

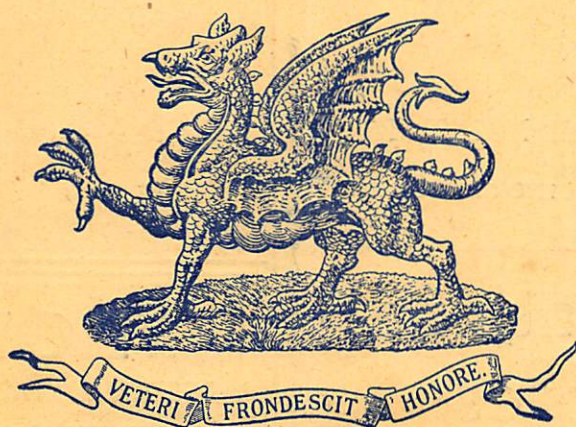
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THE DRAGON

THE REGIMENTAL PAPER
OF THE BUFFS.



No. 523

June, 1943

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Signature.....



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No. 523

JUNE, 1943.

Price: Sixpence

Personalia.

BRIGADIER F. A. J. E. Marshall reports (April) that he has now regained his normal weight having put on two stone in the last three months. Recently he made a trip to Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, during which he met several Buffs. He describes the trip as being a pleasant change of air and food.

Lieut.-Colonel L. W. Lucas, who has recently changed his address to the Camberley Heath Golf Club, Camberley, is commanding the Camberley Company of the Home Guard. When visiting neighbouring companies recently he found one in an adjoining county to be commanded by Captain L. P. Causton.

John Lucas is now Squadron Leader of a fighter squadron, and Mrs. L. W. Lucas has been busy organizing a flag day for the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund.

Captain S. L. P. Barker writes that he is reasonably well. We regret to hear that, owing to rheumatics, he has to move about mostly on crutches.

His son, after being in many units, is now with the infantry.

Lieut.-Colonel N. E. Hoare, employed as Regimental C.O. with a R.E.M.E. Unit, recently met Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. H. S. Knocker. The former was on leave from Iraq, where he is on the staff, the latter is living in Cairo.

We are glad to receive news from T. R. Price who is in Western Australia. He says it is 28 years since he left the Regiment, but the memories of the friendships he made during his period of service remain fresh in his mind.

His copies of *The Dragon* are passed on to the Old Contemptibles in his State who, we are pleased to know, derive much pleasure from reading it.

Major G. L. Lushington, writing from Ceylon says that he has gone back to work on his estate again. He had recently a Staff-Sergeant Conghtrey, R.A.S.C., staying with him on convalescent leave, whose father was in the regiment in the last war.

Living near Major Lushington are the parents of Capt. R. H. Dendy.

We are glad to hear that Major N. R. Reeves, who is a prisoner-of-war in Italy, is well.

Captain P. B. Plumtre (64242) Campo P.G. 21 P.M. 3300, Italy writes that in his camp are three other officers of the Regiment, Captains D. G. King; T. R. Fox; and Lieut. W. F. H. Cooper.

The camp is well organised, with clubs and instructional classes. Food is good and cigarettes plentiful. Red Cross parcels arrive each week. There is also in the camp, Crailing, now commissioned, who was at one time a corporal at the I.T.C.

Captain A. R. D. Terry, who served in a battalion of the Buffs, 1914—18, is now serving at the Suffolk County Welfare Headquarters.

Mrs. S. Pinhey, 87 Colin Street, W. Perth, W. Australia, gives us the welcome news that her husband, Captain R. A. Pinhey has been reported a prisoner-of-war in Malaya.

At the outbreak of war he was with the Air Ministry in Singapore and, on being re-called, was employed as Garrison Adjutant at Changi Barracks, afterwards becoming D.A.P.M., Singapore.

Mrs. Pinhey and her younger daughter were evacuated to Australia prior to the fall of Singapore.

Our heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Walter Whigham, an account of whose wedding on 1st June will be found in opposite column.

Our readers will be glad to hear of Mr. J. Kelsey (late 5543) who enlisted in 1896 and is living at Margate. He does an occasional day's work in Canterbury.

It was very pleasant to hear, after many years, of Mrs. Roberts, better known to us as Mrs. "Wullie" Worthington. Mrs. Roberts is living at Ridge Farm, Hambrook, Chichester.

It is with great sorrow that we record the death in action of Lieut. John Gould who had only recently arrived at the front. He was attached to the East Surrey Regiment.

Mrs. Eaton seems to be well, in spite of being so far away from her friends; she is still to be found c/o Mrs. Hogg, Meigle, Cloverfords, Galashiels.

Mrs. Strettell has taken a small flat at 44 Curzon Street where she is living with her daughter Prudence.

The Misses Gould have gone back to London and are at 8 Thistle Grove, S.W. 10. They have very kindly made a donation of twenty-one pounds to the Benevolent Fund, in

memory of John Gould. Our readers will be glad to learn that Miss Gould is now able to walk without any other assistance than crutches.

Death.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

Gould.—In May, 1943, killed in action in North Africa, Lieut. John Gould, The Buffs, son of the late Major E. F. Gould, The Buffs, aged 21.

Weddings.

Miss Patience Ronald and Walter Kennedy Whigham.

AT ST. JAMES'S CHURCH, SUSSEX SQUARE, ON 1ST JUNE.

This was a very pleasant affair and, except for the rather odd clothes worn by some of the guests (of both sexes), might well have been a pre-war wedding. The bride looked charming and there were many old friends to wish her well. Among the large congregation were the following whose names will be known to our readers:—Miss Ethel Bromhead, Mr. Neil Findlay, Mrs. (Barbara) Finn, Mrs. Friend, Mrs. Howard Smith, Mrs. Morgan, Mrs. Oliver, Mrs. and Miss Penn, Sir John and Lady Prestige, Mrs. Robert Ramsay, Lady Robertson, Mrs. Strettell, Mrs. Thomson, Major F. W. Tomlinson.

The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. Byron Ronald and the service performed by his younger brother, the Rev. Alan Ronald.

The flowers and music were both lovely; the choir was reinforced from St. Paul's Cathedral. The reception was held at 14 Hyde Park Gardens.

Mr. Ronald Clover and Miss Evelyn Lane.

St. Thomas's Chapel, Canterbury was crowded on Sunday, May 9th for the wedding of Mr. Ronald Clover, youngest son of Major and Mrs. W. Clover of London, and Miss Evelyn Lane, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Lane of St. Martin's Hill, Canterbury. The Rev. C. H. De Laubenque officiated at the choral service for which Mr. Chandler was at the organ, and Miss Chandler rendered *Schubert's Ave Maria*; *Mendelssohn's Wedding March* was played at the close.

Given away by her Father, Miss Lane made a charming bride in a gown of white Crepe, her veil being held in place by a floral headdress; she carried a bouquet of Pink Carnations and Lilies-of-the-Valley. The bridesmaid, Mrs. M. Relph wore a gown of Clover Crepe and carried a posy of carnations.

The Bridegroom, who was in Naval uniform, was attended as best man by Mr. H. Churcher of London.

The reception was held at St. Thomas's Parish Hall and among the numerous guests were members of the Sergeants' Mess, The Buffs, in which regiment the Fathers of both Bride and Bridegroom served many years.

In Memoriam.

Lieut. John Gould, The Buffs.

born 10th March, 1922, Killed in action 6th May, 1943.

John Gould made many friends among all ranks of The Buffs, for he worked his way through the ranks to a commission; but he was, perhaps, never so happy as when visiting his father's old friends. Although both his father and grandfather (Ensign John Gould) were soldiers, it was his intention to become a lawyer and that he would have been if it had not been for the war. But he was quite thrilled with the army life—everything, whether it was drudgery, training or theory interested him intensely and his views for the future changed completely, for he found himself completely satisfied and the army was to have been his career; and so it was, though for a terribly short span.

A quiet and unassuming boy, John Gould was faced with a dreadful dilemma when, after the collapse of France, he was torn between his duty to his mother and sister (who decided that they must remain in France) and his duty to his country. That he decided rightly and bravely in coming to England on the last boat that left Bordeaux, no one can doubt. But it was a momentous decision for a boy of seventeen to make for himself. R.I.P.

The Regimental Gazette.

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, MAY 11TH, 1943, DATED FRIDAY, 14TH MAY, 1943.

TERRITORIAL ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.
ROYAL ARMY SERVICE CORPS.

War Subs. Lt. C. M. Coldrey (94803) from The Buffs, T.A.R.O. to be War Subs. Lt., 23rd February, 1943, retaining his present seniority.

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, MAY 14TH, 1943, DATED TUESDAY, MAY 18TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

THE BUFFS.—Lt. C. L. W. Bagshawe (142152) is granted the hon. rank of Capt. on ceasing to be employed. 9th May, 1943.

The undermentioned Cadets to be 2nd Lts.:

THE BUFFS.—January 10th, 1943:—Gordon William Clarke (269312); February 6th, 1943: Arthur Alfred Michael Ryves (269346), Arthur Edward Crampton (269347).

THIRD SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, MAY 18TH, 1943, DATED FRIDAY, MAY 21ST, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

The undermentioned Cadet to be 2nd Lt. :—

THE BUFFS.—April 2nd, 1943:—Joseph Lucien Postles (269238).

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, MAY 21ST, 1943, DATED TUESDAY, MAY 25TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

Colonel J. V. R. Jackson, R.A.R.O. (953), at his own request, reverts to the rank of Lt.-Col., March 4th, 1941.

TERRITORIAL ARMY.

THE BUFFS.—Lt. N. C. Blomfield (67906) relinquishes his commn. on account of ill-health, May 24th, 1943 retaining the rank of Lt.

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, MAY 25TH, 1943, DATED FRIDAY, MAY 28TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

THE BUFFS.—War Subs. R.Q.M.S. John Corps (274182) to be Lt. (Qr. Mr.), March 9th, 1943.

The undermentioned Cadets to be 2nd Lts. :—

THE BUFFS.—Jack Watt Woolgar (268857), Roy Edward Henry Ransley (268858).
March 27th, 1943.

FIFTH SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, MAY 28TH, 1943, DATED TUESDAY, JUNE, 1ST, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

THE BUFFS.—2nd Lt. J. F. Groom (256385) relinquishes his commn. May 27th, 1943.

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

No. 17 ISSUED ON APRIL 29TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

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

THE BUFFS.—R. B. Barstow (224614), February 23rd, 1943.

The undermentioned War Subs. Lts. (temp. Capts.) relinquish temp. rank of Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—M. Baron (173614), December 15th, 1942; R. G. Crawshaw (162304), 19th January, 1943; F. W. Carter (139655), January 19th, 1943; E. H. S. Cornwall-Legh (141536), February 2nd, 1943.

The undermentioned War Subs. Lt. is re-granted temp. rank of Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—E. H. S. Cornwall-Legh (141536), February 9th, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—G. A. Fyson (240262), January 25th, 1943.

The undermentioned has been granted temp. rank in Middle East Orders :—

THE BUFFS.—Lt. (temp. Capt.) (actg. Maj.) D. A. P. Butt (154220), to be temp. Maj. and War Subs. Capt., December 3rd, 1942.

War Subs. Lt. (actg. Capt.) to be temp. Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—P. J. Bawcutt (129470), December 4th, 1942.

The undermentioned has been re-granted temp. rank in Middle East Orders :—

THE BUFFS.—2nd Lt. E. B. B. Cunning (165595), is re-granted temp. rank of Lt., May 7th, 1942.

TERRITORIAL ARMY.

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

THE BUFFS.—A. D. Harrison (90294), February 2nd, 1943.

The undermentioned War Subs. Capt. is re-granted temp. rank of Maj. :—

THE BUFFS.—A. D. Harrison (90294), February 9th, 1943.

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

NO. 18 ISSUED ON MAY 6TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

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

THE BUFFS.—G. H. W. Barnes (127292), April 25th, 1943.

The undermentioned War Subs. Lt. (temp. Capt.) relinquishes temp. rank of Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—H. K. Foster (138486), December 17th, 1942 (Substituted for the notifi. in War Office Orders No. 12/1943).

The undermentioned War Subs. Lt. (actg. Capt.) has been granted temp. rank of Capt. in Middle East Orders :—

THE BUFFS.—E. P. Pout (210739), November 9th, 1942.

TERRITORIAL ARMY.

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

THE BUFFS.—G. D. James (86998), Sept. 26th, 1941.

The undermentioned War Subs. Lt. (temp. Capt.) relinquishes temp. rank of Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—E. A. Knowles (69620), December 11th, 1942.

The undermentioned Lt. is re-granted temp. rank of Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—G. D. James (86998), September 21st, 1942.

The undermentioned War Subs. Lt. is re-granted temp. rank of Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—N. Halfhead (86851), December 18th, 1942.

TERRITORIAL ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

THE BUFFS.—War Subs. Lt. (temp. Capt.) (actg. Maj.) D. F. Knight (39969), to be temp. Maj. and War Subs. Capt., April 27th, 1943.

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

NO. 19 ISSUED ON MAY 13TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

RETIRED OFFICER RE-EMPLOYED.

THE BUFFS.—Maj. (temp. Lt.-Col.) C. E. Wilson, M.B.E. (9479) ret. pay. (late The Buffs) relinquishes temp. rank of Lt.-Col., January 19th, 1943.

Maj. C. E. Wilson, M.B.E. (9479) ret. pay. (late The Buffs) is re-granted temp. rank of Lt.-Col., March 1st, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—H. H. Nichols (160795), May 5th, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—B. W. Dennis (146892), March 16th, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—J. E. West (177508), February 7th, 1943; F. R. Sweet (137431), March 10th, 1943; K. J. Gardiner (201397), April 21st, 1943.

The undermentioned Lts. (temp. Cpts.) relinquish temp. rank of Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—R. H. Hitch (162062), January 14th, 1943; C. H. Swift (139027), March 10th, 1943.

The undermentioned War Subs. Lts. (temp. Cpts.) relinquish temp. rank of Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—J. M. Teesdales (130773), December 13th, 1942; J. A. Ten-Brocke (154621), January 24th, 1943; P. C. M. Earl (134124), February 9th, 1943; C. L. Mackness (124504), March 5th, 1943 (Substituted for the notfn. in War Office Orders No. 14/1943).

The undermentioned Lts. are re-granted temp. rank of Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—L. E. Glazier (137423), January 11th, 1943; L. D. Hammond (139003), 10th February, 1943.

The undermentioned War Subs. Lt. is re-granted temp. rank of Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—M. B. Baron (173614), February 22nd, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—G. S. Fawcett (254386), December 15th, 1942; J. J. Lyons (237874), January 11th, 1943 (Since deceased).

REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

THE BUFFS.—War Subs. Capt. (temp. Maj.) D. G. Walker (66090) relinquishes temp. rank of Maj., January 15th, 1943.

THE BUFFS.—War Subs. Lt. (actg. Capt.) C. H. Brookman (59274) is re-granted temp. rank of Capt., February 20th, 1943.

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

NO. 20 ISSUED ON MAY 20TH, 1943.

TEMPORARY AND WAR SUBSTANTIVE RANK.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

THE BUFFS.—War Subs. Capt. (temp. Maj.) (actg. Lt.-Col.) C. E. Vaughan, M.B.E., (142142) to be temp. Lt.-Col. and War Subs. Maj., February 27th, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—A. H. Holyland (150304), January 1st, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—A. H. Hyland (134125), April 24th, 1943.

THE BUFFS.—War Subs. Capt. (temp. Maj.) A. H. Holyland (150304) relinquishes temp. rank of Maj., January 14th, 1943.

THE BUFFS.—War Subs. Capt. A. H. Holyland (150304) is re-granted temp. rank of Maj., February 22nd, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—J. A. Allen (245293), March 26th, 1943.

The notfn. regarding the undermentioned in War Office Orders is cancelled :—

THE BUFFS.—No. 23/1942 Lt. (temp. Capt.) M. Geary (161359).

REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

THE BUFFS.—War Subs. Capt. (temp. Maj.) G. P. Mount (44723) relinquishes temp. rank of Maj., March 10th, 1943.

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

NO. 21 ISSUED ON MAY 27TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

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

THE BUFFS.—M. Geary (161359), May 12th, 1943.

TERRITORIAL ARMY.

The undermentioned Lt. is re-granted temp. rank of Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—G. D. James (86998) February 11th, 1943.

Distorted Rhyme.

NOSTRUM Mare? Italy's weary,
How her troubles do grow;
With her Battleships moored,
Planes and submarines floored
And her Islands all on the go.

A Trip to the East

PART 2.

BEEER, including Persian beer, was about 2/9 per bottle and other drinks correspondingly expensive. Our hotel had certain advantages, as we succeeded in getting separate rooms each with a long bath, really hot water, and a "pull and let go," but neither the cooking nor the services were conspicuous for cleanliness and the majority of the inhabitants got "Baghdad Tummy" sooner or later.

We left Baghdad on a ten days' trip shortly before the New Year and went by train to Kirkuk. The journey takes one night and, although the line is only metre gauge, is surprisingly comfortable and they hire out clean bedding which saves the difficulty of wrestling with one's own bedding rolls in a small carriage. We were met at Kirkuk and driven out some miles. The old town is probably much the same now as it was when the 2nd Battalion was there, but the Oil Settlement of the I.P.C. (Irak Petroleum Co.) is, I fancy, new since then. There are two settlements of very good bungalows, centrally heated and lit by electricity, with unlimited hot water, long baths and pull plugs, for the white staff.

Then there are the blocks of buildings where the oil is received, purified and treated and another big installation a mile or so across the plain is called K.1., the first pumping station on the pipe line, by which the oil is sent to Haifa and Tripoli. K.2 and K.3 are the next pumping stations, about 70 miles apart, and there is a settlement with bungalows for the white staff at each of these. At K.3 the line forks, with similar, but smaller, stations at H.1., H.2., H.3., etc., on the line to Haifa and at T.1., T.2., etc., on the Tripoli line. During the rebellion in Irak in 1941 most of the oil company's employees were shut up in a fort standing on a ridge to the east of the installations until order was restored and they were released. A German Mission flew to Kirkuk very soon after the outbreak started, bringing with them a small field refinery which they operated, and they found out nearly everything that was to be learnt about the Kirkuk oilfield.

One advantage about Kirkuk is that hills, and even mountains, are visible to the east, as it relieves the monotony of the devastating flatness of lower and central Irak. Kirkuk itself stands about 1,000 ft. above sea level, and rising to about 1,300 ft. in a long ridge

to the east of the installations, and from this ridge the hills and mountains of the Persian frontier are visible. A great portion of the oilfield lies within this long, but comparatively narrow ridge.

It was cold in Irak at this time of year, the thermometer falling to very nearly zero Fahrenheit at some places we visited in the north, while even at Basra there were many degrees of frost. Corduroy trousers and some form of poshteen or sheepskin coat was the fashionable wear—and we had neither. We spent four days at Kirkuk. T.G. went off on a visit to Suleimaniyeh, but was not able to get any further into the mountains on account of the snow. I had to confine myself to more prosaic work in the immediate neighbourhood, but found some quite interesting Country and had my first experience of being lifted over a river by the system the I.P.C. use for their lorries and other Government and local traffic. The whole arrangement looks like a Heath Robinson creation, but seems to be most efficient. The car or lorry, up to a total weight of about 8 tons is run on to a platform which is lifted up to a height of about 100 ft., and is then swung across the river, suspended from what appears to be a very thin steel cable which does not look to the lay eye as if it could possibly stand the strain put on it. We then moved N.W. along a good road and looked at an unprepossessing bit of ground which had been provisionally selected for our H.Q. I felt somewhat gloomy about it, but the country was not at its best then—grey, wind-swept and muddy. However, we never occupied it so I need not have worried. We drove on through Alton Kupri on the banks of the Little Zab river, then through Erbil, believed to be near the site of Alexander's battle of Arbela. We reached our destination and I was accommodated in a tent equipped with a stove, but the cold was bitter. It snowed hard that night and the next day, up to 18 ins. or two feet. We had intended to stay for two days, but the road was impassible so we were forced to postpone our departure. We were staying with the H.Q. of an Indian formation here and I was very struck with the way they made themselves comfortable and the excellent Mess they ran. I was taken to visit some Turkish baths in Erbil, used by troops, both British and Indian, and it was the only time I felt really warm. But we were in luxury compared to many of the troops, some of whom had never seen snow before. The temperature was quite exceptional for that part of the world and one result was that a large number of cars,

including the one loaned to us, were out of action from cracked cylinders, in spite of all the precautions which had been taken.

However, the sun came out and the thaw set in and we started off on the third day, reached Mosul and crossed the Great Zab River passing through the ruins of Nineveh before we reached our destination. Here we were accommodated in a stone house and given a real schoolboy tea and although all the pipes had burst we were given hot baths and wallowed in them. The temperature went down to 1° Fahrenheit that night. We spent some time going round Mosul, the hills outside and the ruins of Nineveh. Mosul itself, on the Tigris, is only a few hundred feet above sea level, but from the hills on the west bank one could see mountains which seemed to be real giants—they looked nearly as high as the Himalayas from Ranikhet, but in fact are only about half that height.

I returned to Baghdad by car, paying a visit en route, where I met a number of people and came across a cavalry regiment we had known some years previously in Lucknow. Going on from there by train I picked up the Taurus express at midnight, and shared a compartment with a White Russian who had fought as a boy in the Russian Revolution, had gone to Bulgaria where he was trained as an engineer and gradually drifted to Irak. He was hoping to go back to Russia and fight, and felt certain that his past would not stand in his way. An interesting fellow. By now our General had arrived in Baghdad and others of our party gradually turned up. The Soviet and American Missions were staying at our hotel so there was quite an international flavour about it. Except for an interpreter, the Russians did not speak English, and as our knowledge of Russian was nil, our social intercourse was confined to polite bows when the Russian Mission came round and shook hands with us.

We started off on a series of tours and visits. I went to Basra, which is quite pleasant in the cold weather. The Shat-el-Arab (the confluence of the Tigris and Euphrates) in the morning and evening is really lovely; there is a peculiar light at that time which, added to the reflections of the palm trees in the water, with native craft under sail, produces a most attractive effect. The Airport hotel at Basra is one of the cleanest and best I have seen anywhere and most unexpected at such a place. There are fine docks at Maquil and I found one of the sailors who had flown out with us installed there as P.S.T.O.

Conditions out in the desert in the various base camps must be difficult in summer, with the great heat, dust storms and lack of shade. I did an interesting trip to Abadan, the port and centre of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company's trade. This is a modern, up-to-date port with fine quays, engineering shops, refineries and other oil installations, and the modern town itself, which houses the foreign H.Q. of the A.I.O.C. and their staff. Over all there hangs the same smell as at Kirkuk, a kind of diluted sulphuretted hydrogen.

Mohammerah, just inside the Persian frontier, is quite close, at the junction of the Shat-el-Arab and the Karun River. A certain amount of material for Russia was even then going up the Karun, and I saw a large L.M.S. engine which had arrived at Abadan lifted up by a powerful crane into a barge and taken up stream to Mohammerah en route for Ahwaz where it would be used on the Trans Persian Railway. On returning to Baghdad we started off with our General on another tour, by rail to Mosul, by road to Kirkuk, across the desert to the Tigris, crossing by one of the Oil Company's transporters about a hundred feet above the swiftly flowing stream. We spent some time going over the battlefields of the last war, and drove back to Baghdad next day, passing through the battlefield of Tekrit and crossing the river to Samarra. After two days in Baghdad our next trip took us into the desert, visiting Felujja and Ramadi on the Euphrates. Another hasty trip to Basra again, to meet some of our party who had arrived, followed by another visit to Kirkuk.

A few days later we went off on what proved to be our last trip. We motored out from Baghdad past Hit on the Euphrates to K.3., the big pumping station and oil company's settlement near the bifurcation of the pipe line, some 160 miles from Baghdad, where we were most hospitably entertained. Next day, guided by some R.A.F. officers, who, in pre-war days knew that part of the desert well, we set out for T.I., the first pumping station on the Tripoli line and dumped our kit there with our servants. At T.I. the rain started and it became wet and unpleasant. However, we went on as we wanted to visit certain places on the Euphrates; but when we reached the particular area we had aimed for the weather became so thick that it was impossible to recognize the localities required. The wadis, normally bone dry, became raging torrents. Our cars were either bogged in the mud or held up by impassable streams or

ditched in holes, so that it was past midnight before we all reached T.1. Next day we set forth again and found the place we had been looking for the day before, and spent some time touring round. Then we returned to T.1., ate a hasty lunch and started on our way back to K.3., but our guide took us a new way, thinking that the route we had previously traversed would be impassable after the rain—and then he got lost and we went a long way out of our way, eventually hitting the Euphrates some way north and west of the place aimed at. There was then a cloudburst, some of the lights on the convoy failed and one truck broke down, so we had a slow and weary drive in the dark to K.3—along the road used by the Turks to bring up their supplies for their Euphrates Front in 1915—18.

Next day, hoping to reach Kirkuk in the day, after crossing the Euphrates by transporter near Haditha we were bogged in the sand later, and when we were approaching K.2 the weather became overcast and unfavourable, so fortunately we decided to spend the night there, as soon after we had settled in there was another miniature cloud-burst. While talking to the manager and his wife that evening a telephone call was put through, telling us to move to Basra as soon as possible for a destination farther East. This was a great surprise.

So, next day we drove to Kirkuk. The desert was beginning to look at its best; a thin sheen of green was starting to appear, a promise of the grazing which would shortly cover the desert and make all the difference between existence and death for the Bedouin's flocks and herds. The sun came out; there were cattle, sheep and camels in large numbers, but one noteworthy point was that we very rarely saw any Arabs, Bedouins or Kurds riding horses in the desert. The donkey was the favourite steed.

(To be continued).

Rhodesian Glimpses.

RHODESIA is called the land of sunshine. It is hot, of course, as is natural in a country whose farthest corner is only 25 degrees from the Equator, but the air is dry, fresh and exhilarating, and consequently the brilliance of the sunshine is more apparent than is its accompanying heat. True—about October, just before the rainy season commences, the air becomes charged with electricity and then the sultry atmosphere is heavy and

oppressive and trying in the extreme; but that lasts for a very short time only. It just makes a contrast from the normal, before the rains actually break, a mere dark before dawn effect. And then when the rains do come the world and the birds are beautiful again, and everything turns suddenly from burnt brown to vivid green.

The name Rhodesia generally implies Southern Rhodesia as distinct from Northern Rhodesia.

There are probably several reasons for this. Southern Rhodesia was settled first. It was settled by Rhodes himself for a definite purpose, after considerable negotiation and difficulty, and its welfare and development was his personal concern during the rest of his life. It has far the larger European population which, though sparse, is fairly evenly distributed. It is well settled in the sense that communications are now good, amenities abundant, and central control effective. Moreover, Southern Rhodesia has self-government and lies nearer to the older civilisation of the Cape.

Northern Rhodesia, on the other hand, was settled much later, is more remote and is still largely undeveloped. The "Copper Belt" has a fair-sized European population, but much of the rest is given over to Native Reserves, or is too remote for the railway to be suitable for European settlement, and the Territory is governed through the Colonial Office.

Rhodesia, that is, strictly speaking, Southern Rhodesia, has its romantic aspects.

The land of Ophir, whence is said to have come the gold for King Solomon's Temple, was long thought to have been in the neighbourhood of present-day Rhodesia. Lying, as it does, far from the coast and on a high plateau, few travellers reached it to return with accurate information. And yet, in past ages, there was a steady trickle of gold and slaves from the hinterland down to the shores of the Indian Ocean, and thence by devious routes throughout the Middle East. What tales were told were enhanced in value by the grotesque natural formations to be seen in the Matopo Hills, by the mighty Zambesi Falls described in native tongue as "the smoke that thunders" and by such curious archaeological remains as those to be found at Zimbabwe and other places.

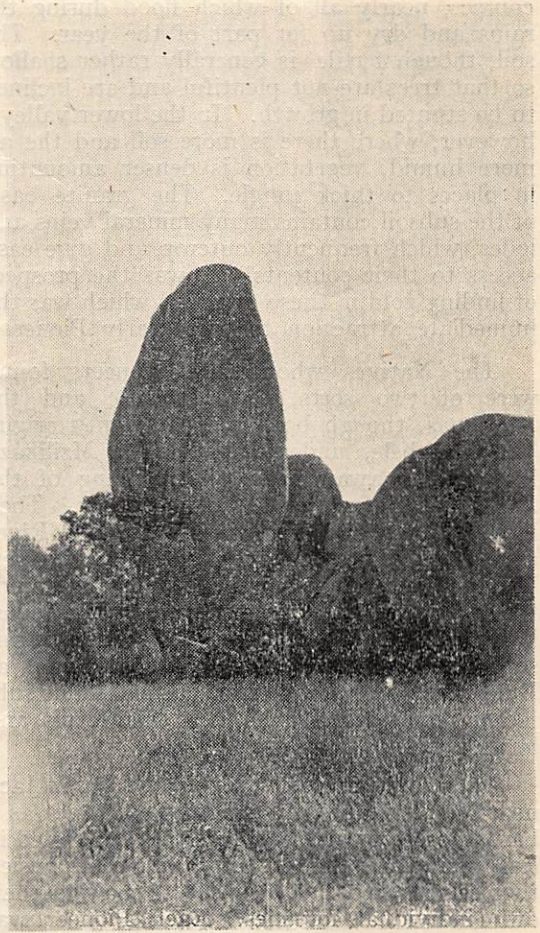
Rider Haggard, in his novels, "Alan Quartermain" and "She," received his inspiration from this romantic land. The Boy Scout movement, too, might be said to have had



Victoria Falls,
Rhodesia.

its origin in Rhodesia. Lord Baden Powell was so impressed by the native trackers during the Matabele Campaign that he began to study their methods. On these he superimposed Scout lore and thus provided the "motif" behind this world-wide organisation.

The British occupation came about as the result of Cecil Rhodes' realisation that if, in the scramble for African territory which was taking place at that time among European nations, Germany were to link up her Eastern and Western African Colonies, British South Africa would be isolated from the rest of the Continent. He knew also that Rhodesia was a highly mineralised, healthy, and a desirable territory. He therefore decided that colonisation was necessary, and the method he adopted was the formation of a Company on the lines of the John Company in India, and the Hudson Bay Company in Canada, for the acquisition and development of the country. Having obtained land and mineral concession



Matopos Scene.

from Native Chiefs, he organised a party of about 700 Police and Settlers to occupy and colonise it. This Pioneer Column, under the leadership of Colonel Penefather and guided by Selous, the famous hunter, crossed the northern boundary of the Transvaal, which Kipling calls the "Great Green Greasy Limpopo River" at Tuli. They moved in a North-Easterly direction until they arrived at a point near Mount Hampden close to where the Capital Town of Salisbury now stands. There, on September 12th, 1890 they unfurled the Union Jack. Thus was a British Colony planted in Rhodesia.

The Pioneers found a high tableland having an elevation of over 4,000 feet, the backbone of which is a granite ridge running roughly from Bulawayo to Salisbury, falling away South Eastwards to the Sabi River and dropping more abruptly on the Northern side to the Zambesi Valley. The Highland is chiefly grass-covered veldt, with numerous water-

courses, nearly all of which flood during the rains and dry up for part of the year. The soil, though fertile, is generally rather shallow so that trees are not plentiful and are inclined to be stunted in growth. In the lower valleys, however, where there is more soil and the air more humid, vegetation is denser amounting in places to thick jungle. The granite basis of the subsoil contains many mineral veins and lodes, which frequently outcrop and give easy access to their contents. It was the prospect of finding gold in these outcrops which was the immediate attraction to these early Pioneers.

The Natives whom the Pioneers found were of two sorts, the Matabele and the Mashonas, though both were of Bantu origin. The Matabele, under their leader, Mzilikazi, had broken away from Chaka, King of the Zulus, in the middle of last century. They moved North and crossed the Limpopo River and settled down, conquering the local tribes. The previous inhabitants, who were of different tribes, were collectively called Mashonas. When Mzilikazi died he was succeeded by his son, Lobengula, who had his chief kraal at Bulawayo. He kept the Mashonas in subjection by raiding them with his Impis and levying tribute on them.

The Pioneers, having set up the Union Jack near Mount Hampden, built a fort to act as a base in case of trouble. This was completed in less than three weeks, and they then busied themselves with the prospect of making their own individual fortunes. Each Pioneer was promised a grant of 3,000 acres of land and fifteen mining claims free. So, on 30th September, 1890 the Pioneer Column paraded for the last time, gave three hearty cheers to signify the accomplishment of its task and was then dismissed, each member receiving his formal discharge papers.

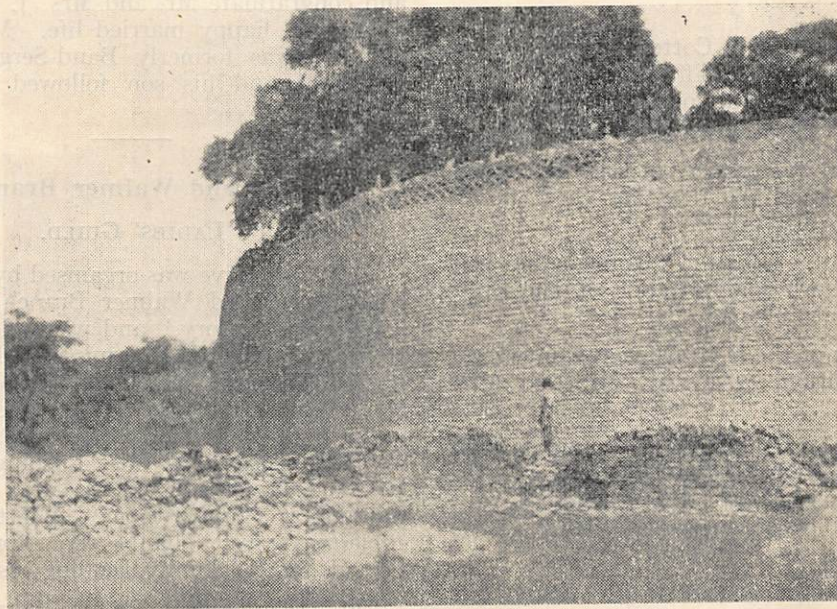
The original Pioneers soon dispersed in search of land and minerals. They were joined by other adventurers who, with wives and families, quickly augmented the number of settlers in the infant colony.

The chief difficulty which the colonists were up against was supply. They were 600 miles from Johannesburg and more than double that distance from the Cape. All supplies had to come by ox waggon and there were no roads in Rhodesia, only veldt tracks, often unusable in the rainy season when the rivers were in flood. All supplies had to be brought into the country except the simplest forms of food, and the prices commanded by the most ordinary commodities were outrageous.

However, the township at Salisbury expanded, settlers increased in numbers and spread over Mashonaland and Rhodes' ambition of "Homes for White men in Africa—More Homes," began to be realised during the first three years. Then, as a result of friction with the Matabele in their raids on the Mashonas, the Matabele War broke out. This ended with the breakdown of the Matabele power and the flight of Lobengula from his Kraal at Bulawayo. A new settlement, a few miles south of his Kraal, was established, and expansion went on anew though there was still trouble with the Natives. Then, in 1896 there was open rebellion on the part of the Natives which almost brought the life of the Colony to a standstill. However, Rhodes himself, at great personal risk, went unarmed and almost alone, into the native stronghold in the Matopos where, after long indabas or councils at which he promised to ensure redress of their grievances, the Native Chiefs surrendered and made a lasting and satisfactory peace. From then onward the progress of the Colony was steady and continuous, although its pace was somewhat retarded during the years of the South African and Great Wars.

As has already been stated, Rhodes' instrument for colonising the country was a Company established by Royal Charter. Its name was the British South Africa Company, more generally known as the "Chartered Company." It had its head offices in London and its functions were twofold, first to administer, that is to govern, the country, and secondly to develop its commercial, industrial and mineral resources. Though this Company has often been the subject of some criticism, it is questionable whether, without the incentive of ultimate commercial interest, any other form of government would have been so "go ahead" and enterprising, and yet so thorough and effective.

The Chartered Company set up an administration under Dr. Jameson in the new Colony. It maintained its own Police Force and allocated portions of the country as Native Reserves, which were barred to White settlement. It appointed Commissioners to keep order and look to the welfare of the Natives. It established schools and encouraged education, built roads and encouraged the railways and provided medical and welfare services. It negotiated agreements and delimited boundaries with neighbouring territories and generally established peace, order and good government in the country. At the same time, on its commercial side, being the owner of the mineral



Outer Wall of Temple, Zimbabwe

rights, it encouraged the development of mining, by grants of concessions to other companies which brought capital into the country. It also assisted the Railways and initiated and developed various industries such as cattle, tobacco, maize, citrus fruit, and forestry in the country.

By 1914 the population had risen to well over 20,000 White people, and the number of elected members on the legislative council had gradually been increased. Gradually a feeling arose in the country that the rule of the Chartered Company had served its purpose and that the time was drawing near when the people would be capable of governing themselves. Consequently, in 1922, on a referendum, Self-Government was granted by the Imperial Government, and in 1924 Sir John Chancellor was appointed the first Governor and Sir Charles Coglean became Prime Minister.

Thus, in a matter of 34 years Rhodesia, without cost to the Imperial Exchequer, rose from a primeval wilderness populated by savages and wild animals, through all the stages of social, economic and governmental development, to its present position, that of being a Self-Governing Colony of the British Empire—a very remarkable achievement.

Past and Present Association

London Branch.

A very interesting meeting was held at the Prince Alfred, Tufton Street, S.W.1., on Saturday, the 15th May last.

A pleasant surprise was the appearance of "Blower" Brown who had many interesting memories to yarn about, particularly with Jock Clayton and In-pensioner Marsh.

Spud Austin reminded "Blower" that he was not the only one present who was at Calcutta.

We hear that Amy Ainge is not feeling too good.

Mr. J. V. Philpot was looking extremely well and we trust Mrs. Philpot is also keeping fit.

Molly Marshall, we hear, was quite rejuvenated when recalling past times.

Ginger Whiting, we regret to hear, has had a bad spell in hospital, but now much better.

Ginger, at one time, was the champion Dart Player of South London.

Mr. E. C. Gould found time to pop in between spots of fire-watching just to keep up his attendance record.

Mr. Cotton was fire-watching also so he sent his wife to give his best wishes to all present.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Cotton recently spent a nice week-end with Taffy Richards. Taffy has been very ill, but pleased to say now "Medicine and Duty" with the Home Guard.

Eddy Shute was present and chiefly responsible for supplying the data for these notes. Mrs. Shute was also present.

Speaking of "Blower" Brown, he was Band-Sergeant when a Battalion of The Buffs was stationed at Calcutta.

Mr. Martin of the Post Office, again was in his usual position. Likewise, Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard.

At this time of the year our thoughts turn to our late President, the late Bt.-Major R. W. Keown who was killed on the beaches of Dunkirk and we bow our heads in silence to his memory.

The large room at the Prince Alfred has been booked for Meetings on the **Third Saturdays of June, July, August and September** when we trust all will make special efforts to attend.

We hear that quite a number of old Buffs participated in the Review of Home Guards in Hyde Park recently. One Sector was commanded by Major Northfield (an old Buff), the Deputy Governor of Wandsworth Prison.

Major Northfield stands about 6 ft. 3 ins., weighs about 15 stone and carries himself like a young Guardsman of 23 years. A real fine specimen of humanity. Messrs. J. V. Philpot, Blacker, etc., should remember him.

Heartly congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Wally Tapsell; also to Mr. and Mrs. Billy Redman on the occasion of their Golden Wedding Jubilees.

Corporal Erny Carter has arrived in England from the Middle East. He got a rather bad packet necessitating several operations prior to embarking for home since when he has had a further operation. He is in hospital near his home.

We recently met Mr. J. Beall (Senior) with his son from Margate. Mr. "Billy" Beall is, we understand, in good health and doing plenty of fire-watching. He sends greetings to Mr. Talbot Harvey and at the same time recalling a "Bank" outing up the Thames, when Talbot was the chief musical attraction.

We have just heard of another golden wedding through the good offices of Mrs. Lamb, and congratulate Mr. and Mrs. J. Kennedy on their long, happy married life. Mr. Kennedy (Senior), was formerly Band-Sergeant in the Regiment and his son followed his father's footsteps.

Deal and Walmer Branch.

LADIES' GUILD.

A Whist Drive was organised by the Ladies' Guild (Deal and Walmer Branch), in aid of "Wings of Victory," and was held at "Bude House" by the kind permission of the British Legion (Women's Section). Mrs. Whitside was M.C. There were 8½ tables, One Gentleman in the room was found a Special Prize. Prizes were given away by Miss Lushington Taylor, J.P., as our Vice-President, Mrs. Crookenden, was unable to be with us. A letter was read explaining why. Thanks were expressed to the Legion for so kindly lending us the room.

Mr. Brown gave us a Pull-over which raised £6 5s. 6d. The takings were £9 which will be changed into 12 Certificates for the Red Cross Prisoners-of-War Fund. Prizes were all given by local tradesmen and members.

The Secretary, Mrs. Maxted, would also like to take this opportunity to thank those that are knitting. Please keep it up.

Correspondence

132 Wellfield,
Aberlom,
Banffshire,
Scotland,
May 25th, 1943.

Dear Sir,

I have received a letter from C.S.M. Sovico, prisoner-of-war in Italy. He wished me to convey to you that he has received all cigarettes sent and appreciates same.

I wish every Buff, past and present, fraternal greetings and may they always keep the traditions of the regiment to the fore.

Regarding myself, have been invalided out of the Army with stomach trouble. Again wishing success to all Buffs,

Your obedient servant,

A. J. IVEY, C.S.M.,
Ex—th Battalion.



(War Office photograph).

R.Q.M.S. Arthur Brittain.

This well-known soldier, who has spent sixteen years service overseas, is seen above undergoing the weekly inspection of the growth of his moustache, now eleven inches across. Is this an 8th Army record? (*Ed.*).

In the Middle East.

IN contrast to the distant reminiscences with which we bored readers in our last number, we will now describe the events of the last few days. Various entertainments have come our way, principal among these being the battalion concert, for which the Pioneers and those undergoing field punishment had constructed a magnificent theatre. The show, the Buffoons' Concert Party, was enlivened by a wise-cracking compère, amplified in true Palladium fashion by the R.C.S., enriched by the presence of Cynthia and Ermytrude, who would have made Gert and Daisy turn green with envy,

and orchestrated by the bashful Sgt. Neely, whose face we saw only once throughout the concert. There were some amusing sketches in which "Champs" gave his usual restrained and effective performance. Capt. Potts' impersonations were brilliant. Cpl. Adlum had us very nearly in tears when he recounted the sad story of Sergeant-Major Picklepuss. The Six Six-Pounders, Sgt. Bingham, Sgt. Dodge and Pte. Fitzsimmons, gave us some good musical numbers. Cpl. Drury, in many guises, his best being that of an A.T.S. girl, in which he was well up to Douglas Byng standard, kept us in hoots of laughter.

The visiting officers were entertained in the Mess afterwards. The Q system of the Eighth Army, although it had proved effective for General Montgomery's campaign, was unable to cope with the refreshment situation, and a furtive and timely visit was paid by the P.M.C. to the other side of the mountains. The Mess waiters' one ambition appeared to be to get everybody drunk in as short a time as possible, and one guest was heard to remark plaintively, that he wished it would rain, so that he could have a little water with his whiskey. Fortunately the waiters did not completely achieve their object. Enough cigarette cases and hats were handed in to the Orderly Room the following morning for the Adjutant seriously to have contemplated setting up a combined jeweller's and hatter's shop.

It has been suggested that the battalion might start a mobile farm. There are, scattered throughout the unit, a large number of pets. A census recently taken revealed the following staggering figures:—twelve sheep, one goat, eighteen dogs, seventeen rabbits, a peacock, a peahen, a tortoise, and one hundred and forty-eight chickens. It is regretted that the latter are all scruffy, consumptive-looking birds, and that among their numbers there are no Buff Orpingtons.

"B" Company.

It seems but a few weeks ago that the old "war cry" echoed in "The Blue" (Notes please). Yet, thinking back, it must be four months since we were able to do so. But what a lot has happened since the last notes.

"Notes" which made me reflect back to "Mersa Matruh" from "Tripoli," and gave you a picture of what this Company's part was in the fall of that place.

Now, I have to look back on the day of the fall of "Tunis" and "Bizerta," and how much we have done towards this. Well, it is not for me to write here. It would take too long, but I think would be only fair to say that our best *Coup* was, what has been described as the modern version of the Charge of the Light Brigade, and our top of the bills was the grand part that Carriers played in this, more so as at one time they were separated from the remainder on the left and did a job nobly well which seems rather a coincidence as this happened on what the Empire knows as the "Left Hook" of Gen. Freyburg.

To the relatives of Lieut. Lyons, Sgt. Hughes (M.M.) L/Cpl. Cordell (M.M.) and L/Cpl. Foster, F. the Company send their condolences, as these men were killed in action while taking part in the "Left Hook." To those wounded we wish a speedy recovery and a quick return to the fold.

No. 7 PLATOON.

The armoured diversion of the Company has seen many changes and many new "Mess Tins," but they

still carry on the job. Lets hope that "Our Sally" (Sgt. Lee) will soon be back with us again. Who thought he was an "Ostrich" once, a second time he had to be evacuated. Sgt. Hughes (M.M.) and L/Cpl. Cordell were of this Platoon and will be sorely missed more so as being some of the oldest members.

Sgt. Bennell has left them for the U.K. best wishes and *Bon voyage* from the Carriers.

No. 8 PLATOON.

Our "Blondies" (Sgt. Knight, D.C.M.) Platoon, which had an exciting time while on a road block, has to its credit a "Brew up" and several P.O.W's Blondie is longing for a spell at the "Fleurent" but as it is much nearer to Tunis he is wondering which would be the cheapest leave, but it is said in the Platoon that the "Dark Haired One" in Cairo has odds on.

No. 9 PLATOON.

They too, had a party on the road back and had several P.O.W's but no "Brew Up," perhaps no tracers in your Brens, Lieut. Edwards? They also had a good time with 6 Platoon one night at "Gabs Gap" when the Company leaguered up a few hundred yards from the German Leaguer.

No. 10 PLATOON.

In the past few months there have been some good shoots, and many changes. Sgt. Spence is now on his way to U.K. and by the time these notes arrive no doubt he will have told how he has fought many battles for the 8th Army.

Lieut. Stewson, Sgt. Storey, Cpl. Goonan and others we welcome to the battalion and Company and hope their stay will be pleasant one.

COY H.Q.

The C.S.M. is still looking forward to a notification order of "Boats," and Lockett is not a pleasant man to deal with these days. It seems that only so many were able to go last time and as there were only seven berths for twelve they had to toss (Trader and Johnny lost as usual).

The Mortars have had some very good shoots lately, and competitions "in action" is of high standard. We are wondering whether it is a record of 30 seconds "Off truck?" We welcome to the Company Cpl. Price and the new members with the detachment and hope their stay will be a happy one. "Pancho" is very worried these days. Is it boat or that he went to see the N.Z. dentist with tooth ache in one tooth and came back minus four?

To those who recently took the first step of promotion and those that have taken the second one we wish them the best of luck.

We thank the members of the battalion who gave us such a good concert for their grand effort which was appreciated by all.

We welcome back those who recently rejoined the Company hoping they have had a good rest and are fully recovered.

P.S.—We listened to the band on the wireless last night, and thoroughly enjoyed it.

"C" Company.

Though the period since the writing of the last *Dragon* Notes cannot be reviewed in the same spectacular light as on previous occasions, it has been marked by

many events which will undoubtedly leave their impressions on the pages of unit history.

No matter how sticky the "show," the Company has always taken time off to smile, but the changed nature of operations has afforded even greater opportunities for the production and appreciation of good-humoured entertainments.

In some cases we have carried our good humour into business—though there are instances of the natives being unappreciative of our efforts in this direction. The "Eggs for Shahu" racket is one in which the local bedouin appears waving "eggs" like nobody's business, calling for "Shahu" in exchange. Someone relieves him of his hem-fruit while another generous member of the Company fishes around in the ration box eventually producing tea.

It looks as though the Bedouins can teach us a thing or two for there is a strange story told of a Company Commander who set out with commendable zeal to buy (or steal) a hen and was sold the other way round. Instead of clucking the hen crows and the Company Commander awaits patiently the arrival of the eggs. No one has the heart to tell him that he bought the male of the species! A lamb has been acquired, but we feel that its days are numbered—particularly if the Q.M. decides to test us on the question of our supposed reserve ration strength. We feel that leading the lamb to slaughter will be a just reward, however, for the Company is not amused when this four-legged ration-eating vulture starts its Baa racket at approx. two o'clock in the morning. Latest eyesore towards the menagerie is one tortoise Mk.Z and it is rumoured strongly that after the consumption of certain canteen goods from the first Army following the recent battalion concert, pink elephants were reported in the Company lines.

Capt. Worts is still keen on a couple of Chimps to complete the Company's miniature Barnum's Circus (Now if it was chumps). News has reached us that the battalion has been mentioned on the air from London several times recently, and we wonder whether we may be excused for participating in a little inflation of the chest muscles. Such places as "Messerschmidt-Alley" and the like seem to be our usual haunts during operations and now and then a little machine gunning comes along just to keep the party going. Having heard that a new English vocabulary is in the process of being evolved we feel that the compiler could not do better than communicate with C.S.M. Heath with reference to little-known expletives (What's wrong with that.....Bren gun this time).

Lieut. Gange did the honours for baby-holding in Sousse. He was seen standing behind a Sherman talking baby language while several hundred mademoiselles looked on. He seemed to be able to condense an amazing amount of conversation into a few "goos goos" and a "petty icole baabaas".

The Company was very well represented in the battalion concert and also held a concert recently within the Company lines. Wee Jock Davison, Birch (songs and yodelling) Cpl. Drewery (comedian) Lieut. Gange (sketches) Passmore (accordion) and Lieut. Hutton (compère and Zulu and Maori songs) were among those who entertained.

It is with regret that we report the loss of C.Q.M.S. Winch and Pte. Boxall as a result of enemy bombing.

"D" Company.

On a recent sunny day, during a recent "rest period" is a country where men are men and women are negligible, the authorities that be conspired to send "D" Company out to dig. After the C.O. had told the Company Commander to tell the Platoon Commanders to tell the Gun Commanders to tell the men where to dig, we dug, and dug and dug some more then waited with baited breath and fingers crossed for Major Norris to come and tell us to move our gun pits six inches further to the left or right. But lo and behold! a miracle had come to pass, he okeyed them all. The school solution had been found at last!

After the Gun Commanders had been brought round, there was a concerted rush to move off before he changed his mind, and we stepped on the gas in the hope that we would be in time to see a little of the "Buffoon" Concert Party. We made it, just in time to join in the National Anthem.

We extend a hearty welcome to all the new arrivals and hope that their stay will be long and happy.

We congratulate Captain Copleston on his well deserved promotion, and hope that his "Inventory Spare Parts one" always works out.

It is very heartening to see more of our N.C.O's another rung higher. Space will not permit to give their names, but we wish them all the very best of luck and success.

Is it true that Lieut. Price played the heroine so well that he sought refuge in a "T" truck slit trench? or that "Tibbs" now keeps his reserve tea in his binocular case, and his sugar in his buffer system?

What Sergeant dug his pit in record time when "Jerry" presented some sticky toffee apples?

It is rumoured that Champ is combing the company for talent for the "Decoy Follies" in which "your dear Steve" wanted to play the leading lady, but couldn't understand it when Champ told him to take his respirator off first.

It appears that Sgt. D—is putting in an attack on the R.Q.M.S. knowing that the R.Q. is a past-master at maintaining his "flanks," we suggest Sgt. D—that you get a little more "depth" before putting your "points" out.

And now with proud thanksgiving we remember our gallant friends and comrades—Lieut. Harding, Sgt. Fagence, Cpl. Llewellyn, Pte. Simmonds, Pte. Le Marchand and Pte. Demoual.

A Battalion Overseas.

WELL, we nearly did it—we nearly lost the Doc. We had heard furtive rumours for some time that he might be escaping at last, but we had discounted them as wishful thinking on his part; when he announced, with a certain amount of diffidence (no promotion in it, of course) that he was being transferred, we knew it couldn't be true; it wasn't, he is still with us. Candidly, the battalion wouldn't be the battalion without our tame Canadian.

The Greenfield scandal reached world-wide proportions following a recent broadcast heard

in the mess—when will this Intelligence Officer realise he should be neither seen *nor* heard? This affair was only rivalled by the unique occasion, during a visit to us by the G.O.C.-in-C., when the defaulters were inspected instead of the guard. Is this a record?

But to more serious matters. Great preparations are being made for Albuhera Day; we are holding a sports meeting and, having complete confidence in the weather, the occasion and the P.R.I. we are looking forward to a very pleasant celebration. Apart from this, a battalion canteen is in process of erection which will be a very welcome and necessary addition to us in our present surroundings. Courses and leaves are in vogue. Those of us who have not yet gone are not quite so certain that we want to go after the stories of fabulous prices that filter through.

Reference is made elsewhere in these notes to the death of C.S.M. O. Wood; we wish to record our deepest sympathy to his wife and family on their irreplaceable loss. This battalion could never wish for a more loyal or better C.S.M.

Congratulations to OR/Q.M.S. Bloomer and C.S.M. Paine on being given their commissions—we have it on good authority that the former was last seen doing a little extra drill. Sic transit gloria Bloomundi.

In writing these notes once again, my thoughts stray irresistibly to Canterbury and home; roll on the next visit to the "Falstaff."

H.Q. Company "H.Qs"

To commence this month we all wish to publish our heartfelt sympathy for all relatives of C.S.M. Oliver Wood who died 9th April, 1943. C.S.M. White has left us but his trip has taken him to Palestine where he is undergoing a Junior Commander's Course. "I wonder what that means?" He has been replaced temporarily by C.S.M. Hogben (Uncle Ben to J. Baker) who is having great fun roaming about the battalion on his new bike. At present he is carrying out task No. 14 (mind my bike). An interesting item appeared on our detail quite recently, Kid Ardagh's Rangers v Pancho Wilson's Bad Boys and it was a mighty good shooting contest which eventually resulted in a minor defeat for Kid Ardagh. Nevertheless it does not prove that Pancho was better than us, he only had more holes in the target. Anti-Malaria is the slogan these days and Mick is busy dishing out the Anti part of it. Just like him, he is always in opposition to something.

M.T.

Since our last notes various members of the section have been on leave and their adventures (though highly coloured in some cases) make interesting listening. Ptes. Thomsett and Garnham, the next on the roll, will thus have a chance of disposing of their hoard of filthy lucre.

"Hun" the Demon Barber of M.T. Row still continues to prosper, in spite of his many victims (with the appearance of clipped hedgerows) who are out to trim him.

Butcher Martin (of cannonballistic tendencies) is now grieving for Daisy (his pet sheep) who passed on during the night. There goes our hope for an Easter joint. Pick one that has passed its P.T. test next time Butch.

Professor still continues to amaze us by making wonderful gadgets out of nothing. The last was a rotor arm of truly futuristic design.

Owing to the proximity of the Sports Store the section have had a good deal of sport recently, the football team having quite a run of successes to their credit. Several of the team have since played for the battalion. A Hockey team was created by the efforts of our Pen Pusher and several games were played.

Pee-Wee Woodlands has rejoined us after a short spell in dock and gone into business again with his twin, Ging. Hutley—a mucker up of water drinking, soldiers for the use of.

We welcome to the section Ptes. Lawrence, Barney and Hollington from the A/TK. Platoon. As all have been with us previously it is a renewing of old friendships.

Our congrats to Ptes. Thomsett and Garnham on going so well on their M.T. Courses. Methinks we old hands had better go out of business.

Stretchers Bearers.

We apologise for not appearing in the last few entries, as anyone knows a S/Bs work is never finished. Since our last entry quite a number changes have been made in the R.A.P. We are sorry to lose L/Cpl. (Bill) Harding whose illness, proving more serious than expected, may land him in blighty. We wish him the very best of luck and a speedy recovery. We have once again in our merry midst Happy Williams who is now fully recovered from his injury. Another addition to the R.A.P. is "Rap" who has proved himself worthy of the position of battalion watchdog.

The lads have been making quite a name for themselves in the "soccer" world recently. A good match was played against the Pioneers resulting in a win for the S/Bs. Another match took place between the—Field Ambulance and S/Bs. once again bringing the boys out on top with a win 2—1. Good footwork lads. Time marches on and the R.A.P. being always on the go cannot waste much time so till the next issue, we must say cheerio.

Signals.

Since the last notes were written very little has happened as we are still sojourning in the hills, not so far up now but still there. We have had several schemes when the weather was wettest and a good time was had by all, especially on the last one which ended in a hike across the ravines in the pouring rain and a swim through an icy stream. Blondie and Yackles the two D. Rains returned about midnight minus bikes. Next day they brought them back riding on the mudguards.

In a shooting competition in which battalion H.Qs. defeated H.Q. Company, the Signals were well represented in the winning side, Nibs carrying away the first prize.

Leave is well under way and many of the Section bring back equestrian photographs of themselves.

Mere...er...show of course, though I have some recollections of Cas, Lowes, Cowboy Gardner and Tich Wright practising for the local Derby.

Mo has been on a Mo-bike course as "Crow" sapiently said, and we expect to lose Crow and Tangee while they learn signalling. Vodka and Ear-Wigg have gone to Bde. for a time.

We have heard that Fred Brown, Ginger Foreman, Ginger Elborough and Rosie Macfarlane are sunning themselves in Con. Camps. May they soon return to us. The other day we received a postal packet addressed to Jones Ack. So Acky, if you see these notes, the boys say "Hullo" and "Cheerio."

Mortar Platoon.

Once again the time for *Dragon* Notes has come round and I, a dutiful "mortar man," have the pleasure of filling the role.

It was with pleasure we saw our Cpl. (Ginger) Farrell reinstated in the Battalion Football team on Saturday, we drew against the — 2—2. We are sorry to lose Sgt. (Nobby) Goodall who has had to pay another visit to Hospital, L/Cpl. (Walley) Garling has also taken it into his head to leave his memories with the Platoon and also Cpl. (Bangers) Day, who has been drafted to another mob (much against his prestige).

A few weeks ago saw our lads prancing about like lambs, and climbing mountains (Spring is in the air). One would have thought that we had been born and bred in Switzerland. It was grand fun and exercise while it lasted. Our one regret on these jaunts was the noticeable absence of our Platoon Sgt. (Wag) but I have no doubt boots do become unserviceable at times, don't they Sgt.?

Sgt. Glosscop has at this moment a particular job ensuring that we all have hot water for a bath. Good luck John and may the water run fast.

Vigorous titivating is going on around the Platoon area at the time of writing and your humble reporter can see bottles of brylcreem, Nuggett Boot Polish, Lux and Palmolive Toilet soap being used to a great extent. The reason for this is the approach this morning of two nursing Sisters into the area of a definitely all male (women barred) battalion. They are coming today to sell us flags and many and varied are the remarks one overhears. With all due respects to those brave sisters I wonder what the remarks will be if they emerge as two elderly matrons. (They didn't)

And so once more we close these notes and in doing so, wish all the other Mortar Platoons in the Buffs a happy and victorious coming year.

Anti-Tank Platoon.

The past month has seen only a few changes in the Platoon. We welcome Bert Mileham, Blower Browne and a few others to our ranks and we have said goodbye to several other members. Our sympathies go to Charlie Durban, and we all hope that he will arrive back in the homeland to find everything is all right. I think pretty nearly everybody has visited "Benny" Cloke in dock during the last fortnight, including the Platoon Commander "Woo," "Ben" Hogben and the Sergeants Mess caterer Frank Stratford. A veritable array of personalities.

We are blessed with a dozen or so chickens at present. The arrival of their eggs is awaited always with bated

breath, and they are deftly scooped up more often than not by someone entirely dissociated with them. The experiment in keeping further types of livestock was not quite so productive.

We have been lucky to go a "shooting, huntin' and fishin'" — not always with success, but always with enjoyment. One up to the Anti-Tanks. A new method of fishing was introduced and the sole bait needed was a grenade and of course co-operation from the fish was essential.

At present we are at the end of a savings wedge. I think when we all get back home, if the wedge is driven home firmly, we will all be rolling in cash. Look out for the "Red Lion" then.

Pte. Shepherd, G. wishes to get in touch with Pte. Holloway: will you oblige, George? I wonder if Bill Holdsworth knows who it was on guard-mounting who saluted with his hands, whilst his rifle was at the slope?

Pioneers.

The "Sano Gang" has been re-inforced by the return of "Scottie." He left us over two months ago with appendicitis but looks quite fit now. Francis, also of the "Sano Gang," has somehow managed to take himself away on a course. We bet he is having a good time in some oriental country. Everyone of us is swanking about in overalls which we have managed to get from the C.Q.M.S. We hope the M.T. and one two others are not jealous. We are enjoying plenty of football these days; Darkie is giving some amazing performances in goal. Scottie really should'n't play but he insists and in our last match he scored a couple of goals. Ted sometimes makes a good ref. Some of us have been on leave; 'tis a job to say if it did us any good, we hope it did. Our best regards to Lefty in the R.E.M.E. who is doing his best to smash the anvil somewhere in Kent. We had better do some more work now.

"A" Company.

We (that is the mainstay of the intellectual side of the Company and my three helpers), are sitting under a canopy of canvas when the Ord. Sgt. pokes his head inside the flap "Sgt. Major says that you will write and hand in *Dragon* Notes by 1800 hrs." and promptly disappears with two boots and a host of language that is not "naice" upon his head. This Sgt. Major whose name is Cab Calloway, obviously expects something to be done; so hoping to find somebody to assist me with the spelling I wire in. At the moment the route march boys are enjoying Platoon training. One Officer was heard to be encouraging both the men and his Platoon on to greater efforts when practising Platoon in the attack. The R.S.M.'s extremely popular and everybody is hoping to carry on with the drill parades at 0700 hrs. every morning.

If anybody has doubts about the proper use of Tapes Tracing ask the Company Officer's Mess what happened when the Company Commander decided to celebrate his birthday.

A new recruit who is not on the ration strength appeared on a bath parade recently and is now considered the finest goat for miles around, including "Buffy" of "C" Company fame.

Meanwhile, roll up for "eggs and bread" from brother Vaughanstein's stall, only a bob.

7 Platoon seem very sorry to lose the "one and only" "Drummer" Stew Faulkner and their Platoon Sgt. Wyatt, who have departed for that spot that we all long to get back to—Blighty. Well, we wish them "God speed" and the best of luck back in dear old Blighty. We all hope to see them both.

The leave problem is well in hand and we must say that the boys look better after having a night in the old "Snake Charmers Town."

Perhaps Jennings knows what bright boy when his Section Commander asked "Who takes over the Section when the Section Commander gets killed?" replied "His next-of-kin."

Last but not least, we hope our "red" Cpl. Hearne does well on his course and comes back with some new ideas.

"B" Company.

Following the demand for *Dragon* Notes we find ourselves once again frantically seeking inspiration.

The past month has been fairly uneventful. Torrential rain disturbed the programme somewhat and did its worst on our last scheme.

However, "B" Company H.Q. showed the battalion the way home on this occasion (even if the C.S.M. did decide to swim.)

"Quizzes" have been popular and a heavy defeat was inflicted on "HQ" Company who thought they knew something about sport. Our football team has hardly got going yet but is showing plenty of promise.

We have left the hills behind for a time—rather to the relief of some who found them a very strenuous training ground. Our present quarters are very breezy and we are also just becoming accustomed to the practice of sleeping under mosquito nets.

Everybody is now looking forward to Albuhera Day, especially as plenty of beer is promised for the occasion.

Having seen the new taxes in the Budget, we are now feeling rather sorry for those still at home. We still only pay the equivalent of fourpence for ten "Woods" and fivepence for a small Players.

We wish all our friends at home and abroad all the very best and hope it will not be too long before we are all together again.

"C" Company.

Since the last notes went to press we have changed camp twice opening up in both cases on "virgin" ground.

The last site was grand. Plenty of space in the Company area, our own football ground and an uninterrupted view of the distant mountains.

The Company flag flew from a tall flagpole in the centre of the lines and seemed to create quite a stir in the camp.

While there, we received news of the death of C.S.M. Wood late of this Company. In his last letter to us he seemed very cheerful and had great hopes of rejoining us in the near future. His death therefore, came as a great shock to us all.

The Officers and men of "C" Company extend their deepest sympathy to his widow and his relatives in their loss. He will long be remembered by us all as a first class soldier and a grand C.S.M.

We flew the Company flag at half mast to his memory.

C.S.M. Belson is away on a short course which will be followed by a spot of leave spent in a nearby city. The R.S.M. hopes to join him there for a few days. Enough said.

Our Company Commander has just returned from a course, and while away seems to have toured the Middle East, and is looking very fit. He brought back a puppy with him, a further addition to the livestock. They present quite a problem on the move.

The weather has been very rough lately, and as I write these notes we are having a heavy thunder storm. Not too good under canvas. Yesterday (Good Friday) was a "scorcher" by contrast.

Fortunately we had the day "off" and were able to lie down in the shade of our tents and do nothing. We still find plenty of time for marching and "mountaineering" to.

Some of the mountains take some climbing, but the Commanding Officer took the whole battalion up one of the highest in record time.

We are busy training for Albuhera Day sports and I think we shall give a good account of ourselves.

The Company boxers Cpls. Penn and Thomas are training hard and we have great hopes of them bringing the "honours" to "C" Company. There have been plenty of opportunities for "soccer" lately, and at the moment boast a first class team, beating all comers with the exception of "D" Company all our matches with them so far, having ended in a "draw."

Lieut. Walton has left us to join a Scottish unit. We wish him good luck and safe landing.

Best wishes to all our friends at home, and particularly to those in the "Ancient City."

"D" Company.

At the moment of writing we are feeling rather proud of ourselves as we have just received the congratulations of the Commanding Officer on our work as advance party on a recent rather rapid move. We are not resting on our laurels though, for despite thunderstorms and a most infuriating wind, all tents are at present being dug down.

Apart from the joys of sudden moves, life has been fairly steady. We continue to hammer away at "C" Company on the football field but neither side is able to pull it off; to date the score is five drawn. We must congratulate the team on some really excellent football.

Their energies are now being turned to sports, and under the stern encouragement of Lieut. Ridsdale they are to be seen being put through their paces in the evening in preparation for Albuhera Day. Following our leading the battalion on a recent route march (was our journey really necessary?) up an unpleasantly high "mountain" we are in great hopes of keeping this position in the sports results.

We welcome Lieut. Sherwood-Walker (Taxi!) to the Company together with one or two other recent arrivals (including Oscar—a snake taken on strength in a bottle) and hope that their stay with us will be long and pleasant. We have had to say farewell to Schwartz junior; we wish we could say the same to the mosquitoes and flies that are beginning to arrive.

Training Centre.

ELSEWHERE in this issue will be found an account of the entertainment given in the Prince of Wales Institute in aid of the Buffs' Comforts Fund, to which we referred last month. We were very glad to see many old Buffs and their friends and appreciated their support. The house was packed almost to capacity and from comments which we have since heard, the afternoon was a huge success, everyone enjoying to the full the fare provided by the Company of the "Moods and Fancies" revue. Certainly from a financial point of view, our efforts were not in vain, £54 being added to the funds. Jerry Pym and Paul Greenway were expert auctioneers of some real lemons, kindly given by Mr. and Mrs. Hews. Mrs. Crookenden, at the end of the performance thanked those responsible for organising the afternoon and also the many kind friends for their support, both in money and person. We hope the show may be a fore-runner of others for the same worthy cause.

We hear that George Lanning has been wounded again. He has met Tim Beevers in hospital where they are both progressing under the care of Doc Campbell.

It is nice to have our late C.O. among us again. He is employed in the District and has made his headquarters here. Our present C.O. has just been enjoying some leave and is back refreshed and full of his usual vigour.

As we go to press, we have to report another Beerhawk meeting about to take place. Golf and supper is the programme; more news next month.

Depot Company.

Once again it has fallen upon me to write the month's *Dragon Notes*, I might add at very short notice. The Company Commander usually performs this arduous task without much persuasion but at the moment his time is pretty well occupied as he is acting for the Commanding Officer during the latter's absence on leave.

A great call for gardeners has been made now that the Summer Season is in progress. Also there seems to be a big demand for clerks! New arrivals in the Company are constantly questioned as to their capabilities and are nearly always claimed by the Major for work on the Agricultural Front if they have any knowledge of gardening or horse management.

C.S.M. Coleman has now left us for "H.Q." Company and we have C.S.M. Hopkins in his stead, the latter has now been with us for a month or so although it seems much longer. I apologise if this was mentioned in last month's issue *Dragon Notes* but we don't seem to boast a copy in the Office at the moment and I shall just have to plead ignorance if the C.S.M. points this out to me when this comes into print.

Pte. Walker has not gone on a Draft yet and is still enjoying a Day Pass occasionally! Last week he was very concerned as he was a bit late getting home and was at a bit of a loss to know what excuse to make to his wife, as it seems she had booked seats for a show. The Major is still giving him loads of advice but I'm afraid he is beginning to wear that "hen pecked look" in spite of everything. None of us will be a bit surprised to see him wending his way over to the Welfare Office in the near future!!

The Orderly Sergeant is still pushed at times to find enough fatigue men and I regret to say he is beginning to get a few grey hairs. He has just come back from leave but he tells me this has nothing to do with it.

"B" Company.

This month we welcome Major Argles back to the Company after his spell as Training Officer of the Depot, "The Skipper" now has the distinction of being both Company Commander and the "Oldest Member."

It is seldom that a month passes without a change in our personnel, so let's go to it and extend a welcoming hand to 2/Lieut. Kiek, Sgt. Spice and Cpl. Lewis. Of these three, Sgt. Spice cannot pass without comment. Rumour has it that he enlisted a short while before the immortal Pte. Moyse. At the time of the capture of the Taku Forts he was at the Q.M.'s store drawing up his "Rudigong" for 18 years service. He has so much service in that even "Old Soldier" Milne is a "rookie" to him.

Our team distinguished itself in the seven a side competitions held early in the month. We lost in extra time in the final to "S" Company in the first competition. Our chances of success were marred by some of our players adopting a safety first policy after we had secured a goal lead. The spectators had the use of the ball more than the players. We had our revenge on a weakened "S" Company side in the second competition by winning the final by a comfortable margin.

A special performance of "Easter Parade" was given to friends and old members of the Regiment on May 15th. The proceeds were for the Buffs Comforts Fund and the collection drew the excellent total of £54. A raffle was held for six lemons, reputed by the auctioneer to be the last lemons in the world and a generous and responsive audience paid a total of £8 7s. 6d. for them. Thus our concert party which originally started life with the object of entertaining us, has now become a part of the social life of the Depot and is an institution on its own.

The marriage market is still brisk and we announce the marriage of Pte. King. The bridegroom was attired in the pick of the "Y" List kit and sundry extras were supplied by Phil. The very best of luck and happiness Pte. King.

L/Cpl. Liddon alias "the old custard" is now recovering from his severe illness and we look forward to welcoming him back in the near future. Until then "Custard" keep you chin up and get up those stairs.

A certain curly headed, blue eyed boy is reputed to have left the straight and narrow and is trying out his long forgotten sex appeal. The results are said to be very encouraging so while the cat's away the mice continue to frolic.

Our Sergeants Mess is now closed and although we shall miss the intimate atmosphere of the "Zoo,"

our digestive organs will be delighted to know that we have moved to a warmer climate.

Our George, late of the Daily Mirror Eight, is keeping his hand in for after the war by a spot of full time "casing." It is even suggested that he is permanently boxed up and he seems to like the idea.

"I" Company.

By the time this is published, we shall have "flaming June" upon us, and no doubt brown faces and raw arms.

Evidence that Summer is getting well under way is shown by our old friend "Muscles Stevens," as he has already been seen minus that red and black sweater in the area of the Gyms. They say, that to cover that winter whiteness he uses Sun-Tan.

We are all very sorry to lose our old friends, Sid Goldfarb and "Bill" Green, and wish them the best of luck in their travels. C/Sgt. Edwards who has had a spell with us has departed to "B" Company and we hope his stay was a pleasant one.

We are all very pleased to welcome back with us C/Sgt. Butler and trust this time he will be able to settle in.

Two new platoons namely 19 and 20 are just becoming accustomed to Corps training and we think that by the time they are ready to leave they will feel 100% more fit (or will they?)

Congratulations are to be offered to C.S.M. Wright on his promotion recently, also to be congratulated are L/Cpl.'s Flowerdew, Gilbert, Armstrong, Coulson, Godfrey and Neilsen on their appointments.

By the way "Gil" congratulations on becoming a "Daddy." Keep up the good work.

Denim Jackets seem to be more or less entirely discarded these days, and the almost snow white braces can be seen flashing on the square in the early morning dew.

Both Cpl. "Johnny Wright" and L/Cpl. "Bob Birchall" are still progressing favourably and we once again wish them a speedy recovery.

Training has been going on unceasingly and some good work was put in by Nos. 8, 9 and 10 Platoons on their make 'em or break 'em march and although many blisters have marred the way to complete recovery, we think that the thoughts of leave has worked wonders.

Our old friend "Phil" Brissenden of "Prowler" fame, tells me that riding the Company "bike" was quite hard work. (It made him sweat watching the others march). Never mind Phil maybe you will be allowed to march one day. Another comrade to suffer is Cpl. Joe Ridley of mountaineering fame, who has, I am told, been almost on his knees since Thursday.

Football gear has been safely stowed away, and is now available for the entertainments committee. (But whoever thought of tap dancing in football boots).

At long last we have obtained a new Cpls. Mess, and no doubt our one and only "Nebly Sykes" is enjoying the use of the billiard table.

By the way who was it said that "Jock" Ramsay needed a haircut.

Well, as brains and material are becoming scarce, we will say cheerio until next month.

P.S.—Latest news just received. Our "Brown Jack of the Gyms" has just become a Daddy, Good luck Johnny and congratulations.

Specialist Company.

M.T.

We congratulate January 21st Squad on the good results of their driving tests and exams, and we advise Ptes. Dewey and Jennings to take a good supply of cigarettes with them when they go to Battalion, it's surprising the amount of information that may be obtained for the price of a cigarette.

Since writing last months notes we have had four new additions to the Staff, two to the Taxi Service, one to the Goal trade and one to the Grocery Business. We hope they have an enjoyable stay with us and will finish up as wealthy as a C.Q.M.S. We do wish though that Ding Dong couldn't practice the scale after lights-out.

