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SOLDIER

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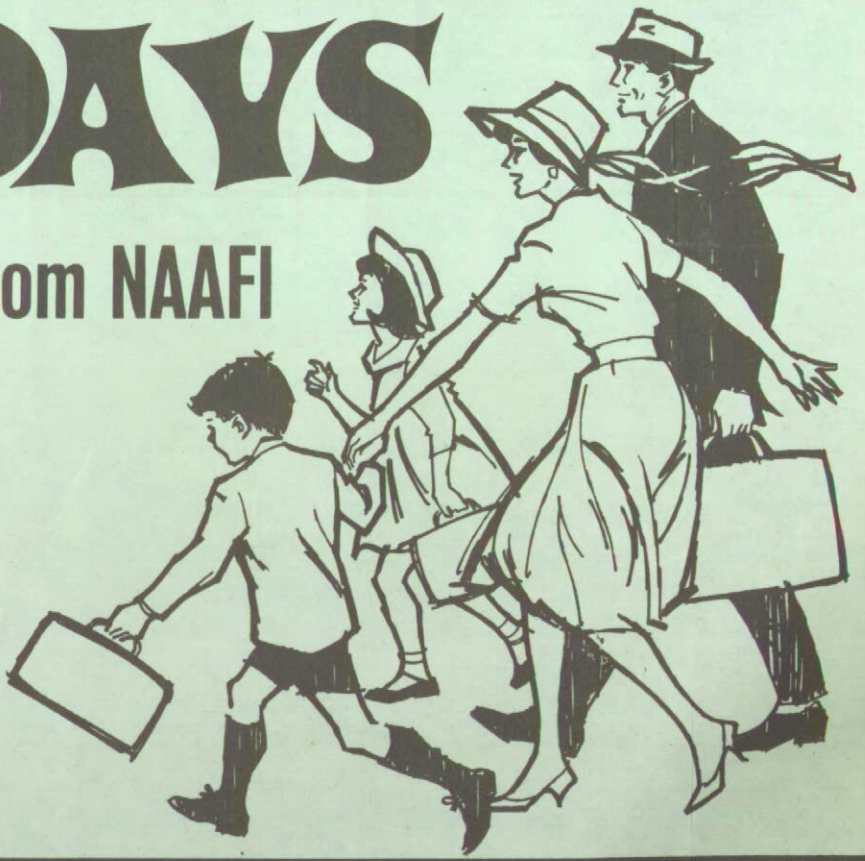

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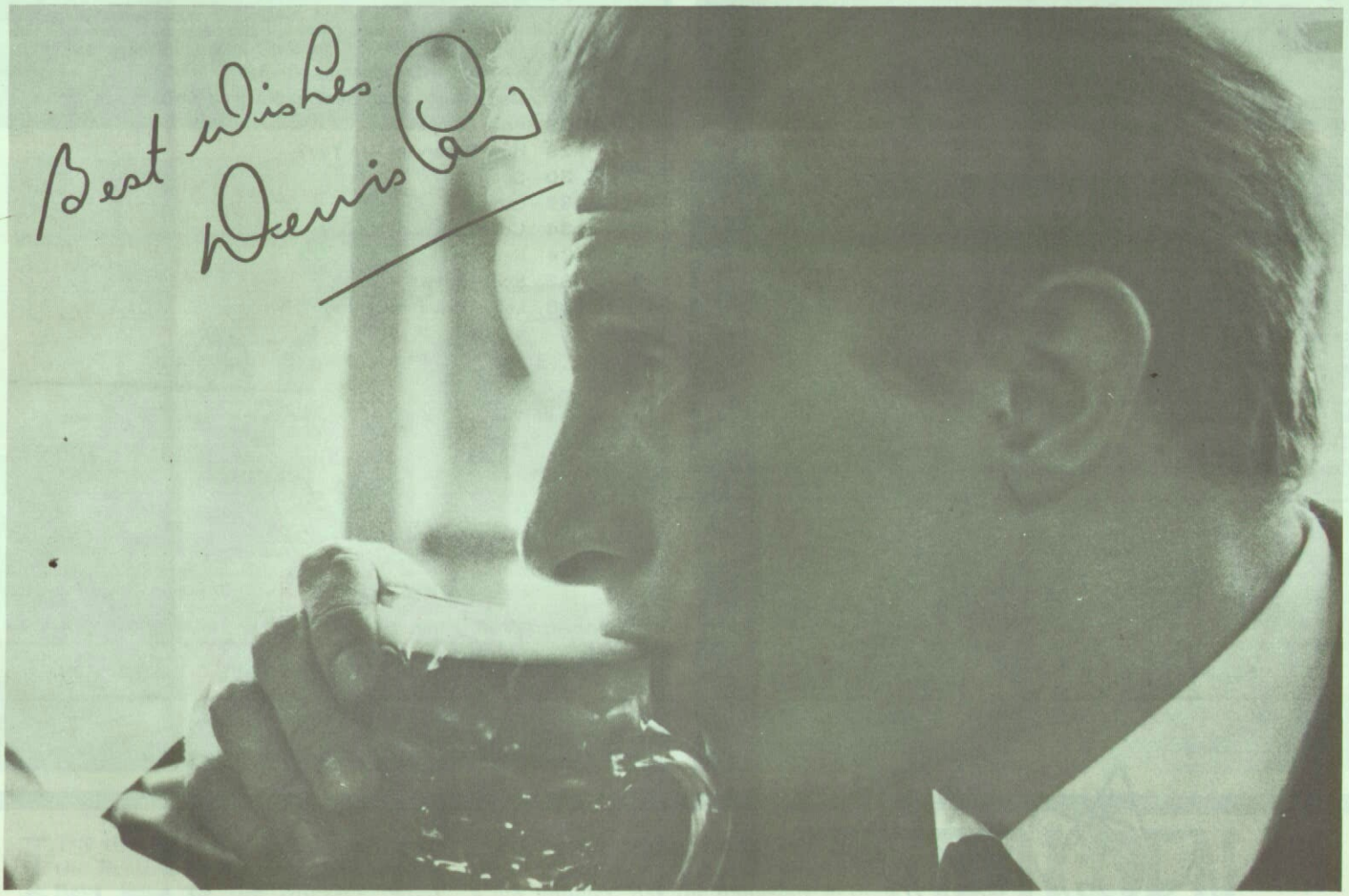
"If it wasn't for British pubs I'd still be in Turin!" says Denis Law



When I was in Turin, the Italian bars only made me more lonely. But a British pub is home.

Saturday night I often bring my wife Diana out for a meal in a country pub.

My favourite meal—a couple of chops with peas and maybe a glass of bitter.

I'M NOT A BORN TRAVELLER. For a year I sat around in a luxury flat in Turin and I found myself missing the sound of British voices, the sight of British newspapers and the life in the British pubs.

An Italian bar just isn't the same. Pushing my nose through its door for a minute or two only made me feel more lonely.

Character

So I came home. Back to Manchester where, in and around the city, any number of pubs of real character are to be found. Funny old pubs where they know how to look after a good bitter and lay on thick country sandwiches. Posher pubs known over several counties for their food and drink. Each has its place.

After training

Quite often I shower after a brisk morning's training and head off with other players for a spot of lunch at the local. Some football clubs arrange for a pub to feed their players regularly. There's something different and more satisfying about a pub lunch.

Maybe it's the personal touch.

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SOLDIER

AUGUST 1965 Volume 21, No. 8

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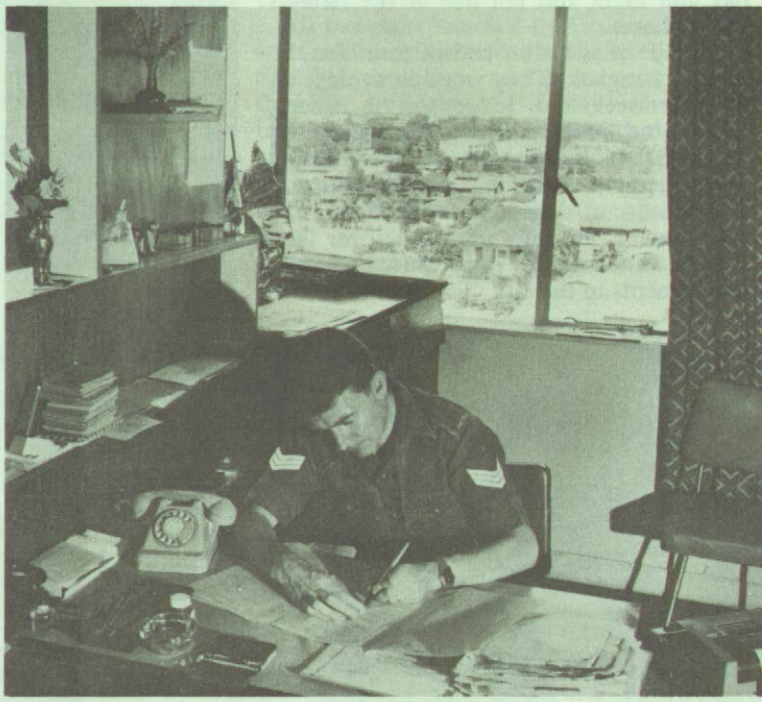


GOLDEN ARROW IN BANGKOK

IT'S the most luxurious posting in the British Army. Crystal chandeliers hang in the thick-carpeted men's dining room; flunkeys are on hand to open every door; pretty chambermaids make the men's beds and clean their air-conditioned rooms.

A soldier wants breakfast in bed? He just picks up his bedside telephone and asks for it to be sent up. A mango soaked in honey, or a slice of iced paw-paw followed perhaps by fluffy scrambled eggs cooked in cream and a pot of coffee? There's plenty to choose from on the menu.

Boots need cleaning? Pop them outside the door and they will be back sparkling in a few minutes. Ask the room-boy to draw the curtains while he is around—and there is the city spread out below (of course, all the rooms have a good view).

Fancy a drink before lunch? Order it in the exotically decorated bar adjoining the dining room. . . .

It sounds like every private's daydream but it is reality for a small unit stationed in Bangkok, romantic capital of Thailand. For their "barracks" is the luxurious Grand Hotel right in the middle of the city.

PICTURES . . .

A small page boy is on hand to open doors for soldiers in the world's most luxurious "barracks."

Three soldiers of Golden Arrow sign in at the hotel reception desk, staffed by pretty Thai girls.

Lunch in the Louis Room of the Grand—the menu is extensive and includes exotic Oriental foods.

Sergeant David Skenfield at work in his office overlooking Bangkok on the top floor of the Grand.

Story by RUSSELL MILLER, pictures by FRANK TOMPSETT

BANGKOK *continued*

Men of the Golden Arrow Detachment, Royal Signals—the only British unit permanently stationed in Thailand—live in a hotel simply because there is nowhere else for them in Bangkok. And they are certainly not complaining.

They have taken over the top floor of the 108-room Grand Hotel and most of its fifth floor. All the facilities of the hotel are at their disposal and, of course, the Army foots the bill. This means a choice of two dining rooms—the "Café La Madelon" for snacks and the "Louis Room" for a full meal in luxurious surroundings—a pretty girl receptionist to greet them every morning, a bar, television lounge, room service day and night and not one of the Army's usual chores.

But life is not all a bed of roses for the men in Bangkok. They work on average an 80-hour week and, luxury or no luxury, there is no doubt that they miss much by being so far away from the rest of the Army.

Recreational facilities are non-existent and because of their jobs the men are, to a large extent, virtually imprisoned for long periods in Bangkok. They must find their amusements in the city. To an outsider this may appear ridiculously easy; but even the most exciting city begins to lose its gloss after enforced familiarity.

Above: A pretty girl at work weaving Thai silk in a factory in Bangkok's famous floating market.

Top: Bangkok, pictured from the Temple of the Dawn, a familiar sight to Golden Arrow soldiers.

Left: The trailer at the SEATO Headquarters which sends and receives all Golden Arrow messages.

The Golden Arrow Detachment provides a communication link between the Commonwealth members of SEATO Headquarters in Bangkok and Army Signals in Singapore. Its dashing title conjures up any number of fanciful ideas but in fact it prosaically derives from the name of a trailer in which the Detachment's radios were mounted on arrival in Thailand.

The Detachment set up in Bangkok in the middle of 1961 and since then it has undoubtedly been the Grand Hotel's best customer. A detachment of 237 Signal Squadron (Comcan), based in Singapore, Golden Arrow is really a far-flung link in the Comcan chain and its task is to send

Above: Symbolic of Bangkok, these golden Buddhas draped in saffron cloth sit in the Temple of the Dawn. Below: Scene in the floating market which every man in Golden Arrow would recognise.

and receive messages, via Singapore, to and from Britain, Australia and New Zealand.

Heart of the Detachment is a top-floor room in the Grand where Captain Neil Grayson, who commands Golden Arrow, works side by side with Sergeant David Skenfield, his Jack-of-all-trades assistant. Because they are so far out on a limb, this little office has to handle the unit's own imprest account, pay and allowances, petrol, oil and lubricants account in addition to its usual Royal Signals duties.

Sergeant Skenfield is also something of a diplomat, keeping relations between the men and the hotel staff cordial and liaising with the Thai authorities and the British Embassy.

All messages handled by Golden Arrow start or finish in a trailer at the back of the SEATO building where a teleprinter threshes throughout the day. Outgoing traffic is piped across Bangkok with the help of Thai communication facilities to a transmitter five miles away on the other side of town. From there it goes direct to Singapore.

Incoming messages arrive at Golden

BANGKOK *continued*

Arrow's remote receiving station 20 miles outside the city and from there, using American cables, they are piped to the transmitter site where they are "broken down" and then sent on to the trailer at SEATO.

The Detachment's three sites have all to be guarded and this puts a severe strain on the 25 men comprising Golden Arrow. The loneliest job is manning the receiving station—only one man can be spared for the task and the station is sited in a very isolated part of the country.

When they do get some off-duty time, the men of Golden Arrow find themselves very limited. There is a swimming pool and sports field just across the road from the hotel, but that comprises the sole recreational facility. There are no Service clubs and a couple of quiet beers in a bar are likely to cost more than a pound. Many of the soldiers have beautiful Thai girl-friends and they all find the happy Thai people delightful hosts.

The sprawling city of Bangkok is a fantastic place. Suicidal traffic jams every street, even those surrounding the shimmering Buddhist temples. There are many spectacular religious festivals and the floating market is one of the wonders of the world. However, for all the men of Golden Arrow there comes a time when they have seen it all.

The only real break they can get from the city is occasionally at weekends when as many men as can be spared pile into the Detachment's three-tonner and buzz off into the country to have a look at Thailand. The golden beaches of Patia and the famous bridge over the River Kwai are both within striking distance and any chance to get out of stifling Bangkok and shake the city dust from their heels is more than welcome.

But despite the limitations, there isn't a man in Golden Arrow who won't admit it is the best posting he has ever had. And after the chandeliers and the immaculate waiters and the sumptuous menus and the chambermaids and the pile carpets and the luxurious bedrooms, an Army barrack block must bring them sharply down to earth!

L/Cpl Roy Beauvais and Sgmn Andrew Nelson take time off for sightseeing in a silk factory (above) and at a shop selling tiny Thailand dancing dolls.

SOLDIER TO SOLDIER

ALTHOUGH the National Army Museum is 30 miles from London and accommodated in an inadequate building in the grounds of Sandhurst, it is attracting well over 60,000 visitors a year.

When the Museum, established under Royal Charter, was opened by the Queen on 6 July 1960 it was foreseen that the accommodation would soon become inadequate. The new Museum absorbed the existing Indian Army Memorial Museum at Sandhurst, two small museums devoted to Cavalry regiments and to the old Irish regiments disbanded in 1922, and the military exhibits of the Royal United Services Institution Museum in London.

In the past five years, valuable exhibits have poured in at such a rate that the National Army Museum can exhibit only 40 per cent of its treasures.

The Trustees have now launched an appeal for a new Museum in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, on the site of the old infirmary where pensioners used to spend the last days of their lives and which was blitzed in 1941. The Government is to maintain and staff the new Museum, but for the cost of the site, building and equipment the Trustees are looking to the Army and the country. As SOLDIER went to press £370,000 had already been promised—another £730,000 is still needed.

Announcing the appeal, Field-Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, DSO, said the Army had earned the right to exhibit its treasures in a modern building in the national capital where it would annually attract well over half a million visitors.

