

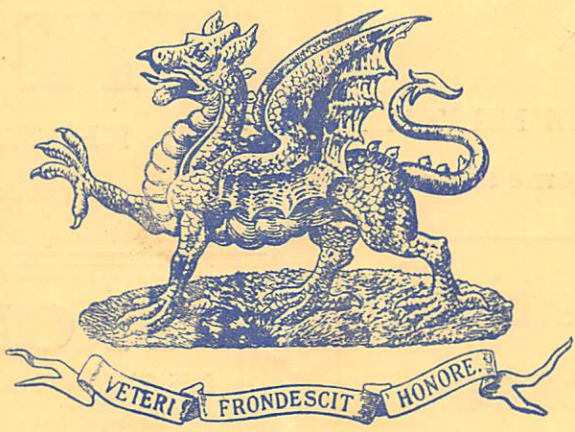
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THE REGIMENTAL PAPER
OF THE BUFFS.



No. 525

August, 1943

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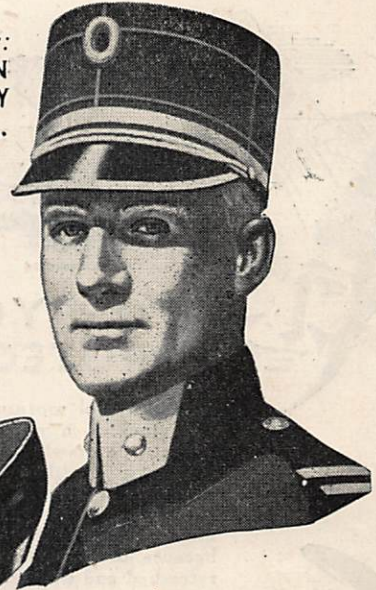


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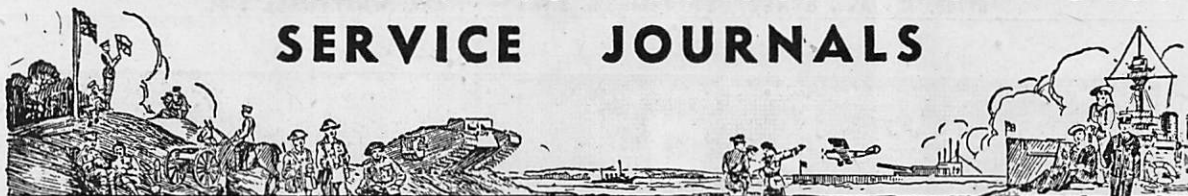


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I BEQUEATH to the Colonel for the time being of The Buffs, the
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Signature.....



Allied Regiments.
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 3rd Battalion (Werrima Infantry) Australian Military Forces.

No. 525

AUGUST, 1943.

Price: Sixpence

Orders of the Day

IT has been a great honour to me to have held the appointment of Colonel of The Buffs for the last seven years. In my opinion, however, it is now in the best interest of the regiment that a younger Officer and one with longer service in The Buffs should take over the appointment in these critical times.

There is, I consider, a great deal to be done in all regiments to-day if their best interests are to be safeguarded and their traditions preserved. This can best be done by an Officer with a life-long knowledge of those interests and traditions and recent contacts with Service conditions.

The Buffs are fortunate in having an Officer available who is thoroughly qualified to be their Colonel.

I have therefore asked permission to be permitted to resign my appointment so that Major-General the Hon. P. G. Scarlett may take over. General Scarlett has been of the greatest assistance to me during the time I have been Colonel and is devoted to the interests of the regiment. He has an intimate knowledge of its affairs, and in his competent hands I am confident they will prosper.

I know the regiment will welcome his appointment and give him that unflinching loyalty and support which has always been given to me, and for which I take this opportunity of expressing my heartfelt thanks.

In resigning my appointment I shall retain my deep interest in the regiment and remain one of its most devoted members.

J. KENNEDY,
 Major-General,
 Colonel of The Buffs.

June 3rd, 1943.

On taking over the appointment of Colonel of the Buffs from Major-General Sir John Kennedy, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., I know it will be the wish of all members of the Regiment, of our allied Regiments and of the Past and Present Association, that I should express on their behalf our deep regret that General Kennedy is relinquishing the appointment and our heartfelt thanks and gratitude for all his work on our behalf. Since 1937 Sir John Kennedy has guarded our interests and maintained within the Regiment and the Association that true spirit of comradeship on which so much depends. Since 1939 he has supervised the expansion of the Regiment for war and has never failed to encourage not only battalions overseas, but also those who are going through the hard school of preparation. We shall look back to those happy days when General Kennedy was our Colonel and look forward to having both Sir John and Lady Kennedy amongst us for many years to come.

G. SCARLETT,
 Major-General,
 Colonel of The Buffs.

June 4th, 1943.

Personalia.

WE congratulate Major-General Hon. P. G. Scarlett on his appointment as Colonel of the Regiment and wish him a happy and successful tenure of command.

Colonel C. R. B. Knight has returned to the Middle East, where he is very busily employed.

During his sojourn in E. Africa he met several officers and other ranks of the Regiment.

Lieut.-Colonel Guy Lee writes that he is busy with his Home Guard School in Wales; Mrs. Lee is a Commandant G.T.C. and also works on the local Food Control Board; "Jimbo" Hanley is now a Captain, United States Army, at its headquarters in London.

Lieut.-Colonel M. Beevor is now residing at Cooks Mill, Lexden, Colchester, a property which he recently bought from Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Wilson. Michael Beevor, now a midshipman, R.N.V.R., has just completed ten days' leave; James Beevor went overseas two months ago.

We congratulate Captain N. G. Wale, who has been appointed temporary Chief Constable, War Department Constabulary, whilst his Chief, Sir Seymour Mellor, performs the duties of Provost Marshal.

Our congratulations to Captain and Mrs. R. W. P. Rule on their marriage. Captain Henry Van Ammel was best man and other guests were Captain and Mrs. David Phillips; Lieut. and Mrs. Jones; Mrs. K. E. P. Goodbody; Mrs. Downes and Mrs. Wright.

We regret to record the death of Mr. R. Stead, aged 70 years. He was buried at St. Peter's Cemetery, Broadstairs, on July 22nd.

Mr. Stead enlisted in the Buffs in 1892, being finally discharged, owing to ill-health, in 1917. He had occupied No. 4 Buffs Cottage Homes since 1932.

We offer our sympathy to his wife and family in their loss.

Sergeant J. A. Pearcy, Prisoner-of-War No. 11637, Stalag VIII B, Germany, writes that two regimental football matches have been

played in his camp. One against a team of the Dorsets, which was a draw, 3 goals all; the other against a team of the Lothian and Border Regiment, which was won by three goals to one.

6282435 Pte. W. J. Garlinge writes from Stalag XXID that he is well.

6286804 Dvr. J. H. Osborne, R.A.S.C., late the regiment, wishes to be remembered to his friends. He would like them to know that he has not forgotten them.

Lieut.-Colonel R. M. Watson writes that he has returned to E. Africa after a long trek.

Major P. T. G. Lynden-Bell, who recently returned home from the Middle East, and his family move shortly from Platt, where they have been for twenty-two years, to 3/27 Camden Grove, London, W.8, which will be their permanent address.

The Secretary, Past and Present Association and Editor, *The Dragon*, will be absent from Canterbury on Home Guard duties and leave from Saturday, August 28th to Thursday, September 9th, 1943. Correspondence which cannot be dealt with by the officer acting on his behalf, will be forwarded to him for necessary action.

Obituary.

THE death of Mrs. Mary Johnings, 22 Alma Street, Canterbury, occurred recently in her 90th year.

The funeral took place at the Canterbury Cemetery on Wednesday, July 14th, the first part of the service being at the Roman Catholic Church in Burgate Street, the Rev. Father C. H. de Laubenque officiating. Mrs. Johnings is survived by two sons, Michael, who is still with the Small Arms School, and Albert, Inspector of Postmen at the G.P.O., Canterbury.

Mrs. Mary Johnings was married on the strength of the Regiment at Dover, in 1872. She accompanied the battalion to Ireland and proceeded with it, on board the Troopship *St. Lawrence*, to South Africa in 1876.

She very often used to talk of the exciting experience when the ship was wrecked on Paternoster Island, off Capetown.

Her husband, the late Corporal Joseph Johnings, was in the Drums of the battalion and served throughout the Zulu war, the married women being then at Pietermaritzburg.

Mrs. Johnings accompanied her husband to Mauritius, Hong Kong, Singapore and Penang, being invalided home in 1884.

Four of her sons served in the Regiment.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIAGE.

Rule—Dowson.—On July 3rd, 1943, at St. Andrew's Church, Ham Common, Captain R. W. P. Rule to Veronica Dowson, W.R.N.S.

The Regimental Gazette

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, 29TH JUNE, 1943, DATED, FRIDAY, 2ND JULY, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

MOVEMENT CONTROL SECTION.

The undermentioned in the rank as stated retaining his present seniority :—

July 3rd, 1943 :—War Subs. Capt. :—H. B. Shorter (216019) from The Buffs.

The undermentioned Cadets to be 2nd Lts. :—

THE BUFFS.—May 22nd, 1943 :—Grahame Cameron MacDonald (277431), Frederick James Daly (277398), Kenneth Richard Henry Habershon (277411), Martin Christopher Dashwood Bull (277446), Allan James Carrington Howard (277458), Stanley George Townsend Corfield (277471), Stewart George Mahony (277432).

THIRD SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, JULY 2ND, 1943, DATED TUESDAY, JULY 6TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

The undermentioned Cadets to be 2nd Lts., May 15th, 1943 :—

THE BUFFS.—John East Harsant (276361), Rupert Humphrey Cecil Stronge (276379), Michael Bellew Baker (276384), Derek Dicker Bridle (276424).

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, JULY 6TH, 1943, DATED, THURSDAY, JULY 8TH, 1943.

The King has been graciously pleased to give orders for the following promotion in, and appointment to, the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire, in recognition of gallant and distinguished services in East Africa and Madagascar :—

To be Additional Officer of the Military Division of the said Most Excellent Order :—

Lieut.-Colonel (temporary) Richard John Percy Thorne-Thorne (15980), The Cyprus Regiment.

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

The Military Cross.

Captain (temporary Major) Adolf Charles Jack Van Ammel (104848) The Buffs.

The Military Medal.

No. 6278668 Sergeant Edward Charles Foster, The Buffs.

THIRD SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, JULY 6TH, 1943, DATED JULY 9TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

GENERAL LIST.

INFANTRY.

THE BUFFS.—Captain N. G. Wale (14775) having attained the age limit of liability to recall ceases to belong to the Res. of Offrs. July 7th, 1943.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, JULY 9TH, 1943, DATED, TUESDAY, JULY 13TH, 1943.

SUPPLEMENTARY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

ROYAL REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY.

War Subs. Lt. J. W. F. Swann (77184) from The Buffs, to be War Subs Lt. June 1st, 1943, retaining his present seniority.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

The undermentioned Cadets to 2nd Lts. :—

THE BUFFS.—April 10th, 1943 :—Stanley Norman Eastwood (277662), Stanley Millo Parsons (277663).

FOURTH SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, JULY 13TH, 1943, DATED, FRIDAY, JULY 16TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

ROYAL REGIMENT OF ARTILLERY.

The undermentioned to be Lt. (Qr.-Mr.) retaining his present seniority :—

W. Molton (173129) from The Buffs.

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, JULY 16TH, 1943, DATED, TUESDAY, JULY 20TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

The Buffs.—Maj.-Gen. Hon. P. G. Scarlett, C.B., M.C., ret. pay (3993) to be Col., June 4th, 1943, vice Maj.-Gen. Sir John Kennedy, K.B.E., C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., ret. pay (20934) who has resigned the appt.

REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

THE BUFFS.—Lt. H. G. R. Ayres (169215) having attained the age limit of liability to recall ceases to belong to the Res. of Offrs. July 17th, 1943.

TERRITORIAL ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

D.C.L.I.—Maj. F. F. M. Bawden, M.B.E., T.D., (2586) from The Buffs to be Maj. July 21st, 1943 retaining his present seniority.

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, JULY 20TH, 1943, DATED, JULY 23RD, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

THE BUFFS.—War Subs. Lt. H. U. L. Norfolk (99724) relinquishes his commn. on account of ill-health June 24th, 1943, and is granted the hon. rank of Lt.

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, JULY 23RD, 1943, DATED, TUESDAY, JULY 27TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

THE BUFFS.—Aage Hanson Möller (279779) to be 2nd Lt. June 14th, 1943.

THIRD SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, JULY 27TH, 1943, DATED, FRIDAY, JULY 30TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

The undermentioned Cadets to be 2nd Lts.

THE BUFFS.—March 10th, 1943 :—Jesse Paine (278009). April 13th, 1943 :—Arnold Humphries Taylor (277979).

TERRITORIAL ARMY.

THE BUFFS.—Lt. G. D. James (86998) is restd. to the rank of Capt. June 26th, 1941.

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

No. 26 ISSUED JULY 1ST, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

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

THE BUFFS.—February 1st, 1943 :—E. Kraunsoe (240644).

REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

THE BUFFS.—Capt. (temp. Maj.) (actg. Lt. Col.) R. M. Watson (10015) to be temp. Lt. Col. and War Subs Maj. April 14th, 1943.

SUPPLEMENTARY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

The undermentioned War Subs Lt. has been re-granted rank of temp. Capt. in Middle East Orders :—

THE BUFFS.—S. J. H. Davis (75443) January 2nd, 1943.

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

No. 27 ISSUED ON JULY 8TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

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

THE BUFFS.—L. R. Courtney (138683) June 18th, 1942. C. W. Kempton (162305) May 20th, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—March 6th, 1943 :—D. A. de T. Martin (259378). March 26th, 1943 :—N. P. Reeves (245295). April 17th, 1943 :—R. M. Lander (249176). June 12th, 1943 :—S. P. Hart (255705).

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

THE BUFFS.—W. R. Griffith (130003) January 17th, 1943.

WAR OFFICE ORDERS

No. 28 ISSUED ON JULY 15TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

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

THE BUFFS.—C. R. Tuff (41222) May 21st, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—Maj. J. C. Nicholson (33734) is re-granted temp. rank of Lt. Col. January 16th, 1943.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

The undermentioned Lt. (Qr.-Master) (actg. Capt.) to be temp. Capt.

THE BUFFS.—S. E. C. Thomas (167552) July, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—R. H. Hitch (162062) February 17th, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—R. H. Hitch (162062) January 27th, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—August 1st, 1942 :—I. F. Hunt (274268), R. N. Stott (274279). Sept. 1st, 1942 :—D. A. Crerar (274286). Feb. 1st, 1943 :—L. T. Andrews (240375). February 8th, 1943 :—M. H. Penn (242266). February 21st, 1943 :—G. V. Baker (243036). June 19th 1943 :—F. F. Hales (256386).

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

No. 29 ISSUED ON JULY 22ND, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

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

THE BUFFS.—March 26th, 1943 :—J. O. Hall (245294). May 1st, 1943 :—A. S. Hancock (249763), F. H. Lowe (249761), H. Minski (245988), L. H. Spelman-Marriott (249762). May 5th, 1943 :—D. U. Prentice (251238), F. E. Stokes (251239). May 14th, 1943 :—E. G. Heimsath (251592), L. E. G. Hawkins (251291). May 21st, 1943 :—E. T. Rother (251776). June 19th, 1943 :—R. A. C. Furber (256055), B. A. Hardy (256057), A. C. S. Waley (256058).

REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS.

THE BUFFS.—Capt. (temp. Maj.) (actg. Lt.-Col.) R. M. Watson (10015) to be temp. Lt. Col. and War Subs. Maj. March 8th, 1943. Substituted for the notifi. in War Office Orders No. 26/1943).

TERRITORIAL ARMY.

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

Capt. re-granted temp. rank of Maj. :—

THE BUFFS.—G. R. D. Hews (66886) November 27th, 1942.

A Trip to the East.

PART 4.

The next morning we were ready early to start on our journey to Imphal, but had to wait the arrival by train of the Commander in Chief and the Army Commander who were both paying a visit to this part of the front. While waiting we saw a trainload of sick and wounded arrive. They had been flown out from Myitkina in Burma, one of the last batches of casualties to be evacuated by air before the Japanese rendered the aerodrome unusable. The rail journey from their entraining station had already taken many hours and they had had a long journey in front of them; the ambulance coaches were reserved for the more seriously wounded or sick, and this train consisted of ordinary rolling stock. A meal of hot tea and sandwiches was provided for them at the station and the local staff did everything possible with their very scanty resources. It must be remembered that we were at an extremity of the Indian Empire and in one of the least developed portions of it—a single line metre gauge railway running through thick jungle.

