

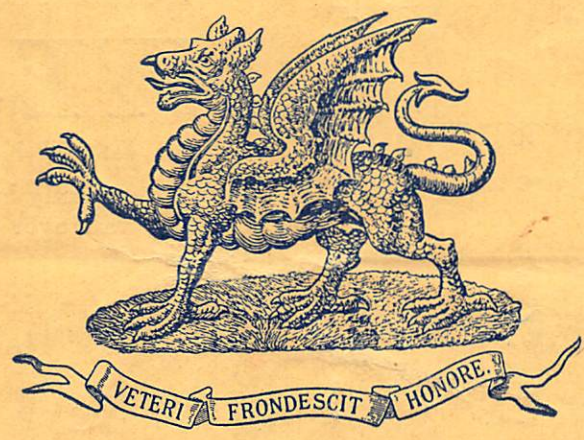
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# THE DRAGON

THE REGIMENTAL PAPER  
OF THE BUFFS.



No. 490 September, 1940

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No. 490

SEPTEMBER, 1940

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## Personalia.

**D**URING the month the Colonel of the Regiment visited the Training Centre. He was accompanied by Major C. A. Scott, Queen's Own Rifles of Canada, now Commissioner of the Canadian Red Cross Society in London.

We congratulate Lieut.-Colonel D. J. Dean, Major H. S. Knocker and 6280189 C.Q.M.S. H. J. West, whose names have been brought to notice in recognition of distinguished services rendered in connection with operations in the field.

The following officers have authoritatively been reported as prisoners of war:—P. L. Money, D. L. L. Pickard, G. T. Denne, A. Green, and J. H. H. Colyer-Fergusson.

Comdr. D. Rae-Fraser, R.N., writes that he has been recalled to his original service and is now busy in connection with the fitting of defensive equipment to merchant ships.

Maybe some of our 6th Battalion (Great War) will remember him as 31466 Pte. (acting unpaid Lance-Corporal) D. Fisher, who joined that battalion on the Scarpe about April, 1917.

Majors N. D. Rice, W. Branford Griffith, Lieuts. C. Powell-Cotton, A. O. Bather and F. R. Sweet are now in employment under the Colonial Office.

We commiserate with Major H. de L. Walters who, we fear, has lost the majority of his kit in the occupation of Guernsey by the Germans.

Unofficially we hear that Mr. Sherwell, a solicitor, who was with the 4th Battalion of the Regiment in the Great War, has been put in charge of the island.

Major J. G. Nicholson writes that he expects to be in England, from India, in the near future.

Major R. M. Watson has re-joined a Territorial Battalion of the Middlesex Regiment.

We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Bewsher on the birth of a daughter.

We congratulate John Lucas who has been given his "Wings."

We are sorry to hear that Mavis Findlay has recently had a severe operation and has been very ill, but are glad to know that she is now out of danger.

E. Norman, late The Buffs, aged 71 years, has been admitted to the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, as an In-Pensioner.

We congratulate Police Sergeant L. J. Jennings on his promotion. He is now stationed at Sturry. Sgt. Jennings, when with the Regiment, was a Corporal in the M.G. Company of the 2nd Battalion.

The P.R.I. of our Training Centre has inaugurated a fund known as the "Buffs Spitfire

Fund." Pending the time that the Regiment will be called upon to take active and drastic measures against the enemy, we recommend that its members contribute towards this fund as a practical demonstration of our appreciation of the gallantry of the various commands of our sister service, the R.A.F.

## Births, Marriages and Deaths.

### BIRTH.

**Bewsher.**—On August 19th, 1940, at 29 Cleveland Gardens, W.2, to Margaret (*nee* Walton), wife of R. C. Bewsher, The Suffolk Regiment, a daughter.

### MARRIAGE.

**Wills — Cummins.** — On June 22nd, 1940, quietly, Captain Francis George Barton Wills, second son of Mr. and Mrs. George Wills, Hales House, Tunstall, near Sittingbourne, to June Millicent Firth, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tancred Cummins, Home Green, Llandudno.

### DEATH.

**Stevens.**—6288341 Pte. G. Stevens, in Palestine on July 22nd, 1940.

## Regimental Gazette.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, JULY 23RD, 1940, DATED FRIDAY, JULY 26TH, 1940.

The names of the undermentioned have been brought to notice in recognition of distinguished services rendered in connection with operations in the field :—

THE BUFFS.—Temp. Lt.-Col. D. J. Dean, V.C., T.D. (attd. A.M.P.C.); Maj. H. S. Knocker; 6280189 C.Q.M.S. H. J. West.

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, JULY 23RD, 1940, DATED FRIDAY, JULY 26TH, 1940.

### REGULAR ARMY.

#### EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS, ETC.

THE BUFFS.—2nd Lt. Sydney Francis Lewis (139010), to be 2nd Lt. (June 22nd, 1940).

THIRD SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, JULY 26TH, 1940, DATED TUESDAY, JULY 30TH, 1940.

### REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

THE BUFFS.—Lt.-Col. J. S. Harper, M.C. (1503) (from Manch. R.) to be Lt.-Col. and at his own request, reverts to the rank of Maj. whilst empld. during the present emergency (June 7th, 1940).

THE BUFFS.—Lt. D. R. C. Whitcombe (63221) (from Gen. List, Misc.) to be 2nd Lt. (February 13th, 1940), retaining his present seniority.

### REGULAR ARMY.

#### EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS, ETC.

THE BUFFS.—The undermentioned to be Lts. :—Sgt. Edgar James Webber (93389), from Essex R. (31st

July, 1940); L/Cpl. Ivan Charles Cowper-Smith (139654), from Midd'x R. (July 31st, 1940); Lt. William Courtenay Perkins (136675) to be 2nd Lt. (June 14th, 1940).

### TERRITORIAL ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

THE BUFFS.—Lt.-Col. E. W. Hamilton, T.D. (16504), from Gen. List Inf. (T.A.R.O.), at his own request, reverts to the rank of Maj. whilst empld. during the present emergency (July 8th, 1940); 2nd Lt. C. M. Coldrey (94803), from Gen. List Inf. (T.A.R.O.) to be 2nd Lt. (June 25th, 1940).

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, JULY 30TH, 1940, DATED FRIDAY, AUGUST 2ND, 1940.

### REGULAR ARMY.

#### EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS, ETC.

THE BUFFS.—Lt. S. J. F. Maiden (101640), from R.A.O.C., to be Lt. (August 3rd, 1940), and retains his present seniority; John Foster Straker (135762) to be 2nd Lt. (June 20th, 1940); R.Q.M.S. James Smith (137685), from Inniskilling Fus., to be Lt. (Qr.-Mr.) (July 5th, 1940).

### TERRITORIAL ARMY.

THE BUFFS.—Capt. G. D. James (86998), from R.A. (T.A.), at his own request reverts to the rank of Lt. whilst empld. during the present emergency (July 11th, 1940).

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, AUGUST 2ND, 1940, DATED TUESDAY, AUGUST 6TH, 1940.

### REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

THE BUFFS.—Lt. W. L. Pauer, D.C.M., M.M. (43735) (from Gen. List, Inf.), to be Lt. (July 13th, 1940), retaining his present seniority.

### REGULAR ARMY.

#### EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS, ETC.

THE BUFFS.—Sgt. Instr. Sidney John Stanislaus Moore (58811), The Buffs (late Somerset L.I.), to be 2nd Lt. (August 7th, 1940).

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, AUGUST 6TH, 1940, DATED FRIDAY, AUGUST 9TH, 1940.

### REGULAR ARMY.

#### EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS, ETC.

THE BUFFS.—Lt. Charles Arthur Wells, D.C.M. (98912), late Ind. Army, to be Lt. (September 5th, 1939) (Substituted for the notifn. in Gazette (Supplement) dated December 1st, 1939, under "National Defence Companies."); Lt. Harold Kay Foster (136486) to be 2nd Lt. (June 24th, 1940); R.S.M. Edward Marsh (137662) to be Lt. (Qr.-Mr.) (June 27th, 1940).

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, AUGUST 9TH, 1940, DATED TUESDAY, AUGUST 13TH, 1940.

### REGULAR ARMY.

#### EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS, ETC.

THE BUFFS.—The undermentioned to be 2nd Lts. (June 26th, 1940):—2nd Lt. Albert Edward Jackson (136991); Claud Hibbert Swift (139027); Laurence Dupont Hammond (139003).

THIRD SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, AUGUST 16TH, 1940, DATED TUESDAY, AUGUST 20TH, 1940.

### REGULAR ARMY.

#### EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS, ETC.

THE BUFFS.—Charles Edward Vaughan, M.B.E. (142142) to be Lt. (July 22nd, 1940); Arthur William Nightingale (135958) to be 2nd Lt. (June 20th, 1940).

TERRITORIAL ARMY.

THE BUFFS.—Lt.-Col. E. T. L. Baker, O.B.E. (7521), from Camb. R., at his own request, reverts to the rank of Maj. whilst employed during the present emergency (July 24th, 1940).

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, AUGUST 20TH, 1940, DATED FRIDAY, AUGUST 23RD, 1940.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS, ETC.

THE BUFFS.—Capt. William Henry Adams (142147) to be Lt. (July 29th, 1940); Charles Edward Vaughan, M.B.E. (142142) to be Lt. (July 22nd, 1940); Sgt. Arthur Stanley Marsh (139983) from Midd'x R., to be 2nd Lt. (August 24th, 1940).

The undermentioned Cadets from Officer Cadet Training Units, to be 2nd Lts. (August 17th, 1940):—

THE BUFFS.—Carleton William Astell (145015); John Eric Clarke (145016); Joseph Eric Body (145017); Colin Guy Sharpe (145018); Sydney Alexander Spearpoint (145019); Leonard Peter Critchley (145020); Eric Holmes (145022); Charles James Humphrey Morgan (145023); Trevor Alan Wilkins (145024); Geoffrey Cranmer Willis (145025).

AUXILIARY MILITARY PIONEER CORPS.

Lt.-Col. D. J. Dean, V.C., T.D. (21378), from The Buffs (T.A.) to be Lt.-Col. (November 9th, 1939). (Substituted for notifi. in Gazette (Supplement) dated May 17th, 1940, under "T.A.R.O.")

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, AUGUST 23RD, 1940, DATED TUESDAY, AUGUST 27TH, 1940.

REGULAR ARMY.

The undermentioned 2nd Lts. to be Lts. (August 26th, 1940):—

THE BUFFS.—J. P. W. Samuelson, M.C. (73098); H. H. Dendy (73099).

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS, ETC.

THE BUFFS.—Peter Hugh Gurney (26271) to be 2nd Lt. (July 17th, 1940).

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

No. 43 ISSUED ON JULY 25TH, 1940.

AUXILIARY MILITARY PIONEER CORPS.

The undermentioned Lt. (actg. Capt.) to be temp. Capt.:—D. W. Hendin, M.C. (6452) (January 31st, 1940).

No. 44 ISSUED ON AUGUST 1ST, 1940.

REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

THE BUFFS.—2nd Lt. D. R. C. Whitcombe (63221) to be War Subs. Lt. (February 15th, 1940).

AUXILIARY MILITARY PIONEER CORPS.

The undermentioned Capts. (actg. Maj.) to be temp. Majs.:—C. R. B. Knight (13709) (April 5th, 1940); E. F. D. Strettell (14392) (July 23rd, 1940).

The undermentioned Lt. (temp. Capt.) (actg. Maj.) to be temp. Maj. and War Subs. Capt.:—D. W. Hendin, M.C. (6452) (March 28th, 1940).

TERRITORIAL ARMY.

THE BUFFS.—2nd Lt. (actg. Capt.) A. D. Harrison (90294) to be temp. Capt. and War Subs. Lt. (June 1st, 1940).

No. 45 ISSUED ON AUGUST 8TH, 1940.

TERRITORIAL ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

THE BUFFS.—Lt. (temp. Capt.) (actg. Maj.) J. I. H. Friend, O.B.E., M.C. (95824) to be temp. Maj. and War Subs. Capt. (June 1st, 1940).

No. 46 ISSUED ON AUGUST 15TH, 1940.

REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

THE BUFFS.—Capt. (actg. Maj.) C. E. A. Terry (45657) to be temp. Maj. (August 1st, 1940).

Prisoners of War Fund.

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J. E. Wills, Esq. ...	2	2	0
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Charles Wood, Esq. ...	5	0	0
"D" Company, —th Buffs ...	4	11	6
Mrs. A. Sweetman ...	5	0	0
S. G. Sweetman, Esq....	2	2	0
Mrs. Wanstall ...	0	10	0
Per Mr. H. Mervin:—			
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Mrs. W. Reader, Sen. ...	0	2	0
Miss I. Reader ...	0	2	0
Miss E. Reeder ...	0	2	0
Mr. J. Cheeseman ...	0	1	0
Mrs. A. E. Else ...	0	2	0
Mr. F. Padghem ...	0	2	0
Mr. and Mrs. Marchant ...	0	2	0
Mrs. Harold Skinner ...	0	2	0
Mrs. A. M. Fisher ...	0	2	0
V. Collins, Esq. ...	1	0	0
Mrs. G. F. Hamilton ...	5	0	0
Major T. T. Oakes ...	1	11	6
Colonel H. D. Buchanan-Dunlop ...	2	10	0
"I" Company, I.T.C. ...	1	7	4
"Arthur and Parents" ...	0	10	0
A. B. H. Colls, Esq. ...	2	2	0
Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Foster Hall ...	3	3	0
"I" Company, I.T.C. ...	2	18	6
Colonel Sir C. B. Vyvyan, Bart. ...	5	5	0
Sergeants' Mess, —th Buffs ...	0	5	0
P.R.I., —th Buffs ...	10	8	0
"Arthur and Parents" ...	0	5	0
Mrs. M. Dean (proceeds of Whist Drive) ...	2	2	6
Mrs. Butterfield ...	0	15	0
Dr. and Mrs. C. Murphy ...	5	0	0
Commander D. Rae-Fraser ...	1	1	0
"C" Company, —th Buffs ...	5	10	0
"Arthur and Parents" ...	0	5	0
Mrs. M. A. Holland ...	5	5	0
Garrison Church, Canterbury ...	2	0	0
Mrs. T. E. Stanley ...	1	0	0
	£84	15	4

On August 7th, 1940, a second donation of one hundred pounds was sent to the British Red Cross Society, Prisoners of War Department.

ALBERT PEARETH,  
Secretary.

The Buffs Comforts Fund.

THE Buffs Comforts Fund is still the main organisation for supplying the Regiment with comforts. This winter the requirements which we shall be called upon to meet will be far greater than last year, and the Committee ask for the support of all those interested in The Buffs. Gifts in kind should be sent to Mrs. Crookenden, 61 London Road, Canterbury; donations to Lieut.-Colonel L. Howard Smith, White Oast, Wingham.

# WAR ORGANISATION

of the

## BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY and ORDER OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM

*Address* :—Prisoners of War Department,  
War Organisation of the Red Cross and St. John,  
St. James's Palace,  
London, S.W.1.

**IMPORTANT.**—In all correspondence relating to a Prisoner of War please put his Service number, rank, name, regiment, ship or squadron, and camp address if known, at the head of each letter on enquiry.

### 1. Correspondence from Prisoners of War.

The International Convention, Art. 36, makes the following clear :—

Not later than one week after his arrival in a prison camp, a prisoner can send a postcard to his family telling them of his capture and the state of his health. If the post is delayed you may not receive this for some time.

