DECEMBER 1968 ★ One Shilling and Sixpence

SOLDIER

SOLDIER

DECEMBER 1968 Volume 24, No. 12

Contents

CHRISTMAS 1917 *by* LARRY (*page 14*)

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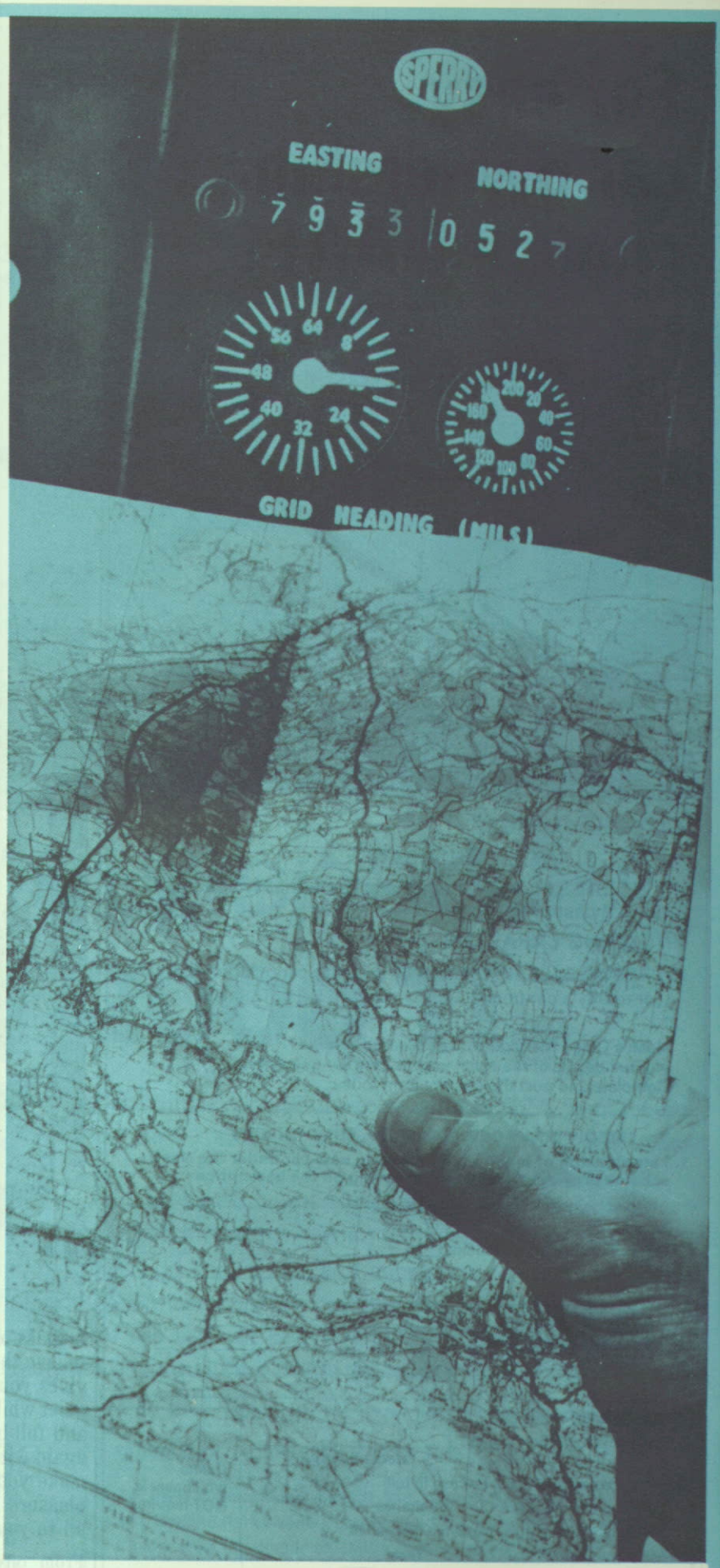

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'An Army marches on its Budget'

In the former haunt of pirates the Royal Engineers are working to bring tourist riches to a poor treasure island

WIND OF CHANGE IN THE COCONUT TREES

PIECES-OF-EIGHT, jewelled daggers and blood-red rubies, golden goblets and sunken galleons—untold treasure still lies buried in the Virgin Islands of the West Indies. Royal Engineers have been excavating there for nine months, but they have not found anything yet.

They did not expect to unearth treasure trove. Their purpose is to bring wealth to the islands, not to take it away.

They are building an airfield—an airfield that after its opening in March will see the arrival of regular planeloads of sun-starved tourists with plump wallets.

"Tourism is the only way to make our economy viable," His Honour John Sutherland Thomson, Administrator of the British Virgin Islands, told SOLDIER in the whitewashed Government House at Roadtown, the capital.

Despite legends of treasure the islands are poor. There is no significant industry, skilled workers commute to the United States Virgin Islands and local produce consists of fish, cattle and livestock, limes, bananas and coconuts, rum and

Story by Hugh Howton
Pictures by Trevor Jones

Above: Bodies burnt to a rich mahogany, sappers lay a section of runway surveyed by theodolite.

home-made straw hats and baskets. The estimated total local revenue for 1968 is £448,000. The British Virgin Islands (population 8619 in 1964) have to supplement this with handouts from the bountiful British taxpayer—an annual grant in aid of £130,000 and capital grant of £269,000 for the financial year 1968-69.

The airfield is the key to tourism. Work is now going ahead on a new hotel-boat marina complex and there have been numerous enquiries from hoteliers and potential developers in Britain and North America.

"If things work out right the islands will be self-supporting in the next few years," predicted Mr Thomson. "So we are very grateful for what the Royal Engineers are doing."

Although undeveloped, the Virgin Islands have been on the map for centuries. Columbus discovered them in 1493 and called them after St Ursula and her ill-fated 11,000 virgins.

There are names around that smack of seafaring yarns—Frenchman's Cay, Rogue's Point, Sir Francis Drake Channel, Fat Hog Bay, Hawks Nest, Paraquita Bay, Hell Hole and Shark Bay. Norman Island is supposed to be Robert Louis Stevenson's original Treasure Island and Dead Chest Island is celebrated in the pirate song "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest; yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!" Planters cultivated sugar cane here and kept warm black mistresses on their estates and cool pink wives in England. But when sugar beet was grown more cheaply elsewhere, the planters left and the slaves were emancipated.

Despite a pageant of history, the islands have been in the 20th century for only 15 years. It was then that the first asphalt road was built on the main island of Tortola. The status symbols of a mule and panama hat have been superseded by the minimoke and flamboyant fibreglass construction helmet. The Queen opened a new lifting span bridge connecting Tortola and Beef Island during a royal visit in 1966. Now the Queen's soldiers are building an airfield on Beef Island. The winds of change are blowing through the coconut trees.

The soldiers—53 Field Squadron (Airfields), Royal Engineers, from Waterbeach, Cambridgeshire—arrived with their complete airfield equipment on board a logistics landing ship in March after a ten-day 4000-mile transatlantic sea voyage from England.

It is a bold project, the first time the Army has built an airfield abroad for non-military use. It came about as a result of ministerial co-operation and ability to kill two birds with one stone. The Ministry of Defence found it was running out of sites for the sappers to build airfields and the Ministry of Overseas Development wanted to help the somewhat neglected British Virgin Islands. The cost is being borne by the two ministries.

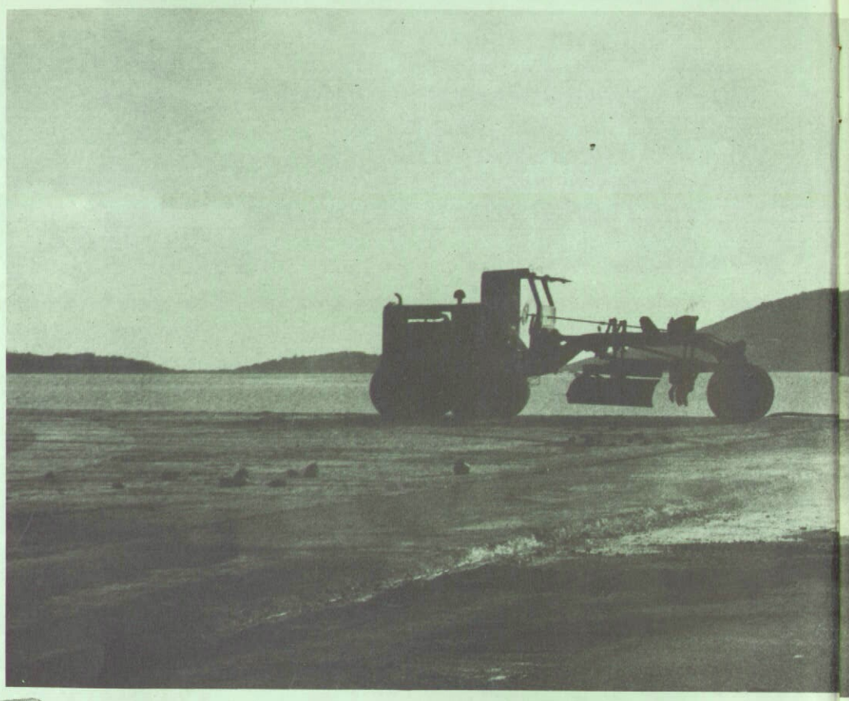
The runway will be 3600 feet long and take the 45-seater turbo-prop Avro 748 (civil version of the Andover). A regular twice-daily service will link Beef Island to Antigua, St Kitts and the United States Virgin Islands. During the year-long project the present dirt strip is remaining open to accommodate the existing short-range air-taxi service.

The terrain is rugged and the sappers' first job was to clear 3000 by 500 feet of thorn, cactus, tamarind trees and prickly pear. "Only about ten per cent of this stuff is at all pleasant to stand in," the sappers' officer commanding, Major Nigel Clifford, observed drily. More than 60,000 cubic yards of earth had to be removed, much of it boulders and solid bedrock granite.

Above: Piece-of-eight, counterstamped Tortola, of 1806. It could be cut into halves, quarters, and eighths. Current currency is the US dollar.

Right: In the fast fading twilight, a section of runway is watered before being rolled. The local soil, called taras, a decomposed granite, is used for the foundation. The runway, built in layers, has a bitumen limestone-chipping surface.

Below: A seafaring chart of the 17th century. Beef Island was so-named because pirates used to graze their cattle here. Normands (now Norman) Island is supposed to be the original of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island."

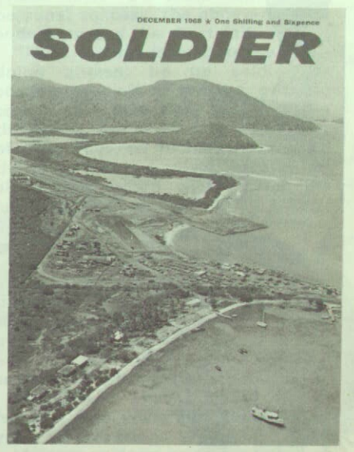


Above: Quality control. A sapper and a locally employed labourer check a sample. If wrongly laid or compacted the runway could crack. The capital cost of the airfield is £216,000—to be borne by the Ministry of Overseas Development.

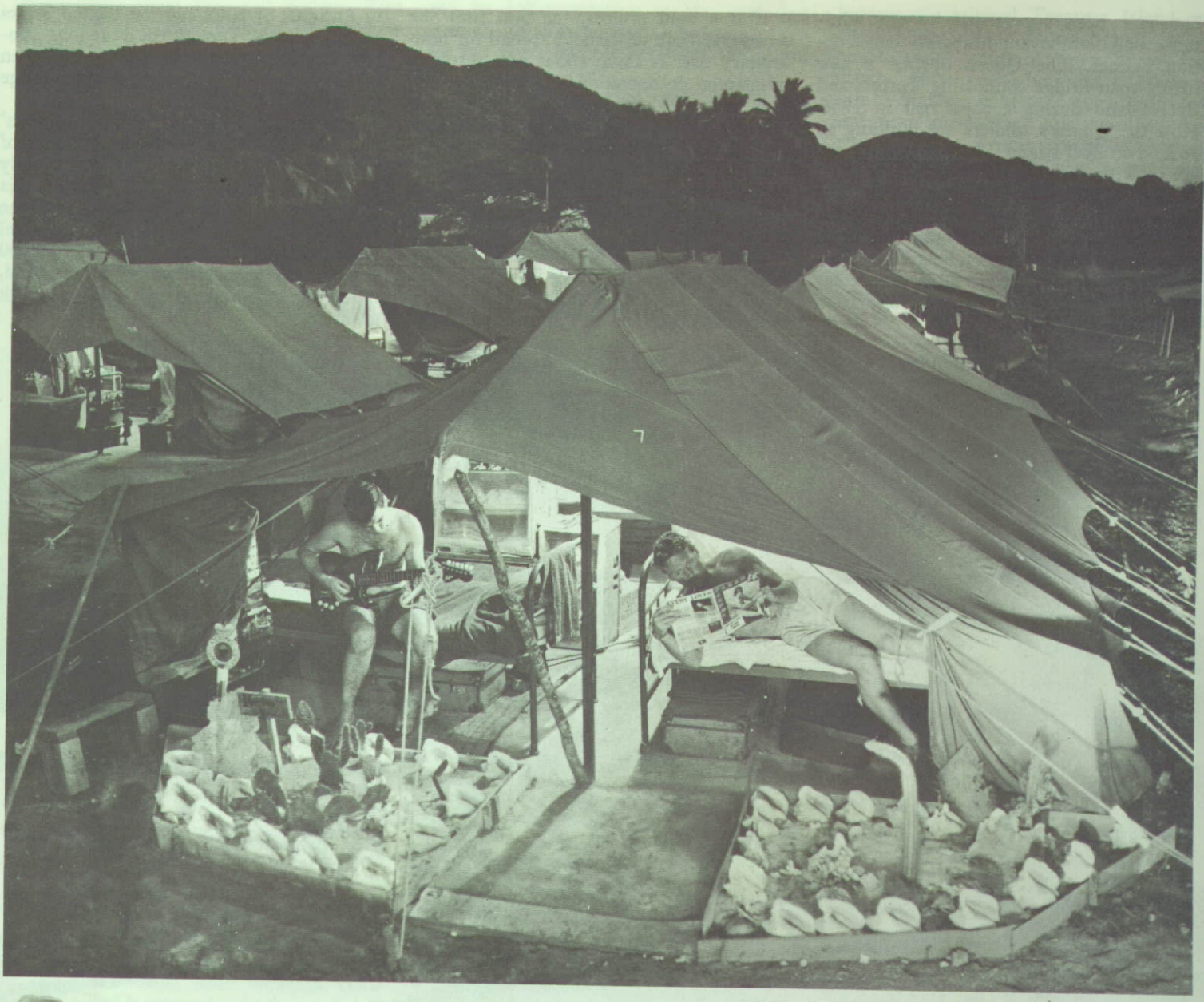
Right: Their mess may have been named the "Beef Island Hilton" with tongue in cheek, but there is an abundance of mouth-watering fruit for the picking. There are 100 trenchermen of REME, RE, RAOC, RAMC, RAPC and Signals to feed.

This map, from Jeffrey's West Indian Atlas, is in the possession of New York Public Library.

COVER PICTURE

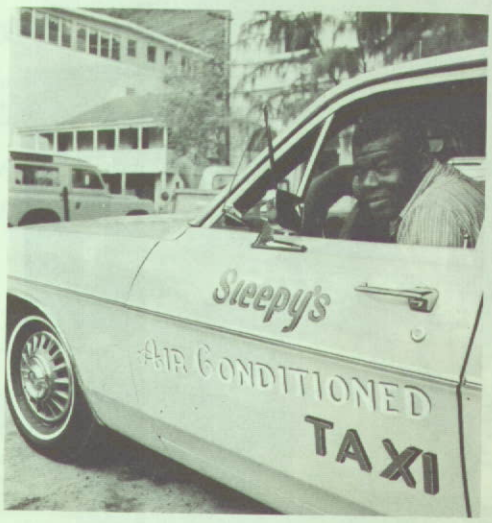


Excavation on a treasure island. An aerial view of the sappers' embryo airfield and their tented camp nicknamed Rag City. The airstrip extends 300 feet out into Conch Bay. SOLDIER Photographer Trevor Jones took this picture from a Cessna aircraft at 500 feet.



Above: A Beatle tune has a chorus of cicadas and tree frogs. L/Cpl Alan Hodgkinson ACC, of Liverpool, plays guitar in the camp group, Jack's Union. They run dances and invite local girls. The "garden" is cacti and conch shells.

Left and below: Transport, old and new. But the sole main road is still a novelty, like a cross between a race track and the big dipper. Sleepy Thomas Liner, top Tortola taxi-driver, thinks the airfield will be "real good for business."



Then they had to dig away "Ma Brodie's Hill." The 30-foot high hill, with a ruined cottage on top, had to make way for the end of the runway and a new access road. There is a local legend that Ma Brodie, a cranky old widow, poisoned some thieves who had stolen her cattle and buried the thieves' bodies in her back garden. "But we never found anything there except a few empty beer and lemonade bottles," said the major.

"Obviously, though, she had read the Good Book, because she had built her cottage on rock and not sand. We had a big job blasting it." Ma Brodie's hill and cottage have both now gone but her grave remains intact at the side of the new airfield, shaded by the palm trees which she planted herself.

Once the sappers thought they had found gold. Specks of "gold dust" were discovered by some of them on a nearby beach. But scientific examination in the on-site soil laboratory showed it to be a material called phlogopite, a decomposed mica which has a golden sheen. "If we do find treasure though, we are going to put up a barrier at the bridge and declare UDI," joked Captain Cyril Woodfield, the soil technician.