Congratulations to Cpl. Hermer and Cpl. Nutting on attaining their second stripe, both without the aid of the dentist; incidentally could anyone tell us why Cpl. Nutting has now the name of Sniper, his wife would like to know besides others.

Don Juan has now left us for the Carriers, but we certainly still have a lot of budding Romeos left. Our pocket L/Cpl. is still going strong together with the two ex-Ration Kings L/Cpl O'B— and Pte. T— not forgetting our chief plate collector (or washer upper)

There is also something in the wind in the upper circle, it is rumoured that a certain Sergeant is having his hair waved, speaking of Jumbo we hear he is rather annoyed because he hasn't been put on the assault course yet. Burmese Bob keeps volunteering and doesn't give him a chance.

We will close now by wishing Pte. Beer success on his course and hope to meet him in the Cpl's Mess on his return.

SIGNALS.

Classification Day looms ahead for "F" Squad. If numbers count they will overwhelm the Classifying Officer. Training has included nocturnal route marches to the shelters. These incidents are so frequent that the route might with advantage be turned into an Assault course.

We were pleased to have Lieut. Hale's provocative inspiration on A.B.C.A. recently. We wish him the very best of luck and hope he will be able to re-join us shortly.

Congratulations to Martin on his initial and very successful innings for the Cricket Club. Will Captain Bruce try hard to bowl him out in his Classification?

Cpl. Brentnall has returned from ten days in Devon during the campaigning season. We are relieved to find his energies still unimpaired.

It is suggested that interest be added to the shelter reconnaissance each Monday by blind-folding the Signallers and leading them in on a Radio beam.

MURDER MYSTERY? We learn that the missing body of a Signaller was found in a locker one night during a local alert. At the inquest it was discovered he had intended to use it as a one-man shelter.

Finally we should like to state that the Signal Section now indulges enthusiastically in assaults and batteries.

THINGS WE OVERHEAR.

In the Lecture Room—"You won't keep us lamp-reading later than half past eight to-night will you, Sergeant Woodfine?"

In the Stores—"I've got four aeroplanes and a couple of tanks in hand at the moment, but I think I can make you a wooden horse in about a fortnight."

"Thanks, Ted. That'll do."

In the Vauxhall Tavern—What's yours, Len?"
"Same again, thanks Bern.—Ginger Beer."

In the Black-out—"Oh, Victor, I bet you say that to all the A.T.S."

In Company Office—"Nothing is too good for the Signals. I'm putting them in the Cavalry Dining Hall."

Friday night in the Barrack Room—"Don't polish the floor round your bed as much as that, Peter, or we shall all have to do it."

At Catterick—"Sgt.—, march your squad to the Lecture Room."

"Carry on, Cpl. Glaysher."

CARRIERS.

Having overcome the difficulties of early rising, we are now settling down to our Summer programme, trusting the weather will soon change to earn the title of D.S.T.

Congratulations to our Company Commander on his new appointment wishing him continued success, with the Company.

The free issue of Blanco seems to be a great success, not so many remarks on Company Parade, we are wondering with envy, what results? "Bluebell."

A certain N.C.O. of the M.T. Section has started to sprout weeds under the nose with what results remains to be seen, or is he offering opposition to his ex comrade?

Is our friend "Mouse" losing his grip, as whilst towing one of our War Horses it took fright and started chasing our George into his trap or would you say the Cat chasing the Mouse.

The section appears to be running in a clock like manner under the Command of that little? (Human Terror) who has been delving into the mysteries of Paint Spraying. All his spare time (if any) appears to be spent in experimenting with Jets, Tanks and blow lamps. It has proved itself fatal to even watch, ask "Our Ernie."

We welcome to the fold two N.C.O.'s Cpl. Buckley and Cpl. Saunders hoping their stay will be happy and successful.

Congratulations to our poetical fitter (B.B. not Baldy Bob) on his grand efforts to cover last months notes, hoping to see more of them in our next issue.

MORTARS.

Here we are again, with more news of our famous platoon. First of all we are all so sorry to see our Mortar Officer Lieut. Buckland part from us. I am sure all the N.C.O.'s of the platoon will join Sgt. Arthey in wishing him all the very best of luck in his new job. Don't forget Sir, we shall always be very pleased to see you at any time you are down this way, but still our loss is someone's gain. We also welcome to our platoon Sgt. Steer and Cpl. Whales and sincerely hope their stay with us will be a long and happy one, at the same time I have been given to understand that Lieut. Woolgar is to be the successor to Lieut. Buckland; Sir we all wish you every success on your Mortar Course. Speaking of courses we hope our Georgie and local Unpaid, Unwanted, Unnecessary, Lance Corporal Harper will pass their course with flying colours. (Good luck Cads).

We have had an addition to our staff, in the form of Pte. Juniper as a D.I. Good luck "pretty boy" you did work for it. Pay attention Carriers, and M.T.

and please note that our platoon is all out for revenge in the Company Sports next Thursday; don't say we did not warn you. (We might even have Sidney Wooderson—who knows) and please don't forget we walked away with first and even second place in the last P.T. efficiency tests—namely: First—Pte. Cook, Second—Pte. Marchese. (boy oh boy are we good). Who, I would like to know, said Cpl., "Our Leslie" Coomber looked rough after his seven days leave, I don't think he wants to go away and recuperate at a rest home, but still I suppose some people evidently think so.

Since the revised programme of work has come into operation we have now dispensed with our cipher expert, but we do find it much easier to understand now, thank God. Even "Brass" was going grey, the poor old fellow. We all wish to congratulate our Company Commander on his promotion to Major—Good luck Sir. Oh! we do so miss our Sergeant Major—Whatever shall we do without him, its so quiet and peaceful, its not a bit like "S" Company, anyway we hope he enjoys his leave,—Hounds and Hares, Sir; Sgt. Longley, safety catches will be fitted to pipes, and please try and get a lighter as "Jock and Peggy" will not always have matches for you to borrow.

INFANTRY PLATOON.

By the time these notes appear in print Sgt. Frank Looker will be leaping nimbly from crag to crag as well as any mountain goat, enjoying himself on the mountains whilst on a battle course.

During these last few weeks I have spoken to more beautiful and charming young ladies than I have in my whole life. All of them asking after "Ron Juan Begbie" who unfortunately has been very ill in hospital but who, now I am glad to say, is well on the way to recovery. My secret agents tell me that he has been riding round in ambulances with F.A.N.N.Ys which only goes to prove my words. Take a note girls and M.T. Drivers, you will soon have him back in circulation.

Congratulations go this month to Sgt. Bing Newton on his long awaited promotion and also to Ted Ashmore for exercising enormous self-control by keeping away from camels on his last leave.

P.T. STAFF.

We are glad to see Cpl. Sheppard back from his P.T. Hardening Course. In fact we are celebrating his return by erecting an Assault Course. We feel sure that the Company will appreciate this, as Battle Order Run and Walks are being taken in too full a stride. This will certainly be a test of guts and stamina. We assure you, you will need both.

Congratulations to Ptes. Dewey of the M.T. and Gunn of the Carriers on attaining a maximum for the efficiency tests which have just been completed. We feel sure the Company Commander adds his congratulations to ours.

A Battalion Somewhere in England.

SPRING is universally unsettling, and the Army bows to seasonal fashion. To us it seems too often loss rather than promise. Our present thoughts are now with the men who have left us. We have a younger generation to lead on. They have much to live up to, but there is no doubt that they will prove themselves worthy of their predecessors.

We regretfully said goodbye some time ago to Bobbie Miller, a foundation member, and John Somers, the "maestro," without whose organisation our "glee parties" now rely on the Doc's bucolic efforts. Recently we said good-bye and good luck to George Mount, Basil Ramshaw and David Prentice who travelled in such good company. Seamus Sweetman rises to bigger and better places in staff life and is urged to remember with kindly affection the bosom whereat he was nurtured in humbler days.

We have welcomed for an all too brief stay Major Penlington, whose activities have been as profitable to the battalion as they have been multifarious. We hope Harris St. John will stay somewhat longer.

Our deepest sympathy goes to Mrs. Tee, whose husband, Sgt. Tee, recently lost his life in an accident. He was one of the original members of the battalion and his character and ability won the respect and affection of all who knew him.

The Drums.

This certainly has been an entertaining month for the Bonesetter's Union, or "Flute Floozies," whichever you prefer to call us. We have said "Goodbye" to lots of old and much-liked comrades, who have gone to other pastures. Foremost, of course is "Hank" Hayes, the Worlds Greatest Trumpet Blower, or rather, bugler. "Hank" is now training to be a "Paratropper"—his yarns will be taller than ever!

Congratulations to L/Cpl. Burge and L/Cpl. Howes on their recent appointment—no wonder Teddy B—had to have a new side-hat made to measure.....When we told Alf Marsh he had been promoted to Triangle player he immediately asked the M.O. to regrade him. What's the matter Alf—can't you read triangle music? What we are anxiously awaiting, however, is to hear the M.I. room arrangement of "We Three," played by Cpl. Grestock, L/Cpl. Howes and Ginger Beckley on their F Flutes!

Our thanks are due to "Senor Crouch" for, at last, proving Darwin's theory correct when he solemnly informed the class that his Tibia and Fibula were situated in his arms.

Miller the "Kitten" has surprised us all by being the latest victim of "Gingervitis"—his song of the moment is "I'd love to buy the Ferry," or something like that.

Our latest toy is a 7-gallon drum of white blanco. Now we'll show you.....

Cpl. Brooks has apparently withdrawn his "interest" in the G.P.O. and taken shares in the W.R.N.S. Welfare Fund. His "activities" now cover nearly the whole country and he would no doubt be glad to see an end to the present conflict which prevents him from acquiring a truly international "Outlook."

The "Bufs" made history recently when we beat "Retreat" at a certain well known and highly historical place. It was the first time for 42 years that The Bufs have done so and we even got half a pint! Next month we hope to tell of our forthcoming Home Guard Anniversary Parade. So until then.....

P.S.—The Sigs 1st team could only manage a Draw last time. "How are the mighty fallen."

Mortar Platoon.

Here we are again, still at the same old game—lashings of fatigues and guards. Don't look now folks, there's Sgt. Wooderson going on guard. Doesn't he look strange in Battle Order. Old "Rasberry Face" will be back off leave tomorrow and we are certainly going to catch him for a guard.

Cpl. Poffley went away on a course yesterday and so did "Lofty" Austin. "Lofty" is going in for a spot of snobbing, so there will be no need for the Mortars to look down at the heels. During the last week we've been having bags of D.I. Even the sick, lame and lazy were rushing around to get on parade. What's the attraction? I even saw one chap on D.I. on his day off. Sorry, folks—I mean rest day.

Pte. Whitehead, one of the sick, has a very convenient wound in his hand. It actually opens and closes to order. L/Cpl. Stevens is still in dock. We wish him a speedy recovery and quick return to us, if it is only to do a guard or two because L/Cpl. "Curly" is browned off with dismounting with the old guard and mounting with the new, with a spot of blancoing thrown in.

"Gunner" is back with us after being on leave. Just in time for a guard, but he can do it—he's the kiddy. What he don't know about guards is nobody's business. He can even tell you how many guards he did at—

"Lapper" No. I had his leave cancelled last week. Perhaps it was just as well as he was going to take his wife to—. He must have a cast iron neck taking her down there. "Shades of....."—Was that a bugle blowing Curly? What about it, Harry!

"Bighead" is on leave just now. Some say he's taken his socks home to be washed. I saw a pair of socks open order march round his bed once at reveille.

"Lapper's" batman lost his jack knife last week. What did you do with the money Douglas? Good heavens! there's "Tich" Ife in Denims. What d'you know about that! What's that? The Sgt.-Major's got wise to your hospital trips eh? What a shame—you were doing so well with the nurses.

Jimmy Powell joins us again after two months loafing around on Scheme S—. You can see how pleased he is to get back to the prison camp.

"Smudger" is getting all unnecessary these days. He's getting married in three weeks' time. I never knew he had it in him. Still, all the best, "Smudger" boy—and go easy!

We beat the Anti-Tank Platoon last week 3—1. Well done, Mortars. "Ginger" (sorry, Mrs. Larkin), smashed a couple of goals pretty lively. Franky Pelham trickled a dodgy one in.

Everyone was amazed at the stamina of the Mortars when they completed 6 miles in one hour. What happened to "The Creams" teeth that morning. During the march "Poker face" was seen well in the lead with "Gunner" a close second. "Gunner" said he could have done it in half an hour! Fares, please!

Cpl. Norden went home on leave last week full of expectation. We are sorry to say he was bitterly disappointed.

By the way, the 2nd football team had bad luck to lose by an odd goal, or was it 12? Of course, they were labouring under difficulties owing to the absence of "Gunner." "Jamo" broke the record for goal-keeping. He's let through 24 goals in two games. Well don, James—try boarding up the goal-mouth next time.

Anti-Tank Platoon.

Very little has happened to us since our last notes. We have just returned from three days' leave at the ranges where theory was put into practice with various results, but on the whole the shooting wasn't too bad. Why do they put the ranges where the wind blows hardest?

Many new faces are now to be seen in the Platoon, many of them have that bewildered look so familiar to us all, but in a very little while they will have become old hands at the game. We have also acquired a new and very unfamiliar beast which "Second Gear" Dutch has attempted, but not very successfully, to tame. It is a very sore point with our Drivers at the moment. How about just a *little* more speed "Dutch?"

It has been decided by the most senior members of our worthy platoon that the "Big White Chief" shall scribe, so here it is.

My congratulations to all the "Braves" who so nobly withstood the fire and water poured upon them at—even the A.T.S. cinema operator thought that you all worked hard, and she should know. Most of the time seemed to be spent in the N.A.A.F.I. accompanied by a change of barrels with Barnacle and Gale shopping for spare tools.

There seemed to be no repetition of the last occasion when we were all out together, when I found Ptes. lead with "Gunner" a close second. "Gunner" Giddy and Seymour outside the "Local" and when questioned they just said "Oh! we're only testing the brakes, Sir." I'm sure that Mrs. Seymour couldn't live without "Hubby Giddy."

I think it fitting that this month these notes should finish with the above contribution by our Platoon Commander, so for the present we will leave you.

Pioneer Platoon.

This month has seen the departure of old faces from the platoon. Good luck to King, Spicer and Chilton in their new jobs.

We would like to know if it is true that a bull has taken up residence with the A/Tank Platoon, presumably Lieut. Lapworth's own pet.

During the present month we have seen some keen soccer from the platoon, notably against the Mortars who found it impossible to cope with Orrell's dashing play. Keep it up Pioneer's!

Company H.Q.

It is with very great regret that we have to report the death of Sgt. Tee through an accident. His cheerful presence is missed by all. We offer the sympathy of the Company to his wife and family.

This month finds new faces in the Company Office. Dungate now has a new assistant (sorry, slave) namely, Wakeling.

Barns has just returned from a spot of leave in Scotland. Judging from the smell of heather he had quite an enjoyable time. He also has a new assistant, Jenkins. The Company Commander, when inspecting rifles, became confused not quite knowing if the barrel was filled with cobwebs of a part of the moustache which Jenkins so proudly sports.

The C.S.M. is rarely seen in the office these days, it is rumoured that he spends his time chasing the population of—about in a 15 cwt. truck.

"A" Company.

Windows are blown in by the wind regularly, but will any well-trained Colour Sergeant believe that? We doubt it. Anyway, we'll see what our detachment of Pioneers can do for us, we've got plenty of glass.

Nothing of importance has occurred since last going to press, except the four day's scheme, from which we emerged with flying colours and a pat on the back from the Skipper. The "new hands" worked well indeed and all were agreed that fried fish and chips "in the field" is something only to be expected on High Days and Bonfire nights, but our "Ad" staff sure know their stuff and many and wonderful were the meals partaken. Thanks a lot "Vic" the boys appreciate it.

To close, thanks to "Blighty" for a real good laugh, being short of literature we look forward to it as a weekly treat, long may it function and continue to come our way.

Tailpiece—"My old woman writes and says she's just got a "Erbacious" border Bill, now what sort of a dirty skunk'd that be?"

"B" Company.

My my my! the events of the past month have given full scope to the interminable questions which have poured forth from our awkward soldier. I suggest he is opening a bureau for the use of tired and battle-worn Battling Bees.

One night we were rudely awakened with "How do you think my knees will look in shorts" from all of which you will gather his mental outlook has undergone a subtle change. No longer does he think in terms of the charms of navy blue.

We are always told there is a reason for everything we do. Talking of P.T. reminds me the A.S. (awkward soldier!) came in the other day and leaning over, all confidential like, whispered "do you know why Sgt. Flett has attached himself to 'B' Company; of course don't say I said so, but I have just seen

something in the Gym in khaki and it wasn't wearing trousers either" With a knowing wink he was gone, and I next saw him with his eye glued to a crack obviously enjoying the fun visible from his O.P.

We are very pleased to congratulate Sgt. Lovell on his promotion to Sgt., a useful sort of birthday gift. We also understand our reference to navy blue in last month's *Dragon* caused a stir in the Lovell nest. I take the opportunity of saying that the slanderous attack on this upstanding N.C.O. is completely and utterly without foundation (will that put things right? but you did dabble you know)

We understand that one day the telephone rang, oh yes it sometimes does, and a voice the other end said "Is that the bus Company?" For a moment the Company Commander trembled, his face went grey then dark red, finally in a voice scarcely veiling his contempt replied. "Certainly not young woman—it is the Company of the Buffs."

We have but one member this month to whom we say well done on producing a bouncing daughter Congratulations Pte. C—"What only one singlet" says the Stork "Just you wait till I've finished moulting then I shall be getting around."

You know the C.Q., that shamrock leaf of all shamrocks, well we could hardly believe our eyes when he turned up on P.T. the other day and did he enjoy it! He went away causing things to be done with renewed vigour!

"There is no limit to a soldier's imagination" as the actress said to Sgt. Ireland. That is perfectly true, we are now even called upon to "imagine" that certain paths are rivers. Aye, and the umpire gets quite annoyed if you don't row across it! I bet it was Battling B which crossed the Douro with Cpl. Plaistowe's great great Grandfather leading, shouting in a rich booming voice "On, on, on,"

We are very sorry to say goodbye to our Platoon Commander, it doesn't seem long since we welcomed him. Its been grand fun and we enjoyed his enthusiasm and wish him all the best.

The A.S. has just dashed in and slipped a dirty piece of paper in my hand—Cpl. Machin is looking doubtfully at two more trucks aided and abetted by the Nervo and Knox, of M.T. Freddie and Archie.

They are very thoughtful as they think of all the other trucks they have repaired and painted only to hand back when the M.T.O. sees how good they are.

We take off our hats to all the Battling Bees who have battled so magnificently in North Africa. If any of you out there eventually receive this copy, take our good wishes as very personal and until we start at our end of the pincer. Cheerio, everyone.

"C" Company.

We shall miss such cheerful characters as Sgt. Fitzsimmons, Cpl. Jack Teal, Dicky Corbett, Ptes. Cope, Winup, Smudger 16 and the rest, for each is a personality with his own brand of humour.

Proof of their good cheer and ability was given at a farewell evening we had at—. This was a really grand do and following a supper the lads were able to give vent to their feelings (aided by the beer!) and much talent was displayed especially in the individual turns. Sgt. Paddy O'Brien in his inimitable role of Company Commander was on top form in a sketch supported by Lt. Towndrow and Pte. Cope. Sgt. Fitzsimmons with some Irish songs and jigs on his flute, Cpl. Teal with song and patter, Cpl. Riches,

Ptes. Winup and Mullins and the "swing" trio, Ptes "Smudger" 16, Purl and Handelaar, C.S.M. Finch, L/Sgt. Evenden, Lieut. Hancock, Cpl. Kingston and Sgt. "Rabbit" Hare of "Russian Rose" fame, and many more, too many to mention individually, all contributed to making a happy evening which will live in the memory of all who were present. The show was breezily compered by Cpl. "Junior" King.

During our comparatively pleasant stay at — we had quite a lot of "home" fun. A dart competition (unhappily unfinished) provided some good games and much amusement. For the latter we refer principally to the match between Company H.Q. Team and one of 9 Platoons! During the course of this game it is reported that one of Pte. Green's darts not only missed the board but only just managed to get a "dart-hold" on the 30 ft x 14 ft. wall on which the board hung! The Company Commander, a self-admitted inexpert at the noble game, did do a little better, for the majority of his flights landed on the board even if they were on the opposite side to the required number! But we understand that for sheer originality of throw, Lieut. Hancock has got everyone beaten, it is such a curious movement that one expects his darts to reach a point anywhere but on the board, yet they do get there somehow.

Talking of darts and aiming reminds us of Range-work. Some accurate firing was seen on both the long and the 30 yds ranges in the course of a shooting competition, and L/Cpls. Durrance, Ball, Wootton, Barnett and Ptes. Handelaar, Marsh and Mann all picked up a few shillings as a result of their excellent efforts. Pte. Warner, a newcomer, did well at Grenade throwing and got 2 in a 6ft circle.

There was also a Billets and Platoon and Individual "turn-out" and inspection competition. No 7 Platoon won the Billet No. 9 Platoon "turnout" with best daily average, and Pte Berry best "inspecting Officer." When it comes to a full kit inspection it is said that all in No. 7 Platoon take just one look at Pte. Venison's display and then go away feeling that it just isn't true—no kit *could* look so perfect!

NEWS FLASHES FROM THE COMPANY FRONT.

C/Sgt. "Rocker" was seen saluting a P.O. of the Wrens one evening in — and heard to ask permission to "fall out!" Did he get the "bird!"

After spending a couple of hours or so trying to explode a mortar bomb C.S.M. Finch suddenly realised that some mortar bombs *are* sand-filled!

We are glad to welcome Lieut. Towndrow back to the fold but we expect by the time these notes are in print he will have gone again, before our newcomers get a chance to know the sound of his cheery voice.

Cpls King, Kingston, Marley and Ball are so enjoying themselves at the Battle School they have asked to stay on for another two months—or was it a couple of months leave they asked for?

"D" Company.

Once again we are in familiar surroundings, but nothing seems to have changed very much since our last visit.

To the fellow soldiers who have left us we wish all the very best of luck, and we know that wherever they travel they will pull their weight as they did when with "D" Company.

Continued on page v.

Excalibur.

IF this were a Situation Report we would say "No Change" and let it go at that; for the general tenure of the battalion has not altered. But we fear, knowing Sydney Palmer, that it would be shot straight back to us from the Adjutant's office with a demand for details, and a couple of terse comments into the bargain.

"PACE PALMER," then, we record that Bobby Hitch has left us for the Dépôt, taking with him our best wishes for his health and success, and that, among new arrivals, we welcome Lieut. Ward, an old Buff, already well-known to one or two of us.

Barry McGrath has given up his Mortars, not without some heartache, and with Bill Williams, Shep, and Johnny makes up a formidable quartet. We congratulate him on "setting up in business on his own."

The "big event" in the training department this month was an exercise reminiscent of the old days. Past members of the battalion will hardly need to be told that it took place on a moor, that it was cold, and that it rained. A company with Mortars, Carriers and Anti-Tank guns took part, complete with M.T. personnel, signallers and a sanitary man. The routine was "as for war," with "stand-to" meals separated by the long hours of daylight, mess-tin cooking—and half-cooking—bivouacing, digging, wiring and mine-laying. As for the noises of battle, bullets were flying thick and fast, right, left and centre. A scheme seemed to have been hatched between Major Metcalf and Johnny so that one should be fully conscious of the points before, during and after firing; one hardly seemed to have stopped before it was time to begin again.

Everyone—after it was all over—claimed to have enjoyed the exercise immensely; the most popular item with us was the organised rest!

Shep struggled manfully to get the food out to us all, at the most difficult times; no man was ever more welcome, no food more thankfully devoured.

We returned to the battalion, and a more peaceful, if hardly less exhausting existence, to find Joughin, the new Mortar Officer, still away imbibing at the fountains of knowledge, and Parsons and G. McGrath preparing to depart on a "secret mission"; later Buckwell left as special envoy or "plenipotentiary extraordinary." He refused to enlighten us as to his exact functions.

The Padre these days is a happier man; no more are his visits postponed because the men are on training; he is a part of their training,—and is thinking of equipping himself with a mobile blackboard and lectern. The Doctor, too, explains First Aid, and does incredible things with bandages and pieces of wood, with the result that some people get tied into most peculiar knots when they put in a little practice on their own.

We are expecting the Q.M. soon to give some demonstrations of packing; we are sure he will refuse to be outdone. But what we really want to know from him is how to accumulate that little extra something that Q.M.'s stores always seem to have.

The Battalion Dances continue to flourish, but for the Officers a rival attraction are the Saturday-night "at-homes" kindly provided for them, on the doorstep, so to speak,—an "oasis amid the desert of unremitting toil," as one member of the battalion poetically expressed himself.

We will say no more; we are off to visit the oasis ourselves.

Sergeants' Mess.

We welcome to the mess R.S.M. Southwell and wish him every success in his new undertakings. He has created a new atmosphere, and has opened up a channel of entertainment which is appreciated by all. "Wally" (Reme) has made an appearance in our high circle after being with the unit for two years.

So much for our new members; now a few notes about those still maintaining the upkeep by paying Ike subscriptions on which he will soon be retiring or opening a licensed house. Joe, our chiropodist or better-killer, has achieved something that has been his aim for many months. In the presence of Stanley, Bunny and other barrackers, he scored a goal while playing for the battalion at hockey. Needless to say, the goal was recorded for the opponents. The great "Doc" has also a new hobby. We hear he is studying to outclass Toscanini. Many of his leisure hours are spent in the mess flinging his arms about, but he forgets to alter his tempo from andante (lifting pints) and finale (being taken home).

Nobby, the great journalist, who once tried to produce a paper for the W.O's, in opposition against the ordinary Sgts. (unfortunately the copy was stolen, and the paper did not go to press) is looking after forms, not army ones. Another point of interest about this noble person is "he is going to the dogs," regularly on a Saturday accompanied by Mac, who often has to pay the taxi fare back to camp. Big Jack the other day was caught punching a pailasse on Freddy's bed. Jack was muttering something about John. Dodger, Bunny and Joe are visiting the M.O. for special treatment to restore their hair.

Albuhera Day was spent in rather a quiet way, but the mess was provided with a wonderful Menu by the messing officer. A few drinks paid for by the messing officer to celebrate the day would have been much appreciated.

We have a Mess it looks so fine,
It's hung with flags so gay,
The piano's covered with a union jack
And nobody is allowed to play.

The notice board is a work of Art,
Made by Wilkie the "twit"
Ike the caterer is afraid to hang
Anything on it.

The resting place quite near the mess
It looks a lovely sight,
Freddie and George with lady friends
Sit there ev'ry night.

We are looking forward with delight,
To the Day which is not far,
The toast of course will be "The Buffs"
Then we shall stagger from the bar.

A final word to our late R.S.M. ; we miss his strong sense of humour. Good wishes are sent to all members who have departed and now serving in other parts of the country and overseas.

The Orderly Room.

Well friends, I'm afraid that this article will shed an atmosphere of gloom over the entire issue of the *Dragon* as the compiler of it returned from leave only a few hours ago. I was greeted by the heartening fact from all and sundry, that I had only got another twelve weeks to go until my next leave. This tender thought on the part of all brought a wave of emotion over me and I appreciate no end the thoughtfulness of everybody in working out my leave for me. All I am waiting for now is to greet "—" (who has just gone on leave) with the same charming remark. As far as I can see, things have been tottering along with the minimum amount of effort and nobody has got their cards yet. It's a bit of a job to get the sack in this firm I'm afraid, although everybody tries hard to. Sgt. Cave has also come back from leave (plus a few spots) which are food for gossip among the noble-minded residents of this palatial holiday camp. "—" has got a new set of files and has burnt all the old ones so we can't find anything now (thank goodness). "—" is sitting at his desk working out how many days he has to go before his next leave and it is more than likely that he will get his calculations on one of his returns and send it off in error. Still, as the returns never go to the right place I don't suppose that anyone will mind overmuch. Sgt. Spring doesn't have a lot to say about his activities (after work) these days and the writer, having been born with a suspicious mind, fears the worst for someone as I know that he doesn't sit in his bunk doing crossword puzzles every night. The great "Churchy" is still drinking anybody and everybody's tea and putting the most complicated things in Battalion Orders every day. The other day he posted six swill bins to the Intelligence Corps and had six Corporals sent to the Salvage dump. Still everybody rings up as soon as B.Os have gone out to find out what they are all about so we manage to straighten things out before "Lights Out" every night. Well, as I say the writer is a little out of sorts having come straight back to the rich Army food so I will close now and start working out how much credit I can scrounge for my next leave. Ta Ta for now.

Anti-Tank Platoon.

Quite a few changes have taken place in recent weeks. Many new faces have appeared—and some of the old faces have disappeared. We were sorry to lose such people as Johnny (Slap Happy), Ace, Nuttie and irresponsible D.K., etc.

Sgt. Speller is away on a course and will soon be back full of knowledge?? Sgt. (Flick) Taylor is having an interview re O.C.T.U.—what an officer he will make! Our Platoon Sergeant said a woeful "Good-bye" to Yvonne—who has been posted. We are sorry to say that her absence will be very strongly felt by Sgt. Stock.

We must apologise for the absence of a poem—the Poet Laureate (Bill Ash) is on leave—probably rhyming in Gloucestershire. He will be full of his usual wit in time for the next issue.

Pioneer Platoon.

Spring is here, the sun is shining brightly and everything seems peaceful in the camp. Whitewash and paint are conspicuous in large quantities but the pioneers have succeeded in their gigantic tasks, which they had before them.

Joe E. Brown, our human lamp post, can be seen doing night exercises quite frequently, while Pte. Waterpipe has got his legs under our Signwriters table—watch him, Woodbine!

Our funny members are amusing the locals with their jokes and piano playing, but personally I think they prefer front door keys.

So good hunting! Cpl. Waterpipe is seen staggering towards the village nearly every evening. The reason being that he has been driven to drink since he took over Platoon Sergeants duties.

Bunny and little Dick never miss the guard room—2359 and an occasional 0200 hours explain the reason.

Our Bristolian has been seen with quite a number of eggs recently. He has always been interested in birds.

Congratulations to Pte. Voller on his increase—wife and baby both doing well.

The dark horses, namely Ptes. Emery, Sceeny and Crowhurst are interested in the welfare of lonely wives but let us sincerely hope that the husbands are good tempered.

Well, Pioneers everywhere, we hope that between work, time can be found for an occasional bang, couple of mines, and a booby trap here and there. Great stuff this! We have come into our own at last—our weapons are deadly poison to all comers. So with our days full we go happily along until next time.

Signal Platoon.

Summer weather and plenty of work—what more could we ask (or could we) for this band of Flag-wavers, to start our notes for this issue.

Night schemes are the order of the day and the ancient art of "Bivouacking" and "Mess-tin cooking" are proving us to be masters of any situation up to bacon and beans, cooking which would make mother envious—garnished with smuts, lumps of bark and leaves. But to put it in the words of Pte Birch "It ain't half smashing."

We have unfortunately lost quite a few of our old boys. Ptes Doe, Tucker, Rowland and others to whom we wish the best of luck wherever they may be.

Our "old contemptibles" still flourish under the guidance of Dai Butler and San Toye. Benny still slaps that bass on the local hall with Gunner Head accompanying. Cpl. Davis is having a pressing time and rumours state that the 5th engagement is in the offing—with his supporters he makes nightly raids on the neighbouring village.

O'Leary and Butler are taking up dancing but up to now have only succeeded in getting as far as "J for Jig."

The R.S.O. has just returned from a mine-course and leave, and is anxious to start laying as early as possible (Lord Woolton to note).

Our Assistant Signal Officer, Lieut. Taylor, is at present awaiting a six weeks "intensive" at Caterick where L/Cpl. James is at present in torment.

With this we close, hoping that all our old boys wherever they may be are in the best of health—Cheerio and keep netted.

M.T. Section.

Hello, fellow sufferers, and other transport sections. Not much has happened to relate this month.

Our popular Sgt. Brewerton has had an addition to his family. If he is to be seen gazing fondly into shop windows offering baby carriages and other "appurtenances" for sale it is, we suppose, a natural conclusion to married bliss, but when he starts playing "Rock a bye baby" on his drums we think even his fatherly instincts are having rather a far reaching effect on his mind. Still congratulations Les, and don't forget to have a 406 inspection on the new arrival every month.

Dave Hubble has been making many nocturnal visits to a neighbouring town with, we understand, his wife's permission. This we do not believe, but hope that, as he says, he only goes to the Y.M.C.A.

Our popular junior M.T.O., 2/Lieut. Ransom has left us for fresh fields to conquer, and we wish him all the best in his new surroundings.

We have to record for posterity that our Ted got himself married on his last leave—he came back looking slightly sick and weak at the knees. Too much good food. Our sympathies are extended to Irene whom most of us know, but hope that they will both be happy on the farm.

Training still proceeds apace and our N.C.Os return from driving instruction daily, and thank "Allah" because they were lucky enough to return to base. Bob Borton is reported to be having trouble with a member of the opposite sex in the locality and we can see an adverse entry of 1/6 per diem being made in his pay book, at a not far distant date.

There is not much more that has happened recently and in conclusion we wish everyone that has left us "Good driving" everywhere.

Mortar Platoon.

On thinking over the past months activities of the Platoon, it is surprising how much has really happened.

We have welcomed yet more newcomers to the platoon, and bade farewell to others, who we feel sure will give a good account of themselves wherever they may go.

It was with much regret that we bid farewell to our Platoon Officer Lt. McGrath, who has taken over Command of "A" Company.

Training last month passed all expectations; not even a Kit check to interrupt the programme; someone is slipping somewhere. The last week of training for No. 1 Squad was spent under "slightly" different conditions than what they had been used to; but I think the thoughts of leave to come at the end of it spurred them on, for some first class Mortar shoots were put up, by both detachments. Some weird concoctions were seen during the cooking of the evening meal, the Mess tins were rightly named.

Sgt. E. Eade "have you signed for it" eventually got his leave; it is rumoured he had an accommodation stores check the second day he was home. But all good things come to an end, and his ten days seemed to go as quickly as my own.

We still find time for an occasional game of football with our old opponents the "Carriers" and since last months have proved our superiority with the results of 5—2 and 4—1.

An interesting week was spent on the moors by Sgt. Eade and a Detachment recently. Orgin, the only D.M. of his kind, lived up to his reputation of being able to get tea and refreshments no matter where he is, but his habit of getting his Carrier stuck in every position possible, is wearing a bit thin with the members of that Detachment.

Once again my literary efforts must end, for a month, all instructors wish all the best to parted squads, and hope that the day is not far distant when they can meet again.

Carrier Platoon.

First and foremost let us congratulate our former member of the Carrier Platoon "Legs" Bambridge on his winning of the Military Medal somewhere in the Middle East with the 8th Army. This comrade of ours was always one of the Platoon's most breeziest members and we expected and received rather belatedly great news from him. We also hear that his partner, Ted Carter, has gained his first stripe. Myrtle will be pleased somewhere in England.

Our champion "Scoffer" is now back with us after his accident, and with a new set of "pearlys;" this gave our new cook a bit of a fright, "Joe" we might mention has returned with no battle scars and his girls will be pleased that he is still as good looking as ever.

We've just returned from a pleasant five nights on the Moors, and apart from late nights and very early reveilles none of us feel any the worse for it. The boys after their organised rest, washing and cooking, feel like blood-brothers, so attached are they to each other. Several highlights and a good laugh (now) stood out on this scheme. One is that we now realise that cooking is an art in itself, and trying to light a fire with wet wood, no paper, and lack of draught can upset the most carefully calculated ideas as regards to menu. We thought that we were going to eat nice well-done potatoes, meat, and turnips. Our dinner did get half-cooked thanks to a strong pair of lungs. It lent a better taste to our dinner to look upon others who had to "Scoff" their dinner in the "Stone-age" manner. The local police, we learnt, gave out the rumour that a certain wood was on fire, so strong was the smoke issuing forth. They say where there's smoke there's fire, but not in this case.

The creators of Britains "Battle Schools" will be pleased to hear we've discovered a new set of signals; the only drawback is that a 15 cwt truck would have to follow carriers carrying the various utensils needed *i.e.* Tea buckets, Map cases, Mess tins, Bowls washing M.K. IV, or other articles which can be picked up quite easily at jumble sales. If Cpl. P— (Link Solo) wishes to become acquainted with these new signals they can be had on application to the Carrier Stores from "Droopers" Burgess.

A common sight was to see us washing in various degrees of undress in the village streams at unearthly hours. For those concerned it has now been discovered that the said stream was the receiver of the local drainage system.

— has just returned from a five weeks' M/C Course. He said he enjoyed himself very much and has now dispensed with the services of a saddle. His expert advice, we hear, is being eagerly sought after by our "amateurs" who pester him with such questions as "How do you make this ascent?" or "descent?" "How do you take that corner?"

Congratulations to — on regaining his second stripe, after his brilliant show on the Battle Course.

A new pub has been found, named the "Blue Bell." Some of the boys are going into ecstasies of delight over this new gem. We wonder if the attraction is the beer or the "Blue Belles," reputed to be abundant in this area.

The Mortars wishing to win a football match, took advantage of the absence of four of our star players, and threw out a challenge. Owing to a much weakened side, and certain unfavourable (to us) other elements we were beaten 4—1.

With the capture of Tunisia we are wondering if any of our old pals both in the 1st and 8th Army, have met somewhere out there. We are envious, and wish we were with them. If they read this Dai, Ginger, Legs, Ginty, Bill and many others we wish to offer them our sincere congratulations on a good job done well.

To all "Bufs," wherever they may be, we wish to extend our heartiest greeting and best wishes.

"A" Company.

We have much pleasure in welcoming Capt. B. McGrath (late Mortars) who has taken over command vice Lt. G. Cox. We hope his stay will be lengthy, and we are positive it will prove useful to all concerned.

We are very sorry to lose Lieuts. Cox and Ackland, personalities who will be difficult to replace. We wish them all the best, knowing of course, that they will do their bit in the new venture, just as they did here.

The "Spivs" Organisation shed quite a few tears at the loss of —. We wonder who will take his place and have ideas that C.S.M.I. "P.T."—otherwise known as Don Juan (what has he got that we have not?) holds pride of place. Someone said it is his curly hair.

What is Black and Tan? Some say it is "Spiv" Sgt. Dodger Green does not frequent — any longer. Can it be that a place called Little Humber is now the chief attraction.

Cpl. "Knocker" West seems to have taken over the job of Company Orderly Sgt. for the duration—his boots go to the snob's weekly. We could buy him a bike.

Everybody seems to have enjoyed the five days scheme. All returned very bronzed and "brown."

We hear that Sgt. Bernard Amos, late of this Company, has been wounded in action. We hope it is not serious and trust he will soon be fit and well again.

There is an ever changing flow of faces, making the position too bewildering to mention. We do our best to make everyone welcome and make their stay as pleasant as possible!

We hear often from Cpl. "Bill" Davison (M.E.F.) and are pleased to report that Rasher Bacon, Tubby Dowie (now L/Cpl.) Harry Ballard, George Embleton, and quite a few others are all O.K.

We extend our heartfelt congratulations to all our "confederates" for their very fine work in N. Africa, and hope and trust that affairs on the continent will have the same lightening conclusion.

To all Bufs everywhere we say "Good Luck, Good Health and Good Hunting!"

"B" Company.

Our ace reporter Fred Belton having departed for other parts, we are finding it difficult to compile these notes and reduce to print the deeds and misdeeds of our Company.

Regarding the misdeeds it is unfortunate that our late editors Smith 33 and A. J. Wright (Smith now in India and A.J. still slinging grub, fortunately though, not for us!) are not here to produce their infamous Company rag the "—News."

Our long distance night-walking champions "Beetroot" Hicklin and "Liver" Salter are still unbeaten for missing the last bus home and for their plausible excuses. "Curly" Marshall has been observed strongly challenging their supremacy, failing only in the walking part. He is now in the tender hands of "Doc" Gaywood.

Farmer, (Ex —th) of the beautiful complexion, spent all his time renovating and improving his Heath Robinson Mk III incinerator which, as a permanent smoke screen, is very successful; (quite the opposite from his Saturdays, when the dogs run; the results of which cause even his permanently beaming face to pale).

During the month we have lost several N.C.O's, Cpls. Rosenberg, Foster, Hodges and Perrior, to different units. We wish them the best of luck and all the other chaps, too numerous to mention individually, who have left us, especially men of the old gang, L/Cpl. Hardy and Co., who have written to their late tutor from the Middle East. Our two veterans, — and — together with Ted Pank (now serving in the R.A.S.C.) wish to be remembered to them.

"C" Company.

Not being the usual scribe, I must ask readers to have patience when reading these few notes.

Firstly, we welcome our new skipper Capt. (Double Up) Johnstone and our Administration Officer, Capt. (Big Bill) Williams and trust that their stay will be a long and happy one.

We bid farewell to Capt. Hitch and wish him every success and happiness in his future surroundings.

Sandwich Cadets.

We welcome to "E" Company:—C/P. Clapson, recently arrived from Malta with his mother and brothers, leaving his father (C.S.M.) out there.

This being a very mobile Company our wanderings are numerous, but all agree that the scenery around these parts is very pretty, despite the fact that one has to pant and puff up hills which simply rise to the skies.

Even in these parts summer symptoms are appearing, and at any moment one expects to hear the sound of leather on willow.

Perhaps these pleasant sounds are somewhat muffled by others of a more warlike nature, as men of all shapes and sizes hurl themselves at training sacks, etc.

Camping and hiking are also coming very much into vogue, but I'm not prepared to vouch for their universal popularity, judged by remarks heard during those long hours before the dawn.

The notorious "Big Boss" Podesta, has at long last left our fold, having taken up a more lucrative?? position among the "Heaven Born!" "Well done, that Man" born G.1098 and still going strong.

Our "Night Fighter" looks like landing a film contract in the near future. Can his moustache be responsible for the amazing disappearance of blacklead pencils???

"1483" Tanous, should take a few hints in this hairgrowing business.

For now this must be all, so to all our old friends we say "Good Luck and Good Hunting."

"D" Company—Continued from p. 122.

We welcome Lieut. Kraunsoe to our Company and hope his stay is long and pleasant. Lieut. Stokes who has had a change round to Mortar Officer will be missed by the whole of the Company, anyway we wish him "good hunting" with his mortar boys. St. Dann after a very short stay with us has gone to join Lieut. Stokes.

Sgt. "Jock" Fleming from Shiny "C" is also a welcome addition to our fold, whether it is their loss and our gain remains to be seen.

Congratulations to L/Cpl. Biggadyke on his recent family increase.

Things we would like to know:—Has anyone any suggestions for long country walks? Cpl. Bellingham would welcome some.

Where does Sgt. Mortimer's bike convey him to in the off-evenings and would a pedometer register a similar reading each night?

When will L/Cpl. Bindley stop asking about his leave date?

When will Sgt. "Allan" Poster learn that Breakfast is a time for meditation, and not for debate?

Our Contemporaries.

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

"The Sapper" (May and June). "London Scottish Regimental Magazine" (May). "The Sprig of Shillelagh" (Spring). "The Royal Irish Fusiliers' Magazine" (April). "Journal of the Honourable Artillery Company" (March). "The Gunner" (May and June). "The Snapper". "Our Empire" (May). "The Oak Tree" (Spring). "The Tank" (May, 1943). "The Green Howards' Gazette" (May). "The Green Tiger" (May).

Prisoners of War.

WE have recently been receiving letters from the next-of-kin of prisoners-of-war asking that uniform be sent for inclusion in the next-of-kin parcels.

We are informed by the Red Cross Society that adequate supplies of uniforms have been sent, and maintenance supplies are continually going forward to the International Red Cross Committee in Geneva for general distribution to all our prisoners in the various camps in Germany and Italy.

All our prisoners should be adequately clothed, although it is not advisable for all consignments to go forward from this country at once owing to the risk of loss by enemy action.

Supplies leave Geneva periodically for the various camps, but there may be a period, from time to time, when the clothing in the men's possession requires replacement. The system in operation is that the British Camp Leader, in every camp, indents his requirements to the I.R.C.C. who will meet these demands as and when supplies arrive in Geneva.

Sandwich Cabets

Prisoners of War

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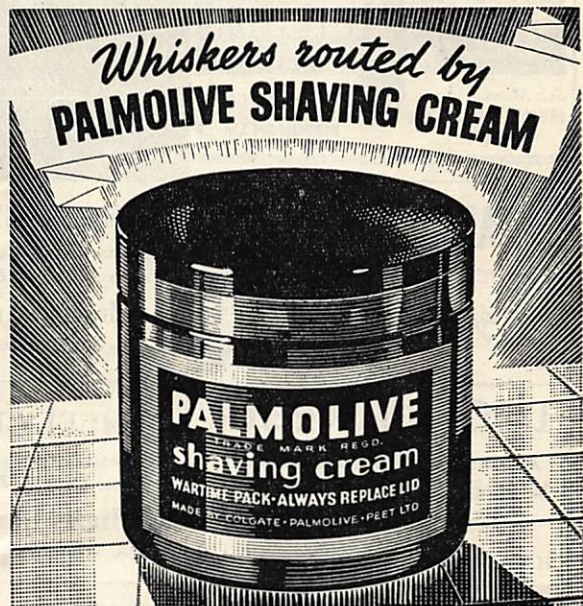
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A.C.2 H. ROWLEY, of the R.A.F., writes: "I am writing this letter to let you know how I have benefited by taking your 'ASPROS'. My job makes it necessary for me to be out in all weathers and last week I had a severe cold and also a splitting headache. I thought I was in for a dose of the 'flu, but before going to bed that night I took two 'ASPROS' and a cup of hot milk and hey-presto I was as fit as ever and ready for duty the next morning. Whenever any of the boys are feeling out of sorts I give them an 'ASPRO' and it sharp puts them right."

SERGEANT OVERSEAS PRAISES 'ASPRO'

E. H. B. (Sgt.) writes from an Army Post Office: "The last time I wrote you regarding the use of my testimonial for 'ASPROS' I was residing at Wood Green, but since then I have come away on Active Service.

When I left England 'ASPROS' went with me and they have stopped me having many colds out here, where it is suddenly hot then bitterly cold, and more rain than I ever thought possible.

May I take this opportunity of thanking you and all your staff for producing such a wonderful commodity?"

A BELGIAN SOLDIER SENDS GREETINGS

Soldat MOENS JULES, of the C.B.T. Belgian Forces, writes:—" 'ASPRO' is still my friend and I always get great relief from them. I am only too pleased to recommend them whenever I can. We are all looking forward to the time when we shall be united once more with our families and trust that 1943 will hold victory for our Allies. All good wishes for the New Year."

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Now, the zoning scheme is in force for all retailers, and a gradual decrease in the varieties on sale in civilian shops will be observed.

Another reason for the smaller variety available in NAAFI canteens was explained recently by Sir James Grigg in the House of Commons. The War Minister said :

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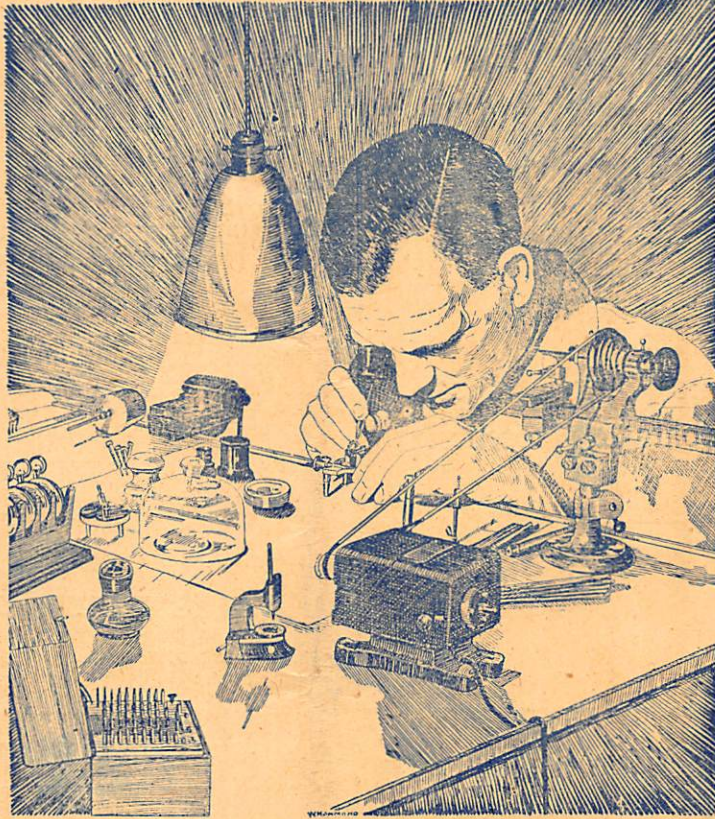
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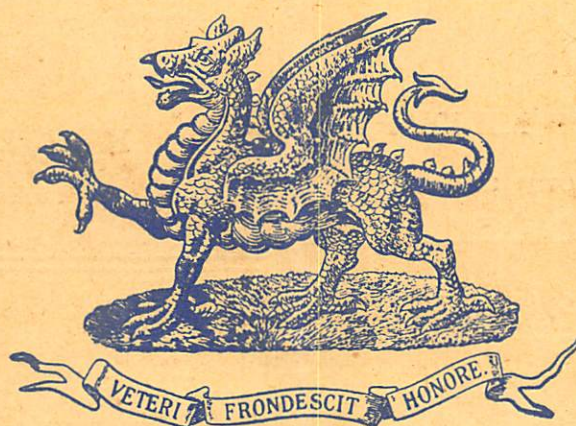
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THE DRAGON

THE REGIMENTAL PAPER
OF THE BUFFS.



No. 524

July, 1943

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No. 524

JULY, 1943.

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Personalia.

WE regret to record the death of Viscountess Goschen which occurred on July 17th at the age of 81 years. We offer our sympathy to Viscount Goschen and his family in their loss.

Lieut.-Colonel C. Tuff, who left England about a year ago, writes very appreciatively of the kindness to our troops, of people in South Africa. He remarks that he does not think this is fully appreciated in England. After much wandering and many new experiences he is now settled down and is in the same Mess as Lieut. Col. Knocker. Recently, when on sick leave after Sand fly fever and dysentery, he stayed with Lieut.-Colonel Atkinson, who is looking very well and in excellent spirits. During his stay he met Major Cross whom he had last known as a Sergeant in Shorncliffe.

At various times he has seen Major Craig and John Clarke.

Lieut.-Colonel E. F. D. Strettell recently met Major G. E. F. Oliver, who was in his usual good form and had managed to get early information of the winner of the Derby. He reports that Cpl. Dale, in Captain N. G. Vertue's Company in Gibraltar days, is now with him as provost corporal in a Pioneer Company.

We hear from Major J. R. P. Williams, that he has left hospital and is getting his new leg fitted in Johannesburg. He and Mrs. Williams hope to homeward bound in a few weeks time.

The following are in Oribi hospital, Sgt. J. White, Ptes. Cook, Double, Keeley, Snook, L/Cpl. Kendall, Pte. Malrose, Cpl. A. Smith Sgt. Luckford, Pte. Mason, Pte. L. White.

All are up and about with the exception of Snook, who is very cheerful.

Captain Shorter, now movements control, reports the remaining married families to be well.

We congratulate Major and Mrs. F. G. Crozier on the birth of a daughter, and Major and Mrs. G. E. F. Oliver, of a son.

News from Captain F. W. B. Wills; Lieut. Lindley, who was in Nairobi has left his unit for another job. C.S.M. Douglass A.K. was in his company. 2/Lieut. H. St. J. Grant is in East Africa. Lieut. G. Price is a R.T.O. Lieut.-Colonel C. R. B. Knight is due to pay a visit to Captain Wills.

We are glad to hear from Flight Lieutenant M. Creswick, to whom we apologise for inadvertently referring as 2nd. Lieutenant in our May number. He served with several battalions of the regiment in various theatres in the last war. In this war he became a member of the R.A.F. in 1940, spending most of the time with the R.A.F. Regiment. Before the present war he competed in many meetings of the regimental Golfing Society. He sends his best wishes to friends in his old battalions who may remember him.

Captain J. H. M. Dawson, employed at a W.O.S.B., and Mrs. Dawson are now in residence at Chester.

We regret to record the death of Mrs. A. A. Homan which occurred during the month of June. Her son, R. W. Homan, was killed whilst serving with the regiment in the last war.

Lieut. R. J. S. Morgan writes that he has been in hospital, wounded, in the Middle East since January last and that he will have to remain in hospital for some months yet.

He sends his best wishes to his friends at home.

We have recently heard from Conductor W. R. Skinner, A.C.C., now in the Middle East. Formerly he was in the regiment which he left in 1931.

Mr. F. H. Bilton died on May 22nd, 1943 aged 83 years. He joined a territorial battalion of the Regiment, at Ashford, in 1878 and continued to serve until 1914 when he retired owing to ill health with the rank of Regimental Quarter Master Sergeant.

We offer our sympathy to his relatives in their loss.

Births, Marriages, Deaths

BIRTHS.

Crozier.—On June 29th, 1943, at the Rotunda Hospital, Dublin, to Mornie (*née* Brooks), wife of Major F. G. Crozier, The Buffs—a daughter.

Oliver.—On July 4th, 1943, at Porch House, Haslemere, to Winifred (*née* Skinner) wife of Major Guy E. F. Oliver, The Buffs, B.N.A.F. —a son.

DEATH.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

Mathew.—In July, 1943, Flying Officer Michael Mathew (Micky), darling husband of Kathleen and dearly loved son of Lieut.-General George Mathew, C.B., and Mrs. Mary Mathew.

Obituary.

Mr. S. H. Follett.

IT was with deep regret that we learned of the death of Mr. S. H. Follett (No. 6278065 Coy. Sergt. Major) who died in Canterbury Hospital on 22nd June, 1943 at the age of 60.

Sid Follett, as he was affectionately known to his friends, served with the 3rd Battalion during the South African War for which he held the Queen's and King's Medals with clasps.

He enlisted in the regulars at Maidstone on 2nd September, 1902 and served in both battalions in which he was well known. He joined the — Battalion and served in Harrismith Hong Kong, Singapore and India and proceeded from India to France in 1914 with the Indian Cavalry Division to whom he was attached as Signalling Sergeant. On being wounded he was transferred to U.K. and posted to the 3rd Battalion at Dover in 1915 where he remained until after the Armistice. He joined the — Battalion at Fermoy shortly after the battalion returned from Germany, as Coy. Sergt. Major of "A" Company in which he was respected by all ranks.

On the arrival of the — Battalion at Shorncliffe in 1922 he was posted to the Regimental Depot where he did excellent work training recruits for the regular Battalions, who were both abroad at this time, being finally discharged to pension on 1st September, 1923.

On his discharge he took up the appointment of Sergeants' Mess Caterer at the Depot where he remained employed until shortly before his death; his familiar presence in the Mess will be missed.

Altogether he served for over 40 years with the Regiment.

He was buried with Military Honours in Canterbury Cemetery on 25th June, 1943 and leaves a widow and three children, all three of whom are in the Services.

Amongst friends present at the burial were Major Peareth, Major Terry, Major Andrews.

Mr. Sid Follett was in possession of the following decorations: King and Queen's South African Medals with clasps; 1914 Star; General Service; Victory; L.S. and G.C.; Meritorious Service Medals.

G.W.M.

Mr. W. A. May, M.M.

The death occurred on May 31st at the Kent and Canterbury Hospital of Mr. William Albert May, aged 57, of St. Jacob's Place, Canterbury. He joined the — Battalion The Buffs in 1906 and served in India and China for 12 years. He rejoined the — Battalion

The Buffs in the last war and served in France. He was wounded three times, was mentioned in despatches twice, and was awarded the M.M. for gallantry. After the war he worked for Mr. W. Lillywhite, Wincheap Farm.

Mr. F. G. Weatherall.

The funeral took place at the Canterbury Cemetery on June 30th, of Mr. Frederick G. Weatherall, of 1 Underdown Cottages, Wincheap, who died at the age of 85 on June 25th.

Mr. Weatherall served for 12 years in the —Battalion The Buffs, being for six years stationed at Hong Kong. At the funeral coffin was draped with the Union Jack.

The chief mourners were the widow, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Weatherall, Mr. and Mrs. A. Weatherall, Mrs. H. Weatherall (sons and daughters-in-law), Miss Webb and Mrs. Bowen (nieces).

Regimental Gazette

THIRD SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, JUNE 4TH, 1943, DATED TUESDAY, JUNE 8TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

THE BUFFS.—Lieut. M. Mathew (50315) relinquishes his commn. on appt. to a commn. in the R.A.F.V.R., 7th January, 1943.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, JUNE 11TH, 1943, DATED TUESDAY, JUNE 15TH, 1943.

WAR OFFICE, JUNE, 15TH, 1943.

The King has been graciously pleased to approve the following awards in recognition of gallant and distinguished services in North Africa:—

The Military Cross.

Lieutenant Anthony Erskine Money (180048), The Buffs.

The Distinguished Conduct Medal.

No. 6466544 Sergeant Thomas Francis Dobbins, The Buffs.

No. 6286764 Sergeant Clarence Jeffrey, The Buffs.

The Military Medal.

No. 6146090 Corporal John Charles Richard Chantry, The Buffs.

No. 6289582 Lance-Corporal Jack Thomas Lumpkin, The Buffs.

No. 6146270 Lance-Corporal Walter Henry Weaver, The Buffs.

No. 6297055 Private Frederick Richard Coppard, The Buffs.

No. 6300310 Private Charles Duncan Fassum, The Buffs.

No. 6289551 Private Sydney Reed, The Buffs.

No. 834544 Private George Albert Arthur Sheridan, The Buffs.

No. 6293410 Private Albert Colin Stern, The Buffs.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

The undermentioned Cadet to be 2nd Lt. :—

THE BUFFS.—April 10th, 1943 :—James Arthur Chance Osborne (269899).

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, JUNE 15TH, 1943, DATED THURSDAY, JUNE 17TH, 1943.

WAR OFFICE, JUNE 17TH, 1943.

The King has been graciously pleased to approve the following awards in recognition of gallant and distinguished services in the Middle East:—

The Military Cross.

Lieutenant Colin Edwards (243957), The Buffs.

Lieutenant Henry Bernard Harvey (219089), The Buffs.

The Military Medal.

No. 6286116 Sergeant Louis Richard Allen, The Buffs.

No. 6286258 Sergeant William John Knight, D.C.M., The Buffs.

No. 6290442 Corporal Charles Henry Fairbrother, The Buffs.

No. 6290250 Corporal Frank Rogers, The Buffs.

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, JUNE 15TH, 1943, DATED FRIDAY, JUNE 18TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

THE BUFFS.—War Subs. Lt. R. J. Gittings (124123) from R.A. to be War Subs. Lt., April 17th, 1943, retaining his present seniority.

2nd Lt. H. J. Ingram (229743) from R. Fus. to be 2nd Lt. February 9th, 1943 retaining his present seniority.

FOURTH SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, JUNE 22ND, 1943, DATED FRIDAY, JUNE 25TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.
EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

THE BUFFS.—The undermentioned to be 2nd Lts. :—

From East Africa Force :—

February 1st, 1941 :—Pte. Ian Flashman Hunt (274268), Cpl. Rodney Nathaniel Stott (274279).

March 1st, 1941 :—Sgt. Douglas Alexander Crerar (274286).

The undermentioned Cadets to be 2nd Lts. :—

THE BUFFS.—May 7th, 1943 :—Philip James Harris (273860); Frederick Triumph Vallas (273882).

May 8th, 1943 :—George Arthur Batsford (273899).

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, JUNE 22ND, 1943, DATED THURSDAY, JUNE 24TH, 1943.

WAR OFFICE, JUNE 24TH, 1943.

The King has been graciously pleased to approve that the following be Mentioned in recognition of gallant and distinguished services in the Middle East during the period 1st May, 1942 to 22nd October, 1942 :—

The Buffs.—Lieutenant (temp. Capt.) M. B. Whitlock (138693), 6288596 Sergeant F. Jaycocks, 6286211 Corporal E. F. W. Spice.

WAR OFFICE, JUNE 24TH, 1943.

The King has been graciously pleased to approve that the following be Mentioned in recognition of gallant and distinguished services in Malta during the period 1st May, 1942 to 22nd October, 1942 :—

Brigadier (actg.) F. A. J. E. Marshall, D.S.O., M.B.E., M.C. (5713).

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, JUNE 25TH, 1943, DATED TUESDAY, JUNE 29TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.
EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.
GENERAL LIST, INFANTRY.

The undermentioned is granted immediate commn. from the ranks in the rank of 2nd Lt. :—

May 7th, 1943 :—C.S.M. George Charles Harold Gillett (270827) from The Buffs.

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.
No. 22 ISSUED ON JUNE 3RD, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

THE BUFFS.—Lt. (Qr.-Mr.) L. J. Williams (130693) to be War Subs. Capt. (Qr.-Mr.), June 1st, 1943.

The undermentioned has been granted temp. rank in Middle East Orders :—

Maj. (temp. Lt. Col.) (actg. Brig.) to be temp. Brig. and War Subs. Lt.-Col. :—

THE BUFFS.—F. A. J. E. Marshall, D.S.O., M.B.E., M.C. (5713), June 14th, 1942.

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

THE BUFFS.—J. W. Taylor (183931), January 7th, 1943.

TERRITORIAL ARMY.

The undermentioned War Subs. Lt. (temp. Capt.) relinquishes temp. rank of Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—P. C. B. Davisson (73288) September 11th, 1942.

The undermentioned War Subs. Lt. is re-granted temp. rank of Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—P. C. B. Davisson (73288), March 2nd, 1943.

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

No. 23 ISSUED ON JUNE 10TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

The undermentioned has been re-granted temp. rank in Middle East Orders :—

THE BUFFS.—Major H. S. Knocker (14916) is re-granted temp. rank of Lt.-Col., August 15th, 1942.

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

THE BUFFS.—R. F. Kemp (102462), January 27th, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—S. G. Bills (169097), February 17th, 1943.

The undermentioned War Subs. Lts. (temp. Cpts.), relinquish temp. rank of Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—L. R. Courtney (138683), September 21st, 1942; E. G. Cox (138679), January 20th, 1943.

TERRITORIAL ARMY.

The undermentioned has been granted temp. rank in Middle East Orders :—

War Subs. Lt. (actg. Capt.) to be temp. Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—J. Swift (88897), April 15th, 1942.

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

No. 24 ISSUED ON JUNE 17TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

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

THE BUFFS.—M. Geary (161359), May 16th, 1943 (Substituted for the notfn. in War Office Orders No. 21/1943).

The undermentioned War Subs. Lt. (temp. Capt.) relinquishes temp. rank of Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—L. P. Whatley (124126), April 7th, 1942.

The undermentioned War Subs. Lt. is re-granted temp. rank of Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—L. P. Whatley (124126), November 7th, 1942.

The notfn. regarding the undermentioned in War Office Orders (1943) is cancelled :—

THE BUFFS.—No. 12 :—War Subs. Lt. (temp. Capt.) (actg. Maj.), E. E. Phillips (137730).

The undermentioned have been granted temp. rank in Middle East Orders :—

War Subs. Lts. (actg. Capts.) to be temp. Capts. :—

THE BUFFS.—A. C. Bridge (148839), December 17th, 1942 ; J. Abbott (193673), January 6th, 1943 ; E. C. Metson (235294), January 14th, 1943.

The undermentioned have relinquished temp. rank in Middle East Orders :—

War Subs. Capt. (temp. Maj.) relinquishes temp. rank of Maj. :—

THE BUFFS.—A. C. Jennings (116324), October 27th, 1942.

War Subs. Lt. (temp. Capt.) relinquishes temp. rank of Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—J. E. Clarke (145016), January 2nd, 1943.

The undermentioned has been re-granted temp. rank in Middle East Orders :—

War Subs. Lt. re-granted temp. rank of Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—R. W. Croucher (103349), December 10th, 1942.

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

No. 25 ISSUED ON JUNE 24TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

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

THE BUFFS.—L. R. Courtney (138683), June 18th, 1942.

The initials of the undermentioned are as now stated and not as in War Office Orders (1943) :—

THE BUFFS.—No. 9 :—2nd Lt. H. St. J. Grant (217811).

The surnames of the undermentioned are as now stated and not as in War Office Orders (1943) :—

THE BUFFS.—No. 9 :—2nd Lt. (now War Subs. Lt.) K. A. Horder (204898) ; No. 19 :—War Subs. Lt. J. M. Teesdale (130773).

RETIRED OFFICERS RE-EMPLOYED.

THE BUFFS.—Lt. (temp. Capt.) W. T. Munday, M.B.E. (24152) ref. (late The Buffs), relinquishes temp. rank of Capt., February 12th, 1942.

Lt. W. T. Munday, M.B.E. (24152) ret. (late The Buffs), is re-granted temp. rank of Capt., March 23rd, 1942 to January 26th, 1943 inclusive.

REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

THE BUFFS.—Lt. (temp. Capt.) (actg. Maj.) E. Barry, O.B.E. (5536), to be temp. Maj. and War Subs. Capt., April 19th, 1942.

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

THE BUFFS.—E. Barry, O.B.E. (5536), September 17th, 1940.

The undermentioned Lt. is re-granted temp. rank of Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—E. Barry, O.B.E. (5536), June 25th, 1941.

TERRITORIAL ARMY.

The undermentioned War Subs. Lt. (actg. Capt.) has been granted temp. rank of Capt. in Middle East Orders :—

The Buffs J. W. Smith (90315), November 10th, 1942. (Substituted for the notfn. in War Office Orders No. 12/1943.

Tonbridge School.

WAR MEMORIAL BURSARIES.

THE Governors of Tonbridge School wish to bring to notice particulars of War Memorial Bursaries which are offered by the Governors of Tonbridge School for sons of officers and men or women associated by residence or service with the County of Kent or the City of London, who lose their lives

or are taken prisoner or become incapacitated while on active service in the present war. The Bursaries are for Boarders at Tonbridge School, and the amount will depend upon means, and will consist of a reduction in the Boarding fee of not exceeding £50 p.a., or in the case of the son of an Old Tonbridgian £75 p.a. (The fees for Boarders are about £143 p.a. for a Non-Foundationer and about £133 p.a. for a Foundationer, *i.e.* of whom the parent or person occupying the place of a parent is a bona fide resident within a distance of 10 miles by the ordinary roads and ways from the old Parish Church of the town of Tonbridge).

The Bursaries will be tenable for a boy's School life, subject to certificates of good conduct and progress, and may also be determined by the Governors should the means of the holder, his parent or guardian not justify its continuance.

The Governors are anxious for the Buffs to know of the Bursaries in case there are any connected with the Regiment who would like to apply for a Bursary.

Applicants should apply to the following:—

The Clerk, Clerk's Office, Skinners' Hall, Dowgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

A Trip to the East

PART 3.

THIS was the end of our time in Irak. We returned to Baghdad, attended conferences and gradually our party made their way down to Basra, where we embarked on a comfortable Dutch ship and sailed to Bombay. The O.C. Troops on the ship was a former Grenadier who knew many of the regiment, having played golf against our teams. We liked the Dutch captain, officers and crew. But the news from the Dutch East Indies and Burma was bad, and we wondered what was to be our destination. Bombay harbour was crowded; I had never seen so many ships there. The Yacht Club was very full. I ran into a number of old friends including J.V.R.J. looking extraordinarily well; but unfortunately he was sailing homeward bound the next day.

We were moved up country by train, a night's journey, and found ourselves almost in the hot weather. We were quartered in a pleasant little station with good bungalows, electric light and fans. Very few of our party

had been in India before and we had no Indian servants, so there was a lot for everyone to learn. We started classes in Hindustani, hired bicycles, bought uniform and began to settle down. Beer, with a capital B, was one of the burning questions of the day, as it had been previously in Irak, and was to be later on in Assam. Everyone wanted beer and there was very little of it and what there was, had to come from Murree or Simla over 1,000 miles away.

I made a brief visit to G.H.Q. India, at Delhi, staying a night there, and learned that we were shortly to move further East, so after I had re-joined we made preparations for our move, carried out training and eventually we started off to motor to our new destination. It was quite an interesting drive and we did it in twelve stages with a day's halt halfway. Unfortunately I was summoned on to our destination so was only able to do eight stages with the column. The first day was the worst; we had a bad hold-up at a railway crossing; the road was very dusty and there were a number of diversions. We got into camp late, well after dark, and it rained during the night. The rest of the stages were much better, all ranks quickly picked up the routine and the trip was excellent training. We had hoped to travel by a more interesting and less well-known route, but difficulties of supply made us keep to the main roads, but even then we passed through a number of places which the average soldier in India generally does not see.

Our new station was a semi-hill station, some 2,000 ft. up in a part hardly ever visited by the Army in pre-war days. We took over a number of big schools and were quite comfortable. It was a pleasant spot, remarkably green for the time of year and not very hot. The lack of beer and the inefficiency of the native contractor were the chief drawbacks. Many of the natives were descendants of the aboriginal inhabitants and were much darker than is usual among Indians. We were settling down to our new duties, making reconnaissances and working out our plans, etc., when orders came for another move.

So we collected all the information we could, packed again and made all the usual preparations. The General decided to go on ahead, with his A.D.C., G.2., myself and four British privates, two drivers and two batmen. He and the A.D.C. drove to Calcutta, the rest of us went by train. We had a thirty-mile drive through pleasant country, to a station on the broad gauge railway, drove our "utility"

on to a flat truck and then had some hours to wait for the mail. Dinner was made memorial by the discovery of a bottle of Simond's milk stout hidden away in a case at the railway station dining-room. Beer was so scarce that one supposes this bottle must have been regarded by those who had noticed it previously as a dummy—full bottles of beer did not last long in that part of the world. We boarded the mail train that evening, but instead of arriving at Calcutta about 6 with prospects of a comfortable bath and breakfast at a hotel, we arrived somewhere about 10. However, the A.D.C. turned up and took charge of the trucks and we went off to do some much-needed shopping. Calcutta is hot and sticky in early May and I thought our visit compared very badly with my last one, when the Battalion arrived there from Burma in 1936 en route for Lucknow. Then Sir Walter Craddock met us on the quay and had all the officers and their wives to dinner at the Bengal Club, and put my wife and me up.

We all eventually gathered at Sealdeah Station, together with our trucks and baggage. Other Generals turned up and we were an hour late in starting as we had to wait for the car of one of them to be put on the train. The Assam Mail impressed me very favourably; the rolling stock was the best I had seen in India and the service and meals in the dining-car were also the best I had met with on an Indian railway. Evidently Calcutta demands, and gets, a higher standard of comfort on the mail to Assam and Darjeeling than is allowed on the other Indian railways. Later in the evening we arrived at a station where we changed from our comfortable broad gauge to the metre gauge line running into Assam. The rain came down in buckets while we saw to the transfer of our kit, moving of our utility cars, sorted out our rations and arranged that a sufficiency for our party was transferred, and the G.2., the A.D.C. and I were glad when everything was fixed up and we could go to our new coaches and get down to sleep.

On waking next morning we found ourselves in a different India. It was not prepossessing—still raining, miles and miles of jungle, dense vegetation, and paddy fields. The G.2. became ill and I had visions of cholera, so at the next station I wired ahead, through the station master, for a doctor to come to the train, and one or two stations later an Anglo-Indian Sub. Assistant Surgeon turned up and produced some medicine which must have been wonderful stuff as the G.2. began to recover rapidly. We were running pretty

late; we should have reached the Brahmaputra before 8, but did not do so till nearly 10. All our kit had then to be taken by coolies from the train down to the ferry steamer and it was still raining hard. We were glad to get down to a good breakfast on the large river steamer. The Brahmaputra was wide, muddy and rapid and the country less monotonous, with a few hills.

Having crossed the river and transferred our kit to the waiting train, we started on the last lap of our train journey. An uninteresting journey; more rain, and jungle, and we were late when we reached a station which, in peacetime, derived its only importance from being the starting-point of the motor road to Imphal, capital of the Native State of Manipur. Arc Camps, many sidings and much rolling stock made it a scene of considerable activity and we realised that we were approaching a theatre of operations.

We were driven up to the rest camp, cut out of the jungle, and floundered along raised paths of faggots leading to our tents. It was very confusing in the dark and there seemed to be miles of paths. The Rest Camp, which was putting up an extremely good show under most difficult conditions, had a meal for us at about midnight. It was hot, very sticky, muddy and there was the horrible dank jungly smell, much more unpleasant than the West African jungle, and I got one of the worst goes of prickly heat I have ever had. Fortunately we spent only one day there, when we attended conferences; the sun came out and we became hotter and hotter and more covered with prickly heat. This station was serving as an advanced base from which supplies were being forwarded into Burma to connect up with the forces withdrawing from there by way of the Manipur road to Imphal, the capital. From there it had been hastily continued on to the frontier near Tammu and then parrallel to it for nearly another 100 miles; altogether more than 300 miles from railhead. A magnificent job of work had been done in a very short time, both at railhead and on the road. The country round the railway consisted of untouched jungle and nearly all the camps and clearings for storing the various commodities required, had to be cut out of this jungle, roads and tracks made, and all this against time and in a thoroughly bad climate. As regards the road, it was a hill road starting from 500 ft. above sea level and rising up to 5,000 ft. after 45 miles, then down to 4,000 ft., up to 5,500 ft. about half way to Imphal and then gradually descending to Imphal which

is about 2,600.ft. Beyond Imphal nearly everything had to be freshly constructed up to the Burma frontier; a rough track existed for the next 30 miles along the valley and then when the hill country started again the road had to be cut out of the side of the hills. Fortunately some up to date road making machinery was available, but it was a very fine piece of engineering as the road had to be driven across an extremely tangled belt of mountainous country. It was also lucky when the necessity for the road became apparent there were three to four months of good weather before the arrival of the monsoon: otherwise the road could never have been constructed in time, nor would it have been fit for use after the first few days of the rains, as there was not then sufficient time to lay any proper foundation or road surfacing.

Much of this we learnt during the hot and busy day we spent at railhead; part of it we acquired gradually during the next few weeks.

(To be continued).

Prisoners of War Fund.

DONATIONS.