The interior of the new building, designed by Lord Holford, would be revolutionary. There would be no stairs, but an easily graded ramp. "You will be able to walk through the Museum without noticing the slope, on which a bath-chair can be wheeled, and without ever passing the same exhibits twice."

The Commissioners of the Royal Hospital have offered the site for £160,000 on a 999-year lease at a nominal rent of £1 a year. Plans have already been submitted to the Fine Arts Society.

Within the Army every commander has been asked by the Adjutant-General to support the appeal and it is hoped that regimental funds and associations will also help.

And, as Sir Gerald said, there can be few families whose forbears did not take part in some campaign, great or small, of the British Army, and hardly an industrial or commercial enterprise that has not benefited, directly or indirectly, from the British Army's feats of arms.

The Trustees ask for donations, subscriptions by deed of covenant, or bequests. They should be sent to The Secretary, The National Army Museum Building Appeal, Lansdowne House, Berkeley Square, London, W1.

ARMOUR

The mighty armour of the British Army of the Rhine roars past the Queen during the day she spent with her troops in Germany. Three hundred armoured vehicles, including *Centurion* and *Conqueror* tanks, *Saladins* and *Saracens,* and bridge-laying and recovery vehicles, were on parade with their crews of 1600 men, all from 20 Armoured Brigade Group.

After the Queen and Prince Philip reviewed the troops, the crews started their engines, reversed 300 yards and then drove past (pictured here) dipping their guns in salute as they passed the Queen. Then they reformed and advanced in review order towards the saluting dais. It was a fantastic, unforgettable sight.

A few hours before, at Sennelager, the Queen reviewed a dismounted parade of 6500 men formed into 84 guards on three sides of a square with a massed band 470 strong. This month's front cover shows the Queen and Prince Philip in a *Land-Rover* flying the Royal Standard during the review of the dismounted parade.

Both pictures are by SOLDIER Cameraman Frank Tompsett.

HOW DO YOU READ ME?

Story by JOHN SAAR Pictures by ARTHUR BLUNDELL

Take my word for it, or time yourself. As an average reader, you plough along at around 350 words per reading minute. Now measure that against the gigantic feats of a computer which accepts, "reads" and routes the Army's messages at 83,000 words per minute.

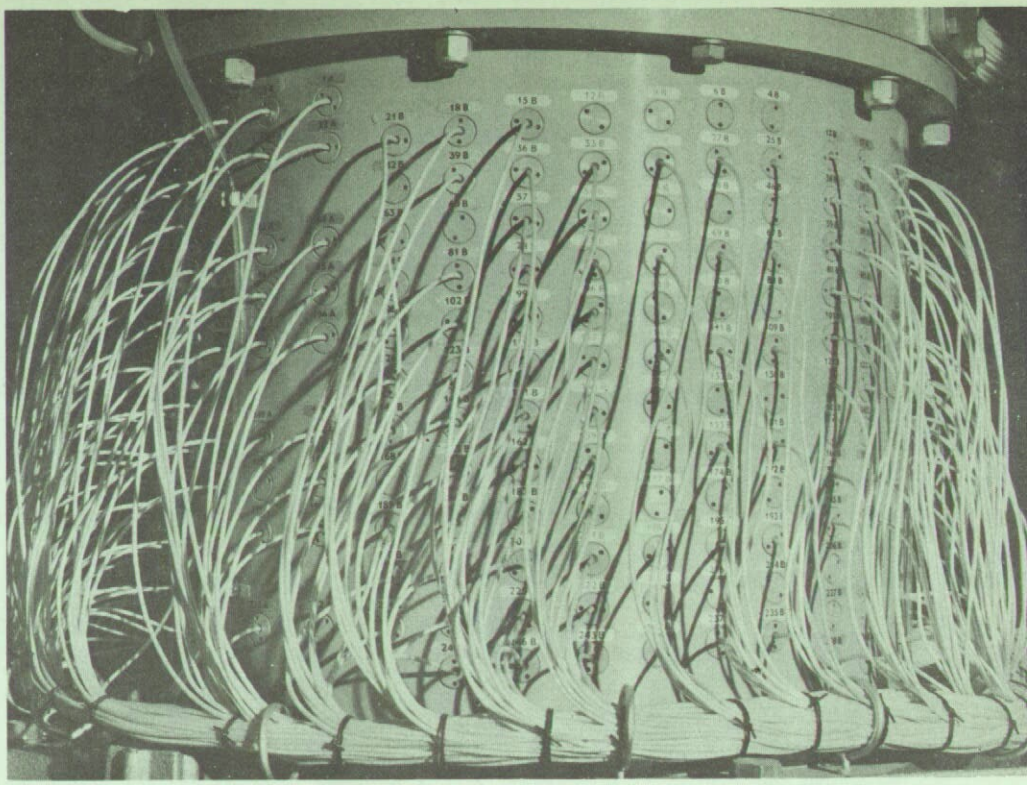
In its first year of operation a £500,000 computer has revolutionised the Gloucestershire nerve-centre which controls Army communications throughout the world. TARE—short for Telegraph Automatic Routing Equipment—is an electronic switching system with astonishing powers; it can handle the existing traffic of 6000 messages a day with one hand tied behind its back; it has effortlessly replaced more than 100 human operators.

And therein lies the reason why TARE's installation was greeted with mixed feelings by the men of 14 Signal Regiment who operate the United Kingdom signals terminal.

When automation in its rows of dull grey filing cabinets was carried in, the unit's popular detachment of the Women's Royal Army Corps marched out.

The girls were among the many operators axed with the obsolete "torn tape" system which they worked in. They left for postings—home, abroad and matrimonial—on the day the Vice-Chief of the General Staff, Lieutenant-General Sir Geoffrey Baker MC, inaugurated TARE and ended a link with the signals centre that began in 1940 with the Auxiliary Territorial Service girls.

The routine drudgery that tied down 43 operators on a peak period torn-tape shift is now taken care of by the computer and only 13 operators. Major Jock Cathmoir, Officer Commanding, stresses that, in contrast, technicians have never been more numerous or important: "They are working in the most up-to-date communications centre of its type in the world. It is tremendously interesting for them to see real progress at last."

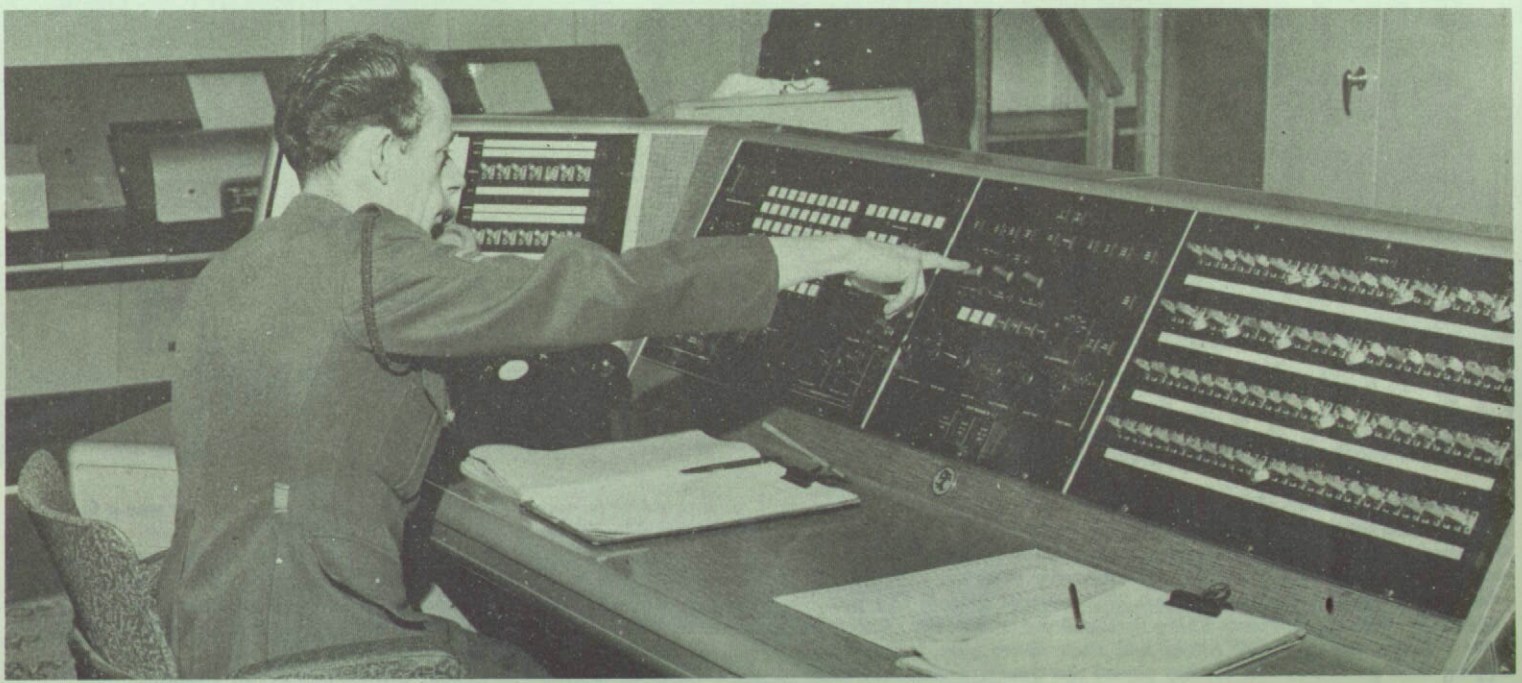


The unexciting exterior of the computer's "brain" gives no hint of the feverish activity going on inside. A magnetic drum spinning at 1500 revolutions a minute records and handles up to 140 messages.

From a blastproof, air-conditioned cell, TARE presides over the elaborate spider's web of the Commonwealth Communications Army Network. Through this sophisticated signals net, urgent instructions from the Chief of the General Staff in Whitehall can be relayed to a local commander anywhere in the world in seconds.

In a fast-developing war, delay in the passage of an important signal could have extremely unpleasant consequences. The robot controller was conceived, designed

Chairborne trouble-shooter Sgt Jim Swan controls a test emergency at the console. Inactivity taxes concentration. "At night," says Swan, "the place is a morgue."



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NNNNVV   ACA146CAA184      UU
******YY RBDAC
DE RBDA 000 10/1318Z
Y 101318Z
FM TARE SUPVERVISOR
TO SERVICES
BT
UNCLAS SVC1000 THIS IS A TEST MESSAGE TO DEMONSTRATE TARE'S ACTION
ON THE RECEIPT OF AN EMERGENCY MESSAGE
BT
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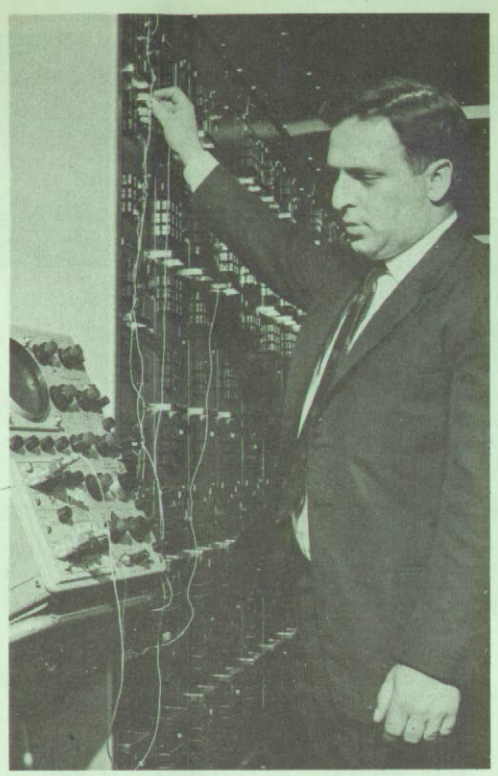
An initial letter group warns TARE that a high priority message is coming in. The computer allows it to jump all queues and alerts the supervisor.



Civilian engineers work round the clock shifts to maintain and repair the complex electronics.

Lieutenant-General Baker had an appreciative word with many of the WRAC on their farewell parade.

and installed in recognition that this must never happen. It took 12 months to make and another 11 months to fit a computer with a life of ten years and the capability of undertaking superhuman tasks with absolute reliability.

TARE's task is to accept and register a bewildering assortment of signals, juggle them at phenomenal speed into security and priority classifications and send them on their way.

TARE is a hustler, but elaborate safeguards prevent it boxing the pack or dealing off the bottom. All its circuits are duplicated and some are triplicated so that faults do not affect the service. And ninety-nine per cent of them are localised and corrected within 15 minutes.

A built-in inferiority complex keeps the computer checking every detail of its own operation. This scrupulous self-discipline sometimes reveals faults and the computer signals its alarm and despondency by screaming for help with automatic alarms.

Cracking the whip over the system is a duty shared by soldiers and civilians. The duty supervisor watches the action on the control room console to the background rattle of a battery of teleprinters. He cannot tag every message through the computer but he can tell when it is in danger of becoming baffled or over-burdened. Particularly he watches the pressure on the central message store. The "brain" scans the messages on a magnetic drum and despatches them in the right order on the assigned routes. An officer was near the truth when by a slip of the tongue he described the drum as turning at "1500 revelations a minute."

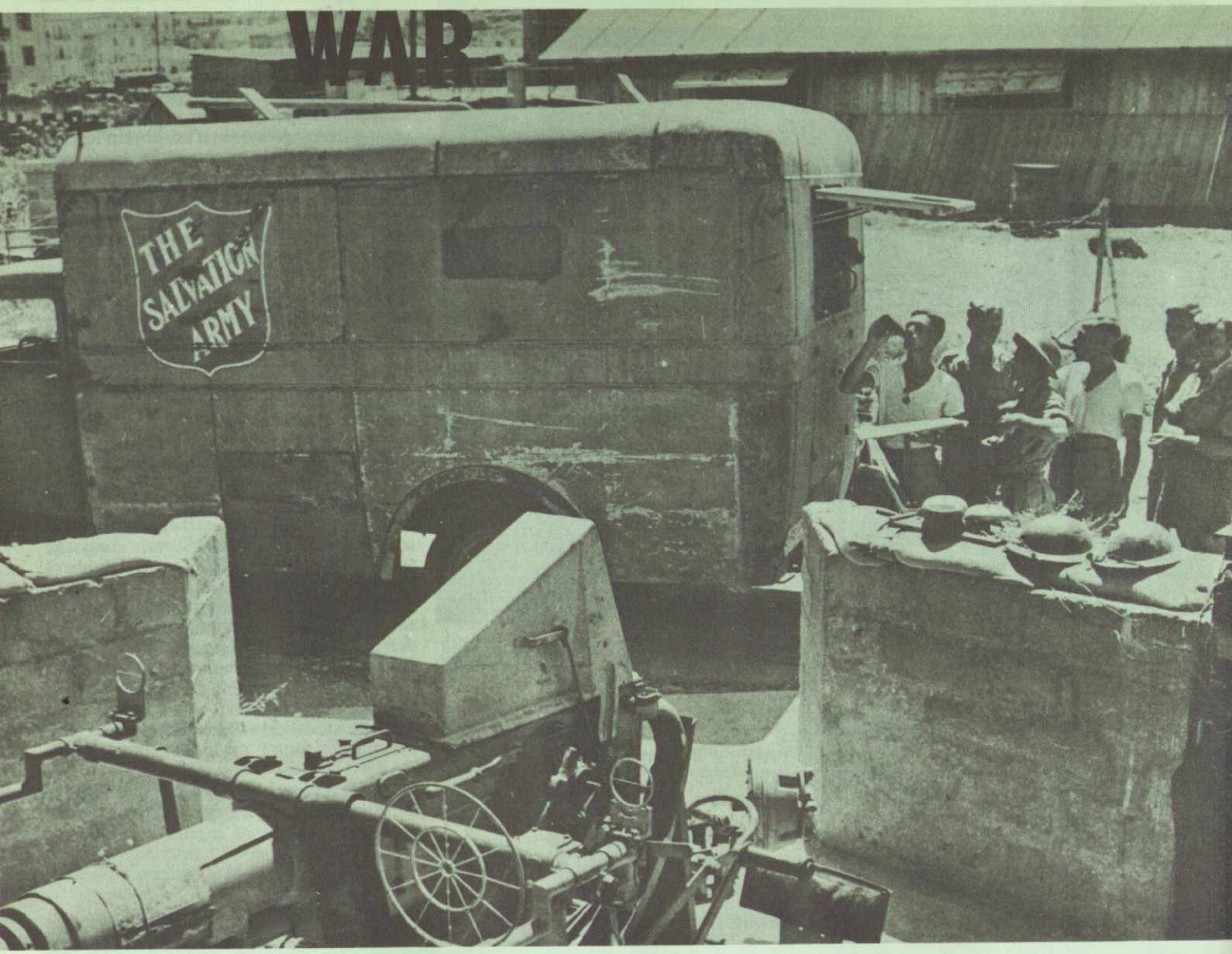
The supervisor can relieve bottlenecks by switching in an overflow store, and may divert traffic to alternative routes. A low compelling buzz and the appearance of a yellow light warn him that he is dealing with a high precedence message. The integrity of the two highest priority categories is jealously guarded and the top priority may be sent only by a general on a matter of national importance. These messages will go through in 30 seconds.