The sappers need a sense of humour because working conditions are tough. They wield shovels and drive heavy lorries

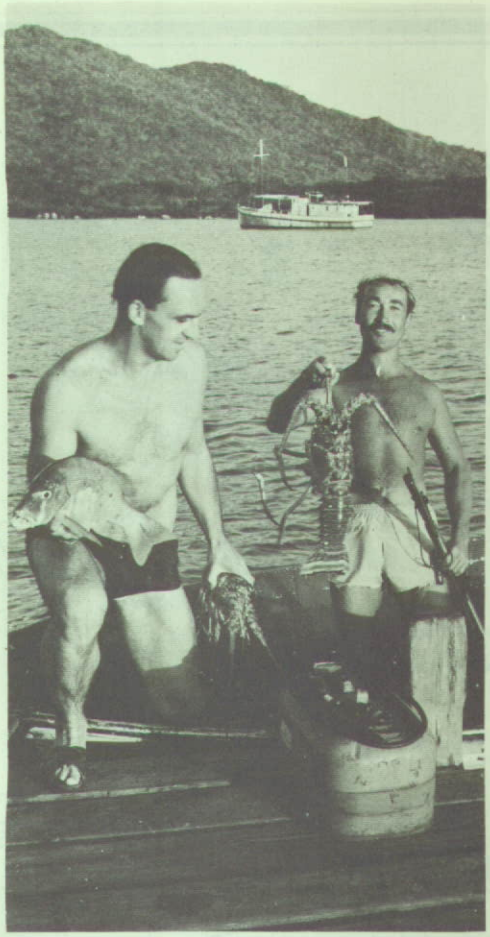
and bulldozers in a midday temperature of 102 degrees in the shade. But on the runway, parched white by the fierce sun, there is no shade. As Major Clifford pointed out: "It's very hard work. Eight hours of this is a good day's work in the United Kingdom. On top of that it is very hot and very dusty. A civilian worker would earn three times as much and then claim expenses. But we are fully operational here—we are doing what we would do in war."

Paradise is expensive. It is all right for an American millionaire cruising round the islands in a luxury yacht with bikinied blondes sipping iced martinis on deck. But on a soldier's meagre budget it is very different. Prices are highly inflated in the British Virgin Islands for two reasons—rich American tourists and the fact that everything is imported. A tube of toothpaste costs seven and six, a cheap comb three and six, whisky six shillings and a dinner for two about five pounds without wine. "You can't take a girl out every night of the week here," ruefully remarked a good-looking young lieutenant.

At first the blasting and bulldozing disturbed the easy-going atmosphere. Here life is *mañana* (put off till tomorrow what you can do today), a smile is as broad as a melon slice and modernity is ice cubes with your rum.

The Army employs several people from the local villages of Long Look and East End and the locals have become fond of the soldiers of Rag City, as the tent encampment is known.

Sam Ezekial Thomas, proprietor of the local bar, lets the sappers have drinks at reduced prices. He explained: "They shoot a little pool, they play a little juke box and have a cream soda or beer in between. If they drink too much and get a little uncomfortable, I take them home in my car."



Above: The ones that did not get away—a red snapper and a crayfish. Snorkelling Sergeant Don Major (right) was once chased 200 yards by a grey nurse shark. Skin-diving soldiers have seen wrecked Spanish galleons on the ocean bed.

Below: Bulldozing at sunset. The cooling trade winds ripple the turquoise sea. "But at midday it feels like 170 degrees," says dozer driver L/Cpl Mike Turner. "You sweat a lot, but if you drink plenty of lemonade it's all right."

SOLDIER to Soldier

As the Army, for once in a while disengaged on almost all fronts, squares up to 1969, the focus switches from confrontation, terrorism and rioting to the peaceful pursuits of training, exercises, adventure and helping the civilian community.

OPMACC—Operation Military Aid to the Civil Community—has its problems of agreement with trade unions and employers' federations, payment for services rendered and safeguards on training value. But within these necessary limitations the scheme works well and is expanding.

And in their own localities the soldiers' help does not go unnoticed. The *Colchester Gazette* drew attention in its leading article to "Perhaps the most important picture in the paper this week"—of soldiers helping parishioners to build a new church.

"It is almost a commonplace that soldiers participating in the Garrison Community Aid Scheme should be there to lend a hand. But, far beyond its content, this picture is important to the *Gazette* and its readers. And the reason may be seen by a glance at last week's paper.

"There, in half a dozen cases of varying seriousness, soldiers figured in crime stories. Thereby the Garrison suffered an injustice of which readers often complain; a tiny minority were contributing quite disproportionately to the overall image.

"Some such degree of distortion is probably inevitable in the mirror which newspapers hold up to life, for it is the exception to the rule which makes news: the social failure, the personal success, the above-average endeavour and the short-fall.

"The ordinary, decent, steady, well-doing citizen, be he soldier or civilian, student or worker, gets no comparable attention. That's why, this week, we're glad, as some sort of corrective, to focus attention on the good deeds soldiers do, and the high civic regard that by far the majority deservedly enjoy."

★

But before 1969 there is still the big problem of 1968—Christmas presents. If you still have no idea what you're going to give father, son or uncle, here are some suggestions for presents that will be appreciated:

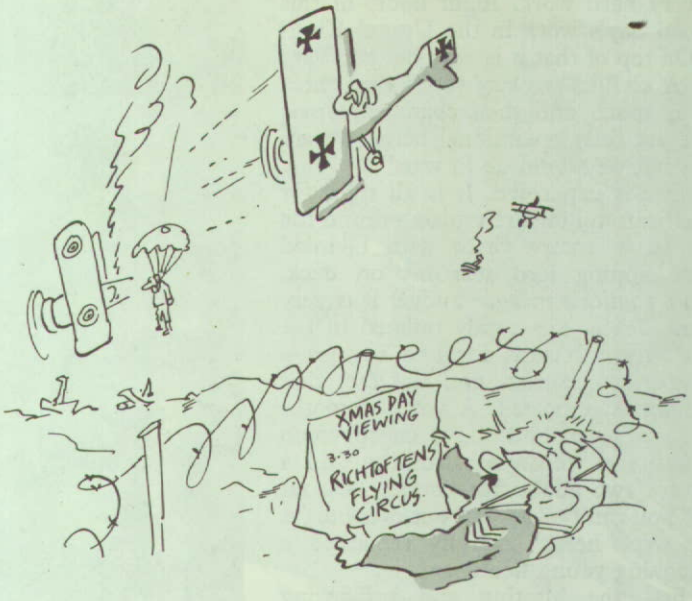
SOLDIER—a year's posted supply for 21s, two years for 40s or three years for 57s 6d;

Military uniform prints—a range of 18 in full colour at prices from 10s to £4 10s (single or sets of six) or, in black-and-gold frames, from £5 5s a pair to £21 a set of six;

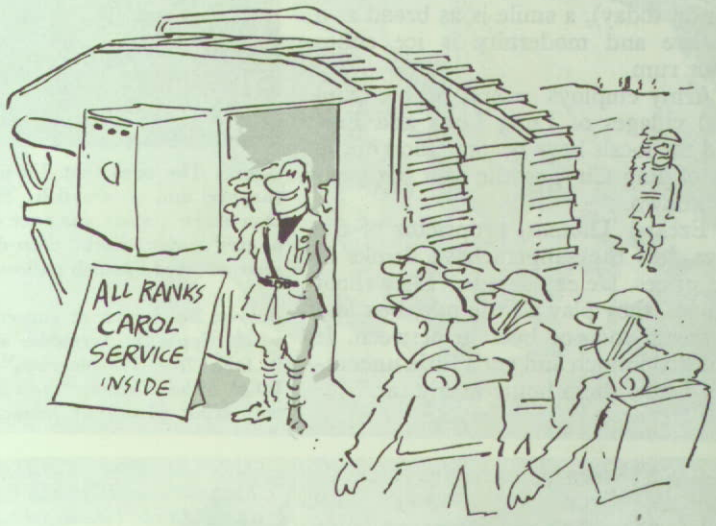
Colour print of Terence Cuneo's D-Day painting, 21s;

Colour print of David Shepherd's Oosterbeek Crossroads painting, 63s;

Or a SOLDIER Easibinder, to hold 12 issues, at 12s 6d.



CHRISTMAS 1917



Larry

A PITCH OF TENTS

IF ever the ubiquitous American tourist reaches Gonabad in the heart of Iran he is in for a surprise. Thirty local peasants will want to practise their English on him. They know just one phrase—"Pull on the bloody rope"—and they learned it from a British soldier.

Warrant Officer I Edward F Smith, Royal Army Medical Corps, was in Gonabad to plan and supervise the erection of a tented hospital on the fringe of the earthquake disaster area. The 30 peasants and some young students were his labour force.

Mr Smith is warrant officer in charge of the Royal Army Medical Corps Field Training Wing at Mytchett. He was sent out to Iran by his Corps at the request of the British Red Cross which had been asked by the Iranian Red Lion and Sun, through the International Red Cross, to supply tentage for housing and for a temporary 300-bed hospital.

From Britain, Mr Smith flew in a chartered Britannia, with 25 tons of tentage, to the Iranian capital, Teheran, then on to Mashad in the Khorasan Province where he and a British Red Cross official bought equipment. When a second aircraft had brought another 26 tons of tentage they drove overnight, with a hair-raising five miles in the mountains, to Gonabad.

The hospital site was the local football field. It took a full day to sort out 65 marquees, 70 160-pound Indian pattern and 100 assorted tents, and another six days, working from 7am to 6pm, to erect them.

What the peasants lacked in knowledge they made up for in willingness and hard work—"They grafted their hearts out." And up went the tents and marquees in the intricate pattern of a hospital—pairs of 25-bed marquees each of five sections and two ends linked by corridors and "bandbox" for nursing offices. Twelve marquees in all in three blocks of four, for men's, women's and children's wards, more tents for the hospital staff, administration, stores, kitchens, laundry, lavatories, showers, operating theatre—a football field of tents.

There were problems; Warrant Officer Smith, in civilian clothes but wearing his Army beret and badge, sweated through them with his labourers in 90 degrees Fahrenheit. The football field, as hard as concrete, shattered wooden pegs—metal pegs had to be obtained. The local workers had never seen tents of that kind. "Mister Smiss" taught them by sign language how to put up the tentage and showed his approval of a good job with a thumbs up gesture. It took him two days of chuckles and giggles to discover that thumbs up has a different meaning in Iran!

A week's hard work and the tentage, replacing a small hospital destroyed in the earthquake, was ready for equipping and staffing by the Iranians.

"Mister Smiss," his job finished, flew shakily out in an overloaded light aircraft over the salt desert to Teheran then back via Tel Aviv to the less exciting world and work of Mytchett.

Some marquees are up—two ends, five sections. . . Along WO I Smith's guide lines go more pegs. . .

One of the three wards, each of four marquees, takes shape. No job for 90 degrees Fahrenheit.

Wooden pegs shattered in the hard ground. Note the supervisory student complete with umbrella.

Recently SOLDIER Picture Editor Leslie Wiggs visited British Honduras where the Army is represented by a company of 1st Battalion, The Green Howards, and a garrison staff. Here he presents two aspects of Army life in this far-away colony in Central America

IF THEY CAN HELP SOMEBODY

IT is a powerful weapon, especially in the hands of British soldiers; it has helped to win campaigns—and at present it is being used to good effect in British Honduras.

Hearts-and-minds it is called and it involves giving the often poor and needy local people a helping hand. And there is plenty of poverty and need surrounding the company of 1st Battalion, The Green Howards, out there in the Caribbean.

Into the jungle they have gone in platoon strength—by Land-Rover, foot or dugout canoe—to give their aid. It is a job for which the British soldier seems uniquely suited; he just loves helping people.

A dugout with an outboard motor was hired, using money out of company funds, to visit lonely Indian villages where sick parades were held.

One platoon discovered in one locality that a woman expecting a baby was in difficulties—and a soldier rode for two hours on horseback for help.

Near San José one platoon helped out two members of the American Peace Corps who had the materials but not the labour to build a school. The Americans were getting pretty desperate until 5 Platoon came along.

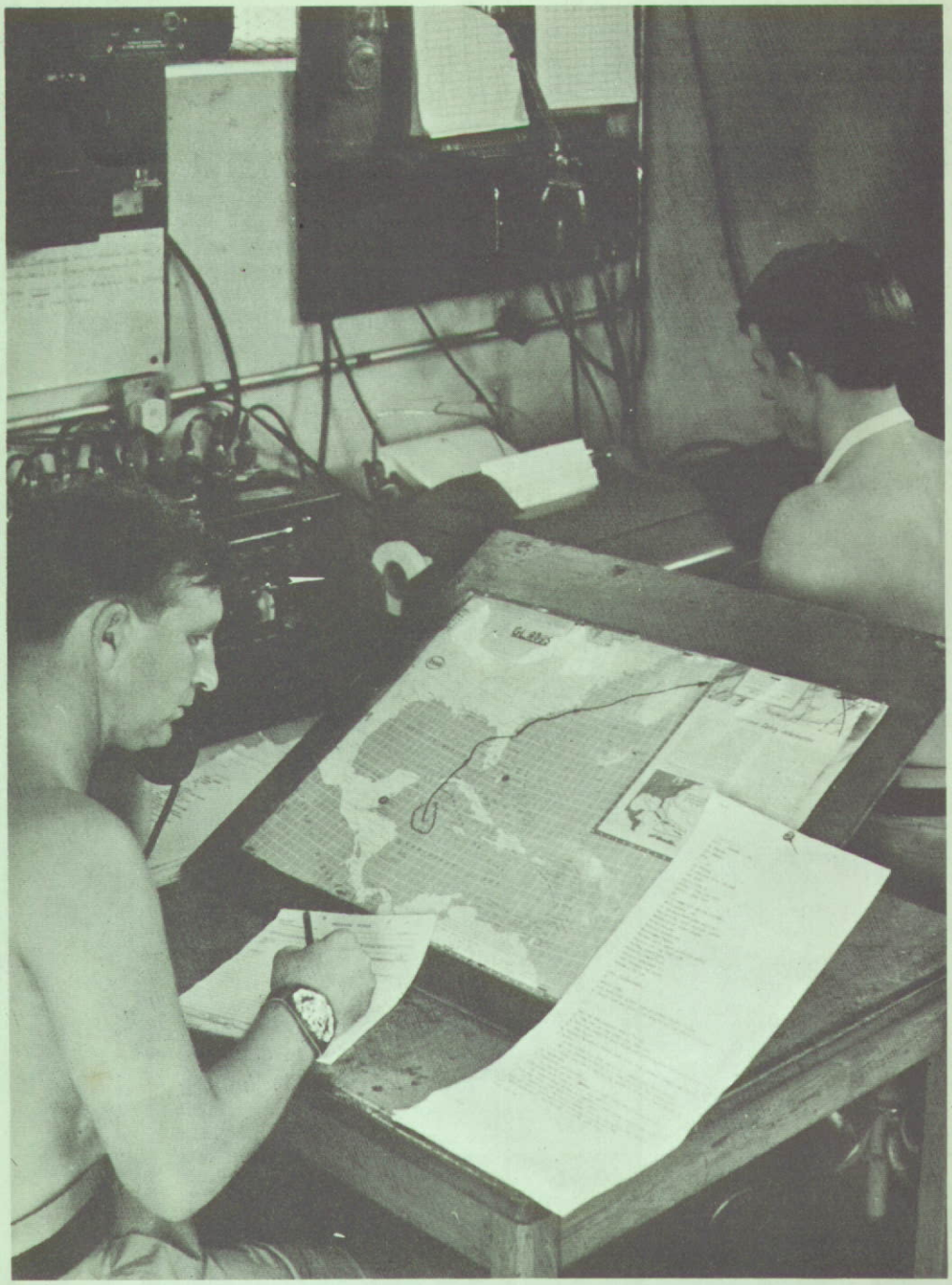
At Stann Creek they helped to build a school, painted a church and redecorated the vicarage in The Green Howards colours. At San Pedro they built a road to a rice paddy field. Near the Mexican border they patched up another school, this one damaged by hurricane.

For one expedition they slung a Land-Rover across an ancient steamer (the vehicle's front and rear protruded over either side of the boat) and were at sea for 20 hours. In Belize they have taken an orphanage under their wing and teach the children physical education and football.

Most hearts-and-minds jobs have ended with a soldiers-versus-civilians soccer match, and platoons have received gifts.

Yes, it is a powerful *constructive* weapon.

Top: Laying the foundations for the Stann Creek school. Above: Typical of the roads in British Honduras. This held up a platoon for one night.



ON HURRICANE WATCH

IN addition to their task in British Honduras of providing rear link communications to the United Kingdom, men of 633 Signal Troop, Royal Corps of Signals, keep a weather eye open during the hurricane season which lasts from June to November.

Each season sees the generation of a number of tropical depressions some of which intensify into storms and two or three of which develop further into hurricanes.

Hurricanes are named after girls but once one of them causes destruction the name is never used again. Such names are Hattie, which caused untold damage in British Honduras in 1960, and Beulah, the worst hurricane this century which missed Honduras by a hairsbreadth.

Once a hurricane is located by satellite and United States Navy reconnaissance aircraft a continuous stream of information is transmitted to all Service organisations in the area from the US Navy fleet weather facility at Jacksonville, Florida.

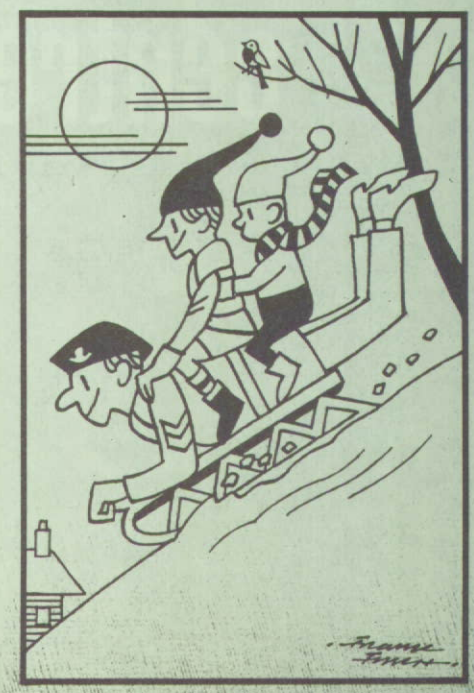
This information is plotted in the Royal Signals centre at Airport Camp in British Honduras and passed on to the authorities concerned. The Signals building is hurricane-proof and self-contained with its own power plant and hurricane antennae. As hurricanes move forward at between only five and 20 miles an hour, ample warnings can be given to the garrison and civilian population of the colony to enable well-established hurricane drills to be put into operation (see SOLDIER, April 1968).

During Leslie Wiggs's visit Hurricane Gladys, which began off British Honduras, moved north and crossed Southern Florida, carefully tracked by the Signals troop.

