



43rd and 52nd



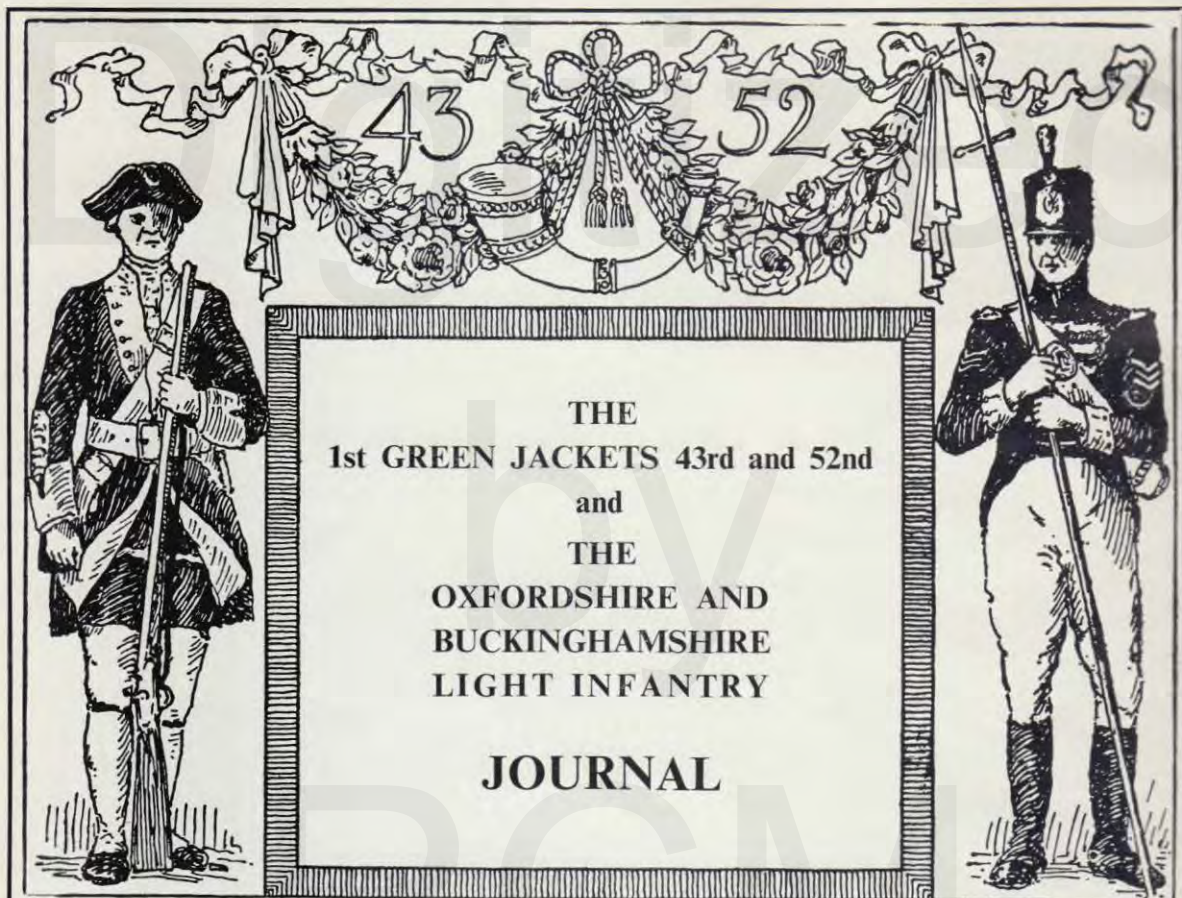
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1st Green Jackets 43rd & 52nd
and
The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire
Light Infantry
JOURNAL

Vol. XXVI

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No. 139



THE
 1st GREEN JACKETS 43rd and 52nd
 and
 THE
 OXFORDSHIRE AND
 BUCKINGHAMSHIRE
 LIGHT INFANTRY
 JOURNAL

QUEBEC 1759, MARTINIQUE 1762, HAVANNAH, MYSORE, HINDOOSTAN, MARTINIQUE 1794, VIMIERA, CORUNNA, BUSACO, FUENTES d'ONOR, CIUDAD RODRIGO, BADAJOZ, SALAMANCA, VITTORIA, PYRENEES, NIVELLE, NIVE, ORTHES, TOULOUSE, PENINSULA, WATERLOO, SOUTH AFRICA 1851-2-3, DELHI 1857, NEW ZEALAND, RELIEF OF KIMBERLEY, PAARDEBERG, SOUTH AFRICA 1900-1902.