One dire threat menaced TARE. Theoretically a failure in the power supply could erase its "memory" and bring the terminal to a standstill. But the implications were obvious at the design stage and careful plans were laid against this eventuality. Should the supply from the mains-driven generator show even a flicker, a diesel engine takes over and a three-and-a-half ton flywheel keeps rolling to fill the gap while it starts up.

Some signallers working into the computer have found its inflexibility galling. TARE plays for keeps and records everything it receives. Eventually all mistakes are printed out for everyone to see!

Goodbye to all that! The WRAC girls replaced by automation march out of the United Kingdom signals terminal to "Auld Lang Syne" while soldiers salute.

THE HUNDRED YEARS WAR



EVERY Sunday, Colonel George Crooks goes into the front line of an endless war. Officer Commanding and Chief Instructor of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps School, Blackdown, on six days a week, he marches as a rank and file bandsman with the Salvation Army on the seventh.

Like a surprising number of Regular soldiers he sees nothing odd about serving in another army—one pledged to wage war on evil since it was raised 100 years ago.

"People in both armies," he explained, "know I am in the other one and think nothing of it. After all, loyalty to the cause and doing the job to the best of your ability are vitally important in both armies. Other Salvationists would agree that if you are sincere you are respected for it."

That respect is based on achievement. The Salvation Army puts the emphasis on practical help with, or sometimes before, salvation. Those not actually receiving help occasionally forget that the public displays of drably uniformed bands playing militant, old-fashioned music are only a fraction of the picture. In crises of war and peace the Salvation Army thrives and millions of soldiers are among the tens of millions who owe it thanks.

The tradition was born when the founder, William Booth, first toted his brand of fiery evangelism round the distressed areas of London's East End. He was horrified by what he found and began his battle to help the inhabitants of what was a jungle of starvation, disease, drink and depravity.

Booth saw this as a war that only a crusading army could win. His quasi-military organisation evolved as the Salvation Army and he became the first of its eight generals. The Salvation Army was on the march. At startling speed one man's mission has grown into the world's largest private army, with five million "soldiers." They operate in 69 countries and speak in 140 languages.

A uniform was needed and as in the early days of the Regular Army, several different designs sprang into use. The now standard navy-blue serge may be unattractively severe, but it is a safe conduct for girl Salvationists selling *War Cry* in the roughest public houses. A sight, incidentally, which would have amazed the reviled and assaulted pioneer Salvationists of the 1870's.

From the appointment of a General the rank structure developed. Promotion is to captain, major and upwards and badges of rank are worn on lapels and epaulettes. Ranks such as recruiter-sergeant and songster-leader are peculiar to the Salvation Army and the rating of brigadier lower than colonel is also confusing. All officers are ministers of religion commissioned after two years' training as officer-cadets at the college in Denmark Hill, London. They

It happened in AUGUST

Date		Year
3	Henry Hudson discovered Hudson Bay	1610
4	Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, born	1900
6	Allied landings at Suvla began	1915
6	First atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima	1945
7	Summer Time Act made permanent in Britain	1925
8	Battle of Britain began	1940
9	Atomic bomb dropped on Nagasaki	1945
10	Greenwich Observatory founded	1675
10	Airmail service first organised in Britain	1910
13	Florence Nightingale, nursing pioneer, died	1910
14	Emperor Hirohito accepted Allies' surrender terms	1945
15	Allied landings at Suvla completed	1915
15	VJ-Day	1945
17	Indonesia proclaimed independent Republic	1945
21	Trotsky assassinated in Mexico	1940
22	Battle of Bosworth Field	1485
26	Julius Caesar's first invasion of Britain	55 BC
29	Melbourne, Australia, founded	1835

may be posted to citadels or stations anywhere in the world.

Disillusioned recruits do not have to buy themselves out. The door is always open but it is the Salvation Army's strength that few choose to pass through it.

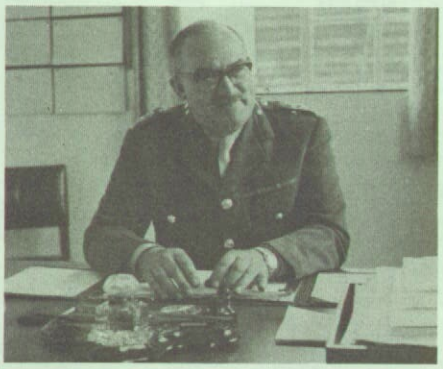
People who think vaguely of the Salvation Army as a pacifist institution malign men who have won three Victoria Crosses and numerous other gallantry awards. Since the Zulu Wars soldier-Salvationists have served in the Regular Army while their equally courageous comrades have risked their lives in battle area canteens. The first canteen opened at Gibraltar in 1895 and in 1900 the first "active service" canteen operated in South Africa. In the South African War as in World War One the "enemy" Salvationists fostered their own troops.

Soldiers who have met and been helped by the Salvation Army in these circumstances retain a lifelong gratitude and will dig deeply into their pockets for a *War Cry* they have no intention of reading. Who would care to value the price of a cup of tea and a spot of peace and quiet to the sorely tried Infantrymen of two world wars?

Even after great losses of material during the Dunkirk evacuation of 1940 the Red Shield Services followed British soldiers to wherever World War Two was being fought.

Red Shield centres and canteens currently operating in the United Kingdom number 108 against the peak wartime total of 650. A rundown yes, but the Salvation Army is short of cash and must apply its help where it is needed most.

Which is why the Salvation Army, in this its centenary year, is asking for £3 million for hostels for the old, the young, the homeless, the alcoholic. . .



Left: A man, and a picture, which typify the Salvation Army's courageous support of the fighting Services.

Far left: A battered Red Shield mobile van brings welcome cool drinks to a guncrew in wartime Beirut.

The same man—two uniforms. A genial Colonel Crooks at his desk (left) and playing his Salvation Army sousaphone (below). "They call me the biggest noise in the band," he jokes.

WATERLOO

Napoleon's utter ruin and Wellington's famous victory were written in the blood of 50,000 killed and wounded on the ridge of Mont St Jean

CLOISTERED by the orchard walls of Hougoumont Château, 1000 British soldiers stood in hollow square in private tribute to the combatants of Waterloo. For a week the world saw the 150th anniversary of a devastating battle celebrated in a variety of ways, yet it was the Army's simple act of remembrance—a traditional drumhead service — which evoked the spirit of Waterloo. Duty demanded exhibitions, displays, a dance for the diplomats and a public pageant before the soldiers could honour with bowed heads the gallant dead of both sides.

Beneath and around was the turf that bore the impact of two great armies in hideous collision. The battlefield 12 miles south of Brussels of pleasant woods, farms, growing crops and the gentle ridge that sheltered Wellington's Army were virtually unchanged. Wars are an accepted hazard of farming in this historical European battle area and the farmers carry on like bizarre groundsmen between one war and the next.

The decimation here of the French Army brought 100 years of peace to Europe at a price of 50,000 killed and wounded. It was the soldiers, of all nationalities, who paid the price then, and again in 1915 and 1940 when other Waterloo anniversaries were dwarfed by world wars in which British and French fought as allies.

The service was held at Hougoumont because this vital outpost saw the fiercest fighting of the day and cost 6000 lives. Chickens scuttled from underfoot as the Colours, Standards and Guidons of nearly all the 34 Waterloo regiments were proudly marched through the original courtyard into the orchard. On a greyly sombre morning like the dawn of the battle, detachments of the regiments, Old Comrades, a contingent of the Dutch Army and the combined band of the 9th/12th Royal Lancers and the 15th/19th The King's Royal Hussars awaited them.

It was the Guards, epic defenders of Hougoumont in 1815, who symbolically kept the ground for the service. Drummers of 1st Battalion, Coldstream Guards, piled their drums to provide the customary battlefield altar for the Roman Catholic, Anglican and Presbyterian chaplains. The appearance in the morning of a man in the uniform of the Imperial Guard and persistent rumours that villagers might try to "capture" Colours kept a detachment of Royal Military Police watchful, but there was no incident.

Although the French and Belgians had officially declined to attend, almost the first order given by the parade commander, Brigadier D A Beckett DSO, was for the placing of a British Army wreath on the French memorial. Pink carnations rested under the wounded grey eagle in tribute to the great losses of an indomitable adversary. It was a French general who summed up the no-quarter mood in which Waterloo was fought. Invited to surrender when the battle was lost he retorted, "The Old Guard dies but never surrenders!"

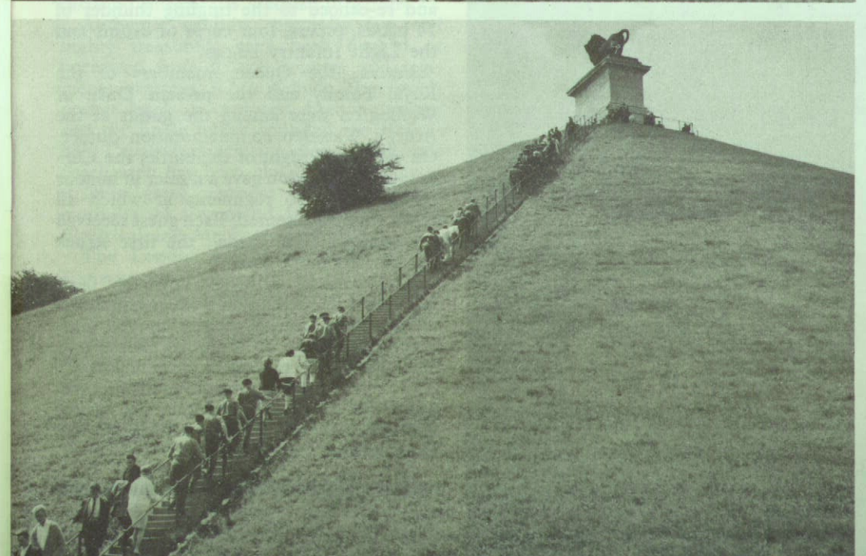
Rain began to fall in the blood-steeped orchard during the service. In the drenching deluge of the final silence, the mournful notes of the Last Post fell dead and flat across the battlefield and seemed to stir dark memories in Hougoumont Farm.

It remained only for a combined party of British, Dutch and German officers and soldiers to place wreaths on all the national memorials.

Left: Life Guards march into Hougoumont orchard. Behind them, the chapel commemorating the epic defence of the château.

Right: Rain begins to fall as the drumhead service opens with the playing of the Dutch, Belgian and British National Anthems.

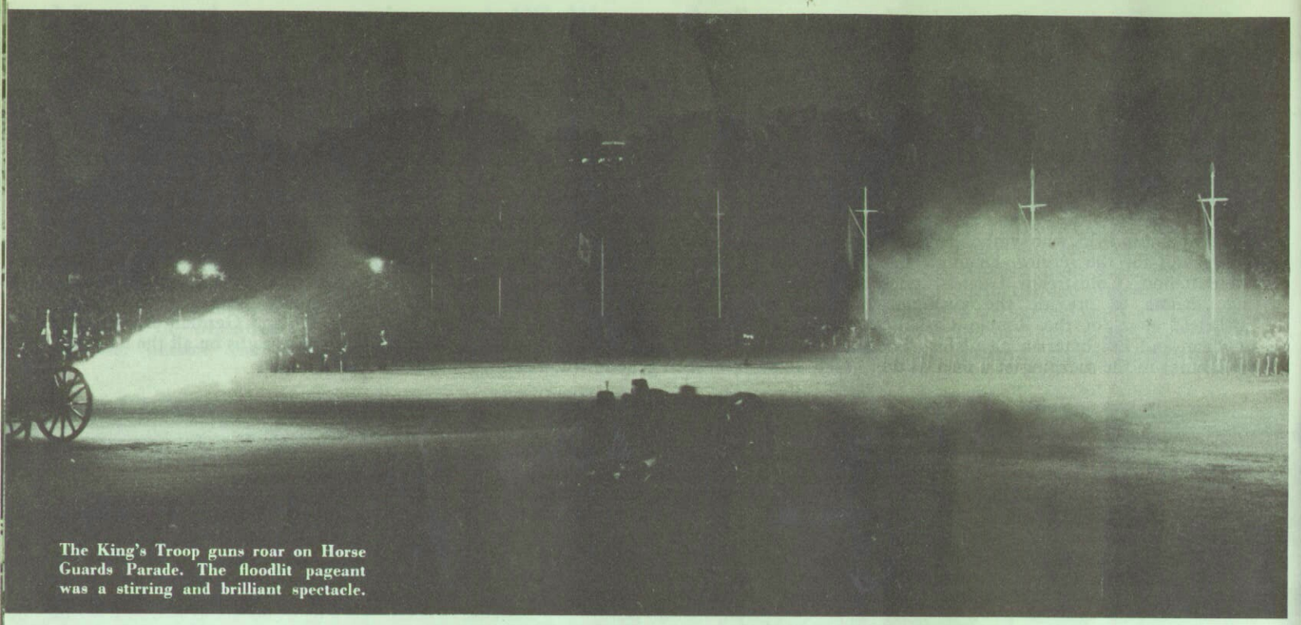
Below: A drum-major leads the 34 Waterloo regiments back in to Hougoumont Farm where 6000 soldiers died in the fiercest fighting.



Above: Regimental memorial tablets are enshrined in the Chapelle Royale just across the road from Wellington's Waterloo headquarters.

Left: The memorial pyramid and lion is a Dutch monument to the wounded Prince of Orange.

WATERLOO *continued*



The King's Troop guns roar on Horse Guards Parade. The floodlit pageant was a stirring and brilliant spectacle.

Rockets erupt from St James's Park as the re-enactment of Waterloo to Eckersberg's music reaches its climax.

THE Army thrilled London with an unforgettable night of music and pageantry on Horse Guards Parade in celebration of victory at Waterloo. Maroons and rockets cracked and flared in the night sky and smoke drifted down Whitehall as 1200 men simulated the splendour of Wellington's Army in battle order and "fought" the battle to Eckersberg's musical fantasy.

Never before, it is thought, have as many as 29 of the Waterloo regiments' Colours, Standards and Guidons been paraded together. Horse Guards Parade echoed and re-echoed to the tingling thunder of 14 bands, pipers, four corps of drums and the Light Infantry bugles.

Earlier, the Queen, members of the Royal Family and the present Duke of Wellington were among the guests at the Army's Waterloo commemoration dinner. On the actual night of the battle, the Corporation of London gave a dinner in honour of the Waterloo regiments at which all ranks were represented. Each guest received a commemorative medal, the first struck by the City since 1902.

An excellent British "show the flag" exhibition in Wellington's old coaching inn headquarters caused a stir in the pro-Napoleon village of Waterloo. Bonaparte, as he proved by raising an army of 128,000 in four months, was a legend in his lifetime. Since his death the adulation has grown and the fact that he lost at Waterloo was in danger of being forgotten.

Busts, pictures and posters of Napoleon dominate the battlefield village of Mont St Jean and until the arrival of a Central Office of Information team, Wellington was less honoured than the vanquished.

A superb exposition of the battle with coloured panels, black and white enlargements of contemporary prints and engravings has changed all that. The action is broken down into 11 chronological sections and an explanation in four languages gives visitors a clear picture for which either commander would have given a regiment. A tape of battlefield noises which brings the uproar of the mêlée into the soft-carpeted museum is a stroke of genius.

Authentic exhibits, naturally few and highly treasured, have been begged or borrowed from British sources and regiments overseas. They include Napoleon's pocket book, a captured French cannon and the bugle which sounded the Household Cavalry's conclusive charge. The inn's coach arch has been closed with a pair of striking gates wrought into an "1815" motif by 44 Command Workshop, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.

