

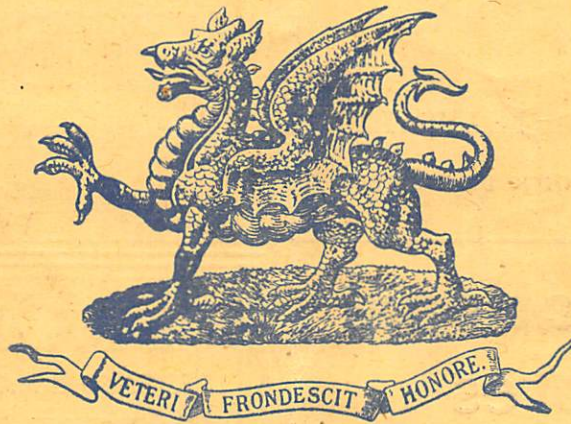
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OF THE BUFFS.



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No. 527

October, 1943

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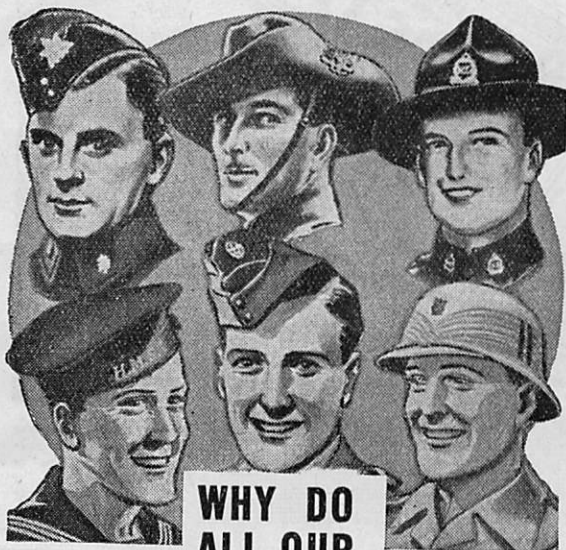
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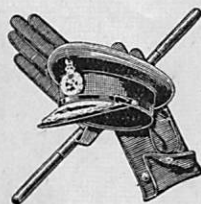
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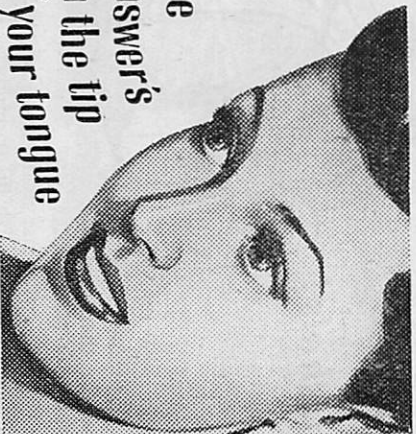
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No. 527

OCTOBER, 1943.

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Personalia.

ON September 26th the Colonel of the Regiment called on the Danish Minister, Count Reventlow and on the Chairman of the Danish Council to convey on behalf of the Regiment our respectful greetings and duty to H.M. King Christian, Colonel in Chief of the Regiment, on the occasion the 73rd anniversary of his birthday.

Major-General the Hon. Gerald Scarlett has been offered and has accepted a seat on the Council of the Friends of Canterbury Cathedral as representing the Regiment in the place of Major-General Sir John Kennedy who has resigned.

General Scarlett has also been elected as one of the Army Council representatives to the Committee of the Royal Military Benevolent Fund.

We regret to record the death of Major-General Sir Guy Bainbridge on September 27th and offer our sympathy to his relatives. At the funeral, at Newtown Church, Major H. L. Archer Houblon represented the Colonel of The Buffs and the Regiment.

Major B. H. Craig has recently been on a course at Poona. On the return journey he stayed for ten days at Bombay which he found very pleasant.

We congratulate Major J. P. W. Samuelson on his Marriage to Subaltern Pamela Winter.

We congratulate Major and Mrs. A. W. Andrews, who celebrated their Silver Wedding on Tuesday, September 28th.

We are glad to hear from Commander D. Rae-Fraser, R.N., who writes from Calcutta, where he is now on duty.

We wish to express our thanks to the Women's Auxiliary League of the Licensing Trade, Canterbury, Herne Bay, Whitstable and District, for the very generous donation of one hundred and fifty pounds to our prisoners of war fund, being the proceeds of a dance recently organised by the League in Canterbury.

We are glad to hear from Mr. E. Buxton, M.M., late Sergeant, who served for 22 years in the Regiment and who is now Captain in the Home Guard. His son, Staff Sergeant, R. W. Buxton, R.E.M.E., whom we congratulate on his marriage, has recently returned home after seven years service overseas.

We regret to record the death of 4907 Joseph Boorman, which occurred on September 28th.

Boorman was discharged in July, 1908 after 12 years service as a Lance Corporal (Bandsman) when he joined the Natal Police Band, in which he served for 3 years. He re-enlisted for the great war being finally discharged in 1919 as an acting C.Q.M. Sergeant. He was in possession of the Queen's S.A. Medal, Clasps Relief of Kimberley, Paardeberg, Transvaal and the King's S.A. Medal.

He was a regimental association football player and a solo cornet player.

We regret to record the death of Mr. J. P. Rousell of "Swanage," Lindon Road, Westgate-on-Sea, on September 27th after an illness of two years. He was buried at Margate Cemetery on October 1st. He was a member of the Margate Branch of the Past and Present Association.

We offer our sympathy to his relatives in their loss.

Old Stagers lunched together at the Savoy Hotel on Michaelmas Day; among many familiar to our readers were Major-General H. de R. Morgan and Major F. W. Tomlinson.

General Morgan is under orders for somewhere in the Mediterranean and sails early in November.

Our congratulations to Colonel and Mrs. Howard Smith who celebrated their silver wedding early in October.

Another anniversary, on October 10th, was the completion by Major and Quartermaster H. J. Martin of thirty-seven years continuous service in The Buffs.

Major Martin was a member of the "Crippen" draft which sailed to Singapore in September, 1910 in charge of Major F. W. Tomlinson. We hope shortly to publish an account of this draft.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

MARRIAGES.

Buxton—Watson.—At St. Catherine's Church, Feltham, Middlesex, on October 3rd, 1943, Staff Sergeant R. W. Buxton, R.E.M.E. to Eileen Margaret Watson, of Shoulden, Norfolk.

Samuelson—Winter.—On September 15th, 1943, at St. Michael and All Angels', Alberbury, Major John Peel Weston Samuelson, M.C., The Buffs, son of Mrs. Samuelson, Rhodes Farm, Sellenge, Kent, to Subaltern Pamela Winter, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Winter, Northaw, Loton Park, Shrewsbury.

DEATHS.

Bainbridge.—On September 27th, 1943, at Leigh, Newtown, Newbury, Berks, Major General Sir Guy Bainbridge, K.C.B., late The Buffs, son of the late Colonel Sir Edmond Bainbridge, K.C.B., R.A., dearly loved husband of Alice Bainbridge.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE.

Fincher.—Killed in action in September, 1943, aged 37, Lieut. Guy Fincher, The Buffs, att'd. Queen's Royal Regt., dearly loved husband of Freda, 15 Charlbert Court, London, N.W.8., and father of John, aged 17 months.

Heaton.—Killed in action, leading his platoon, in September, 1943, Lieutenant Reginald John Heaton, The Buffs, attached Queen's Royal Regiment, dearly loved and only son of Captain A. R. Heaton, M.C., and Mrs. Daisy Heaton, 40 Elwill Way, Park Langley, Beckenham, Kent.

In Memoriam.

Major General Sir Guy Bainbridge, K.C.B.

b. 11 Nov. 1867. d. 27 Sept., 1943.

IT came as a great surprise to his contemporaries in the 2nd Battalion at Athlone when Guy Bainbridge applied for the Egyptian Army and was accepted; for, delightful companion though he was, with his debonnair manner and passion for horses, his attitude towards soldiering had hitherto been quite light-hearted. However surprise soon gave way to admiration at the distinction which he so quickly attained. There was already in Egypt a little party of officers of the Buffs—B. R. Mitford, G. G. Hunter and, pre-eminent among them, D. F. Lewis; all four were to achieve distinction.

General Bainbridge's military achievements are described fully in an article in *The Times* which is here reproduced, but it may be added that, in the Great War, he was made Commander of the Legion of Honour and received the Croix de Guerre with Palm. His active career was brought to an untimely end by an accident at Aldershot when he was thrown from a horse and as a result his eyesight suffered severely, so much so that he was unable to take his division to Constantinople. Otherwise it had been hoped that he would be promoted and become Colonel of the Buffs in succession to General Sir Arthur Paget, under whom he had been largely instrumental in forming the Regimental Committee. However *dis aliter visum* and if he was disappointed he was not the one to show it, still less to let it rankle.

Major-Gen. Sir Guy Bainbridge.

The following notice is taken from *The Times*. (Ed.).

MAJOR-GENERAL Sir Guy Bainbridge, K.C.B., who died at Leigh, Newtown, Newbury, on September 27th, had a distinguished record of active service as a junior officer in the Sudan during the eighteenthies, as a mounted infantry commander in the South African War, and as the commander of first a brigade and then a division in France in the 1914-18 war.

Edmund Guy Tulloch Bainbridge was born on November 11th, 1867 eldest son of Colonel Sir Edmond Bainbridge, K.C.B., R.A., and went to Marlborough before entering Sandhurst. He was gazetted second lieutenant in the Buffs (East Kent Regiment) in 1888, and was promoted lieutenant two years later. From 1896 to 1898 he was employed with the Egyptian Army, and thus participated in the three campaigns which culminated in the Battle of Omdurman and the recovery of the Sudan. His services gained for him promotion to captain, four mentions in dispatches, and a brevet majority.

Soon after the outbreak of the South African War he went on the staff as D.A.A.G., but in February, 1900, when Lord Roberts reorganized his mounted troops at Bloemfontein, he was given command of a battalion of mounted infantry, being graded as A.A.G. He saw plenty of fighting, including the operations at Paardeberg, and the actions of Poplar Grove, Hout Nek, and Zand River. During May and June, 1900, in the Transvaal he participated in the operations round Johannesburg and Pretoria and in the action at Diamond Hill. His command was next moved to the Orange Free State to engage in the guerrilla warfare with the Boer commandos. He was present at the Witte Bergen operations which resulted in the surrender of Prinstoo at the end of July, and at the relief of Ladybrand in September, 1900. He acquired the reputation of a capable commander of mounted infantry in the field, and was given his brevet lieutenant-colonelcy in November, 1900.

In February, 1901, he elected to go back to the Egyptian Army, and commanded the Khartoum military district during part of this period of service in the Soudan. Returning to this country in 1903, he was appointed to command the mounted infantry school at Kilworth, Ireland, and in 1905, as a much be-medalled brevet lieutenant-colonel, he returned to his regiment in command of a company. In June

of that year he automatically received his brevet colonelcy, but was not promoted to his regimental majority until August, 1906. When in 1910 he was appointed General Staff Officer 2, Northumbrian Division (Territorial Force), he finished with regimental duty. In March, 1912, being promoted substantive colonel, he was moved to the Western Command as G.S.O.I., and was made a C.B. in 1913.

At the beginning of the 1914-18 war he was appointed Brigadier-General, General Staff, First Army, Central Force. In April, 1915, however, he received the command of the 110th Brigade of the 37th Division of the New Armies, which brigade he took out to France at the end of July. He was given the 25th Division in June, 1916—being promoted major-general in the following January—and commanded it during the Battles of the Somme, at Messines, and at Pilckem Ridge ("Third Ypres") in 1917; and throughout the German offensive on the Somme and on the Lys in 1918. It was next the fate of the 25th Division to be included in the IX Corps, which was overwhelmed in the German attack along the Aisne in May, 1918. Bainbridge's brigades were sent up into the battle piecemeal from corps reserve, and he was left with no fighting troops under his command. When the 25th Division was reconstructed he came home to take over the duties of an inspector of infantry, an appointment which he held from August, 1918, till January, 1919. He was advanced to K.C.B. in 1918. After commanding the troops at Shoreham he was given the 1st Division at Aldershot in June, 1919, retiring from the Army at the expiration of his tenure of command in 1923.

He married in 1904 Alice May, daughter of Colonel M. Goldie, R.E., and had two daughters.

The Regimental Gazette.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF
TUESDAY, AUGUST 17TH, 1943, DATED
THURSDAY, AUGUST 19TH, 1943.

WAR OFFICE, AUGUST 19TH, 1943.

The King has been graciously pleased to confer "The Efficiency Decoration" upon the following officer of the Territorial Army:—

Maj. (Qr.-Mr.) F. G. Verlander, M.B.E. (39621).

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 14TH, 1943, DATED THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 16TH, 1943.

WAR OFFICE, SEPTEMBER 16TH, 1943.

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

The Buffs.—Lt. (temp. Capt.) L. M. G. Harris (174934).

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1943, DATED SEPTEMBER 21ST, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

THE BUFFS.—The date of appointment of 2nd-Lieut. Jesse Paine (278009) is April 10th, 1943 and not as notified in *Gazette* (Supplement) dated July 30th, 1943.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21ST, 1943, DATED THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23RD, 1943.

WAR OFFICE, SEPTEMBER 23RD, 1943.

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

The Military Medal.

No. 6283898 Sergeant Edward Townend, The Buffs.

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

Brig. (actg.) H. C. T. Stronge, D.S.O., M.C. (484), late The Buffs.

The Buffs.

Capt. (temp. Maj.) G. E. F. Oliver (38710), Lt. (temp. Capt.) G. M. Downes (160997) (killed in action), Lt. (temp. Capt.) G. A. H. Proctor (89210), Lt. (actg. Capt.) H. A. Collins (153063), Lt. J. G. Feak (174943), Lt. D. Milton (200143), Lt. A. E. Money, M.C. (180048), 3704389 W.O. II (C.S.M.) C. E. Miller, 6280253 W.O. II (R.Q.M.S.) A. G. Thorndycroft, 6284608 C.-Sgt. (actg. W.O. II C.S.M.) W. Kennedy, 6288066 C.Q.M.S. R. F. Dorrell, 6288227 Sgt. W. C. Cox, 6466544 Sgt. T. F. Dobbins, D.C.M., 6278668 Sgt. E. C. Foster, M.M., 6290638 Sgt. A. E. Howland, 6286764 Sgt. C. Jeffery, 6290178 Sgt. M. L. Reardon, 6289814 L/Sgt. S. F. R. Hobbs, 6290625 L/Sgt. E. A. Wyborn, 6289466 Cpl. C. H. T. Garner, 6297411 Cpl. S. Cooper, 6289685 Pte.