THE GREAT WAR—17 Battalions—MONS, Retreat from Mons, Marne 1914, Aisne, 1914, YPRES 1914, 1917, LANGEMARCK 1914, 1917, Gheluvelt, NONNE BOSSCHEN, Aubers, Festubert 1915, Hooze 1915, Loos, Tigris 1916, Mount Sorrel, SOMME 1916, 1918, Albert 1916, 1918, Bazentin, Delville Wood, Pozières, Guillemont, Flers-Courcellette, Morval, Le Transloy, Ancre Heights, Ancre 1916, Bapaume 1917, 1918, Arras 1917, Vimy 1917, Scarpe 1917, Arleux, Menin Road, Polygon Wood, Broodseinde, Poelcappelle, Passchendaele, CAMBRAI 1917, 1918, St Quentin, Rosières, Avre, Lys, Hazebrouck, Béthune, Hindenburg Line, Havrincourt, Canal du Nord, Selle, Valenciennes, France and Flanders 1914-1918, PIAVE, Vittorio Veneto, Italy 1917-1918, DOIRAN 1917, 1918, Macedonia 1915-1918, Kut al Amara 1915, CTESIPHON, DEFENCE of KUT al AMARA, Khan Baghdadi, Mesopotamia, 1914-1918, Archangel 1919.

THE SECOND WORLD WAR—9 Battalions—Defence of Escaut, CASSEL, YPRES-COMINES CANAL, NORMANDY LANDING, PEGASUS BRIDGE, Caen, Esquay, Lower Mass, Ourthe, Rhineland, REICHSWALD, RHINE, Ibbenburen, North-West Europe 1940-44-45, ENFIDAVILLE, North Africa 1943, SALERNO, St Lucia, Salerno Hills, Teano, Monte Camino, Garigliano Crossing, Damiano, ANZIO, Coriano, GEMMANO RIDGE, Italy 1943-45, Arakan Beaches, Tamandu, Burma 1943-45.

JOURNAL

OF THE

1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd

AND

The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry

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Editor's Notes

Change of Editorship

As the new editor of the REGIMENTAL JOURNAL I should like to take this opportunity of expressing on behalf of all readers of the JOURNAL our most sincere gratitude to Lieut.-Colonel F. Clare for all the good work he has done over the past thirteen years. He has set a very high standard, which I hope will be maintained, difficult though this may be.

Christmas Cards

The illustration for this year's Christmas Card will be a reproduction of a portrait in colour of Lieut.-Colonel H. Booth, K.H., an engraving of which is the frontispiece to the *Chronicle* for 1894.

Lieut.-Colonel Booth served in the 43rd in the Peninsular War and commanded it in the Canadian Rebellion.

The overall size of the card will be $6\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ ins and it will be tied with the Regimental ribbon.

The price of the cards, with envelope, is 1s. 2d. each, post free. Orders can be accepted now.

Empire Field of Remembrance

The combined ceremony for all regiments of the Light Infantry Brigade and the Highland Light Infantry will take place at the Field of Remembrance, Westminster, at 3 p.m. on Saturday, 7th November. The Representative Colonel of the Light Infantry Brigade will unveil the Light Infantry Cross.

Past members of the Regiment attending the Ceremony are requested to meet Mr W. Fisher at the West End of Westminster Abbey at 2.45 p.m.

Mr Fisher, 53 Westmoreland Terrace, Pimlico, London, S.W.1, will plant crosses in the

Regimental plot at the Field of Remembrance on behalf of a relative or friend of a fallen Comrade. Anyone who would like to have a cross planted should send Mr Fisher the Army number, rank and name of the Soldier, which he will write on the cross, accompanied by a postal order value sixpence which is the cost of the crosses.

Remembrance Day 1959

The usual Service will take place at the War Memorial, Rose Hill, on Sunday, 8th November. Past members of the Regiment attending the Service are requested to assemble at the Memorial at 10.35 a.m. and to wear their medals.

Old Comrades' Association

The Oxford Reunion will take place at the Territorial Drill Hall, Marston Road, Oxford, on Saturday, 7th November, at 7.30 p.m. All members of the Association have been sent full particulars of the Reunion.

Appointments

'The Queen has been graciously pleased to approve, upon the recommendation of Her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies, that an appointment as Colonel, The West India Regiment, be instituted and that Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Lathbury, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.B.E., should be appointed thereto, 13th May 1959.'

