

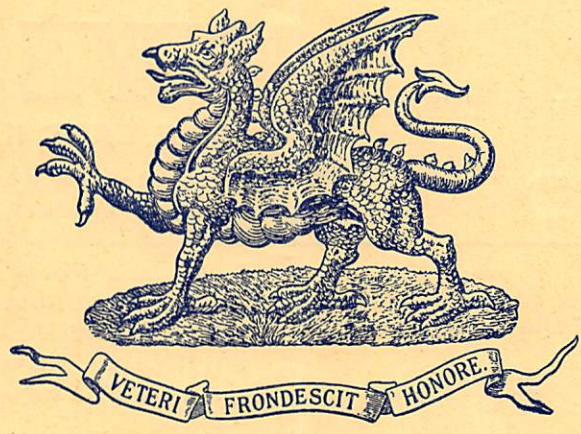
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# THE DRAGON

THE REGIMENTAL PAPER  
OF THE BUFFS.



No. 497

April, 1941

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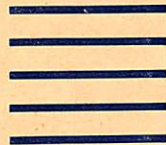
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No. 497

APRIL, 1941.

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## Personalia.

WE are again indebted for many of our notes to Major F. W. Tomlinson, who tells us that he has written nearly 100 letters to collect news of old friends.

The notes, we believe, have been much appreciated and, if they are to be continued, it would be very convenient if our readers will write direct to Major Tomlinson, Naval and Military Club, Piccadilly, telling him of any change of address or other matters of interest.

Information has reached us from Oflag VII C/H that welcome parcels of food have been received by our officers there, from H.M. the King of Denmark. Danish butter was particularly appreciated.

We are glad to hear that Brigadier and Mrs. A. B. Thomson have arrived home safely.

Brigadier-General and Mrs. Harold Morgan are now at Red Hall, Ballycarry, Co. Antrim. Their daughter Joan is with them and she has been working hard at Belfast, as has Mrs. Morgan—though not quite so hard. John is back at Oxford to take his Certificate "B", whilst Francis is at Dover.

At Dover too are Majors L. M. S. Essell and Robin Tuke. Our readers will perhaps have noticed (in the Sunday papers of March 16th) a picture of the latter, doing a "stunt" with his men.

The Morgans have seen something of Major F. G. and Mrs. Crozier. We are sorry to hear that Jimmy is still having bother with his leg.

We offer our sympathy to Colonel Guy Lee, whose mother has died at Gelligemlyn, Dolgelly, in her 92nd year.

We offer our sympathy to the relatives of Mr. G. K. Anderson, who died on March 19th, aged 86 years. Mr. Anderson was a patron of the Past and Present Association. His son, Lieut.-Colonel D. K. Anderson, of the Regiment, was killed in the Great War whilst with the Machine Gun Corps; his grandson, Major A. S. K. Anderson, was gazetted to the Regiment in 1935.

Mrs. Daughlish (Standlake Rectory, Witney, Oxon) is living with her younger son George, who is Rector of Standlake. He is Head A.R.P. Warden of which the Headquarters are at the Rectory, as also is the First Aid Post—to say nothing of two London evacuees. Her elder son, Jack, is manager of a large tea estate in Kenya and busy with local defence measures; he is married and has a daughter of nine.

John Gould, who is now a Lance-Corporal, has heard again from his mother, who is still at her house at Ciboure; she and his sister seem to be well. His letter took two-and-a-half months to get through.

Mrs. Mairis has good news of her boy Humphrey—after two months without word. We congratulate her on the engagement of her youngest daughter, Armine Marriott, to Capt. Paul Brinley Richards of the Royal Warwickshire Regiment. When the wedding will take place is uncertain as he is in India.

Captain A. H. Goodall, writing from Sidney, N.S.W., is kept fully occupied with Red Cross work and his wife with canteens.

Colonel R. F. Pearson and Mrs. Pearson are still living at The Churn, Painswick, Glos. He is on many committees and chairman of six; has been running, with the assistance of his daughter, a hand-weaving industry, and has been working with the Home Guard—in addition to being a Special Constable. Miss Pearson is also working with the Special Constabulary whilst Mrs. Pearson is full of many unspecified tasks.

Colonel Pearson sends news of Mr. Todd, late Private, "C" Company, 1st Buffs, who has recently retired from the post of lodge-keeper at Cheltenham College, which he had held for twenty-five years. He and Mrs. Todd are living at Cheltenham.

He also met recently Mr. "Sailor" Cooper, late Bandsman, 1st Battalion, who was on duty as commissionaire at the Three Counties Show at Worcester. Normally he lives and works at Birmingham.

We congratulate Major and Mrs. E. S. Scott on the birth of a son; Captain and Mrs. D. G. Walker on the birth of a daughter, and Captain and Mrs. F. G. B. Wills on the birth of a son.

Major J. S. Scratchley, who since September, 1939 has been Administrative Officer at the Depot, has left to rejoin the Royal Armoured Corps, where we wish him good luck in the future. As he left in a hurry, he was unable personally to say "good-bye" to all of his friends, and wishes to do so through these columns.

We congratulate the following on their engagements:—Miss E. M. Studd to Lieut. S. J. Longsdon, R.N.V.R.; and Miss J. E. V. Milton to 2/Lieut. A. Petty.

We regret to record the death of the following and offer our sympathy to their relatives:—Major J. B. Sharp, Major A. J. N. Fearnside-Speed, Captain H. M. Brooke, 2/Lt. J. B. Sterndale-Bennett, C.Q.M.S. S. E. Page.

We congratulate Major R. J. O'Lone, Q.O. Gurka Rifles, on his promotion. He was "Norman" Gold Medalist on passing out of Sandhurst in 1932, and has been both Quartermaster and Adjutant of his battalion. The Association, and in particular the London Branch, is particularly pleased at the advancement to field rank at an early age, of one of its associate members.

There are now nearly 20 old Buffs in the W.D. Constabulary; one of them is now Sgt. Bell, the old 2nd Battalion cross-country runner, who is stationed at Aldershot.

Although his whereabouts cannot be divulged, we have good news of Major N. G. Wale, who says that he and Mrs. Wale are very fit and their boy David, pending being called up, is at St. Andrew's University.

Captain Harry Jackson, with his wife, are now established in the Adjutant's house in the new barracks at Canterbury. Their boy Julian is still at Harrow—in the same house as Martin Norman.

We were very interested to hear that amongst those who took part in the recent raid in the Lofoten Islands was L/Cpl. J. Lacey, son of Sergeant-Major R. W. Lacey, late of the Regiment. It is evident that he is treading worthily in his father's footsteps, for he seems to have derived much pleasure in taking part in a job well done and one which gave us heartening reading at home. He formed a high opinion of the Norwegians, who did everything to help.

We are glad to hear through the Director of Employment, British Legion, that ex-Dmr. S. T. Weatherley is shortly starting a nine months' course in draughtsmanship, arranged by the Ministry of Labour. We thank the British Legion for the interest in and assistance it has rendered to this man.

## Births, Marriages and Deaths.

### BIRTHS.

**Scott.**—On March 3rd, 1941, to Anne (*née* Stewart), wife of Major E. S. Scott, The Buffs, South Cliff House, Tenby, a son.

**Walker.**—On March 20th, 1941, at Lima House, Reading, to Elizabeth (*née* Simonds), wife of Captain D. G. Walker, The Buffs, a daughter.



**Wills.**—On March 24th, 1941, at Isallt Nursing Home, Llandudno, to June (*née* Cummins), wife of Captain F. G. Barton Wills, The Buffs, a son.

#### ENGAGEMENTS.

**Captain P. Brinley Richards and Miss A. J. C. Marriott.**

The engagement is announced between Captain Paul Brinley Richards, The Royal Warwickshire Regiment, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Brinley Richards, of Milford, Gibbet Hill, Coventry, and Armine (Mimi), youngest daughter of the late Major R. G. A. Marriott, D.S.O., The Buffs, and Mrs. G. B. de M. Mairis, of Wye, Bovey Tracey, South Devon.

**Lieut. S. J. Longsdon, R.N.V.R., and Miss E. M. Studd.**

The engagement is announced between Lieut. Serlo Jacques Longsdon, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Longsdon, of Wield, Hampshire, and Edith Meriel, only daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel F. C. R. Studd, D.S.O., The Buffs, and Mrs. K. F. Fradgley, of Bickham, Kennford, Devon.

**Mr. A. Petty and Miss J. E. V. Milton.**

The engagement is announced between 2/Lieut. Alexander Petty, The Border Regiment, second son of Lieut.-Colonel W. Petty, D.S.O., and Mrs. Petty, of Brigsteer, Kendal, and Biddy, elder daughter of Major H. Milton, The Buffs, and Mrs. Milton.

#### DEATHS.

**Brooke.**—In March, 1941, as the result of a car accident, Cecil Henry Martin Brooke, Captain, The Buffs, elder son of the late Henry Brooke, of Folkestone, and of May Brooke, Oakwood, Nettlestead, Kent.

**Fearnside-Speed.**—In March, 1941, on Active Service, Major Alexander A. J. N. Fearnside-Speed, The Buffs, younger son of the late Major H. Fearnside-Speed.

**Page.**—6279670 C.Q.M.S. S. E. Page, The Buffs, at the Cambridge Hospital, Aldershot, on Sunday, March 2nd, 1941.

**Sharp.**—On February 22nd, 1941, Major J. B. Sharp, late The Buffs, husband of Margaret Sharp, Little Ridge, Dunnington, York.

**Sterndale-Bennett.**—On March 13th, 1941, suddenly, in London, 2/Lieut. James B. Sterndale-Bennett, M.C., The Buffs, father of Jane Ann Benson, and brother of Ann Sterndale Bennett, Barn House, Dymchurch.

## In Memoriam.

**Captain Percy Green.**

Born 20th April, 1856; died 3rd November, 1940.

**CAPTAIN P. Green** was born at Bangalore, where his father, General C. J. Green, R.E., was in command of the station. Educated at Harrow and Sandhurst (which he represented at cricket and racquets), he joined the Buffs in 1875 and was one of the last to leave the *St. Lawrence* when that ship, with headquarters and five companies of the Buffs on board, was wrecked in Paternoster Bay on November 8th, 1876. He was at the time Battalion Signalling Officer.

In 1886 he married Agnes, daughter of Captain Elger, late Royal West Kent Regiment, Chief Constable of the City Police, and had two sons, the elder of whom, Major-General William Wyndham Green, D.S.O., M.C., entered the R.A. in 1907.

Soon after his marriage, Captain Green became Adjutant of the Liverpool Volunteers R.E., and in 1891 he retired and joined H.M. Prison service. He was successively Deputy Governor of Portland Prison, Governor of the prison at Northampton, Preston, Birmingham (13 years) and Wandsworth (7 years). At the last-named he had to deal with the militant suffragettes.

He left the Prison Service about 20 years ago and settled down at Wandsworth. He was a member of the United Service Club, where he was often to be seen, and never missed attending the Regimental Dinner in Ascot Week.

**Major John Basil Sharp.**

Born August 30th, 1891; died February 22nd, 1941.

The death of Jack Sharp will have come as a great shock to the friends he made during his ephemeral passage through the Regiment: a couple of years in Singapore; a year in India; a few months in France until he was wounded, and a few months at the Depot after the war. The rest of his service until he retired was on the Staff as Superintendent of Physical and Bayonet Training.

Sent into the Army, for which he was temperamentally unsuited and against his inclination, he was a most amusing, witty and intelligent companion, but his heart was never in his profession except that side of it which gave scope to his magnificent physique—for he was beautifully made, strong as a lion and, in spite of his height and weight, as agile as a panther.

He had considerable powers as a hypnotist and had amusing stories to tell of his experiences when in the U.S.A. in 1917 and 1918 with the British Military Mission. A good actor, he appeared once or twice with the Old Stagers at Canterbury and was one of the Windsor Strollers.

**Alexander Andrew John Nelson Fearnside-Speed.**

Born June 9th, 1899. Died March, 1941. Gazetted 2/Lieutenant, The Buffs April 24th, 1918. Promoted Lieutenant October 24th, 1919. Served mainly with the 2nd Battalion, and in 1927 was seconded to the R.W.A.F.F. Medals: Great War, British War Medal and Victory Medal.

On the outbreak of the present war, rejoined at the Depot from the R.A.R.O., proceeding to the 1st Battalion in December, 1939. Promoted Captain in

April, 1940. At the time of death was a temporary Major. After retirement from the Army he became a member of the Stock Exchange.

#### Cecil Henry Martin Brooke.

Born May 25th, 1899. Died March, 1941. Gazetted 2/Lieutenant, The Buffs December 21st, 1917. Promoted Lieutenant June 21st, 1919. Retired from the Army not long after the Great War to go into the family wine business. Rejoined at the Depot in May, 1940, being posted to the 11th Battalion in June, 1940. Medals: British War Medal and Victory Medal.

#### James Bury Sterndale-Bennett.

Died March, 1941.

Gazetted 2/Lieutenant, The Buffs September 4th, 1940, and served with the 6th Battalion. In the Great War was awarded the Military Cross.

## The Regimental Gazette.

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 25TH, 1941, DATED FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28TH, 1941.

#### REGULAR ARMY.

##### MEMORANDA.

The undermentioned revert to the rank stated, whilst empld. during the present emergency:—

As Maj.:—Lt.-Col. G. Lee, D.S.O., M.C. (531), ret. pay (late The Buffs) (May 22nd, 1940).

The undermentioned Cadets, from 164th, 165th and 166th O.C.T.U.'s, to be 2nd Lts. (February 15th, 1941):

THE BUFFS.—John Wood Gothard (172108), Paul Neville Davies-Colley (172109), Walter Joseph Fluckiger (172110), Barry McGrath (172111), Stanley Charles Sayer (172112), John Mavin Beazley (172113), Albert Michael Rice (172114), Nelson Edward Henry Todman (172115).

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28TH, 1941, DATED MONDAY, MARCH 3RD, 1941.

#### REGULAR ARMY.

##### EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS (CADETS).

The undermentioned Cadets, from Sandhurst, 162nd, 167th and 168th O.C.T.U.'s, to be 2nd Lts. (February 22nd, 1941):—

THE BUFFS.—Charles Frederick Bailey (174141), John Stewart Crittenden (174142), Walter Ian Percival (174143), David Godfrey Phillips (174144), Camille Eugene Rueff (174145), Eric Arthur Towndrow (174146), Walter Frank White (174147), Alexander James Cameron (174148), Clarence Patrick Erskine-Lindop (174149), Richard James Jones (174150), Andrew James Anthony Morris (174151), Herbert John Nicholls (174152), Claude Adrian Roberts Schooley (174153).

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, MARCH 4TH, 1941, DATED FRIDAY, MARCH 7TH, 1941.

CENTRAL CHANCERY OF THE ORDERS OF KNIGHTHOOD.  
ST. JAMES'S PALACE, S.W.1.

The King has been graciously pleased to approve of the undermentioned awards in recognition of distinguished services in the field:—

#### THE MILITARY MEDAL.

THE BUFFS.—No. 6288414 Pte. Victor Hyett Caldicott, No. 6286971 Pte. Frederick Harry Hills.

The King has been graciously pleased to approve that the following be mentioned for distinguished services in the field:—

THE BUFFS.—No. 6283740 Cpl. M. Frankham, No. 6285098 Pte. A. Taplin.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, MARCH 7TH, 1941, DATED MONDAY, MARCH 10TH, 1941.

#### REGULAR ARMY.

##### EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS, ETC.

THE BUFFS.—Arthur Harold Fellow Lisle (171572) to be 2nd Lt. (October 20th, 1940).

The undermentioned Cadet from O.C.T.U. to be Lt. (December 1st, 1940):—

THE BUFFS.—Henry James Letch (176586).

#### TERRITORIAL ARMY.

THE BUFFS.—Lt. S. B. Palmer (42000), from Worc. R. (T.A.) to be Lt. (October 6th, 1940).

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, MARCH 7TH, 1941, DATED TUESDAY, MARCH 11TH, 1941.

#### REGULAR ARMY.

##### EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS, ETC.

THE BUFFS.—2nd Lt. H. K. Jolly (99946), from Lan. Fus. to be 2nd Lt. (March 12th, 1941).

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, MARCH 11TH, 1941, DATED WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12TH, 1941.

