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POMPEY: Coronation Drum Horse
(See Page 38)

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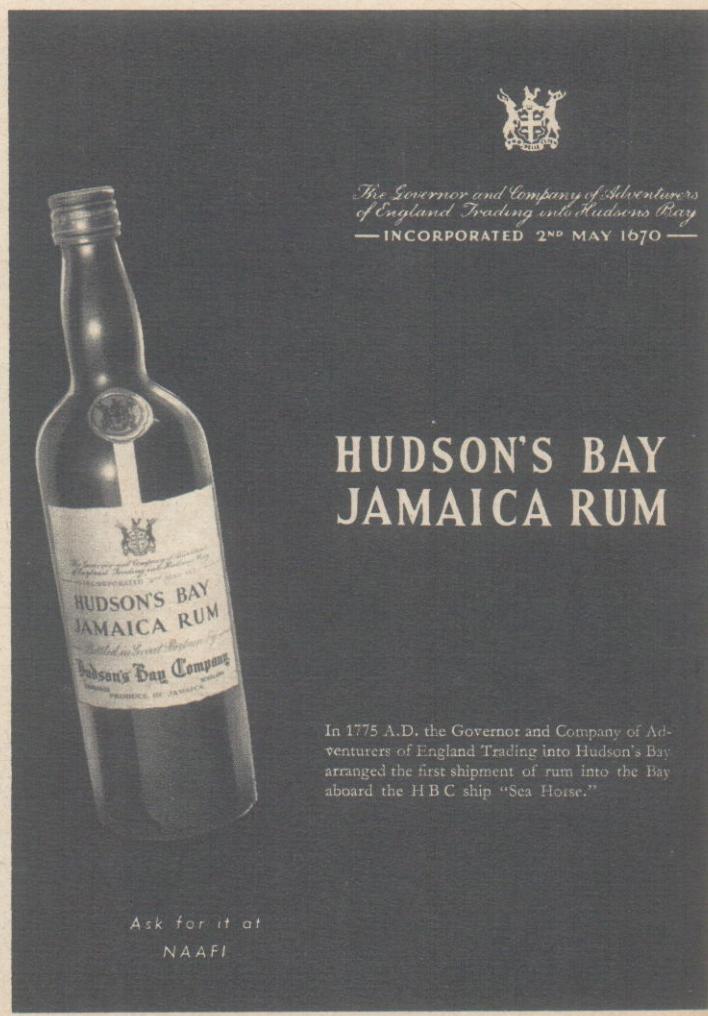


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'Not she!' said the Farmer.

'And then there's the brewing,' the landlord went on, warming to his subject. 'Good brewing takes time.'

'Time?' cried the Ancient, in a tone of alarm, having caught the last word.

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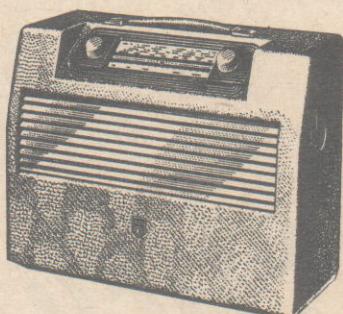
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Len Hutton, scorer of sixteen centuries in Test cricket and over one hundred centuries in first-class cricket.



Knock 'em all over the field
says **Len Hutton**

You may be surprised to know that some cricket professionals wish they had nice comfortable jobs in a works or office or shop. The truth is of course that any job is dull if you're not interested. Being interested is what brings success. Not the other way round as some chaps think.

I don't know what job you are in but my advice is—get interested. Show enterprise. Attack the bowling and don't complain if you walk into a bit of body-line now and then!

WHAT'S YOUR LINE?

Whatever your job is—while there's Free Enterprise there's opportunity. So make the most of it yourself, and encourage the spirit of Free Enterprise in others all you can.

Free Enterprise gives everyone
a chance and a choice



The Duke Goes into Khaki

WEARING for the first time a battle-dress with the badges of rank of a field-marshall, His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh climbed into the turret of a Centurion tank belonging to the 17/21st Lancers.

He listened intently as Sergeant G. Winter, gunnery instructor, explained the mechanism of the 20-pounder gun and the mysteries of the stabiliser.

The Duke asked to fire the gun. His first shot, an armoured-piercing shell aimed at a target 1000 yards away, scored a bull. So did the second and the third. He then asked to fire some high explosive shells. His first shot fell short and left. He made a bold correction and missed again. But with his third shot he demolished the target. He switched to another target and destroyed this with his first shot and registered hits with two more shells.

Later, on another range, and this time wearing a black tank beret with a field-marshall's badge, he travelled in "Badger," a Centurion of the 2nd Royal Tank Regiment, in a mock attack on a hill-top. As the tanks turned round to retire, the Duke asked to drive "Badger" and took over the controls from Lance-Corporal G. Barras. For a mile, over rough country, the Duke drove the Centurion at 25-miles-an-hour back to the demonstration stand — the first time he had driven a tank.

These were two highlights in the Duke of Edinburgh's four day visit to the British Army of the Rhine, the 2nd Tactical Air Force and the Royal Navy in Germany. He was seen in three uniforms — as a Field-marshall in battle-dress, as Admiral of the Fleet and as a Marshal of the Royal Air Force. When in Army uniform he took care to salute the Army way, with the palm of his hand to the front, but there was a noticeable naval tilt to the peaked cap he wore.

The Duke arrived by air at Buckeburg to be met by a joint Services guard of honour, which included the 3rd King's Own Hussars with their drum-horse "Gauntlet," ridden by Corporal K. G. Armstrong and carrying the

To the British Army of the Rhine went the honour of welcoming the Duke of Edinburgh on his first visit to the Army since being appointed Field-Marshall



OVER

Masked mortarmen stand impasive in their weapon pit as the Duke questions the radio operator.

The Duke Goes into Khaki (Cont'd)

regiment's famous silver side drums. "Gauntlet" shied as the Rocket Troop of the 2nd Royal Horse Artillery fired a 21-gun salute.

Next day, after spending the night at the house of General Sir Richard N. Gale, Commander-in-Chief, Northern Army Group and British Army of the Rhine, the Duke motored to Rhine Army Ranges, the largest in Europe, to watch a demonstration of tank fire-power and manoeuvre. It was there that he fired the 20-pounder gun and drove the Centurion. In the afternoon he toured the exercise area in an open half-track vehicle and saw a number of all-arms demonstrations. He watched a defensive position being prepared by a company of the 1st Battalion The Rifle Brigade and two troops of the 7th (Queen's Own) Hussars. He also inspected a troop of the 8th King's Own Irish Hussars, whose Commanding Officer, Lieut-Colonel Sir W. Guy Lowther, led Centurion tanks into action in Korea. Then he set off to watch tanks of the 5th Royal Tank Regiment advancing from a camouflaged position. After seeing a troop of the Queen's Bays carry out maintenance in the field, the Duke had a long discussion with Major J. Farran, of that regiment, on the suitability of the tankman's clothing.

The Duke also saw troops of the 3rd and 4th Royal Horse Artillery coming into, and going out of, action; an attack across ploughed fields and through cover by a platoon of the Seaforth Highlanders; and a troop of the 12th Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment, Royal Artillery deployed in defence of a gun area.

On the reverse slope of a hill the Duke was shown by a platoon of the 1st Battalion The Essex Regiment how to dig in and camouflage a defensive position. The mortar platoon of the 1st Battalion The Royal Hampshire Regiment fired a heavy concentration over a hill-top. To round off the display, a troop of 11th Hussars (Prince Albert's Own) carried out a road patrol, Sappers of 21 Field Engineer Regiment, Royal Engineers laid mines and an armoured car command post was set up in the field and inspected by the Duke.

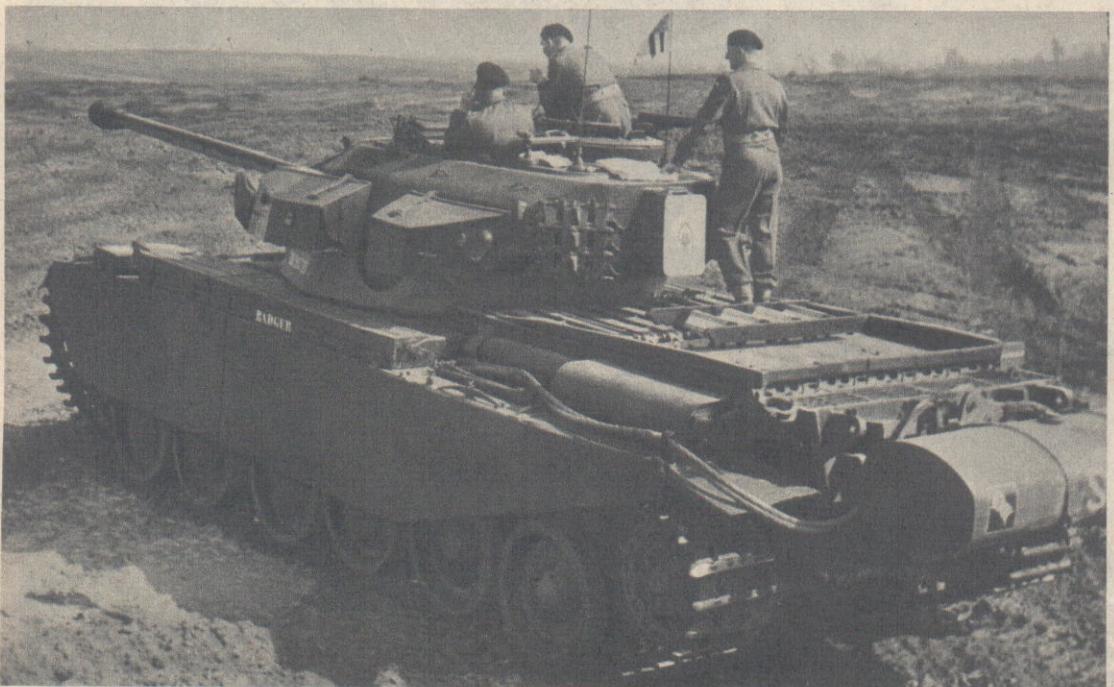
From the training area, the Duke of Edinburgh took off in a helicopter to visit the Canadian 27th Infantry Brigade, where he spoke to men in their canteen, and to officers whom he remembered having met in Canada in 1951.

The following day the Duke "dropped in" by helicopter on Bad Oeynhausen, headquarters town, the population of which had been swollen by British soldiers and their families from outside. Along streets lined with cheering crowds, including many Germans, the Duke, dressed as Marshal of the Royal Air Force, was driven in

Continued on Page 8



Above the mailed fist is the head of the Duke of Edinburgh wearing a tank beret. "Navigating" a land ship was a new thrill. Below: The observer in the turret during a mock attack on a hilltop is the Duke.

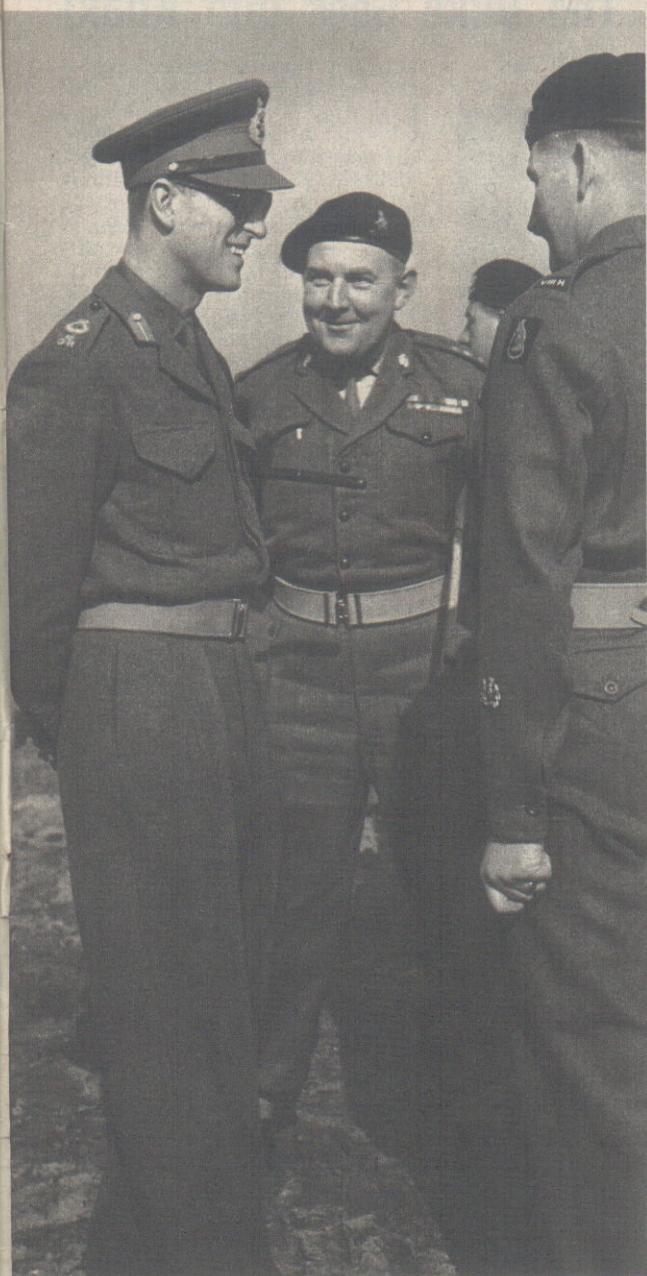




From a trench, an officer of the Essex Regiment explains his field of fire and the siting of his men.

Left: Lieut-Colonel Sir W. Guy Lowther, who commanded Centurions in Korea, and RSM T. Leckie discuss tanks with the Duke.

Right: The Duke in a half-track with General Sir Richard Gale, Commander-in-Chief Rhine Army.



On Luneburg Heath officers of the Seaforth Highlanders talk Infantry tactics. The Duke saw a Seaforth platoon in the attack and spoke to the men who took part in the demonstration.



Sjt. R. Ellis CRMP, was one of the Duke's guard. Sjt. K. Gorman RASC drove the Duke in the Army's only remaining open Humber tourer.



In Royal Navy uniform, the Duke heads a high-powered inspection party in the dining-room of the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards. There were no complaints. (Below) History on the front lawn: Mrs. Joan Pickford, wife of the Coldstream RSM, introduces soldiers' wives to the Duke.



In the Coldstream serjeants' mess (with the Duke's photograph on the wall) RSM F. Pickford introduces members to the Duke.

The Duke Goes into Khaki

(Continued)

an open Humber touring car — the only one in use in the British Army — to the headquarters building. There he was briefed on the operational duties of the Staff and was shown the dispositions of British forces in Germany. An hour later he drove through thickly-lined streets to an officers' mess to meet Staff officers.

After inspecting a Royal Air Force station and visiting the Royal Navy Rhine Squadron the following day, the Duke called on the 2nd Battalion, Coldstream Guards dressed as an Admiral of the Fleet. His first stop was at the home of Regimental Serjeant-major Frank Pickford, the entrance to which was lined by school-children and their mothers waving Union Jacks and cheering. On her front lawn Mrs. Joan Pickford introduced some of the men's wives to the Duke and then took him inside her home. "He was absolutely charming and so easy to talk to," said Mrs Pickford.

At the Coldstream Guards barracks the Duke watched a demonstration of Infantry weapons. In the garrison church he was shown a brass plaque erected by the Wiltshire (Duke of Edinburgh's) Regiment when they occupied the barracks.

With the Quartermaster, Major J. Sawdon, and the Master Cook, Colour-Serjeant W. Smith, the Duke of Edinburgh visited the men's dining hall while they were having lunch. He spent half-an-hour in the Serjeants' Mess where many warrant-officers and serjeants were introduced to him by the Regimental Serjeant-Major. He cracked jokes with them and asked them about their war experiences. Two serjeants, he discovered, had served in the Royal Navy during the war.

It was a proud week for Rhine Army.
E. J. GROVE



THE ARMY COSTS £1000 A MINUTE

Members of Parliament sat up all night to talk about the Army (which got through more than three-quarters of a million pounds while they were talking). They heard about new weapons, new efficiency drives

IT took Members of the House of Commons more than 13 hours non-stop to discuss what the Minister for War described as "the best-equipped, best-trained and best-prepared Army we ever had in peace."

Those Members who slipped out for a breather had the opportunity to try on a suit of body armour (Korea style) in the House of Commons Library.

There were many things that worried Members, who know from their post-bags what worries the Army. The world-wide lack of married quarters, especially; and the leave problem of the Canal Zone soldier, with his family in Tripolitania and his parents in England. Everybody agreed there ought to be more quarters, including the Under-Secretary for War (Colonel J. R. H. Hutchison), who said that the position in the Canal Zone was poignant — "but what solution is possible until we attain some stability?" That was the note on which Members reluctantly left the subject.

Some Members were worried because the bulk of the Army's fighting formations were abroad. If the Russians dropped a parachute division in Britain, said one, there would be nothing to send against it but "a flying column from the cookery school." (The Under-Secretary for War suggested that the Mons and Eaton Hall officer cadet training units could give a good account of themselves).

There were the usual sighs for a smart walking-out uniform, preferably for every soldier.

There was the usual cut-and-thrust about "privilege" in the Guards. And many Members were anxious to hear more comforting news about that long-awaited automatic rifle.

One Member recalled the days, before World War One, when the



Many Members asked about the .280 automatic rifle. They were told that a new cartridge was being designed. With luck, production would begin before the end of the year.

Army Estimates debate used to be livened by the Musicians Union, who serenaded the House from moored barges in the Thames as a protest against Army bands accepting civilian engagements. This year's debate passed off without musical interruptions, though the Member who recalled the serenades still thought that civilian musicians had a grievance against the Army.

Brigadier Antony Head, the War Minister, told the House that he had started four big investigations in the hope of saving manpower. It was not so easy as it sounded. He had asked a very distinguished officer: "Where do we waste manpower?" The officer replied, "I will tell you where you can start. You have four men looking after the apes at Gibraltar." The War Minister sent a signal to the Rock and found that looking after the apes was the part-time job of one very long-service Gunner.

On the question of putting the right man in the right job, Brigadier Head pointed out that, while the Army could find jobs for radio mechanics, chiropodists and tunnellers, it could not accommodate piano manufacturers, chick-

sexers, rhododendron grafters and jockeys. When complaints were made that a man was put in the wrong trade, it often turned out that he had no real claim to be an apprentice in that trade.

"I have been very struck," said the Minister, "by the fact that many schoolmasters are absolutely convinced that the Army is a career for the stupid." Yet when schoolmasters visited Sandhurst or Camberley they were always much impressed by the standards attained there.

Wistfully, the War Minister said: "The sublime aim would be to get ten per cent of the interest which was once devoted to the horse to be devoted to science."

One of the Army's biggest problems was that only ten per cent of the Regulars now had more than six years service.

"We should be all right if 33 per cent of the three-year men stayed for six years and if half of those who stayed on re-engaged for nine years."

The Minister's speech contained this memorable sentence:

"The House should not overlook the fact that a large number of young men annually leave the

Army fitter, better educated and more God-fearing citizens than when they entered it."

Here is a digest of the debate:

FIGURES...

★ It will cost £526,000,000 to run the Army during the year 1953-54 (about £1000 a minute).

★ The Army has reached a "peak" total of 554,000 all ranks. By 1955 it will have shrunk by 15,000.

★ The Army has eleven and one-third divisions — "the biggest number of fighting formations available with the given manpower." In 1950 there were 373,500 men yielding seven and one-third divisions.

★ The Territorial Army consists of 6900 Regulars, 135,000 National Servicemen on part-time service, and 67,000 volunteers: a total of 208,900. By mid-1954 it will have reached its full strength.

★ Eighty per cent of the Regular Army is overseas.

★ Forty per cent of Regular recruits sign on for 22 years (this is not binding).

★ The cost of feeding a soldier is just over £67 a year. Sixty per cent of young men who join the Army gain four pounds or more in weight in the first ten weeks, and 20 per cent gain ten pounds.

★ Two-thirds of the Army in Britain are in huts built before World War Two or even before World War One. The remaining one-third are in barracks of which 44 per cent were built before 1900 and some before the Crimean war.

NEW WEAPONS...

HEAVY TANK: A "new heavy gun tank" will be in the hands of troops for use at trials this year. "This is a very powerful

OVER



To report whether the Army's big depots are efficient: Sir James Reid Young, a Vickers chief.



A bit off the top? General Sir Sidney Kirkman (in a NAAFI club barber's chair) is to see whether cuts can be made in command and district headquarters.



To check on schools and training establishments: Lieut-General Sir Colin Callander.

£1000 A MINUTE (Cont'd)

tank and is a remarkable example of British skill in the engineering field." It will be complementary to, and not a substitute for, the Centurion. Probably it will be the most powerful tank in the world."

The War Minister added: "I cannot help feeling that we must be getting near the end of the development of the tank when we get sizes of this kind." Developments in another technique might replace the tank.