(actg. Corporal) W. Dimond, 6146260 Pte. (actg. Corporal) W. G. Vince, 6289584 L/Cpl. V. Beacham, 6298386 L/Cpl. C. C. Brown, 6285727 L/Cpl. J. W. Hart, M.M., 6297370 Pte. A. Boul, 6297689 Pte. A. Gallagher, 6294418 Pte. L. Gover, 5682925 Pte. A. J. Josling, 6299564 Pte. E. R. Telford.

THIRD SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 21ST, 1943, DATED FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24TH, 1943.

GENERAL LIST, INFANTRY.

The undermentioned* to be granted Immediate Commn. from the ranks in the rank of 2nd-Lieutenant:—

July 19th, 1943:—G.S.M. Henry Charles Hewett (268351) from The Buffs.

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24TH, 1943, DATED TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

THE BUFFS.—War Subs. Lt. J. W. M. Iverson (175030) to relinquish his commn., September 29th, 1943, and is granted the hon. rank of Lt.

The undermentioned Cadets to be 2nd-Lts.:—

THE BUFFS.—July 17th, 1943:—George Lane (285687), Frank Samuel Obree Thomas Richard Parsley (285254)

THE BUFFS.—August 7th, 1943:—Cecil Charles Alfred Godfrey (289097), Cecil Henry Mott (289102), Norman Murray Clarke (289112), George Alexander Robinson (288998), Paul William Christopher Piggott (289122).

SECOND SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 28TH, 1943, DATED FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1ST, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

THE BUFFS.—Lt.-Colonel G. R. Howe (14067) on completion of period of service in command remains on full pay (Supern.), September 6th, 1943.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1ST, 1943, DATED TUESDAY, OCTOBER 5TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

THE BUFFS.

RETIRED OFFICER RE-EMPLOYED.

Capt. G. P. Scott (59268) ret. (late The Buffs) at his own request reverts to the rank of Lt. whilst so employed, July 26th, 1940.

Lt. G. P. Scott (59268) ret. (late The Buffs), is restored to the rank of Capt., December 18th, 1942.

ARMY AIR CORPS.
P.R.

The undermentioned in the ranks, on the date as stated retaining his present seniority :

War Sub. Lt. P. J. Perse (148840) from The Buffs to be War Subs. Lt. June 12th, 1943.

FOURTH SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF FRIDAY, OCTOBER 8TH, 1943, DATED, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

THE BUFFS.—The date of appointment of 2nd. Lt. Arnold Humphries Taylor (277979) is March 13th, 1943, and not as notified in Gazette (Supplement) dated July 30th, 1943.

SUPPLEMENT TO THE LONDON GAZETTE OF TUESDAY, OCTOBER 12TH, 1943, DATED THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14TH, 1943.

WAR OFFICE, OCTOBER 14TH, 1943.

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

Bar to The Military Cross.

Captain (temporary Major) Frederick Henry Howard, M.C. (64577) The Buffs.

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

NO. 36 ISSUED ON SEPTEMBER 9TH, 1943.
TEMPORARY AND WAR SUBSTANTIVE RANK.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

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

THE BUFFS.—K. R. L. Bucknell (134122), July 1st, 1943; E. H. S. Cornwall-Legh (141536), July 1st, 1943; E. L. Stuart (134257), July 1st, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—October 1st, 1942 :—D. F. G. Sillick (200706), N. G. H. Taylor (182144)

October 4th, 1942 :—H. J. Ingram (229743).
November 2nd, 1942 :—L. G. Pearson (233212).

December 13th, 1942 :—W. L. H. Jackson (235655).

April 3rd, 1943 :—P. E. S. Fawcett (245992).
R. K. Muir (245991).

July 10th, 1943 :—G. W. Clarke (269312).

September 6th, 1943 :—G. S. Gabb (265687),
J. A. Northover (265683).

The notifications regarding the undermentioned in War Office Orders (1943) are cancelled :—

THE BUFFS.—No. 30 :—War Subs. Lt. (actg. Capt.) S. N. Shepherdson (219091),
War Subs. Lt. (actg. Capt.) T. C. Williams (138680).

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

NO. 37 ISSUED ON SEPTEMBER 16TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

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

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

THE BUFFS.—N. F. H. C. Norris (74598),
February 15th, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

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

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

THE BUFFS.—L. H. Colls (149170), December 25th, 1942.

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

THE BUFFS.—A. C. Jennings (116324),
February 14th, 1943. (Substituted for the notfn. in War Office Orders No. 24/1943.

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

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

THE BUFFS.—J. E. Clarke (145016), January 16th, 1943.

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

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

THE BUFFS.—War Subs. Lt. (actg. Capt.)
I. B. Gammidge (90883), to be temp. Capt.,
January 6th, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—J. E. Rolo (89782), December 6th, 1942.

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

No. 38 ISSUED ON SEPTEMBER 23RD, 1943.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

The undermentioned War Subs. Lt. (temp. Capt.) relinquishes temp. rank of Capt., July 1st, 1943 :—

THE BUFFS.—L. D. Hammond (139003).

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

THE BUFFS.—S. J. Selway (109233), September 3rd, 1942.

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

THE BUFFS.—May 5th, 1943 :—T. A. E. Gibson (251236); May 16th, 1943 :—R. H. Bloomer (288911).

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

THE BUFFS.—No. 3 :—War Subs. Lt. (actg. Capt.) E. N. Ford (156121).

TERRITORIAL ARMY.

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

Capt. (temp. Maj.) relinquishes temp. rank of Major :—

THE BUFFS.—G. R. D. Hews (66886), December 17th, 1942.

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

No. 39 ISSUED ON SEPTEMBER 30TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

The undermentioned Maj. (temp. Lt.-Col.), relinquishes temp. rank of Lt.-Col. :—

THE BUFFS.—T. R. Reid (9183), July 19th, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—P. A. N. Lindley (108151), March 9th, 1943.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

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

THE BUFFS.—D. G. Phillips (174144), September 16th, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—H. A. Van Ammel (180526), July 8th, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—C. W. Warren (113919), July 13th, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—J. M. Teesdale (130773), May 6th, 1943; K. R. L. Buckwell (134122), July 23rd, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—June 12th, 1943 :—G. Y. Richardson (278396).

WAR OFFICE ORDERS.

No. 40 ISSUED OCTOBER 7TH, 1943.

REGULAR ARMY.

EMERGENCY COMMISSIONS.

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

THE BUFFS.—L. P. Critchley (145020) September 21st, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—A. J. Hutchins (182138) June 17th, 1943.

The undermentioned Lt. (Qr.Mr.) to be War Subs Capt. (Qr. Mr.) :—

THE BUFFS.—R. S. B. White (150753) October 4th, 1943.

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

THE BUFFS.—February 1st, 1943 :—E. H. Bloom (240376). April 3rd, 1943 :—E. Baker (247188). May 8th, 1943 :—P. Holmes (265289).

Prisoners of War Fund.

DONATIONS.

	£	s.	d.
— Battalion, The Buffs	230	0	0
Deal and Walmer National Savings Association	5	0	0
London Branch	1	0	0
P.R.I., I.T.C.		2	6
Dean and Chapter, Canterbury	3	5	1
"G" Company, 23 Battalion, K.H.G.	20	6	11
Mr. J. Dray		2	0
London Branch	1	0	0
"E" Company, 23 K.H.G.	2	2	0
"E" Company, 23 K.H.G.	3	0	0
I.T.C., Anonymous		3	6
Lieut.-Colonel C. E. Wilson	5	5	0
Mrs. Bleasdale	1	5	0
Mrs. Y. M. Atkinson	3	3	0

Canterbury Branch, Past and Present Association	10	0
Lieut.-Colonel R. Groves-Raines ...	14	0
Mrs. E. H. Hansford	4	0
Lieut.-Colonel J. R. Willows ...	3	3
"Doolan"	14	0
Dean and Chapter, Canterbury ...	3	8
Major F. G. Crozier	1	16
Mrs. E. H. Hansford	1	0
Mr. F. J. Sanger	2	2
Mrs. Hannaway	10	0
Mr. Quedsted	1	0
Mrs. Rose	5	0
Mrs. Jarey	10	0
Mr. Nichols	1	2
Mrs. Hancock	5	0
Mr. Cook	10	0
Mrs. Ogg	10	0
Mrs. Barton... ..	5	0
Sergeants' Mess I.T.C.	1	6
— Bn. The Buffs	75	17
Captain T. S. Overy	10	10
"H" Company, 23 K.H.G.	3	0
"E" Company, 23 Battalion, K.H.G.	3	0
London Branch	1	0
Mrs. F. Morgan	10	0
P.M.C., I.T.C.	2	15
Mrs. P. M. Whigham	4	0
Miss E. Cobbe	1	0
Captain E. Chambers	10	0
Personnel, Canterbury Report and Control Centre A.R.P.	6	0
Major G. L. B. Oliver	2	2
Major B. C. Holding	2	0
London Branch	1	0
"E" Company, 23 Battalion, K.H.G.	3	0
	£413	13

A Trip to the East.

PART 6.

Then we heard that a large force of the Chinese Army was arriving. We sent out supplies with Jeeps and other light transport, as far as wheels could go. Eventually they reached the road, had a look at a large refugee camp which we had evacuated for them, but turned it down as being too dirty and selected a large Manipur village and settled down there. They liked British rations and threw on the liberal scale we had. They were very efficient, hard and fit, and very much on their toes and took no risks about stray visitors

to their H.Q. I saw a lot of their General as we had to arrange for their feeding, accommodation and movements. He was a very pleasant man to deal with, knew his own mind and was a good disciplinarian. His division had fought on many occasions in close co-operation with our own troops in Burma and General Alexander had decorated him on the field. He had been at West Point for four years and so had received a good Western education, both military and civil. We got on very well with him and his staff, who came to various meals in our Mess.

My General paid a state visit to the Chinese one day and took me with him. It was impressive and interesting. A company was drawn up on the road in three ranks. The ranks were well dressed, the men stood very steady on parade and were remarkably clean, and their equipment, although a bit thread bare from their long period of hard service, was very workmanlike. Four of the youngest trumpeters I had ever seen, sounded a "General Salute" and as the General passed down the line, every man, as he passed him, turned his head and eyes after him, continuing to look towards the General until he had reached the end of the line. I had never seen this procedure before. Afterwards we adjourned for refreshments in the verandah of the General's house. A contingent from this Division were railed to Delhi to take part in the United Nations Parade held in June or July and received well deserved applause for their bearing. Few soldiers on that parade can have seen the amount of service which these young Chinese troops had done, or covered so many miles, on their feet, in the years since the "Chinese Incident" started.

After a week's respite the proper monsoon started. The mosquitos were bad, as they always are, in Manipur but fortunately in the belt where most of the troops were, they were not the malaria carrying variety. This is strange because in the valley of Assam through which the railway runs, and in the valley of the Chindwin and for some distance to the west of it on the other side, malaria is rife, including the cerebo-spinal variety.

The electric light plant had now been restarted by the engineers; a great boon to those of us who had to do much office work in the evenings. My office block was about the last to which the connection was laid. working by the light of a hurricane lamp and endeavouring to decipher the horrible pale pink telegrams which always seemed to arrive

in the evening, had been very trying and my eyes were beginning to feel the strain.

The rations were good but without much variety and although we were seldom on full rations, there was enough. The British were better off than the Indians, as the Hindus would not touch beef and were not keen on tinned food, and the Mohammedans abhorred any form of pig. Fresh meat was a great problem. There are large quantities of cattle in Manipur, but the Manipuris are very high caste Hindus and have strong religious principles against slaughtering cattle, although they apparently had no objection to exporting them from their own country for slaughter elsewhere. Attempts to requisition their cattle caused much ill feeling and many protests, and it was decided on political grounds to give up the attempt. Fortunately, some time previously a bullock transport corps had been formed, and many of the bullocks were found to be too old for work so we slaughtered them and their beef was excellent. Our early efforts to bring goats up from Calcutta were not successful, as a large proportion of those sent up arrived dead at railhead, generally because the contractors had not made adequate provision for their food and water on the journey. There was a plethora of tinned sausages; I forget how many days of this particular item we had!

We had first class bread from our field bakeries and the Indian ration biscuit was excellent. One of the Divisions started a dairy farm of local cattle and fresh milk was produced for the men in hospital and a certain amount issued to the Indian troops.

The troops from Burma were badly in need of fresh food, particularly of green vegetables. This was difficult to meet at first as it was not then the season for fresh vegetables, and most of those imported from the nearest hill station arrived bad. After the rains had set in, vegetables started to arrive and soon there was no shortage. Some eggs could be bought at a ridiculous price, and occasionally fish in small quantities from the rivers. There was very little fruit; most of the mangoes were wormy and the bananas were singularly tasteless. But to those who have not seen a banana for months, if not years, this must seem a very frivolous complaint!

However, on the whole, the health of the army improved, after recovering from the initial bouts of malaria and dysentery which had affected many of those who had come from Burma or had been long in the base area.

Football and other recreational training was organised one of the divisions formed a concert troupe, and there were some excellent padres who had been with the army in Burma.

I was fortunate in having a treasure of a soldier servant; the best I have ever had. He was a Londoner; before the war a driver of a "bulldozer," and then, having joined the R.E. he became a member of a bomb-disposal section. I never discovered how he became a batman, but he was an exceptionally good one, always cheerful, nothing was too much trouble for him, a real handyman who could sew, cook well and drive a car. He was interested in all that went on and would call me at any hour of the night with a cup of tea.

The Monsoon rain and its effects on the road continued to be our great headache. Throughout a large portion of its length the road was cut out of the hillside; sometimes out of rock, but more often out of shale or earth, and landslides were continual. Sometimes the block could be cleared in a few hours, at other times the holdup lasted for a day or more. There was a certain daily minimum number of lorries required to bring up one days rations, forage, mails, ordnance stores, etc., and a delay of a few hours threw out the programme and had many repercussions. If no convoy could come up on a particular day, instead of building up our reserves we had to make inroads on them for that day. It was an anxious but most interesting time.

