and mounting a withdrawal plan that would allow the British to leave Aden " in good order." From first to last the withdrawal was a tangle of mathematics, a series of interlinked sums in which there were no constants.

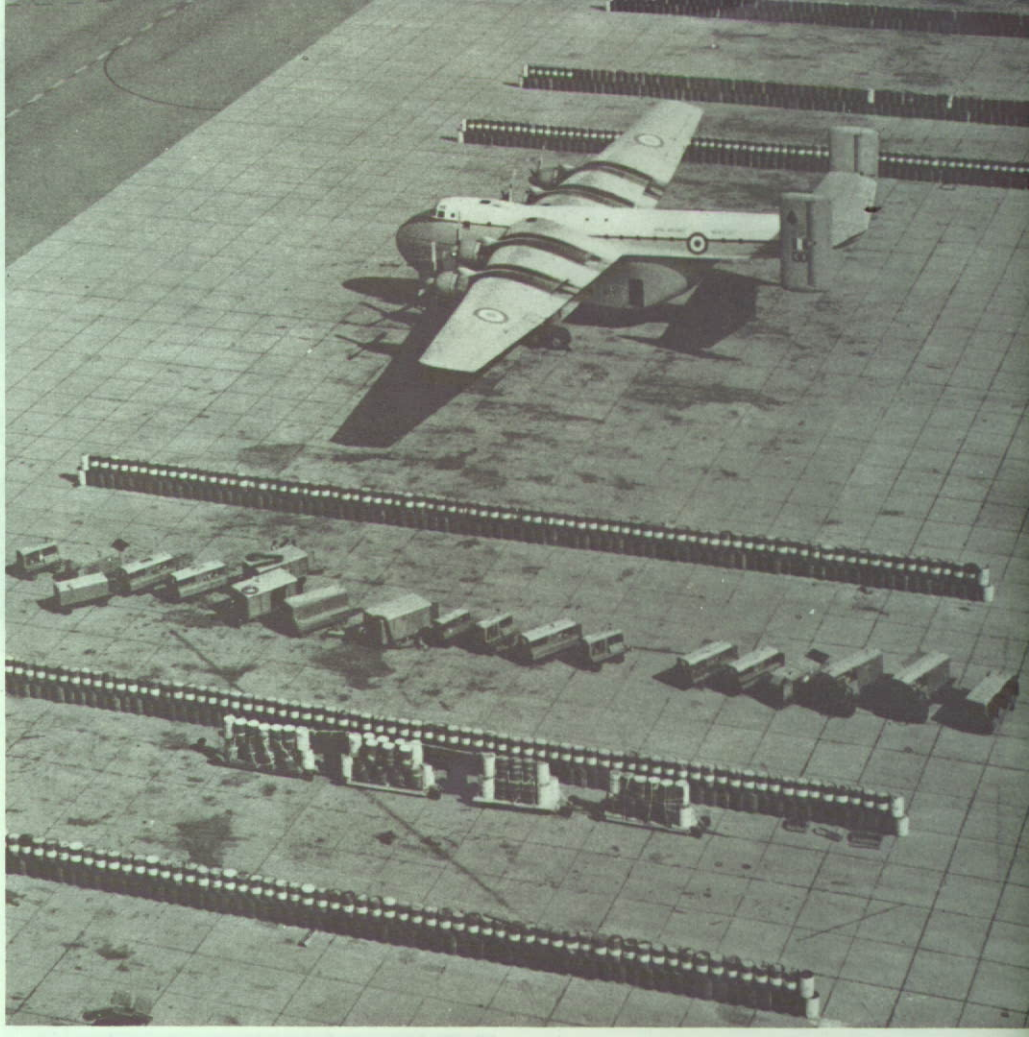
Reductions of men and stores had to be kept in step. The balance of men remaining against the number of days they might stay and the existing supplies was an almost daily computation. The Brigadier's seven

staff officers were required to administer this theory of relativity while maintaining the flexibility to alter dates and methods of evacuation.

With vast tonnages awaiting shipment, the usual system of taking space in a number of merchant ships was obviously not going to keep pace. The Joint Movements and Port Commandant's Staff was handling merchant ships chartered exclusively for the Services—10,000-tonners at that. One of the first to weigh anchor, carrying a power station to the Gulf, was a Russian vessel. These same planners were in constant conference with the "customers," the major holders of stores, to decide shipping requirements and allot priorities.

When a ship arrived they conferred with its Master on a draft loading plan prepared from a blueprint of the holds and tiny paper cut-outs like a jigsaw puzzle. Usually the masters were satisfied with the stability of





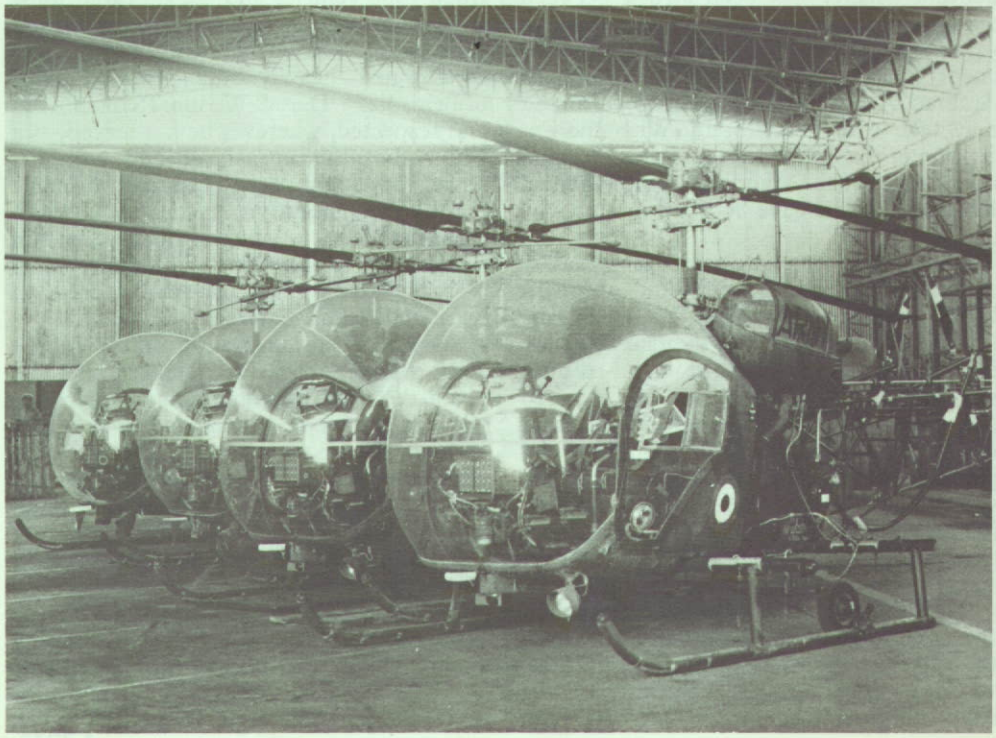
the loading plan and quick to praise the skill of the loading parties. One captain wanted his holds inspected at the Maritime Museum as a model piece of loading.

The RCT port units were a key element in the withdrawal and any failure or bottleneck would have carried a financial penalty in freight left on the wharf on pull-out day. They began raw and inexperienced and ended fast, skilled and brimful of confidence with a daily output of up to 1200 tons that no civilian labour force with the same facilities could have equalled.

Down on Ma'alla Wharf the office where the Joint Services Port Unit, 51 Squadron of 17 Port Regiment, Royal Corps of Transport, ran its bizarre intercontinental removal service was as constantly busy as the inside of a beehive on coronation day. In a crush of men wearing Aden boots, shorts and wrist watches, half-a-dozen phones were in constant use and bundles of papers bounced from desk to desk. Every humble crate of kitbag had to be accompanied by a wad of identification papers and the job kept a squad of typists prodding at their perspiration-gummy keyboards for weeks on end. Customs declarations, bills of lading, exact description of container contents, height width deadweight . . . who cares . . . somebody cares . . . keep trying.

Outside, lifts and cranes trundled through the jungle of waiting crates to carry the next lighter load down to the quayside. As spaces appeared the men inside would call forward more stores from the major holding units. A fleet of RCT and RAF three-tonners rumbled endlessly about the town to collect kit that would make fresh mountains on the wharf—crates like small houses, 25-ton stone-crushers, wheelless armoured cars, helicopters in boxes, 43 tons-worth of mobile generator . . .

First-rate radio communications linking



Above: Anti-mortar barriers surrounded the airlift dispersal points at Khormaksar.

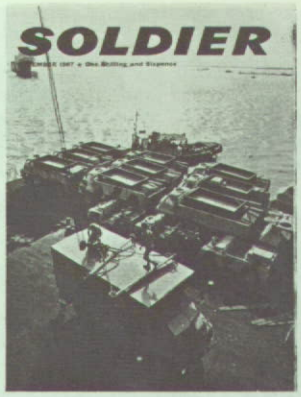
Left above: The cavernous freight bay of a RAF Belfast. They lifted 25 tons at a time.

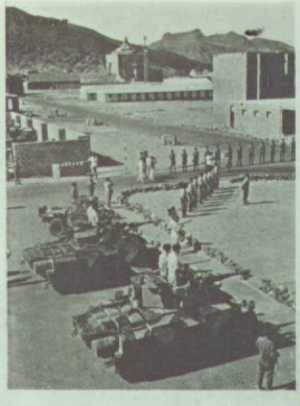
Left: Four Army Sioux waiting a ride home courtesy the RAF. In September over two million pounds of freight were flown out.

Right: Adenis paid up to £500 for clapped out vehicles and piled them high with scrap.

COVER PICTURES

This month's covers feature two aspects of the British withdrawal from Aden. SOLDIER photographer Paul Trumper's front cover picture was shot from the deck of one of the 10,000-ton cargo vessels chartered for the extraction of vehicles and equipment. The final parade at Little Aden (back cover) marked the first phase of the withdrawal. The valuable new camps at Little Aden were left for the South Arabian Army who took over internal security duties from the British troops.

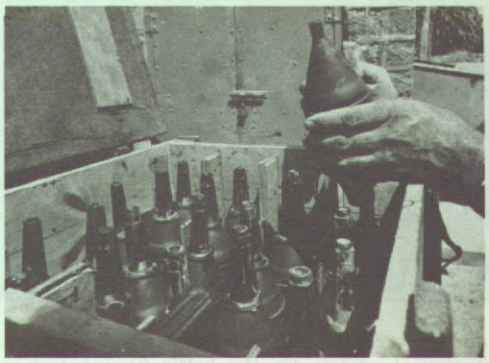




Above: Captain Sid Glazier keeps a tight grip on "sweating" terrorist dynamite. He blew it up with unserviceable ammunition.

Right: Brand new Energa grenades are prepared for demolition. Surplus kit was sold or destroyed to save transport costs.

Far right: The withdrawal was thorough! It included this cross from Little Aden church.



the shore base with gangs working the ships kept the whole diffuse show rolling at a relentless pace. Tug-drawn convoys of barges and lighters manned by soldiers but occasionally helped by the Royal Navy reached the ships in a smooth stream. When the barges bore inflammable cargo the wharf workers were glad to see them go. The nationalists regarded the quay as an interesting target for rocket or mortar fire and once narrowly missed an ammunition barge with a well-aimed Blindicide.

When the bulk of 51 Squadron was flown out from Marchwood to put a strong backbone and practised sinews into the Joint Services Port Unit, a four-hour shift was as much as its men could manage in the exhausting heat. At their September peak they, and men of 518 Company, Royal Pioneer Corps, which provided most of the labour, were working the ships with two or three eight-hour shifts a day and thriving on it.

In the holds the temperatures ran from a routine 120 degrees Fahrenheit to a " Hot-down-here-today-isn't-it ?" 150 degrees. Early in the year, in one of Aden's hot gales, operations had finally to be suspended when a 40-knot wind carried the lighters away from the ships. Except for that one break of a very few days, there were no delays and few mistakes.

The five tank landing ships running up the Gulf to Bahrein and Sharjah were loaded at jetties with 2000 tons of cargo a time. Five ships a month were despatched with battened hatches and a deck cargo that in a typical case included barbed wire, a fire engine, sundry Land-Rovers, a battered Plymouth car and a cement mixer.

Indicative of the size of the withdrawal operation and the savings it made possible was the extraction of the entire stock of 75,000 separate items valued at £14 million from the three Royal Army Ordnance Corps sub-depots. Here also was the same tale of increasing work, diminishing soldiers and vanishing Adenis. The coveted racks of stores ranging from screws to shrouds proved an embarrassment of riches on moving day but every last scrap was shipped or sold.

As they came in from the units, vehicles were hastily treated with anti-corrosive and sent down to the docks. At the start there were 3000 vehicles in the theatre and 2000 of these were to be shipped out to the Gulf or Britain. All armoured vehicles, including those damaged by mine blast, were sent home because their armoured hulls were usually intact and the possibility of their renovation was politically unacceptable.

The heaviest physical task of the withdrawal was drawn by the 30 RAOC men who manhandled 5000 tons of ammunition out of stifling bunkers behind Crater.

They were always under pressure because the ships with hold space reserved for ammunition were running up a bill for the Ministry of Defence at the rate of £600 a day. The 5000-ton total they built their muscles on included 40,000 rounds of 105mm and 3500 BAT rounds. Unserviceable or dangerous ammunition, including 3000 phosphorous grenades, 2000 Energa rockets and 2400 3.5in missiles, was blown up in 10-ton lots on a remote beach.

Masses of equipment not considered worth the cost of transport were disposed of locally at sales which attracted international interest in the shady scrap-dealing world. Judged by the amounts of clothing and web equipment offered and readily bought, half the population in South Arabia and goodly numbers in India and Pakistan will soon be dressing like British Army deserters. There were fabulous bargains available and an Adeni price ring kept some prices farcically low.

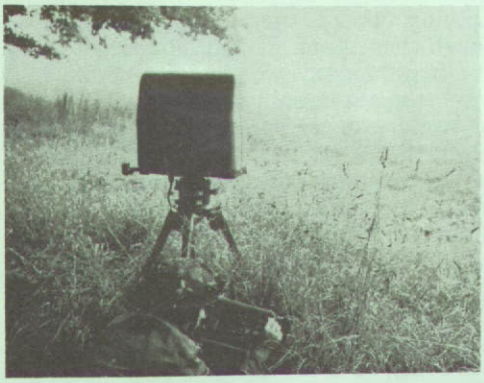
As SOLDIER goes to press the logistic withdrawal appears to be moving to an almost miraculously smooth conclusion. Even the cautious Brigadier Wilson was prepared to sound a warily optimistic note: " I think we are going to take out a very high proportion of what it is possible to ship or airlift out. We are up to schedule and although South Arabia quite rightly has the reputation of being one of the world's most unpredictable places we hope to continue that way."

