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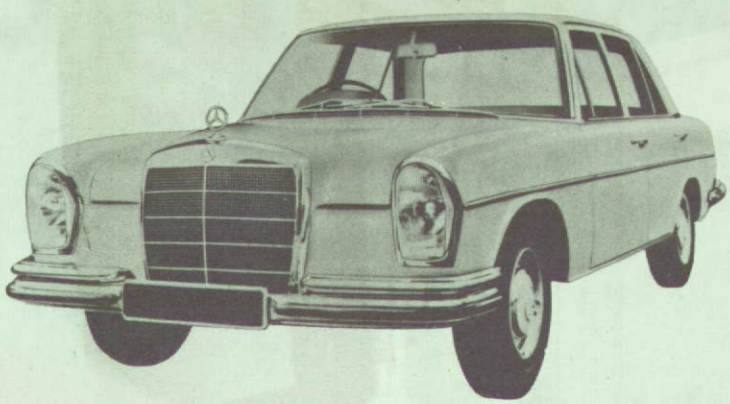

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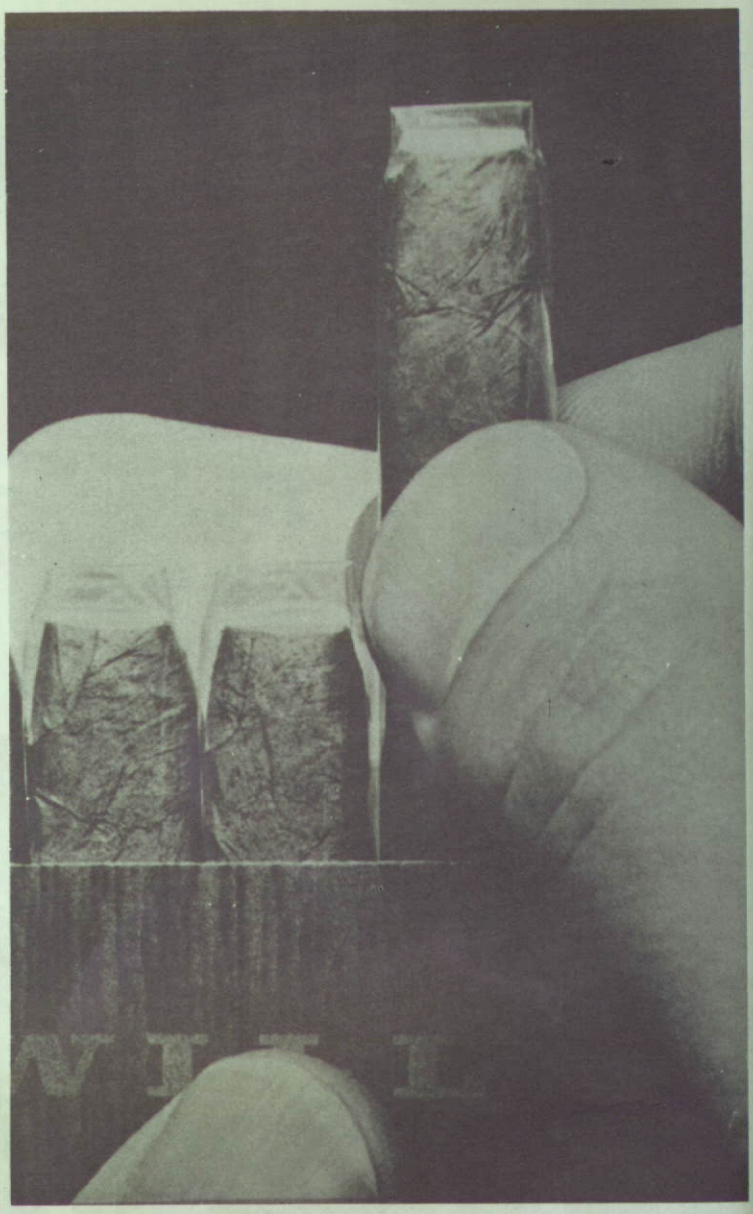

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SOLDIER

AUGUST 1967 Volume 23, No. 8

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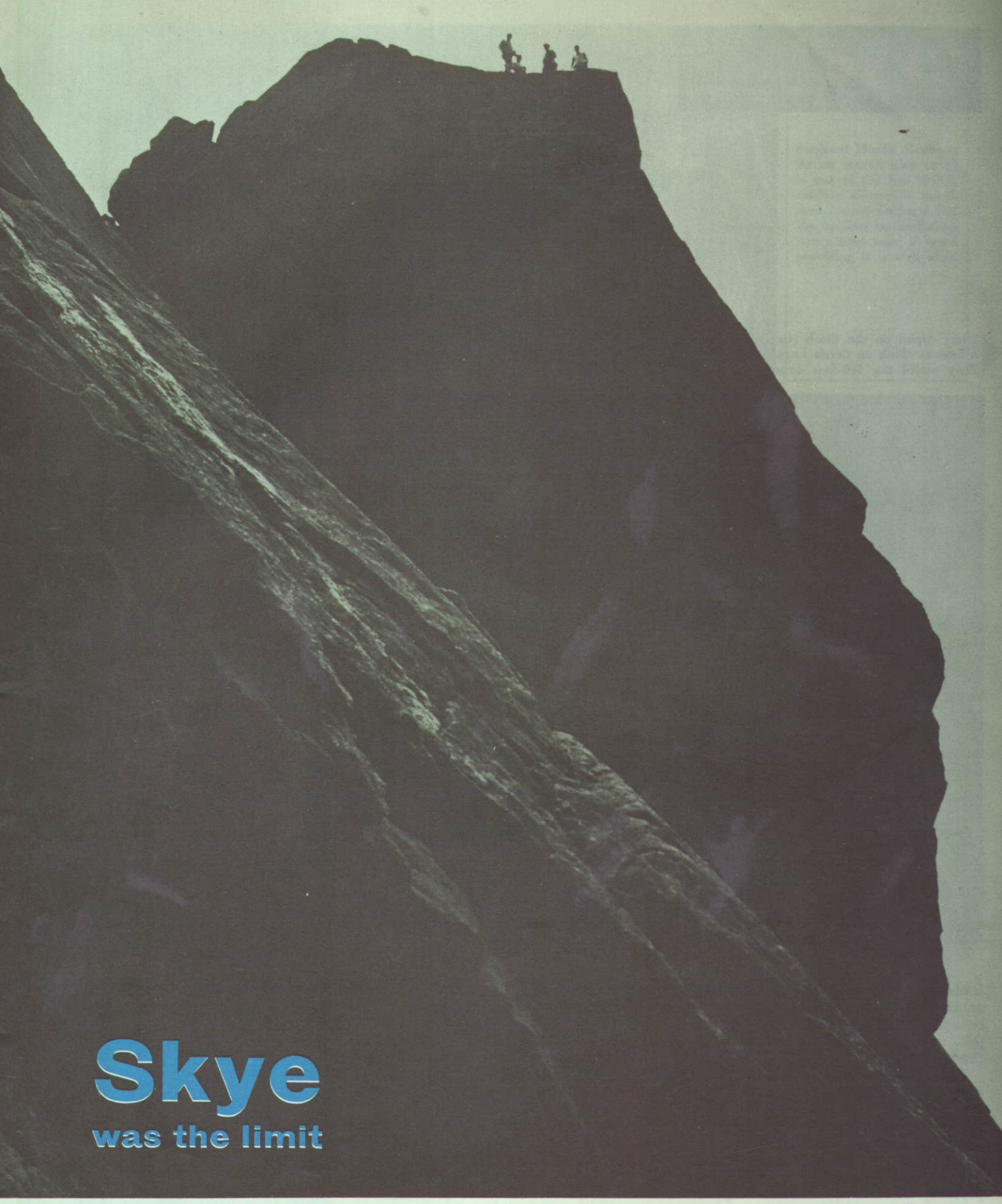


Skye
was the limit

IN 1746 Bonnie Prince Charlie went over the sea to Skye in a rowing boat. In 1967 59 stocky Italians made the journey much more comfortably in the ferry Clansman.

It would be a libel on the lovely island to say that very little of consequence occurred between the two visits, although anyone who has driven along the seemingly never-ending roads or tried to obtain refreshment in Portree on a Sunday evening will agree that Skye is a quiet place.

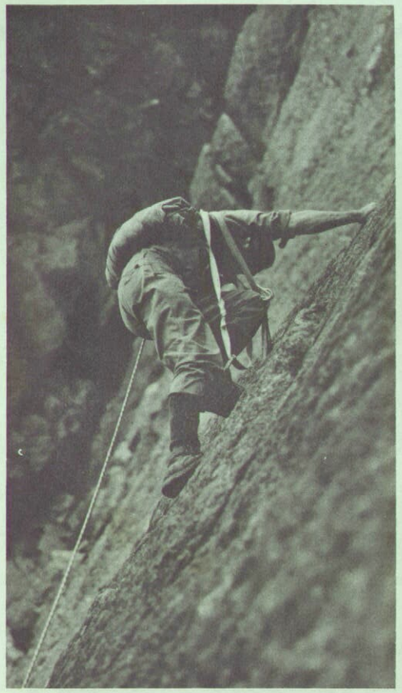
It is true to say that the week-long stay of a parachute company of the Italian Army's Alpini and its British mentors was something that will be talked about over those devilish whiskies and chasers for many years to come.

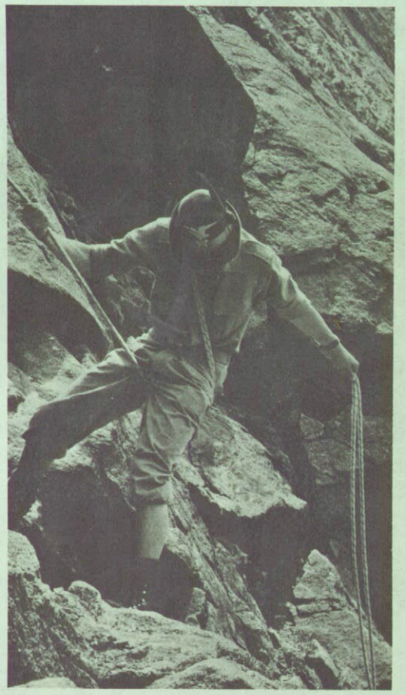
The Alpini went to Skye during their three weeks as guests of the British Army to test their mountaineering skill in the wild unpredictable Cuillins where mist waits in ambush to trap unwary trespassers on the solitude.

It was almost as hot as the Adriatic when the Clansman brought the Alpini, in their quaint and almost comic-opera be-

Skye *continued*

Over: Alpini on the Cioch (Gaelic for breast), a famous climb on Corrie Lagan in Glenbrittle. They scaled the 400-foot direct route swiftly.

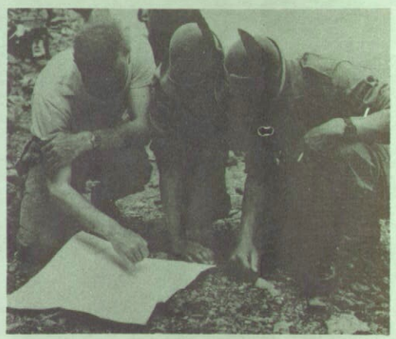




Above: Start of the three-week trip—the Italians leave their aircraft at Northolt.

Far left: An Alpini leader scales a Cuillins rock face. He has made his jacket into a haversack. Left: Another Italian climber abseiling. Right: The leader gets higher.

Below: Major Hugh Wright of REME plans a further stage in a climb with the Alpini.



feathered hats, to Armadale from Mallaig on the mainland. The sea was flat calm, reflecting the luxuriant beauty of this part of south Skye with its ubiquitous rhododendrons.

The Alpini were fresh from an airborne exercise in Germany with 15th (Scottish Volunteer) Battalion, The Parachute Regiment, and a barrage of hospitality Southern England-style. As they disembarked on what to them must have seemed a very remote part of the world indeed they probably wondered just what to expect.

They discovered that their particular brand of Latin charm and wish to be friends with everybody brought a large return from people unfairly labelled dour by those who do not take the trouble to get to know them. Skye loved them!

A dusty ride along the narrow winding main—and only—road from Armadale to Portree in the north brought the Alpini to the local drill hall into which they fitted like proverbial sardines.

Men of 1st Battalion, The Royal Highland Fusiliers, from Fort George, and 42 Squadron, Royal Corps of Transport, from Catterick in Yorkshire, were on hand to act as housekeepers and taxi-drivers. The British interpretation of Italian food seemed to satisfy the Alpini but brought wry expressions to the faces of soldiers more used to fish and chips.

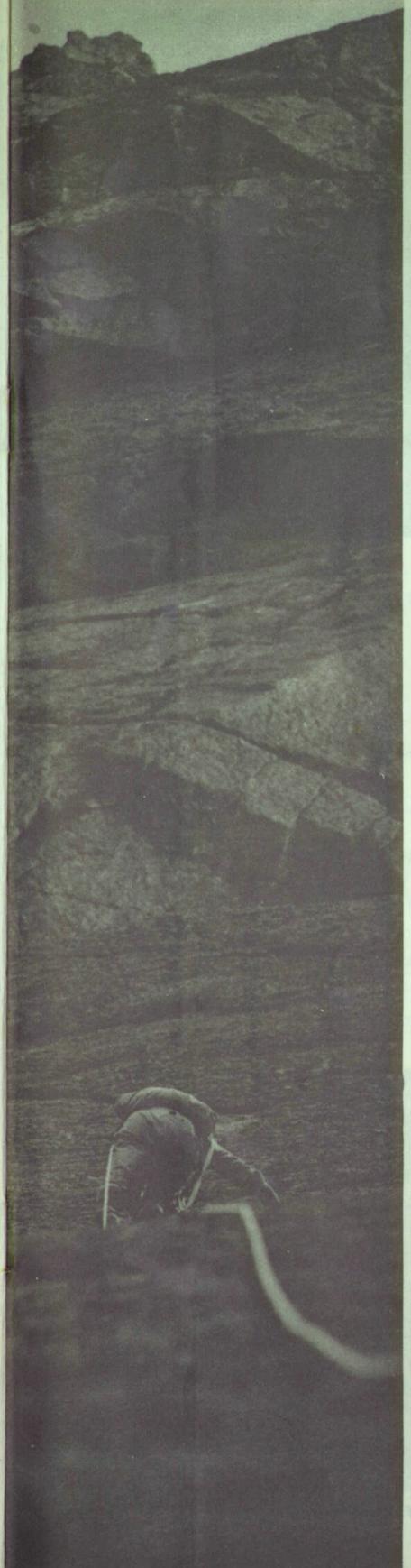
A valuable member of the Fusiliers' contingent was Portree man Sergeant Murdo Nicolson, a bearded assault pioneer, who acted as a sort of public relations man to the Alpini in their dealings with the local people. His worth was well illustrated when late at night the cookhouse ran short of bread for the next day's sandwiches. The sergeant roused a baker from his bed and, behold, there was bread . . .

The news that strangers were in town got around, as it does in small communities, and a favourite pastime among youngsters was following the sightseeing Alpini groups around the streets of Portree. Not many of the young National Service Italians could speak English. But did this stop their chatting-up local girls? It did not!

A story that will probably grow larger as the empty glasses pile up of a night in Portree's little bars is of the two Alpini who took a rowing boat into the harbour. One minute there were two happy soldiers messing about in a boat; the next all that could be seen were two Alpini hats floating on the wavelets. Two wetter and wiser Italians emerged from the water.

Major Rory Walker of Eastern Command, brains behind the Alpini's three-week stay with the British, used personal friends and contacts to ensure that things went smoothly all along the line for the tough mountain troops.

To introduce them to the Cuillins there were several Army mountaineers and a wing commander of the Royal Air Force



Sergeant Murdo Nicolson: As an assault pioneer he is one of the few British soldiers allowed a beard. And Italian Corporal Dal Bo. Soldiers in the Italian Army may wear a beard providing it is well kept.

We Alpini . . .

think . . .

Skye is . . .

molto bella!

with a couple of members of the Royal Air Force Mountain Rescue Team from Kinloss which during the previous week was assisting the successful search for a party of people lost in the treacherous hills.

Climbing was mostly in the Glenbrittle area in the south-west of the island. The speed of the nimble Italians amazed the civilian professional guide accompanying them, especially when some achieved in one-and-half hours a climb that normally takes three to four hours.

The Army and Royal Air Force guides were impressed by the Alpini's agility, too, although they thought that some of the Italians' procedures were rather casual as they watched them tackle climbs graded from difficult to severe.

No stay on Skye is complete without a visit to Dunvegan Castle, home of Dame Flora MacLeod of MacLeod, Chief of Clan MacLeod. The Alpini duly toured the castle and also watched a sheep shearing demonstration, visited a distillery and went out to sea in a fishing boat. There were dances, too. And at the end of the week the officers and warrant officers entertained local people at a party. Among all these activities the Alpini found time to thrash the local football team by four goals to one.

The exercise in Germany took place after the Alpini had in an impressive 24 hours converted to British parachute equipment and undergone a balloon jump at Stanford, Norfolk.

It consisted of a parachute drop and subsequent resupply of the troops by Royal Air Force and United States Air Force aircraft. Aim of the exercise, it was stated, was "to practise units in warfare tactics."

While at Stanford the Alpini made great friends of everybody and beat 44 Parachute Brigade by six goals to one at soccer; British para honour was retrieved by 15th Battalion by three goals to one.

Skye *continued*

The morning of the departure for Germany an officer and three sergeants illustrated the Alpini spirit by disappearing and on their return announcing that they had been doing extra balloon jumps.

The balloon seemed to have impressed them and they said they would like one back home.

The airborne exercise was the bread-and-butter work of their visit, which was really an open sandwich for the Alpini's activities after leaving Skye could not be said to be any less tasty than their sojourn on the island.

These activities ranged from ogling the mini-skirted girls of Chelsea—and to say an Italian ogles girls is not disrespectful in the least; it is a national sport—to watching guard mounting from within the precincts of Buckingham Palace, a rare privilege for foreign troops.

There was also a coach tour of the tourist sights of the capital with two Italian-speaking girls as guides and a grand party in Chelsea Barracks, where the Alpini stayed while in London, attended by the Italian Ambassador and high-ranking British officers. There was also a party run by the sergeants' mess of 44 Parachute Brigade.

The Italian Ambassador arranged for the men to meet some former Alpini now living in London.

And, of course, there were presentations. The Italians gave Headquarters, 44 Parachute Brigade, a bronze statuette of an Alpini handmade by one of them and a similar item to 15th Battalion. And 44 Parachute Brigade gave a silver statuette of a parachutist to the Italians who before they left presented Major Walker, who must take much credit for this highly successful visit, with a marble representation of an Alpini hat and badge.

The visit was really in reciprocation of a visit by 50 officers and men of Eastern Command to Italy last year to climb with the Alpini in the Alps. Following the Alpini's departure another party from Eastern Command was due to leave on a similar trip to Italy.

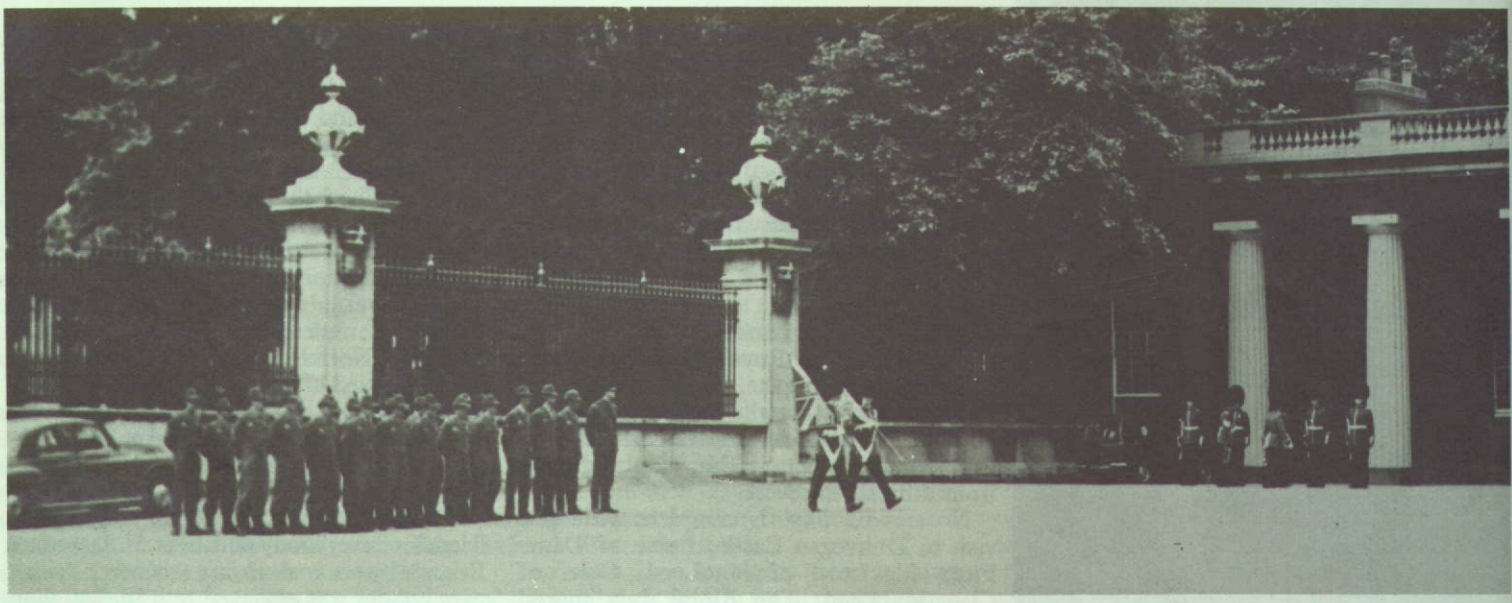
When the Alpini's visit to Britain was planned it was clear, in the words of one officer, that "digging holes on Salisbury Plain and holding parades" were not suitable. The Alpini just is not that kind of soldier but essentially a mountaineer. So after the serious business of the exercise in Germany it was decided that a spot of climbing was the best answer—and so it proved to be.