#### REGULAR ARMY.

##### EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS (CADETS).

The undermentioned Cadets, from 163rd, 164th, 165th, 166th, 167th, 168th and 170th O.C.T.U.'s, to be 2nd Lts. (March 1st, 1941):—

THE BUFFS.—Leslie Alfred Griggs (174933), Leonard Miles Gibson Harris (174934), Albert Arthur Huckle (174935), Eldred Yates (174936), John Edward Austin (174937), William Mark Barton (174938), Peter Berry (174939), Edward Hedley Body (174940), Richard Joseph Herbert Brinsley (174941), John Patrick Joseph Entract (174942), Jack Greville Feak (174943), Stanley Wilfred Francis (174944), Nealt Francis Gordon-Wilson (174945), Charles Murray William Plumley (174946), Walter Stanley Warner Riley (174947), George Hubert Rolt (174948), Arthur John Skipp (174949), Ian Cameron Watts (174950).

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, MARCH 14TH, 1941, DATED TUESDAY, MARCH 18TH, 1941.

#### REGULAR ARMY.

##### EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS, ETC.

THE BUFFS.—2nd Lt. R. S. L. Stanley (138590), from Wilts. R., to be 2nd Lt. (March 19th, 1941), retaining his present seniority.

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, MARCH 18TH, 1941, DATED FRIDAY, MARCH 21ST, 1941.

#### REGULAR ARMY.

##### EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS, ETC.

The undermentioned to be 2nd Lts.:—

THE BUFFS.—Maurice Bernhard Baron (173614) (February 12th, 1941); L/Cpl. Wolfgang Charles Werner Arnold-Baker (175843) (February 25th, 1941).

Actg. R.S.M. Walter Molton (173129) to be Lt. (Qr.-Mr.) (February 13th, 1941).



## WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

No. 6 ISSUED ON FEBRUARY 6TH, 1941.  
REGULAR ARMY.

## EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

The undermentioned Lts. (actg. Cpts.) to be temp. Cpts. :—

THE BUFFS.—W. H. Adams (142147) (October 29th, 1940); F. T. A. McGammon (144067) (December 1st, 1940); K. McDonald (137425) (February 1st, 1941).

The undermentioned 2nd Lt. (actg. Capt.) to be temp. Capt. and War Subs. Lt. :—

THE BUFFS.—H. P. Heighton (102455) (November 16th, 1940).

The undermentioned Lt. (actg. Capt.) to be temp. Capt. :—

C. C. M. Brown, M.C. (22590) (January 1st, 1941).

The notifn. regarding the undermentioned in War Office Orders No. 65/1940, is cancelled :—

THE BUFFS.—2nd Lt. (actg. Capt.) C. H. Brookman (59274).

## WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

No. 7 ISSUED ON FEBRUARY 13TH, 1941.  
REGULAR ARMY.

The undermentioned Maj. (actg. Lt.-Col.) to be temp. Lt.-Col. :—

THE BUFFS.—B. E. Hammond-Davies, M.C. (1520) (August 29th, 1940).

The undermentioned Lts. (actg. Cpts.) to be temp. Cpts. :—

THE BUFFS.—A. S. K. Anderson (66091) (September 27th, 1940 (substituted for the notifn. in War Office Orders No. 2/1941); W. H. Adams (142147) (October 28th, 1940).

## EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

The undermentioned Lt. (actg. Capt.) to be temp. Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—P. W. G. Kann (125049) (January 7th, 1941) (substituted for the notifn. in War Office Orders No. 2/1941).

The undermentioned 2nd Lts. to be War Subs. Lts. :

THE BUFFS.—C. S. Iron (141518) (September 5th, 1940); G. H. S. Lester (119410) (November 12th, 1940).

## WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

No. 8 ISSUED ON FEBRUARY 20TH, 1941.  
REGULAR ARMY.

The undermentioned 2nd Lts. (actg. Cpts.) to be temp. Cpts. and War Subs. Lts. :—

THE BUFFS.—H. P. Gillilan (131722) (November 26th, 1940); A. M. Drake (123340) (February 16th, 1941).

The undermentioned Lt. (actg. Capt.) to be temp. Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—G. P. L. Powell (46157) (January 10th, 1941).

THE BUFFS.—2nd Lt. (actg. Capt.) S. J. H. Davis (75443) to be temp. Capt. and War Subs. Lt. (February 18th, 1941).

No. 9 ISSUED ON FEBRUARY 27TH, 1941.  
REGULAR ARMY.

The undermentioned Lt. (actg. Capt.) to be temp. Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—L. J. Williams (130693) (February 20th, 1941).

## WAR SUBSTANTIVE RANK.

The undermentioned 2nd Lts. to be War Subs. Lts. under the provisions of A.C.1 229 of 1941 :—

## REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

THE BUFFS.—D. Montgomery (74376), J. W. F. Swann (77184), J. B. Worts (77844), J. P. Nash (78316), V. Collins (85873), T. A. N. Bruce (87444).

*Continued on p. 81.*

## Extracts from private letters relative to the Battle of Albuera.

THE following are taken from the *Evening Star* of Wednesday, June 5th, 1811, a copy of which has been kindly lent by Major F. W. Tomlinson.—*Ed.*

*"From an Officer encamped four leagues from Badajoz.*

*19th May, 1811.*

"We returned yesterday from the bloodiest field of battle ever known. The French attacked us at Albuera at nine o'clock in the morning of the 16th. Their principal effort was made on our right, where the Spaniards were posted, supported by two British regiments, the Buffs and 57th. The Spaniards behaved well, although at one time, from the heaviness of the fire, they gave way a little. The British regiments then pushed through them, with a most tremendous fire of musketry, which stopped the French. Unfortunately, from the eagerness of British soldiers, they advanced too far, which gave an opportunity to a regiment of Polish cavalry to charge them on the flank, killing great numbers, and making some few prisoners. Just at this time the Poles were attacked by a regiment sent to reinforce, and the Poles were obliged to retreat. The left wing of the French army soon after gave way, and the slaughter was then dreadful. While this was passing on our right, they began an attack on the centre, where our brigade was posted, which, after a sanguinary conflict, also ended in the complete defeat of the French. The enemy owe the safety of the remains of their army, to the superiority of their cavalry alone; had it not been for them, they would have been annihilated."

"The French army was at least 30,000, of which 4,000 were cavalry. It seems clearly ascertained that they lost 10,000. Our force consisted of 8,000 British, 10,000 Spaniards, and 9,000 Portuguese, including 2,500 cavalry. We have lost of English and Portuguese 4,580, and 2,500 Spaniards. The field of battle was literally covered with dead, lying in heaps in every part. I have been in several general actions but never witnessed such a dreadful slaughter. Our brigade of infantry, which went into action 1,500 strong, had only 500 left. Every officer of the 2nd battalion that was present was either killed or wounded. Of the privates only 78 escaped being killed or wounded."

*"From a British Officer attached to the Spanish Army.*

Head-quarters,  
5th Army,  
Valverde.

*May 20th, 1811.*

"Ere this reaches you, you will have received the details of the glorious action gained by the Allied Armies on the heights of Albuera, on the 16th inst. As the dispatches will give you the most true and just account of it, I omit troubling you with my observations; suffice it to say, that never was there a better or harder contested action—never was British and Spanish valour more conspicuous; the former exceeded their wonted heroism, which is to say a great deal—the latter acted with a determined bravery and resolution worthy of the ancient Spaniards; every officer and soldier appeared a Cid or a Gonzales de Cordova. The present advantages of this victory are great, the future incalculable; one great benefit already very conspicuous, is the mutual confidence and cordial affection which the troops of both nations evidently bear each other. I was very little more than a spectator in this glorious action, as I had no command. The loss of our army on the 19th February left me without a brigade; and my regiment had marched with other skeleton corps to recruit.

I trust Estremadura will be soon entirely open to us, and also Andalusia, by which means we shall soon complete our Irish brigade; for which Lord Wellington has promised us arms, but I hope and trust our Government will grant us clothing, etc. Lord Wellington, who is the main-spring of active operations, will be here in a few days."

### "Resurgam."

THE reprint of the editorial "Resurgam" of the resuscitated *Dragon* dated November 1st, 1886, was, to say the least of it, provocative of reflection, and perhaps was an invitation for comment.

It may be there are scores of men alive who read that issue in 1886, but, alas! I fear not many are now in touch with the Association. My reaction was to try and remember some who could have read it; the total, beside myself, was only five, whom I will mention later.

The writer of that editorial was Lieut.-Colonel John Blakesley, whose immediate predecessor was, I think, Lieut.-Colonel Frank Morley, and he was succeeded later by Lieut.-Colonel Halloran, who was followed by the well-remembered "Joey" (Lieut.-Colonel H. D. Harrison). Now Colonel Blakesley was, in my recollection, a very smart and upright figure, and also very learned; and I can even recall the fact of his reciting Sergeant Buzfuz's speech from the Bardell Case in *Pickwick*—his expression of "Chops and tomato sauce, and don't forget the warming pan", could not have been beaten even by Buzfuz himself. He had a nickname to the rank and file—"Shaper", probably because he was such a smart figure of a man.

I can well recollect the evening when that first issue came out. The Band, to which I belonged, was living in a long bungalow made of palm leaves, thatched, and somewhat rough boarded floor; the whole was raised up about four feet off the ground. A few cots from mine was an acting bandsman who I will mention in due course.

Of those who could have read that editorial, first would be Sir Arthur, a comparatively young soldier yet, not quite entitled to his first good conduct badge. No! I rather think he had about two months to go. I had got mine more than a year, but as he would say, yes, on boy's service. Then would be W. H. Tozer, one of our oldest members, who even had a connection with the older *Dragon* that ceased publication in 1878; a son of the Regiment, and before he enlisted was for a time "printer's devil" in the *Dragon* press. Next would come Mills, a member of the Chatham Branch, and a man named Chapman, who was once employed in the Officers' Mess as silverman. Captain Enright asked me to go and see him a few years back when he was laid up, and he was actually able to show me a testimonial signed by Captain A. Lynden-Bell. He wrote to the London Branch last year. Then comes Jordan Wells, who Joe Green brought to a meeting from Plumstead way. If the Editor could look through the file a further couple of numbers he would read how J.W. had an "invention". I can't now remember what it was, but he was asked to bring it to the office, which he did. The verdict was, I think, there wasn't much in it. Wells was the acting bandsman. We won't forget either, G. W. Cooper ("Sailor"), still going strong in Birmingham. He would be the youngest of the batch, just now turned 70 years. All these that I mention are well in the seventies, for I am writing of fifty-five years ago. Of myself I will make no comment, but just sign my name at the end of this article. Should it be that some slight inaccuracies have been written, I beg forgiveness in consideration of the passing years.

HUGH BORLAND.

## Some Adventures with Armoured Cars on Active Service (Continued).

Eventually we reached the bar which lies at the mouth of the Shat-El-Arab. At our first attempt to enter the river, we got stuck on the bar for several hours, but finally we got off and slowly made our way up the Tigris until we reached Basrah, where we landed seventeen days after leaving Suez. We bade farewell to the good ship *Khosrhu* with a feeling of thankfulness, and were very glad to get our feet firmly planted on terra firma once more.

### CHAPTER VII.

After disembarkation at Basra, we proceeded to a large camp, where we were accommodated in E.P. tents. It was terrifically hot, the thermometer registering something like 134° under canvas, if I remember correctly. Sandfly fever was very prevalent, and many of our men fell victims to it.

The Leyland armoured cars were soon found to be unsuitable for work in the sandy desert, so they and their drivers were taken from us, leaving only the four Rolls-Royce armoured cars—plus the transport vehicles, of course—and a promise of four more Rolls-Royce to come—when available.

A final word about the Leylands. They were not scrapped, as might be supposed. Instead, they were fitted with flanged wheels, put on the railway lines in different parts of the country, and used for railway patrol work.

Our sojourn in Basra lasted only some fourteen days, when once again we received orders to embark; this time on to large flat-bottomed barges which were to convey us up the River Tigris on the next stage of our journey.

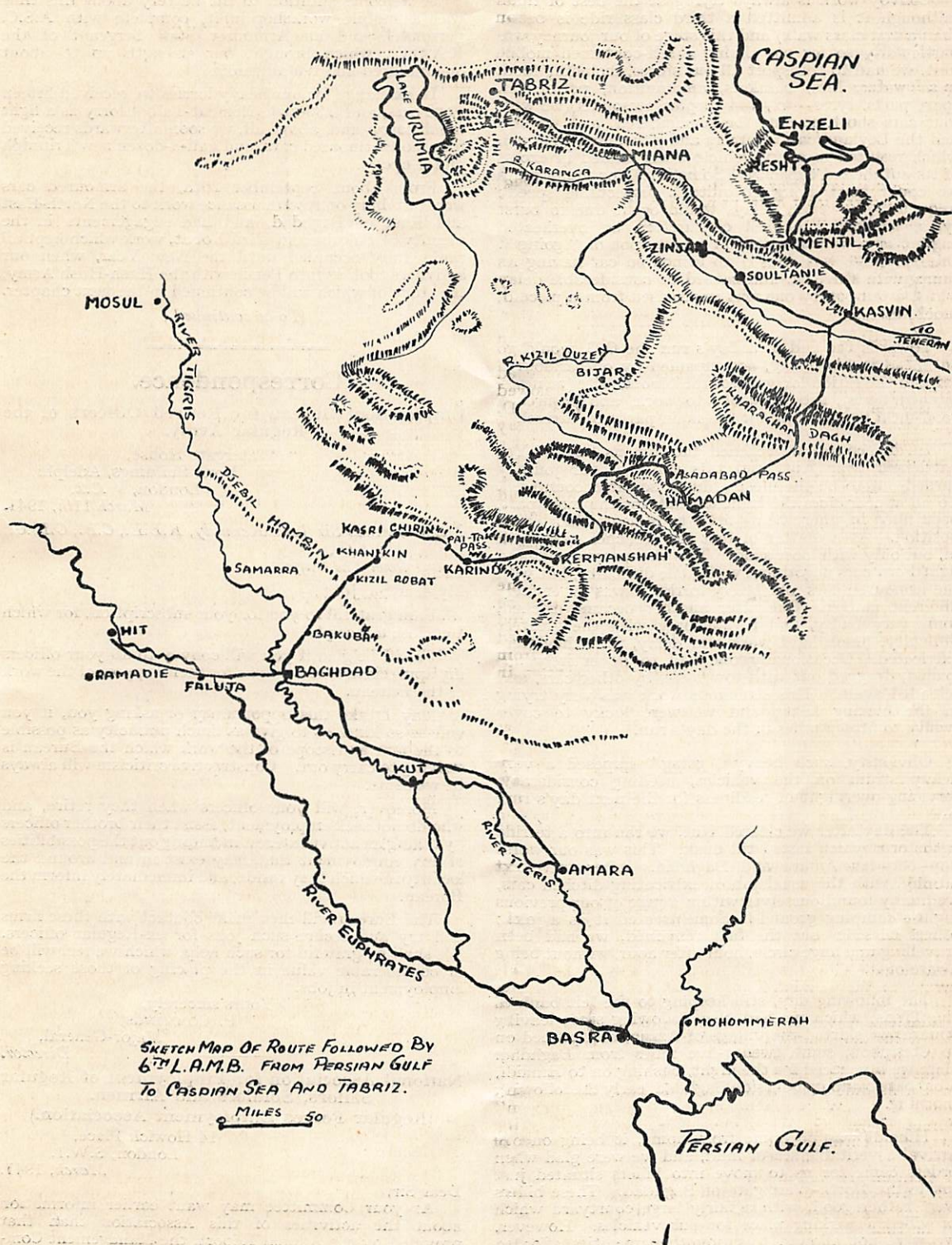
I do not pretend to know the dimensions or tonnage of these barges: they were exceptionally large and each capable of carrying a considerable number of vehicles, animals or troops as required. After being loaded, the barges were lashed, one on each side, to powerful specially constructed steam driven paddle steamers of shallow draught, and in this manner travelled up and down the river.

The Tigris is extremely wide in its lower reaches, and traffic can pass without difficulty; but as one proceeds towards Baghdad, it narrows to such an extent that the steamers with their barges have barely sufficient room to pass, especially when the water is low. Further, the river follows a particularly tortuous course, and has an exceptionally strong current; thus it will readily be appreciated, powerful though the steamers were, progress up the river was necessarily very slow.

To return to the battery. Having stowed all our vehicles on to the barges, and settled most of the men on the steamer, the remainder having to shake down on the barges, we cast off and slowly chugged away upstream. Travelling by day, tying up to the bank at night, the journey up-river was never without interest, and some four or five days later we reached Amara, roughly a hundred miles, or one-third of the distance to Baghdad.

At Amara we disembarked, and were billeted for a day or two in a large caravanserai; then off again by road and track *en route* for the City of the Caliphs. Before us lay some two hundred miles of desert with its blazing heat and sandstorms, mirages, sandflies and mosquitoes, etc.





SKETCH MAP OF ROUTE FOLLOWED BY  
6<sup>TH</sup> L.A.M.B. FROM PERSIAN GULF  
TO CASPIAN SEA AND TABRIZ.

