JUNE 1968 ★ One Shilling and Sixpence

SOLDIER

SOLDIER

JUNE 1968 Volume 24, No. 6

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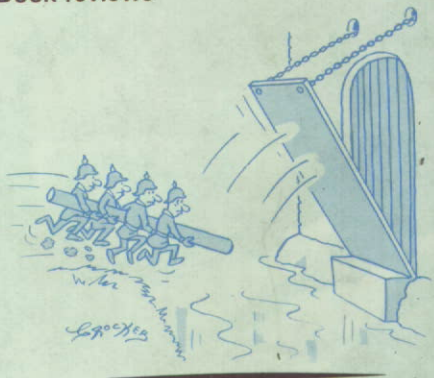

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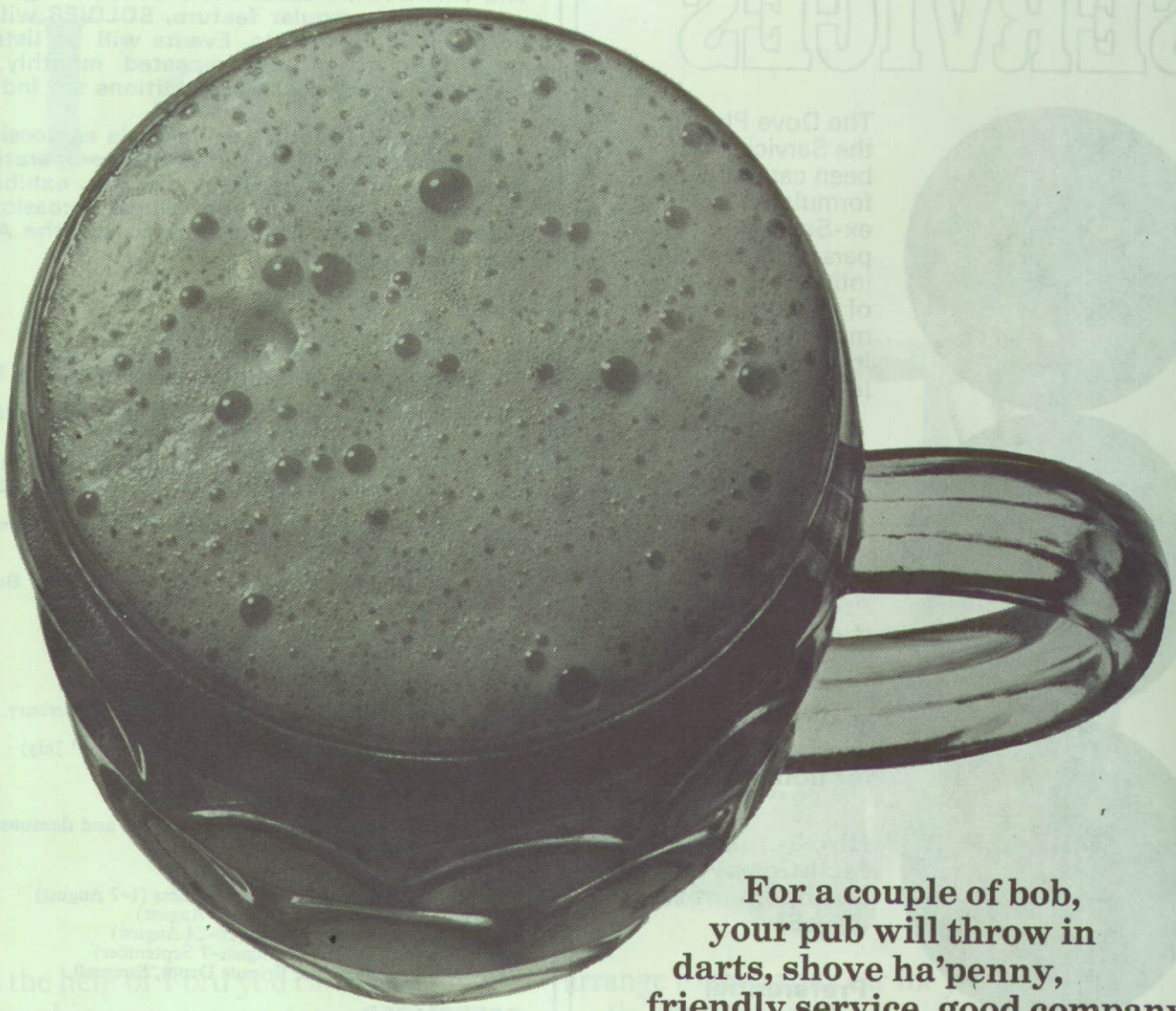

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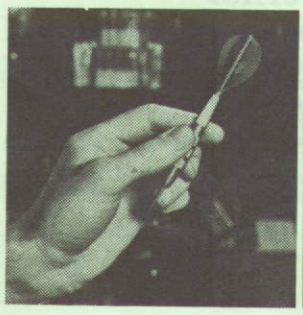

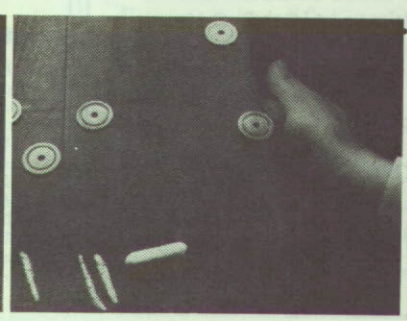

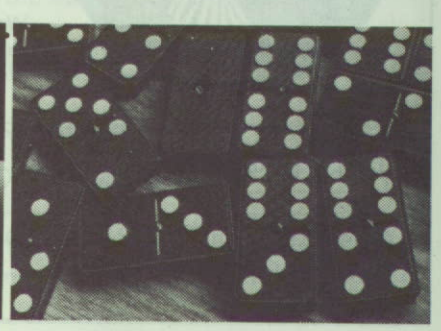

See-the-Army

DIARY

SOLDIER readers at home, particularly those who travel around, are always anxious to know when and where Army occasions are happening.

In this new regular feature, SOLDIER will keep you posted up-to-date. Events will be listed up to a year ahead and repeated monthly. This month's amendments and additions are indicated in bold type.

To make this feature as valuable as possible to the reader, SOLDIER invites the co-operation of organisers of tattoos, Army displays, exhibitions, at homes, open days and similar occasions on which the public is welcome to see the Army's men and equipment.

JUNE

13 Suffolk Tattoo, Ipswich (13–15 June)
15 Aldershot Army Display, 1pm to 8pm (15–16 June)
15 Queen Victoria School Pipes and Drums beat Retreat, Edinburgh Castle
22 Combined Pipes and Drums 153 (H) and 154 (L) Regiments RCT (V) beat Retreat, Edinburgh Castle
23 Royal Tournament parade, Battersea Park, London
26 Royal Tournament, Earls Court, London (26 June–13 July)
26 Arts and Crafts Exhibition, Earls Court, London (27 June–12 July)
26 Highland Brigade Depot Band, Pipes and Drums beat Retreat, Edinburgh Castle
29 Swindon Tattoo
29 Worcestershire Regiment Reunion, Norton Barracks, Worcester

JULY

1 Vesting day, The Royal Irish Rangers
3 Army Display, Bristol (3–7 July)
7 Open Day, Depot The Queen's Regiment, Canterbury
10 Vesting day, The Light Infantry
11 At Home, The Royal Anglian Regiment (11–13 July)
13 Cadet Corps Fête, Frimley
18 Colchester Tattoo (18–20 July)
25 Dover Army Week (25–27 July)
27 Larkhill Day (Royal Artillery display and demonstration)

AUGUST

1 Combined Services Tattoo, Inverness (1–7 August)
13 Darlington Army Week (13–17 August)
16 Cardiff Searchlight Tattoo (16–24 August)
18 Edinburgh Tattoo (18 August–7 September)
24 Open Day, Yorkshire Brigade Depot, Strensall

SEPTEMBER

4 Keighley Army Week (4–9 September)
5 Sheffield Army Week (5–7 September)
10 Belfast Army Display (10–21 September)
14 Open Day, Royal Military School of Engineering, Chatham

NOVEMBER

9 Festival of Remembrance, Albert Hall, London

Collectors' Corner

B T White 14 North Way, Uxbridge, Middlesex.—*Wants to purchase, or exchange for scarce naval or aeronautical books, Heigl's "Taschenbüch der Tanks" (particularly 1935/38), Pugnani's "Storia della Motorizzatione Militare Italiana," Duvignac's "Histoire de l'Armée Motorisée."*

Mrs M Mann, 44/6 Hederkottenweg, Sudlengern, Germany.—*Collects matchbox labels, tinned milk labels and cheese labels.*

J Gateley, 1737 Browning Road, Pennsauken, New Jersey 08110, USA.—*Collects flaming grenade insignia, offers worldwide cap badges in exchange, or will purchase. All letters answered.*

D Marks, 39 Morpeth Road, South Hackney, London E9.—*Requires bugles and cavalry trumpets, with presentation inscriptions (brass/copper or silver), particularly miniature or old keyed bugles (inscriptions unimportant on these).*

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Touring in the Far East, SOLDIER writer John Wright and cameraman Arthur Blundell, made their way up into West Malaysia's Cameron Highlands, where there's always . . .

A BREATH OF FRESH AIR

AMY Humphries' Army job is to bring a breath of fresh air into the lives of Service families hot and bothered by the Far East climate —and Amy really loves her work.

Officially she is Warrant Officer II Humphries, Women's Royal Army Corps; 16 years' service; last posting British Army of the Rhine; present job Change of Air Supervisor, British Garrison, Cameron Highlands, Malaysia.

But who wants to be official up here 5000 feet above the stickiness and the smells, up here where the climate is so English and roses, carnations, dahlias, gladioli and violets bloom? So let's call her Amy.

In her homely Lancashire way she arranges for the comfort of her "customers"—those whose doctors have ordered a two-week rest in the cool of the Camerons.

They may be officers. In that case Amy puts them into the four bungalows run by the Garrison. Eight to ten families—they range from those of Royal Navy captains to those of Australian brigadiers—can be accommodated in the self-contained homes: Wings (so called because it is shaped like an aircraft), Starlight, Hopetoun and Bintang Falim.

The bungalows are scattered in the country around Tanah Rata, the area's main town. This bustling settlement, overlooked by the imposing Garrison Headquarters building, contains the Federal Hotel where Amy's other "customers" stay.

They are the families of other Service ranks and 12 at a time can live here—relax, enjoy the luxury of being warmed by log

The imposing Garrison Headquarters building, in the centre of the picture above, overlooks Tanah Rata, the main town of the Cameron Highlands area.

WO II Amy Humphries WRAC, Change of Air Supervisor, with a visiting family—Maj W M Robinson RAMC, his wife Sue and son Mark.

fires at night, go on Amy's excursion to a tea plantation, hunt the magnificent Camerons butterflies (or if that's too energetic buy them in a case at the shop down the street).

All this may seem vaguely out of place—reminiscent perhaps of the old Indian Army days—when a Royal Air Force VC 10 can whisk a family from Singapore to England in 20 hours. But often Amy's breath of fresh air is all that an ailing Serviceman and his family need to put them back on their feet.

People come here if a doctor says they need a change of air to maintain their health. It is preventive medicine, really—and Amy is never short of people to look after.

The Cameron Highlands hill station, once a bastion of the colonial way of life and now the largest Malaysian hill resort, is in the West Pahang mountains of Malaya. Highest point is 6666 feet above sea level.

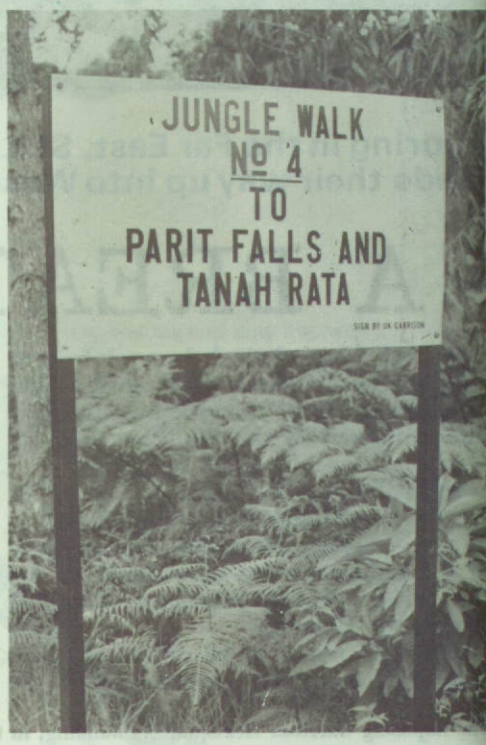
Change of air is an important aspect of the work of the Camerons Garrison. Also important is the convalescent wing, while to cater for spiritual well-being of Servicemen there is Church House where religious courses are conducted. There are also two training camps.

The Camerons story really started with Mr William Cameron, a Government surveyor who discovered the area in 1885. He saw the possibilities and recommended a hill station which was eventually established in the 1930s. Soldiers did not play much of a part in this early activity. The pioneers of the Camerons were colonial administrators and tea planters.

The Japanese spoiled it all. Their occupation did nothing to improve the amenities of the area, to put it mildly—but after the war the Camerons magic drew people back. And among them were British troops.

That impressive Garrison Headquarters overlooking Tanah Rata was built by nuns as a school for the children of the "gentlefolk" of the Camerons. When the Army came to the Highlands after Japan's defeat

Above: Yesterday's soldiers (1955) taking children to Slim School in armoured vehicles. Right: Today's soldiers (on training) cleared jungle paths and put up signs.



Above: After enjoying a change of air 6000 feet up in the West Pahang mountains, an Army family says goodbye to the Camerons.

Above left: Cameron Highlands Hotel, more likely today to be accommodating Americans from Saigon than British people.

Left: Garrison Headquarters, with its cross, was built by nuns as a school; services are still held in its Roman Catholic chapel.

Far left: Hotels in part of the main street of Tanah Rata, the area's main town. Malaysians are now in the majority as visitors.

it became a British Military Hospital and remained one until five years ago when the Garrison was streamlined.

Its holy origins make it an unusual Army headquarters—from the cross mounted on the roof to the Roman Catholic chapel inside where public services are still held. The nuns now live in a new building on a facing hillside.

The troops built Brinchang camp in 1948-49. They had a new enemy then—the CTs, the Communist terrorists who plagued Malaya for many years and who were finally, superbly, defeated by British Forces. At Brinchang a company and sometimes a battalion lived and from there they fought. Now troops go to train here and in Slim lines.

Slim was originally a school for European children, then the Army took it over as a boarding secondary school and kept it as such until St John's School, Singapore, came into being recently.

Troops come to these camps from all over Malaysia and Singapore for training unavailable elsewhere in this part of the world—rock climbing and experience of high-altitude jungle. It also gives units a chance to work on basic individual training without the distractions of other duties and courses.

Educational courses can have a big effect on training. At one Gurkha battalion visited in Malaysia by SOLDIER, a company doing jungle training had been reduced to the strength of two sections by absence of men on courses.

The Camerons area was a rough spot during the long Malayan Emergency. Chin Peng, secretary of the Malayan Communist Party, established his headquarters here until driven into Thailand. Subsequently the jungle was used for top-level meetings of the MCP. In 1957 the MCP suffered its first major defeat by security forces in this area, and information gained from prisoners led to the liquidation of all major CT resistance throughout Malaya in the next 18 months.

Lieutenant-Colonel E S Purcell, The Hampshire Regiment, who commands the Garrison, says the Cameron Highlands is a very special place as far as the Army is concerned. Soldiers are still regarded here by the local authorities and people as part of the community. They take part in local celebrations and the Colonel's advice is sought by committees and organisations.

And the Army does all it can to stimulate good feeling. A common hazard hereabouts is getting lost in the jungle and although the local wildlife, including tigers, is reputed to keep itself to itself, this is not a theory to put to the test. Recently the Army completed a big programme of clearing jungle paths and marking them with large signs. The work was done by units in training at Brinchang and Slim camps.

In his own words, Colonel Purcell's command—which is 175 miles from the nearest other garrisons, Seremban and Penang—is like a family. It is small, friendly and superficially more like a convalescent home in Switzerland than an Army set-up.

Besides Amy Humphries there is Captain

FRONT COVER

Sergeant K Lloyd is platoon sergeant of 1 Platoon, A Company, 1st Battalion, The Queen's Regiment, and an enthusiastic photographer. This picture is of 1 Platoon's No 2 Section "getting over the rough stuff fast" in Bahrain. This is Sergeant Lloyd's second cover—the first was of the Diehards Steel Band.

IT'S SO LIKE HOME

It doesn't really surprise you to hear that the Cameron Highlands has a change of air station for racehorses, run on the same lines as the Army service by an ex-Indian Army officer. This hill resort is full of delicious surprises for the Far East-weary Serviceman.

The temperature is the main difference between here and the lowland. It ranges from 70 degrees to 36 degrees, cool enough to need a blanket at night. But the main thing that impresses the homesick Briton is that it is so much like home.

Nowadays the Cameron Highlands Hotel (opposite page) and Foster's Smoke House (right)—a fine half-timbered building that would be more at home in the middle of Surrey—are more likely to be full of Malaysians or Americans resting from Vietnam, but the food is the same as in any good English hotel. The Cameron Highlands Hotel lies on a fine nine-hole golf course.

But at the same time you are aware that this is a tropical country. Jungle abounds and has tigers in it, the shop signs are in Chinese and the area is well known for its tea plantations.

All the same you just cannot stop yourself saying time and time again: "Isn't it like home?"

E J Morgan, WRAC, out from England for two years as second-in-command of the Garrison. She says she leaves the hill, as everybody calls it, as little as possible. The climate is the main incentive to stay all the time but the 36-mile descent, with its bend a second and wild cab drivers with their big Mercedes, does not exactly encourage people at the top to go to the bottom very often.

The Garrison's convalescent wing and medical reception station have a civilian doctor, a Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps matron and a nursing lieutenant who is always an Australian. Then there are two Royal Army Medical Corps nursing orderlies and an RAMC Warrant Officer II ward master who doubles as deputy garrison sergeant-major.

Members of all three Services and Commonwealth Servicemen, too, come here from hospitals all over Malaysia and Singapore to recover. There are 40 beds.

Many of the staff of the convalescent wing—and of the Garrison as a whole—are locally employed personnel, some of whom have worked here for many years. Mr Joseph Lazarus, for example, was born in Ipoh some 70 miles away and is a dresser in the medical reception centre. He was a sergeant in the Royal Army Medical Corps in World War Two and during the Malayan Emergency, and has worked in his present job for 18 years. Such people are bound to be affected adversely when troops pull out of the Far East in 1971 but their loyalty and affection for Britain seem as strong as ever.

Church House is a recent addition to the Camerons Garrison. It was on Blakang Mati island, Singapore, until this was relinquished to the Singapore Government last September. Here are held one-week courses, with an average attendance of 15 Servicemen of all denominations, in such things as moral leadership and Christian information.

Padres come with each course and live in a flat above the QARANC mess. There is a Church of England chapel, St Martin's. Among recent course members—half the band of The King's Shropshire Light Infantry.

So that's the British Garrison, Cameron Highlands. They all hope there that it will not be axed prematurely, that it will remain as long as British troops remain in Malaysia.

This remote hill station, once as British as anywhere outside Britain can be, has changed greatly already. Malaysians now form the majority of people going there to "change air." When the Garrison leaves, few tangible links with the past will remain. But the influence of the British—and the British Army—will always colour life here.

Lorries negotiating one of the many bends in the 36-mile-long road which runs down to the lowland.

Right: Lieut-Col E S Purcell, The Hampshire Regiment, who commands the British Garrison, with second-in-command Capt E J Morgan, Women's Royal Army Corps, out from home for two years.

Far right: Indian girl tea pickers on the Boh Tea Plantation, to which WO II Amy Humphries, pictured with them, arranges excursions. This plantation saw much activity in the Emergency.

HIGHLANDS PIONEER

Miss Griffith-Jones thinks it "horrifying" that the British Army should leave Malaysia.

British troops in the Cameron Highlands have no greater friend than Miss A L Griffith-Jones, a pioneer of the area and now in her 70s one of the few remaining Europeans.

She founded two schools for European children up here in the clouds and has seen the Camerons grow from a remote jungle-covered plateau peopled by aborigines called *orang asli* (original man) into Malaysia's largest hill resort, a holiday playground. The aborigines are still there, although some have exchanged their blowpipes for Japanese motor-cycles, but so are 17,000 other people.