Maybe the visit will bring advantageous results for the British Army. Overseas training areas will be at a premium in future and what better than the highly-suitable and readily accessible Alps, home of the Alpini?

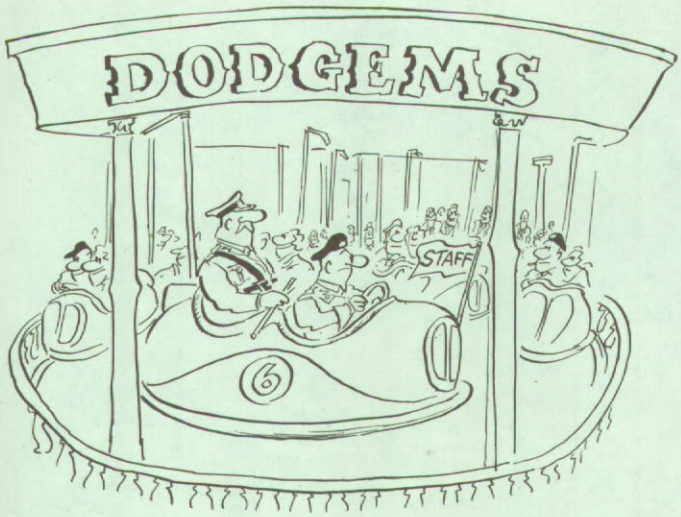
Above: The Alpini did not speak English but it did not stop the small boys of Skye attempting to get to know them. Below: Back in London the Italians get an inside view of guard mounting.

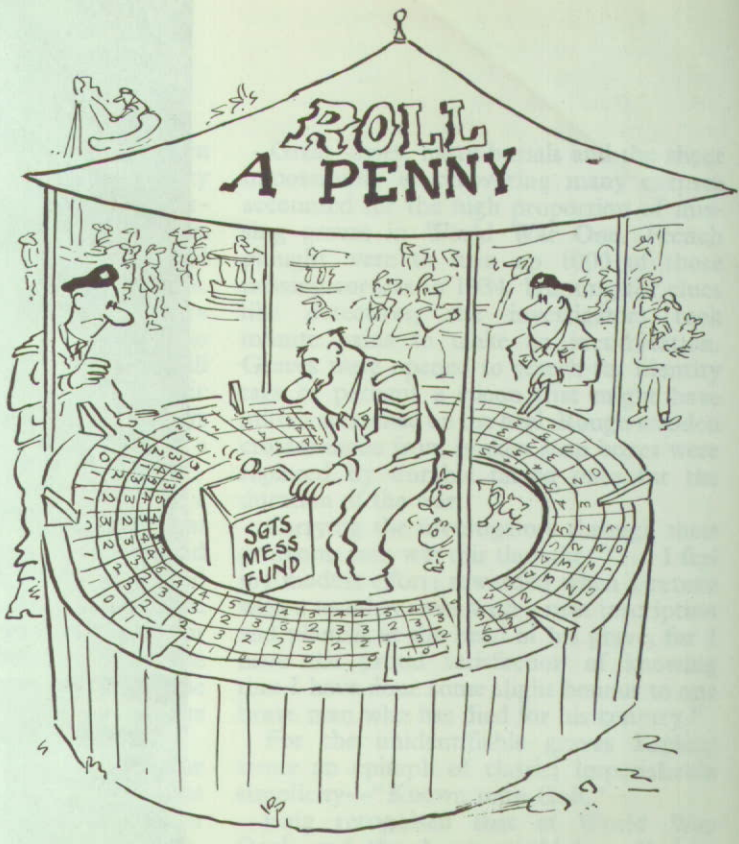
FRONT COVER

There are more than 400 in-pensioners at The Royal Hospital, Chelsea, among them survivors of the 1887-98 India and Burma campaigns and the Sudan campaign of 1896. Reviewing officer at this year's Founder's Day was that famous soldier of World War Two, Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, pictured here. During the parade those pensioners able to march formed into four companies under Captains of Invalids while the others occupied seats on the parade ground. After Lord Montgomery's inspection and the march past there were three cheers for King Charles II, "our pious founder." Picture by Trevor Jones.



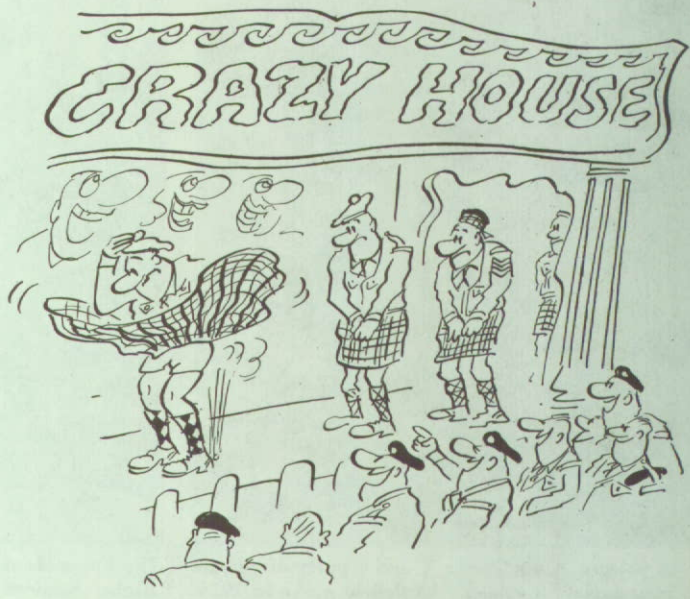
Story by JOHN WRIGHT / Pictures by PAUL TRUMPER





SOLDIERS IN FUNLAND

by **LARRY**



1,695,000

THE manner of the death in 1941 of a Private Green of 1st Battalion, The Sherwood Foresters, was depressingly commonplace. He was but one in a monstrous tally of 1,695,000 Commonwealth Servicemen and women who yielded their lives in two world wars.

The truly remarkable thing is that while primitive combat made nonsense of our vain pretensions to civilisation for a total of ten ghastly years, there were people other than the bereaved families who cared about the Private Greens.

For 50 years the workers of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission have toiled with timeless care and dedication to honour the supreme sacrifice. The neatly carved headstone tribute to Private Green's ultimate contribution stands beneath vigorous young trees in a cemetery at Keren. His and 1,000,000 more graves in 23,000 burial grounds spread through 150 countries are cared for by the Commission.

Three-quarters of a million men and women who have no known grave are remembered on memorials ranging from small tablets, engraved with a handful of names, to the Thiepval monument to 71,364 British soldiers missing on the Somme.

Rudyard Kipling rightly described the silent cities of white tombstones as man's greatest single work since the building of the pyramids. From Archangel to Adelaide, from Picardy to the jungle-strangled depths of Burma, the Commission's workers have triumphed over towering man-made problems and every obstacle of desert, mountain, flood, earthquake and landslide offered by nature to fulfil a self-imposed debt of honour to the dead.

It might not have happened at all. In the great wars of history the useless, uncomplaining dead were accorded ruthlessly short thrift. Burial, and not always even that, was enough. In fact the voluntary bedrock of the Commission and the international co-operation that have always eased its labours are among the few hopeful factors to emerge from the two world wars.

The significance of the legion cemeteries is changing as the relatives they have so comforted die, and eventually they will become impersonal reminders of heroic fights for freedom—but they will always be a perpetual reproach and warning to a world that went mad twice in 30 years.

In September 1914, Fabian Ware, a former newspaper editor judged too old at 45 to fight, arrived in France to command a Fred Karno column of private cars used by a British Red Cross flying ambulance unit. While their main work of caring for the wounded kept them tearing about the rear areas, Ware's staff gradually became interested in recording evidence on the British dead and marking their graves.

When Ware realised that although the dead were being buried, no one was recording the position of the graves or maintaining them, his life's work began. By the time he retired as a tired and ailing man the sarcastic nickname "Lord Wargraves," coined by his detractors, was more compliment than insult.

Battlefield burials were hurried, haphazard affairs. Interment mostly at night and often under shellfire resulted in hazy notes, often confusing identities and wrongly locating graves. Official sites were few and jealously guarded. A battalion of The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers went to the lengths of claiming a cemetery as "their private property" and posted a notice threatening trespassers. Sometimes units dug their own graves before an action. The Canadians did so before Vimy Ridge and within 24 hours of the attack all the graves had been marked and recorded.

Great losses, hasty burials and the sheer impossibility of recovering many corpses accounted for the high proportion of missing graves in World War One. French ploughs were to turn up 1000 of those missing corpses in 1934. Hunting for clues like detectives, the investigators took infinite pains to make an identification. Graves were opened to search for identity tags or perhaps a spoon that might have initials scratched on the heel. Rough wooden crosses made from broken soap boxes were replaced by durable tarred ones for the duration of the war.

Carrying the investigators through their gruesome task was this thought: "... I feel my modest efforts rewarded when I return with a wooden cross with a neat inscription and plant it at the head of his grave, for I have the proud satisfaction of knowing that I have done some slight honour to one brave man who has died for his country."

For the unidentifiable graves Kipling wrote an epitaph of classic, imperishable simplicity—"Known unto God."

Haig recognised that at World War One's end the Army would be called to account for the disposal of its dead. He also knew that Ware's unit, by then called the Graves Registration Commission, was a flying buttress to Army morale.

In May 1917, Ware's throughly justified empire-building expanded further and became Imperial. The King chartered the Imperial War Graves Commission to care for the graves of all British Empire soldiers killed on active service. The cost was to be shared proportionately by the partner governments in proportion to the numbers of the dead—and it always has been so shared.

The Commission made one really vital decision which placed an official stamp on the new feeling of democracy and between-ranks comradeship within the Army. All

Right: The price of taking Keren in World War Two. Headstones have now replaced the crosses.

A solemn King George V and a party of officers contemplate a soldier's battlefield grave in 1915.

The Ypres Menin Gate in ruins in 1918 later rose again as an inspiring memorial to the missing dead. Right: Soldiers of the Highland Division fulfil their last duty to fallen comrades after Alamein.

ranks from private to general, whatever their race, colour, or religion were to share equal tribute. When the body of one of Gladstone's grandsons was exhumed under fire and sent home "in obedience to pressure from a very high quarter," Ware was disturbed. Exhumations were forbidden at his behest. Riding the first of many storms, Ware instituted a standard headstone and prohibited private memorials.

Production of the half-million headstones was a huge project and did not start until after the war. Shipments rose from a pathetic dribble in 1920 to a weekly 4000 in 1923 as the masonry firms discovered semi-mechanical means of cutting the regimental crests and the workmen, mainly ex-Servicemen, became practised in the art.

Meanwhile aesthetic, political and religious rows threatened the Commission's progress. But Ware was a man with a vision and the menacing ground swells broke up into innocuous surf on this human breakwater. He sought advice from gardeners, craftsmen, administrators, clerks, artists, writers and architects and recruited the very best of them.

Architect Reginald Blomfield designed the cross of sacrifice while his contemporary rival Lutyens, later to create the huge Thiepval memorial, designed the stone of remembrance. Religious differences arose but Kipling, personally involved in the Commission through the loss of his son, came up with a quotation acceptable to all faiths—"Their name liveth for evermore." The stones now stand in more than 1000 cemeteries.

However, the Commission was helpless when faced with an accelerating death rate. When peace came, the Commission's officials surveyed the hellish desolation of Northern France and Belgium and blanched at the thought of thousands of grieving pilgrims soon to flood across the Channel.

So began a race against time to bring order to a chaos of destruction still hazardous with unexploded shells. Across the battlefields of France and Flanders and the length of the Western Front there was a rash of graves ranging from single ones to close-packed areas of thousands. Reburials in the Passchendaele area alone reached 130,000. Each battlefield was searched at least six times, some were scoured 20 times.

As late as May 1919 there were six gardeners on the Commission's staff in France and expenditure for the year was a tiny £7500. The next year saw the launching of the crash programme and an expenditure of £250,000. By the spring of 1921 nearly 1000 cemeteries had been planted with 15 miles of hedges and 75 miles of flower borders. In each cemetery was placed a register describing events in the locality and guiding visitors to individual graves. Published in 1000 parts, this register reached a sale of a quarter of a million. Much was left to do but in 1920 Kipling was able to comment on "the almost heartbroken thankfulness of the relatives of the dead."

Churchill wanted the ruins of Ypres as a British memorial because "a more sacred place for the British race does not exist in the world." The townpeople offered the Menin Gate through which nearly every man to fall in the salient must have marched. It was opened in 1927, five years before the completion of the Somme memorial.

Between the wars Fabian Ware wrestled with the Treasury to win funds for maintenance. The most enduring materials had been chosen for the cemeteries and memorials but inevitably there was decay which the Commission found intolerable. An illegible name or a broken headstone meant a man forgotten and though the common sacrifice was to be marked equally, tribute to the individual was to be paid and maintained at all cost.

Ware wanted to make common agreement over war graves the basis for international amity. And although the Anglo-German-French Joint Committee he promoted could not prevent World War Two, on the very eve of conflict an agreement was reached reciprocally assuring the care of enemy graves in the event of war. The Commission was still burying newly found bodies from the last war when told "to prepare for a new harvest of death."

Commission workers were among the first victims through a lamentable failure to anticipate and respond to events in France. One party of returning refugees was led out by a man with a tiny Union Jack fluttering from his bicycle.

Ware considered that civilian casualties were a new kind of war casualty and he was granted authority to commemorate them. The lists he compiled and the piercing insight they gave to tragic stories of "front-line civilians" now rest in Westminster Abbey.

Old cemeteries overseas were reopened and in the desert the grave registration officers resumed their macabre search. While scanning the desert for the rifle, bayonet or helmet giveaway to a forgotten grave, they found men the enemy had buried and others reduced to skeletons after two years in the open.

By 1956, 90 per cent of the 370,000 new graves had been permanently marked. Of the memorials to the 250,000 missing, the Commonwealth Air Forces Memorial at Runnymede to 20,000 airmen was aesthetically the best.

Among the Commission's staff there are men from all the partner countries. As they lived and worked abroad in the Commission's service a family tradition grew up among the British workers. Even today, when the staff has been much reduced, there are 60 men who can claim to have followed their fathers and grandfathers in the keeping of a nation's grief.

Sir Fabian Ware, faithful servant of the fallen, once said "to have created a new empire within and without the British Empire, an Empire of the Silent Dead," died in 1948.

He needs no panegyric; few men have left achievements of more lasting material and spiritual greatness, but Winston Churchill's vision of the Commission's work was also a tribute to the man who made it reality: "The cemeteries will be entirely different from the ordinary cemeteries which mark the resting place of those who pass out in the common flow of human fate from year to year.

"They will be supported and sustained by the wealth of this great nation and Empire as long as we remain a great nation and Empire, and there is no reason at all why in periods as remote from our own as we ourselves are from the Tudors, the graveyards in France of this Great War shall not remain an abiding and supreme memorial to the efforts and glory of the British Army and the sacrifices made in the great cause."

Above: Aden, June 1967. The funeral service for 24 soldiers and a British civilian killed by Adeni police and Federal Regular Army mutineers.

Left: The lawns and roses of an English country garden beautify the last resting place of the men who died at Arnhem. Oosterbeek Cemetery.

Right: The Commission's first, last and never-forgotten responsibility is to the heartbroken bereaved. Their work has been a great solace.

"The Unending Vigil"

The material for this article has been taken from Phillip Longworth's history of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission, "The Unending Vigil." Published in the Commission's jubilee year, it tells an inspiring story of gargantuan labours over the past 50 years.

Personal research has led the author from the Commission's vast London archives to cemeteries as distant as Gallipoli. Possibly contrary to expectations, the book makes fascinating reading on a subject meaningful to every soldier.

The author captures and fully backgrounds the drama of the war grave movement's incredible expansion, and his treatment of history is as painstaking and objective as the work of the Commission itself.

Constable, 42s

The Gunners see their Army

In the children's ward the visitors first met ten-year-old Stephen Rees, whose father is serving with Headquarters, Royal Engineers. A keen Arsenal fan, Stephen keeps a scrapbook of his heroes but had no picture of the team. Now he is the proud owner of this photograph showing him with (left to right) Bob Wilson, Bert Owen (trainer), George Armstrong, Frank McClintock, Jimmy McGill, Tommy Coakley and Don Howe . . .

The routine calm of the British Military Hospital at Dhekelia was rewardingly disrupted when a blue-and-white bus, gaily festooned with banners and bunting, turned up at its doors.

Aboard were members of Arsenal's soccer team, paying a whirlwind visit to the Sovereign Base Area while on tour in the island as guests of the Cyprus Football Association.

And of himself with the Arsenal skipper, Irish international Terry Neill . . .

Who had made a firm friend of three-year-old Sheila Sherman.

Fullback Don Howe, father of four children, quickly overcame young Tom Walker's initial shyness.

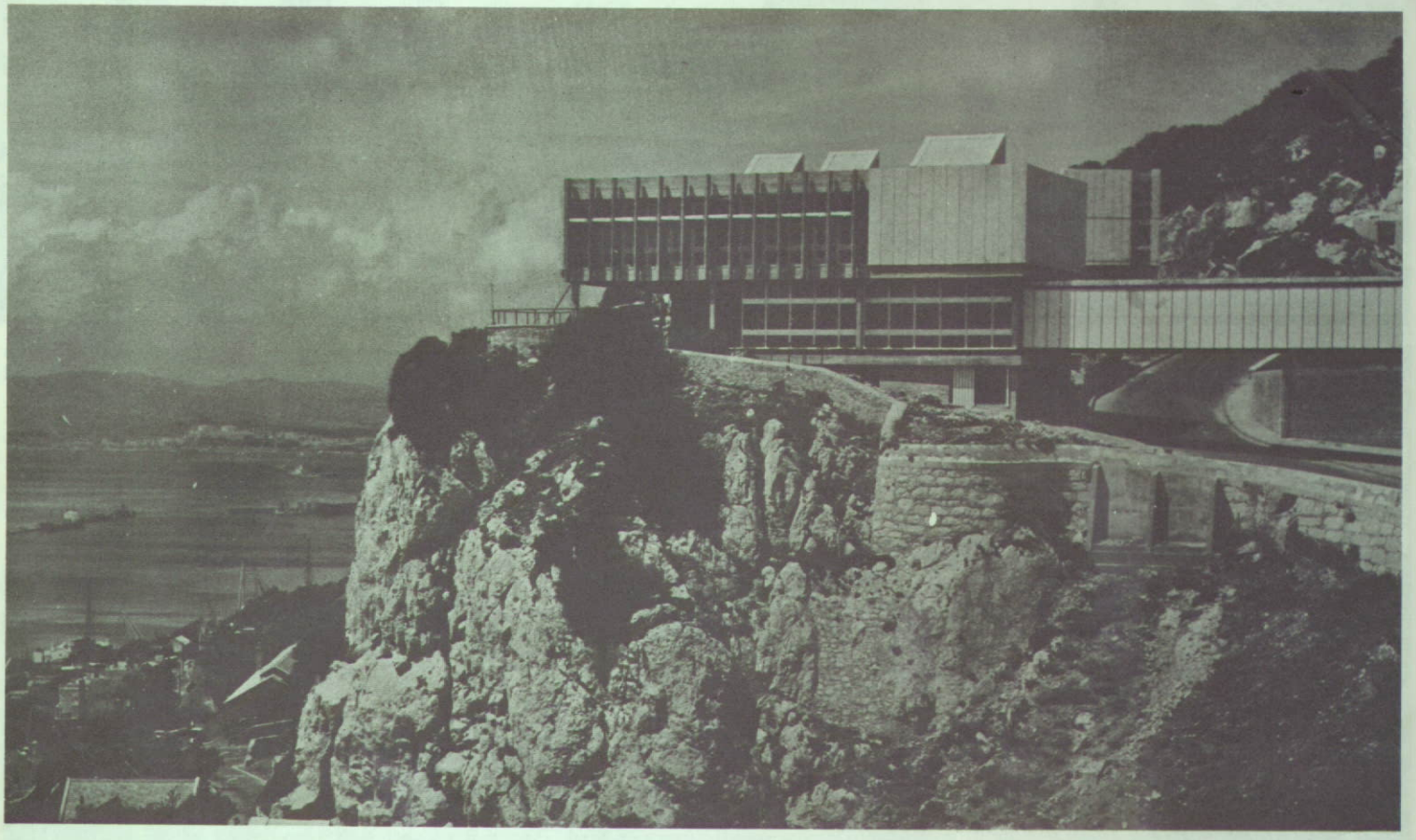
In the men's ward there was an Arsenal fan's welcome from a United Nations patient, Rifleman Garrett Cook, 2nd Battalion, Queen's Own Rifles of Canada.