LEFT, RIGHT AND CENTRE

A triumph of planning, fitness, stamina and tenacity—that was "Exercise Supertramp," the extraordinary achievement of an officer and four 17-year-old cadets of the Army Cadet Force who marched 871 miles from John O'Groats to Lands End in 24 days. Pictured below, swinging at 5 am through the streets of Wellington, Somerset, near the end of the long march, is the team from the Royal Engineers Detachment of the Leicestershire and Rutlandshire ACF. Stepping out firmly behind their leader, 23-year-old youth employment officer Lieutenant Ian Johnson, are Cadet SSM Mark Garner, Sgt David Weston, Cpl Ronald Elson and Cpl Michael Deacon. They reached Lands End half an hour ahead of schedule after averaging 36 miles a day for three-and-a-half weeks. At the end of each 11-hour marching day, the team was picked up by a support party and driven to its overnight accommodation—usually in drill halls. The march aimed to raise £1000 for mentally handicapped children and £1000 towards a five-a-side soccer pitch for the detachment. More important, in bringing off a feat that any Regular unit would be proud of, the team projected an inspiring image for the entire Army.

Granada Television recreated the Battle of the Somme in miniature on a derelict open-cast mining site near Wigan, Lancashire, for the "Inheritance" serial now running on ITV. Landscape techniques produced a realistic jumble of trenches, dug-outs, barbed wire and shell-holes, littered with battle debris and bodies and hosed down with thousands of gallons of water. "It is all too frighteningly reminiscent of the real thing," said Dr Phyllis Bentley, authoress of the programme, as she stood beside the cameras watching 50 actors and extras as they charged across no man's land against a background of fireworks, smoke bombs with heavy artillery sound effects and the crackle of simulated machine-guns. Technical adviser for the battle filming was a Chelsea Pensioner, Sergeant George Burtenshawe, who fought on the Somme in 1916. "Inheritance" is the story of life in a Yorkshire mill community and the episode featuring the Somme scenes will be screened on 10 November. David Burke, hero of a dramatic battlefield rescue, and the other actors play men of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment and on the screen, as in history, they sustain heavy casualties. Sole "no-duff" casualty in recreating the battle that cost 60,000 killed and wounded in a single day, was Bristol actor John Manford who fell on his water bottle.

When Captain G A Bragg, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, and his family were asked to pull to one side out of the car ferry queue at Zeebrugge, they had visions of some fault in their papers which would hold up their leave journey from Rhine Army to the United Kingdom. But they were stopped (above) for a special welcome aboard Free Enterprise III by her master, Captain Ian Perriam, as the 5000th Service family to cross the Channel on the Dover-Zeebrugge run since Townsend Ferries opened up this route in November last year. During the four-hour crossing, enlivened by gale to storm force conditions in the Channel's worst weather this year, the Bragg family were given VIP treatment. There were presents of a motoring guide (above) to Captain Bragg (left), who is OIC Barracks, Krefeld, perfume for his wife and their niece, airbeds for their 12-year-old daughter Marilyn and 14-year-old son Stephen and a doll for four-year-old Deborah. The family had the use of the master's day cabin, dinner (above) as the guests of Townsend Ferries, and the run of the ship, including the bridge and the engine room.



No one is going to run very fast while carrying this man-portable radar equipment (left) but if the set is used properly the need should never arise! The British Army will be the first in the world to use radar for battlefield surveillance on a large scale when the ZB 298 comes into service. Elliott-Automation have been given a £5 million order for the sets which will allow one man to keep watch over a large sector of front, locating and identifying movement of men and vehicles.

Past the Mansion House marched the men of 1st Battalion, The Royal Fusiliers, exercising for the last time their right to enter the City of London with "Colours flying, drums beating and bayonets fixed." Next year the 1st Battalion will reshape as the 3rd Battalion of a large regiment of fusiliers. Through streets packed with City workers enjoying this lunchtime spectacle, Lieutenant-Colonel The Earl of Morley led the Battalion to the Moorgate boundary of the City to answer a challenge (above) from the City Marshal. The march was resumed and continued to the Mansion House for an exchange of salutes with the Lord Mayor and then to the Tower of London where the salute was taken by Field-Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, Constable of the Tower.

With so much else happening in Aden, the Army could have been forgiven for forgetting Queen Victoria. But the military mind is nothing if not thorough and, in the midst of the withdrawal planning, the cloudy future of Queen Victoria's statue was furrowing someone's brow . . . The small park in the Crescent shopping area that must have seemed a right regal setting in the palmy Empire days of 1911 when the five-foot bronze of the Queen was hoisted atop a 10-foot marble plinth, has been notorious of late as a terrorist killing ground. With independence imminent an outrage threatened Her Majesty and the decision was taken to move her to the comparative safety of the future British Embassy. After methodically checking a route for mines or booby traps, sappers of 1 Troop, 60 Field Squadron, went to work on the statue (left) with brute strength and oxy-acetylene. In protective rubber packing and discreetly bored at four points for sling hook grips, Her Majesty finally rose at the bidding of a six-ton crane and left for her new territory in the back of a three-tonner. It took five days of patient and skilful work to transfer the fragile marble slabs from the original plinth to a new one before re-enthroning was complete.

24 HOURS AT OSCAR FOUR

High above Sheikh Othman an Oscar Four observer watches the rooftop antics of FLOSY and NLF.

In the last violent, unpredictable days of British presence in Aden, SOLDIER visited the observation post codenamed Oscar Four in the heart of Sheikh Othman . . .

Four hours after midnight Sheikh Othman is still uneasily asleep, wrapped in a cloak of hot moist darkness. A three-ton "armoured pig" growls into the police station courtyard and 17 men from B Company—the young soldiers company—of 1st Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, change places with the outgoing guard in a mutter of banter and whispered briefings.

In its first three months in "Shakers" 1 Para recorded over 700 grenade and small-arms attacks on its positions or patrols. The Battalion battle map records them faithfully up to 600 and odd—when the pins, and spaces to plant them, ran out. Around the police station the coloured pins stand clustered shoulder-to-shoulder. Daybreak reveals what those pins mean in real terms and the B Company men take note of a multitude of bullet holes newly arrived since their last 48-hour stint.

Oscar Four stands as squarely as Arab building permits on the main Sheikh Othman crossroads and has come under fire from every point of the compass. The ground floor is almost intact—a tribute to the fence-sitting diplomacy of the policemen who nervously inhabit it. The first storey accommodates off-duty soldiers and has, despite heavily sandbagged windows, been well knocked about. The tower which is manned as an observation post round the clock projects up into the line of fire between rooftops and bears the chips and gouges of accidental hits as well as the specifically anti-British stuff. Life has been safer for the defence of Oscar Four since sappers knocked up an anti-Blindicide screen and a Scout pilot taxed his machine to the legal limit to hoist it aloft.

The interior is lined with ¾-inch steel plating. The eye falls on steel and concrete plugs for the loopholes. "We had to get those made when a bloke with a Mauser was popping them through."

The electricity is off. Some slaphappy marksman cut down the wires during a FLOSY versus NLF shoot-up. Someone else picked off the Arab linesman as he climbed up to make repairs. The fridge is useless and without the fans to stir up the turgid air the detective office, now tripling as kitchen, mess hall and dormitory, is murderously hot.

Short-term, these conditions produce discomfort and listlessness. Long-term they produce the ugly outbreaks of prickly heat and monsoon blisters seen on most of the platoon.

The off-duty men wile away the slow hours in smoking, reading and haggling over the price of cold drinks with an eight-year-old Arab. Most of all they talk. They joined The Parachute Regiment together, survived 22 hard weeks of recruit training together and emerged in April this year with a spirit so strong that their Commanding Officer kept them together as B Company. They have done well. They started slowly but learned fast in a hard school to become "second to none" in 1 Para. They talk never endingly about nothing, about everything, in a crude rough chat full of life and humour.

Often these lads who in different circumstances might be studying in the sixth form or working at an apprentice's bench, talk about the battles they have been in. Some of the veterans skilled in small arms are still unacquainted with the razor.

Private Don Geddes is a hoary old second-tour man who must be all of 25. He accepts the sobriquet "Dad" and allegations of decreptitude with easy tolerance, is a popular character.

"Come on Don, there's some rations to come up from downstairs."

"Hang on, I'll just get my rifle."

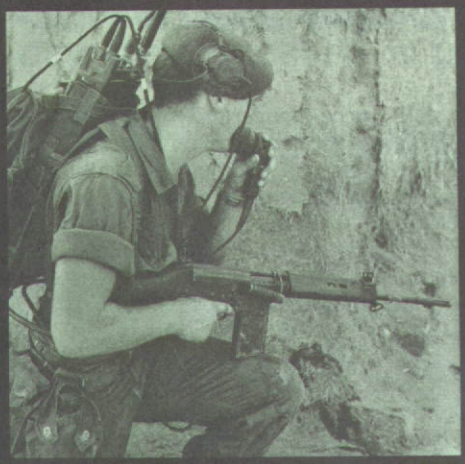
"You won't need that, it's only downstairs."

"Here we go again. That's what they said last time."

Oscar Four, battered and bruised by bullets, wears its anti-Blindicide mini-skirt with proud defiance.

They call it Miswat Road. It looks peaceful enough but hereabouts tranquillity is a very fleeting thing.

Para 2nd Lieut D L Roberts picks up a terrorist leaflet—only communication link with the gunmen.



This 1 Para radio operator knows trouble may be lurking round any corner in Sheikh Othman.

It's a long way from Sandhurst to Oscar Four but 2nd Lieut Roberts made the trip quickly.

2nd Lieut Roberts calmly disarms a grenade in dangerous condition—a matter of course.

After a spell at Oscar Four, the platoon back in Radfan Camp, the Paras' home in Aden.

Arnhem Day parade rehearsal. Aden is far away from Holland but these men are still Red Devils.

The "last time," a 36 grenade pooped over the wall and wounded Geddes in the hand and leg.

Up in the observation tower the truce, the policy of watch and don't shoot, is accepted with regret. The hours are dragging their feet. Evidence of halcyon days surrounds Oscar Four—walls pitted with GPMG patterns, broken tiles, a minaret eroded to the point of collapse by bullets questing a sniper.

One of three sentries, head well over the sandbags, lowers his binoculars, says defensively "Not so long ago we wouldn't have dared have put our heads up like this." The spectacularly tattered canvas awning which flutters overhead makes his point.

The active phase of the Sheikh Othman campaign wound up in an extraordinarily ferocious inter-factional fight. The contestants fought among the rooftops but indiscriminating mortaring and rocketing killed and wounded dozens of innocents at lower levels. The incredulous defenders of Oscar Four held their fire as bullets from both sides buzzed angrily around them. They watched in blank disbelief as men toppled screaming off rooftops into the streets. Hollywood might have run it as "For a Fistful of Dinars" and been proud.

Now the shooting has stopped and the soldiers in Oscar Four's ivory tower are in the middle of an absurd, typically South Arabian, situation. Armed NLF and FLOSY men openly hold strongpoints in the town and keep observation on one another and the British. All three parties exchange greetings with gay waves. Any relief from the boredom is welcomed and two non-serious car smashes in the street below set the lookout men chortling.

Tension briefly returns while two hastily gathered posses make forays outside the barbed-wire perimeter to collect PORF pamphlets and disarm a grenade in a policeman's home. The machine-gun covers their every move. The patrols hug the walls with rifles at the ready as they move along the crowds of overtly hostile Arabs.

That night a single unexplained shot rings out. It is the excuse for whispered chinwagging when the reliefs come up through the trapdoor and in the hubbub the platoon commander—asleep on a camp bed—is generously trampled on. "All right kids," he says in a surprisingly mild tone, "stop chatting and get on with it."

A cartoon by Pte D McMeekin of 1 Para Intelligence Section. One of his fans is his CO.

"So me Mum says, 'Why don't you do something useful,' she says, 'like joining the Army,' she says, 'instead of hanging about on street corners looking for trouble,' she says . . ."

ACTIVE SERVICE IN A ROUNDABOUT WAY

The notice on the picquet wall reads: "Please do not fire rockets at this tower as it is unsafe."

THE humblest, most dangerous residence in all Aden, the address the British Forces were most grateful to leave, was a bullet-spattered telephone kiosk called the Mansoura Picquet. It became famous—former occupants would say notorious—as the sitting-duck target for every head-hunting terrorist in the violent Sheikh Othman and Mansoura areas.

If the British Army wanted to leave a memorial to the bravery, patience and restraint of the soldiers who fought in Aden the picquet would admirably fit the bill. In the punctured sandbags and the walls scarred by the rockets and bullets of 254 separate attacks which the outpost survived intact and operational, can be seen a microcosm of a campaign superbly waged by soldiers with one hand pinioned behind them.

It stood—and the past tense is essential because total demolition was an hourly possibility even in the days of British occupancy—in the centre of a roundabout outside the Al Mansoura Detention Centre.

The audacious manning of an isolated position standing a paltry ten feet square and 20 feet high to the tip of a heavily sandbagged roof was a nagging challenge to the dissidents. Rifle, Blindicide and grenade attacks came by night and day and were so frequent that few soldiers served within the frail minifort's breeze-block walls without some good reason for getting the wind up.

Al Mansoura sounds like a Mafia relative of Al Capone and there were times when fighting outside the detention centre where terrorists, some of them known killers, were held, dwarfed the Chicago battles of the gangster's heyday. Whenever gunfire was heard in the Sheikh Othman area it was a Maria Teresa dollar to the Bank of England that Action City on the Mansoura roundabout was on the receiving end.

From the time it was built in 1966 as a simple observation post, the picquet's defences had to be steadily strengthened to meet new threats. It passed into South Arabian Army hands as an elevated pillbox with a remotely controlled searchlight on the roof and machine-guns poking through narrow weapon slits.

At the climax of the fighting in summer this year the picquet was besieged by fire from many points during organised and sophisticated attacks. A high-wire stockade protected the three defenders from car-borne grenadiers who liked to try a lob while negotiating the roundabout. The netting also foiled rocket attacks by causing Blindicide rockets to detonate prematurely, making jagged gaps of raw twisted metal.

Some of the many bullet holes gouged in the walls were dangerously close to the loopholes manned by the defenders. Shifts could be changed safely only by sending in an armoured three-tonner (above) at unpredictable two-and-a-half to four-hour intervals. The men on duty were at peak alertness knowing that a moment's inattention could result in death or injury. Sighs of heartfelt relief followed each trouble-free shift and relief.

The total of 254 attacks in four months broke down to 230 by small arms and automatic fire, six Blindicide, five small arms and Blindicide in combination, ten by mortar and three by rifle anti-tank grenades. On the Mansoura Picquet's hottest day, it withstood 23 attacks—twice the daily average for the whole of Aden State.

The last occupants, 1st Battalion, The Lancashire Regiment, bore the brunt of the onslaught and incurred three non-serious casualties when a mortar bomb exploded on the picquet steps. That these were the only casualties during the picquet's turbulent history is due in part to good fortune, but mainly to the thoroughness of the sappers who built it and the skill of the infantry, paratroopers and marines who served in the place that really felt like the last outpost of the British Empire.

From a report by Joint Public Relations, Aden.