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Ogg		6	0
Miss Mungham	2	0	0
Mrs. Hannaway		5	0
Mrs. Alnwick	1	10	0
Mr. Slade		10	0
Mrs. Reid		10	0
Mrs. Smith		6	0
Mrs. Carver	5	0	0
Mrs. Bush		2	6
Mrs. Gibson	1	0	0
Major Colley	2	2	0
London Branch	1	0	0
O.C.F. Company K.H.G. Benenden	1	10	0
Miss S. C. Lambert	5	0	0
Captain J. E. Wills	2	2	0
Lieut. M. R. Fearon		19	0
Mrs. Crookenden Donations various	2	2	6
"C" Company 3 K.H.G.	3	10	0
Mrs. M. Dray	2	6	0
"C" (Weald) Company —Buffs ...	20	0	0
"D" Company —Buffs	50	0	0
Captain D. P. H. Norris—Buffs, "D" Company	11	11	0
Mrs. M. Dray	1	6	3
Major P. R. H. Fox	5	0	0
"E" Company, 25 K.H.G.		16	0
Mr. Nicholls	1	2	0
Mrs. West	2	0	0

Mrs. Holness	1	0	0
Mrs. Money, W.V.S.	2	0	0
Mrs. Ogg		6	0
London Branch	1	0	0
Cpls. I.T.C.	20	1	10
Mrs. Bollon and Mrs. G. Treventon Jones, Garden Sale	50	0	0
Mrs. Hannaway		10	0
Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. L. W. Lucas	3	3	0
Mrs. M. K. Power	3	10	0
Benevolent Fund Account,—Buffs	5	0	0
Major and Mrs. C. E. A. Terry ...	10	0	0
Major E. Clarke	5	0	0
Pte. Anderson		2	0
Canterbury Bowling Club	11	0	0
I.T.C.	1	12	6
Weymouth Corporation	5	5	0
Civilian Staff, I.T.C.		2	6
Sergeants' Mess, I.T.C.	2	2	0
Miss E. E. F. Cobbe	1	0	0
Mrs. E. H. Allen	2	0	2
Medway L. Guild	1	10	0
Mrs. Alnwick	1	5	0
Mrs. Bush		2	6
Mrs. Ogg		5	0
Mrs. Hancock		5	0
Mrs. Hall		7	6
Mrs. Cull		14	6
Mrs. Townsend		10	0
Mrs. Rosendale		10	0
Mrs. Slade		10	0
Mrs. Gibson	1	0	0
"H" Company, K.H.G., 23 Bn. ...	3	0	0
Dean and Chapter	4	9	1

£262 19 10

Correspondence

41 Crescent Gardens,
Birchwood,
Swanley, Kent.
10th July, 1943.

To The Editor, "The Dragon,"

Dear Sir,

I enclose 5/- P.O., subscription to the Regimental Paper, *The Dragon*.

Those of the old —Battalion still carrying on, must have felt a thrill at the news of doings of the —Battalion in N.A. (over the B.B.C.)

I have two lads out there, one Act. S.M. and the youngest but one of eight, Lieut. R.A. (Y.C. Lacey) of the Anti-Tank Guns. He has been in Egypt from the start of hostilities, was in Wavell's push, and has been in all the fighting up to 24th November, when he was severely wounded for the second time in a

continued on p. 139

Past and Present Association.

Benevolent Fund.

DONATIONS.

		£	s.	d.
1942				
Dec.	30. Major E. Clarke... ..	5	0	0
1943				
Jan.	2. Mr. W. Gibb	2	0	0
	7. Colonel R. G. Clarke	2	2	0
Feb.	2. Charitable Fund, Buffs	15	0	0
Mar.	13. 5 Platoon—Buffs	6	0	0
April	27. 5 Platoon—Buffs	3	0	0
May	17. Rev. G. Denne Bolton	2	10	0
	26. 5 Platoon—Buffs	8	0	0

GRANTS.

		£	s.	d.
1943				
Jan.	28.	2	0	0
Feb.	8.	3	0	0
Mar.	1.	2	10	0
	22.	2	10	0
April	1.	4	7	0
	2.	3	0	0
	5.	5	0	0
	19.	2	0	0
	28.	3	0	0
	28.	2	0	0
May	5.	4	0	0
	27.	1	5	0
	28.	3	0	0
	28.	2	0	0
June	1.	2	0	0
	4.	3	0	0
	19.	2	2	0

MINUTES of the 129th Meeting of the Executive Committee, Past and Present Association The Buffs, held at Canterbury on Tuesday, June 29th, 1943.

Present :

Major F. W. Tomlinson (Chairman).
 Bt.-Colonel B. S. Collard.
 Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Wilson.
 Major C. E. A. Terry (representing other Battalions).
 Major R. W. Edmeades.
 Captain A. Barton.
 Major A. J. Peareth (Secretary).

In attendance.

Major-General Sir John Kennedy, Colonel The Buffs.
 Major General Hon. P. G. Scarlett.

In the absence, on duty, of the Chairman, Lieut.-Colonel G. R. Howe, the Committee elected Major F. W. Tomlinson as Chairman.

- 1,216. MINUTES of the 128th meeting were read and confirmed.
- 1,217. THE BALANCE SHEETS, 1942—43, duly audited, were passed and the Annual Report adopted.
- 1,218. MEMBERSHIP OF THE ASSOCIATION.—The Committee submitted to the Colonel of the Regiment that he write to officers Commanding Battalions and the Training Centre requesting them to bring to the notice of all ranks the Association, its aims and objects with a view to stimulating membership. In doing so it should be pointed out that only those who are members of the Association are eligible for assistance from the Benevolent Fund.
- 1,219. VOTE OF THANKS.—It was proposed by the Chairman seconded by Major General Hon. P. G. Scarlett and unanimously agreed that a vote of thanks be accorded to Mrs. Crookenden for her untiring work on behalf of the prisoners of War of the regiment and the provision of comforts for our battalions.
- 1,220. FINANCE COMMITTEE, RECOMMENDATIONS.—The following recommendations of the Finance Committee were approved.

PAST AND PRESENT ASSOCIATION.

(a) BUILDING FUND.

- i. That bonds to the value of £20 5s. 0d. held by the London, Deal, Margate and Medway Branches be redeemed.
- ii. A loan of £25 to the Canterbury Branch.

(b) BENEVOLENT FUND, DONATIONS AND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

		£	s.	d.
R. Military Benevolent Fund		5	5	0
R. School Daughters of Officers Army		5	5	0
Incorp. S.S.A. Help Society		5	5	0

Shaftesbury Homes ...	2	2	0
R. Albert School (Connaught Memorial) ...	5	5	0
N.A.E.S.S. Assn. ...	15	0	0

(c) PENSIONS.—That the existing pensions list be maintained for the financial year 1943—44.

NOTE:—The Committee again reiterates the policy that this pension list shall not be added to and shall, in course of time, cease to exist.

(d) BENEVOLENT FUND, Investments.—The sum of £400 be invested through the United Services Trustee,

(e) COTTAGE HOMES, Investments. The sum of £125 be invested through the United Services Trustee.

(f) "DRAGON" NEWSPAPER, TRANSFER.—The sum of £148 1s. 6d. be transferred to the Central Fund.

(g) CENTRAL FUND.—The Colonel of the Regiment to be advised to allot the sum of £30 6s. 6d. to the Past and Present Association.

- 1,221. CANTERBURY BRANCH.—The Committee approved of the action taken by the Secretary in connection with the affairs of this branch and of the amalgamation for the duration of the war of the Canterbury Branch of the Old Contemptibles with the Canterbury Branch Past and Present Association, The Buffs.
- 1,222. INSURANCE POLICIES.—The Secretary gave particulars of insurance policies taken out by the Association.
- 1,223. CONNAUGHT MEMORIAL.—The Committee approved of a donation of twenty guineas made to the Royal Albert School and a subscription of five guineas for the year 1942—43.
- 1,224. WORLD WAR, 1939, CHARITABLE FUND, THE BUFFS.—The Secretary reported that certain sums had been received towards this fund, such sums being put on deposit for the time being.
- 1,225. SECRETARY'S TRAVELLING EXPENSES. For year 1942—43. £9 2s. 0d. Approved.
- 1,226. VOTE OF THANKS.—A vote of thanks was passed to Major F. W. Tomlinson for undertaking the duties of Chairman.

MINUTES of the 129th Meeting of the Regimental Committee of The Buffs held at Canterbury on Tuesday, June 29th, 1943.

Present :

Major F. W. Tomlinson (Chairman).
Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Wilson.
Major C. E. A. Terry (representing other Battalions).
Major R. W. Edmeades.
Major A. J. Peareth (Hon. Secretary).

In attendance:—

Major-General Sir John Kennedy, Colonel of The Buffs.
Major-General Hon. P. G. Scarlett.

In the absence, on duty, of the Chairman, Lieut.-Colonel G. R. Howe, the meeting elected Major F. W. Tomlinson as Chairman.

99. THE MINUTES of the 128th meeting were read and confirmed.
100. THE ACCOUNTS 1942—43 duly audited, were passed.
101. MCDOULL TABLET.—The Committee consider that personal friends of the late Brig.-General R. McDouall should be circularised to subscribe to the cost of the Memorial Tablet.
102. CENTRAL FUND.—The Committee lays no claim to the balance standing in the Central Fund.
103. INVESTMENTS AND TRANSFERS.—The Committee concurs in the following recommendations of the Finance Subcommittee.
- (a) REGIMENTAL MEMORIAL FUND.
- i. The sum of £40 be invested.
 - ii. Administration Expenses paid to the Past and Present Association be reduced to £5.
- (b) CANTERBURY CRICKET WEEK CLUB DRAGON DINNER CLUB.—Administrative expenses paid to the Past and Present Association be reduced to 10/- each.
104. DRESS.
- (a) BADGE, BERET, OFFICERS.—The Committee recommends, the Colonel of the Regiment approves and directs that the badge worn with the beret shall be silver or silver plated, of a size the same as that issued to other

ranks, surmounted on a blue patch the size of which to be, in width $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches, in depth 2 inches, with edges cut away the length of each edge being a half inch.

(b) SHOULDER TITLE DESIGNATION. The Committee recommends the Colonel of the Regiment approves and directs that the shoulder titles shall be as laid down in A.C.I. 905 and 906 of 1943, this being in accordance with Regimental custom.

105. PRESENT WAR RECORDS.—The Committee submitted that the Colonel of the Regiment write to Commanding Officers of battalions and the Infantry Training Centre directing them to submit from time to time records of battalion or training centre affairs in amplification of the somewhat dry and matter of fact entries usually contained in war diaries.

Such records will be of great value when the time arrives to compile the Regimental History of the present world war.

106. VOTE OF THANKS.—A vote of thanks was passed to Major F. W. Tomlinson for undertaking the duties of Chairman.

London Branch.

The first full meeting of the London Branch was held at the Prince Alfred, Tufton Street, S.W.1. on the 19th ultimo with Captain E. A. Carter in the Chair. Major Pat Lynden-Bell was given a hearty welcome.

The members present stood in silence to the memory of all who have given their lives in the war or have otherwise passed over. The Chairman afterwards referred to the great loss all have sustained by the death of our beloved General Sir Arthur Lynden-Bell and it was fitting that his son was present to receive the personal sympathy of the London Branch. The members felt deeply for her Ladyship in her sad bereavement; the late General was one of ourselves and more than that—he was a father to every Buff, past or present.

Major Lynden-Bell, in reply, thanked the members personally on his mother's behalf, for all the kindly interest shewn. He had been six years away from England and thus was not home in time to see his father alive. He had been wading through some three hundred

letters received from all ranks of the regiment and friends; he did thank everybody from his heart. He was present to carry on his late father's wishes and he trusted that his connection with the Association would be like the late General—one of personal love. He promised to give the Branch a small memento of his father's to raffle for the Benevolent Fund.

Captain Carter thanked Major Lynden-Bell and recalled how the Association flourished the moment the late General Sir Arthur started going; his zeal and activity were never-ending.

Amongst those present were several in the Bear's Den, including:—Spud Austin, whose eyesight, we are sorry to say, does not improve.

Amy Ainge was present after a long spell away from London. He, too, is not in too good health.

Hughie Borland was looking fairly fit, but a little disappointed in the absence of Bill Elvey, Ted Lamb and Nobby Clarke.

Erny Tong and Joe Hawkins admirably acted in their usual capacities of collecting money and selling "Blood Oranges."

Eddy Shute still looks the same—just as happy as ever.

Mr. Ivens came along, but we were sorry his deafness has not improved for the better; he gave us news of Mr. Lloyd whom we are pleased to know has received well-earned promotion.

Albert Debling was looking very fit and gave us plenty of news.

Jock Clayton was in his usual residence, at home to all old friends of the days gone by.

Captain Verlander came along in full array, looking and feeling the same as he did over 40 years ago. Jock holds the army record for long and continuous service without even a day's break. "Young soldier's wish they would".

Joe Goss (Dear old Pals) hopped in and, owing to his poundage—had difficulty in getting through. Joe is R.S.M. of the Tooting Battalion Home-Guard.

We were also happy to have with us Mr. Emmerson, who came along with Jock Verlander and Spud.

George Hovey (Underneath the Arches) informed us that his son was missing in N. Africa. Our sympathy, George, but often the missing turn up.

It was nice to see Mr. Ricketts in conversation with Major Lynden-Bell. The Major saw a lot of his brother (Captain and Quartermaster Ricketts) whilst abroad.

We were pleased to have with us Billy Everett and congratulate him on his recent marriage.

Also, Goda Street Williams, whom we had not seen for a very long while.

Many Old Buffs will remember Billy Redman, at one time groom to the late Colonel Hickson, and will be glad to know that he was looking very well and feeling fit.

Amongst our Chelsea Veterans were In-pensioners Mount, Marsh and Hamilton.

Mr. Neville was present and also in fine fettle, likewise Drummer Hubbard.

Good wishes were received from Generals Sir John Kennedy and Hon. P. G. Scarlett, Majors A. J. Peareth and H. G. James, Chippy Norton, J. O. Graham, S. G. Johnson, F. E. Love, C. A. Harris, T. B. Potter and others.

We regret to say that Mr. Bax, who was well-known in the branch in either Eddy Shute's or Albert Cole's Battalion, has passed over and our sympathy goes out to the bereaved.

We also hear that Mr. Wilton, who served as one of "Goshen's Lambs" has also died and the sympathy of the members also goes to the bereaved.

The Bun Penny collection amounted to £1 3s. 0d.

Next Gathering: July 17th.

LADIES' GUILD.

The following members met at Tufton Street on Saturday, June 19th:—Mrs. Enright, Mrs. Austin, Mrs. and Miss Coley, Mrs. Goss, Mrs. Debling, Mrs. E. Harris, Mrs. Emerson, Mrs. Shute, Mrs. Atkinson, Mrs. Cissy Redman, and Mrs. Spinner. Our sincere thanks to the London Branch for this privilege.

We are pleased to hear that The Hon. Lady Lynden-Bell has recovered from her recent illness, and sends best wishes to all members.

Mrs. Ricketts writes that Mrs. Blackman is ill and would like to hear from those of the 2nd Battalion who know her. Mrs. Sidwell writes that her mother, Mrs. Tutt, is ill; both wish to be remembered to all members.

We are pleased to state that Mrs. Lamb is much more herself and is looking for the time when she can meet her old friends.

To our sick members we wish a speedy return to health, *viz.*, Mrs. Redman, Sen., Mrs. B. G. Taylor, Mrs. Draper and Mrs. Ernie Smith.

Congratulations to Mrs. F. Love and Mrs. A. Kennedy on becoming Grandparents.

Mrs. J. Timms (*née* Billings) is evacuated to 69 King Street, Loughborough, Leicester, and would welcome letters from any of the members.

It was delightful to see Major Lynden-Bell after six years' absence—we hope to meet him again at the next meeting night.

Medway Branch.

Medway are still holding their monthly meetings, and last month's was an exceptionally memorable one.

The chair was occupied by Captain Barton, supported by Mr. Holt, Hon. Treasurer, the Hon. Secretary, and more members than are usually present.

MINUTES.—Minutes of the April meeting were read and passed.

CORRESPONDENCE.—No correspondence to hand this month.

OTHER BUSINESS.—This year marked the 15th anniversary of the founding of the Branch. It also marked our chairman's Golden Wedding, who, by the way, was founder of the branch, and has been chairman during the whole of that time. To mark the occasion, a presentation of a piece of plate was made to the *Chairman*. The presentation was made by the Secretary on behalf of all members.

The gift was a small token of affection and esteem in which Captain and Mrs. Barton were held by all who came in contact with them.

A glowing tribute to the Captain was paid by the treasurer (Mr. Holt), and it was hoped by all present that he would continue in office for many years to come.

No other business arising a collection was taken and the meeting declared closed.

NOTES.

This was a memorable meeting for the branch, and all members were in a very happy mood on this occasion.

To turn to the other side of the picture. we are sorry to hear that Mr. French is still on the sick list; also Mr. Wellard, who has now been ill (except for a short break) for two years, and has recently undergone two operations, W. Sales of Gravesend is another one who has

been having quite a lot of illness lately ; also, news has just been received of Mr. Shirley having gone to hospital. To all these invalids the branch sends their sympathy, and hopes soon to have them back at the meetings.

The writer of these notes had occasion to visit a small village recently, a few miles away and obtained a new member, No. 3568 A. H. Bolton, another old one with three campaigns to his credit including the 1914-'18 war. He served in India with — Battalion previous to the S.A. war.

A rare visitor to the meeting was another old member in the person of Jerry Cole.

Any members of other branches working in Medway Towns are invited to come along at any time they have to spare. They will be cordially welcomed.

This concludes our monthly survey, so cheerio! everyone, best wishes to all members of the Association.

Correspondence—continued from p. 134

month, that is to say he was slightly wounded on the 4th November, back in action on 13th, severely wounded on 24th by Stuka attack, and we are expecting him home. He is in No. 1 General Hospital.

There appears to be small hope of our ever meeting our sixth son, Jack, who served with the — Commando and was posted missing from the Dieppe Raid.

The last information I can get is to the effect that his landing craft was hit by E. Boat and he was wounded and last seen swimming in a weak condition. This lad was a very powerful swimmer and must have made shore under anything approaching fair conditions.

My respects to the old Buffs and all those of my time.

Yours to a cinder,

BOB LACEY.

Our Contemporaries.

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

“ The Iron Duke ” (June). “ The London Scottish Regimental Gazette ” (June, July). “ Journal of the Honourable Artillery Company ” (April). “ The Snapper ” (June). “ Our Empire ” (June, July). “ The Suffolk Regimental Gazette ” (March, April). “ The Lion and the Rose ” (May). “ The Tank ” (June). “ The Green Howards' Gazette ” (June). “ The Queen's Own Gazette ” (June). “ The Gunner ” (July). “ The Sapper ” (July).

Training Centre.

SEVERAL old inmates have visited us during the past months, and we have been very pleased to see them. The fact that people find time, during all too short periods of leave, to look us up is always a source of pleasure. Hardy Nichols, now a Major on the Provost Staff, has been here, looking as gay as ever. Vere Collins also spent a day or two. He gave us news of Buffs, particularly Clive Bossom and Francis Morgan. Next came ‘ Beau ’ St. John to enliven us and to keep members of the mess out of their beds till very late at night. We are also glad to see back here again, on the Staff, Joe Worth and once more we feel that things will be under Control. We regret, however, that already he has had to visit the police station, so we gather his past history is not yet forgotten.

Of our further activities, there is not a great deal to report. The ancient and esoteric brotherhood indulged in yet another golf meeting and this time we had the pleasure of several Sisters taking part. Foursomes were played against bogey ; at least I believe this is the correct expression for the competition. Brother Ginger and Sister Bunny were, I understand, the eventual winners, though had Brothers Gordon Scott and Hutch some idea of fairly simple mathematics, they must have won, since they were in receipt of 42 bisques ! However, as usual the golf was only the preliminary to another pleasant meeting of the Society in the Evening at the G. & D.

On a recent Sunday morning, the W.T.O., at the request of the C.O. arranged a meeting of all officers, on the range where for a small fee, it was possible to try ones hand at firing various weapons, small and large, at least as far as noise was concerned. To be candid, some of us wondered whether our Sunday was not being unduly disturbed by such an arrangement. However, Jerry Pym and his assistants, various Sergeants and fatigue men, had such an admirable organisation, that we all voted the morning most successful, only marred by the fact that it was a hot day and there was no bar.

Depot Company.

Having been way from the Company for the last fortnight I'm afraid I am a little out of touch with recent current events.

The first item, that struck me as original was the formation of an A.I. Platoon in ‘ D ’ Company. I really did not know we had any really A.I. men in this Company, but we live and learn. We also have a new Officer to assist the aforesaid platoon, whom we most cordially welcome to the Company. Having

risen from the ranks he knows all the—questions (and I might add, the answers).

The Agriculture scheme seems to be progressing very favourably and I see that the 9 acre field is looking remarkably well and we should get another good crop from there this year.

There are rumours that a certain Sergeant, now in the Company, has a roving commission visiting various places for a week at a time. "Where to this time Sergeant Horton?"

Our numbers in the Company are still fluctuating, but we welcome all new arrivals and hope their stay in the Company will be pleasant. It's all go chaps but we could all be in far worse places, so lets Count Our Blessings, Have Our Moan, and GET ON WITH THE JOB.

"B" Company.

With the cricket season now in full swing we have found ourselves the recipients of several challenges from other companies. We accepted "S" Company's challenge and soundly beat them. The game was conducted in a sober and dignified manner befitting our proud national pastime so there is little of interest to write. However the match against "I" Company was reminiscent of Bertram Mills in his prime. We were well and truly beaten but why bother with results when such attractions as Jack Dixon, Bill Milne and Jack Schneider were on the bill. We snicked and cross-batted our way to a total of 77 and then the real fun began. Sgt. Schneider's mother assured us that he used to bowl at school, so with such a reliable background we selected him for fifth change from the pavilion end. His first ball was a beautiful in-swinging which hit the square leg umpire just behind the left ear. The second ball was straighter and landed in first slip's hands without a bounce, but his third ball was of better length, it being pitched about five and a half inches in front of his own toe. Sgt. Milne also had a turn from the Stodmarsh end and managed to pitch three of the first over between the stumps. Sgt. Dixon put up a fine display of fielding in the country but his throwing was inclined to be rather wild. The C.Q.M.S. put up a good show behind the stumps but was inclined to put boxing before wicket keeping.

We welcome Lieut. Worth to the Company and we have seen already evidence of his keenness for the job in hand. The No. 1 Corps Training Squad will all be well trained in snaring beautiful spies and throwers of spanners in the works. Every man has been issued with a false nose and moustache except the Platoon Sergeant. Why not the Platoon Sergeant—well take a look for yourself.

Our prize howler for this month is about the recruit who reported to his squad sergeant that he had to see the P.S.O. for an intelligence test. He was duly sent on his way, but returned looking very hurt and upset. His first question was, "How do they judge a man's intelligence in the army, Sergeant?" On making inquiries as to the cause of the soldier's gloom it was discovered that he had gone to the M.I. room and had joined on the queue for F.F.I.

"I" Company.

Training has been progressing rapidly during the past week, and we are pleased to see some new platoons in our midst, under the able care of Sjts. Holmes,

Hollands, Trice and Scott; let's hope that they all get down to training with the same zest as their predecessors.

Nos. 13 and 14 Platoons are to be congratulated on some excellent marching on their 48-hour scheme, and they fully deserved their spot of leave on completing it. The weather was trying, to say the least of it, but every man-jack stuck it and marched into barracks. Stout work!

Arrivals and departures, like the poor, are always with us, and demand their need of attention. Among the former we have to welcome 2/Lieut. J. L. Postles. The latter number Sgts. Sharman and Burchett, and Cpl. Joe "Kamet" Ridley, who have left us for warmer residences. They take our best wishes with them.

One of the outstanding events of the month was the Company Concert held on the 14th June, and which has been generally acknowledged as a great success. Sgt. Goodwin, the producer, is to be congratulated on an excellent job of work. Quite a few hitherto unknown lights came and blushed; Sgt. Miller (positively his first appearance) had everyone in side-splitting fits of laughter, and the "Six Step Sisters" from the Sergeants' Mess highly delighted all present. The band, under the good leadership of Cpl. "Charlie" French rendered music of all kinds (No! not that kind) but what would the band look like without that great personality sitting way up at the back, who gets really in the groove with those "million to the minute" drum beats? Nice work "Jack" (with the "Cheery Blossom" or is it the "Odal" smile). The numbers and performers are too many to enumerate, but will they all please accept our best thanks for what they did. One who must not be forgotten is Mrs. Twist, our "Colour-bloke's" wife, who so ably clothed the Step Sisters out of (practically) nothing.

The Company Cricket Team has been doing pretty well since the season began and L/Cpl. "Jimmy" Webster says they have only lost one match in seven, but someone tells me that that one was against the Cadets (or am I dreaming). Never mind Jimmy, keep that rainbow hat. It may come in useful for "cover and camouflage" one day, and by the way, don't stay too long in Hospital.

L/Cpl. A. J. O., or rather our "Otley" Lander, wishes it to be publicly broadcast that there was not a fire in Barracks, but that he bought his blues quite legitimately. (Mind my wed stwipes).

The Corporal's Club is now in full swing again. The radio and a clock have at last been installed, and everything seems to be settling down to normal routine. By the way, why did all you chaps tread on me in your mad rush to get to the radio during that dinner break—in fact, as I said, "Why Hurry?"

Specialist Company.

The main feature of the month is the report on the Company Sports day held on the afternoon of May 20th.

To generalise, the affair was a success, run well and worthy of future repeats. The show was organised by Lieut. D. W. Davis and timings were up to schedule throughout. The easy win by the Infantry Platoon, who are now "Old Soldiers" and dispersed to each and every group, was a complete surprise. It is believed that Sgt. Hunt "pulled a fast one" by secret evening training.

The following are the events, shewing winners and points gained.

100 Yards.				
<i>Heat 1</i>	Winner	Pte. Naskau	Time 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs.	Mortars.
	2nd.		Pte. Bateup	Infantry Platoon
<i>Heat 2</i>	Winner	Pte. Martin	Time 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.	Signals
	2nd	Pte. Delsignor		Mortars
<i>Heat 3</i>	Winner	Pte. Gearing	Time 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs.	Infantry Platoon
	2nd	Pte. Dungate		Infantry Platoon
<i>Heat 4</i>	Winner	Pte. Fowler	Time 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.	Infantry Platoon
	2nd	Cpl. Sheahan		M.T.

880 Yards.				
<i>Heat 1</i>	Winner	Lieut. Davis	Time 2 mins. 20 secs.	Signals
	2nd	Pte. Rich and	Tie	Signals and
		Pte. Paine		Infantry Platoon
<i>Heat 2</i>	Winner	Pte. Hill	Time 2 mins. 29 secs.	Signals
	2nd	Pte. O'Conner (112)		Signals
<i>Heat 3</i>	Winner	Pte. O'Conner (196)	Time 2 min. 27 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs.	Signals
	2nd	Pte. Butcher		Infantry Platoon

100 Yards.				
<i>Final—8</i>	Runners			
	Winner	Pte. Gearing	Time 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs.	Infantry Platoon
	2nd	Pte. Fowler		Infantry Platoon

220 Yards.				
<i>Heat 1</i>	Winner	Pte. Cooper	Time 26 secs.	Infantry Platoon
	2nd	Pte. Oates		Carriers
<i>Heat 2</i>	Winner	Pte. Martin	Time 26 $\frac{1}{4}$ Secs.	Signals
	2nd	Pte. Evers		M.T.
<i>Heat 3</i>	Winner	Pte. Gearing	Time 26 $\frac{1}{4}$ Secs.	Infantry Platoon
	2nd	Pte. Juniper		Mortars

Putting the Shot.

Winner Pte. Edwards 29 feet

Points gained Carriers, 7 ; Mortars, 4 ; Infantry Platoon, 4 ; Signals 2 ; M.T., 2.

220 Yards Final.

Winner	Pte. Cooper	Time 27 secs.	Infantry Platoon
2nd	Pte. Gearing		Infantry Platoon

440 Yards.				
<i>Heat 1</i>	Winner	Pte. Bateup	Time 60 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs.	Infantry Platoon
	2nd.	Pte. Delsignore		Mortars
<i>Heat 2</i>	Winner	Pte. Smethurst	Time 62 secs.	Carriers.
	2nd	Pte. Ling		M.T.
<i>Heat 3</i>	Winner	Pte. Rich	Time 64 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs.	Infantry Platoon
	2nd	Pte. Pitt		Signals
<i>Heat 4</i>	Winner	Pte. Hill	Time 63 $\frac{1}{4}$ secs.	Signals
	2nd	Pte. Read		M.T.

Mile.

<i>Heat 1</i>	Winner	Pte. O'Conner (196)	Time 5 mins 7 secs.	Signals
	2nd	Pte. Naskau		Mortars
<i>Heat 2</i>	Winner	Pte. Richards	Time 5 mins. 19 $\frac{1}{4}$ secs.	Carriers
	2nd	Pte. Jones		Mortars

Relay Race—220 Yards each—v Teams of six.

Winning Team—Infantry Platoon, gained 16 points—Time 3 mins. 41 Secs.

Runners : Ptes. Cooper, Dungate, Bateup, Butt, Gearing, Fowler.

2nd. Signals, gained 8 points.

3rd Carriers, gained 4 points.

Staff Relay—220 Yards each—Teams of 4.

Winning Team—Infantry Platoon gained 10 points—Time 2 mins. 47 secs.

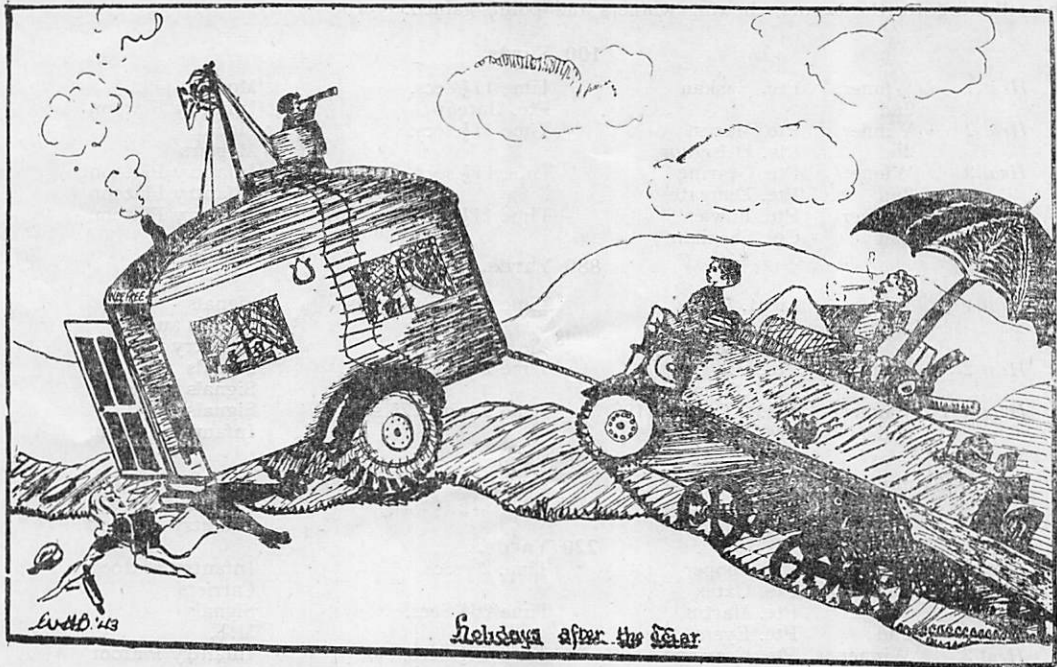
Runners : Sgts. Looker, Hunt, Newton, L/Cpl. Ashmore.

2nd Signals—gained 6 points.

3rd. Carriers—gained 2 points.

A team of the staff proper entered and won but points were not granted as this staff comprises of about 10 men, and therefore competing in other events would be impracticable.

Runners : Cpl. Shepherd, Pte. Farmer, C.Q.M.S. Baker and Cpl. Michel.



Tug-of-War.

Winners—Mortars from Carriers : Mortars gained 12 points ; Carriers gained 6 points.

Owing to the great difference in the strength of groups a percentage was agreed to in ratio, the strongest group keeping points gained without alteration, the remaining groups having a percentage added to their total points.

The following is the ratio's and final results :—

M.T.	100%	Points gained	8	Proper Total	8
Carriers	115%	Points gained	30	Proper Total	34.5
Signals	122%	Points gained	49	Proper Total	59.78
Infantry Platoon	173%	Points gained	69	Proper Total	119.37
Mortars	188%	Points gained	29	Proper Total	54.52

Winners	Infantry Platoon	119.37 Points
2nd	Signals	59.78 Points.
3rd	Mortars	54.52 Points.
4th	Carriers	34.5 Points.
5th	M.T.	8 Points.

It would appear that it was an M.T. less day.

MORTARS.

Our news this month is somewhat scarce, although we can find a little to tell you. Our Platoon is now nearly up to strength and all squads are making good progress under Lieut. Woolgar and our N.C.O's

We all wish to congratulate L/Cpls. Platt and Harper on passing their course and at the same time we wish all good luck to "Georgie" and Ptes. Juniper and Boxall on their Cadre Course.

"Who was it that asked the C.O. for his identity card"—a Mortar man of course—you see how we bring them out and they don't go on parade with their bayonets in the wrong way, like a certain W.O. did once, we are very surprised at you Sir, really you should know better.

Although we did not do too well in the Company Sports we feel that we must congratulate Pte. Naskau on running so well in the mile and at the conclusion of the events we showed the Carriers which way to go

in the Tug-of-War, but we must say the Carriers put up a stiff fight. We are very grateful to the P.R.I. for the wireless set we have in the West Wing, it does help so much to pass away the evening.

Our Platoon Sgt. is still on the look out for a cipher expert, will anybody with any experience please report to the Mortar Stores any time after 17.30 hrs.

We saw that our "Peggy" did not stay away from the Platoon for long, perhaps Sgt. Hunt could not put up with him, or was it vice versa.

INFANTRY PLATOON.

We open these notes by congratulating 1/4/43 intake on their splendid show and the wonderful team spirit which made them easy winners of the Company Sports. The sports were an inter-group contest and the Infantry group ran away with the honours. The outstanding runners were Ptes. Gearing, Bateup, and Fowler.

Everybody put up a jolly good show. Even the Infantry group staff did not let their team down in the staff relay race, coming second only to the P.T. Staff whose win was not counted for points. In ending this subject I would like to add that everybody enjoyed a well organised afternoon and that everybody is looking forward to the next meeting.

Coming back to earth again to survey the rest of the news I find we have precious little to write about.

We welcome back to our recently re-formed group Sgt. Ken Agate, who is now taking charge of the new intake. A newcomer is Cpl. Romaine whom we hope will stay and L/Cpl. Pegden also helps us—Mortar Sgt. permitting.

Sgt. Looker is back from the mountains looking remarkably fit even if he did spend a little time at nights with the local inhabitants.

M.T.

The M.T. Section have again distinguished themselves by getting 8 points on "S" Company Sports day. Maybe Jumbo is right after all, and we do need a few 10 mile runs. We must congratulate the M.T.O. on his effort in the Staff Relay Race.

The topic of conversation nowadays is when will the war end, we can tell you a few things that must happen first.

1. When Johnny gets up at Reveille.
2. When the M.T. are congratulated on their turn-out.
3. When our Oil man doesn't submit a pass.
4. When Tom doesn't hear the Alert.
5. When Hopalong doesn't hop.
6. When Bob Nutting can hit the target.

and finally when our Alf is seen on parade.

We now have another two new members on the staff and we hope they will both enjoy their stay with us,—but we would like to offer a word of advice to Pte. Jennings—we do like our eggs whole—not scrambled.

We will close by wishing Doug, Wally and Pat every success on their courses and to remind Pat to give the Mountain Goat a 108 on his return.

P.T. STAFF.

We are sure that the Company are glad to see the Assault Course nearly finished. We say Company, but perhaps L/Sgt. Newton and L/Cpls. Cramer will disagree with us, they being two casualties already. We are pleased that they have recovered so soon and look forward to the time when further efforts will, no doubt, materialize. Since L/Cpl. John has been on a Cadre Course we hear that he is going round challenging everybody in the "Noble Art" I wonder what his nose thinks about it all—it probably thinks it stinks. We hope L/Cpl. Edwards doesn't get the same ideas after wearing boxing gloves whilst on a Cadre Course, after all he's a big fellow. In any case we wish him and his fellow Cadettes lots of luck.

During the month February 18th and January 21st Squads went through their Efficiency Tests (8 miles in 2 hours). Congratulations to the following:—Ptes. Line, Purvey, Bluck, Delsignore, Marchese, Naskau, Shepherd, Berry, Birch, Archer and Peters. This is a fine performance taking into consideration the weather which made the going very hard. We feel sure the Company Commander too, congratulates these men.

A Battalion Somewhere in England.

The Drums.

We must confess to the days and moments flying quickly as a result of so much concentrated training, but at least we cannot plead guilty to boredom during the past month.

The Dance Band got away to a flying start within three days of our arrival, and quickly established its usual reputation for good music and entertainment, with the result that the band's usual complement of "fans" has swelled considerably.

In the first place, of course, the Drums rather shook the town when we marched the Battalion into barracks one morning, very early. The delighted (?) inhabitants rushed to their bedroom windows in such haste that many and varied were "nighties" exposed to view. Unfortunately, the sun was in "Alfreds" eyes, stopping him from giving his usual "stunning" performance with the Mace. We were somewhat consoled, however, by the thought that he might have dropped it, and We Would Hate to see Him Drop it!—or even "Do a Bridport!"

There seems to be a little confusion as to whether the official name of the camp is "Holiday" or "Concentration," but in any case the rank and file seem to be doing themselves very well especially with the female population. "Gigolo" Williams, of nimble feet crashed the local dance halls and can now be seen any evening, or rather, can only just be seen, in the centre of any group of girls, which number sixty or more.

The nature of C.B. certainly hasn't altered very much since we last appeared in print, only four drummers in two days—thats all. Our congratulations to L/Sgt. Grestock on his promotion—his fine work with the Pln. on our three weeks Medical Cadre—has been more than instructive, at least we all feel 100% more confident than ever before. We did make a minor mistake, of course, on our S/B. field day, in informing the patient from a rifle Company that we had never tried this before, just as we were lowering him over the cliff on a universal stretcher, but apart from collapsing from shock and height sickness, the a/m patient seemed none the worse when we got him to the bottom. We based our operations from a spot known as "—Monument," but someone must have read his map wrongly as when we got there, the very clearly defined carving in the stone was unmistakably "Horace Lupkins," and as far as we can remember H.L. was a black man. Talking of black men, our Senior Crunch has a new line on "faggots"—she's a chippie, and the yodelling Senior very affectionately refers to her as "Penny."

The event of the season was without doubt the Whit-Monday Retreat on the Pier of a certain well-known holiday resort. Over two thousand spectators turned up to see and hear the drums "do their stuff" and the hush that fell upon the crowd as Drum Major Garratt stepped forward to give his first word of command, following so closely upon the tumultuous ovation that the Corps received as they entered the arena, was eloquence that could not be improved upon. Even Stubbings went the whole way without dropping his drum or a stick. Must be this daily 6.30 a.m. P.T.!

Our popular Company Commander has received promotion since our last notes, and to him also we proffer our congratulations.

The C.S.M., we understand, is likely to be leaving us in the near future, and we really will be sorry to see him go. One thing we are convinced of—that there isn't

another Sergeant-Major in the entire British Army who can be convulsed with laughter, and at the same time express that emotion by merely lifting one corner of his mouth! Cheerio, Sergeant-Major, and the best of luck.

As most of the Drummers have found themselves a little bit of comfort, we certainly do seem to have settled down very nicely, and are now praying for a long stay in the area.

Cpl. Brooks has found a former drummer from the last Great War, and the two of them now spend hours comparing notes on Drummers, past and present. That is, of course, when the Corporal himself isn't spending his time with the elder Drummer's beautiful daughter, who of course, introduced him to father in the first place.

Finally, the two finest sights of the month:—

(a) The M.O. and Sgt. Grestock doubling across the moors with a patient on a stretcher, and (b) Pte. Beckley allowing himself to smile!

Signals.

Since our last notes appeared in *The Dragon* some three months ago changes have occurred in the platoon personnel. Arrivals include Donnerbauer, Wicks, Bender, Yeulet and Page who along with eleven others passed the classification test under the Brigade Signal Officer. Yeulet of the ginger nob is particularly welcome as it is his second attempt to join our ranks.

A severe loss to the platoon is Lieut. Trender who has attained the rank of Captain and O.C. H.Q. Company. In our humble opinion he is doubly worthy of the promotion but we are most sorry to lose him, and that's not Eyewash or Lipservice.

Our football record is reasonably good for out of 20 matches we lost only two, drew three and won fifteen, scoring 89 goals to 36 goals against. Our defeats were at the hands of an Artillery Unit 2—3 and the Anti-Tank who won by 3 clear goals and what is more deserved to win.

Cricket is now the game. We had a trial match and seem to have unearthed the nucleus of a team which includes Ptes. Leigh, Penn, Bingham, Wass, Page, and Yeulet and Donnerbauer. So now we are on the prowl for matches, anyone and everyone accepted!

A large snag has developed in our life. It could more accurately be described as a large pain in the neck—and that is P.T. in the early mornings. For a short time (a very short time) it was rather a novelty, especially as the Adjutant and a couple of other Officers came on the parades (Twice) but the novelty soon wore threadbare. Reveille at 0600 hrs. is cruelty to soldiers. P.T. is an abomination that belongs to the more brutal tortures of the dark ages and especially when it takes place at the impossible hour of 0630.

The Corporals have been even worse off. They've had to drill under leather lunged Capt. Saunders at the same hour and some of his remarks would certainly have not got past the censor. My ears still smoulder slightly and every now and then I shudder. I do hate Hitler!

Generally our station is very pleasant and many of the lads are wearing themselves away at the Dance Hall. Simmonds has now forsaken table tennis for dancing and he may be found at odd moments practising a few new steps. I understand the regular Lady patrons are organising a petition against being used for practice.

After all there is no compensation granted for injuries sustained.

Well Cpl. Howells "gorn and dun it" and produced a baby boy. Congratulations to him (Cpl. Howell) and his wife. There are few bachelors left now, a few youngsters and some senile signallers including myself. However if the war lasts long enough we may find someone who doesn't shudder every time she looks at us.

L/Cpl. Hunt is now away on a signal course and his letter shows him in rather a despondent mood. I've been where he is so can sympathize! He points out in terse, bitter sentences that the only thing about signalling not changed is the morse code.

Our last item of hot news, entitled "Local boy makes good." L/Cpl. Munford won a waltz competition. Amidst a stunned silence he received the prize which was a tin fruit salver, or it might have been an ash tray or it might have been a futuristic candle holder, and his pretty partner (real life picture of Beauty and the Beast) received likewise.

The other three competitors were fairly good dancers, but I think Munford won on his dancing and the pints he bought the Judge on Thursday evening had nothing to do with his winning. That at any rate is my opinion.

Joe Pennells has gone overseas and possible by now he knows whether his definition of a "Sand Bag" is correct. Wherever you are the very best of luck Joe, and a word of warning, don't tell many of your jokes—someone's likely to go berserk and shoot you.

M.T. Section.

We are a much smaller section since our last reports in *The Dragon*; but, so long as we remain as a section, our notes, whether regular or spasmodic, will appear; subject of course, to the calls of duty.

The reference to "smaller section" above, naturally refers to the regretted departures of our colleagues and pals Candler, Lees, West, Churchill, Penney, North, Brookman, Garland and Mills. It is now some weeks since they left, but we avail ourselves, one and all, of this opportunity of wishing them Luck, God-speed and a safe return from their travels wherever they are or be.

"Join the Army and see.....," perhaps not all the world, but certainly life and plenty of it. Despite the ever increasing duties *i.e.* 406's, spud peeling, etc., the drivers still manage to find a little time for recreation. Our renowned and super select bridge parties are now a thing of the past and, instead, one has a bob's worth at the —with tea and "condiments" (ex gratia) thrown in. A sprawl on the beach surrounded by the numerous sandbags in this part, seems to be a favourite pastime. This type of life has greatly improved dress and general decorum inasmuch, that the demand on Ginger Lloyd for the loan of his "blues" (for a small consideration) is so great, that he is in regular conference with Cummings discussing the origin and purpose of cheques—for the use of.

Congratulations Thompson, to yourself and wife on your wedding on June 12th. We wish you every happiness and prosperity in your new role.

Everyone is pleased to see Fenwick back again and looking fit after his recent spell in "dock." Although almost overwhelmed with his "tick-tock" work, he is still able to find time for lighter work these lighter nights.

Whilst we were sorry to see the transfer of Cpl. Hollands to "S" Company, we are glad to welcome L./Cpl. Bovington into the M.T. fold. Being, as we are given to understand, a amateur boxer of major repute, this local lad will have every chance and encouragement to make further good now that he has discovered the presence of "Maxie" Rayner in the section. Yes! L./Cpl. Rayner, the ex Bermondsey pugilist of international fame and respect, although slightly deteriorating in years and form, can still do a "nifty upper cut" at ten stone six and should, in little time, prove invaluable to Bovington. Although Charlie does talk in his sleep, he's quite right when he says "it's speed that counts son!—Speed!!"

Sgt. Adams wishes it to be made known that, although he does have his mail addressed to him as "O.C. H.Q. Company" he is still approachable and will be only too pleased to assist those in trouble or distress. Do please accept our heartfelt congratulations Sarg. on this sudden but honorary elevation.

Until Autumn or winter, we shall have nothing to report of our football achievements. However, we are earnestly looking forward to the return of the season. Meanwhile we'll say "thanks" to you chaps in the Sigs., Pioneers, Band and Drums and "B" Company for the grand and sporting games you gave us last season. Our play was not always up to professional standard, but the spirit? Well.....nulli secundus.

After a few months silence we were very pleased to hear news of Chalky White who is now with the B.N.A.F. He is happy and well and wishes to be remembered to all. Anyone wishing to write to him can obtain the address from Pte. Woodward. Our best wishes to you Chalky and to all our other old boys out there.

Welcome back Hayes! Sorry to see you looking so pale though. However, a spot of P.T. at 0630 hrs. every morning will soon put you on your feet again.

The early morning P.T. sprints do, most definitely shake out the "wallop" consumed the night before; and we must feel better for it; but we would mention that just a little more sugar in the "gunfire" (thanks Cpl. Hawkins) would be very welcome and would help to improve our physical performance at such a ghastly hour in the morning.

The stores art gallery increases in size and popularity and a regular procession from officers to the cookhouse cat can always be seen viewing the numerous studies. Friend Fennesey (our budding baritone) who so regularly volunteers for night duties is often heard serenading his lovelies in the still of the night.

Dean, readers may be interested to learn, stubbornly refuses to associate further with Ellis who will insist on starting his motor up at 0200 hrs. in the morning after a couple of lemonades the night before. Don't worry yourself unduly Dixie, you will always be able to find sympathy, solace and understanding in the embrace of Casonova Woodward.

It is common knowledge that the M.T.O. always uses "Quink" for his pen, but who the h—l informed some of you that he uses "Ronsonol" in his lighter. Judging by the amount remaining in his new bottle after a couple of weeks, the whole darned battalion must have known.

Will the authorities concerned, please ensure a more regular supply of Shredded Wheat for breakfast in the future and so prevent "lampost" Biddle from emptying his palliase each night.

All are very pleased with the M.T. photo. in the May issue of *The Dragon*, which, came out remarkably well. Thanks Ed.

"S" Company.

CARRIER PLATOON.

And once again we return to the Stanborough idea of Nissen huts, but, alas, no lino. Unfortunately, being No 13 Platoon, we come off worst with accommodation, and thanks to the excellent work done by the advance party we found ourselves on the "deck." However, we can take it, fellows, can't we—after all we did come into the army to be soldiers!

Still, as much as we suffered, we had the consolation of staying at the huge country village of—, perhaps with 200 inhabitants and two pubs. Anyway there are sufficient females to show their dismay because our recently promoted Sgt. is at the moment away on a course. What course it is we aren't so sure, but it has been said that they don't do P.T. in the morning. Obviously then, they can't be attached to "S" Company, can they Sgt. Harrison?

Our congratulations on the recent appointments of L./Cpls. King, Churchill and Davis—unfortunately we aren't allowed to put all the remarks made by the boys, but honestly and really, we wish them good luck and may they be worthy of them as the existing ones are. Ahem!

Instead of the usual comments on football we turn to the village green sport of cricket. Up to the present time of going to press the platoon haven't had much success, but we are certain that their keenness and the additions of personnel who have been absent, next months issue of *The Dragon* will prove the worth of No. 13 Platoon (we hope).

Readers will be very pleased to hear that Pte. Jim Peck is making good progress—and by the way, if you read this Jim, for goodness sake, hurry up and come back!

News has also been received from some of the boys in North Africa—they are all fit and well and apart from sending their best regards they wish we were all with them (I wonder why?) There was no special mention, of the Counsellor but some concern is felt here in case he cannot buy any paint brushes. How about it, Cpl. Page, can't you find his old one?

Everyone is asking why L./Cpl. Priestley is going to the Wishing Well—could it be the camel, or who said Toothless Jenny?

Our congratulations extend to Pte. Mathner on his recent marriage. He knows we wish him everything for the best, but would add, that if he looks after Mrs. the same as he does his jeep we would hardly care to forecast the outcome. Oh, yeah!

Of course, you've heard of—

"MINGY'S LAMENT"

Mingy had a carburettor,
These were things he didn't know,
He took it off his carrier
And now it doesn't go.

Then he thought he'd have a peep
At Pte. Loft's little Jeep,
But he found to his dismay
The ignition key had gone away.

His carrier tho', we're pleased to say,
Came back to us the other day,
But you can take it straight from me
That it'll soon be back in L.A.D.

SAPPERS CALLING.

Once again we are still writing from where the sun never shines. We extend a hearty welcome to the new

fellows of the platoon and hope they have a long and happy stay with us all. One certain person is pleased to see that one of the newcomers has a lovely head. Perhaps he will be left alone now. We are only waiting for another—but he must have a bigger head than our little Georgie. We all think that this is almost impossible.

What came over our Teddy when we went on a route march which ended by being an endurance test. Did he think we were tough, or was it the birds calling?

Cpl. Spicer has returned from leave after failing once again in matrimony—the excuse being the churches were full (What price an empty church, anybody!)

Whose wife was it, seeing some pickets lying on the ground, exclaimed with glee: "Oh, what beautiful corkscrews!"

Our own little Rickshaw boy has proceeded on leave leaving implicit instructions about the maintenance of his rickshaw owing to the very heavy traffic of Bighead & Co.

After trouncing the Carriers at both football and cricket, we extend our invitations to other opponents, hoping the Anti-tank will find time in the future to leave their guns to play, or, if not, they can bring their guns with them.

We are sorry to lose L/Cpl. Hunt for a short while, being detained in hospital through illness. Hoping he will soon be well enough to rejoin us.

We send congratulations to our Company Commander on his recent promotion.

The men of this platoon had an enjoyable time at the sports meeting held on Whit Monday. Our thanks to the efforts of Officers and N.C.O.'s concerned.

ANTI-TANK PLATOON

One look at "Peaceful Valley" and L/Cpl. Bluck sighed; looked, and then decided that the "Local" was the rightful place in which to drown his sorrows.

However, we are getting nicely settled down, and now the entertainment programme is getting into its stride we are beginning to like our surroundings.

Weekly dances have been quite a success and we were very pleased to welcome our "Sisters-in-Arms" the A.T.S.! Ahem! A certain full-rank is highly polished on these occasions and, I imagine (or he does), that the girls get quite a thrill when he "Carries" them round the hall, accompanied by noises which sound very much like hooters! "Barny" is your face red? (Especially as the lady asked for explanations!)

We thank Mr. Stokes and Cpl. Wellings for the time they have spent in arranging the dances and their foresight in getting the gentle sex to be present in such numbers.

Yes, we have actually fired our "Glamour Guns" and we found to our amazement that it was possible to place a projectile in one end of the glittering pieces (barrels to you) and after No. 3 had pulled a lever the projectile actually came out the other end.

Did we hit the target? We certainly did! But the main thing is that the guns did fire (Carrier, Pioneers, Mortars and Signals, please note!)

"A" Company.

Once more we find ourselves amid the comparative peace and calm of the English countryside.

P.T. at 06300 hrs. in the morning—horrible thought, ghastly reality—a beautiful barrack square, guards for the use of—and not the kind of weather associated with August Bank Holiday, or in any way connected with a Railway holiday poster.

However things are far from gloomy in good old "Able" and maybe life isn't all beer and skittles, but Sgt. Clark will bear me out when I say there is plenty of jungle juice and "hot rice."

A word about this P.T., the most exhausting part of this pre-breakfast occupation is the race for "gunfire" (better than any Orderly Sgt. for getting us up) and if you are not off the mark by the time L/Cpl. Rose has said "come and—" all hopes of your early morning reviver can be abandoned. Needless to say Lieut. Crawshaw turns up prompt on the dot at 0630 hrs. absolutely thirsting—for P.T. My! how that man loves exercise.

"Dog" Company hearing of our passion for baseball, gamely challenged us to a match, which, with the aid of many mighty swipes from Joe Kidd, the bantam of the side, our 1st team won, despite Capt. Clarke's viscous efforts to put the "dis" on "Able" with his body line bowling at Lieut. Crawshaw, and concentrated attacks on L/Cpl. Pond's rear (I should have that attended to Len if I were you!) Strange to say we have discovered this baseball a lot safer than handball, the dominant sport at our last port of call, —maybe it's the way we play handball!

The highspot of the last few weeks was our midnight boating expedition, training thoroughly appreciated by us all. Weird and wonderful were the efforts at navigation, causing many a silent smile (and hearty laugh, much to the Skipper's disgust) and Russell has been convinced that he did right in not joining the Navy. You can imagine the astonishment of the enemy when, half way across the channel Jenkins got out and gave the boat a shove. After watching the gyrations and hazardous trip of Russell the C.S.M. wisely elected to remain as i/c "Pebbles," and the invitation of Lieut. Campbell (whom we warmly welcome to "A" Company) to embark in his boat, met with a stout argument about displacement of water.

Our dance fans have plenty of opportunity for showing their paces these days, with a dance once a week, and no necessity to canvass for partners, and poor man indeed, is he, who cannot finish up on escort duty.

"B" Company.

"Summer in a Nutshell" is the title of our notes this month or as L/Cpl. Dwyer says "Yer've 'ad it."

The Fun and games we have with tents would fill a book. All sorts and sizes which flap about in the breeze; a breeze which sometimes aspires higher and becomes a veritable gale. Once reaching its ambition it howls down the lines, sweeping into every tent, treating nothing or nobody sacred. When the weather clerk decides to send rain with the wind, matters become quite sticky, including envelopes which have a nasty habit of wasting themselves.

Not content with water from above we have also had water below and around, in fact we think we are possible some relations to the Water Babies, probably their Fathers! But its been good fun "doing river crossings!" L/Cpl. Dwyer and Pte. May certainly shewed their skill at handling a nifty oar, making three crossings to every one else's one. Cpl. Reynolds showed his professional skill by sweeping across in truly

nautical style, although it's whispered he got well and truly stuck in the mud on one occasion. To our new friends we say welcome and hope that ere these notes are published we shall at least have seen their faces which at the moment, are hidden by gas capes and overcoats, by then the sun will be shining and we shall be "doing sunbathing."

Sports are being practised *sub rosa* and we have some dark (a few very dark) horses who will show the world who's who when the opportunity arises.

A very good choice was made when the War Office decided to send us here and on behalf of the management we should like to express our approval! We quite enjoy, when time permits, being able to get out and see the Barnacles, beautifully, displaying their charms along the promenade. Not a few have tried to get the barnacles to stick to their ships, competition is keen and only the more courteous warriors are rewarded with "that little bit more than a smile." If you have any worries on that score see Harris 78, who can give advice on every age—if he himself has time!

Wee Georgie Webb continues to entertain us with his daily dose of wisecracks, at the moment he is on leave, no doubt teaching young "George" to cultivate the art of smiling like Dad.

Our inquisitive rifleman has not been so boisterous this month, but he would like to know if he is correct in addressing Sgt. Ireland as "Colonel in charge" No. 5 Platoon.!

We see occasional references in other Battalion notes concerning friends of ours and whilst acknowledging the fact that these are notes and not a live letter box we should like to say cheers to our Round Table friends.

Now the urge to push on seizes us once again so the pen must give place to the sword. "To Battling Bees overseas, Good Hunting."

"C" Company.

Things certainly do move in this War—we hardly get used to the dialect of one county before we find ourselves wondering "where be to" in another!

Still L/Sgt. Somerton soon got settled down in the pretty little village, but it quickly became apparent that it was not one who spoke the local tongue who held his interest but a person who was more of a "stranger in the land" than he, although she was getting to know it pretty well as a member of the Land Army! There were signs that others were attracted by the lady including that great "Don Juan" C/Sgt. "Rocker," but we think Sgt. Somerton was right when he said "I am the only one in the running"—maybe his understanding of the French temperament, if not the French language, is better?!

We are sorry we didn't stay long enough in the village to hold a dance as the folk are so keen on them for, contrary to the usual state of affairs, they rely, to a large extent, on such social events organised by the troops for *their* entertainment. The nearest town is several miles away and the war-time bus service is limited to two a week. However, we did stay long enough to do a spot of Nissen Hut renovating—we begin to look upon ourselves as "Painters and Decorators" for the Army! Talk about Spring cleaning, wherever we go we practically rebuild the billets! But we still go on paying Barrack Damages—maybe the balance sheet isn't cast correctly!

We have now given up Nissen Huts for Tents having moved nearer a fair town. Since our arrival we have got to know which is the prevailing wind in this part of the country—a wind that has made many of these June days seem like January and caused our tents to behave like Barrage balloons straining at the leash. This persistent nippy breeze is particularly noticeable at 06.10 hrs. when we briskly (?) turn out for half an hours "perishing training!"

As usual when under canvas training is in full swing. A Junior N.C.O.'s Cadre run by Capt. Rance is keeping instructors and students busy from "reveille" until "half-an-hours dress" and sometimes well beyond "Lights out." Cpl. Junior gave a fair imitation of a Bren Gun spitting fire when he ran out of ammunition during a demonstration but, unfortunately, the wind was blowing in the wrong direction and his "bang-bang-bang" merely disturbed an old crow in the next field! The Company Commander slipped up himself once for he arranged a night "observation and movement" practice on a night when a beautiful moon revealed the moss on the trees and the pimples on the face of the bloke alongside! Before the Company moved off he was heard calling out to C/Sgt. "Rocker" to "run over to the Q.M.'s and get something to black out this b—Moon!" The Cadre has sure got Cpl. Kingston and other instructors—they can often be seen after the day's work walking about in the Camp area "taking" the next days lessons with merely the bushes, telegraph poles and a few startled passers-by as witnesses! It is said that L/Sgt. Evenden gave a whole lesson on the Bren in his sleep—still to those of us who remember how he once mounted the Guard in a similar condition, it is not surprising!

Incidentally we must congratulate the several students on the Course who have recently put up their first tape—L/Cpls. Daly, Quedsted, Bidwell, Marsh, Beaven, Mulford, Pattison, Grant and Venison—and wish good luck to them all.

Great originality was displayed by members of the Company in building Bivouacs for a night during a June exercise. A stranger entering the little wood in which we had harboured would have thought he had stumbled upon an African Bush Village somewhat adrift from its native land, and if he had set eyes on Cpl. King wrapt up in his blanket would have concluded he had also discovered the village "Witch Doctor!"

The next day the Company went through fire and water in reality—we could have done with a few gallons of the latter element towards the end of the afternoon when, if we had been carrying out a scorched earth policy one could have said that it was most effective! Still the Company worked well and soon got things under control—any volunteers for the N.F.S.?!

"The Powers that be" were kind enough to grant us a holiday Whit-Monday and the Company spent a hectic morning and, after a swim, played cricket, baseball with a spot of unarmed combat between. Things must have got a bit tough at times as Lieut. Towndrow was excused P.T. by the M.O. for some time after as he was suffering from a bruised rib or some such injury!

"D" Company.

We welcome to the Company C.S.M. Hurley, and hope that his stay with the Company of repute will be long and happy. Be careful boys when you start "bragging" about your past Army experiences, C.S.M. Hurley is not a new recruit you know, and could probably outshine all your "stories."

To those men who have left "D" Company for other Companies, we wish the very best of luck and success. Remember boys the "Dog" gave you your training so you must be O.K.

The weekly all-ranks dances have proved a great success, though a trifle crowded, but one hasn't far to go for the wide open spaces which during and after the dance aren't quite so "open."

Crash, in fact two crashes as the Stork forces his way through to deliver "Twins" to Lieut. Kraunsoe.

Congratulations to Cpl. Bellingham who has at last taken the plunge into matrimonial bliss. We are pleased that he has taken this step, as it now means that the extra clerk that was required to deal with telegrams marked "Urgent" for Cpl. Bellingham, can now carry on with his routine work. Needless to say, Cpl. Bellingham thanks everyone for the suggestions put forward regarding "Country Walks," published in our last issue. No further routes required.

We also congratulate L/Sgt. Gurling on his recent promotion. Congratulations also to L/Cpl. Cole and L/Cpl. Garner on their promotion as N.C.O's.

Training is going strong, and "D" Company, are still turning them out, the life blood of the battalion is flowing strongly. Send us the material and we deliver the goods in prime condition. No one can dispute that fact.

Excalibur.

TO those who study these pages, attempting to glean from them more than Security allows to be stated in explicit terms, we say "Renounce your vain labours;" for by now having been checked and re-checked censored and re-censored our contributions should give no more information than the bare fact that we have moved. Whither and why, whether for better or worse, how far and for how long,—these are questions which must remain unanswered; if a faintly querulous note be detected therefore in any of our "departmental Offerings" our readers will have to deduce for themselves their fount and origin.

A letter from Major Connolly recently gave us news of some of the older members of the battalion; we hear stories of "Abdul" reminiscent of epic deeds nearer home, and we hear that Ravenhill and Alexander have settled down quickly and well.

We welcome a new arrival here, Major Thwaite, and say farewell to "Bones" who has departed with characteristic speed and élan and with an undiminished twinkle in his eye.

Our references in a past issue to "White Christmas" may perhaps be responsible for a somewhat less widespread application of what had come to be regarded as an integral part of interior economy and even of a soldier's

equipment; yet there does not appear to have been a slackening in any direction since the various drives reached their climax a few weeks ago. Major Harrison is still to be seen intermittently with the same appearance of having more momentum than the motor cycle he rides, a little less distrustfully than of old; Palmer arrives to put things right with his old imperturbability; those notes from the Q.M. only too well known are seemingly as inevitable as ever; Major Thwaite now acting the second in Command bids fair to assume Legh's mantle of ubiquity,—at any rate from the number of appearances he has put in on night operations one wonders when he sleeps.

We congratulate "Chunky" on the recent addition to his family and trust that it will not too soon be burdened with the new procedure; though by the time this has been thoroughly learnt and practised many more equally new procedures will have been born, have flourished, and met the usual end of all signal procedures.

We ourselves having mastered, or at any rate, got to grips with the latest expletives and other monosyllables concocted by "Chunky's" confrères soon found ourselves studying the intricacies of motor cycles under the watchful eye of Buckwell; the "evenings" referred to by us before are still a feature of the Officers life.

By way of recreation we must mention that a cricket match was played recently against the Sergeants wherein Palmer and the Doc, now on a course, showed themselves able to wield the bat with both style and vigour; Ransley took the bowling honours.

Barry Mc. Grath and Johnny are still handling their charges with exemplary zeal if with an increasingly preoccupied air; Bill Williams and "Shep" are also hard at work keeping the wheels greased and turning in the right direction.

Of our more newly joined officers some are already making names for themselves; we ask forgiveness if, for lack of space, we mention only that Marsh has taken on Bill Williams' duties of putting and keeping us "in the picture."

As these notes will appear in print about the anniversary of the battalion's formation may we take this opportunity of sending to all our old friends and comrades our most sincere wishes for their success and a future reunion.

Sergeants' Mess.

"Give me the open spaces, the wide extending hill,
The glorious marshy places, and there I'll breathe my fill,
Of the fresh breeze of the moorland and hear the curlews cry,
And watch the cloud ships sailing in the ever changing sky."
Etc. etc. etc.

Yes, once again the call of moorland has won. We are back to the open country where we can sleep with the stars as our blanket and the only disturbance is the bleat of a lamb.

Please don't let this disillusion some of you. Others know much better. Sometimes we work, and sometimes we are at leisure. In both of which we try to do our best. Although the latter is much more appreciated than the other, one finds that the moment a conversation begins to lack its enthusiasm, the topic is changed to work. We all say we don't like it, and would revel in the idea of being retired millionaires. Yet when we have no work we are miserable, and it tends to make one old and decrepit.

We are just "busy." With the "hand over" and "take over," the new training areas to be recce'd and the thousand and one other jobs that have to be done we have certainly "got down to it." But with all this work a number of members have done themselves very well by getting installed in really first class billets. They are really first class, in as much as we don't even have to get out of bed to get a drink, it is brought to us. Hundreds of gallons are in the cellar. I'm speaking of the fortunate majority who have themselves installed in a "Pub." Others, though few, are not so fortunate. One member is at present contemplating marrying the landlady, another the landlady's sister, and in the very near future Vaux Brewery will be permanently installed in the Mess. Already the Mess is part of Vaux Brewery, and now it is just a matter of that little switch. Shares in the Mining industry will be terrific in the future. People who to the present thought that coal grew on trees have taken more than a normal interest in the mines.

The usual longing to be back where we came from, vanished within two days. Already it is just a memory when one chances to mention the days at "Calamity Camp" and the other camps in that area. But when one mentions a member who was with us in that area there is always a tale. Yes, since our last contribution we have lost C/Sgts. Day, Skinner, Sgts. Bartley and Townsend. The "Old Uns," as they called themselves. They have been given the job of growing a beard and telling stories to little boys of what it was like in the real Army a hundred years ago. May they have a happy time and the best of luck to them.

Congratulations to the following on their recent promotions:—Brewerton, Race, Speller, Hambrook, Bath, Spicer, Cain, Hatcher, Stutely, Wainberg, and Mann.

We welcome into our Mess Sgt. Chambers, the technical "bloke," and a "fair" cricketer.

The Mess is well represented as regards Cricket. Sgt. Baily, Chambers, and one or two others play for the battalion, and although we did lose to the officers, (by eight wickets) we have a good excuse. After all they might not like it if we won.

Orderly Room.

Well, this Orderly Room is more like a caravan these days and various battalion celebrities are wearing out their boots at the moment through having to push them under so many different tables in so many different towns. As usual the advance party have grabbed all the plums and us poor 'erbs on the last parties have got to fight like mad to push out the earlier Buff invasion of—. Still, we are all settled down now and all in all, are well content with our lot. We have the honour of the P.R.I. and Messing Clerks being in the same arena, as we are in this new Orderly Room and what is more in Our Billets. Said clerks have a weird habit of getting very chatty and talkative in the late hours just when everyone is in their second dream and their command of the English language at these hours does not seem to be appreciated by Orderly Room "spivs." We have heard the Messing Clerk yapping to himself about —sandwiches these last few hours and it seems as though something is amiss somewhere. Just ask him!

The P.R.I. Clerk, "Pitman" Dyer, is trying to remain aloof and dignified but has to come down to earth every now and then to borrow a typewriter from us to write lying letters to all the creditors explaining why we can't pay "just at the moment." We are surrounded on all sides by offices and officers and have to crawl under the tables if we desire forty winks in the afternoon? (as if we had the time). The great Churchy went on leave last night, so the cooks have now cancelled the extra bucket of tea that he used to guzzle and the cinemas have all closed down for ten days. Sgt. Cave is playing a very dodgy game and one never knows where he is going in the evenings but he goes somewhere because you just don't go out to see if it is raining, do you? Sgt. Spring has taken the vow of respectability and sobriety, but what's a vow. Pte. Yare (Baconbonce) has at last managed to get a hat that nearly fits him and floats up the main street like a yacht in a strong wind. (the heel heels over). I have it on good authority that he is very partial to this district (his grannie lives in—) and we are all nagging him to get us invited over for the week end. "Expedite" keep has just come back from leave and is very annoyed because someone has sent All his returns to the right place at the right time, thus completely wrecking his system whereby everyone had to guess who the returns were for (if they ever got them). "Battling" Brewster can be seen any evening standing at the door of our office giving a kindly nod to all and sundry who pass by, wondering the while whether they will bring him a jug of tea for a nightcap. Now we come to "Flash" Roberts, the man with the all revealing voice and general "bubble putter" for the staff in general. He is at present carrying out a thorough recce of the town to find out where he can push his feet in and I don't envy him his job. The writer of this gem of literature is saying nothing of his own findings as too many people want to "muscle in" when a good table for feet, putting of, is found and will content himself with saying that "things are proceeding according to plan." Well, Ta Ta for now and don't forget to "book in and out" with Uncle Jim Beale.

Anti-Tank Platoon.

We now find ourselves even further afield than before. However, the hospitality that greets us helps one to forget the long and tiresome journey to be endured as soon as the twelve weeks are up.

Training goes on much about the same. Our dear old guns are out in the open now. This brings us to the question of maintenance:—"Any old rags, lady." First period every morning our Sergeant can be seen trotting over to the Gun Park, and running a critical eye over the guns; he will murmur "good show lads, keep it up." Then he will double over to the tin of G.S., and commence to wax his newly-grown moustache.

Freddie carries a photograph of his wife with him now, but he *still* can't kid the Miner's daughter. Our Australian friend has gone on a swimming course, we wish him the best of luck, and good floating. Our tall, dark, and handsome Undertaker has recently gained promotion, and, on being appointed Orderly Corporal, carries his tape measure regularly whilst attending to the daily Sick Parade.

Here's to the bravest man in the Platoon, he who thought the breech was a football, and tried to head it back into position after a recoil. He has been promoted too.

Dusty has beaten all records by scoring 140 points out of a possible 165 on the rifle.

Mortar Platoon.

Days off, are now a thing of the past and exist only in the imagination of the compiler of our training programmes; nevertheless we live in hopes of staying here long enough not only to clean up the Camp area, etc., but to enjoy some of this much-talked of hospitality.

The activities of our Platoon this past month have been many and varied; night work of late has taken the form of painting and whitewashing—sorry, distemping.

Congratulations to L/Sgt. Mann on attaining his third stripe, we recently welcomed him back from a *Purposeful* P.T. Course, in the usual manner—i.e. Guard Commander first night back.

Pioneer Platoon.

Cpl. Edwards still cannot sleep at night, and this is probably accounted for by those deep slumbers during the daytime.

Tubby has just fallen into a bucket of whitewash, and his language also needs a coat as well.

Our Company Commander is complaining of writer's cramp. Perhaps Woodland's passes is the reason for this.

The various activities of certain members of the platoon call for explanation; but to date we have been unsuccessful. Pinkerton's are now being engaged, as the Provost have met with no success. Who said "as usual." Why does our storeman take a dog for a walk to the allotments every evening, and whose dog is it? Why does Bunny Austin stay behind at the picture house and assist in folding up the seats? And why does Stan Crowhurst ornament a certain corner of a certain street each evening? He's not waiting for a bus we do know, though that is his story, and he's stuck with it. By the next issue we hope to have the solution to some of these interesting problems. And last, but by no means least, why does our Sgt. go to—?

Work is still plentiful, but we are not called the "artful dodgers" for nothing.

P.S.—These notes were given to a "friend" in the Orderly Room for typewriting. Just the chance he had been waiting for. I believe they call it sabotage.

M.T. Section.

Our Charlie has planted countless onions, etc., which he assures us are entirely for his own consumption unless we are prepared to pay controlled prices for same.

Les is still to be heard "clucking rapturously" over the addition to his family which was reported in our last month's issue, and which according to the gains in weight he tells us about daily, must weigh about three stone by this time.

Our "trainees" are doing well, and every week we take them out for a "night convoy," an event which I can assure you is enjoyed by all concerned; in fact it is surprising how many people volunteer for guard that night.

"Wally" is "permanently detached" these days as his home is in the vicinity, and is out of rations w.e.f. after duty daily. As time is short I cannot pen much more, but would like to finish with a welcome to Sgt. Chambers who we hope will find our M.T. to his liking.

Signal Platoon.

Our present position sees us with a minimum of personnel, the remainder either on leave, or having left us for other units. Amongst these being Cpl. Davis, to whom we wish every success in the near future. To the other members of the Platoon, now serving in the other units, we wish all the best. The barrack room is at present a hive of industrious would-be pioneers, ably led by Cpl. Wu! We are expecting quite a show and it is plain to see, even in these early stages, the "Eastern" atmosphere in which we are destined by fate, to spend our barrack life.

Congratulations to Cpl. James on securing a Q.I. at Catterick, also on his promotion to Cpl. We also record the following promotions: L/Cpl. Coyston and L/Cpl. Chaplin with "congratulations and wishes for success."

Several of the platoon are at present in the process of "getting their feet under the table." Notable amongst these being "Gunner" Head, and L/Cpl. Benjamin. "Gunner" is charming the publicans daughter at the "local" and Benny is paying frequent visits elsewhere. We are all wondering why the signal Sargeant volunteers to do orderly W.O. on so many occasions, it couldn't be by any chance be the dynamic N.A.A.F.I. Blonde? Intelligence reports are to the affirmative. Whom are we to believe? Sgt. L—, or the ace of sluths Barney Bluestone.

STOP PRESS.

Congratulations to the R.S.O. on the birth of a son. Is it a fact that the first thing he will learn will be the Phonetic Alphabet?

Carrier Platoon.

Since we have been here, there has been a succession of early risings and late nights and there is a possibility of blankets G.S. and palliasses being called in as the boys have had a chance to use them.

The Anit-Moral league has lost quite a few members recently. Even "Gus" and "Andy" frequently the local taverns and it is no uncommon sight to see them in company with the opposite sex. What will "Mozart" say when he returns from leave? We are thinking of setting up a matrimonial Agency in the town, perhaps a Divorce Inquiry Bureau would be of more service. We had several counter Romeo's in the N.A.A.F.I., amongst them being Sgt.'s B—, R, and H, but unfortunately for them the N.A.A.F.I. was ruled out of bounds for Sgt.'s. Still where there's a Bert there's a way. It is rumoured our Jimmy is after a stripe, and he has made a state by making out a few charges.

Congratulations to L/Sgt. Wainberg, who by the way looked much cleaner on his return from his swimming course, perhaps the water had something to do with it? On getting his third tape back. Also to L/Sgt. Hatcher on his promotion, up to the present he hasn't broken any bones on his Motor Cycle Course, although he has probably broken a few hearts.

