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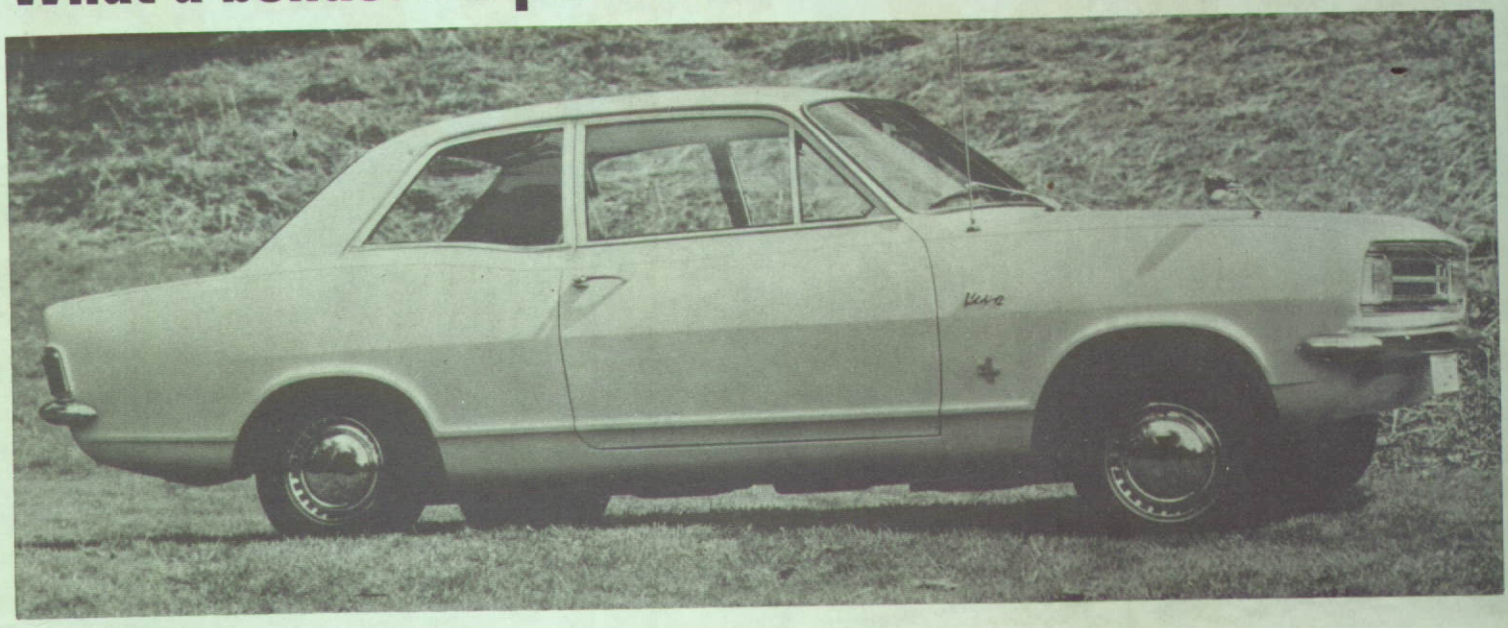

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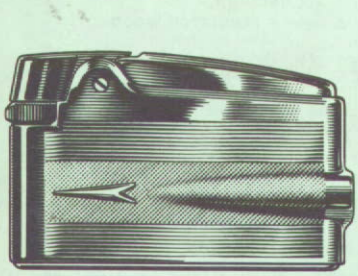

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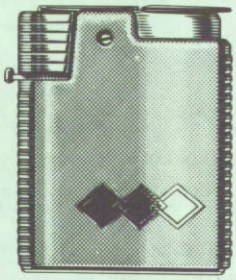

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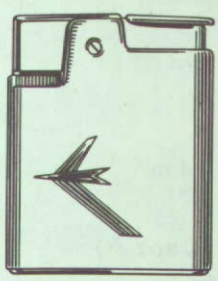

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SOLDIER

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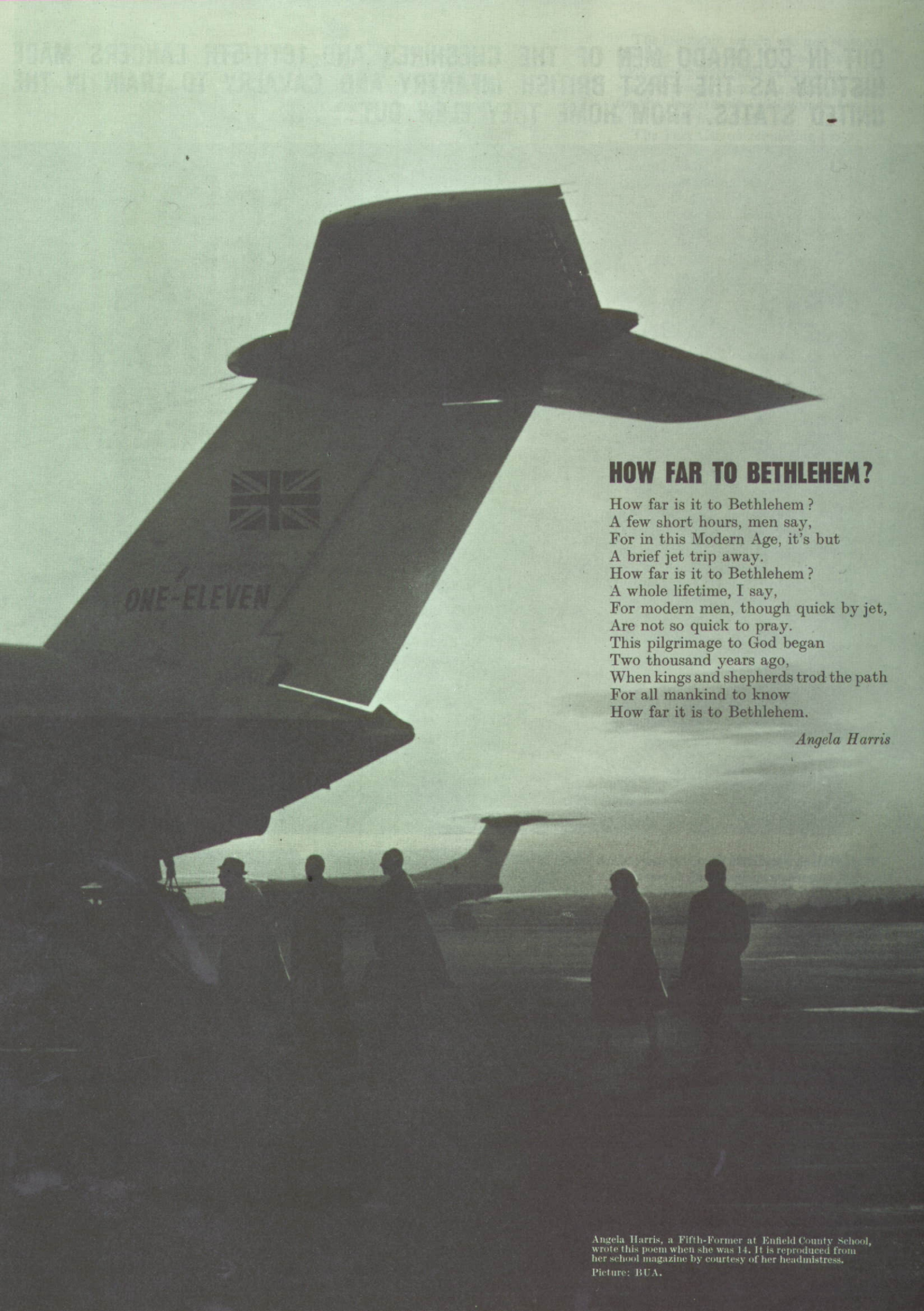


HOW FAR TO BETHLEHEM?

How far is it to Bethlehem?
A few short hours, men say,
For in this Modern Age, it's but
A brief jet trip away.
How far is it to Bethlehem?
A whole lifetime, I say,
For modern men, though quick by jet,
Are not so quick to pray.
This pilgrimage to God began
Two thousand years ago,
When kings and shepherds trod the path
For all mankind to know
How far it is to Bethlehem.

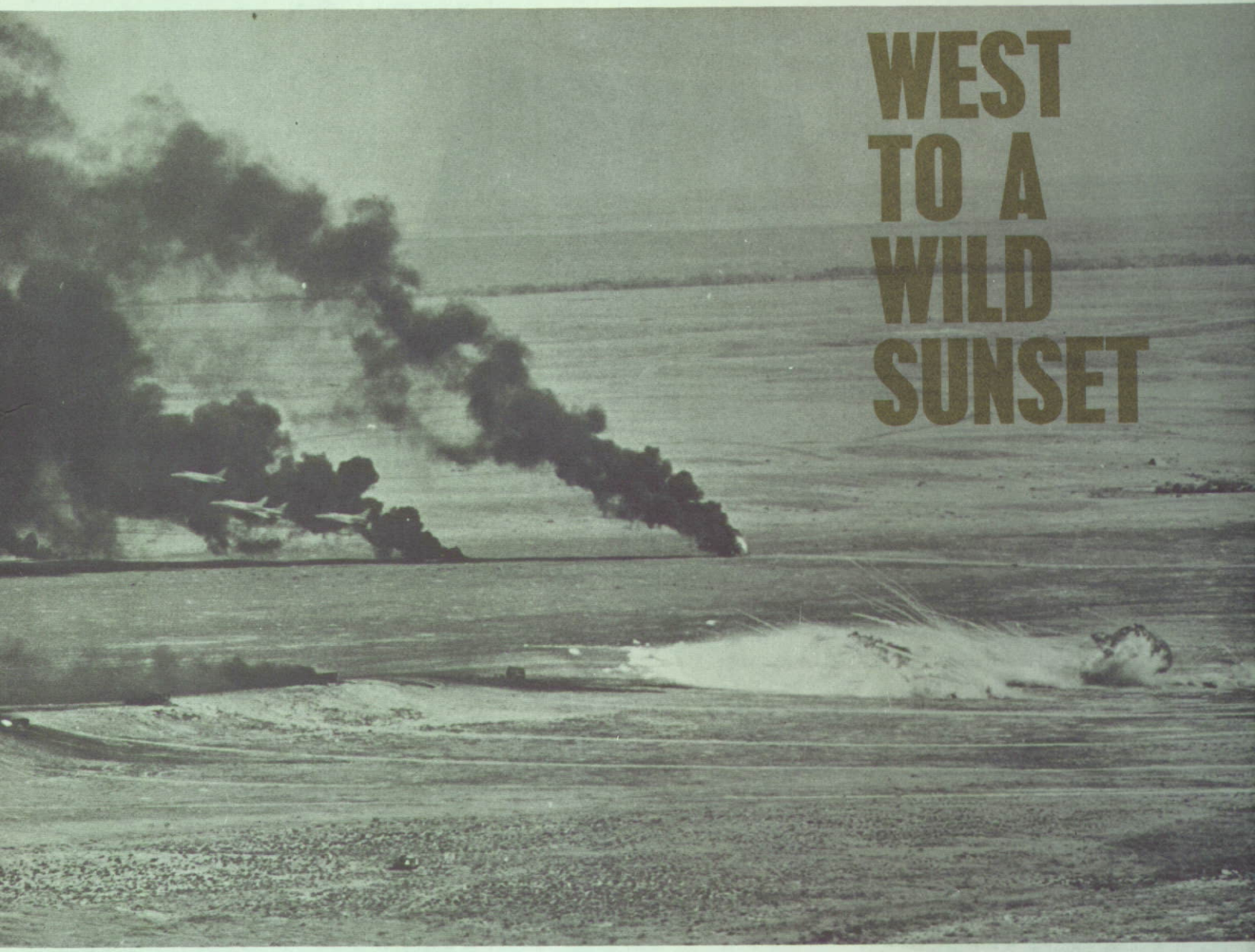
Angela Harris

Angela Harris, a Fifth-Former at Enfield County School, wrote this poem when she was 14. It is reproduced from her school magazine by courtesy of her headmistress.

Picture: BUA.

OUT IN COLORADO MEN OF THE CHESHIRES AND 16TH/5TH LANCERS MADE HISTORY AS THE FIRST BRITISH INFANTRY AND CAVALRY TO TRAIN IN THE UNITED STATES. FROM HOME THEY FLEW OUT.....

WEST TO A WILD SUNSET



THE American General threw an encompassing hand towards the British soldiery and the loudspeakers boomed with his Deep Southern voice: "I'd go to combat with these men any day of the week."

Louisiana-born Major-General Autrey J Maroun, jaw like a buttress, rumbustious, scowling, larger than life, is patriarch and commander of the United States Army's 5th Infantry Division (Mechanised). World War Two veteran, regimental commander in Korea—a soldier who scorns the banal "Good show!"—he went as close to eloquence as he ever will in praise of the 178 British troops serving a three-week attachment to his beloved "Red Devil" Division in Fort Carson, Colorado.

As it was only the third time British troops have trained on American soil, enormous interest enveloped the visit by C Company, 1st Battalion, The Cheshire Regiment, and a troop of 16th/5th The Queen's Royal Lancers. Both armies have fought many battles since the Americans trounced Britain in the War of Independence, so there was a mutual curiosity in finding what made the other soldier tick.

Curiosity, or as officially stated, "familiarisation of British troops with American equipment and procedures," and the practised integration of units from the two armies, were the joint aims of Exercise Wild Sunset. Although handicapped by shortness of training time the British troops left senior US Army officers enthusing over their performance and talking in terms of another Wild Sunset in 1967.

The flight to Peterson Field, Colorado Springs, was another of those Transport Command earth-girdling operations starting in the middle of one night and ending in the throes of the next. The first of two Royal Air Force ferrying Britannias afforded its passengers the pleasure of a night's stopover in Newfoundland. The other plugged straight on to deliver bleary eyed soldiers and their freight after only two short stops for fuel, one at Gander and the second in the concrete core of the Strategic Air Command. Offutt in Nebraska is the force's headquarters and vast silver B52s—their swept wings lazily drooping as if tired—stood at dispersal near a runway as long as last year.

The pioneers who trekked west in horse-drawn, canvas-covered armoured personnel carriers won the seventh largest and one of the most pictorially exciting states in the Union when they wrested Colorado from the Indians. It is 104 years since the fabled gold rush spawned Denver, the State capital, yet this is still awesomely wild country free from the fetters of hedge and fence.

What begins as a plain on the eastern border with Kansas rises to a 6000-foot plateau and ends with dramatic abruptness at the marching line of the Rockies. Carson camp itself is dwarfed by Cheyenne Mountain—a monster with the lowered head and powerful shoulders of a bison. Mornings dawn majestically with the sun throwing multi-coloured headlights over the yawning plain and bringing a warm smile to Cheyenne's brooding face.

Story by JOHN SAAR
Pictures by ARTHUR BLUNDELL

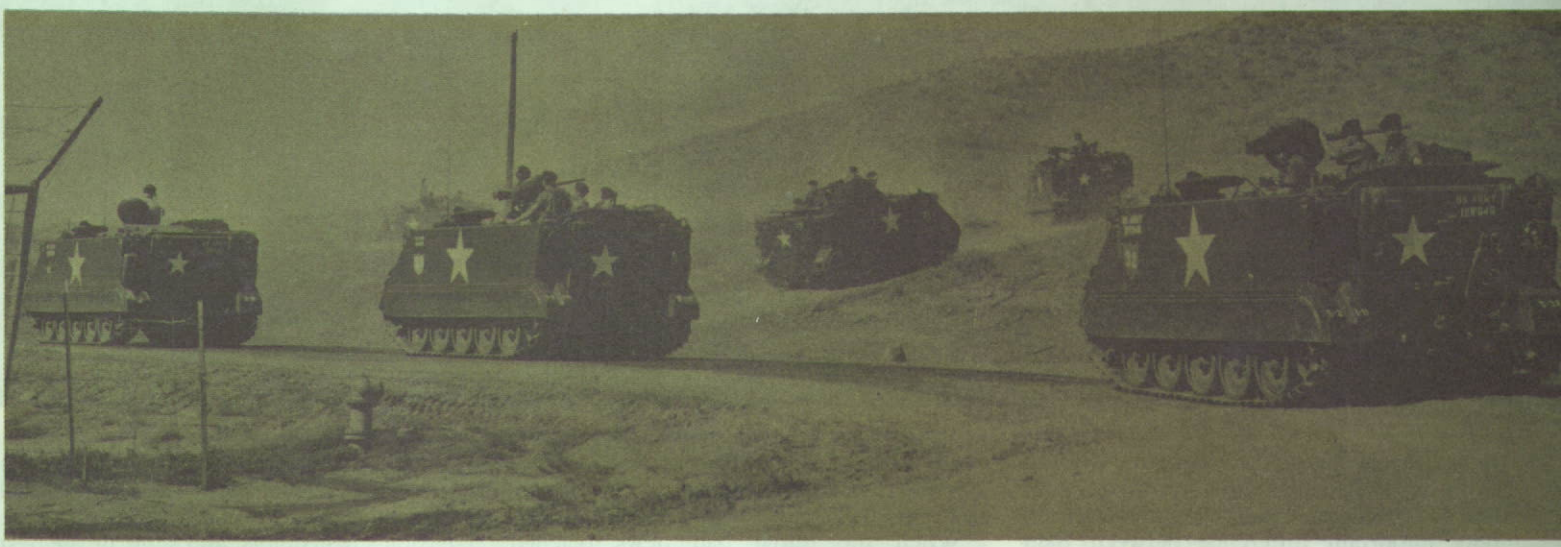
Left: Napalm engulfs target APCs and the fighters pass into smoke from earlier spot-on strikes. Above: The Cheshires man American armoured personnel carriers on their first training session. Below: A gaggle of the tracked carriers heading for one of the training areas surrounding Fort Carson.

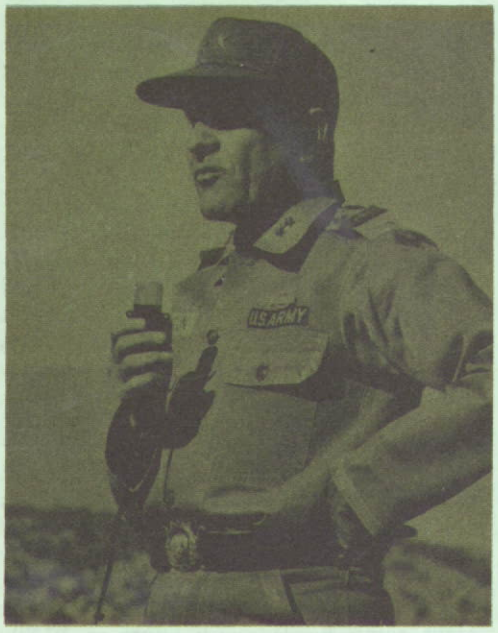
The mountain terrain was one reason for building Carson near Colorado Springs in 1942. The proverbially exhilarating climate was the second factor. As a holiday centre for the dangerously ill, Colorado has been a last resort for decades.

The Fort Carson rebuilding programme is incomplete so the British troops were accommodated in double bunk billets, "temporary" when they were built 24 years ago and long outdated in the British Army. This grumble ammunition at the outset was no bad thing. It killed any sense of inferiority at birth, unglazed everybody's eyes and led to a critical appraisal of the US Army's good and bad points. It was too easy to be overawed by a military township with its own airfield, bus service, newspaper, and armoured transport for nearly every man in the Division.

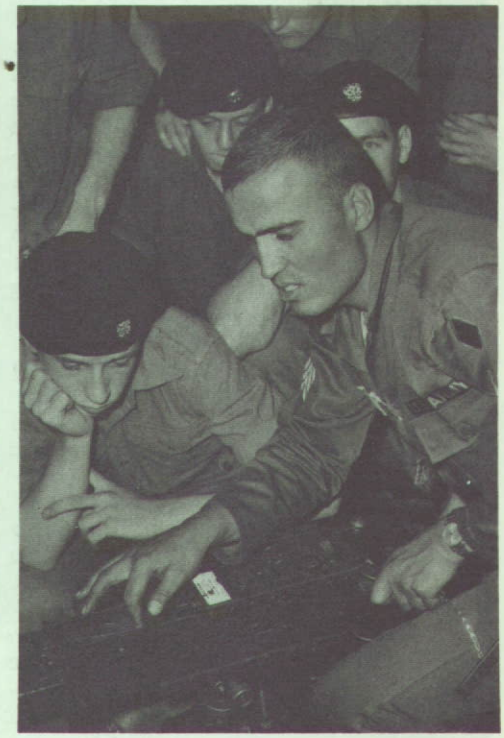
The camp, spruce and shipshape to Royal Navy standards, and the troops, smart, soldierly, punctilious in bearing and saluting, all reflected General Maroun's determination to engender pride in his Division and his personal enforcement by hawk-eyed descents on offenders from car or helicopter.

As a microcosm of American Army life,





Above: Major-General Autrey J Maroun bade the British visitors welcome to his division and arranged familiarisation lessons (right) on guns and vehicles with top-grade Red Devil instructors.



the handover of armoured personnel carriers was an amusing episode. Sergeant Henry Hall, representing the Cheshires, was confronted by a delegation of senior officers up to general rank. Decisions in the American Army are taken at higher levels. Quite simple requests would turn Divisional Headquarters into a kind of pinball machine with phone calls rebounding to all quarters.

A late change in travel plans meant that the British units were running almost as their planes landed. The scheduled week's training had to be halved if they were to join the Red Devils on the major exercise of the year. The 16th/5th had two days to learn to drive, shoot and handle radio communication on the M60 battle tank most of them had not set eyes on before.