MILES 50

Convoy work is always trying at the best of times (although it is admitted a third class ride is better than a first class walk) and this stage of our journey was particularly so for us. Being a self-contained mobile unit, we had to transport all our stores, including food, fresh water, kits, blankets, ammunition, petrol, oil, spare parts, tyres, etc., and surplus personnel (we were four cars short, it must be remembered, and we still had the Leyland cars' gunners and guns, etc., with us), which resulted in every vehicle being loaded in excess of its authorized capacity. Sometimes, for many miles we could bowl along at quite a respectable speed; frequently, however, delays would occur due to burst tyres, perhaps a choked carburetter, an overheated engine, or a vehicle stuck in a soft spot of "going". One stoppage was due to an armoured car having its sump plate stove in, and caused us considerable delay whilst a temporary one was improvised from a piece of block tin.

Towards the end of a day's run the O.C. would go on ahead in his tourer, accompanied by one armoured car and the ration lorry select the bivouac site (we never pitched tents), set the cooks to work, and ensured a good meal being ready for the main party on arrival.

In due course we reached the famous Sanna-i-Yat battlefield near Kut, and this stage of our journey turned out to be the most arduous so far encountered. To all appearances the trenches had, for the most part, been filled in, there being little to indicate their exact position. As a matter of fact the trenches were filled in, but only with loose sand. This the motor cycles and light Ford cars negotiated with little difficulty, but with the armoured cars and heavy lorries it was an entirely different matter. One after another became ditched, some very badly, and it was only with the greatest difficulty, much hard work and delay, that they were extricated. Occasionally one had to be entirely unloaded, dragged out with tow ropes by other cars, and reloaded again. This strenuous work was very trying in the blazing heat; and we were lucky to cover twelve to fifteen miles in the day's run.

Obviously, such heavy "going" imposed a very heavy strain on the vehicles, needing considerable servicing overnight in readiness for the next day's run.

The day after we cleared Kut, we ran into a terrific sandstorm which lasted till dusk. This was our worst day between Amara and Baghdad. After travelling all day, with the usual job of extricating ditched cars, we finally found ourselves within a mile of our previous night's camping ground! Some treated it as a joke; others cursed; but the fact remained, we had been travelling in a huge circle, hour after hour, without being aware of it.

The following day, still keeping to the left bank of the Tigris, which we had been following since leaving Amara, we skirted the village of Azizia, and pushed on to Ctesiphon, some twenty-five miles from Baghdad. Here we bivouaced for the night, pushing on to Hinaidi, a big base camp just outside Baghdad, early the following morning.

Hinaidi was no home from home, it being on our arrival a veritable sea of mud, and we were glad when orders came for us to move into billets situated just inside the North-West gate of Baghdad. These billets were rather good, with a fairly large courtyard which provided a parking place for our vehicles. However, we were not allowed to enjoy the amenities afforded by permanent quarters very long, and soon had to move under canvas.

A welcome addition to the battery about this time was a mobile workshop unit, complete with A.S.C. personnel, and an Armourer Staff Sergeant of the R.A.O.C., which brought our strength up to about one hundred and ten all ranks.

In exchange for our heavy lorries we received fifteen Ford cars, and a 30-cwt. Clement-Talbot lorry as a light repair lorry, and, above all, we soon afterwards received four more armoured cars, and half-a-dozen new Triumph motor cycles.

From about September 26th, the armoured cars were out daily on reconnaissance work to the North-East and East of Baghdad, and had engagements in the vicinity of Bakuba and Kizil Robat, work which kept all ranks fully occupied until the New Year, when our activities took us into Persia with the Hush-Hush Army, the story of which will be continued in the next chapter.

(To be continued.)

## Correspondence.

### Employment Bureau for Retired Officers of the Regular Army.

Watergate House,  
York Buildings, Adelphi,  
London, W.C.2.

March 11th, 1941.

Major-General Sir John Kennedy, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G.,  
D.S.O.,  
Colonel The Buffs.

My dear Sir John,

I am grateful to you for your subscription, for which I enclose a receipt.

I shall be glad if you will convey to all your officers my appreciation and thanks for their support of the work of the Bureau.

May I take this opportunity of asking you, if you will be so kind, as to give as much publicity as possible to the aim and scope of the work which the Bureau is striving to carry out. Constructive criticism will always be welcome.

Moreover, will your officers when they retire, and who do not seek employment, assist their brother officers by taking an active interest in finding out the possibilities of any employment that may exist in and around the locality in which they reside, and immediately inform the Bureau.

The Bureau will then make contact with these firms and try and secure such jobs for ex-Regular officers. We shall be grateful for such help, which we feel will be of considerable value in the placing of those seeking employment in jobs.

Yours sincerely,  
P. COMMINGS,  
Major-General,  
Director.

### National Association for Employment of Regular Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen.

(Regular Forces Employment Association.)

14 Howick Place,  
London, S.W.1.  
March, 1941.

Dear Sir,

As your Committee may want earlier information about the activities of this Association than that provided by the Annual Report, the Management Committee have instructed me to give a short account of the work in 1940 and of the prospects for the future.





*Standing Left to Right :—D. Barnett, H. Monk, R. Turner, J. Marsh, S. Lawrence.  
Seated Left to Right :—H. Seal, the late A. Barnes, H. Smith.*

During the first six months of the year the men seeking help to find employment were mainly those who had lost their occupation through the change from peace to war conditions. The number of employments found during this period averaged 1,500 a month.

The bulk of the men now dealt with are those who have been discharged from the Service on account of sickness and a few disabled by wounds. The average of employments found monthly at present is 900, though the numbers are expected to increase as closer connection is established with hospitals and discharge centres and as the non-Regular element becomes aware of the availability of the help of the National Association.

The number of employments found in 1940 was 14,811.

In connection with the wounded we have secured the co-operation of over three hundred civilian medical officers. These men, spread all over the country, have agreed, either without fee or at a nominal charge, to advise as to the extent and type of work which their disability will allow. The existence of this scheme is not sufficiently known and it is suggested that you put me in touch with any of your men either regular or wartime who could take advantage of it.

Two offices have been destroyed but alternative accommodation has been found and the work continues everywhere.

There is no alteration in the policy of the Council to carry on the work of the Association during hostilities and to maintain an organisation capable of the expansion, at least to a pre-war basis, needed immediately peace returns.

It is obvious that this organisation will entail considerable immediate expenditure and every possible economy is being effected with the object of conserving funds for this purpose. Income for 1940 exceeded expenditure, so that a start has been made in accumulating the desired reserve.

During the year the Royal Naval Benevolent Trust, on behalf of the men of the Navy and Royal Marines, gave their full contribution and have further promised to maintain it during 1941. The contributions subscribed by units of the Royal Air Force were actually greatly in excess of any previous amount given by that Service.

Many Corps and Regiments maintained their normal subscriptions and some gave even more, but others have been unable to continue at the full rate and, in a few instances, the financial support has been withdrawn altogether. Though the demands upon Unit funds for charitable assistance have generally proved to be less than in peace-time, it is realised that the needs of prisoners of war constitute a serious claim. It is hoped, however, that all will do their utmost to avoid the implication that the other two Services and other Units are bearing too great a share of the burden.

Yours faithfully,

F. STAPLETON,

*General Secretary.*

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**Regimental Gazette—Continued from p. 77.**

**TERRITORIAL ARMY.**

**THE BUFFS.**—P. R. T. Daniel (74423), J. R. G. Friend (75553), A. H. Blackburn (78966), S. E. L. Macaskie (79665), J. R. Fraser (85292), M. B. Kingsford (87476), C. R. Cockburn (88833), J. C. L. Falloon (88846), J. Tilleard (89331), J. W. Smith (90315), J. Green (90571), J. Swift (88897), D. L. L. Pickard (90353).

**WAR OFFICE ORDERS.**

No. 10 ISSUED ON MARCH 6TH, 1941.

**REGULAR ARMY.**

Col. (actg. Brig.) H. C. T. Stronge, D.S.O., M.C. (484) to be temp. Brig. (April 3rd, 1940).

*Continued on p. 92.*



## Past and Present Association

### DISBURSEMENTS.

	£	s.	d.
Mar. 6. Grant	...	...	...
14. Grant	...	...	...
	3	0	0
	1	0	0

### NEW MEMBERS.

*Annual Members.*—2/Lieuts. H. B. Baron, P. M. Davies-Colley, G. M. Downes, P. J. How, A. Karet, B. Pheasant, G. R. Weil, G. C. Willis.

### London Branch.

We were pleased to have a visit from R.S.M. "Cushy" Bolton, who was looking very fit. He informed us that his daughter Nancy was to be married, possibly before the issue of this *Dragon*. Miss Bolton is a daughter of the Regiment.

We much sympathise with Mrs. Talbot Harvey, who is only just recovering, after fourteen weeks in bed, from her injury caused by enemy action. May progress continue.

We have received a letter from Superintendent E. J. Hedges, late 2nd Battalion, who informs us that he recently met Reg. No. 6249 Harry Baverstock, who was looking well and is now on civil pension.

Congratulations to R.Q.M.S. Papworth on being awarded a commission. Well done!

Also to Colonel Wilkins on his appointment to Brigadier.

We regret to hear that Reg. No. 6417 Charlie Bertram, late 2nd Battalion, is not too well. We trust the coming spring and summer will make him better.

We have had a talk with Reg. No. 3818 Mr. G. H. (Spud) Austin, who informs us he is keeping fit. He gave information about Major "Jock" Verlander, and it is doubtful if any Buff, past or present, has so much continuous Colour Service as "Jock".

We hear that Reg. No. 4323 Mr. A. E. Warren and Mrs. Warren are having a busy time at Coombe Martin with evacuee children. We understand that several old Buffs are in harness nearby.

Our Chairman, Captain E. A. Carter, sends his best to all members, and looks forward to an early victory and resumption of our happy re-unions.

We deeply regret to hear of the death of Reg. No. 6560 Major Harry Forwood. After a most distinguished career he passed away at Coventry and it is pleasing to know that his old friend, Lieut.-Colonel R. W. Orwin, was with him almost to the last.

After Harry Forwood had recovered from his wounds in the last war, he was seconded to the M.G. Corps and eventually succeeded Captain Enright as a Staff Officer Instructor when the latter proceeded overseas.

We have received news of the death of Reg. No. 6281758 Pte. W. Uffindell, a life member of the London Branch, and our sympathy is tendered to the bereaved.

We recently had a telephone call from Reg. No. 6602 Ernie Tong, who appears to be keeping very fit and sends his best to all.

It was recently said that the best soccer team ever in The Buffs was the 1st Battalion team when stationed in Burma in 1902. This might or might not be, but it is also said that the 2nd Battalion in 1895 had a liking for kicking the ball about. How many remember Pick Griffiths, Jack Hindemarsch, Wally Kesby, Nobby Garside, Franny Hayward, Captain "Bully" Price,

Dusty Ruler, Jock Isard, Patsy Coyne, Darkey Warner, etc.? Just a few names for thought.

We recently had a letter from Reg. No. 6283428 Pte. Flecknell, who was badly wounded in the leg, but is now able to undertake light work. We understand that he has been invalided. He sends his best wishes to all who know him.

Bob Waby writes to say that he is now Regimental Sergeant-Major of a Pioneer Corps Training School. Well done, Bob. Our congratulations.

We were pleased to hear from Mr. R. W. Billings (late 6th Battalion) and to know that both he and his wife are well.

We recently heard also from Mr. R. H. Blacker, who informs us that he has met Mr. Dicker. Both are keeping fit in the Hayes area of London.

We understand that Reg. No. 6884 Sgt. Boarer is still residing at Catford. His best to old friends.

We feel sure that the London Branch will be pleased to hear that Reg. No. 6284380 W.O. Cl. II W. Pitkin has been gazetted a Lieutenant in The Buffs. Pitkin came home from the 1st Battalion in 1937, and in his manner, bearing, smartness and keenness won him many friends.

Reg. No. 3114 W. (Billy) Redman is still living at Clapham and carrying on the good work. Billy in the old days was a groom in the 2nd Battalion.

To Eddy Shute our thanks for his nice letter enclosing two stamps. We trust all will follow the good example.

We are glad to hear that Harry Williams (late 6th and 7th Battalions) is still in harness with a Home Defence Battalion of The Buffs. We understand that he has started to climb the promotion ladder.

The formation of the Home Guard has given opportunity to many journalists to air their views as to what should be taught and what must be done when business begins in reality. The Home Guard are considering writing articles for the instruction of journalists, e.g. how to write for the Press!

We are sorry to hear that Major Vaughan has been very ill and his many friends of the London Branch wish him a speedy recovery.

Snowball Manning telephoned recently his best wishes to all old friends. He informs us all is well and that Mrs. Manning is much better in health.

Our congratulations to Captain Bingham's son, who was recently decorated by the King with the M.B.E. Both father and son have now been honoured with the same decoration.

Paddy Good was observed leaving Buckingham Palace after receiving from His Majesty the Distinguished Conduct Medal. J.E.E.

### Dover Branch.

Hi, Gang! Dover calling! No, the branch has not scuttled, but your scribe, owing to keep it under your hat business, has been putting in overtime. I hope this excuse covers the defaulting in news.

Now I have something of importance to tell you. At our March meeting held on Friday, 14th, what a grand tonic we received when Captain J. Sherwood (who, by the way, is a Founder of the Dover Branch) marched along accompanied by R.S.M. Cox, R.Q.M.S. Clarke, C.S.M.'s King and Hall, Sgt. Standing and one or two boys of the —nth Battalion. By gum! what a treat for the Dover Branch!



By the way, in the —nth Battalion, crime is practically unknown, and the highest traditions of the Regiment are well upheld.

At our meeting, from a suggestion by Captain J. Sherwood, the members present stood for one minute's silence in memory of the late Captain Brooke, whose sad death is as much regretted by Dover as Folkestone, for he was a great friend of the Dover Branch.

I know all Dover Branch and Buffs who knew Pa Colley will extend to him the greatest sympathy on the loss of his son while on escort duty with the Navy. I know that Pa had great hopes of that boy. Still, cheerio, Colley. He went West on a grand job for his country.

Going back to the news of the —nth Battalion. I forgot to mention that Captain Sherwood apologised for the absence of the Commanding Officer and Adjutant, owing to duty, but we hope to meet them both in the near future.

A games tournament has been suggested to take place at our Headquarters in the near future; the branch and club are sure looking forward to it.

I wish to thank members of the Dover Branch who attended the meeting in support of our Chairman (Dr. E. E. Elliot), namely Captain W., Plater, Cpl. W. Frost; Home Guards Messrs. Coveney, Ross, Hicks and Williams.

Our Danny Bushell has been on leave for seven days and tells me he is going West (excuse me, I mean East). Best of luck, Danny, but mind my bike, I mean stripe, for Danny has taken the first step to crossed batons. What a vision for the future, if you dodge the R.S.M. and Provost. "Wait for it," Danny!

To conclude these notes, I must mention a wonderful old Buff of Dover, Mr. E. C. Clark, of Heathfield Avenue, well-known in Dover for the years he has served at Messrs. Hatton and Co. Mr. Clark is 73 years of age and served with the old and renowned 1st Volunteer Battalion, and when he comes to the club and talks about his Middleton exploits on the garden, he fairly gives me the lumbago shudders. Good old soldier, a credit to The Buffs. By the way, Mr. Clark's son served with The Buffs. I will give you details in my next notes as time marches on, and now best of luck to all serving Buffs, and cheerio, everyone. Here's to the next time!

DEWBERRY.

### Ramsgate Branch.

These exciting times, our meetings are out of the question, but one meets Buffs in all walks of industry. Occasionally a Buff will deliver your letter, another will punch your ticket on the bus, on the harbour and docks, in the gas works all departments. Then there is a good percentage in the "Vet" Battalions, Home Guard and A.R.P. Services. Even in business—in public houses you will find many an ex-Buff as "mine host". These comrades normally carry out their daily routine cheerfully, despite Hitler's frequent annoyances, and we are all confident of the one result—"Victory".

Talking about public houses, Dick Atkins, who is an old Buff, is at present host at the "Freemason". He is a "live" warden. At every siren warning Dick turns out. I think he has already had one letter of thanks from the authorities.

At our local branch meetings we saw little of Major Forwood, but we were proud of him as he was a native of Ramsgate, and we were sorry to hear of his early death, and wish to express our sympathy to his people.

The many friends of George Crompton will be sorry to hear of his death on March 20th, due to enemy action. Crompton served in 1/4th Buffs in the last war and was a cheerful personality. Of late he had been employed as a roof spotter by the G.P.O. and was killed in an off duty spell.