"A" Company.

There seems to be some slight disorganisation for the "Spivs," but they still seem to make the rounds, although the new junior cannot keep the pace and the older members are going to get "Doc" Kinnersley to see whether he has an obstruction in his throat.

We would like to take this opportunity to wish 2/Lieut. Reid, and all members of 6 and 7 Platoons who have now departed to continue their great work for the "cause," all the best and a speedy return. It seems no sooner a gap is created than it gets filled once more, so we welcome to the Company 2/Lieut. Bridle and we hope that he can stay the "course."

There are many different opinions of the new location, but nobody seems slow in coming forward, and our arrival seems to have been appreciated by the "Locals" and the only snag is the shortage of Watches, although the excuse is the "light nights."

We congratulate L/Sgts. Spicer and O'Leary on their promotion, also to the C/Sgt. who has just returned from leave with the certain "twinkle" in his eye, and he has taken the first step to a "regular—engagement."

Our Office staff seem to be up to their necks in work, and have now started to work in "shifts," in order that they may have a chance to give the town the once over before all the pubs shut.

Did I hear somebody ask for a "Handicap" the next time they play cricket, or was it that the officers managed to get "full strength" on Parade, as there seemed to be a few "absentee reports" sent in after last Sunday's match?

It has been whispered that two Sgts. after having so many late nights in town, decided that they would get a few early nights whilst training out in the "wilds" but alas! they were seen staggering out of their bivouac with "tears" in their eyes; it is that they felt lonely, or was the "air" too strong for them.

Well, time is getting short and there is just one more thing we would like to add and that is, we welcome to the "folds" the recent arrivals, and hope that they can settle down and enjoy the "life as did their predecessors.

"B" Company.

It is with deep regret that we say goodbye to Major Holyland, and our best wishes go with him, for success in his new sphere. We at the same time welcome our new O.C. Company Lieut. Hamilton and hope his stay will be a long and happy one.

Congratulations to Cpl. Jackson on his promotion and L/Cpl. Bird on his appointment (spread your wings Dickie and fly high).

There is feverish activity in our billets and buildings exalting the general appearance to the high standard to which we have been accustomed. It has been rumoured that the zealous Pte. Farmer was only prevented by the local constabulary from attacking the lamp posts with his whitewash brush.

During the month many of the old crowd have been spirited away from us, including our cooks "Liver" Salter and Co. who are now preparing menu's of the highest quality for other Company's. We hope!

The townsfolk are inquiring as to the identity of a certain Cpl. who is seen to slink in a somewhat furtive manner around the back streets and alley ways, carrying a rather decrepit looking sandbag over one shoulder and a case with the inscription "gas bombs ground" stencilled on the side. Who can this man be? Well, he's our Gas N.C.O. who has rejoined the company after a long period as training instructor, and is taking the place of the very talkative Fred Belton who has gone the way that all "B" Company personnel go.

"C" Company.

There have been many changes effected among us and we welcome all new Officers and men and trust that they will be really "comfortable" with us.

Our famous 15 platoon have gone on well earned leave and it is anticipated that we shall soon hear further news of their activities, which will enhance their unique record acquired during their somewhat gruelling stay here, and we all of us wish them the very best of luck.

Much amazement and amusement has been expressed by all and sundry at the success of L/Sgt. Copley getting his leave three weeks early merely by counting the casual payments in his part II!! You always were a trier Ern!! Talking of success, it is observed that our worthy C.S.M. has been doing his rounds armed with a huge Verey Pistol and pockets full of cartridges, colours being Red and Green! and I could mention too, that when the success signal goes up, it draws all N.C.O's for miles around to Company Office at far greater speed than the clarion call of the Bugler!

Sgt. McGinley lived up to his reputation and came back from the W.T. school with a much coveted "D" and congratulations are poured upon his head—he must be very shy all of a sudden for I saw to-day that he was striving to grow a "lone—brush" on his upper lip for camouflage—or is it this infernal razor blad shortage, Mac?

We welcome Sgt. Gotsell to our midst and sincerely hope that he is not too shaken by the "Gypsy existence" and hope he will excuse the fact that we have a shortage of bicycles and caravans, making "foot slogging" a necessity.

Sgt. Hambrook and L/Cpls. Post, Edmonds and Banks have left to soar, we hope, to the dizzy heights of 2/Lieuts. and the writer unblushingly wishes them success and a speedy return to the "Buffs" in the approved manner.

As this the last time I am to be privileged to pen these notes, I sincerely hope that all personnel of the Company enjoy a happy and successful future. Good luck to you all and carry on with the good work—the war will soon be over and there will be a mass distribution of "Bowler Hats," C.S.M. please note!

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July 1st found us again meeting at Mrs. Hogben's (Secretary) who was her usual bright and cheery self in spite of her unpleasant ordeal. There were quite a good number of members present, Mrs. Hogben presiding as our Chairman, Mrs. Crookenden, was unable to be present. We had quite a pleasant afternoon the members as usual being robbed? for funds in aid of the Guild and Red Cross. I must say the robbing process is taken quite cheerfully, in fact members volunteer.

We had our usual cup of cheer, the meeting ending with a small whist drive.

It is hoped to visit Mrs. Saunders, a member who lives at Temple Ewell, on the 29th of this month.

If the weather plays tricks I am sure we shall have a very pleasant time but we hope it will be kind so that we may spend some of the time in the gardens. Next meeting 2nd. September.

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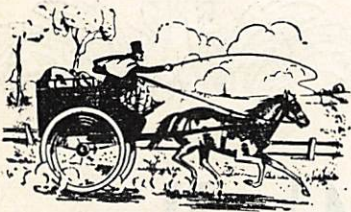
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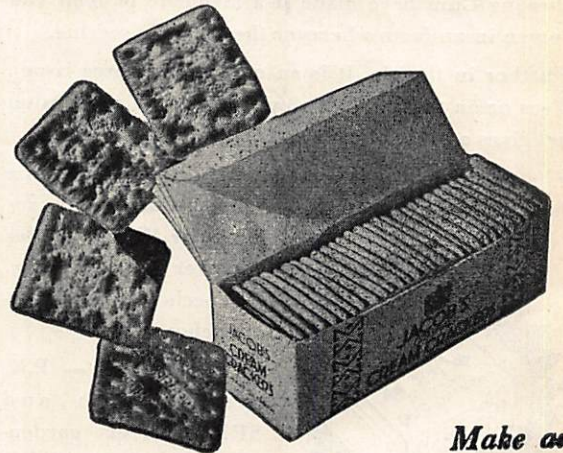


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M A S T E R C R A F T S M E N



Thomas Tompion

Still standing and still in daily use at Ickwell Green in Bedfordshire is a blacksmith's forge where in the early days of the seventeenth century worked one Thomas Tompion. In a nearby cottage, also still standing and still inhabited, was born some time in the summer of 1638 his son, another Thomas Tompion, who was to become known as the father of English clockmaking.

It is a long road from the heavy and often crude work of a seventeenth-century blacksmith to the delicate craftsmanship required in the fashioning of a watch. But that road was the road of Thomas Tompion.

That he worked in his father's forge there is little doubt—there are bells in a neighbouring church bearing the inscription "Thomas Tompion Fecit 1671"—but in 1664 he was apprenticed to a London clockmaker and admitted to the freedom of the Clockmakers Company seven years later.

If it were only for the clocks he built—now treasured in collections and almost beyond price—Tompion's name would have gone down in history, but from clocks Tompion turned his attention to the small portable timepieces known as watches. These watches, clumsy though they were, were little more than ornaments or play-things, for they did not begin to keep time until Tompion applied, under the direction of Doctor Robert Hooke, the balance spring on which the accuracy of the timepieces produced today depends. Tompion was the master hand to the master brain of Hooke and the balance spring is the major of the horological inventions of these two illustrious men.

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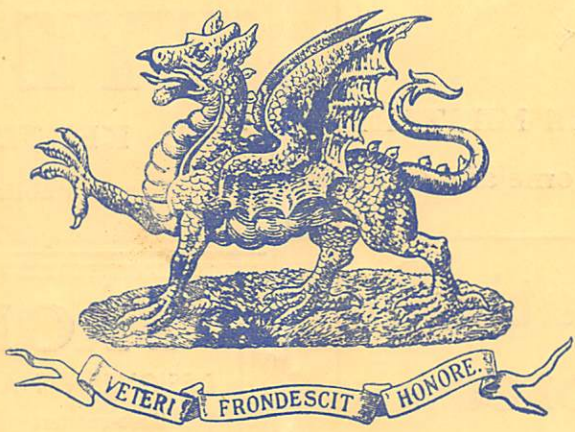
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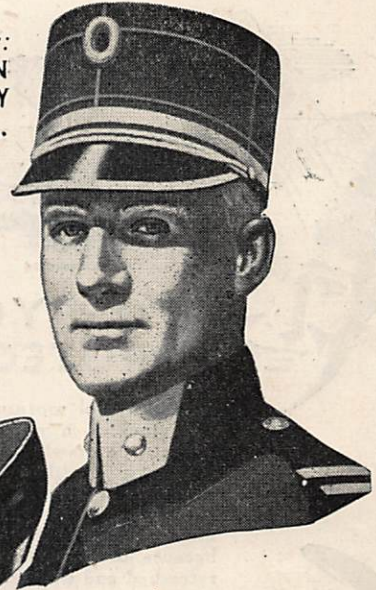


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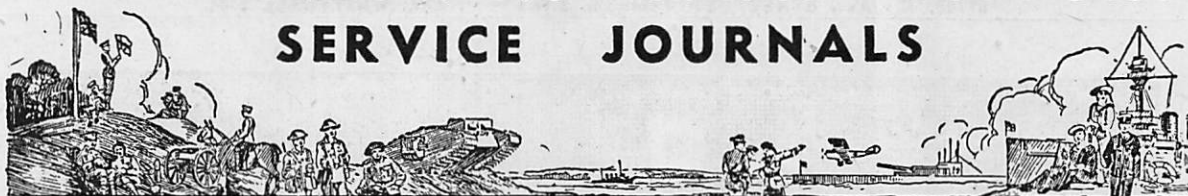


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No. 525

AUGUST, 1943.

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Orders of the Day

IT has been a great honour to me to have held the appointment of Colonel of The Buffs for the last seven years. In my opinion, however, it is now in the best interest of the regiment that a younger Officer and one with longer service in The Buffs should take over the appointment in these critical times.

There is, I consider, a great deal to be done in all regiments to-day if their best interests are to be safeguarded and their traditions preserved. This can best be done by an Officer with a life-long knowledge of those interests and traditions and recent contacts with Service conditions.

The Buffs are fortunate in having an Officer available who is thoroughly qualified to be their Colonel.

I have therefore asked permission to be permitted to resign my appointment so that Major-General the Hon. P. G. Scarlett may take over. General Scarlett has been of the greatest assistance to me during the time I have been Colonel and is devoted to the interests of the regiment. He has an intimate knowledge of its affairs, and in his competent hands I am confident they will prosper.

I know the regiment will welcome his appointment and give him that unflinching loyalty and support which has always been given to me, and for which I take this opportunity of expressing my heartfelt thanks.

In resigning my appointment I shall retain my deep interest in the regiment and remain one of its most devoted members.

J. KENNEDY,

Major-General,
Colonel of The Buffs.

June 3rd, 1943.

On taking over the appointment of Colonel of the Buffs from Major-General Sir John Kennedy, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., I know it will be the wish of all members of the Regiment, of our allied Regiments and of the Past and Present Association, that I should express on their behalf our deep regret that General Kennedy is relinquishing the appointment and our heartfelt thanks and gratitude for all his work on our behalf. Since 1937 Sir John Kennedy has guarded our interests and maintained within the Regiment and the Association that true spirit of comradeship on which so much depends. Since 1939 he has supervised the expansion of the Regiment for war and has never failed to encourage not only battalions overseas, but also those who are going through the hard school of preparation. We shall look back to those happy days when General Kennedy was our Colonel and look forward to having both Sir John and Lady Kennedy amongst us for many years to come.

G. SCARLETT,

Major-General,
Colonel of The Buffs.

June 4th, 1943.

Personalia.

WE congratulate Major-General Hon. P. G. Scarlett on his appointment as Colonel of the Regiment and wish him a happy and successful tenure of command.

Colonel C. R. B. Knight has returned to the Middle East, where he is very busily employed.

During his sojourn in E. Africa he met several officers and other ranks of the Regiment.

Lieut.-Colonel Guy Lee writes that he is busy with his Home Guard School in Wales; Mrs. Lee is a Commandant G.T.C. and also works on the local Food Control Board; "Jimbo" Hanley is now a Captain, United States Army, at its headquarters in London.

Lieut.-Colonel M. Beevor is now residing at Cooks Mill, Lexden, Colchester, a property which he recently bought from Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Wilson. Michael Beevor, now a midshipman, R.N.V.R., has just completed ten days' leave; James Beevor went overseas two months ago.

We congratulate Captain N. G. Wale, who has been appointed temporary Chief Constable, War Department Constabulary, whilst his Chief, Sir Seymour Mellor, performs the duties of Provost Marshal.

Our congratulations to Captain and Mrs. R. W. P. Rule on their marriage. Captain Henry Van Ammel was best man and other guests were Captain and Mrs. David Phillips; Lieut. and Mrs. Jones; Mrs. K. E. P. Goodbody; Mrs. Downes and Mrs. Wright.

We regret to record the death of Mr. R. Stead, aged 70 years. He was buried at St. Peter's Cemetery, Broadstairs, on July 22nd.

Mr. Stead enlisted in the Buffs in 1892, being finally discharged, owing to ill-health, in 1917. He had occupied No. 4 Buffs Cottage Homes since 1932.

We offer our sympathy to his wife and family in their loss.

Sergeant J. A. Pearcy, Prisoner-of-War No. 11637, Stalag VIII B, Germany, writes that two regimental football matches have been

played in his camp. One against a team of the Dorsets, which was a draw, 3 goals all; the other against a team of the Lothian and Border Regiment, which was won by three goals to one.

6282435 Pte. W. J. Garlinge writes from Stalag XXID that he is well.

6286804 Dvr. J. H. Osborne, R.A.S.C., late the regiment, wishes to be remembered to his friends. He would like them to know that he has not forgotten them.

Lieut.-Colonel R. M. Watson writes that he has returned to E. Africa after a long trek.

Major P. T. G. Lynden-Bell, who recently returned home from the Middle East, and his family move shortly from Platt, where they have been for twenty-two years, to 3/27 Camden Grove, London, W.8, which will be their permanent address.

The Secretary, Past and Present Association and Editor, *The Dragon*, will be absent from Canterbury on Home Guard duties and leave from Saturday, August 28th to Thursday, September 9th, 1943. Correspondence which cannot be dealt with by the officer acting on his behalf, will be forwarded to him for necessary action.

Obituary.

THE death of Mrs. Mary Johnings, 22 Alma Street, Canterbury, occurred recently in her 90th year.

The funeral took place at the Canterbury Cemetery on Wednesday, July 14th, the first part of the service being at the Roman Catholic Church in Burgate Street, the Rev. Father C. H. de Laubenque officiating. Mrs. Johnings is survived by two sons, Michael, who is still with the Small Arms School, and Albert, Inspector of Postmen at the G.P.O., Canterbury.

Mrs. Mary Johnings was married on the strength of the Regiment at Dover, in 1872. She accompanied the battalion to Ireland and proceeded with it, on board the Troopship *Sr. Lawrence*, to South Africa in 1876.

She very often used to talk of the exciting experience when the ship was wrecked on Paternoster Island, off Capetown.

Her husband, the late Corporal Joseph Johnings, was in the Drums of the battalion and served throughout the Zulu war, the married women being then at Pietermaritzburg.

Mrs. Johnings accompanied her husband to Mauritius, Hong Kong, Singapore and Penang, being invalided home in 1884.

Four of her sons served in the Regiment.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIAGE.

Rule—Dowson.—On July 3rd, 1943, at St. Andrew's Church, Ham Common, Captain R. W. P. Rule to Veronica Dowson, W.R.N.S.

The Regimental Gazette

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, 29TH JUNE, 1943, DATED, FRIDAY, 2ND JULY, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

MOVEMENT CONTROL SECTION.

The undermentioned in the rank as stated retaining his present seniority :—

July 3rd, 1943 :—War Subs. Capt. :—H. B. Shorter (216019) from The Buffs.

The undermentioned Cadets to be 2nd Lts. :—

THE BUFFS.—May 22nd, 1943 :—Grahame Cameron MacDonald (277431), Frederick James Daly (277398), Kenneth Richard Henry Habershon (277411), Martin Christopher Dashwood Bull (277446), Allan James Carrington Howard (277458), Stanley George Townsend Corfield (277471), Stewart George Mahony (277432).

THIRD SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, JULY 2ND, 1943, DATED TUESDAY, JULY 6TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

The undermentioned Cadets to be 2nd Lts., May 15th, 1943 :—

THE BUFFS.—John East Harsant (276361), Rupert Humphrey Cecil Stronge (276379), Michael Bellew Baker (276384), Derek Dicker Bridle (276424).

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, JULY 6TH, 1943, DATED, THURSDAY, JULY 8TH, 1943.

The King has been graciously pleased to give orders for the following promotion in, and appointment to, the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire, in recognition of gallant and distinguished services in East Africa and Madagascar :—

To be Additional Officer of the Military Division of the said Most Excellent Order :—

Lieut.-Colonel (temporary) Richard John Percy Thorne-Thorne (15980), The Cyprus Regiment.

The King has been graciously pleased to approve the following awards in recognition of gallant and distinguished services in North Africa :—

The Military Cross.

Captain (temporary Major) Adolf Charles Jack Van Ammel (104848) The Buffs.

The Military Medal.

No. 6278668 Sergeant Edward Charles Foster, The Buffs.

THIRD SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, JULY 6TH, 1943, DATED JULY 9TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

GENERAL LIST.

INFANTRY.

THE BUFFS.—Captain N. G. Wale (14775) having attained the age limit of liability to recall ceases to belong to the Res. of Offrs. July 7th, 1943.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, JULY 9TH, 1943, DATED, TUESDAY, JULY 13TH, 1943.

SUPPLEMENTARY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

ROYAL REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY.

War Subs. Lt. J. W. F. Swann (77184) from The Buffs, to be War Subs Lt. June 1st, 1943, retaining his present seniority.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

The undermentioned Cadets to 2nd Lts. :—

THE BUFFS.—April 10th, 1943 :—Stanley Norman Eastwood (277662), Stanley Millo Parsons (277663).

FOURTH SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, JULY 13TH, 1943, DATED, FRIDAY, JULY 16TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

ROYAL REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY.

The undermentioned to be Lt. (Qr.-Mr.) retaining his present seniority :—

W. Molton (173129) from The Buffs.

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, JULY 16TH, 1943, DATED, TUESDAY, JULY 20TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

The Buffs.—Maj.-Gen. Hon. P. G. Scarlett, C.B., M.C., ret. pay (3993) to be Col., June 4th, 1943, vice Maj.-Gen. Sir John Kennedy, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., ret. pay (20934) who has resigned the appt.

REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

THE BUFFS.—Lt. H. G. R. Ayres (169215) having attained the age limit of liability to recall ceases to belong to the Res. of Offrs. July 17th, 1943.

TERRITORIAL ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

D.C.L.I.—Maj. F. F. M. Bawden, M.B.E., T.D., (2586) from The Buffs to be Maj. July 21st, 1943 retaining his present seniority.

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, JULY 20TH, 1943, DATED, JULY 23RD, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

THE BUFFS.—War Subs. Lt. H. U. L. Norfolk (99724) relinquishes his commn. on account of ill-health June 24th, 1943, and is granted the hon. rank of Lt.

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, JULY 23RD, 1943, DATED, TUESDAY, JULY 27TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

THE BUFFS.—Aage Hanson Möller (279779) to be 2nd Lt. June 14th, 1943.

THIRD SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, JULY 27TH, 1943, DATED, FRIDAY, JULY 30TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

The undermentioned Cadets to be 2nd Lts.

THE BUFFS.—March 10th, 1943 :—Jesse Paine (278009). April 13th, 1943 :—Arnold Humphries Taylor (277979).

TERRITORIAL ARMY.

THE BUFFS.—Lt. G. D. James (86998) is restd. to the rank of Capt. June 26th, 1941.

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

No. 26 ISSUED JULY 1ST, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

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

THE BUFFS.—February 1st, 1943 :—E. Kraunsoe (240644).

REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

THE BUFFS.—Capt. (temp. Maj.) (actg. Lt. Col.) R. M. Watson (10015) to be temp. Lt. Col. and War Subs Maj. April 14th, 1943.

SUPPLEMENTARY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

The undermentioned War Subs Lt. has been re-granted rank of temp. Capt. in Middle East Orders :—

THE BUFFS.—S. J. H. Davis (75443) January 2nd, 1943.

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

No. 27 ISSUED ON JULY 8TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

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

THE BUFFS.—L. R. Courtney (138683) June 18th, 1942. C. W. Kempton (162305) May 20th, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—March 6th, 1943 :—D. A. de T. Martin (259378). March 26th, 1943 :—N. P. Reeves (245295). April 17th, 1943 :—R. M. Lander (249176). June 12th, 1943 :—S. P. Hart (255705).

The undermentioned has been granted temp. rank in Middle East Orders :—War Subs. Lt. (actg. Capt.) to be temp. Capt.

THE BUFFS.—W. R. Griffith (130003) January 17th, 1943.

WAR OFFICE ORDERS

No. 28 ISSUED ON JULY 15TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

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

THE BUFFS.—C. R. Tuff (41222) May 21st, 1943.

The undermentioned has been re-granted temp. rank in Middle East Orders :—

THE BUFFS.—Maj. J. C. Nicholson (33734) is re-granted temp. rank of Lt. Col. January 16th, 1943.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

The undermentioned Lt. (Qr.-Master) (actg. Capt.) to be temp. Capt.

THE BUFFS.—S. E. C. Thomas (167552) July, 1943.

The undermentioned Lt. (temp. Capt.) relinquishes temp. rank of Capt.

THE BUFFS.—R. H. Hitch (162062) February 17th, 1943.

The undermentioned Lt. is re-granted temp. rank of Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—R. H. Hitch (162062) January 27th, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—August 1st, 1942 :—I. F. Hunt (274268), R. N. Stott (274279). Sept. 1st, 1942 :—D. A. Crerar (274286). Feb. 1st, 1943 :—L. T. Andrews (240375). February 8th, 1943 :—M. H. Penn (242266). February 21st, 1943 :—G. V. Baker (243036). June 19th 1943 :—F. F. Hales (256386).

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

No. 29 ISSUED ON JULY 22ND, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

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

THE BUFFS.—March 26th, 1943 :—J. O. Hall (245294). May 1st, 1943 :—A. S. Hancock (249763), F. H. Lowe (249761), H. Minski (245988), L. H. Spelman-Marriott (249762). May 5th, 1943 :—D. U. Prentice (251238), F. E. Stokes (251239). May 14th, 1943 :—E. G. Heimsath (251592), L. E. G. Hawkins (251291). May 21st, 1943 :—E. T. Rother (251776). June 19th, 1943 :—R. A. C. Furber (256055), B. A. Hardy (256057), A. C. S. Waley (256058).

REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

THE BUFFS.—Capt. (temp. Maj.) (actg. Lt.-Col.) R. M. Watson (10015) to be temp. Lt. Col. and War Subs. Maj. March 8th, 1943. Substituted for the notifi. in War Office Orders No. 26/1943).

TERRITORIAL ARMY.

The undermentioned has been re-granted temp. rank in Middle East Orders :—

Capt. re-granted temp. rank of Maj. :—

THE BUFFS.—G. R. D. Hews (66886) November 27th, 1942.

A Trip to the East.

PART 4.

The next morning we were ready early to start on our journey to Imphal, but had to wait the arrival by train of the Commander in Chief and the Army Commander who were both paying a visit to this part of the front. While waiting we saw a trainload of sick and wounded arrive. They had been flown out from Myitkina in Burma, one of the last batches of casualties to be evacuated by air before the Japanese rendered the aerodrome unusable. The rail journey from their entraining station had already taken many hours and they had had a long journey in front of them; the ambulance coaches were reserved for the more seriously wounded or sick, and this train consisted of ordinary rolling stock. A meal of hot tea and sandwiches was provided for them at the station and the local staff did everything possible with their very scanty resources. It must be remembered that we were at an extremity of the Indian Empire and in one of the least developed portions of it—a single line metre gauge railway running through thick jungle.

While on the platform I saw, to my great surprise, an officer wearing the Dragon in his cap, and going up to him I found it was H.W. whom I had not met since Aldershot in 1930. He had been on Army H.Q. staff in Burma, had been flown out by Myitkina and was then engaged in doing all he could to rejoin his H.Q. Unlike most of the people I had seen who had left Burma recently, he looked really fit and well. A few months later I was able to give his brother, J.R.P.W. news of him, as he had believed he was left in Singapore. Soon after, the C. in C. and Army Commander arrived and we did not waste much time starting. We were able to find room for H.W. in one of the cars. I was not sorry to leave this particular spot and felt great respect for those who had to work there week after week: one of my staff captains was there for nearly two months and was fit the whole time.

A few miles after leaving we started to climb and almost at once smelt the fresh air which comes from the hills. The road wound in and out among the hills, still jungle covered; not a very wide road but gangs were working

in many places to improve it. After two or three hours we passed the first considerable village, just on the Indian side of the Manipur border. It was about 5,000 ft. high and most of the houses were whitewashed with red corrugated iron roofs. The headquarters of a battalion of Assam Rifles—half police, half military, are situated there, also a Mission Station, and there are in addition the bungalows of the Deputy Commissioner and a few other officials. Some of the gardens were really lovely as at that height most of the European flowers flourish, as well as a number of attractive Indian shrubs and creepers.

Some 20 miles on we passed the halfway point which was also the highest point on the road, about 5,500 ft. and just over the Manipur border. Here we passed a large convoy of Indian R.I.A.S.C. vehicles, which had been doing sterling service in taking supplies and stores to the front, and returning, sometimes full of casualties or refugees—as soon as possible to start out on their long journey again. The work of these Indian R.I.A.S.C. drivers at that critical period deserves great praise. Many of them had been passed only recently into field units, and found themselves faced with the task of driving heavy and cumbersome vehicles for long periods on end over one of the most difficult roads in the world. They stuck to their work day after day and had it not been for their devoted efforts it would not have been possible to provide supplies for the withdrawing Army of Burma when they finally crossed the frontier into India, and found themselves with another 130 miles to travel before they reached Imphal.

After passing the convoy we eat our lunch by the side of the road. It was a lovely day and being 5,500 ft. up there was a crisp bite in the air, even though the month was May. The latter part of the journey was through more open country than the first part had been. The Nagas whom we saw for the first time are one of the most primitive races left in the Empire. They are a curious coppery colour, quite unlike any Indians, Burmese or Chinese, not unlike the colour of a Red Indian; their physique is good, they are cheerful, with a sense of humour and are passionately devoted to their hill country. They wear remarkably few clothes but seemed to be acquiring more the longer they were in contact with the British and Indian troops. Being hill men they did not like working in the low country, and it was not then possible to obtain their services in the numbers we required. The deficiency was made up by thousands of Indian "tea

garden" coolies who worked under tea planters who knew how to look after them. They did yeoman service and without them neither the road nor the various camps and depots could have been constructed in time.

We had a pleasant run down into Imphal. The town lies about 2,600 ft. up and with its struggling suburbs, stands in the middle of the long Manipur valley, with hills rising on every side up to 5,000 ft. to 6,000 ft. There is normally a very small European population; the Political Agent, the President of the Manipur "Durban"—both these are members of the Indian Civil Service—and generally a policeman, a doctor and perhaps one or two others. It is also the H.Q. of a Bn. of the Assam Rifles and there are generally three or four British officers and sometimes their wives and children. It is an Indian State and not a part of British India and this sometimes means a good deal and was a distinct handicap to our efforts later. The inhabitants are Hindus of very high caste, and this later proved a disadvantage as they were most averse to cattle being killed.

The British Contonment consists of the lines of the Assam Rifles, a few bungalows housing various officers and a rest house, the hospital and bazaar, and a little further to the south west, the Residency in its large grounds, and the polo ground. Everything was well laid out, the gardens bright with flowers and the grass green, and not burnt brown as it generally is in India in early May.

Our party rendezvoused at the Residency where the Political Agent entertained us to a real English tea. After that we were taken off to the various bungalows whose owners were to put us up. H.W. and I went to the C.O. of the local Battalion of the Assam Rifles and found that he and I had met in Burma a few years before when he had been serving with the Burma Military Police, as they were then called, and he had been playing polo at Maymyo.

He gave me a comfortable room and there I stayed during my two months. Later on when there were holes in the roof and most of the floor was generally wet I could always find just one dry place for my bed!

Later that evening the two trucks of our convoy with our kits and the batman turned up and we were all comfortably settled in.

The next morning my General went off to get in touch with the withdrawing Burma Army, many miles away. H.W. also went in the same direction and managed to rejoin.

I went round with the Political Agent making provisional arrangements for the accommodation and layout of our own H.Q. which was expected to arrive in a few days. Everything was calm and peaceful and seemed very far from the war, except for the refugees who were straggling in, and for whom one or two camps had already been established. Most of the Europeans were keeping open house as a number of officials, civil and military, were constantly arriving and departing, and there were even a few ladies some of whom had come out of Burma. We went out to the area which had been selected for the hutted (native grass huts) and tented camps which were to be laid out to receive the Burma Army as it withdrew. A number of us met on the ground; R.E., civilians who had local knowledge or had been working with "Tea garden" or other local labour, and just before we started to walk the course, General Wavell, on his way back to India, drew up in his car, got out and wished us luck. Prospects seemed fairly good at the time. The monsoon showed no signs of breaking, there appeared to be ample supplies of local labour and material for rapid hut building, and we hoped that we would have 10 days or so before the Burma Army arrived. It was a lovely day, pleasantly warm, and after some hours walking and a visit to another locality which appeared very promising, we had a rough scheme and thought there was quite a good chance of producing the accommodation in time.

But the next day matters took a turn for the worse. My General and I drove out in the morning to this locality and I explained the rough layout to him. On the way out we noticed one or two planes, which might have been our own, though someone said they had seen bombs fall. On our return journey the number of Indian refugees walking along the road seemed to be larger than usual, but we did not realise that much had happened until we met a European who told us that Japanese bombers had been over Imphal and had done a good deal of damage. A good deal of effort had been expended by the Japanese on bombing a large dump of derelict vehicles which had been collected—quite wrongly—into a mass in a field near the road, waiting evacuation, repair or cannibalization. The majority of the damage had been done in the cantonment area where a number of refugees had been killed or wounded chiefly in the vicinity of the hospital and other temporary buildings recently put up for dealing with them. The Japanese had done

some pretty accurate shooting on a few of the buildings in the Assam Rifles lines and had dropped about six round the bungalow next to ours. The nearest bomb to our bungalow was about 70 yards away but the roofs and windows suffered from blast, and my room was smothered with dust, including my suit case which had been left open and had a half brick reposing in it. The chief sufferers were the unfortunate refugees and some of the local inhabitants. One white lady who had been doing devoted work for refugees was killed while cooking in the kitchen of the temporary hospital.

The water supply and electric light were put out of action, but what threw out our plans for accommodating the Burma Army was that the whole of the local population took to the bush and we had no labour at all for putting up the huts, and it was a long time before we could get any labour. Another disadvantage was that the bombing started an uncontrolled move of refugees who had been concentrated in a camp near Imphal, waiting their turn to be evacuated by lorry towards Manipur. Now they started to drift along the road and there were few, if any, preparations to cope with such an exodus. The 130 miles to railhead could be covered by lorry in one or two days, but on foot, with many children, this would take days, and such a mass migration demanded the setting up of a number of intermediate camps with dumps of food, and someone in charge of each. There were not many available Europeans and the Congress relief organisation which did very good work, did not function beyond railhead.

However a small party of a "famous Highland Regiment" under an officer, for use as military police, had arrived from India, and some officers sent on in advance of the withdrawing Burma Army were now available, so it was possible to cope with such local problems as traffic control and suppression of looting.

After a few days the next echelon of our H.Q. arrived, bringing more officers, men and transport and we were able to make progress with our arrangements for the reception of the Burma Army.

(To be continued)

Tom Wrote a Letter to Death.

Tom's mother put him up to it.

"But when everything's been arranged, Tom. It can't matter to let me know. Oh,

I know you can't get away to give us a call on the telephone, but when you're actually going on board, there are bound to be porters in the dock. Give one of them a packet of cigarettes—better still, a box of matches. I've got a couple hoarded. He'll post a letter from you for certain.

"It would be nice for us to know—exactly when you were leaving." She dabbed her eyes and added, for she was a pious woman, "We could pray for you."

Tom bribed a porter at the docks to post a letter saying when he was going abroad and when the convoy was expected to make a move. The letter arrived next morning and Tom's mother read it to Tom's old schoolmaster when he happened to call that afternoon. The schoolmaster told a most charming young man, said to be an airman on leave, whom he met at the Wings for Victory Pageant that night.

The young man was not an airman on leave, for all his charm. Circumstances enabled him to pass the information on to an enemy submarine commander, and when Tom's ship sailed at the tail of the convoy, into the high seas through a bitter dawn, a periscope slid silent and sinister into view, half-a-mile astern.

Tom had need of his mother's prayers.

Rhodesian Glimpses.

CECIL RHODES was a great thinker and a great Imperialist. Besides advocating British Empire Expansion; a Cape to Cairo Railway; more Homes for White Men in Africa; the Fusion of British and Dutch Colonists, and many more ideas of a similar nature, he even visualised the union of Britain and the U.S.A. under one directing body. He had these ideas in mind when he planned the founding of Rhodesia and infused them into the minds of the Pioneers who in turn passed them on to later generations. Many of them so far as they are practicable and applicable have been included in the theme of the Colony's development.

One of Rhodes' greatest friends and collaborators was Alfred Beit—a "Master of Finance." His collaboration on the financial side made possible the launching of many of Rhodes' great schemes. Alfred Beit when he died bequeathed large sums to be expended for the benefit of Rhodesia, particularly for communications, because he believed that good communications would be the most

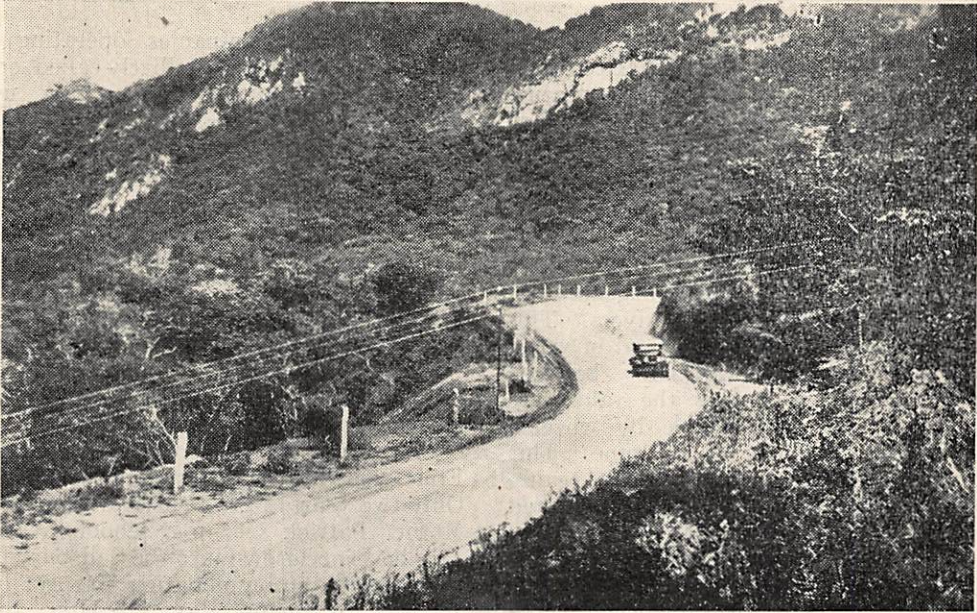
powerful influence towards the spread of civilisation. He also knew from experience that the necessary capital for the provision of Railways was often difficult to obtain and seldom available when most needed.

Alfred Beit's money has had a considerable effect on the development of the Colony. It has often happened that when neither private enterprise nor Government undertaking were able immediately to meet a Public need, Alfred Beit's Trustee with the funds at their disposal have come forward and given a lead in the required direction. Consequently few urgent necessities to the Colony's growth and well being have long been wholly lacking, and the spirit of enterprise and endeavour has never been damped out of existence for the want of means to implement it. A very great asset to a young country.

In 1924 Southern Rhodesia became a Self-governing Colony, and the newly formed Cabinet took over the reins of government from the Chartered Company; but the foundations of administration had been so well and truly laid by the Chartered Company that no difficulty arose during the transition stage.

The European Population at that time numbered about 33,000 not quite so many perhaps as live in Folkestone, and these were spread over an area larger than England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales with Belgium and Holland thrown in. They were indeed thin on the ground and were out-numbered by Natives in the proportion of about 40 to 1. The chief centres of population were Salisbury, the Capital, situated at the northern end of the central ridge of high ground, and Bulawayo, the commercial centre at its southern end. There was also much smaller Umtali, the Railway workshop centre lying upon the eastern border which formed the gateway to Portuguese East Africa and the Port of Beira. Along the Railway from Umtali up to Salisbury and down to Bulawayo, there were many small towns most of which amounted to little more than mining settlements. In the hilly country on the Eastern Border there were farms and plantations, in the lower land of the south around Fort Victoria, there were ranches and cattle farms, and up on the North-western side there was the Wankie Coalfield where a mining population was beginning to reside.

During the past twenty years the population of the country has more than doubled, the 1941 census showing a European population

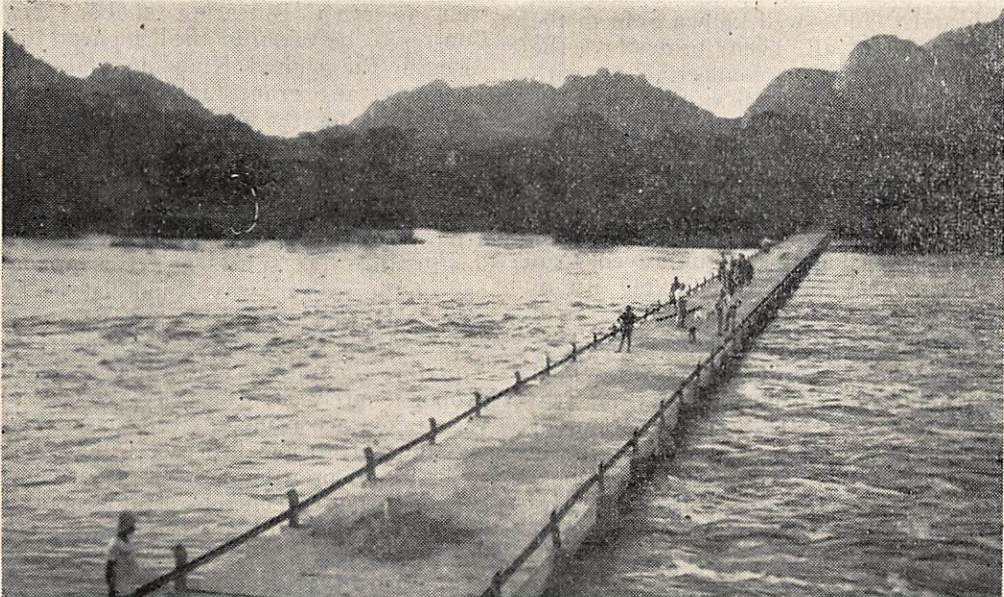


Christmas Pass, Umtali, looking West

of 69,013. This appears to have been distributed fairly evenly over the whole country without any great increase in any one place, a very healthy sign.

During this period communications have improved almost out of all recognition. True, most of the existing Railway lines had been laid down before 1924, but they have since

been improved and modernised, although they have always provided a high standard of comfort to the traveller. However, in the early twenties the roads radiating from them were little more than tracks across the veldt, and in the rainy season they were intersected by raging torrents. Since 1924 the road network has been enormously improved; some



Lundi River, Low Level Bridge

3,000 miles of the main roads have been re-aligned, over 2,000 miles of which have been laid with strips. Strip roads are a feature of Rhodesia and consist of a narrow ribbon of concrete or tarmac on either side of the road, so placed that the wheels of a vehicle have a smooth and convenient surface on which to run. They provide a good road and save the expense of dressing the whole of its surface.

A glance at the map would suggest that Southern Rhodesia was a land of rivers. This is not really the case but it is a land of water courses. Many of these are dry between the rainy seasons but during the rains, are raging torrents quite impassable by wheeled traffic for long periods at a time. This characteristic flooding used to be the cause of whole districts being cut off and isolated for weeks at a time. In order to overcome this inconvenience causeways or low level bridges as they are called were erected at the crossings just above rainy season levels. These low level bridges have no hand rails and offer little resistance to the peak of the flood as it rises, passes over them. When the peak flood subsides the bridges again emerge and provide a safe crossing. This form of bridging is cheap and effective and large numbers of them are now in use. They have been the means of maintaining all weather communication with areas which used to be isolated from the outside world during the rainy season.

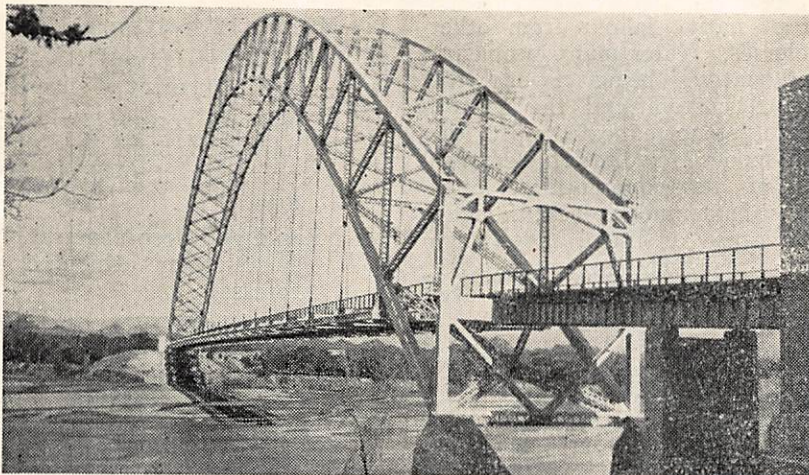
Southern Rhodesia has three large rivers; the Limpopo in the South; the Zambesi in the North and the less well known Sabi in the East. They have all been bridged; the Limpopo at Beit Bridge, connecting up with the Transvaal; the Zambesi at Victoria Falls and again recently at Chirundu on the direct route between Salisbury and Lusaka, the Capital of Northern Rhodesia; and the Sabi by the Birchenough Bridge which opens a route to the Eastern Districts. A development of the increased bridging and improved road communication, has been the linking up of a network of passenger bus and freight road car services with the railway timetable.

Although the Colony is well provided with road and rail transport, it is eminently suited to air travel. The configuration of the country, the distances between towns and settlements and the climatic conditions, all point in this direction. Thus it has happened that after preliminary surveys and the preparation of emergency landing grounds in the early thirties, a Company styled Rhodesia and Nyasaland Airways, Ltd. was formed to establish a regular air service. There were

already small Companies operating locally, but R.A.N.A., as it is familiarly called, organised a comprehensive service, linking up with Union and Imperial Airways on the Empire Routes and carrying mails. It was the "chosen instrument" of the Government for the development of air travel. On the outbreak of War in accordance with the original intention, it went into "cold storage" as a Company and handed over its assets and personal to the Government, which then formed the nucleus for the creation of the Rhodesian Air Squadron.

History often repeats itself. As has so frequently happened before in the history of Learning, the Church gave the lead in Education in the early days of settlement. Only two years after the arrival of the Pioneers, Mother Patrick set up a school in Salisbury. This has since grown into the Salisbury Convent School with accommodation for 150 boarders as well as many day scholars. In 1899, however, the Government passed its first Education Ordinance, which provided school inspectors and grants to approved schools. This has been amplified by subsequent legislation to the extent that the Government now accepts responsibility for the provision of school facilities for all, up to the standard of Secondary Education. It also provides in the form of Scholarships, assistance towards higher education: The time is not yet ripe for the establishment of a University in Rhodesia, but Government Scholarships as well as other Bursaries, enable University Courses to be taken in the Union and in some cases in the United Kingdom and elsewhere. There are also grants available for assistance in training for the professions, which are not covered by University degrees or courses of study.

Abundance of sunshine and a fresh dry atmosphere are great contributions to good health and high spirits and this no doubt is one of the reasons why Rhodesia is a healthy place. However, prior to settlement it was expected that lying as it does, nearer to the Equator than the Transvaal, it would be proportionately less healthy, so precautions were taken accordingly. But actually Malaria was the only tropical disease which was found to be at all prevalent and this has long since been got under control. The general health of the Colony is of a very high standard as has been shewn by the vital statistics for a number of years. Since the early thirties the death rate per thousand has been slightly lower than that of either the Union or the



The Birchenough Bridge

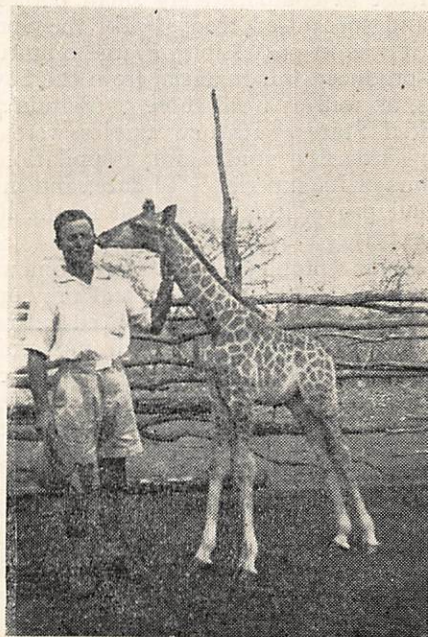
United Kingdom. After Malaria the only other Tropical Disease worthy of mention is Bilhazia, but the incidence is very small, and is confined to people who drink or bath in water from sources which have not been protected. The Bilhazia germ is carried by a common form of water snail and stringent measures are taken to eliminate this form water used by the Public.

The health service is extensive and the hospital accommodation generous, the ratio of beds to population being very high, and now that the Government are taking over the Maternity Homes it will be higher still.

Not only do questions of health receive Government consideration but so also do all aspects of welfare work. The application of this is largely through the medium of private individuals, religious organisations, and independent societies, but its progress is under the surveillance of the Government, who exercise a benevolent influence on its tendency and direction. Homes for the aged, the blind, the wayward, and the destitute, abound, while numerous societies forward and encourage the healthy development of the weak, the young, and the adolescent. This welfare work covers not only the Europeans but the "Coloured" or Eurasians and, of course, the Natives, of which there are over a million and a quarter in the country.

The life of the Natives has changed with the coming of the White Man. After the Rebellion of 1896 which Rhodes terminated when he went unarmed among the angry tribesmen and joined in their councils, the Natives were given tracts of land on which to live and on which settlement by Europeans was prohibited. Government officers called Native Commissioners are appointed to look

after these Reserves as they are termed, and to see that the Natives conform to the necessary but simple regulations imposed by the Government. Here Natives carry on their simple life much as formerly when they were members of a tribe. A Native tax has been imposed in order to defray the expenses of administering these Native Reserves and this has to be paid in cash. To obtain this cash some of the natives who cannot do it by the sale of their produce seek employment with the White Man. This means that they move to the towns and settlements where they often remain. The drift to the towns of natives from the Reserves,



FRIENDLY PEOPLE, RHODESIANS!

and of immigrant native labour from other neighbouring colonies, creates many problems. The detribalised natives being beyond the restraints of tribal custom and the control of their chiefs, are yet not educated up to the standards which modern civilisation demands from members of its communities. Such problems, however, have much money, thought, and consideration spent on them, and though their final solution may yet be some way off, the lot of the native is in the meantime ever on the upward grade.

In 1940 Southern Rhodesia held its Jubilee. The proposed celebrations were curtailed and marred by the War and indeed at that time by the anxiety existing in man's mind as to whether the British Empire as such would long continue. But it formed a milestone in the life of a colony which from its inception had been remarkable for its high endeavour and rapid progress.

Russian Offensive Methods

IN the year 1942 Russian offensive methods had to be largely re-fashioned to suit new conditions of fighting. In the Winter of 1941 the Red Army was largely engaged in re-arming and changing its Peace-time weapons and material for more up-to-date models designed in the light of the experience of its first campaign. There were not enough of these to go round, and it had to make up for its lack of fire power by greater mobility and by a lavish use of comparatively small bodies of skilled and specialised troops. By the Spring of 1942 it was in possession of large quantities of mass-produced war material from the Soviet factories, as well as from those of Britain and the United States. Its new tactics were the result of intensive study and assimilation of the lessons of its experience to date, and much which had proved too theoretical in the light of that experience had to be unlearned.

The main problem, too, was somewhat different from anything that it had previously had to face. It was now confronted with the task of dealing with a powerful modernised defence system organised in great depth, consisting of numbers of strong fortified centres—the famous "hedgehogs"—sited and constructed for mutual support and prolonged all-round resistance even when isolated or bypassed. The problem was to break not only into, but through this defence system with the maximum of speed and the minimum of losses.

Four main principles lay at the root of the new Russian offensive tactics:—

- (a) Massing of great weight and fire power for the initial break-in.
- (b) The achievement of surprise.
- (c) Close and constant co-ordination of fire and movement by the intimate co-operation of all arms, including the air arm.
- (d) Rapid and deep penetration following the break-in by armoured and motorised forces.

(a) To obtain this maximum application of weight and fire power the tactics of both infantry and artillery had to be completely remodelled. The deployment of the attacking units in depth, and the gradual building up of the firing-line by means of supports and reserves initially held back, had been found by experience to lead to slowness in the advance, unduly heavy casualties, and a dispersion of effort both in time and in space and to afford the enemy too many opportunities for effective counter-strokes. "The basic pattern of the new battle formations," it was laid down, "must be the maximum and simultaneous participation of the infantry and the total fire power in the actual fighting from the beginning to the end of the engagement." Echelon formations in depth were therefore abandoned, all front line sub-units were to advance in one single echelon, but with intervals between them so as to allow of the second line sub-units, deployed to cover these lanes, to move or fire through them. The covering fire of the heavy machine guns, anti-tank weapons, and mortars was also to be brought to bear on the enemy through these lanes or from positions on one flank or other of the attacking formation. In this way the initial blow could be delivered by the full strength of all the forward units engaged, from the first moment of the launching of the offensive and throughout its whole course, and the minimum time would be allowed to the enemy to readjust his dispositions, bring forward his reserves, or mount and launch counter-attacks.

In the same sense the Red Army artillery tactics were entirely re-modelled with a view to the employment of large masses of guns of all calibres for barrage work and close support of the infantry and armoured troops. The Soviet artillery had acquitted itself magnificently in the 1941 and early 1942 battles, proving itself much superior to that of the enemy, who had somewhat neglected this weapon for the benefit of his armoured formations. Under the direction of its new Marshal of artillery, Voronov, the Red artillery

was trained in new methods, so as to make the fullest use of its heavy fire power, which had greatly increased by the Summer of 1942. The main principles were to concentrate a superior force of guns on the sector of the hostile defences selected for assault, and to maintain uninterrupted fire upon it throughout the whole of the operations, co-ordinating its application closely with the movements of the attacking troops. In fact, the infantry and the tanks were to attack "to the music of the artillery."

The artillery action was envisaged as falling into three successive phases: (1) preparation before the launching of the assault, (2) the fire accompaniment to the attack on the hostile forward zone of defence, (3) the similar fire accompaniment to the attack on the second zone, and any other defences in areas of it. The former method of successive bombardments of limited areas was abandoned, and instead guns of all calibres up to 8 inch were brought well forward to fire at short range over open sights at the embrasures of the hostile strong points and other targets. This enabled these targets to be rapidly destroyed and facilitated the advance of the infantry up to assaulting distance with the minimum of losses. In the second and third phases escort guns and mortars were advanced along with the infantry and tanks into the hostile defence zone, moving by short bounds from cover to cover, always ready to give supporting fire over open sights. These guns were allotted beforehand to companies and even to platoons of the assaulting force, and thus were always ready to deal instantly with any enemy counter-attack.

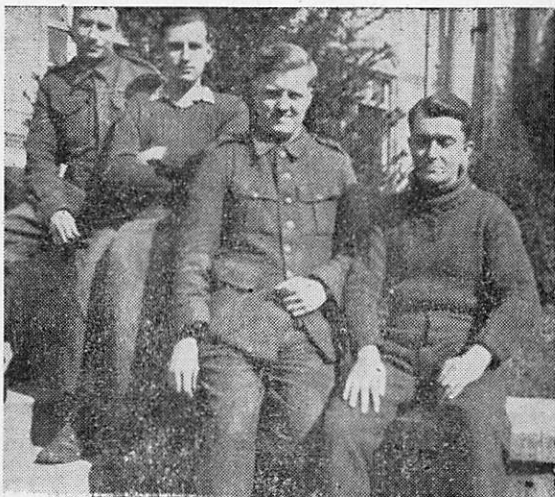
(b) The Red Army adopted many methods to secure surprise. Troops and materials were moved forward to the sectors in which they were to operate from far in rear, their movements being well camouflaged and concealed and lasting sometimes for weeks on end before completion. Most of these moves took place at night, all troops, vehicles, tanks and guns, halting and being carefully hidden by day when only feints or false movements designed to deceive the enemy were permitted. The staff work required for this complicated and far-reaching series of moves had to be of a high order. Some of the feats performed in this connection have become classical, such as the throwing of a pontoon bridge under the water of the half-frozen Volga Rzhev, which was thus invisible and about which the enemy knew nothing until the Russian tanks attacked across it. The Red Army staff soon became

past-masters in launching powerful attacks against an unprepared and unsuspecting enemy after a short, but violent preparation by aircraft and artillery, followed closely by masses of tanks and infantry working hand in hand throughout. In this way the enemy forward troops could be overwhelmed before any assistance could reach them from the rear.

(c) The difficulties of maintaining this close co-operation of all arms within the depths of the hostile defence system were great, but much was done to overcome them by attaching air force officers to all military headquarters in constant communication by telephone and wireless with air squadrons in rear, on which they could call for assistance for the ground troops at short notice. The bulk of the air force worked in a pre-arranged schedule notified beforehand to all concerned. The targets normally attacked in order of priority were the enemy's headquarters communications, then his back areas and reserves, then his front lines. On these last dive-bombing attacks were delivered at two and three minute intervals, anti-aircraft guns being silenced by specially-equipped low-flying machines. By this incessant bombing the forward German defences were pulverised or demolished over wide areas, and the movement and action of the reserves hampered.

(d) For the first time during the Summer 1942 battles, the Red Army made use of large independent armoured formations. Before then the largest tank unit had been the brigade. Now armoured corps made their appearance and comprised several hundred tanks and motorised artillery and infantry. Their role was to follow up the break-in and exploit to the full, the aim being the complete destruction of the defeated enemy. Where strong resistance was encountered within the depths of the hostile position, the armoured forces normally dealt with by manoeuvre and the rapid application of its full fire power from unexpected directions. A parallel pursuit proved the best, with frequent inward swoops striking at the hostile flanks and rear as opportunity offered. This pursuit was kept up by day and night, so as to allow the enemy no respite or time to organise any experienced system of resistance. An average rate of advance of 12 miles a day could be, and often was maintained, even against considerable spasmodic opposition. The great and far-reaching success of the Soviet counter-offensive in the early Winter of 1942-3 could not have been as complete as it was but for the relentless vigour with which the initial advantages were

exploited and enhanced. In this brilliant campaign the new Soviet methods of attack proved their soundness and value to the full.



At Stalag IXC.—Cpl. E. Holness, P.W. No. 3763 B seated at the back of the group.

Prisoners of War.

WE hear from 6278534 R.Q.M.S. McNeir, C. who writes on behalf of some forty N.C.O.'s at Stalag 383, Germany.

They send greetings to their relatives and friends.

The following is an extract from McNeir's letter:—

"Now for a small insight into the Social activities of our Camp. It embraces sport of every kind, theatricals, bands of a military, orchestral and dancing nature, including bag-pipes. Indoor entertainments. Educational studies for degrees in every sphere of civilian life. Arts and Crafts. One exhibition under this heading has already been held. Talent wasn't the word for it. It was really breathtaking. Then there is a Bee-keeping section. Also gardening has been taken seriously. The latter will certainly add flavour to those jolly Red Cross parcels. We have quite a respectable Sports ground where we have witnessed sporting rivalry in all forms of sport from County Club, Company and International games. Games and teams representing every part of the Empire. We are now looking forward to a series of cricket matches. Peacetime test for the "Ashes" will **not** be in it. Already one can hear the Australian and U.K. cricket fans discussing their chances. If space permitted it would take reams of paper to give

you a real picture of everything here. The theatrical side is also of a very high standard. One marvels how such clothing and effects are made from nothing, the producers and artists giving up much of their time to entertain us. Talking of theatricals, we "Buff's" are looking forward to our "Ruggles," Sgt. Fuller — Battalion, giving of his very best soon. He has only just joined us, complete with his own concert drum kit. His services were soon requisitioned. Cpl. Pacey can often be seen wielding a hockey stick, and just lately getting a little practice at the cricket net. This net being made entirely from Red Cross Parcel string. Cpl. Heather has shewn what he can do with a pair of boxing gloves. He is also in his Company's football team. Sgt. Little is trying his hand at a spot of wood carving. Perhaps Ernie is going to set up as cabinet-maker when he gets home. Cpl. Brown (Topper) also likes to be busy. Every day Topper goes his rounds looking important carrying a bundle of papers under his left arm. I'm sure he'd love to get that Orderly Sergeant's bible under his arm again. Then we have C.S.M. Abbott ever to be found watching football matches. I am sure our Jack still dwells on those Saturday games of the "Dover Corporation." Another member of the Regiment back in the years before 1926, is also here. Old members of "C" Company, — Battalion will remember him in more ways than one. He was then Cpl. MacLaren, now C.S.M. of a Portland R.E. unit. Between just us two I don't know who was most surprised that we should meet again, and here above all places. Mac says "just another bad station." Cpl. Taylor (Lofty) — Battalion, is kept busy as his Company's "Confidence Man." I'm sure his company has no difficulty in picking him out of a crowd. Certainly somebody to look up to. Shortage of paper will **not** permit me to describe the activities of the remainder of us, except to say we are occupied in our own particular way keeping our minds active during this stalemate period of our lives.

If it is at all possible to get a photo taken one will be sent you. I have heard through the medium of my brother that the photo C.S.M. Abbott sent you appeared in the February issue of *The Dragon*. Thank you. It was taken at our previous camp, Stalag XX.A. Below please find a nominal roll of all here."

Albuhera in Hampton Court Gardens.

A LOVELY Sunday evening in May, I had managed to secure my favourite seat in Hampton Court Gardens, under a tree just below the south terrace, and as I sat there I thought to myself it is Albuhera day and remembered some years previously hearing over the wireless a soldier talk on regimental anniversaries. He said one of the finest sights he ever saw was a splendid battalion of British Infantry celebrating one of its great days, it was "The Old Buffs" trooping the colour in memory of those who fell in defence of the Colours at Albuhera, and I wondered how the—Battalion had spent this day, no trooping of the Colour, no dance in the evening but I trusted they were enjoying a well earned rest with plenty to eat and drink, after months of great strain and hard work. Then I began to amuse myself by trying to pick out the smartest soldier who passed and the regiment to which he belonged. This was a very hard matter. The way in which most of the men wore their caps was atrocious, and I thought of that very fine soldier, the late General Ingouville Williams, one of the finest Adjutants the regiment ever had, how he laid it down, when the field service cap was first introduced some 50 years ago, that the cap was always to be worn straight on the head, not balanced on the side like a clown trying to do a trick in the circus. Suddenly I noticed that a very smart soldier had appeared on the terrace, wearing the full head dress of a lancer, and I came to the conclusion he was a Polish Lancer of whom a few minutes before I had been thinking. He was alone, approached the seat which I was occupying and sat by my side. I wished him good evening, he replied in excellent English, told me he had been three years in England and liked it very much. I enquired concerning his lancer head dress, he told me it had been made especially for him by a firm in St. James Street, London, which firm he told me had made Lord Nelson's hats. This he appeared to be very proud of. In course of the conversation I asked if he was of Poland, he replied Yes; I then told him our Regiments must have met in Spain on this day May 16th in 1811 on the ridge of Albuhera. He appeared to know very little about the battle. I explained that my Father joined the Regiment in 1834, and at that time several men were still serving who had been present at the engagement fought 23 years previously, and I gave him their account

of the fight. "How after a very uncomfortable night they were ordered to occupy a ridge from which our allies the Portugese were retiring, they approached in column, then developed into line and waited for the French to attack. Whilst waiting they saw through the mist away on their right flank a mass of horsemen, took them for Portugese cavalry, so thought the flank was secure. This cavalry formation however turned out to be Polish lancers and French hussars. As the French infantry approached our position they were received with a volley, then the Regiment went for them with the bayonet, but whilst in the act of charging, the enemy's cavalry circled round its right flank and crashed into its rear, breaking it up into small groups, each group fighting on its own. The principal fight took place round the Colours, Ensign Thomas who carried the Regimental Colour was killed, but the colour was found under his body and restored to the Regiment. Ensign Walsh who had charge of the King's Colour was wounded taken prisoner, and the colour was momentarily lost, when Lieutenant Matthew Latham seized it as it was being carried off and defied all attempts to take it from him, although one side of his face and his left arm had been severed. When called upon to surrender it, he replied, "only with his life would he do so." An opportune advance of the British cavalry caused the enemy to retire and Latham was left in possession of the colour. Before losing consciousness he managed to release the flag from its staff and conceal it in his bosom, where it was found when they undressed him in the casualty clearing station, so both colours were miraculously saved. Then staves having been broken, they were mounted on Sergeant's pikes and thus carried for a time.

Two ladies then approached our seat, for whom my friend the Lancer Captain had evidently been waiting, and he was obliged to leave. I found him a quiet, unassuming gentleman, not the terrible ogre that I when a small boy imagined a Polish Lancer must be. He was, however, the smartest and best dressed soldier at Hampton Court that Sunday evening.

Lieutenant Latham recovered, rejoined the Regiment, but in 1820 was obliged to retire as a Captain, owing to injuries caused by his wounds. He married a French lady, went to live in France and lived until 1865.

The Bishop of Rockingham, writing in *The Dragon* in May 1925, stated that whilst serving

as a Chaplain in France in 1917 he discovered in the churchyard of a small village called Blingel, close to Bernicourt, Latham's tomb, and on making enquiries he was informed that the Captain's grand-daughter Mdlle. Latham was still alive and residing in the village. He called on her, and she informed him that when a small girl she was the constant companion of her grandfather, who often told her stories of his Regiment and his soldiering days, and her greatest wish was to meet the Regiment, and that whenever British troops passed through the village she went to her door and enquired "est-ce le regiment de mon Grand Père?" but her wish had never been gratified. The Bishop knowing that the Battalion was in the area, wrote to the C.O. (Finch Hatton, I believe), and it was arranged that a deputation from the Regiment should visit her, but before this could be done the Battalion was ordered to another area, so the dear old lady never met the Regiment of her Grandfather.

A.E.C.

Past and Present Association

LONDON BRANCH

THERE was a successful meeting of members on the 17th July last when Captain E. A. Carter took the Chair.

The members stood in silence to the memory of all of the Regiment who have passed over.

Letters were read from Nobby Clarke, Tubby Hills, C. Holness and others.

CONDOLENCE.—It was proposed by Mr. J. Clayton and seconded by Mr. J. Goss that a vote of sympathy be passed and recorded in connection with the bereavement sustained by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hovey in the death of their son, killed in action.

WELCOME.—The Chairman welcomed the Colonel of the Regiment, General Sir John Kennedy, also General the Hon. P. G. Scarlett and Major A. J. Peareth to the meeting. The members, he said, felt themselves honoured by the presence of such distinguished officers. General Scarlett gave some surprising and sad news concerning the Colonel of the Regiment who had worked so hard and done so much for the welfare and good of all. The heavy responsibilities of his present concern, the **Red Cross**, coupled with the ever-increasing activities of the Colonel of the Regiment, was a strain General Kennedy was feeling very much indeed. He had found it impossible to

carry on the two and had decided, after mature and serious consideration, to relinquish the Colonelcy of the Regiment. General Scarlett went on to say how all would appreciate the great work done for the Regiment by General Kennedy and gave many instances of this and particularly concerning the financial position when he took over command as compared with to-day. He asked the London Branch to show that appreciation in no uncertain manner.

The Chairman, Captain E. A. Carter, said it was a sad moment for all Buffs as General Sir John had, as General Scarlett pointed out, done so much for us all. It was amazing how General Sir John had managed to carry on as he had done when it is recalled that he was wounded no less than ten times in the Great War and later met with such a serious accident when commanding the — Division at Aldershot. He feelingly conveyed the appreciation of the London Branch for all the magnificent work done by the Colonel of the Regiment on behalf of the serving battalions and the Past and Present Association.

Mr. J. Clayton rose and proposed a vote of thanks to the Colonel of the Regiment for all his kindly interest and labours on behalf of the Regiment. This was seconded by Mr. "Amy" Ainge and carried unanimously with acclamation.

General Kennedy received a great ovation on rising to respond. He pointed out that it was only after much consideration that he gave up the Colonelcy of the Regiment and that he would always remain a "BUFF" and take an interest in all their work. He had heavy responsibilities in looking after not only the men and women of the Buffs, but the prisoners of war of every regiment of the British Army throughout the entire world and of other armies. He mentioned the staggering figure of many millions of pounds which had been administered by the Red Cross in alleviating the want and distress of those suffering. He felt that he could not give sufficient support to the Regiment and carry on the great work of Red Cross Organisation at the same time—one must suffer. In these days a Colonel of a Regiment must be a fit and active man, in touch with every detail of the Buffs, and be in personal contact with everyone, if the work is to be properly done. He had therefore decided to hand over the Colonelcy in favour of General Scarlett, who was an officer who had spent his life in the Buffs, was in touch with every detail, and who knew the Regiment's History inside out. General Scarlett had also done magnificent work and, in conjunction with

Lieut. Colonel Howe, had made the Association one to be envied. He thanked the London Branch for their appreciation.

Mr. S. G. Johnson said what struck him most was the great spirit of comradeship which has always existed in the Buffs; that fact was exemplified by the presence of such distinguished officers that evening. He proposed our loyal support to General Scarlett as Colonel of the Buffs, which was seconded by Mr. Charlie Harris and carried with acclamation.

Other matters discussed were in connection with Post War Membership, and if anything was being thought out now so that the membership of present serving Buffs could be increased as in pre-war days.

To all these questions and problems, Major A. J. Peareth gave replies in detail.

WHO WAS THERE.

No. 3798 Mr. "Dusty" Ruler brought back old — Battalion memories when he played full-back for the Regimental Soccer Team and—what a team it was; Pig Griffiths, Jack Crayford, Wally Kesby, Jack Hindmarsh, Granny Hayward, Nobby Garside, are just a few names to conjure with.

Mr. "Billy" Havel was also a welcome attendant and we hope to see more of him in the future.

Two new members were enrolled, viz.: No. G/382 Mr. F. C. Russell and G/5752 Mr. H. Smith.

No. 2890 Mr. Bob Knott, travelled up from Dartford to be with the boys and—he met a few.

The greatest treat was to see Snowball Manning with us once again after his prolonged illness; keep it up, Snowy.

The Bear's Den was occupied by the Deputy Chief Bear, Spud Austin, D/A.C.B. Molly Marshall, accompanied by their staffs in Jock Clayton, Amy Ainge and a few other youngsters.

Captain "Erny" Carter was looking very fit and informs us that his son is making good progress in a convalescent camp near London.

We recently met Pte. "Tony" King of "B" Company of a battalion of the Buffs "Somewhere in England." We have seen "Tony" grow up a fine lad and feel sure the Buffs will make a fine man of him.

Mr. and Mrs. Hovey thank all members for the sympathy shewn to them in their bereavement. They feel, however, that to know the gallant way in which their son met his death is a great consolation.

Mr. S. G. Johnson was right when he spoke about the comradeship of all ranks of the Buffs; it has been handed down "thro' the ages" and always will be so long as the regiment exists.

We were pleased also to see Edmund Gould looking remarkably well.

We hear that Bob Wady is Captain and Adjutant of a Home Guard Battalion up North. Good luck, Bob.

Mr. Ricketts—brother to Captain and Q.M. Ricketts—was in his usual place, chin-wagging with his friends.

Eddy Shute came along full of beans, looking forward to his forthcoming rest-cure when he hopes to see Donkey Warren, the only Butcher on "one pub island." Hope the "screws" are better when they meet.

We are pleased to see that post-war activities of our Association are receiving attention; Major A. J. Peareth's information on this point was most heartening.

Joe Goss was present, but appears to be putting on weight; don't quite know how it is done these days except that he is in local demand to attend various suppers in connection with his H.G. Battalion.

Charley Harris came along with Scottie and we were very glad to see them.

Medway Branch.

LADIES' GUILD.

The Buffs' Ladies' Guild held their monthly meeting on Friday last. The entertainment on this occasion, as has been the case for several meetings now, was a whist drive, the proceeds of which were for the provision of Red Cross parcels for the two Buff prisoners-of-war that the branch has adopted.

There was a good gathering of the members and their friends, and whilst asking Mrs. Nunn to present the prizes, the Chairman, Mrs. King Holt, took the opportunity to say how glad they all would be to know that Mrs. Sellens, the branch honorary secretary, was making a speedy recovery after her recent operation. The winners were Mesdames Bines, Cook, Valpey and Miss Spiken, while the "Lucky number" prize was secured by Mrs. Ramsell. After an enjoyable game tea was served by the committee. The results of the afternoon ensured that the two Buff prisoners would not be disappointed when the next lot of parcels were dispatched.

Music while you Eat

The Band of the Buffs (under Bandmaster W. B. Foster) plays lunch time music every Tuesday for the benefit of Canterbury's British Restaurant patrons. This is part of the city's holidays-at-home programme and, as far as is known, Canterbury is the only town in the country where a military band plays outside a British Restaurant.



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Training Centre.

WE have to record news of old friends. First, we are very glad to see back with us again Major "Bolly" Oliver, but we are afraid his stay may not be long. Major J. S. Scratchley paid us a visit during the month. He tells us that he is as busy as ever. Thomas Bruce, after a long sojourn, has temporarily deserted us to return to civil life for business reasons. Paul Greenway fell to the wiles of an officer of the Parachute Regiment and decided he, too, must take to the air. As we have heard nothing from him since he left, we can only assume that he has not yet descended to earth again.

Cricket is going fairly well, though with such a strong batting side, some of us find it difficult to get an innings. There have been some good games, however. We hear tell of a dance to be given by the officers for their friends, which, no doubt, will be as successful as usual.



Brethren and Sisters of the "Beerhawks" in lighter mood

We have decided that it is now necessary to have our own theatre, so a really professional and up-to-date stage is being made in the Cavalry Gymnasium for which we have to thank the Q.M. for arranging the materials and pioneers, and Lieuts. Scott and Farrer for their enthusiasm and planning. Nor must we forget the P.R.I., who has persuaded the C.O. that we have the funds. Incidentally, the original idea was the C.O.'s chiefly. So now a new Edition of MOODS AND FANCIES has gone into production.

No more this month, as the Editor is shouting for these notes.

Depot Company.

We have had quite a few changes in regard to faces around here. Since the last issue of *The Dragon*, several permanent fixtures have left us for fresh fields to conquer. We wish them luck in their new surroundings.

The Agricultural Scheme is going on very well by all appearances, and the gardeners are doing great things. I believe they are all kept fairly busy at the present time pulling potatoes for consumption by the I.T.C.

The A.I. Platoon is here to stay now, but not the individuals. They all appear to enjoy their Route Marches.

We are eagerly looking forward to the time when we shall have our own Regal Cinema, "Good Work Pioneers," Keep it going.

Band.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who wrote congratulating the Band on the recent broadcasts. It was grand to hear from such old friends as Captain P. W. Ransley, C.Q.M.S. Jack Fletcher and our own Ginger Rayment who are serving

"out there." They are all doing fine. At present we are very busy entertaining at the "Holidays at Home" feature. Twice a week in Westgate Gardens. The popular feature being the open air dancing on the lawn.

Herne Bay on Sunday is also on our programme and judging by the crowds "we are good." According to one of great musical ability we are the best band The Buffs have, at the moment! The Dance Band do themselves a "bit of good" on Wednesdays at the Foresters' Hall. Friday is the Drummers big day; its retreat-beating with the Band. One can often see Pat worrying his head off as to what Marches the Band will play. Why don't you tell him in good time Ned?

We are glad to welcome back to us from Civvy Street our old friend "Spread"—He looks as black as ever so his friends will know he is still O.K.

By the time you read these notes we hope to have three new "daddys" in the band. Closier, Robertson and Lordy. Good luck to Yew Tree! and congrats.

In the next issue we hope to be able to print a full list of the Band and Drums. We hear that Olly Birkin and Larry Gaines are doing well at K.H., also Frank Minard, in the Gurka Rifles as a Captain. Best wishes to you from all the lads here.

Well, friends as paper is rather short and we are about to turn-in to practice (what for? Ask the B/M.) I will draw to a close. Best of luck and especially to the boys out there with Harry Marden and Co.

"I" Company.

To start the ball rolling, we offer our hearty congratulations to L/Cpl. "Butcher" Shepherd who has once more become the proud father. Don't get the idea that you are allowed extra sweets for the children, Harry.

There is good news of our old friend "Bod". Birchall this month, and for those of you who didn't read his letter, here is the message it contained. He says "Remember me to all the boys and tell them I wish I were there with them." I'm very glad to be able to tell you, he is making good progress and I'm sure you are with me in wishing him all the very best.

"Cupid" seems to have been working quite a bit of overtime recently, and the strains of Wedding Marches can be heard quite plainly. The two "doomed" men are none other than "Charlie" Hook and "Buster" Humphrey, both took the final plunge on July 10th. (By the way who started this July 10th business Buster") anyhow here's wishing you everything you wish yourselves from all the gang.

A word or two about training, which is still progressing favourably, would not be out of place.

Number 15 and 16 Platoon excelled themselves on their "kill or cure" march and records are broken every day, so keep up the good work boys and when you depart from us, don't forget "Bash'on."

