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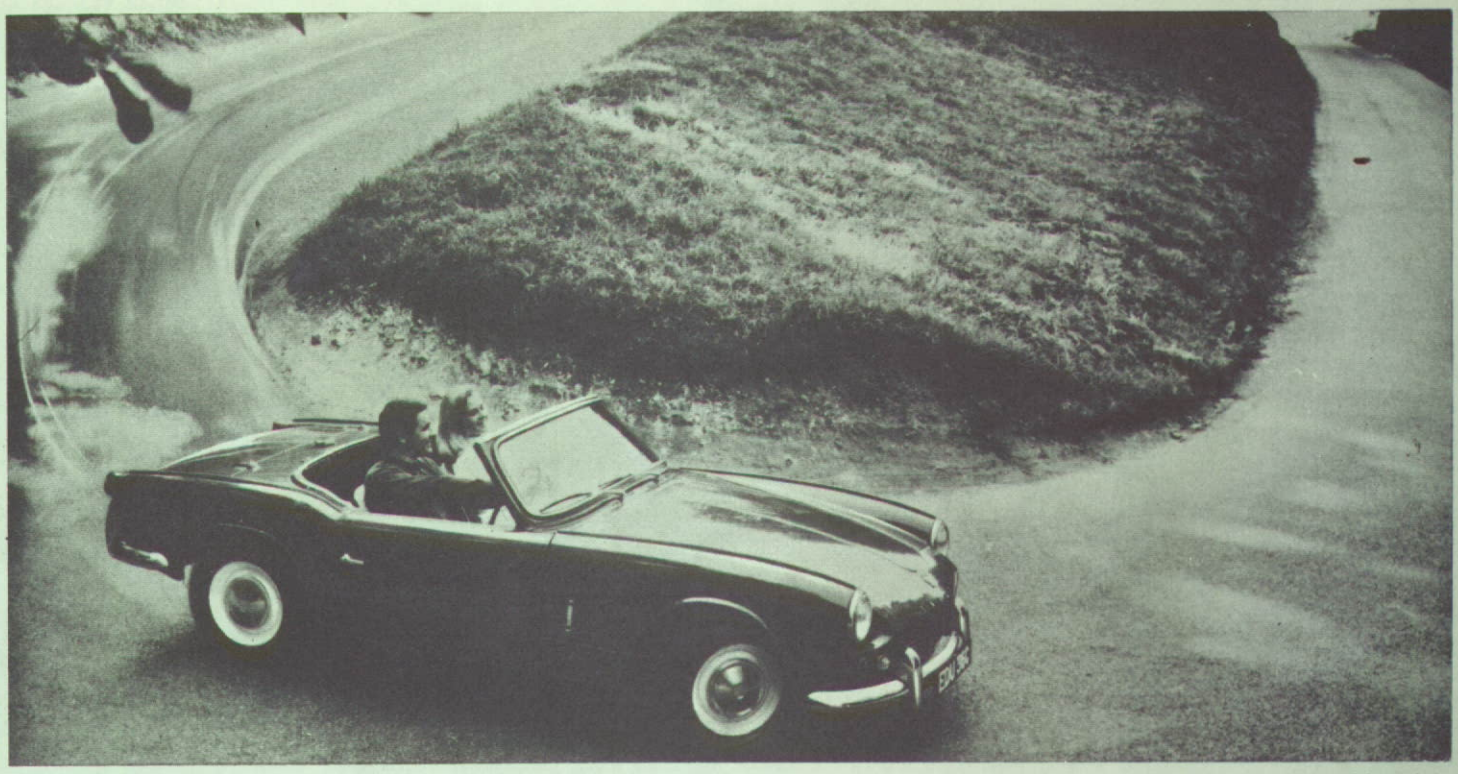
SOLDIER



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SOLDIER

MAY 1966 Volume 22, No. 5

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THE WILD MEN OF BORNEO

Eighteen months ago SOLDIER told how eager volunteers battle their way through 22nd Special Air Service Regiment's selection course. Now, flown out to Borneo at the Regiment's invitation, Feature Writer John Saar and Cameraman Arthur Blundell complete the story

EDDIE L—— is a dedicated and exceptional soldier in the 22nd Special Air Service Regiment. After 11 years' hard labour in a sand beret he is a sergeant and a very tough character.

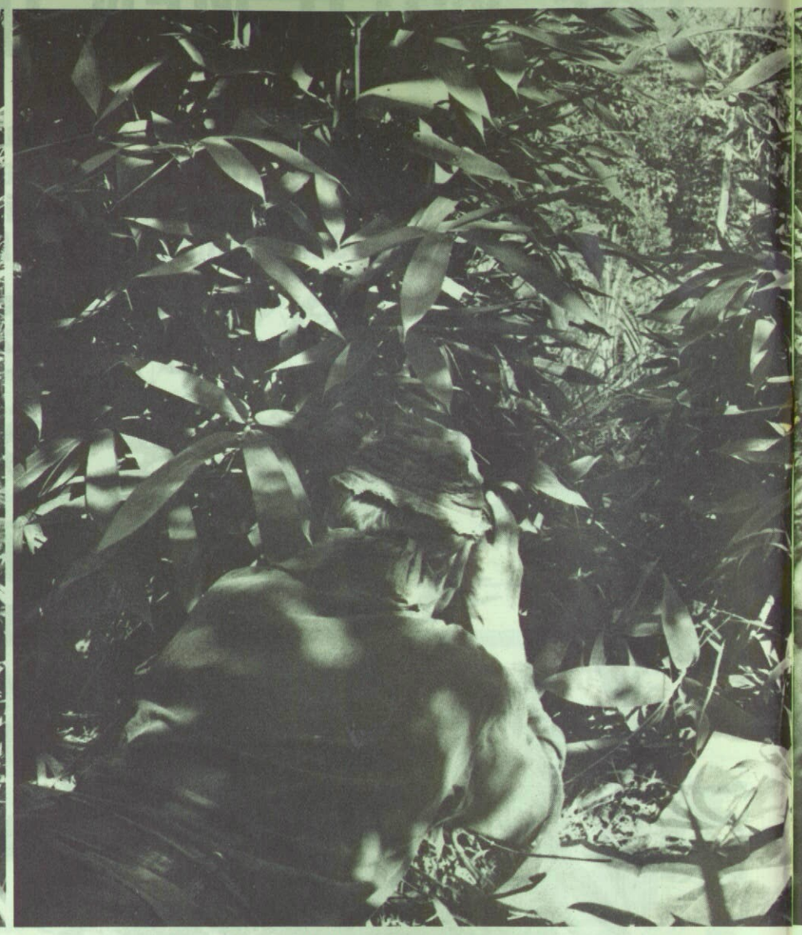
Two months ago the Queen honoured him with a Military Medal for his bravery in Borneo and his leg is mending nicely thank you.

It was like this.

The first of the six SAS men stood no chance. Jock T—— was ten feet from a bamboo clump when a machine-gun burst flung him into the undergrowth minus a one-and-a-half inch section of femur. As L—— dashed to cover his leading scout, a bullet from a Kalashnikov assault rifle smashed his hip. T——, tough as nails and, like his patrol leader, a former paratrooper, riddled the Indonesian with the rifle instinct had kept in his hands.

Obeying their crystal clear orders on contact drill, the other four men had

"Take five!" is the signal. Thumbs down means "Enemy."



The four-man patrols go right up to the border for vital information on potential incursions.

"bugged out." L—— ordered the Scot to join them and watched him start the 400 pain-filled yards to safety. "He was crawling nicely," he says.

He was alone, virtually one-legged and surrounded by a ruthless enemy. By carefully plugging his wound he dragged himself to a hide without leaving a telltale blood-trail. He checked his weapon, reluctantly used a syrette of morphine and waited for the Indonesians to come in for the kill.

Soldiers in the camouflage smocks of the para-commandos were crashing through thickets and climbing trees to locate him when L—— heard a Royal Air Force helicopter overhead. It could have been his last chance of escape yet his search-and-rescue radio beacon stayed silent. Hours passed and the enemy vanished before he switched on and accepted a winch ride out.

The last relief of the SAS in Borneo a month or so ago was no new thing to this Regiment as it has been engaged there since January 1963, the start of the Confrontation. Initially the tempo of operations was really tough as the Regiment was small in numbers and operational tours were all too frequent with little time for rest and re-training in between. Now the Regiment is building up and there is more time for training and also for operations elsewhere in the world.

Skeletal patrols of 22nd Regiment have lived with danger for three years to fulfil their role as the intelligence antennae of the Malaysian Confrontation. Always outnumbered by an enemy who take no prisoners, they have fearlessly probed, pried and parried in the border no man's land.

A former director of Borneo operations summed up the consternation they were causing when he said one trooper was worth 70 orthodox soldiers. The Indonesians hate and fear them and this has led the Regiment many call with irony "The Private Army" into a bitter private war.

The Indonesians have laid special traps for the SAS border surveillance parties and often the ambushers have been badly mauled.

Patrols operate with cellular detachment and no man goes into the bush with more information than he "needs to know."

The SAS claim of 70 enemy dead is a fine old piece of British understatement and the true tally is probably twice that.

SAS casualties have been four killed and several wounded.

The enormous cost in care and cash in selecting an SAS man, followed by a fastidiously thorough training which turns him out as one of the world's best all-round soldiers, has paid off. The Regiment has inflicted damage to the enemy cause out of all proportion to the number of men involved. In SAS parlance two's company and four is a rough little mob indeed.

Startling happenings demanding a high order of individual bravery were weekly occurrences and usually went unrewarded. Anonymity and an inconspicuous share of campaign decorations is an SAS tradition. Captain Robin L——, The Royal Green Jackets, won a Military Cross for extricating his outnumbered patrol from an ambush, leaving eight enemy dead. Like Sergeant L—— and the people who hold mentions-in-despatches, he regards his medal as a communal award.

Attacks on Malaysian settlements funnel through natural crossing places in the 900-mile border with Indonesian Borneo. The SAS screen these danger zones to pick up and track the enemy raiding parties. Their job is not to initiate a fight but to shadow the incursion and usher in an Infantry assault.

SAS ambushes have hit the Indonesian intruders hard. The officer (top) wears no rank badges.

The coded Morse calls are readable up to 200 miles.

Within 30 minutes of the human bloodhounds sending back their coded contact call, a stand-by company will be flying to their aid. Several troopers spoke of the special comfort they feel at moving into an ambush behind a Gurkha support group's trident of machine guns.

Self-mockery is an SAS trait typified by the ancient joke which traduces the celebrated motto "Who dares wins" into a satiric "Who cares who wins." In fact to call an SAS man a "big-timer" is the surest way yet invented of getting into a fight. By the Regiment's Holy Writ, lineshooters are professionally dangerous and socially unacceptable.

A man can talk himself into trouble and out of the Regiment quicker than quick—a powerful deterrent for people who dearly prize their membership of this hand-picked band of brothers. They revel in the extraordinary camaraderie which limitless trust produces and a mature sense of discipline allows to flourish. On personality and ability, new officers and men have to find their place in the troop or go to the wall.

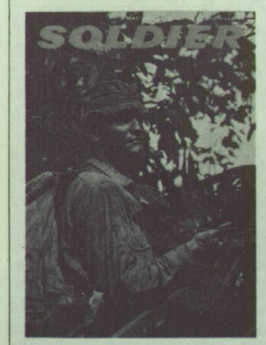
The calibre of the men is such that only an accident of birth divides them from the officer and this he has to accept and understand.

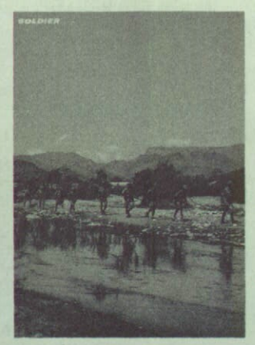
Once admitted and on jungle operations for the first time, the recruits discover new dimensions to words like "loyalty" and "friendship."

On four-man patrols, which may last up to six weeks, an easy informality settles in. Officers call their men by Christian names and answer to "Boss" or "Chief." One troop leader considered to be of aristocratic bearing is Duke to his men, another famed for his eccentricities over equipment development is Gadgets.

Patrols begin in Kuching at a fading Colonial house with rusting wrought-iron gates and bright skeins of barbed wire. Inside, the walls of the squadron's operational headquarters are festooned with *Playboy* nudes and scurrilous cartoons.

The squadron commander is almost the hardest worked man in the squadron. Not only does he circulate round an enormous





SOLDIER *Covers*

A week after Corporal Joe L—— brought his Special Air Service patrol out of the jungle in Sarawak (front cover) they were back in Hereford packing to go to Libya. Men of the SAS travel far and fast to operate and practise the world-wide roles of their exacting profession. Corporal L—— has seen action in Malaya, Oman, Aden and Borneo and trained in a. host of other countries.

The back cover shows an "aspirin patrol" of 1st Battalion, Welsh Guards, following a wadi to bring relief to a village in the South Arabian Federation where disease was rife.

Both pictures were taken by SOLDIER Cameraman Arthur Blundell.

THE WILD MEN OF BORNEO *continued*

area searching out and weighing up his operations but he has to make a thousand and one exhaustive preparations for each patrol.

One thing the SAS pride themselves on is that no soldier is committed to operations without being briefed on all the available intelligence, and that every preparation possible is made for him.

The start of the operation is almost an anti-climax. As he sits in the helicopter for the lift to a forward landing zone, each man has a complete picture of the operation and is fully prepared to travel to the objective and back—alone if necessary.

Variations in dress and equipment are as wide as you would expect of experienced jungle-fighters and individualists given complete freedom. Basically, water and ammunition are carried on a hip-slung webbing belt heavily and untidily reinforced with insulating tape. Although a meagre survival pack is carried in case the back-pack has to be ditched, many swear they would never let it happen. One of the Regiment's five Fijians is an adherent to this credo and when being chased he chose to wade a river underwater rather than part with his Bergen to swim.

The patrol is given a prediction on the time it will be out and is left to gamble on how much food to carry. The SAS ration pack, weighing two-and-a-half pounds, is supposed to contain bare essentials yet everybody whittles it down and some go to the length of measuring in teaspoonsful.

The paring down of weight is all part of an objective calculation of the odds which gives the average trooper an amazing confidence in his ability to fight and survive. Although the opposition includes a majority of well-trained and dogged Indonesian regulars, the Special Air Service Regiment man believes that if he follows the rules he must win.