While on the platform I saw, to my great surprise, an officer wearing the Dragon in his cap, and going up to him I found it was H.W. whom I had not met since Aldershot in 1930. He had been on Army H.Q. staff in Burma, had been flown out by Myitkina and was then engaged in doing all he could to rejoin his H.Q. Unlike most of the people I had seen who had left Burma recently, he looked really fit and well. A few months later I was able to give his brother, J.R.P.W. news of him, as he had believed he was left in Singapore. Soon after, the C. in C. and Army Commander arrived and we did not waste much time starting. We were able to find room for H.W. in one of the cars. I was not sorry to leave this particular spot and felt great respect for those who had to work there week after week: one of my staff captains was there for nearly two months and was fit the whole time.

A few miles after leaving we started to climb and almost at once smelt the fresh air which comes from the hills. The road wound in and out among the hills, still jungle covered; not a very wide road but gangs were working

in many places to improve it. After two or three hours we passed the first considerable village, just on the Indian side of the Manipur border. It was about 5,000 ft. high and most of the houses were whitewashed with red corrugated iron roofs. The headquarters of a battalion of Assam Rifles—half police, half military, are situated there, also a Mission Station, and there are in addition the bungalows of the Deputy Commissioner and a few other officials. Some of the gardens were really lovely as at that height most of the European flowers flourish, as well as a number of attractive Indian shrubs and creepers.

Some 20 miles on we passed the halfway point which was also the highest point on the road, about 5,500 ft. and just over the Manipur border. Here we passed a large convoy of Indian R.I.A.S.C. vehicles, which had been doing sterling service in taking supplies and stores to the front, and returning, sometimes full of casualties or refugees—as soon as possible to start out on their long journey again. The work of these Indian R.I.A.S.C. drivers at that critical period deserves great praise. Many of them had been passed only recently into field units, and found themselves faced with the task of driving heavy and cumbersome vehicles for long periods on end over one of the most difficult roads in the world. They stuck to their work day after day and had it not been for their devoted efforts it would not have been possible to provide supplies for the withdrawing Army of Burma when they finally crossed the frontier into India, and found themselves with another 130 miles to travel before they reached Imphal.

After passing the convoy we eat our lunch by the side of the road. It was a lovely day and being 5,500 ft. up there was a crisp bite in the air, even though the month was May. The latter part of the journey was through more open country than the first part had been. The Nagas whom we saw for the first time are one of the most primitive races left in the Empire. They are a curious coppery colour, quite unlike any Indians, Burmese or Chinese, not unlike the colour of a Red Indian; their physique is good, they are cheerful, with a sense of humour and are passionately devoted to their hill country. They wear remarkably few clothes but seemed to be acquiring more the longer they were in contact with the British and Indian troops. Being hill men they did not like working in the low country, and it was not then possible to obtain their services in the numbers we required. The deficiency was made up by thousands of Indian "tea

garden" coolies who worked under tea planters who knew how to look after them. They did yeoman service and without them neither the road nor the various camps and depots could have been constructed in time.

We had a pleasant run down into Imphal. The town lies about 2,600 ft. up and with its struggling suburbs, stands in the middle of the long Manipur valley, with hills rising on every side up to 5,000 ft. to 6,000 ft. There is normally a very small European population; the Political Agent, the President of the Manipur "Durban"—both these are members of the Indian Civil Service—and generally a policeman, a doctor and perhaps one or two others. It is also the H.Q. of a Bn. of the Assam Rifles and there are generally three or four British officers and sometimes their wives and children. It is an Indian State and not a part of British India and this sometimes means a good deal and was a distinct handicap to our efforts later. The inhabitants are Hindus of very high caste, and this later proved a disadvantage as they were most averse to cattle being killed.

The British Contonment consists of the lines of the Assam Rifles, a few bungalows housing various officers and a rest house, the hospital and bazaar, and a little further to the south west, the Residency in its large grounds, and the polo ground. Everything was well laid out, the gardens bright with flowers and the grass green, and not burnt brown as it generally is in India in early May.

Our party rendezvoused at the Residency where the Political Agent entertained us to a real English tea. After that we were taken off to the various bungalows whose owners were to put us up. H.W. and I went to the C.O. of the local Battalion of the Assam Rifles and found that he and I had met in Burma a few years before when he had been serving with the Burma Military Police, as they were then called, and he had been playing polo at Maymyo.

He gave me a comfortable room and there I stayed during my two months. Later on when there were holes in the roof and most of the floor was generally wet I could always find just one dry place for my bed!

Later that evening the two trucks of our convoy with our kits and the batman turned up and we were all comfortably settled in.

The next morning my General went off to get in touch with the withdrawing Burma Army, many miles away. H.W. also went in the same direction and managed to rejoin.

I went round with the Political Agent making provisional arrangements for the accommodation and layout of our own H.Q. which was expected to arrive in a few days. Everything was calm and peaceful and seemed very far from the war, except for the refugees who were straggling in, and for whom one or two camps had already been established. Most of the Europeans were keeping open house as a number of officials, civil and military, were constantly arriving and departing, and there were even a few ladies some of whom had come out of Burma. We went out to the area which had been selected for the hutted (native grass huts) and tented camps which were to be laid out to receive the Burma Army as it withdrew. A number of us met on the ground; R.E., civilians who had local knowledge or had been working with "Tea garden" or other local labour, and just before we started to walk the course, General Wavell, on his way back to India, drew up in his car, got out and wished us luck. Prospects seemed fairly good at the time. The monsoon showed no signs of breaking, there appeared to be ample supplies of local labour and material for rapid hut building, and we hoped that we would have 10 days or so before the Burma Army arrived. It was a lovely day, pleasantly warm, and after some hours walking and a visit to another locality which appeared very promising, we had a rough scheme and thought there was quite a good chance of producing the accommodation in time.

But the next day matters took a turn for the worse. My General and I drove out in the morning to this locality and I explained the rough layout to him. On the way out we noticed one or two planes, which might have been our own, though someone said they had seen bombs fall. On our return journey the number of Indian refugees walking along the road seemed to be larger than usual, but we did not realise that much had happened until we met a European who told us that Japanese bombers had been over Imphal and had done a good deal of damage. A good deal of effort had been expended by the Japanese on bombing a large dump of derelict vehicles which had been collected—quite wrongly—into a mass in a field near the road, waiting evacuation, repair or cannibalization. The majority of the damage had been done in the cantonment area where a number of refugees had been killed or wounded chiefly in the vicinity of the hospital and other temporary buildings recently put up for dealing with them. The Japanese had done

some pretty accurate shooting on a few of the buildings in the Assam Rifles lines and had dropped about six round the bungalow next to ours. The nearest bomb to our bungalow was about 70 yards away but the roofs and windows suffered from blast, and my room was smothered with dust, including my suit case which had been left open and had a half brick reposing in it. The chief sufferers were the unfortunate refugees and some of the local inhabitants. One white lady who had been doing devoted work for refugees was killed while cooking in the kitchen of the temporary hospital.

The water supply and electric light were put out of action, but what threw out our plans for accommodating the Burma Army was that the whole of the local population took to the bush and we had no labour at all for putting up the huts, and it was a long time before we could get any labour. Another disadvantage was that the bombing started an uncontrolled move of refugees who had been concentrated in a camp near Imphal, waiting their turn to be evacuated by lorry towards Manipur. Now they started to drift along the road and there were few, if any, preparations to cope with such an exodus. The 130 miles to railhead could be covered by lorry in one or two days, but on foot, with many children, this would take days, and such a mass migration demanded the setting up of a number of intermediate camps with dumps of food, and someone in charge of each. There were not many available Europeans and the Congress relief organisation which did very good work, did not function beyond railhead.

However a small party of a "famous Highland Regiment" under an officer, for use as military police, had arrived from India, and some officers sent on in advance of the withdrawing Burma Army were now available, so it was possible to cope with such local problems as traffic control and suppression of looting.

After a few days the next echelon of our H.Q. arrived, bringing more officers, men and transport and we were able to make progress with our arrangements for the reception of the Burma Army.

(To be continued)

Tom Wrote a Letter to Death.

Tom's mother put him up to it.

"But when everything's been arranged, Tom. It can't matter to let me know. Oh,

I know you can't get away to give us a call on the telephone, but when you're actually going on board, there are bound to be porters in the dock. Give one of them a packet of cigarettes—better still, a box of matches. I've got a couple hoarded. He'll post a letter from you for certain.

"It would be nice for us to know—exactly when you were leaving." She dabbed her eyes and added, for she was a pious woman, "We could pray for you."

Tom bribed a porter at the docks to post a letter saying when he was going abroad and when the convoy was expected to make a move. The letter arrived next morning and Tom's mother read it to Tom's old schoolmaster when he happened to call that afternoon. The schoolmaster told a most charming young man, said to be an airman on leave, whom he met at the Wings for Victory Pageant that night.

The young man was not an airman on leave, for all his charm. Circumstances enabled him to pass the information on to an enemy submarine commander, and when Tom's ship sailed at the tail of the convoy, into the high seas through a bitter dawn, a periscope slid silent and sinister into view, half-a-mile astern.

Tom had need of his mother's prayers.

Rhodesian Glimpses.

CECIL RHODES was a great thinker and a great Imperialist. Besides advocating British Empire Expansion; a Cape to Cairo Railway; more Homes for White Men in Africa; the Fusion of British and Dutch Colonists, and many more ideas of a similar nature, he even visualised the union of Britain and the U.S.A. under one directing body. He had these ideas in mind when he planned the founding of Rhodesia and infused them into the minds of the Pioneers who in turn passed them on to later generations. Many of them so far as they are practicable and applicable have been included in the theme of the Colony's development.

One of Rhodes' greatest friends and collaborators was Alfred Beit—a "Master of Finance." His collaboration on the financial side made possible the launching of many of Rhodes' great schemes. Alfred Beit when he died bequeathed large sums to be expended for the benefit of Rhodesia, particularly for communications, because he believed that good communications would be the most

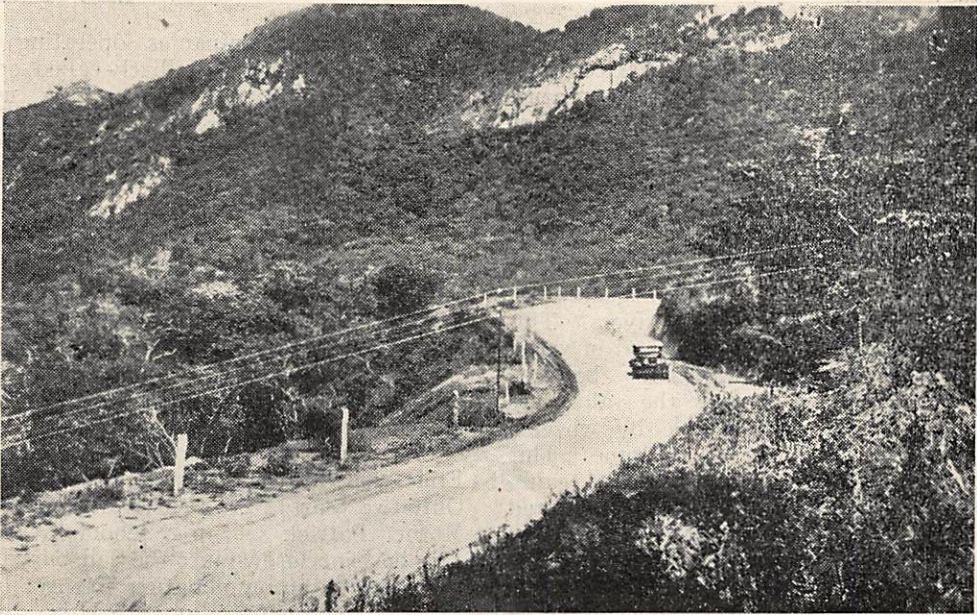
powerful influence towards the spread of civilisation. He also knew from experience that the necessary capital for the provision of Railways was often difficult to obtain and seldom available when most needed.

Alfred Beit's money has had a considerable effect on the development of the Colony. It has often happened that when neither private enterprise nor Government undertaking were able immediately to meet a Public need, Alfred Beit's Trustee with the funds at their disposal have come forward and given a lead in the required direction. Consequently few urgent necessities to the Colony's growth and well being have long been wholly lacking, and the spirit of enterprise and endeavour has never been damped out of existence for the want of means to implement it. A very great asset to a young country.

In 1924 Southern Rhodesia became a Self-governing Colony, and the newly formed Cabinet took over the reins of government from the Chartered Company; but the foundations of administration had been so well and truly laid by the Chartered Company that no difficulty arose during the transition stage.

The European Population at that time numbered about 33,000 not quite so many perhaps as live in Folkestone, and these were spread over an area larger than England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales with Belgium and Holland thrown in. They were indeed thin on the ground and were out-numbered by Natives in the proportion of about 40 to 1. The chief centres of population were Salisbury, the Capital, situated at the northern end of the central ridge of high ground, and Bulawayo, the commercial centre at its southern end. There was also much smaller Umtali, the Railway workshop centre lying upon the eastern border which formed the gateway to Portuguese East Africa and the Port of Beira. Along the Railway from Umtali up to Salisbury and down to Bulawayo, there were many small towns most of which amounted to little more than mining settlements. In the hilly country on the Eastern Border there were farms and plantations, in the lower land of the south around Fort Victoria, there were ranches and cattle farms, and up on the North-western side there was the Wankie Coalfield where a mining population was beginning to reside.

During the past twenty years the population of the country has more than doubled, the 1941 census showing a European population

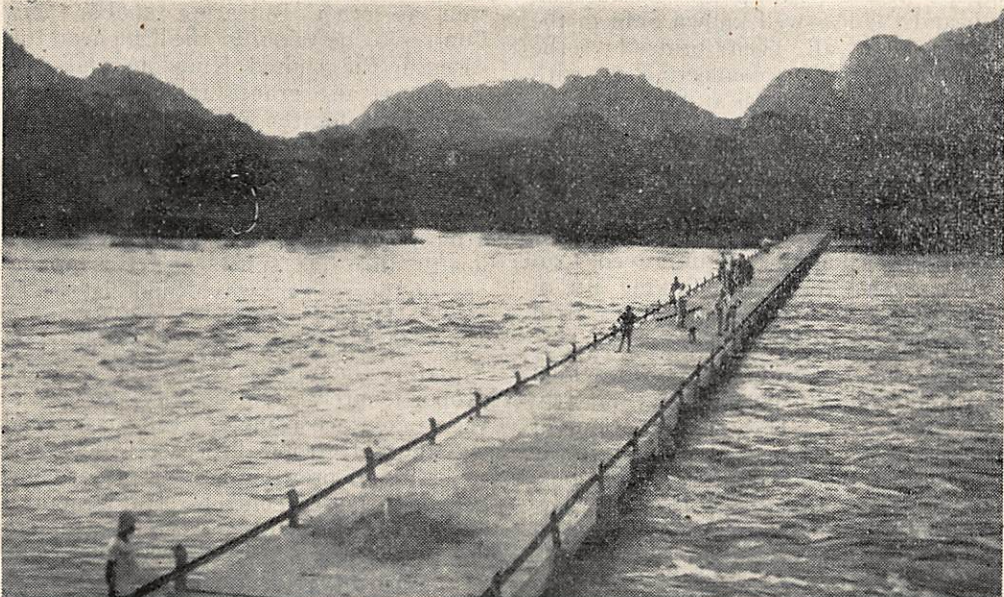


Christmas Pass, Umtali, looking West

of 69,013. This appears to have been distributed fairly evenly over the whole country without any great increase in any one place, a very healthy sign.

During this period communications have improved almost out of all recognition. True, most of the existing Railway lines had been laid down before 1924, but they have since

been improved and modernised, although they have always provided a high standard of comfort to the traveller. However, in the early twenties the roads radiating from them were little more than tracks across the veldt, and in the rainy season they were intersected by raging torrents. Since 1924 the road network has been enormously improved; some



Lundi River, Low Level Bridge

3,000 miles of the main roads have been re-aligned, over 2,000 miles of which have been laid with strips. Strip roads are a feature of Rhodesia and consist of a narrow ribbon of concrete or tarmac on either side of the road, so placed that the wheels of a vehicle have a smooth and convenient surface on which to run. They provide a good road and save the expense of dressing the whole of its surface.