There was an unscheduled stop in the women's ward, in answer to an SOS from both patients and staff, and these three girls of Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps—Private Celia Glew, Lance-Corporal Jean Clough and Private Mary Linaham—contrived to corner a live Gunner captain for themselves.

Above: Brigadier E G B Davies-Scourfield, Deputy Commander, Dhekelia Garrison, and Scottish International McClintock.

Earlier the Arsenal players and their manager, Bertie Mee, had met senior non-commissioned officers over coffee at No 1 Sergeants' Mess; after the hospital visit they were greeted by 90 soccer enthusiasts gathered in the Wagonners Arms.

From a report by Army Public Relations, Cyprus



A new home—after 200 years

SOLDIERS who have served in Gibraltar will always know it as Windmill Hill but today the military site overlooking Europa Point, Gibraltar's southern tip, has become Lathbury Barracks.

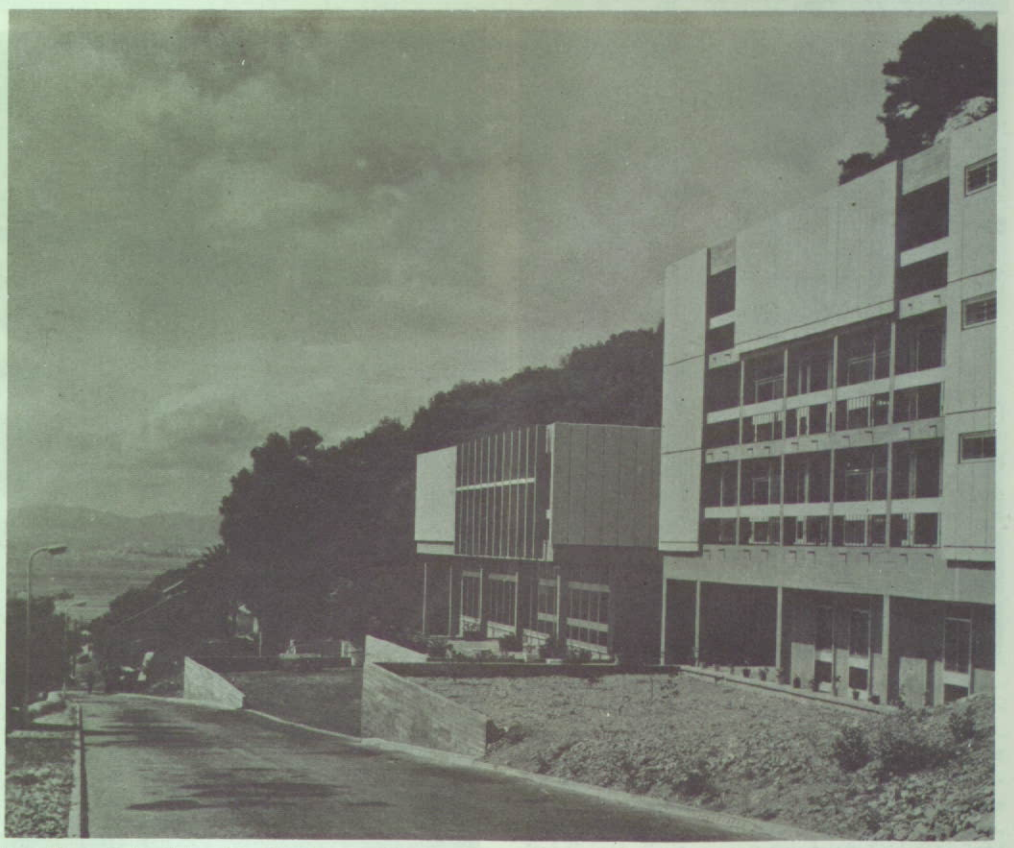
The new buildings, named after the Rock's present Governor, General Sir Gerald Lathbury, have been handed over to the Army by Sir Antony Part, Permanent Secretary of the Ministry of Public Buildings and Works, and accepted by General Lathbury as Commander-in-Chief Gibraltar.

Costing £1,250,000, Lathbury Barracks provide accommodation for about 570 officers and men, including Gibraltar's Garrison Headquarters, and replace accommodation dating mainly from 1735 which had become sub-standard and unserviceable.

This is the final stage in re-allocating Army accommodation on the Rock, providing new buildings and modernising existing quarters. Army accommodation in the town area is being vacated to make room for civil development while the Army concentrates at the southern end of the Rock.

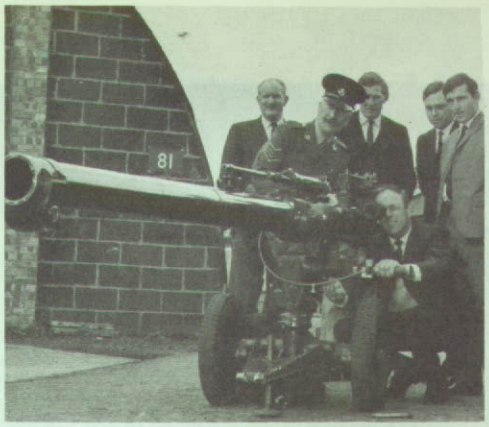
Lathbury Barracks includes five barrack blocks, junior ranks club, education block, officers' and sergeants' messes and a band practice room. The buildings have reinforced concrete frames clad in pre-cast storey-height concrete panels faced with white marble chippings.

The 20-acre site previously housed a military corrective centre, married quarters and Royal Army Ordnance Corps buildings. Parts of the Rock's old defences, built in the late 18th and early 19th centuries, have been retained and also on the site is part of a Moorish wall thought to date from 1333. The married quarters for many of the soldiers in Lathbury Barracks are at Elliott's Battery and were completed in 1966.



Top: Part of the Other Ranks' Mess and Junior Ranks Club with a commanding view of the Straits of Gibraltar. Bottom: A view from the south east of the Officers' Mess at brand-new Lathbury Barracks.

The television man was outnumbered but not out-gunned. The Gurkha assault party attacked with 7.62 blank, but BBC Panorama cameraman Ernest Christie, fighting to his last reel of 16-millimetre cine film, was never defeated. The lens-to-eyeball confrontation happened at Seletar Royal Air Force Station when a television team filmed an assault landing by soldiers of 2nd Battalion, 2nd King Edward VIII's Own Gurkha Rifles. Cameraman Christie assured us that he wasn't caught off balance—it was all a question of camera angle.

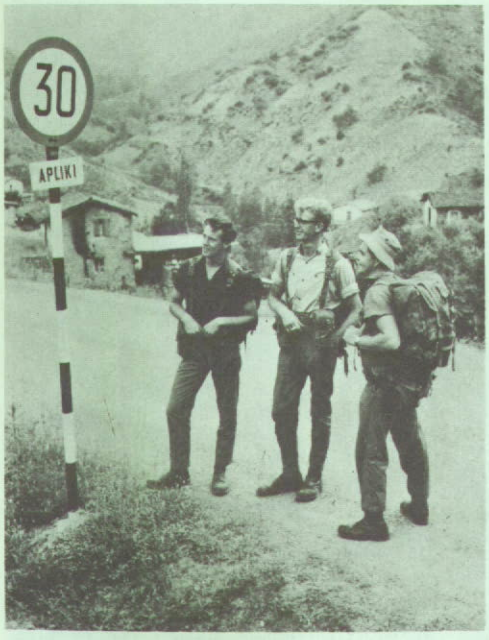


Somerset pace bowler Ken Palmer usually takes on the opposition with a seamed leather ball, but when a batsman's really dug in . . . Ken got the chance to practise his devastating new Wombat delivery when the Somerset cricketers stayed with their county pals of 1st Battalion, The Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry, at Gravesend during a championship match against the Kent side.

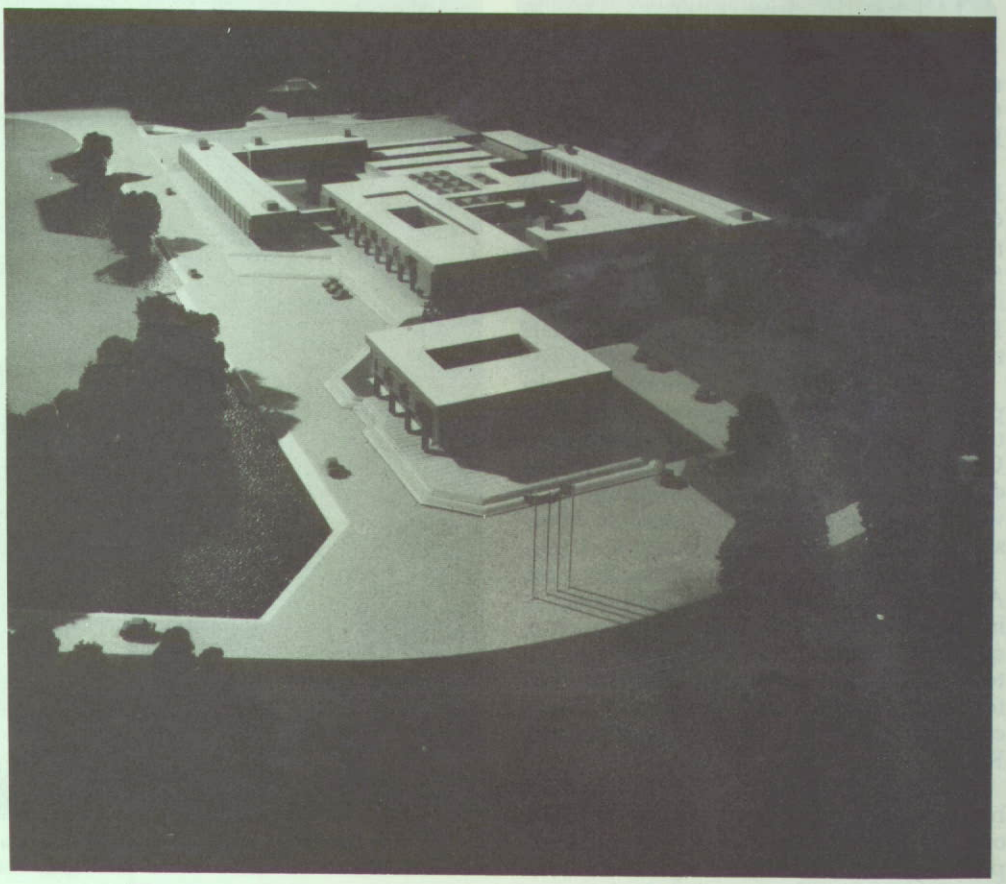
A few minutes after this picture was taken at Ma'alla wharf, Aden, Private Albert Makings and other men of 518 Company, Royal Pioneer Corps, intercepted a massive shipment of terrorist arms. While checking off-loaded cargo at the docks they investigated some crates stencilled "WATER PUMPS." The water pumps were 750 German-pattern bolt-action rifles and 200 7.65mm pistols.

Left, Right and Centre

Sappers of 33 Field Squadron had just finished dismantling skiing equipment at the Troodos Leave Centre, Cyprus, when they were told, "Now walk home." So they trudged the 70 miles back to their base at Dhekelia and only once did they come near to losing the scent. The village of Apliki, they discovered, was firmly built one-and-a-half miles from where the map said it should be. Object of the long walk was to develop self-



reliance, fitness and map-reading and to practise reconnaissance. "It was not a race," said an officer who went along to see fair play. "In fact honours went to a team which was third home. They lost only one man and produced the best observation report at the end of the exercise. The lads did especially well—all the hills between Troodos and Dhekelia lie north-south and they were walking west-east!" One team's log was more succinct! "Looking back we enjoyed it, but at the time it was six parts misery and four parts hell." The hikers pictured above are (left to right) Lance-Corporal Michael McCall, Lance-Corporal John Starr and Corporal Alan Wickham.

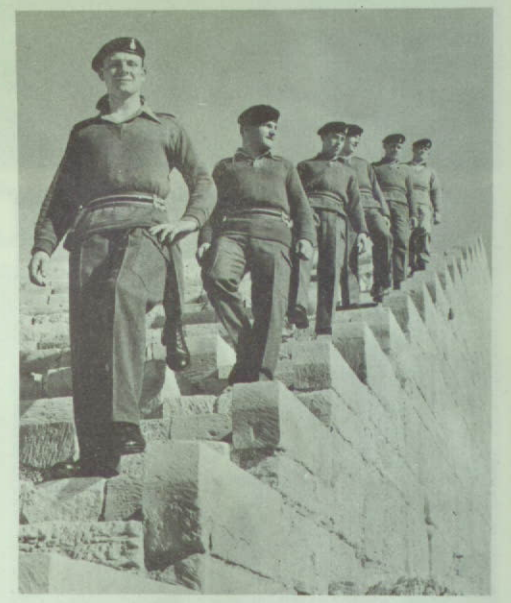


The two million pound modernisation of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, forges on. Work on a complex of buildings to replace the wartime huts of Fresh College began in autumn 1966 and is scheduled for completion by the end of next year. When it matches the model pictured left, the project will include four blocks of study bedrooms and a new Academy headquarters.

Home from the war with honours. The scene is Hyde Park, Sydney, and the marchers in slouch hats are 700 veterans of the Australian Task Force in Vietnam. The people of Sydney gave them a tumultuous welcome when they marched through the streets of the city. The marchers were mainly National Servicemen, 500 of them from the 5th Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment, and in a year's tour on active service in Vietnam they gave an excellent account of themselves.

Like the street cries of London, those hoarse bellows of "Targets UP, targets DOWN" are passing into history. The country's first electrical target range has been opened at Ash near Aldershot. Electric motors raise and lower targets and electronic wizardry automatically registers strikes at a control room in the centre of the range. In future the first and second stages of competition shooting at the main Services' meetings will be fired on the new range and only the final stages will be shot at Bisley with manually operated targets. The Ash range, and another equipped with electric targets at Pirbright, will also greatly speed up normal practice shooting.

Clean break from Trap One for war dog Flash—one of the first passengers in a mobile doghouse designed for the Army Department Police in Cyprus. On the right is Mr Kyriacou Mikis, civilian superintendent at 48 Command Workshop, Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers, who planned the conversion of a scrapheap trailer into a home on wheels for five dogs. Now the trailer is used daily to transport the dogs between Dhekelia and Famagusta. Ventilation grilles in the cage doors and air holes drilled in the sides are guaranteed to prolong active life. Three dog kit-boxes at the rear house the handling equipment and a dog's paw badge makes the aim clear.



Late for the play—1500 years late, give or take an era or two—were these soldiers of 1st Battalion, The York and Lancaster Regiment, strolling down the tiers of the Kourion theatre, Cyprus. The theatre pre-dates the birth of Christ by 200 years and enjoyed a resurgence of popularity in the third century AD when hunters fought wild animals to the amusement of nobles. It fell into disuse soon afterwards and remained hidden until 1949 when archaeologists of the Pennsylvania University Museum excavated the site. The fine Roman stonework survives and makes, as the soldiers saw for themselves, a remarkable reminder of the theatre of blood.

Skirl o' the Dudelsach

Report and pictures by Public Relations, British Army of the Rhine.

HIGHLAND flings, the skirl of bagpipes, even tossing the caber —all would seem out of place in North Germany but for the five Scottish regiments in Rhine Army.

All gathered at The Royal Scots Greys barracks at Fallingbostel for the Rhine Army piping competitions. There were The Royal Scots Greys themselves; 2nd Battalion, Scots Guards; 1st Battalion, The Royal Scots; 1st Battalion, The Queen's Own Highlanders; and 1st Battalion, The Gordon Highlanders.

It was really a mini-Highland Games. German visitors were fascinated by soldiers dancing in kilts although the bagpipes are popular and well known in Germany under the name *Dudelsach*.

Judges were flown from Scotland and the many prizes given by Scottish firms included bottles of Scotch whisky.

Among the winners The Queen's Own Highlanders swept the board and the host regiment, The Royal Scots Greys, won the miniature band event.

The competitions were started ten years ago by The Seaforth Highlanders and now have the reputation of being one of the main venues of first-class piping and dancing.

Above: Piper George Thompson of The Royal Scots Greys delighted German onlookers with his dancing while (left) Piper John Dickson of the same regiment entertained them with his bagpipe playing.

Below: Judging pipers is a serious business as these experts flown over from Scotland well illustrate.

There's a *hooley* in town tonight

Pictures by TREVOR JONES

UNITED Services Week in the seaside resort of Bangor, Northern Ireland, was as pleasant a frolic as Phil the Fluter's Ball—and all for free.

If the thousands of townsfolk and holidaymakers who enjoyed a top-notch military show were unsure just why this military happening was happening, it did not matter. When 500 soldiers, with men of the other Services, descended on Bangor, the Irish were all set to revel in a ready made *hooley*.

Ships seen and unseen featured strongly in the Royal Navy's contribution. A Tribal class frigate, HMS Zulu, anchored in Bangor harbour until bad weather forced her captain to seek the safety of deeper waters while an unnamed aircraft carrier cruising far out to sea launched Buccaneer and Sea Vixen aircraft on scorching fly-pasts.

Zulu herself was the victim of a high-spirited "beat up" by the Royal Air Force's Red Arrows who climaxed a fabulous display with a pass over the frigate at funnel height.

The Navy and Air Force were seen in more friendly co-operation when an RAF Shackleton linked with Royal Navy helicopters in air-sea rescue demonstrations. The Royal Marines were represented by the Plymouth Group band and 43 Commando Assault Team. Happily linked to

A last-curtain firework display closed the Joint Services Irish jamboree at Bangor, County Down.

Below: A sunset shot of the floodlit frigate HMS Zulu. She spearheaded the Royal Navy's contingent.

the Service items were displays by the Royal Ulster Constabulary, Civil Defence Corps and Fire Force.

But it was the Army, grabbing the lion's share of the land activities and encroaching popularly on the air and sea preserves of the others, which dominated the United Services show.

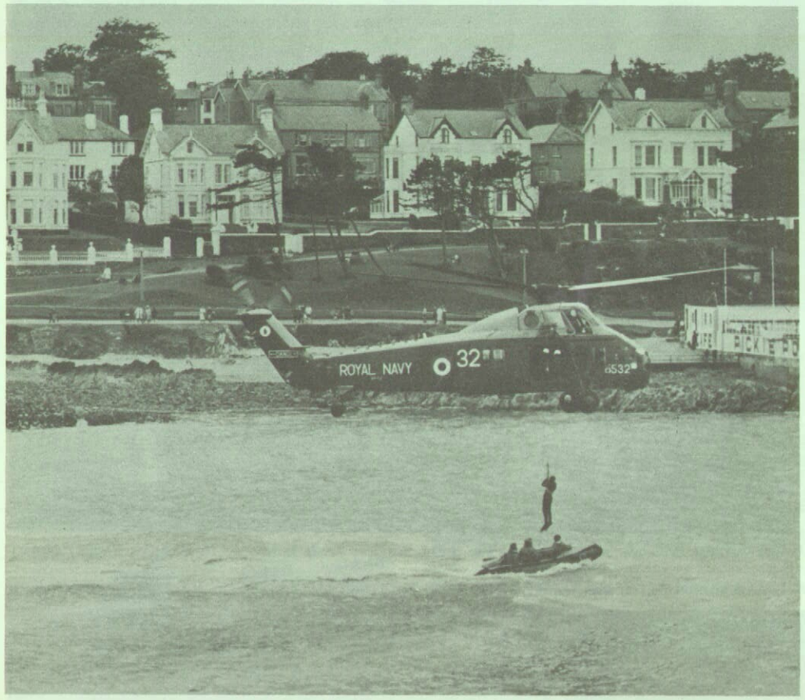
A week of low cloud and treacherously swirling winds gave The Parachute Regiment's free fall team, the Red Devils, challenging opportunities to exhibit tenacious professionalism. They always made the arena and usually the entire team steered skilfully to within feet of its target. Sioux helicopters of 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards emphasised the strength of the Army in the air.