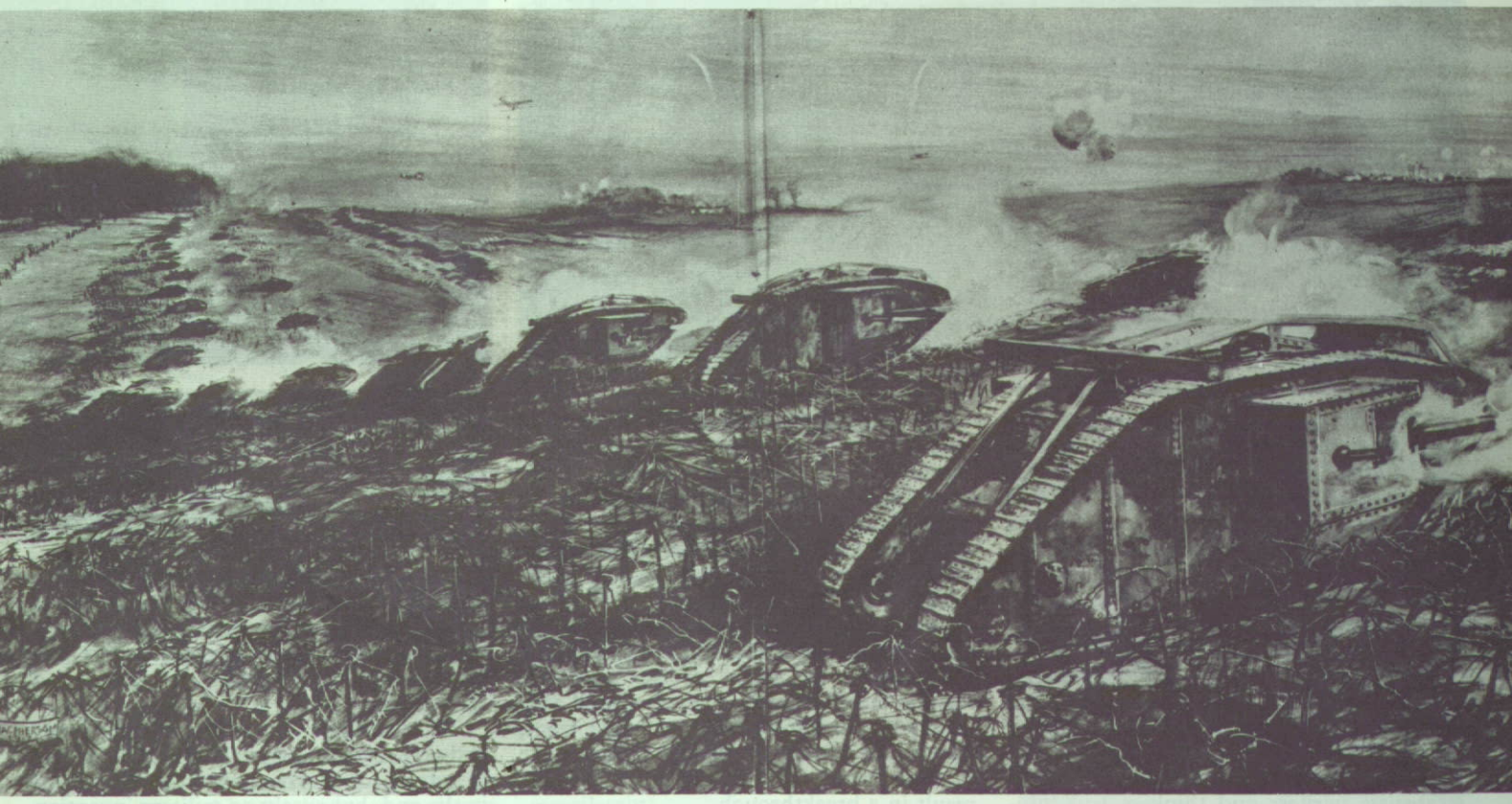
It happened in NOVEMBER

Date		Year
1	Broadcasting licences (10s) introduced in Britain	1922
2	Balfour Declaration	1917
4	Battle of El Alamein ended	1942
7	October Revolution in Russia	1917
8	Allies landed in North Africa	1942
12	First automatic telephone service inaugurated in London	1927
14	Daily broadcasting began from BBC in London	1922
16	Battle of Cajamarca	1532
16	Allies entered Jaffa	1917
20	Battle of Cambrai began	1917
20	Wedding of Queen Elizabeth II	1947
22	Vasco da Gama doubled the Cape of Good Hope	1497
24	Tasman discovered Van Diemen's Land	1642
25	Battle of Solway Moss	1542
27	French Fleet sabotaged at Toulon	1942
28	Independence of Albania proclaimed	1912

NOVEMBER 1917

Cambrai—end of one era, beginning of another. On the dull, misty dawn of 20 November 1917, a total of 378 grotesque steel monsters lumbered without warning out of their hiding places and headed across no man's land towards the "impregnable" defence of the Hindenburg Line . . .

Flattening barbed wire entanglements and machine-gun posts along a six-mile front, the tanks dipped, reared and roared across "tank-proof" trenches. Nothing could stop them, least of all the terrified German soldiers. In a single day they smashed a path which led six infantry divisions several miles into



enemy-held territory and resulted in the capture of 8000 prisoners and 100 guns.

A few days later, history's first great tank battle was to turn out a hollow victory—for the Germans counter-attacked and regained most of the ground.

But Cambrai remains an important landmark in the history of warfare. From that moment on the horse had no real part on the battlefield. The days of dashing cavalry charges on horseback were finished and the dragoons, the lancers and the hussars found themselves with new mounts on which they were to fight less elegantly—and die less picturesquely.

Drawing by D Macpherson reproduced by courtesy Sphere

from LITTLE WILLIE *to* CHIEFTAIN

Left: Curious Tommies eye an ungentle Mother nestling amid shattered Arras. Above: Mother's mighty descendant and latest of a proud line, the Chieftain.

FOUR hundred years before the first tank appeared on a battlefield, Leonardo da Vinci wrote: "I am building secure and covered chariots which are invulnerable, and when they advance with their guns into the midst of the foe, even the largest of enemy masses must retreat, and behind them the infantry can follow in safety and without opposition...

In 1903, H G Wells wrote a prophetic story called "The Land Ironclads," in which he minutely described a "land destroyer" with caterpillar tracks.

In fact throughout history military strategists, writers and thinkers had foreseen the use of an armoured fighting vehicle.

Yet when it was most easily available and when it was most dreadfully needed, the turgid military bureaucracy controlling the worst war the world had ever seen literally pooh-poohed the idea!

By the end of November 1914, barely three months after the fighting began, the Allies had suffered nearly a million casualties and the war had bogged down in the trenches. Strategy employed by generals schooled on the plains of the *veldt* was simple—and suicidal. They reasoned that if only more men were moved to the front, one more infantry charge against the machine-guns and the barbed wire must result in a breakthrough.

Only a few dedicated men could see the crass, blind stupidity of these tactics on the Western Front. Only a few dedicated men could see that a new war machine was needed to break the terrible stalemate, a machine resembling in every aspect the descriptions of Leonardo da Vinci and H G Wells.

Their struggle to convince the war lords and end the carnage is almost unbelievable in retrospect. Fortunately, they succeeded in the end, but surely no military invention has ever made a more difficult birth than the tank?

Covenanter cruisers on the move. They served Britain in the early years of the last war.

Tunisia 1943—A 6-pounder Crusader; 100 were at El Alamein—mechanically temperamental.

Churchill inspects a Cromwell with 75mm gun. Reliable—used in the war from D-Day onwards.

If one man can claim the credit, it should be Ernest D Swinton, a quiet, aristocratic officer in The King's Own Lancaster Regiment. During the first few months of World War One he saw the slaughter inflicted by machine-guns between the trenches and he began dreaming up an armoured vehicle with a caterpillar track capable of negotiating shelled terrain, smashing through barbed wire entanglements, crossing the trench systems and neutralising the dreaded, all-powerful machine-guns.

On a visit to London Swinton tried to interest Lord Kitchener in his plan but he was not even able to obtain an audience and later he learned that the old war lord had scoffed at the idea of a "mechanical landship" and made it quite clear that he would not give it backing.

But Swinton was not to be put off and his enthusiasm, tenacity and dedication eventually paid off.

In September 1915 the world's first tank —nicknamed Little Willie and weighing 28 tons—was ready for trials.

It was a complete flop. Little Willie was slow, clumsy, unreliable and would not keep on its tracks for a reasonable period. But by then more people—important people—had caught Swinton's enthusiasm and work on the project continued.

In January 1916 a tank of rhomboidal profile was produced weighing 28 tons and armed with two six-pounder guns in side turrets. Known variously as Big Willie or Mother, this tank became the original Mark I production model and in September 1916 went into action for the first time on the Somme.

Not all managed to "get over the top" and only 32 of the 49 went into action, but the results were startling and the Germans were panic-stricken. One tank captured 300 prisoners, another destroyed a field gun and in a later engagement a lone tank captured 400 prisoners, overran 1500 yards of enemy trench, killed several hundred enemy soldiers by firing down the line of the trench—and then ingloriously ran out of petrol.

In retrospect it became clear they had been put into action too soon—the crews were untrained and no proper tactics had been worked out. Because of this premature decision to use them—by a general who had been loudly saying that no such device would ever fit into modern warfare—Britain lost the chance of springing a great military surprise.

Nevertheless, a new era had begun. At Cambrai, more than 350 Mark IV tanks punched an enormous hole in the Hindenburg Line. Although there were no springs in these early tanks, their performance was incredible—they could cross a ten-foot trench, surmount a 4ft 6in vertical obstacle and had a range of 23 miles at about four miles an hour.

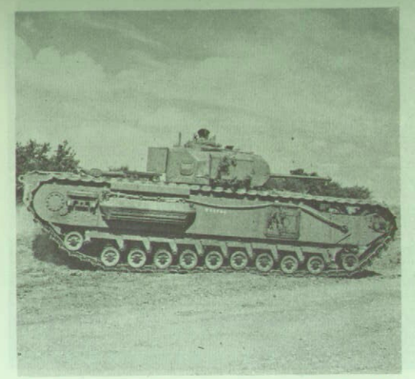
They made a terrifying noise and it was hell inside the tank for the crew of eight. Apart from the smell, the fumes and the noise, the men were thrown around mercilessly.

The two gearsmen had tough jobs. To make a turn they had to alter the speed of

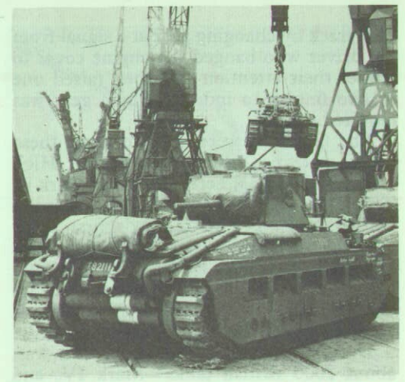
A popular tank used throughout North Africa—British Valentine, on an American transporter.

?

Why "tank"? When top secret development was being carried out in 1915 on Britain's first Mark I, the curious were told that the weird machine was a mobile water tank designed to supply exposed forward areas. The name stuck.



Not given much chance at Dieppe, the Churchill proved its value in Tunisia and N-West Europe.



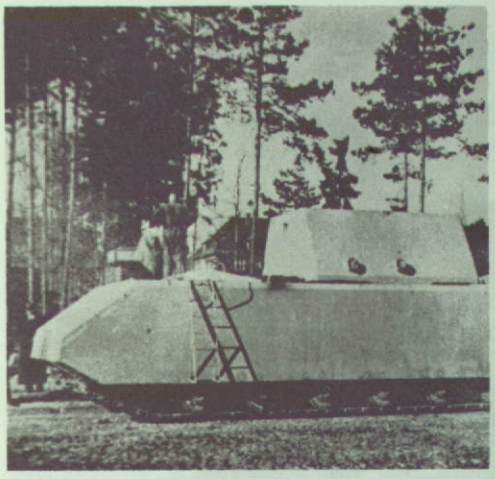
The Matilda, known as "Waltzing Matilda," took much punishment well in the early years of war.

American Grant tank stunned Rommel's armour but its bulk made it easy meat for his 88mm guns.

Very similar to Grant was Lee. Each had 37mm and 75mm guns, Lee had 2¼-inch thick armour.

British Centurion, first seen in 1945, known for its stabilised gun platform and fought in Korea.

Best-known last war tank—the American Sherman. Carried 75mm gun, 3-inch armour, 25mph.



Maus, huge German tank still in prototype stage at end of the last war. Designed by Dr Porsche.

each track by changing gear at a signal from the driver who banged the engine cover to attract their attention and then raised one or two fingers to indicate which gear was required.

The Germans were quick to copy these "cruel machines of war"(the German High Command's own description of the Mark I). Three German A7Vs engaged several British Mark IVs in history's first tank-versus-tank battle on 24 April 1918. The first German tanks weighed 40 tons and carried a crew of 16, but their obstacle-crossing performance was very poor and their effect limited.

During the last offensive of the war, about 2000 British tanks—Mark IVs and the lighter Whippets—were in action dealing heavy blows to German infantry and tying up almost one third of all German artillery.

Incredibly, Britain's attitude to the tank after the war was to dismiss the invention as a freak, suited only for trench warfare that was not likely to recur. More far-sighted views gained attention in the early 1920s, helped by the development of faster tanks, and for a decade the British Army led the field both in the theory and technology of armoured warfare.

But this lead was not maintained and the Germans, who regarded the tank as the most decisive instrument in their defeat, had surreptitiously pursued experimental development with the result that by 1935 newly created German armoured forces were forging ahead and developing means of applying new ideas far more ardently than Britain.

The tragic sequel is that it was in Hitler's hands that the tank achieved its greatest successes, overrunning the defences of Nazi Germany's neighbours and revolutionising warfare with their blitzkrieg victories. Britain entered World War Two with only two sadly incomplete armoured divisions whereas the Germans, who had raised their first tank battalion only in 1934, started the war with six armoured divisions.

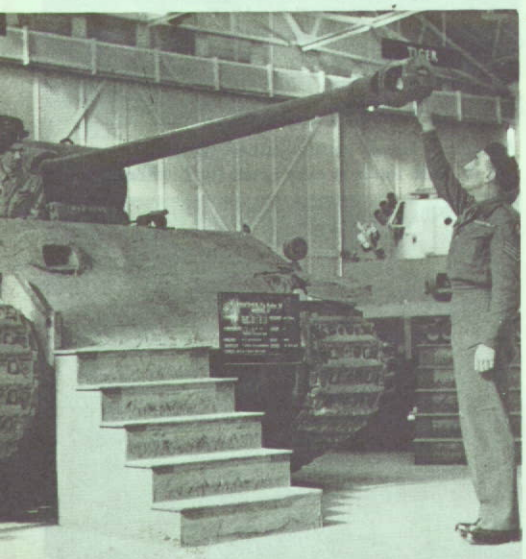
Fortunately Britain had men like P C S Hobart (who not only raised, trained and commanded the famous 7th, 11th and 79th Armoured Divisions but also introduced modern methods of command and control which were later to be copied by other armies) and tanks like the Matildas, which were the instruments of victory at Sidi Barrani, Bardia and Tobruk. After the assault on Bardia, an Australian commander affirmed that "each Matilda tank was worth a whole battalion of infantry to him."