Operational techniques are geared to one essential—patrols must always have the drop on a numerically superior enemy. It means they must never travel on tracks, nor exchange a single word for perhaps 12 hours at a time.

For six hours a day they move like phantoms through the green barbed wire. Rain they like because it hides noise and makes up for the washes they never get. They tread the jungle's rotting floorboards as though crossing a glass roof and leave no trace of their passing.

Up before dawn, the scanty breakfast of a penniless hobo, and they are away while the jungle is still rubbing its eyes. Four men, four minds with a single thought are scanning the undergrowth in front, around and behind. By erupting sweat, weary frames make what protest they can at carrying 65 pounds only one degree north of the Equator.

Regularly during the day the quartet halts and the signaller straps the Morse key to his knee. The coded reports cause much mystifying work for the units which pass them on to squadron headquarters, but regular communication is essential.

If the set packs up, so does the patrol. One missed report time is an alert, two is a danger signal to the base. The signaller is closely protected so that if by mischance the four are shot up he has the best chance of getting away with his precious equipment.

The medical man has had advanced training with special emphasis on the treatment of gunshot wounds. The problem of sickness on patrol is taken so seriously that a mass removal of all appendices was once considered. The linguist and the demolitions man generally require their skills less frequently during a patrol.

Since even the breaks are solitary affairs, a man has to like his own company. At

midday he moves off the axis to stir his brew and receive the attentions of myriad mosquitos, sandflies and fire-ants. Two urgent taps on a magazine and the 1000-yard-an-hour marathon begins again. An hour before sundown the four men gather for their evening meal.

Bergens are cached and rubbish is buried or carried to the end of the patrol. Continually practising escape and evasion they move furtively off and settle down in *bashas* concealed by the twilight gloom. Branches are tied down to make room for a *poncho* and spring back into place when released in the morning.

The sudden-death furore of a head-on clash with an enemy patrol shows the SAS trooper's quick thought and marksmanship at its best. As the jungle is reverberating to the staccato bedlam of rapid fire, he is one move ahead—judging the best moment for the bug-out. "You have to work out if you can handle it. Its no good going back right away because you might be malletting them. Leave it too late and they get round the back of you."

Standard arm is the Armalite but when operating in larger formations to ambush track and river crossings the SAS use silenced automatic weapons and the M79

Hearts and Minds is no longer an SAS concern, but the highly trained medics make special journeys to doctor at *kampongs* where help is badly needed.

A Naval chopper floats in on a tiny ridge to pick up a returning patrol. Helicopters have cut the distance SAS patrols had to cover during the Malayan Emergency.

Far left: Thickly matted jungle hides the sheer gradients and razor peaks of the Borneo terrain. It is the backcloth to a murderous game of hide and seek.

grenade launcher. The Claymore mine has proved a real killer. A hollow charge blasts 200 chrome steel ball-bearings in a swathe of destruction leaving any unfortunate in the way dangling from the leaves and branches like the ingredients of a Chinese supper.

The nerve-wracking hours that make the surveillance patrols unhappy are those spent in observation posts.

Their eyes are using lightweight telescopes, sighting cameras or keeping watch. Their minds are playing on the thought that they have been stationary for too long and even now the Indonesians may be tracking up to them.

The physical wear and tear of a two-week patrol on iron rations leaves ultra-fit men hollow-cheeked and weakened. Only the roving eyes tell that behind the growth of filthy beard and within the tattered, stinking clothing the dynamo is still functioning.

Boots are worn out, frames of the stout British-made Bergens are rusting and the canvas is white from incessant beating rain. (A consignment of Bergens from Hong Kong fell to pieces after 14 days in the jungle.)

The strain of prolonged and successive operations tells particularly on that nuggety core of senior non-commisioned officers which is the backbone of the SAS. Usually these revered "old-timers" recognise the slowing-up symptoms in time and regretfully accept that their duty to the Regiment is to leave it.

Said one: "You can still do it but you're not as sharp as you should be. After a bit you have to swallow your pride and say 'My reactions aren't as fast as they were ten years ago'—and pack it in."

The life of the SAS man in Borneo is well salted with hardship, but not so dangerous as it would be for a soldier of a lesser calibre. And there are the compensations when out of the jungle of wearing civilian clothes and living in sleek hotels.

Discipline is strong although there may appear to be none at all. Usually a squadron ends a five-month tour without having a man charged.

Peculiar to the SAS was the outcome of a discussion on karate between a squadron commander and a trooper. The trooper came to in the morning and the major had to have a plaster cast on his wrist. Everyone was satisfied.

Confrontation in Borneo brought the problem of stopping the holes in nearly 1000 miles of straggling, undefined frontier. Like a well-oiled bolt the SAS slid smoothly into the breaches.

Since then these modern wild men of Borneo have helped wreak a great and favourable change—Malaysia now actually holds every yard of the territory up to the border and those who cross it take their lives in their hands.

The Regiment itself has not only gained invaluable battle experience. It has become the closer knit simply because the kind of man who joins the Special Air Service grows restless in peace and thrives on active service.

Felling towering lumber for a helicopter clearing is a hard and tedious job generally left to the natives or shortened by explosives.

An instructor shows jungle "L" drivers how to place a simple Iban fish trap. The staff tell recruits no one need starve in the jungle and, to convince them, turn them loose for four days with little food.

Right: A shin up a tall tree is one way of seeing the route ahead. Whether you can do it as easily as the SAS men (many of whom are country-born) is another matter.

A scout under training takes his patrol out on one of the many rigorous exercises devised by the 22nd to familiarise men with forest navigation and movement.

The final process of selection for SAS volunteers is a gruelling four-week course at the unit's own jungle training camp in Borneo. Men who have beaten themselves to exhaustion on the Brecon course (SOLDIER, August 1964) find the sweat factory an even tougher hoop. There are no days off and no time or facilities for any recreation.

From dawn to dusk they carry heavy loads through swamps and dense thickets in the stifling atmosphere of a Turkish bath. Evenings are spent recuperating and making candlelight preparations for the next day's trek. At the end they are mentally and physically stripped for jungle warfare. They come as alien beings in a hostile element and leave as superior hunting animals with a rare instinct for living and fighting in the jungle.

"These blokes are pure animal, they even get to look like animals," said one recruit of the camp's 12 staff instructors. "They can smell a cigarette at 200 yards and live off nothing. They're flogging us to skin and bone."

The SAS have been in and out of the jungle for more than 15 years and their accumulated knowledge is handed on to the new boys in a way they never forget. The number one problem of getting from A to B in country with a horizon of 100 yards is conquered by days of navigation practice from one recognisable feature to another. The exercises get harder and the sketch maps sketchier, but gradually a man grows confident of getting home.

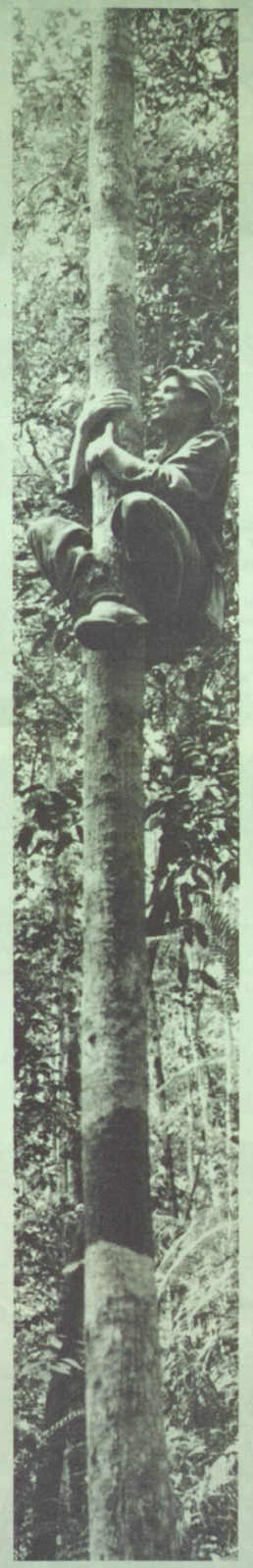
The training aims to give the trooper the basis of an answer to any catastrophe which may befall him on operations. Combat survival lessons teach the setting of Iban fish and pig traps, what to eat and where to get it. On the survival exercise they are dumped in the jungle for four days with a packet of biscuits and a bar of chocolate. Like the trooper who took a week to return after an action, they find it all works out.

On long jungle ranges their reactions are honed to a razor edge against the merest glimmers of targets. The high SAS kill factor on contacts results from the many hours of practice at rough alignment shooting.

During the final phase when the patrols are out on test missions the staff shadow and shoot them up with live ammunition if they step on a track. They observe each man closely and no fault is ever too trivial to escape comment.

At night the briefing *basha* surrounded by a ring of guttering candles is a high altar where patrol leaders go on friendly yet critical trial. Arch priest and prosecuting counsel is "Lofty" R— exactly the man you would expect the SAS to pick as regimental sergeant-major. A lean, sandy-haired six-footer, most of his 16 years with the Regiment have been spent in the jungle. It is impossible to imagine a finer tutor—wise, limitlessly patient and the possessor of a cold logic which relentlessly explores the obscurest explanations.

As growing numbers pass through his hands so there will be more and more men ready to admit that his training and warnings have saved their lives. The phenomenally low casualties on Borneo border surveillance operations prove that the days in the wilderness are well spent.



SOLDIER TO SOLDIER

Princess Margaret and Lord Snowdon are to attend the Royal premiere of the General Gordon film, "Khartoum," at the Casino Cinerama Theatre, London, on 9 June. The premiere is in aid of the Army Benevolent Fund in association with the Royal Engineers' Benevolent Fund and the Gordon Boys' School.

Stars of "Khartoum" are Charlton Heston (as Gordon), Sir Laurence Olivier (as the Mahdi), Richard Johnson and Sir Ralph Richardson. Tickets for the premiere are 25, 15, and ten guineas (dress circle) and ten, five, three and one guineas (stalls). They are available (cash with application) from the Casino box office or from the Army Benevolent Fund, 20 Grosvenor Place, London SW1.

★

One of the attractions in this year's celebrations of the 900th anniversary of the Battle of Hastings will be the re-fighting of the battle by Britain's wargamers, an ever-growing army of enthusiasts whose hobby, using miniature soldiers and equipment on a prepared table-top terrain, and complicated rules involving the throwing of dice, is to fight imaginary battles and campaigns or re-fight (and sometimes reverse!) history's military clashes.

At Hastings the public will be able to follow the actual course of 1066 since this battle, within certain limitations, will be fought "straight" as a reconstruction of events, at least in the first of several demonstrations. It will not be surprising if in the later demonstrations the enthusiasm of the experts, whose ranks include several senior serving officers, ends in convincing everyone that William could and should have been defeated.

★

There was only a marginal decrease in the number of jobs found for ex-Servicemen last year by the National Association for Employment of Regular Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen.

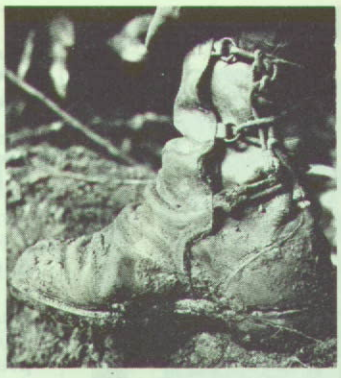
Of the 14,538 men and women who registered in 1965, 11,906 were found jobs, the Army leading with 4901. Royal Air Force placings were 3555 and there were 3450 from the Royal Navy and Royal Marines.

The Regular Forces Employment Association, which is 81 years old, is financed by regimental associations and other Service funds and takes no fees from applicants or employers. It has 49 branches in the United Kingdom, each staffed by a "job-finder" in constant touch with industry and commerce.

★

A typographical error in the April SOLDIER gave the new cost of a three-year subscription as 47 shillings and sixpence. The cost is in fact 57 shillings and sixpence.

left, right and centre



A boot the Army may be wearing in the 1970s and a waistcoat with pockets for watch-chain, snuff and 15 pounds of kit are under trial by the 22nd Special Air Service Regiment. The boot is classified as high, combat — quartermasters please note!—and is pictured after five months of jungle wear without so much as a whiff of polish. The green leather upper shows no sign of surrender and soldiers who have tried them in jungle, desert and West European conditions have given the prospective all-theatre boot a strong recommendation. It makes gaiters or puttees redundant and getting in or out of it is the work of seconds. "Ideal", said one of the trial wearers with a wink, "for the easy livers who like to take their boots off at night." The experimental waistcoat is made of reinforced nylon mesh; ammunition and basic equipment pouches are in good carrying positions.

Searing self-introduction by the United States Army's new flamethrower (below). Air pressure blasts a jet of thickened gasoline across the sky. The M113 armoured personnel carrier has been adapted to mount the flamethrower and carry a 200-gallon tank of fuel.

A weary team of Gurkha mountaineers plods up the final slope to the cloud-shrouded summit of Mount Kinabulu (left), 13,445 feet above the South China Sea. Mountains are an irresistible lure to the men recruited from the peaks of Nepal, and Kinabulu in Sabah has the added attraction of being the highest mountain in all South-East Asia. Led by Captain Peter Daniel, four men of 30 Squadron, Gurkha Transport Regiment, were on their way to Kinabulu within 36 hours of getting an official go-ahead for the bid. They climbed through dense secondary jungle and a moss forest to dump their 35-pound packs at 11,500 feet for an overnight camp. The final assault began before dawn. Swarming up ladders and fixed ropes by torch-light, the Gurkhas reached the summit soon after sunrise.

Fort Denison is the proper name of this tiny fort (left) in Sydney Harbour, but to the convicts stationed there on bread and water it was "Pinchgut." The name has stuck and today Pinchgut is a quaint reminder of the Crimean War 111 years ago, when the Australians feared a Russian attack. Fortunately no invasion fleet arrived to try its strength against Pinchgut's meagre 32-pounder cannon.

Olav V, King of Norway (right), wore the uniform of The Green Howards when he visited the 1st Battalion at Hyderabad Barracks, Colchester. King Olav has been Colonel-in-Chief of the Regiment since the death of his father, but his own duties and the Regiment's prolonged foreign service have kept them apart for nine years. When he heard that the 1st Battalion was to spend two months in the United Kingdom between overseas postings, the King immediately fixed a visit. He was royally received at a parade in his honour with three cheers, feu-de-joie and three playings of the Norwegian National Anthem. After perpetuating the close links between the Regiment and the Royal Houses of Denmark and Norway, the 1st Battalion flew to the Far-East for a 12-month tour.