To all those who have left us, we wish the best of luck, and to the new school who have just joined us, we offer a hearty welcome, and by the time you leave us, we can guarantee that all double chins, and superfluous fats will have entirely disappeared.

We welcome to the Company, C.S.M. Birch and hope his stay with us will be a very pleasant one.

All those nice new white shirt sleeve stripes which were visible for miles, a month ago, have toned down considerably and no one in the Corporals Mess now looks exactly like a "Rookie." By the way who was the enterprising L/Cpl. who wore his "tape" on his left arm, because as he puts it "I am left handed." (I don't get it Charlie).

Remember, Nero fiddled while Rome burned, well they tell me "Charlie" French is practising hard to play when it is bombed. Keep trying Charlie.

Once again that chap "Cupid" has been working, and we offer our heartiest congratulations to Sgt. Holmes (mind if I get a tea) on his recent marriage to "Blondie" alias Cpl. Shelley, A.T.S., the Dining Hall wizard. Heres wishing you happiness in the future.

At present we are missing the company of L/Cpl. Jimmy Webster who has returned to hospital again, but hope to see him back with us soon.

A very hearty welcome is offered to Cpl. Johnny Wright on his return to the Company after an absence of over three months. He has quite recovered from his accident and looks as if he might be ready for a few route marches.

The Company Cricket team under the leadership of Lieut. Hawkins is still making good headway. Unfortunately scores are not available, but will be in next months issue (I hope).

Alas! our one and only Otley "wed lamp" Laper, cannot show off his new suit of blues as he is "diffy" of several buttons, "wegimental" ones I believe he wants.

As time is short and brain power practically nil there is very little left to say, except we would like to thank the band for the entertainment recently provided, which was greatly appreciated by all.

"S" Company.

CORPS INTAKE SQUADS.

Once again a change appears in our training, and we get away with a good start with three new squads. Sgt. Looker, No. 1, Sgt. Newton, No. 2, and Sgt. Broom in charge of No. 3 Squad.

Sgt. Broom is a newcomer to our Company, and "Brushy" claims to be a direct descendant of the broom that was tied to the ship's masthead, way back in History. Nobody can dispute this fact, but it appears as if his service started then.

Cpl. Trinder is another newcomer, and we offer him a warm welcome, even if he did throw "73" Grenades into the turrets of tanks in France.

Ron Begbie is back from his "Civvy Refresher Course" and is now looking extremely brown and fit.

Sgt. Newton called his squad up to attention turned it to the right, and marched it off across the Square. Suddenly it was pointed out to him that the end man was missing; apparently he had turned to his left and had marched off in the opposite direction. The missing man, Pte. Postans, was last seen in the conspicuous dress of denims, and was walking with a decided limp; it is thought by his colleagues, that he may have returned to the beat of "J" division. Anybody finding this ex-policeman on his old beat is asked not to awaken him but to lead him kindly back to Barracks.

Lastly, is it true that the C.S.M., who was asked by the Company Commander to take a lesson on our latest Secret Weapon, finally came and listened to Sgt. Hunt taking the same lesson?

MORTARS.

We congratulate "Stand Still" on his Posting to the Infantry Section, and wish him all the luck in the world. We only hope he doesn't forget himself and Parade one morning with a base plate and bipod, because he's sure to get a warm welcome from our old friend G.

The Platoon also finds it hard to settle down now the news has leaked out regarding the eventual move, especially when one realises that our true and faithful feathered friend, "Steering Wheel" has come back with the latest from Barking—sorry, we mean Dorking.

The "Man of the Moment," Whales, (sorry to have to refer to the N.A.A.F.I. girls' nick-name of our es-

teemed friend) has been in hot water with the Menagerie once again. (I, or we, must apologise for making this mistake—we meant Manager Hess). We advise him to say goodnight to his Mary before she enters the den. Anyway, good luck to them both on their coming engagement, if any.

Our Anchor man, Arthey, still holds the championship, but regret to announce that very soon he will be leaving the Depot for strange lands. We can assure you, however, that he will be unable to take with him anything that's on Charge one, or even two, of the Mortar Stores.

The Platoon also wants to know why the Bread Merchant of Band Boy fame wears a much worn Pullover of the cricket variety on hot sunny days. We hope he's perfectly warm, and that he takes up one of the well known games of British origin. One word before passing, why has the Band Master missed such an apt pupil, complete with "Tash, Civil boots and Cat., as on 25 G?"

What makes the Mortar Officer so good at "Cross Country, minus equipment?" The lads want to know and know very soon, before they depart for their respective Batts. We beg of him that he give us the low-down, because some day soon, some of his pupils will be having a job to keep up with the Ities, especially if still with the famous 3".

We all wish those who are unfortunate in having to stay in the old "Blitz City" the best of luck in their new role of "Corps Training Centre."

M.T.

Once again we have another Squad leaving us. We congratulate them on their results and wish them every success in the future.

The M.T. Staff had a really enjoyable evening out at the expense of Pte. Morewood in celebration of his 21st Birthday; we thank him and wish him all the best of luck. Pte. Cottle kept the company well amused with his impersonations of various celebrities, but he omitted to give a demonstration of how to fall gracefully into a river.

Our Pocket L/Cpl. Cherrypicker is still letting us know how hard worked he is—poor chap. We hear he has been re-named "Monkey Brand" could anyone tell us why?

We have decided at long last to refrain from giving any more hints to Jumbo about attempting an assault course. We really think it must be too much for him, as, after all, he is getting on in years, and why should he worry when he has Burmese Bob and the Mountain Goat to volunteer every week?

URGENT.—Can anyone tell us where we would find the breather on a Ford? Practically the whole of the M.T. Staff have been looking for it for days—maybe they are not looking in the right place.

While on the subject of engines, will someone answer this question? "What is and where is the Little Contact Breaker?" Perhaps Cpl. Nutting could tell us.

There is no doubt that the D/Is are sorry to see the M.T. Clerk return from leave, the reason being that a certain person of high rank in the M.T. stated that the Deputy M.T. Clerk was too easy—not chasing them enough. We can quite understand this as he spent half his time doing cross-words in the *Daily Express*; now you know, D/Is why you have had an easy week.

Well, L/Cpl. Blake your six weeks holiday is drawing to a close, and by the time these notes are published you may have decided to turn over a new leaf and get your nose to the grindstone. Congratulations on your clean Battledress with Gagged Stripes.

We will close now until it is time to write notes for the next issue.

CARRIERS.

Well Carriers, here we are again, having enjoyed a short spell of real Summer weather, nearly all D/Is becoming more like chocolate coons.

Congratulations to our N.C.O.'s on their grand results following three weeks Cadre Course—we hope their hard work won't be in vain.

The Squads seem to be enjoying life, including the pet periods off "Run and Walk," and the Talk by the Medical Officer was most interesting and amusing.

A certain fitter, who works very keenly on what is guessed to be a "Hush-Hush" machine, is noticed with interest. The colours are super, but some people call it B?

Our swimming team was very successful once more, including our very tiny I./Sgt. Goodness knows what he looks like, swimming—maybe the Whale Catcher would like to practice harpooning.

A proud item—The Carriers were glad to show and illustrate their super-model to the Brigadier on his recent tour of the I.T.C.

SIGNALS.

We again find ourselves enjoying the open air life, and helping the mosquitoes and other insects to enjoy themselves.

There have been many Earwigs Mk. 11, "Soldiers for the annoying of" found in the D.V. Telephones, while the Squads (under the Signal Officer's supervision) have made astounding discoveries in the 18 sets. There is no truth in the rumour that Sgt. Burgess was mistaken for a sheep and experienced the discomfort of the sheep-dip.

"Aggie" received rough treatment from a certain N.C.O. and shed a pedal in protest. This furnished the S.O. with a brilliant opportunity to bring forth his Super Adjustable Spanner, Incidentally, it was a pair of Linesman's Pliers that eventually put "Aggie" back in circulation.

We say farewell to our renowned Sgt. Morgan who has left us to teach the "elite" the mysteries and wonders of Wireless Telegraphy. We feel sure that he will uphold the good name of the Signal Section. Good Luck, Ruby!

"B" Company.

It seems but yesterday when I handed in my last month's *Dragon* notes with a sigh of relief and a murmur of "About time too" and now the hounds are in full cry again. I have explained in vain that Shakespeare and Dickens could not write without inspiration, but even Bill and Charlie D—could not put the calendar back so here goes for the August bulletin.

Numbers 2 and 3 Platoons have enjoyed a fortnight under canvas. The weather was not in its most generous mood but the novelty of sloping arms to the cry of "Fore" and sunbathing within range of a



H.R.H. the Princess Royal inspecting the A.T.S.



H.R.H. the Princess Royal talks with Sgt. J. Wellings, A.T.S.

[Photo by Kentish Gazette & Canterbury Press]

mashie niblick was a grand experience. During the week most of the golfers were of the fair sex and the more experienced campers assured us that it was safer on the fairway than in the rough. We soon found that sheltering in bunkers was courting disaster.

We welcome to the company Lieut. Lowe and Sgt. Brown, and sad to say we bade farewell to three old stalwarts, namely, Sgts. Everett, Pilcher and Milne. We wish them all the very best and they know too well that they will always be remembered by their old pals in "B" Company.

L/Cpl. Liddon has returned from hospital and is now practically his old self again. He is Orderly Corporal so a relapse may be expected at any moment.

The trick cyclist is contemplating painting his bicycle, but the British Museum are appealing against this vandalism. They prefer to house it in its present pre-historic condition but there is some opposition from Mr. Ripley who wants it for his "Believe it or not" collection.

Lieut. (Clap Hands) Worth is still making our heads swim with organisation and our Sections are now well trained at operating against Armoured Divisions with their razors. Some of the more suspicious minded men in the company believe him to be the publicity agent for the Eighth Army.

There is another concert in the offing so the "Music while you work" programme from the cook-house will be on all day until the curtain goes up

Swimming Contest.

GOOD support was given to the first Splash Night of the 1943 season at the Garrison Swimming Bath on Thursday, July 15th, at 1800 hours, when 35 swimmers took part in team and handicap events, and a diving competition. Trainees and permanent staff were separated, but the times returned showed that the trainees would have given the permanent staff stiff opposition had the contests been "all in."

The new 3-metre board, erected a week before the Splash Night, and the gaily-painted litter tins, installed early in the season, have given the bath almost a lido touch. The water was a Mediterranean blue, as were some of the swimmers after their dip! The temperature, both in and out of the water, was not all that could have been desired for open-air swimming, but nevertheless, all competitors showed great keenness, and the standard of swimming and diving was good.

For the trainees' diving, Pte. Jones, "S" Company, beat Pte. Bedell, "B" Company, by one point, and in the permanent staff diving Cpl. Collins, "R" Company (P.T. Staff), beat Pte. Barrett, "D" Company, by six points. The diving was very good in both events, but the permanent staff winner and second had rather more polish than the trainees.

Close finishes were seen in both handicap finals, Pte. Bedell (7 secs. start) winning the trainees' race by a touch from Pte. Kelley

("I" Company) (6 secs.), and Pte. Potts, H.Q. Company (4 secs.) overhauling L/Cpl. Kolb, H.Q. Company (11 secs.), with a yard to spare in the permanent staff final.

"S" Company won the permanent staff team race by half a length from "A" Company. Sgts. F. Looker, Latuske, L/Cpls. John and Edwards were "S" Company's team, and a very good one, too. But even so, had the trainees and P.S. been combined, "B" Company's team (Pte. Beedell, Pte. Webb, Pte. Park, Pte. Renshaw), who were only two seconds slower in winning the trainees' team race, would have given them a very close race.

By way of a diversion, and to give the competitors a breather, a throwing the water polo ball competition was included in the programme. Pte. Ranshaw, "B" Company, with a good throw, beat Capt. Banfield, "A" Company, by a yard, with Sgt. F. Looker, "S" Company, a close third.

At the conclusion of the events the Commanding Officer presented the prizes. Among those who supported him were Major Holt, 2nd-in-Command, the Padre, Major Oliver, Major Finch, Capt. R. C. Holman, M.C., Capt. Moore, and Officers from "I" and "B" Companies. Capt. R. F. Banfield was starter and timekeeper, ably supported by Lieuts. Horne and Raynham, who acted as judges.

It is hoped to stage another Splash Night on 12th August, since this particular one was so well patronized.

A Battalion Somewhere in England.

BREAKING through a sea of mud we come to the surface to report on a few general items of news.

A little more news has been received from Captain Miller, who seems to be settling down in a far warmer clime. Through him comes news of Lieut. "Bill" Vicary who, we regret to hear, is not at present enjoying the best of health. We wish him a quick recovery and trust his illness has not interfered with his voracious appetite, of which we have painful memories.

Our congratulations are extended to Major Rance and Major Saunders on their recent and well-earned promotions. It's becoming quite a privilege to be a "one piper" these days.

Whilst on a congratulatory note, congratulations to those two stalwarts of Battalion H.Q.—Captain Oliver, our Q.M., and Captain Johnston, the "singing Doc.," on their promotions.

"S" Company, H.Q.

We regret that C.S.M. Faulkner is ill, but we have to level the balance one C.S.M. Hurley of the original "Desert Rats," no kid lady! We all hope his stay will be a long and pleasant one. At the moment one can hear the steady tap of the typewriter (no, not the Oliver!) The C.S.M. at work, I wonder. Who is it you write to Sir? Or is that a leading question?

Our Percy has cast away the pen and taken up arms (only temporarily we hope) in the form of a pick or is it a shovel? I believe he's been writing to Charles Atlas of "You too can have a body like mine" fame or maybe he's been reading "Health and Efficiency." Percy has also developed a sudden urge for walking, what's the attraction Percy? Holy Smoke! What's that? the C/Sgt. cursing, no, I can't believe it, well maybe I can if his leave has been put back, wish my wife could come down for a week, or was it two C/Sgt?

A dance has been held every Monday in the Village Hall. Sgt. Mortimore (Stand at Fre-e-eze) has been noted making some finely executed manoeuvres but the opposition is strong, Captain Hamilton is counter attacking strongly but Sgt. Mortimore still holds the bulge. I wonder for how long.

Before I conclude I must (if the censor passes it) add a paragraph from our Company Detail, it reads: "A Grand Dance is to be held in the Village Hall commencing 1930 hrs. Bring your wives and girl friends as only a few can be obtained." I wonder what the author was thinking of when he wrote that, has anyone any suggestions?

Pioneer Platoon.

Everybody is busy digging for victory, how tough we are getting. How tight our belts get remains to be seen! There has been a great demand for some of Mothers home made Steak and Kidney puddings, or is it possible for our cooks to become Mothers to us?

We welcome the return of our platoon officer, Lieut. Wake from his recent course, we would also like to thank him on obtaining us a wireless set, it is greatly appreciated by all.

Our congratulations to our Sgt. on coming second in a recent shooting match, good shooting "Sarge," we also congratulate him on becoming the owner of the Model Spitfire, which he won in our raffle for "Wings for Victory," who said it was a wangle.

The platoon welcome back to its ranks L/Cpl. Hunt who is once again fighting fit after recent illness. Hearty congratulations on becoming the ripe old age of twenty one Alec, we all send our best wishes to you on your birthday, at the same time we wonder what Dolly will send you, will it be postage stamps?

We are wondering when our old soldier "Tug" Wilson will come back from his walks along the Burma Road to say he has not met anyone from the fifth, what about it "Tug"? A certain Corporal has taken us into his confidence vowing he will be married in September. What is he going to do for a church? or are the Pioneers going to build one for him?

With D.I. now finished, we would like to congratulate those who passed the course for the purpose of becoming Jeep drivers, "Peep Peep, no Jeeps."

Mortar Platoon.

Sgt. "Greatlover" has now become a changed man. He can now be seen wandering around and talking

to himself muttering such things as "Best Man" and where can I go for the honeymoon." I think he really means it this time as he is always enquiring as to the whereabouts of the mare every two hours and "Is there one for e?" Anyhow, best of luck Jimmy.

Pte. Butler has our best wishes owing to his latest increase—Congratulations Jack. He's the kiddy I think I shall have to have a few words with him and pick up a few tips for future reference.

Pte. Riddock is with us again and it's like sunshine on a rainy day to see his smiling face around, and his ever cheery word. We should never have a truck off the road now he is back, of course if Gunner is driving anything may happen. Ask Ballanger!

Congratulations to Cpl. Wood on his latest promotion. He's certainly earned it—he's been lapping long enough. "What's yours sir?" "I insist Sir."

On a recent scheme we certainly had a fine time. What with H.E. rapid corrections, and our Platoon Commander chasing Jone's carrier for 4 miles and "Blood Nut" setting the gorse on fire. No wonder Captain Critchley said "What a marvellous smoke screen Cpl. Sharpe." Of course the Mortars had to put the fire out. We were sorry to lose Ptes. "Tubby" Holmes and Alexander from the platoon, we hope they will be just as happy in their new occupations.

Sgt. "Slim" Martin also did fairly well for himself at—he could be seen some evenings pushing his cycle into—

There are rumours that he is thinking on the same lines as his fellow Sgt., there is also some talk of a competition as to who gets married first. Did you enjoy your leave Stanley?

Pte. Jenkins came from hospital wearing a "handlebar moustache." He looks as if he is looking over a bushy topped tree. He told me he wanted to look like a soldier.

We also welcome our new Sgt. Major and hope his stay with us will be a happy and long one. He hasn't "pinched" any mortars yet so as far as I am concerned he fits in well.

M.T. Section.

Once again in the midst of varied and arduous labours, we just about find time to pen a few brief notes.

Firstly, we regret to record, that after nearly a year's service with us as M.T.O., Lt. Wooster left us in July. During his period of office he deserved and earned the unstinted respect of us all. We wish him every success and happiness in his new vocation.

Whilst sorry at the loss of Lieut. Wooster, we are more than glad to welcome our new M.T.O., Lieut. Marriott, into the section.

In last month's *Dragon* we omitted to mention the name of Baillie in the list of fellow drivers who left us recently for service in other fields. Sorry, "Musso," as with the others, we wish you the best of luck in your travels.

We have had news that Tommy Blott has now attained the rank of Lance-Corporal and with further promotion in near view. Congratulations Tom. Carry on with the good work. It is said that Blott has distinguished himself in the field; but until confirmation is received, we cannot give details here. However, will anyone who has information concerning Blott.

and his activities please forward it to the writer of these notes who will be only too glad to publish it.

There is nothing to report this month of M.T. sports; but if P.E. tests as suggested, are to be included in the Sporting Field, then we have a few words to say. Naturally, and as only to be expected, the M.T., nay, the Company as a whole, put up a darned good show. Thanks and credit are chiefly due to Lieut. Hancock who did the run alongside us, "egging" and encouraging us over that now infamous six miles.

Congratulations, Cpl. Wright, on your promotion to the second tape. Being the writer of these notes, I can't, out of sheer modesty (ahem!) very well congratulate myself on my promotion to full Corporal; but for any well-wishers (I say "any") Howard is the name.

Talking of N.C.O's, we may as well mention the recent drill cadre under the R.S.M. It was a gruelling three weeks in the blazing sun, but all of them have reason to be proud of the improvements shown, and the final passing-out. Words of command can often be heard echoing through the billet in the silence of the night, but as yet, we have been unable to detect this regular and noisy sleep disturber. L/Cpl. Joe stresses his innocence, so it must be one of Rayner, Bovington or Howard. Listen carefully, wives, when these husbands of yours are on leave. The offender must be brought to justice.

After being mentioned in practically every previous *Dragon* issue, Hayes wishes it to be made known, that apart from placing his boots vice-versa on his kit each morning, he is quite well and happy. The writer would, however, like to add that Hayes does anticipate attending and passing an upgrading course before these notes are in circulation. Best of luck, Jack, and the same goes for you, Fenwick.

Has the Sergeant who hurt his fingers late one Friday night, yet discovered who the kindly Orderly Officer was? Also, can he please give further details on the purchase of a "tooth brush."

Willmore, one of the old original M.T. lads left us for a few weeks back. Charlie, as he was better known counted all as his friends. A better natured and more likeable fellow and chum no one could wish for. Should you read these notes, Willmore, as we hope you will, please remember to keep in touch with us. Meantime, Good Luck, and a safe return.

We are sorry to report that Darben is at present in hospital undergoing a minor operation. What little news we have had from him tells us he is going along fine. We are glad to hear it and hope he will be out and well again before he reads these notes.

Drums.

Life in our department certainly has its ups and downs, chums, and no-one could with any justification call us anything but versatile. At the moment we are capable of taking on any job of work from tearing the hide off practically any other Corps of Drums in the country, to actually digging the foundations for the new Britian.

We were all relieved to learn that Professor Stubbings had agreed to "take over" during the absence of the "Doc" on leave. Senor Crunch had been suggested, but we understand that Shanghai Lil raised some sort of objection, saying that His Blackness would not have enough spare time in which to examine her properly!

Platoon work has been mainly individual, owing to so many of our relatively small number being on leave, but Sgts. Grestock and Garratt have gamely held the fort.

The double of Cpl. Brooks was seen several times in mufti, or was it "Normy" himself? He was on leave at the same time, and the beautiful creature that the double was seen with certainly looked very much like Cpl. B's Drummer's daughter. And since coming back to us he has been noticed to abstain from even looking at other females, worshipping a certain photograph and murmuring "Nora" in his sleep, which makes us wonder what it's all about.

Signal Platoon.

The big news for this month concerns promotions. Firstly L/Cpls. Hunt and Munford lose their local status and become real Lance Corporals; L/Cpl. Shersby now becomes a "two striper" a promotion which is thoroughly earned and lastly but most important of all Cpl. Howell is now L/Sgt. Howell. I am expressing the sentiments of the platoon when I say that he is the best and obvious choice for the position of Signal Sgt. and that he has our full support and we wish him all the very best of luck in his new position. He now eats in the "piggery" and mixes with all the big nobs. I suppose he will soon develop the habits of Warrant Officers and Sgts. one of the most pernicious being late rising and the other being the ability to scoff food at a rate that is highly injurious to the ordinary mortal.

L/Sgts. Simmonds is in hospital having his innards carved about and seems well on the way to getting his ticket. Our best wishes go out to him. And now for other news. The Signals played one match (cricket) and knocked the daylight out of the Band and Drums. They scored 5 and we scored 101. We were due to play the Anti-Tanks but the thrashing they were to get did not materialise as the match was cancelled owing to military exigencies. However we can wait. That ends our sports news for this month.

We have not however had a lot of free time on our hands for everyone has been busy on Physical efficiency tests. Walking 6 miles in one hour was one of the harder tests and Cpl. Shersby's legs seem to have a permanent curve in them, while L/Cpl. Munford complains that his feet won't keep still when he lays down but continue to jog along without him being able to do anything about it.

Another test was carrying a man 200 yards in two minutes. Poor Hayes who had the unfortunate luck to have to lug L/Cpl. Munford along changed colour three times in ten yards then collapsed to his knees dragged along in that manner for a few yards and then rolled over gasping something about being done and lay on his side like a worn out nag. Munford seemed to think the whole thing a huge joke and giggled helplessly while Hayes seemed on the point of breathing his last. Hayes has now lost his pale green colour and seems back to normal.

Life is a little abnormal at the moment in H.Q. for signals like all the other "untouchables" in the company are doing guards. Blanco is more or less dispensed with but the R.S.M. still insists on clean rifles and this rather shook our new full corporal whose barrel resembled a chimney that had not been cleaned since the last war. The R.S.M.'s eyes almost smoked when he looked down the said barrel and for two seconds he seemed speechless—but did he make up for it afterwards!

The writer has performed in the role of orderly Sgt. and at the moment is probably the most hated man in the Company. Black looks and dark mutterings wherever he goes. Even the Company Commander didn't seem to like him. It's a hard life sometimes.

C/Sgt. Smith who has been acting C.S.M. since C.S.M. Bill Basted took a lamented departure has been giving his voice plenty of practice these last days and on two occasions he seemed in some danger of apoplexy. He is alright really but if only he would get laryngitis or something similar, it would seem so quiet around Company office. Miracles don't happen nowadays of course.

"A" Company.

Our notes appear to consist of a series of "Hallos" and "Goodbyes," as once again, we extend a warm welcome, to Lieut. Heimsath and hope that his stay with the company will be longer than that of our jovial heavyweight Platoon Commander, Lieut. Campbell, to whom we all wish the best of luck in his new enterprise. We also extend our cordial good wishes to Lieut. (Dickie) Crawshaw one of the pioneers of "A" Company, and practically part of the G.1098 stores, whom we are all very sorry to lose, his spartan energy being an inspiration to us all, as, if there was one thing in which he excelled (besides collecting? maps) it was a good run, be it in F.S.M.O., or P.T. kit. However, I have heard it whispered that our newcomer, Lieut. Heimsath, "knows" something about P.T., so it looks as though our chances of getting fat are pretty slim.

Sgt. Major Mitchell has just returned from leave, during which time, Colour Sgt. Wilde very successfully transferred his attentions from paying out to paying off. Whilst on a route march with the company, however, after having marched about 14 miles and A/C/Sgt. Sygrove arrived in a truck with the midday sustenance, C/Sgt. Wilde was noticed to give him a distinctly envious "B" Echelon look. Incidentally who shouted "House" when the Sgt. Major called the rifle Nos. out?

The Q.M. displayed great magnanimity in deciding to call in all weapons for inspection on the day the company had a route march, causing much secret rejoicing, although Cpl. Brooker's over zealousness in keeping his water bottle cork clean, resulted in his taking an admirable substitute in the form of a truly defensive weapon—he certainly picked the wrong day to empty his "tank."

Our L/Cpls. have been putting in a spot of overtime on the square the last few weeks, with the result that bloodcurdling yells have echoed round the countryside, even although no future R.S.M.'s came to light we feel sure that many potential tenors must have been discovered.

Congratulations to Len Ward on his promotion to Cpl. and also to his namesake, Jack, on taking his place amongst the L/Cpls. We also congratulate "golden" Jarrett on his promotion, but notice he wears a definitely worried look these days, maybe the assumption of two big responsibilities in so short a time is rather a lot to ask of any man, by the way how is the first one Len?

Our Saturday night dances continue to go with a good swing, and have been so successful that tickets have had to be rationed, which means that all appointments made with acquaintances to attend the dance the following week, have to be made with a proviso, depending upon one's good fortune in obtaining

a ticket, and occasionally can be seen a victim of this war time innovation, bemoaning his fate amidst N.A.A.F.I. beer in the canteen whilst the object of his affections, callously carouses the carioca, immune from all promises of a "dead cert" for a ticket next week, as an inducement to "go for a walk."

"B" Company.

How quickly time flies, it certainly doesn't seem a month since our notes went to press with the latest flashes from the Battling Bees Front.

This month, by way of a change, finds us wielding manly sized picks. The fellow who decided "To dig I am not able" should come along and we can guarantee to teach him how to get six foot of earth moved; "Any ground any time anywhere."

We have a new Mortar specialist, L/Cpl. Warner was very proudly able to shout "Target" but the Ministry of Production would blush if they knew the number of rounds it took to arrive at this exalted standard.

We are both pleased and amused to learn how some Battling Bees were taken prisoner in Africa and later retaken by our own troops, once a "Bee always a Bee" say I, so see it doesn't happen again.

A discussion was apparently overheard by our inquisitive Bee the other day. (You've no idea where that Bee gets;) The argument concerned the length of time Sicily would hold out, "How long will it take" asked one hopeful and back came Hart's prompt reply. "Till the rest of No. 12 Platoon get there."

We were all somewhat interested and indeed, pleased to think that "Bronco" Wright should assume a fitting interest in Black Bess, I don't know if he ever found out where 'She was stabled.'

Jumping from one thing to another, its gratifying to see how quickly we can move, we just hear our Platoon Commanders carried on the breeze "Tea" with one accord tools are downed and a swift cross country movement is carried out.

It's good to know that if any volunteers are wanted you can always rely on Parko to come to the rescue, was it very comfortable in the van.

What problem beset the world when twins arrive. They cause a stir at the outset of their career and maintain it during advancing years, our inquisitive B says that the fact that he saw two people at the same time, one in Service dress and one in Battle dress with collar and tie, took some explaining away. Doubtless K. junior gets tired of returning salutes.

We are sorry to say farewell to Gillie, we shall miss you a lot but wish you all the very best in your new job. Also our regrets about losing Harris and Donovan must be recorded, we want to congratulate Daddy Donovan on the arrival of the stork with babe.

Can anyone inform us why these handsome people with red tabs on their arm always attract the girls. L/Cpl. Dons-Madsen particularly finds that a girl in every port is both amusing and useful.

The "Bee" has just buzzed in again, he wants to know who is the new Sgt. "Wot has returned to dooty" can he mean Sgt. "Tommie."?

"C" Company.

This Camp life is all very well but there are times when certain things detract from its charm! Rough

weather is one—ask those who gamely struggled to save the Company Office marquee and the Officer's Mess Tent from taking flight! A Marquee in a strong wind can produce all the sound effects of a Windjammer rounding Cape Horn in a gale, but there was no excuse for Sgt. Evenden to sit rocking himself with laughter while the Office marquee practically "sunk" and Ptes. Brewin and Green and L/Cpl. Wotton hung on like grim death to the two or three remaining fixed ropes on the windward side! It is amazing how the C.S.M. and C/Sgt. "Rocker" are missing when such spots of bother are about—maybe they have premonitions!

If it is not inclement weather (*i.e.* English summer) that gives discomfort it is the ground—all bumps, no grass, no insects (ants in the pants!) At a recent Camp site we could easily have imagined ourselves in the Jungle if the heat had been turned on a bit and a few wild animals were let loose. Still L/Cpl. Ball and Pattison, Cpl. Kingston, Pte. Lay and others, stripped for work made up, to some extent, for deficiencies in the latter! We are *only* referring to the energy displayed in the work bokes!

The theme song for the present time is "Dig, dig, dig," and we now *know* that a certain corporal is aptly described as "slit trench!"

Talking about the Jungle reminds us of the amazing effect "Jungle juice" has on some people. Those who were present at the party given to the Junior N.C.O.'s Cadre by the Company Commander know what effects it has on Sgt. Evenden! They say that his rendering of "It's my mother's birthday to-day," was priceless, tears were actually seen streaming down his cheeks as he sang. Apparently he is also able to sing in a position with his legs higher than his head and shoulders—quite a remarkable feat! Pte. Kay provided an excellent accompaniment to the singing on his trumpet but C/Sgt. "Rocker" was not so hot when attempting to play "No parades to-day." It might have been that most cheerful call, but it could also have been a mixture of "Reveille," "Jankers" and "Lights Out." Major Rance was quite entertaining with his "Nuts a Roller" effort and also in an Irish Trio with Sgt. O'Brian, and L/Cpl. Paddy Daly. Incidentally we can say that there is no truth in the rumour that Cpl. "Junior" King was seen dressed up in the wrong clothes the following evening! Unfortunately the N.A.A.F.I. mystery wasn't solved as easily as that.

We congratulate our Company Commander on his promotion and wish him better luck this time. War Establishment crowns, apparently, can be as easily lost as those of the early Kings. We also congratulate Captain Towndrow on getting his third pip and Cpl. Gosney his second tape.

"D" Company.

Again we have left the "ozone" of the sea for the quiet solitude of the countryside. Things are still going very well with "D" Company, and with the new "Blood" recently added, our company should show others of the Battalion where to get off.

We welcome Cpl. "Horse" Brockbank to our happy family and sincerely trust that The horse he so often talks about, even in his sleep, will soon be found. We think we have discovered a comedian in this N.C.O. and his drawl though purely "drivel" is very catching amongst other N.C.O.'s of our band.

The loss of 2/Lieut. Vallas is deeply felt, but the added addition of Lieut. Bowers will certainly help to make up this loss. We trust that Lieut. Bowers stay will be long and happy with our Company.

Owing to the rationing of Cigarettes, Sgt. "Gis a fag" is having a lean time, his record of borrowing thirty a day has been cut to a minimum.

We don't if some of our Company think that this place is the "Ritz" but the improvisation of wash-stands, mantlepieces, etc., has been done on a grand scale, needless to say the Palms in the Hall are already there.

Sgt. Fleming is disgusted with a certain Sgt., and suggested that he should take his map reading more seriously, as doing a fifteen mile walk home for a three mile route is not playing the game.

Congratulations to L/Sgt. Gurling on his promotion, also to L/Cpl. Gardner and L/Cpl. "Uncle" Cole on being paid for their stripes.

Are we going to lose our last remaining single Sgt., or will the Bell ring in time to save him from the plunge?

The whole Company will be definitely very pleased when "The Horse" has lost all its legs.

A Battalion Overseas

Quarter ending 30th June, 1943.

SO much seems to happen in the short space of three months and yet, as I sit with my pen poised, I am not at all sure that I am capable of writing any notes that will be interesting. The event of greatest importance to us just at the moment is that, after our short stay in more civilised parts, we are back once more in the wilds. All of us enjoyed our spell of being able to stroll round the corner in the evening to the cinema and bathe almost direct from our billets, but it lasted a very short time and here we are again sans light, sans water, and, in fact, sans everything except a cheerfulness that will not be allowed to desert us.

The visit of His Majesty the King was a surprise which filled us with joy and admiration. Nearly everyone in the Battalion was able to see His Majesty and add to the thousands of voices raised in cheers which expressed loyalty and welcome. We were privileged to supply a guard of thirty other ranks and six drummers under the command of Lieut. G. H. Woods. His Majesty graciously shook hands with the Guard Commander and inspected the Guard. All Companies were equally represented and the men who were chosen will have something to talk about for the rest of their lives.

Albuhera Day was observed as a holiday by those of the Battalion who were not on operational duty. On the Sunday following a special Church Parade was conducted by the D.A.C.G., the Revd. J. C. Gethyn-Jones,

assisted by our own Padre. We were greatly honoured by the presence of His Excellency and other distinguished visitors. At the conclusion of the Service the D.A.C.G. presented the Battalion with a Bible.

The King's Birthday was celebrated with a number of military events in which the Battalion took a large share. We were responsible for a display of Infantry Weapons and the amount of "buffing up" that went on beforehand was just incredible. It is understood that the C.O. had to put his foot down rather firmly when he heard that O.C. Carrier Platoon was proposing to take his display carrier down on a recovery lorry so that the tracks did not get dirty! In the evening our Drums took part in the Beating of Retreat. The Pipes and Drums of a famous Irish Regiment played first, we followed and all of us who were present felt very proud as our Drums marched on and performed with great precision of both playing and drilling. Sgt. Cock, who incidentally has served with the Battalion since 1921, is deserving of great praise for all the work and enthusiasm he has put in to make this corps of Drums the success that it is.

Courses have claimed a number during these last few weeks—at one time the 2nd-in-Command, the Adjutant, the M.T.O. and the R.S.M. were all away. Our "Wee Georgie Wood" deputised for the Adjutant with great zeal and ability coupled with a certain amount of bad language. Rumour has it that he is still in doubt as to whether the extra pay really makes up for the loss of sleep, increased smoking and premature grey hairs.

Certain Officers and other ranks have left the Battalion to train for special jobs. We have wished them all good luck and we know that whatever it is they are called upon to do they will do well.

Excalibur.

OUR first words are by way of being a lament; three more of our "old-timers" have left us, Bucky, Legh and Bill Williams. For Bucky it was a case rather of "plus ça change, plus c'est la même-chose" though he did say he would be looking at "better-class engines; the ubiquitous Legh has essayed his most extensive peregrination; as for Bill, his departure was, as might be expected, not altogether unmarked by celebration. We can think of nothing better to wish them than that we shall see them once again all "civilians unattached" and re-united.

We welcome back to the Battalion, even if for a brief sojourn only, one of our illustrious alumni, Captain Wood, who has foregone his office for a chance to stretch his legs again; we were glad to see, too, that Ward and Joughin returned from their courses sound in wind and limb: may they return from leave in the same shape.

Our two "shootin' squires," McGrath and Johnstone,—for the sound of fire-arms is as music to their ears,—have been frequently to be seen at their country seats, complete with house-party of cook, orderly and sanitary man, and all the paraphernalia of bivouacking. "Training in the field" has become a motto to rival "Holidays at Home," though we must disclaim any similarity.

Major Thwaite was not long in arranging similar "parties" for his own wards, already initiated into the pastimes of night-convoying and laagering. Mackness was greatly cheered by the prospects of a "laager," but when the "dawn broke" upon him the well-known moustache was visibly drooping; "life," he murmured, "is nothing but a gin and snare"!

Hamilton continues as inscrutable, Chunky as exuberant, and John Lings as affable as ever; the Q.M. is still struggling to combine thrift and generosity and the Padre religion and politics; when shall we have a Quartermaster's hour?

On our infrequent visits to Battalion H.Q. we sometimes find, amidst the busy hum which surrounds that hive of industry, the well-known figures of Major Harrison and Palmer and Marsh, and others, without whose efforts our own severally "detached" existences would be so difficult.

As it is, visits between the Messes and joint functions, as well as "Officers' Evenings," do much to dispel the inevitable illusion that we are separate entities.

In any case there is an undiminished "esprit de corps," and co-operation has never been greater. Administration is at its same standard, and training never better nor more varied. There is but little there to quarrel with in our quarterly balance sheet.

Sergeants' Mess.

During the past month we have at last been successful at Cricket. A thrilling display was witnessed against E—n, which ended by a win for us of 97 against 43, Sgt. Everett scoring 40, whilst Sgt. Birt and Sgt. Gambell succeeded in "fixing" 7 for 18 and 3 for 20 respectively. After a display like that we are willing to take on Sir A. McAlpine's eleven.

We welcome L/Sgt. Gambell into the Mess and congratulate him on his promotion; He is now under instruction in the game of "Corkey Lue."

We have said Goodbye to "Page One" C/Sgt. Wilkins, "Pioneer" Wilkinson, and Sgt. Milton. Wilkinson was so well known throughout the world that they would not let him into the country he was intended to proceed to, until his passport had again been blessed by the Orderly Room. Still eventually he made it. C/Sgt. Wilkins was seen in the company of a lady who wished to appear on page one, and he was undoubtedly giving the necessary private tuition on how to make the grade. He informs me that she did make the grade.

The S.M. has at last had his well earned leave. His wife began to wonder who the strange soldier was who was coming up the garden path. We hope he enjoyed every minute of it.

C.S.M. "Frank" Rush has had the "Honour" to act the part of the above during his short absence, and is now full of "Can you find anyone for?"

C.S.M. Toms is always short of something, if it is not a man, it is some money. His greatest trouble is men. In fact he says in his sleep "One hundred and twenty ??, what am I going to do if one gets off! He has always produced in the past and we hope he wouldn't let us down.

Sgt. Gotsell has said goodbye after a tour of practically all the Battalion. Doc Kinnersley has, after grading many a thousand, actually graded himself. Still, He is not like those other Doctors, "he's not stuck up!"

L/Sgt. Stutely has departed for a spot of duty at Brigade.

L/Sgt. Taylor has returned to H.Q. Company to take over the duties of C.Q.M.S. during the temporary absence of C.Q.M.S. McCully, who is proceeding on well earned leave. Taylor has done practically everything during the past, from A.A. to Quarter-Masters assistant from Intelligence to general duties.

Sgt. Chambers, our technical "bloke," had a burglar the other night. The only thing that was stolen of any value was his fountain pen. Bad luck, old chap.

Sgt. Spring after a long spell in the Ord. Room has vacated that seat to take up the duties of Intelligence Sgt. He should grow a little more hair again now.

We must congratulate Sgt's Stock and Eade on obtaining a short demonstration on Army Equipment which takes place in their back garden at home. Probably they will sell the information of how it is done to get on these things. Sgt. Stock even has a pass to go with his.

C/Sgt. Parsonson is at present on leave, and, we understand through unofficial scores, taking the plunge. "Think it over Boy, think it over!"

There are a few other details which I don't think the censor would allow, so for the present you will have to be content with this; besides I have no time to write more.

But I can assure you that all our thoughts are with our late members, and we're wishing them "all the best."

Orderly Room.

Things have been plodding along since the last issue, and an ominous calm pervades the atmosphere

at the moment; but we cannot commit ourselves by saying how long this unusual atmosphere will last!

The great "Churchy" has worn out all the seats in the local "flicks" and is often seen to be under the influence of too much tea.

"Flash" Roberts is miles away at the moment, but he won't tell us what is in his mind (as if we didn't know Betty),

Sgt. Cave has got a sore throat(?) these days, and sounds like a thrush calling it's young when he opens his tonsils. Sgt. Spring is NOT on view these evenings and we are of the opinion that he MAY be with his wife (lucky devil). As long as it isn't someone else's we have no objections. "Expedite" Keep is playing a very dodgy game these days and always comes back to the billet licking his lips and wiping the remains of a good supper off his handsome face. (No comments). "Yopnut" Yare has driven his grannie to the local relief board with his frequent visits (every half day) and has at last got a hat that more or less fits his ungainly bonce.

But the tit bit of the month is our acquisition of an Orderly Room Corporal in the person of Cpl. Cole. He has been with us a week and has only got a dozen grey hairs so far. He is most secretive about his goings on. Still, he will have to choose between one thing and the other at week ends as you can't cope with everything. (ask "Expedite").

"Ink Oblique" Brewster has just come back from leave and is in a come at the moment, so we will leave him in peace. That only leaves the author to account for, and as he is going on leave today he doesn't give two hoots what anybody thinks; besides it is unprintable anyway.

Anti-Tank Platoon.

Quite a few changes have taken place since our last instalment.

Our strength, having diminished to fourteen, is causing a lot of anxiety in many circles, fatigues needing quite twenty individuals.

Once again, after a lengthy and quite interesting journey we find the Anti-Tank Platoon on the Range, and after spending a couple of days shooting at sea-gulls, we speed back to Camp none the worse for our experiences, with the exception of a very light pocket!

A few days of training and we are *again* on the move. This time only a short journey, but quite long enough to lose a couple of nights sleep. Now speaking of this Bivouac question:—, Rule No. 1 to be complied with is:—Groundsheets must be used, unless of course, one can find a nice choice Chicken House. This will entail an extra period of "De-Bugging" Drill, daily.

Our delicate charges now find themselves enclosed in a tent. During the erection of same, we had a trying time with the crowds who would insist on queuing up and asking "What time does the Circus start?" This trouble was caused by someone mistaking Sgt. Stock for the Bearded Lady. (Who said that?) He has just returned from leave hence, smiling faces at—-. Now we are going to lose "Freddie" for nine days:— A deep depression over Boots!

"Mac" has just returned from another Course. That man seems to cost the Battalion a fortune in note-books. Connie has gone on a course too. We all wish him the best of luck.

One doesn't have to look far for the brains in this Company, seeing that we have supplied N.C.O's

capable of performing the duties of Orderly Corporal for the past five weeks.

"Sammy" has returned from leave looking more like a Kangaroo than ever.

To end this summary of the month's proceedings:— we wish the best of luck to all ex-A/T personnel wherever they may be, and good shooting to all other A/Tankers.

Carrier Platoon.

All is quiet within our Perimeter. "Sigs as usual" has departed from our presence for a brief sojourn into the wilds of ———; Gestapo agent R—— report that, ——— High Street was in a turmoil over the weekend; three Butchers vans were observed to be tearing down the road in "close support," the Crew t'was said, were equipped with Cleavers and Bowrie Knives. "Sigs" mounted upon the Shop's Bike was "link solo;" each man had on his person 2 ozs. Cotton Wool.

Harold is getting along marvellously; the only places he has not mined are the "Prince of Wales" and "Wheatsheaf,"—though he did do a caddish trick,—he fixed a Booby trap under his glass; Stanley only had a shock.

Our Stan left us for the garden city of Camberwell; we could only spare him ten days but upon consulting the local Brewers of his district they estimated they would only have enough "Beer" for a couple of days.

To Ed and Joe also go out our condolence; I./L./C is rather a shock but perhaps in the near future they will be able to knock off one of the "Ls." "Ed." of late is taking his duties of C.O.C. too much to heart; is it really necessary for him to check up on a certain staff? after all, they are being looked after well by the D.M.'s one two and three stripes.

Mortar Platoon.

This has been a very uneventful month, and unlike previous times we have had a Warning Order for *Dragon* Notes, of something like 76 hours, Alas, my old excuse of lack of time was nipped in the bud, so to speak.

After smoking numerous cigarettes (my own) and gazing at the more or less uninhabited High Street, for inspiration I decided that perhaps two heads are better than one; but after getting in touch with various members of the Platoon for news of almost any description! have arrived at the conclusion that their help is too expensive, in both time and cigarettes (still my own).

Our call to old members, via the *Dragon*, has at last begun to bear fruit in the shape of an airgraph from Cpl. Ted Drewery now serving with the 8th Army, thanks Ted and all the best from old members of the Mortars. I may add we are looking forward to news from other old originals whose promises of letters are yet to be fulfilled.

Driver "Ogin" has at last attained one of his numerous ambitions namely that of a Soldier's seventh heaven—unlimited time in hospital with a severely strained leg which gives no trouble at all as long as he hasn't to walk on it.

"Do your nut" Pte. Nunn, has dissolved partnership in Ogin's cleaning and pressing business, after collecting seven days for leaving his efforts at canvassing orders in a rather conspicuous position.

Pte's Merralls and Bernard (Flash Harry and Pelican) continue their long term policy of "share and share alike," even going fifty fifty with a certain well-built Blonde; more about this later; information in this quarter is still hard to get.

Sgt. Dean and Cpl. Barnett, whose activities have been a god-send to me in compiling these notes in the past are now somewhat restricted in their movements, since their wives have taken up residence in this locality; no "crack" by request!

A more or less enjoyable three days was spent on the moors fairly recently by myself and a detachment which terminated with our losing one of our many records,—namely having to get L.A.D. to tow us out of a bog; many are the bogs I have seen on numerous moors in my travels; enough said! We gained some little satisfaction however by towing the L.A.D. operative back to firm ground after he had bedded himself in during the operation of getting us out; one good turn deserves another!

In conclusion we wish to all our old friends "good luck" and may we soon meet again.

M.T. Section.

I have just been reminded that *Dragon* Notes are due again, and as our usual writer is otherwise engaged, I will do my best to "put the squeak in" for all and sundry; and at the same time answer the small paragraph written for me in last month's issue.

I did have a "406" inspection which passed very satisfactory, and I'm looking forward to the next one in a few weeks from now.

The trail to a certain neighbouring town getting quite well worn these days, although this week it has shown a marked difference, as two of our social lights have their wives with them, and another has just proceeded on a spot of well earned leave. When we meet them out, the first thing they say is "Oh this is my wife" in rather a threatening tone; otherwise we might greet them with the words "what another girl friend."

We have just said goodbye to quite a number of our trainees and wish them good driving wherever they may be.

We have heard with great regret that in the near future we are going to lose our M.T.O. We have been together for a very long time and have many happy memories to look back on. We take this opportunity of thanking him for all those little acts of kindness for which he was well known, and sincerely hope that he will be happy and successful in his new appointment, and trust that we will often see him in the future.

Signal Platoon.

LAMENT TO A FLAG BASHER.

Our much depleted Signal Platoon, still bravely carries on, Always trying very hard, though most of them have gone, To lay our lines, and man our sets, thought "Cattled" long ago, And cursing hard as ever, when the meter's reading low. We still have a "Free Chinaman," and a boy from Ham and Eggs, A "Front Wheel" with a Ginger Nut, a Cribbage he still pegs, The "Four-leaf-Clover" fellow, with M.C. before his name, Still boasts how stolen apples added credit to his fame.

Our Pip Don R—still makes a chain, and digs his little hole,
 Whilst Eagle (now a Daddy), murmurs "Taunton's in my soul."
 Swell haircuts from Frank (Ginger) Joyce, are luxuries denied,
 But Izzy Wright (now authorised), invariably complies.
 Our newly made up N.C.O's, deserve a word we feel,
 Now appointed to the ranks, are Locals Coyston and Beale.
 "The trouble is," says Bunny, who remains anchored in the store,
 "When Cpl. Beale sends down for tape there isn't any more."
 "I'm fed up," says Benny, now a Lance Jack too,
 And promptly starts to do his nut, about the things we do.
 While "Gunner Head" now resident in Triggies' one time job,
 Still "Ponces on Piano's" to earn a couple of bob.
 Our famous class of young hands, the youngest ever seen,
 Still, possess three members, to keep the party clean.
 There's Johnny Holmes, a cobbler now, he's studding boots galore,
 While Salter Pete and Samuel Wal, manage the H.Q. store.
 New amongst our members, but famous by his name,
 Is ex-Commando Chaplin, an old hand at the game
 Lt. Willis still has the title (amongst others) R.S.O.
 As Commander of Detachment, he's inclined to "have a go."

(VERY) ODD ODE No. 1.

Rumour has it, if rumour be true.
 That our Sgt. has forsaken the W.A.A.F.'s in blue
 His present relaxation from arduous duty
 Is strange to relate, a N.A.A.F.I cutie.

Pioneers Platoon.

Here we are again, the old Pioneers, and we begin by saying how very sorry we are that Sgt. Wilkinson has left us. We shall certainly miss him, but wish him all the very best possible. Cpl. Edwards, who, we said, was always sleeping, woke up a bit before time last week, so they sent him on an A/T. Mines course. But that's what he told us. We still think it's another holiday.

We cannot say a lot about "Sticks," only that we are given to understand he has run off with Lofty's girl friend. Not a word from Chippy Canning in the past few weeks and we suspect he is having his holidays as well. L/Cpl. Goodwin is in a flat spin just now, for he is asking this and that. We shall end up by finding him at P—n one of these days.

Congratulations to Waterpipe No.2, on his promotion. His schemes in a neighbouring town must have inspired him. Bert Tandy spends his spare time on a park bench. No strawberries by request. "Woodbine" has a regular return ticket to the local big town and the reason is common knowledge.

We welcome Pte. Moores to our platoon, an engineer who is still trying to strike oil. As regards to the rest of the boys, well, the least said the better!

"A" Company.

During the past month, the activities of this most illustrious company have been almost entirely confined to rigorous training. Little has been seen of our Company, except when a passing platoon has called in to pay a flying visit before embarking upon another few days in the open. These weekly excursions into the wilds are believed to be very popular with such stalwarts as "Tim," "Joe," and "Mike," who upon return bear no resentment whatever at carrying out such duties as Ord. W.O. over the week-end;—due no doubt, to malicious spite on somebody's part.

We have had the prisoners planted in our midst, which by the way, reminds us that the Adjutant did mutter something about "birds of a feather"—when he airily informed us of the news.

Now we come to our "departures and welcomes." We were very sorry to say farewell to 2/Lieuts. Ransley and Young, we hope they enjoyed their stay with us and wish them all the best for the future. Very hearty welcomes are extended to Lieuts. Richardson and Bainbridge and to 2/Lieut. Bull. The former two have already been initiated into our "iniquitous den" (not, as some would suggest, our Company Office, but the local rest centre whither Joe, Len, and men of the like calibre, repair when off duty).

Cricket has found much talent amongst our personnel. Jack Falcke and Joe Birt play regularly for the battalion team, of which they form the two mainstays. "Tim" and "Wick" have both appeared for the Sergeants Mess team.

"Knocker" has returned from his leave, looking very happy to be back, and promptly resumed his duties as orderly sergeant. There's not much he doesn't know about the job now, and he spends the afternoons writing letters on the back of parade states. Private Dawkins still works all day and night on his railway warrant, leave passes, company details and N.A.A.F.I sandwiches.

We could not finish these notes without reference to our Jimmy; he recently returned from a Refresher Course in a far warmer part of the country and like all normal people who return from courses, promptly applied for leave. Still, he might just as well be on leave, for all that we see of him. Having added that nasty remark, we will atone for it by saying that he does appear to be leading a respectable life at last.

"B" Company.

Owing to the shortage of journalists or reporters of less meritorious ability in the company nowadays, this month's notes are being compiled by the Company runner, who unfortunately happened to wander in the office as zero hour approached. We, of our profession, are considered rather versatile, anyway; doing anything from finding out the names and addresses of fascinating girls who should pass beneath the window, to fetching tea at very regular intervals.

We must first congratulate L/Sgts. Jackson and Gambell on their recent and well earned promotion, and we must expect many a century from the latter now that he is in the Sgt's exalted Cricket XI.

The next paragraph is generally confined to "deeds and misdeeds" but a company runner is only acquainted with misdeeds, which far from passing the censor would not even pass the Sgt. Major.

However one night we were rudely awakened with Bang! Bang! Bang! I wonder if the Company Stamp has survived the test; good old Hine, he is now called the 1157 King.

Cpl. Higgins, I am told, is a woman-hater, but why should a woman-hater sit blissfully staring out the very popular office bay-window? Would it be that he is strangely subdued with ambitious thoughts synonymous with the Sgt. Major's chair, he is so often reclining in? or perhaps he has been told that our C.O.O.P blonde is a man-hater. When she walks by we can await developments. The lads in the Company are not unfriendly with the local girls, and one poor chap has become engaged after three weeks; anyway it is quite a plausible excuse for continually coming in rather late.

To all the lads who have left us we wish the very best of luck and a "happy landing."

"C" Company.

"Midst the hurry and the bustle of training, not forgetting our old friend the weather, the Sgt. Major's voice is heard floating down the valley "tell Sgt. Cook I want the *Dragon* Notes now" so, exchanging my Sten for a Pen, I now find myself busily scratching away, with a mess tin for a table.

We welcome three "Depot Wallah's" to our Company, these being:—Sgt. "Jerry" Horton, with whom C.S.M. Hopkins, we understand, shook hands about 30 times in anticipation, next Sgt. "George" Hunt known to all we are sure, not only for his "drumming" and service, but to many for his Kit, which we understand still needs a three tonner to move; last but not least the "young'un," Sgt. Jack Everitt, who made a dashing entrance to the Battalion by getting caught for a three day scheme on his first day; as yet we are lucky, his saxophone has not arrived yet, so everyone can at least rest in peace for a little while.

Our Company Commander Captain "Double Up" Johnson, has just returned from leave; we all hope that he enjoyed it, minus the "doubling."

Captain Wood has just joined us, and we hope his stay will be a long and pleasant one.

Congratulations go to Sgt. McGinley, on attaining the esteemed and honoured rank of S.I.M.

Sgt. Hambrook, we were sorry to see go, but we wish him all success, and dozens of pipes in his new undertaking.

Sgt. Bill Caine, has "done his nut" (to coin a phrase) by getting engaged; when is the wedding Bill?

"Night Fighter" Woodage has now gone on the ground staff, and taken up pushing balls around on the tennis courts—we are all wondering what's next on the list Paddy!

Our Sgt. Major (Bless him) is looking a bit happier these days, reason being that he is going on leave next week; poor old "Jerry" has been promoted to the honoured seat by the "Pane-less" window of the Company Office.

The C.S.M. has been seen searching for local "Talent" to massage his shoulder; we thought we knew them all, but this is certainly a new one; all ranks please note.

In conclusion our thoughts and wishes are with Sgt. Gotsell and the boys of 15 Platoon who are leaving us for new fields; we hope that all the energetic training that they have had will be put to good effect and bring us one step nearer our rather "moth-eaten" civvies.

Being my first attempt at this additional duty, I hope to do better next time,—if the Blue Pencil will allow it.

"E" Coy. Cadet Force The Buffs.

The above company attended a week-end camp through the kindness of Colonel Newport, and the weather was at it's best. The company arrived in good strength. The first day was taken up by drawing bedding, Squading and Allocation of tents Guard-mounting, Lecture on camp discipline, boundary of camp and bed making. The camp was visited by Captain Everett, Rev. Vischer and Mr. Elgar.

On Sunday a day of hard training was started. Reveille 07.00 hours wash and make up bedding, a march to the village and very smart it was too. Then came breakfast which was first class. Afterwards the cadets were inspected by Colonel Newport then on to training thus:—Guard Mounting, Squad Drill, Scales and Estimation of Distance. Cover and Camouflage, P.T. and games. Then came the main inspection, by our C.O. Lieut. Colonel Cremer, and Captain Bell (Adjnt.)

The cooking was in the good hands of our old friends Sgt. Meakin and Cpl. Andrews assisted by N.C.O's and cadets from the company. Many thanks are due to the Quartermaster, Captain Mcgluston for his untiring efforts in getting us such grand meals.

We do hope this is only the beginning of these week-end camps which are such a great help in the course of our training. The camp was under the watchful eye of C/Lt. H. Thirst assisted by C/2nd Lieuts. Mahon and Chandler. We send our best wishes to our sick members, 2/Lieut. Overy and C/L/Cpl. Hopper and trust they will soon be back with us again.

Our Contemporaries.

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

"The Green Howards' Gazette" (July).
 "The Snapper" (July). "The China Dragon" (July). "The Tank" (July). "The Gunner" (August). "The London Scottish Regimental Gazette" (August). "Journal of the Honourable Artillery Company" (May, June). "The Sapper" (August). "The Oak Tree" (Summer, 1943). "Our Empire" (August). "Journal of the Royal Army Service Corps" (July).

Navy, Army & Air Force Institutes

WHEN THE SERVICE MAN'S WIFE JOINS N.A.A.F.I.

By H.H.

THE present war is unique in that wives of serving men are not sitting idle, awaiting the return of their husbands, but are themselves serving too.

It is important, then, that the fighting men drafted overseas or stationed far from home should know the conditions under which his wife is working in the service she has chosen or into which she has been conscripted. He should be able to feel that she is well cared for while she plays her part in the war effort.

The service for women attracting a high percentage of serving men's wives is that of N.A.A.F.I. The domestic nature of canteen work attracts large numbers who feel an urge to provide for the Forces the homelike amenities which their own menfolk in uniform appreciate. There are well over 40,000 women and girls serving in these official canteens to-day, and a great many have married men in the Forces since joining the organisation.

How does Mrs. Tommy Atkins fare in this form of National Service?

A concession appreciated by the canteen wife is the "Re-union Leave," enabling her to share her husband's furlough. N.A.A.F.I. grants up to twelve days' unpaid leave annually, over and above normal leave, so that she may be re-united with her husband when the latter is on leave from the Forces.

As for normal leave, Miss and Mrs. Naffy get one week's paid holiday every six months, a week-end every few weeks, a weekly half-day, and an off-duty period each afternoon of about three hours.

When she goes on annual leave each six months, she pays only the first ten shillings of her fare; the rest is borne by N.A.A.F.I. This travel concession is granted to her on two other occasions yearly, so that she may visit her home for a long week-end midway between her two periods of annual leave.

N.A.A.F.I. manageresses are encouraged to take the closest personal interest in the girls' welfare as well as to direct their work. To ensure fullest welfare safeguards, some 350 Welfare Superintendents pay regular visits to canteens to inspect quarters and interview the girls individually to see that all is well with them. Their health is well looked after,

they are well fed, and they sleep in comfortable quarters—or billets—usually four to a room, each with own locker. Common rooms are provided where possible.

In its own sphere the work of women in N.A.A.F.I. is as vital as that of the Auxiliary Services, and they enjoy many of the same privileges. They are issued with khaki uniforms, and may wear field-service caps if they wish. But while enjoying these privileges, they are not asked to do any drilling, and no discipline is imposed save that which is necessary for their own well-being.

Service for canteen girls overseas is on a voluntary basis. Similarly, no girl is compelled to work under canvas in the summer, the staffing of restaurant tents attached to the Forces' summer camps being on a voluntary basis.

Girls in the Home Institutes do not carry Service ranks, but are awarded stripes according to length of war-service, and wear these just above the cuffs of their uniforms.

N.A.A.F.I. girls work hard, but members of the Forces whose wives or fiancées are with the official canteen organisation may rest assured that their comfort and well-being are carefully studied.

The People's Dispensary for Sick Animals.

FOR the first time a special medal has been struck to be awarded to animals serving with the Allied Forces who distinguish themselves by special acts of courage, endurance or fidelity. The People's Dispensary for Sick Animals, the world's largest international animal charity, has decided to offer such medals because of the number of feats of devotion and courage on the part of animals and birds that come to the notice of the P.D.S.A.

Candidates for the medal must be members of The Allied Forces Mascot Club which has just been started by the P.D.S.A.

The primary object of the club is to enrol any animal or bird serving with the Allied Forces or attached to any ship, aerodrome, gun site, balloon barrage or other Naval, Military or Air Force Unit or any branch of Civil Defence. Members of the club will receive a suitably inscribed badge, and there is no entrance fee or subscription for membership. Application for membership should be made to The Secretary, P.D.S.A. Allied Forces Mascot Club, 2 West Heath Avenue, Golders Green, London, N.W.11.

The gallantry medal is to be known as the Dickin Medal—from the name of Mrs. M. E. Dickin, O.B.E., who founded the P.D.S.A. in 1917. Those in charge of animal or bird members of The Allied Forces Mascot Club who think there is a case for an award are asked to send full details to the Secretary of the Club at the address already given. Only members can be considered for the award.

The names of animals and birds receiving the gallantry award will be inscribed on the Roll of Animal Heroes kept at the P.D.S.A. Sanatorium.

At the end of the war, the names of all members, together with details of the units to which they were attached, will be presented to The Imperial War Museum for inclusion in their permanent war records.

As a memorial to all animals and birds who lose their lives on active service, it has been decided to purchase at the appropriate time a new motor caravan dispensary which will be called "The Service Mascot Caravan Dispensary." The P.D.S.A. has, for many years past, used such vehicles, which are simply mobile animal surgeries which cover regular itineraries. At the outbreak of war these vehicles were re-equipped to become the well-known P.D.S.A. animal rescue squad vans. The Founder and Council of the P.D.S.A. feel that there could be no better way of perpetuating the names of animals and birds who died on active service than by providing a caravan dispensary to ease the suffering of animals and birds in the days to come.

Brigadier-General A. E. Ommanney, C.B.

IN the 15th century Parish Church of Chew Magna, Somerset, about eight miles from Bristol, are two chapels. Both were formerly 'proprietary' chapels. One still is, the owner

being Lord Strachie, of Sutton Court. The other was returned by the then owners a few years ago, to the Vicar and Church Council.

This Chapel was restored and furnished as a Lady Chapel. The following inscription is carved upon one of the stones in the wall of the N.E. angle of the Chapel :—

This chapel was restored and dedicated to the greater glory of God in memory of A. E. Ommanney, Brig.-Gen., C.B., by his widow.

Epiphany

1933

General Ommanney's grave in the Churchyard is under the East window of this chapel and bears this inscription :—

In loving memory of Brigadier-General Albert E. Ommanney, C.B. Served in the Buffs for 32 years and commanded 1st Battalion for 5 years. Died, 25th September, 1930, aged 80.

General Ommanney was a son of the Rev. Edward Aislabie Ommanney, Prebendary of Wells Cathedral, who was 37 years Vicar of Chew Magna and died in 1884.

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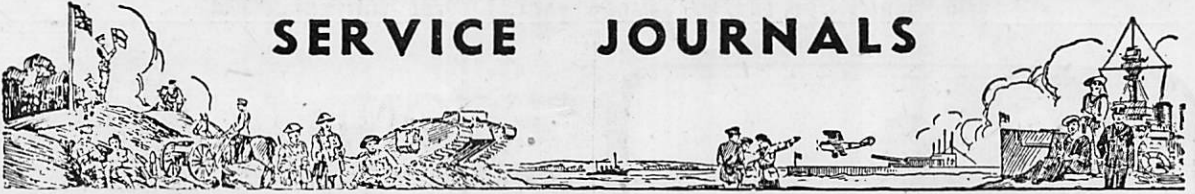
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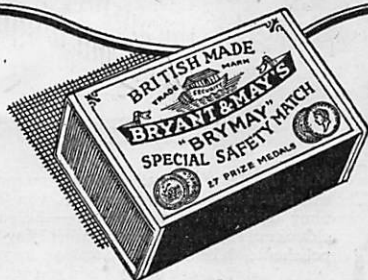
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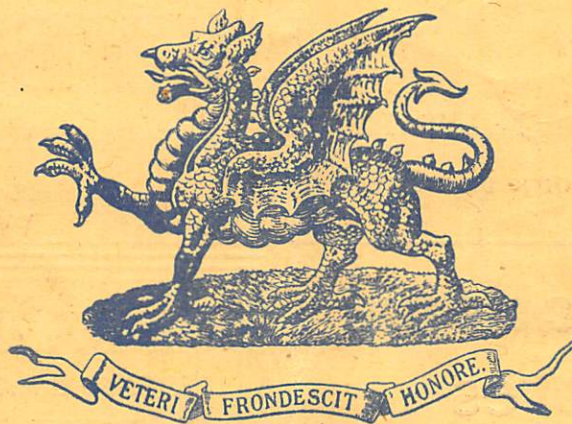
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No. 527

October, 1943

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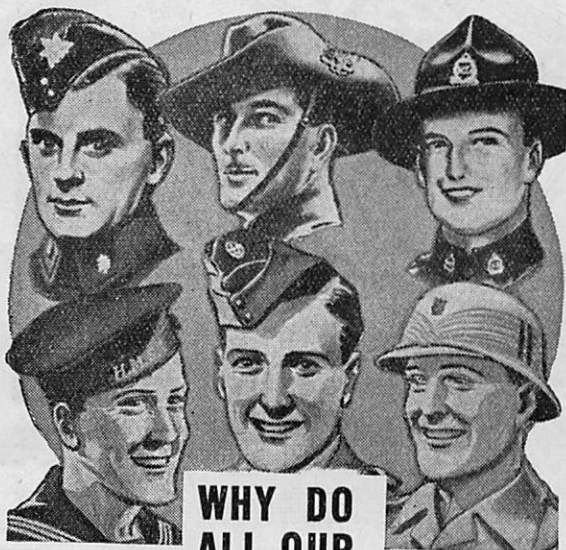
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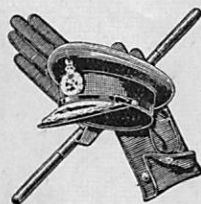
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3rd Battalion (Werrima Infantry) Australian Military Forces.

No. 527

OCTOBER, 1943.

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Personalia.

ON September 26th the Colonel of the Regiment called on the Danish Minister, Count Reventlow and on the Chairman of the Danish Council to convey on behalf of the Regiment our respectful greetings and duty to H.M. King Christian, Colonel in Chief of the Regiment, on the occasion the 73rd anniversary of his birthday.

Major-General the Hon. Gerald Scarlett has been offered and has accepted a seat on the Council of the Friends of Canterbury Cathedral as representing the Regiment in the place of Major-General Sir John Kennedy who has resigned.

General Scarlett has also been elected as one of the Army Council representatives to the Committee of the Royal Military Benevolent Fund.

We regret to record the death of Major-General Sir Guy Bainbridge on September 27th and offer our sympathy to his relatives. At the funeral, at Newtown Church, Major H. L. Archer Houblon represented the Colonel of The Buffs and the Regiment.

Major B. H. Craig has recently been on a course at Poona. On the return journey he stayed for ten days at Bombay which he found very pleasant.

We congratulate Major J. P. W. Samuelson on his Marriage to Subaltern Pamela Winter.

We congratulate Major and Mrs. A. W. Andrews, who celebrated their Silver Wedding on Tuesday, September 28th.

We are glad to hear from Commander D. Rae-Fraser, R.N., who writes from Calcutta, where he is now on duty.

We wish to express our thanks to the Women's Auxiliary League of the Licensing Trade, Canterbury, Herne Bay, Whitstable and District, for the very generous donation of one hundred and fifty pounds to our prisoners of war fund, being the proceeds of a dance recently organised by the League in Canterbury.

We are glad to hear from Mr. E. Buxton, M.M., late Sergeant, who served for 22 years in the Regiment and who is now Captain in the Home Guard. His son, Staff Sergeant, R. W. Buxton, R.E.M.E., whom we congratulate on his marriage, has recently returned home after seven years service overseas.

We regret to record the death of 4907 Joseph Boorman, which occurred on September 28th.

Boorman was discharged in July, 1908 after 12 years service as a Lance Corporal (Bandsman) when he joined the Natal Police Band, in which he served for 3 years. He re-enlisted for the great war being finally discharged in 1919 as an acting C.Q.M. Sergeant. He was in possession of the Queen's S.A. Medal, Clasps Relief of Kimberley, Paardeberg, Transvaal and the King's S.A. Medal.

He was a regimental association football player and a solo cornet player.

We regret to record the death of Mr. J. P. Rousell of "Swanage," Lindon Road, Westgate-on-Sea, on September 27th after an illness of two years. He was buried at Margate Cemetery on October 1st. He was a member of the Margate Branch of the Past and Present Association.

We offer our sympathy to his relatives in their loss.

Old Stagers lunched together at the Savoy Hotel on Michaelmas Day; among many familiar to our readers were Major-General H. de R. Morgan and Major F. W. Tomlinson.

General Morgan is under orders for somewhere in the Mediterranean and sails early in November.

Our congratulations to Colonel and Mrs. Howard Smith who celebrated their silver wedding early in October.

Another anniversary, on October 10th, was the completion by Major and Quartermaster H. J. Martin of thirty-seven years continuous service in The Buffs.

Major Martin was a member of the "Crippen" draft which sailed to Singapore in September, 1910 in charge of Major F. W. Tomlinson. We hope shortly to publish an account of this draft.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.

Buxton—Watson.—At St. Catherine's Church, Feltham, Middlesex, on October 3rd, 1943, Staff Sergeant R. W. Buxton, R.E.M.E. to Eileen Margaret Watson, of Shoulden, Norfolk.

Samuelson—Winter.—On September 15th, 1943, at St. Michael and All Angels', Alberbury, Major John Peel Weston Samuelson, M.C., The Buffs, son of Mrs. Samuelson, Rhodes Farm, Sellenge, Kent, to Subaltern Pamela Winter, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Winter, Northaw, Loton Park, Shrewsbury.

DEATHS.

Bainbridge.—On September 27th, 1943, at Leigh, Newtown, Newbury, Berks, Major General Sir Guy Bainbridge, K.C.B., late The Buffs, son of the late Colonel Sir Edmond Bainbridge, K.C.B., R.A., dearly loved husband of Alice Bainbridge.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

Fincher.—Killed in action in September, 1943, aged 37, Lieut. Guy Fincher, The Buffs, att'd. Queen's Royal Regt., dearly loved husband of Freda, 15 Charlbert Court, London, N.W.8., and father of John, aged 17 months.

Heaton.—Killed in action, leading his platoon, in September, 1943, Lieutenant Reginald John Heaton, The Buffs, attached Queen's Royal Regiment, dearly loved and only son of Captain A. R. Heaton, M.C., and Mrs. Daisy Heaton, 40 Elwill Way, Park Langley, Beckenham, Kent.

In Memoriam.

Major General Sir Guy Bainbridge, K.C.B.

b. 11 Nov. 1867. d. 27 Sept., 1943.

IT came as a great surprise to his contemporaries in the 2nd Battalion at Athlone when Guy Bainbridge applied for the Egyptian Army and was accepted; for, delightful companion though he was, with his debonnair manner and passion for horses, his attitude towards soldiering had hitherto been quite light-hearted. However surprise soon gave way to admiration at the distinction which he so quickly attained. There was already in Egypt a little party of officers of the Buffs—B. R. Mitford, G. G. Hunter and, pre-eminent among them, D. F. Lewis; all four were to achieve distinction.

General Bainbridge's military achievements are described fully in an article in *The Times* which is here reproduced, but it may be added that, in the Great War, he was made Commander of the Legion of Honour and received the Croix de Guerre with Palm. His active career was brought to an untimely end by an accident at Aldershot when he was thrown from a horse and as a result his eyesight suffered severely, so much so that he was unable to take his division to Constantinople. Otherwise it had been hoped that he would be promoted and become Colonel of the Buffs in succession to General Sir Arthur Paget, under whom he had been largely instrumental in forming the Regimental Committee. However *dis aliter visum* and if he was disappointed he was not the one to show it, still less to let it rankle.

Major-Gen. Sir Guy Bainbridge.

The following notice is taken from *The Times*. (Ed.).

MAJOR-GENERAL Sir Guy Bainbridge, K.C.B., who died at Leigh, Newtown, Newbury, on September 27th, had a distinguished record of active service as a junior officer in the Sudan during the eighteenthies, as a mounted infantry commander in the South African War, and as the commander of first a brigade and then a division in France in the 1914-18 war.

Edmund Guy Tulloch Bainbridge was born on November 11th, 1867 eldest son of Colonel Sir Edmond Bainbridge, K.C.B., R.A., and went to Marlborough before entering Sandhurst. He was gazetted second lieutenant in the Buffs (East Kent Regiment) in 1888, and was promoted lieutenant two years later. From 1896 to 1898 he was employed with the Egyptian Army, and thus participated in the three campaigns which culminated in the Battle of Omdurman and the recovery of the Sudan. His services gained for him promotion to captain, four mentions in dispatches, and a brevet majority.

Soon after the outbreak of the South African War he went on the staff as D.A.A.G., but in February, 1900, when Lord Roberts reorganized his mounted troops at Bloemfontein, he was given command of a battalion of mounted infantry, being graded as A.A.G. He saw plenty of fighting, including the operations at Paardeberg, and the actions of Poplar Grove, Hout Nek, and Zand River. During May and June, 1900, in the Transvaal he participated in the operations round Johannesburg and Pretoria and in the action at Diamond Hill. His command was next moved to the Orange Free State to engage in the guerrilla warfare with the Boer commandos. He was present at the Witte Bergen operations which resulted in the surrender of Prinstoo at the end of July, and at the relief of Ladybrand in September, 1900. He acquired the reputation of a capable commander of mounted infantry in the field, and was given his brevet lieutenant-colonelcy in November, 1900.

In February, 1901, he elected to go back to the Egyptian Army, and commanded the Khartoum military district during part of this period of service in the Soudan. Returning to this country in 1903, he was appointed to command the mounted infantry school at Kilworth, Ireland, and in 1905, as a much be-medalled brevet lieutenant-colonel, he returned to his regiment in command of a company. In June

of that year he automatically received his brevet colonelcy, but was not promoted to his regimental majority until August, 1906. When in 1910 he was appointed General Staff Officer 2, Northumbrian Division (Territorial Force), he finished with regimental duty. In March, 1912, being promoted substantive colonel, he was moved to the Western Command as G.S.O.I., and was made a C.B. in 1913.