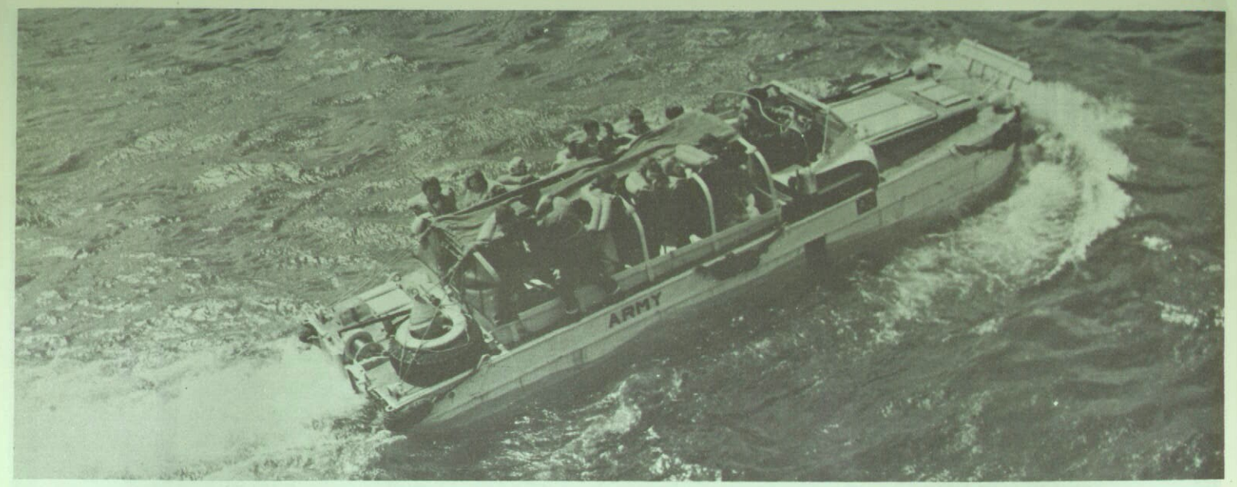
Favourite audience participation item with the children was the tank landing craft, and the two DUKWs working from inside her, on round-the-harbour trips. When the weather was doubtful one of the DUKWs came off Skylark duty to cruise alongside as a safety escort for the other water bus.

The blank battle staged by a company of The Royal Ulster Rifles was as visually effective as anything of its kind can possibly be. Audiences sat enthralled as three years' training ammunition disappeared in a realistic clamour of fire and a pall of smoke.

The people of Bangor loved the excitement of Services Week and at times their eager response was worrying to the Services.

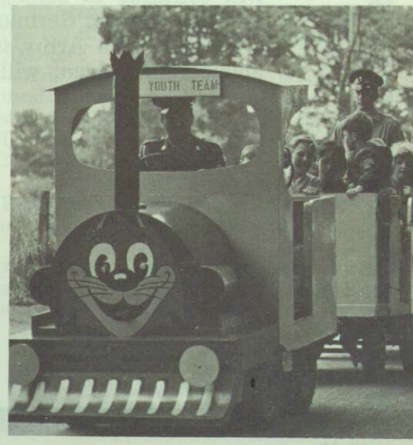
Take for instance the night the watch on board Zulu heard cries for help from three youths and three girls adrift in a boat. Having lost an oar the party had paddled some distance with a guitar. They were welcomed aboard and soon recovered with blankets and hot toddy.





Boat trips round the bay, simulated parachute drops, train trips, recruiting talks and literature were all free at the United Services jamboree.

An inshore rescue boat and a Royal Navy Wessex helicopter linked up for air sea rescue demonstrations (above). Menacing clouds, frail plane and tiny, falling men in a poetic picture (right) of the Red Devils earning their daily crust. Below: A Teddy Bear's picnic about to break up in noisy confusion?



SOLDIERING IN THE 'SEVENTIES

A message to all ranks of the Army from General Sir James Cassels GCB KBE DSO, Chief of the General Staff

The Government's statement of defence policy has now been made in the Defence White Paper and the Army has been given a firm plan for the next few years. I want to tell you how this will affect our future.

The reduction in the size of the Army by 1971 will be painful, will require the disappearance of some famous regiments, and will mean, for some of the more senior officers and men, a premature end to their careers. I am acutely aware of all this. It is inevitable because by that date we shall have left Aden, cut our forces in the Far East by half and reduced our Mediterranean garrisons.

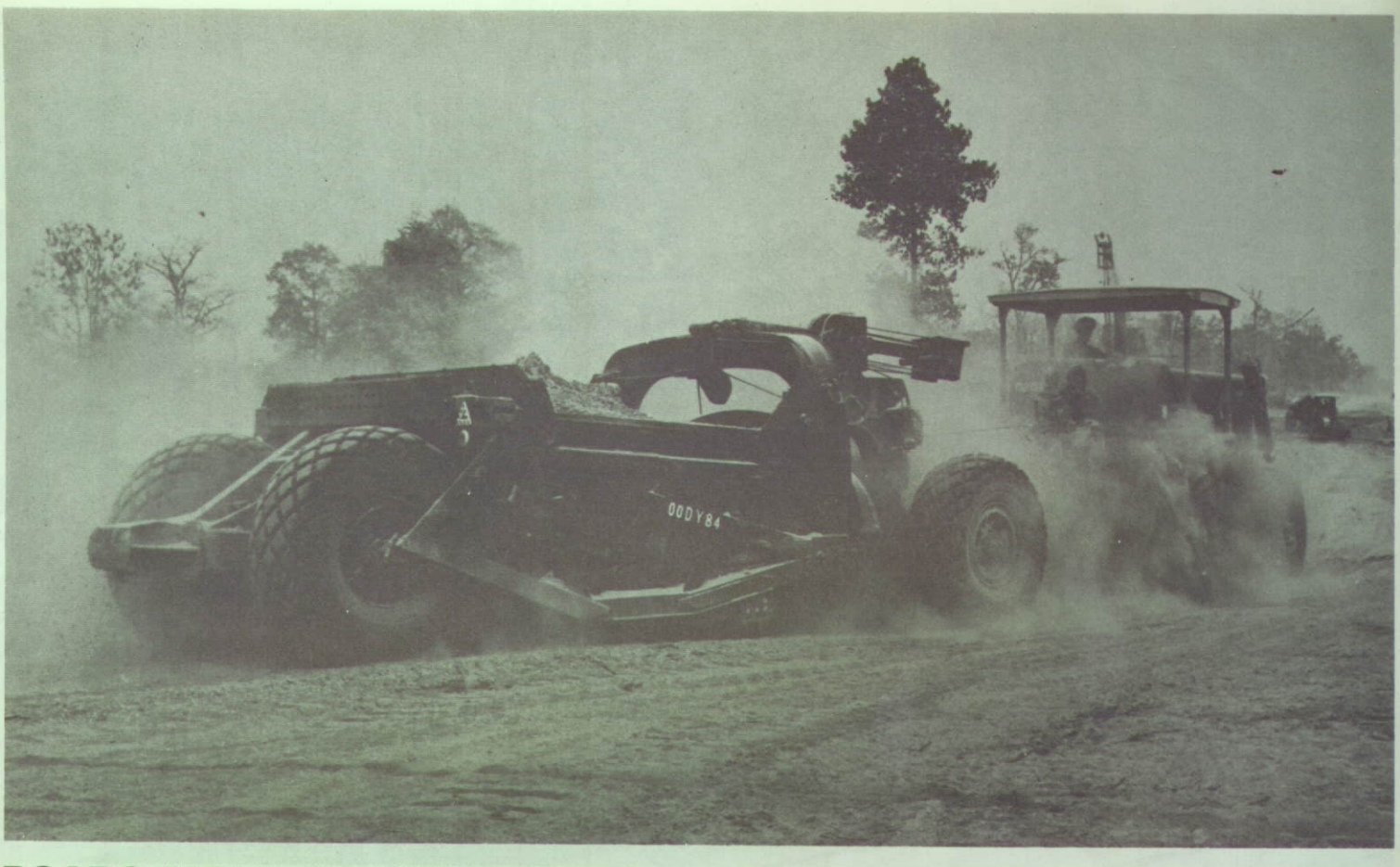
Despite this decrease in strength, the Army's role is remaining basically what it is now. Despite our reduction of forces in the Far East, we are to retain our obligations to the South East Asia Treaty Organisation and to Malaysia. Our forces in Hong Kong will remain. We are making a small increase to our garrison in the Persian Gulf. Troops will continue to be stationed in Cyprus and Gibraltar. If reinforcements for these theatres are required in an emergency, they will be sent from the United Kingdom. The strategic reserve in the United Kingdom, which is to be strengthened, will thus assume even greater importance than it does now. If our allies agree, part of the British Army of the Rhine is to be redeployed in the United Kingdom but it will continue to belong to Rhine Army, and will train in Germany every year.

By 1971 the Army will be smaller by about 13,000 men, will have reduced its strength in some overseas garrisons and will have withdrawn from others; and will be stationing rather more troops in the United Kingdom than it does now. This is a change in policy which many of us will regret. Our overseas commitments and responsibilities however will still be considerable. But I believe that to meet our continuing commitments there will be no shortage of jobs for the Army, and no lack of role. Indeed I believe we may have more than enough on our hands.

It is the Government's intention to withdraw during the mid-Seventies from our bases in Singapore and Malaysia, and in this event the Army will inevitably be further reduced. By that period therefore our overseas dependencies and garrisons may be few and the great majority of our forces may be stationed in the United Kingdom and Germany.

If this happens we shall, as far as can be foreseen, retain much the same kind of obligations as we have now, and to fulfil them will rely on a strategic reserve which must be versatile, mobile, highly skilled technically, and thoroughly professional. Our NATO forces will adapt their equipment, tactics and organisation to meet the many changes which the future in Europe is bound to bring.

The world at present is a turbulent and unpredictable place. I see no indication that the world of the Seventies will be markedly different, and I have no doubt at all that in it there will exist, despite present anxieties, a demanding and worthwhile job for the Army.



ROADS MEAN COMMUNICATIONS; COMMUNICATIONS MEAN PROGRESS. AND ROYAL ENGINEERS IN REMOTE NORTH-EAST THAILAND MEAN . . .

An End to Isolation

IT seems that when the world's weather was blueprinted North-East Thailand made two brave attempts at a climate. It settled for being awash with monsoon rain from May to September and bone dry at other times.

So for centuries this roadless and largely moneyless society was utterly isolated in the wet and subject to indifference in the dry. No one knew or wanted to know North-East Thailand.

But now the 20th century is catching up with the country and British Army road-makers are in the van of the march of progress.

Back at Tidworth after six months' toil in the 120-degree heat is 34 Field Squadron, Royal Engineers, to which anything less arduous in future would be a poor test.

The sappers completed 13 kilometres of a 26-kilometre all-weather highway from Leong Nok Tha to Ban Khok Klang, which at first glance is like saying from nowhere to nowhere. Now the road is being pushed onwards by 59 Field Squadron.

They call it Operation Post Crown. While 34 Field Squadron was struggling to take the road on to high ground before the monsoon Major John Isaac, officer commanding, said: "If we complete this first 13½ kilometres of the road in what will be just over three months, our output will approach or even exceed the maximum considered possible in this part of the world."

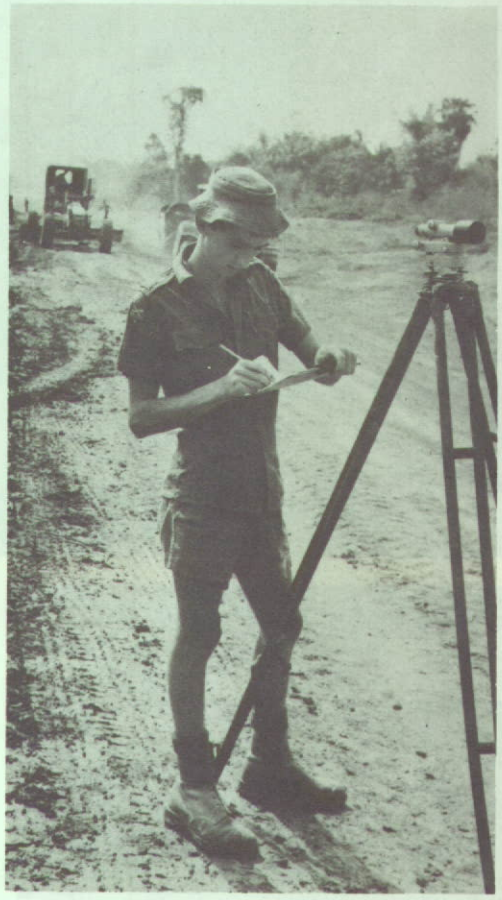
Well, the Field Squadron managed 13 kilometres before it came home. Extremely heavy rain during the final two weeks sealed the fate of that other half kilometre.

The sappers' first job when they arrived in Thailand last October was to complete the remaining quarter of concreting the 5000-foot long Leong Nok Tha airstrip, a civil aid project which is now in the hands of the Royal Thai Air Force. This was Operation Crown and ended in December. The work had been started by 11 and 59 Field Squadrons.

In January they began road building. Brian Barton, an Army Public Relations officer who visited the road wrote:

"Just now the area is a parched patchwork of rice paddies and gasping trees waiting for the rain. The local Thais, mainly of Lao blood, loll in their wooden

continued on page 25



Left: A sapper doing surveying work on the road.

Above: A massive earth-moving machine at work.

Top: Sappers building a timber bridge along the route of the road. Above: A water bowser on its way back to the road after refilling at a water hole. Left: Some of the massive culverts placed under parts of the road. A Thai boy looks on.

villages, each with its quota of saffron-robed Buddhist monks, and kill time by grubbing for frogs and snails for the pot. Ants are highly regarded, taken neat, and much time is spent round small muddy ponds catching very small fish. Work will start with the rain."

Amid this lethargy the activities of the Royal Engineers' breaching the scrub and transforming cart tracks into sweeping road caused not inconsiderable excitement.

The watching Thais probably did not realise they were seeing the beginning of great changes in their lives. Roads mean communications; communications mean progress. Trucks will be able to bring in fertilizer and take out rice, fruit, vegetables and pigs to market.

Elsewhere Australian and New Zealand Army engineers and Thai roadbuilding teams are busy and the British contribution will eventually form part of a road network. The Lao border will seem closer and Bangkok, 300 miles to the south-west will become more easily accessible. Travelling doctors will be able to hold regular clinics and buses will give children the opportunity of secondary education.

A background of communist terrorism neither deterred the sappers nor slackened their pace. Poverty and isolation has made the area a prime target for a band of communist guerillas that roams the hills near the Lao border. There have been several shooting incidents with village headmen, teachers, officials and police at the receiving end. But 34 Field Squadron, working unarmed, was never attacked.

The Post Crown highway is not exactly a six-lane motorway but it has the great merit in a poor country of being made almost entirely from local materials.

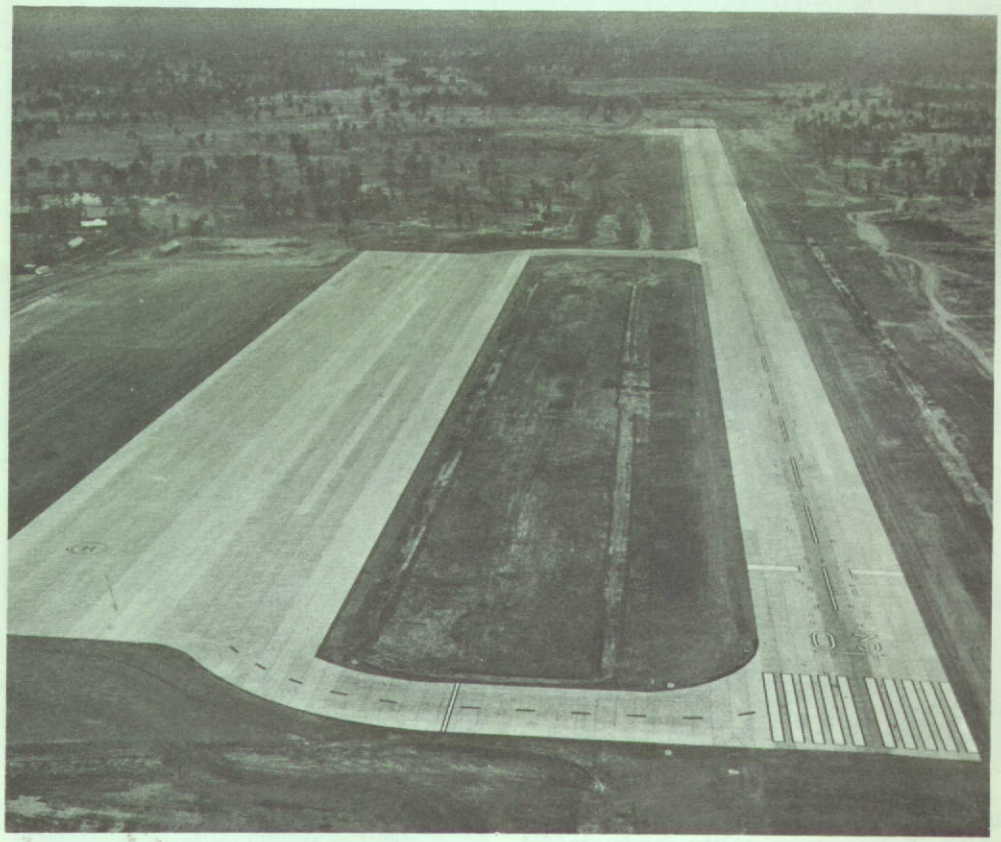
Bridging timber is cut in a local sawmill and concrete culvert pipes are cast in the Post Crown camp. The road surface is compacted laterite, a natural gravel-like substance containing lumps of iron oxide. The sappers quarry it from deposits along the way and spread it, grade it, water it and generally nurse it until there is a road that will take 60 miles an hour from a Land-Rover and will not wash away.

It is eight metres wide, including the shoulders, with ditches at either side.

Mr Barton declared: "It is a sight as impressive as the monstrous Buddhas of Bangkok to see the roadmakers at work. Their huge machines, trailing choking dust screens and giving a fair imitation of a desert tank battle, attack the road in line ahead at maximum revs.

"Earth is gouged, chewed, pounded, moulded and generally savaged until suddenly another chunk of North-East Thailand is road shaped. The panache of the plant operators had made the spectacle the best free show for miles around even taking precedence over cock fighting."

Above: Watched by locals, Staff-Sergeant Tosney checks on the siting of a tank in its concrete.



Above: This was the finished product of Operation Crown—Leong Nok Tha airfield, constructed by Royal Engineers. Right: The partly made road already in use by a party of Thai women who are wending their way through sappers still at work.

Sappers on Tap

THE ingenuity of a party of sappers from 34 Field Squadron brought the nearest thing to piped water that a group of primitive villages in the Post Crown area has ever known.

Staff-Sergeant Bernard Tosney, given the job of trying to improve the lot of local people, noticed that Thais without wells on their property were forced to buy water from those who had.

He also noticed the roofs of the village halls would make ideal catchment areas and hit on the idea of putting a tank at each corner of the halls to trap rain water. His small team set to work.

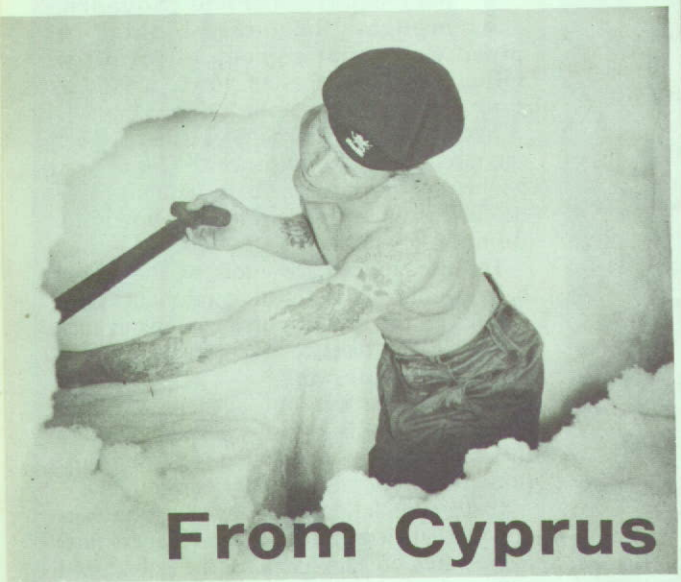
The scheme cut out any middle man because the village halls, always next to the temple, are controlled by Buddhist priests and are traditionally communal.

Instead of laboriously lowering buckets down other people's wells the villagers now have water on tap. Each of the galvanized iron tanks holds 400 gallons and the water flows into them from guttering round the hall roofs.

Reports and pictures by Army Public Relations, Far East.

Above: Brig-Gen C T Horner, Assistant Commander, 5th Division, and CSMs Murphy (left) and Tuggey. Right: Colorado Last Post.

Below: 6000 feet up on Mount Olympus in Cyprus, Lance-Corporal Chris Whittall digs his home for the night, a snow hole.



From Cyprus to Colorado

RECENTLY you could have found men of 1st Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment, on top of a 6000-foot mountain in Cyprus or way out West in Colorado.

In Cyprus, while their comrades sunbathed and swam on the south-west coast, 20 members of one platoon spent the night in six-foot deep snow holes atop the mighty Mount Olympus in the Troodos.