The know-how poured out by the Americans was absorbed at a rate prompting one instructor to call them his best class ever. When the 3rd Battalion, 77th Armour, rolled out of Carson for Exercise Ready Devil II, its British troop of five tanks was alongside and fully operational.

Disregarding the altitude sickness beset-

ting some of them, the Cheshires took an extra day to wrestle with assorted problems and cover essential training. Practically the only important difference between their borrowed battle taxis and the British FV432 was the hydraulic ramp for quick exits from the rear.

The transport takeover plan met a major snag, however, when the company's 18 armoured personnel carrier drivers took aptitude and reaction tests and ten crashed in the classroom. Explanation was that the American drivers practise regularly on these excellent aides. The Britons admired the system—the more so when all the drivers had eventually passed.

When the initial bad news reached company headquarters, Major Tony Hayes-Newington passed a calming hand over his thinning fair hair. An uncharacteristically furrowed brow, overflowing ashtray and an ever-open Carson phone directory bore mute witness to the headaches inherent in bolting a British company to the superstructure of the Red Devil Division. Charming, persuasive, a guileful and opportunist field commander, besides being a third generation Cheshires officer, Major Hayes-Newington "sold" the British Army with total success.

It was an easy sell. Goodwill hovered over the British like a halo and the Fort Carson garrison was almost embarrassingly hospitable. There was Brigadier-General Charles T Horner Junior, a grizzled, distinguished soldier and Assistant Divisional Commander, suddenly breaking off a formal speech of welcome and raising loud laughter with tales of trench-digging at Warminster—home territory for the demonstration battalion Cheshires.

With old world politeness the American soldiers carefully avoided discussion on the New World's campaign in Vietnam, whatever they thought privately about Britain's absence from the theatre. Yet Vietnam casts a long shadow and a deep sense of personal involvement touches all at Carson. The Division's helicopters, and some of the best commissioned and non-commissioned officers are in action, others expect papers daily. The shaven-headed conscripts who rose to metallic tannoy-broadcast bugles and hollered the time as they earned their meals on a pull-up bar outside the cookhouse, will ship out at the end of their training.

The battle-tempered men who have rejoined the Division after Asian tours would be recognised even without the eye-catching combat patches of the Big Red One and 1st Air Cavalry on their right arms. Soldiers like Sergeant Tom Paige, attached to the Cheshires as artillery observation officer, carried an air of self-assurance and confidence, earned the hard way, that set them apart.

Ready Devil II would not have reassured the Viet Cong. The well of doughboys is not bottomless but, due mainly to General Maroun's initiative, a division totally divorced from the action in Vietnam took the field and performed efficiently. The giant camp heaved with effort as 10,800 Regular, Reserve and National Guard troops tactically loaded their 3000 vehicles and began the cross-country move in

Above: Panorama of Fort Carson's "Indian country" manoeuvre area from an armoured Bell helicopter. Below: A platoon commander waits for briefing and a liaison sergeant marks the map as Major Tony Hayes-Newington radios a report.

Above: Lieutenant Nigel Cowie controls a move forward by the Lancers from the cupola of his M60 tank. Below right: Under heavy fire from enemy ambush positions, the Cheshires dismount to fight back on foot.

formation to the 140,000-acre reservation.

Next day, Fort Carson was a Mary Deare of a place. The military factory was closed down except for the hum of the odd duty vehicle and the distant howl of the draftee's negro instructor, "I wanna hear you guys sound off." Dust devils danced uninhibitedly on the deserted squares to the languid flapping of the Stars and Stripes above a silent divisional headquarters.

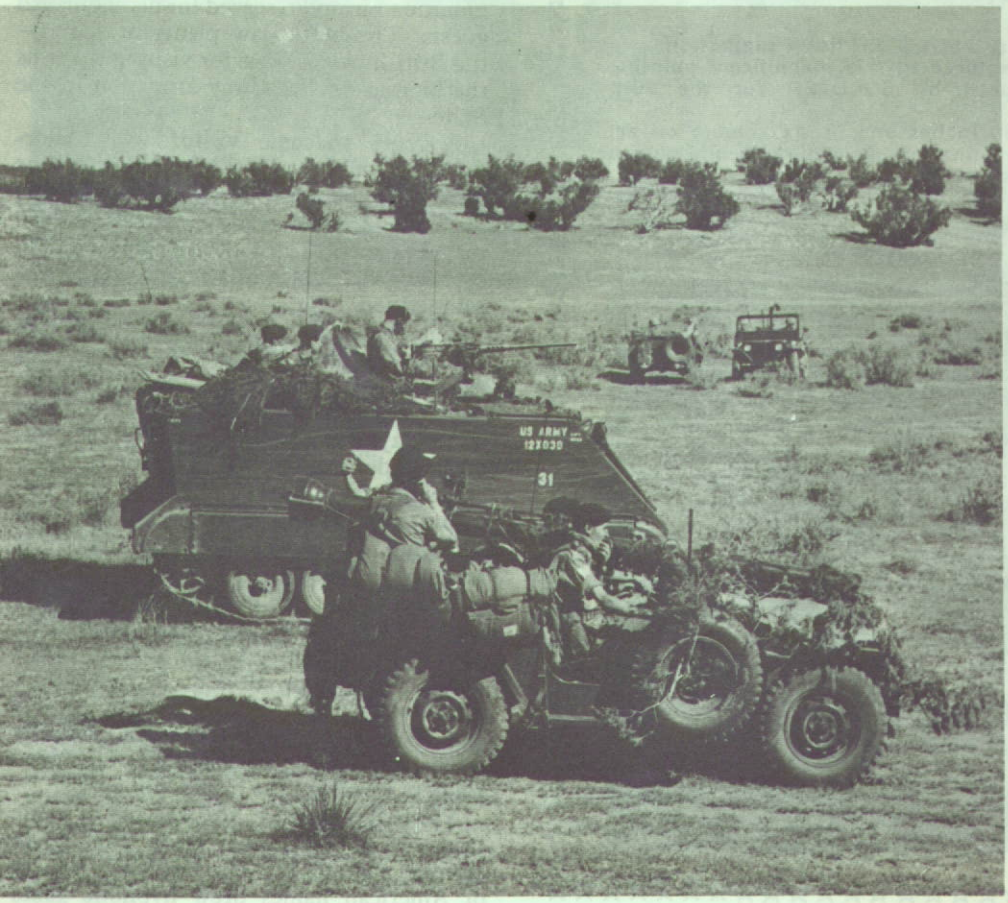
Prisoners from the stockade stuffed litter from the empty streets into gunny sacks under a watchful guard's rifle and the few remaining backroom boys like Corporal Peter Vanstone, Royal Army Pay Corps, struggling with dollar conversion, scribed on unseen.

All the action was transposed to the dry creeks, forests and dusty plains of the training area where what the Americans call "play" was in progress. Visitors went into the superbly equipped briefing room with ideas of watching the 5th Division on exercise. They emerged after 30 minutes' indoctrination by a serious-faced colonel,

FRONT COVER

The armoured personnel carrier is American and so is the location—to be exact, a nameless dry creek in the State of Colorado—but callsign 32 Bravo is in British hands. SOLDIER photographer Arthur Blundell rode a bucking jeep around the Fort Carson Reservation for 300 miles in pursuit of the flying Cheshires. "This," he says, "was about the only time I ever managed to get ahead of them."

Below: The Cheshire vanguard calls a halt. The enemy are close, the anti-tank crew stay watchful.

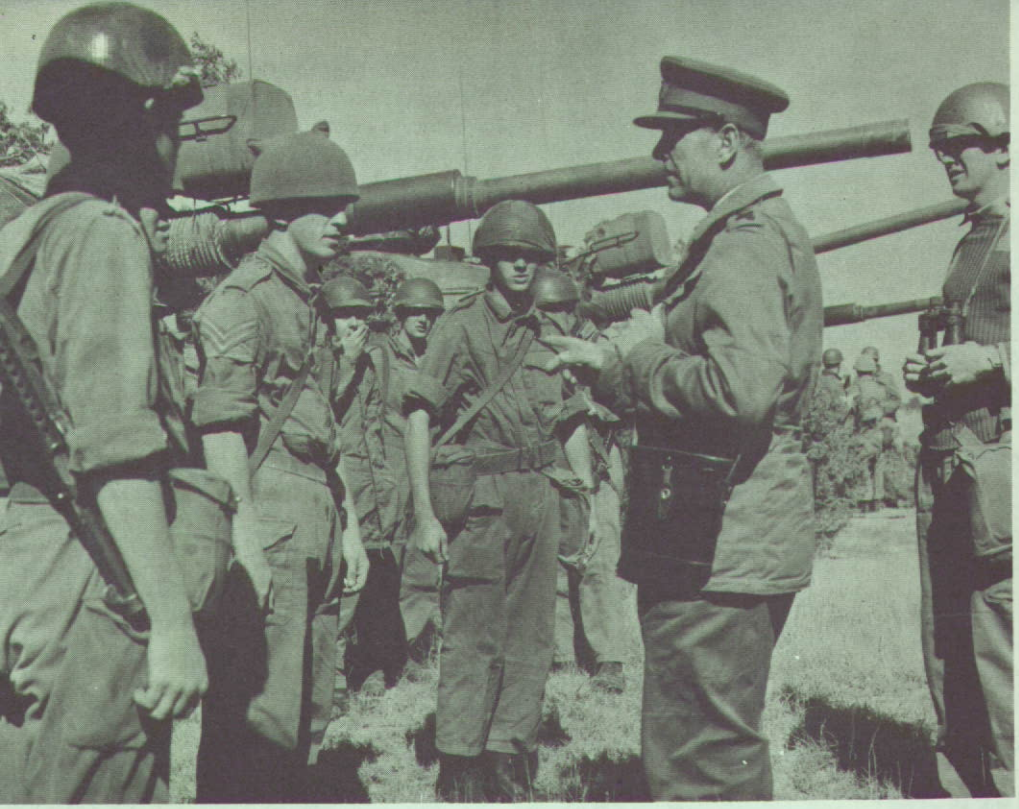


into the South American country of Freelandia where aggressors were roaming and strife was rife. The local newspapers which followed the exercise as closely as the baseball World Series, identified the enemy for Western-educated readers as "the bad guys."

With one side or the other always moving fast in an area 24 by 13 miles, the surest way of locating the battle was to scan for the close support fighters—looking like a flock of startled rooks as they swooped among the treetops.

In the last 18 months C Company of the Cheshires has seen a 150 per cent turnover, a fact no one could have deduced from the craft and speed of their attacks. Soldiers who had never been on a major exercise before found themselves at the Division's spearhead in two advances.

Leaving his tax consultant's office in Los Angeles, Reservist Colonel James Dunham, formerly 101st Airborne, joined C Company as umpire. He proved to be a cataract conversationalist with the vivid imagery and talent to dream up tactical pictures of hideous complexity. The verbal byplay he waged with Major Hayes-Newington was a diversion nearly always available to onlookers. An orders group summoned with difficulty had barely started when the Colonel interrupted with a wicked grin, "Major, your battalion has been subjected to gas attack." With the smile of a satyr the British commander blandly replied,



Above: British Military Attache in Washington, Major-General Fyffe discussed American tactics with the Lancer tank crews after crossing the States to visit the British troops in Colorado.

Right: Feather chieftain. An umpire officer for Ready Devil II wore the 2nd Division badge on his arm for active service—probably in Korea.

Stuck for an idea?

Stuck to know what to buy for Christmas? SOLDIER has a suggestion.

All the guts and glory of D-Day are captured in this magnificent painting by Terence Cuneo, specially commissioned by SOLDIER for the 20th anniversary.

A print of the painting, 20 inches by 30 inches and in six colours on art paper, makes an unusual gift to fire the imagination. A print costs one guinea including wrapping and posting to any part of the world.

Orders, accompanied by cheque, postal order, money order or international money order, made out to "SOLDIER Magazine," should be sent to SOLDIER (Prints), 433 Holloway Road, London N7.

"Colonel, we've *just* taken off our gas masks. May we continue?"

Colonel Dunham became an ardent supporter of the British troops and at one tricky point in the exercise was a friend in need.

With temperatures tumbling from a cloudless daytime peak of 78 degrees Fahrenheit to a chilly zero at night, the Cheshires were glad to mount up at three in the morning for their final phase. The stars were still roosting in the treetops as they finished a typical C ration breakfast of boneless chicken, coffee and cookies with peanut butter.

Inching the APCs from their woodland hides, they motored over open country to the mountain pass objective. As the leading trio in the flotilla hit a barbed wire fence simultaneously, the poles for several hundred yards did a frenzied dance and collapsed. By then the "Cheshayres" had become noted for their philosophy of press-on-at-all-costs and a flat-out pursuit across ditches and mounds drew no attention.

Earlier, a false trail had left them cut off on all sides by steep drops. The only honourable exit—retreat was possible but unthinkable—lay over a narrow ridge between two deep gullies. In a situation calling for speed, caution took the day off and they pounded harum-scarum through the gap with the tracks squealing in hysterical agony as they leapt from boulder to boulder. Not for the first time the Cheshires were glad of their Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers support party.

The light aid detachment nursing the 16th/5th tanks met fewer problems as the troop was being held in reserve. In deference to American custom the British were fighting the exercise "dry," except for Lieutenant Nigel Cowie's bottle of gin providentially stowed in the ammunition bin and reserved for distinguished guests. The bottle saw plenty of action—the British troops were for visiting generals the biggest off-Broadway attraction in the States.

A most welcome visitor was Major-General Fyffe, the British Military Attache in Washington. He watched an attack by the 16th/5th and was delighted to learn that the troop earned the trip to Colorado by taking first place in a regimental tactics competition.

The exercise proved forcefully that United Kingdom soldiers could take over American equipment and fight alongside their troops after a training period counted in not days but hours. The one setback was the abandonment of the attempt to use a "foreign" radio voice procedure. The two commanders used the American technique smoothly, while everyone else thankfully reverted to British.

In battlecraft the British were at least as good. Their camouflage was consistently better—spoiled only by the infantrymen's beret. Until the British Army gets a practical steel helmet matching the American bowler for comfort and stability while running, the anomaly of camouflaged soldiers wearing blue berets will persist.

Viewed in practice, the wearing of name tags on all uniforms made life much simpler though the extraordinary variety of American names drew hypnotic gazes

Above: Men and vehicles on exercise Ready Devil II lived in a haze of grime. Dust trails marked the passage of the warring elements as 3000 vehicles roared over the powder plains of the arid training area. Below: Treatment for a simulated wound. Casualty was delighted to be carried away on a stretcher.

to the breast pocket labels and seeing the name spelt often helped not at all with pronunciation.

Remaining training days gave the British soldiers the chance to fire huge amounts of ammunition down the Carson tank and small-arm ranges. By way of relaxation, they took to the Rockies for three days, covering 20 miles a day, with the company commander's now unfurrowed brow well to the fore. Town scenery was scanned in Colorado Springs and Denver, the mile-high city. Taking the chance of a rare meeting with emigrant relatives, Corporal Mick Byrne went to Florida and Lieutenant Cowie to British Columbia.

An impressive farewell parade was staged despite scandalised cavalry expressions when Major Hayes-Newington suggested rifles might be carried by all. The precision foot drill was the envy of American officers who preserve a surprising respect and admiration for what must be in their eyes a pocket army.

Coincidentally, the moments when the American military gargantua hinted at its colossal strength and the British troops were able to gauge their achievements, came at the same time. Hundreds of troops were seated on three sides of a natural grandstand for a field-firing demonstration.

There was an irresistible likeness to the bloodthirsty Colosseum spectaculars and destruction was profligate even by Roman Empire standards. The flat voice of a commentator droned on as weapons up to Honest John calibre hammered the landscape and destroyed a dozen APCs.

Ugly black smoke wreathed up behind him in huge coils as the fire-eating, whip-cracking General Maroun softened his face to what his men know as a smile and proclaimed, "I'd go to combat with these men any day of the week."

SOLDIER *to Soldier -*

As the New Year approaches it seems even more than ever unbelievable that twelve months should have passed since this column's last stock-taking.

It has been as busy a year as any, one which has seen the end of Confrontation in Malaysia, a Victoria Cross for Lance-Corporal Rambahadur Limbu, intensification of terrorism in Aden and a spate of anniversary celebrations, including events of the two world wars and with pride of place to the 250th anniversary of the Royal Regiment of Artillery.

On the last day of 1966 The Queen's Regiment comes into being and takes the concept of the "large" regiment a stage further by embracing a Volunteer battalion of the new Territorial and Army Volunteer Reserve, junior soldiers and the Army Cadet Force in one family and all with the same cap badge.

Next year will bring at least two major challenges in getting off the ground the Territorial and Army Volunteer Reserve on 1 April and in accommodating at home the soldiers and their families who will be returning from Aden, from the Far East and possibly from Germany.

While this year has seen yet another withdrawal, from British Guiana, the training field has again expanded with new ground broken in Dominica and Jamaica, a second visit to Australia and other soldiers training in Greece, Turkey, Norway, Canada and the United States.

★

SOLDIER's writers and photographers have again roamed the world for features, bringing stories and pictures from Aden, Belgium, Berlin, Borneo, Canada, Channel Islands, Cyprus, Dominica, Finland, France, Greece, Jamaica, Malaya, Norway, Persian Gulf, Turkey and the United States.

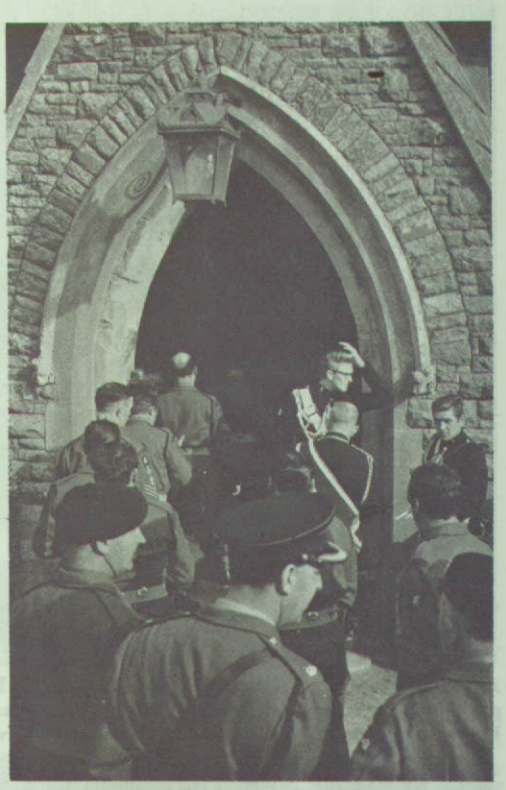
And there were other stories and pictures from Australia, Bechuanaland, British Honduras, Denmark, Germany, Hong Kong, Kenya, Laos, Malta, New Zealand, Sarawak, Swaziland, Switzerland and Tripoli.

★

Next year will start with a new service to readers—a list of military museums with their addresses and opening hours which will be a valuable help to the enthusiasts and which, it is hoped, will encourage readers to take an interest in these small but interesting regimental collections.

Later, reviews of military records will be added to book reviews and, of course, the "Your Regiment," World War One flashback, "How Observant Are You?" and other regular features will continue.

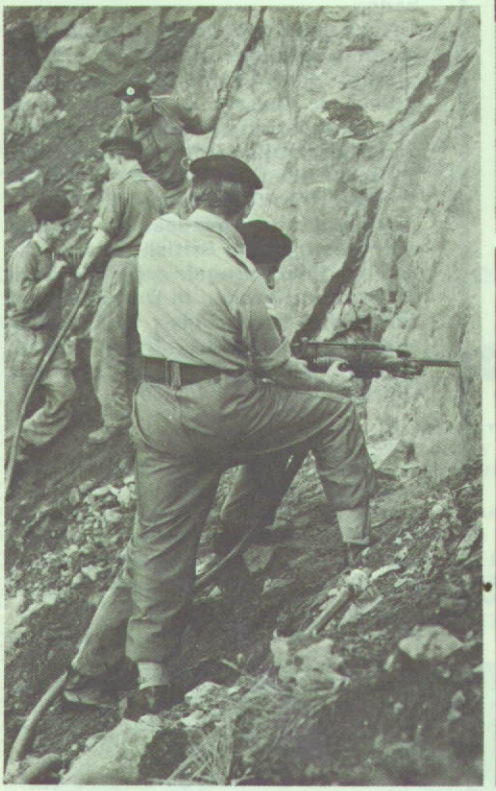
FAREWELL TO ALDERNEY



Top left: Lusty music as the sapper band plays out of Alderney and, soon, into history.

Above: The porch of St Anne's Church as the visitors troop in for the morning service.

Left: Alderney's youngsters were as interested as the grown-ups in the Army's visit.



Above left: Night embarkation for bandsmen of 115 Engineer Regiment (TA) who came straight from work for the cross-Channel voyage to Alderney.

Left: Business as usual for a quarry-blasting team of sappers on their last training mission in Alderney.

Right: The measured tread of part-time sappers on the march resounds in the island's narrow streets.