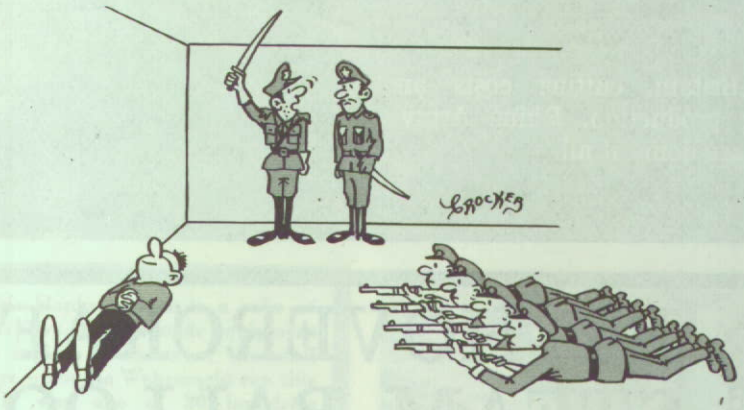
Over coffee and chocolate biscuits at her hilltop bungalow, Tanglin, Miss Griffith-Jones told SOLDIER: "When the troops go we shall miss them very badly. They have been a very welcome addition to the Cameron Highlands." She does not remember many troops in the Camerons before World War Two—before the Japanese swept through Malaya and caused her a four-year absence from her beloved hills. But after the war they were very much in evidence.

"They made it possible for us to live up here during the Emergency," she said. "My schools were sandbagged and the children never went to the playground or for a walk without an armed guard." She remembers first a company of The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, then a three-year association with the Coldstream Guards.

The spirit of Miss Griffith-Jones, who also founded two schools in Singapore, is summed up when she says: "I was not captured by the Japanese—I elected to stay behind." In a bungalow in the grounds of her home are now the victims of another conflict—American evacuees from Saigon. She will be a much lonelier person when British troops leave the Camerons. "I have," she said, "great regret that the troops are leaving Malaya. It is horrifying. The whole of the eastern situation requires the Army here."

"He must be starving! That's a full loaf he's gone through!"

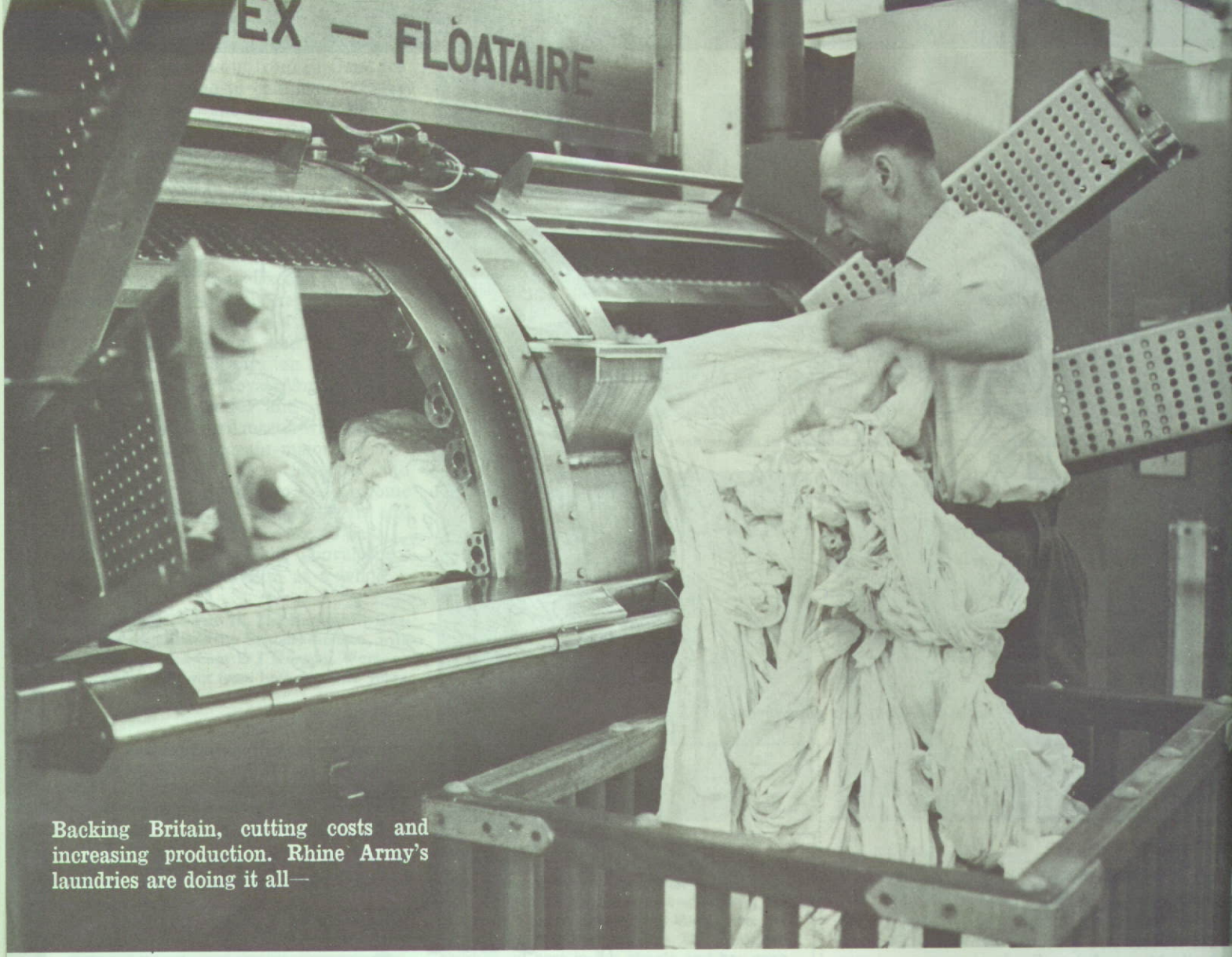
HUMOUR



"He says he's feeling tired!"

BACKS TO THE WALL

"There's been another change of Government. We want to appeal to you for mercy."



Backing Britain, cutting costs and increasing production. Rhine Army's laundries are doing it all—

BY HOVERCRAFT and STEAM BALLOON

Above: Sheets are unloaded from the new Floataire, a revolutionary machine that rides on a cushion of compressed air. Up to seven tons rotates at 600 rpm. Six have been installed at Hohne and four at Sennelager. Below: Punchcard programming.

TODAY'S and yesterday's wonders of the air age, the hovercraft and the steam balloon, have launched the Army's laundries in Germany straight into the space era.

The two laundries, at Hohne and Sennelager in West Germany, had for many years been using out-of-date machinery, some of which was requisitioned from Hitler's Wehrmacht.

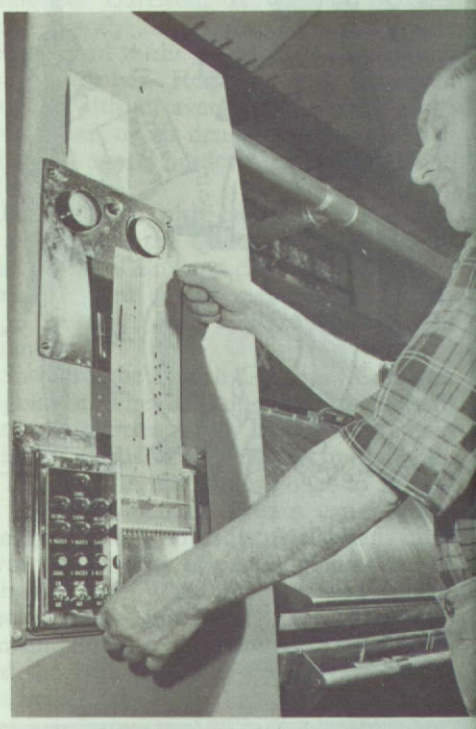
Recent introduction of revolutionary new British equipment has cut staff by ten per cent, increased production by more than a quarter and is estimated to save £50,000 this year alone.

The hovercraft machine, called the Washex Floataire and made on the Clyde, washes and spin dries in one operation. During the spin-drying process it rides on a 1½-inch cushion of compressed air. A conventional machine would have to be anchored by steel legs in six feet of concrete but the Floataire —with up to seven tons spinning at 600 revolutions a minute—needs only a dozen four-inch bolts to hold the retaining framework to the floor.

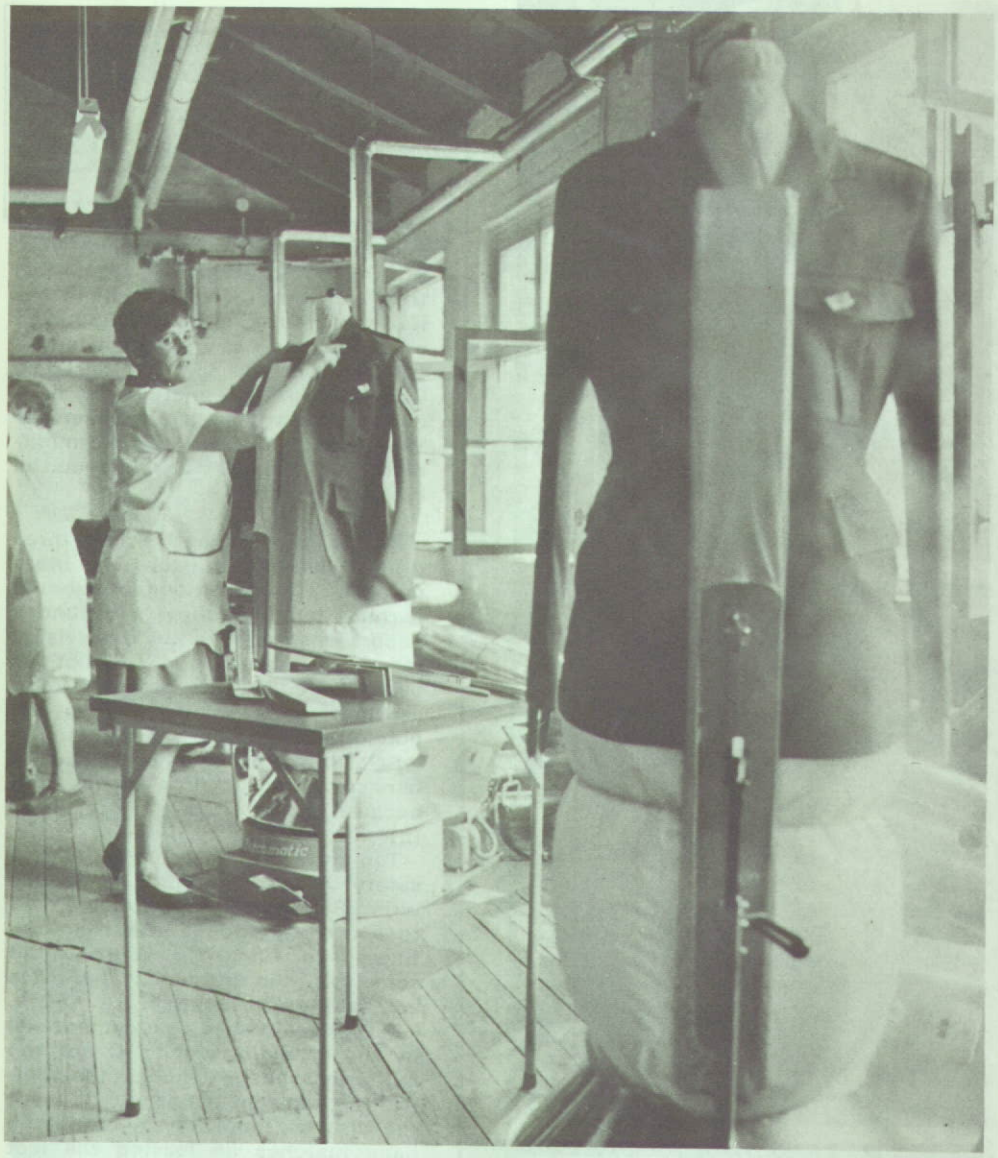
The wash, whether at low temperature for blankets or at boiling point for cooks' clothing, is programmed by punchcard (similar to the Hoover Keymatic principle). Formerly, washing and spin-drying were done by two separate machines which flooded the floor so deeply that the operators had to wear wellington boots. Now the water is completely drained off and they wear sandals and light shoes.

The nylon balloon, called a Forcomatic and made in Ilford, Essex, inflates with steam inside a buttoned-up coat expanding automatically to the correct size. The steam is released and the balloon is inflated with cold air to dry off the jacket. The whole process takes only 40 seconds. The old Hoffman flat press (like two ironing boards that close together) can do five raincoats an hour but the new Forcomatic turns out 45 an hour.

The new machinery—it has cost £68,000 —has caused a great deal of export interest. An open day recently held at Hohne was



Story by HUGH HOWTON/Pictures by TREVOR JONES



Above: It is a surprisingly simple way of pressing. The jacket is buttoned up over a nylon balloon which inflates with steam. Springs keep the sleeves taut. The whole process takes 40 seconds and is nine times faster than the conventional flat press.

Above: A water repellency test. Combat suits are checked by this method after being reproofed. Half a pint of water poured into the funnel represents three hours steady rainfall. A soldier can expect to stay dry for just this long.

Below: This blanket ironer is a relic of World War Two. British-made equipment may soon replace it. Some of the staff worked here when the Wehrmacht ran this laundry. It was one of 30 laundries requisitioned by the British Army in 1946.

Above: Laundry Officer Mr Reg Bean and Hohne manager Herr Hanfried Rosenfeldt. Former panzer lieutenant and Iron Cross holder, Herr Rosenfeldt said: "The war is forgotten now. I like working with your Army very well." Below: Blanket delivery.

attended by representatives of 26 German and Dutch laundry firms. A spokesman for the makers of Washex Floataire, D and J Tullis, told SOLDIER: "We have had several enquiries from German and Dutch firms as a result of the open day."

Laundry Officer Mr Reg Bean explained: "Our laundries are a shop window for British industry. We have told manufacturers that both laundries may be viewed by prospective customers on application. To this extent the British Army in Germany is also 'Backing Britain.' "

Mr Bean recently made a broadcast from the British Forces Broadcasting Service's Cologne Station which has five million fringe listeners on the Continent.

The laundries—the only two remaining ones run by the British Army—come under the Royal Army Ordnance Corps but are staffed completely by German civilians with Mr Bean, a British civil servant, in charge.

They were requisitioned, with 28 others in Germany, by the British Army at the end of World War Two. These static laundries took over from the mobile laundry and bath units of the Ordnance Corps in use during the war. Number 6 Static Laundry at Hohne belonged to the Wehrmacht. Here they laundered and pressed uniforms for thousands of Nazi troops including guards of the notorious Belsen concentration camp nearby.

The last static laundry in the United Kingdom, at Catterick, closed down five years ago. There is one regular mobile laundry unit in the British Army—1 Laundry Platoon, Royal Army Ordnance Corps., commanded by a captain and stationed at Deepcut, near Camberley, Surrey.

Number 6 Static Laundry at Hohne and No 3 Static Laundry at Sennelager have a total staff of 148. Together their current monthly production is 256 tons of laundry (100,000 sheets alone) and 47 tons of dry cleaning (including 9000 combat suits).

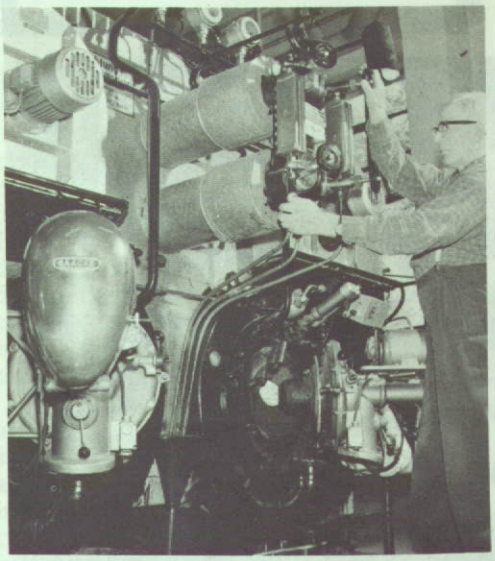
The two laundries formerly did 30 per cent of the laundry and dry cleaning for Rhine Army (excluding Berlin). This has increased to 40 per cent since the introduction of the new machines. The rest goes to civilian firms as far apart as Rotterdam and the East/West German border and costs approximately £½ million. This will now be cut to £450,000.

"The laundry we receive is much dirtier than a civilian firm would get," remarked Mr Bean. "Nevertheless our standard is much higher. We are prepared to wash some things, towels for example, two or three times because we do not have to worry about making a profit."

Economies and improvements have been made by new methods. Reproofing combat suits used to involve dry cleaning, spin-drying, lifting the suits in and out of an open vat of reproofing chemicals and spin-drying again. Two men took two hours to reproof five suits.

Now everything is done in the same machine, and one man takes less than an hour and a half to reproof 30 suits. It was proved to be better and 25 per cent cheaper to wash blankets rather than dry clean them. But conventional dry cleaning chemicals turned out to be a solvent of the plastic material in the new-style sleeping bag. Several tests were carried out before a suitable cleaner, a special detergent, was found.

Sorting sheets for soldiers. Attractive laundresses at Hohne (top of page). The two laundries handle 100,000 sheets a month. The British-made Polymark machine (above) attaches numbered tags to each article, saving laborious marking in ink.



Above: Herr Alfred Dreissiger, who has been working in the Hohne laundry for 23 years, operates the new oil-fired boilers. Three men were needed for the former coal boilers. Now Herr Dreissiger works alone.

SOLDIER to Soldier

For the third successive year SOLDIER has won an award—this time an award of excellence—in the National House Journal Competition of the British Association of Industrial Editors. In the Photographic Competition, the picture of helicopters and troops in the November 1967 issue, taken by SOLDIER cameraman Trevor Jones, was adjudged the best news picture.

—

Having very recently seen three drumsticks fly in three military parades, SOLDIER thought it should perhaps humbly follow the Sunday paper investigators and the television teams of experts and conduct its own probe. On the presumptuous assumption, of course, that the public needs to know the facts.

SOLDIER'S probe revealed that a bandsman's drumstick leaves him because it has either (a) broken or (b) slipped from his fingers.

The bass drummer has a built-in safety device, the thong round his wrist. But some bass drummers tend to spurn the thong, preferring the finesse of finger-tip control, and sometimes the drumstick head parts company with the stick.

All this may well go quite unnoticed by the attending public, if not too militarily vigilant (though the regimental sergeant-major would spot the disaster immediately), until the band marches on leaving the lost drumstick forlorn and totally abandoned.

Is the drumstick recovered and, if so, how? And how does a two-handed drummer drum two-handed with only one stick?

The drumstick is not recovered on parade by the band unless a small but long-armed musician, hidden in the middle, can slowly bend to his knees while the band is stationary or scoop up the stick on the march (rated as medium-difficult when at light infantry pace, and difficult if the stick is lodged in a crevice).

No, the drumstick, or piccolo or fife, is not recovered except by subterfuge. No one can break ranks to pick up the dropped instrument, but there are ways and means. On one of the three parades which prompted this nonsense, a photographer took a few paces on to the parade ground, knelt for a shot, then retreated with the drumstick concealed up his sleeve, dirk-wise in his sock or disguised as short spare leg to his tripod.

And how about the drummer with one stick? Simple. He just goes through the motions with the other hand and the absence is hardly noticed. He has to do this anyway to preserve both the rhythm and his balance. And what, an inquiring child might ask, if the bass drummer loses both sticks? Then he uses his knuckles and tries hard not to commit the cardinal sin of putting his fist through the big drum.

THE JUNGLE WAS REALLY HOT

FIERCE sunshine and torrential rain normally favour both West Malaysia and Singapore in equal portions.

But when two companies of 2nd Battalion, The Royal Anglian Regiment (Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire), flew out from Felixstowe for a six-week training stint at the Jungle Warfare School, Kota Tinggi, West Malaysia was enjoying its longest dry spell for years.

Within two weeks of arriving for their Strategic Reserve "fire brigade" Exercise Willoughby, the men of B and C companies found themselves literally in a fire brigade role.

The steaming jungle had ceased to steam and become like tinder. Several miles of young rubber trees and bone-dry jungle went up in flames and at one time a moving wall of fire 20 feet high threatened Burma Camp, part of the Jungle Warfare School.

Armed with jungle knives, the Royal Anglians laboured at cutting fire breaks until the danger had passed. Fresh from wintering in Felixstowe (after summering in Cyprus), the soldiers were already contending with a steady 90 degrees from the sun.

"It took no more than a week for the men to settle down in the heat," said their commander, Major Chris Dale. "We had anticipated the problems and for three weeks before leaving Felixstowe we did intensive fitness training—two hours a day of physical training in battle order and a route march a week of up to 20 miles.

