

Soldier

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AUGUST 1981



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This month marks the 20th Anniversary of the infamous Berlin Wall. John Walton has been back to the scene of the

DIVIDED CITY

THURSDAY AUGUST 13 is the 20th anniversary of what has become the most permanent and visible manifestation of the divide between the East and the West. It will be exactly two decades to the day since the start of the construction of the Berlin Wall — a fortification designed not to defend against invasion but to keep the citizens of East Germany from visiting or defecting to the West.

The Wall, more than a hundred miles long, divides East Berlin, the Soviet sector, from West Berlin occupied by the other three wartime Allies — the United States, France and Britain. It also cuts off West Berlin from East Germany — leaving an island of Western culture, influence and democracy in the heartland of Communist eastern Europe.

In the years leading up to its construction, the flow of East Germans fleeing to new lives in the West had become a stampede. In 1960, the last year before the Wall was built, almost 200,000 followed the old exhortation to 'Go West, young man'. Since then, the numbers have dropped to a trickle — but still East Germans risk their lives to get across the border.

The boundary around the western side of West Berlin had been in existence long before that. But the division of the city by the concrete blocks, the armed guards and the dogs was, in the words of the American official protest at the time, "a flagrant and particularly serious violation of the quadripartite status of Berlin."

Under the three-power agreement of September 1944 (France was added later) it was agreed that when the war was won the Reich would be divided up into zones of occupation. The Russians would have the east of the country but a special system of occupation would be installed for Berlin.

So, in 1945, the city was divided into four Sectors and the city was deemed not to be a part of the Soviet zone of Germany. Even today, the three Western powers do not recognise East Berlin as the Capital of East

Left: The Brandenburg Gate 20 years ago just after the Wall went up. The wall has since been strengthened and fortified (see diagram opposite). East Berlin is to the left of the picture.

Below: Ferret patrol of 4th/7th RDG keeps watch on the Eastern Sector at Staaken railway bridge.





Germany, and all negotiations are conducted through the Russians rather than the East Germans.

Friction between the three Western Allies and the Soviet Union began almost before the corpse of the Third Reich was cold. Under the agreement, each sector was occupied by one power but all four sectors were administered jointly by the Allied Kommandatura.

In June 1948 the Russian representative walked out of a Kommandatura meeting and in August the Soviet delegation left the building and said that the Kommandatura was considered dissolved. The three Western powers continued to operate it — and for more than 30 years the empty chairs have been waiting for the Russians to return.

After the walk-out came the Berlin blockade and Allied airlift and a split in the city into two administrations and two parliaments.

But there was still free access between both parts of the city and hundreds of thousands of East Germans poured across during the following years.

In 1958 Khrushchev threatened to turn West Berlin into a free city. The western Allies were to leave and access, including air corridors, would be placed under East German control. The West stood firm and the plan was withdrawn.

So to 13 August 1961 when the Wall was built. The East Germans described it as an 'anti-Fascist protective barrier' — but no-one was fooled. Its real purpose was to stifle the flow of refugees.

At 193 streets into West Berlin the road surface was torn up, concrete piles were driven in, barbed wire barriers erected and trenches dug. Train and tube line traffic was interrupted and in the subsequent days the Wall itself began to be constructed. As the work went on, many East Germans made last ditch efforts to get away by jumping from windows of houses on the boundary. Some were killed.

Foreigners and West Germans were still able to visit East Berlin. West Berliners were not — because permits were to be issued by the East German authorities and their juris-



diction over East Berlin was not recognised.

Two years later a form of words was agreed so that permits could be issued and West Berliners were again able to visit their friends and relatives in other parts of the city.

And for three years the visits went on until, in 1966, the German Democratic Republic refused to sign the 'escape clause' any longer. Then, until 1972, only those people from the western part of Berlin who had urgent family matters to deal with were allowed through.

In 1972 a quadripartite agreement and a visits arrangement were reached and these have functioned ever since. There are five Visits Bureaux operating in West Berlin, in the charge of West Berlin Senate officials, and applications are then processed in East Berlin. East Germans can also apply to their own police for permits for friends or relatives in West Berlin. These are then sent on by post.

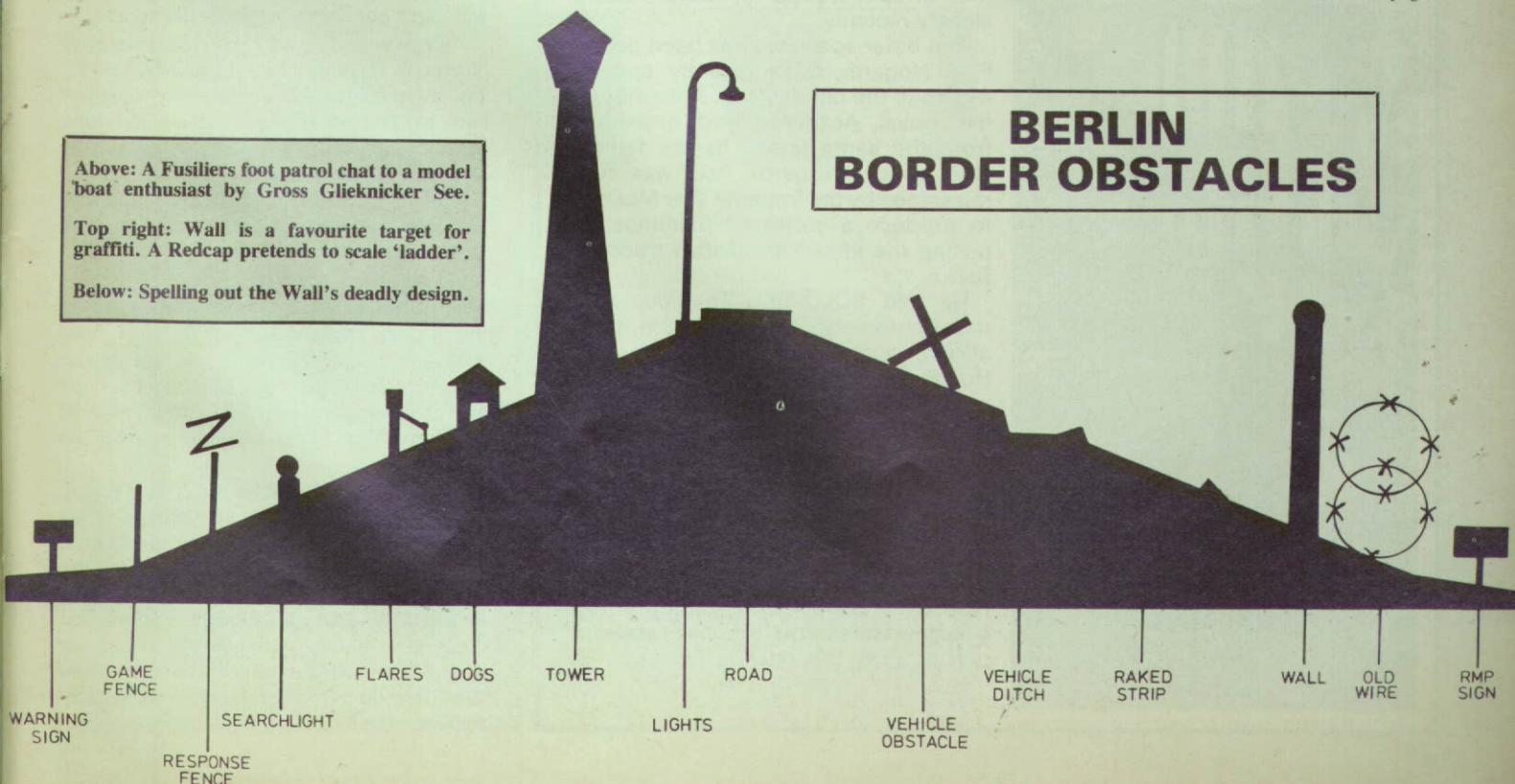
continued on page 8

Above: A Fusiliers foot patrol chat to a model boat enthusiast by Gross Glienicker See.

Top right: Wall is a favourite target for graffiti. A Redcap pretends to scale 'ladder'.

Below: Spelling out the Wall's deadly design.

BERLIN BORDER OBSTACLES



Today, that ring of concrete and wire, armed guards, towers and dogs has become something with which the Berliners have had to learn to live.

And living side by side with them are the successors to the former conquerors — British, American, and French troops and their dependants — still officially an Army of occupation but effectively a protection for the two million West Berliners.

Britain has 3000 troops in its sector, plus 600 RAF personnel and over 4000 dependants — some 8000 people in all. And while the Wall is a constant reminder that they are right at the front line, Berlin — with its high standard of living and its big city attractions — has always been regarded as a plum posting.

Constant patrolling is carried out along the length of the Wall. For while escapes have now dropped to perhaps one a month, any attempt can lead to an incident between trigger-happy East German border guards and the West's defenders.

Statistics recently released show that in the last 20 years there have been more than 1500 instances of gunfire from the East, over 3000 people have been arrested trying to cross over and 71 people have died from gunshot wounds in trying to escape.

Memorial crosses at different points along the boundary record some of these statistics and they are made more vivid still in a tiny museum near the famous Checkpoint Charlie crossing.

In rooms crowded with photographs and information are the memorabilia of escapes which worked — and some which didn't. The most recent exhibit is part of a hot air balloon which transported eight people to the West in a 28-minute flight.

There is a bubble car, considered so small that no search was necessary, which brought

out six people, and there are fake American and Soviet uniforms which passed muster at the checkpoints (all military personnel from the four Powers have free access to the whole city).

Also on display are pictures of successful escapes by tunnel, by hanging from overhead power cables, by jumping from houses — even by hiding inside the model of a plastic cow bound for an exhibition. Methods used to get away have been both ingenious and simple. Sometimes they have worked, sometimes they have not and the person has become another statistic among the arrests or even among the dead.

The Royal Military Police provide 24 hours-a-day patrol coverage of both the Wall which divides the city and the boundary of the city outskirts (known as 'the wire' although much of it is wall).

This round-the-clock monitoring usually involves nothing more than an eyeball to eyeball staring match between the British soldiers and the East Germans. Says Redcap Corporal Ronald Harden: "They look at us and we look at them with binos. But they seem to take a lot of photos of us as well."

Another military policeman, Corporal Jon Holroyd, told us of the night last winter when his patrol along the wire had been called to a shooting incident.

"One of the guards had shot his mate on the other side and come across. It was about -13 degrees that night and we found his frozen footprints and one of his boots. But he had already been intercepted by the West Berlin police."

It is incidents like these, now few and far between, which can snowball in importance. Says the Assistant Provost Marshal, Lieutenant-Colonel Geoffrey Taylor: "Here almost any type of incident is liable to have political significance and can involve anything up to the four powers, plus the West Berlin Senate and sometimes the West Ger-

mans."

But for most of the time the Wall patrolling is a routine of watching and being watched, of looking for signs of unusual activity on the other side and noting workmen (under heavy guard) renovating the wall or other obstacles.

All of the major units in West Berlin take their turn in patrolling. Men of D Squadron, 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards, separated from the rest of their regiment in faraway Catterick, take their Ferrets and Land-Rovers around the leafy lanes, woods and cornfields which comprise much of the boundary.

Corporal Jim Kosturczak grunted as he watched an East German sentry through his binoculars. "My family originally came from round Berlin. My father was in the German Navy, then a prisoner-of-war, met my mother and stayed on in Cumberland. But I don't feel I've found my 'Roots' — I don't even speak German."

Lance-Corporal Pete Brierley told us of the times when the East Germans in their towers smile and "show us their dog tags as though to say they haven't long to do."

But other soldiers put a more sinister interpretation on the swinging of the dog tags. Their version is that the Communists are indicating that when they take over West Berlin there will be a soldier swinging from every lamp-post!

A major problem can arise when an escapee is wounded after he has scaled the wall but is still within East German territory. On these rare occasions the Western Allies have intervened on humanitarian grounds.

Recently arrived in West Berlin from Northern Ireland are 2nd Battalion, The Royal Regiment of Fusiliers. They have escaped from the world of the petrol bomb and acid thrower, the sniper and the bomber to one of sullen confrontation across the Iron Curtain.

The Fusiliers' Reconnaissance Platoon walked along the edge of a lake. Children skimmed stones, operated radio controlled boats and paddled oblivious to the grim outline of the Wall on the other shore.

Lieutenant Andrew Marriott and his men were on only the third of many patrols they will carry out during their Berlin tour.

"We are finding it very enjoyable after Northern Ireland," he told us. "A certain amount of it has to do with novelty value but here we can actually see Soviet and East German vehicles almost daily instead of just looking at them on slides."

And to their surprise they have found that the East German border guards are not always as alert as they might be.

"If you drive up carefully you can sometimes catch them napping or sunbathing on top of the towers."

Hitler, Stalin, Krushchev and all of the other international figures whose actions, over the years eventually led to the creation of the Berlin Wall have long departed from the world's stage.

On 13 August it will be the 20th birthday of the barrier which seals off capitalist West Berlin from the Communist East as though it were a leper colony. Few outside of the Kremlin will find that anniversary something to celebrate. But the British, French and American military presence will remain as long as it is needed to protect the two million West Berliners from being swallowed up by the system which surrounds them.

Below: Artist Hogarth and 4/7 RDG Chieftain.



Not only the Russian and East German border guards have been watching the British troops in Berlin rather closely recently.

The other spectator has been painter Paul Hogarth, who recently spent a month in the divided city. A member of the Royal Academy and descended from the same family as the famous 18th century Hogarth, Paul was commissioned by the Imperial War Museum to produce a series of paintings depicting the life of the British troops in Berlin.

He told SOLDIER: "The idea is to make chronicles of the Army in action all over the world. The first was Ken Howard in Northern Ireland and I was given the second."

"In the 1950s I travelled a great deal in the Eastern bloc countries and I remember Berlin from that period so it's been interesting to return. It all seemed a very temporary war situation at that time but now it seems to have consolidated itself into a permanent reality. People at home just do not realise the scale of the exercise to seal off part of a city this size."

Twenty years ago, Brigadier L F 'Dickie' Richards was Assistant Provost Marshal in Berlin. Now retired, he gives his personal recollections of

Left: November 1961. East German Soldiers remove temporary fencing in front of the Wall.

The night they bricked up freedom

SINCE THE END of World War Two which saw the beginning of the Allied occupation of Berlin, a vast number of Military Policemen, both past and present members of 247 Provost Company, have taken part in the twenty four hour continuous patrolling system over the twenty miles of border which separates the British Sector of Berlin from the Soviet Zone of East Germany.

Many patrols have dealt with a variety of interesting, and at times exciting incidents involving East Germans and Russians, the comings and goings of Servicemen defectors, and the tragic attempted flight, capture and often death from shooting of East German civilians trying to escape the oppression of the Communist regime.

Others have completed their tours of duty without observing anything of real interest except, perhaps, a stunning new arrival at the

nudist holiday camp which straddles the patrol track at one point!

But during this long patrolling era, now well over three decades, the most significant incident, without doubt, ever experienced by a border patrol happened in the early hours of the morning, on Sunday 13th August 1961. It was about half an hour after midnight when the border patrol commanded by Corporal (now Staff-Sergeant) Michael Allen Blakey, RMP accompanied by Lance-Corporal Bray, arrived at the focal point of the patrol beat known as Bravo 3, where the old Berlin-Hamburg route 5 leaves the outer perimeter of the British Sector of Berlin for Hamburg.

The homeward bound patrol had nothing to report; neither had the West Berlin Police nor the Customs men who both manned this checkpoint. The patrol slowly moved northwards up the twenty mile beat, as far as the

start of the French Sector, seeing nothing unusual en route, and reports were radioed back to Headquarters at intervals to this effect.

It looked very much like another quiet and uneventful night. But having covered about half of the return journey, Blakey and Bray found the scene had changed dramatically in a very short space of time.

At the border crossing railway station at Staaken the lights had been switched off, and a passenger reported that there were large numbers of East German and Russian soldiers, armed with loaded weapons, assembling in and around the station, and that troops were concentrated out of sight under the bridge. They halted the train and forcibly ejected the passengers.

Being well trained and alert, the patrol commander quietly assessed the situation for a few minutes. At that time I was Assistant Provost Marshal in Berlin with a special responsibility for borders with East Germany and the 110 miles of autobahn through East Germany to the crossing point at Helmstedt. He decided to call me direct, at home, on the radio-telephone; I was in bed and asleep. He gave me a brief report. The situation sounded very serious. I phoned for my staff car and dressed at high speed.

Berlin had been quiet for months; being mid-August the holiday season was in full swing. The only unusual activity had been the ever increasing number of East German refugees, fleeing the country of their birth for a freer life in the West.

Rumour, counter-rumour and speculation were rife in all quarters, and it was known that the Communists were already bringing unpleasant pressures to bear on West-bound travellers, and anyone with family or employment connections in the West. Anti-West propaganda had been stepped up and had become more vicious.

In the first few days of August 1961 the flow of East German refugees abandoning their homes and most of their possessions had increased to between two and three thousand each day and now included the professional classes, doctors, dentists, engineers and farmers. Throughout East Germany and East Berlin a feeling of nervousness and apprehension had been steadily mounting.

In the light of this background, Corporal Blakey's report sounded ominous. I instructed him to remain and observe, to report any changes immediately by radio but not to get involved; the staff car arrived discreetly armed for the occasion and Corporal Mann covered the eight miles to Staaken in a few minutes.

Whilst awaiting my arrival, the patrol moved up to Staaken railway bridge. Here the border demarcation line ran down the centre of the cobbled road. The station lights were suddenly switched on again and the whole area was now seen to be teeming with East German Border Police, Volkspolizei and infantry all carrying loaded rifles and Russian sub-machine guns.

The RMP patrol was suddenly confronted by three grim looking and hostile East German border policemen, their weapons at the ready. The atmosphere was tense and Cor-

Left: August 1961. These fugitives from the East managed to escape to safety through a window.



poral Blakey felt reassured to hear his partner's loaded magazine click into place.

Then a convoy of vehicles arrived and began unloading barbed wire, concrete posts and slabs and other items of manufactured barricade equipment. Armoured vehicles could now be seen.

At this stage I arrived on the scene. I had a feeling that the border patrol was quite pleased to receive a couple of reinforcements if only the Assistant Provost Marshal and his driver. Together we watched for a few minutes and saw the East Germans begin to block the railway track with reinforced concrete blocks, and start to erect Dannert wire fencing between concrete uprights along the line of the border, just on their side.

By now the time was just after 0200 hrs. I alerted the Commandant of the British Sector, Major-General R Delacombe, on the radio-telephone and passed on the border patrol's observations and my own. I agreed with him that I should move immediately to the Brandenburg Gate in the centre of the city, and the main crossing point into the Soviet Sector of East Berlin, a distance of some fifteen miles.

I left Corporal Blakey and his companion to continue patrolling the rest of the border and to report back any similar developments elsewhere. The high speed journey to the centre of the town was uneventful. All appeared quiet and peaceful apart from the singing of a few late night revellers here and there returning home.

I spoke to US Army Intelligence en route and they had nothing unusual to report at this time.

On arrival at the Brandenburg Gate I found to my horror that this massive thoroughfare was also about to be blocked off with barbed wire and concrete blocks.