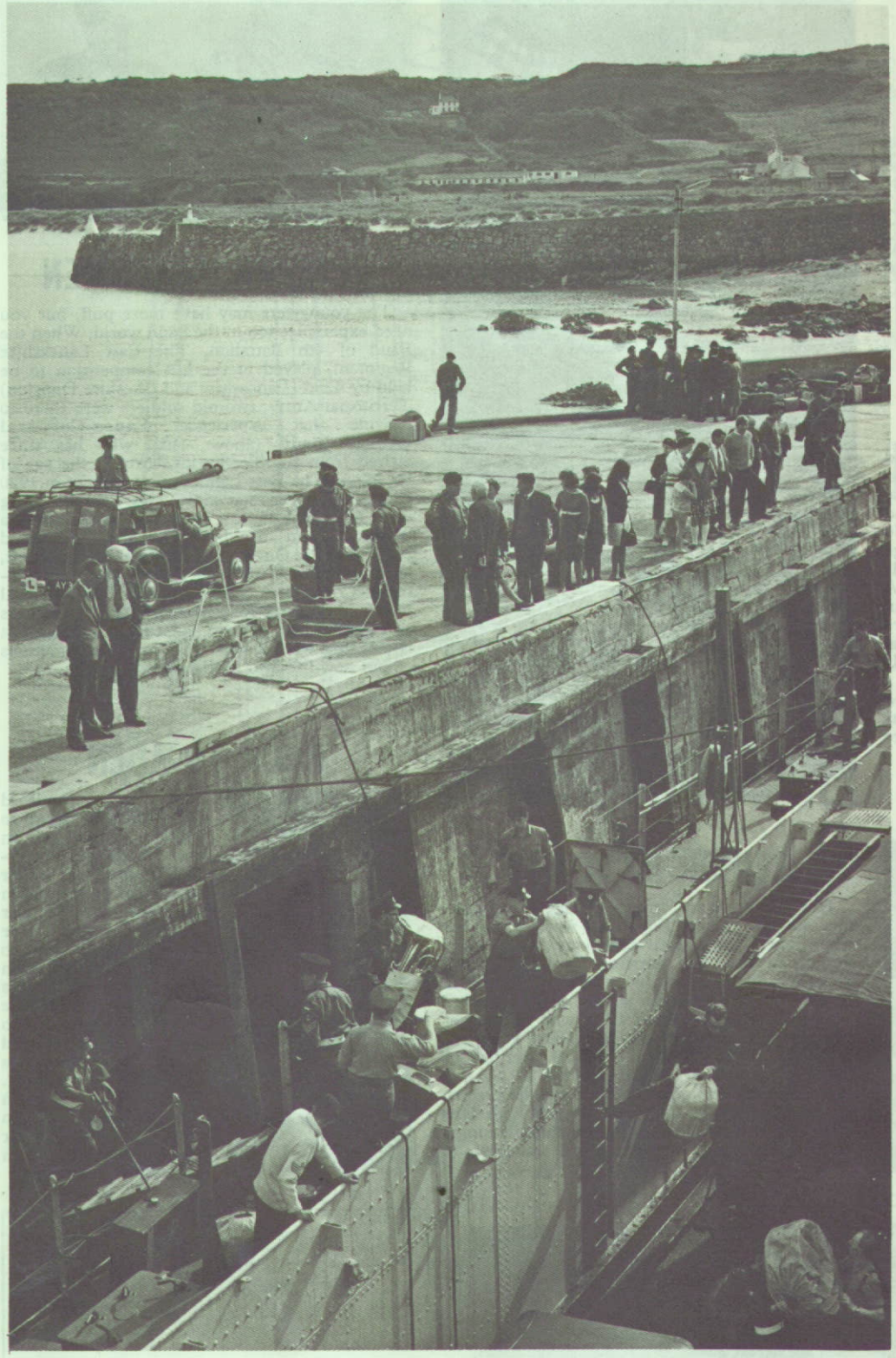
NOT every island likes to be invaded, but the Channel Isle of Alderney positively revels in it. Pleasure that a small armada was sailing for their shores from England was tinged with sadness for the islanders only because their "occupation troops" were coming for the last time.

Aboard the three minesweepers and a tank landing craft were 170 sapper Territorials of a doomed unit. Under the Territorial Army reorganisation, 26 Engineer Group is sentenced to disbandment and the pleasant annual camps and training weekends the member units have spent on Alderney since 1961 will cease.

The pleasure has been mutual because the sappers have always left beneficial reminders of their brief periods of occupation. A slipway built, a jetty repaired, road surfacing, extension work on the Island Hall—these are the solid achievements on which the visiting soldiers have built a genuinely happy and lasting association with their islander hosts. The friendship blossomed into a nostalgic swansong with the farewell visit invitation from the President of the States of Alderney, Commander S P Herivel.

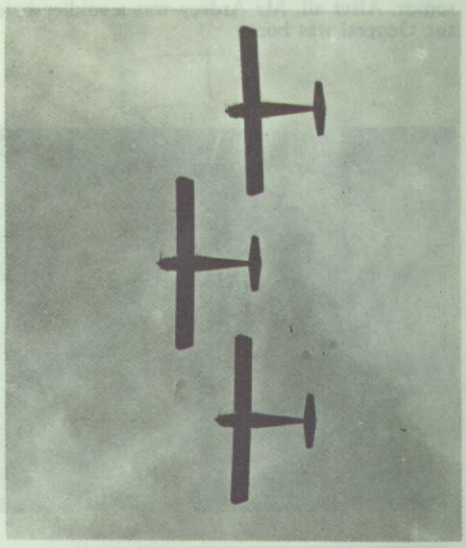
Representing the headquarters and three regiments of 26 Engineer Group, the 170 sappers selected from all over South-East England went straight from work on a Friday night to three embarkation points. At Plymouth they joined a coastal minesweeper, HMS Clarbeston, and an inshore minesweeper, HMS Odiham. Another minesweeper, HMS Carhampton, sailed from Portland while Audemer, a Royal Corps of Transport tank landing craft, weighed anchor from Marchwood with the band, sappers and six vehicles of 115 Engineer Regiment aboard.

An experimental fitting of reassuringly large lifejackets, a practice call to boat stations, a quick glance at the moonlit Channel, then the Alderney invaders were turning in to store up some precious hours of sleep for the wakeful Saturday night and Sunday morning ahead.



BACK COVER

On leaving Alderney, Bandsman Paul Rice blows a sunset call for his own and all other units to be disbanded in April 1967.



The vehicles are already loaded (left) and the band instruments are going aboard as wellwishers gather on the jetty. A sombre trio of Beavers passes overhead (above) as Alderney islanders (below) wave goodbye.

Early though it was, a small crowd watched from the quayside as the sapper fleet tied up in Braye Harbour and began unloading. The sappers worked for the rest of the day on training tasks which included quarry blasting—useful to the islanders as the essential plant is expensive to hire and transport.

A Saturday night of prolonged toasting and celebrations appropriate to the winding up of a five-year campaign warmed up as nearly every man, woman and child on the island watched 115 Engineer Regiment's Band beat Retreat against a backdrop of sea and sky.

Before the final parade on Sunday the sappers joined the island congregation for a service in the parish church. The subsequent inspection was the joint duty of the President and Major-General Mike Halford, Commanding 43rd (Wessex) Division/District.

In the customary exchange of trophies, the President received a plaque bearing the crests of the three regiments and the Engineers were duly presented with the Alderney flag.

The formal stilted farewells were said on the quayside, yet it was the Band that came closer to expressing everybody's true feelings as the ships were steaming out of the harbour. They hurriedly assembled on the windy deck and the wind carried the notes of "Auf Wiedersehn" to the shore.

PURELY PERSONAL

more Purely Personal on page 33

OLD OLD SOLDIER

Old soldiers never die . . . So goes the old saying and so sauntering on into his 101st year goes **Mr. Albert Ardrey.** He served in The Royal Scots for five years in the 1890s and rejoined to fight in the South African War. No Royal Scot had ever lived to 100 years of age before and the Regiment was not going to let Mr Ardrey's centenary slip by uncelebrated. A deputation joined the Ardrey family party in Gillingham and to the skirl of the pipes, **Major-General W T Campbell,** Colonel of The Royal Scots, presented a full dress statuette to Mr Ardrey and helped him to cut a cake with a Regimental centrepiece (right). The two shared the task without any illusions as to who was senior. After all, Mr Ardrey was a soldier before the General was born.

VETERAN BANDSMEN

The youngsters may have more puff, but you need experience too in the band world. When the Band of 4th Battalion, The East Lancashire Regiment, played in the last competition to be held by 42nd (Lancashire and Cheshire Division) Territorial Army, two old soldiers were there to provide that experience. **Lance-Corporal George Jowitt** (above, left), who has since retired from the Territorial Army at the age of 64, joined The East Lancashire Regiment in 1920 and on and off has served 24 years. Still soldiering on at 66 is **Bandsman Ernest Calvert**—both a Territorial and an old-age pensioner. He served in World War One with The Cheshire Regiment, in World War Two with the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, and joined the Band of the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment in 1925. "A band is an essential part of regimental life," he says. "It is amazing what a band can do to stir emotions or put new life into tired soldiers."

SENIOR BY A DAY

Just three Army meals—a day's service—separate two Royal Engineers warrant officers who figured in a rare ceremony when each, serving in the same garrison (in Cyprus) was presented on the same day with the Meritorious Service Medal. The older soldier is **Regimental Sergeant-Major Albert Pike** who enlisted as a boy on 2 March 1939, one day before **Warrant Officer I Peter Aston.** Only 23 Meritorious Service Medals have been awarded so far this year, eight of them going to the Royal Engineers. Picture (left) shows the two recipients with **Mrs Pike** and 17-year-old son, **Peter,** whose younger brother, Desmond, is an apprentice tradesman at the Army Apprentice College, Chepstow.

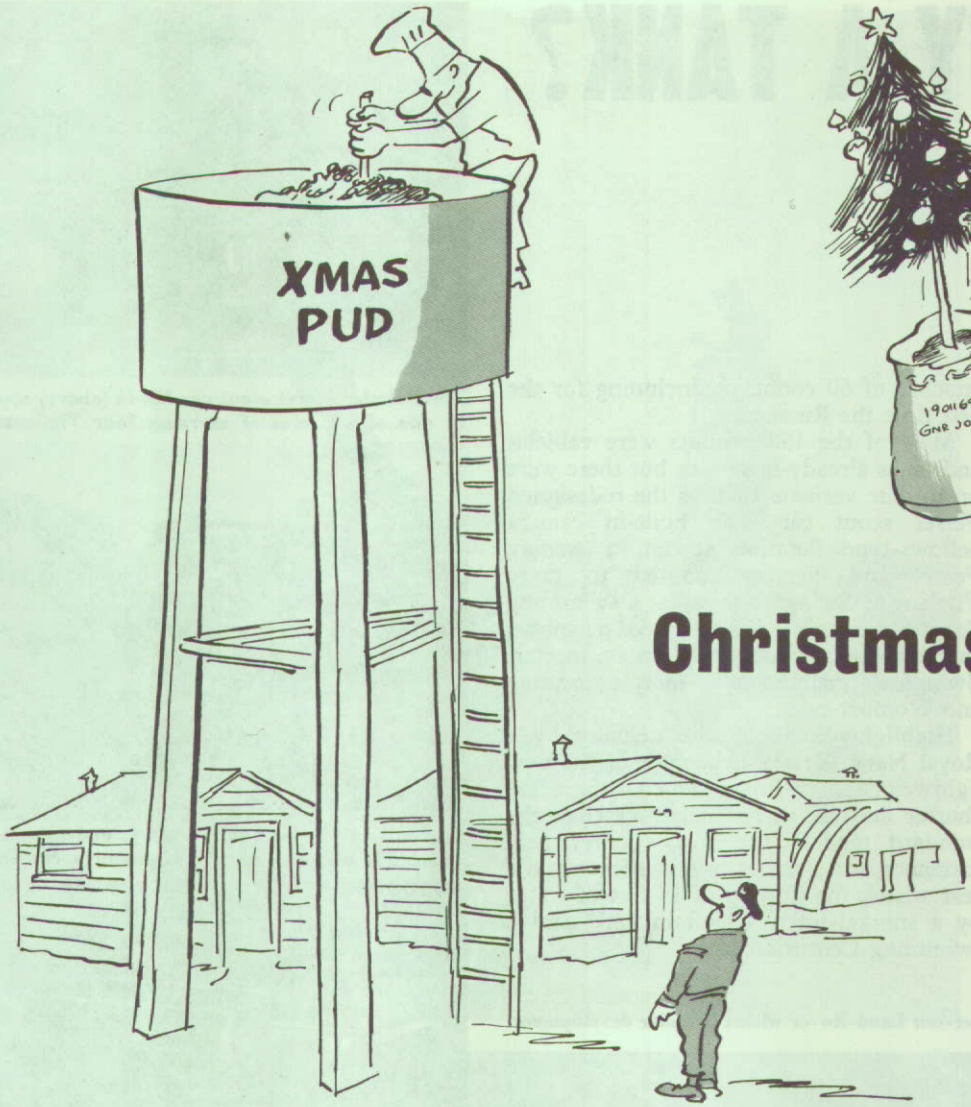
BACK TO ADEN

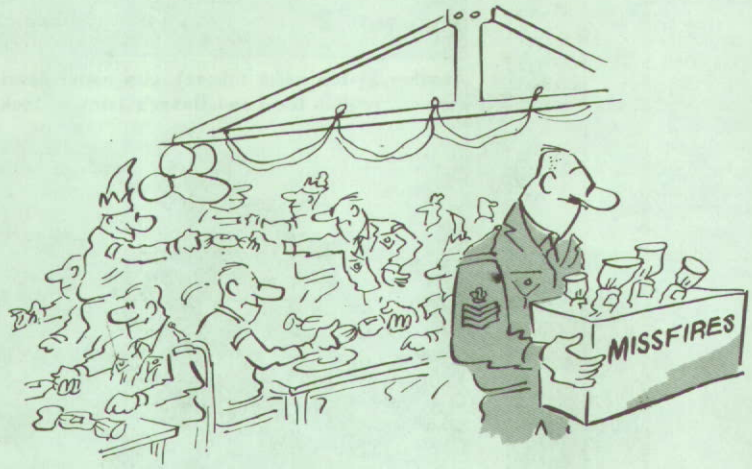
A young Bradford mill-hand who went to South Arabia as an Ever-Ready for a fortnight's training earlier this year is back in Aden again—as a Regular soldier! **Gunner Peter Holliday** went out to Beihan, near the Yemen border, and three months after returning home he packed in his civilian job and joined the Royal Horse Artillery on a nine-year engagement. Now he is serving with the 1st Regiment in Aden. "This is the life for me—much better than civvy street." he says.

When **Major D Castle** and his wife **Beth** set sail from Southampton to settle in New Zealand —he has retired from the Army after 27 years' service—they had a surprise and rousing send-off at the quayside. On parade were his former commanding officer and other officers and their wives of the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Army Ordnance Corps—and the Regiment's Corps of Drums to play the couple aboard the liner Southern Cross. Picture (left) shows Major Castle (waving), Mrs Castle, **Lieutenant-Colonel Ralph Gerrard,** and the Corps of Drums.

Christmas in barracks

by **LARRY**





WANT TO BUY A TANK?

ONCE every four years the Fighting Vehicles Research and Development Establishment opens its security gates at Chertsey, in Surrey, for an impressive display of British military vehicles that have proved their worth with the British Army worldwide and with other armies.

It is the Farnborough of the military vehicle but unlike the air show is unfortunately not open to a general public which even in its most cynical mood could not fail to be impressed by the performance of tracked and wheeled vehicles over rough terrain and in water, and by the work of the Establishment's research test laboratories and workshops.

The demonstration, organised jointly by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders and the Ministry of Defence, was this year seen by nearly 2000 commercial vehicle representatives and the military attachés of 60 countries, including for the first time the Russians.

Most of the 150 exhibits were vehicles and tanks already in service but there were up-to-date variants such as the redesigned Ferret scout car with built-in camera bellows-type flotation screen, a wading Ferret and Ferrets adapted to carry Vigilant or Swingfire missiles, a swimming Saladin and the FV 432 armoured personnel carrier in ambulance, Carl Gustav, mortar, Swingfire, maintenance, mortar locating and Wombat roles.

Highlights included the delivery by a Royal Navy Wessex helicopter of the new lightweight Land-Rover (which is three feet shorter and six inches narrower than the standard model), the cross-country performance of a Saracen minus a front and a rear wheel, the fording of 15 feet of water by a snorkel-fitted Chieftain tank, and a swimming Centurion tank.

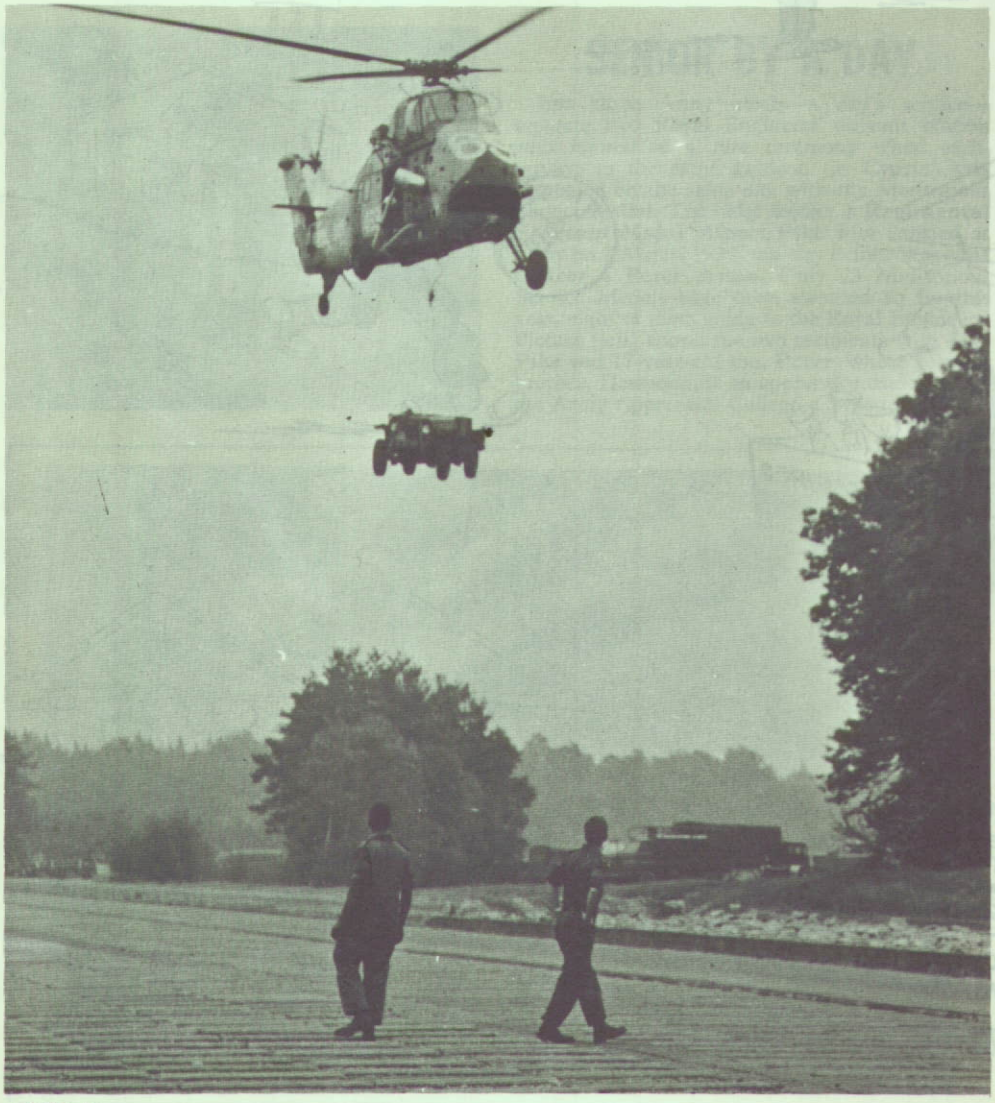
The Daimler Ferret scout car Mk II (above) seen in one of its roles of carrying four Vigilants.

Above: A 1½-ton 4x4 Commer truck, under development, is airborne on a cross-country course.

Another 1½-ton truck (above), also under development, retains the Land-Rover's familiar look.

Above: The uncompromisingly square-built Austin, under development. Below: Four-wheeled Saracen!

A Royal Navy Wessex brings in the lightweight quarter-ton Land-Rover which is under development.



Left: A Chieftain tank, fitted with snorkel, emerging after wading through a 15-foot depth of water.

Below: In the foreground FV 432 in the Carl Gustav role crosses a gap bridged by Centurion-laid fascines. Behind, the Centurion Mk V Ark bridge, and beyond that the Class 80 bridge laid by the Centurion Mk V bridgelayer, with Abbot crossing over it. Behind the bridge a "ditched" Centurion about to be winched out by a Centurion armoured recovery.

LET'S GO ORIENTEERING!

Starting gate for the world championships men's individual event. Ahead lie nine gruelling miles.

Competitors set off at two-minute intervals into the forest. Map in hand is Lieut David Griffiths.

Checkpoints in the world championships were camouflaged—this is a normal competition checkpoint.

Eleven countries—Austria, Bulgaria, Czechoslovakia, Denmark, East Germany, England, Finland, Hungary, Norway, Sweden and Switzerland, competed in the first orienteering world championships held near Helsinki over a difficult course in an area of small lakes and swamps, hills and forests.

The men's individual event was won by the Norwegian, Aage Hadler, in one hour, 36 minutes and two seconds, with a Finn second and a Swede third. The six English placings in the field of 58 were: 42 Alistair Patten (2hr 33min 9sec); 46 Gordon Pirie (2hr 43min 48sec); 48 David Griffiths (2hr 47min 7 sec); 49 John Disley (2hr 48min 56sec); 54 Mike Murray (3hr 16min 52sec); 58 Tony Walker (3hr 29min 12sec).