RIFLE: "The Army badly wants a new rifle." British, Belgian and Canadian technicians were now tackling the problem of agreeing on a suitable bore for the .280 automatic rifle. There was "a good chance" that we might be able to start production before the end of the year. The new rifle with its modifications would, it was hoped, retain most of the advantages of the .280 as originally demonstrated.

Later the Under-Secretary for War explained that the experts were working on a new and, as far as possible, ideal cartridge. "We shall then produce the best rifle to fire that cartridge. If our colleagues in the United States wish to come in with us, it will be easy for them to do so, for in any case the calibre will not be greater than .300 and will probably be .280, and a fairly simple adaptation of the breech will make it possible for the Americans to join us."

NEW NOTIONS...

ALLOWANCE: A married man serving overseas, unaccompanied by his wife, will draw a married rate of local overseas allowance. The scheme is being worked out for 50 areas. "It will mean that a captain in, say, Egypt, will get about £100 a year tax-free, which is not a negligible amount. A serjeant in Egypt will get about £55 a year tax-free."



Left: Colonel Alan Gomme-Duncan (Perth) recalled that in Aldershot before 1914 girls used to pay soldiers (in scarlet) to walk out with them. The rate for the evening was two shillings for a Guardsman, half-a-crown for a Highlander. Mr. Edward Short (Newcastle-on-Tyne, Central), centre, said the Guards Training Centre at Caterham housed "a system more stupid and brutal than anything the Prussians ever had." A squad recently had to do extra training because a "wretched recruit" said the Duke of Wellington was the regiment's lieutenant-colonel. If kit was wrongly laid out, a serjeant or trained soldier threw the whole lot on the floor. Mr. Nigel Fisher (Hitchin), right, a former Guards officer, said: "Guardsmen are intensely proud of the training they receive. They look with sorrow on troops who have not had the benefit of the same sort of training." Yet he admitted that there was sometimes a tendency to call troops on parade too soon.

WOMEN'S ROYAL ARMY CORPS: "We are starting an experiment in Scotland whereby girls live at home and work locally with no further commitment and they cannot be posted away. If that experiment is a success, we want to extend it."

FAMILIES: Families of soldiers posted to Korea are allowed to remain in married quarters if they cannot find other homes. So are families of men in 3rd Infantry Division and 16 Independent Parachute Brigade Group. "The conception is that they are a strategic reserve which we hope may soon come back to this country and be united with their families."

QUARTERS: "We are examining the use of demountable houses which can become, as it were, part of the baggage of a unit."

WHY?...

And here are some of the questions MP's asked about the Army:

Mr. Michael Stewart (Fulham, East): Why get men out of bed at half-past four in the morning merely to demonstrate that with really good discipline men can be got up at half-past four without complaint?

Why inflict barrack-room damages as a lazy substitute for finding out who was really responsible for damage? (The Under-Secretary for War replied that commanding officers always tried to trace offenders first).

Mr. James Johnson (Rugby): Why not African officers with white serjeant-majors under them? "It is interesting to think of Gold Coast officers with the Queen's

Commission commanding 'Geordie' miners... in the Northumberland Fusiliers, for example."

"Why not have an African Women's Royal Army Corps?"

Mr. Edward Short (Newcastle-on-Tyne, Central): Why should a junior officer have a driver to drive him about? Why cannot he drive his own vehicle? (The Under-Secretary for War replied that both driver and officer would be breaking regulations and might be called on to pay for any damage done).

Mr. Nigel Fisher (Hitchin): Why charge a soldier 7s. 5d. for a pair of socks when three pairs of the same kind can be bought for 11s. 6d. from a "surplus" shop in the Strand? (The Under-Secretary for War said he could not agree that the socks in the Strand were of the same quality. The clothing allowance was fixed at a time when socks cost approximately 7s. 5d.; it still continued at that rate although the price of many articles had fallen).

Mr. A. Blenkinsop (Newcastle-on-Tyne, East): Why not educate National Service illiterates as well as Regular illiterates? (The Under-Secretary for War said it was hoped some day to do this).

Major H. Legge-Bourke (Isle of Ely): Why does not the Army consult Mr. Butlin to see whether "holiday camp" amenities can be provided in the Canal Zone?

Mr. George Wigg (Dudley): Why are Army bands accepting so many outside engagements? Some bandmasters, in consequence, have been earning more than commanding officers. (He was informed that military bands had to earn money to pay upkeep costs, and that civilian bands often "raided" Army territory).

Best story in the debate?

A soldier's wife, informed that she must leave a families hostel, wrote: "Dear Sir, I remain, Yours faithfully."

In A Belgian School Hangs A British Soldier's Picture



Pupils of Grensstraat School: their headmaster told the story of a brave British soldier.

THE date was 10 September 1944. The place was the Edmund van Beveren Square in Ghent.

A company of the Highland Light Infantry (The City of Glasgow Regiment) was being attacked on three sides. To Private Albert Evans was given the order to cover the withdrawal of his comrades.

Almost at once he was mortally wounded, but, refusing to be evacuated, he kept his Bren gun in action. Before he died he had killed ten of the enemy and wounded many more.

Writing of the incident, a Belgian eye-witness said: "Never will I forget the bravery of that fine British soldier whom I saw fighting and dying as a hero."

The townspeople sought to have the scene of the fighting re-named the Albert Evans Square, but this was not to be. However, the soldier's memory continued to be cherished.

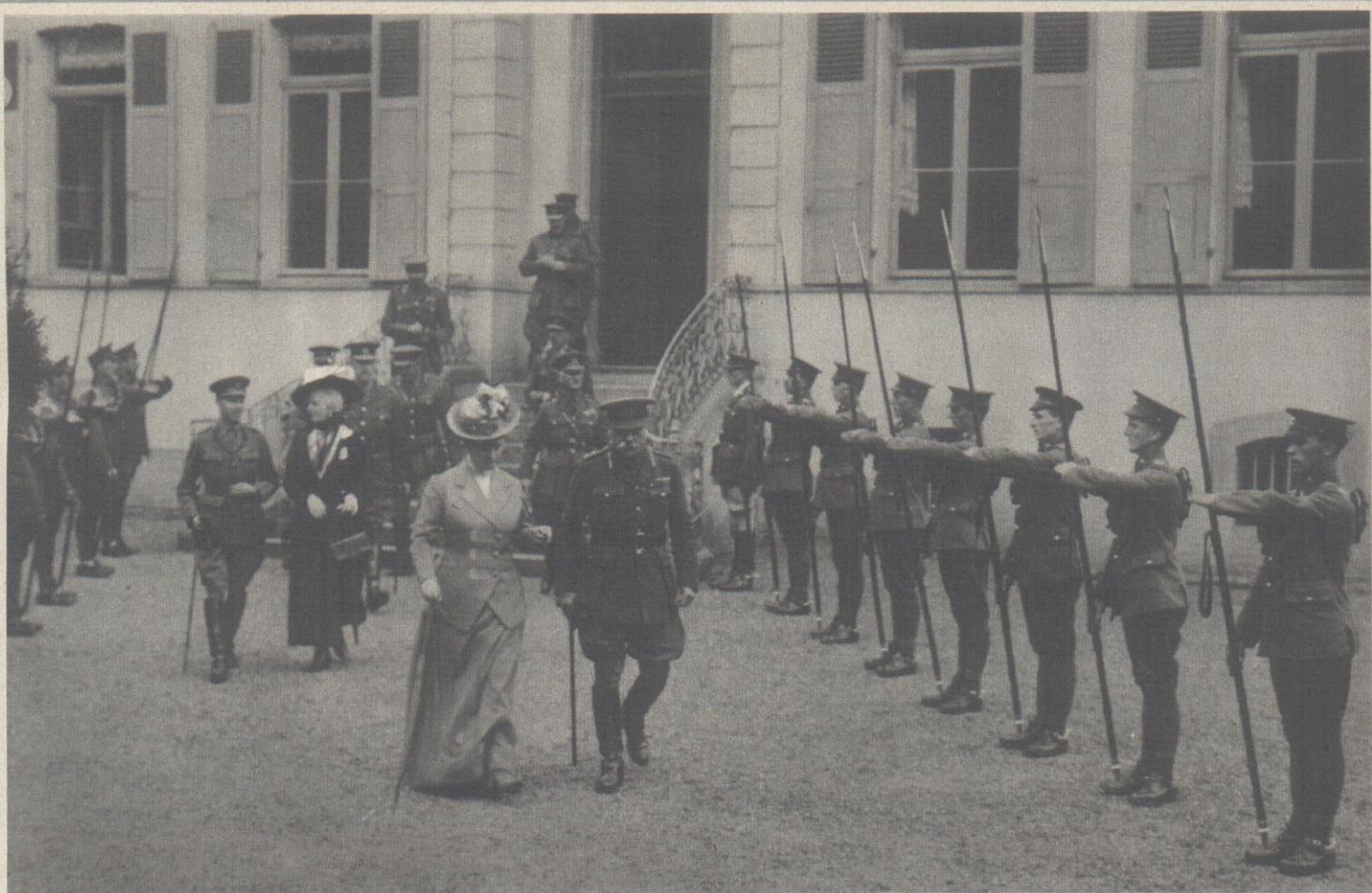
Seeking more details of Private Evans, Mme De Coninck Geirnaert, who has tended his grave in Ghent Military Cemetery, wrote to a British newspaper and

was able to make contact with his parents. They wrote expressing their thanks and enclosing a photograph of their son. The Headmaster of the Grensstraat School, M. Raym de Mayer, decided to have an enlargement of the picture hung in the school. A maid-servant presented a fine oak frame; the senior teacher framed the photograph; a Union Jack was bought for the unveiling ceremony. Then all the pupils gathered in the large hall to hear their headmaster tell of the sacrifices British soldiers had made for Belgium.

Private Evans' photograph hangs beside that of De Cocker Marcel, a former pupil who was killed near Brussels while serving with the Resistance.



Private Albert Evans, who died beside his Bren gun in Ghent. Now his picture hangs in a Ghent school. In this picture he wears the badge of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, from which he was later transferred to the Highland Light Infantry.



Lancers salute as Queen Mary leaves a headquarters building in France with Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig: July, 1917.
(Photographs: Imperial War Museum).

THE QUEEN WHO GAVE LIFTS TO SOLDIERS

IT was quite a shock for Queen Mary's chauffeur when, one day during World War Two, she informed him that he was to stop at once whenever he saw a man or woman in uniform signalling for a lift.

It was even more of a shock for Servicemen and girls when they found that they were riding with Queen Mary in the famous Daimler.

Not all of them realised whose car had stopped to pick them up. An American soldier chatted brightly about the folks back home for the best part of a hour before the elderly lady revealed her identity. When he left the car, Queen Mary gave him one of the medallions bearing the words "For Luck, M. R." which she presented to all Servicemen whom she befriended in this way. Only with the help of souvenirs like these could they convince their comrades in barracks that they had been riding in the Royal limousine.

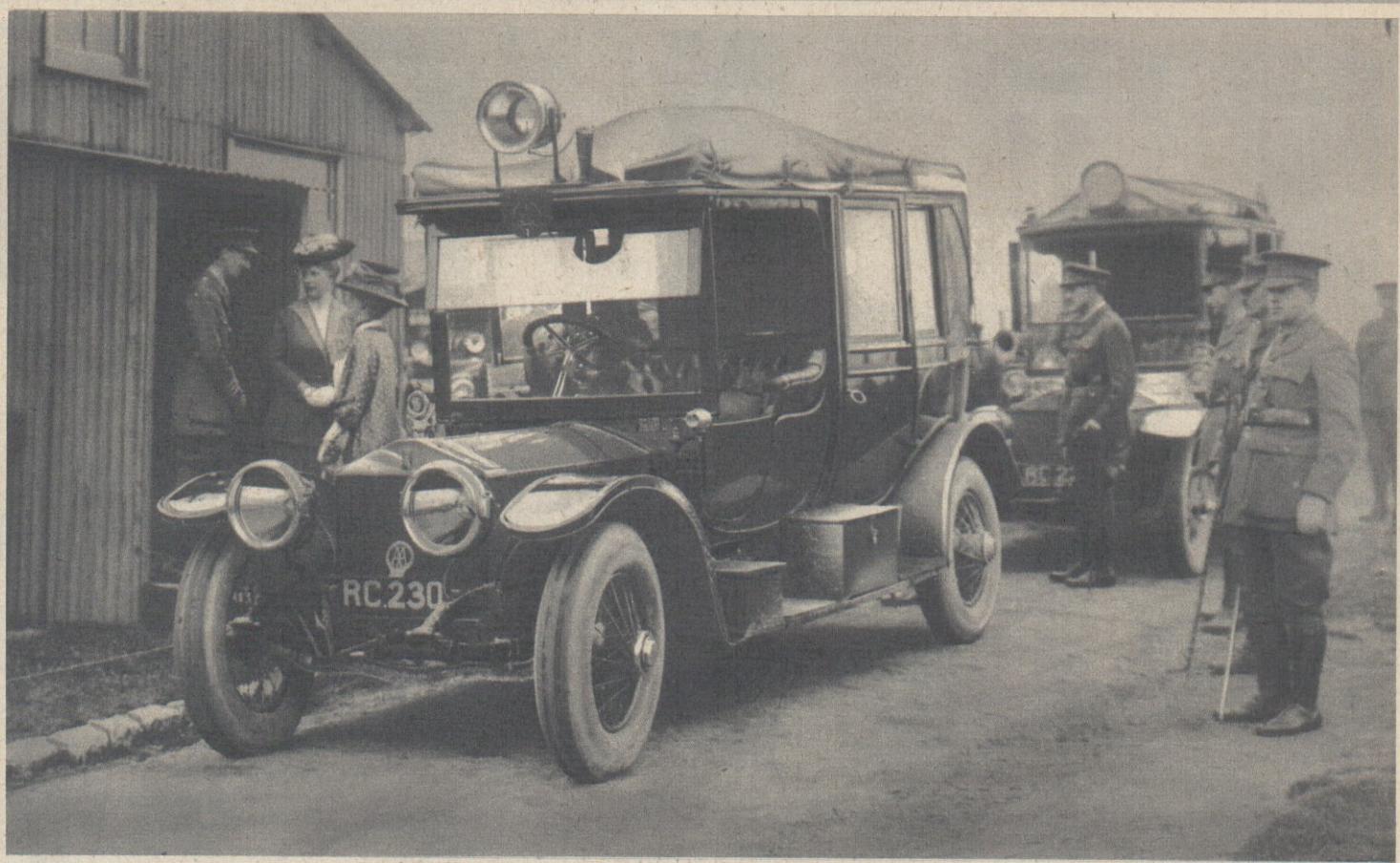
Many ex-soldiers treasure these medallions today. And there are hundreds of other Servicemen who have personal memories of Queen Mary, who wore the socks she knitted or drank the cups of tea she poured out in canteens, or who were cheered by her in hospital.

OVER

A company of soldiers guarded Queen Mary throughout World War Two. They are only a few of the thousands of soldiers who have personal memories of a great lady



Battle-stained soldiers back from the Lens front, on the way to a rest camp, are greeted by Queen Mary on Wimereux platform.



In a Rolls-Royce with a searchlight mounted on the roof, Queen Mary visits a huted hospital at Boulogne.

THE QUEEN WHO GAVE LIFTS TO SOLDIERS

(Continued)

Queen Mary peers inside one of Britain's first tanks: 1917.



When World War Two broke out, Queen Mary went to live as guest of the Duke of Beaufort at Badminton, in Gloucestershire. Here she was guarded by a full company of soldiers. One of the battalions which shared the honour was the 8th Battalion The Gloucestershire Regiment, made up of older men. It was not long before Queen Mary knew the names, not only of all the men, but of their wives and children. Often she was present at their concerts and entertainments — even at educational lectures. Once she wrote out, in her own hand, the story of the Glosters'

back badge and gave it to the company commander, for reading to the men on suitable occasions. The Glosters were delighted when Queen Mary wore their regimental badge in her coat and the back badge in the back of her hat.

Throughout the war four dispatch riders of the Royal Corps of Signals were at Queen Mary's service. One of their duties was to escort her to a secret destination if the country was invaded.

Queen Mary's most notable outing, from Badminton, was to the West Country in 1942, with the King and Queen, to see the



She inspects women of the VAD on a visit to Etaples.



Guards Armoured Division — a very different body of Guards from those she remembered. That same year she inspected the 13/18th Hussars — Queen Mary's Own — near Marlborough (at Christmas, 1939, when the Regiment was in France, she had sent every officer a knitted scarf). Her informal war-time visits, however, are better remembered than her formal ones; for instance, the call she made on the Sappers who exploded the "dud" bombs which fell near Badminton early in the war.

In World War One Queen Mary inspired the women of Britain to sew and knit unceasingly for the men in the trenches. "Sister Susie's sewing shirts for soldiers" ran the tongue-twister, and it was Queen Mary who kept Sister Susie at it. A great deal of her time was spent visiting war hospitals. There is a story of how she steeled herself to sit beside a wounded seaman half of whose face had been blown away. It was thought that if the Queen could talk naturally to him without apparently being aware of his disfigurement it would do him more good than anything else.

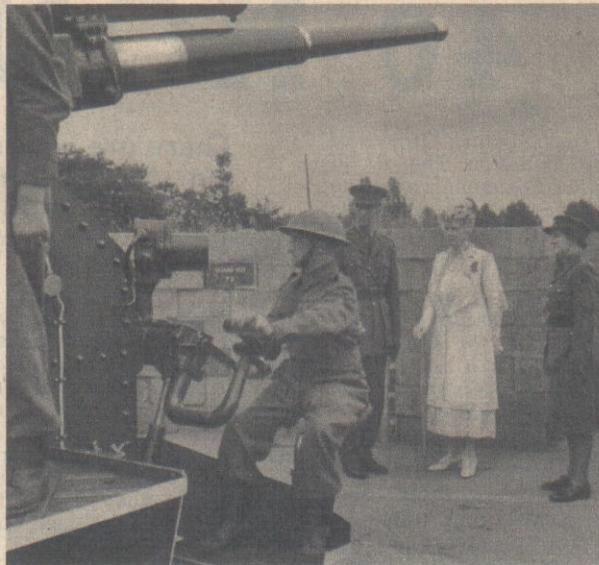
Queen Mary paid one visit to France during World War One, along with King George V. While the King visited the front line in the Messines sector, she went to Rouen, Le Havre and elsewhere to inspect hospitals. She found the spectacle of maimed men intensely depressing, and once she commented: "I don't know how I did it. But I suppose there is nothing one cannot do."

In the first world war, as in the second, Queen Mary took a special interest in the women's services. She became Commandant-in-Chief of the Women's Auxiliary Army Corps at a time when the "WAAC's" were a subject of much controversy. Her interest in Army nursing was strong to the end; by none was she held in higher esteem than by the sisters of Queen Alexandra's Royal Army Nursing Corps.

On the brink of a second world war: Queen Mary reviews militia men at Shorncliffe, 1939.

In recruiting posters, 13/18th Hussars (now in Malaya) took pride in being "Queen Mary's Own."

The Queen who was born in an age before women wore uniform lived to see them wear slacks. Here she watches ATS girls being put through their paces.



She visits a gun-pit on a heavy anti-aircraft site, 1942.



40 HOURS BEHIND

The Commanding Officer of the 3rd Battalion, The Royal Australian Regiment wanted to know what went on behind the enemy positions opposite him. His orders were that a patrol (Lieutenant W. Harrington, Private R. Attrill and Private A. Partridge) should penetrate the enemy lines for about three miles, lie up for a night and a day making observations, and return at first light.

THE three men left the security of their own lines at about half-past eight in the evening, and began the journey across the "no-man's-land" valley.

Evil-smelling, bottomless, overgrown paddy fields surrounded them. One false step from the narrow path would have landed them in a mine-field, or at best, up to the waist in filth. They waded across a chest-high stream, holding weapons and equipment above their heads, and as they drew nearer to the enemy their progress became slower and more cautious.

Along the route they heard groups of the enemy digging and talking, or saw, silhouetted on the sky-line, files of porters carrying heavy loads of supplies. Now and again they caught glimpses of the dimmed headlights of slow-moving trucks, and several times they flattened themselves in the mud and waited the passing of sentries or patrols. Soaked to the skin from the steady driving rain and the river crossing, they at last reached the position and lay shivering, listening and watching in the blackness, until dawn came.

At first light they were dismayed to see that all the streams had risen, and were still rising. The return route seemed to be under water nearly all the way. But they had their job to do. Maps in hands, binoculars continually searching the area, they noted every enemy movement and position that could possibly be of

There are routine patrols and not-so-routine patrols. Here is the thrilling story of three men who went out on reconnaissance behind the Chinese lines in Korea, and of their ordeal by mud, flood and barrage

— Story by Major HUGH POND MC, Military Observer in Korea

value. During the morning they had to move, as the rising waters reached them; so on hands and knees through the slimy mud and clinging bushes, keeping as low as possible, they crept to a position higher up the hills. With only an occasional square of chocolate to eat or a piece of chewing-gum they watched and waited until it was dark enough to move.

