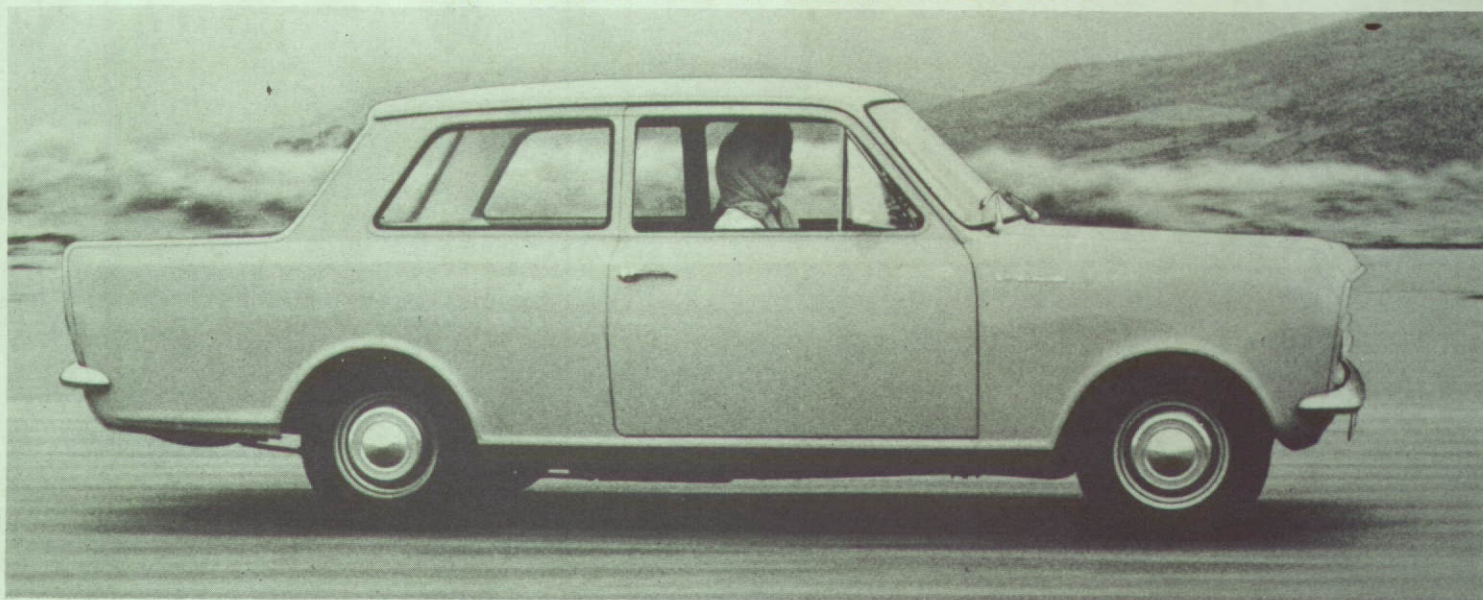


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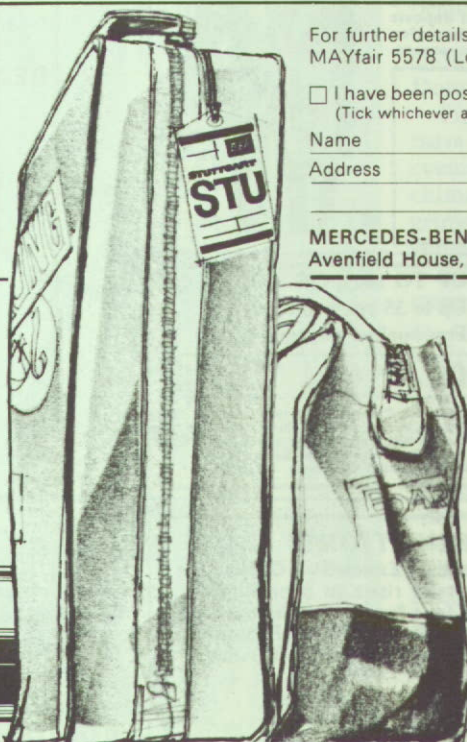
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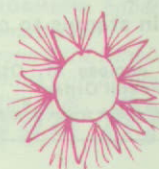
SOLDIER

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ROYAL ARMY MEDICAL CORPS

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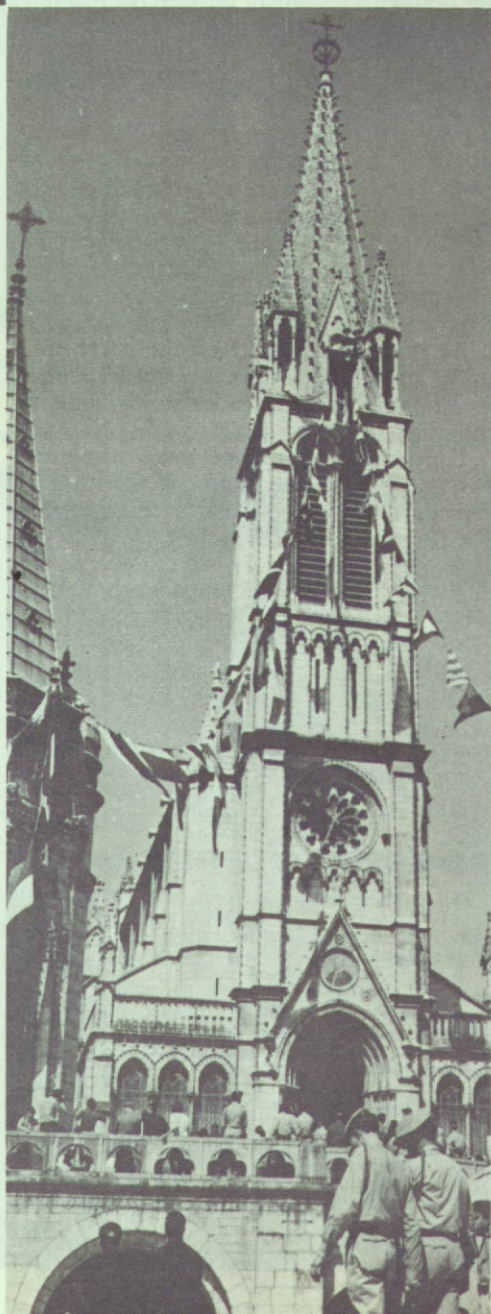
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MILITANT PILGRIMAGE

Story by RUSSELL MILLER
Pictures by LESLIE WIGGS



MIRACLES do happen at Lourdes. The International Military Pilgrimage is one. Every year this enigmatic mixture of booze and fervent prayer draws thousands of soldiers to the tiny town in the French foothills of the Pyrenees.

A great gathering of troops from many nations with money to spend on beer and time to drink it, the pilgrimage could end in an international punch-up. It never does. For in Lourdes, soldiers wholeheartedly transfer their allegiance to an army that will never fire a gun—the army of God.

This year the ninth International Military Pilgrimage drew 35,000 Servicemen and women from 16 nations. Trains, boats and planes brought them from all directions to the shrine where poor little Bernadette saw visions of the Virgin Mary more than a century ago.

To cynics a military pilgrimage is a paradox and certainly the enthusiastic beer-quaffing sandwiched between solemn and moving religious services is something of a shock to a casual observer. But the attitude of the organisers—and of course it is the right one—is that the pilgrimage should be as enjoyable as possible. If soldiers were expected to go to Lourdes and moon around with long, pious faces, the occasion would be a flop. Instead it is a fantastic success and there is not a shadow of doubt that to most of these pilgrims in uniform the trip to Lourdes is much more than just a weekend jaunt.

This year the British contingent, from the United Kingdom and Germany, was a little over 200 strong. Most had saved about £40 to pay for the trip, which

included spending money, travel and hotel accommodation.

They arrived in Lourdes on a Friday to find it already full of soldiers. For many of the new arrivals, first impressions may not have been too favourable—for the town itself boasts nothing but hotels, cafés and shops crammed with utterly repellent souvenirs.

However, the scene of all the religious activity is the Domain of Massabielle, a beautiful unspoiled park around the Grotto where the visions appeared. No traders are allowed to penetrate the boundaries of the Domain and that, at least, is a relief.

First event for the British pilgrims was mass in the Basilica at eleven on Friday evening, and as the famous Lourdes clock chimed the hour with the "Ave" the pilgrims were all in their pews. It was a short simple service to welcome them.

Early the following morning they said mass at the Grotto. It was a moving scene as, in the blazing sunshine, the pilgrims knelt before this extraordinary place which has seen so many apparent miracles.

Deep shadows in the Grotto were lit by masses of flickering candles and many eyes were on the white-and-blue statue of the Virgin perched on a rocky ledge exactly where Bernadette said she appeared. In the shade of nearby trees, the sick in wheelchairs and stretchers watched with eyes filled with tears and pain. Hanging at one side and blackened by smoke from countless candles were the crutches and sticks of cripples who walked away from the Grotto.

Sounds that filled the morning plucked the heartstrings of the crowds around the



On the steps of the flag-draped Rosary Basilica soldier pilgrims read a message in different languages to the congregation of more than 30,000.



Pilgrims kneel as the Blessed Sacrament procession files slowly towards the Rosary Square where the sick wait in the shade of trees to be blessed.



A French soldier receives Communion during the Pontifical mass held in the huge Rosary Square.

Grotto . . . the drone of the prayers, the gurgle and splashing of the nearby river, the oblivious singing of birds in the hanging vines above the Grotto and the subdued sobbing of a woman in black on her knees and with a rosary gripped in trembling fingers.

After this mass the pilgrims filed round the Basilica to make the stations of the cross—a centuries-old devotion and one of the great acts of penance at Lourdes. Up a winding gravel path they climbed, stopping to pray at each of the 14 stations. Many pilgrims trudge this mile-long track barefoot.

At the end of the track the party split up to amuse themselves in Lourdes, either by drinking in the cafes or seeing some of the other sights.

During the pilgrimage there is a great ebb and flow in the streets of the town as the pilgrims swarm back and forth between the Domain and the bright lights—it means that one minute every street, every cafe and every shop is jammed with soldier pilgrims and the next there is not a uniform to be seen.

At twilight that evening perhaps the most spectacular event of the pilgrimage—a torchlight procession—formed up. Thirty-five thousand pilgrims, each carrying a

candle torch, streamed slowly from the steep streets of the town into the great Rosary Square in front of the Basilica.

It seemed the great rivers of light would never end and when they all finally arrived the sea of torches was an unforgettable sight. Again the sick were present on the sidelines, many of them carrying a pathetic flickering torch of hope, although some were not even capable of that.

As the roar of singing filled the valley, colour parties representing the different nations attending the pilgrimage filed slowly through the mass of torches. There were smart French cadets from the St Cyr Academy, junior soldiers from the Army Apprentices' School, Carlisle, huge chromium-helmeted Americans, be-feathered Italian Bersaglieri . . .

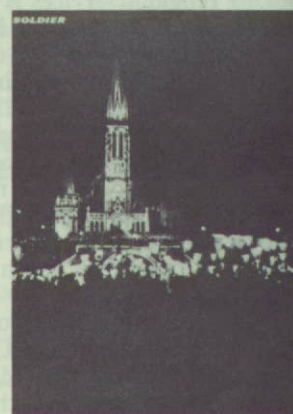
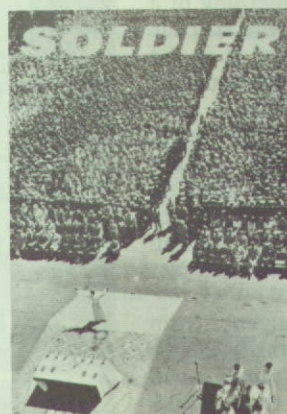
Even when the service had ended, the singing lingered on and the strains of the Ave Maria were carried out of the Domain and into the town.

On Sunday morning the Rosary Square was again filled for an impressive pontifical mass said in many languages for the whole pilgrimage.

Even without the rich panoply of colours on the altar, the scene was awesome from the staggering size of the congregation and the irrepressible thought that not long ago

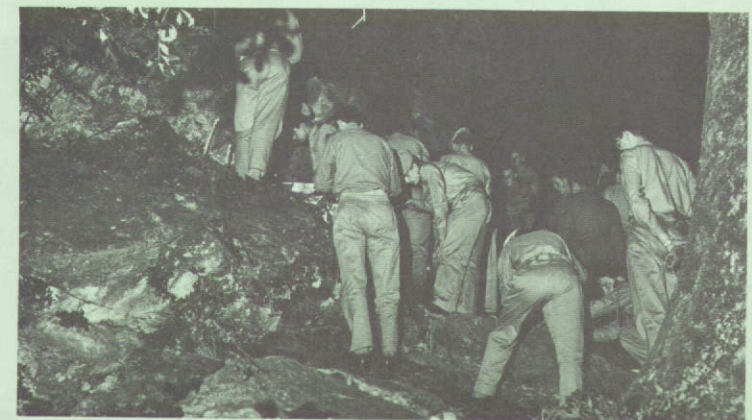
COVER PICTURES

SOLDIER's cover pictures this month show the size, spectacle and spirit of the International Military Pilgrimage to Lourdes. On the front cover is a shot of the pontifical mass conducted from the steps of the Crypt facing the Rosary Square. The priest with outstretched arms is conducting the singing. The back cover picture was also taken in the Rosary Square during the torchlight procession on the previous night. In the background is the Basilica, built on rock above the Grotto where the Virgin Mary appeared to Bernadette.





Many of the military pilgrims spent their spare time helping with the sick—here a German airman wheels a sick pilgrim back to hospital after a service.



Some soldiers resisted the temptations of a campfire concert to spend a few quiet minutes at the grotto they built on a hillside at their camp.



Junior Leaders from Taunton carried the British Colour during the last international service of the pilgrimage. In the background is the Basilica.

When no services were being held, every café in every street in Lourdes was jammed with military pilgrims quaffing beer at a fast rate.



many of the men standing shoulder-to-shoulder in prayer were at war on opposing sides. Cadets from the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, carried the Colour during this ceremony.

That afternoon saw the final combined service of the pilgrimage—the sad and moving blessing of the sick around the Grotto. Watched by the military pilgrims crowded on the opposite bank of the river, the procession wound slowly around the Domain past the serried ranks of the sick. This is often the moment of miracles; but none was to happen on this day. Junior Leaders from Taunton carried the Colour in this procession—a demanding task for young boys in the searing heat of the summer afternoon.

If any spirits were dampened at the solemn afternoon ceremony, they soared again in the evening when a farewell campfire concert was held in the huge tented military camp set up for the French soldier-pilgrims.

Each national contingent put on a little show and each performance, good or bad, was greeted with uproarious applause and deafening whistles and shouts.

The slightly strained reserve between the different nations that was noticeable early on during the pilgrimage had certainly melted by the last evening and there had been so much badge swapping that it was difficult to know who belonged to which army.

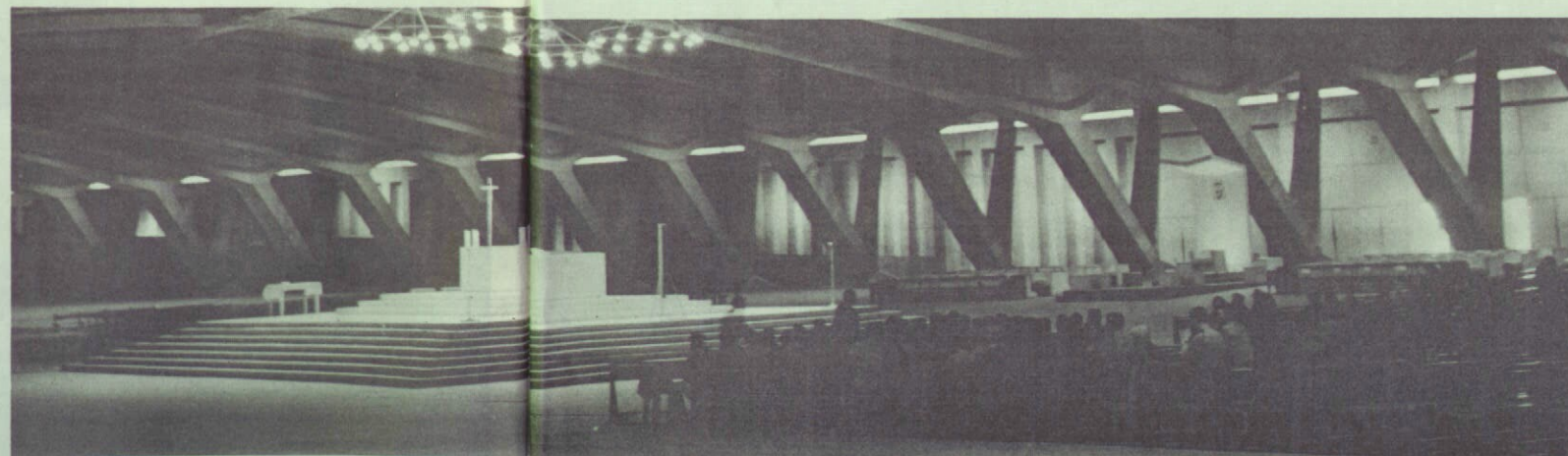
But a significant facet of the campfire concert, illustrating the spirit of the pilgrimage, was that even while the roaring festivities were at their height, there were many soldiers standing quietly before candles flickering in a little grotto they had built themselves on the hillside . . .



Above: British pilgrims kneel at the twelfth station of the Cross, depicting the Crucifixion.

Left: British pilgrims at the torchlight procession.

Below: Dwarfed by soaring concrete beams, a few pilgrims pray in the underground Basilica.



Scene during the mass said by British pilgrims at the Grotto. The statue in the rock face shows the Virgin Mary at the place where Bernadette said she appeared more than a century ago.

The Vision of Bernadette

The story of Lourdes has captured the hearts of Catholics for more than a century. It was in 1858 that Bernadette Soubirous, 14-year-old daughter of a poverty-stricken miller, saw on 18 separate occasions a vision of the Virgin Mary. The vision appeared only to her but observers knew when it was present by the ecstatic countenance of the little girl.

The vision told Bernadette that she wanted a chapel to be built at the Grotto and for processions to be held there. The ninth time the vision appeared, Bernadette was instructed to drink at a spring which appeared when the girl scraped at the ground—that spring still produces 27,000 gallons of water a day which is sent to the sick all over the world.

The first cures took place immediately after the discovery of the spring. After the unwelcome notoriety she gained in 1858, Bernadette later found refuge in a convent at Nevers where she lived until her death in 1879.

A soldier terribly wounded in World War One was cured at Lourdes five years after the end of that war.

Jack Traynor was left a human wreck after being sprayed by machine-gun bullets during the Gallipoli landing in 1915.

Unable to stand or walk, he was partly paralysed in both legs, was subject to frequent epileptic fits due to shrapnel leaving a one-inch open wound in his skull and his right arm was useless, four operations having failed to join the torn and shrivelled nerves.

By selling and pawning his belongings, Traynor raised the money to join a Lourdes pilgrimage in 1923. He ignored warnings that the journey would kill him and during his first days in Lourdes he nearly died through several haemorrhages and epileptic fits.

But two days before he was due to return, Traynor got to his feet after being bathed at the Grotto. He was excited and troublesome; that afternoon at the blessing of the sick ceremony he found he could move his dead right arm. He tried to rise from his stretcher but watching doctors restrained him and gave him a sedative, thinking he was hysterical.

They guarded him throughout the night in hospital but Traynor, the human wreck expected to die in Lourdes, knew something momentous had happened and early in the morning he leapt out of bed, pushed aside two helpers and ran barefoot down the gravel path to the Grotto where he fell on his knees to pray.

He was cured. He could walk perfectly, he regained the use of his right arm, the gaping hole in his skull closed and he never had another epileptic fit.

Back home in Liverpool he started a small coal and haulage business and thought nothing of humping 200-pound sacks on and off lorries. Every year, until his death in 1943, he went back to Lourdes to help nurse the sick, although he was still classified as 100 per cent disabled and permanently incapacitated—the Ministry did not believe in miracles!