Because of a misunderstanding the English team had to compete in the following day's team event on a non-scoring basis. This was a relay in four legs over a total distance of 22 miles and the first leg man, Chris Brasher, came in only 20 minutes behind the leading time and well within the allowance. Unfortunately the next man, Bob Astles, did not meet the next time limit and the team had to drop out with Toby Norris and Chris James still to run.

Above: Gordon Pirie, as an international figure, was loudly cheered by spectators as he spurted to the finish in the men's individual world championships.

Left: Orienteering dress is colourful and bizarre but must protect without hampering. Most competitors wear some form of leg guards against scratches.

Right: This complex scoreboard at the world championships indicated individual finishing times and margins left to competitors still on the course.

Takeover in the world championships four-man relay. Exceeded margins brought disqualification.

Orienteering can equally be practised at night. Here a competitor halts for a compass bearing.

Watched by Chris Brasher (centre), Lieut David Griffiths checks in at the world championships.

IT is a cross between a car rally without car, a treasure hunt and a cross-country run. It spread from Scandinavia to Scotland five years ago and is now one of Britain's fastest-growing sports.

The answer? Orienteering, the sport which is now taking root in the British Army and which may soon challenge its nearest neighbour, cross-country running.

Cross-country, over a fixed course, offers little to a soldier who is not a reasonable long-distance runner. Orienteering, as the name implies, involves map-reading and navigation between fixed checkpoints and indeed depends so much on accuracy in these military arts that navigational skill alone can defeat the best athlete.

The fact that a competitor can win by using his head—and not just relying on his feet—is one of the reasons why this sport attracts international athletes like John Disley, Bruce Tulloh, Roger Bannister, Martin Hyman, Gordon Pirie and Chris Brasher, and makes enthusiasts of people who have never previously competed in anything.

Orienteering is both individualistic and sociable and above all is almost infinitely variable in its permutations. The overall distance, stretches between checkpoints and the number of checkpoints, can vary as much as the chosen terrain. Checkpoints can be announced at the start—they are, of course, kept secret until just before then—or only the first given and the competitors then passed from one to the next.

Competitions can be on an individual or team basis or both and can be run in daylight or at night. And it is a sport that can be practised on motorcycles, cycles, horseback, skis or in canoes.

Preceded and followed at timed intervals by other competitors, the orienteer sets off with his marked map and compass. He is immediately on his own and has to decide for himself which route he should follow to the first checkpoint—he may see other runners but it would rarely pay him to try and follow them.

He is equally unlikely to be able to make a bee-line for the checkpoint—the organisers will have located it so that some natural obstacle presents itself. A good runner may be outstripping everyone else—and find his superior speed merely taking him the more rapidly in the wrong direction. A steady plodder may be making good time on a well-chosen longer but easier route while a faster man ensnares himself in brambles or dense forest.

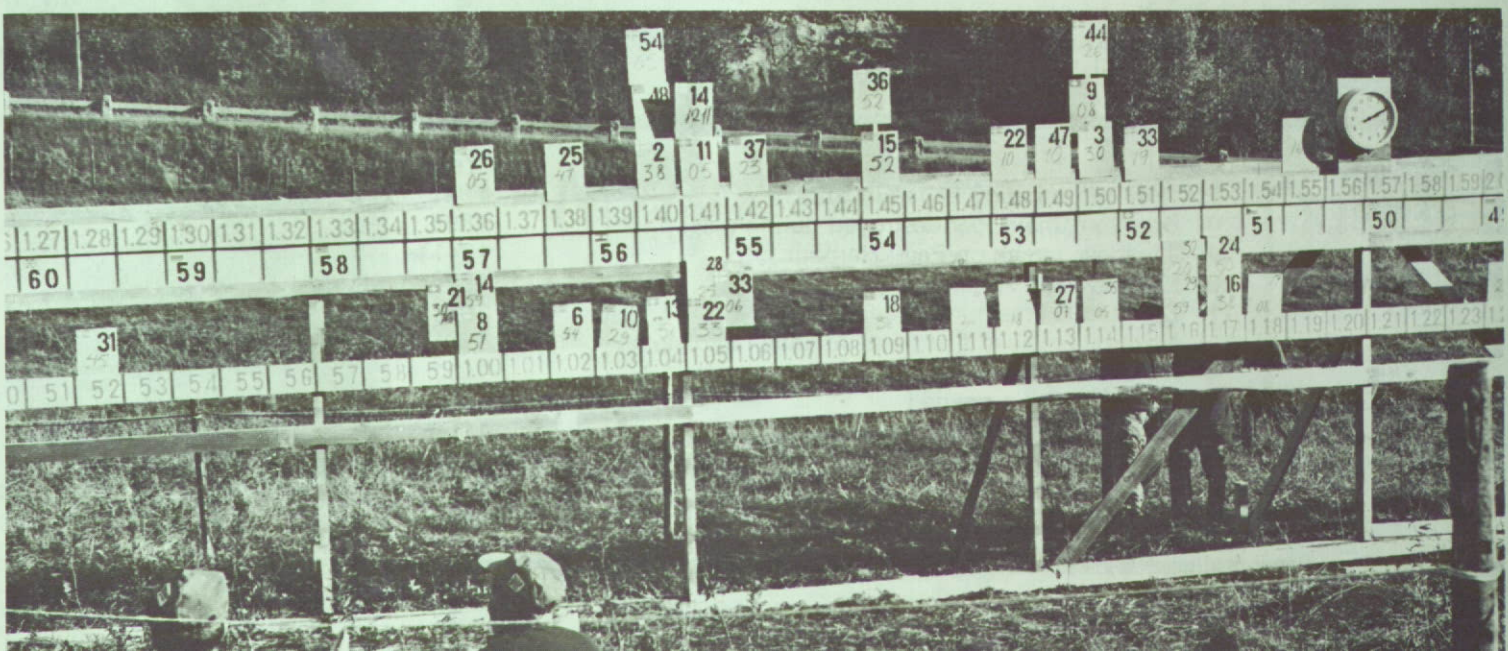
Until he reaches the finish—and long after that—a competitor does not know his final placing and so does not give up, as he would perhaps in cross-country because he thinks, or knows, he has no chance.

Orienteering was born in Sweden in 1919 and has become one of that country's top sports with more than 40,000 enthusiasts in 1500 clubs. It is much more popular than either athletics or cross-country running and every week there are competitions in which from 100 to 300 men and women, in an age bracket from 13 to 57, take part.

The sport has become almost equally popular in Denmark, Norway and Finland and has been taken up by other European countries—France, Austria, Switzerland, East Germany, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria and West Germany.

Scotland has practised orienteering since 1961 and an English Association, formed in October 1965, now controls five regional organisations.

In the British Army the 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards were probably first in the field when they borrowed the



Pirjo Ruotsalainen (Finland) finishing 18th in the world championships women's individual event.

sport from Sweden while serving in Germany in 1959. Territorials of 51st (Highland) Division and the Royal Military Academy have practised orienteering for several years and The Royal Scots Greys held their first regimental meeting last year on the ranges at Fallingbostel in Germany with teams of four competing in combat kit.

Last year, too, a British Army team competed in Sweden against the Swedish Army and also won the Scottish National Orienteering Championship, with individual winners in both the senior and intermediate competitions.

The Army's keenest orienteer is Lieutenant David Griffiths, 1st Battalion, The King's Own Scottish Borderers. He ran in the Empire Games at Perth, Western Australia, in 1962, has won the Army half-mile championship, represented the Army in the Inter-Services 440 yards event, has been an Army Rugby trialist and has joined in skiing, boxing, squash, cricket and golf—but enjoys orienteering more than any other sport.

Lieutenant Griffiths was one of ten enthusiasts who recently represented England in the first orienteering world championships in Finland.

It was the English Association's first international event and the team included Olympic gold, silver and bronze medallists in Chris Brasher, Gordon Pirie and John Disley. But in the company of the experienced Scandinavians the English were completely overshadowed. In the individual event Norway, Finland and Sweden took 18 of the first 20 places with the Englishmen finishing overall only just ahead of Bulgaria, the tail-enders.

Over a nine-mile course the first men were home in one hour and 36 to 40 minutes—the English times ranged from Alistair Patten's two hours and 33 minutes (he was followed by Gordon Pirie, Lieutenant Griffiths and John Disley) to three hours and 29 minutes.

The great disparity between winning and tail-end times is a measure of the difference in experience. It will be perhaps ten years before the United Kingdom can hope to challenge at international level.

Currently, orienteering has no status as a sport in the British Army—it is not one of the "recognised" sports governed by the Army Sports Control Board. But its military value has led Army Training to suggest that it can be adapted to fit into adventure training schemes.

The thought of orienteering in combat kit is anathema to the purist orienteer, but if the sport itself grows within the Army then surely the time will come when it will gain official recognition.

Above: Mike Murray, track athlete and orienteer, in the English team nylon rig of blue smock and red trousers. Below: Dr Kekonnen, President of Finland, informally visited the championships.

It happened in DECEMBER

Date		Year
1	"Points" rationing began in Britain	1941
4	Brighton Chain Pier destroyed during gales	1896
7	Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour	1941
10	King Edward VIII abdicated	1936
11	Statute of Westminster became law	1931
12	Marconi received first trans-Atlantic radio signal	1901
14	Amundsen reached the South Pole	1911
15	Piccadilly Tube opened	1906
22	Withdrawal from Suez Canal completed	1956
24	Libya achieved independence	1951
26	Battle of Trenton	1776
26	Battle of Pultusk	1806

THE NATO SHIELD SWINGS DOWN TO PARRY AN IMAGINARY BLOW TO ITS SOUTHERN FLANK. AFTER DEPLOYING IN GREECE ON EXERCISE SUMMER EXPRESS, THE ACE MOBILE FORCE MOVED TO TURKEY FOR THE SECOND PHASE. BECAUSE THE SEA OF MARMARA HAD TO BE CROSSED—AND QUICKLY—THEY CALLED IT.....

MARMARA EXPRESS

Right: Greek soldiers man an American-made APC in the mountains of their homeland. They played enemy to NATO Force soldiers below.

Pictures by NATO Information Service

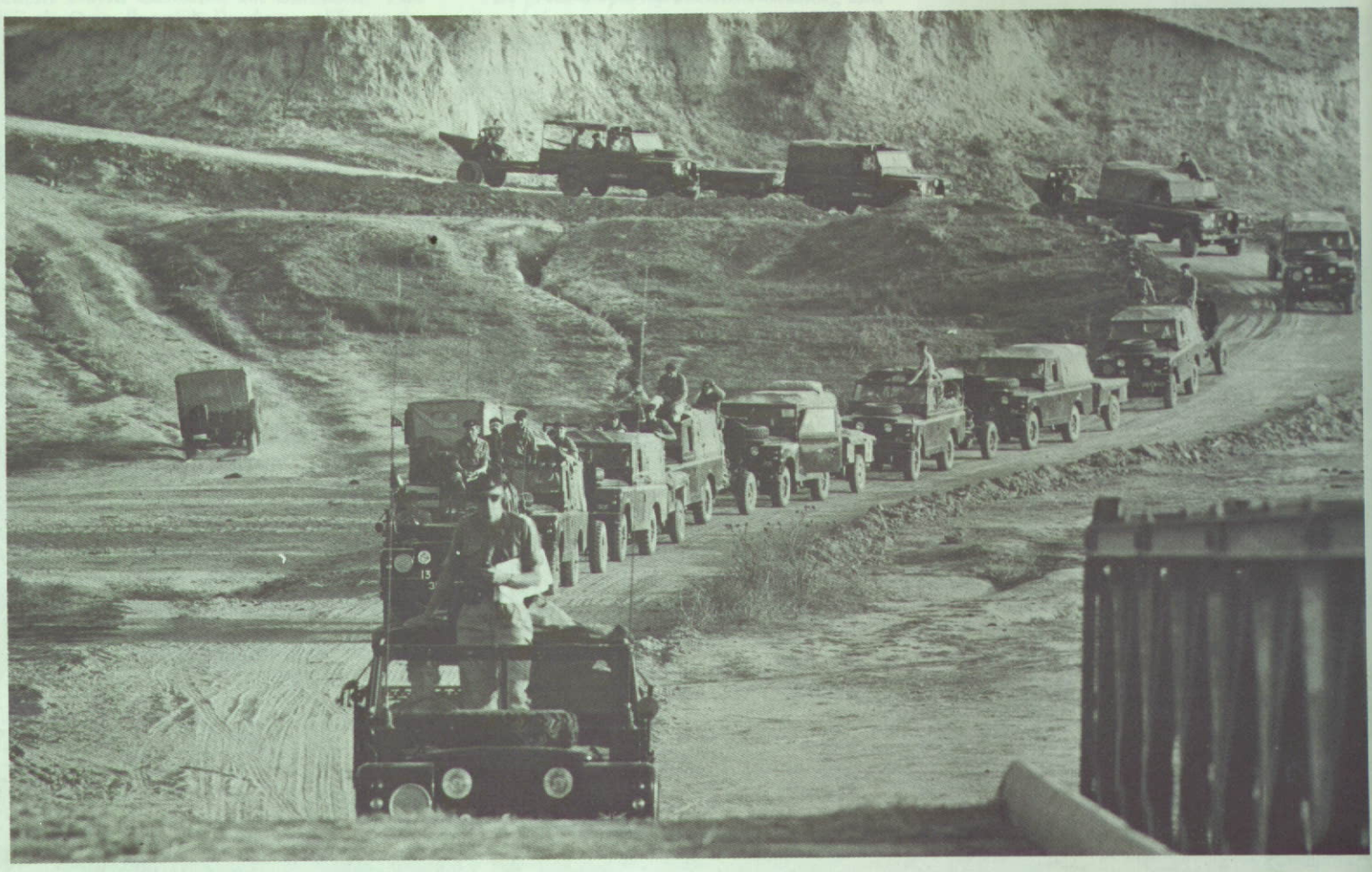
Above: German lorries roll into Turkey over a bridge spanning the Maritsa river.

Right: Italian, Belgian, and German colleagues surround Major David Drew, RA, as he puts through an urgent call from the Force's mobile headquarters in Turkey.

Below: The winding caravan of 19 Light Regiment, RA, on NATO service.

NOT a single square inch of Europe's free territory has fallen under Soviet domination since 1949 when representatives of 12 countries signed the North Atlantic Treaty in Washington.

General Lyman Lemnitzer, Supreme Allied Commander Europe, controls a shield of well-equipped and highly trained forces. They protect the 2000-mile NATO front which stretches from the north of Norway to Eastern Turkey and it is to these vulnerable flanks that the ACE Mobile Force has paid special attention in 1966.



MARMARA EXPRESS

continued

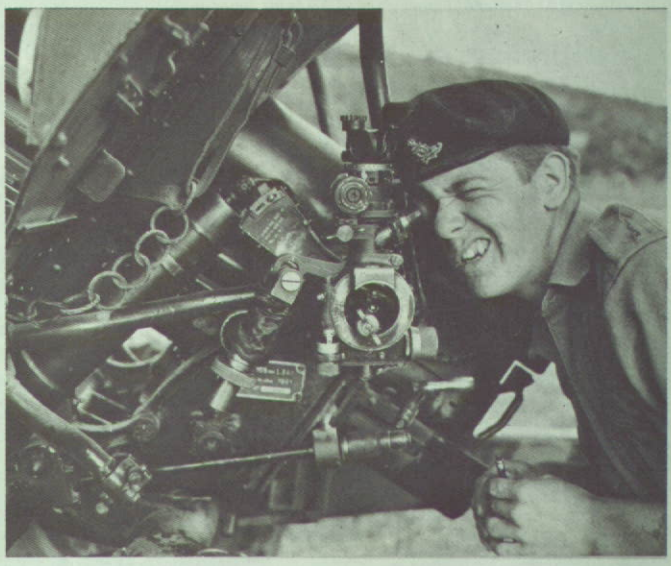
As the sequel to Exercise Summer Express (SOLDIER, November), Marmara Express saw the Mobile Force taking to its wheels across the Turkish Straits. Combining with the Turkish Army on its home ground, the whole Force, including its British element of gunner, intelligence, fire support and logistic units, practised defence of the gateway to the Black Sea.

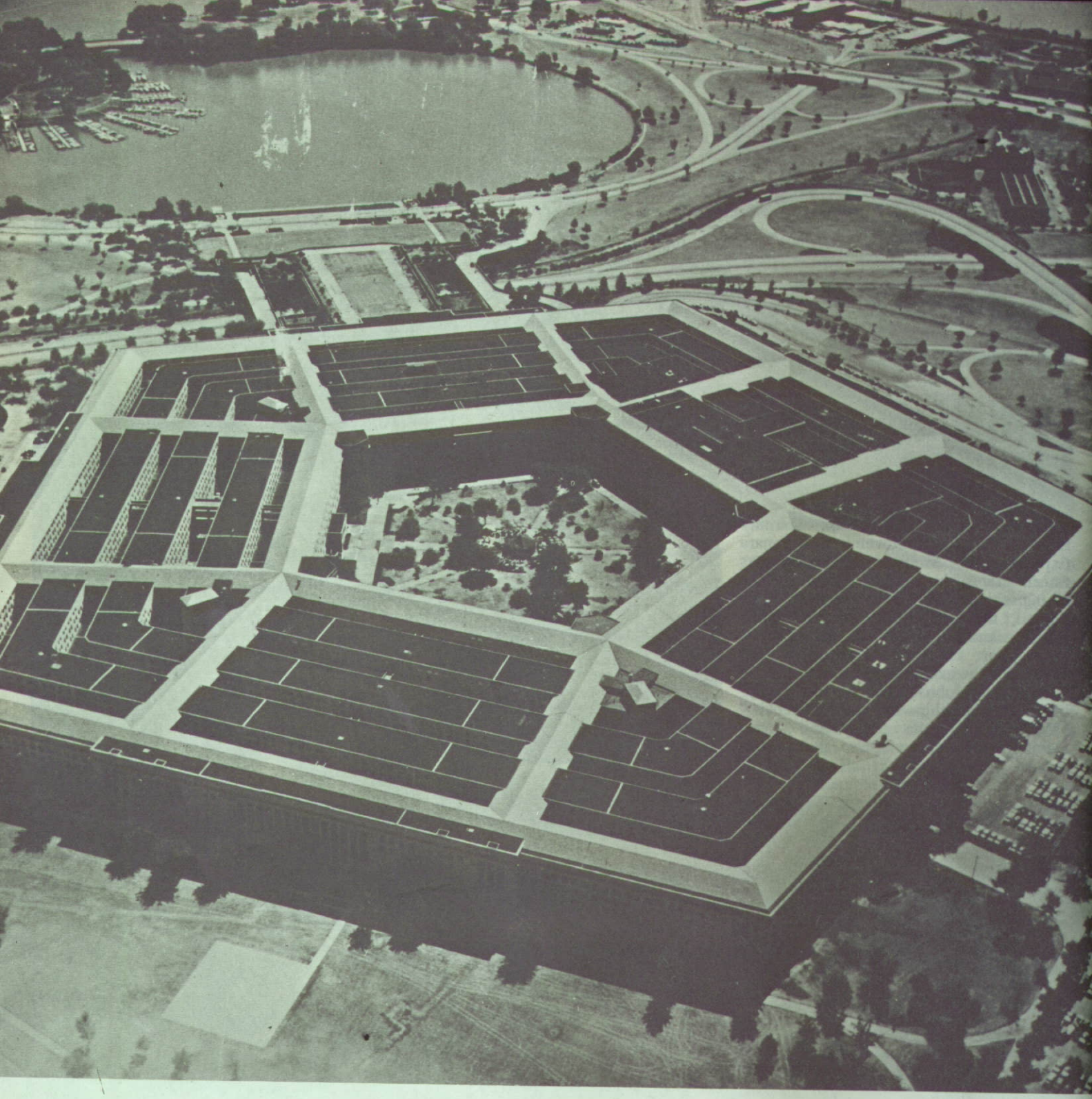
Dr Samuel Johnson recommended keeping one's friendships in "constant repair." NATO follows the advice and wisely maintains its defences—also in constant repair.

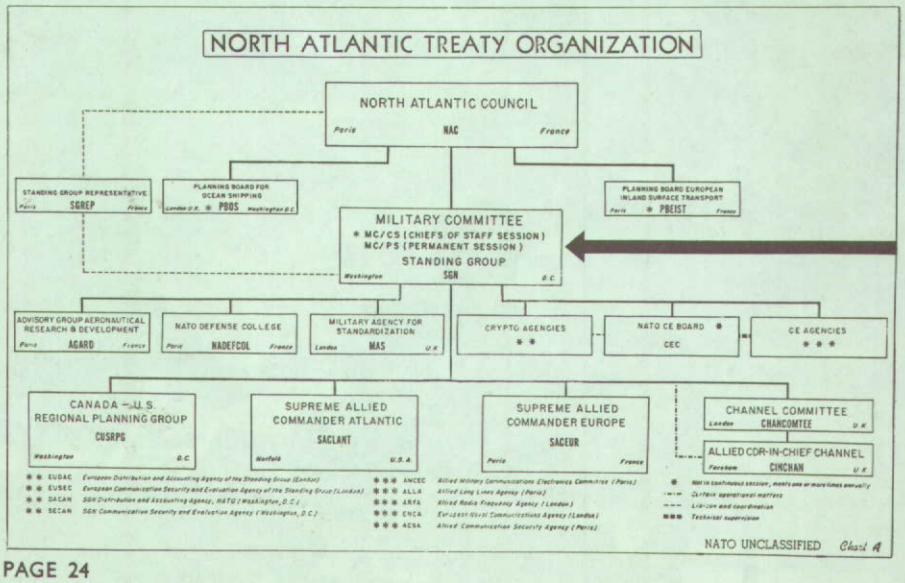
Above: Turkish sentries in this bivouac area were guarding the ACE Mobile Force's battle headquarters during Marmara Express.