The London exhibition at Wellington Barracks was designed by Sir Hugh Casson and included a picture loaned by the Queen. Uniforms, weapons, pictures and model soldier tableau all helped to tell the story of a victory which changed history. Wellington's sword and the victory communiqué in his own handwriting were outstanding among items loaned by the present Duke of Wellington.

A massed bands display (top picture) in a Brussels stadium was given a rapturous reception. A tabletop version of Waterloo was fought by members of the British Model Soldier Society.

Purely Personal

BOMB DISPOSAL MADE EASY

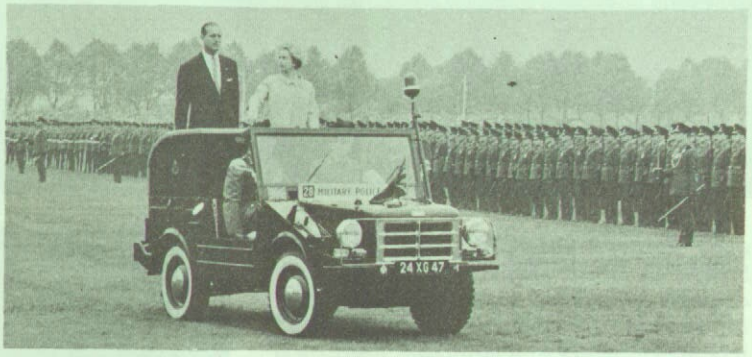
A small knot of people nervously gathered round a scrap yard in Greenwich, London, where a 100-pound bomb had been found, gasped when **Lance-Corporal Brynmor Jones** simply picked it up and dumped it unceremoniously in the boot of a car. Children had found the bomb and police warned the Bomb Disposal Squadron, Royal Engineers, at Horsham. When Lance-Corporal Jones and **Major Henry Qualtrough** arrived, they discovered the bomb had been made safe after it fell in 1941. It was one of their simpler jobs.

SHORT AND TALL

Talk about the long and short of it! These two officer cadets are from the Tanzania Peoples Defence Force and they are currently training at Mons Officer Cadet School, Aldershot. On the left is 19-year-old **Ahmad Mazora,** who is just four feet 11 inches tall and on the right is 23-year-old **Ndekirwa Nasser,** a rangy six-footer. Both men come from Dar-Es-Salaam and will serve as platoon officers in their army when they return to their own country.

TOP COOKS

With her lips firmly closed, **Lance-Corporal Linette Harrison** doesn't seem too keen on sampling the morsel offered by her friend, **Lance-Corporal Gwyneth Evans.** But she shouldn't be so modest, for these three girls won first prize in the Women's Royal Army Corps Team Competition in the Army Cookery Competition finals held at Aldershot. **Private Dorothy Pattison** (left) completed the team and the three girls cooked the magnificent spread on the table in front of them. It is a dinner for 12 people that even in black and white looks pretty mouth-watering. The girls are from Headquarters, Northern Command.



CROSSED FINGERS

The most worried man in this picture is **Corporal Ken Webber.** He is sitting behind the wheel of the jeep driving the **Queen** during the review of her troops in Berlin. In front of 30,000 spectators, Corporal Webber, from 247 (Berlin) Provost Company, Royal Military Police, drove the Queen and **Prince Philip** up and down the ranks of the 1500 men on parade. "My only worry," he said afterwards, "was the possibility of technical trouble. But, thank goodness, the engine behaved perfectly." Corporal Webber got the job of driving the Queen because he is Berlin Brigade's best driver, having won the "Driver of the Year" title during the Brigade's road safety week.

DRUMMED OUT

It's a sad moment for that civilian striding at the head of the Pipes and Drums of 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards. It is a position he knows so well and the very last time he will adopt it. For the occasion was the retirement of **Drum-Major David Taylor,** senior drum-major in the British Army. After 35 years' service, 24 of them as drum-major, he was given a special farewell by the Scots Guards and his own Pipes and Drums played him out of Caterham Barracks. The Commanding Officer, **Lieutenant-Colonel J M Gow,** was also there to see him off.

MERCY STRIP FOR MULL

FOR the Royal Engineers it was a challenging training task with real value. For the islanders of Mull in the Hebrides it meant relief from a lingering anxiety which shadowed their lives. They feared that someone in their remote community might fall ill and die before he could be got to a hospital on the mainland. Now they know that dangerously ill people can be flown out from the island's Sapper-constructed airstrip. No longer do they face the possibly fatal delay of evacuation by sea.

For the two months it took them to cut the 3000-foot grass strip the men of 15 Field Park Squadron, 38 Engineer Regiment, were treated as honoured guests. They left with the island's heartfelt gratitude, as voiced by the Provost of Tobermory, the Reverend J D Brown: "We have been relieved of a great anxiety and given a new, vital contact with the outside world. The Squadron has our sincere thanks."

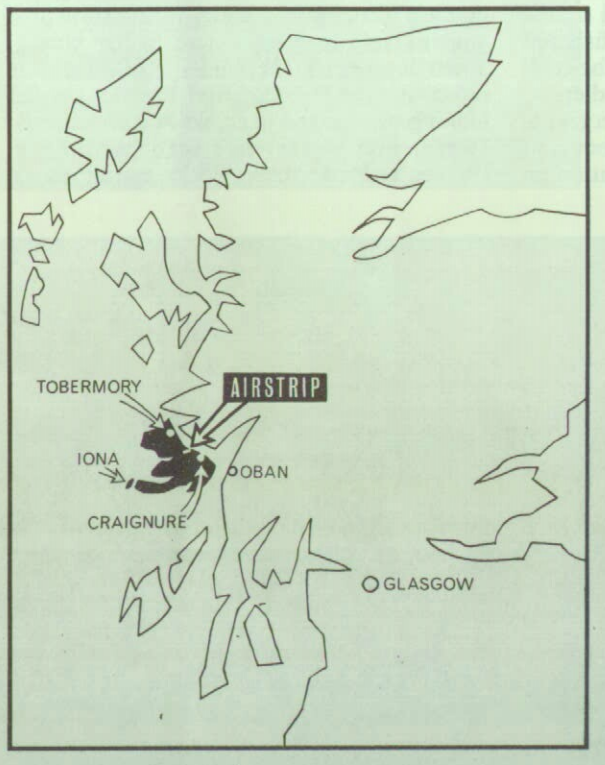
The project was born when Argyll County Council recoiled at civilian contractors' estimates for the strip and called on the Army for help. The Ripon-based squadron happily abandoned barracks to load a vast tonnage of supplies and plant into tank landing craft at Rhu on the Clyde.

Choice of site had been simple for there was only one suitably level strip with good flying approaches in Mull's 367 square miles. It ran parallel to the Sound of Mull and so close that the landing craft were able to disgorge directly on to it.

The Sappers found that the Druids, Kilroy and the ancient Scottish kings who passed through for burial on the adjacent island of Iona had been there before them. Behind the site, tumbled layers of volcanic rock jutted from the grassy hills like mangled ribs. Streams ran as freely as the folklore tales about wishing wells, fairy mounds and the man who roasted cats to summon the devil.

Early operations were hampered by the arrival of a goodly portion of the island's 100-inch annual rainfall. For days on end the Sappers lived and worked in a shallow bog and a funereal wind moaned down the Sound to strum the guy ropes and look for customers. When the sun eventually came out, the Squadron took a better view of its self-contained camp. The tents sat in pleasant patches of pine tree shade and the River Forsa, carrying huge consignments of salmon and brown trout, ran past the "front door." Pumped and purified water from this same river supplied the camp.

Progress was never halted by shortage of



When the dust settled Mull had an emergency airstrip. If it helps to save a single life the men of 38 Engineer Regiment will have been well rewarded.

People urgently needing hospital treatment will be flown from Mull to Oban or Glasgow. The island has no hospital.

story by JOHN SAAR

pictures by LESLIE WIGGS

light. The sky was light for all but five of the 24 hours and at 11pm the sun still kept the sea shimmering like polished brass. Added to which there was Sapper David Purcell's flare path of bulbs which guided the late-nighters home. He rigged an ingenious electricity service in a day-and-a-half and takes much of the credit for the remarkable home-from-home comfort of the camp. All tents were lit and some boasted electric heaters, radios and record players. All this and the community facilities of washing machine with spin drier, television, refrigerator and hot showers were the product of 14 hours' daily toil by a single faithful generator.

A wood of 1000 trees straddling the runway survived the start of work by the ten days a field troop took to demolish it with crawler winches, machetes and axes. The trunks were power-sawn into logs for pulp milling and the stumps fuelled a monster bonfire. Sapper Brummie Askew was slightly injured when the 13th last tree fell on his head.

Project engineer Captain John Palmer brought the weight of three years at

MULL *continued*

Cambridge University to bear on the diversion of a stream through a 450-foot culvert trench and found it "interesting."

Digging the trench was a task shared by Edinburgh-born Corporal George Newsome and his dragline excavator. With his face all teeth and torment, he squatted on the bicycle saddle seat of his "shop" and cluster-punched the dragline's driving levers at ruthless speed. Later, when a slip could have injured colleagues in the trench, he slowed the tempo and dropped the one-ton piping sections with piano-playing precision.

Grand Master of the new sound of Mull, the raucous head-pounding thunder of a dozen or more diesel engines, was Staff-Sergeant Brian Needham. As military plant foreman, with airfields in Egypt, India and Korea behind him, he cocked an ear as the machines cleared their throats for the day and smiled as they broke into their familiar bellowing racket.

He and two fitters supervised the repair and maintenance work with the haunting thought that everything had to be taken off Mull under its own power.

Among his charges were the four tractor-drawn scrapers which tackled the earth-moving. Fully loaded these rigs scale 25 tons. Driving them at a flat-out five miles an hour is physically exacting and unexciting work, but it is the core of every airstrip operation. On Mull the self-disciplined flotilla of tractors lumbered through the mud and—when the sun-roasted mud turned to dust—through one another's choking dust-trails. The chalk marks the drivers scrawled on their bonnets joined the galaxy of statistics in Captain Palmer's daily log.

On the basis of soil tests the project engineer was able to promise local farmers that the strip would offer their sheep lusher grass than ever when the tractors had relaid the topsoil.

Predictably, all concerned worked up startling thirsts. The plant gulped down 250 gallons of diesel oil a day. The good-humoured barman of a local hotel complained of red hot pumps and threatened a strike.

Even with the daily penny-three-farthings arduous living subsistence, food was too expensive on Mull and was ferried across from the mainland. Superbly fresh fish and venison which temporarily baffled the cook were popular local additions to the diet.

Newsreel rushes of Company Sergeant-Major Cyril Merrin's official 800-foot film of the project were shown on location in the camp cinema. Also filming on the island was the Squadron second-in-command, Major Ronnie Procter. He led an enthusiastic bevy of bird-watchers whose greatest coup was a short-range shot of a golden eagle feeding a hare to her young. Their interest in the wild life of Mull was infectious and even the townies began looking out for red deer, wildcats and seals. Herons and swans were seen paddling in the sea and the sheep flocks contained an amphibious element which swam rivers with ease. An oystercatcher whose nest obstructed the runway work received sympathetic treatment. She was moved a yard a day out of the danger area and rubber-necked on the work while hatching her three eggs. By the end of July, both birds and Sappers had flown.

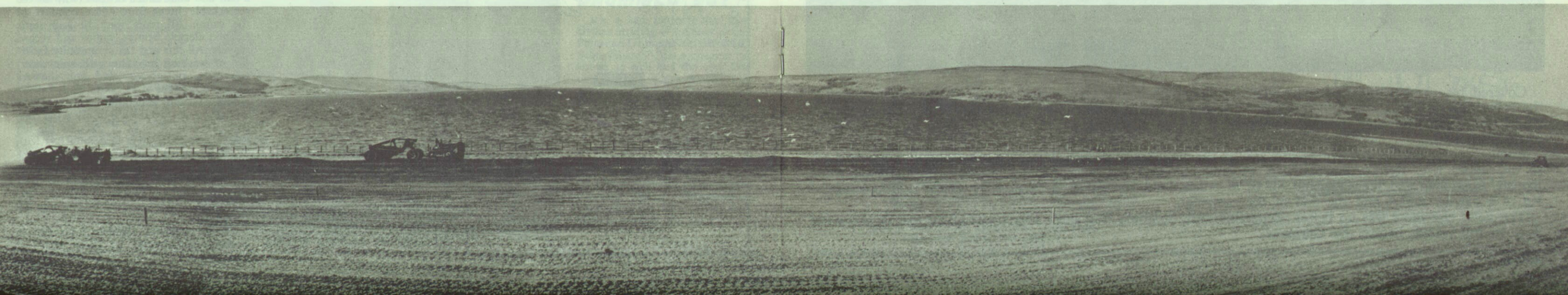
The Squadron's airstrip will help to save lives and may even save Mull itself from death by depopulation. In 60 years the population has halved to the existing 1674. The growing toll of abandoned cottages and the rate of migration among young people make for a gloomy prognosis. The Royal Engineer's humble grass strip and the promised 35-minute link with Glasgow by light aircraft service have given Mull a slender chance of halting its dismal decline.

Scrapers and gulls at work on the topsoil. Later it was relaid and grass was sown. Below: Sawing up one of the pines that obstructed the runway.

Above: Sappers do not always fish with plastic explosive. In the well-stocked rivers and lochs of Mull conventional methods can be as excitingly effective.

Left: The culvert trench dug to carry a stream under the runway was levelled by hand. In places it was 15 feet deep.

Any pilot coming in on this approach is strongly advised to go round again. At high tide the Sound of Mull almost laps the edge of the island's new airstrip.



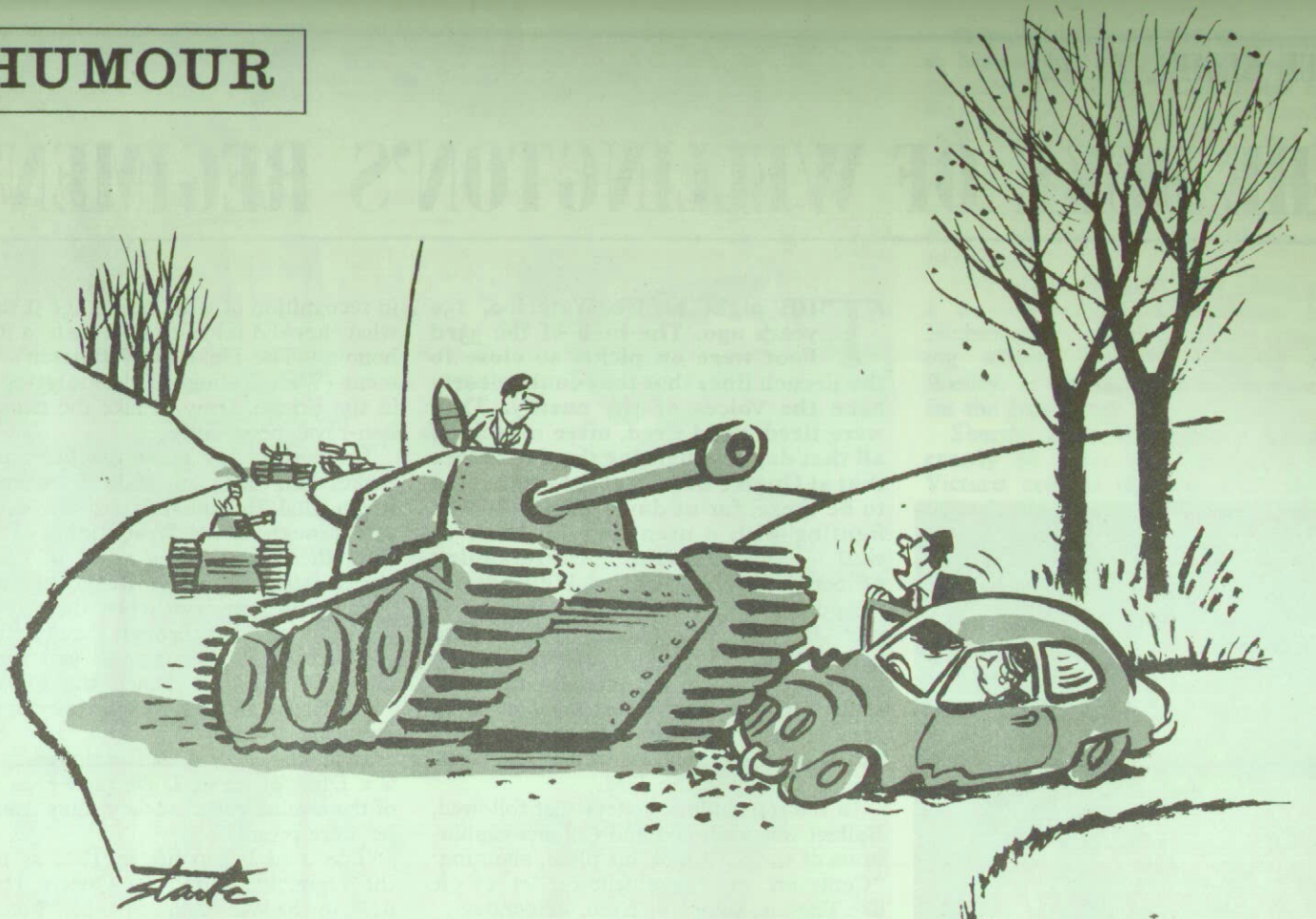
AUGUST 1915

Covered by warship guns a tug lands an artillery raft in the Dardanelles. When and wherever possible the Navy flung its weight behind the Army in a bid to smash a horrifying deathlock. The stubborn enemy, barren terrain and a water shortage combined to negate all progress and men died in courageous droves to no purpose.