I had a blue fit to-day when I found our Secretary (Ernie Birch) in a tea shop. It was after 2.30 p.m., but being a grass widower, he was quite cheerful and delighted to see Ramsgate in the news. A good Buff, ready to help any Buff in distress. It is a pity that all of them do not join the Association, then we could keep in touch with them all. Ernie tries hard.

Through your columns we send our best wishes to all battalions and branches.

### MAJOR H. FORWOOD.

The first Ramsgate man to be awarded the D.C.M. for bravery during the early part of the last war died at Kenilworth recently in his 51st year.

He was Major Harry Forwood, late of the Royal Tank Corps. Major Forwood, who was also awarded the O.B.E., rose during the Great War from the ranks to become an officer.

Born in March, 1890, Major Forwood was educated at Christ Church School. In 1914 he was a machine-gunner sergeant in the 1st Battalion, The Buffs, and a month after was declared he went to France with the 6th Division. It was in October of that year that he performed the deed which won him the D.C.M. Sgt. Forwood was in charge of a machine-gun post and although four times wounded by shrapnel and bullets, he stuck to his post. Five of his men were killed and he was badly wounded.

Following that episode he became an instructor at Dover for a short period before again going to France. In September of 1915 news was received that he had again been wounded, this time during fighting at Hooge.

About this time Sgt. Forwood was promoted to the rank of company sergeant-major, and in 1916 he was given a commission, afterwards becoming assistant instructor at a machine-gun training school in England. He acted as instructor until the Armistice. He later served in Russia and for four months in 1920 he was instructor of machine-gunnery to General Denikin's Army.

### Folkestone Branch.

#### LADIES' GUILD.

The members are very glad to have been able to continue their fortnightly meetings since Christmas, when the usual whist and tea has been arranged by Mrs. Wilkinson and Mrs. Haisell. We are enabled by this means to provide funds for our comforts, when the wool is distributed to the knitters and some very nice parcels have been sent to our Local Depot. Our thanks are due to those who give us the prizes each month.

We were very cheered by a visit from Mrs. Francis, our Hon. Secretary, since our last notes were sent to *The Dragon*, and trust the time is not far distant when it will be possible to have her with us again permanently.

We are very sorry that we are losing Mrs. Salmon, who is leaving the town.

To Mrs. Gibbs our best thanks for the gift of one-and-a-half guineas collected by her amongst her friends. We have bought extra wool with this amount and it is her wish that the comforts should be sent to our coast-watchers.





"COMING events cast their shadows before", and as predicted in last month's notes in *The Dragon*, the era of toil, tears and sweat is now a reality.

Already the improved weather conditions are having a splendid effect on the troops after the long winter months, and the prospect of large scale exercises in the near future are eagerly anticipated.

The Colonel has just returned from a well-earned seven days' leave, and is looking remarkably fit.

Captain R—, O.C. Signals, is away again, but this time on leave, while our sub-editor, Captain P—, is at present on a course of Administration.

Our present location gives us an opportunity of seeing our families again, while the surroundings are also very familiar.

Battalion H.Q. is not housed in one of "the stately homes of England" on this occasion and the companies, with the exception of one, are tucked away in quiet farms and villages, but we hope our stay here will be a long one.

We welcome several new officers to the battalion this month, and they have already shown marked ability both on training and in sport. Whilst on the subject of sport, I must mention that we have lost no time in arranging fixtures with local units. We defeated the R.A.S.C. at rugby by 11 points to 10. The "B" Echelon soccer side, however, was less fortunate in being beaten by 7 goals to 1 by the R.A.S.C. Boxing tournaments within companies seem to be the order of the day. Much to our surprise, our M.T.O. has been organising P.T. classes before breakfast! Only O.C. H.Q. Company can fully appreciate this situation. Added to this, he has been instructing the Messing Officer in the not-so-gentle art of riding a motor-cycle. Their exploits have been many and varied.

The Quartermaster, Lieut. R—, commences his leave to-morrow, during which time he hopes to renew many old friendships.

Entertainment within the battalion has receded for the moment into the background, but with the town of F— within walking

distance there is no lack of cinemas and dances. However, a Buffs dance may yet be one of the attractions in the near future.

#### H.Q. Company.

In the seclusion of the country somewhere in Kent may be seen various peculiarities of nature, but none surpass the not infrequent sight of H.Q. Company struggling round a cross-country course. Even the timid squirrel forgets its fear and pauses to see the "get fit quick" course devised by the C.S.M. That in short is our chief occupation and with route marches, schemes, soccer and rugger we shall soon be the fittest of companies. The Signals carry off the laurels in the cross-country sport, though the Mortars have the outstanding individual in Cpl. Penn. At soccer, Kennaways (A.D. and Mortars) claims first place by beating the M/C's. and Carriers. A combined eleven defeated the depot band boys on our own ground, but were badly beaten in the return match at Canterbury.

Of the Signals' victory in cross-country running we have already spoken, but of their successful scheme with wireless on carriers little has been heard. The envious glances of unclassified signallers at the newly-joined comrades from the Depot have not passed unnoticed, but the new army of crossed flags is now settling in satisfactorily.

Among the inmates of Kennaways the burning question seems to be: "Why is Cpl. Terry to be found so often in the vicinity of Water Lane?" Surely he had enough paddling by the sea!

The A.A. representatives who helped beat the carriers were Cpl. Butler, L/Cpl. Stanger, Ptes. Daniels and Webster, and these must be congratulated on their performance.

The Mortars have an engagement to announce—that of "Swede", and we hope that jilted Freda will not be broken-hearted.

Congratulations to Bill on his promotion, and to Cpl. Penn on his appointment to Orderly Sergeant. We wonder if the appearance of "banets" and "gaurds" on the company detail board has any relation to this appointment.

Our little Gus seems to be getting shorter with this intensive training, and his legs become shorter each day.

The dwellers in the oast house seem somewhat reticent in contributing to these notes, but perhaps their mechanical minds do not easily lend themselves to literary lapses.

The innovation of having carriers and m/c's. as one platoon has to date been quite satisfactory, though naturally some time will be taken before complete harmony is reached.

The Pioneer Platoon wish to welcome the new members, and hope that under the guidance of Cabby they will learn some trade in their new platoon.

Little has been heard of "B" Echelon, being so far removed from the centre of activity, but the inhabitants of Lords certainly did their bit on the schemes, and "Grub up" was a welcome sound to hear on the cold and frosty evening.

In conclusion, we should like to say good luck to the late Colour-Sergeant whose promotion brought a transfer to another battalion, and welcome our new C.Q.M.S., who is proving his worth.



**"B" Echelon.**

For the first time we burst into print. Misguided people imagine that we at "B" Echelon have nothing to do. Unfortunately this is not the case. Admittedly we are a little remote from H.Q. Company and manage to avoid some of their cross-country runs and stair inspections. Even so, our Company Commander has an awkward habit of visiting us at very early hours of the morning.

We live in an atmosphere that is very strange to some of us. The "Q" Staff talk with bated breath about indents, hasteners and G.1098. They are in constant communication with some mystic person called BOWO. Anyhow, they manage to produce the goods and that, after all, is the main thing.

The Q.M. has dragged himself away from his store for a well-earned seven days' leave.

2/Lieut. G— is now with us as Messing Officer. May his visit be a long one. May his motor-cycling career be longer still.

Condolences to C.S.M. Taylor on his black eye. Yet another war wound.

Congratulations to Atkins on doing so well on his recent M.T. course. Taylor, the Petrol King, can be seen digging for victory. Clarke has torn up his photos. Crighton is running the M.T. Sergeant a close second as permanent fixture in the cookhouse. Sgt. Cloke (the man who knows all the answers) has left us to take up the appointment of C.Q.M.S. at H.Q. Company. May all his "natters" bear fruit. Sgt. Creed is now Technical Sergeant. We hope this means the solving of his spare part problems. You want the best transport—we have it. You want another suit of battle dress—follow the Q.M.'s dodge. One M.T. driver, one tin of M.600, the rest is easy. If you want bully beef for ever—follow the Messing Officer.

COME AND GET IT.

**"A" Company.**

There are a number of arrivals and departures from the company. Taffy Surrudge has gone "West", adding a laurel to his crown on the way. By now he has no doubt taught the lads there the way he wants the "present arms" done. Sgt. Ashby is now in the M.T., and Cpl. Tom Berry is going to Brigade.

Among the arrivals are 2/Lieuts. G— and C—, who are in Nos. 9 and 7 Platoons respectively. L/Cpls. Mahoney and Jamison of 1st Battalion fame are included in the latest draft from the Depot. To all these we extend a hearty welcome and hope they have a happy stay.

It is surprising how much information, or should I say "scandal" can be gathered when you are on guard. "Watch for latest news flash, Walter Winchell joins The Buffs."

I noticed that Waghorn braves the windy nights and sleeps in his new car. That Sailor Silk held up a game of bragg because someone asked to see his lucky "bit". I also heard a story about Nelson Mills, better known as Nobby or Slash. Nobby, it seems, was on guard on the sea wall when the Brigadier came along and asked him what the rattle he was carrying was used for. Nobby replied that it was used to cheer the Huns on as they came up the beach, sir. In Nobby's words, "the Brigadier was choked!"

Fisher, the company runner, was seen without his beloved cycle. I trust this is a lie!

**"B" Company.**

Now, not very far from the home of the Regiment, many are within reasonable distance of their own homes, and passes are in great demand. Quite a few of us, however, seem to be able to become friends of the local families in record time, although it is whispered that a certain N.C.O. became immune to the charms of the local ladies with suspicious speed when he learnt that his wife was paying him a visit.

The past three weeks have been remarkable for the number of stunts which have fallen to our lot. One man is still wondering how he came to mislay a Verey pistol, and we believe it is the same man who was seen making gallant but unsuccessful attempts to climb a tree on a more recent scheme. The stretcher bearers had great fun on this occasion and, no doubt, very much enjoyed their first experience of carrying casualties a fair distance. It is still a matter of great wonder to us how a man with a fractured leg could walk a mile back to the Aid Post.

Changes in the company have been quite numerous. Firstly we welcome 2/Lieut. J. M. B— and wish him every success. From Headquarter Company we have received Ptes. Timms and Knight, and among a recent draft from the Depot were three N.C.O.'s with many years' previous service in the Regiment—L/Cpls. Hobbs, Payne and Tilley. The M.T. have claimed seven of our men. L/Cpl. Knaves is at present attached to the police, and Pte. Naylor has been released to take up work at his former trade.

There is little to tell as yet in the realm of sport. No. 10 Platoon inflicted a defeat on the rest of the company at football, and at the moment they are resting on their laurels. There will probably be more organised sport when there has been time for us to settle in properly.

**"C" Company.**

Too much must not be expected from this month's company notes, as "Younghand" is operating. As we are a little nearer civilisation, "Chick" wants to know what happens to the company after 5.30 p.m. re the small audience at the company smoking concert.

Once again "Slim" Jaycocks leaves us for yet another W.T. Course. He has been working his way up steadily through battalion, division and corps courses and has got as his reward the real thing at last.

"Wigger" is to be seen busily swotting up, and it is believed that he is thinking of trying a spot of duty; is it because he is nervous of the iron steeds?

No. 13 Platoon mourns the loss of 2/Lieut. G—, but they all wish him the best of luck in his new post and 2/Lieut. R— has come to lead the flock.

We welcome the lads from the I.T.C.; one old hand is recognised as an ex-1st Battalion man, none other than L/Cpl. Mitchell, Bandsman. Also two brothers have been reunited by the last draft, L/Cpl. Rowe and L/Cpl. Rowe.

"Blower" B— has returned to the fold; so look out, No. 14 Platoon! One mystery we should like to solve is why is it that although most of the lads are in their own county, they still wander in Lincoln and Yorkshire?

Everyone is looking rather tired after the battalion exercise which they started at 0900 hours on Friday and tramped round the Garden of England until midday on Saturday. The Sergeant-Major was so tired he had to take a six-hour pass to recuperate.

Continued on p. 89.





THESE notes did not figure in our last issue because the demands of security in these days practically confine us to domestic items, and life here has pursued a very even tenor, with nothing in the way of engagements, marriages and the like to employ our ready pen. Apart from the customary activity of the Band and a full calendar of games, there is still little news that we should be permitted to publish.

Outstanding among the few admissible items is the departure of Major Scratchley to an appointment of some dignity and import: in the world of figures, of which he was an acknowledged master, he will be greatly missed, and we must set against his loss as an adoptive Buff the knowledge that his abilities will be very fully and responsibly employed in his new office.

We had the pleasure some weeks ago of returning the truly royal hospitality of the Royal Navy, and despite the disappointment of the weather, which meant the cancelling of the outdoor games, a well-contested boxing tournament was followed by an evening which will live long in the memories of all who were fortunate enough to be present.

More recently we again played, not without success, the role of hosts, this time to a varied group of guests, representing both the military and the civil personalities of the district: an excellent Band Concert was followed by dinner in the Officers' Mess, and if our guests enjoyed themselves as much as we enjoyed having them, it can safely be pronounced a successful evening.

### Sport.

#### Rugby.

In spite of several recent losses and changes, the rugby team has been putting up a good show latterly. We have won three out of four of our latest matches; first and most notable against the R.W.K. I.T.C. at Maidstone—a decisive victory by 23 points to nil. Beavers, as usual was in evidence; streaking down the wing like a Spitfire zooming through a formation of Ju. 88's. An improvement in the forward line was very noticeable—no doubt they were inspired by the leadership of the champion tank-hunter. The handling by the centres, however, still leaves room for improvement.

We had the satisfaction on March 12th of beating a strong team from our new neighbours in Cavalry Barracks. The visitors fielded a heavy and formidable side and it seemed we were lucky to be leading at half-time. Soon after half-time it began to look as if we were tiring and there was some fumbling which inspired our opponents to renewed vigour. At this stage a very senior officer standing on the touchline was heard to remark that The Buffs were "like a lot of schoolgirls playing basket-ball". However, Arnold at fly-half was quick to realise that if he could get the ball straight out to Beavers, the "Spitfire" would get over the line. "Stop him!" yelled the opposing captain. "You won't stop 'im," yelled back a spectator. Nor did they, and from thence forward the match was ours. After a gruelling game the final score stood at 20 to 8 in our favour.

We look forward to the return match next month.

The match arranged against the Royal Fusiliers had unfortunately to be scratched at the last moment, but happily we were able to fix a game against the 70th Battalion on our ground instead. The game resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Depot. It is a great pleasure to be able to arrange a "family" match like this and we are looking forward to our meeting with another of our battalions on March 22nd.

The last match was with the —th Royal Tank Regiment, R.A., on March 19th. Our side was sadly under strength and, to make matters worse, our scrum-half crooked his ankle half-way through the first half. However, the "Tanks" produced a very good side and they would probably have beaten us even if we had been up to full strength. About the score we prefer to remain silent!

#### Hockey.

I.T.C. v DOVER FIXED DEFENCES (Home).

This was not nearly such a good match as our two previous games against these opponents, who, owing to changes of personnel, were not able to turn out their usual side. In fact, they played one short. The ground was in almost perfect condition, though a little bumpy, and it was some time before the I.T.C. got into their usual stride. During the first quarter of an hour, the I.T.C. did everything except score. However, their play gradually improved, and they then opened their score with a beautiful flick shot by Pte. Isitt. The game then took a more normal course, the I.T.C. winning an enjoyable game by 5 goals to 0.

I.T.C. v I.T.C., THE Q.O. ROYAL WEST KENT REGT. (Away).

Our Hockey XI joined the soccer and rugger sides in a trip to the headquarters of our co-County Regiment. We are rather spoilt by having such a perfect pitch of our own and we were all at sea on the very bumpy pitch of our opponents, who are not so luckily placed as we are in the matter of grounds, and have to rely on a municipal pitch. It was some time, therefore, before we could get the hang of things and half-time found us 1—2 down. By dint of perseverance we managed to keep going and to overcome our difficulties, the final score being 4—2 in our favour. We much enjoyed the "eats" which our hosts arranged for us afterwards, and appreciated their hospitality, as usual.

#### Boxing.

I.T.C., THE BUFFS v ROYAL NAVAL BARRACKS, C—, Thursday, February 27th, 1941.

It was originally intended that this should be a four-fold fixture composed of rugger, soccer, hockey and



boxing, but as the weather was very bad, the field sports had to be cancelled and we were only able to have the boxing match. This took place in the Cavalry Gym., and was won fairly comfortably by the Navy; the final score was R.N.B. 24, The Buffs 15. The evening ended with a speech by the C.O., and I can best report this by repeating and endorsing what he said.

Commander Redman was an excellent referee; he had all the fights well in hand and with a few well-chosen words checked any irregularities that occurred in the fighting.