(Extract from the Supplement of the *London Gazette*, 2nd June 1959.)

(Lieutenant-General Sir Gerald Lathbury served with the Royal West African Frontier Force from August 1928 to March 1934.)

Promotions

- Lieutenant to be Captain:
 Lieut. (Qr, Mr) A. J. Howland, 8th May 1959.
 2nd Lieutenant to be Lieutenant:
 2nd Lieut. M. J. C. Draco, 16th June 1959.

Honours and Awards

- C.B.E.*
 Brigadier J. A. J. Read, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C.
 (For distinguished service in Cyprus.)
- O.B.E.*
 Lieut-Colonel R. A. St G. Martin, M.B.E.
 (For distinguished service in Cyprus.)
 Lieutenant-Colonel M. N. Harbottle.

Mentioned in Despatches

- For distinguished service in Cyprus:
 Captain G. C. Stacey.
 Serjeant M. Naylor.
 Corporal D. N. Dukes.

Territorial Efficiency Medal

- Major G. Montague-Jones.

Retirements

- Major J. S. Southey retires on retired pay,
 29th April 1959.

Former Officers of the Regiment on the Active List
1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd

- Lieut.-General Sir Gerald Lathbury, K.C.B.,
 D.S.O., M.B.E.
 Director General Military Training, War Office.
 Lieut.-General Sir Michael West, K.C.B., D.S.O.
 G.O.C. 1 Corps, B.F.P.O. 39.
 T/Brigadier H. J. Mogg, D.S.O.
 Commander 28 Commonwealth Brigade, N.
 Malaya.
 T/Brigadier P. G. F. Young, C.B.E.
 H.Q. Northern Sub-District, Nigerian Military
 Forces.
 T/Brigadier J. A. J. Read, D.S.O., C.B.E., M.C.
 Commandant, School of Infantry.
 Colonel A. Clerke-Brown, O.B.E.
 H.Q., B.A.O.R.
 T/Colonel J. R. P. Montgomery, M.C.,
 Special Board, War Office.
 Lieut.-Colonel F. H. G. Higgins,
 A.Q.M.G. (Plans) H.Q. Command, S.H.A.P.E.
 T/Colonel R. A. St G. Martin, O.B.E.
 Brigade Colonel The Green Jackets Brigade.

**Officers of the Regiment Extra-Regimentally
Employed**

- Lieut.-Colonel R. F. E. Hill
 G.H.Q., F.A.R.E.L.F.
 Major G. C. Rush
 O.C. 3, G.L. Sec., F.A.R.E.L.F.
 Major G. N. A. Astley-Cooper
 D.A.Q.M.G.(M.), G.H.Q., M.E.L.F.
 Major J. F. Ballard
 Joint Sec. Army Board, N.A.T.O. Standard-
 isation.
 T/Lieut.-Colonel D. R. L. Bright
 A.A.G. P.S.10, War Office.
 Major A. C. Mason
 Aden Protectorate Levies.
 Major A. V. Brown
 D.A.Q.M.G. (Q.6), War Office.
 T/Lieut.-Colonel P. R. Hayter, M.B.E., M.C.
 C.O. 2 Q.O., Nigerian Regt
 Major P. K. Everett
 Instr School of Tactics and Admin., Australia
 Major H. J. Sweeney, M.C.
 G.S.O. 2, M.O.2, War Office.
 Major P. G. Thompson, M.C., T.D.
 R.M.A., Sandhurst.
 Major D. B. Fox
 M.A. to Governor of Cyprus.
 Major H. J. W. Newton
 K.R.R.C.
 Major D. C. Blake
 Coy Comd A.A. School, Chepstow.
 Major E. F. Garcia
 All Arms Training Centre, B.A.O.R.
 Major E. R. R. Hicks
 Training Major, The Oxfordshire and Bucking-
 hamshire Light Infantry (T.A.)
 Major D. J. Wood
 D.A.A. and Q.M.G., H.Q. 39 Inf. Bde.
 Major R. S. C. Dowden, B.M., 147 Inf. Bde (T.A.)
 Major I. R. C. Greenlees
 G.S.O. 3, HQ. 1 (Br) Corps, B.A.O.R.
 Major M. G. A. Hay-Will
 The Green Jackets Brigade Depot.
 T/Major J. H. W. Haddon
 Staff College.
 T/Major P. W. Mitchell
 D.A.A. and Q.M.G. Northern Sub-District,
 Nigeria.
 Captain T. D. R. D. Byrne
 G.S.O. 3, M.O.2, War Office.
 T/Major M. R. Pennell, M.B.E.
 Staff College.
 Captain G. C. Stacey
 H.Q. 3 Inf. Div.