One of the most successful tanks ever made in terms of length of service appeared in 1941 and caught everyone by surprise. It was the Russian T34, a vehicle designed for Russian winter conditions and able to roam the countryside at high speed while many of its opponents were hopelessly bogged down. During the crucial battle for Stalingrad, T34s were rushed into service without paint, so urgent was the need for armour.

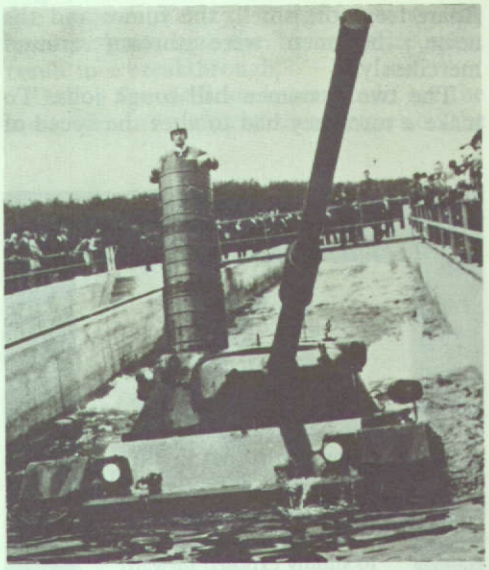
In 1942 the Germans produced the Panther, considered by many experts to be the finest design of World War Two. It had excellent speed, mobility and climbing ability and its 75mm gun could pierce anything in its class.

By the end of the war Germany was testing giant tanks, including one weighing 185 tons, the Mouse, but none of them ever saw the battlefield.

Britain's famous Centurion tank appeared in 1945, just as the war ended. Later versions featured an automatically stabilising gun platform which kept the weapon on target, regardless of the tank's movements and in Korea the Centurion proved unbeatable. Moving across rough ground, a Centurion

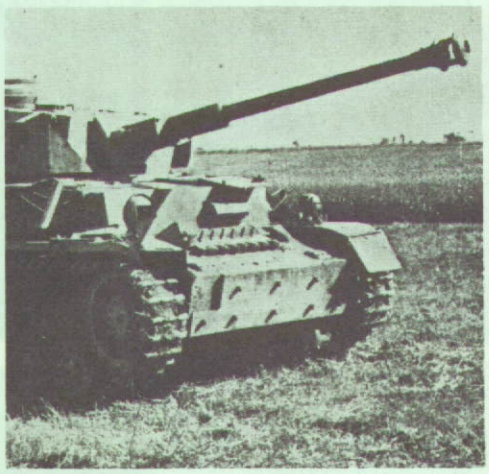


Many thought the German Panther tank the finest of the last war. It could out-gun the Shermans.



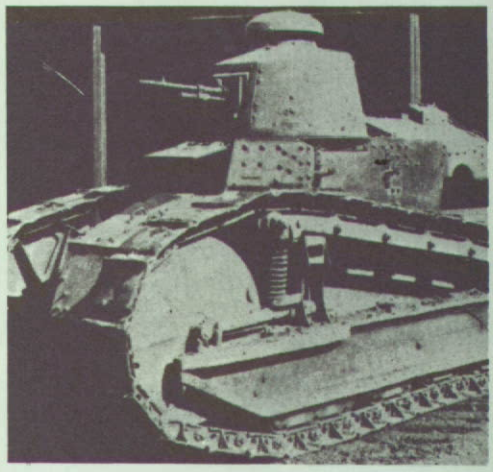
First all-German tank after the end of the war—Leopard. It can fire its 105mm gun submerged.

In British hands—a tamed German Tiger. Tiger II was the most powerful tank of the last war.



PzKpfw IV was—tactically the most important German tank of the war; 6000 in final two years.

Russian T34s served from Stalingrad to N Korea. Were rushed to Stalingrad before being painted.



Shape of things to come—Renault FT, first used in 1918; 4000 made, influenced post-war tanks.

has been known to fire 17 rounds a minute and score 100 per cent hits on a moving target.

Today's tanks—Britain's Chieftain, France's AMX30, Germany's Leopard, America's Sheridan and Sweden's revolutionary 'S' Tank—are a far cry from the Little Willie of 50 years ago. But what future has the tank in a fast-changing world?

Certainly it will never be possible to armour a tank to withstand the punishment inflicted by sophisticated anti-tank missiles and rockets.

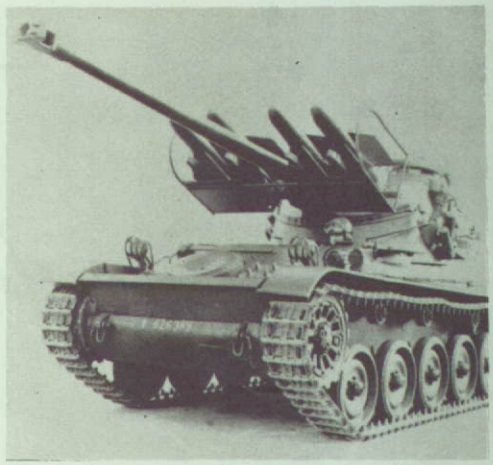
But in any case every tank in history eventually faced a weapon which, when employed to full effect, destroyed it.

Most experts think that on a nuclear battlefield tanks will be more effective and more valuable than ever before, simply because they will be able to operate in areas exposed to nuclear radiation which would be lethal to unprotected troops. Unless caught directly beneath a nuclear explosion, a tank's thick skin and modern protective devices would keep it operational, able to occupy and hold the nuclear battlefield until occupation units arrived.

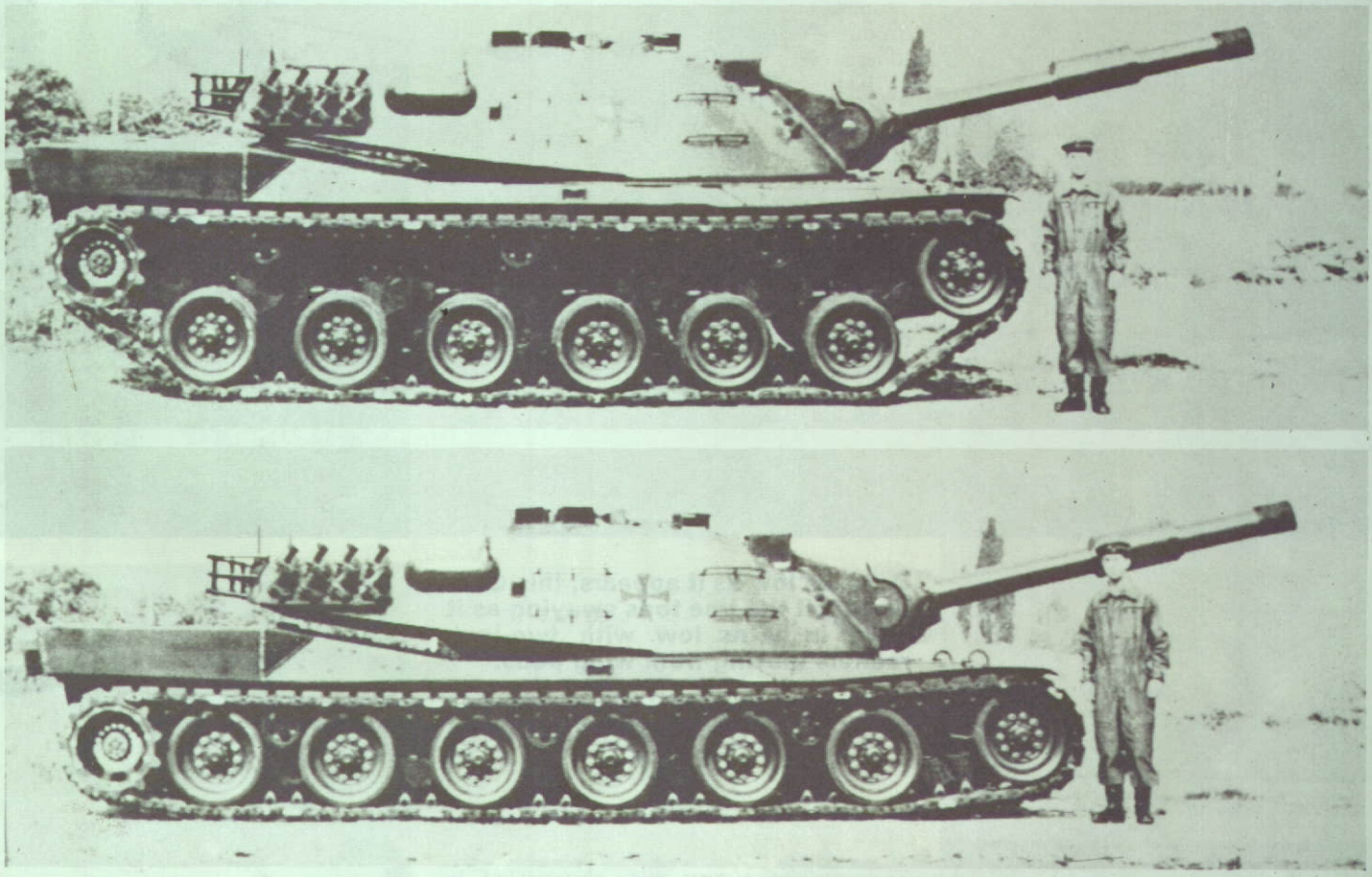
The invention of the hovercraft promises to affect the future of armoured warfare and may give rise to an entirely new form of tank carrying light-alloy armour and powerful missile-launching weapons and capable of moving rapidly over terrain forbidden to track vehicles.

Who knows?

Perhaps tanks are on the threshold of their career, rather than at the end of it.



40mph, 75mm gun, missiles—version of France's tank of the 60s, the AMX. Also made with 105mm.



Developed jointly by America and West Germany, the MBT-70. Unveiled recently. Has adjustable suspension. Top: Fast travel position. Bottom: Silhouette lowered, ready for cross-country travel at slower speeds. Could cost around £200,000. 51 tons. Gunner can see enemy in darkness.

"UNISON"

The climax to Exercise Unison, top-level studies on defence matters brought the captains of British industry and senior officers from British and Commonwealth forces to Salisbury Plain for a firepower capability demonstration that set eardrums popping and obscured several square miles of landscape with dust and smoke. An electrifying display by the Red Arrows (top right) set the mood.

The percussive blast wave from the air burst of 21 1000-pound bombs had barely passed when a second Vulcan flew in at low level to lay a trail of inert retarded bombs. A parachute on each bomb allows the aircraft time to leave the danger area after an accurate low-altitude attack.

Rotor blades appearing to clash, a swarm of Wessex (right) make a banking getaway after delivering an assault company. Four Scouts flew as armed escorts, one as an air command post.

Quite as low as it appears, this Canberra left the tree tops swaying as it went in ultra low with two-inch rockets blazing from wing pods.

These striking pictures were photographed by SOLDIER cameraman Trevor Jones. He used a Swedish Hasselblad camera, 250mm telephoto lens, shutter speed of 1/500th of a second—and quick wits!

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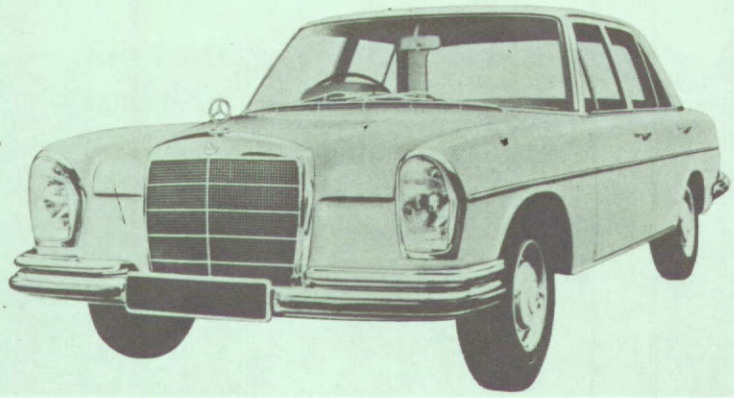

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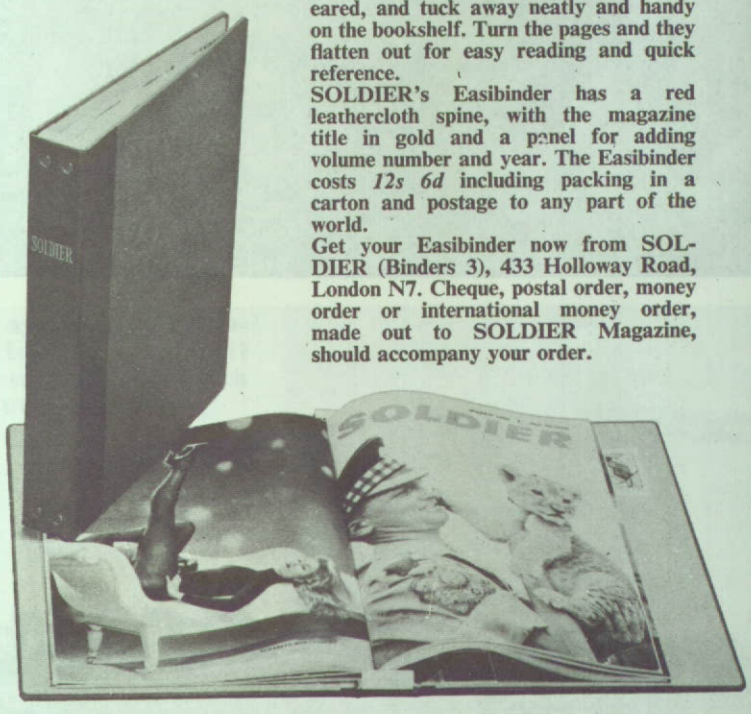

CLASH OF SYMBOLS

COMPETITION 114


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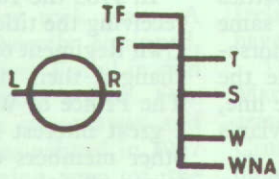

11


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14

A CAMEL train winds along a track and past a cluster of crude huts. The scene is Biblical—yet round the corner lies the hideous anachronism of a petrol pump and beyond it the ubiquitous Coca-Cola hoarding.

As the world shrinks, life becomes more and more international. Here are some other symbols which have always been or have become internationally known. Can you identify them?

Send your numbered list, on a postcard or by letter, with the "Competition 114" label from this page and your name and address, to:

The Editor (Comp 114)
SOLDIER
433 Holloway Road
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Closing date for this competition, which is open to all readers at home and overseas, is Monday, 15 January 1968. The answers and winners' names will appear in the March 1968 SOLDIER. More than one entry can be submitted but each must be accompanied by a "Competition 114" label. Winners will be drawn by lots from correct solutions.

