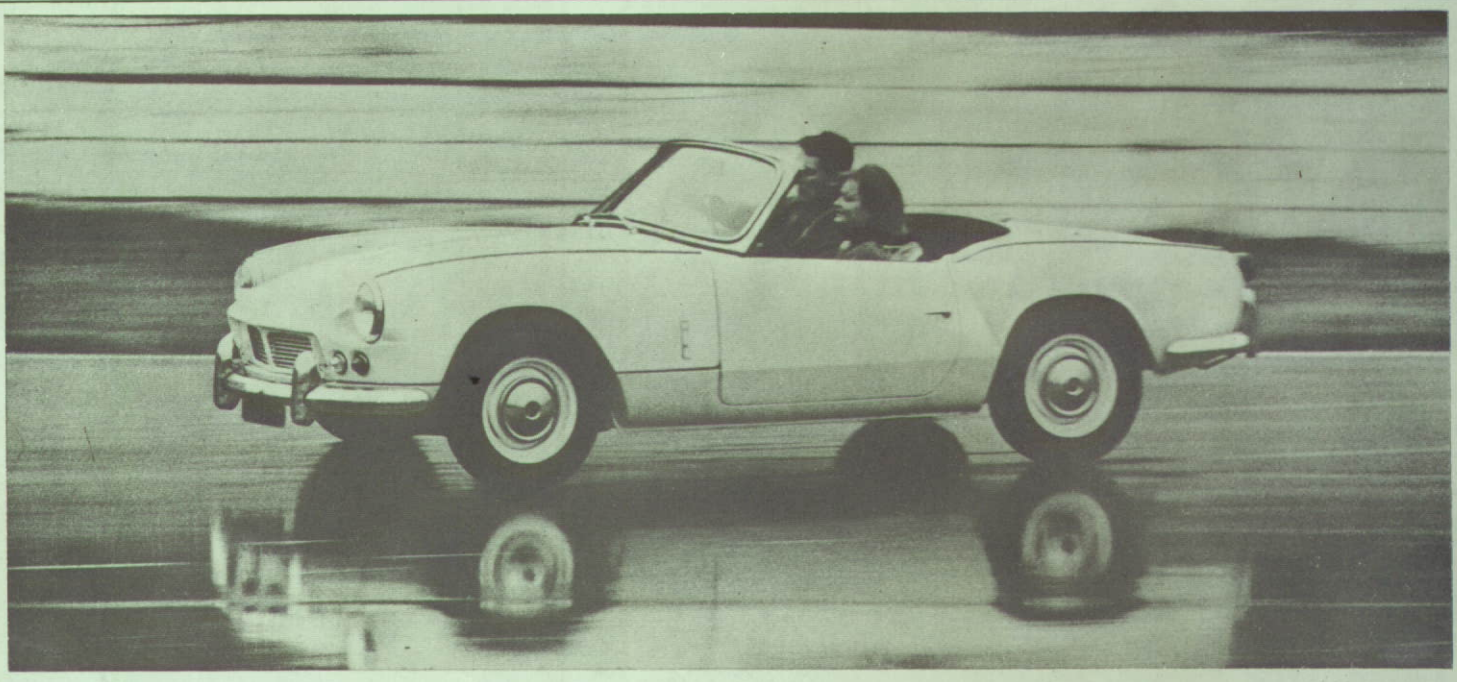
JUNE 1964 ★ One Shilling

SOLDIER



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It is faster The Spitfire out-performs every other sports car in its class. Its twin-carb 1147 cc engine gives you a potent 63 bhp. It will sprint from 0-50 in 11 seconds and go on sprinting to a top speed of over 90 mph.

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STANDARD TRIUMPH

A member of the Leyland Motor Corporation

William Rushton talks about

PUBS AND PUBS

Pub-crawling isn't what it was. You used to be able to weave haphazardly from pub to pub and find your own brand of content in each. But nowadays, since the Revolution, Emancipation and all that madrigals, the thing is to find the one of your taste and stay there.

This isn't really a complaint. Chacun à son boozer is the cry, but I do find considerably more pubs which have now become Cocktail Lounges, or waiter-service-only glasshouses and which don't appeal to me personally. But on the other hand I have never wanted to sport a beard, a flowered cummerbund or plus-fours, but many do, and the best of luck to you, bearded, plus-foured men and women, entwined in flowered cummerbunds.

The joy of the Pub is that when your search is ended, there still lurks somewhere, the Inn of an untold number of Happinesses - - - good beer, dart-board, good, solid food and a pin-ball machine (one must have exercise). And, above all - good people. In the end, people make pubs. The regulars - those who bring smiles to the laughing eyes of that loveliest of creatures - the barmaid - with cries of 'the usual, Myrtle', and watch with rolling eyes as she bends, cleavage bursting, to the noble task of drawing the foaming brew.

When you have found your Pub, you have, said he, waxing poetic, found peace. A haven of rest. A place in which to sit and ponder on one or two of Man's more successful creations, while the rest of the World hastens hither and thither getting nowhere at pace, with only fresh neuroses to show for it at the end of another grey day.

Go and seek your Pub, it's out there somewhere.

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SOLDIER

JUNE 1964 Volume 20, No. 6

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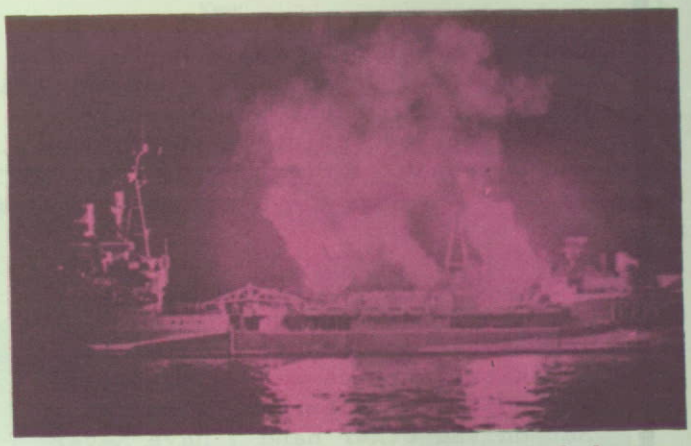

Day and night the Royal Navy relentlessly pounds the enemy defences—see the story of D-Day on pages 5–12.

Next month's SOLDIER will include an exclusive picture report from Muscat and Oman, the Middle East sultanate which rarely opens its frontiers to visitors, and a feature on the Army's new £8,000,000 town in Aden Colony. Featured in the "Your Regiment" series will be The Cheshire Regiment.

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D-DAY

A bugler sounds the "General Salute" and assault Royal Engineers dress ship as the first tank landing craft leave the home port.

D-DAY

Death, enslavement, domination by force, resistance crushed by cold-blooded reprisals, thousands of innocent people butchered . . . three hundred million people had been under the cruel heel of the Nazi jackboot for three years.

The plague of bloodshed and tyranny had begun six years before, when Hitler's Panzer divisions marched triumphantly into Austria. Czechoslovakia was the second victim—and the Nazi Juggernaut rolled on over Poland, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, Luxemburg, France, Jugoslavia, Greece . . .

Outflanked and outgunned, the British Expeditionary Force fell back to Dunkirk where 338,000 men were snatched from death or captivity by Britain's "little ships." On 3 June, 1940, the last troops left the French beach. On 1 June, 1941, the last British troops were driven from Crete to complete Hitler's European conquests. On 6 June, 1944, the British Army came back.

The most devastating air and naval bombardment the world has ever known heralded the biggest invasion in history. Warships and aircraft pounded a 50-mile stretch of the Normandy coast until it seemed that nothing could stay alive. And, unchallenged from air or sea, the 5000 ships of this vast crusade headed relentlessly for the French shore to begin the liberation of a fettered Europe.

Before them lay Rommel's bristling Atlantic Wall, the thickly fortified, mine-infested, obstacle-ridden coastal defence system designed to blast any would-be invasion force back into the sea. Its strength had been impressively proved two years earlier in the costly Canadian raid on Dieppe.

But British ingenuity had created *Mulberry*, the prefabricated harbour that enabled the French ports to be by-passed, and *Pluto*, the petrol pipeline under the ocean. And for the assault there were the DD (Duplex-Drive) tanks to swim ashore with the Infantry, "bobbin" tanks which unrolled a steel mesh roadway, the flail tanks whose whirling chains cut through minefields, fascines with their bundles of staves to fill anti-tank ditches, "petards" with their enormous concrete-smashing bomb, the flame-throwing *Crocodile* tanks . . .

All that preparation and planning could do had been done, but in the final analysis it was left to a few thousand troops to break through the German defensive wall and gain that vital foothold.

It was a five-pronged attack along 50 miles of coastline in the Bay of the Seine by five assault divisions—two American, one Canadian and two British. In the centre, attacking "Gold" beach, was Britain's 50th Division, on its way back after being the last division to escape from Dunkirk. To the east, heading for "Juno" beach and with a score to settle for Dieppe, were men of 3rd Canadian Division, and beyond them, assaulting "Sword" beach, the British 3rd Division. To the west were the 1st United States Division, bound for bloody "Omaha," and further right the American 4th Division headed for "Utah."

But ahead, already guarding the flanks, were Britain's 6th Airborne Division and, in the Cherbourg peninsula, the American 82nd and 101st Airborne Divisions.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

THIS IS D-DAY. THEY ARE SOAKED, BREATHLESS, UNDER FIRE FROM MORTARS AND MACHINE-GUNS. BUT THEY ARE BACK AGAIN IN FRANCE.

Momentous DECISION

After all the complex planning the big decision to release the onslaught rested with one man, the Supreme Commander, General Dwight D Eisenhower. The provisional date was 5 June, which offered moonlight for the airborne forces and an early morning low tide (laying bare the obstacles) for the seaborne assault. If the weather was bad the two following days would be all right, but then it would be another fortnight before the tides would again be suitable, and by then the moon would have waned.

The worst June weather for 20 years caused a 24-hour postponement. A slight but temporary improvement was reported for 6 June, but the weather would still be far from ideal. Yet the Supreme Commander knew he could not keep his vast forces bottled up for long.

At an historic meeting on Sunday evening, 4 June, General Eisenhower took a poll of his commanders. General Montgomery favoured the attack, Air Chief-Marshals Tedder and Leigh-Mallory feared cloud cover would hamper the air forces, Admiral Ramsay said further delay would create refuelling problems that would rule out 7 June. General Eisenhower heard them, deliberated, then gave the momentous order.

Cloud hampered the air drops, tank crews and infantry were drowned in the heavy swell, but these losses were outweighed by the complete surprise achieved by attacking in weather the Germans firmly believed would rule out the operation. And because of the weather an extraordinary number of German generals were away from their posts, including Field-Marshal Rommel, commanding the defending armies, who had gone home to Germany for his wife's birthday—6 June.

General Eisenhower, Supreme Commander, passes on the Order of the Day—"Full victory—nothing less"—to US paratroops in England.

Above: An Allied landing craft, laden with troops and their equipment, approaches the Normandy coast during the early landings on 6 June, 1944.
Below: These were the dreaded beach obstacles. Germans working on them dash for cover or throw themselves down as the recce plane flies over.

Airborne Assault

The 6th Airborne Division's task was to land between the Orne River and the flooded valley of the Dives River five miles to the east, demolish five bridges over the Dives to stop flanking attack and to capture intact a bridge over the Orne and another over the nearby Caen Canal to link the British airborne and seaborne forces. All the territory between the rivers, including an important coastal battery, had to be taken and held against probable counter-attack by German armour.

The daring and unorthodox plan was for a glider force (for speed and immediate concentration) to crash-land alongside the Orne and canal bridges at 12.20am, and pathfinders to parachute in at the same time to mark the dropping zone for the main force, following 30 minutes later. The paratroops would then have until 3.30am to seize their objective and clear landing zones for a big glider force bringing anti-tank guns and transport.

The vital task of taking the Orne and canal bridges fell to three platoons of The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry led by Major John Howard, a 30-year-old Regular officer who had planned the attack and supervised the training for it. As he sat in the first of the six gliders he brooded on the hazards of an operation which began with an improvised crash landing in the dark. The glider hit the earth with a noise like thunder, then splintered and cracked as it careered across a field to stop exactly as planned—its nose through the barbed wire defences of the canal bridge.

As a pillbox machine-gun opened fire, one man threw a smoke bomb, another ran forward and dropped a Mills bomb into the pillbox and the platoon dashed across a bridge to the other strongpoint. The second and third gliders landed accurately behind the first and within minutes the bridge was taken. D-Day's first objective was achieved.

The three gliders directed at the Orne bridge were more widely scattered, but one was close enough to send the German defenders running for their lives. The commander of the second platoon on the scene found a reflective Lieutenant Fox in possession of the bridge. "How's it gone?" he

D-DAY

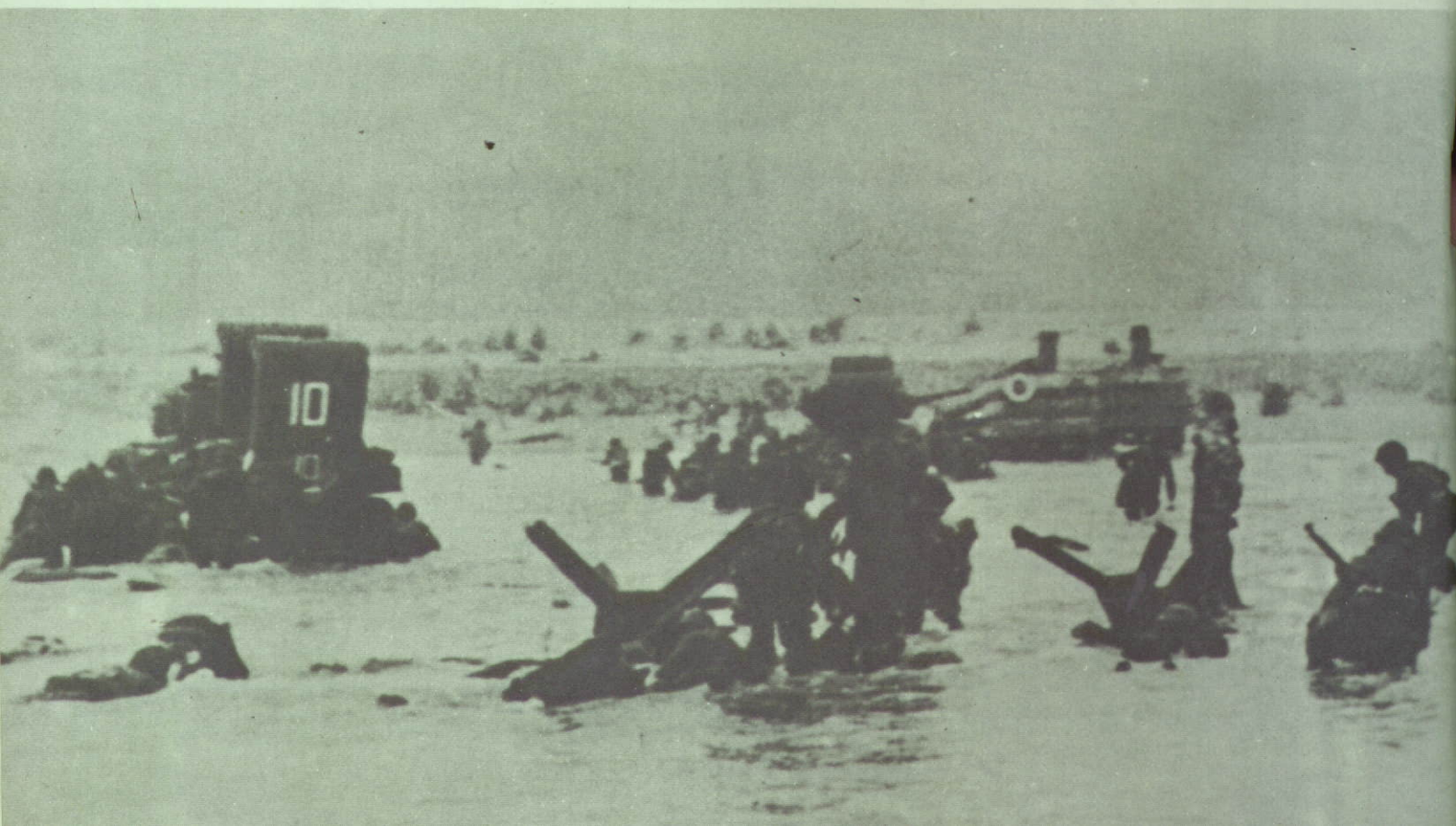
asked. "All right," said the young lieutenant, "but where the hell are the umpires?"