We were shown some fine exhibitions of skill and also some of grit and pluck in taking punishment, and we were very forcibly shown the tough material of which our Navy is composed.

As the C.O. said, a soldier, outside his work, thinks of three main things in the following order—Food, Sleep and Pay, all of which we owe indirectly to the Navy, the first and last because of their magnificent work in conveying our Merchant Navy, which carries our supplies and our export trade, and the second because of the Navy's ceaseless watch and ward of the seas.

Finally, the C.O. softened the blow of our rather heavy defeat by telling us that the Navy had had 10,000 to choose their team from and also that they had the benefit of Seaman Lawlor, one of our finest professional boxers, as their coach and trainer, and also as a member of their team.

The M.C. was the R.S.M. The judges were Captain L. J. Williams and Captain H. J. Martin, to whom, as to all the other officials of the evening, a well deserved vote of thanks is due.

After the match we entertained the Navy to dinner, and all enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

Results and reports of individual fights:—

**FEATHERWEIGHT.**—(1) Pte. Hudd ("R" Company) beat A.B. Shields (R.N.B.) on points. A good hard fight with little to choose between them. Hudd was the faster boxer and despite a good recovery by Shields in the third round, Hudd won by a narrow margin.

(2) A.B. Page (R.N.B.) beat R/L/Cpl. Mitchell ("I" Company) on points. Page was the better boxer and had a much longer reach, but Mitchell fought back gamely against a heavier opponent.

**LIGHTWEIGHT.**—(3) A.B. Grimms (R.N.B.) beat Pte. Blake ("I" Company) on points. This was the best contested fight of the evening between two very well-trained men. After three rounds of good even boxing, Blake was unlucky to be beaten on points.

(4) Pte. Woods ("I" Company) beat Steward James comfortably on points. Wood was the harder hitter and his greater eagerness to mix things made him an easy winner.

(5) A.B. Taylor beat Pte. O'Brien ("R" Company) on points. The seaman was the better boxer and had the longer reach.

(6) Seaman Cook Duffy beat Pte. Evans ("A" Company) on points. This was a very interesting and keen fight between two clever and well-trained boxers. Duffy won by a very narrow margin.

**MIDDLEWEIGHT.**—(7) A.B. Usher beat Cpl. Skinner ("S" Company) on points. Skinner won the last round and had he attacked as aggressively in the earlier rounds he would have won comfortably.

(8) Stoker Salisbury beat L/Sgt. Garrett (P.T.). This fight was stopped in the third round. Garrett received a nasty cut over the right eye. Until the fight had to be stopped, Garrett was winning a good fight.

(9) A.B. Lawlor beat Pte. Cleaver ("B" Company) on points. Cleaver must be congratulated on putting up a plucky and determined fight against one of the best professional boxers in the country. Lawlor is a left-handed boxer with a long reach and a very heavy punch. A good winner and a game loser.

(10) O.S. Waltham beat Pte. Hoffman ("B" Company) on points. A very good scrap. Waltham won a hard-hitting fight between two evenly matched men.

**LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT.**—(11) A.B. Blyth beat L/Cpl. Read ("I" Company) on points. Blyth was much the heavier of the two men. Read put up an exceptionally good fight against a good boxer.

(12) Stoker Laverick beat L/Cpl. Stephens ("I" Company) on a technical knock-out in the first round. Stephens was out-classed by a very good boxer indeed.

**HEAVYWEIGHT.**—(13) Marine Cockerell beat L/Cpl. Doggett ("I" Company) on a technical knock-out in the first round. Doggett was utterly out-classed by a very much stronger and fitter boxer.

### Depot Company.

At the time of writing, our worthy C.S.M. is indulging in a spot of well-earned leave somewhere in Wales (so he tells us). We all hope he is having a really good rest, and that he is not climbing too many mountains. Anyway, we expect to see him back next week in the pink. We also hope that he will be able to relate his experiences on the glories of Wales to his Section "E" admirers in our next *Dragon* notes. In the meantime, his relief, Sgt. Richardson, is doing wonders and likes the job so well that we feel sure he will begrudge Joe taking over again on his return.

Our A.T.S. staff have also been very fortunate where leave has been concerned, as they have each enjoyed seven days. What seems to worry a certain N.C.O. is why Vol. Jordan cancelled her leave, and then had it a week later. Perhaps we shall know the answer one of these days, and if we do, we will let you know, J—.

We continue to receive a steady flow of new arrivals, who seem to be welcomed with open arms by the C.Q.M.S. and his staff, which has recently been increased by Sgt. McCormick. We also welcome C/Sgt. Twist, whose coming has proved very fortunate, as it coincided with a certain job of work which seemed to appeal to no one, and which he has undertaken with great zeal, much to a certain A.T.S.'s delight.

Before we end these very hasty notes, we must tender our congratulations to Lieut. Fraser on attaining another pip.

We should also like to add that the company commander still enjoys his tea, and that our ginger cat still prefers his table to anywhere else for partaking of an afternoon's nap, much to the disgust of the Orderly Sergeant.

### "A" Company.

The company, although in a somewhat depleted condition, continues to flourish under Captain Wills, who must be congratulated upon his recent promotion. It is a trifle difficult to keep pace with the comings and goings of other officers in the company, who no sooner arrive than they disappear mysteriously to the M.T. or Signals Section, or are posted off to the various battalions.



Other well-known personalities are prospering. Our C.S.M., for instance, seems to have that spring feeling and insists upon periodic monumental clearances of the office in his off moments, which cause his clerk to tear her hair in despair and finally to join the offensive in self-defence.

Personality Number Two—shades of Vic Oliver—Vol. S—, continues to keep the personnel over at the Stores well in hand, and strange to relate, they appear to enjoy it, including the Quarter Bloke. We have noted with surprise the sudden mania for gardening which has broken out over there. Even the sangbags are sprouting daffodils, and occasionally Nobby may be seen anxiously eyeing a large box which is said to contain tomato seeds. There is nothing so far to prove this assertion, but we live in hopes. Never mind, Nobby, they'll probably be lovely and ripe in two or three years' time.

Pte. "Tiny" G— is another prominent figure and a valuable member of the Stores darts team. In fact, they can all throw a pretty dart, which only goes to show what practise will do.

Personality Number Three—Sgt. G—, still gazes enviously skywards. Though he would, no doubt, be a valuable asset to the R.A.F., what would No. 2 Platoon and the rugger team do without him? So don't desert us, Sergeant. Incidentally, it is rumoured that the above-mentioned Sergeant has also developed proclivities in the direction of horticulture, but apparently his tastes take a more exotic turn and run to cactuses—or is it cacti?

By the way, Sgt. T—, if your eyes ever light upon this column, please note that pass forms are running a bit low and that in future you will probably be requested to provide your own two or three per week, "for the purpose of proceeding to C—".

Although no mention has so far been made of training or sport, both are being carried on as normally as is possible with the small numbers remaining, although recreational training has to consist mainly of runs and treasure hunts, the latter combining practise in map-reading with the literary efforts involved in describing such uninspiring objects as road blocks and so on.

#### "B" Company.

This month has so far been the quietest on record in every respect, including scandal. Our company has gradually diminished as we have been losing a number of men to other units.

Our friends on a "refresher" course from the —nth Battalion have up to the moment been kept busy with several inoculations, but our company commander has now arranged seven days' leave for the majority of these fellows, so everything in the garden is lovely.

We entertained the Navy at boxing, our company being represented by Ptes. Cleaver and Hoffman, the former putting up a very good fight with a pro., Seaman Jim Lawlor.

The joke this month was an appeal for match-sticks by our drumming Sergeant, who after returning from leave, found his eyes wouldn't keep open. He, of course, blamed the sun, but we know. Also, our "Wobbler" was seen playing a barrel organ last week, which Tubbie took very much to heart. He thought he was the company's funny man, but you can never tell with these newly-weds.

Wonders never cease. Our "civvy-attached" paid us a surprise visit. Amazing thing, it wasn't pay day either. Unfortunately we could not muster the Band

in time to welcome him in the proper style, but after a look through *Men Only*, *Naturist*, *Razzle*, etc., he dashed off again to his new abode.

We thank the Company Orderly Sergeant, who on his Reveille roll-call removed the cat from our sergeants' car. We all wonder what he was doing to get it in there, as it's now generally a brunette from the vicinity of a certain P.O. building.

Our cadre has now come to an end, and we understand it to have been a very successful one.

#### "I" Company.

Our last notes recorded the departure of many old friends, and once again we must mention the comings and goings within the company.

A periodical "purge" has taken place and the building, now shorn of its once happy throng, lies silent—for how long?

The original company has gone but for a few stragglers.

We bid farewell to Cpls. Williamson, Kempt, Judge, L/Cpls. Grimsey, Bura and Jenkins (the latter, we suppose, will inflict his wild Welsh tongue on all and sundry in his new sphere of interest). All the very best of good wishes to you.

The company continues its interest in sport and many exciting encounters at football have taken place. On one occasion the N.C.O.'s were severely shaken, and though playing well, were soundly defeated.

Attendance at the voluntary P.T. classes continues to be good.

Hockey is rapidly finding its own amongst the members of the company, and Wednesday afternoons see many an eventful clash.

Interest in table tennis is maintained, and many fast games are played in the evenings. All those wishing to join us are invited to come along. Games are played in the lecture room or the old gym. Please bring canvas shoes with you.

Congratulations to the newly appointed Récruit Lance-Corporals. Get cracking and persevere and you will soon return covered with glory (or something); and to the recently promoted L/Sgt. Garrett and Cpl. Downe, congratulations.

Furrowed brows now inhabit the Corporals' Mess. The reason may be found in the acquisition of a chess set, and quite a number have indulged in this new form of relaxation.

#### "R" Company.

Another month sees our company still dwindling and we send our best wishes with those who have departed for "destinations unknown". May they return safely from — (we nearly mentioned it) with fresh laurels.

We have also lost our "Chelsea Pensioner", i.e. L/Cpl. K—, and three men, including "the perfect butler", Pte. G—. We wish them all a speedy recovery. We are pleased to welcome our new officers and trust that they will enjoy their sojourn amongst us.

There has been little activity on the inter-company sports front, apart from some cross-country running against "S" Company which I hesitate to mention. Did "S" Company use their M.T. to achieve this victory?

We did appear to advantage in the Band Concert given in honour of the Brigadier's visit. Sgt. W—, Cpl. S— and our own stalwart company clerk did their

stuff in fine style. We are beginning to wonder whether we have not had to "Shake hands with a millionaire" quite sufficiently?

It was said that the local H.G. had devised a new substitute for a pull-through, or is it a new secret weapon? At all events, a length of cane was found in one of their rifles. Perhaps a modern version of "The Admiral's Broom".

Our "Q" Branch has been improved by the addition of a separate office for our "Quarter". It is hoped that in this quiet corner he will be able to work happily "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife".

#### WE WONDER

which Sergeant has acquired a new stance as a result of a course;

which recruit wrote home that his Sergeant had a kind face, but he didn't know what kind;

whether our C.S.M. will, by the time these notes appear, have succumbed to a certain "fever" prevalent just now;

whether our company clerk (bandsman) will be allowed to succumb this time or does music come first in his affections;

who coined the phrase "Don't throw stones or you'll find yourself in 'The Glasshouse'".

#### "S" Company.

"Once more into the breach," says the writer of these notes, battling against time, with one hopeful eye on a cinema show. And come to think of it, the quotation is not ill-timed, for we are to fire as a company as these notes go to press.

The company is filling up again and new intakes are welcomed. Shall we like them, and will they like us? There is always that question at "change-over" time, for this is most decidedly a company for the man who likes his job and no place for the "square peg". May all new "pegs" be round!

The change in the weather brings thoughts of summer and one talks of "this summer" and "last summer" and speculates.

That the M.T. are already contemplating their annual summer "beano" is very evident, for they are already painting their chariots.

This section fluctuates between two moods, that of the superiority complex and that of just plain "browned-offness". At the present they are on the wave of an "up" mood and assert arrogantly that out of the last twelve games of football they have played they have lost none. During the last month they beat the C.M.P.'s 4-2. Incidentally the most strenuous game the staff have ever played (according to M.T. 12) was against M.T. 12.

But the M.T. staff should take heart, for Cpl.P— returns to the section, which event will be a tonic for them. To the rest of us he's just a cure.

The 10th Battalion Signals are at present enjoying a rest from their labours ("owe 'e do it" and all that), all having classified in rather less time than usual. Well done!

For the benefit of the officers' mess and all O.R.'s in doubt, the hat which we immortalised in last month's issue is the pride of this section and not an "A" Company mascot.

"Satan finds work for idle hands to do." The T.H. platoon being, at present depleted, "Cupid finds a job

for idle tanks to do." Sgt. S— wouldn't understand this though, so no more need be said. The platoon has lost most of its members to the Royal Armoured Corps, where we wish them much success. We trust that their training here will not lead to too many casualties among the personnel of their new unit. Spring has arrived the Re-Block to find decorators surrounded by quantities of distemper (Mk. IV, walls for the slarp dashing of—sorry, it's the effect of a projected Quarte-Blocke's course). The colour of the walls is being expertly changed to a delicate shade of blue—we get more and more like "I" Company every day, refined and cosy.

Congratulations to Lieut. Bruce on the acquisition of another pip. But seriously, a piece of advice to that gentleman. "If you want to know the time ask a policeman", thereby saving your left ear, which is in danger of going threadbare. Incidentally it might spare our few remaining blades of grass, for one of them is generally singled out for vigorous assault concurrent with these watch-harking antics, presumably because the timepiece has jibbed.

More congratulations, too, to our three new Lance-Corporals—Bunn, Williams and Stubbs. We also take occasion to scratch our own backs on having beaten "R" Company again in a cross-country run.

At the moment "Jumbo" and "Bambino" are running neck and neck for fatherhood. We are told that the betting in the M.T. is furious. Meanwhile, to alleviate the suspense, "Jumbo" is tripping the light fantastic toe with a member of the A.T.S. We understand he executes a nifty hey nonny nonny.

#### "C" Company—Continued from page 86.

The company have got well off the mark at football. The first game, against "C" Company, 1/6th Queen's, resulted in a win of 2 goals to 1. In the next match, against H.Q. Company, 1/6th Queen's, we drew 1 goal all—a creditable performance, as most of our class players were on guard, and some of the old veterans came to the fore.

#### "D" Company.

We are very pleased to welcome Lieut. P—, our old R.Q.M.S., who has joined the company as Second-in-Command.

Since our arrival here, it is noticed that the boys are out every night in town on "rece parties".

Tom and Alf have found a new battle H.Q., namely "The Hole in the Wall". Strange as it may seem, they have found no beautiful damsels to capture their hearts. The only conclusion that we can come to is that Cupid must be on leave.

"Bangers" has taken the plunge, or I should say the bull by the horns, and enlisted into the Regular Army. May his soul rest in peace. But never mind, "Bangers", the first seven are the worst.

We are surprised at "Lippy", who has just joined us from leave—playing Romeo to some local Juliet. Who was she, "Lippy"? Let us in on the secret—don't forget the old *esprit de corps*.

"Jeykle" is still pining for Molly; it is painful to see him walking about with a love-lorn look on his dear face. Cheer up, son, there is more than one feather in the air.

Our friend and bosom pal, "Tich", is in something of a coma. All we can get out of him is "Ain't she lovely!"



THE end of the month of February found this battalion advanced another and not inconsiderable stage on its long pilgrimage towards efficiency. Training becomes even more strenuous, and although we know their rigours are far less than those of actual fighting, we take a modest pride in the trials we surmount. Our best effort, a 31-mile march through an unending curtain of driving snowflakes, coming as a climax

to two days of "fighting" and sleeping in outhouses, left us all sore of foot but more confident in our prowess.

Long days and hard marching, however, have not destroyed our appetite for sport. Both boxing and cross-country running have flourished, as the company notes which follow will show. We are particularly gratified to defeat (in the boxing ring) the —Fd. Regiment, R.A., which threw down a redoubtable gauntlet soon after arrival. The Carrier Platoon is to be congratulated on winning the Howells Platoon Cup, awarded in February for cross-country running.

As for the lighter side of existence, the De Valence Hall resounds weekly to the strains of local dance bands. The Officers' Mess, too, gave a highly successful dance, which made us think wistfully of peace-time. Even the peak mess bills awaiting us will not destroy our golden opinions of the P.M.C. and the Messing and Wines Members.

We have said good-bye this month to Lieut. R. J. C—, whose memory reaches farther back than any of ours into the history of this battalion, and to Lieut. J. E. N. J— and 2/Lieut. C. B. C—. They have our best wishes in their new pursuits. We welcome the arrival of reinforcements in the shape of 2/Lieuts. G. M. D—, P. M. D— C—, H. J. N—, D. G. P—, J. G. G— and G. H. R—. Captain D. A. I. A— and Lieut. J. R. G. F— gain congratulations on their added weight of brass.