At the beginning of the 1914-18 war he was appointed Brigadier-General, General Staff, First Army, Central Force. In April, 1915, however, he received the command of the 110th Brigade of the 37th Division of the New Armies, which brigade he took out to France at the end of July. He was given the 25th Division in June, 1916—being promoted major-general in the following January—and commanded it during the Battles of the Somme, at Messines, and at Pilckem Ridge ("Third Ypres") in 1917; and throughout the German offensive on the Somme and on the Lys in 1918. It was next the fate of the 25th Division to be included in the IX Corps, which was overwhelmed in the German attack along the Aisne in May, 1918. Bainbridge's brigades were sent up into the battle piecemeal from corps reserve, and he was left with no fighting troops under his command. When the 25th Division was reconstructed he came home to take over the duties of an inspector of infantry, an appointment which he held from August, 1918, till January, 1919. He was advanced to K.C.B. in 1918. After commanding the troops at Shoreham he was given the 1st Division at Aldershot in June, 1919, retiring from the Army at the expiration of his tenure of command in 1923.

He married in 1904 Alice May, daughter of Colonel M. Goldie, R.E., and had two daughters.

The Regimental Gazette.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF
TUESDAY, AUGUST 17TH, 1943, DATED
THURSDAY, AUGUST 19TH, 1943.

WAR OFFICE, AUGUST 19TH, 1943.

The King has been graciously pleased to confer "The Efficiency Decoration" upon the following officer of the Territorial Army:—

Maj. (Qr.-Mr.) F. G. Verlander, M.B.E. (39621).

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1943, DATED THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16TH, 1943.

WAR OFFICE, SEPTEMBER 16TH, 1943.

The King has been graciously pleased to approve that the following be Mentioned in recognition of gallant and distinguished services in North Africa:—

The Buffs.—Lt. (temp. Capt.) L. M. G. Harris (174934).

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1943, DATED SEPTEMBER 21ST, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

THE BUFFS.—The date of appointment of 2nd-Lieut. Jesse Paine (278009) is April 10th, 1943 and not as notified in *Gazette* (Supplement) dated July 30th, 1943.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21ST, 1943, DATED THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23RD, 1943.

WAR OFFICE, SEPTEMBER 23RD, 1943.

The King has been graciously pleased to approve the following awards in recognition of gallant and distinguished services in North Africa:—

The Military Medal.

No. 6283898 Sergeant Edward Townend, The Buffs.

The King has been graciously pleased to approve that the following be Mentioned in recognition of gallant and distinguished services in North Africa:—

Brig. (actg.) H. C. T. Stronge, D.S.O., M.C. (484), late The Buffs.

The Buffs.

Capt. (temp. Maj.) G. E. F. Oliver (38710), Lt. (temp. Capt.) G. M. Downes (160997) (killed in action), Lt. (temp. Capt.) G. A. H. Proctor (89210), Lt. (actg. Capt.) H. A. Collins (153063), Lt. J. G. Feak (174943), Lt. D. Milton (200143), Lt. A. E. Money, M.C. (180048), 3704389 W.O. II (C.S.M.) C. E. Miller, 6280253 W.O. II (R.Q.M.S.) A. G. Thorndycroft, 6284608 C.-Sgt. (actg. W.O. II C.S.M.) W. Kennedy, 6288066 C.Q.M.S. R. F. Dorrell, 6288227 Sgt. W. C. Cox, 6466544 Sgt. T. F. Dobbins, D.C.M., 6278668 Sgt. E. C. Foster, M.M., 6290638 Sgt. A. E. Howland, 6286764 Sgt. C. Jeffery, 6290178 Sgt. M. L. Reardon, 6289814 L/Sgt. S. F. R. Hobbs, 6290625 L/Sgt. E. A. Wyborn, 6289466 Cpl. C. H. T. Garner, 6297411 Cpl. S. Cooper, 6289685 Pte.

(actg. Corporal) W. Dimond, 6146260 Pte. (actg. Corporal) W. G. Vince, 6289584 L/Cpl. V. Beacham, 6298386 L/Cpl. C. C. Brown, 6285727 L/Cpl. J. W. Hart, M.M., 6297370 Pte. A. Boul, 6297689 Pte. A. Gallagher, 6294418 Pte. L. Gover, 5682925 Pte. A. J. Josling, 6299564 Pte. E. R. Telford.

THIRD SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21ST, 1943, DATED FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24TH, 1943.

GENERAL LIST, INFANTRY.

The undermentioned* to be granted Immediate Commn. from the ranks in the rank of 2nd-Lieutenant:—

July 19th, 1943:—G.S.M. Henry Charles Hewett (268351) from The Buffs.

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24TH, 1943, DATED TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

THE BUFFS.—War Subs. Lt. J. W. M. Iverson (175030) to relinquish his commn., September 29th, 1943, and is granted the hon. rank of Lt.

The undermentioned Cadets to be 2nd-Lts.:—

THE BUFFS.—July 17th, 1943:—George Lane (285687), Frank Samuel Obree Thomas Richard Parsley (285254)

THE BUFFS.—August 7th, 1943:—Cecil Charles Alfred Godfrey (289097), Cecil Henry Mott (289102), Norman Murray Clarke (289112), George Alexander Robinson (288998), Paul William Christopher Piggott (289122).

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28TH, 1943, DATED FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1ST, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

THE BUFFS.—Lt.-Colonel G. R. Howe (14067) on completion of period of service in command remains on full pay (Supern.), September 6th, 1943.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1ST, 1943, DATED TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

THE BUFFS.

RETIRED OFFICER RE-EMPLOYED.

Capt. G. P. Scott (59268) ret. (late The Buffs) at his own request reverts to the rank of Lt. whilst so employed, July 26th, 1940.

Lt. G. P. Scott (59268) ret. (late The Buffs), is restored to the rank of Capt., December 18th, 1942.

ARMY AIR CORPS.
P.R.

The undermentioned in the ranks, on the date as stated retaining his present seniority :

War Sub. Lt. P. J. Perse (148840) from The Buffs to be War Subs. Lt. June 12th, 1943.

FOURTH SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8TH, 1943, DATED, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

THE BUFFS.—The date of appointment of 2nd. Lt. Arnold Humphries Taylor (277979) is March 13th, 1943, and not as notified in Gazette (Supplement) dated July 30th, 1943.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12TH, 1943, DATED THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14TH, 1943.

WAR OFFICE, OCTOBER 14TH, 1943.

The King has been graciously pleased to approve the following award in recognition of gallant and distinguished service in the Middle East :—

Bar to The Military Cross.

Captain (temporary Major) Frederick Henry Howard, M.C. (64577) The Buffs.

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

NO. 36 ISSUED ON SEPTEMBER 9TH, 1943.
TEMPORARY AND WAR SUBSTANTIVE RANK.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

The undermentioned War Subs. Lts. (temp. Cpts.) relinquish temp. rank of Captain :—

THE BUFFS.—K. R. L. Bucknell (134122), July 1st, 1943; E. H. S. Cornwall-Legh (141536), July 1st, 1943; E. L. Stuart (134257), July 1st, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—October 1st, 1942 :—D. F. G. Sillick (200706), N. G. H. Taylor (182144)

October 4th, 1942 :—H. J. Ingram (229743).
November 2nd, 1942 :—L. G. Pearson (233212).

December 13th, 1942 :—W. L. H. Jackson (235655).

April 3rd, 1943 :—P. E. S. Fawcett (245992).
R. K. Muir (245991).

July 10th, 1943 :—G. W. Clarke (269312).

September 6th, 1943 :—G. S. Gabb (265687),
J. A. Northover (265683).

The notifications regarding the undermentioned in War Office Orders (1943) are cancelled :—

THE BUFFS.—No. 30 :—War Subs. Lt. (actg. Capt.) S. N. Shepherdson (219091),
War Subs. Lt. (actg. Capt.) T. C. Williams (138680).

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

NO. 37 ISSUED ON SEPTEMBER 16TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

The undermentioned has been granted temp. rank in Middle East Orders :—

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

THE BUFFS.—N. F. H. C. Norris (74598),
February 15th, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

The undermentioned has been granted temp. rank in Middle East Orders :—

War Subs. Lt. (actg. Capt.) to be temp. Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—L. H. Colls (149170), December 25th, 1942.

The undermentioned has relinquished temp. rank in Middle East Orders :—

THE BUFFS.—A. C. Jennings (116324),
February 14th, 1943. (Substituted for the notfn. in War Office Orders No. 24/1943.

The undermentioned has been re-granted temp. rank in Middle East Orders :—

War Subs. Lt. re-granted temp. rank of Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—J. E. Clarke (145016), January 16th, 1943.

The undermentioned has been granted temp. rank in Middle East Orders :—

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

THE BUFFS.—War Subs. Lt. (actg. Capt.)
I. B. Gammidge (90883), to be temp. Capt.,
January 6th, 1943.

The undermentioned War Subs. Lt. (temp. Capt.) (actg. Maj.) has been granted temp. rank of Maj. and War Subs. Capt. in Middle East Orders :—

THE BUFFS.—J. E. Rolo (89782), December 6th, 1942.

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

No. 38 ISSUED ON SEPTEMBER 23RD, 1943.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

The undermentioned War Subs. Lt. (temp. Capt.) relinquishes temp. rank of Capt., July 1st, 1943 :—

THE BUFFS.—L. D. Hammond (139003).

The undermentioned Lt. is re-granted temp. rank of Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—S. J. Selway (109233), September 3rd, 1942.

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

THE BUFFS.—May 5th, 1943 :—T. A. E. Gibson (251236); May 16th, 1943 :—R. H. Bloomer (288911).

The notfn. regarding the undermentioned in War Office Orders (1943) is *cancelled* :—

THE BUFFS.—No. 3 :—War Subs. Lt. (actg. Capt.) E. N. Ford (156121).

TERRITORIAL ARMY.

The undermentioned has relinquished temp. rank in Middle East Orders :—

Capt. (temp. Maj.) relinquishes temp. rank of Major :—

THE BUFFS.—G. R. D. Hews (66886), December 17th, 1942.

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

No. 39 ISSUED ON SEPTEMBER 30TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

The undermentioned Maj. (temp. Lt.-Col.), relinquishes temp. rank of Lt.-Col. :—

THE BUFFS.—T. R. Reid (9183), July 19th, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—P. A. N. Lindley (108151), March 9th, 1943.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

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

THE BUFFS.—D. G. Phillips (174144), September 16th, 1943.

The undermentioned War Subs. Lt. (temp. Capt.) relinquishes temp. rank of Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—H. A. Van Ammel (180526), July 8th, 1943.

The undermentioned Lt. is re-granted temp. rank of Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—C. W. Warren (113919), July 13th, 1943.

The undermentioned War Subs. Lts. are re-granted temp. rank of Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—J. M. Teesdale (130773), May 6th, 1943; K. R. L. Buckwell (134122), July 23rd, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—June 12th, 1943 :—G. Y. Richardson (278396).

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

No. 40 ISSUED OCTOBER 7TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

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

THE BUFFS.—L. P. Critchley (145020) September 21st, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—A. J. Hutchins (182138) June 17th, 1943.

The undermentioned Lt. (Qr.Mr.) to be War Subs Capt. (Qr. Mr.) :—

THE BUFFS.—R. S. B. White (150753) October 4th, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—February 1st, 1943 :—E. H. Bloom (240376). April 3rd, 1943 :—E. Baker (247188). May 8th, 1943 :—P. Holmes (265289).

Prisoners of War Fund.

DONATIONS.

	£	s.	d.
— Battalion, The Buffs	230	0	0
Deal and Walmer National Savings Association	5	0	0
London Branch	1	0	0
P.R.I., I.T.C.		2	6
Dean and Chapter, Canterbury	3	5	1
"G" Company, 23 Battalion, K.H.G.	20	6	11
Mr. J. Dray		2	0
London Branch	1	0	0
"E" Company, 23 K.H.G.	2	2	0
"E" Company, 23 K.H.G.	3	0	0
I.T.C., Anonymous		3	6
Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Wilson	5	5	0
Mrs. Bleasdale	1	5	0
Mrs. Y. M. Atkinson	3	3	0

Canterbury Branch, Past and Present Association	10	0
Lieut.-Colonel R. Groves-Raines ...	14	0
Mrs. E. H. Hansford	4	0
Lieut.-Colonel J. R. Willows ...	3	3
"Doolan"	14	0
Dean and Chapter, Canterbury ...	3	8
Major F. G. Crozier	1	16
Mrs. E. H. Hansford	1	0
Mr. F. J. Sanger	2	2
Mrs. Hannaway	10	0
Mr. Quedsted	1	0
Mrs. Rose	5	0
Mrs. Jarey	10	0
Mr. Nichols	1	2
Mrs. Hancock	5	0
Mr. Cook	10	0
Mrs. Ogg	10	0
Mrs. Barton	5	0
Sergeants' Mess I.T.C.	1	6
— Bn. The Buffs	75	17
Captain T. S. Overy	10	10
"H" Company, 23 K.H.G.	3	0
"E" Company, 23 Battalion, K.H.G.	3	0
London Branch	1	0
Mrs. F. Morgan	10	0
P.M.C., I.T.C.	2	15
Mrs. P. M. Whigham	4	0
Miss E. Cobbe	1	0
Captain E. Chambers	10	0
Personnel, Canterbury Report and Control Centre A.R.P.	6	0
Major G. L. B. Oliver	2	2
Major B. C. Holding	2	0
London Branch	1	0
"E" Company, 23 Battalion, K.H.G.	3	0
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	£413	13
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A Trip to the East.

PART 6.

Then we heard that a large force of the Chinese Army was arriving. We sent out supplies with Jeeps and other light transport, as far as wheels could go. Eventually they reached the road, had a look at a large refugee camp which we had evacuated for them, but turned it down as being too dirty and selected a large Manipur village and settled down there. They liked British rations and threw on the liberal scale we had. They were very efficient, hard and fit, and very much on their toes and took no risks about stray visitors

to their H.Q. I saw a lot of their General as we had to arrange for their feeding, accommodation and movements. He was a very pleasant man to deal with, knew his own mind and was a good disciplinarian. His division had fought on many occasions in close co-operation with our own troops in Burma and General Alexander had decorated him on the field. He had been at West Point for four years and so had received a good Western education, both military and civil. We got on very well with him and his staff, who came to various meals in our Mess.

My General paid a state visit to the Chinese one day and took me with him. It was impressive and interesting. A company was drawn up on the road in three ranks. The ranks were well dressed, the men stood very steady on parade and were remarkably clean, and their equipment, although a bit thread bare from their long period of hard service, was very workmanlike. Four of the youngest trumpeters I had ever seen, sounded a "General Salute" and as the General passed down the line, every man, as he passed him, turned his head and eyes after him, continuing to look towards the General until he had reached the end of the line. I had never seen this procedure before. Afterwards we adjourned for refreshments in the verandah of the General's house. A contingent from this Division were railed to Delhi to take part in the United Nations Parade held in June or July and received well deserved applause for their bearing. Few soldiers on that parade can have seen the amount of service which these young Chinese troops had done, or covered so many miles, on their feet, in the years since the "Chinese Incident" started.

After a week's respite the proper monsoon started. The mosquitos were bad, as they always are, in Manipur but fortunately in the belt where most of the troops were, they were not the malaria carrying variety. This is strange because in the valley of Assam through which the railway runs, and in the valley of the Chindwin and for some distance to the west of it on the other side, malaria is rife, including the cerebo-spinal variety.

The electric light plant had now been restarted by the engineers; a great boon to those of us who had to do much office work in the evenings. My office block was about the last to which the connection was laid. working by the light of a hurricane lamp and endeavouring to decipher the horrible pale pink telegrams which always seemed to arrive

in the evening, had been very trying and my eyes were beginning to feel the strain.

The rations were good but without much variety and although we were seldom on full rations, there was enough. The British were better off than the Indians, as the Hindus would not touch beef and were not keen on tinned food, and the Mohammedans abhorred any form of pig. Fresh meat was a great problem. There are large quantities of cattle in Manipur, but the Manipuris are very high caste Hindus and have strong religious principles against slaughtering cattle, although they apparently had no objection to exporting them from their own country for slaughter elsewhere. Attempts to requisition their cattle caused much ill feeling and many protests, and it was decided on political grounds to give up the attempt. Fortunately, some time previously a bullock transport corps had been formed, and many of the bullocks were found to be too old for work so we slaughtered them and their beef was excellent. Our early efforts to bring goats up from Calcutta were not successful, as a large proportion of those sent up arrived dead at railhead, generally because the contractors had not made adequate provision for their food and water on the journey. There was a plethora of tinned sausages; I forget how many days of this particular item we had!

We had first class bread from our field bakeries and the Indian ration biscuit was excellent. One of the Divisions started a dairy farm of local cattle and fresh milk was produced for the men in hospital and a certain amount issued to the Indian troops.

The troops from Burma were badly in need of fresh food, particularly of green vegetables. This was difficult to meet at first as it was not then the season for fresh vegetables, and most of those imported from the nearest hill station arrived bad. After the rains had set in, vegetables started to arrive and soon there was no shortage. Some eggs could be bought at a ridiculous price, and occasionally fish in small quantities from the rivers. There was very little fruit; most of the mangoes were wormy and the bananas were singularly tasteless. But to those who have not seen a banana for months, if not years, this must seem a very frivolous complaint!

However, on the whole, the health of the army improved, after recovering from the initial bouts of malaria and dysentery which had affected many of those who had come from Burma or had been long in the base area.

Football and other recreational training was organised one of the divisions formed a concert troupe, and there were some excellent padres who had been with the army in Burma.

I was fortunate in having a treasure of a soldier servant; the best I have ever had. He was a Londoner; before the war a driver of a "bulldozer," and then, having joined the R.E. he became a member of a bomb-disposal section. I never discovered how he became a batman, but he was an exceptionally good one, always cheerful, nothing was too much trouble for him, a real handyman who could sew, cook well and drive a car. He was interested in all that went on and would call me at any hour of the night with a cup of tea.

The Monsoon rain and its effects on the road continued to be our great headache. Throughout a large portion of its length the road was cut out of the hillside; sometimes out of rock, but more often out of shale or earth, and landslides were continual. Sometimes the block could be cleared in a few hours, at other times the holdup lasted for a day or more. There was a certain daily minimum number of lorries required to bring up one days rations, forage, mails, ordnance stores, etc., and a delay of a few hours threw out the programme and had many repercussions. If no convoy could come up on a particular day, instead of building up our reserves we had to make inroads on them for that day. It was an anxious but most interesting time.

One day the Veterinary Officer said that glanders and strangles had both broken out, and later on "surra" or horse-sickness was reported: but these did not turn out to be as bad as was feared. Again, we were constantly expecting an outbreak of cholera among the refugees; cholera was in fact reported, and many refugees died from one cause or another along that tragic road from Burma, but most of the cases reported turned out to be a bad form of malaria. Though dysentery and malaria were very serious at one time, they never got out of hand, and there was no cholera epidemic. Our doctors had a very difficult time, as hospital facilities in the forward zone were at that time very limited and we had to evacuate refugees as well as our own sick, to railhead. There was little object in evacuating sick to railhead, where the climate was bad, unless they could be speedily moved on to healthier localities.

Another big headache which the monsoon provided for us, and for those further back,

was the exceptionally heavy rise of the Brahmaputra, leading to extensive flooding and the destruction of many bridges and sections of the railway. This put out of action our normal railway supply route, and those responsible for supplying us had to use a more circuitous route which would not take so much traffic. This threw out our programme for sending troops of the Burma Army back to India for a well earned spell of leave. Then in the latter half of June, instead of the ordinary landslides, a considerable portion of the hillside started to move across the road. New tracks were made over it, but nearly every night the new track was shifted some feet down the hillside and a fresh track had to be made. For a few days there could be no vehicle traffic at all across the breach: everything had to be carried over by local coolies or by soldiers acting as coolies; a slow process. This breach taxed the ingenuity of the military and civilian engineers severely, but by various expedients they managed to pass over a certain flow of traffic every day.

All this time a flow of refugees still continued to come in from Burma. In spite of the unfordable rivers and impassable hill paths, men, women and children managed to struggle through, though many died on the way, and we frequently got news of parties reported to be arriving from various directions, and sent out food and medicine to meet them.

So one way and another we were kept pretty busy. There was a good deal of office work and a number of headquarters and depots to visit, in front of, or behind our headquarters, or off the road to a flank. Some of these journeys required the use of a "Jeep," that wonderful little American car which seems to be able to go almost anywhere, through mud which would stop all other cars, and is strong enough to tow a 25 pdr. Visits of inspection to establishments 50 miles or more away, or to the big breach in the road, took up a lot of time.

The time came for me to leave as I had been ordered back to England, and I started off with my batman to railhead. Everything went well till we reached a place some miles from the big breach. We had hoped to cross during the afternoon, reach railhead by dark and catch a train that night. But the construction of the daily road over the breach had been delayed and we were held up for some hours, and the rain came down heavily. It was interesting to watch the method of constructing the temporary track: a race

against time, to get it into operation for a sufficient period for the "up" and "down" lorries waiting at both sides to pass over, before the gradual shifting of the hillside blocked it again. However about 9 p.m. the track was open and we reached railhead about midnight and were taken off to a rest camp and were given a meal about 2 a.m.—the rain coming down in buckets. They were running a very good show under great difficulties. We slept in our cars, and the next morning travelled about 100 miles by train through rather more pleasant country, to a place I was visiting in the tea gardens area. This was much more the old India one used to know, with nice bungalows, good servants—a comfortable and unruffled life. The only change from pre-war seemed to be that the Club bar was open only twice a week.

After about a week's stay, I started for home. The direct route to Calcutta, which should not have taken more than 36 to 40 hours, was out of action owing to floods, so my batman and I travelled by the devious route then in operation. We left at 3 a.m. on Wednesday and reached Calcutta at about 11 p.m. on Saturday night, having missed our connection. It was quite interesting with a river trip of 6 to 8 hours up the delta of the Ganges—Brahmaputra. This was the area of the recent terrible Bengal cyclone. We had a night at a comfortable hotel in Calcutta and found the baggage I had left behind when we moved off two months earlier to Assam was there to meet me. Caught the Bengal—Nagpur Rly. mail for Bombay the next afternoon, saying goodbye to Carpenter, my batman who had looked after me so well and faithfully: a real friend and I hope we shall meet again.

On arrival at Bombay I was met and given a pleasant letter from my old commander, heard that my ship was sailing for the next day, and stayed at the Taj Mahal where a room had been taken for me. It was very crowded, and a spirit of "business as usual" was more in evidence than in Calcutta.

The ship in which we sailed next day had once been an armed merchant cruiser; all "luxury" fittings having been removed, but I was fortunate and was given a small cabin and bathroom to myself. There were some very cheery sailors, soldiers and airmen on board, and we lived the ordinary boardship life of reading, walking, medicine ball or P.T., and Bridge. I was in charge of a life boat containing two soldiers' wives and eight

children, some very small, but fortunately never had to exercise command.

At Durban we exchanged our women and children for Italian prisoners, and after calling at the usual places in South and West Africa arrived safely back, having to our and—certainly to my—great relief met with no adventures, the only alarm being a false one on the last night. An interesting trip and all at Government expense.

And so back to London, and to my family.

J.F.W.A.

Past and Present Association.

London Branch.

A meeting of the above branch was held on the 18th of September last with Captain E. A. Carter, in the chair. We were pleased to welcome Major A. J. Peareth.

SILENCE.—The Meeting stood in silence to the memory of Reg. No. 2699, R.S.M. R. W. Lacey who had recently died, also to all Buffs who had made the great sacrifice during the war.

TRIBUTE.—The Chairman spoke highly of the attributes of the late Bob Lacey, and stressed the fact that we had lost a fine member and the type of man we can ill afford to lose. Several in the room soldiered with the late R.S.M. Lacey in India and he was a man who never believed in self but in the team. He was a splendid all round sportsman, but never an individualist; he believed in making himself just one of a team, and trained his Company to that ideal. "One or two experts will never make the Company" he once said "but give me a general state of high efficiency—it is that which counts." A saying which is as true to day as it was when Bob Lacey made it many years ago. At the time of his death and notwithstanding his advanced years, he was P.T. Instructor in unarmed combat to the Swanley (Kent) Home Guard. Eight sons were fighting in this war—one has been killed.

MINUTES.—The Minutes of the past two Meetings were read; there were no questions arising out of the Minutes.

CORRESPONDENCE.—Letters were read from No. 1907, Band Sergeant Jock Isard, Band Master Hughie Borland, 6434, Jimmy Jury and Taffy Richards.

Arising out of the correspondence the Chairman gave some interesting yarns about Jock Isard particularly about his liking for jam.

WELCOME.—The Chairman welcomed Major Peareth to the Meeting and in response the Major dealt at some length respecting the Benevolent Fund and its administration. Mr. J. V. Philpot also spoke on this matter but for security reasons the debate cannot be published but is recorded in the Minutes.

NEWS REEL.—Nobby Clarke gave another interesting account of the doings of our fighting battalions, with whom he keeps up a regular flow of correspondence with old friends. Again, for security reasons his information cannot be published. He informed us that Captains Ransley and Rickets also Sergeant Cousens send their warmest greetings to the Branch and from the boys with them. Nobby was asked to reciprocate these greetings.

MEETINGS.—The Chairman mentioned that although the official Summer Meetings are over for the year, the Branch will still meet unofficially downstairs. Come along, you are bound to meet a few Buffs.

RAFFLE.—Mr. Eddy Shute, kindly presented a Cucumber for a raffle which was won by Captain Bob Waby at six shillings.

CONGRATULATIONS.—The Meeting congratulated Captain Waby on his promotion—Well done Bob.

Sailor Cooper, up from Birmingham, called upon Snowball Manning at Eltham, and both came along to the Meeting. Sailor still looks a juvenile, despite his age and is open to run anyone in England his own age, or even younger.

As food for thought, and as Sailor still thinks he can sprint the "hundred," we suggest that when the war ends the following line the tape for an Association Cup—Captains Arthur Barton, E. A. Carter, George Johnson, In Pensioner Marsh, Spud Austin, Donkey Warren, Snowball Manning and Billy Richards not forgetting Nobby Clarke.

Poor Sailor—Turn them about half way in the race and he would be well ahead.

Our thanks are due to both Major Peareth for coming to the Meeting and giving us all an insight into the many factors governing the intricacies of Regimental and Association Finance. Also to Mr. J. A. Philpot whose expounding of the advantages of liquid assets over investments created the atmosphere of Throgmorton Street.

We are deeply sorry to see no improvement in the eyesight of Spud Austin and all old friends we know, will wish him better luck.

Eddy Shute and Albert Debling recently visited Donkey Warren at Coombe Martin, Devon and brought back Donk's good wishes to the boys.

Billy Richards who left the —Battalion at Chatham in 1892, came along, and it was interesting to hear some real good yarns about his Aldershot days, when a few of them had a party in the quarters of the Sergeant Major (Aherne) who was on leave.

They all finished up in the "Clink" but he says "they were happy days."

It was pleasing to have with us Captain Bob Waby and he fully deserved all our Chairman said of him. Well done Bob.

Band Sergeant Jock Isard, late — Battalion writes from Dundee to correct my last month's notes; he says, "no offence, but it was Charlie Hindmarsh—not Jack—who played in the —Battalion Football Team of Kilkenny days;" we gladly submit.

"It is really nice to see so many names of old Buffs appearing in the *Dragon*," Jock says, also "will you convey my best wishes to any of the old hands you may happen to see."

Jock Clayton was as usual, in the Bear's Den, with other Bears of ancient history, just to give him the "old Soldier Complex."

We were pleased to see Ginger Hubbard and Neville with us. Both are two of the regulars.

We regret that the hearing of Mr. Ivens shows no better improvement and which is a great handicap.

Mr. Billings appeared mighty pleased when he saw him last—Reason being, he is a Grandfather. Congratulations, also to those who made you one.

We have no recollections of Captain Carter in his younger days walking out with half his kersey tucked under his belt behind. However, when the Brodrick Cap was issued and he walked out in his great coat, it was difficult to distinguish him from a sailor. Just a question of Bell Bottoms. Of course, you may be correct Smudger.

We had a letter from Taffy Richards, who tells us that he is in the Royal Navy at 46 years of age. Well done Taffy, there is one thing about it—you won't have to line up outside the fish shop while the war lasts.

The news of the death of R.S.M. Lacey was sadly received; he was a great Buff and at the time of his death was in the Home Guard as a P.T. Instructor. Billy Tozer

was a great friend of the late Bob Lacey and feels the passing of a true pal.

It is interesting to note that the licensee of our meeting place, The Prince Alfred, know the Buffs very well. He has in turn looked after the interests of the "Riding Gate" and "Invicta" at Canterbury and enjoyed the hospitality of the Sergeant's Mess which both he and his wife frequently visited.

Captain (Peanuts) Buxton late —battalion came along to the happy band of brothers and brought "Ronnie" his son with him.

"Ronnie" is on leave after seven years overseas and fully deserves his rest after a long spell of fighting.

R.S.M. Joe Goss (Dear old Pal) was looking very fit; Home Guard training evidently agrees with him.

Likewise Postman Martin who looks tougher than ever. Motto, join the Home Guard and go over the assault course—no charge is made for this amusement, but it does make one feel.....?? Blimey—where's the bloke who invented these blinking erections of an easy way to eternal glory—where is he?

We were glad to see Mr. H. (Molloy) Marshall in good company; they were talking not only about India but other places—might have been Dover and the "Queen's Head" and its wonderful bar, where the three smartest young sergeants in the Buffs (self called) used to meet.

We ask all to kindly note that although the "Official" meetings of the Branch have terminated and gatherings still continue on the Third Saturday of each month when a visit to Tufton Street will always find another Buff to chinwag with—and often, many Buffs.

Our Bun Penny Collection amounted to 12/- and we thank Eddy Shute not only for his extra work on meeting nights, but for so kindly bringing along a lovely Cucumber to raffle which realised six shillings.

The Meeting expressed its high appreciation and thanks to all ranks serving overseas of the regiment for the great part they are playing in heroic fighting to bring Victory to our Country. It is a feeling of pride and confidence in the future when we read about, and hear of the determination of everybody to keep up the traditions of our famous regiment—The Buffs.

If your Annual Subscription is due please send it along to 26 Osward Road, also any outstanding *Dragon* subscriptions.

Medway Branch.**LADIES GUILD.**

Last Friday was the occasion of a Whist Drive organized by the Medway Branch of the Buffs Ladies Guild. There was a good gathering of Members and their friends and during the proceedings, the Chairman, Mrs. King Holt, reported that they had sent off the cost of another parcel to the headquarters of the Buffs' Prisoners of War Fund, for their "Prisoner No. 1." The lack of news of "Prisoner No. 2" who was in Italy when last heard of, just before that country surrendered, was causing a certain amount of anxiety as to his whereabouts.

A surprise item of the afternoon was the presentation of the prizes. This was done by a member of the Royal Navy—Mr. W. Griffiths, R.N., who is now home on a spot of well deserved leave. Needless to say the function was carried out in the brisk seaman-like manner we always associate with the Royal Navy. After tea and a certain amount of gossip the afternoon's entertainment concluded with an expression of thanks to the donors of the prizes.

Correspondence

Midland Iron Works, Aston Road,
Birmingham.

The Editor, "The Dragon."

Dear Sir,

I am sorry to hear of the passing of my old running chum, Bob Lacey, from our ranks, having known him since Fort William days, Calcutta, over 50 years ago. He was a great athlete, winning many half mile and mile races. I have run against him on many occasions. His "A" Company he loved, and brought them well to the front in sports. In Peshawar, prior to the Mile Race he had a very hard pull at tug-of-war, and being the sportsman he always was, he ran in the mile race immediately after the tug-of-war.

I well remember Bob Lacey winning 1st prize single sticks at Lahore District assault of arms at Meen Meer in January, 1895. Its' all so sad, writing about our dear Bob Lacey; all were his friends, and what a wonderful soldier he was. So passed another of the old Brigade.

I hope this letter, will catch the eye of his old friend Mr. Goldfinch.

Yours sincerely,
SAILOR COOPER.

Shwebo,
6 Leigh Road,
New Milton,
Hants.

Friday, 1st October, 1943.

Dear Sir,

Having known my old pal, Bob Lacey, for a good many years, I thought I should like to send a line of sincere appreciation of a real good sportsman and pal, for he was all that, and more. I certainly don't know of any old Buff who was so universally liked by almost all who came in touch with him, without (in the good old days some call it), consideration of rank. He was one who would always give a helping hand in all his many sides of Sports, in which I must say he was interested, and a top-notch.

He certainly had a wide sense of humour, and was always out to give and take a joke as I know personally from the many times I've secured a real good laugh at his expense; but with all that he was still a real good Sport on the field and elsewhere.

It was not so long ago since I heard from him, so was greatly shocked when I had news of his death.

He was very proud, and deservedly so, of his family, all of whom are in the Services and doing a real good job for the Country. Although I've never met them I'm sure they will always be proud of him.

I do hope you will excuse my writing in pencil, but must say I'm a bit shaky with my pen now I'm just on 80.

Yours ever truly,
W. H. TOZER.

27 Church Street,
Chatham,
Kent

October 7th, 1943.

To The Editor of The Dragon.

Dear Sir,

Just a line on my anniversary of enlisting in The Buffs, the 10th of October, 1881. I am pleased to say that I am keeping well at present.

I served in Malta, Penang, Hong Kong, Ranikhet, India with the — Battalion The Buffs. Wishing all Buffs the best of luck wherever they may be.

G. H. MILLS,
Late No. 37.

Our Contemporaries

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

"Our Empire" (September, October);
"Journal of the Honourable Artillery Company" (July). "The Tank" (September).
"Queen's Own Gazette" (September). "The Sapper" (October). "The Gunner" (October).
"The Tank" (October). "The Snapper" (October).

A Battalion Overseas.

LIFE at the moment has developed into a succession of dances, sports meetings, and farewell parties, interspersed with training, which progresses steadily, in spite of many outside calls.

Let us start off with the dances. A vast palace, in peacetime a shelter to those dismembered in the last war, now echoes every Saturday night with sounds of revelry. Each Company tries to surpass the others in ambitious enterprise, and the full resources of the battalion are generously placed at that company's disposal. Constellations of inspection lamps provide illumination. The cook-sergeant, exercising his talent, provides delicacies that would tempt the most jaundiced appetite. The provost, as a diversion from its normal task of preventing people from breaking out, now have the harder one of stopping people from breaking in. Word has spread among the local inhabitants that food is to be had, and every "jeune fille" is chaperoned by her entire family, some of whom have been seen to slip platefuls of sandwiches, plate and all, into cavernous handbags. It has been suggested that at the next dance a crèche be set aside for all children of less than four years' of age. Similarly another hall should be reserved for the aged and infirm, so that the floor is left clear for Sgt. Stevenson and his Jitterbugs.

Dancing takes place on the roof, which is very pleasant until the wind gets up; then the dust storm, produced by churning feet becomes reminiscent of Alamein. Trying to procure enough girls to go round is the greatest problem that afflicts the master of ceremonies. It is depressing to see two men dancing together. To observe a man dancing with a child of six, a chair, or even by himself, is even more heart-rending. All available sources have been tapped to improve the situation. These include the Mayor, Town Majors, cafés, shops, and Major Rolo.

To continue with the geography of the hall, there are many rooms giving on to larger halls, whose seclusion and darkness stimulate romantic aspirations in those lucky enough to secure a partner. For those less fortunate, who have to drown their sorrows in drink, these rooms are convenient for a quiet and meditative rest; and for those, so morbidly inclined, for the contemplation of the love affairs of others.

Taken all in all, these dances are a great success, each one being enthusiastically cham-

pioned by its own particular company, which is loyally convinced that its own is the best.

"H.Q." Company won the rifle meeting. Then came the Sports meeting, from which "B" Company emerged victorious. In the Officers' versus Sergeants' race, Sergeant-Major Constable got the Sergeants off to a comparatively flying start, and gained an advantage for the Sergeants, which the Officers were never able to overcome, in spite of the Commanding Officer's attempt to stun the R.S.M. on the last lap.

As regards other news, we welcome back to the battalion Major T. H. Spear, who has many friends here. We hope that Major Henry Howard and Dennis Parsons will quickly recover from their Jeep accident. Concerning the more serious side of life, our new role has caused certain Officers to look gloomily, and it must be admitted, doubtfully, at boots, which, for many months, have occupied a none-too prominent position among their possessions. Finally, we would like to wish Jimmy Worts the very best of luck with his new Company.

Headquarter Company.

We feel very sorry to have lost C.S.M. Howe, who has departed to join the ranks of "lonely Soldiers" of the Mother Country. His place is taken by C.S.M. Dudley.

The Company won the battalion Rifle Meeting and felt justly proud of the fact. To wind up our entertainments, the Company held a Dance, and what a dance! We had revelry which was fitting of the days of old we have so often read of yet have never known. Johnny escorted so many Belles to the Ball, that he had to form them up outside and march them in by threes.

Who was the member of the Orderly Room, when upon being asked as to why he was not dancing, sprang smartly to his feet, grabbed the nearest female and sped gracefully away in a dance of delight? Dancing under soft lights in the seclusion of the second floor, were seen the Q.M. and the Adjutant, complete with second parts, and according to reports appeared to be shaking a wicked hip.

At the conclusion it was felt that we had had a very enjoyable evening, due in no mean manner to the untiring efforts of our Company Commander, R.S.O., I.O., M.T.O., and C.S.M. It has been noticed that the "Spitfire" has been mentioned in Despatches. Good Show, Sir, Keep it up.

Signal Section.

At last we are able to say we are in a position to obtain recreation if not the rest we have been promised for so long.

Our thanks go out to all Officers and men who worked so hard in organising the Company Dance, not forgetting a generous supply of liquid nourishment, served in many weird forms. Lieut. Ede put in many

hours of hard work laying on a good supply of females (French).

Bricky our beloved Sgt. has been in the throes of a brain storm for the last week working out his 6th Syllabus for a Signals Course, in three months; only to find that once again there is great danger of it being interrupted, (Loud Cheers).

We are glad to welcome back to the home fold, all members of the Platoon, who have been attached to Company's during our last twelve months of operations.

Our Sgt. seems to be worrying how long the stay will last, but the real cause of his frowns is the time it is taking for his orders to proceed to the Port of Embarkation for England.

We welcome to the Platoon, Sgt. Huyton who we are glad to say shows every sign of developing the same type of madness so evident in our dear Brick.

In conclusion we send our best wishes to all other Signal Sections of the Regiment.

"A" Company.

In spite of current rumours there is still an "A" Company in this battalion and here we are again after a long spell of official secrecy.

Since our last notes, C/Sgt. G. Smith, Sgts. Dickey "Wog" Divers and Chas. Thorn have left us for better climes. We wish them the best of luck. Major J. Rolo has left us for a spell and is working hard as a Camp Commandant—too hard in fact. We hope to see him amongst us again in the near future. In the meantime, Lieut. "Mike" Harvey is in command assisted by Lieut. Adrian Davies and they are making a fine job of it.

We welcome to the fold Capt. D. Strawson as our new 2/i/c to be, C/Sgt. "Ted" Hibbins (who burns many a gallon of midnight oil trying to cancel our accumulate credits—No offence Ted) and Sgt. "Duke" Burton who is acting C.S.M. We hope (if to our liking) their stay will be a long and happy one.

Detailed accounts of our adventures since our last appearance would entail burning the remainder of the pre-mentioned oil, so we will commence with the outstanding "lights" of this month.

The main feature, in spite of what some might say, was the Company Dance. Lieut. A. Davies supervised the arrangements and supplied the female species. He must get about quite a bit. Did those civvies go for the home-made biscuits, anyone would think that "mungey" was scarce in these parts. We led the way in putting on this show and have since enjoyed those of our competitive Companies "Fun and Games" (our C.O.) attended.

Next the Battalion Shoot. Well the least said the better except that taking all things into consideration we did quite well. Nuff said!

Friday 20th—Battalion Sports. We were well represented and Sgt. Alec Miles and Cpl. Larkham tied in winning the high jump, Sgt. Miles came second in the Cricket Ball event and Cpl. Larkham pulled off the Long Jump so we have at least two athletes in the Company. Sgt. "Hoppy" Brett is still to finish the mile.

The Sergeants' Mess is quite the best in the Battalion and many a salvage expedition has set forth. It is surprising what things grow on trees, chairs, tables

and little odds and ends. They have had several "guest nights" and the wine flowed freely. Ask the "Chief" Who is he? C/Sgt. Pearce, yes he's a C/Sgt. now, congratulations "Phil." Who has all the sergeant's chocolate rations? Speak up "Curley" and Alec.

Since a recent dental parade, a certain C.S.M. has been seen looking g(l)ummy. Cheer up! "Connie" they'll turn up some day, *perhaps* in time for the next dance.

Where's the Brylcream and "Nuggett" not forgetting Brasso, gone from the canteen, the mortar N.C.O's. should know. What's the attractions and what are their names.

How did Lieut. "Wally" Bratt come to have his arm in bandages, surely not through jitterbugging,

"B" Company.

Having just read June *Dragon* which has just arrived, it reminded me that very soon the cry would be echoing over "Arizona" from "Orderly Room," Notes please.

Since the writing of these notes at Enfidaville, which I wrote in the continual rumble of our 25s, giving the Hun some of his own medicine of early war days, much has happened.

Disappointments have been many, our biggest one being our departure from the sign which one and all were very proud to belong to. "B" Company being their comrades in arms from El Alemien to Enfidaville will miss their "Esprit de Corps" very much and wish them the best of luck, hoping we meet again and in better times.

Our Brigadier visited us and spoke to us for the last time. His speech was full of praise and also remorse at our leaving him. We all felt that thrill of pride, when he said, "you did what was ordered, and though at times it was a sticky job you did it well."

Now we go to a new sphere of the Army with his words ringing in our ears, taking with us happy memories of "Happy Hunting Days" and the full revenge of "204."

We have since said goodbye to Major Howard, as Company Commander who spent a few weeks as 2/i/c, but unfortunately had a car smash. The Company, and I know old members wish him a speedy recovery from his injuries.

To Capt. Montgomery, we say welcome, Sir, and hope your stay will be a long and happy one, also to C/Sgt. Hawes, who recently took over C.S.M.

Old members of "B" Company will be pleased to know that Major Spear is back again with us and one of the first things he attended was the Company Sports. It is interesting to note, that the last time he was with us as Company Commander, "B" Company became Champion at Sport. They did not win it of recent years, but upon his arrival back, the Company have won the Championship again.

"Trader" and "Johnny Mockett" have at last arrived in the U.K., and it goes without saying that there must be a few fair maidens who have knowledge of the "Mystic East" or know more than they did of it before these "Shalomers" arrived in England.

"Bogey" and "Bessie" have left us since, and the last we heard of them was that they were travelling the ports looking for that boat which was to take them for a tour of the U.K. (One R.T.O. told them it had not had it's keel laid yet). Don't "Browned off"

you boys of the old Brigade, just keep trying and we will meet you some day in U.K.

During these above events much ground has passed beneath our feet or rather beneath the 15 cwt. We have travelled from Tunisia to Tripolitania, doing a spot of Duty there including, with numerous other Regiments, a Guard of Honour for H.M. King George, but like the rolling stone which gathers no moss, we came back and for a few weeks we somehow got mixed up with our American Allies and "Boy Oh Boy" can we chew gum or eat Candy? We even got used to the "Tomatoe Juice" and the cry now-a-days in the Mess is, Got any Evaporated or Dehydrated Tomato Juice?

Our next notable event was the Battalion Sports Meeting (a bit late for Albuhera Day) but never the less a great success, every one enjoying every minute of it. The outstanding event of this was "Stoshv" in the Officers v Sgts. race, when he did the 220 in fine style against the Q.M., in fact the one thing on every lip was "Gosh he'll be taking off in a second." (After all it would be easy as he has an eleven inch wing span).

Our congratulations to the Company Team upon its fine show of bringing the Championship to unbeatable "B".

Our last event to date being a Company Dance which was a tremendous success, thanks to O.C., his able helpers, and to those who had the job of getting the fair sex, but then perhaps it is not so hard for "Shalomers" "Eh Pete?" It was enjoyed by all, particularly by those who, like myself, had not attended a dance for over 18 months or more.

Well enough of this Prologue and we will go around the Platoons.

No. 7 PLATOON.

If you want a typical scene of a "camp fire" just nip around this area where every night they "Brew up" and "Rog" entertains his Platoon with accordian. This is their farewell to "B" with their (Messtins) they will be sorely missed, so good luck to you in your new Company, "Happy Hunting." We shall not be too far away so pop along sometime, we'll "Brew up for a change."

No. 8 PLATOON.

Here they have two new comers Lieut. G. Clarke and Sgt. J. Fisher, to them we give a hearty welcome to the Company. Fisher (The Water Rat) took over from "Bogey" and has done great work in the Sports Team, we thank him and are now looking forward to the "Swimming Gala" so that unbeatable "B" will still attain (though this is the place where it is only happy) fresh laurels. This Platoon put up a good show in the Company Sports, well done S.

No. 9 PLATOON.

"Apollo" Manley has taken over from Lieut. C. Edwards, who had gone to "Shalomers" town for a Course.

We wonder what Course? Perhaps it was because Lieut. Clarke tempted with "Candy" or was it Lieut. Bennett with his rollicking song "Edie was a Lady," but we wish you the best of luck on your Course, Sir.

There was "Apollo" trying a rifle, after firing numerous rounds asked i/c Firing Point if he'd hit the target "Two hits Sgt." Maybe Bill it was that you forgot about a rifle having sights?

No. 10 PLATOON

Several old members have rejoined this Platoon namely Lieut. Bennett, who had a spell in hospital, looking fit and well. Glad to see you back Sir, also Sgt. Alderman.

Who was the chap who was sent to the Stores for a Blank Barrell Cleaning Rod? Eh Tommy.

COMPANY H.Q.

Welcome to C/Sgt. Storey. Congratulations upon his appointment to C.Q.M.S.

C/Sgt. Potts has gone back to Rhodesia, to him we wish the best of luck. If you see Lieut. Webster, "Panicky," give him our best wishes and we hope that you get your *Dragon* regularly.

"Doc" Joyce has gone to battalion H.Q. we presume to graduate for his "M.D.," anyway we are sure he manages his usual evening walk with "Fatma"

Lieut. Strawson is away on a Course, we hope you pass Sir, with a "D."

Well done "Mortars" in winning the Inter Company Shoot.

This is also their "Au Revoir" to "B" Company, they go with the "Messtins" to "S" Company. It is interesting to note that this Dett. were the foundation of the "Mortars" January, 1942, and it re-formed with, and in, "B" Company on the same day, and now we must part.

Well, for our part we say "Cheerio" "B" and we will never forget that Comradeship we have experienced since we have been with you. I know that the "Carriers" will heartily endorse this. So once again from "Carriers" and "Mortars" we say Cheerio "B" Company and "Good Hunting."

Before I close these Notes I would like to say that the reason for such long ones this time, is, it will be the last time I shall write *Dragon* notes for this Company, or even in the battalion and I would like to leave my successor with a clean sheet to start with, as when I took over on the re-formation of "B" at Mena.

"D" Company.

We welcome Major Howard as our new Company Commander. No company can hope to keep this "catch-em alive Major" for long, not even us.

We also heartily welcome our new Sgt. Major late of "A" Company. He is an old Buff, and we all agree a popular choice. In fact, it practically "Excels" itself.

We secretly believe that even the orderly room are sometimes a bit hazy as to who is, or rather, who should be in "D" Company office.

Congratulations to C/Sgt. Rickman, our new C.Q.M.S. We like to hear his early morning desert voice again Shouting "Come on my beauties, come and get your rations."

Reefer came as a pleasant surprise to all those concerned. Major Norris thought it was some form of sweet issued in lieu of pudd! It was even sweeter than that.

Sgt. Riley writes from Canterbury and confirms there are actually women in uniform back home called "Slats" and "Wafers."

Is it true that as the C.O. was gradually overhauling the R.S.M. in the officers and Sgts. Relay Race, he shouted "Out of the way you furry fellow! let them run that can run!"

We are sorry to say that the lovely heroine of the Battalion Concert Party "Buffoons" has left the Company taking with him many of the old stagers. Before they left they wished us every success in our new jobs.

Training Centre.

WE are glad this month to be able to give news of various people. Major C. Van Ammel paid us a visit on his return from N. Africa and is now enjoying some well-earned leave. Major A. D. Harrison also spent a few hours with us. Paul Greenway's parachute has at last enabled him to return to earth and we were very pleased to see him, also for a short visit. He is now Adjutant to his unit, and whilst here persuaded Joe Worth to join him, so he has left us once again. We were also very pleased to see Lieut. Colonel Backhouse on one of his periodic leaves from West Africa. He had his knee in strapping, in consequence of which we gather that having a bath with one leg held in the air is a sight not to be missed. An Airgraph from Geoffrey Cox, who by the way, has now recovered from an attack of jaundice, gave us news of Guy Oliver, recovering from wounds, John Connolly, and George Lanning. Amongst those here now, we are sorry to report that the C.O. has been suffering from a sharp attack of shingles and is on sick leave, and also that Harry Jackson has had to go into hospital for an operation on his leg, but we are glad to hear is going on well.

We have previously referred to the building of a very well-equipped stage in the Cavalry Gymnasium. This has now been completed and on the 20th and 21st September, we opened this new theatre with another addition of our revue "Moods and Fancies." The show was well up to standard; details are given more fully elsewhere and we played to an audience of over 1,500 on the two nights. We shall look forward to some good entertainment in the future. The building and equipping of the stage reflects the greatest credit on all concerned, and their efforts were suitably recognised on the opening night.

Beerhawk activities have been another golf meeting, followed by the usual meeting of brothers and sisters at the "G. and D." at which we were extremely pleased to see once again, our late keeper of the Muniments, Sydney Maiden. We are glad to report that he was well up to his usual form and it was a great pleasure to have him and his wife once more among us. The proceedings were a little dimmed by the absence of our Editor; as you know he has been absent on Home Guard duties, but has now returned none the worse for his experiences.

"B" Company.

To open this month's "Dragon Notes" we must once again harp on the subject of farewells. This time it is our painful duty to announce the departure of C.S.M. Yates for warmer climes. The good old adage: "Beneath a grim exterior there glows a heart of gold" might have been written for our C.S.M., but his handling of the Company earned both the admiration and respect of all ranks. We take this opportunity of wishing you and Mrs. Yates all the best, Sir, and "bon voyage." We trust we will maintain the standard you have set. P.S.M. Wells and C.Q.M.S. Edwards leave us shortly and with them go our very best wishes.

To balance these departures we welcome C.S.M. Wedlake and Sgt. O'Brien with the wish that their stay will be a pleasant one.

The three senior Corps Training Platoons have been despatched to their respective regimental battalions with all items of their kit marked, and AB 64's completed. Good luck to you all.

Here is some advice from a secret source. Sgt. Griffin runs a free dry-clean service for blue hats. All you have to do is to lose your own and allow him time to press and clean it and then call at his bunk for the finished article—all done free of charge.

L/Sgt. Read has just returned from an F.G.I. course at Bisley. Despite his protests that he enjoyed the course, we insist that it gave him a pain in the neck.

Sgt. Bert Young's leg is now mending nicely and his return should only be a matter of weeks. A sure sign that Bert is returning to normal is that he is now having his usual "little chat" with everyone.

The Garrison Theatre celebrated its opening night with a further edition of "Moods and Fancies," on September 20th. Once again the inspiration of the show was supplied by "B" Company, but artists from other companies must take their share of praise for making the show a great success. We thank Sgt. Lanham, Pte. Wood, Pte. Norah Graham and the charming chorus of A.T.S. Of course, the Band, under the leadership of Bandmaster Foster, was the backbone of the show and their comedy numbers were excellent. Sgts. Day and Simms were as crazy and as funny as ever. The latter, who is also soon leaving us will be greatly missed in these shows. Sgt. Wingfield (the accordionist and waiter), gave his usual polished performance of music both above and below the waist. Major Argles lent a touch of polish to the show, giving a first-rate performance as the "between acts" man. Mrs. Argles was brilliant as the fond mother in the best sketch of the show. Mrs. Fawcett was very becoming as Britannia in a very colourful and impressive finale. A host of producers, scene shifters, electricians, under the guidance of Sgt. Ingram, also earned our appreciation.

To finish a month that has made training enjoyable owing to a variety of schemes and firing in very fine weather, we must mention the Officers' and Sergeants' v. Corporals' and Privates' football match. The Corporals' and Privates' team won 4-0 against the dignified old gentlemen from the higher ranks, who seemed to lose some of their dignity after ten minutes chasing their opponents. On many occasions the Company Commander alone, stood between the opposing forwards and the net and fortunately, for his side, he played an excellent game, so the score was kept down to a mere four for the "youngsters." I hear that he is now plotting with the P.T. Staff and the outcome of this conspiracy savours of "P.T. for

Sergeants." ("That'll teach them to leave all the work to me.") Shades of Battle Drill; must we return to the era of drudgery, when Sergeants were FIT.

To end these notes, we wonder who paid for the Rolls Royce taxi which took Sergeants Day and Spivey to the station for their well-earned leave!

"D" Company.

I am sorry to say that our Company Commander has been very definitely "Hors de Combat" for a few days owing to a very severe cold being given to him by L/Cpl. Walker, our Office Boy, who had no use for the aforementioned cold.

The Agricultural Scheme is going ahead very well, and I believe the majority of the Company well know this, as there were 28 Gardeners detailed one day last week. Somebody mentioned L/Cpl. Wiles as the future R.S.M. "We Wonder."

"B" Company held their Company Concert in the New Garrison Theatre and it was a huge success, to judge by the complimentary remarks passed at the conclusion of the show.

Personally, I thoroughly enjoyed the whole show. I must also compliment Cpl. Milton and his staff for the excellent job they made of the Theatre, all things considered.

Our Office Boy was very concerned about a charge, and he had visions of being *Private* Walker, but fortunately for him, he weathered the storm and so still retains his tape. I would like to know how he manages these excuses. He evidently hides his brains under a bushel, and only brings them to light to find his way out of the dark corners.

"I" Company.

The weeks have rolled by and here I am again to bring to you some of the interesting people who are "in" "I" Company to-night."

Now, getting down to business, we welcome to the Company three more platoons, under the fatherly guidance of Sgts. Hollands, Holmes and Lannan, and trust that by the time they leave here, their knowledge of battle noises, assault courses and march discipline will have greatly improved.

An old member of the Company is back with us again after quite an absence. I mean none other than Lieut. Kraunsoe, and hope his stay will be a pleasant one.

Training is still under way, and after the first few weeks here the lads look just fit. (To drop).

The Board of Censors has just released an amusing incident. Pte. Hill thought he could climb the assault course wall an entirely different way to the other members of his "profession" and ended up by severely damaging his now very outstanding cranium. Don't despair, Hill, only try our way next time.

After a very successful run the cricket season has drawn to a close, and in the very near future, I am glad to announce, the gear will be available, "Entertainments" Committee for the use of."

The Smoking Concert was quite a success, and all who were present thoroughly enjoyed it. On behalf of the Company I wish to thank all those who contributed towards the entertainment. Sgts. Miller and Bartlett kept us all rocking with their golf scheme and now we really know how to play the game. (When I say get your eye on the ball, I don't mean get your eye on the ball, I mean get your eye on the ball).

Professor John Hall turned comedian for the evening and came out with colours flying. Take his name, "Charlie," for the next show.

Sgt. Miller also gave us that masterpiece of his on the hand pipes, or whatever the name of the contraption is. Really, I don't know how he does it. Genius I call him.

Pte. Butcher gave us some classics on the piano, which were very much appreciated after the usual "Give" these days."

Depot-famed L/Cpl. "Otley Lander" wishes it to be made known that he has all the "wegimental" buttons he "wequires" and wishes to thank you one and all, for their co-operation.

Pte. "Educated" Evans is still doing his stuff in the W.T. Stores and as fast as he makes us targets we break them.

Yet another two N.C.O.'s have left our midst, L/Cpl. Jimmy Webster and Harry Shepherd. Both of these two cheery chappies have been given their one-way ticket. Let us know how you are progressing, both of you.

We wish L/Sgt. Bolton all the best on his course and trust he will keep the Company flag flying high.

Our Company Commander is back with us after a short illness, and trust that he is feeling fit after his rest.

The football team has, so far, had two matches, winning one and losing one, so all you guys who can really play come forward and give us your names and we'll do the rest.

Congratulations to L/Cpls. Simpson, Carpenter, Savage and Marshall, and here's wishing you all the best on your cadre.

"S" Company.

SIGNAL SECTION.

The news of the disestablishment of the Specialist Training Platoons at the I.T.C. came as a shock to all of us. Ever since Sgt. Morgan left us our complement has slowly decreased. His departure was followed by that of Cpl. Glaysler and L/Cpl. Rogers, who, after a refresher course in the Unit Training Cadre, was able to return to us until the classification of the last squad. We understand that they will be carrying on as Instructors in the Corps Training Platoons. Our best wishes go with them; also with Cpl. Gollner and L/Cpl. Brentnall who have both left the I.T.C. in search of new adventures. We now have Cpl. Courtnell to carry on the good work alone to the bitter end, with the invaluable assistance of L/Cpl. Rogers.

"Ted" the storeman is still with us, busier than ever since the Companies have started to produce concerts for the coming season; his electrical knowledge must be indispensable to the I.T.C. when one considers the number of callers that arrive at the stores. The requests he receives vary between the installation of complicated apparatus such as microphones and spot lights, to the slight correction of a pocket lamp.

Lieut. Davis, the Signal Officer, is now no more than an occasional guest, most of his time being taken up with conducting such popular things as forced marches, grenade-throwing, etc. Our best wishes go with Lieut. Davis on his appointment as Sports Officer.

Talking of sports reminds us of some enjoyable afternoons spent recently when we had the pleasure of

beating No. 5 Platoon at cricket and football on two occasions. Our last match, however, let us down with a resounding crash, when, with a number of our best players otherwise engaged, we put a team on the field which can be most appropriately described as "All sorts and all sizes, all blanks and no prizes."

We were glad to welcome Lieut. Hale (our previous Signal Officer) of "R" Company as Classifying Officer on the last three of these nerve-racking occasions.

M.T.

Well, since our last issue we have said "Good-bye" to one or two of the good old section. To Tim and L/Cpl. Cherrypicker we wish the best of luck in their new surroundings, also "Ding Dong" and "Raldy," who have just left us. Who knows, some of us may meet again, soon. No doubt, "Jock," you are finding business very hard these days, as you are starting up in a new district, or, have they tumbled you???

We were sorry to see the departure of May 6th intake and we wish them all the best wherever they may be.

Many members of the M.T. were present at the Company Concert, which was a great success. Congratulations to all those who took part.

Our Alf seems to be looking very sad these days; is it because he is lonely in the office now? Cheer up, Alf, you have our new P.U. driver popping in frequently to see you.

A certain Corporal has turned over a new leaf since his transfer from the Section; he can be seen "Blanchoing" every night before going out. The trouble is, it upsets our "Doug" as he is not used to this habit, like many others in the M.T.

Now that the great Don Juan has left us some D/I's may stand a chance, but it has been noticed that there has not been so much competition lately for this high rank. Congratulations on your promotion, Buck!!!

The "Can Man" (Jumbo) has returned from his month's vacation; perhaps he is ready for an assault course now—Giglo is still very fond of them???

Great concern has arisen with regard to our Archie. It looks as if he is taking lessons from farmer Butler, having visited the dentist. So, it's promotion you are after?

Who is the mysterious correspondent from a nearby town? Don't forget to tell her that the name is SWALLOW, not SWALLER.

Well, members of the staff room, there is a vast improvement in your kits. Who is this other little man with three stripes???

CARRIER SECTION.

Although our section gets smaller and smaller, we can still find a few notes.

Certain members of the carrier staff have taken to "Making-Up" and using Eau-de-cologne in their bath water, since they are budding film stars.

It is rumoured that a tall, dark and handsome Lance-Corporal has been seen in the vicinity of the "County" lately; maybe, he is interested in type-writing.

We congratulate our one and only "Tubby" on passing his cadre course, but unfortunately, since doing the assault course, he has had no control over his left leg. We suggest he should have stuck to the Task System.

We understand that a certain, rather large sergeant, contemplates reporting sick with lung trouble, since he has been unable to exercise his voice on the square, during the last few weeks.

It has been brought to our notice that a certain local 'bus has been seen skidding around corners; could this possibly be driven by our ex-carrier driver, come farmer, Ernie.

We regret to lose our No. 1 Don Juan, but wish him every success in his new job.

Congratulations to Ptes. Jones, Knight and Honeychurch for the excellent results they obtained on their course, and we wish them, together with the remainder of May 6th Squad, all the best, wherever they may go. Incidentally, they want to know how they are going to wake up in the mornings without "Tubby's" melodious "Rise and Shine."

Our company concert was a great success, and we thank everyone concerned for giving us such a splendid evening's entertainment.

NO. 4 PLATOON—CORPS TRAINING.

We would like to congratulate the artistes who made our concert such a success, and many thanks to Sgt. Hunt who produced the show. They gave us a grand evening's entertainment.

In the platoon we have a certain Lance-Corporal who, as washing bowls are very hard to obtain between the hours of 06.00 hours and 06.55 hours, is very fond of washing in a fire bucket. Now he is known as "Fire Bucket McGinty."

I suppose L/Cpl O'Sullivan's spare time is taken up thinking out new drill movements.

On our twenty-mile route march the other day we came across a dog which followed us all the way. On return, the dog was nicknamed "Gosby." Several of the lads swear that when the Company Commander called out, "Sergeant-Major," the dog gave one yelp and bolted. He has not been seen since. It was a shame, really, because we were going to give it to Sgt. Agate for a birthday present.

By the time these notes are printed we shall probably be miles away from this station, but we would like to thank our N.C.O.'s for all they have done for us.

NO. 7 PLATOON—CORPS TRAINING.

We are pleased to welcome to our fold, the new Corps Training Platoon, namely, No. 7, who are, at the moment, making satisfactory progress under the wings of Lieut. Bellamy, Sgt. Newton and the collection of the funniest Junior N.C.O.'s one ever saw, but no doubt they will, in the end, turn out as always, the best Platoon in the Company. At the same time we are sorry to lose Numbers 1 and 2 Platoon who worked really hard and deserved all the credit they got.

We also take this opportunity of wishing the O.C.T.U. and Cadre N.C.O.'s all the very best of luck and may they all come through with flying colours. I am sure all the N.C.O.'s of the Platoon will join me in congratulating Lieut. Bellamy on an increase in his family (and after forced marches, too). Anyway, good luck, sir, and mine's a pint.

We have noticed that Sgt. Newton is anxious these days to obtain chocolate for his "girl." May we ask which one, sergeant?

A Battalion Somewhere in England.

ALTHOUGH we do not cover such prodigious distances our present mobility rivals that of some battalions who have taken part in recent victorious campaigns to whom we send our congratulations. The peculiar fascination of this nomadic life begins to pall and we are hoping for a more stable life in which the progression of our training can be developed without the constant interruption of movement. As it is we pursue a sort of caterpillar progress, for, almost as fast as the tail catches up with the main body the head is off again seeking new fields. In these last few months we have performed many roles and lived in all types of accommodation—sometimes scattered in detachments—sometimes concentrated as a battalion. We are well versed in the wiles of barrack officers and garrison engineers all of whom show a marked respect for "Ollie" our vigorous Q.M., and movement is the one drill we get plenty of opportunity to practice.

At the moment the main part of the battalion is leading a troglodyte life in cavernous barrack rooms (chiefly remarkable for their stolidity and fustiness) which looks on to a considerable square which in the early morning resounds with the stentorian voices of sergeant-majors in vocal contest with each other. Our life is regulated once again with bugle calls and the sound of martial music next door to the officer's mess is a constant reminder that the drums have exchanged the noises of picks and shovels of a few weeks ago for more melodious pursuits. Major Saunders has taken the officers on drill parades. He was more gentle with us than we feared—to our relief—but we can now return our sergeant-majors salutes with increased confidence. It has been valuable to have the amenities of a peace-time barracks in these days of huts and billets and these have been fully used though the time has been short.

In the past many officers and other ranks from this battalion have found their way into other battalions of the regiment on foreign service but now the ties which bind the regiment are being strengthened by the reverse process and we are very pleased indeed to welcome those who have recently joined us from overseas. We hope to learn a lot from them in due course and hope also they will enjoy being with us. It is particularly pleasant too to hear first-hand news of friends abroad.

We also welcome Lieuts. Hawkins and Rowlandson and 2/Lieut. Harrod who have

recently been posted to us as well as 2/Lieuts. Rankin and Cathles who are attached from Highland Regiments.

Our high-spirited P.R.I. Major Bean is daily seen ardently propelling his two-wheeled girl-friend "Esmeralda" all over the place. His solution of the lack of wireless sets has been highly successful and we now have music from a wireless-cum-gramophone in all corners of the barracks, the supply being only limited by loudspeakers and signal wire. His versatility is unbounded for he contrived a night exercise which ended within a few hundred yards of the camp and hot breakfasts. By all the rules that night should have been moonlight. Appropriately the exercise was named "Owl" and nothing but that bird could see one yard in the stygian blackness which descended with heavy rain. At times local confusion existed in the mud and dampness and the rain never ceased till dawn came and found us triumphant on our objectives. We learnt a great deal, not least of the lessons learnt by some was not to be separated by some miles from one's groundsheet. Our minds now turn towards the winter training programme and whatever delights the future may hold for us. We are also hoping shortly to receive a visit from the Colonel of the Regiment.

"H.Q." Company.

DRUMS.

After a brief spell of real doctoring around the Companies, during which the issue of tonics for skin eruptions and cough mixture for pains in the lungs rose to a degree never before known (Would a certain N.C.O. be blushing?) we are once more in the throes of another blanco "purge"—as the strings on our water-bottle corks will testify.....

Unfortunately, nowadays, we no longer walk abroad alone after dark owing to the threats issued by the rest of "H.Q." Company. It all arose over the matter of a few white lines in our barrack room, laid down at the request (?) of the "salaaming kid." Old friends of the Battalion will, no doubt, be interested to hear that the above-mentioned personality, so well-remembered from the days of "Haifa and all That," is now doing very well for himself in the Mother Country and has taken shares in a "honky-tonk"—"Two coffees, please."

Stubbings has "gorn and done it" at last by taking unto himself a wife. Although we are inclined to disbelieve it, the rumour has gone round that the "Professor" has had a broad arrow painted on the front door to match the rest of the furniture. However, we do wish him every happiness for the future.

We are pleased to report that George Pavard has been successfully operated on and is making good progress. We miss him badly, both as a drummer and "dance-bander" and hope that in the not too-distant future his dry wit will once more be relieving the monotony of having that Monday morning feeling knocked out of us.

At the moment we are in the thick of an "as you were" period and still showing the rest of the gang a clean pair of heels, although we must confess that an occasional real rest would refresh us and increase our efficiency 100%—but, as in the past, "theirs not to reason why," and so, on we go.

It is an accepted fact that both Roy M. and Cpl. "Glamour" B. have both staked claims in the neighbourhood, like others in the battalion, and so for the present we leave them to it. Roy M. is all set for bukshie haircuts and free beer unlimited, whilst the latter is leaving his fate in the lap of the gods—and a certain ex-Drummer!!

Senor "Crunch," having remained more or less faithful to "Shanghai Lil," is hereby complimented on the fact, although we did at one time think that he was going to announce his engagement to the Colour-Sergeant! It really does seem like wedding bells for Williams this time—25th time lucky!

No. 1 SIGNAL PLATOON.

Well, as far as a lot of us are concerned, our stay in the "House on the Hill" is practically Hullo and Goodbye, although we suspect it is as near Heaven as we shall ever get.

Congratulations to the Battalion Football Team who defeated H.M.S. — by 3—2. Coventon, Pearson and Lamb were up to their usual form and Pearson "popped" one in to keep us on the right side.

Young Penn is to be congratulated in acquiring a wife on his last leave, although his particular and persistent rendering of the popular song: "You'll be so nice to come home to," is fast making it very unpopular in his barrack-room.

The platoon had a pat on the back the other day when the C.O. commented favourably on their barrack-rooms on his inspection. The new layout is quite effective and we hand on a medal to whoever devised it.

Our wireless wizard, Cpl. Harris, is still keeping the Signal Service well to the fore by achieving the impossible with broken-down radio sets, as a certain Company Commander can testify. We have been wondering when he is going to issue a scale of charges. After all, he *may* want to open a shop after the war.

M.T. SECTION.

Once again we write these notes in new surroundings, but not quite the sort we have been accustomed to. In this massive enclosure, with dark grey walls and buildings of penitentiary appearance completely surrounding and viewing our every activity, one's feet plant firmly on to a notorious and extensive barrack square and not under any table as heretofore.

Early morning parades are now the order of the day; these give full justice and retribution to the dignity of this confounded square. Whether Rowlands developed a slight manual distortion when on rifle drill has yet to be determined by the Sergeant-Major. However, we would hesitate to express an opinion on a positive or negative result.

Many have been the changes to M.T. personnel in recent weeks and we deeply lament the transfer of L/Cpl. Wheeler, Ptes. Darben, Thompson, Woodward, Jennings and Dean. It is a case of our loss and "S" Company's gain. We extend an appropriate welcome to their successors and are sure, that with the invaluable help of Professor Biddle and Co., they will not be long in aspiring to the merits and achievements of their predecessors.

Fennessey keeps well within his own Company these days since he held the office of honorary librarian for a few fleeting days. His choice of literature covers a very wide range, with specimens such as: the famous "Ulysess," "The Gold Rush," and the latest edition of the "Daily Worker."

The Orderly Sergeant's duties have become a very popular pastime of the M.T. N.C.O.'s in recent weeks. Cpl. Howard set the ball rolling with Sgt. Adams obligingly continuing the momentum. Sgt. Adams graciously informs me, that apart from the pleasure of turning us out of bed at reveille each morning, his favourite duty was to "CALL THE ROLL."

L/Cpl. Rovington, our progressive pugilist, is at present on a course of lengthy duration. He hasn't, so far, written as promised, so we presume and hope that all is well with him.

More news has arrived concerning Baillie who, as reported in the August notes, is with the B.N.A.F. Now—we all know that the B.N.A.F. are in Italy or thereabouts, so we hope the censor won't object if we informed you that he wrote from Sicily. We very much regret to learn that he received a shoulder bullet wound on active operations, but are however, relieved and pleased to know that he is well on the way to recovery. Our very best wishes to you, "Musso," and also to all the other old boys out there.

We note in the daily newspapers that other ranks are now permitted to wear monocles. Will members of the section please overlook this generous concession, thereby preventing the influx of numerous potential Company Commanders.

Golden-voiced Bradley, although not reported before, joined the section a few months ago. His powerful arias appear to blend perfectly with the ablation acoustics. We would, however, request his song-writers to get "cracking" again as the "Whispering Grass" tends to wither somewhat in these passing autumnal days.

Herize Cummings, our master of finance, apparently enjoys the favourable fluctuations of the Stock Exchange. Quite recently he wantonly expended tenpence in the form of postage stamps on a natural operation, which would normally not exceed one penny.

It has been brought to my notice, that I, Cpl. Howard, am now the proud father of a bouncing daughter. Thanks, pals! Wife and nipper are going along O.K., so I can now get the pram out and parade with the many other daddies in the section.

We are sorry to see that Fenwick's leg trouble has returned again and trust that it will not be long in getting better.

"S" Company.

ANTI-TANK PLATOON.

We hope, in saying good-bye to canvas, that a spring bed will be ours for a few months to come.

We extend to our new members a hearty welcome and hope their stay will be long and contented.

Now that we have a tarmac Gun Park the spit and polish can go on for the duration. Will the emery cloth and paint be obtained in bulk or shall we have to "sign for it" when we go into action, Oliver?

Have you seen our Carrier? Most everyone in the Company has been seen snooping around, but I must say that it is worth seeing, pretty colours, paint and second gear Dutch, what a combination!! But really

we must have a wider door on the garage, then second gear won't hit the wall *again*.

Congratulations to our Lance-Corporals—Gale and Hurst—on losing the "Local." How about drinks all round?

With October drawing close what about some recreational training. Have the other platoons lost interest in football, or is it because they have no chance against the Champs. of the battalion? Don't be shy, Carriers and Mortars; we will turn our second team out if you don't feel like playing a good team. We did not include the Pioneers as we haven't a third team.

The platoon is to be congratulated on their manhandling on a recent scheme; next time, boys, pull motor and gun together, we know you can do it. Our Drivers, Shepherd and Goldy, had a very pleasant time, but were you windy, Shep, or were you? Well done, Staiano. Ten miles in two hours and a guard in 24 hours, go down well together, don't they?

What! Goldingay, still sick? Why not see if you can get on the M.O.'s staff!!

Is it true that our "Bull" got loose and was found in No. 3 Section's room just before the C.O.'s inspection?

How do you like being tucked into bed by a nice nurse, Spud? Read is also being treated very well by the girls. Good luck to you both and a speedy return.

Is it true that our Right Marker was turned off the beach on one dark night? Why did she scream, Leslie?

We welcome to our fold one "Desert Rat," namely, Sgt. Knight, who will, we hope, spend a happy time with us, and perhaps tell us some yarns of the desert.

CARRIER PLATOON.

Once again the mainstay of "S" Company is here with its Autumn issue. Since the last print we have travelled far and wide, visiting several beautiful spots and having occasional comfort, but, a majority of dear old tent life—but oh! Wonderful stuff, the fresh air.

At the present moment the chief topic is courses with our budding N.C.O.'s and potential D.M.'s bristling with knowledge and only waiting the chance to "spill it" to anyone who has't sufficient "savvy" not to listen. But who would'nt jump at the chance of recuperating on the borders of Barking Creek. By the way, George, has she written yet?

News has been received from our old drivers in the Middle East, with Andy Cline in Sicily and Monty Banks in Italy. Unfortunately, Banks, at the moment, is suffering with malaria. I know you will all join in and wish him a speedy recovery and for the others, the very best of luck wherever they may be.

With the approach of the winter season we can look forward to soccer again and we print this timely warning to those of our enemies—Beware 3, 5 and 6 platoons. You're in for it. No doubt we shall miss the services of Bond and Venham, but maybe, they will appreciate what a respectable team they once played for.

At the time of going to press we have the privilege, once again, of full establishment of D.M.'s. No doubt feelings will be mixed, but, I am sure if they excel as perhaps the majority of Carrier personnel do, then our status in the Company is assured.

"H.Q." Company have been fortunate in having the services of the inimitable "Vulture" for a few weeks. No doubt his return to us will be sorely felt.

A certain Sergeant finds great difficulty with his legs these days. When the C.S.M. shouts: "By the right, quick march," he promptly steps off with his right foot and finds to his dismay that he is the only one in step.

"A" Company.