But life was not so simple for 9th Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, ordered to silence the heavily fortified Merville battery, dominating a British 3rd Division landing point. The tough 750-strong Battalion had rehearsed its attack on a specially requisitioned piece of Berkshire cordoned off and bulldozed into shape.

The plan to surmount the battery—ringed by two minefields, three thick barbed-wire barriers and guarded by ten machine-gun positions—included crash-landing 60 volunteers in three gliders inside the defences at the moment the attack began. But the parachute drop was so scattered that 600 men and all the equipment—flame-throwers, mortars, mine-detectors, scaling ladders—were missing. Worst of all there were no mortar flares to signal the gliders to land.

Lieutenant-Colonel Terence Otway, the 29-year-old commanding officer, watched them come over on time at 4.30am, skimming low over the battery searching for the signal he was powerless to give. He had only the *Verey* pistol he was to use to signal success. If that was not fired by 5.15am the Navy would begin to shell the battery.

Above: "Charlie's Aunt," a 6th Airborne Division glider, disgorges her load of troops with a *jeep* and trailer in Normandy. Below: Americans shelter behind obstacles from a heavy artillery and machine-gun barrage as the tanks plunge up the beach. Right: The tanks are ashore. More troops follow up, picking their way through the surf to avoid holes and the threat of underwater obstacles.



COVER PICTURE

Twenty years ago an armada of ships, supported by thousands of aircraft, put Allied soldiers back on the French beaches in the greatest invasion of all time. This was D-Day, 6 June, 1944.

This month, in a special feature and on its covers, SOLDIER pays tribute to the sailors, soldiers and airmen who avenged Dunkirk and Dieppe and spelled the beginning of the end for Hitler and his Nazi Europe.

For the first time since it was launched in March, 1945, the magazine devotes both its covers to one subject—this magnificent painting specially commissioned from the brilliant artist, Terence Cuneo.

In this exciting picture he captures all the noise and drama of D-Day—the tanks rumbling and clattering from landing craft, the silenced flails of a knocked-out *Crab* and the Infantrymen pouring from assault boats to fight their way up the beach under a hail of fire. This was D-Day, 6 June, 1944.

But gaps were cut in the barbed wire, a path made across the minefield, and the paratroops dashed into a hail of fire, dropping for cover, racing forward again. The leading companies went straight for the guns, survivors finishing up against the casements, pouring fire through the openings, while the men following up leapt into the trenches. After 20 minutes of bloody battle the Germans began to surrender. The yellow *Verey* signal was fired 15 minutes before the bombardment was due to begin.

The other British airborne units achieved all their objectives, the main glider drop was an amazing feat of precision, and the Division began to consolidate positions it was to hold with great tenacity for two months.

Across The Beaches

In the grey light of a misty dawn and in a choppy sea, British, American and Canadian assault troops transferred to their landing craft up to seven miles off shore. Men of 1st Battalion, The Hampshire Regiment, on the right of the British line on Gold beach, saw many of the DD tanks flounder and sink in the heavy swell, but were cheered by the powerful salvos of HMS *Ajax*. The assault craft came under mortar and artillery fire, though this was less deadly than the mined underwater obstacles which festooned the coastline.

The craft beached some 30 yards out and troops leapt into four feet of water and a concentration of small-arms fire. Casualties increased as the landing craft, their loads shed, were lifted off the sand by the waves and hurled forward over the wading soldiers. The bombardment had had little effect on the beach defences and there were no gaps in the minefield. The few tanks which had made the shore were either bogged down or blazing. It cost the Hampshires eight long hours and 200 casualties to capture their first objective, the seaside village of El Hamel, before they swung right to take other objectives along the fortified coastline.

To their left the 1st Dorsets were off the beaches in 40 minutes but had a stiff fight for their main objective, the high ground on "Point 54." Many Dorsets distinguished themselves before a concerted attack supported by tanks of C Squadron, The Sherwood Rangers, and guns of 9c Field Regiment won the day. The Battalion lost 14 officers and 114 men.

Further to the left the deafening salvos

The silence and secrecy surrounding the massing of the greatest fleet ever assembled ended with a roar as the biggest naval barrage in history pounded the German defences.

Just four years after the last of the volunteer rescue fleet had steamed home from Dunkirk the vast Allied armada, three-quarters of it British, began the return trip.

Again there was practically every kind of vessel —tugs, coasters, cross-Channel steamers, sloops— again they were packed with troops, but here the resemblance ended.

This was a concerted wave of maritime majesty sailing in disciplined order, ten lanes abreast, 20 miles wide, 2700 craft with 1500 assault craft aboard and hundreds more vessels still to play their part in the D-Day drama, the whole vast operation timed to seconds yet flexible.

The only German naval challenge was from three torpedo boats which set out from Le Havre and cut through the Allied smoke screen to find the massive invasion fleet in their path.

The trio fired 17 torpedoes, one of them sinking the Norwegian destroyer *Svenner*. (The only other sizeable ship lost was the American destroyer *Corry*, struck by a shore battery off Utah.)

Two Royal Navy midget submarines lay submerged at either end of the British beaches for two long nights, ready to surface and mark the way for the assault boats as D-Day dawned.

D-DAY

Above: Tanks of 13th/18th Royal Hussars beach near a guiding flare. Note the beach obstacles.

Top, right: A man lies wounded. Others shelter behind a *Churchill* tank till the barrage lifts.

The Allied air forces' complete mastery of the skies was without question a deciding factor in the success of the landings. By D-Day, Allied air supremacy had reached 30 to one. More than 9000 aircraft directly supporting the invasion and more heavy bombers attacking strategic targets flew 25,274 sorties in the 24 hours from 9pm on 5 June, take-offs averaging one every three-and-a-half seconds.

The concentration on French locomotive depots was such that by D-Day rail traffic had been reduced to 13 per cent of its January level. Only six of the 24 bridges over the Seine were usable, every airfield within 130 miles of the coast was out of action, German mine-laying in the Channel was seriously hampered, coastal defences were attacked and radar dislocated.

And perhaps most important of all, the Luftwaffe had been driven from the skies. German pilots could neither assess the massive military build-up in Southern England, attack the invasion fleet nor support their own ground forces.

of HMS *Warspite* thundered "like express trains" over the sick, soaked assault troops of 6th Green Howards rolling and pitching shorewards. Leading companies had 60 yards to wade under heavy mortar and machine-gun fire but a spirited dash backed by a tank of 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards silenced the troublesome pillboxes.

The second hurdle, the sea wall, was surmounted in a ferocious charge by three Green Howards, their blazing *Sten* guns blasting surviving defenders into submission. Though caught in deep water and heavy mortar fire, D Company advanced rapidly across a minefield to surprise an enemy position.

As the Company pressed further inland, Company Sergeant - Major Stan Hollis noticed two pillboxes had been by-passed. As he approached them a machine-gun opened up. He rushed straight at the pillbox, threw a grenade through the door and fired his *Sten*, killing two Germans, capturing the rest and clearing several more from a nearby trench. He went on through the day to display the courage which earned him D-Day's only Victoria Cross.

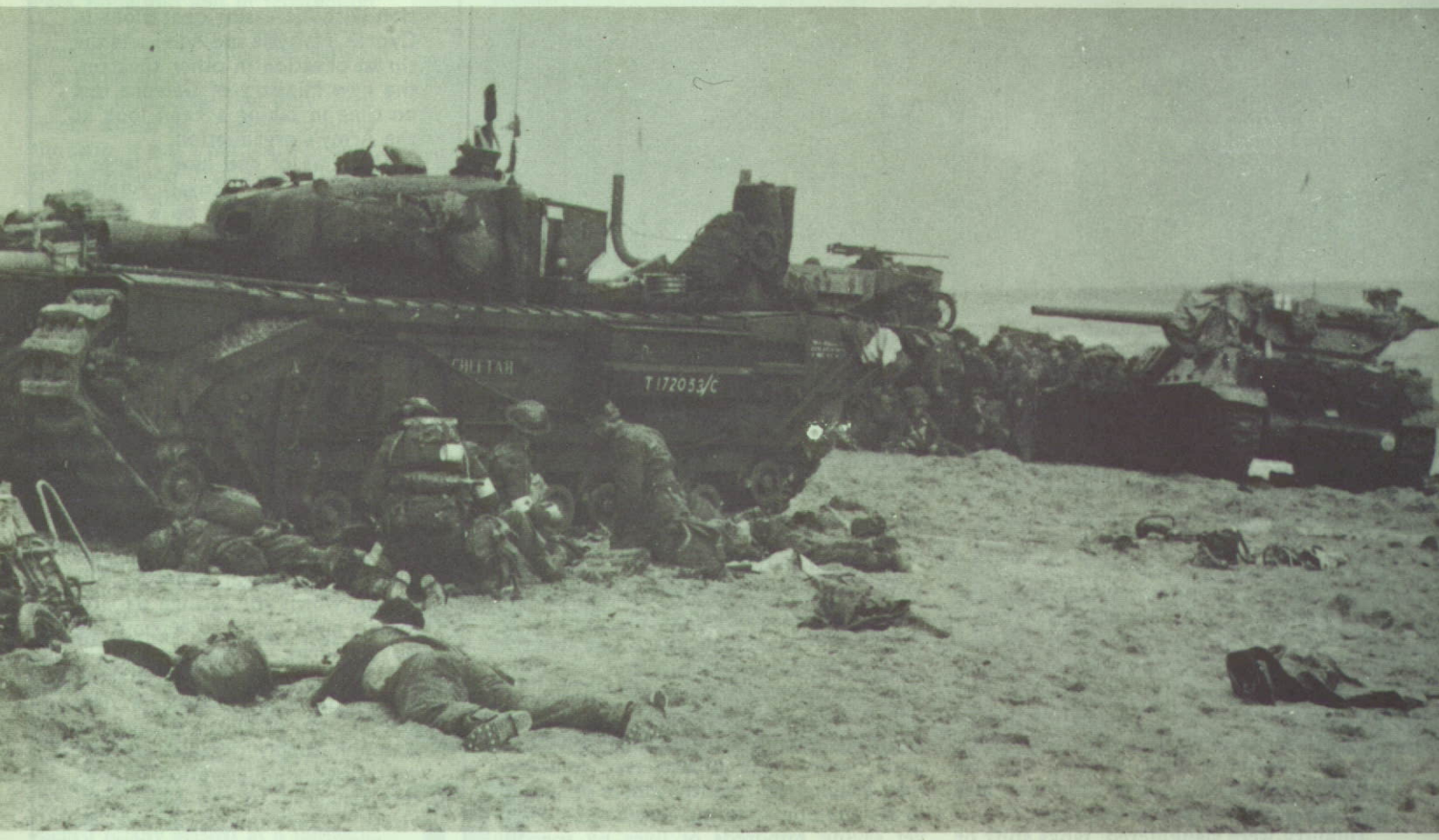
On The Green Howards' left, the 5th East Yorkshires landed as planned, the right-hand company advancing rapidly towards a battery at Mont Fleury, 1000 yards inland. The battery suffered heavily from the bombardment and was soon overrun, its commander committing suicide as the British troops approached.

But the company on the left faced a 50-yard wall of fire, including an 88mm gun, from the village of La Rivière. Two tanks, hit on landing, blew up, killing or wounding all troops near them. Survivors were still pinned down when the reserve company landed 20 minutes later. At length one platoon and a DD tank got over the sea wall and its defensive wire and began clearing the sea-front houses. Finally the support of another platoon attacking from the south-west turned the scales and 40 prisoners were taken.

The Canadians assaulting Juno beach suffered heavily. Rough seas, reefs and beach obstacles created havoc among their landing craft, delaying the landing by half an hour and giving the defenders time to recover from the shock of the bombardment. The fighting was fierce and bloody but in 15 lethal minutes the Canadians were off the beaches and pressing inland.

Britain's 48 Royal Marine Commando landed on the left of Juno under heavy fire with the tough job of heading east to link with 41 RM Commando, coming from Sword beach seven miles away. Both units came to a full stop in heavily fortified villages and were occupied all day in hectic house-to-house fighting.

Assaulting the centre of Sword beach, 1st South Lancashires and 2nd East Yorkshires suffered heavily from artillery, machine-gun, mortar and rifle fire. (Though the Merville battery had been dealt with



there were many other German guns within range and shelling was to go on for days.) Heavy seas delayed the DD tanks and there was no support for the hard-pressed Royal Engineers as they worked feverishly in a hail of fire to prepare the way for the assault.

First artillery on Sword was 76 Field Regiment which quickly took up positions on the beach and kept up a constant barrage despite the incoming tide engulfing the Gunners in feet of water and despite being rammed by a blazing landing craft swept sideways by the surf.

Commandos of 1st Special Service Brigade, under Brigadier Lord Lovat MC, landed 30 minutes after the 2nd East Yorkshires (many of whose 200 D-Day casualties lay dead on the beach) with the task of linking up with 6th Airborne Division. They landed in great spirits having already heard that the bridges had been taken intact.

When they arrived, Major Howard's men, reinforced by paratroops, had held the bridge for more than 13 hours against increasing sniping and mortar fire. It was a great moment as the skirl of Lord Lovat's own piper heralded the marching Commandos.

Over on the right flank, on the Cherbourg peninsula, the American 101st and 82nd Airborne Divisions completed the biggest air drop ever attempted, and despite the 101st being badly scattered across treacherous marshy ground, despite the 82nd losing most of its equipment, despite the 13,000 men being outnumbered three to one, the Americans seized the vital roads across the Germans' artificially created swamp barrier and opened the way for the drive from Utah and Omaha beaches.

While heading for Utah, men of the American 22nd Infantry Regiment saw a tank blown 100 feet into the air as a landing craft dropped its ramp on a submerged

THE BIG DECEPTION

The success of Britain's complicated plans to deceive and confuse the enemy about the timing and direction of the invasion was such that when German intelligence actually gained prior knowledge of the timing of the invasion no-one believed it and no effective action was taken!

Six months before D-Day the Germans had learned that lines of the verse "Chanson d'autome" would be broadcast to alert the French underground. The Germans monitored the two-part message and alerted their Fifteenth Army.

But this Army was defending the Calais area. Seventh Army, in the path of the Allied onslaught, received no warning. The vital signal remained on the desk of Colonel-General Alfred Jodl, Chief of Operations. Field-Marshal Von Runstedt also received the message and took no action. The greatest intelligence scoop of the war was wasted.

And even as the Allied attack developed, the German Army chiefs failed to act decisively, thinking the Normandy landings were a feint and the main assault would fall in the Calais area. Fifteenth Army was still in that area in July.

This belief was fostered and fed by a complicated succession of deceptive actions code-named "Fortitude."

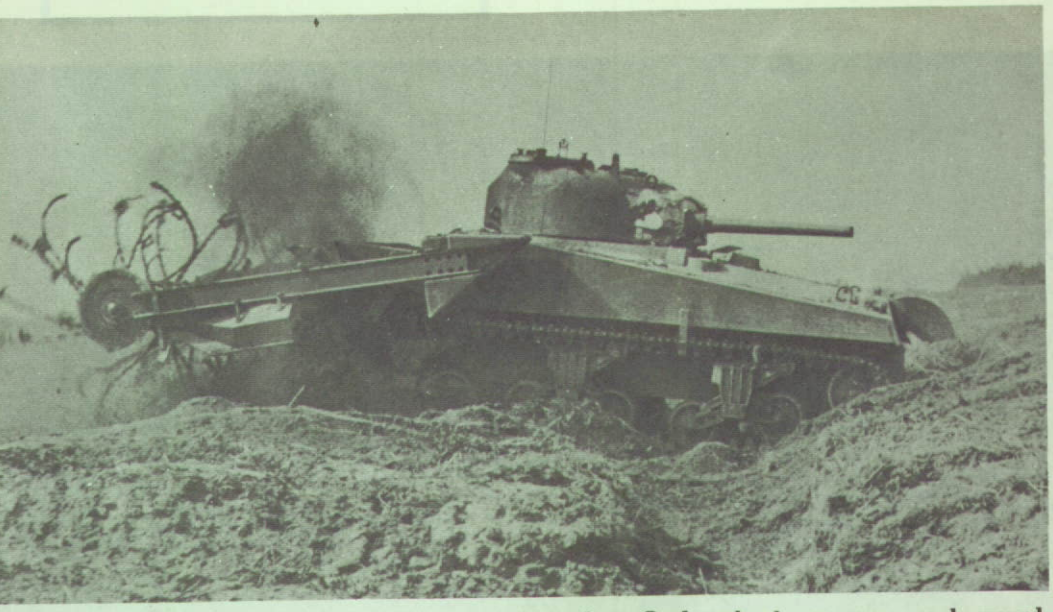
A dummy operations headquarters was set up at Dover, mock camps and dummy landing craft were assembled, new roads and rail sidings were built, heavy concentrations of troops were stationed in the south-east and extensive radio traffic was maintained. Twice as many air missions were flown over Calais as over Normandy.