British prisoners in Germany are allowed to send per month :—

Officers :	3 letters and 4 postcards.
Other ranks :	2 letters and 4 postcards.
Civilians :	3 letters and 4 postcards.

All correspondence to and from Prisoners of War goes post free. Photographs may not be included.

#### CORRESPONDENCE TO PRISONERS OF WAR.

Letters should not exceed two sides of a sheet of notepaper—they should be posted in the ordinary way, but without a stamp—AND NOT sent here. The sender's name and address should be written on the back of the envelope; except in the case of a member of His Majesty's Forces who must not give his address. Such member, if he has a relative or friend in this country to whom the reply can be sent, must give the address of that person and arrange for letters so addressed to be forwarded to him. It is not possible to write to a prisoner until the camp address is known.

#### FORM OF ADDRESS.

Sender's name and address	
PRISONERS OF WAR POST KRIEGSGEFANGENENPOST	NO STAMP
Service No., Rank, Name, British Prisoner of War (No. if known)	
Camp .....	
GERMANY	

No attempt should be made to communicate with Prisoners of War through people in neutral countries. No telegraphic communication is allowed.



## 2. Clothing.

Relatives may send by ordinary parcel post (no special label is needed) suitable clothes and toilet accessories to the Clothing Section, St. James's Palace, **as soon as the permanent Camp address is known.** Only one 10 lb. parcel (not counting packing) may be sent.

Owing to pressure of work and expense involved we cannot undertake to return items which make the parcel overweight.

The name and address of the Prisoner of War **and** the name and address of the sender should be clearly written on the outside and inside of the parcel. A list of the contents must be included.

We suggest some of the following items :—

1 Shirt	Blanket	Windcheater
1 Pants	Pullover	Grey Flannel Trousers
1 Vest	Handkerchiefs	Shoes
Socks	Brush and Comb	Toothbrush and Toothpaste in tins
Towel	Hussif	Pipe, Razor, Blades, Shaving Stick

**NO tubes, jars or bottles are allowed.**

**Clothes not allowed to be sent to Prisoners include :—**

Complete Suits	Coloured Trousers	Sports Coats or Blazer
Mackintoshes, or any kind of overcoat or jacket.		

Prisoners of War whose relatives cannot contribute clothing, or those whose relatives can only contribute a part of the parcel, will be supplied from Red Cross stocks as soon as possible.

It is hoped to be able to send a second parcel, which may contain uniform, when all prisoners have been supplied with essentials. Meanwhile, relatives should bear in mind that it may not be possible to send a clothing parcel again before the winter. They should therefore collect warm underwear, woollies, stout and comfortable shoes, and if possible a light blanket.

No food, tobacco or chocolate can be included in a clothing parcel.

## 3. Food.

**The only food that is allowed to be sent to Prisoners of War is contained in the Red Cross Standard parcels,** which come under the rigid control of the Censorship and to which nothing may be added.

Food (carefully analysed by a dietician), soap, tobacco and cigarettes, costing approximately 10/- per week, are sent to each Prisoner of War, **whether or not financial contributions** are received for individuals. As the expense is met entirely from the funds of the British Red Cross Society and Order of St. John of Jerusalem, donations towards the cost of these parcels are most gratefully received. Cheques and postal orders should be made out to "Red Cross and St. John Fund, Prisoners of War Account", and sent to the APPEAL SECRETARY, St. James's Palace, London, S.W.1.

**4. Books, Music, Packs of Cards, Games, Sporting Equipment, etc.** may be sent direct to Prisoners of War through firms holding a permit to send printed matter abroad.

Among others, the following stores hold this permit :—

Army and Navy Stores	Lillywhites	W. H. Smith & Son
Boots	Meccano	Times Book Club
Harrods	Selfridges	Truslove & Hanson

The Educational Book Section arranges for books to be sent to any prisoner wishing to study a special subject. Forms of request for these books are sent to the Prison Camps.

## 5. Invalid Comforts.

The Invalid Comforts Section despatches every four weeks consignments of ordinary household drugs, bandages, lint, dressing, etc., together with such things as Cod Liver Oil; Malt; Tonics and Invalids Foods and Comforts for distribution, addressed to the Senior Officer of the Prisoner of War Camp, so that in the case of illness or of minor injuries that are not sufficiently serious for hospital treatment, remedies may be at hand when needed.

Relatives of a prisoner can send to the Invalid Comforts Section medicines or special remedies **direct from their own Chemist**, to be included in these parcels. All these things are labelled for the Prisoner for whom they are intended.

At the request of the relatives, or the Senior Officer of the Camp, individual Food parcels can be arranged for serious or chronic cases requiring special diet, in place of the ordinary weekly Food parcels. Men who are known to be in hospital are sent a special parcel, for four weeks.

## 6. Tobacco and Cigarettes.

Fifty cigarettes or the equivalent amount in tobacco is sent to the Camps for each prisoner every week.

## 7. Personal Parcels.

The personal parcels service, by which next-of-kin can send a parcel every three months to a Prisoner of War, is temporarily suspended. A notice will appear in the Press when this re-opens. In the meantime nothing but the articles listed in the 2 (clothing) above should be sent to St. James's Palace.

## Tracing Wounded and Missing.

### War Office Procedure Explained.

WITH the help of the Wounded, Missing, and Relatives Department of the War Organisation of the British Red Cross Society and Order of St. John, the War Office has prepared a leaflet explaining the steps taken by the War Office to trace wounded and missing.

It states that lists of personnel missing as a result of active operations are compiled by the War Office, the Admiralty, and the Air Ministry and are sent to the Wounded, Missing, and Relatives Department of the Joint British Red Cross and Order of St. John, 7 Belgrave Square, London, S.W.1, who at once institute further inquiry.

First the lists of names are forwarded by that department to the International Red Cross Committee at Geneva. This committee has access to special information, since, according to the International Convention of 1929 relative to the treatment of prisoners of war, each belligerent Power is bound to set up an official bureau to give information about prisoners of war. The bureau in Germany sends reports to the International Red Cross Committee at Geneva, which thus receives information from the enemy Government and can make inquiries for names sent out by this country.

In the second place, the Red Cross and St. John have an organisation of selected searchers, accredited to the military and civil hospitals throughout this country. Inquiries are made by these searchers from wounded personnel of the missing men's own units. When searchers' reports are considered reliable, the information is sent by the Red Cross and St. John to the Service Departments, which at once inform the next of kin. Meanwhile all information obtainable from other sources which might throw any light on the fate of missing individuals is being collected by the casualty branch of the Service Department concerned.

### Assurance to Relatives.

Relatives may therefore rest assured that, without any application on their part, every endeavour is being made both abroad and at home to trace missing personnel. Immediately any reliable information is received it is conveyed to the next of kin, who are advised to keep the appropriate Casualty Branch or Record Office informed as to any change of address. If information is obtained that a missing individual is a prisoner of war, the next of kin receives, with the notification, a further leaflet giving full instructions as to the manner in which correspondence with him may be conducted, including the sending of parcels.

It should be borne in mind, the leaflet adds, that the announcements of the names of prisoners of war by German wireless stations are made for the purpose of inducing people in this country to listen to German views. The lists are incomplete and often inaccurate, and should not be relied upon. The B.B.C. sends full transcripts of these lists to all three Service Departments, which then inform the relatives of those who can be identified from the particulars given in the broadcast.

### Our Village—continued

his hat to us, smiled his curious smile, and proceeded to visit the battered shop and speak to one or two of the people. When he got into his car again someone in the crowd shouted "God bless you," and the others took it up. He raised his hand in acknowledgment and drove off.

## Prisoners of War in Germany.

### Three Types of Camp.

THERE is considerable confusion as to the exact meaning of the various terms used for prison camps in Germany. The Red Cross and St. John War Organisation points out that there are three types of camps for British prisoners known officially as Oflag, Stalag, and Dulag (contractions for Offizierslager, Stammlager, and Durchgangslager).

The first term is used for camps in which officer prisoners only are quartered; the second is a base camp in which privates and non-commissioned officers are permanently stationed; and the third is the name for a transfer camp, to which officers and men are taken for grading and dispatch to their respective camps. At present there are two Dulags, one of which is Dulag Luft, used only for R.A.F. prisoners.

## Our Village.

### Rural Reflections after an Air Raid.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

WE were awakened the other night, with no warning but two terrific crashes, followed by a deep silence, save for the strange "chug, chug, chug" with which we who have come from a South Coast area have learned (despite General Jourbert) to associate with enemy aeroplanes. There was a flare of fire behind a wooded hill, and we heard the raider return twice, I suppose to take back details to Berlin of the damage done to military objectives; these being one empty house and a barn burned down, and one high-explosive bomb dropped in a ploughed field.

Next morning we went to see the damage. The little village, consisting of about 12 houses, was in high feather at being the unwonted centre of attraction. Visitors were warmly welcomed and directed to a stile, where the oldest inhabitant was stationed to point out the way to "the crater." Arrived there, we found a still older inhabitant leaning on his stick, gazing into the hole. "I could 'a done better myself with a spade," he remarked thoughtfully. "We ought to plant a apple tree to mark the spot," he added.

A cheerful individual was explaining to open-mouthed listeners: "At the first bang I stayed in bed. But at the second—well, I reckon I got up pretty quick. The wife said: "Let's have a cup o' tea," so we did. Them little houses down there got their winders broke and a door blown out, and a ceilin's come down, but no one hurt much." A woman holding a shy little girl by the hand said: "Gladys was a bit startled-like at the bang. But I took 'er inter bed with me and she was quite all right, weren't yer, Gladys."

Meanwhile, from the most damaged of the little houses came the cheerful sounds of a gramophone. It was evidently considered a great occasion, and one on which a spot of music would be suitable for the visitors. In the tiny shop I found a cheerful old woman selling biscuits. She had lost nearly all her stock of provisions, and was herself, as she proudly informed me, "A minor casualty," some of the ceiling having fallen on her leg. She was even more wreathed in smiles than the others.

Suddenly there was a clapping of hands from the twenty or so villagers who stood by the roadside. A car had drawn up, and out of it emerged a well-known figure, four-square to all the winds that blow. He raised

*Continued at foot of previous column*

An old lady of 75 came hurrying out of her cottage next door. "The Prime Minister! Why didn't he come into my house, too; it's much worse than Mrs. X, and I could have showed him a lot, I could!" "You see, it is our first air raid," said the vicar's wife, smiling apologetically to us, in allusion to the general cheerfulness.

"Gladys was a bit startled-like," and "the wife made a cup of tea." . . . Hitler has not been up against English homes yet. I fear he is in for a big disappointment.

(With acknowledgments to "The Times".)

## August Bank Holiday on the St. Lawrence Ground, 1940.

AUGUST Bank Holiday is a typically British Festival, the great outdoor holiday of the year and when in our fickle climate the sun shines, the call of the open is irresistible to all who are freed from their work for the day.

Up North the beaches at Blackpool are crowded with mill workers from Lancashire and Yorkshire and these make merry in their own way. Cricket enthusiasts in those counties flock to see the annual "battle of the Roses," the yearly fixture of Lancs. v Yorks. They expect and usually get a dour, homeric struggle, intense in its keen rivalry with partisanship running high.

Down South the counterpart of Blackpool would be the beaches at Brighton or the golden sands at Margate. To both places Londoners in their thousands travel by road, rail and steamer. Southerners take their cricket less seriously. They look not so much for a fierce fight with no quarter given but a good rollicking game, and such are usually to be seen at Hastings, Horsham or Canterbury. The latter "goes gay" for its Cricket Week as only a cathedral city can, bunting decking the picturesque old streets and cricket at its cheeriest and often at its best to be watched on the County Ground.

Twelve months of war have made all that a memory still cherished by Englishmen and women who are striving to restore it and other good things to our national life. Bank Holidays are now just extra working days, giving little or no respite to all who toil to strengthen still further the mounting power of Britain towards the ends of victory and real peace.

This year, therefore, there was no bunting in the streets, no stream of cars and pedestrians moving with set purpose towards the St. Lawrence Cricket Ground. "That's all shove behind us, long ago and far away . . ." But so that it might not all be lost, two regimental cricket sides freed from duties for the afternoon, played a match on that very ground this August Bank Holiday. Where in happier times the great cricketers of the day delighted huge holiday crowds, now players of a lesser calibre and no fame engaged in the game which our enemies might well learn with profit to their souls. The afternoon was the best that August can provide and at least three hundred people came to see Bank Holiday cricket on the County Ground. Our side, since it was playing near its home, turned out in flannels; the other, except for two players, wore khaki. That alone is worthy recording as a phenomenon on August Bank Holiday on this ground.

The play was keen, although scores were low on a wicket which Frank Woolley in his heyday would have found much to his liking. Joe Murrin, the groundsman who has tended that exquisite piece of grass for thirty-five years under three managers and goodness knows how many captains, lamented to the writer that there were not upwards of 12,000 on the seats and in the stands round the ground. But he enjoyed the game and relished anything worthy done by bowler or batsman as if his friends of Kent had been out there striving against Hampshire or Middlesex. So also did some regular pavilion habitués, who came as usual wearing their Club colours on ties and hatbands. Not even Hitler could keep them from their yearly pilgrimage to the Mecca of Kent cricket.

The Regimental Band played a selection of light music under the big tree on the hospital side, and at the tea interval the pipes and drums of the visiting regiment marched up and down in front of the pavilion, led by the Regimental Pet, a fine wolfhound whose attention on parade was somewhat distracted by a mongrel terrier who darted like an urchin up and down the files, yapping at the players of music very strange to him.

What we locally call the "wailing cow" was for once silent and only our own 'planes disturbed the serenity of a lovely afternoon enjoyed to the full by all, spectators and players alike. But for some of us there were ghosts flitting about the pavilion and on the greensward.

S.J.F.M.

## First Impressions of Army Life.

MIDNIGHT under canvas. Eighteen feet are heating the tent pole and nine of us are in various stages of trying to sleep. There are moans and cries from the sleepers and groans and sighs from the sleepless. It is the night after the first full day of training and we are tired, it is true, but not yet accustomed to Mother Earth in such close proximity to our bodies, and so we find it difficult to do more than rest. Who would have thought those beautiful green lawns could be so hard, so full of unmovable, unimpressable bumps!

One married man moans for his wife and children. During the day he has marched and worked and smiled, talked of his civilian life and days he regretted past. At nights the thoughts he did not utter come forth alone and find their expression. He was called for duty and with a smile he came. There is suffering before routine takes him completely in its arms, but he will bear it and hold firm. Only the night and sleep will find his secret thoughts, and if it be these alone, what matters

A single man suddenly shouts out with an energetic "No," as if refusing some command which during the day his body obeyed, despite the comments of his yet civilian mind. For the gulf is great between everyday obedience and a military reply to orders, and the delightful reminiscences of childhood with which the C.S.M. loves to regale us cannot quite reconcile us to these eternal parades. It will take time before they become part of us and second nature. We came to do our duty, we are here to work for the honour of our arms, this we know. But it would be too much to expect perfect and immediate acceptance from men whose way of life had been planned otherwise and who must first learn the difference of those two worlds. When we came we knew that it "would not be a picnic". The

usual well-meaning friends had joked about the legendary army boots, army sergeants and army food. We smiled at them, preferring in true British style to wait and see.