SOLDIER to Soldier

Free-fall parachuting has been enthusiastically practised as a sport by both civilians and soldiers for some years and its exponents are rapidly growing in numbers and experience. Now a newspaper report that British parachute troops are to train intensively in free-falling suggests that this is a new military technique and one that will both baffle enemy defences and drop troops on their objective with pin-point accuracy.

But there is a great difference between sky-diving for fun and a mass free-fall drop with equipment and possibly not always in ideal weather nor on to the best of terrain. Performance must necessarily be reduced—it would hardly be possible to track in free-fall at the angle of 45 degrees which enables a practised sky-diver to cover a mile laterally in a mile's vertical fall.

Jumping at 20,000 feet, paratroopers could free-fall to 2000 feet and cover enough lateral distance to achieve some deception. But a high degree of training would be needed to avoid mid-air collisions in free-fall and to bring the paratroopers down so that they could concentrate quickly within a small area.

There was no 100,000 Farnborough crowd to see Hovershow 66, but if the hovercraft exhibition and demonstration takes a regular place with the air show in the calendar, it will rapidly rival Farnborough.

Those of the general public who visited the world's first hovercraft show must have been so firmly convinced of the future of this form of transport as to promptly sell any shares they might have had in railways, ferries and even road transport.

Christopher Cockerell's invention, as with so many, was slow to gain recognition. It seemed the initiative and initial impetus had been lost when other countries began operating services while Britain was apparently still experimenting. But Hovershow 66, with its diverse range of craft and applications of the hover principle, demonstrated that Britain is still in the lead and could maintain that lead. The world's biggest craft, the 37-ton SRN 3, was on display. The present development programme works up to a 400-ton hovercraft and beyond lies a 4000-ton hovercraft.

It was particularly satisfying to see the Joint Service Hovercraft Unit's display and to learn that on the strength of trials of the SRN 5 in Malaysia and Canada the Army is forming a squadron of the Royal Corps of Transport equipped with four Westland hovercraft.

The Services have helped the British hovercraft industry and themselves—it is to be hoped that both continue to lead the field in this sphere of the future.

ARMALITE—THE JUNGLE'S

RIFLE

THE secretary sat in a corner of the Singapore conference room taking notes of high-powered discussion on Borneo strategy. Afterwards she casually asked her boss why on earth everybody was so interested in "armoured lights."

She was talking about the Armalite and her ignorance was forgivable: it is shared to some degree by two-thirds of the Army. An extraordinary aura of uninformed glamour surrounds this rifle which is on general issue in the Far East but as yet unseen by the majority of soldiers.

The invention of a weapon which was to rule the battlefield with a bullet "the size of an air-gun pellet" caught the imagination. Rumours circulating during development gave it the magical killing capabilities of a ray gun. It was against the Geneva Convention, they said. The bullet whirled like a catherine wheel. It would take off any limb it hit, it would ricochet about inside a man's body destroying his nervous system. Setting aside the rumours, what are the facts?

Wherever war is being waged with the most modern of weapons, the Armalite is crashing out an imperious message. It is lighter, simpler, easier to maintain than any comparable weapon. The British Army has found it indispensable in Borneo, the

Americans swear by it in Vietnam. The Armalite's sharp, vicious bark has reverberated round the world with a speed unrivalled in the history of weapons development.

It reached British forces in Borneo with unorthodox haste through the personal intervention of Lord Louis Mountbatten. During a Far East tour the former Chief of the Defence Staff heard the Armalite extolled as the ideal weapon for the anti-Confrontation campaign. Further news that Armalites had been used in a successful Gurkha engagement while still on trials was enough.

He gave the word and a large consignment was ordered. Since then, nearly all the critics have been silenced. Some units carry a percentage of self-loading rifles, but the Armalite, lighter, shorter, and easier to strip and clean, is widely used and praised.

The rifle was developed by a man named Stoner for the Armalite Division of the American Fairchild Engine and Airplane Company.

Early models from a Dutch arsenal found their way to Indonesian troops in Borneo where they were used against British soldiers.

The manufacturing rights were eventually bought by a famous name in arma-

ments—Colt's Patent Firearms Manufacturing Company—and at their factory in Connecticut an improved version is produced. They style it the AR15, but the original name "Armalite" has stuck and is used universally.

Clad in a black fibre-glass body which gleams with a satiny sheen, the weapon is a sinister piece of merchandise, unmistakably for the destruction of one human being by another.

Yet it is astonishingly light to handle. At 7.6 pounds fully loaded it does not weigh much more than the kiddies' toy reproduction flooding the American shops.

This is the plastics age and in the Armalite maximum strength and minimum weight make lethal union.

The barrel and breech block are of normal steel cleverly engineered so that the bulk of the weapon is fibre-glass and scarcely heavier aluminium alloy. Seven lugs on the block engage in the barrel and bear all the strain when the powerful charge blasts off a .223-inch round at 3250 feet per second. The gas reverses thrust in a gas tube to recock the weapon, obviating the conventional piston.

The change lever has three positions—safe, semi-automatic and fully automatic. Firing bursts, the Armalite will stutter away 750 rounds in a minute—a rate of fire

that voids the 20-round magazine in less than two seconds. The final recoil leaves the hammer-headed cocking handle drawn back and ready to bite instantly into a new magazine. It can be held to the aim as easily as a Sterling and there is a light bipod which can be used to improve accuracy.

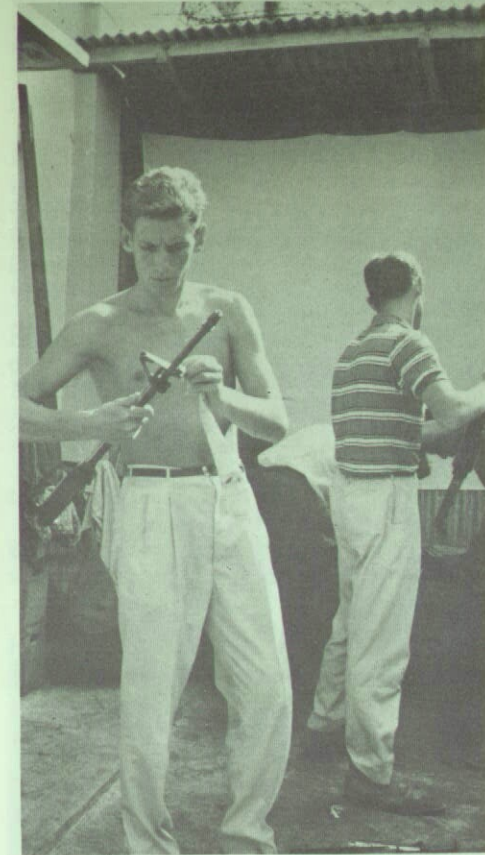
The muzzle does triple duty as flash hider, bayonet mount and discharger for a high explosive anti-personnel grenade.

Equally neat is the incorporation of the rear sight in a useful carrying handle—an idea pioneered in the British .280.

Current Army policy calls for a rifle to be accurate at ranges of 300 metres plus. In the Far East, where the normal range is 50-75 yards, the .223 calibre is ideal. For an all-theatre role the round is not yet accurate enough.

It is also an open secret that the development of a light machine-gun capable of firing the .223 round over longer ranges has been beset by problems.

The high muzzle velocity gives the Armalite a shattering lethality out of all proportion to the size of the bullet. The much-publicised bolo effect which caused the bullet to spin end over end was due to a barrel fault now overcome. This ended doubts about the weapon's legality under the Geneva Convention.



It did however underline the frail stability of the light round in flight. There have been other bugs: the odd weapon was delivered faulty; overheating can cause rounds to blast off; a slight query on the soldier-proofing of the safety system remains.

When all is said, the Armalite is still a fine arm and without doubt it is the fore-runner of every Army's next standard rifle.

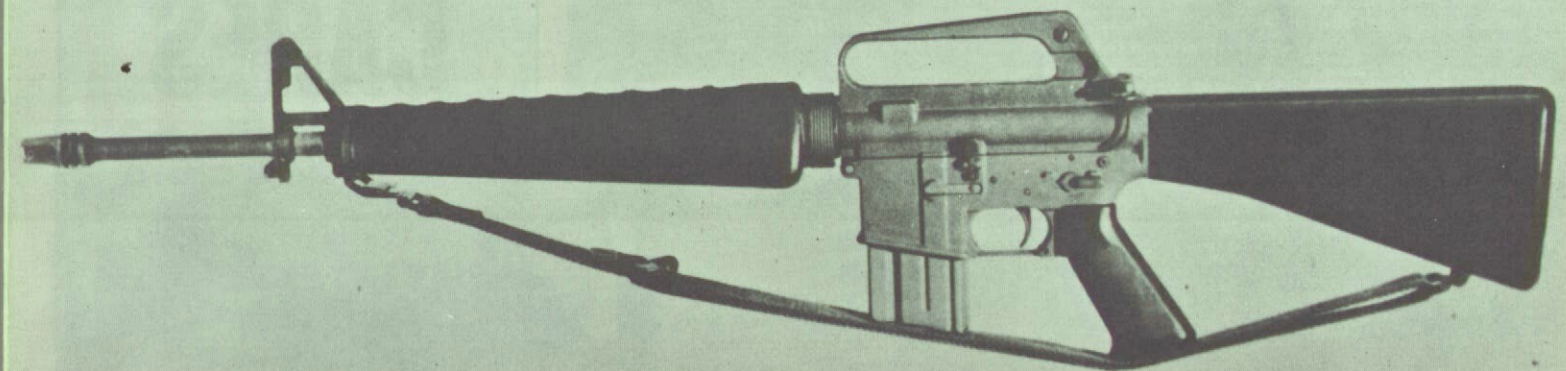
Colt's market a complete weapons system based on the .223 calibre which includes carbines, light and medium machine-guns with adapted versions for helicopters and vehicles.

Some intriguing tests have been run in the Far East on two more of their products, a starkly stripped down survival rifle and a 40-millimetre grenade launcher. The launcher is a short-barrelled shotgun underslung from a normal AR15. As both weapons can have one up the spout the firer carries an area weapon with a 200-metre range and his rifle for personal protection. Substantial British Army orders for this weapon, or its rival the M79, seem certain.

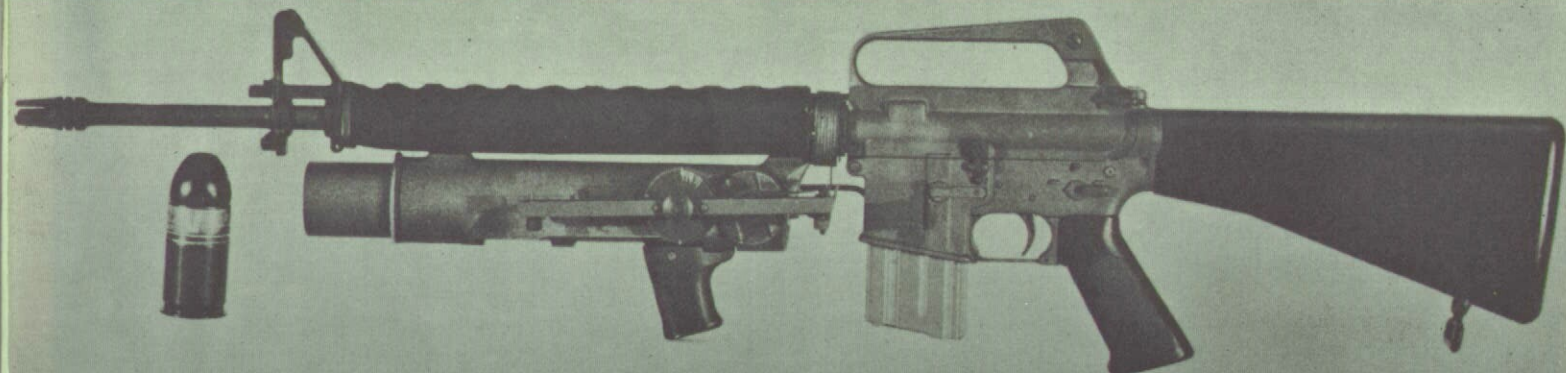
Left: To strip the Armalite you need no more than the firing pin and a live round. The aluminium parts do not rust, so cleaning is a simple job.



Right: "Clad in a black fibre-glass body which gleams with a satiny sheen, the weapon is a sinister piece of merchandise."



Right: Standard Armalite with the 40-millimetre grenade thrower fitted.



Left: The timely arrival of the AR15 rifle placed a light weapon of formidable lethality in the hands of the Security Forces in Borneo.



Above: Picture gallery of the old house is now a rest room where old soldiers can sit and doze and dream. Below: The new wings of the hospital contrast strangely with the grey stone of the old mansion.

EVEN if world peace and total disarmament were declared tomorrow, Scotland's Erskine Hospital for ex-Servicemen would be needed for at least another 40 years.

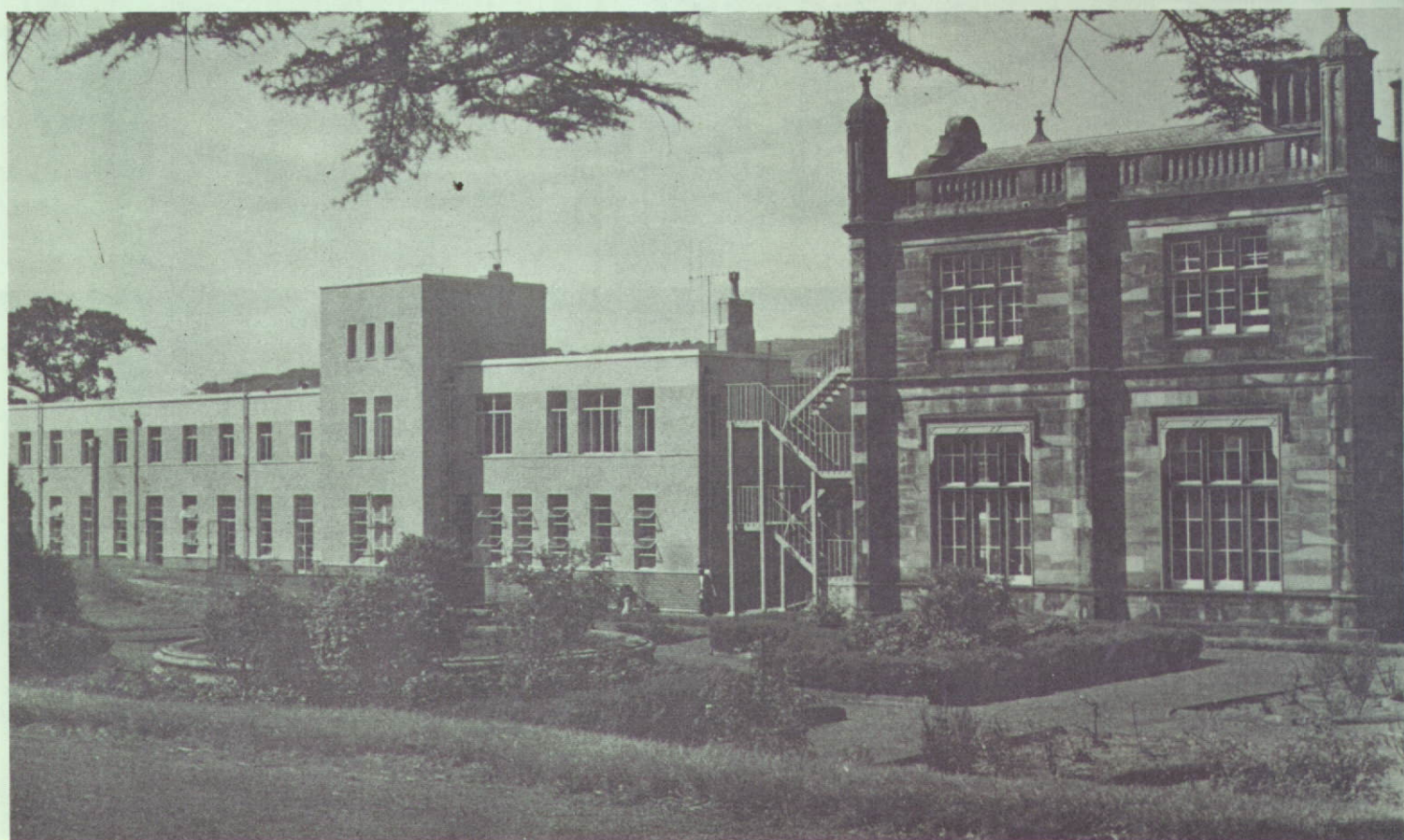
For while the economic and political wounds of war heal with the passing of time and the arrival of a new generation born and reared in peacetime, the mental and physical wounds of the human aftermath linger on for a lifetime.

Erskine still cares for a few aged veterans of the South African War; and in 60 years' time the hospital may well be looking after soldiers injured recently in the useless confrontation between Malaysia and Indonesia.

Two decades of uneasy peace cloud the memories of the majority, but a few must carry the burden of war forever—and they can never forget.

Men like ex-Gordon Highlander Jimmy Craig who has only one eye, one arm and one leg (he was at Ypres, 1915); ex-paratrooper Don Kelly, who has lost both legs (he was at Arnhem, 1944); ex-Highland

ERSKINE STILL CARES



Light Infantryman John Reid, blown up by a trench mortar while he was still a teenager in France, 1917; and Bill McMullen, ex-Black Watch, who had both legs blown off on his birthday at Nijmegen in 1944 . . .

Erskine Hospital, once the stately home of the Blantyre family, looks after all these men and many others. An imposing grey stone building on the banks of the Clyde not far from Glasgow, the hospital is officially titled The Princess Louise Scottish Hospital for Limbless Sailors and Soldiers, although everyone knows it as the "Erskine."

Founded by voluntary subscriptions during the darkest days of World War One after it was reported that no hospital beds could be found for more than 2000 soldiers who had come back from the bloodbath in France without at least one arm or leg, the hospital this year celebrates its 50th anniversary.

Many additions have been made to the old mansion during its 50 years as a hospital and now Erskine boasts facilities

comparable to those of most other Scottish hospitals. It looks after about 350 patients (not all of them are limbless; the hospital treats all ex-soldiers, sailors and airmen, no matter what their disability—surgical, medical, chronic sick, paraplegic or geriatric) of whom about 80 per cent are permanent residents.

Most of the staff are ex-Service, so the patients and staff understand each other perfectly and it generates a wonderful atmosphere at Erskine. Service and regimental reputations are jealously guarded and good-natured slanging matches between members of rival regiments never cease.

Even for the oldest resident in the hospital tradition dies hard and 97-year-old Sam McTear, ex-Highland Light Infantry, still wears a hat, even in bed. Although a bit deaf now, Sam can still tell visitors about the gory details of a terrible cholera plague in Glasgow when he was a boy.

Erskine is full of surprises. On the bowling green Bill McMullen can often be seen stalking up and down and rolling the

wood with practised ease. He has no legs. "I got it on my birthday—what a present! The peculiar thing was that my brother lost a leg at about the same time and we were both brought here, although it was ten days before either knew the other was here." Bill lives with his family in one of the many cottages built for disabled ex-Servicemen in Erskine's wooded grounds.

In the hospital workshop, where patients make basket and cane furniture, bespoke shoes, surgical socks and do upholstery repairs, John Reid claims to be one of the longest standing residents at Erskine. He first went there in 1917 to have an artificial leg fitted and he returned in 1925—he has been there ever since.

This anniversary year Erskine faces the bogey of mounting costs. The new selective employment tax is likely to add a few thousands to the bill and it will cost about £250,000 to run the hospital this year. The Lord Provost of Glasgow has launched an appeal for funds and those fogged memories are being jogged to remind them of the existence of Erskine Hospital.