There were columns of vehicles unloading police, soldiers and engineering stores as far as the eye could see — all meticulously on the East Berlin side of the demarcation line. Pneumatic drills were set in operation and earth moving equipment and hole boring machinery were brought up. Very substantial barriers were being constructed according to an obviously well conceived plan.

I radioed back to the Commandant and to the Political Adviser, Bernard Ledwidge of the Foreign Office, that I was about to enter the Soviet Sector and would keep them advised if possible. In those days the use of radio in East Berlin was forbidden but this was a critical situation. We had to find out what else might be expected and get the information to London quickly.

We crossed over with some difficulty, ignoring those who tried to stop the car, and started a quick tour of the Soviet Sector, an area about the same size and similar in many respects to the East End of London.

It was a scene of intense activity and great tension. There were uniformed men everywhere, all heavily armed.

Everybody seemed to be involved — the National Volksarmee (Peoples' Army), the Volkspolizei (Peoples' Police), the Grenzpolizei (Border Police) the Betriebskampfgruppen (factory based TA units) and even the Frei Deutsche Jugend (Free German Youth) movement were seen to be in command of armoured vehicles. Roads leading in to East Berlin from the Soviet Zone of Germany were jammed with approaching vehicles and convoys.

The few civilians who were about looked



Above: Brigadier Richards, on left of group, sorts out some problems with Soviet officers.

frightened and apprehensive. There were distraught looking crowds around the main line railway station at Friedrichstrasse, being harassed by the Volkspolizei and Transportpolizei (railway police) but it was not possible to see why.

It was still not clear to me what the East German and Soviet intentions really were. It was reasonably safe to assume that they did not intend invading West Berlin. Had they wished to do so, they could have rolled straight in at two o'clock that morning, from all directions, virtually unopposed.

I radioed observations to this effect and decided to make one more tour of the area. We were pursued several times by the Volkspolizei but were able to elude them without too much trouble. However, they had obviously alerted other patrols and I thought it time to discreetly return to the British Sector — providing we could find a way out.

On passing the East German Ministry of the Interior, not far from the border, I had a great stroke of luck. An East German woman was handing out pamphlets; I joined the queue.

The pamphlet contained copies of the infamous proclamations by the East German Ministries for Internal Affairs and Transport, informing the wretched people of East Germany and East Berlin that henceforth they would virtually be prisoners in their own country.

They gave in great detail the 'Iron Curtain' detailed restrictions placed immediately on all road, rail, river and canal exits from the country.

These proclamations put everything into

perspective. The giant engineering operation now made sense. The 50 miles of wall building across the centre of Berlin, just started, was intended to reduce the hitherto hundreds of crossing points to only 13 (now even more reduced) — all highly controlled.

The Staaken operation was the start of the complete sealing up of one hundred and thirty miles of Allied Sector perimeter, with only three controlled points remaining, permitting passage for the privileged only, into the Soviet Zone of East Germany, or from East to West Germany.

In concert with this massive engineering operation, four Soviet Divisions with tanks had moved in to surround Berlin that night, and a famous battle-scarred Soviet General had been drafted in to East Germany to command them.

The Royal Military Police border patrol had certainly proved its value on this occasion. The quick response and alertness of Corporals Blakey and Bray had enabled a complete picture of vital information, even details of the 'enemy intention' to be passed to London — the Foreign Secretary and the Prime Minister — before daybreak, hours before it was known in Washington, hours before most West Berliners themselves knew what was happening, and hours before the General Officer commanding the American Sector had even been woken up.

Without this intelligence, a false move by one of the Allies or the West Berliners themselves, might have had dire consequences. For all of them and for the East Germans especially, life in Berlin would never be the same again. □

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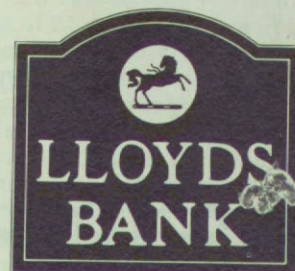
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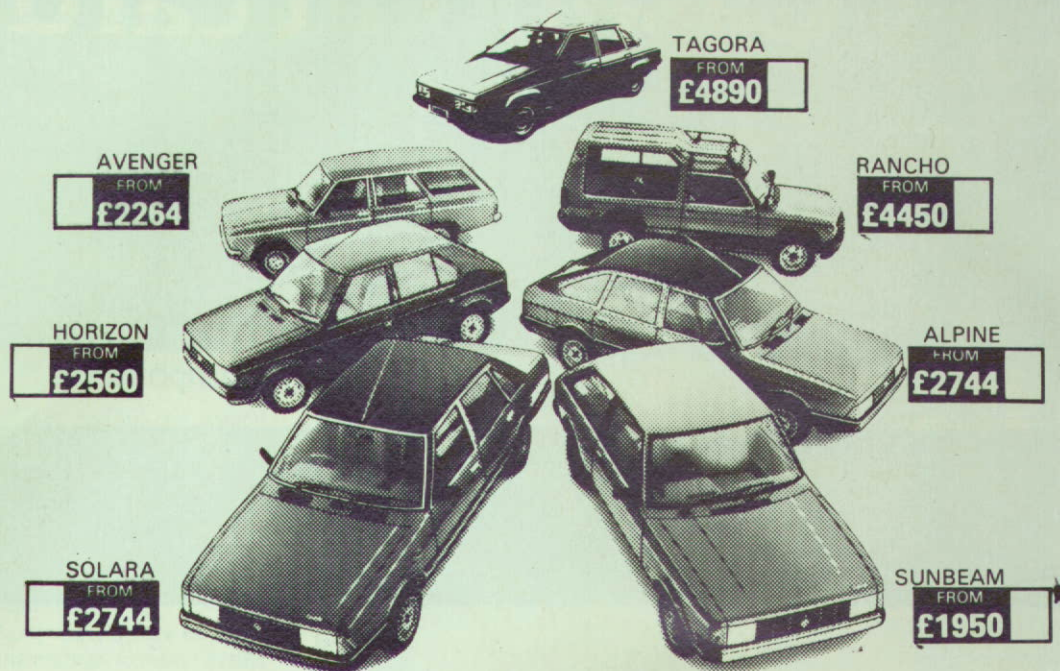
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heavyweight with a much harder punch and powerful reserves of strength to call on if it ever gets pushed into a corner.

I T was definitely a case of indecent exposure thought the officer. The Mess waiters in their white shirts and bow ties were showing their... er... well their *nipples*.

And dignitaries were expected — whatever would they think of this pin-up style display? Vests were suggested — they wouldn't do. Then the officer came up with a brainwave — the waiters could have tape over their bosoms.

Fortunately wiser counsels eventually prevailed. And the waiters were allowed to go about their business in the normal way. The story is true. Only the names have been left out to protect the blushes of the soldiers who dared to have nipples — and the officer who thought they shouldn't have.



ONE of the best clubs in the heart of London — where a comfortable single room with all mod cons costs just £8 a night — may soon be facing a rush of new applications for membership.

For ex-Servicemen and Servicewomen now need to have served for only two years — not three as formerly — to be eligible to join the Union Jack Club. And that, of course, takes in millions of National Servicemen.

The entrance fee is just £3 and the annual subscription £2. Currently serving members of the Armed Forces below commissioned rank are automatically members of the club and do not pay any subscription at all.

Located at new premises in Sandell Street since 1975 — just three minutes' walk from Waterloo station — the Union Jack exists for the benefit of Servicemen and their families, Servicewomen, those who have served in the Forces and the widows of Servicemen and ex-Servicemen. Members of the TA can stay in the club at membership rates when on duty and as temporary honorary members when staying privately — a status also now accorded to widows.

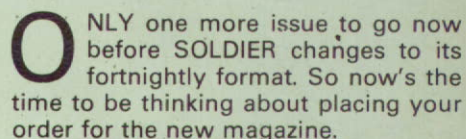
The club has 417 single rooms and 63 doubles (£14.90 a night). There are special rates and facilities for children. And members can enjoy an excellent range of amenities including a bar, a library, TV rooms, a launderette and a large self-service restaurant.

Contrary to popular belief, the Union Jack Club is *not* a Ministry of Defence establishment. It is a completely independent charity which means that it seeks to cover its costs rather than make profits — hence the bargain rates.

The military Ms's are fed up with being treated as frivolous females by their male counterparts. In particular, they resent being addressed with endearments such as 'darling', 'love', 'baby' and 'treasure'.

Their complaint was taken up by an MP in the Belgian parliament and elicited a ministerial assurance that all members of the armed forces — of either sex — had been instructed to address each other in the manner laid down by regulations, that is by rank and number.

But suggestions that similar instructions might be issued here were met with amused disdain by members of the WRAC. They feel they already have the respect of their male colleagues and that any edicts along the Belgian lines would simply make them a laughing stock.



As we explained last month, we are holding the price of the new publication at 25 pence. And we're offering substantial discounts to units and subscribers. Current subscribers will be able to get four copies free — that's 25 for the price of 21. So if they live in UK or BFPO areas they will need only pay £10 for a personal copy delivered direct to their door every fortnight (£10.75* if they live elsewhere). New subscribers will get two free copies and will pay £10.50 and £11.25 respectively. Details of discounts for units are being circulated and are available on request.

Remember, only by having your own copy of SOLDIER will you be able to place free announcements in our classified ads and Collectors' Corner columns, enter competitions for bumper prizes and obtain special discounts on a variety of reader service items. So don't just borrow someone else's copy. Make sure of your own!

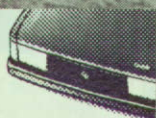


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TROUBLES
BEHIND**

Unlike its grim counterpart in Berlin, the Mourne Wall in Northern Ireland has just been celebrating a happy anniversary. Judith Stares reports.

PICTURE A 'MARCH' in Northern Ireland involving over 3000 people, with British soldiers very much in evidence, and visions are immediately conjured up of yet another chanting, banner-waving, sectarian 'demo'. So an event that is non-political, non-sectarian and totally non-militant — and which has been going on peacefully for the last 25 years — is a rare and welcome piece of good news from the troubled Province.

This year was the Silver Jubilee of the Mourne Wall Walk in County Down with a record number of starters — 3393. And although the organisers like to insist that the event is not a race, second and third places were deservedly claimed by victorious members of the 3rd Battalion, The Ulster Defence Regiment (UDR).

Other stalwart squaddies, and a substantial body of unusually bedraggled officers, shrugged off the worst weather conditions ever, to complete a distance of 22 miles, with a total ascent of 10,000 ft. As one veteran put it: "It's the only place you can get your training in without the Sergeant Major!"

The Mourne Wall Walk is something of a bonus for the Army in Northern Ireland, proving the old adage that every cloud has a silver lining. It was instigated 25 years ago by the Youth Hostel Association of Northern Ireland (YHANI) in an attempt to stimulate an interest in hill and mountain walking, and to get its members 'off the roads'.

A unique feature of the Mountains of Mourne is the manner in which nearly all the main peaks are linked by the 22 mile long granite wall which encloses the Department of the Environment's nine thousand acre water catchment area.

The Wall, averaging a height of about five feet, but in many places much higher, was built in the years between 1910 and 1922 by

Left: Walking the wall has its ups and downs.



Above: Walkers silhouetted on the skyline.
Right: Everyone got a soaking by the finish.

local craftsmen who dug and quarried the granite from the mountain sides. They were paid one shilling a day for their labours — 1/6 if they provided a donkey. It greets the first-time walker as something of a shock, and certainly gives the impression that beyond it lies something that must surely need protection.

Approached by picking one's way over rock, bog and heather, a peep over the top merely reveals . . . more rock, bog and heather. It is little wonder that strangers to the district find it something of a puzzle and that, in recent years, parties of Servicemen have been seen spreadeagled on the top, gazing at the 'forbidden' land beyond and writing home that they have actually seen the famous 'Border'!

The first year of the Walk drew only 36 entrants, of whom 23 finished. As word spread, the number became hundreds, and about 15 years ago stretched into thousands and became something of a pilgrimage for all those who like to test wind and limb.

It is also the biggest event of its kind in the whole of the UK. The official competitors who complete the gruelling course get a suitably inscribed certificate and badge.

In the early years, although safety factors were always a top priority, there was no such luxury as Army helicopters to evacuate the exhausted, or even a communications system to link the various checkpoints with base camp.

The King's Regiment, then stationed at Ballykinler, were the first to offer their help and resources, not to mention eager competitors. Since the inception of the UDR, they have taken this responsibility, and the Walk has become much safer and more sophisticated, though no less of a challenge.

Paddy McAteer, a librarian from Belfast and a voluntary worker for YHANI, is the official Walk Organiser, and the first to praise the Army for its assistance. "People do the Mourne Wall Walk at all times of the year, but on this particular day it is the safest time of all. We are a very conservative society, and know that if anything went wrong the media would make the most of it. Thanks to the excellent communications system we now have, we know where everyone is at any time, if anyone drops out, and if anyone needs help."

The start and finish of the circular route is at the entrance to Rourkes Park Estate, two miles north-west of Annalong village. The Army supplies marquees and kitchen equipment, and all walkers gather there for a 7 a.m. launch. Competitors are numbered and sent off in batches of 300 which, according to Paddy McAteer, means that you

continued on page 17



Right: Pte Elsie Holmes with 3 UDR colleagues.

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logically have only 299 to compete against! By 8 a.m. everyone is on the road, and the back-up services await the first emergency.

One of the first under starter's orders was Captain Sarah Turner, Adjutant in charge of Junior Gunners based at Bramcote near Nuneaton. She was introduced to the Walk during her 18-month tour of the Province last year, and was sufficiently impressed to return as a bona-fide volunteer to Northern Ireland.

"I actually paid the full standard air fare from Birmingham — it was £68. If anyone asks me why, I can only say it must be because I had nothing better to do! But there is something about the place which makes you want to return. I made a lot of friends here and I'll be doing the Walk again with some of them."

These initial comments were made during an interview on-the-trot, as Captain Turner hurried to take her place amongst the advance guard. She still had enough breath to gasp out this final remark on her return: "I've made it in 8 hours 55 minutes. Parts of it were harder than last year, but I had a big determination to finish. They would have had to carry me off to prevent me". With that, she hurried to the free tea tent, heard muttering that but for bloody journalists she might have knocked a couple of minutes off her time!

The walkers are officially allowed 12 hours. Marshals have the power to eliminate or withdraw participants who do not arrive at certain points along the route at reasonable times. Although early arrivals do consider it an honour, one official pointed out that it was those who staggered home taking almost the full time who perhaps deserved the most applause.

Another mountain-lover, determined to make his mark, was Lieutenant-Colonel Trevor Wilson from HQ UDR. "I'm here because someone persuaded me", he admitted. "I've brought a group of officers from Lisburn with me. We've all got our waterproof kit, food and a lot of fluids. We came here twice last month for a practice and we're hoping to go for a fast time. Last year I finished 187th — just under eight-and-a-half hours."

With him was Captain Max Homewood from Lisburn, who was in the first thirty in 1980. "Don't ask me why I do it — it's just because it's there! I have been trying to get fit — anyone who doesn't drink for a week has got to be serious! But I've only been married for eight months so my training has suffered a bit! The first time you try and race against yourself, but this year I am going to enjoy it. We're all equipped with the regulation Mars Bars."

Competitors must carry their own refreshments, although free milk is supplied after the first peak, which descends to road level, and the Army ferried 2000 oranges up to one of the highest points to refresh survivors.

Also glad of a bit of military support were a group of local schoolboys who had set up 'shop' mid march. They were hoping to raise cash for their own walking trip to the Pyrenees later on this year, and had a monopoly trade in coke and chocolate.

"We hulked most of the stuff up from the road last night", said one cheerful teacher. "It was a three mile uphill trek through bog, but it was good training. The Army flew in our Coke — 400 litres of it. But with the

defence cuts perhaps you'd better not mention that!"

Walkers were invited to tender Access and Barclaycard if they weren't carrying sufficient cash for these hard-won delicacies.

Names like Slieve Binnian, Slieve Muck (otherwise known as the Irishman's Pig) and Slieve Donard (the highest point in the mountains) will be familiar to many and associated with blisters to even more. Regulars make the trip in stages for months previously, and it is admitted that supplies of Guinness dotted along the route could make a visit with a metal detector worthwhile!

Acting as 'Buzby' for the world of communications was Sergeant Jimmy Christie from 3 UDR. "The first part of the morning was very busy", he reported on a check visit. "We had three casualties early on, and had to get them flown to Downpatrick Hospital. We also had a few withdrawals to pull out. I have seven teams up there in the hills. It's my second year organising them — I don't get a chance to do the walk myself (said with relief). We've had two helicopters all day and shall be here until late tonight packing up."

Colour Sergeant Bert Poole, also from 3 UDR, was helping 'Buzby' on this occasion. "I've actually done the walk myself, before there was any sort of communication system. We've got it tightly organised now, and it's really good practice for us. But the weather conditions today are the worst I can remember."

Incredibly, after chatting up the various organisers, the first arrivals were already galloping back to the finishing post. Up among the leaders was Staff Sergeant John McGonigle, a physical training instructor attached to the 1st Battalion, The Royal Scots. "I entered for a marathon yesterday, but turned up too late", he said laconically. "Someone offered me a spare ticket for this Walk. I'd heard a lot about it, so I said yes."

"I never expected it to be quite the tough sort of thing it is. Fortunately, I'd been in training for the marathon, but this was my first hill walk. I think I'll be bringing my boys up here for a spot of training. Certainly, I'll be back next year, and bringing a few more with me. It depends on my postings, but it could become a habit!"

First Greenfinch past the post was from 3 UDR — Private Elsie Holmes, on her second successful year. "I've been training

Below: Capt Sarah Turner made trip specially.

every day for two months, just running up hills. No — they didn't make me do it — it was entirely voluntary! I just love these mountains. What I'm really terrified of is having to do a BFT."

Elsie's stamina obviously runs in the family. Her brother followed closely on, scoring a victory for 'E' Company on this first attempt.

The end of the day saw a heavier than usual casualty count, due to the extremely bad conditions under-foot. But, as usual, there were no fatalities. Twisted ankles and exposure were the most common complaints, with one suspected appendicitis early in the day. Witnessing a mountain rescue team actually sprinting uphill with a stretcher, it was explained that this particular casualty was an attractive 19-year-old female!

The Mournes are, in fact, a breeding ground for romance. In 22 miles there is plenty of time for talking — if you have the breath. Several couples were celebrating 'anniversary' walks, complete with chief bridesmaid and best man!

Among the last successful arrivals, who were not the walking wounded, was a party lead by Lieutenant James Clark from the Royal Signals in Londonderry. "I wanted to come last year, but I was on a course and couldn't make it. This year I organised a trip for a few others, too. We all finished under 11 hours and are thinking of making a regular thing of it — it depends on our postings."

Corporal Gerry Cahill and Corporal Mark Brunning, RMPs at Londonderry were in this triumphant gathering. "It was better than we expected, even though it was the first time for all of us. But next year it's Mount Troodos in Cyprus, that's for sure!"

All proceeds from the £1.50 entry fee will be going towards a new 32-bed youth hostel in the Mournes, due for completion in 1982. And anyone inspired by this article can be assured of a repeat performance next year, to which they will be welcome. It can certainly be regarded as a great social occasion, and a chance for soldiers to meet the locals under the most congenial circumstances.