What did we see? What have we seen? At first it seemed that we were sheep being led from place to place, from slaughter to slaughter, and each time the ordeal proved nothing more than a talk, a receipt of material, or only a mere pinprick. We were rushed here, we were marched there, we were shunted with maddening speed from one drill to another. It annoyed us most to get sweating hot at a drill and then have to strip to the skin for physical training, so to catch a mighty inconvenient cold. It seemed an impossible arrangement to our civilian minds, but perhaps it was just one little error such as must occasionally occur. The much talked of Army food we found (to be quite honest) bad when compared with civilian standards, but full of food value and in reasonable quantity. And then, it is war and we are not asking for the Ritz. There is no consolation for sweating and tired privates queuing up for meals—but in war they should expect none. *A la guerre comme à la guerre!*

We found—woe to those usual friends—that Army boots were most comfortable, that the Sergeants did not bully in legendary style but rather coached us. We found that most of the week-end was our own and that the excellent idea of Sunday visiting cast such an air of peace over everything that it almost transformed our camp into the semblance of a hospital—a thing any real soldier must deplore. We found, too, that the relations between officers and men were of the most harmonious nature. Those officers have the secret of holding our hearts—they understand our difficulties as civilians not intended to be soldiers but yet trying to pull our weight. And they know that a word of praise obtains a hundred times more effort from us than whole tirades of shouting.

Some young members of the Christian Association must have been shocked at first by the terrific permeation of Army language by swearing and obscenity. But it takes only a day or two to realise that this language is essentially an element of its own, its words have not the meaning they have in civil life—they are purely ejaculative and, as we soon found, very necessary. For, in the face of extreme circumstances two resources were left us: to laugh or to swear. Often the tension is such that laughter is impossible and then swearing comes into its own. When we can't find that knife just one second before breakfast parade; when kit is laid out in the dank morning air by disinterested hands whose master is still half asleep; when that right arm is left too long up at the other man's shoulder for right dress; when we turn about on those execrable stony paths "round the back"; when live wires are demanded who are already half dead from drill—then, in such extremes, to swear. We swear loudly or softly, full or mild, no matter how, but we swear. And so we see how Army emergencies justify this terrific Army language.

Taking stock on that first sleepless night, we found, nevertheless, that the balance was in favour of the new life. The change was hard, especially for the Bohemians among us. Now as routine gathers us up and we become used to the ways of the military, the balance becomes more and more favourable. We become more sound in body and disciplined in mind. As we forget the old life the pride and keenness of the new takes hold of us, and in the background of our effort lies the consciousness of our mission, the defence of country, of empire, of right.

F. E. GLADWELL, Private.

## Portuguese Humor.

THE following appeared in a recent issue of the *Montreal Star*.—Ed.

The following letter was received from Fill Calhoun, *Life* correspondent temporarily located in Lisbon:—  
ED.

Sir:

The following series of stories sound like the kind that suddenly appear all over the world. These are the best invented by the Portuguese, who claim that they always invent the best stories concerning world happenings.

In each Italian parachute plane there are 20 men: one pilot, one co-pilot, one radio operator, one mechanic, one parachutist and 15 men to push him out.

In the German parachute planes the parachutists are all called smartly to attention when the plane is over the designated area. The commander shouts "Heil Hitler!" and before the men can reply the bottom of the plane is pulled out and they fall out.

The English parachutists are called to attention and told the time has come for them to drop out. One of the parachutists raises his hand and says "Objection." He is recognised and asks: "Is the House of Commons in agreement on this matter?" A flurry of checking through papers follows and finally it is confirmed that the House of Commons is in agreement. Again the men are ready to jump when another man shouts "Objection. Is the House of Lords in agreement on this matter?" Paper checking follows, during which time the plane gets far off its course, but at the final word that the House of Lords is in agreement the parachutists shout "The King" and leap.

French parachutists ordered to leap from their plane discover at the last minute that they have no parachutes and being rational individuals they land the plane, go to the nearest cafe and sit around all night arguing about the matter.

Spanish parachutists ordered to leap promptly refuse and start a revolution. In the midst of their quarreling the commander accuses them of being afraid to leap. To prove that he is wrong the Spaniards thereupon discard their parachutes and jump out of the plane without them.

Haven't heard American version yet.

FILL CALHOUN.

## Our Contemporaries

WE acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following journals:—

"The Oak Tree." "The London Scottish Regimental Gazette." "Aldershot Command News." "The Sapper." "St. George's Gazette." "The China Dragon." "The Snapper." "The Suffolk Regimental Gazette." "The Green Tiger." "The Green Howards' Gazette." "The Tank." "Journal of The Royal Army Service Corps." "Our Empire."

Some Adventures with Armoured Cars—*continued*  
from p. 201.

revolving turret, in which the gun fitted, and projected through a kind of small port hole, the handles of the gun being supported by straps fixed to the roof. A steel flap, or trap door, in the roof opened outwards, providing an aperture for observation and signalling purposes; the latter being done by a code in large white numerals painted on black square of block tin. Access to the interior was gained through two small doors in the back.

To be continued.

# Some Adventures with Armoured Cars on Active Service.

By "Anonymous".

## Foreword.

THIS series of articles is in no way a precise record of military operations, and has been written to give the general reader some idea of the work of Light Armoured Cars on active service in several theatres of war during the period 1916—1922.

It occurred to me that whereas much has been written of major operations, and many stories of individual valour and heroism have been published, very little appears to have been recorded, or at any rate, published, of the part played by Armoured Cars in the last Great War.

The articles, written from memory, with only the assistance of some rough notes, maps, and photographs, are not intended to form an exact record of military operation on any particular front, but is an account of personal adventure, and misadventure, over an extended period.

I guarantee the facts, leaving dates, numbers and figures approximate.

To write a detailed account of the exploits of the whole of my unit is beyond me, and I can only hope that the undertakings and achievements of my own little party may convey to the reader some idea of the difficulties we had to overcome, hardships endured, and the resourcefulness of the British Tommy when left to his own devices often some hundred miles or more in advance of his base, and nearest troops.

The story of these adventures will cover some of the operations on the Struma, Greece; Mesopotamia (now known as Iraq); Persia (now Iran); with perhaps mention of Malta, Egypt, and India.

## Chapter I.

At the outbreak of the Great War in 1914, I was stationed with my regiment, 1st Battalion, The Buffs, at Fermoy, Ireland, and in due course proceeded to France, landing at St. Nazaire on the night 9/10th September. I remained with this battalion until 31st May, 1915, when a German sniper "got me" whilst we were doing a spell of front line duty at Rue de Bois, near Armentiers. This necessitated a trip to England and a lengthy spell in hospital for "repairs".

Early October, however, found me once again in France, this time with the 2nd Battalion, which had recently been through the terrible ordeal of Loos. In a very short time the battalion moved into the front line again, in the neighbourhood of Cuinchy, but on this occasion for a period of approximately twelve hours, as orders were received to entrain without delay for an unknown destination. I do not propose to describe, in detail, this sudden move, let it suffice that we eventually found ourselves in Egypt, and then, a few weeks later, in Salonica, where I remained with the battalion until April, 1916.

At this time the battalion was under canvas near Balzsa, a village in the hills some miles North of Salonica. About the middle of the month volunteers were called for to form the personnel of an armoured car battery, and I was one of those who submitted their names. So it came about that on 28th April I found myself at Kalamaria, on the southern outskirts of Salonica, having been transferred to the Machine Gun

Corps (Motors). Others transferred at the same time were Captain G. Turner (O.C. Battery); Privates Grey, Myers, Haddingham, and Holbrook. Haddingham, by the way, was servant to Captain Turner. It may be as well to mention here that I held the rank of Sergeant, and found myself the second senior N.C.O. in the battery, the official designation of which was, No. 6 Light Armoured Motor Battery, Machine Gun Corps (Motors); more commonly called the 6th Lambs.

It took some days for all ranks to assemble, but eventually they turned up, and a more incongruous crowd it is difficult to imagine, drawn as we were from all sorts of units, English, Scots, Irish, Welsh, the Channel Islands, plus a few others, each wearing the uniform of his particular regiment or corps, and speaking the dialect of his native district.

Nobody seemed to know whether we were to be classified as infantry or cavalry (actually with the exception of the A.S.C. men, we all came from infantry units). The problem of a uniform dress was solved by issuing all the infantry men with khaki drill jackets, shorts and puttees; the A.S.C. men with khaki drill jackets, riding breeches and leggings; whilst all wore slouch hats, turned up at the side, after the fashion of the Colonial troops.

For equipment, each man carried a rifle, bandolier to carry 90 rounds, and cavalry pattern mess-tin and water-bottle. The despatch riders carried a revolver each in lieu of a rifle.

On dismounted parade infantry drill was adhered to. Thus it will be seen we were, to say the least, a rather extraordinary looking body of troops.

Numerically the battery was not very strong, consisting as it did of one Captain, two subalterns, three Sergeants, and about 40 other ranks.

Of vehicles, there were four Rolls-Royce light armoured cars, three lorries, each of a different tonnage and make, three Ford vans, and three motor-cycles. We had no workshop, and when any big repairs were needed, the vehicle had to be taken to an A.S.C. M.T. Repair Workshop.

Each armoured car carried a crew of four, one Vickers machine-gun, 12,000 rounds of S.A.A., and various tools, spare parts, etc.

For the benefit of those readers who have never had the opportunity of inspecting an armoured car at close quarters, it would be as well if I gave a description of one of those in use by us (there were, of course, other types on other fronts, which will be referred to later). Each car was constructed on standard 1914 civilian pattern chassis, which had not been specially strengthened in any way to take the extra weight of the armour plating. This plating, of 3/16ths inch steel, covered the whole of the car, with the exception of the wheels, petrol tank, and tool boxes, and was proof against ordinary small arms ammunition, but not against armour piercing bullets. In front of the radiator were two doors, which could be opened or closed by the driver from inside the car as circumstances demanded. The body, or compartment occupied by the crew when in action, was almost circular in shape, with a diameter of about 4 ft. 6 ins. The top half was surmounted by a

(Continued on p. 200)

# Past and Present Association.

## DONATIONS.

We acknowledge with gratitude the receipt of the following donations:—

### BENEVOLENT FUND.

	£	s.	d.
Herne Bay U.D.C. ... ..	12	8	2
Norfolk Arms, Maidenhead ... ..	0	15	0

### DISBURSEMENTS.

During the period 18/7/40 to 18/8/40 the following disbursements have been made:—

	£	s.	d.
July 24. Grant ... ..	4	8	0
Aug. 2. Grant ... ..	5	0	0

### NEW MEMBERS.

*Annual Members.*—Lieut.-Colonel J. D. Latham; Lieuts. H. K. Foster, B. E. Meyrick-Jones, W. R. H. Browne; 2/Lieuts. T. Beevers, C. M. Coldrey, B. J. Warner (Sittingbourne).

### Branch Meetings, September, 1940.

The following Branch Meetings are temporarily suspended:—

- Weald Branch.
- Sittingbourne Branch.
- Herne Bay Sub-Branch.
- Folkestone Branch.
- Aug. 14. Ashford (Invicta Hotel, Godinton Road, Ashford, 7 p.m.).
- 21. London (Prince Alfred Restaurant, Tufton Street, Westminster, 6 p.m.).
- 13. Dover (Friendly Societies' Institute, Biggin Street, 7.30 p.m.).
- 28. Medway (Unity Club, The Brook, Chatham, 7 p.m.).
- 27. Ramsgate (Bedford Inn, West Cliff Road, Ramsgate, 8 p.m.).
- 9. Margate (George and Dragon, Charlotte Street, Margate, 7.30 p.m.).
- 28. Hythe (British Legion Hut, Hythe, 7.30 p.m.).
- 6. Canterbury (Rhodaus Town, 7.30 p.m.).
- 13. Sandwich (George and Dragon, Fisher Street, Sandwich, 8 p.m.).
- 3. Deal (Deal and Walmer Working Men's Club, West Street). Meetings of Committee only. Meetings quarterly, as notified.

### Ashford Branch.

#### LADIES' GUILD.

On August 14th members visited Kennington, by the kind invitation of Mrs. Shorter, to take tea with her. Unfortunately we had a warning just previous which prevented some of our ladies turning up, but better luck next time. Those attending enjoyed themselves. Many thanks to Mrs. Shorter. We were sorry to miss her son, a Buff who had left that morning, but wish both of them all the best.

The Chairman read the minutes of the last two meetings. A letter was read from Mrs. Beeching. We hope she will soon get news from her boys that they are quite safe; also to the other ladies we wish the same good news.

L. KING.

### London Branch.

A meeting of the above branch was held at the Prince Alfred, Tufton Street, S.W.1, on Saturday, the 17th ultimo, with Captain E. A. Carter in the Chair. There was a fair attendance.

**SILENCE.**—All stood in silence to the memory of those who gave their lives for their Country.

**MINUTES.**—The Minutes of the last meeting were read and passed.

**CORRESPONDENCE.**—Best wishes and regrets for being absent were received from many members. General Sir Arthur Lynden-Bell sent a special letter, also Major H. G. James, Alf (Dusty) Roullier, Captain Geo. Johnson, A. E. Grant and R. Bampton.

**NEWS.**—News of Buffs of the B.E.F. was given out by the Chairman.

**SUBSCRIPTIONS AND "DRAGONS."**—The Chairman drew attention to the necessity of forwarding subscriptions and the necessity of prompt payment by members receiving *The Dragon*.

**SECRETARY.**—A letter was read from Captain Enright pointing out the present impossibility of his attending any meetings owing to his H.G. Duties every night. In consequence, he felt it right to place the position before the members as some may consider it right to have a Secretary who could attend more regularly. If so, he would be pleased to resign next Quarter Day. Mr. Ernie Tong, who so ably assists, said that if Captain Enright would carry on the internal branch work, he would attend all meetings in his place. Proposed by Mr. Elvey and seconded by Mr. (Buffy) Ward, "that Captain Enright be asked to carry on." Carried unanimously.

**BUN PENNY COLLECTION.**—The collection realised 5/6.

Our grateful thanks to Ernie Tong for the way he steps into the breach every third Saturday.

Messrs. Spud Austin, Emery and Jock Clayton were on parade as usual, all looking very fit.

Our heartiest congratulations to Captain C. E. Vaughan on his promotion. He will have to behave himself now Col. Lister has him in the ring.

Yes, Mr. J. V. Philpot was *not* on parade. Something very dreadful must have happened.

We understand that Nobby Clarke, Captain Bingham and a few others we know very strongly recommend their residential area not far away as a first class abode for those liking excitement.

Zulu Brown—over 80 years of age—finds his monthly jaunt to the meetings very beneficial. Wonderful old fellow, this Zulu warrior.

We noticed Verney and Cotton in close conversation.

Our Chelsea Pensioners, Messrs. Hammond and Marsh, came along, and we were pleased to see them.

Dick Bush was looking very fit, and it is remarkable how these youngsters keep their appearance.

Bill Elvey is making the most of our summer meetings as the winter months are very trying.

G. Hovey ("Underneath the Arches") managed to attend and we are glad to hear his son (in The Buffs) is going very strong.

We also noticed Buffy Ward and Postman Martin. Why no dart match?

There is no truth in the rumour that Donk Warren is returning to London. He stays *put*, we understand.

Vice-President Mr. Gordon Lindley is working hard and was not able to attend the last meeting. His thoughts were with us.

All members trust that Hugh Borland is well. It is some time since his cheery face brightened the atmosphere of Tufton Street.