1



2



3



4



5

1 At 97 Sam McTear is the oldest patient at Erskine and one of many who wear hats even while in bed.

2 Occupational therapist Mary Macintyre shows a younger patient how to work a printing press.

3 Behind a flickering screen of swishing cane bearded Bill Martin puts in a full day at Erskine workshop.

4 A quiet game of bowls for four old soldiers with a total age of 309 years!

5 On the terrace of a ward overlooking the Clyde, two patients take the sun and watch the passing ships.

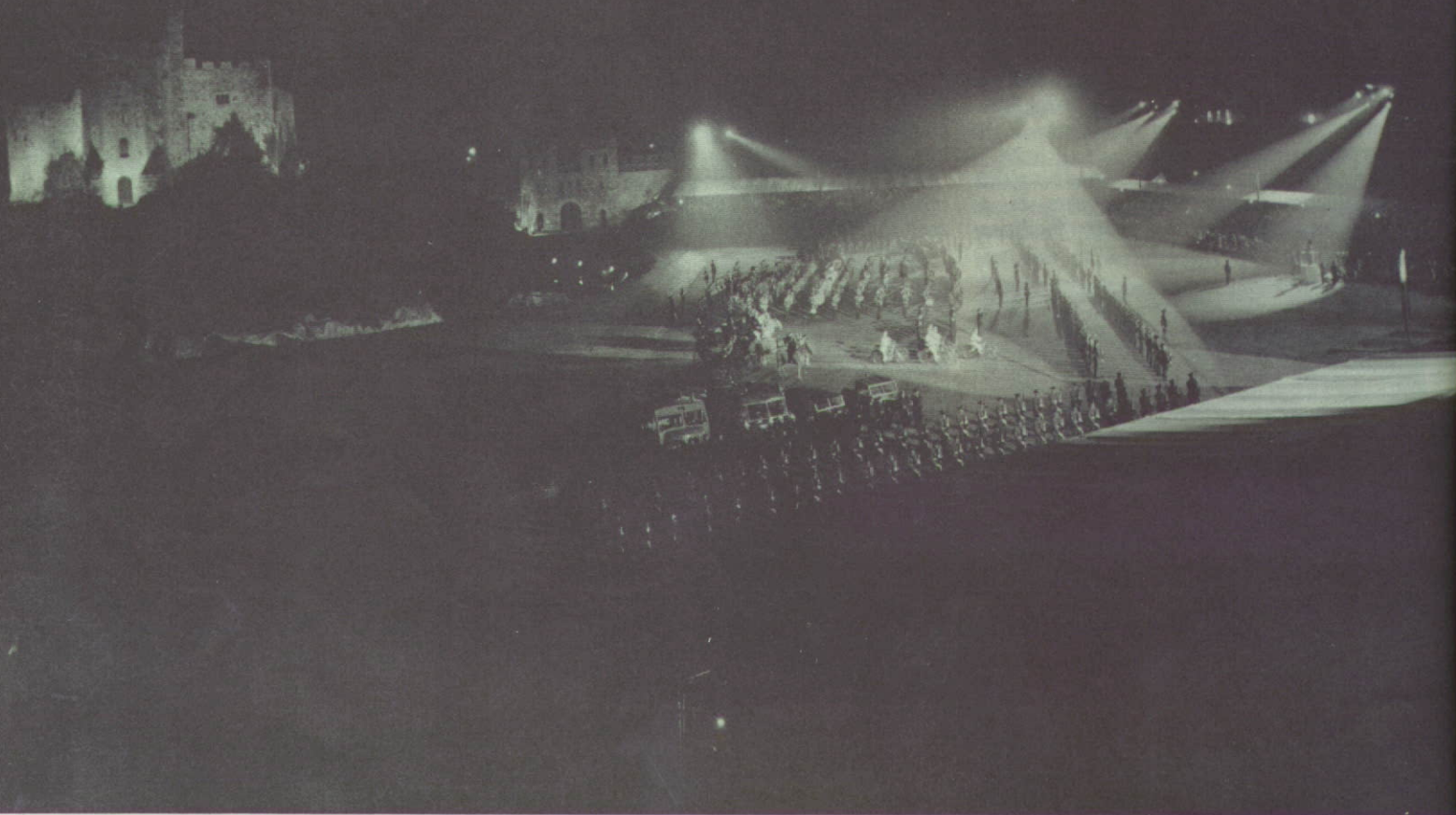
6 Physiotherapist Sam Newell uses short wave diathermy to treat sinusitis, the cause of severe headaches.



6

PAGEANTRY

beneath the keep



IN days of yore, Cardiff Castle withstood the Roman invasion and the Norman Conquest; this month it faces a third momentous onslaught. Mortars and Mobats will rain fire on the 2000-year-old castle keep while a Territorial Army captain leads his personal army of 1000 men, goats, horses and dogs in a six-day assault.

Regardless of expense (it will cost £25,000) and unaffected by bad weather (nearly all the 6000 seats are covered), the force will carry out its mission, to achieve a triumphantly successful Cardiff Tattoo. Prime responsibility for the show which will enthrall audiences at seven performances from 15 to 20 August, falls on Captain Aubrey Jackman, the organising producer.

The stripling Cardiff Tattoo is threatening to outpace its first cousin, the Edinburgh Tattoo, and rival its elder brother, the Royal Tournament. Stampeding popularity began with the tattoo's modest debut in 1963. It stemmed from the demise of the Bath Tattoo which Captain Jackman, a Territorial Army officer, produced for many years.

This year's tattoo is the third and the

scale is larger still. The massed bands display, for instance, promises to be an unforgettable blend of stirring music and traditional splendour. Four hundred marching musicians from ten bands and four corps of drums will form a single giant band of a size rarely before seen in Britain.

The previous successes and the exciting concept of the 1966 tattoo have impressed Cardiff Corporation enough for it to underwrite the total production costs.

Against the magnificent setting of a tree-fringed arena amid seven acres of rolling lawns, with the castle as a floodlit backdrop, Captain Jackman will not be allowing his audiences to forget that this is a pageant of dash and daring, colour and pomp staged in the lap of history. Eighteen Cavalry trumpeters and seven percussionists will sound the opening fanfares between the arena and the Norman keep.

The keep will feature again when men of 1st Battalion, The South Wales Borderers, arrive in tracked personnel carriers to assault it. Electrically detonated charges will boom over the crackle of small arms blank ammunition, simulated mortar and anti-tank fire and the drowning clamour of a helicopter beating its wings.

Of the 1000 personnel on tattoo duty, 850 will be soldiers and 450 of these are men of The South Wales Borderers. Although newly returned from Hong Kong, the Battalion was delighted to show off its much practised ceremonial in home territory.

The dress rehearsal three days before opening night will be a clan gathering for the Borderers and families will be attending in strength.

Many of the displays have an unfailing appeal for spectators whether seen before or not—the 16 motor-cyclists of the Royal Signals stunt team, the Royal Air Force police dogs and, fresh from the Royal Tournament, the Royal Air Force's gymnasts. And from Canada, a precision drill contingent of The Royal 22nd Regiment of Canada, will add a Commonwealth flavour.

In an appropriate finale to cap an evening of such calibre 700 soldiers will parade with their Colours, horses, mascot goats and vehicles in a blaze of colour, while the Welsh crowds sing "Cwm Rhonnda."

Seldom will the old keep have looked down on a more moving and colourful spectacle throughout the long years of its history.



TGG

Joe Lachie, a 14-year-old horse serving with the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, thinks there is nothing like a nice cup of tea. Before he goes into action he expects a nice cuppa and his rider, **Gunner Daniel Calpin**, always obliges—Joe is pictured here having a swig during rehearsals for an appearance at a sports gala in Suffolk.

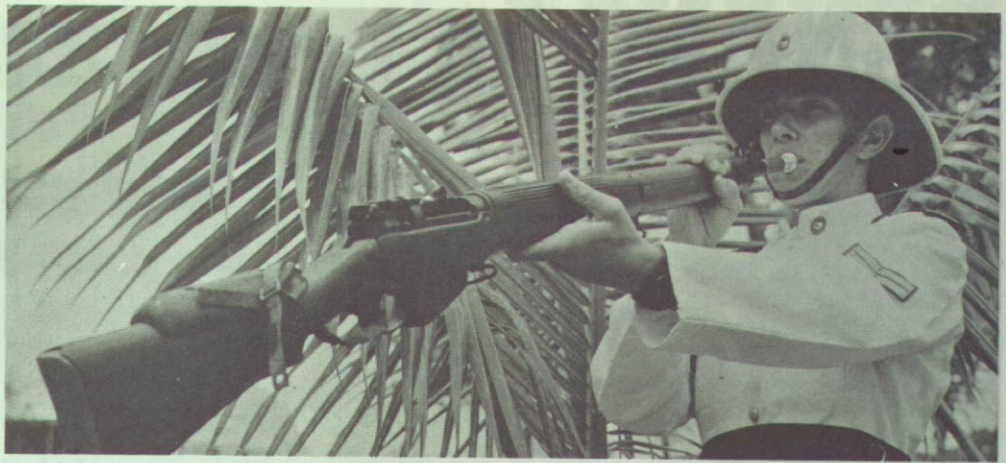


Off parade

For 15 years Gerald Stone was the man who made sure the Guards arrived at the right place at the right time. Now **Garrison Sergeant-Major Stone** has retired after 36 years service. He joined the Irish Guards as a boy of 15 and at the age of 38 he became Garrison Sergeant-Major of London District and took over responsibility for the split second timing at many of London's state occasions.

At the Queen's birthday parades, Remembrance Day services and many other parades, GSM Stone could be seen standing quietly on the sidelines watching to ensure everything went according to plan. "Nothing ever went seriously wrong," he said. "But I was always there just in case."

Before big parades GSM Stone would march over the route with his pace-stick and time everything to the nearest second and he got to know by heart the exact time it took the Guards to march many of the routes. He has not severed all connections with the Army—he now works for the British Forces Broadcasting Service.



Blow, man, blow

First it was the Hurofinpany (**SOLDIER**, February), a musical banger. Now from New Zealand comes the musical rifle—Rifleaphone, Barrelhorn, call it what you will. **Lieutenant-Colonel B M Poananga**, commanding 1st Battalion, Royal New Zealand Infantry Regiment, saw one in Britain and chose **Corporal Trevor Bremner** to play the instrument in his band.

So Trevor, a leading cornet player who has had two tours overseas with the New Zealand National Band, has been delighting audiences throughout Malaya, where his battalion is stationed, with his Post Horn Gallop rifle solo.

"The adapted rifle can produce only four different notes within a very high octave range and this means the player must work very hard to produce them," he says. "After about two minutes I have just about run out of wind for the day."

*purely
personal*



Sharp-shooting sister

Pistol-packing **Sister Trudy Henry** fired an air pistol for fun a little over a year ago and is now rated one of the best pistol shots in Essex. When the Army heard that she wanted to get more competition experience to realise her ambition to make the British team, they gallantly offered to help. A ward sister at a Colchester hospital, Mrs Henry is pictured here shooting with two Royal Artillery experts, **Major John Gilmour** (left) and **Sergeant-Major Michael Steptoe**.

PENANG for peace and pleasure



HIT the beach, men—and get cracking with those buckets and spades! This is the Sandycroft Leave Centre, Penang Island, Malaysia, where the beer's from the barrel, the sea's always warm, the sun's on permanent duty and only breathing is compulsory.

The Far East leave centre, run by NAAFI, holds 200 all-action yards on the otherwise quiet coastline of this lustrous island. Malaya is two-and-a-half miles away and Borneo a lifetime at least. Reveille is when you can make it and when they talk about fortifications they mean the next sand castle competition.

A long time ago Penang was a penal colony—and a nicer place to pass a life sentence is hard to imagine. Penang today would be fun even with a ball and chain—and Servicemen staying at Sandycroft have the run of it.

Every year 6000 of them, with their wives and children, abandon pens, rifles, saucepans and rattles all over Malaysia to book in. Here rest and recuperation really mean something to the men released from the

strain and wearying climate of the anti-Confrontation campaign.

Sunshine and relaxation work wonders. The transformation begins on the first day when the tired travellers of yesterday climb into sunbathing kit and head for the sea. At the end of their holiday the tanned smiling faces are barely recognisable as the drab shadows of two weeks before.

Officers are banned from entry except on duty: they have their own leave centre on Penang where they live in a splendiferous style to which they have become unaccustomed. The Gurkhas, too, have a holiday camp of their own.

From the time you apply on a form which conspicuously ignores rank, Army status is a forbidden subject at the centre. No one wears uniform and your companion for nightcaps at midnight and aspirins at dawn may well be an off-duty regimental sergeant-major.

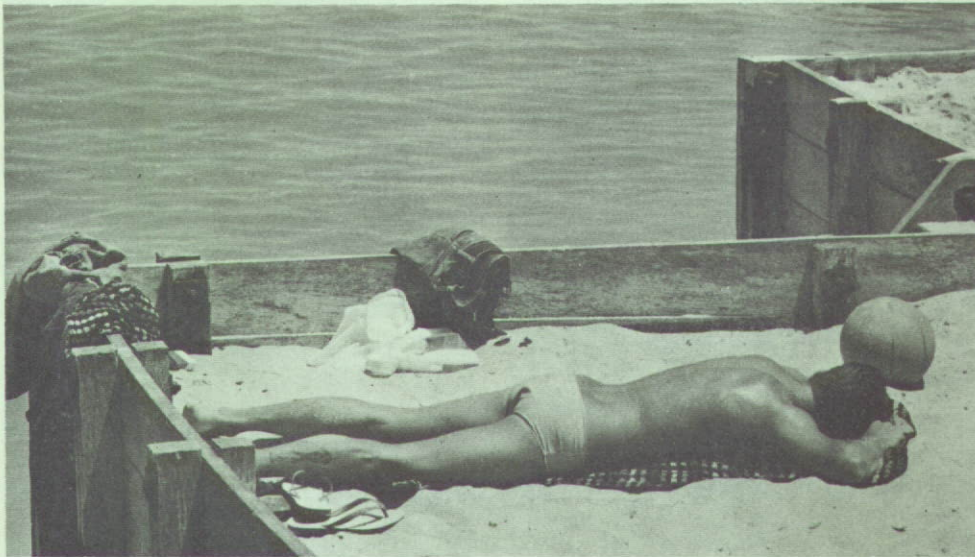
A soldier on leave at Sandycroft really can get away from it all—well, nearly. Coyly lurking in the shrubbery is a discreet notice announcing the presence of Frank Wattleworth, Warrant Officer Class One,

in charge. His job in a million as chief smoother-out of difficulties and genial “camp policeman” is executed with the diplomacy and undercover discretion of a man from UNCLE. Most people never twig that the quiet, friendly character is a warrant officer actually paid to stroll about the camp in neatly pressed slacks, Hawaiian shirt and flip-flops.

“Occasionally,” he says, “there is a spot of bother when someone has a little too much to drink. I have a quiet word with the soldier's mates and they see him all right. Usually they come and apologise in the morning. There's never any trouble.”

That could be coincidence or it could be that the beetle brows and solid features that spell out “good-natured, but dangerous if provoked” are warning enough. After all, he was Regimental Sergeant-Major of The King's Regiment.

By day, and by night when he represents Sandycroft hospitality in his dressing gown, Frank Wattleworth is always available. He gets many early calls from Servicemen touring Malaya and Thailand and looking for a bed.

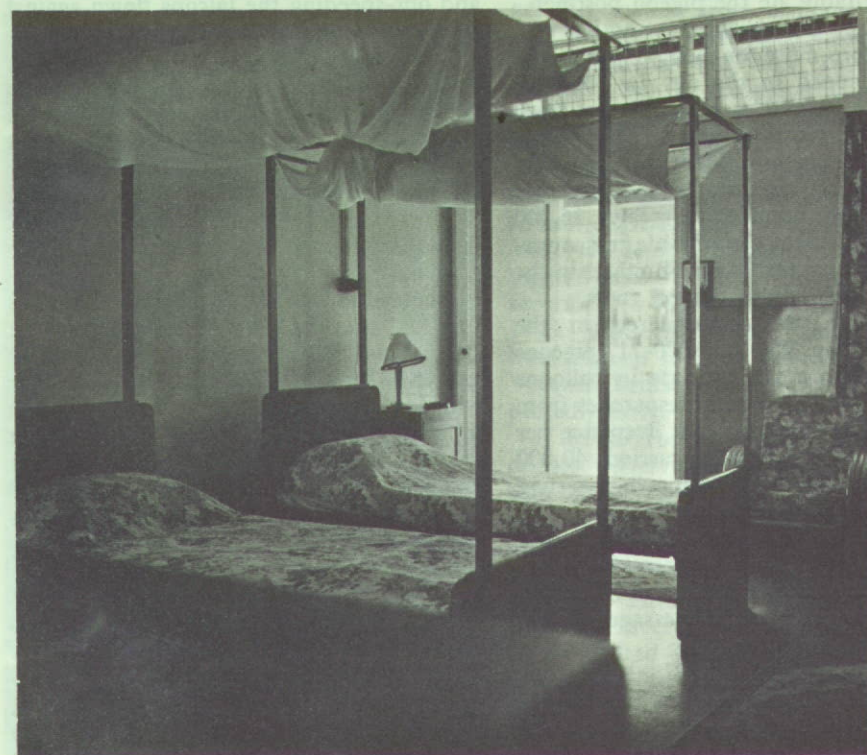


Far left: Cool drinks and seats in the sun-dappled shade at Sandycroft.

Above, top: "Head fish to all stations. Beware three men in a boat."

Above: Sandycroft offers sea, sunshine and sand in unlimited quantities.

WOI Frank Wattleworth dressed for duty as leave camp custodian.



Left: Not luxurious, but pleasingly comfortable—one of the centre's family quarters. Above: Gay tablecloths, piped music and a buzz of happy chatter make for lively mealtimes.

Harry Croker is the centre's manager. He and his wife Annemarie meet their guests, show them to comfortable quarters and transmit an infectious holiday atmosphere 365 days a year. The camp's popularity is becoming their main problem. Last Christmas Sandycroft was fairly bursting at the seams and 60 families had to be turned down. First booking for this Christmas arrived in March.

Available at the centre are skin-diving and swimming (after a brief lesson on the recognition of sea snakes and poisonous jellyfish), tennis and badminton (floodlit after sundown), rowing, fishing and putting. You can hire a fishing rod or a bike—or a beach bed for exercise of the mind.

You can prop up a bar which throbs with juke box rhythm-and-blues or adjourn to a wickerwork chair in the sedate families' lounge. The NAAFI shop, incidentally, peddles the finest collection of headache potions in Malaysia.

Entertainment happenings are contrived by two effervescent Women's Voluntary Service workers, Jo Amesbury, and Val Minton, a lovely strawberry blonde whose transfer to the Far East was a sad blow to Rhine Army. They set tombola sessions, whist drives and pop-hops alight in the evenings and arrive in the mornings fresh as paint to take their jaded customers on tours of the island. Their Nuffield bus nearly drives itself to the botanical gardens, the snake temple and the temple with the reclining Buddha, but the girls run every trip as enthusiastically as their first.

Sandycroft works some spectacular romantic sorcery on soldiers newly returned from spells on that other island. The gentle rustle of the breakers, the shade of the forest trees, a big doe-eyed moon cruising through the tropical night and, hey presto, one couple got engaged on their first night.

Meanwhile, back in the office, Harry Croker is filling many ledgers with quaint codes and statistics of success. His visitors write in another book. "Good food, good air, good bed, good holiday" is a typical tribute to Sandycroft.



MASTER navigator, fast flyer and possessor of a lion-sized heart, the humble pigeon of rooftop and garden has a distinguished military record. Equipped with an inexplicable instinct for homing, pigeons have supplied battlefield communications from the days of Ancient Greece and China to modern times, when more sophisticated systems have failed.

During World War One, 100,000 pigeons carried messages for the British Army. In World War Two nearly a million pigeons were mobilised. The Royal Air Force alone carried 800,000 of the birds on operations and many a downed aircrew owe their lives to the pigeons which sped home from their dinghies to bring rescue. The Resistance movement relied heavily on pigeons to carry maps, films and vital intelligence to Britain in tiny cylinders strapped to the birds' legs.

If pigeons could only write their memoirs what stories they would have to tell of the 2000 years they have been involved in man's warfare! The traditional release of a host of white doves at the opening of the Olympic Games dates from the custom of sending pigeons with directives for the maintenance of peace during the original Greek Olympiads. A pigeon postal service

operated in Baghdad from 1174 until 1258 when an invading Mongol army captured and uncharitably ate the pigeon postmen.