Right: Excruciating face from Gunner Whiteley of 19 Light Regiment as he adjusts the sights on the 105mm pack-howitzer gun.

Below: Followed by their new three-wheeled runabouts, Belgian Para-Commandos enter a Turkish village along a track.







Above: The Pentagon. British soldiers number only six among its office population of 33,000. Hardly enough for a takeover bid or coup.

Left: Britain's Pentagon soldiers are there to work as international officers for the Military Committee or to support our national representative, Admiral Sir Nigel Henderson.

Right: Unmistakably English suits and hair-styles readily identify our men in Washington —Maj G Thompson and Lieut-Col C J G Meade.

Left: On Colour Party duty for a Washington ceremony, Pte Bob Marken (centre back) was introduced to the late President, John F Kennedy.

It's a plum posting, but the 50 soldiers of the British Defence Staff in Washington DC earn their greenbacks in long concentrated hours spent evaluating American military concepts and passing on British experience

STATESIDE SOLDIERS

FIVE days a week, in Washington DC, 33,000 people converge on a five-sided gargantuan, the world's largest office building. Somewhere submerged in the flood tide along the Pentagon's 17 miles of corridor are six sober-suited British Army officers. They are among the 50 lucky soldiers enjoying a plum posting—a tour in the United States.

What are the chances? Theoretically, since there are 50 jobs going and only 186,000 soldiers to choose from, the odds are a mere 3720 to one against. But, before you start to pack, there is something else you should know. The British Army's American contingent is nearly all chiefs and only two braves.

Which leaves the private soldier a one in 90,000 chance of drawing his pay in Lincoln greenbacks, presupposing, of course, that the Army can persuade one of the present incumbents, Private Bob Marken, of The Parachute Regiment, to retire. He has been there six years already, married an American girl this year—and seems very happy with his lot.

An aptitude for dealing quickly with complicated papers and a thorough knowledge of the arm they represent is the common factor among the balance of the staff. Six colonels, two lieutenant-colonels and two majors, their task is to keep the British and American armies in step. Canada and Australia, the other parties to an agreement to achieve standardisation and exchange information within the defence forces of the four nations, maintain smaller organisations in Washington.

These liaison officers act as clearing houses for a two-way exchange of knowledge on tactical concepts, weapons, vehicles and logistics. The reports they receive from Britain are passed on to contacts in the Pentagon who keep them similarly provided with American material. In their sixth floor Embassy offices they wade through acres of newsprint and delve into official drafts by the crateload to search out new ideas of use to the British Army.

The men who do the legwork and report on developments as they happen are the ten liaison officers stationed at key installations and training centres throughout the States. These "field agents" are highly privileged because the American host units allot few specific duties but allow them to observe new projects in their early stages and report back to Washington. They also have the chance to feed in British ideas at the level where policy is made.

The transatlantic traffic in brainwaves is full and frank. Rarely are papers marked NOFORN—for United Kingdom eyes only. The obviously grave security risk is out-matched by an elaborate system of precautions within the Embassy and a mild form of xenophobia on the part of those holding the secrets. To the liaison staff every stranger is a spy until he proves otherwise; rooms are never left unlocked and, at the end of the day, desks must be left barren of every scrap of paper. As a final double-check the secretaries confirm that their bosses have everything safely stowed under combination lock and key.

The constant intermixture of ideas between the Pentagon and the British Defence Staff saves time and lives for both armies. The gunnery techniques used by the British in Borneo were gratefully seized on by the Americans when they came up against similar problems in Vietnam.

Three soldiers who map out short cuts in producing weapons, equipment and vehicles are the brigadier and two colonels who work in the research and development team at the Embassy. The British engineers tend to think more deeply on lines of research because they have to. Their ideas are often adopted by the Americans whose vast resources are of equal benefit to Britain. The technical officers at the Embassy oversee the swapping of progress reports and arrange tete-a-tetes for the scientists when necessary.

STATESIDE SOLDIERS

continued

Above: Major Don Wayte, an exchange officer from the RAMC on duty in the Walter Reed Hospital.

Top right: Lucky man with a three-year tour in Washington as driver to the General is Sgt Ray Hill RCT.

Left: Lieut-Col Boris Eastwood takes daughter Carol to American school then drives to his Embassy office.

The equipment produced by close liaison combines the best of both worlds. So the British armoured personnel carrier steers and changes gear by courtesy of General Motors and a new American tank may use the variable compression ratio engine invented in Britain. Frustrated in their attempts to weld aluminium, American engineers turned to Britain, their favourite hotbed for ideas and ingenuity. Today, vehicles with welded aluminium armour are carrying troops to combat in South-East Asia.

Next year a two-way loan of tanks, negotiated by research and development, will help to reconcile differing views on tank armament. The United States Army will be taking a cool look at the Chieftain's 120-millimetre gun while the British Army puts the Shillelagh rocket, mounted on a new Sheridan tank, through its paces.

Backing the Embassy officers is a small *elite* of civilian and soldier administrators. People like Private Marken, the office "reach, get and fetch merchant" and well remembered by visitors as the friendly Irishman who showed them the ropes. Or Warrant Officer I Harry Hale, Royal Army Pay Corps, who deals with such unusual claims as that for a 2839-mile car trip.

All soldiers serving in the USA receive a local overseas allowance to compensate for the high cost of living. This allows them to live with measurable comfort in apartments or houses outside Washington's elegant and expensive centre and some even manage to save a little money. But at least one car in the family is an essential and many soldiers face whittling down an initial outlay of £1000 in their two or three-year tour.

In 1946 a soldier called Hardy was sent to Washington to close the military mission. Twenty years later, Mr John Hardy, civilian administrative officer, drily commented: "I'm a lousy closer, I've managed to keep it going ever since."

Only American working in the department is Mrs Edith Loreg. She was "very, very thrilled" when her 23 years of service to the British Army were recognised with an MBE presented by the Ambassador on behalf of the Queen this year.

Every hour a black limousine carrying a courier and a locked diplomatic box drives from the Embassy to the Pentagon. Deep in the most secure section of this bewildering honeycomb of offices is the military headquarters of NATO. Some of the Army officers work for NATO internationally, others support Admiral Sir Nigel Henderson, the British representative on NATO's military committee.

A Washington posting is no cushy life. The chosen few work long hours, carry heavy responsibilities and have to think fast and hard to represent the British Army in America. Compensations include driving a desirable Detroit car, eating out in Washington's Georgetown—a cross between Chelsea and Sheffield on Saturday night—unlimited opportunities for outdoor life and sport and the chance to take dream touring holidays. Wives have to get used to shopping once a month and their children speak all-American, watch Batman, play baseball or gridiron football, learn to drive at school and possibly pay for it by throwing newspapers on porches at 100 dollars a month.

Drawbacks ? Yes, but not what you might call serious. Warrant Officer Hale: "We like America and Americans, but we do miss the sergeants' mess." Colonel Ken Foster, whose wife is a botanist: "You can't walk anywhere. I was walking along the road looking for specimens when the police stopped me and asked what I was doing. I believe they thought I was rather a nut."

Are you a hoarder?

Perhaps you're one of those people who just can't bear to throw anything away. Whatever it is, you know that the day after you reluctantly part with it, you'll need it.

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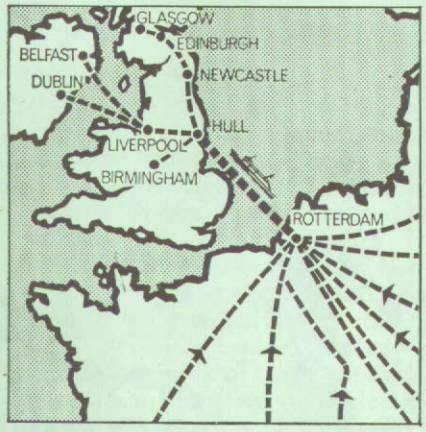

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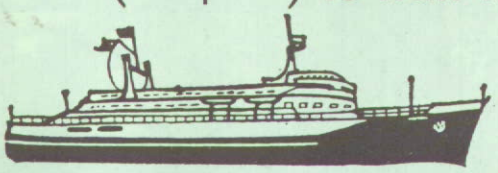

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YOUR REGIMENT: 47

THE ROYAL TANK REGIMENT PART 2

FROM THE SHADOWS TO GLORY

THE erratic, turbulent and peculiar history of the Royal Tank Regiment knows no event more curious than its near-destruction in 1940 by its own weapon.

For the previous 15 years the Regiment's cries of "Forward!" had been drowned by the clamour of "mediaeval horse soldiers" yelling "Back!" The tactical ideas brilliantly formulated in Britain in the Thirties were being brilliantly executed by Guderian's ten Panzer Divisions as they tore across Belgium and France in 1940.

When it seemed the armoured spearheads would reach the Channel ports and destroy the British Expeditionary Force, Hitler ordered them to halt. Whatever the Fuhrer or anybody else has said since, the immediate cause of that order was the most important counter-attack the Royal Tank Regiment has ever made . . . The infantry were late, the artillery was late and the air support never arrived, yet the 74 tanks of the 4th and 7th battalions sallied out of Arras with a display of ferocity that alarmed every German general officer from Hitler downwards.

The two commanders died and the remnants of the composite 4th/7th reached Dunkirk with only two tanks, but the Germany Army had been stopped and the British Army was sailing to safety.

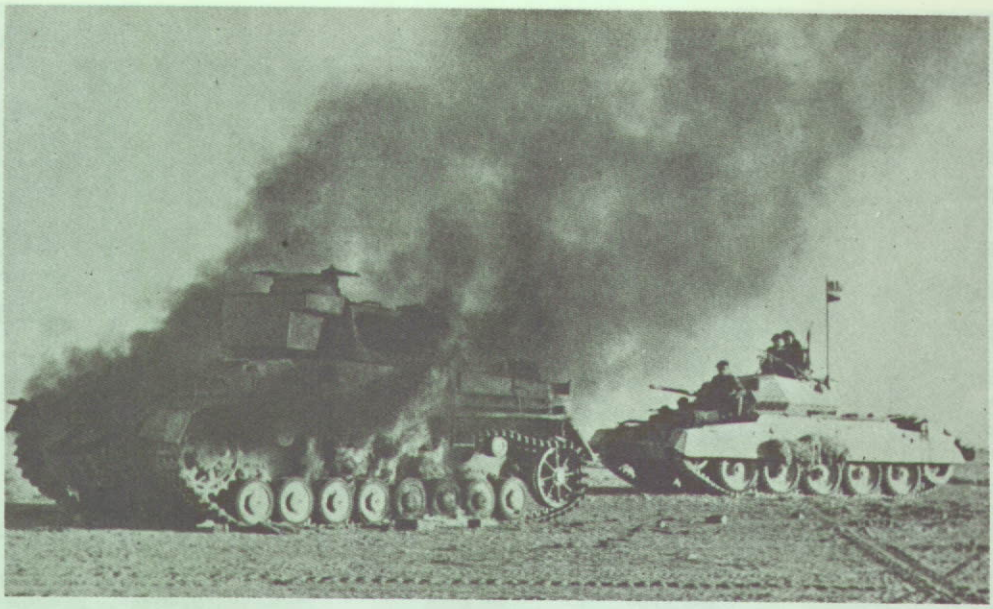
The first black phase of World War Two, when the tankies accepted the disgraceful results of other people's negligence and fought bravely against impossible odds, ended with the loss of the 3rd Royal Tank Regiment in the suicidally gallant defence of Calais.

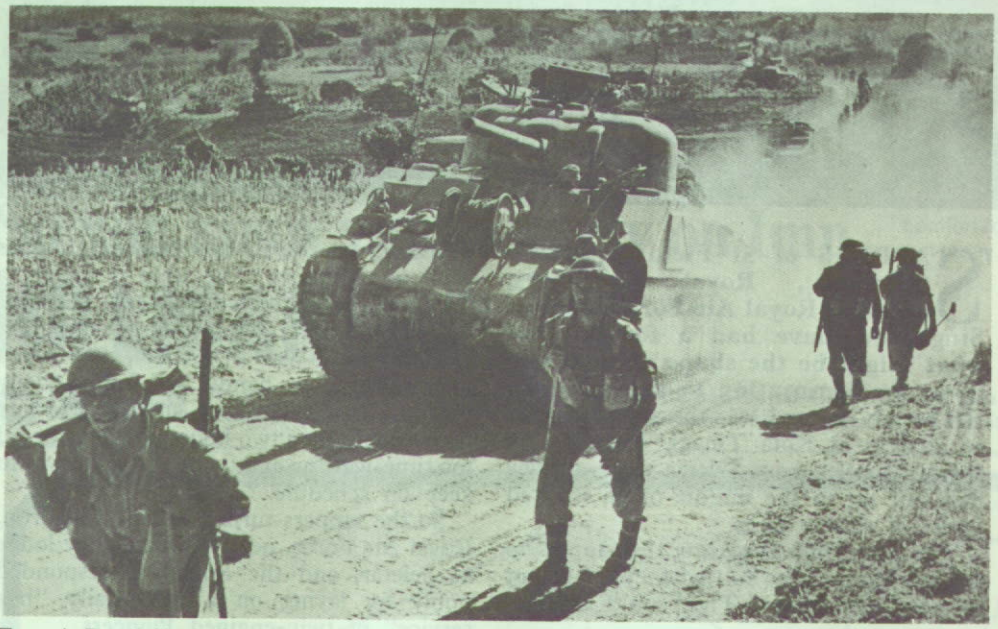
Leading the pursuit, almost to the evacuation ships, was General Rommel. As he harried the newly arrived 2nd and 5th battalions, Rommel noted again the dynamic fighting spirit of the British tankies so amply demonstrated at Arras.

At home, Royal Tank Regiment instructors were urgently converting the cavalry regiments to tank warfare just as they had been introducing them to armoured cars since 1928.

The final recognition of tank philosophy had come as late as 1939 with the formation of the Royal Armoured Corps. The tankies gladly yielded the title Royal Tank Corps for Royal Tank Regiment in exchange for a far greater victory.

The long Western Desert campaign opened joyfully with the destruction of the Italian Army—sweet revenge for the tankies. The 7th and other Royal Tank Regiment units of 7th Armoured Division led the triumphant onslaught on the Sidi Barrani camps and followed up with a string of startling successes. During the shambolic rout, hordes of Graziani's soldiers were taken prisoner, prompting a tank commander to report over the air: "So far as I can see there are 20 acres of officers, and 100 acres of men."





Top: A Royal Tank Regiment Crusader passes a brewing-up Panzer IV in the Western Desert. Cheery smiles all round in the picture (left), but infantry appeals for protection sometimes cost the piecemeal destruction of tank units. Tanks and infantry (above) fought through Italy in dogged unison.

From corporal in the Home Guard to commander of an armoured division in less than a year. Incredible but true, and the man was Major-General P C S Hobart, outstanding in the group of outstanding men who risked their careers and reputations for the Royal Tank Regiment.

Tanks captivated Hobart and he transferred from the Royal Engineers to lend his vision and dynamism to their development. He was a strong personality with a blunt outspokenness that made dangerous adversaries in the War Office. Witness his utterly direct style in a letter. "Why piddle about with porridge-making of the Third Ypres type?"

Training our armoured forces on the Salisbury Plain, pre-World War Two, he practised formations which have been copied by every army in the world. The only cavalry leader with whom he admitted any allegiance of thought was Genghis Khan. With other leading lights of the Royal Tank Regiment he was cut down by his enemies and prematurely retired.

That Winston Churchill rediscovered him was a piece of great fortune for Britain. Applying his usual force and vision with undiminished vigour he trained an armoured division and then assumed total responsibility for the development of specialist assault tanks which saved countless lives on the Normandy beaches.

In or out of their tanks, the tankies have always fought with the versatility and obstinacy of true professionals. Making their second battling retreat of the war, this time from an abortive campaign in Greece, men of the 3rd battalion fired their machine-guns from speeding lorries.

The slugging match with Rommel opened with two attempts to relieve Tobruk. Battleaxe—ironically the only all-Tank Regiment battle of the war—was a disastrous failure due to the imposition of bad tactics on the force. Crusader forced Rommel back through weight of strength and numbers. In the simultaneous breakout of the Tobruk Garrison, Captain Philip Gardner won the fifth of his Regiment's six Victoria Crosses.

The second tankie to win a World War Two Victoria Cross was Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Foote, decorated for his leadership and courage in the days before the loss of Tobruk. Rommel's dramatic resurgence was the nadir of our war in the desert. Colonel Foote was taken prisoner and the 4th and 7th battalions went into captivity with him after fighting to the last tank.

Sixteen battalions of the Royal Tank Regiment were embroiled with the Afrika Korps, ten of them figuring in the Battle of Alamein. A mighty achievement, it presaged a final victory in Africa. In the climactic pursuit to Tunisia, the tankies always led the vanguard.

As in Africa, so in Sicily and so in Italy until the end of the war; the tankies ground forward in difficult country to overcome the will of a resolute enemy. This was a bitter battle of attrition which was unfortunately overshadowed by the spectacular events of 6 June 1944.

The first Tank Regiment unit went ashore in Normandy on D+1, but the assault unit of minesweeping, engineer assault, swimming and flamethrowing tanks was packed with tankies. After the point-blank duels and sudden death exchanges of the *bocage* the invasion opened out and the long chase to Berlin was on. Tank crews will never forget the milestones—the crossing of the Elbe, the frightening battles of Hitler's last fling in the Ardennes, the ceremonial entry to Berlin with a tankie flag of 1918 vintage proudly hoisted.

Already, in Greece, three battalions had helped to put down a Communist rising. The Cold War was to withhold from the Royal Tank Regiment the full fruits of peace.

Korea was a return to the dangers and hardship of full-scale war. The tankies, chafing at the immobility, gave a good account of themselves. Trouble in India, Hong Kong, the Suez Canal Zone, Palestine, and a few hours of hectic battle in Port Said in 1956, led to Borneo, the present day, and the inevitable future in Germany.

Enforced amalgamation reduced the Regiments from eight to five in 1959-60 but the impact was lessened when the Queen honoured the Regiment by presenting Standards in the same year.

Still a young Regiment, the tankies have as strong a pioneer spirit as ever and eagerly look forward to Chieftain, Swingfire and whatever green fields lie beyond.

Comradeship bred in the confines of a tank at war is no transient thing as any member of one of the 160 veterans' branches will testify. Loyalty is as fierce as ever and the bitter blow of the Territorial Army reorganisation was felt as much by the old wearers of the black beret as the serving soldiers. There are those in the Royal Tank Regiment who would draw a strange parallel with the Tank Corps' early setbacks and struggles against prejudice.

SAPPERS COMMUTE BY AIR

SAPPERS of 51 Field Squadron (Airfields), Royal Engineers, based at Royal Air Force Seletar, Singapore, have had a foretaste of what might be the shape of things to come by commuting to work by air.

The job in hand was the resurfacing of an airstrip at Kota Tinggi, Johore, only about 20 miles from Seletar as an aircrew flies but set in the middle of an isolated forest of rubber trees.

The problem was getting the sappers to the airstrip on time so that they could put in a full day's work. They could not stay overnight on the airstrip because facilities were non-existent. The strip is merely a slash of tree-bound yellow earth used for training pilots in jungle landing techniques.

The Jungle Warfare School, only seven miles away, was handy but full. A daily road run from Seletar on an indirect route taking more than two hours was considered too time-wasting and tiring if the job was to keep on schedule.

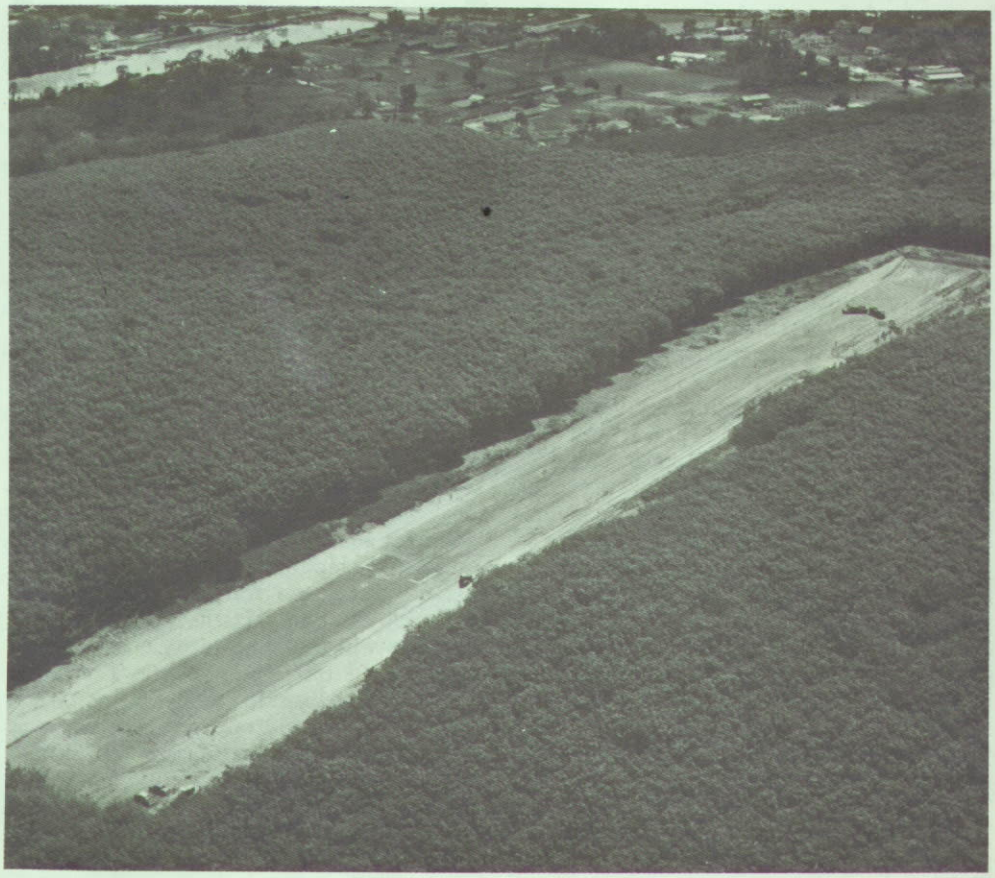
So the sappers turned to 209 Squadron, Royal Air Force, next to whom they lodge at Seletar, and the Squadron responded nobly by laying on a twice-daily "bus service" of twin-engined Pioneers.