A glance at the map would suggest that Southern Rhodesia was a land of rivers. This is not really the case but it is a land of water courses. Many of these are dry between the rainy seasons but during the rains, are raging torrents quite impassable by wheeled traffic for long periods at a time. This characteristic flooding used to be the cause of whole districts being cut off and isolated for weeks at a time. In order to overcome this inconvenience causeways or low level bridges as they are called were erected at the crossings just above rainy season levels. These low level bridges have no hand rails and offer little resistance to the peak of the flood as it rises, passes over them. When the peak flood subsides the bridges again emerge and provide a safe crossing. This form of bridging is cheap and effective and large numbers of them are now in use. They have been the means of maintaining all weather communication with areas which used to be isolated from the outside world during the rainy season.

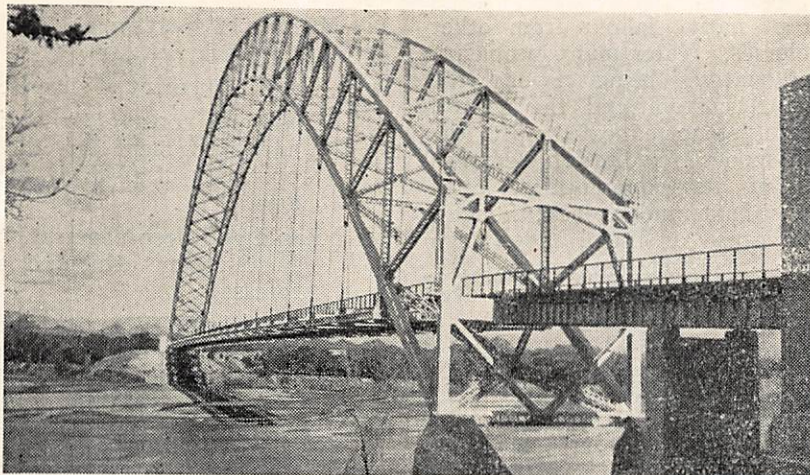
Southern Rhodesia has three large rivers; the Limpopo in the South; the Zambesi in the North and the less well known Sabi in the East. They have all been bridged; the Limpopo at Beit Bridge, connecting up with the Transvaal; the Zambesi at Victoria Falls and again recently at Chirundu on the direct route between Salisbury and Lusaka, the Capital of Northern Rhodesia; and the Sabi by the Birchenough Bridge which opens a route to the Eastern Districts. A development of the increased bridging and improved road communication, has been the linking up of a network of passenger bus and freight road car services with the railway timetable.

Although the Colony is well provided with road and rail transport, it is eminently suited to air travel. The configuration of the country, the distances between towns and settlements and the climatic conditions, all point in this direction. Thus it has happened that after preliminary surveys and the preparation of emergency landing grounds in the early thirties, a Company styled Rhodesia and Nyasaland Airways, Ltd. was formed to establish a regular air service. There were

already small Companies operating locally, but R.A.N.A., as it is familiarly called, organised a comprehensive service, linking up with Union and Imperial Airways on the Empire Routes and carrying mails. It was the "chosen instrument" of the Government for the development of air travel. On the outbreak of War in accordance with the original intention, it went into "cold storage" as a Company and handed over its assets and personal to the Government, which then formed the nucleus for the creation of the Rhodesian Air Squadron.

History often repeats itself. As has so frequently happened before in the history of Learning, the Church gave the lead in Education in the early days of settlement. Only two years after the arrival of the Pioneers, Mother Patrick set up a school in Salisbury. This has since grown into the Salisbury Convent School with accommodation for 150 boarders as well as many day scholars. In 1899, however, the Government passed its first Education Ordinance, which provided school inspectors and grants to approved schools. This has been amplified by subsequent legislation to the extent that the Government now accepts responsibility for the provision of school facilities for all, up to the standard of Secondary Education. It also provides in the form of Scholarships, assistance towards higher education: The time is not yet ripe for the establishment of a University in Rhodesia, but Government Scholarships as well as other Bursaries, enable University Courses to be taken in the Union and in some cases in the United Kingdom and elsewhere. There are also grants available for assistance in training for the professions, which are not covered by University degrees or courses of study.

Abundance of sunshine and a fresh dry atmosphere are great contributions to good health and high spirits and this no doubt is one of the reasons why Rhodesia is a healthy place. However, prior to settlement it was expected that lying as it does, nearer to the Equator than the Transvaal, it would be proportionately less healthy, so precautions were taken accordingly. But actually Malaria was the only tropical disease which was found to be at all prevalent and this has long since been got under control. The general health of the Colony is of a very high standard as has been shewn by the vital statistics for a number of years. Since the early thirties the death rate per thousand has been slightly lower than that of either the Union or the



The Birchenough Bridge

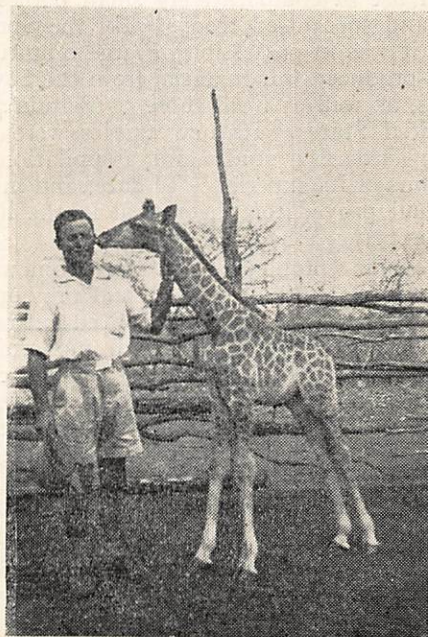
United Kingdom. After Malaria the only other Tropical Disease worthy of mention is Bilhazia, but the incidence is very small, and is confined to people who drink or bath in water from sources which have not been protected. The Bilhazia germ is carried by a common form of water snail and stringent measures are taken to eliminate this form water used by the Public.

The health service is extensive and the hospital accommodation generous, the ratio of beds to population being very high, and now that the Government are taking over the Maternity Homes it will be higher still.

Not only do questions of health receive Government consideration but so also do all aspects of welfare work. The application of this is largely through the medium of private individuals, religious organisations, and independent societies, but its progress is under the surveillance of the Government, who exercise a benevolent influence on its tendency and direction. Homes for the aged, the blind, the wayward, and the destitute, abound, while numerous societies forward and encourage the healthy development of the weak, the young, and the adolescent. This welfare work covers not only the Europeans but the "Coloured" or Eurasians and, of course, the Natives, of which there are over a million and a quarter in the country.

The life of the Natives has changed with the coming of the White Man. After the Rebellion of 1896 which Rhodes terminated when he went unarmed among the angry tribesmen and joined in their councils, the Natives were given tracts of land on which to live and on which settlement by Europeans was prohibited. Government officers called Native Commissioners are appointed to look

after these Reserves as they are termed, and to see that the Natives conform to the necessary but simple regulations imposed by the Government. Here Natives carry on their simple life much as formerly when they were members of a tribe. A Native tax has been imposed in order to defray the expenses of administering these Native Reserves and this has to be paid in cash. To obtain this cash some of the natives who cannot do it by the sale of their produce seek employment with the White Man. This means that they move to the towns and settlements where they often remain. The drift to the towns of natives from the Reserves,



FRIENDLY PEOPLE, RHODESIANS!

and of immigrant native labour from other neighbouring colonies, creates many problems. The detribalised natives being beyond the restraints of tribal custom and the control of their chiefs, are yet not educated up to the standards which modern civilisation demands from members of its communities. Such problems, however, have much money, thought, and consideration spent on them, and though their final solution may yet be some way off, the lot of the native is in the meantime ever on the upward grade.

In 1940 Southern Rhodesia held its Jubilee. The proposed celebrations were curtailed and marred by the War and indeed at that time by the anxiety existing in man's mind as to whether the British Empire as such would long continue. But it formed a milestone in the life of a colony which from its inception had been remarkable for its high endeavour and rapid progress.

Russian Offensive Methods

IN the year 1942 Russian offensive methods had to be largely re-fashioned to suit new conditions of fighting. In the Winter of 1941 the Red Army was largely engaged in re-arming and changing its Peace-time weapons and material for more up-to-date models designed in the light of the experience of its first campaign. There were not enough of these to go round, and it had to make up for its lack of fire power by greater mobility and by a lavish use of comparatively small bodies of skilled and specialised troops. By the Spring of 1942 it was in possession of large quantities of mass-produced war material from the Soviet factories, as well as from those of Britain and the United States. Its new tactics were the result of intensive study and assimilation of the lessons of its experience to date, and much which had proved too theoretical in the light of that experience had to be unlearned.

The main problem, too, was somewhat different from anything that it had previously had to face. It was now confronted with the task of dealing with a powerful modernised defence system organised in great depth, consisting of numbers of strong fortified centres—the famous "hedgehogs"—sited and constructed for mutual support and prolonged all-round resistance even when isolated or bypassed. The problem was to break not only into, but through this defence system with the maximum of speed and the minimum of losses.

Four main principles lay at the root of the new Russian offensive tactics:—

- (a) Massing of great weight and fire power for the initial break-in.
- (b) The achievement of surprise.
- (c) Close and constant co-ordination of fire and movement by the intimate co-operation of all arms, including the air arm.
- (d) Rapid and deep penetration following the break-in by armoured and motorised forces.

(a) To obtain this maximum application of weight and fire power the tactics of both infantry and artillery had to be completely remodelled. The deployment of the attacking units in depth, and the gradual building up of the firing-line by means of supports and reserves initially held back, had been found by experience to lead to slowness in the advance, unduly heavy casualties, and a dispersion of effort both in time and in space and to afford the enemy too many opportunities for effective counter-strokes. "The basic pattern of the new battle formations," it was laid down, "must be the maximum and simultaneous participation of the infantry and the total fire power in the actual fighting from the beginning to the end of the engagement." Echelon formations in depth were therefore abandoned, all front line sub-units were to advance in one single echelon, but with intervals between them so as to allow of the second line sub-units, deployed to cover these lanes, to move or fire through them. The covering fire of the heavy machine guns, anti-tank weapons, and mortars was also to be brought to bear on the enemy through these lanes or from positions on one flank or other of the attacking formation. In this way the initial blow could be delivered by the full strength of all the forward units engaged, from the first moment of the launching of the offensive and throughout its whole course, and the minimum time would be allowed to the enemy to readjust his dispositions, bring forward his reserves, or mount and launch counter-attacks.

In the same sense the Red Army artillery tactics were entirely re-modelled with a view to the employment of large masses of guns of all calibres for barrage work and close support of the infantry and armoured troops. The Soviet artillery had acquitted itself magnificently in the 1941 and early 1942 battles, proving itself much superior to that of the enemy, who had somewhat neglected this weapon for the benefit of his armoured formations. Under the direction of its new Marshal of artillery, Voronov, the Red artillery

was trained in new methods, so as to make the fullest use of its heavy fire power, which had greatly increased by the Summer of 1942. The main principles were to concentrate a superior force of guns on the sector of the hostile defences selected for assault, and to maintain uninterrupted fire upon it throughout the whole of the operations, co-ordinating its application closely with the movements of the attacking troops. In fact, the infantry and the tanks were to attack "to the music of the artillery."

The artillery action was envisaged as falling into three successive phases: (1) preparation before the launching of the assault, (2) the fire accompaniment to the attack on the hostile forward zone of defence, (3) the similar fire accompaniment to the attack on the second zone, and any other defences in areas of it. The former method of successive bombardments of limited areas was abandoned, and instead guns of all calibres up to 8 inch were brought well forward to fire at short range over open sights at the embrasures of the hostile strong points and other targets. This enabled these targets to be rapidly destroyed and facilitated the advance of the infantry up to assaulting distance with the minimum of losses. In the second and third phases escort guns and mortars were advanced along with the infantry and tanks into the hostile defence zone, moving by short bounds from cover to cover, always ready to give supporting fire over open sights. These guns were allotted beforehand to companies and even to platoons of the assaulting force, and thus were always ready to deal instantly with any enemy counter-attack.

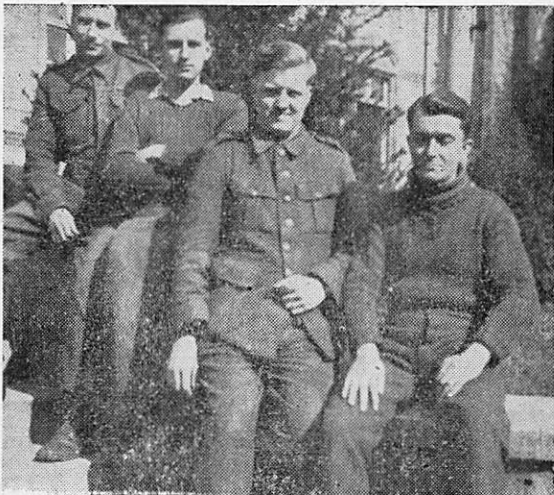
(b) The Red Army adopted many methods to secure surprise. Troops and materials were moved forward to the sectors in which they were to operate from far in rear, their movements being well camouflaged and concealed and lasting sometimes for weeks on end before completion. Most of these moves took place at night, all troops, vehicles, tanks and guns, halting and being carefully hidden by day when only feints or false movements designed to deceive the enemy were permitted. The staff work required for this complicated and far-reaching series of moves had to be of a high order. Some of the feats performed in this connection have become classical, such as the throwing of a pontoon bridge under the water of the half-frozen Volga Rzhev, which was thus invisible and about which the enemy knew nothing until the Russian tanks attacked across it. The Red Army staff soon became

past-masters in launching powerful attacks against an unprepared and unsuspecting enemy after a short, but violent preparation by aircraft and artillery, followed closely by masses of tanks and infantry working hand in hand throughout. In this way the enemy forward troops could be overwhelmed before any assistance could reach them from the rear.

(c) The difficulties of maintaining this close co-operation of all arms within the depths of the hostile defence system were great, but much was done to overcome them by attaching air force officers to all military headquarters in constant communication by telephone and wireless with air squadrons in rear, on which they could call for assistance for the ground troops at short notice. The bulk of the air force worked in a pre-arranged schedule notified beforehand to all concerned. The targets normally attacked in order of priority were the enemy's headquarters communications, then his back areas and reserves, then his front lines. On these last dive-bombing attacks were delivered at two and three minute intervals, anti-aircraft guns being silenced by specially-equipped low-flying machines. By this incessant bombing the forward German defences were pulverised or demolished over wide areas, and the movement and action of the reserves hampered.

(d) For the first time during the Summer 1942 battles, the Red Army made use of large independent armoured formations. Before then the largest tank unit had been the brigade. Now armoured corps made their appearance and comprised several hundred tanks and motorised artillery and infantry. Their role was to follow up the break-in and exploit to the full, the aim being the complete destruction of the defeated enemy. Where strong resistance was encountered within the depths of the hostile position, the armoured forces normally dealt with by manoeuvre and the rapid application of its full fire power from unexpected directions. A parallel pursuit proved the best, with frequent inward swoops striking at the hostile flanks and rear as opportunity offered. This pursuit was kept up by day and night, so as to allow the enemy no respite or time to organise any experienced system of resistance. An average rate of advance of 12 miles a day could be, and often was maintained, even against considerable spasmodic opposition. The great and far-reaching success of the Soviet counter-offensive in the early Winter of 1942-3 could not have been as complete as it was but for the relentless vigour with which the initial advantages were

exploited and enhanced. In this brilliant campaign the new Soviet methods of attack proved their soundness and value to the full.



At Stalag IXC.—Cpl. E. Holness, P.W. No. 3763 B seated at the back of the group.

Prisoners of War.

WE hear from 6278534 R.Q.M.S. McNeir, C. who writes on behalf of some forty N.C.O.'s at Stalag 383, Germany.

They send greetings to their relatives and friends.

