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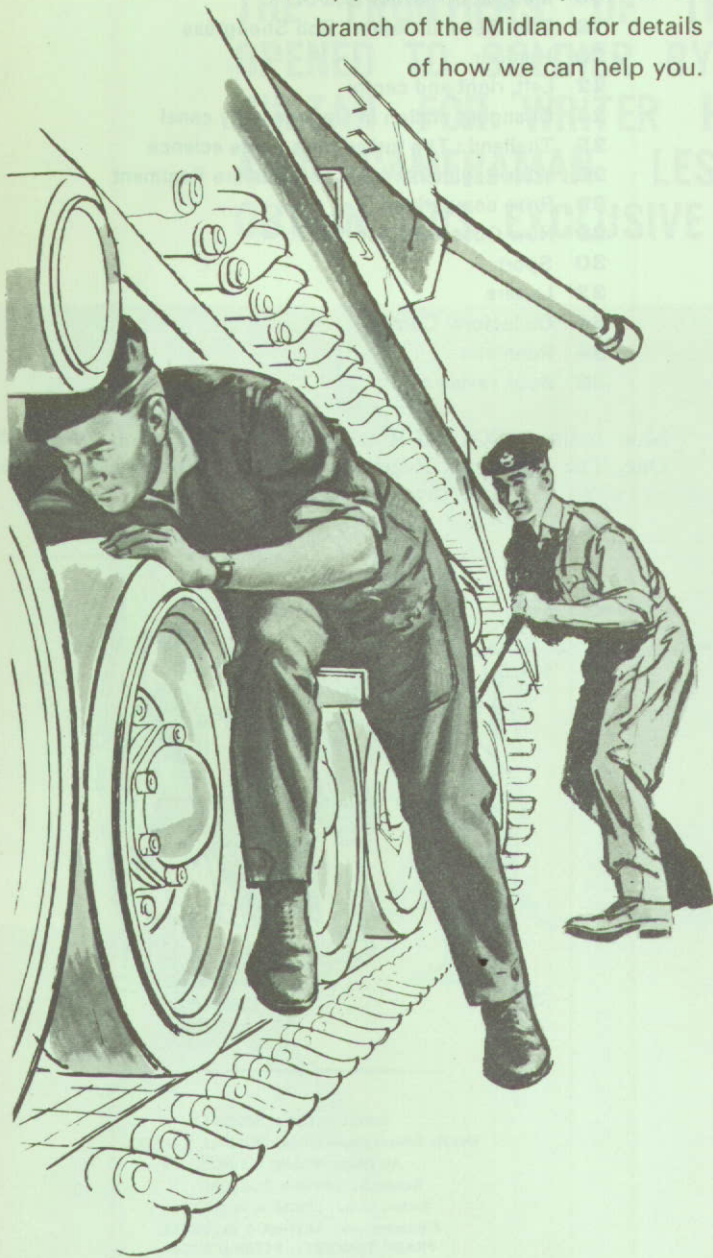
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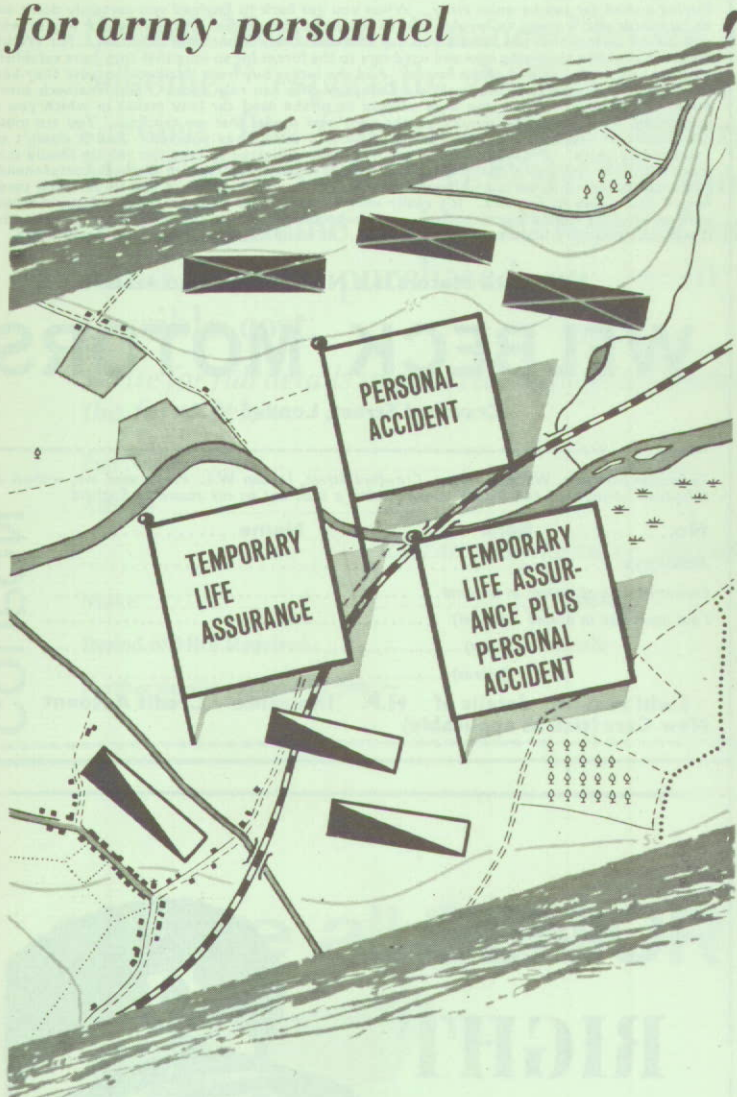
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SOLDIER

JULY 1964

Volume 20, No. 7

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Next month's **SOLDIER** will include features on World War One, The Middlesex Regiment revisiting Albuhera and training of the Trucial Oman Scouts.



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SOLDIERING

UNDER THE

SULTAN'S FLAG

THE FRONTIERS OF THE OMAN WERE OPENED TO SOLDIER BY GRACE OF THE SULTAN FOR WRITER RUSSELL MILLER AND CAMERAMAN LESLIE WIGGS TO OBTAIN THIS EXCLUSIVE PICTURE STORY



TIME passes slowly in the strange, wild, beautiful country of Muscat and Oman. Surrounded by the upset, wealth and bewilderment of the unsettled Middle East, Oman remains an introversive oasis, almost shunning contact with its neighbours.

The people of Muscat and Oman are the only *authentic* Arabs left in the world today. Uncorrupted by other "civilisations" they remain a fiercely proud, honest and hospitable people whose dress, customs, language, behaviour and work are today no different from what they were before the birth of Christ.

The country is ruled by Sultan Said bin Taimur and his personal approval is required for any visitor to enter the country—it is given sparingly, and then only after thorough investigation.

Protecting this remarkable, stranger-than-fiction country from ambitious designs without is the job of the Sultan's Armed Forces, a small, romantic army dependent to a large extent on a few British soldiers who have volunteered to serve with it.

Each has a deep-rooted affection for the country and its people. It is a sentiment rarely found in soldiers but an understandable one. Men who are serving, or have served, in Muscat refer to it as they would to their own home town.

The delightful people; the rugged beauty of the mountains; the inescapable feeling of having stepped back in time—these are the things that make men return to Muscat and Oman or think about it for the rest of their lives.

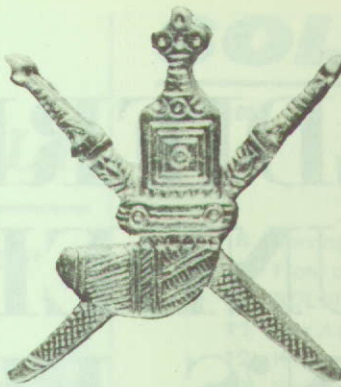
Now fully up to strength with 2500 men, the Sultan's army has about 70 British personnel, nearly all officers. Some are "contract" officers, directly employed by the Sultan. They have no existing connection with the British Army, although the majority are former British officers.

Under the Sultan's red flag a soldier watches from the fort on the top of the Jebel Akhdar.

Few, if any, are just soldiers of fortune, the sort of men who roam round the world looking for action and adventure, selling their services as trained fighting soldiers to anyone who cares to hire them. Some are former British officers who, having been in Muscat for some part of their service, found themselves under its strange spell and returned.

Such a man is Major J J M Sheridan. He commands the army's training centre at Ghalla, happily putting raw recruits into shape and turning them into fully trained soldiers in seven months.

In four years the centre has handled nearly 40 squads of 36 men. When they arrive as young recruits nearly all are



A curved *khanjar* dagger is the central feature of the Sultan's badge worn by all his soldiers.



Left: At the foot of the towering Jebel Col Chettle visits an outpost of the Muscat Regiment at Rostaq.

Right: The white fort which houses all the headquarters of the army at Bait-al-Falaj.

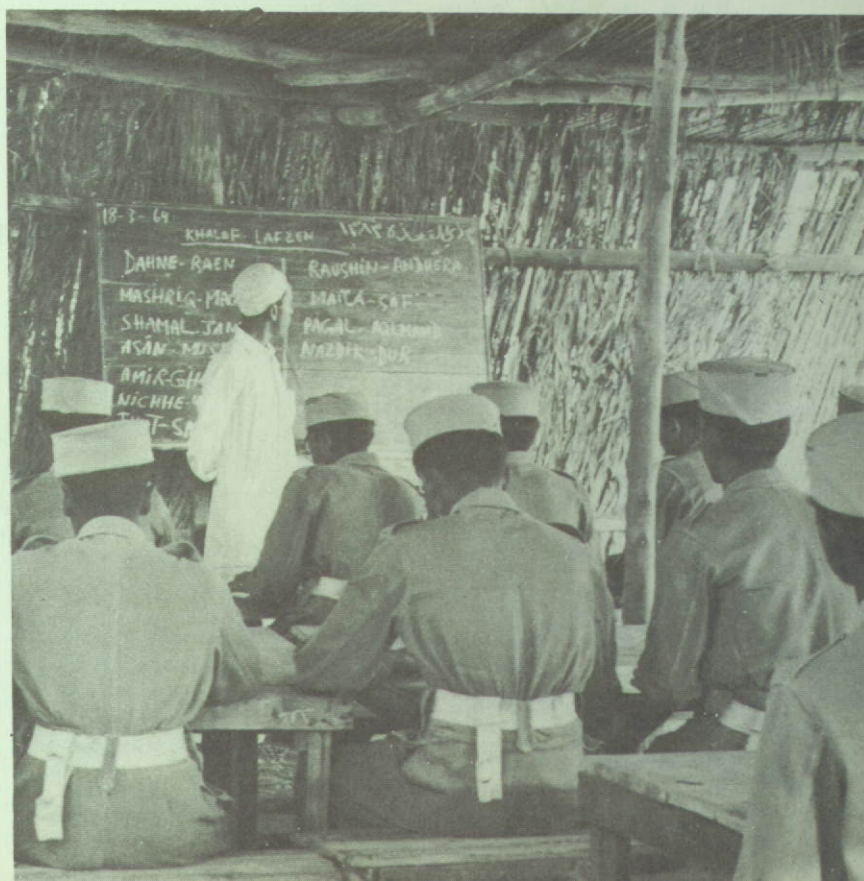
Below: Under a *barasti* shelter recruits at the training centre learn the rudiments of reading and writing.

illiterate. During the following months they are built up physically, taught to read and write their native language and trained to take their place in a rifle company. In addition the centre runs a number of promotion and specialist courses.

The army was formed before World War One, but Britain only became intimately involved in 1958 when it was agreed to give financial and material assistance to help train and expand the Sultan's forces.

Today the Sultan's Armed Forces, commanded by Colonel A D Lewis DSO, forms a highly trained fighting force. It has the respect and confidence of the people and by its painstaking diligence has brought overall peace to Oman—an unusual experience for people to whom fighting is practically second nature.

Headquarters of the army is at Bait-al-Falaj, close to the neighbouring coastal towns of Muscat and Muttrah and linked to them by a five-mile concrete road—the only such road in 82,000 square miles of country. A white fort, once a summer residence of the Sultan, houses the staff headquarters of the army in raftered offices much favoured by local birds during the nesting season. Signals, artillery, transport and workshop buildings surround the fort.



Muscat and Oman is situated in the eastern corner of Arabia, bounded in the west by the Trucial States, Saudi Arabia and Aden and is inhabited by about 550,000 people, mainly Arabs.

Villages are built mostly of mud bricks or woven palm fronds called *barasti*. The mountain area is dotted with tiny watch towers perched in commanding positions and manned by villagers who fire warning shots as strangers approach.

There are many descendants from slaves in the country. Now, although they serve the same masters as their descendants, they are more like paid retainers. Occasionally though, a "slave" claims his "freedom" in Muscat town—the walled capital where everyone must carry a lantern from three hours after sunset to dawn in the streets within the walls, a precaution introduced many years ago after a case of stabbing.

The climate of the country makes it a delightful place in winter (with English summertime temperatures), but in summer it is one of the hottest places on earth—in 1442 a Persian visitor complained that the gems in the handle of his dagger were reduced to coal by the heat!

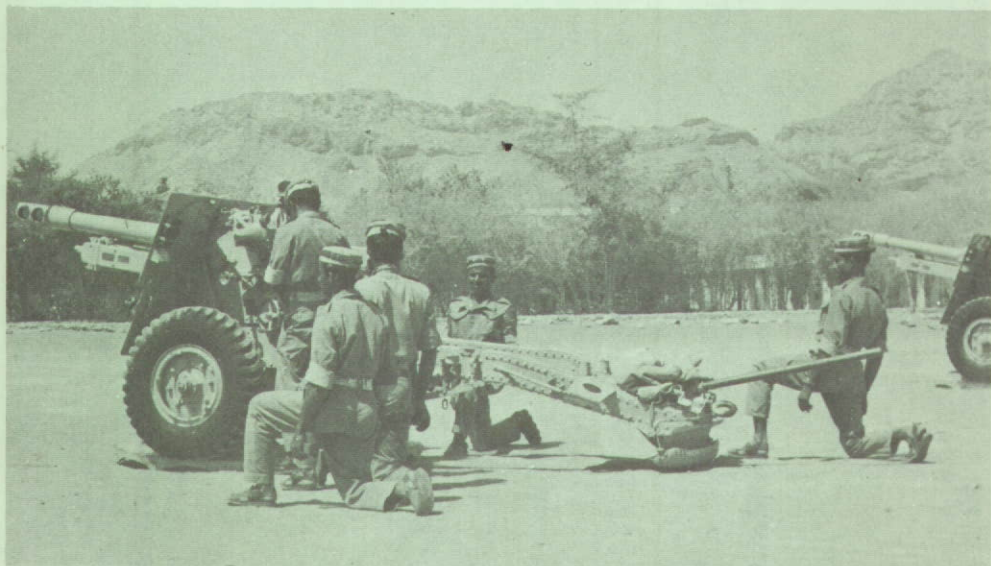
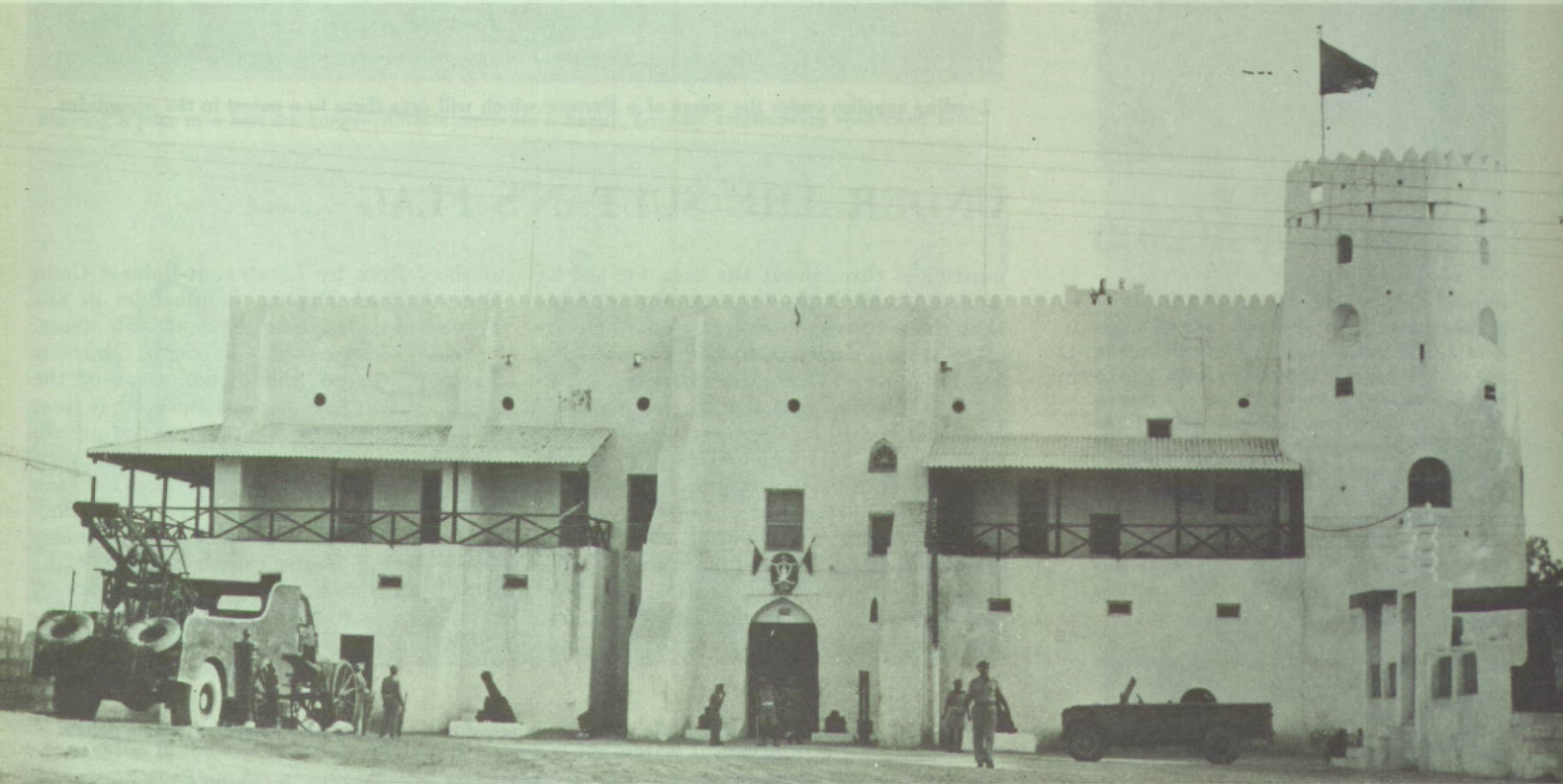
Also at Bait-al-Falaj is the country's principal airstrip and the Sultan of Oman's Air Force, comprising five armed *Provosts* and four *Beavers* piloted by seconded Royal Air Force Officers and commanded by Squadron Leader J A Horrell. Operationally the Air Force comes under the command of the army.