Although the mountain men missed out on the swimming they had plenty of sunshine. Temperatures on the mountain did not fall below freezing and, according to one member of the party, it was "jolly hot and we got more suntan in a day than the others did in a week."

More than 400 members of the Battalion were in Cyprus for three weeks' training.

Over to the United States where 130 men of D Company went to Fort Carson, Colorado Springs, for three weeks' training as a company of a United States battalion of the 5th Infantry Division.

On the evening stand-to parades a compliment was paid to the British troops by their American counterparts who stood at the salute as Last Post was played.

The camp holds 24,000 troops and it takes an hour to walk from end to end so the British troops soon got into the habit of knocking back ice-cold drinks from dime-in-the-slot machines.

Above: The timber-built hut with a flat for warden Major E J Dagless blends with the surroundings. It offers modern comforts in splendid isolation—nearest road is two miles away on a rough track.

Mountain Welcome

ON a rainswept hillside a lone soldier of The Royal Highland Fusiliers lovingly played his bagpipes. Nearby a tiny deer moved timidly through the heather. And all around towered Scotland's mighty Cairngorm Mountains.

The piper, Sergeant David Caird of the Regiment's 1st Battalion at Fort George, was playing in the guests to a Services ceremony 1700 feet up in the mountains. The deer? Well, although curious about the comings and goings it kept its distance. Perhaps it did not like the one-for-the-pot look on the face of an Army cook.

Piper, deer, a couple of generals, Royal Navy and Royal Air Force officers—they were all at the opening of the £15,000 Rothiemurchus Lodge near Aviemore, Inverness-shire.

The Lodge has been provided by the Nuffield Trust for members of all three Services to enjoy the splendour of the wild and beautiful Cairngorms national nature reserve, 100 square miles of the largest tract of mountainous land over 3000 feet in Britain.

From this base Servicemen will be able to enjoy climbing, hill walking, fishing—and, of course, ski-ing.

This is the Services' effort to "keep up with the Joneses"—the Joneses being the commercial concerns forever increasing facilities for outdoor enthusiasts in this magnificent part of Scotland.

The new building, opened by Mrs M S Robinson, secretary of the Nuffield Trust for the Armed Services of the Crown, stands near the original Lodge built in 1950.

It is a vast improvement, with modern accommodation for 24 people. And the older hut is to be modernised for 28.

At the opening Lieutenant-General Sir D B Lang, GOC-in-C Scottish Command, stressed the importance of recreational facilities with the Forces returning to this country in strength.

And Lieutenant-Colonel J P Grant of Rothiemurchus, the Laird on whose land the Lodge stands, emphasised that the Lodge was not for military training but the type of recreation which the Cairngorm countryside could accept without danger to its beauty and grandeur.

Back Cover

This is the setting one imagines the bagpipes were made for—the towering Cairngorm Mountains with their sub-arctic peaks, a carpet of heather, a glowering sky. And the piper is Sergeant David Caird of 1st Battalion, The Royal Highland Fusiliers, playing at the Rothiemurchus Lodge opening. Not so long ago Sergeant Caird played his pipes at the funeral of Dr Adenauer.

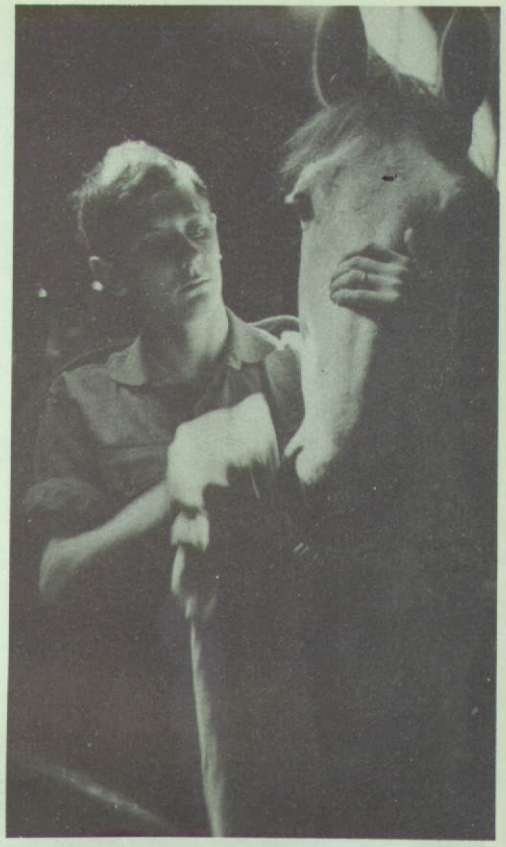
From the horse's mouth

THERE are 200 of us and 350 of them. We are the Queen's horses; they are the Queen's men. Together we thrill thousands as the Mounted Regiment of the Household Cavalry.

Our job is to provide a daily Mounted Guard at Horse Guards in London and escorts for Her Majesty on state occasions. We are living proof that the day of the Army horse—which has carried Britons into battle from Culloden to Crimea—is not done. And whatever the job we never say neigh.

We may be few in number now but nobody can say that Army horse flesh ain't what it used to be. May Black Bess's ghost and the spirit of the knacker's yard haunt us if they do.

Recently we had a chance to show the stuff we are made of at the Household Cavalry Press Day at Wellington Barracks.

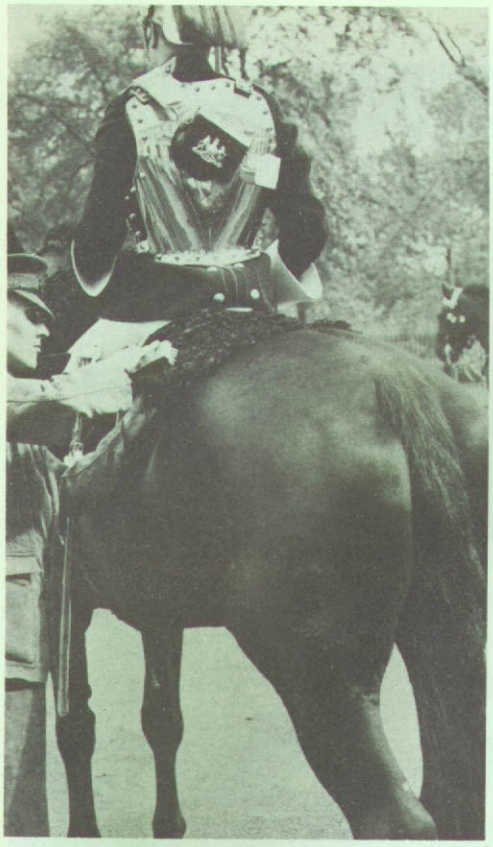


This picture captures the special relationship between us and our handlers. You can see the soldier cares. And we know we are in sympathetic and gentle hands. If you have ever seen a mounted parade you know how well we work together. Our riders are pretty good considering that most had never ridden before joining the Household Cavalry.

This (left) is just one of those things you have to put up with when you are a horse—a necessity of life like you humans going to the barber's. Our farriers are the tops, of course—trained by the Royal Army Veterinary Corps and expert at making a horse feel happy on the hoof.

Here we are (left) getting the once-over before Queen's Life Guard Mounting. Today, even troopers are becoming " with it." Although their uniform and duties have varied little with the passage of time, much of the steel they wear is stainless now; and it is being whispered round the stables that the issue of white plastic equipment is being considered. Kinky!

Pictures by TREVOR JONES
Horse thoughts by JOHN WRIGHT



Everything has to be just right for the guard mounting. And if anything—but anything—is not, the inspecting officer will spot it. Slap one's rump if he doesn't.

Another parade over, and one cannot help reflecting that although the Household Cavalry no longer needs us to fight battles they could hardly mount the Queen's Guard with armoured cars.

Here's Trigger, showing that it takes more than a little cornet to disturb the calm of a well-trained cavalry horse. They do this to get us used to ceremonial occasions.

Even horses get sick, like our friend here. But when we do there is expert help to hoof. And almost before you can say saddle sore we are fit for duty again.

Our noble predecessors who carried the Light Brigade through the Valley of Death never underwent this sort of treatment. But in these days of automation one cannot really object to being vacuum cleaned and groomed with motor brushes. It makes our coats gleam and it saves time. That's horse sense!

Ah, food at last!

A man starts to grow tall in the saddle when he approaches an Army Careers Information Office to enlist in The Life Guards or the Royal Horse Guards.

After 16 weeks' basic training at the Guards Depot at Pirbright he can volunteer for mounted duties and then undergoes further training in London before going on mounted parades. He will then do two to four years' mounted duty before going to an armoured car regiment. If he likes horses he can return to the Mounted Regiment for a further tour.

The Mounted Regiment comprises one mounted squadron from The Life Guards, one mounted squadron from the Royal Horse Guards, and a composite squadron for administration.

THE BLACK WATCH-

They sprang from a Highland Patrol

IN 1758 the French-held fort of Ticonderoga, about 200 miles north of New York, was formidably defended by entrenchments and a barricade of large trees. The first British assault failed.

This was just too much for the Highlanders of the 42nd Foot in reserve. Annoyed at their back seat role they could not be restrained and, rushing forward, were soon in front hacking through the trees with their broadswords. They got through but they had no scaling ladders. Undaunted, the Highlanders used swords and bayonets to make holes in the breastwork and they clambered up one another's shoulders.

Their gallantry was in vain; the French were too well prepared. The 42nd Foot suffered a staggering 600 casualties. However, Scotsmen in the United States and Canada still remember Ticonderoga Day and the bravery of the 42nd Foot, better known today as The Black Watch.

In the same year the Regiment became 42nd (The Royal Highland) Regiment of Foot—a pat on the back from a well-satisfied King. After a somewhat shaky start the soldiers from the Central Highlands were beginning to carve a place in British military history.

The official history describes this shaky start as "a bad business"—it was, in fact, a mutiny. In 1743 the Regiment—then the Highland Regiment of Foot—was ordered to leave Scotland. Many of its soldiers had never left the Highlands before, could not speak English and thought they were having a raw deal when mischief-makers spread the word that they were going to the dreaded West Indies. They were, in fact, going to Flanders.

In London many deserted and fled for their Highland homes. They were caught; three were shot in the Tower of London and more than 100 transferred to other regiments.

An Irishman, General George Wade, who opened up the untamed Highlands of Scotland with a network of roads and forts, created The Black Watch. He armed trustworthy Highlanders of non-Jacobite clans to police the glens. In 1725 six companies, totalling 500 men, were formed.

They became known as The Black Watch because of their watch on the Highlands and dark tartans which contrasted with the English soldiers' red coats. In 1739 they became a regiment—a regiment of Highlanders with a Lowland colonel to prevent inter-clan jealousy. The first parade was in a field near Aberfeldy in Perthshire where a monument now marks the occasion.

After the unfortunate mutiny the Regiment went to Flanders and had its first battle at Fontenoy in 1745, winning from the enemy the tag of "Highland Furies." In 1756, after seven years in Ireland, the 42nd went to North America, the Seven Years' War—and Ticonderoga.

It was at Loos in 1915 that The Black Watch broke a grisly record of casualties that had lasted since Ticonderoga. The 9th Battalion, just a year old, attacked Loos and Hill 70, losing 21 officers and 680 men, the highest loss in one action by any battalion of the Regiment. The 8th Battalion, also recently formed, fared little better. In the same battle it lost 18 officers and 492 men in an attack opposite the formidable Hohenzollern Redoubt.

Much had happened between Ticonderoga and Loos. In 1758 a second battalion was raised and left for the West Indies and North America where it joined and was eventually absorbed by the 1st Battalion. In 1779 the 2nd Battalion came to life again and won fame in India. In 1786 it became the 73rd Highland Regiment of Foot, in 1809 the 73rd Regiment of Foot and in 1862 the 73rd (Perthshire) Regiment.

The 42nd held its title to 1861 when it became 42nd (The Royal Highland) Regiment of Foot (The Black Watch). In 1801 it was outstanding at the Battle of Alexandria and in the Peninsular War was stirred to great efforts at Corunna by Sir John Moore's exhortation: "Highlanders, remember Egypt!"

Both the 42nd and the 73rd took part in the battles of Quatre Bras and Waterloo. The former Regiment was badly mauled at Quatre Bras but managed to come out on top. After distinguishing itself as part of The Highland Brigade at Alma in the Crimea, the 42nd went on to win eight Victoria Crosses in the Indian Mutiny.

In 1881 the two regiments came together again as the two battalions of The Royal Highlanders (The Black Watch). In 1922 the regimental title was changed to The Black Watch (The Royal Highland Regiment).

At the outbreak of World War One there were seven battalions of the Regiment; at the end, 25 units of the Regiment had served abroad and lost 10,000 killed and more than 20,000 wounded.

During World War Two The Black Watch served in every major campaign except Norway and Malaya. In 1940 the

2nd Battalion stood firm in Crete against the first large-scale air invasion in history. Finally it was evacuated by the Royal Navy, losing 200 men in the process.

The 1st, 5th and 7th battalions fought at El Alamein and in 1944, as Chindits in Burma, 200 men of 2nd Battalion lost 70 men in routing 1,200 Japanese.

In 1948 the 1st and 2nd battalions merged. Four years later the 2nd Battalion was re-formed for service in Germany and British Guiana while 1st Battalion won new glory in Korea, particularly in the second battle of the Hook.

The 2nd Battalion died again in 1956. In recent years the 1st Battalion has been engaged all over the globe from the jungles of Kenya to the mountains of Cyprus where recently its soldiers wore the blue beret of the United Nations.

At the moment the 1st Battalion of this senior Highland Regiment is serving in Minden. It comes home next spring.

Top: Men of The Black Watch hitch a ride aboard a tank in the Western Desert, 1943.

Left: A tangle of trees was a formidable barrier for the Highlanders at Ticonderoga.

Far left: The Regiment's old cap badge bears the Star of the Order of the Thistle.

Bottom: Men of the 42nd Regiment at Quatre Bras get a mauling from French cavalry.

One of the reasons for the fighting spirit of the Black Watch has undoubtedly been the kinship of its soldiers. The regiment recruits mainly in Perthshire, Angus and Fife. Campbell and Stewart have been commonest names among officers while these, with the addition of Macdonald, Robertson, Thomson, Fraser and Grant, have been the names in the ranks.

The regimental tartan is worn by all ranks except pipers, to whom Queen Victoria gave permission in 1843 to wear the Royal Stewart. In 1795 the red hackle was introduced and an Army Order of 1821 gave The Black Watch the sole right to wear it.

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

The Black Watch is proud that the man who held the Middle East in the early years of World War Two, Field-Marshal Earl Wavell, became Colonel of the Regiment in 1946. Fifty men of The Black Watch took him to his funeral service in Westminster Abbey when he died in 1950.

ADEN

Nine rounds on the Jebel

AGAINST the magnificent backdrop of the Jebel Jihaf's 7000-foot peaks, gunners of 1st Regiment, Royal Horse Artillery, paid their farewells to Dhala', border town on the vague frontier between the Yemen and the Aden Federation.

In a simple but impressive ceremony the Regiment's E Battery handed over artillery responsibility in the area to Dhala' Troop of the Federal Regular Army artillery.

The four guns of Salamanca Troop formed up on the square and, after an inspection by the guest of honour, the Amir Shaful Bin Ali the Amir of Dhala', fired a nine-gun salute into the Jebel's peaks. The parade ended with a fly-past by three Sioux helicopters of the Regiment's air troop.

The Amir and other guests were then entertained to lunch during which Lieutenant-Colonel David Baines presented the Amir with a Royal Artillery officer's sword and referred to the tremendous hospitality which his Regiment had enjoyed in Dhala' State.

In reply the Amir thanked the Regiment for all its hard work under difficult conditions and presented Colonel Baines with a magnificent Arabian sword embossed with gold and silver. More presentations followed—an E Battery plaque to the Amir; a gold and silver ceremonial dagger from the Amir to the Battery; a Regimental plaque to 3rd Battalion of the Federal Regular Army and a pennant to Dhala' Troop; and finally two copies of the Koran from the Regiment's Padre to the FRA 3rd Battalion. Now back in Colchester, the Regiment will display the sword and dagger during a recruiting tour in the Nottingham area this month.

From a report by Joint Public Relations Staff, Middle East.

Gunners, Guardsmen, Engineers.
Units full of Craftsmen,
Inniskilling Fusiliers,
Never-put-on-drafts-men,
N.C.O.'s, and Generals too,
Ex-Lancers (off their horses)
Show by upturned glass what brew
Suits best the British Forces.

Top: A 105mm pack-howitzer of Salamanca Troop fires at the Jebel Jihaf. Above: Colonel Baines accepting an Arabian sword from the Amir of Dhala'.

LIBYA

Lessons of defeat

WHILE Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery was visiting the site of his El Alamein victory, a few hundred miles to the west 120 officers from Malta and Libya Command were at Gazala studying the Eighth Army's disastrous 1942 defeat. The enemy was represented by two officers now serving in the German Bundeswehr.

The four-week struggle opened with the mauling of 7th Armoured Division, the Desert Rats, by Rommel's Afrika Korps and ended with Tobruk's capitulation. Five months before El Alamein, the defeat brought Monty hurrying to take command of a shaken army.

Major-General A R Leakey, GOC Malta and Libya and a veteran of the battle, who led the study, said: "Because we were defeated when we should have won, Gazala is immensely worthwhile as a study . . . The object of our visit was to find out where we went wrong and learn lessons from our failure."

Others present included Major-General D L Lloyd Owen, GOC Cyprus, who was with the Long Range Desert Group in North Africa, the British and French Ambassadors to Libya, the Deputy United States Ambassador to Malta, and a number of Libyan Army officers.

Wreaths were laid at Knightsbridge (Acroma) cemetery, the German memorial near Tobruk and the French cemetery.

The study was organised by Malta-based Royal Army Educational Corps officers who produced a 250-page book on the subject.

From a report by Army Public Relations, Malta and Libya.

There was considerable interest in this French anti-tank gun in the King's Cross French cemetery.

Maj-Gen A R Leakey (GOC Malta and Libya) (left) and Maj-Gen G W Richards (right) both served at Gazala. Maj-Gen D L Lloyd Owen (GOC Cyprus) (centre) served with the Long Range Desert Group.

Very much on the ground, officers study the dispositions of the forces engaged in the Cauldron phase of the Western Desert struggle at Gazala.

LETTERS

Unfair to collectors

I am at variance with what Brigadier H C Baker-Baker, Colonel of The Black Watch, said about medal collectors (May) when a Victoria Cross was presented to his Regiment.

Sixteen years ago I bought a Victoria Cross group and at that time knew nothing about the man to whom it had been awarded. I wrote to his regiment asking for any information about him but, apart from confirming that he had been awarded the VC, they could not help.

Within a few months, I had discovered where he was born, when he enlisted, his discharge date and subsequent home address, the date of his marriage, when he died and the place and date of his burial. I also obtained a photograph and the citation for his Victoria Cross.

With all due respect I am afraid Brigadier Baker-Baker does not know medal collectors and the trouble they take in getting details of the recipients and of the actions for which their decorations and medals were awarded. To us they are not just pieces of metal with only a monetary value but represent acts of heroism, fortitude and endurance which helped to make Britain great.—**R L Geach, 18 Lower Park, Tresillian, Truro, Cornwall.**

Lance-corporal

Recently a court-martial in Germany sentenced a lance-corporal to be reduced to the ranks. Since when has lance-corporal been a rank and not an appointment?—**Lieut-Col H S Bagnall (Rtd), Little Wilderness, Northiam, Rye.**

★ *Lance-corporal has been a rank since 1 September 1961 (Queen's Regulations, page 67, refer).*

Pentathlon pioneers

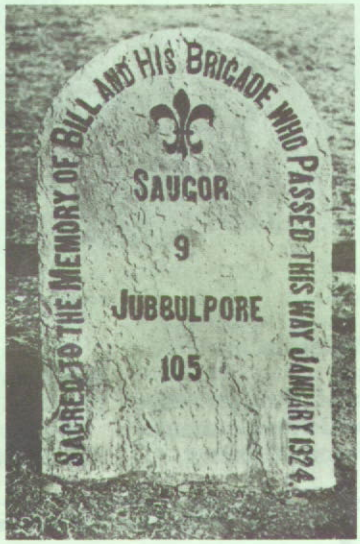
We enjoyed the article on our Regiment in the May SOLDIER but please share our embarrassment and correct one mistake. We were not and are not "alone among boys units in blazing a pioneer trail by introducing modern pentathlon." The very first were, I believe, Junior Leaders RASC (now RCT), and one of their ex-members, L/Cpl Barry Lillywhite, is now a member of the national team. Regrettably they no longer compete, but the Junior Leaders RAC are somewhat our seniors in this sport and the RAOC Juniors have also made a start, so we are by no means alone.