Yes, it is surprising what goes on in officers' messes and no wonder the trumpeter (left) is nonplussed at the sight of a foot on the table. Captain John Le B Freeman had a good explanation for putting his best foot forward at the St David's dinner of 372 (Flintshire and Denbighshire Yeomanry) Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, Territorial Army. As Regular adjutant he was among the new officers and guests invited "to eat the leek," an ancient oath of allegiance to Wales mentioned by Shakespeare. Leeks were served from a silver salver, consumed to a roll on the drums and swilled down with champagne from the goblet held here by the unit's Regimental Sergeant-Major John Bowell.

COLD (BUT FRIENDLY) WAR

Story by RUSSELL MILLER
Pictures by LESLIE WIGGS

A WINTER night in Northern Norway, 150 miles inside the Arctic Circle. The temperature has dropped to a blood-chilling minus 35 degrees Centigrade. Shadows cast by the wonderful changing colours of the Northern Lights chase across the snow-clad hills and frozen lakes and rivers where ten thousand troops are sheltering as best they can from the terrible cold.

This night the wind is silent; but it is a killer.

It tears through the forests of nude birch trees and whips up powdered snow in a frenzied dance.

It squeezes tears from squint-eyed soldiers and freezes them on their cheeks.

It pulls and tugs at the white uniforms of patrols struggling grimly through the snow.

It denies sleep to dog-tired men laying on reindeer skins in tents flapping like bats from Hell under its merciless beating.

Yes, this wind is a killer. A human being unprotected from its bitter fury would be a frozen corpse in a few minutes.

There is much activity. Snow-chained tyres of heavy trucks jingle and crunch as a convoy rumbles through the night. A swarm of ugly helicopters flits over the hills at tree-top level to airlift a battalion into battle. Ploughing over deep snow, yellow-eyed monsters with wide tracks roar across country smashing everything in their path. High in the hills, above the tree line, little snow tractors are dragging long Indian files of men on skis.

More soldiers are struggling on skis through a birch forest. They have heavy packs on their backs and they are pulling sledges loaded with equipment. The silent wind cuts through their uniforms and their very bones. It is their fierce exertions that keep them alive.

There is little talking; just muttered orders and the odd grunted swearword. The snow is deep and progress is tortuous. But it is no small achievement that there is any progress at all, for just a few weeks ago not one of these men had ever been on skis in his life. Their homes are in the green counties of Devon and Cornwall, about as far removed from this Arctic tract as the sun from the moon. . .

This was a night in Exercise "Winter Express"—the toughest Arctic test ever undertaken by NATO's ACE Mobile Force.

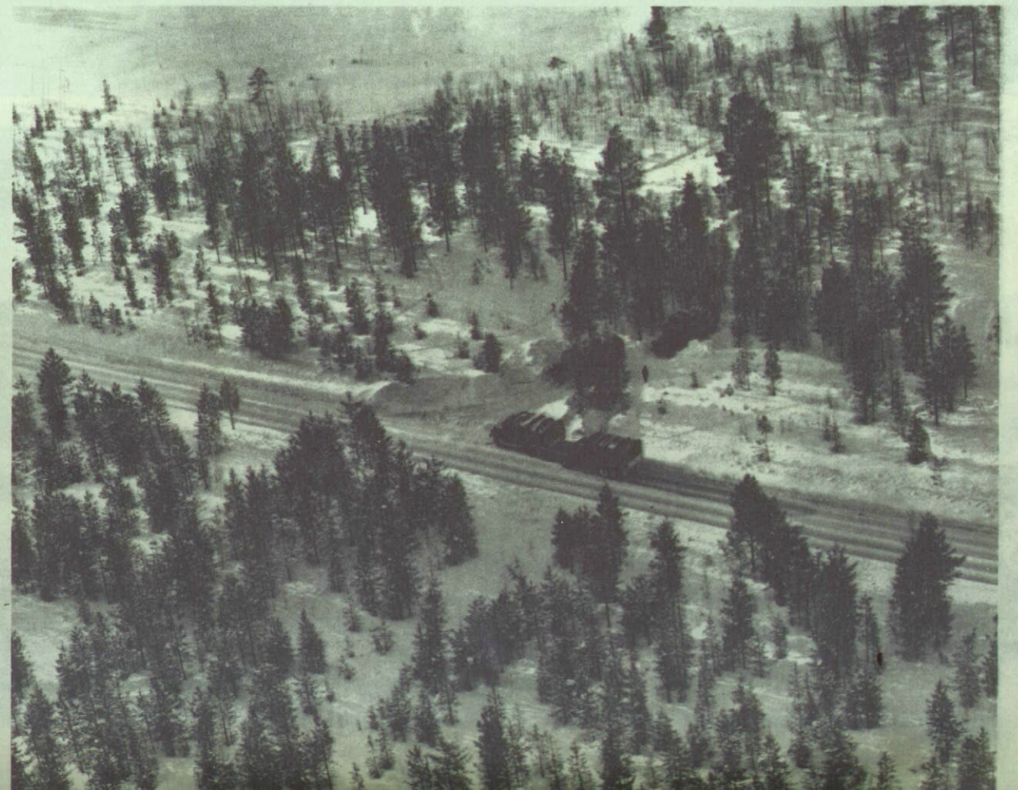
Indeed it was so tough that an extra-ordinary reversal of priorities was necessary and for once in a soldier's life learning to fight took second place—the all important lesson to be learned on this exercise was simply how to stay ALIVE.

For when it is 40 below and the wind feels like a sabre cut, frostbite is a danger greater than any human enemy. Frost-bitten fingers and toes, left untreated, rapidly become so brittle that they will

Above: British soldiers clamber into a Canadian helicopter after a patrol high above the tree line.

Left: Alpini of the crack mountain artillery battery were no strangers to snow —they even get issued with cognac to keep out cold.

Right: Bird's eye view of American trucks edging off the road to hide among the sparse black trees.



COLD (BUT FRIENDLY) WAR *continued*

Below: Towed by a snow tractor, British soldiers on skis learn the easy way to cross country. Far right: Skiing is second nature to the Alpini.

snap off like a twig from a dead tree. A white patch of skin is the danger sign and the extraordinary sight of a private soldier grabbing an officer's nose and twisting it like mad did not mean a court-martial offence—it was just that the first sign of frostbite had been spotted.

Sleeping, cooking, eating, washing and living in the snow in constant sub-zero temperatures was a technique every soldier had to master to stay alive. Many of the soldiers who flew to Norway for the exercise, including most of the British, had no previous experience of Arctic living and for them it was doubly difficult.

Major aim of Winter Express was to test the strategic mobility of the ACE Mobile Force, a highly trained international "fire brigade" which would immediately fly to any NATO country threatened with attack. The land component of the Force, under the command of Major-General the Honourable Michael Fitzalan-Howard, comprised battalion groups from Britain, Canada and Italy, plus support units from Britain, the United States and Italy.

The staggering task of quickly airlifting the Force into Arctic Norway from many different countries and moving it out again just as quickly at the end of the exercise was brilliantly controlled by Group-Captain Harry King, Royal Air Force, boss of the air transport branch of Allied Air Forces Central Europe.

From his office at Bardufoss airfield he brought in about 3500 troops, 480 vehicles and 4½ million pounds of equipment. Helped beyond measure by new radar "talk-down" equipment and the cool Norwegian air traffic controllers, he planned to lift out the whole Force in seven days with 200 missions flying day and night.

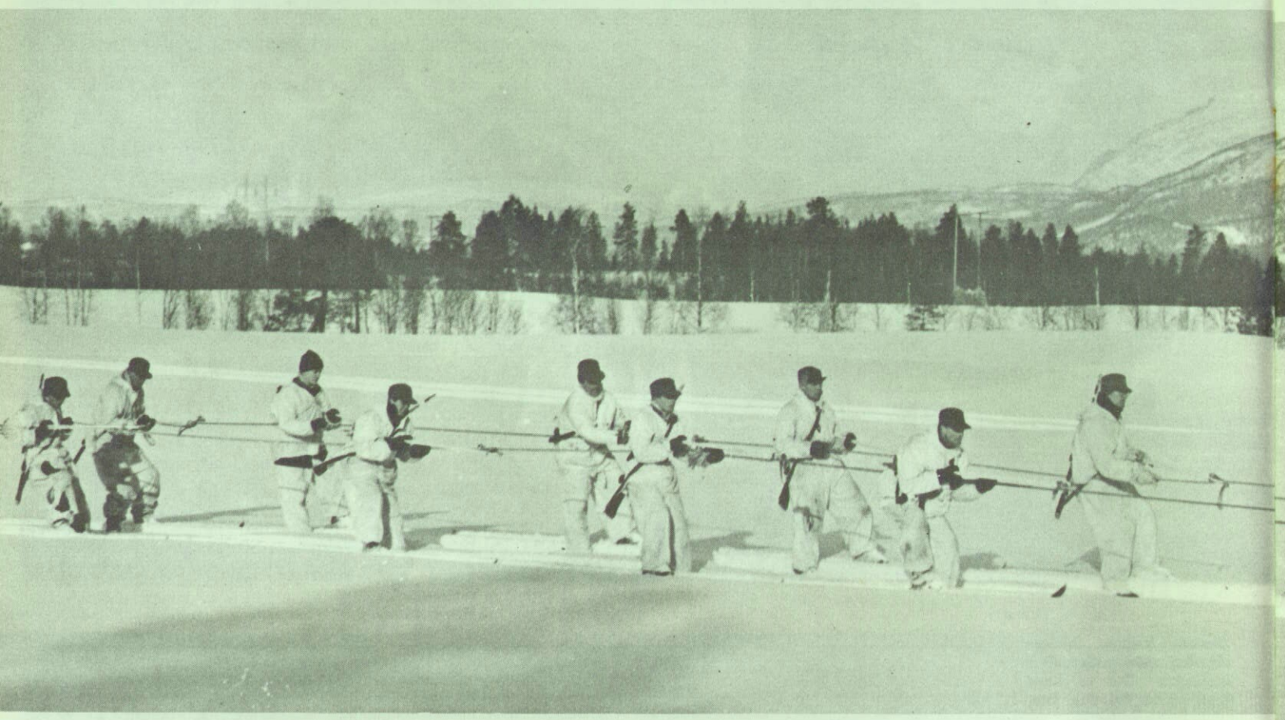
Acclimatisation to the Arctic, under the patient and expert tutorship of Norwegian soldiers, was the first problem for the British battalion group, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Guy Matthews. With snow many feet deep the only way of moving across country was on snowshoes or skis—and the British lads took to skiing like ducks to water.

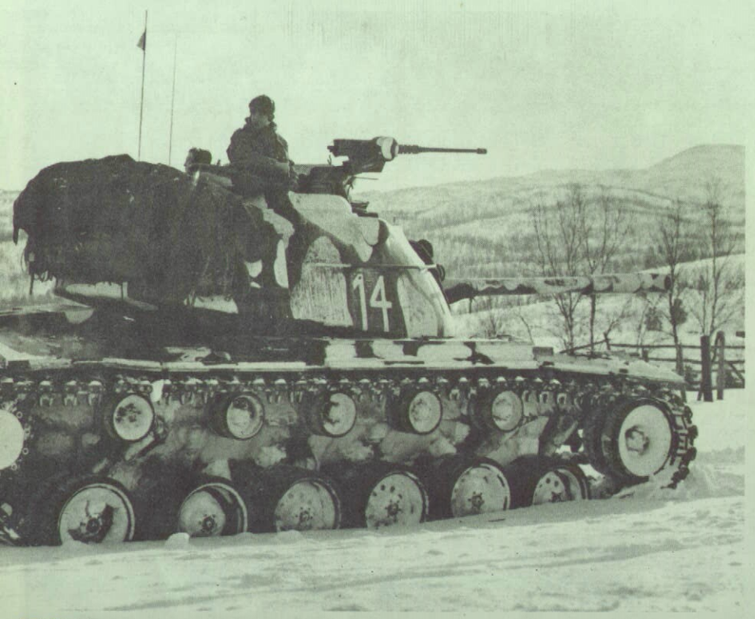
A few hours after they were issued with skiis, Private Gus Rashleigh, of 1st Battalion, The Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry, lived up to his name by launching himself from a 60-feet ski-jump.

He said afterwards: "It was a bit of an accident really as I got on the ramp and found out too late that I couldn't stop. Although I landed in a heap I didn't hurt myself, so I did it twice more—and broke a finger."

British teams later astonished everyone in a NATO ski championship held during the exercise by beating all the Canadian and American competitors and a team of British gunners came in sixth, ahead of three out of five teams of crack Italian Alpini skiers.

"We are learning all the time out here," said Colonel Matthews. "When it is so cold that an egg will bounce if it is dropped on concrete, learning the absolutely elementary art of living in these conditions occupies most of the time. I estimate we





Above: A Canadian returns to camp on a Ski-do, a tracked cross-country snow scooter powered by a two-stroke engine.

Left: An "enemy" tank of Brigade North pauses during an advance towards territory held by the ACE Mobile Force.

Right: The Dynatrack, a brilliant over-snow vehicle steered by articulation, is capable of high cross-country speeds.