J.E.E.

### Dover Branch.

I must commence these notes by reminding members of the Dover Branch and also of the Association that Dover celebrated their 150th meeting on Friday, August 9th, 1940, at the Friendly Society's Institute. Considering the difficult times, quite a good number turned up to support our Vice-Chairman, Dr. E. E. Elliott. I am sure the members of the branch must agree that our Vice-Chair is a proper Buff sticker, for no matter whether it is an air-raid, rain or snow, the Doctor always turns up. I know the members greatly appreciate his keenness and attendance.

I have some more good news this week. C.S.M.'s Jack Abbott, Mac Near and Sgt. Charlie Watts, previously reported missing, are now confirmed as prisoners of war. Another pal of ours that we are still hoping for is C.S.M. Leslie Crouch, and also several others of Dover. Any news of the Dover lads will be greatly appreciated by the branch, for it sometimes happens that prisoners of war may know what has happened to others who were in action with them.

I have been asked by the branch to send greetings to our old stalwart, Tommy Holloway, who has been shipped to you know what name owing to his work. All the best to you, Tommy! Are you still slimming? Tubby is asking for this information.

What we hear—that Bill Frosty's grandson, Ganger Castle, has already experienced the clink at the ripe old age of two years. He was found hiking along the Broadway, not drunk and incapable, oh no! but was arrested for failing to produce his doings. When his mum went along to bail him out, she found him full of smiles, quite contented and ready for a stretch. What a grandson, Frosty!

On behalf of the Dover Branch I should like to congratulate our General Secretary on the annual balance sheet of the Association—very clear and understandable. I should think that it caused the General Secretary to burn the midnight oil for a few nights.

The Buffs of the Home Guard had a great feeling of pride when they heard the Flying Duck of Faversham had been selected as their cap badge for this division of the county.

Now I should like to remind all Buffs, past and present, also non-members, in Dover or visiting, that the facilities of the Friendly Society's Club, 44 Biggin Street, are at their convenience, by kind permission of the Friendly's Committee. Billiards, cards, reading and writing-room and a jolly good drop of wallop. As long as the Dragon is up, the Steward will be pleased to entertain you, so do not forget when you are Shakespeare Way.

Our chums and co-lodgers at the Club, the Dover Contemptibles, managed to get a mixed party through the entanglements to Canterbury on Saturday afternoon, August 10th. From reports of Captain Cole, Dick Joyner and others, a very enjoyable time was spent with their pals at the cathedral city. Will Dover Buffs please note, this subject—trip to Canterbury—will be

brought up at our next meeting, second Friday in September.

By the way, the first air-raid casualty of the war in Dover was a Buff—Mr. George Knight of the 1st Battalion. He was wounded badly in the face by a sniper in the Great War. At the time of getting a shrapnel wound in the leg at Dover he was an ambulance driver with the A.R.P. Latest information is that he is doing well.

Now to close these notes, with best wishes from Dover to all Buffs, past and present. Here's to the next time! Cheerio!

DEWBERRY.

### Ramsgate Branch.

We are, like most branches, not having the necessary support, owing to members being engaged on H.G., A.F.S., A.R.P., F.A.P., and all the letters in the alphabet that stand for National Services. Our monthly meetings do not function, so for the time being our meetings are cancelled, but at the same time our Secretary, Ernie Birch, will be pleased to receive yearly subscriptions.

After accounts with Hitler are settled in full, we hope to make up the meetings and renew our friendship and comradeship again; also with new members back from this war.

Our members are fairly fit and Hitler's "Kite Hawks" visit us quite a lot lately. I myself, a voluntary A.R.P. Warden (late a junior N.C.O.) feel that "inferiority complex" when I report to the Wardens' Post, none other than the late C.S.M. Dixon being on duty. Then I help with my sector and meet the late R.S.M. Jeffrey as a Reserve Policeman conducting traffic in air-raid shelters; you occasionally bump into the late R.Q.M.S. Edwards, who after a day's work is also a Reserve Policeman. Chief Inspector Swendell (late Sergeant Instructor of P.T., The Buffs) is also a familiar figure. By the way, he is a good Buff, and although he has done a long time in the Police, always remembers his first love, the Regiment, and is willing to help a comrade. Full ranks and M.M.'s are in plenty. Among the M.M.'s are Alf Walker, Fred Ellis, Buck Twyman, etc. So you see, Canterbury is not the only town to claim old Buffs. One also has to be careful about fairy stories of services in the Regiment—make sure none of these buckshee Sergeant-Majors are kicking about. An interesting incident happened during a "lull" in an air-raid. Dixon was at the Post, and a Kitchener's Army man was teaching Dixon all he knew about war and musketry. Presently he spotted Dixon's "Roctee" Medal, and someone whispered that he was talking to an R.M.I. Finish of story—exit of Kitchener man!

Our friends from Sausage Land have not given me a lot of time to write notes as they will look in at meal-times—most unwelcome visitors with their German Band (Bang, I mean). Our A.A. and R.A.F. give them a warm reception which I am certain is not appreciated. But Ramsgate is quite happy, and if he spends a "tanner" on *The Dragon*, he will know we are not upset by his visits.

I saw Ernie Birch in the High Street and thought he was a Q.M.S. by the notes he was paying out to an individual, but he afterwards said to me that he was paying out for a removal lorry for carting some furniture up to the Midlands. A little moan—two homes—the wife away, wants a bit of stuff.

B.E.K.



VERY little of interest has occurred recently. The C.O., Adjutant, Alex and the Quartermaster all appear to be croquet fiends—if the Adjutant's forecasts about the "Invasion" are true, then the scene sometimes resembles a famous game of bowls which was played at Plymouth in 1588.

We are glad to have Captain R— with us again. He has made a great recovery from his wounds and is the only officer I have ever heard say that a month's sick leave is too much.

Lieuts. M— and C— and the Doctor went to a dance the other day in aid of the W.V.S. : apparently the gathering was a good one, and we must credit them first of all for not having forgotten how to dance and secondly for supporting the party so wholeheartedly—they "followed through" well into what is now known as "first light"!

Some of us occasionally foregather at the "Cross Keys" after 10 o'clock in the evenings. There is a piano there and when Ronnie and 2/Lieut. M— show their talents we are able to forget temporarily about Heinkels, "Stands To" and Dannert Wire! I cannot help thinking that the inn that I have just mentioned is not visited by very high-class dart players, as the Adjutant and Signal Officer have gained more than one victory over the landlord and a selected partner.

Recently Alex led a "soccer" eleven of officers and N.C.O.'s of H.Q. Company against the M.T. In contrast to the game that followed on the same ground, no player was carried off the field! The ground itself is full of "hazards," which makes it very necessary for a player to "watch his step".

There is hardly any news from the rifle companies—the situation with them is reminiscent of the one in *Alice through the Looking Glass*—"No birds were flying overhead; there were no birds to fly".

We are delighted to hear that Colonel Hamilton, Major Bruce, Captain Grace and Captain Edlmann are safe, and trust that they are being treated as well as circumstances allow. We hope it will not be too long before they are with us again.

#### Signal Platoon.

The platoon congratulates Captain R— on his recent promotion. They welcome Sgt. Side to the

section and congratulate him on his appointment to Signal Sergeant and promotion to full rank. We hope that the trained and untrained men who have joined us will be happy in their new abode.

Owing to lack of news, it is impossible to quote anything of those who did not return from France. Pte. (L/Cpl.) King is a prisoner of war, and we trust that those who were with him are also alive.

"Our Darkey" took the final step and tied the knot at B—. Several members of the section are courting strongly, and even Leslie the noted mysogonist is known to have a secret love for the girl in the green hat.

Sgt. Fitt has left us, and all those who knew him will miss his cheerful countenance.

TAFFY.

#### A.A./L.M.G. Platoon.

In this era of censorship, one is apt to be at a loss for material in journalistic efforts, but I trust these notes will be of interest to all Buffs.

Since my last contribution, four of us have had the good fortune to taste the joy of a period of leave, and are now settled again to our duties.

With the weather to our advantage, we have been able to get ahead with our work, and so, on to our training, which all are undergoing with a keen interest, and the results, I am sure, will be a credit to the platoon. Recreation has not been forgotten and sport is prominent during the evening.

Dancing on the "village green" has been sponsored by the "Don Juans," and now that the "snake-charmers" have their instruments, I am sure the order will be "Swing it!"

To Sgt. Edwards, L/Cpls. Marsden, Kember, Stanger and Wesley, we offer our congratulations on their promotion. May all climb more rungs of the ladder yet.

So this brings me to the end of my notes for this month. Wishing all Buffs, wherever they be, good luck.

JOCK.

#### M.T. Section.

After a very brief stay, our new M.T.O. (2/Lieut. R—) left us to go into hospital. We all wish him a speedy recovery and hope that he will be back with us once again. Captain W— came in as M.T.O. and very quickly made his presence felt. However, it was not to be for long, as he too left us to attend a course.

Our M.T.O. now is 2/Lieut. M—, who is combining his duties of Carrier Officer with that of M.T.O.

During this upheaval, some of the section left us for duty in various companies. We say *au revoir* to these old friends, with whom we shared so many adventures in France, and hope they will not forget those of us who remain in the section.

In their place we received some drivers from the companies, to whom we extend a welcome, and a hope that they will soon settle down and become part of the team.

During the month, several of the section were promoted, and to all we say "Congratulations!" To others who were not so lucky, better luck next time!

Our three R.A.O.C. fitters have had a test to upgrade them in their trade (what is it, by the way?) and



from their repeated assurances we feel sure, were successful. One of the trio has already spent the extra pay (in his mind), while it is said that they now have visions of a bit of brass.

During this time, there arose in the office a great activity, and far into the night mutterings of gallons and pints could be heard. This, I gather, turned out to be some monster called "P. & L." which had reared its ugly head to strike terror in the hearts of our H.Q. group.

Sgt. Cloke has left us for hospital. We hope it is nothing serious, and that he will soon be back on his high-legged stool.

The news that Captain Grace, our M.T.O. in France, is a prisoner of war, was very relieving and welcome to us all.

### Mortar Platoon.

As these are our first Mortar notes since we have been re-formed, I must first of all introduce the members with their "handles." We have a bright assortment of names and characters.

No. 1 is our "Boot," who returned from the one and only "C" Company. We see that "C" Company stated that he returned to "nurse" the Mortars. "Pens" is the name. Then we come to our "head waiter," "Derge" Taylor, and ex-M.O. No. 1 Alf Moody, who are at present swatting hard to become R.S.M.'s. Of course, we have our ex-Drummer Battman, and handyman "Mr." Terry, who is second nursemaid to the platoon.

We have two of Carol Levis's discoveries with us—"Erb" Gardner and his shadow "stooge" Pooley. I believe the Mortar Officer will be grey by the time these two stop their song "Bury me over the prairie," and love talks about a certain Dolly. We also have our "Bubble" Thake. Good fellow, old "Bubble"!

Among our noted members we also have "Spike" Marlin and his partner in crime "Tich" Powell. These two lads can be seen proceeding to the "Cross Keyes" most any evening. What's the attraction, boys?

Our No. 1 gunners are "Slug" Emmins, "Baby John" Glossop, and, if he wakes, "Sleepy" Elliss. We must not forget our A.T. Gunner, Evans. The A/T. is slim and so is the gunner—what a pair! Drawing the platoon role to a close, we must ask "Gummy" Fletcher when he is going to eat his crusts. Also "W. G. Fields," i.e. Ellenders, and Ben Evans, who should have been on the stage, not in the Army.

We have had a couple of games of football lately. The first was with the Signals, which we won 2—1. The second was with the Pioneers and in this game we lost 4—2.

We are getting along fine with mortar training, and just to make a change we have working parties and stand to.

By the time these notes are in print our officer will be on a mortar course, and we wish him luck and a speedy return.

Although late, we would like to welcome our new Company Commander, and hope that his stay with us is a long one.

Now, as time and space will not permit more notes, I will close with the threats of the platoon on my shoulders.

BREECH SPANNER.

### Carrier Platoon.

With the arrival of our new vehicles, we are once more a Carrier Platoon in fact as well as in name, and it is difficult to say who were the more pleased with them—the old members who were glad to get back into harness, or the new members who were naturally curious to know what was involved in membership of the Carrier Platoon.

We have now been re-formed long enough to settle down, and with training proceeding along the lines of the new technique in modern warfare, ours promises to be among the most interesting of jobs.

In recent promotions we have been well represented, and among those to whom we offer our congratulations are L/Sgt. Adlum, Cpls. Cousins, Brown and Pink, and L/Cpl. Wood.

Turning to the lighter side, sport seems to be centred chiefly around the dart board of the local pub, and although it was suggested that a boozers elbow is an aid to the development of a dart player's wrist, it is nevertheless significant that our thirsty ones are among the best dart players we have. For one of us at least, darts have no attractions. His relentless pursuit of the elusive dream girl should be an object lesson for all of us in perseverance.

H.S.S.

### Pioneer Platoon.

Since last writing, the platoon has been re-formed, and a number of new faces have appeared, and among them are quite a few homely men.

At present the platoon is under the wing of P.S.M. Calloway, who is bringing them along quite well. What with building, and one thing and another, everybody has plenty to do.

We are sorry to say that our old friend L/Cpl. Milton has left us for a spell in hospital.

We would like to congratulate our C.S.M. on his recent promotion. Good luck, "Slim"! Keep going! Also L/Cpl. Cohen—good luck to you on your first step up the ladder.

LA ROGUE.

### Stretcher-Bearers.

Since last writing, the re-forming of Bands has become a reality, and we feel the innovation by the loss to us of some six or seven of our pals, who have left us to come under the wing once more of that man from Gloster! It has been suggested that the latter has not lost that oft maligned but gently uplifting art of moaning, but that may be hearsay. *Apropos*, we wish them a really good time, and hope their visions come true. The loss of these men means there will be an influx of new blood to the Stretcher-Bearers, and to those who through mis-management arrive here, we wish them more casualties, heavier stretchers, and to remember as "Von Gaines" would say, that No. 6 in Thomas Splint technique is—Dress the Wound.

Enough—" 'Tis not so sweet now," as the bishop said to the actress. Best of luck to those who deserted us (dirty dogs!) and also to those whom we remember at the Depot. Can you hear me, Hurley

JACK OF ALL TRADES.

### "A" Company.

This is our first attempt at *Dragon* notes since returning to England. We have now settled down

and are quite happy under our new Company Commander. Most of these notes have been compiled by the platoons themselves.

We must congratulate here the N.C.O.'s who have been promoted to a higher rank, in addition to those privates who have received their first stripes.

#### No. 7 PLATOON.

Leave has started—a very important event to us—and we have seen some of the lucky ones go (and arrive back). The question on everyone's lips is: "When is it my turn?" The Sergeant-Major's answer is: "I don't know."

Our Sergeant (Jack Shelton) has just returned from his leave and has started to polish up "Shiny Seven," helped, of course, by Cpl. "Uppy" Downes, who knows his Bren gun inside out. Believe me, we are beginning to dream of Bren guns—we are such good learners (sometimes).

The last few weeks have been busy ones for us. Having lost our old Platoon Commander, who has gone to Company H.Q. as Second-in-Command, we have been compensated with a new one. We have also had a spell out in the wilds of England, where good experience of field training was had. The stay out there was worth it when we got praise from higher up. As for digging, we think they will have to re-map England! We are now glad to be back in our original billets, where we are undergoing serious training.