One day the Veterinary Officer said that glanders and strangles had both broken out, and later on "surra" or horse-sickness was reported: but these did not turn out to be as bad as was feared. Again, we were constantly expecting an outbreak of cholera among the refugees; cholera was in fact reported, and many refugees died from one cause or another along that tragic road from Burma, but most of the cases reported turned out to be a bad form of malaria. Though dysentery and malaria were very serious at one time, they never got out of hand, and there was no cholera epidemic. Our doctors had a very difficult time, as hospital facilities in the forward zone were at that time very limited and we had to evacuate refugees as well as our own sick, to railhead. There was little object in evacuating sick to railhead, where the climate was bad, unless they could be speedily moved on to healthier localities.

Another big headache which the monsoon provided for us, and for those further back,

was the exceptionally heavy rise of the Brahmaputra, leading to extensive flooding and the destruction of many bridges and sections of the railway. This put out of action our normal railway supply route, and those responsible for supplying us had to use a more circuitous route which would not take so much traffic. This threw out our programme for sending troops of the Burma Army back to India for a well earned spell of leave. Then in the latter half of June, instead of the ordinary landslides, a considerable portion of the hillside started to move across the road. New tracks were made over it, but nearly every night the new track was shifted some feet down the hillside and a fresh track had to be made. For a few days there could be no vehicle traffic at all across the breach: everything had to be carried over by local coolies or by soldiers acting as coolies; a slow process. This breach taxed the ingenuity of the military and civilian engineers severely, but by various expedients they managed to pass over a certain flow of traffic every day.

All this time a flow of refugees still continued to come in from Burma. In spite of the unfordable rivers and impassable hill paths, men, women and children managed to struggle through, though many died on the way, and we frequently got news of parties reported to be arriving from various directions, and sent out food and medicine to meet them.

So one way and another we were kept pretty busy. There was a good deal of office work and a number of headquarters and depots to visit, in front of, or behind our headquarters, or off the road to a flank. Some of these journeys required the use of a "Jeep," that wonderful little American car which seems to be able to go almost anywhere, through mud which would stop all other cars, and is strong enough to tow a 25 pdr. Visits of inspection to establishments 50 miles or more away, or to the big breach in the road, took up a lot of time.

The time came for me to leave as I had been ordered back to England, and I started off with my batman to railhead. Everything went well till we reached a place some miles from the big breach. We had hoped to cross during the afternoon, reach railhead by dark and catch a train that night. But the construction of the daily road over the breach had been delayed and we were held up for some hours, and the rain came down heavily. It was interesting to watch the method of constructing the temporary track: a race

against time, to get it into operation for a sufficient period for the "up" and "down" lorries waiting at both sides to pass over, before the gradual shifting of the hillside blocked it again. However about 9 p.m. the track was open and we reached railhead about midnight and were taken off to a rest camp and were given a meal about 2 a.m.—the rain coming down in buckets. They were running a very good show under great difficulties. We slept in our cars, and the next morning travelled about 100 miles by train through rather more pleasant country, to a place I was visiting in the tea gardens area. This was much more the old India one used to know, with nice bungalows, good servants—a comfortable and unruffled life. The only change from pre-war seemed to be that the Club bar was open only twice a week.

After about a week's stay, I started for home. The direct route to Calcutta, which should not have taken more than 36 to 40 hours, was out of action owing to floods, so my batman and I travelled by the devious route then in operation. We left at 3 a.m. on Wednesday and reached Calcutta at about 11 p.m. on Saturday night, having missed our connection. It was quite interesting with a river trip of 6 to 8 hours up the delta of the Ganges—Brahmaputra. This was the area of the recent terrible Bengal cyclone. We had a night at a comfortable hotel in Calcutta and found the baggage I had left behind when we moved off two months earlier to Assam was there to meet me. Caught the Bengal—Nagpur Rly. mail for Bombay the next afternoon, saying goodbye to Carpenter, my batman who had looked after me so well and faithfully: a real friend and I hope we shall meet again.

On arrival at Bombay I was met and given a pleasant letter from my old commander, heard that my ship was sailing for the next day, and stayed at the Taj Mahal where a room had been taken for me. It was very crowded, and a spirit of "business as usual" was more in evidence than in Calcutta.

The ship in which we sailed next day had once been an armed merchant cruiser; all "luxury" fittings having been removed, but I was fortunate and was given a small cabin and bathroom to myself. There were some very cheery sailors, soldiers and airmen on board, and we lived the ordinary boardship life of reading, walking, medicine ball or P.T., and Bridge. I was in charge of a life boat containing two soldiers' wives and eight

children, some very small, but fortunately never had to exercise command.

At Durban we exchanged our women and children for Italian prisoners, and after calling at the usual places in South and West Africa arrived safely back, having to our and—certainly to my—great relief met with no adventures, the only alarm being a false one on the last night. An interesting trip and all at Government expense.

And so back to London, and to my family.

J.F.W.A.

Past and Present Association.

London Branch.

A meeting of the above branch was held on the 18th of September last with Captain E. A. Carter, in the chair. We were pleased to welcome Major A. J. Peareth.

SILENCE.—The Meeting stood in silence to the memory of Reg. No. 2699, R.S.M. R. W. Lacey who had recently died, also to all Buffs who had made the great sacrifice during the war.

TRIBUTE.—The Chairman spoke highly of the attributes of the late Bob Lacey, and stressed the fact that we had lost a fine member and the type of man we can ill afford to lose. Several in the room soldiered with the late R.S.M. Lacey in India and he was a man who never believed in self but in the team. He was a splendid all round sportsman, but never an individualist; he believed in making himself just one of a team, and trained his Company to that ideal. "One or two experts will never make the Company" he once said "but give me a general state of high efficiency—it is that which counts." A saying which is as true to day as it was when Bob Lacey made it many years ago. At the time of his death and notwithstanding his advanced years, he was P.T. Instructor in unarmed combat to the Swanley (Kent) Home Guard. Eight sons were fighting in this war—one has been killed.

MINUTES.—The Minutes of the past two Meetings were read; there were no questions arising out of the Minutes.

CORRESPONDENCE.—Letters were read from No. 1907, Band Sergeant Jock Isard, Band Master Hughie Borland, 6434, Jimmy Jury and Taffy Richards.

Arising out of the correspondence the Chairman gave some interesting yarns about Jock Isard particularly about his liking for jam.

WELCOME.—The Chairman welcomed Major Peareth to the Meeting and in response the Major dealt at some length respecting the Benevolent Fund and its administration. Mr. J. V. Philpot also spoke on this matter but for security reasons the debate cannot be published but is recorded in the Minutes.

NEWS REEL.—Nobby Clarke gave another interesting account of the doings of our fighting battalions, with whom he keeps up a regular flow of correspondence with old friends. Again, for security reasons his information cannot be published. He informed us that Captains Ransley and Rickets also Sergeant Cousens send their warmest greetings to the Branch and from the boys with them. Nobby was asked to reciprocate these greetings.

MEETINGS.—The Chairman mentioned that although the official Summer Meetings are over for the year, the Branch will still meet unofficially downstairs. Come along, you are bound to meet a few Buffs.

RAFFLE.—Mr. Eddy Shute, kindly presented a Cucumber for a raffle which was won by Captain Bob Waby at six shillings.

CONGRATULATIONS.—The Meeting congratulated Captain Waby on his promotion—Well done Bob.

Sailor Cooper, up from Birmingham, called upon Snowball Manning at Eltham, and both came along to the Meeting. Sailor still looks a juvenile, despite his age and is open to run anyone in England his own age, or even younger.

As food for thought, and as Sailor still thinks he can sprint the "hundred," we suggest that when the war ends the following line the tape for an Association Cup—Captains Arthur Barton, E. A. Carter, George Johnson, In Pensioner Marsh, Spud Austin, Donkey Warren, Snowball Manning and Billy Richards not forgetting Nobby Clarke.

Poor Sailor—Turn them about half way in the race and he would be well ahead.

Our thanks are due to both Major Peareth for coming to the Meeting and giving us all an insight into the many factors governing the intricacies of Regimental and Association Finance. Also to Mr. J. A. Philpot whose expounding of the advantages of liquid assets over investments created the atmosphere of Throgmorton Street.

We are deeply sorry to see no improvement in the eyesight of Spud Austin and all old friends we know, will wish him better luck.

Eddy Shute and Albert Debling recently visited Donkey Warren at Coombe Martin, Devon and brought back Donk's good wishes to the boys.

Billy Richards who left the —Battalion at Chatham in 1892, came along, and it was interesting to hear some real good yarns about his Aldershot days, when a few of them had a party in the quarters of the Sergeant Major (Aherne) who was on leave.

They all finished up in the "Clink" but he says "they were happy days."

It was pleasing to have with us Captain Bob Waby and he fully deserved all our Chairman said of him. Well done Bob.

Band Sergeant Jock Isard, late — Battalion writes from Dundee to correct my last month's notes; he says, "no offence, but it was Charlie Hindmarsh—not Jack—who played in the —Battalion Football Team of Kilkenny days;" we gladly submit.

"It is really nice to see so many names of old Buffs appearing in the *Dragon*," Jock says, also "will you convey my best wishes to any of the old hands you may happen to see."

Jock Clayton was as usual, in the Bear's Den, with other Bears of ancient history, just to give him the "old Soldier Complex."

We were pleased to see Ginger Hubbard and Neville with us. Both are two of the regulars.

We regret that the hearing of Mr. Ivens shows no better improvement and which is a great handicap.

Mr. Billings appeared mighty pleased when he saw him last—Reason being, he is a Grandfather. Congratulations, also to those who made you one.

We have no recollections of Captain Carter in his younger days walking out with half his kersey tucked under his belt behind. However, when the Brodrick Cap was issued and he walked out in his great coat, it was difficult to distinguish him from a sailor. Just a question of Bell Bottoms. Of course, you may be correct Smudger.

We had a letter from Taffy Richards, who tells us that he is in the Royal Navy at 46 years of age. Well done Taffy, there is one thing about it—you won't have to line up outside the fish shop while the war lasts.

The news of the death of R.S.M. Lacey was sadly received; he was a great Buff and at the time of his death was in the Home Guard as a P.T. Instructor. Billy Tozer

was a great friend of the late Bob Lacey and feels the passing of a true pal.

It is interesting to note that the licensee of our meeting place, The Prince Alfred, know the Buffs very well. He has in turn looked after the interests of the "Riding Gate" and "Invicta" at Canterbury and enjoyed the hospitality of the Sergeant's Mess which both he and his wife frequently visited.

Captain (Peanuts) Buxton late —battalion came along to the happy band of brothers and brought "Ronnie" his son with him.

"Ronnie" is on leave after seven years overseas and fully deserves his rest after a long spell of fighting.

R.S.M. Joe Goss (Dear old Pal) was looking very fit; Home Guard training 'evidently agrees with him.

Likewise Postman Martin who looks tougher than ever. Motto, join the Home Guard and go over the assault course—no charge is made for this amusement, but it does make one feel.....?? Blimey—where's the bloke who invented these blinking erections of an easy way to eternal glory—where is he?

We were glad to see Mr. H. (Molloy) Marshall in good company; they were talking not only about India but other places—might have been Dover and the "Queen's Head" and its wonderful bar, where the three smartest young sergeants in the Buffs (self called) used to meet.

We ask all to kindly note that although the "Official" meetings of the Branch have terminated and gatherings still continue on the Third Saturday of each month when a visit to Tufton Street will always find another Buff to chinwag with—and often, many Buffs.

Our Bun Penny Collection amounted to 12/- and we thank Eddy Shute not only for his extra work on meeting nights, but for so kindly bringing along a lovely Cucumber to raffle which realised six shillings.

The Meeting expressed its high appreciation and thanks to all ranks serving overseas of the regiment for the great part they are playing in heroic fighting to bring Victory to our Country. It is a feeling of pride and confidence in the future when we read about, and hear of the determination of everybody to keep up the traditions of our famous regiment—The Buffs.

If your Annual Subscription is due please send it along to 26 Osward Road, also any outstanding *Dragon* subscriptions.

Medway Branch.**LADIES GUILD.**

Last Friday was the occasion of a Whist Drive organized by the Medway Branch of the Buffs Ladies Guild. There was a good gathering of Members and their friends and during the proceedings, the Chairman, Mrs. King Holt, reported that they had sent off the cost of another parcel to the headquarters of the Buffs' Prisoners of War Fund, for their "Prisoner No. 1." The lack of news of "Prisoner No. 2" who was in Italy when last heard of, just before that country surrendered, was causing a certain amount of anxiety as to his whereabouts.

A surprise item of the afternoon was the presentation of the prizes. This was done by a member of the Royal Navy—Mr. W. Griffiths, R.N., who is now home on a spot of well deserved leave. Needless to say the function was carried out in the brisk seaman-like manner we always associate with the Royal Navy. After tea and a certain amount of gossip the afternoon's entertainment concluded with an expression of thanks to the donors of the prizes.

Correspondence

Midland Iron Works, Aston Road,
Birmingham.

The Editor, "The Dragon."

Dear Sir,

I am sorry to hear of the passing of my old running chum, Bob Lacey, from our ranks, having known him since Fort William days, Calcutta, over 50 years ago. He was a great athlete, winning many half mile and mile races. I have run against him on many occasions. His "A" Company he loved, and brought them well to the front in sports. In Peshawar, prior to the Mile Race he had a very hard pull at tug-of-war, and being the sportsman he always was, he ran in the mile race immediately after the tug-of-war.

I well remember Bob Lacey winning 1st prize single sticks at Lahore District assault of arms at Meen Meer in January, 1895. Its' all so sad, writing about our dear Bob Lacey; all were his friends, and what a wonderful soldier he was. So passed another of the old Brigade.

I hope this letter, will catch the eye of his old friend Mr. Goldfinch.

Yours sincerely,
SAILOR COOPER.

Shwebo,
6 Leigh Road,
New Milton,
Hants.

Friday, 1st October, 1943.

Dear Sir,

Having known my old pal; Bob Lacey, for a good many years, I thought I should like to send a line of sincere appreciation of a real good sportsman and pal, for he was all that, and more. I certainly don't know of any old Buff who was so universally liked by almost all who came in touch with him, without (in the good old days some call it), consideration of rank. He was one who would always give a helping hand in all his many sides of Sports, in which I must say he was interested, and a top-notch.

He certainly had a wide sense of humour, and was always out to give and take a joke as I know personally from the many times I've secured a real good laugh at his expense; but with all that he was still a real good Sport on the field and elsewhere.

It was not so long ago since I heard from him, so was greatly shocked when I had news of his death.

He was very proud, and deservedly so, of his family, all of whom are in the Services and doing a real good job for the Country. Although I've never met them I'm sure they will always be proud of him.