"It is the only time we can get both sections of the population in Northern Ireland together and forget all our troubles", says Paddy McAteer. One competitor, overhearing this, grumbled good-naturedly: "But if we were being paid for this we'd all be out on strike!"



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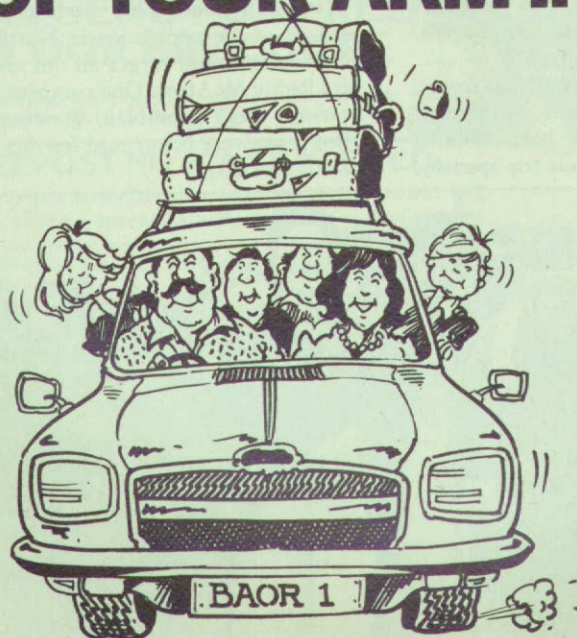
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Chris Jarrett reports on Nato's first-ever exercise in Portugal

ARDENT ALLIES



IT WAS SPRINGTIME in Portugal — a land of fragrant flowers, warm sunshine, and smiling, friendly faces. But around the little town of Santa Margarida, ninety-five miles north east of Lisbon the chatter was not just in Portuguese. English seemed to predominate and a well-tutored ear could also have picked up conversations in French, Walloon, German and Italian.

The reason for the multi-lingual exchanges was the first Nato exercise to be held in Portugal. Codenamed Ardent Ground, it saw the annual get-together for live firing training by the artillery batteries assigned to the Allied Command Europe's Mobile Force (Land) or AMF(L) for short.

Gunners and guns from six nations took part along with mortar and integrated helicopter air support. Gunner batteries from the United Kingdom, Belgium, Germany, Italy and the United States were joined by two Portuguese batteries for the exercise, while helicopter support was provided by RAF Pumas from 33 Squadron, German HU 1Ds (Hueys) and Gazelles from 2 Flight Army Air Corps. And supplying the heavy lift for deployment and resupply of the British Contingent were C130 Hercules aircraft from 38 Group RAF.

Co-operation between the Army and Air Force is so close in the AMF that the two services can now share the same map and the same tent. That means, in military parlance, that the Army Fire Support Co-ordination Centre and the RAF Force Air Support Control are co-located.

Ardent Ground was the last exercise as Force Artillery Officer for Lieutenant Colonel Sandy Ewing, and to mark his tour with AMF each national contingent presented him with a gift. Colonel Ewing who is also CO of 2nd Field Regiment RA, said he

had found the job "thoroughly enjoyable and professionally very interesting". And of his last exercise with AMF he commented: "The Portuguese were determined that it was to be a success — we all thoroughly enjoyed working with them".

Each battery fired an average of 750 rounds which, combined with the German and British mortars, constituted a withering fire power. The logistics problems of this

sustained high rate of consumption meant equally sustained effort from AMF Logistic Support Battalion and the Quartermaster's Staff. They rose to the occasion with flair.

International co-operation was particularly close within the Force Artillery right down to detachment level; it was no surprise to see multi-national crews on mortars and all six nationalities at an observation post. The language barrier was non-existent because the national units are so accustomed to working together.

During the past eighteen months the AMF(L) has served in Norway, Turkish Thrace, Otterburn and now, Portugal. Dry exercises have been held in Italy and the Moselle. The Commander of the British Battery, Major David Lowe, summed up the camaraderie which exists between AMF units when he said: "I know the AMF battery commanders far better than those of my own regiment."

No AMF exercise would be complete without its visitors. Ardent Ground 81 saw a large number of them, many of them three and four star generals. They included the Supreme Allied Commander Europe, General Bernard Rogers, US Army; Deputy Supreme Allied Commander Europe, Air Chief Marshal Sir Peter Terry, RAF; the Commander Land Forces Southern Europe, General Santini, Italian Army and the Portuguese Chief of Staff, General Garcia Dos Santos. Also present was the Commander of AMF(L), Major General Mike Reynolds, UK Army.

The primary role of the Force is to provide a deterrent presence and demonstrate Nato solidarity and resolve in any threatened area of the Alliance by deploying rapidly in time of tension.

Pictures: Arthur Thomson

Above: Portuguese troops on helicopter drill.

Below: Gunners Antony Brown and John Baron of The Rocket Troop firing 105mm Light Gun.



continued on next page



The British Army contingent on Exercise Ardent Ground consisted of 'O' Battery (The Rocket Troop) 2nd Field Regiment Royal Artillery and the AMF(L) Survey and Meteorological Detachment 22 (Gibraltar) Locating Battery from Larkhill; the Mortar Platoon, Prince of Wales's Own Regiment of Yorkshire (Bulford); part of Logistic Support Battalion, including elements from 48 AMF(L) Company RAOC (Devizes), 21 Postal and Courier Squadron RE (Bulford); 42 Squadron RCT (Bulford); 6 Field Ambulance RAMC (Aldershot); 50 Movement Control Squadron RCT (South Cerney) and AMF(L) Workshop REME (Bulford). Provost support was provided by a detachment from 158 Provost Company RMP (Bulford) and catering by ACC personnel attached to the units and from CVHQ at Aldershot. Force Artillery Headquarters and Camp Administrative Staff were from 2nd Field Regiment.

Left: Capt Richard Watson, mortar platoon commander, discusses finer points of a Mitraillette 9mm Vigneron M2 with a Belgian gunner.

On Ardent Ground, batteries from six nations fired their guns with success, sweated in the sun, got soaked by the rain, thoroughly enjoyed themselves and broadened their military experience.

It proved yet again that AMF is a model for the rest of Nato; a model of friendship and allied co-operation at all levels.

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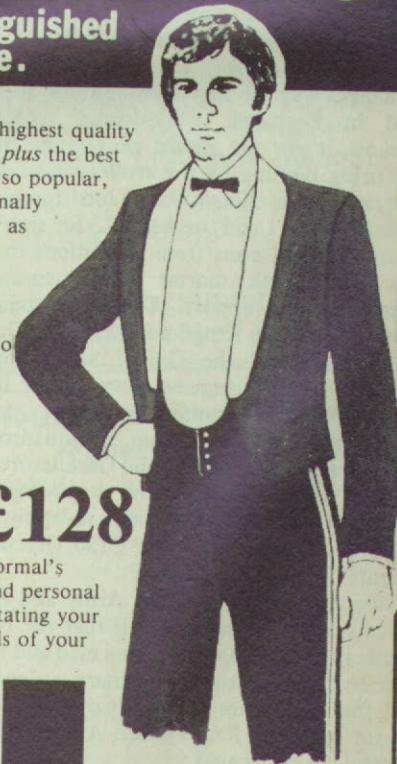
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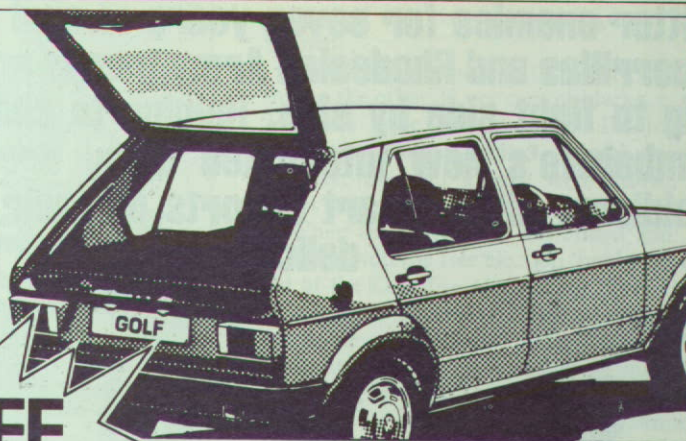
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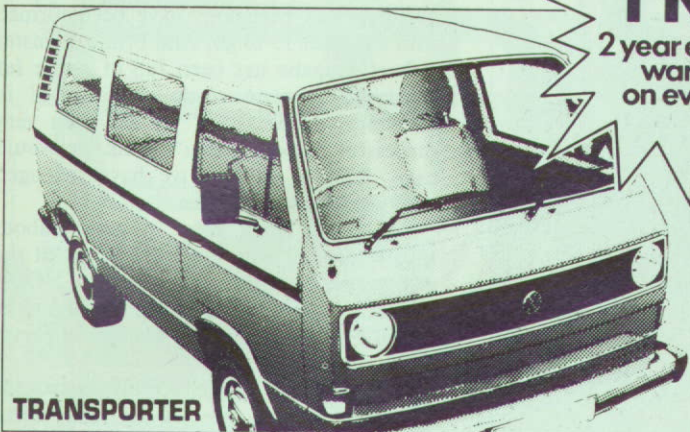


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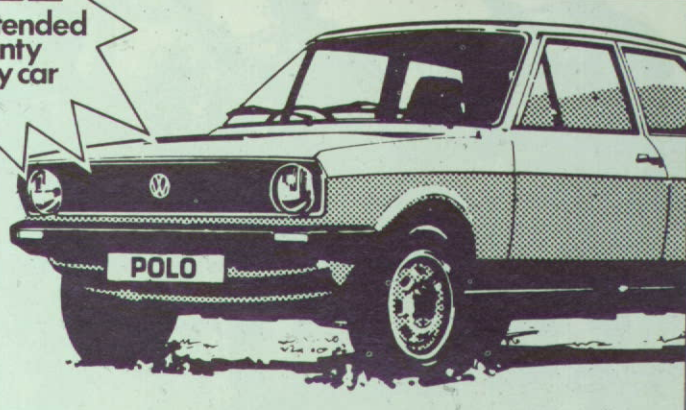


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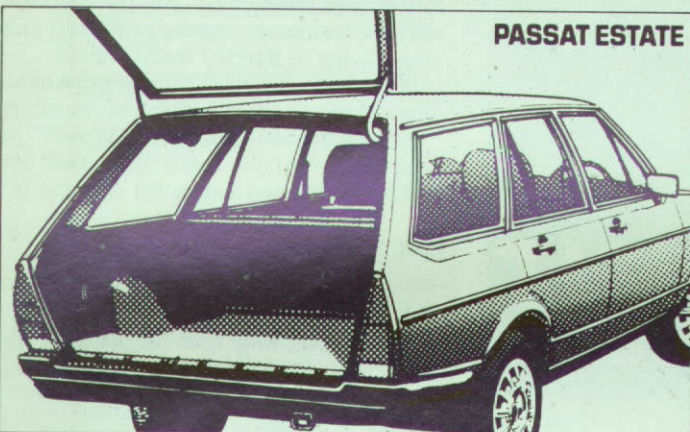
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SD18

Bitter enemies for seven years of civil war, former guerrillas and Rhodesian Army troops are now learning to fight side by side. Helping to shape and train Zimbabwe's new integrated army are 150 British soldiers. Mike Stuart reports on their difficult and delicate task.



WHEN MAJOR GENERAL PATRICK PALMER was appointed Commander, British Military Advisory and Training Team (BMATT), Zimbabwe, little more than a year ago, he gave his new job a private codename — 'Mission Impossible'.

His daunting task, and that of his small team, was to integrate into one national army two guerrilla armies and the former Rhodesian Army that had spent the past seven years locked in a bitter civil war.

Training soldiers for foreign armies is no new task for the British Army. But BMATT is unique because there are three ex-warring elements to bring together.

The mission is not proving as 'impossible' as might have been feared though. Already, 27 integrated battalions have been formed with a further 15 to go. And Prime Minister Robert Mugabe has been full of praise for the rapid progress made. Interviewed in Salisbury, he declared: "It has been very successful indeed. I don't think we would have done as well as we have managed without British assistance."

BMATT's small force numbers about 150, a third of whom are officers with the rest warrant officers and senior NCOs. Training an army of 65,000 in a country the size of France means they are spread pretty thinly on the ground.

Each BMATT soldier spends six months in Zimbabwe and most of the Army's cap badges are represented. All are volunteers and the temporary posting provides a great opportunity to develop leadership.

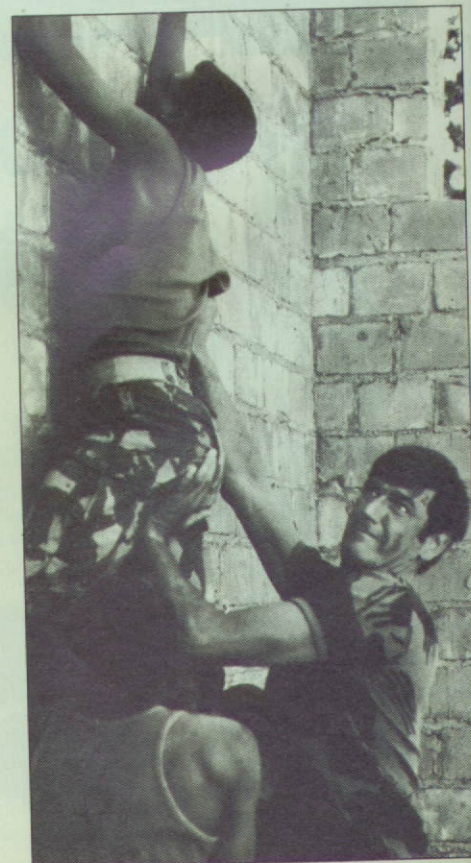
Zimbabwe has eight million inhabitants, only a quarter of a million of whom are white. Of the black population, about 75 per cent are from the Shona tribe that lives mainly in the east and north east and it is

Left: Singing marchers at Domboshawa.

Below left: WO2 Morrison, Irish Guards, takes drill practice for State Opening of Parliament.

Below: Helping hand from Sgt Rimmer, Irish Guards, on School of Infantry assault course.

MISSION IMPOSSIBLE





from them that Mr Mugabe's Chinese-supported 'Zanla' guerrilla group was formed.

On the opposite side of the country, making up the other 25 per cent of blacks, is the Matabele tribe who provided Dr Joshua Nkomo's Russian-backed 'Zipra' forces. Locally, the two groups were known as 'Zans' and 'Zips'.

When the seven-year war ended and Mr Mugabe won the free election (held with the aid of the Ceasefire Monitoring Force from Britain and Commonwealth countries) he faced the problem of how to form a new integrated and professional Zimbabwe National Army that would put aside the old quarrels and loyalties for just one common allegiance to their newly independent country.

His widely approved solution was to ask the British Government to provide a team of British Army experts. And so BMATT was born.

Explaining why he asked for this help, Mr Mugabe said: "The British give an element in the Army that, as a neutral force, can be relied upon by all three parties. There is confidence in them."

"The British Army can also offer the necessary expertise when it is not reasonable to have the Rhodesian Army training their former enemies, the two former guerrilla armies. I think it was mainly due to this that we managed to integrate most of our cadres into the new Zimbabwe Army."

The British presence, he felt, also gave the population — particularly the white people — a degree of assurance that they would not be victimised or attacked by the new party in power.

At BMATT Headquarters in King George VI Barracks near Salisbury, they are training three thousand men to form three new battalions each month — a hectic, high-pressure system which the British contingent have ruefully christened 'The Sausage Machine'.

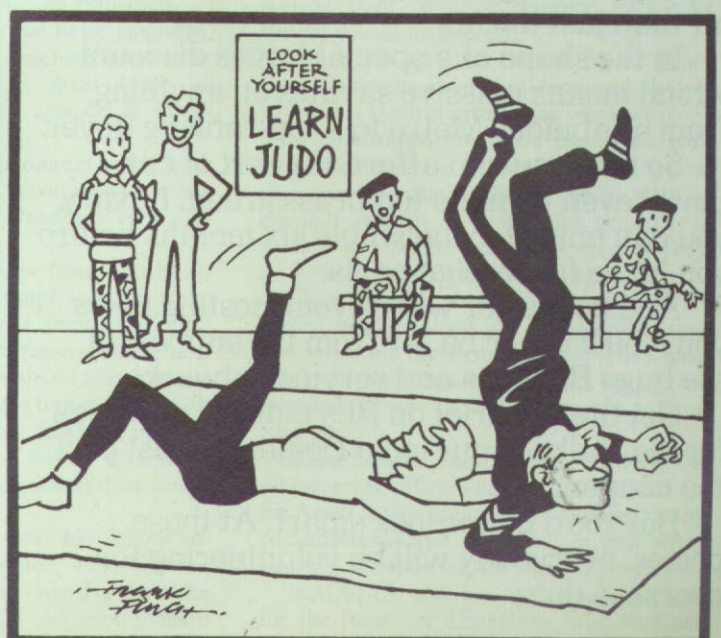
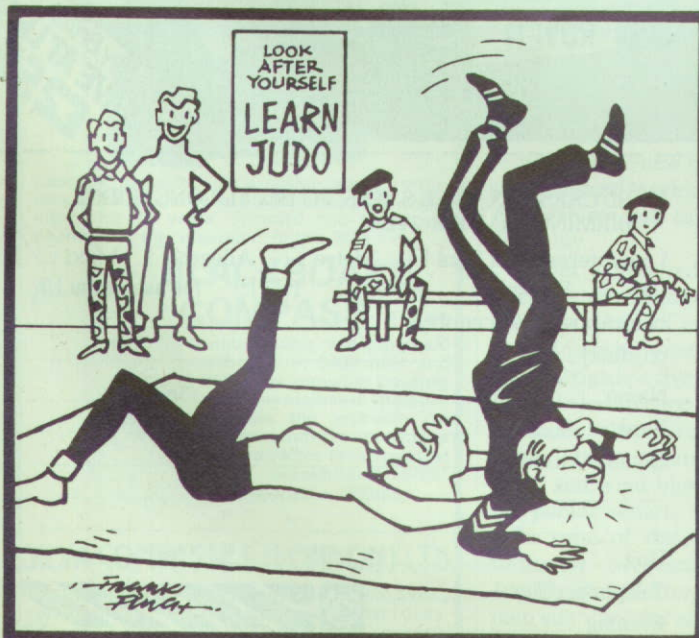
The new integrated battalions have an equal number of Zips and Zans and right the

Continued on page 25

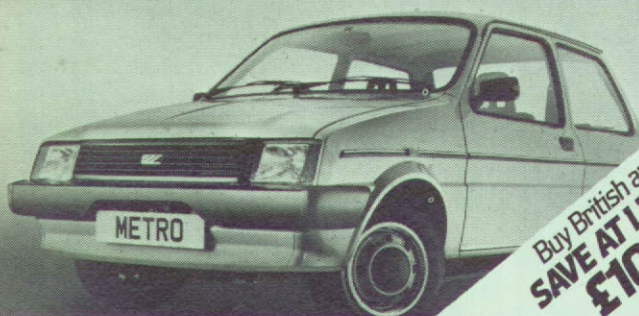
Left: Over the top again — at Domboshawa.

How observant are you?

These two pictures look alike but they differ in ten details. Look at them carefully. If you cannot spot the differences turn to page 55.