NORWAY *to* ADEN

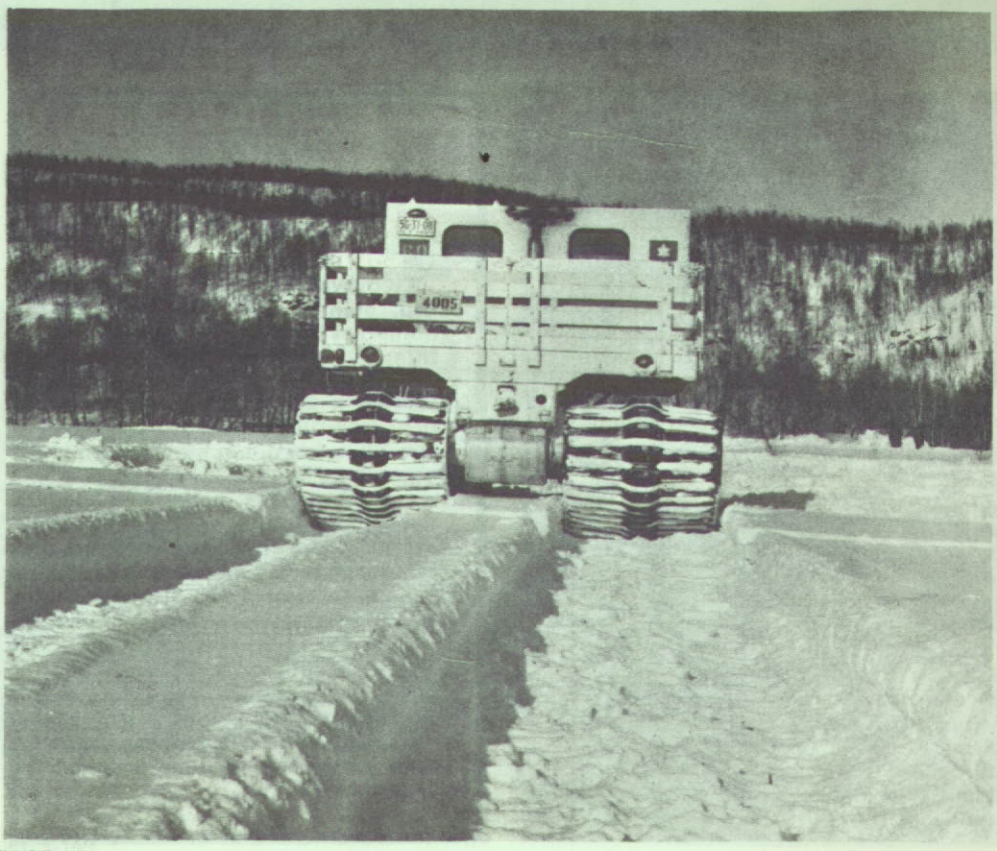
Two weeks after their Arctic trip, men of 1st Battalion, The Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry, were whisked off to sweltering Aden where they are serving a six-month tour. While they were in Norway they had to put up with much ribbing from other NATO soldiers who were wont to inquire politely if the Battalion had been sent to the Arctic to get acclimatised for the Middle East! And perhaps the unluckiest man in the Battalion was the regimental quartermaster-sergeant who, in the space of a few days, had to cope with the return of 7000 borrowed items of Norwegian equipment and all the British winter kit, at the same time as he was issuing tropical gear!

COLD (BUT FRIENDLY) WAR *continued*

While they were in Norway, both the British and the Canadians took the opportunity to conduct user trials on Arctic equipment. The British battalion group tested two tracked over-snow vehicles—the Swedish Volvo and the Canadian Dynatrack, an articulated amphibian. The Canadians, as well as trying out the Dynatrack, also tested the Ski-do, a little two-man tracked snow scooter, and the Heliopad, a portable canvas landing pad designed to prevent loose material blowing up into the rotors and engines of helicopters.

Above: Guns of 25 Battery, Royal Artillery, were hastily daubed with whitewash to aid concealment in the Arctic. Gunners found the white camouflage nets very effective.

Below: The wide-tracked Nodwell was developed for use in swamps, but it made an effective over-snow truck for the Canadian contingent.



are spending 90 per cent of our time keeping ourselves alive.

"My men have got on wonderfully well with skiing, although tactical skiing is a very different proposition from skiing for fun.

"With a rifle and a half-hundredweight pack on your back, harnessed to a sledge that constantly drags you down—this skiing is no sport."

After only a few days in Norway, the poor standard of British cold-weather clothing and equipment began to make itself evident, despite 7000 items borrowed from the Norwegians.

British double-layer gloves were too thin and too tight to give adequate protection against the fiendish Arctic cold, some of the string vests rubbed raw the shoulders of men carrying heavy packs; the sleeping bags were too small for big men and the fiddly little zips tended to freeze solid, successfully trapping the occupant in a quilted cocoon; and the British combat uniforms are not waterproof after their first wash, neither are they windproof.

Big deficiency keenly felt by the British soldiers was their lack of helicopters. They were the only contingent in the exercise without them and maintaining observation posts on high ridges sometimes meant a five-hour trek up the mountainside for a couple of soldiers only too aware that a helicopter could lift them there in less than five minutes.

"Arctic warfare without helicopters," said Colonel Matthews, "would be absolutely unthinkable."

But despite the cold and the justifiable complaints, the spirit of the British soldiers remained sky-high.

Acting on the time-honoured axiom that "any fool can be uncomfortable," they quickly picked up wrinkles to combat the climate like the elaborate process of making a bed—first a layer of straw over the snow, then a reindeer skin (borrowed from the Norwegian Army) and then the sleeping bag.

Minor frostbite and bronchitis, probably caused by moving from the fug of a heated tent into the gasping cold, accounted for most of the British casualties. They were treated in the efficient Italian field hospital, one of the supporting units of the ACE Mobile Force, where raw bacon for breakfast (an Italian delicacy) got a poor reception from the British patients.

Undoubtedly the most disappointed man on exercise "Winter Express" was General Fitzalan-Howard. Two days before the major field exercises started, he was evacuated by air to hospital in England, having contracted jaundice.

After months and months of planning for this, the biggest and toughest AMF exercise, it was a bitter blow for him not to be able to see it through.

Faces in the Arctic. Top two are British soldiers wearing caps borrowed from the Norwegian Army. The Norwegian MP is wrapped up in a helmet while the Alpini (above) scorns the cold.

Men of the Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry shelter from the blast of a helicopter rotor.

. . . HE HAD 10,000 MEN . . .

A total of ten thousand men was involved in Exercise "Winter Express." For the exercise the ACE Mobile Force (Land) comprised:

A British battalion group (1st Battalion, The Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry; 25 Battery of 19 Regiment, Royal Artillery; a troop of 3 Field Squadron, Royal Engineers; a Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers workshop detachment and a parachute field ambulance section).

A Canadian battalion group (1st Battalion, The Black Watch (Royal Highland Regiment) of Canada; K Battery of 4 Royal Canadian Horse Artillery; a troop of 2 Field Squadron, Royal Canadian Engineers; an element of 3 Signal Squadron, Royal Canadian Signals; and detachments from the experimental Brigade Service Battalion.

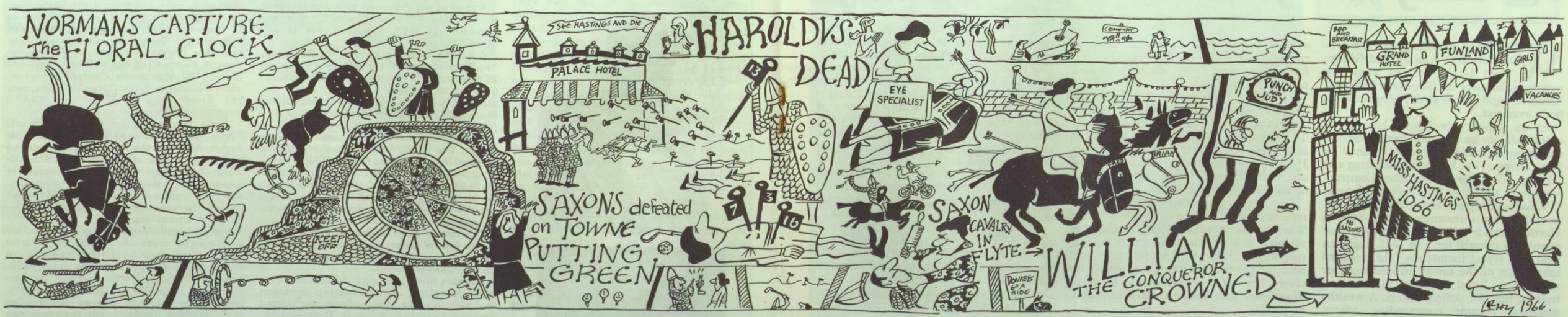
The Italian Susa Airborne Battle Group (Susa Alpine Battalion; mountain artillery battery; pioneer platoon; signal platoon and service elements).

Support units included the Italian 101st Field Hospital; an engineering company and aviation department from the United States; Logistics Support Unit; intelligence detachment and fire support co-ordination company from United Kingdom. The Logistics Support Unit, controlled by 27 Regiment, Royal Corps of Transport, included 48 Supply Company, 421 Ammunition Transit Platoon and 733 Stores Transit Section (all Royal Army Ordnance Corps), 50 Movement Control Squadron and 1 Squadron, Royal Corps of Transport; 262 Army Field Cash Office, NAAFI, postal and provost detachments.

Three squadrons of the ACE Mobile Force (Air)—Hunters of the Royal Air Force, F84Fs of the Royal Netherlands Air Force and F100s of the United States Air Force—also took part in the exercise. In addition an American rifle company, marine company and helicopter unit trained during the exercise on a United States—NATO bilateral basis.

Six thousand Norwegian soldiers, sailors and airmen were the hosts for Winter Express and their hospitality came in for much praise everywhere. The crack 5000-strong Brigade North, which is permanently stationed in Northern Norway, helped the visiting troops acclimatise themselves to the Arctic and then provided a formidable "enemy" for the exercise.

INVASION 1066 *by LARRY*



King George's Yankee Gunners

WHERE'S Washington's American Army? Run up Old Glory, alert Congress and pass the muskets. Shades of Bunker's Hill and Ticonderoga! The War of Independence isn't over yet.

At an armoury in Rhode Island, the oldest military unit in the United States is soldiering on—under a charter granted by King George II of England. Soldiering and thriving. The Newport Artillery Company is stronger than ever in this its 225th year.

Whooping Indians and firebrand revolutionaries were threatening British rule in North America when the Company was raised as a colonial force in 1741. Eighteen men who styled themselves "the principal inhabitants of the town" banded together under the Royal Charter to found a training unit for skilled officers. A wealthy merchant became commanding officer, arms were distributed, uniforms chosen.

For more than 30 years the Company was a loyal British unit serving in the surrounding countryside. Men were selected for active service by the gentlemanly method of drawing lots.

As relations between the British and the American patriots grew steadily worse, friction began to smoulder in the Company. The outbreak of war in 1775 placed an intolerable strain on the soldier's loyalties. His Company disbanded, the commanding officer fled from Newport with a handful of his men to join the rebels . . .

Seventeen years later the Company reformed and until the outbreak of World War One it prospered. The death knell sounded in 1930 when the unit's military role with withdrawn. The old command, once the pride of the town, was a butt for cruel jokes and it deteriorated to the point of oblivion with none prepared to mourn its passing.

The Newport Artillery Company's new golden era began in 1960 when a group of young men fired with the same enthusiasm as the original 18 started its resuscitation. The famous old armoury was a saddening sight and a heart-breaking task after two fires, years of neglect and petty pilfering.

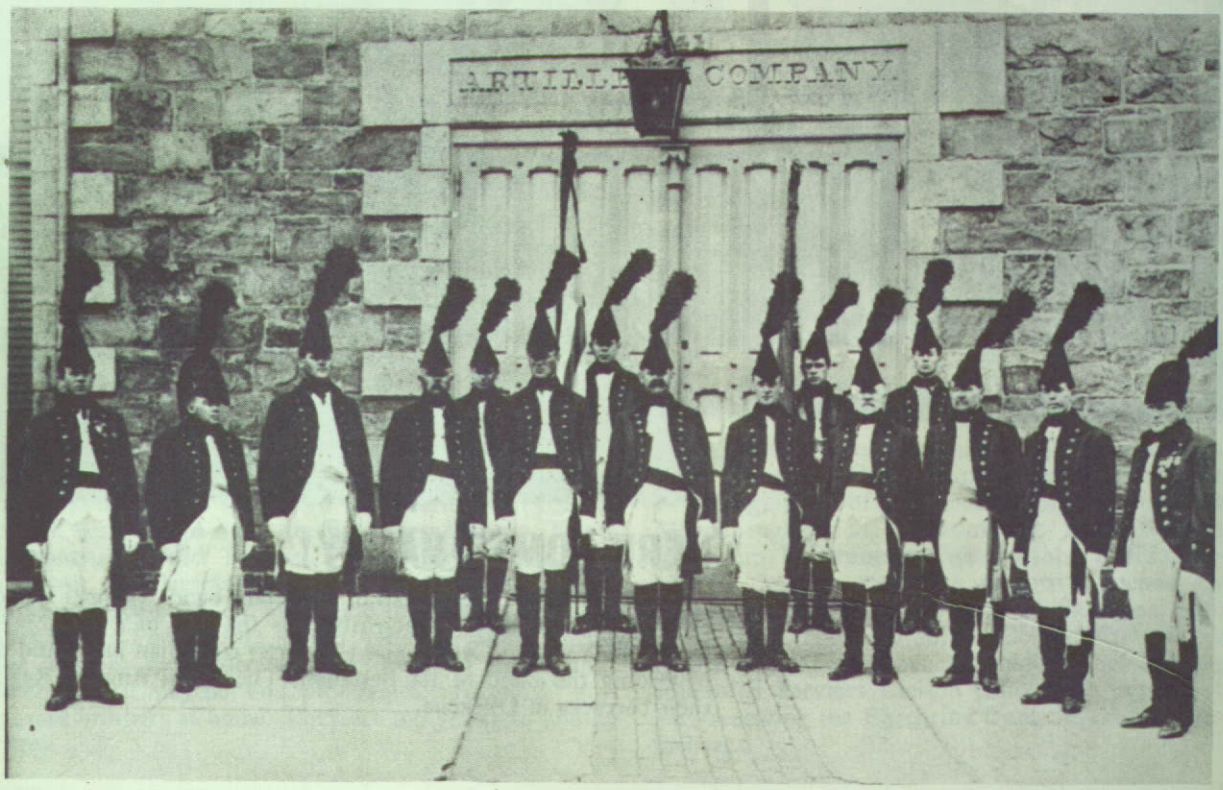
Side by side with the slow process of reconstruction a fine museum was being collected. Today, visitors to one of the finest Army museums in the United States can see relics from all parts of the world and uniforms donated by the Duke of Edinburgh, General Eisenhower, Field-Marshal Montgomery, Earl Mountbatten and General Mark Clark among others.

To complete the happy story, the Company has rejoined the State Militia and the appearance of artillerymen in the glorious uniform of 1792 is an essential element of any Newport function. The Company's most prized possession is a rebuilt 1814 cannon. Ceremonial salutes boom out from its polished brass mouth as defiant echoes of a war long past.

Left: The Company turned out with its muskets and bayonets for this picture taken nearly 100 years ago.

Right: The officers were in full dress in 1913 for the anniversary of the Battle of Lake Erie, Ohio.

Below: This six-pounder cannon was given to the Company 152 years ago. Artillerymen regularly fire it on ceremonial parades.



Right: A handful of enthusiasts has built up one of the United States' finest army museums in the Company's original Armoury.

purely personal

HERE COMES HARRY!