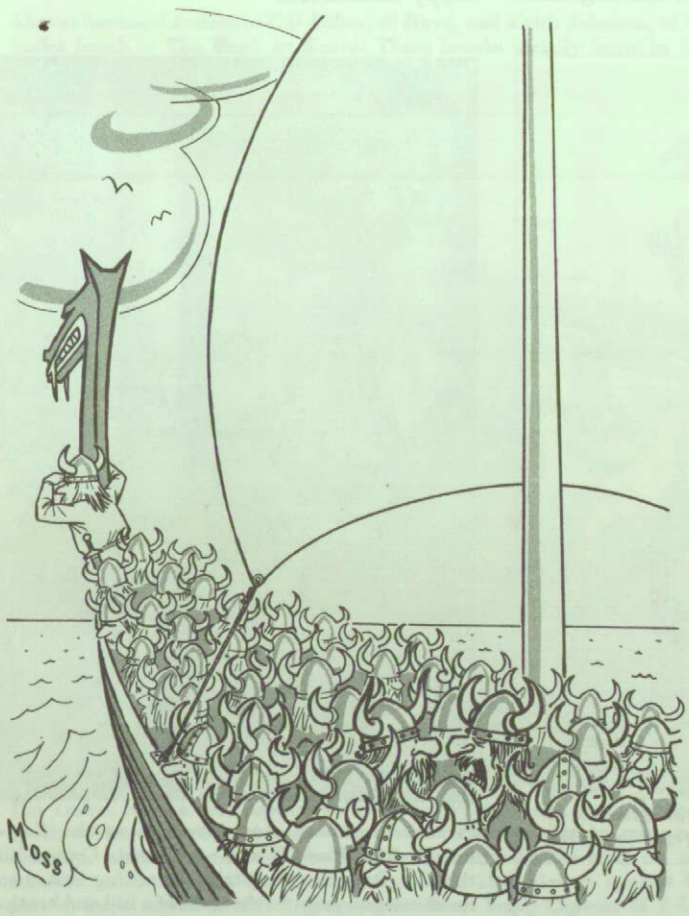
August was to be the decisive month and as the rumours of a new offensive against the Turks hardened, so did hopes rise. Reinforcements were to land at Suvla Bay and would combine with the established British, Australian and New Zealand forces to crush Turk resistance. A fatal delay at the new beach-head led to a narrow defeat and the end of the campaign.

The news elsewhere was no better. Zeppelins were bombing England's East Coast towns and the Russians were in full retreat before the Germans.

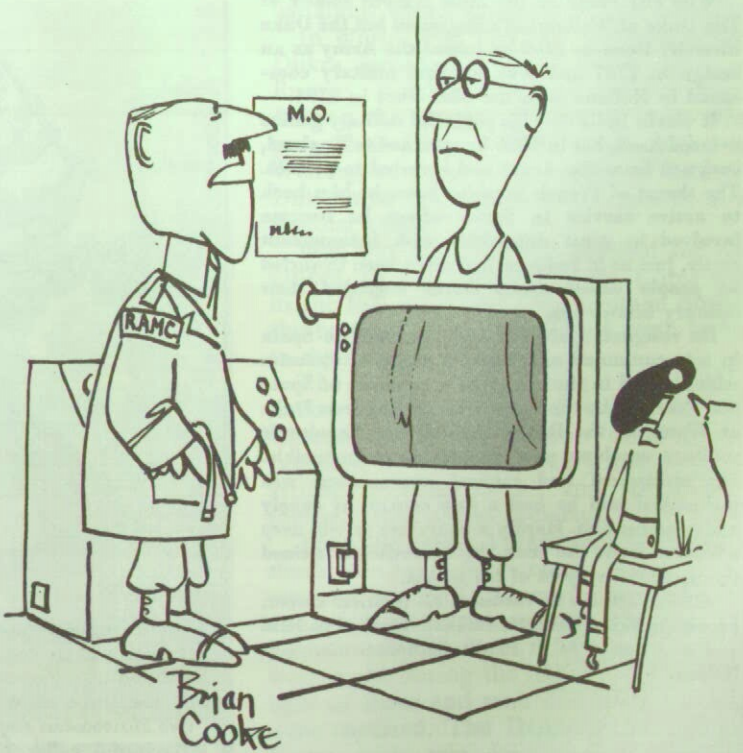
HUMOUR



"We're all right - you in there all right ?"



"That's what I hate about these cheap trips, they pack you in like cattle."



"Seems like the Sergeant-Major was right, Trubshaw— you haven't got any guts."

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT

THE night before Waterloo, 150 years ago. The men of the 33rd Foot were on picket so close to the French lines that they could clearly hear the voices of the enemy. They were tired, dead tired, after marching all that day and fighting the day before that at Quatre Bras. Yet they were glad to be there, for at dawn they would be fighting with a man they all knew so well — their former commanding officer, the Iron Duke of Wellington.

And fight they did. The French attacked incessantly for seven hours, but the 33rd held firm and when, towards the end of the day, Napoleon's Imperial Guard advanced to the attack as steadily as if on parade, the British advanced to meet them, led by Sir Colin Halkett waving the Regimental Colour of the 33rd.

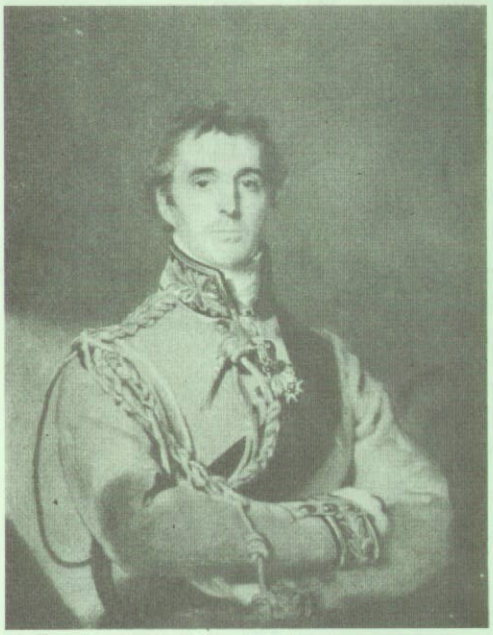
In the tremendous volleys that followed, Halkett was wounded and Colonel Elphinstone of the 33rd took his place, shouting: "Come on, my brave fellows; let us die like Britons, sword in hand, or conquer." In the face of this attack, the Imperial Guard crumpled and was driven from the field.

By that evening the men of the 33rd had written a page of their history that was never to be forgotten; and their worthy Duke was to give his name to the Regiment in recognition of what he did for them and what they did for him. It remains a unique honour—The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (West Riding) is the only regiment in the British Army to take the name of a non-royal personality.

For nearly 200 years the heart of the Dukes has been in Halifax, where the Regimental Headquarters is still situated, and throughout the West Riding of Yorkshire there is a strong sense of personal identification with the Regiment—it was born many years ago when the recruiting sergeants paraded through the streets with a havercake on their swords as an enticement for recruits (hence the nickname, "The Havercake Lads"), and it exists today as strong as ever.

In almost every West Riding family there is a Duke or an ex-Duke (and even if not of the ermine-robed variety, they could not be more proud).

The 33rd began life in 1702 as one of the regiments raised by Queen Anne to fight in the war of the Spanish succession. They saw plenty of action in their early years at Valencia, Almanza (where they were "cut to pieces"), Dettingen, Flanders and America. In 1782 they were given the title of the 1st Yorkshire West Riding Regiment and it was the birth of a long and happy association.



Who else could be the most famous soldier of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment but the Duke himself? Born in 1769 he joined the Army as an ensign in 1787 and took his first military command in Holland with the 33rd Foot in 1794.

It was in India that his potential military genius evinced itself, but in 1806 he returned to England, resigned from the Army and reverted to politics. The threat of French invasion brought him back to active service in Spain where he became involved in great difficulties with incompetent rivals, just as in India he had often been thwarted by people whose social status exceeded their military knowledge.

He resigned again but later returned to Spain in sole command and began a series of victories which ended in the complete evacuation of Spain and Portugal by the French. Under the Iron Duke at Waterloo, the British proved that Napoleon's military machine was very far from invincible. His strategical and tactical appreciation was unequalled and he had a fine control of supply and organisation. Hardly a character to win deep affection from the men, he nevertheless gained the profound respect of his troops.

After Waterloo he resumed his political career, becoming Prime Minister in 1828. He died in 1852 and was buried in St Paul's Cathedral alongside Nelson.

The Territorial cap badge (top), worn by Regulars as a collar badge, is the crest and motto, "Fortune favours the brave," of the Duke of Wellington. The distinctive Hindoostan elephant (above), now the Territorial collar badge, was granted to the 76th for 20 years' service in India.

Private Richard Burton (above) won the Regiment's only World War Two Victoria Cross with the 1st Battalion in Italy, knocking out two machine-gun posts on the crest of a hill and breaking up two enemy counter-attacks. The Regiment won two Victoria Crosses in Abyssinia, one in the South African War and five in World War One.

Above: Second-Lieutenant C D Miller, of Hove, and Keith Johnson, of Halifax, examining a Communist leaflet bomb at The Hook in Korea. These bombs usually burst in the air to scatter leaflets widely.

The Dukes have a fine reputation as a Rugby regiment, born at the end of the last century when in South Africa the Yorkshiremen won both the annual Rugby cups every year for three years. More recently, while stationed in Northern Ireland, the Dukes took on all the top-class Irish clubs and defeated most of them. The final stroke was a 19-5 victory against Ulster. Ten international Rugby players have served in the Regiment, the latest being Captain M J Campbell-Lamerton, the Scottish International. And, of course, the Dukes currently hold the Army Rugby Cup. (Picture above shows Captain M R M Bray, scrum-half, collecting the ball from a line-out during this year's Cup Final.)

Five years later the 76th Regiment, later to become the 2nd Battalion, was raised for service in India where it was to stay for many years, fighting under Lord Lake with such gallantry (at one point almost every man had at least one wound) that his Lordship was wont to remark: "Bring me my boots and the 76th Regiment of Foot and I am ready to do anything and go anywhere."

Meanwhile the 33rd were taking part in a none-too-successful campaign in the Netherlands under their young commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Arthur Wesley. It was to prove useful experience for the Iron Duke.

Shortly after Wellington's death and exactly 38 years after Waterloo, Queen Victoria ordered that the 33rd would be named The Duke of Wellington's Regiment and in the following year the renamed Regiment proved its worth at the Crimean battle of Alma. This fierce engagement lasted less than three hours—but it left 239 Dukes killed or wounded on the battlefield.

And during those bloody three hours, the Colour was borne by five officers and ten sergeants, each man snatching it up as the other was felled.

In 1881, the 33rd and 76th Regiments were amalgamated to become the 1st and 2nd Battalions of The Duke of Wellington's (West Riding) Regiment. The 76th added another unique honour to the new Regiment by bringing with them a second set of Colours presented to them by the Governor-General of India in recognition of their courage at the battles of Allyghur and Delhi. The Regiment still has the unique distinction of carrying an honorary set of Colours.

At the outbreak of World War One, the stout men of the West Riding flocked to join the Dukes. The Regiment raised 21 battalions which earned 63 battle honours.

In World War Two, 12 battalions of the Dukes served in many different rôles in Europe, North Africa and the Far East. Among the many officers and men who gave their lives was the sixth Duke of Wellington, a direct descendant of the Iron Duke, who had joined the Regiment as a Regular officer.

War was by no means finished for the Dukes. In 1952 they sailed for Korea and in the following year their courage during the battle of The Hook added fresh lustre to their name.

The Dukes were holding a hill feature known as The Hook and waiting for the Chinese to attack. When it came it was preceded by extremely heavy and accurate artillery and mortar fire and the Dukes' forward platoon was over-run.

Then the young Yorkshiremen, many of them National Servicemen, faced three separate waves of Chinese Infantry. Evere one was beaten back and two enemy comy panies were wiped out. Two more attacks were made during the day, the last by the light of flares and tank searchlights—both were repulsed. The Dukes returned from Korea with two Distinguished Service Orders, ten Military Crosses and seven Military Medals.

Now the Dukes are in Germany. And if it is a quieter period than much of their history, then they deserve it.

ROUND WEST GERMANY IN 70 HOURS

Story by DAVID CLIFFORD *Pictures by PETER O'BRIEN*

Above: Teams pass the early warning installation on the summit of Wasserkuppe during the physical fitness test.

Left: A *Land-Rover* splashes through one of the hazards on the cross-country section in the Vogelsang area.

Below: Amid magnificent scenery. Three-tonners at the start of the cross-country section near Baumholder.

"SENNELAGER WEATHER" they call it in that part of Germany and, sure enough, it rained steadily for more than 24 hours before the start of the 1965 British Army Driving Championships, held this year in Germany for the first time and incorporated in Rhine Army's Exercise Roadmaster III.

Following a circuitous route of some 1200 miles, avoiding where possible towns and main roads, the competitors had to cover in 70 hours a course skirting the borders of East Germany, France, Luxembourg and Belgium.

Teams comprised one *Land-Rover* or *Champ* and two three-ton lorries, each with a crew of one nominated driver and two co-drivers. Each nine-man team of officer, senior and junior non-commissioned officer and six men, had to be self-contained throughout in food and fuel.

First of the six "legs" to be completed was at Wasserkuppe, a beauty spot 3000 feet up in the Rhon and about 200 miles south of the start. Here a short but stiff two-mile physical fitness test with arms and equipment included a climb to the summit where an American early warning installation looks out over the nearby East German border.

The time for this test was taken from the fastest team. "A sadist must have thought that one up," complained a sweating soldier of The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, but a 48-year-old regimental quartermaster-sergeant of the Gunners completed the course in good time and looking none the worse for his effort.

On leaving Wasserkuppe the competitors drove further south to the Hockenheim Ring, a tarmac car and motorcycle race track to the south-west of Heidelberg. Here first-aid tests and regularity driving tests in the dark were followed by the first real rest period, until first light the next day.

The third leg involved about seven hours' driving to Baumholder, a hilly and wooded NATO training area where the first of the cross-country driving tests of about 12 miles was staged. Thence the route proceeded by the French and Luxembourg borders to the ancient town of Trier, and through part of the Ardennes-Eiffel to Alflen where the crews of each vehicle were temporarily split up for the second physical fitness test, this time at night.

This was for co-drivers only and involved a course of just over four miles with arms and equipment; in the meantime the nominated drivers navigated a circuitous route to a rendezvous control point.

The fifth leg comprised a northward drive of eighty miles to another NATO training area, Dreiborn, in the Vogelsang. Here the second of the cross-country tests took place, for part of which all three crew members had to wear respirators. After a final inspection for damage and a 90-minute rest the competitors set out on the last and longest leg, the 400-mile drive back to Sennelager. The first vehicle home checked in as dusk was falling, almost exactly 70 hours after the start.

It was raining, of course, at Sennelager, and it continued throughout the final day of manoeuvring tests, a written test on German traffic laws and shooting on the electronic range at Bad Lippspringe.