Top: 633 Troop keeps track of Hurricane Gladys.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

These two pictures look alike but they differ in ten details. Look at them carefully. If you cannot spot the differences see page 39.



left, right *and* centre

Mr Charles Garforth won the first Victoria Cross of World War One and there is nobody alive who earned the decoration before him. Now he has a tank named after him. Mr Garforth gained his decoration at Mons in 1914 while a troop sergeant with A Squadron, 15th The King's Hussars. And 54 years later at Tidworth he unveiled his name painted on the green hull of the squadron leader's tank of A Squadron, 15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars. Lieutenant-Colonel J C Inglis described Mr Garforth, pictured with his wife, as the most gallant and honoured member of the squadron.

Fire! Centurion of The Royal Scots Greys in action while representing the British Army during the Canada Cup NATO tank shoot at Hohne in Northern Germany. The best tank crews in Europe were there and The Greys managed to win third place. Winner was Belgium with a new lightweight tank and second came the Germans with their Leopards. It was probably the last time that the British used the Centurion in the competition; it is rapidly being ousted by Chieftain.

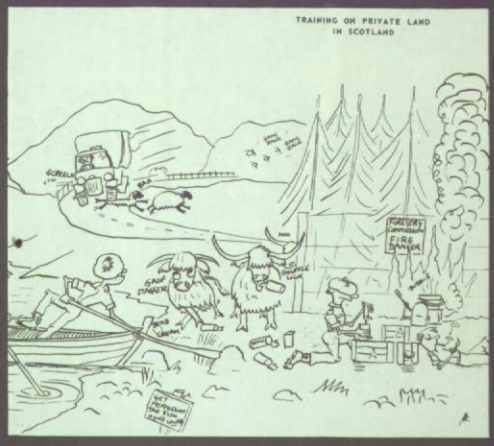
Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein at the Imperial War Museum. He went there to open a new documents room, the main exhibit of which is the original German surrender document signed on Luneberg Heath on 4 May 1945, which "Monty" had presented to the museum. "The German Command," reads the document, "to carry out at once, and without argument and comment, all further orders that will be issued by the Allied Powers on any subject."

Major-General Philip Shears, formerly of The Border Regiment, pictured with the Victoria Cross he bought at Sotheby's for £320 on behalf of The Border Regiment Museum at Carlisle. It was awarded in 1857 to Private William Coffey of the 34th Foot, later The Border Regiment.

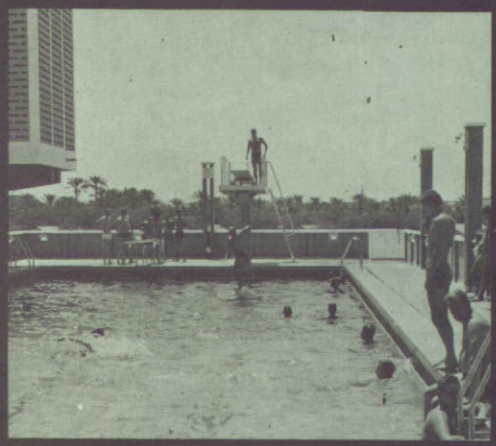
On parade—40 male dancers. In charge—Sergeant William Brown of the Scots Guards Depot at Pirbright. During the making of the film "Oliver!" Sergeant Brown was asked to train the dancers to march in strict Guards style for a key sequence of the picture. Said the sergeant: "I treated them like any ordinary Army intake and they co-operated splendidly. Mind you," he added, "these lads were a bit inclined to dance through it all." Later, just before the film's *premiére*, Sergeant Brown was a special guest at a reception where he met the stars of "Oliver!"—Harry Secombe, Ron Moody, Oliver Reed and Shani Wallis.

East and West. Left: Russian tanks carrying out a tactical training exercise "somewhere in the Soviet Union." And above: A United States soldier with the latest ML-14 rifle with a starlight-scope sight enabling detection in darkness—it is used by American and South Korean soldiers patrolling the demilitarised Korean zone to stop infiltration from North Korea.

Since 1948 the Far East Training Centre at Nee Soon in Singapore has prepared more than 24,000 recruits from Singapore and Malaya for the British Army. Now there will be no more locally-enlisted recruits—and recently the final passing-out parade took place. With the rundown of the Army in the Far East the emphasis has changed to non-commissioned officer training, and for the next two years, until it closes down altogether, the centre will hold six-week cadre courses for NCOs from Far East units. Other courses covering catering, hygiene, languages and air transportation will also take place.



This cartoon is a humorous approach to a serious subject—the behaviour of troops training on private land in Scotland. It appears on the cover of a booklet of "dos and don'ts" being issued to soldiers there. Although, states the publication, the Services enjoy great respect and affection in Scotland, it is important that this reservoir of goodwill is maintained and fostered. Training areas should be kept to; roads and tracks taken care of; moorland and forest fires guarded against; and fishing, deer stalking and boating not interfered with. The booklet adds that soldiers should always attempt to do a job for the owner of the land they are using, such as repairing a track or fence—"Any small piece of help you can give or even the offer of it helps in cementing good relations."



With the temperature around 100 degrees there was no shortage of people to try the new swimming pool at Bahrein Garrison when it was opened recently by Brigadier A J Archer, Commander Land Forces Gulf. The 82-foot-long pool is the latest amenity for the garrison's non-commissioned officers and men. The water is cooled by pumping it to the top of the tower on the left and dropping it over hundreds of slatted boards while air is blown over it. The pool, which cost £60,000, replaces a smaller temporary one.

In the Malaysian jungle professional film-makers and soldiers co-operated in

"AMBUSH PATROL"

People mingling, the babble of voices. Director David Dimmock is analysing a coming scene with Rupert Nicholas as the rest of the film unit heaves equipment into position. Very soon a few more seconds of "Ambush Patrol" will be in the can.

Yet this is one film not aimed at the box office. "Ambush Patrol" is a 30-minute Army instructional documentary on the tactics and preparation of a jungle patrol.

It was shot by Associated British-Pathé around Terendak, Malaysian base of 28th Commonwealth Brigade. Rupert Nicholas is Captain Nicholas, commanding A Company of 3rd Battalion, The Light Infantry, and, except for two professionals, John Stone and Paul Grist, the actors at work here in the jungle are his men.

Grist played Lieutenant Bob Hunt, leader of the ambush patrol; he described the first few days' work as the toughest in a 12-year acting career. Stone was Major Peter Griffiths, the company commander; it was the type of role that has earned him a respected reputation in the cinema and on television.

The first few days were spent filming interiors near A Company lines in tents heated to oven pitch by film lights. Most of the action and drama was saved for the last two weeks at locations up to 40 miles from Terendak.

Some of the most spectacular shots were taken on a quiet road at Ayer Keroh, 15 miles from Malacca. They involved seven three-ton lorries, carrying the 50 soldiers of the platoon, plus Saladins and Ferrets driven up from Singapore by The Life Guards.

Any passer-by could not have failed to be impressed by the sight of the convoy screeching to a halt and the platoon leaping from the lorries and disappearing into the jungle. Only the presence of the film crew shattered the illusion of real-life drama.

The week spent filming the actual ambush sequence in an area 25 miles from Terendak required careful planning to make sure all details were technically accurate. Even the enemy had to be exact in every way.

That was when Gurkhas proved to be as good at acting as they are at soldiering. Twenty-four of them, armed with authentic communist weapons and dressed in uniforms specially made by the Terendak tailor, formed the guerilla patrol finally ambushed in the last few minutes.

Blanks were used but this did not upset the authenticity of the scene. The jungle echoed to the crackle of gunfire and a series of dummy explosions simulating a grenade necklace and a claymore mine as Pathé's Billy Jordan, formerly a newsreel cameraman in the Western Desert and later in Korea, kept his camera rolling.

In the filming there was only one real casualty—a Gurkha who chipped a tooth while enthusiastically flinging himself to the ground when "wounded."

It will be several months before those who took part get a chance to see themselves on the screen. And, of course, some soldiers will not see themselves at all. Only 2700 feet of the 13,000 feet of film shot will be used in the final approved version of "Ambush Patrol"—so somebody will finish on the cutting-room floor.

Camera-side conference and "dead" bandit.

Left: "Guerillas" advance as the camera rolls.

Below: Whirlwind lands with dog tracker team.

EYES DOWN FOR A THIN RED LINE

They packed their armies into cardboard boxes, dismantled the plastic battlefields and went home. The wars were over. And picking up the pieces were contestants in the third annual War Games Convention in London.

In private life they were anything from van drivers to retired brigadiers but for two days they had been armchair generals fighting again some battle—Roman, Napoleonic, American Civil War or modern—in the comfortable atmosphere of a Kensington hotel.

The troops were no more than an inch high. Their plastic bodies were covered with uniforms painted on with finger-aching care and they were armed with needle-like spears, muskets or rifles.

"Some people like to recreate things like the Roman Wars but in competitions like this we set up the basic conditions and let tactics and generalship take over." Mr John Tunstill, organiser of the convention speaking. "That way," he added, " Napoleon can win at Waterloo."

The wargamers' adroit manoeuvres seemed a far cry from boys shooting matchsticks from toy cannon at tin soldiers on the carpet, but this is where, usually, it all begins. They gather their private armies and equip them with meticulous accuracy. An army of 500 costs about five pounds.

But this is only half the battle. Most wargamers study military history deeply and become authorities on various periods. Each era has its devotees. Some, with little bands of redcoats in stockades surrounded by native hordes, re-fight the Zulu War, while others are attempting the annihilation of North London with nuclear weapons.

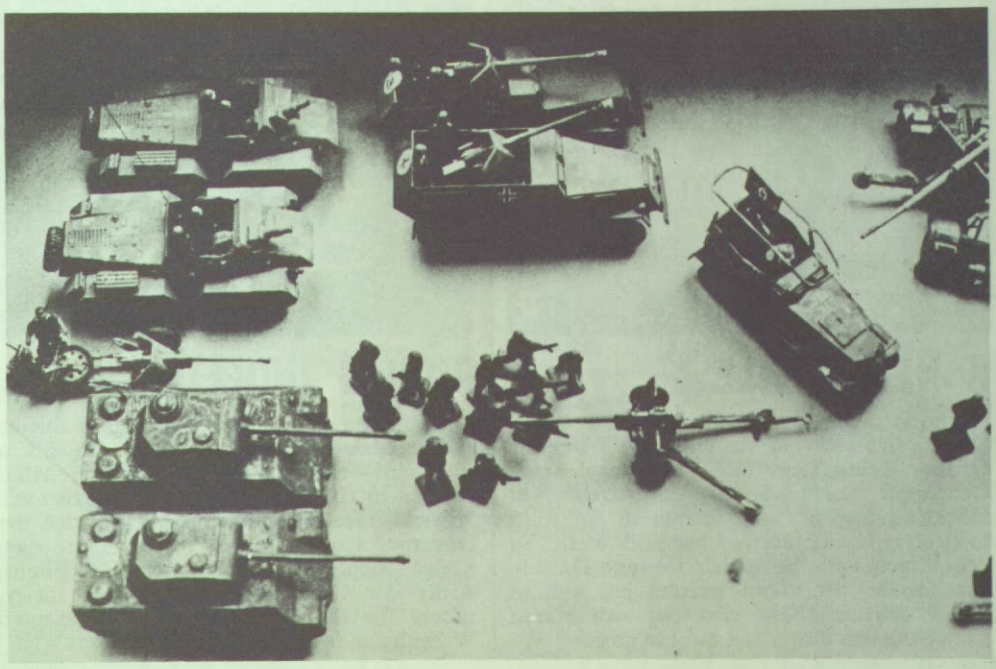
Most popular periods are Roman, Napoleonic, American Civil War, World War One and World War Two, because the information about them is detailed and readily available in libraries, bookshops and places like the Imperial War Museum. The figures can be bought in model shops which now, inevitably perhaps, include a model soldier boutique in Islington.

Miniature warfare, as it is called, has become widespread in the last four or five years in Britain, the Commonwealth and America.

Strangely, there are as yet no war games groups in other countries with long military histories, such as France, Spain, Italy, Austria and Germany.

What is the attraction? Mr Tunstill again. "A lot of people have tried to analyse us. Psychiatrists have even said war gaming is a reversion to childhood, that we have an unresolved power complex or we are repressed homosexuals because we play with soldiers. It's all absolute rubbish. It's just a hobby and an interest—and it's growing."

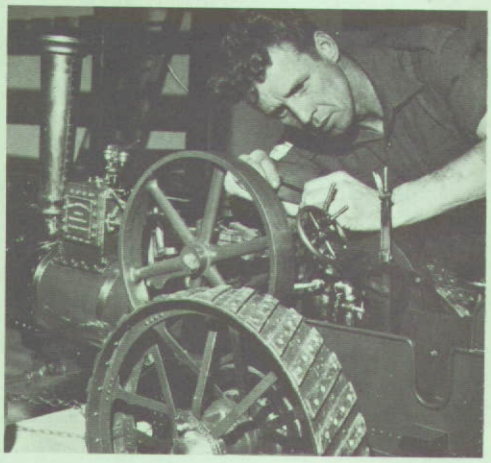
Above: Table-top generals re-fight an action of World War Two and (below) a battlefront close-up.



PURELY PERSONAL

SCARFE'S MONTY

A gross caricature, yes—but no mistaking whom it is supposed to represent. This is famous cartoonist **Gerald Scarfe's** impression of **Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein.** And taking an amused look at it (right) is **Lord Boothby.** The 60-inch high figure—which, we are told, was in *papier mâché* for casting in fibre glass in a limited edition of ten—was on show at the Grosvenor Gallery, Davies Street, London, at the Friends and Famous People Exhibition of sculptures and paintings ranging from caricatures to formal likenesses.



STEAM IN THE BLOOD

Sergeant Frank Eatwell likes letting off steam. Not so much on the parade ground or sports field, more in the workshop. For he recently completed a quarter-size scale model of an 1898 Burrell traction engine. Sergeant Eatwell, an armourer in the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, is pictured above with his model at the Central Ammunition Depot, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, at Kineton in Warwickshire. Steam is in his blood—his father drove a steam lorry and grandfather pushed a steam plough. The engine is coal-fired, weighs two and a half hundredweight and has a top speed of five miles an hour. It took Sergeant Eatwell eight years to build—in Britain, Aden and the Trucial Oman States—and is named "Julie" after his eight-year-old daughter. With it he hopes to raise money at shows and fairs for a handicapped children's charity. He has special reasons. His daughter **Julie** is handicapped too.

PETTICOAT PARAS

It is a course normally reserved for tough soldiers, but **Corporal Pat Heelan** (right) and **Lance-Corporal Mary Smith** said: "If men can do it, we can." The petite pair are believed to be the first non-commissioned officers of the Women's Royal Army Corps to qualify as skydivers. They have completed a free-fall course at the Army Parachute Centre at Netheravon—three weeks' ground training, synthetic descents, static line and free fall jumps. Both are members of the WRAC Battery at the School of Artillery, Larkhill. Outdoor girl Corporal Heelan has several other athletic interests—including pot-holing.

A NEW SMILE

The Army has made **Karen** smile again. Karen, five-year-old daughter of **Warrant Officer Brian Turnbull** of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps Supply Sub-Depot at Dhekelia, Cyprus, was unable to eat solid food after losing most of her milk teeth. So dental technician **Sergeant George Davidson** (above) set about making her a mini upper denture. Now not only can Karen smile, she can also chew bubble gum.

RICHES INDEED

Five silver cups and a collection of shields and medals—enough silverware to fill a sideboard—were won by **Major Mike Riches** in the Singapore Rifle Association's "Bisley" meeting. His trophies included the Governor Cup, the main prize of the day. Major Riches, who commands 14 Flight, Army Air Corps, has competed at Bisley, shoots for the Army and has represented Wiltshire in inter-county events.

FATHERS ARE "SIR"

Seeing their sons in uniform was too much for old soldiers **John Hedley** and **Herbert Plaine,** so they joined up again—with 1st Cadet Battalion, Herefordshire Light Infantry.

"The sniff of khaki around the house again was too big a temptation, especially when it was parade nights for my lad," admitted Band Warrant Officer Plaine, whose son **David** is a cadet drum-major (pictured first and second left).

"The same went for me," agreed Sergeant Major Hedley, so he signed on to be with his son **Paul,** a cadet lance-corporal. But there is no favouritism and both boys have to call their fathers "sir." Said Warrant Officer Plaine: "We treat all the lads the same. They're a grand body of troops."

Twice British soldiers have liberated Lille, France. They returned to the town recently and again the cry was

Vive les Anglais

Story by John Wright / Pictures by Trevor Jones

"THEY are treating us like lost children who have returned to the family." In this way a British Legion veteran of World War One describes the welcome given to British soldiers of the past and present by Lille, the great industrial town of North France liberated in two world wars by *les anglais*.

It is an autumn day of unseasonable warmth, a day chilled neither by the approaching winter nor the frosty relationship between Paris and London. The *Lillois* wave little Union Jacks, stand stiffly for the British National Anthem and offer enthusiastic applause to the British troops marching through their streets. Their affection for Tommy, who has twiced lifted the oppressive German jackboot from their necks, is manifest; the *Entente* is at its most cordial.

The occasion is a parade to celebrate the liberation of 50 years ago. It comes at the end of another "invasion"—British Week in this twin city of Leeds in Yorkshire. It has been a week of shops packed with

March past: *Place Rihour.*

pictures of the Queen, Union Jacks and British goods; of London Transport buses and Leeds policemen in the streets; of drinking bitter in a prefabricated British pub in the *Place du Général de Gaulle*—a £15,000 commercial venture by the Board of Trade in a town which is the birthplace of the French President.

And what a week for The Royal Scots Greys Band! It has played at football, rugby and hockey matches, at the Opera and at fashion shows, given concerts in the squares and marched through the streets. The skirl of the pipes is the sound of the moment. "They are probably the most popular people in the town," says an excited British consular official.