Neddy Seagoon at the head of a military band! Colonel Bloodnock will be green with envy! Ex-Goon **Harry Secombe** was the star of a Combined Service Entertainment show which visited Cyprus and the portly comedian just could not resist the opportunity of leading the Band of 1st Battalion, The Royal Anglian Regiment, when he called at their barracks in Dhekelia.

ALL THE WAY FROM CHILE

Guardsman Dennis Woodruffe, of 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards, looks a typical guardsman—six feet three inches tall with a ramrod bearing and clipped moustache. No tourist who sees him on public duties in London would ever guess that his home is more than 8000 miles away from Scotland or that he had sailed all the way from Santiago, in Chile, to join the Guards. A second generation Chilean, both his grandparents were Londoners, but he wanted to join the Scots Guards in 1964 simply because he thought they were the best. While he is in the Army he wants to train as a motor mechanic so that at the end of his nine-year engagement he can return to Chile and open a garage there.

FRIEND OR FOE ALIKE

Army surgeon **Major Bruce McDermott** cannot afford to take sides in his work. He is pictured above at Kuching Hospital, Sarawak, with a Malaysian policeman injured in a border clash with Indonesian terrorists. After treating the policeman, Major McDermott then operated on a wounded Indonesian soldier captured in the same operation! In less than six months at Kuching he has been kept busy with 400 operations, two-thirds of them on local civilian patients.

INTERNATIONAL PIPER

This piper is **Corporal Robert Gaston.** He is playing an IRISH march with a GERMAN dance orchestra during a concert of traditional FRENCH melodies being broadcast by a West Berlin radio station. It was not exactly the obvious place to hear a piper of 1st Battalion, The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. Corporal Gaston, an accomplished piper and dancer, was asked to take part in the programme to play "Caubeen trimmed with blue" to illustrate French connections with the pipes. His performance was greeted with thunderous applause from a capacity studio audience and afterwards he commented: "Very enjoyable—quite similar to playing with the regimental band."

FALL IN THE TYMONS

If many more **Tymons** join The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers they will need their own platoon. There are already four brothers serving with the 1st Battalion in Berlin and another will be joining them soon from The North Irish Brigade Depot at Ballymena. Pictured here, left to right, are **Fusiliers Dennis, Kevin** and **John** and **Lance-Corporal Harold Tymon. James,** on the way, may become a regimental policeman with Harold, John and Dennis. The brothers, who come from Boyle, in County Roscommon, go around together much of the time and are all keen sportsmen. Their father served with the Skins during World War Two and the Tymons are understandably proud of their family contribution to the Regiment, but it may not end with James. "After all," says Harold, "There are four more brothers at home. They are too young to join up yet, but they seem quite keen. . ."

RING OF FRIENDSHIP

For the first time, a German town's highest award —the Ehrenring—has been presented to a foreigner. In recognition of his outstanding services to Moenchengladbach in promoting Anglo-German friendship, **Lieutenant-Colonel John Felix Cowgill** has become the ninth person to receive the gold signet ring embossed with the municipal arms of the town. A retired officer, Colonel Cowgill was British Resident in Moenchengladbach before being appointed Services Liaison Officer. He is pictured here receiving the Ehrenring from the Oberburgermeister.

Helicopter pilot **Lieutenant Thomas Driver,** Army Air Corps, has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for his gallant flying in Arabia. In 15 months he flew more than 550 sorties in dangerous conditions and once, when fired on, instead of getting out of the way he landed, discovered the exact position of the snipers and passed the information by radio to headquarters. The citation says he has shown great courage and has been enthusiastic to undertake any task, however adverse the conditions or his own fatigue after long hours in the air.

LAND, SEA AND AIR

No he is not a Cuban revolutionary, he is a sailor! Taking a swig from his water bottle during an exercise in the Trucial States is **Naval Radio Operator Arthur Gooch**, a gunfire observer with 148 Commando (AO) Battery, Royal Artillery. A former parachutist with the Royal Marine Commandos, Arthur is quite unruffled about his service in different uniforms. "It's a change from ships," he says.

GEORGE CROSS...

Time and again **Major John Elliott** has quelled the tremble in his shaking fingers to delve the lethal innards of terrorist booby-traps in Aden (see SOLDIER, May 1965.) Gambling his life on his skill and nerve each time, he has defused 154 explosive traps or bombs in the past year. This Royal Army Ordnance Corps officer shown above passing on his grimly won knowledge to other Servicemen, has been awarded the George Cross for his feat of sustained courage. He investigated 189 incidents involving 309 objects thought capable of blowing him up and disposed of them all by defusing or proving them harmless. When a time bomb blew up part of an officers' mess, Major Elliott suspected others and carried out a feverish search. He found three more ticking away and disarmed them by torchlight while the body of a terrorist killed by a premature explosion lay at his side.

GEORGE MEDALS...

Two Royal Army Ordnance Corps bomb disposal experts have been awarded the George Medal for gallantry in Malaya. **Captain Michael Hall** and **Warrant Officer Brian Reid** spent three-and-a-half hours dismantling a new type of Indonesian bomb found in a Malacca garage. During the whole of this time both men knew that one slip of the hand or false move would mean instant death. Neither of them knew if a timing device was fitted in the bomb nor how many minutes they had before it was due to explode. Each stage of the dismantling was photographed so that if the bomb exploded the knowledge so far gained would not be lost.

...AND A SILVER SALVER

A woman typist who became an "indispensable link" in a Royal Army Ordnance Corps bomb disposal unit in the north of England was remembered by soldiers all over the world when she retired. **Miss Sheila Swete-Evans** (above) was so popular and respected by everyone in 2 Detachment, Northern Command Ammunition Inspectorate, that when news of her retirement spread, contributions towards her farewell present were received from former members of the unit scattered throughout the world. She is pictured here with the present—a silver salver.

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THE ARMY'S EVANGELISTS

WHEN a sergeant pinned up a notice in Woolwich Barracks in 1816 offering to read the Bible to any interested soldiers, he was promptly arrested by his commanding officer and accused of subversive activities!

Fortunately another officer intervened and got the luckless sergeant out of trouble. In fact his harmless offer did far more good than he could ever have hoped for—it led to the issue of Bibles to all soldiers and later to the formation of the Army's own evangelists to read those Bibles.

Today the full-time scripture readers of the Soldiers' and Airmen's Scripture Readers Association are regular visitors to barrack rooms throughout the world. All ex-Servicemen, they wear uniform with red flashes and their own badge. Their job, in the words of their Army Council charter, is to "introduce soldiers and members of the women's Services to practical experience of Christianity which will ennoble their characters, increase their morale and give them a firm foundation with which to face life."

Lieutenant-Colonel G C S Clarke, a retired Army officer who is the general secretary and treasurer of the Association, said: "We are a purely voluntary organisation and no costs whatsoever are chargeable to public funds. Our readers are paid by the Association which is maintained by voluntary gifts."

There are 25 scripture readers in the Army, stationed in United Kingdom, Germany, Cyprus, Aden and Singapore. Typical of them is Ted Frampton, whose parish is the trouble-spot of Aden. He and his wife Lily have chatted with thousands of soldiers and airmen in Aden and they have given away 2000 copies of St John's Gospel. "If some of them go into the waste-paper basket it doesn't matter," he said. "A percentage will be kept and read."

An ex-Ulster rifleman, Mr Frampton and his wife evangelised in Catterick, Singapore and London before they went to Aden. His endless search for new contacts takes him in and out of barrack rooms, through hospital wards, from the sergeants' mess to the captive audience in detention cells.

The Army Scripture Readers are inter-denominational. Mr Frampton tells departmental Christians: "I'm not interested in your denomination, only your destination." Jews, Mormons, Communists and atheists have all been welcomed to his study groups.

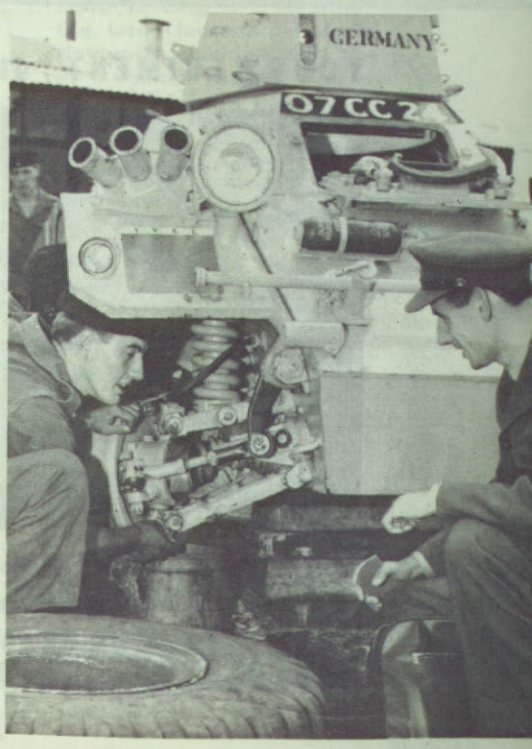
Ted Fisher, 27-year-old Scripture Reader in Cyprus, says "Christ first became real" to him while he was a National Serviceman. Now his life is integrally tied up with Servicemen on the island.

With his wife Margaret he entertains a great deal at home. "It gets people away from the four walls of a barrack room and gives them a few home comforts. It is nothing for us to find ourselves catering for several dozen people every Saturday and Sunday—but if we achieve our aim it is all worthwhile.

Longest-serving Scripture Reader is Mr John Findley, who works in Germany. He has been evangelising in the Services for 28 years and he says he has always had a good reception from the thousands and thousands of soldiers he has met during that time. "When I meet the chaps in their own barrack rooms," he said, "there is always a number of them interested in what I have to say."

Correspondence figures importantly in the work of Scripture Readers. Anxious parents request: "My son has been posted to your area. Please meet him and put him in touch with Christian fellowship." The Reader welcomes the young soldier and assures his parents all is well. The mail also brings encouraging thanks from men whose life has turned a new leaf since they met a Scripture Reader.

Mr Frank Crofts, another Scripture Reader working in Germany, summed up their work like this: "We meet the men in their barracks, discuss the Christian faith and encourage them to attend their own churches—for we believe good Christians make good soldiers."



Above: Mr Ted Frampton gives St John's Gospel to Pte Austin Howard (left) and Cpl Keith Hancock at Radfan Camp. Right: At Episkopi, Mr Ted Fisher stops for a chat with Pte John Stevenson.

THEY FOUGHT THEIR COLONEL-IN-CHIEF

YOUR REGIMENT : 41

THE ROYAL DRAGOONS

HELMETS gleamed, boots and harnesses shone as never before as the oldest regiment of Cavalry rode out to parade for its Colonel-in-Chief. The year was 1902, the place was Shorncliffe, Kent, and history was about to execute a master-stroke of irony. The stern-faced man who accepted the tributes with regal dignity, wore the magnificent scarlet tunic of The Royal Dragoons (1st Dragoons) and rode a Regimental charger, was Kaiser Wilhelm II of Germany.

Twelve years later the Kaiser declared war on Britain and the Royals set about punishing the turncoat with implacable enmity. After a memorable charge and a series of patrols they discarded their horses to serve in the trenches. In helping to defeat his armies and humiliate the Kaiser the Regiment earned 17 battle honours and Second-Lieutenant J S Dunville won a posthumous Victoria Cross.

The proud history of the first Cavalry regiment of the line opened in 1661 when King Charles II ordered the raising of a troop of cuirassiers to defend Tangiers. Drawn by the prospect of princely pay—2s 6d a day—and the throb of recruiting drums in the streets of London, veteran soldiers of the Civil War flocked to join. A hundred experienced horse soldiers mustered at Southwark in three weeks and sailed for North Africa soon afterwards. Twenty years of warring against the Moors was eventually recognised by the award of the battle honour "Tangiers."

The King was delighted by the prowess of the Tangiers Horse and selected it as the nucleus of a new regiment to be called The King's Own Royal Regiment of Dragoons. The first commander was Lord Churchill—later the Duke of Marlborough. The Royals' discipline and resolution at Sedgemoor, where they routed Monmouth's army, set the pattern for a long succession of battles in which the Regiment distinguished itself.

The 1st Dragoons did well at the Battle

Above: The Royals risked mines and snipers to protect convoys on Aden's Dhala Road. Now they are serving in tanks.

Left: Royal Dragoon Centurions were driven in tight formation when the Regiment paraded for the Queen last year.

Below: Never reluctant to leave their vehicles when necessary, the Royals often carried the war forward on foot in Malaya.

The Royal Dragoons have not had a Colonel-in-Chief since the death of King George VI in 1952. The Regiment's supreme appointment has stayed vacant because of a decision that Queen Elizabeth should accept only the colonelcies of the Household Brigade and certain other regiments which did not include the Royals

of the Boyne and led the field in the dissolution of the French and Irish forces at the Siege of Limerick. The first hundred years ended with hard campaigning in Spain, telling charges against the French at Dettingen and Fontenoy and two raids on the Brittany coast.

A spell at home saw the Regiment chasing smugglers for prize money and on distasteful anti-riot duty in the West Country.

During the protracted Peninsular War, Wellington frequently honoured the Royals by appointing them rearguard when the French were pressing hardest. At Fuentes d'Onoro a characteristically heroic charge swung the battle for the Iron Duke.

After a miserable night without food, water, or cover from continual rain, the Royals were at his side again for the Battle of Waterloo. Twenty thousand French Infantry were advancing on the main position when the Royals and two other regiments of the famed Union Brigade rode hell-for-leather into their midst. Sabres and valour drove off the French and won the day. The cost to the Brigade was frightful—a single composite squadron survived.

In the fury of the close-quarter fighting, Captain Clark ran a French officer through and snatched his eagle standard. The trophy earned the Royals their eagle cap badge and the nickname "Birdcatchers."

The next major war was against the Russians in the Crimea and the Royals were summoned. At Balaclava they charged with the Heavy Cavalry to avenge in full the obliteration of the Light Brigade.

Although not realised at the time, the three years the Regiment spent shadow-boxing against the Boers were the last of effective horse-borne war. Yet the beloved horses lingered on until 1940 when armoured cars replaced them.

The outstanding Royal Dragoon action of the war was El Alamein—jointly celebrated with Waterloo as Regimental Day. Two squadrons broke through the German lines and harried their supply columns. They left 184 lorries and tanks burning and disrupted German communications at a crucial stage.