I do hope you will excuse my writing in pencil, but must say I'm a bit shaky with my pen now I'm just on 80.

Yours ever truly,
W. H. TOZER.

27 Church Street,
Chatham,
Kent

October 7th, 1943.

To The Editor of The Dragon.

Dear Sir,

Just a line on my anniversary of enlisting in The Buffs, the 10th of October, 1881. I am pleased to say that I am keeping well at present.

I served in Malta, Penang, Hong Kong, Ranikhet, India with the — Battalion The Buffs. Wishing all Buffs the best of luck wherever they may be.

G. H. MILLS,
Late No. 37.

Our Contemporaries

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

"Our Empire" (September, October);
"Journal of the Honourable Artillery Company" (July). "The Tank" (September).
"Queen's Own Gazette" (September). "The Sapper" (October). "The Gunner" (October).
"The Tank" (October). "The Snapper" (October).

A Battalion Overseas.

LIFE at the moment has developed into a succession of dances, sports meetings, and farewell parties, interspersed with training, which progresses steadily, in spite of many outside calls.

Let us start off with the dances. A vast palace, in peacetime a shelter to those dismembered in the last war, now echoes every Saturday night with sounds of revelry. Each Company tries to surpass the others in ambitious enterprise, and the full resources of the battalion are generously placed at that company's disposal. Constellations of inspection lamps provide illumination. The cook-sergeant, exercising his talent, provides delicacies that would tempt the most jaundiced appetite. The provost, as a diversion from its normal task of preventing people from breaking out, now have the harder one of stopping people from breaking in. Word has spread among the local inhabitants that food is to be had, and every "jeune fille" is chaperoned by her entire family, some of whom have been seen to slip platefuls of sandwiches, plate and all, into cavernous handbags. It has been suggested that at the next dance a crèche be set aside for all children of less than four years' of age. Similarly another hall should be reserved for the aged and infirm, so that the floor is left clear for Sgt. Stevenson and his Jitterbugs.

Dancing takes place on the roof, which is very pleasant until the wind gets up; then the dust storm, produced by churning feet becomes reminiscent of Alamein. Trying to procure enough girls to go round is the greatest problem that afflicts the master of ceremonies. It is depressing to see two men dancing together. To observe a man dancing with a child of six, a chair, or even by himself, is even more heart-rending. All available sources have been tapped to improve the situation. These include the Mayor, Town Majors, cafés, shops, and Major Rolo.

To continue with the geography of the hall, there are many rooms giving on to larger halls, whose seclusion and darkness stimulate romantic aspirations in those lucky enough to secure a partner. For those less fortunate, who have to drown their sorrows in drink, these rooms are convenient for a quiet and meditative rest; and for those, so morbidly inclined, for the contemplation of the love affairs of others.

Taken all in all, these dances are a great success, each one being enthusiastically cham-

pioned by its own particular company, which is loyally convinced that its own is the best.

"H.Q." Company won the rifle meeting. Then came the Sports meeting, from which "B" Company emerged victorious. In the Officers' versus Sergeants' race, Sergeant-Major Constable got the Sergeants off to a comparatively flying start, and gained an advantage for the Sergeants, which the Officers were never able to overcome, in spite of the Commanding Officer's attempt to stun the R.S.M. on the last lap.

As regards other news, we welcome back to the battalion Major T. H. Spear, who has many friends here. We hope that Major Henry Howard and Dennis Parsons will quickly recover from their Jeep accident. Concerning the more serious side of life, our new role has caused certain Officers to look gloomily, and it must be admitted, doubtfully, at boots, which, for many months, have occupied a none-too prominent position among their possessions. Finally, we would like to wish Jimmy Worts the very best of luck with his new Company.

Headquarter Company.

We feel very sorry to have lost C.S.M. Howe, who has departed to join the ranks of "lonely Soldiers" of the Mother Country. His place is taken by C.S.M. Dudley.

The Company won the battalion Rifle Meeting and felt justly proud of the fact. To wind up our entertainments, the Company held a Dance, and what a dance! We had revelry which was fitting of the days of old we have so often read of yet have never known. Johnny escorted so many Belles to the Ball, that he had to form them up outside and march them in by threes.

Who was the member of the Orderly Room, when upon being asked as to why he was not dancing, sprang smartly to his feet, grabbed the nearest female and sped gracefully away in a dance of delight? Dancing under soft lights in the seclusion of the second floor, were seen the Q.M. and the Adjutant, complete with second parts, and according to reports appeared to be shaking a wicked hip.

At the conclusion it was felt that we had had a very enjoyable evening, due in no mean manner to the untiring efforts of our Company Commander, R.S.O., I.O., M.T.O., and C.S.M. It has been noticed that the "Spitfire" has been mentioned in Despatches. Good Show, Sir, Keep it up.

Signal Section.

At last we are able to say we are in a position to obtain recreation if not the rest we have been promised for so long.

Our thanks go out to all Officers and men who worked so hard in organising the Company Dance, not forgetting a generous supply of liquid nourishment, served in many weird forms. Lieut. Ede put in many

hours of hard work laying on a good supply of females (French).

Bricky our beloved Sgt. has been in the throes of a brain storm for the last week working out his 6th Syllabus for a Signals Course, in three months; only to find that once again there is great danger of it being interrupted, (Loud Cheers).

We are glad to welcome back to the home fold, all members of the Platoon, who have been attached to Company's during our last twelve months of operations.

Our Sgt. seems to be worrying how long the stay will last, but the real cause of his frowns is the time it is taking for his orders to proceed to the Port of Embarkation for England.

We welcome to the Platoon, Sgt. Huyton who we are glad to say shows every sign of developing the same type of madness so evident in our dear Brick.

In conclusion we send our best wishes to all other Signal Sections of the Regiment.

"A" Company.

In spite of current rumours there is still an "A" Company in this battalion and here we are again after a long spell of official secrecy.

Since our last notes, C/Sgt. G. Smith, Sgts. Dickey "Wog" Divers and Chas. Thorn have left us for better climes. We wish them the best of luck. Major J. Rolo has left us for a spell and is working hard as a Camp Commandant—too hard in fact. We hope to see him amongst us again in the near future. In the meantime, Lieut. "Mike" Harvey is in command assisted by Lieut. Adrian Davies and they are making a fine job of it.

We welcome to the fold Capt. D. Strawson as our new 2/i/c to be, C/Sgt. "Ted" Hibbins (who burns many a gallon of midnight oil trying to cancel our accumulate credits—No offence Ted) and Sgt. "Duke" Burton who is acting C.S.M. We hope (if to our liking) their stay will be a long and happy one.

Detailed accounts of our adventures since our last appearance would entail burning the remainder of the pre-mentioned oil, so we will commence with the outstanding "lights" of this month.

The main feature, in spite of what some might say, was the Company Dance. Lieut. A. Davies supervised the arrangements and supplied the female species. He must get about quite a bit. Did those civvies go for the home-made biscuits, anyone would think that "mungey" was scarce in these parts. We led the way in putting on this show and have since enjoyed those of our competitive Companies "Fun and Games" (our C.O.) attended.

Next the Battalion Shoot. Well the least said the better except that taking all things into consideration we did quite well. Nuff said!

Friday 20th—Battalion Sports. We were well represented and Sgt. Alec Miles and Cpl. Larkham tied in winning the high jump, Sgt. Miles came second in the Cricket Ball event and Cpl. Larkham pulled off the Long Jump so we have at least two athletes in the Company. Sgt. "Hoppy" Brett is still to finish the mile.

The Sergeants' Mess is quite the best in the Battalion and many a salvage expedition has set forth. It is surprising what things grow on trees, chairs, tables

and little odds and ends. They have had several "guest nights" and the wine flowed freely. Ask the "Chief" Who is he? C/Sgt. Pearce, yes he's a C/Sgt. now, congratulations "Phil." Who has all the sergeant's chocolate rations? Speak up "Curley" and Alec.

Since a recent dental parade, a certain C.S.M. has been seen looking g(l)ummy. Cheer up! "Connie" they'll turn up some day, *perhaps* in time for the next dance.

Where's the Brylcream and "Nuggett" not forgetting Brasso, gone from the canteen, the mortar N.C.O's. should know. What's the attractions and what are their names.

How did Lieut. "Wally" Bratt come to have his arm in bandages, surely not through jitterbugging,

"B" Company.

Having just read June *Dragon* which has just arrived, it reminded me that very soon the cry would be echoing over "Arizona" from "Orderly Room," Notes please.

Since the writing of these notes at Enfidaville, which I wrote in the continual rumble of our 25s, giving the Hun some of his own medicine of early war days, much has happened.

Disappointments have been many, our biggest one being our departure from the sign which one and all were very proud to belong to. "B" Company being their comrades in arms from El Alemien to Enfidaville will miss their "Esprit de Corps" very much and wish them the best of luck, hoping we meet again and in better times.

Our Brigadier visited us and spoke to us for the last time. His speech was full of praise and also remorse at our leaving him. We all felt that thrill of pride, when he said, "you did what was ordered, and though at times it was a sticky job you did it well."

Now we go to a new sphere of the Army with his words ringing in our ears, taking with us happy memories of "Happy Hunting Days" and the full revenge of "204."

We have since said goodbye to Major Howard, as Company Commander who spent a few weeks as 2/i/c, but unfortunately had a car smash. The Company, and I know old members wish him a speedy recovery from his injuries.

To Capt. Montgomery, we say welcome, Sir, and hope your stay will be a long and happy one, also to C/Sgt. Hawes, who recently took over C.S.M.

Old members of "B" Company will be pleased to know that Major Spear is back again with us and one of the first things he attended was the Company Sports. It is interesting to note, that the last time he was with us as Company Commander, "B" Company became Champion at Sport. They did not win it of recent years, but upon his arrival back, the Company have won the Championship again.

"Trader" and "Johnny Mockett" have at last arrived in the U.K., and it goes without saying that there must be a few fair maidens who have knowledge of the "Mystic East" or know more than they did of it before these "Shalomers" arrived in England.

"Bogey" and "Bessie" have left us since, and the last we heard of them was that they were travelling the ports looking for that boat which was to take them for a tour of the U.K. (One R.T.O. told them it had not had it's keel laid yet). Don't "Browned off"

you boys of the old Brigade, just keep trying and we will meet you some day in U.K.

During these above events much ground has passed beneath our feet or rather beneath the 15 cwt. We have travelled from Tunisia to Tripolitania, doing a spot of Duty there including, with numerous other Regiments, a Guard of Honour for H.M. King George, but like the rolling stone which gathers no moss, we came back and for a few weeks we somehow got mixed up with our American Allies and "Boy Oh Boy" can we chew gum or eat Candy? We even got used to the "Tomatoe Juice" and the cry now-a-days in the Mess is, Got any Evaporated or Dehydrated Tomato Juice?

Our next notable event was the Battalion Sports Meeting (a bit late for Albuhera Day) but never the less a great success, every one enjoying every minute of it. The outstanding event of this was "Stoshv" in the Officers v Sgts. race, when he did the 220 in fine style against the Q.M., in fact the one thing on every lip was "Gosh he'll be taking off in a second." (After all it would be easy as he has an eleven inch wing span).

Our congratulations to the Company Team upon its fine show of bringing the Championship to unbeatable "B".

Our last event to date being a Company Dance which was a tremendous success, thanks to O.C., his able helpers, and to those who had the job of getting the fair sex, but then perhaps it is not so hard for "Shalomers" "Eh Pete?" It was enjoyed by all, particularly by those who, like myself, had not attended a dance for over 18 months or more.

Well enough of this Prologue and we will go around the Platoons.

No. 7 PLATOON.

If you want a typical scene of a "camp fire" just nip around this area where every night they "Brew up" and "Rog" entertains his Platoon with accordian. This is their farewell to "B" with their (Messtins) they will be sorely missed, so good luck to you in your new Company, "Happy Hunting." We shall not be too far away so pop along sometime, we'll "Brew up for a change."

No. 8 PLATOON.

Here they have two new comers Lieut. G. Clarke and Sgt. J. Fisher, to them we give a hearty welcome to the Company. Fisher (The Water Rat) took over from "Bogey" and has done great work in the Sports Team, we thank him and are now looking forward to the "Swimming Gala" so that unbeatable "B" will still attain (though this is the place where it is only happy) fresh laurels. This Platoon put up a good show in the Company Sports, well done S.

No. 9 PLATOON.

"Apollo" Manley has taken over from Lieut. C. Edwards, who had gone to "Shalomers" town for a Course.

We wonder what Course? Perhaps it was because Lieut. Clarke tempted with "Candy" or was it Lieut. Bennett with his rollicking song "Edie was a Lady," but we wish you the best of luck on your Course, Sir.

There was "Apollo" trying a rifle, after firing numerous rounds asked i/c Firing Point if he'd hit the target "Two hits Sgt." Maybe Bill it was that you forgot about a rifle having sights?

No. 10 PLATOON

Several old members have rejoined this Platoon namely Lieut. Bennett, who had a spell in hospital, looking fit and well. Glad to see you back Sir, also Sgt. Alderman.

Who was the chap who was sent to the Stores for a Blank Barrell Cleaning Rod? Eh Tommy.

COMPANY H.Q.

Welcome to C/Sgt. Storey. Congratulations upon his appointment to C.Q.M.S.

C/Sgt. Potts has gone back to Rhodesia, to him we wish the best of luck. If you see Lieut. Webster, "Panicky," give him our best wishes and we hope that you get your *Dragon* regularly.

"Doc" Joyce has gone to battalion H.Q. we presume to graduate for his "M.D.," anyway we are sure he manages his usual evening walk with "Fatma"

Lieut. Strawson is away on a Course, we hope you pass Sir, with a "D."

Well done "Mortars" in winning the Inter Company Shoot.

This is also their "Au Revoir" to "B" Company, they go with the "Messtins" to "S" Company. It is interesting to note that this Dett. were the foundation of the "Mortars" January, 1942, and it re-formed with, and in, "B" Company on the same day, and now we must part.

Well, for our part we say "Cheerio" "B" and we will never forget that Comradeship we have experienced since we have been with you. I know that the "Carriers" will heartily endorse this. So once again from "Carriers" and "Mortars" we say Cheerio "B" Company and "Good Hunting."

Before I close these Notes I would like to say that the reason for such long ones this time, is, it will be the last time I shall write *Dragon* notes for this Company, or even in the battalion and I would like to leave my successor with a clean sheet to start with, as when I took over on the re-formation of "B" at Mena.