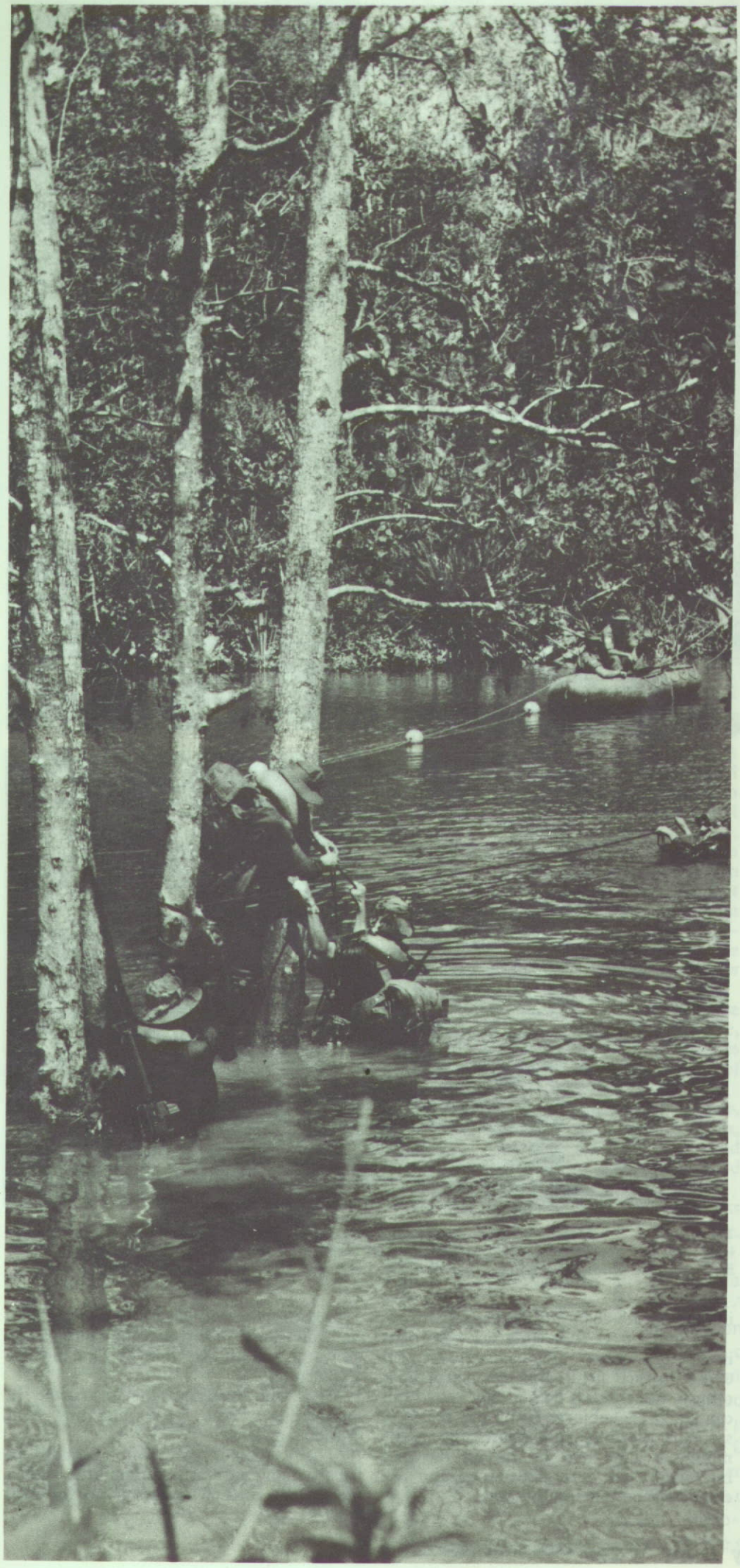
"It really paid off and the permanent staff at the school said they were very impressed by our fitness."

Sleeping in jungle *bashas* during navigation exercises brought home to the young soldiers the realities of jungle living. Pug marks of tigers were found close by camps at first light, elephant were heard uncomfortably close and leeches were fairly shared by all, though most preferred leeches to the large economy-size centipedes—up to a foot long—which leave a nasty rash if they dig their heels in.

The intensive programme covered improvised river crossings, night operations, assaults on jungle foxholes, bunkers and tunnels. The Royal Anglians worked with mines and booby traps and carried out cordon-and-search operations using tracker dogs.

Their six weeks ended with a six-day set piece exercise in which the two companies practised all aspects of jungle warfare, including air drops, helicopter re-supply and reconnaissance by Sioux helicopters.

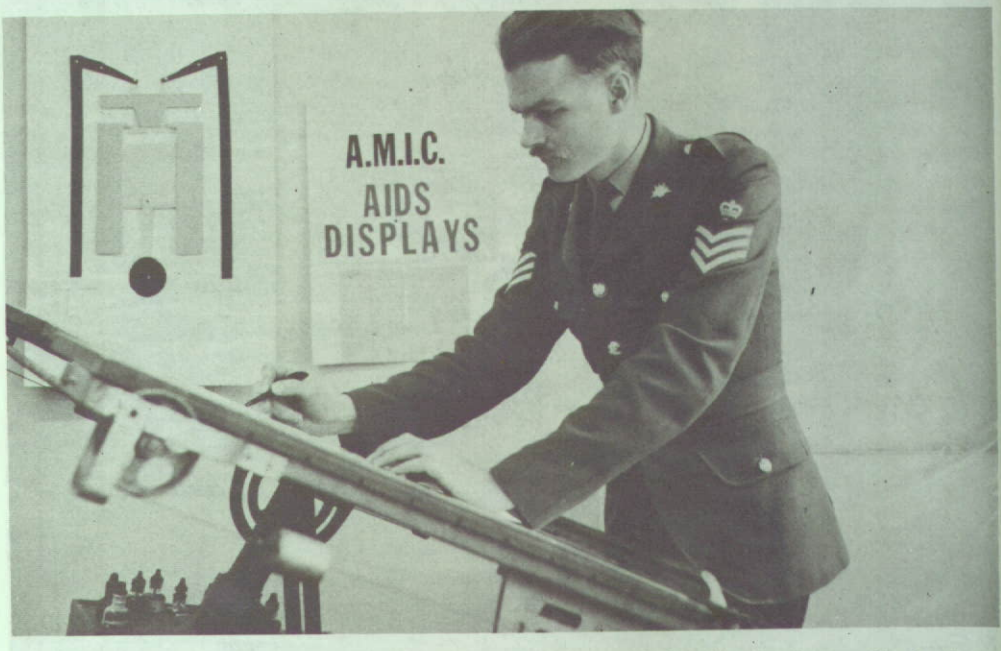
From a report by Army Public Relations, Far East Land Forces.



Left: This river at Kota Tinggi is 20-foot deep and infested with leeches. Men of the 2nd Royal Anglians cross it in full kit.

TEACHING THE TEACHERS

Above: The Commandant, Lieutenant-Colonel W R B Allen, and Chief Instructor Major R Guy. A visual aid diagram is in the background.



Top of page: The blackboard and chalk might be good enough for the schoolroom. But intricate ideas are best put over by working models. Staff Sergeant D Lloyd demonstrates. Above: Colour-Sergeant D C Earll, The King's Own Scottish Borderers, translates the theory into a drawing.

AS the Army has diminished, so has its professionalism grown. Increasingly complicated equipment calls for greater professionalism.

There is less and less time to learn and become adept and accomplished in the art of soldiering. The soldier has to be taught his trade thoroughly for should another war ever break out there would this time be little or no breathing space—and in that war no chance to re-learn or revise.

So much does the Army depend on its instructors. They are hand-picked and expert in their fields. But the instructor is of little value unless he not only knows but can teach his subject—really put across to students the maximum knowledge in the minimum time and be certain that the instruction has been understood and can effectively be put into practice.

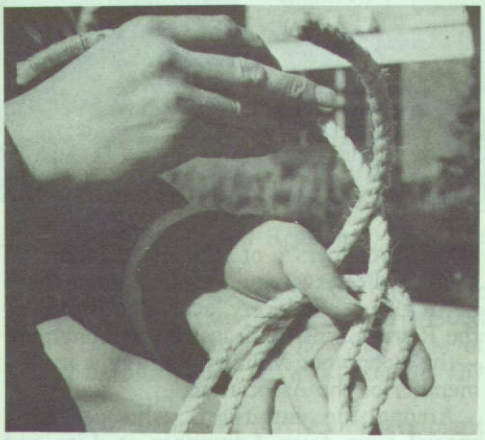
Obviously the instructor himself must be as professional in his teaching of the skills of war as his student must become in their application.

And who instructs the instructor in instructing? Who gives him his own professionalism?

The answer is the Army Methods of Instruction Centre, a small and little-known unit which runs 60 courses a year for 1200

Story by Peter N Wood/Pictures by Leslie Wiggs

Above: Not a layer cake, but the beginning of a three dimensional bas-relief map. It is being made by WO II G Tooley. Below: More seamanlike than soldierly, but knot tying is a useful art.



Above: Captain M Smart, WRAC attached to RMP, is a dab hand at fingerprinting. Her victim is a padre! Students lecture on their jobs.

officers and senior non-commissioned officers from lieutenant-colonel to sergeant. The Centre teaches them the principles and techniques of instruction and in turn the students pass this on to their junior instructors.

The Army's officer training establishments, the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, and Mons Officer Cadet School, insist on all their instructors attending a course at the Army Methods of Instruction Centre. The Chaplain-General has decreed that every chaplain should go to AMIC as part of his training. The majority of instructors in other schools and establishments attend a course at AMIC and eventually all will.

There is also an allocation of places to the Territorial & Army Volunteer Reserve and the students include members of Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps, Women's Royal Army Corps, Royal Marines, and of the Guyanian, Malaysian and Irish armies.

The Centre is staffed by down-to-earth soldiers—officers, warrant officers and staff-sergeants who have soldiered at the sharp end and who spend three years as instructors at the Centre. The Commandant, Lieutenant-Colonel W R B Allen, 3rd Carabiniers, came to the Centre recently direct from commanding his Regiment in Rhine Army.

It is sometimes assumed that all officers and senior non-commissioned officers who know a particular subject well can necessarily teach it. AMIC does not hold with this but nevertheless maintains that good instructors can be made and need not be born to it.

On first impression much of the Centre's philosophy may seem intangible and abstract but the instructing staff of chief instructor, four officers, two warrant officers and four staff-sergeants, knows exactly what it is aiming to achieve—and achieves it.

There is emphasis, for example, on a well-defined practical aim for any instruction and on cutting down detail to essentials and teaching the soldier what he must know to do his job in the most effective way and at the same time see the underlying purpose.

Then there is the problem, peculiar to the profession of soldiering, of how to maintain interest in theory that cannot become practice except in war. And there are all the modern instructional aids—which of the many should be selected for each particular kind of instruction and how it should be used.

Most of these aids are simple tools of the trade but there is quite a variety available, as the student discovers when he prepares his teaching practice, one of the features of the course.

In his classroom are blackboards, easels, blanket, soft, magnetic and roller boards, blackboard instruments, projector and screen, chalk, drawing pins and paper, and the inevitable pointer.

Then from the stores, which he visits during his course, he can draw sound, slide/film strip and vu-graph projectors, epidiascope, tape recorder, stencilling and lettering equipment and other aids.

The early part of a week's course is taken up by lectures and lessons on the principles and techniques of instruction and such subjects as the use of questions, creating and maintaining interest and how to plan and prepare instruction and confirm that it has been assimilated.

Later in the week the students prepare two instructional periods and put them into practice by addressing their own class, in which, for example, officers may temporarily become non-commissioned officers or private soldiers at a Padre's Hour. The first practice is any subject of the student's choice—bagpipes, good grooming, letter writing are some examples—but the second and longer practice is a military subject directly related to the student's own field of instruction.

Each practice is followed by a class criticism when the student quickly learns that, for example, his timing has gone astray, he has not made his points sufficiently clearly or perhaps he has used the ubiquitous pointer and instead of putting it down has continued to wave it aimlessly about like a flag.

The Army Methods of Instruction Centre originates from the beginning of World War Two when teams toured units to improve the standard of military training. The Centre was at Warminster but is now housed in new buildings at Wilton Park, Beaconsfield, in the Buckinghamshire countryside. Although the Centre shares Wilton Park with the Army School of Education, which is responsible for some aspects of local administration, the Centre itself is sponsored by the Director of Army Training and is in no way a part of the School of Education.

In addition to running courses at Beaconsfield, AMIC sends out teams of instructors to establishments and is responsible for studying and advising the Army on methods of instruction and trying out instructional and training aids and devices.

But the main task of AMIC is to teach professional instruction for professional soldiers and while students, particularly from abroad, might perhaps apply for a course with a keen eye on Beaconsfield's proximity to the fleshpots of London, they leave with the highest admiration for AMIC and its friendly instructors.

If AMIC ever needs a motto it should adopt AMICable!

IT HAPPENED IN JUNE

Date		Year
2	Coronation of Queen Elizabeth II	1953
4	Anglo-Turkish Convention signed	1878
5	Balloon invented by Montgolfier brothers	1783
6	Battle of Belleau Wood began	1918
12	Rotherhithe-Stepney Tunnel, London, opened	1908
15	Massacre of Christians at Jedda	1858
18	Egypt proclaimed a republic	1953
21	Royal College of Surgeons, London, founded	1843
24	Russian blockade of Berlin began	1948
27	Battle of Dettingen	1743
28	Anglo-US airlift to Berlin began	1948
30	Battle of Oudenarde began	1708

Back to steam on the LMR

Lieut Castell, who drove 92203 on the last leg, from Liss to Longmoor, with 92203's new owner.

RAILWAY enthusiasts flocked to Longmoor Military Railway to give a great welcome to two ex-British Railways steam locomotives as they arrived from Crewe with their new owner, artist David Shepherd.

The locos, 2-10-0 9F 92203 and 4-6-0 MT 75029, made the journey under their own steam, after a change of heart by British Railways, and after 16 hours on the footplate of 92203, Mr Shepherd arrived grimy but very happy. Originally Southern Region had decreed that the two engines would have to be towed ignominiously by diesel over the Southern's all-electric tracks, but relented to allow the engines to bring steam back to the Region for the first time since the completion of electrification in July last year.

Mr Shepherd's two locomotives join three other "steamers" of the Association of Railway Preservation Societies which have been given temporary accommodation by the Royal Corps of Transport at Longmoor —the Longmoor Military Railway is itself a member of the Association.

Among the enthusiasts who packed a special train from Longmoor to Liss and back, hauled by 92203, was the Transport Officer-in-Chief, Major-General E H G Lonsdale.

Foot(plate)note: David Shepherd's friend and rival artist, Terence Cuneo, who is as well known for his railway paintings as Shepherd for his African wildlife scenes, was not at Longmoor for the big reception but hoped to make his first visit there shortly. Both artists have undertaken many commissions for the Services in recent years.

Above: 92203 approaching Longmoor after a round trip to Liss with railway enthusiasts. Top: David Shepherd's other loco, 75029, at Longmoor Station.

THE ROYAL REGIMENT OF FUSILIERS

OUT in Hong Kong, by the Somerset coast, in the heat of the Persian Gulf, on a Lincolnshire airfield and in the very heart of England, the Army's fusiliers were on parade.

It was St George's Day, birthday of The Royal Regiment of Fusiliers, today's inheritor of nearly 300 years of history and of the spirit and traditions of four regiments.

Raised in the second half of the 17th century as the 5th, 6th, 7th and 20th regiments of foot, closely linked down the years in peace and war, and more recently grouped together in The Fusilier Brigade, the four regiments were The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, The Royal Warwickshire Fusiliers, The Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment) and The Lancashire Fusiliers.

Unlike other regiments faced with the same situation, the fusiliers have welded four regiments into one new regiment of four battalions, none of which retains any subsidiary title.

All four battalions of the new regiment share equally the territorial associations of the old—Northumberland, Warwickshire, the City of London and Lancashire—and will be represented in each of these areas by a deputy colonel and regional headquarters in Newcastle, Warwick, London and Bury.

From The Fusilier Brigade the new regiment takes the emblem of St George and the Dragon within the garter and laurel wreath and from The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers the red-and-white hackle—the colours of St George. The Wilhelmstahl Colour, symbolising the Colours captured from the Grenadiers of France by the 5th Fusiliers in 1762 will be carried by one of the four battalions, when in future years The Royal Regiment of Fusiliers celebrates St George's Day as its Regimental Day.

On parade too with one of the battalions will be the Regiment's antelope mascot inherited from The Royal Warwickshire Fusiliers who have had an antelope as mascot for 150 years. And the four battalions will share the freedom of the City of London, a privilege enjoyed by The Royal Fusiliers and now accorded to the new regiment. The Royal Regiment of Fusiliers takes precedence in the infantry of the Line as the 5th.

To the new regiment the four old regiments bring a total of 54 Victoria Crosses and a string of famous names. The first Duke of Marlborough was Colonel of the 7th Regiment of Foot (Royal Fusiliers), General Wolfe commanded the 20th (Lancashire Fusiliers), Field-Marshal Montgomery and Field-Marshal Slim both served in the 6th (Royal Warwickshire Fusiliers).

More recently, Enoch Powell (1939-45) also served in the Warwickshires, as did Sir Henry Seagrave, author A A Milne, cartoonist Bruce Bairnsfather and author Peter Cheney in World War One. The famous Phoebe Hassell served in the 5th from the age of 15 to 45; band leader Billy Cotton (1914-18), impresario Eric Morley (1939-45), comedian Arthur Haynes (1939-45) and film star Michael Cain (Korea) were in The Royal Fusiliers; Major Roddy Owen, a Lancashire Fusilier, won the Grand National on Father O'Flynn in 1892, and author Fred Majdalany served with this regiment in World War Two.

The four regiments first saw action together at the Battle of the Boyne in 1690 and were together again in the War of the Spanish Succession, in the Peninsular War and, with 163 battalions between them, in World War One. Battalions of the four fought in every theatre of World War Two, with the 7th and 20th together in Tunisia and Italy and the 6th and 20th in Burma.

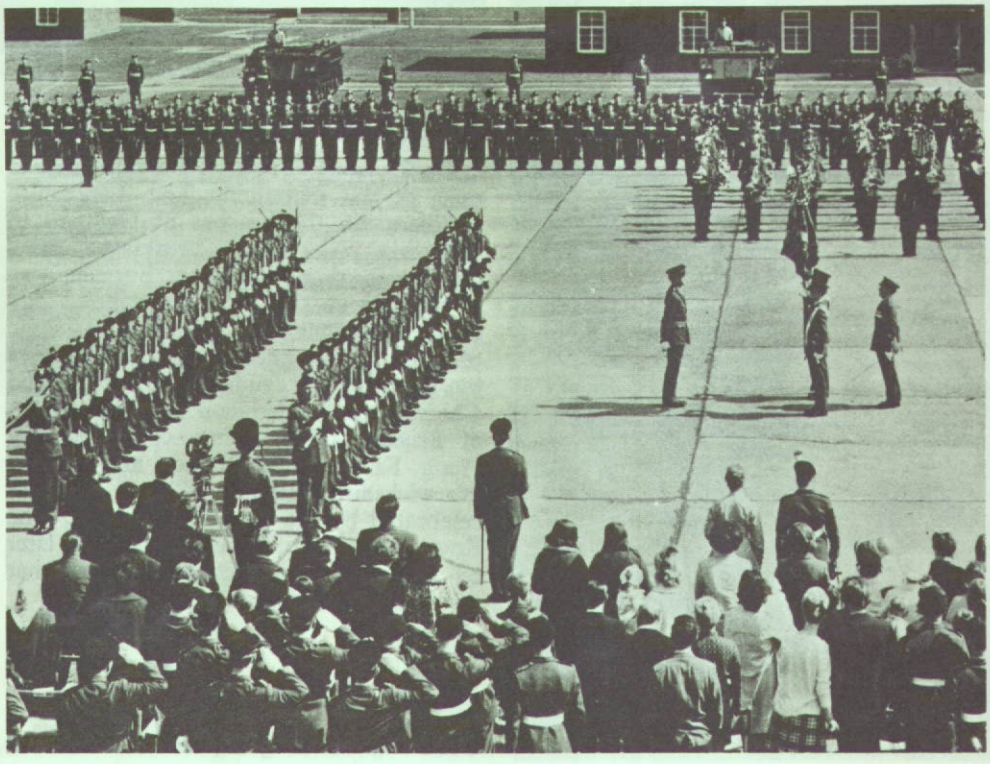
General Sir Kenneth Darling, Commander-in-Chief Allied Forces Northern Europe and last Colonel of The Royal Fusiliers, in which he served from 1929 to 1946, is the new Colonel of The Royal Regiment of Fusiliers.

Major-General R E T St John, Colonel of The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, becomes Deputy Colonel (Northumberland); Major-General R C Macdonald, Colonel of The Royal Warwickshire Fusiliers, Deputy Colonel (Warwickshire); Colonel G H Hodgson, acting Colonel of The Royal Fusiliers, Deputy Colonel (London); and Lieutenant-General Sir George Lea, Colonel of The Lancashire Fusiliers, Deputy Colonel (Lancashire).