The following is an extract from McNeir's letter:—

"Now for a small insight into the Social activities of our Camp. It embraces sport of every kind, theatricals, bands of a military, orchestral and dancing nature, including bag-pipes. Indoor entertainments. Educational studies for degrees in every sphere of civilian life. Arts and Crafts. One exhibition under this heading has already been held. Talent wasn't the word for it. It was really breathtaking. Then there is a Bee-keeping section. Also gardening has been taken seriously. The latter will certainly add flavour to those jolly Red Cross parcels. We have quite a respectable Sports ground where we have witnessed sporting rivalry in all forms of sport from County Club, Company and International games. Games and teams representing every part of the Empire. We are now looking forward to a series of cricket matches. Peacetime test for the "Ashes" will **not** be in it. Already one can hear the Australian and U.K. cricket fans discussing their chances. If space permitted it would take reams of paper to give

you a real picture of everything here. The theatrical side is also of a very high standard. One marvels how such clothing and effects are made from nothing, the producers and artists giving up much of their time to entertain us. Talking of theatricals, we "Buff's" are looking forward to our "Ruggles," Sgt. Fuller — Battalion, giving of his very best soon. He has only just joined us, complete with his own concert drum kit. His services were soon requisitioned. Cpl. Pacey can often be seen wielding a hockey stick, and just lately getting a little practice at the cricket net. This net being made entirely from Red Cross Parcel string. Cpl. Heather has shewn what he can do with a pair of boxing gloves. He is also in his Company's football team. Sgt. Little is trying his hand at a spot of wood carving. Perhaps Ernie is going to set up as cabinet-maker when he gets home. Cpl. Brown (Topper) also likes to be busy. Every day Topper goes his rounds looking important carrying a bundle of papers under his left arm. I'm sure he'd love to get that Orderly Sergeant's bible under his arm again. Then we have C.S.M. Abbott ever to be found watching football matches. I am sure our Jack still dwells on those Saturday games of the "Dover Corporation." Another member of the Regiment back in the years before 1926, is also here. Old members of "C" Company, — Battalion will remember him in more ways than one. He was then Cpl. MacLaren, now C.S.M. of a Portland R.E. unit. Between just us two I don't know who was most surprised that we should meet again, and here above all places. Mac says "just another bad station." Cpl. Taylor (Lofty) — Battalion, is kept busy as his Company's "Confidence Man." I'm sure his company has no difficulty in picking him out of a crowd. Certainly somebody to look up to. Shortage of paper will **not** permit me to describe the activities of the remainder of us, except to say we are occupied in our own particular way keeping our minds active during this stalemate period of our lives.

If it is at all possible to get a photo taken one will be sent you. I have heard through the medium of my brother that the photo C.S.M. Abbott sent you appeared in the February issue of *The Dragon*. Thank you. It was taken at our previous camp, Stalag XX.A. Below please find a nominal roll of all here."

Albuhera in Hampton Court Gardens.

A LOVELY Sunday evening in May, I had managed to secure my favourite seat in Hampton Court Gardens, under a tree just below the south terrace, and as I sat there I thought to myself it is Albuhera day and remembered some years previously hearing over the wireless a soldier talk on regimental anniversaries. He said one of the finest sights he ever saw was a splendid battalion of British Infantry celebrating one of its great days, it was "The Old Buffs" trooping the colour in memory of those who fell in defence of the Colours at Albuhera, and I wondered how the—Battalion had spent this day, no trooping of the Colour, no dance in the evening but I trusted they were enjoying a well earned rest with plenty to eat and drink, after months of great strain and hard work. Then I began to amuse myself by trying to pick out the smartest soldier who passed and the regiment to which he belonged. This was a very hard matter. The way in which most of the men wore their caps was atrocious, and I thought of that very fine soldier, the late General Ingouville Williams, one of the finest Adjutants the regiment ever had, how he laid it down, when the field service cap was first introduced some 50 years ago, that the cap was always to be worn straight on the head, not balanced on the side like a clown trying to do a trick in the circus. Suddenly I noticed that a very smart soldier had appeared on the terrace, wearing the full head dress of a lancer, and I came to the conclusion he was a Polish Lancer of whom a few minutes before I had been thinking. He was alone, approached the seat which I was occupying and sat by my side. I wished him good evening, he replied in excellent English, told me he had been three years in England and liked it very much. I enquired concerning his lancer head dress, he told me it had been made especially for him by a firm in St. James Street, London, which firm he told me had made Lord Nelson's hats. This he appeared to be very proud of. In course of the conversation I asked if he was of Poland, he replied Yes; I then told him our Regiments must have met in Spain on this day May 16th in 1811 on the ridge of Albuhera. He appeared to know very little about the battle. I explained that my Father joined the Regiment in 1834, and at that time several men were still serving who had been present at the engagement fought 23 years previously, and I gave him their account

of the fight. "How after a very uncomfortable night they were ordered to occupy a ridge from which our allies the Portugese were retiring, they approached in column, then developed into line and waited for the French to attack. Whilst waiting they saw through the mist away on their right flank a mass of horsemen, took them for Portugese cavalry, so thought the flank was secure. This cavalry formation however turned out to be Polish lancers and French hussars. As the French infantry approached our position they were received with a volley, then the Regiment went for them with the bayonet, but whilst in the act of charging, the enemy's cavalry circled round its right flank and crashed into its rear, breaking it up into small groups, each group fighting on its own. The principal fight took place round the Colours, Ensign Thomas who carried the Regimental Colour was killed, but the colour was found under his body and restored to the Regiment. Ensign Walsh who had charge of the King's Colour was wounded taken prisoner, and the colour was momentarily lost, when Lieutenant Matthew Latham seized it as it was being carried off and defied all attempts to take it from him, although one side of his face and his left arm had been severed. When called upon to surrender it, he replied, "only with his life would he do so." An opportune advance of the British cavalry caused the enemy to retire and Latham was left in possession of the colour. Before losing consciousness he managed to release the flag from its staff and conceal it in his bosom, where it was found when they undressed him in the casualty clearing station, so both colours were miraculously saved. Then staves having been broken, they were mounted on Sergeant's pikes and thus carried for a time.

Two ladies then approached our seat, for whom my friend the Lancer Captain had evidently been waiting, and he was obliged to leave. I found him a quiet, unassuming gentleman, not the terrible ogre that I when a small boy imagined a Polish Lancer must be. He was, however, the smartest and best dressed soldier at Hampton Court that Sunday evening.

Lieutenant Latham recovered, rejoined the Regiment, but in 1820 was obliged to retire as a Captain, owing to injuries caused by his wounds. He married a French lady, went to live in France and lived until 1865.

The Bishop of Rockingham, writing in *The Dragon* in May 1925, stated that whilst serving

as a Chaplain in France in 1917 he discovered in the churchyard of a small village called Blingel, close to Bernicourt, Latham's tomb, and on making enquiries he was informed that the Captain's grand-daughter Mdlle. Latham was still alive and residing in the village. He called on her, and she informed him that when a small girl she was the constant companion of her grandfather, who often told her stories of his Regiment and his soldiering days, and her greatest wish was to meet the Regiment, and that whenever British troops passed through the village she went to her door and enquired "est-ce le regiment de mon Grand Père?" but her wish had never been gratified. The Bishop knowing that the Battalion was in the area, wrote to the C.O. (Finch Hatton, I believe), and it was arranged that a deputation from the Regiment should visit her, but before this could be done the Battalion was ordered to another area, so the dear old lady never met the Regiment of her Grandfather.

A.E.C.

Past and Present Association

LONDON BRANCH

THERE was a successful meeting of members on the 17th July last when Captain E. A. Carter took the Chair.

The members stood in silence to the memory of all of the Regiment who have passed over.

Letters were read from Nobby Clarke, Tubby Hills, C. Holness and others.

CONDOLENCE.—It was proposed by Mr. J. Clayton and seconded by Mr. J. Goss that a vote of sympathy be passed and recorded in connection with the bereavement sustained by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Hovey in the death of their son, killed in action.

WELCOME.—The Chairman welcomed the Colonel of the Regiment, General Sir John Kennedy, also General the Hon. P. G. Scarlett and Major A. J. Peareth to the meeting. The members, he said, felt themselves honoured by the presence of such distinguished officers. General Scarlett gave some surprising and sad news concerning the Colonel of the Regiment who had worked so hard and done so much for the welfare and good of all. The heavy responsibilities of his present concern, the **Red Cross**, coupled with the ever-increasing activities of the Colonel of the Regiment, was a strain General Kennedy was feeling very much indeed. He had found it impossible to

carry on the two and had decided, after mature and serious consideration, to relinquish the Colonelcy of the Regiment. General Scarlett went on to say how all would appreciate the great work done for the Regiment by General Kennedy and gave many instances of this and particularly concerning the financial position when he took over command as compared with to-day. He asked the London Branch to show that appreciation in no uncertain manner.

The Chairman, Captain E. A. Carter, said it was a sad moment for all Buffs as General Sir John had, as General Scarlett pointed out, done so much for us all. It was amazing how General Sir John had managed to carry on as he had done when it is recalled that he was wounded no less than ten times in the Great War and later met with such a serious accident when commanding the — Division at Aldershot. He feelingly conveyed the appreciation of the London Branch for all the magnificent work done by the Colonel of the Regiment on behalf of the serving battalions and the Past and Present Association.

Mr. J. Clayton rose and proposed a vote of thanks to the Colonel of the Regiment for all his kindly interest and labours on behalf of the Regiment. This was seconded by Mr. "Amy" Ainge and carried unanimously with acclamation.

General Kennedy received a great ovation on rising to respond. He pointed out that it was only after much consideration that he gave up the Colonelcy of the Regiment and that he would always remain a "BUFF" and take an interest in all their work. He had heavy responsibilities in looking after not only the men and women of the Buffs, but the prisoners of war of every regiment of the British Army throughout the entire world and of other armies. He mentioned the staggering figure of many millions of pounds which had been administered by the Red Cross in alleviating the want and distress of those suffering. He felt that he could not give sufficient support to the Regiment and carry on the great work of Red Cross Organisation at the same time—one must suffer. In these days a Colonel of a Regiment must be a fit and active man, in touch with every detail of the Buffs, and be in personal contact with everyone, if the work is to be properly done. He had therefore decided to hand over the Colonelcy in favour of General Scarlett, who was an officer who had spent his life in the Buffs, was in touch with every detail, and who knew the Regiment's History inside out. General Scarlett had also done magnificent work and, in conjunction with

Lieut. Colonel Howe, had made the Association one to be envied. He thanked the London Branch for their appreciation.

Mr. S. G. Johnson said what struck him most was the great spirit of comradeship which has always existed in the Buffs; that fact was exemplified by the presence of such distinguished officers that evening. He proposed our loyal support to General Scarlett as Colonel of the Buffs, which was seconded by Mr. Charlie Harris and carried with acclamation.

Other matters discussed were in connection with Post War Membership, and if anything was being thought out now so that the membership of present serving Buffs could be increased as in pre-war days.

To all these questions and problems, Major A. J. Peareth gave replies in detail.

WHO WAS THERE.

No. 3798 Mr. "Dusty" Ruler brought back old — Battalion memories when he played full-back for the Regimental Soccer Team and—what a team it was; Pig Griffiths, Jack Crayford, Wally Kesby, Jack Hindmarsh, Granny Hayward, Nobby Garside, are just a few names to conjure with.

Mr. "Billy" Havel was also a welcome attendant and we hope to see more of him in the future.

Two new members were enrolled, viz.: No. G/382 Mr. F. C. Russell and G/5752 Mr. H. Smith.

No. 2890 Mr. Bob Knott, travelled up from Dartford to be with the boys and—he met a few.

The greatest treat was to see Snowball Manning with us once again after his prolonged illness; keep it up, Snowy.

The Bear's Den was occupied by the Deputy Chief Bear, Spud Austin, D/A.C.B. Molly Marshall, accompanied by their staffs in Jock Clayton, Amy Ainge and a few other youngsters.

Captain "Erny" Carter was looking very fit and informs us that his son is making good progress in a convalescent camp near London.

We recently met Pte. "Tony" King of "B" Company of a battalion of the Buffs "Somewhere in England." We have seen "Tony" grow up a fine lad and feel sure the Buffs will make a fine man of him.

Mr. and Mrs. Hovey thank all members for the sympathy shewn to them in their bereavement. They feel, however, that to know the gallant way in which their son met his death is a great consolation.

Mr. S. G. Johnson was right when he spoke about the comradeship of all ranks of the Buffs; it has been handed down "thro' the ages" and always will be so long as the regiment exists.

We were pleased also to see Edmund Gould looking remarkably well.

We hear that Bob Wady is Captain and Adjutant of a Home Guard Battalion up North. Good luck, Bob.

Mr. Ricketts—brother to Captain and Q.M. Ricketts—was in his usual place, chin-wagging with his friends.

Eddy Shute came along full of beans, looking forward to his forthcoming rest-cure when he hopes to see Donkey Warren, the only Butcher on "one pub island." Hope the "screws" are better when they meet.

We are pleased to see that post-war activities of our Association are receiving attention; Major A. J. Peareth's information on this point was most heartening.

Joe Goss was present, but appears to be putting on weight; don't quite know how it is done these days except that he is in local demand to attend various suppers in connection with his H.G. Battalion.

Charley Harris came along with Scottie and we were very glad to see them.

Medway Branch.

LADIES' GUILD.

The Buffs' Ladies' Guild held their monthly meeting on Friday last. The entertainment on this occasion, as has been the case for several meetings now, was a whist drive, the proceeds of which were for the provision of Red Cross parcels for the two Buff prisoners-of-war that the branch has adopted.

There was a good gathering of the members and their friends, and whilst asking Mrs. Nunn to present the prizes, the Chairman, Mrs. King Holt, took the opportunity to say how glad they all would be to know that Mrs. Sellens, the branch honorary secretary, was making a speedy recovery after her recent operation. The winners were Mesdames Bines, Cook, Valpey and Miss Spiken, while the "Lucky number" prize was secured by Mrs. Ramsell. After an enjoyable game tea was served by the committee. The results of the afternoon ensured that the two Buff prisoners would not be disappointed when the next lot of parcels were dispatched.

Music while you Eat

The Band of the Buffs (under Bandmaster W. B. Foster) plays lunch time music every Tuesday for the benefit of Canterbury's British Restaurant patrons. This is part of the city's holidays-at-home programme and, as far as is known, Canterbury is the only town in the country where a military band plays outside a British Restaurant.



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Training Centre.

WE have to record news of old friends. First, we are very glad to see back with us again Major "Bolly" Oliver, but we are afraid his stay may not be long. Major J. S. Scratchley paid us a visit during the month. He tells us that he is as busy as ever. Thomas Bruce, after a long sojourn, has temporarily deserted us to return to civil life for business reasons. Paul Greenway fell to the wiles of an officer of the Parachute Regiment and decided he, too, must take to the air. As we have heard nothing from him since he left, we can only assume that he has not yet descended to earth again.

Cricket is going fairly well, though with such a strong batting side, some of us find it difficult to get an innings. There have been some good games, however. We hear tell of a dance to be given by the officers for their friends, which, no doubt, will be as successful as usual.

Depot Company.

We have had quite a few changes in regard to faces around here. Since the last issue of *The Dragon*, several permanent fixtures have left us for fresh fields to conquer. We wish them luck in their new surroundings.

The Agricultural Scheme is going on very well by all appearances, and the gardeners are doing great things. I believe they are all kept fairly busy at the present time pulling potatoes for consumption by the I.T.C.

The A.I. Platoon is here to stay now, but not the individuals. They all appear to enjoy their Route Marches.

We are eagerly looking forward to the time when we shall have our own Regal Cinema, "Good Work Pioneers," Keep it going.

Band.

We should like to take this opportunity of thanking all those who wrote congratulating the Band on the recent broadcasts. It was grand to hear from such old friends as Captain P. W. Ransley, C.Q.M.S. Jack Fletcher and our own Ginger Rayment who are serving



Brethren and Sisters of the "Beerhawks" in lighter mood

We have decided that it is now necessary to have our own theatre, so a really professional and up-to-date stage is being made in the Cavalry Gymnasium for which we have to thank the Q.M. for arranging the materials and pioneers, and Lieuts. Scott and Farrer for their enthusiasm and planning. Nor must we forget the P.R.I., who has persuaded the C.O. that we have the funds. Incidentally, the original idea was the C.O.'s chiefly. So now a new Edition of MOODS AND FANCIES has gone into production.

No more this month, as the Editor is shouting for these notes.

"out there." They are all doing fine. At present we are very busy entertaining at the "Holidays at Home" feature. Twice a week in Westgate Gardens. The popular feature being the open air dancing on the lawn.

Herne Bay on Sunday is also on our programme and judging by the crowds "we are good." According to one of great musical ability we are the best band The Buffs have, at the moment! The Dance Band do themselves a "bit of good" on Wednesdays at the Foresters' Hall. Friday is the Drummers big day; its retreat-beating with the Band. One can often see Pat worrying his head off as to what Marches the Band will play. Why don't you tell him in good time Ned?

We are glad to welcome back to us from Civvy Street our old friend "Spread"—He looks as black as ever so his friends will know he is still O.K.