Much depends on the skill of these pilots in a country where donkeys are often the only alternative form of transport. It means flying in all weathers along winding *wadis* with the mountains rushing past each wing-tip and landing on strips perched on mountain tops or surrounded by towering cliffs.

The little red and white *Beavers*, which

are used to carry freight on regular flights, perform magic feats of manoeuvrability in the towering Jebel area at the hands of British pilots wearing the Sultan's badge on their blue caps. To troops cut off from normal supplies the *Beavers* are a life-line, dropping food and water by parachute or direct out of the cabin.

If necessary the whole Air Force could move to another location drawing on reserve stocks of fuel and ammunition. Its role is versatile—once a *Provost* was ordered to escort a suspicious dhow into the harbour of Muscat town. The job was managed by the simple expedient of firing across its bows every time it tried to turn away from Muscat.



Wearing their pill-box working hats the Artillery Troop practise gun drill at Bait-al-Falaj.

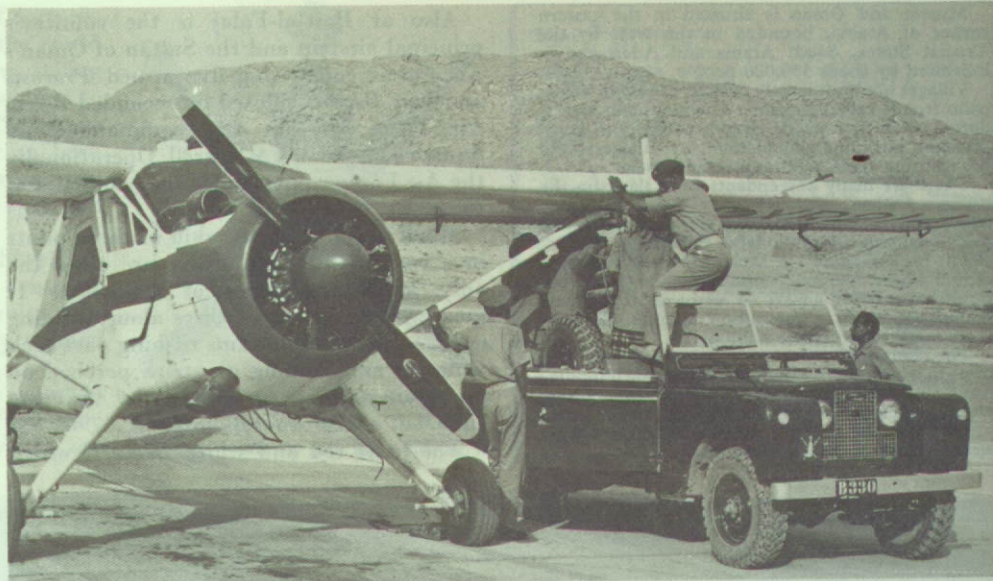
There are only six British non-commissioned officers in the army—two sergeants and four corporals. They are all based at headquarters. Sergeant Collingwood, Royal Horse Artillery, has extended his tour twice and would happily soldier on in Muscat forever—a typical sentiment.

The army's two Infantry battalions—the Muscat Regiment and the Northern Frontier Regiment—have their headquarters at Bid-Bid and Nizwa. One regiment controls the interior of the Oman west of the mountains and the other strides the important Wadi Sumail which leads from the coast to the interior—one of the few motorable routes across the mountains.

From Bid-Bid the Muscat Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel C Chettle MC, The Devonshire and Dorset Regiment, mounts constant patrols into the Jebel area, stopping at villages for coffee and dates with the local people.

The patrols keep a check on the movement of traffic in the area, setting up road blocks, stopping and searching vehicles, camels and donkeys. Anyone who has come into the country from abroad is questioned and in this way the army gets a warning of future rebel activity.

Stores of donkey fodder and dates are



Loading supplies under the wings of a *Beaver* which will drop them to a patrol in the mountains.

UNDER THE SULTAN'S FLAG *continued*

positioned throughout the area for use by patrols. Such is the honesty of the people that these stores are never rifled. Soldiers often stop a camel train and entrust large sums of money to complete strangers, knowing it will arrive intact at its destination.

Also at Bid-Bid is the army's hospital, run by a cheerful Scot who first came to Muscat as a National Service doctor. Now Major Ian Hynd works there under contract, treating every conceivable ailment and training his own medical orderlies.

The Northern Frontier Regiment was originally a small private army of Arab soldiers raised 12 years ago at the command

of the Sultan by Lieutenant-Colonel Colin Maxwell, now Deputy Commander of the Force and its longest-serving British officer.

From Nizwa the Northern Frontier Regiment covers the higher areas of the Jebel. Its most remote outpost is just 4000 feet above the regimental headquarters—at Seeq, a tiny village on the very top of the Jebel Akhdar. It takes between six and eight hours to reach Seeq by donkey—but just ten minutes by *Beaver*. One day every week a *Beaver* makes seven or eight trips from Nizwa to supply the company on top.

On top of the mountain is a different
continued on page 10

Followed by a donkey carrying the radio set, a patrol treks along a *wadi* lined with date palms.

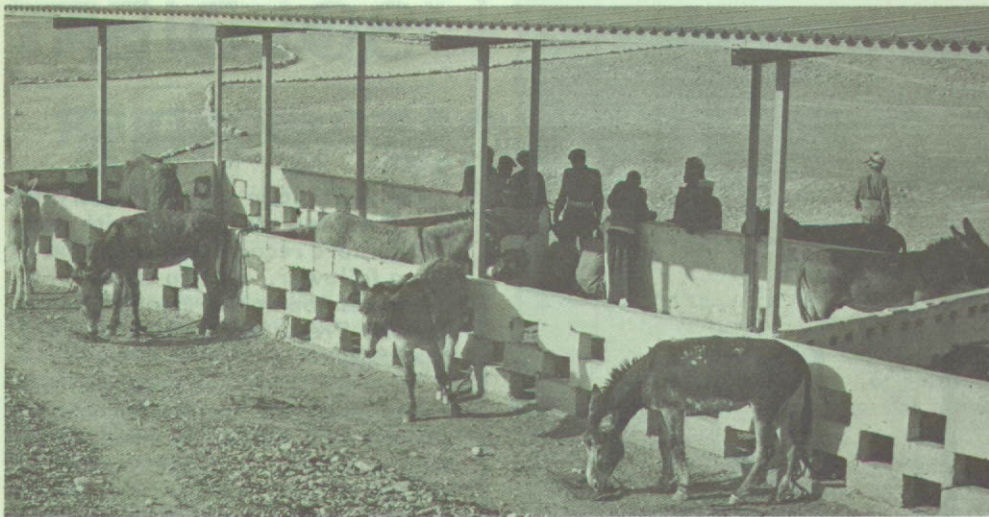
The Sultan, Said bin Taimur, Sultan of Muscat and Oman, is the 13th of a dynasty which has ruled the country since 1744. He lives in a white stucco palace on the shores of the Arabian Sea at Salalah, in the green and fertile Dhofar Plain.

It was there he received the SOLDIER team on one of the few occasions that journalists have ever been granted an audience. Through the great outer doors, past lines of retainers, the SOLDIER team was conducted into an inner courtyard and up a flight of stone steps into a long, cool passage at the end of which a dignified figure waited. The Sultan was wearing fine Arab robes trimmed with gold with a turban on his head and the traditional *khanjar* curved dagger at his waist.

In a small, air-conditioned room fitted with modern European furniture the Sultan spoke, in perfect English, of his hopes for the future. "My people have an old world politeness and are very hospitable. It is my sincere hope that we will retain the best of this old world while yet assimilating the best of the new.

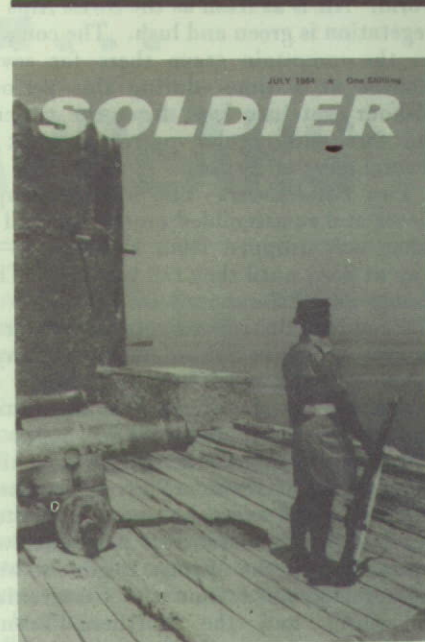
"The Omanis are basically a very peace-loving people. Now everyone is beginning to realise that we cannot develop without peace. First you need peace—then you can improve. That is my aim."





Donkeys are a vital method of transport in the Jebel and every barracks has its own donkey lines.

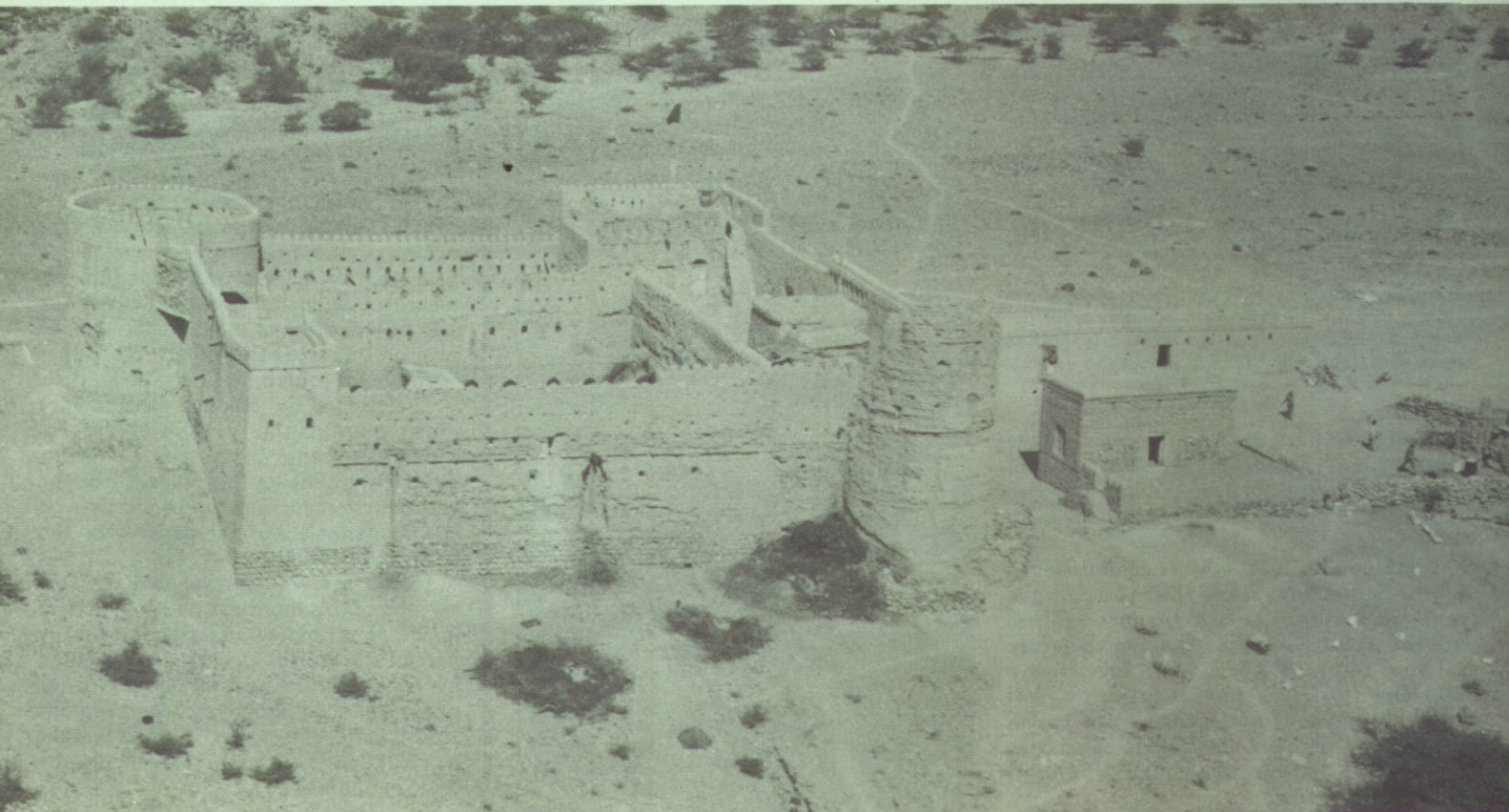
Sharing a joke in a barrack room—officers cultivate a happy, friendly relationship with their men.



COVER PICTURE

SOLDIER's front cover this month captures the mystique of Muscat with a picture by cameraman Leslie Wiggs of a soldier of the Sultan's Armed Forces on guard duty on a parapet of the ancient fort overlooking the harbour in Muscat town. Private Sadula Nur Mohammed wears the special uniform of the Independent Guard Company which lives in the fort. The cannons behind him are still fired when important visitors enter the harbour. On the other side of the bay is a similar, if more sinister, fort, now used as a prison.

A typical fort in the wild mountain interior. A platoon of the Muscat Regiment lives there supplied once a week by a *Beaver* of the Sultan's Air Force.



world. Air is as fresh as the Swiss Alps and vegetation is green and lush. The company on the mountain stays there for several months at a time—during this period a 24-hour watch is kept from the tower of the fort and regular patrols go out for several days at a time.

Two *Land-Rovers*—one was flown up in pieces and re-assembled on the top and the other was dropped from a *Beverley*—will stay at Seeq until they fall to pieces. There is no road off the mountain.

Seconded British officers serve for 18 months with the Sultan's army. Many of them are captivated by the country and ask to stay longer. They wear the Sultan's uniform and serve under his red flag.

On their shoulders the officers wear silver stars (most of them are given temporary high rank) and everyone wears the Sultan's cap badge. Headquarters personnel wear scarlet berets, the Muscat Regiment wears balmorals (copied from the Cameronians) of scarlet and the Northern Frontier Regiment wears green berets (copied from the Royal Marine Commandos). On operations everyone normally wears a *shemagh* to keep sand out of the mouth and eyes.

Many soldiers join the Army to earn enough money to get married. They get one month's leave every year and are taken home on a lorry which drops them off at the nearest point to their village. They are



This tiny fort is at Nizwa, where the Northern Frontier Regiment at present has its headquarters.



Major Malcolm Dennison chats with some of the young recruits he has just brought into the headquarters from villages in the interior. They sport a number of different hair-styles (right).

warned to be back at the same point in four weeks' time. Some misjudge the day and have to walk back to camp and some arrive too early and sit under a date palm for a week waiting for the truck.

Now the first local officers commissioned by the Sultan have taken their places in the ranks and more are being groomed. These are the men who will be running the army in the future. They will have many problems to face, but their army will probably never lose the distinctly British flavour left by the dedicated, somewhat sentimental, officers who found Utopia in Muscat and Oman.



SOLDIER TO SOLDIER

ONCE upon a time the Army's wives were content with little more recognition than that of camp follower. Not so today when the wives pop up, particularly in the popular Press, increasingly and emphatically.