Then they headed for the rendezvous. Their legs sank almost to the knee and it was a great physical effort to put one foot in front of the other. Lieutenant Harrington said: "We must have sounded like a herd of elephants crashing along, but the steady drumming of the rain masked the noise." As they approached the stream, they saw that what had been a 30-foot crossing the night before had swollen to an angry torrent, nearly 200 yards wide.

After a few minutes the patrol tried once more to make wireless contact, and this time they succeeded. The patrol commander told them he was trying to get a line across the river. Presently they saw a figure swimming valiantly against the strong current towards them. This was Private Clarke, an ex-lifesaver, who had a cable round his waist. After a struggle he made the shore and was helped to his feet by the three. They started to pull in the line, and then found, to their horror, that it had come adrift on the other shore. Clarke plunged back again, but lost the cable and only just reached the opposite side. Undaunted, he tried again, but his strength was failing and he was swept downstream.



A Japanese policeman, riding in the back of a Commonwealth military police jeep, checks on two Japanese loitering near a military installation.

A JEEP IN

Distinguishable by the headgear they wear, these four NCO's of the Commonwealth Base Provost Company at Kure, Japan, await an inspection. Left to right: British Corporal W. Cook, Canadian Corporal A. C. Schofield, Australian Corporal Milton Sharman, and New Zealand Sergeant D. Anstice. The Company is commanded by a British major, and a Canadian is the second-in-command.



THE LINES

Only after a long struggle by the men on the other side, with hands burned and torn by the rope, were they able to pull him ashore.

Just after they started the long journey, they saw a light aircraft fly over. Private Partridge thought he saw something thrown out, but it was too far away to investigate. They later learned that Sergeant J. W. Hutchings (of Atherton, Warwick) had taken off in dangerous flying conditions in an effort to drop them life-jackets.

By now it was daylight, and apart from an occasional cloud of drifting mist, they were in full view of the enemy. An effort was made to fire a two-inch mortar bomb across to them, with a cable attached to the tail, but the distance, combined with the drag of the cable, was too much. The wireless set, soaked and battered, finally gave up, and the three disappointed men felt completely cut off.

Then, faintly on the wind, they heard a voice shouting: "Head toward the Marines." This meant a long detour, right under the noses of the entrenched Chinese, and from the look of the floods quite a lot of swimming ahead of them. But, with their small food supplies exhausted, and all three of them feeling the strain, there was no option. It was far too

dangerous to stay where they were.

When they were not swimming

they were walking with heads just above water. Hundreds of rats and mice were swarming in

the branches of half-submerged trees; other rodents, along with insects and snakes, were floating on the current, and these climbed over the faces and necks of the patrol when an opportunity offered. Small deer, frightened and exhausted, flailed the water with their hooves. Always, weeds and branches sought to drag the men under, and always the stench of the swirling yellow flood waters was indescribable. Whenever the patrol came to moderately dry land, the Communists opened up with machine-guns and mortars, but, luckily, the sodden ground gulped the bombs and smothered the splinters.

Soon came a heartening illustration of the accuracy of the Centurion tank guns. As the three men were creeping along the base of a Chinese-occupied hill, a machine-gun opened up on them. They threw themselves to the ground, faces pressed in the mud, bullets spattering only inches from them; then after a few bursts, there was a high-pitched whine, an ear-splitting crash and the machine-gun stopped for good. A Centurion 20-pounder shell had landed right on the spot.

As they progressed between the lines, divisional artillery and mortars covered them from point to point; and machine-guns harassing the enemy forward positions forced Chinese heads down. Lieutenant Harrington, when he thought they were nearing the Marines, sent Private Partridge forward to see if he could locate them. Partridge reported that he had seen soldiers wearing American-type hats, so, cautiously, they moved on. A steel-clad head popped out of the middle of a bush and a nasal voice said, "US Marines, this way, guys." "By God, were we pleased!" said Private Attrill. "Angels in steel helmets," said Lieutenant Harrington.

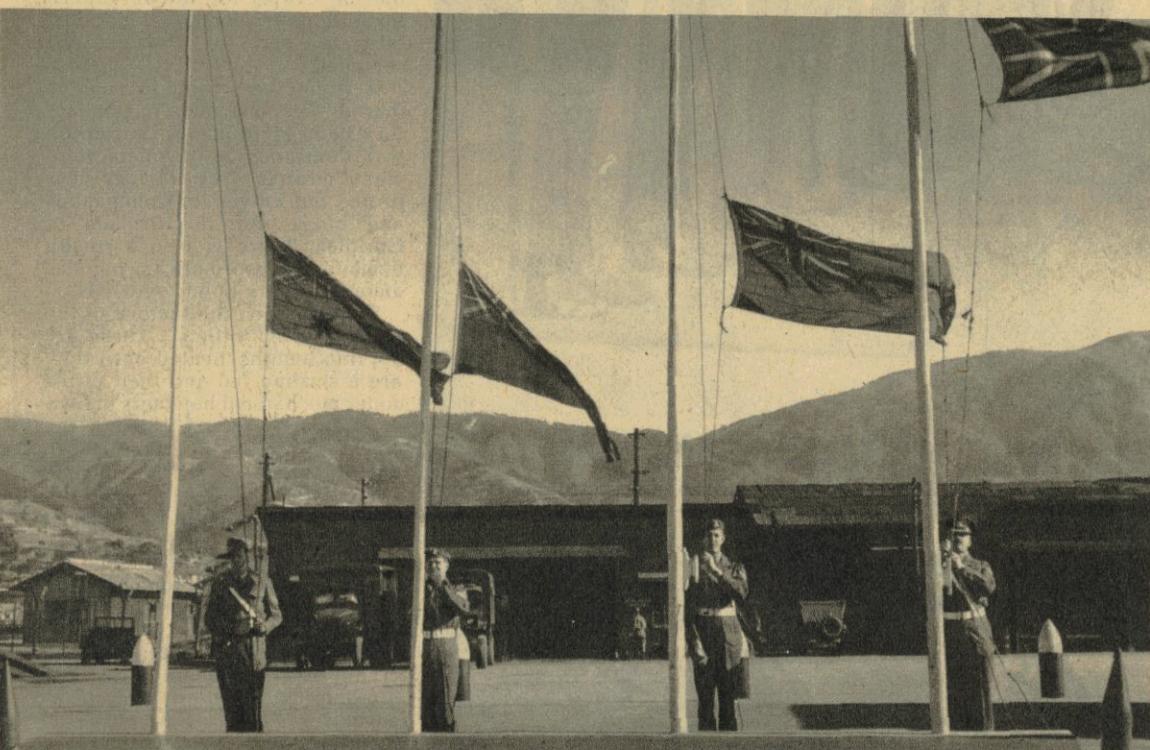
So, after 40 hours in enemy territory, with feet torn and full of thorns, clothing ragged and soaked, and suffering from exposure, the three returned to the safety of Allied lines.

Sitting up in borrowed beds the following day, after 15 hours of solid sleep, the three men were full of praise for their American comrades and for the artillery and mortarmen of the division who had done so much for them. Said Lieutenant Harrington: "When we first arrived in the Marines sector Chinese mortar bombs started coming down all round us. Those hefty chaps hustled and dragged us, and pushed us back into the mud when the bombs came too close. Marines in trenches held out hands full of rations, raisins, cigarettes and candy. Anything we wanted was ours."

Private Partridge, pointing at his clothing and that of the other two, said: "You see these suits we have on, the underwear and boots? They are the personal property of the Marines commanding officer. He gave us steak and chips, whisky and cigarettes, and personally drove us to a point where we were picked up by our own troops in a DUKW."

The patrol's only rations during the whole of the period had been five two-ounce blocks of chocolate and five packets of chewing-gum.

With a masterpiece of understatement the Australian Commanding Officer said: "They did a good job and brought back some valuable information."



Three Commonwealth flags fly beside the Union Jack at the military police headquarters at Kure in Japan.

JAPAN

This military police boat patrols Kure harbour to watch for thieves who hope to pillage war material en route to Korea. Military police also patrol the docks when troopships and cargo boats for Korea call to load or unload.



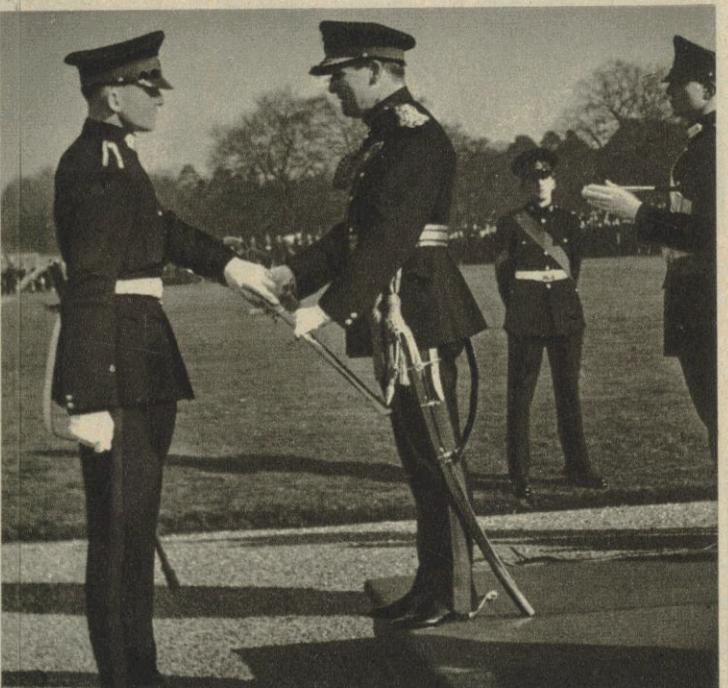
AND STILL THEY

MAKE SWORDS

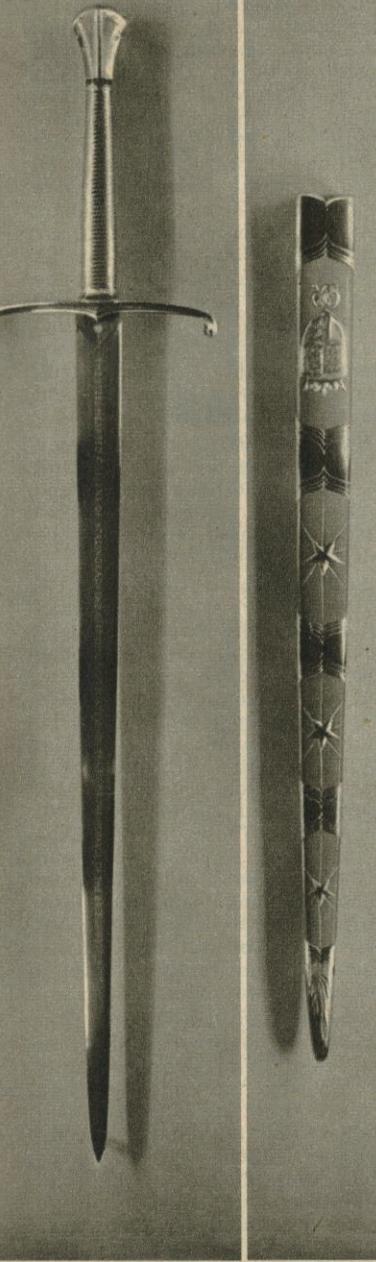
A glittering blade is still the symbol of honour, as it was in King Arthur's day



Drawn blades: A guard of honour by the Boys Regiment, Royal Artillery at their Goschen parade this year. Left: the great sword the people of Britain sent to the people of Stalingrad.



General Sir John Harding presents the Sandhurst Sword of Honour to Senior Under-Officer B. Gordon-Lennox.



The hilt of an Infantry sword. Note the fish-skin cover of the grip.

TODAY, while anonymous arsenals produce atom bombs, and foundries in the Midlands turn out Centurions by the hundreds, a factory in Acton, near London, is still hard at work making swords.

The Wilkinson Sword Company has been forging swords of the highest craftsmanship since 1772. Even if these weapons no longer draw blood in battle (cutting edges were dispensed with after World War One) they play an important part in ceremonial all over the world.

Just now the firm has a Coronation order for £30,000 worth of swords, including ceremonial scabbards.

The Wilkinson factory makes swords not only for the British Army, but for the United States Marine Corps, for Indian rajahs, for foreign diplomats, for Court officials, and for Freemasonry societies.

It would be wrong to suggest that all weapons made in this factory have blunt edges. During the war thousands of bayonets were manufactured. The factory has turned out knives for Commandos and kukris for the Brigade of Gurkhas. There is also a steady demand for sword-sticks, popular among officers going overseas.

Swords reach the factory in the form of steel "billets." These are cut into lengths, heated until they are a sizzling red and then thrust under mechanical hammers known as "ryders," which pound the steel until it is the right length and thickness. It is then fed between two shaped rollers and the blades emerge with the groove impressed.

Another machine hammers out the grip which is tongued and shaped ready to screw into the hilt. Then each blade, brought to red heat again, is plunged into crude oil for hardening and after a minute is drawn out and allowed to dry. Finally, it is tempered in a bath of molten lead. Once tempered, a sword has "spring."

In the assembly shop the hilts, guards and scabbards are fitted by Mr. Herbert McNab, a cutler with the firm for 48 years. He is assisted by his son. Many of the firm's employees have followed their fathers and grandfathers into the factory.

"The grip of an Army sword is covered with fish skin, and those of Royal Navy and Royal Air Force swords with Japanese sun-fish skin," says Mr. McNab. "These skins are very long-wearing and can stand much rough handling."

The firm is particularly proud of the basket-shaped guards, lined with red cloth, for Scottish regimental claymores.

From another workshop come the leather scabbards normally used for wear with non-ceremonial

dress. For full dress and Number One Dress, nickel-plated steel scabbards are used; both types are lined with wood. Explains Mr. McNab: "Normally leather scabbards are made of pig skin, but where they are to be used by Mohammedan troops, we have to be sure that goat skin is used." After being stitched, the leather scabbard is baked in an oven for three days to ensure that it is hardened and weather-proofed.

Next door, Mr. Herbert Clarke, for 32 years a polisher, places the blades against a series of revolving brushes which produce a chromium-like finish. As he holds a sword to the light to see a landscape reflected on its surface, he remarks: "For the Americans we nickel-plate the blades, but such a thing would shock the British Army."

Between them, Mr. McNab and his factory colleagues have made some unique swords. Not long before the war they undertook a special task for a rajah who wanted two scabbards for a ceremonial sword. These had to be specially engraved and inlaid with 250 diamonds. The cost: about £8000.

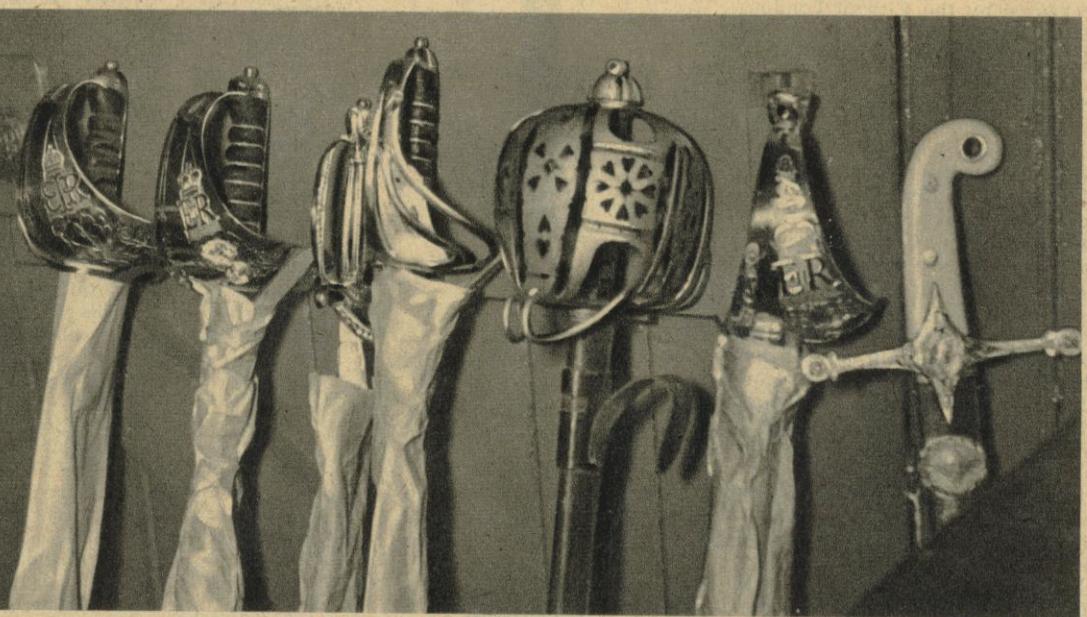
Together they also worked on the Stalingrad Sword presented by King George VI to the people of Stalingrad. The late Tom Beasley, for 60 years a master craftsman with the Wilkinson company, came out of hospital to forge it by hand. He was 83 at the time. Wearing his famous "sweat cap" of blue and white stripes which hung from his head like an old-fashioned night cap, he spent many months perfecting the finest blade he had ever made.

"Beasley was part and parcel of this firm as no other man could be," says Mr. McNab. "He started at the age of eight, when he had to have a piece of string tied to the bellows so that he could operate it, while his father worked at the forge. He made swords for five British sovereigns, including a special light one for Queen Victoria to use when conferring knighthoods in her old age. Altogether he made more than

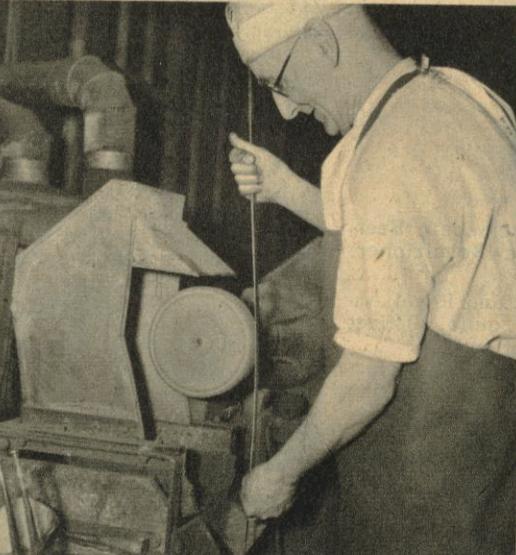
OVER



Portrait of a swordsmith: the late Tom Beasley.



Ready for their wearers. These types are, left to right: Indian Infantry, British Infantry, diplomatic, Royal Artillery, claymore, Royal Air Force, Equerry's.



Putting polish on a sword-blade before assembly.



A sword-hilt receives the finishing touches.



The scarlet hilt-lining of a claymore.



A bullet-proof vest, which may save life in Korea.

50 special presentation swords, among them one for Lord Kitchener, another for Sir John French and another for the Shah of Persia. He also made the sword presented by the City of London to General Eisenhower, and the Malta sword given to Lord Gort."

Tom Beasley came from a family who had been swordsmiths for 250 years. His grandfather had seven sons who all became swordsmiths. Tom himself had 23 children, but lost all his then surviving sons in World War One. He died in October, 1950, at the age of 90, survived by a daughter. Making swords was his hobby as well as his job.

In the despatch department SOLDIER saw a crate marked for the navy of a South American state, another containing a general's ceremonial sword. Mr. Frederick Spikin, manager of the department, sees them all go out. He says: "I have sent one shaped like a flame to the Emperor of Abyssinia. We make the Sandhurst sword of honour, the Cinque Port swords and swords for the Order of St. John. About once in ten years we make a special one for the Papal State of Rome.

"We receive some odd swords for repair. Not long ago we had one which contained recesses for a cigarette lighter, five cigarettes, a cork-screw, wine glass and various other gadgets. It belonged to an Indian."

Sword prices begin at £9 10s for a diplomatic sword. A Household Cavalry officer's sword costs £25, an Infantry sword £12 15s 3d and a general's anything up to £200.

At Acton, the craftsmen can repeat by heart the various sword lengths. These vary from army to army, and within armies they vary from corps to corps. The longest made in this factory are for Household Cavalry officers — 37½ inches. The shortest British sword goes to the Royal Navy — 31 inches. Household Cavalry troopers have a 34½-inch blade, the Royal Artillery a 34-inch, the Foot Guards and Infantry 32½, and the Royal Air Force 32 inches.

The United States Marines, unlike any of the British Services, vary the length of the sword according to the height of the officer. Thus the shortest blade they order is 29 inches, and the longest 34 inches.

Just as sword lengths differ, so do the hilts — in shape. The Infantry have a different design



A partizan — otherwise a Beef-eater's spike. Note new Royal cipher.

from the Cavalry, and Royal Artillery hilts are quite distinct from those of other corps.