★

The Fusilier Volunteers, in the Territorial & Army Volunteer Reserve, become the new regiment's 5th (Volunteer) Battalion with the rifle companies retaining their local connections in their titles as A (Northumberland) Company, B (Warwickshire) Company, C (City of London) Company and D (Lancashire) Company.

No change is being made at present in the existing titles of the two fusilier battalions in the Territorials (T & AVR III) or in any of the fusilier sub-units in other T & AVR III regiments.



KIRTON-IN-LINDSEY

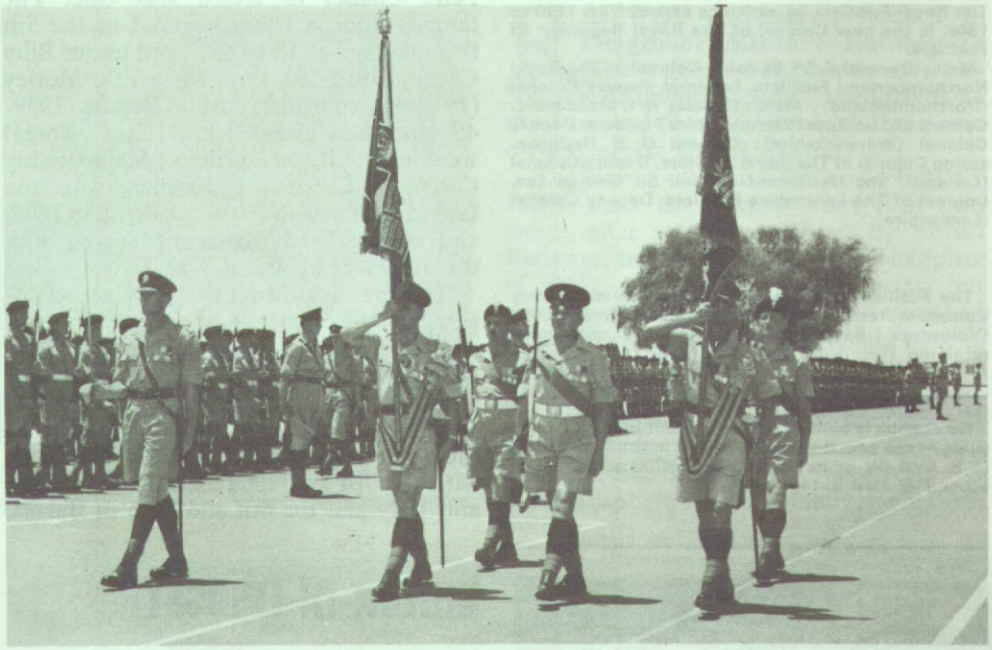
In an impeccable ceremony, 1st Battalion, The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, trooped at its former airfield camp in Lincolnshire the Battalion's three Colours —the Queen's, Regimental and unique Drummer's Colour, carried since 1762 when at Wilhelmstahl the Regiment captured the Colours of the Grenadiers of France. As on the other parades, the padre read the collect of the new regiment and the new flag was broken out, but there was no change of hackles for that of the 5th has been adopted for the new regiment. Major-General R E T St John, Colonel of The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers, took the salute as the Battalion marched off parade to become 1st Battalion, The Royal Regiment of Fusiliers.

Left: Subalterns take the Colours, which are saluted by the escort as the National Anthem plays.

WATCHET

Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, who commanded a battalion of the Regiment and was its Colonel from 1947 to 1963, was the principal guest at the parade of 1st Battalion, The Royal Warwickshire Fusiliers. The formation of the new Royal Regiment of Fusiliers was symbolised by the changing of a guard. A newcomer on parade was nine-month-old Bobby, the Warwickshires' blackbuck antelope mascot, making his first public appearance. The parade was inspected by the Colonel of the Warwickshires, Major-General R C Macdonald, and he and Field-Marshal Montgomery took the salute together, after the Field-Marshal had addressed the parade, as the Warwickshires marched past as 2nd Battalion, The Royal Regiment of Fusiliers.

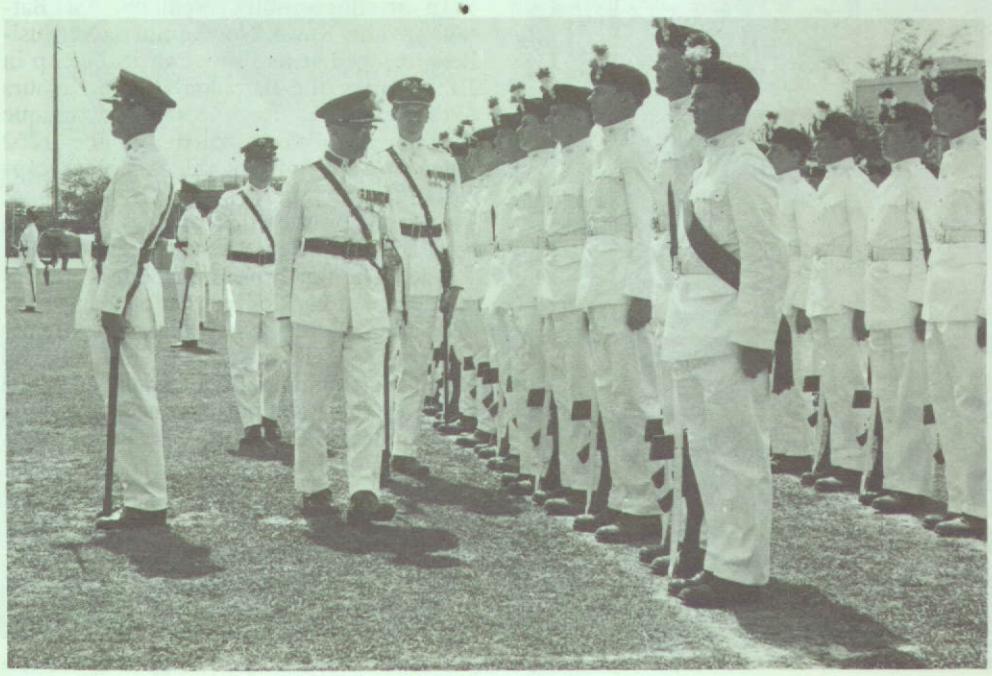
Left: "Monty" and Maj-Gen Macdonald are shown to their seats and (right) take the salute together.



SHARJAH

In a temperature approaching 100 degrees Fahrenheit, 1st Battalion, The Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment), paraded for the last time. The Colours, carried by the two quartermasters, were trooped and the Battalion then formed a hollow square while the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel C M Barrett, read the Special Order of the Day and gave the order "Change hackles." A new Colour party took over the Colours and after prayers, 3rd Battalion, The Royal Regiment of Fusiliers, advanced in review order for the first time. The salute was taken by Air Vice-Marshal S B Grant, Commander British Forces Gulf.

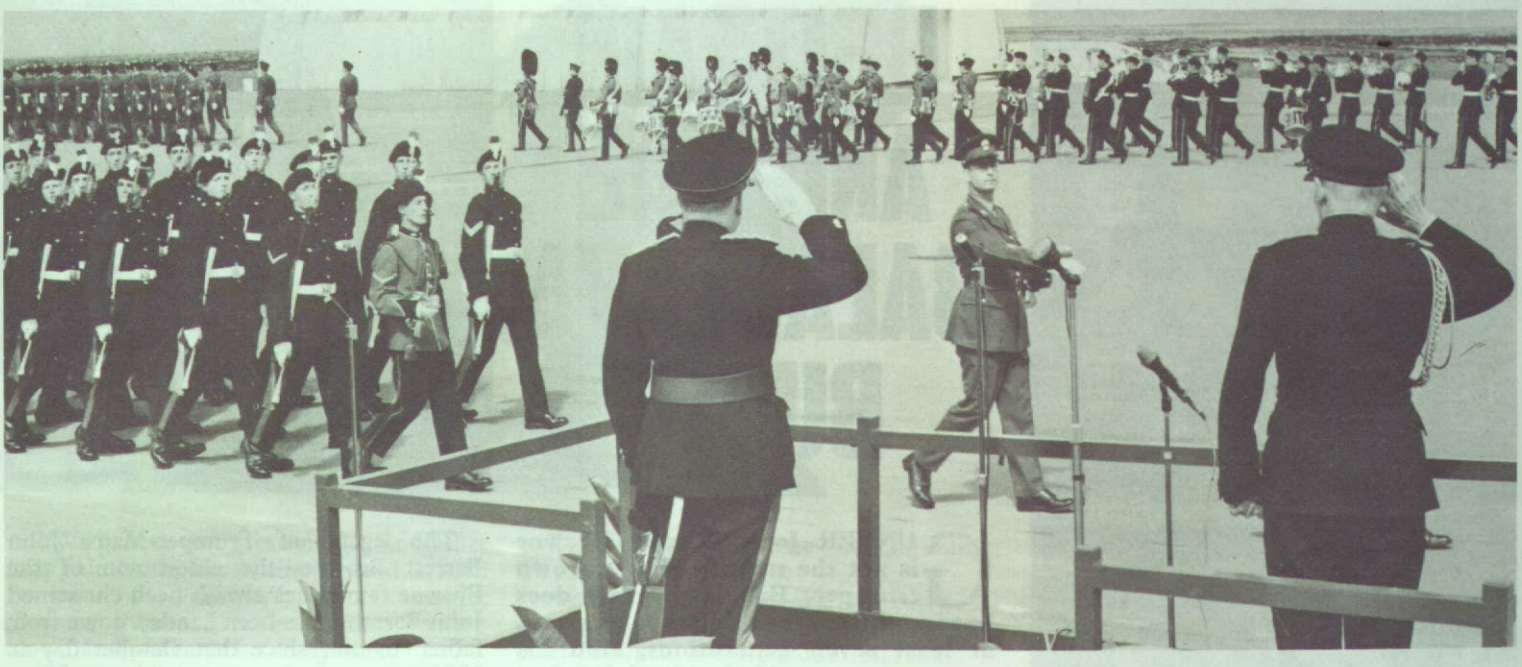
Left: The Colours are trooped through the ranks.



HONG KONG

On 25 April 1915 HMS Euryalus landed men of 1st Battalion, The Lancashire Fusiliers, on the beaches of Gallipoli to win "six VCs before breakfast." How appropriate that the present Euryalus was in harbour on this other momentous day in the Regiment's history—and that some of her sailors attended the parade. Watched by an unofficial audience of wide-eyed Chinese, the 1st Battalion paraded in front of Brigadier H C Illing, commander of Hong Kong's 51st Brigade and an ex-Warwickshire Fusilier. Gallipoli Day was celebrated by the new 4th Battalion, The Royal Regiment of Fusiliers, two days later by a Beating the Retreat pageant that traced the history of the Lancashires.

Left: Brigadier Illing inspects the Lancashires.



SUTTON COLDFIELD

In a guard-changing ceremony the old guard of non-commissioned officers from each of the four regiments handed over to a new guard of recruits in their eighth week of training. General Sir Kenneth Darling, Colonel of The Royal Regiment of Fusiliers, read his Special Order of the Day and a loyal message to the Queen. The parade ended with an advance in review order and march past.

Above: Gen Sir K Darling watches guard changing.

BOGS TO BOOT

A CENTURY ago even middlebrows would have raised their eyebrows—cavalry on foot! And Lancashire men trekking the North York moors!

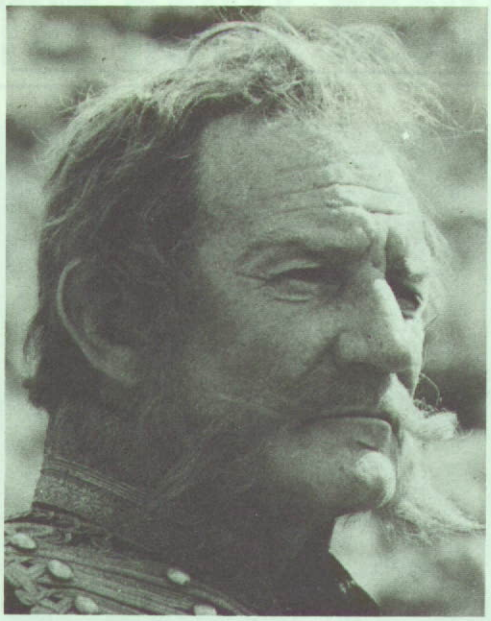
But this is what happened when A Squadron of the Duke of Lancaster's Own Yeomanry (Royal Tank Regiment) (Territorial) did the Lyke Wake Walk.

Eighteen men of the Squadron, accompanied by invited members of the Manchester Pedestrian Club, set off before dawn to cover the 40 miles. A heavy rain had fallen overnight and a strong wind whipped up in the early hours. The route—it passed Fylingdales Early Warning Station—took them up slopes of one in three, into soggy bogs and through fast-flowing streams.

"The Lyke Wake Walk is well known in walking circles as a fair test of endurance," explained one of the participants, Lieutenant D C Rodger. "The challenge is to walk from Osmotherley to Ravenscar, across all the highest ground in between, within 24 hours. A reasonable average time is 17 hours."

Major C R Greaves, commanding the Squadron, came in joint first with a member of the Manchester Pedestrian Club in 14 hours and 35 minutes. There were only five non-finishers.

Still many more miles to go as blisters are treated in a stream.



BROWNE, BRITTAIN AND THE BALACLAVA BUGLE

GUNNER John Barrett Browne is not the man to blow his own trumpet. But his family does have a military tradition that goes back at least seven generations. And his great-great-grandfather is claimed to have blown the bugle that sounded the Charge of the Light Brigade.

The bugle they say resounded in the Valley of Death in 1854 has re-echoed 114 years later. Gunner Browne, 21, saw it all re-lived at the Royal Première of "The Charge of The Light Brigade" in London, to which he was flown from Rhine Army at the invitation of the film company.

There, in the No 1 dismounted dress of the Royal Horse Artillery, he met the Duke of Edinburgh and "a few generals." "The Duke," said Gunner Browne, "asked me all about my great-great-grandfather and where I came from."

The legend of Trumpet-Major John Barrett Browne—the eldest son of the Browne family has always been christened John Barrett—has been handed down from father to son since that October day in 1854.

But the Balaclava bugle call is the subject of controversy and conjecture. The order that set off the Charge was given by Lord Cardigan, commander of the Light Brigade. He placed himself alone out in front of his men, raised his sword and commanded: "The Brigade will advance. Walk, march, trot." If there was a bugle call it seems most likely to have been sounded by Trumpeter William Brittain (he and Browne were both in the 17th Lancers) who was duty trumpeter to Lord Cardigan.

Brittain was severely wounded in the charge. His bugle—with a hole in the bell made by a Cossack lance—is in the possession of the 17th/21st Lancers. It was purchased at an auction in April 1964 by Laurence Harvey (star of the film "Room At The Top") and Ed Sullivan for £1600 and presented to the Regiment.

Bewhiskered Trevor Howard (top of page) as Lord Cardigan. He gave the order to advance on instructions from Lord Raglan (above) who is played by Sir John Gielgud.

Below: A flurry of hooves and a cloud of dust. The Light Brigade breaks into the charge down the Valley of Death. A scene from the film made on location in Turkey.

Gunner Browne (left) reads the story of the film-making in September's SOLDIER. The film bugler is seen below. Was the charge really blown?

"We believe that great-great-grandfather was field trumpeter of the day and as such sounded the charge," claims Gunner Browne. "But there is nothing written down and we can't be really sure."

Of one thing he can be certain—great-great-grandfather Browne did take part in the charge. More than two-thirds of the Noble Six Hundred (actually nearly 700) lost their lives.

But Trumpet-Major Browne did not die. He did not even fade away, but lived to a ripe old age of 84. Over many a proffered tankard of ale he was able to tell of one lance that grazed his shoulder, another that ripped away the tail of his jacket and a musket ball that tore off the heel of his boot and a spur.

The Browne military tradition goes back at least two generations beyond the gallant trumpet-major—an ancestor is recorded as having been born on the battlefield of Minden in 1759.

The family tree reads:—

Trumpet-Major John Barrett Browne—Balaclava 1854; Indian Mutiny 1857; died in Lichfield 1898.

Bandmaster Browne—Royal Dublin Fusiliers; died in India.

Artificer Browne—Royal Navy 22 years; "He broke the line," says his grandson; drowned in Portsmouth Harbour.

Craftsman Browne—Infantry, Royal Artillery and Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, World War Two; now works in estimator's office, Portsmouth.

Gunner Browne—Two years' service in 39 Missile Regiment; coincidentally stationed two miles from the 17th/21st Lancers in Sennelager, West Germany.

But there was a black sheep. Great-uncle Browne, in an unpublished autobiography handed down as a family heirloom, tells of being court-martialled for being drunk on a guard mounting and carrying forged discharge papers when off duty.

The family also has a heredity of musical talent (there are at least two bandmasters and another ancestor was a celebrated performer on the Kent Bugle—one of the first bugles with keys). "Not me, I'm afraid," Gunner Browne admits. "I did try to learn the harmonica but gave it up as a bad job."

Though deprived by its director of their traditional preview—a controversial decision which certainly added to the film's publicity—the critics almost unanimously acclaimed "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

SOLDIER largely agrees with the critics but has some reservations. There is always a problem in building up to a climax, in this case the charge, and here the director, Tony Richardson, offers as his solution virtually a series of cameos contrasting the lives of officers and men.

These scenes, brilliantly done and reminiscent of the director's "Tom Jones," are sharply critical of the day—the purchase of commissions and promotion, brutal floggings, the officers' ball and the squalor in which the men and families lived. But there seems little point at this distance in pin-pointing iniquities which have long been effaced.

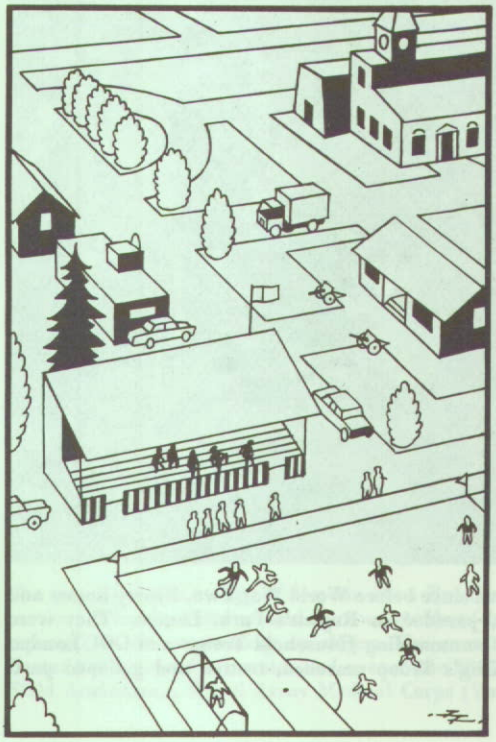
The orders leading to the charge and the personalities involved present a much more valid target for criticism and here lies the film's main point. Captain Nolan, who conveyed the order and who must carry some part of the blame, is made the hero of the piece as the forerunner of the professional soldier.

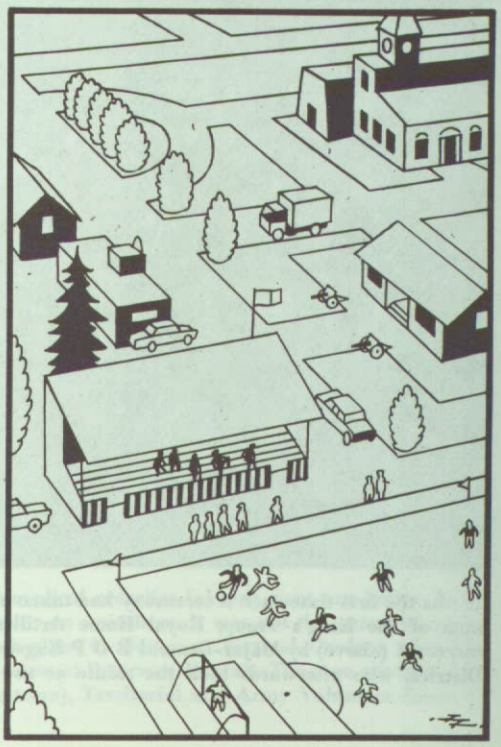
The acting is splendid, particularly Trevor Howard's portrait of Lord Cardigan, and the charge itself is magnificently filmed.

SOLDIER readers will all want, and ought, to see this film, after which they will enjoy re-reading last November's SOLDIER feature on the filming in Turkey of the charge and the assault on the heights of Alma.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

These two pictures look alike but they differ in ten details. Look at them carefully. If you cannot spot the difference see page 30.