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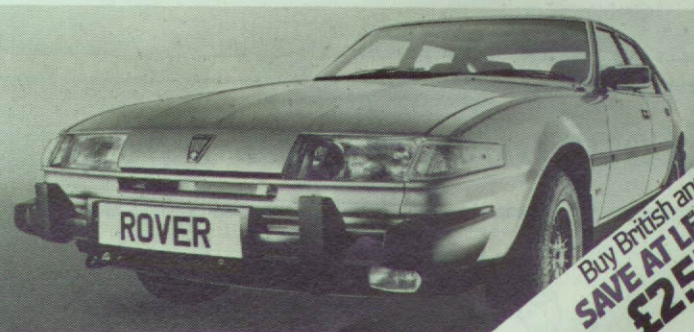
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S3

way down their rank structure — from a Lieutenant Colonel as commanding officer — Zips and Zans alternate.

Creating one of these new battalions starts with the Zipra and Zanla organisations selecting potential officers and NCOs from the vast pools of ex-guerrillas in Assembly Points near Salisbury and Bulawayo. These then go to the Zimbabwe Military Academy (ZMA) near Gwelo and the Chief Instructor, Major Peter Matthews of the Royal Regi-

ment of Wales, explained how they are tested and selected for five types of courses — Senior Management for lieutenant colonels and majors; Middle Management for captains and lieutenants; Senior and Junior NCO courses and a Drill and Weapons Instructor course.

ZMA's staff for the month-long courses includes five British officers and 25 warrant officers and SNCOs. The emphasis is on tests of intelligence and initiative and at the end of the third week, after an assessment meeting, the Chief Instructor draws up the new battalion's Order of Battle for approval by the Joint High Command.

At this stage, a British major and a sergeant major are appointed to the battalion as 'co-ordinators' and stay with it for six months.

A week later, 500 Zips and 500 Zans join their officers and NCOs and they train together for a further month at the School of Infantry. At the end of this the whole battalion and its co-ordinators move on to a selected base in the country within a Brigade area to continue the training process. And at each of the four Brigade HQs there are a British major, a warrant officer and two or three sergeants.

Among those instructing future instructors at the School of Infantry was Sergeant Chris Rimmer, Irish Guards. "They become good instructors, considering the time available to train them," he said.

BMATT staff find themselves facing a mass of problems. They have battalions that are using three languages and, in general, the Zimbabwe soldiers' standard of education is quite low.

It means that training can be a slow process, but BMATT staff are pleased to be working with keen, willing and generally cheerful material.

The Zimbabwe soldiers thoroughly enjoy parades and drill and it is not unusual to find them out before reveille practising by themselves. They sing as they march although the words of their songs are rather different from those favoured by British squaddies! A popular one, roughly translated, declares: "Don't cry for me mother if I die. I die for my country — Zimbabwe, Zimbabwe."

Teaching drill to some of these 'choristers' at Domboshawa was another Irish Guard, Sergeant Peter Keogh. "It's a good job but very demanding," he explained.

"You get to pick up the basic language. And when you're here teaching tactics the British way you get a great sense of achievement when they can do it themselves."

With all the new battalions emerging from the 'Sausage Machine', accommodation is a big problem and camp standards vary considerably.

About a hundred miles from Salisbury, outside the village of Rusape and out in the bush, is Major Callum Campbell, King's Own Scottish Borderers, the co-ordinator to No. 3 Brigade's five-month old fourth battalion. He has to cope with a tented camp with no water other than from bowzers, no electricity, the temperature falling to zero at night and wind-blown clouds of dust across the parade square.

In spite of this, he and his fellow co-ordinator Sergeant Major Ian Wilson, 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards, find the men stay cheerful and are very keen to learn military and administrative skills.

"They're slow to learn and there is a language problem. But they do try very hard," said Sergeant Wilson.

"This is a unique job. You have to deal with domestic as well as training problems."

Not all battalions have conditions as rough as at Rusape. Some find themselves in newly-built hutted camps, complete with mains services. But whatever living conditions are like, there is a good working spirit.

Below: Tips on arms drill from Sgt Keogh.



As one 21-year-old former Zipra guerrilla with four years of fighting behind him put it: "We are all one army now and we are all equal Zimbabweans."

BMATT's task extends beyond the basic infantry, field and later advanced level courses, into all the different corps' army needs. They are training cooks and mechanics, signallers and sappers, provost and paratroopers on specialist courses near Bulawayo and Salisbury. And it is in these units that many former Rhodesian Army soldiers serve.

The BMATT instructors find it all a fascinating challenge and, were it not for being separated from their families, six months would be all too short a time there. Zimbabwe is a beautiful country and most take the opportunity for a short break to visit the magnificent Victoria Falls, the Kariba Dam, Wankie National Park and similar places of interest.

Life is not all roses though. Quite apart from communications problems and having to work at intense pressure in often far from ideal conditions, there are health hazards too. Bilharzia — a virulent water-born bug that can be caught all too easily wading through swamps — is one that the British soldiers are particularly wary of, and they are given regular blood tests as a precaution.

There can be no doubt that BMATT's record in Zimbabwe is a considerable success story for the British Army. They have achieved what can be summed up by the Matabele word 'indaba'. It means talking together.

Major General Palmer says: "I believe the long-serving officers and NCOs of the British Army have a great ability to adapt to any circumstances and to get along well with, and win the trust of, all sorts of people."

"BMATT's task is a very important one for the future of Zimbabwe. The staff are carrying it out magnificently."

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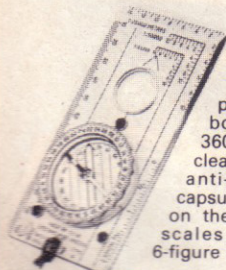


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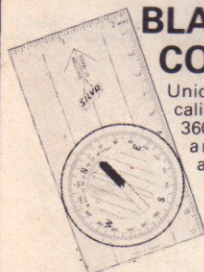
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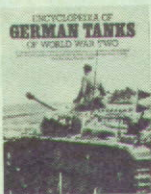
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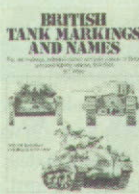
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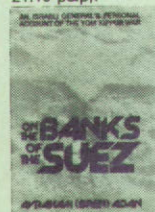
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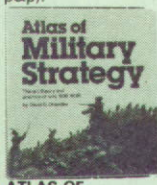
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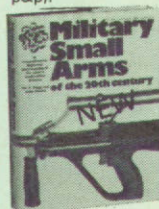
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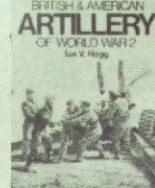
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**It all started
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Malaya**



Now Hash is a Worldwide Smash

Above: Hares (and a hound) laying the trail.

Below: Hound has to jump stream on false scent.



YOU MAY RECALL that in last year's Cyprus Walkabout (*SOLDIER* December) a team of three gentlemen, all in their thirties, surprised everyone except themselves by coming second and beating scores of teams of youngsters half their age. Later the trio from the Episkopi Hash House Harriers attributed their success to 'hashing' — a sport which apparently required a lot of running and an equal amount of beer drinking.

From the sunny island of Cyprus to the snow carpeted hills around Bielefeld in Western Germany seems a long way, but one of the many things that officers serving in the two areas have in common is Hash House Harriers.

The original Hash House Harriers were formed at the Selangor Club in Kuala Lumpur, Malaya, back in 1938. It is said that the name derives from a bar and restaurant where the runs ended.

In 1962 hashing spread to Singapore and since then it has been cropping up all over the place: Brunei; Indonesia; Sydney; Jordan; the United Kingdom; South Korea; Washington; and Thailand — to name but a few.

continued on page 28

The two hares on a wintry morning when SOLDIER visited Bielefeld earlier this year were Major Bob Fitzsimmons and Major Joe Hastings, both of the Royal Army Ordnance Corps. Their task was to lay a trail of sawdust, together with various false trails, covering a distance of three to five miles.

After they had returned with empty sawdust bags they awaited the arrival of the pack. Soon about ten worthies had departed to investigate the various starts which had been laid — all but one of them false. Then, with whoops and cries, the pack disappeared into the distance.

The hares told us all about the Bielefeld group. It was started in late 1975 and this was meeting No. 174. The idea was not to race round but to give people some exercise on a Saturday morning — and following trails gave it a military application too.

Sawdust trails were regarded as being ecologically sound (they might even be mistaken for the work of rather busy woodpeckers) and the run was for gentlemen.

Service officers plus civilians such as schoolteachers and Department of Environment representatives take part. And in the school holidays the numbers are swollen by boys home from boarding school. But women are strictly barred.

Said Major Fitzsimmons: "We have had various representations from ladies and we have said you must start your own hash if you want to take part."

Those who hash do wear the same tie (it shows the letters H3 and a hound and hare) and they all have hashing names. These may be given them because of their real name (for example — surname Lilley = Petal) or physical features (man with big ears = Wing Nut), or their job (S Ord Off — as in shotgun) or from an incident in their initial runs. A man whose baby was locked in the car by his wife on his first run will be called 'Locked Fast' for ever and a day.

It all sounds and is very light hearted and as the hounds drank their German beer at the



Above: End of the run and time for refreshment.

end of the run 'Torch', who is actually Captain Steve Halligan, Royal Army Educational Corps, confirmed it by saying: "It is just a laugh and not something you have to believe in. It's a bit of exercise and fresh air."

And another officer, who asked not to be named for obvious reasons, added: "Anybody who goes out for a run in this snow has got to be mad — but it beats going shopping with your wife!"

Captain Phil Brooks, who is secretary of

the 35 strong Bielefeld group, has to write up each run for posterity. He says: "Running is not my forte but you do see a lot of the countryside. And the cunning you can apply to hash when you are a hare has military applications."

Hashing has come a long way since it started back in British Malaya. Today there is a secretary for the pastime worldwide. His address for those who fancy taking it up is: Mr John M B Duncan, PO Box 2516, Kuala Lumpur, West Malaysia.



Left: Stepping it out in the heat of Cyprus and (above) in the snow covered hills of Germany.

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**Graham Smith
reports from the
beach-head as TA
medics and
wounded . . .**

SPRINT TO SAFETY

THE EMERGENCY FIELD HOSPITAL was about to be over-run. Withdrawal to the beach two-and-a-half miles away for evacuation by sea was the only line of escape. Doctors, nurses and medical orderlies — together with walking wounded, their heads and limbs swathed in bandages — stumbled through squelching dunes, strafed from the air by a Hawk fighter. More serious casualties, on stretchers, were ferried to the

Above: Helping a walking casualty across dunes.
Below: Priority One case rushed from 'chopper'.



Pictures: Doug Pratt

beach-head by helicopter. The enemy were advancing fast. But the landing craft was on its way. Would they make it to safety in time?

In the words of the Army PR people, it was a 'mini-Dunkirk situation'. But this was 41 years after the historic rescue of 338,000 Allied troops from the French littoral. And the beach was in North Devon not Northern France.

The evacuees this year were part-time men and women soldiers from 219 (Wessex) General Hospital, Royal Army Medical Corps (Volunteers) — drawn from Bristol, Oxford, Portsmouth and Weymouth — attending their annual camp. And Exercise Juno — code name for the dash to safety — was vital training for the sort of dreadful eventuality they might have to face in a war.

The idea for Exercise Juno, which took place round Fremington Camp near Barnstaple, was the unit's own brainchild. First conceived over three years ago and planned meticulously for as many months, it saw the light of day under the expert eyes of two visiting medical 'top brass' — Brigadier Derek Wilkins, their former commanding officer and now Adviser on the TA to the Director General Army Medical Services, and Brigadier Andrew Worthington, Deputy Director of Army Medical Services at HQ United Kingdom Land Forces at Wilton.

Exercise Juno's busy scenario had its stirrings at dawn and was played out against a menacing low cloud base throughout the vital proving day. It culminated on the edge of the sand-strewn nature reserve of Braunton Burrows, a bird life sanctuary flanked by rain

sodden, vegetation-choked dunes near the broad estuary of the Taw and Torridge rivers as they merge near Appledore.

The exercise script called for the TA to provide medical cover for a friendly force by setting up a 50-bed field hospital for 36 hours.

However, with the imminent danger of being over-run by the 'enemy' — a baker's dozen of Air Training Corps cadets from Trowbridge — the order was given for the evacuation of the hospital staff en masse from Fremington Camp.

A solitary Army Air Corps Scout helicopter from Netheravon tirelessly shuttled eight stretcher cases the two-and-a-half miles from Fremington Camp to the beach-head at Crow Point, site of the intended amphibious withdrawal sequence.

These air-lifted Priority One 'casualties' travelled in unnerving style — prone in a single coffin-like pod set on the left-hand side of the helicopter's 'doors-off' cabin.

In best television MASH tradition, the casualties were rushed, complete with drip feeds, over undulating dunes to a small tent pitched in a hollow serving as the Beach Medical Aid Post and manned by five personnel.

Patients unloaded, the Scout banked and crabbed its way back, low level as it had arrived, across the Taw to Fremington Camp.

Lieutenant-Colonel John Jones, second-in-command of 219 General Hospital and a London-based GP, watched the unfolding events and explained: "Our task is to utilise the professional expertise of our doctors and

nurses as well as train people — from window cleaners to car workers — in this type of role. My particular task in all this was to set up a hospital exercise on a 48-hour basis. We are, in fact, capable of setting up a 700-bed hospital unit. We would also find 125 tons of equipment at our war location, wherever that would be."

Alongside his window cleaners and car workers enduring the regimens of the exercise were secretaries, telephonists, teachers, a university lecturer, insurance salesmen, a bookmaker and a prison officer.

Lieutenant-Colonel Jones again: "Our unit strength is 378 against an establishment of 333 which translates into a 112 per cent subscriber rate. But this doesn't mean all slots are full. We would certainly like to enrol more specialists. In the last three years we have taken part in a mini-MASH in Belgium, similar ventures in the UK and last year, of course, we were involved in Crusader 80.

"The outstanding reason we are practising this evacuation — and this is all our own idea — is that we feel we must become skilled in speedy implementation of such a task. In Crusader, for example, we proved ourselves reasonably well. We could receive, treat and evacuate casualties but we did not get to practise the evacuation of the hospital staff which is the forte of this particular exercise today."

Meanwhile, as yet out of sight of desolate Crow Point and amid the squelching undergrowth of the dunes, the unarmed hospital staff — including a score of 'walking wounded' — were already on their tortuous

continued on page 33

Below: Field Hospital staff board the LCU.



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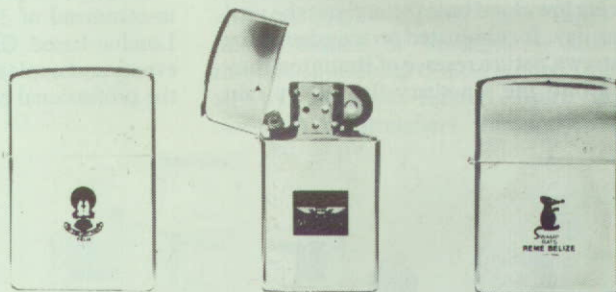
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Above: Stretcher casualty awaits evacuation.

trek to safety in their NBC or 'Noddy' suits, a safeguard against aerial bacteria sorties from unfriendly fighter aircraft.

Spurring on his escorting sections was Major Mike Pike, a part-time soldier nowadays as a TA quartermaster but a one-time

Military Medallist in Malaya with 24 years of infantry service to his credit.

They were figuratively strafed, on pre-arranged request, by a lone Hawk fighter from RAF Strike Command's No 2 Tactical Weapons Unit at nearby Chivenor which trains pilots and navigators to fly front-line aircraft with operational squadrons.

The Hawk pilot obligingly 'buzzed' the fleeing medics and their charges in a low level, seven-miles-a-minute training sortie, with air cadets providing a spume of smoke from a thunderflash by way of a visiting card.

Apart from the hazard of airborne attacks, the fugitives were also on the alert for ambushes by their notional enemy, the ATC.

And the same fresh-faced foe also doubled up as casualties at different stages to give the Casualty Simulation Teams practice in using loaves of bread, discarded nylon tights and the inevitable lashings of ketchup to depict open wounds, burns and blisters. Yards of bandages were entwined round numerous heads and limbs in the cause of all-important realism.

Major Pike said: "The cadets came to us thanks to the efforts of a local policeman in Bath. They seem very keen to help. Who knows, after this, they may want to change the colour of their uniforms and join the Army!"

For the fugitives escaping through the dunes, the rate of progress in the mangrove-swamp conditions was good — about a mile an hour. And there was only one real casualty — a kneecap fusion.

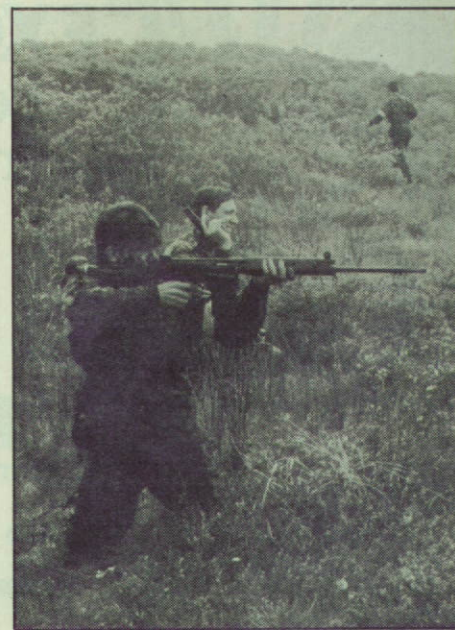
The evacuees made the beach-head area safely, strung out in an interrupted column to make their way along the sand-and-scrub shoreline for orderly embarkation aboard the flat-bottomed Landing Craft Universal. Crewed by men from the Amphibious Trials Training Unit, Royal Marines, it had been brought across from Instow, half-a-mile away, at precisely 1400 hours, its prompt arrival vital because of the high tide.

Low cloud thwarted what should have been the final spectacle — a severe strafing of a luckless landing craft as it throbbed out into the middle of the Taw with its life-jacketed evacuees.

But the aborted air strike aside, the exercise planners and directing staff were well pleased with events. And none more than Colonel Kevin Burke, the Commanding Officer of 219 General Hospital and a Bristol GP who, nostalgically, was attending his last annual camp before handing over to Lieutenant-Colonel Jones.

"Few of us here have any concept of what war in BAOR would be like," he said. "We hear tales of the non-stop Russian plans of advance by day and by night. We must be prepared, at any time, to be able to evacuate a hospital like ours very rapidly. This part of the exercise is exceedingly important.

"The evacuation has gone very smoothly today. It was quick and efficient, I thought. The actual tactical side of it was well controlled. I think we have learned a lot, particularly in regards to the treatment of the wounded while in the field. I am very happy with the outcome and speaking to the soldiers they have told me that we ought to do this sort of thing more often."



Above: Hostile fire from the air cadet 'enemy'.