It would be nice to see a few more junior units taking up this fascinating and arduous sport.—**Maj G K Murphy, Junior Tradesmen's Regiment, Army Catering Corps, Clayton Barracks, Aldershot, Hants.**

Strange milestone

Readers may be interested in my photograph of a strange memorial milestone on the road from Jubbulpore to Saugor, in India.

The story goes that when 2nd Battalion, The Manchester Regiment, was stationed at Jubbulpore, the brigade camp was held in the vicinity of Saugor,



the then Colonel Commandant of the brigade being Colonel W H (Bill) Beach.

It is believed that at this milestone on the march the Battalion experienced a very severe hailstorm. The milestone still stands after more than 40 years, with the words and crest clearly inscribed on it, to mark the spot.—**L Shalom, 67 Ash Road, Aldershot, Hants.**

Silver bugles

It is well known that keyed bugles ("Royal Kent") are seldom seen outside museums and that those with eight or more keys are extremely rare. I claim that the only sterling silver key bugle *ever* was made in 1850, as a result of the very high regard in which the officers of 1st Battalion, The Rifle Brigade, held their Bandmaster, William Miller.

They commissioned the most famous maker of the day, John Kohler, of 35 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, to create this solid silver bugle, stipulating no fewer than ten keys and that the embellishments should be second to none. A rich engraving of flowers and acorns with a personal inscription was to cover the bell with shamrocks to decorate the keys. This latter emblem was an added gesture as Miller was an Ulsterman. Kohler, in turn, very wisely engaged the services of a master silversmith, Edward Pairpoint, of 44 Whitcomb Street, Leicester Square (later of Lichfield Street and Greek Street, Soho), to carry out the main work.

William Miller, a fine musician, was the Regiment's first bandmaster and must surely have been a splendid fellow to have inspired such affection as was translated into the fashioning of such a superb and unique instrument.

Before moving to Winchester the headquarters of The Rifle Brigade were in Canterbury and it was here, on 5 October 1850, that this handsome instrument was presented by the Officer Corps to their Music Master—one can imagine the emotion of the occasion.

It is recorded that the American instrument maker E G Wright (1842–1860) made a silver bugle with 11 keys—I would much appreciate it if any reader of SOLDIER can tell me where it may be seen.—**D Marks, 39 Morpeth Road, South Hackney, London E9.**

Record?

I was interested to read (May Letters) that 1st Battalion, Malaysia Rangers, claims the record for the longest unbroken period on operations in Borneo (14 months).

The 2nd Battalion, 6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles, moved to West Malaysia in December 1966, having completed two years' and two months' unbroken service in Borneo. To quote from an Army news release at the time, "the longest unbroken tour of duty of any British or Commonwealth unit in the area."

Before anyone starts claiming the longest individual period I might add that many members of the Battalion served for the whole period.—**Capt P D Pettigrew, 2nd/6th Queen Elizabeth's Own Gurkha Rifles, c/o Kluang, Johore, Malaysia.**

REUNIONS

Beachley Old Boys Association. Annual reunion 22, 23 and 24 September 1967. Particulars from Hon Sec BOBA, Army Apprentices College, Chepstow, Mon.

The South Wales Borderers and Monmouthshire Regiment. Annual reunion at Brecon, 9 and 10 September 1967. For tickets and accommodation apply Regimental Secretary, RHQ, The Barracks, Brecon.

The East Yorkshire Regimental Association. Reunion 23 and 24 September 1967. Details from Secretary, 11 Butcher Row, Beverley, E Yorks.

The Cheshire Regiment Association. Annual summer reunion at The Castle, Chester, Sunday, 10 September 1967. Particulars from Secretary, RHQ The Cheshire Regiment, The Castle, Chester.

The Lawrence Memorial Royal Military School, Lovedale, India. Old Lawrencians reunion, 4pm, Saturday, 23 September 1967, at Royal Horticultural New Hall, Victoria, London SW1.

The Queen's Own Buffs, The Royal Kent Regiment. Annual Service of Remembrance, 12.30pm, Sunday, 13 August, followed by lunch at Howe Barracks, Canterbury. All members of the Regiment and all ex-members The Buffs and The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment welcome. Admission to Cathedral by ticket only; tickets for service and lunch obtainable on application to local branch of Regimental Association.

ODD MAN OUT

Of the 74 words in Competition 107 (April) which grouped in twos or threes, 32 were incorrectly submitted as the one that did not "belong." Castor, low, lemon and treason were the most popular—the right answer was "wide."

Correct groupings were: Here, there and everywhere; London, Midland and Scottish; Tom, Dick and Harry; Gunpowder, treason and plot; Blood, sweat and tears; Faith, hope and charity; Left, right and centre; Number, rank and name.

Stand and deliver, Jack and Jill, David and Goliath, Mutt and Jeff, Castor and Pollux, Hero and Leander, Romulus and Remus, Hammer and sickle, Stars and stripes, Port and lemon, Rogues and vagabonds, Put and take, Bib and tucker, Up and down, In and out, High and low, Hither and thither, War and peace, Hear and obey, Bill and Ben, Out and About, Cheek and jowl, Hard and fast, Over and under, Rank and file.

Prizewinners were:

1 Mrs F L Charlesworth, Frog Hall, Wokingham, Berks.

2 D P Jones, 3 Hazel Avenue, Caldicot, Newport, Mon.

3 L/Cpl and Mrs H Ellis, Berlin Postal and Courier Communications Unit RE, BFPO 45.

4 Lieut J H Walton, 2nd (ACF) Bn, The Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, Huntleys School, Culverden Down, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

5 R C Branch, 33 Hailey Avenue, Chipping Norton, Oxon.

6 Mrs Wendy S Barrett, 5 Woodstock House, Angel Lane, Hayes End, Middlesex.

7 Mrs D A Reggler, c/o Maj M J Reggler RAPC, 50 Missile Regt RA, BFPO 24.

It happened in AUGUST

Date		Year
8	British Academy granted Royal Charter	1902
9	Canada-USA frontier defined	1842
10	Battle of St Quentin	1557
11	New Waterloo Bridge, London, opened to traffic	1942
15	Macbeth, King of Scotland, slain in battle	1057
15	Battle of Lumphanan	1057
15	Berlin founded	1237
16	Battle of Bennington	1777
18	Verdun offensive began	1917
19	French Revolutionary Tribunal set up	1792
22	Civil War in England began	1642
24	Massacre of St Bartholomew	1572
29	" The Ashes " instituted	1882 ▶
31	Malaya achieved independence	1957

HOW OBSERVANT ARE YOU?

(see page 41)

The two pictures vary in the following respects:

1 Height of pole. 2 Peg supporting crossbar. 3 Numeral on vaulter's vest. 4 Stripes on middle runner. 5 Left flag. 6 Vaulter's ankle sock. 7 Lower peak of mountain. 8 Middle window of marquee. 9 Revolver in starter's left hand. 10 Artist's signature.

COLLECTORS' CORNER

J-G Soulieres, 4669 Charleroi Street, apt 4, Montreal-North, Quebec, Canada.—*Collects British and Commonwealth badges and shoulder titles.*

V G Hamilton, 28 Pitcairn Crescent, Christchurch 5, New Zealand.—*Wishes to exchange New Zealand Army badges for British Army badges. Also wishes to contact ex-Commandos, especially of 4 Commando.*

D Smart, 5 Brewery Street, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire.—*Requires British Regular and Territorial Army cap and collar badges.*

A Pope, 60 Beechwood Court, West Street Lane, Carshalton, Surrey.—*Requires offers for back numbers of SOLDIER, January 1950 to current date less nine issues.*

D Rose, 16 Rue des Pelissiers, 76 Maromme, France.—*Requires genuine used World War Two British Commando green beret and cloth patches; exchange or purchase.*

C James, 12 Midland Road, King's Norton, Birmingham 30.—*Requires regimental magazines containing articles about emergency in Malaya and Borneo. Also military webbing, French paratroop badges and German camouflage steel helmet covers.*

A H Stevens, 6 Wellington Walk, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol.—*Collects medals, badges, photographs or records of the British Volunteers and German military items.*

Appreciation

Through their Lord Lieutenant, Colonel Sir John Carew Pole, the people of Cornwall have thanked the Army for its help in clearing their beaches of oil from the wrecked Torrey Canyon.

Colonel Carew Pole has written to Lieutenant-General Sir Geoffrey Baker, C-in-C Southern Command, " to thank you for all the excellent work done by the units since the start of the operation and to say how very grateful everyone in Cornwall is for the cheerful, energetic and efficient way they have undertaken this arduous, unpleasant and often dangerous job of oil cleaning.

" We have had the opportunity seldom afforded in this county of seeing a cross-section of the modern Regular Army's county regiments and Gunners and I am glad to be able to tell you in every case the standard set by these units has been of the highest both on and off parade and the local population will be very sorry to see them go. They certainly have been a first-class advertisement for the modern soldier and their conduct, turnout and bearing reflects the highest credit on all concerned.

" I have also been very impressed by the excellent way they have looked after our drill halls where they have been accommodated. These were far from luxurious and are not designed for permanent occupation by large bodies of men —yet they settled down quite happily and co-operated to the full with the very limited staff remaining at the disposal of the Territorial Association and in every case without exception they have handed over their accommodation and stores properly clean and in first-class order.

" Cornwall indeed owes an enormous debt to these men and to those who commanded them in this difficult and complex operation and in this connection I should particularly like to mention Brigadier Majury and his staff who were able at such short notice to organise a scheme in conjunction with the local authorities to deal so successfully with such an unusual emergency."

Although the threat of oil pollution did not materialise on the coasts of Devon, the Clerk of the Devon County Council also expressed appreciation:

" We were told that two regiments had been earmarked to move to Devon at short notice, for beach clearance operations. My Council has asked me to convey their thanks to the C-in-C Southern Command for the prompt preparations, and also to pass on to the officers and men concerned their appreciation of the efficient way in which the assistance was handled."

ARNHEM

Mortar bombs burst among the trees. Once peaceful Oosterbeek crossroads is littered with the debris of war. The SOLDIER print of David Shepherd's painting of bitter fighting near Arnhem is a "must" for all enthusiasts. It measures 38½ inches by 23½ inches, is in eight colours—and costs three guineas including wrapping and posting to any part of the world. Orders, accompanied by cheque, postal order, money order or international money order, made out to "SOLDIER Magazine," should be sent to SOLDIER (Prints 3,) 433 Holloway Road, London N7.

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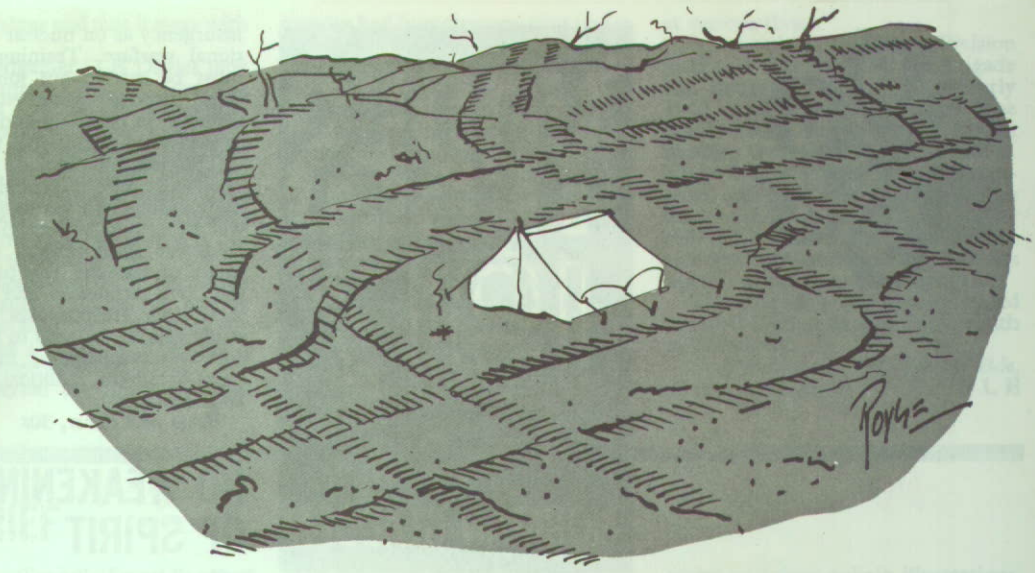
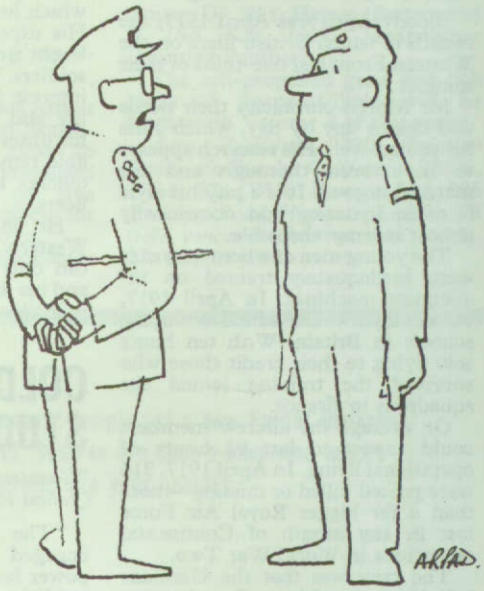


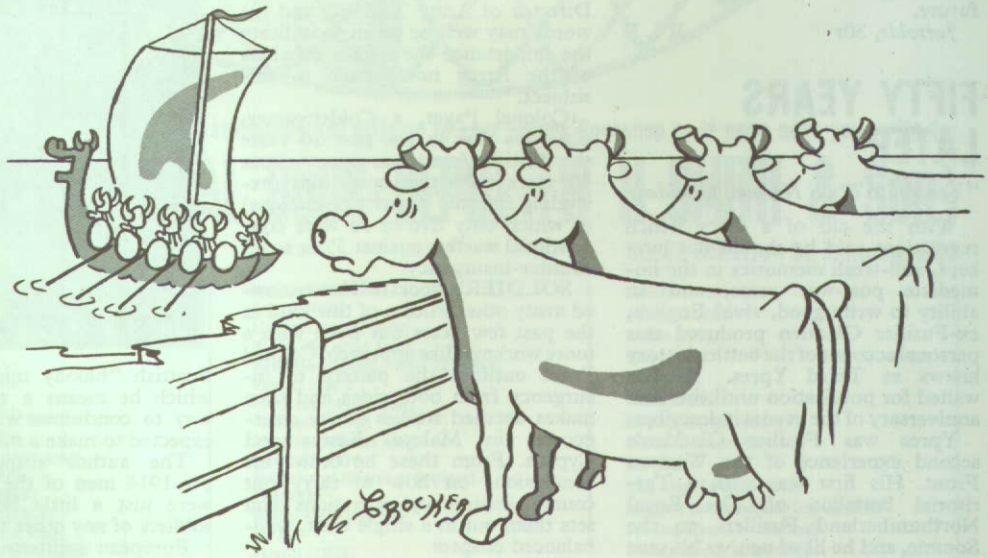
"Did you hear that noise in the night?"

"And it was here in 1944 that the Allies finally broke through and raced for Rome, ignoring isolated pockets of resistance."

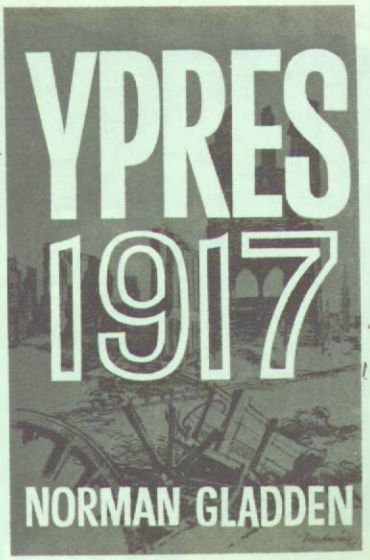


"Either you're wearing a non-regulation tie, Matthews, or you came to work on a couple of eggs."

"I met the Duke of Wellington in your waiting room."



BOOKS



JUST TEN HOURS SOLO

"*Bloody April*" (*Alan Morris*)

Bloody April was April 1917, the month in which British fliers on the Western Front lost one-third of their number.

Mr Morris chronicles their deeds and deaths day by day, which suits his subject well. His research appears to have been thorough and his material is good. It is a pity his style is often irritating and occasionally almost incomprehensible.

The young men of whom he writes were inadequately trained on inadequate machines. In April 1917, 76 of them were killed at flying schools in Britain. With ten hours solo flying to their credit those who survived the training joined the squadrons in France.

On average the aircrew members could expect to last 92 hours of operational flying. In April 1917, 316 were posted killed or missing—more than a far bigger Royal Air Force lost in any month of Continental operations in World War Two.

The crux was that the Germans had better machines. But the new Bristol fighter was making its first forays into battle, blockages in the supply system at home were being cleared and more machines, of better design, were on the way. The men of the Royal Flying Corps and Royal Naval Air Service, who had won through April so hardly, were to find that things were to be better in the future.

Jarrolds, 30*s* **RLE**

FIFTY YEARS LATER

"*Ypres*, 1917" (*E Norman Gladden*)

With the aid of a diary which regulations said he should not have kept, still-fresh memories in the immediate post-war years, and an ability to write good, vivid English, ex-Fusilier Gladden produced this personal account of the battles history knows as Third Ypres. It has waited for publication until the 50th anniversary of the events it describes.

Ypres was Fusilier Gladden's second experience of the Western Front. His first was with a Territorial battalion of The Royal Northumberland Fusiliers on the Somme, and he liked neither his unit nor its sector of the Front. At Ypres he was with the 11th, a Kitchener battalion of his Regiment, and found this much more congenial. The Ypres Salient he thought more deadly than the Somme but better organised.

Messines, Pilckem Ridge, Polygon Wood, Menin Road and Passchendaele were some of the battles in which he fought as a Lewis gunner. His experiences were not very different from those of other front-line soldiers. What gives this book special interest is his acute description of life and death within the scope of his observation and his very reasonable remarks on his fellow privates, officers and non-commissioned officers.

He endured all the dangers the Western Front had to offer and one can only marvel with him that he and his diary survived to tell the tale.

William Kimber, 36*s* **RLE**

COLD WAR STUDY CENTRE

"*Counter-Insurgency Campaigning*" (*Julian Paget*)

"The British Army has been engaged in giving aid to the civil power for centuries, and the lack of publicity it has received is a measure of its success. What is new is the probability of this situation continuing beyond the foreseeable future, and also the glaring publicity under which the security forces now have to operate," writes Lieutenant-General D B Lang in a foreword to this book.

General Lang was until recently Director of Army Training and his words may well be taken to indicate the importance the higher echelons of the Army now attach to this subject.

Colonel Paget, a Coldstreamer, discovers that in the past 20 years the British Army has spent about 40 years on active operations (excluding internal security operations) of which only five or so were conventional warfare against 35 or so on counter-insurgency.

SOLDIER's Bookshelf has reviewed many other studies of this kind in the past few years but none with a more workmanlike approach. Colonel Paget outlines the pattern of insurgency from both sides and then makes detailed studies of the emergencies in Malaya, Kenya and Cyprus. From these he draws his conclusions on how to carry out counter-insurgency operations and sets them out in a single clear, well-balanced chapter.

He complains that until recently the British Army's training has not placed as much emphasis on counter-insurgency as on nuclear or conventional warfare. Training, he says, must be carried out jointly by all those directly concerned, civil and military, in planning and staff work as well as in operational techniques.

Training must include a thorough knowledge of the probable enemy, his methods and his weaknesses, as well as a study of the civil aspects of cold war campaigning, so that all ranks understand the problems of the civil authorities and appreciate their aims. He proposes a cold war study centre, devoted to research in cold war campaigning in all its aspects—military, political, economic and ideological.

Faber and Faber, 30*s* **RLE**

NO WEAKENING OF SPIRIT

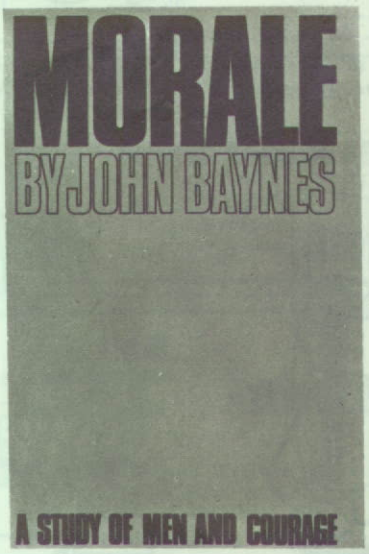
"*Morale*" (*John Baynes*)

At 8.5 am on 10 March 1915, 2nd Battalion, The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles)—better known to themselves as the 2nd Scottish Rifles—went "over the top" in the attack on Neuve Chapelle. About 700 went into action. By 9.30 am they had suffered 350 casualties and only two officers were left.

On the night of 12 March the survivors, now commanded by a solitary second-lieutenant, were exhausted but still in action and set off on another attack before a message came to call it off. On 15 March, now down to 145, they went out of the line.

What gave this battalion the ability to stand appalling losses with no weakening of spirit? It is the answer to this question that the author, himself a serving Cameronian officer, seeks. His study makes an unusual and fascinating book, a kind of psycho-analysis of a unit.