General Sir Robert Mansergh, the Master Gunner, wished them luck at Horseshoe Barracks. The Royal Artillery's 36 and 37 Heavy Air Defence Regiments were amalgamated at a special ceremonial parade at the barracks in Shoeburyness. General Mansergh inspected (below) 450 officers and men of 10 (Assaye) Battery representing 37 Regiment and 111 (Dragon) Battery of 36 Regiment. These two batteries, with 260 Squadron, Royal Signals, and 36 Heavy Air Defence Regiment Workshop, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, will form the new regiment. It will be called 36 Heavy Air Defence Regiment, Royal Artillery, and have a complement of 800 all ranks. The two former regiments —both equipped with Thunderbird ground-to-air missiles—have had long associations. Lieutenant-Colonel J A Gallie, commanding 37 Regiment, used to be second-in-command of 36 Regiment. He now commands the new regiment.

A ram, goat, Irish wolfhound, pony and antelope are among the Army's regimental mascots. But B Company, 52nd Lowland Volunteers, Territorial Army Volunteer Reserve, prefer beauty to the beast. Their mascot is a lassie called Miss Camille Smith (right). She was selected by a panel of three judges at a publicity demonstration for the Company in Ayr. Also pictured (left to right) are Miss Pamela Buchan, runner-up; Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh Mackay, commanding officer, and Miss Mabeth Archibald, who took third place.

LEFT RIGHT AND CENTRE

The 11th Hussars decided to "Keep the Army in the Public Eye" by playing football. Normally a "KAPE" tour involves setting up open-air exhibitions in towns in the recruiting area. But the 11th Hussars thought they could achieve the goal better by playing football clubs in the south of England. The 11th Hussars, nicknamed the "Cherrypickers" because they became stained with juice in a cherry orchard in the Peninsular War, were wearing their distinctive cherry-red shirts. Four of the team are pictured below.

Lord Kitchener is still working for the Army! An echo of World War One recruiting posters is the leaflet below, distributed in the journals of the four regiments of The Yorkshire Brigade—The Price of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire, The Green Howards, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment and The York and Lancaster Regiment.

It is called a "Schellenbaum." This standard, carried by all the West German Army bands, derives from the German-Turkish Wars of the 17th century when the Turks used coloured horse tails to denote the ranks of commanders and bells for rallying their troops. King Frederick William I of Prussia incorporated them into one. Seven Army Band of the Bundeswehr, led by the Schellenbaum (below), took part in a parade at Rheindahlen on the farewell visit of General J A Graf von Kielmansegg. General Kielmansegg is replaced as NATO's Commander-in-Chief of Central Europe by General Juergen Bennecke.

It was the first time such a ceremony had taken place since before World War Two. Ninety horses and men of the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, paraded in Regent's Park, London. They were inspected (above) by Major-General B O P Eugster, commanding Household Troops and GOC London District, who afterwards took the salute as the King's Troop marched, trotted and galloped past.

An unexpected fall of snow did not prevent 2nd Battalion, The Queen's Regiment (Queen's Own Buffs), from exercising its right to march through the City of London with "drums beating, Colours flying and bayonets fixed." The privilege derives from a Royal Warrant of King Charles II in 1672 which authorised recruiting through the City by beat of drum. The Grenadier Guards, Coldstream Guards, The Royal Regiment of Fusiliers, Royal Marines and Honourable Artillery Company share the privilege. The Lord Mayor of London, Sir Gilbert Inglefield, bravely took the salute (above) bareheaded at the Mansion House as the Battalion marched past.

The usual thing is an egg-and-spoon race. But these medical orderlies (above) went one better. They carried an Easter Princess and her two maids-of-honour on stretchers. It was not the safest of seats, especially when scrambling up slopes. The race took place in Battersea Festival Gardens after the Easter Princess and her maids had opened the 1968 season at Battersea Funfair. The men are from 144 Field Ambulance, Royal Army Medical Corps (Volunteers), Territorial and Army Volunteer Reserve.

YOUR REGIMENT: 65

SCOTS GUARDS

THEIR COLOURS HAD 24 BULLET HOLES

Incredible courage and incompetent command. It was all epitomised at the Battle of the Alma: Scots Fusilier Guards—tight ranks of bright red coats and bearskins led by swirling Colours—marched majestically up a steep slope into the teeth of Russian sharpshooters and artillery.

The Russians were so sure their position was impregnable that they invited society ladies from Sebastopol who arrived with parasols and picnic lunch to add farce to tragedy.

The Scots Fusilier Guards, unsupported on both flanks, advanced as though on a parade ground into a hail of bullets, shrapnel, grape and round-shot. Their ranks were broken by retreating remnants of The Royal Welch Fusiliers. Someone shouted "Fusiliers retire!" (probably meaning the Royal Welch) but the Scots Fusilier Guards thought it was meant for them and turned back. The Colour party was left alone. War-whooping Russians made a rush for the Colours but the gallant guardsmen stood back to back, parrying bayonet thrusts. They held out just long enough for their comrades, realising the mistake, to return. Near disaster was dramatically turned into glorious victory. Reinforcements arrived and the Russians were routed.

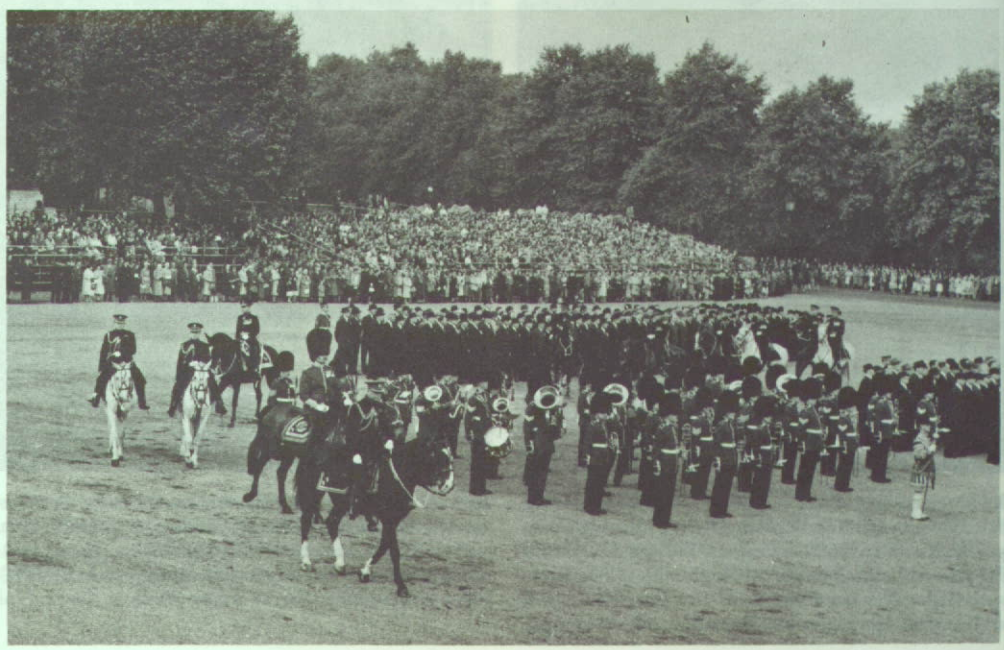
The Queen's Colour was later found to have 24 bullet holes. Three of the men who rallied to the Colours and a fourth, who helped re-form the ranks, were awarded the Victoria Cross. These, and two won in the same action by The Royal Welch Fusiliers, were the Army's first Victoria Crosses.

The Scots Fusilier Guards were raised in 1642 to defend Scottish settlers in Ulster against the rebellious Irish. King Charles I intended to direct operations with the Regiment as his royal guard. When he was beheaded in 1649, the Guards returned to Scotland. On arrival from France the following year, Charles II adopted the Regiment as his "Lyfe Guard of Foot." The Guards were on duty when he was crowned at Scone but Charles was crushed by Cromwell and the Scottish army ceased to exist. A decade later, after the Restoration, the Scottish Foot Guards were re-raised.

The Scottish guardsmen, who had faithfully supported Charles I and II of England, defended London against Bonnie Prince Charlie of Scotland and pursued him all the way to Carlisle.

The central point in the Battle of Water-

It was probably the most short-lived battalion in the British Army. The 5th (Ski) Battalion, Scots Guards, was formed on 5 February 1940 and disbanded on 8 March. The Battalion, nicknamed "The Snowballers," comprised volunteers from the Royal Navy, Royal Air Force and different corps and regiments of the Army—all wearing Scots Guard badges and uniform. They trained in secret at the alpine resort of Chamonix (a parade falls in outside their hotel above). It was all an idea of Winston Churchill. They were to help the Finns in their struggle against the Russian invaders. But it was too late. The Finnish Army was broken. A Soviet-Finnish Peace Treaty was signed on 12 March after the Russians had gained 50 miles of Finnish territory.



Above: Parrying bayonets and fired on at point-blank range, the Colour Party holds out on Alma Heights, 20 September 1854.

The Scots Guards' cap badge has the motto "Nobody provokes me with impunity."

Left: "Phantom Major" David Stirling and a desert raiding party. Below left: The Duke of Gloucester reviews the Scots Guards.

loo was Hougoumont, a farmhouse held for nine hours against 30,000 French by a single brigade of guards—the 1st Guards (later the Grenadiers), Coldstream and Scots. They physically closed the front gate against crushing hordes of French infantry. The Scots took and re-took the front hedge, with the Coldstream firing into the French flank. Soon after, the Duke of Wellington ordered a general advance which was to rout the French. He later wrote: "The success of the Battle of Waterloo turned on the closing of the gates of Hougoumont."

The Regiment, then the 3rd Guards, was nicknamed "The Kiddies" by its two seniors, the Grenadier and Coldstream Guards. In 1831 King William IV decreed they would be named The Scots Fusilier Guards, a title which was changed to Scots Guards in 1877.

Fire had an awful echo for the Scots Guards across a century. In 1809 many brave men who fell wounded at Talavera died in a holocaust started when smouldering cartridge wads set light to the long dry grass. In 1900, during the South African War, blazing veldt grass roared through the position where they were lying hidden from the Boer cannon at Biddulphsberg. This time many were dragged clear by their comrades and recovered in hospital.

In World War One, two battalions served on the Western Front from 1914 until the Armistice in 1918. The 1st Battalion was in the 1st Brigade of the 1st Division in the original British Expeditionary Force ("The Old Contemptibles") and took part in the desperate defensive battles in the first months of the war. The Regiment gained 30 battle honours including Ypres 1914 and 1917, Somme 1916 and 1918 and Cambrai 1916 and 1918. Five Victoria Crosses were won and 111 officers and 2730 men killed.

Rommel, Commander of the Afrika Korps, wrote of the "extraordinary bravery and toughness" of the Scots and their fellow Guards regiments in World War Two. The 2nd Battalion took a major part in the destruction of his armour at Medenine, and the G (Foot Guards) Patrol of the Long Range Desert Group—formed from Scots Guards and Coldstream Guards—harassed his columns and sabotaged his supply lines.

Activities in the same Lawrence of Arabia tradition were carried out by the 1st Special Air Service which was founded by "Phantom Major" David Stirling of the Scots Guards. His men—many of them Scots Guardsmen—destroyed 250 aircraft, blew up ammunition depots, mined roads, derailed trains, set fire to petrol dumps and killed many times their own number. But luck ran out for Major Stirling. He escaped capture by German gunners and fell into Arab hands. He offered a reward to return him to British lines. Rommel, who had been forced to divert troops to protect his rear against the "Phantom Major," wrote in his diary: "His bid must have been too small, for the Arabs, with their usual eye to business, offered him to us for eleven pounds of tea—a bargain which we soon clinched."

The 3rd Battalion, in Churchill tanks, rolled back the Germans from Normandy to the Elbe. Scots Guardsmen gained 41 battle honours in World War Two from the fjords of Norway to Italy's River Po.

Since then the Scots Guards have had two tours in Malaysia. In the early 1950s they lost six officers and eight other ranks in operations against the Communist guerillas, and in 1967 took part in confrontation with Indonesia. They have been in Egypt, Cyprus, Kenya and Germany.

Besides service overseas, the two present battalions have a share of ceremonial duties in London including Trooping the Colour and the Queen's Guard at Buckingham Palace. The Regiment has always had royal associations. History turned full circle in 1961. The Scots Guards were reviewed on Horse Guards Parade by the Duke of Gloucester in celebration of his 25th year as the 25th Colonel of the Regiment.

Opera-goers, impressed by the slow marching of the firing party in "Billy Budd" at Covent Garden, remarked admiringly: "They're just like the Guards." Not surprising. They were Guards. Queen Victoria once complained about the raggedness of a soldiers' chorus at the Royal Opera House and said her own guardsmen could do better. Ever since then guardsmen —mostly from the Scots Guards—have provided "extras," rehearsing and performing in their spare time. They not only play the part of soldiers (pictured above in a recent production of "Norma") but Egyptian slaves in "Aïda" and negro servants in "Turandot," handing round cardboard legs of mutton at the wedding breakfast and pouring coloured water into zinc goblets.

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LETTERS

Service record

I read with interest "The Devonshire and Dorset Regiment" ("Your Regiment," February) in which it was stated that Lance-Corporal Thomas Hooper, who enlisted in 1917, retired in 1964 with 47 years' service in the British Army.

The British Army record of service is held by Gunner Samuel Parsons, Royal Artillery, who served 68 years 216 days (1844-1912) without a break in his service.—**W R Townsend, (ex-cpl SLI), 75 Chapelhay Heights, Weymouth, Dorset.**

Disappearing regiments

After the further correspondence in SOLDIER, I feel I must again comment on the question of disappearing regiments.

As a serious student of military history, and having done much research into the evolution of units of the British Army, I am constantly amazed at the lack of knowledge of their ancestry in so many units, the more so because they are genuinely proud of it. This is the case especially in many T & AVR units, as was shown in the choice of titles and sub-titles last year. To many, history would seem to mean the last change but one.

Of the 64 regiments of infantry of the Line in existence at the end of World War Two, only 27 remained under their territorial designations, which had been in use since 1 July 1881. Under the present scheme of defence cuts, five more are to disband and a further five amalgamate. The creation of three more "large" regiments will mean that most of the titles under which two world wars were fought will have gone.

When, by the reforms which took place between 1873 and 1881, the regiments of foot lost their cherished numbers, there was a tremendous hue and cry. These numbers had been in use for just short of a hundred years but they were, to all who served, indicative of the rank of the regiment, and in the "shot-gun" mergers which took place at that time there was a great deal of heartbreak at the loss of these numbers, as the following quotation from a book published in 1878 shows:

"Since the year 1870 much has been seen, and more heard, about organisation and localisation, but we have also seen the regiments (which were the admiration of soldiers of every country in Europe), meddled and muddled with till they are only a wretched likeness of what they were.

"We have seen *esprit de corps* sapped to its foundations and "attempted to be destroyed" by the abolition of every regimental tradition, badge, and even button, that our civilian Army reformers could do away with."

The Army survived and lived to fight, and win, two world wars. However, it did win back the right to perpetuate traditions etc over the years and, of course, built up new ones.

I have not the space here to go into detail but if anyone is interested in corresponding on the matter I shall be pleased to hear from them.

Finally, I particularly regret the decision of the colonels of those regiments which are to disband. Amalgamations are never easy, but they do offer preservation and also can be made an incentive to recruiting in that a big splash can be made regarding the "new" regiment etc.—**K W S Goodson, 16 Almond Crescent, Swanpool, Lincoln.**

I read the letter from Mr P H Buss (February) with great interest and I agree that the loss of fine old regiments such as The Cameronians is deplorable, but the British Army has successfully weathered such storms before. Cardwell's Army Reforms of 1881 merged two such notable regiments as the 42nd and the 73rd to form The Black Watch, and in more recent times several famous regiments have amalgamated to form, for example, The Royal Anglian Regiment, The Queen's Regiment etc.

I am sure none will deny that these regiments, the results of amalgamations, have served and continue to serve in the same great manner as their illustrious forbears.

The present political and economic situation is such that the British Army has no other choice than to amalgamate or disband some of its famous regiments. Mr Buss's proposal that later-raised units, eg Irish and Welsh Guards, The Parachute Regiment etc, be disbanded, is not a fair solution.

The later-raised regiments have in their shorter existence managed to achieve distinctions and traditions every bit as proud as those of their older comrades. I believe a judicious amalgamation of old and new units to form large regiments could provide the British Army with units fit to face the changing patterns of modern warfare and with a chance of retaining what is best from the traditions of the old.

The present reorganisation of the Infantry of the Line is, in my opinion, incomplete and should be carried through to a logical conclusion so that, instead of the hotch-potch of single battalion regiments, large regiments, brigades and divisions there would be:

The Regiment of Foot Guards (8 battalions)
The Royal Scots (7 battalions)
The Queen's Fusiliers (11 battalions)
The King's Regiment (8 battalions)
The Prince of Wales's Regiment (9 battalions)
The Royal Light Infantry (6 battalions)
The Parachute Regiment (3 battalions)

This scheme would keep the "Divisional" framework and graft on to it old titles and traditions. Those I have suggested could, of course, be adapted to meet existing regiment's claims, with possibly subtitles for each battalion.

These new "extra large" regiments would be large enough to allow for economic expansion and contraction of individual battalions as circumstances demanded and at the same time small enough to give the individual soldier the feeling that he belonged to a "Regiment" rather than a meaningless "Division." It would enable him to wear a regimental cap badge and not a divisional cap badge, which I believe is at present under consideration.

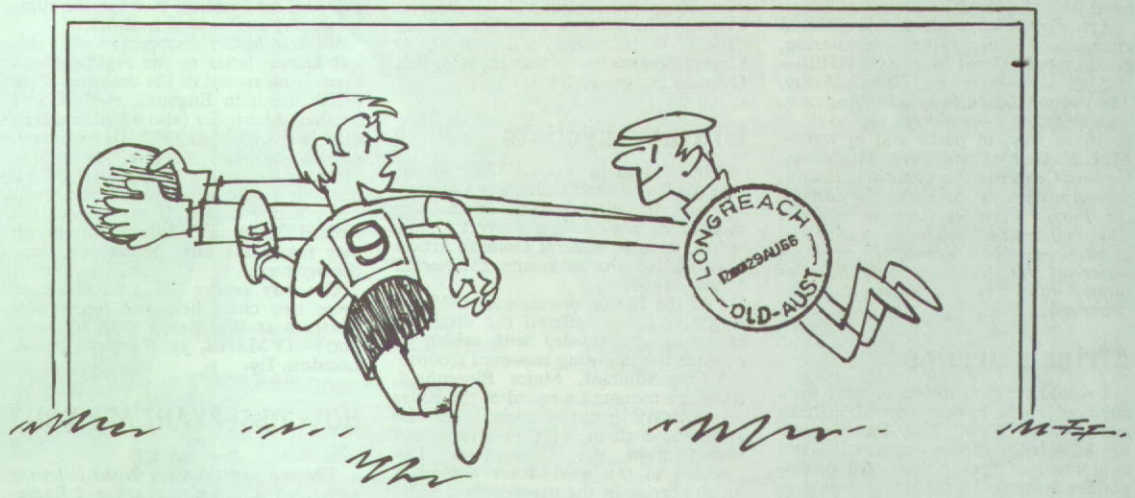
The reason I have emphasised the "Regiment" as the basic unit, rather than the "Brigade" or "Division", is that regimental *esprit-de-corps* has been built up over hundreds of years in the British Army and has served us so well in the past that I do not think we should abandon it too lightly.—**R A Hamilton, 142 Jubilee Drive, Kensington, Liverpool 7.**

New formation - old sign

Taurus the Bull, once the emblem of 2nd Army Group, Royal Artillery, and now approved by the Army Dress Committee for further use, is the formation sign to be painted on the guns and vehicles of the newly formed Air Defence Group, Royal Artillery.

Brigadier Harry Knutton, who commands the group, has his headquarters at Chester and the units are stationed in all parts of Britain.

22 Light Air Defence Regiment, at Tonfanau, Merionethshire, and 36 Heavy Air Defence Regiment at Shoeburyness, Essex, are the two Regular units of the formation.



PENSION COMMUTING

I have been selected for redundancy and have therefore started to take a keen interest in pensions, terminal grants and commutation of pensions.

I am shocked and dismayed to find that the regulations governing the commuting of one's pension are bound up in red tape of the most overbearing kind. It seems that £600 can be commuted without too much probing by the authority but greater amounts attract a full-scale inquiry.

This is ridiculous, if only from the point of view that £600 is pretty worthless nowadays. One of the more catchy slogans of recent years is "You are someone today in the Regular Army!" This is perfectly true—while serving.

But if I, or anyone else who has served in a responsible position for 15 years in the Regular Army, want say £5000-£9000 to buy a business or something, why can't I have it? On *my own* judgement let me fall or stand, but let me rely on my well-trained judgement to remain standing!