"D" Company.

We welcome Major Howard as our new Company Commander. No company can hope to keep this "catch-em alive Major" for long, not even us.

We also heartily welcome our new Sgt. Major late of "A" Company. He is an old Buff, and we all agree a popular choice. In fact, it practically "Excels" itself.

We secretly believe that even the orderly room are sometimes a bit hazy as to who is, or rather, who should be in "D" Company office.

Congratulations to C/Sgt. Rickman, our new C.Q.M.S. We like to hear his early morning desert voice again Shouting "Come on my beauties, come and get your rations."

Reefer came as a pleasant surprise to all those concerned. Major Norris thought it was some form of sweet issued in lieu of pudd! It was even sweeter than that.

Sgt. Riley writes from Canterbury and confirms there are actually women in uniform back home called "Slats" and "Wafers."

Is it true that as the C.O. was gradually overhauling the R.S.M. in the officers and Sgts. Relay Race, he shouted "Out of the way you furry fellow! let them run that can run!"

We are sorry to say that the lovely heroine of the Battalion Concert Party "Buffoons" has left the Company taking with him many of the old stagers. Before they left they wished us every success in our new jobs.

Training Centre.

WE are glad this month to be able to give news of various people. Major C. Van Ammel paid us a visit on his return from N. Africa and is now enjoying some well-earned leave. Major A. D. Harrison also spent a few hours with us. Paul Greenway's parachute has at last enabled him to return to earth and we were very pleased to see him, also for a short visit. He is now Adjutant to his unit, and whilst here persuaded Joe Worth to join him, so he has left us once again. We were also very pleased to see Lieut. Colonel Backhouse on one of his periodic leaves from West Africa. He had his knee in strapping, in consequence of which we gather that having a bath with one leg held in the air is a sight not to be missed. An Airgraph from Geoffrey Cox, who by the way, has now recovered from an attack of jaundice, gave us news of Guy Oliver, recovering from wounds, John Connolly, and George Lanning. Amongst those here now, we are sorry to report that the C.O. has been suffering from a sharp attack of shingles and is on sick leave, and also that Harry Jackson has had to go into hospital for an operation on his leg, but we are glad to hear is going on well.

We have previously referred to the building of a very well-equipped stage in the Cavalry Gymnasium. This has now been completed and on the 20th and 21st September, we opened this new theatre with another addition of our revue "Moods and Fancies." The show was well up to standard; details are given more fully elsewhere and we played to an audience of over 1,500 on the two nights. We shall look forward to some good entertainment in the future. The building and equipping of the stage reflects the greatest credit on all concerned, and their efforts were suitably recognised on the opening night.

Beerhawk activities have been another golf meeting, followed by the usual meeting of brothers and sisters at the "G. and D." at which we were extremely pleased to see once again, our late keeper of the Muniments, Sydney Maiden. We are glad to report that he was well up to his usual form and it was a great pleasure to have him and his wife once more among us. The proceedings were a little dimmed by the absence of our Editor; as you know he has been absent on Home Guard duties, but has now returned none the worse for his experiences.

"B" Company.

To open this month's "Dragon Notes" we must once again harp on the subject of farewells. This time it is our painful duty to announce the departure of C.S.M. Yates for warmer climes. The good old adage: "Beneath a grim exterior there glows a heart of gold" might have been written for our C.S.M., but his handling of the Company earned both the admiration and respect of all ranks. We take this opportunity of wishing you and Mrs. Yates all the best, Sir, and "bon voyage." We trust we will maintain the standard you have set. P.S.M. Wells and C.Q.M.S. Edwards leave us shortly and with them go our very best wishes.

To balance these departures we welcome C.S.M. Wedlake and Sgt. O'Brien with the wish that their stay will be a pleasant one.

The three senior Corps Training Platoons have been despatched to their respective regimental battalions with all items of their kit marked, and AB 64's completed. Good luck to you all.

Here is some advice from a secret source. Sgt. Griffin runs a free dry-clean service for blue hats. All you have to do is to lose your own and allow him time to press and clean it and then call at his bunk for the finished article—all done free of charge.

L/Sgt. Read has just returned from an F.G.I. course at Bisley. Despite his protests that he enjoyed the course, we insist that it gave him a pain in the neck.

Sgt. Bert Young's leg is now mending nicely and his return should only be a matter of weeks. A sure sign that Bert is returning to normal is that he is now having his usual "little chat" with everyone.

The Garrison Theatre celebrated its opening night with a further edition of "Moods and Fancies," on September 20th. Once again the inspiration of the show was supplied by "B" Company, but artists from other companies must take their share of praise for making the show a great success. We thank Sgt. Lanham, Pte. Wood, Pte. Norah Graham and the charming chorus of A.T.S. Of course, the Band, under the leadership of Bandmaster Foster, was the backbone of the show and their comedy numbers were excellent. Sgts. Day and Simms were as crazy and as funny as ever. The latter, who is also soon leaving us will be greatly missed in these shows. Sgt. Wingfield (the accordionist and waiter), gave his usual polished performance of music both above and below the waist. Major Argles lent a touch of polish to the show, giving a first-rate performance as the "between acts" man. Mrs. Argles was brilliant as the fond mother in the best sketch of the show. Mrs. Fawcett was very becoming as Britannia in a very colourful and impressive finale. A host of producers, scene shifters, electricians, under the guidance of Sgt. Ingram, also earned our appreciation.

To finish a month that has made training enjoyable owing to a variety of schemes and firing in very fine weather, we must mention the Officers' and Sergeants' v. Corporals' and Privates' football match. The Corporals' and Privates' team won 4-0 against the dignified old gentlemen from the higher ranks, who seemed to lose some of their dignity after ten minutes chasing their opponents. On many occasions the Company Commander alone, stood between the opposing forwards and the net and fortunately, for his side, he played an excellent game, so the score was kept down to a mere four for the "youngsters." I hear that he is now plotting with the P.T. Staff and the outcome of this conspiracy savours of "P.T. for

Sergeants." ("That'll teach them to leave all the work to me.") Shades of Battle Drill; must we return to the era of drudgery, when Sergeants were FIT.

To end these notes, we wonder who paid for the Rolls Royce taxi which took Sergeants Day and Spivey to the station for their well-earned leave!

"D" Company.

I am sorry to say that our Company Commander has been very definitely "Hors de Combat" for a few days owing to a very severe cold being given to him by L/Cpl. Walker, our Office Boy, who had no use for the aforementioned cold.

The Agricultural Scheme is going ahead very well, and I believe the majority of the Company well know this, as there were 28 Gardeners detailed one day last week. Somebody mentioned L/Cpl. Wiles as the future R.S.M. "We Wonder."

"B" Company held their Company Concert in the New Garrison Theatre and it was a huge success, to judge by the complimentary remarks passed at the conclusion of the show.

Personally, I thoroughly enjoyed the whole show. I must also compliment Cpl. Milton and his staff for the excellent job they made of the Theatre, all things considered.

Our Office Boy was very concerned about a charge, and he had visions of being *Private* Walker, but fortunately for him, he weathered the storm and so still retains his tape. I would like to know how he manages these excuses. He evidently hides his brains under a bushel, and only brings them to light to find his way out of the dark corners.

"I" Company.

The weeks have rolled by and here I am again to bring to you some of the interesting people who are "in" "I" Company to-night."

Now, getting down to business, we welcome to the Company three more platoons, under the fatherly guidance of Sgts. Hollands, Holmes and Lannan, and trust that by the time they leave here, their knowledge of battle noises, assault courses and march discipline will have greatly improved.

An old member of the Company is back with us again after quite an absence. I mean none other than Lieut. Kraunsoe, and hope his stay will be a pleasant one.

Training is still under way, and after the first few weeks here the lads look just fit. (To drop).

The Board of Censors has just released an amusing incident. Pte. Hill thought he could climb the assault course wall an entirely different way to the other members of his "profession" and ended up by severely damaging his now very outstanding cranium. Don't despair, Hill, only try our way next time.

After a very successful run the cricket season has drawn to a close, and in the very near future, I am glad to announce, the gear will be available, "Entertainments" Committee for the use of."

The Smoking Concert was quite a success, and all who were present thoroughly enjoyed it. On behalf of the Company I wish to thank all those who contributed towards the entertainment. Sgts. Miller and Bartlett kept us all rocking with their golf scheme and now we really know how to play the game. (When I say get your eye on the ball, I don't mean get your eye on the ball, I mean get your eye on the ball).

Professor John Hall turned comedian for the evening and came out with colours flying. Take his name, "Charlie," for the next show.

Sgt. Miller also gave us that masterpiece of his on the hand pipes, or whatever the name of the contraption is. Really, I don't know how he does it. Genius I call him.

Pte. Butcher gave us some classics on the piano, which were very much appreciated after the usual "Give" these days."

Depot-famed L/Cpl. "Otley Lander" wishes it to be made known that he has all the "wegimental" buttons he "wequires" and wishes to thank you one and all, for their co-operation.

Pte. "Educated" Evans is still doing his stuff in the W.T. Stores and as fast as he makes us targets we break them.

Yet another two N.C.O.'s have left our midst, L/Cpl. Jimmy Webster and Harry Shepherd. Both of these two cheery chappies have been given their one-way ticket. Let us know how you are progressing, both of you.

We wish L/Sgt. Bolton all the best on his course and trust he will keep the Company flag flying high.

Our Company Commander is back with us after a short illness, and trust that he is feeling fit after his rest.

The football team has, so far, had two matches, winning one and losing one, so all you guys who can really play come forward and give us your names and we'll do the rest.

Congratulations to L/Cpls. Simpson, Carpenter, Savage and Marshall, and here's wishing you all the best on your cadre.

"S" Company.

SIGNAL SECTION.

The news of the disestablishment of the Specialist Training Platoons at the I.T.C. came as a shock to all of us. Ever since Sgt. Morgan left us our complement has slowly decreased. His departure was followed by that of Cpl. Glaysner and L/Cpl. Rogers, who, after a refresher course in the Unit Training Cadre, was able to return to us until the classification of the last squad. We understand that they will be carrying on as Instructors in the Corps Training Platoons. Our best wishes go with them; also with Cpl. Gollner and L/Cpl. Brentnall who have both left the I.T.C. in search of new adventures. We now have Cpl. Courtnell to carry on the good work alone to the bitter end, with the invaluable assistance of L/Cpl. Rogers.

"Ted" the storeman is still with us, busier than ever since the Companies have started to produce concerts for the coming season; his electrical knowledge must be indispensable to the I.T.C. when one considers the number of callers that arrive at the stores. The requests he receives vary between the installation of complicated apparatus such as microphones and spot lights, to the slight correction of a pocket lamp.

Lieut. Davis, the Signal Officer, is now no more than an occasional guest, most of his time being taken up with conducting such popular things as forced marches, grenade-throwing, etc. Our best wishes go with Lieut. Davis on his appointment as Sports Officer.

Talking of sports reminds us of some enjoyable afternoons spent recently when we had the pleasure of

beating No. 5 Platoon at cricket and football on two occasions. Our last match, however, let us down with a resounding crash, when, with a number of our best players otherwise engaged, we put a team on the field which can be most appropriately described as "All sorts and all sizes, all blanks and no prizes."

We were glad to welcome Lieut. Hale (our previous Signal Officer) of "R" Company as Classifying Officer on the last three of these nerve-racking occasions.

M.T.

Well, since our last issue we have said "Good-bye" to one or two of the good old section. To Tim and L/Cpl. Cherrypicker we wish the best of luck in their new surroundings, also "Ding Dong" and "Raldy," who have just left us. Who knows, some of us may meet again, soon. No doubt, "Jock," you are finding business very hard these days, as you are starting up in a new district, or, have they tumbled you???

We were sorry to see the departure of May 6th intake and we wish them all the best wherever they may be.

Many members of the M.T. were present at the Company Concert, which was a great success. Congratulations to all those who took part.

Our Alf seems to be looking very sad these days; is it because he is lonely in the office now? Cheer up, Alf, you have our new P.U. driver popping in frequently to see you.

A certain Corporal has turned over a new leaf since his transfer from the Section; he can be seen "Blanchoing" every night before going out. The trouble is, it upsets our "Doug" as he is not used to this habit, like many others in the M.T.

Now that the great Don Juan has left us some D/I's may stand a chance, but it has been noticed that there has not been so much competition lately for this high rank. Congratulations on your promotion, Buck!!!

The "Can Man" (Jumbo) has returned from his month's vacation; perhaps he is ready for an assault course now—Giglo is still very fond of them???

Great concern has arisen with regard to our Archie. It looks as if he is taking lessons from farmer Butler, having visited the dentist. So, it's promotion you are after?

Who is the mysterious correspondent from a nearby town? Don't forget to tell her that the name is SWALLOW, not SWALLER.

Well, members of the staff room, there is a vast improvement in your kits. Who is this other little man with three stripes???

CARRIER SECTION.

Although our section gets smaller and smaller, we can still find a few notes.

Certain members of the carrier staff have taken to "Making-Up" and using Eau-de-cologne in their bath water, since they are budding film stars.

It is rumoured that a tall, dark and handsome Lance-Corporal has been seen in the vicinity of the "County" lately; maybe, he is interested in type-writing.

We congratulate our one and only "Tubby" on passing his cadre course, but unfortunately, since doing the assault course, he has had no control over his left leg. We suggest he should have stuck to the Task System.

We understand that a certain, rather large sergeant, contemplates reporting sick with lung trouble, since he has been unable to exercise his voice on the square, during the last few weeks.

It has been brought to our notice that a certain local 'bus has been seen skidding around corners; could this possibly be driven by our ex-carrier driver, come farmer, Ernie.

We regret to lose our No. 1 Don Juan, but wish him every success in his new job.

Congratulations to Ptes. Jones, Knight and Honeychurch for the excellent results they obtained on their course, and we wish them, together with the remainder of May 6th Squad, all the best, wherever they may go. Incidentally, they want to know how they are going to wake up in the mornings without "Tubby's" melodious "Rise and Shine."

Our company concert was a great success, and we thank everyone concerned for giving us such a splendid evening's entertainment.

NO. 4 PLATOON—CORPS TRAINING.

We would like to congratulate the artistes who made our concert such a success, and many thanks to Sgt. Hunt who produced the show. They gave us a grand evening's entertainment.

In the platoon we have a certain Lance-Corporal who, as washing bowls are very hard to obtain between the hours of 06.00 hours and 06.55 hours, is very fond of washing in a fire bucket. Now he is known as "Fire Bucket McGinty."