A special job for the Acton factory this year has been altering the royal cipher on the 150-year-old pikes used by the Yeomen Warders at the Tower of London. Correctly, these pikes are called partizans. The old cipher has to be ground off, as has been done many times before, and the new one put on. Today the same method is used as for engraving and etching designs on sword blades.

Just now the firm is manufacturing special bullet-proof vests for the American Army and civilians in Korea. These are made of light-weight metal plates suitably upholstered. One answer to these might seem to be swords with cutting edges!

SOLDIER to Soldier

BY a curious coincidence, both the British and the United States armies have suddenly become the inspiration of song-writers.

In Britain no fewer than 4000 composers, amateur and professional, answered a newspaper invitation to write a rousing Army song. Admiration for the Army may have been quickened by the hope of winning a £1000 prize.

The *News of the World's* money went to Mr. Charles Prentice (director of music at Drury Lane) and Mr. Joe Murrells, composer and writer of "It's a Grand Life in the Army." The number is quite a jaunty one. For some reason, popular tunes are always superior to the words which accompany them, and here is no exception. ("We get our grub, we get our pay, and do a man's job every day.")

The tune has already been played by the band of the Royal Military School of Music. The Adjutant-General (General Sir John Crocker) went on the stage to tell the audience: "It's a good thing to keep singing about the Army in Coronation year, because it is *your* Army and you'll be seeing a lot of it."

In the old music-halls there were many songs about soldiers. It seems fair that there should be today. If this new song is taken up by soldiers themselves, the originators must not be surprised if alternative and perhaps ribald words are fitted to the tune.

It has been suggested before now that the British Army ought to have an official song of its own. One difficulty is that every regiment already has its own individual march, which it has inherited, looted, concocted, commissioned or otherwise acquired, and of which it is excessively proud.

The Army, of course, has its unofficial anthems, notably "Bless 'em All," a song which (according to one newspaper) "has cheered many a tired, fed-up soldier who has dreamed of some legal means of venting his feelings against Authority."

There must be an immense satisfaction in writing a song like "Bless 'em All," which fills

a long-felt want, and goes on from year to year, instead of the kind which sweeps the dance-halls and is dead of exhaustion in six months.

Last year the United States Army invited composers to produce an Army song. The judges' choice fell on an entry entitled "The Army's Always There," by a composer better known for a work which urged "Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree, with Anyone Else But Me." The words? H'm.

*When there's trouble brewing anywhere
You can bet the Army's always there;
Any place on earth we prove our worth,
Ready to do our share.*

The new American Army song, it was reported, would be tried out for three months and if by then it was not as popular as the irreverent wartime "This is the Army, Mr. Brown" the "tunesmiths" would be called on for further service.

Usually tunes start at the bottom and rise to the top. Here, in America and in Britain, are two tunes being launched at the top in the hope that they will reach the bottom. It will all be very instructive to watch.

WOULD any of the very old soldiers who read SOLDIER like to shed any light on this rumoured pre-1914 custom whereby girls paid soldiers in red coats to walk out with them? According to a Member of Parliament the rate was two shillings for a Guardsman, half-a-crown for a Highlander.

In a book giving advice to those about to marry, published in 1910, the Rev J. O. Bevan says:

"It is commonly reported that the full privates of our great regiments have a stated tariff when they walk out with Mary Jane or Sarah Ann. This is sixpence for a plain walk but a shilling if they are expected to engage in conversation."

How much of all this is truth and how much legend? Forward, the boys of the old brigade! Your names will be withheld if you are shy at having it known that you cashed in on the King's scarlet!

AND HERE IS THE SWORD OF STATE



The Sword of State (above) will leave its resting-place among the Crown Jewels in the Tower of London to be carried into Westminster Abbey by a Peer for the Coronation ceremony. It is a two-handed sword with a 32-inch blade. Other

swords which will be used in the ceremony include the Jewelled Sword of State, which the Queen will hand to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Sword of Spiritual Justice, the Sword of Temporal Justice and the Sword of Mercy, known as Curtana.

MALAYA'S OTHER ENEMY

Give a regiment of termites a pair of Army boots, and all they will leave is the nails

NEXT to Communist terrorists, probably the most insidious enemy the Army has to face in Malaya is — the white ant.

One of the major pests of the world — there are more than 1500 different species — white ants, or to call them by their correct name, termites, breed at a fantastic rate. A colony of a million can receive 80,000 reinforcements daily; and that colony can be contained in a nest the size of a beer barrel.

"It's no good waiting to see where they attack — you must prevent them getting there," says Major D. Loney, of the Ordnance Depot in Kuala Lum-

pur. "A pair of muddy boots can be eaten in a night, leaving only nails and studs." He added with a sigh of relief: "Fortunately, that has not occurred in my depot. It is a ceaseless watch we keep, for in next to no time they

could eat most of the contents of the Depot. One way they can get in is by arriving in packing cases."

Mr. H. T. Pagden, senior entomologist to the Government of Malaya, says that white ants will gnaw through lead. Very recently evidence has shown that they can even penetrate stainless steel knife blades, not by gnawing but by the application of an organic acid which has not been fully investigated. Mr. Pagden says that the only research station for termites in the Commonwealth is at Canberra, Australia, where he sends all the specimens he wants identified.

The removal of a nest must be very thorough or the colony will start again. If workers with broods are left they may produce a new queen.

"In Malaya," says Mr. Pagden, "we treat the surrounding soil under the old-style bungalow built on stilts with Paris Green, an arsenical powder, and rake it in.

"Termites are clean creatures and they lick each other to remove any dirt. By placing poison in one of their communication tunnels we kill the ones who are going to lick their comrades, but after a while they get wise to what is happening and seal off that section."

An angry major produced a steel box containing only a pile of dust and a wireless set frame. "That was my field service equipment and radio set," he said. Ten days previously he had brought the box into his house, which has a concrete floor.

The food of termites is all but confined to cellulose. They will tunnel through lime and mortar to get at this substance. In an Ordnance Depot the danger of white ants is apparent when it is realised that favourite foods comprise tentage, tarpaulins, cordage, scrim garnishing and camouflage nets, cotton, clothing, leather, paper and cardboard, timber, plywood and fibre boards.

Puzzle picture: All that was left of a case of electric light bulbs after termites had finished with the packing.

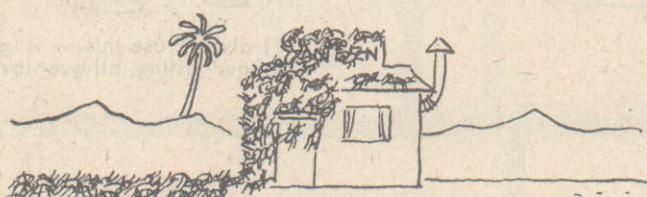
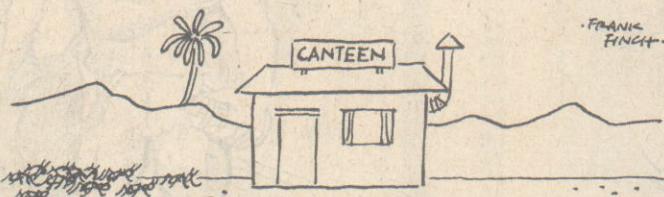
The nest of the queen has a domed royal chamber, its construction a triumph of Nature's engineering. With many species, the queen's chamber is a foot underground, connected by tubes with numerous chambers containing fungus gardens. Ventilating shafts are also incorporated. Some shafts are said to be built down as far as 40 feet, depending on the moisture.

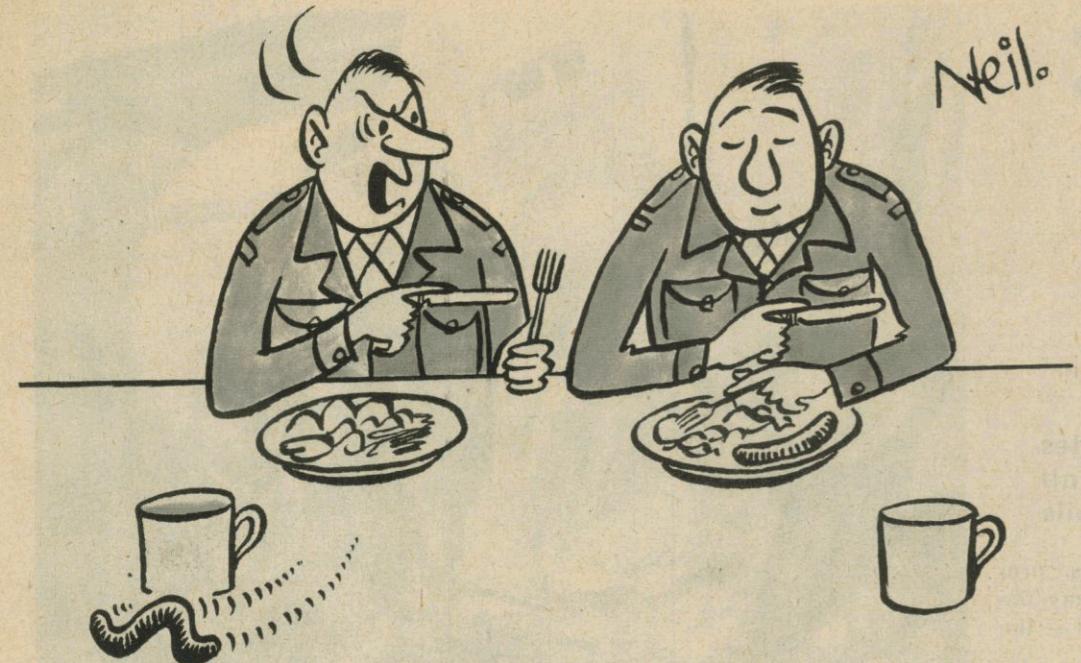
The queen may live to be ten years of age, in which time she can have a maximum of 200,000,000 eggs. These are carried off by workers and the resulting progeny develop into five different castes — the humblest being the soldier and above him the worker. The soldier termite is armed with a fluid which it squirts at foraging ants and other invaders, and which kills almost at once.

An officer with long experience of white ants in India and Malaya says: "In most cases you cannot really blame the termites for eating your stores — they were there long before you dumped your goods on their doorsteps. The answer is to place a barrier between them and the stores, such as metal legs for stands. We now employ several solutions to keep them from attacking stores, namely creosote, coal tar, composition wood preservative and Wolman's salt. These discolour the packing cases but protect their contents."

Even this most destructive creature was created for a purpose. In the tropics its normal home is the forest, where its role is to break down the wood of fallen or unhealthy trees, and to form rich humus for the soil. In temperate climates the earthworm does this task.

D. H. de T. READE

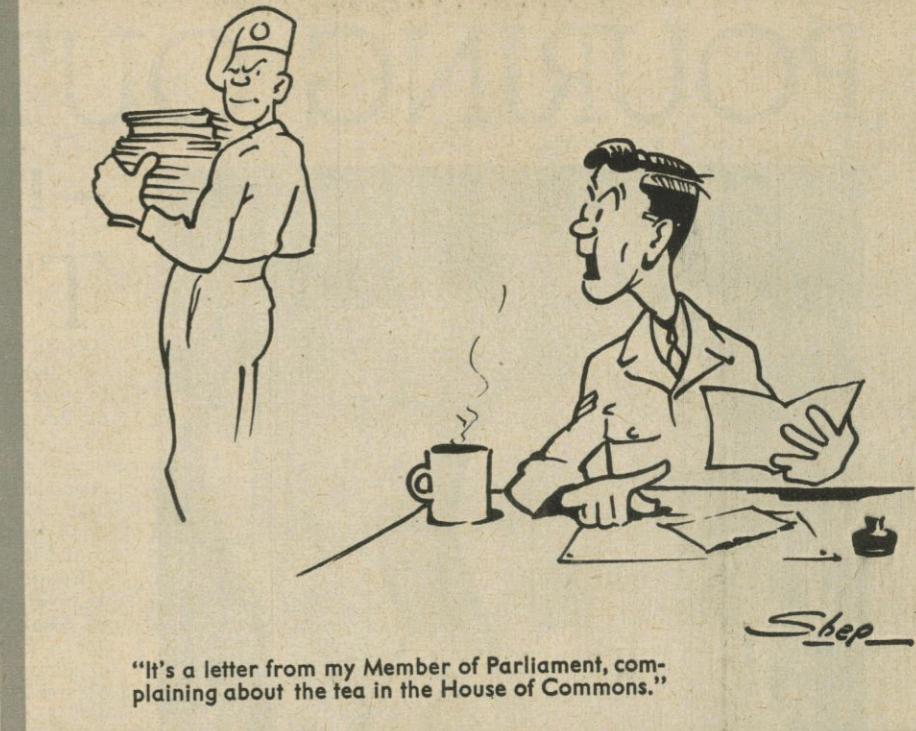




"Have you just swiped a sausage off my plate?"



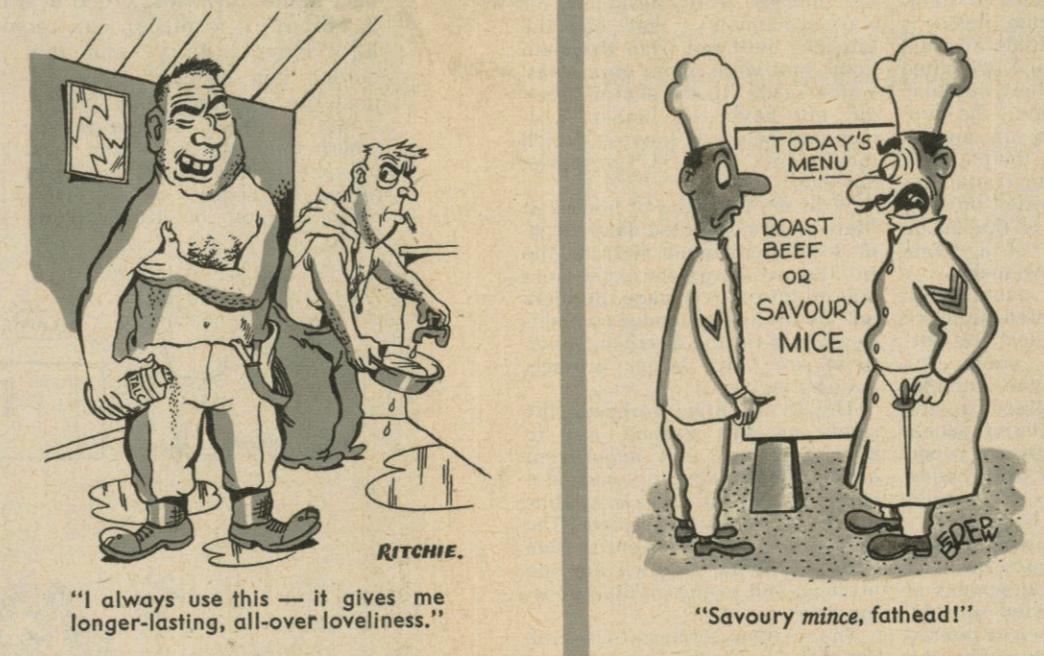
"Private Johnson — you're out of step!"



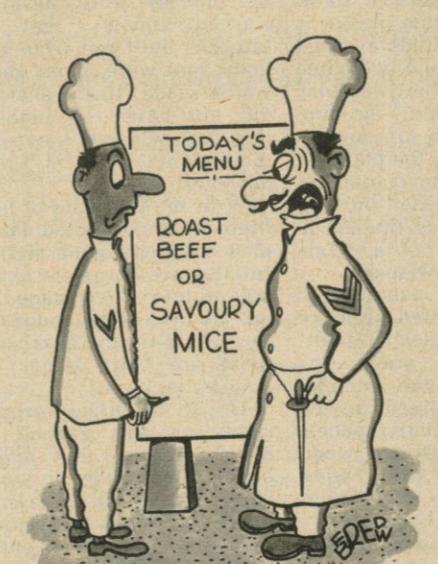
"It's a letter from my Member of Parliament, complaining about the tea in the House of Commons."



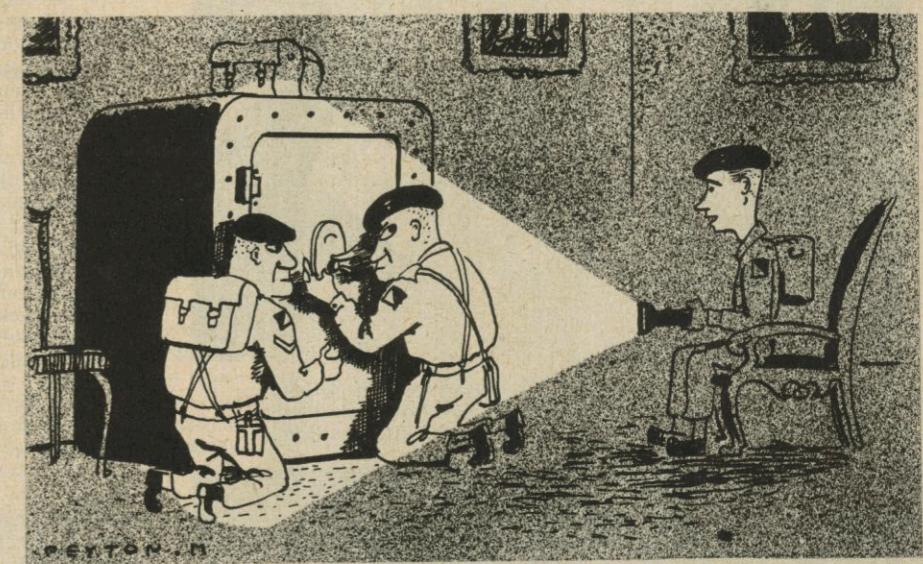
"That's not what your whistle's for."



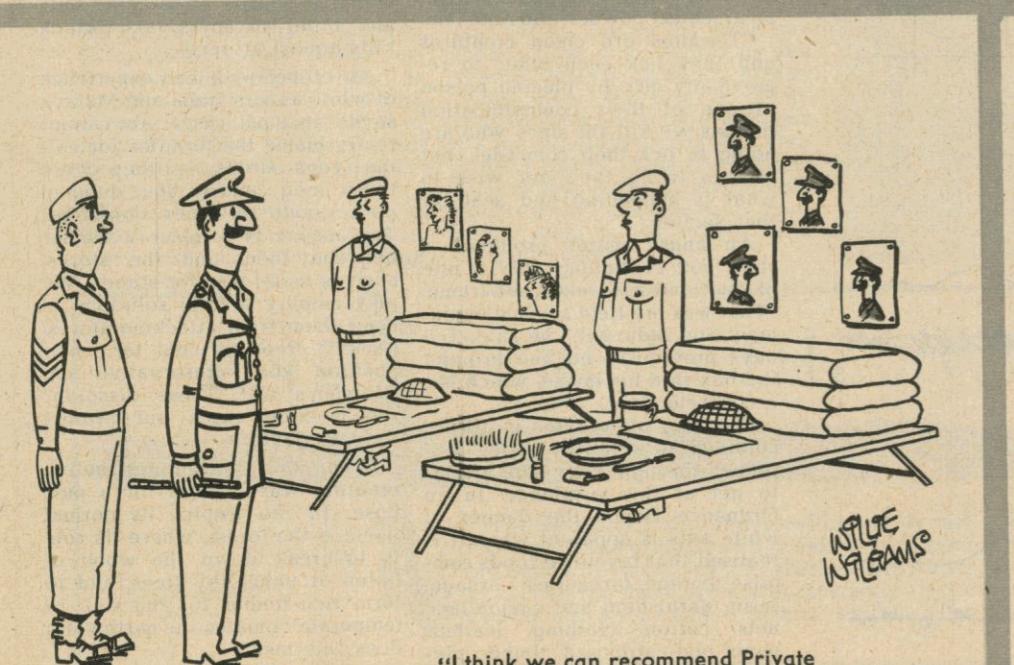
"I always use this — it gives me longer-lasting, all-over loveliness."



"Savoury mince, fathead!"



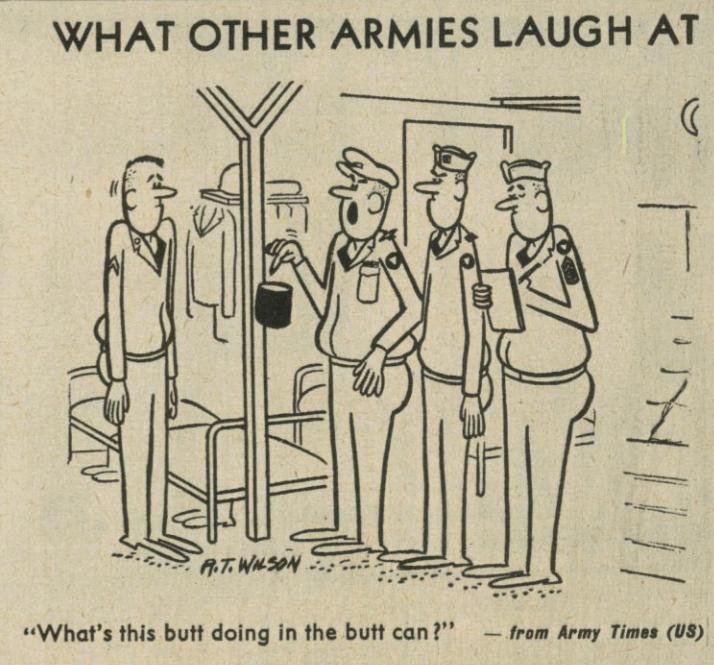
"You don't think we're going too far with this 'living off the country' training?"