The regulations governing pensions must be reviewed and those which were applicable when puttees reached the knee must be thrown out.—**WO II J D Smethurst, 35 College Road, Blandford Camp, Dorset.**

★*Improvement in the commutation of pensions is currently being examined by the Ministry of Defence.*

Commandos

I was and still am 6ft 3in tall and in my prime weighed 16st. I captained my company's cricket, football, rugby and swimming teams and was unbeaten in regimental boxing. I was a patriotic soldier, keen as mustard, and although physically perfect was not accepted as a Commando (then Special Services).

Today, with the same attributes, or even fewer, I could no doubt become a Commando without really trying! To me the real Commandos disappeared when the Army disbanded theirs; the only ones worthy of them are perhaps the Special Air Service Regiment.

Galloping round an assault course, no matter how "tough," would never make an Army Commando or entitle one to wear a green beret.—**Fred Johnson, 5 Alexandra Road, Portsmouth, Hants.**

World War Two

I am researching the history of the drive across Germany towards the end of World War Two.

I particularly wish to establish the situation around Hanover and would be grateful to hear from any SOLDIER readers who took part in this city's capture or who were stationed there just afterwards, particularly members of the Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, Corps of Royal Military Police and Intelligence Corps.—**I F Bush, 13 Elmwood Avenue, Kenton, Harrow, Middlesex.**

Fighting Doves

As one who has been a faithful reader of SOLDIER since its inception in far-off 21 Army Group days, it afforded me great satisfaction to see the faces of my two brawny six-footers reproduced in Purely Personal (March).

For the record, Derek hopes eventu-

The following letter, from the Sergeant-Major of the United States Army, has been received by Academy Sergeant-Major Phillips, of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, whose predecessor, the late Mr John C Lord, was the first holder of the appointment of academy sergeant-major. The United States Sergeant-Major, also a fairly recent appointment, is his Army's senior enlisted soldier.

"Dear Sergeant Major:

I have just learned of the recent loss of Sergeant Major Lord, and wish to express my sadness in this time of sorrow. Although I did not know Sergeant Major Lord personally, I am aware of his professional and dedicated service to his country, and I know that his passing will be felt by all soldiers throughout the world.

Please pass my deepest sympathy to the members of his family.

Sincerely,
William O Wooldridge
Sergeant Major of the Army."

ally to gain a quartermaster's commission. With memories of my own quartermaster days as an officer i/c barracks during the run-down period of 1957-62 still agonisingly fresh in my mind, I have wished him well—he'll need it!

Actually I wouldn't for the world change any of my 35 years' soldiering, good or bad. Good luck, SOLDIER—and all soldiers in the British Army. The present difficulties are nothing new. The Regulars have always had to do it the hard way, in peace and in war.—**Maj F G L Dove, 318 Highbury Grove, Cosham, Portsmouth, Hants.**

★ *Apologies to the Doves for leaving the Purely Personal story in mid-air. The final sentence originally read: "His ambition—to be regimental sergeant-major of his battalion and, like his father, gain . . . a quartermaster's commission."*

African armies

I would very much like to hear from any reader who has served with African armies since World War Two or who has knowledge of the organisation and equipment of these forces. All correspondence will be most welcome.—**Richard M Bennett, 46 Reddenhill Road, Babbacombe, Torquay, Devonshire.**

Rats of Tobruk

On April 7 the "Rats of Tobruk Association" of Sydney, Australia, unveiled a memorial to all the men who served with the Australians during the siege. The ceremony was performed by the Governor of New South Wales, Sir Roden Cutler VC.

I served with 149 Anti-Tank Regiment, Royal Artillery, one of the regiments which fought alongside the Aussies in Tobruk. To me, after all these years, for men so far away to remember their comrades spread out all over the world, is a great thing. In spite of the state of the world today, the flame of comradeship still burns.—**Jack Watson, 22 Marmion Road, Hoylake, Wirral, Cheshire.**

Grenadier Guards

In the article "Made in Tangier" (February), it was stated that the Grenadier Guards took the title "Grenadier" at this time. This is not true. The Grenadier Guards were known simply as the First Regiment of Foot Guards until after the Battle of Waterloo in 1815, when they were granted the title First or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards and were also given the honour of wearing the bearskin for having defeated the French Imperial Guard—who were Grenadiers.

The Grenadier Guards had been in existence for 24 years before receiving the Battle Honour "Tangier" in 1680. The Regiment originated in Bruges, Flanders, in 1656 to accompany King Charles II back from exile.—**L/Sgt B Lusty, Grenadier Guards, HQ, 4th Guards Brigade, BFPO 17.**

Military cyclists

The statement (SOLDIER, April) that the Royal Staff College at Camberley saw the first parade of military cyclists in 1887 is not correct. The following is an excerpt from an article I wrote for the magazine *Defence* in March, 1938:

"At the Easter exercises in 1885 the Brighton Rifles suffered the disability of having no cavalry with which to counter the opposing mounted troops.

"The Adjutant, Major Bloomfield, therefore mounted a squad of the Rifles on ordinary (penny-farthing) bicycles and armed them with revolvers borrowed from the Coastguard. The mobility of this novel force proved of much service in the manoeuvres, and a memorial to the late Major Bloomfield in St Margaret's Church, Brighton (now demolished), records that he was the pioneer of Army cyclists."—**N Tacey, 10 St Ann's Court, Nizells' Avenue, Hove, Sussex.**

Bandmaster Miller

In 1940, while serving at Razmak in Waziristan with the 1st Queens (West Surreys), I first read about the famous William Miller of The Royal Green Jackets ("the best known Bandmaster in the British Army" as Lieut J Ord Hume described him in 1929). Since then I have gathered every scrap of information I could find about this rifleman who wrote the famous march "I'm Ninety-five" which, according to Sir John Fortescue, is one of "the two best known marches in the British Army" (the other being "The British Grenadiers").

William Miller, who served his regiment for 52 years (38 as Bandmaster), was not related to the well known George Millers, father and son, although he knew them both very well. He was a favourite of Queen Victoria and was on speaking terms with all the Royal family, receiving presents from many of them. For an ex-boy bugler of humble Irish stock to receive this recognition from Royalty and approbation from the aristocratic officer corps was no mean achievement in the mid-nineteenth century, when strict class distinction was the accepted way of life.

In July 1897, when in his 83rd year and living in Woolwich, he replied to a letter from the Colonel Commandant of 1st Battalion, The Rifle Brigade, expressing his inability to write his autobiography owing to ill health.

William Miller disappeared after this last known letter to the regiment and there is no record of the date and place of his death in England. His younger brother, Alexander (also a bandmaster), died in Scotland in 1892. Did William, old as he was, have a last-minute yearning to return to the land of his birth or to Scotland, where he spent many happy times? If so, perhaps the Record Offices in Dublin or Edinburgh may reveal the final details and solve the mystery.

Can any reader living in either of these two cities help the Regimental Museum at Winchester with information?—**D Marks, 39 Morpeth Road, London, E9.**

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(*see page 23*)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1 *Width of road at top.* 2 *Radiator of lorry.* 3 *Arch above chapel door.* 4 *Barrel of nearest gun.* 5 *Windows of car behind grandstand.* 6 *Centre line of soccer pitch.* 7 *Left arm of player with ball.* 8 *Flag on grandstand.* 9 *End window of building behind guns.* 10 *Top tree in bottom left corner.*

AS LIKE AS NOT

SOLDIER's January "How Observant Are You?" teaser (Competition 117) proved to be as popular and perplexing as its predecessors. A few entrants, presumably confirmed addicts of the monthly puzzle, stopped at ten variations but the majority plumped for 20. In fact there were 21.

The differences were: Boot of Italy, Horn of Africa, visor of left astronaut, cuff of right astronaut, E in United, bottom right square of capsule, distance of star from mountain, right foot of moon man, left ear of moon man, left eye of moon man, hair of moon woman, moon car under moon woman's right arm, moon car door, moon car windscreen, moon car hub cap, snake's mouth, snake's collar, snake's lead, moon bird's tail feathers, moon bird's right foot, lines on right mountain.

Prizewinners:

1 Mrs M Donovan, c/o L/Cpl Donovan, Comd Coy, 1 DERR, BFPO 29.

2 Master E Bower, 65 Grantchester Meadows, Cambridge.

3 Mrs Cable, The Parachute Sqn, Candahar Barracks, Tidworth, Hants.

4 L/Cpl D Henretty, 71 A/C Wksp REME, BFPO 41.

5 Mrs G M Bonfield, 36 Highclere Gardens, Wildewell Farm Estate, Raborough, Plymouth.

6 Cpl Dhurba Tamang, 2/10th PMO Gurkha Rifles, Minden Barracks, Penang, Malaysia.

7 L/Cpl C Still, 1 Pl, A Coy, 1st Royal Green Jackets, Lucknow Barracks, Tidworth, Hants.

8 Master Hugh Wilson, Cleeve House, Upavon, Pewsey, Wilts.

9 L/Cpl P Lowbridge, HQ Coy, 1st Bn, The Parachute Regiment, Bruneval Barracks, Aldershot, Hants.

10 Sigmn Hitchins, Y Troop, 260 Sig Sqn, Horseshoe Barracks, Shoeburyness, Essex.

11 Pte Poppitt (Corps of Drums) Support Coy, 1st Bn Staffords, Connaught Barracks, Dover, Kent.

12 John Belmore, c/o Col Irwin MC, Landep, HQ AFNE, Kolsas, Norway.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

(see also page 4)

W W Field, 12 Dolland House, Newburn Street, Kennington, London SE11.—*Requires 1914-1939 manuals of small arms, infantry training, Lewis gun, Vickers machine-gun, Royal Engineers field training, searchlight and sound locator to complete library. Postage refunded.*

S Birmingham, PO Box 142, Ryde, New South Wales 2112, Australia.—*Urgently requires good condition British Army cap badges. Write airmail with description and price.*

REUNIONS

The Dorset Regiment Association.—Annual reunion and dinner at the Barracks, Dorchester, 14 September. Details from Secretary, The Keep, Dorchester, Dorset.

Military Provost Staff Corps Association.—Reunion dinner 6 July at Berechurch Hall Camp, Colchester, Essex. Details from Secretary, MPSC Association, Berechurch Hall Camp.

Royal Pioneer Corps Association.—Corps weekend and annual general meeting, 14, 15 and 16 June at RPC Training Centre, Simpson Barracks, Wootton, Northampton. Details from Secretary, RPC Association, 51 St George's Drive, London SW1, or from Corps Secretary, Simpson Barracks.

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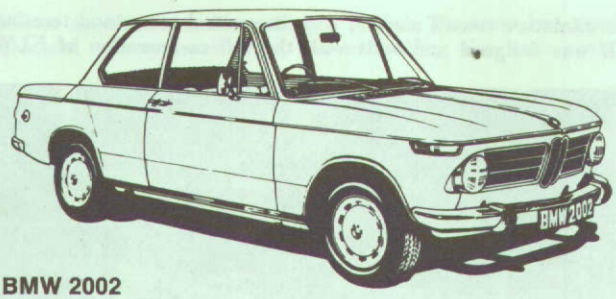

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BMW 1800 Auto	8.2	100.2	£1,749	**£998**
BMW 2000	8.1	105.0	£1,848	**£998**
BMW 2000 Auto	9.3	104.0	£1,998	**£1,098**
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S 3.

HIS MEMORIAL IS A TOWN

WHEN the Order of Knight of Military Willem, Holland's highest decoration for bravery, was awarded posthumously to Lieutenant G J L Maduro, it did more than honour the life of one gallant Dutch officer. From his death sprang a complete miniature town, unique in many respects, and now famous the world over.

George Maduro died in Dachau concentration camp in 1945. The town his heroism gave birth to lies close to The Hague and is called Madurodam.

Before the German invasion of the Netherlands in 1940 young George was a student at Leyden University, and it is to the late Mrs Boon van der Starp, who was a member of the Advisory Board of the Dutch Students Sanatorium, that Madurodam owes its inspiration. After the war she suggested that the tiny town be built as a living memorial to George Maduro and the profits devoted to the Sanatorium.

With capital provided by George's parents, and with many gifts from Dutch industry and trade, an imaginative project was launched. Leading Dutch architect Sjoera Bouma drew up the plans and in 1952 the town of Madurodam was officially opened by Crown Princess Beatrix, its first Burgomaster.

Nothing could have delighted the Dutch people more—and the world was stunned into admiration. Madurodam is the perfect little town with everything—and everything on a scale of 1/25th of the real size.

Conceived as a town of happiness, where one can see the world through the eyes of a child, it is no mere toy, and almost 70 per cent of its visitors are adults, who come from all over the world. Madurodam is constantly kept up-to-date. The latest additions are a fine model of the famous West Church in Amsterdam (where Princess Beatrix was married) and a model of the Anne Frank House—a tribute to a concentration camp victim.

Now boasting more than 2000 separate buildings, a busy airport, a bustling harbour, and nearly two-and-a-half miles of railway track, Madurodam is exquisitely planned and maintained in the finest detail. More than 12 million people have thronged to admire it in the last 15 years.

In Madurodam's five acres one can see all Holland in a nutshell and all this brave country's history and people in an hour's visit. Far from being just a collection of buildings, Madurodam is a thriving noisy Lilliputian community. Ships manoeuvre, cranes hoist and windmills turn. Dredgers work ceaselessly to prevent the harbour from silting up and cyclists throng the roads at rush-hours with trams, cars, and every type of road vehicle.

Nowhere is the spirit of Madurodam captured more excitedly than in the military pomp of the State Opening of Parliament performed daily in Madurodam (but only once yearly in the "real" Holland) by the Queen in the golden state coach with full mounted escort in the Inner Court of the Hall of Knights.

In fairy-tale surroundings of everblooming bulbs, there are pumping stations, bridges, churches, shops and factories; a university and water sports centre, warehouses, a lighthouse, modern flats and a mediaeval quarter; schools, a castle, and a magnificent pine forest given by Canadians, whose friendship with the Dutch people was firmly cemented by the wartime birth in Canada of the third of the four Dutch princesses.

Always humming with the ceaseless activity of any port 25 times its size, Madurodam's port is a miracle of engineering in miniature. Its lighthouse flashes in time with the real Scheveningen lighthouse, and a model of the Holland-America Line flagship Rotterdam lies at her mooring. Built to scale, like everything else, she is 30 feet long and nearly seven feet tall from water level to the top of her radar tower. Other star vessels of Holland's fleet line the wharves—the Koningin Wilhemina of the Zeeland Steamship Company, and the famous Zwarte Zee flagship of L Smit & Company's Internationale Sleepdienst of Rotterdam, the largest, fastest and most powerful ship of her type in the world. During 1968 the Royal Netherlands Navy will commission six anti-submarine warfare frigates, to be equipped with weapon-carrying helicopters.

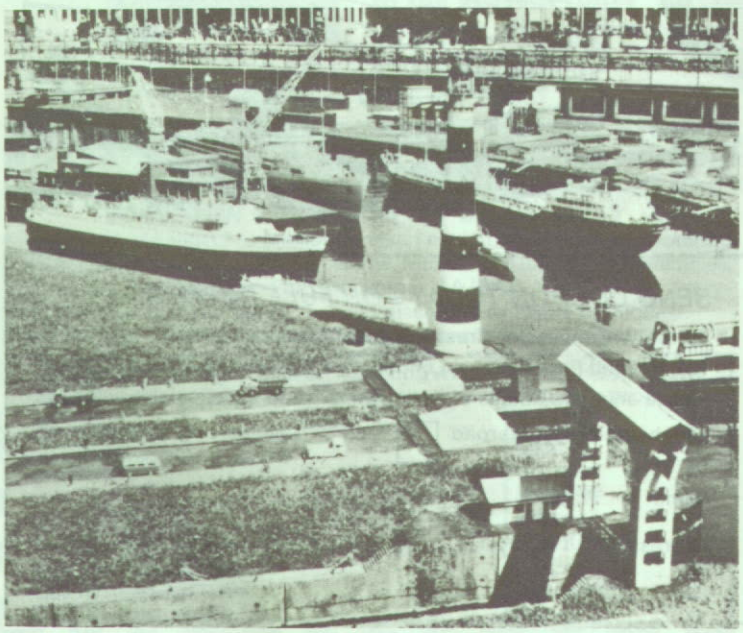
Opposite the massive co-operative sugar-refining factory and the complex of naval dockyards, with dry transverse slipways for ship repairing and a floating dock, lies the huge network of railway lines and marshalling yards leading to every corner of Madurodam. Beyond the railway lines is perhaps the most imaginative part of this midget city—Madurodam Airport.

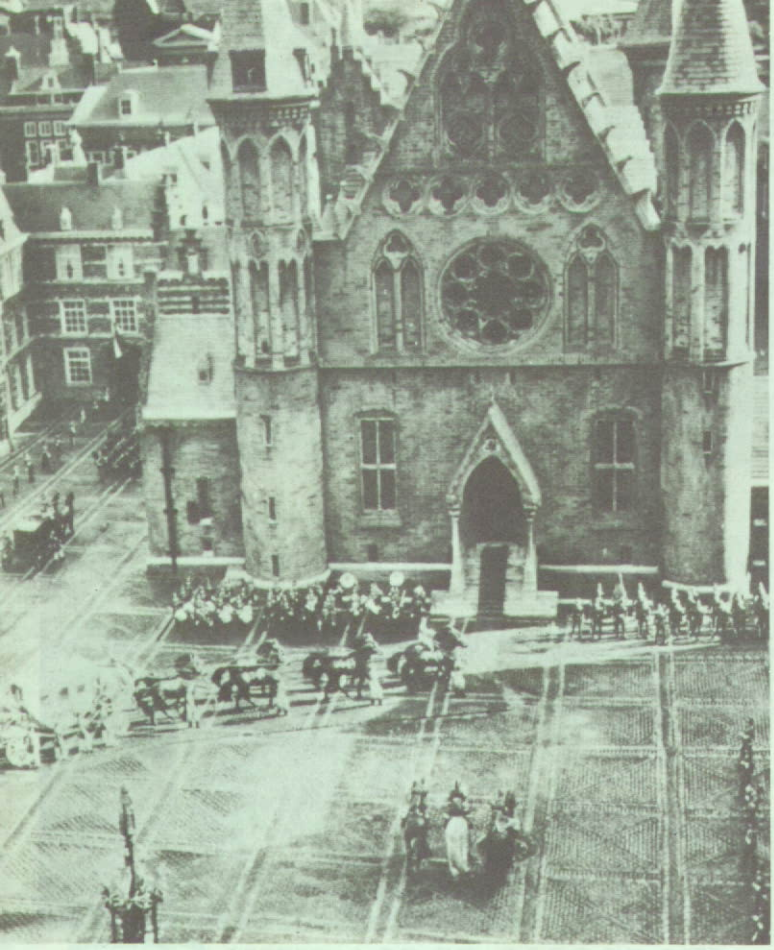
Designed and built with the full co-operation of KLM (Royal Dutch Airlines), it has long runways, two large hangars, beacons, tankers and a manned control tower. Planes constantly land and take off, and on the tarmac may be seen KLM's Douglas DC8 and DC9 and aircraft from Israel, Australia, Scandinavia, Belgium, Japan and Switzerland.

But one cannot forget Madurodam is a garrison town. Just inside the walls near

Top left: This memorial plaque is at the gateway to Madurodam. Below: A view of Madurodam's port, with its ships, lock, cranes and oil storage.

Below: The miniature town's airport, with its control tower and terminal buildings. It was designed and built with the full co-operation of KLM.





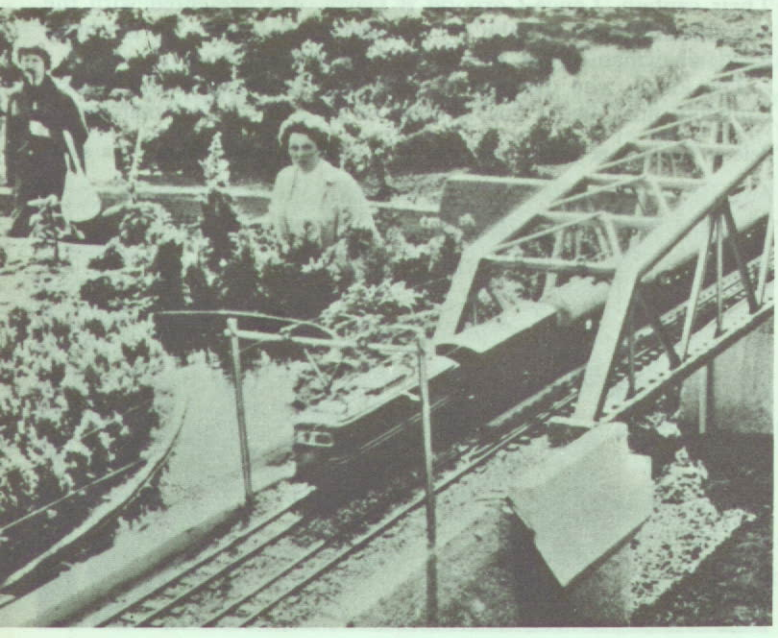
Above: The annual State Opening of Parliament—the Queen is arriving with mounted escort in the golden state coach—is enacted daily in Madurodam.

the broadcasting studios stand the George Maduro Military Barracks. The Hussars are accommodated in the tall barracks and crowds gather daily to see the complicated obstacle course.