Waiting now in disciplined silence alongside the Greys in the *Place Rihour* are 100 men of 24 Missile Regiment, Royal Artillery. They have just marched from the romantic moated Citadel, barracks of the *43ème Régiment d'Infanterie*, where they have been staying since arriving from Paderborn in Germany a couple of days ago. They came armed with compo but were disarmed by the French Army's magnificent food—and the *Lillois* have been treating them as if they spearheaded the liberation army all those many years ago. The square is dominated by the grandiose extravagantly sculpted war memorial, which is draped with a *tricoleur* of huge proportions. Thousands of citizens wait expectantly, held in check by gesticulating *gendarmes*. Here also are the soldiers of the *43ème Régiment d'Infanterie* and their Band; until recently they were stationed in Germany, too.

Everybody is waiting for a crowd of VIPs—including French Minister Maurice Schumann, British Ambassador Christopher Soames and General Fayard, Commandant of the *2ème Région Militaire*—on its way to the parade down the *Rue Nationale* after ceremonies at Marshal Foch's statue and the *Cimetière de Sud*.

Now they are coming and with them are the standard-bearing ancients who were the French *poilus* and British Tommies of Flanders and the Somme. Most of the British Legion veterans come from Arras or Paris—men who have made their homes in the country they gave so much to and spend their working hours tending the graves of their comrades.

The ceremony follows the well-tried pattern of such occasions although the bagpipes of The Royal Scots Greys add a special poignancy. The wreaths of poppies and of carnations are laid respectfully at the foot of the towering memorial, the prums of the *43ème Régiment d'Infanterie* render the *Sonnerie aux Morts* and Lille is silent for a minute. Then a lone piper plays a lament.

Now the mood changes. The national anthems of those World War One allies: Britain, France, Belgium and the United States echo around the *Place Rihour*. Then the troops leave the square to return a few minutes later in a march past.

Playing the British Grenadiers, The Royal Scots Greys Band comes first and attracts warm applause from the French crowd. Following is 24 Missile Regiment, smart in Number Two dress.

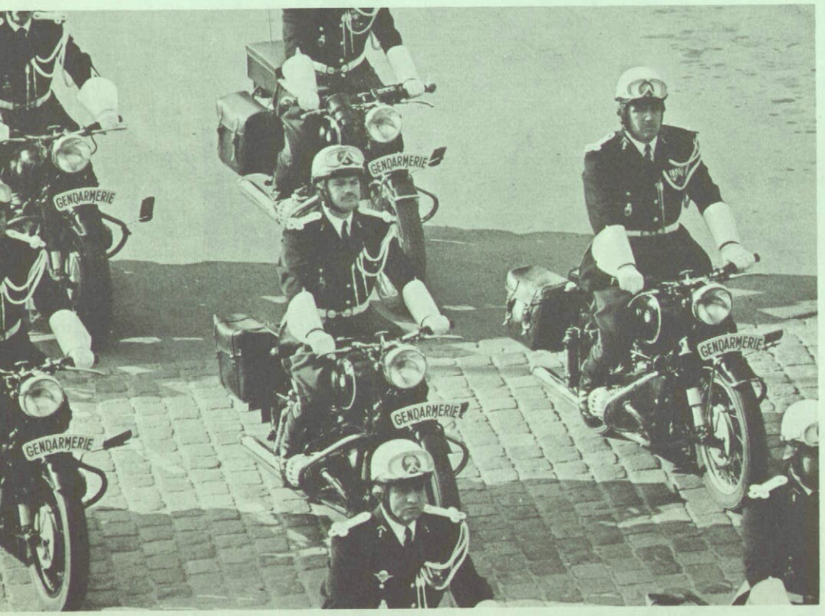
The French infantry, clad in combat kit and each squad led by a line of men with sub-machine guns, passes now and after them are the motor-cyclists of the *Gendarmerie* dressed in blue and scarlet and riding in immaculate formation. Hard on their heels are the armoured cars of *7ème Régiment de Chasseurs*.

And that is that in the *Place Rihour*. The VIPs leave in their black Rolls-Royces and Citroëns for a service at the Eglise Saint-Maurice and the *Lillois* go home for Sunday lunch or call into one of the numerous cafés. Their talk is of 1918 and 1944, of British Tommies and French *poilus*, and then, like good Frenchmen, they concentrate on the serious business of eating.

There have been other reminders of stirring times in the week before. In the *Place Birdwood* the Mayor of Lille unveiled a plaque commemorating General Birdwood, leader of the British Fifth Army which liberated the town, and spoke of the sacrifices of British troops for the French people. At the ceremony was Lord Birdwood, the General's grandson, who was given the plaque drape.

And also at the ceremony was a man called Mr Ernest Swan. He entered Lille the day after the Germans left in 1918 and has been there ever since. A sergeant in the Military Police, he entered the liberated town to find billets for the approaching British troops. He was seized by a joyful crowd and carried shoulder high. Eventually he married a French girl and settled in Lille.

Yes, it has been a memorable week in Lille. . .



Above left: The motorcycles of the *Gendarmerie* purr past.

Above: Medals, flags and grey beards—veterans of the wars.

Above right: Curious *Lillois* who have not known oppression.

A patrol of The Lancashire Regiment are said to be the first British troops to enter Lille in 1918. But they did not stay long. Avoiding the enthusiastic crowds they swung round the town in pursuit of the Germans.

As a matter of courtesy the first unit to enter the centre of Lille was a French regiment that had been fighting alongside the British. The people of the town knew about their liberation before any troops arrived on the scene. On 17 October friendly pilots flew low overhead and one of the 'planes, flying the *tricoleur*, landed by the public gardens. The pilot was the Mayor's son and after announcing the news of the German retreat he flew away in order not to give the Germans provocation to shell the town.

Lille was undamaged except for the effects of enemy bombardment in 1914. The suburbs were looted but French threats of reprisals and the vigour of the British advance had prevented the Germans from laying waste to the city as planned. However the town had suffered badly during the occupation with thousands of its citizens taken away as hostages or slave workers.

Eight days after the British Army passed round Lille in pursuit of the Germans the first train of supplies for the civil population ran into the city and British railway construction troops began the job of repairing the railway system in the area.

Left: The immaculate phalanx of 24 Missile Regt.

Right: Lille 1918. Formal entry of British Army.

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MEXICO MEDALLISTS

STAFF-SERGEANT Ben Jones, Royal Horse Artillery, rode to victory in the Valley of the Brave. The Valley, 80 miles from Mexico City, was the scene of the three-day equestrian event in the Olympic Games.

Immaculate in dress uniform, Staff Jones rode a flawless round in the final show-jumping section to clinch the team gold medal. Two of his three team-mates had earlier collected 25 penalty marks between them, so everything rested on him.

After he had completed the 12 jumps faultlessly, the British contingent broke the silence of the Mexican afternoon siesta with cheers and cries of "Jolly good show! Well done, old boy."

Staff Jones said afterwards: "The Poacher did not give me a moment's worry. He tried to take the bit and make his own pace, but I soothed him down and told him to take it easy. He must have known what I was saying because he relaxed and I had a wonderful ride."

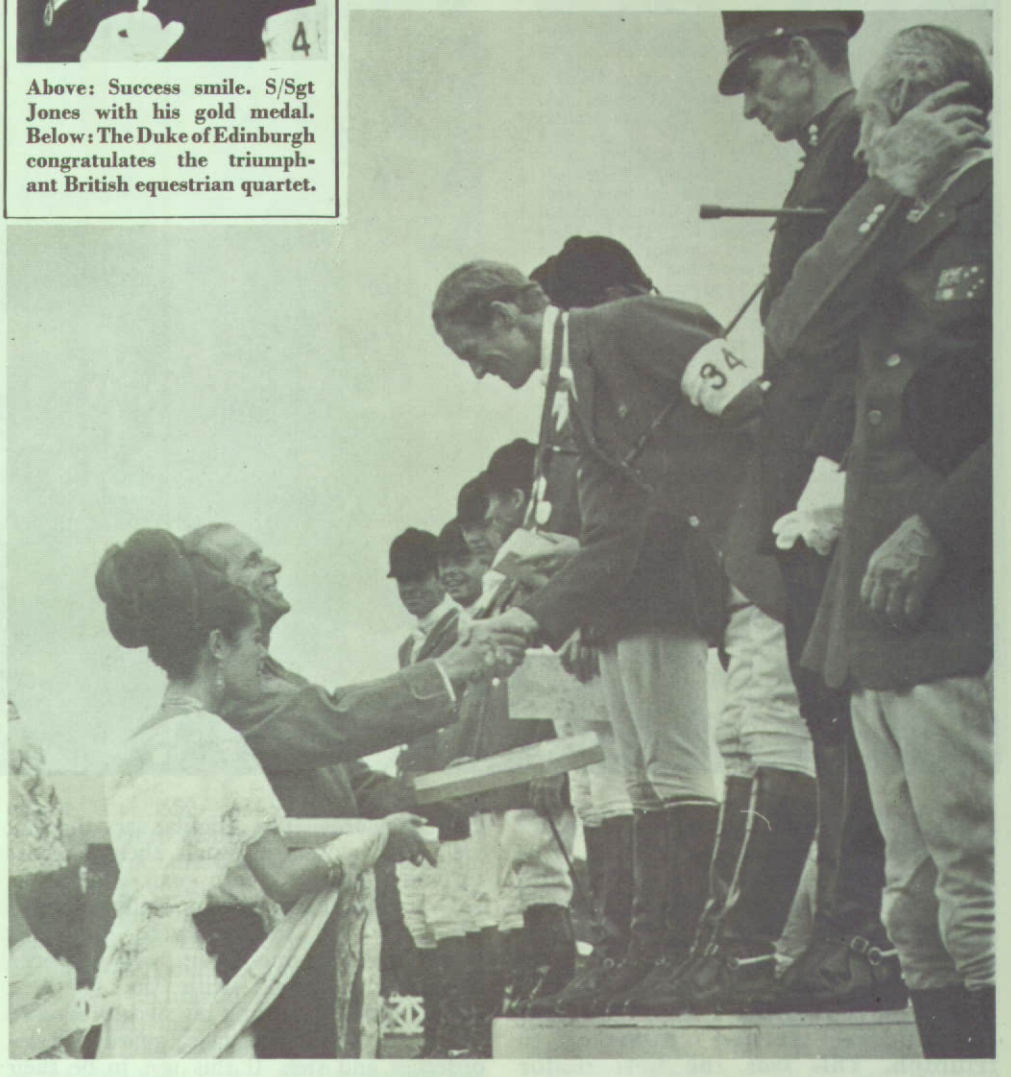
The gruelling course—two horses were killed on it in one event—was compared to the Burma Road by a newspaper correspondent. When Staff Jones set out on the steeplechase, the track was under water and the fences invisible in the mist.

The Poacher, who is partial to ale and stout, began to get "hooked" on the oxygen he was given after strenuous work-outs at the high altitude. Said the staff-sergeant with a smile: "I don't mind having a boozer with me but when I get a hippie thrown in, then it is too much."

The gold medal was won three days after his 36th birthday. He has been in the Army since 1952 and has just over five years more to serve. He is married with twin children and stationed at the Royal Army Veterinary Corps Depot at Melton Mowbray. His equestrian career began in 1960 and took in the Badminton horse trials, Irish and French internationals, European championships in Moscow and the Tokyo Olympics.

Left: Almost a naval salute for the National Anthem. Captain A Jardine with yachting bronze.

Above: Success smile. S/Sgt Jones with his gold medal. Below: The Duke of Edinburgh congratulates the triumphant British equestrian quartet.



The Army won another medal, a bronze, for yachting. Captain Adrian Jardine, T & AVR helicopter pilot, was a member of the three-man crew of Yeoman XVI which came third in the 5.5-metre class.

They beat a German yacht by only two feet in a hard fought race. Captain Jardine explained the tactics: "We decided when we rounded the last mark in seventh position that it was time to do something different. We broke away to starboard out to sea. We moved across and went by all their sterns, and it looked quite good. Amazingly, no one tacked to cover us even when we were laying to the finishing line. It was tremendous and it paid off."

His twin brother, Major Stuart Jardine, of the Royal Engineers, was tenth in the Star class.

Maj Monty Mortimer, RCT manager of the British modern pentathlon team.

Sgt Jeremy Robert Fox, of REME, who came ninth in the modern pentathlon.

L/Cpl Barry Lillywhite, RCT, who was thirty-first in the modern pentathlon.

Capt Michael Howe, Para, reserve for the pentathlon but did not compete.

S/Sgt Instructor Ronald Bright, APTC, coach for modern pentathlon team.

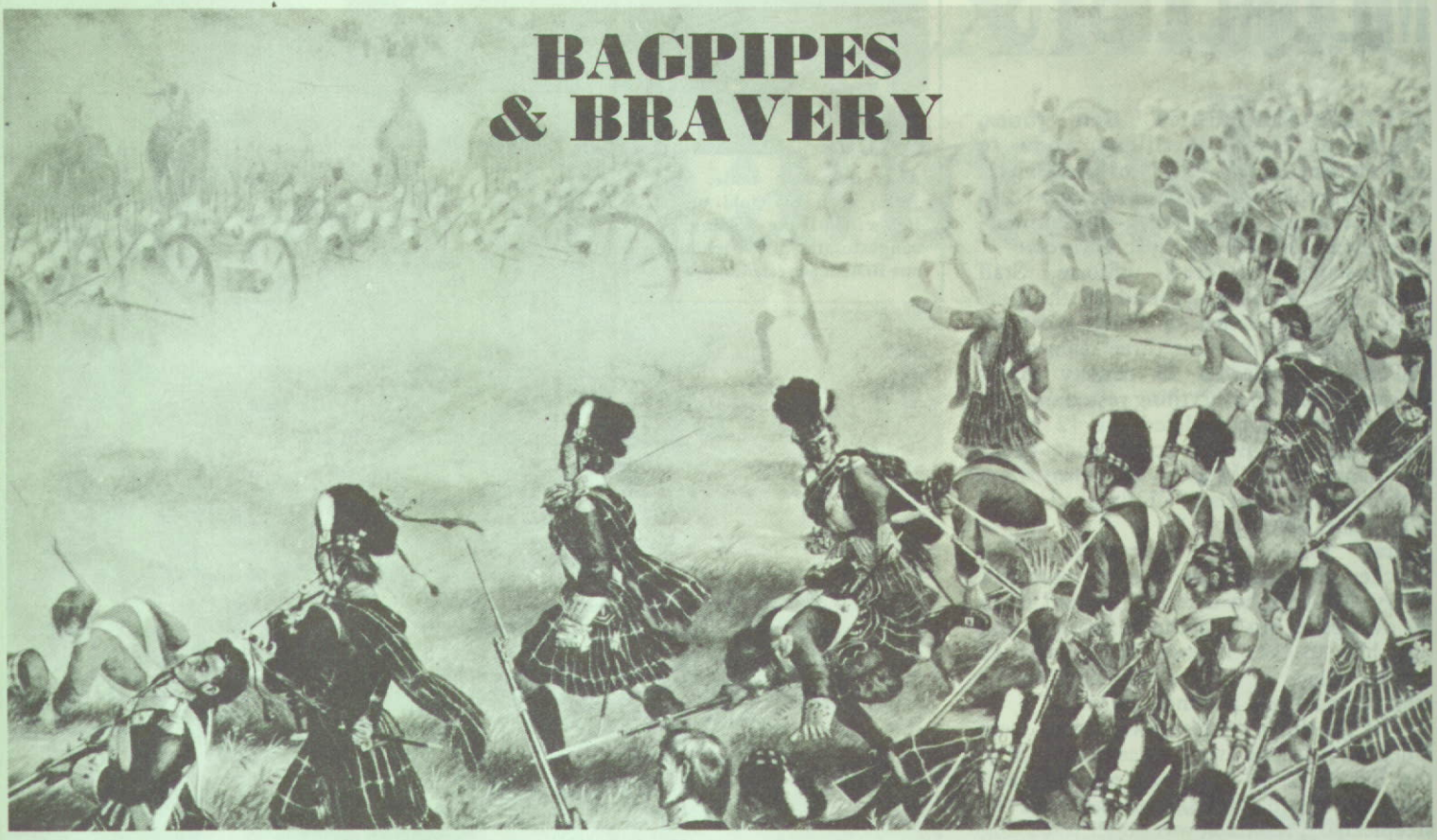
Gnr John McGonigle gave a spirited performance in flyweight but outpointed.

Lieut Rodney Craig, RCT. His team eliminated in the fencing (sabre) quarter-final.

Sgt-Instructor W Tancred, APTC, was below his best in discus. Non-qualifier.

THE ROYAL HIGHLAND FUSILIERS

BAGPIPES & BRAVERY



A YOUNG commander—33-year-old Major-General Arthur Wellesley—surveyed Assaye and realised he had got himself into "a confounded scrape." But the bravery of two Highland regiments, the 74th (later 2nd Highland Light Infantry) and 78th Highlanders (2nd Seaforth Highlanders) turned disaster to triumph. This was the first major victory for the man who was to become the Duke of Wellington.

It was September 1803—a dozen years before Waterloo—when Wellesley, who was seeking out a small detachment of Mahratta infantry, came face to face with the entire Mahratta army of 60,000 men which outnumbered him by ten to one.

The enemy, well-disciplined and officered by Europeans, occupied a commanding position on a slope overlooking the River Kaitna. Wellesley's force, largely of unreliable Indians, had been marching since before dawn in the hot sun.

Retreat would mean rout. The enemy artillery opened up with ball and canister. Some British guns stuck in the ford while the remainder were shot up as bullock teams trundled them into position.

The heroic Highlanders of the 74th advanced grimly and silently except for the skirl of solitary bagpipes. They were forced to pick their way through thick cactus, flanked by panic-stricken native troops, on into the teeth of the enemy cannon and muskets. Suddenly the firing stopped and whooping Mahratta horsemen charged at full gallop waving their long curved swords. The Highlanders did not yield but closed in upon their Colours thrusting bayonets into man and horse.

Every officer was killed or badly wounded and only 100 soldiers were left. The quartermaster, James Grant, who had been coming up behind with the supplies, rushed forward holding his sword followed by men of the baggage guard, clerks, orderlies and sick. If this was to be their Regiment's last stand, they would die too.

The British Light Cavalry, which had been waiting restlessly for orders, was launched into the attack and cut the Mahrattas from their saddles. With them came Captain Boswell Campbell of the 74th (he had been down-graded to non-combatant after losing an arm in a previous campaign and breaking the other while pig-sticking). He rode into action with the reins in his teeth wielding his sword with his injured arm. The charge of the 19th Light Dragoons carried them through the Mahratta Horse into the infantry. The enemy front broke and the survivors fled.