So the direction of the D-Day assault remained the best-kept secret of the war. But there were several panics.

A girl teletype operator practising her speed on 4 June accidentally transmitted: "Urgent Press Association NYK Flash Eisenhower HQ Announced Landings in France," a message that was received by the Germans but disregarded; an American sergeant wrongly addressed secret "Overlord" papers to his sister and they burst open in a Chicago sorting office; a railwayman found invasion plans in a briefcase left in a train—they were watched by the Home Guard overnight; 12 copies of a top secret signal blew out of a War Office window—eleven were found and after a panic-stricken two-hour search it was learned that the twelfth had been picked up by a passer-by and handed to a sentry on Horse Guards Parade.

Strangest of all alarms was caused by the series of D-Day code words appearing in the "Daily Telegraph" crosswords in May and early June. They included Overlord (which the Germans knew was the code name for the whole operation), Utah, Omaha and Mulberry. It turned out to be pure coincidence.

D-DAY



Its flails whirling ahead to explode mines in its path, a *Crab* tank advances over rough ground.

mine. But beach opposition was comparatively light and the Americans drove swiftly inland.

But on Omaha it was a very different story, a bloody story, a near disaster. The sea was at its roughest and the Germans, their defences built into the steep cliffs, had an enormous field of fire, with 60 artillery pieces and many mortars and machine-guns trained on the beach.

Infantry were slaughtered, tanks sunk or destroyed. Engineers, with no covering fire for their demolition work, were decimated. Hundreds of men sprawled dead or wounded on the beaches, hundreds more lay pinned down and it seemed this landing might have to be abandoned. But gradually, by the initiative of individual leaders—some of them private soldiers—and by sheer weight of numbers, the ill-armed, ill-equipped survivors began to force their way inland.

This was the start. These were the first waves. More assault troops were quick to follow, fighting scores of fierce and bloody actions against an enemy recovering from his surprise. Men of America's 29th Division were in time to share the trials of Omaha, 2nd Devons were in quickly behind the Dorsets, 7th Green Howards behind the 6th . . .

And all along the coast the armoured units played their greatest-ever combined role, leading the Infantry ashore or sinking in the attempt, suffering considerable losses yet saving hundreds of lives by speedily silencing dangerous gun positions.

As darkness fell on 6 June, 1944, the success of this masterpiece of military planning was assured. The powerful Atlantic Wall had been breached along the whole front, all the assault divisions were driving inland and casualties were far lighter than anyone had dared hope.

There was still a long way to go. There would be resounding successes and depressing setbacks. But the biggest hurdle of all had been cleared. The days of Nazi domination of Europe were numbered.

PETER J DAVIES

It happened in JUNE

Date		Years ago
1	Submarine THETIS lost	25
4	Allies entered Rome	20
6	D-Day	20
10	First Oxford and Cambridge University Boat Race	135
15	German fleet scuttled at Scapa Flow	45
15	First flying bomb attacks on London	20
17	Iceland proclaimed an independent Republic	20
22	Battle of Bothwell Brigg	285
24	Battle of Bannockburn	650
26	Battle of Charleroi	170
27	Cherbourg captured by the Allies	20
28	Treaty of Versailles signed	45
28	Archduke Franz Ferdinand assassinated at Sarajevo	50
29	Battle of Parma	230

Massed pipe bands marching along the Piazza Venezia in Rome: 6 June, 1944.

SOLDIER to Soldier

Although faced from its inception with increasing operations in Cyprus, Malaysia and Aden, and the threat of action in other theatres, the new Ministry of Defence lost no time in taking a keen look at the Army's organisation.

The first of the new "large" regiments, The Royal Anglian Regiment, will soon be a reality and the way has been paved here for further simplification of the complex Corps of Infantry. Now the Ministry has turned to the logistic services, examining the overlapping which has gradually evolved and putting forward its proposals to eliminate this by sensibly making the three primary functions of supply, transportation and repair each the single responsibility of a separate corps.

As in the case of the Infantry, the axe will inevitably fall, this time on the Royal Army Service Corps, which will change its title for the eighth time to become the Royal Corps of Transport.

Now the Minister is looking at the broader picture—a new system of defence costing, a common supply organisation and centralised administration of matters common to the three Services. Communications are already being centralised and there is to be a single administration, under the Army Department, of all land held by the Ministry of Defence.

All this has happened in a few short, busy months. There is obviously much to follow.

While a Member of Parliament urges that Army discipline is the best weapon with which to fight juvenile crime and hooliganism Army influence has popped up in other odd corners in civilian life.

One newspaper story tells how an ex-soldier, being interviewed for a labourer's job, faced a barrage of military questions. The surprised applicant had forgotten the answers and failed the test. His interviewer, a former sergeant, explained that he expected an ex-soldier to remember what the Army had taught him.

Another story is of a 17-year-old lad who found his father, an ex-sergeant, firmly vetoing his desire to marry until he proved that he could look after a young wife. Father laid down that his son should keep his hair cut, not "lie in", but be up early and at work promptly, press his trousers, polish his shoes, wear a clean shirt, keep his job and save money.

EIGHTY MINUTES TO SPARE

AN airstrip was needed at the British base at Dhekelia, Cyprus. And it was needed quickly. The Royal Engineers were told to build one. Three weeks later the first aircraft landed.

It was a record feat by Cyprus Park Squadron and in recognition the strip is named "King's Field" after Major Mike King, the Squadron commander.

After estimating that only three weeks would be required to build the strip, it was a matter of honour for the Sappers to finish within the time limit—they made it by just 80 minutes.

It was exactly 12 noon when a 26-ton D8H bulldozer first paved the way across scrubland and two cornfields. For the next three weeks 60 soldiers worked a 12-hour day, seven days a week.

Outstanding man of the operation was Warrant Officer Collins, the Squadron's military plant foreman, who was acting as commander of the Plant Troop and whose skill and knowledge made the whole thing possible.

A quarry was opened specially to provide *havara* for the 1200-yard runway and in all 65,901 tons were moved, mainly by drivers from 1, 7 and 65 Companies, Royal Army Service Corps. This involved 9347 loads on lorries which covered 32,714 miles and used 14,771 gallons of fuel. The record for the largest amount moved in one day was 4022 tons while the hourly record finally settled at a fantastic 527½ tons.

Just 80 minutes before the three-week deadline expired, the last roller left the site and at noon a *Beverley* aircraft of Royal Air Force Transport Command began circling King's Field. The touchdown was marked by a cloud of dust from the compacted *havara*—the final oil skin was not added until the surface had settled.

The strip was officially opened by Air Chief Marshal Sir Denis Barnett, Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Near East Air Force, who individually congratulated every man involved in the construction. Sir Denis also presented a cheque for £20 to the Sappers to help pay for the big party they planned when the work was complete.

Paying tribute to his Squadron later, Major King said: "Everyone worked extremely hard to make the project a success and I feel proud to have had these men working under me. A special tribute is due to the Royal Army Service Corps drivers. They were a magnificent bunch and obviously enjoyed the challenge the project presented."

From a report by T R Coombs, Army Public Relations, Cyprus.

At the beginning a cut was made across a field of golden corn . . .

. . . then the heavy plant moved in for three noisy, bustling weeks . . .

. . . and left an airstrip where once the corn grew and sheep grazed . . .

. . . for heavy transport aircraft to land with urgently needed supplies.

SOLDIER TEAM VISITS IN BAHREIN A UNIQUE

THE TANKS THAT STAY AT SEA

IT is 0200 hours. The Arabian Sea is like ink in the moonlight. Near where the surf idly brushes the shore, Royal Marine frogmen are probing the sea bottom. Out at sea, waiting at action stations for their report, are the ships of the Amphibious Warfare Squadron, their screened red lights bobbing and winking in the swell just below the horizon.

An aircraft drones overhead and, as it crosses the beach, puffs of white silk blossom and float downwards. Paratroopers set about securing the beach-head as the darkened ships cross the horizon and creep towards the coast.

0400 hours. On board the ships there is feverish activity as men sprint to boat stations. The frogmen report that the gradient of the beach is too shallow for ships to disgorge their cargoes directly on to the shore.

GO-GO-GO! Eight assault landing craft streak for the shore leaving phosphorescent trails in their wake. They rasp aground, ramps bang down and men pour on to the beach. Among the first off are Sappers of the Beach Troop manhandling their equipment—they must lay tracks that will get the wheeled vehicles across the shore and out through the beach exits.

By now the ships are close inshore. Aboard the frigate HMS *Meon*, the Captain, Amphibious Warfare Squadron, is directing the operation. On board with him are men of 601 Signal Troop (Ship), Royal Signals, providing communications from ship to shore and a rear link back to Brigade headquarters.

In the pink light of dawn the great jaws of HMS *Striker*, a tank landing ship, open and three *Centurion* tanks are driven on to a *Rhino* pontoon ferry which immediately detaches itself from the ship and heads for shore. Similar operations are going on from three smaller tank landing craft.

After each *Rhino* discharges its cumbersome cargo it races back to the ships to collect more vehicles. By now the tank deck of *Striker* has emptied and lighter vehicles are roaring down a ramp lowered from the top deck, out through the bow doors on to a waiting *Rhino*.

0930 hours. Every vehicle is ashore and the furious activity on the beach subsides as the "battle" moves off into the desert . . .

A landing on this scale is all in a day's work for the Amphibious Warfare Squadron—the only one of its kind in the British Services.

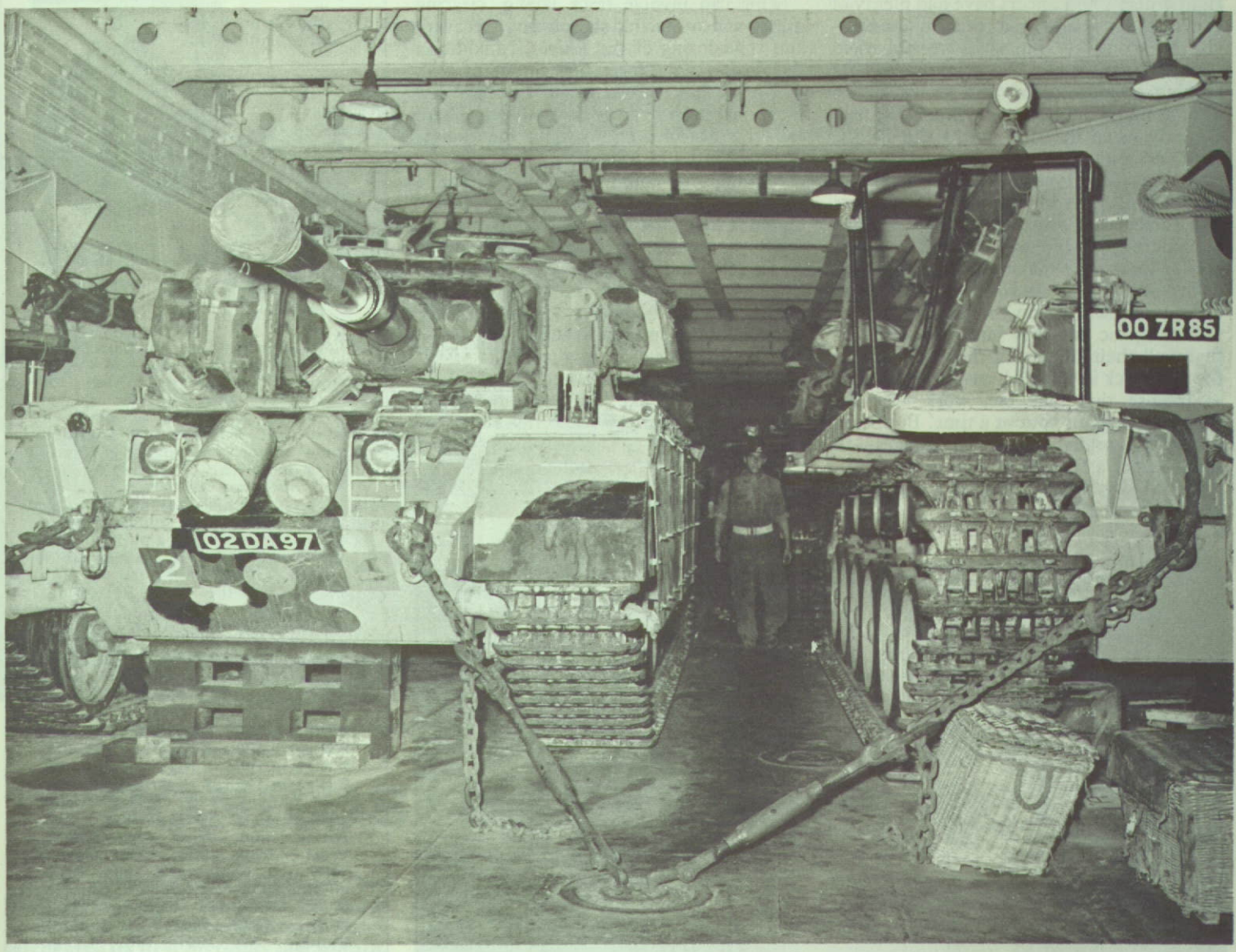
Based in the Persian Gulf, the Squadron comprises seven ships—*Meon*, which carries the headquarters, three tank landing ships (*Anzio*, *Messina* and *Striker*) and three tank landing craft (*Bastion*, *Parapet* and *Redoubt*).

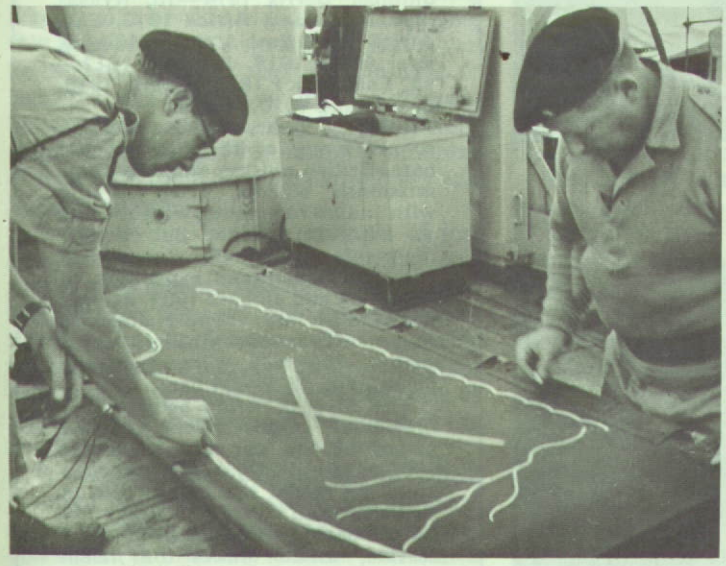
Perhaps the most extraordinary component of the Squadron is a floating Cavalry unit of tanks which never leave their parent ship except for exercises or operations.

Half of B Squadron, 16th/5th The Queen's Royal Lancers, is aboard *Striker*, one of the three ships in the Amphibious Warfare Squadron which can permanently carry tanks. When *Striker* is in Bahrein, the seaborne Lancers live ashore with the remainder of their Squadron—but their tanks may not land on the island.