The company has started a bit of a cup-tie between platoons and we were drawn against No. 8 Platoon, but to our disgust we had to play them after a manœuvre and could only field a scratch team. We were beaten after a hard struggle during which we were handicapped by lack of football kit. The outstanding players were L/Cpl. "Charlie" Durban, 2/Lieut. C— (yes, our Platoon Commander) and Pte. Low (Arsenal scouts, please note!). Still, we wish No. 8 Platoon all the luck in their forthcoming battle with No. 9 Platoon—they need it!

What happens to our Sergeant's watch? Why does it always lose during the night

#### No. 8 PLATOON.

The early mornings certainly seem brighter now that Bung Wheatley brings in our tea whilst we are still in bed. We are pleased to welcome Cpl. Tofts back from a course. He seems to know more now than he did before he went.

What a shock we had when on being asked for volunteers for the Merchant Service, nearly all the old soldiers suddenly decided that they wanted to become seafarers—it could not have been the memory of their last sea journey!

The burning question of the hour is which will come first—the Nazis or leave?—the latter being a distant and quite unknown heaven where, no doubt, greatcoats may be worn or carried—at any rate, the C.Q.M.S. should know all about this.

#### No. 9 PLATOON.

In answer to Captain W—'s note which appeared in the last issue of *The Dragon*, we must point out that we were the cause of "Canterbury Duck" being returned to the —th Battalion, but had nothing to do with its

journey up to the —th Battalion. Trusting that "Duck" is back home safely with the —th and is being taught not to follow the "Janker Boys" about the country. Good luck to all at "C" Company, —th Battalion.

BONNIE SCOTSMAN.

#### "B" Company.

"Somewhere in England," such is our present address. Yet not too long ago it was "Somewhere in France." Such is the movement of modern warfare. The last time I took this job on everything was quiet, and then, all of a sudden, up went the "Balloon." What happened then has been published and photographed in quite a various number of ways, but sufficient to say many changes have taken place. Old faces have joined us and quite a number of new ones have since helped to swell the ranks, coming from all walks of life—from schoolmasters to farm labourers, and now "Somewhere in Lincolnshire" we have settled down to our job once more. Among us are quite a number of personalities, such as Press, the clown, and Bull, who has earned the name of "Horizontal Joe," but not quite in the same way as a well-known boxer. You don't have to hit him to send him to sleep—it's natural in his case. The Corporal Mechanic is busy looking for someone to help him to complete a "Green Form," but so far seems very undecided. Who is it to be, Lofty? Ginger of Pinchbeck, Anne of you know, Minnie of the Northern, or who? Anyway, hurry up and make your mind up so as some of the others can get a chance. Many friends have been made by us all. Our C.S.M. seems to have a passion for an "Angle" and was getting on quite well till an Irishman came out of the blue with the photograph of two A.T.S. By the way, Steve, has Margaret seen them? A gent who owns a garage got interested in the snap and passes his spare time practising the art of how to salute correctly, but our C.S.M. wants to go one better by borrowing a policeman's "bell tent" as a disguise, but his Quarter Bloke is always handy to keep him in order. He hopes!

At the moment, "A" Company and ourselves are having a sort of friendly competition to see who can make the best alteration of the local landscape. So far, we seem to be winning, and in our spare time we get in a few night schemes in which the art of crawling along ditches is now almost perfect. The local L.D.V.'s also come along for instruction into the mysteries of the L.M.G., A.T. rifle, etc., and are certainly good pupils. Ask Ben, he has been with them.

The leave period is now in full swing and it is amazing the number of various excuses that turn up for an early leave. But at the moment Gilchrist and Fitt put up the best one. Both have only just rejoined the company from seven and fourteen days' leave respectively and enquired when they were going to get their 48 hours' leave as ex-B.E.F. men. There is a saying "Nothing ventured, nothing gained," but I guess the joke's on them at the moment. Our Charlie Bailey has got his old worry again—his namesake has returned to the fold and as usual, being different to anybody else, brought a Ross rifle along with him. Pte. Beck, who was wounded, also rejoined us, got seven days' leave, decided he had seen enough of us and the digging we were doing, and promptly transferred himself to the I.T.C.

We of the old company are glad to hear that Captain F. C. Crozier is well on the road to recovery and that Lieut. R. E. Page is once more back in harness. Pte.

Kean, one of our old company cooks, we have just heard, is a prisoner of war. Many others we are trying to trace—George Saunders, Sgt. McKay, Sgt. Spiking, Sgt. French—just to mention a few of them. Cpl. Sayers recently wrote and said he was getting on quite well, and Cpl. Trim, his pal, promptly paid "Carrie" a visit and drank his health. He, by the way, has a Vickers to play with and is in his element initiating youngsters into the art of how it should be used. Sgt. Stiff, L/Cpl. R. Clark and L/Cpl. Blackwell have just completed a Regimental Drill Course and are bursting with information and intelligence, but a bad start was made by one of them who found on arriving at Company H.Q. that he had the wrong rifle. I think the next course he should have should be the "Recruit Initial How," it's quite easy to learn.

This, I think, is about my limit for this month. So far I have managed to avoid any form of "own back" and still live.

HOPEFUL.

#### NO. 11 PLATOON.

The platoon, now well-entrenched in the wilds of the East coast, and more than ever used to pick and shovel work, is well over strength, and contains a good mixture of those who have seen service overseas, and also the more lately enlisted chaps from the Depot.

Our worthy Sergeant, "Tommy" Atkinson, now acting as Platoon Commander, has succeeded in getting the platoon to pull together as one man, and smiles are well in evidence, despite the inevitable grouches about food, leave and work. That is, the absence of the first two items, and the overabundance of the latter.

Most of our training so far has consisted of "ditch crawls," in pursuit of imaginary parachutists, but so far the only "enemy" captured have been horses and chicken. Imagine the horror of one section when they discovered that the ditch containing 2 ft. of mud and water, through which they were crawling, was in reality a sewer.

Letters and parcels are well in evidence, some with weird and wonderful contents. One of the gang recently received a quantity of paper bearing the strange word "Bronco." Possibly a kind parent's reaction when told about the amount of fruit pies and bottles of "pop" that is now bought.

We have with us those cheery N.C.O.'s, Cpl. Adcock and L/Cpl. Collins, who wake us every morning with their melodious songs.

Things are more than quiet here and the "local" is far enough away for the convenience of a chap who has drunk well, if not wisely. I will end these notes with the reflection that apart from our work, the war seems incredibly far away from these peaceful and lonely villages.

J.H.M.

#### "C" Company.

Never tell me that writing for a living is easy. The monthly request for *Dragon* notes fills me with dismay and I always leave it until the last moment.

After our holiday by the sea, of which I told you in last month's notes, the company enjoyed three weeks amongst the flesh-pots of civilisation, or very near there at any rate. The nearby "city" even had a cinema.

On arrival there, Jessie found himself a new hobby—astronomy. At least, we took it as that. All his

conversation, thoughts and spare time seemed to be taken up by a particular "star" which exercised a very strong pull on him. Whilst he was on leave, however, Tubby Wraight and Alf also took up the hobby, but to no avail, their telescopes apparently being neither sufficiently long or powerful to establish contact with the desired "star."

Had I the pen of a Walter Winchell, what stories I might tell.

Mac and Cocker acquired an interest in a nearby tea-room. It was intended to re-name it "Jock's Cafe", but we left (fortunately) before Mac became an actual partner in the concern. Perhaps Mac can now tell us how one can be a "married-bachelor."

Chick Butler also took a fancy to the tea-room and made some headway—having buns reserved for him daily irrespective of the call for them by others. The acquisition of a third stripe and his removal to Battalion Headquarters as an instructor rather hindered him, but a further visit may see him second favourite again.

New stripes became the order of the day, Chick Butler buying no less than two sets, Pop Miles and Blondie Keam availing themselves of the offer to have them sewn on. Congratulations to them all, not forgetting Tich Heyward, Bob Arnett and Tubby Wraight. Hurst, Bowtle, Davidson, Packman, Wally Brown, Dale, House and Payton are also on the up-grade; in fact we seem to be all N.C.O.'s nowadays. On the other hand, Jonah (that pillar of the Territorial Army) found the cares of office too onerous and joined the common herd.

Visitors were allowed during one period and amongst those present, as the Society notes would say, was Mrs. Brown, appropriately enough a member of the League of Health and Beauty. During her stay, however, a regrettable incident occurred, which almost stopped the war, the worthy Lieutenant being far from the rendezvous appointed at an early hour of a certain morning. Extenuating circumstances was pleaded and accepted.

Jimmy Maskell appears to have become interested in juvenile education, being at all times surrounded by a group of young maidens, apparently from the kindergarten.

Tubby Wraight displayed a keen desire to instruct the local members of the Home Guard on every available occasion. Could his interest, we wonder, have been termed purely altruistic?

More and yet more reinforcements continue to join us and are now basking in the sun on the beaches to which we have returned. Strangely enough, Jesse finds a considerable number of matters requiring his personal attention at the last station, but we believe the attraction now centres around a fried fish shop.

MacDonald joined the company from "D" Company, but has left us after but a short time for a life on the ocean wave and a possible closer acquaintance with the German Air Force.

Our S.B.'s, Mickey Mitchell and Slim Richardson, have departed for the I.T.C., Lasslett and Smith having replaced them. Mick and Slim, we are given to understand, are to man instruments of torture designed to discourage anyone attacking Kent.

Tich Crew no longer has a car with which to impress his many girl friends. Benzie is now the chauffeur.

COCKER.



AFTER a lapse of a good many years I sit once again before a blank sheet of paper scratching a head which is devoid of ideas. Often in the past I found myself so placed, but I could always resort to personalities which now, alas! are taboo.

It can be said, however, that we were honoured during the month by a visit from

the Colonel of the Regiment, accompanied by a Canadian officer who had been on manoeuvres with the Regiment way back in 1910 when the late Sir Henry Pellatt brought our Allied Dominion Regiment over to England.

After lunch the Band played outside the Officers' Mess, reviving some of the atmosphere of days when entertaining was easier and more frequent.

Another recent and most welcome visitor was Brigadier-General Macdouall, who dined with us and afterwards braved the rigours of an unusually chilly evening for August to listen to the Band out of doors.

On August Bank Holiday, the I.T.C. played an Irish Regiment on the County Ground; a full report of this game and other matches appears elsewhere. It was an enjoyable afternoon, perfect weather and an absence of the "wail of the cow" was greatly appreciated by a crowd which appeared thoroughly to enjoy cricket of a much lower standard than the thousands would have watched had it been a normal Bank Holiday. Our Band and the Pipers of the visitors did much to introduce a festive air to the proceedings.

There have been other cricket matches and our eleven has acquitted itself well.

Otherwise work is the order of the day and, indeed, of the night sometimes.

Officers and other ranks come and go. We were glad to see Major D— once again, now fully recovered from his wounds, and also Captain J—, who has returned to the Regiment and taken over the duties of Adjutant.

#### Cricket.

On Saturday, July 27th we played the St. Lawrence Club on the County Ground and were defeated by 44 runs. The St. Lawrence Club won the toss and took

first knock. A dour innings by W. Dutnall lasting nearly two hours saved them from complete collapse and they eventually declared at 110 for 9 wickets after Cpl. Seymour had done the hat-trick. We put up a poor performance and were outed for a mere 66. For the St. Lawrence, J. S. Brett bowled very well, taking 5 wickets for 12 runs in 10 overs.

St. Lawrence.		The Buffs.	
W. Dutnall, not out ...	64	Sgt. Moore, run out ...	2
R. E. Cole, b B.M. Foster ...	4	S. G. Robinson, c Reed, b Brett ...	0
R. Mayes, b B.M. Foster ...	6	Cpl. Abinett, lbw, b Brett ...	0
O. Goldsmith, c Cpl. Wilson, b S. G. Robinson ...	2	T. Bruce, c Finn, b Dutnall ...	34
G. A. Simpson, st Sgt. Moore, b T. Bruce ...	24	B.M. Foster, c Rafferty, b Brett ...	11
F. Finn, c Sgt. Moore, b B.M. Foster ...	2	Powell Cotton, c Simpson, b Dutnall ...	0
B. Rafferty, st Sgt. Seymour, b T. Bruce ...	0	S.M. Wilson, c Lowe, b Brett ...	6
A. Phillips, b Sgt. Seymour ...	0	Cpl. Bignell, c Finn, b Reed ...	5
G.M. Hamilton, st Sgt. Moore, b Cpl. Seymour ...	0	Pte. Addie, b Brett ...	3
T. Lowe, b Cpl. Seymour ...	0	Pte. Kerr, c Brett, b Reed ...	0
J. S. Brett } Did not bat		Cpl. Seymour, c Mayes, b Reed ...	0
H. F. Reed } Did not bat			
Extras ...	3	Extras ...	5
Total (9 wkts. dec.) ...	110	Total ...	66

On Sunday, July 28th, the Officers and Warrant Officers played The Rest on the Depot Ground. Alas! the Officers completely misjudged their declaration and suffered a severe defeat!

Officers and Warrant Officers.		The Rest.	
E. G. Cox, c Sgt. Beck, b Sgt. Warre Dymond ...	0	Sgt. Moore, c J. F. Connolly, b Welsh ...	36
M. Mathew, b Pte. Van Ammel ...	0	L/Cpl. Cook, b E. V. Argles ...	13
T. Bruce, c and b Sgt. Warre Dymond ...	40	Pte. Van Ammel, retired ...	63
E. V. Argles, not out ...	41	Sgt. Copley, retired ...	22
J. F. Connolly, not out ...	29	Pte. Scott, c J. F. Connolly, b S.M. Wilson ...	0
C. Powell Cotton } Did not bat		Sgt. Beck, not out ...	20
— Welsh } Did not bat		Pte. Rowlands, b E. G. Cox ...	20
C.S.M. Bridgeman } Did not bat		L/Cpl. Hyatt, st C.S.M. Bridgeman, b E. G. Cox ...	4
S.M. Wilson } Did not bat		Pte. Rhodes } Did not bat	
C.S.M. Southwell } Did not bat		L/Cpl. King } Did not bat	
		Sgt. Warre Dymond } Did not bat	
Extras ...	1	Extras ...	10
Total (4 wkts. dec.) ...	111	Total (5 wkts.) ...	184

On Sunday, August 4th, under a blazing sun, we played our third match with our friends the — Fusiliers on the Depot Ground and won by 5 wickets. We lost the toss, but our steady bowling kept the Fusiliers very quiet and we had them all out by tea-time for 77. Pte. White, a new find, bowled very well and secured 5 wickets for 15 in 9 overs.

After tea we found runs difficult to get, but passed our opponents' score for the loss of 5 wickets, and finished up with 121 for 9. Pte. Van Ammel and Sgt. Moore contributed 27 and 22 respectively.

On Monday, August 5th (Bank Holiday that should have been) we played the London Irish Rifles on the St. Lawrence Ground. Our Band, under B.M. Salmon, played during the afternoon seated beneath the same tree as on all previous Bank Holidays. Thanks to Mr. Reed (local Secretary of the St. Lawrence Cricket Club) advertising the match in the local paper beforehand, we had a good crowd of spectators, approaching 400 by mid-afternoon. The London Irish Pipes played during the tea interval in front of the pavilion, and the crowd gave them a great welcome.