I suppose L/Cpl O'Sullivan's spare time is taken up thinking out new drill movements.

On our twenty-mile route march the other day we came across a dog which followed us all the way. On return, the dog was nicknamed "Gosby." Several of the lads swear that when the Company Commander called out, "Sergeant-Major," the dog gave one yelp and bolted. He has not been seen since. It was a shame, really, because we were going to give it to Sgt. Agate for a birthday present.

By the time these notes are printed we shall probably be miles away from this station, but we would like to thank our N.C.O.'s for all they have done for us.

NO. 7 PLATOON—CORPS TRAINING.

We are pleased to welcome to our fold, the new Corps Training Platoon, namely, No. 7, who are, at the moment, making satisfactory progress under the wings of Lieut. Bellamy, Sgt. Newton and the collection of the funniest Junior N.C.O.'s one ever saw, but no doubt they will, in the end, turn out as always, the best Platoon in the Company. At the same time we are sorry to lose Numbers 1 and 2 Platoon who worked really hard and deserved all the credit they got.

We also take this opportunity of wishing the O.C.T.U. and Cadre N.C.O.'s all the very best of luck and may they all come through with flying colours. I am sure all the N.C.O.'s of the Platoon will join me in congratulating Lieut. Bellamy on an increase in his family (and after forced marches, too). Anyway, good luck, sir, and mine's a pint.

We have noticed that Sgt. Newton is anxious these days to obtain chocolate for his "girl." May we ask which one, sergeant?

A Battalion Somewhere in England.

ALTHOUGH we do not cover such prodigious distances our present mobility rivals that of some battalions who have taken part in recent victorious campaigns to whom we send our congratulations. The peculiar fascination of this nomadic life begins to pall and we are hoping for a more stable life in which the progression of our training can be developed without the constant interruption of movement. As it is we pursue a sort of caterpillar progress, for, almost as fast as the tail catches up with the main body the head is off again seeking new fields. In these last few months we have performed many roles and lived in all types of accommodation—sometimes scattered in detachments—sometimes concentrated as a battalion. We are well versed in the wiles of barrack officers and garrison engineers all of whom show a marked respect for "Ollie" our vigorous Q.M., and movement is the one drill we get plenty of opportunity to practice.

At the moment the main part of the battalion is leading a troglodyte life in cavernous barrack rooms (chiefly remarkable for their stolidity and fustiness) which looks on to a considerable square which in the early morning resounds with the stentorian voices of sergeant-majors in vocal contest with each other. Our life is regulated once again with bugle calls and the sound of martial music next door to the officer's mess is a constant reminder that the drums have exchanged the noises of picks and shovels of a few weeks ago for more melodious pursuits. Major Saunders has taken the officers on drill parades. He was more gentle with us than we feared—to our relief—but we can now return our sergeant-majors salutes with increased confidence. It has been valuable to have the amenities of a peace-time barracks in these days of huts and billets and these have been fully used though the time has been short.

In the past many officers and other ranks from this battalion have found their way into other battalions of the regiment on foreign service but now the ties which bind the regiment are being strengthened by the reverse process and we are very pleased indeed to welcome those who have recently joined us from overseas. We hope to learn a lot from them in due course and hope also they will enjoy being with us. It is particularly pleasant too to hear first-hand news of friends abroad.

We also welcome Lieuts. Hawkins and Rowlandson and 2/Lieut. Harrod who have

recently been posted to us as well as 2/Lieuts. Rankin and Cathles who are attached from Highland Regiments.

Our high-spirited P.R.I. Major Bean is daily seen ardently propelling his two-wheeled girl-friend "Esmeralda" all over the place. His solution of the lack of wireless sets has been highly successful and we now have music from a wireless-cum-gramophone in all corners of the barracks, the supply being only limited by loudspeakers and signal wire. His versatility is unbounded for he contrived a night exercise which ended within a few hundred yards of the camp and hot breakfasts. By all the rules that night should have been moonlight. Appropriately the exercise was named "Owl" and nothing but that bird could see one yard in the stygian blackness which descended with heavy rain. At times local confusion existed in the mud and dampness and the rain never ceased till dawn came and found us triumphant on our objectives. We learnt a great deal, not least of the lessons learnt by some was not to be separated by some miles from one's groundsheet. Our minds now turn towards the winter training programme and whatever delights the future may hold for us. We are also hoping shortly to receive a visit from the Colonel of the Regiment.

"H.Q." Company.

DRUMS.

After a brief spell of real doctoring around the Companies, during which the issue of tonics for skin eruptions and cough mixture for pains in the lungs rose to a degree never before known (Would a certain N.C.O. be blushing?) we are once more in the throes of another blanco "purge"—as the strings on our water-bottle corks will testify.....

Unfortunately, nowadays, we no longer walk abroad alone after dark owing to the threats issued by the rest of "H.Q." Company. It all arose over the matter of a few white lines in our barrack room, laid down at the request (?) of the "salaaming kid." Old friends of the Battalion will, no doubt, be interested to hear that the above-mentioned personality, so well-remembered from the days of "Haifa and all That," is now doing very well for himself in the Mother Country and has taken shares in a "honky-tonk"—"Two coffees, please."

Stubbings has "gorn and done it" at last by taking unto himself a wife. Although we are inclined to disbelieve it, the rumour has gone round that the "Professor" has had a broad arrow painted on the front door to match the rest of the furniture. However, we do wish him every happiness for the future.

We are pleased to report that George Pavard has been successfully operated on and is making good progress. We miss him badly, both as a drummer and "dance-bander" and hope that in the not too-distant future his dry wit will once more be relieving the monotony of having that Monday morning feeling knocked out of us.

At the moment we are in the thick of an "as you were" period and still showing the rest of the gang a clean pair of heels, although we must confess that an occasional real rest would refresh us and increase our efficiency 100%—but, as in the past, "theirs not to reason why," and so, on we go.

It is an accepted fact that both Roy M. and Cpl. "Glamour" B. have both staked claims in the neighbourhood, like others in the battalion, and so for the present we leave them to it. Roy M. is all set for buk-shee haircuts and free beer unlimited, whilst the latter is leaving his fate in the lap of the gods—and a certain ex-Drummer!!

Senor "Crunch," having remained more or less faithful to "Shanghai Lil," is hereby complimented on the fact, although we did at one time think that he was going to announce his engagement to the Colour-Sergeant! It really does seem like wedding bells for Williams this time—25th time lucky!

No. 1 SIGNAL PLATOON.

Well, as far as a lot of us are concerned, our stay in the "House on the Hill" is practically Hullo and Goodbye, although we suspect it is as near Heaven as we shall ever get.

Congratulations to the Battalion Football Team who defeated H.M.S. — by 3—2. Coventon, Pearson and Lamb were up to their usual form and Pearson "popped" one in to keep us on the right side.

Young Penn is to be congratulated in acquiring a wife on his last leave, although his particular and persistent rendering of the popular song: "You'll be so nice to come home to," is fast making it very unpopular in his barrack-room.

The platoon had a pat on the back the other day when the C.O. commented favourably on their barrack-rooms on his inspection. The new layout is quite effective and we hand on a medal to whoever devised it.

Our wireless wizard, Cpl. Harris, is still keeping the Signal Service well to the fore by achieving the impossible with broken-down radio sets, as a certain Company Commander can testify. We have been wondering when he is going to issue a scale of charges. After all, he *may* want to open a shop after the war.

M.T. SECTION.

Once again we write these notes in new surroundings, but not quite the sort we have been accustomed to. In this massive enclosure, with dark grey walls and buildings of penitentiary appearance completely surrounding and viewing our every activity, one's feet plant firmly on to a notorious and extensive barrack square and not under any table as heretofore.

Early morning parades are now the order of the day; these give full justice and retribution to the dignity of this confounded square. Whether Rowlands developed a slight manual distortion when on rifle drill has yet to be determined by the Sergeant-Major. However, we would hesitate to express an opinion on a positive or negative result.

Many have been the changes to M.T. personnel in recent weeks and we deeply lament the transfer of L/Cpl. Wheeler, Ptes. Darben, Thompson, Woodward, Jennings and Dean. It is a case of our loss and "S" Company's gain. We extend an appropriate welcome to their successors and are sure, that with the invaluable help of Professor Biddle and Co., they will not be long in aspiring to the merits and achievements of their predecessors.

Fennessey keeps well within his own Company these days since he held the office of honorary librarian for a few fleeting days. His choice of literature covers a very wide range, with specimens such as: the famous "Ulysess," "The Gold Rush," and the latest edition of the "Daily Worker."

The Orderly Sergeant's duties have become a very popular pastime of the M.T. N.C.O.'s in recent weeks. Cpl. Howard set the ball rolling with Sgt. Adams obligingly continuing the momentum. Sgt. Adams graciously informs me, that apart from the pleasure of turning us out of bed at reveille each morning, his favourite duty was to "CALL THE ROLL."

L/Cpl. Rovington, our progressive pugilist, is at present on a course of lengthy duration. He hasn't, so far, written as promised, so we presume and hope that all is well with him.

More news has arrived concerning Baillie who, as reported in the August notes, is with the B.N.A.F. Now—we all know that the B.N.A.F. are in Italy or thereabouts, so we hope the censor won't object if we informed you that he wrote from Sicily. We very much regret to learn that he received a shoulder bullet wound on active operations, but are however, relieved and pleased to know that he is well on the way to recovery. Our very best wishes to you, "Musso," and also to all the other old boys out there.

We note in the daily newspapers that other ranks are now permitted to wear monocles. Will members of the section please overlook this generous concession, thereby preventing the influx of numerous potential Company Commanders.

Golden-voiced Bradley, although not reported before, joined the section a few months ago. His powerful arias appear to blend perfectly with the ablation acoustics. We would, however, request his song-writers to get "cracking" again as the "Whispering Grass" tends to wither somewhat in these passing autumnal days.

Herize Cummings, our master of finance, apparently enjoys the favourable fluctuations of the Stock Exchange. Quite recently he wantonly expended tenpence in the form of postage stamps on a natural operation, which would normally not exceed one penny.

It has been brought to my notice, that I, Cpl. Howard, am now the proud father of a bouncing daughter. Thanks, pals! Wife and nipper are going along O.K., so I can now get the pram out and parade with the many other daddies in the section.

We are sorry to see that Fenwick's leg trouble has returned again and trust that it will not be long in getting better.

"S" Company.

ANTI-TANK PLATOON.

We hope, in saying good-bye to canvas, that a spring bed will be ours for a few months to come.

We extend to our new members a hearty welcome and hope their stay will be long and contented.

Now that we have a tarmac Gun Park the spit and polish can go on for the duration. Will the emery cloth and paint be obtained in bulk or shall we have to "sign for it" when we go into action, Oliver?

Have you seen our Carrier? Most everyone in the Company has been seen snooping around, but I must say that it is worth seeing, pretty colours, paint and second gear Dutch, what a combination!! But really

we must have a wider door on the garage, then second gear won't hit the wall *again*.

Congratulations to our Lance-Corporals—Gale and Hurst—on losing the "Local." How about drinks all round?

With October drawing close what about some recreational training. Have the other platoons lost interest in football, or is it because they have no chance against the Champs. of the battalion? Don't be shy, Carriers and Mortars; we will turn our second team out if you don't feel like playing a good team. We did not include the Pioneers as we haven't a third team.

The platoon is to be congratulated on their manhandling on a recent scheme; next time, boys, pull motor and gun together, we know you can do it. Our Drivers, Shepherd and Goldy, had a very pleasant time, but were you windy, Shep, or were you? Well done, Staiano. Ten miles in two hours and a guard in 24 hours, go down well together, don't they?

What! Goldingay, still sick? Why not see if you can get on the M.O.'s staff!!

Is it true that our "Bull" got loose and was found in No. 3 Section's room just before the C.O.'s inspection?

How do you like being tucked into bed by a nice nurse, Spud? Read is also being treated very well by the girls. Good luck to you both and a speedy return.

Is it true that our Right Marker was turned off the beach on one dark night? Why did she scream, Leslie?

We welcome to our fold one "Desert Rat," namely, Sgt. Knight, who will, we hope, spend a happy time with us, and perhaps tell us some yarns of the desert.

CARRIER PLATOON.

Once again the mainstay of "S" Company is here with its Autumn issue. Since the last print we have travelled far and wide, visiting several beautiful spots and having occasional comfort, but, a majority of dear old tent life—but oh! Wonderful stuff, the fresh air.

At the present moment the chief topic is courses with our budding N.C.O.'s and potential D.M.'s bristling with knowledge and only waiting the chance to "spill it" to anyone who has't sufficient "savvy" not to listen. But who would'nt jump at the chance of recuperating on the borders of Barking Creek. By the way, George, has she written yet?

News has been received from our old drivers in the Middle East, with Andy Cline in Sicily and Monty Banks in Italy. Unfortunately, Banks, at the moment, is suffering with malaria. I know you will all join in and wish him a speedy recovery and for the others, the very best of luck wherever they may be.

With the approach of the winter season we can look forward to soccer again and we print this timely warning to those of our enemies—Beware 3, 5 and 6 platoons. You're in for it. No doubt we shall miss the services of Bond and Venham, but maybe, they will appreciate what a respectable team they once played for.

At the time of going to press we have the privilege, once again, of full establishment of D.M.'s. No doubt feelings will be mixed, but, I am sure if they excel as perhaps the majority of Carrier personnel do, then our status in the Company is assured.

"H.Q." Company have been fortunate in having the services of the inimitable "Vulture" for a few weeks. No doubt his return to us will be sorely felt.

A certain Sergeant finds great difficulty with his legs these days. When the C.S.M. shouts: "By the right, quick march," he promptly steps off with his right foot and finds to his dismay that he is the only one in step.

"A" Company.

The major event of the month is, undoubtedly, the birth of a son to the "Skipper," to whom we all extend our heartiest congratulations and trust that the old custom, of carrying a new-born babe across the threshold, by the father, was not a recurrent event performed during the hours of blackout, although I must admit that while the Company Commander was on leave, during one of our particularly damp night schemes, a few of us did rather entertain a hope that he would have at least something to remind him of our sufferings.