Then, just like city commuters, the sappers caught the 8 am "Twin Pin" and after only 15 minutes in the air stepped out at Kota Tinggi fresh as daisies—and no strap-hanging, either. The graders and road rollers were waiting only yards away from the aircraft and within seconds the sappers were busy working. At 4 pm, after eight hours in the broiling heat, the sappers boarded their personal aircraft and flew comfortably back to their Seletar quarters.

After a week of aerial commuting, accommodation became available at the Jungle Warfare School and the mini-airlift ceased. The sappers then travelled the few miles to work by orthodox truck.

Major Derek Dalby, commanding 51 Field Squadron, said: "But for the Royal Air Force helping us out the Kota Tinggi project would have been postponed for two weeks and the Squadron's planning for the whole year would have been put out of joint."

From a report by Army Public Relations, Far East.



Better than any company director's Rolls, the sappers enjoyed plush travel in a personal plane (top left). Not to be confused with Heath Row, the jungle strip at Kota Tinggi (left) was resurfaced by the Twin-Pin commuters of 51 Squadron.

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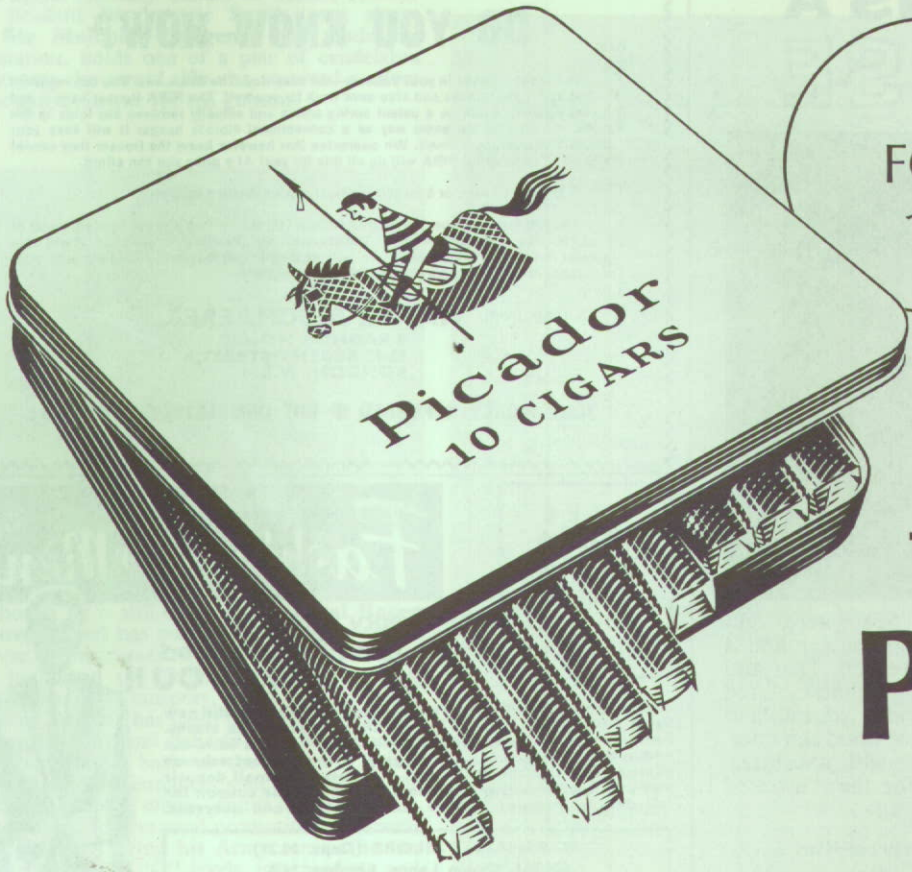

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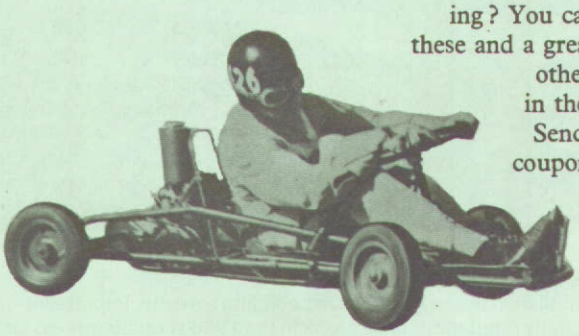

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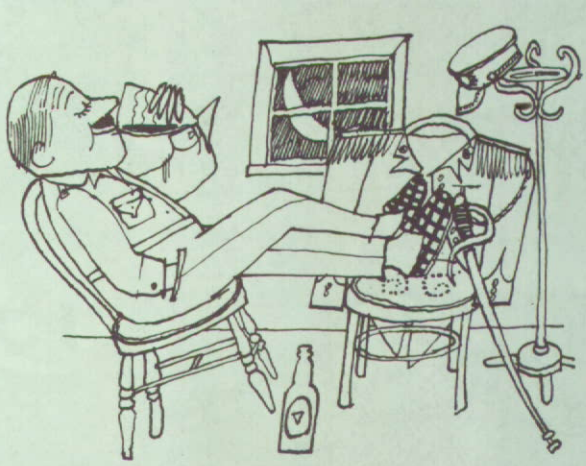

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First winner of the Reckitt Award, made by Reckitt and Sons Ltd, of Hull, for the best original fanfare for the Kneller Hall Trumpets is **Student Bandmaster P B Smith,** Coldstream Guards, who has just completed his second year at the Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall. Student Bandmaster Smith, seen above with **Sir Malcolm Sargent,** who made the presentation, holds one of a pair of candelabra constituting the award. He also received a silver plaque and a cheque for ten guineas.

UP AND COMING

Although he is still only 21, **Corporal Barry Hadlow** (above) has made a success story of his five-year Army career. From school at Basingstoke he joined the Junior Leaders Regiment, Royal Corps of Transport, graduated to man's service in 1964 and has spent two years overseas—in Aden, Djibouti and Bahrein with 90 Squadron RCT. Now he is back in the Junior Leaders Regiment, on the permanent staff as a clerk in the Regiment's training office—and is already sufficiently qualified for eventual promotion to warrant officer class I. During his Army service he has gained seven GCE "O" levels, intermediate and senior Army Certificates of Education, Nos 1 and 2 drill certificates as a Junior Leader and No 3 in Aden, and is a BI clerk and BIII driver. A keen sportsman, Barry played hockey for the Army in Aden and has played cricket and hockey for his Corps.

FIVE THOUSANDTH RECRUIT

When the senior recruit and next senior recruit platoons passed out at the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers Depot, Arborfield, it was a great day for one of the 130 graduates, **Private Robert Young.** As the Corps' 5000th recruit he was presented with a plaque of the Corps' crest and a certificate of life membership of the REME Association. Private Young's fiancee, **Miss Magdalena Olley** (with him above), has two brothers serving in REME, one in Malaysia and one in Germany.

A former National Serviceman in the 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards, **Staff-Sergeant Raymond George Binks,** now a Regular in the Regiment, has been awarded the Military Medal for gallantry while in command of a troop of armoured cars in the Radfan area of Aden. When his troop's camp came under heavy fire from rockets and small arms, Staff Binks, then a sergeant, ran to his armoured car, which was in an exposed position, and opened fire on the enemy, knocking out a rocket launcher and silencing small arms fire before his crew joined him. Two weeks later his armoured car was blown up on a mine. Despite the very severe shock of the explosion he calmly reported the incident by radio and then arranged for the convoy he was escorting to complete its journey. Staff-Sergeant Binks completed his National Service in April 1951 and then served in the Fife and Forfar Yeomanry, Territorial Army, before rejoining the 4th/7th as a Regular in September 1958.

The British Empire Medal for gallantry has been awarded to **Corporal Donald Grieve,** Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, for his part in rescue work when an estate car carrying nine civilians collided with a taxi in Borneo and burst into flames.

Lieutenant Derek Joseph Glarvey, 3rd Royal Tank Regiment, has been appointed a Member of the Order of the British Empire for gallantry in rescuing an injured soldier from a burning Ferret in Germany. The Ferret, of Lieutenant Glarvey's Regiment, was hit by a train at a level-crossing in the Soltau training area.

DAVID AND GOLIATH

British and American troops stationed in Berlin seldom fail to see eye to eye—but here it's literally not possible. Posing under and alongside **Sergeant Mercadal,** a generously proportioned soldier at 23 stones 8 pounds and standing six feet three inches tall, is average-sized **Private David Fyfe,** of 1st Battalion, The Queen's Own Highlanders. They met during an Allied shooting contest.

SHE'S TOP ELECTRONICS STUDENT

The Army can be proud of Sergeant Elizabeth Hollingworth. The kiss on its way (above) from Lord Renwick is one of the best deserved in the history of the Women's Royal Army Corps. With the kiss came her prizes—books and a cheque—for winning the Radar and Electronics Association's "best student of the year award." The 26-year-old sergeant triumphed over entrants from universities and technical colleges to become the first girl ever to win the nation-wide competition. A graduate of Edinburgh University, Elizabeth is currently on a course at the Army's School of Electronic Engineering, Arborfield, which should qualify her as the Army's first Women's Royal Army Corps artificer in a year's time.

Recruit: "EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT HAVE THE GERMANS THE SAME METHODS IN BAYONET-FIGHTING AS WE HAVE?"
Instructor: "LET'S HOPE SO. IT'S YOUR ONLY CHANCE."

Inquisitorial visitor: "AND HOW MANY GERMANS DID YOU KILL?"
Bored Tommy: "I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY, BUT ONCE MY MATE SHOUTED 'SHAKE YER BLOOMIN' BAYONET, BILL; THERE'S SIX ON IT.'"

DECEMBER 1916

Christmas 1916—and the war was two murderous years old and stretching endlessly ahead. The future was bleak and there was more than a touch of That-was-the-war-that-was satire about contemporary humour. A random selection from *Punch* catches the feeling of the soldiers of the time. They stuck to the job with a grim fatalism, showing no patience with civilians who clung to illusions when their own were long gone. The German soldiers shared their ordeal and almost certainly a like sardonic taste in humour.

Tommy (who has found some kipper bones in his tea): **"'ERE, HALBERT, TAKE AWAY THIS MOCK TURTLE SOUP AND BRING ME SOME OF THE CONSUMMY!"**

First Tommy: **"WHAT ARE YER GOING TO DO WITH IT?"**
Second Tommy (with tiny prisoner): **"FIX IT ON THE BONNET OF THE GENERAL's MOTOR-CAR."**

Teuton writes: **"I AM SAD AT HEART, DEAR GRETCHEN. DESPITE MY WEAK SIGHT THEY HAVE FOR SOME REASON DRAFTED ME INTO THE SHOCK TROOPS."**

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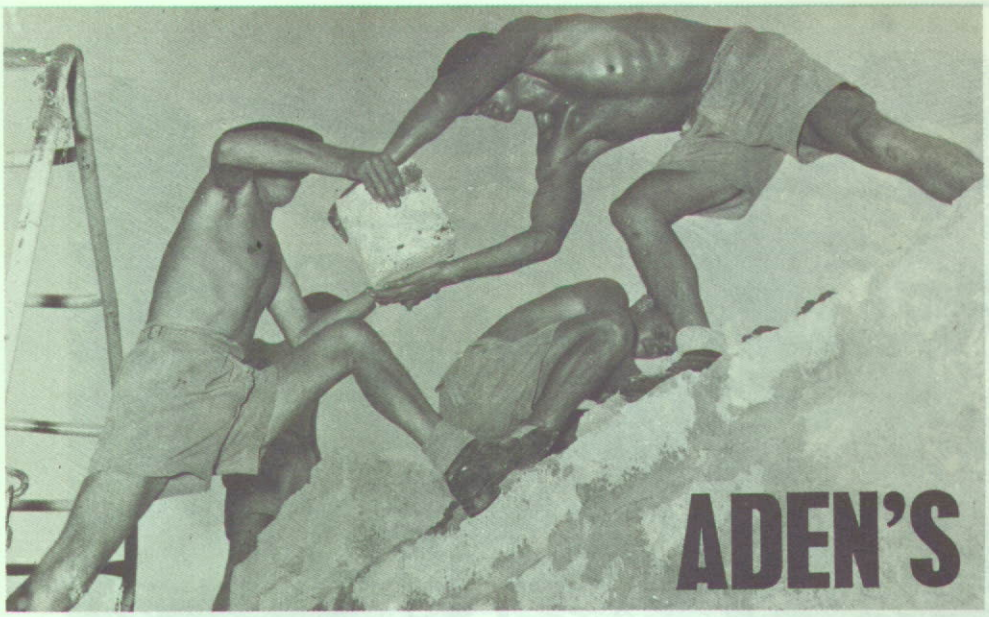


ADEN'S MEN-OF-ALL-WORK

"LIFT it; lower it; build it up or knock it down... You name it, we'll do it!" The longest serving unit in South Arabia lives by an uncompromising cock-a-doodle-do motto and in work and play the soldiers of 518 Company, Royal Pioneer Corps, have backed it to the hilt. Any unit that has called for their services knows them as a tight-knit team of high morale with the drive to carry out any unskilled or semi-skilled job sent their way.

Nor is the work of 518 Company limited to supporting military construction commitments. It is an accepted feature of local Arab labour that frequent religious recessions, innumerable tea breaks and the lethargy engendered by three-figure temperatures will prolong the simplest task. Civilian contractors in and around Aden, who occasionally run into trouble by underestimating on projects, have reason to be grateful to the 518 "heavy mob."

From his office at Normandy Lines, Aden, the officer commanding, Major Barry Webster, has built an organisation any construction firm would be proud to own. He approves method and construction outlines, passes on his orders to Mauritian-born Company Sergeant-Major Ramjannali and confidently leaves detailed supervision to his able corps of non-commissioned officers. When the men return from work he sends them out to the soccer field with even more explicit instructions—to win!

Football League managers get sacked in their hundreds—Staff-Sergeant Barry Price, the 518 team's manager, is there to stay. So far this season the team has won 13 games out of the 15 played and the victims include two much-vaunted battalion teams from The Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry and The Cameronians.

The Pioneers chat with admirable sang-froid about the times they have come under fire while working on the Dhala' Road. The British Army's major engineering work in the trouble-torn Federation has been pressed through with constant Royal Pioneer Corps support in the teeth of sniper fire from all manner of weapons.

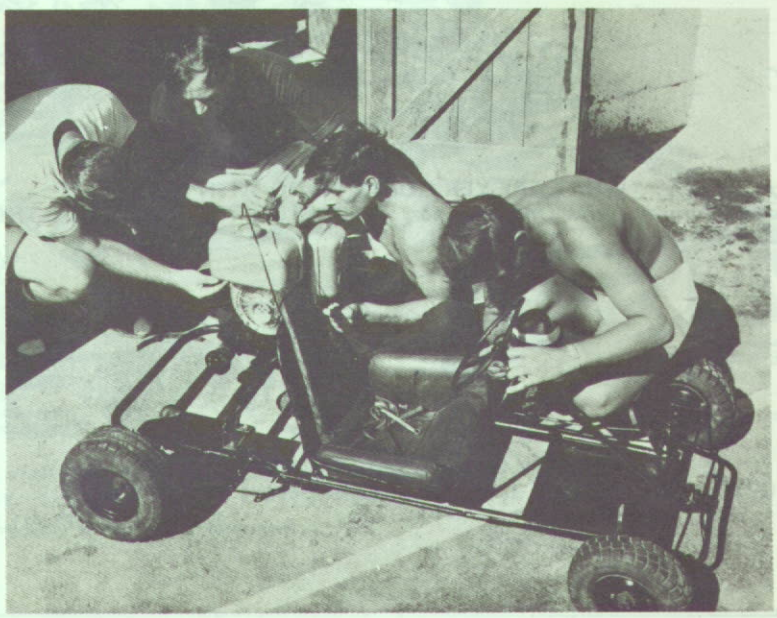
Soldiering in South Arabia has seen the Pioneers engaged to their eyebrows in infantry business. They have taken their turn at security patrols in Aden, dog patrol sweeps in the Radfan, mine-sweeping along desert tracks and mounting guards.

Yet heavy construction is their primary duty and they have no rivals. On routine jobs a Pioneer team will in the course of a single day move 55 tons of materials and lay as many as 750 wall blocks weighing 65 pounds apiece.

A typical job for 518 Company is the erection of a 64-foot Twynham hut. A seven-man team, usually led by a lance-corporal, will lay the concrete base and assemble roof and walls in 12 days.

The Pioneers have a reputation of working as a self-contained unit reliant on nobody but themselves. In work and play they reckon their independence and team spirit will continue to keep them way ahead of the game.

From a report by Army Public Relations, Middle East.



Top: Building walls and muscles—two of Aden's Pioneers play pat-a-cake with this concrete block which weighs in at 65lb.

Above: It's only a kick-around practice, yet the Pioneers play as if the World Cup depends on beating goalkeeper Graham.

Right: Many spanners make 518's kart faster still. From left, Sgt Peters, Major Webster, Pte Kellow and Pte McGrath.

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This is exactly what the U.S. has in the M561 Gama Goat, the "most versatile wheeled vehicle the Army has ever developed." We didn't make up this description. An Army spokesman voiced it after seeing the Gama Goat put through a grueling series of tests.

Built to go anywhere the Army has to fight, the Gama Goat is a unique dual-bodied, six-wheeled articulated vehicle that is unmatched for agility, versatility, performance and reliability. It can swim rivers, be moved swiftly into battle by aircraft or helicopter, be airdropped, and can carry up to 2,500 pounds of payload or 10 fully-equipped combat troops.

With conversion kits, the Gama Goat takes on multiple mission capabilities: Weapons carrier, firing platform for missiles or recoilless weapons, ambulance, command post, fire-direction center, mobile communications center—plus literally a dozen other special uses.

The key feature underlying the Gama Goat's unmatched performance capabilities is a unique articulation system which keeps all size wheels on the ground and driving at all times, regardless of terrain.

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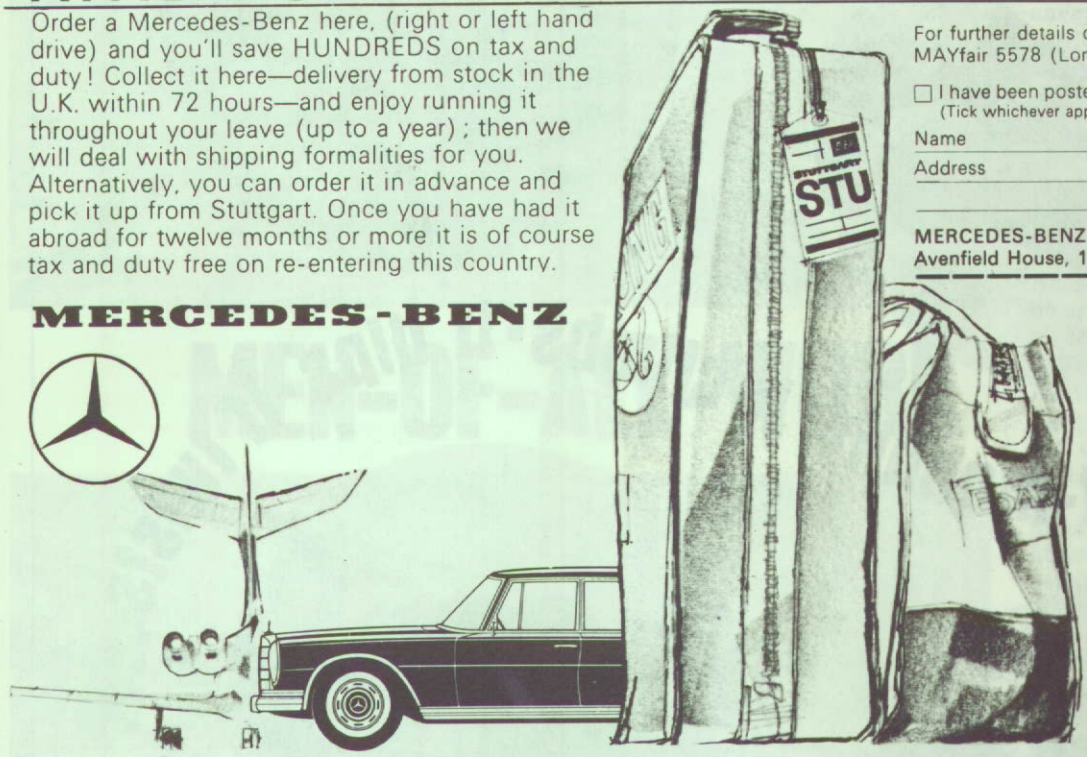

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PARTY TIME

COMPETITION 103

IT'S coming up to Christmas and here's a competition based on the old party game in which players choose a letter at random then write one-word answers, beginning with that letter, to questions. All duplications are crossed out and the winner is the player with the most remaining words.