Voted by those who had taken part in previous Championships as the toughest yet, Roadmaster III also probably produced the highest standard of keenness and morale, a fine example of which was given by a team of the Royal Malta Artillery. When their trailer broke down, and knowing full well that they were out of the Championships, they nevertheless returned to base in their *Land-Rover*, picked up another trailer and finished the course. A strict check on road courtesy was maintained throughout, and observers reported a very high standard.

Of the original 241 vehicles entered from Home Commands and Rhine Army, 228 started and 139 finished, a more than satisfactory result in view of the gruelling conditions and arduous nature of the course.

The new champions, 3rd Royal Tank Regiment, received the President's Trophy from Major-General W J Potter, Transport Officer-in-Chief, and also won the BAOR Driving Championship Trophy, Rhine Army, RAC and BMC (best *Champ*) trophies.

The Royal Army Service Corps, competing under this name for the last time, took second and third places, 2nd Division Column gaining the Standard Triumph, RSPA, Ferret and RASC trophies, while 66 Company won the Royal Automobile Club, Marshall (best three-tonner) and Bedford (best *Bedford*) trophies.

Other awards were: SOLDIER Trophy (cross-country sections), 1st Battalion, The Queen's Own Highlanders; Rover Trophy (best *Land-Rover*), 1st Battalion, The Royal Warwickshire Fusiliers; RA Trophy, 42 Medium Regiment; RE Trophy, 16 Field Squadron; RE Three-ton and Quarter-ton trophies, 23 Amphibious Engineer Squadron; Infantry Trophy, 1st Battalion, The Royal Hampshire Regiment; Royal Signals Trophy, 6 Infantry Brigade Group HQ and Signal Squadron; RAOC Three-ton Trophy, 11 Ordnance Field Park; RAOC Quarter-ton Trophy, 17 Rear Vehicle Depot.

THE ARMY'S MEDALS

by Major John Laffin

44

INDIA GENERAL SERVICE 1908-35

THIS is one of my favourite medals because the reverse design shows the great fort at Jamrud which commands the historic Khyber Pass about ten miles from Peshawar. Many a column and patrol set out from Jamrud to fight rebellious tribesmen in the towering hills shown on the medal behind the fort, though I have found that few men who possess this medal know that the fort is that of Jamrud.

The medal was first issued in 1908 and by 1935 there had been three issues with a total of 12 bars. The first issue shows the bust of Edward VII in uniform. Only one bar was issued in his reign—that for North-West Frontier 1908. Medals with this bar

were the last to be issued in bronze; until this time bronze medals for many campaigns had been given to some native regiments and to authorised camp followers.

The second issue shows George V on the obverse. Bars issued with this medal were: Abor 1911-12; Afghanistan NWF 1919; Mahsud 1919-20; Waziristan 1919-21; Malabar 1921-22; Waziristan 1921-24; Waziristan 1925.

The third issue is the same as the second but the legend changes from GEORGIVS V KAISER-I-HIND to GEORGIVS V D.G. BRITT. OMN, REX. ET INDIAE. IMP. Bars to this medal: North-West Frontier 1930-31; Burma 1930-32; Mohmand 1933; North-West Frontier 1935.

The bar for Waziristan 1925 is the rarest for Indian medals since some of those of the first issue many decades before. Only 47 officers and 214 men of the Royal Air Force were awarded this bar, for this was the first occasion on which the RAF fought an independent campaign of its own.

The bar for Waziristan 1921-24 is, however, commonplace. Only six British Infantry regiments were involved in the lengthy campaign but at least 140 other units were engaged.

The bar for Mohmand 1933 is interesting for although no British units were involved the column was led by Brigadier C J Auchinleck DSO—the future Field-Marshal Viscount Auchinleck.

The medal has a floral suspender as used on all previous India General Service Medals. The naming varies from running script to thin, impressed block capitals. I have seen eight different styles of naming but there could well be others. The ribbon is green with a wide dark blue stripe down the centre.

Medals were struck at the Royal Mint and at the Calcutta Mint.

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Rhodesia House, 429 Strand, London, W.C.2

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PUBS AND PAIRS

COMPETITION: 87

JUST a year ago SOLDIER challenged readers to pair off a list of words to make inn names, like "Bull and Chain." Here is a similar competition, with a list about half as long as the previous puzzle—but some of the associations may not be quite so obvious.

Pair the words, remembering that every pair is linked by the word "and" when used as a public house name. You have then one word left over—this word is the required answer. Send it by letter or on a postcard, with the "Competition 87" label from this page, and your name and address, to:

The Editor (Comp 87)
SOLDIER
433 Holloway Road
London N7.

Solution and winners' names will appear in the December issue. The competition is open to all readers. More than one entry can be submitted but each must be accompanied by a "Competition 87" label.

Closing date: Monday, 18 October

PRIZES

1 **£8 in cash**
2 **£5 in cash**
3 **£2 in cash**
4 **Three books and SOLDIER free for a year**
5 **SOLDIER free for a year or a SOLDIER Easibinder**
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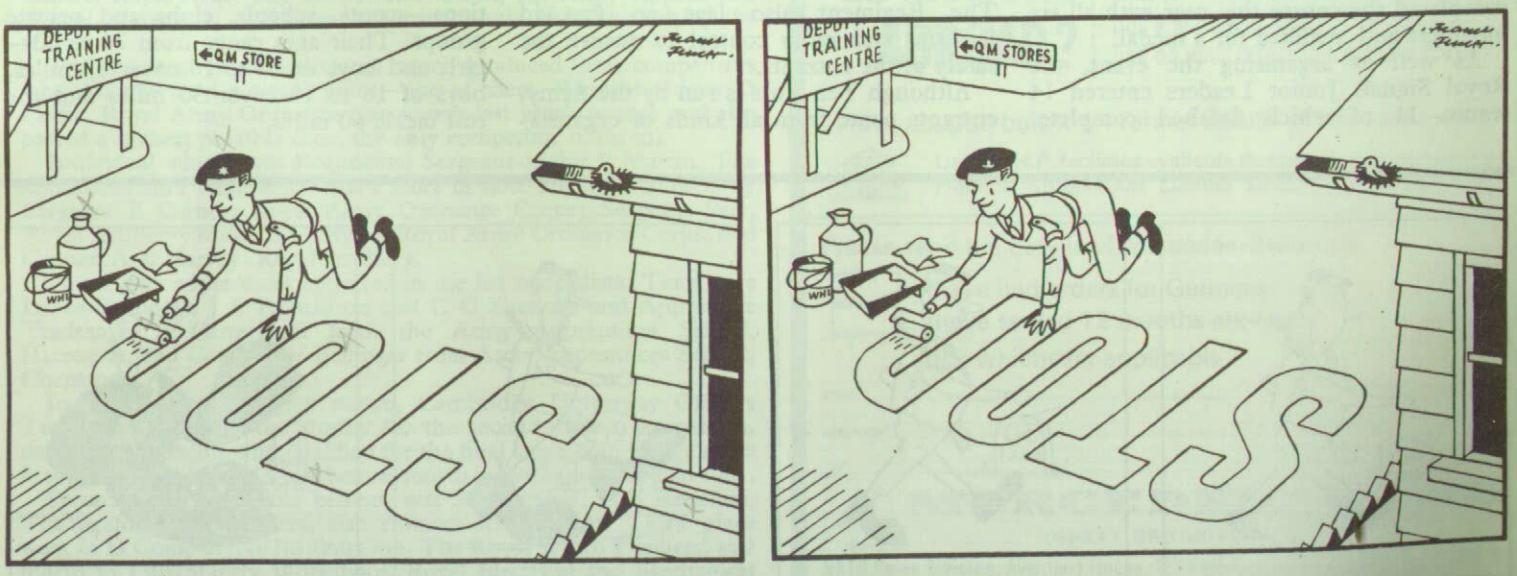
7 **£2 in cash (winning Junior Soldier/Apprentice entry)**
8 **£1 in cash (winning ACF/CCF entry)**

All entries eligible for prizes 1-5.

Eagle	Pen	Hunters	Bottle	Dog
Glass	Lion	Cart	Lamb	Hope
Hoggett	Last	Anvil	Woolpack	Flock
Eight	Cock	Cod	Goat	Chaise
Anchor	Bell	Fox	Hand	Square
Stag	Crown	Boy	Lamb	Plume
Compass	Ram	Coach	Bull	Hammer
Wheel	Duck	Ship	Dog	Horse
Dog	Shepherd	Fox	Jug	Barrel
Boot	Snake	Gun	Lobster	Anchor
		Feathers		

How observant are you?

These two pictures look alike, but they vary in ten minor details. If you cannot detect all the differences, turn to page 34.



SHERMAN NOW NATIONAL CHAMPION

THE Army appropriately swept the board at the finals of the National Parachute Championships held in conjunction with the Army Display at Aldershot.

In perfect weather nearly 100,000 people turned up to watch the sky-diving. The new national champion is Sergeant Peter Sherman, 22nd Special Air Service Regiment, who earlier this year became Army Parachute Champion for the second year in succession. His final score of 737 points was more than 120 marks ahead of any other competitor.

Runner-up was Staff-Sergeant Michael Turner, Royal Engineers, and last year's champion, Sergeant A F Charlton, Royal Air Force, was third. Lance-Corporal Brian David, The Parachute Regiment, and Trooper Brian Anderson, 22nd Special Air Service Regiment, were fifth and sixth.

The team championship, too, was Army dominated. The four Army teams knocked out all the other teams contesting in the preliminary rounds and the recently formed Army Peregrines won first and third places with The Parachute Regiment's Free-Fall Club taking second and fourth places.

Key to the outstanding success of the Army this year was the use of the new Para-Commander parachutes.

Army competitors also took first three places in the 1000-metre accuracy event. Staff-Sergeant McCarthy, 22 SAS, won, followed by Private P Starkie and Corporal S Finch, both of The Parachute Regiment.

An indication of the Army's brilliant success in sky-diving is that the entire British team for the Adriatic Cup International Parachuting Competition which took place in Yugoslavia last month, was comprised of soldiers. They were Sergeant Sherman, Staff-Sergeant Turner, Lance-Corporal David, Trooper Anderson, Sergeant Bill Scarratt, The Parachute Regiment, and Sergeant Ron Griffiths, a Territorial in The Queen's Royal Rifles.

Pictured above finishing a 25-mile march in fine style is the winning team, from Junior Soldiers' Company, North Irish Brigade Depot, Ballymena. The youngsters completed the march, organised by the Brigade and the Milk Marketing Board, in six hours, 32 minutes, a clear 20 minutes ahead of the runners-up from the Army Cadet Force contingent at Foyle College, Londonderry. In the winning team were Junior Lance-Corporal Kirkpatrick, Junior Drummer McGavock, Junior Bandsman Reilly and Junior Pipers Richmond and Smith.

TWO THOUSAND TACKLE TEN TORS

TWO THOUSAND young people from all over Britain entered this year's Ten Tors expedition on Dartmoor, organised by the Junior Leaders Regiment of the Royal Corps of Signals.

The first Ten Tors was held in 1960 with 203 entries. Now its popularity has increased so much that hundreds of late applications had to be turned down. It is a test of endurance and navigation over rough country and involves teams of youths and girls walking 35, 50 or 60 miles, according to age, and fending for themselves for 36 hours. Its name derives from the rule that every team must check in at ten of Dartmoor's rocky heights.

Because of improved preparation and training, 245 teams—about 70 per cent—completed the course this year with all six members and qualified for a medal.

As well as organising the event, the Royal Signals Junior Leaders entered 14 teams, 11 of which finished complete. The Regiment also lays on first-aid facilities and radio control to ensure the safety of the entrants.

Although Ten Tors is run by the Army, entrants come from all kinds of organisations—scouts, schools, clubs and private groups. Their ages range from 14 to 20—girls and boys of 14 to 16 cover 35 miles, boys of 16 to 18 cover 50 miles and the rest tackle 60 miles.

SPORTS SHORTS

SHOOTING

The "Big Six" rifle match between teams from six Services auxiliary units stationed in London was won at Bisley by The Queen's Royal Rifles.

GOLF

Army golfers won the Inter-Services Golf Championship when they beat the Royal Air Force, title-holders for the last three years, by eight matches to three, with one halved, at Royal St George's. The Army previously defeated the Royal Navy by 11 matches to one.

ATHLETICS

Cadets of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, were the overall winners by a narrow margin in the annual athletics championship between the three Service colleges. They scored 129 points to 126 by the Royal Air Force College, Cranwell, and 85 by Britannia Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. Sandhurst took the 120 yards hurdles, 220 and 440 yards and the 4 x 110 yards relay.

GLIDING

Brigadier A J Deane-Drummond, a member of the British team in the World Gliding Championships at South Cerney, Gloucestershire, finished ninth in his class. He was placed equal first on the first day and might have been better placed at the end if his glider had not been damaged during one launch. Royal Signals operators helped to maintain communications during the championships which attracted 86 pilots from all over the world. They flew a total of 48,500 miles after 2507 launchings by RAF *Chipmunk* aircraft.

RUGBY

A Combined Services Rugby team was unbeaten during a three-and-a-half week tour of North America. The team beat Novia Scotia 46-10, Ottawa 59-3, Quebec 13-3, Ontario 36-0 and Boston 39-6. In addition it took first and second places in the Quebec Sevens.

CRICKET

Oxford University beat the Army at Oxford by an innings and 12 runs. The University knocked up 381 runs for seven wickets declared in the first innings to the Army's two-innings score of 369. The Army's top scorer was Captain D G Beckett with 86 in the first innings and 26 in the second. In a Combined Services match against Cambridge University at Portsmouth, the Services lost by nine wickets.

POLO

Result of the final of the Blakiston Houston Cup at Tidworth was Canford (Dorset) 8, The Cavaliers (rec 1½) 3½. In the losing semi-finalists' match, Fonthill (Wilts) scored 5 to the Royal Artillery's (rec 1½) 4½.

GYMNASTICS

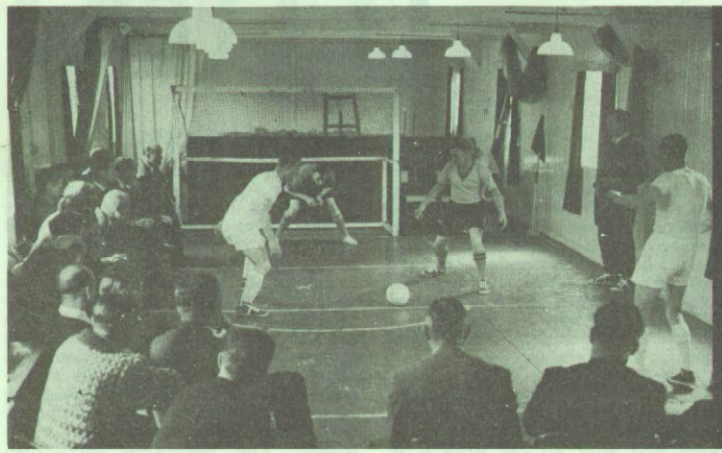
Six Army Physical Training Corps instructors from Aldershot were a big hit when they visited West Germany to compete against two civilian clubs, maintaining the Army Gymnastic Union's proud record of never being defeated abroad.

BOXING

Winning four titles, boxers from the Royal Army Ordnance Corps depot in Aden brought victory to the Army team in the Middle East Command Inter-Services Boxing Championship.

TETRATHLON

The Army Invitation Tetrathlon at Sandhurst attracted a maximum entry and was won by civilian R Phelps with 4039 points. Corporal J Fox was a close second with 3992 points and Sergeant J Darby, both Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, was third with 3726 points. The Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers also won the team championship.



Army football referees watch an indoor demonstration while attending a new instructors' course run by the Army Referees Committee at Ash Vale in Hampshire.

APPRENTICES REACH SMALL-BORE FINALS

A BIG increase in support this year for the annual Regular Army small-bore rifle match at Bisley has proved tremendously encouraging for the organisers, who have been worried by the trend of falling entries during recent years.

A total of 365 individuals entered this year, compared with only 215 last year, and there were 60 teams competing compared with only 36 last year. The match is conducted by the National Small-Bore Rifle Association.

In the team event, each team comprised eight riflemen each firing 20 shots. The Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, won the title this year with a score one point higher than last year's record created by Mons Officer Cadet School. Second came 37 Regiment, Royal Artillery, only four points behind; third, Headquarters and Training Centre, Royal Army Pay Corps; and fourth, the Army Apprentices School, Harrogate, with a creditable score only 19 points behind the winners.

