

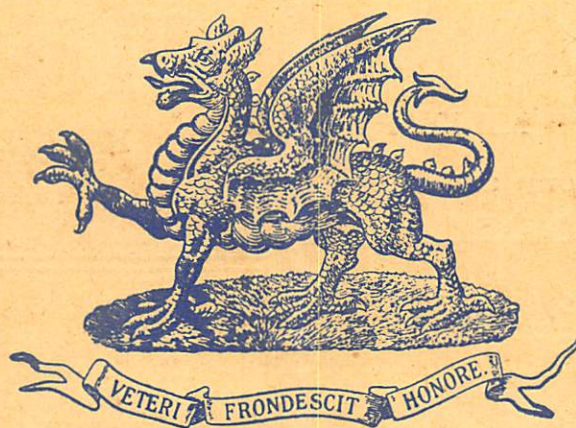
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THE DRAGON

THE REGIMENTAL PAPER
OF THE BUFFS.



No. 524

July, 1943

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Signature.....



Allied Regiments.

Queen's Own Rifles of Canada.

3rd Battalion (Werrima Infantry) Australian Military Forces.

No. 524

JULY, 1943.

Price: Sixpence

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

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

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.

Shaftesbury Homes ...	2	2	0
R. Albert School (Connaught Memorial)	5	5
N.A.E.S.S. Assn.	15	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. MCDOUALL 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.				
Heat 1	Winner	Pte. Naskau	Time 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs.	Mortars.
	2nd.		Pte. Bateup	Infantry Platoon
Heat 2	Winner	Pte. Martin	Time 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.	Signals
	2nd	Pte. Delsignor		Mortars
Heat 3	Winner	Pte. Gearing	Time 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs.	Infantry Platoon
	2nd	Pte. Dungate		Infantry Platoon
Heat 4	Winner	Pte. Fowler	Time 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ secs.	Infantry Platoon
	2nd	Cpl. Sheahan		M.T.

880 Yards.				
Heat 1	Winner	Lieut. Davis	Time 2 mins. 20 secs.	Signals
	2nd	Pte. Rich and	Tie	Signals and
		Pte. Paine		Infantry Platoon
Heat 2	Winner	Pte. Hill	Time 2 mins. 29 secs.	Signals
	2nd	Pte. O'Conner (112)		Signals
Heat 3	Winner	Pte. O'Conner (196)	Time 2 min. 27 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs.	Signals
	2nd	Pte. Butcher		Infantry Platoon

100 Yards.				
Final—8	Runners			
	Winner	Pte. Gearing	Time 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs.	Infantry Platoon
	2nd	Pte. Fowler		Infantry Platoon

220 Yards.				
Heat 1	Winner	Pte. Cooper	Time 26 secs.	Infantry Platoon
	2nd	Pte. Oates		Carriers
Heat 2	Winner	Pte. Martin	Time 26 $\frac{1}{4}$ Secs.	Signals
	2nd	Pte. Evers		M.T.
Heat 3	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.				
Heat 1	Winner	Pte. Bateup	Time 60 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs.	Infantry Platoon
	2nd.	Pte. Delsignore		Mortars
Heat 2	Winner	Pte. Smethurst	Time 62 secs.	Carriers.
	2nd	Pte. Ling		M.T.
Heat 3	Winner	Pte. Rich	Time 64 $\frac{3}{4}$ secs.	Infantry Platoon
	2nd	Pte. Pitt		Signals
Heat 4	Winner	Pte. Hill	Time 63 $\frac{1}{4}$ secs.	Signals
	2nd	Pte. Read		M.T.

Mile.

Heat 1	Winner	Pte. O'Conner (196)	Time 5 mins 7 secs.	Signals
	2nd	Pte. Naskau		Mortars
Heat 2	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.

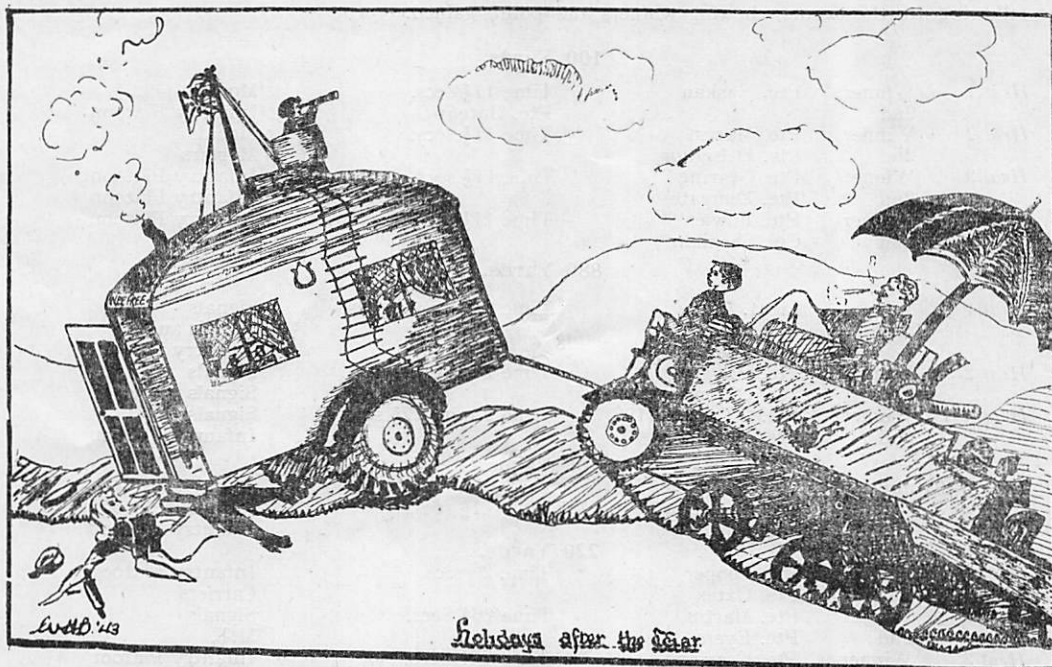
Runners : Sgts. Looker, Hunt, Newton, L/Cpl. Ashmore.

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 Venisom—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 blade 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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LADIES GUILD.

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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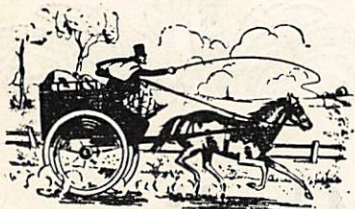
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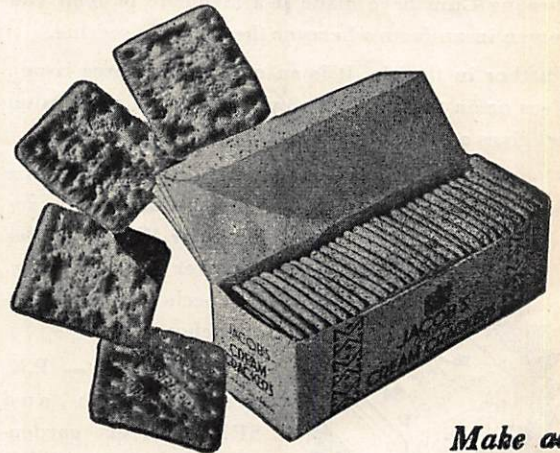
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M A S T E R C R A F T S M E N



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.

The craftsmen of today, whose skill in watchmaking is now of such importance in the stern task of war, salute the memory of Thomas Tompion the master craftsman who made accurate watches possible. He died in the year 1713 and in recognition of his great achievements he received the honour of burial in Westminster Abbey.

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