Meanwhile, Wellesley had been personally leading an attack against the guns. The 78th Highlanders, supported by staunch Madrassis, drove the enemy into the river before their bared bayonets.

It was a pyrrhic victory—413 bodies of the 74th lay strewn across the half-mile of the advance. Yet when Wellesley gave the order to pursue the routed enemy, Quartermaster Grant formed line and advanced the Colours. At sunset he led the remainder of the 74th out of the action.

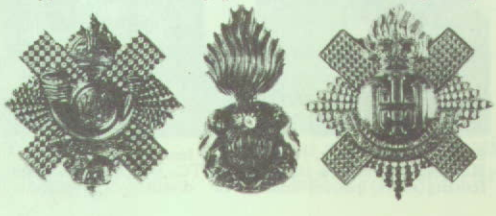
The 74th and 78th Highlanders and 19th Light Dragoons were honoured by the award of an Assaye Colour. This third colour is still trooped each year by The Royal Highland Fusiliers. It is carried on to the parade ground by the quartermaster, then passed by the regimental sergeant-major to a subaltern for trooping.

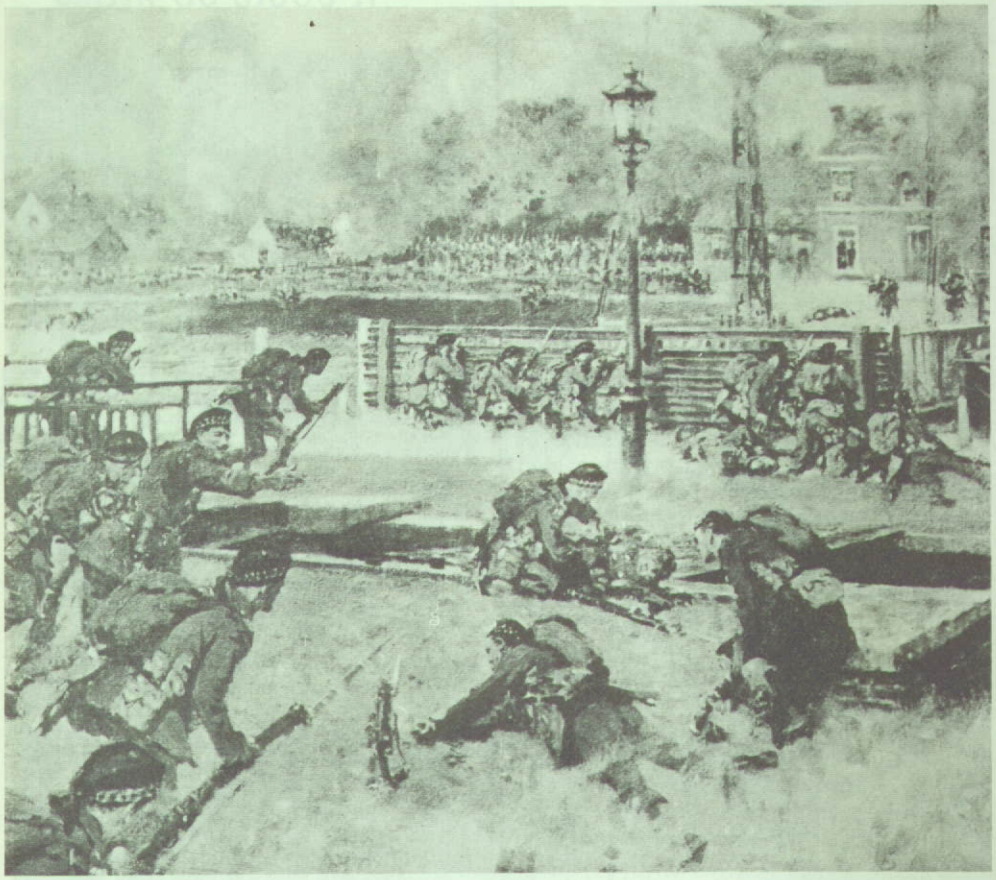
The history of The Royal Highland Fusiliers began in 1678. Charles Erskine, Earl of Mar, raised a regiment (later the 21st of Foot) to keep peace among the warring clans in the North of Scotland and fanatical covenanters in the south. The Regiment was nicknamed "Mar's Grey Breeks" because of their grey trews.

At Dettingen—the last time the British Army was led in the field by a monarch—the "grey breeks" were charged by the crack French cavalry, "The Grey Musketeers." The 21st's square was breached but it closed like an oyster, the soldiers turned

Above: With the skirl of bagpipes and swaying kilts, the 74th Highlanders advance at Assaye. Their commander Wellesley (later the Duke of Wellington) called them "My fighting Regiment." Above, right: Scots Fusiliers near Mons in 1914.

Below: Bugle and Assaye elephant on the badge of Highland Light Infantry; lion and unicorn of Royal Scots Fusiliers; and badge of Royal Highland Fusiliers (Band and Pipes and Drums only). Motto: Nobody provokes us with impunity.





Already he has that bulldog look. Winston Churchill, who led Britain through World War Two, commanded 6th Battalion, The Royal Scots Fusiliers, in 1915. He got off on the wrong foot on his first day as an infantry commanding officer. He ordered the Battalion to fix bayonets while they were at the slope and later, reverting to his cavalry training, gave the command, "Three's right—Trot!" But the Scots soon warmed to this dour Englishman. He ordered dry socks for sentries who had been standing in the rain and joined in a concert in a barn, giving a rather raucous rendering of "My Old Tarpaulin Jacket." His section of the front at Ploegstruet ("Plug Street" to the Tommies) became one of the most aggressive. While in command, Lieutenant-Colonel Churchill personally made 36 forays across no man's land. Mr John McGuire, a corporal at the time, wrote in the regimental magazine: "We crawled on our stomachs across muddy ground punched with shell holes. Near the German lines we settled in a hole and listened to the Germans talking. While we were out our side never fired but the Germans, worried by the silence, sent up Verey lights and followed up with heavy machine-gun strafing. I often thought we'd had it but Churchill showed no fear." On amalgamation of the 6th and 7th Battalions (owing to heavy casualties) Churchill was the junior of the two commanding officers. He followed Haig's instructions and returned to the House of Commons to secure the one thing most needed—conscription. Sir Winston was later to remark: "Although an Englishman it was in Scotland I found the three best things in my life—my wife, my constituency and my Regiment."

inwards and the 200-strong enemy were all unhorsed or slain apart from half a dozen survivors. The King decided to make merry at the expense of Sir Andrew Agnew, commanding the 21st. "Sorry to see the French horse get among your men," he said blandly. "Aye," retorted the Laird, "but they didna get oot again!"

It was in 1771 that the 73rd Highlanders (later renumbered 71st) were raised. The 74th came in 1787. They were amalgamated a century later to form The Highland Light Infantry. The two Highland regiments attained the heights of glory in the Peninsular campaign. At Badajos the 74th scaled the ramparts after their ladders had been flung back into the river again and again. Piper John MacLaughlan of the 74th stopped to repair his bagpipes which had been pierced by a bullet, then carried on playing atop the ramparts as the garrison was chased out through the gate. At Vittoria the 71st climbed and held the Puebla Heights while the 74th advanced in line, dressing on the Colours which became a target for every French gun. A near miss showered the Colour party with earth and stones but it struck down that same Piper MacLaughlan. The indomitable piper called to the colour-sergeant to prop him up and hand him his pipes, which he played until he died.

Comedy and tragedy had a part in the history of The Royal Highland Fusiliers. The 21st was part of a force which defeated the Americans at Bladensburgh and entered Washington, where some ate the presidential banquet which was to celebrate their defeat. In 1852 *HMS Birkenhead* was carrying reinforcements for the Kaffir War when she hit an uncharted rock and began to sink. The women and children were bundled into the lifeboats. The ship's captain urged the soldiers to follow but Lieutenant-Colonel Seton of the 74th, who was officer commanding troops, told them: "Stand fast, men, or you will swamp the boats." They stood silently in neat ranks as the ship went down. All the women and children were saved but only 193 of the 631 officers and men of the 74th survived. They died by drowning, from the sharks and in the tangle of seaweed—all within sight of the Cape of Good Hope.

The 21st (later The Royal Scots Fusiliers) made a heroic stand in the Crimean War at a strong point on the Inkerman Heights known as "The Barrier." This position held firm against the full weight of the Russian attacks and was afterwards the rallying point for other units which had been cut off during fierce hand to hand fighting in the thick fog.

The Royal Scots Fusiliers and The Highland Light Infantry lost nearly 17,000 officers and men killed in the bloodbath of World War One. They were in the British Expeditionary Force which held back the German Army, secured the Channel ports and gave the British time to arm. It was at Mons that they first showed their mettle (when every man was capable of "15 well-aimed rounds a minute with his Lee Enfield rifle") and Mons which was reached by the 4th Royal Scots Fusiliers on Armistice Day. Between them the two regiments won over 100 battle honours.

The landings in Sicily and Italy (in company with 2nd Highland Light Infantry), Arakan and Burma, were the main campaigns of The Royal Scots Fusiliers in World War Two. The 1st Highland Light Infantry, which suffered heavy casualties as part of the British Expeditionary Force, hammered the Germans back from Normandy in 1944. The 2nd Highland Light Infantry was with the 5th (Indian) Division at Keren in 1940 which defeated an Italian army of 250,000—odds of ten to one.

Postwar the 1st Highland Light Infantry suffered nearly 100 casualties trying to keep the peace between the Arabs and Jews in Palestine. They were to have a similar job in Cyprus ten years later in 1956, but this time only three soldiers were killed.

The history of The Royal Scots Fusiliers came to an appropriate end on 18 October 1958 when the final passing-out parade of recruits was commanded by Second-Lieutenant F Q E Agnew, a descendent of the commanding officer of the 21st at the Battle of Dettingen.

January the following year saw the birth of The Royal Highland Fusiliers (Princess Margaret's Own Glasgow and Ayrshire Regiment) by amalgamation of The Royal Scots Fusiliers and The Highland Light Infantry. The new regiment gained the Freedom of Iserlohn, West Germany, in 1966 and served with the United Nations force in Cyprus for six months. A contingent of 1st Battalion is returning home to Fort George, Inverness-shire this month after a tour in Gibraltar.

The General and the sentry

Marshal Alexander Suvorov was one of the greatest generals in Czarist Russia, long before the Revolution, and he was also a great humorist. He loved to play tricks on his soldiers and ask them tricky questions.

One of his favourite pranks was to wake up the whole camp at daybreak by crowing like a rooster. Sometimes he would disguise himself as a private soldier and wander through the camp, listening very often to some harsh criticism of himself.

Several times however the prank-loving general met his match. Once, when a trooper brought him a message from the colonel of a dragoon regiment which had just been in action, Suvorov asked the messenger "What is the difference between your colonel and myself?"

This was an awkward question for the man to answer as his commanding officer, Colonel Soltikov, was one of the most handsome men in the Russian Army, while the marshal was very ugly. The trooper thought for a while then coolly replied "The difference is that my colonel cannot make me a sergeant, whereas your excellency can do so whenever you like."

Caught in his own trap Suvorov laughed and made the witty soldier a sergeant on the spot.

Another time the general was prowling around the outposts at night waiting for a chance to play one of his tricks. According to custom he was lightly clad although it was a bitterly cold night. The old warrior was said to be able to endure the cold more than any man in his army. He was very proud of this reputation and never lost a chance of demonstrating the fact.

Coming upon a sentry, he called out to him "Hello, brother, how many stars are there in the sky?"

The sentry recognised the general's voice at once but, pretending not to know it was Suvorov, he replied, "Just wait a bit and I'll count them for you," and began counting in a loud voice, "One, two, three, four."

This was a good joke to the sentry wrapped up in his thick greatcoat, but it wasn't the general's idea of fun. Thinly clad as he was, he found it much colder than he liked and when the soldier had reached a hundred, and was still counting gaily away as if he intended going on for ever, Suvorov decided he had had enough. He stopped the sentry short, took his name and made off as fast as his half-frozen body could go.

The next morning the shrewd sentry was promoted to corporal for having been "too smart for the general."

John Symons

"MAGIC EYE" ON WHEELS

SOON British vehicles will be sprouting a strange angular structure at their front ends—a structure which can pinpoint their position with uncanny accuracy.

This "magic eye" is the Sperry (Chobham) Mark II Navigator, developed by the Fighting Vehicles Research and Development Establishment, at Chobham, and Sperry's, the instrument makers. Earlier this year the Ministry of Defence (Army) placed an order worth half-a-million pounds for the equipment. The order followed several years of intensive Army field trials as well as tests by Sperry all over the world.

The navigator provides continuous position fixing in the form of a running six or eight figure map reference appearing on a main unit which can be fitted anywhere convenient, such as the glove compartment of a Land-Rover.

Accuracy is better than one per cent of distance travelled—only a few yards in a tactical situation. The principle is simple. Position is plotted from speed—derived from the vehicle transmission—heading, provided by a magnetic compass system. A computer completes the picture.

The system, which relieves a vehicle commander of the task of constant map-reading, is likely to be seen first on Land-Rovers, Stalwarts, armoured personnel carriers and Ferret scout cars.

The Chobham is unaffected by normal storage of rifles, radios and other equipment. In vehicles with a large moving metallic mass, such as a tank's big gun, a vehicle gyro compass can be used to supply heading information.

Eighty of the navigators have been bought by the Royal Swedish Army and the instrument is under evaluation in NATO and other countries, from which Sperry's confidently expect export orders.

It has been used by university expeditions in such areas as the Sahara and Afghanistan, by Kenya to map its road system, by a civil engineering firm for geological surveys in South Arabia—and has even been fitted to a hovercraft employed on a survey along Canada's Mackenzie River.

Picture shows the navigator fitted to a Stalwart.

BOOKS

MASTERPIECE OF A GREAT CAPTAIN

"A History of Warfare" (Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery)

The mind of a man comes through in his writings and this masterpiece, recording 9000 years of warfare and looking beyond, is clearly Montgomery of Alamein, a great captain in the widest sense.

Believing in his destiny even as he moulded it, he projected his personality to his troops in World War Two—an image of success and inflexible resolve. In earlier years he had studied the generals of history rather than the dispositions of their troops in battle, trying to understand their minds. Having downgraded Julius Caesar, "the most disappointing of great conquerors," noted Napoleon as "too ambitious" and Haig as "unimaginative," it must have been easy for him to look upon his own adversaries as normal-sized mortals and never as geniuses. Yet he never underestimated them.

His first two chapters, "The Nature of War" and "Generalship," reveal his own thoughts, character and driving personality. His own "rules of life" show through and from them it must be deduced that he would have been highly successful in any profession. His thoroughness, staff training, generalship, military knowledge and forceful self-driving power made this mammoth investigation into the history of warfare a modern miracle of production.

Others have toiled for years through research and study. Monty employed and co-ordinated a small team of experts, incorporated his own thoughts and appreciations and the final result was ready in months. He leads the reader clearly and easily, with copious illustrations, through ancient and medieval warfare to the great days of Spain, the Ottoman Turks, Marlborough, Nelson, Napoleon and Wellington. Then to the Mongols, Chinese, Japanese, India and the wars of modern times.

He records that the Romans, with no aristocratic officer class, appointed as centurions experienced soldiers of the same social background as the privates. These leaders were "tried professionals" who knew the feelings, frustrations and failings of their men; "they understood war and they treated it as a job which had to be done." He adds: "It was largely because she could always produce first class NCOs and privates that Rome proved so successful in her campaigns."

Monty gives Wolfe full credit for fighting "one of the great battles of the world" on the Heights of Abraham at Quebec. The crucial phase lasted "only some 15 minutes" but it "changed the allegiance of Canada from France to England." Of Wellington: "the great principle of his life was 'duty' . . ." "sure and steady . . ." "above all a master of defence." But, of Waterloo: "It is a nice point as to who made the worse errors—Wellington or Napoleon." Nevertheless, "I have always considered Wellington to be the best soldier Britain has produced for many a long day."

In the chapter "Learning the Hard Way," he quotes Maeterlinck: "The past is of use to me as the eve of tomorrow; my soul wrestles with the future," and emphasises again that nations must learn from the past if they are to plan the future wisely. Neglect to do so, he says, means the path to success has to be trodden the hard way—and "the cost is then paid in men's lives."

His thoughts are often with the men and he gives full credit to juniors: "The good general of today will (win battles) with the least possible loss of life;" and "In the end a battle is won by the fighting spirit of

junior officers and men—whatever the quality of the higher commanders." In the "Epilogue—The Ideal of Peace," he concludes, "The true soldier is the enemy of the beast in man."

Looking to the future he believes the West must plan with a maritime strategy and confine an enemy to a land strategy.

This volume is excellent value, not least in its presentation. There are nearly 600 pages, 35 maps, 32 fine colour plates and 224 other illustrations including battle plans and weapons. Here history, often a dry subject, is exciting and palatable. It is neither gloomy nor fearful but records the sequence of events and the qualities of men that have brought us to today and, if studied intelligently, should lead us on to what Monty foresees as "a glorious sunrise when Reveille will waken the nations of the world to an era of goodwill and peace."

Collins, 84s **GRH**

DEFENCE TO ATTACK

"Amiens: 1918" *(Gregory Blaxland)*

Perhaps the most significant feature of events of 1918 on the British part of the Western Front is the superb and astonishing way in which the soldiers responded after nearly four years of trench warfare. It was a response perhaps no other army could have made. When Ludendorff launched his great offensive the British, Australian, Canadian and New Zealand divisions bent but did not break, then went over to the final victorious attack.

One reason for their high morale, says the author, was the quality of their leadership. Most brigade and battalion commanders owed their positions to prowess in battle. Many battalion commanders were under 30—and 35 was the age limit. With this inspiring leadership went the high concept of a soldier's duties, inherited from the Victorians, the proud example of the Regular Army of 1914, and finally the British soldier's sense of humour.

General Sir Henry Rawlinson emerges as the star on the British side. He and his Fourth Army staff took over the crucial front from the unjustly discredited Fifth Army of Sir Hubert Gough (who was to wait until 1936 for vindication) at a time of crisis, just before Haig's famous "Backs to the wall" order.