Talking of H.2.0! brings back memories of a nightmare I must have had. I dreamed that we were marching through a river, completely submerged; I could see nothing in front of me, but a white diamond, which seemed to hold some magnetic fascination for me, for I followed it for miles, over ploughed fields, barbed wire, through hedges, and as I discovered later—mangold wurzles, still surrounded by water, you understand, over ditches it went, through woods, on and on, coming to rest at last by a haystack—when, it seemed to speak and say to me: "Have you seen the other half of 9 Platoon?" "Which half?" "The half we found after we lost the other half before we lost 8 Platoon," whereupon, my head, in conjunction with the rest of my body, "swam," and I must have awoken with a message in my hand: "There will be a conference at" Be it a dream or not, I do know that I spent the best part of the following day laying on my B.D. from the double motive of pressing them, and unpressing myself. I have since had confirmation from Capt. Francis and Baxter, however, that it was no hallucination, although on a dark night when it is raining hard, I often imagine I can still see that white diamond before me.

We are all very sorry to lose Cpl. Chandler, one of the pioneers of "A" Company, and sincerely hope that he will prove as valuable and popular in his new post as he was with us. We also extend our good wishes to Cpls. Pond and Ashdown on their promotion, and regret that this necessitated their leaving us—alas! our loss and "C" and "B" Companies' gain. However, it is not all losses we have to write of this month, as we welcome back L/Cpl. Tredgett after his long absence in hospital, and Lieut. Harrod, a newcomer to the company, whom, we hope, will have a long and pleasant stay.

As usual, we find ourselves writing this month's notes amidst new surroundings, somewhat disappointing to some of us, inasmuch as, on leaving our last residence we were congratulating ourselves, that the barrack square, after having been ploughed up for renovations for some time, was practically "perfect" once more—and we had "missed" it—only to find ourselves within a few hours with a square twice as large and twice as "beautiful," on which C.S.M. Mitchell has lost no time in expounding the principles of18. However, compensation for this "Major defeat" are afforded by the appearance of the "weaker" sex, (usually carrying about two buckets of tea, a couple of services and a pile of plates) in the camp. One wonders whether the improvement in the cooking is due to a few feminine touches picked up by our Battalion cooks or whether the sweetness of the tea is due to a sudden distraction at the critical moment.

"B" Company.

COMPANY HEADQUARTERS.

For the first time of asking, is there a little space left for Company Headquarters? There is? "Good."

We, the backbone of busy "B," are sorry to lose our old friend Les. to 11 Platoon, but we welcome another old stalwart to the stores. "Any 4 by 2, George?"

Heartiest congratulations to the skipper on his latest addition. "It's a girl, Boys" and ours a pint; you will find us in the "Crown."

NO. 11 PLATOON.

We are finding our present billets very much to our liking, a Cinema, fish shop and numerous public-houses close at hand, these three establishments being, as everyone knows, necessary for the morale of a good soldier.

We are also very close to the cookhouse and would very much like to thank Pte. Trim for his early morning gunfire. Compliments must also be handed out to that very efficient Guard Commander, Cpl. Scales, who, with his guard members, overpowered and crushed several hulking commandos in a recent scheme.

NO. 12 PLATOON.

Once again we have to say our good-byes, this time to Capt. Taylor. Our loss is "S" Company's gain, we are truly sorry to lose him.

Welcomes go out to "Jock," 2/Lieut. Rankin, our canny wee scot Platoon Commander, and may he "stae a lang whael."

Welcomes also to "Tchurnitun" Stupple and L/Cpl. Atkinson. Since the latter was recently complimented on the best guard of the week, he hasn't been known to go out and can be regularly seen blancoeing and applying much spit and polish to his equipment.

"Bronco Wright rides again," is the title of our next instalment. He has been seen looking very wistful since the A.T.S. moved out. By the way, who was that "Tall, Dark, Handsome Sergeant"? who, in showing how to get over the barbed wire to the N.A.A.F.I., lost his money.

Pte. Acres and Leonard—our two in harmony signallers, are invariably seen going out of the gate equipped with wire cutters and cable, looking very busy. Our keyhole reporter followed them one day and much to his surprise—they disappeared into a hut—eventually emerging in Blue Hat and shoes, minus cable, etc.

The fishing craze created quite a buzz in the cookhouse the other day. Pte. Gibbs, after much argument with Pte. Underdown, on their respective merits as fishermen, equipped himself with a bent pin and piece of string and returned with a 13 ft. Conger-eel.

"C" Company.

There is much we could say on the geography of this place if we were allowed to do so and we should probably have something to say about stones—we don't see many *small* ones here! But if we can't say anything about the situation and construction of the land we *can* say something about the folk and our activities, particularly during "free time." Admitted the working hours are often long, but we have certainly made much of such time as we have had off and we have never before run such successful Dances and Whist Drives as we have been able to here. The local populace have given

whole-hearted support and there have been times when we could have done with something like the Albert Hall for our dances, so many people have we had to turn away!

As is to be expected at such functions, many a friendship between members of ALL ranks and fair ones (some *very* fair) of the town has sprung up! There was a certain amount of competition for some of the ladies—but it *was* for operational reasons and *not* to clear the path of all rivals that Sgt. "Rabbit" Hare, when acting C.S.M., issued orders that all men must be back in billets fifteen minutes after the end of the dance! After all, we doubt whether even he could cope with 150 women of all ages in one evening.!

Pte. Ben Harris is getting quite a name for his poster adverts. for the dances, etc., and Cpl. "Junior" King is a pastmaster in persuading the girl assistants of various local stores and the Post Office to display the bills in their shop windows! Maybe he has already got some sort of "sway" over them before seeing them on their business premises!?

The C.S.M. and C.Q.M.S. have also shown some enthusiasm for other whist drives in the town and we are wondering if there is any other attraction besides the game that lures them there!?!

L/Cpl. Kay, without having to attend dances or whist drives, appears to be getting on pretty well with a certain young lady, but it means him paying frequent visits to the V-Inn and drinking all rivals under the counter!

We also hear reports of a Platoon Sergeant who once sported a spiked moustache, doing himself a spot of good with a "merry widow," who expresses her feelings, in one way, by keeping him supplied with home-made apple-turn-overs, etc.!

Football is now getting into its stride and after losing a match against a well-known Institute by 5—0, we succeeded in caning the much-vaunted Signal Platoon team 8—4! Any more challenges from the Specialist Platoons.

A sight for sore eyes in the public gardens the other evening:—Cpls. Gosney and Kingston playing Bowls! Some who saw the game stated that they could distinctly hear Cpl. Gosney's back creak as he picked up the woods, but we think they assume that anyone playing the ancient game must be on the retired list—but there was obviously no sign of decrepitude in Sir Francis Drake when he chased the Spanish Armada after finishing his game of bowls and certainly no sign of it in our Corporals when seen later in the evening engaged on another kind of pasture!

Just a few words on training during the past month in case folk run away with the idea that we *never* do any work! War Course classification shooting on the range has occupied much of the time and as W.P.P. for some and prestige for others depended on the results, much keen firing was seen.

A compass and Map reading "Treasure Hunt," with cash prizes provided a useful and amusing exercise one afternoon and L/Cpl. Ball's syndicate were first home with most correct answers to Lieut. Freshwater's conundrums and L/Cpl. Hayward second.

We were all very sorry to lose Sgt. Paddy O'Brien and wish him all the best in his new job. Who of us will ever forget his "side-splitting" sketches ("Company Orders," "Water, Water"; "Kit Inspection," etc.), which he presented at many a Company concert and "do"!

Under our new Company Commander (*not* new to the Company) we are settling down very well or rather *carrying on* just as well, for with Capt. Towndrow at the helm, the same energy and enthusiasm is demanded of us as under his predecessor. Lieuts. Freshwater and Hawkins, who have recently joined us, are getting to know the Company and we to know them and we hope their stay with us will be long and happy.

"D" Company.

We welcome the addition of two new Officers, Lieut. Rowlandson and 2/Lieut. Cathles. The latter had better look after that unique hat decoration, otherwise someone may borrow it for an indefinite period. The writer of these notes, especially, is waiting for him to leave it lying around. Anyway, we wish these Officers a long and pleasant stay in "D" Company.

Congratulations to L/Cpl. Ranger and L/Cpl. Bateman on their promotion. "D" Company have put you on the ladder—now start climbing it. Cpl. Bindley, Cpl. Price, L/Sgts. Bradley and Sheppard also deserve congratulations on their added stripes.

Sgt. Poster has just completed a Mine Course, and has returned to the Company "Mine Conscious." He can see mines everywhere, and even the Office staff wonder if he intends to attempt to blow the office sky-high one early morning.

We are all sorry to lose Cpl. Brockbank, who has returned to the Depot. Maybe, he will be able to find fresh hunting grounds for that well-known mythical horse he talks about.

The funniest event of the month appears to be the C.S.M. and C.Q.M.S. testing their strength against one small 15-cwt. truck; honestly, the truck ran away with the event. Why not try something smaller, say a Jeep first, C.S.M.? Or even a Platoon Cycle?

Captain Clarke is at present away on a very energetic course. We expect to be doubling all over the place on his return. Strange, how these courses alter training programmes.

Excalibur.

WE feel this should be written in a thicket or beside a stream, by the light of an autumn moon. Not by reason of any poetic quality of its content, but because the activities of the Battalion, and, more particularly, of its officers, are falling increasingly under the head of what we may call "Nocturnal Adventures."

Strictly military, these adventures, ranging from familiar exercises and convoys to individual ambulations of the "Find your way" variety, and patrolling of country "terrorised" by Johnny and his battle-inoculated satellites.

Presiding benignantly at most of these functions has been Major Thwaite, acting as Second-in-Command, still fresh from an active fortnight of moonlight manoeuvres and "black-out" battles.

Palmer has not been with us to make arrangements; he has left for a Staff job somewhere nearer home. We bid him farewell and to Shep, too, and to Ward we have had to give our paternal blessing, as to all our alumni who spread their wings.

Barry McGrath and Stuart have lately returned from courses on small-arms. The former now carries his cane in the "on guard" position, though rumour has it that his night-work was done in a different locality.

The "Doc" is an enigmatic as ever, and is still prepared to supervise the athletic activities of other Regiments; the Q.M. unchanging as time itself, would, we feel, jump at the chance of supervising their store-keeping arrangements, for a consideration in kind.

Macdonald, Bucky's successor, is back at the M.T., after carrying off a "Distinguished" on his recent course, trying to reconcile academic theory with the trials and disappointments of "service conditions."

So work continues, varied only within its now familiar framework, interspersed by occasional football matches and dances, exhausting in its demands, tiring in its regularity, but, we may hope, not unfruitful in its "dividends;" and so the Battalion carries on, not unhopeful of the future nor unmindful of the past. "They also serve . . ."

Orderly Room.

Once more we record a few scenes from the stage of life in that inimitable style of ours, with a kindly thought for other, less gifted, contributors.

At the moment "Churchy" is on leave, so the cookhouse is now only turning out half the usual number of buckets, tea, filled, hot (perhaps). We expect he will come back full of all the pictures he has seen, and full of joy and laughter.

L/Cpl. Keep ("Expedite") is still concentrating on returns, training programmes and "brooms, bass" at the moment. He is in and out of the billets these nights and we wonder where he gets to.

"Flash" Roberts, one of the quietest and most timid men in the battalion, is still trying (with the author) to lick the P.R.I.—Messing Clerk combination at darts, but at the time of going to press, we are playing a losing game, but hoping to rally.

Many of the staff bumped into the M.T. party in one of the towns around here this week-end and added fresh blood to the proceedings. Cpl. Cole gave an outstanding show as a yodeler and brought the house down; L/Cpl. Dyer gave tone to the proceedings by leaning gracefully against the counter and drinking anything that happened to be within reach.

"Yop" Yare has just tottered off, head leading, to take a spell of leave and romance? He saved up enough during the last two months to get half-a-dozen dusters for his bottom drawer. This was achieved by

smoking other people's fags and forgetting his cigarette case at convenient times.

Cpl. Cole is, at the moment, torn between blonde and brunette and we hazard an opinion that the gal with the best supper-table wins the coveted moustache.

Sgt. Spring WILL get his legs in the way at football so these days he is hobbling around muttering under his breath about dirty so-and-so's who never ought to be allowed on the field.

Sgt. Cave is creeping about the Orderly Room these days and nobody knows he is there until a cigarette case is opened, and then he is away with a cigarette before one can realise whether they had asked him to have one.

We are doing many energetic feats at P.T. and are commanding the respect of all with our bony elbows and sharp teeth. And, of all things, we have a route march on to-morrow. Churchy is putting in an order for a gallon of tea to be brought out, otherwise he won't last the course, he says.

Signal Platoon.

A new editor for the flag-bashers to revenge many remarks against the "honourable tongue" (Cheshire accent). Our playboy taxi-driver is in good mood, reference a new training programme called "nights out of bed." Fortunately his "better 'alf" has just returned to town, after a short visit to see that the laws of matrimony were being upheld in the best traditions.

Our notable gigolo has just returned from a week-end, to find his "cigarette ration" had left. We say she's right. The tapping of cigarettes will now continue. (Not you, Mike, sit down).

Talking of Mike, turns us to "We Three," "Scooter," "The Nail" and "The Nut." Need I mention that these inseparables are still known as the "Combination," and are heard every evening dating the local telephone operators, mark 2.

Records have been badly upset by our D.R.'s who are often heard speaking of their punctuality. Ginger Joyce failed to take his clippers to his girl friends the other night, and consequently he was unable to cut himself away in time for the midnight curfew. "Jankers" is now his password.

Bunny, the storeman, always a very dodgy customer, presented himself at "Tugboat's" 21st on Saturday. Did he try to get the key of the door. We wonder?

We still have an A.2. man, recently named Basher Ben. Checking up on his activities of late, we find his week taken up with dance-nights, no guards, and a storeman's job that gives him plenty of time for practice. If this continues we suggest he does a "seven and five." The Orderly Room have the necessary forms, Benny.

The romance of Gunner Head is progressing, but very little information is given which would put us more in the picture. Remarks such as, "It's a treat to see a soldier take his daughter out on Sunday" and "I bet she can blow all the candles on her cake out in one go," are oft repeated. The statue outside the Church is still at the kneeling load, Len.

Charlie Chaplin is being greeted by all who know him with: "Is your journey really necessary?" The past two weeks have been his busiest yet. A route march to the station every evening isn't my idea of a good time. What can a fellow see in a lot of time-tables, anyway?

The members of the band are getting together to try and write a song. I suggest the title should be "Dinner at Twelve for James." (Sundays only). He says the ONLY attraction is Yorkshire pudding and an hour's nap. As if he would be satisfied with that.