Now turning to the cricket, we won the toss and went in to bat on a perfect wicket. We had a great shock when our board read 63 : 7 : 3. Some good fast bowling by Lt. Holding had skittled out our leading batsmen. We were saved by Pte. White, who hit with great success and scored a very brisk 42. Our final score reached 115. For the London Irish, Lt. Holding and Cpl. Wallace bowled well, securing 5 wickets for 27 and 5 wickets for 29 respectively. The London Irish could do very little against our accurate bowling and were out for 63, leaving us triumphant by 52 runs. Our hero was again Pte. White, who took 6 wickets for 31 runs, including the hat-trick; Sgt. Seymour taking 3 for 15.

We much appreciated the kindness of the Kent County Cricket Club in giving us the free use of their ground.

<i>The Buffs.</i>		<i>Royal Irish Rifles.</i>	
Sgt. Moore, c wkt., b Lt. Holding	8	Cpl. Wallace, b Pte. White	4
L/pl. Muse, c & b Lt. Holding	13	Sgt. Sainsbury, b Sgt. Seymour	14
Pte. Van Ammel, c and b Lt. Holding	0	Rft. Chaplin, c B.M. Foster, b I./Cpl. Muse	0
T. Bruce, b Cpl. Wallace	15	Lt. Murphy, c L/Cpl. Muse, b Pte. White	11
B.M. Foster, c wkt., b Lt. Holding	0	Lt. Holding, c T. Bruce, b Sgt. Copley, b Lt. Holding	19
Sgt. Copley, b Lt. Holding	17	Sgt. Seymour	0
Pte. White, c & b Cpl. Wallace	42	Rft. Wright, b Pte. White	0
E. V. Argles, b Cpl. Wallace	3	Rft. Riley, b Pte. White	0
S. J. F. Maiden, c and b Cpl. Wallace	6	Rft. Lenalian, lbw, b Sgt. Seymour	0
Sgt. Beck, b Cpl. Wallace	4	Rft. I. L. Haney, b Pte. White	12
Sgt. Seymour, not out	1	Rft. Fowler, not out	1
Extras	6	Rft. Stone, st Sgt. Moore, b Pte. White	1
Total	115	Extras	1
		Total	63

THE BUFFS v ASHFORD.

On Sunday, August 11th, we went to Ashford and played a 12-a-side match, winning by 117 runs. The Buffs won the toss and by tea-time had scored 230 runs in 1½ hours for the loss of 3 wickets. This was chiefly due to a stand for the third wicket by Pte. Van Ammel and T. Bruce which realised 167. Pte. Van Ammel hit very hard all round the wicket, and his century included two sixes and 20 fours. Ashford fared badly against the very accurate bowling of Pte. White, who bowled throughout the innings, taking 7 wickets for 36 runs. Sgt. Seymour (4 for 22) did the hat trick for the second time this season, thus enabling us to win in the last over.

<i>The Buffs.</i>		<i>Ashford.</i>	
L/Cpl. Muse, b Hamilton	26	G. Barnes, b White	19
Pte. Cook, c Baker, b Brown	7	Sgt. Willett, not out	68
Pte. Van Ammel, st Baker, b White	121	L. White, b White	1
T. Bruce, not out	73	W. C. Blacklocks, b White	0
E. V. Argles	1	J. Baker, b White	4
Lt. Cox	1	C. Brown, b White	1
Sgt. Seymour	1	I. M. Hamilton, c Van Ammel, b White	1
Pte. Tilbrook	1	W. Wood, c Muse, b White	1
Pte. White	1	Capt. Hudson, c Cook, b Seymour	4
Pte. Taylor	1	P. Hickman, b Seymour	0
Pte. Franklin	1	T. W. Forsythe, b Seymour	0
Pte. Cox	1	J. Forsythe, b Seymour	0
Extras	3	Extras	14
Total (3 wickets dec.)	230	Total	113

THE BUFFS v HIGHLAND COURT.

On Sunday, August 25th, we played Highland Court on the St. Lawrence Ground and were badly beaten by 7 wickets. We won the toss, but chiefly owing to bad batting, we were dismissed for a mere 77, only C. W. Astell, who batted very well, putting up

any resistance. Our opponents at first found runs difficult to get against very steady bowling by L/Cpl. Muse and L/Cpl. White. But after tea the runs came much quicker and we spent a good evening's leather hunting!

<i>The Buffs.</i>		<i>Highland Court.</i>	
C. W. Astell, c Sudworth, b Shaxted	41	R. E. Cole, b Seymour	13
L/Cpl. Cook, b Stickells	11	R. F. G. Hews, lbw, b White	25
Pte. Van Ammel, c Cole, b Stickells	3	G. F. Osbourn, b Astell	14
T. Bruce, b Wallis	11	A. Shaxted, lbw, b Van Ammel	27
L/Cpl. White, b Wallis	0	W. Duttall, c Bruce, b Van Ammel	68
L/Cpl. Muse, c Stickells, b Wallis	2	Greenstreet, not out	8
L/Cpl. Wilson, c Hews, b Shaxted	0	H. Sudworth, not out	7
E. V. Argles, b Shaxted	0		
Pte. Whiley, lbw, b Shaxted	2		
Sgt. Roberts, not out	2		
Sgt. Seymour, b Wallace	0		
Extras	5	Extras	12
Total	77	Total (5 wickets)	174

BOWLING.—Shaxted 4 for 46, Wallis 4 for 18, Stickells 2 for 8.

BOWLING. Van Ammel 2 for 16c.

Cricket.

On Sunday, August 18th, we played our home match with the R.W.K.'s. The start was unavoidably delayed till a quarter to four, but in spite of this we had a most exciting game, the winning hit being made off the last ball of the last over.

The R.W.K.'s won the toss and put us in. Against some steady bowling and brilliant fielding we only collected 136 for 8 wickets before Captain Argles declared.

After tea the R.W.K.'s started their innings at 6.15 p.m. and had an hour-and-three-quarters to score the runs. Scott and Levett both batted very well and put on 71 for the fourth wicket. The light got very bad towards the finish, but unfortunately the batsmen saw the ball very much better than the fieldsmen.

Our special thanks are due to the Kent C.C.C. for allowing us to play on the St. Lawrence Ground and for entertaining both teams at tea.

Incidentally this match was the first Sunday game ever played on the St. Lawrence Ground in the 98 years of its existence.

<i>The Buffs.</i>		<i>R.W.K.'s.</i>	
L/Cpl. Cook, c Levett, b Asken	15	C.S.M. Johnson, lbw, b Muse	6
Pte. Stephens, b Scott	7	L/Cpl. Granger, b Muse	26
Pte. Van Ammel, b Kettle	34	Pte. Murray Wood, c Day, b White	1
T. Bruce, c Scott, b Kettle	6	— Scott, c Day, b Muse	55
L/Cpl. Muse, lbw, b Asken	8	— Levett, b White	18
J. F. Connolly, not out	23	— Crook, not out	18
Pte. White, b Murray Wood	31	Pte. Newton Thompson, not out	9
Sgt. Copley, c Miles, b Johnson	1	Pte. Asken	1
Pte. Tillbrooke, c Levett, b Murray Wood	8	Pte. Kettle	1
Pte. Day	1	L/Cpl. Miles	1
E. V. Argles	1		
Extras	3	Extras	7
Total (8 wickets dec.)	136	Total (5 wickets)	140

“A” Company.

We regret that inadvertently our notes of last month did not find their way to the Editorial Office. Consequently the change in the command of the company was not recorded. Let it now be said that Captain A— handed over the reins to Captain W—. There have been other changes among the officers of the company, courses claiming some temporarily while others have been transferred to different places. One who has left the company has become M.F.H. of a formation which would have appealed to Surtees; his object is the chase of a peculiarly unpleasant type of vermin. May he and his followers have good hunting.

Leave in small doses has re-appeared and the shock of this revival proved too much for one of the favoured few, who had to receive first-aid before he could be handed his railway ticket.

In sport the company has done well. No. 1 Platoon, ably trained by Sgt. Bunclark, has an unbeaten soccer record. Congratulations to them.

Pte. Johnson, the company's best shot, has joined the above-mentioned nimrods, where his aim should be useful.

L/Cpl. Muse and Pte. Van Ammel have represented the I.T.C. at cricket regularly and the latter has two particularly good scores to his credit—131 versus Ashford and 66 (retired) for The Rest against the Officers and W.O.'s.

We feel obliged to record a minor incident which brought a much-needed touch of romance into our monastic lives. The company's laundry returned the other day containing a pair of ladies' silk stockings. We have not yet traced the owner of this sentimental souvenir, much less the original wearer, but we are still on the look-out.

If we have not mentioned work done, please blame the prime cause of that labour and accept our statement that life is pretty strenuous.

P.T.O.

### "B" Company.

Since my last and rather mournful notes on our company's activities there has been quite a bit of movement, the reasons being, I think, that first and foremost our leave has been resumed, which once more brings out the smiling faces, and secondly, the air-raids. It would, I think, fill a book to relate the experiences seen and heard the other afternoon when the bombs were heard. It's amazing how quick one moves; even our cripples came very near to beating the 100 yards sprint.

There have been several promotions this month—Cpls. Wimple, Mileham and Everett have been made up Lance-Sergeants. Also we now have some more of the "lowest form of Army life," *i.e.*, Recruit Lance-Corporals Unpaid who have just been made up. We must congratulate these on their very smart drill, which is done in the grey light of dawn under the very watchful and eagle eyes of our Sergeant-Major prior to their starting on a Cadre Course.

There were some very funny and wierd answers given last week when the company had a series of "Post-card" hours, including one of our bright lads who was asked to describe one of our officers and answered, "Oliver Hardy." Another one was shewn a grenade and after being asked what it was, called it a 3-inch Mortar!

We fared very badly against "A" Company at cricket, and after watching our C.S.M.'s masterful handling of the team before starting, everyone, I think, was quite confident of another win.

We were sorry to lose two of our "old timers," *i.e.*, Cpl. Croxson to "I" Company and Cpl. Sherman to a special task platoon, but we have one consolation, and that is we still have one left even though he has lost his horse.

Sport, etc., so far this month has been rather upset by the sirens. The company enjoyed a day in the country recently, finishing off our defence positions, even though we had to march there and back; also a

day and night at the seaside, in which we are told that "The Sportsman" did a roaring trade, even though it was the day before pay-day.

In spite of all the sarcasm and personal remarks which have been rained upon me recently, I'll still conclude as before.

Saxophonically yours,  
D.J.E.

### "I" Company.

Since the last notes were written we have had several changes and departures, including the former Scribe for "I" Company until July last—we must not say where lest our worthy Editor have cause to quote the same reference as that which appeared after "I" Company's notes last month!

The company has been indulging in route marches of varying intensity during the month, until we reached the dizzy heights of cooking and eating our own food during the last one. This useful experience was enjoyed by all, and the present scribe is witness that the officers also duly cooked and ate their food. It is to be hoped that *when* the men of the company go on leave they will now be able to show their wives just how to get their dinner cooked rightly!

As regards our sporting activities, we duly held the Inter-Platoon Rounders and Cricket Competitions mentioned in the last issue of *The Dragon* and the rounders was won by No. 3 Platoon and the cricket by No. 6 Platoon. These competitions aroused much interest and it is hoped that matches between the winners and the rest of the company will be held at an early date.

While we are on the subject of cricket, we have to record that the company played the Old Park Cricket Club on August 11th and won by 37 runs. On the 17th a handsome victory was scored against "B" Company on the Depot Ground, and we hope to arrange a game with "A" Company very shortly.

Our energetic C.S.M. has had two deck tennis courts marked out, so we have yet another sporting interest. Mention of our C.S.M. leads on to other "sporting" items, but of a different kind, which have been a great success, as we have had two "Housey Housey" sittings and a whist drive at which some excellent prizes were won. In addition, as a result of the money obtained at the latter events, we have already been able to hand Major Peareth about £5 for The Buffs Prisoners of War Fund. This is a very deserving fund and we hope other companies will do their best to beat our total, for it is surprising how the small amounts add up in the end.

### "R" Company

Yet another month has passed and the company remains intact in spirit in spite of the few persons who fell by the wayside and went into the Special Task Platoon and Cooking Units. We hope that should it be our fortune to meet the latter again, they will be very well versed in an art which does not seem to shine in this Army of ours.

For one whole week we had the excitement of the open ranges. The company went down in two halves, each half having two days to fire the necessary practices. We were all keen to get there and in truth it must be added that this keenness was not so much due to the desire to improve our varied marksmanship, but to attractions of a much more exciting kind. Our hopes were well justified.

A cablegram during the month informed us that our late Company Commander (Major G—) had arrived safely at his destination overseas. Rumour told us that he had succumbed to either bombs, mines or torpedoes, but in our hearts we knew that it would take more than one of these small incidents to upset Major G—.

At the moment of writing these notes, half the company has tried its hand at cooking its own dinners under active service conditions. We had a very instructive lecture from S/Sgt. Chambers on the previous day, and after secreting abridged copies of Mrs. Beeton's renowned cookery book in our battle dress blouses, set off in high hope. After a short march with hunger gnawing at our vitals, we bivouacked in a small wood and work began. Dense volumes of smoke and watery eyes were our first reward. For once, eye-shields were adjusted without necessary orders, mess-tins were caked with mud on the outside in the approved style—some of us coated the inside too, or so it seemed from the resulting stew. Since we only had ourselves to blame for any failure in the cooking, we ate our handiwork, grinned sheepishly and said how good it was, and counted the minutes till our next meal!

Despite the siren and the weather, we were fortunate in running off a very successful company sports meeting on the 8th of last month. We were all very hopeful and keen to find hidden talent amongst the entrants and we were certainly not disappointed, although as yet the results of our search are very hush-hush. We should like to say that the mile, long jump and tug-of-war are our show-pieces and we are quite prepared to tackle any friendly (?) Depot Company at these events. Fortunately for the success of the meeting, the arrangements were in the capable hands of the P.T. Staff. So in spite of the large number of competitors there was no confusion. The most amusing event was undoubtedly the Staff Race, which was won by the C.S.M., who had evidently appreciated the situation well in advance. The company was delighted to see that the C.O. found time not only to present the prizes but to watch most of the races. Our thanks are due to Bandmaster Salmon and the Band for cheering us with some very entertaining music.

### “S” Company.

After a lay-off for re-organisation, we have a few notes of the company in general.

First, we have an addition—a special task platoon commanded by 2/Lieut. S—. They heralded their entrance by trouncing the M.T. at football, and if they will only go for their objectives as they did for the drivers of our cars, then the Boche will do well to stay at home. Their he-man tactics are really grand to watch and they left the field of battle covered in gore and glory, ready for future teams to conquer.

The Signals, having lost one of their best squads to date by transfer, challenged the M.T. to cricket, and they wielded the willow in no uncertain manner to dismiss the M.T. for a small score. Certain tricks assisted in the victory, one being the unerring accuracy of bowler Pearch (would he let us know for sure whether it was the goods or gods?).

The Signals must certainly be handed the palm for the very fine result of the last squad in their classification as second year Signallers, the average being 99.75%. Look-out, Sigs. 8, and “Go to it!”.

We welcome to the company two members of the B.E.F. of whom we have heard so much, in the persons

of L/Cpl. Curran as H.Q. Driver and Bdmn. Richardson as Storeman. To them we give a hearty welcome—and leave when possible. We also extend a welcome to those who have now settled down as the special task platoon and hope they will enjoy our company.