There will always be justifiable complaints about the standard of married quarters until sufficient new building has been completed and the backlog of ancient dwellings swept away. But in recent years two new problems have arisen—coping with the increased number of families in an all-Regular Army and catering for the temporary moves of units to trouble spots.

When a married soldier is sent abroad unaccompanied, his family may have to vacate its quarter to make way, reasonably enough, for an incoming unit.

Here the trouble begins. Alternative accommodation may be offered elsewhere in other quarters or hostels but possibly away from the family's friends and relatives. If the family moves into private accommodation locally, the Army augments the marriage allowance, but it is becoming increasingly difficult to find furnished or unfurnished accommodation at anything like a reasonable figure on a short-term basis.

The soldier has either to increase his voluntary allotment and cut expenses to secure the same standard of housing for his family—or take what he can where he can.

The separation enforced by a temporary move is accepted by the soldier and the wife who has married into the Army. But it cannot help that soldier to do his job efficiently if he has to worry about the conditions in which, as a result, his wife and family are living at home.

LAST month's D-Day cover has prompted readers to ask if copies of Terence Cuneo's dramatic painting are available.

SOLDIER is proud to announce that prints of the painting are now being prepared. The actual reproduction will measure 20 inches by 30 inches—the size of the original canvas—and will be printed in six colours on art paper without, of course, the magazine's title.

The use of six colours gives a very much more faithful and lively reproduction of the painting's colouring, drama and impact of noise than the reproduction in four colours only—on the magazine's normal paper—on the covers of the June SOLDIER.

The prints will be available towards the end of this month at one guinea each including wrapping and postage to any part of the world. Orders, accompanied by cheque, postal order, money order or international money order, made out to "SOLDIER Magazine," should be sent to SOLDIER (Prints), 433 Holloway Road, London N7.

The Army builds a new town . . .

AND A MOUNTAIN DISAPPEARS

IT could safely be called the middle of nowhere—desolate reclaimed salt pans adjoining black volcanic rock outcrops on the very edge of the blistering desert in the Aden Protectorate. This is where the Army is building a town.

Total cost of the mammoth project is about £8,000,000 and when finished the town will accommodate a complete brigade. Just about the only aspect of the scheme which lacks imagination is the name—Little Aden Cantonment.

A bowling alley, cinema and swimming pool are just a few of the attractions offered to future residents of the town—providing of course that they can tear themselves away from sunbathing in the secluded landscaped patios adjoining each air-conditioned barrack block.

For the more energetic there will be a sports arena and a choice of seven tennis

courts. And in the evenings, for those not enjoying a quiet drink in one of the six messes, there is always the local "night club" (provided by the Army, of course) with dancing under the moon on the open piazza.

It may not sound much like just another barracks, but that is basically what it is. The refinements are, in fact, virtual necessities. For Little Aden Cantonment is miles from the nearest civilisation, is surrounded by terrain resembling the surface of the moon and is just about as welcoming.

The town is being built where it is for the simple reason that no other land is available—certainly not in congested Aden Colony.

It started as a barracks for an armoured squadron, an armoured car regiment less one squadron and a few minor units. Then, like Topsy, it grew . . .

Now Little Aden Cantonment will house a brigade headquarters, an armoured regiment, an armoured car regiment plus a light aircraft squadron, an Infantry battalion, a close support Royal Artillery regiment and all the minor units supporting the brigade—a total of about 3000 soldiers.

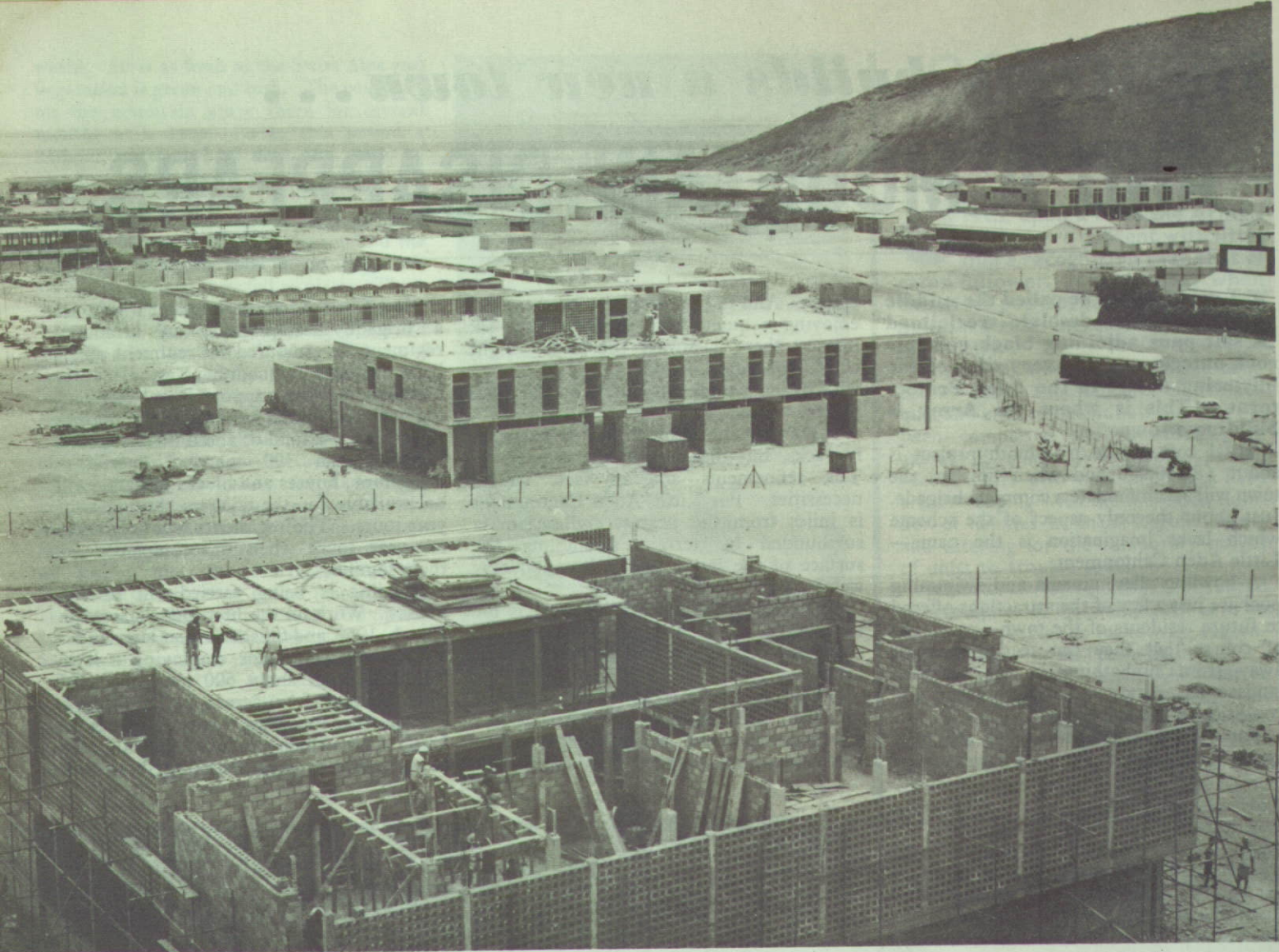
More than 300 married quarters—bungalows, houses and blocks of flats—will be available for the soldiers serving two-year tours. The regiments will only serve one-year tours when unaccompanied by their families.

Building is being carried out in two phases. Work on the first phase started in March, 1962, and finished a year later under a Lebanese contractor employing a local labour force of about 500 men, many of them Yemenis from across the border.

It entailed opening a special quarry at Little Aden which produced 200,000 tons of stone and aggregate making about four

Built in five months, Salerno is one of two camps constructed entirely of *Twynham* huts. A complete Infantry battalion will live there.





Part of Little Aden Cantonment pictured from a ledge cut into the side of the mountain on which the town's own church will be built.

and three quarter million building blocks. The quarry has had the effect of practically removing a small mountain from the landscape—it was one of the few suitable hills in the area, the majority being either too hard or too soft.

Phase two started in January last year and is expected to be complete by May next year. Work never stops on the site and an average daily labour force of more than 2000 men is employed.

The Army became directly involved in the construction when it was decided that the rate of building was too slow and the Royal Engineers were invited to step it up by erecting *Twynham* huts (the modern-day *Nissen* hut) to supplement the permanent building.

38 Corps Engineer Regiment took on the

job and with 518 Company, Royal Pioneer Corps, they have built about 250 *Twynhams*. Sent out from England in prefabricated aluminium sections, the huts can be assembled with nothing more than a couple of spanners, a screwdriver, saw, hammer and a handful of nails.

Two camps sited some way from the main cantonment consist entirely of *Twynham* huts. The 60 huts of Salerno camp, where the Infantry battalion will live, were built in exactly five months by 48 Field Squadron with two sections of Pioneers and 150 Arab labourers.

Work is now going on at Anzio camp, where the close support regiment will live in 55 *Twynhams*. These two camps are situated in adjoining re-entrants facing the salt pans and completely surrounded on

three sides by mountains. A five-mile pipeline laid by the Sappers from the main cantonment will supply them with water and each camp will have facilities for normal battalion recreations.

A road now being constructed will connect them with the main cantonment where the available amenities will do justice to a holiday camp.

Two officers' messes, two sergeants' messes, two soldiers' messes and two NAAFI clubs are planned. The cantonment club will be for all ranks and their families with several bars and an open piazza for dancing. There will be six local shops in addition to the NAAFI store, education and medical centres, a school and a church overlooking the town from an elevated site cut into the mountain side.

About 100 items of plant equipment belonging to Sappers of 38 Regiment have been employed in the building. 32 Field Squadron built most of the *Twynhams* in the main camp and 12 Field Squadron are finishing the work there. While all this work has been going on, the Regiment—as part of the Strategic Reserve—has had detachments all over the world from British Honduras to Christmas Island.

The town is completely independent from the outside world except for its water supply, which was diverted from an oil company's supply 12 miles away at a cost of about £300,000. It will use about 265,000 gallons a day.

It happened in JULY

Date		Years ago
9	Caen captured by the Allies	20
11	Storming of the Bastille	175
15	Jerusalem captured by the Crusaders	865
18	Mersey Tunnel opened	30
19	Samuel Colt, inventor, born	150
21	Lenin died	40
24	Admiral Rooke captured Gibraltar	260
24	Battle of Niagara	205
25	Louis Bleriot flew the Channel	55
27	Battle of Killiecrankie	275
28	Austria declared war on Serbia	50



British transport enters Caen after its capture in 1944.

7 -

THE BRITISH
LEGION

The 314 married quarters are refreshingly different in design—that grey stone wall was once part of the disappearing mountain!

Inside, air-conditioning keeps the houses cool and comfortable.



Cooking will be done by butane gas and the town has its own power station with a capacity of ten megawatts. Almost every building is air-conditioned—even the *Twyn-hams*, which each have a £2000 unit blowing in cold air and sucking out warm.

Permanent barrack accommodation will house about 1000 men, each block having its own secluded patio and the whole town will be landscaped on a scale never before seen in Aden. Trees, ponds and gardens will surround modern buildings designed to fit the Middle East terrain and will help the residents to get away from the bleak

country surrounding the town.

Irrigation of these gardens will depend on a sewage works—the first in Aden. It is fitted with a special plant that will treat the effluence and make it suitable for fertilising the ground.

On one side of the cantonment is a tiny village providing permanent accommodation for all the servants employed in the town.

The first permanent residents of Little Aden Cantonment will probably be the troops re-deployed from Kenya later this year.

TWICE wounded during World War One, the ex-soldier had fallen on hard times. His home was a garden shed where he lived alone, forgotten by everyone. Everyone, that is, except the British Legion.

The Legion heard about him and within a few weeks he was moved into one of its four country homes where he could live in comfort.

It was just a routine job for the Legion, one of the millions it undertakes every year to safeguard and improve the interests of those who have served their country—whether it is pressing the Government to increase pensions or sending a bucket of coal to a hard-up ex-soldier.

The biggest voluntary organisation of its kind, the British Legion has 4819 branches, including 61 overseas. Poppy Day every year raises more than £1,000,000 which is spent filling gaps in state welfare schemes, looking after the health and happiness of ex-Servicemen and women.

The British Legion village near Maidstone is still an unequalled model of what can be done in after-care for tubercular cases and in suitable cases men are kept in the village for five years earning wages and learning a trade.

Outside the Government, the Legion is the largest employer of the disabled with two factories producing furniture and hand-woven tweed and at the poppy factory 350 badly disabled men make 36 million poppies and 73,000 wreaths a year.

In a campaign lasting for 12 years the Legion secured for the war-disabled a basic pension of 115s a week—an increase of 70s. Last year it made 1001 successful claims for pensions and allowances.

The Legion's house purchase loan scheme has enabled many ex-Regulars to buy their own homes and holidays at the seaside are arranged every year for disabled ex-Servicemen and their wives.

Help is by no means confined to the British Isles. Recently the Legion found the orphan son of an ex-Regular living in terrible privation in India and suffering from leprosy. Money was immediately forthcoming for his treatment and rehabilitation.

In almost every field the British Legion is ready to help. The national headquarters are at 49 Pall Mall, London SW1.

THREE-NATION PARADE

WAVING, cheering and clapping, 130,000 Berliners lined the streets of the divided city to watch a huge parade of the soldiers on whom their freedom depends.

It was a massive, stirring demonstration of solidarity by more than 5000 British, French and American troops marching with their weapons, vehicles and armour past a saluting base where the three Berlin commandants stood side by side.

No one loves a parade more than the Germans and the cold, grey day did nothing to dampen their spirits as they waited on the famous, flag-draped 17 Juni Strasse for the first soldiers to appear.

The three commandants and the Mayor of West Berlin were greeted on their arrival by a tripartite guard of honour, with the British contingent provided by 1st Battalion, The Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry. In support were the trumpeters and regimental band of 1st Battalion, The King's Regiment.

Then the parade, one of the biggest ever held in Berlin, began. Leading the whole cavalcade were three jeeps driving slowly abreast carrying the Union Jack, the Stars and Stripes and the Tricolour. Sergeant Don Smith of 247 Provost Company,

Royal Military Police, had the honour of bearing the Union Jack.

British led the Infantry march-past with The Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry in the van followed by men of the 1st Battalion, The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire.

An unusual and colourful contribution to the band concert was provided by the Fife and Drum Corps of the American 3rd Infantry Regiment dressed in 18th century uniforms of red frock tunics, white breeches, buckled shoes and powdered wigs.

Soon the music gave way to the roar of engines and clatter of tank tracks as the transport and armour of the Allies rolled past the saluting base.

The British contingent was this time at the rear of the parade led by a reconnaissance screen of *Ferret* scout cars. *Centurion* tanks of the Independent Tank Squadron, Royal Tank Regiment, made a brave showing as one by one they swung their turrets and dipped their guns in front of the saluting base.

In the leading tank was the commander of the Squadron, Major Richard Lawson DSO, recently made a Knight Commander of the Order of Saint Sylvester (one of the highest Papal decorations) for his gallantry

in the Congo in 1962 when, armed only with a swagger stick, he defied 800 mutinous soldiers to rescue priests and nuns from the battle area.

The tanks were followed by armoured personnel carriers, anti-tank platoons, a heavy ferry section of 38 Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, two enormous tank transporters of 62 Company, Royal Army Service Corps, and the recovery section of 14 Infantry Workshops, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers.

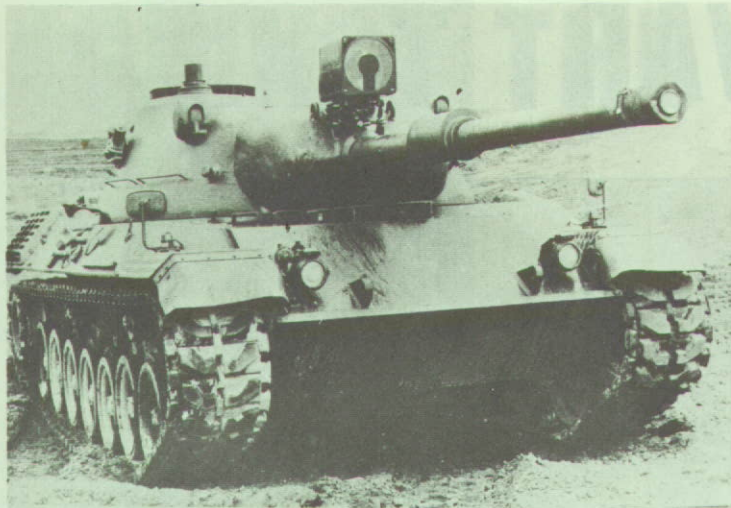
A less glamorous, but vital, role was played behind the scenes by many other soldiers, notably 229 Signal Squadron, Royal Signals, which handled communications to control the enormous columns of men and machines and 247 Provost Company, which controlled the crowds.