William the Conqueror was another who valued pigeons more for their weight on the plate than speed in the air. In 1066 his supply ships carried vast numbers as fresh meat for the Norman army. This was a black day for pigeons. Meat was scarce in England during the winter and the idea flourished. Four hundred years later, 26,000 doves dotted the countryside and countless pigeons were reared for slaughter in the nest holes under their domed roofs.

When Paris was beleaguered in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71, pigeons were carried to a safe altitude in balloons before being released with despatches from the capital. As messages cost fivepence per word, the pigeon which carried 40,000 microphotographed cables must have earned its owner a small fortune. Record loads, however, were established in World War Two when one pigeon successfully delivered 38 microfilms and another lumbered home with an eight-page message of diagrams and 2000 words.

Famous exploits of the 1914-18 pigeons still provide fond reminiscences for veterans of the Army's Carrier Pigeon Service when they meet in London once a year for their

Old Comrades Show. Tales are legion of pigeons flying through intense aimed fire and out-speeding the falcons flown against them by the Germans.

Army pigeon No 2709 was set free during the Menin Road battle of 1917 with an urgent call for reinforcements. A German soldier took a quick aim and his bullet passed through the bird. With the message cylinder embedded in its body, the bird flew on to cover the nine miles to divisional headquarters in nine minutes. It died soon after landing.

Chereamie was one of a batch of pigeons supplied to the French Army by the Americans. Verdun was under a terrible gas and heavy artillery attack when she winged out with a desperate SOS. Although injured by gunfire, Chereamie reached her destination and within an hour help was on the way. Her feat was not forgotten and when she died the little grey corpse was stuffed and put on exhibition at the Smithsonian Institute, Washington.

In 1940, pigeons were sent on secret service in Occupied France with agents of the Subversive Operations Executive. The first pair of cloak-and-dagger pigeons went into hiding for 11 days before making a seven-hour, 300-mile flight back to England with the agent's report. Especially



Left: An Army pigeon in training during World War Two. Above: A message arrives by carrier pigeon at a Signals centre.



Above: A pigeon container carried by airborne troops during World War Two.



Above: A pigeon held ready for launching. No one knows how they find their way home.



Above: A pigeon is placed in its container before going off to liberate Europe with the first landings of airborne troops. The paratroops used them to send back messages of the progress of operations.

hazardous for the pigeons concerned, were the missions on which they were used to get information from civilians in enemy-held territory. Seventeen thousand were parachuted in and only 1900 of these returned, but the completed questionnaires they brought back yielded invaluable information.

Pigeons have won many more Dickin Medals for gallantry than any other bird or animal—32 have been awarded the animal's Victoria Cross. Undisputed king of the war pigeons was "GI Joe," an American bird seconded to the British forces in Italy in 1943. While American planes were still bombing up to blitz the village of Colvi Vecchia, British soldiers captured it unexpectedly early.

If the raid could not be stopped, hundreds of men's lives were in peril—and the radio was out of action. "GI Joe" went arrow straight for his home loft at 60 miles an hour and reached the airfield in time for the pilots to feather their engines. At a ceremony on Tower Hill after the war, "GI Joe" was invested with the Dickin Medal. In the United States, a Service citation and a long and celebrated retirement awaited him.

During their long history of war service, pigeons have been more minutely studied

than any other bird. Controlled experiments have proved them capable of flying home over astonishing distances through snow and storms. The mystery that defies scientists and ornithologists the world over is—how do they do it?

The evidence is sparse and mostly negative. They definitely do not navigate by the sun nor the stars nor by the earth's magnetism. Some fanciers thought they detected a clue when pigeons released on moors near the Fylingdales early warning station, circled round and round, unable to find their bearings. But the majority of Britain's 250,000 fanciers say they can attribute the pigeon's remarkable homing abilities only to uncanny instinct.

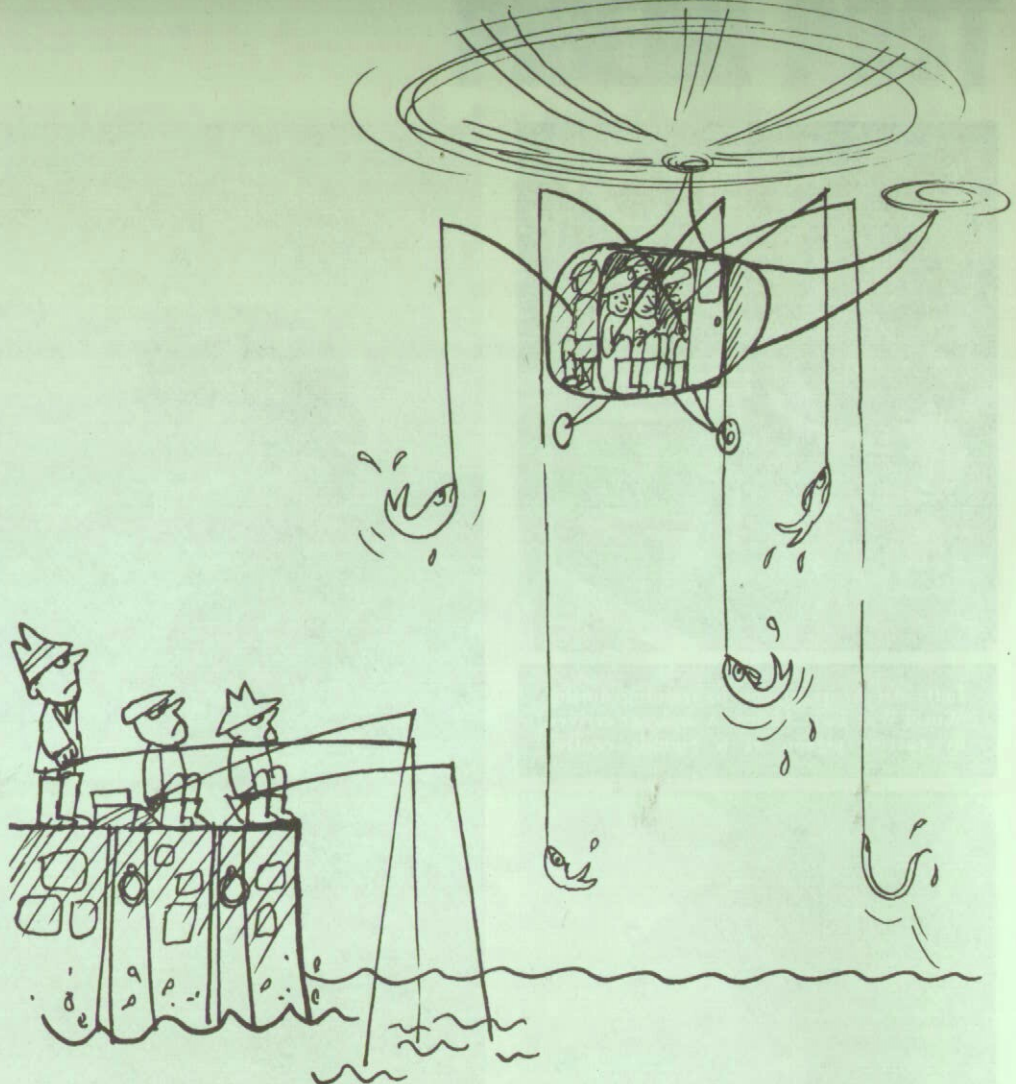
The pigeon believed to hold the record for the longest flight surmounted incredible problems of fatigue and navigation. Released off the West Coast of Africa in 1845, it fell dead a mile from its loft in London 55 days later, having flown 7000 miles.

Another demonstrated the compulsion to get home which has made the pigeon so faithful a messenger. A cock pigeon arrived back from a 520-mile race two months late. It had been injured en route and someone had clipped its wings.

The little bird with but a single thought had walked home.

BEACH BRIGADE

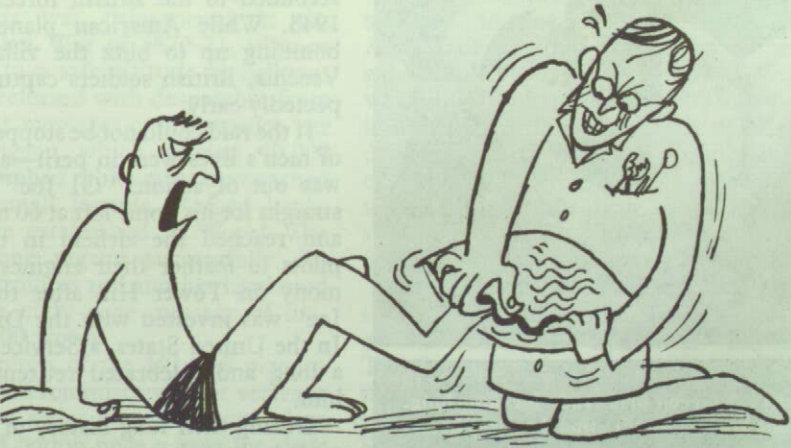
by Gordon Stowell



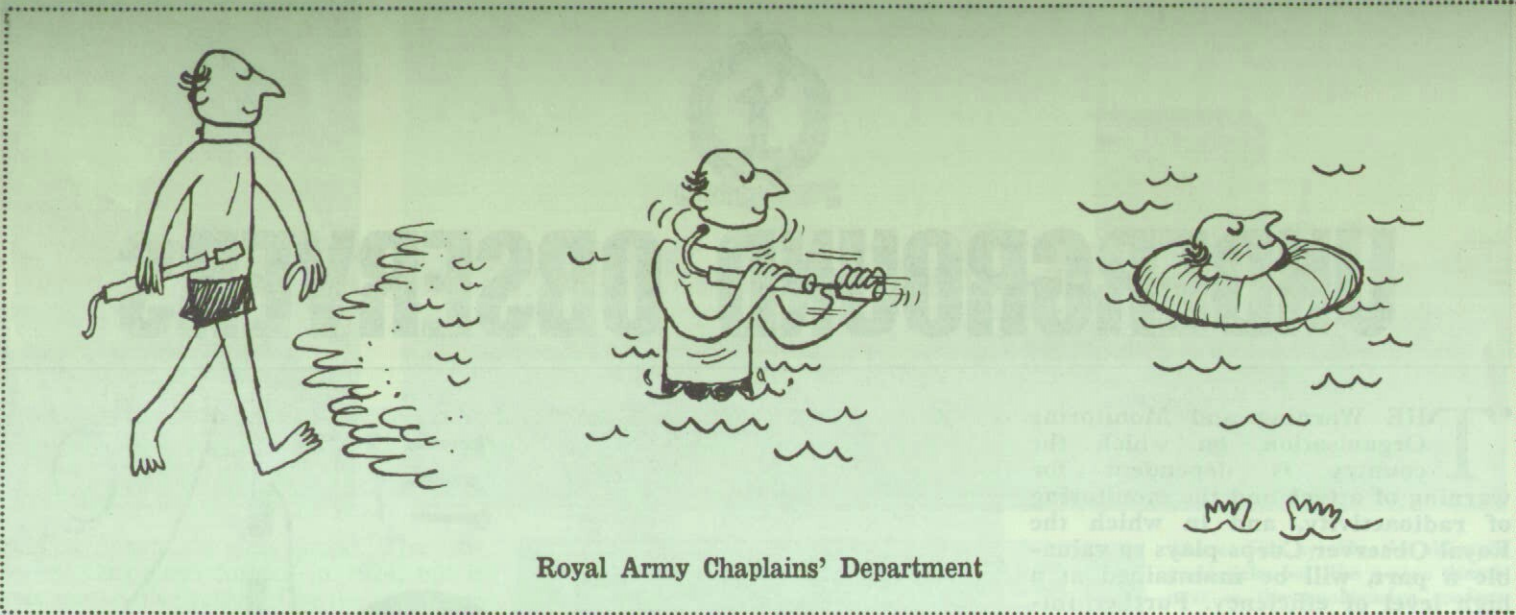
Army Air Corps



Cavalry Regiment



Royal Army Dental Corps



Royal Army Chaplains' Department



Infantry Regiment



Scottish Regiment



Royal Army Pay Corps



UNDERGROUND OBSERVERS

THE Warning and Monitoring Organisation, on which the country is dependent for warning of attack and the monitoring of radioactivity, and in which the Royal Observer Corps plays so valuable a part, will be maintained at a high level of efficiency. Further improvements in the system are planned."—Home Defence Review, 1966.

When the keen-eyed men of the Observer Corps stood to their posts ten days before the world went to war in 1939 it was the opening of a five-year vigil. With the same calm and realism as they faced that ordeal the men with the motto "Forewarned is Forearmed" are readying for a cataclysmic third world war lasting no longer they believe than 14 days.

Nagasaki and Hiroshima revolutionised warfare and endowed the Royal Observer Corps with an horrific task of importance that cannot be exaggerated. If this country is ever subjected to nuclear attack, the surviving observers—men and women volunteers aged between 15 and 60—will methodically plot and report the extent of destruction. Their warnings would save millions of lives and their relayed reports would govern the scale and timing of Britain's retaliation.

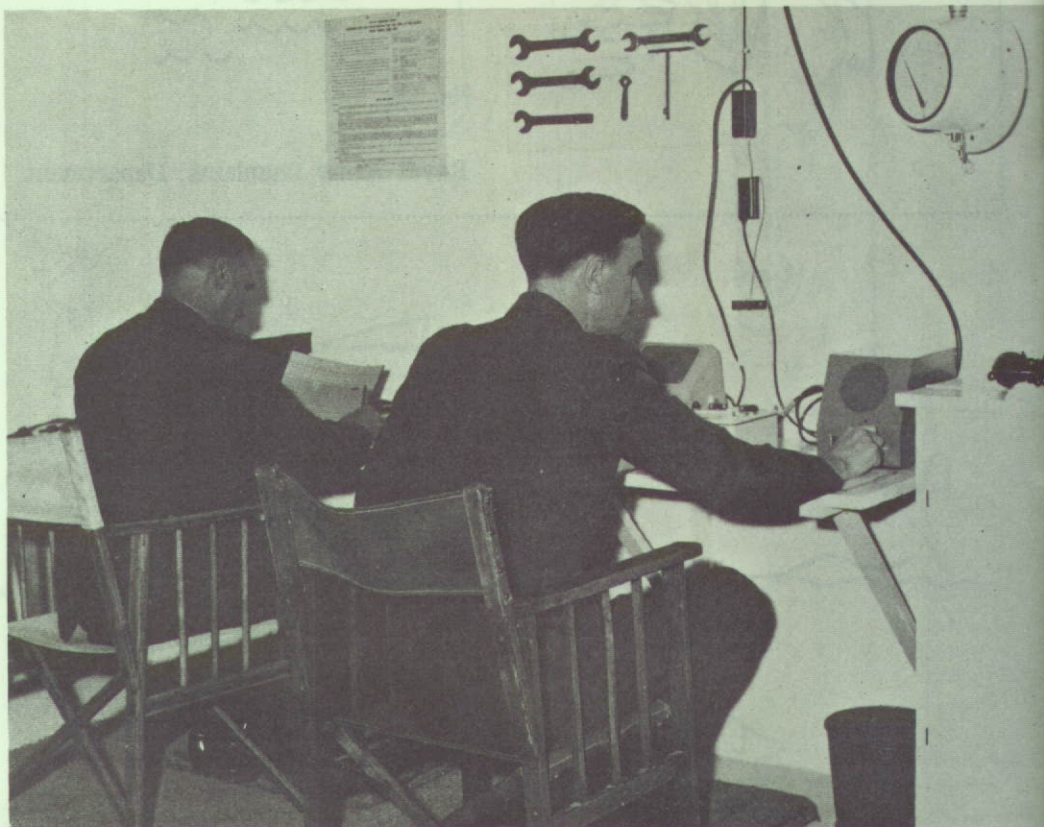
In 1941 King George VI gratefully acknowledged the Corps' invaluable contribution to the Battle of Britain victory with the accolade "Royal".

Two months ago Her Majesty The Queen marked the 25th anniversary of that occasion and gave a significant pointer to the value of the observers' role in the apparently endless years of Cold War truce ahead, when she reviewed the Corps at its Middlesex headquarters, and presented a magnificent gilt and blue banner.

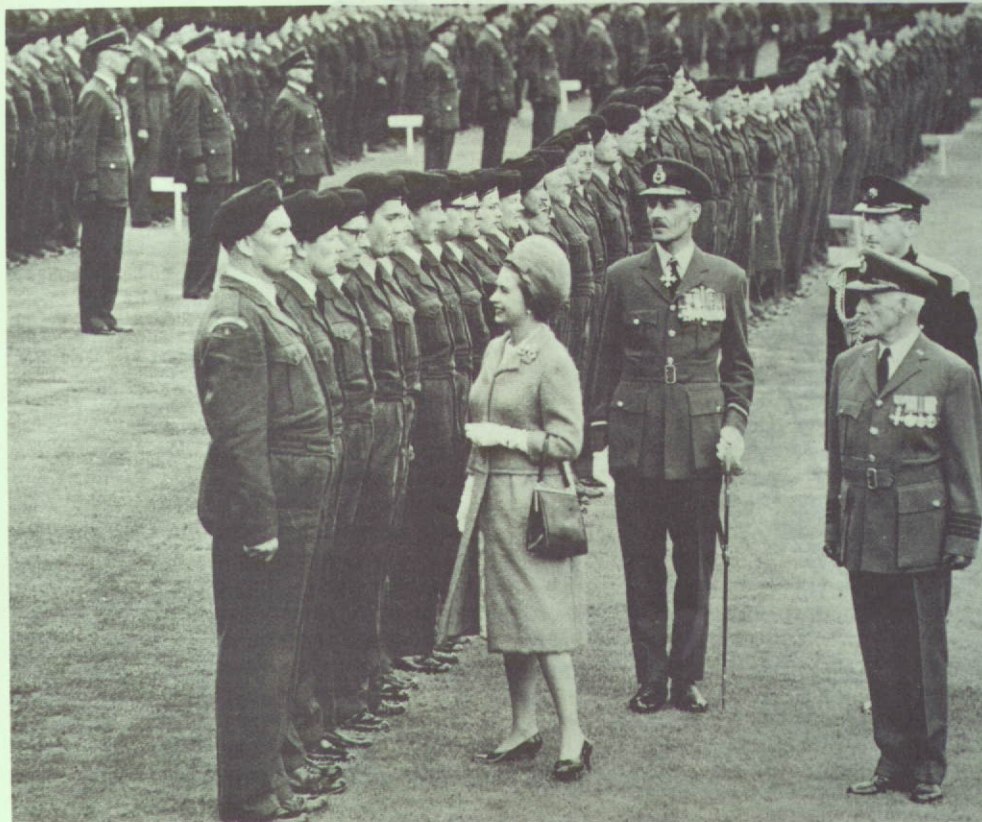
Although the observers wear blue battle-dress and are best known as the eyes and ears of the Royal Air Force, they owe their foundation to a soldier.

London's air defence in World War One was an inglorious muddle with the Admiralty wrestling for control with hopeless desperation. Chief Constables were supposed to report and exchange information on air attacks. In emergencies the result was total confusion solved only when mammoth blockage of the telephone lines prevented further miscommunication. Major-General Ashmore fought for an effective method of collecting and distributing information on hostile and friendly aircraft activities and by 1918 had reduced the chaos with the creation of the London Air Defence Area.

After a three year breather, a committee reported in 1921 and successful trials



Above: Two observers at work inside one of the underground posts that cover the country. Below: The Queen stops to chat to Leading Observer Douglas during the Corps' 25th anniversary parade.





proved Ashmore's ideas sound. The Observer Corps was formed in 1924, but it was another five years before the reins were passed over to the Air Ministry.

In August, 1939, the shepherds and squires of the Observer Corps reported to their posts from Land's End to John O'Groats. The framework was there already and volunteers barred by age, health or occupation from a more active war, enlisted to make it throb.

It was a curious occupation and a curious life which bound men together often with their normal status reversed. If the village poacher commanded the post, the vicar did what he was told with enthusiasm. Long hours on stag with the crudest of instruments, a tabby cat for company and a brew on the oil stove to relieve the tedium of the umpteenth dog-watch—good eyesight, sound hearing and the unbeatable dedication of the keen amateur were the only qualifications. They wore their berets at all angles and the women when they joined were worse. Some looked fitter for the bath chair than the observation tower, but how well they did the job!