This ban creates fantastic problems. Even in the LST's cavernous tank deck, space is at a premium. Ten tanks lined two abreast almost touch the hull on both sides leaving only a narrow central alley. It means the tanks can be serviced only on one side, so the Lancers ensure that each tank is loaded on the opposite side of the ship after an

CAVALRY UNIT WHICH "SPLICES THE MAINBRACE"





Above: The crowded tank deck of HMS *Striker* where the Lancers live and work in fantastic temperatures.

Left: Sappers of the Army Beach Troop make their plans, during an exercise, with a rough improvised map of the landing beach.

Far left: Landing from a *Rhino* ferry, the Lancers drive their *Centurions* through the surf on to the beach—a rare trip ashore.

exercise, making the other half accessible.

Squeezed in the remaining space at the rear of the tank deck are a water bowser, a *Saracen* which carries Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers fitters and a medical sergeant, and three three-ton lorries, one of which carries the unit's technical stores.

The beach armoured recovery vehicle (BARV) always heads one line of tanks as the first vehicle to leave the ship. It is basically a *Centurion* specially equipped to pull the fighting tanks out of the sea and across the beach if they are stuck. Crewed by three men, it can drive straight off the LST's ramp into water up to 11 feet deep.

Two waterproofed tanks, at present on trial, can operate in water up to nine feet deep with only the turret and part of the gun showing above the surface. They follow the BARV out of the ship but unless the LST can get right inshore, the remaining vehicles need the help of the *Rhino*, normally towed behind the ship, to reach the shore.

When the tank deck is cleared, a ramp is lowered from the deck above and another cargo three-tonner, a petrol bowser, *Ferret*

scout car and *Land-Rover* disembark. Ten tons of additional equipment are also stored on the top deck, including one spare part of every tank component, from a complete engine to a sparking plug.

Re-embarking after an exercise is a major headache as everything must go back in a rigid order. The Lancers have had plenty of experience now and on a recent night exercise the complete Squadron re-embarked straight from the beach in 45 minutes—and coaxing a *Centurion* on to a swaying steel deck at night can be a tricky business, particularly when the steel tracks slip on the deck and the tank starts moving crab-wise.

At sea, *Striker* carries a detachment of 30 Royal Marines in addition to 60 soldiers and there is an acute shortage of accommodation—the ship was designed only to take soldiers for a maximum of seven days. Many of the Lancers sleep on their tanks or in a quiet corner on the top deck.

During the day they have to spend virtually all their time with their vehicles on the tank deck in terrific heat—normally it is so intense that men can work only for periods of half an hour at a time. But being a seaborne soldier has its advantages—all the men get a free tot of rum every day.

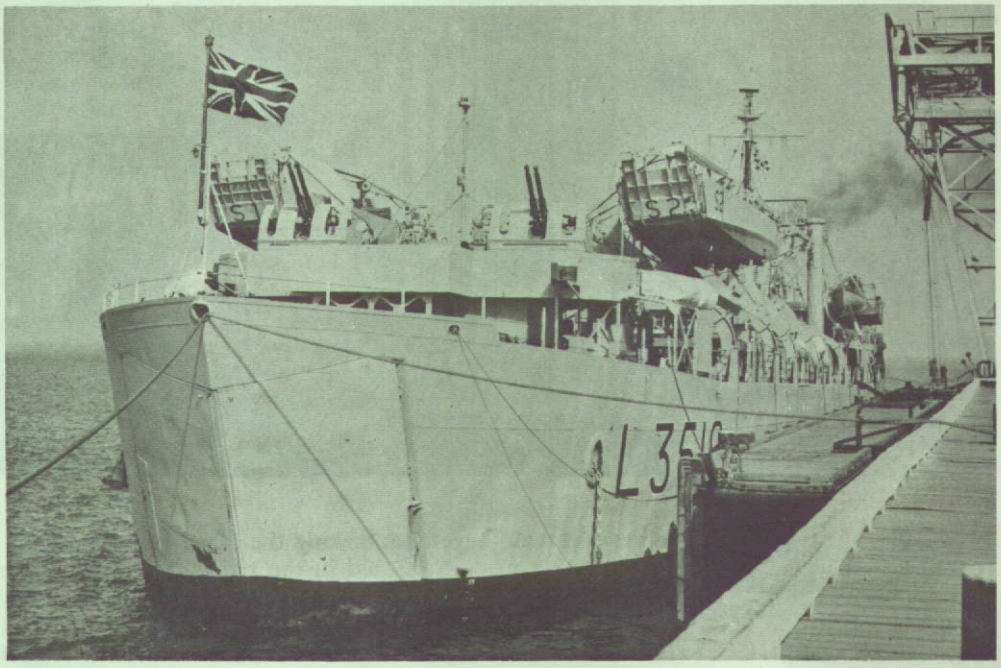
The Army Beach Troop is a small, but vital, unit of the Amphibious Warfare Squadron. Under overall command of the Beachmaster—a Royal Marine officer—during a landing, the Sappers virtually act as beach policemen to get personnel, vehicles and stores across the beach and away as fast as possible.

This can involve track laying, clearing mines and obstacles, signposting, recovery and stevedoring of the *Rhinos*. In addition the Troop undertakes the storage of bulk fuel and water. Naval beach unit Marines move water and stores from ship to shore and the Marines also handle the assault landing craft and *Rhinos*.

Maintaining communications during a landing is the special responsibility of 601 Signal Troop, the only unit of its kind in the Royal Signals. The Troop has a Yeoman of Signals, Staff-Sergeant C Hawkes, and is specially trained in naval procedures. Operationally it is capable of running three stations ashore and one at sea.

The blistering heat of the Persian Gulf and the very cramped living and working conditions can make life pretty tough and uncomfortable for the seaborne soldiers of the Amphibious Warfare Squadron—but at least it is never, never dull.

RUSSELL MILLER



Permanently on board HMS *Striker* (above) are ten tanks, nine other vehicles and ten tons of equipment.

Right: Paratroopers ride on the tanks as they leave the beach and move inshore during a recent exercise.

The Army's MEDALS

by Major John Laffin

30 AFRICA GENERAL SERVICE 1902

No fewer than 45 bars were issued with this medal—34 in the time of Edward VII, ten for George V and one for Queen Elizabeth II. They cover a multitude of small actions and some major campaigns in many parts of Africa. Probably nobody won more than seven bars.

The obverse shows the monarch. The reverse has a standing figure of Britannia holding a palm branch and scroll in her left hand and a trident in her right. In the exergue is the word "Africa." The design is the same as that for the East and Central Africa Medal (SOLDIER, March, 1964).

The bars are: N Nigeria, N Nigeria 1902, N Nigeria 1903, N Nigeria 1903—04, N Nigeria 1904, N Nigeria 1906, S Nigeria, S Nigeria 1902, S Nigeria 1902—03, S Nigeria 1903, S Nigeria 1903—04, S Nigeria 1904, S Nigeria 1904—05, S Nigeria 1905, S Nigeria 1905—06, East Africa 1902, East Africa 1904, East Africa 1905, East Africa 1906, West Africa 1906, West Africa 1908, West Africa 1909—10, Somaliland 1901, Somaliland 1902—04, Jidballi, Somaliland 1908—10, Uganda 1900, BCA 1899—1900, Jubaland, Gambia, Aro 1901—1902, Lango 1901, Kissi 1905, Nandi 1905—06, Shimber Berris 1914—15, Nyasaland 1915, East Africa 1913, East Africa 1914, East Africa 1913—14, East Africa 1915, Jubaland 1917—18, East Africa 1918, Nigeria 1918, Somaliland 1920, Kenya.

All George V bars are very rare and so are many of the Edward VII bars. British officers and non-commissioned officers, often serving with Indian regiments, were present at all the actions, but British regiments were mainly concerned with the Somaliland expedition of 1902—04 and Jidballi 1904, against the Mad Mullah. The Hampshire Regiment was most strongly represented; 300 men were given the Somaliland 1902—04 bar.

The 35-year period between the first issue of the medal and the award of the bar for Kenya in 1955—Queen Elizabeth head—gave the medal the longest life in British medal history. Eligibility for the bar was a period of 91 days' service, which makes the medal rather more interesting than some medals for which only 24 hours' qualification was necessary.

The ribbon is yellow edged with black and with two green stripes towards the centre.

Soldier, sailor and airman work side by side in the radio room sending and receiving messages from all over the Persian Gulf.

PONGOS, JACKS AND ERKS

AN extraordinary situation has developed at the Joint Communications Centre, Bahrein, which celebrated its first birthday last month.

With soldiers, sailors and airmen working literally side by side, it is hardly surprising that keen rivalry has sprung up. But it will be a shock to every Service die-hard to learn that this friendly rivalry does not exist between the Services, but between work shifts—each comprising unequal numbers of men from the Army, the Royal Navy and Royal Air Force.

It is a living, working example of just how integrated a unit can become and mortal news to those pessimists who claimed that the three Services could never be closer together than worlds apart. Today, after a little more than a year, the Centre has sorted out most of its major problems and acts as a communications base for the whole of the Persian Gulf.

It was the Omani rebellion in 1958 which revealed the shortcomings of the Services' communication system in the area. Three years later the Kuwait incident underlined them—but by then planning had already started to co-ordinate and improve the system. The result was the opening in May last year of the Joint Communications Centre—the first peacetime organisation of its kind.

Many months of soul-searching and table-thumping preceded its uneasy birth. Strong single Service opinions had to be altered; systems and techniques that had been declared incompatible were slowly revised. Gradually the bitterness became enthusiasm, criticism became advice and vital equipment that had been "absolutely unobtainable" appeared.

Men in the Centre took their seats a little uneasily and felt their way somewhat gingerly during the first few weeks but now they feel themselves to be part of a "watch" more than part of a Service. The four watches which man the air-conditioned Centre day and night guard their reputations with fervent jealousy.

Each watch fights tooth and nail to be in the exalted position of making the least number of mistakes in the signals passing through its hands. A discreetly displayed graph records the state of the struggle (and at the same time shows how remarkably few mistakes are made in the 1250 signals, long and short, passing through the Centre every day).

This kind of competition has bound the Centre into a truly inter-Service unit. The integrated atmosphere extends to off-duty recreations and even these are organised in watches. New barrack accommodation is being built and when it is completed the men will live together—another step in cementing the "joint."

On the communications side approximately half the personnel are Royal Air Force, about 30 per cent are Army and the remainder Royal Navy.

Messages to and from Royal Navy ships in the Gulf, Royal Air Force airfields and Army posts throughout the area all pass through the Centre, handled by personnel irrespective of Service—a soldier may be working a ship and a sailor some far-flung airfield. In charge of traffic is Lieutenant Frank Taylor, Royal Signals, who also commands the Army element, and in overall command of the Centre is Lieutenant-Commander D A Jones, Royal Navy.

The major problems initially were concerned with different Service procedures and modifying them to create one common system. Currently the Centre faces a difficulty involving different disciplinary codes —the Royal Navy, for example, does not have restriction of privileges. Finding a fair solution for all concerned is the sort of problem that still remains to be solved.

OUT ON A LIMB

Dust swirls from a packed earth road as men of A Company leap from a three-tonner during practice of ambush drill.

IN SWAZILAND

SINCE being rushed into Swaziland during internal disturbances last November, "home" for the 1st Battalion, The York and Lancaster Regiment, has ranged from a cattle show ground to a school with two houses—one named York and the other Lancaster!

But this month the Regiment is due to move from its temporary lodgings into the newly built St George's Barracks at Matsapa—the first permanent barracks in Swaziland for British troops.

Since taking over from 1st Battalion, The Gordon Highlanders, the "Tigers" have been very much cut off from their homes and the rest of the Army. It has been seven difficult—but rewarding—months during which, apart from their official role of assisting the police to keep the peace, they have made many friends.

In the capital town of Mbabane a multi-racial boxing club has been formed and twice a week the Battalion boxing team gives instruction to local Swazi boys. Sergeant Harry Brooking, of the Corps of Drums, has been teaching the Swazi police band and helping its drummers to improve their stick work.

The Regimental Band has been fantastically popular and Bandmaster Mike Sumner and his men have played in almost every township in the country, everywhere being received with wild enthusiasm by the natives, some of whom walked miles to see them. On one occasion a Swazi who had served in the Swazi Pioneer Battalion during World War Two turned up for a parade resplendent in his preciously preserved wartime battledress, complete with medals.

Nearly 2000 miles from the nearest ordnance depot, the Regiment faces formidable supply problems. Stores are either flown in by the Royal Air Force or delivered by sea to adjoining Mozambique. The tiny airfield at Matsapa is manned by the Signals Platoon and Captain Barry Smeeton, the Regimental Signals Officer, had to step in as airfield controller and learn the mysteries of cloud base, airspeed and barometric pressure.

L/Cpl Mike Connel and a Swazi warrior discuss the merits of using a glockenspiel as a shield.

Stores arriving by sea in Mozambique are collected by a road convoy commanded by the Quartermaster, Captain John Cooper. All wearing civilian clothes and armed with a sheaf of visas, the drivers tackle roads of packed earth and arrive back covered from head to foot in red dust.

With newspapers taking more than a week to arrive from England, the Tigers have avoided feeling too cut off by starting their own broadcasts from the local radio station. Tiger Radio goes on the air every week with taped programmes of messages and requests from England—it's a regimental "Family Favourites" which has an ever-increasing number of listeners.

And in between work and play many of the men have found time to give blood to the local hospital—a gesture that is making them even more welcome friends to the people of Swaziland.

From a report by Captain D G Rowe, RAEC, 1st Battalion, The York and Lancaster Regiment.

MARTIN COTTER

He turned down £4000 a year

IF Martin Cotter did not have much to offer an employer when he left the Army, at least he had determination. For a month he applied for seven jobs every day. He did not get one of them. Aged 37, a former Regular major without a single paper qualification for civilian work, he frequently found himself being interviewed by much younger men very suspicious of what he could offer.

Then he applied for an extraordinarily mysterious job that invited him to a reception instead of an interview. He went along and discovered it was a Canadian organisation recruiting potential insurance salesmen.

"I had never considered insurance before that, imagining a miserable life with a bicycle collecting half-crowns at front doors. But I became interested . . ."

After several interviews and aptitude tests, Martin Cotter was told that he had nothing to offer the insurance company. He was furious. "I thumped the table and said I would do three months' training without pay to prove that I could do the job." It was just the reaction the company wanted—he had taken his first faltering steps into the insurance world.

The last of a long line of Irish protestant clergy, Martin Cotter shocked his family when he enlisted at 17 as a private into The Royal Scots, in 1941. He got a cadetship in the Indian Army and was commissioned into the 2nd Gurkha Rifles in 1942.

Service on the North-West Frontier, in Burma, French Indo-China and Malaya followed. In 1949 he joined The Royal Irish Fusiliers and served with them in Germany, Suez, and in Kenya fighting against Mau-Mau. In September, 1961, he retired at his own request and found himself facing a bleak, unwelcoming civilian world.

Today, three years after the job-hunting days, Martin Cotter is a director of a company which last year sold £1,622,775 worth of whole life and endowment assurance—this year they are hoping to sell four times as much.

His grim determination has paid off handsomely—recently he turned down an offer of £4000 a year to become training manager of a big insurance company.

He had been selling insurance for only six months when he decided to set up as a broker. After a five-month survey to establish the most suitable area to set up in business, the ex-major met David Pritchard, a former corporal in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, and over a lunchtime drink the two men decided with crazy optimism to become partners.

They started working from their own homes and in October, 1962, set up business with two rented rooms in Twickenham, one girl and a telephone. Business was neither startlingly good nor bad until the partners decided to try out a new idea. Realising the huge amount of business transacted in the house mortgage field, they set up a "mortgage broker service" and advertised it widely.

They offered the public a free service to arrange house mortgages—the client paid nothing and the firm made its profit from commission paid from whichever company supplied the insurance or mortgage. The result was an immediate increase in business.

Now the company is booming and the ex-corporal and ex-major, as directors, share an office in their own block in Twickenham. They have 20 outside representatives on the payroll and branch offices in the City and the Midlands—one managed by Martin Cotter's former regimental quartermaster-sergeant.

The ex-major often works a 12-hour day and business has become so pressing that he had to sell his house in Farnham and buy a flat five minutes' walk from his office.