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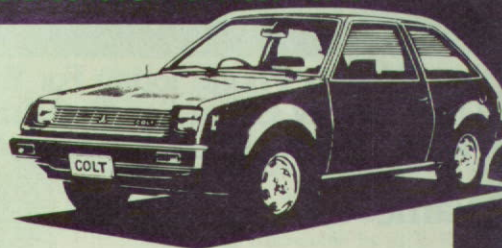
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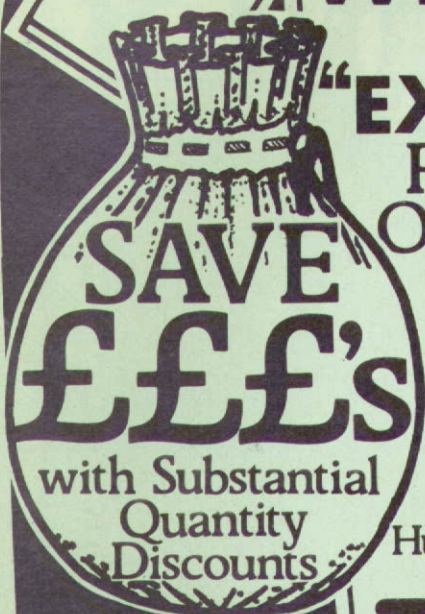
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The Princess of Wales (Band of the Welsh Guards) (Conductor: Major D N Taylor) (Academy Sound & Visual Ltd, 115 Fulham Road, London SW3 — ASV 103) Now here's a pretty thing. 'Tywysoges Cymru' doesn't sound anything like as euphonious so perhaps the Welsh language lobby should let things slide until July 30th.



Red hot from the press comes this pleasant little melody by Raymond Davies and Norman Jones which, no doubt, will accompany many a TV and film showing of the great day. It's only a single at £1.10 plus p & p, but on what I think is called the B side you have a Grade A version of *God Bless the Prince of Wales* in its original Victorian drawing-room sentimentality as sung by many a chinless wonder. Corporal Medwin Williams of HM Welsh Guards band, a tenor unknown to countless millions, may well be singing in countless drawing rooms long after the name of Caruso has been forgotten if this disc hits the charts. A pity there was no room for more verse of Ceirg Hughes which Brinley Richards so aptly set.

The main tune *The Princess of Wales* has no words, and wisely so, for some lyrics we have so far received "for someone to set to music" have had us rolling in the aisles. I mean, 'Diana' rhymed with 'piano', and 'Lady Di' with 'Baby bye and bye' tell one more about the author than the subject.

A suitable little gift for grandchildren on this Hauspicious Occasion. **RB**

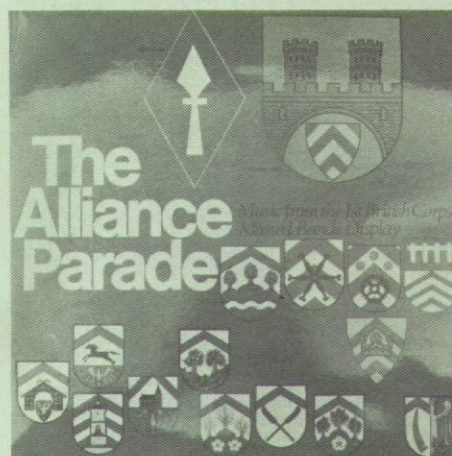
The Alliance Parade (Vol 2) (Massed Bands of 1st British Corps) (Musical Director: Captain G Turner) (DR Orchestral & Recording Services DR 32)

The second record of the same title but this time the 1981 display held in Bielefeld. The centre-piece is that musical rarity, not to say monstrosity, Beethoven's symphony known as *Wellington's Victory* or *The Battle of Vittoria* — not quite as Beethoven wrote it but near enough to demonstrate that even geniuses nod sometimes. It serves well enough though for whatever battle scene was depicted in the arena, and is a change from 1812 and the even more decomposed Battle of Waterloo. A small fortune awaits the composer of a new battle scene, but in the interests of *entente*, Nato, the alliance, and all other temporary get-togethers please make it the Battle of Edgehill, Marston

ON RECORD

Moor, or even Sidney Street rather than one of those where we knocked erstwhile enemies, now friends, for six.

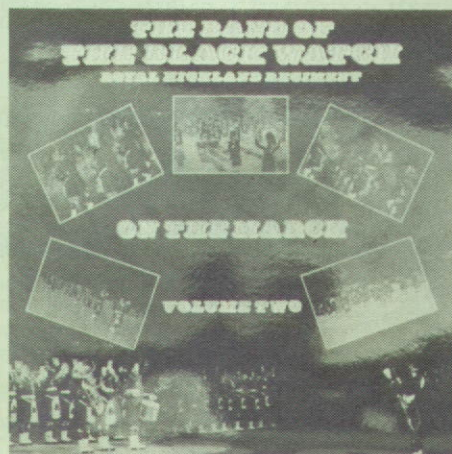
The bands of QOH, Cambrai RTR, 1 Kings, 1 DERR, 2 RGJ and the pipes and drums of Scots DG give a well recorded programme of marching



tunes, starting with *Around the Shows* and continuing with a medley called *With Pomp and Pride*. The latter includes *The Alliance March* by Captain Turner, who also seems to have arranged almost every semiquaver on the record, *Entry of the Gladiators*, *Under the Double Eagle*, *Florentiner*, *Radetzky* and *Old Comrades*. The pipes and drums play Heykins' *Serenade*, *Morning has Broken*, and in spite of recent correspondence, that well known pibroch *Muss I denn zum Städtel Naus*. **RB**

On the March (Vol 2) (Band of the Black Watch) (Conductor: Bandmaster N M Rogerson) (DR Orchestral & Recording Services, 36 Garrick Gdns, W Molesey, Surrey — DR 23)

Volume 2 in this series, which will hopefully cover the whole field of military marches eventually, contains fourteen more which can bear the epithets 'well-known' and 'successful' if not the ultimate accolade — 'great'.



I have dealt on many occasions with the attributes of a great march, and I'm sure it is not the greats that we are after in this series, at least not to the exclusion of many much-loved marches which rarely get a hearing on disc. If my words have any influence whatsoever than I hope that if we reach, say, volume ten (140 marches) about a hundred of them will be 'other' marches of Sousa, Alford, Blankenburg, Ord Hume and the rest, and the one-off mini-masterpieces of many an unsung mid-European kapellmeister.

As a library for new collectors of course this

series promises to contain everything you ever wanted, and should be assembled while the going is good.

Sousa: *High School Cadets*, *Manhattan Beach*, *King Cotton*; Alford: *Voice of the Guns*, *The Middy*, *Standard of St George*; Losey: *Waldmere*; J. H. Howe: *Pride of Princes Street*, *Pentland Hills*; Latann: *Light of Foot*; A. E. Kelly: *Arromanches*; J. M. Rogan: *Bond of Friendship*; Panella: *On the Square*; Seitz: *Grandioso*. **RB**

Staffords (Band of the Staffordshire Regiment) (Conductor: Bandmaster J W Baines) (Music Masters MM 0573)

Here's another dynamic and nicely chosen programme from one of our county regiments, recording under Michael John's Music Masters label — a Godsend to Army bands in the changing world of discography. How much of a Godsend at this moment in the Army's history our politicians may soon tell us.

The programme opens, paradoxically, with a well known closer — *Rule Britannia* with all stops out. Here Ray Woodfield goes through his chord repertory to create a mood of anticipation by means of fanfares and restless harmonic devices, all to great effect. Seitz's fine march *Grandioso* has been done a lot lately but is always worth a hearing, as is Ron Goodwin's *Luftwaffe*. The name Dimbleby inevitably comes to mind with Rimsky-Korsakov's *Procession of the Nobles*, signature tune of the TV programme *Panorama*, and a Bandsman Dimblebee gets a mention as flute soloist in that little charmer *Tambourin* by Gossec which James Galway makes such play with.

Three items which look to popular music for their inspiration, and very successfully too, are



Pop Looks Bach (The theme music for the 1980 Winter Olympics), *Rock 'n' Roll March* by Alan Moorhouse, and Ted Huggens's *New Baroque Suite*. Strange that many people to whom the name Bach is anathema find his tunes so attractive when imitated, or used to advertise those small cigars.

After a little paso-doble by A E Kelly called *Holiday in Spain* Mr Baines is responsible for an arrangement of the Regiment's colour march *We'll gang nae mair to yon town as a patrol*, beginning traditionally with fife and drum only, the band joining in, then dying away to leave solo fife and drum to their duty. Always a tear-jerker this old device, and would have made a fine exit for the programme. As it is, those marvellous tunes *Romaika* (N Staffs) and the present tunes *Come Lassies and Lads* and *The Days we went a-gypsying* give an attractive programme a more traditional ending.

From RHQ Staffords, Whittington Bks, Lichfield, price £4.60 inclusive. Cassette £5. **RB**

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THE RSPCA



SOL B8

The legendary French Foreign Legion, now 150 years old, still attracts recruits from all over the world. Graham Smith has been talking to two Britons — one still serving in the British Army — who have worn the famous KEPI BLANC.

THE LURE OF THE LEGION

ROMANTICISED IN THE PAGES of literature such as P C Wren's *Beau Geste* yet ridiculed on the world's cinema screens by the likes of Hollywood's Laurel and Hardy, the French Foreign Legion proudly marched into history and its 150th anniversary earlier this year.

Men from some 80 nations, traditionally using false names, are said to have sampled the unique blend of comradeship and rock-hard soldiering skill for which the *Légion Etrangère* has been famous, or infamous, since its inception in 1831. It was created as a sort of prototype Special Force by a Royal Ordinance under the quilled signature of King Louis Philippe to protect French colonial empire interests of that time.

Many Britons have served — and still do — with distinction, discretion and, perhaps even occasionally, dishonour in the French Foreign Legion.

The British Army of today has at least three serving members who were once legionnaires.

And in a quiet corner of London's bustling East End lives the 63-year-old secretary of the 38-strong British Foreign Legion Association (Association Amicale des Anciens Combattants de la Légion Etrangère de Grande-Bretagne), Mr John Yeowell — formerly legionnaire 78154 'John Jerningham' — who joined its illustrious ranks "right on a moment of impulse" in 1937 for a five year unconditional term.

It is estimated by some sources that rather more than five per cent of the Foreign Legion's current 8000-man spearhead strike force of international troubleshooters are British.

Mr Yeowell hit upon the idea of forming his British Association "in an idle moment" thirty years ago, placing adverts in two London evening newspapers and hoping he



Above: A Flag parade at Sidi-bel-Abbes HQ. would meet some of his former Legionnaire fraternity. He never has!

Two ex-legionnaires responded to the advert, one of them asking him to ring Whitehall 1212 — it was a police officer at Scotland Yard. Others joined the Association over the years — UK-domiciled Hungarians, Germans, Belgians, Russians and Poles plus about two dozen English-born former legionnaires, two-thirds of whom had served in the British Army at some time or other.

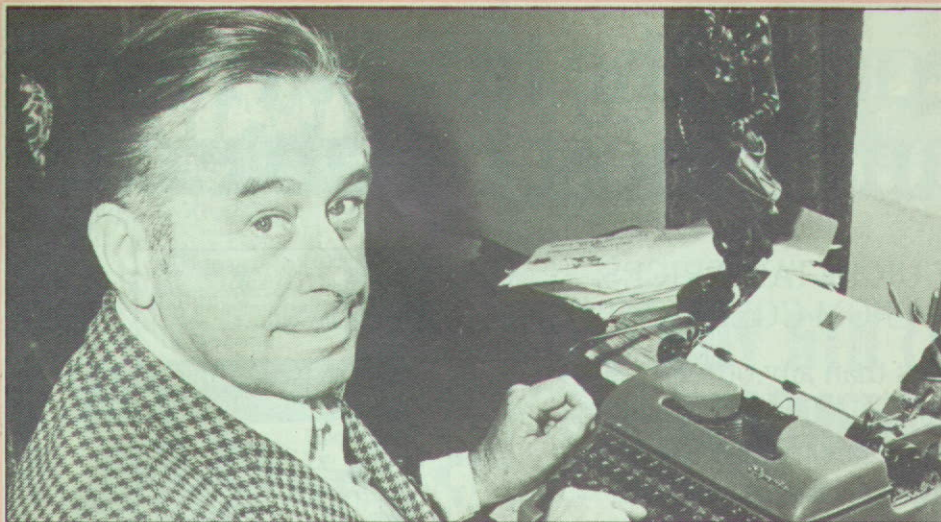
Now, they travel from all over Britain to

hold reunions on April 30 — to commemorate Camaron Day — a particularly heroic action fought by less than 60 legionnaires against a whole army in Mexico in 1863.

The British-born legionnaires attended the reunions regularly for the first four or five years then began to drop out only to re-appear about ten years later.

"They would say 'Do you remember me?'. They'd been in the Swedish Navy or something odd like that," said Mr Yeowell.

But the French Foreign Legion, once said to have attracted the "scum and riff-raff of Europe" and eager conscripts such as



Left: Mr John Yeowell and secretarial duties.

killers, rapists, thieves, embezzlers, unfrocked clergy and lovelorn aristocrats — an allegation roundly refuted by Mr Yeowell — has always appealed to the Englishman.

He said: "The English have a different motive for joining the Legion. Being insular they see something romantic about it — a Boys' Own paper syndrome of finding romance and adventure. Very often, when they have found themselves faced with a bit of hardship, the adventure and romance wears off.

"There are, I believe, more British in the Legion than ever before. I cannot think why this is. Before the war they used to go into the Legion for economic reasons. Many of the continentals went into it for political reasons, like Russian officers and the Germans. Others used to see it as just another job. People wanting to get away from the law were walking into a terrible trap because one of the first things that happens is that the Deuxième Bureau takes photographs and fingerprints.

"But once you are in the Legion they hold on to you. This is based on the strict principle that they will support and defend their own people. I was told I was not serving France and it was no use going to the British Consul for help — my loyalty was to the Legion."

Mr Yeowell, who was later to spend 29 years working in the more sober environment of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, pledged his loyalty to the Legion in 1937 — but not without some doubts.

Then just 19 years old, he researched the Legion in Marylebone public library, took a day trip to Boulogne, made his way to Paris, took a taxi to the War Ministry and exercised his right to 'sign on' anonymously as 'John Jerningham' and become proud Legionnaire "Soixante-dix-huit cent cinquante-quatre!" (78154).

"I joined absolutely right on the impulse of the moment. I thought if I didn't do it then, I'd do it in ten years' time. I signed on for the five years. Two days later I was very sorry I had done so. I suddenly realised that there was going to be a bit more to it all than being kitted out in a beautiful uniform. I was too late. I couldn't change my mind. One either fights the system or goes along with it. If you fight, it can be hell. If you go along with it, it can be decent."

So, Legionnaire 78154 trained and saw service in Algeria and Morocco including time at the HQ of Sidi-bel-Abbès which was given up after the Legion took its stance

against the French government during the war in Algeria.

"Looking back, I suppose it was very unfeeling of me to join the Legion. I was a bit of a restless soul and had been living in an artist's garret in Chelsea for a few months. I was a great worry to my old mother but I did send her a postcard telling her I was in the French Foreign Legion."

Was life for the legionnaires, protected from the sun by their *kepis blancs* (white caps) and from the sun-bronzed desert inhabitants by their 1887 Lebel rifles, as exciting and brutish as depicted in Wren's *Beau Geste* — an Army motivated by the motto of 'march-or-die'?

Mr Yeowell grinned and had to admit he had read the book but *after* he had left the Legion.

"Some of the adventures in it are a bit preposterous, like stuffing the bodies of dead legionnaires along the top of a fort's walls to give a false sense of strength to the attackers. But Wren's basic description of life in the Legion was good, I thought — he was an ex-legionnaire himself."

And what about the hair-raising tales of punishments meted out to luckless legionnaires who broke the code of discipline? Penalties like crawling on all fours picking up dead leaves with their teeth and washing concrete courtyards with their tongues!

Or another, where an apprehended man might have to crawl the last mile to the punishment centre — his suitcase clamped between his teeth and a heavy sack in each hand.

What about another form of retribution involving two days spent hitting a stump with a sledgehammer at the rate of 800 blows an hour?

And could it be true that a man, at the end of a six months' punishment session, was told by the guards to close his eyes and open his mouth, only for one of them to spit in it?

"You expect to be punished if you disobey," said Mr. Yeowell. "Though I think some of those punishments, just mentioned, are exaggerated. By all accounts I am told it is tougher in the Legion now than it was in my time. Then they were simple punishments which could be awarded by a sergeant."

One involved standing at the foot of the bed wearing everything deemed necessary for an 'en marche' order — and that meant everything. The kit had to be put on at night in darkness and took about two hours to complete. And it had to be done quietly.

Mr Yeowell had been awarded the punishment along with a German friend because they had decided to skip the showers to go to town on pay day. A fortnight's pay was 75 francs, and in those days there were 175 francs to the British pound.

Prison cell guard duties, tending prisoners awaiting the arrival of the travelling *tribunal de guerre* (court-martial) and the sign over the door — "You enter as a lion; you leave as a lamb" deterred the young Yeowell alias 'Jerningham' from any ideas of desertion. Some 200 legionnaires, it has been said, are on the run at any one time.

"I thought it wasn't worth deserting. A persistent Belgian escapee warned me that he had joined the Legion in 1935 and was just starting his service — in 1937."

There have also been accounts of men trying to swim the eight-mile straits between Corsica — the Legion's HQ island — to southerly Sardinia to flee the rigours of the Legion.

The Germans in the 1920s had their own deterrent — or thought they did — to dissuade their Sixth Formers from joining the Legion. They put out 130,000 copies of a book entitled *Die Schreckenisse der französischen Fremdenlegion* (The Terrors of the French Foreign Legion) by one Erwin Rosen. It didn't work. Germans still predominated this unique military force.

Training . . . cleaning . . . and marching made up Legionnaire 78154's life in the sun-drenched, 140-degree Sahara.

"When I joined the Legion there was this fetish for marching — marching every Thursday which became more gruelling each week. You had to carry everything you possessed — blankets, spare boots, ammunition and even vegetables from the kitchen."

Somebody had also told him, he recalls, that cleanliness was the nearest any lusty legionnaire would get to Godliness!

In Morocco he was engaged in policing duties during the Rif War — a continuous conflict since 1924 — and also found himself assisting the Legion's public relations effort on *marches de drapeau* (flag marches) through local villages.

At the end of it all — "my French was always pretty lousy" — he had learned some of the "choicest" words from the Gallic language.

Legionnaire 78154 eventually found his way with comrades to Norway with the 13th Demi-Brigade to take part in the Narvik episode north of the Arctic Circle which was the first Allied land victory of the war.

"Later, I learned that they had asked for volunteers but I don't remember the volunteer bit," he says now. "I suppose I must have volunteered. I thought we were going to be sacrificed for the history of the Legion and meant to die *en face de l'ennemi* (confronting the enemy)."

He added: "It was such high quality equipment we had. We had been given ski training by the Alpine Chasseurs, wore sheepskin jackets and mountain boots and had up-to-date rifles — a change from my own Fusil Lebel issued in North Africa."

Young Jerningham, known to his legionnaire confrères as 'John Bull', eventually found himself on British shores evacuated along with 1200 men of the two Legion battalions. He managed to stay with the Legion,

continued on page 41

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9	Ford	10.1
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11	BMW	10.6
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13	Fiat	13.8
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'C' COY 5TH (V) BN THE ROYAL REGIMENT OF FUSILIERS

Although small, this recently opened one-room museum created by Territorials for Territorials is none the less interesting with a useful nucleus of exhibits. On display against a background of red carpet and immaculately polished glass cases are items from various TA units, ancestors of the present day 'C' Company, 5th (Volunteer) Battalion, The Royal Regiment of Fusiliers.