On the left of the gateway to Madurodam there is a simple plaque bearing the likeness of the brave soldier in whose memory the small wonderland was created. The greater significance of Madurodam to the Dutch people and to the world lies in the inscription on the plaque: "In him the Netherlands honours its war heroes of the struggle from 1940 to 1945."

No soldier ever had a finer memorial.

Below: An electric train crossing a bridge. The town has nearly 2½ miles of model railway track built, like everything else, to a scale of 1/25th.



▲ **Red Devils drop from the heavens. The ball came by one parachute, a half-crown for the toss by another. A spectacular beginning to the Final.**

DROPPED BALL

THE Maoris relied on a war dance and the Chinese on firecrackers. First Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, gained its psychological advantage before going into action in the Army Soccer final by bringing the ball in by parachute.

Major Peter Kingston, commander of the Regiment's Red Devils Free-Fall Team, made a pin-point landing on the pitch at Aldershot clutching the ball in a canvas bag.

The Paras pressed home the point, scoring the only goal of the match after half an hour. Private John Tighe centred to Corporal Gordon Mickle whose shot was saved at full length by goalkeeper Corporal Ted Curtis, but Mickle cannonballed home the rebound. After that their opponents, Headquarters British Army of the Rhine, a team composed of a storeman and ten clerks, fought hard but were unable to break the Para defence.

So the 67th annual final ended with a 1-0 victory to the Paras. Their captain, Lance-Corporal B Daley, was presented with the magnificent silver trophy by Lieutenant-General Sir Anthony Read, chairman of the Army Football Association.

The Paras, who disposed of their 2nd Battalion in the United Kingdom final, had a goal average of 22-3 for the six matches.

Below: Goalkeeper Curtis braces himself to catch a long high Para shot.

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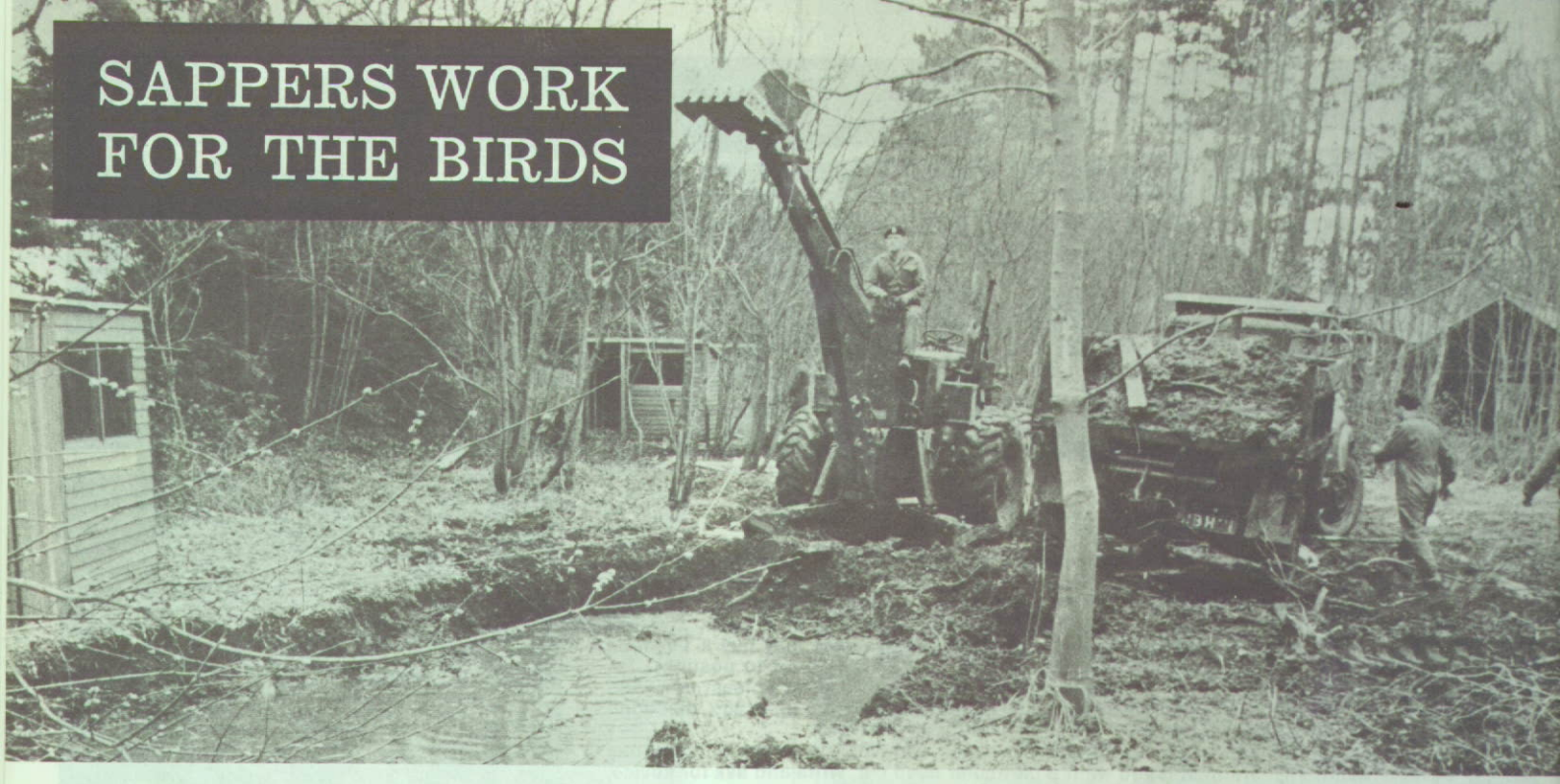
SAPPERS WORK FOR THE BIRDS



FOUR years ago Percy Anscombe was recovering in hospital from a third major heart attack. He knew he would never work again at his trade of slater and tiler and wondered how he would occupy his time.

Then he saw a sparrow with an injured wing on the ward window sill and began to think about injured birds and who looked after them.

It was a turning point in his life, and now, with the help of the Royal Engineers, his dream is coming true.

Percy spent the remaining six months in hospital in reading every book on birds he could find.

The next few months were tough. He and his wife sold their furniture piece by piece to pay for an increasing number of feathered patients, but when finally he sold the gold watch his wife had given him, the time had come to seek help.

By now his Birds Welfare and Protection Association had grown to become fully responsible for bird welfare throughout Sussex—since its formation in August 1965 it had treated and released more than 9000 wild birds as well as giving a permanent home to more than 100 disabled wildlings and unwanted pet birds.

Help came from other bird lovers but new premises were needed for the sanctuary and hospital. Mr Lionel McCardle, industrialist and bird lover, gave Mr Anscombe an acre of woodland on his large estate at Sheffield Park, Uckfield, and Mr Anscombe called on the Army to help in clearing and preparing the site.

Thirty-one sappers of 2 Troop, 60 Field Squadron, moved in from Maidstone to build aviaries, lay paths, fell trees and—the biggest task—reclaim a lake filled in by Canadian troops during World War Two, when the area was a hutted camp. The new lake will be fenced and covered in with netting to form a convalescent home for water birds.

The Royal Engineers agreed to carry out all the work, as an exercise, with no charge for labour.

Mr Anscombe hopes to see a hundred bird centres in every county. "Once there was a balance in nature. Today man has destroyed that balance with oil pollution, pesticides, cars and haphazard shooting. It could very well be that our children's children won't know what a wild bird looks or sounds like."

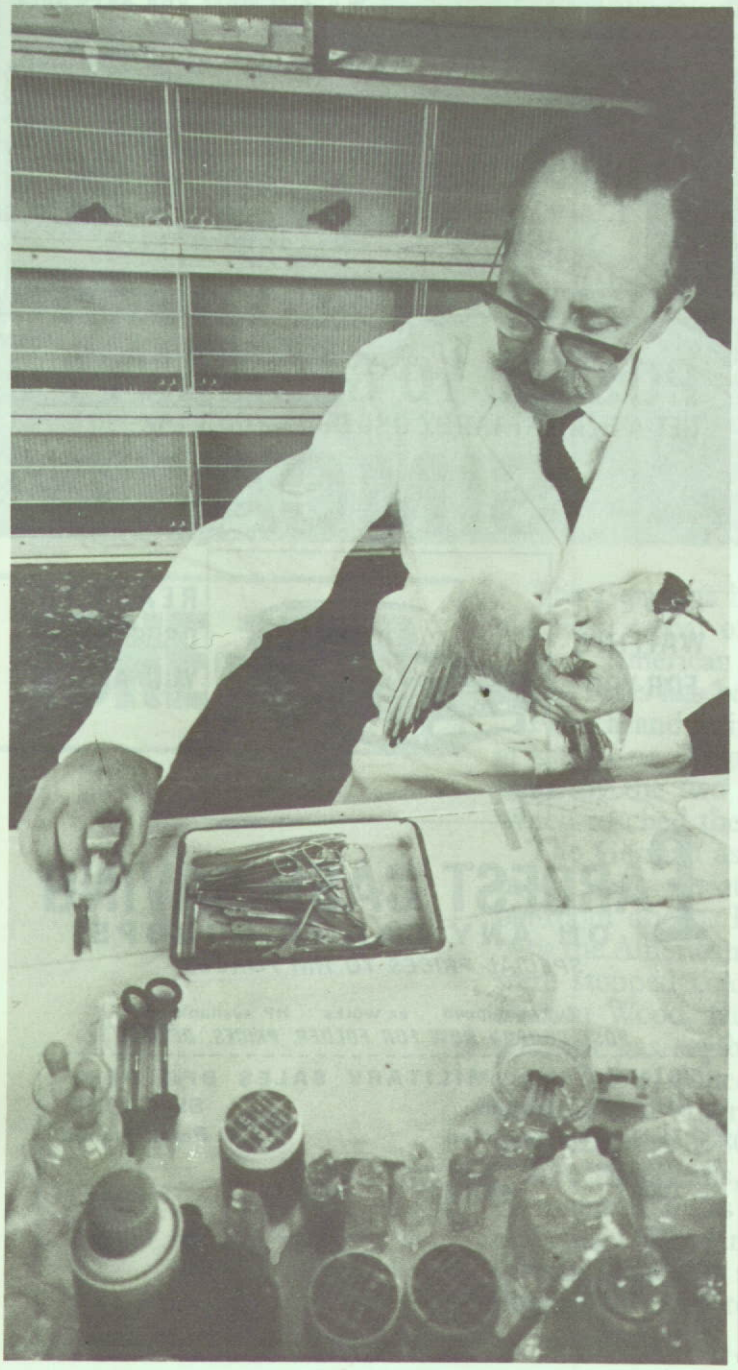
Top: Sappers and earth-moving plant start excavating the pond filled in during World War Two.

Bottom left: Laying paving stones—the Army provided free labour, treating the job as training.

Below: Mr Percy Anscombe introduces one of his patients, a Muscovy duck with an injured leg.

Top right: Sapper Ian Ross fixing wire netting on one of the aviaries at the bird sanctuary.

Right: Mr Percy Anscombe in his hospital treating a seagull which has suffered a broken wing.



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So strive for the finish
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And down one before they've stopped cheering!

Right, all those with National Savings Stand Easy!

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Right then, all those without National Savings . . . think about it.

Or write to
The Secretary, H.M. Forces Savings Committee, Block 'B' Government Buildings, London Road, Stanmore, Middlesex.

JUNE 1918

The Germans broke the Front and sped forward inexorably. It was an alarming repeat of 1914, when they had come within sight of the Eiffel Tower. American commander Pershing cabled home: "The possibility of losing Paris has become apparent."

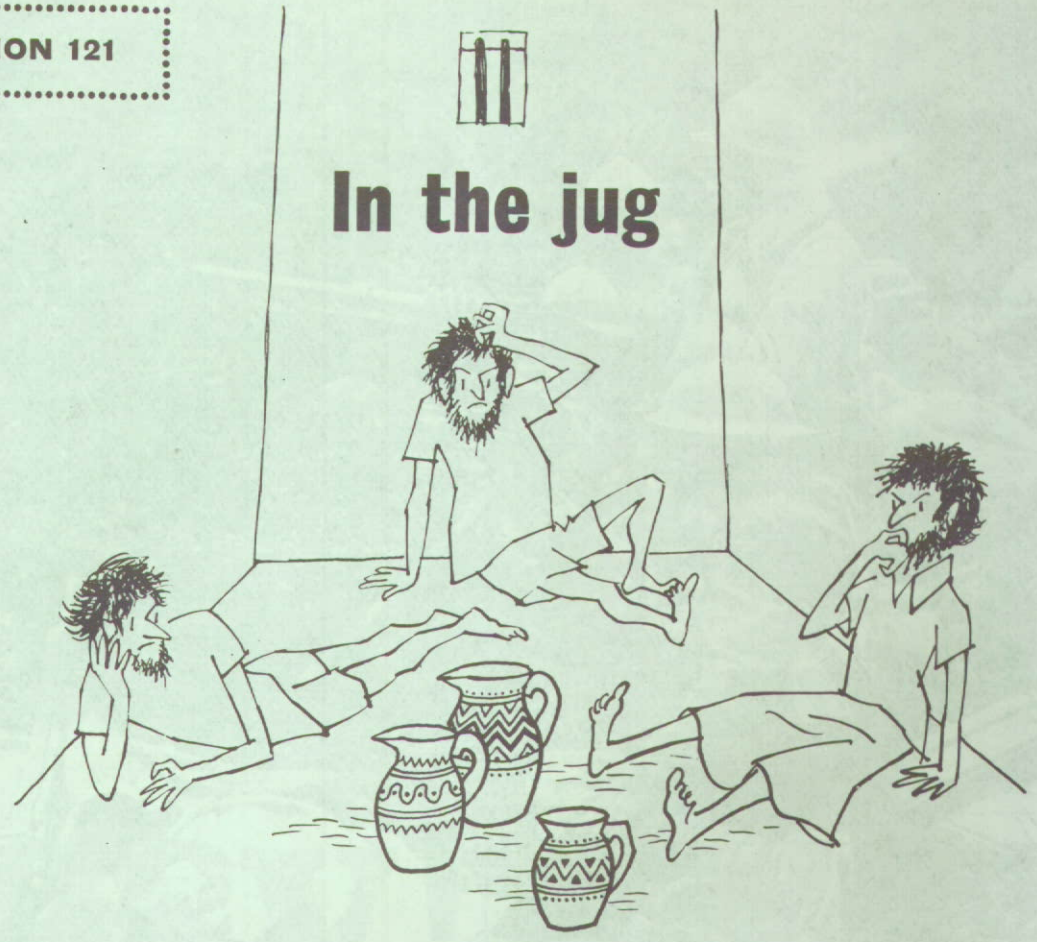
French and British troops (above) await an attack across an open field at the Aisne. This position was overrun on the first day. Stubborn resistance by the two Allies could not hold the overwhelming German force which reached the Marne—a distance of 30 miles—in five days.

The German assault began at the hilly Chemin des Dames and ended in an open wheatfield that swayed and rustled like the petticoats of a ballroom queen. It was here they had their first significant engagement with the Americans. The Germans, in hot pursuit of the retreating French, were stopped cold by US Marines. The Germans took up position in Belleau Wood, facing a quarter-mile long wheatfield. A wave of gallant marines was scythed down in the waist-high wheat by enemy machine-guns. Later, Allied artillery opened up and the marines took the wood. In this, and other local actions in June, the US 2nd Division lost 1811 dead and nearly 8000 wounded.

The Americans, who had feared the conquest of Paris, had halted the Germans 50 miles from her outskirts. More than that, the marines' actions at Belleau Wood marked the turn of the tide in the war. The impetuous Germans, already seriously over-extended, were to have one last desperate fling in July before being thrown back by the Allies.

COMPETITION 121

In the jug



It was one of those tiny, out-of-the-way sheikdoms where little seems to happen. Indeed, the last big event was the assassination of the sheik some 17 years ago.

He was a tough old character and he lingered on for many days while his three assassins mouldered in gaol awaiting execution. When he was told his three would-be killers had been caught, the sheik gave orders as to when they should be executed. The three should decide their own execution day, he decreed.

He ordered they be given one ten-pint jug full of grain, one empty seven-pint jug and one empty four-pint jug. They would be allowed to live just as long as they could contrive a different distribution of the grain in the three jugs every day.

They were allowed only one pouring a day (from one jug to another jug) and the distribution of grain in the jugs had to be in complete pints. No other vessels apart from the three jugs could be used. And the day after the final distribution they would die.

As it happened the sheik died on the very day when the three prisoners made their final distribution of grain, but since his successor was the instigator of the assassination, the three men were freed the following morning.

So, on their first day in gaol they started with all ten pints of grain in the ten-pint jug. How many days did the three men spend in gaol?

Send your answer (the number of days) by letter or on a postcard, with the "Competition 121" label from this page, and your name and address, to:

The Editor (Comp 121)
SOLDIER
433 Holloway Road
London N7.

This competition is open to all readers at home and overseas and closing date is Monday, 26 August. The answers and winners' names will appear in the October SOLDIER. More than one entry can be submitted but each must be accompanied by a "Competition 121" label. Winners will be drawn from correct answers.

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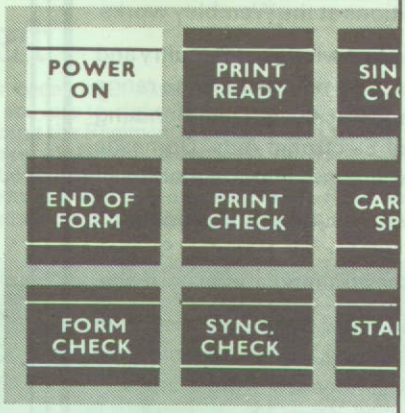
SERVICES JOBFINDER

Engineers



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NOTE: Applicants must be between 18-31, at least 5ft. 7in. and have a chest measurement of 37in. with 2in. expansion.

Purely Personal

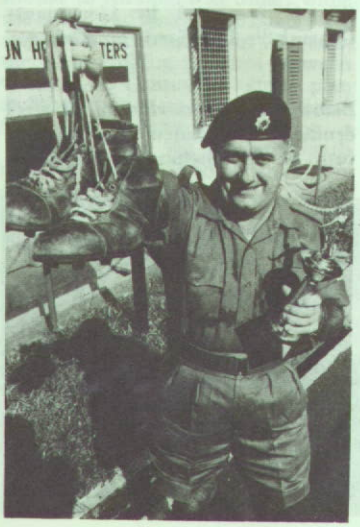
DOUBLE DUET

Two pairs of twins intent on becoming military musicians enlisted at Derby on the same day. They are left to right: **John** and **Alec Lee** of Milford, Derbyshire, who are joining the Regimental Band of the Grenadier Guards, and **Andrew** and **James McBirdie Korpalski** of Burton-on-Trent, Staffordshire, who are to become junior drummers with The Mercian Brigade. All are 15. They are pictured with **Major-General R Gordon-Finlayson,** General Officer Commanding East Midland District.

DISCO-TECHNICIAN

Cyprus radio is all Greek to British troops. But now they have their own programme, compèred by **Staff-Sergeant Dennis Sherwood** (above). Staff Sherwood is in the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers attached to the United Nations Force. Soon after arriving for his six months' tour, he persuaded Cyprus Broadcasting Corporation to let him run a half-hour programme for British troops on Friday evenings. His programme of record requests may eventually be extended into a two-way link-up with the United Kingdom. Staff Sherwood has previously broadcast in Rhine Army and Aden. He is also interested in amateur dramatics and makes tape recordings of text books for blind students. When he was at home with his family in Bordon, Hampshire, he instructed at evening classes in acting and was producer of the garrison drama club.

KEEPING IN TOUCH



He has kicked around the world from Ireland to Singapore. But now **Sergeant Frank Connery,** who began playing rugby 45 years ago, has hung up his boots. Sergeant Connery, 53 and a native of Limerick, is in 10 Port Squadron, Royal Corps of Transport, at Tanjong Berlayer, Singapore. To mark his retirement from army rugby he was presented with a gold statuette by his officer commanding, Major Frank Arnold, in front of the whole squadron. Ten years ago in Cyprus he was warned by doctors that he might never play again after dislocating his shoulder three times in one match. In his last game for the Royal Corps of Transport in Singapore he scored the first try. But Sergeant Connery will still keep in touch. "When I return to the United Kingdom later in the year I hope to coach the team of my new unit."

WITH IT

WITHOUT THE WHISKERS

THE only difference from the normal pop scene was that the players were clean cut, close cropped and wearing white shirts with bow ties, smart sweaters or neat suits.