"I think we can recommend Private Bennett for a stripe, Serjeant."



EDWARD BANKS



"What's this butt doing in the butt can?"

— from Army Times (US)

PAGE 21

Soldier HUMOUR

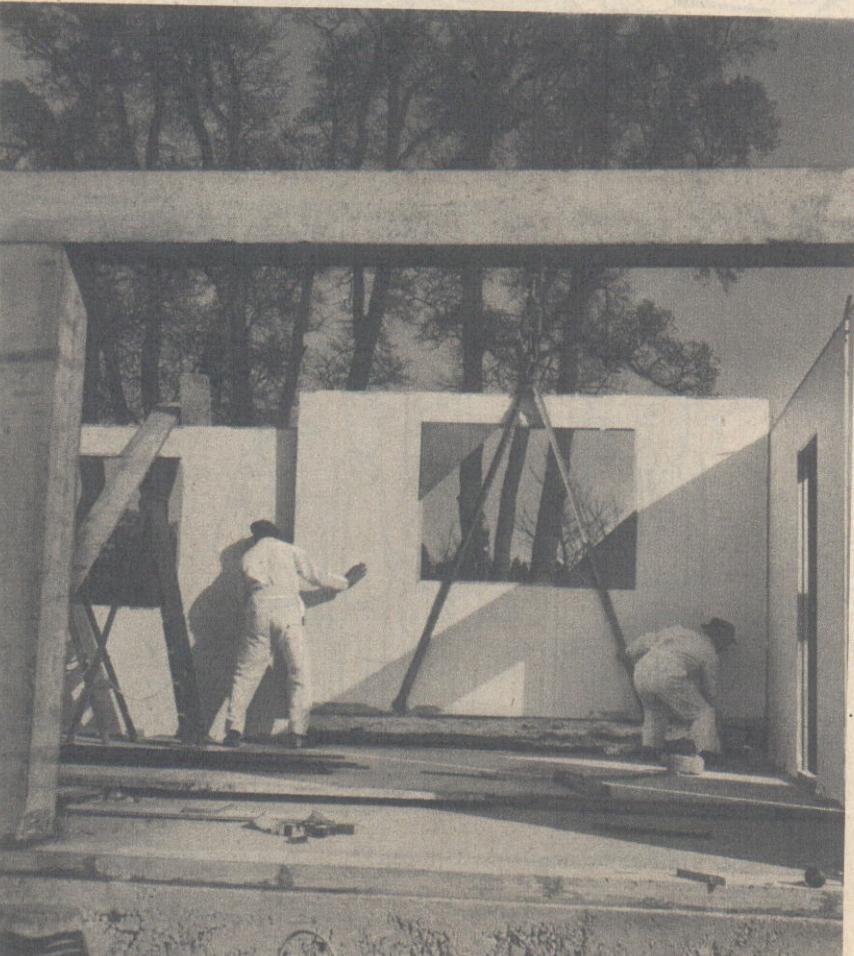
WHAT OTHER ARMIES LAUGH AT

POURING OUT A HOUSE

- IT'S A NEW ARMY IDEA



Here's a wall being poured out while you watch. In 20 minutes the gypsum plaster will have solidified in its mould. Below: the wall is hoisted into position.



THE Army has pioneered a new method of erecting houses.

The idea was born when the War Office Directorate of Fortifications and Works was set the problem of designing married quarters for the High Jebel in Cyrenaica.

Prefabrication? Yes, said the experts, but why not prefabricate on the spot? This would save the expense of sending the parts across the sea. The experts also produced another revolutionary idea: to build the inside of the house first and wrap the outside round it afterwards.

Details were worked out and a site chosen at Maresfield Camp, in Sussex, Depot of the Intelligence Corps. Contractors set up a factory in a Romney hut — an outsize Nissen. At one end of the hut is a raised platform with a smooth metal surface. On to this is clamped a wooden frame inside which protrude clusters of nails. Into the frame, gypsum plaster is poured. Wooden moulds are laid on to the plaster and weighted down with lengths of railway line.

Twenty minutes later, the gypsum is set. Clamps are loosened, moulds are removed, the platform is tilted and the frame, containing a plaster panel, is eased on to a trolley. That panel is the inside lining of one wall of a room, complete with window-space.

For 24 hours the panel dries. Then the back is coated, to make it water-proof, and electrical fittings are added. A crane lifts the panel on to the foundations, where it is fixed at the bottom and to adjoining panels by sliding a long strip of wood into grooves along the edges. Ceilings are made of similar panels and concrete beams.

When the panels and ceilings of the ground floor have been set up in a "box," vertical screens of wire netting are erected outside. Into the space between is poured "no fine" concrete, to make the outside of the walls, which will be finished in rough-cast. "No fine" concrete is made with crushed stone from which have been removed the dust and finer pieces.

A layer of "no fine" concrete is also put over the ceiling, and then work starts on the upper storey.

At Maresfield, the first pair of two-bedroomed married quarters was built from plinth to roof-trusses, ready for tiling, in 16½ working days, with a total of 3711 man-hours. By the fourth pair, the man-hours had been reduced to 1807. The fifth, it was estimated, would take 1500 man-hours, or eight working days. Five weeks would cover the whole project —

Right: One of the finished houses. They were originally designed for Cyrenaica.

from the first work on the foundations to the day of occupation.

The cost? Royal Engineer officers in charge of the experiment are reluctant to commit themselves. The first pair of houses at Maresfield cost £4013; the fifth will probably cost £3388, or £1694 for each dwelling.

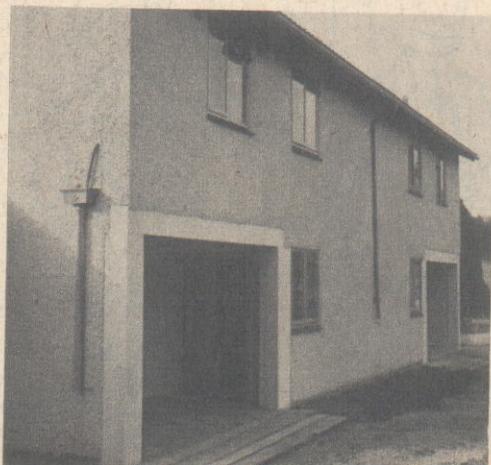
Many factors may make full-scale production cheaper and quicker. One Romney hut factory could produce panels for 100 pairs as readily as for ten. The Maresfield experiment was carried out on the most difficult site the Royal Engineers could find, in the worst building weather. Because the houses were designed for warmer climates, they had the kitchens built out from the main body, and were given verandas, which made them dearer (they did not have the higher ceilings and window louvres which they would have in Cyrenaica, however).

With the ten pairs of houses at Maresfield completed (and occupied by permanent staff of the Intelligence Corps), the experiment will go into a new stage. Builders will be invited to tender competitive prices for the next ten. When those are built, larger projects may be tackled.

The War Office reserves the rights on this system, not to restrict its use but to prevent anyone else patenting and perhaps limiting, the process. Anyone is free to adopt the system. The Army thus makes a contribution both to solving its own housing problem and to the civilian housing drive.

The Quartermaster-General, General Sir Ouvry Roberts, saw the Maresfield experiment.

"Housing the Army is one of my worst problems," he said afterwards. "This system has the great advantage that it can be used with few skilled men, and that is particularly valuable in a place like Cyprus where there is little skilled labour."





THESE GUNNERS WEAR THE CAUBEEN

The Liverpool Irish they're called — and their pipes have skirled on Merseyside for nearly a hundred years

IT was a great day for the Liverpool Irish.

To give them their full name, they are the 626 (Liverpool Irish) Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment, Royal Artillery (Territorial Army) — and proud of each syllable of it!

They have had names with numbers in them before and the numbers have passed into history. The Liverpool Irish they always have been and, though you will not find the name in the Army List, the Liverpool Irish they still are. Today they are the only Royal Artillery regiment to wear the caubeen (which, in this regiment, drapes to the left side of the head) and the only to have an Irish pipe band.

By custom, the Regiment's big day is the Sunday nearest St. Patrick's Day, when it holds a ceremonial parade. It is a big day for Liverpool, too; few cities show such open enthusiasm for a Territorial regiment.

This year the parade had two new features. The Regiment, for the first time, was wearing its new green caubeen with red and white hackles throughout, and the band was to be presented with new pipe banners.

The day started in the drill hall, which is well inside Liverpool's Irish area, with an issue of shamrock. While the pipers, in saffron kilts and green shawls, played "The Wearing o' the Green," the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel J. Graeme Bryson, distributed shamrock to the officers, and the officers took it round to the men.

Nobody was left out. The Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers of the Regiment's light aid detachment — none of whom is Irish — cheerfully tucked their sprigs into their caps, and boxes of shamrock were sent off to the Old Comrades and the Regiment's affiliated cadet units, who were to join the parade later.

After High Mass (about half the members of the Liverpool Irish are Roman Catholics) the Regiment marched, through thicker and thicker crowds, to St. John's Gardens, where the Commanding Officer received the pipe-banners from their donor, Mr. Vernon Sangster, a prominent Liverpool businessman. The banners, in green silk, have the badge of the Liverpool Irish embroidered on one

Led by pipers in saffron kilts, the Liverpool Irish parade on St. Patrick's Day. Right: There's already a blue and red hackle in the green caubeen; now shamrock is added. Below: The Regiment's new pipe banners commemorate four disbanded Irish regiments: the Connaught Rangers, the Leinster Regiment, the Royal Munster Fusiliers and the Royal Dublin Fusiliers.



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THESE GUNNERS WEAR THE CAUBEEN (Cont'd)

side, and on the other each has the badge of one of the Irish regiments disbanded in 1922 — the Connaught Rangers, the Leinster Regiment, the Royal Munster Fusiliers and the Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

The parade marched through some of Liverpool's main streets, then — to the strains of "Garryowen," the regimental march — past a saluting base at the Cenotaph, outside Liverpool's smoke-blackened St. George's Hall. Twenty thousand people were there to applaud. The salute was taken by Mr. John Tilney MP, Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Secretary of State for War, with Major-General E. R. Benson, commanding 4th Anti-Aircraft Group and Colonel W. C. Clisset, honorary colonel of the Liverpool Irish, a Territorial veteran of two world wars.

The Liverpool Irish are nearing their centenary. They were one of the first regiments to be raised — as the 18th Lancashire Rifle Volunteer Corps (Liverpool Irish) — when the call went out for citizen soldiers in 1859. Right from the start there was a dominant Irish element.

The Regiment was for a time a light infantry unit and still has the light infantry bugle in its badge. At one stage it became the 8th Battalion The King's Regiment. It was the first volunteer regiment, and one of the only two to send a complete company to fight in the South African War. Every member of the company came back, and they brought battle-honours with them.

The Regiment went to war in 1914 as part of the King's Regiment (Liverpool), added to its

list of battle-honours and gained a Victoria Cross.

In 1922 the Regiment went into "suspended animation," but not its Old Comrades, who still paraded on St. Patrick's Day. "We kept the spirit of the Regiment alive," one of them told SOLDIER.

The Liverpool Irish were raised again as an Infantry battalion in 1939, and as such joined a beach-head brigade and did good service in Normandy. At the end of 1944, when the battle had receded from the Normandy beaches, the Regiment broke up.

It was reborn — as a Gunner unit — in 1947, keen to make good in its new role but determined not to let its identity and Irish background be lost. Only by happy coincidence does the hackle in the caubeen contain the Royal Artillery colours; the blue is an Irish blue, and its red base commemorates the Regiment's long association with the King's Regiment (Liverpool).

With the caubeen and hackle go a green lanyard, Royal Artillery shoulder-titles, and the flash of 96 (Anti-Aircraft) Army Group, Royal Artillery (which has the silhouette of the Royal Liver building, Liverpool's best-known landmark). These accessories brighten up battle-dress considerably.

The Liverpool Irish are one of the only two Irish Territorial units raised in England. The other unit is the London Irish, with which the Liverpool Irish has a more than nodding acquaintance. The second-in-command of the Liverpool Irish, Major H. G. McClellan, formerly served with the London Irish.



Cadets marched with the Liverpool Irish, also wearing shamrock. So did the Old Comrades.



PLAYING TRAINS? NO, THIS IS SERIOUS

OPERATING trains on a model electric railway is a serious business for Sappers of 79 Transportation Squadron, Royal Engineers, in Rhine Army.

On four days a week, they take up positions in the signal boxes and along the 300 feet of track on the top floor of a barrack-block. They shunt engines and wagons in the maze of marshalling yards and pass fast passenger trains through stations.

In this way, they learn not only methods of operation used on British railways, but the German system of control and the Army's own.

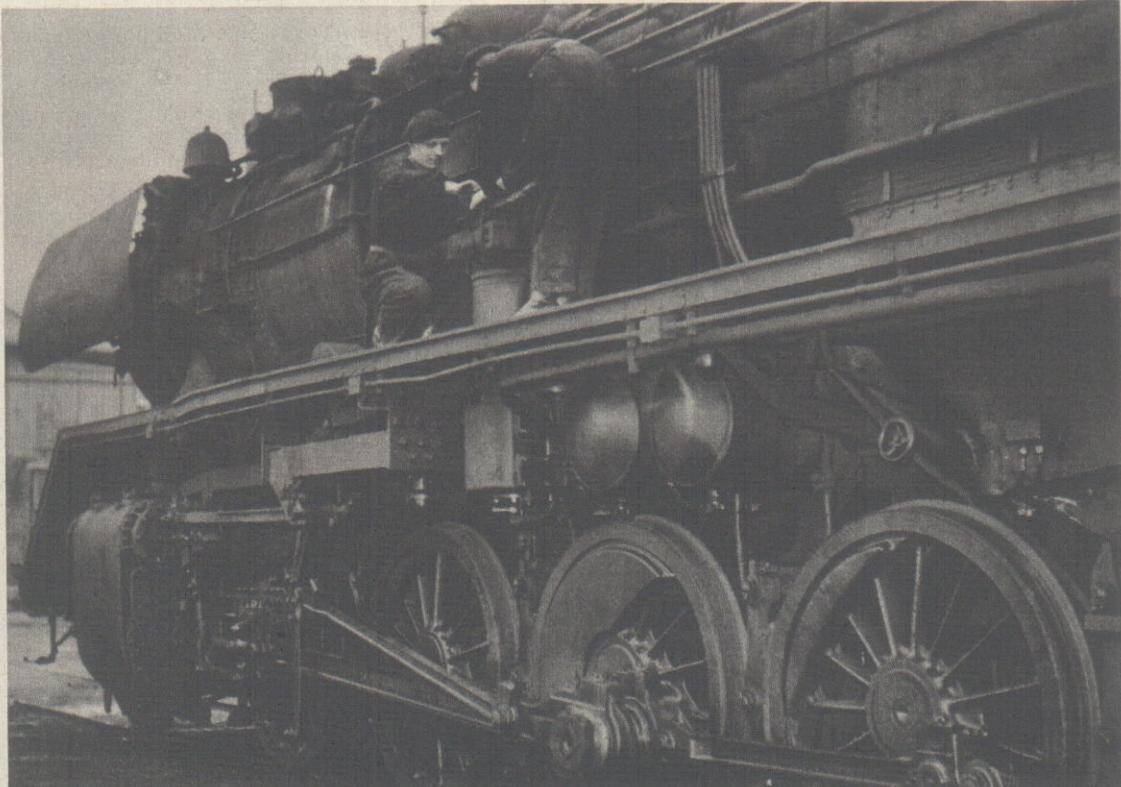
"Almost every problem which might confront a man on a real railway can be reproduced on the model," says Staff-Sergeant W. B. O'Brien, who is in charge of courses on the miniature railway.

Staff-Sergeant O'Brien knows something about rail problems. He was a ticket collector, porter and shunter before he joined the Army, and during World War Two he served as brakeman-shunter and later traffic operator with the Royal Engineers in France, Belgium, Holland and Germany.

The model railway provides the first stage in the training of

Rhine Army Sappers have a model railway and a real railway on which to learn a trade *Pictures: H. V. Pawlikowski*

On this model railway Lance-Corporal I. H. Rogers watches Sapper F. J. Butler, a block-man, pass a passenger train from a siding onto the main line.



British soldiers take their turn inspecting German steam locomotives. Here two Sappers adjust a water pump.

OVER

PLAYING TRAINS

(Continued)

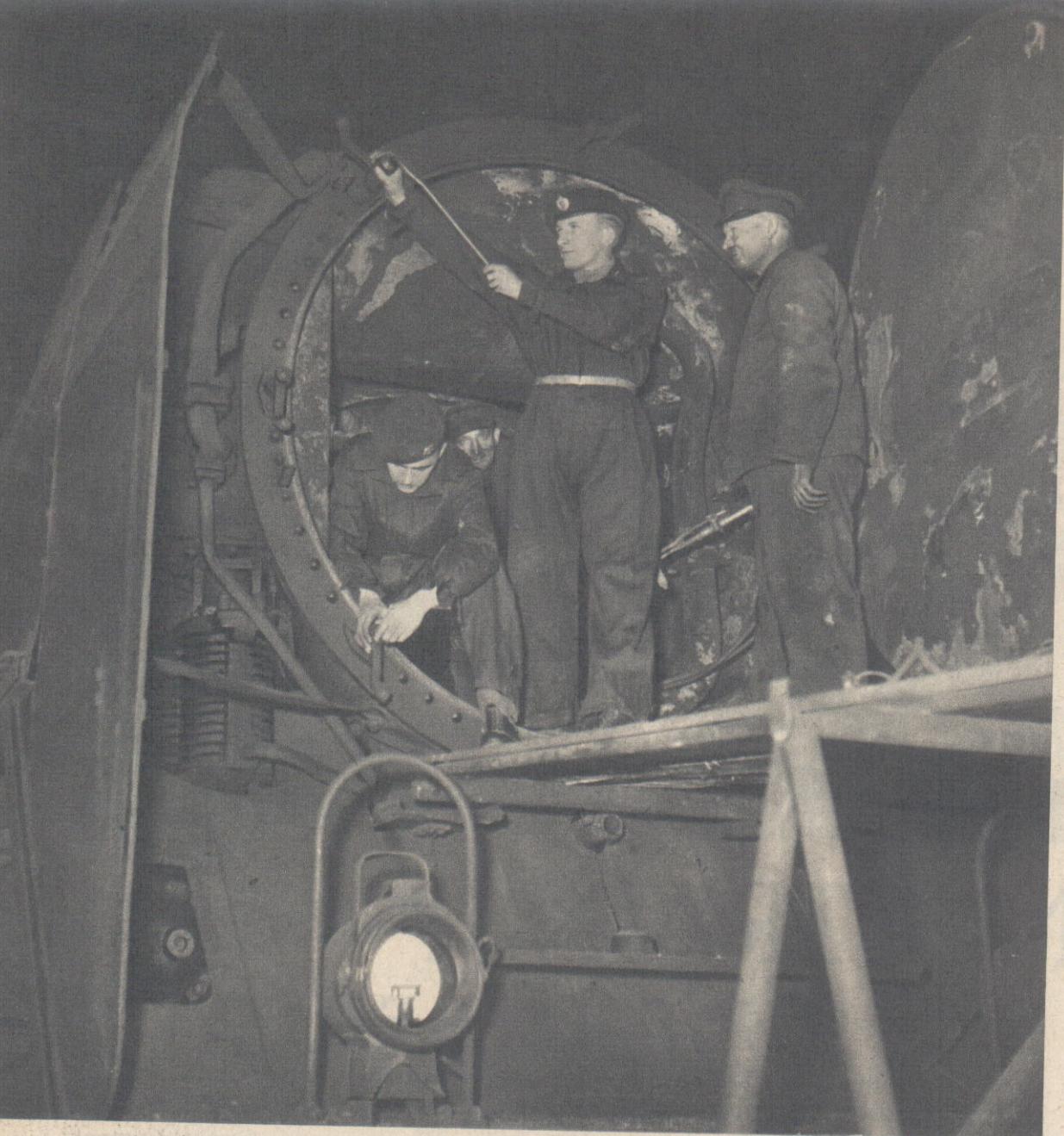
Rhine Army's engine-drivers, firemen, blockmen, brakemen-shunters and traffic operators. During this stage they take several written tests, based mainly on the Army's 103 railways rules, which most students learn by heart.