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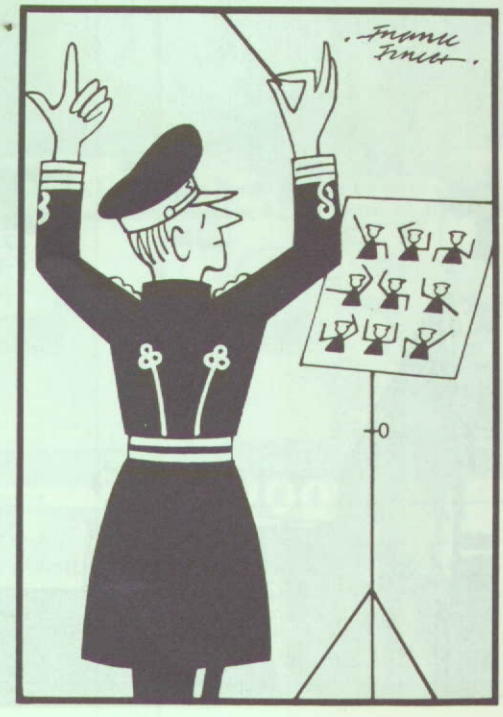
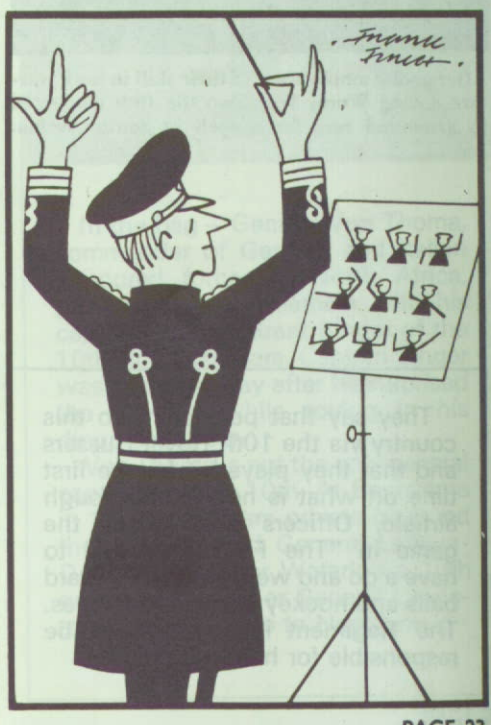
These two pictures look alike but they differ in ten details. Look at them carefully. If you cannot spot the differences see page 34.





HORSE POWER IN TANKS

YOUR REGIMENT: 58
10th ROYAL HUSSARS

THEY left their horses in India. And when they reached England they went to barracks where the stables were being converted to tank hangars.

It was 1936—not a remarkable year for most regiments of the British Army, but the year in which the 10th Royal Hussars (Prince of Wales's Own) dismounted for the last time. The era of the cavalry horse had ended; the Hussars went to their next battle with the war horse of the 20th Century—the tank.

Their first "tanks" were 15-hundredweight trucks painted grey to indicate they were "tanks" and "armed" with red and green flags to represent light and heavy machine-guns. To "fire," they waved.

Senior non-commissioned officers, trained to fight on horseback, were instructed to drive by Hussar officers using their own cars—often hair-raising.

But within a few short years the Regiment was involved in the bitter tank battles of North Africa, fighting with the same professionalism it had displayed on horseback. At El Alamein the 10th made the final breakthrough on the right of the line, just as at Waterloo it had led Vivian's Brigade in the decisive charge.

Raised in 1715 because of the uprising in Scotland, the Regiment, whose members introduced polo to this country and had Beau Brummell as a comrade, will shortly cease to exist in its present form on amalgamation with the 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own).

The 10th are facing the Government axe with the same spirit they displayed when they lost their horses. They regretted the passing of their horses; they regret the passing of their Regiment—but they are determined to succeed in the new venture.

Known variously as Gore's Dragoons (after the brigadier who raised them), Churchill's Dragoons and Cobham's Dragoons, under which name they participated in the unhappy Culloden battle, they won their first battle honour at Warburg.

At Minden, because of Lord George Sackville's refusal to obey an order to charge with the British and Hanoverian horse, the 10th were impatient spectators of a glorious infantry victory.

In 1783 the 10th became light dragoons, receiving the title 10th or Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Light Dragoons. Fashion changed their name to Hussars in 1806. The Prince of Wales, who as Colonel took a great interest in the Regiment, as have other members of the Royal Family, obtained official sanction for this emulation of

After giving ample proof of their skill in tank warfare during World War Two the 10th converted to armoured cars for a spell in South Arabia.

They say that polo came to this country via the 10th Royal Hussars and that they played it for the first time on what is now Farnborough airfield. Officers read about the game in "The Field," decided to have a go and went out with billiard balls and hockey sticks tied to cues. The Regiment is also said to be responsible for hurdle racing.

the famous troops of Hungary. When the Prince became Regent in 1811 the word "Royal" was added to the title.

As Hussars they distinguished themselves in the Peninsula and in the various actions leading up to Waterloo and their glorious charge on Napoleon's Old Guard.

It was during the period 1815 to 1845, while, and possibly because, the Regiment was largely inactive except for service in Ireland, that the 10th Hussars acquired a mystique which many say amounted to snobbery. Enormous attention was paid to dress and behaviour. The Regiment was known as the Shiny 10th and sees no reason now to dispute the story that it introduced "bull" to the British Army.

After a period in India the 10th arrived in the Crimea to add a welcome 500 sabres to the Cavalry Division decimated at Balaclava. They later added Sebastopol to their battle honours. Ireland and India followed and in 1879, during the Afghan campaign, a natural disaster that was to have a parallel more than 70 years later took place. A squadron of the 10th, heavily equipped, attempted to cross the River Kabul in dim moonlight and strayed from a ford. One officer and 46 men were swept away and drowned. The tragedy was echoed in 1957 when an aircraft returning men of the Regiment to England from Aqaba crashed; 40 were killed.

Returning to England in 1884, the 10th landed in the Sudan and on local police ponies took part in the charges at El Teb. On their way to the South African campaign the Hussars suffered a shipwreck in which they lost 40 horses and three men, but they went on to take part in nearly all the cavalry actions of the war.

In 1907 they returned to India and during the next few years developed a skill in musketry that was to stand them in good stead when they took to the trenches of the Western Front. They went to 20th Century war after another period in South Africa, taking South African ponies. After a period as mounted riflemen they became involved in trench warfare until the cavalry advances of 1918.

In 1914 they had their first meeting with armour. Armoured cars, manned by Royal Marines, were attached to the 6th Cavalry Brigade. And in 1926, after more service in Ireland, they were the first regiment to have mechanised transport.

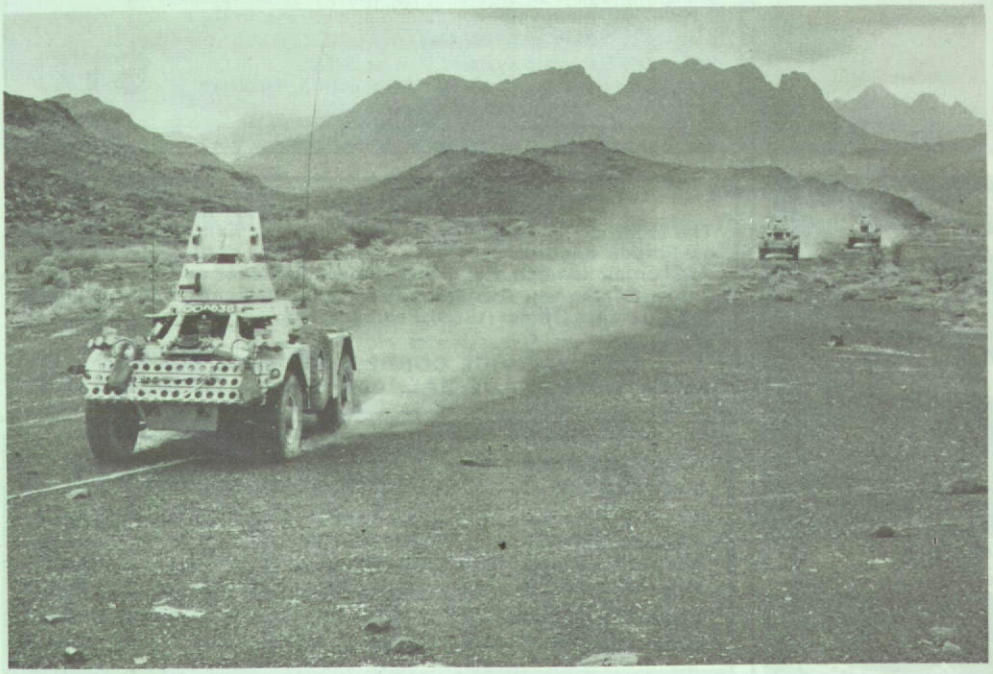
The first tanks came in 1937. They were Mark Vs. Slowly the 10th evolved as an armoured regiment and went to war with Crusader tanks. At Huppy the regiment identified the German 88-millimetre gun and afterwards could testify unhappily to its devastating effect. After the withdrawal across France the 10th had only seven out of 50 tanks left—and they were lost on the railways as the Regiment sailed for home. After the war the Hussars found the lost tanks in Germany where they had been used for gun practice.

At Knightsbridge in North Africa the Regiment endeavoured to repay the 88s by charging them with their tanks in true cavalry style. An officer said it was the first time he had seen frightened Germans. Some 88s were destroyed but the Hussars suffered badly. After El Alamein the Regiment fought out the war in Italy.

Service in Aqaba and a period at home were followed by conversion to armoured cars and a tour in South Arabia.

Now the 10th Royal Hussars and their armoured cars are at Munster. Since 1899 they have spent only 16 years at home. Nobody knows exactly what the future holds. The marriage with the 11th will be a happy one—the regiments are good friends and have fought side by side.

The name of the new regiment has yet to be announced. It will retain much of both and its men will probably wear the cap badge of the 10th and the crimson trousers of the 11th, "The Cherry Pickers."



A trio of 10th Hussar Ferrets on the move against a sombre backdrop in South Arabia (above). Below: From cavalry horses to spotting helicopters—the 10th made the transition in the space of 30 years.

In the bag – General Von Thoma, commander of German and Italian armoured forces in North Africa, pictured near El Alamein with his captor, Captain Grant Singer of the 10th Royal Hussars. Captain Singer was killed the day after he surprised the General while roving in his dingo scout car.

Von Thoma is not the only general captured by the 10th. At Benevente in 1808 a Hussars private captured the distinguished General Lefevre-Desnouettes, after Waterloo a 10th patrol took prisoner General Lauriston, aide-de-camp to Napoleon.

Beau Brummell joined the Regiment in 1795. Apart from breaking his nose in a fall from a horse his association with the 10th does not seem to have achieved much although the regimental memoirs mentions his "peculiarities, follies and eccentricities."

An account of him says: "All the world watched Beau Brummell to imitate him and order their clothes of the tradesman who dressed that sublime dandy . . ."

After three years he left the 10th, saying he could not possibly go to Manchester!

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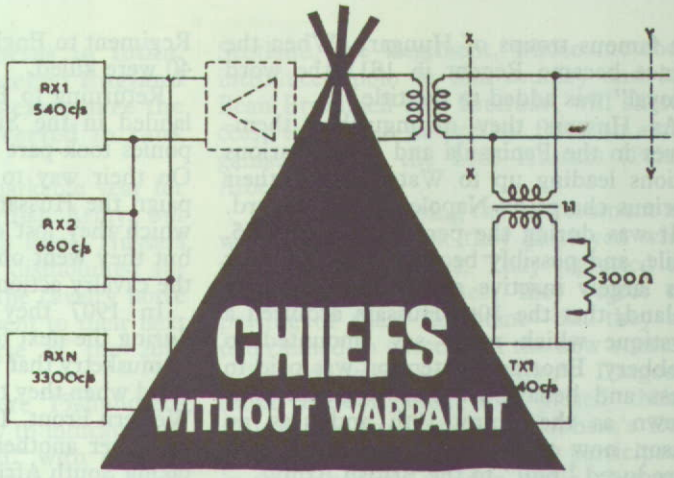

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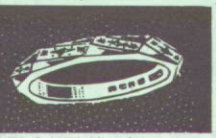

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1812 *and all that*

MOSCOW blazed—and 140,000 delighted West Berliners applauded.

And though flames leapt from the Kremlin, the Russians, and the East Germans too, would have enjoyed at first-hand this spectacular finale to the 1967 Berlin Tattoo.

As it was they could see, from behind their Wall and Wire only a few miles away, the searchlights and fireworks over the Olympic Stadium and hear the thunder of six 25-pounders punctuating the "1812 Overture."

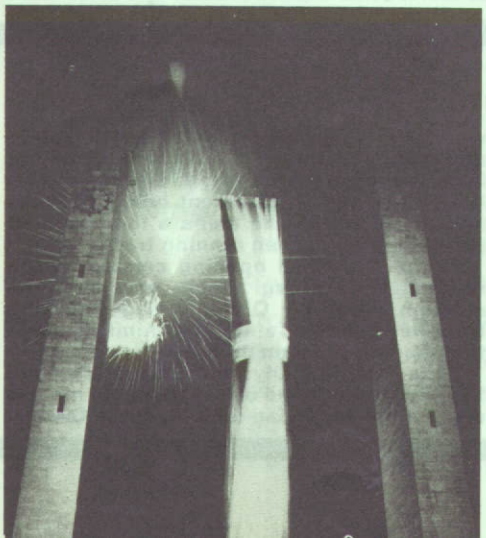
Russians, East Germans and West Berliners were well briefed by rehearsals and by enormous advance publicity, the papers seizing on the ceremonial burning of Moscow and following up with news of a non-political storm which all but destroyed the elaborate setpiece built by British sappers.

The damage was repaired against the clock, the weather was kind and on the night the finale became a superb climax to a splendid Tattoo. In four groups, representing the French, Russian, Prussian and English armies, 600 bandsmen (three times the size of the Royal Tournament's massed bands) marched into the Olympic Stadium's vast arena to "Sambre et Meuse," "Cavalry of the Steppes," "Fehrbelliner Reitermarsch" (to the intense delight of the German audience) and "British Grenadiers."

In the "1812 Overture" the 14 massed bands were joined by the guns, by amplified bells and by the great bell of the Glockenturm against the background of fireworks and flames from the Moscow setpiece.

The Tattoo opened as dramatically with the stadium plunged into pitch darkness. Then six searchlights snapped on to hold a huge Union flag suspended in the night sky from an invisible helicopter.

An ear-splitting salvo from the six field guns, a trumpet fanfare and on marched the 14 massed bands of The Life Guards; The Royal Dragoons; The Royal Scots Greys (with pipes and drums); 14th/20th King's Hussars; 15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars; 17th/21st Lancers; 1st Battalion, Irish Guards (with pipes and drums); 1st Battalion, The Royal Scots (with pipes and drums); 1st Battalion, The Royal Anglian Regiment (with corps of drums); 1st Battalion, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment; 1st Battalion, The Black Watch (with pipes and drums); 1st Battalion, The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal



Above: The Finale—and Moscow burns. The camera highlights the scaffolding—spectators saw the flames against backdrop of the city set.

Left: Fireworks burst over the Olympic Stadium, silhouetting the impressive twin towers at its main entrance and the Union flag between them.

Right: Daring riders of the Royal Signals motorcycle team—there was some trepidation about the invasion of Berlin's international soccer pitch.