Many techniques learned during his Service career have been applied to his new job. He is terrifically enthusiastic about training programmes for young salesmen and his Army public relations work has come in very useful.

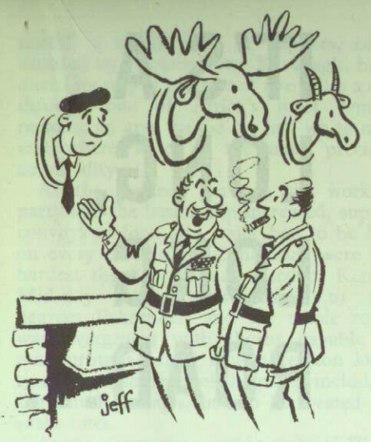
Recently, when interviewing a client about a mortgage, he discovered by chance that the man was formerly in The Royal Irish Fusiliers. Martin Cotter asked him if he recalled D Company commander in Kenya. "I remember him," said the man. "He was a mad, fat devil who used to really chase his men up and down the hills."

"That," replied Major Cotter drily, "was me."

Once Martin Cotter claimed he was the most sales-resistant man in the Army—now he is thinking of writing a book about salesmanship.

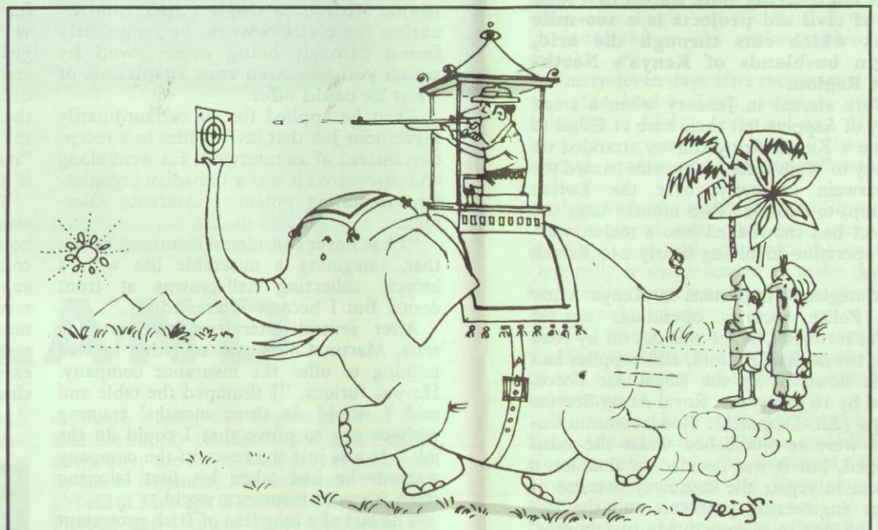
HUMOUR

"You are 12 stones . . . You are a disgrace to your regiment."



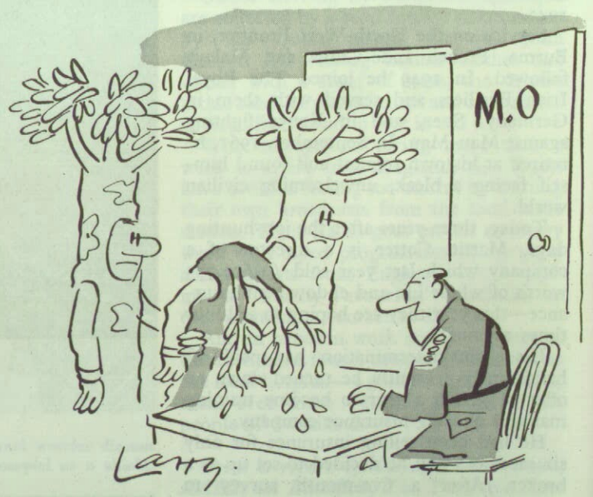
"That's Private Bagshaw . . . Greatest imitator of animal calls I ever heard!"

"I'm half a corporal, a third of a sergeant or, if you prefer, one fifteenth of a field-marshal!"

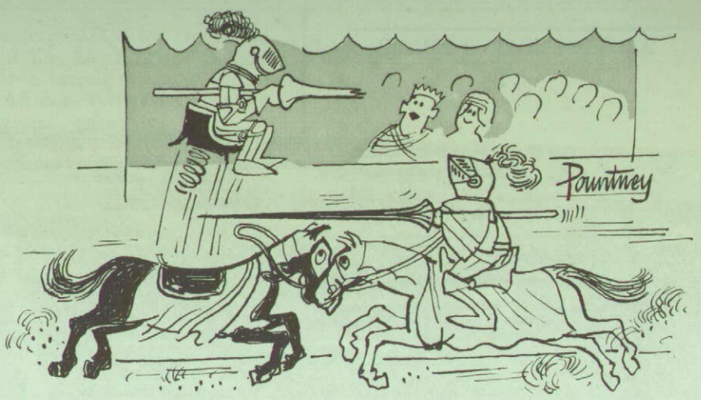


"He's practising for tomorrow's shoot!"

"She has a girl-friend, Smithy. Do you want to take a chance on a blind date!"



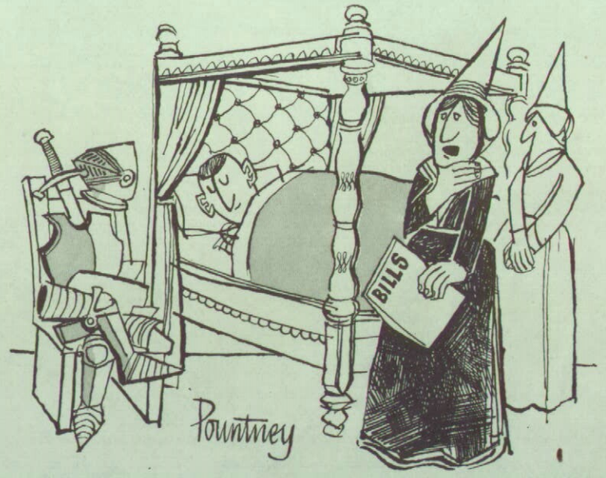
"I saluted with my pipe in my hand, sir."



"Sir Galahad's new ejector seat got him nicely out of trouble there."

ARMOURED DIVERSION

"Well, that's it, chaps. Off you go and synchronise your hourglasses."



"I'd go through his pockets but the noise might waken him."

IT'S A LONG, LONG ROAD...

WHEN British Sappers of 34 Independent Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, quit Kenya this year they will leave many monuments to their engineering skill. Latest in a long list of civil aid projects is a 100-mile track which cuts through the arid, virgin bushlands of Kenya's North-East Region.

Work started in January when a small party of Sappers left their base at Gilgil to rescue a Kenya Army convoy stranded on its way to Wajir after heavy rains caused the Habaswein causeway, over the Lorian Swamp, to subside. Two months later the project had snowballed into a major, war-like operation involving nearly 250 British troops.

Strategically important in Kenya Army and Police security operations against *Shifta* terrorists, Wajir was cut off by road from the capital, Nairobi, and supplies had to be flown in by the Royal Air Force, aided by 16 Company, Royal Army Service Corps (Air Despatch). Road communications were re-established when the rains stopped, but it was decided to abandon a project to repair the causeway because of major engineering problems and the fact that the long rains were due in two months' time.

Commanded at first by Captain David Pagan and later by the Squadron's Commanding Officer, Major Mike Bull, the Sappers set up a base camp at Dadaab, a mud-hut trading post five miles north of the Equator which was evacuated last December because of *Shifta* attacks. The camp's nearest contact with civilisation was a small Kenya Army and Police control post at Garissa, 70 miles away.

Following a compass bearing of "due

◀ **A road grader, guarded by a *Ferret*, working on Kenya's Sapper-built "M1." This view was taken from the stretcher pod of an Army *Alouette*.**

Men of 1st Battalion, The Staffordshire Regiment, one of several units guarding the road-builders against possible attacks by gangs of *Shifta*. ▶

north" a small party of Sappers, commanded by Captain Peter Kavanagh, bulldozed its way at the rate of five miles a day through one of Africa's most remote regions, an area visited by few white men and where water is the most precious commodity.

As the distance between the working party and the base camp increased, supply convoys of food and water had to be laid on every three days. Conditions were the hardest the Sappers had faced in Kenya. Mid-day temperatures soared to 120 degrees Fahrenheit and the whole route was overgrown with thorns capable of puncturing a brand new, three-ton lorry tyre. Four members of the party, including Captain Kavanagh, had to be treated for snake bites.

As the party came within sight of Wajir the threat of *Shifta* attacks became more imminent. On one day a British regional government agent and an African tribal policeman were killed by a gang of 40 *Shifta* only a few miles from the Sappers' camp—the agent was the third Briton to be murdered in the region within two months.

Thirty-seven days after they started their task, the road-builders, aided by Kenya Ministry of Works personnel and African labourers, began the journey back to Dadaab, grading and "tidying up" the road as they went.

Meanwhile the majority of the Squadron was employed near the base camp in building a new causeway over the swamp. Originally it was intended to make this of *murram* (hard-packed earth) but a surveying party was lucky enough to find an outcrop of rock. Using about 4500 lb of explosive the Sappers blasted more than 10,000 tons of rock for the two-mile-long, six-foot-high causeway.

Working 24-hour shifts, the Sappers and their African assistants were guarded by elements of 3rd Light Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery, and 1st Battalion, The Staffordshire Regiment, as well as men from the Squadron's own strength. The 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards, and the Staffords provided the armed escorts for the weekly supply convoys of 60 Company, Royal Army Service Corps, vehicles which travelled 400 miles from Army headquarters in Nairobi. Urgent stores and spares were flown in by the Royal Air Force.

A helicopter from 8 Independent Recce Flight, Army Air Corps, was used for aerial reconnaissance and 24 Ordnance Field Park, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, organised supplies of stores and equipment. Vital radio links were provided by 210 Signal Squadron and the Royal Army Medical Corps dealt with casualties among British troops and African workmen, including scorpion stings and snake bites.

At the beginning of the scheme, guards were provided by the Kenya Army, but as anti-*Shifta* operations in the area were stepped up they were later deployed elsewhere. On one occasion a group of visitors to Kenya, a party of Royal Marine Commandos, volunteered to escort the supply convoy.

Though full of praise for his own men, Major Bull said, when the job was finished: "Just as much credit must go to those who supported us, in particular personnel of the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers who, on many occasions, worked throughout the night repairing plant and equipment for the next day's operations."

When the security situation in the North-East Region cools down the Sapper-built road will be of major benefit to civilian road transport between Nairobi and Wajir. It will reduce the mileage between the capital and the Region's administrative centre and probably provide a much drier route than the present journey via Isiolo.

By Alan J Forshaw, Army Public Relations, Kenya.

A few of the many "aid to Kenya" projects in which British Sappers of 34 Independent Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, have been involved, besides flood and famine relief operations, are:

September, 1962	All-weather airstrip at Garrisa.
November, 1962	60 miles of track for security operations in Turkana territory.
March, 1962	A bridge over the River Melawa, of benefit to farmers and estimated to last 200 years.
May, 1963	Erection of climbers' hut 15,500 ft up Kilimanjaro for Kenya Outward Bound School.
May, 1963	Assisting Nairobi City Council with repairs to breaks in water pipes at Sasumua Dam.
October, 1963	Helping the Game Department to conserve the Harters hartebeest in the Bura Region.
October, 1963	Assisting the Kenya Government and United Nations to discover the source of Lake Chala.
February, 1964	Blasting dangerous rocks overhanging a railway line.

These projects are in addition to the many military jobs undertaken by the Squadron during Army exercises such as roads, bridges and airfields, of benefit to the civilian population once the exercises were over.

6 REGULAR FORCES EMPLOYMENT ASSOCIATION

LOOMING large in the mind of every soldier nearing the end of his service is the nagging worry of finding a civilian job and making a go of it.

After 20-odd years of soldiering what man isn't apprehensive of the future? The National Association for Employment of Regular Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen exists to allay these natural fears and find suitable civilian jobs for Servicemen and women.

Established in 1885, the Association is based in London and has 49 branch offices throughout the country. From these offices more than 50 professional "job-finders" cover the United Kingdom looking for vacancies and recommending to employers suitable ex-Servicemen and women of all trades and qualifications.

These job-finders, all ex-Regulars, pride themselves in placing the right man in the right job and have built up an immense amount of detailed local knowledge of employment vacancies throughout the country.

Their job is never one of bulk placings. Every man who sees them is treated as an individual and his qualifications and wishes (in many cases Servicemen want a complete change from their former work) are taken into account to find him the best possible job.

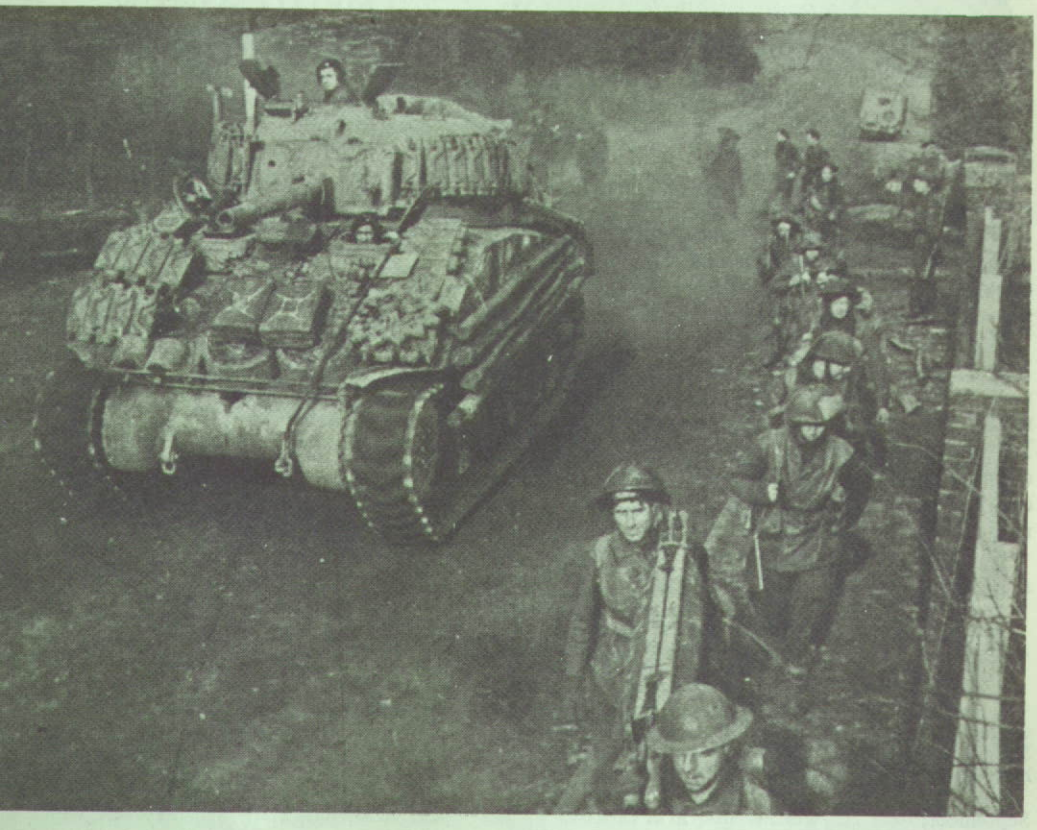
The Association has always felt a special responsibility towards long-service men and women. Service pensioners, particularly from non-technical branches, fear unemployment the most. But it is completely unwarranted for the Association has an outstanding record of success in finding first-class jobs for the older man.

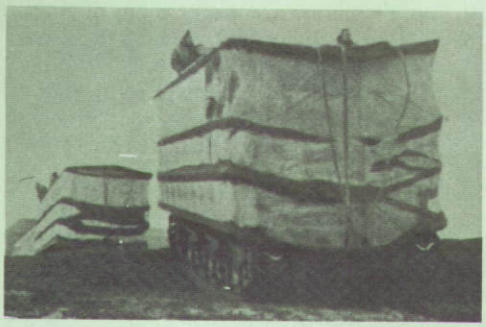
In fact statistics show that it is slightly easier to place the long-service man, a measure of the confidence employers have in the reliability and experience of older Regulars.

The Regular Forces Employment Association last year found jobs for 5237 soldiers despite the worst national employment situation for many years. Of the 2331 Service pensioners who applied for jobs, 2043 were placed.