The whole company will no doubt congratulate Pte. M. Sheppard on his engagement and hope that no mistakes are made with the dates. (Don't forget the worry for poor old Dad!) Kipling stated that spring was the mating time, but it appears that even great writers can make mistakes, judging by the numbers that have, or are in the near future taking partners for life.

Sgt. Willoughby is getting the pangs of love greater than ever, so don't be surprised if we acquaint you of his marriage before the engagement as things are moving really fast in more ways than one, but our Secret Service is not quite sure of the line of resistance.

To Cpl. and Mrs. Payne we offer our congratulations on the birth of a daughter, and hope that Poppa does not have sleepless nights. No doubt his experiences in the M.T. with sparking plugs and misfires will stand him in good stead.

Owing to no notes last month, we were unable to congratulate Cpl. Stutely on his marriage, so we now hand him the best of wishes, hoping that he may never have cause to regret it.

THE JUNKMAN.

The marriage took place on Saturday, August 24th, at St. Thomas's Church, Canterbury, between Sgt. G. Faulkner and Vol. E. Knought. Unfortunately the Signals were prevented from turning up to form an archway of flags owing to Hitler's nasty games. The bride wore ivory embossed taffeta and the bridegroom was in uniform. C.S.M. Trice gave the bride away and C.Q.M.S. Kennedy acted as best man. After the ceremony the reception was held at the Cathedral Tea Rooms and a number of friends braved the alarm signal to be present, but unfortunately it did prevent a number from turning up. After the reception the happy couple left for their honeymoon on the Isle of Sheppey. I am sure I express all the company's feelings as well as my own in wishing them all the best that life may have in store.

Oh, what a glorious thing to be  
A Driver in The Buffs M.T.,  
To stand to all night and work all day  
Under command of Sgt. Kelsey.

We have a certain N.C.O.  
Whose name is known as Bam-bin-O  
When everyone is in a tear  
He's the only one who keeps his hair.

A glorious sight, but hard to believe,  
Is one's name appearing for a shot of leave,  
But we are Specialist, don't you see,  
So such a thing could never be.

A spectacle merry it is to see  
Crasher Trice of The Buffs M.T.  
Driving around without a care,  
It's as much as any D.I. can bear.

Our M.T. Sergeant has a bus;  
In the morning what a fuss,  
He arrives at Lydden only to find  
He's left the starting handle behind.

## A Battalion Somewhere

"SILENT wheels!" said Major Robin in Mess one evening, "Silent wheels, that's the solution. Think of it. Whole battalions on silent wheels, creeping up on the unsuspecting enemy. One ten-seater to each section. Surprise! Grind the asterisks to powder." And oddly enough, we have, as a battalion, taken to silent wheels, though only for our own convenience. Major Rabbit is usually of the rather sedate school of cycling and so is the Adjutant, though he occasionally goes gay and pulls young Peter behind him in a rather rare form of aeroplane which has four wheels and pedals. Major Robin himself travels about at enormous speed, encouraging other cyclists as he passes them with great cries of "Wet!" and "Good lord, man, don't take all day." Those others who are condemned to ride the fearsome green Government bicycles now realise why so many Oldest Inhabitants throughout this country cannot make their knees touch by some two feet-six, and why they give a little sigh as they sit down. Captain W—, the fearsome, finds cycles a most touchy subject. With some skill, he managed to collect and adopt several cycles at our last station for the use of his company, who, it may be remarked, have an aptitude for this type of collection. But, alas! other people can play the same game, and some half-dozen of these treasured machines are missing. Of course, not all of us are expert on cycles yet, and Captain Rupert recently had an unfortunate mishap, after which he found that he had considerably more than the regulation number of holes in his trousers. Same also had the misfortune to fall off his machine and graze his face and suffer with concussion. Still, his accident was worth it in the end, as he got three days' sick leave to console him for having spent two days in bed.

As a result of these performances, there is sure to be a keenly interested crowd to watch officers undergoing a course of instruction in motor-cycling. We feel that the M.T. repair shop will be kept working at full pressure for some time, and we hope that the I.T.C. will be able to supply replacements as our intrepid riders go on sick leave.

There is one constant source of joy to all who live in the Mess. We have the telephone in the hall in about the most public place possible. As one enters the Mess it is not unusual to hear a voice saying: "Well, three dozen, please, and can you send them up?" or "I feel you so close to me." Some of the conversations, which anyone who is not deaf cannot fail to hear, are most intriguing.

One of Hermann Goering's boys saw fit to disintegrate in mid-air and land in pieces near the Mess. This, of course, gave everyone an excellent chance to view the wreckage, and strictly forbid everyone else in earshot to do the same. Another German aircraft, so we hear, suddenly popped round a tree at the Adjutant, who, with great presence of mind, drew his pistol and fired at it. It crashed later. Some of us think it crashed much later.

Captain John S— continues to organise outside entertainments with the greatest skill and to the great benefit of the Prisoners of War Fund. The most original method of making money for this fund that has yet been hit upon is that in use by the Sergeants' Mess, who run a sweepstake on the probable number of enemy 'planes brought down each day. May we commend this method to other battalions, and wish them and all our readers the best of luck?

### Sergeants' Mess.

Our present Mess is established in a sixteenth century oak panelled room where Judge Jefferies, of "Bloody Assizes" fame, is reputed to have held his last court, the prisoner being taken immediately afterwards and hanged by the neck until dead from the window of what is now the R.S.M.'s office.

With such an historic background, it is no wonder that a certain air of super-refinement should affect the members of the Mess. It shows itself in various peculiar ways, as for instance: we can no longer swear for nothing. That privilege was taken from us nearly a month ago and now when an occasional b—slips out it costs the unhappy victim a halfpenny in the "Swear Box," proceeds to the Prisoners of War Fund. In the last two weeks we have collected five bob. By a complicated mathematical formula this can be worked out to 120 cuss-words, which for a dining membership of only nine is very good, or bad, indeed.

But we must confess, and with considerable shame, that one or two, or three, of our members are completely lacking in the most elementary principles of British sportsmanship. There is, for example, that Orderly Room Sergeant so often compared with the actor David Niven, to the latter's disadvantage, of course. This man has shown himself so dead to all the finer things that he will deliberately egg on his comrades with taunts and insults so that they fly into a justifiable fury and contribute lavishly to the "Swear Box." He himself remains cunningly silent, leaves the Mess, tip-toes outside and, popping his head through the window, uncorks an avalanche of oaths, which at a conservative estimate, robs the box of well over two bob an outburst.

And then there is that other member who had contributed nothing to the box. No amount of insult or abuse could move him. His restraint was admired and respected by all until one night one of our members, returning home in the small hours, thought he heard the wireless blaring full volume in the pitch dark ante-room. It was no wireless. It was the unhappy "pure of tongue" who, thinking himself alone and unobserved, was heaping the most shocking abuse on his absent comrades.



We are also interested in Nature. The R.S.M. has his tomatoes (kept under lock and key, the key in the R.S.M.'s pocket). The R.Q.M.S. has his bees. These bees fill the gap in the Quarter's life which used to be occupied by the cinema. It is a moving sight to watch him listening, wide-eyed and open-mouthed, to a lecture on the habits and activities of the Queen Bee, delivered by the local gardener. Every so often his enthusiasm breaks bounds and he exclaims: "Oh boy, what a girl!"

We are sorry that we are not allowed enough space to detail the hobbies of the other members of the Mess. Sufficient to say they are all worth while and of real importance in our present task of winning the war. And that brings us to the end, but we must add with pride that our various pursuits and social activities still leave us a few minutes on our hands each day which we have agreed, almost unanimously, should be devoted to soldiering.

### H.Q. Company.

Until recently this glorious spot of Mother England was the essence of peace. Suddenly, with startling reality it has been the scene of awe-inspiring air-battles, and the graveyard of many a German vulture. Due to the tenacity of our superb Spitfire fighters and the constant vigil of the anti-aircraft defences, little damage has been inflicted upon "our" countryside (as we like to term it). Of course, there has been the churning up of fields by crashing Messerschmitts, Junkers, Dorniers, and others, of which we are now the proud possessors of a complete set.

Even our stately pile of stone and mortar occasionally discards its dress of queenly grace and aloofness—donning in place the grim armour of a strong and valiant knight.

The most treasured wish of the company at the moment is to "bag" its own enemy 'plane. With this in mind we have a L.M.G. constantly erected on an A.A. mounting, which is in the capable hands of Sgt. C— and Cpl. B— and their No. 2's. If these two N.C.O.'s deal out their shots with the same dexterity as they get our Battalion Orders so promptly by 1200 hours daily, we shall have the complete German Air Force lying destroyed in our grounds.

And now we should like to give readers some idea of one of the recent air-battles fought around these parts. Above the low moan of the air-raid sirens could be heard the droning of many 'planes, and from our look-out post we could see, flying at roughly 12,000 ft. some 30 German 'planes steadily moving towards their objective. Then suddenly as if from nowhere came zooming up one of our famous Spitfire fighters. Regardless of his own safety, he went soaring up right through the middle of the German formation, firing his guns as he went. The Germans, now in a badly broken formation, passed over us, but were soon stopped from advancing further inland by a wave of Spitfires. Consequently there was a battle royal of which we had a grandstand seat. After some five minutes of this, our attention was drawn towards a single German 'plane streaking across the sky, hotly pursued by a Spitfire. The latter put in one short and effective burst at the German and sent him screaming earthwards in flames. Before we had had time to get over this first thrill, three more Germans appeared directly over our heads. The Spitfire had seen them and immediately came into the attack. He started on the foremost German and removed his rear gunner and tail. He then came up under him again and shot the remainder of the body away, leaving only the wings, etc., and that ended the

careers of yet another German bomber and crew. This was too much for the remaining two Germans—they just turned tail and made off, but according to the radio news bulletin the following morning they never reached home. Neither did any of their comrades who came over thinking that they could bomb "our" countryside and get away with it.

The roof of our houses provides a fine view during an air-raid, consequently a group of notabilities from the company take advantage of its unique facilities. Before closing, we are positive that it would greatly assist the welfare of these people in their *urgent* business, if we appealed to readers to send to these budding "Messer-ologists" any castaway binoculars or field glasses to help them in their observations. This would greatly help them to decide amongst themselves whether the approaching 'plane or 'planes are Hurricanes, Messerschmitts, or a Junkers 109, or just a very plain mongrel sparrow.

### M.T. Section.

This month saw the return of Lieut. M— from a Carrier Course and looking very full of knowledge. I believe he was disappointed to find that there were no Carriers here. Don't worry, I am in touch with the Minister of Supplies right now.

We also welcome back Pte. Seven from a course, which he says was real hard work. Shall we believe him, chums? We hear, however, that you did well, Seven, old chap, so jolly good luck to you, lad!

Congratulations to Ptes. Moody and Seven on accepting a "dog leg." We hope you both do well, lads! Once they start coming you can't stop 'em, you know.

Young Purdie has left us for a while to improve his knowledge. We all hope he does well and comes back with a good report.

Sport for us this month hasn't been a great deal, and apart from a couple of the boys playing football there isn't anything worth mentioning. Still, I suppose we *could* beat the Signals any time. What ho, Charles! Oh! I almost forgot that M.T. Sergeant of ours again. He's taken up shooting, or at least, he's having a Blitz— (what you call it) with all the poor animals around here, and even the poor rats who have really been here longer than he has haven't got much longer to live. Seen any more foxes, Mate?

All are anxiously awaiting the return of Dicky from leave. He's "been and gorn and done it." Congrats! Dicky, my lad. Give 'em some tips, but no dirty ones, mind.

Talking of leave, "Young Plum" (sorry, Sir) has recently returned from leave. We heard you almost forgot to come back, Sir! However, cheer up. I haven't had mine yet.

I notice the office twins keep glancing anxiously at the calendar. It's awful when you have to rely on that bloke Hitler for your leave. Never mind, there's always the old Dorking Pass, isn't there, Gilby?

Our Smudger has almost finished swinging it with the M.O. and the daily talks to that gentleman get shorter every day now. By the way, Smudge. What's that black garment hanging up behind your bed? Everyone keeps asking me and Kenneth won't talk, or will he?

Well, lads, time is getting short, so I must break it up. Our kind regards go to the lads of the M.T. in our other battalions, and we hope they are all doing well.

**"A" Company.**

As our Company Commander, Captain T—, has gone on a course, we are all very pleased to welcome Captain B— to our company. Our Second-in-Command, Lieut. B—, is in his usual good spirits, and he still takes things quite calmly (we hope).

We all wish to thank Mrs. Mott for the most excellent dance that she organised for our company. A most enjoyable evening was spent by everyone who was present. Our M.O. can verify this, but it is a mystery how he managed to find "A" Company's telephone in the dark.

Our C.S.M. still works very hard, but his complexion is marvellous since he has been out in the open air a lot—we did not know whether he had been using Suntan lotion.

We wish to congratulate L/Cpls Wraight and J. Standing on their promotions to Cpl.; also Cpl. Gray to Sergeant, and wish them every success.

A very interesting lecture was given on tanks by a Captain of the Royal Tank Corps, who fetched his toys and gadgets along with him. The lecture was greatly appreciated by all.

From whisperings we have heard, our recruits enjoy P.T. very much and wish the periods were much longer.

We notice that "Storm-trooper" Bushell is very aggressive now that he has had his seven days' leave. Maybe it is the after-effects of a good time.

We wish to congratulate L/Cpl. Gilbert on his marriage. Let's hope he remembers his mother's good advice.

The Bren gun firing on the range was magnificent. A field was ploughed up by bullets, and the chalk cliffs received a severe battering, but the party in the butts had very little target pasting to do.

Jasper Perkins is becoming well-known amongst his pals as a very efficient bayonet fighter. His actions are marvellous.

Well done, No. 6 Platoon. After playing a strenuous game of football with No. 8 Platoon, whom they beat 4—1, they were challenged by No. 7 Platoon's crack team, whom they wiped up. This match nearly ended in a "free for all," but the referee very quickly got the situation under control.

The cricket match with "B" Company was a great success, the margin only being four runs.

We hope that the attraction whom Pte. Hiron washes up for at the Red Barn does not take him away from his duties too much.

It is interesting to hear No. 8 Platoon's mascot, "Jasper," telling his woeful tale of how he missed the 10.30 from Victoria—"Governor," "Sergeant."

Our M.O. has recommended Cpl. J. Standing to get married. He told him that it is the only cure for boils, but as where he is now stationed is a very barren spot, we have heard he is going to search further afield for his love.

Our "Fitz" of No. 7 Platoon has started buying "Black Magic" chocolates for a certain lady. Maybe we shall be able to give the company a very pleasant surprise in the near future.

**HEARD ON "A" COMPANY'S PAY PARADE.**

QUARTERMASTER (to Recruit): "Have you a housewife?"

RECRUIT: "No, Sir. My mother looks after me."

Fat Peachey is gradually putting on weight. We don't think that it is fair as battle dress suits cost quite enough money now, and stripes look better on slim people.

We wonder if W-W-W-Watkins knows what washout means now!

L/Cpl. Glasby, our hero from Dunkirk, has started making a brilliant war effort. We have noticed that he has started writing on both sides of his note-paper now. But there, they say love is blind.

In closing, we wish all Buffs the very best and please remember we are still ready to mow them down.

C.E.G.