From the Western Desert the Royals crossed the Mediterranean for the invasion of Sicily and Italy before returning to Britain for the 1944 assault on Europe. The final achievement of the slogging match that followed was a lance-thrust to the Baltic and the liberation of Denmark.

Post-war the Royals have travelled the world to man their armoured cars in Egypt, Aden, the Persian Gulf, Malaya and Cyprus. In 1962 London rewarded the Regiment for 300 years of loyal service. The Royals exercised the privilege, shared with only five other regiments, of marching through the City with bayonets fixed and guidon unfurled.

Today the successors to the 100 men of Southwark are mounted in tanks and serving in Germany. Currently the best-recruited regiment in the Royal Armoured Corps, The Royal Dragoons draw men from Kent, Sussex, Surrey and London—an area which of course includes Southwark.

In World War II the Royals suffered a crushing defeat—over the colour of their berets! They were serving in Palestine when the late Lieutenant-Colonel R F Heyworth decided that the grey of a French blanket was exactly the colour for a new Regimental beret. It would distinguish the Royals among allied troops yet be inconspicuous in action.

Without any official permission the berets were made by a bazaar tailor and became an instant success. The Royals were known as "The Grey Berets" and King George VI gave the headgear his blessing. But trouble was brewing. Regimental funds had paid out £800 and without official recognition there could be no refund. Although the soldiers agreed to pay for their berets, resistance strengthened.

Field-Marshal Montgomery took up the cudgels for the Royals with a strong recommendation that they should keep the berets. Later he had to write to the Regiment and say, "I have been defeated in this battle."

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COMPETITION 96

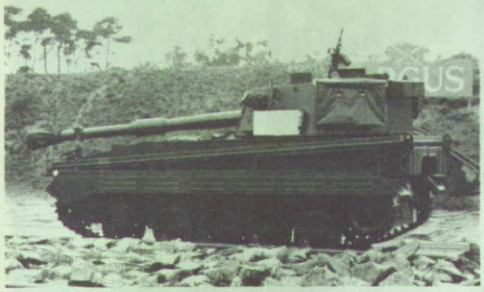
If you were not successful in last month's competition, here is another chance to win a prize. The procedure is exactly the same—identify the pictures and enter the names horizontally in the acrostic.

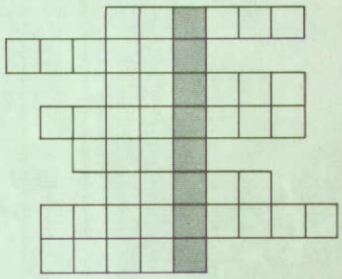
The vertical shaded column will then give you the name of another modern British Army equipment.

Send this one name on a postcard or by letter, with the "Competition 96" label from this page and your name and address to:

The Editor (Comp 96)
SOLDIER
433 Holloway Road
London N7.

Closing date for this competition is Monday, 8 August. The answers and winners' names will appear in the October SOLDIER. This competition is open to all readers at home and overseas. More than one entry can be submitted but each must be accompanied by a "Competition 96" label. Winners will be drawn by lots from the correct entries.





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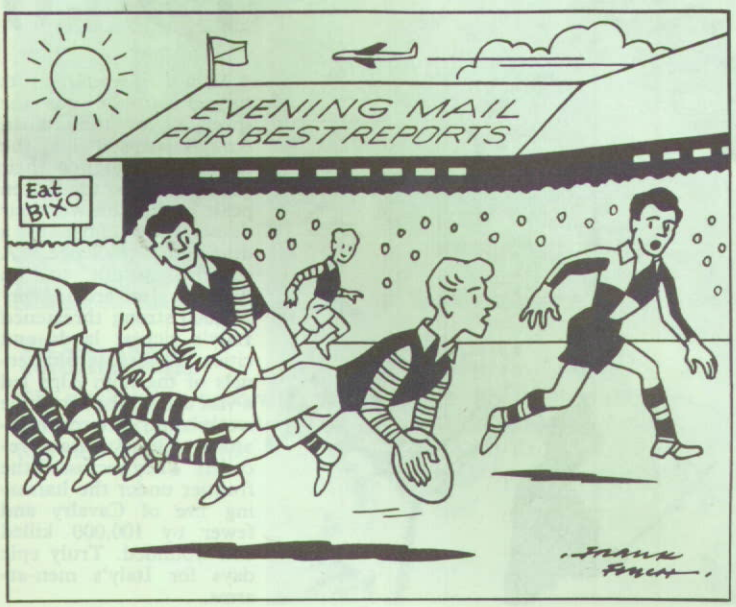
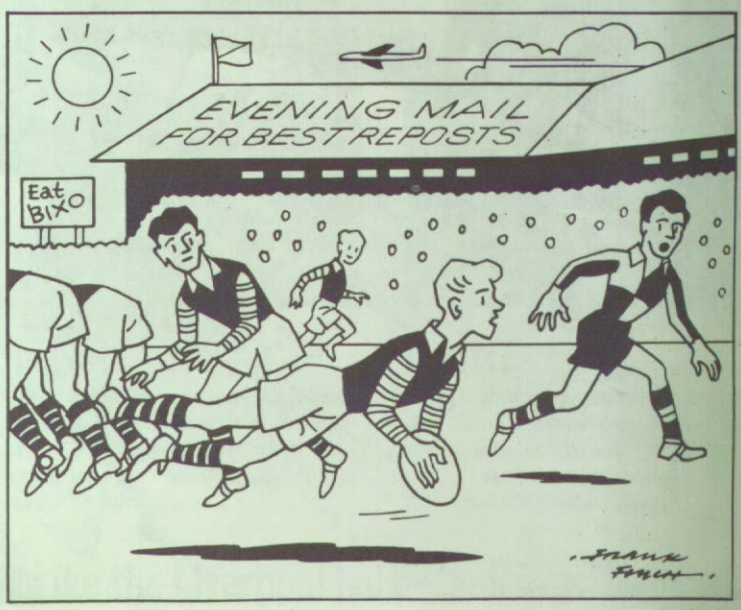
How observant are you?

These two pictures look alike, but they vary in ten minor details. If you cannot detect all the differences, turn to page 35.





MAY 1916

Mountain warfare at its rugged extreme was the speciality of the Italian Army's corps d'élite, the Alpini. Swinging their guns high into the frozen peaks of the Alps was their desperate response to a desperate challenge. A surprise assault by an Austro - Hungarian Army 250,000 strong threatened Italy's richest lands and cities. The snow pimpernels of the high Alps led a vast army raised in three weeks into the counter-attack. The Austrians recoiled. They recrossed the frontier under the harassing fire of Cavalry and fewer by 100,000 killed and wounded. Truly epic days for Italy's men-at-arms.

Four top footballers say just what they think about pubs

Left to right: Peter Thompson, Ian St John, Ron Yeats and Roger Hunt off-duty at a country pub outside Liverpool.

Thompson:

The weekend games are usually the big ones, and you have to unwind afterwards.

St John:

So pubs are important places to us. But don't make us out to be heavy drinkers. That wouldn't be true or fair.

Yeats:

I just couldn't go straight home to bed after a big match. I'd go nuts. You have to talk over the game and sort of come down to earth again.

Hunt:

Not that that necessarily means drinking heavily. You can enjoy yourself in a pub with a pint or a shandy. It's the atmosphere that counts.

Like the Liverpool lads—look in at the local.

LETTERS

Those pin-ups

I've just spent a happy half-hour going through my SOLDIER collection and how anyone could have decided to banish permanently the back page pin-up I'll never know. In these days of half-starved-looking, straight-haired, pasty-faced, angular so-called models, what a tonic to see again the film stars of the late forties.

Life is grim enough without depriving us of one page of real pleasure. Put back the pin-up, we'll all stack our collections of SOLDIER upside down and everyone will live happily ever after.

Seriously, if we're not going to get film or show-biz pin-ups, why not a Women's Royal Army Corps or Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps beauty each month? Include the Commonwealth women's services and organise a world-wide Army Beauty Queen competition. Let the girls know they're still appreciated in civvy-street and perhaps boost recruiting at the same time.—**F Allan Herridge (ex-Royal Signals), 96 George Street, Basingstoke, Hants.**

So the pin-ups have disappeared from your excellent magazine. Here is a chance to use the space to illustrate the old full dress uniforms of regiments.—**H H Smith, 25 Toddlewood Avenue, Didsbury, Manchester 19.**

I have welcomed your decision to drop the pin-ups from the back page of SOLDIER. My eight-year-old son, who is also a great fan of SOLDIER, never thought much of the pin-ups either. Still, this is only a detail, and it certainly never stopped us enjoying the magazine.—**A E Tate, 409 Bellegrove Road, Welling, Kent.**

As a very (but not very, very) old soldier, I am all for the return of the cover-girls!—**T S Cunningham, 6 The Lindens, Prospect Hill, Walthamstow, London E17.**

Why not put the pin-ups in the centre pages? And what about the women's services? For them you could now and again have a pop or film star and I think you would keep everyone happy.—**Bdr D J Haighton, Q Bty, 661 Fd Regt RA (TA), Victoria Barracks, Belfast 15.**

I would like to see the pin-up back. If a double-cover picture is necessary then why not put the pin-up on the inside back cover?—**WO II A P Cheshire, TA Centre, Corby, Northants.**

★ *Sorry, but the use of colour is restricted for economy reasons.*

Have pity on me. Sixpence on SOLDIER I can cope with. But to substitute coloured camels for our pin-ups (God bless 'em)! I can keep silent no longer—my customers are a bunch of tight-fisted TA blokes. You see my problem!—**Sgt P W Flook, 150 Inf Wksp REME (TA), Farringdon House, Sutton, Surrey.**

I write on behalf of about 400 Junior Soldiers who wish to have the pin-ups back. They are usually put up in our lockers and brighten them up quite a bit. Enclosed are the signatures of some of the lads in my troop who hope you bring the pin-ups back.—**J/Tpr Enright, Radio Troop, A Sqn, Junior Leaders Regiment RAC, Bovington Camp, Dorset.**

I am very pro pin-up but I think those on the back page of our magazine are somewhat third-rate—the only thing that is. The pin-up game is very competitive and SOLDIER cannot hope to compete with glossy magazines which specialise in such delicacies.

Why not a series of pin-up soldiers—soldiers who look like soldiers, for so many today do not even look the part.—**WO II P F E Garraty, PSI, A Coy, 5th Bn, The Middlesex Regiment, TA Centre, Priory Road, Hornsey, London N8.**

Of course we want the pin-ups back—if you were human you wouldn't have to ask. If, as you say, it is *our* magazine, then please print her on the inside back cover in every issue and not "from time to time."—**Cpl R Scanlan, 316 Sig Sqn TA, Drill Hall, Stamford Brook Avenue, London W6.**

The bright boys who stopped the pin-ups should be sent here for a ten-year stint. We want our girls back.—**Cpl F J Smith, RAMC, 24 Fd Amb RAMC, BFPO 69.**

Advanced driving

I read the article "Drive for Better Driving" (February) and think that the idea is an excellent one, but why restrict it to warrant officers and senior non-commissioned officers?

Having attended and passed the police course at Hendon and also being a member of Advanced Motorists, I was surprised that your reporter did not get the sequence of the "System" correctly. After "Brake" should be "Gear, if necessary." (Turning left off a federal road after braking, I presume that a lower gear would be required). The gear selected should be the correct one for the speed decided upon when braking.

Incidentally, driver training in this Regiment is taught on the "Advance" lines, and I know of no driver trained here during the past three years being involved in an accident.

To the Advanced Driver Training Team I say "Keep up the good work."—**WO II E Gibson (MTWO), 9 Signal Regiment, BFPO 53.**

The Manchester Regiment

No history of The Manchester Regiment is complete without an account of the astounding gallantry and heroism of Lieutenant-Colonel Wilfrith Elstob VC DSO MC and the 16th Battalion in the defence of Manchester Hill on 21 March 1918.

The Colonel had given the order: "The Manchester Regiment will hold Manchester Hill until the last man," and at 11am on that day they were completely surrounded by Germans. Although their numbers were sadly reduced during the next three hours, and despite their weariness, they were still engaged in hand-to-hand fighting. The enemy brought up field guns and opened fire at point-blank range and just after 3.30pm got a footing in the redoubt.

Although wounded three times, Colonel Elstob was throwing grenades and using his revolver and a rifle. He refused to surrender and was shot dead but his immortal order had been carried out in the true spirit of self-sacrifice and it gained him a posthumous award of the Victoria Cross.—**Lieut-Col H G E Woods (Rtd), 2 Playfair Mansions, Queens Club Gardens, London W14.**

The Army Look

I am disappointed with Messrs Conway and Starling's "Army Look" (SOLDIER, February).

I dislike both the colour and the material—that "genuine coarse khaki serge." But please do not get me wrong. I like the style, which is just fine, but as for the rest, a big NO. I am pleased to hear that the Ministry of Defence was not interested as I should hate to have to wear it as a uniform. I wonder what other WRAC girls think about it?—**Pte C R Colman WRAC, 123 Lullingstone Crescent, St Paul's Cray, Kent.**

Costly commutation

I read with interest the letter headed "Housing Problem" from Warrant Officer F S Poulter (February) and would like to comment thereon.

As a retired warrant officer class one, I fully appreciate the position of "homeless soldiers" about to be discharged from the Army, and I also fully support all Mr Poulton's remarks. However, there is one aspect of the matter which should be clarified, that of commuting one's pension.

However small, a pension is there every week and is a most valuable asset in enabling one to resettle in civilian life, but it is not generally appreciated that to commute a pension is a very expensive venture.

For example it can be said that for 1s per week one can commute £35. Therefore, to receive £350 one would have to return 10s per week, or £26 per year. Thus in less than 14 years the amount would have been repaid. Assuming that the person was 42 years old on retirement, then the amount would have been repaid in full before he is 56. However, if he lives to reach the age of 70 he will have returned more than double the original £350.

In addition, of course, the longer he lives the greater the interest, because his 10s per week has gone for ever.—**C Johnson, Chairman Pensions & Welfare Committee, British Legion, 1 Berlin 20, Streit Str 53, Germany.**

"Firstmanship"

The photograph of the standards of the 3rd and 6th Dragoon Guards being carried in tanks of the 3rd Carabiniers at the Delhi Victory Parade (SOLDIER, September 1965) (above) raises an interesting point of "firstmanship."

The practice of carrying Royal Armoured Corps regimental standards and guidons in AFVs has often been carried out since World War Two; the excellent cover of the standard of 2nd Royal Tank Regiment carried in a Ferret (SOLDIER, February 1962) being a fairly recent example.