By the time you read these notes we hope to have three new "daddys" in the band. Closier, Robertson and Lordy. Good luck to Yew Tree! and congrats.

In the next issue we hope to be able to print a full list of the Band and Drums. We hear that Olly Birkin and Larry Gaines are doing well at K.H., also Frank Minard, in the Gurka Rifles as a Captain. Best wishes to you from all the lads here.

Well, friends as paper is rather short and we are about to turn-in to practice (what for? Ask the B/M.) I will draw to a close. Best of luck and especially to the boys out there with Harry Marden and Co.

"I" Company.

To start the ball rolling, we offer our hearty congratulations to L/Cpl. "Butcher" Shepherd who has once more become the proud father. Don't get the idea that you are allowed extra sweets for the children, Harry.

There is good news of our old friend "Bod". Birchall this month, and for those of you who didn't read his letter, here is the message it contained. He says "Remember me to all the boys and tell them I wish I were there with them." I'm very glad to be able to tell you, he is making good progress and I'm sure you are with me in wishing him all the very best.

"Cupid" seems to have been working quite a bit of overtime recently, and the strains of Wedding Marches can be heard quite plainly. The two "doomed" men are none other than "Charlie" Hook and "Buster" Humphrey, both took the final plunge on July 10th. (By the way who started this July 10th business Buster?) anyhow here's wishing you everything you wish yourselves from all the gang.

A word or two about training, which is still progressing favourably, would not be out of place.

Number 15 and 16 Platoon excelled themselves on their "kill or cure" march and records are broken every day, so keep up the good work boys and when you depart from us, don't forget "Bash'on."

To all those who have left us, we wish the best of luck, and to the new school who have just joined us, we offer a hearty welcome, and by the time you leave us, we can guarantee that all double chins, and superfluous fats will have entirely disappeared.

We welcome to the Company, C.S.M. Birch and hope his stay with us will be a very pleasant one.

All those nice new white shirt sleeve stripes which were visible for miles, a month ago, have toned down considerably and no one in the Corporals Mess now looks exactly like a "Rookie." By the way who was the enterprising L/Cpl. who wore his "tape" on his left arm, because as he puts it "I am left handed." (I don't get it Charlie).

Remember, Nero fiddled while Rome burned, well they tell me "Charlie" French is practising hard to play when it is bombed. Keep trying Charlie.

Once again that chap "Cupid" has been working, and we offer our heartiest congratulations to Sgt. Holmes (mind if I get a tea) on his recent marriage to "Blondie" alias Cpl. Shelley, A.T.S., the Dining Hall wizard. Heres wishing you happiness in the future.

At present we are missing the company of L/Cpl. Jimmy Webster who has returned to hospital again, but hope to see him back with us soon.

A very hearty welcome is offered to Cpl. Johnny Wright on his return to the Company after an absence of over three months. He has quite recovered from his accident and looks as if he might be ready for a few route marches.

The Company Cricket team under the leadership of Lieut. Hawkins is still making good headway. Unfortunately scores are not available, but will be in next months issue (I hope).

Alas! our one and only Otley "wed lamp" Laper, cannot show off his new suit of blues as he is "diffy" of several buttons, "wegimental" ones I believe he wants.

As time is short and brain power practically nil there is very little left to say, except we would like to thank the band for the entertainment recently provided, which was greatly appreciated by all.

"S" Company.

CORPS INTAKE SQUADS.

Once again a change appears in our training, and we get away with a good start with three new squads. Sgt. Looker, No. 1, Sgt. Newton, No. 2, and Sgt. Broom in charge of No. 3 Squad.

Sgt. Broom is a newcomer to our Company, and "Brushy" claims to be a direct descendant of the broom that was tied to the ship's masthead, way back in History. Nobody can dispute this fact, but it appears as if his service started then.

Cpl. Trinder is another newcomer, and we offer him a warm welcome, even if he did throw "73" Grenades into the turrets of tanks in France.

Ron Begbie is back from his "Civvy Refresher Course" and is now looking extremely brown and fit.

Sgt. Newton called his squad up to attention turned it to the right, and marched it off across the Square. Suddenly it was pointed out to him that the end man was missing; apparently he had turned to his left and had marched off in the opposite direction. The missing man, Pte. Postans, was last seen in the conspicuous dress of denims, and was walking with a decided limp; it is thought by his colleagues, that he may have returned to the beat of "J" division. Anybody finding this ex-policeman on his old beat is asked not to awaken him but to lead him kindly back to Barracks.

Lastly, is it true that the C.S.M., who was asked by the Company Commander to take a lesson on our latest Secret Weapon, finally came and listened to Sgt. Hunt taking the same lesson?

MORTARS.

We congratulate "Stand Still" on his Posting to the Infantry Section, and wish him all the luck in the world. We only hope he doesn't forget himself and Parade one morning with a base plate and bipod, because he's sure to get a warm welcome from our old friend G.

The Platoon also finds it hard to settle down now the news has leaked out regarding the eventual move, especially when one realises that our true and faithful feathered friend, "Steering Wheel" has come back with the latest from Barking—sorry, we mean Dorking.

The "Man of the Moment," Whales, (sorry to have to refer to the N.A.A.F.I. girls' nick-name of our es-

teemed friend) has been in hot water with the Menagerie once again. (I, or we, must apologise for making this mistake—we meant Manager Hess). We advise him to say goodnight to his Mary before she enters the den. Anyway, good luck to them both on their coming engagement, if any.

Our Anchor man, Arthey, still holds the championship, but regret to announce that very soon he will be leaving the Depot for strange lands. We can assure you, however, that he will be unable to take with him anything that's on Charge one, or even two, of the Mortar Stores.

The Platoon also wants to know why the Bread Merchant of Band Boy fame wears a much worn Pullover of the cricket variety on hot sunny days. We hope he's perfectly warm, and that he takes up one of the well known games of British origin. One word before passing, why has the Band Master missed such an apt pupil, complete with "Tash, Civil boots and Cat., as on 25 G?"

What makes the Mortar Officer so good at "Cross Country, minus equipment?" The lads want to know and know very soon, before they depart for their respective Batts. We beg of him that he give us the low-down, because some day soon, some of his pupils will be having a job to keep up with the Ities, especially if still with the famous 3".

We all wish those who are unfortunate in having to stay in the old "Blitz City" the best of luck in their new role of "Corps Training Centre."

M.T.

Once again we have another Squad leaving us. We congratulate them on their results and wish them every success in the future.

The M.T. Staff had a really enjoyable evening out at the expense of Pte. Morewood in celebration of his 21st Birthday; we thank him and wish him all the best of luck. Pte. Cottle kept the company well amused with his impersonations of various celebrities, but he omitted to give a demonstration of how to fall gracefully into a river.

Our Pocket L/Cpl. Cherrypicker is still letting us know how hard worked he is—poor chap. We hear he has been re-named "Monkey Brand" could anyone tell us why?

We have decided at long last to refrain from giving any more hints to Jumbo about attempting an assault course. We really think it must be too much for him, as, after all, he is getting on in years, and why should he worry when he has Burmese Bob and the Mountain Goat to volunteer every week?

URGENT.—Can anyone tell us where we would find the breather on a Ford? Practically the whole of the M.T. Staff have been looking for it for days—maybe they are not looking in the right place.

While on the subject of engines, will someone answer this question? "What is and where is the Little Contact Breaker?" Perhaps Cpl. Nutting could tell us.

There is no doubt that the D/Is are sorry to see the M.T. Clerk return from leave, the reason being that a certain person of high rank in the M.T. stated that the Deputy M.T. Clerk was too easy—not chasing them enough. We can quite understand this as he spent half his time doing cross-words in the *Daily Express*; now you know, D/Is why you have had an easy week.

Well, L/Cpl. Blake your six weeks holiday is drawing to a close, and by the time these notes are published you may have decided to turn over a new leaf and get your nose to the grindstone. Congratulations on your clean Battledress with Gagged Stripes.

We will close now until it is time to write notes for the next issue.

CARRIERS.

Well Carriers, here we are again, having enjoyed a short spell of real Summer weather, nearly all D/Is becoming more like chocolate coons.

Congratulations to our N.C.O.'s on their grand results following three weeks Cadre Course—we hope their hard work won't be in vain.

The Squads seem to be enjoying life, including the pet periods off "Run and Walk," and the Talk by the Medical Officer was most interesting and amusing.

A certain fitter, who works very keenly on what is guessed to be a "Hush-Hush" machine, is noticed with interest. The colours are super, but some people call it B?

Our swimming team was very successful once more, including our very tiny I./Sgt. Goodness knows what he looks like, swimming—maybe the Whale Catcher would like to practice harpooning.

A proud item—The Carriers were glad to show and illustrate their super-model to the Brigadier on his recent tour of the I.T.C.

SIGNALS.

We again find ourselves enjoying the open air life, and helping the mosquitoes and other insects to enjoy themselves.

There have been many Earwigs Mk. 11, "Soldiers for the annoying of" found in the D.V. Telephones, while the Squads (under the Signal Officer's supervision) have made astounding discoveries in the 18 sets. There is no truth in the rumour that Sgt. Burgess was mistaken for a sheep and experienced the discomfort of the sheep-dip.

"Aggie" received rough treatment from a certain N.C.O. and shed a pedal in protest. This furnished the S.O. with a brilliant opportunity to bring forth his Super Adjustable Spanner, Incidentally, it was a pair of Linesman's Pliers that eventually put "Aggie" back in circulation.

We say farewell to our renowned Sgt. Morgan who has left us to teach the "elite" the mysteries and wonders of Wireless Telegraphy. We feel sure that he will uphold the good name of the Signal Section. Good Luck, Ruby!

"B" Company.

It seems but yesterday when I handed in my last month's *Dragon* notes with a sigh of relief and a murmur of "About time too" and now the hounds are in full cry again. I have explained in vain that Shakespeare and Dickens could not write without inspiration, but even Bill and Charlie D—could not put the calendar back so here goes for the August bulletin.

Numbers 2 and 3 Platoons have enjoyed a fortnight under canvas. The weather was not in its most generous mood but the novelty of sloping arms to the cry of "Fore" and sunbathing within range of a



H.R.H. the Princess Royal inspecting the A.T.S.



H.R.H. the Princess Royal talks with Sgt. J. Wellings, A.T.S.

[Photo by Kentish Gazette & Canterbury Press]

mashie niblick was a grand experience. During the week most of the golfers were of the fair sex and the more experienced campers assured us that it was safer on the fairway than in the rough. We soon found that sheltering in bunkers was courting disaster.

We welcome to the company Lieut. Lowe and Sgt. Brown, and sad to say we bade farewell to three old stalwarts, namely, Sgts. Everett, Pilcher and Milne. We wish them all the very best and they know too well that they will always be remembered by their old pals in "B" Company.

L/Cpl. Liddon has returned from hospital and is now practically his old self again. He is Orderly Corporal so a relapse may be expected at any moment.

The trick cyclist is contemplating painting his bicycle, but the British Museum are appealing against this vandalism. They prefer to house it in its present pre-historic condition but there is some opposition from Mr. Ripley who wants it for his "Believe it or not" collection.

Lieut. (Clap Hands) Worth is still making our heads swim with organisation and our Sections are now well trained at operating against Armoured Divisions with their razors. Some of the more suspicious minded men in the company believe him to be the publicity agent for the Eighth Army.

There is another concert in the offing so the "Music while you work" programme from the cook-house will be on all day until the curtain goes up

Swimming Contest.

GOOD support was given to the first Splash Night of the 1943 season at the Garrison Swimming Bath on Thursday, July 15th, at 1800 hours, when 35 swimmers took part in team and handicap events, and a diving competition. Trainees and permanent staff were separated, but the times returned showed that the trainees would have given the permanent staff stiff opposition had the contests been "all in."

The new 3-metre board, erected a week before the Splash Night, and the gaily-painted litter tins, installed early in the season, have given the bath almost a lido touch. The water was a Mediterranean blue, as were some of the swimmers after their dip! The temperature, both in and out of the water, was not all that could have been desired for open-air swimming, but nevertheless, all competitors showed great keenness, and the standard of swimming and diving was good.

For the trainees' diving, Pte. Jones, "S" Company, beat Pte. Bedell, "B" Company, by one point, and in the permanent staff diving Cpl. Collins, "R" Company (P.T. Staff), beat Pte. Barrett, "D" Company, by six points. The diving was very good in both events, but the permanent staff winner and second had rather more polish than the trainees.

Close finishes were seen in both handicap finals, Pte. Bedell (7 secs. start) winning the trainees' race by a touch from Pte. Kelley

("I" Company) (6 secs.), and Pte. Potts, H.Q. Company (4 secs.) overhauling L/Cpl. Kolb, H.Q. Company (11 secs.), with a yard to spare in the permanent staff final.

"S" Company won the permanent staff team race by half a length from "A" Company. Sgts. F. Looker, Latuske, L/Cpls. John and Edwards were "S" Company's team, and a very good one, too. But even so, had the trainees and P.S. been combined, "B" Company's team (Pte. Beedell, Pte. Webb, Pte. Park, Pte. Renshaw), who were only two seconds slower in winning the trainees' team race, would have given them a very close race.

By way of a diversion, and to give the competitors a breather, a throwing the water polo ball competition was included in the programme. Pte. Ranshaw, "B" Company, with a good throw, beat Capt. Banfield, "A" Company, by a yard, with Sgt. F. Looker, "S" Company, a close third.

At the conclusion of the events the Commanding Officer presented the prizes. Among those who supported him were Major Holt, 2nd-in-Command, the Padre, Major Oliver, Major Finch, Capt. R. C. Holman, M.C., Capt. Moore, and Officers from "I" and "B" Companies. Capt. R. F. Banfield was starter and timekeeper, ably supported by Lieuts. Horne and Raynham, who acted as judges.

It is hoped to stage another Splash Night on 12th August, since this particular one was so well patronized.

A Battalion Somewhere in England.

BREAKING through a sea of mud we come to the surface to report on a few general items of news.

A little more news has been received from Captain Miller, who seems to be settling down in a far warmer clime. Through him comes news of Lieut. "Bill" Vicary who, we regret to hear, is not at present enjoying the best of health. We wish him a quick recovery and trust his illness has not interfered with his voracious appetite, of which we have painful memories.

Our congratulations are extended to Major Rance and Major Saunders on their recent and well-earned promotions. It's becoming quite a privilege to be a "one piper" these days.

Whilst on a congratulatory note, congratulations to those two stalwarts of Battalion H.Q.—Captain Oliver, our Q.M., and Captain Johnston, the "singing Doc.," on their promotions.

"S" Company, H.Q.

We regret that C.S.M. Faulkner is ill, but we have to level the balance one C.S.M. Hurley of the original "Desert Rats," no kid lady! We all hope his stay will be a long and pleasant one. At the moment one can hear the steady tap of the typewriter (no, not the Oliver!) The C.S.M. at work, I wonder. Who is it you write to Sir? Or is that a leading question?

Our Percy has cast away the pen and taken up arms (only temporarily we hope) in the form of a pick or is it a shovel? I believe he's been writing to Charles Atlas of "You too can have a body like mine" fame or maybe he's been reading "Health and Efficiency." Percy has also developed a sudden urge for walking, what's the attraction Percy? Holy Smoke! What's that? the C/Sgt. cursing, no, I can't believe it, well maybe I can if his leave has been put back, wish my wife could come down for a week, or was it two C/Sgt?

A dance has been held every Monday in the Village Hall. Sgt. Mortimore (Stand at Fre-e-eze) has been noted making some finely executed manoeuvres but the opposition is strong, Captain Hamilton is counter attacking strongly but Sgt. Mortimore still holds the bulge. I wonder for how long.

Before I conclude I must (if the censor passes it) add a paragraph from our Company Detail, it reads: "A Grand Dance is to be held in the Village Hall commencing 1930 hrs. Bring your wives and girl friends as only a few can be obtained." I wonder what the author was thinking of when he wrote that, has anyone any suggestions?

Pioneer Platoon.

Everybody is busy digging for victory, how tough we are getting. How tight our belts get remains to be seen! There has been a great demand for some of Mothers home made Steak and Kidney puddings, or is it possible for our cooks to become Mothers to us?

We welcome the return of our platoon officer, Lieut. Wake from his recent course, we would also like to thank him on obtaining us a wireless set, it is greatly appreciated by all.

Our congratulations to our Sgt. on coming second in a recent shooting match, good shooting "Sarge," we also congratulate him on becoming the owner of the Model Spitfire, which he won in our raffle for "Wings for Victory," who said it was a wangle.