Like the beacon-lighters who warned of the coming of the Armada in 1588 reincar-



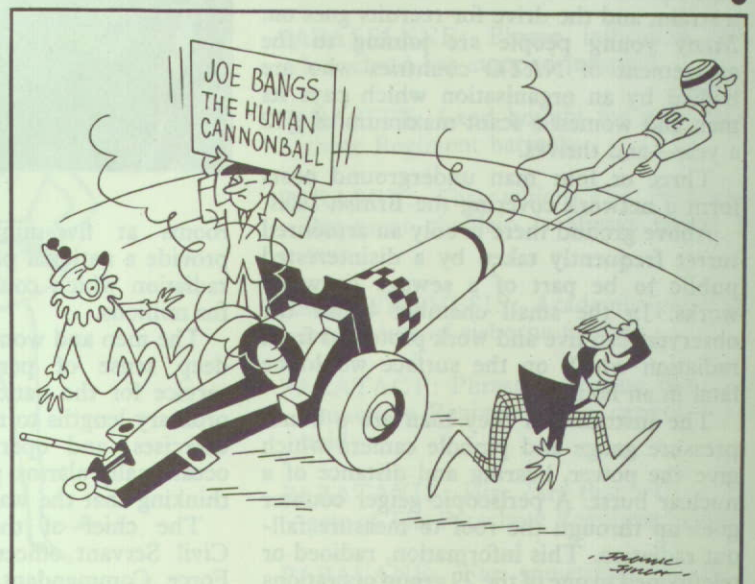
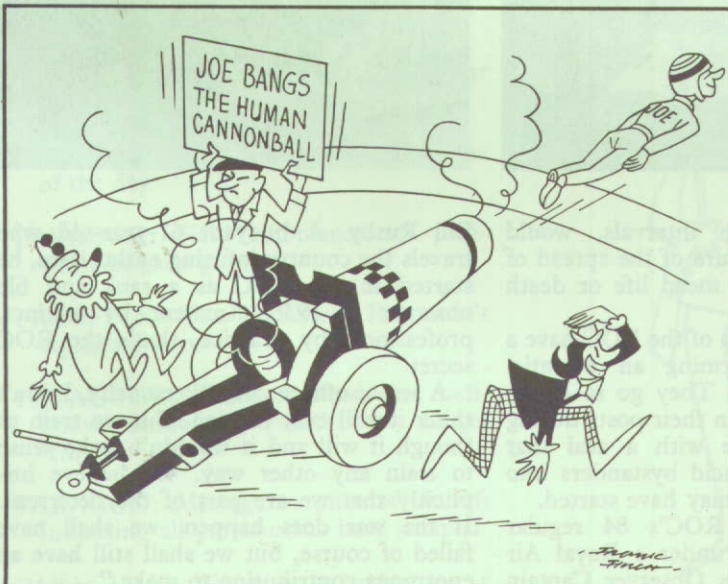
Above: Side by side, the old style post sticks out like a sore thumb next to the unobtrusive modern underground post on the left.

Above left: Captain Rusby, chief of the Corps' 84 regular officers.

Left: A World War One poster. Before the birth of the Royal Observer Corps air defence in London was an inglorious muddle.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

These two pictures look alike, but they vary in ten minor details. Look at them very carefully. If you cannot detect the differences, see page 31.



nated, the 32,000 observers ceaselessly scanned the skies for enemy. In a battle so finely balanced as the Battle of Britain, who can say that the ROC did not swing the scales in favour of the Royal Air Force? Radar guarded the seaward approaches, but inland it was information from the ROC operations rooms which homed Fighter Command and the Army's anti-aircraft gunners to their targets.

The observers became so skilled in recognition while the skies of Britain were thick with aircraft that even under total cloud they could identify German planes by engine noise. When returning bombers were being molested by infiltrators in their groups, the observers could pick out the joker in the pack and flash a warning.

The tracking system was approaching perfection in 1941 when a post reported an ME110 crossing Scotland. "Rubbish", said the experts, "it doesn't have the range to get back". The observers were right. It was Rudolf Hess and he had no intention of flying back.

When aircraft were circling overhead obviously lost, the ROC called for searchlights to "signpost" the nearest airfield. Many other aircraft flying low into mountainous areas were saved by "Granite" warning-off flares fired by the ROC. "Totter" rockets were another piece of pure Heath Robinson used extremely effectively by observers to alert patrol fighters to the location of South Coast hit-and-run raiders.

The final challenge of the war was the flying bomb. The observers were just able to track them but it was obvious that human eyesight could not keep pace with the increasing speed and altitude of aircraft. At the war's end, while the ROC was stood down for 18 months, radar finally took ascendancy.

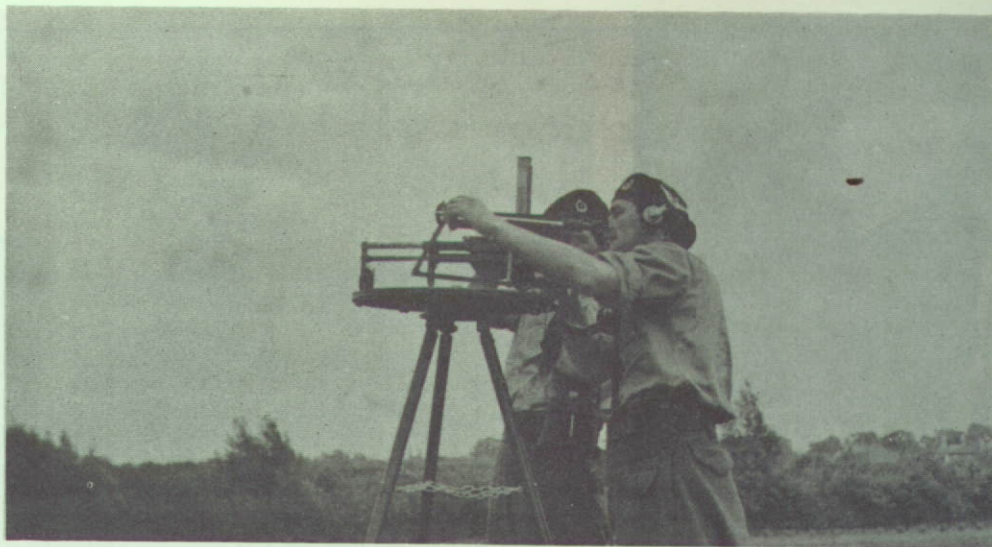
Deprived of its *raison d'être*, the ROC seemed to be drifting to dissolution until a new era opened in 1955.

The sudden switch from fresh air and aeroplanes was shock treatment. The old-stagers among the recognition experts were disheartened and left. In the two years it took ROC to weather the storm, its strength sank by 2000. Although well below establishment the ROC today could man all of its 1560 posts and 29 group headquarters in an emergency. The anticipated period of stand-to would however be a strain, and the drive for recruits goes on. Many young people are joining to the amazement of NATO countries who are baffled by an organisation which pays its men and women a scant maximum of £12 a year—and thrives.

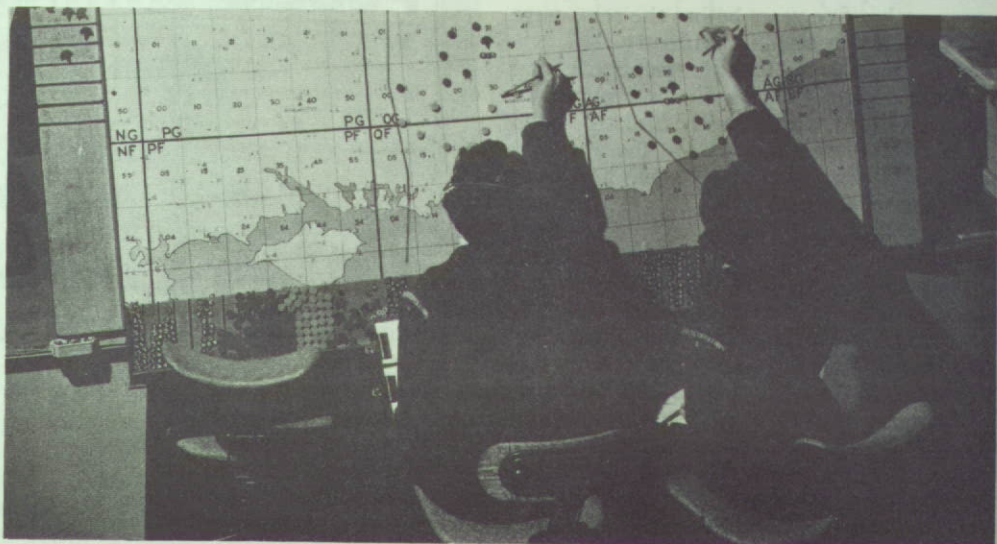
Three or four man underground posts form a network covering the British Isles.

Above ground there is only an armoured turret frequently taken by a disinterested public to be part of a sewage or water works. In the small chamber below the observers can live and work protected from radiation which on the surface would be fatal in an hour.

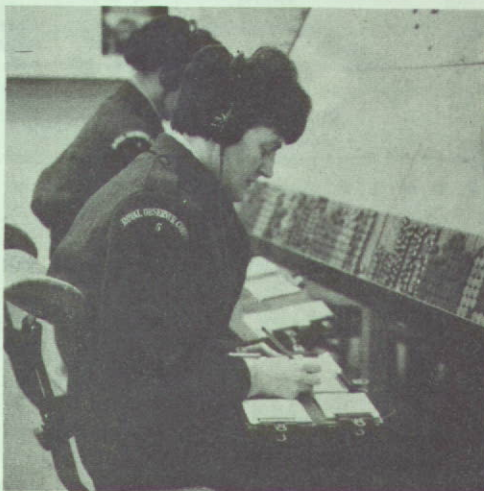
The instruments they man are a bomb pressure gauge and pinhole camera which give the power, bearing and distance of a nuclear burst. A periscopic geiger counter goes up through the roof to measure fall-out radiation. This information, radioed or telephoned to one of the 29 group operations



Above: Observers at work above ground during World War Two and (below) observers at work below ground this year at a map showing theoretical spread and dosage of fall-out across south-east England.



Below: Women observers at work plotting in the Watford Group operations room. Left is Mrs Ann Colin and right is Chief Woman Observer Vera Petchey, a member of the Corps since World War Two.



rooms at five-minute intervals, would provide a national picture of the spread of radiation which could mean life or death for millions.

The men and women of the ROC have a deep sense of performing an essential service for the nation. They go to extraordinary lengths to man their posts during exercises, and operate with a zeal that occasionally alarms placid bystanders into thinking that the war may have started.

The chief of the ROC's 84 regular Civil Servant officers under a Royal Air Force Commandant, is Observer Captain

Bill Rusby. A buoyant 61-year-old who travels the country infusing enthusiasm, he started in the ROC as a rank and file observer in 1938. Amateur by instinct, professional by practice, that's the ROC secret.

A senior officer said, "Personally, I don't think it will ever happen. But we train as though it will and it wouldn't make sense to train any other way. We believe implicitly that we are part of the deterrent. If the war does happen, we shall have failed of course, but we shall still have an enormous contribution to make."

PARA PHRASES

from the Airborne Forces Dictionary

PARABASIS: Areas designated throughout the world as suitable camps for The Parachute Regiment

PARABLE: Unnecessarily fastidious cleaning of kit

PARABOLA: Member of a parachute brigade group cricket team

PARACHUTE: Annual rifle meeting of a parachute battalion



PARAGUAY

PARACLETE: Knot used by airborne soldiers

PARADE: Help given to parachutists

PARADIGM: Order to construct trenches

PARADIGMATIC: As for paradigm, but by machine

PARADISE: Paratroops' version of liar dice

PARADOS: Quick nap taken at any time of the day

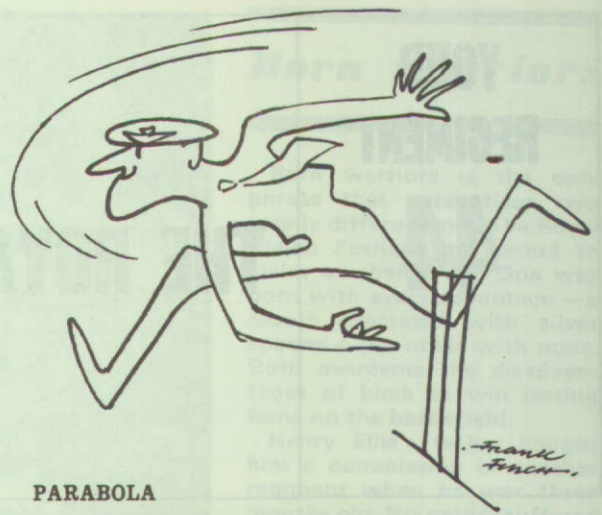
PARADOX: Field ambulances of parachute brigade groups

PARAFFIN: The Parachute Regiment's aqualung team

PARAGOGE: Corruption of the well-known battle-cry "Parachutists, go get 'em!"

PARAGON: Message to pilot of aircraft indicating all parachutists have jumped

PARAGUAY: Slang term indicating a member of The Parachute Regiment



PARABOLA

PARAKEET: Arabic pronunciation of Parachute Regiment equipment

PARAKITE: The aircraft from which airborne soldiers jump

PARALIPSIS: An airborne soldier's sister renowned for her exotic kissing technique

PARALLAX: Idle airborne soldier

PARALLEL: French woman parachutist

PARALYSE: Untruths attributed to an airborne soldier

PARALYSIS: Untruths attributed to more than one airborne soldier

PARALYTIC: Nervous affliction of the eye occurring when airborne soldiers tell an untruth

PARAMAGNETIC: Property that sticks to airborne soldiers

PARAMATTA: Appertaining to The Parachute Regiment

PARAMO: Phrase indicating a short period of time to an airborne soldier, a corruption of the phrase "Half a mo"

PARAMOUNT: Airborne Cavalry

PARAMOUR: Parachute Regiment training area



PARALLEL

PARANG: Telephone call from one parachutist to another

PARAPET: Mascot of The Parachute Regiment

PARAPH: Two companies of a parachute battalion

PARAPHERNALIA: Disease peculiar to airborne soldiers liable to appear after exercises among plants with feathery fronds

PARAPHRASE: Small battles or skirmishes involving members of The Parachute Regiment



PARALIPSIS

PARASANG: Campfire concert of airborne soldiers

PARASELENE: Phrase indicating that low cloud has stopped jumping

PARASITE: Land bought for new Parachute Regiment barracks

PARASOL: That which The Parachute Regiment chaplain is always trying to save

PARASYNTHESIS: Academic paper on bad habits of airborne soldiers

PARATACT: Phrase indicating that The Parachute Regiment have carried out a raid

PARATAXIS: Hire cars that wait at the gate of The Parachute Regiment barracks

PARAVANE: The sometimes justifiable pride of airborne soldiers

YOUR REGIMENT 44

THE ROYAL WELCH FUSILIERS



"Toby Purcell, his spurs and St. David"

IN mid-war the King and the Field-Marshal were at loggerheads. Cause of the dispute was the black collar flash worn with affection by every soldier in the 42 battalions of The Royal Welch Fusiliers engaged in World War One.

Lord Kitchener argued that the black switches (dating from 1808) were too conspicuous. King George V disagreed and the Regiment kept its flashes. He later explained, "I told them that the enemy would never see the flashes on the backs of the Royal Welch."

The King was wrong. Twice already in their history the 23rd had surrendered to their foes and it was to happen a third time within a decade of his death. And yet he was right. For on each occasion the Fusiliers acquitted themselves with the greatest gallantry before bowing to submissions which circumstances made inevitable.

The Mediterranean island of Minorca was under siege in 1756 by 16,000 French troops. All had fallen but the tiny fort the Royal Welch and three other regiments were epically defending. Seventy days of unabated battle had weakened the garrison when the French unleashed a 100-gun bombardment and put in their final assault. Even so they lost 2000 casualties and were obliged to resort to trickery before the British yielded.

In striking tribute to their stand, the French allowed the survivors the honours of war. The Royal Welch marched out with "firelocks on their shoulders, drums beating, colours flying, 20 cartridges for each man and also lighted matches."

Twenty-five years later it happened again. After capturing Yorktown French generals congratulated the Royal Welch and confessed themselves amazed that the defenders had been so few.

The country, the war and the enemy were different again when some of the Regiment surrendered for the third time in 1940. The Royal Welch Fusiliers were one of the sacrificial pawns chosen to block the German advance on the Channel ports. Little rest and much marching led "Babington's Foot Cavalry"—as they were known in an earlier war—to St Floris, and there they stayed to fight.

The odds were too impossible to make talk of victory more than a joke, but the battalion's devotion to duty won an invaluable respite of two days for others. Those who were not killed or wounded, surrendered in scarce time to save their lives when hopelessly overrun.

The prisoners-of-war made the best of it with the cheerfulness that the Welch Fusiliers have mustered in adversity since their Regiment first took breath in 1690.

King William III ordered the raising at Ludlow of Herbert's Regiment (23rd Foot) and posted it to Ireland on active service in the space of five months. Four hundred men died of disease and undernourishment before a musket was aimed. The first action—the Battle of the Boyne—and the second-in-command's distinguished conduct, are recalled on St David's days when the officers raise their glasses and toast "Toby Purcell, his spurs and St David."

Although Namur earned the 23rd their first battle honour, the less famous siege of Liege was more significant for the Welshmen. They stormed the Belgian fortress with awesome bravery to win a new name, "The Welsh Regiment of Fusiliers."

Retitling for the 23rd was not done yet. Fierce battles under Marlborough's inspired captaincy lay ahead and the Regiment's gallantry was to be recognised in the bestowal of a single precious word—"Royal".

Schellenburg, Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet made the British soldier's reputation and gave the 23rd the sonorous title held with only minor changes to the present day.

The quaint mixture of folly and bravery that was the Battle of Minden exemplifies the fantastic discipline of the British Army in the 18th century. An order was an order and when six Infantry regiments mistakenly believed themselves ordered to attack the entire French army, the drums rolled and the line advanced. Minden must stand supreme in the history of those six Regiments, certainly The Royal Welch Fusiliers fought in no more glorious exploit. Three coolly fired volleys disposed of the Cavalry, the foot soldiers melted away and within three hours the entire army of Imperial France was in flight.

Sharp actions against the French in Egypt and the West Indies battle hardened the Welch Fusiliers for a most unpleasant war in Spain and Portugal. At Albuhera, where 333 of their number fell, they were struck by "an iron tempest" of grapeshot. Undeterred, they thrust steadily forward and drove off the French. After their sterling work in the preparatory battles it was only just that the 23rd should take a place of honour in the final defeat of Napoleon at a village called Waterloo.

A rare break from action lasted 40 years to the outbreak of the Crimean War. The Royal Welch were landed and followed their bayonets at Alma, Inkerman and Sebastopol. The first two of the Regiment's 14 Victoria Crosses were won, but 757 men never saw England again.

In the last 110 years the Royal Welch have been at war in India, South Africa, twice in France and almost at war in Malaya. The South African War is chiefly remembered for the vast distances covered on foot. In World War One, 42 battalions were raised and all those that came to battle fought in the tigerish tradition of their Regiment.

The host of World War Two battle honours immortalises the deeds of fusiliers who fought and won in the widely varying conditions of the Western Europe, Middle East and Far East campaigns. The two Regular battalions were rivalled in achievement by the three Territorial battalions now facing the impact of drastic reorganisation.

One battalion was selected to represent Wales in The Parachute Regiment and four more were trained in gunnery.

The Malayan Emergency was a brilliant epilogue to the career of the 2nd Battalion. Raised in 1756, it was sentenced to suspended animation in 1958.

Now serving with the United Nations peacekeeping force in Cyprus for a second post-war tour on the island, the 1st Battalion is due to return to Germany in November. Two world wars and a spell in Rhine Army have lent new significance to a report penned in 1771, "The Royal Regiment of Welch Fusiliers is as well known to all veterans in Europe as any regiment in their respective nations."