SOLDIER's competition widens the scope by allowing, in most cases, answers beginning with any letter of the alphabet; in some cases the scope is restricted.

All you have to do is write down the name of:

1 A tree (starting with any letter from A to Z)
2 A kind of boat or ship (A to Z)
3 A country (A to Z)
4 An outdoor sport (A to Z)
5 An animal (D to J)
6 A bird (M to T)
7 An armed forces rank (A to Z)
8 A fish (K to V)
9 A capital of a country (A to Z)
10 A breed of dog (A to Z)
11 A make (not a model) of car (A to Z)
12 A river (S to W)
13 A fruit (A to Z)
14 A king (A to Z)
15 A queen (A to Z).

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All entries are eligible for prizes 1 to 8

Then send your list (number your answers—and only give one answer for each number) on a postcard or by letter, with the "Competition 103" label from this page and your name and address, to:

The Editor (Comp 103)
SOLDIER
433 Holloway Road
London N7.

This competition is open to all readers at home and overseas and closing date is Monday, 6 February 1967. The answers and winners' names will appear in the April 1967 SOLDIER. More than one entry can be submitted but each must be accompanied by a "Competition 103" label.

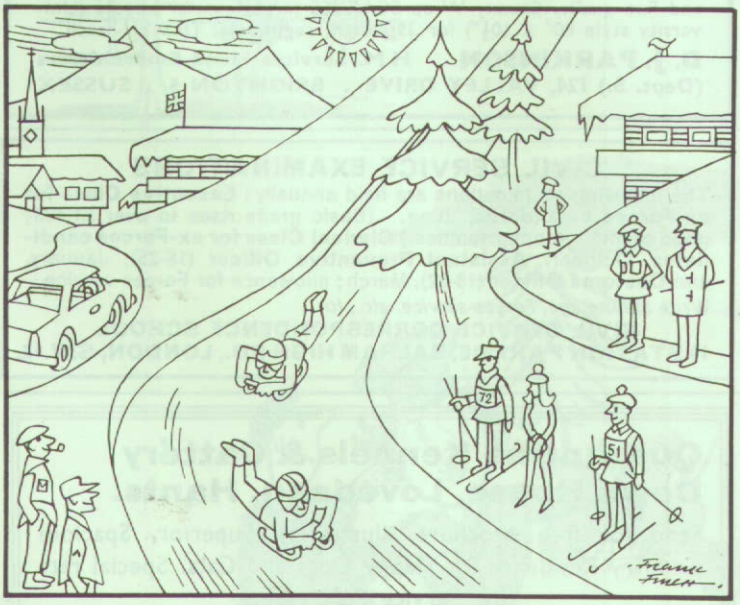
Winning entries will be those with the most remaining answers after all duplications have been eliminated. In the event of ties, winners will be decided by lots.

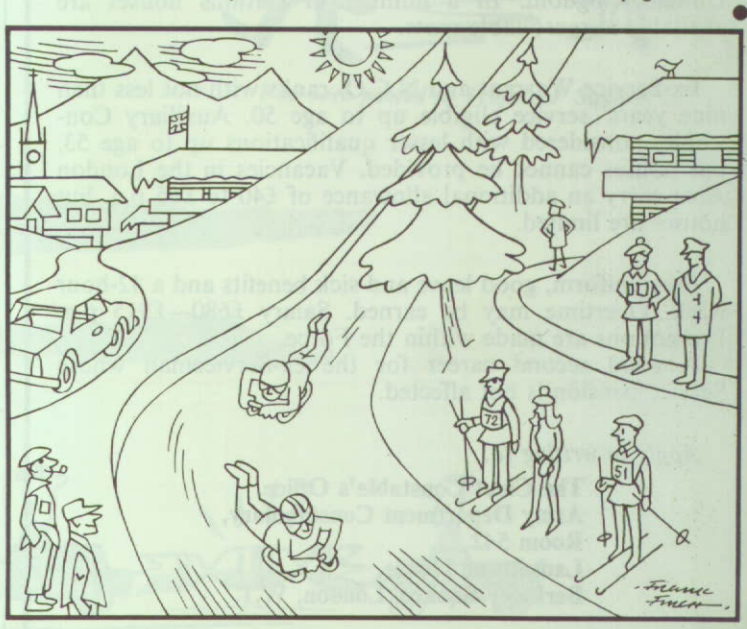
Don't forget that the most exotic or bizarre names will not necessarily be unique—everyone else but you may have deliberately avoided the obvious answer! All answers must be ones which can be found in standard reference books.

Now put your thinking cap on—and remember that you are not trying to find the solution to a problem but are competing against every other reader who enters!

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 45.





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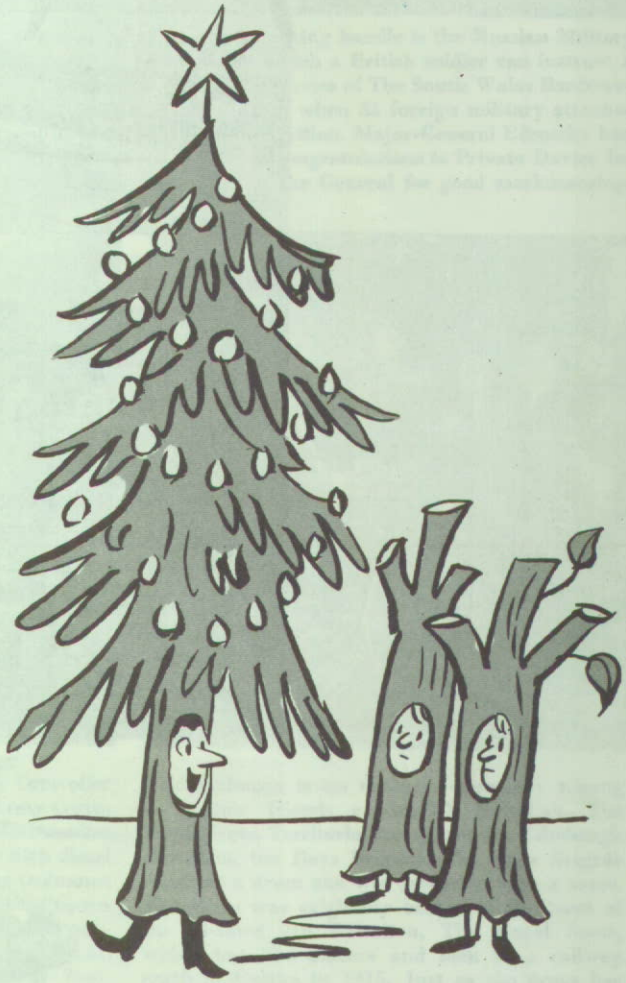
" I just said ' See what you can rustle up, Sergeant ' and there you are."

" Merry Christmas, Mary, Fiona, Gretel, Shelagh, Grette, Gwynneth, Constanza, Fatima . . ."

by
J W TAYLOR



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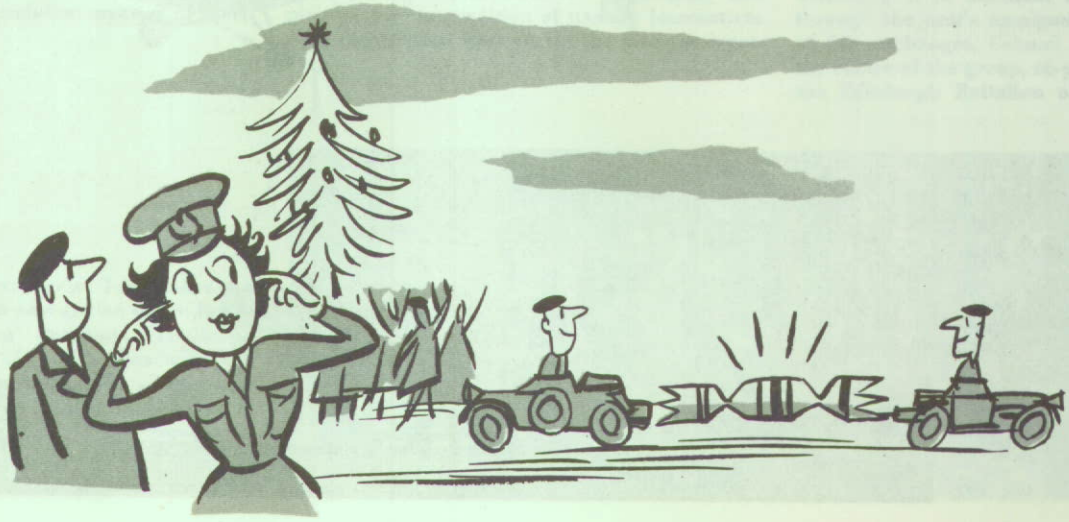

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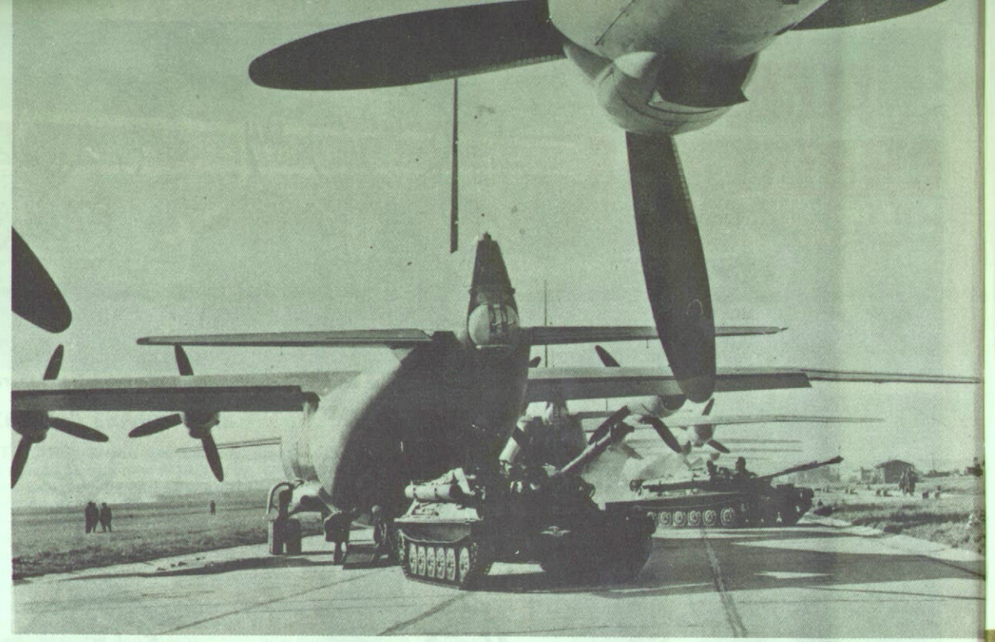


◀ This year the Army turned the tables on the Royal Air Force in the "Driver of the Year" competition for Service transport units operating in the London area. At Regent's Park Barracks the home unit, 20 Squadron, Royal Corps of Transport, won the Kidbrooke Shield, presented and won last year by the Royal Air Force. Two unit teams of a staff car, van and 3/5-ton truck were each entered by RN Stores Depot, Deptford; 20 Squadron, RCT; HQ Eastern Command Transport Platoon, WRAC; RAF, Kidbrooke, and the Government Car Service, Ministry of Public Building and Works. The competition comprised a written test on the Highway Code set and marked by the Royal Society for the Prevention of Accidents, a practical timed test and a skilled driving test of five hazards. The best individual driver in each vehicle class and the winning team members each received an engraved tankard.

◀ It would have won no prizes for elegance at the London Motor Show, but the Muskrat vehicle dangling from a United States Army helicopter may be of vital importance to American troops in Vietnam. The air cavalry needs an air transportable vehicle to carry its operations forward from the helicopter landing zones to the objectives. The vehicle's foster parents, American Motors and Reynolds Metals, claim the Muskrat, weighing only 1500lbs with amphibious capability and a top ground speed of 60 miles an hour, is the answer. In line with the air cavalry's drive for lighter equipment, the Muskrat cross-country vehicle is made of aluminium instead of steel.

◀ Cordial diplomatic exchanges reflect a slight easing of Cold War tension between the power blocs of East and West, but the armies of both sides are shadow-boxing as keenly as ever. After the NATO exercises in Greece and Turkey, the four Communist countries of the Warsaw Treaty flexed their military sinews in the Vltava manoeuvres. The photograph shows self-propelled artillery disembarking from a large-capacity aircraft of the AN12 type. Army units from Russia, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and East Germany combined to exercise in the southern part of Bohemia.

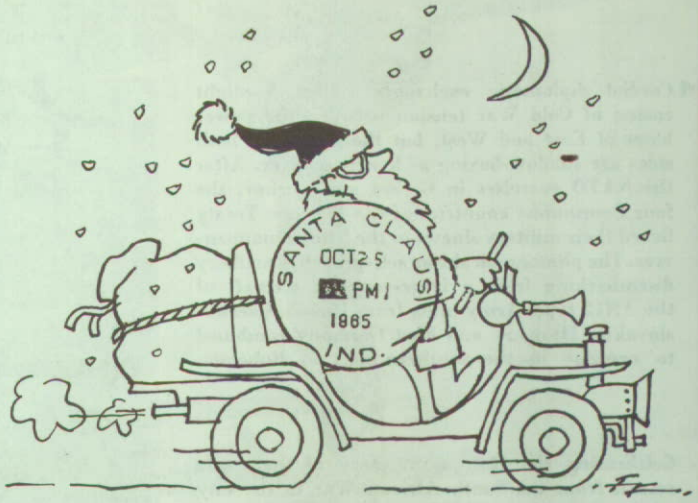
Celebrating the 66th anniversary of their safe return from the South African War to the City of London, these Old Comrades quickly found common ground with London's bemedalled Lord Mayor, Sir Lionel Denny (right). The London Imperial Volunteers were raised for service in South Africa by the then Lord Mayor after the British Army had met a string of disheartening setbacks. Nineteen survivors of the Regiment's Old Comrades' Association—all over 85 years of age—met to lunch and reminisce on such feats as the capture of Bloemfontein and Pretoria. ▼

Man with a half smile and a full grip of the self-loading rifle's cocking handle is the Russian Military Attache in Britain, Major-General Edemsky. The occasions on which a British soldier can instruct a Russian General are indeed rare, so this is a picture Private John Davies of The South Wales Borderers is bound to treasure. The pair met on the ranges at Hythe, Kent, when 36 foreign military attaches fired British rifles, sub-machine guns and pistols in friendly competition. Major-General Edemsky had not handled a rifle for four years and was glad of the coaching. Congratulations to Private Davies for thoroughly proficient handling of his first attache case. And to the General for good markmanship.

Brigadier Dame Mary Railton, Deputy Controller Commandant of the Women's Royal Army Corps, at the controls of a new diesel locomotive after naming it in honour of her Corps. The fifth diesel engine to be introduced to the Command Ordnance Depot, Bicester, bears the nameplate "Green Sleeves"—Regimental slow march of the Corps—as a tribute to the members of the WRAC stationed at the Depot since World War Two. Dame Mary rode to the "launching" ceremony on the footplate of the depot's last steam engine. Soon it will be replaced by a diesel called "Sapper"—completing the replacement programme and maintaining the tradition of naming locomotives after corps which have served the Bicester depot.

Fair exchange is no robbery—especially among such close friends as 8th/9th Battalion, The Royal Scots, Territorial Army, and the Edinburgh Battalion, the Boys Brigade. The Boys Brigade returned a drum and was presented with a mace. The drum was originally beaten in the band of the ill-fated 7th Battalion, The Royal Scots, which lost 214 officers and men in a railway crash at Gretna in 1915. Just as the drum has lain unused by the Boys Brigade for many years, a mace presented to 8th (Lothians and Peebleshire) Battalion, The Royal Scots, by Lieutenant-Colonel J E M Richard, has become obsolete through the unit's amalgamation. On the night of fair exchanges, Colonel Richard, pictured in the centre of the group, re-presented the mace to the Edinburgh Battalion of the Boys Brigade.

Field-Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis takes the salute after presenting a new guidon to the Berkshire and Westminster Dragoons, Territorial Army, at the Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea. The soldiers paraded with swords and sub-machine guns—arms which symbolised a famous past stretching back to the Napoleonic War and a promising future in the new Volunteer Reserve when it shapes up in April next year. ▶



LETTERS

The Somme

The impression given of the battle of the Somme in many recent articles has been the one fashionably associated with World War One as a whole—futilely repeated attacks, appalling losses, minimal gains.

It was inevitable that battles like the Somme should be fought. War had evolved to the point where land fighting had to pass through this era of dreadful vulnerability for the infantry, until the tank was developed and improved.

On the Western Front there were no flanks to turn, no armoured divisions to break through the enemy lines, no airborne forces to drop in his rear, and seaborne landings were turned down by the Navy as being too difficult. All attacks of necessity had to be frontal.

In 1916 almost everything was in favour of defence, and no army in the world was better at building a defensive system than that of the Germans. Their defences were semi-permanent because they fully intended staying where they were, there being no intention by the High Command to advance further into France at that stage. Yet the military and political situation demanded that we attack strongly to assist France, whose strength was ebbing at Verdun.

The point about the four-and-a-half months of the Somme battle was that the Germans were never given a moment's rest. They were attacked and bombarded incessantly until the whole area became a nightmare to them. The German Army of the West never recovered from the terrible pounding it received at the Somme.

It can be argued that the British Army was never the same again either, but there arise the imponderables of attrition. The morale of the British Army remained high while that of the enemy slowly sank after the Somme.

Some argue that there must have been a less terrible way of winning the War. Brilliant manoeuvres must have been possible of which the generals never thought. But, in my opinion, the sober truth is that the only way of defeating the German Army in the conditions of 1914-18 was to keep bludgeoning it until it broke.—**N S Major, 26 Buxton Road, Brighton, Sussex.**

Mission to Baku

SOLDIER's article on The Staffordshire Regiment (Your Regiment, September) recalls an almost forgotten episode of the British Army, the mission to Baku in 1918.

In an attempt to stop the Turks from occupying the port a military mission was sent up from Baghdad, through North Persia and across the Caspian Sea to Baku. The only troops available for the defence of the town were those of 39th Infantry Brigade, comprising the 9th Service battalions of the Warwicks and Worcesters and the 7th Service battalions of the Gloucesters and North Staffords.

Due to lack of support from the local population the British were compelled to withdraw on 14 September and this final day saw fourteen hours of non-stop fighting before the Turks were halted. The North Staffords held the left flank of the defence, covering the withdrawal of the other troops, and Major-General Dunsterville, commanding the mission, stated that "nothing could exceed the gallantry of this Battalion, which accomplished its mission to the last letter."

One officer of the North Staffords who died in the day's fighting was Major Beresford Havelock, grandson of Sir Henry Havelock, of Lucknow fame.—**J M Mitchell, 50 Balgreen Avenue, Edinburgh 12.**

Cowboy City

The Junior Soldiers of this Company were very disappointed not to get a mention in the Cowboy City story (September) as our Band and Drums played at the opening of Cowboy City and, in fact, headed the procession.

Boys have little opportunity to distinguish themselves, and you will be the first to agree that it was a notable occasion which called upon them to play the "Stars and Stripes," which had to be learned especially for this event.

Perhaps our Junior Soldiers will be luckier another time!—**Capt R M Weare, The Green Howards, Junior Soldiers Company, Yorkshire Brigade Depot, Strensall, York.**

★ *Unfortunately no one at Cowboy City mentioned this during SOLDIER's visit there. More unfortunately no one, including the Junior Soldiers Company, told SOLDIER before the opening ceremony that the Band and Drums would be taking part.*

Riposte

The attack on the Irish regiments in the British Army by Mr Patrick McVeigh, of New York (Letters, October), recalls James Connolly's famous statement that when St Patrick drove the snakes out of Ireland they swam the Atlantic and became Irish-Americans.—**Shamus O D Wade, 61 Brighton Road, Rathcar, Dublin 6.**

I am a Southern Irishman (Cork) and joined the British Army as soon as I was old enough, thus following in the footsteps of my father (RAF), his three brothers (RN and Army) and my grandfather, a South African War veteran.

Never have we been called "Quislings" in OUR native land; on the contrary, now that the Irish Republican Army is serving alongside our lads with the United Nations in Cyprus, where I served 1962-65, a grand feeling of comradeship is most noticeable.

The old saying that an Irishman fights everyone's battles but his own is stupid. An Irishman fights in the British Army because he is British.—**Cpl M Buckley, RE, P & CCD RE, BFPO 15.**

I have 12 years' Regular and Territorial service with the British Army and never have I been so insulted as by the views of expatriate McVeigh. How dare he call the Irish regiments and the Irishmen serving in them "Quislings."

He says he cannot understand why the British Army has anything to do with them. I will tell him. We in Northern Ireland are much like the Aussies and New Zealanders; we will fight and indeed die for Britain for we are loyal, British and very proud of it.