The story starts in 1859 and we learn how two companies of Territorial Volunteers were raised from students at the Working Men's College, Holborn, and put under the command of Thomas Hughes, the author of *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, which he based on his own schooldays at Rugby, and who was among the first to join the Volunteer movement. Worth noting in this early period are two Simkin water colours featuring the 46th Middlesex Rifle Volunteer Corps.

Helmet plates, some examples of Mess cutlery used by the 19th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers and a drummer's sword with brass hilt and black scabbard pave the way to the South African War with some photographs of the City Imperial Volunteers in action.

Of particular significance are two dark blue Colour belts showing the battle honours of the Royal Fusiliers which were originally hanging in the officers' mess at 'C' Company headquarters, for it is to these Colour belts that the museum virtually owes its existence. It came about like this. Bert Mayle, the TA Sergeant Caterer in the Mess and a keen military historian, thought the belts should be seen by a wider public and he mentioned this to another Territorial, Sergeant John Mills, who had similar interests. Between them the idea of forming a museum took shape and, after much effort, finally blossomed into reality.

The two Colour belts are now in a large glass case given over to uniforms, among them a Fusilier Lieutenant in full dress complete with bearskin, while another model shows an NCO in scarlet tunic and wearing the distinctive sealskin cap characteristic of all other Fusilier ranks.

Next are a 1917 Christmas card from the 56th London Division Territorial Force and a copy of *The Dagger*, the Divisional magazine. Moving on to the years after the

first World War, two photographs attract attention. One shows a sergeant demonstrating a Vickers machine gun outside a recruiting centre in the Euston Road in 1931 while the other takes a look at a group of soldier cyclists. Sporting trophies include the Mayor of Wandsworth's Medal for Bayonet Fighting and two silver cups for Skill at Arms and Marksmanship awarded to Corporal R J Myall of the 9th Battalion, Royal Fusiliers.

Among several World War Two souvenirs are the Bow Bells shoulder flash of the 47th Division and the Dick Whittington and his Cat sign of the 56th Division in both of which Fusilier battalions served, while a group of medals includes a Military Cross won by Captain Robert Ricks for gallantry at Salerno.

A selection of Fusilier cap badges, buttons and hackles and a TAER (Territorial Army Emergency Reserve) shoulder flash of the 1960s indicating that the wearer had undertaken to serve anywhere overseas at short notice, can be seen in another case.

Other items include a pennant flown by 624 Light Anti-Aircraft Battery RA (RF) TA bearing the badges of both the Royal Artillery (TA) and the Royal Fusiliers (TA) set against regimental colour backgrounds of maroon and blue, a drum major's mace of the 2nd London Regiment, Royal Fusiliers and a selection of stable belts.

This young museum has made a good start, is eager to expand and is always ready to receive items of regimental interest.

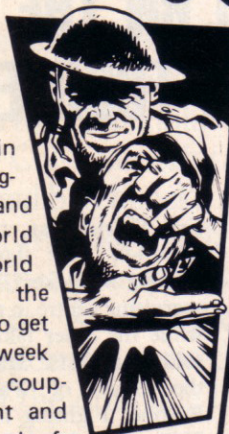
John Jesse

Curators: Sergeant Albert Mayle and Sergeant John Mills
Address: 'C' Coy, 5th Bn RRF, Fusilier House, 213 Balham High Road, London SW17 7BQ.
Telephone: 01-672 1168
Open: Monday to Friday evenings
Closed: Saturday, Sunday and public holidays except by appointment
To get there: British Rail or Northern Line to Balham

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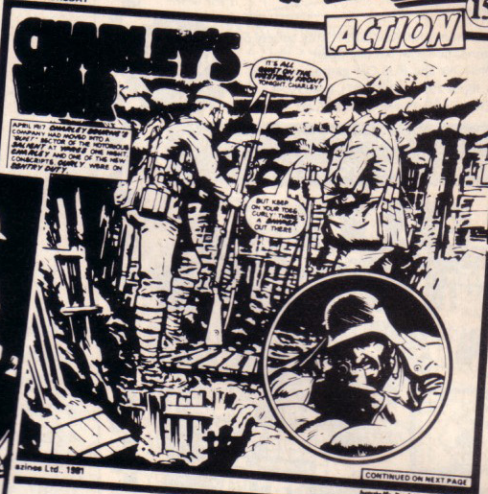
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Nearly a century after his death at Khartoum

Above: The uniformed parade held every Sunday.

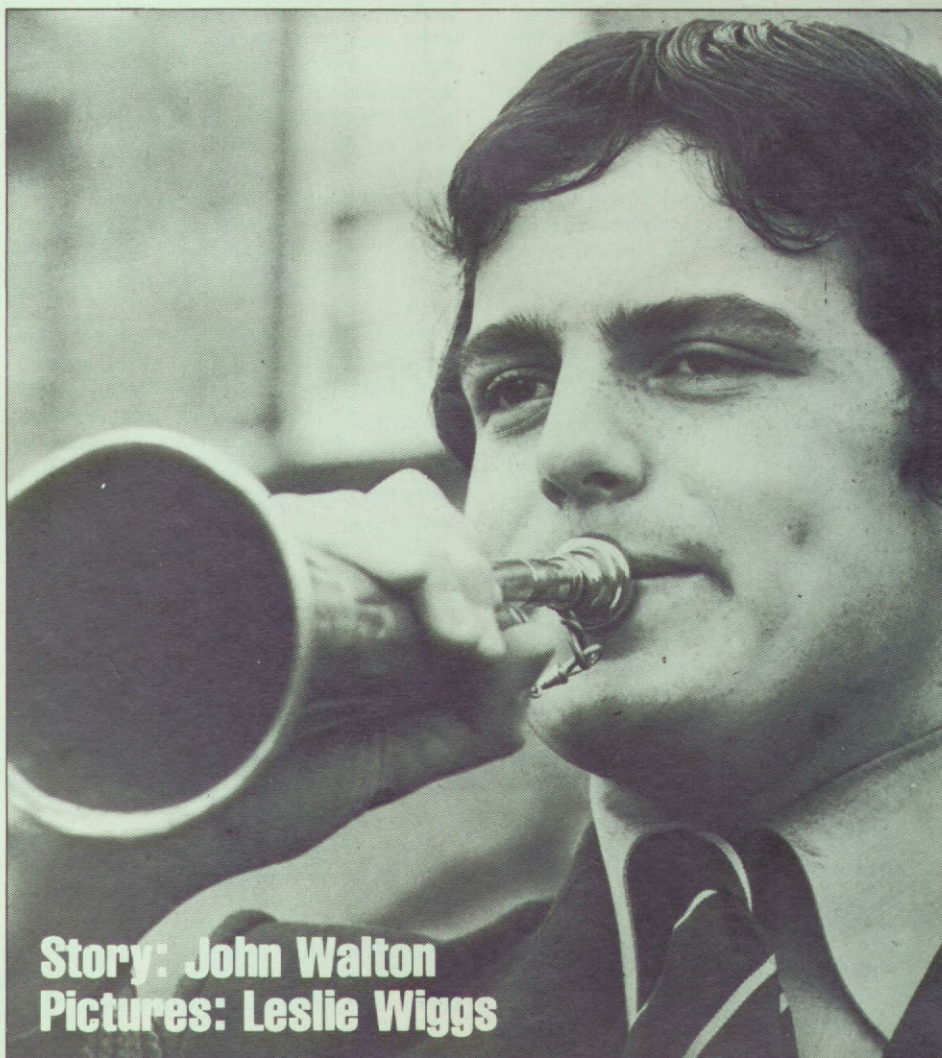
Below: Bugler summonses the boys to a meal.

GORDON'S NAME LIVES ON — NEAR WOKING

GETTING ON FOR a century ago General Gordon was assassinated in Khartoum by the Mahdi's followers. And that same year, 1885, the Gordon Boys School at Woking was founded by public subscription and at the express wish of Queen Victoria.

In those early days and right up until quite recent times the school was a hard place. Its pupils were mostly orphans of Servicemen or deprived in some other way. Discipline was strict and the reward for any minor infraction would be a good beating.

Fierce martinets glaring out from photographs in the study of the present headmaster, Mr Michael Kirk, are reminders of those Dickensian style days. Another is the last of



Story: John Walton
Pictures: Leslie Wiggs

the 'punishment cells' — now happily in use as a store cupboard.

But today the institutional aspect of the school has gone. It is run along the lines of any normal public or boarding school while at the same time retaining some of its military tradition. And more than four-fifths of the pupils are from Service families — though only a few have deprived backgrounds.

Mr Kirk, who was previously a housemaster at Stowe public school, took up the post two-and-a-half years ago. Until 1969 the school was under the dual control of a military commandant and a headmaster although it was never a military establishment.

In bygone days the Gordon Boys' School was a trade training school where deprived youngsters were admitted at about school leaving age (lower than now). Gaps in their general education were filled and they were trained in such things as carpentry, shoemaking, tailoring, bricklaying and others.

All that part of the school curriculum has now completely disappeared but there are plenty of mementoes, such as buildings with 'Rebuilt by Gordon Boys Bricklayers' inscribed on them.

Today, like other schools, the education revolves around the GCE and CSE examinations. The 250 boys are aged from 12 to 16 and, while more go into the Services than at any ordinary day school, Mr Kirk believes the percentage is no higher than at any boarding school.

Three-quarters of the boys come from Army families, 11 per cent RAF, eight per cent Navy and the rest are from civilian homes. The school they are attending is not independent — the academic side is paid for by Surrey County Council, while a charity foundation is responsible for the buildings.

To take the school even more firmly into the 1980s a special appeal has been launched to culminate with the School's Centenary. Its target is £300,000 and well over £200,000 has already been raised.

A gymnasium-extension, a staff common room and a new medical centre have already been built from the proceeds. Next step is the conversion of the old school hospital into a house for first year boys.



Headmaster, Michael Kirk: "Continuity."

"We do not on the whole have people from prep school who have already been away from home," explained Mr Kirk. "We need something which will give the smallest boys a less traumatic introduction to boarding school."

Senior houses will also be improved. Their barrack style accommodation with long dormitories, traditionally called 'dugouts' by the boys, have remained virtually unchanged since Victorian times. Soon senior boys should be in bed/sitting rooms for two or three boys each.

The latest scheme to aid the appeal is the commissioning of a painting by Terence Cuneo showing Gordon giving a despatch to a steamer captain. This was the last piece of information he was to send down the Nile and by this time he was the only white man left in Khartoum. Prints are to be produced and sold for the fund.

Gordon himself dominates the school which stands as his memorial. An enormous statue, formerly in Khartoum, of Gordon on a camel stands in the grounds. It came from the Sudan in 1959 and when it arrived had rude remarks written all over it.

Today, the two countries are friends again and three years ago the school returned to the Sudanese Government a piece of the original Mahdi's tomb, which had been in the school museum.

In fact the Sudanese take a keen interest in the Gordon Boys' School. President Numeiri has contributed to the Centenary Appeal while the Sudanese ambassador visits every year and presents a prize to one of the pupils.

And there are a lot of Sudanese relics in the school museum, which it is planned eventually to open to the public. They include banknotes signed by Gordon when he was under siege in Khartoum, Dervish weapons and uniforms, a set of Gordon's clothes and the original of his last message "I am quite happy, thank God, and like Lawrence I have tried to do my duty". The room also includes other Gordon memorabilia, including mementoes of his days in China.

The school today is predominantly for those boys who need to board because their parents are constantly on the move in their Service career.

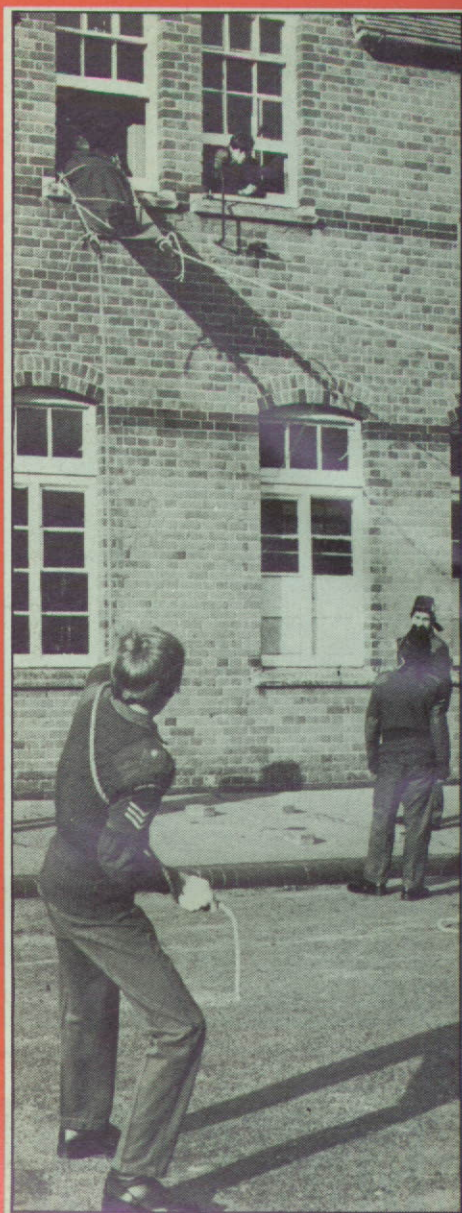
Says the headmaster: "Most of the boys who come here have been to seven, eight or nine schools and this is self-evident. Through no fault of their own they are very backward. What we do is to give them five years of continuity. They do work pretty hard here — a long day with evening prep and on Saturday mornings."

There is no sixth form at Gordon but a lot of boys go on to sixth form colleges in their home towns. A handful of boys stay on as boarders while attending a sixth form in nearby Camberley.

So what differentiates Gordon Boys' School from others? It is basically the military traditions which have been retained. No longer is life ruled by the bugle but it is still sounded for meals and every Sunday there is a parade in 'blues' uniform.

At this parade the school Colour is laid on the altar by the head boy each Sunday and from time to time an old boy will be present to lay a second Colour. And the service follows a traditional form with the names of several of the old boys killed in the Second World War being read out each week.

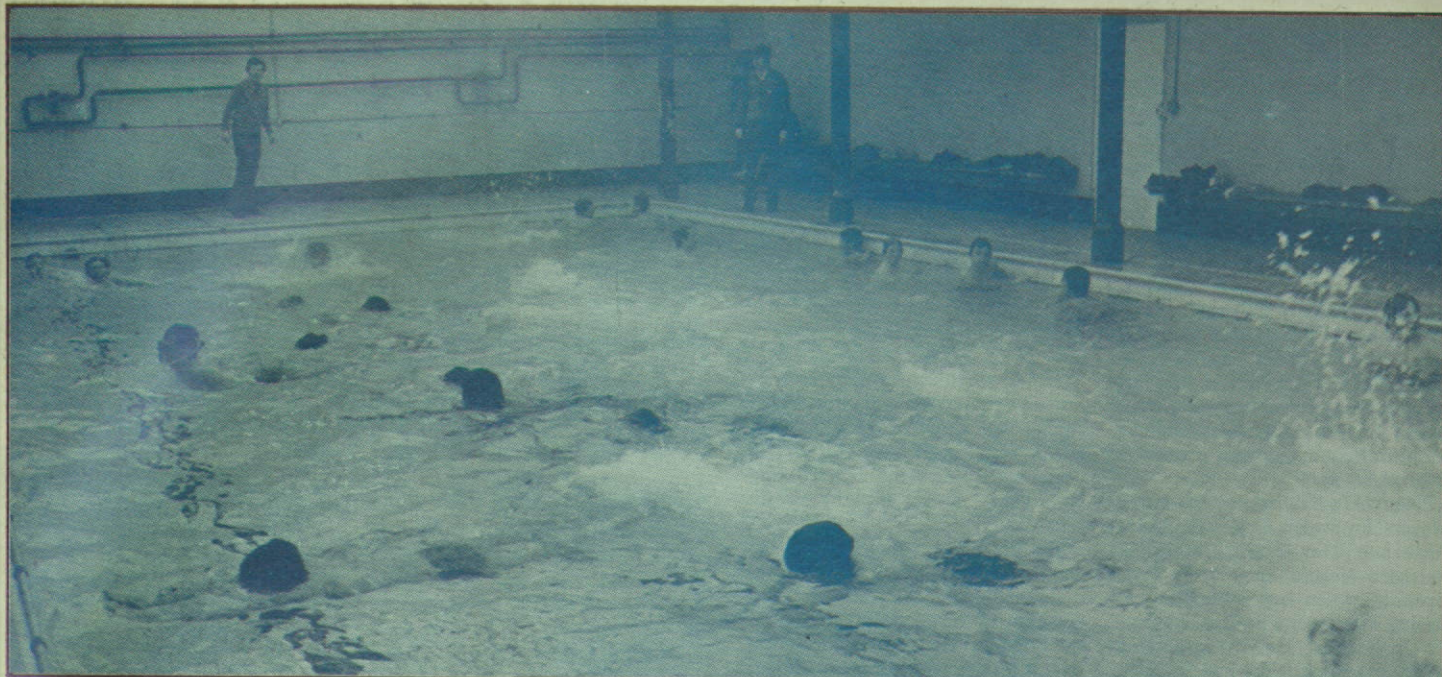
There is an annual parade too, taken by a senior Army officer with a junior officer who



Above: Cadets practising lowering stretcher.

Below: Ceremony in London at Gordon statue.





Above: Everyone learns to swim at Gordon.

is an Old Boy of the school acting as his aide-de-camp. And membership of the school's Combined Cadet Force is compulsory. This involves a parade every Tuesday afternoon, a field day every term and annual camp. Every year two teams are entered in the Ten Tors expedition on Dartmoor and no school team has ever failed to complete the course.

Every boy who has ever been to the school, and there have been more than eight thousand, has had a number — and this tradition is retained. Mr Kirk says: "If you ask any old boy he always knows his number. But, thank goodness, we have got away from treating them as just a number."

One man who remembers the fag-end days of the earlier regimes is Mr George Wright, the caterer. He joined the school in 1948 and admits that even after being in the Army he was surprised at the strict life.

"It was all military in those days. They marched to meals, they dressed in uniform at weekends and they wore short corduroy trousers in the day time, which enabled them to be spotted if they did a bunk. It was very strict discipline — I wouldn't have dared to walk across the parade ground.

"There used to be lots of corporal punishment. They used to be across the commandant's desk for six or ten of the best depending on what they had been doing. But in those days the majority were orphans, the storm from the war, and we had some extraordinary fellows, some with bad tempers, some bed wetters and all deprived of a good home life."

In those days the housemaster might well be a tradesman rather than a schoolteacher and Mr Wright used to wear uniform.

"Twice a day the offending boys who were on jankers had to scrub out the dining room and kitchens. And there used to be a toilet parade each morning with buckets. The only way I could describe it was as like something out of a Dickens novel."

But many of the boys who went to the school in those days have done well in life and return to the school with pride. Yet the food was not very good, even by those post-war austerity standards.

"When I arrived they had had a succession of cooks who had just boiled rice and stewed meat," said Mr Wright. "I was on a strict budget and some things were still on ration

but things gradually got better."

Today the boys eat well. A typical breakfast is sausages, tomato, fried bread, grapefruit and cornflakes. For lunch they might get ham, chips, potato salad and chocolate pudding with sauce. The days of the low quality sausage meat — the boys called it 'jag meat' — have long gone.