And so we excuse ourselves and leave you to those who sing the praises of their several companies.

#### Sergeants' Mess.

Unfortunately the onus of writing these notes fell rather late upon the present author, the previous Sergeants' Mess chronicler having left us for the exalted rank of an Officer Cadet.

Before the slander and details of the nefarious deeds of the members, let us start off with congratulations and good wishes to the aforementioned chronicler and to two ex-members of this Mess who now carry "pips" and to C.S.M. Paramour on his amazing recovery.

In the social and sport spheres nothing of importance happened in February, but arrangements are being made and hopes are high for some outstanding events in March, not least among which is the return football match with the Officers.

The "Sheiking Shield" is in the limelight again, and, resplendent in a new coat of paint, was on view with the names of our chief sheiks duly appended. It is strange that most of the members bestowed with this high honour are married, but undoubtedly they are single when in their favourite stamping grounds. We hope the shield will not be put forward as an excuse for not bringing wives into the Mess.

Training is becoming intensive and like the hero of a popular song, we have been "All over the place".

Congratulations are offered and a hearty welcome extended to new members who have recently joined us. Niches have been duly carved in the mantelpiece to take the heels of their boots.

It has been noted that a number of senior Sergeants are getting ambitious, possibly due to the fact that there are a number of vacancies amongst the C.S.M.'s. Good luck, say I, to the lads that get 'em.

Best wishes are offered to Sgt. Pitt on his ardent wooing of a certain "Kitty". For the misinformed, I will tell you he certainly tries very hard, and any cash he has spare after those efforts are spent, we understand, on bus fares to a remote village, but we think the attraction there is overshadowed by the attractive "Kitty".

C.S.M. P— is not seen in the Mess so often these days. After duty he is seen slinking towards the centre of the town. Is it rabbits, or is it—what?

#### H.Q. (1) Company.

Although we have been very busy with schemes and night exercises during the last month, the battalion recently found sufficient time and energy to make a good show on a 4-5 mile cross-country run, each platoon entering 25 N.C.O.'s and men. The most annoying obstacle during the run was undoubtedly the mud, for several returned "safely to their base", but minus shoes, after wading through farmyards and the like. The five platoons of this company which entered came home in the following order from the battalion's 18 platoons:—Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7 and 15. We must not dishearten our platoon which came in last, for they did very well considering they seldom undergo training which would have helped them in this way.

We continue to lose a few of our bright boys, who will probably be transferred to other units on completion of tradesmen's courses. "Ginger" Griggs in particular will have great difficulty in surviving now his pal Greenfield has left him—for who will collect his fish and chips now?

The A/A. Platoon are now mourning the departure of aero-minded Cpl. Townsend, who is away on a course, and may not return to them. He is the N.C.O. who thinks a Spitfire is some form of serpent!

Somewhere in T— our Pioneers are endeavouring to demolish a bandstand, and one interesting feature was recently witnessed by an onlooker. Pte. Hough was sitting high up and at the end of a protruding girder



hacking away with a sledge hammer, and when the Pioneer Sergeant arrived, called down: "Am I alright, Sergeant?" A voice from the deep replied: "Yes, quite alright. You're sitting on the end that's going to collapse any minute now."

#### H.Q. (2) Company.

Since our last notes, we are pleased to say that we have once again appeared in the limelight, due to the Carrier Platoon, who succeeded in winning the Inter-Platoon Challenge Cup at cross-country running. We must also congratulate the M.T. Platoon on securing second place. That shook them! The cup was presented to the team's captain, Sgt. Williams, by the Commanding Officer at the Inter-Unit Boxing Competition.

We all congratulate Pte. Bennett on his success as a runner-up in the finals of the Welterweight Boxing Competition.

We have got Sgt. Pitt back from the Q.M. Stores and we shall soon know how he really spent his time in the Q.M. Office.

We congratulate Sgt. Pitt, Sgt. Williams and L/Sgt. Tong on the results of their recent courses.

#### "A" Company.

Firstly I should like to congratulate Major and Mrs. E. S. S— on the birth of a son early in March; another young Buff.

2/Lieut. S. D. M—, Sgt. Ashby and our old friend Harry Pullen have arrived back from a W.T. Course from "Somewhere in the North of England", looking a trifle fitter and quite brown (I don't mean "Browned off"), each with a stirring tale of night ops.

Training has really begun in earnest, and when one has to sleep out, sometimes in the rain with nothing but a G.S. blanket, and sometimes without even that, well! It certainly makes one fighting fit.

Dancing seems to have taken quite a few of our young lads away from "billet area", otherwise known as "The Hope and Anchor", to the De Valence Dance Hall.

The "Slug" (sorry, I mean McIntosh) has been bitten by a boxing bug, whatever that is. Anyway, we wish him the best of luck during his forthcoming fights, and hope one day to see him really in action.

Talking of boxing, we entered a few for the Battalion Novices' Competition. The results will be found elsewhere in this issue.

Sports on the whole have been rather lacking on account of intensive training, but soon I hope to have a full account of the various matches to be played in the very near future.

#### "B" Company.

First and foremost in these notes, we wish to welcome to the company 2/Lieut. D— C— and 2/Lieut. D—, and express the hope that they will be with us for a long while.

Various courses still continue to deprive the company of its N.C.O.'s. The victim at the moment happens to be our "George", though we know he will survive and return victorious.

Captain R. S. M— has just returned from a spot of leave, looking very fit, but certainly no fitter than he usually does when taking part in the ever more frequent "stunts" which wring the withers of our battalion.

One can well believe that the Army is mechanised now. After the thirtieth mile one *walks* mechanically!

Sgt. Ryan is of the opinion that No. 10 Platoon still leads the company, especially in view of their outstanding success on a recent night manoeuvre, when they beat up the rest of the 3rd.

We are glad to know that Sergeant-Major Paramour is still going strong and is well on the way to recovery.

Well, that is about all there is to say for this month, and paper is scarce.

#### "C" Company.

During the past month our physical efforts have been considerable. Setting out one morning, we had a pleasant walk of about 25 miles, ending with a warm meal in an unattractive farmyard, spending a cold night in a concrete-floored cow-house.

The next morning we sallied forth to battle, carrying out a lengthy attack across country, the total distance covered being a mere 13 miles or so. Everyone was glad of a comfortable billet that night in a school, with fires in each room, lighted by a kindly caretaker.

So far the weather had been entirely in our favour—cold but invigorating. On the third day the journey home was started early, the official distance being 31 miles. After the first hour, snow and sleet began to fall and over the high ground the weather was bitter, ending up with treacherous slush which made walking difficult. It was undoubtedly the most unpleasant part of the whole trip, with the usual result that in the unaccountable British way, the company sang more lustily and more cheerfully than at any other time during the "outing".

Since then the usual remark of the local inhabitants has been: "We don't know how you did it!". To this we just put our noses in the air and murmur: "Poof! That's nothing!" with an air of conscious virtue.

Since then we have made a habit of nice long country walks and anything less than 25 miles is regarded as something beneath our dignity.

There has also been a boxing competition against the Gunners, which the battalion won by 6 bouts to 5. "C" Company produced three competitors and contributed three out of the six wins. In the Battalion Boxing Competition one of our lads was awarded the Best Loser's Cup, and judging from the applause he certainly aroused great admiration for his efforts, especially as he was called at the last minute as a "Stop-gap" and had been out on a scheme all day from which the other competitors had been excused.

C.S.M. Gurney was on parade as usual one bright morning, but an hour later was called to the Orderly Room and shortly afterwards reappeared with two "Pips". We offer him our hearty congratulations and sincere wishes for his happiness and success in the battalion to which he has been posted.

We congratulate Cpls. Fieldwick, Cunningham and Wheeler on doubling the number of stripes on their arms. Also our congratulations to L/Cpls. Duffin, Savage and Marchant on obtaining their first "tape".

We must now rush away and change into our walking shoes for to-day's thousand mile hike!

### "D" Company.

It has been a good month for the company in the land of sport, No. 16 Platoon coming a good third in the Battalion Cross-Country Run, the best performer being Pte. Hanson, who came in eighteenth, but the remainder of the platoon were not far behind.

In the boxing match against a certain Field Regiment, Pte. Dixon narrowly lost his flyweight fight but put up an excellent performance; and Pte. Smedley won his weight, beating a man twice his size by sheer fighting ability.

Our C.S.M. Pointer has been seen often with a shrill whistle between his lips as he is always in demand as a referee by our allies, and I hear some excellent games have resulted. He also tells me rabbits and chickens are very cheap in the country!!

I would like to say we have acquired a good guitarist in Pte. Petinarides, who has worked hard at the instrument. Perhaps we shall hear him at the next concert.

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### Regimental Gazette—Continued from p. 81.

The undermentioned Cpts. (actg. Maj.) to be temp. Maj. :—

THE BUFFS.—C. E. A. Terry (45657) (August 25th, 1940); E. S. Scott (50875) (March 1st, 1941).

#### EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

The undermentioned Lt. (actg. Maj.) to be temp. Maj. and War Subs. Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—C. E. Vaughan, M.B.E. (142142) (February 11th, 1941).

The undermentioned Lt. (actg. Capt.) to be temp. Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—P. A. Watts (141574) (December 20th, 1940).

The undermentioned 2nd Lts. (actg. Cpts.) to be temp. Cpts. and War Subs. Lts. :—

THE BUFFS.—J. E. Osborne, M.C. (142236) (January 4th, 1941); A. M. Drake (123341) (February 16th, 1941).

#### WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

No. 11 ISSUED ON MARCH 13TH, 1941.

#### REGULAR ARMY.

The undermentioned Maj. (actg. Lt.-Col.) to be temp. Lt.-Col. :—

THE BUFFS.—C. E. Wilson, M.B.E. (9479) (March 13th, 1941).

The undermentioned Capt. (actg. Maj.) to be temp. Maj. :—

THE BUFFS.—H. Williams (38776) (November 29th, 1940).

The undermentioned Capt. (temp. Maj.) relinquishes the temp. rank of Maj. :—

THE BUFFS.—J. R. P. Williams (30707) (September 24th, 1940).

The undermentioned 2nd Lt. (actg. Capt.) to be temp. Capt. and War Subs. Lt. :—

THE BUFFS.—K. R. Wilson (99765) (December 21st, 1940).

The undermentioned 2nd Lt. to be War Subs. Lt. :—

THE BUFFS.—T. M. S. Dyer (68472) (March 4th, 1941).

The undermentioned Lt. (actg. Capt.) to be temp. Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—A. J. Smithers (71544) (February 22nd, 1941).

### News from the Veterans.

TO-DAY our hearts are filled with sadness. Last week our correspondent to *The Dragon*, 2/Lieut. J. B. Sterndale-Bennett, a noted journalist, suddenly passed over. He will be greatly missed by all ranks and we wish to convey our deepest sympathy to his relations.

*Tempora Mutantur*, as the Latins say. Captain L. A. R. Braddell, our Adjutant, having completed his tour of duty, has handed over the reins of office to Captain H. Haymen. Captain Braddell's twitching moustache was a joy to all, not forgetting the fair sex, and the battalion will always be grateful to him for the very successful way he carried on in most arduous times.

As the pious should desire to be always climbing higher, so has Captain H. D. Gillilan. He has left us to become a Major in another command. His successor as O.C. "D" Company is Captain A. V. Lister, whose previous performances as Security Officer were unique and complete.

Owing to anno domini, that gallant old war horse, Captain C. Claydon, has handed over the command of "A" Company to Major F. M. M. Bawden. We shall miss the former very much and extend a most hearty welcome to the latter. In addition, owing to medical boards or being entitled to their discharge, many have left us this month to return to their lawful occasions. They have indeed served their Country well in a time of stress and we wish them every future happiness.

To-day, with this weather, the principal topic is gardening. We are well supplied with tools and seeds and, "Tell it not in Gath," we understand that prizes for the best gardens in Kent are being offered. On our lonely posts, we claim that nobody can beat us veterans as tillers of the soil. Therefore our mouths are watering in anticipation.

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### Somewhere in the South-West.

"— And *Dragon* notes due on the 20th." So saith the battalion scribe as he departed in all his glory, plus "ill-gotten gains" in the shape of petrol coupons—10 for "Ye Olde and Ancient" on seven days' leave.

Having played this game before, I made a dive for the arrivals and departures book to refresh my memory as to what had happened during the month.

Most surprised to see therein that Major A— had once more departed for a few days' rest. Uncle certainly passed down how to attend to



the leave book to nephew; and, by the way, sincere congratulations to Uncle (otherwise Lieut.-Colonel S—) on his well-merited promotion.

On the departure side, it is with regret that Captain A— has departed for service with the R.A.O.C.

On the arrival side, we welcome back to the fold 2/Lieut. B—, our Signal Officer, from his course. If his results are as good as his new found waist, it's a certain "D". No wonder our Q.M., when he first caught sight of him, thought it was a well-known Buff "T.B."

Welcome also to C.S.M. Tracey, who will now hide under a letter as "Lieut. T—"; and to Cpl. W. Douglas-Home, who also now will have to be referred to as "2/Lieut. D—H—", and finally to all other officers who have joined us; we hope they all settle in and get plenty of sun-bathing on the beaches!

It was noted with regret that ex-R.S.M. Hobson has been discharged from the Service; although a sick man, he carried out his duties to the end as a Buff does. Our best wishes go to him and Mrs. Hobson for a brighter future.

Training continues at a furious pace, spurred on by the energetic firm of Major C. and Capt. G. (and no "hosses").

A Home Guard Exercise was held recently; some very charming Fifth Columnists took part and all was going well until some cad dropped a smoke bomb too near the Adjutant to be comfortable. It certainly gave him a dry throat after the Exercise!

Many Buffs will remember a certain Drum-Major who once had a car, to the danger of the 2nd Battalion, in those palmy days of peace. We now beg to announce that Captain D— has bought a car, and as for danger—history repeats itself! It is, however, noted to be very good at testing pillboxes, etc.

WEONE.

#### Headquarter Company.

It seems that the penalty for seven days' leave is to write these notes on one's return. Nevertheless, we would willingly undertake to write the *Dragon* notes regularly, provided we were given seven days' leave as an *hors d'oeuvre* every month. Actually we have no grumble, as we have managed to dodge the column so far, but it does come rather 'ard—very 'ard in fact, after seven days' away from it all".

The glories of the climate with which this part of the country is endowed are beginning to show themselves in all their splendour and, as a result, full advantage has been taken of the increasing hours of daylight and training has benefited accordingly. The Mortar Platoon has just completed a fortnight's intensive training. Besides the platoon itself, a team of "Young Hands" was drawn in from companies, and the whole fortnight

proved most successful, especially taking into consideration the fact that Sgt. Roberts had to be called away in order to instruct a Patrol Course which was running concurrently. The Pioneers are now undergoing their fortnight's refresher and then the Stretcher Bearers will get their turn. These training periods are most enthusiastically entered into since, apart from the added interest they give, they also provide a temporary relief from fatigues and "2 on, 4 off" which still continue with a *most* monotonous regularity.

It appears that the "powers that be" have become conscious of the vermin that exist inside the country as well as those the other side of the Channel. Accordingly, 2/Lieut. R— has been appointed Battalion Rat Officer. Some wag remarked that the appointment was made since this officer is notably unable to withstand the sight of these animals, so who better could be selected to supervise their extermination? In this connection we would like to congratulate L/Cpl. Hare upon his receiving his pay of appointment now that he is the Company Rat Catcher. He tells us that, with the aid of some of the Mortars, he managed to get a "bag" of 12 one day last week.

The peace which had reigned over our heads for the past three weeks was suddenly disturbed yesterday when the not-so-dulcet tones of the S.I.P.T.'s clarinet were heard to be emanating once more from his bunk above us. Really this set our mind at ease for we seemed to be mooning around aimlessly and lifelessly the whole time he was away on his course, like a lover who has lost her serenader. We honestly missed the entreaties for the river to stay away from our door, the songs at twilight, and all those other pleas and requests which have become so engraved in our heart over the past few months. We would, however, like to offer him our congratulations upon his promotion to the rank of W.O., but it doesn't seem his stay will be long, as to-morrow he is off again on another course.

In spite of his absence, we still manage to put up quite a show in the way of sports under L/Cpl. Maiden. The Mortar Platoon was very pleased to be able to hold their own against the combined efforts of the Carriers, A.A., L.M.G. and the Pioneers at soccer. The initial match played by the hockey team was crowned with success when they defeated the local Teachers' Club 4—3. Of course, there were the usual cross-country runs, about which everybody seems so apprehensive, yet so pleased once the Union is reached again.