A lighter touch had been provided two days before the parade at a rehearsal when Sergeant William Barker of the Royal Army Service Corps, nattily dressed in a dark suit, borrowed bowler and a rolled umbrella, stood in for Mayor Willy Brandt.

The next morning he found himself pictured in every Berlin newspaper and later in *Der Spiegel*. "I felt a right idiot, I can tell you," was his reaction to sudden fame.

Spaced as perfectly as a toy parade, British armour with dipped guns roars past the saluting base. On the right is the tripartite guard of honour.



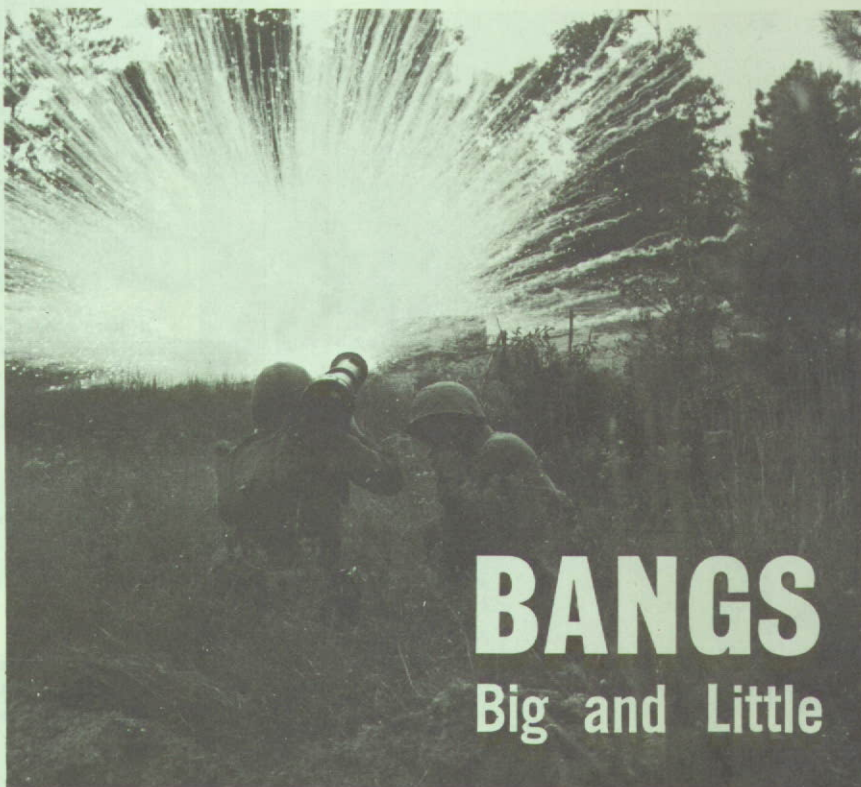


The new 39-ton West German tank (above) has a British-made 105mm gun and a range of 375 miles. £90,000 each, 1500 are being manufactured.



Above: The American General Sheridan tank can fire the Shillelagh missile and is air-portable. It is a recon tank for armour and Infantry.

Big bang (right) from a white phosphorous shell exploding as two American marines fire their 3.5 inch rocket launcher.



BANGS

Big and Little

Redeye, the world's smallest guided missile, is fired from a shoulder launcher (below). At a safe distance its motor fires, driving it on to target.



Below: American inventors with a new gun which spits out 40mm grenades at the rate of 250 a minute. It is fired by turning a handle.



In Aden, British forces have perfected a technique of firing Brens from helicopters to strafe rebels below.

WAR

Relentlessly British Forces press into the hot arid mountains north of Aden to winkle dissidents from their stronghold



THEY'RE getting closer every day," exclaimed cigar-smoking Corporal Roy MacNaughton, of 3rd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, as he leapt for cover a split second after a sniper's bullet smacked into the rock wall behind him.

Minutes later, the sniper's fire was returned ten-thousandfold in a full-scale rocket and cannon attack launched by Royal Air Force *Hunter* fighters. Directed by the Battalion's forward air control unit, the *Hunters* blasted the small Arab fort where the sniper was concealed until all that remained was a pile of smoking rubble. But an hour later the sniper was firing again.

This is the sort of war 2000 British and 700 Federal Regular Army troops have been waging in the cruel, moon-like landscape of the Radfan massif in Southern Arabia, 30 miles from the Yemeni Border, against small, wiry, dissident tribesmen—the "Red Wolves of Radfan."

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It is a war which these fiery tribesmen have been waging for centuries against any traveller who dared enter their remote backwater of civilization. British troops were the first outsiders to penetrate the area for 60 years—other expeditions in the past have met with heavy and accurate fire from the Red Wolves' ancient rifles and many a lone traveller has had his head lopped off in the traditional Radfani method of execution.

The present campaign, aimed at bringing the Radfanis under the control of the Federal Government, was launched after the dissidents had stepped up their attacks on the Aden-Dhala' road, one of the main trade routes to the south from the lush, fertile plains of the Yemen and, for 2000 years, a sacred road for Mecca-bound pilgrims. Two British officers died after a mine exploded under their vehicle, while many civilians were injured in similar explosions or ambushes.

Intelligence sources reported that the

Red Wolves had discarded their ancient weapons and were using Yemeni-supplied small arms, mines and mortars. Some of the dissidents were seen wearing khaki uniforms, in place of the usual *futah* (Arab skirt) and turban. They were also being led by officers obviously trained in the Yemen.

Following a request from the Federal Government, British military assistance in the area bordering the Dhala' road was increased and Federal and British troops were placed under the temporary command of Brigadier R L Hargroves. Later, 39 Infantry Brigade Group Headquarters, commanded by Brigadier C H Blacker MC, flew to Aden from Northern Ireland and took over the Radforce units.

Aden-based units—1st East Anglian Regiment, 45 Royal Marine Commando and two battalions of the Federal Regular Army—were moved into position with armoured support from 4th Royal Tank Regiment and 16th/5th The Queen's Royal



A paratrooper of 3rd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, picks his way across the inhospitable terrain while on a patrol search for dissidents.

In a mobile artillery role, *Centurion* tanks of 16th/5th The Queen's Royal Lancers direct their fire against Red Wolves' mountain top positions.

Dust adds to the discomfort as a 105mm howitzer is fired by a detachment of J (Sidi Rezegh) Battery, Royal Horse Artillery, in the Radfan area.

Troops of the Federal Regular Army man a mortar at the Rabwa Pass to cover an advance by British soldiers in the Wadi Taym area of the mountains.

AGAINST THE RED WOLVES



Lancers, and artillery backing by J (Sidi Rezegh) Battery of 3rd Light Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery, on detachment from Kenya.

In addition, A Squadron, 22 Special Air Service Regiment, which had arrived in Aden for three weeks' desert warfare training, and a company of 3rd Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, on detachment from Bahrain, were deployed. Forty-eight hours after receiving a movement order 1st Battalion, The King's Own Scottish Borderers, flew from home to take over the East Anglians' garrison duties.

The Scottish battalion had left Aden's sunshine only three months previously, but for many of the soldiers, after a winter in Britain, it was a case of, "We're glad to be back." Later, when the Borderers also went into action, the 1st Battalion, The Royal Scots, flew out to Aden on their first visit since 1928.

The first operational casualties to the British force were suffered by a nine-man reconnaissance patrol from the SAS, commanded by Captain Robin Edwards. Dropped at night by helicopter behind dissident positions in the Wadi Taym area, the patrol kept an eight-hour watch on rebel movements in a nearby hillside village until it was spotted by a shepherd who sounded the alarm and sparked off a day-long battle.

Pinned down by extremely accurate

fire from the village, the patrol called on the RAF for continual rocket strikes. Despite the effectiveness of these attacks, at times only 25 yards from the SAS position, 50 screaming Red Wolves charged at dusk, under a hail of covering fire and in a fierce hand-to-hand fight Trooper John Warburton was killed and two men were badly injured.

A few seconds later Captain Edwards was machine-gunned in the stomach and ordered his men to "Get out of it, and leave me alone." Charging shoulder to shoulder and firing from the hip, the remaining men hacked a path through the dissidents with rifle butts, bayonets, boots and bare fists.

Despite overwhelming odds the breakthrough succeeded and, leaving the dissidents counting their dead and licking their wounds, the patrol charged down the hillside. During the gruelling eight-hour trek through the Red Wolf lines back to base camp, the party was shadowed by more dissidents. Despite a severe wound in his leg, Trooper Baker, Royal Signals, and two other members of the patrol fought a series of rearguard actions, killing one more dissident and wounding others.

The decapitated bodies of Trooper Warburton and Captain Edwards, found hidden under a pile of rocks by a patrol two weeks later, were flown to Aden and buried with full military honours.

The dissidents' casualties are difficult to

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estimate, because the bodies are always removed or hidden by the rebels, but it is thought that at least 100 dissidents have so far been killed and many more wounded.

To the outside world code names like Gin Sling, Cap Badge Ridge and Pegasus Peak mean little or nothing, but to the men who took part in the battles for these features they mean as much as any of the major actions of World War Two.

The Radforce units occupied most of the *wadis* and mountain top positions after a series of fierce offensives in which, overnight, young soldiers have become battle-scarred veterans.

Except when fast-moving British offensives are launched, which catch them on the hop, the dissidents seem content with minor ambushes and sniping attacks on patrols and picquets. Attempts at drawing their fire by openly patrolling the *wadis* with armoured cars and *Centurion* tanks have met with little response.

Said one East Anglian soldier: "If they'd only come out in the open and fight, we'd finish the lot off in a few hours. As it is they stay holed up in their caves and it's practically impossible to flush them out."

Though the skirmishes go on, the biggest battle is against the heat and dust. Each soldier is rationed to two gallons of water a

day, and in an area where the mercury tops the 125 degrees Fahrenheit mark, a cool drink or a good wash are unheard of luxuries—most drinking water is as warm as a cup of tea.

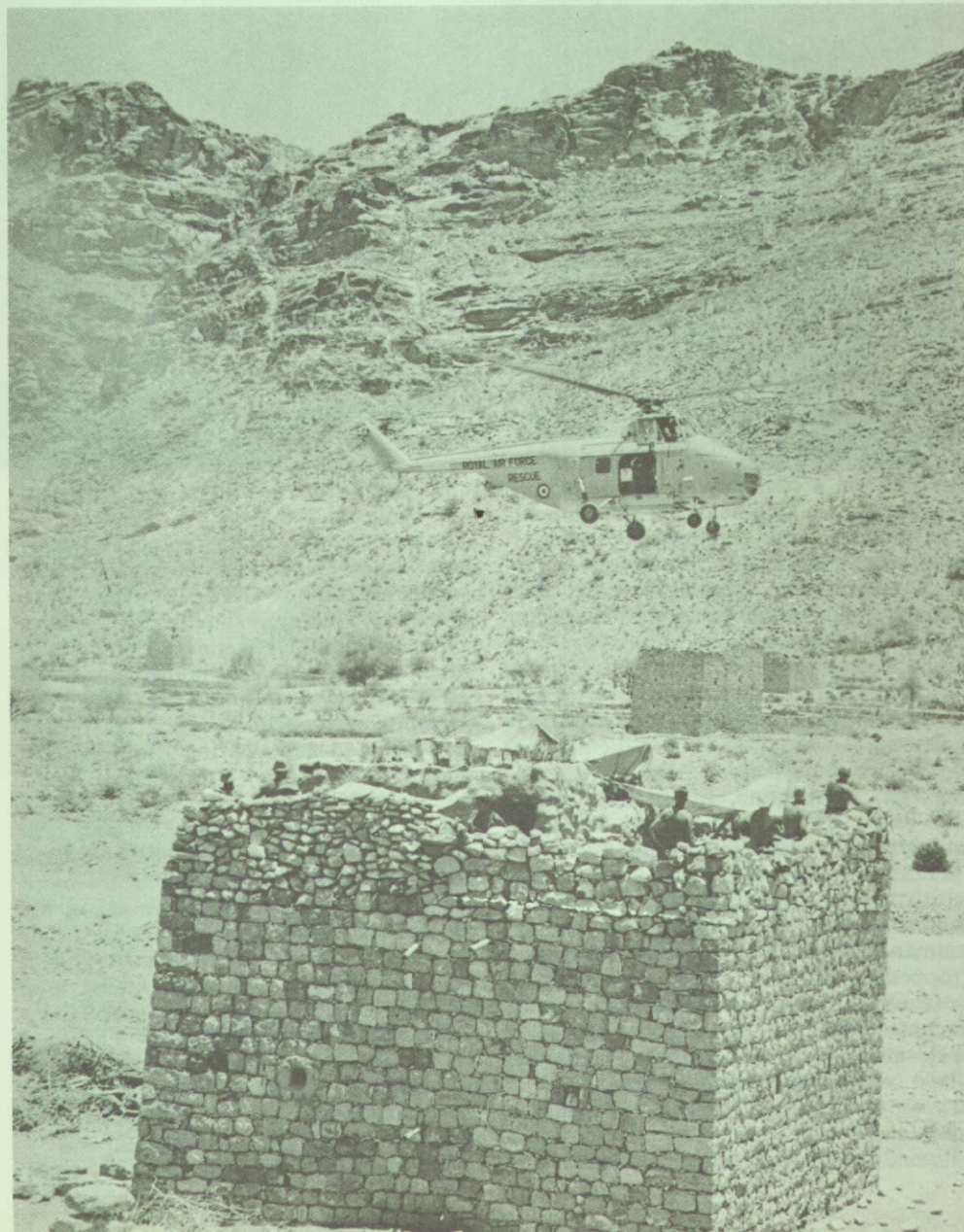
The black, barren crags offer no shade and when a unit is lucky enough to lodge in an Arab house, even the flies, fleas and stink of rotting garbage and open sewers are small discomforts compared with the joy of being able to shelter from the sun's searing heat.

Because there are no roads into the area other than tracks built by the Royal Engineers, supplies of water, food and ammunition to the forward units are delivered by RAF and Army Air Corps helicopters. But even these flying "maids of all work," which have earned high praise from Army commanders, cannot supply some of the more remote picquets perched on narrow mountain ledges—they are supplied by camel train.

Despite the conditions—rated by visiting Press correspondents as some of the worst they have seen in the world's trouble spots—the general opinion of most of the British troops is: "Well, it's better than being in barracks doing nothing!"

By Alan J Forshaw, Army Information Officer in Aden.

A Royal Air Force Wessex flies over a forward position in an old stone fort during the operations.



THE ARMY'S MEDALS

by MAJOR JOHN LAFFIN

31

TIBET MEDAL 1903-04



Even today anybody who reaches Tibet is considered to have achieved quite a feat. The Army was there 60 years ago, in a campaign as colourful as it is little known.

The Tibet adventure is commemorated by the Tibet Medal, the obverse of which shows Edward VII. The reverse has a fine illustration of the fortress of Potala Lhasa with the words "Tibet 1903-4". One bar was issued—Gyantse.

In July, 1903, Colonel Young-husband led a trade mission to meet Tibetan and Chinese officials at Gyantse. The mission was attacked and a Tibetan general advised Younghusband to return. He retaliated by ordering that the Tibetan troops be disarmed.

On 31 March the Tibetans fired on the column and were repulsed; on 8 April there was a fight at Red Idol Gorge. General Macdonald, with 1600 men, fought through to Gyantse and, as the Dalai Lama refused to negotiate, plans were made to clear a way to Lhasa.

The Tibetans besieged Gyantse, where the British force had taken up positions, and attacked it many times. Finally, a force of 4600 sallied from the town and defeated the Tibetans in a pitched battle.

The Dalai Lama sent an envoy to sue for peace, which Young-husband was disinclined to grant until he had an apology, which he went to Lhasa to get. British and Tibetans signed a treaty in the Potala Lhasa. The force left the capital on 23 September.

Represented in the campaign were several Indian regiments, four companies of 1st Battalion, The Royal Fusiliers, a machine-gun section from 1st Battalion, The Norfolk Regiment, and one from The Royal Irish Regiment. Many other British officers and some non-commissioned officers were also present.

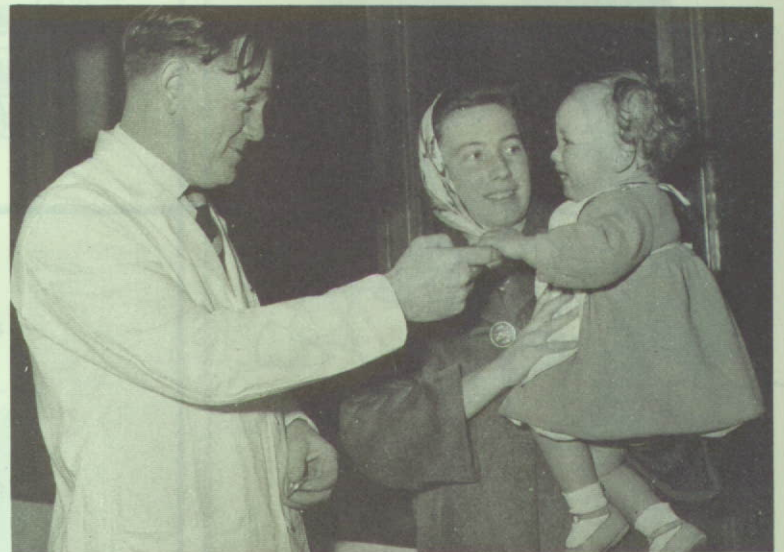
The bar "Gyantse" was given to men who took part in operations between 3 May and 6 July.