Gordon Boys' School these days appears to be a happy place and the boys SOLDIER spoke to endorsed this view. They wear a uniform of blazer and flannels (currently converting from blue to green) and corporal punishment, though still allowed for, is used very sparingly.

Head boy, Mark Lester-Swindell, explained how things had gradually changed during his period at the school. Today there is even a disco for the senior boys each term to which local girls are invited.

David Golding (15), the son of Major Fred Golding of REME, told us: "It was a bit strange when I first came here as I had not been away from home before, but after the first few weeks it became fun. As the years

go by you become totally used to it and it becomes no hardship to say goodbye to your family and go back to school.

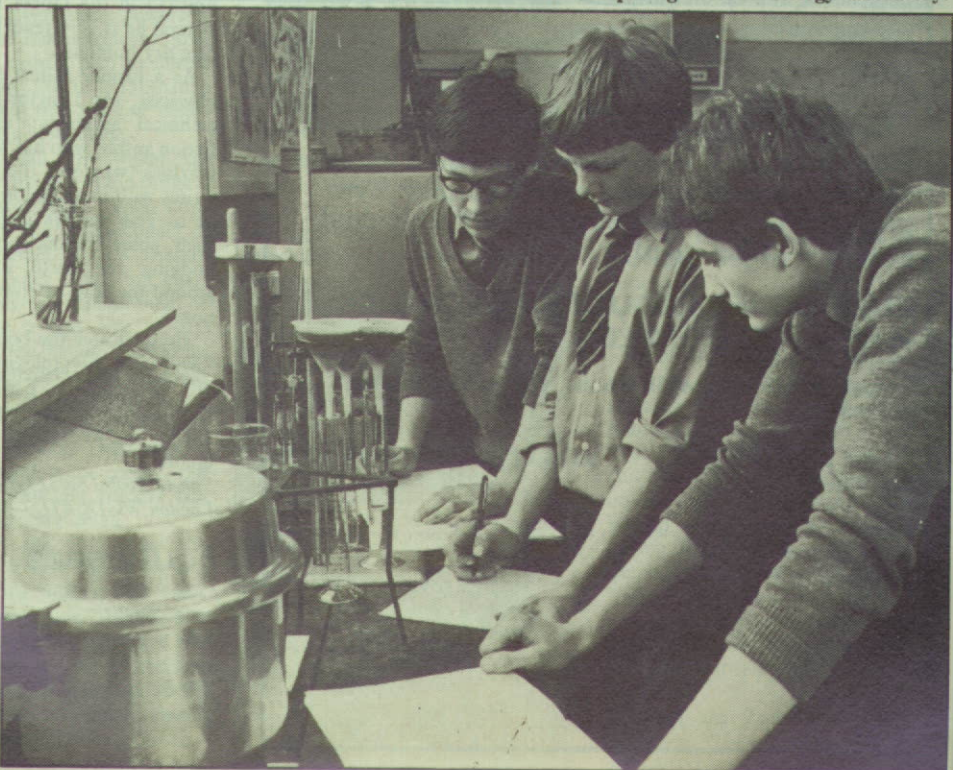
"And there have been a lot of improvements. For instance we are now allowed to bring bicycles back to school. And there are now power points in the houses and we are allowed to use things like record players."

And Richard East (16), whose father is a Warrant Officer 2 with the Royal Green Jackets, said: "It's a lot more friendly than when I first came. And the friendliness goes right through the school."

Gordon himself was interested in the welfare of deprived boys. During his days at Chatham he formed a 'ragged school' where he washed, fed, sheltered and educated boys he found in the slums.

Today only a small proportion of the boys attending the school that bears his name are there on bursaries. But the continuing tradition of education provides a worthy memorial to the martyr of Khartoum. □

Below: Comparing notes in biology laboratory.



Books

Cold courage

'Fetch Felix' (Derrick Patrick)

"You must be bloody daft . . . sir," said the warrant officer to Lieutenant-Colonel Patrick, who had violated safety rules, including some he had made himself, in examining a bomb in Belfast, and was proposing to break some more.

The incident illustrates one of the dangers for which EOD (Explosive Ordnance Device) operators in Northern Ireland must keep alert, especially when over-stretched and dealing with several devices in a day.

"Up to that time," writes the author, "not one device had exploded of its own accord during operations in which I was involved and I was beginning to stray down the path of fatuous belief that nothing would happen ever. It was better to be put in one's place by a warrant officer with a short temper than a device with a short fuse."

Lieutenant-Colonel Patrick served in Northern Ireland for fourteen months in 1976-7 as Chief Ammunition Technical Officer. During that time he and his teams dealt with 1500 bombs and a similar number of hoaxes. They were not merely concerned with disposing of them safely,

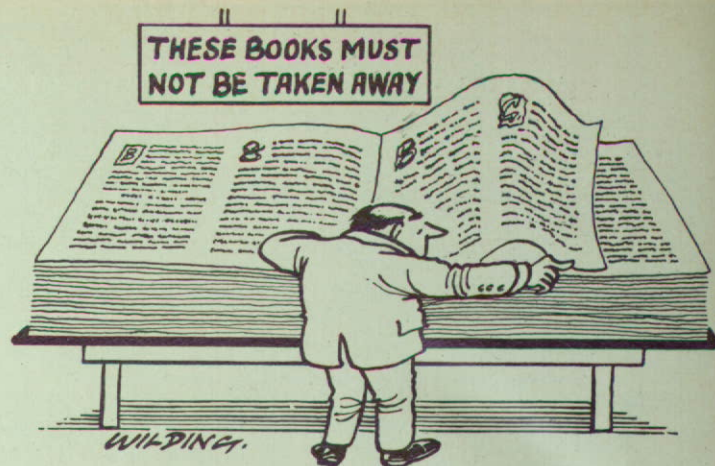
they had to do so in a way which, as far as possible, preserved property and produced clues for legal and police purposes, intelligence, signs of new trends, origins and so on.

He writes with cheerful modesty of his own exploits, which included coping with three petrol tankers on which bombs had been placed. He writes with pride of his men, working with cold courage in hot, sweaty bomb suits.

He has some comments on the conditions under which the work was done, including the gathering and collation of weapons intelligence in the Province. He hopes that technical data has since been, or soon will be, computerised so that an EOD team finding an unfamiliar device can call for a print-out on anything similar anywhere in the world.

When he had finished his stint in Northern Ireland, the author resigned his commission. He quotes a senior officer in the 'ammunition trade' as saying that CATOs returning from Northern Ireland were irrational when they went home and that their attempts to resign should be ignored. "Perhaps he was right," says the author.

Hamish Hamilton, 57-59 Long Acre, London WC2 9JZ — £7.95 RLE



Spine-chilling

'War in 2080' (David Langford)

This review was a blank sheet in the typewriter when the radio reported that the United States Air Force had fired a laser beam from an aircraft at a Sidewinder missile travelling at 2000 mph — and missed.

A quick reference to Mr Langford's third chapter provided possible reasons for failure. Refraction of air, winds, turbulence and the thinning of height can all cause laser 'beam wander'. A laser heats the air, changing refraction and throwing a beam out of focus. Good stuff for a discussion over a pint.

Mr Langford has a lot to say about the difficulties of using lasers, in the atmosphere and in space. He finds them highly promising as space-based missile defences and not implausible as ground-based ones, but laser artillery is unlikely and laser hand-weapons less likely still. A start has been made with a large laser which, in test conditions, managed to destroy a small anti-tank missile.

The laser is only one of many kinds of technology Mr Langford discusses. He describes progress up to date (or up to the hard-back edition in 1979) and problems ahead and how he thinks they may be overcome. Some sections are heavy going for those whose science education finished in the fourth form, but in general he is very readable and has a nice dry humour.

As a former Ministry of Defence physicist, Mr Langford writes with technical authority; as a science-fiction author who has won prizes for fanzines (whatever they may be) he writes with imagination, going so far as to give serious consideration to such spine-chilling possibilities as nudging the earth out its orbit around the sun, or stopping its rotation.

He dedicates the book to his wife "who as an Egyptologist disapproves of all this". Lots of non-Egyptologists disapprove, too, ma'am, but we really cannot afford to ignore it. Sphere Books, 30/32 Gray's Inn Road, London WC1X 8JL — £1.50 RLE

Foul deeds

'The SS: Alibi of a Nation, 1922-1945' (Gerald Reitlinger)

It is a quarter of a century since the first edition of this book was published, and the author died in 1978, a pioneer historian of the Nazi era.

Efforts by Waffen SS old comrades' organisations in recent years to

give themselves the image of honest old soldiers have given the work a new topicality, and it is no comfort to the surviving subjects.

In their treatment of prisoners and civilians in occupied territory, the Waffen SS perpetrated their own atrocities. In any case, the division between the Waffen SS from the 'baddies' — the concentration camp guards, the extermination units and the Gestapo — became ever vaguer as Germany's need for cannon-fodder caused these men to be transferred to field units. No doubt, especially among lowly-placed and ill-informed conscripts, there were decent SS men whose hands stayed clean and who knew little of what was going on. It is difficult to imagine that they want to attend comradely SS reunions today.

One other myth of which the author of this comprehensive history disposes, is that of the fanatic German SS unit fighting to the last in the rubble of 1945. The desperate last-ditchers were not German units but those of foreigners recruited into the SS from occupied countries. For them, surrender did not offer the prospect of a prisoner-of-war camp but of a traitor's execution in their own countries.

For a simple soul like this reviewer, the most difficult of the author's revelations to understand are, perhaps, those of the backstabbing, conspiracy, general skulduggery and jockeying for position that went on in the Nazi leadership. Amid all this in-fighting, it seems impossible that they could have found time to govern a nation and above all keep it at war for six years. Arms and Armour Press, 2-6 Hampstead High St., London NW3 1QQ, £8.95. RLE

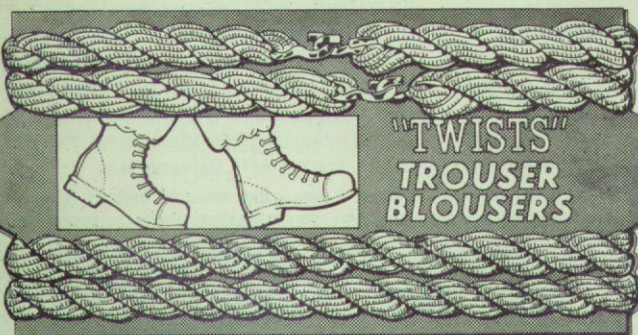
Sky Generals

'The Sky Generals' (Major Victor Dover)

Much has been written about British airborne troops and their operations in World War Two but personal details of the generals who quite literally led them into battle are surprisingly scant. Major Dover, who served under all of them, seeks to remedy this in a book which is both entertaining and informative.

We learn, for instance, that far from being unfeeling and arrogant, as he has sometimes been portrayed, Lieutenant-General Sir Frederick 'Boy' Browning emerges as a natural commander with an "infectious laugh, a twinkling smile and a ready wit which displayed a generous nature". Then there are General Sir

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The Sky Generals

Major Victor Dover, MC

The Sky Generals

Major Victor Dover, MC



Richard Gale, another pioneer of the airborne concept, with his eye for detail and "constant concern for the private soldier"; Major-General Eric Bols, tough yet full of fun; Lieutenant-General Sir Ernest Down, so good at training paratroops that he himself never reached an airborne battle; Major-General George 'Hoppy' Hopkinson, Commander of the 1st Airborne Division in Sicily and Italy and the only British airborne general to be killed during the war; and Brigadier Paul Crook who reveals some previously undisclosed shortcomings at Suez.

Major-General John Frost, who as a major led a Parachute company in the Bruneval raid (see page 50), Major-General Robert (Roy) Urquhart, who took over the 1st Airborne Division, General Sir John Hackett, who led the 4th Parachute Brigade, both at Arnhem, and Major-General Stanislaw Sosabowski, who established the Polish (Independent) Parachute Brigade — they were all 'sky generals' and all men of exceptional qualities.

Once started it is difficult to put down this story of those unconventional generals.

Cassell Ltd, 35 Red Lion Square, London WC1R 4SG — £7.95 **JFPJ**

Vital statistics

'Modern Tanks and Armoured Fighting Vehicles'; 'Modern Military Trucks' (both by Christopher F Foss)

The first of these two handy references concentrates on the vital statistics of all post-war armoured vehicles at present in service as well as some still under development. Medium and light tanks, armoured cars and reconnaissance vehicles, self-propelled guns and howitzers, to name but a few, are all briefly and clearly described in this revised edition.

Crews, armament and ammunition, weight, performance, night vision equipment and amphibious capability and many other details are followed by concise notes and a list of basic variants for each vehicle.

Among the 20 or so new entries are the T-72 Soviet main battle tank, the British Challenger MBT due to enter service in 1984/85 and the Israeli Merkava MBT.

The second of these two Jane's Pocket Books deals with the more important military wheeled vehicles at present in service as well as those designed to support modern mechanised armies such as tank

transporters, amphibians, cargo carriers, over-snow trucks and many others. Two basic types are covered — light Jeep-type vehicles used in a wide variety of roles, and cargo trucks of low, medium and high-mobility, each built for a specific purpose.

Both books have illustrations on every page and both are produced in similar format to make an excellent reference for professional and amateur alike.

Jane's Publishing Co Ltd, 238 City Road, London EC1V 2PU £4.95 each **JFPJ**

Ripping yarns

'The Story of the Lovat Scouts' (Michael Leslie Melville)

The book is in many ways a well documented regimental history, but such has been the depth of the author's research and his skill as a writer that he has woven the facts into a story worthy in parts of John Buchan himself.

The story spans three wars — the Boer War, the Great War and the Second World War — all of which can be remembered by those still living. The particular subject is the Lovat Scouts, a volunteer Army regiment, whose men were drawn from the Highlands for their special qualities of independence, powers of observation and marksmanship. Special tribute is rightly paid to Simon Lord Lovat who died in 1933; thanks to his leadership this piece of Highland history has been made.

As an historian, the writer has been fortunate to have as his subjects such great characters as Simon Lord Lovat, Colonel Willie Macdonald of Blarour, Corporal Angus Chisholm and so many other tough but charming Highlanders. Through them he has made the events live in the imagination of the reader. The stories about the campaigns are exciting; there are many amusing tales of war and of peace-time, and descriptions of routine service, necessarily included to complete the record, can easily be 'skipped' by readers less interested in military detail.

The book is not only about the Lovat Scouts for they were living and fighting as part of huge armed forces from all corners of the British Empire. The reader will enjoy the descriptions of where, why and under what conditions the Scouts served in South Africa, Gallipoli, Macedonia, France and Italy.

A book which should be in every

Highland home and recommended to anyone visiting the Highlands.

The St Andrew Press, 121 George Street, Edinburgh. **CB**

Pride of Wales

'The Welsh Guards' (John Retallack)

On 26 February 1915 King George V signed a Royal Warrant authorising "the formation of a Welsh regiment of Foot Guards" and such was the extraordinary speed of events that the very next day the new regiment began assembling at the White City. Two days later, on St David's Day, they mounted guard at Buckingham Palace with both officers and men still wearing the badges of their previous regiments.

A few months and the regiment was across the Channel to join the Guards Division at St Omer and then on to Loos and their baptism of fire, to Ypres and Arras and many other battles on the way to victory.

Of the first 30 years of their existence the Welsh Guards spent almost a third at war, the Second World War seeing them fighting in almost every sector from Belgium and Holland to Normandy and Italy and the final act in Germany. Since then they have served in no less than 16 different countries from the United States to the snows of arctic Norway and this excellent book tells their story in a brief and pithy narrative.

The first Colonel of the Welsh Guards — from 1919 to 1936 — was Edward, Prince of Wales, and the Colonel today is his great-nephew, Charles, Prince of Wales, who has written a short foreword to this abridged history.

Frederick Warne Ltd, 40 Bedford Square, London WC1B 3HE — £9.95 **JFPJ**

Brave Yeomen

'The Surrey & Sussex Yeomanry in the Second World War' (Lt-Col T B Davis)

This is the story of the two combined regiments of Surrey and Sussex Yeomanry — the 98th and 144th Field Regiments, Royal Artillery — both of which were formed in the late 18th century and went their separate ways for many a long year until their final amalgamation in time for service in World War Two.

The retreat to Dunkirk and the rugged fighting across the mountain slopes of Keren are but two of the early events described in this 400-page book. Also there are the desert battles of 1941 and 1942, Tob-

ruk and on to the invasion beaches of Sicily and Italy, the mud of the Sangro and the bomb-torn desolation of the Cassino battles. The part the Yeomanry played in all these sectors is told in a straightforward and intimate way with the names of officers and soldiers and their exploits appearing on every page.

Winter warfare in the Apennines and the final months in Holland and Germany complete the picture while, for good measure, a description of soldiering in Persia and Iraq with PAIFORCE will bring back memories to all who served in this little reported theatre.

A useful glossary and 21 maps support a narrative laced with humour and the understanding of an officer who served with the 98th for most of the war. A must for all those Yeomen who fought with the 98th and 144th and a useful history for the non-military reader.

Ditchling Press Ltd, South Street, Ditchling, Hassocks, Sussex. — £12.50 **JFPJ**

Screen scenes

'Churchill and the Generals' (Barrie Pitt)

This, says the title page, is "an account of the events" upon which a television play of the same name was based — and it has something of the sketchiness of a television script. Though it may have little to offer the serious student of World War Two, it is a pleasant, easy read and may be just the thing to give to a young person beginning to show an interest in the subject.

The emphasis is on the earlier part of Winston Churchill's premiership, when he was forming that 'winning team' of which Alanbrooke, as Chief of the Imperial General Staff, was to be the key man.

The most criticised episodes in Churchill's relations with the generals were his sackings of Wavell and Auchinleck from the Middle East Command, and Mr Pitt treats these with sympathy for both sides. To Churchill, impatient for victories to reassure his own people and Britain's allies, the Western Desert was the all-important opportunity; to the commanders it was just one flank of a vast theatre of war in which Wavell had to wage several campaigns, some simultaneously, and then Auchinleck had to face the Germans 'swinging through the Caucasus towards the essential Persian oil-fields.

In an introduction to this book, Jack Le Vien, the American who produced the television show, describes the theme as "the story of an erratic, impossible, very English, instinctive genius, pitted against the superb craftsmanship of his generals." That phrase, "pitted against", is ill-chosen, for whatever their differences of approach Churchill and the generals were always united in working towards victory. Wavell is reported by Mr Pitt as having heard of his sacking while shaving and to have commented, "The Prime Minister is right. The job needs a new eye and a new hand." Not much pitting there — but a nice little scene for television, no doubt.

Sidgwick and Jackson, 1 Tavistock Chambers, Bloomsbury Way, London WC1A 2SG, £8.95 **RLE**

**Thirty-nine years
after the daring
World War Two
raid, Graham Smith
finds out why ...**

THE Bruneval boys are shooting again

**Above: Drama on Salisbury Plain as cameras
roll — a German soldier defends vital radar.**

**Below: As it was. Gp Capt Sir Nigel Norman,
OC Paras (RAF) chats to returning paras.**

A HANDFUL OF TRAINING FILMS based on secret wartime operations have proved to be box office winners with a difference as far as the Army is concerned. They may not be eligible for Oscar awards but they always hold the attention of military audiences by dint of the effort and accuracy put into them.