Captain J. St C. Simmons
K.R.R.C.
Captain E. W. Leask
5. Malay Regt.
Captain S. E. Thistlethwayte
Adjutant, The Green Jackets Brigade Depot.
Captain A. S. Payne
Somaliland Scouts.
Captain B. W. Balls
W.T.O. Mons O.C.S.
Captain R. A. Pascoe
G.S.O. 2 (Int.), H.Q. L.L.F.P.G.
Lieut. B. E. A. Pascoe
Green Jackets Brigade Depot.
Major (Q.M.) F. Clay, M.B.E.
G.S.O. 3, H.Q. Mid West District.
Captain (Q.M.) B. Cox
Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light
Infantry (T.A.)
Major (Q.M.) C. A. Brown
H.Q., Colchester Grn.
Major (Q.M.) L. C. Buss
R.P.O., Taunton.
Lieut. (Q.M.) S. F. Welshman
4 Nigerian Regt.
Lieut. (Q.M.) E. G. Field
2 A.P.L., Aden.

Museum

The following valuable collection of relics of Lieut.-General Sir William Napier, K.C.B., has been presented to the Museum by Major J. L. Portal, D.S.O., his great-great Grandson.

- (i) A General Officer's sword presented to him by Lieut.-Colonel Patrickson, C.B., and the Officers of the 43rd Light Infantry as a testimonial of their regard for him and their high admiration of the gallantry and conduct he ever displayed during his exemplary career in the 43rd Regiment.

The hilt is of silver and ivory inlaid with silver. The scabbard, which is a very fine one, is also silver, and heavily ornamented. It bears his Coat of Arms beneath which is inscribed in scrolls—*Light Division, Peninsular and France.*

- (ii) His Peninsula Medal with clasps: Orthes, Fuentes D'Onor and Busaco.
(iii) Badge of the K.C.B.
(iv) Chevaliers Badge (5th Class) of the Legion of Honour of the type awarded between the years 1806 and 1814.

(This badge may have been given to him on a later date as a memento by the French

Marshal Soult when Sir William extended hospitality to him during his visit to this country as the representative of Louis Philippe (1830-48) when Queen Victoria was crowned.)

- (v) Pair of silver gilt spurs.
(vi) Various Warrants and letters relating to Sir William.

The collection is contained in a display case also given by Major Portal.

The *Chronicle* for 1907, page 223 et seq. gives particulars of Sir William's service and also that of his brother, General Sir George Napier, K.C.B.

The medals of Major George Naylor, M.C.: Military Cross and Bar, 1914-15 Star, British War Medal, Victory Medal and the Coronation Medal of King George VI. Also Major Naylor's sword.

Presented by his widow, Mrs B. Naylor.

A silver Regimental Medal in the form of a Maltese Cross awarded to Pte J. Bishop, 43rd Light Infantry. In the centre of the Cross are the numerals 43 and each segment bears one of the following battle honours: Peninsula, Corunna, Vimiera and Busaco.

Pte Bishop's Peninsula medal is already in the Museum.

British War Medal, Victory Medal and Belgian Croix de Guerre of W.O. Class II W. H. Bradfield who served in the Regiment during the First World War.

Presented by his widow.

Military Medal awarded to No. 34125 Corporal E. P. Hoskins, 2/4th Battalion.
By purchase.

A few sheets of paper on which are written in pencil by a young German officer what he calls 'memories and experiences of the last days of the "Africa Korps".' The following is a translation:

'I begin as from 7/5/45—Memories and experiences of the last days of the "Africa Korps".'

As will be understood, I have been feeling a weight burdening my body for some days. The nerves undergo their tension tests. If they endure, I too shall endure.

I am seeking and pondering over a way out before the end.

7/5. To-day is my birthday and I am 22 years old. To-day the mood is still good and will always remain so. There are incidents and doubts,

but then the situation is indeed accordingly. Who knows whether he will still be alive to-morrow? To-day the very first troops have arrived at Bizerta.

8/5. To-day they have already advanced to Matem (?). How much longer can we hold the position? On the set we can hear the homeland. I think that it stands by us. That, in fact is our real force.