After the model railway course, the students need practical experience to qualify in their trades. Learner blockmen spend several weeks in German main-line signal boxes, studying Continental methods of operation. Brakemen-shunters go to German railway yards at Lage, where they help with shunting; they also travel on German trains as guards. Steam-engine drivers and firemen work with German crews on main-line trains — many a German passenger has been driven by a British soldier without knowing it. Locomotive fitters spend four months in German railway workshops and sidings at Minden.

They all come together again, finishing their training or taking over jobs on Rhine Army's only military-operated railway, in Westphalia. Here the Army has 20 miles of track over which diesel-driven trains ferry several thousand tons of stores every month, in and out of a stores depot.

Diesel-engine drivers learn their trade on the Army's two engines, "Flash" and "Cyclops." They take turns on German steam locomotives and steam drivers also learn to operate the Army's diesel engines. The Army railway also trains diesel fitters and carriage and wagon repairers (they have repaired and rebuilt more than half of the railway's 30 wagons since the system opened last November).

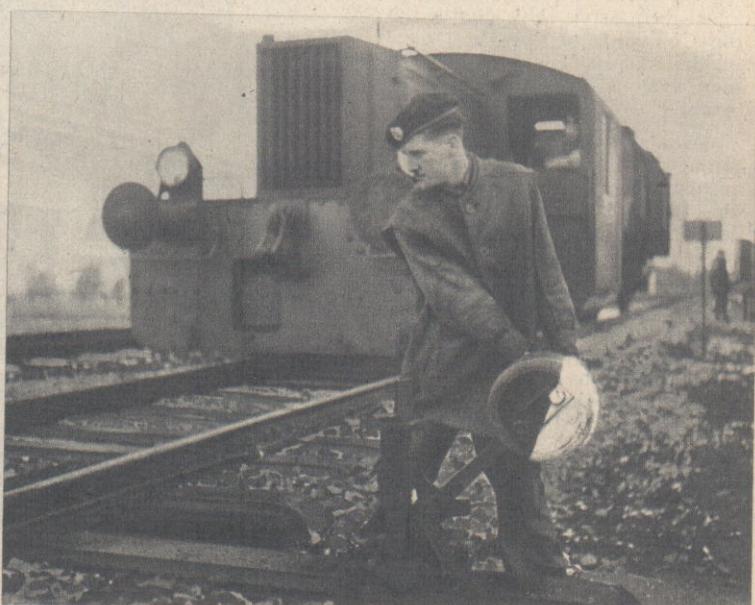
The signal boxes on Rhine Army's railway bear English names: Liss Forest Road, Weaver's Down, Longmoor, Whitehill, Oakhanger, and Bordon. This is by way of compliment to the Royal Engineers' Transportation Centre at Longmoor, Hampshire, the Army's "home of locomotion," where the first railway troops arrived exactly 50 years ago.

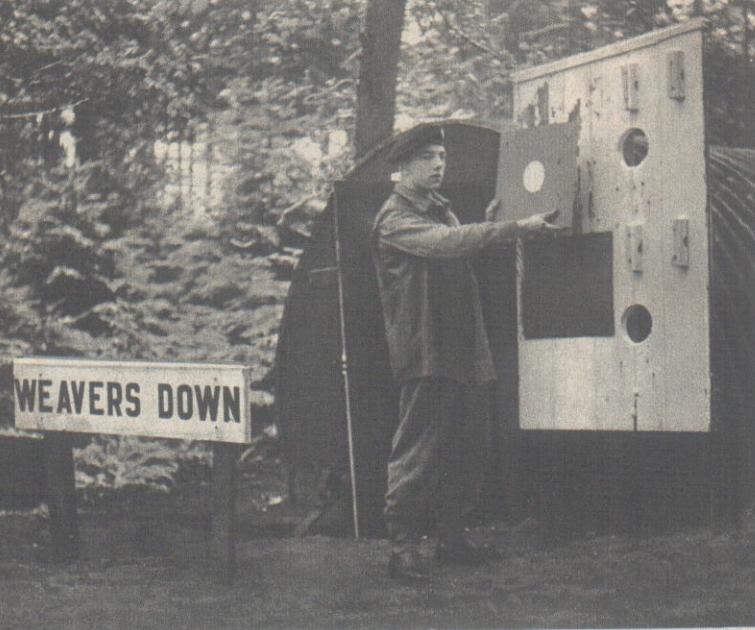


Above: The small boy's dream? Sappers explore the smokebox of a German locomotive.

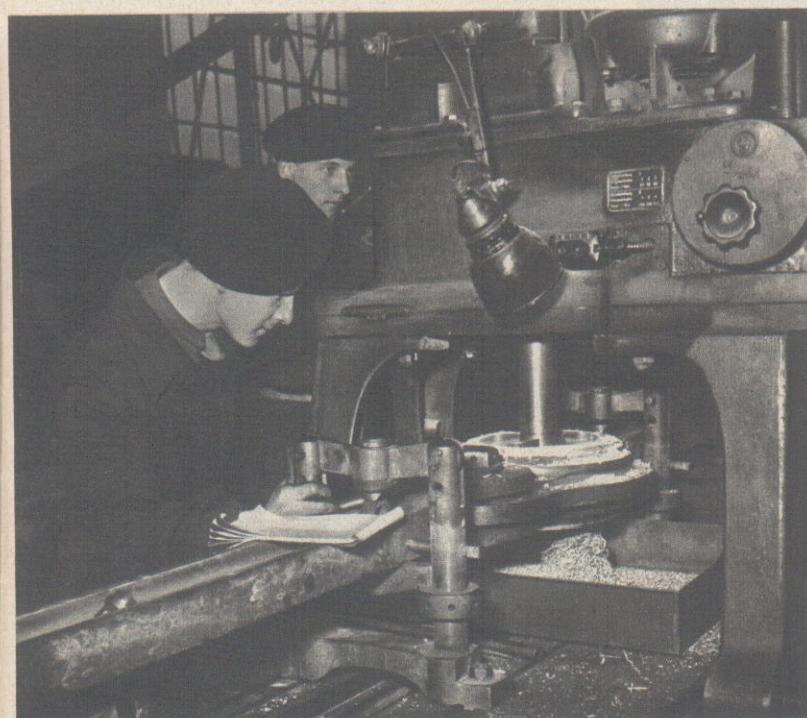
Left: Sapper S. Robinson, carriage repairer, jacks up a seven-ton wagon on the military railway.

Below: Sapper A. Clark shifts the points to divert an approaching train—driven by a fellow soldier.





Sapper H. Meads, blockman-trainee, sets his sign board on the military railway. Below: In their four-months course in German workshops Sapper trainees learn many machines. Here Lance-Corporal E. Toes bores bushes for a coupling rod.



Below: Corporal D. M. James, who is training to become a traffic operator, at the controls of Rhine Army's military railway. Sergeant C. R. Goodall, traffic superintendent, looks on.



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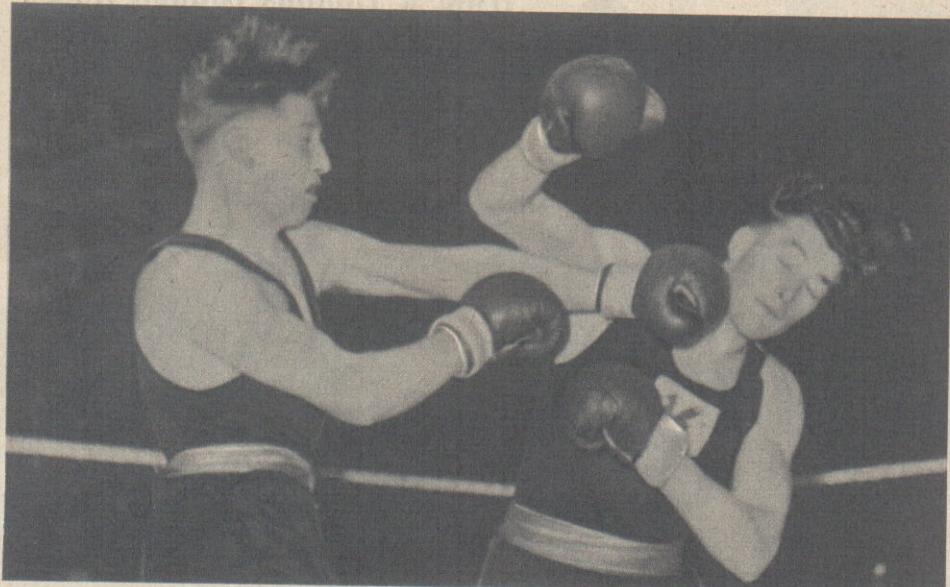
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The School of Careers SUBJECT

A team of Royal Army Ordnance Corps boxers travelled from Britain to Berlin to defeat the Welsh Guards at Hitler's Olympic Centre



Left: Connecting with the jaw of Lance-Corporal A. Livesey, Welsh Guards welterweight, is Private J. Barton, 4th Training Battalion RAOC. Above: Guardsman B. Costello, Welsh Guards light welterweight (left), outpointed Corporal P. Murphy, RAOC.

HARD PUNCHING IN BERLIN

FOR the first time, the Army's inter-unit boxing finals were held this year outside Britain. For the third time, the 4th Training Battalion, Royal Army Ordnance Corps won the championship.

In Berlin's crowded Olympic Sports Centre, the Ordnance team met and beat Rhine Army's champions, the 1st Battalion Welsh Guards.

Although the RAOC opposition looked formidable, the Guards had a very creditable record in the ring. They had just won through to the Rhine Army championship for the second year running and were 1952 Army Championship semi-finalists. Their weight and experience had accounted for some sore heads in the Royal Scots Fusiliers, the 6th Royal Tank Regiment, the Royal Scots and the Rifle Brigade — the opposition they had overcome on their way to the Rhine Army boxing crown.

The "Fighting Fourth's" team included several well-known names: Lance-Corporal Wilson, an Amateur Boxing Association semi-finalist, Private H. Cooper, the Amateur and Olympic light-heavyweight, Pri-

vate D. Hinson, an outstanding lightweight, Private D. Glanville, the Army and Inter-Services champion and, Private D. Booty, one of the best light-middleweights in Britain.

Private Glanville, Ordnance bantamweight, set the pace at the outset, knocking out Guardsman E. Evans in the second round. Private A. Harris followed up with a points win over Guardsman Burden, and lightweight Private D. Hinson knocked out Guardsman Stealey inside a quarter of a minute, after putting him down for a count of eight within as many seconds.

In his light welterweight fight with Lance-Corporal F. Brown, Guardsman J. Young was disqualified and it was not until the fifth bout that Guardsman B. Costello broke the string of Ordnance victories and took points from Corporal P. Murphy.

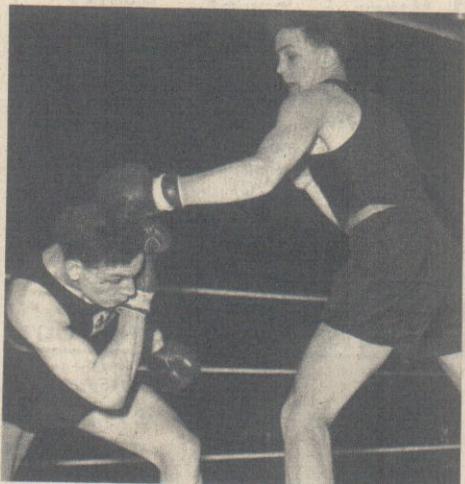
Ordnance, in the shape of welterweight Private J. Barton, bounced back to gain a points decision over Lance-Corporal A. Livesey. The Guardsman could find no counter to Barton's vicious repeated lefts to the chin but he held on grimly.

Guards light middleweight Lance-Sergeant D. James seemed determined to stop the rot and piled in from the first bell trying hard for a quick knock-out. Private D. Booty weathered the short, sharp storm, then twice had James down for counts of nine — and all in the first round. James had a badly cut mouth and the referee stopped the fight at the end of round one.

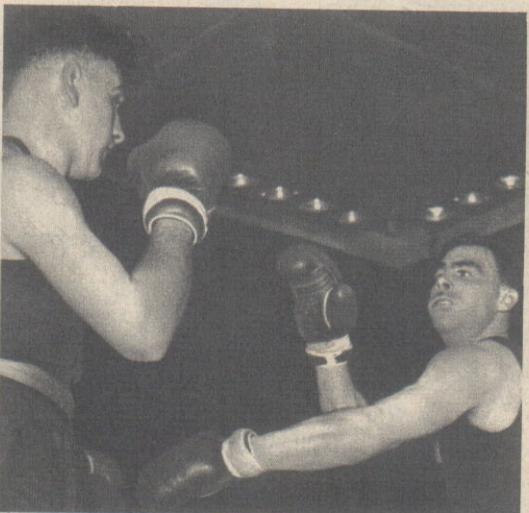
Middleweight Lance-Corporal J. Jones of the Guards started well but Lance-Corporal G. Wilson took advantage of a defensive lapse and lifted him clean off his feet with a cracker to the chin that ended the fight within the first minute.

Private H. Cooper piled on more points for Ordnance after a bout with Guardsman R. Taylor, which went the full distance. Sergeant A. Bray, the Guards experienced heavyweight, had Lance-Corporal A. Woollard holding on gamely in the second round and went on to gain a points win.

The last of the Guards' three wins came in the final fight when welterweight Sergeant R. Winston gained a points verdict over Private A. Cherry. — Report by Major F. E. Dodman, Rhine Army Public Relations.



Man ducking is Guardsman R. Taylor, Welsh Guards, who lost on points to Private H. Cooper, in the light heavyweight class.



Heavyweights: Lance-Sergeant A. Bray, Welsh Guards (right) out-pointed Lance-Corporal E. Woollard, RAOC. Below: Brigadier F. Stephens DSO, commanding Area Troops Berlin, presents the Inter-Unit Shield to the team captain of the 4th Training Battalion RAOC.



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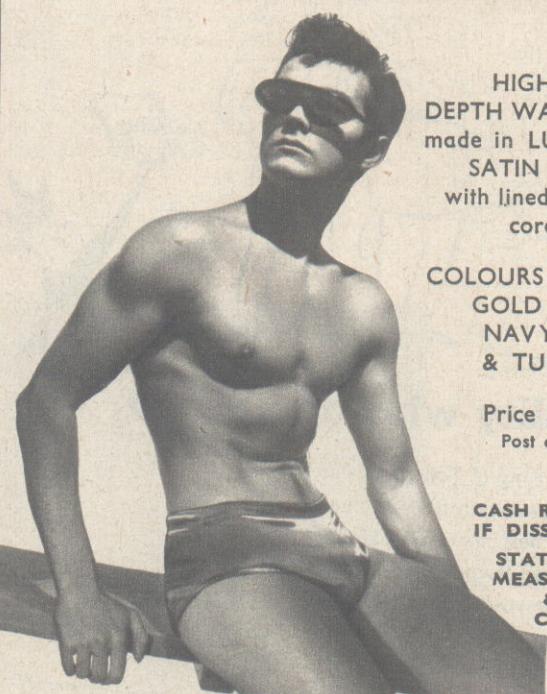
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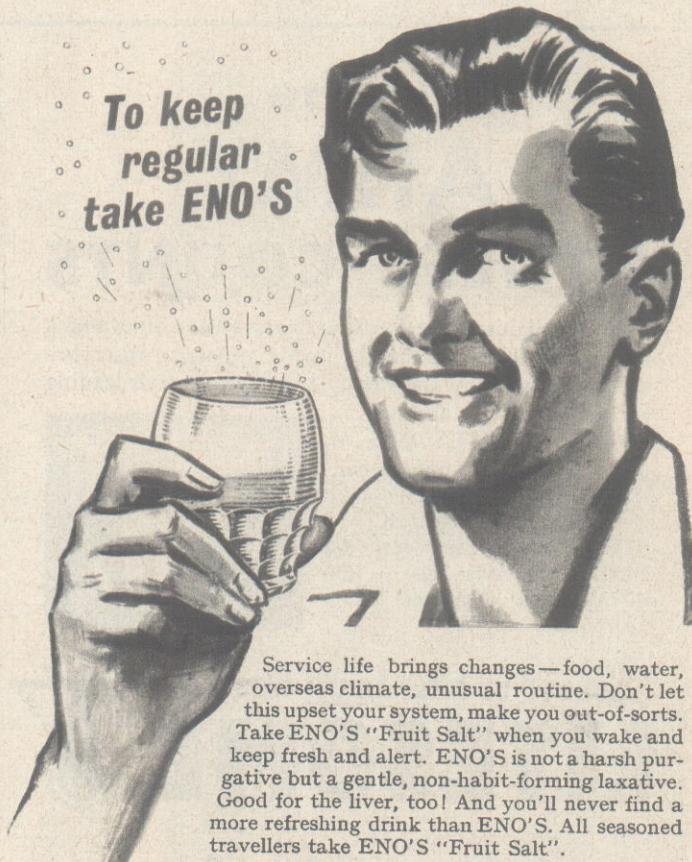
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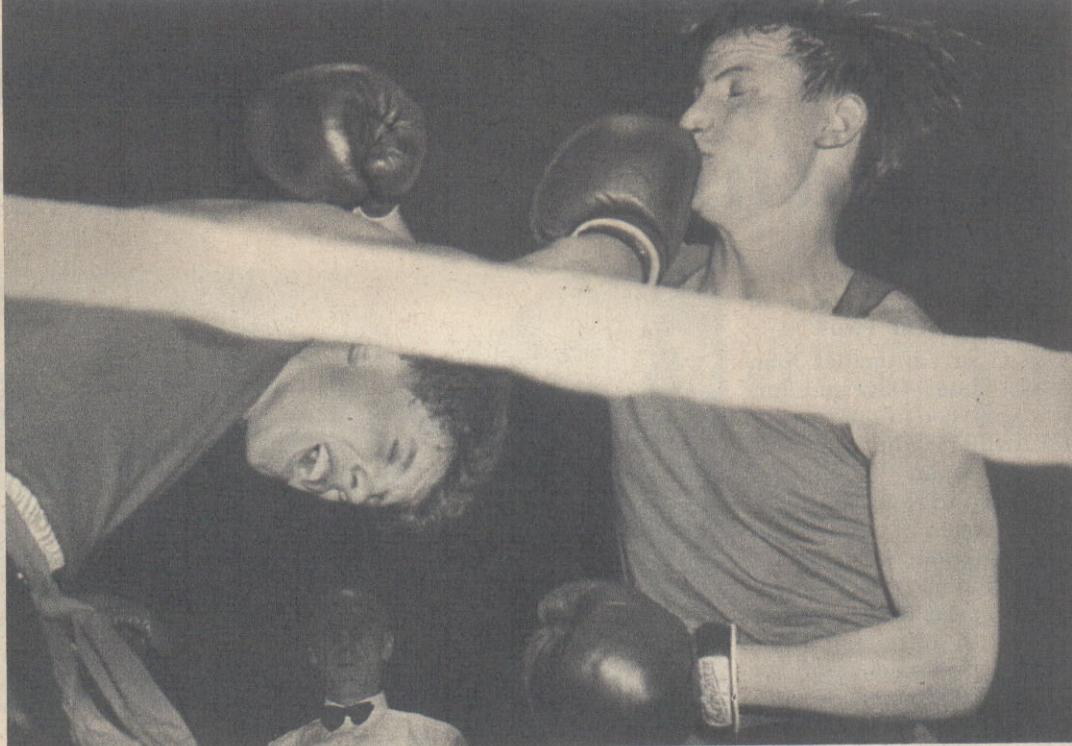
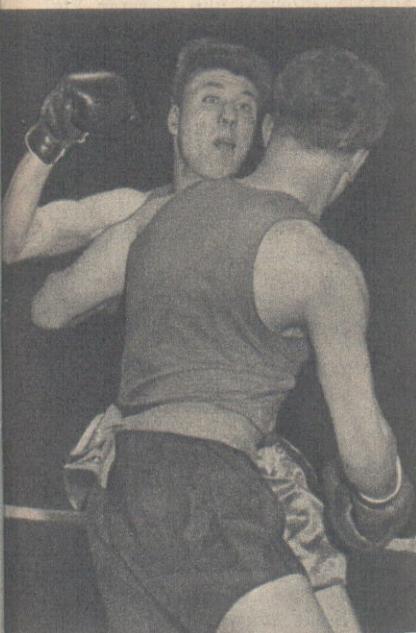
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Service life brings changes—food, water, overseas climate, unusual routine. Don't let this upset your system, make you out-of-sorts. Take ENO'S "Fruit Salt" when you wake and keep fresh and alert. ENO'S is not a harsh purgative but a gentle, non-habit-forming laxative. Good for the liver, too! And you'll never find a more refreshing drink than ENO'S. All seasoned travellers take ENO'S "Fruit Salt".

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The words "Eno" and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks.



Left: Right hook coming up... from Bdr A. Smith, light heavyweight. Pte. H. Cooper won on points. Photographs: SOLDIER Cameraman F. TOMPSETT.