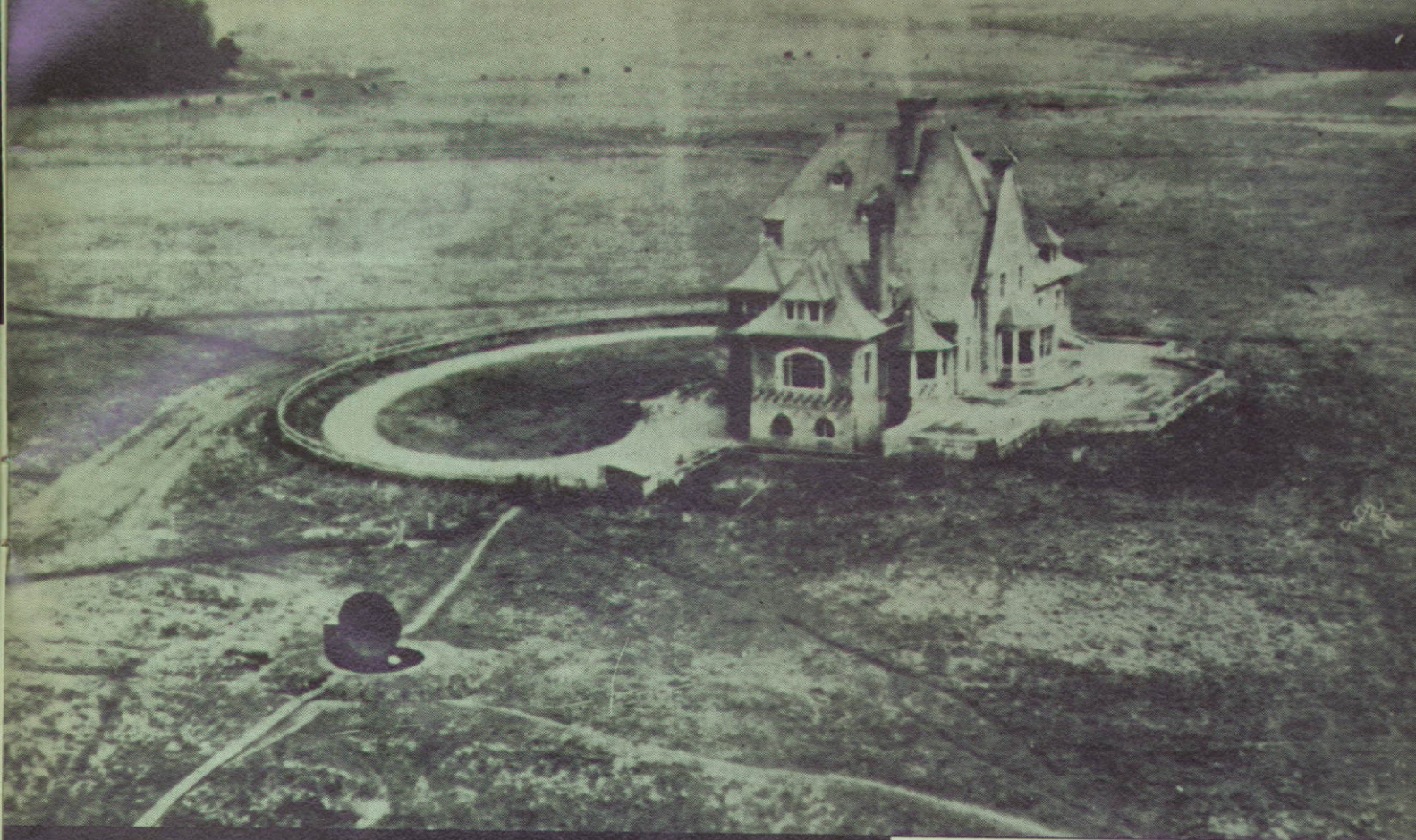
One such film, the sixth and latest in a campaign series under the sponsorship of the Ministry of Defence's Services' Kinema Corporation (SKC), has just been made on locations ranging from Aldershot and Salisbury Plain to Dorset's wave-brushed Lulworth Cove. The film depicts the remarkable Bruneval Raid of 1942.

The majority of the 'stars' in this latest celluloid offering are some 60 Aldershot-based paratroopers, the 'descendants' of 'C' Company — known as Jock Company — 2nd Battalion, the Parachute Regiment, who took part in the daring, two-hour airborne commando operation centred on Bruneval, a village some eight miles north of Le Havre on the night of February 27-28, 1942.

Today, the unit is still around and is known, appropriately and proudly, as 'C' (Bruneval) Company.

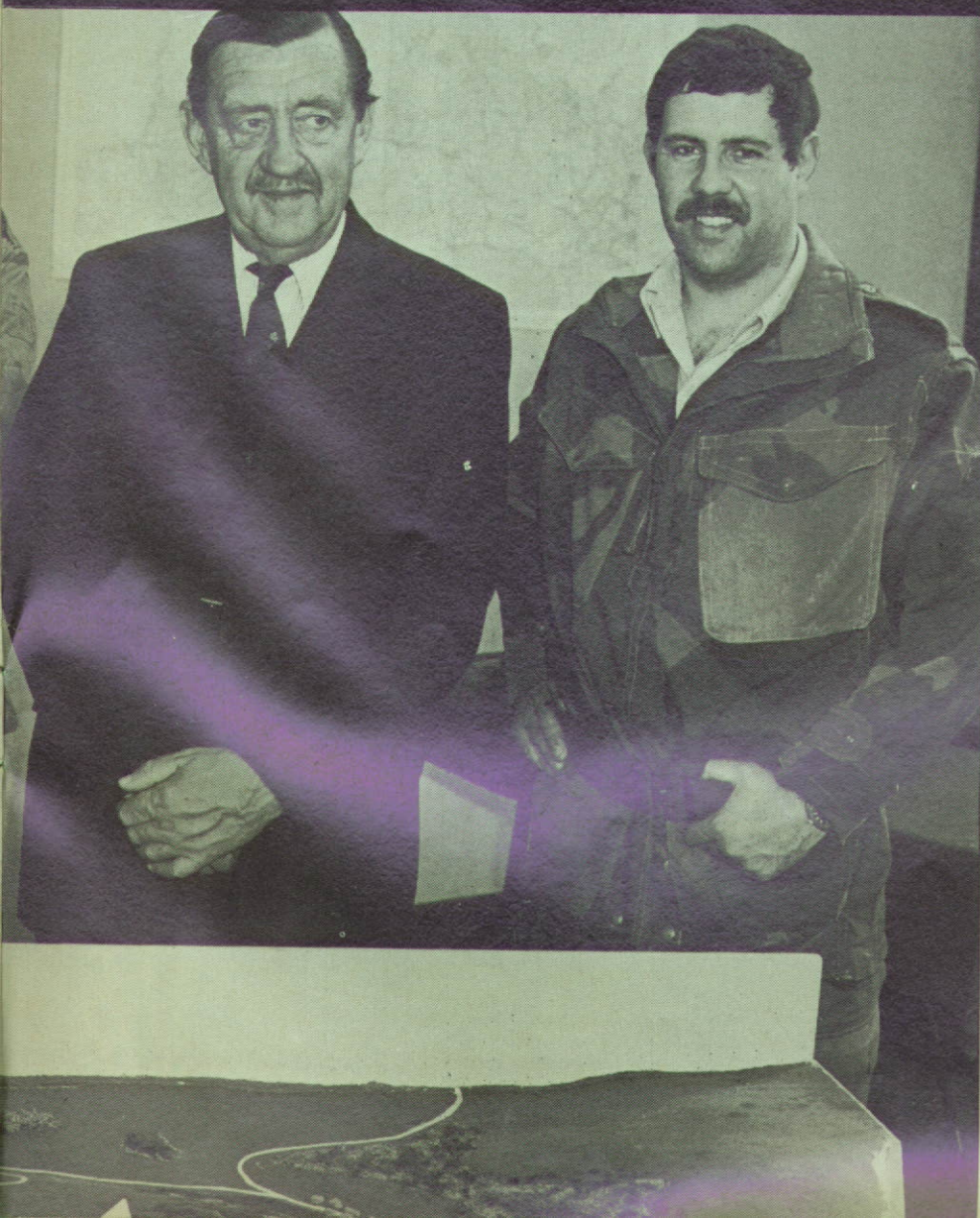
The Bruneval episode of derring-do was destined to become the most complete tie-up of the three Services in a single combined operation that had yet been achieved; an operation that had the personal authorisation of Lord Louis Mountbatten, Chief of Combined Operations.

Objective of the moonlight mission was the removal of the latest piece of radar equipment — the ten-ton Würzburg Gerät — from under the noses of the Germans as it nestled



Above: The actual Bruneval radar site as seen by the RAF photo-reconnaissance 'planes.

Below: Past and present raid leaders meet — Maj-Gen John Frost and Maj John Pullinger.



in a pit about 60 yards from the 300-foot-high Normandy cliffs.

Previously, RAF photo-reconnaissance aircraft had produced well-defined film showing what to expect by way of installations and the likely defensive postures of the site.

A dozen Whitley bombers took off from Thruxton to air drop the Paras near the objective. The Royal Navy would recover them.

The 11-foot-long radar — code named 'Henry' — was recovered in five sections during the raid which was led by Major Johnnie Frost, 'C' Company's 29-year-old adjutant. One man was killed, seven were wounded and seven were reported as missing.

Major-General John Dutton Frost, CB, DSO and Bar, MC, is now a successful farmer at Liphook in Hampshire. He was invited to attend the filming at Aldershot of the re-enactment of the actual briefing but using a replica model — originally it had been a twelve-by-eight-foot sand table — showing the lighthouse, the drop zone, sea, chateau and, naturally, the radar.

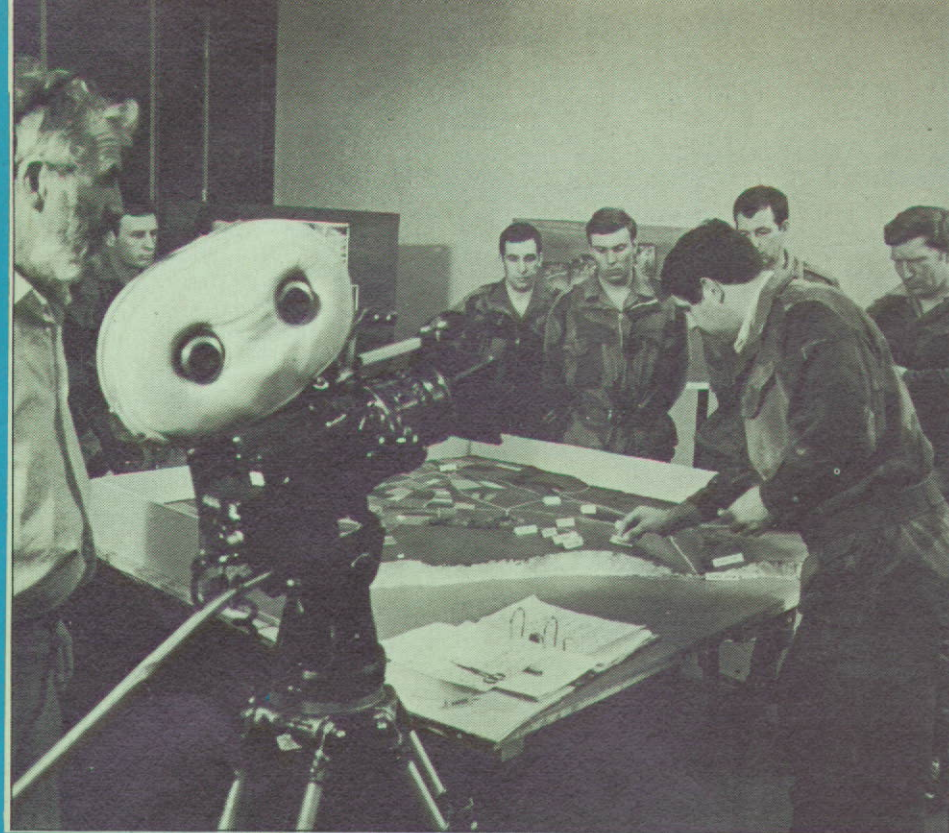
Taking the part of Major Frost in the 25-minute film due for release next spring is Major John Pullinger, 32, the officer commanding 'C' (Bruneval) Company.

"I got the part because I am about the same size, weight and colouring," he explained on the 'set' — the education centre at Aldershot's Bruneval Barracks — where he was about to deliver a few lines of briefing to the enthusiastic 'extras' from his own Company.

"It's a lot of fun and it's nice to be able to study the action of the Bruneval raid in such detail. We are particularly pleased to be asked to take part, naturally, as it was this Company of nearly 40 years ago that did it."

One of the 'bit' players in the production is Colour Sergeant Mick Cotton in the role of a drunken German soldier cyclist who passes

continued on page 52



Above: The Bruneval briefing is reconstructed in an Aldershot Education Centre background.

close by the invaders.

Mick, who once spent two years in Germany, said he was not sure of just what remarks he would be slurring on the day but was sure he "would think of something rather apt".

In the film, too, is a Würzburg Gerät, loaned to the Army by the Imperial War Museum who had been given it by Sir Martin Ryle, Professor of Radio Astronomy at Cambridge University.

Sir Martin, who was engaged in radar counter-measures work during the war, acquired the apparatus and four others — one from the scrap merchant — at the end of hostilities.

He explained: "The radar establishments did what they could to help universities get on their feet again. Universities were penniless. Nothing had been bought since 1939. There was a lot of radar stuff brought over for assessment. We still have a very large Würzburg which was used for night fighter control — said to be the only one in the world — which I am giving to the Imperial War Museum."

The Würzburg has been carefully refurbished by three metalsmiths from the AMF (L) Workshops, REME, at Bulford.

Major Paul Garland, OC of the Workshops, says: "It was in a terrible condition when we got it. The control boom which houses the machinery for traversing the equipment was terribly rusty and falling off. We have strengthened that. We have also de-rusted and cleaned the radar up."

"It has proved to be an interesting piece of renovation work for us. We were asked to help by the film's project officer and were extremely pleased to do so."

That project officer is Lieutenant-Colonel the Honourable Mike Allenby, Royal Hussars, of the Defence Operations Analysis Establishment, who said: "What we have discovered is that the Staff College feels there is a need for this type of film to fill the gap showing a small raid involving tri-Service

co-operation.

"It is one of a series of films on past campaigns of the type from which lessons on war are still applicable today. We are using a certain amount of library footage of the time. Added to this, are the recorded recollections of members of the Bruneval team, led by Major Johnnie Frost."

The film's researchers spent a fortnight or so collating some two dozen voices, then weeding them down to less than half. All had pertinent remarks to make reinforcing the lessons of history.

Also 'in the can' by way of a preface are comments by Professor Reginald Jones, Head of British Scientific Intelligence during the war and now Professor of Natural Philosophy at Aberdeen University who says: "At the end of 1941 I was Director of Scientific Intelligence at the Air Ministry and I was becoming increasingly disturbed by a

new type of German radar."

The film, possibly to be called *Exercise Spring Bite*, was projected for last year but shelved due to the moratorium.

Previous films of the same message have included incidents from Cyprus, Korea, the Normandy beaches and the Battle of the Bulge.

Mr Wally Payne, himself involved in Combined Operations during the war and now Deputy Production Director (Films) at SKC, explained: "We are coming up to 36 years since we really fought a serious war and many lessons have not changed with the passage of that time."

"Wars may be quicker but basic problems of leadership, using your loaf, and battling against the odds still apply today as I suppose they did in Caesar's time. What we are trying to bring out in this, and other films, is that hard, severe training is needed to achieve whatever mission you are involved in and the stress problems that beset you if you don't liaise with the other Services."

"The idea of this film is the continuation of the Director General of Army Training's wish that much can be learned from the battles of the past and should not be forgotten. We are not making a purely historical film."

The present series of films started out from an idea launched about six years ago.

Mr Peter Jenkins, Production Director of Films and Video with SKC said: "This is the sixth in the series and it started really when we interviewed Monty's Chief of Staff, Major-General Francis de Guignand, at the Staff College. It was so successful that the Director of Army Training decided to use extracts from history as a basis for the series. We are looking at feasibilities for the future incorporating training value."

And how did the enthusiastic players drawn from 'C' (Bruneval) Company shape up as actors?

Rene Basilico, the film's director said: "I would have shot them, figuratively speaking, if they had acted as actors. They were soldiers being soldiers — and that's good. They were also keen which is also good and what this film is really all about."

Below: Beginners please! The actors prepare.



North of the Circle

COMPETITION 277



Our last mathematical puzzle proved very popular, so here's another one to stimulate the old grey matter.

Four trappers who live within the Arctic Circle are known respectively as North, South, East and West. They have given names to their shacks which, strangely enough, are 'NORTH', 'SOUTH', 'EAST' and 'WEST' — though not respectively: nor does any trapper live in a shack bearing his own name.

'SOUTH' is north of 'WEST' and 'EAST' is west of 'NORTH', while east of 'EAST' lie 'NORTH' and 'WEST' respectively and South lives some miles west of North. Further, 'SOUTH' is north-east of 'EAST'.

East is the loneliest trapper, though South lives as far from North as North does from East. West lives midway between North and South and from the home of North to 'EAST' is twice as far as it is from South's home to 'NORTH'.

Every Christmas, East hitches up his dogs and goes on a round trip to see the others. He proceeds direct to 'WEST', then calls on West and South by the most direct route whence he returns direct to his shack. The total distance he travels is exactly 34.14 miles.

Now, what are the distances (to the nearest mile) from 'EAST' to East's home and (ii) from 'NORTH' to 'SOUTH' and, (iii), who lives east of West?

The competition is open to all readers at home and overseas and the closing date is Monday 5 October. The answers and winners' names will appear in the third fortnightly SOLDIER due out at the beginning of November. More than one entry can be submitted but each must be accompanied by a 'Competition 277' label. Winners will be drawn by lots from correct entries. Entries using OHMS envelopes or pre-paid labels will be disqualified. Send your answers by post-card or letter with the 'Competition 277' label from this page and your name and address to:

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- 29 Expo Steam, Peterborough, Cambs (REME Band) (29-31 August).
- 30 Uffington White Horse Show (Lt Div Band; RGJ Freefall) (30-31 August).
- 30 QUEXPO (1 Queen's Band) (30-31 August).

SEPTEMBER 1981

- 6 Gosport Cadet Tattoo (POW Div Band).
- 12 South Norfolk Tattoo, Attleborough (RA Bands; RA Motorcycles).
- 13 Burghley Horse Trials, Stamford (Band of The Royal Artillery).
- 19 International Paraplegic Games, Edinburgh (1 Para Band).
- 25 Searchlight Tattoo, Tidworth (2 Royal Irish Rangers Band).
- 27 Andover Army Open Day (RCT, REME, RAOC Bands).

NOVEMBER 1981

- 7 The Lord Mayor's Show, City of London (Combined Services).
- 7 BL Festival of Remembrance, Royal Albert Hall (Combined Services).
- 8 Remembrance Day, National Service, Edinburgh (1 Gordons Band D & P).
- 8 Annual Remembrance Parade, Cenotaph (Combined Services).



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