The first stage of the individual match produced three competitors who did not drop a single point—one of them, Warrant Officer D Corke, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, was last year's winner and also scored a highest possible then, the only competitor to do so.

Individual winner was Regimental Sergeant-Major P Martin, The Gloucestershire Regiment, with a score of 400. He was followed by Sergeant E Carney, Royal Army Ordnance Corps; Sergeant Parr, Royal Artillery; Major S G Styles, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, and Captain A R Harvey, Royal Artillery.

Four Army apprentices appeared in the list of finalists. They were Lance-Corporals J B Donaldson and C C Sherlock and Apprentice Tradesman J Carter, all from the Army Apprentices School, Harrogate, and Corporal V Bellinger from Army Apprentices School, Chepstow.

In the Territorial Army match, Cambridge University Officers Training Corps won the trophy for the second year in succession, defeating 105 teams who qualified for the final stage. Cambridge came first last year, second the year before, fourth in 1962 and second in 1961.

Second, only ten points behind, was S Company, 11th Battalion, The Seaforth Highlanders, also runners-up last year. Third place went to D Company, 6/7th Battalion, The Royal Welch Fusiliers, and fourth to 130 Infantry Workshops, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.

Bomb disposal

We were delighted to read of the success (SOLDIER, May) of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps in dealing with parcel bombs in Aden. The Royal Engineers there are having similar problems with anti-tank mines.

However, the note in smaller print is so full of popular misconceptions and errors that it must be answered.

Bomb disposal is the responsibility of the Royal Navy, Royal Engineers, Royal Army Ordnance Corps and the Royal Air Force. As Royal Engineers we have a squadron of 180 people on full-time bomb disposal duties, supported by technical troops totalling about 50. The Royal Air Force has six bomb disposal flights of about 35 men each, a strength of 210. The Royal Army Ordnance Corps employs the ammunition technical officers in Commands and overseas only on part-time bomb disposal duties, and the

LETTERS

They built a bridge

Now that the reunion for the British Servicemen who built the railway bridge across the River Ijssel at Deventer here in Holland is at an end, I am sending you some news about it. I must tell you out of my heart it was wonderful to have all my old comrades back after 20 years. Never has there been such a demonstration of friendship between England and Holland and in Deventer we will never forget this wonderful week.

I started the Dutch Welfare Committee for Old British Soldiers to organise the reunion. There were about 300 people here as guests of the town for a week and after all the work it is difficult for me to explain how I feel in my heart.

I would like to specially thank Lieutenant-Colonel Coombs of Chatham and his staff of the Royal Engineers for all their work and also my great friend Major Grant who attended the reunion and gave me his heart and his own war medals as a token of his appreciation for organising the reunion. **—Dick Haas, Secretary, Dutch Welfare Committee for Old British Soldiers, Deltalaan 45, Deventer, Holland.**

★ *SOLDIER published a letter about the reunion in January of this year which enabled many of the soldiers who built the bridge to be traced.*

Service salesmen

I am upset by your report (SOLDIER to Soldier, April) that American Servicemen abroad have been directed by the United States Government to play their part in the selling of American equipment.

Unofficially, and as an American subscriber to SOLDIER, I would like to refute this report. First of all there is NATO equipment standardisation as the result of a Joint Board action. The United States Army also sells equipment under the Military Assistance Programme but this is the result of high level government-to-government negotiation. The American Serviceman *abroad* does not have the authority to solicit for the sale of equipment.—**Capt A Krome, HQ United States Army Logistics Management Centre, Fort Lee, Virginia 23801, USA.**

Keren

Although not with the Regiment at Keren, as a former member of 3 Battery, 28 Field Regiment, I was most interested in Captain P R Barton's letter (SOLDIER, May). However, I was surprised that no mention was made of the part played by the Regiment in the Cauldron battle in 1942 when, it was generally agreed, the hazards and carnage of war were much more desperate

When the British guests arrived at Hook of Holland there was a special welcome from a former Sapper who has lived in Deventer for 17 years.

Royal Navy has small groups of clearance divers, fully trained in bomb disposal, stationed in our ports and at sea. No one Service or Corps can claim to take the lion's share.

SOLDIER's note gives an inaccurate summary of the responsibilities for bomb disposal. The Royal Engineers are responsible for the clearance of all enemy bombs and warheads found in the UK except on Naval or Air Force property or below high-water mark, and this is often a considerable engineering task.

The Royal Engineers are also responsible for clearing beach and anti-tank mines laid down to low-water mark as coastal defences; clearing bridge demolition and pipe mine charges and sweeping battle training areas released by the Army Department to civilian authorities.

Last year this task alone resulted in the clearance of 1338 acres involving 85 tons of scrap and 11,793 rounds, excluding quantities of small arms ammunition.

The Royal Navy is responsible for the clearance of all weapons found on Royal Naval property and below high water mark, except beach mines between high and low water marks.

The Royal Air Force is responsible for disposal of all Allied bombs, wherever they may be found, and for clearing all bombing ranges for release to civilian authorities.

The Royal Army Ordnance Corps Ammunition Inspectorate is responsible for ammunition found by other than bomb disposal trained personnel, including parcel bombs and terrorist charges.

The Joint Services Bomb Disposal School is staffed by bomb disposal personnel of all three Services.

The Royal Army Ordnance Corps does not at present provide instructors or students although a close liaison is maintained with the Ammunition School.

Bomb disposal in the future can only be a Joint Service responsibility for the skills of all Services and technical corps are required if success is to be achieved.—**Col B S T Archer GC (Rtd), The Croft, 95 High Street, Southgate, London N14.**

for the Gunners than at Keren—but Keren was a victory!

On 6 June 1942, four field regiments were virtually wiped out—4, 28, 157 and 107 Royal Horse Artillery. Although this was a crushing defeat, the resolution and gallantry of the men serving the guns to the last in the face of heavy panzer attacks beneath shattering air-burst shelling equalled, if it did not surpass, the achievement at Keren. As I recollect, every officer in the Battery was killed or wounded on that day and the Battery Commander, Major Holderness, who had been awarded the MC at Keren, was killed early in the morning before the first panzer attack.—**Capt R A Doyle, 15 Sydenham Avenue, Liverpool 17.**

I had the honour of serving with 144 Field Regiment, Royal Artillery (Surrey and Sussex Yeomanry), throughout the Eritrean campaign, and of all the Gunner regiments engaged we were the first to attack at Keren, on 2 February 1941. At this time we were the artillery of Gazelle Force, commanded by Colonel Messervy, which included Skinner's Horse and three machine-gun companies of the Sudan Defence Force. We were later withdrawn for rest and refit before returning to Keren on 10 March, five days before the battle began.

If Captain Barton requires the detailed dispositions of the 4th and 5th Indian Divisions before the battle I would recommend a visit to the Imperial War Museum in London where an excellent layout can be seen, naming all the units involved and depicting the terrain, salient points etc.—**G T Wollaston, Broadfields, Blundel Lane, Cobham, Surrey.**

Irish Ex-Servicemen

I wonder if it would be possible, with all the Irish ex-Servicemen in Great Britain to form an Irish Ex-Servicemen's Association? Among the many thousands here who have served in the armed forces I feel sure that somewhere there must be a high-ranking Irish ex-officer who would be willing to take the initiative and lead.

All Irishmen from the 32 counties are proud of their service to the Crown and, as we already have a Canadian Ex-Servicemen's Association and a Jewish Ex-Servicemen's Association, why not an Irish Ex-Servicemen's Association? Groups could be formed to help keep alive the glorious memory and splendid traditions of such fine regiments as The Connaught Rangers, The Royal Dublin Fusiliers, The Leinster Regiment and others, now, alas, disbanded.

"For on foreign fields,
From Dunkirk to Belgrade,
Lie the soldiers and chiefs
Of the Irish Brigade."

—**L J Parslow, 29 Pittlesden, Tenterden, Kent.**

Punishments

The letters on punishments (SOLDIER, May) reminded me that in 1916, in the Ypres Sector, I stood guard over a prisoner doing ninety days No 1 Field Punishment. He was an irrepressible old soldier called Canny and, lashed as he was to the wheel of a cooker, he was singing at the top of his voice when Brigadier "Johnny" Ponsonby, who had at one time commanded our Battalion (1st Coldstream Guards), hove in sight on one of his lone and friendly visits.

Observing Canny, who was known to him, the Brigadier yelled "Let that —— man loose. No one who can sing like that should be tied to a —— wheel!" I freed Canny, and not very long after saw his remains, the work of a *minenwerfer*, scraped into half a sandbag.—**A A Payne, 33 Kent Drive, Hornchurch, Essex.**

From the hip?

Oh, J Lees, your cry (SOLDIER, May) for the British Army to investigate the use of the hand gun was dealt with long ago and, judging from the NCO weapon instructors I know, the British Army never stops trying to improve its techniques.

My Regiment has the 9mm *Browning* and my own opinion, based on experience, is that it lacks stopping power; the same applies to the 9mm *Sterling* machine-gun. A .45 calibre at least is necessary to make a hand gun an offensive weapon as opposed to a defensive side-arm, but what soldier would want to use a pistol when he can carry the SLR, which will stop any man at ranges up to 600 metres and will even smash a hole through a wall? Again, what chance does a soldier get to make a quick draw when he is weighed down with his equipment, ammunition and food?

Finally, the pistol is a dangerous mark of identification. It used to be carried by officers; the enemy merely had to shoot at figures waving this weapon to know he was shooting leaders.

The British Army has now seen the folly of the pistol and issues it as a last-ditch defensive weapon for tank crews, signallers and the like.—**K Farnes, Depot The Parachute Regiment, Maida Barracks, Aldershot, Hants.**

I feel that the pistol is a highly underrated weapon. Most men, if properly instructed, could kill at 30 yards quite efficiently but instruction with the pistol seems to be ignored except for officers.

Combat pistol competitions in the United States are much publicised and have a large number of followers. The rules are simple but strictly observed;

Back Cover

Katherine Loh, SOLDIER's back page pin-up this month, was photographed at her home in Brunei earlier this year by staff cameraman Frank Tompsett. Twenty-year-old Katherine, a former Miss Malaysia, has many friends at the nearby headquarters of 51 Gurkha Infantry Brigade.

Christmas Cards

SOLDIER makes no excuses for raising the subject of Christmas cards in the middle of summer. There are two very good reasons for this—the cards are in aid of Army charities and potential customers are scattered all over the world.

The Army Benevolent Fund, which produced its first Christmas card last year, is this year offering three cards which it hopes will sell in thousands to formations, regiments, units large and small and to individual soldiers in both the Regular and Reserve forces.

All three cards are beautifully printed in colour. The cheapest, at sixpence, showing Father Christmas astride a drum horse, was specially painted by Major J R L Howard, 13th/18th Royal Hussars. That at ninepence reproduces the National Gallery painting by Vincenzo Catena of a warrior adoring the Infant Christ, and the larger shilling cards bears a reproduction from the painting by Edward Penney, in the National Army Museum, of the Marquess of Granby assisting a sick soldier.

Orders should be sent (in units of a dozen) to The Forces Press (NAAFI), Crimea Road, Aldershot, Hants, not later than 15 September, cheques/postal orders being made out to The Forces Press and crossed "A/C payee only." Any additional money sent will be treated as a donation to the Army Benevolent Fund. Postage and packing is at 1s 6d a dozen up to six dozen cards, and 1s a dozen for more than six dozen.

At an extra charge, orders of 1000 or more can be diestamped with regimental badges, etc, and overprinted with titles and brief addresses.

more letters

shots must kill, safety is enforced and up to now casualties have been nil.

However, target pistol shooting should not be confused with practical pistol shooting, not all of which is done from the hip for, after all, who could kill a man at 100 yards or more with a snap shot from the hip? Before any readers laugh I would point out that there are hand guns available, ie the .357 magnum and the .44 magnum, which can kill at 300 yards plus, consistently.

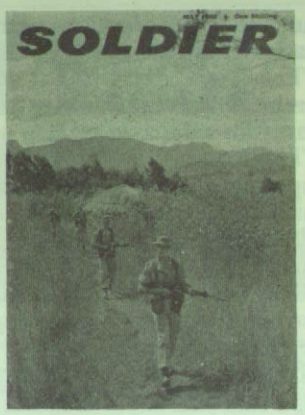
Thus, as another voice in the wilderness, I join with J Lees in asking for more research into the practical and possible uses and advantages that pistols have over our present inefficient and ineffective 9mm SMG.—**Cpl H Clarke, S Coy, 45 Commando, Royal Marines, BFPO 63.**

In the picture

The cover picture (SOLDIER, May) of men of The Lancashire Regiment on patrol in Swaziland was a little bit OUT!

The boys of our Section have just completed two years out in Malaysia, North Borneo and Sarawak, and this is what they picked out in the picture: Ammunition boots instead of jungle boots; pressed olive greens; titles on olive greens; and, if they are on patrol, why are they not wearing their small packs, as they must in a country so remote and wild?

So can you honestly say that they are just coming on or finishing a patrol? I know these are small details but they are things that soldiers notice. So can we have more authentic pictures in the future?—**Bugler Bankier, HQ Coy, 1st Bn, The Green Jackets, Montgomery Barracks, BFPO 45.**



★ *Sorry! Authentic and IN! Swazilana, far from being jungle, is sweeping, open country in the main with scrub and bush. Thus the men of The Lancashire Regiment are wearing ammunition boots and not jungle boots, khaki drill (with titles) and not olive green. The patrol in our picture was of short duration so no small pack was carried.*

Hands across the sea

The British Ex-Service Council of Australia offers help, advice and friendship to any readers of SOLDIER, ex-Servicemen or women, who intend to settle here in Australia. As some of our members have been here almost 20 years they are well able to answer any questions regarding conditions, standards, prospects etc.

We promise to answer all letters of enquiry and, although we are not a benevolent organisation as a whole, each of our member bodies has a policy of helping needy individuals.—**J C Turner, Hon Sec, The British Ex-Service Council of Australia, 18 Landen Avenue, North Balwyn, 85-9745, Australia.**

REUNIONS

Beachley Old Boys' Association. Annual reunion 24, 25 and 26 Sep 1965. Particulars from Hon Sec BOBA, Army Apprentices School, Chepstow, Mon.

The South Wales Borderers and Monmouthshire Regiment (24th Regiment). Annual reunion at Brecon, 11 and 12 Sep 1965. For tickets and accommodation apply Regtl Sec, RHQ, The Barracks, Brecon.

The Lawrence Memorial Royal Military School, Lovedale, India. Old Lawrencians reunion Saturday 15 Sep 1965. Details and tickets from Sec, J N Russell, 21 Kent House Road, Sydenham, London SE26.

The Royal Scots Fusiliers. London Branch OCA social and dance 7.30pm Saturday 4 Sep 1965 at Chevrons Club, 4 Dorset Square, Baker Street, London NW1. Details from T Linard, 45 Cumberland Road, Acton, London W3.

HEADS TOGETHER

Like its predecessor, SOLDIER's coded puzzle (Competition 83, April) brought in many entries. The majority were correct but quite a few competitors omitted a word or guessed wrongly.

The most off-beat decoding was the following from a West African reader: "Our nine majors to tell this new representative major, SOLDIER is free to enemies. To go far SOLDIER, may know how to obey our rank which favours us."

The correct solution is as given on this ingeniously contrived entry (below) from a Lincolnshire reader who served in the Royal Signals.

Times given by competitors ranged from 20 mins to three hours with an Intelligence Corps sergeant in Cyprus claiming three minutes 17 seconds.

Prize winners were:

1 Miss C Stephenson, Hollin House, Hamsterley, Bishop Auckland, Co Durham.

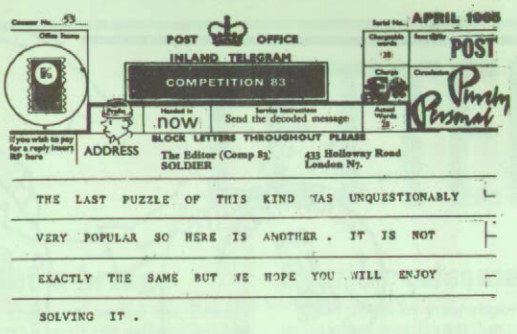
2 L/Cpl M Finnon, HQ Coy, HQ 28 Commonwealth Inf Bde Gp, Terendak Camp, Malacca, Malaya.