Regiment (with corps of drums); 1st Battalion, The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry (with buglers) and 1st Battalion, The Queen's Own Highlanders (with pipes and drums).

While detail of both the immaculately precise gymnastics of the Army Physical Training Corps and drill display of the Royal Air Force's Queen's Colour Squadron was perhaps lost at a distance, the Royal Signals motorcycle team display and a performance by 12 Ferret scout cars were at their most effective in the huge arena of the Olympic Stadium.

Completing the programme were Highland dancing and a DKW obstacle assembly race with a first-night tie between the West Berlin Police and 1st Battalion, The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers (a Solomon's judgement), and a popular second-night win for the Irishmen.

Ill-fortune twice struck this year's Tattoo. On the final night the helicopter-borne flag dropped inside the stadium, injuring 11 German spectators, one of whom later died.

Of minor significance, but disastrous at the time, was the near-destruction on the eve of the Tattoo of the Moscow setpiece. Sappers of 38 (Berlin) Field Squadron's Field Troop had built a scaffolding 56 feet high, 95 feet long and 40 feet deep at one end of the stadium to support the scenic flats and pyrotechnics. The whole Squadron turned out to rebuild most of Moscow for the first night, completing it for the final performance. Hessian soaked in kerosene and petrol produced flames boosted to 30 feet high by bundles of propellant sticks wired inside the hessian.

The sappers also supervised the covering with wooden planking of the stadium's racetracks by assault pioneers of Berlin's three infantry battalions.

Almost every Serviceman and Services civilian had a hand in the Tattoo. Performers, housed in normally unused barrack blocks at the Royal Air Force Gatow station, consumed 30 tons of food, nearly 5000 pints of milk and more than 42,000 pints of tea. Behind-the-scenes workers also included Army Catering Corps cooks, Ministry of Public Building and Works (construction jobs), 14 Infantry Workshop, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers (modifying DKWs and running the competition), The Queen's Own Highlanders (arena team), 247 (Berlin) Provost Company, Royal Military Police and West Berlin Police (spectator and traffic control), drivers of 17 and 62 squadrons, Royal Corps of Transport, 486 Movement Control Troop, Royal Air Force helicopter liaison team, 229 Signal Squadron, Royal Signals (amplification and communications, including a signalman sitting quarter of a mile away to press a button and ring the Glockenturm bell), German Fire Brigade (extinguishing Moscow), crews of A Squadron, 1st Royal Tank Regiment, and NAAFI, CVWW and YMCA with tea, "wads" and newspapers.

After the salvo, fanfare and flag-raising the massed bands march on. For this shot SOLDIER photographer Trevor Jones climbed 350 feet up a radio mast.

Courtesy: Hitler

Official credits for the 1967 Berlin Tattoo tactfully omitted a courtesy acknowledgement to Adolf Hitler whose personal intervention in Berlin's 1936 Olympiad building programme resulted in the magnificent Olympic Stadium in which the Tattoo was staged.

An original stadium was built in 1913 (when it was thought the 1916 Games would be held in Berlin) as part of a sports centre incorporating the Grunewald racecourse. For the 1936 Olympics Hitler ruled in 1933 (the year in which he came to power as Chancellor) that the racecourse was not sacrosanct and would be transferred to the Reich which would take over all Olympic construction.

The new stadium, he said, would be erected by the Reich as a task of the nation. "When a nation has four million unemployed it must seek ways and means of creating work for them."

The old stadium was razed and replaced by the present stadium which seats 100,000 people and is largely built of stone—Hitler again intervened to decree that the exterior must be of natural stone and not concrete. "If Germany is to stand host to the entire world her preparations must be complete and magnificent." The Olympic Stadium included loges for judges, guests of honour, the Fuhrer and Government officials, Press and radio, and in the arena a football field perimetered by seven running tracks.

At the Olympiad opening ceremony, the ill-fated Hindenburg airship flew over the stadium with the Olympic flag fluttering from her gondola, and Hitler himself made the opening proclamation.

Today the 1936 Olympic Games are more happily remembered by the four gold medals won by the American athlete, Jesse Owens.

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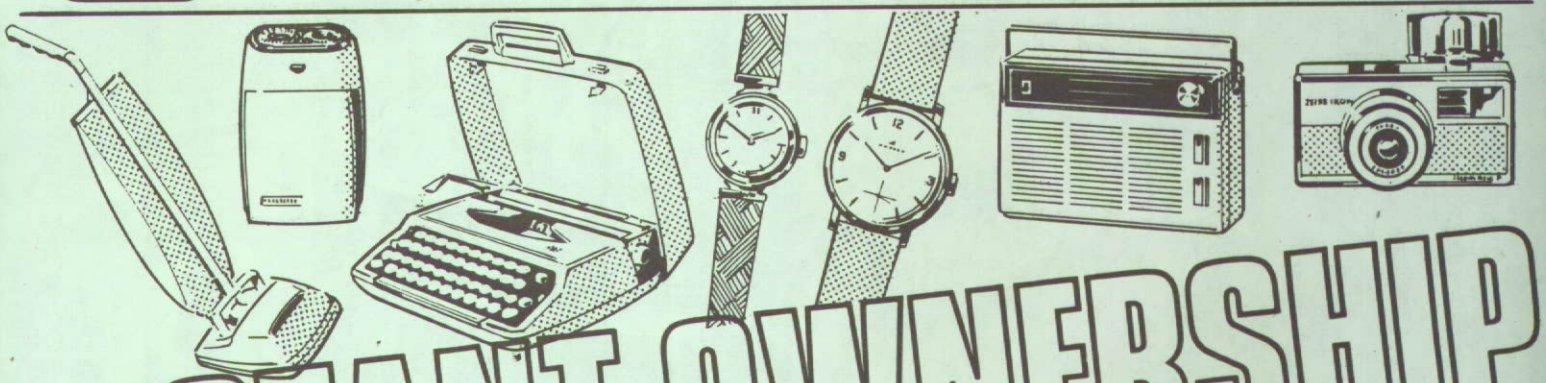

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THE racecourse of Rabat makes a good camping site and there are snake-charmers and story-tellers in the market place of Marrakesh. The sharp scree of the High Atlas mountains wears out a pair of Army boots in ten days and Djebel Toubkal (13,635 feet) is the highest point of North Africa.

Men of 1st Battalion, The Worcestershire Regiment, know. They were there.

Gibraltar may be a plum posting but it does not offer much scope for adventure training. Morocco does. And although there is no facility for British troops to train there, Morocco does not object to soldiers in civilian clothes going for the same purpose as other climbers.

A recent expedition by the Worcesters started on the Gibraltar to Tangier ferry, passed through Rabat and Marrakesh and led to the Louis Neltner French Alpine Club hut at 10,000 feet in the High Atlas.

The hut, surrounded by hard, dust-covered patches of frozen snow, made the torrid heat of Marrakesh a distant memory. And from there the Worcesters climbed the magnificent Atlas peaks.

The night before they left, Lance-Corporal Kenneth Dutton, one of whose hobbies is heraldry, showed the Battalion's appreciation by making a full-page reproduction of the Regimental cap badge in the hut's log book.

In the market place of Marrakesh, Morocco (above), men of the Worcesters take album snaps of snake and partner dancing the frug. Below: The descent from a 10,000-foot peak.

There at the start

I was most interested to read the letter from the Director of Royal Artillery on the 25-pounder gun (September).

I served with the regiment which held the final parade of 25-pounders in India and went overseas with it in the famous 5th Indian Division, when our brigade commander was Brigadier Slim, of Fourteenth Army fame. I was also present when the Regiment drew its first 25-pounders from Port Sudan, and fired them in its first battle at Gallabat.

It was my task to submit the casualty report to Army HQ stating that these guns were "lost in action" on 6 June 1942, in the Cauldron battle in the Western Desert; I was one of a handful of the Regiment's survivors.

I had the pleasure of going to Germany this year to see the final parade and I think all who witnessed this agreed it was a most moving occasion and one of the finest parades ever staged by the Royal Artillery.

I think I can claim to be the only original ex-member of the Regiment there who was with the unit when it drew its first 25-pounders.—**W Smart, 84 Grange Farm Drive, Kings Norton, Birmingham 30.**

Over the top

Both 2nd Battalion, The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles), referred to in the August book reviews, and 2nd Battalion, The Middlesex Regiment, had a very bad time at Neuve Chapelle in the attack by 23rd Infantry Brigade on the morning of 10 March 1915.

I myself went over at the same time with 25th Brigade, on the right of 23rd Brigade. The wire in front of the German front-line trench had by no means been destroyed by our shelling, causing the Cameronians and Middlesex great difficulty. I saw the Cameronian survivors coming out at night and I feel sure they were led by the sole surviving officer, a Special Reserve second-lieutenant.

What the book review ("Morale"—John Baynes) does not mention was this officer's name—I feel sure it was Second-Lieutenant Sommerville who survived the next battle at Aubers Ridge on 9 May 1915 but was later killed.—**J Davey, 44 Wyndham Road, Salisbury, Wilts.**

★ *"Morale" names the officer as Second-Lieutenant W F Somervail. At this time he had been in the Army only eight months. He later won the DSO and MC and was a captain when killed.*

Piper's sash

The picture on the August back cover shows Sergeant Caird, 1st Battalion, The Royal Highland Fusiliers, wearing his sash over the left shoulder. Is this correct? I have always been under the impression that The Somerset Light Infantry is the only Regiment in the British Army allowed to wear the sash over the left shoulder.—**Sgt B Upshall, 679 Wellsway, Bath, Somerset.**

★ *The Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry is now the only Regiment of the Line to wear the sash over the left shoulder (this distinction of The Somerset Light Infantry was retained by the new Regiment after amalgamation with The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry). But there is an exception in the case of pipers of Scots and Irish regiments whose sergeants and above wear their sashes over the left shoulder so that they do not obstruct either plaid or crossbelt.*

LETTERS

Rifle or musket?

I was intrigued by the soldier on SOLDIER's July back cover. We are told he is wearing uniform of the 1705 period, but surely it is not a "Brown Bess" musket he is holding?

The absence of the pipe-clayed buff leather sling drew my attention to the weapon. Also I noticed that the barrel is not pinned to the stock, as that of the musket was, but is held by rings. Surely the weapon is the Long Enfield rifle of 1853 pattern—the rifle of the Crimea? I think I can see part of the backsight; something "Brown Bess" never had.—**Lieut-Col E J Bowen, Depot & Trg Est RADC, Connaught Barracks, Aldershot, Hants.**

★ *The Regimental Secretary of The Staffordshire Regiment writes:*

"The soldier should indeed have a 'Brown Bess,' but in fact he is holding an Indian pattern Enfield circa 1850. This is simply because a 'Brown Bess' is difficult to come by and we have only one in our museum. However, we have a number of the Enfields which were obtained some years ago in India to equip a Sikh period guard. Viewed from a distance there is little difference and only the expert is likely to notice. Indeed, we have mounted this 1705 guard about a dozen times since 1955 and this is the first comment we have had. If your correspondent would care to present us with a couple of 'Brown Bess' muskets we would be most grateful!"

Seventy years in

The account of The Black Watch ("Your Regiment," August) is hardly complete without some reference to the unique record of that master of his trade, Sergeant Donald MacLeod, who was transferred to the Regiment in 1730.

A sergeant at 17, he had fought at Schellenberg, Blenheim and Ramillies and, in an age when all soldiers were proficient in the art, was a champion swordsman. In a single combat he defeated a French officer, a French sergeant, a German officer and an Irish giant in Dublin. The latter unwisely attempted to crush MacLeod's fingers during the preliminary handshake and as a consequence lost his arm during the fight—the issue broadsword, circa 1745, was probably the weapon used.

Serving with the 43rd at Fontenoy, MacLeod was again wounded. He was at the capture of Louisberg and Quebec and his plaid was used to carry General Wolfe from the field after his fatal wound. He was also a member of the guard of honour which escorted the General's body back to England.

Admitted as an In-Pensioner to the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, when well over 70, Sergeant MacLeod applied to join Campbell's Highlanders and while serving in Germany was again wounded. Finally retiring at 88 he lived until 103—with at least 70 years' service, four or five wounds, six major battles and many minor engagements to his credit, he completed a record unsurpassed in the pages of military history.—**Lieut-Col H G E Woods (Retd), 2 Playfair Mansions, Queens Club Gardens, London W14.**

★ *Thank you, Lieut-Col Woods. It is just not possible, in the two pages allotted to "Your Regiment," to include all the material one would wish.*

From me to you

Surely there is a mistake in the caption to the picture of Colonel Baines and the Amir of Dhala' on page 32 of the August edition?

The sword that Colonel Baines is holding appears to be a British officer's sword and therefore must be the one he presented to the Amir—and not the

silver and gold embossed Arabian sword that the Amir presented in return.—**L/Sgt C Hegarty, c/o Sergeants' Mess. 2nd Bn, Coldstream Guards, Chelsea Barracks, London SW1.**

★ *Reader Hegarty is right; the captions got mixed. Picture above shows Colonel Baines accepting the Arabian sword from the Amir.*

Band section

Readers of SOLDIER may be interested to know that the Military Band Historical Research Society ceased to exist on 1 July 1967 and, on amalgamation with the Military Historical Society, is now the Band Section of that Society.—**H L S Plunkett, Acting Hon Sec, MHS (Band Section), Flat 3, 9 Riverside Road, Norwich, Norfolk, NOR 18S.**

One of ours

I believe the caption to the top right photograph on page 33 of the August SOLDIER is wrong.

Surely the weapon shown is a British 6-pounder anti-tank gun? I think the correct designation was "Ordnance Quick Firing 6 pounder 7 cwt anti-tank gun."—**Lieut-Col J V Miseroy, 12 Gibraltar Close, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.**

★ *SOLDIER thanks Colonel Miseroy and others who pointed out this error. The information was taken from the caption to a picture supplied from Libya.*

more LETTERS

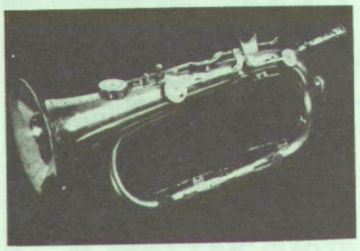
Silver bugles

Further to my letter (August) on the subject of keyed bugles, I enclose a photograph of William Miller's ten-keyed silver bugle, once famous throughout the Army in Queen Victoria's day. The inscription on the bugle reads:

"Presented by the Officers of the 1st Battalion Rifle Brigade to Mr William Miller in token of their regard and appreciation of the zeal and energy which he has always displayed as Bandmaster of the Battalion.

Canterbury, Oct. 5th. 1850."

Four years after this handsome "Kent" bugle was presented by the



gallant officers of the Rifle Brigade, an American, E G Wright, made a silver bugle with eleven keys and later still another with twelve keys. The eleven-keyed instrument is as yet still untraced, but that with twelve keys is now in private hands in Youngstown, Ohio, USA.