Mr McVeigh may be sorry to see our men and regiments in the British Army but neither he nor his kind will ever be able to do anything about it, though, Heaven knows, they try hard enough.—**Cpl M Wilson, B Coy, 5th Bn, The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers TA, Magherafelt, Co Derry, NI.**

Mr McVeigh returns to the bigoted, unsavoury theme concerning our Irish regiments propounded in his earlier (August) letter. Two onslaughts in three issues give an impression that my Regiment, among others, may be insulted with impunity and I request your leave to comment in some depth.

Any argument is invariably lost when it contains internal contradictions and Mr McVeigh's is no exception. Deprecation of Irishmen in the Royal service cannot co-exist with approval (I have no doubt Mr McVeigh accords his approval) of the Southerners who provide such a formidable constituent of the United States Armed Forces.

Texas, Alabama et alia may or may not be legitimately part of the American Union (a conclusion enforced at the cost of one of history's bloodiest wars is scarcely of high moral calibre) but the Unionist principle, like the integrity of its adherents, is as valid in these islands as it is in America—and rather older; there have been Irish Loyalists since the 12th century.

Nor is Mr McVeigh's professed failure to understand what "use" (esteem) the Crown could have for its Irish devotees consistent with a claim to constant perusal of a journal which affords at least fleeting acquaintance with Wellington, Roberts, Wolseley, Kitchener, Nicholson, Beatty, French, Alexander, Montgomery, Dill, Gort, Auchinleck, Alanbrooke, Templer etc. Some use—some reader! And some startling "Quislings"!

In fact Mr McVeigh appears to be a type of Irish-American whose exile humbug is odiously familiar on both sides of the Atlantic.

In justice to other expatriates, however, I would inform your readers that our Battalion enjoys a fraternal relationship with the New York Irish (the "Fighting 69th") whose visiting members more than once have expressed in these barracks views contrary to Mr McVeigh's and more creditable to their community.

I can assure your correspondent that his uncharitable wish for our disappearance from the Army List will go unanswered. On the other hand he may one day see the re-absorption of Southern Ireland in the UK.

Should that day come, perhaps you will again extend the courtesy of your columns to Mr Patrick McVeigh. Not, I hope, before, as this is a distasteful although unnecessary exchange unsuited to a military magazine, and one I should very much prefer not to be obliged to continue.—**Lieut L Mainwaring-Gardner, OC Royal Dublin Fusiliers Company, 1st Bn, London Irish Rifles, Duke of York's Headquarters, Chelsea, London, SW3.**

May I, as an Englishman, say a few words on behalf of the Irish. They are the finest men I have ever come across—patriotic, courageous and proud to serve in British regiments with Irish names, and we British are proud to have them with us.

If Mr McVeigh could see an Irish regiment on parade on St Patrick's Day with Guidons emblazoned with Battle Honours, I am sure he would eat his words.—**L/Cpl P Elsender, HQ Squadron, The Queen's Royal Irish Hussars, BFPO 33.**

★ *No one in the British Isles, Serviceman or civilian, holds the Southern Irish Serviceman and his forbears in anything but the highest esteem—an opinion echoed throughout the world. Mr McVeigh has been pointedly rebutted by many readers, including a fellow third generation Irish American, and this corres-*

pondence now closes on the note that started it—L/Cpl. O'Connor's tribute in the April SOLDIER to the Southern Irishmen in terms of the many gallantry awards they earned in World War One.

Cento shoot

Having read the article on the 1966 Cento small-arms competition (October) I must, as a competitor, point out that certain facts were not mentioned. I have no wish to make weak excuses but the article gives the impression that the British team was not up to standard.

We were picked more or less at random and were competing against countries fielding teams which had been shooting together for quite some time. All three opposing teams used rifles fitted with wind sights whereas we had to alter our point of aim daily, according to the weather. The two riflemen firing the pistol were shooting against officers and sergeants who use the pistol as a personal weapon.

We never expected to win either the pistol or rifle events but all hoped that the lead could be kept down to within striking distance of GPMG pairs. In fact both teams did far better than we had dared hope and our rifle average beat last year's winning average.

The GPMG pairs did extremely well and it was obvious after the first two pairs had fired that we could jump to second place if the high average was maintained. Unfortunately the Persian team decided to register protests. These kept us from gaining second place but did not alter the GPMG match, which we won.

The Americans deservedly won the overall match, but relations with the other teams were slightly stretched.—**Rfn F Jones, Sig Pl I Coy, 3rd Royal Green Jackets, Normandy Barracks, Felixstowe, Suffolk.**

Unique

I read with interest about Battery Quartermaster-Sergeant K Bagshawe (Purely Personal, September), who holds both the Naval and Army long service and good conduct medals.

It may interest readers to know that the late Major A A Graham, The Worcestershire Regiment, was awarded the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal, Territorial Decoration and Cadet Forces Medal. Surely these three together must be unique?

Unfortunately Major Graham died in 1963, just before achieving his lifelong ambition to complete 50 years' continuous Army service.—**Lieut-Col J D Ricketts, RHQ The Worcestershire Regiment, Norton Barracks, Worcester.**

TWOS AND THREES

Readers did not generally find Competition 98 (July) easy and more than a quarter came up with the wrong "odd man out" in the groupings of two and three words. The correct answer was "right" but 26 other words were offered, "famine" topping the list with 50 entries, followed by "sword" with 25.

Correct groupings were: Famine, sword and fire; reading, writing and arithmetic; guide, philosopher and friend; signed, sealed and delivered; hung, drawn and quartered; man, woman and child; lock, stock and barrel; hop, step and jump; bell, book and candle; sun, moon and stars; hook, line and sinker; fair, fat and forty; nut and bolt; fore and aft; gin and tonic; pestle and mortar; knife and fork; fish and chips; rack and pinion; pen and ink; block and tackle; mild and bitter; north and south; mustard and cress; whip and top; cap and gown; horse and cart; cup and saucer; hammer and tongs; pencil and paper; black and white.

Prizewinners were:

1 L/Sgt Thompson, 1 (Gds) Indep Para Coy, Combermere Barracks, Windsor, Berks.

2 WO I P Nixon, 282 Fd Regt RA (TA), TA Centre, Malpas, Newport, Mon.

3 M Paul, 4 Broom Avenue, Broughton Park, Salford 7, Lancs.

4 J C Matthews, 6 The Drive, Rodbaston, Penkridge, Stafford.

5 Maj R M Brewer, HQ 28th Commonwealth Inf Bde, Terendak Camp, c/o GPO Malacca, Malaya.

6 S/Sgt Hecks RAMC, 15 Fd Amb, BFPO 628.

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(*see page* 39)

The two pictures vary in the following respects: 1 *Face of church clock.* 2 *Windows of house with flag.* 3 *Steering wheel of car.* 4 *Breast pocket of left soldier.* 5 *Right window of house on right.* 6 *Runner of leading toboggan.* 7 *Helmet of second tobogganist.* 8 *Beret of nearest skier.* 9 *Chevron of soldier second from left.* 10 *Right ski of No.* 72.

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books

PARADOX OF THE ENGLISH SOLDIER

"*Tommy Atkins*" (*Major John Laffin*)

Major Laffin traces the fortunes of the English soldier over the centuries from Cromwell's Bible-punching New Model Army until today.

From this rich field the author has harvested competently a fine crop of material.

The paradox of the English soldier, says the author, is how could he be so successful in so many countries and so many wars and campaigns over so long a period and yet be so unappreciated in England?

Major Laffin offers no explanation and appears to think the paradox still remains. Listing some of the tasks the British Army has carried out since World War Two, he says he can find no word of thanks (except from Honduras's civic authorities after hurricane relief work).

This statement ignores the excellent press the Army receives in national and, even more, in provincial newspapers; it ignores the fact that two World Wars and a long period of conscription have given nearly every family in the country an intimate appreciation of the Serviceman and his problems; it ignores, too, the many civic authorities who have shown their appreciation of units recruited or stationed locally by granting the "Freedoms" of their towns and co-operating in their recruiting and other activities.

On the subject of discipline, the author considers the private soldier is still not sufficiently trusted intellectually in this age of general education and sophisticated soldiering. He objects strongly—as did many others—to the now obsolete officer-recruiting advertisement in which some soldiers, looking lost and bewildered in the jungle, appear to be saying "What now, sir?"

If modern training is efficient, he says, private soldiers would not look lost and bewildered. His qualms might be allayed if he were to see the thought-provoking training in many of today's units. (Any Commanding Officer wishing to invite him to do so may contact Major Laffin through the Editor of SOLDIER.)

But if the author is a bit shaky on the present, he is thoroughly interesting on the past. The picture is of a man whose fortunes were always at a low ebb until this century but who yet emerges with qualities of courage, fortitude and unselfishness.

Major Laffin does not hesitate to chronicle his subject's lapses from grace.

He leaves one with the conclusion that a soldier, at his worst, was what contemporary society and his officers made him. His best was born with him; good officers were those who could harness it.

Major Laffin could do the British Army one small service, and that is to drop the very much outmoded label, "Tommy Atkins."

Cassell, 36*s* **RLE**

AN AIRMAN'S VIEW

"*With Prejudice*" (*Marshal of the Royal Air Force Lord Tedder*)

Lord Tedder advanced from deputy to Air Commander-in-Chief in the Middle East in April 1941. He remained in high and responsible appointments until the end of the war, at which time he was Deputy Supreme Commander to General Eisenhower.

In between he commanded his air forces with skill and success and contributed vastly to the young science of co-operation between ground and air troops. He proved himself one of the most durable of the war's senior commanders, and from his lofty vantage-point saw it nearly all.

His title comes from Goethe: "I can promise to be upright but not to be unprejudiced"—and it is no coy overstatement. For Lord Tedder, there was never much wrong with the Royal Air Force that was its own fault. On the other hand there was plenty wrong with the other two Services, particularly their commanders.

On his arrival in Cairo in 1940 he attended as deputy his first Commander-in-Chief's conference and decided that his own master, Longmore, was the "pick of the three." The other two were Wavell and Admiral Cunningham.

A few weeks later he wrote that the soldiers "have really succeeded in making me depressed . . . The team at GHQ really gives me the shudders. Wavell, I think, is a fine man, but the rest? ! ! ! ! !"

So it goes on. It seems it was Tedder's appreciation and suggestion for a break-through at Alamein that Montgomery took over and presented as his own. In Normandy "all the evidence available to me indicated a serious lack of fighting leadership in the higher direction of the British armies" and his criticisms of Montgomery were unstinting.

Lord Tedder presents the impression that the Army and Navy did not really understand the Air Force (though some ground commanders, including Montgomery, are praised for their co-operation) whereas the airmen seem to have understood everybody's problems. This impression was apparently not shared by Sir Winston Churchill who wrote (early in 1944), "I do not know that Tedder is any great authority on war in general, and certainly not in the use of armies and fleets. He has, however, proved himself a master in the use of the Air Force. . ."

This book will be deplored by some because it opens up old quarrels, but it is right that it should have been written as it is. The author's war-time strictures may seem self-satisfied and supercilious but these faults stemmed from honest candour.

His opinions weighed in the debates that settled the conduct of the war and it is proper that students of the high command should have access to them.

Cassell, 63*s* **RLE**

" You're always on about knowing Queen's Regs backwards—do we salute or not?"

NO UNITY OF PURPOSE

"*The Norwegian Campaign of* 1940" (*J L Moulton*)

The Norwegian campaign of 1940 has gone down in history as a fiasco. There is no doubt this judgement is deserved because, for all their good intentions, the British commanders failed to achieve the unity of purpose which is the key to all combined Service operations.

General Moulton, who retired in 1961 as Chief of Amphibious Warfare, has produced a penetrating study of warfare in three dimensions, making a close examination of the decisions—and the lack of them—and the operations on land, sea and in the air during that ill-fated expedition. To measure what might have been demanded of Britain in a serious attempt to defeat the Germans in Scandinavia he cites Guadalcanal, where the Americans turned the tide of Japan's march of conquest.

He writes: "What a weaker Japanese squadron did against the Americans off Savo Island on the night of 9 August 1942, a much superior British fleet might have achieved against the Germans in Bergen and Trondheimfjord on 9 April 1940.

"What the Americans gained by seizing and using Henderson Field, the British might have gained from Vaernes.

"What the Kongo and Haruna and the Japanese cruisers did to

Henderson Field in the bombardments of October 1942, the Home Fleet might have done to Sola in April 1940."

The author agrees, however, that the mistakes from which we are said to learn had first to be made. To a limited extent the Americans learned from British mistakes in Norway—but the US Marines had been studying amphibious warfare since 1933 and had two more war years of technical progress to back them.

The Marines landed on Guadalcanal as a cohesive force. The British battalions sent to Norway were Guards and line infantry which, in the majority of cases, had never before worked with each other.

At sea, General Moulton asserts, British sea power suffered a defeat. No one will deny it, though individual ships and groups fought with outstanding valour. He goes on: "To argue, as Churchill did, that German naval losses amounted to some sort of British victory was justifiable enough in the summer of 1940 when any gleam of comfort was needed. It does not pass muster now".

This is true when applied only to the Norwegian campaign but in the wider context it can be argued that German naval losses made it virtually impossible for Hitler to invade Britain later that year. Norway at least gave us time.

General Moulton tells this grim but fascinating story with lucidity and professional insight. In view of its marked relevance to the modern problem of limited war it deserves a wide readership.

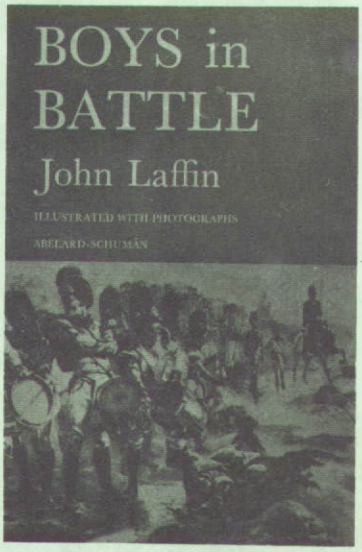
Eyre and Spottiswoode, 55*s* **J C W**

YOUNG COURAGE

"*Boys in Battle*" (*Major John Laffin*)

It was late in March 1918 and a savage air battle was taking place high above no man's land. A clumsy Armstrong Whitworth bomber-scout plane, piloted by Second Lieutenant Alan McLeod of Manitoba, was trying to elude the devastating fire of six Fokkers.

Two others had been downed by his observer's Lewis gun, but the British aircraft was a shambles. Suddenly, at about 2000 feet, the entire floor fell away. McLeod clambered out on to the lower wing and holding on to the control column glided the machine down to a crash landing. Wounded six times, McLeod dragged his observer free



from the burning plane.

The astonishing feature of this incredible act which earned McLeod the Victoria Cross was that he was only 18 years old!

Major Laffin examines the part played by boys throughout history. Many of the early examples are well-known—David and Goliath, the Black Prince at Crecy, Rupert of the Rhine, the drummers of the 57th Foot at Albuhera. But there are others which have been lost in the pages of history—Drummer Ross at Lucknow, Lieutenant Honywood at Maiwand, Piper Richardson at the Somme, Crawford of Korea.

The author does well to select his tales from other lands—France, America, Russia, even Germany. He shows clearly that courage—the only decent thing about war—is not the monopoly of any nation, colour, creed or age group. This is a lesson the world has been slow to accept. Perhaps when it does we shall have a better chance of deserving peace.

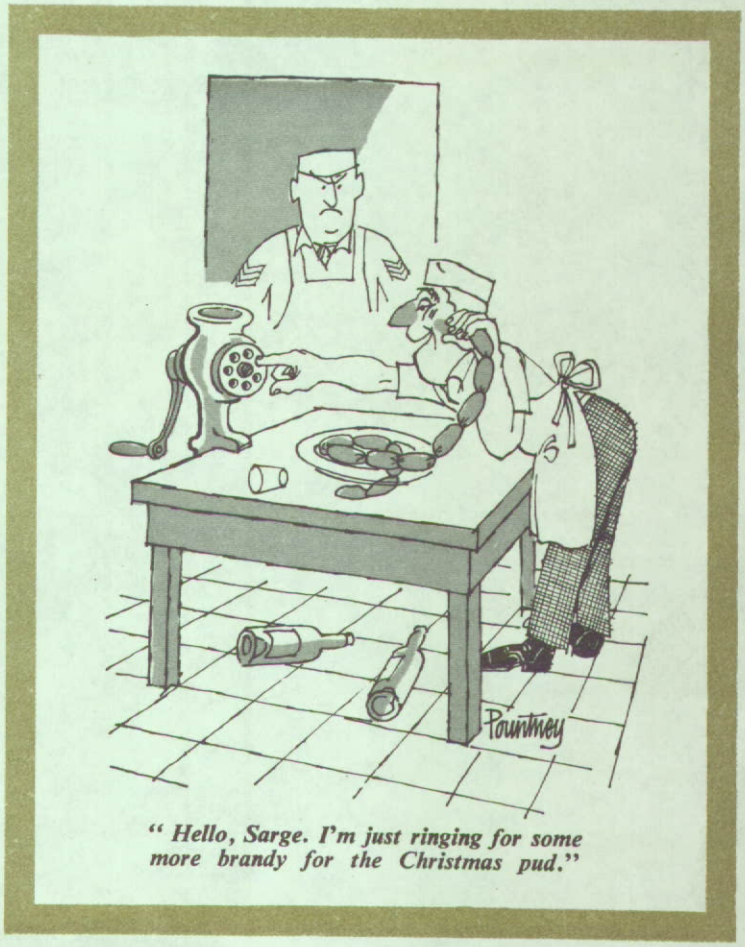
Abelard-Schuman, 18*s* **A W H**

RED FAILURE

"*Malaya: The Communist Insurgent War* 1948-60" (*Edgar O'Ballance*)

As in his last book, on the Greek Civil War, Major O'Ballance describes a Communist insurrection which failed. It is a readable, phase-by-phase appreciation which will be of particular value to students.

It will also be welcomed by the many British soldiers, including thousands of National Servicemen, who would now like to see where they fitted into the picture. They will not, however, find their unit exploits described.



" Hello, Sarge. I'm just ringing for some more brandy for the Christmas pud."

The insurgents failed in at least one very important way to stick to Mao Tse-tung's formula for Communist insurrection in Asia—they terrorised the civilian population and neglected their safety. Had they done otherwise, the campaign might have been different.

Another mistake they made in the beginning was to use large forces and attempt more than they were ready to accomplish. This cost them heavy and irreplaceable casualties. The security forces made a similar mistake but in their case the damage was that the hunted Communists got wind of operations and disappeared.

The author regrets that Ferret Force, which sent small highly-trained teams into the jungle to seek out guerillas, lasted only a few months. This was later put right when hunter-killer platoons were created and stayed in the jungle to keep the Communists on the defensive all the time.

The key to success in Malaya was the Briggs Plan, created by Lieutenant-General Sir Harold Briggs and enforced by Field-Marshal Sir Gerald Templer. One of its more remarkable features was the re-housing of thousands of Chinese squatters in defended new villages. This deprived the Communists of intelligence and, with other measures, of food supplies.

It is known that the Communists received little recognition or aid from outside Malaya. Red Chinese officers did visit the insurgents as observers; the author concludes that their reports to Mao must have been unfavourable since China rapidly lost interest. Stalin was indifferent.

Faber and Faber, 30*s* **R L E**

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TOMMY ATKINS

THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH SOLDIER

by JOHN LAFFIN

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in brief

"*Trafalgar*" (*Oliver Warner*)

Of all the great triumphs of British arms, the Battle of Trafalgar is still the most brilliant and decisive. At one blow it destroyed Napoleon's sea power and crushed any hope he had of invading Great Britain.

Mr Warner, who has already scored a notable success with his "Portrait of Lord Nelson," paints a wonderfully vivid picture of his hero's greatest battle. He sets it skilfully against its historical background, taking the reader through the strategy which led to it and the tactics employed.

Pan Books, 5*s*

"*The Spanish Armada*" (*Michael Lewis*)

Still at sea, this is the story of the longest naval battle in history. Every schoolboy knows how Philip of Spain sent his vast fleet to invade England, how Drake and Hawkins put out to do battle with the Dons and of how the Spanish Armada was gradually whittled away until hardly anything remained.

Michael Lewis has more to tell. He has made an original study of armada gunnery and tactics and thus gives a new perspective to the old story. This is a fast-moving account, enlivened by excellent character sketches of the leading commanders.

Pan Books, 5*s*

"*Battles of the English Civil War*" (*Austin Woolrych*)

Back to dry land. . .for the three decisive engagements which brought Cromwell to power and sealed the fate of Charles I. At Marston Moor the Royalists lost the North; at Naseby the bulk of Charles's army was lost—and after Preston it was the king's head which was forfeit.

By later standards, the battles of the English Civil War were small-time affairs, yet these fights decided great issues.

The three battles were fought in July 1644, June 1645 and August 1648, and a connecting narrative is necessary. Mr Woolrych wisely limits this to just enough information to show how and why each battle came to be fought.

Pan Books, 5*s*

"*Civil Defense*"

The American Association for the Advancement of Science got together seven scientists to speak on general and particular aspects of civil defence. This was followed by panel discussions. This slender and expensive volume contains their thoughts and deliberations.

A major question they debated was whether an extensive shelter building programme would diminish or increase the possibility of nuclear war. Other subjects include medical and agricultural aspects of civil defence and the feasibility of biological recovery from nuclear attack.

American Association for the Advancement of Science. 40*s*

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