Major Blaxland writes admiringly of Haig, not least because he was the one senior commander to see that the war could be won in 1918 rather than a year later.

The villain of the piece is Lloyd George, who attacked Haig cryptically but scathingly in the House of Commons and made a dishonest statement that the Army in France was stronger at the beginning of 1918 than a year earlier.

Major Blaxland thinks Lloyd George may unconsciously have been contributing to winning the war by slandering the British Expeditionary Force in the House. It was better for the morale of the soldiers that they should be able to lay the blame for the retreats they had endured on the machinations of politicians rather than on their generals.

The author rightly devotes more space to the magnificent fighting of the divisions than to the internecine warfare of the high command, and his battle descriptions are fast-moving and compelling reading.

Frederick Muller, 45s **RLE**

FLEXIBLE APPROACH NEEDED

"Infantry in Vietnam" (Editor, Lieutenant-Colonel Albert N Garland, USA)

"Jungle warfare demands a complete reorientation from conventional thought and tactics. Don't throw away the book, but a flexible approach to tactics and operations must be developed. As I see it, a new book is being written by the units fighting in Vietnam."

This is that book, and the quotation comes from one of its contributors, a former battalion commander in Vietnam. It is something new in training manuals. A selection was made from combat experiences and, after the training experts had had a go at them, the staff of the magazine *Infantry* added professional readability and illustrations.

Each chapter makes its point vividly with the aid of a dramatic incident in the fighting, supported by sketches and photographs. Subjects covered include the enemy, intelligence, patrolling, ambushes, attack, defence, fire support, combat support, special operations, pacification and leadership.

A subject which British readers, with memories of the Malayan emergency and other guerilla campaigns, will consider gets scant treatment is "hearts and minds." A chapter headed "Friendship pays off" demonstrates the need for strong and willing popular support, but there are no hints on how to obtain it.

One of the most impressive chapters, perhaps because the subject is one of the least familiar to British readers, deals with the discovery of a Viet Cong tunnel complex. In searching this particular one a sergeant took with him a telephone wire so that he could communicate with the surface. More than a mile and a half of wire had been paid out before he reported that his party had engaged an unknown number of men.

Infantry *Magazine, Box* 2005, *US Army Infantry School, Fort Benning, Georgia* 31905, *USA*, $2.95 *plus* $0.30 *postage and packing* **RLE**

TO SURRENDER OR NOT

"Japan's Longest Day" (compiled by the Pacific War Research Society)

During the 24 hours up to noon on 15 August 1945 the Japanese people lived their longest day. They heard their Emperor's voice, most for the first time, and learned through him that their country had been defeated in war for the first time.

The decision set off a chain reaction in Tokyo. Men brought up to believe in the divinity of their Emperor and their country's mission, in the sanctity of Japanese soil, in the invincibility of their race, could not believe defeat had come.

This pro-war faction began a

frenzied round of activity aimed at keeping Japan at war. Suspense mounted and the outcome was in doubt up to the final moments before the Emperor broadcast to his millions of subjects.

It was an historic day by any standards and the 14 members of the Pacific War Research Society certainly do justice to it. They set the scene with a lengthy chapter detailing the events leading up to Japan's defeat—the Potsdam Declaration gave her the choice of surrender or "prompt and utter destruction."

The civilians in Premier Suzuki's Cabinet were inclined to accept the Allies' invitation to "follow the path of reason" but the Service representatives, particularly the War Minister, General Anami, were not so easily convinced.

The Cabinet, unable to agree on whether or not to surrender, took the almost unprecedented step of inviting the Emperor to make the decision. He favoured the Potsdam terms, explained his reasons fully and ended: "I desire the Cabinet to prepare as soon as possible an Imperial Rescript announcing the termination of the war."

General Anami heard this from the Emperor's own lips and had no choice but to obey yet still he tried to allow the Imperial Army to end its life with some semblance of honour. He later committed suicide to atone for his "supreme crime," the defeat of the army entrusted to his care. Despite this the fanatics still brought their country to the brink of civil war.

The Pacific War Research Society spent eight years compiling this document. Unlike many histories this one has the great merit of understanding and of being able to communicate many facets of Japanese life and death which the West regards differently.

Souvenir Press, 37s 6d **JCW**

LIMITLESS OBJECTIVES

"Revolutionary Warfare and Communist Strategy" (Geoffrey Fairbairn)

"If people start believing that non-communist Asia will be lost eventually to communist Asia, then everybody will make this adjustment accordingly."

Not the words of an American State Department man trying to justify his country's role in South Vietnam, but those of one of Asia's most prominent left wing leaders, Prime Minister Lee Kuan Yew of Singapore. In his view a communist victory in Vietnam would "telescope the time left to the rest of us."

This, briefly, is the theme of Mr Fairbairn's comprehensive analysis of the progress of the communist advance in south-east Asia.

Mr Fairbairn, lecturer in history at the Australian National University, places the whole Red threat to the East against its historical and cultural background. Vietnam, of course, is the hub of south-east Asia's wheel of fortune. Mr Fairbairn points out, rightly, that there is every reason to believe Mr Richard Nixon's contention that "from Japan to India, Asian leaders know why we (the Americans) are in Vietnam and, privately if not publicly, they urge us to see it through to a satisfactory conclusion."

The plain truth is that unless the Americans have the staying power to gain their satisfactory conclusion, no non-communist Asian country can look forward to a free future. Asian leaders know this only too well. Tunku Abdul Rahman has said that once the communists take over South Vietnam it would be only a matter of time before Malaysia went under. The Filipino president has forecast that a Red victory in South Vietnam would signal the reactivation of communist insurgency all over south-east Asia. Japan feels the same. So do the leaders of Laos, Cambodia and Korea.

The objectives of communism are limitless, something which the free world seems determined to learn the hard way. Until it can learn to marshal its forces with the same totality as the communists the free world seems fated to a rough road.

Mr Fairbairn's extremely worthwhile book gives the general reader a firm grasp of the problems and makes a notable contribution to understanding of a situation which is fraught with danger.

Faber, 45s **JCW**

IN BRIEF

"Modern Pistol Shooting" (P C Freeman)

Like many others of the less popular sports, pistol shooting as set out by an expert has facets unsuspected by the uninitiated.

As a strengthening exercise, for example, pistol-shooters are recommended to hold a water-filled milk bottle or a smoothing iron at arm's length. The United States Army marksmanship training unit has a whole series of "dynamic tension physical exercises" which the author reproduces complete with sketches.

There is an ideal moment of fire, between six and ten seconds after taking aim, when breathing, trigger control, ability to hold and concentration are just right. Smoking before firing is detrimental because of its effect on breathing and pulse. Stop smoking altogether and use the money to buy more ammunition or better equipment, says the author.

This very comprehensive guide starts with joining a club and works up to international competitions. Major Freeman was British champion in 1954 and has shot for his country 11 times.

Faber, 30s

Bellona Handbooks

Part 1 of Bellona Handbook No 1, "A Summary of the Self-Propelled Weapons of the German Army 1939-45" (reviewed July), dealt with weapons on German-built fully tracked chassis. Part 2, in the same format of 11 × 5 inches and again compiled by P Chamberlain and H L Doyle, covers weapons on foreign-built fully tracked chassis.

Contributors, willingly or otherwise, were Czechoslovakia, France, Italy, Russia and the United Kingdom (in this case Matildas and Bren carriers left behind at Dunkirk).

Like Part 1, this handbook includes historical comment, brief details of the armoured vehicles, background information and a glossary of terms. There are more than 50 illustrations.

Bellona Publications, Badger's Mead, Hawthorn Hill, Bracknell, Berks, 8s (8s 6d by post in UK)

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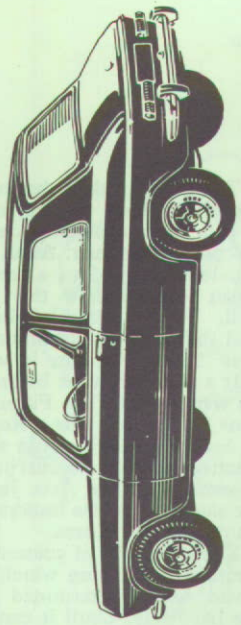

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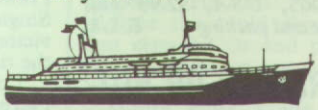

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COMPETITION 127

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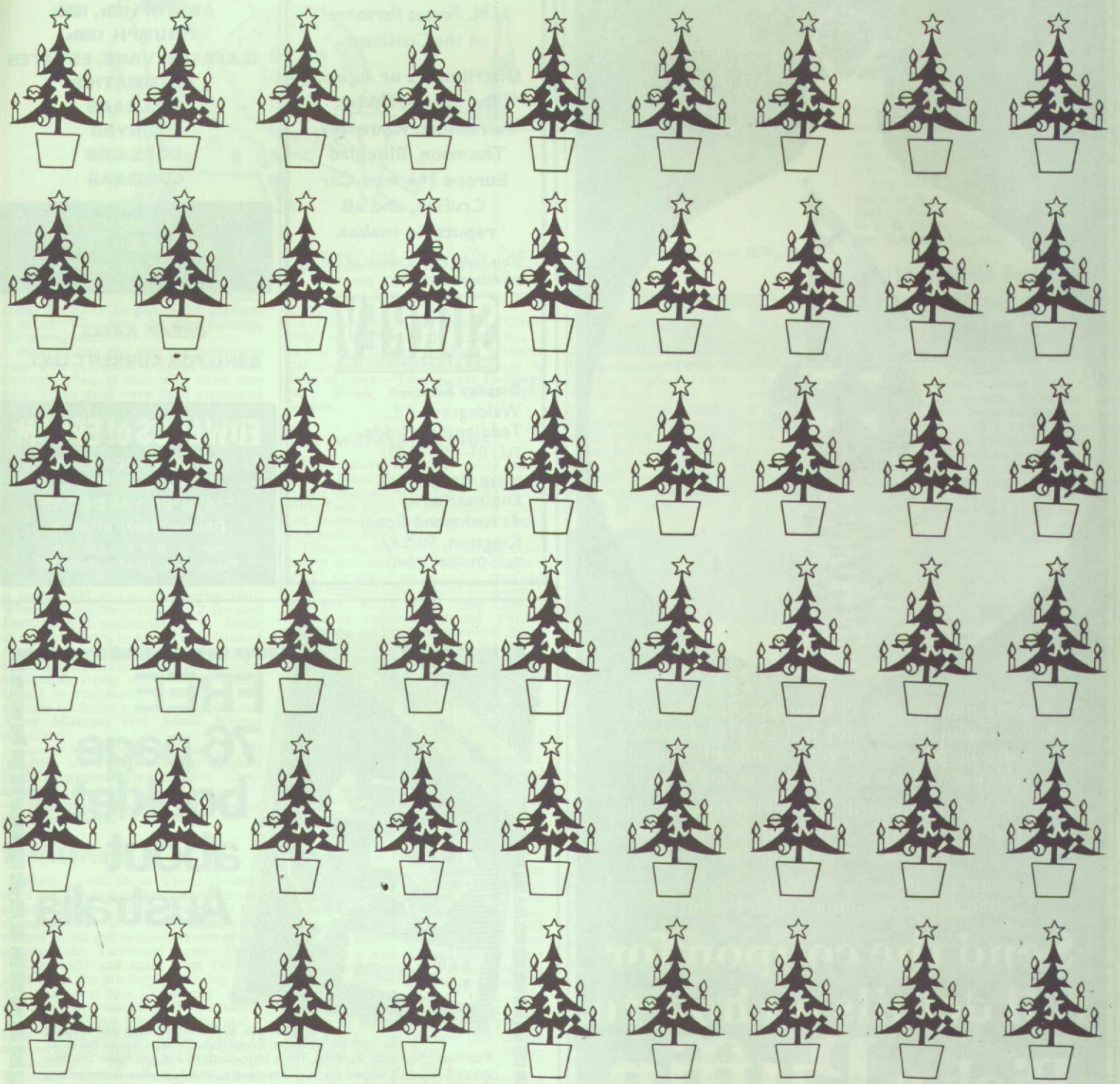

HERE'S a Christmas competition for everyone. And there's £20 in cash to be won plus 11 Airfix plastic kits and consolation prizes. If you win an Airfix prize you have a choice of kits within the series listed.

All you have to do is compare the Christmas trees on this page and decide how many different varieties there are. Send your answer—just one figure—on a postcard or by letter, with the "Competition 127" label from this page and your name and address, to:

The Editor (Comp 127)
SOLDIER
433 Holloway Road
London N7.

This competition is open to all readers at home and overseas and closing date is Monday, 17 February 1969. More than one entry can be submitted but each must be accompanied by a "Competition 127" label. Winners will be drawn from correct entries. Answer and winners' names will appear in the April 1969 SOLDIER.

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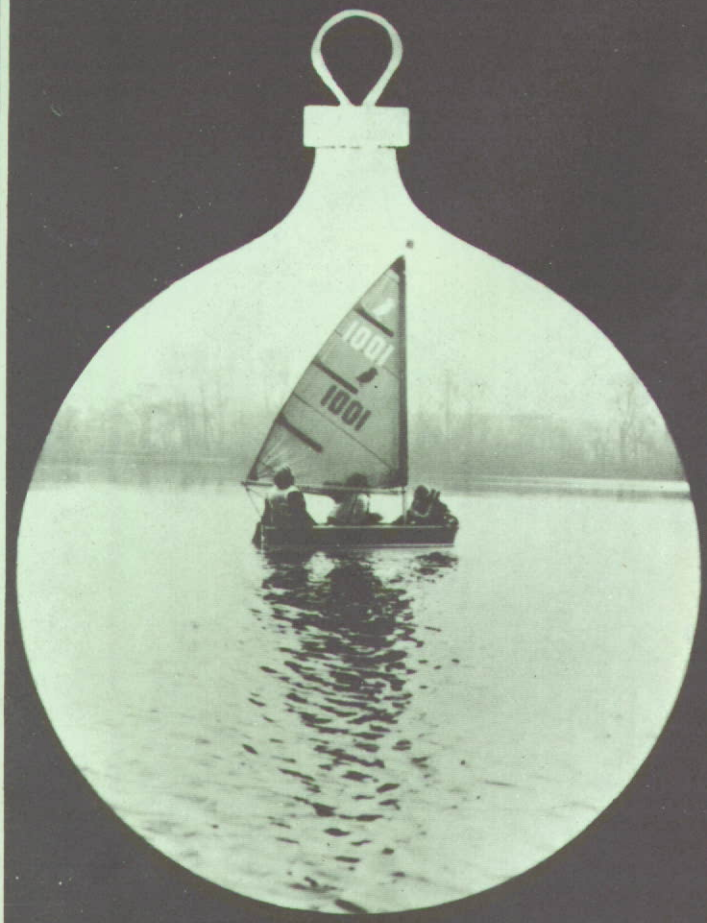

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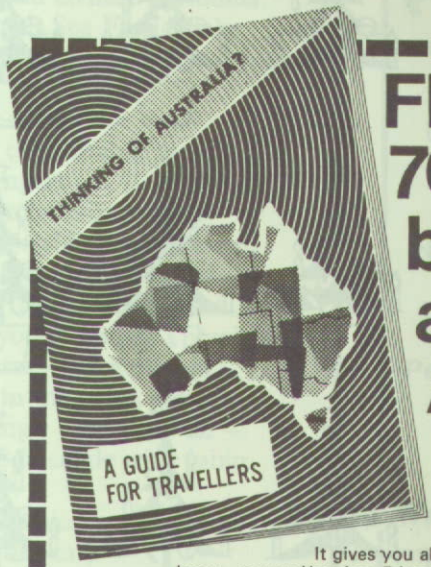

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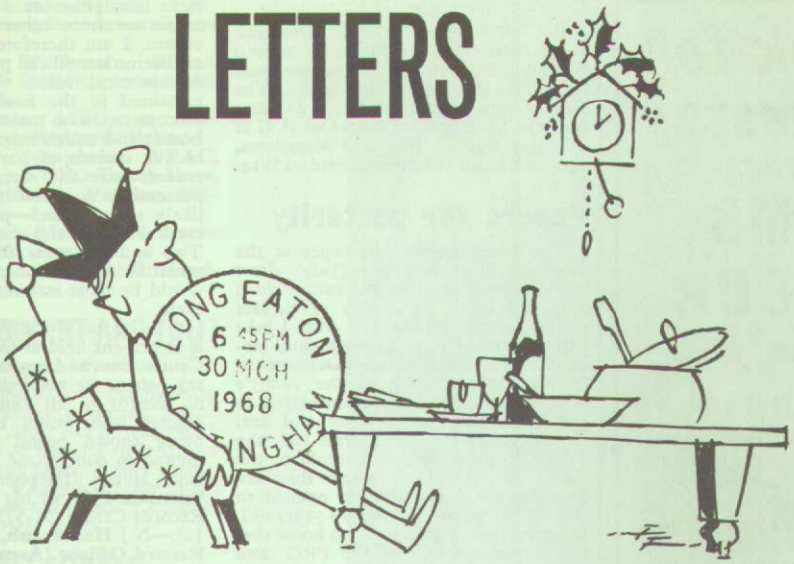
LETTERS



The wrong way

In the review (July Bookshelf) of Noel Barber's "Sinister Twilight" about the fall of Singapore the question is asked "Why were the guns pointing the wrong way?"

May I point out that the Singapore guns were anti-naval weapons and were correctly sited to deal with naval targets. These guns were fixed armament and the striking velocity of the shells in the field would have been very ineffective against infantry.

It is interesting to note that the same charge has not (to my knowledge) been levelled against the coast defence guns of Hong Kong which failed to save that garrison.—**W J Kemp, 8 High Street, Pirton, Hitchin, Herts.**

Rorke's Drift dinner

A Zulu War commemorative dinner is being held in the Banqueting Hall, Whitehall, on the evening of 2 January 1969, the 90th anniversary of the Battle of Rorke's Drift, in aid of the National Army Museum. In the reception room before the dinner there will be a display of British Army and Zulu trophies loaned by regiments concerned in the defence of Rorke's Drift, the National Army Museum and South African museums.