Lightweight Private D. Hinson, brother of last year's champion, R. Hinson, lands a hard overarm right to L/Cpl. J. Lawrence.

EIGHT NEW CHAMPIONS

EIGHT new champions stepped from the ring at the 1953 Army Boxing Championship Finals at The Royal Albert Hall, London.

Of the Army's ten individual boxing titles eight were won by National Servicemen and two by Regulars. Rhine Army, Eastern Command and Western Command gained one title each, Southern Command carried off four and Northern Command three.

Trooper A. Silett of 65th Training Regiment, Royal Armoured Corps, retained his featherweight championship against Private P. Kent of REME, Blandford, the referee stopping the fight in the second round. The only other

1952 Army champion to gain a title was Lance-Corporal G. Wilson, 4th Training Battalion RAOC. He was the Army light-middleweight champion last year, but moved up into the middleweights and won this title by beating

In The Royal Albert Hall, National Servicemen won eight Army boxing titles

Private J. Smith of the 6th Battalion RAOC, the fight being stopped in the second round.

In the bantamweight division Lance-Corporal M. Grant, REME, the holder, was beaten on points in the semi-final by Signalman J. Heavens, 2nd Training Regiment, Royal Signals, who brought off a surprise win in the final by decisively beating SSI D. Browning APTC, who had frequently represented the Army in inter-Service matches at both fly and bantamweights. Private D. Glanville, 4th Training Battalion, RAOC, last year's flyweight title holder, moved up into the bantamweight division and was defeated in a very close semi-final bout by SSI Browning.

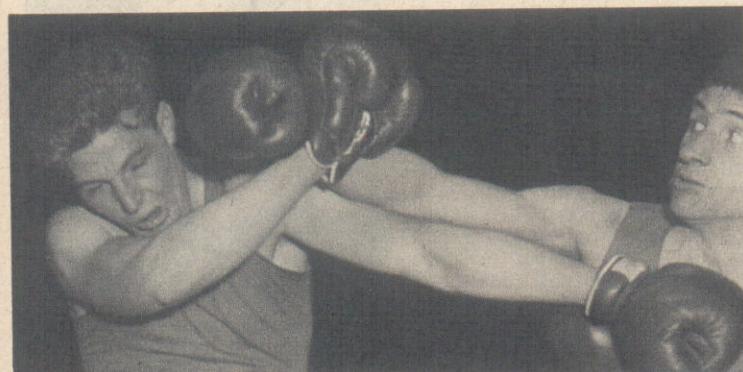
In the lightweight division Pte. D. Hinson, from RAOC

Didcot, won the championship held by his brother, R. Hinson, last year.

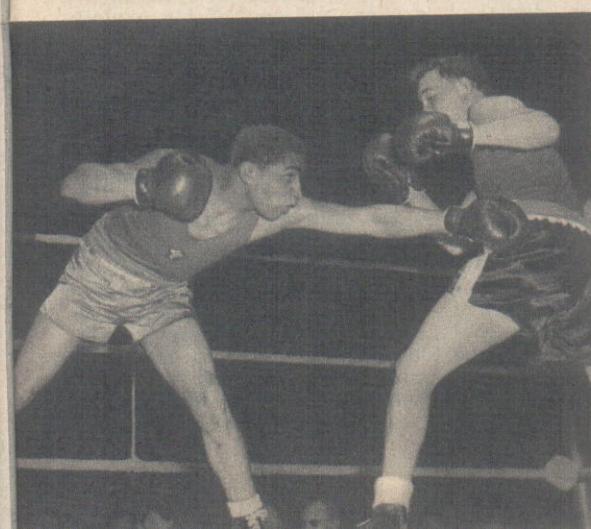
The twin brothers, Privates H. Cooper and G. Cooper, both of 4th Training Battalion RAOC fought to the finals of the light-heavyweight and heavyweight divisions respectively. Private H. Cooper, the present Amateur champion, won the light-heavyweight final by defeating Bombardier A. Smith of 63rd Heavy Anti-Aircraft Regiment on points. Private G. Cooper failed to win the heavyweight final, being very narrowly defeated by J. Erskine, 17th Company RAOC.

The Sparta Trophy, which was presented to the Army Boxing Association by the Sparta Club of Denmark in 1947, and is given annually to the best losing semi-finalists in the Army individual championships, was won by Signalman G. Martin of 2nd Training Regiment, Royal Signals. He beat Lance-Corporal T. L. Malloy, 3rd Training Regiment RE, in a special lightweight contest.

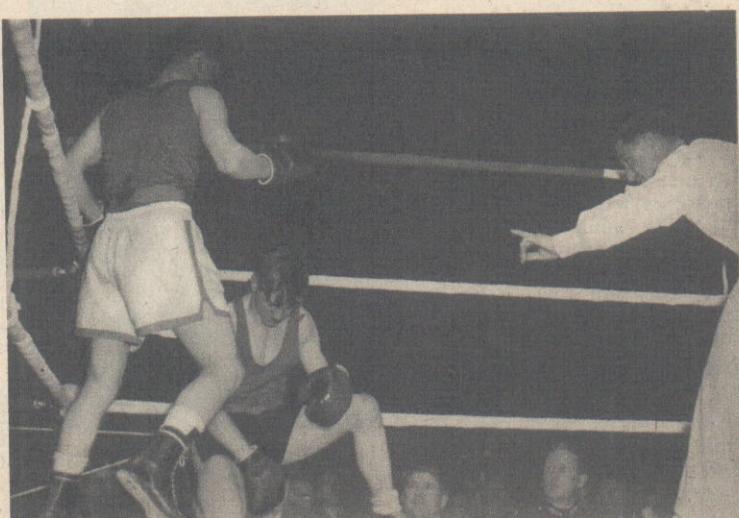
SSI D. Browning floored by Sgmn J. Heavens in the bantamweight final.



Middleweights in the toils: The referee stopped the fight between Lance-Cpl. G. Wilson (left) and Private J. Smith.



Left: Only coloured boxer in the finals, L/Cpl. E. Best, Welch Regiment misses L/Cpl. T. Malloy with his left.



Hell and High Water

WHO was the first Commando soldier of World War Two?

"I was," says Brigadier John Durnford-Slater, DSO and Bar. When war began he was a Royal Artillery adjutant. After Dunkirk, when volunteers were invited to raid the enemy coast, he wrote out a suitable recommendation for himself, his commanding officer signed it, and soon he found himself appointed to raise and command No. 3 Commando. As No's 1 and 2 Commandos did not exist, "this made me the first Commando soldier of the war."

The Brigadier writes a vigorous, racy account of his war-time experiences in "Commando" (William Kimber, 15s). He does not hide his indiscretions—or anybody else's!

He was told that his Commando might be needed for action in a fortnight. His appointment came through on 28 June and on 5 July No 3 Commando was in existence: 35 officers and 500 men. He chose, for preference, "quiet, modest types"; never talkers; never the tough-guy criminal type, who were liable to be cowards. Many officers and men were returned to Unit from No. 3 Commando, which had rigid standards. One officer was dropped for boasting, falsely, that he had landed at Le Touquet and shot up German officers in the casino.

All Commandos had to be swimmers. But, during the unit's first raid on Guernsey, when the order was given "swim for it," three men came up to the author and admitted they could not swim. They were left behind. The Royal Navy would not accept the risk of sending in a craft to rescue them, and the three spent the war in captivity. The moral needed no stressing.

"A ridiculous, almost a comic failure" is the author's comment on the Guernsey raid. Mr. Churchill agreed. "Let there be no more silly fiascos" he ordered.

Soon afterwards there was another fiasco: a mock assault on the Isle of Arran at which everybody slept in. But then came the triumphant Lofoten raid with 18 factories wrecked, 20,000 tons of shipping sunk and a million gallons of oil destroyed. It was at Lofoten that 2nd Lieutenant R. L. J. Wills sent a telegram from the local post office to A. Hitler, Berlin:

YOU SAID YOUR LAST SPEECH GERMAN TROOPS WOULD MEET THE ENGLISH WHEREVER THEY LANDED STOP WHERE ARE YOUR TROOPS (signed) WILLS 2/LIEUT.

After Lofoten came the famous



Commandos approaching Vaagso, on the Norwegian coast, under fire. This was one of the first big Commando raids.

raids on Vaagso and Dieppe (at which one-third of the unit were casualties); then operations in Sicily, Italy and North West Europe.

Brigadier Durnford-Slater says he had to fight a good deal of prejudice against his Commandos from "pompous Staff officers" and others with the "War Office mentality." "What is all this nonsense about creeping about at night and cutting throats?" was the usual objection. In between his account of raids, he tells of training at

Inveraray (where rock climbing was first tackled seriously), at Largs (where the Commandos beat up a camp of obstreperous Irish labourers) and elsewhere. There are piquant references to raids which were planned but not undertaken. At one stage the Commando was stationed in Gibraltar with a view to raiding Spain if Hitler invaded that country. It was held ready to occupy any of the Atlantic islands which might be threatened, or to recapture them if seized. There was

"For me, in many ways, it had been a wonderful war," says the author. "Work hard, play hard, and take what is coming. Laughter and tears; hell and high water."

Ex-Prisoner of War Called on



Lieutenant-Colonel Neave in the "home-made" German uniform in which he hoped to escape from Colditz. The attempt failed.

MOST prisoners-of-war, at some time during their captivity, think of revenge.

To most, revenge never comes. In any case, the desire for it is often lost in the joys of liberation. To Lieutenant-Colonel Airey Neave DSO, OBE, MC revenge came in the grand manner. "I had escaped from the darkness as a mere lieutenant to sit in judgment on field-marshals and leaders of the German state," he writes in "They Have Their Exits" (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s 6d).

In 1940, a wounded prisoner from the defence of Calais, he watched a cavalcade of Mercedes cars sweep by. One of them carried Goering, on his way to see the preparations for the invasion of Britain. In 1945, an official of the International Military Tribunal, the author walked into Goering's cell at Nuremberg to hand the Reichsmarschall the indictment he was to answer. "I had half expected a legendary monster of cruelty and vice. I found that I had crossed Europe to meet a decayed and gloomy voluntary."

Between the two episodes, the author had escaped, at his third try, from captivity. He was at that time in the "bad boys" camp at Colditz Castle. The rest of the war he spent helping others to escape. In 1944 he returned to the Continent with the liberation



Lieutenant-Colonel Airey Neave: Fate brought him a curious revenge. (By courtesy of the publishers)

armies, and one of his exploits resulted in 140 Arnhem survivors crossing the Rhine to safety from behind the German lines. In this, he was aided by a private telephone line between two power stations, one on the German side and one on the British, which the enemy had overlooked.

The author did not join the International Tribunal organisation in any revengeful spirit, he says. He had had his triumph on the day he and another escaper crossed the frontier into Switzerland. Inevitably, however, his mind turned back as he served indictments on Goering and other Nazi leaders, and arranged for

a project for taking Pantelleria. There was even an unofficial plan to destroy the German Embassy in Dublin! The author himself at one time fancied a descent on Heligoland.

A curious incident happened when the Commando left Gibraltar for North Africa:

"We sailed at midnight minus the padre, who had contrived to spend the whole day in a small place like Gibraltar without getting to know that his unit was moving."

Brigadier Durnford-Slater does not conceal his pleasure at the welcome extended to his men by Eighth Army, as contrasted with their apparently chilly reception at Algiers. After the raid on the Primasole Bridge in Sicily, Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery said:

"Slater, that was a classic operation, classic. I want you to get the best stonemason in the town. I want you to have him engrave 'No. 3 Commando Bridge' on a good piece of stone. Have this stone built into masonry of the bridge."

Well-known names figuring in this narrative are those of the present War Minister and Mr. David Niven, the actor (both on the planning side) and Brigadier Jack Churchill, of bagpipes and bow-and-arrows fame.

"For me, in many ways, it had been a wonderful war," says the author. "Work hard, play hard, and take what is coming. Laughter and tears; hell and high water."

When Rommel Got His Feet Wet

THERE were two Rommels.

One was the dashing commander whose Staff car or Fieseler-Storch would appear suddenly in, or over, the battle line. The personal example of the commander works wonders," Rommel said, "especially if he has had the wit to create some sort of legend round himself." (Rommel's conqueror knew that, too).

The other Rommel — the unknown Rommel — was the man who had a passion for getting everything down on paper immediately afterwards — "for the record." He liked to get it down on celluloid too; with his own Leica he took thousands of photographs — including a colour shot of Australian troops charging with the bayonet.

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The commander of the Afrika Korps put everything down on paper afterwards, including his opinions of his opponents.

And what of his chief opponent?

Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, it seems, had "an absolute mania for always bringing up adequate reserves behind his back and risking as little as possible." But "it would be difficult to accuse Montgomery of ever having made a serious strategic mistake."

The Americans, according to Rommel, learned more in Africa than the British, "thus confirming the axiom that education is easier than re-education." They were helped in their rapid adaptation by "complete lack of regard for tradition and worthless theories."

The blame for the Afrika Korps failure is attributed by Rommel to "people of limited vision" who regarded his bold early plans as "complete fantasy"; certain staff officers who "turned warfare into an exchange of memoranda"; and "the immense strength of the British Empire." What Rommel most feared became a fact: the front grew static.

"In static warfare, victory goes to the side which can fire more ammunition."

It is perhaps late in the day to worry whether this book will have the effect of intensifying the "Rommel legend." But the facts of war are there, and they will be studied by military experts for a long time to come.

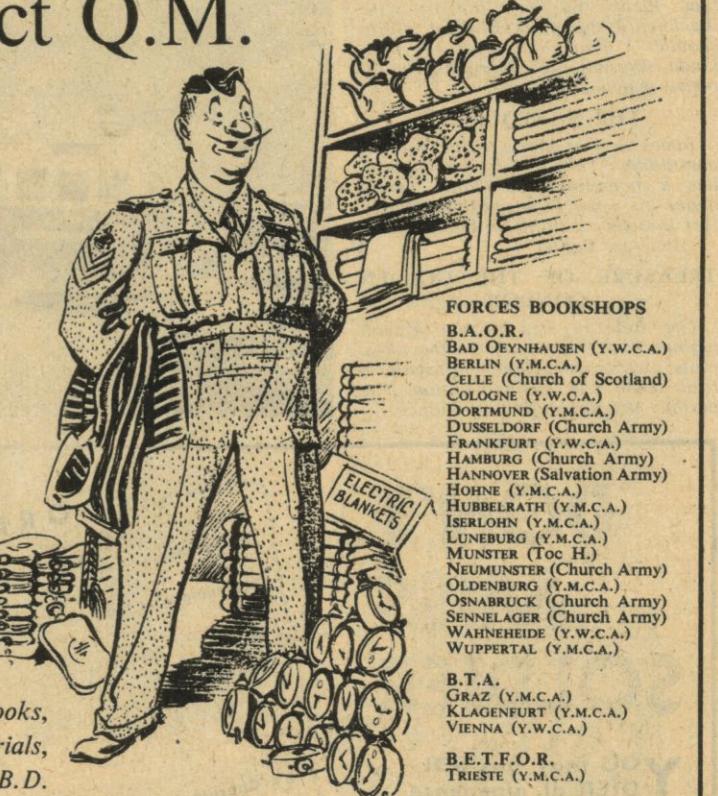
Goering

their defence. One was General-Fieldmarshal Keitel, who had commanded prisoner-of-war camps, now a ridiculous figure in felt slippers many sizes too big. "He was a man I had long wanted to meet. I had never thought that I should see him as my prisoner and be an official of the Court which tried him for his crimes... I had heard of Mike Sinclair shot down as he tried to escape from the Castle of Colditz, of the murders at Stalag Luft III, and gallant gentlemen in green berets shot without trial. It was this man sitting before me who had carried out those brutal orders. Keitel, the toady to Hitler, the time-serving Staff Officer... No crocodile tears for Keitel."

Lieutenant-Colonel Neave's last task was to preside over a commission to hear evidence for the defence of the Gestapo and other groups charged with war crimes and crimes against humanity. Among the witnesses for the General Staff and the High Command were three field-marshals, von Rundstedt, von Manstein and von Brauchitsch. The last-named became excited as he gave evidence, banged a table and was told to be quiet. The former commander-in-chief of the German Army bowed apologetically to the ex-prisoner-of-war. "You must forgive my agitation, Herr Oberstleutnant."

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The following films will shortly be shown at Army Kinema Corporation cinemas overseas:

MILITARY POLICEMEN

It's a slap-happy, maniac life in the American Army, Hollywood version. Here's Bob Hope cast as a military police-man. Originally a boxing manager, he joined the Army to keep an eye on his conscripted prize fighter; the boxer is rejected as psychologically unfit, but the manager, to his disgust, is accepted. However, he soon finds new boxing talent to nurse. In the ensuing big fight he directs his protege by walkie-talkie (try to work that one out!). Marilyn Maxwell is Bob Hope's girl friend.

APPOINTMENT IN LONDON

A story of Bomber Command in 1943, in the days of "maximum effort." Dirk Bogarde is the wing commander whose men are beginning to feel the strain. Among them are an American and an Australian, who fall in love with the same "Wren." Inevitably, when their relations are tensest, they both go on a big mission together. With Ian Hunter, Dinah Sheridan and William Sylvester.

BLACKBEARD THE PIRATE

Blackbeard (Robert Newton) is one of the 17th century pirates selected for liquidation by the King of England, who sends Sir Henry Morgan, the dubious buccaneer, to capture him. Plenty of dark doings, with Blackbeard dying as a good pirate should — quarrelling over the loot. Linda Darnell, as Morgan's ward, resists much grappling.

THE NAKED SPUR

James Stewart chases a killer into the mountains. The killer conveniently has a homeless girl (Janet Leigh) under his wing. Fights with the Blackfeet Indians . . . fights in flood waters . . . and just fights.

TREASURE OF THE GOLDEN CONDOR

The treasure lies in the Mayan highlands of Guatemala. Earthquakes, plots and counter-plots, betrayals, a trial scene and a renunciation. The period: pre-Revolutionary France.

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Lord Drogheda inspects the guard of honour provided by his ancestor's regiment.

REGIMENT LIVED ON - AS TREES

On a lonely part of the Kuala Lumpur-Bentong road, the Hussars search vehicles for smuggled food.



IN a Malayan camp, "B" Squadron of the 13/18th Hussars received a visitor with a name right out of their regimental history.

He was the 10th Earl of Drogheda, whose ancestor, the 6th Earl, in 1759 raised the regiment which was to become the 18th Hussars. The regiment fought in four campaigns and in 1821 was disbanded.

Lord Drogheda, who had been its colonel for the whole 62 years, took the salute at the last parade. It broke his heart. He died the same year, aged 91 and with 77 years Army service. He left, in the grounds of his home, groups of trees planted in 1759 to represent a mounted parade of the new regiment. The present Earl told the Squadron that most of the trees are still standing.

Drogheda's regiment was reborn in 1858 and became the 18th Royal Hussars (Queen Mary's Own). In 1922 it was amalgamated with the 13th Hussars, which had served with distinction since 1715. The composite regiment were nicknamed the Lilywhites, because of their pipe-clayed facings.

Today, "B" Squadron has a job which its commander, Major E. R. McM. Wright MC, describes as "Looking for trouble and minding other people's business." It consists of sending out forces to patrol the 47-mile road, with 1000-odd bends, which runs from Kuala Lumpur to Bentong.

These patrols investigate anything suspicious, but their principal task is to prevent food being smuggled to jungle terrorists.

Patrols will halt by the roadside and stop and search vehicles passing both ways. The occupants, at all events those with clear consciences, do not mind. They know a hold-up by the Hussars means less chance of a hold-up by bandits.