The major event of the month is, undoubtedly, the birth of a son to the "Skipper," to whom we all extend our heartiest congratulations and trust that the old custom, of carrying a new-born babe across the threshold, by the father, was not a recurrent event performed during the hours of blackout, although I must admit that while the Company Commander was on leave, during one of our particularly damp night schemes, a few of us did rather entertain a hope that he would have at least something to remind him of our sufferings.

Talking of H.2.0! brings back memories of a nightmare I must have had. I dreamed that we were marching through a river, completely submerged; I could see nothing in front of me, but a white diamond, which seemed to hold some magnetic fascination for me, for I followed it for miles, over ploughed fields, barbed wire, through hedges, and as I discovered later—mangold wurzles, still surrounded by water, you understand, over ditches it went, through woods, on and on, coming to rest at last by a haystack—when, it seemed to speak and say to me: "Have you seen the other half of 9 Platoon?" "Which half?" "The half we found after we lost the other half before we lost 8 Platoon," whereupon, my head, in conjunction with the rest of my body, "swam," and I must have awoken with a message in my hand: "There will be a conference at" Be it a dream or not, I do know that I spent the best part of the following day laying on my B.D. from the double motive of pressing them, and unpressing myself. I have since had confirmation from Capt. Francis and Baxter, however, that it was no hallucination, although on a dark night when it is raining hard, I often imagine I can still see that white diamond before me.

We are all very sorry to lose Cpl. Chandler, one of the pioneers of "A" Company, and sincerely hope that he will prove as valuable and popular in his new post as he was with us. We also extend our good wishes to Cpls. Pond and Ashdown on their promotion, and regret that this necessitated their leaving us—alas! our loss and "C" and "B" Companies' gain. However, it is not all losses we have to write of this month, as we welcome back L/Cpl. Tredgett after his long absence in hospital, and Lieut. Harrod, a newcomer to the company, whom, we hope, will have a long and pleasant stay.

As usual, we find ourselves writing this month's notes amidst new surroundings, somewhat disappointing to some of us, inasmuch as, on leaving our last residence we were congratulating ourselves, that the barrack square, after having been ploughed up for renovations for some time, was practically "perfect" once more—and we had "missed" it—only to find ourselves within a few hours with a square twice as large and twice as "beautiful," on which C.S.M. Mitchell has lost no time in expounding the principles of18. However, compensation for this "Major defeat" are afforded by the appearance of the "weaker" sex, (usually carrying about two buckets of tea, a couple of services and a pile of plates) in the camp. One wonders whether the improvement in the cooking is due to a few feminine touches picked up by our Battalion cooks or whether the sweetness of the tea is due to a sudden distraction at the critical moment.

"B" Company.

COMPANY HEADQUARTERS.

For the first time of asking, is there a little space left for Company Headquarters? There is? "Good."

We, the backbone of busy "B," are sorry to lose our old friend Les. to 11 Platoon, but we welcome another old stalwart to the stores. "Any 4 by 2, George?"

Heartiest congratulations to the skipper on his latest addition. "It's a girl, Boys" and ours a pint; you will find us in the "Crown."

NO. 11 PLATOON.

We are finding our present billets very much to our liking, a Cinema, fish shop and numerous public-houses close at hand, these three establishments being, as everyone knows, necessary for the morale of a good soldier.

We are also very close to the cookhouse and would very much like to thank Pte. Trim for his early morning gunfire. Compliments must also be handed out to that very efficient Guard Commander, Cpl. Scales, who, with his guard members, overpowered and crushed several hulking commandos in a recent scheme.

NO. 12 PLATOON.

Once again we have to say our good-byes, this time to Capt. Taylor. Our loss is "S" Company's gain, we are truly sorry to lose him.

Welcomes go out to "Jock," 2/Lieut. Rankin, our canny wee scot Platoon Commander, and may he "stae a lang whael."

Welcomes also to "Tchurnitun" Stupple and L/Cpl. Atkinson. Since the latter was recently complimented on the best guard of the week, he hasn't been known to go out and can be regularly seen blancoeing and applying much spit and polish to his equipment.

"Bronco Wright rides again," is the title of our next instalment. He has been seen looking very wistful since the A.T.S. moved out. By the way, who was that "Tall, Dark, Handsome Sergeant"? who, in showing how to get over the barbed wire to the N.A.A.F.I., lost his money.

Pte. Acres and Leonard—our two in harmony signallers, are invariably seen going out of the gate equipped with wire cutters and cable, looking very busy. Our keyhole reporter followed them one day and much to his surprise—they disappeared into a hut—eventually emerging in Blue Hat and shoes, minus cable, etc.

The fishing craze created quite a buzz in the cookhouse the other day. Pte. Gibbs, after much argument with Pte. Underdown, on their respective merits as fishermen, equipped himself with a bent pin and piece of string and returned with a 13 ft. Conger-eel.

"C" Company.

There is much we could say on the geography of this place if we were allowed to do so and we should probably have something to say about stones—we don't see many *small* ones here! But if we can't say anything about the situation and construction of the land we *can* say something about the folk and our activities, particularly during "free time." Admitted the working hours are often long, but we have certainly made much of such time as we have had off and we have never before run such successful Dances and Whist Drives as we have been able to here. The local populace have given

whole-hearted support and there have been times when we could have done with something like the Albert Hall for our dances, so many people have we had to turn away!

As is to be expected at such functions, many a friendship between members of ALL ranks and fair ones (some *very* fair) of the town has sprung up! There was a certain amount of competition for some of the ladies—but it *was* for operational reasons and *not* to clear the path of all rivals that Sgt. "Rabbit" Hare, when acting C.S.M., issued orders that all men must be back in billets fifteen minutes after the end of the dance! After all, we doubt whether even he could cope with 150 women of all ages in one evening.!

Pte. Ben Harris is getting quite a name for his poster adverts. for the dances, etc., and Cpl. "Junior" King is a pastmaster in persuading the girl assistants of various local stores and the Post Office to display the bills in their shop windows! Maybe he has already got some sort of "sway" over them before seeing them on their business premises!?

The C.S.M. and C.Q.M.S. have also shown some enthusiasm for other whist drives in the town and we are wondering if there is any other attraction besides the game that lures them there!?!

L/Cpl. Kay, without having to attend dances or whist drives, appears to be getting on pretty well with a certain young lady, but it means him paying frequent visits to the V-Inn and drinking all rivals under the counter!

We also hear reports of a Platoon Sergeant who once sported a spiked moustache, doing himself a spot of good with a "merry widow," who expresses her feelings, in one way, by keeping him supplied with home-made apple-turn-overs, etc.!

Football is now getting into its stride and after losing a match against a well-known Institute by 5—0, we succeeded in caning the much-vaunted Signal Platoon team 8—4! Any more challenges from the Specialist Platoons.

A sight for sore eyes in the public gardens the other evening:—Cpls. Gosney and Kingston playing Bowls! Some who saw the game stated that they could distinctly hear Cpl. Gosney's back creak as he picked up the woods, but we think they assume that anyone playing the ancient game must be on the retired list—but there was obviously no sign of decrepitude in Sir Francis Drake when he chased the Spanish Armada after finishing his game of bowls and certainly no sign of it in our Corporals when seen later in the evening engaged on another kind of pasture!

Just a few words on training during the past month in case folk run away with the idea that we *never* do any work! War Course classification shooting on the range has occupied much of the time and as W.P.P. for some and prestige for others depended on the results, much keen firing was seen.

A compass and Map reading "Treasure Hunt," with cash prizes provided a useful and amusing exercise one afternoon and L/Cpl. Ball's syndicate were first home with most correct answers to Lieut. Freshwater's conundrums and L/Cpl. Hayward second.

We were all very sorry to lose Sgt. Paddy O'Brien and wish him all the best in his new job. Who of us will ever forget his "side-splitting" sketches ("Company Orders," "Water, Water"; "Kit Inspection," etc.), which he presented at many a Company concert and "do"!

Under our new Company Commander (*not* new to the Company) we are settling down very well or rather *carrying on* just as well, for with Capt. Towndrow at the helm, the same energy and enthusiasm is demanded of us as under his predecessor. Lieuts. Freshwater and Hawkins, who have recently joined us, are getting to know the Company and we to know them and we hope their stay with us will be long and happy.

"D" Company.

We welcome the addition of two new Officers, Lieut. Rowlandson and 2/Lieut. Cathles. The latter had better look after that unique hat decoration, otherwise someone may borrow it for an indefinite period. The writer of these notes, especially, is waiting for him to leave it lying around. Anyway, we wish these Officers a long and pleasant stay in "D" Company.

Congratulations to L/Cpl. Ranger and L/Cpl. Bateman on their promotion. "D" Company have put you on the ladder—now start climbing it. Cpl. Bindley, Cpl. Price, L/Sgts. Bradley and Sheppard also deserve congratulations on their added stripes.

Sgt. Poster has just completed a Mine Course, and has returned to the Company "Mine Conscious." He can see mines everywhere, and even the Office staff wonder if he intends to attempt to blow the office sky-high one early morning.

We are all sorry to lose Cpl. Brockbank, who has returned to the Depot. Maybe, he will be able to find fresh hunting grounds for that well-known mythical horse he talks about.

The funniest event of the month appears to be the C.S.M. and C.Q.M.S. testing their strength against one small 15-cwt. truck; honestly, the truck ran away with the event. Why not try something smaller, say a Jeep first, C.S.M.? Or even a Platoon Cycle?

Captain Clarke is at present away on a very energetic course. We expect to be doubling all over the place on his return. Strange, how these courses alter training programmes.

Excalibur.

WE feel this should be written in a thicket or beside a stream, by the light of an autumn moon. Not by reason of any poetic quality of its content, but because the activities of the Battalion, and, more particularly, of its officers, are falling increasingly under the head of what we may call "Nocturnal Adventures."

Strictly military, these adventures, ranging from familiar exercises and convoys to individual ambulations of the "Find your way" variety, and patrolling of country "terrorised" by Johnny and his battle-inoculated satellites.

Presiding benignantly at most of these functions has been Major Thwaite, acting as Second-in-Command, still fresh from an active fortnight of moonlight manoeuvres and "black-out" battles.

Palmer has not been with us to make arrangements; he has left for a Staff job somewhere nearer home. We bid him farewell and to Shep, too, and to Ward we have had to give our paternal blessing, as to all our alumni who spread their wings.

Barry McGrath and Stuart have lately returned from courses on small-arms. The former now carries his cane in the "on guard" position, though rumour has it that his night-work was done in a different locality.

The "Doc" is an enigmatic as ever, and is still prepared to supervise the athletic activities of other Regiments; the Q.M. unchanging as time itself, would, we feel, jump at the chance of supervising their store-keeping arrangements, for a consideration in kind.

Macdonald, Bucky's successor, is back at the M.T., after carrying off a "Distinguished" on his recent course, trying to reconcile academic theory with the trials and disappointments of "service conditions."

So work continues, varied only within its now familiar framework, interspersed by occasional football matches and dances, exhausting in its demands, tiring in its regularity, but, we may hope, not unfruitful in its "dividends;" and so the Battalion carries on, not unhopeful of the future nor unmindful of the past. "They also serve . . ."

Orderly Room.

Once more we record a few scenes from the stage of life in that inimitable style of ours, with a kindly thought for other, less gifted, contributors.

At the moment "Churchy" is on leave, so the cookhouse is now only turning out half the usual number of buckets, tea, filled, hot (perhaps). We expect he will come back full of all the pictures he has seen, and full of joy and laughter.

L/Cpl. Keep ("Expedite") is still concentrating on returns, training programmes and "brooms, bass" at the moment. He is in and out of the billets these nights and we wonder where he gets to.

"Flash" Roberts, one of the quietest and most timid men in the battalion, is still trying (with the author) to lick the P.R.I.—Messing Clerk combination at darts, but at the time of going to press, we are playing a losing game, but hoping to rally.

Many of the staff bumped into the M.T. party in one of the towns around here this week-end and added fresh blood to the proceedings. Cpl. Cole gave an outstanding show as a yodeler and brought the house down; L/Cpl. Dyer gave tone to the proceedings by leaning gracefully against the counter and drinking anything that happened to be within reach.

"Yop" Yare has just tottered off, head leading, to take a spell of leave and romance? He saved up enough during the last two months to get half-a-dozen dusters for his bottom drawer. This was achieved by

smoking other people's fags and forgetting his cigarette case at convenient times.

Cpl. Cole is, at the moment, torn between blonde and brunette and we hazard an opinion that the gal with the best supper-table wins the coveted moustache.

Sgt. Spring WILL get his legs in the way at football so these days he is hobbling around muttering under his breath about dirty so-and-so's who never ought to be allowed on the field.

Sgt. Cave is creeping about the Orderly Room these days and nobody knows he is there until a cigarette case is opened, and then he is away with a cigarette before one can realise whether they had asked him to have one.

We are doing many energetic feats at P.T. and are commanding the respect of all with our bony elbows and sharp teeth. And, of all things, we have a route march on to-morrow. Churchy is putting in an order for a gallon of tea to be brought out, otherwise he won't last the course, he says.

Signal Platoon.

A new editor for the flag-bashers to revenge many remarks against the "honourable tongue" (Cheshire accent). Our playboy taxi-driver is in good mood, reference a new training programme called "nights out of bed." Fortunately his "better 'alf" has just returned to town, after a short visit to see that the laws of matrimony were being upheld in the best traditions.

Our notable gigolo has just returned from a week-end, to find his "cigarette ration" had left. We say she's right. The tapping of cigarettes will now continue. (Not you, Mike, sit down).

Talking of Mike, turns us to "We Three," "Scooter," "The Nail" and "The Nut." Need I mention that these inseparables are still known as the "Combination," and are heard every evening dating the local telephone operators, mark 2.

Records have been badly upset by our D.R.'s who are often heard speaking of their punctuality. Ginger Joyce failed to take his clippers to his girl friends the other night, and consequently he was unable to cut himself away in time for the midnight curfew. "Jankers" is now his password.

Bunny, the storeman, always a very dodgy customer, presented himself at "Tugboat's" 21st on Saturday. Did he try to get the key of the door. We wonder?

We still have an A.2. man, recently named Basher Ben. Checking up on his activities of late, we find his week taken up with dance-nights, no guards, and a storeman's job that gives him plenty of time for practice. If this continues we suggest he does a "seven and five." The Orderly Room have the necessary forms, Benny.

The romance of Gunner Head is progressing, but very little information is given which would put us more in the picture. Remarks such as, "It's a treat to see a soldier take his daughter out on Sunday" and "I bet she can blow all the candles on her cake out in one go," are oft repeated. The statue outside the Church is still at the kneeling load, Len.

Charlie Chaplin is being greeted by all who know him with: "Is your journey really necessary?" The past two weeks have been his busiest yet. A route march to the station every evening isn't my idea of a good time. What can a fellow see in a lot of time-tables, anyway?

The members of the band are getting together to try and write a song. I suggest the title should be "Dinner at Twelve for James." (Sundays only). He says the ONLY attraction is Yorkshire pudding and an hour's nap. As if he would be satisfied with that.

Our thanks to Bill Doe for a very nice airgraph, which will be answered in due course. It's nice to know how the lads who used to be with us are getting on. Sergeants and Corporals need not be afraid to write, but please don't forget the stamp. A word to our ex-Signal Sergeant, "Copsy, Copsy"; let's have your conkers, Joe!" We expect a reply ack dum.

And so, with good wishes to the many friends at home and overseas of whom we are constantly reminded, I say "Best of Luck; Listening Out."

Carrier Platoon.

Quite recently we visited a cinema for Army training films and saw exactly how a minor job is passed on from senior rank downwards.

This is just what has happened to me, being a very junior N.C.O., to pen these few notes. We regret the passing-on of four stalwart members of our platoon, namely, Ram, Burge, Jimmy and Gilly, to strike out in another direction. It was a very sad parting as we had all known them since our joining the Army. We all hope that our Jim keeps pegging at his propaganda, namely, the D.W.

Although we just like to be modest, one could not but notice the way we ran the company off their feet at our sports show. We now have the battalion cup on our Platoon Sergeant's desk mixed up with his parade states, and chits by the thousand. We also noticed how fast were some of our dark horses at 100 yards, which the poor Mortars found to their disadvantage. Most noteworthy was the Tug-of-war; besides breaking the rope we pulled them over by 5 pulls to 2. They are not a bad set of lads, these Mortars, but they will have to move a bit faster to the Cookhouse when the bugle goes so that they may land a bit more food,—which, after all, is the deciding factor.

We are all very much interested in Darky D. Did he develop his limp at the Depot or has he worked this one out himself? He seems to do quite well at the local dances, but fatigues—No Sir—Out comes the limp, which changes leg from time to time.

The main topic lately has been: "Mind my arm." The poor boys had that "needle" from the nasty M.O. again, but it allowed some of the night birds to catch up on their sleep.

Our romances in the N.A.A.F.I. came to a finish quite recently when our C.S.M. thought of the wives and nibs at home. One in particular was asked very nicely if he would have seven days for trading on very sacred ground.

"Our Sid," complete with his sixteen stone, steel helmet and universal pouches, still finds time for plenty of Battle-drill and seems to stand alone in getting any fun out of it.

Tubby is now often seen reading salvage hints in the daily press and casts a very dirty look if he catches anyone throwing any away. He is now regarded as a local sight with his sack on his back.

Once again we say to all the lads we have seen come and go—"All the very best wherever you may be."

Anti-Tank Platoon.

The high spots this time are the promotions; congratulations to "Mac" for attaining his third, also "Andy," "Jim," and "Arthur" for proving themselves capable of two. We wish them continued luck, and may their new ones be duly "wetted."

We next congratulate our worthy storeman for obtaining "seven-o-the-best." It's his own fault though: we've told him that he should have bought the Beer long ago.

Our last shoot proved quite interesting, and resulted in an attempt to gain valuable experience in hunting "Vermin." The Platoon turned out in strength to engage the "Target for the Night," to wit: "Rabbits, Pies, Soldiers for the satisfaction of"; and even though dusk did mean a strategic withdrawal, we retired carrying much "Booty": Two Big 'un's and a little 'un, the whole affair resulting in a supper for a lucky few. One of the raiding-party was so struck with remorse that he had to be coaxed by the spoonful, wielded, incidentally, by a charming young lady, by name "ADDICKS." The presence of "Yappie" and "Connie" was welcomed, especially to render that famous old ballad, "How Ashamed I Was."

P.S. TO THE RABBIT STORY.—We think it was mean to use "I-fear-the-worst-Hickey," as a ferret, especially when there was a sentry armed with a pick-helve posted at the mouth of the Burrow.....Who was to know that "Hickey" was coming out first???

Speaking of football (Carriers, please note), we still say the best team lost.

Mortar Platoon.

Winter seems to be fast rolling along in this neighbourhood and the Mortar Platoon begins to think longingly of "John L's."

One by one the personnel is changing and this month we have to report the departure of one very famous Pte. Lowin and equally notorious dirt-track gate-crasher, Pte. Cartwright, minus, however, his beloved "mo-bike." When stalwarts of this calibre are taken away the very foundations of the platoon are shaken. However, we still have the quantity as well as the quality in members such as: Ptes. Merrells, Sarsfield, Barnard and Gilhead, who "Ivy-like," refuse to leave.

During the month, one of the detachments being put through their paces, were coming to the exhausted end of an all-day exercise; feeling winded, tired and being a nervous wreck with continuous badgering about, the D/C returned from a recon to find that all his detachment had been wiped out by an imaginary enemy and lying prostrate in all directions. The D/C, in utter desperation, refusing to credit that he alone was left to carry the mortar, decided to make sure the men were "dead." Lifting the head of the first man by the hair he released it in disgust when his fears were confirmed, but in a split second the corpse returned to life and jumped up with a yell. Believe it or not, his face was brown. Sgt. Jones will, I think, tell this story many times in the coming year as well as L/Cpl. Cannon.

Sgt. Eade, still "admin-ing" his way through life, unfortunately for us, has found his way temporarily into the Company Office, and Sgt. Dear and Cpl. Barnett are at present enjoying a spot of well-earned leave, minus his pet carriers which still keep in fine fettle (thanks to Cpl. Barnett).

M.T. Section.

Our ranks are being sadly depleted these days and we wish all those that have left us a happy landing wherever they may be.

At the moment most of our drivers are walking about with one arm—muttering something about being jabbed with a six-inch nail. I believe they have been inoculated.

A good time was had by all quite recently when the old boys got together and had a bit of a do. We were very glad to see our past and present governors there, and are all looking forward to another meeting very soon.

"A" Company.

We were sorry to lose C/Sgt. Parsonson and Dawkins and wish them luck in their new venture. C/Sgt. Bartram and Mulcaster, however, seem to have settled down in their respective jobs.

We are very sorry to state that Sgt. "Slim" Agar has been killed in action, and we present our condolences to Mrs. Agar and family on their loss.

Crickets has now gone by the board, and it is football once again. Our team did very well against "H.O.1," but lost 2—1. We are wondering why "H.O.2" failed to put in an appearance over the week-end, and cannot think off-hand, of any excuse they can offer. Sgt. Emmett and Co. showed offence, inasmuch as they were taken away from their afternoon "Siesta." Never mind Tim, all we can think is that supper will have to be served a little earlier, so that you can catch up on your sleep during the week.

We congratulate L/Sgt. "Jock" Bowie on his recent and well-earned promotion. Let's hope it lasts a bit longer this time, Jock.

Our Sergeant-Major has proved a bit of a "Shark" on the dart board. We wish him success while he's on leave.

"B" Company.

Once again the time has come for me to rack my brains and get cracking on the "Dragon Notes" for this month's issue. First of all we must welcome to our Company 2/Lieut. Parsley and 2/Lieut. Worboys, whose stay with us, we hope, will be a long and happy one.

At last we have a rival to Sgt. Gambell; perhaps he will now have someone to carry his famous black box for him; no reflections, of course, on our new Gas Corporal—Corporal Hazelton.

Cpl. Pottle is still doing his nut about this Orderly Sergeants' job; he says that it interferes with his business interests in the town, but no doubt he will find plenty of customers to take care of it for him, during his enforced stay in camp.

One day just recently there was a sudden rush towards the window of the Company Office by the C.S.M. and C.Q.M.S. Somebody had shouted: "Here comes 'Don Juan' Gwynne, Alias Sergeant, he's only with some old !!!!!!" hence all the excitement; later, when he was approached on the subject, he said: "What do you mean, that's my wife." Thereupon everybody tendered their apologies, which were accepted.

Our dear Sergeant-Major spends most of his time nowadays adding and deleting names from the distribution board, and gets in a peach of a whirl. The variety of colours have nothing on a set of snooker balls; a pretty shade of blue for absentees seems to be the favourite at present, though yellow for leave is running a close second.

In Camp with Cadets of the Buffs.

0700 hrs. the bugle blows reveille in the camp beneath the trees. The Cadets get out of their beds as the Sergeant rouses them; they clean the dragon on their caps and wash in the stream; their kits begin to take some semblance of order.

These are not soldiers, but Buffs Cadets. You must have seen them when you were on leave in any town in East Kent. Nearly all of them have fathers and elder brothers in the regiment, and they are now enjoying a week under canvas not far from Bell Harry.

They have their breakfast (they have army rations whilst in camp) and afterwards go on parade, under the benevolent supervision of the camp R.S.M., C.S.M. Wedlake, and various N.C.O.'s from the I.T.C. The platoons are all at different stages of training but there is a healthy competition between each of them, so their drill is surprisingly good.

At 1000 hours it is break time, and the Naafi van arrives, loaded with tea and cakes. The average cadet eats four cakes, but the smaller they are, the more they eat! The record is eight! At the same time there is a queue outside the M.I. tent, where Sgt. Olden is busy painting cuts with iodine and easing mosquito bites with queer-coloured potions.

Then comes field training. Most of the Cadet Company commanders run this part of the training programme themselves, and the cadets thoroughly enjoy it. The climax to each week is a scheme complete with smoke, blank and the usual effects. The cadets show great skill in fieldcraft, and several seniors have a marked quality of leadership.

Whilst the cadets thus learn the art of soldiering, Cpl. Jackson and his band of cooks perform wonders with their cooking stoves of petrol tins, clay and whitewash. There is no doubt that the camp owes a great deal of its success to them.

The mess tent is made up of three marquees with a tree in the middle, on which is the notice board with the result of the tent competition on it. The winning tent each day has a dragon pinned on the tent pole, and the competition to win this honour is intense. But it is dinner time now, and as the bugle blows the boys all come in and sit at their allotted tables. Two mess orderlies go to the kitchen to bring up the food which the N.C.O. in charge of the tables distributes.

There is an hour's break, and then games, sports and swimming. The cadets go from one game to another as the whistle blows, so that they are not idle for a moment. Sgt. Blake is teaching boxing, Sgt. Fox is looking after the junior's cricket, and all the other N.C.O.'s are joining in somewhere or other. Swimming in the river is refreshing after the heat of the afternoon. Incidentally L/Cpl. Wakefield was one day fishing near the swimming pool, and saw a cadet in difficulties. He dived in fully clothed and rescued him.

After sports, tea, and parade again for demonstrations, either small arms, mortars, attack and defence or carriers. This last is the bane of the senior cadet officers, for Sgt. Smith has a special trip for them. They don't mind being taken for a ride, but they do object to being bumped off!

Supper is a light meal of soup and biscuits, then the mess tent becomes a theatre. Bandmaster Salmon arranged the entertainment side in addition to his duties as Assistant Camp Adjutant, and it is much appreciated. Thanks are due to Sgts. Wingfield, Shaw and Olden, The Buffs Band and Ptes. Hart and Dawes for their good work, and to the Bandmaster himself, whose team contests between the various contingents present is a highspot of the week.

The cadets have two or three free nights a week, when they can go out after dinner. The rest of the time there is a full programme until ten o'clock comes, when, after a half pint of fresh milk, the lights go out, and all sleep except for the picquet tent who look after the camp through the night.

The whole arrangements for the camp are under the capable charge of Major P. Dare. During the seven weeks the camp has been open over 600 cadets attended for a week, and all wanted to stay longer. Visitors included the Director-General of the Home Guard and Cadet Force, the Inspector of Training Camps, The Sub-District Commander, the Mayor of Canterbury and the Bishop of Dover.

There is not room to mention all the names of the people who have done so much for the camp. But they all know that they have done a fine job, and the faces of the cadets enjoying themselves are all the thanks they really need. Everybody from the Pioneer Cpl., Cpl. Milton, to the fat Camp Quartermaster-Sergeant deserves mention. But I am sure they will pardon any omissions.



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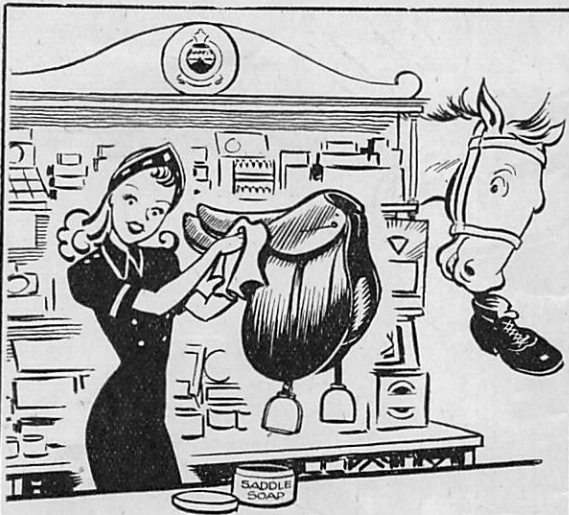
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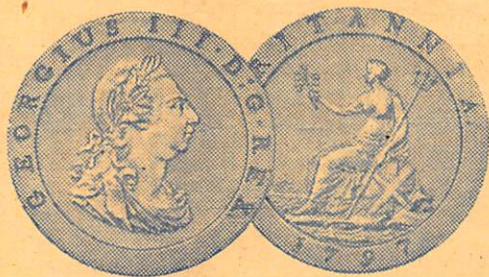
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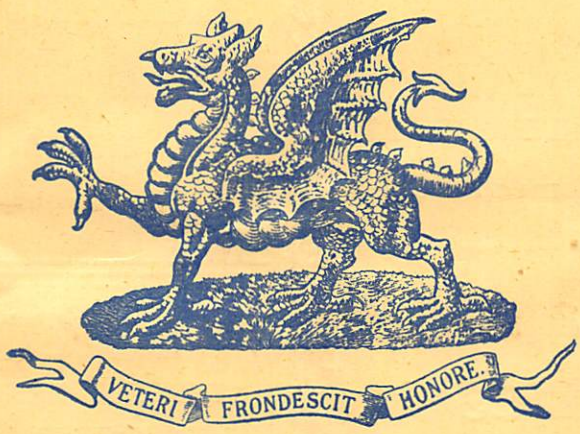
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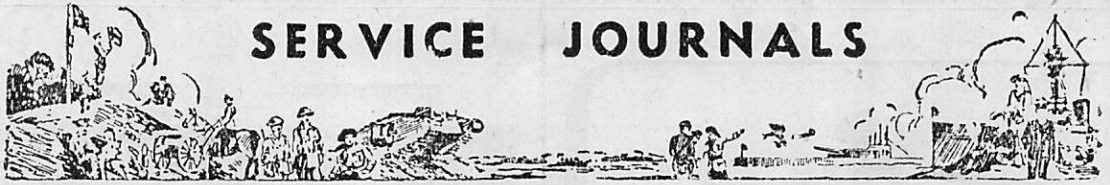
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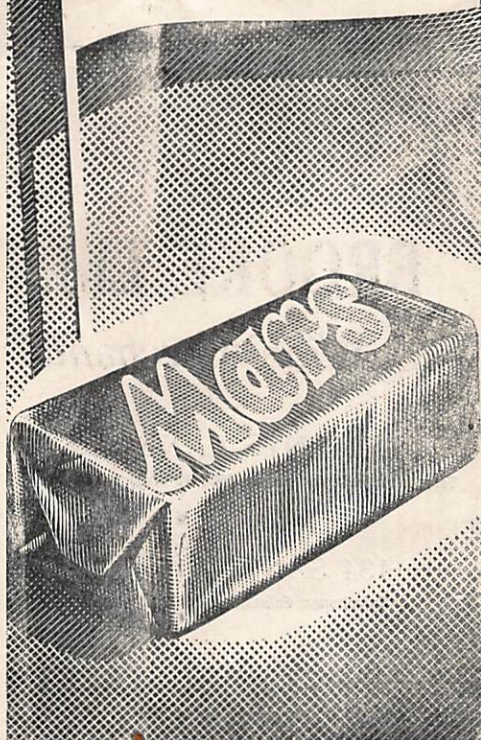
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Let us press forward, wherever we may be, in the great endeavour towards final victory and the conclusion of a successful and lasting peace.

GERALD SCARLETT,
Maj.-Gen.,
Colonel of The Buffs.

We wish our readers as happy a Christmas as is possible under the circumstances. We wish them also a happier New Year, one with a successful achievement of victory and the realisation of a lasting peace.

It is an annual pleasure to us to thank those who have so kindly contributed during the past year to our columns.

We do so this year with added zest, knowing that all are busy in their various occupations and that there is but little leisure for the practise of writing. We thank also those who have continued to take advertising space from which we hope that they have derived some measure of profit.

Major H. P. Williams is in India and 2nd in Command to a battalion. Although he regrets not being with the regiment, he says he is very lucky to be with such an excellent battalion, the C.O. of which being an old K.A.R. friend of his.

He reports Lieut.-Col. L. B. Grant (Secretary United Services Club, Simla) to be in good health.

Major E. P. C. Bruce recently stayed at the I.T.C. We were glad to see him looking so well. He spent a busy time visiting the relatives of prisoners of war in the neighbourhood.

Since leaving us he has had a medical board, being graded category B.

The report in the Press of our battalion in Paiforce mounting Guard over the Prime Minister at Teheran and giving him a birthday present, made interesting reading. We hope, later and with due regard to the censor, to receive a full account of this from the battalion concerned.

Captain F. G. B. Wills writes (September) that he is nearing the end of his time at a Tactical School, at the end of which he goes on a month's leave.

Captain S. K. Bassett, N. Rhodesia Regiment has just finished a course at the school.

He was posted to an O.C.T.U. from a battalion of ours, then in the Middle East and sends his best wishes to those in the battalion who remember him.

Captain N. A. Molyneux is now with the K.A.R. and Sergt. Bluett an instructor at the E. A. Battle School.

We congratulate Lieut.-Colonel R. F. Parry on his marriage to Mrs. E. S. Bird and wish them both a happy married life.

We congratulate Miss D. B. Marriott on her engagement to Major F. C. Hallowes.

We should be grateful for the assistance of our readers in the following matter. There were formerly many Prisoners of War of the Buffs, both officers and other ranks in Italy. Some have found their way to Switzerland, others to our own lines and many have been transferred to Germany.

So far we have been unable to obtain information, other than in a few instances, of such escapes or transfers. We therefore ask that next-of-kin concerned be good enough to give us such information as they can, when they are in a position to do so.

We regret to record the death of Peggy Marchant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Marchant, which occurred on November 23rd and offer our sympathy to her relatives in their loss.

We regret to record the death of No. 7533 late Corporal William Gibb, who died on November 30th at Ticehurst, after a short illness. At the funeral the Past and Present Association was represented by Cpl. E. M. Dungey.

Cpl. Gibb served for many years in the regiment prior to and during the great War.

He was a regular reader of *The Dragon* and took a keen interest in the activities of the regiment, being a Life Member of the Past and Present Association.

We offer our sympathy to his relatives in their loss.

continued on p. vi.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

ENGAGEMENT.

T/Major F. C. Hallowes and Miss D. B. Marriott.

The engagement is announced between T/Major Frederick Carnegie Hallowes, The Welch Regiment, only son of Mr. and Mrs.

W. B. Hallowes, Ty Maen, Draycot-Cerne, Chippenham, and Subaltern Diana Barbara Marriott, A.T.S., second daughter of the late Major R. G. A. Marriott, D.S.O., The Buffs, and Mrs. G. B. de M. Mairis, Wayne, Bovey Tracey.

Parry—Bird.—On November 27th, 1943, quietly, at the Church of St. Michael's at the North Gate, Oxford, Lieutenant-Colonel Richard Frederick Parry, M.C., The Buffs, to Elspeth Stewart Bird.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

MISSING.

Daniel.—Reported missing at sea, in October, 1943, Peter R. T. Daniel, Captain. The Buffs, second son of the Rev. A. O. and Mrs. Daniel, late of the Vicarage, Thatcham, now of S. Benedict's Cottage, Cold Ash Newbury. Any information gratefully received.

The Regimental Gazette

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12TH, 1943, DATED TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 16TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

THE BUFFS.—Captain N. G. Vertue, M.C. (4853) having attained the age limit of liability to recall, ceases to belong to the Res. of Offrs. November 10th, 1943.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 16TH, 1943, DATED, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 18TH, 1943.

WAR OFFICE NOVEMBER 18TH, 1943.

The King has been graciously pleased to approve the following awards in recognition of gallant and distinguished services in Sicily:—

The Military Cross.

Lieutenant (temporary Captain) (acting Major) Gerald Allen Herbert Proctor (89210) The Buffs.

Lieutenant (temporary Captain) Douglas Milton (200143) The Buffs.

The Military Medal.

No. 6282615 Sergeant George Phillip Bunclark, The Buffs. No. 6291357 Private Edward Ryan, The Buffs.

THIRD SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 16TH, 1943, DATED FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

THE BUFFS.—War Subs Lt. P. A. Johnstone (134250) from Lan. Fus., to be War Subs. Lt., retaining his present seniority, November 20th, 1943.

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19TH, 1943, DATED TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 23RD, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

THE BUFFS.—Lt. Col. (temp. Brig.) F. A. J. E. Marshall, D.S.O., M.B.E., M.C. (5713) is granted the local rank of Maj. Gen. 12th October, 1943.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 23RD, 1943, DATED THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25TH, 1943.

WAR OFFICE NOVEMBER 25TH, 1943.

The King has been graciously pleased to approve the following awards in recognition of gallant and distinguished services in the Middle East :—

The Military Medel.

No. 6285716 Sergeant James Avery, The Buffs.

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 23RD, 1943, DATED FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

Maj. H. P. P. Robertson (15470) from The Buffs, to be Lt. Col. on the empld. list, 1st April, 1941. (Substituted for the notifi. in Gazette (Supplement) dated 5th June, 1942).

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

THE BUFFS.—6287785 Col. Sergt. Stanley Robert Couchman (294988) is granted an immediate Emergency Commn. from the ranks in the rank of 2nd Lt., 2nd. Sept., 1943.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26TH, 1943, DATED, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 30TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

The undermentioned Cadets to be 2nd Lts.

15th August, 1943 :—6093967 William Benjamin Channell (300192), 6091274 Ronald Hillman (300193).

18th September, 1943 :—2084770 Alexander Charles Bagnall (293213), 6294939 Charles Frederick Turner (293263), 6300015 Anthony David van Gelder (293265), 2623212 Robert Charles Marriott (293274)

25th September, 1943 :—4464453 Israel Mordecai Zemla (293570).

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 30TH, 1943, DATED, FRIDAY DECEMBER 3RD, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

MEMORANDA.

Maj. W. H. Rowe, D.S.O. (11942) from the Buffs to be Lt. Col. on the empld. list. 2nd October, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

THE BUFFS.—The undermentioned are granted Immediate Emergency Commns., from the ranks in the rank of 2nd Lt. 14th September, 1943.

8285597 C.S.M. Norman Henry Delves (297242), 6289844 Serjt. John Frederick Fakley (297243), 6289466 Cpl. Charles Henry Thomas Garner (297245), 6289787 Sjt. Thomas Jarrett (297244), 6284608 C.S.M. William Kennedy (297240), 6284369 C.S.M. Ernest Albert Lovejoy (297241).

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

No. 45 ISSUED ON NOVEMBER 11TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

The undermentioned Lt. is re-granted temp. rank of Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—N. D. Poulsen (112915) 28th June, 1943.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

The undermentioned War Subs. Lt. (temp. Capt.) relinquishes temp. rank of Capt. :—

THE BUFFS.—B. N. Eckhard (149169) 20th May, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—2nd. November, 1942 :—M. F. M. Callaghan (53549). 8th November, 1943. G. A. Batsford (273899).

The undermentioned have been granted temp. rank in Middle East Orders :—

War Subs. Lts. (actg. Capts.) to be temp. Capts. :—

THE BUFFS.—R. Metcalf (229737) 29th November, 1942. A. O. Williams (207697) 11th July, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

The undermentioned has been granted temp. rank in Middle East Orders :—

THE BUFFS.—Lt. (temp. Capt.) (actg. Maj.) M. Gilford (50375) to be temp Maj. and War Subs. Capt., 3rd July, 1943.

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

No. 46 ISSUED NOVEMBER 18TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

The undermentioned Maj. (temp. Lt. Col.) relinquishes temp. rank of Lt. Col.

THE BUFFS.—B. E. Hammond-Davies, M.C. (1520) 18th August, 1941.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

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

THE BUFFS.—G. M. Key (90494) 11th August, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—1st October, 1942 :—J. D. Taylor (182143). 4th October, 1942 :—K. H. Bird (229735). 4th April, 1943 :—J. A. Kirby (259440). 6th August, 1943 :—A. E. Crampton (269347). 6th September, 1943 :—C. R. Burn (265684), A. P. J. Mumford (265686). 27th September, 1943 :—R. E. H. Ransley (268858), J. W. Woolgar (268857). 2nd October, 1943 :—J. L. Postles (269238). 10th October, 1943 :—S. N. Eastwood (277662), J. A. C. Osborne (269899), S. M. Parsons (277663). 7th November, 1943 :—P. J. Harris (273860), F. T. Vallas (273882). 15th November, 1943 :—M. B. Baker (276384), D. D. Bridle (276424), R. H. C. Stronge (276379), J. E. Harsant (276361). 16th November, 1943 :—R. E. S. Price (288915), L. T. Sainsbury (288914), H. T. Whiter (288912).

REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

THE BUFFS.—War Subs. Capt. D. G. Walker (66090) is re-granted temp. rank of Maj. 17th May, 1943.

SUPPLEMENTARY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

THE BUFFS.—War. Subs. Lt. (temp. Capt.) S. J. H. Davis (75443) relinquishes temp. rank of Capt., 1st August, 1943.

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

No. 47 ISSUED DECEMBER 25TH, 1943.

TEMPORARY AND WAR SUBSTANTIVE RANK.

REGULAR ARMY.

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

THE BUFFS.—C. D. Bremner (112816) 21st September, 1943.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

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

THE BUFFS.—21st February, 1943 :—A. E. Pratt (242961). 3rd April, 1943 :—R. L. Westcott (247187) (Since deceased). 10th April 1943 :—J. Paine (278009). 22nd November, 1943 :—M. C. D. Bull (277446), S. G. T. Corfield (277471), F. J. Daly (277398), K. R. H. Habershon (277411), A. J. C. Howard (277458) G. C. MacDonald (277431), S. G. Mahony (277432).

TERRITORIAL ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

The undermentioned War Subs. Lt. (temp. Capt.) (actg. Maj.) has been granted temp. rank of Maj. and War Subs. Capt. in Middle East Orders :—

THE BUFFS.—J. E. Rolo (89782) 16th March, 1943.

Rhodesian Glimpses.

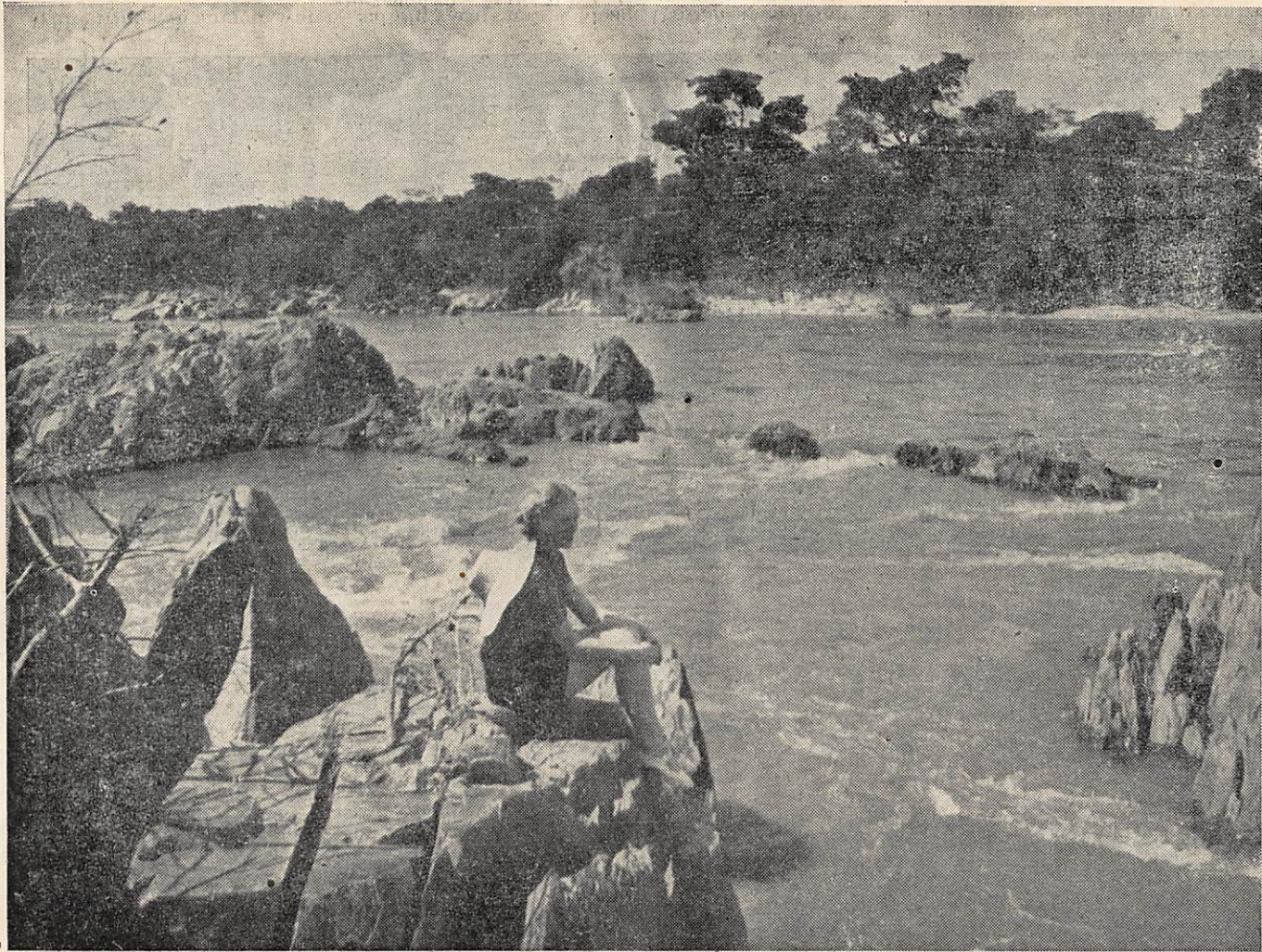
"PANES ET PACES" was the cry of the Ancient Romans to their Emperors, and indeed suitably transcribed as the desire for work and recreation, it has ever since remained the proverbial ideal.

Rhodesia richly endowed with mineral wealth and a wonderful climate, should be able to provide "panes et paces" in abundance. And so by glancing at its economic situation and its recreational facilities some idea of its post-War potentialities may be gleaned.

In order to appreciate the economic lay-out of Southern Rhodesia, it is important to remember that the country was originally settled because it was supposed to be rich in gold. The Land of Ophir to the Ancients was to the Adventurers of the late nineteenth century the Land of Promise. And even to-day half a century after the arrival of the Pioneers, gold provides the largest single source of income in the Colony.

Gold in Rhodesia, unlike that in the Transvaal which is concentrated at the Rand, is distributed fairly evenly in different parts of the country. It is often found in quite small pockets and consequently, although there are a few large companies, there are also many small undertakings often owned by private individuals. In fact many who own and work a mine are almost as much farmers as miners. This wide dispersion of gold soon led to the discovery of other basic metals and minerals. The most valuable of these are copper, chrome, coal, asbestos and mica.

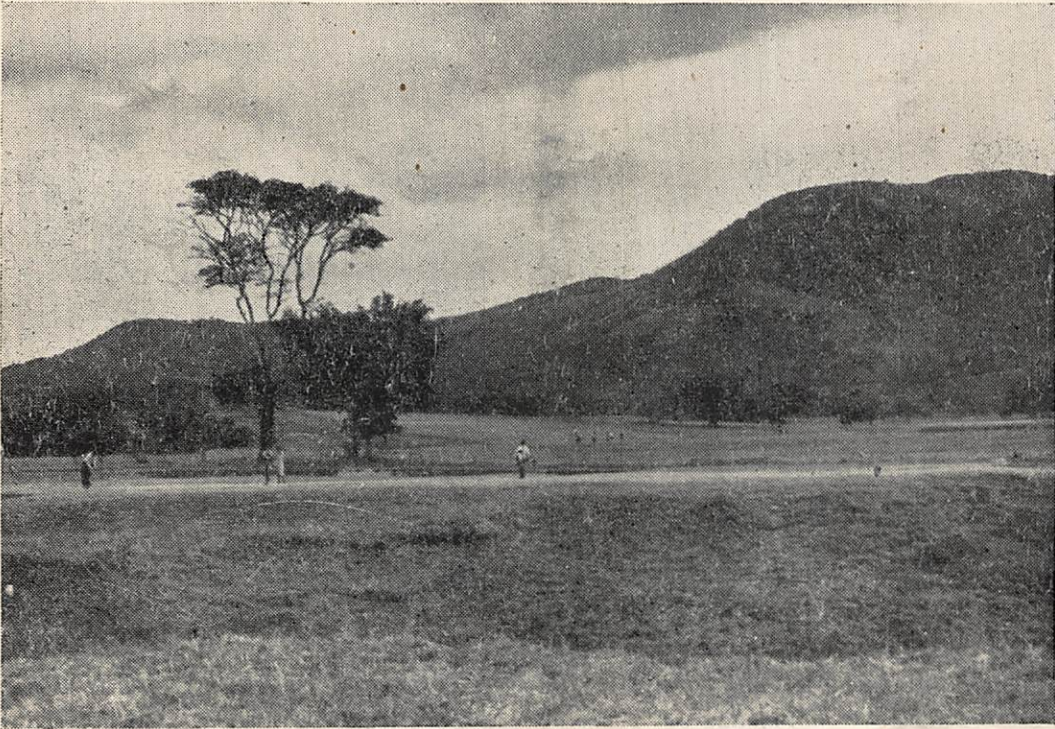
The Copperbelt lies in Northern Rhodesia and is worked by large companies who have established settlements at their mines and



A beautiful spot on the Hunyani River near Salisbury which provides the city's main water supply.



White wings on smooth water—sailing yachts on the Mazoe Dam, near Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia. The dam controls the irrigation of the B.S.A. Company's citrus estate at Mazoe.



Umtali Golf Course

the aggregate output is an appreciable contribution to world supply. Coal is plentiful, the Wankie coalfield is highly developed and supplies the needs of Southern Rhodesia and the Copperbelt as well. Chrome ore is plentiful and of a high grade but unfortunately its distance from world markets necessitates high transport charges. Rhodesian asbestos is particularly valuable owing to its long staple or fibre. These are the chief minerals though there are others which are worked to a lesser extent. In fact the mineral wealth of the country is enormous, but its output is limited by its geographical position with regard to markets.

Although the lure of gold may have been the first attraction to the early settlers, on arrival they found the land generally speaking to be fertile. Consequently a flourishing agriculture has sprung up which approaches mining in its importance. The geographical formation has created a high tableland with warm valleys running down to the big rivers. The soil varies considerably, the majority being sandy, running into loam with here and there pockets of clay, the valley of vleis soils being alluvial.

The chief agricultural crop in point of bulk is undoubtedly maize, which is of such high quality as to make it worth exporting. The Government are fully alive to the importance of the maize crop which, by means of the Maize Control Board, they regulate in accordance with the world's markets. Financially however, tobacco is the most important crop. This has been nurtured under Tariff Protection and Imperial Preferences, and is guided by careful research. The output has grown steadily over the last few decades until it recently reached 46,000,000 lbs. Originally Virginian tobacco was the staple crop, but of late years Turkish leaf has been growing in importance and the product now competes with that grown in the Levant. Wheat is grown chiefly in the central highlands but the crop is not sufficient to meet the home needs. Citrus fruits, tea and cotton are also grown and form specialised industries as yet on a small scale. Ranching and stock farming is quite an important branch of the industry, and much of the land is very suitable for it but the distance from world markets mitigates against its rapid expansion. General mixed farming flourishes near the towns and settlements where there is a ready market for its produce.



Planting out Tobacco on a S. Rhodesia Farm.



Grading Tobacco.

Mining and Agriculture are the two most important and are, in fact, the basic industries of the country. Their products are, of course, raw materials, which require further processing to make them into usable commodities in consumable form—in other words the raw materials have to be manufactured before they can be used. Now, no community can be wholly satisfied with raw materials. Either it must manufacture them into consumable commodities or it must exchange them and buy manufactured articles with the proceeds. Prior to the War, Rhodesia exported raw materials and imported manufactured ones. Due to geography, this was done at a disadvantage. If the raw materials produced could be manufactured on the spot, transport charges on both raw material exports, and manufactured imports, would be avoided. The Government are fully alive to this state of affairs and so in their post-war reconstruction programme they are planning to establish manufacturing or, as they are familiarly called, secondary industries. They have already intimated that they intend to establish certain secondary industries which they consider essential. They propose that every inducement shall be offered to establishing these by private enterprise, but if that is not sufficient or successful in its effect, they themselves will establish them as Government concerns. By way of implementing their intention they recently opened a cotton mill in Gatooma; they have already taken over the steel rolling mills at Bulawayo; arranged to build blast furnaces and iron works at Que Que and started other undertakings such as a sheep dip factory at Salisbury. It is thus apparent that post-War Rhodesia with established secondary industries is going to be very different from pre-war Rhodesia with a white population of 60,000 chiefly dependent upon mining and agriculture.

The introduction of secondary industry will lead to an increased demand for skilled labour, which will improve the chances of employment for white men in the Colony. Sir Godfrey Huggins, the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia in regard to the post-War situation, has said:—

“After the War and as soon as we see daylight in regard to placing our own people, we must embark on a policy of encouraging the immigration of Europeans. We definitely require Europeans but we only want the high grade type. I use the term “high grade” in no social sense: What I mean by “high grade” is people who are prepared to work themselves with

both mind and body, and do not wish to look on while others work for them. It will not be necessary for these people to have capital so long as they are 100% workers, and the number offering will not be large so we shall be able to absorb all we can get.”

The application of such a policy should provide a considerable measure of economic development in the immediate post-War period. And there is yet another factor which will have an increasing effect on the demand for consumable goods as the years go by and that factor is the Native.

In Southern Rhodesia alone at the present time there are over one and a quarter million natives and they are increasing at a great rate. The vast majority of these live on the Reserves, leading the simplest of lives, their wants being limited to a little cloth, a few mealies, and a hut, in which “Mother Earth” provides the furniture. Except in the towns, the Native makes practically no demand on the white man's products—a few bicycles and gramophones each year is all it amounts to. But the native consciousness is awakening and it has been quickened by the War. What the white man has to-day, the native will want to-morrow more and more, and he is willing to work for wages to buy what he wants. In fact, the Native demand for the white man's products is already increasing rapidly in the towns. There is an old Lancashire saying that “If every Chinaman wore an inch longer shirt tail, Lancashire would be busy for a generation.” The same principle applies to the African Native. Imagine what a demand must arise for the products of the white man's work if the standard of living of the African Native were to rise to that say of the United States Coloured Citizen. He demands the White man's standards in food, clothing and housing, and indeed in luxuries as well. And yet he is but a few generations removed from the African Native. From what has been said it must be evident that with the introduction of secondary industry and its natural endowments, Southern Rhodesia should have a great future of economic prosperity which will benefit European and African alike.

So much for the “Panes,” what of the “Paces?”

Happiness is a state of mind, to achieve which the Atlantic Charter lays the foundation. There are, of course, further contributing factors than those mentioned there, two of which Rhodesia generally provides. One is good companionship and the other is a fine day.

The people of Rhodesia are by nature cheery and congenial. There is among them a spirit of enterprise which provides a willingness to, as the Americans say "step on the gas and get going." In the towns and settlements they have quickly got to work and provided or planned all the normal amenities of civilization as well as the framework of social entertainment in the form of clubs, societies and movements. Indeed, in this direction they might almost be described as ambitious. The proximity to the Equator means very little variation in the length of the day between Summer and Winter, and a much shorter twilight than at home in England. This is reflected in the habits of the people by starting work earlier and finishing earlier, so as to get evening recreation before darkness falls. The hour before sunset is a sort of "playtime" to which everybody adheres.

Nearly all English games are played and more people seem to play them than at home. Tennis and golf are perhaps most general; football and cricket are very popular and so is hockey, the tournaments being followed with great interest. And when the game is over and the sun has set, then is the time for a "sundowner"—the drink that is drunk with a thirst that is worth having.

In the realm of sport, shooting takes first place, for it is, as it were, on the doorstep. A £1 licence covers the shooting of all birds and many antelope, while a £5 licence covers all game except what is known as Royal Game—the rarer animals only killed for scientific purposes. For the fisherman the Zambesi and other large rivers provide the tigerfish, while a form of perch, though called bream, give good sport in the large reservoirs which are called dams. Trout have been introduced into the mountain streams where rainbows of 8 lb. have been taken. Rhodesia is not really a great horse country—originally horse sickness, and now the ubiquitous motor car mitigate against this. There are, however, plenty of good horses and plenty of fine riding country. There are two or three packs of hounds and race meetings are held at various places. Racing interest is no doubt stimulated by the four National Sweepstakes held each year on the classics. Hacking is very popular and often takes the form of riding picnics. Indeed, picnicking in any form whether riding, motoring or sailing on the dams is a very popular pastime and so is camping, since the country and the climate lend themselves so conveniently for their enjoyment.

From the foregoing it would appear that the post-War prospects for "panes" are most encouraging and the conditions for "paces" most suitable. And so any successful warrior who contemplates hanging up his sword where "panes and paces" are both within reach, might do worse than consider Southern Rhodesia.

The Buffs Comforts Fund.

IN publishing this the fourteenth list of donations and contributions to this Fund we take this opportunity of offering our thanks to all who have contributed directly or indirectly to the maintenance of this Fund.

This List opens in May, 1942.

	£	s.	d.
A. C. Burgess—Account Barham Dances	2	7	0
Dover Guild		2	2
Canterbury Fun Fair	45	0	0
A. C. Burgess—Barham Dances ...	2	16	0
Major A. E. Colley	2	2	0
Proceeds of Concert—Orchard House F.A.P.	17	4	0
A. C. Burgess—Barham Dances ...	5	0	0
A. C. Burgess—Barham Dances ...	2	13	0
Flimwell Church	2	11	3
—Light A.A. Regiment R.A. ...	5	0	0
Mrs. Collar. Tankerton Guild ...	5	8	0
Mrs. D. J. Dean. Sittingbourne Work Party	5	0	0
Contribution towards Materials ...	2	0	0
Mrs. Stunt	10	0	
Anonymous	2	6	
The Mayor of Canterbury—Proceeds of Fair	50	0	0
Mrs. Druce—Biddenden Work Party	1	10	0
Mrs. R. McDouall	2	0	0
Major W. H. Booth	5	0	0
Mrs. Fawcett	1	12	0
Mrs. Stunt	10	0	
Rt. Hon. Lord Justice Fairfax Luxmoore	10	10	0
Mrs. L. MacRae	1	1	0
Miss M. M. Reed—Yalding Work Party	2	0	0
Mrs. Collar—Tankerton Guild ...	6	0	0
—Bn. The Buffs	25	0	0
Mr. J. R. Reeve	10	6	
Garrison Church, Canterbury ...	5	5	0
Mrs. D. J. Dean. Sittingbourne Work Party	8	0	0
Epsom Central School Work Party	1	12	11
Major A. E. Colley	2	2	0

Kingston Work Party	1	4	6	—Bn. The Buffs	25	0	0
Lieut. Col. and Mrs. Eric Allen ...	2	10	0	Mrs. M. Surtees	5	0	0
Captain W. C. Lamarque	1	1	0	A. C. Burgess—Barham Dances ...	3	0	0
Major and Mrs. R. M. Webster ...	2	0	0	Major and Mrs. F. Whitaker ...	5	0	0
Rt. Hon. Lord Justice and Lady Fairfax Luxmoore	10	10	0	Mrs. J. Dray	10	0	0
The Misses Arnold, Chartham ...	6	6	0	Mrs. E. M. K. Marshall, I.T.C.	1	1	0
Mrs. Bridge	4	3		Total ...	£472	6	3
Mrs. Cyril Johnson—Staple Work Party	15	0					
Lieut. Col. C. R. Messel	5	0	0				
Epsom Central School Work Party	1	12	11				
Mrs. Harrison	7	6					
“A” Company 1st Cadet Battalion The Buffs	13	9					
Colonel and Mrs. J. Body	2	2	0				
A. C. Burgess—Barham Dances ...	4	13	6				
Mr. Lane’s Collection Box	1	9	7				
Mrs. Druce—Biddenden Work Party	1	0	0				
Mrs. Dean—Sittingbourne Work Party	4	10	0				
Major T. Wheeler	5	0	0				
Mrs. Parkinson	7	6					
St. Mary Bredin Work Party ...	1	0	0				
Mrs. M. Reid—Yalding Work Party	2	0	0				
Mrs. Collar—Whitstable Work Party	2	15	6				
“B” Company—I.T.C.	6	13	0				
Major A. E. Colley	2	2	0				
W. Rayden, Esq.	2	2	0				
Mrs. M. W. Taylor	1	1	0				
Proceeds of Concert “B” Company —I.T.C.	52	2	4				
Major H. L. Archer Houblon ...	5	0	0				
Rt. Hon. Lord Justice and Lady Fairfax Luxmoore	10	10	0				
—Lt. A.A. Battery R.A.	5	0	0				
“B” Company—I.T.C.	2	17	6				
H. C. Oakes... ..	9	7					
Mrs. M. W. Taylor	1	1	0				
A. C. Burgess—Barham Dances ...	5	0	0				
Mrs. Venn—Chislet Work Party ...	1	1	0				
A. C. Burgess—Barham Dances ...	5	0	0				
Mrs. H. de R. Morgan	5	0	0				
Rt. Hon. Lord Justice and Lady Fairfax Luxmoore	10	0	0				
Mrs. D. L. Whiteman	4	0	0				
Major A. E. Colley	2	2	0				
Mrs. H. P. Williams	2	0	0				
Major W. H. Booth	10	0	0				
Epsom Central Girls’ School ...	1	11	6				
Anonymous, Sturry	5	0					
Sittingbourne Work Party	4	15	0				
Sittingbourne Whist Drive	5	5	0				
Major and Mrs. R. M. Webster ...	3	0	0				
Mrs. M. R. Reid	2	0	0				
Garrison Church, Canterbury—Rev. J. W. R. Griffin	5	5	0				

This list is up to December 4th, 1943.

Repatriated Prisoners of War, The Buffs.

THE following is a list of the remainder of repatriated prisoners of war.

Lt. H. R. Haselden

6286497, Pte. E. Goddard.

6285280, Pte. H. Moore.

6700486, Pte. R. Morton.

6288824, L/Cpl. R. C. Rich.

We regret to record that 6289023, Pte. G. F. Tompkins, died at sea on October 21st on the voyage home.

The following are extracts from a letter we have received from Lt. R. H. Haselden, who was recently repatriated from Germany:—

“The only Buffs Officer I have been with recently is Capt. Ernest Edelmann who was I.O. of the —Battalion in France. He arrived in my camp, Oflag IX.A/Z. (Rotenburg) about 3 months ago. He came in a party of about 150 officers from VII.B. (Eickstadt) where he had been with Bill Rawlings, Bertie Harwood, Raymond Grace and Major Bruce. “Joe” Parry, Col. Allen, Maurice Hart and I believe Major Dewar were all at Oflag IX. A/H when I left. This camp was quite near my own; although of course there was no official communication allowed between them, we used to be able to send messages to individuals via the hospital. Col. Allen has been receiving treatment for rheumatism and was better when I last heard. I also heard that Joe Parry and Maurice Hart were in good heart. I know Major Dewar only slightly and have heard no details of him. I met all the above mentioned officers at VI.B. (Warburg) in 1941. Bertie Harwood I found was a really first class actor; he took the father’s part in “George and Margaret” and gave a really wonderful performance. Bill Rawlings had a boxing school and was rather finding a certain amount of difficulty with an R.S.M. who did not believe in Bill’s classical methods; the R.S.M. was running a school in competition with him.

At this same camp were also Bill Wotton, Allen Blackbourne, Peter Money, Jack Willy, Jack Tyrrell, Derek Pickard, Monty Kingsford, and two others, Lt. Colyer Ferguson, and a Capt. Stevenson.

I have forgotten to mention Major West who I knew very well and whose wife I wrote to the other day. He is as far as I know at Oflag IX. A/H. with Joe Parry. His usual job seems to be organizing camp libraries. I am sorry I can give you no recent details of all these people, but it is well over a year now since I saw them."

America's Part in the Land and Air War.

THE biennial report of General George Marshall, Chief of Staff of the United States Army, which, it will be remembered has its own Air Service, covers the period from July 1st, 1941, five months before America's entry into the War, to July 1st, 1943. By this latter date the Axis forces had been cleared entirely from North Africa, and a series of increasingly heavy and effective air attacks was in progress against the fortress of Europe; Italy was about to be driven out of the war altogether by the conquest of Sicily and the Allied landings on her mainland, Germany was about to launch her last and most unsuccessful attack in Russia, subsequent to which she was to be forced there and everywhere else on to the defensive. In the Pacific the Japanese were about to lose their last foothold in the Aleutian Islands and were also in retreat in New Guinea and the Solomon Islands. It was evident that the tide of war had fully and decisively turned in favour of the Allies, though it could not yet be said to be flowing fast in their favour. The report gives in outline the story of America's share in this achievement.

What General Marshall calls the "third phase" of his story covers the overcoming of the crises caused by the expiring of the Military Service Act which if not renewed, as it actually was in August, 1941, would have resulted in the loss of 1,500,000 trained men from the colours, the development of an embryo force of 20 infantry, 2 cavalry, and 4 armoured divisions and an Air Force of 20 squadrons into a fully equipped and well trained field army, and the re-inforcement in men and modern war material of the Overseas garrisons in the Pacific, and the provision in increasing quantity of up-to-date weapons, vehicles, supplies, and stores of all kinds.

Much had still to be done, despite the important progress made, when the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour on December 7th, 1941, involved the United States in the World War and opened the fourth phase of the Army's story.

This phase extended over eight months from December 7th, 1941, to August 7th, 1942. The success of the Japanese surprise blow at the Pacific Fleet uncovered the whole of the west coast of North America and necessitated the instant reinforcement of the garrisons on that coast, at Panama and Hawaii, and in Alaska, 600,000 men with all their guns and equipment, and transport and supplies, being thus moved in the first five weeks of the war. Troop convoys were sent to Hawaii, to Australia, and to New Zealand, to Iceland and to Northern Ireland, and coast defence forces were despatched to Central and South America and work on the Alaska Military highway, which had been in progress for some time, was accelerated so that it could be completed and opened to traffic by the end of October, 1942. A United organisation of inter-Allied command in conjunction with Britain was set up in June, 1942 and steps were at once taken to ensure unified direction of operations in the Far East.

The period saw the loss of the Philippines, which was garrisoned at the outbreak of war by 19,000 U.S. troops, 8,000 Air force personnel with 250 aircraft, and some 112,000 Philippine troops, many of whom are ill-armed and insufficiently trained. The defence, which was conducted with heroic courage and tenacity, lasted from December 22nd, 1941, when the first Japanese landings were made, to May 6th, 1942, when the last resistance in the battered fortifications on Corregidor Island in Manila Bay came to an end; very few of the garrison escaped death or capture. Meantime the Japanese had also conquered the Malayan peninsula, the Dutch East Indies, Burma, and most of the southwest Pacific Islands as far east as New Guinea, on which they were firmly established and whence they threatened Australia with invasion. But Allied power in the war area had now grown so considerably that heavy and successful raids could now be launched against enemy-held Island targets. The hostile tide of aggression was in fact almost at high water mark, the initiative was no longer completely in his hands, and the military balance was approaching an "equilibrium." His defeat in the naval battles in the Coral Sea and off Midway Island in May and June, 1942, when heavy losses

were inflicted on his navy and air force, restored the balance of sea power in the Pacific and marked the opening of a new phase of operations there. The enemy offensive had definitely been checked, the United Nations firmly held chains of Island bases extending from the United States to Australia, our forces had begun to deliver staggering blows, and our commanders were now free to prepare for offensive operations.

This new fifth phase began in the Pacific with the landing of American marines on Guadalcanal Island in the Solomons, but the whole island was not cleared of the enemy till the early weeks of 1943. By this date, too, the Japanese offensive in Papua, which in September 1942 had got within 30 miles of the Allied base of Port Moresby on the southern coast of New Guinea, had been repulsed, and American and Australian troops, powerfully supported by American Army aircraft, passing to the attack in their turn, had driven the enemy back all the way he had come, and cleared him from the whole of the north-eastern coast of New Guinea. These successful operations had been carried out under the direction of General MacArthur, supreme Allied Commander-in-chief in the Southwest Pacific since February, 1942.

Late in June, 1942, the first body of U.S. troops had arrived in Northern Ireland, and early in July the first U.S. air raid against European targets took place.

The U.S. aircraft concentrated on the day bombing attacks for which they had been specially trained and equipped, leaving night bombing to the R.A.F. The weight and effect of these attacks has grown constantly with the increase in the strength of the U.S. 8th Army Air Force in Britain, they have lately been closely co-ordinated with the operations of the Allied aircraft operating from North African bases.

The campaign in French North Africa, commenced in November, 1942, with the landing of American troops at Casablanca, Oran and Algiers, was throughout under the supreme command of the American General Eisenhower, until the surrender of the Axis forces in Tunisia in May, 1943, in this campaign American troops clearly demonstrated their battle efficiency, and gained a wealth of valuable experience; the Allied air forces devised and put into effect a close and constant co-ordination with the ground forces, and this employment of air power and the unity of Allied command

and staff work was carried to a higher pitch of perfection than ever before in history. In the Middle East the U.S. air forces based on Egypt rendered good service in helping to repel the great Axis offensive drive across the Western Desert in the Summer of 1942, and co-operated in the British counter-offensive which completed the conquest of Italian North Africa.

In the Far East American Air squadrons, though small in numbers, assisted the British land forces in their unsuccessful campaign in Burma, set up an air supply route from India to China, and carried out a number of raids, on Japanese occupied territory in China, Indo-China, and Thailand.

By July, 1943 too the Japanese hold in the Aleutian Islands in the north Pacific had also been seriously shaken. A landing on Attu in May, 1943, initiated a series of operations which ended in three weeks in the expulsion of the hostile garrison on August 15th at Kiska, the last Island in the group held by the Japanese, was found to have been evacuated.

At the beginning of July, 1943, therefore, the report states "The strength of the enemy is steadily declining, while the combined power of the United Nations is rapidly increasing, more rapidly with each succeeding month. There can be but one result, and every resource we possess is being employed to hasten the hour of victory without undue sacrifice of the lives of our men."

During the period covered by the report the strength of the U.S. Army was increased by 5,000,000 men, and the officer corps grew from 93,000 to 521,000. The air force strength included in the above total, was 182,000 officers and 1,906,000 men on July 1st, 1943; its service unit strength had expanded 12,000 per cent in the period and the rate of expansion of the Army Engineer Corps was 4,000 per cent.

The organisation of the machinery of the War Department was entirely remodelled to cope with this tremendous expansion, and in March, 1942 three great commands, the Army Air Forces, the Army Ground Forces, and the Army Service Forces, were established under the direct supervision of the Chief of Staff of the Army. The Army Service Forces Command dealt with all questions of supply, equipment, ammunition, medical services, motor, rail and sea transportation, records and postal services, as well as matters affecting morale, such as cinemas, press and educational services. The co-ordination of military munitions production requirements, the issue

and maintenance of weapons and equipment, and the maintenance of a steady flow of supplies on an almost automatic basis to all theatres of war, were problems of great immensity and complexity. The working of the lines of communication, with a total measurement of some 60,000 miles, necessitated harbour constructions and improvement works at points as far apart as the Red Sea, the Persian Gulf, Karachi, Calcutta, and Australia. Continuous flow of personnel replacements, many of them specialist categories, had to be maintained. The sea convoy routes had to be opened and transport and escort vessels provided, munitions were also supplied and transport on a large scale to the various Allied countries, Britain, Russia, China, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and France, as well as to many South American countries, and this demanded an additional elaborate system of allocation, distribution, and transportation.

The work of the Army Ground Forces Command was largely concerned with the training of troops, and involved the organisation of training centres and schools, the raising of new units, the development of training doctrine and the organisation of manoeuvres. In the earlier stages of the war units had to be hurriedly raised and sent Overseas before being fully trained for their work, but as time drew on there was accumulated a growing reserve of completely trained units ready for despatch anywhere abroad as required, as rapidly as shipping became available. Now that the limit of Army expansion had been practically reached, training installations can be reduced and their personnel made available for active services; the basic training period for officers and men can be lengthened, and units need no longer be called on to transport their best personnel to newly formed organisations or to the officers training or technical schools. Attention can now be concentrated on polishing up the existing machines and developing it to the highest possible degree of efficiency for work it will have to do.

The future of the achievement of the Army Air Forces command has been the manner in which it has been able to carry the war in its most devastating form to the enemy from its bases in New Guinea, the Solomons, Hawaii, Alaska, Africa, Britain, India and China. The American Army Air Force is thus attacking the Axis on ten different fronts, on everyone of which it has won great and fruitful victories whenever it has come in contact with the enemy.

The development of the powerful U.S. Army of to-day could not have been approximated without the determined leadership of the President and Commander-in-Chief, and the wisdom and firm integrity of purpose of the Secretary of War. It has been dependent on the vast appropriations and the strong support of Congress and the co-operation of numerous Government agencies, Civilian organisations, patriotic and commercial, have given great assistance to the Army programme. The end is not yet clearly in sight, but victory is certain.

Correspondence from Prisoner of War Camps.

STALAG 383.

24th July, 1943.

Dear Sir, comrades, relatives and friends at home, I am again writing to you on behalf of all members here. Chiefly to thank you for the two lots of cigarettes (Woodbines—Players) that began to arrive in June after I sent you letter dated 5th June. We all say many thanks. The first batch arrived when there was a scarcity of "smokes" in the camp.

Nothing really outstanding has occurred since writing you last. The weather in June was terrible. It rained almost every day, turning the roads into miniature quagmires, causing the games of football, rugby to be played as it were between showers. Then July came in full of promise for some really good weather which, until this week the brilliant sunshine has again been hidden by sharp and sudden thunderstorms. This interference causing the cricket fans to say many strong words, because on the advent of the good weather our new sports field had been opened and inter-company cricket matches commenced. A little should be said about the bowling and batting pitch. This, which has been so constructed enables, each daily series of games to be played on a fresh pitch, giving the volunteer groundsmen a chance to renovate and prepare the other two pitches. Much hard work was put into this by Anzac and U.K. fans. Already some dark horses have come to light, one of whom our own County has an interest in and hails from Ramsgate. He is a Sgt. Martin who has played in the Kent 2nd Eleven. He certainly knows the game playing a nice left hand at bowling and batting. Certainly a very useful man in his company team. Cpl. Pacy is also in the same company team. The "Test" matches should provide some keen

rivalry providing the weather does not bring into existence the old saying "Rain stopped Play."

Another form of sport is showing itself these days, water-polo. This sport being played in a fair size fire precaution pool for the camp. Here again fine example of sporting rivalry can be seen between teams. On this pool also small yachts are sailed by the yachting fraternity.

Our theatrical side of our daily life here has been treated just recently to a production of the play called "George and Margaret." This was greatly appreciated. Gilbert and Sullivan's play "H.M.S. Pinafore" is on the bill for this period. This also is of a very high standard. If only these shows could be televised home I am sure they would surprise many of you. Even the posters announcing them and then to enjoy them makes one forget the presence of a barbed-wire enclosure.

The gardens are now giving a good return for the labour expended on them and make quite a change plus the Red Cross parcel to our daily meals. Oh, yes cooking is something else many of us have learned to do. Our merry wives back home will not be able to say such and such dish cannot be made. We know!!