Tickets at £5 5s (single) and £9 10s (double) are available from: Rorke's Drift Commemorative Dinner Committee, 42 Berkeley Street, London W1. —**J Wilkinson-Latham, Member of the Committee.**

Territorials

When I read about The Leicestershire and Derbyshire Yeomanry's do-it-yourself camp I felt very angry at the shameful way the Government has treated an old and faithful servant of our country—the Territorial Army. From 1948 to 1951 and again from 1953 to 1954 I had the privilege of serving with The Leicestershire Yeomanry as a squadron permanent staff instructor. They were a fine bunch of lads and I have always classed those years as some of the happiest of my Army career.

Incidentally the name Derbyshire Yeomanry took my thoughts back to October 1943 when I was an escaped prisoner-of-war hiding in the Gran Sasso mountains a few miles from Pescara. Most of the British POW in this area were contacted by a small party of airborne troops and I am positive that the lieutenant in charge wore Derbyshire Yeomanry titles. Could any reader confirm this?—**J Bingham, 24 Cloisters Road, Luton, Beds.**

Having read "Terriers With Tails Up" I think it is high time the British Army had a "trade union" in much the same way as the modern German Army. I am not knocking Lieutenant-Colonel Baring and his men, only the system that makes this sort of thing considered "a good show."

The American Army may have "unions" soon and it is significant that the most disciplined military nation on earth has already got them. The British soldier is always expected to put up with the "not enough and too late" philosophy and it is about time things were changed.

I realise the Army cannot "down tools" in the face of the enemy but at least it should have the tools available and decent camps and conditions in times of peace.—**J Sims, 111 Hollingbury Road, Brighton BN1 7JN, Sussex.**

Jap walkie-talkies

As a keen modeller using radio control I am alarmed at the reference in the August SOLDIER ("Terriers With Tails Up") to The Leicestershire and Derbyshire Yeomanry using Japanese walkie-talkie sets.

These sets are built for the American market and use the 27MHz "Citizen's band" for which no licence is required in the States. In the United Kingdom—whatever shopkeepers may say—a licence is required by any civilian wishing to operate a transmitter. Since the band from 26.96 to 27.28MHz is reserved generally for industrial uses within screened buildings and for radio control of models, the GPO will not issue a licence to amateurs to use these walkie-talkie sets.

Unfortunately the illegal use of these sets continues and the interference they cause has led to loss of control of models. When a model aircraft is concerned this can mean a crash and the write-off of anything from £50 to £500 worth of equipment. If the model aircraft is flying at a competition there can be a danger to spectators—there have been two fatalities in Germany this year.

There is apparently no legal allocation of frequencies to military transmitters but the 40-60MHz band is not used because of television interference. According to an editorial in the May 1967 issue of *Radio Control Models and Electronics* it is known and admitted that military transmissions during Exercise Stardust caused models to crash at Lasham on 16 March 1967. The editorial pointed out strongly the dangers of military use of the 27MHz band and it is understood that in fact the radio control band is no longer allocated to military units.

I hope the foregoing emphasises the dangers of units using these Japanese walkie-talkie sets.—**Maj R B Downs RE, 523 Specialist Team RE (Construction), B Camp, Barton Stacey, Winchester, Hants.**

Anzio

Having recently seen the film "The Battle for Anzio" I protest at the scant treatment accorded to the British Army. From my personal knowledge of this battlefield and all that went on there I consider this film in no way reflects the part played by 1st, 5th and 56th British divisions, to say nothing of many minor formations.

Perhaps a visit by the producers to the British cemetery at Anzio before making the film would have been a good thing.—**H G Taylor (ex-141 Fd Amb RAMC, 5 British Division), 12 Grey Court, Newton Hill, Wakefield, Yorks.**

Army Fire Brigade

While sorting through some papers I came across this photograph of the British Army Fire Brigade attached to GHQ British Forces in Turkey at Constantinople 1921-23. A description on the back reads: "A most efficient unit which was transported to Scutari (across the Bosphorus) to combat a fire which lasted seven days."

Surely this must have been one of the first, if not the first, motorised fire brigades in the Army?—**Maj L Ridgway (Retd, late RASC), 657 Foxhall Road, Ipswich.**

★ *Even going back some 45 years this unit cannot claim to be the first of its kind. There was an Army mobile fire brigade at Aldershot in 1912 and almost certainly a motorised unit serving overseas in World War One.*

At Major Ridgway's request SOLDIER has sent the original photograph to the Royal Corps of Transport Museum and a copy to the Army Fire Service.

One pace forward!

The regimental reunions noted in SOLDIER prompt me to ask whether any of that hard-worked gang of the registry and microgram service serving under me at GHQ Middle East, 1940-43, are readers of SOLDIER. Should there be I would be glad to have a line with a view to meeting one day—over a quarter of a century is a long time and the prospects of yet another are remote for some of us!—**Maj L Ridgway (Retd), 657 Foxhall Road, Ipswich, Suffolk**

VC padre

It may interest readers who have taken advantage of the opportunity of buying the wonderful prints of David Shepherd's "Oosterbeek Crossroads" and Terence Cuneo's "D-Day" that the Royal Army Chaplains Department has prints available for purchase of Terence Cuneo's painting of the presentation of the Victoria Cross to the Reverend T Bayley-Hardy, Chaplain to the Forces, by King George V at Dunkirk in 1918.

In a short 11 months this gallant chaplain earned his Victoria Cross, Distinguished Service Order and Military Cross and the citation for the supreme military award refers to his gallantry over a sustained period and not for a single action.

Any collector interested is invited to write to the RAChD Centre, Bagshot Park, Bagshot, Surrey.—**Lieut-Col G C E Crew, Secretary and Curator, RAChD Centre.**

Scots Guards Fusiliers

I hope the following extracts from "British Battles on Land and Sea" (In the Crimea 1854 & 1894—Sir Evelyn Wood) will be of interest to Mr B A Everett who sought enlightenment (letters September) on the Scots Guards Fusiliers incident at the Alma.

"When the centre battalion, the Scots Fusiliers, came to a stone wall in the vineyards, they were ordered to 'break ranks' and 'get over the wall as best they could' and in a very irregular formation they crossed the river, endeavouring to form up on the southern bank . . . . . the Generals and Staff were as eager as the men and before the line was properly formed, an officer shouted out 'Forward Fusiliers, what are you waiting for?'"

It is interesting to note that two distinguished generals who were present as company officers, while agreeing substantially in all other respects, differ as to the formation as it crossed the vineyards. One who was with the right centre company says, the order was "Advance in double column of companies from the centre." The other, who was with the left centre company, says the advance was in line and the only order heard was "Get over as best you can." Both agree the battalion was not given time to re-form after it reached the southern bank.

"The original bugle call was 'Cease fire' in obedience to orders from a mounted officer and shortly after, the same bugler sounded 'Retire' apparently without orders!"

Some confusion and disorder followed but Lieutenant R J Lindsay (afterwards Lord Wantage VC) of the Scots Fusilier Guards, who carried the Queen's Colour, stood his ground as the tide of men passed the little group around him. It was fiercely attacked by the Russians until Lieutenant Lindsay

GURKHA AMALGAMATION

Caught up in recent reductions of British infantry, the 1st and 2nd Battalions of 10th Princess Mary's Own Gurkha Rifles amalgamated on the island of Penang, Western Malaysia.

Raised officially in Burma in 1890, the Tenth Gurkhas is much older than this, being the direct descendant of the 10th Madras Infantry, raised in 1766. The additional title of "Princess Mary's Own" was bestowed on the regiment in 1949 by King George VI. The regiment also became affiliated to The Royal Scots and adopted the Hunting Stewart tartan as its own. In World War One the regiment won battle honours for the part it played at Gallipoli and in the Egyptian and Mesopotamian campaigns.

In World War Two, after fighting in the Middle East, the 2nd Battalion went to Italy and fought as part of 43rd Gurkha Lorried Brigade in the bitter campaign up the Italian Peninsula. The 1st Battalion, in recognition of its part in the critical battle of Tuitum Ridge in Burma, was awarded the unique battle honour of being allowed to fly the 17th Divisional black cat banner alongside its own regimental flag. And in 1945 came a signal honour when 1st Battalion was selected to receive the formal surrender of the Japanese 28th Army.

Now, with the curtain already down on another chapter in the life story of the regiment, the traditions, spirit and strength of the 1st and 2nd Battalions have naturally fused together in one battalion.

continued from page 37

and a fellow officer stood back-to-back using their revolvers. But help arrived quickly although not before the pole had been smashed in his hands. The Colour was found to have 23 shot holes in the fabric.—**Lieut-Col H G E Woods (Ret), 2 Playfair Mansions, Queens Club Gardens, London W14.**

Papers for posterity

The letter from the Keeper at the Imperial War Museum (July) drew attention to the historical value which may attach to collections of private papers on Service matters. May I take this opportunity as departmental record officer for the Army Department of mentioning those of the Army's official papers which are considered to be of historical importance and are, therefore, under the terms of the Public Records Act, transferred to the Public Record Office where they are permanently preserved and opened to the public when they are 30 years old. Readers may be interested to know that the Army's papers in the PRO date from the 16th century and that all those created in 1937 or earlier are now open to the public.

The particular value of the Public Record Office as a place of deposit for Army records is that the documents of all Government departments are preserved there and this enables an important event or phase in the Army's development to be studied in relation to Government policy as a whole. Not all official records would commend themselves as interesting exhibits in a museum but they nevertheless assume importance and interest when studied in the light of contemporary events.

At present we are engaged on the collection and arrangement of the vast amount of material of World War Two. Some of this makes fascinating reading and those who served at that time may be particularly interested in the war diaries which every unit had to maintain while on active service. There will be nearly 20,000 boxes of these.

Whilst every effort is made to preserve official documents likely to be of historical value some inevitably have been lost, either as a result of enemy action or from other more mundane causes. I am therefore always grateful to receive any official papers likely to be of historical value which may have remained in the hands of individual officers or been tucked away in cupboards and which may help to fill gaps in our records of past events. If any readers have any such papers in their possession or know where they are likely to be found—particularly those created before and during World War Two and any early Army papers of a scientific or technical character—I would be most interested to hear from them.

A lot of the World War Two material is at present held at the Army Records Centre, Bourne Avenue, Hayes, Middlesex, where we maintain some 40 miles of records of all kinds. Any serving officers who would be interested in being shown round the Centre are invited to contact me at Northumberland House (telephone 01-930-9400, extension 1824, or Mr Bishop at Army Records Centre (01-573 3831, extension 16).—**N J Hanscomb, Departmental Record Officer (Army), Ministry of Defence, Northumberland House, Northumberland Avenue, London WC2.**

Correction

In the "Your Regiment" (October) it was incorrectly stated that the Maid of Warsaw emblem was awarded to 3rd The King's Own Hussars for supporting Polish troops in Italy in World War Two. The award was in fact made to the 7th Hussars.

The cost in lives

It goes on and on—in almost every publication. Arguments over how many men died, how they died, and what gain was met (made) by their death. Do people *have* to argue over the difference between 55 or 56 deaths, or how many yards were gained by 1000 deaths?—**WO II G Cooke, 50 Cmd Wksp REME (Sek Kong Det), Hong Kong, BFPO 1.**

KNOT OR NOT ?

SOLDIER's Competition 123 (August) of knotted or not knotted string could be worked out quite easily by eye or with a loop of string—or could it? Surprisingly a quarter of the entries were wrong.

Of the eight pieces of string, C, D, E, F and G were knotted.

Prizewinners were:

1 G W Andrews, 1 Morley Road, Sutton, Surrey.
2 I C Ll Phillips, 1 Manor Farm Road, Ford, Salisbury, Wilts.
3 Miss P Smith, 3 Douro Road, Howe Barracks, Canterbury, Kent.
4 S J O'Flaherty, Burnt House, Benenden, Kent.
5 RQMS J Edwards, 49 Field Regiment RA, Larkhill, Wilts.

It happened in DECEMBER

Date		Year
1	British Second Army entered Germany	1918
5	Prohibition in USA repealed	1933
10	Royal Academy, London, founded	1768
10	Cuba became independent state	1898
10	Declaration of human rights	1948
14	Women first voted in British General Election	1918
16	Boston Tea Party	1773
17	Wright brothers flew at Kitty Hawk	1903
26	Radium discovered by Pierre and Marie Curie	1898
26	Scharnhorst sunk off North Cape	1943
31	Big Ben chimes first broadcast	1923

6 Sgt J Musson, QRIH, RAC Centre Regiment, Bovington Camp, Dorset.

7 L/Cpl K W Austin, BE141, B Wing, SEE REME, Arborfield, Reading, Berks.

8 Sgt Turner, ACIO, 40 Ashburnham Road, Bedford, Beds.

9 WO II A Humphries, WRAC, Garrison HQ, c/o GPO Tanah Rata, Cameron Highlands, Pahang, Malaysia.

10 Keith Haig, Mournipea, Auchtermuchty, Fife, Scotland.

11 M Sharp, Hyes, Mill Road, Ringmer, Sussex.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(see page 17)

The two pictures differ in the following respects: 1 Fourth line across sun. 2 Hair of rear child. 3 Short end of rear child's scarf. 4 Length of soldier's right trouser leg. 5 Chimney of house. 6 Bird's wing. 7 Door of house. 8 Length of taller child's hat. 9 Pattern on taller child's stocking. 10 Twig in top right corner.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

Donald A Tresham, PO Box 36, Chicoutimi, Quebec, Canada.—*Requires medals, badges, books etc pertaining to The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders (Princess Louise's) (91st and 93rd) and The Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadians) (100th and 109th). Will purchase or exchange. All letters answered.*

J Hodgson, 262 New Hall Lane, Preston PR1 4ST.—*Collects anything pertaining to The Border Regiment especially 1914-18 groups, stars or medals and autographed letters in exchange for other regimental insignia. Would welcome hearing from ex-Border men. All letters answered.*

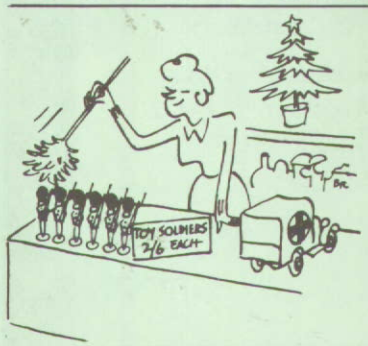
R Watson, 5 Elterwater Avenue, Workington, Cumberland.—*Wishes purchase or exchange cap badges of 15/19 Hussars, Queens R Irish Hussars, Worcestershire Regt, Dorset Regt, S Wales Borderers. All correspondence answered.*

Trooper M R Salter, Inglefield, Leigh Road, Holt, Trowbridge, Wilts.—*Requires T & AVR cap badges or stable belts.*

The Secretary, The Light Infantry Office, 14 Mount Street, Taunton, Somerset.—*Has limited stock of officers silver plated and bronze collar badges and silver anodised aluminium buttons of SCLI for sale to collectors. This regiment was formed on 6 October 1959 and disbanded 10 July 1968 and relatively few of these items will ever be available to the collector. Prices—Silver plated collar badges (pairs) £1 12s 6d; bronze collar badges (pairs) £4 10s; silver anodised buttons 2s each etc.*

A Fern, 182 Uxbridge Road, Hampton Hill, Hampton, Middlesex.—*Wants to purchase 10th London (Paddington Rifles) and 4th County of London Yeomanry (Sharpshooters) cap badges.*

Cyril Edmond-Blanc, 2 Rue Bourdelle, 91 Chilly-Mazarin, France.—*Requires French metal badges worn in Syria, Lebanon and North Africa during World War Two, also Free French metal badges made in England. Offers French enamelled badges and world-wide commando, parachutist and air force wings.*



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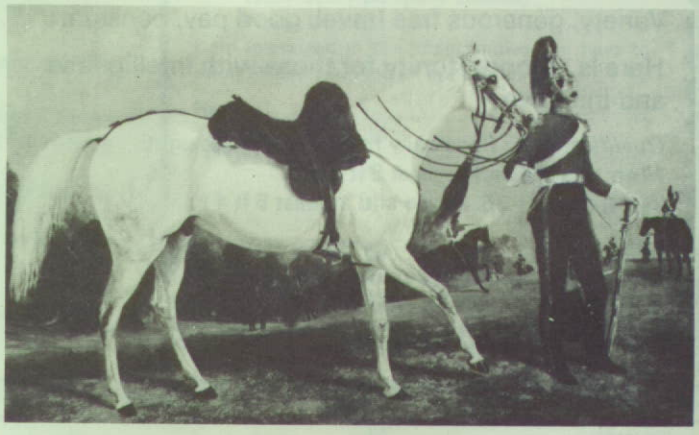

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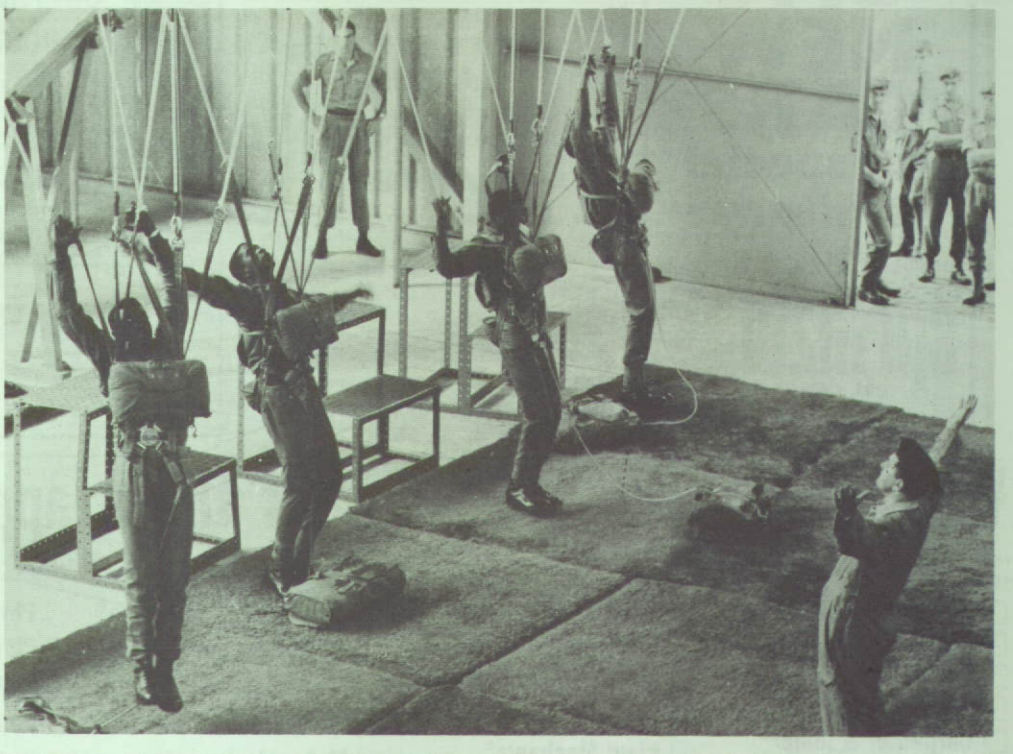
Left: Tribal markings of Ghanaian in Britain. Below: Ghanaians watching demonstration on Salisbury Plain and below that parachute training.