The ribbon is green with two white stripes and a wider maroon one in the centre. Naming is in running script. The old type curled suspender was used for this medal.

THAT SECOND CAREER : 7



Bob Snodgrass's job is to keep people happy, perhaps by guiding them (left), ensuring they go to the proper department (above) or playing with the children (below).



BOB SNODGRASS

Welfare Receptionist

WHEN Sergeant-Major Bob Snodgrass faced the prospect of leaving the Army, he decided he wanted a job that did not exist. After 26 years in the Royal Army Medical Corps it was natural he should want to continue working in hospitals, and for a long time he had felt there was a need for someone to bridge the gap between doctor and nurse.

So he faced an intriguing problem—and solved it. Now he holds the only job of its kind in the country—that of welfare receptionist in the casualty department of Middlesbrough General Hospital. “It just means that I keep the patients happy,” he explains simply.

He explains delays and makes them bearable; receives all casualties and calms their fears; plays with the children; ensures patients are in the right department; contacts families and employers and generally dispenses comfort all round.

“When I left the Army I wanted to do exactly what I am doing now. There was talk of providing me with an office when I

first came here. What do I want an office for? All I need is a pair of feet and somewhere to hang my hat.”

As a boy of 16, Bob lied about his age and enlisted in the Royal Army Medical Corps in 1937. During the war he served in North Africa and Burma and later in Malaya, Germany and Holland.

He retired last year as chief wardmaster at Catterick Military Hospital. The change in Army medical policy during his service had a profound affect on him. “Once the attitude was ‘Heels together, take these two pills, march off.’ Then it was decided to treat soldier patients like human beings.”

His Army service, he admits, is the major reason he has been able to make a success of his unique job. “When I applied for it someone said to me: ‘Oh dear, I hope you won’t start marching the patients about.’ I try and do the very reverse. If there is a big crowd in the waiting room I get them all talking to pass the time. I explain to people what is written on their cards and generally try to clear away the mumbo-jumbo.”

It wasn’t easy at the start—“You could say it was 50 per cent diplomatic fencing. And I made plenty of bloomers. In my first week I telephoned for an ambulance and said: ‘I have a detail for you.’ The voice at the other end replied: ‘Detail? Look mate, I left the Army years ago.’”

A Yorkshireman who believes in calling a spade a spade, Mr. Snodgrass does his best to dispel the aura of awe about the hospital. Sometimes he finds people whispering and demands: “What are you whispering about? Look, don’t be over-impressed by this set-up—you pay for it, it’s your service.”

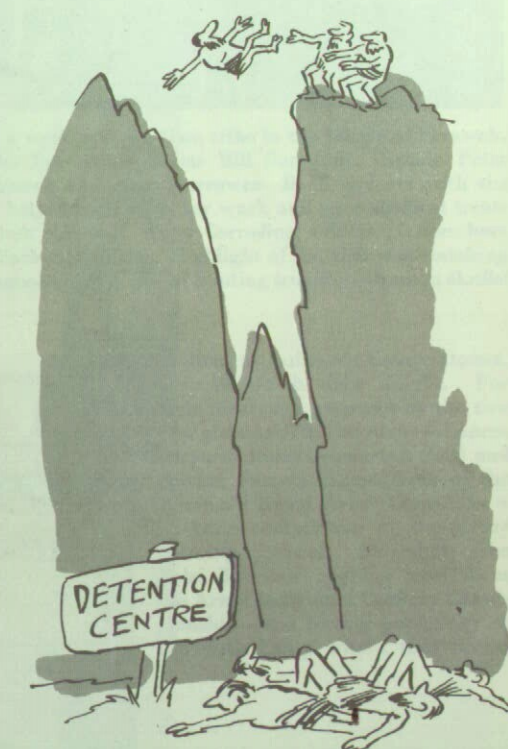
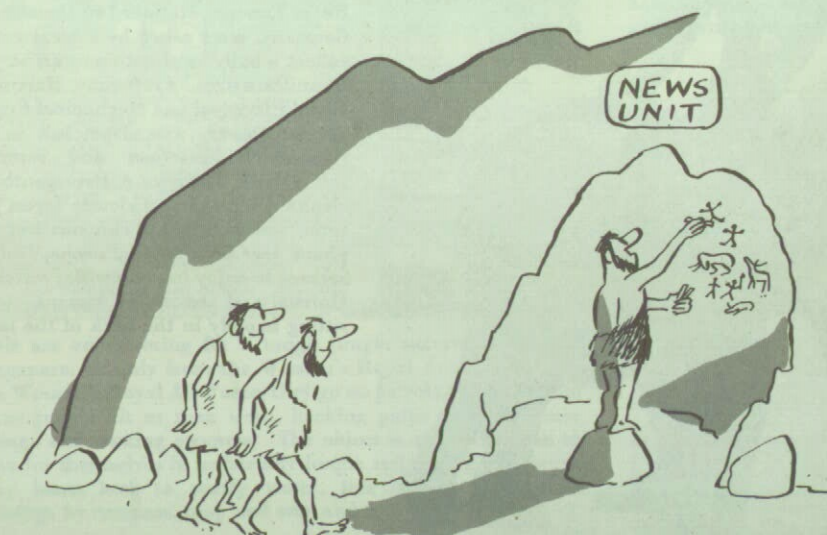
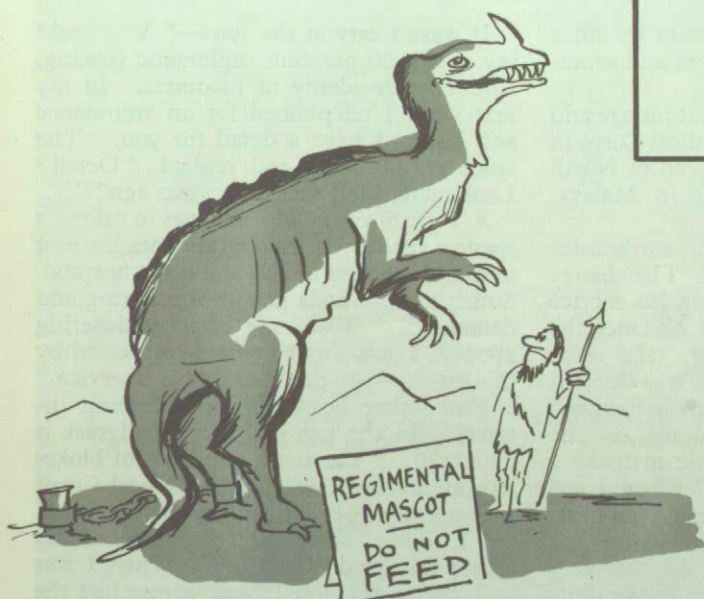
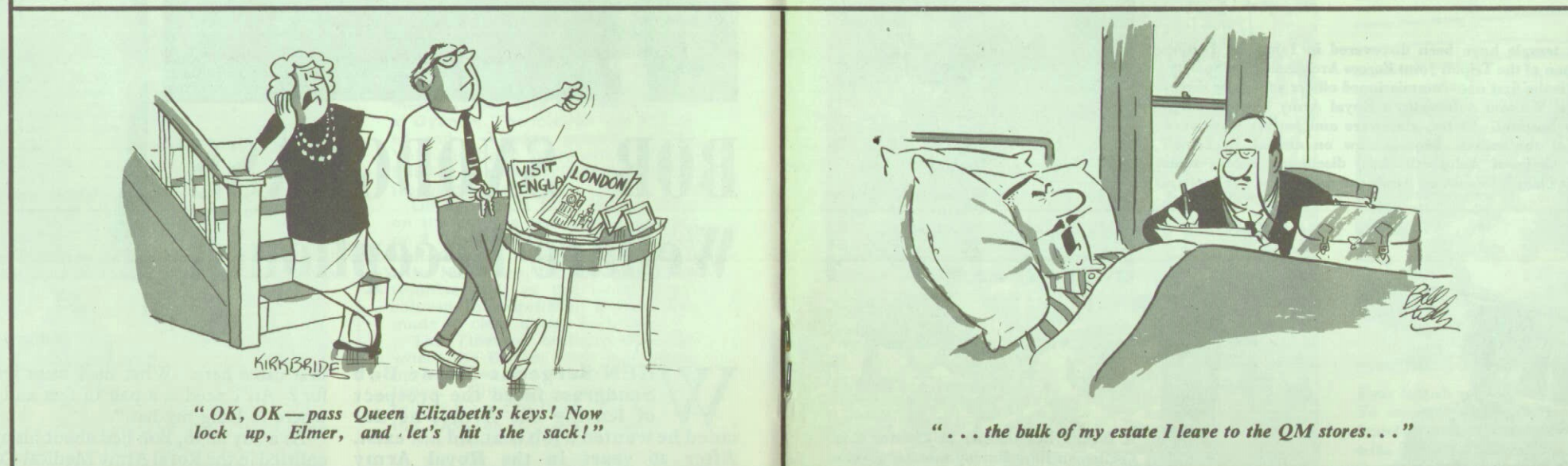
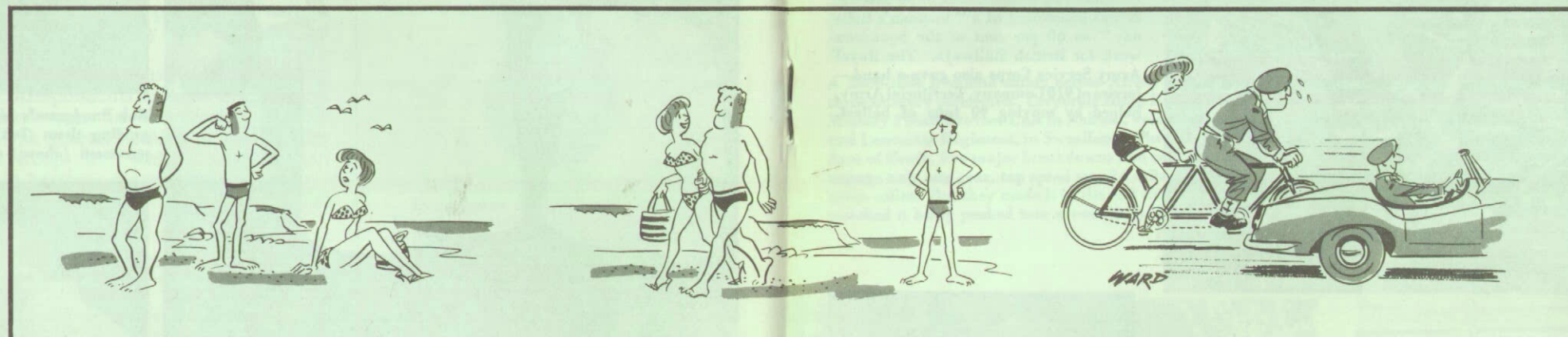
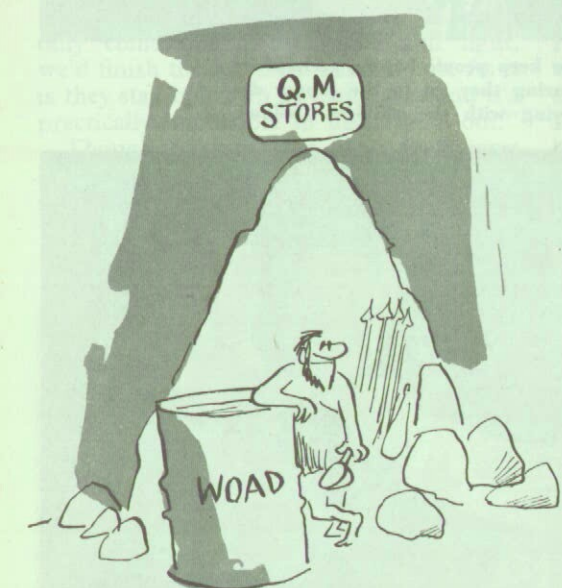
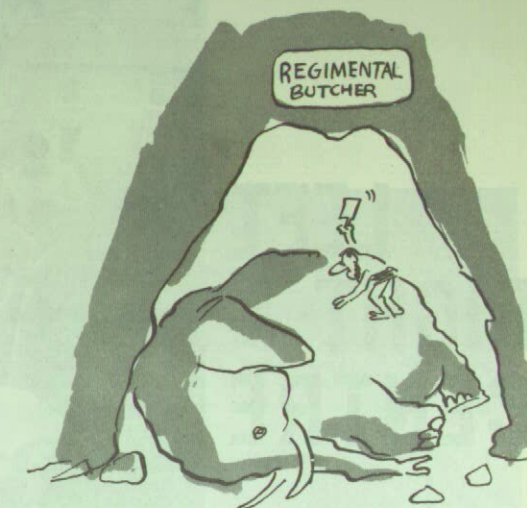
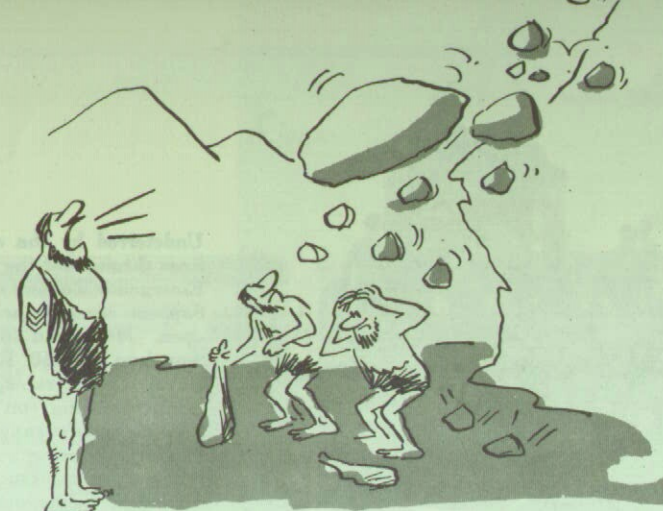
Now other hospitals are becoming interested in the job and Mr. Snodgrass is delighted. “There are hundreds of blokes like me in the Royal Army Medical Corps who are just the men for this sort of work.

“I think every big hospital should create this kind of position. When I was looking for this job I came across just the attitude against which I am fighting. I explained to one hospital what I wanted to do and they replied: ‘Oh no, we don’t have any jobs just *handling* people.’”

THE ANCIENT BRITISH ARMY

by

Larry



LEFT RIGHT & CENTRE



Undeterred by the closure of railway lines throughout the country, an Army Emergency Reserve squadron of British Sappers recently helped to keep one open. More than 70 soldiers from 150 Squadron of 160 Railway Regiment, Royal Engineers, spent their annual camp working on the Welshpool-Llanfair narrow-gauge railway in Wales. Privately owned by an association of 900 amateur enthusiasts, the line is used mainly by holidaymakers. The Squadron built sidings and loop-lines and restored a large section of the track enabling two new stations to be opened. It was something of a "busman's holiday" as 60 per cent of the Squadron work for British Railways. The Royal Army Service Corps also gave a hand—lorries of 910 Company, Territorial Army, helped by moving 90 tons of ballast.

The remains of a Roman temple have been discovered in Libya by British soldiers and American airmen of the Tripoli Joint Forces Archaeological Society. Supervising the excavation is the first non-commissioned officer ever to be director of the Society—Corporal William Ashworth, a Royal Army Medical Corps nurse at the local military hospital. Plates, glassware and pottery have been unearthed and a section of the mosaic floor is now on display in Tripoli Museum. Picture shows Corporal Ashworth (left) discussing recent finds of pottery with Airman First Class E Beams, an American member of the Society.



A former bear-keeper at Chester Zoo, Craftsman John Harrop was the obvious man for the job when the 9th/12th Royal Lancers, stationed in Osnabruck, Germany, were asked by a local zoo to collect a baby elephant from an airport 60 miles away. Craftsman Harrop, a Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers armoured, was dispatched in the regimental horse-box and returned safely with Dularie, a five-month-old elephant found in a Calcutta forest just three weeks before. The smallest elephant ever brought to Europe, Dularie seemed to enjoy her trip with Craftsman Harrop, and she ate 18 bananas while sitting happily in the back of the lorry.



A 3000-mile overland safari across Africa turned out a little more complicated than planned for three military policemen. Corporals Hugh Randall, George Lane and Charles Gomersall, of the Royal Military Police Provost Unit in Nairobi, volunteered to deliver a mini-bus to 1st Battalion, The York and Lancaster Regiment, in Swaziland. They planned to take two weeks—but reckoned without two days of floods, five major breakdowns and countless stops for minor repairs. At one stage they could engage only one gear, top speed was 14 miles an hour and petrol consumption was one gallon every seven miles. But they made it in the end under their own steam, handed over the mini-bus and then watched it being pushed into a workshop. Pictures show a route check and a typical road hazard.