The major excitement of the month, however, was the Sunday exercise with the Home Guard. The "Fifth Columnists", which were drawn from the company, really enjoyed themselves and, by making use of the extra license they were given, were able to settle one or two old accounts. The canvassing of the local civilians for disguises gave rise to several doubts in their minds and all kinds of alibis had to be found before they could be induced to "part up". The ultimate success of these disguises must be credited to C.S.M. Dudman, who, it transpired, is quite a make-up expert. The highlight of the day proved to be the kindling of gas and smoke bombs on the fire of the Guard Room at Battalion H.Q., and the resultant free fight between the "enemy prisoners" and the Adjutant, Intelligence Office and the Provost Sergeant. It is an open question whether the enthusiasm with which the "enemy" engaged them was solely due to the desire to fulfil their roles, or whether full opportunity wasn't taken of the God-sent moment when their actual superiors could be met on level terms. The fact remains that Battalion H.Q. was severely "shaken". The whole exercise proved most instructive and has been a source of conversation and amusement ever since.

We would like to congratulate C.S.M. Tracey upon his "elevation to the peerage" and ourselves upon being fortunate enough to be permitted to keep him on the strength of the company. The metamorphosis into the commissioned ranks so often results in the "butterfly leaving the chrysalis" for good and for all. We would also like to congratulate Cpls., Lloyd and Staley upon their promotion to the Sergeants' Mess.

#### "A" Company.

We have had two dances and both have been a great success. The proceeds are divided as follows:—% to the Band, —% towards an outing at Easter for the village children, and up teen % to the company funds.

We welcome to the company our new Sergeant-Major, Taffy Surridge, who has joined his old pals, namely Monk Burgon and Joe Savill. He has already found out which is the most popular pub in the village, which of course was quite obvious, as the foresaid Monk and Joe showed him the rounds. We also welcome Sgts. Taylor and Humphreys from "E" Company and the I.T.C. respectively.

Lewin has moved up one during the last couple of weeks, having decided that pushing a pen is not so good as going out with the company to do a spot of training, he has taken stripes one (oh! my poor feet!).

Before closing for the month, we must not forget the officers who have joined us, namely Lieut. K—, Lieut. P— and Lieut. B—, who has just returned from a course.

"Dick Turpin", namely Klein, has forsaken his horse and now does P.T. every morning at 07.00 hours (and we don't mean maybe). It is surprising the numbers that turn up on these P.T. Parades; the C.S.M. sorts them out and then takes the parade.

We hope that next month we shall be able to write something about sport that has taken place.

#### "B" Company.

Inter-company changes have resulted in the loss of L/Sgt. Fagg and the gain of Sgt. Decent. Our best wishes go to the former for a happy time with "A" Company, and we extend cordial greetings to the latter, who has settled down with us already.

Other additions to our strength are Cpl. Burton from "A" Company and Cpls. Frankham and Taylor from the I.T.C.

On the football field we have had the pleasure of meeting our neighbours, the R.M.'s, on two occasions. We won the first match 3—0, all three goals being scored by Pte. Bender, but in the second match we were not quite so successful and the R.M.'s beat us 4—1.

Two dances combined with whist drives have taken place in the Golf Club House during the month. The music was provided by the Battalion Dance Band and our old friend C.S.M. Dudman was well to the fore with his new trombone. Pte. Bailey, as usual, managed to secure more than his share of the prizes on both evenings. The Sergeant-Major's presence at the first dance also added to the success of that evening, and he certainly seems to be very popular with the local girls. No doubt they are now pining away, because he has departed on his seven days' leave.

From No. 10 Platoon comes the news that Sgt. Key was married at Maidenhead on his last leave. Several of us had the privilege of meeting his wife when she visited these parts during the Christmas holidays, and we wish them both every success and happiness for the future.

No. 12 Platoon report that they are still very much occupied with that very pleasant pastime referred to as "digging" and that even N.C.O.'s can be seen struggling under the enormous weight of a sandbag, to the great satisfaction of the working party. 2/Lieut. T— has now departed on another course. So frequent are these disappearances that he is rapidly becoming known as the "Nomad"; although they are still hoping that one day they will have the pleasure of his company without interruption. No. 12 Platoon also report that they held their third successful concert and dance in the village hall recently. All sketches and turns were performed by members of the platoon and the show was greatly enjoyed by all the villagers.

We are pleased to hear that L/Cpl. Norrington's wife has presented him with a daughter.

#### "D" Company.

Our hard-worked Major H— has gone on a well-earned leave and we understand that the oyster shippers are quite perturbed at the number he threatens to eat.

At the time of going to press the writer must seek other subjects for inspiration, omitting of course the habits of a certain car, which is also on "leave" from its rather laborious trips, and also in view of the fact that it has been mentioned in these "write up" for as long as can be remembered, and will be remembered for time immemorial.

Congratulations to 2/Lieut. B— on his knowledge of the African tongue. We take this opportunity to suggest that the next time he wishes to speak to our "chocolate coloured" friends he speaks French, as it has been found that they understand this language more so than anything from Swahili to the Bombasa Brawl.

Sympathies to our island detachment, who are completely governed by the tides in all they do or want to do. It has been noticed that when entertainments are forthcoming they are more often than not unable to join us owing to the tide being in, yet, on the other hand, when there is work to be done on the mainland there is always a stretch of sand about 200 yards wide on which they are able to come over. It has been said that to live up to the legend of Robinson Crusoe these men are becoming Ronald Colmans with a growth on the upper lip; it at least affords them a great deal of amusement and also helps at Company Headquarters to see at a glance where they are billeted.

We welcome the return of our very popular C.S.M. Sutton with his almost proverbial cane, and also the return of the C.Q.M.S. Lovett—it is grand to hear his voice again, if only for a short period of perfect peace.

This company has now started a debating society, and with only one debate as yet to its credit, it proved to be a complete success. Another item of interest was an evening of "talks" on subjects which everybody likes to hear about, and may we convey our thanks to Major H— for his talk on "The Russo-Finnish War", Captain M— on "The German Army" and also 2/Lieut. B— on "West Africa". All these talks were much appreciated by all and we can only hope that a similar evening be forthcoming in the very near future.

A grand dance was organised by this company, and as is usual, was a complete success, with C.S.M. Sutton as our very able M.C. It must make our friends of other companies "green with envy" to know that we still get considerable support from the prettiest girls of S— and M— because they know that they will always have a good time.



## The Villa Rose Battalion

WE have taken this *nom de guerre* in the hope of having a proper, heavy-type heading to our small corner of *The Dragon*. It is all very well to be the —th in the text; but we gently and respectfully insist, Sir, on having a top-piece to show where we begin.

We are still on the western side of England, and we become increasingly West-country, in the colour of our boots and in our speech. "Morning', Cap'n!" and "Lookee, boy!" are common coin among us now. We are, in fact, still rusticated, but we do not vegetate. There is plenty to do: the reading of A.C.I.'s and other issues from the fount of all wisdom in Whitehall is alone enough to occupy half the time of any conscientious military man.

Sometimes we feel a little impatient with the procrastination of A—f H—r, who has promised to set some soldiers of his upon our soil, while we have undertaken to complete the job by putting them underneath it. Possibly this fixture will have to be played elsewhere. Meanwhile, we have roundly defeated the —th G—s and some other regiments of the more ordinary kind in a pitched battle, and have done our best (not, we think, without some success) to uphold the glory of The Buffs in a War Weapons Week procession.

The companies shall speak for themselves.

Headquarter Company continues its rather scattered existence. Other companies find that they require a stiffening of H.Q. personnel, be it only a single M.T. driver or cook. Some feel more confident if they have a whole H.Q. platoon in their midst, and we try to fulfil all these orders. "Distance no object, write, 'phone or call!" is our motto. (But, between friends, not quite so much 'phoning.)

We were very unlucky not to win the cross-country cup. The style of our team won the admiration of all spectators, but the weather conditions were much more favourable to the methods of "brute force and blooming ignorance", and as points were given merely for speed, our score was not the winning one. We heartily congratulate "C" Company on so jealously guarding their prestige. Something went wrong about the football cup too; it is on the mantelshelf of "D" Company; but for this we really did make a very stout effort, and considering the geographical difficulty of collecting a H.Q. team, we are not ashamed of our performance, which included some glorious victories. We are quite glad that "D" Company should have the cup—for the time being; "D" Company's role is to serve as a protective force for our own Company Headquarters, so our feelings towards them are paternal. We intend to have both cups before long; we are not content to be a reservoir for the brains of the battalion.

Congratulations to Ptes. Caldicott and Hills, who have both been awarded the Military Medal.

"A" Company, waking from their long sleep, write: "Owing to the slight reduction of visits by the

highest in the land, the correspondent, stung by the comments of the battalion sub-editor in the last issue, is now able to let the anxious world know the secret history of "A" Company.

Captain T— has just returned from a course to find a few alterations created by his vice, Captain G— P—, in his absence. The pious strain of the harmonium at the Sunday School has been replaced by the cacophony of the Signals' Band on Monday evenings, when a good attendance at the dance is always assured by spreading the rumour 'House Full' along the cinema queue next door. Our driver, Pte. Dyson, seems to be a very fast moving propagandist. Two new billets have been arranged in the town, and the dripping eaves of the hostel have welcomed 2/Lieut. C— and his mysterious platoon. One country residence is now occupied by some interesting attachments from other battalions, who when not fishing are turning themselves into horticulturists.

We have a new C.S.M. who has shaken us all up considerably and to whom we are all duly grateful (in, of course, varying degrees). The exciting time had by the platoon at the Last Post of the Empire, when one stormy day 2/Lieut. P— was carried out to sea by a wave of prodigious proportions but to everyone's great relief was carried back to land by an even bigger one, was only excelled by the day when a football was kicked into the sea and floated away to be seen by a patrol vessel whose captain thought that at last he had discovered 'the secret weapon' and expended about 50 rounds on it without success.

Appreciation of the fine equipment (less the footballs) that the sports officer recently gave us was displayed by our smashing victory of 9—2 against a team of great prowess. In such a sport-conscious company as "A" it is not surprising to find the battalion cross-country team consisting mainly of our Achilles (what invaluable trainers for the WOPS!). Here's wishing the team their share of the luck in the future (and if they win the next race we shall try to get their names in print)!

That our defences are good and our discipline high we have never doubted, but we feel we have been far too modest about it all, particularly when 2/Lieut. J. T. P— and 2/Lieut. J. S—, both from "C" Company, and 2/Lieut. E. H— from "D" Company, are sent here to discover the secret of such efficiency. We trust that after their brief stay they have returned to their respective companies impressed not only by what they have learnt but also by the fine spirit of the men who carry out with such vigour the slogan "Dig for Victory".

We welcome 2/Lieut. T. L— to the company; and although Sgt. Hulbert leaves us, 'Fort Hulbert' remains with us as a tribute to his work. Incidentally we must advise the I.O. not to prowl around our territory with his satellites again, since such leniency as was shown him on the last occasion will assuredly not be shown again; for as Sgt. Jones said: 'Sir, I don't like the look of 'em at all. Shall we make 'em swim back?'

"B" Company reports itself through the mouth of one who wishes to be known as "An Elderly Cove".

*Recreational Training.*—Our troops made contact on four occasions with certain enemy units in the area P— Pier—Cafe de Paris. Own troops were handicapped owing partly to leading lights being on more serious encounters with the intricate workings of L.M.G.'s, M.M.G.'s and H.G.'s, or who were absent with (or without) leave.

*Frills and Frippery.*—D.A. and Q.M.G. (F. & F.) Lieut. H—, ably supported by D.A.A.G. (F. & F.)

L/Cpl. Gaskin ably imported several important F. & F. agents in the company concert. They were Mesdames Betty Astell and Claudia Hill, and Messrs. Cyril Fletcher, Maurice Denham and Eddie Hill. Without in any way detracting from the other artistes, it is clearly realised that the presence of these particular agents contributed in very large measure to the excellence of the concert.

*Dancing* has broken out badly in the Goodrington sector.

*Dormie House F. & F.* remain satisfactorily supplied through E.N.S.A., with a very considerable supplementary supply through the services of Mrs. Northey and Staff, to whom our continued thanks are due.

*Secret Weapon?*—Two respected members of this company report an unusual occurrence. Finding themselves on a viaduct in the small hours of a very wet morning, they found they were unable to breathe. Their immediate action, to the success of which their lives testify, was to take cover. Talking of secret weapons, the Captain seems to have initiated a new method of self-protection in the form of one stick, ash (?), large (extra large), fitted with spike, steel, pointed, very threatening, Company Commanders, for the use of. We were always taught that brevity (or maybe levity) was the soul of wit. And talking of brevity (or maybe levity), he has got his trousers on again now, but we did enjoy the torchlight strip-tease.

*Moves.*—"Ginger", mother of seven (less seven) has completed move Goodrington—Dormie House.

*Training* pursues its relentless course.

*Complimentary.*—L/Cpl. Hearn receives the warm congratulations of the company on coming in second in the battalion run against the S.S. men.

"C" Company modestly prefers to report itself in a very few words.

Well, "C" Company has weathered yet another month of waiting for the Hun to arrive, and despite the inevitable boredom, we are in no way discouraged. In fact, the spring air has induced a certain blytheness in the atmosphere, and on Saturday nights, when the company makes merry at its weekly dance, spirits run high. Not too high, of course, because we have only a beer licence. Last week we were entertained by a very charming troupe of cabaret dancers, which lent a very sunburned appearance to our already exotic walls. "C" Company again showed that they can be upset by nothing—not even by a fan-dance.

We welcome a new arrival—2/Lieut. E— L—, who has come all the way from Nassau, Bahamas, to be a Buff.

Our Skipper, Captain T—, is now complacently stating that he needn't do P.T. any more, having attained the required birthday, and celebrated it in the appropriate manner.

These courses are wonderful things! A certain officer who attended a special Bomb Recognition and First Aid Course spends all his time examining harmless fishing floats, and even went to the length of being towed by his car, whilst in a recumbent position, in order to test his knowledge of first aid. Aid eventually reached him—and the M.O. was not amused. Ah, well!

We tune in, now, to "D" Company reporting, a "D" Company in a number of ways different from that whose exploits of last month were the talk of the battalion. But though several of our personnel are changed, "D" Company in the manner of all corporate bodies goes on for ever on its path of fame.

We welcome 2/Lieut. T— to our midst. We hope he can take it. We congratulate, and at the same time condole with, ex-C.O.M.S. Martin on his appointment to the rank of C.S.M. for "A" Company. Although he no longer wakes up muttering 'A.F. 1179 in to-day', we can guess the general trend of his thoughts when awaking to a new day in "A" Company. It is interesting to note that most of our valuable members have at one time or another been called to "A" Company.

We congratulate Sgt. Westlake on his appointment to Company Quartermaster Sergeant, in which job he is already beginning to learn that it is not with entire facility that "D" Company runs so smoothly.

Welcome back, and congratulations to C.S.M. Fisher! He has been too long away from us for our liking, and perhaps too long away from this company for another's liking. It all depends on points of view.

This just about completes our list of welcomes and congratulations, with two exceptions: 2/Lieut. E. H— is again with us, sitting up late at night sending out bills to officers of the battalion who, we are sure, will gladly pay up for the enjoyable times and refreshment they have had in the Mess, which is one of the most popular resorts in the district. Pte. A. Covey has now been welcomed into that select body, the Corporals' Mess. We hope he will add another bar. Congratulations!

We are now considering obtaining the services of a chartered accountant to deal with the very comfortable figures in the company comforts fund, which is being increased weekly with the proceeds of the successful dances at the hall in possession of the company. These dances are really a triumph of organisation, considering that all concerned have only their spare time in which to arrange and disentangle the numerous matters which crop up, such as the failure of the band to turn up at the last minute, an event which did occur in the last dance, but which was easily overcome, as all such matters are in "D" Company, be they matters of duty or pleasure. Being the last company (alphabetically) in the battalion, we adopt the slogan "The first shall be last and the last shall be first" in all our pursuits.

Men on guard duties were in earshot of the great ball we held at a famous hall near here, where we danced and amused ourselves from 9 p.m. until 1 a.m., and reaped a nice little profit for the comforts fund. The catering was excellent, and officers of the battalion managed to evade the floor with true Buffs contempt of dancing for dancing's sake. However, we reaped more benefit from their attendance at the bar than we should have done otherwise.

The Prestige Cup, after much fighting, has at last arrived in "D" Company. Our football team again excelled themselves by beating the R.A.F. 14—0 at Watcombe.

We turn our attention to running. Congratulations to all those who ran in the battalion competition, including 2/Lieut. S—, who seems irrepressible in the field, and on the beaches. The team were heard to declare that there was "rather a lot of mud knocking about", a statement which was borne out by the sanitary fatigue who had the job of clearing up dirty bathrooms.