Born warriors

Born warriors is the only phrase that categorises two totally different men. The Royal Welch Fusiliers are proud to claim as their own. One was born with every advantage — a mouth crammed with silver spoons — the other with none. Both overcame the disadvantages of birth to win lasting fame on the battlefield.

Henry Ellis's father bought him a commission in another regiment when he was three months old. His career suffered an early set-back when the unit disbanded. The baby was placed on half-pay until he was six. At 14 he was serving again — as a captain.

At Martinique he was asked if his grenadier company would be able to take some forts. The fire-eater gave a characteristic reply: "I will take the flints out of their flintlocks, and they shall take them." He came to the command at 27 and led the



The 1st Battalion's mortar platoon in Bren carriers during the 1944 Manipur campaign in Burma.



Left: Brig (later Gen) H C Stockwell, formerly a 1st Battalion commander, with 2nd Division commander, Maj-Gen (later Fd-Marshal) F W Festing.

Right: Maj-Gen Sir Luke O'Connor was one of the first Victoria Crosses when, as a sergeant, he bore the 23rd's Queen's Colour at Alma in 1854.



Below: Men of 6th Battalion (Royal Welch), The Parachute Regiment, flew from Italy into Greece in October 1944 to co-operate with the guerrillas.

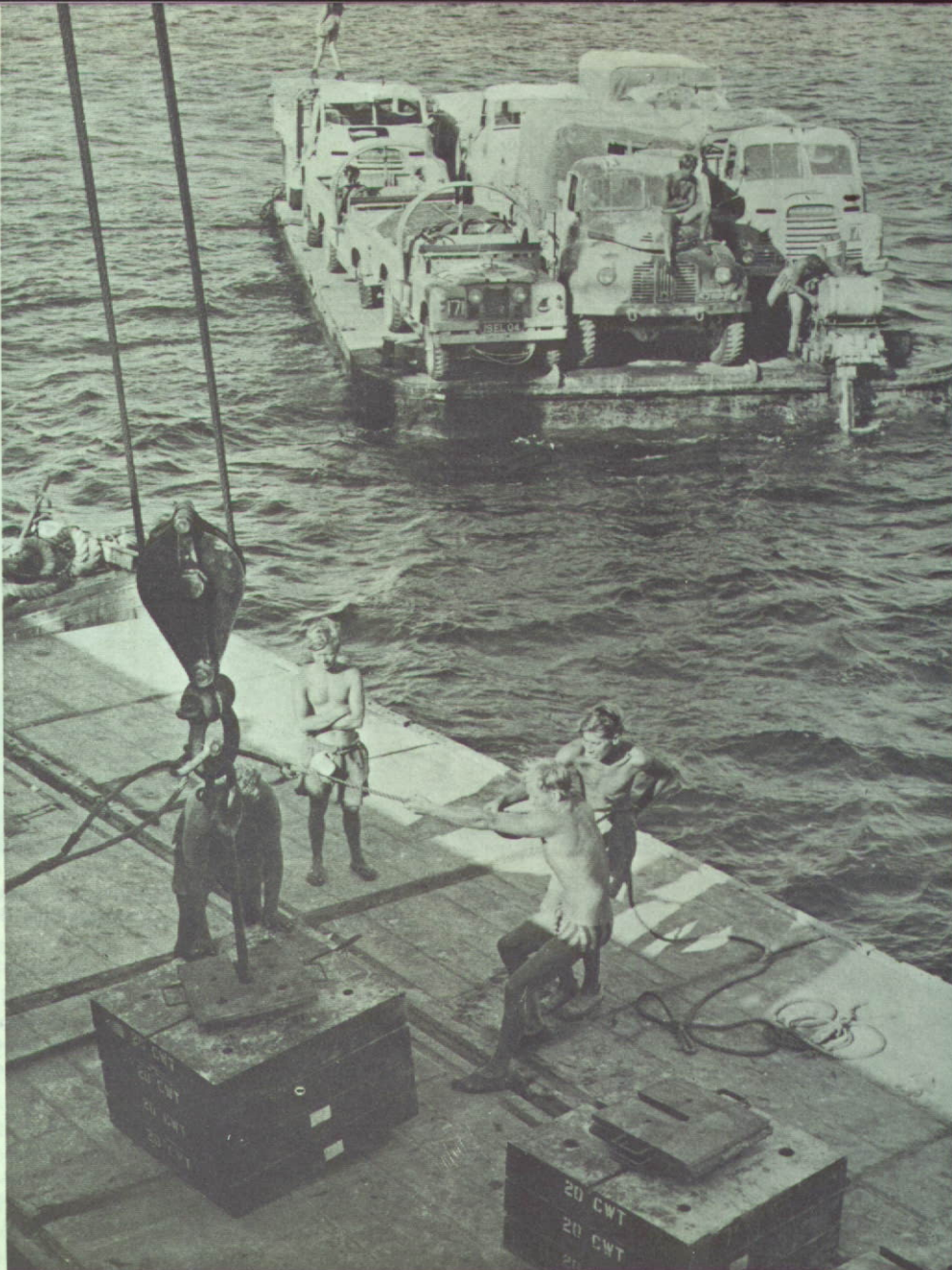


Regiment with dashing brilliance. The meteor burned out five years later at Waterloo. Eight times previously he had been wounded and recovered. On this sad occasion the musket ball in his breast, which he treated with the greatest calm, and a fire at the dressing station, were too much for even his stout constitution.

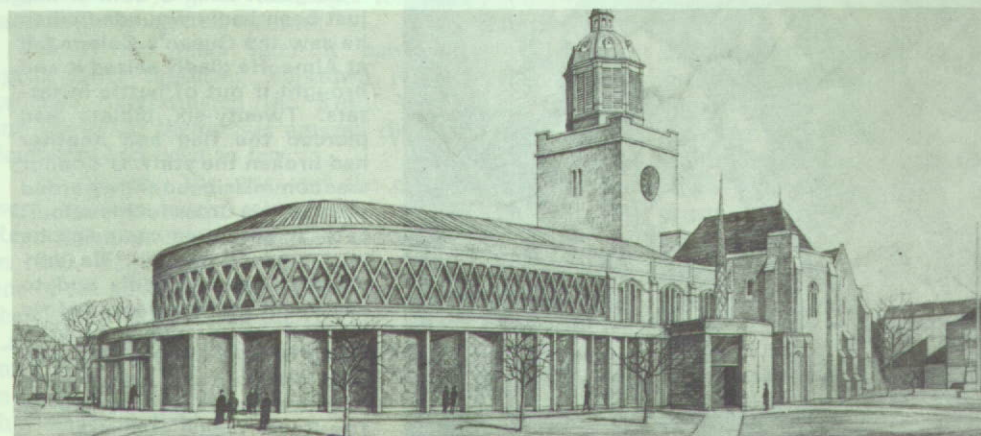
Sergeant Luke O'Connor had just been badly wounded when he saw the Queen's Colour fall at Alma. He gladly seized it and brought it out of battle in tatters. Twenty-six bullets had pierced the flag and another had broken the staff. O'Connor was commissioned and awarded the Victoria Cross for his valour. Later in the same campaign he was again wounded. He survived to fight in India and to command for five years before retiring as a major-general. When he died in 1915, the man who joined up as a fusilier with a limited future was Colonel of The Royal Welch Fusiliers.

LEFT, RIGHT AND CENTRE

A heavily laden Unifloat manned by the Royal Corps of Transport lies off Ma'alla Wharf, Aden, (right) while another is unloaded. Unknown to most of the up-country soldiers, the khaki sailors are engaged in a huge operation to keep them supplied. The Joint Services Port Unit handles a never-ending stream of equipment for the three Services. Fuel oil, barbed wire, timber, cement, heavy plant, vehicles and NAAFI stores are shipped to seaboard stations in boats small enough to sail the shallow waters of the South Arabian coast. In the last seven-month season the 20 men of the unit and five from the Royal Pioneer Corps have had only 20 free days, including Christmas, Easter and Sundays—and these tars never strike!

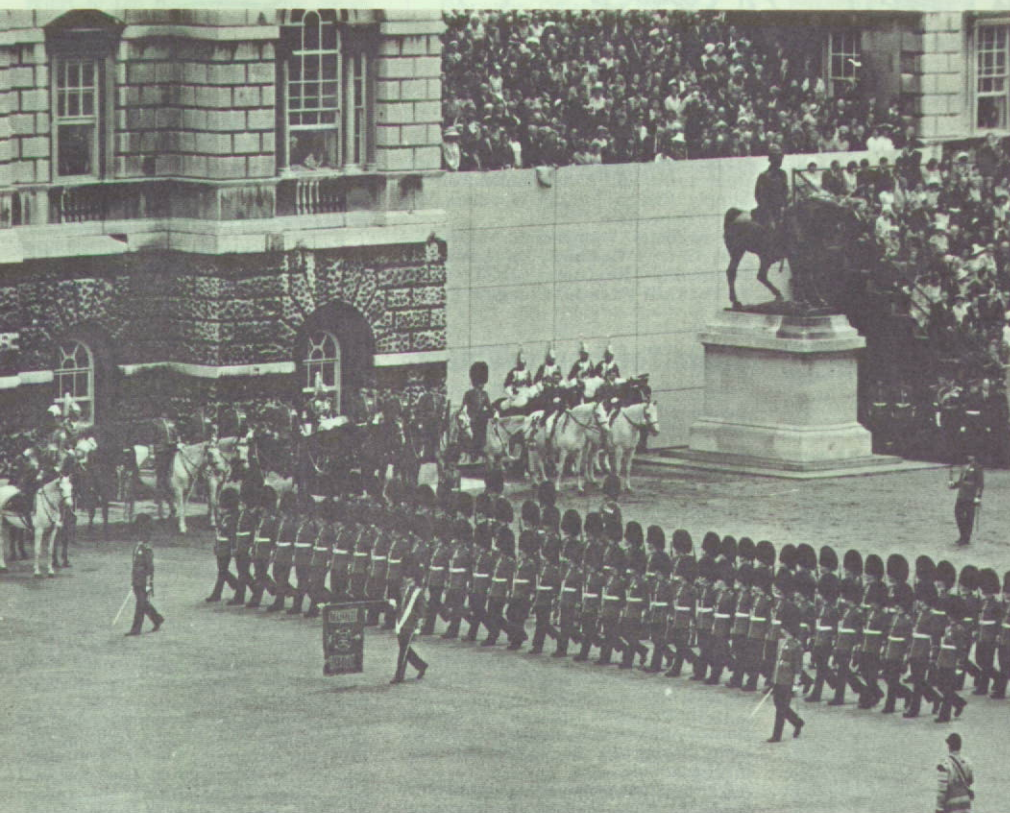


A nave is to be added to Portsmouth Cathedral (below) in commemoration of the D-Day landings of 6 June 1944. And who more appropriate to lay the foundation stone than (left) Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, formerly Deputy Supreme Allied Commander in Europe? So anyway thought Earl Mountbatten. He would not hear of the original plan calling for him to lay the stone and urged that the Field-Marshal's role in the landings and battle for Europe had earned him the privilege. Lord Montgomery was greeted by guards of honour from all three Services and he addressed representatives of most of the units in action on D-Day. General Eisenhower is keenly interested in the memorial and is appealing in the United States for contributions towards the cost of £400,000. The invasion operation which put a million men across the Channel in 24 days was launched from Portsmouth. Crests of all the D-Day units will be incorporated in the nave's design and if all goes well the nave will have a very timely consecration in June 1969, the 25th anniversary.



In front of Osnabrück's imposing town hall, the band of 9th/12th Royal Lancers is playing (above). On the steps behind, trumpeters are ready to sound a fanfare announcing the opening of "Great Britain in Osnabrück—Week of Friendship." Rhine Army gave wholehearted support to a seven-day programme of cultural, commercial and sporting events intended to reforge old links of friendship between Britain and Germany. On the final night, 15 Army bands staged a torchlight tattoo and made Illosche Stadium ring with music.

"Those able to march will be formed in four companies under their respective Captains of Invalids, whilst the remainder will occupy seats on the parade ground"—an order that could apply only to the Grand Old Soldiers of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, on their annual Founder's Day parade. Ill health balked some of the stalwarts from marching, but as you see (right) it did not stop them taking a critical look at their colleagues' performance. Regard those shining boots and buttons, those slide-rule creases. Take in that row of steady stares and firm set jaws. Truly is it said "once a soldier always a soldier." Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother reviewed the parade, chatted with some of the seven 90-year-olds taking part and took the salute as the Pensioners in their black tricorne hats and scarlet frock coats marched past to the strains of "Boys of the Old Brigade."



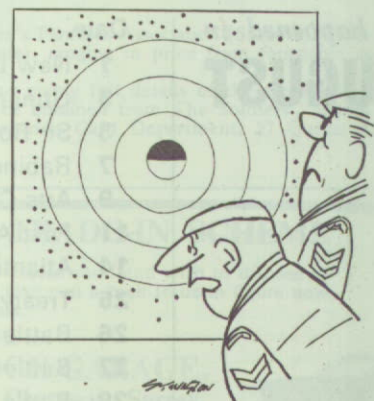
Year in, year out, the Trooping the Colour ceremony remains one of the most popular events in the London calendar. Seats on Horse Guards for the Brigade of Guards' magnificent parade are as hard to come by as tickets for the Cup Final and Wimbledon. Visitors from all over the world go away marvelling at the Guards' precision, sustained (above) even while giving an eyes right salute to their Monarch. The Colour trooped this year was that of 1st Battalion, Irish Guards, who leave for Aden later this year.

The Gunners went to great lengths—and heights—to celebrate the Royal Artillery's 250th anniversary in Scotland. A muscular Territorial Army detachment manhandled (below) a 25-pounder up the steep slopes of Arthur's Seat overlooking Edinburgh. Regular Gunner commandos went one better with a cliff-scaling assault on the City's pride and joy—the Castle itself. The long haul from Dunsappie Loch to the saddle below Arthur's Seat was a 900-yard pull for men of 278 (Lowland) Field Regiment, Royal Artillery. Two teams were sprinting up and down the hillside to take their places on the rope and keep the gun moving smoothly upwards in 50-yard pitches. From

Plymouth came soldiers of 29 Commando Regiment, determined to plant their two-ton 105-millimetre pack howitzer on Edinburgh's roof. The final phase of the assault was a sheer climb up the castle wall to the ramparts. Parts of the dismantled gun were swung aloft in swift succession and a bare 30 minutes after the operation started, three blank rounds boomed off. Other anniversary celebrations in Edinburgh were two displays by the massed pipes and drums of Territorial Army units and a rally. A congregation of more than 1000 attended a thanksgiving service in Glasgow Cathedral and a salute was taken at the Cenotaph by the Lord Provost of the City.

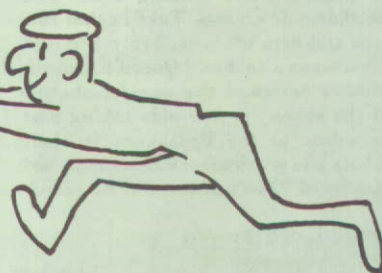
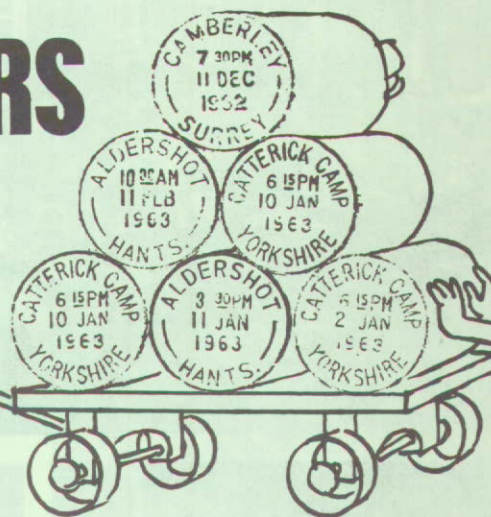


The checks which Staff-Sergeants Henry Mackie and Ivor Poole are seen making minutes before the start of the 11th International Police Car Rally at Liège, were obviously thorough. In 22 hours of solid driving they brought their Mini home over an 1100-kilometre course to win a class prize and the coveted award for the best military police car. Their team of eight Rhine Army military policemen took third place overall and won nine other awards. The first circuit included a surprise hill climb and theirs was the only team not to drop points. The toughest test came after 500 kilometres of hard driving and tricky navigation when the competitors were sent on a secret section. The task of concentrated map-reading in darkness and fog over 185 kilometres of rough roads and tracks beat many of their rivals. When the Royal Military Police stopped at a crossroads for two minutes to check position, a dozen competitors who should have been miles away passed at high speed and disappeared to all points of the compass. As only 25 of the 65 cars entered finished, the Military Police team was duly grateful to Sergeant-Major Dennis Everett's Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers' support team for some beautifully orchestrated pit stops and service.



"We've got a right lot here, Sarge!"

LETTERS



Training Areas

Complaints frequently appear in the newspapers that the Army has spoiled many beautiful areas of the countryside which have been taken over for training purposes.

As most of the Army training centres are at present in the south of England and are not of a favourable type owing to cramped firing ranges etc, could not these centres be moved gradually in future years to the north of Scotland, where there is ample room? If this was done, training centres in such areas as Dorset, Salisbury Plain, Stanford, Catterick and Dartmoor, which are small compared with the vast open areas available in Northern Scotland, could be closed and the land returned to the public.—**A Denham, 7 Chalford Walk, Woodford Green, Essex.**

Expatriate Irish

I enjoy SOLDIER very much but it really disgusts me when I read of Irishmen in the British Army. The letter from Lance-Corporal C. J. O'Connor (April) was typical. Are the Irishmen in the British Army aware that they serve in an Army occupying a part of their country, or don't they care?

I am a third generation Irish-American and I obviously care more for Ireland than they do.

The real trouble with Ireland is that Irishmen fight for everyone but themselves.—**Patrick McVeigh, 10 Plaza Street, Brooklyn, New York, NY, USA.**

Corporal O'Connor has every reason to acclaim the part played by Southern Irishmen in World War Two. A few years ago it was authoritatively reported that they supplied more volunteers in proportion to male population than any other country in the world.

The *esprit de corps* of those immortal regiments, The Royal Irish, Connaught Rangers, Royal Dublin Fusiliers, Leinsters and Royal Munster Fusiliers is a perpetual flame that could not be extinguished by the 1922 disbandments.

Therefore it is not surprising that their descendants should be worthy of this proud heritage and earn such an imposing list of decorations.—**Lieut-Col A Garwood Wynn (Rtd), 5 Grafton Street, London W1.**

Compagnons de voyage

The fortitude of the British soldier never ceases to amaze ("Long Run to Red River," March). It is difficult nowadays to appreciate fully how the soldiers of yesterday managed to exist, let alone achieve victories, clothed as they were in heavy, unyielding uniforms, burdened by arms, equipment and other appurtenances that had never received the blessing of Work Study.

To those of us who plan and take part in adventure schemes, "Long Run to Red River" stops us in our tracks with its complexity and hardship—47 portages with full kit alone takes some comprehending.

However, I feel sure you would wish to rectify an omission. Small as the force was, it was still supplied somehow, and others of the British Army not mentioned in the article also suffered the privations of this incursion into the wilderness. Sir John Fortescue, in his

"History of the Transport and Supply in the British Army, Volume I," supports our Corps history, saying: "The Army Service Corps (first of this title) furnished a detachment of the Supply Branch for the bloodless Red River Expedition."

Travelling companions indeed!—**Maj G L N Cobbett, 52 (Lowland) Divisional Regiment RCT (TA), 31 Yorkhill Parade, Glasgow C3.**

Room for improvement

In the May SOLDIER two articles mentioned the need for the British Army to take a close look at the equipment issued for use in extremes of temperature, climate and terrain.

In the article on Exercise Winter Express, held in Northern Norway, mention is made that "British double layer gloves were too thin and too tight to give adequate protection against the fiendish arctic cold . . . string vests rubbed raw the shoulders of men carrying heavy packs, the sleeping bags were too small . . . zips tended to freeze solid and the British combat uniforms are neither waterproof after their first wash nor are they windproof."