Thirteen bands from three NATO countries took part in 2nd Division's annual massed bands' floodlit display, held this year at Osnabruck, Germany. More than 15,000 people watched the one-and-a-half hour programme of music by bands from Britain, Canada and Germany. Five hundred bandmen took part in the finale and marched off to "Colonel Bogey" and tremendous applause. Picture shows the opening fanfare.



Girls are volunteering for a tough jungle survival course in Singapore. Mainly from the Women's Royal Army Corps and the Women's Royal Air Force, they go on patrols, dressed in the same jungle kit as men wear, hacking paths through dense foliage and reeking swamps. The object is to teach them to fend for themselves in unfriendly jungle and during the course they learn how to purify water, live on tree bark, take bearings by compass, map and sun, and tree climbing (above).



Four British soldiers recently spent a week with an Iban tribe in the jungle of Sarawak. To strengthen existing goodwill the four men—Major Bill Cornelius, Captain Peter Standley and Sergeants Collin Robinson and Alec Harrower—lived and ate with the tribe in the communal long-house, helped with everyday work and gave medical treatment to many of the villagers and their children. Major Cornelius, a doctor, is seen here handing out vitamin tablets to local schoolchildren. Highlight of the visit was watching a war dance performed in the long-house under a row of hunting trophies—human skulls!



Soldiers at Lulworth Camp, Dorset, have to watch their weight. For their meals are prepared by the two best girl cooks in the Army—Lance-Corporal Janet Conworton (left) and Private Pamela Hume, both of the Women's Royal Army Corps. In a six-hour competition at the Army Catering School, Aldershot, the girls' delicious cooking won them the Army Individual Cookery Championship—and lasting popularity at Lulworth Camp where they work.

Water over the wheels

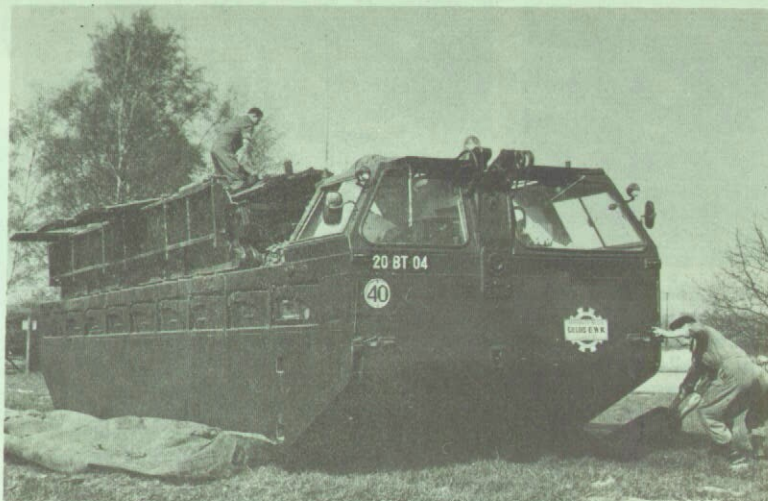
IT was moving day for a Royal Engineers squadron in Germany. The squadron was off to another barracks 100 miles away. So the Sappers climbed into their vehicles, drove out through the gates of their old home, plunged into a nearby canal and sailed off.

On the move was 23 Amphibious Engineer Squadron with its five 27-ton *Gillois* amphibious bridge vehicles, sailing from Osnabruck to its new home in the Pied Piper town of Hamlin.

The cumbersome *Gillois* vehicles were driven to a small village a few miles from Osnabruck where, after half an hour's preparation work by the crews, watched by a small crowd of civilians, they were launched into the Mittelland Canal.

They sailed overnight to reach the River Weser at Minden and for the next four days cruised in convoy with the leading vehicle sporting a huge Union Jack.

At nights the crews camped out on the river bank. They arrived without mishap, driving out of the river at Hamlin not far



from where the Pied Piper is said to have led the rats into the water.

From a report by Army Public Relations, Headquarters 2nd Division.

Above: On the banks of a canal Sappers prepare a *Gillois* for the water—and (below) the convoy passes under a bridge on its way to a new home.



and water under the twig

FOR weeks a team of geologists searched for water in the hot, dusty Mukdahan region of Thailand. Drills, earth analysis and strata examinations yielded nothing. Then along came a former Australian outback boy wearing a confident smile and clutching a forked stick and a piece of bent wire...

"Water," he said, "is right here." Drills bored into the ground—and water bubbled to the surface. The amateur water diviner, Lance-Corporal John Armitage, of Queensland, Australia, had found water in only a few hours after experts from the Thai Department of Mineral Resources had failed completely.

Corporal Armitage is one of 700 British, Australian and New Zealand troops who are building a strategic airfield in north-east Thailand as a gift from the British Government. The project, Operation Crown, was severely hampered in its early stages by lack of water. Temperatures of 105 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade and a powder-like layer of dust 12 inches deep in places, made conditions practically impossible.

Geologists moved in, rigs were erected and drills bored 400 feet down into the sandy soil. Day after day the earth was vainly probed. Meanwhile a well in the nearby village was the only source of water—and using a hand pump it took 15 minutes to get a bucketful.

Then the British officer in charge of the project, Lieutenant-Colonel H McIntyre, Royal Engineers, heard about the soldier who had learned water divining from a bushman in the Australian outback.

Corporal Armitage was called in and quickly pin-pointed water with his forked stick and bent wire. The sceptical Thais

continued work on their own drill site despite persistent claims by Armitage that they were wasting their time.

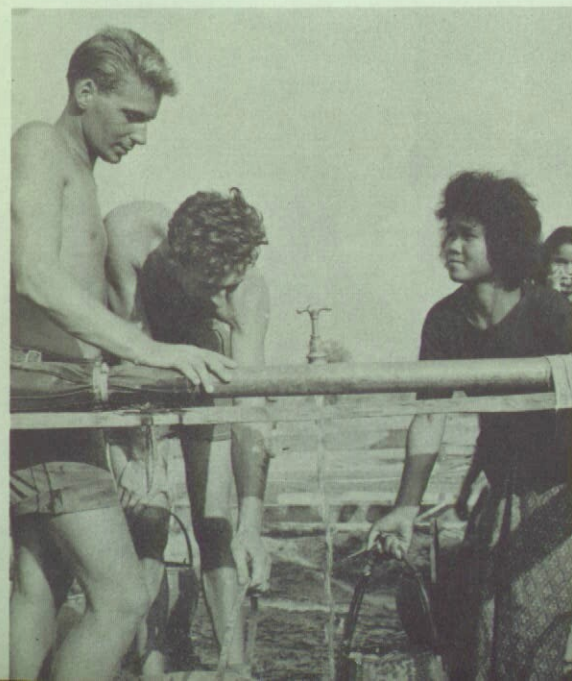
When no further water had been found, the corporal was called in once again and within an hour he located another site. The drill went down, and again water came up.

Now there is plenty of running water for both the soldiers and the nearby villagers who had never known the luxury of water at the turn of a tap.

Corporal Armitage, aged 30, is serving in 2 Field Troop, Royal Australian Engineers. He learned water divining as a boy on a farm in Queensland.

The Sappers hope to finish work on the airfield early next year. Meanwhile, at the end of the day, they can climb down from their heavy plant equipment, shake the dust from their clothes and plunge into a cool bath—thanks to Lance-Corporal Armitage.

From a report by Army Public Relations, Far East Land Forces.



With a forked stick and a bent wire L/Cpl John Armitage (right) discovered two wells. Sappers Fred Ludlow and Ron Heaton (left) help girls at one of them.

YOUR REGIMENT : 19

THE CHESHIRE REGIMENT

HOME IS STILL THE CASTLE

IN the shadow of Chester Castle 275 years ago the Duke of Norfolk raised a regiment of foot to fight King James II in Ireland. Today the home of that regiment is still in the castle, overlooking the river bank where the pikemen, musketeers and grenadiers assembled.

Never amalgamated, the 22nd of Foot, later The Cheshire Regiment, has proudly carried its County's name all over the world. On every battlefield for nearly three centuries, the stout men of Cheshire have defended the honour of their name and the reputation of their County.

At the Battle of Dettingen in 1743 a detachment of the 22nd saved King George II from capture and was rewarded with a sprig of oak. The sprig is still featured in the regimental cap badge and every Cheshire wears oak leaves in his headdress when on parade in the presence of Royalty to commemorate the gallantry shown that day.

The grenadier company of the 22nd played a leading role in the capture of Quebec and General Wolfe died on the

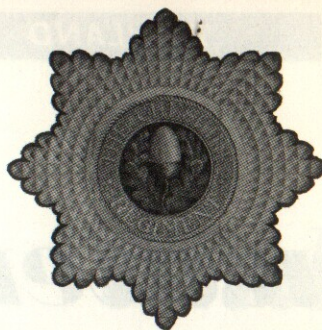
Heights of Abraham in the arms of an officer of the 22nd.

Soon after being designated The Cheshire Regiment in 1782, the Regiment was sent to the West Indies where it was involved in severe bayonet fighting against the French. Sickness was terrible—in two years the Regiment was almost wiped out.

Later, as an experiment, the Regiment recruited pauper children between ten and 16 years old. One of them was John Shipp who twice won a commission from the ranks and led four "forlorn hopes" (small recce parties) in India before he was 30. At Bhurtapore as a sergeant he was seriously wounded after leading two assaults, but escaped the doctors and led a third.

Later on in India, in 1843, the Regiment came under command of Sir Charles Napier in the actions against the Province of Scinde. Mounted on camels the 22nd cleared the desert waste of rebels in an operation later described by the Duke of Wellington as "the most anxious and difficult" he had ever known.

Oak leaves on the cap badge commemorate the day the Regiment saved King George II.



In the brilliant battle at Meeanee the small British force fought 30,000 Baluchi hand-to-hand for three-and-a-half-hours to win the day. When the province of Scinde finally fell into British hands Sir Charles, later to become Colonel of the Regiment, sent a historic signal from the battlefield. It said simply: "Peccavi" (Latin for "I have sinned.")

The 22nd idolised Napier during those days and he honoured the Regiment by mentioning non-commissioned officers and men in despatches—this was the first time it had ever been done by any commanding general.

At the outbreak of World War One, the men of Cheshire rushed to volunteer for their own regiment and 38 battalions were raised. The 1st Battalion did not have long to wait for action. On 24 August, at Mons, after being ordered to fight to the last man, it was left exposed to the attack of two German Army Corps.

Completely encircled, the Battalion fought on throughout the day. More than 700 men were sacrificed—but the delay they caused probably saved the Brit-

No member of the Regiment would quarrel with the description of Colonel Arthur Crookenden DSO as one of the Regiment's most distinguished soldiers. Born in 1877 he was commissioned into the 22nd in 1897, serving with both the 1st and 2nd Battalions in India and South Africa. During World War One he took part in the Gallipoli landings and fought in Egypt and France, earning the Distinguished Service Order, six mentions in despatches and the Croix de Guerre.

In 1930 he was made Colonel of the Regiment, an appointment he held for 17 years. Colonel Crookenden lived for the Regiment and at the time of his recent death was completing his sixth book of regimental history. He was instrumental in forming the Old Comrades Association and no man has ever done more for the Regiment. His son is Major-General Napier Crookenden DSO, Director of Land/Air Warfare.

The Cheshire Regiment possesses a miniature Colour, a quarter size of the Regimental Colour. It was embroidered by officers' wives in 1911 as a trophy from the best shooting company. In 1914 it was carried to war in France against orders. During the battle of Mons a drummer, seeing capture was

inevitable, hid the miniature under straw in a barn and later a nun and parish priest bricked it up in the loft of a village school. After the war a party from the 1st Battalion recovered the tiny Colour from France and it is now kept in the Regimental Museum at Chester Castle.



The 22nd converted to a machine-gun regiment in World War Two. Here a soldier guards a desert pass in Egypt during post-war manoeuvres.

At Meeanee the 22nd, outnumbered eight to one, routed a huge force of Baluchi tribesmen after hand-to-hand fighting for more than three hours.



ish Expeditionary Force from complete destruction.

In 1916 Private T Jones won one of the Regiment's two Victoria Crosses with the incredible feat of capturing single-handed 102 enemy soldiers. With a bullet through his helmet and another through his coat he went alone into an enemy trench, disarmed all the men there and marched them back to the British lines through a heavy barrage.

Throughout the war the 1st Battalion fought in 28 pitched battles in France and won 35 battle honours. Other battalions of the 22nd fought on many fronts in France, Gallipoli, Sinai, Palestine, Salonika and Mesopotamia. A total of 8798 men of The Cheshire Regiment were killed during the war.

Between the wars a coal strike at home, a rebellion in Ireland and the unsettled situation in the Middle East kept the Regiment busy for two decades.

Re-armed with the *Vickers* medium machine-gun shortly before World War Two, the Regiment's traditional role in war changed and it became a supporting arm. It meant the Regiment was often split up among brigades and had less chance of individual distinction—but it was spared heavy casualties.

Its machine-guns covered the evacuation at Dunkirk and blazed across North Africa, Sicily and Italy. The 6th Battalion took part in the Salerno landings and the severe fighting afterwards when hand-to-hand combat round the machine-gun posts was an almost daily occurrence.

Every Cheshire during those momentous years became familiar with the "long carry"—the tiring task of humping guns, stores and ammunition over very long distances.

After World War Two the 22nd was again reduced to one regular battalion and all the Territorial battalions were disbanded except the 4th and the 7th which still exist today at Chester and Macclesfield.

Service in Cyprus followed in 1951 and later in that year the Battalion was flown to Suez—the first air-lift in the Regiment's history.

Berlin, Malaya, Singapore and Northern Ireland all preceded the present station at Munster in Germany, where the Battalion is currently part of the Strategic Reserve.

It is due for a move later this year. And wherever they go, the 22nd will be preserving the good name of their Regiment and County.

In the world of athletics the 22nd, the only regiment ever to win the Army Team Athletic Championship three years in succession, can claim a record second to none.

Between the two world wars the 2nd Battalion team, led by Captain, now Lieutenant-General Sir Charles Harington DSO MC, Commander-in-Chief Middle East, won the championship in 1937, 1938 and 1939, in the last year winning the Aldershot District Command Championship as well.

While these records were being set up in England, the 1st Battalion was recording an impressive list of successes at both athletics and football in India.

In 1956 the Regiment again won the Army championship and this year, after taking the title in 1962 and 1963, is going all out for another hat-trick.

'I wanted to learn a trade...'



says Signaller Phil Stallard from Minehead

'I couldn't get the job I wanted in civilian life, so I joined the Army—it was my best chance to learn a trade. I've improved my education a lot, and now I'm a qualified telegraph operator. That's a useful trade in civilian life. I could never save as much in a civilian job as I do now. I save £4, that's about half my wages. And there's all the sport in Army life—that's one of the reasons I joined. It's a secure job, you know your money's coming in regularly—even when you're in hospital.'

Cpl. Brian Earl, from Blaydon-on-Tyne, says: 'I wanted to see the world while I was young, so I joined the Army. I've already been to Germany, Cyprus, Malaya, Singapore, Aden, all over the Middle East, and to Greece. And I've a useful trade—radio operator. The extra pay I get for my trade and my corporal's stripes brings my wages up to £11 a week—so I can save quite a bit. I think the Army teaches you a lot about people, places and different things. It's a good life.'

Cpl. Michael Andreou, from Aldershot, says: 'I joined the Army as a career after I was married. I get nice quarters and a good wage—about £18 a week with my marriage allowance. I've travelled a lot—Germany, Libya and Malaya for jungle training. That was very exciting. All this travelling teaches you how the other half lives. It makes you appreciate what you've got. I've made some real friends in the Army, and the trade I've learned, electrician, is recognised by the trade unions.'

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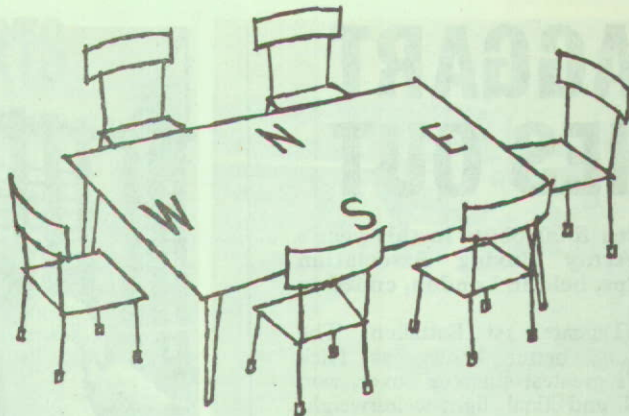
NAME

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DATE OF BIRTH

You can also get full details from your local Army Information Office. (RW/66/A)





COMPETITION 74

WHO? WHAT? WHERE?

SOME of SOLDIER's competitions can be solved in quick time. Here is one that may take considerable thought to produce the required three answers. It can be solved by deduction alone or, of course, by trial and error. There is only one solution.