Supported entirely by regimental associations and other Service funds, the Association takes no fees from applicants or employers. Further details can be obtained from the head office at 4 Buckingham Palace Mansions, Buckingham Palace Road, London SW1.

4TH/7TH ROYAL DRAGOON GUARDS





On *Sherman* tanks fitted with canvas screens to keep them afloat the Regiment was hoping to swim ashore on D Day—but the sea was too rough.

It was the first year of World War One and the British were in full retreat. The remnants of the 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards gathered near St Quentin where two squadrons under Major Tom Bridges were ordered to hold off the Germans and cover the retreat.

When it appeared the Infantry had moved out, Major Bridges' small force began to retire through the town. But hundreds of Infantry had not gone—dispirited and utterly exhausted they filled the town square and seemed incapable of further marching even when warned that no British soldiers would be left there alive.

Then Bridges (later to become a Lieutenant-General and Governor of South Australia) had a brilliant idea. He got a tin whistle and a drum from a nearby toy shop and, with his trumpeter, marched round and round the fountain, where men were lying like the dead, playing "The British Grenadiers" and "Tipperary." Slowly men pulled themselves to their feet and formed up. By midnight, the whole party—400 strong—had marched out.

FIRST IN, LAST OUT

FIRST into battle, last out—this is the proud boast of the 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards, the First and Last Regiment. In two world wars the Regiment earned its title at no small cost in human life. But it was a price it was prepared to pay—just as its forbears had paid more than 200 years before.

The 4th Royal Irish Dragoon Guards were raised in 1685 by order of King James II. In 1688 Lord Devonshire was commissioned by William of Orange to raise a regiment of horse—it later became the 7th (Princess Royal's) Dragoon Guards. The paths of the two regiments were due to cross many times before their amalgamation in 1922.

An early reference to the Regiment was in 1736 when a Dublin newspaper reported: "Last Friday the Squadron of the Royal Irish Dragoons lying here marched and left us with the extraordinary circumstance—they owed no money."

While the 4th were in Ireland the 7th greatly distinguished themselves with Marlborough during the War of the Spanish Succession. When in 1704 they started their march to the Danube an officer recorded: ". . . at least two hundred ladies came to see us on the march, some of them very much handsomer than we expected."

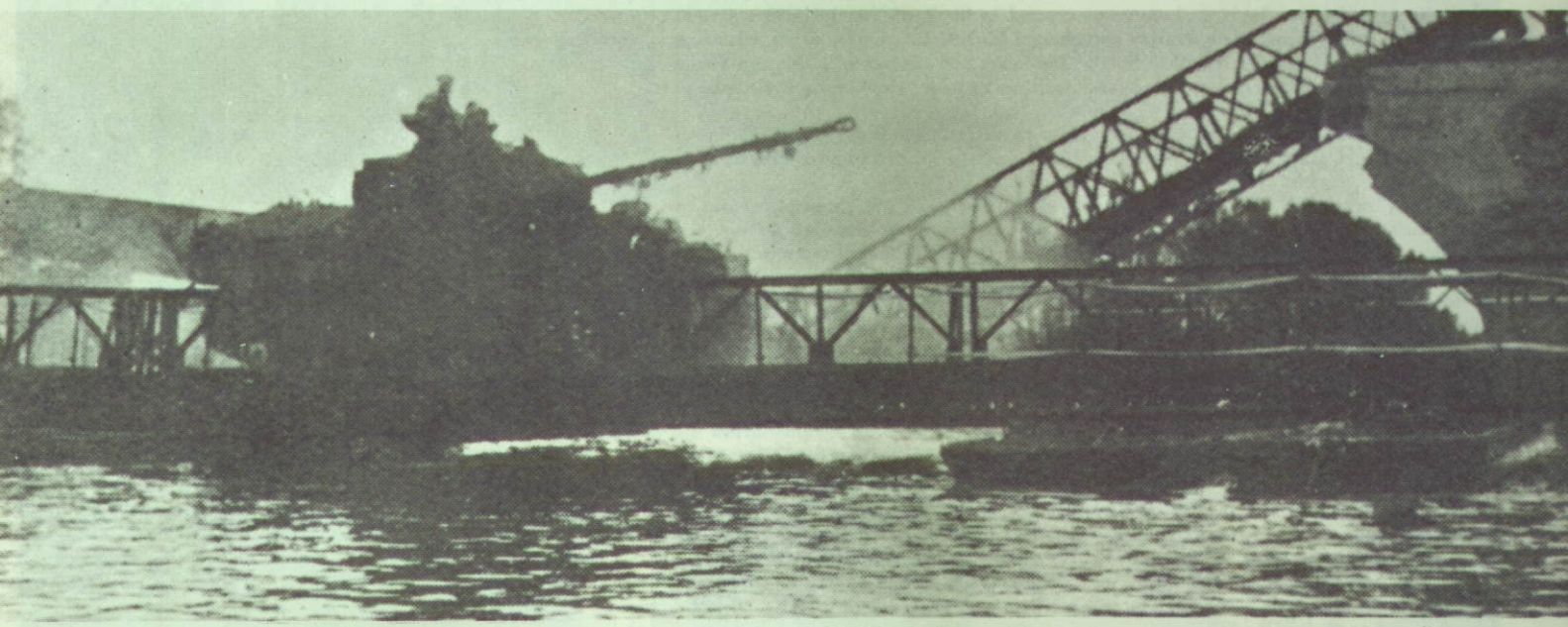
At the Battle of Blenheim the Regiment formed one of the three squadrons of horse which advanced in full view of both armies across a river and up a gently rising plain to where 40 squadrons of French Cavalry stood dumbfounded. When the French marshal ordered his troops to cut the British to pieces, the two sides clashed and fought hand to hand, horse to horse, until the blue-coated French Cavalry suddenly turned and fled.

Hardly had the victorious British squadrons got their breath back when they were ordered to charge eight more French squadrons with their swords still red with blood.

During the Crimean War the 4th formed part of the famous Heavy Brigade which successfully about-charged and routed 3500 sabres of Russian Cavalry in their rear. In 1882 the two regiments served in the same brigade in Egypt fighting rebels who were threatening the Suez Canal.

At the start of World War One, Corporal Thomas, of the 4th, fired the first shot of the war for the British Army. Two troops followed up the shots, led by Captain Hornby who became the first British officer to draw blood with his sword. In the first five months of the war the names of enough officers and men appeared on the 4th's regimental roll to form more than three complete regiments.

In July, 1916, the 7th made the first



Far left: C Squadron moving up alongside Infantry in the drive towards Goch during World War Two.

Left: The cap badge of the 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards is derived mainly from the badge of the 4th.

Above: A *Sherman* crossing the Seine at Vernon—the Regiment was the first British armour across.

Cavalry advance since the start of trench warfare.

Gunners, Infantry and returning wounded gave them a cheer as they went forward across the blackened, shell-torn ground. As they came under machine-gun fire, the leading troop charged the machine-gunners with their lances, killing 15.

At the end of the war, a few hours before the Armistice was due to start, a squadron of the 7th was ordered to sieze a bridge at the village of Lessines. Within an hour the squadron had secured the bridge and captured 104 men after galloping ten miles and dealing with a machine-gun nest on the way. The 4th, after firing the first shot of the war, became the first regiment of the British occupation army to cross the Rhine.

After 1918 the two regiments went their separate ways for a short time until 1922 in India when they were amalgamated to form the 4th/7th Dragoon Guards. Fourteen years later King Edward VIII regranted the "Royal" title to the Regiment.

In 1938 the Regiment held its last mounted parade and began mechanised training. The following year it mobilised for war and was one of the first regiments to land in France with the British Expeditionary Force.

The 4th/7th did not have long to wait before their new fighting techniques were put to the test. In the three weeks of desperate fighting before Dunkirk the Regiment earned world-wide fame and was among the last to leave the beaches after destroying its tanks.

Four years later its waterproofed tanks were the first ashore in Normandy on D-Day.

In the following months the Regiment was hardly out of battle long enough to maintain its tanks and snatch a little rest.

The first British armour across the Seine, the 4th/7th broke out from the Vernon bridgehead, led the rescue column to Arnhem and finished the war fighting side by side with men of the famous 51st Highland Division—the last British troops to be in action against the Germans.

Since the war the 4th/7th have served in Palestine, North Africa, Germany and at home.

Currently they are equipped with *Centurions* and stationed at Munster in Germany, where this month they will be entertaining a party of about 100 old comrades for a nostalgic weekend of first and last reminiscences.

At the Battle of Dettingen in 1743 the 7th charged and cut a way through the French Cavalry although regiments on their flanks were being forced back. In the thick of the fray young Cornet Richardson held the 7th's standard aloft despite 37 sabre cuts. Asked after the battle how he had managed to save the standard, he replied: "If the wood of the standard had not been of iron it would have been cut off." The standard is now kept at the Royal Military Academy.

Left, right and centre

LITTLE Bruce Crompton's one ambition is to become a general and already, at the age of seven, he is an honorary corporal in his local Territorial Army unit. But unless a miracle operation can change his life, Bruce's ambition will never be fulfilled. For he was born with a hole in his heart and his parents, Bill and Sheila Crompton, of Hornchurch, Essex, are still waiting to hear whether he is fit enough even to have an operation.

Meanwhile Bruce soldiers on. The men of Headquarters, 54th (East Anglia) Division/District Column, Royal Army Service Corps, at Upminster, have adopted him as their mascot and taken him to their hearts.

He went on parade with them on Armistice Day last year, was guest of honour at their Christmas party and is due to go with them on summer camp to Devon. His birthday, in February, was one of the biggest days at the drill hall for months. For the occasion Bruce was kitted out in a tiny uniform and promoted to full corporal.

Now he parades at the drill hall once a week, with his Mum, and usually earns himself a ride home in a three-tonner. Said Mrs. Crompton: "Bruce just lives for the Army and his visits to the drill hall. As far as he is concerned it's just a matter of time before he is a general. After his first visit to the drill hall we couldn't get him to take his beret off when he went to bed."

St George of England, a new ten-ton ocean racing yacht built of fibre-glass, has been added to the fleet of the Royal Army Service Corps Yacht Club. Launched recently at Gosport, Hampshire, the five-berth yacht cost £5300, of which £2250 was donated by the Nuffield Trust. She has already been entered for five races this year.

The Crown Prince of Nepal, Birendra Bir Bikram Sha Deva, suitably dressed in a borrowed tank suit, clambers from the turret of a *Centurion* on the tank range at Tidworth while visiting the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards.

A donkey supply train—one of the oldest forms of transportation in the world—moves off from the Nicosia area of Cyprus. But this graphic picture is not as peaceful as it looks—the donkeys are carrying ammunition and supplies to Greek Cypriot irregulars who have taken up fighting positions in the hills.

When Finchley Council in London wanted a 100-foot chimney demolished, they found the Territorial Army only too happy to oblige. Forty men from 101 Corps Engineer Regiment, Territorial Army, spent three hours placing more than 44 lbs of explosives in the base of the chimney and the unit's newest recruit, Sapper Michael Comerford, aged 19, pressed the plunger, toppling the chimney with a thunderous roar.

Four soldiers serving with the Federal Regular Army in the Aden Protectorate have been decorated by the Federal Government for their services. Lieutenant-Colonel H E R Watson (The Royal Sussex Regiment), Lieutenant-Colonel H J W Newton (1st Green Jackets) and Major T C V Todd (The King's Own Royal Border Regiment) have all been made Officers of the Order of South Arabia and Sergeant Stanley Kelly, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, was awarded the Medal of the Order of South Arabia. Major Todd (pictured left with Colonel Watson) is the Army's chief instructor and one of the few men who can speak and write Arabic fluently—he learned it from German books while a prisoner in World War Two.

At a recent ceremony in London four members of the Netherlands Women's Army presented a charter to Brigadier Dame Jean Rivett-Drake, Director of the Women's Royal Army Corps, to commemorate the help given by the ATS to the Dutch women during the war. Their army was formed in London 20 years ago. Dutch girls were trained by British ATS before working on Red Cross duties in their native Holland.

Find out about Army life from the men who know!

'Yes, as a married man, living in Army accommodation, I think the money's good,' says L/Cpl. Roger Garrett, 26, from Streatham. 'And, for a single man, all your pay's virtually pocket money. Then, it's an exciting life. I've seen action in Cyprus and Jordan, and we keep pretty fit all the time—what with exercises, parachuting and sport. I'm in the regimental swimming team. There's a terrific reputation for fitness with the Red Devils.'

'I like the companionship,' says Pte. Charles Clark, 19, from Glenrothes. 'I joined the Army for the money and the lodging, but now I really enjoy parachuting. There wasn't much "bull" on training and since then there's been none at all. I've been on exercise in the Mediterranean; I liked that, it was good to see the sunshine. Another thing, the Army always looks after you if you're in any difficulty.'

'My job in civvy street was just boring,' says Pte. John Lindsay, 23, from Methil, 'so I joined the Army. The pay's good. The discipline of initial training didn't worry me. I'd advise my younger brother to join. It's secure and I enjoy the life—it's tough but exciting and different. I've travelled to Norway and Cyprus and I've gone up the Seine to Paris in a canoe—that was fun. The Army broadens the mind and you've always got your mates to look after you.'

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KENTISH CUP COMES HOME

Above: It's there! L/Cpl A Butcher scores the second goal for the British Army.

Right: The French goalkeeper dives on to the ball at the feet of two opposing players.

THE British Army's all-amateur soccer team gave one of its finest displays ever seen in the Kentish Cup triangular tournament in beating the all-professional French Armed Forces team to win the trophy after a lapse of three years.

The Army's 4-3 victory at Aldershot was ample revenge for an 8-0 defeat suffered last year in the same fixture at Cherbourg, and all the more impressive against a French team which included three "under-23" and two full internationals.

It was a fine, hard-fought game which provided a spectacular finish when, with only three minutes to time, the French scored twice in a minute and almost pulled the game out of the fire.

Leading by two goals to one at half time, the British fought a gallant rear-guard action in the second half against the wind and scored the last two goals from surprise break-aways.

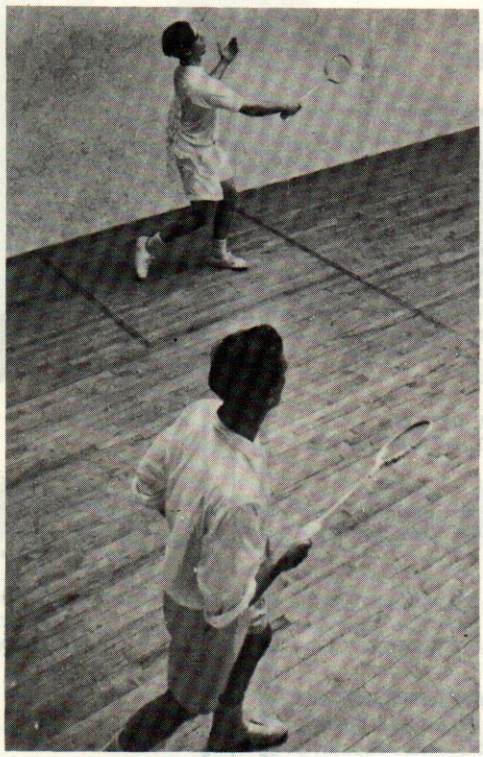
The defence played magnificently with Corporal Andy Thompson, a tower of strength at centre-half and Private Johnny Bateson making a series of magnificent saves in goal.

But the Army's real hero was Lance-Corporal Alan Butcher. A last minute substitute at centre-forward, he kept the attack going with good distribution to both wings and scored the vital second and third goals. Before this the French had taken the lead after 15 minutes' play and Lance-Sergeant Tony Melling had equalised with a neat goal taken on the right with his left foot to deceive the goalkeeper.

The crashing finale produced three goals in the last quarter of an hour. Lance-Corporal Tony Forrester sent over a long, high centre which passed over the goalkeeper's head and went in off the far upright. With a lead of 4-1, the British eased off and the French rapped in two quickfire goals, almost snatching the draw they needed to retain the trophy.

But they were unable to get that final goal and the cup came back to Britain for only the second time in 13 years. In the previous matches of the tournament the British drew 2-2 with Belgium at Brussels and the French beat the Belgians in Paris 3-1.