Company Headquarters were on parade for their weekly instruction, which included weapon training and drill, followed by a run round the block. The C.S.M. has a peculiar idea of the dimensions of a block. The inhabitants about here were probably very much surprised at this sudden exhibition of energy from the "sleepy little house on the hill" where they say the only sounds to be heard are the sonorous snores of the



office staff, and the tired "swish" of batmen cleaning the officers' equipment, whilst the officers themselves are dreaming of nothing in particular in their luxuriously appointed bedrooms.

*Event of the Month.*—C.S.M. Fisher, back in "D" Company, once more gracing the weekly dances with an exhibition of the "Big Apple". Men of the company say he is addicted to fruit.

"Z" Company write: At long last we have been able to collect ourselves under one roof, though we are still minus the butcher, the baker, and the modern equivalent of the candlestick maker. We thought that it was really too good to be true, for rumour—since confirmed—had it that in the immediate future we are to exchange our baronial roof, our ancient trees (complete with roosting game), for the sanctity of a certain Methodist Sunday School, the ancient, crumbling roofs of nearby domains, and last, but by no means least, the playfulness of the wild sea waves.

We have earned, let it be said, a well-deserved pat on the back for the energy displayed by our feet in 'Getting us there', 'there' being a considerable greater distance than any of us had anticipated. It is needless to say that, as in all other things, we have set an example that (to quote) 'must be followed by all ranks'. We offer

*Our condolences* to a certain Staff Sergeant who turns pale at the mention of the word 'feet';

*Our welcome* to Lieut. B— and 2/Lieuts. G— and R—, whose presence amongst us, not before it was time, is greatly appreciated;

*Our congratulations* to the drivers of certain fearsome mechanical contraptions who, though sorely tempted, resisted the desire to drive over the S.D. cap of their youthful owner, who negligently left it lying in a muddy road for a period of two hours or more; and whilst on the subject of hats—we take off ours to the gallant gentleman who, whilst indulging in a horrific display of nasal scales, to the complete demoralisation of a certain H.Q., was yet able to take in and digest the words of wisdom falling from the lips of erstwhile babes."

### Battalion Sports.

This has been a very interesting month in the sporting line: as many games are being played as the exigencies of the service permit, and, fortunately, we are now blessed with a large quota of new kit.

"D" Company have won the battalion soccer cup from H.Q. Company by a very small margin, actually on goal average; a match is to be staged to enable the rivals to do battle against one another.

The cross-country cup for this month goes to "C" Company, who ran a splendid race to romp home ahead of "A" Company, who were runners-up. Better luck next time, "A" Company! The battalion team took the laurels against our neighbours, the S.S. Battalion, in a very exciting run over a four-mile course, thereby showing that its toughness is as good as that of any picked troops.

As a War Weapons Week is upon us, I, as sports officer organising the United Services rugby and soccer teams to beat the R.A.F., must now return to this task, and apply more ice to the brow.

### Somewhere in the South

WE have moved again, and are now divided into two parts. One detachment, under Major Robin's leadership, which has proved so inspiring as to attract the frequent attentions of the Press, while away their time in a select and exclusive resort; the remainder lead a damp, dank, dark, dismal existence in the bowels of the earth. At stated times the pale anaemic forms of such stagnant pen-pushers as the Adjutant and Adolf may be seen emerging from the burrow to fill their gasping lungs with fresh air.

We congratulate Major "Woolly" and Captains "Plum" and "Sam" on their respective promotions. Anecdotes of "Plum" are singularly lacking; we cannot believe that the third pip is going to deprive us of our amusement ration.

"Charles" and "Brackers" pay us fleeting visits in their toys, but in the main they live a life of their own.

The two "Bears" continue to signal and be intelligent with unabated enthusiasm, but their form at darts, except on one evening when "Big Bear" could hardly miss the treble, seems to provide evidence that they are feeling the pace of modern civilisation. 2/Lieut. Guy now floats around Battalion Headquarters carrying out his multifarious duties with an engaging nonchalance that seems to belie his Dominion origin. Otherwise, news seems scarce; officers go on leave or courses and return therefrom with bewildering rapidity, but we have detected one definite new face, that of 2/Lieut. P—, who we feel sure will find his niche in "D" Company.

Perhaps the highlight of the past month has been provided by pistol firing, under the grim-jawed control of 2/Lieut. "Marcus". The acting M.T.O. produced a strange and glittering water-pistol which went off with the force of a naval gun. The target retained its cardboard virginity. Fortunately, "Charles's" sixteenth century flintlock was not asked to perform, but the Provost Sergeant provided the necessary excitement by nearly blowing his own foot off.

"Adolf" is "on the Lord's side" again; with such an example before him the Padre had perforce to follow suit, though one can see from the pathetic glint in his eye when other less rash and more bibulous members of the Mess shout "Randall" that the inward struggle is almost too much for his weak but ample flesh.



We have suffered a great loss this month in the death of Captain "Rupert" Brooke. He was killed when his taxi collided with a stationary lorry in the black-out. Our deepest sympathy goes to his mother and sister, to whom it may be some comfort to know how highly we thought of him, and how greatly he helped to keep us cheerful.

#### Headquarter Company.

The move of an unit always or invariably entails complicated arrangements, besides hours of arduous work by all those concerned. However, a move accomplished overnight can produce unforeseen and possibly startling consequences. Thus when this battalion ventured forth upon such a departure, it can be fully appreciated why some members of the expedition had in their breasts certain misgivings as to the ultimate fate of the party. As this narrative will show, these fears were not without foundation!

As darkness gradually descended our surroundings slowly became obscured, whilst even close at hand acquaintances melted into the gloom.

Time passed—then unfaillingly at the appointed moment the daylight began to break. We blinked our eyes and glanced around cautiously. Yes, the miracle had happened! During the hours of darkness we had been transported in bulk to our new environment. Then into the hearts of many members of H.Q. returned the former anxiety—at the same time a sudden fear gripped them as they beheld their future quarters.

In the half-light could be seen the gaunt grey building. Several storeys of doors all opening on to long passages, which in turn overlooked a yard far below, reminded them strangely of an American prison. Was it, could it be—Alcatraz!! What destination was this, the outcome of a long, dark journey?

Sgt. Marriott paced about nervously—one hand weakly held a cigarette, the other still clutched his precious A.C.I.'s. His eyes wore an expression of absolute bewilderment, but his thoughts, poor man, were undoubtedly at a certain Records Office!

Sgt. Barnett of the Intelligence Section had remained in the face of extreme danger, remarkably cool and collected. By means of a compass, map of the world, one ready reckoner, a length of string (which looked suspiciously like the whip-cord from his respirator case), the official list of high and low tides at Tilbury (1898 edition), also with the invaluable aid of the fast fading stars: he was attempting to calculate by some intricate formula our position. However, as his scientific disclosures revealed that we were either 10,038 miles S.E. of Malta or plumb outside the graceful Taj Mahal, people reverently touched their foreheads, pointed in his direction, and with the discreetness of a shadow, glided away.

Nearby, the R.Q.M.S., who seemed little, if at all, perturbed by the gravity of the situation (probably due to the fact that his charming debonair manners admit him into any society) suddenly spied a notice pasted to a nearby wall. Uttering a wild shout of joy, as one would when seeing a long lost friend, he ran forward to read its message. However, the half-light had evidently distorted his vision, for he came away most downhearted, muttering as he did so in the tiniest *pp* tone: "I could have sworn it was a D". A close examination of the placard revealed that LOGS could be obtained every Thursday and Saturday at a particular address!!

Near at hand could be seen Sgt. Collier chewing a mouthful of gum and obviously trying to impress any "locals" if our worst fears materialized. Suddenly he swung round and blurted out in his best American: "Say, guy, I'm one of thou, let's see thee pan!" A "pan", I later was informed, refers to one's countenance—a quaint expression. The Provost Sergeants' fears were quite unfounded, it was only the C.S.M., who had tapped him on the shoulder for "a light".

Meanwhile, the R.S.M. had left for a reconnaissance trip on his autobyke. An hour passed, so a search party was organised to find him. Eventually the unmistakable machine was discovered, unattended, outside a dark building. With rifles loaded and the safety catch forward, the party advanced *en mass* and flung open the door!

From the bright interior came a buzz of animated conversation, the tinkle of glasses, and the irregular "plop" of a dart on the board. On the glass door were painted the words "The Black Dog", above which scowled and snarled the vivid painting of a black hound.

From inside the crowded room came the R.S.M.'s voice: "Come in because of the black-out, and have a drink".

America—bah!

It may be mentioned that these characters are purely fictitious and any resemblance to persons living or dead is fairly coincidental.

#### Signal Platoon.

O Titus—the disease that plagues all hard-working and conscientious telephone operators has smitten the Signal Platoon and three of its earliest victims were Ptes. East, Cheesman and Farmer. The M.O. has shown such sympathy to lighten their load that the remainder of the platoon are continually waiting for their "discharge".

We congratulate Pte. Hodge on his marriage on Saturday, March 22nd. We understand that he appreciates the platoon's gift, although "edible" fish is rather scarce.

Wireless schemes are in the air, and are progressing rapidly, much to the disgust of a certain Major who prefers the mediaeval forms of communication. We understand he remembers the African wars when drums were used.

Ptes. Melhuish and Bedwell, noted "Brigade" signallers, are back to the fold. Beware your jobs, boys!

#### "C" Company.

Before I commence a general survey of a month of varied activities, I would like to say a few words in remembrance of our late Company Commander, Captain Brooke. The company received the news of his untimely death with deep regret, and all felt as though they had lost a friend, as indeed everyone had, for although Captain Brooke had not been long in command of "C" Company, he had gained the confidence and respect of every man, and all would have followed him into whatever this war might lead us, secure in the knowledge that whatever he asked of us would have been for the best.

Following the loss of Captain Brooke, we welcomed Lieut. L—, but after a very short stay he was called away to take up a new post, and thus once again the question arose as to who would be the next to command "C" Company. It was not long, however, before the company received with whole-hearted applause the announcement that 2/Lieut. S— was to become our new commander. There is little need to put into words a welcome to Captain S—, for he already ranks highly



in the estimation of the men, being the oldest member of this company and therefore understanding the personnel thoroughly (which incidentally is no mean feat), but we can assure him that everyone will do their best under his command to make the battalion proud to own such a company.

As mentioned above, this month has been one of varied activities, including a change of scenery once again. Equipment looking greener than spring-time and highly polished boots are perhaps the top line feature. Someone wrote a book about "39" steps. The men of this company could write another one concerning a considerable few more than that, but there can be no doubt that at least they save an extensive P.T. programme.

Someone was overheard asking if the C.S.M. was getting a little "thin on the top". If this is the case it is probably due to tearing it out by the roots after seeing the company on Guard Drill parades. We hope, however, that this is not the explanation. The company have also been engaged in brushing up their weapon training for the past few weeks. Sgt. "Dolly" Gray was, as usual, on leave for one whole week of this, and there can be little doubt that we are, as a result, all short of numerous little "points" of great value. Quite recently the whole company went on to the range to put some of their weapon training theory into practice. The butt party afterwards complained to the "Paper Hangers' Union" that they were on short time for two days.

"What is an oak leaf?" Ask the boys of "C" Company. They don't know and their efforts to find one were all in vain when they took part in what is known as a "Treasure Hunt" last Saturday. In case you don't know, a treasure hunt is something that is normally carried out on a wet and windy afternoon in P.T. shorts and vest. The object, apparently, is to bound over the countryside searching amongst the garbage for nails, onions, lumps of sugar, etc., and in the darkest and deepest woods for articles of feminine apparel. The search for the latter was a colossal success. Even 2/Lieut. C— blushed at the array. Points were awarded for the articles obtained and prizes given to the winners. Altogether an enjoyable pastime.

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## Young Soldiers' Battalion.

**I**N a battalion as scattered as ours it is difficult to present some coherent form of notes each month. Regimental life, under such circumstances, must of necessity give way to company life. These notes, then, are general, and outlying companies, we feel certain, will forgive "Nutcracker" this month if they figure little in the news. Our note-collecting system ought to be better for the next edition, and we hope then to be able to present, in all its dramatic circumstance, what Captain H— said to Private D— at an outlying aerodrome when he found him occupying the officers' bath.

The Regimental event of the month was the visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury. His Grace chose Royal weather for this day, and astonished everyone by his energy, his insight into Army affairs and by a very real under-

standing of those young people, two generations removed from him, with whom he was spending the morning. Undoubtedly he cleared up many a young soldier's worries. In an essentially sane and understanding manner His Grace examined the position we all occupy in relation to this war: he presented a moving picture of one's fears, one's doubts, one's ideals. No one who heard him can have failed to be moved by the sanity and the sound advice of this examination. And no one could but feel better for it. As one Lance-Corporal remarked afterwards: "You couldn't call it a sermon—there was far too much sense in it for that".

In the battalion, unlike Grand Hotel, something is always happening. At practically any moment, at a given place, something is always on tap, though there is no truth in the rumour that all officers attend midnight weapon training matinees. Indefatigable work by the Padre has produced a stream of interesting lectures, history classes, German and French lessons and a shorthand blitz. Concentration cracks sometimes, and N.C.O.'s try vaguely to conjugate the Browning machine-gun, while colleagues apply German verbs instead of immediate action.

A number of small song-and-dance E.N.S.A. parties have visited the battalion and have given good value. Nevertheless, a cynic in "E" Company wonders whether the "Boys in Blue" have the sole monopoly of Frances Day and the E.N.S.A. big stuff, and has threatened to forego his will-o'-the-wisp leave should such a show descend on barracks.

From usually well-informed circles we learn that it is almost a pleasure to undergo detention these days. Reason, police are staffed adequately by O.C.T.U. personnel. Old lags revel in Oxford accents, school-tie defaulters' parades and general attitude of firm well-being. Reminds even older lags of the golden days when undergrads first took over constable-on-the-beat jobs in London. Rumoured too that defaulters during spare (!) moments are struggling with the Churchill Essay Competition. Easiest defaulter title: "I detest what you say, but I would defend to the death your right to say it"!

A sadder note must come into these pages. Recently Pte. Druet was accidentally shot while cleaning a rifle. We all send his relatives our sincere sympathy and know they will realise he died on active service as much as those killed by enemy action.

Pte. Gee, of "C" Company, has been officially commended on his courage and





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devotion to duty while under fire. Pte. Gee was on sentry duty at an aerodrome when a large calibre bomb fell within fifteen yards, and four others exploded a hundred yards away. Pte. Gee showed no sign of nerves and carried on as though nothing untoward had occurred.

It is rumoured that since a certain "wire-jumping", "wire-flattening" demonstration, a well-known P.T. Officer, 2/Lieut. W—, can scarcely be restrained from flattening all defensive wire obstacles in the district. Dannert exercises upon this officer the same influence a red rag has upon a bull. Ought to be stopped—it constitutes a serious menace to the invasion defences.

Since a brigade moved in silently like the Arabs, soccer scores have begun to resemble R.A.F. score-boards—unfortunately in Arabs' favour. Invaders are hot stuff, but Bufflets have blood up now and are planning soccer blitz come-back.

It is rumoured that local R.A.F. Swingtet is so hot that when they play in barracks at dances Quartermaster withdraws unexpired portion of the day's coal ration as unnecessary.

Dance fiends have been busy this month with two Sergeants' and one Corporals' dance. All these were grand affairs and ended like most midnight shows in the cold dawn.

## Sergeants' Mess.

There is not much to say this month except that training young soldiers is no "cushy job". To refrain from talking shop, we have had a couple of dances. We must thank those members and others who made both evenings a grand success. We had quite a lot of argument regarding the quality of the two bands concerned, and opinion swung in modern fashion from Regimental Band to R.A.F. swing boys. We hope that everyone had an enjoyable time—if not at the dance itself, then at the place where all dances are a huge success!

The R.S.M. once more robbed some of the budding champs of a decision on the billiard table, and also of first prize. Watch yourself on the mo-bike, Sir! A certain Sergeant of the R.E. shook us by getting the highest break. Well done, Sapper!

The Darts Tournament is now in full swing, and judging by remarks overheard over a pint of old and M., some "dead-eye" members of the Mess had better watch "Tifty". He wields a pretty fight at the time of going to press.

Is it true that a certain Quartermaster had a letter which arrived in a damaged state and hawked it back to the Post Office with a request to "exchange" same?

Whilst the darts is in progress, we have pleasure in announcing that the winner of the billiards tournament has been knocked out in a very early round by a dark horse (a Scotsman) who chucks as pretty a feather as he sinks a pint or six. Keep it up, Jock!

Best of luck to our comrades in other battalions. Let us hear from you sometime.



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