3 P Bangham, 141 Station Road, Thatcham, Berks.

4 RSM Cotter, 1 Blenheim Close, Bury St Edmunds, Suffolk.

5 Mrs J Morgan, 38 Bruce Street, Swindon, Wilts.

6 CQMS T J Drabble, D Coy, 7th Bn, The Cheshire Regt (TA), Drill Hall, Brook Road, Cheadle, Cheshire.



COLLECTORS' CORNER

23830265 Spr K G Billham, Op Neptune, Cyprus Park Sqn, RE, RAF Akrotiri, BFPO 53.—*Requires back numbers of SOLDIER from 1945, please state price. Correspondence welcomed.*

M Sadler, 64 Avenue Court, Clayhall, Ilford, Essex.—*Requires Nazi war souvenirs; uniforms, equipment, badges, medals, books, photographs etc. Buy or exchange, correspondence welcomed.*

R J Bradley, Colt's, Park Road, Wivenhoe, Colchester, Essex.—*Collects Japanese swords, also data thereon for book.*

Maung Tha Tun, No 1 Hlaing River Road, Kamayijt, Rangoon, Burma.—*Makes and collects military miniatures. Correspondence welcomed with other collectors in Great Britain and the Commonwealth.*

D Johnson, 22 Castle Lane, Haverhill, Suffolk.—*Will exchange various illustrated foreign military magazines for SOLDIER 1946 to 1953 inclusive, or will sell.*

D Rose, 16 Rue de Verdun, Deville-les-Rouen (S Mme), France.—*Requires World War Two RAF officers' and Army caps. Offers Nazi caps.*

Capt R F Turnbull, 328 East Leicester Avenue, Norfolk, Virginia 23503, USA.—*Exchange for Nazi insignia, especially SS, USA Special Forces insignia.*

P Starr, 86 Halse Road, Brackley, Northants.—*Requires Glider Pilots Regiment cap badge and insignia; RAF badges of navigator, gunner, bombardier and wireless operator (aircrew); same Fleet Air Arm.*

S Luscombe, Trevarno, Higher Brimley, Teignmouth, S Devon.—*Will purchase or exchange all types of Army and police badges, also military postcards.*

R Andrews, Mount Cottage, Great Chesterford, Essex.—*Collects badges, titles, flashes, swords, bayonets, helmets and medals.*

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(*See page 29*)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1 QM notice. 2 Spout of turpentine tin. 3 Level of paint in tray. 4 Wire of roller handle. 5 Position of right supporting bracket of roof gutter. 6 Thickness of window sill. 7 Soldier's cap badge. 8 Soldier's right cuff. 9 Soldiers' collar. 10 Thickness of crossbar of "T" on road.

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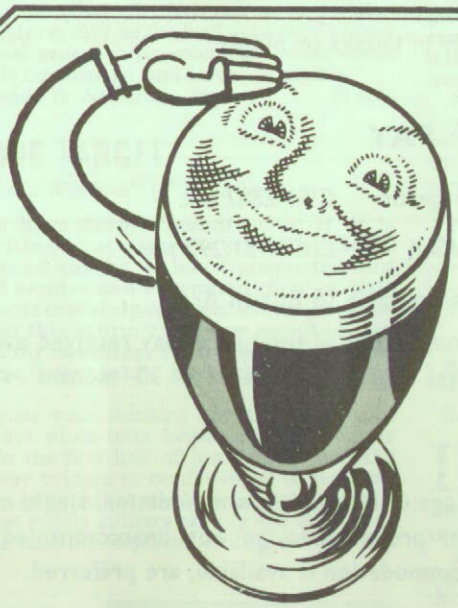
Egbert Menke, Erkelenzerstrasse 8, 405 Mönchengladbach-Rheindahlen.

SOEST (WESTPHALIA)
Feldmann & Co. GmbH, Arnsbergerstrasse 7, 477 Soest (Westphalia). Or General Motors Continental, West German Sales Department, Antwerp, Belgium.

VAUXHALL



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BOOKS

FIRST "POP" GENERAL

"The Battle of El Alamein" (Fred Majdalany)

THIS is one of the Great Battles of History series, a businesslike and concise account of Alamein with no controversial axes to grind.

The author thinks the least interesting thing about Alamein was the battle itself—"a horrid, muddled, messy killing match"—from which nothing really new in the art of warfare emerged. It is the star personalities and the context which give Alamein its lasting interest and peculiar fascination.

The context was epitomised by Sir Winston Churchill: "It may almost be said, 'before Alamein we never had a victory. After Alamein we never had a defeat.'"

As to the stars, the author quotes with approval those assessments of Rommel which praise his tactical but doubt his strategic ability. For Alexander, who supported Montgomery but did not interfere, he has nothing but praise.

Mr Majdalany is quite obviously a "Monty man" in spite of his reluctance to stick his neck out in polemics. In the dawning age of the "pop" singer, he says, Montgomery was the first "pop" general. Alamein was the beginning of a new era in the relationship between officers and men of the British Army, inspired by Montgomery's unconventional and fresh approach, which proved to be exactly right for a citizen army.

"At Alamein the British Army rediscovered its pride and virtue: inspired to this end by a man who—whatever may be the final verdict of history on his total generalship—emerged beyond doubt as a battle commander and leader of genius."

Weidenfeld & Nicholson, 25s. **R L E**

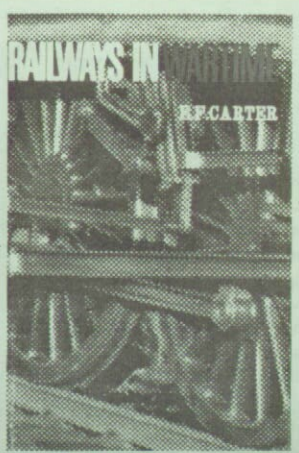
TOP-LINE TARGET

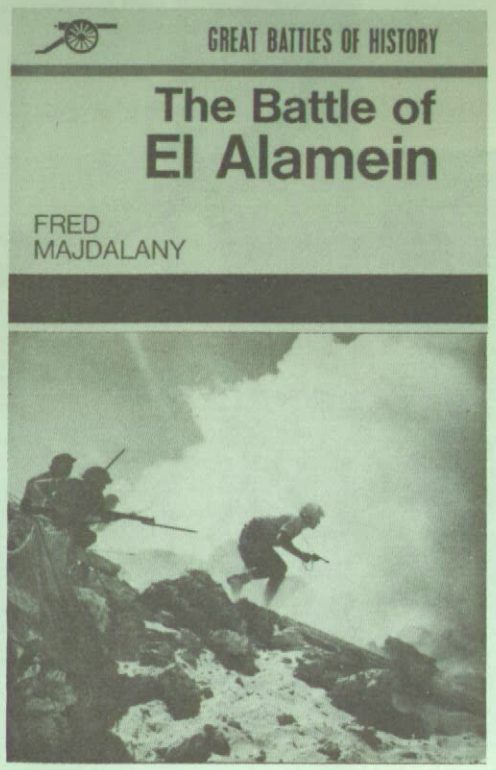
"Railways in Wartime" (E F Carter)

IF you have never thought about it, it is surprising what a warlike affair the placid iron road can be. It has transported and supplied armies and evacuated their casualties, almost certainly tops the list of sabotage targets in this century and has been high up the scale for bombing. Trains, armoured and otherwise, have taken part in some hectic battles.

Strategists were thinking about military uses for railways when lines began to spread across Europe in the first half of last century and the first railway bridges to be destroyed to delay an advancing army fell to the Venetians in 1848.

The first purely military railway was the primitive affair built by imported British navvies and





run by the Army in the Crimea, powered part of the way by locomotives, part by a stationary engine, part by horses and part by gravity.

Railways really came into their military own in the American Civil War, when destruction and reconstruction and military railway operation were developed into sciences. This war saw one of the most famous of railway chases, when Federal troops in plain clothes stole an engine called "The General" (immortalised in a classic silent film) and drove on, stopping from time to time to wreck the line, until they ran out of fuel.

British railways entered World War Two well prepared for air raids with emergency bridges and rescue equipment at the ready. More than half a million special trains were run for the Government.

Perhaps the most telling indication of the status acquired by railways in war is a comparison of two maps, one showing the intricate network which covered France in 1936 and another showing the pathetic little cul-de-sacs remaining in 1944.

For the future, the author thinks that if the present rate of closures continues, inland transport would be in a chaotic state if there should be a third world war.

Frederick Muller, 25s. **R L E**

LEGEND DISCOUNTED

"Caporetto; the Scapegoat Battle" (Ronald Seth)

IN the World War One Battle of Caporetto was born the legend that whenever they find an enemy to fight, the Italians run. This book goes far towards correcting such impressions.

The author lucidly reconstructs the events leading to the Italians' humiliating retreat from the Isonzo to the Piave. This was Italy's Mons or Dunkirk—and in the one-sided accounts of Allied politicians and generals was given great prominence.

Forgotten was the miracle wrought on the banks of the Piave where the demoralised army regained its composure and will to fight, and resolved to reclaim its honour. Within three months it was on the offensive.

Apart from the apologias of the politicians and generals, what might be termed "unconscious censorship" played a part in hiding the Italian recovery. Very few accurate accounts of Italy's part in World War One have been published in English. The author skilfully covers ground that is virtually virgin.

What might be less easily accepted, however, is his stout defence of General Luigi Cadorna, the Italian commander, and of Italian soldierly qualities. He produces convincing evidence to support his view, reporting feats of Italian arms like the defeat of 140,000 Germans after a six-day battle at Venice, by the Italian Liberation Army under General Raffaelle Cadorna, son of the World War One commander.

The depth of the author's research is apparent from his many footnotes and ample bibliography.

Macdonald, 35s. **J C W**

SPY-CATCHER SANSOM

"I Spied Spies" (Major A W Sansom)

IN a Cairo night-club a customer lit a cigarette with an English five-pound note. A few minutes later, a short, bulky man, wearing sunglasses and looking like a fairly typical Egyptian businessman, got into conversation with him. It was the beginning of the end of one of World War Two's most dramatic spy stories.

The man with money to burn was Hans Eppler, one of two German agents operating from a houseboat on the Nile. In sunglasses was Major Sansom, then chief field security officer in Cairo. For days Major Sansom had been seeking the man who could link up a source of dud fivers, some brief, coded radio signals and an attempt to obtain a plan of GHQ.

The story has been told before but never so well as in this straightforward, first-hand account. And this is only one of many exciting incidents in twelve years of security work that the author recounts.

Sammy Sansom was born in Cairo, spoke four languages including Arabic, and could pass muster as a businessman or a Bedouin.

With his men he tracked down a gang stealing British soldiers' pay-books, a refugee girl who lured a staff officer to her flat with secret documents, and an Egyptian clerk in the Roumanian embassy who was getting information from the wife of a highly-placed British official.

He was beaten up and shot at several times and twice held hostage by trigger-happy Greek mutineers. He was responsible for the safety of kings and statesmen, including Sir Winston Churchill. His one failure was Lord Moyne, British Minister of State in the Middle East, who was murdered after sending away the guards the author had stubbornly insisted on placing around him.

Major Sansom's longest job was keeping an eye on Egyptian officers who were plotting revolution. In 1947 he left the Army to become security officer at the British Embassy in Cairo. He also worked for a time directly under Donald MacLean, who was later to defect to Russia.

When the Egyptian revolution finally succeeded, in 1952, Major Sansom resigned his job but made the mistake of stopping in Cairo on leave. He was given an Egyptian police "escort" which attempted to murder him in a television-style "dodgems" episode with real cars. As a result, he left Egypt for the last time on a stretcher.

Harrap, 25s. **R L E**

IN BRIEF

"Essentials of Marksmanship" (Major E G B Reynolds)

A notable shot writes a handbook on target shooting with the Service rifle. There are chapters on the National Rifle Association and the Bisley meeting, shooting and range procedure, handling and trigger pressing, aiming and optical aids. The author has called on other experts for chapters on the prone position and use of the sling, theory of aiming errors and experiments on wind deflection.

Percival Marshall, 10s. 6d. **R L E**

"Oh What a Lovely War" (Theatre Workshop and others).

The script of the musical presented by Joan Littlewood and Theatre Workshop, which satirised World War One so successfully. Unkind to senior commanders and profiteers; sympathetic to nearly everyone else involved.

As literature it can be recommended to seasoned play-readers and those who saw the show; it is apt to be hard going for anyone else. It contains the words of many songs that Grandad used to sing, including parodies considered unprintable in their day.

Methuen, 16s. **R L E**

Chatting with a fisherman on the quayside at Fredericia in Denmark are Fusiliers Frederick Matter, Dennis Worthing and David Wynne, of 1st Battalion, The Royal Welch Fusiliers. Their company was spending a fortnight training with the King's Foot Regiment of the Danish Army in Fredericia. During the trip the Welshmen squeezed in a visit to Copenhagen and also took part in a parade through the city commemorating the founding of their host regiment.

Leon, 19-month-old Pyrenean mountain dog mascot of a London Army Cadet Force unit, needs an official cape befitting his important position. The 50 cadets of 10th (Tottenham) Squadron, Royal Engineers, are hoping that some benefactor will come forward with an offer to cover Leon's nakedness. Pictured here with his handler, Lance-Corporal John Phillipson, aged 16, Leon is believed to be the only ACF mascot.

LEFT RIGHT *and* CENTRE

A *Beaver* aircraft which crashed on a jungle airstrip in Borneo would have been a complete write-off if the Army Air Corps had not risen to the challenge. The *Beaver* hit the threshold of the runway at Bario and severely damaged its undercarriage and tail. On the spot repairs were impossible so 11 Flight, Army Air Corps, and 3 Detachment, Army Air Supply Organisation, decided to have a go at moving it in pieces back to the main base at Brunei using only their *Scout* light helicopters. The engine, tail plane and two wings were moved in separate lifts and the heaviest and most difficult load (pictured above) was the main fuselage, 27 feet long, five feet high and weighing 1200 pounds. To cross mountains surrounding the airstrip the *Scout* had to climb to 5500 feet but for most of the 125-mile flight it cruised at 1500 feet at 45 knots. It is believed to be the first time a *Scout* has carried out a rescue operation of this type.

S.O. Code No. 72-32-65-8

South through France to the Riviera and then to Naples via Genoa, Pisa and Rome—it was more like a holiday tour than a military convoy. Thirty-five vehicles of 1st Battalion, The Black Watch, and C Squadron, The Royal Scots Greys, comprised the convoy which, averaging 200 miles a day, trundled from Minden in Germany to Naples where it was swallowed by a tank landing ship and carried across the Mediterranean to Tobruk. There they set up base camp for the main party which was flying from Germany for a month's training in the desert. The men on the road convoy, led by Captain Colin Innes, had enough time to spend a few hours sightseeing in Nice, Pisa and Rome. Picture shows the convoy being loaded on board the LST *Empire Tern* at Naples.

This massive object, pictured being towed away from the coast in Finland, was carried from Britain via the North Sea and the Baltic aboard a Royal Corps of Transport tank landing craft. It is a petroleum reactor pressure vessel built on the Clyde for a refinery near Helsinki. Weighing more than 180 tons, 66 feet long with an internal diameter of eight feet six inches and walls six inches thick, it is the largest and heaviest pressure vessel ever exported from Britain as a complete unit. It is the first time that the Army has ever helped industry by moving a large unit of industrial plant outside British territorial waters. The pressure vessel was loaded and unloaded through the double doors at the bows of the tank landing craft.

About 700 men from all over the British Isles were on parade when Princess Marina inspected the Corps of Commissionaires at Chelsea in London. The oldest existing organisation finding employment for ex-Servicemen, the Corps was founded in 1859 and since then has enrolled nearly 40,000 men. At the review of the Corps, Princess Marina presented 36 men with the Corps Order of Merit (1st Class).

Sundays are far from dull at the Infantry Junior Leaders Battalion at Oswestry. The Battalion has its own "Sunday Club" which meets for two hours in the YMCA every week for a get-together and twist session. Founded by the Padre, the Reverend Peter Mallett, to provide the young soldiers with recreation on a Sunday evening, the club has its own beat group and invites local girls to become members. Now it is so popular that the average attendance is about 300 boys and girls each Sunday. The beat group frequently accompanies hymns in the Battalion church with the help of its vocalist, Judy Grindley. The Club gives the Padre a chance to meet the Junior Leaders informally, although so far he has resisted a suggestion that he should wear sky-blue jeans and "winkle-pickers" with his black shirt and clerical collar.