Britain said "Welcome!" to 300 Ghanaian soldiers—and to 1st Battalion, The Welch Regiment, Ghana said

Akwaa-ba!

It was the first exchange under an agreement between the governments of the two countries providing for annual training exchanges. So while the Welshmen trained with Ghanaians in hot scrubland and jungle, Ghanaians trained with British troops—1st Battalion, The South Wales Borderers, and 3rd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment—in the dampness of autumnal England. Both nationalities got a lot out of the exchange, as these pictures show. . .

Akwaa-ba is Ghanaian for welcome.



Below: Welshman buys bow and arrows at Tamale and medic Cpl John Foord in action up-country.

A SAPPER LOOSE ABOOT THE HOOSE

The Regiment will go to Scotland.

Two hundred and fifty years ago this order would have meant probably further hardship for long-suffering redcoats and death for many a kilted Highland rebel. The British Army often behaved badly in the glens and even today you will find Scots who, at the drop of a tam o' shanter (or a whisky and chaser), will mutter "Glencoe" or "Culloden" at a sassenach who gets too big for his boots.

The Regiment will go to Scotland.

This year the order—given to 38 Engineer Regiment, Royal Engineers, at Ripon in Yorkshire—meant hard training for sappers and improved conditions for the men and women who live the tough life of the North of Scotland.

The Highlands are the Wild West of the British Isles. Distances are great, communities scattered and not over-endowed with the modern facilities that their cousins in the south take for granted.

This year the Army, busily searching for new roles now there are no more wars, mounted an ambitious OPMACC (Operation Military Aid to the Civil Community) programme in Scotland.

When Lieutenant-General Sir Derek Lang, General Officer Commanding Scotland, opened a ski road built by another Regiment—33 Squadron of 37 Engineer Regiment—at Aviemore in the Cairngorms, Sir James Mackay of the Highlands and Islands Development Board was quoted as saying that the sappers were "transforming Scotland's way of life."

Not only the sappers. The Royal Highland Fusiliers stationed at Fort George in Inverness-shire have been showing that infantry is effective at OPMACC work, too. An officer of the Regiment has said that civil community work has done more than some purely military training to develop initiative and junior leadership.

Recently an all-party group of Members of Parliament made a two-day helicopter tour of some of the OPMACC projects in Scotland. This was followed by a similar trip for Defence correspondents. Reported the *Sunday Telegraph's* man: "Scotland's Lieutenant-General Sir Derek Lang is almost certainly the only serving general to have sent a circular to his commanders praising a saying of Chairman Mao.

" 'The Army must become one with the people so they can see it as their own Army,' says the quotation."

And the *Observer's* man reported: "As for the civil community, its appreciation (of the Army's work) was obvious in talks I had with crofters, islanders, tourists and local officials. . . "

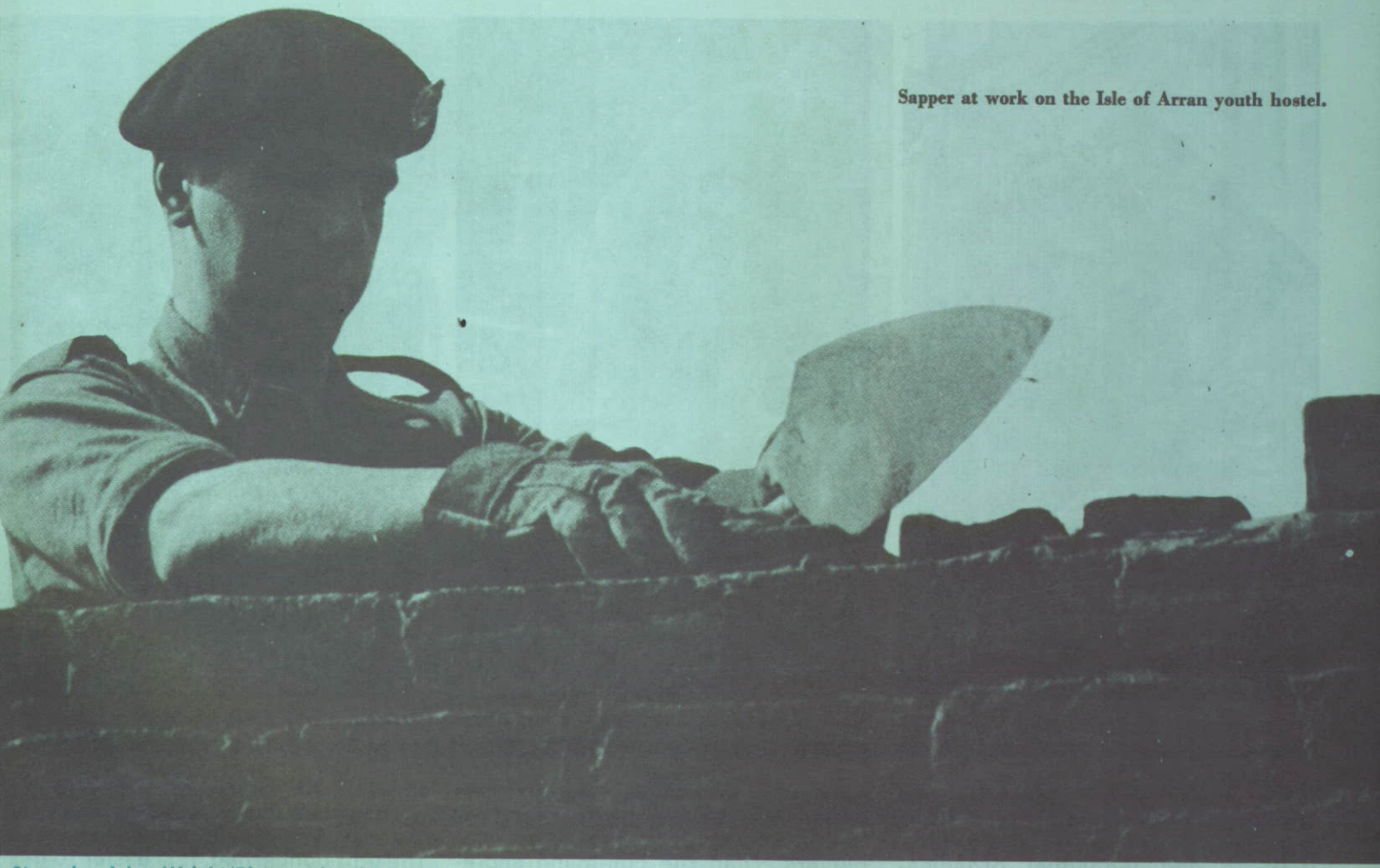
Yes, this year the Army has certainly been drawing attention to itself—and in the best possible way—in Scotland.

Now back to 38 Engineer Regiment, which moved to Scotland as a Regiment and conducted operations from that well-known if not beloved weekend training camp at Garelochhead not many miles north of Glasgow.

Led by Lieutenant-Colonel J H Foster, the Regiment operated in three field squadron areas and the aim was to give each field squadron a range of tasks—to give each one an island job, a demolition and an earth-moving operation.

One squadron was in the far north of the country, one in the middle and a third in the Lowlands.

Strontian, Argyllshire, headquarters of 73 Field Squadron, veterans of the Dhala' Road and on the point of returning to that part of the world—to the Gulf. Strontian is on a Government-owned estate, once prosperous and thickly populated due to surrounding lead-mines, famed



Sapper at work on the Isle of Arran youth hostel.

Story by John Wright/Pictures by Arthur Blundell

for the discovery here of the atom bomb element Strontium 90, but now underpopulated. A village shop and a couple of hotels are its only attraction and most tourists just drive straight through.

But ambitious plans are afoot to build up the village, attract more people to it—and this is where 73 Field Squadron came in. There is to be a new shop and tea-room, a new telephone exchange, a house for a policeman, an old people's home and a new village school. The sappers built a road into the area of this planned development, built a car park on the foreshore and levelled and regraded the field where the annual show is held.

They also got rid of such unsightly things as old cars and old trees, tidied up ditches and painted the village hall. When Mr William Ross, Secretary of State for Scotland, visited what the newspapers up there call "the Government estate of the future," he said the sappers' work was efficient, speedy and of excellent quality.

Coll. This west coast island had an airstrip but it was constantly swept by sand and a couple of years ago an air ambulance crashed on it. The Squadron's 1 Troop widened the grass strip to 250 feet and lengthened it to 2300 feet. The sappers rolled it for the first time and drained the area. They erected a windsock, repainted the perimeter fence and constructed strip markers.

They had a good time, too. Coll was about the sunniest place in the country this year and while 1 Troop was there the island had its first wedding for 20 years—and the members of the troop were invited. And after work they were invited down to the island's hotel for a bath—on the house.

Vehicles were a problem. The troop managed to get a light tractor and a Land-Rover and trailer on to the island and was helped out by the local laird who provided a concrete mixer.

And when they left the lonely island the men had the satisfaction of knowing they had strengthened its people's lifeline with the mainland.

The hamlet of Blaich is just a few miles up the road from Strontian. Here 2 Troop of 73 Squadron worked on providing the houses with a proper water supply. The Royal Air Force heli-lifted equipment on to a hillside overlooking the hamlet—and the beauty of Loch Linnhe, which flows past Fort William on the other side—and the sappers dammed a stream, built a filter tank and beyond it a storage tank, then laid plastic pipe to the houses.

Also while it was in this lovely part of Scotland, the field squadron demolished a fire-damaged hotel, built a footbridge over a stream in Glencoe—and helped to rescue a man lost on Ben Nevis.

Two of the sappers, keen climbers, joined a mountain rescue team when it turned out to hunt for the man and they were in the party that found him and carried him down to safety.

Also doing airstrip work was 48 Field Squadron—toiling to improve the facilities on the outer islands of Colonsay and Oronsay. The squadron also constructed a track at Applecross on the mainland opposite Skye to link up to one being built by the county council.

It is a remote spot several hundred miles from Ripon and the Regiment loves to tell how its plant crews packed their rations and drove their heavy machines up there independently.

The field squadron also built a shinty pitch at Invergarry for the local residents' association.

Many miles to the south on the Isle of Arran, favourite spot for Glasgow trippers, 32 Field Squadron had the unusual task of building a youth hostel for the National Trust for Scotland—a complete brick-built building—in the grounds of Brodick Castle.

It will house parties of young people attending adventure training courses on the island. The sappers also helped to improve the castle grounds.

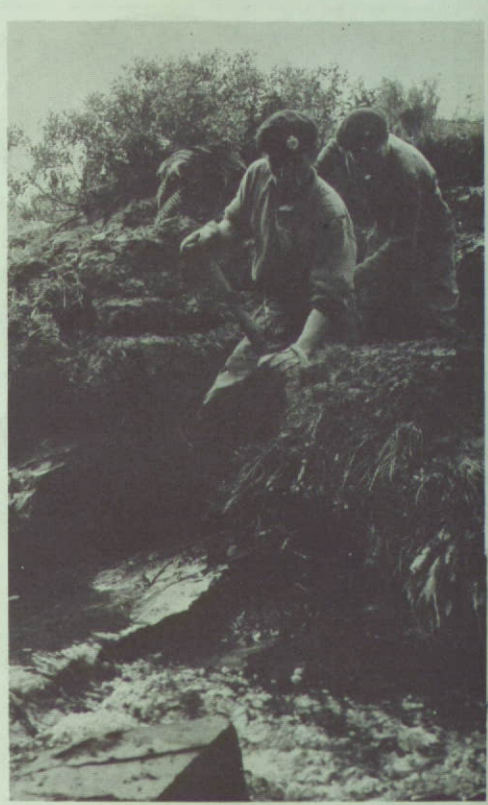
On the mainland the field squadron worked on regulating the flow of water in Loch Winnoch, on the road from Arran to Glasgow, which is going to be used for wild life breeding; building a small suspension bridge over a stream between two farms; and demolishing a road bridge. The squadron even moved into Glasgow to build temporary accommodation for a youth project sponsored by singer Frankie Vaughan at Easterhouse.

And 15 Field Support Squadron, which earlier this year completed an airstrip on the island of Unst in the Shetlands (SOLDIER, October 1968), was at Stirling battling with the formidable problems of supporting the Regiment's widely-scattered field squadrons.

The example of 38 Engineer Regiment is just one, albeit a large one, of the Army's OPMACC operations in Scotland this year—or, as one newspaper saying in a headline: "How the Army wins the peace."

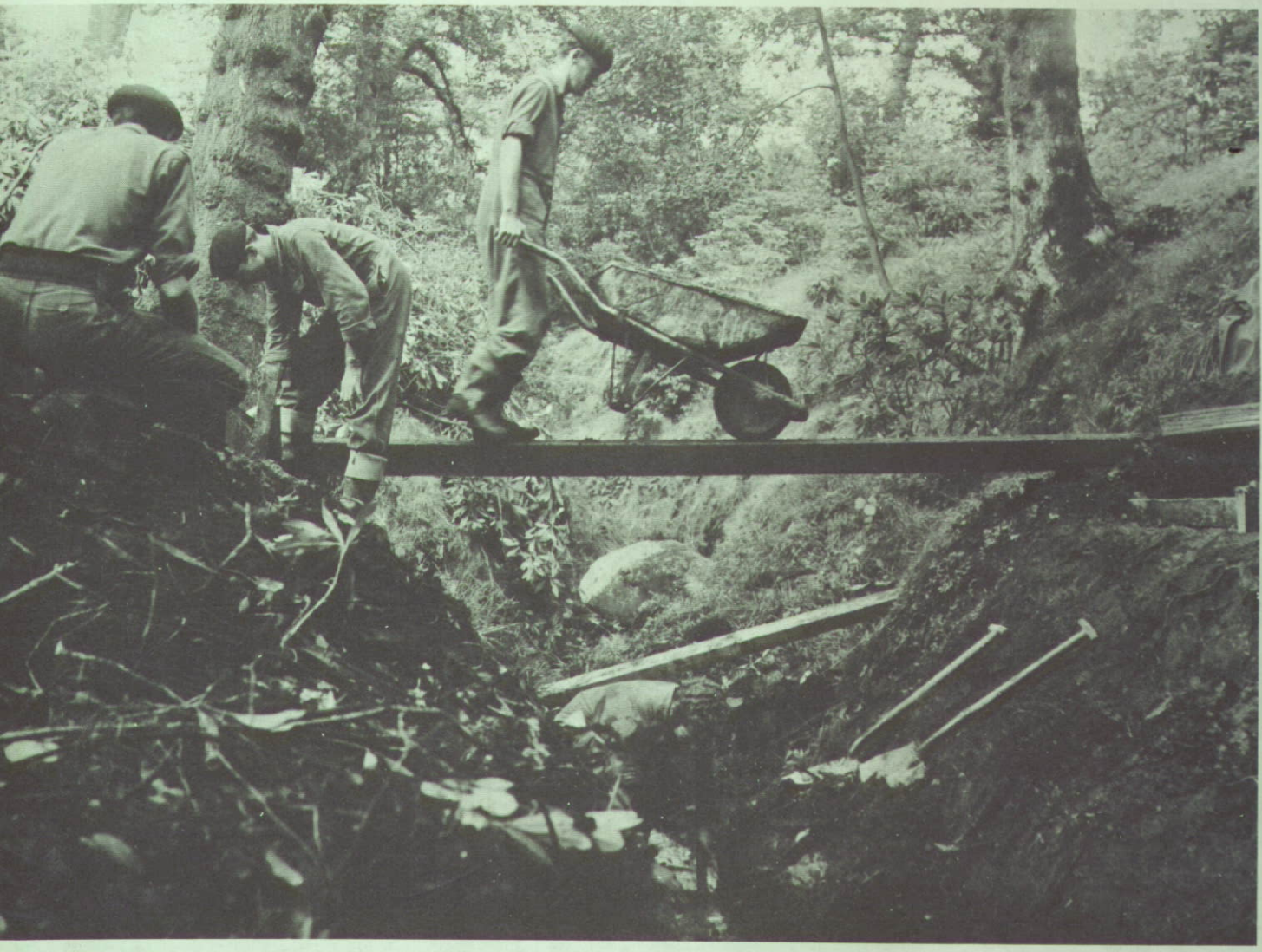
Sapper smartens up the Strontian village hall.

Work on the new road in this Argyllshire village.



Damming the stream for the Blaich water supply.

The Army can do OPMACC jobs for anyone—providing precautions are taken in the interests of safety, workers and individual organisations. A request goes first to the relevant command headquarters which has to clear the proposed task with trade unions and employers. Then the command secretary agrees with the applicant the amount of money to be paid to Treasury funds for the work the Army will do. And finally the job reaches the unit concerned. It is easier to get clearance in Scotland because of the



Top: Constructing a footbridge in the grounds of Brodick Castle and (above) working on the hostel.

Preparing to build another footbridge in the lush grounds of the Arran castle.

country's shortage of labour and the difficulty of some of the proposed tasks. The jobs must have some training value. In the case of the Royal Engineers the best tasks are those that practise non-commissioned officers in leadership and tradesmen in their various skills and which tax the administrative ability of a regiment.

BACK COVER

SOLDIER cameraman ARTHUR BLUNDELL climbed 60 feet up a tree to take this picture of sappers at work on the youth hostel at Brodick Castle on the Isle of Arran. The building was sited so as to be hidden from view by the wall round the grounds—this was to blend with the castle grounds and prevent damage by hooligans from Glasgow.

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