His conclusions would not all apply to any battalion without at least, in the pollsters' jargon, "weighting the sample," for the "sample" was, if not unique, not easy to duplicate. For one thing it was Scottish, and one of the ingredients the author considers is



Scottish "bloody mindedness," by which he means a refusal to give way to conditions which might be expected to make a man sour.

The author suspects that the pre-1914 men of the British Army were just a little better than the soldiers of any other time.

European military discipline, he considers, was then at about its zenith. It had reached a point halfway between the absolute control imposed by the Romans and the complete reliance in modern armies, such as the British, on a soldier's willingness to do his duty.

It is no surprise that the five most important factors the author finds contributed to the morale are still preached today—regimental loyalty, officer-other rank relationship, strong and balanced discipline, sense of duty and sound administration.

Religion, Major Baynes finds, was an important influence on only about one in ten of the soldiers. Sex, or the lack of it, had no bearing on the soldiers' morale at all. Patriotism was certainly an influnece, but by no means comparable to loyalty to the regiment.

Cassell, 42*s* **RLE**

The Picnic Basket

Major-General Sir Edward Spears

A PASSION FOR MUSKETRY

"*The Picnic Basket*" (*Major-General Sir Edward Spears*)

These are some random writings by an unusual and distinguished soldier-diplomat whose major tasks have been chronicled before.

A "delicate" child, General Spears attended no school and spent a good deal of his childhood with French relatives, thus laying the foundations for his years of liaison between Britain and France.

At 16½ he was commissioned into the Kildare Militia, part of The Royal Dublin Fusiliers whose Colours he now preserves. He moved to a Regular commission in the 8th Hussars and later transferred to the 11th Hussars.

Like many who were to distinguish themselves, as a young officer he held unorthodox views on training. Musketry was one of his passions and he was none too popular when he insisted that senior officers' servants must neglect their menial duties so that they could practise on the ranges.

On exercise he earned a tremendous rocket for claiming that the six machine-guns he commanded had "destroyed" an entire cavalry brigade.

This book includes a description of the Battle of Nery. This action, in which numbers engaged were relatively small, had vast repercussions on the events of late 1914.

Three British cavalry regiments were surprised on a foggy morning by double their number of German cavalry and thoroughly defeated them. The quality that won the day, says the author, was that British courage born of initiative, practice

in games, quickness, power of decision, and coolness.

The most remarkable item in this collection is an account of a vision of the Battle of Poitiers which the author had as he stood on the field where the Black Prince defeated a far superior force led by the King of France.

Although this starts off as a rather precious essay, the author's vision, extended by some reading of history, produces a very colourful, clear and readable account of a battle that proved the Black Prince to be a very great commander.

Secker and Warburg, 36*s* **RLE**

HE JOINED THEM

"*The Greatest Gamble*" (*Per Hansson*)

How would a hero fare if his courage had to be sustained over a period of years; if he had to mix with the enemy as one of them but do so among his own kith and kin with the foreknowledge that he would be despised as a traitor?

This was the experience of Gunvald Tomstad, surely one of Norway's truest patriots. His story inspires the deepest respect and admiration for the men and women of the Resistance and gives a deeper understanding of the unbelievable demands their work made on them.

Tomstad led an intelligence group. Its greatest coups were tipping off the Allies on the Bismarck and Tirpitz.

Mr Hansson agrees that Tomstad's adventures may seem so fantastic as to be almost incredible. Were they not backed up by the King of Norway himself, the reader could be forgiven for thinking the story emanated from Hollywood.

A farmer and "amateur in the world's most dangerous game," Tomstad was the last person to be suspected of spying. But it was at his farm at Helle, above Flekkefjord, that he kept the vital transmitter which sent the Home Fleet in search of the Bismarck.

While the Germans made constant sweeps to track down the transmitter the group decided it needed some way of obtaining information on the plans and activities of the Sicherheitsdienst, the Gestapo security service.

Mr Hansson writes: "They thought up a plan, a fantastic, sinister plan. If it was to be implemented, one of them must take upon himself a burden heavier, perhaps, than any man could bear. And it was Gunvald Tomstad whom in the end they asked to bear it."

Tomstad became a Nazi and joined the Nasjonal Samling, the Norwegian Nazi Party. Month after month he endured the hatred of people who had once been his friends—and there was the risk that his group might be wiped out, leaving no proof that he was not a traitor. But month after month he collected valuable facts to help the Allies and keep the transmitter safe.

George Allen and Unwin, 25*s*

JCW

FROM VIMIERO TO MOUNT POPA

"*A Short History of the 5th Infantry Brigade*" (*Major G P D Young*)

A Regular brigade is not usually thought of as having a history. Its major components, the battalions and regiments that come and go, make its history and take it away with them.

When Brigadier D H Davies took over 5th Infantry Brigade Group at the end of 1962 he felt differently. He discovered that his new command had been formed in 1806 and had been in the order of battle almost continuously ever since. Major Young, then the Brigade's staff paymaster, volunteered to under take the research for this book.

The Brigade saw its first action in the Peninsula, at Vimiero, and in 1809 it became part of the newly formed 2nd Division with which it has since been often associated.

At Waterloo the Brigade's commander had four chargers shot under him. Its squares withstood the French cavalry charges, held the line in a crisis which left a flank unprotected and, though weary, played a major part in beating the fresh troops of Napoleon's Old Guard.

In the Crimea the current system of numbering brigades within divisions lost the 5th its identity. It was the 5th Brigade again in the muddles and disasters of the South African War when the nationality of three of its four battalions caused it to be known as the Irish Brigade.

It fought as part of 2nd Division again in World War One, when nine battalions served under its command at various times.

It was once more in 2nd Division in World War Two and the Brigade had the same battalions from early 1940 until the end. They were the 2nd Dorsets, 7th Worcesters and 1st Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders. They fought in the Dunkirk campaign and were next in action in the thick of the battle for Kohima. After this they earned an enviable reputation for team-work and speed in the pursuit of the retreating Japanese.

The Brigade's war history ended in April 1945 at Mount Popa, south of Mandalay.

Staff Paymaster, HQ 5th Inf Bde, Tidworth, Wilts, 6*s* **RLE**

IN BRIEF

"50 *Famous Tanks*" (*George Bradford and Len Morgan*)

From Little Willie, the precursor of all tanks, to today's Chieftain, Leopard, S tank, Sheridan and AMX 30, this useful booklet contains brief details and historical notes, with pictures, of the best-known tanks of half a century—13 German, 11 British, 11 United States, eight Russian, six French and one Swedish.

Chieftain, which is described as rivalled in firepower only by Russia's huge T10, is singled out for the distinction of two extra pages which comprise a cutaway diagram of the tank and notes on ammunition and bagged charges for its 120mm gun.

Tabulated data tables in the form of an appendix offer easy comparison of the 50 tanks.

Arco Publishing Co, 219 *Park Avenue South, New York, NY* 10003, *USA*, $1.95 (*also obtainable from W E Hersant Ltd*, 228 *Archway Road, Highgate, London N*6, 16*s* 9*d post paid*)

"*Sturmartillerie*" (*Walter J Spielberger and Uwe Feist*)

The third paperback in this Armor series features the German Sturmartillerie from assault guns to Hunting Panther. These armoured vehicles were designed to give infantry its own support artillery for assault and anti-tank purposes.

They are shown in 86 black-and-white and four colour illustrations, most of them photographic, and details are given of the Sturmgeschutz IIIA (Sd Kfz 142), III 40 (Sd Kfz 142/1), IV L/48; Sturm-Infanterie Geschutz 33 (heavy assault gun); Panzer IV/70; Jagdpanzer IV, 38(t) Hetzer (Baiter) and V (Sd Kfz 173s) Jagdpanther (Hunting Panther).

The self-propelled guns and flak tanks of Sturmartillerie will be featured in Volume 4 of this series.

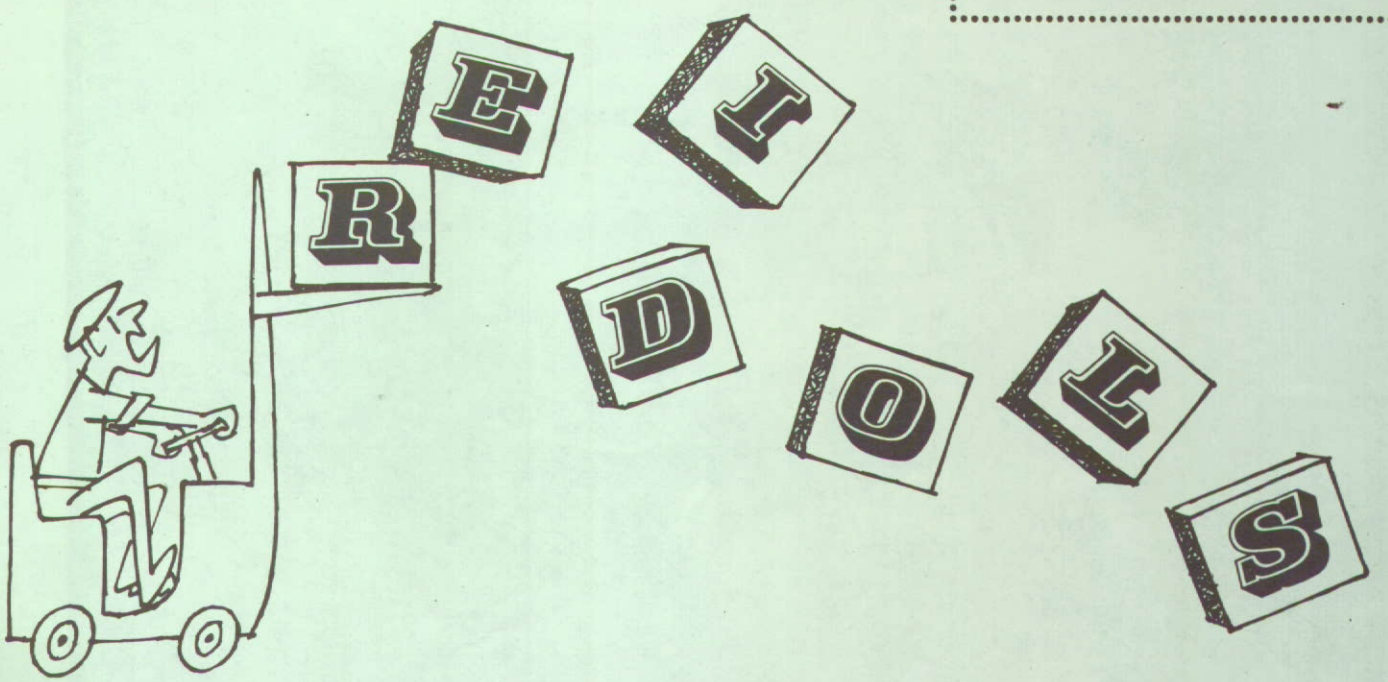
Aero Publishers, 329 *Aviation Road, Fallbrook, California* 92028, *USA*, $3; (*W E Hersant Ltd*, 228 *Archway Road, Highgate, London N*6 (*sole concessionaires outside USA*), 23*s* 6*d post paid*

August 1917

The nightmare lunacy of total war. On the utterly desolated Menin Road men of a stretcher party play ducks and drakes with death in a gauntlet of shellfire. Whatever their fate was to be, this photograph proves that they faced it with dignity and courage. Absolutely powerless to help, the German prisoner and two British soldiers convey the resignation of men overwhelmed by terrible events as they watch the drama. Perhaps a single shell will obliterate the mercy party, perhaps they will get the wounded to safety, perhaps death will lay in wait and catch them coming back. The watchers can do nothing but wait.

The British offensive on the Ypres Ridge was renewed in mid-August on a nine-mile front and it was as bitterly opposed as the main push of two weeks before. The Germans fought tenaciously from pillboxes let into the side of the ridge like eyelets. Losses were heavy, results disappointing. Then it began to rain in Flanders and the demons of Passchendaele heard the cue and moved into the wings. Worse horrors were about to burst about the heads of the benighted Western fronters.

COMPETITION 111



WORD-MAKING

ONE of the oldest of word games is to make as many words as possible from the letters of a given word.

In this competition the word is SOLDIER—all you have to do is to make as many words as you can from it. The rules are simple:

Each word must contain four or more letters.

Each letter of SOLDIER can be used only once in a word.

Each word must be a standard English dictionary word.

Plurals and verb forms allowed but where they are the same, eg rides (plural noun) and rides (verb), only one word will be accepted.

There are more than 60 words so start now and send your list, with the " Competition 111 " label from this page, and your name and address, to:

The Editor (Comp 111)
SOLDIER
433 Holloway Road
London N7.

This competition is open to all readers at home and overseas and closing date is Monday, 9 October. A list of words and winners' names will appear in the December SOLDIER. Winners will be those with the most correct words.

PRIZES

1	£10 in cash
2	£5 in cash
3	£3 in cash
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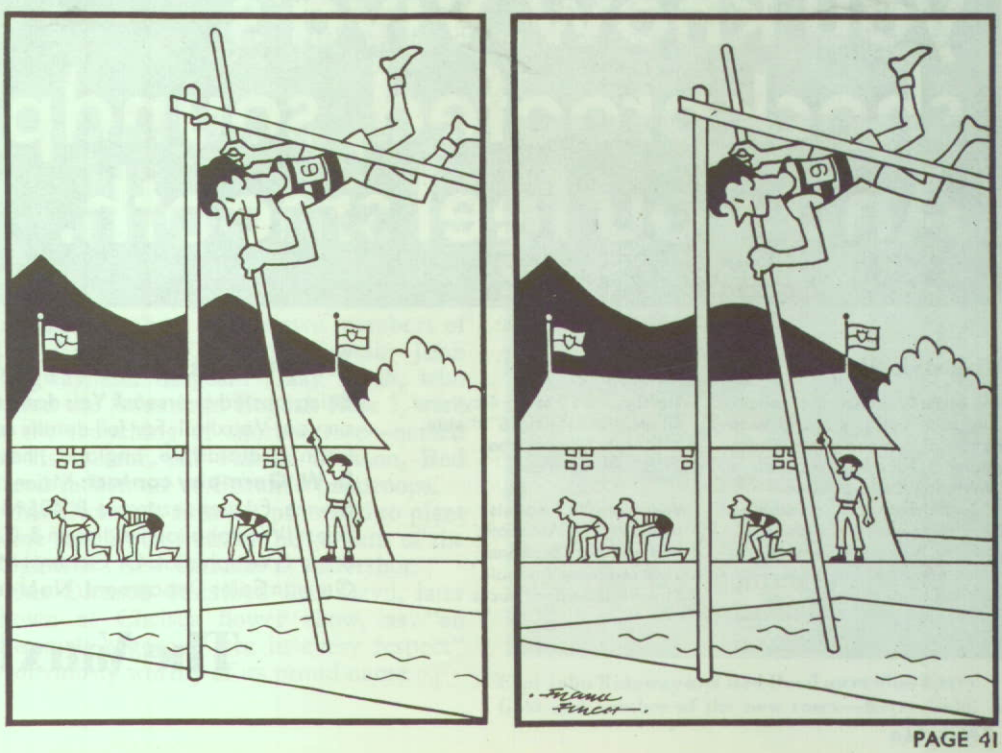
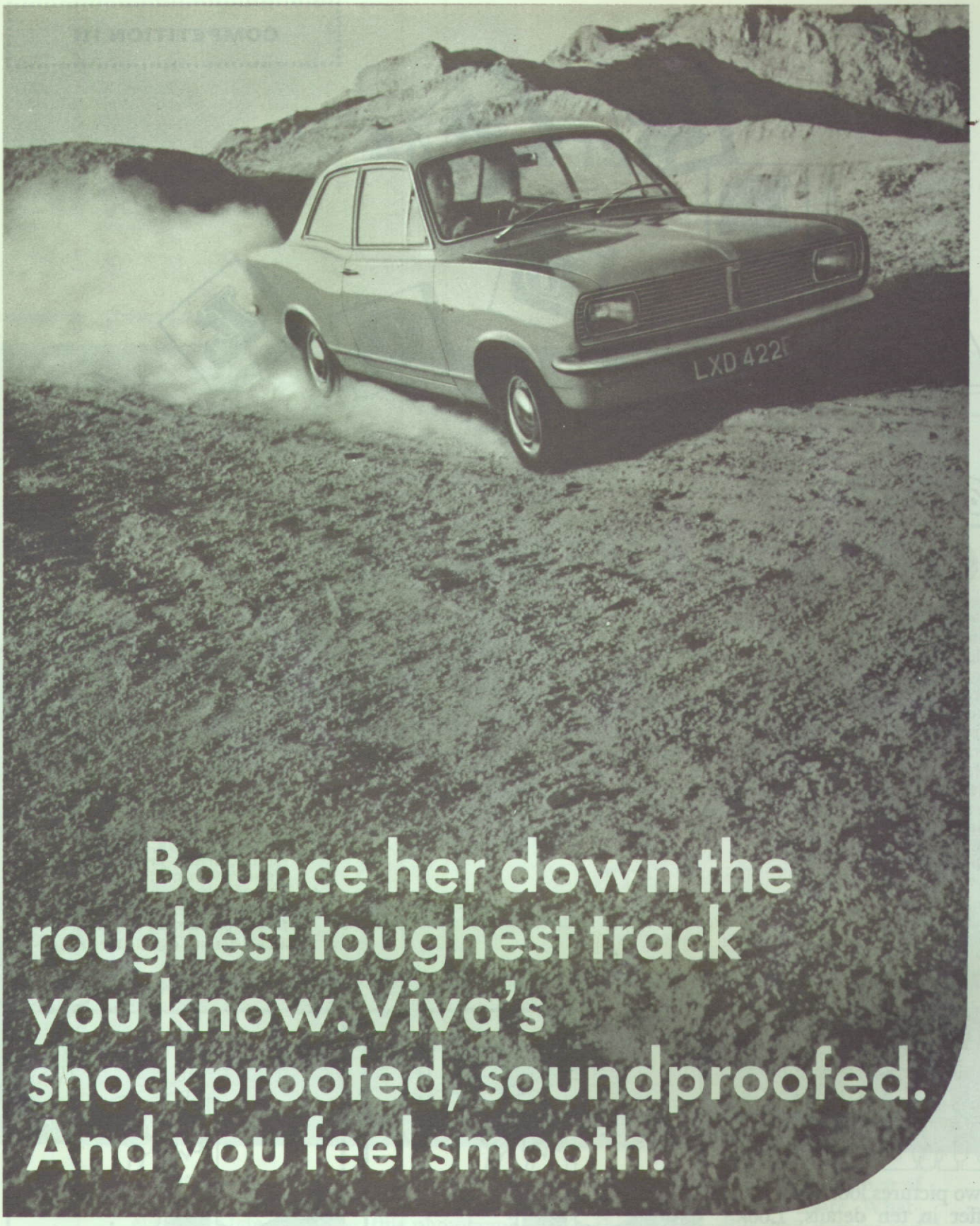
5	Three books
6	SOLDIER free for a year
7	SOLDIER free for six months
8-12	£2 each in cash to winning entry from ACF/CCF, T & AVR, Junior Soldier/Apprentice, British Army Gurkha, British Women's Services
13-14	£2 in cash to winning entry from Commonwealth Serviceman or woman and foreign Serviceman or woman

All entries are eligible for prizes 1-7.

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 see page 35.





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Viva style file

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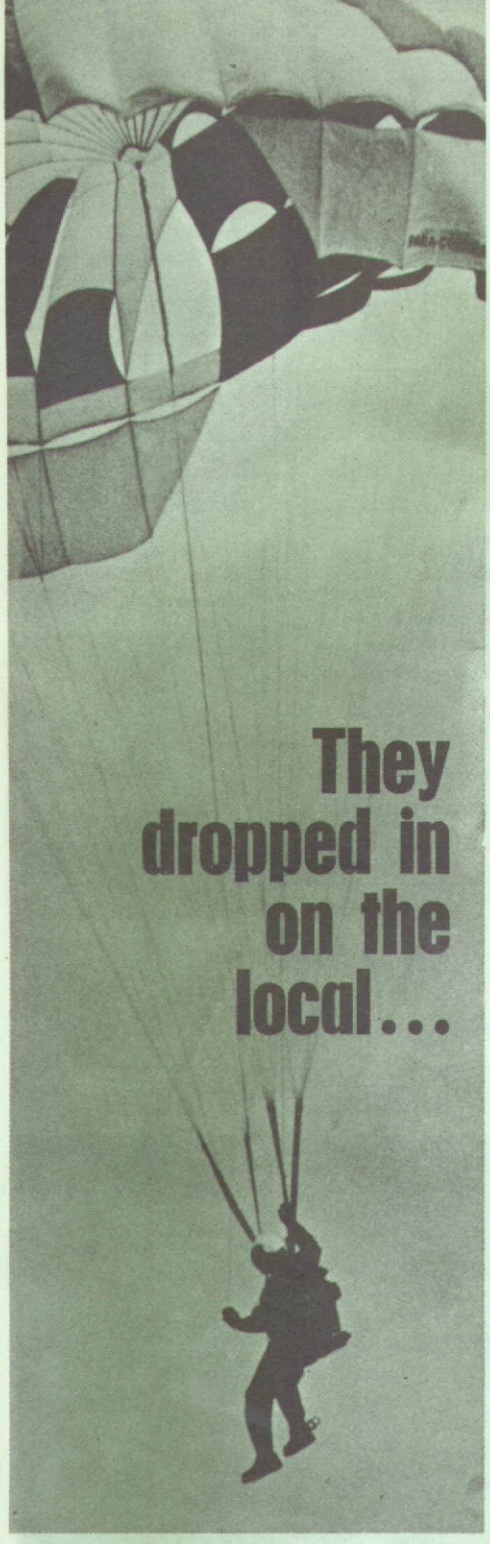
The Vauxhall Breed's got style



They dropped in on the local...