Green Jackets Are Squash Champions



Capt J Nelson (top) battling with 2nd/Lt T C Kingham in the Army inter-unit UK squash final.

A new SOLDIER trophy—the magazine has now presented 11 trophies for Army sporting events—was won by the 2nd Green Jackets, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, in the first final of the Army's United Kingdom inter - unit squash competition, held at the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst.

The Green Jackets defeated the School of Artillery, Larkhill, by three rubbers to two in a closely fought match in which the Gunners scored ten games to nine.

Major-General P G Turpin, President of the Army Squash Rackets Association, presented the SOLDIER rosebowl to the Green Jackets' captain, Lieutenant M L Dunning, and individual trophies to each member of the winning team.

Results (Green Jackets' names first): Capt J R E Nelson lost to 2/Lieut T C Kingham 6-9, 5-9, 3-9; Maj P M Welsh beat Capt D D Phipps 9-1, 1-9, 9-4, 6-9, 9-5; Capt I H McCausland beat Maj T H Winterton 6-9, 7-9, 9-1, 9-5, 9-6; Lieut M L Dunning beat Maj M Maynard 9-3, 9-3, 9-3; Capt G B C Hopton lost to Lieut-Col D A Low 6-9, 5-9, 7-9.

Earlier round results—Quarter-final: School of Artillery 5, School of Signals 0. Semi-finals: School of Artillery 5, 1st Battalion, The Devonshire and Dorset Regiment 0; 2nd Green Jackets 5, 17 Training Regiment, Royal Artillery 0.

THE LONG, LONG FINAL

AFTER three-and-a-half hours' football, 16 Para Royal Army Ordnance Corps/Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers became the first minor unit ever to win the Army Soccer Cup.

With just 14 players available from a total strength of less than 100 men, they forced a draw against 13th/18th Royal Hussars despite extra time in the final at Aldershot.

In the replay the following day the Paras finally scored the winning goal after more than three hours' play and carried off the Cup with a 2-1 victory.

In the original match the Hussars twice took the lead through Troopers Mike Foy and Ken Buckingham but twice the Paras equalised with a cross-shot from Craftsman John McRobie and a header from Craftsman F Shears only seven minutes from the end.

The following day the Hussars were handicapped by fielding three reserves because of injuries. They scored first with a goal in the sixth minute by Buckingham but their lead was short lived, Sergeant J. Wigley equalising with a header 11 minutes later.

The winning goal came in the 60th minute from Shears after a fine run by McRobie.

While the Para team were playing off six cup-ties and winning the Aldershot District Cup and the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers Junior Craftsmen's Cup, their fellow-soldiers were working overtime in Cyprus to keep the footballers in England.

After the final the team flew off to join the rest of the unit in Cyprus, well satisfied with making Army soccer history.

Both teams pack the Hussars' goal area after a corner kick in the second half of the final.

Lance-Corporal Bill Milne, 9 Signal Regiment, Royal Signals, set up a new course record at Episkopi when he won the Cyprus Royal Signals Golf Championship for the second year in succession. A 26-year-old orderly room clerk, he already held the Army (Cyprus) and All-Island titles. He started playing golf at the age of 12 and now boasts a formidable handicap of two.

SPORTS SHORTS

***Folklore*, an ocean-going yacht seen here sailing out of Marsamuscetto Creek in Malta crewed by soldiers from the Garrison Sailing Club, recently won an inter-Service race from Malta to Sicily. She is one of two Folk boats belonging to the Club which regularly take part in Mediterranean passage races between the two islands.**

BOXING

For the first time since the war no Servicemen won titles at the Amateur Boxing Association Championships, held at Wembley Pool, London. Private Brian Robertson, the Royal Scots heavyweight, was the only soldier to reach the finals and was defeated on points. In the semi-final he knocked out his opponent in the first round.

SOCCER

After leading 4-0 at half-time, the 7th Battalion, The Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, scored a runaway victory in the Territorial Army soccer cup final, defeating the Suffolk and Cambridgeshire Regiment by nine clear goals at Edinburgh.

MODERN PENTATHLON

British, Inter-Services and Army champion Lance-Corporal Jim Fox, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, led the British contingent to finish 13th in an international modern pentathlon competition at Budapest which was won by the world champion, A Balezo. Lieutenant M Howe, The Parachute Regiment, was 19th, Lance-Corporal M Thomas, The Royal Hampshire Regiment, 25th, and Captain R Tuck, Royal Marines, finished 36th. The British team was fourth in the overall team placings.

SAILING

After a promising start in a gusty wind the Army finished last after two days' sailing in the inter-Service dinghy team races held at Littleton Lake, Middlesex. The Army did well in the first few races but gradually dropped behind in the rest of the regatta. The Royal Navy won, followed by the Civil Service, the Royal Air Force and the Army.

SHOOTING

The 1st Cadet Battalion, The Queen's Royal Surrey Regiment, won eight of the nine trophies at a two-day meeting of the Surrey County Cadet Force held at Bisley. The remaining trophy was taken by the 2nd Battalion. During recent years it has usually been a close battle between the 1st and 5th Battalions, but this year the 1st Battalion had it all its own way with Company Sergeant-Major D Smith winning all three individual trophies.

The 2nd/10th Gurkha Rifles and the Green Jackets between them made a clean sweep of all seven principal matches in the Army Rifle Association's non-central competitions. The Gurkhas won five matches and were second in four and the Green Jackets, besides winning two main matches and being second in two others, also won the Duke of Connaught Cup and the Revolver Cup.

RIDING

British Olympic hope Captain James Templer, Royal Artillery, riding his nine-year-old bay gelding M'Lord Connolly, won the Great Badminton Championship at the three-day horse trials at Badminton. Second place was taken by Lieutenant Jeremy Smith-Bingham, Royal Horse Guards, on his 11-year-old, By Golly. Captain Templer, European champion in 1962, clinched the victory with a clear round in the final show-jumping phase.

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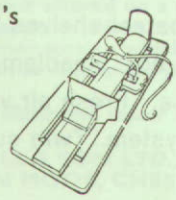

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SOLDIER wants to see your photographs of the Army at work. They can be taken on exercises, in offices, on parade grounds, in or under vehicles . . . anywhere that shows the work you are doing.

Send them to reach SOLDIER's London office by Monday, 24 August. They will be judged by experts of a London photographic school and the prizewinning pictures, with a full list of the winners, will appear in the October issue.

Don't forget to read the rules before posting and remember that entries will not be judged solely on technical excellence.

These are the Prizes

1 **£10 in cash**
2 **£5 in cash**
3 **£3 in cash**
4 **£2 in cash**
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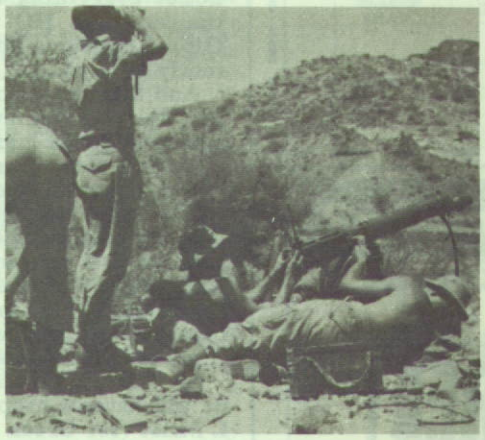
In addition we will give one-year subscriptions to the three best non-prizewinning entries from junior soldiers.



COMPETITION 73

RULES

1 Entries must be sent in a sealed envelope to:

The Editor (Comp 73),
SOLDIER,
433 Holloway Road,
LONDON N7.

2 Competitors may submit any number of entries but each must be accompanied by the "Competition 73" label printed on this page.

3 Prints only (colour or black and white) may be submitted; negatives and transparencies cannot be considered.

4 Competitors must state type of camera used and, if possible, film, aperture and speed.

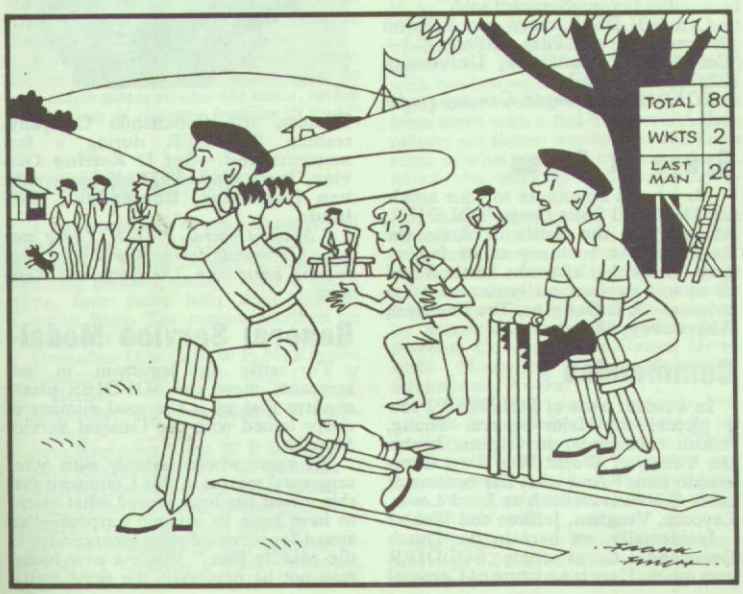
5 All prints submitted must have the name and address of the sender on the reverse to facilitate return, if required.

6 Entries will be judged on artistic composition and spontaneity—technical excellence will not be a deciding factor. The School of Photography at Regent Street Polytechnic College in London will judge the entries.

7 The Editor of SOLDIER reserves the right to reproduce any photograph submitted.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU ?

These two pictures look alike, but they vary in ten minor details. If you cannot detect the differences, see page 36.



LETTERS

Just Thanks

I HOPE SOLDIER will find space to publish this letter of thanks and appreciation. I have just left the Army on completion of over 30 years' service. After giving three months' notice everything went perfectly smoothly, and my grateful thanks go to HQ Colchester Garrison, Records Office, Pay Office, Pensions Office and anyone else I may have inadvertently missed.

And there are many others to thank for much during my service. My wish to see as much of the world as possible was fulfilled, many applications were granted and much help was given me by my officers even after many years away from the Regiment in Germany, West Africa, Singapore and Cyprus.

The Army took me in when I was living on a shoestring. Now I live very comfortably, owning my own home and car, and I have a good job as a security officer, one which I could not have obtained had I stayed a civilian. I owe a lot of people many thanks, not only for making my life in the Army so well worthwhile, but also for the training I received while serving which made the transition from Army to civilian life so much easier.

My eldest son is now serving in the Regiment and I only hope that he will have as happy a time in the Service as I did.—**Ex-C/Sgt L Miles (1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd), 55 Ramsey Road, Dovercourt, Essex.**

Kipling query

Throughout Kipling's poem "Danny Deever" occurs this phrase. It begins:

"'What are the bugles blowing for?' said Files-on-Parade.
'To turn you out, to turn you out,' the Colour-Sergeant said."

Can SOLDIER throw any light on the meaning of "Files-on-Parade"?—**Col A D C McAlister, University Club, Dublin, Eire.**

* *SOLDIER is stumped. Can any reader help?*

Greys at Arras

May I add a footnote to your article on The Royal Scots Greys (SOLDIER, March)? In the Battle of Arras the Regiment lost so many of its famous grey horses that after the battle it had to mount its men on horses of other colours.—**A E Douglas, Tre Feddian, Aberdovey, Wales.**

Commandos

In a recent issue of SOLDIER I saw a picture of Major-General Young, British commander in Cyprus. Is this the Young of World War Two Commando fame? And what has become of other Commandos such as Lord Lovat, Laycock, Vaughan, Jellicoe and Webb?

Incidentally, we here in the Dutch Commando Corps enjoy SOLDIER very much. Here is a picture of Corporal Winters, 104 Commando Company, reading SOLDIER during a few moments' rest.—**Sgt D Ketting Olivier, Instr Coy, KCT, Engelbrecht van Nassaukaz, Roosendaal, Holland.**

* *Major-General P G F Young was not a Commando during World War Two, but did serve with The Parachute Regiment.*

General Service Medal

To settle an argument in our sergeants' mess, can SOLDIER please confirm that 15 is the total number of clasps issued with the General Service Medal?

We agree wholeheartedly with other sergeants' messes in this Command that this medal has long passed what seems to have been its original purpose—"an award for service during emergencies in the Middle East." While a new medal may not be necessary, the same medal

with a different ribbon for each major command, ie Middle East, Near East, Far East, would probably satisfy everyone.—**Sgt C Keenan, 1st Battalion, The Royal Ulster Rifles, Far East Farm Camp, BFPO 1.**

* *Correct. Fifteen clasps have been issued to the present General Service Medal since its institution in* 1918.

"Garry Owen"

"Garry Owen" is the tune of the old United States 7th Cavalry Regiment. It is believed here that it was originally the tune of a British Cavalry regiment and was brought to the United States during the latter part of the last century. It is also believed that this same tune, but with different words, appeared in Australia as the tune of the Australian Cavalry under the name of "Waltzing Matilda."

I wonder if any readers of SOLDIER can give me the facts?—**Charles H Yust Jr, 2092 Middleton Road, Hudson, Ohio 44236, USA.**

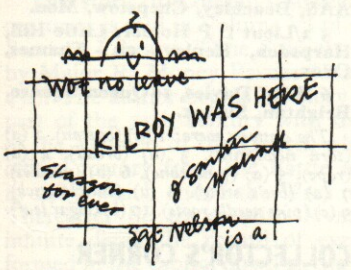
Tough musket

Your review of H L Peterson's "Book of the Gun" (SOLDIER, March) reminds me of a really tough musket that resolutely refused to "fade away."

A brass plate bearing the legend "2nd Battalion, Coldstream Guards, 1838" caught the eye of Captain Angus Buchanan, The Royal Fusiliers, on an East African roadside, in June, 1917. He retrieved the gun and now it rests at Regimental Headquarters, Coldstream Guards, beside the "Dunbar Medal" (1650); the Drums of the Crimea; the "Tally-ho VC" hunting horn and a host of other treasures.—**A A Payne, 33 Kent Drive, Hornchurch, Essex.**

Kilroy was here

From Accra to Penang, I have noted with interest on certain walls the fact that "Kilroy was here." Who was Kilroy?—**Maj W C J Naylor, RAEC, HQ FARELF, Singapore.**



* *The ubiquitous "Kilroy" has never been firmly identified but is generally accepted as being an American soldier whose literary activities first appeared during the closing stages of World War Two. This has been confirmed by the United States Army Liaison Officer in London.*

Kilroy's cry was enthusiastically taken up by soldiers of other nationalities in outlandish places all over the world, rather on the lines of the once familiar "Chad."

Shooting tankard

I was interested to read Captain P S Fagg's letter (SOLDIER, March) as I, too, have a Hythe School of Musketry shooting tankard, though mine is dated 1874, four years later than that of Captain Fagg. The names inscribed on my tankard are:

Grenadier Gds Capt W H McKinnon
Coldstream Gds Capt Hon G A V Bertie
Grenadier Gds Lieut Hon F W Stopford
24th Regiment Lieut W P Symons
54th Regiment Lieut J W Ruddock
77th Regiment Lieut Fred Graham
90th Light Inf Lieut G Sandham
Madras Inf Capt Fred Smalley
2nd Somerset Mil W C S Sainsbury

—**S/Sgt T Collon, 5 Shaftoe Road, Springwell, Sunderland, Co Durham.**

● SOLDIER welcomes letters. There is not space, however, to print every letter of interest received; all correspondents must, therefore, give their full names and addresses to ensure a reply. Answers cannot be sent to collective addresses.

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

● Please do not ask for information which you can get in your orderly room or from your own officer.

● SOLDIER cannot admit correspondence on matters involving discipline or promotion in a unit.