The platoon welcome back to its ranks L/Cpl. Hunt who is once again fighting fit after recent illness. Hearty congratulations on becoming the ripe old age of twenty one Alec, we all send our best wishes to you on your birthday, at the same time we wonder what Dolly will send you, will it be postage stamps?

We are wondering when our old soldier "Tug" Wilson will come back from his walks along the Burma Road to say he has not met anyone from the fifth, what about it "Tug"? A certain Corporal has taken us into his confidence vowing he will be married in September. What is he going to do for a church? or are the Pioneers going to build one for him?

With D.I. now finished, we would like to congratulate those who passed the course for the purpose of becoming Jeep drivers, "Peep Peep, no Jeeps."

Mortar Platoon.

Sgt. "Greatlover" has now become a changed man. He can now be seen wandering around and talking

to himself muttering such things as "Best Man" and where can I go for the honeymoon." I think he really means it this time as he is always enquiring as to the whereabouts of the mare every two hours and "Is there one for e?" Anyhow, best of luck Jimmy.

Pte. Butler has our best wishes owing to his latest increase—Congratulations Jack. He's the kiddy I think I shall have to have a few words with him and pick up a few tips for future reference.

Pte. Riddock is with us again and it's like sunshine on a rainy day to see his smiling face around, and his ever cheery word. We should never have a truck off the road now he is back, of course if Gunner is driving anything may happen. Ask Ballanger!

Congratulations to Cpl. Wood on his latest promotion. He's certainly earned it—he's been lapping long enough. "What's yours sir?" "I insist Sir."

On a recent scheme we certainly had a fine time. What with H.E. rapid corrections, and our Platoon Commander chasing Jone's carrier for 4 miles and "Blood Nut" setting the gorse on fire. No wonder Captain Critchley said "What a marvellous smoke screen Cpl. Sharpe." Of course the Mortars had to put the fire out. We were sorry to lose Ptes. "Tubby" Holmes and Alexander from the platoon, we hope they will be just as happy in their new occupations.

Sgt. "Slim" Martin also did fairly well for himself at—he could be seen some evenings pushing his cycle into—

There are rumours that he is thinking on the same lines as his fellow Sgt., there is also some talk of a competition as to who gets married first. Did you enjoy your leave Stanley?

Pte. Jenkins came from hospital wearing a "handlebar moustache." He looks as if he is looking over a bushy topped tree. He told me he wanted to look like a soldier.

We also welcome our new Sgt. Major and hope his stay with us will be a happy and long one. He hasn't "pinched" any mortars yet so as far as I am concerned he fits in well.

M.T. Section.

Once again in the midst of varied and arduous labours, we just about find time to pen a few brief notes.

Firstly, we regret to record, that after nearly a year's service with us as M.T.O., Lt. Wooster left us in July. During his period of office he deserved and earned the unstinted respect of us all. We wish him every success and happiness in his new vocation.

Whilst sorry at the loss of Lieut. Wooster, we are more than glad to welcome our new M.T.O., Lieut. Marriott, into the section.

In last month's *Dragon* we omitted to mention the name of Baillie in the list of fellow drivers who left us recently for service in other fields. Sorry, "Musso," as with the others, we wish you the best of luck in your travels.

We have had news that Tommy Blott has now attained the rank of Lance-Corporal and with further promotion in near view. Congratulations Tom. Carry on with the good work. It is said that Blott has distinguished himself in the field; but until confirmation is received, we cannot give details here. However, will anyone who has information concerning Blott.

and his activities please forward it to the writer of these notes who will be only too glad to publish it.

There is nothing to report this month of M.T. sports; but if P.E. tests as suggested, are to be included in the Sporting Field, then we have a few words to say. Naturally, and as only to be expected, the M.T., nay, the Company as a whole, put up a darned good show. Thanks and credit are chiefly due to Lieut. Hancock who did the run alongside us, "egging" and encouraging us over that now infamous six miles.

Congratulations, Cpl. Wright, on your promotion to the second tape. Being the writer of these notes, I can't, out of sheer modesty (ahem!) very well congratulate myself on my promotion to full Corporal; but for any well-wishers (I say "any") Howard is the name.

Talking of N.C.O's, we may as well mention the recent drill cadre under the R.S.M. It was a gruelling three weeks in the blazing sun, but all of them have reason to be proud of the improvements shown, and the final passing-out. Words of command can often be heard echoing through the billet in the silence of the night, but as yet, we have been unable to detect this regular and noisy sleep disturber. L/Cpl. Joe stresses his innocence, so it must be one of Rayner, Bovington or Howard. Listen carefully, wives, when these husbands of yours are on leave. The offender must be brought to justice.

After being mentioned in practically every previous *Dragon* issue, Hayes wishes it to be made known, that apart from placing his boots vice-versa on his kit each morning, he is quite well and happy. The writer would, however, like to add that Hayes does anticipate attending and passing an upgrading course before these notes are in circulation. Best of luck, Jack, and the same goes for you, Fenwick.

Has the Sergeant who hurt his fingers late one Friday night, yet discovered who the kindly Orderly Officer was? Also, can he please give further details on the purchase of a "tooth brush."

Willmore, one of the old original M.T. lads left us for a few weeks back. Charlie, as he was better known counted all as his friends. A better natured and more likeable fellow and chum no one could wish for. Should you read these notes, Willmore, as we hope you will, please remember to keep in touch with us. Meantime, Good Luck, and a safe return.

We are sorry to report that Darben is at present in hospital undergoing a minor operation. What little news we have had from him tells us he is going along fine. We are glad to hear it and hope he will be out and well again before he reads these notes.

Drums.

Life in our department certainly has its ups and downs, chums, and no-one could with any justification call us anything but versatile. At the moment we are capable of taking on any job of work from tearing the hide off practically any other Corps of Drums in the country, to actually digging the foundations for the new Britian.

We were all relieved to learn that Professor Stubbings had agreed to "take over" during the absence of the "Doc" on leave. Senor Crunch had been suggested, but we understand that Shanghai Lil raised some sort of objection, saying that His Blackness would not have enough spare time in which to examine her properly!

Platoon work has been mainly individual, owing to so many of our relatively small number being on leave, but Sgts. Grestock and Garratt have gamely held the fort.

The double of Cpl. Brooks was seen several times in mufti, or was it "Normy" himself? He was on leave at the same time, and the beautiful creature that the double was seen with certainly looked very much like Cpl. B's Drummer's daughter. And since coming back to us he has been noticed to abstain from even looking at other females, worshipping a certain photograph and murmuring "Nora" in his sleep, which makes us wonder what it's all about.

Signal Platoon.

The big news for this month concerns promotions. Firstly L/Cpls. Hunt and Munford lose their local status and become real Lance Corporals; L/Cpl. Shersby now becomes a "two striper" a promotion which is thoroughly earned and lastly but most important of all Cpl. Howell is now L/Sgt. Howell. I am expressing the sentiments of the platoon when I say that he is the best and obvious choice for the position of Signal Sgt. and that he has our full support and we wish him all the very best of luck in his new position. He now eats in the "piggery" and mixes with all the big nobs. I suppose he will soon develop the habits of Warrant Officers and Sgts. one of the most pernicious being late rising and the other being the ability to scoff food at a rate that is highly injurious to the ordinary mortal.

L/Sgts. Simmonds is in hospital having his innards carved about and seems well on the way to getting his ticket. Our best wishes go out to him. And now for other news. The Signals played one match (cricket) and knocked the daylight out of the Band and Drums. They scored 5 and we scored 101. We were due to play the Anti-Tanks but the thrashing they were to get did not materialise as the match was cancelled owing to military exigencies. However we can wait. That ends our sports news for this month.

We have not however had a lot of free time on our hands for everyone has been busy on Physical efficiency tests. Walking 6 miles in one hour was one of the harder tests and Cpl. Shersby's legs seem to have a permanent curve in them, while L/Cpl. Munford complains that his feet won't keep still when he lays down but continue to jog along without him being able to do anything about it.

Another test was carrying a man 200 yards in two minutes. Poor Hayes who had the unfortunate luck to have to lug L/Cpl. Munford along changed colour three times in ten yards then collapsed to his knees dragged along in that manner for a few yards and then rolled over gasping something about being done and lay on his side like a worn out nag. Munford seemed to think the whole thing a huge joke and giggled helplessly while Hayes seemed on the point of breathing his last. Hayes has now lost his pale green colour and seems back to normal.

Life is a little abnormal at the moment in H.Q. for signals like all the other "untouchables" in the company are doing guards. Blanco is more or less dispensed with but the R.S.M. still insists on clean rifles and this rather shook our new full corporal whose barrel resembled a chimney that had not been cleaned since the last war. The R.S.M.'s eyes almost smoked when he looked down the said barrel and for two seconds he seemed speechless—but did he make up for it afterwards!

The writer has performed in the role of orderly Sgt. and at the moment is probably the most hated man in the Company. Black looks and dark mutterings wherever he goes. Even the Company Commander didn't seem to like him. It's a hard life sometimes.

C/Sgt. Smith who has been acting C.S.M. since C.S.M. Bill Basted took a lamented departure has been giving his voice plenty of practice these last days and on two occasions he seemed in some danger of apoplexy. He is alright really but if only he would get laryngitis or something similar, it would seem so quiet around Company office. Miracles don't happen nowadays of course.

"A" Company.

Our notes appear to consist of a series of "Hallos" and "Goodbyes," as once again, we extend a warm welcome, to Lieut. Heimsath and hope that his stay with the company will be longer than that of our jovial heavyweight Platoon Commander, Lieut. Campbell, to whom we all wish the best of luck in his new enterprise. We also extend our cordial good wishes to Lieut. (Dickie) Crawshaw one of the pioneers of "A" Company, and practically part of the G.1098 stores, whom we are all very sorry to lose, his spartan energy being an inspiration to us all, as, if there was one thing in which he excelled (besides collecting? maps) it was a good run, be it in F.S.M.O., or P.T. kit. However, I have heard it whispered that our newcomer, Lieut. Heimsath, "knows" something about P.T., so it looks as though our chances of getting fat are pretty slim.

Sgt. Major Mitchell has just returned from leave, during which time, Colour Sgt. Wilde very successfully transferred his attentions from paying out to paying off. Whilst on a route march with the company, however, after having marched about 14 miles and A/C/Sgt. Sygrove arrived in a truck with the midday sustenance, C/Sgt. Wilde was noticed to give him a distinctly envious "B" Echelon look. Incidentally who shouted "House" when the Sgt. Major called the rifle Nos. out?

The Q.M. displayed great magnanimity in deciding to call in all weapons for inspection on the day the company had a route march, causing much secret rejoicing, although Cpl. Brooker's over zealousness in keeping his water bottle cork clean, resulted in his taking an admirable substitute in the form of a truly defensive weapon—he certainly picked the wrong day to empty his "tank."

Our L/Cpls. have been putting in a spot of overtime on the square the last few weeks, with the result that bloodcurdling yells have echoed round the countryside, even although no future R.S.M's came to light we feel sure that many potential tenors must have been discovered.

Congratulations to Len Ward on his promotion to Cpl. and also to his namesake, Jack, on taking his place amongst the L/Cpls. We also congratulate "golden" Jarrett on his promotion, but notice he wears a definitely worried look these days, maybe the assumption of two big responsibilities in so short a time is rather a lot to ask of any man, by the way how is the first one Len?

Our Saturday night dances continue to go with a good swing, and have been so successful that tickets have had to be rationed, which means that all appointments made with acquaintances to attend the dance the following week, have to be made with a proviso, depending upon one's good fortune in obtaining

a ticket, and occasionally can be seen a victim of this war time innovation, bemoaning his fate amidst N.A.A.F.I. beer in the canteen whilst the object of his affections, callously carouses the carioca, immune from all promises of a "dead cert" for a ticket next week, as an inducement to "go for a walk."

"B" Company.

How quickly time flies, it certainly doesn't seem a month since our notes went to press with the latest flashes from the Battling Bees Front.

This month, by way of a change, finds us wielding manly sized picks. The fellow who decided "To dig I am not able" should come along and we can guarantee to teach him how to get six foot of earth moved; "Any ground any time anywhere."

We have a new Mortar specialist, L/Cpl. Warner was very proudly able to shout "Target" but the Ministry of Production would blush if they knew the number of rounds it took to arrive at this exalted standard.

We are both pleased and amused to learn how some Battling Bees were taken prisoner in Africa and later retaken by our own troops, once a "Bee always a Bee" say I, so see it doesn't happen again.

A discussion was apparently overheard by our inquisitive Bee the other day. (You've no idea where that Bee gets;) The argument concerned the length of time Sicily would hold out, "How long will it take" asked one hopeful and back came Hart's prompt reply. "Till the rest of No. 12 Platoon get there."

We were all somewhat interested and indeed, pleased to think that "Bronco" Wright should assume a fitting interest in Black Bess, I don't know if he ever found out where 'She was stabled.'

Jumping from one thing to another, its gratifying to see how quickly we can move, we just hear our Platoon Commanders carried on the breeze "Tea" with one accord tools are downed and a swift cross country movement is carried out.

It's good to know that if any volunteers are wanted you can always rely on Parko to come to the rescue, was it very comfortable in the van.

What problem beset the world when twins arrive. They cause a stir at the outset of their career and maintain it during advancing years, our inquisitive B says that the fact that he saw two people at the same time, one in Service dress and one in Battle dress with collar and tie, took some explaining away. Doubtless K. junior gets tired of returning salutes.

We are sorry to say farewell to Gillie, we shall miss you a lot but wish you all the very best in your new job. Also our regrets about losing Harris and Donovan must be recorded, we want to congratulate Daddy Donovan on the arrival of the stork with babe.

Can anyone inform us why these handsome people with red tabs on their arm always attract the girls. L/Cpl. Dons-Madsen particularly finds that a girl in every port is both amusing and useful.

The "Bee" has just buzzed in again, he wants to know who is the new Sgt. "Wot has returned to dooty" can he mean Sgt. "Tommie."?

"C" Company.

This Camp life is all very well but there are times when certain things detract from its charm! Rough

weather is one—ask those who gamely struggled to save the Company Office marquee and the Officer's Mess Tent from taking flight! A Marquee in a strong wind can produce all the sound effects of a Windjammer rounding Cape Horn in a gale, but there was no excuse for Sgt. Evenden to sit rocking himself with laughter while the Office marquee practically "sunk" and Ptes. Brewin and Green and L/Cpl. Wotton hung on like grim death to the two or three remaining fixed ropes on the windward side! It is amazing how the C.S.M. and C/Sgt. "Rocker" are missing when such spots of bother are about—maybe they have premonitions!

If it is not inclement weather (*i.e.* English summer) that gives discomfort it is the ground—all bumps, no grass, no insects (ants in the pants!) At a recent Camp site we could easily have imagined ourselves in the Jungle if the heat had been turned on a bit and a few wild animals were let loose. Still L/Cpl. Ball and Pattison, Cpl. Kingston, Pte. Lay and others, stripped for work made up, to some extent, for deficiencies in the latter! We are *only* referring to the energy displayed in the work bokes!

The theme song for the present time is "Dig, dig, dig," and we now *know* that a certain corporal is aptly described as "slit trench!"

Talking about the Jungle reminds us of the amazing effect "Jungle juice" has on some people. Those who were present at the party given to the Junior N.C.O.'s Cadre by the Company Commander know what effects it has on Sgt. Evenden! They say that his rendering of "It's my mother's birthday to-day," was priceless, tears were actually seen streaming down his cheeks as he sang. Apparently he is also able to sing in a position with his legs higher than his head and shoulders—quite a remarkable feat! Pte. Kay provided an excellent accompaniment to the singing on his trumpet but C/Sgt. "Rocker" was not so hot when attempting to play "No parades to-day." It might have been that most cheerful call, but it could also have been a mixture of "Reveille," "Jankers" and "Lights Out." Major Rance was quite entertaining with his "Nuts a Roller" effort and also in an Irish Trio with Sgt. O'Brian, and L/Cpl. Paddy Daly. Incidentally we can say that there is no truth in the rumour that Cpl. "Junior" King was seen dressed up in the wrong clothes the following evening! Unfortunately the N.A.A.F.I. mystery wasn't solved as easily as that.

We congratulate our Company Commander on his promotion and wish him better luck this time. War Establishment crowns, apparently, can be as easily lost as those of the early Kings. We also congratulate Captain Towndrow on getting his third pip and Cpl. Gosney his second tape.

"D" Company.

Again we have left the "ozone" of the sea for the quiet solitude of the countryside. Things are still going very well with "D" Company, and with the new "Blood" recently added, our company should show others of the Battalion where to get off.