"They are after all soldiers first and foremost," pointed out an Army officer, "even if their hair length might not have satisfied pre-war Army standards."

Nevertheless, the Army Music Group Competition finals attracted talent scouts from Denmark Street (London's pop music mecca), national Press critics and a gaggle of mini-skirted pop fans.

The finals, organised by the British Forces Broadcasting Service, were held in a recording studio in Regent Street. Chairman of the judges was disc jockey Pete Murray and Radio One compére Keith Skues introduced the groups.

The winners—with the improbable name of Putney Tricycle Company Works Band—were from 3rd Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery; Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers; 4 Armoured Workshop, and The Royal Dragoons in Rhine Army.

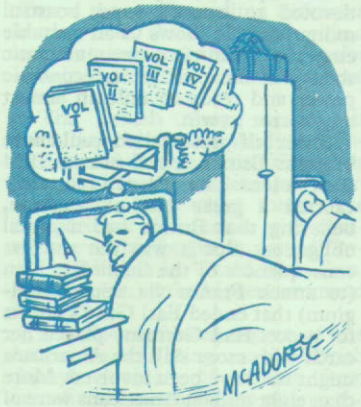
A popular group was the Diehards Steel Band of 4th Battalion, The Queen's Regiment, who beat up "The Legend of Xanadu" and Brahms' "Waltz in A Flat." An off-beat act was provided by The 'Olland Patches of 1st Battalion, The Staffordshire Regiment, whose lead singer—in wig, blouse, and short skirt over jeans and elastic-sided shoes—did a send up of "Judy in the Sky."

Above: The winners, Putney Tricycle Company Works Band, with a sister, girl friend and their silver cup.

Left: The Army Benevolent Fund Cup is presented by Lieutenant-General Sir Ian Harris amid cheers.

Below: Caribbean rhythm of steel drums and castanets. The popular turn of the Diehards Steel Band.

BOOKS

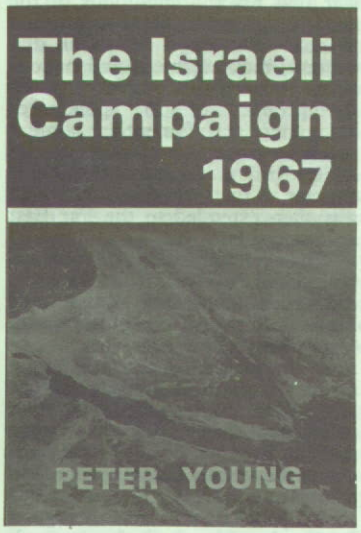


AS IN 1939-1945

"The Israeli Campaign 1967" (Peter Young)

Last June's six-day Israeli *blitzkrieg*, Sir Basil Liddell Hart has remarked, contradicted the experience of history that armies learn only from defeat, not victory. Brigadier Young, in this shrewd military appraisal of the third act of the Palestine war, notes that following General Dayan's brilliant thrust across the Sinai desert in 1956 the Egyptians made a serious study of that campaign and especially of the operation orders which the then Israeli chief of staff included in his subsequent book.

"The Egyptian dispositions of May 1967," he adds, "were skilfully designed to cover against precisely the plan of attack there detailed. Since, despite first appearances, the Israelis did *not* try to make history repeat itself, the plan of 1956, which General Dayan had so conveniently handed to General Mortagi's staff on a plate, served as a deception plan."



Brigadier Young has first-hand knowledge of the disputed territory and its problems. From 1953 to 1956 he commanded one of Glubb Pasha's Arab Legion regiments; in the autumn of 1966 he went on a fact-finding tour of the Israeli military situation; and he is personally acquainted with leaders of both sides. He writes an authoritative account which includes a succinct review of the Zionist movement.

He considers the June 1967 fighting was very much a campaign of World War Two. The posture adopted in the Western Desert in 1940 by Marshal Graziani and the fate of his army were not so dissimilar to Mortagi's in Sinai; while the range and speed of armour have improved considerably in 27 years, there are striking parallels between General O'Connor's battle plan and the breaking up of the Egyptians' fortified El Arisha-Rafa position.

There is also the similarity with the German campaigns of the 1939-41 period, the destruction of the defender's air force being followed up by relentless armoured thrusts. And the Syrian Army was distinctly "Maginot-minded."

In his summing-up Brigadier Young makes one point which deserves particular attention: "The Israeli Army, though technologically abreast of the age, also knew how to make do with a considerable range of antiques—notably the Sherman tank. There are other armies which might do worse than follow their example. One should strive for the best but still make use of whatever is available . . . The British Army does not always do this . . . The Israelis in their 1937 pattern web equipment kept their 1967 pattern wits about them."

William Kimber, 42s **EPL**

DICTATOR OF JAPAN

"Tojo: The Last Banzai" (Courtney Browne)

History holds three men primarily responsible for World War Two—Hitler, Mussolini and General Hideki Tojo. Of this infamous trio, only Tojo fell into Allied hands on the day of reckoning. In this highly interesting book, Mr Browne traces the road which led Hideki Tojo to a felon's death in Sugamo Prison on 23 December 1948.

Tojo was the son of a career soldier who fought in the Sino-Japanese War of 1894, the war which ended with the triple intervention of Germany, France and Russia and started Japan's distrust of the West.

The Russo-Japanese War of 1904-1905, in which both Tojo and his father took part, ended when America mediated at the request of Japan, but the Japanese masses—and Tojo—thought they had been cheated yet again by the West.

In 1919 Tojo was sent as military attaché to Germany. A vanquished nation standing up to hardship and suffering appealed to this man brought up in the frugality of the *samurai* tradition. And the Prussian military caste was still intact and worthy of study. So was born Tojo's admiration of the Germans. Tragically for the world, Tojo travelled home in 1922 via the United States. "He observed a country, in contrast with Germany, rich and apparently untouched by war."

Tojo came to the conclusion that though the Americans might be strong materially, they lacked the spiritual strength of the Japanese. To him America was an unwanted arbitrator and intruder into Asiatic affairs. Russia, however, was his first and last enemy. But war came instead with China, sparked off without the Japanese Government's knowledge by the officers of the Kwangtung army in Manchuria.

Tojo was chief of staff of that army in 1937. Three years later he was nominated by the army as war minister. He firmly believed that Japan must dominate the Far East; he made it impossible for Konoye, the Premier, to continue negotiations with America, and when Konoye resigned, Tojo was chosen to lead Japan into war. Holding key posts in the government, police and judiciary, he became dictator.

Mr Browne presents a penetrating study which fills a void in the gallery of infamy, and deserves a wide readership.

Angus & Robertson, 30s **JCW**

FOUR CENTURIES OF HISTORY

"Final Records of The Buffs" (Gregory Blaxland)

This, the sixth and last volume of this famous Regiment's history, covers the years 1948-1967 and concludes a tale which began nearly 400 years ago. It starts with The Buffs in Hong Kong when the Chinese Nationalists and Communists were involved in a bloody civil war to control the mainland.

In 1950 they arrived at Port Sudan in that veteran troopship Lancashire; many will recall their horror to find that the Blue Nile, like the Danube, is not quite so colourful as the name suggests. After a short spell in London it was Egypt and Port Said. December 1951 brought some pretty hot action along the Maghrabi Canal against Egyptian irregulars.

Not long after, in 1953, came the Kenya Emergency. The Buffs trudged through the dense bush of the Aberdare Mountains tracking down the vicious Mau Mau killers who had carried out the Lari massacre. These were exciting days of avoiding rhino charges on patrol, of the mortar platoon being forced by a bull elephant to abandon a mobile bath unit in something less than regulation attire. There was a score of almost 300 kills, one a Mau Mau general to the bayonet of Sergeant Newman.

Germany was next—Wuppertal from 1955 to 1957. The Buffs kept fighting fit by training on the heathlands of Sennelager. It was as well they did for soon they were in Aden.

The final phase is rather sad—the freedom of Ramsgate followed in September 1960 by the final recruits' passing-out parade. Then The Buffs merged with the Queen's Own to form The Queen's Own Buffs and later, in April 1967, merged into The Queen's Regiment.

The long tale ended but, as their Colonel-in-Chief, King Frederick IX of Denmark, rightly remarked, The Buffs "were leaving their traditions as legacy to others."

A well-written little volume with some fine photographs.

The Queen's Own Buffs Office, Leros T & AVR Centre, Sturry Road, Canterbury, Kent, 35s (including UK postage) **AWH**

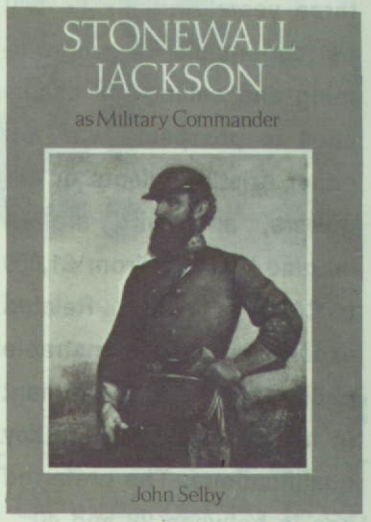
"AMERICAN NAPOLEON"

"Stonewall Jackson" (John Selby)

Take a motley collection of farmers, blacksmiths, clerks and college students, let them wear any kind of clothing and headgear, give each man a rifle, blanket and small haversack—will they make decent fighting men? Well, in 30 days they marched 400 miles, fought five battles, defeated four armies, captured 20 guns and 4000 prisoners—all for fewer than 1000 casualties! They were led by General Thomas Jackson of the Confederate Army.

Unlike his contemporaries, Grant, McClellan, A P Hill and Longstreet, this strange man was slow to learn, aloof and gruff, so much so that he passed out from West Point Military Academy only by virtue of sheer willpower. As professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Artillery Tactics at the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, he was something of a comic figure—he never smoked, drank, gambled nor danced, but firmly believed in cold baths and early morning prayers. He was a hypochondriac, cantankerous by nature and given to litigation against any poor soul who crossed his path.

The American Civil War turned a pathetic teacher into the "American Napoleon." Jackson was still as tactiturn and religious as ever, but his maxim of scout, flank and pursue was the key for success at Manassas,



Sharpsburg and Fredericksburg. His men loved him and never missed an opportunity to cheer his appearance at the front and he deliberately encouraged the famous "rebel yell" for its psychological effect.

Yet he was hard on them—deserters and stragglers were shot, discipline was severe and even the most senior officers were liable for court-martial. The unfortunate death at Chancellorsville in 1863 of this brilliant strategist with the iron will marked the end of the Confederacy's hopes of victory.

This scholarly volume is complete with first-rate maps, plates, sketches and comprehensive bibliography.

Batsford, 63s **AWH**

WHO STARTED IT?

"Great Britain and the War of 1914-1918" (Sir Llewellyn Woodward)

To write a history of Britain's part in World War One is a monumental task and Sir Llewellyn Woodward's study, almost 600 pages, is by his own admission "a short account."

To readers today the most important question is—who started the war? While some modern writers have stressed the squabble over

markets or the political selfishness of all the nations at that time, Woodward regards Germany as mainly, but not solely, to blame. He describes the collective arrogance of the German people, eager for war and devoted to a crude and boastful militarism. He shows us an unstable emperor leading an autocratic society at the peak of its economic power and ready to unleash almost any horror to win.

Sheer self-preservation would have brought Britain in, if not in 1914 then later. The French certainly exerted a great deal of pressure, believing that Britain had a moral obligation. But it was the ruthless consequences of the Schlieffen Plan (to attack France via neutral Belgium) that ended Earl Gray's efforts for peace. Had Germany played her cards with more skill the Americans might not have been involved. More than eight million Americans were of German descent and like several million Irish-Americans hoped that Germany would win.

Although in retrospect it seems the war could have been ended by a compromise peace, this is a misreading of the mood of the peoples involved. Because of casualties and suffering they were determined to win. This caused President Wilson's compromise suggestions to be rejected.

The war itself is too well-known to need description but there are many sectors which Woodward describes so well—the extension of the power of the State, the battle for food production and the tremendous cost of it all. It ruined Britain as a great power and almost destroyed European culture and civilisation.

This worthwhile volume has a collection of useful maps and a most fascinating outline of the author's philosophy of life in his introduction.

Methuen, 84*s* **A W H**

FROM 1750 TO 1918

"*The Gunners of Canada*" (*Colonel G W L Nicholson*)

This first colume of the history of Canadian gunners starts with the primitive cannon deployed by early French settlers in 1534 against marauding Indians and ends with the Dominion's contribution to World War One.

The first artillery unit to be formed in Canada was a French one, in 1750, and French gunners were to offer the British some doughty opposition. A Captain Pierre Pouchot anticipated the Mohne Dam bombs by siting his guns on the bank of the St Lawrence so that their round shot would ricochet up to 11 times on the water. He caused the British to abandon a landing.

In British colonial days Canada was a great stamping ground for British gunners. The colonists' contribution came in the form of militia batteries. One of them, the Loyal Company of Artillery, formed under the pressure of war with France in 1793, is today proudly the third oldest artillery unit in the British Commonwealth, after the Honourable Artillery Company and the Royal Artillery.

With mothering from the Royal Artillery, the militia batteries served Canada well in the campaigns against the United States. With Confederation, Canada had to shoulder more of the burden of defence and the British Army began to withdraw. Militia was to replace the Regulars but it was decided that two Regular batteries would be formed to take over the fortifications at Kingston and Quebec and act as schools for militia gunners. These two batteries were the nucleus of Canada's permanent force and are today part of the 1st Royal Canadian Horse Artillery.

Twenty years later Canadian gunners adopted a badge similar to that of the Royal Artillery, but without the word Ubique. That had to wait until the young corps had proved itself in South Africa and World War One.

This is a well-written history, notable especially for some fascinating detail of the early militia and the campaigns in Canada.

McClelland & Stewart, $12.50 **R L E**

TEXTBOOK FOR STAFF COLLEGES

"*Strategy: The Indirect Approach*" (*Captain Sir Basil Liddell Hart*)

In a new chapter in this latest edition of a work which has become a staff colleges textbook the world over, Captain Liddell Hart emphasises that the widespread development of guerilla warfare during the past 20 years—"the only kind of war that fits the conditions of the modern age, while being well suited to take advantage of social discontent, racial ferment and nationalistic fervour"—is to a large extent the product of the policy of instigating and fomenting popular revolt in enemy-occupied countries which Britian adopted in 1940 as a counter to the Germans, and which was then extended to the Far East against the Japanese.

Whatever immediate efficacy this policy had in World War Two, its dangerous long-term effects have been felt in many parts of the world. Undoubtedly the back-area operations imposed a considerable strain on the Germans in Western Europe and proved a serious menace to their communications in Eastern Europe and the Balkans, but Sir Basil considers they rarely became more than a nuisance unless they coincided with a powerful offensive by regular forces that absorbed the enemy's main attention.

Moreover, the resistance movement attracted many "bad hats" and had a wider amoral effect on the younger generation—"it taught them to defy authority and break the rules of civic morality . . . and left a disrespect for 'law and order' that inevitably continued after the invaders had gone." It subsequently provided a stimulus to anti-Western movements in Asia and Africa and undermined the stability of France.

Sir Basil discerns precedents—the Spanish guerilla bands' success in the Peninsular War was followed by a long succession of armed revolutions, while the *francs-tireurs* created in France to harass the Prussians of 1870 developed into an agency of the fratricidal Commune insurrection which caused more damage to Paris than any war.

Faber & Faber, 45*s* **E P L**

BRITAIN'S VOLUNTEERS

"*The Defenders*" (*Geoffrey Cousins*)

Mr Cousins fills a conspicuous gap on military bookshelves with this up-to-date, comprehensive and well-written history of the volunteers who have flocked to Britain's defence in time of need, from Boadicea and her Iceni to the Territorial & Army Volunteer Reserve.

The proud aspect of this story is the spontaneous eagerness which men have shown to rush to the defence of their homeland. This Mr Cousins attributes to the spirit of

freedom which kept Britain free from a standing army for centuries or suffered one to exist only under the control of an elected and responsible government.

The more cautionary side is the changing conditions for the employment of volunteers. Before the Norman Conquest it was simple for a man to drop his work in the fields, grab whatever arm was to hand and go to war in defence of his home. By the Napoleonic wars, weapons were more expensive and complicated, fighting men needed training, and already indiscriminate large-scale recruiting could disrupt the country's complex industrial and commercial machine.

Mr Cousins finds the present trend in volunteer reserve organisation dispiriting, but says it would be a confession of despair to imagine that the modern concept of war has killed the volunteer spirit. The only change has been in the technical approach to war; when only four minutes separates peaceful co-existence from destruction there can be little scope for do-it-yourself heroism and altruism.

He says nothing about what happens if warring nations are too fearful of nuclear weapons to use them or, supposing them to have been used, who would pick up the pieces afterwards. These, surely, are the conditions for which modern volunteers should be prepared.

But the future is beyond the author's brief and it is on the past that he is strong. Traditionally, volunteers have been organised on a county basis, frequently as highly unofficial bodies. Many made great sacrifices to serve and risked life and limb knowing that if they should lose either there was no provision for them or their dependants.

For generations, voluntary part-time soldiers existed at home, ready for invasions that never came. In the South African War, for the first time, they went overseas and gave an earnest of the great service they were to render in two world wars.

Frederick Muller, 35*s* **R L E**

JUNIOR PARTNER TO LEADING ROLE

"*Armistice* 1918" (*C N Barclay*)

The British Army, which had started World War One as very much the junior partner on the Western Front (about one-tenth as strong as the French) was playing the leading rôle at the end. This is one of the little-appreciated facts brought out by Brigadier Barclay in this interesting study of the last Allied counter-offensive and events leading to the Armistice.

The French played a fine part in these weeks, but had not fully recovered from the 1917 mutinies. For newly blooded troops, the Americans too did well, but their principal value was the effect on German morale of their potential—the tens of thousands of troops who never crossed the Atlantic. A limited Franco-American offensive drew 27 German reserve divisions from Haig's operations.

The author does not place Haig among the Great Captains but shows that he, more than any other man, pointed the way to victory in 1918 instead of 1919. His judgement was at fault when he sought to break through the German lines. It was Foch's strategy of wearing down the Germans by a series of hammer-blows, each halted as soon as enemy resistance hardened, which made the Germans seek an armistice.

In defending Haig and his fellow British commanders, the author points out that human ingenuity then was greater in the defence than in the attack. It was a remarkable feat of arms when, in August 1918, after a series of gruelling defensive battles, the British turned round and in three months played the major rôle in dealing the enemy a mortal blow.

The British troops never lost faith in their commanders; discipline and morale never faltered as they did in other armies. Only later, and particularly when there were comparisons to be made with commanders who fought in very different conditions in World War Two, did criticism of the higher command begin.

A little-considered aspect of the last weeks of fighting was the British Army's problem of turning from trench to open warfare to pursue the enemy. Junior commanders, without any training in mobile warfare, suffered from bad weather, damaged roads and bridges and inadequate field communications. Yet the troops were well fed and the wounded and sick well tended.

Dent, 30*s* **R L E**

IN BRIEF

"*Gallipoli*" (*Alan Moorehead*)

A paperback reissue of a book first published in 1956. "Brilliantly analysed and described," said SOLDIER at that time, and there is no reason to change the verdict. Although a number of other good accounts of the Gallipoli campaign have been published in the past 12 years, none has surpassed this one.

The author sees Gallipoli as "the most imaginative conception of the war." It was the greatest amphibious operation mankind had known until then and it took place in circumstances in which nearly everything was experimental. It was a mine of information for World War Two and correction of the errors made at Gallipoli was the basis for victory in 1945.

Its success could have been the alternative to three years of slaughter on the Western Front, the long campaign in Mesopotamia and the expedition to Salonika. It might even have prevented the Russians from signing a separate peace, then the revolution might not have followed, or possibly not so soon or so drastically.

Hamish Hamilton, 18*s*

"*British Military Bayonets*" (*R J Wilkinson Latham*)

This is the first authoritative source of information for the accurate identification of British bayonets over a period of 250 years. Mr Latham covers the evolution of the bayonet, the identification of British types, the 1885 bayonet scandal, and then deals closely with the bayonets of British and Commonwealth forces from 1914 to 1945.

It may come as a surprise to many an expert, for instance, to learn that the *kukri*, the famous knife of the Gurkhas, once appeared as a socket bayonet about 1825. The bayonet has the notched mark of the true *kukri* and Mr Latham presumes it was issued to serve as both. The issue appears to have been short-lived; he knows of only two other examples of this intriguing weapon. Perhaps its authorship can be laid at the door of some anonymous civil servant who thought he could get two for the price of one?

Hutchinson, 63*s*

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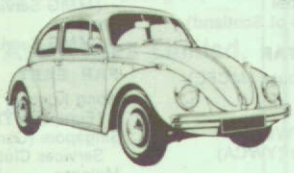

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