Our thanks to Bill Doe for a very nice airgraph, which will be answered in due course. It's nice to know how the lads who used to be with us are getting on. Sergeants and Corporals need not be afraid to write, but please don't forget the stamp. A word to our ex-Signal Sergeant, "Copsy, Copsy"; let's have your conkers, Joe!" We expect a reply ack dum.

And so, with good wishes to the many friends at home and overseas of whom we are constantly reminded, I say "Best of Luck; Listening Out."

Carrier Platoon.

Quite recently we visited a cinema for Army training films and saw exactly how a minor job is passed on from senior rank downwards.

This is just what has happened to me, being a very junior N.C.O., to pen these few notes. We regret the passing-on of four stalwart members of our platoon, namely, Ram, Burge, Jimmy and Gilly, to strike out in another direction. It was a very sad parting as we had all known them since our joining the Army. We all hope that our Jim keeps pegging at his propaganda, namely, the D.W.

Although we just like to be modest, one could not but notice the way we ran the company off their feet at our sports show. We now have the battalion cup on our Platoon Sergeant's desk mixed up with his parade states, and chits by the thousand. We also noticed how fast were some of our dark horses at 100 yards, which the poor Mortars found to their disadvantage. Most noteworthy was the Tug-of-war; besides breaking the rope we pulled them over by 5 pulls to 2. They are not a bad set of lads, these Mortars, but they will have to move a bit faster to the Cookhouse when the bugle goes so that they may land a bit more food,—which, after all, is the deciding factor.

We are all very much interested in Darcy D. Did he develop his limp at the Depot or has he worked this one out himself? He seems to do quite well at the local dances, but fatigues—No Sir—Out comes the limp, which changes leg from time to time.

The main topic lately has been: "Mind my arm." The poor boys had that "needle" from the nasty M.O. again, but it allowed some of the night birds to catch up on their sleep.

Our romances in the N.A.A.F.I. came to a finish quite recently when our C.S.M. thought of the wives and nibs at home. One in particular was asked very nicely if he would have seven days for trading on very sacred ground.

"Our Sid," complete with his sixteen stone, steel helmet and universal pouches, still finds time for plenty of Battle-drill and seems to stand alone in getting any fun out of it.

Tubby is now often seen reading salvage hints in the daily press and casts a very dirty look if he catches anyone throwing any away. He is now regarded as a local sight with his sack on his back.

Once again we say to all the lads we have seen come and go—"All the very best wherever you may be."

Anti-Tank Platoon.

The high spots this time are the promotions; congratulations to "Mac" for attaining his third, also "Andy," "Jim," and "Arthur" for proving themselves capable of two. We wish them continued luck, and may their new ones be duly "wetted."

We next congratulate our worthy storeman for obtaining "seven-o-the-best." It's his own fault though: we've told him that he should have bought the Beer long ago.

Our last shoot proved quite interesting, and resulted in an attempt to gain valuable experience in hunting "Vermin." The Platoon turned out in strength to engage the "Target for the Night," to wit: "Rabbits, Pies, Soldiers for the satisfaction of"; and even though dusk did mean a strategic withdrawal, we retired carrying much "Booty": Two Big 'un's and a little 'un, the whole affair resulting in a supper for a lucky few. One of the raiding-party was so struck with remorse that he had to be coaxed by the spoonful, wielded, incidentally, by a charming young lady, by name "ADDICKS." The presence of "Yappie" and "Connie" was welcomed, especially to render that famous old ballad, "How Ashamed I Was."

P.S. TO THE RABBIT STORY.—We think it was mean to use "I-fear-the-worst-Hickey," as a ferret, especially when there was a sentry armed with a pick-helve posted at the mouth of the Burrow.....Who was to know that "Hickey" was coming out first???

Speaking of football (Carriers, please note), we still say the best team lost.

Mortar Platoon.

Winter seems to be fast rolling along in this neighbourhood and the Mortar Platoon begins to think longingly of "John L's."

One by one the personnel is changing and this month we have to report the departure of one very famous Pte. Lowin and equally notorious dirt-track gate-crasher, Pte. Cartwright, minus, however, his beloved "mo-bike." When stalwarts of this calibre are taken away the very foundations of the platoon are shaken. However, we still have the quantity as well as the quality in members such as: Ptes. Merrells, Sarsfield, Barnard and Gilhead, who "Ivy-like," refuse to leave.

During the month, one of the detachments being put through their paces, were coming to the exhausted end of an all-day exercise; feeling winded, tired and being a nervous wreck with continuous badgering about, the D/C returned from a recon to find that all his detachment had been wiped out by an imaginary enemy and lying prostrate in all directions. The D/C, in utter desperation, refusing to credit that he alone was left to carry the mortar, decided to make sure the men were "dead." Lifting the head of the first man by the hair he released it in disgust when his fears were confirmed, but in a split second the corpse returned to life and jumped up with a yell. Believe it or not, his face was brown. Sgt. Jones will, I think, tell this story many times in the coming year as well as L/Cpl. Cannon.

Sgt. Eade, still "admin-ing" his way through life, unfortunately for us, has found his way temporarily into the Company Office, and Sgt. Dear and Cpl. Barnett are at present enjoying a spot of well-earned leave, minus his pet carriers which still keep in fine fettle (thanks to Cpl. Barnett).

M.T. Section.

Our ranks are being sadly depleted these days and we wish all those that have left us a happy landing wherever they may be.

At the moment most of our drivers are walking about with one arm—muttering something about being jabbed with a six-inch nail. I believe they have been inoculated.

A good time was had by all quite recently when the old boys got together and had a bit of a do. We were very glad to see our past and present governors there, and are all looking forward to another meeting very soon.

"A" Company.

We were sorry to lose C/Sgt. Parsonson and Dawkins and wish them luck in their new venture. C/Sgt. Bartram and Mulcaster, however, seem to have settled down in their respective jobs.

We are very sorry to state that Sgt. "Slim" Agar has been killed in action, and we present our condolences to Mrs. Agar and family on their loss.

Crickets has now gone by the board, and it is football once again. Our team did very well against "H.O.1.," but lost 2—1. We are wondering why "H.O.2." failed to put in an appearance over the week-end, and cannot think off-hand, of any excuse they can offer. Sgt. Emmett and Co. showed offence, inasmuch as they were taken away from their afternoon "Siesta." Never mind Tim, all we can think is that supper will have to be served a little earlier, so that you can catch up on your sleep during the week.

We congratulate L/Sgt. "Jock" Bowie on his recent and well-earned promotion. Let's hope it lasts a bit longer this time, Jock.

Our Sergeant-Major has proved a bit of a "Shark" on the dart board. We wish him success while he's on leave.

"B" Company.

Once again the time has come for me to rack my brains and get cracking on the "Dragon Notes" for this month's issue. First of all we must welcome to our Company 2/Lieut. Parsley and 2/Lieut. Worboys, whose stay with us, we hope, will be a long and happy one.

At last we have a rival to Sgt. Gambell; perhaps he will now have someone to carry his famous black box for him; no reflections, of course, on our new Gas Corporal—Corporal Hazelton.

Cpl. Pottle is still doing his nut about this Orderly Sergeants' job; he says that it interferes with his business interests in the town, but no doubt he will find plenty of customers to take care of it for him, during his enforced stay in camp.

One day just recently there was a sudden rush towards the window of the Company Office by the C.S.M. and C.Q.M.S. Somebody had shouted: "Here comes 'Don Juan' Gwynne, Alias Sergeant, he's only with some old !!!!!!" hence all the excitement; later, when he was approached on the subject, he said: "What do you mean, that's my wife." Thereupon everybody tendered their apologies, which were accepted.

Our dear Sergeant-Major spends most of his time nowadays adding and deleting names from the distribution board, and gets in a peach of a whirl. The variety of colours have nothing on a set of snooker balls; a pretty shade of blue for absentees seems to be the favourite at present, though yellow for leave is running a close second.

In Camp with Cadets of the Buffs.

0700 hrs. the bugle blows reveille in the camp beneath the trees. The Cadets get out of their beds as the Sergeant rouses them; they clean the dragon on their caps and wash in the stream; their kits begin to take some semblance of order.

These are not soldiers, but Buffs Cadets. You must have seen them when you were on leave in any town in East Kent. Nearly all of them have fathers and elder brothers in the regiment, and they are now enjoying a week under canvas not far from Bell Harry.

They have their breakfast (they have army rations whilst in camp) and afterwards go on parade, under the benevolent supervision of the camp R.S.M., C.S.M. Wedlake, and various N.C.O.'s from the I.T.C. The platoons are all at different stages of training but there is a healthy competition between each of them, so their drill is surprisingly good.

At 1000 hours it is break time, and the Naafi van arrives, loaded with tea and cakes. The average cadet eats four cakes, but the smaller they are, the more they eat! The record is eight! At the same time there is a queue outside the M.I. tent, where Sgt. Olden is busy painting cuts with iodine and easing mosquito bites with queer-coloured potions.

Then comes field training. Most of the Cadet Company commanders run this part of the training programme themselves, and the cadets thoroughly enjoy it. The climax to each week is a scheme complete with smoke, blank and the usual effects. The cadets show great skill in fieldcraft, and several seniors have a marked quality of leadership.

Whilst the cadets thus learn the art of soldiering, Cpl. Jackson and his band of cooks perform wonders with their cooking stoves of petrol tins, clay and whitewash. There is no doubt that the camp owes a great deal of its success to them.

The mess tent is made up of three marquees with a tree in the middle, on which is the notice board with the result of the tent competition on it. The winning tent each day has a dragon pinned on the tent pole, and the competition to win this honour is intense. But it is dinner time now, and as the bugle blows the boys all come in and sit at their allotted tables. Two mess orderlies go to the kitchen to bring up the food which the N.C.O. in charge of the tables distributes.

There is an hour's break, and then games, sports and swimming. The cadets go from one game to another as the whistle blows, so that they are not idle for a moment. Sgt. Blake is teaching boxing, Sgt. Fox is looking after the junior's cricket, and all the other N.C.O.'s are joining in somewhere or other. Swimming in the river is refreshing after the heat of the afternoon. Incidentally L/Cpl. Wakefield was one day fishing near the swimming pool, and saw a cadet in difficulties. He dived in fully clothed and rescued him.

After sports, tea, and parade again for demonstrations, either small arms, mortars, attack and defence or carriers. This last is the bane of the senior cadet officers, for Sgt. Smith has a special trip for them. They don't mind being taken for a ride, but they do object to being bumped off!

Supper is a light meal of soup and biscuits, then the mess tent becomes a theatre. Bandmaster Salmon arranged the entertainment side in addition to his duties as Assistant Camp Adjutant, and it is much appreciated. Thanks are due to Sgts. Wingfield, Shaw and Olden, The Buffs Band and Ptes. Hart and Dawes for their good work, and to the Bandmaster himself, whose team contests between the various contingents present is a highspot of the week.

The cadets have two or three free nights a week, when they can go out after dinner. The rest of the time there is a full programme until ten o'clock comes, when, after a half pint of fresh milk, the lights go out, and all sleep except for the picquet tent who look after the camp through the night.

The whole arrangements for the camp are under the capable charge of Major P. Dare. During the seven weeks the camp has been open over 600 cadets attended for a week, and all wanted to stay longer. Visitors included the Director-General of the Home Guard and Cadet Force, the Inspector of Training Camps, The Sub-District Commander, the Mayor of Canterbury and the Bishop of Dover.

There is not room to mention all the names of the people who have done so much for the camp. But they all know that they have done a fine job, and the faces of the cadets enjoying themselves are all the thanks they really need. Everybody from the Pioneer Cpl., Cpl. Milton, to the fat Camp Quartermaster-Sergeant deserves mention. But I am sure they will pardon any omissions.



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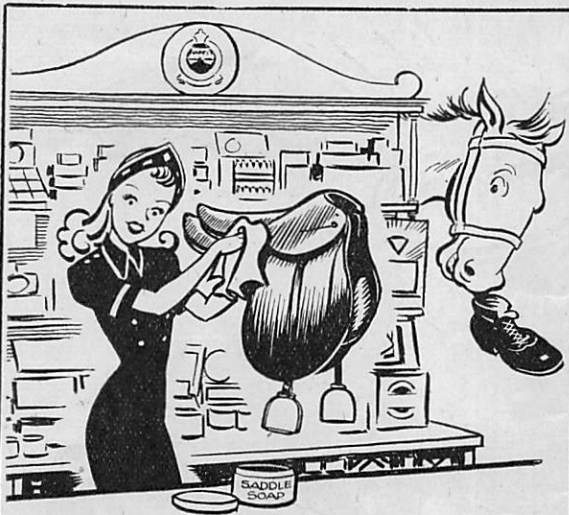
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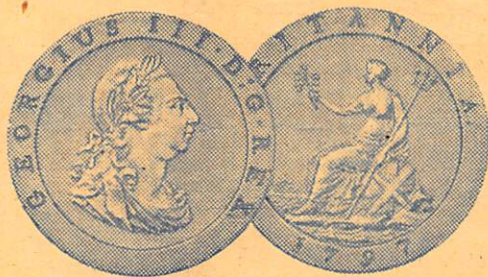
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change for tuppence

THE coin illustrated above is a twopenny piece of George III minted to the order of the Government by the famous silversmith Matthew Boulton, from dies cut by the artist Kuchler.

How it came about that "private enterprise" instead of the Royal Mint came to be entrusted with the coining of British money is a curious story.

Making his return from London to the Soho works in Birmingham, Boulton had to pass through many tollgates, and discovered at his journey's end that in the change he had collected he possessed more counterfeit coins than good ones. So crude was the design of the real money that it was an easy matter for unscrupulous folk to coin copper counterfeits. Boulton had for some time been interested in the improvement of the country's coinage and on making representations and showing specimens of some of the medals he had struck to Mr. Pitt, he was eventually promised an order if he would erect the necessary heavy machinery for minting in quantities. The machinery was designed with much thought and care in collaboration with James Watt.

The result was the remarkably fine twopenny pieces bearing the word "Soho" (just under Britannia's shield) and the initial "K" (at the base of the bust on the left).

Thus Boulton set up for the British coinage a new standard both in artistic quality and in accuracy of weight. The artistry of its design was far in advance of anything previously produced in England and has not been surpassed since.

The press of Boulton and Watt was in use in the Royal Mint up to about 50 years ago and is still preserved. Thus a great silver craftsman made our coinage not only beautiful, but very difficult to counterfeit . . . the most momentous change for tuppence in history!

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