Left: One of the paratroopers who "dropped in" and (above) had a pint with landlord Mr S F Barry.

MEN of The Parachute Regiment, renowned for "mixing it," were in action on two home fronts as the 1st Battalion left for Aden. After literally descending on a Manchester housing estate to open a pub called the Red Beret they were seen in London launching a new heavily-scented crimson tea rose named—yes!—Red Devil.

First to Wythenshawe, near Manchester, where five members of the Red Devils free-fall team jumped from a great height to land near the Red Beret public house. This is built on the 1940 site of the 1st Battalion's first billets. Nearby is Manchester Airport (better known to paras as Ringway) where wartime parachutists trained.

After landing, the five presented the pub with a red beret to be kept in a glass case. The Band of the 1st Battalion played stirring music and men of 4th (Volunteer) Battalion stood guard as Major-General M A H Butler, Colonel Commandant of the Regiment, opened the door of the pub.

The Red Beret contains a specially-woven carpet incorporating the regimental insignia and battle honours and, as a mural, a parachute coated with resin. There are also pictures of the Regiment's exploits.

The Regiment seized the opportunity for recruiting efforts. And the brewery company gave the Regiment a silver bowl.

A brewery representative said the pub had been named to perpetuate the close wartime link between the Regiment and local people.

Present at the ceremony, to which large crowds flocked, was Major-General H E N Bredin, commanding North-West District, who trained as a parachutist at Ringway. "On one occasion they dropped me in a lake near here," he recalled.

CSM George Green, Chelsea Pensioner, pins a Red Devil on Pte Glyn Benson, The Parachute Regt.

...and launched a new rose

In London, those well known members of The Parachute Regiment, Captain John Ridgway and Sergeant Chay Blyth, who rowed the Atlantic in English Rose 3, were at the launching of another rose—named by its creator, Mr Patrick Dickson, Red Devil in honour of Britain's paratroops.

Mr Dickson's firm has promised to plant some Red Devil trees in the gardens of the Regiment's new barracks at Aldershot.

Mr Dickson described Red Devil, later shown at Chelsea flower show, as "an extremely vigorous tree in every respect" —obviously worthy of its proud name.

Capt John Ridgway and Red Devil meet Miss Kerry Gold and another of the new roses—Kerry Gold.

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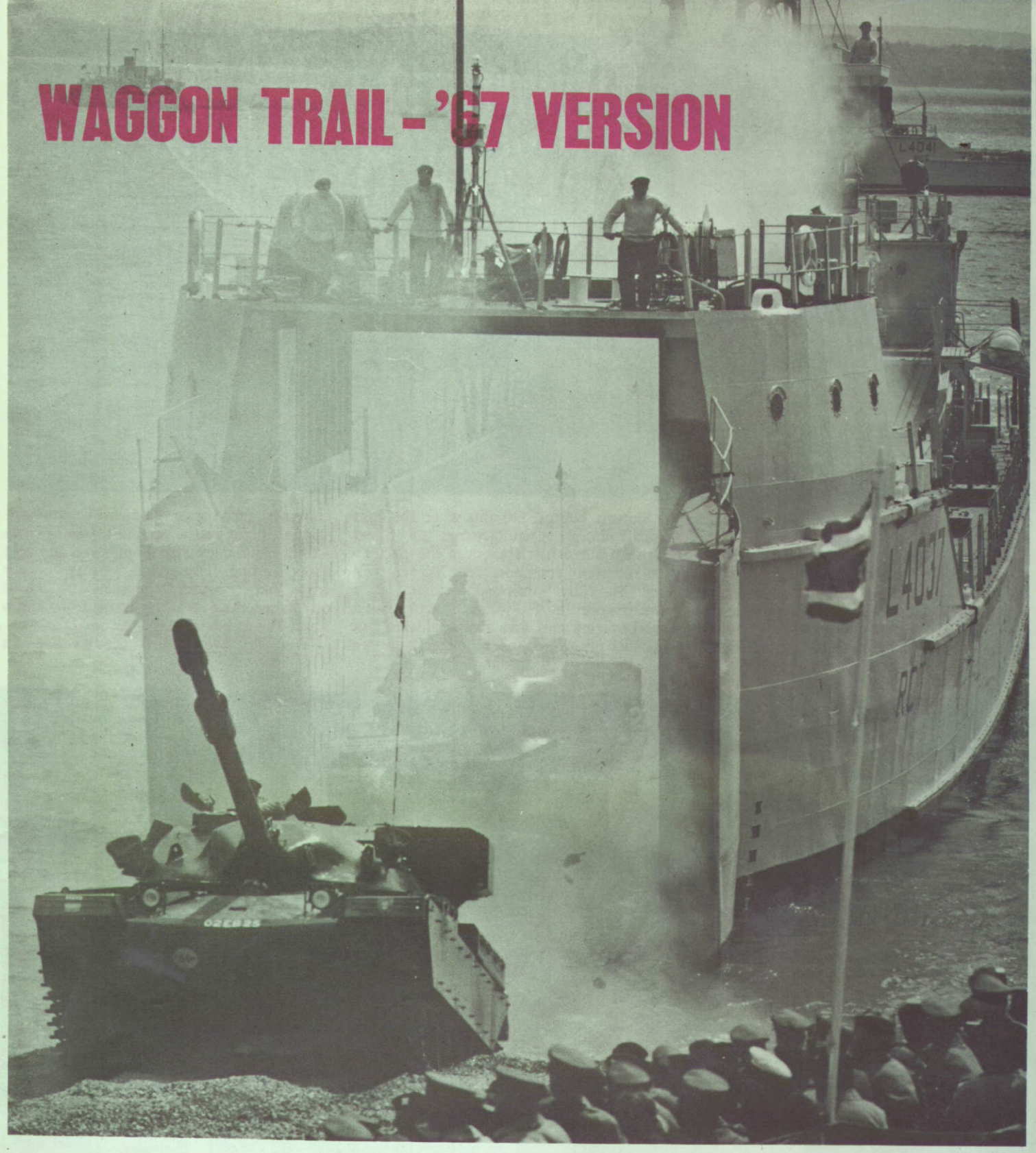
WAGGON TRAIL - '67 VERSION



AFTER two years of unobtrusive body-building, a shy, many-talented giant has ambled into the sunlight. Formed in 1965, the Royal Corps of Transport finally agreed to flex a few muscles at Waggon Trail '67, a major public exercise that was more revelation than demonstration.

Hundreds of soldiers, sailors and airmen, their vehicles, ships and aircraft were smoothly dovetailed into a day-long air and maritime extravaganza on two South Coast sites.

Tempted by the diversions promised in a 79-page exercise brief, the military attaches of 30 countries forsook their offices for the leafy waggon trails of Hampshire. All roads led to Her Majesty's Landbound Ship Daedalus, Lee-on-Solent airfield, where co-operative Royal Navy and Royal Air Force elements were waiting to help the Royal Corps of Transport mount the aviation side of Waggon Trail.

Down at the airfield tea-bar, where a cheery matelot was doing the honours, the novelty of inter-Service life made for some interesting chit-chat in the queue.

"Where are the crutches that tea came out of the pot on?"

"Never mind the tea, just tell me who that bloke in the peaked cap is."

"He's a lieutenant."

"What, like a subbie or a middie?"

"Well yes, I s'pose so."

It was a raw, cold day with winter counter-attacking and the kind of wind blowing that you remember two days later with hate in your heart and your feet in a mustard bath. Attaches from hot countries

Story by JOHN SAAR / Pictures by ARTHUR BLUNDELL and TREVOR JONES

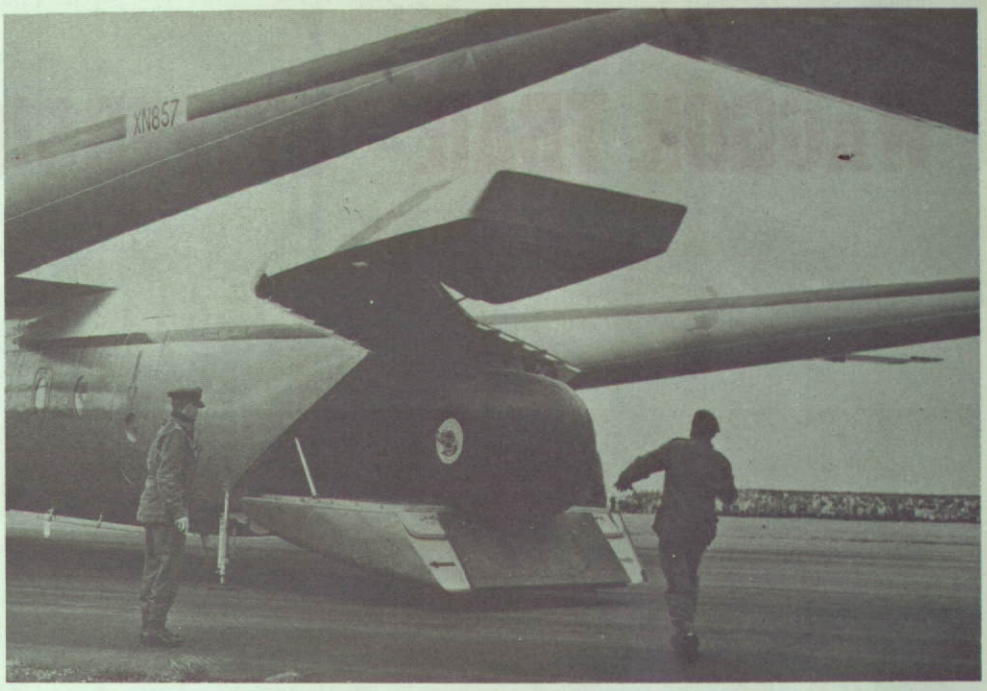
Above: A tank landing craft disgorges its lusty brood of Chieftains on to the beach.

looked distinctly chilled in their light tropical uniforms.

After a curtain-raiser display by the Corps' newly formed free-fall display team, a stream of Argosies taxied forward for a demonstration of rapid unloading techniques. The ground had been marked out as an airhead maintenance area and as the loads were extracted from the aircraft, forklift tractors carried them away to supply dumps. The answer to the refuelling problems posed by the ground support aircraft Harrier and forward area helicopters came bouncing out of one Argosy in the shape of five flexible sealdrums. Although they weighed nearly two tons they were far easier to handle than any other 400-gallon container.

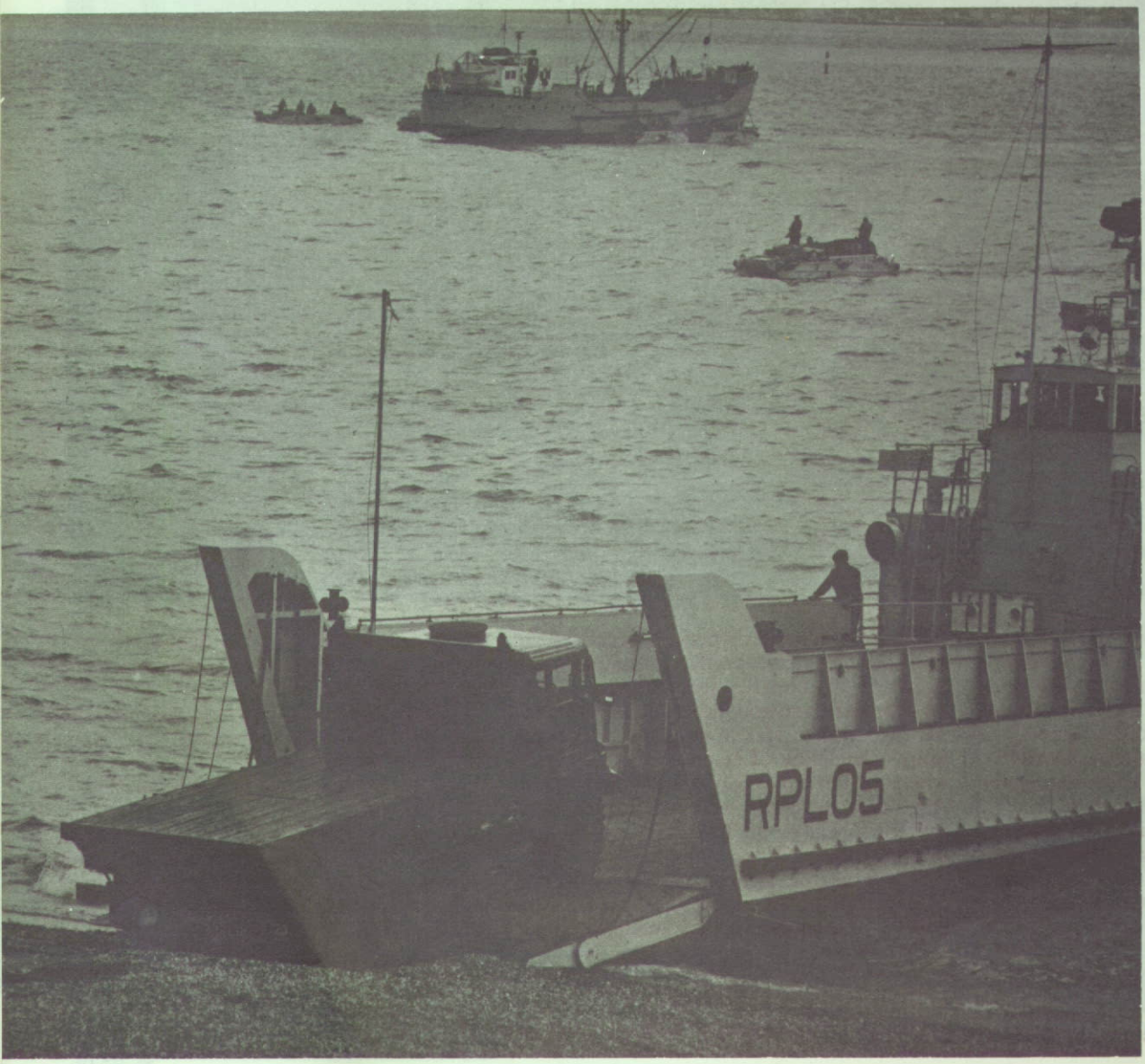
The announcer told the observers that plans to stage heavy drops had been spiked by safety regulations. As if to verify his words a wing-tip bundle, dropped at low altitude by a Beaver, fouled its parachute and whistled in. Inconsequential in itself, it was notable as the only slip on a day when fortune favoured the brave decision to show all and risk all.

The Beaver was one of three from the Corps' own flight. A dismantled Army Air Corps unit spawned 132 Flight RCT four months ago and also handed over the usual Beaver tasks of liaison, casevac, resupply and reconnaissance. Comparison between the Beavers and their possible replacement, the Skyvan, became possible when the light tactical aircraft manufactured by Short Brothers joined the Beavers in the circuit.



As a troop transport the Skyvan will carry 18 fully equipped soldiers at a cruising speed of 170 knots. It looks like a mini-Beverley and flies like a bloated but still agile mosquito under power from two compact turbojet engines. The demonstration flight was a hard sell, ending with a tight bank, a low speed approach and very short landing. The critics were in full cry with "bet it wouldn't do that with a load on" when the rear ramp went down and a Land-Rover rolled out.

That was Waggon Trail Phase One and a



Above: Looking distinctly playful, a sealdrum rolls out of an Argosy's belly.

Right: Royal Marine frogmen clear the way for the vessels poised off shore.

Left: A 10-ton lorry goes to sea—in the new ramp-powered lighter of the RCT.

Right: Land-Rover comes down to earth in Skyvan and is carefully unloaded.

tide of red caps swept over the airfield like a spilling bottle of ink as the military observers gratefully came in from the cold and headed for the chuck waggon.

They reassembled on the beach at Browndown where the full panoply of a bridgehead resupply organisation was mustered and ready to roll. Boats and ships of the RCT fleet lurked offshore in a tactically improbable clot as they waited their turn to make landfalls. First in was a tank landing craft with a cargo of Chieftains which came growling up the beach within seconds of the beaching.

From that point, the build-up happened with startling speed. One moment there were the ships afloat and the men and shifting machinery ashore and never the twain shall meet. Then quite suddenly all three beach exits were chock-a-block with incoming transport and tractors and cranes were plying their middlemen's trade for the waiting trucks and helicopters.

While the bigger ships were beaching, discharging their cargoes and backing off, the amphibians were paddling through the shallows from mother craft in the Solent. World War Two DUKWs came lurching and crabbing through the swell like ancient drunks—veterans certainly, but still earning their keep. A flotilla of Stalwart lorries made heavy weather of the ship-to-shore journeys when laden with a full five tons, but completed their missions without joining the submarines.

The most Heath Robinson piece of equipment on display, and one of the most effective, was the Mexeflote, a kind of Noah's Ark for heavy plant. This combination of easily linked pontoons has a dual role as a lighterage craft and floating causeway. Carrying what seemed to be a ludicrously heavy and awkward cargo of heavy plant, it puttered to the Browndown beach, winning many adherents with a mild-mannered and versatile performance.

A tank landing craft beached with ten three-tonners and a ramp-powered lighter took a 10-ton vehicle out to a ship to beat the handling difficulties with a huge crate. Out to sea another tank landing craft cleared the bow doors to allow more DUKWs to swim in to the beach. Overhead, a trio of Wessex helicopters, with long hawsers dangling, buzzed a steady circuit between the stores area and the ship they were unburdening.

When a small workboat chugged across the foreground with a part-submerged object in tow, many wondered what it was doing in such exalted company. The cylindrical sausage wallowing in its wake turned out to be a dracone, ferrying 365 tons of invaluable petrol to a floating pump station.

The panoramic action of Waggon Trail's second phase made the show as difficult to watch as a nine-ring circus and the observers were in a continual pother as to whether they should be watching the elephants singing at one end or the lions escaping at the other.

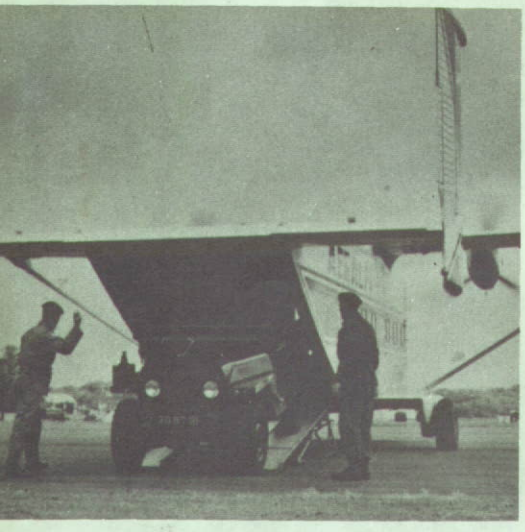
In a finale which may come to be regarded as ranking in importance with the revelatory Russian demonstration of airborne forces in the 1930s, the Royal Corps of Transport presented its star turn, 200 Hovercraft Trials Squadron.

Responding to a radio call, two hovercraft seen from the shore as tiny dots way out in the Solent, turned to make a high speed run at the beach. Growing larger by the second, snorting spray from barely bruised wavelets, they came in with the ease of two stones skimming a pond. The banshee howl of the propellers, the great pace and the collision course with the beach deceived the senses.

There had to be the most tremendous accident yet they made the impossible transition from water to land without loss of rhythm or pace and sped across the sand dunes. They took a ditch in their stride and then topped a bank, discreetly lifting rubber skirts as they did so as if to say "Look, no wheels!"

The programme reference to the hovercraft's future was unhelpful—"although the craft is designed for a logistic support role, it will be the task of the squadron to explore other possible uses." After a fantastic exposition of the hovercraft's beach assault potential and general manoeuvrability, any military attache who cannot guess some of these uses would be overpaid as a private soldier.

Having granted a visionary view of the future and firmly indicated that its Waggon Trail in 1967 is two-dimensional—three if you count the hovercraft—the Royal Corps of Transport wound up a fascinating day with a downbeat review of past and present vehicles. It caused the first of several traffic jams suffered on the way home.



Top: Busy craft find a good berth alongside the ungainly but highly versatile Mexeflote.