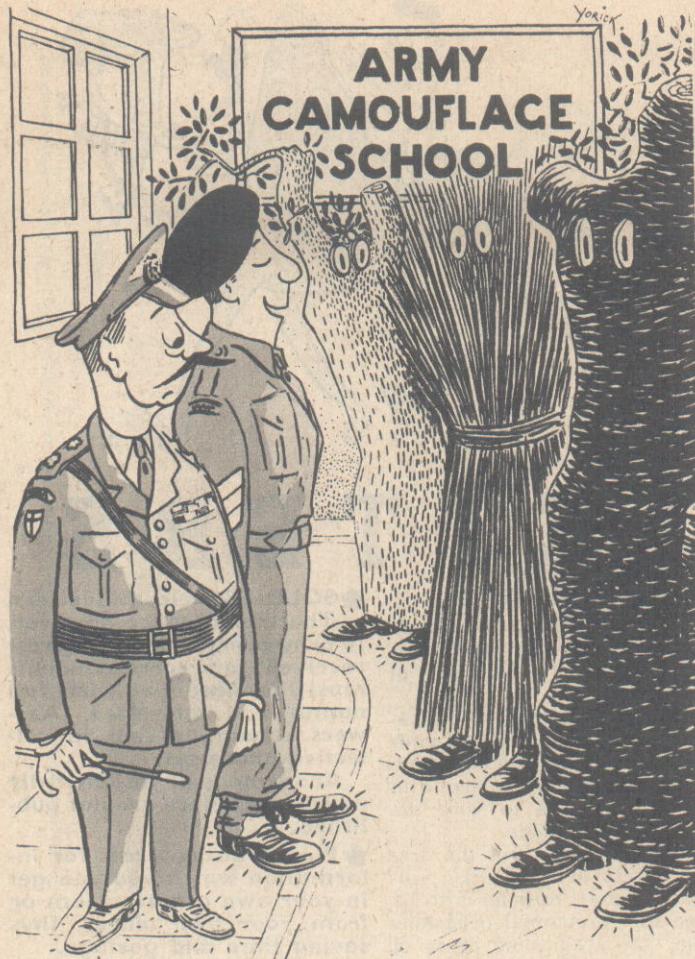
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SILVER FOX CAPES	£49	£27
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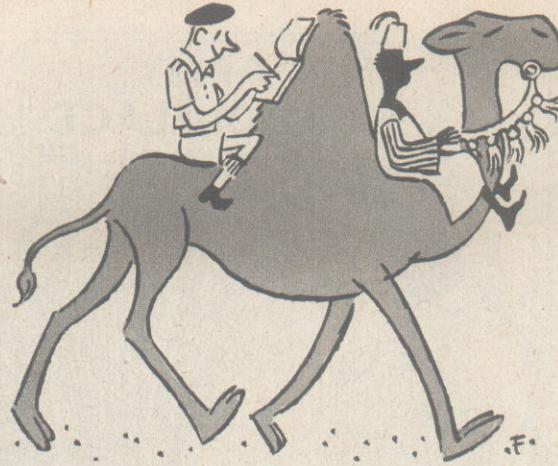
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Date of Birth

SOL 5/53.



LETTERS

WHY BLUE?

It is very hard to understand this predilection by the War Office for blue as the uniform of the British Army.

As yours is an official magazine I am sure that many of your readers would welcome an authoritative statement by someone in the War Office as to why the change has been made.

From 1660 until 1914 the traditional dress of the British soldier was scarlet; now he is to be dressed for ceremonial occasions in blue, the traditional dress of policemen, sanitary inspectors, bus ticket inspectors, bus drivers, chauffeurs and a host of other very estimable people, not forgetting certain types of children's nurses. — Major H. P. E. Pereira, Curator, Scottish United Services Museum, The Castle, Edinburgh.

It is to be regretted that the authorities appear once more to be clothing troops other than the Household Brigade in meaningless blue at the Coronation. This mistake was made at the 1937 Coronation when Mr. Duff Cooper's "blues" were anything but popular.

It is true that the cochineal-dyed cloth of the frock coats is expensive, but it has been found that the cheaper No. 1 Dress cloth can be satisfactorily dyed with a scarlet or red synthetic dye at moderate cost. Lord Jeffreys has raised the question in the House of Lords and an article on this subject recently appeared in the journal of the Dyers' Society.

It would, I believe, give immense satisfaction and stimulate morale and recruiting if Line regiments at home could wear the red coat for ceremonial and walking out.

In London, the Household Cavalry and Foot Guards should be allowed to walk out in full dress once more, with whips and swagger canes. Sentries at the gates of Knightsbridge and St. John's Wood Barracks should also be in full dress.

Field-marshal and general officers ought to return to the magnificent uniform they once wore, even if it has to be drawn from a pool. The present blue patrol with girdles and gadgets does not uphold the wearer's rank and prestige.

Mess dress should be reintroduced for Army officers. Apparently Royal Naval and Royal Air Force officers have this privilege, but the Army lags behind. Purchase tax on this clothing should be abolished or an allowance made. — Captain Russell V. Steele (retired), Penrhyn Lodge, Gloucester Gate, London NW1.

★ Mr. Duff Cooper (later Sir Duff Cooper and now Viscount Norwich) was War Minister 1935-37.

● SOLDIER welcomes letters. There is not space, however, to print every letter of interest received; all correspondents must therefore give their full names and addresses. Answers cannot be sent to collective addresses.

Anonymous or insufficiently addressed letters are not published.

● Please do not ask for information which you can get in your own orderly room or from your own officer, thus saving time and postage.

ROYAL CRITIC

Your interesting article on the Prince Consort contains the statement that Prince Albert had no high opinion of the War Office and complained that the clothing of the Rifle Brigade was "very badly made up." It would appear that if he were alive today he would still find much to complain about. Present day battle-dress uniform is often very badly tailored and much inferior in this respect to that issued to the Canadians or even, in my personal experience, to the French Army. — Lieutenant-Colonel J. M. White OBE, Queen Victoria's Rifles (7 KRRC), 56 Davies Street, Berkeley Square, W1.

CLIMBING EVEREST

In your article "The Colonel Tackles Everest — in Army Time" (March) it is stated that Colonel John Hunt's only other soldier-member is Major C. G. Wylie.

Colonel Hunt, has also Captain Michael Ward RAMC (TA) as a member of his team. Captain Ward is Regimental Medical Officer to my Battalion — 7th Battalion The Middlesex Regiment (Duke of Cambridge's Own). — Lieutenant-Colonel A. E. Green DSO, OBE, Inglis Barracks, Mill Hill, London NW7.

DRAUGHTSMAN

I am a National Serviceman. My civilian employment is apprenticed architectural draughtsman. When I have ended my full-time service with my Infantry regiment, can I be posted to the Emergency Reserve where my qualifications could be of use? — "Taffy" (name and address supplied).

★ No. National Servicemen must be released to part-time service in the arm for which they were earmarked in their original call-up. But any man who, after his release from whole-time service, qualifies in his profession or trade, may apply through his unit to his Records officer for details of suitable vacancies in a corps where his knowledge could be used.

DON'T JOIN THIS DIVISION!

To the Editor of SOLDIER:

IN a most instructive article on grenades in the March SOLDIER there are two pictures showing the preparation and use of the "Cross Cocktail."

It cannot be doubted that these pictures are of historical interest, but to one who, over a considerable part of his Service career, has been trying to prevent soldiers from blowing themselves and others to pieces, they are quite alarming.

Without throwing any discredit on Sergeant Cross and those who encouraged him in his malpractice, I must point out that tampering with ammunition for any purpose is a court martial offence, chiefly because so many officers and men have killed or maimed themselves and their companions, either in attempts to improve on the work of the research and design staffs of the Ministry of Supply and elsewhere, or out of other unfortunate misapprehensions.

It is a strange fact that undue noise and nauseating smells appeal to all that is childish in many men who otherwise take a reasonable view of life. Since the beginning of the last war one of the important jobs of my branch has been the investigation of accidents with am-

munition and explosives. Statistics may prove very little, but they can certainly be horrifying. In the years 1943-1944 the loss in manpower due to explosive accidents caused by purely personal factors amounted to the strength of a division.

Very few accidents prove to be due to faulty ammunition or to defective weapons. At least 19 out of 20 accidents are due to personal factors, all of which can be traced down to one of two main causes or a combination of those two causes. Either men pose as experts when they are nothing of the sort, or they behave in such a manner as shows that they simply do not realise how dangerous ammunition really is. There is no excuse for either state of mind. It was bad enough

and cannot undertake a Territorial engagement. Full pay, allowances and training expenses are given but no bounties. By attending Territorial training, including camps, Reservists do not have to fulfil their Reserve training liabilities.

BOUNTY

I am serving for five years with the Colours, to be followed by seven on the Reserve. I wish to extend to the new 22-year scheme, but am not certain whether I receive the £100 bounty. If I do, will it be paid straight away? — Pte. A. R. Wilson, Korea.

★ A soldier serving on a five-and-seven who changes over to the new 22-year engagement is entitled to £50 bounty provided he waives all rights to leave the service under 12 years. The bounty is paid when he has completed his original five years (in the case of men on an engagement of seven-and-five, the bounty is paid when the seven years are up). Provided the bounty scheme still operates, the soldier will obtain a second £50 bounty if, on serving nine of his 12 years he waives all rights to leave the Service before he has completed 22 years. This bounty is paid after he has completed 12 years.

HE MISSED CAMP

Owing to illness I missed the annual camp of 14 days, but otherwise I completed 106 drills in the Territorial year. What bounty should I receive? — Serjeant L. Ryder, London E6.

★ This reader should receive 1s for each basic period, and 1s for each voluntary period up to a maximum of 30 periods, making a total of £3.

GROUNDED

I am serving a five-year engagement, with a Reserve liability of seven years. On leaving the Army I intend to apply for an aircrew commission in the RAF. Will my Reserve liability prevent me from doing so? — Sjt. R. Wilson, The Middlesex Regiment, Austria.

★ A Reservist cannot enlist in another Service.

with children who could know no better; during the war far, far too many were killed or maimed playing or experimenting with rounds brought home as souvenirs by their infatuated fathers, or found by themselves on ranges.

As for being an expert, it takes years of training, and one might as well hope to become a bull fighter after six easy lessons ("They were surprised when I walked into the arena") as to be an expert on explosives by nature, or to become one without highly specialised training.

The "Cross Cocktail" appeals as being of very doubtful value indeed. One does not know from your caption which of the "Nobel's explosives" was used, but there are certainly some that would have resented being mixed up with nails and pieces of mines. This last touch of "nails and pieces of mines" is rather reminiscent of the so-called "comics." Moreover, there is no particular merit in using two different explosives, that is, ammonium and some other explosive; this does not make sense.

Reverting to the expert: no expert would have carried out a dangerous job, such as shown in your picture, apparently in a

public thoroughfare — war or no war — where a little boy could come and watch. And an accident could have set the lorry on fire; petrol in particular is not compatible with explosives.

Lastly, the Service knows no such thing as a shell-case. The shell or other projectile has a body, and the cartridge has a case, but the term shell-case is meaningless, at least in the United Kingdom; if nothing else, it is ambiguous.

I am sorry that there is a moral to this letter, but no doubt a spate of morals will be preferred by all concerned to a succession of funerals. I can only say that however laudable the "Cross Cocktail" and however pressing the operational necessity that found a use for a very unorthodox weapon (the use of which has not been perpetuated), it is very much to be hoped that no man will tamper with ammunition or do anything in that line that demonstrates his cleverness, dexterity, bravado or plain fatheadedness. If he does there is the highest possible chance that he will join the lost Division.

— Colonel F. M. Day, HQ Ammunition Organisation RAOC and Inspectorate of Land Service Ammunition, Greenford.

BATTALION STRENGTH

Can you please settle a heated mess argument? What was the exact strength of an Infantry battalion before the present establishment came in? — F. W. Ward, Serjeants' Mess Caterer, 53 Company RASC (MT), Whatton-in-the-Vale, Notts.

★ Higher establishment was 37 officers, 936 other ranks (including attached); Lower establishment: 31 officers, 587 other ranks (including attached). The higher ended on 30 September 1949, the lower on 19 July 1949.

MOENCHEN

I have consulted several maps but the only authority I can find to support your spelling of Moenchengladbach is an English daily newspaper. I always understood it should be spelt "Munchen," in the same way as the Germans spell Munich. — Lieut. G. S. Stoney RA, BAOR 24.

★ The town was renamed Moenchengladbach in the autumn of 1952 to avoid confusion with Munchen (or Munich).

Letters Continued Overleaf

How Much Do You Know?

1. Malcolm Muggeridge was recently appointed: (a) Secretary of the Marriage Guidance Council; (b) Chancellor of Oxford University; (c) Editor of *Punch*; (d) Mr. Churchill's public relations officer. Which?

2. In America one person is killed on the roads every 14, 34, 64 or 94 minutes? Which?

3. Who, or what, is Curtana?

4. Who is the entertainer who has made a name for himself by weeping at the microphone?

5. What happened to the last little nigger boy?

6. You know that Britain exploded her own atom bomb but can you remember where?

7. A farce about the Army is now in its third year at a London theatre. What is its name?

8. The film "Moulin Rouge" deals with the life of a crippled artist famous for his paintings of men and women of the stage. What is his name?

9. What does "Quo Vadis" mean?

10. A Frenchman called Mège-Mouriéz was honoured by Napoleon the Third for: (a) inventing margarine; (b) climbing the Matterhorn; (c) building France's first airship; (d) improving the quality of Camembert cheese?

11. Who wrote "They also serve who only stand and wait"?

12. He was a famous sculptor. Two of his best-known works are "The Kiss" and "The Thinker". What was his name?

13. What is Aer Lingus?

14. Which of these words is out of place? — Remington, Imperial, Underwood, Dodge, Royal and Oliver.

(Answers on Page 38)

Who Are They?

(From Page 38)

1. Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery.
2. Field-Marshal Lord Alexander.
3. Admiral Earl Louis Mountbatten.

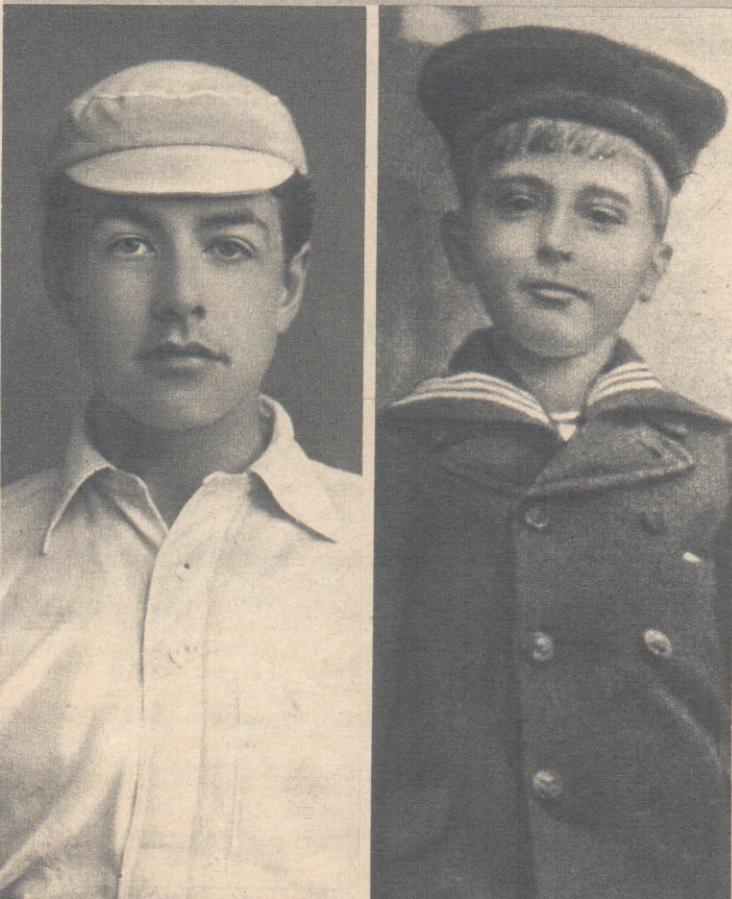
WHO ARE THEY?

These three boys grew up into men whom any reader of this magazine would recognise today. Can you identify them?

(Answers on Page 37)



1 He was once left for dead on a battlefield. Among his lesser known honours, he is today a Freeman of the Worshipful Company of Fletchers, London and of the Incorporation of Bonnetmakers and Dyers, Glasgow.



2 A star bowler at his public school; three times wounded in World War One.

3 The boy in the sailor suit became an expert on wireless, among other things.

MORE LETTERS

PHASE THREE? NO

Will there be a Phase Three of REME under which the "A" class tradesmen in the Royal Engineers will be taken over? — "Sapper" (name and address supplied).

★ No.

LIVING ABROAD

When I am discharged to pension I hope to settle in Germany. Can I draw my pension there in the local currency? — "Serjeant" (name and address supplied).

★ If a pensioner intends to live abroad only for a comparatively short time — say a couple of years — his pension will be paid into his bank in Britain, and he will have to arrange with his bank for money to be sent to him abroad. If he is making Germany his permanent home, then he would have to send a certificate to this effect to the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, who could approach the Bank of England for permission to send the money out of Britain. If permission is granted, the pension would be paid through the British Consul in Germany.

LOST PROPERTY

I am with an Infantry regiment in Korea. Being in the Field we receive no clothing allowance. A week ago I lost two items of kit which I have been made to pay for. Is this right? — "Infanteer" (name and address supplied).

★ It is correct that no clothing allowance is given to men on active service in Korea. Worn-out clothing, and items lost through actual operational conditions are replaced free of charge. But replacement of clothing lost through neglect is charged to the soldier in the normal manner.

GOOD CONDUCT

I am told that a good conduct badge may be worn after two years with the Colours, provided there are no regimental entries, and that previous Colour service counts. I had done 18 months National Service when I changed over to a Regular engagement of 22 years. My regimental serjeant-major says my National Service does not count for this chevron.

Also, are we still allowed to wear tradesmen's "bar" badges? — "Medical Corps Lance-Corporal" (name and address supplied).

★ Full-time National Service counts towards the period needed to qualify for good conduct badges.

RAMC tradesmen's trade "bars" were not re-introduced after the war.

PRE-TROOPER

On inspecting my father's medals for World War One I find that his rank is given as private. As he was a

Pompey's Day

POMPEY, 18-year-old drum horse of the "Blues" featured on SOLDIER's cover, will be the Coronation drum horse. Only the Royal Horse Guards' band will be mounted (that of the Life Guards will be taking part dismounted).

Pompey is a Dutch gelding, bought in Holland for the Army in 1938 by Captain Henry Abel Smith, now Lieut-Colonel Sir Henry Abel Smith. When an American woman visitor recently photographed Pompey, she turned to the band and said: "I have now photographed the three most famous horses in the world." When asked to name the other two, she replied: "Foxhunter and Winston."

Pompey has won applause at the London and Edinburgh tattoos and the International Horse Show at the White City. In this rehearsal picture he is being ridden by Musican Harry Gray. At Windsor and the Coronation his rider will be Musican Ivor Gillett.

Regular soldier with the 10th Hussars, I am wondering if a mistake was made, or if troopers were known as privates in those days. — R. Leech, Acorn Street, Newton-le-Willows, Lancs.

★ All Cavalry regiments used the rank of private until 1921, when that of trooper was adopted.

BAD OEYNHAUSEN

I would like to point out a slight error in your article on Bad Oeynhausen. You stated that the local defence unit after the war was the Monmouthshire Regiment. The Monmouthshire were at Herford. It was the 5th Bn The Duke of Wellington's Regiment who guarded Bad Oeynhausen until January 1946, when the regiment moved to Lubbecke, where they looked after Control Commission headquarters until disbanding. I was regimental serjeant-major of the Duke of Wellington's at the time. — RSM G. P. Donovan, 635 (Royal Welch) LAA Regt RA (TA), Caernarvon.

Answers

(From Page 37)

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW?

1. Editor of *Punch*. 2. 14. 3. The Sword of Mercy which will be carried in the Coronation Procession.
4. Johnnie Ray. 5. He got married.
6. Monte Bello Island. 7. Reluctant Heroes. 8. Toulouse-Lautrec. 9. Wither goest thou. 10. He invented margarine.
11. John Milt. n. 12. Rodin. 13. Irish Air Lines. 14. Dodge is the name of a car. The others are typewriters.

FOR KOREA SERVICE



The Queen has approved the design of the Korea Medal which is to be awarded to members of the forces of the British Commonwealth and Empire for service in Korea.

The effigy of the Queen closely resembles the design which was recently approved for the coinage. On the reverse is Heracles slaying the Hydra, the many-headed beast of mythology.



R.S.M. A. J. BRAND, M.V.O., M.B.E., gives his 7 point recommendation for a parade ground polish.

Known throughout the British Army as "The Voice," R.S.M. Brand, late of the Grenadier Guards and the R.M.A. Sandhurst, has used and recommended Kiwi for twenty-five years. Here is his 7 point method for getting a parade ground polish on a boot.

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It puts life into leather



- 1 Get a tin of Kiwi Polish.
- 2 Take the lid off the tin.
- 3 Remove dust and dirt from the boot.
- 4 Put a little Kiwi on the boot with a rag or brush.
- 5 Damp a rag with water.
- 6 Moisten the boot with the rag.
- 7 Finish with a dry cloth and "You could shave in it."



This watch is beautifully ENGRAVED on the back, has a specially designed Coronation seal on the strap, and comes packed in a presentation box.

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Weak relaxed sheath allows hair to fall alarmingly.

(Right) Receding at forehead. Here, where hair growth naturally ceases, loss of a few shafts may pass unnoticed. Then a few more fall. And then a few more...



(Left) Thinning at crown, often concealed in early stages by overlapping dense surrounding growth.

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Tightly braced up sheath holds hair fast.

his hair has "grown marvellously," got "thicker and darker" and "is growing strong."

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SOLDIER, MAY 1953

SOLDIER

THE BRITISH ARMY MAGAZINE



LANA TURNER

— Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

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