However, can the 3rd Carabiniers claim to be the first regiment to carry a standard or guidon in an armoured vehicle on a ceremonial parade or did some other regiment adopt this practice in the early days of mechanisation before World War Two? As Hussars and Lancers did not carry standards or guidons at that time and some Cavalry regiments of Dragoons and Dragoon Guards began the war still mounted on horses, the number of regiments which might claim this "distinction" must be few.—**Capt A J Donald RM, Royal Marines Barracks, Eastney, Southsea, Hants.**

Gunfire

I would like to comment on the picture of a gun detachment of 383 Field Regiment RA (TA) and the caption stating that "the last firing weekend showed that they could go to gunfire after only one ranging round" (SOLDIER, March).

For any OP officer to go to gunfire after one ranging round would infer that (a) the officer was very familiar with the area, (b) it was a very cosy target, or (c) it was pure luck. Surely it is bad practice to go to gunfire after only one round which, through various circumstances, may not have been true and might, after

wasting rounds, have meant going back to ranging again.

I would also point out that when posing for the camera care should be paid to detail, ie in the picture published the gun is in return without the platform, therefore the spade box should have been removed.

I do not wish to belittle the Territorial Army in any way at all as I am an ex-Regular now serving with a TA unit.—**C McDonald, Appleton Cottage, West Newton, Kings Lynn, Norfolk.**

★ *Over to you, 383!*

Ambush in Borneo

I read with interest the article "Guns in Anger" (SOLDIER, February) concerning 45 Light Regiment, Royal Artillery, as I served for more than two years in Borneo, half of that time in the very pleasant company of that efficient unit. While not wishing for a moment to discredit the Regiment, I would like to point out the following facts about the ambush mentioned in the article.

During the ambush, which took place in the early evening of 13 June 1964, there was no Gunner officer or representative in the ambush party. At no time were Claymore mines used. Only nine Indonesians were definitely killed and these by small arms fire, although it is probable that the total casualties were 20 out of a group of more than 80.

The sentence about the Gurkhas moving with practised ease along their withdrawal route is nonsense as it implies that they returned immediately to base. In fact, once the ambush had been sprung, the enemy made several determined attacks on the ambush position.

It was at this point that artillery support was requested, as previously planned, and under cover of this support the platoon moved to a better defensive position. The enemy began to withdraw because of the accurate artillery fire, directed by the platoon commander, but sporadic firing continued until darkness fell. At first light the next morning the platoon followed up the enemy tracks. During this ambush and the subsequent follow-up the platoon went without food for 42 hours.

I cannot help feeling that when the article was compiled more emphasis was laid on obtaining a story from the artillery point of view than on accuracy.—**Cpl P A Mobbs, Int Corps, 4 (CI) Det, BFPO 20.**

★ *SOLDIER cannot comment on this because the facts were not obtained at first-hand. But certainly the article was intended to illustrate the Gunner role in Confrontation.*

First in khaki?

I was interested to read that The King's Regiment claims to be the first regiment to have invented and worn khaki (SOLDIER, March). The 61st Regiment (later 2nd Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment) has always laid claim to this "invention" and I should be interested to know how the 8th King's Regiment substantiates its claim.

The 61st were stationed at Ferozepore when the Mutiny exploded and shortly after they marched the 200-odd miles to Delhi, arriving there on 1 July. Lieutenant Sloman, a subaltern of the 61st, wrote to his parents on about 21 June when at Umballa on the line of march and said: "As our white clothes shewed the dirt and dust so soon they have all been dyed a sort of bluish brown colour known out here as "karky." It is a great improvement and a distinct advantage, as now we know our men from others at a glance."

This, I suggest, shows that at that date no other regiment had taken similar action. The King's Regiment was two days' march ahead of the 61st en route for Delhi and the two did not meet until they reached the Ridge about 1 July, for no two "Queen's" regiments (ie British) were ever quartered together in peacetime before the Mutiny.

Many of those who took part in the siege refer to the dyeing of their uniforms because the practice was soon copied by the other regiments, but this is the only reference I know to the practice starting *before* the siege. Extracts from Sloman's letters, including the above quotation, were first published in the Regimental Magazine of The East Surrey Regiment in the 1920s.—**Brig T N Grazebrook, RHQ The Gloucestershire Regiment, Robinswood Barracks, Gloucester.**

Stalag XXB

We have been investigating the case of an ex-Army prisoner-of-war, Mr Bernard Dyke, whose claim for a war disability pension comes up before a tribunal shortly. Several old soldiers have come forward to help Mr Dyke and, in the hope of obtaining further vital evidence in support of his claim, they wish to contact the undermentioned:

Company Sergeant-Major J Fulton (Stalag XXB No 14830), chief British man-of-confidence at the Camp. Believed to be from a Scots regiment.

Can any SOLDIER reader help with further information?—**Brian Clark, Express & Star, Queen Street, Wolverhampton.**

Legionnaire brothers

When Mr Morton Humphrey, who now lives in Western Australia, recently visited his home village of Northiam, it brought together five brothers and a sister after a lapse of 40 years. He and three of his brothers served in World War One, and they wonder whether they hold the record for such a still-living family "foursome."

A fifth brother served in World War Two and all are members of the British Legion. Their names, ages and units are: Clifford (78), Canadian Forces; Lionel (75), 2nd Dorset Regiment; Morton (72), Royal Sussex Regiment; Frederick (69), Suffolk Regiment; and Jock (60), Royal Air Force.—**Lieut-Col H S Bagnall, (Hon Sec, Northiam Branch, British Legion), The Wilderness, Northiam, Sussex.**

RA corporals

Warrant Officer C Jervis raised the question of the rank of corporal in the Royal Regiment of Artillery (January) and in reply SOLDIER stated the rank had existed in the Regiment until it was abolished in 1920.

However, when the 6th, 8th and 10th Light Batteries were brigaded together at Helmieh, Egypt, in 1927, there was most certainly a Corporal Jones serving with the 10th Light Battery, and I know that he had previously served with the 13th Light Battery in Chanak and Aden. He was a member of the Regiment and was NOT attached or seconded thereto. His rank was definitely corporal and not bombardier and it always appeared as such on Part I and Part II Orders. He was an old soldier who had probably held the rank since World War One.

It would be interesting to learn how a corporal came to be serving with a battery of artillery several years after the rank had been abolished in the Regiment.—**Capt J F D Dyer, (Rtd), PO Box 1821, Salisbury, Rhodesia.**

★ *SOLDIER was originally misinformed. Under Army Order 142 of 23 April, 1920 the rank of corporal in the Royal Artillery was lapsed. No further promotions were made to the rank after 1 May 1920.*

"Hessey's headache"

While reading the "Dhala Road Crusade" (SOLDIER, March) I noted the reference to "Hessey's Headache."

An officer of that name, now dodging nothing deadlier than files, is with us here and on being shown the article admits that he is the gentleman who had the headache. He joins my colleagues and myself in sending all those on the road project our best wishes and the best of British luck. —**L Rance, Area Works Office, Ministry of Public Buildings & Works, Flagstaff Road, Colchester, Essex.**

STATUESQUE

As was expected, Christ of the Andes was the most widely misnamed silhouette of the seven statues and monuments in Competition 92 (January). The statue was largely confused with that at Rio de Janeiro but was also named as John Knox, Joan of Arc, Athenia, Stalin and Columbus.

Surprisingly the Taj Mahal produced nine variations from the Kremlin to Brighton Pavilion.

Correct answers were: 1 Eros (London), 2 Nelson's Column (London), 3 Cenotaph (London), 4 Taj Mahal (India), 5 Christ of the Andes (South America), 6 Statue of Liberty (New York) and 7 Mermaid (Copenhagen).

Prizewinners were:

1 J M Mitchell, 50 Balgreen Avenue, Edinburgh 12.

2 Tpr Allan P Bottomley, MT Tp, DV Sqn, RAC Centre, Bovington Camp, Wareham, Dorset.

3 J G Charlton, 112 Easington Park Estate, Easington, Loftus, Saltburn, Yorks.

4 Miss Margaret Shire, Tweenhills, Hurst Lane, Egham, Surrey.

5 S/Sgt R S Travers-Griffin, RAOC, HQ London District, Whitehall, London SW1.

6 L/Cpl A Dakin, RAMC, Medical Reception Station, Advanced Base (British Forces), BFPO 21.

7 Bdr D M S McCormack, C Bty, 3 RHA, BFPO 41.

8 E Barlow, St John's College, Southsea, Hants.

9 Sgt W Twigg, Mangaroa Army Camp, via Upper Hutt, New Zealand.

10 Maj A E Clare, 3 Bonthillier, St Jean PQ, Canada.

11 Boy Dipak Tamang c/o Lieut (QGO) P Namcha Lepcha, 2/2nd KEO Gurkha (QGO) Mess, Slim Barracks, GPO Singapore.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(*see page* 31)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1 Line on flag. 2 Spelling of "REPORTS". 3 Number of windows in back of stand. 4 Position of left support of BIXO notice. 5 Fingers of man with ball. 6 Right cuff of man third from left. 7 Left instep lace of man with ball. 8 Shadow below man on right. 9 Right end of cloud. 10 Ear of man with ball.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

J Bell, 76 Grasmere Crescent, Sandylands, Kendal, Westmorland.—*Requires RAOC and other British cap badges and buttons. Correspondence welcomed.*

Maj A R Newcombe, 61 Kenilworth Road, Fleet, Hants.—*Wishes purchase crested/badged china models of ships, tanks, guns, soldiers and flags of World War One Allies.*

S E J Hunter, 625 Clarke Avenue, Ottawa 7, Ontario, Canada.—*Collects worldwide air force insignia, wings, badges, crests, buttons and chevrons; exchanges available and all letters answered.*

C E Prescott, Prescott House, 9 Cooperage Lane, Gibraltar.—*Requires SOLDIER 19 Mar 1945 (first issue) to December 1946 inclusive.*

F A Herridge, 96 George Street, Basingstoke, Hants.—*Requires SOLDIER from first issue to June 1946, October & November 1948, February & August 1949.*

S J Jenkins, 82 Woking Street, Grovely, Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.—*Collects shoulder titles, formation signs and badges.*

REUNIONS

Royal Military Police Association. Dinner and reunion, Saturday, 14 May. Dinner 7 for 7.30 at Griffin Hotel, Boar Lane, Leeds 1. Tickets £1 from Secretary, RHQ/RMP, Roussillon Barracks, Chichester. Reunion at 154 WETC, Knostrop Camp, Leeds, where accommodation will be available on written request to RHQ/RMP (charge 15s 6d payable on arrival).

RAOC/REME Armourers. XIIth annual armourers reunion at QVR (KRRC) Hall, 56 Davies Street, London W1, Saturday, 21 May, 6.30pm. Open to all past and present armourers or artificers weapon in RAOC or REME. Details from Capt (AIA) G W Walker REME, EME Br, HQ Eastern Command, Hounslow, Middlesex, not later than 17 May.

Aden Forces Broadcasting Association. Second annual members' reunion at Archway Tavern, Highgate, London N 19, Saturday, 14 May, 7.00pm (Underground station, Archway, Northern Line). Details from T Woods, 63D Green Lane Estate, Queensferry, Chester.

Royal Garrison Artillery. 236 Siege Battery last reunion dinner, Saturday, 11 June. Details from M R Neville, Veryan, 106 West Grove, Walton-on-Thames.

The Rifle Brigade. Annual reunion at London Rifle Brigade Rangers Drill Hall, 24 Sun Street, London EC2, Saturday, 14 May, 6 pm. Admission free, no ticket required.

Airborne Gunners. Reunion of past and present Airborne Gunners at Aldershot on Airborne Forces Day, 18 June. Parade, lunch, sports, sideshows and free-fall parachuting display. All ranks reunion social in evening. Families welcome. Details from 21C, 7 Para Lt Regt RHA, Lille Barracks, Aldershot, Hants.

XVIIITH The Royal Irish Regiment & South Irish Horse. Annual General Meeting and reunion dinner, Chevrons Club, Dorset Square, London NW1, Saturday, 4 June 1966. Parade and service at Cenotaph, 11am, Sunday 5 June. Details and tickets from P J Boyce, Attarapultan, 13 Sticklepath Terrace, Barnstaple, N. Devon.

Weather Raw And Cold

Cheery smiles from Lieut Vanessa Bennett and her girls starting out for a day on the slopes. At times on the arduous course smiles were harder to come by.

AT the same time as 10,000 troops were fighting a mock battle in Northern Norway another, somewhat smaller, winter exercise was taking place a couple of hundred miles further south. It involved 13 girls of the Women's Royal Army Corps.

They were taking part in a winter survival course run by the Norwegian women's army at Nordseter in Central Norway. And even if it was not quite as high-powered as the "battle" raging up in the Arctic, the girls found it a pretty tough week.

For most of them it was their first time on skis and there were plenty of dents in the snow at the end of their first day's instruction. The sub-zero overnight temperatures formed an ice crust over the snow that made falling a rather painful business and there was much bruise counting during the first few days.

Led by Lieutenant Vanessa Bennett, the girls were drawn from units in Germany and Belgium. Before they left for Norway they carried out special exercises to tone up their muscles and underwent a searching medical examination to make sure they were fit enough for the course.

Practical and theoretical training occupied most of their waking hours during the course. It included winter hygiene, first aid, rescue methods, emergency sleighs, mountain orientation and *langlauf* skiing.

Probably the toughest part of the course came when the girls set off for an overnight stay in a snow cave.

After a four-hour uphill battle on skis, much of it through a heavy snow-storm, they dug themselves a two-roomed cave in the snow, where, huddled together, they spent a bitterly cold night in temperatures well below zero.

Afterwards Lieutenant Bennett said: "Although I didn't really feel too cold during the night, I realised in the morning just how much these conditions drain your energy. I hadn't previously felt really exhausted during the course, but on getting up that morning I found I could hardly move and during the trip back to camp I fell down and just didn't have the strength to get back on my feet unaided."

After a few hours rest the girls were fighting fit again and in the afternoon were taught how to use snowshoes, mastering the technique so well that they won a snow-shoe race against some Norwegian women soldiers taking a similar course nearby.

Before returning to their units each girl was presented with an "Arctic indoctrination" certificate to mark successful completion of the course.

From a report by Army Public Relations, Rhine Army Headquarters.