Six corporals, on leave, sat at a table, two on each side and one at each end, in the Chevrons' Club, London, comparing notes on their cars, favourite sport, drink and their present overseas stations. They found that:

- (a) The tennis-playing corporal had made the longest journey home on leave.
- (b) The two corporals with opposite names sat opposite each other.
- (c) Corporal Black, who had never been to Germany, was sitting on the left of the lager drinker and diagonally opposite Corporal Green.
- (d) Only one corporal's car began with the same initial letter as his own name.
- (e) The Hillman owner played golf and faced Corporal Smith, who was stationed in Malaya.
- (f) The beer drinker sat alongside Corporal Jones, who faced the rugby player from Singapore.
- (g) The corporal Evans, stationed in Kenya, sat at the west end of the table, on the right of the corporal serving in Hong Kong.
- (h) The Singer owner drank cider but had no interest in skiing, which was the sport of the Triumph's owner, nor in badminton.
- (i) The Austin owner sat on the right of the Vauxhall owner and opposite Corporal White, the gin drinker.
- (j) The whisky drinker, stationed in Libya, sat on the right of the cricketer, on whose left was the Ford-owning rum drinker.

The three questions are:

- 1 Which corporal was stationed in Germany?
- 2 What was Corporal Jones's sport?
- 3 Which car did Corporal Green own?

Send your answers, by letter or on a postcard, with the "Competition 74" label from this page, and your name and address, to:

The Editor (Comp 74)
SOLDIER
433 Holloway Road
London N7.

Closing date for this competition is Monday, 24 August, and the solution and names of the winners will appear in SOLDIER's October issue.

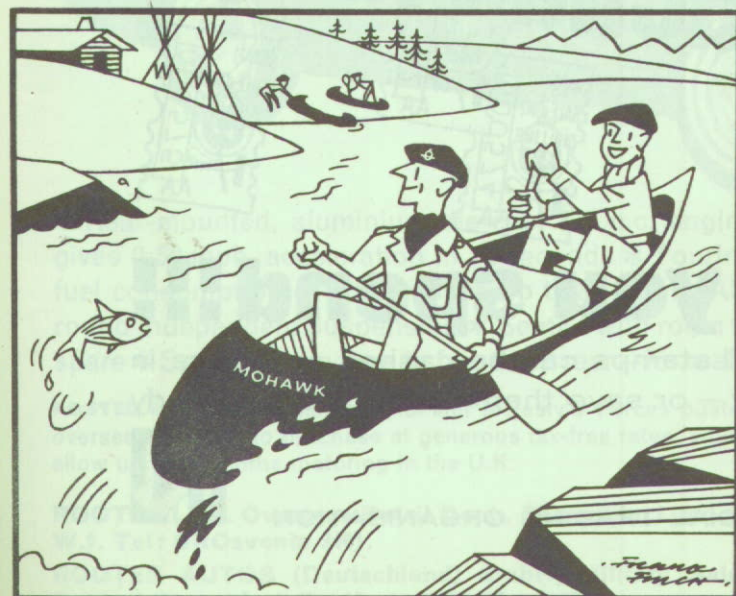
The competition is open to all readers. More than one entry can be submitted but each must be accompanied by a "Competition 74" label.

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- 6 A 12 months' free subscription to SOLDIER or a SOLDIER Easibinder

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.



SPORT

McTAGGART LASHES OUT

FOUR of the ten final bouts in this year's Territorial Army Boxing Association Championships, held in London, ended in the first round.

Sergeant R McTaggart, 1st Battalion, The Glasgow Highlanders, better known as Dick McTaggart, Britain's greatest amateur boxer, won both the semi-final and final light-welterweight bouts in the first round. Holder of every honour at Olympic, European and national levels, McTaggart revealed a tigerish attack in the championships instead of his usual counter-punching.

Quickest win of the evening was a 43-second knock-out by Corporal Dick Barker, 3rd Battalion, The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire, who retained his title in the lightweight final against Fusilier Peter Crawford, 5th Battalion, The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. Corporal Barker's battalion produced two other title winners.

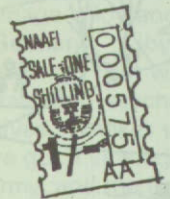
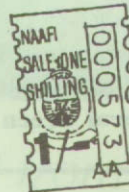
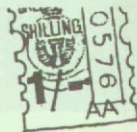
Championship title winners were: Private A McHugh, 52 Divisional Column, Royal Army Service Corps (flyweight); Lance-Corporal A McIlvenny, North Irish Horse (bantamweight); Private R Russell, 3rd Battalion, The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire (featherweight); Corporal R Barker, 3rd Battalion, The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire (lightweight); Sergeant R McTaggart, 1st Battalion, The Glasgow Highlanders (light-welterweight); Private P Young, 3rd Battalion, The Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire (welterweight); Private J Woods, 5th/6th Battalion, The North Staffordshire Regiment (light-middleweight); Lance-Corporal M Molyneux, The Liverpool Scottish (middleweight); Corporal I Lawther, 6th Battalion, The Durham Light Infantry (light-heavyweight); Second-Lieutenant A Brogan, The Devonshire Regiment (heavyweight).



In action at the Army Fencing Championships at Aldershot is Major H W F Hoskyns, (seen left), winner of all three events and of the Champion-at-Arms title. A former world champion and Empire gold medallist, Major Hoskyns, of The North Somerset Yeomanry/44th Royal Tank Regiment, Territorial Army, later beat four world finalists to regain the British Foils Championship.



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BASKETBALL

For the third year in succession 1st Battalion, The Lancashire Regiment, won the Army basketball championship, beating Depot, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, by 70 points to 43 in the final at Aldershot. The Lancashires' team captain, Lieutenant P G Harrison, has been selected for the British basketball team for the 1964 Olympics in Tokyo.

GOLF

The Army Golf Championship at Royal St George's was won this year by Captain P G Shillington, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, with scores of 73-77-150. Guardsman P A Ryan, Irish Guards, the BAOR champion, was second with 79-73-152.

DECATHLON

A total of 145 competitors entered an 18-event decathlon held in Libya recently. As well as normal track and field events, the meeting included grenade lobbing, obstacle races, rugby and football tests—and lasted five days. With a clear lead of 120 points, the winner was Signalman Smith, 245 Signal Squadron, who scored three firsts and two seconds. Runner-up was Corporal Green, 14th/20th King's Hussars. Winning team was 245 Signal Squadron with 1st Battalion, The Green Howards, second.

SHOOTING

With a score of 575 out of a possible 750, Staff-Sergeant George Tuttiett won the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers' rifle championship at Bisley.



A member of the Army gliding team, Warrant Officer G Moon, Royal Artillery, is manoeuvred into position at the National Gliding Championships, flown from Lasham, Hampshire. Poor weather spoiled the event this year, but the Royal Air Force still managed to retain its Inter-Services title.

Cambridge University OTC won the Territorial Army smallbore rifle match with a score of 1567 out of 1600. The match was shot by 418 teams.

More than 300 teams of Army cadets between the ages of 14 and 18 entered the .22 shooting competition for the *News Of The World* Cup. Parkstone Detachment of Dorset Army Cadet Force won the cup with a score of 778 out of a possible 800.

CANOEING

Teams from five British Army units competed this year in the French Army Kayak Championships held on the fast-flowing River Marne. First Briton home was Captain Bob Kenyon, Army Catering Corps, who covered the 90-kilometre course in 8 hours 3 minutes. In the slalom, Private Gregory, Army Catering Corps, was placed third. Apprentice Tradesman Wood,

Army Apprentices School, Harrogate, was awarded a special medal for paddling the last eight miles of the race alone in darkness after his partner collapsed.

CYCLING

The Royal Air Force won the inter-Service 50-mile time trial at Portsmouth. The Army came second and the Royal Navy last.

ATHLETICS

A weakened Combined Services' team finished third in a triangular athletics match held to inaugurate a new arena at Weymouth, Dorset. The only Services victory was scored by Lance-Corporal R B Gooden, 3rd East Anglian Regiment, who won the 100 yards in 10.4 seconds.

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PLANNING
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Frank French

LETTERS

It's a tot-size task!

I enclose a photograph of my 20-month-old niece, Janet, giving my boots a shine. It may be a "load of bull" but she seems to put plenty of elbow-grease into the job!—**K R Hughes (ex-sgt), 5 Berkshire Close, Caterham, Surrey.**



Jubilee

On Saturday, 8 April, a reunion took place at the Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea, which I think may well be unique.

The 85th (Third City of London) Field Ambulance, Territorial Army, mobilised at this same headquarters 50 years ago. It has the distinction of being the first field ambulance ever to be established on a permanent basis and still exists as 167 Field Ambulance. It served in France, Belgium, Macedonia and Turkey during World War One.

An old comrades' club, formed in 1920, has met annually except for the war years and a magazine keeps members in touch.

In those days these units contained about 250 all ranks and it seems rather remarkable that no fewer than 25 of these stalwarts sat down to dinner, four of them bringing their sons with them. It would be interesting to know whether any other unit of this size can claim to have so many devoted supporters after half a century.—**Maj-Gen R E Barnsley MC, RAMC Museum, Crookham, Hants.**

Another record?

Due to leave here on 2 July after 13 years as an Army recruiting officer and a total of 40 years' service is Lieutenant-Colonel C L C Ward, 1st Green Jackets, who represented England at running (220 yards) in the 1930s.

Also on our staff, and due to leave early next year after more than 13 years here, is WO II H Biddle, The Royal Warwickshire Fusiliers. Mr Biddle, who holds the BEM, MSM, LS and GCM and bar, joined up as a boy

40 years ago and ran for the Army in the 1930s.

Our Chief Clerk, Mr R J Lawless MM, served in The Dorset Regiment for 21 years, has 25 years' service as a civil servant and is still going strong.

As an old soldiers' office this record of service should take some beating.—**Lieut-Col O F Newton Dunn, Army Information Office, 19/20 The Butts, Reading, Berks.**

Liberation of Holland

For some months now an English friend has been sending me your fine magazine and I appreciate it very much, especially the articles and photographs dealing with World War Two, as my hobby is collecting all items of militaria of this period. My collection consists of Allied and Nazi badges, uniforms, arms, equipment, leaflets, posters, photographs etc, and is often used by municipal authorities, especially to show students something of what happened during the German occupation of my country.

Though at the moment I have more than 30 armed and fully equipped dummies, including German paratroopers, SS officers and men, Nazi stormtroopers and the Afrikakorps, I have only three of Allied troops—a British paratrooper, a Grenadier Guardsman in battledress and a Commando in camouflaged smock. I wish to give more attention to the British and Canadian role in the war, but here in Holland it is nearly impossible to obtain suitable material.

I should be most grateful if any of your readers could help me with information, photographs, histories etc, on the liberation of my country by the Allies in

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

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

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

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

1944-1945; also with British and Canadian Army badges, uniforms and equipment of the period.—P A Veldheer, "Liberation of Holland Collection," Lange Nieuwstraat 364, Ymuiden, Holland.

Regimental history

If anyone can tell me where I can obtain a copy of the "Regimental History of The 7th (Princess Royal's) Dragoon Guards" for the periods 1688-1902 and 1902-1922, I shall be most grateful. My father served in the Regiment and was awarded the DCM at the age of 19.—Maj R E Evans, Croftway, Yapton Road, Barnham, Bognor Regis, Sussex.

"I'm 95"

I was surprised to find that the "Your Regiment" story on the 3rd Green Jackets, The Rifle Brigade (SOLDIER, April), made no mention of the regimental march "I'm 95." The Rifle Brigade was unique among regiments in being famous because of its regimental march.

I understand that "I'm 95" was an old Victorian music hall song and was adopted because the Regiment was the 95th Foot. Several other regiments also used this march, including the 3rd Wiltshires and the 2nd Sherwood Foresters. I think it is easily the finest march used by the Army.—C R Gibb, 7 Edward VII Avenue, Newport, Mon.

"Proud Heritage"

In the review of Volume I of "Proud Heritage," the history of The Highland Light Infantry (SOLDIER, March), The Royal Scots Fusiliers and The Highland Light Infantry are referred to as "... two regiments which had fought on opposite sides at Culloden." This was not so, as the latter regiment was not raised until 1777, 31 years after Culloden.

What the author wrote was: "It was scarcely appropriate that the 71st, raised from the Clan Mackenzie which had fought at Culloden, should be amalgamated with the (Royal) North British Fusiliers which, under the command of 'Butcher Cumberland,' had taken so large a part in the slaughter and destruction of the Highlands"—a very different thing.

I might add, however, that Lord MacLeod, a Mackenzie, who raised the 71st (73rd for the first nine years of its existence) was "out" in the '45. His father, the Earl of Cromarty, was executed, the sons being spared on account of their years.—T S Cunningham, 6 The Lindens, Prospect Hill, Walthamstow, London E7.

"Pro bono milito"

Having read "Pro Bono Milito's" letter (SOLDIER, April) I and my colleagues in Berlin feel we should correct what is clearly a basic misunderstanding on the part of your correspondent. We do not wish to enter into a discussion of the details of his letter, although some of these are incorrect, but the point we wish to make is that there is really no basis for comparison between the career of a Chancery Messenger/Guard and that of a member of HM Forces.

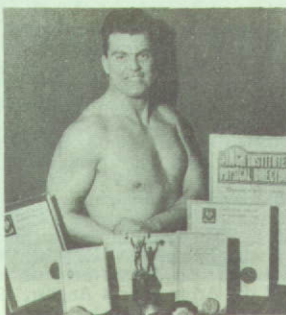
Nearly all the Chancery Messengers

Guards have served in HM Forces for many years and attained fairly high non-commissioned rank before retiring, so that our present career is in a sense a continuation of a career in HM Forces. It is, of course, open to every member of the Forces with a good record on retiring to apply to join our Service.

The work is interesting, but like a career in any service, there are advantages and disadvantages. In particular, conditions at many of the posts throughout the world at which we are liable to serve are not quite as good as "Pro Bono Milito" may think.—A Chancery Messenger/Guard, British Military Government, Berlin, BFPO 45.

You, too . . .

I am a physical training instructor at Blackdown Camp, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, and the Army has enabled me to gain many physical culture diplomas which I may not have otherwise secured. I have completed a six-month correspondence course in physical education for which the Army paid half the cost of my tuition fees and at present I am studying to become a qualified masseur, an 11-month course of which the Army is again paying half the cost. I feel strongly that these facts



And here is the muscle man himself with his trophy and diploma awards.

may be of interest to any young man thinking of making the Army his career.

As a dedicated weight-lifter I have been given all the time off for training I required, and as a result of this last year I won the 13-stone Surrey weight-lifting championship.

I now introduce the trainees here to the physical culture way of life as they pass

EDUCATION OF HANDICAPPED CHILDREN

Among the many facilities available through the Institute of Army Education is assistance to Army parents with handicapped children.

Many parents may not be aware of the fact that the Institute can and does offer advice and guidance on the type of education provided for children suffering from physical or mental handicaps.

The Institute maintains a list of special day and boarding schools which exist in Britain for handicapped children and can give information on the help provided by specialised voluntary bodies.

Readers of SOLDIER who are interested should apply through the Chief Education Officer to the Commandant, Institute of Army Education, Court Road, Eltham, London SE9.

All letters will be treated in the strictest confidence.

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All the details of the scheme are in the leaflets illustrated here. Write to me personally, and I will send you a copy of the one that applies to your Service:

Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh W. L. Saunders,

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more letters

through our training depot. We have a special building fully equipped by the PRI for weight-lifting, and members of the Battalion spend many a rewarding hour there under my instruction learning how best they can become fit, strong and healthy soldiers.—Cpl G Spencer, 4 Newfoundland Road, MSQ, Deepcut, Aldershot, Hants.

Palace guards

If the sole purpose of palace guards is to entertain the public, as recent letters in *SOLDIER* seem to imply, there would appear to be little justification for employing Regular troops to do them. If it is agreed that professional soldiers may be properly employed on public duties it is not clear why any effort should be made to impress anyone, since this indicates a deficiency of morale.—Sgt E W L Barlow, Irish Guards, Marne Company, RMA Sandhurst, Camberley, Surrey.

Discipline

I agree with "Cophorne" (LETTERS, May) in his remarks about discipline. Far from being an insult to men's collective intelligence, it would be a welcome and constructive approach if the Army explained to the recruit exactly why discipline is necessary.

The aim of discipline is to enforce the disciplinary code overall to protect the bulk of a unit from the small minority who might otherwise somewhat neutralise the efficiency and loyalty of the mass in a difficult action. Hence the good soldier, who never needs discipline, welcomes it.

As for "bull," a great deal is practical training. Drill which may appear to the layman to be "bull" is, in fact, a method

LIMITED SERVICE COMMISSION

To replace the present Extended Service Commission the Army is introducing a Limited Service Commission which will guarantee employment for 16 years and retired pay at Regular officers' rates.

It is hoped that this type of commission will attract civilians, short-service commissioned officers wishing to transfer to longer engagements and soldiers who have missed the opportunity of obtaining Regular commissions. A pilot scheme has been in operation since October in the Royal Army Educational Corps.