**"D" Company.**

We are still "Somewhere Else," and up to our eyes in work (and play). We have lost 2/Lieut. B— to "C" Company and have now with us 2/Lieut. M—, late P.T. Instructor at the Depot, to whom we extend a hearty welcome and our hopes for much support in the Sports Field as well as on parade. We have done the best part of our firing on the open range with very good results. We had another form of "sport" last Sunday when the Nazi plane "hedge hopped" over our Company H.Q. One of our recruit Bren gunners got a burst into the Hun who crashed to earth about one mile away. Congratulations to this "rookie" if he was the cause of Jerry's downfall. We hope to give more details of our work and play in next month's issue.

**"D" COMPANY v C— C.C.**

Played on August 10th, 1940.

<i>"D" Company.</i>		<i>Copthorne C.C.</i>	
Sgt. Seymour, b P. Harbour	3	Dussek, c Sgt. Seymour, b Lewis	...
Luxford, c Brooker, b P. Harbour	...	E. Dawson, b Wallace	...
Wallace, b P. Harbour	...	A. Lock, c Prescott, b Sgt. Lewis, b Lock	...
Prescott, b P. Harbour	...	A. Brooker, b Wallace	...
Croucher, b Dawson	...	May, b Wallace	...
Sharpe, c Harbour, b Dawson	...	Cunningham, b Wallace	...
Cpl. Jennings, c and b Dawson	...	P. Harbour, c Prescott, b Wallace	...
Cpl. Pulestone, c and b Dawson	...	W. Harbour, b Andrew	...
Finlay, c, b Dawson	...	Wolbore, b Wallace	...
Andrews, not out	...	Derman, b Wallace	...
		A. Blake, b Andrews	...
Extras	...	Extras	...
Total	...	Total	...

Result: "D" Company lost by 20 runs.

**THE BUFFS v EAST GRINSTEAD.**

Played on August 11th, 1940.

<i>The Buffs.</i>		<i>East Grinstead.</i>	
Sgt. Clarke, b Nightingale	...	Osborne, c Capt. J. S—, b Wallace	...
R/L/Cpl. Lewis, b P. Power	...	Power, R., c Prescott, b Wallace	...
2/Lt. C—, c Power, b Hoad	...	Davies, T., b Wallace	...
Pte. Wallace, c Jones, R., b Jones, W.	...	Nightingale, c 2/Lt. C—, b Sgt. Seymour	...
Pte. Gates, c Jones, W., b Nightingale	...	Davies, lbw, b Lewis	...
C.O., c and b Nightingale	...	Hoad, c 2/Lt. C—, b Lewis	...
Sgt. Harlow, not out	...	Jones, W., lbw	...
Sgt. Seymour, c & b Nightingale	...	Jones, R., run out	...
Pte. Thomas, lbw, b Jones, W.	...	Buckley, c Lewis, b 2/Lt. C—	...
Pte. Prescott, b Nightingale	...	Cole, not out	...
Capt. J. S—, c Jones, W., b Nightingale	...	Power, J. T., c C.O., b Wallace	...
Extras	...	Extras	...
Total	...	Total	...

Result: The Buffs won by 5 runs.

Continued on p. vi.



At Rest.

[Photograph by George Rodger.

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### Somewhere on the Home Front.

GONE are the days when *Dragon* notes were handed to a young "Sub" who could burn midnight oil and write reams on the virtues of his C.O., Adjutant and Company Commander, thereby ensuring that his application for week-end leave would be looked upon with favour. Woe is me! those palmy days have gone, and I have to sit with a copy of the Defence of the Realm Act in front of me (plus all the A.C.I.'s re paper shortage) and endeavour to produce notes and at the same time save myself from a few months' enforced idleness at the Tower.

As a battalion, on the whole we are now well up to strength and living up to that famous slogan "Go to it!", ably aided and abetted by the C.O., who is far-famed for that, long before Mr. Morrisson ever thought of it. Training progresses at a rapid rate and Major C—, better known in those far off days as "Dapper Dan," now sits nightly working out 25 hours' training in 24 with as much skill as he used to work out "Snake charming movements and euchre points," which is saying some!

Despite other activities, the officers have found time this month to attend two "do's"

with the Sergeants. The first being their show, I will leave to them to write up, and only repeat how pleased we were at the entertainment provided and hope that it is a forerunner of others. Our return show was in the nature of a shooting match cum basket ball cum darts cum bar. Modesty forbids me to mention the result of the shooting—what else could we do with Lieut. G. & D. running the show? The basket ball deserves mention. Three games were played with only one person knowing the rules, which he found very useful, as he made them up as he went along and thereby brought his side to victory each time. 2/Lieut. M— well deserves the praise (and free beer) that he received for this noble effort. Darts and bar progressed as they always do, and keeping in mind our friend the A.C.I. (paper shortage), a good time was had by all.

A Ceremonial Parade was held for "A" and "B" Companies, and with the kind permission of the O.C. and Officers, I.T.C., The Royal Berkshire Regiment, the Band and Drums of that regiment provided the music. After the parade, the Band and Drums gave a programme of music and the Drums beat Retreat. This was repeated in town afterwards and received great praise from the local paper,



In Action.

[Photograph by George Rodger.

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to which we add ours plus our grateful thanks for such a fine show. Mr. Needham, known to the members of the 1st Battalion in Bareilly days, conducted his Band in a magnificent manner and the Drums passed the eagle eyes of two ex-Drum-Majors with honours. We are hoping for a "repeat" for "C" and "D" Companies at the end of this month.

#### Sergeants' Mess.

Having been duly warned by the Sub-Editor of the awful things that will happen to me if I dare to mention anybody's name of the "Upper Ten," I set about my task with half my thoughts concentrated on the prospects of the awful things that might happen should I mention in name the people I want to write about.

The Mess has now got into full swing and we held a very cheery evening to introduce ourselves socially to the officers. The hit of the evening was undoubtedly the C.O.'s speech. I cannot report on it as I would like to, but I think that most Buffs will know what it was like when I sum it up by saying that it was a "typical Roscow one" (I'll chance the axe or whatever one gets for that one). We were pleased to welcome in the Duke of M—'s mansion, which is our Mess, so many old and young Buffs amongst the officers, and by the looks on their faces they quite enjoyed themselves. Sgt. Gotch, our muscle birding wallah, is to be congratulated on his share in the entertainment; the A.P.T.S. Staff have certainly done their stuff in making life happy in

our spare time, even if they make it otherwise in their duty hours.

A dart match was held with the Royal Norfolk Arms, when they kindly presented a dart board to the Mess. A very fine evening was held and the R.S.M. is now quite up to the "Vaughan standard" at speech making.

Most members have received a hard-earned leave this month and some have been making the most of their time. Punch Allen spent his leave fishing (he didn't say for what), whilst his "Q" Bloke spent his by becoming entitled to Marriage Allowance. The congratulations and wishes of good luck go to both C.Q.M.S. Brigstock and Mrs. Brigstock, and the hope that they wont forget where the Mess is—at any rate, they were presented with a clock to remind them of the time to come and see us. Big-Hearted Arthur went to his normal resting-place—Canterbury, and I expect called in to see his pal Sid, the provider of good things at the Depot Mess. He has not yet arrived back, so too much cannot be said. Likewise Paddy, his Quarter-Bloke, also spent a well-earned rest from elbow bending for seven days. It may be noted that he has made up for it since he returned.

News has just arrived that another "Q" Boat (sorry, Bloke) has taken the plunge, to wit, Paddy Scallen has also followed the example of H.Q. Company and "been and gone and done it"; pinched 48 hours' extension to do it in, too! What a player!

Congratulations to all those that have received promotion during the past month, and may their stay be a happy one.

(Continued on p. vi.)



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Continued from p. 216.

### H.Q. Company.

As the company has not yet completely formed, there is little of note to report.

We welcome to the Command of the Company Major B—, and hope that he finds The Buffs and H.Q. Company in particular, to his liking.

Our M.T. Officer has left us on a course, and we miss him very much—the place seems quite quiet without him.

We hope by next month that we shall have received our specialists and be able to report more fully.

### "A" Company.

Training progresses and the company now begin to look like real soldiers and not civilians in battle dress.

A Ceremonial Parade was held during the month and we, I am glad to report, put up a very creditable show.

Congratulations are due to those who have received the first step up the ladder of fame and become Lance-Corporals.

### "B" Company.

Very little can be reported this month. A Ceremonial Parade was held, and after many hours of labour it was good to know that all who viewed us were satisfied with our efforts. We await with interest the next one when the two "young companies," "C" and "D", perform. The company is now settling down.

We are sorry to say that our Company Commander, Lieut. B—, has been admitted to hospital, and we hope that he will soon be back with us. Meanwhile, our Second-in-Command is carrying on and we are making great strides in training, so much so that our C.S.M. has only had time to break up two wireless sets this month, his time being so occupied with his spare time job of soldiering.

### "C" Company.

It is stated on good authority that the aquatic feats of this company are the envy of the battalion. The daily departure of successive parties as they embark to the unknown in the day-time, only to return with awed looks on their faces at dusk, are commented upon by all the uninitiated. Stirrup pumps are our speciality and the determined attitude of our fire-fighting party is a sight to behold. It is reported that the last incendiary bomb gave up the ghost and simply wouldn't burn, much to the disgust of the fire-eaters (I mean fire-fighters).

Our C.S.M. is at present on leave. His slow and majestic gait was upheld until the last, but when he discovered that he had only five minutes for a "quick 'un" before catching his train, and a mile to go, his agility was remarkable.

### "D" Company.

Having now formed, we have spent the month in learning how the Army pulls together, and I can say that we have all now got the true spirit. Many members of the company have joined the Past and Present Association and we hope before long to have a hundred per cent. membership.

Our new C.S.M. has developed the Guards' voice, and the last thing one can imagine is for the words of that famous song come true ("Kiss me good-night,

Sergeant-Major"), although I think even now that if it came to the push we stand a better chance than "C" Company in this respect.

We are now searching for sports talent and hope next month to give the results of matches played in all sports.

Continued from p. 214.

### "D" COMPANY, —TH BN., THE BUFFS v OBSERVER CORPS.

Observer Corps.	"D" Company.
Barber, c Luxford, b Pillow ... 11	L/Cpl. Tipper, b Tuppen ... 6
Hunt, b Pillow ... 0	Pte. Pillow, c Dussek, b Willie ... 1
Hollick, b Norris ... 38	Sgt. Seymour, c Hannah, b Willie, H., c Tipper, b Sgt. Seymour ... 17
Seymour ... 5	2/Lt. S. M—, retired... 55
Tuppen, c Pillow, b Sgt. Seymour 0	R/L. Lawrence, c Hunt, b Knight, b Norris ... 1
Tester, c and b Pillow ... 16	Pte. Thomas, run out ... 4
Willie, C., b Norris ... 0	Pte. Luxford ... 6
Greene, b Pillow ... 15	Pte. Finlay, run out ... 0
Hannah, b Pillow ... 6	Pte. Prescott, not out ... 2
Dussek, b Norris ... 1	Cpl. Pulestone, not out ... 2
	Pte. Norris, run out ... 13
Extras ... 14	Extras ... 7
Total ... 107	Total ... 138

Result: "D" Company won by 4 wickets.

### THE BUFFS v — COMPANY, R.A.S.C.

Played on August 18th, 1940.

R.A.S.C.		R.A.S.C.	
1st Innings.		2nd Innings.	
L/Cpl. Joslin, b Sgt. Seymour ... 9	c Bailey, b Sgt. Seymour 14		
Dr. Gavin, b 2/Lt. C— ... 1	c Seymour, b 2/Lt. C— 4		
Cpl. Cook, c Norris, b 2/Lt. C— ... 0	st 2/Lt. M—, b C.O. ... 21		
Dr. Wright, st Sgt. Clark, b Sgt. Seymour ... 1	b Norris ... 8		
Jones, b Norris ... 10	lbw, b Norris ... 10		
2/Lt. M—w, c Pillow, b Sgt. Seymour 4	st 2/Lt. M—, b C.O. ... 0		
Dr. Osborne, b Pillow ... 16	b C.O. ... 11		
Pte. Pepper, b Norris ... 2	c 2/Lt. V C—, b C.O. ... 4		
Dr. Sahyler, c and b Sgt. Seymour ... 0			
Dr. Bussell, st Sgt. Clark, b Norris ... 1	c Bailey, b Sgt. Harlow 9		
Pte. Jones, E. G. did not bat	b Sgt. Harlow ... 0		
Extras ... 12	Extras ... 3		
Total ... 56	Total ... 84		

### The Buffs.

Sgt. Clark, c and b Gavin ... 40
Sgt. Harlow, run out ... 2
2/Lt. S. J. M—, b Cpl. Cook ... 18
2/Lt. V. C—, c Cook, b Jones ... 16
Sgt. Seymour, not out ... 42
C.O., b Jones ... 9
L/Cpl. Bailey, b Cpl. Cook ... 11
Pte. Sharpe, not out ... 1
Pte. Norris
Pte. Pillow
c pl. Magenty
Extras ... 6
Total (6 wkts.) ... 145

Result: The Buffs won by an innings and 5 runs.

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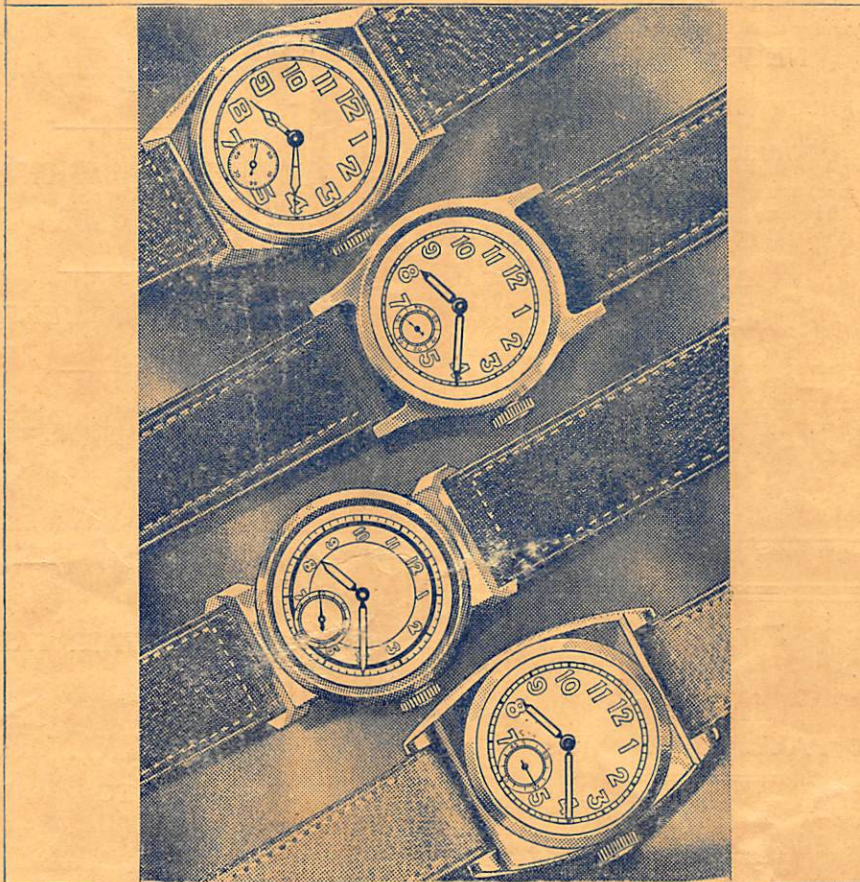
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