In the excellent article on the SAS in Borneo, mention is made of webbing belts having to be reinforced with insulating tape.

I know from personal experience that the 1958 pattern webbing is entirely unsuitable for jungle use and the individual soldier or marine has to resort to his own initiative and locally made and specially designed articles of equipment to provide an efficient and comfortable fighting order.

I remember an article in SOLDIER several years ago about the testing and troop trials of new weapons, clothing, equipment etc.

Perhaps these do not go far enough or, personally speaking, I think the answer may be that the people responsible for devising, conducting and evaluating the tests and their results do not have to use or wear the items themselves for any great length of time in realistic conditions.—**Cpl J M Allistone RM, Commando School,**

Infantry Training Centre, Royal Marines, Lympstone, Exeter, Devon.

The 24th at Chillianwallah

Your article on The South Wales Borderers (April) recalls that both the commanding officer and his son were killed at Chillianwallah.

My grandfather's first cousin (7th Light Cavalry and Deputy Adjutant-General of the Army) was also killed in the battle and among a collection of photographs of the cemetery at Chillianwallah which I have is one of a memorial to the commanding officer and his son. The inscription thereon reads:

"Sacred to the memory of Brigadier J Pennycuik CB, Lieut-Col in HM 24th Regiment who entered the service as Ensign in 78th Regiment. Fought in fifteen general engagements, and after a service of forty-three years, fell at the head of his brigade, in the Battle of Chillianwallah, 13 January 1849. And of Alexander, his son, Ensign in HM 24th Regiment, who fell in the same engagement while defending the body of his father."

Incidentally, my grandfather had six first cousins with him in India at that time, one being killed at Chillianwallah, one in the Residency at Lucknow and one before Delhi during the Indian Mutiny.—**Maj C de L W fforde (Rtd), Crossways, South Zeal, Okehampton, Devon.**

"Waheds" reunion

On 14 May this year approximately 40 former members of the old 111 Workshop and Park Company, Royal Engineers, formed at Chatham in 1939, held their first reunion since the Company was disbanded in 1946.

If any old members of the "Waheds" who did not attend this reunion but are interested in the next, yet to be planned, will get in touch with me, they would be warmly welcomed by all those who missed them this time.—**E Heath, 9 Malham Close, Seacroft, Leeds 14.**

It happened in AUGUST

| Date | | Year |
|------|--|------|
| 1 | New London Bridge opened | 1831 |
| 3 | Grinling Gibbons, artist, died | 1721 |
| 3 | Sir Roger Casement hanged | 1916 |
| 7 | Rabindranath Tagore, writer, died | 1941 |
| 9 | Arts Council of Great Britain incorporated | 1946 |
| 11 | First Ascot race meeting held | 1711 |
| 14 | Atlantic Charter made public | 1941 |
| 25 | Treaty of Berlin signed | 1921 |
| 26 | Battle of Crecy | 1346 |
| 27 | Battle of Long Island | 1776 |
| 29 | Battle of Mohacs | 1526 |



Those pin-ups

Please do keep up the good work on SOLDIER, although it was too bad the pin-ups had to go.—Blair C Stonier Corresponding Secretary, The Miniature Figure Collectors of America, 2555 Haverford Road, Ardmore, PA 19003, USA.

The Royal Ulster Rifles

While I think the article on The Royal Ulster Rifles (June) is in general good, I should like to draw your attention to the following points.

First, you refer to us as the "Ulsters"—our regimental short name is "Rifles" or "Stickies" and never "Ulsters".

Second, the caption to the picture of riflemen emplaning in a helicopter refers to the Battalion leaving Sabah, when in fact the whole of the Battalion's nine-month tour in Borneo was served in Sarawak.

Third, and perhaps most important, the last paragraph is quite inaccurate. To the best of my knowledge there is no intention at the present time that this Battalion should go to Germany.

I believe your readers look upon articles in SOLDIER as having a much greater degree of authority on Army matters than other papers and magazines, and that this in turn imposes upon you an extra obligation to be accurate.

Although I am sure the article was published in good faith I should be obliged if you will publish a suitable correction.—Lieut-Col H Hamill, CO 1st Battalion, The Royal Ulster Rifles, Bisley Camp, Brookwood, Surrey.

★ SOLDIER regrets the inaccuracies. The Sabah reference was taken from the caption to the picture, supplied by an agency. The references to "Ulsters" and Germany as a future location were mistakenly made by the Regimental Headquarters.

Gunfire

This Regiment has read with interest the letter from Mr C McDonald (May).

If a round lands in the target area the OP's immediate order is "1 RGF." I am thinking particularly of an IN shoot. It does not matter whether the target round is the first or the tenth. (Please see AT Vol III, Sec 31, para 61).

With regard to spades, boxes and platforms, when one is manoeuvring in what is really the Lord Mayor's front garden one has to be very careful—thus the gun was just "put there."

At the time of writing we are at annual camp and looking forward to some good shooting—thank you for SOLDIER's interest.—Lieut B Hartley, HQ 383 Field Regt RA (DCRH) TA, Connaught TA Centre, Stanhope Road, Portsmouth.

Erratum

On page 25 of the May SOLDIER Major John Elliott, Royal Army Ordnance Corps, was reported as having been awarded the George Cross. This should have been reported as the George Medal; SOLDIER much regrets the error.

Armed Forces Art Society

The Armed Forces Art Society (formerly the Army Art Society) is a non-profit making organisation whose object is to encourage art in the Armed Forces of the Crown. The Society's principal method of furthering this aim is by arranging an exhibition and sale of works, held annually in London.

All present and past members of the Armed Forces may submit works and the 1966 Exhibition will be held at the Chenil Galleries, King's Road, Chelsea. The following dates are relevant:

Entry forms to be completed and sent to Honorary Secretary by
Receiving day for works
Opening day and private view
Open to public
Annual general meeting at Chenil Galleries
To assist in defraying the expenses of the galleries etc, the following charges are made against exhibitors:

Submission fee 3s 6d each work submitted (maximum of four).
Hanging fee 10s 6d each work selected.

In addition, a commission of 10% is charged on all sales. Enquiries for further details and entry forms should be addressed to me.—Capt R R Fisher RN, Room 5307, Ministry of Defence, Main Building, Whitehall Gardens, London SW1.

Children's Education

The diversity of educational facilities in the United Kingdom offers opportunities for children of all abilities, but this variety can itself be confusing to parents. The Institute of Army Education provides a service of advice to serving Army parents on all matters relating to the education and future careers of children, especially those who suffer mental and physical handicaps, at home and overseas.

If you require advice on any aspect of your children's education or on their future careers, you should apply either personally or through your Chief Education Officer to the Commandant, Institute of Army Education, Court Road, Eltham, London SE9. All enquiries are treated in confidence.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(see page 23)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1 Left cuff of left clown. 2 "U" in "HUMAN". 3 Left thumb of man with notice. 4 Notch in top of gun shield. 5 Joe's left arm. 6 Lower square of check pattern on barrel. 7 Length of right clown's rear shoe. 8 Top right point of right clown's bow. 9 Joe's left heel. 10 Curve of smoke from barrel.

REUNIONS

The Dorset Regiment Association. Annual reunion and dinner at The Barracks, Dorchester, 10 September. Details from Hon Gen Sec, The Barracks, Dorchester, Dorset.

Beachley Old Boys' Association. Annual reunion 23, 24 and 25 September. Particulars from Hon Sec, BOBA, Army Apprentices School, Chepstow, Mon.

Army Physical Training Corps Association. Reunion dinner at Army School of Physical Training, Aldershot, Saturday, 17 September. Tickets £1 from Sec, APTC Assn, HQ and Depot APTC, Queen's Avenue, Aldershot, Hants.

The Royal Tank Regiment Association. Maidstone Branch "Cambrai" reunion dinner at Medway Hotel, Bank Street, Maidstone, Saturday, 29 October 1966, 7 for 7.30pm. Details from L H Pearce, 84 Old Tovil Road, Maidstone, Kent.

The South Wales Borderers and Monmouthshire Regiment (24th Regiment). Annual reunion at Brecon, 10/11 September 1966. For tickets and accommodation apply Regimental Secretary, RHQ, The Barracks, Brecon.

146/7 (WR) Field Ambulance RAMC. 20th annual reunion dinner, Friday, 14 October, at Sheffield and Ecclesall Co-op. Hon Sec, Capt A E Hodgson, 23 Bowfield Road, Sheffield 5.

The East Yorkshire Regimental Association. Reunion 24/25 September 1966. Apply Secretary, 11 Butcher Row, Beverley, East Yorkshire.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

D K Owen, 73 Hagley Road, Rugeley, Staffs.—Collects British Isles cap badges, also Commonwealth items, particularly overseas Scottish.

Capt W W Mahon, c/o RHQ Irish Guards, Birdcage Walk, London SW1.—Requires helmet badges of Irish regiments, especially North Mayo Militia and Royal County Limerick Militia. Exchanges considered.

W G Milligan, 23 Maryfield, London Road, Edinburgh 7, Scotland.—Requires copy of "34th Division 1915-1919" by J Shakespear. Will also exchange British and others for Scottish Colonial and Australian cap badges.

C O Piggott, 22 Melwood Grove, Acomb, York, Yorkshire.—Requires worldwide badges, buttons, medals and other army and air force insignia. Will purchase or exchange.

J Champagne, 3 Marché aux Légumes, Arlon, Belgium.—Requires metal cap badges and cloth formation badges of Great Britain and Israel. Can supply in exchange badges of Belgium, France and USA.

T S Stafford, 4 Swinburne Road, Eaglescliffe, Stockton-on-Tees, Co Durham.—Requires Nazi badges and daggers; also British cap badges, especially SAS. Offers cloth shoulder flashes or British para helmet in exchange.

T Brownlow, 112 Queenswood Road, London SE23.—Can supply British and Commonwealth regimental badges, cloth shoulder titles, metal police badges and helmet plates in exchange for worldwide para insignia, or will sell.

J R Humphreys, 154 Church Road, Higher Tranmere, Birkenhead, Cheshire.—Requires cap badges, helmet plates and medals, especially relating to the Scots Guards.

Christmas cards

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

This year the Army Benevolent Fund is offering four cards. The cheapest, at sixpence, shows a Biblical scene from the winning design at the Army Arts and Crafts Exhibition. The other three reproduce famous paintings, "A Winter Scene" and "The Adoration of the Shepherds" at ninepence each and "The Recruit" at one shilling.

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

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



Top left: "The Recruit" by Henry Liversedge. Top right: "A Winter Scene" by Isack Van Ostade. Left: "The Adoration of the Shepherds" by Reni. Above: Nigel Davis's winning design.

The Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association (SSAFA) is also producing four Christmas cards this year, ranging in price from fourpence to one shilling.

A leaflet, illustrated in colour and giving full details of the cards and prices, together with an order form, may be obtained from The Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association, Christmas Card Department, 27 Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, London SW1.

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Bridge Road, Chertsey, Surrey.
Tel: Chertsey 4264/2047.



Brigadier Maclean in typical pose—about five million people have seen his tattoos in Edinburgh.

THE BRIGADIER BOWS OUT



EDINBURGH Tattoo will be a sad, nostalgic occasion this year for one man. For next month Brigadier Alasdair Maclean, dynamic tattoo producer *par excellence*, bows out after nearly 20 years in military "show business."

Hundreds of military spectacles throughout the world owe their success either wholly or in part to the influence of Brigadier

Maclean and during the years he has commanded a greater variety of troops than either Eisenhower or MacArthur, ranging from American marines to Indian cavalymen, Canadian dancers to Jordanian camel riders, Turkish officer cadets to Norwegian skiers and Barbadian calypso players to Scots pipers.

Two hundred and fifty thousand people are expected to see the Edinburgh Tattoo this year, bringing the total audiences since the event started to something around the five million mark. And Alasdair Maclean can take the lion's share of the credit for attracting these colossal crowds.

Few men can claim to have had two such successful careers. When he was a lad growing up in the tiny Highland village of Lochbuie (Gaelic for Lucky Lake) he had only one ambition—to follow in the footsteps of his father and become a soldier.

But when he was a young officer, the seed of his second career was planted when he actually appeared in a tattoo—he was so impressed and excited by everything about him that he immediately vowed one day to run his own show. He got his wish in Malaya in 1947 and three years later he returned to Scotland and took over the Edinburgh Tattoo.

Under his loving care the event on the esplanade of the 1000-year-old castle became world famous and drew hordes of regular visitors from the four corners of the globe.

The tattoo business has given the Brigadier a passport to the world and "Maclean tattoos", modelled on Edinburgh, have been seen in far distant spots like Bermuda, Lisbon, New York, Copenhagen and Vancouver.

During this time he has become one of Scotland's top authorities on piping and Highland dancing, but he has never let his love of the traditional arts rule the Tattoo. He has insisted that a tattoo is like any other form of show business and that it must always have something new to mix with the traditional pomp and ceremony—last year the Tattoo at Edinburgh included a couple of "Beatle" songs.

The last "Maclean tattoo" starts this month and ends on 10 September. This year the overseas contribution to the cast of about 450 Servicemen is being provided by men of Pakistan's Frontier Constabulary who will perform Khattak dances in their colourful national costume.

But perhaps the main attraction will be an act which up to now has always been considered too dangerous to perform on the sloping arena at Edinburgh—motor cycle display riding by a Royal Artillery team. After trials last year the Gunner motorcyclists decided their act could be put on in the confined and sloping arena, but only in dry weather. If it rains, their event will have to be called off.

Gunners will be strongly represented in this their 250th year. All three Gunner staff bands will be present, forming the bulk of the massed bands.

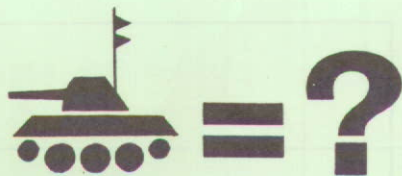
For much of the rest of the show it is the well-tried mixture as before. And the general policies laid down by Brigadier Maclean are likely to be continued by his successor, Brigadier John Sanderson, who has been assistant producer since 1962—an apt tribute to Scotland's tattoo man.



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We make only the best BLAZER BADGES in fine gold and silver wire. Please write for price list. Also attractive WALL PLAQUES at 40/- each and fine quality Saxony Wrap SCARVES in regimental colours (University style 60" x 10½") for 35/- each; pure silk TIES 21/- each.

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COMPETITION 99

HERE, to while away a few odd minutes or maybe hours, is another simple substitution code.

This follows the pattern of previous similar competitions except that this time light tanks represent letters of the alphabet. The light dots indicate spaces between words, some of which carry over from one line to the next.

Send the decoded message, by letter or on a postcard, with the "Competition 99" label from this page and your name and address, to:

The Editor (Comp 99)

SOLDIER

433 Holloway Road

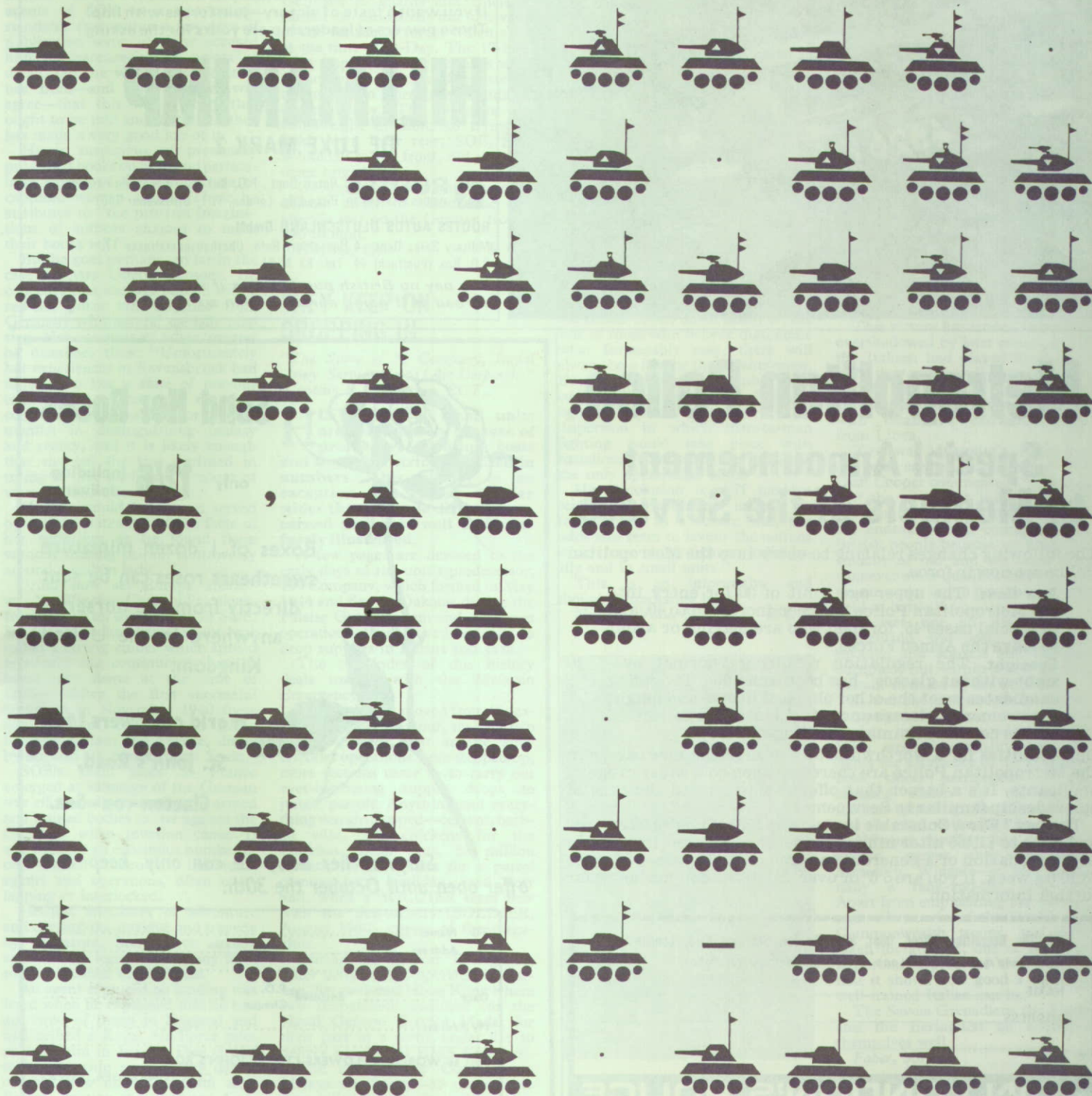
London N7.

Closing date for this competition is Monday, 17 October. The answers and winners' names will appear in the December **SOLDIER**. More than one entry can be submitted but each must be accompanied by a "Competition 99" label. Winners will be drawn by lots from correct entries.

PRIZES

- 1 £10 in cash
- 2 £5 in cash
- 3 £3 in cash
- 4 £2 in cash
- 5-6 **SOLDIER** free for a year
- 7-8 **SOLDIER** free for six months or a **SOLDIER** Easibinder
- 9-13 £2 each in cash to winning entry from ACF GCF, TA AER, Junior Soldier, Apprentice, British Army Gurkha and British Women's Services
- 14-15 £2 each in cash to winning entry from Commonwealth Serviceman or woman and foreign Serviceman or woman

All entries are eligible for prizes 1-8






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Metropolitan Police

Special Announcement to Members of the Services

The following changes relating to entry into the Metropolitan Police are now in force.

Age limit. The upper age limit of 30 for entry into the Metropolitan Police has been increased to 40, and in special cases 45, for men who are leaving or about to leave the Armed Forces.

Eyesight. The regulation requiring "normal eyesight without glasses" has been amended. Providing candidates meet the other physical fitness and height requirements, glasses or contact lenses are permitted within certain minimum standards.

Opportunities for a worthwhile and interesting new career in the Metropolitan Police are therefore open to a wider range of applicants. It's a career that offers security, and the type of comradeship familiar to Servicemen.

The pay? For a Constable it starts at £880 if you're 22 or over and rises to £1,155 after nine years service. You get immediate accommodation or a generous tax-free rent allowance of up to £6.10.0 a week. If you are 5'8" or over, fill in the coupon below for further information.