I may add that only two copper and brass bugles with as many as ten keys have been traced. One is in private possession in Cheltenham and the other is in the Edison Institute Museum, Dearborn, Michigan, USA.—**D Marks, 39 Morpeth Road, South Hackney, London E9.**

"September 1917"

I was greatly interested in your photograph "September 1917" of stretcher-bearers on Pilckem Ridge.

Perhaps it is not generally known that these men were of the immortal 7th Division; of the group shown only one (the third from left) survived hostilities.—**B G Lane, The Shieling, Gallowlaw, Wooler, Northumberland.**

WORLD WAR TWO QUIZ

Answers to questions on page 38:

1 The Germans were reduced to one heavy cruiser, two light cruisers and four destroyers fit for duty; Britain had five capital ships, 11 cruisers and 57 destroyers in home waters and 23 destroyers in the Western Approaches.

2 (a) Alamein, 23 October 1942 (Stalingrad, 31 January 1943); (b) Rome, 4 June 1944 (D-Day, 6 June 1944).

3 The success of the first Chindit expedition.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(*See page 23*)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1 *Angle of baton.* 2 *Left epaulette.* 3 *Lines of conductor's hair.* 4 *Left arm of figure on right of top row.* 5 *Right arm of figure on right of bottom row.* 6 *Adjusting screw on music stand.* 7 *Peak of conductor's cap.* 8 *Cap badge.* 9 *Cap of middle figure in second row.* 10 *Conductor's ear.*

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

SOLDIER's May Competition 108 was upset by a gremlin who introduced a Pioneer instead of a Beaver among the pictures of vehicles, aircraft and weapons.

This error was corrected in the July SOLDIER and the competition closing date extended—most readers had already assumed Beaver and bombarded SOLDIER with deserved lessons in aircraft recognition.

The acrostic answers were:

WOMBAT
FERRET
VIGILANT
STALWART
SALADIN
SARACEN
CHAMP
CHIEFTAIN
ALOUETTE
CENTURION
LANDROVER
SCOUT
CORPORAL
BEAVER
AUSTER

The name familiar to British soldiers, formed in a vertical column, was BRITISH HONDURAS.

Prizewinners:

1 Capt C D Brown RAEC, Wessex Brigade Depot, Wyvern Barracks, Topsham Road, Exeter, Devon.

2 Sgt Pryke, 443 BAD RAOC, c/o GPO, Singapore.

3 Mrs R L Simpson, Cornerways, 153 Leatfield Drive, Crown Hill, Plymouth, Devon.

4 P Gallagher, 18 Moreland Road, Whiteleas, South Shields, Co Durham.

5 Col D W H Birch, Staff College, Camberley, Surrey.

6 Maj M J L Waggett RA, 18 Light Regiment RA, BFPO 1.

7 Sgt D Clover, 8 Inf Wksp REME, McMunn Barracks, Colchester, Essex.

8 WO I D B Richards REME, 131 Wood Farm Camp, Malvern Wells, Worcs.

9 Lieut T M A Daly, Regimental Recruiting Team, The Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment, Le Marchant Barracks, Devizes, Wilts.

10 P R Thwaites, Windrush, Perranwell Station, Truro, Cornwall.

11 J/T R Gorringe, RAD, 19 (F) Sqn, RAF, BFPO 47.

12 Mrs J M Rodgers, c/o Capt K W Rodgers REME, 7 Armed Wksp REME, BFPO 38.

FAMOUS AND INFAMOUS

The eight silhouettes of men of destiny in Competition 110 (July) attracted such a large entry that five additional prizes have been awarded. The first three silhouettes each produced a crop of incorrect identifications but few competitors found any real problem with the remainder.

Correct answers (and some of the alternatives offered) were:

1 Hitler (Alexander, Montgomery, Rommel, Duke of Edinburgh, O'Connor, Wavell, Duke of Windsor, Dorman Smith, Slim, Templer, Ritchie, King George VI, Alanbrooke).

2 Field-Marshal Smuts (Montgomery, Duke of Edinburgh, Allenby, Wavell, Alexander, Slim, Franco, Mussolini, Lenin, Auchinleck, Mountbatten, King Albert I, King George V, King George VI, Kitchener, Freyberg, Wingate, Gort, Keyes).

3 Gandhi (Krushev, Eisenhower, Nehru, Tojo, Mussolini, Moshe Dayan, Tao Tsung, Mahomet, Kosygin, Chichester, U-Thant, President Johnson).

4 General de Gaulle.

5 Stalin (Gordon, Nasser).

6 Sir Winston Churchill.

7 Archbishop Makarios (Nasser, Pope).

8 President Kennedy.

Prizewinners:

1 S/Sgt H Lock, 33 Orchard Drive, Ashford, Kent.

2 Miss A Turnbull, South Lodge, Roche Court, Winterslow, Salisbury, Wilts.

3 Mrs B C Locke, 61 OMQ, RAF Hendon, London NW9.

3a Lieut J Barcock RAEC, 45 AEC, BFPO 15.

4 Cpl M Jenkins RAOC, Q (C & GS) 1c, Ministry of Defence, Old Admiralty Building, London SW1.

4a W J A Phillips, 23 Old Road, Crayford, Kent.

5 E R Gay, 63, The Hill Avenue, Bath Road, Worcester.

5a A J Nicholls, The Bungalow, Winthill, Barnwell, Weston-super-Mare, Somerset.

6 Capt J Brackenridge, Fife & Forfar Yeomanry/Scottish Horse, Cupar, Fife.

6a WO I (Cdr) P A Clarke, 3 BAPD, BFPO 40.

7 Thomas G Busby, Derby House, 12-16 Booth Street, Manchester 2.

7a A R Smith, 16 Legge Crescent, Legge Farm Est, Aldershot, Hants.

REUNIONS

79 (Kirkee) Commando Battery, Royal Artillery. Celebration of 150th anniversary of Battle of Kirkee, 9 December. Parade and church service in morning, sports in afternoon and dance in evening. All ex-members invited. Limited accommodation available in Royal Citadel. Details from Battery Captain, 79 (Kirkee) Bty RA, The Royal Citadel, Plymouth, Devon.

Military Medallists League. Annual dinner and dance, 18 November, at Victory Ex-Service Club, 63/79 Seymour Street, London W2. Details and tickets from Maj E F Bolt MM, 46 Great Percy Street, London WC1.

Children's Education

The diversity of educational facilities in the United Kingdom offers opportunities for children of all abilities, but this variety can itself be confusing to parents. The Institute of Army Education provides a service of advice to serving Army parents on all matters relating to the education and future careers of children, especially those who suffer mental and physical handicaps, at home and overseas.

If you require advice you should apply through the Chief Education Officer to the Commandant, Institute of Army Education, Court Road, Eltham, London SE9. All enquiries are treated in confidence.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

Lieut J L Colville, 11 St Dominique Street, Hull, Quebec, Canada.—*Requires headdress badge and other identifying insignia of 71st Regiment of Foot (HLI) of 1850-1854 period.*

J de Boer, Bankastraat 6, Den Helder, Netherlands.—*Collects Scottish uniforms, regimental badges, swords and other old weapons. Offers in exchange Scottish, Dutch and German militaria.*

Lieut-Col M A Wilcox, The Old Rectory, Whatlington, Battle, Sussex.—*Wishes to purchase Britain's lead soldiers, guns etc.*

Tpr J W Ruxton, 10 Arnett Street, Pendle Hill, NSW, Australia.—*Collects worldwide badges and formation insignia, in exchange can offer similar of Australian Army.*

Field Cornet B S Du Preez, Military Camp, Private Bag 5003, Walvis Bay, South West Africa.—*Collects military uniforms, helmets and accoutrements; especially requires German Army steel helmet (1939/45) in good condition, with black, red and white insignia on right and eagle on left; also German field grey uniform and accoutrements in exchange for set of South African military badges.*

L Aschenbrenner, 806 Dachau, Siebenburgenstr 8, Federal Germany.—*Collects army, air force, police and air line cap badges and insignia worldwide. Offers in exchange German army, air force, Alpine troops and police cap and shoulder badges, also Nazi army, air force and police badges.*

Miss D J R Bell, 34 Lynton Drive, Southport, Lancs.—*Requires books on women's services, especially "As Thoughts Survive" (Whateley), "Blue Tapestry" (Laughton Mathews) and "Wings on Her Shoulders" (Beauman).*

A F Beckett, 37 Whychcote Point, Whitefield Avenue, London NW2.—*Has for disposal 161 back numbers of SOLDIER 1950-1967, some gaps; what offers?*

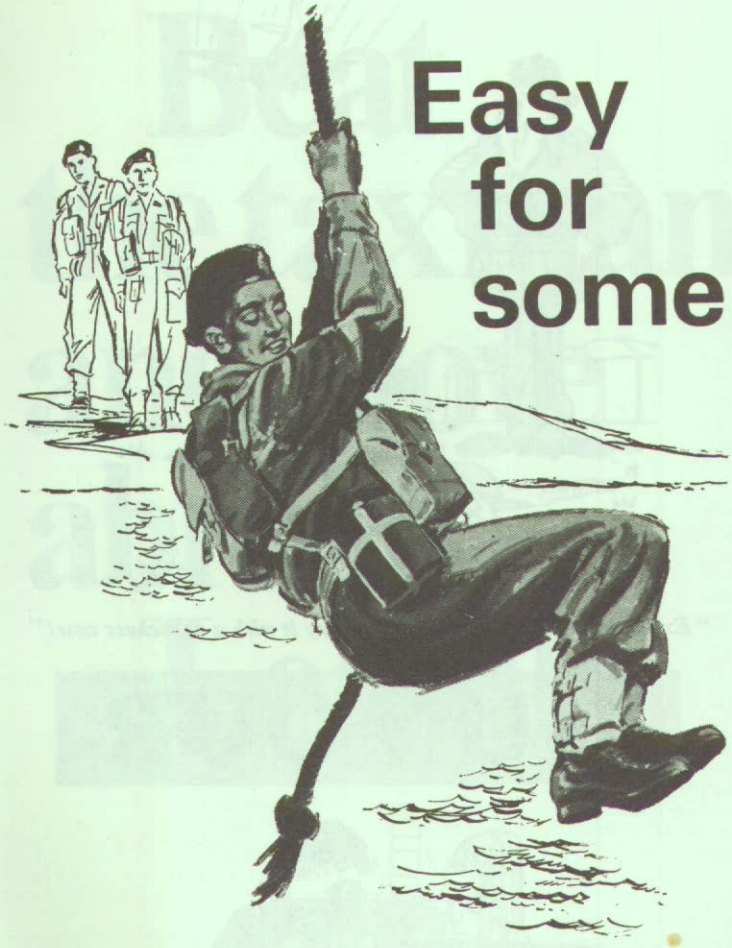
M Girard, 3 Rue Barbette, 75 Paris 3e, France.—*Collects Allied and German aerial leaflets of World War Two, offers similar in exchange.*

A Coilliot, 12 Rue Raoul Briquet, Beaurains par Arras 62, Pas de Calais, France.—*Requires Commonwealth cap, collar and formation badges, also buttons, both World Wars. Will exchange British, French and Belgian insignia, German magazine "Signal," military maps. Also requires information, histories etc of Battle of the Somme 1916, Arras 1917 and May 1940. All letters answered.*

E McAllister, 22 Amethyst Road, London, E15.—*Collects campaign medals, will exchange or purchase.*

R Webster, 11 Calverley Lane, Bramley, Leeds 13, Yorks.—*Wishes to exchange British Model Soldier Society Bulletins 1954-60 for British cavalry badges.*

Clive Pain (aged 9), 32 Victoria Road, Alton, Hants.—*Collects all British Army badges.*



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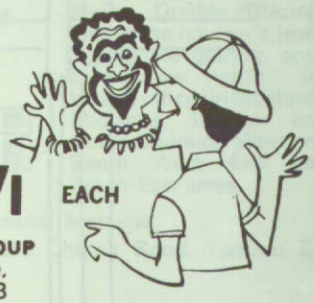

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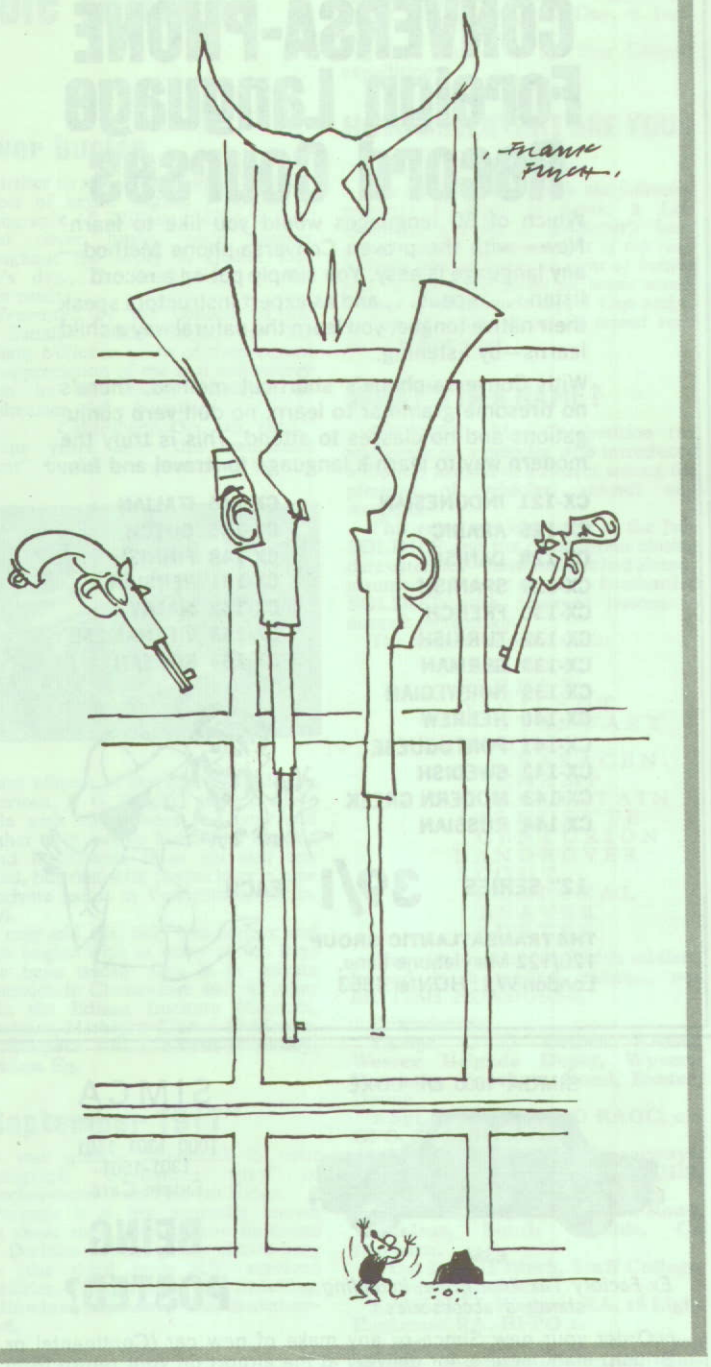

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HUMOUR

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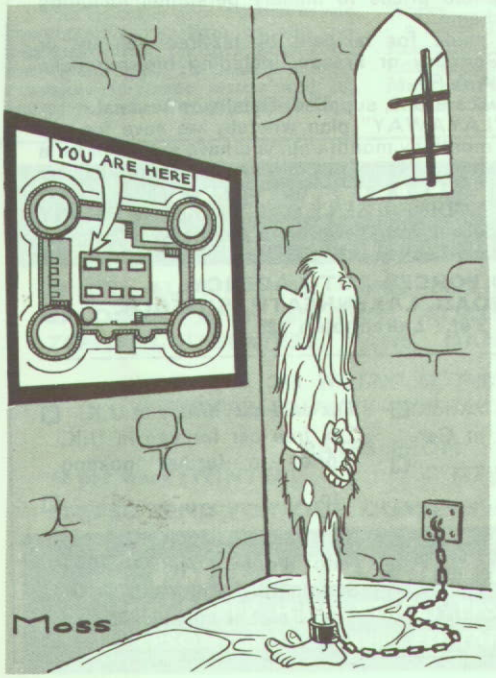

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books

A NEW SLANT

"Men of Waterloo" (John Sutherland)

There have been many books recently on the Battle of Waterloo. The facts are so well known that it becomes increasingly difficult to get a new slant on the campaign. But this is just what this volume does.