Across Africa

Full marks to Lieutenant Donald Chappell and his party of 14th/20th King's Hussars for their 6000-mile expedition from Benghazi to Lagos and back (SOLDIER, March). It is perhaps worth recalling that Captain Donald Cameron, The Royal Scots, led an expedition from the Atlantic coast in Nigeria to the Mediterranean about 35 years ago. The trip was made without cars and so took a good many weeks, but it was successfully completed.—**Capt F B ff Sheppard (late The Royal Scots), Dial House, Heighington, Lincoln.**

Another mystery

The "Desert Mystery" (SOLDIER, March) in which a truck and four graves were investigated by 38 Company, Royal Army Service Corps, interested me because while I was attached to the Company's Light Aid Detachment 1955-1958 another such truck was discovered. This one lay between Murzuk and El Gatrun, on the Murzuk side of the sand sea separating the two oases. It comprised a chassis and body, less superstructure, cab and engine. On lifting the tail-board the old number plate could be seen. No other trappings were visible but some may have been buried.

It was used on two occasions as a landmark by groups I was with, to negotiate the narrow neck of the sand sea in order to reach El Gatrun, where other interesting wartime relics remain, including a "well-plastered" airstrip complete with underground passages, gun positions and fuel dumps.—**Sgt B Izard, RAOC, Ord Branch, HQ BLFK, BFPO 10.**

"Zulu"

I have not yet seen "Zulu", but from photographs from the film it appears that the officers fought in full dress! I would say that in 1879 in a tropical climate they probably wore the red undress serge patrol jacket with regimental facings, but no gold braid.

Lieutenant Bromhead was a dismounted officer and I doubt very much if he would have been wearing field officer's parade riding boots and breeches. He is also shown wearing what appears to be FSMO (Sam Browne) with two leather supporting straps. This equipment would certainly not have been worn with a full dress tunic. Both officers are shown wearing the full dress tunic of what seems to be 1914 pattern, which was worn as levée dress up to 1939.

It is a thousand pities that in making historical films about the Army the film companies never, or hardly ever, get their details correct. It is so easy to do his by the simple expedient of consulting the corps or regiments concerned or by appointing an adviser.—**Col J M Forbes, Curator, The Green Howards Museum, Alma Barracks, Richmond, Yorks.**

* *Anachronistic details certainly irritate but are unlikely to be noticed by the majority of film-goers. Those in "Zulu" detract neither from its enjoyment nor from the fact that it is a splendid portrayal of a stirring epic and is as British a film as one could wish.*

Both Chard and Bromhead are portrayed in "Zulu" as clean-shaven except for side-whiskers, whereas contemporary

more letters

portraits show that they were both heavily moustached. In "The Zulu War," Rupert Furneaux particularly mentions Bromhead as "moustached and bewhiskered."

Probably the producers adjusted the characters' personal appearance to suit the modern taste, but it is hardly consistent with your report that they had checked to ensure accuracy down to the tiniest detail. In any case, did not regulations at the time of the Zulu War oblige officers to wear moustaches?—**O P M Conway, West View, Gainford, Darlington, Co Durham.**

* *A General Order of* 1856, *which appears to have been still in force in* 1879, *laid down that moustaches were optional for all ranks.*

May I add another comment on "Zulu"? The Colour-Sergeant (with the rank badge of a sergeant) is wearing two medals. The second, I think, is that awarded for the Ashanti campaign of 1873-1874. The first appears to be a "Total Abstinence Association" medal awarded, as its name implies, to teetotallers.

I think it doubtful that this would be worn in uniform but if it were it would be on the right breast. The ribbon from which it is suspended is difficult to decipher but appears to be that of the King Edward VII Coronation Medal of 1902. The correct ribbon is doubtful but it is generally accepted that the medal is suspended from a light blue ribbon.

Incidentally, the 24th Foot did not serve in the Ashanti campaign, and the Colour-Sergeant would be more likely to be wearing the Mutiny Medal and the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal.—**G W Harris, Orders & Medals Research Society, 4 Rutherwyke Close, Stoneleigh, Epsom, Surrey.**

The bearded Colour-Sergeant Bourne, splendidly portrayed by Nigel Green.

Unit history

I should be very grateful for any information on the history of 15 Company, Royal Army Service Corps, particularly during the years 1914 to 1918 and 1939 to 1945, and from ex-members of the Company.—**Maj P J Warren, OC 15 Company, RASC (Tipper), BFPO 36.**

"Balaclava bugle"

The "Balaclava Bugle" which sounded the charge of the Light Brigade was recently auctioned in London. All mounted units of the British Army's Cavalry and artillery use the trumpet, while Infantry regiments only use the bugle. The rank of the trooper who sounded the charge was correctly given as trumpeter and not bugler, so why was a trumpeter blowing a bugle?—**H Green, 103 High Street, Whitstable, Kent.**

* *Trumpeters of Cavalry regiments use the trumpet when dismounted, the bugle when mounted. Picture shows Bandsman Philip Costen, in 17th Lancers' uniform of the period, blowing the "Balaclava bugle" after the sale at which it fetched £1600. It was bought by actor Laurence Harvey and American TV star Ed Sullivan, and is being presented by them to the 17th/21st Lancers. The "Balaclava bugle" has always been a controversial subject. Some authorities maintain that the "charge" was never sounded and that Lord Cardigan gave the orders "Walk march" and "Trot." In the advance the pace never exceeded a trot.*

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(*See Page* 33)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1 *Shape of bat.* 2 *Batsman's pad at right ankle.* 3 *Right arm of spectator on seat.* 4 *Size of flag.* 5 *Lower rung of ladder.* 6 "*K*" *in* "*WKTS.*" 7 *Windows of left hut.* 8 *Wicketkeeper's right sleeve.* 9 *Last man's score.* 10 *Dog's tail.*

LOLLY?

Readers found some difficulty in identifying the ten objects pictured in Competition 70 (March, 1964). There was only one correct entry; the next two prizewinners each made one error and the remaining winners were among those with two errors.

Winners were:

1 S/Sgt A G Croucher, RAPC, 34 Lt AD Regt, RA, Harding Barracks, Wuppertal, BFPO 44.

2 Miss Barbara Hobbs, 111 Pollards Hill South, Norbury, London SW16.

3 Alan Paley, WR Constabulary, 16 Birkhead Street, Heckmondwike, Yorks.

4 A/T Lee, 6 Pl, B Wing, J Coy AAS, Beachley, Chepstow, Mon.

5 2/Lieut L P Holder, Little Hill, Harpsden, Henley - on - Thames, Oxon.

6 WO I Davies, 10 Queen Square, Brighton, Sussex.

The answers were: 1 (*a*) (*button*). 2 (*a*) (*torn newsprint*). 3 (*a*) (*bread*). 4 (*a*) (*rope*). 5 (*a*) (*pine cone*). 6 (*b*) (*noodles*). 7 (*a*) (*bee's sting*). 8 (*a*) (*cutiele stick*). 9 (*c*) (*pine needle roots*). 10 (*b*) (*cigar leaf*).

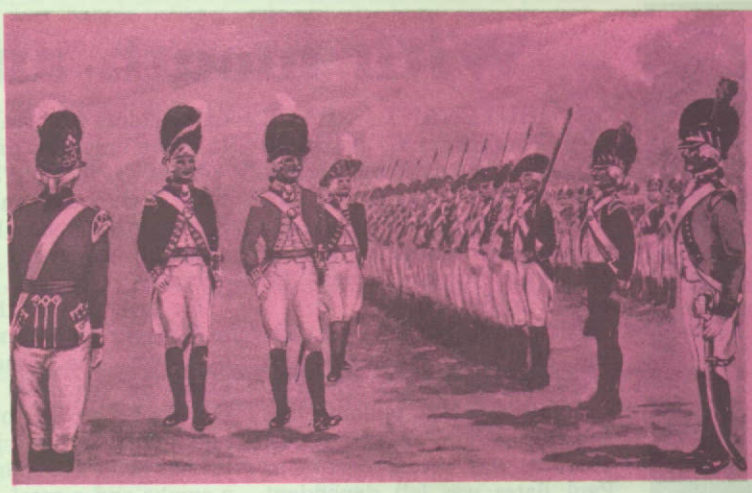
COLLECTOR'S CORNER

A/T Mutlow, Penney Squadron, Uniacke Barracks, Army Apprentices School, Harrogate, Yorks. — *Collects British Army cap badges.*

Capt R A Wilson, Ellers House, Ulverston, Lancs.—*Requires by purchase, Victorian military topee, other rank pattern.*

LONDON'S OWN SOLDIERS

SINCE medieval times London has been the home of the Sovereign and the seat of government and, as a natural result, the centre of pageantry and ceremonial as well as the administrative headquarters of all the fighting forces. Elsewhere most of the glamour and colour have gone, but in London much remains to enrich these comparatively drab days of mechanisation.



Officers and soldiers of The Volunteers and the Honourable Artillery Company, in 1799.

Nowhere in the world is there anything to compare with the glittering magnificence of The Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards on their splendid black horses, not to be seen just on holidays and high days, but daily at the Changing of the Queen's Life Guard ceremony in Whitehall. It is sad to reflect that these horses are the last survivors of the 31 Regular Cavalry regiments and 14 brigades of Yeomanry which existed in 1914. Nor can the turn-out and bearing of the Foot Guards, in their bearskins and scarlet tunics, be matched by any other Infantry, with the one exception of the Canadian Foot Guards whose dress is almost exactly similar.

The story of London's soldiers down the centuries is told in Volume VI of the Imperial Services Library, "The Soldiers of London" by Major R. Money Barnes (*Seeley, Service*, 45*s*). The author begins his story in the latter part of the 15th century with the formation of the Yeomen of the Guard, who date their official history from the Battle of Bosworth, in 1485, which ended the Wars of the Roses. Thereafter he traces with loving care and infinite detail the record of every regiment formed in the capital down to the present day, and such is his obvious enthusiasm for his subject that this cannot but be communicated to the reader.

Interest is sustained at a high level throughout the author's narrative by the vast amount of miscellaneous information it contains. Who, for instance, other than those connected with the Brigade of Guards, knows that the Bank of England piquet, as a military guard, dates from the Gordon Riots nearly 200 years ago? Or that the *fleurs-de-lis* on the tunics of the drummers are the last visible sign of the claim of the Sovereigns of England to the throne of France?

One of the author's many amusing anecdotes concerns the vain and flamboyant Lord Cardigan who commanded the 15th Hussars in the 1840s. This nobleman was in the habit of giving some of the smartest of his men 5s and a day's leave so that they might bolster his ego by saluting him in the West End. Major Barnes also reminds us that until the 1830s most of London's soldiers were billeted in public-houses or on private householders. It was not until a severe cholera epidemic spread over the country in 1832 that William IV organised the building of adequate barrack accommodation.

This fascinating and encyclopaedic work is profusely illustrated both in colour and in black and white by the author and, despite a somewhat skimpy index, may be assured of a warm welcome by all military enthusiasts.

DHC

Private army in the Philippines

AT a time when guerrilla warfare is a fashionable study, "They Fought Alone" (*Secker and Warburg*, 35*s*) **by John Keats, has the virtue of combining the information of a text-book with the gripping interest of a good war tale.**

It is the slightly "novelised" story of the efforts of an American engineer, Wendell Fertig, a recently enlisted lieutenant-colonel who refused to give up the war when the American forces in the Philippines surrendered to the Japanese.

He took charge of the guerrillas on Mindanao island, a colourful collection of patriots, bandits and savages, of extremely uneven value as fighting troops. He raised the force to 40,000, killed 7000 Japanese and at one time had 150,000 of the enemy tied down in an attempt to crush his resistance. He also carried out what General Douglas MacArthur's headquarters considered his main task, of passing on intelligence.

He organised the production of bullets from brass curtain-rods, fuel for trucks and generators from coconut oil, and money from his own mint.

He was virtually governor of Mindanao during the Japanese occupation for he early realised that any guerrilla depends on the civilian population, and he intended to help the civilian population anyway. His influence endured beyond the war and today, many Filipinos who learned their lessons as guerrilla officers now hold public office.

All this cost the American services a few supplies, and the loan of a few officers, most of whom were Americans who were stranded on Mindanao anyway and who were commissioned from the ranks by Fertig.

RLE

New dimensions in strategy

STRATEGY is a bewilderingly variable and intangible study to which Air Vice-Marshal E J Kingston-McCloughry attempts to give shape in "The Spectrum of Strategy" (*Cape*, 25*s*).

In this century it has taken on new dimensions. In World War One there was the traditional strategy of bringing land and sea forces to bear at the right times and places. World War Two added the concept of direct attacks on home fronts.

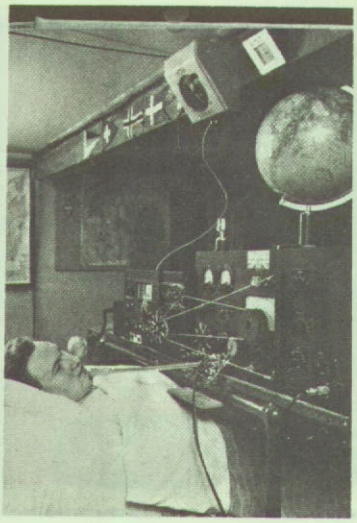
Since then, missiles and nuclear submarines have changed the geography of strategy; polar routes have acquired importance and Mercator's projection is no longer adequate for planning. The threats of total war and limited war, the sporadic local wars and the ever-present cold war all require their own strategies, all of which must be linked into an overall strategy.

The author applauds the concept of a Ministry of Defence to control operations, and of inter-Service commanders-in-chief, but feels not enough is being done to link the three Services. One of his suggestions is an inter-Service war manual to outline the national defence problem as a whole and the parts to be played by each Service. Until this is produced, he says, the individual Service war manuals are futile.

Another interesting proposal is that there should be a cold war committee, parallel to the Defence Committee and coordinated with it, but controlled by the Foreign Office.

RLE

Right: Homeward bound from Malaya, Paul Bates is moved from Kinrara Hospital to the helicopter. Below: Operating his radio G3MAC.



With mouth and finger-tips

LIEUTENANT PAUL BATES, a National Service officer seconded to the King's African Rifles, had just completed a successful ambush in the Malayan jungle when he began to feel ill.

His patrol had to walk out, and that march was to cost him dear. The illness from which he was suffering was poliomyelitis and the strain aggravated it. His life was saved—just—but Paul Bates was left dependent on machines for breath and able to move only two finger-tips.

That was in 1954. Since then, with his mouth and his two finger-tips, he has become an accomplished typist and radio operator.

He took part in the London to Paris air race, complete with his own van (and driver), breathing machines and bed. He has set up his own household and even has a job, selling invalid beds. He enjoys a drink, a smoke and a meal.

His story, told with John Pellow in "Horizontal Man" (*Longmans*, 16*s*) is just the cheerful, robust report you might expect from a man who has accomplished so much in such conditions. In it, he pays warm tributes to the military hospitals in which he was nursed in Malaya and England and to the Royal Air Force medical team which managed his journey from one country to the other.

RLE

Unconventional warfare

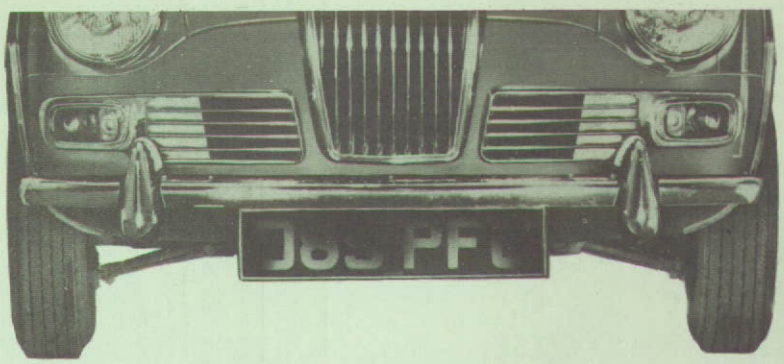
JAMES ELIOT CROSS ranges the full gamut of unconventional warfare, in "Conflict in the Shadows" (*Constable*, 18*s*), **from military technology to political problems.**

He does so from an experience which started in 1943 when, as a

member of the Special Operations branch of the American Office of Strategic Services, he was in London learning the tricks of the trade from the British Special Operations Executive. He has been much concerned with defence research ever since.

One of his minor, but interesting, conclusions is that Americans find their role in today's unconventional warfare uncomfortable, in part because of their folk-lore—the Westerns in which villains and heroes cannot possibly be confused and the winners are all pure heart and superbly confident. Unconventional warfare is, unfortunately, not that cut and dried.

RLE



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