Military candidates will be accepted between the ages of 18 and 29, civilians between 18 and 26. Previous service will be taken into account when commissions are awarded to military personnel, and extension of service beyond 16 years will be offered in suitable cases.

Individuals holding an Extended Service Commission will be able to carry on, provided that employment is available, but no further commissions of this type will be awarded.

of saving considerable time by simultaneous activities. For instance, if you march a squad around quickly by means of a repetition of varied commands in an unpredictable sequence, keep it moving for a couple of hours and have the soldiers with the rifle cradled on each arm alternately, you accomplish three things at the same time: you speed up their mental reactions, send them on the equivalent of a ten-mile route march and stabilise their arm muscles for shooting. Not much "bull" about that!

The exact reason for these things should be explained to recruits.—R J C Holmes, 20 Oakfield Terrace, Gosforth, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 3.

Telescopic sights

The recent Army operations in the Aden area prompt me to wonder whether or not there are in service any sniper's rifles with telescopic sights? If not, then surely they should be considered as a worthwhile innovation, for the Aden terrain and the tactics of the dissident tribesmen lend themselves to this type of weapon.—C Brian, 6 Prince Edward Mansions, London W2.



★Yes, units in Aden certainly have sniper's rifles. Pictured here is a private of the 1st East Anglian Regiment aiming through his telescopic sight at a sniping Radfan tribesman.

A fiver to come?

In his letter referring to his service during World War One (*SOLDIER*, April) Mr W E Dixon says "It should be remembered that Territorials became Regulars for the duration of war." This is not so. Individual members of the Territorial Army, on completion of their five years' service from the date of attestation, received their discharge with their £5 bounty and were returned to

"Blighty" from wherever they happened to be serving.

For example, quite a few serving with me in the 5th East Surreys were sent home in these circumstances from the North-West Frontier of India in 1916. No doubt some joined the Regular Army thereafter or were eventually conscripted.

What did happen concerning Territorial status at the close of World War One can only be considered something of a blot on the record of a certain War Office department of the time. For the first few weeks only of that war one could attest as a Territorial for the normal five years, however short the duration of hostilities. Thousands in this category were still in the East, particularly in India, after the Armistice, and were on the point of qualifying for discharge, which would be merely nominal as they were awaiting return anyway.

But they would also qualify for the £5 bounty, over and above the War Bounty. To save this payment (for what other reason?) some War Office department stated that no man who joined the Army after 4 August, 1914, was a Territorial. In other words, our attestation papers and our contract with the Crown were declared, at the very time of our completion of the contract, to be null and void!

Simla then jumped in and proclaimed that we were to be disbanded and posted as individuals to the Regular Army in India until such time as they were relieved by the "post-bellum" forces. However, this threat of conscription, following the loss of the bounty, was not tolerated by the "Terriers" and, in a successful movement, which an irate mounted general was pleased to term "mutiny," the officers (of all units) stood by as deeply interested spectators.

The fact that someone finally overruled the Simla Government of 1919 in our favour seems to indicate that the justice of our stand (completely peaceful and polite) was considered well founded, and possibly the War Office individual responsible for treating our Territorial attestation documents as so many scraps of paper received a "rocket."

But someone still owes us £5!—P H Shoosmith (Major, Legion of Frontiersmen), 47 Park Avenue West, Stoneleigh, Surrey.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(See Page 29)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1 Right epaulette of front man in canoe. 2 Arms of left man on shore. 3 Tree on right. 4 Height of hut door. 5 Poles of right tent. 6 Dark ripple at prow of canoe. 7 Limes on nearest foreground rock. 8 Length of right canoe on shore. 9 Lower curve of fish's tail. 10 Belt of man in stern of canoe.

YOU NAME IT!

SOLDIER's Competition 71 (April) produced quite a crop of three-letter words associated with drinking, among them tin, ale, alt, inn, lap, pal, nip, gal (gallon), pin, peg, pan and pin. Fewer than a quarter of the entries plumped for *SOLDIER*'s preferred solution of tan, keg, gin and lip.

The objects pictured in the competition were, of course, tin opener, paper clips, ink bottle, bulldog clip, drawing pins and cigarette lighter, giving the letters n e p i k t l i a n g g.

Winners were:
1 Cpl K Cuthbert, LAD REME, 40 Regt RA, BFPO 17.
2 R S Heyes, Salesian College, Cowley, Oxford.
3 L/Cpl Baker, 12 Lt AD Regt RA Wkspm REME, c/o GPO Tampin, Negri Sembilan, Malaya.
4 G Oakley, 151 Southport Road, Ormskirk, Lancs.
5 J S Field, HQ NAAFI, Cyprus, BFPO 53.
6 Mrs M White, 5 Rowland Road, Farcham, Hants.

REUNIONS

Military Provost Staff Corps. Past and Present Association reunion dinner, Saturday, 11 July, Berechurch Hall Camp, Colchester. Further details Corps week-end and dinner from Hon Sec, Past and Present Association, MPSC, Berechurch Hall Camp, Colchester, Essex.

Army Physical Training Corps. Annual dinner at Army School of Physical Training, Aldershot, Saturday, 19 September. Details from Secretary.

Beachley Old Boys Association. Annual reunion, 25, 26 and 27 September. Particulars from Hon Sec, BOBA, Army Apprentices School, Chesham, Mon.

The Gordon Boys School. Prize-giving and annual inspection, Saturday, 25 July. Inspecting Officer Field-Marshal Sir Francis Festing DSO. All old boys welcome. Notice of attendance to Bursar please.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

Spr W J Gruver, AHQ Survey Regiment, Fortuna, Bendigo, Victoria, Australia.—Collects military badges, correspondence welcomed.

P Idiard, 24 Boulevard de Reuilly, Paris 12eme, France.—Requires and will exchange photographs or other material of tanks, armoured cars etc.

R C Haydon, 20 Haddon Street, Tibshelf, Derbyshire.—Collects militaria. Requires steel helmets, bayonets, swords, de-activated rifles, cap badges, trade badges and all types Service equipment. Correspondence welcomed, all letters answered.

L A S Tizard, 33a Grosvenor Road, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.—Collects worldwide combat clothing and web equipment. Requires '08 web equipment and French Army camouflaged suit, buy or exchange, all letters answered.

Dr A York, East Hampton, New York, USA.—Requires medals, badges, tokens, relating temperance, total abstinence, George Washington, American history and USA political elections.

Cdt S Lawson, 32 High Leys Drive, Oadby, Leicestershire.—Requires bayonet with scabbard, preferably World War Two, also ceremonial daggers.

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The lass with the lager is my wife Enid. She's just had her hair done.

The day I was ordered to drink beer by **FREDDIE TRUEMAN**

DURING THE cricket season I can't get home nearly as often as I'd like to. And it's generally after seven o'clock by the time I do get away. I usually ring my wife Enid and we meet for dinner at one of the pubs around Scarborough.

So when the Brewers' Society asked if they could photograph me on one of these outings, I said OK. And it was marvellous—the only time in my life I've been ordered to drink beer!

They also asked me to say what I thought about beer and pubs. So here goes:

About beer: There's a tradition in the cricketing world that fast bowlers like a glass of beer at lunch time. It certainly goes back to Harold Larwood and Bill Bowes. And after all you can't go tearing round when you're full of food. Give me a ham sandwich and a pint of bitter and I'm raring to go.

I've appreciated British beer most when I've not been able to get it. Out on tour in the West Indies the beer is too light for my taste. Then the word goes round that a British ship with a spot of draught bitter aboard is in the harbour. It's a grand moment when we get the invitation!

About pubs: I've got locals all over Britain. Bless 'em all — they're a right home from home when your job takes you all round the country.

I've got a local in London — a little pub near to Lord's cricket ground. The cast of one of the big TV shows quite often come in. Pubs are grand places to meet people and make friends.



This is how Arthur Dolphin, the Yorkshire wicket-keeper, used to hold his glass. His fingers had got so gnarled up with years of wicket-keeping that it was the only way he could.

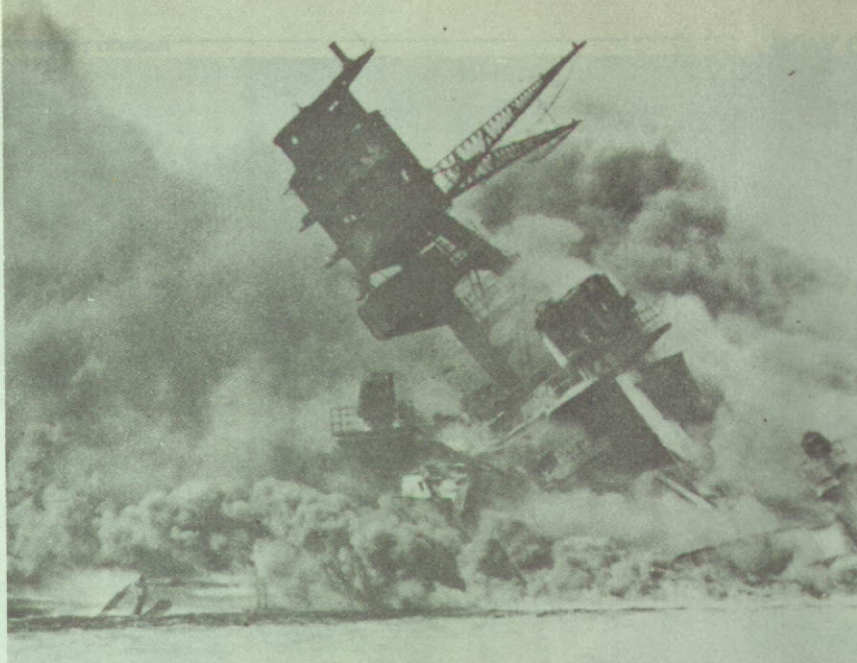


I'm wearing a Centurion's tie. It's awarded to anyone who scores a hundred in a first-class match.

I got my first ton against Northants early on last season. To be precise, one hundred and four. And I made exactly 100 not out for England against Young England in the Scarborough Festival.



books



The smoke-shrouded battleship *USS Arizona* sinks in Pearl Harbour.

CHAOS BEFORE PEARL HARBOUR

PEARL HARBOUR to the average man means the treacherous surprise attack on America's Pacific naval base in December, 1941. It has entered history as a tragic, despicable attack without warning. But was it without warning?

Certainly not, says the American writer A A Hoehling. In his view, the United States received ample warning but failed to react, and in "The Week Before Pearl Harbour" (Robert Hale, 21s) he sets out an impressive and convincing case to support his opinion.

Mr Hoehling was an ensign in the Navy Department's public information office in 1941. From his vantage point he witnessed many of the incidents he recalls and after 22 years, many spent interviewing and investigating, he has produced an eye-opener. Few books are impossible to put down, but this is one of them and the urge to follow the tragedy hour by hour grows.

As it turned out, Pearl Harbour was not the defeat it could have been. Mercifully, the invaluable carriers were at sea and the attackers had no time to work on the shore installations. These were important factors in America's ability to go over to the offensive within six months.

The battleships were lost but, as later events proved, they had no place in the fast-moving Pacific sea war. The real tragedy was the loss of so many trained seamen.

In reconstructing the first seven days of December, 1941, Mr Hoehling reveals a naval

hierarchy riddled with jealousy and lunatic rivalry. An expert on Japan who could have interpreted the flood of danger signals was sent to sea in command of a cruiser as a "punishment." Throughout the Navy, War and State Departments there was a pathetic lack of Japanese-speaking decoders—yet trouble with Japan had been on the horizon for 20 years.

Apart from a lack of sensible liaison, the top echelons of the Army and the Navy were bedevilled by a super-secrecy complex, and in the White House there was a President suffering from a chronic sinus affliction, surrounded by a Cabinet formed mostly of tired old men.

The outcome was that the left hand did not know what the right hand was doing.

The Americans had broken the Japanese diplomatic code and should have been a step ahead of all developments. But messages which could have saved lives when intercepted were not translated until days after Pearl Harbour.

This lack of translators seems to be the key to America's failure. Perhaps if the men at the top had had up-to-the-minute information, they might have acted differently. But the fact remains that many junior officers read the war signs correctly—and were ignored.

While "The Week Before Pearl Harbour" displays the mistakes of the past, there are many lessons to be learned from it for the future.

J C W

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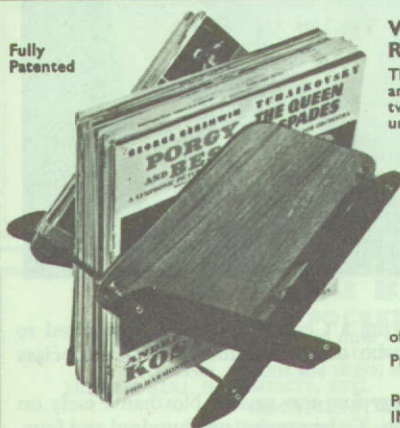
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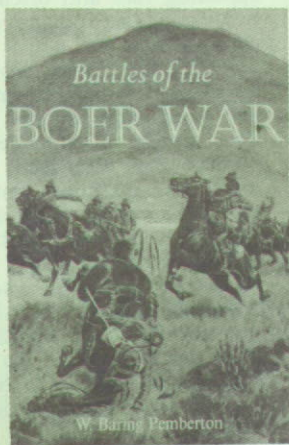
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1941 DECEMBER 1

THE WEEK
BEFORE
PEARL HARBOUR

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MISTAKES OF TWO GENERALS

Men of The Rifle Brigade in action against the Boers in South Africa.



"Rat Salami, M'sieur?"

"YOU see in me a man who envies you. I desire nothing more than one of your wounds. I salute you, children of France, favourite sons of the Republic, elect who suffer for the Fatherland."

This was Victor Hugo, speaking to wounded during the siege of Paris. He was not laughed out of the hospital, as he would have been had the patients been British; instead, he recorded: "They seemed to be deeply moved." The emotional scene ended with all the nurses in tears.

Gaudy expressions of patriotism apart, there is a great deal in Robert Baldick's "The Siege of Paris" (Batsford, 35s) to remind the reader of the spirit of London under the blitz. He did not set out to write a military history but

to describe the life of the city under siege.

The capital of fine eating was reduced to salamis of rats long before surrender. Quite early on the gourmets decided that cab-horses were more tender than thoroughbreds (people thought this was quite natural, since cab-horse meat had been eaten for years); poodle was rated by far the best dog flesh, and bulldog was avoided because it was coarse and tasteless. Much sought after were helpings of elephant, camel, yak, zebra and other exotic animals from the zoo.

Paris sent communications to the outside world by balloons carrying baskets of pigeons which returned bearing news and family letters. The Germans countered with a primitive form of anti-aircraft gun against the balloons and hawks against the pigeons, but the birds continued until the weather became too cold.

Inevitably, the pigeons brought purple prose from Parisian writers: "They are the doves of this huge ark battered by waves of blood and fire. The delicate spiral of their flight draws in the

A BOER prisoner once said to a British colonel that among the Boers it was an offence punishable by death to shoot a British general. It was a joke with a lot of truth behind it.

In the opening months of the Boer War, no one gave greater assistance to the Boers than certain British generals. Sir Redvers Buller's officers did not nickname him "Sir Reverse" for nothing.

In "Battles of the Boer War" (Batsford, 25s) W Baring Pemberton examines five important engagements from the early part of the campaign—Belmont, Modder River, Magersfontein, Colenso and Spion Kop.

Many a battle story gets bogged down with detail of intricate battalion and company movements, but with clarity and vivid description Mr Pemberton avoids this and produces a highly readable account.

Not long after hostilities began in South Africa the action resolved itself into two campaigns—Lord Methuen's aimed at the relief of Kimberley and Buller's to relieve Ladysmith.

There were plenty of mistakes but the battles rate only as minor actions compared with what was to happen in France and Flanders a few years later. But for lessons

learned in the Boer War, 1914 might well have ended in defeat.

Looked at in this light, perhaps the losses of Buller and Methuen were a small price to pay, but at the time they were shattering.

Belmont was a victory which showed the need for strong Cavalry—it could have been a rout if Cavalry had been on hand to cut off the Boer retreat.

At Modder River, for the third time in three battles, Methuen changed his plans at the last moment. He had decided on a flank attack, which the Boers feared, but switched to a frontal assault and paid the price.

On the other hand, Methuen's plan for Magersfontein was well-conceived, but unfortunately things went wrong. Although the battle ended in virtual stalemate, the opposing Boers were occupied for a long time when they could have been a serious menace elsewhere.

While Methuen at least kept going and was not afraid to admit his mistakes, Buller twice called a retreat when victory was within his grasp. At Colenso he lost his nerve and his recall order resulted in the gift of ten guns to the Boers. To crown it all he suggested to White, besieged in Ladysmith, that he should fire off his ammunition and make terms.

J C W

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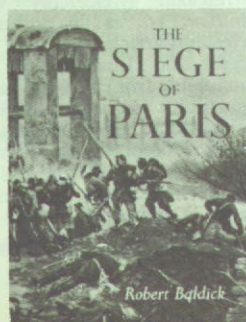
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