While most writers concentrate on Napoleon or Wellington and occasionally on those close to them, Mr Sutherland deals with the reactions of lesser mortals. For example, when the news of Boney's escape from Elba reached London, anxious jobbers crowded Garraway's coffee-house to discuss the effect on the market; travellers at the Bull and Mouth coaching inn were compelled to change their plans; inmates of Marshalsea Prison realised they would be freed if they volunteered to serve with the Colours; thieves and prostitutes in Field Lane expected to do more business; young officers withdrew large sums from Gosling's Bank to buy new uniforms and then retired to White's Club to drink loyal toasts to the Crown.

Thus the backcloth to the main events is cleverly woven from the ordinary and the familiar.

The reader is introduced to various individuals, both French and British—Private Gaertner, Guardsman Ribault, Sergeant Morris, Corporal Dickson—and the effect on them of the battle is analysed. All were to remember their deeds on that summer's day, some were to die.

An exciting account of a great epic, this book has a substantial bibliography and excellent plates, many from German sources.

Frederick Muller, 42s **A W H**

DO YOU REMEMBER?

"A Short History of the Second World War" (Basil Collier)

The author, who has worked on more ponderous military history, here presents a concise and flowing account of the great events of 1939-45, mainly in the fields of strategy and tactics.

It is a highly readable introduction to the subject for those too young to remember those years, and a plan into which to fit the close-ups provided by other authors.

Those who lived through World War Two and whose memories may now need a little sorting out, can find it a handy reference book and refresher. Unnecessary? Well, try a little quiz on these lines:

1 What effect did the campaign in Norway have on the relative surface naval strengths of Germany and Britain?

2 Which came first: (a) the German surrender at Stalingrad or the Battle of Alamein; (b) D-Day or the fall of Rome?

3 What made the Japanese decide to undertake a "forestalling" offensive in Burma early in 1944?

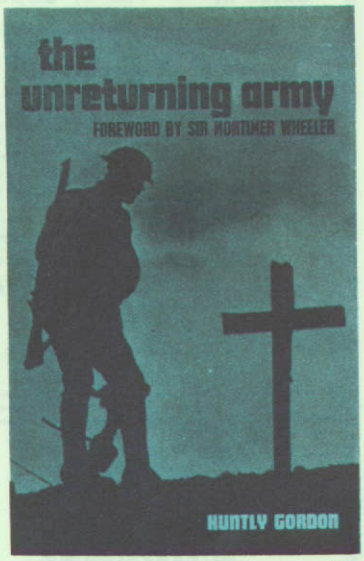
(Answers, page 33.)

Collins, 63s **R L E**

HORSE GUNNER

"The Unreturning Army" (Huntly Gordon)

Faced with the obvious necessity of going to war direct from public



school, Mr Gordon, being no sailor, decided he would fight on land. Dreary route marches with his school cadet corps had convinced him he must find a way of going to war on a horse. And he might as well do the thing in style, professionally, so he applied for a Regular commission in the Royal Field Artillery.

After a shortened course at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, he went off to France where for a considerable time he moved from unit to unit, filling in for officers who had become casualties or gone on leave and having his baptism of fire on the Ypres Salient.

He found himself developing "a real poker face" in the matter of fear and concern for casualties. At the front, it seemed, "the very highest virtue is to be hard-boiled." But he was not so hard-boiled that he could observe German bodies built into a trench parapet without remarking "it seems to me to be going rather far in human degradation."

In the spring of 1918, at last with a permanent command, he was given the exciting job of turning his two guns into a new-fangled anti-tank section. He fired at no tanks.

During the German offensive he braved machine-gun fire to get a telephone line from his battery to its commander, only to be struck down by an artillery shell. In hospital he heard that on the day he was wounded all the men of his section were wiped out by a single shell.

What happened to the author was not very different from what happened to hundreds of other gunner subalterns on the Western Front. Unlike many he lived to tell the tale. Unlike all but a few he wrote about it observantly to his mother in letters from which most of this book is transcribed.

Dent, 25s **R L E**

REGIMENTAL LIFE IN WELLINGTON'S ARMY

"Edward Costello: The Peninsular and Waterloo Campaigns" (edited by Antony Brett-James)

This book first appeared in 1852 under the title "Adventures of a Soldier." It has, however, been out of print for more than a century and, with interest in the Napoleonic Wars showing no sign of abating, Mr Brett-James puts us all in his debt for resurrecting and editing it for inclusion in Longman's Military Memoirs series.

The Napoleonic Wars were the first to produce the military reminiscences that are an established aftermath of a war.

Costello, an observant and simple man, was a sergeant in the 95th Rifles. He tells his story simply, from the viewpoint of the soldier of the Line—it is a fascinating picture of regimental life in Wellington's army, the good days and the bad, with a silver thread of regimental pride running throughout.

Costello was wounded at Quatre Bras, a ball tearing off his trigger finger at the socket. A second shot passed through the mess-tin on his knapsack. But his only approach to self pity was his complaint that it was impossible to sleep "with the anguish of my shattered hand."

It was the same at Badajoz. A ball tore his scalp but he did not realise it until blood trickled down his face. He was also wounded in the leg. He writes vividly of "the scenes of wickedness that soldiers are guilty of on capturing a town." Plunder and outrage were part and parcel of the soldiers' life but at Badajoz they were worse—the inhabitants' tame submission to the French was resented by the troops.

Costello observes: "It was different at Ciudad Rodrigo where the Spaniards defended themselves gallantly."

Discipline was harsh. A corporal accused of stealing bread from a Spaniard was sentenced to 150 lashes. Only the intervention of "our brave General Crauford" saved this corporal—they had been prisoners together in Buenos Aires.

Costello fought through the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns and later served as a captain in De Lacy Evans's British Legion when war broke out in Spain between Queen Isabella and Don Carlos in 1835. He ended his days as a yeoman warder of the Tower of London.

His is a story to remember; not the least part of it is his sad little romance with a French girl.

Longmans, 42s **J C W**

HITLER'S WOULD-BE ASSASSIN

"Stauffenberg" (J von Kramarz)

Colonel Count von Stauffenberg was the man who placed the briefcase bomb under Hitler's conference table on 20 July 1944 in the ill-fated plot by a military group to kill the Fuhrer and take control of Germany.

He was a brilliant young staff officer, of great personality, who survived maiming in the North African campaign and was the leading planner and source of energy among the conspirators.

Stauffenberg chose his role, says the dust-jacket, to show "the world that even amid the ghastly evils of Hitler's Germany, there were still men who were willing to risk their lives and their good names in their country's history for the sake of decency and civilised values."

This still leaves the question, why did they not do it earlier? The author traces the history of military anti-Nazism back to a plot in 1938 to arrest Hitler. The Nazi triumph in Czechoslovakia cut the ground from under the conspirators' feet. There were always political or tactical reasons to be found for delaying action thereafter.

It was not until the second half of 1942, when Germany's situation was going from bad to worse, that Stauffenberg decided there must be ruthless action against the Fuhrer. It was not until March 1943, when Hitler's Reich was clearly doomed, that the first attempt was made by the military conspirators to assassinate him. But a bomb in the Fuhrer's aircraft failed to explode.

So the question remains whether, if Hitler's tyranny had promised victory instead of defeat, the conspirators would still have jumped off the band-waggon. It is hard to believe that Stauffenberg, who appears to have had considerable moral convictions, would not have reacted energetically at some time. As it is, the least that can be said of him is that he died a heroic patriot.

Andre Deutsch, 30s **R L E**

SIXTEEN LOST YEARS

"The Emperor's Last Soldiers" (Ito Masashi)

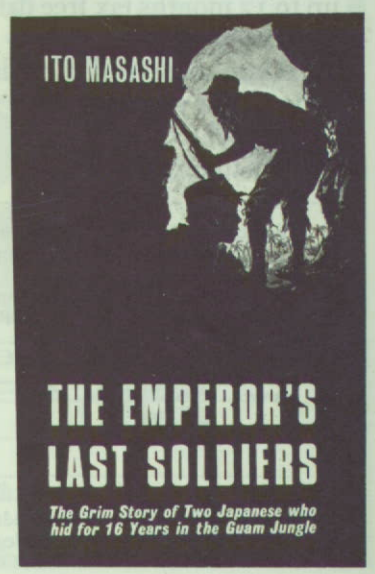
When the Americans smashed Japanese resistance on the island of Guam, hundreds of enemy soldiers, exhausted and demoralised, fled into the jungle.

One motley group was told by Cadet Asada: "They will be bound to land a further lot of crack, fresh troops to help us out. So, however bad everything may seem, you must hide in the jungle and wait for that time to come."

The Cadet emphasised that dying to no purpose was humiliating. When they felt they could stay alive no longer the Japanese "must offer themselves in sacrifice for our glorious Emperor" rather than be taken prisoner.

The Cadet spoke in September 1944. Towards the end of May 1960 the Americans on Guam captured two Japanese, the last soldiers of the Imperial Japanese Army.

One of them was Ito Masashi who now presents a vivid and moving account of 16 lost years in the jungle. Gradually the scores of Japanese who took to the jungle were hunted down. American troops, aided by Chamorro tribesmen—the Guam aboriginals—killed or captured the fugitives. When Ito's friend fell to a



Chamorro bullet he teamed up with two other Japanese. One died, the other, Minakawa Bunzo, was captured with Ito in 1960.

Ito and his companion learned to live and to survive, helped by an American rubbish dump in the jungle. Inner tubes, tins, bottles and bits of metal became the tools of survival.

They learned to produce salt, vital for jungle survival, and how to keep salted meat for up to a year. Breadfruit, rose potatoes, roots and berries formed their staple diet. Soused prawns became a delicacy.

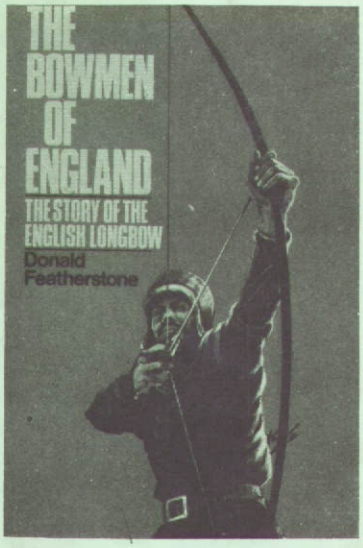
They found leaflets in 1946 demanding their surrender and more leaflets in 1952 picturing MacArthur accepting the Japanese capitulation —but would not believe it.

One day in 1960 Minakawa vanished on a chicken hunt. Not long afterwards a helicopter appeared, an "American" alighted and Ito found it was his companion, all spruced up and shaven.

Ito's father, three years dead, had erected a memorial to his son in the village cemetery. Ito returned after 16 lost years to an unrecognisable Japan of the bustling Sixties.

Contemplating the memorial, he asks: "But which of us is telling the truth—the returned soldier claiming so desperately to be alive, or the tombstone asserting his death in the jungles of Guam?"

Souvenir Press, 25s **J C W**



ARCHERY BEFORE FOOTBALL

"*The Bowmen of England*" (*Donald Featherstone*)

This is a pleasant account of the English longbow from its origins until it was ousted by the firearm.

The longbow was a tremendous weapon. At Abergavenny in 1182, Welsh arrows penetrated a four-inch oak door. At about the same time a knight was hit by one which went through his armour and his thigh and the wood and leather of his saddle and into his horse. He swerved (not surprisingly) and was promptly similarly pinned by another arrow in the other leg.

From the 12th century on, bows were put into the hands of boys at the age of seven. Football was among games which were banned so as not to detract from the practice of archery. Traders importing wine were compelled to include a quota of Lombardy yew bow-staves with each cask. The archer was a yeoman with a proud status.

The introduction of gunpowder brought the beginning of the end for the archer, but it was to take four centuries. The author examines why the firearm eventually displaced the longbow so rapidly since, he thinks, the longbow used at Agincourt in 1415 was superior in range and accuracy to the musket used at Waterloo in 1815.

The answer is in the longbow's drawbacks. On the battlefield the archer needs space and is apt to make a good target. Rain can make the longbow useless. And whereas almost anyone could fire a musket with a little training, the archer had to be a highly skilled athlete.

For all the longbow's disadvantages, in 1940 Captain Jack Churchill, who had previously astonished the Germans with a few arrows in the Maginot Line, actually killed one with his bow in the retreat to Dunkirk.

Jarrolds, 30s **R L E**

CAVALIER CHARACTERS

"*Richard Atkyns and John Gwyn*" (*edited by Peter Young and Norman Tucker*)

Why do people read military history? No doubt there are almost as many reasons as readers. Certainly, as Peter Young points out in his general introduction: "If people are still interested in wars, it may be better for them to satisfy their curiosity by pondering those of the past rather than provoking those of the future."

There is certainly much to ponder upon in this volume, which is really two books for the price of one.

Richard Atkyns and John Gwyn are two relatively unknown characters from the ranks of the Royalist Cavaliers in England's 17th century civil war. To look in detail at some of the men involved in Edgehill, Braddock Down, Marston Moor and Naseby is a fascinating exercise.

Atkyns was not a typical Cavalier. His men called him "the praying captain" and he had a horror of tobacco. A Gloucester man who had been to Oxford, dabbled in the Law, travelled extensively abroad and even tried his hand at being a courtier, his war was one of ambushes, sieges, marches and pitched battles.

The Welsh company commander, John Gwyn, is straight from filmland's conception of a Cavalier. Courageous, cheerful, fond of a bit of devilment, he was almost a professional in war—he had fought in most of the major actions in England, had served Montrose and later Glencairn in Scotland and finished his military career in the Spanish Army of Flanders. He had many exciting adventures, but none more than at the Battle of Newbury when he escaped a group of pursuing Roundheads by pole-vaulting a hedge with his regimental Colours!

Through the pens of these two men a period in history comes alive. This is an interesting volume in what is proving to be a very worthwhile military memoirs series.

Longmans, 30s **A W H**