Mail is still inclined to be rather erratic arriving from home, but the supply of those jolly Red Cross parcels are coming in much more regularly now.

The photo' which is attached does not show everyone of us here. Eight were unable through unforeseen reasons to attend. Later it is hoped to have another one taken with a full attendance. I have made a list at the end of the letter giving the names of those in the group.

Now Sir, before I close just a point of interest to old members of our Battalion who served on the "Struma" in the last war. In the camp we have quite a number of "Cypriot" N.C.O.'s captured of course serving with A.M.P.C. units. One of these is a Sgt. George Kavizis who I have since found out served with our transport during that period right up to the end of the war. He and I had quite an interesting chat over former experiences on that front. He recalled to my mind several ex-members and positions we held. Such places as Orljak, Kopriva, Brakli-Dzuma, Butkova, Doiran Lake, Yenikeu on the Seres Road and other places in that area. Kopriva Bridge in flood. How about it

Jimmy Slender (C.Q.M.S.) remember them? Names recalled by him were the Commanding Officer at that time, the late Major and Qr. Mr. F. W. Foster (then Lieut. and Qr. Mr.) the late C.Q.M.S. Blackman (then on the transport), Sgt. Orange, Sgt. Spiller and Cpl. George on the Bombers. It was really pleasant to go back all those years as compared to this.

Here is the roll of names relating to the photo as you look at it:—

BACK ROW.—C/Sgt. Moxon, Cpl. Dray, Sgt. Jessop, A. N. Other Cpl. Johnson, Cpl. Thatcher, Cpl. Ratcliffe, Cpl. Drew-Wakeford, Cpl. Tomkins, Cpl. Pacy.

2ND FROM BACK.—Cpl. Diplock, Cpl. Carpenter, Cpl. Chambers, Cpl. Stanley, Cpl. Heather, Cpl. Barlow, Sgt. Coade, Cpl. Tabor, Cpl. Sherwood, Sgt. Marshall.

2ND FROM FRONT.—Sgt. Fuller, Sgt. Little, Sgt. Whiskin, C.S.M. Abbott, R.Q.M.S. Mc Neir, C.S.M. MacLaren, Cpl. Love, Cpl. Thorne, Cpl. Sacks, Cpl. Taylor.

FRONT ROW.—Cpl. Brown, L/Sgt. Munn, Sgt. Quelch, Sgt. Pascall.

The Photo will be in the January 1944 number. [Ed].

I will now close again thanking those at home for the cigarettes sent to us here.

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,
C. McNeir, R.Q.M.S. No. 6278534.

Stalag 383

6th October, 1943.

The Editor,
Regimental Magazine "The Buffs,"

"BELL HARRY NOTES."

I would like to take this opportunity of introducing our readers to the notes of "Bell Harry." Firstly I will tell you all how these notes became entitled thus.

On the 25th September, it was decided by R.Q.M.S. McNeir that a club should be formed consisting of members of the Regiment only. A meeting was called and 39 members were present the remaining 7 members being absent due to various functions, etc., in the Camp. It was decided that the Club be called "Bell Harry," the reason being, there are several other clubs in the Camp and two of them (1) the R.A.O.B. call themselves the Buffs Club and (2) The Welshmen call themselves the "Dragon," consequently R.Q.M.S. McNeir decided that "Bell Harry," was the most suitable title left and this was unanimously

carried. I might mention the members of the Club Committee are as follows:—

Chairman: R.Q.M.S. McNeir; Secretary: C.S.M. Abbott; Treasurer: Sgt. Blower; Games Representative: Sgt. Munn; Home Correspondent: Sgt. Catt.

May I ask if it is possible for the caterers of the various Sgts. and Cpls. messes of all Battalions to write and let us have news of their progress and any matters of interest, for I am sure that any letters of this kind will be very much appreciated by all members of the club.

C.S.M. MacLaren (P.O.W. No. 2063) (Oflog No. 2047) would like to hear from his very old friend R.Q.M.S. "Bob" Watson.

The undermentioned are new arrivals in this camp:—

P.O.W. No.	Oflog No.	Army No.	Rank	Name
5390	4388	6283765	Sgt.	F. Catt.
5398	4389	6284949	Sgt.	Cook
4954	4384	6288130	Cpl.	L. Hay
5051	4346	6281667	Cpl.	Betts
4433	4485	6284802	Cpl.	Smith
8694	4441	6284397	Sgt.	Kirby
7540	4426	6285684	Sgt.	Blower

Your letter dated 23-7-43 was received with very many thanks

And now for the sporting news of the Camp.

Cricket.

During the fine weather this sport of course takes preference over all others, and in spite of the "clay" wicket, we enjoy some very keen and interesting games. Two series of "Test" matches have been held and under you will find results of same. I must mention the fact that, in spite of no members of the Unit being represented in the English team, there are two very prominent Kent men in the team. Firstly, Cpl. J. Parsons (R.W.K.) whose home is at Deal and is probably known by numerous members of the Regiment who play club cricket, and secondly Sgt. J. Martin whose home is at Ramsgate. Both these men have played for the Kent Colts. I have been asked to mention the English wicket-keeper; Cpl. Traher (R. Warwicks) who left the D.X.R.M.S. in 1937, for his fine wicket keeping and batting, but must mention that the reason for this is the fact that he wears my boots when playing and he does not seem to be able to do anything wrong when wearing them. The results of the Test matches are as follows:—

1st Series.

England v New Zealand. England won by an innings and 105 runs.

England v Australia. Australia won by 198 runs.

Australia v New Zealand. Australia won by 10 wickets.

2nd Series.

England v Australia. England won by 10 wickets.

Australia v New Zealand. Australia won by an innings and 105 runs.

England v New Zealand. Not Played.

Football.

This is a very prominent sport in the Club and is played whenever possible. Football has quite a high standard owing to the fact there are one or two professional players here and they tend to make the game more keen. Our own club have formed a team of their own, but so far have had no games but will let you have results of forthcoming games in due course.

Hockey.

Since the arrival of some new sticks we have started a Hockey League. I must mention that my particular Company representative is none other than Sgt. Kirby. There are quite a number who have represented their respective Companies namely:—Sgt. Blower, Sgt. Catt, Cpl. Pacy, Cpl. Heather and Cpl. Sherwood. Cpl. Pacy also represents the U.K. in the Camp team.

Rugby.

Now that Rugby has started we are looking forward to some keen games. Three different types of Rugby are played: Rugby League, Rugby Union and Australian rules Rugby which by all accounts is more like all-in wrestling, anyway it's a game we have yet to witness before we can pass opinions.

Finally I would like to send the very best of Christmas and New Year greetings to all readers on behalf of the members of the "Bell Harry" club.

Assender:

Vor-Surname:—Sgt. F. O. Catt.

Kriegsgefangenen Nummer:—5390 (4388)

M—Stammlager:—383.

Deutschland.

Stalag XXA.

25th October, 1943.

Major A. J. Peareth,
Past and Present Association,
Canterbury, Kent.

Dear Sir,

Your letter dated 8th March, 1943, Ref. P.P./War/22/1.

Owing to circumstances over which we have no control Sgt. W. O. Wright has left this Stalag and is no longer holding the position



AT OFLAG 64.

Back Row.—Pte. Pope, Pte. Holmes, Cpl. Newnham, Pte. Robinson, Pte. Hawley, Pte. Wells, Pte. Cookman, L/Cpl. Pullen, Pte. Dawes.
Centre Row.—Pte. Prebble, Pte. Shepherd, Pte. Missen, Pte. Sutton, L/Cpl. West, Pte. Sivyer, Pte. Grainger, Pte. Samson, Pte. Wilkinson.
Front Row.—Pte. O'Moore, Bds. Plummer, Cpl. Waters, B/Sgt. Lyttle, C.S.M. Edwards, Sgt. Morris, Pte. Petley, Pte. Clifton.
 (Many of the above were recently repatriated.)

of Head Librarian. On going through the files I find that your letter has not received attention, this I regret must have been an oversight.

The book parcels have been received and placed into our library for general circulation with an inscription inside each stating who presented the books. Regarding the writing paper and games these have arrived in good condition:—the games have been placed in our Sick Bays, and the writing paper, material etc., in the schools all being advised who the donors were.

With reference to any further consignments you may be sending, the most popular books are novels and travel. Also may this opportunity of thanking you on behalf of the men in this Stalag for all you are doing for us.

Yours sincerely,

CPL. K. C. SWAN, No. 19699

Head Librarian.

Past and Present Association.

London Branch.

A FEW members met on Saturday the 20th November last at the Prince Alfred, Tufton Street, London, S.W.1., and a pleasant evening was spent.

Mr. Spud Austin was present and informs us that Snip Molkenthin popped in on chance, he being up from Manchester.

Eddy and Mrs. Shute were also there making the journey from Harrow.

Also Mr. and Mrs. Neville, who never miss calling.

In Pensioners Hammond and Marsh came jogging along from Chelsea like the two old stalwarts they are.

We recently visited the home of 6286497, Pte. E. Goddard, recently repatriated from Germany and informed that he was in hospital at Preston Hall suffering from lung trouble.

Another repatriated Buff in the London District is 6285023, Pte. L. W. Cook whose sight has completely gone; he is in St. Dunstan's and any old Buff living near would be doing a good turn by visiting him.

Major A. E. Colley writes his usual letter of Remembrance to all old friends.

Mr. A. E. Grant writing from Harrogate enquires the origin of the regimental nicknames of "The Nutcrackers" and "The Resurrectionists". We look forward to replies from our historians in the next issue of *The Dragon*.

We remember one company of a battalion nicknamed the "Resurrectionists" but this was due to a certain gentleman who, when Orderly Sergeant would dive in the door of the barrack room and yell "Get out of it—get this so and so away—what's this place—looks like a dead house," and when all were up and dressed, the sweet refrains of Reveille would be heard in the far distance.

Charley Smith—late C.S.M., writes good wishes to all and hopes to be present at one of our meetings. Charley resides at Purfleet.

Bert Tester is still going strong at Dorking and says "my best wishes to my old comrades and good fortune." Thank you Bert.

Colonel Guy Lee writing from N. Wales expects to be in London on a spot of leave next month and hopes to visit Tufton Street. He tells us that Mrs. Guy Lee is Commandant of the Girls Training Corps where he is, but the Colonel teaches her "Drill" e.g. correct parade methods. (Spud suggests boxing as well so as to instil discipline into the girls).

Colonel (Ginger) Orwin regrets to hear about Spud's eyesight being so bad and will make a point of seeing him next time he is in town. He sends all good wishes to old friends not forgetting Erny Carter.

Mr. A. W. Millman writes, "I look forward to reading the reports in *The Dragon* which seems to be the only means of keeping abreast of the times." Both he and Mrs. Millman wish all the compliments of the Season.

We have once more heard from Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Harvey and notwithstanding their physical disabilities, still carry on their splendid work at Bournemouth on behalf of ex-service men generally and particularly where Buffs are concerned.

We send hearty greetings to all Buffs overseas and are proud of the magnificent job they are doing to ensure final Victory.

Also—notwithstanding the war—our best wishes to all at home not forgetting the Colonel of the Regiment, The I.T.C. Battalions, Branches and Ladies Guild, this Christmas and New Year.

All who served with "Goschen's Lambs—we must not mention this fine battalion by its Number—will be interested to know that the following old friends have sent good wishes, Captain S. H. Marchant, Mr. J. J. Beall and his son W. J. Beall, Messrs Talbot Harvey, Bampton, A. H. Barber, Captain W. A. Barber, D. S. King.

We were pleased to hear from Captain Overy and we know that all members of the late Gordon Lindley's Battalion will be likewise happy.

Colonel L. C. R. Messel also has written, and we are glad to know the Colonel is well and keeping fit.

Charley Harman is keeping also fit and hopes that one day he will be able to come along to Tufton Street.

Also Mr. Charlton, who expresses a like opinion.

Mr. E. Gould—now in Lincoln's Inn—send greetings to all members.

The answer to a Mr. Adamson is that he can take it very definitely as true that the first British Regiment to enter Baghdad was a battalion of The Buffs which entered the City on March 11th, 1917, the Union Jack being hoisted on the Citadel by Captain Harrison. (See Official History of the War—Mesopotamia—Vol. III).

When the History of the present war is written it will be recorded that The Buffs have been the first to enter more than one town during its fighting.

Billy Redman and Mrs. Redman send good wishes and particularly to those who remember Athlone and Kilkenny.

Many old wallahs send greetings to Jock Isard, Charley Varnham, Darkey Warchus, Darcy Warner, Y. O. Cook, Wally Kesby, Snowball Manning, Sailor Cooper, George Johnson, P. Comelio also to Colonels Bradley Dyne and F. F. Sparrow.

My Thanks.

BY PTE. PATERSON.

You Mother Dear, who has cared for me,
And sacrificed that I might be,
Strong enough to help make us free,
I send my Dearest love to thee.

You Father though so hard its been,
Harder than my eyes have seen,
Have worked, and toiled, and shown to me.
How I must try, and be like thee.
So to all you Dear Ones far away,
I am thinking of you all to-day,
Each night before I sleep, I pray,
That God will keep you from harm's way.

Correspondence

41 Pembury Road,
Tonbridge, Kent.
29th November, 1943.

*The Editor of "The Dragon,"
The Buffs,
Canterbury, Kent.*

Dear Sir,

I regret to have to tell you that I have lost my daughter Peggy Marchant, who passed away on the 23rd November, 1943.

I wonder if you would put a notice in *The Dragon* to that effect in your next issue, as there would be a good many of the old —Battalion who were at Harrismith, Hong Kong and Singapore—1905 to 1911—who would remember her as a little girl, especially I can think of Lieut. Col. Grove Raines and Mrs. Raines, Captains Barton and Birrell; Lieut. Col. C. A. Worthington was in command of the Company—"B" and General Scarlett knew her.

My daughter was a Buff through and through, and wore her Dragon proudly as a badge.

The wife and myself are going strong—myself as Air Raid Warden, and Mrs. Marchant with the hardest job—running a house.

There are a few old Buffs here—Captains Le May, Vic Hallam, E. G. Port, D.C.M., and believe me they have been *all out* since the outbreak.

Yours sincerely,

J. E. MARCHANT.

"Zenda,"

Rosalands Avenue,
Mayfield, Sx.
2nd December, 1943.

Sir,

Having now been invalided from the Service, through wounds received in action with our —Battalion, at El Alamain, I wish to pay my respects to the Regiment in which I have always been so proud to have served. I joined the old —Battalion (Territorial) just before the outbreak of War, and, since have been with the —Battalion and finally with the —Battalion throughout I have had some grand times, with the bad too, and have met many fine fellows whom I shall never forget.

It is to some of those fellows that I enclose, herewith, a tribute, written by a South African Soldier of the 1st S.A. Division, who well know the worth of our Boys of the —Battalion. I happened to come across this writing whilst in Hospital in S. Africa.

I trust that this Tribute may be reprinted in our Regimental Magazine at some later date.

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

F. WHITE.

Death Valley, Gazala.

BY A CORPORAL IN THE 1ST DIVISION (SPRINGBOKS).

The Buffs are lazy fellows.
So many of them lie
Upon their backs in Death Valley.
Whenever we pass by.

Guards, fatigues, and fighting done,
For them the bugles blow no more.
They were called upon to pay,
And paid, the last demand of war.

Among the shattered trucks, and tanks,
And flowers, and glinting grass that waves.
Marked by tin hat, or wooden cross,
They lie in lonely graves.

Though sea-ways wide divide them now,
From their own English earth,
The desert stones that guard their bones
Know well their worth.

And threadbare Libyan springs will bring
Each year with scanty rain
Flowers, and grass to Death Valley
About their graves again.

We who daily come this way
On routine patrols,
See with careless callous eyes
This Valley of forgotten souls.

Knowing as we leave them there
That if the fates had willed it so
They would ride and carry on
And we would lie below.

And if I join the Buffs tonight
Or on some distant desperate crest,
I know that I shall find with them
Good fellowship and rest.

(To the glorious stand made by The Buffs at Gazala
December, 1941.)

The above poem is from *Libyan Winter*, Poems by a Corporal in the First Division, published by the Central News Agency, Ltd., Johannesburg, South Africa, price 3/-.

We acknowledge with thanks, receipt of a copy from the publishers. [Ed.]

Our Contemporaries

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

"R.A.S.C. Journal" (October). "The Green Tiger" (November). "The Tank" (November). "The Green Howards' Gazette" (November). "The Lion and the Rose" (November). "The China Dragon" (November). "Journal of the Honourable Artillery Company" (October, November). "The Sapper" (December). "The Gunner" (December). "The Snapper" (December). "Our Empire" (December).

A Battalion in North Africa.

THE notes of this Bn. have been very erratic, I am afraid, owing perhaps to the constant change of sub-editors. David Montgomery having left, I tried to find someone to take over the job and, as usual, there being a lack of volunteers have ended by trying to do it myself.

Our nomadic existence of the past three years has come to an end, and we now find ourselves comfortably settled in various farms, belonging to an old retired French Colonel, whose sole occupation in life seems to be in producing wine and rather indifferent eau de vie. They tell me that this farm alone produces four million litres a year, so you can imagine there is no shortage of the home produced vintage. His side line of course is Oranges and Tangerines which are quite superb.

The country here is really beautiful and a very welcome change from the desert. It is, however, much colder than we like.

Many changes have taken place in the Battalion, since our last notes. Hector Spear has come and gone—we hear to an AA. & Q.M.G. job in Cairo. Just before he left I heard him complain bitterly about life in the Delta. I think most of us would like to change places with him, a short spell of Gezira and Shepherds would we feel be "in the grove."

Guy Oliver has just joined us as 2/i/c. from hospital, looking very fit we are glad to say after being wounded in Sicily. We hope his stay with the Battalion will be a long and happy one. Henry Howard has a job in the M.E. as G.2. Very many congratulations to him on his bar and also to Dennis Parsons, our gallant M.O. who has looked after us so well on his M.C.

Headquarter Company.

BATTALION H.Q.

We of the Intelligence, the Provost and the Orderly Room have a just claim to open these notes, for are we not the "Back Room Boys" who have power to decide the fate of a man in action and out of action, and can condemn him either to a slit-trench, the Guard Room or the U.K. merely by a few strokes of the pen? We are pleased to record that one of our number has at last proved a social success and has acquired all the domestic virtues in preparation for the day when the missus gets laid-up—ch! George? Motor-cycle training has thrown some interesting sidelights on character, one of our number believing that the straight and narrow path is the surest way to success, though even the main gate-post be at the end of it. The Regimental Policeman, be it noted, have gone in for burlesque in a big way, the acts including strip-tease, walking in reverse gear, and some snappy vocal numbers. "Pop" still holds the youngsters spell-bound with the story of when and how he enlisted.

The Medical Section (new name for S.B.'s) prefer to disassociate themselves from the above remarks. It is a long time since we were last together as a group. We are glad to welcome so many new arrivals, but fear that it means but one thing to our worthy commander, Sgt. Joyce—he finally has us in his clutches! His blood is probably very thin by now by reason, we suspect, of secret self-injections of bluebell—"button-stick" isn't the word for him! This may be due, of course, to the great strain involved in making out programmes of work, but we admit that it must "brown" a fellow when No. 1 bearer is asked what his number is, and he replied "No. 3"; still, we are slowly beginning to see the light. Sgt. Avery has gone and L/Cpl. Davis has taken over, adding another "dhobi" mark to his clothes.

Just a few words about our M.O. We have worked with him and seen him work under very trying conditions, and have full confidence in him. We only hope that the little we are able to do towards helping him really is helpful.

Good luck to all Sugar Babies in other battalions.

SIGNAL PLATOON.

During the past few months our notes have been few and far between, but through no fault of our own. If only someone would pay the rent and let us stay in one place for an hour, then we would be able to get down to some real work.

During our Moonlight Flits we have changed Signal Sergeants, from "Bricky" West, who was, to Sgt. Huyton of "C" Company, who is. "Bricky" and "Jonah" have gone. To them, good luck and a hearty welcome to the new Signal Sergeant.

To-day three more fellows put their feet on the first rung of the ladder. Good luck, Gearon, Crunden and North. Don't forget that the Signals Sergeant's Chair is quite often vacant, so go to it!

Have just time to mention this before the batteries run out. At the last place of abode, believe me, the lads certainly had their feet dug well under certain people's tables; pity was, we could not speak their lingo.

SIGNAL PLATOON.

ADMINISTRATIVE SECTION.

After many months of tribal-like wanderings in the Western Desert, our Caravan has, at long last, come to rest in a much more pleasant country, whose features and surroundings bring back many a memory of England. Situated as we are, in a farm surrounded by fields, orange groves and vineyards we have no doubt that when the world has settled down once again and we are sitting at home imbibing hot whisky and orange juice for our colds we shall with ease conjure up memories of this pleasant spot.

Of our personnel we can say that all are well with the exception of our monumental Sam Bassett, whose outlook on life is rather discoloured at the moment by an attack of yellow jaundice. However by the time these notes are printed we hope he will be completely recovered.

Two days ago we received our battle-dress and the R.Q. and his C/Sergeants are working the annual miracle of convincing a size 2 body that a 10 fits him perfectly.

To those who may leave us in the near future we send our best wishes and bon voyage and hope that M. and V. and Bully do not figure too often in the menu.

M.T. SECTION.

Since last writing little of outstanding importance has occurred. Our Johnny ("Arizona Playboy")

seems to be pining away and most days he can be seen walking around with that dreamy look in his eyes. He is constantly reminded that a photograph is at least a consolation but he refuses to be consoled. To keep his mind more or less occupied he literally threw himself into our local Motor Cyclists' Course. He stands in the middle of a circle like the ringmaster of happier days—we think that a whip with a nice silver handle would be a nice Christmas present for him. All this goes on in stage A. In stage B he can be seen leading a string up the road to the nearest village which must be getting to know our Johnny and his breeches quite well.

Our "Killer" (The Petrol King) has left us for what he believes to be a happier hunting ground, but as Company Orderly Sergeant I am afraid that we have not quite got rid of him.

Our R.E.M.E. Sergeant also seems to be trying to drown a few sorrows. "Never has so much been drunk by one man in such a short time, and in so good a cause." The cause, you will gather is a good many miles from here.

Our "Monk" progresses quite well. Last week he was sent off on a short course of electricity, so now we can expect a few more wagons off the road.

During the past week we have received messages from old friends, "Tich" King in particular, tells us that he had a good time whilst on leave.

I wonder whether "Stod" and "Bluey" have met up yet. Your old friends in the Companies send their regards, but we do not see much of them these days—"Pressure of work"—"Lofty" included. Each time I see him he is a little taller.

We read with interest the problems which confront our fellow sections in other battalions, especially that concerning the "Little Contact Breaker." Has this anything to do with a Blonde Spitfire? Our latest howler concerns the driver who applied to the storeman for a left-handed gasket for a Ford V.8. We were able to supply him.

"A" Company.

Once again the time has come to put pen to paper, and firstly I must thank the Billeting Officer for finding us such a respectable and cosy abode.

The Company welcomes back Major Rolo, our Company Commander who I hear, has had ten days' vacation Cairo. The attraction must have been great for him to travel all that distance. I've tried to find out whether she was Blonde or Brunette but he will only tell me that he is interested in Archaeology.

Also, we have a new arrival from the Homeland, Major Rance, who is with the Company at the moment. We hope he will teach us the language which we hear is quite easy and simple to learn (English).

We welcome back Captain Strawson who has just returned from hospital. I hear he was afraid he was going to be transferred to the Chinese Army owing to his colour but as there is no colour-bar in the British Army we decided to retain him. We hope you have completely recovered Sir.

Our heartiest congratulations to L/Cpl. Atkins on winning the Cross Country Run. "Well run, Tommy." I did hear he has had instruction from one of our Italian waiters. Also, to our Football team we extend our congratulations on winning their first match in the Battalion League against "H.Q." Company by 3 goals to 2. The goals were scored by Pte. Blenkharn (2), and Cpl. Larkham, 1.

Congratulations are extended to C/Sgt. Saffrey on his appointment to C.S.M. of the Company. I did know him when he lost his voice, and I think everyone is waiting for him to lose it again.

Ptes. Reynolds Masters, Harris, Fox and Thompson have at last reached the dizzy heights of L/Cpls. We hope it will not be long before they are climbing even higher; Reynolds did tell me that he would not consider anything below a Major's Crown but I think he has changed his mind after seeing the Company Commander work.

Just one more word before I say cheerio! All Sergeants who have not yet seen the "Light" will report to C/Sgt. Hibbins as soon as possible.

That's all, Lads. Cheerio. Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year to all Buffs and especially to Capt. "William Tell" Metson.

"B" Company.

There have been many changes in the Company since the last notes were written.

Major Montgomery our late Company Commander, left us before we had time to congratulate him on his promotion. Anyway, we all wish him the best of luck and hope to hear of him again soon.

Capt. Riley, from "C" Company now commands us, ably assisted by Capt. Bennett an old "B" Company Officer?

Others who have gone are Sgt. Allen, Cpls. Marsh and Phillips.

Sgt. Somerton was, immediately on arrival, besieged by the Company for news of England, but he's still found time to settle down and already fits in like one of the old-timers.

Our football team now includes Cpl. Parker, recently returned to us. Up to date we are doing as well as any in the Battalion League.

I am told that poor "old Spanner Anderson" is walking around like someone in a trance these days. Perhaps his recent past is worrying him; still, we all have pasts—so perhaps its best to forget them and concentrate on the future.

"C" Company.

"Charlie Company Calling," and incidentally, hoping that we will be overheard by "you lucky people" overseas in "Blighty." Yes, dear friends, we are perfectly sane and feel entitled to call England a station overseas. We extend a hearty greeting to the new 'uns. Some are not so really new as in the case of Sgt. Horne, who arrived a short while ago completely re-bored, and looking as fresh as a dewy morn (if such a morn can look fresh). As the Office Boy says, "It can certainly *feel* fresh," and as he has had the experience gained by all those who answer the call "Outside for P.T.," given by our Joe, nobody is going to split hairs over a little thing like a four-letter word. Whilst on the subject of arrivals and departures we regret the loss of our versatile "skipper," Captain (now Major) J. B. Worts. However, since he has only left to take over "S" Company, we are still able to "raise our right hand," in a smart and soldier-like manner, whenever our duties enable us to meet. Another bulwark of the Company, in the form of C.S.M. Heath, is also included in our list of dear² departed. We often wonder if he goes to bed with his boots on still? By the way; George, the C/Sgt. is

bursting to hear how his advice on "Life in Civilisation" by easy stages, worked out. We congratulate both ourselves and Capt. K. C. Meyrick on his appointment to Company Commander of "C." May his reign be a long and happy one. By the way, Sir, what regiment is George Formby in?

Our notes will never "get by" the Adjutant without a word about training, so here goes. "C" is definitely in the picture as part of that great organisation commonly known as the P.B.L., and we get plenty of opportunities to make use of ourselves in this role.

In spite of the fact that we are being kept busy at the moment everyone is enjoying changes of routine, and scenery especially the latter, and the way the Company sang the Volga boatman's song during assault boat drill, would have touched the heart of the High Command itself.

All in all we feel we are going great guns these days, and with the return of the C.O. (after absence of several weeks) everyone fully expects to see that slogan—"something new has been added"—on all future training programmes. Our one and only "whirlwind" duty truck driver feels he isn't entirely to blame for numerous complaints about stomach trouble; says its the roads, and remarks "Is your journey really necessary." Of late, however, certain individuals have heard asking the same of him. Even the C/Sgt. thinks twice before drawing rations.

Footnote :—The "Duke's" arrived. Fuller details in our next edition.

"D" Company.

First, let us extend a welcoming hand to the new arrivals in the Company since our last contribution. Capt. Edwards has been occupying the Company Commander's Chair in our somewhat over-crowded Company Office. (Move over a bit, Orderly Sergeant!) whilst Capt. Potts, now on sick leave, has been in hospital. Lieut. Stanbury and Lieut. Williams Treffgarne (now, I am glad to report, quite recovered from his wounds at Enfidaville) have also joined our throng. Sgt. Kelly, Cpls. Waite, Church and Rolfe, together with many others, are also heartily welcomed.

The Inter-Company football league is in full swing, and our results now read :—"Played two, won one, burst one," since L/Cpl. Hyman burst the ball the other day in his enthusiasm to increase our lead of two goals over "A" Company in the last twenty minutes of the game! But we beat the Carriers, Pioneers and "S" Company, H.Q.'s combined team 3—1 to-day.

The farmyard and rather homelike atmosphere we now find ourselves in, makes one begin to think that the past year or two have been worth it, anyhow.

The change from Arabs and Camels to Chickens, Ducks and Cows is something greatly welcomed and appreciated by all.

The recent Cross-Country Run proved a great success, inasmuch that nobody failed to finish in good time. Burrage and Co. were well to the rear at first, but after applying their "Boosters" and cutting two corners they finished well up.

We regret to record the death of Pte. George, an old "D" member. Again we pause for a moment to pay tribute to him and the many others, who gave their all, but not in vain.

"S" Company.

The Support Company has suffered heart-aches.

Gun teams and Carrier crews, who had worked together for a long time in the desert battles, were split up and reformed.

The isolated Mortar sections, and the Pioneers—formerly regarded as the Q.M.'s own odd job men—blossomed out with a determination to establish speedily for themselves reputations equal to those of the other Platoons in the Battalion.

Newly-promoted Major J. B. Worts, who had spent so long with "C" Company, took over the Company and he took with him from his old Company, Lieuts. W. Breadon, D. P. Lloyd Jones and W. R. Hutton.

Support Company's troubles were skilfully handled by C.S.M. Constable and C/Sgt. P. Pearce.

Capt. H. B. Harvey, and Lieut. W. Bratt were brought from "A" Company to command the Carrier Platoon and Lieut. J. G. M. Price from "D" Company to command the Anti-tank Platoon.

A wonderful opportunity for the Company to "get acquainted" was afforded by a long move to a new area and billeting on a farm with the usual modern inconveniences. "Bedouin Bar," a canteen which sells the men of the Company local wines, fruits, etc., at prices less than a quarter charged in local establishments, is the centre of the social life. It is also, it is suggested, the point of origin of many colourful stories, most of which feature a very large boat in the Atlantic Ocean. The barman wants to know if it is true that a large sign bearing the words "Out of bounds" to British troops" has been placed on Dover cliffs?

ANTI-TANK PLATOON.

Hello, everybody! A/tks. calling, wishing you all the best of luck for the forthcoming times.

We are very pleased to be part of the Company with "Our Jimmy" leading, especially now that he is wearing the crown. "Dear John," our Platoon Commander, is away on a course right now and the "Gringo Kid" is ably carrying on the good work. We are top dogs at the moment having beaten the Carriers at all sports, including Cross Country Runs, in which our two noble sportsmen, "Widge H," and "Sarsy," came in the forty mark, more dead than alive.

Well, this is all for the moment, wishing you all a happy Christmas and a better New Year from all the Gunners; our regards to Rastus, Krugg and Bogey.

MORTAR PLATOON.

Now we have settled down in the Company and are really getting down to it.

The boys are so enthusiastic and E.M.D. is so popular that our Mortars have a very gruelling time on their hands. Our new carriers look spick and span in line and dressed by the right. Are they for show only?

We wonder if Ex-Platoon-Sergeant Punch has worked himself into a "steady" job or whether he is still yelling "Charge 11." Our Joe hopes to follow him.

Hi-de-hi won us a round of drinks by being first home in the Cross Country Run. For this grand effort he is now enduring intensive training for the Battalion "do." "Oh Mother, was it worth it?"

We lack nothing in football stars and with the aid of the A/Tks. we reign top of the league. We congratulate L/Cpl. Rutterford and L/Cpl. Phillips on their new appointments.

CARRIER PLATOON.

Not many of us will forget a certain Monday morning. Many were our troubles which were handled masterfully by our good old C.S.M. (Bless his cotton socks) with the assistance from C.Q.M.S. Phil Pearce. It was not long before we were as one however, this being greatly assisted by the Company Bar in the Canteen.

Many hearts were broken when we left the "softs" "spot" somewhere in Tunisia. What a terrible blow it was for Cpl. "Rich" and L/Cpl. "Jordy." It is rumoured that they are now applying for Compassionate Leave to the "Soft Spot."

We feel very proud of ourselves these days as we stand and gaze with awe and wonder at a brand new fleet of Carriers. How different to the old "diehards" of the "Floating Punch" days. But those days are past and we look forward to the future for more "bags of fun and games."

Our Platoon Sergeant thinks Stanley Woods has nothing on him, now he is to be the proud owner of a motor-cycle, but reports received from his instructors leave room for doubt.

We are very glad to have Capt. Harvey as our new leader, and we trust he may reign long as Carrier chief; very ably assisted by Lieut. Bratt.

The Platoon is a hive of industry at the moment with D.M. Course in full swing including some "schemes" around the countryside.

In closing, we offer our congratulations to our Company Commander on his Promotion to Major, and also to the numerous lads in the Platoon on putting up their first tape.

PIONEER PLATOON.

Pioneers took to the work as a duck takes to water. Previously regarded as the battalion's odd-job men, their formation as a complete Platoon was a signal for a spate of construction work, the like of which has not been seen previously in the battalion. The entire Platoon, together with the Platoon Commander, have already been on a course under R.E.'s.

We all wish to congratulate the Company Commander on his promotion to Major, also Ptes. Wood and Wright on their promotion to L/Cpl.

I am afraid most of the Platoon these days are often going into town, why, I must leave to you, but I do not think it is the films. There is one member of the Platoon who wants to know if he can get any more pay as a Nurse-maid, as each morning you can see him giving one of the boys his daily wash and, believe me, he has got it off to a fine art now.

Most of the men are trying to think what they will get for their Christmas dinner this year, for there are plenty of nice pigs and chickens running around. I do not think they will have much trouble in getting wine as we sleep in one of the places in which it is made. Anyway, we hope we will have a better Christmas this year than the last two which have both been spent in the "blue."

We will end these notes by sending our best regards to the old Pioneers who are P.W.'s.

Training Centre.

I HOPE these notes will be in time to go to press, for unless they are, I fear that I will upset the Editor's "spacing," thereby incurring his displeasure. Since our last issue we have been pleased to see Thomas Bruce amongst us again upon his return from "Civvy street". We are sorry, however, to report that he is a victim of the prevalent 'flu and hope for his speedy recovery. A very welcome visitor has been George Lanning, now a Captain. He has grown into a fine young man, as his S.D., unused to such bulk, will testify. We were disappointed not to see the African Star ribbon on his tunic. We understand that he wears the only piece of ribbon so far available, quite fittingly, on his battle costume. Well done, George! News also comes of another Beerhawk, in fact "The Grand Eagle," Major Proctor to whom our congratulations go on his being awarded the Military Cross. Those of us who have never met Major "Trucky" Bruce are looking forward to his visit, upon his return from a German Prisoners of War Camp. We are also expecting to see Lieut.-Colonel Rufus Parry to congratulate him upon both promotion and becoming married. Major Griffith ("Griff" to some of us) paid us a flying visit. We hope to see him again later.

From a personal point of view, I'm sorry that it may not be possible for me to write these notes in future months. It has been great fun recording our doings. No doubt the Editor has another "Stooge" in mind. In the words of a popular song "Thanks for the memory."

Depot Company.

Before I commence these notes, may I ask that, owing to the heavy strain on the G.P.O., those who intend sending to congratulate me on my literary efforts refrain from doing so.

I think that, in future, the name of this Company had better be changed to the "Put and Take Company," as we are still having bodies in, and sending them out.

Whilst on the subject of this, may I, on behalf of the Company, welcome all new arrivals and wish them the best of luck; also those who have left or are leaving the Company.

The demand for Agricultural Workers is not so great these days so the N.C.O. i/c Gardens is not getting so much practice for his promotion examination.

By the time this effort appears in print, Christmas will be with us so may I take this opportunity of wishing all at home and overseas everything they wish themselves and I know that I am not alone in hoping that this will be the last Christmas of the war.

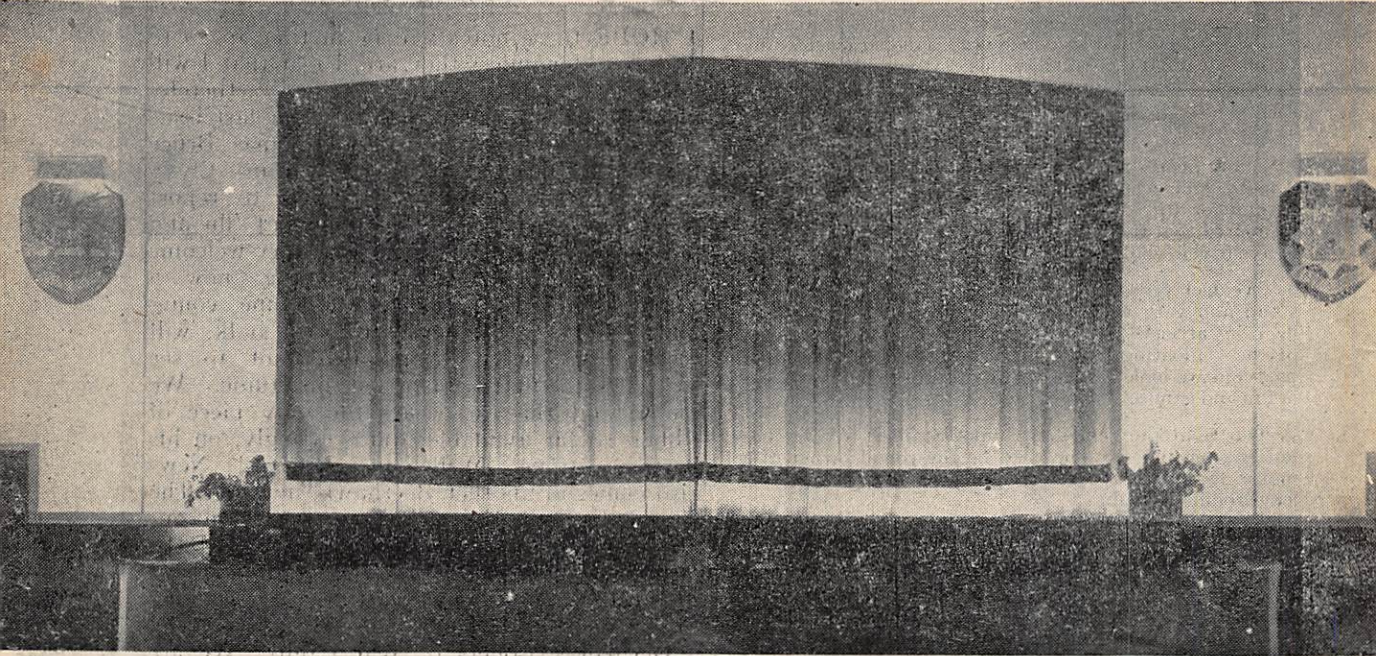


Photo by Fisk-Moore

The Stage, Cavalry Gymnasium.

The C.S.M. would like to know if any reader can recommend a good hair dye, as owing to the large number of both additions and deletions from recent drafts his maths. have gone all "hay wire" and his grey hairs are multiplying by the million.

We have now in the Company some budding A.B.'s, who are busy disturbing the wind and wearing down the roads in rural England. Should they get their transfer I am sure the Navy will be glad to have them and their gain will be our loss.

Our Office Boy is thinking of buying his discharge, having won almost every football sweep. Most of the entrants in this Sweep are considering whether to pay their fee direct into our Office Boy's Banking Account.

The chief question amongst our N.C.O.'s is "When do we move, if ever?"

In the world of Sport the Depot Company have quite excelled themselves at football. They have reached the final of the Inter-Company Tournament and, as is only natural, all the Depot Company hope to see their side win in the Final. Congratulations to the team on the good show they are putting up.

We may be dankers at most things, but not at Soccer.

Congratulations, also, to our "O.B." on his manager-ship. I hear he has had several offers from various clubs for his services, but not as a player.

Should anyone require any excuse in order to get leave he should consult our Office Staff. The selection is quite large.

"I" Company.

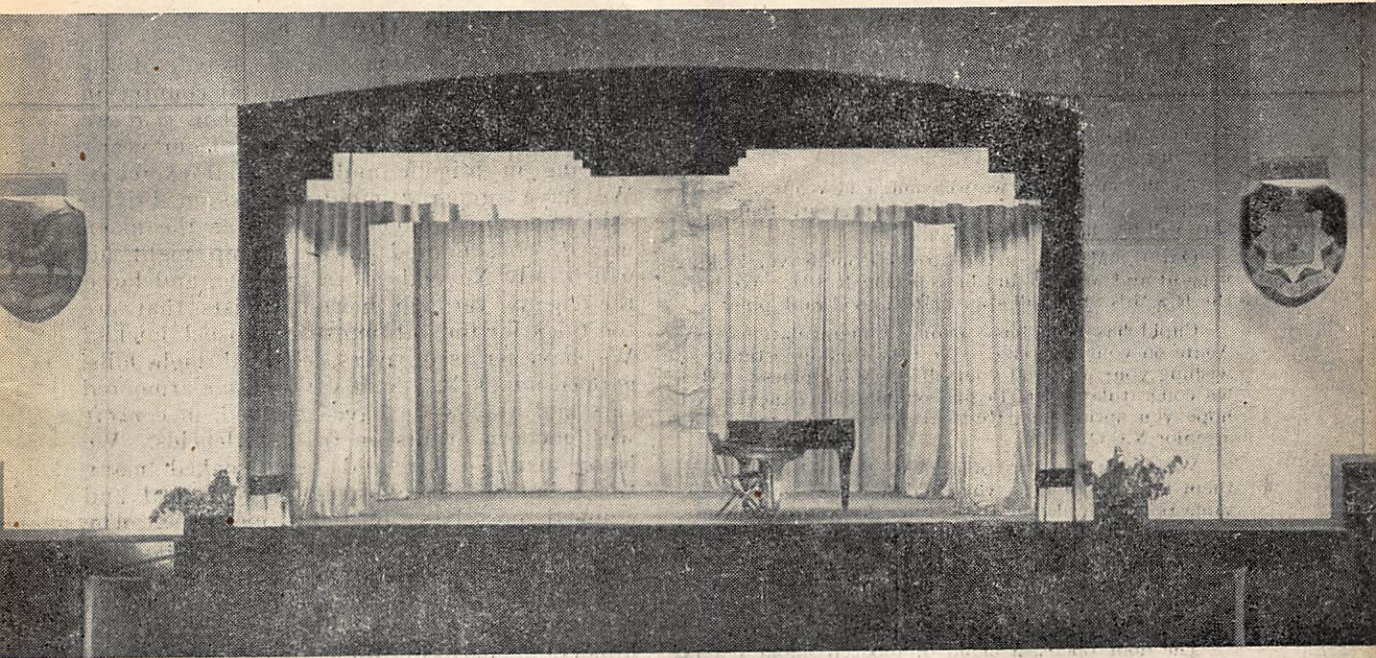
Once more it is time to report on the doings of the Company for the past month. As usual we have been a very busy and active Company and to report on all the happenings and arrivals and departures of the

various Platoons, would require reams of paper. However, we extend a welcome to the two Platoons who arrived last week and hope their spell of Corps Training with us will be as enjoyable as can be expected. On the other hand, to the three Platoons who, after many changes of plan, finally left us last week, we extend our best wishes and wish them success in their new abode. Let us hope they don't miss the fatherly eye of P.S.M. "Tiny" Deverson too much.

The weather, which I think it is now permissible to write about, has not been too kind to us for the past few days, but living up to the Company's tradition of "bash on" or rather "Splash on," the training has been carried on with the usual gusto. Weird and wonderful noises can now be heard emerging from the ablutions at early morning, but contrary to many rumours, it is merely gargling by numbers at its best and noisiest. Several of the old faces have left us during the month. Firstly, one of our old favourites, namely Lieut. Farrer (the originator, I believe, of the now famous "Bash on") has left us to take over "B" Company. I am sure we all join in wishing him the best of luck and every success in his new post. Others to leave us were:—Sergeants Jack Cox (now married and carrying a lighter AB 64 Pt. 11), Nat Leaf, and L/Cpl. Sampson, who have gone to other Companies. All the best to you and keep up the good work.

To Lieut. Bridle, who has recently joined us, we extend a hearty welcome and hope his stay with us will be a happy one. Congratulations to our old Pal, "Fred" Stephens, on at last regaining his second tape. Nice work, Fred, and Good Luck.

We were pleased to see Sgt. Crack back with us after his course at Bisley, looking very pleased with himself and full of knowledge, and on the other hand we hope that Sgt. Dale, who has just gone to Bisley, will have a good course and keep the old Company flag flying.



The Stage, Cavalry Gymnasium.

[Photo by Fisk-Moore]

Scandal this month is, I'm afraid, very scarce. The Corporals seem to be steering clear and the only point from the Sergeants' Mess is that Sgt. "Chalky" Wright greatly misses his old sparring-partner, "Chalky" White. Anyway, he is cheering up a bit and for the last few mornings we have heard that fine baritone voice: "This is your favourite singer, etc..... following a hefty bang on the door.

Well, that's all for this month and as December's notes will be a bit late, we take the opportunity to wish our associates and ex-"I" Companyites a very happy Christmas, wherever they may be.

"B" Company.

This month has been a month of more changes and great activity. It opened with our C.S.M. losing a stone in weight and most of his hair, for we then had eight new Primary Training squads, one Corps Training Squad on draft, one on leave and one in training. "Ee, if ever a man soofered—," but the situation is now well in hand and all we have to worry about now is the dispersal and another intake within two days and the whole Company "doing its nut" again.

Talking of "doing one's nut," our old friend Jacky Cox, is now back with us from "I" Company, and celebrated his promotion to "B" Company by getting married. Apparently his elated spirits got the better of him and he lost his head and his freedom completely. The Company was represented by Sgts. Scott and Spivey at the ceremony and, according to plan, they managed to ruin the proceedings by disgracing themselves and the bridegroom. However, we wish the happy couple a long and happy married life.

Sgt. "Curley" Ingram has just returned from Bisle breathing fire and sequences. We expect to hear of a new pamphlet being written with the exclamation—

"WELL DONE"—at the end of each lesson. Seriously, we must heartily congratulate him on obtaining a much-coveted "D."

To add to our list of departures we must now include the name of our Company Commander, Major Argles. He has fostered the Company from a humble beginning to its present status and his departure is a very sad blow to us, both on parade and in our activities on the sports field and the stage. Whatever the Company did, Major Argles was there to lead us by his example and keenness and we can truly say that it has been indeed a privilege to have served under him. We wish him the very best of good fortune in his new venture and whenever "B" Company N.C.O.'s are talking over a glass of beer he can assure himself that we shall be talking and thinking kindly of him.

We extend a hearty greeting to Lieut. Farrer who has taken over the Company and assure him of our support.

Cpl. Forrester has also left us this month for a Young Soldiers' Training Centre and we wish him all the very best.

The Company Football team has battled its way into the final of the Depot Football Competition via byes, penalties and other slices of good fortune and meet "D" Company to decide who is top dog. The Victoria Club is giving 3 to 1 on "D" Company and that just about represents our chances of success, but who knows what Freddie Durrant's head may do for us.

Two old company stalwarts, namely, George Greenslade and Ronnie Bengé, are in the news this month. George is now out of hospital and back with his unit and Ronnie Bengé is in Blighty after being badly wounded in Sicily. We congratulate both of them on their recovery.

In conclusion, we take this opportunity of wishing all Buffs and particularly ex-"B" Company Buffs a Merry Christmas and a Peaceful New Year.

"S" Company.

Why we still hold the title "Specialist" seems rather a mystery, unless, could it be that we specialize in route marches and sick parades. The Company has recently suffered a great loss in the person of Lieut. Davis, but our loss is someone's gain. "Good Luck, Sir," in your new post.

At the same time we welcome a new officer to the Company; Lieut. Bruce. We hope, Sir, that your stay will be long and happy.

Our C.S.M. has just returned from leave, looking very fit and well, to find he is acting R.S.M. We hope the R.S.M.'s Staff will appreciate a good rank pipe.

Cupid has been busy again. Congratulations, Sgt. Agate on your marriage. We take this opportunity of wishing your wife and yourself every happiness. Also, we congratulate Sgt. Begbie on his engagement. We hope you spring smartly to attention when talking to a senior N.C.O.

We regret the loss of our A.C.C. cooks, but wish them the best of luck wherever they may go. At the same time we welcome the lady cooks to the Company, hoping they will not burn the tea-water too often.

HOME SCENES IN WAR-TIME

OR

SCENES IN THE ORDERLY SERGEANT'S OFFICE.

The door opens, a cloud of tobacco smoke enters, followed by our worthy C.S.M. Throwing half-a-crown on the table, he says "Houlton! one ounce and two boxes of the usual, please."

Enter a little man with a big stick and highly-polished shoes, he tucks his stick well under his arm, saying "Orderly Corporal, will you go to Messing Office? No! better still, the Orderly Sergeant can go, or, better still, I will see the Messing Officer myself." Walking out, not forgetting to leave the door open.

At precisely 13.15 hours daily there enters a small man with a Pukkaland accent, saying "Any Cha!" He stands by the wireless, or during inclement weather, stands by the fire, and will not move until he is supplied with "Cha."

RUMOURS AND THINGS WE WANT TO KNOW.

We are told if we want to find the Company Commander, look for the Company Bike.

When will there be a free issue of shoe polish to Company Quartermaster-Sergeants?

Who is the little Fuehrer who calls himself the Orderly Sergeant?

When will a certain Company W.T. Storeman cease to say to the Orderly Sergeant: "What's the time, son?"

It is rumoured that the little Fuehrer has put himself on cookhouse fatigues for laying in bed after Reveille. There is more in this than meets the eye.

When will Tubby's leg stop swinging?

We have been asked when the war will end. We can say with confidence that it will end:—

When Sgt. Quincey doesn't get a pass.

When Pte. Honeychurch doesn't receive a letter.

When Cpl. Romaine is not on P.A.D. Duty.

When Cpl. O'Sullivan fails to stand to attention.

When Sgt. Looker isn't mistaken for his brother.

When Sgt. Begbie misses a dance.

This is the end of this month's news items.

In the U.K.

THE brilliant colours of the leaves of the beech trees in this beautiful country in which we are now are symbolical in that we are approaching the culmination of our year's training in brigade and divisional exercises. We have prepared night attacks in bright, cold, moonlight, launched them as the moon waned, consolidated in the damp night air which only November can produce, and faced the enemy through morning mists that are too thick for the autumn sun to dispel quickly. We have crossed rivers, climbed high hills, gapped minefields, dealt with elusive armoured cars and always we have attacked, in concert with modern events on real battlefields. We have marched far and been soaked many times but we have learnt a great deal and enjoyed ourselves at the same time. The zealous ingenuity of the Pioneer Platoon in constructing a raft during one river crossing was marred only by an ill-placed hob-nailed boot puncturing one assault boat (an extremely important part of the raft) causing some equipment of considerable value to assume an amphibious role for which it was not designed. The resultant exhortations from both raft and bank together with the elaborate paddle-strokes which were performed would have done credit to a Palladium show. Now with the large-scale exercises nearly over, plans are being made to begin individual training once again in the normal cycle of events. The reminder that those notes are due has recently heralded a move and this month is no exception. Already neat, mysterious, packages from the Quartermaster's store block all passages and exits from the building—a sure sign that the move date is close.

The Anti-tank platoon distinguished itself at a recent practice camp in a competition coming top of the platoons of the brigade and third of the platoons in the division. Great credit is due to Basil Lapworth for this success. Spurred on by this example we are hopeful of doing well in the divisional vehicle maintenance competition.

Further drafts have left us and we wish them luck wherever they may go. Others have joined us, including a number of officers on attachment, and we extend to them a warm welcome and hope they enjoy their stay with the regiment.

Drums.

It is indeed surprising that we can summon the energy to get ourselves into print this month, for what

with the continual cry of "Advance"—"Halt"—"Smoke"—"Dig In," plus the many weary (and wet!) days and nights of marching, not to mention the number of times we have carried casualties to a non-existent R.A.P., we have just about enough movement left in us to crawl into our homes and collapse weakly on to our bundles of straw.

When, oh! when will the powers that be, begin to look upon our services—as something more than a joke! But the past days have not been without their lighter side—as anybody who saw the one and only "Senor," in his Balacava and two pairs of mittens, standing on guard fast asleep, could testify! and to hear "Little Len's" profanities, every time the mobile section of the Stretcher-Bearers rode by him, was indeed something to remember. Incidentally, "If an apple a day keeps the Doctor away" then the M.O. is all set for about twelve months' leave!

It will be quite a change to get back to our "Skin Bashing" and a few of the old rousing marches—we have bravely tried to cheer both ourselves and the natives of the district with the evergreen "Galanthia," performed on our vocal whistles, but either our Company Office has an ear for music, or else our morale is too high—'Tis a sad world!

Prof. Stubbins has left us for the time being to practise his tonsorial art on "S" Company, so for the present we are without our only supply of inside information—do us a favour, Stub, and clip out that wicked wagging tongue of "Lofty's", will you, while you are on the job?—thanks, pal.

Congratulations to Wee Georgie on his entry into the whirlpool of matrimony; may you and the missus have the very best of luck always—but, mind you, keep a long, long way from acting, unpaid, brother-in-law, Trevelion!

By the time these notes appear in print we should have welcomed Georgie Pavard back to us, and be listening once more to our slick dance outfit getting "In the Groove." Roy Miller has gallantly struggled on as the only leading man in Pavard's absence, often when inwardly assailed with "heart trouble," due to a certain "black witch,"—never mind, Roy,—"There's as many good fish in the sea, etc." Cpl. B. has our sympathies, as like him, we did think the Drummer's daughter was as solid and reliable as "Normy's" own rhythmic drumming, but 'twas not so—we live in the hopes of one day seeing his old smile return, and maybe, we will hear again that favourite arrangement of "She's my Guy" flowing from his capable fingers on the keyboard.

And now may we wish all our friends the very best of everything for Christmas, and trust that the New Year will see us playing the Victorious Forces through the streets of Berlin,—and Boy—would we play!!!

"S" Company.

MORTAR PLATOON.

We meet again this month in totally different surroundings compared to our last meeting. We are certainly up to our eyes in it and the work is tough going, but the spirit is still there.

We are sorry to lose some of our old lads and sincerely hope they will be as happy as possible in their new role. They include "Bloodnut" Sharpe, "Tich" Ife (these two have been very near blood brothers during the past three years); Pte. "Jamo," another

stalwart of the platoon is leaving us and so is "Gus" Hawkes. I hear he was in select company down at the "White....." Who was it Gus? The two Stephen brothers are also amongst those leaving and we wish every one of them the best of luck and hope that some day we will all meet again—Drink up!

Sgt. Jim (Ex-Great Lover") has our sincere good wishes and congratulations. He was married last week and is now enjoying a week's honeymoon. Well done, Jim, I didn't think you had it in you. He returns in a few days' time just to catch a basinful of night air which won't go down too well.

Frank Pelham did his nut the other evening and tried a spot of tight-rope walking around the hut. He said it was his old game.

Moustache-growing has become a vogue in the platoon. Messrs. Talbot, Phillips, Cpl. Wood are anxiously watching small pieces of dirt which are materialising underneath their noses. They are trying to copy the bushy type of Sgt. "Bill" and "Handlebars" Jenkins. So far they have proved dismal failures. "Handlebars" is our skating champion and gets in bags of practice. Someone got a black look when they asked him where he parked his skates!!

We welcome to our ranks Sgt. Eade, as though we have'n't enough gangers. Anyhow, we wish him a good stay and a happy one.

Our recent training has been very eventful though strenuous. I always wondered what would happen if a bomb went down the barrel upside down. I know now. We had plenty of H.E. rapid corrections until the umpire got browned-off and said we were all out of action. This worries us all to death as there was a canteen nearby, but we didn't worry the canteen, no sir, we didn't even smell it.

By this time Ballanger's ("Nicky") carrier looked more like a bread delivery van. Someone thought it was about time we had a wash and shave so off we went, some returning with fruit pies, cakes and more bread. Later on we went in for a spot of digging and used up Pelham's battery as it was so dark. "Gunner" soon dug us a hole to sit in, but another umpire thought we looked too comfortable and told us we were "dead" again. By the way, what happened to Sgt. "Slim's" detachment when he went into action and found his base plate missing?

We had a spot of practical map-reading the other day and it turned out very successful—Encore!!

I see "Banger" is back with us again after a few months in Company H.Q. He can't take it!

Haircutting is rather a problem in the wilds and a few of us have improvised with twigs as grips and hairpins. Not so, Sgt. Larkin, who bribes "Wimpy" to do him a favour and give him a trim, instead of which he gets scaped. He can be heard moaning every time he looks in the mirror.

Once again our carriers went to the rescue. Our "friends" in the A/Tk. sent out an S.O.S. for help as they were trapped in the mud. We dragged them out and returned to find 2nd Gear Dutch with his carrier still spivved up.

We get lots of flag-wagging these days, what with yellows and reds, blacks and greens. Who signalled up the Dr.-Sgt., "Bill" and asked him for the right time!

CARRIER PLATOON.

This month's issue of *Dragon Notes* gives us an opportunity of welcoming Capt. Taylor, Company

Commander to "Sp." Company and also Lieut. E. Wake as our new Platoon Commander. Furthermore our welcome extends to our new Second-in-Command Lieut. Kerner. We sincerely hope their stay will be a long and happy one.

The past few weeks have seen us in new surroundings with lashings of training schemes etc. and plenty of mud but at the time of going to press that period draws to a close and we all hope that the necessary object has been obtained and the lessons learnt.

It has been our misfortune to lose several of our very prominent members of the platoon: Messrs. Page, Buckle, Kemp, "Butch" Warren, Fanning, Hubbard, Colley and Jimmie Dwyer. Their task is to be a hard one and nobody will disagree that they are not the right boys for the job. We all joined together in a great send-off at the "White Horse" but we must add our very best of good wishes; may we all be joining them soon to finish off this wicked job. God Bless them all.

Football is getting into swing again and with a win over the Mortars the old invincibles are getting into form. We recently assisted the A/Tk. with a match against the Pioneers and Mortars. Alas! The result was against us by 1-0 but was probably due to losing one of our stalwarts Sgt. Harrison who sustained slight injury to his ankle. Information is very scarce as to the exact nature of the damage but we wish him a speedy recovery so that this small debt can be wiped off so beware you Sappers and 3-inchers.

The return of our Platoon Sergeant from his course has caused a few worried looks on the boys' faces. Whether its the thought of being tested on our mechanical knowledge its not quite known but we do know that a search has been made for missing "flat spots."

Well chaps that's all for now but would like to finish off with a rather good effort from an Eighth Army poet (potential).

RETREAT.

Softly the bells are chiming
Hushed is the busy world
Quietly the sun declining
Gently the flag is furled.

Hear now the bugles sounding
Their silver echoes fall
Slowly the night is hounding
Day from the view of all.

Proudly we stand to attention
Drums beating off retreat.
Here as the bugles mention
The night and the evening meet.

Evening's pageant is over
Her last echoes fade away.
Clouds in the sky will cover
Earth till the dawn of day.

ANTI-TANK PLATOON.

Hello chaps! My first duty is to offer you through your Detachment Commanders our congratulations on your very excellent performances at — and —. You did very well and deserve a little praise but don't get thinking that you cannot do better; anyway—chaps keep it up and we shall be top next time (I may not be with you then but I shall follow you through the *Dragon*).

Did you notice the contrast between — and —? The Sergeants did I can assure you. You noticed of course that Sgt. Barnacle used his loaf but one could not blame him they were lovely nurses were they not? Lots of people came to visit you did you see much of them? Glad you are better Tom.

The Sergeants were very disappointed over one thing they had all wanted to see namely the emptying of a kit bag about which they had been told. (No offence "Brush"). But we are still wondering why "Judy" went to bed with his entrenching tool handle in his hand. Talking of Garland reminds me to congratulate the drivers on their skill with their new waggons. I am sure and they will all admit that when it was light enough for them to see they wondered how they had got into the positions they were in, and worse still, how they were to get out. But they all managed it after a while, although we left Giddy, who, when the remainder moved off, had his head under the bonnet making a minor adjustment.

But what a to-do on the next scheme! "Block-head" lost his gun. Yes! You heard, he lost his gun. But all ended happily because, when the mist cleared he found it. Bad luck, Bill, everything seems to happen to you. It was an awful pity that your face fungus should have got signed that way, but if running your tongue over it makes it grow, you must take care, or it will soon be out of control. You noticed that Sgt. Barnacle shaved his off, I suppose? Just a wee bit jealous, I expect, Bill.

Sorry to lose Hamilton, weren't we Les? Hope he does well with his new unit. Welcome to Sgt. Stock and Cpl. Ford and let's hope they will soon settle down.

Sorry, Carriers. I am ashamed of our show on the football field, but we *are* good on paper.

No. 1 Detachment misses Staiano. We had been together ever since the platoon was formed and of the detachment, he, our best worker, has been taken from us. I admit he has got a smashing job, but what about the mud, Johnny?

Well, in closing, we wish all Buffs wherever they may be, GOOD LUCK.

P.S.—I wonder if Wally will be able to fix you up with an old "Faggott" each. Bogie will be bringing his "Black Serpent" along, Pritch.

PIONEER PLATOON.

Once again we are writing these notes from the rural countryside, or as some folks say, the "Swede Bashers" country. The platoon has been kept very busy these last few weeks on various schemes. At last the Sapper Sections have come into their own, being mighty proud of the way they cleared a mine-field in record time. Especially when the last few yards turned into a marathon race instead of the usual Sappers' crawl. The highlight of the evening was the beautiful array of coloured lights which showed the breach through the mine-field; this caused quite a few comments from the battalion. One comment was made: "All aboard for Blackpool."

Our Platoon Sergeant is thinking of cutting our three-tonner in half, as the drivers are at loggerheads over who should drive it. Perhaps one of these days "Dodger" Dymond will pass out on a driving course, then the matter will be settled once and for all; in the meantime, "Dodger" is busy at nights announcing to all, how to change gears in the one, pause, two style.

Our football team opened the season in grand style, with two very fine wins, one being our old opponents, the Carriers; the other was a very fine team from the local R.A. camp. Who's next?

We are very sorry to announce that our very able storeman—Pte. Kitney, is in hospital with a damaged ankle. We send our best wishes for a speedy recovery so that he may rejoin our ranks once more.

Since our last issue of *Dragon* Notes we have to announce the loss to the platoon of our late Platoon Commander, Lieut. Wake, who has now gone to join the ranks of the Carriers. We would all like to thank him for everything that was done concerning the welfare of the platoon. We send our best wishes and the very best of luck to you, wherever you go, Sir. We welcome to our ranks our present Platoon Commander, Lieut. Hawkins and we hope that he will have a long and happy stay with us.

“A” Company.

Much water has passed under our feet (and over our heads) since the last account of ourselves, and we are at present just recovering from a very strenuous three weeks of mortal anguish, of sleeping under the starry skies, at reveille, a time one usually associates with going to bed, and dinner at 01.00 hours on dark nights, causing much speculation afterwards, as to exactly what was for dinner, and regarding the cooks with grave suspicion of “having put one across,” although the night never seemed dark enough for any serious over-estimate of the amount of sugar required for making tea. However, most of our suspicions were entirely unfounded, as was proved by the excellent meals produced under “Battle” conditions by Messrs. Lewis, Barnett and Co., in fact we are seriously considering suggesting to the Messing Officer that they abandon their “New Worlds” and Bungalow Cookers, and get cracking with a Primus in the garden.

Although the weather was much “milder” than is its usual wont at this time of the year, on the whole the training was thoroughly appreciated by us all, although it did come as somewhat of a shock after the comparative peacefulness of our comfortable little suburban houses we left, to spend our nights pondering whether we would sleep with one blanket over us, if said blanket arrived, if we had time to sleep, if it didn't rain—or whether we would just sleep standing up, and I might mention that some of us became quite expert at digging holes and sleeping at the same time. Len Jarrett could often be seen picking away with his eyes shut—not that it made all that difference in the dark, as was evidenced by the sure realistic trenches inspected by the “Skipper” when daylight broke—causing one to wonder at the feats that must have been performed in excavating that last two inches of soil.

We are all very sorry to lose some of the old members of “A” Company, especially old originals like Len Ward and “lucky” Vernon, also Groom, Marchant, and the life and soul of No. 8 Platoon—Pte. Chandler, whose true cockney spirit is already sadly missed. However, we all wish them the very best of luck in their more active enterprise and hope “Auf Wiedersehen.”

In their place we warmly welcome a cosmopolitan collection of comrades, including a few novices, whose depths are so far undiscovered, and a few veterans, among them Sgt. Knight, D.C.M., M.M., whom we are all proud to have with us and hope his stay will be a long and pleasant one. We also extend a warm welcome to 2/Lieut. Sayers, No. 8 Platoon's new Commander.

“B” Company.

At last the Company is able to “Breathe Easy” after our very strenuous recent training and all we can hear from personnel of the Company is: “To get to the canteen you do a right flanking followed by a left flanking, etc. The magic word RUM cropped up on training and although some of us only had a sniff the psychical effect was grand for everyone started to sing “Roll out the barrel.”

We welcome to the Battalion our new R.S.M. and he is managing to get the bends from the knees and is straightening the creases.

Congratulations to Captain M. Steincke on his recent promotion. Best of luck to Wee Georgie and the rest of the boys who have left us recently.

We extend a welcome to L/Sgt. O'Leary and Sgts. Bennell and Sinclair who have recently joined the Company and if you don't know how to mend a puncture, ask the former, he will arrange instructions.

Heartiest congratulations to Pte. Bone on his latest addition to the family.

“C” Company.

By Wheel and by Foot we continue to move, but, during the last few weeks, mainly by foot as sundry blisters and sore feet can prove!

It has been a fairly tough time for all and we have covered many a mile of the roads and lanes and across the country of the fair county. We also crossed a river or two. During one of these aqueous, nocturnal adventures some people put their feet in the wrong place and one chap was heard shouting, amid the sound of heavy splashing of water, “What about giving me a — hand-up, you fellows!” This may have been Pte. Boyle for he was seen a few hours later sitting on the side of the river ruefully wringing out his trousers and socks—unless, of course, he had swum across!

On another occasion, during a similar show by day, we hear that our Company Commander, 2nd-Lieut. Venters and others, did a spot of fishing *with results*, but we are not sure whether this was done during the actual crossing of the river or from the bank the other side while having a lunch break!

Talk about mud, mist, rain and cold “fish-tail” winds—we had 'em all—still, there's nothing like a drop of mud in the porridge or extra water in the tea (we get that anyway, every day with the “milk”) to give a special flavour to breakfast in the field. After a night's digging, working like an excavator in order to keep warm, and after watching a cold mist rising and rain falling with the coming of a grey dawn, anything in the nature of hot food and drink is very welcome even though mixed with rain and damp “mother earth”! Incidentally, judging by the report of Ptes. Beauchamp and Littlewood, it seems a favourite thing to be made an “official” casualty on an exercise—they certainly had the best of it once—comfort, food and drink, and a ride back to billet area in an ambulance instead of another twenty odd miles foot-slogging, further rain and cold haversack rations *without* drink!

As far as recreation goes we haven't had a great deal this last month, but maybe we shall be able to make up for it a little before these notes are published, although we guess there still is much work to do. The amorous adventures of Cpl. “Junior” King and other Romeos have also been sadly curtailed, but we understand that Sgt. Coleman and Cpl. Roberts have been doing quite well for themselves.

We were all sorry to lose Lieut. Freshwater and Sgts. "Rabbit" Hare and Schneider, Cpl. Ashdown, L/Cpls. Grant and Marsh, Ptes. Higgins, Conrathe, Richardson, etc. Each will be remembered as a personality and we will miss Sgt. Hare for, among other things, his vocal efforts ("Russian Rose," etc.) at concerts and Company "Do's" and L/Cpl. Grant as a first class footballer. We wish them all the very best wherever they go.

Among the incomings of the month we welcome Sgt. Edwards and Cpl. Smith. At the time of writing we have several new "pipers," but have hardly had time to "sort one from t'other," to distinguish 2nd-Lieut. Venters from 2nd-Lieut. Reed, etc. We can however, easily recognise Capt. Tadman by his "North of the Border" hat (not *far* north maybe). Some may not be with us very long, but whatever the length of their stay we hope it will be a happy one.

Sgt. Evenden has recently returned from leave and we notice that he now lowers his plastered arm with more care—maybe his wife cured him of emphatically banging the table with it, for crockery at home is more valuable than ink bottles in the Company Office!

News from some of the lads overseas continues to come in through letters from Sgt. Somerton and others and we are pleased to hear that the majority are safe and well and send them our best wishes.

By the time these notes are published Christmas will be well on its way so we take this opportunity of wishing all members and ex-members of Charlie Company here and overseas as happy a time as circumstances allow and good health, good luck and Victory in 1944.

"D" Company.

After spending a much too strenuous vacation in the country, we discovered that the countryside can appear anything but beautiful, especially in the dead of night and at dawn, accompanied by icy sleet and rain. However, despite the untiring efforts of the universe to break our indomitable spirits we have returned marching fit and weather-beaten veterans.

What is the reason for Pte. Bacon walking round with a black look these days? Can it be those seven days—as Blondie Starkes would say, "it's double dodgy." A certain Corporal would like to know if there is any truth in the rumour that Dusty has been buying up large stocks of foot powder lately. Can it be that our M.T. seats are too hard for him? By the way, who broke the strong box? We hear that Sgt. H— likes being married, but he is annoyed at the amount of money he has to pay his wife. Still, he's had his cake and we wish him all the very best. Pte. Standen shouted the other day (his Platoon Sergeant took a faint), so we are going to gag him in case he does it again. Will someone ask the Messing Officer for more grub as "Whispering Grass" is becoming anxious about his waist-line.

Has all our night-fraining been wasted on our two unseparable Siamese twins (Mant and Purk), as they were heard arguing their heads off the other evening as to which was the correct way home. It must be that all the houses look alike and they are used to hedges. Who's the driver that mistakes the kerbs for the white lines?—or is it because the hope of an increase is causing him trouble.

We were very sorry to lose Lieut. Rowlandson and 2/Lieut. Batsford, but we welcome 2/Lieut. Cade, 2/Lieut. Marote, 2/Lieut. Mackeldon and Lieut. Long to the Company and hope their stay will be a long and happy one.

Personalia (continued)

Captain S. L. P. Barker, writing from Umtali, S. Rhodesia, says that he was much interested in reading the articles "Rhodesian Glimpses." We are indebted to Captain L. P. Causton who so kindly wrote these articles.

Captain Barker sends his best wishes to any old Buffs who knew him.

We congratulate Maj.-Gen. F. A. J. E. and Mrs. Marshall whose Silver Wedding day was on December 14th.

Mrs. Kechit Rennison sends her best wishes for Christmas and the New Year to our battalion in Paiforce, and with which, in days gone by, her father served for thirty two years.

Lieut-Col. W. H. Rowe, whom we congratulate on his substantive promotion expects to be leaving his present employment and to move to the Middle East. He has

recently met A. G. C. Stainforth, formerly of the regiment, now in the W.A. Administration Service.

Lieut.-Col. C. R. Tuff has proceeded on a unit commanders course. At the time of writing he was hoping to meet J. G. Atkinson.

6292733 Sgt. S. Goldfarb writes that he and Sergeants Witherden and Lewis are with a battalion of the N. Rhodesia Regiment.

We offer our sympathy to the relatives of Marquess Camden who died on Tuesday, December 14th. At the memorial service held at Canterbury Cathedral on Wednesday, December 22nd the Colonel of the Regiment was represented by Lieut.-Col. C. E. Wilson and the Past and Present, The Buffs, of which the late Lord Camden was a Patron, by Major A. J. Peareth.

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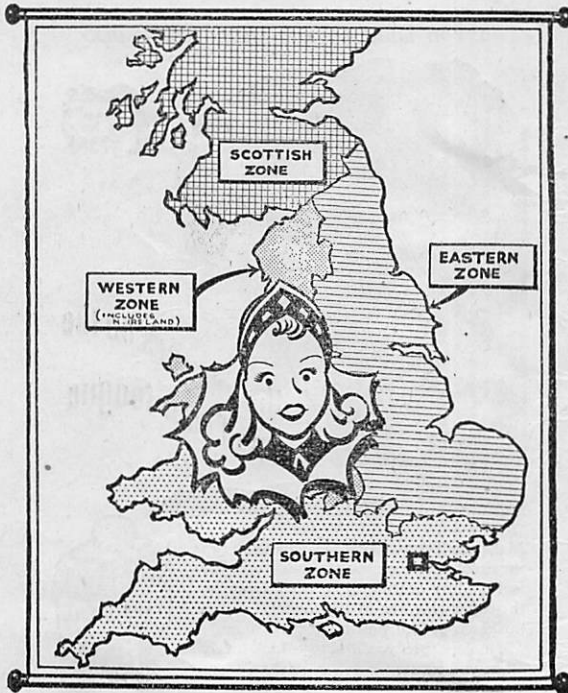
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Supplies of block chocolate are becoming increasingly scarce, owing to Government purchases of large quantities for distribution overseas. Only a small proportion of block chocolate will therefore be available to Service personnel as part of their ration, the balance will be made up of chocolate coated lines, boiled sweets, toffees, etc.

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An Etruscan Ring
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In almost every quarter of the globe where traces of ancient but now forgotten civilizations are unearthed is to be found the ring — in ancient Egypt, amongst the Etruscans, the Cretans and Mycenæans, in China and India, in the relics of the Aztecs of Mexico and amongst those of our Celtic ancestors.

And always the ring has been the symbol either of rank or authority or given as a pledge.

Probably the most ancient rings which have come down to us are the Egyptian and it is interesting to note that where rank or means did not allow of a golden ring, less precious metals such as bronze, or even glass or pottery, were used.

In Roman times only ambassadors and senators, consuls and others of high estate were privileged to wear golden rings ; the great majority of Romans wore plain iron rings. It was the Romans from whom we took our custom of giving a ring as a pledge — both the betrothal ring and the memorial ring, the latter being a pledge to keep the memory of the departed.

As early as the second century the Roman custom of pledging by the ring was adopted by the Church and we have the institution of the wedding ring which has ever since been an essential symbol of Christian marriage.

And through the ages the art of ring making has called for the exercise of the greatest skill on the part of the goldsmith craftsman. The modern solitaire diamond claw set in platinum may not compare in elaboration with the chased hoops of Benvenuto Cellini, but it expresses the same eternal symbolism.

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