We welcome Cpl. "Horse" Brockbank to our happy family and sincerely trust that The horse he so often talks about, even in his sleep, will soon be found. We think we have discovered a comedian in this N.C.O. and his drawl though purely "drivel" is very catching amongst other N.C.O.'s of our band.

The loss of 2/Lieut. Vallas is deeply felt, but the added addition of Lieut. Bowers will certainly help to make up this loss. We trust that Lieut. Bowers stay will be long and happy with our Company.

Owing to the rationing of Cigarettes, Sgt. "Gis a fag" is having a lean time, his record of borrowing thirty a day has been cut to a minimum.

We don't if some of our Company think that this place is the "Ritz" but the improvisation of wash-stands, mantlepieces, etc., has been done on a grand scale, needless to say the Palms in the Hall are already there.

Sgt. Fleming is disgusted with a certain Sgt., and suggested that he should take his map reading more seriously, as doing a fifteen mile walk home for a three mile route is not playing the game.

Congratulations to L/Sgt. Gurling on his promotion, also to L/Cpl. Gardner and L/Cpl. "Uncle" Cole on being paid for their stripes.

Are we going to lose our last remaining single Sgt., or will the Bell ring in time to save him from the plunge?

The whole Company will be definitely very pleased when "The Horse" has lost all its legs.

A Battalion Overseas

Quarter ending 30th June, 1943.

SO much seems to happen in the short space of three months and yet, as I sit with my pen poised, I am not at all sure that I am capable of writing any notes that will be interesting. The event of greatest importance to us just at the moment is that, after our short stay in more civilised parts, we are back once more in the wilds. All of us enjoyed our spell of being able to stroll round the corner in the evening to the cinema and bathe almost direct from our billets, but it lasted a very short time and here we are again sans light, sans water, and, in fact, sans everything except a cheerfulness that will not be allowed to desert us.

The visit of His Majesty the King was a surprise which filled us with joy and admiration. Nearly everyone in the Battalion was able to see His Majesty and add to the thousands of voices raised in cheers which expressed loyalty and welcome. We were privileged to supply a guard of thirty other ranks and six drummers under the command of Lieut. G. H. Woods. His Majesty graciously shook hands with the Guard Commander and inspected the Guard. All Companies were equally represented and the men who were chosen will have something to talk about for the rest of their lives.

Albuhera Day was observed as a holiday by those of the Battalion who were not on operational duty. On the Sunday following a special Church Parade was conducted by the D.A.C.G., the Revd. J. C. Gethyn-Jones,

assisted by our own Padre. We were greatly honoured by the presence of His Excellency and other distinguished visitors. At the conclusion of the Service the D.A.C.G. presented the Battalion with a Bible.

The King's Birthday was celebrated with a number of military events in which the Battalion took a large share. We were responsible for a display of Infantry Weapons and the amount of "buffing up" that went on beforehand was just incredible. It is understood that the C.O. had to put his foot down rather firmly when he heard that O.C. Carrier Platoon was proposing to take his display carrier down on a recovery lorry so that the tracks did not get dirty! In the evening our Drums took part in the Beating of Retreat. The Pipes and Drums of a famous Irish Regiment played first, we followed and all of us who were present felt very proud as our Drums marched on and performed with great precision of both playing and drilling. Sgt. Cock, who incidentally has served with the Battalion since 1921, is deserving of great praise for all the work and enthusiasm he has put in to make this corps of Drums the success that it is.

Courses have claimed a number during these last few weeks—at one time the 2nd-in-Command, the Adjutant, the M.T.O. and the R.S.M. were all away. Our "Wee Georgie Wood" deputised for the Adjutant with great zeal and ability coupled with a certain amount of bad language. Rumour has it that he is still in doubt as to whether the extra pay really makes up for the loss of sleep, increased smoking and premature grey hairs.

Certain Officers and other ranks have left the Battalion to train for special jobs. We have wished them all good luck and we know that whatever it is they are called upon to do they will do well.

Excalibur.

OUR first words are by way of being a lament; three more of our "old-timers" have left us, Bucky, Legh and Bill Williams. For Bucky it was a case rather of "plus ça change, plus c'est la même-chose" though he did say he would be looking at "better-class engines; the ubiquitous Legh has essayed his most extensive peregrination; as for Bill, his departure was, as might be expected, not altogether unmarked by celebration. We can think of nothing better to wish them than that we shall see them once again all "civilians unattached" and re-united.

We welcome back to the Battalion, even if for a brief sojourn only, one of our illustrious alumni, Captain Wood, who has foregone his office for a chance to stretch his legs again; we were glad to see, too, that Ward and Joughin returned from their courses sound in wind and limb: may they return from leave in the same shape.

Our two "shootin' squires," McGrath and Johnstone,—for the sound of fire-arms is as music to their ears,—have been frequently to be seen at their country seats, complete with house-party of cook, orderly and sanitary man, and all the paraphernalia of bivouacking. "Training in the field" has become a motto to rival "Holidays at Home," though we must disclaim any similarity.

Major Thwaite was not long in arranging similar "parties" for his own wards, already initiated into the pastimes of night-convoying and laagering. Mackness was greatly cheered by the prospects of a "laager," but when the "dawn broke" upon him the well-known moustache was visibly drooping; "life," he murmured, "is nothing but a gin and snare"!

Hamilton continues as inscrutable, Chunky as exuberant, and John Lings as affable as ever; the Q.M. is still struggling to combine thrift and generosity and the Padre religion and politics; when shall we have a Quartermaster's hour?

On our infrequent visits to Battalion H.Q. we sometimes find, amidst the busy hum which surrounds that hive of industry, the well-known figures of Major Harrison and Palmer and Marsh, and others, without whose efforts our own severally "detached" existences would be so difficult.

As it is, visits between the Messes and joint functions, as well as "Officers' Evenings," do much to dispel the inevitable illusion that we are separate entities.

In any case there is an undiminished "esprit de corps," and co-operation has never been greater. Administration is at its same standard, and training never better nor more varied. There is but little there to quarrel with in our quarterly balance sheet.

Sergeants' Mess.

During the past month we have at last been successful at Cricket. A thrilling display was witnessed against E—n, which ended by a win for us of 97 against 43, Sgt. Everett scoring 40, whilst Sgt. Birt and Sgt. Gambell succeeded in "fixing" 7 for 18 and 3 for 20 respectively. After a display like that we are willing to take on Sir A. McAlpine's eleven.

We welcome L/Sgt. Gambell into the Mess and congratulate him on his promotion; He is now under instruction in the game of "Corkey Lue."

We have said Goodbye to "Page One" C/Sgt. Wilkins, "Pioneer" Wilkinson, and Sgt. Milton. Wilkinson was so well known throughout the world that they would not let him into the country he was intended to proceed to, until his passport had again been blessed by the Orderly Room. Still eventually he made it. C/Sgt. Wilkins was seen in the company of a lady who wished to appear on page one, and he was undoubtedly giving the necessary private tuition on how to make the grade. He informs me that she did make the grade.

The S.M. has at last had his well earned leave. His wife began to wonder who the strange soldier was who was coming up the garden path. We hope he enjoyed every minute of it.

C.S.M. "Frank" Rush has had the "Honour" to act the part of the above during his short absence, and is now full of "Can you find anyone for?"

C.S.M. Toms is always short of something, if it is not a man, it is some money. His greatest trouble is men. In fact he says in his sleep "One hundred and twenty ??, what am I going to do if one gets off! He has always produced in the past and we hope he wouldn't let us down.

Sgt. Gotsell has said goodbye after a tour of practically all the Battalion. Doc Kinnersley has, after grading many a thousand, actually graded himself. Still, He is not like those other Doctors, "he's not stuck up!"

L/Sgt. Stutely has departed for a spot of duty at Brigade.

L/Sgt. Taylor has returned to H.Q. Company to take over the duties of C.Q.M.S. during the temporary absence of C.Q.M.S. McCully, who is proceeding on well earned leave. Taylor has done practically everything during the past, from A.A. to Quarter-Masters assistant from Intelligence to general duties.

Sgt. Chambers, our technical "bloke," had a burglar the other night. The only thing that was stolen of any value was his fountain pen. Bad luck, old chap.

Sgt. Spring after a long spell in the Ord. Room has vacated that seat to take up the duties of Intelligence Sgt. He should grow a little more hair again now.

We must congratulate Sgt's Stock and Eade on obtaining a short demonstration on Army Equipment which takes place in their back garden at home. Probably they will sell the information of how it is done to get on these things. Sgt. Stock even has a pass to go with his.

C/Sgt. Parsonson is at present on leave, and, we understand through unofficial scores, taking the plunge. "Think it over Boy, think it over!"

There are a few other details which I don't think the censor would allow, so for the present you will have to be content with this; besides I have no time to write more.

But I can assure you that all our thoughts are with our late members, and we're wishing them "all the best."

Orderly Room.

Things have been plodding along since the last issue, and an ominous calm pervades the atmosphere

at the moment; but we cannot commit ourselves by saying how long this unusual atmosphere will last!

The great "Churchy" has worn out all the seats in the local "flicks" and is often seen to be under the influence of too much tea.

"Flash" Roberts is miles away at the moment, but he won't tell us what is in his mind (as if we didn't know Betty),

Sgt. Cave has got a sore throat(?) these days, and sounds like a thrush calling it's young when he opens his tonsils. Sgt. Spring is NOT on view these evenings and we are of the opinion that he MAY be with his wife (lucky devil). As long as it isn't someone else's we have no objections. "Expedite" Keep is playing a very dodgy game these days and always comes back to the billet licking his lips and wiping the remains of a good supper off his handsome face. (No comments). "Yopnut" Yare has driven his grannie to the local relief board with his frequent visits (every half day) and has at last got a hat that more or less fits his ungainly bonce.

But the tit bit of the month is our acquisition of an Orderly Room Corporal in the person of Cpl. Cole. He has been with us a week and has only got a dozen grey hairs so far. He is most secretive about his goings on. Still, he will have to choose between one thing and the other at week ends as you can't cope with everything. (ask "Expedite").

"Ink Oblique" Brewster has just come back from leave and is in a come at the moment, so we will leave him in peace. That only leaves the author to account for, and as he is going on leave today he doesn't give two hoots what anybody thinks; besides it is unprintable anyway.

Anti-Tank Platoon.

Quite a few changes have taken place since our last instalment.

Our strength, having diminished to fourteen, is causing a lot of anxiety in many circles, fatigues needing quite twenty individuals.

Once again, after a lengthy and quite interesting journey we find the Anti-Tank Platoon on the Range, and after spending a couple of days shooting at sea-gulls, we speed back to Camp none the worse for our experiences, with the exception of a very light pocket!

A few days of training and we are *again* on the move. This time only a short journey, but quite long enough to lose a couple of nights sleep. Now speaking of this Bivouac question:—, Rule No. 1 to be complied with is:—Groundsheets must be used, unless of course, one can find a nice choice Chicken House. This will entail an extra period of "De-Bugging" Drill, daily.

Our delicate charges now find themselves enclosed in a tent. During the erection of same, we had a trying time with the crowds who would insist on queuing up and asking "What time does the Circus start?" This trouble was caused by someone mistaking Sgt. Stock for the Bearded Lady. (Who said that?) He has just returned from leave hence, smiling faces at—-. Now we are going to lose "Freddie" for nine days:— A deep depression over Boots!

"Mac" has just returned from another Course. That man seems to cost the Battalion a fortune in note-books. Connie has gone on a course too. We all wish him the best of luck.

One doesn't have to look far for the brains in this Company, seeing that we have supplied N.C.O's

capable of performing the duties of Orderly Corporal for the past five weeks.

"Sammy" has returned from leave looking more like a Kangaroo than ever.

To end this summary of the month's proceedings:— we wish the best of luck to all ex-A/T personnel wherever they may be, and good shooting to all other A/Tankers.

Carrier Platoon.

All is quiet within our Perimeter. "Sigs as usual" has departed from our presence for a brief sojourn into the wilds of ———; Gestapo agent R—— report that, ——— High Street was in a turmoil over the weekend; three Butchers vans were observed to be tearing down the road in "close support," the Crew t'was said, were equipped with Cleavers and Bowrie Knives. "Sigs" mounted upon the Shop's Bike was "link solo;" each man had on his person 2 ozs. Cotton Wool.

Harold is getting along marvellously; the only places he has not mined are the "Prince of Wales" and "Wheatsheaf,"—though he did do a caddish trick,—he fixed a Booby trap under his glass; Stanley only had a shock.

Our Stan left us for the garden city of Camberwell; we could only spare him ten days but upon consulting the local Brewers of his district they estimated they would only have enough "Beer" for a couple of days.

To Ed and Joe also go out our condolence; I./L./C is rather a shock but perhaps in the near future they will be able to knock off one of the "Ls." "Ed." of late is taking his duties of C.O.C. too much to heart; is it really necessary for him to check up on a certain staff? after all, they are being looked after well by the D.M.'s one two and three stripes.

Mortar Platoon.

This has been a very uneventful month, and unlike previous times we have had a Warning Order for *Dragon* Notes, of something like 76 hours, Alas, my old excuse of lack of time was nipped in the bud, so to speak.

After smoking numerous cigarettes (my own) and gazing at the more or less uninhabited High Street, for inspiration I decided that perhaps two heads are better than one; but after getting in touch with various members of the Platoon for news of almost any description! have arrived at the conclusion that their help is too expensive, in both time and cigarettes (still my own).

Our call to old members, via the *Dragon*, has at last begun to bear fruit in the shape of an airgraph from Cpl. Ted Drewery now serving with the 8th Army, thanks Ted and all the best from old members of the Mortars. I may add we are looking forward to news from other old originals whose promises of letters are yet to be fulfilled.

Driver "Ogin" has at last attained one of his numerous ambitions namely that of a Soldier's seventh heaven—unlimited time in hospital with a severely strained leg which gives no trouble at all as long as he hasn't to walk on it.

"Do your nut" Pte. Nunn, has dissolved partnership in Ogin's cleaning and pressing business, after collecting seven days for leaving his efforts at canvassing orders in a rather conspicuous position.

Pte's Merralls and Bernard (Flash Harry and Pelican) continue their long term policy of "share and share alike," even going fifty fifty with a certain well-built Blonde; more about this later; information in this quarter is still hard to get.

Sgt. Dean and Cpl. Barnett, whose activities have been a god-send to me in compiling these notes in the past are now somewhat restricted in their movements, since their wives have taken up residence in this locality; no "crack" by request!

A more or less enjoyable three days was spent on the moors fairly recently by myself and a detachment which terminated with our losing one of our many records,—namely having to get L.A.D. to tow us out of a bog; many are the bogs I have seen on numerous moors in my travels; enough said! We gained some little satisfaction however by towing the L.A.D. operative back to firm ground after he had bedded himself in during the operation of getting us out; one good turn deserves another!

In conclusion we wish to all our old friends "good luck" and may we soon meet again.

M.T. Section.

I have just been reminded that *Dragon* Notes are due again, and as our usual writer is otherwise engaged, I will do my best to "put the squeak in" for all and sundry; and at the same time answer the small paragraph written for me in last month's issue.

I did have a "406" inspection which passed very satisfactory, and I'm looking forward to the next one in a few weeks from now.

The trail to a certain neighbouring town getting quite well worn these days, although this week it has shown a marked difference, as two of our social lights have their wives with them, and another has just proceeded on a spot of well earned leave. When we meet them out, the first thing they say is "Oh this is my wife" in rather a threatening tone; otherwise we might greet them with the words "what another girl friend."

We have just said goodbye to quite a number of our trainees and wish them good driving wherever they may be.

We have heard with great regret that in the near future we are going to lose our M.T.O. We have been together for a very long time and have many happy memories to look back on. We take this opportunity of thanking him for all those little acts of kindness for which he was well known, and sincerely hope that he will be happy and successful in his new appointment, and trust that we will often see him in the future.

Signal Platoon.

LAMENT TO A FLAG BASHER.

Our much depleted Signal Platoon, still bravely carries on, Always trying very hard, though most of them have gone, To lay our lines, and man our sets, thought "Cattled" long ago,
And cursing hard as ever, when the meter's reading low.
We still have a "Free Chinaman," and a boy from Ham and Eggs,
A "Front Wheel" with a Ginger Nut, a Cribbage he still pegs,
The "Four-leaf-Clover" fellow, with M.C. before his name,
Still boasts how stolen apples added credit to his fame.