It happened in MAY

Date		Year
1	Great Exhibition opened at Crystal Palace	1851
1	Queen Victoria proclaimed Empress of India	1876
3	Festival of Britain opened	1951
4	Battle of Tewkesbury	1471
5	Battle of Fuentes d'Onoro	1811
9	Colonel Blood attempted to steal the Crown Jewels	1671
12	General Strike ended in Britain	1926
16	Battle of Albuhera	1811
17	Summer Time Act came into force in Britain	1916
19	Simplon Tunnel officially opened	1906
22	Whipsnade Zoo opened to the public	1931
23	Captain Kidd, pirate, hanged	1701
23	Battle of Ramillies	1706
26	Vauxhall Bridge, London, officially opened	1906
30	St Joan of Arc burned at the stake	1431
31	Battle of Jutland	1916

BOOKS

DEATH IN THE CAULDRON

"The Tenth" (Major R Brammall)

THE 10th Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, was born in Egypt in 1942. It died two years later at Arnhem. In those two short years it carved out a reputation of which any unit could be proud.

It first saw action in Italy and was posted home in late 1943. From then on its men trained to concert pitch. They were ready for D-Day but the call never came—it was one of 16 cancelled operations.

But three months later the Tenth's big moment arrived. Operation Market Garden was launched and the nine-day hell of Arnhem had begun. The training, the disappointments and the waiting lay behind. Now all they had to do was fight. And how they fought!

The story of the cauldron has been told many times. This account is, however, one of the most vivid I have read. Major Brammall is to be congratulated on the quality of his research and the excellence of the resulting compilation.

Captain Lionel Queripel, one of the Regiment's Victoria Cross winners, was an officer of the Tenth. His selfless bravery is the finest example for those who follow. And while men like him join The Parachute Regiment, the memory of those who died at Arnhem will never fade. It is inconceivable that the agony of the Tenth will ever be forgotten.

For example, on the road to Arnhem there stands a plaque. It reads: "In houses and gardens about here 10 Parachute Battalion, sorely tried in battle since their parachute landing on the Ginkel Heide on 18th September, 1944, fought to virtual extinction. On 23rd September the remnants of the battalion were withdrawn from the perimeter defence of the division. The battalion had then no officer left and no more than thirty men." It is reminiscent of a plaque commemorating another famous battle—that of the French Foreign Legion at Camerone.

The original Tenth was never reformed, but on 1 May 1947 a new Tenth came into being as part of the Territorial Army. It has kept alive the spirit of its noble forerunner, as Major Brammall shows in the rest of his book.

In a preface he mentions the plan to replace the Territorial Army. Anyone knowing the spirit of this fine Battalion cannot be surprised to hear that the Tenth has won a reprieve.

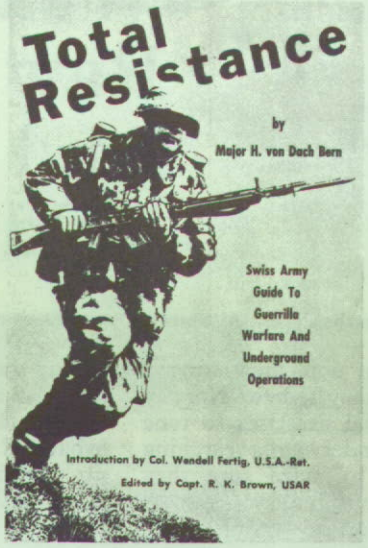
Eastgate Publications, Ipswich, 45s
J C W

ON GOING UNDERGROUND

"Total Resistance" (Major H von Dach Bern)

EVEN Switzerland, so fortunately unscathed by the two great conflicts which have shaken Europe's foundations this century, must be prepared for the worst. So this book has been published there by the Swiss Non-Commissioned Officers' Association as a manual for soldiers of overrun units and for civilians, in the event of part or whole of their country being temporarily conquered.

The author first deals with the organisation and tactics for guerilla warfare and likely counters by the occupying forces, then makes a similar study of civilian resistance. He is extremely thorough—even offering hints on how to stand up to a Gestapo-type interrogation and what to do in a concentration camp—and his sketches are both informative and an artistic delight.



Some of his suggestions have a very long-term ring about them. Laundry workers are urged not only to refrain from washing and ironing enemy clothes "nicely" but also to damage them by using too much bleach or by overwashing. Some British bus drivers will hardly need his urging to ignore enemy personnel waiting at bus stops.

Anyone with doubts about the prospects of there being anything to fight with after a nuclear holocaust can take heart from the following sentence: "Devastation wrought by atomic weapons will provide excellent places to hide."

Panther Publications, Box 369, Boulder, Colorado, USA, $6.50
R L E

VERY ABLE SEAMAN

"The Broken Column" (C E T Warren and James Benson)

WHEN the British submarine Sahib was sunk off the Italian coast in April 1943, only one man was lost, but the survivors were captured. Among them was a young able seaman called James Frederick Wilde. And if ever a man was blessed with the "Napoleon touch" it was he.

For him the war was definitely not over. From the anonymity of the Sahib's torpedo room, Wilde went ashore to lead groups of Italian partisans against their Fascist fellow-countrymen and the Germans.

It is an exciting chapter in the Royal Navy's annals which might never have been written but for a chance meeting after the war between Wilde and his old captain. The result was a British Empire Medal for Wilde in recognition of his work in Italy.

The story of this seaman, who at times commanded battalion strength, is well worth reading. While it adds little to the overall picture of the war it ranks very high as an essay in courage, adaptability and resource.

Wilde is one of the few men of the Allied forces who can claim to have commanded not only the obedience but also the affection of hundreds of men who were lately his country's enemies. The authors do full justice to his achievement, describing vividly his campaign in the mountains, the battles, ambushes and hardships.

And there is a timely reminder that it was not only the Germans who committed atrocities during the war. There is a widespread belief that the Italians were just lovable, guitar-strumming pawns, but there is nothing lovable about the Fascists who hacked off the injured leg of one of Wilde's partisans without doctor or anaesthetic when the man refused to betray his comrades.

In the rough justice which came with the end of the war, the one-legged partisan was a member of the firing squad which executed Colonel Fiorentini, commander of the Fascists whom Wilde had been fighting. Today that roadside spot is marked by a tablet surmounted by a five-foot pillar, the top of which is sloping and uneven, symbolising a life cut off violently. This is the broken column of the book's title.

The tablet bears the names of three partisans shot on Fiorentini's orders and that of their executioner and subsequent victim—just four Italians who were casualties of the war.

Harrap, 25s
J C W

BACK TO HASTINGS

"The Norman Conquest" (Dorothy Whitelock, David C Douglas, Charles H Lemmon and Frank Barlow)

COMPILED by the Battle and District Historical Society, this excellent little book is published to commemorate the ninth centenary of the Battle of Hastings.

In any centenary year one can expect the experts to weigh in with anniversary books, but one thing is certain—it will be very hard to match this volume in value for money. It is divided into four sections, each dealing with a particular aspect of the Saxon-Norman conflict. The four writers contribute studies in the fields in which they are specially expert.

Professor Whitelock contributes "The Anglo-Saxon Achievement." Harold's England was remarkably well run and William of Normandy found it necessary to make only minor changes in the law. The murder fine, for example, was introduced only as a protection for his followers.

In "William the Conqueror; Duke and King," Professor Douglas presents a penetrating study of the invader and his background. His succession to the dukedom as a child, his many escapes from would-be assassins, the private wars among the great Norman families, all serve to stress the greatness of this bastard child of the sixth duke and a Falaise girl.

By the age of 26, William had restored ducal authority and repulsed several attempts to topple him. It is perhaps ironic that a man known to history as "The Conqueror" should have spent much of his life in defensive wars.

For "The Campaign of 1066" we have Colonel Lemmon, a former Gunner, president of the society which compiled the book and the chief living authority on the battle of 14 October 1066. He approaches the campaign with a soldier's eye and produces an essay of military clarity which gives the "feel" of the battle as he assesses training, weapons, strengths and morale.

To wind up, Professor Barlow writes on "The Effects of the Norman Conquest," making a scholarly examination of the far-reaching changes which followed the invasion.

Don't miss Larry's tapestry-style look at the Battle of Hastings, pages 20-21.

The four writers do not always see eye to eye. But as C T Chevallier points out in an introduction, each lays before the public the results of many years' research. Combined, they produce a better understanding of the events which flowed from the Norman victory.

Eyre and Spottiswoode, 21s (paperback, 10s 6d)
J C W

NEXT IN LINE

"Gunners of the Cape" (Neil Orpen)

REGIMENTAL history is largely very dull reading since usually it is written as a labour of love by men without thought of reward. Frequently the authors are retired officers and their approach is precise and strictly military. The result too often lacks life and drama.

Happily for the Cape Field Artillery, Commandant Neil Orpen does not fall into this category. He performs a labour of love—but he denies writing "an official history." Having neither the time nor funds to sift through masses of documents, he chooses instead to rely on personal notes and interviews, newspaper cuttings and correspondence.

By so doing he avoids the trap of military officialese and produces a volume which is alive with glimpses of the personalities who have served in the Cape Gunners.

The Cape Field Artillery has many claims to fame. It was born in 1857 as the Cape Town Volunteer Artillery and thus, with the exception of the Honourable Artillery Company, is probably the world's oldest force of volunteer Gunners.

It fought in the Tambooke and Langeberg campaigns of the 'eighties and in the South African War (against the Boers). In World War One it was the only Cape Town regiment to see action as a unit.

S.O. Code No. 72-32-66-5

And though Gunners do not usually have battle honours, the Regiment was nevertheless awarded "South West Africa" for its services against that German colony.

It returned home in 1915 and many of its men volunteered for service in Europe. Many more served in German East Africa against Von Lettow-Vorbeck.

Twenty-one years later, phones rang all over the Cape Peninsula, calling up the volunteer Gunners, this time for a much larger role. Their guns roared out in Abyssinia, in North Africa—they lost an entire battery at Tobruk—and in Italy. Any Eighth Army soldier will bear witness to the skill of the South African Gunners. They can be proud of their Regiment and of its past.

The Cape Field Artillery was affiliated to the Royal Artillery in 1919 and, it is believed, to the Honourable Artillery Company in the 'thirties. The Regiment cannot, however, trace any documentary evidence of the latter and would welcome any information.

CFA Regimental History Committee, The Castle (PO Box 1), Cape Town, South Africa, 52s including postage **JCW**

BUT THEY WERE GOOD SOLDIERS

"*Old-Soldier Sahib*" (*Frank Richards*)

THIS paperback reprint of a book first published in 1936 tells of recruit training in Britain and peacetime soldiering in India and Burma at the beginning of this century. The author left a Monmouthshire steel and mining town in 1901 to join The Royal Welch Fusiliers.

He and his contemporaries were a rough lot by modern standards. Boozing-schools, brothels and gambling figured largely in their leisure activities. They lived with a discipline that would now be deemed intolerable.

They were not so long ago—some are still alive—and they were good soldiers, as they proved in 1914. This unabashed account of their lives and thoughts is enthralling reading and may have something to teach today, if only gratitude for the way in which the soldier's lot has changed in living memory.

Faber and Faber, 7s 6d **RLE**

THE FRIENDLY JAP

"*Small Man of Nanataki*" (*Liam Nolan*)

ONE of the most moving moments in the television series "This is Your Life" was the appearance in 1960, as a secondary personality, of a Japanese who had brought comfort to British prisoners-of-war suffering at the hands of his countrymen in Hong Kong.

It was news to most people that there had been humanitarian Japanese in contact with prisoners. This is not surprising for there seem to have been few, of whom scarcely any seem, like "Uncle John," to have survived the attentions of their countrymen.

"Uncle John" or "Watty" was Koshi Watanabe, a Lutheran pastor in Hiroshima. In February 1942, too old for normal military service, he arrived in Hong Kong in uniform, conscripted as an interpreter to work in the prisoner-of-war administration.

The treatment he saw meted out to British officers and men in the Shamshui Po camp horrified him. Contact with a prisoner's wife led him to a British doctor outside the camp and he began smuggling medical supplies to the prisoners.

Although his smuggling went undetected, his sympathy for the prisoners could not be hidden, particularly when he refused to take part in the more brutal forms of Japanese "interrogation." He was subjected to tirades from his officers, persecution by his fellow interpreters and to threats of execution.

He was transferred from Shamshui Po to a military hospital and thence to a civilian internment camp.

Finally, he was dismissed and reported to the Kempeitai, the vicious secret police. He went into hiding and was still on the run when Japan surrendered. Later he heard the news he had feared—his wife and a daughter were in Hiroshima when the atom bomb fell.

In a postscript to this book, Sir Selwyn Selwyn-Clarke, the source of "Uncle John's" medical supplies, says he was helped by several Japanese, some of whom were tortured and some executed. Sir Selwyn welcomes the book as a protest against the message of many books and films since World War Two that "the only good Jap is a dead Jap."

Peter Davies, 25s **RLE**

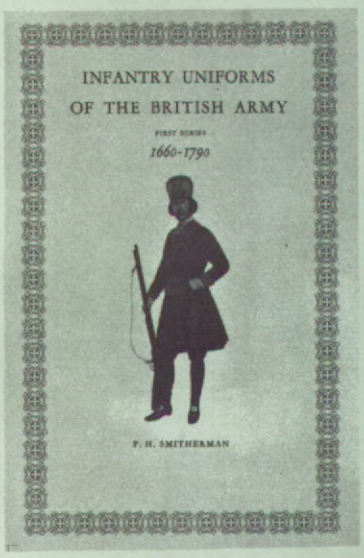
IN BRIEF

"*Infantry Uniforms of the British Army*" (*Colonel P H Smitherman*)

This is a welcome addition to the author's well-known series on uniforms. Similar in format to its predecessors, this volume contains 20 splendid plates in colour, beautifully drawn by the author and described in full detail from the pikeman of 1660 down to the Infantry officer of 1790.

A further series covering the period from 1790 to the present day is due for publication later this year. A "must" for collectors and enthusiasts.

Evelyn, 75s



"*We shall Fight in the Streets*" (*Captain S J Cuthbert*)

A World War Two Gale and Polden pamphlet on street fighting, by a Scots Guards officer, now in its seventh American printing. It deals with the ground, defence, attack, use of explosives, arms and equipment and training, and has a chapter of exercises. A post-war addition is an article from an American military magazine on the Soviet view of combat in cities.

Panther Publications, Box 369, Boulder, Colorado, USA, $2.00

SOLDIER