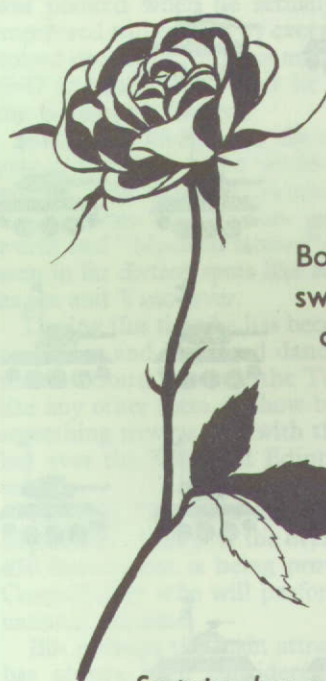
To: The Recruiting Officer, Dept. MM 33, New Scotland Yard, London SW1
Please send me your booklet on a career in the Metropolitan Police.

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ADDRESS _____

AGE _____

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BEHIND THE LINES

"History of the Second World War: SOE in France" (MRD Foot).

THIS must have been one of the most difficult volumes of the Official History to write. Because of its secret work the Special Operations Executive could hardly be expected to have produced very full archives.

The author had access only to those on the British side of the Channel and even this source had been eroded by time and Civil Service "file-weeding."

He had, he reports, "severely limited" access to former staff and agents of SOE so it was understandable that within a few days of publication some of these accused him of inaccuracies on points of detail. On the whole their reaction has been—and most readers will agree—that this was a story that ought to be told and that the author has made a very good job of it.

He is suspicious of previously published books on SOE and particularly stories of German torture of captured women agents. These he attributes to "the prurient imaginations of authors anxious to make their books sell."

But he goes perhaps too far in the case of Mrs Odette Sansom. He concedes that she was burned with a red-hot poker and returned from Germany with several toenails missing. Her accounts of other tortures he dismisses thus: "Unfortunately her experiences in Ravensbruck had induced in her a state of nervous tension so severe that she had considerable trouble for many months in distinguishing fantasy and reality, and it is likely enough that she got the two confused in trying to give an honest account of what she had been through."

History would have been served by a plain statement of the facts of her sufferings as he found them without rousing painful controversy around a gallant lady.

"And now set Europe ablaze" was Sir Winston Churchill's colourful directive on the creation of SOE. In France, what came about was rather a strong ember which spread erratically but continuously until it burst into flame at the time of D-Day. After the first successful operation in November 1940 there was constant coming and going between Britain and France, direct by sea and air, and through Spain.

SOE's main tasks in France emerged as sabotage of the German war effort and preparation for armed and trained bodies to rise against the Germans when invasion came. It was done by an enormous number of code-named circuits, individual agents and operations, often overlapping or interlocked.

He has anecdotes of adventure and derring-do, intrigue and tragedy by the score. Some have already entered into legend, but many have so far remained unpublished.

An agent captured on landing was freed when he explained that he had got tired of living in England and had bribed a Royal Air Force pilot to drop him in France. One circuit sank a warship on the very day it completed a major overhaul near Rouen, causing the confused Ger-

mans to take reprisals on some of their own men.

A most economical form of destruction was achieved by one agent who persuaded the head of Peugeot to sabotage his own factory (then making tank turrets and aero engine parts) in preference to suffering wholesale damage from a Royal Air Force raid.

Assessing the sabotage, the author lists nearly 100 operations which were successfully achieved with 3000 pounds of plastic explosive, less than the load of a single light bomber.

What these operations cost the Germans in guards and efficiency cannot be estimated, nor the value of the resistance forces which arose at the time of D-Day. The 17-hour delay imposed by the guerillas on an SS armoured division which attempted to rush to Normandy, stands out conspicuously. The Germans devoted eight divisions to trying to hold down their rear; SOE, from Whitehall to the front, did not total three brigades.

On top of all this was the incalculable effect of clandestine and guerilla war on the German troops' will to fight.

HMSO, 45s

RLE

THEY KEEP ON DROPPING IN

"The Story of 55 Company, Royal Army Service Corps (Air Despatch)" (Captain P H Houchin, RCT).

HISTORIES of small units are rare, mainly because of prohibitive printing costs and a market strictly limited in numbers. This history is an exception—its appeal is far wider than to those directly concerned and it is well and profusely illustrated.

A few pages are devoted to the early days of the unit's predecessor, 799 Company, which formed in May 1944 and flew in Dakotas during the Falaise Gap, Arnhem and Ardennes operations, then moved out east to drop supplies in Burma and Java.

The remainder of this history deals mainly with the Malayan Emergency.

First a platoon moved from Singapore to Kuala Lumpur, making two sorties a week, but as the anti-terrorist operations were stepped up, more sections came in to carry out ever-increasing supply drops to jungle patrols. Anything and everything was airdropped—cement, barbed wire, live chickens for the Gurkhas, fresh eggs, 58 million leaflets, fresh lobsters for a patrol commander's birthday, iced beer and, when a SOLDIER team flew with the despatchers (SOLDIER, August 1960), copies of the magazine.

During the 12-year Emergency, other detachments operated in Borneo, Sarawak and Hong Kong where two despatchers qualified for the Naval General Service Medal for their part in a sortie under fire to deliver supplies to HMS Amethyst.

The cost to the Company in Malaya was heavy—35 despatchers were killed in aircraft crashes.

Since Malaya the Company has been closely involved in the Brunei revolt then Confrontation in Borneo—a task that 55 Air Despatch Squadron, Royal Corps of Transport, is meeting as efficiently as its gallant predecessors.

55 Air Despatch Squadron, P N W, RCT, RAF Seletar, c/o GPO Singapore, 9s 6d

INFANTRY-MINDED

"Weapons and Tactics" (Jac Weller)

THIS book is about the Infantry. The author, honorary curator of the West Point museum, devotes his first 100 pages to the development of weapons and tactics through the centuries to World War Two.

Then he looks at each nation in World War Two and after and describes their weapons and tactical thought today. Unlike many writers he credits the British Army with "retaining stability and common-sense during the military theorising" between the two world wars.

He thinks highly of today's British Infantryman and his ability with his weapons, particularly at close range. "Britain's all-professional army, with its training and traditions, is better prepared to meet these moments of truth than any other in the world."

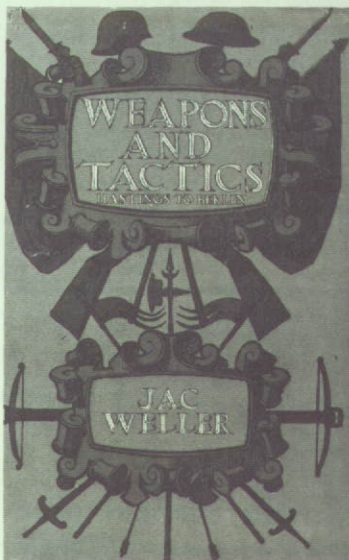
In a final chapter on the future, the author comes down firmly on the side of those who believe that, come what foreseeably may, there will always be a job for the Infantryman. Even after hydrogen bombs there could still be small-scale Infantry fighting. Limited war could lead to dispersion in which man-to-man fighting would take place with battalions, companies and platoons the only operational units.

His conclusion is: "If modern science is unleashed in all its frightfulness in a future war, the odds still seem to favour the nations which have better fighters individually and in small units."

This is an informative and thought-stimulating book.

Nicholas Vane, 35s

RLE



ERITREA 1941

A.J. BARKER

With a Foreword by General Sir William Platt, G.C.B., K.C.M.G., D.S.O.



FIRST TASTE OF VICTORY

"Eritrea, 1941" (A J Barker)

WHEN Britain's fortunes were at a low ebb in 1941 a relative handful of British and Indian troops provided a spectacular and morale-boosting victory—the conquest of Eritrea, Italy's oldest and most treasured colony.

This victory has tended to become overshadowed by later events, but if the Italians had played their cards right they might well have taken the Sudan and Egypt and cut the British Empire in half by linking up with Graziani's eastward march from Libya.

That was Mussolini's dream and the odds seemed in his favour. But Duff Cooper commented: "I believe that the news that Italy has joined the war is well timed to strengthen the endurance and courage of the British people because we know the Italians of old and we know that whatever other qualities they possess, we can never fail to beat them on the field of battle."

It was not all plain sailing. Somaliland was lost, the Sudan invaded and Kassala and Gallabat occupied, but within a few months Britain went on to the offensive.

It was the first successful British campaign of the war and Colonel Barker brings it vividly to life. With strict impartiality he highlights the excellence of the troops on both sides, particularly in the slogging match for the natural fortress guarding the Keren Plain and the road to the Red Sea.

Although familiar, but then unknown, names crop up—Slim, Messervy, Wingate—it was essentially a rank-and-file campaign. Apart from emphasising the tenacity and will to win of the British and Commonwealth troops, too often taken for granted, one of the most important aspects of this book is that it shows how good a soldier a well-trained Italian can be.

The Savoia Grenadiers, the Alpini and the Bersaglieri all acquitted themselves well.

Faber, 36s

J C W

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BOOKS continued



LIFE IN THE LANCERS

"All For a Shilling a Day" (Donald F Featherstone)

THE author calls this a "dramatised but authentic" story of two years in the life of the 16th Lancers, two years which had their climax at the Battle of Aliwal in 1846.

Authentic it certainly is, as might be expected from an author who followed a wartime career as a tank officer by becoming an amateur authority on wargames. It contains a great deal of interesting material about the training and barrack life of a Cavalry regiment in Britain and the Sutlej campaign in India.

Dramatised it scarcely is. The author has fallen between the stools of dramatised documentary and plain history, but very much nearer the latter. But his style is clear and the final result is not displeasing.

The tale starts with some recruits being attested and describes life in barracks at Hounslow. The trip to India is briefly sketched but the book becomes informative again with the Lancers' long trek across India to join Sir Hugh Gough in the field.

At Aliwal the 16th Lancers fought under Sir Harry Smith. Their contribution to the battle was a charge by a single squadron into a mass of Sikh Cavalry whom they broke. There was a charge by a second squadron then another by the two remaining squadrons. Finally the whole Regiment charged at the cream of Sikh Infantry embattled in squares and they, too, were broken. The Lancers lost 67 dead and 77 wounded.

It was a day their successors in today's 16th/5th The Queen's Royal Lancers remember with just pride.

Jarrolds, 30s

R L E

COMMUNIST FAILURE

"The Greek Civil War" (Major Edgar O'Ballance)

GREECE is one of the few countries, and the only one in Europe, in which the Communists have attempted to seize power by force and failed.

It is a complicated and long story, starting in 1941 and lasting until 1949, but the author, seeing it through a military rather than a political eye, has managed to tell it remarkably readably.

Helped by the Germans taking little interest in remote districts, Greek resistance grew to a strong potential. The Communists, however, were less interested in fighting the Nazis than in promoting their own power and collecting arms.

While the occupation still flourished, the Communist ELAS attacked other resistance groups with success and to the detriment of efforts against the invaders. In assessing the value of the Greek guerillas to the Allied cause the author points out that for much of the occupation Greece hardly came into British plans and that Axis reprisals for guerilla activities were harsh. On one occasion 1000 people were machine-gunned or burned to death.

ELAS rose again in the confusion after liberation at the end of 1944. The British were forced to add reinforcements which could have been better employed in Italy; 75,000 British troops took part in this phase of the Greek civil war and suffered 2100 casualties. The Communists were no match for them and after six weeks' fighting surrendered their arms—or some of them.

The third round began in 1946 and lasted three years. This time the Communists had the advantage of bases in neighbouring Communist countries but never received direct aid from the devious Stalin.

ELAS was never good enough to take towns. It had a deserter and reinforcement problem which led to its conscripting young people—at one time women comprised a quarter of its strength.

Principal of many reasons, lucidly analysed by the author, for the collapse of ELAS was that the Communists failed to win over the minds of the people. At one time they controlled four-fifths of the country but terrorism, brutality and the execution of hostages lost them respect. They had failed to take the most important leaf out of Mao Tse-tung's book.

Faber and Faber, 36s

R L E

IN BRIEF

"Modern British Fencing" (C de Beaumont)

A very painstaking ("refreshments were provided") history of British fencing from 1957 to 1964 as a sequel to the author's two volumes covering earlier periods.

These years saw the introduction of the electric foil, originally so troublesome that men had to wear rubber bathing-caps to prevent their sweaty hair making electrical contact with their jackets. Also in this time British fencing built itself a magnificent headquarters. A picture indicates that fencers are not all one-sport men—the foyer houses a fruit machine.

There are many pages of competition results including the Services' events.

Nicholas Kaye, 25s

"Bellona Military Vehicle Prints"

Series Six in the Bellona military vehicle print series deals with the British Cromwell Mk IV cruiser tank, German Panzerkampfwagen IV ausf J, Sturmgeschütz 7.5 cm kanone auf PzKw III and the M38 Jeep with its M100 trailer. This series is in booklet form and includes sketches of German panzer uniforms and badges.

Merberlen, 4s



HORSES AN' ALL

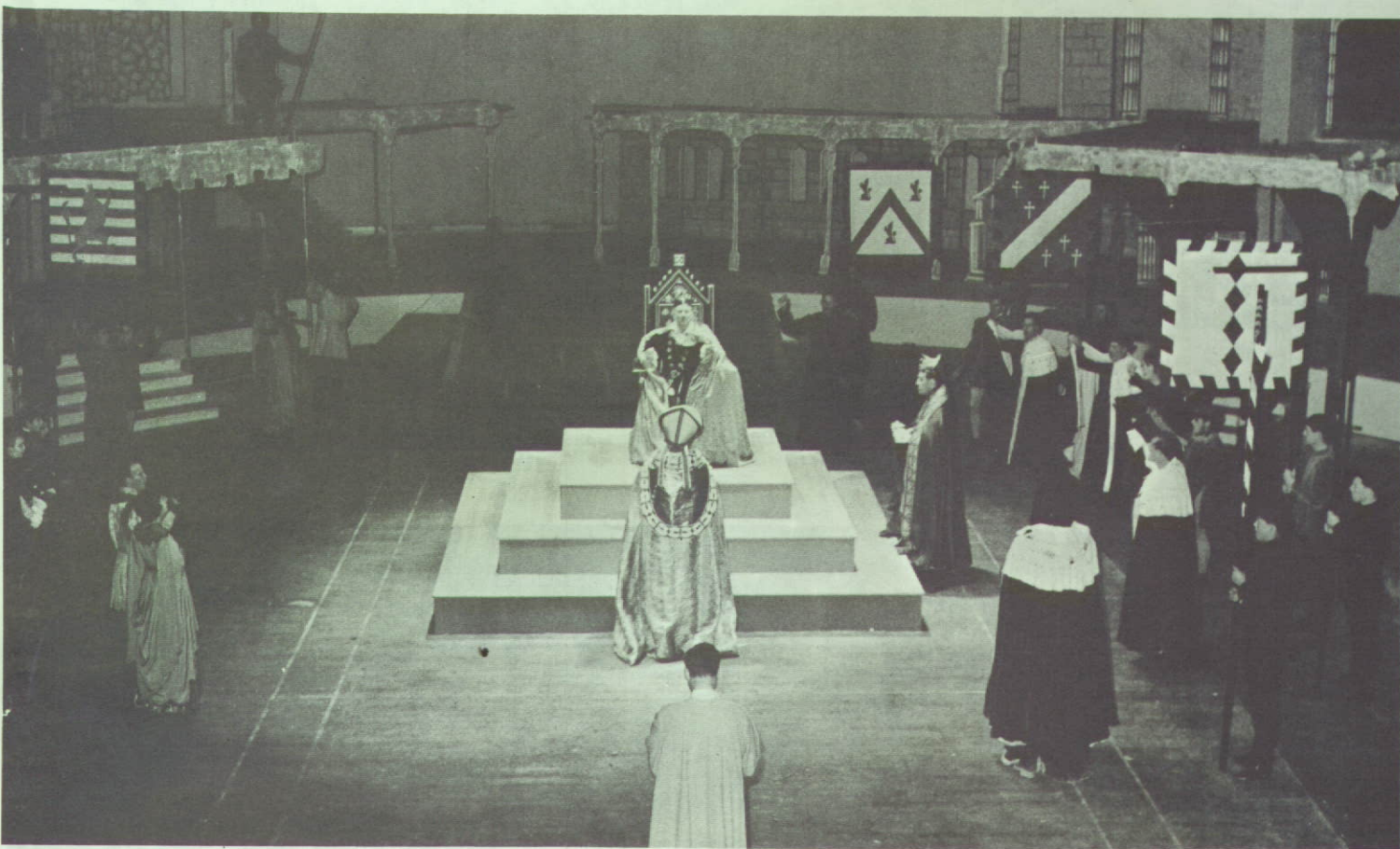
BATTLE scenes that would have done justice to a Hollywood epic were part of a spectacular production of Shakespeare's *Richard III* staged by British Servicemen and their families in Berlin.

It was the first time since the war that the Kuppelsaal, a huge indoor arena built for the Olympics, had been used for a theatrical production and it attracted a total of 5000 people.

Using armour and costumes made for the Olivier film, the players made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in experience and the result was thunderous applause at the end of each performance.

The whole show was the brainchild of Lieutenant Michael Parker, a troop commander in The Queen's Own Hussars, who was the star and producer of the play. He made his debut in the amateur theatre two years ago when he staged an equally impres-

Pictures by Leo Chrzanowski



Above: The coronation scene made full use of the indoor arena, built for the 1936 Olympic Games in Berlin.

Left: Lieutenant Michael Parker, the soldier, in his Centurion tank . . .

. . . and (top picture) Michael Parker, the actor, on his horse in the impressive costume of Richard III.

sive performance of Becket in an Army gymnasium at Detmold.

Every unit in Berlin was involved to some extent both on and off stage and a large slice of the British community in the divided city suddenly found itself mixed up in it too.

With a production team of 35 and a cast of 50 (plus a few stage-struck horses) Lieutenant Parker aimed at staging an awesome spectacle which would give young and old Berliners a chance to see that the Army's entertainment ability was not confined to strict-tempo military ceremonies.

And he did just that.



AUGUST 1916

The camera may not lie but it does mislead. These serene trench scenes were taken on the Somme in August 1916. How little they tell of the ferocious battle which raged for 141 days. Photographs do not exist and no words can depict the full horror these resilient soldiers were facing—it was an event outside previous human experience.

Against a German Army sworn not to yield ground, no action could be said to be won. The losses of an action would be doubled or trebled in resisting fierce counter-attacks. Ground passed from one side to the other in a series of bloody exchanges which gave innocent names like Delville Wood, the Quadrangle, Thiepval and Beaumont-Hamel a terrible, enduring significance.



OUT OF MOTHBALLS



Above: Silhouetted by the rising sun, Centurion tanks from the Far East stockpile are ferried ashore from Sir Lancelot. Below: A tank rumbles out of the gaping stern of the new logistics ship.

CENTURION tanks which had been in mothballs in the Far East for 16 years were tested recently by a party of volunteers from 16th/5th The Queen's Royal Lancers, stationed in Wiltshire.

The 62 men of B Squadron had good reason to be grateful that they ignored the time-honoured adage "never volunteer for anything" for their seven-week tour of duty in the Far East made a pleasant break from routine soldiering at home.

Arriving in Singapore they collected eight Centurions from the Far East stockpile and put them through their paces on a training area in north-east Malaya before loading them aboard Sir Lancelot, the new Army logistics ship.

After a 24-hour voyage through the South China Sea, Sir Lancelot dropped anchor half a mile offshore shortly before dawn and the Cavalry volunteers set about ferrying their weighty charges ashore. Later the Centurion guns were test-fired at a floating target 800 yards out.

Before returning to England, the men of the 16th/5th drove their mothball tanks in an exercise with 1st Battalion, Scots Guards, and were given a five-day rest in Singapore.

Major Michael Price, commander of B Squadron, said: "We came to the Far East with three things in mind—to see if the tanks were working, to test our ability at unloading tanks from a ship and to see how the men stood up to a sudden change in climate. The overall results have been extremely pleasing."



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