Our Pip Don R—still makes a chain, and digs his little hole,
 Whilst Eagle (now a Daddy), murmurs "Taunton's in my soul."
 Swell haircuts from Frank (Ginger) Joyce, are luxuries denied,
 But Izzy Wright (now authorised), invariably complies.
 Our newly made up N.C.O's, deserve a word we feel,
 Now appointed to the ranks, are Locals Coyston and Beale.
 "The trouble is," says Bunny, who remains anchored in the store,
 "When Cpl. Beale sends down for tape there isn't any more."
 "I'm fed up," says Benny, now a Lance Jack too,
 And promptly starts to do his nut, about the things we do.
 While "Gunner Head" now resident in Triggies' one time job,
 Still "Ponces on Piano's" to earn a couple of bob.
 Our famous class of young hands, the youngest ever seen,
 Still, possess three members, to keep the party clean.
 There's Johnny Holmes, a cobbler now, he's studding boots galore,
 While Salter Pete and Samuel Wal, manage the H.Q. store.
 New amongst our members, but famous by his name,
 Is ex-Commando Chaplin, an old hand at the game
 Lt. Willis still has the title (amongst others) R.S.O.
 As Commander of Detachment, he's inclined to "have a go."

(VERY) ODD ODE No. 1.

Rumour has it, if rumour be true.
 That our Sgt. has forsaken the W.A.A.F.'s in blue
 His present relaxation from arduous duty
 Is strange to relate, a N.A.A.F.I cutie.

Pioneers Platoon.

Here we are again, the old Pioneers, and we begin by saying how very sorry we are that Sgt. Wilkinson has left us. We shall certainly miss him, but wish him all the very best possible. Cpl. Edwards, who, we said, was always sleeping, woke up a bit before time last week, so they sent him on an A/T. Mines course. But that's what he told us. We still think it's another holiday.

We cannot say a lot about "Sticks," only that we are given to understand he has run off with Lofty's girl friend. Not a word from Chippy Canning in the past few weeks and we suspect he is having his holidays as well. L/Cpl. Goodwin is in a flat spin just now, for he is asking this and that. We shall end up by finding him at P—n one of these days.

Congratulations to Waterpipe No.2, on his promotion. His schemes in a neighbouring town must have inspired him. Bert Tandy spends his spare time on a park bench. No strawberries by request. "Woodbine" has a regular return ticket to the local big town and the reason is common knowledge.

We welcome Pte. Moores to our platoon, an engineer who is still trying to strike oil. As regards to the rest of the boys, well, the least said the better!

"A" Company.

During the past month, the activities of this most illustrious company have been almost entirely confined to rigorous training. Little has been seen of our Company, except when a passing platoon has called in to pay a flying visit before embarking upon another few days in the open. These weekly excursions into the wilds are believed to be very popular with such stalwarts as "Tim," "Joe," and "Mike," who upon return bear no resentment whatever at carrying out such duties as Ord. W.O. over the week-end;—due no doubt, to malicious spite on somebody's part.

We have had the prisoners planted in our midst, which by the way, reminds us that the Adjutant did mutter something about "birds of a feather"——when he airily informed us of the news.

Now we come to our "departures and welcomes." We were very sorry to say farewell to 2/Lieuts. Ransley and Young, we hope they enjoyed their stay with us and wish them all the best for the future. Very hearty welcomes are extended to Lieuts. Richardson and Bainbridge and to 2/Lieut. Bull. The former two have already been initiated into our "iniquitous den" (not, as some would suggest, our Company Office, but the local rest centre whither Joe, Len, and men of the like calibre, repair when off duty).

Cricket has found much talent amongst our personnel. Jack Falcke and Joe Birt play regularly for the battalion team, of which they form the two mainstays. "Tim" and "Wick" have both appeared for the Sergeants Mess team.

"Knocker" has returned from his leave, looking very happy to be back, and promptly resumed his duties as orderly sergeant. There's not much he doesn't know about the job now, and he spends the afternoons writing letters on the back of parade states. Private Dawkins still works all day and night on his railway warrant, leave passes, company details and N.A.A.F.I sandwiches.

We could not finish these notes without reference to our Jimmy; he recently returned from a Refresher Course in a far warmer part of the country and like all normal people who return from courses, promptly applied for leave. Still, he might just as well be on leave, for all that we see of him. Having added that nasty remark, we will atone for it by saying that he does appear to be leading a respectable life at last.

"B" Company.

Owing to the shortage of journalists or reporters of less meritorious ability in the company nowadays, this month's notes are being compiled by the Company runner, who unfortunately happened to wander in the office as zero hour approached. We, of our profession, are considered rather versatile, anyway; doing anything from finding out the names and addresses of fascinating girls who should pass beneath the window, to fetching tea at very regular intervals.

We must first congratulate L/Sgts. Jackson and Gambell on their recent and well earned promotion, and we must expect many a century from the latter now that he is in the Sgt's exalted Cricket XI.

The next paragraph is generally confined to "deeds and misdeeds" but a company runner is only acquainted with misdeeds, which far from passing the censor would not even pass the Sgt. Major.

However one night we were rudely awakened with Bang! Bang! Bang! I wonder if the Company Stamp has survived the test; good old Hine, he is now called the 1157 King.

Cpl. Higgins, I am told, is a woman-hater, but why should a woman-hater sit blissfully staring out the very popular office bay-window? Would it be that he is strangely subdued with ambitious thoughts synonymous with the Sgt. Major's chair, he is so often reclining in? or perhaps he has been told that our C.O.O.P blonde is a man-hater. When she walks by we can await developments. The lads in the Company are not unfriendly with the local girls, and one poor chap has become engaged after three weeks; anyway it is quite a plausible excuse for continually coming in rather late.

To all the lads who have left us we wish the very best of luck and a "happy landing."

"C" Company.

"Midst the hurry and the bustle of training, not forgetting our old friend the weather, the Sgt. Major's voice is heard floating down the valley "tell Sgt. Cook I want the *Dragon* Notes now" so, exchanging my Sten for a Pen, I now find myself busily scratching away, with a mess tin for a table.

We welcome three "Depot Wallah's" to our Company, these being:—Sgt. "Jerry" Horton, with whom C.S.M. Hopkins, we understand, shook hands about 30 times in anticipation, next Sgt. "George" Hunt known to all we are sure, not only for his "drumming" and service, but to many for his Kit, which we understand still needs a three tonner to move; last but not least the "young'un," Sgt. Jack Everitt, who made a dashing entrance to the Battalion by getting caught for a three day scheme on his first day; as yet we are lucky, his saxophone has not arrived yet, so everyone can at least rest in peace for a little while.

Our Company Commander Captain "Double Up" Johnson, has just returned from leave; we all hope that he enjoyed it, minus the "doubling."

Captain Wood has just joined us, and we hope his stay will be a long and pleasant one.

Congratulations go to Sgt. McGinley, on attaining the esteemed and honoured rank of S.I.M.

Sgt. Hambrook, we were sorry to see go, but we wish him all success, and dozens of pipes in his new undertaking.

Sgt. Bill Caine, has "done his nut" (to coin a phrase) by getting engaged; when is the wedding Bill?

"Night Fighter" Woodage has now gone on the ground staff, and taken up pushing balls around on the tennis courts—we are all wondering what's next on the list Paddy!

Our Sgt. Major (Bless him) is looking a bit happier these days, reason being that he is going on leave next week; poor old "Jerry" has been promoted to the honoured seat by the "Pane-less" window of the Company Office.

The C.S.M. has been seen searching for local "Talent" to massage his shoulder; we thought we knew them all, but this is certainly a new one; all ranks please note.

In conclusion our thoughts and wishes are with Sgt. Gotsell and the boys of 15 Platoon who are leaving us for new fields; we hope that all the energetic training that they have had will be put to good effect and bring us one step nearer our rather "moth-eaten" civvies.

Being my first attempt at this additional duty, I hope to do better next time,—if the Blue Pencil will allow it.

"E" Coy. Cadet Force The Buffs.

The above company attended a week-end camp through the kindness of Colonel Newport, and the weather was at it's best. The company arrived in good strength. The first day was taken up by drawing bedding, Squading and Allocation of tents Guard-mounting, Lecture on camp discipline, boundary of camp and bed making. The camp was visited by Captain Everett, Rev. Vischer and Mr. Elgar.

On Sunday a day of hard training was started. Reveille 07.00 hours wash and make up bedding, a march to the village and very smart it was too. Then came breakfast which was first class. Afterwards the cadets were inspected by Colonel Newport then on to training thus:—Guard Mounting, Squad Drill, Scales and Estimation of Distance. Cover and Camouflage, P.T. and games. Then came the main inspection, by our C.O. Lieut. Colonel Cremer, and Captain Bell (Adjnt.)

The cooking was in the good hands of our old friends Sgt. Meakin and Cpl. Andrews assisted by N.C.O's and cadets from the company. Many thanks are due to the Quartermaster, Captain Mcgluston for his untiring efforts in getting us such grand meals.

We do hope this is only the beginning of these week-end camps which are such a great help in the course of our training. The camp was under the watchful eye of C/Lt. H. Thirst assisted by C/2nd Lieuts. Mahon and Chandler. We send our best wishes to our sick members, 2/Lieut. Overy and C/L/Cpl. Hopper and trust they will soon be back with us again.

Our Contemporaries.

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

"The Green Howards' Gazette" (July).
 "The Snapper" (July). "The China Dragon" (July). "The Tank" (July). "The Gunner" (August). "The London Scottish Regimental Gazette" (August). "Journal of the Honourable Artillery Company" (May, June). "The Sapper" (August). "The Oak Tree" (Summer, 1943). "Our Empire" (August). "Journal of the Royal Army Service Corps" (July).

Navy, Army & Air Force Institutes

WHEN THE SERVICE MAN'S WIFE JOINS N.A.A.F.I.

By H.H.

THE present war is unique in that wives of serving men are not sitting idle, awaiting the return of their husbands, but are themselves serving too.

It is important, then, that the fighting men drafted overseas or stationed far from home should know the conditions under which his wife is working in the service she has chosen or into which she has been conscripted. He should be able to feel that she is well cared for while she plays her part in the war effort.

The service for women attracting a high percentage of serving men's wives is that of N.A.A.F.I. The domestic nature of canteen work attracts large numbers who feel an urge to provide for the Forces the homelike amenities which their own menfolk in uniform appreciate. There are well over 40,000 women and girls serving in these official canteens to-day, and a great many have married men in the Forces since joining the organisation.

How does Mrs. Tommy Atkins fare in this form of National Service?

A concession appreciated by the canteen wife is the "Re-union Leave," enabling her to share her husband's furlough. N.A.A.F.I. grants up to twelve days' unpaid leave annually, over and above normal leave, so that she may be re-united with her husband when the latter is on leave from the Forces.

As for normal leave, Miss and Mrs. Naffy get one week's paid holiday every six months, a week-end every few weeks, a weekly half-day, and an off-duty period each afternoon of about three hours.

When she goes on annual leave each six months, she pays only the first ten shillings of her fare; the rest is borne by N.A.A.F.I. This travel concession is granted to her on two other occasions yearly, so that she may visit her home for a long week-end midway between her two periods of annual leave.

N.A.A.F.I. manageresses are encouraged to take the closest personal interest in the girls' welfare as well as to direct their work. To ensure fullest welfare safeguards, some 350 Welfare Superintendents pay regular visits to canteens to inspect quarters and interview the girls individually to see that all is well with them. Their health is well looked after,

they are well fed, and they sleep in comfortable quarters—or billets—usually four to a room, each with own locker. Common rooms are provided where possible.

In its own sphere the work of women in N.A.A.F.I. is as vital as that of the Auxiliary Services, and they enjoy many of the same privileges. They are issued with khaki uniforms, and may wear field-service caps if they wish. But while enjoying these privileges, they are not asked to do any drilling, and no discipline is imposed save that which is necessary for their own well-being.

Service for canteen girls overseas is on a voluntary basis. Similarly, no girl is compelled to work under canvas in the summer, the staffing of restaurant tents attached to the Forces' summer camps being on a voluntary basis.

Girls in the Home Institutes do not carry Service ranks, but are awarded stripes according to length of war-service, and wear these just above the cuffs of their uniforms.

N.A.A.F.I. girls work hard, but members of the Forces whose wives or fiancées are with the official canteen organisation may rest assured that their comfort and well-being are carefully studied.

The People's Dispensary for Sick Animals.

FOR the first time a special medal has been struck to be awarded to animals serving with the Allied Forces who distinguish themselves by special acts of courage, endurance or fidelity. The People's Dispensary for Sick Animals, the world's largest international animal charity, has decided to offer such medals because of the number of feats of devotion and courage on the part of animals and birds that come to the notice of the P.D.S.A.

Candidates for the medal must be members of The Allied Forces Mascot Club which has just been started by the P.D.S.A.

The primary object of the club is to enrol any animal or bird serving with the Allied Forces or attached to any ship, aerodrome, gun site, balloon barrage or other Naval, Military or Air Force Unit or any branch of Civil Defence. Members of the club will receive a suitably inscribed badge, and there is no entrance fee or subscription for membership. Application for membership should be made to The Secretary, P.D.S.A. Allied Forces Mascot Club, 2 West Heath Avenue, Golders Green, London, N.W.11.

The gallantry medal is to be known as the Dickin Medal—from the name of Mrs. M. E. Dickin, O.B.E., who founded the P.D.S.A. in 1917. Those in charge of animal or bird members of The Allied Forces Mascot Club who think there is a case for an award are asked to send full details to the Secretary of the Club at the address already given. Only members can be considered for the award.

The names of animals and birds receiving the gallantry award will be inscribed on the Roll of Animal Heroes kept at the P.D.S.A. Sanatorium.

At the end of the war, the names of all members, together with details of the units to which they were attached, will be presented to The Imperial War Museum for inclusion in their permanent war records.

As a memorial to all animals and birds who lose their lives on active service, it has been decided to purchase at the appropriate time a new motor caravan dispensary which will be called "The Service Mascot Caravan Dispensary." The P.D.S.A. has, for many years past, used such vehicles, which are simply mobile animal surgeries which cover regular itineraries. At the outbreak of war these vehicles were re-equipped to become the well-known P.D.S.A. animal rescue squad vans. The Founder and Council of the P.D.S.A. feel that there could be no better way of perpetuating the names of animals and birds who died on active service than by providing a caravan dispensary to ease the suffering of animals and birds in the days to come.

Brigadier-General A. E. Ommanney, C.B.

IN the 15th century Parish Church of Chew Magna, Somerset, about eight miles from Bristol, are two chapels. Both were formerly 'proprietary' chapels. One still is, the owner

being Lord Strachie, of Sutton Court. The other was returned by the then owners a few years ago, to the Vicar and Church Council.

This Chapel was restored and furnished as a Lady Chapel. The following inscription is carved upon one of the stones in the wall of the N.E. angle of the Chapel :—

This chapel was restored and dedicated to the greater glory of God in memory of A. E. Ommanney, Brig.-Gen., C.B., by his widow.

Epiphany

1933

General Ommanney's grave in the Churchyard is under the East window of this chapel and bears this inscription :—

In loving memory of Brigadier-General Albert E. Ommanney, C.B. Served in the Buffs for 32 years and commanded 1st Battalion for 5 years. Died, 25th September, 1930, aged 80.

General Ommanney was a son of the Rev. Edward Aislabie Ommanney, Prebendary of Wells Cathedral, who was 37 years Vicar of Chew Magna and died in 1884.

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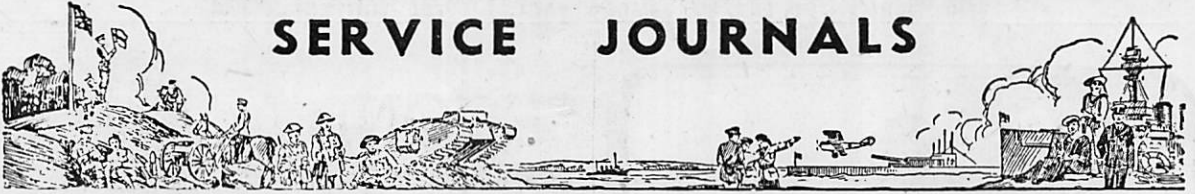
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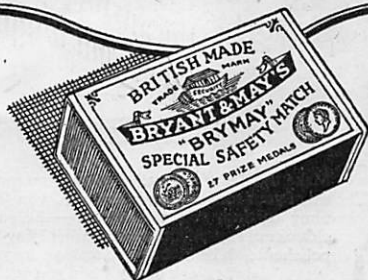
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