9/5. Troops have reached Tunis. Heavy street-fighting is in progress. For how long will Tunis still belong to us? Losses are becoming considerable. For us Africans it is only a life and death struggle—the latter, consciously or unconsciously, being always before our eyes. Well, let us die decently, then our life has certainly had some purpose. Only now do I realise how much one is attached to life and that it is the greatest sacrifice that can be made for a great cause.

10/5. Two platoons are leaving. When and how many of them shall I see again? I have prepared the equipment for blowing up. A pity, it was gorgeous apparatus.'

Presented by Major D. A. Philips, 7th Battalion who picked up the document on the battlefield after the 7th Battalion's action at Enfidaville, known as operation 'Light Infantry'. For the account of this action see *War Chronicle*, Volume III, page 113 et seq.

A drill book entitled 'A course of Drill and Instruction in the movements and duties of Light Infantry: founded upon the Regulations for the Exercise of Infantry in close order, and the Regulations for the Exercise of Riflemen and Light Infantry'.

Part III deals with bugle sounds and the following is an extract:

'It is very desirable that the same bugle sounds should be adopted by all Corps. The 43rd, 52nd and 95th use those in the "Regulations for Riflemen".'

The book was presented to the Museum by General Sir Francis Festing, G.C.B., K.B.E., D.S.O., Chief of the Imperial General Staff. It originally belonged to Major Charles Napier who was then a Major in the 50th Regiment of Foot and afterwards became General Sir Charles Napier, the Conqueror of the Scinde.

43rd Light Infantry Dinner [Second World War]

The second annual dinner for officers who served with the 43rd Light Infantry during the Second World War, was held at Gow's Restaurant on Friday, 17th April 1959.

The Colonel of the Regiment presided, and the following past and present officers attended:

Major E. K. Blyth, Lieut.-Col. D. R. L. Bright, Major N. J. Callingham, Captain S. R. Cullis, The Reverend W. H. Cox, Col. D. C. Colvill, Major J. S. R. Edmunds, Major C. W. Foster, Major W. D. Flower, Major A. B. Gillespie-Hill, Major R. H. Hasswell, Captain P. N. Janes, Captain A. H. Morley, Captain D. H. Maitland, Captain P. S. Macilwaine, Captain J. F. Nicholson, Lieut.-Col. J. W. Nicol, Major M. H. Pulteney, Lieut.-Col. M. A. R. Ransome, Lieut.-Col. T. G. D. Rowley, Captain D. W. Sutherland, Major T. E. Sawyer, Major D. C. Taylor, Lieut.-Col. E. H. Whitfeld.

General Sir Bernard Paget, G.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., dined as the guest of the officers.

52nd Light Infantry Dinner [Second World War]

The twelfth reunion of officers who served with the 52nd Light Infantry during the period September 1939 to October 1947 took place at a dinner held at the Officers' Mess of the Inns of Court Regiment (T.A.) on Friday, 2nd January 1959.

Lieut.-Col. L. W. Giles, O.B.E., M.C., presided and officers present were:

Lieut.-Colonels M. Darell-Brown, D.S.O., T. G. D. Rowley, C. H. Styles, M.B.E., C. L. C. Ward, Majors G. N. A. Astley-Cooper, J. F. Ballard, J. L. Naimaster, J. M. A. Tillett, C. A. Hooper Esq., M.C., E. H. Nankivell Esq., D. M. Neale Esq., B. C. E. Priday Esq., J. H. R. Trape Esq., H. C. Yeatman Esq.

Lieut.-Col. W. A. R. Ames, O.B.E., was the Guest of the Club.

Acknowledgement

1. We wish to thank Mr Charles Drage for permission to serialize in the JOURNAL his book *Chindwin to Criccieth*. The book tells the story of the life of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Godfrey Drage, D.S.O., J.P. We are sure that readers of the JOURNAL will enjoy reading about this remarkable man.

Lieutenant-Colonel Godfrey Drage joined the Regiment in 1889. His decorations and medals are now in the Regimental Museum.

A review of Mr Charles Drage's latest book *The Amiable Prussian* also appears in this edition of the JOURNAL. The review was written by Brigadier R. J. Brett to whom our thanks are also due.

2. A number of the illustrations in this number of the JOURNAL are reproduced by the courtesy of the *Oxford Mail*.



The Commanding Officer and Mrs R. A. St G. Martin greeting the Mayor and the Sheriff of Oxford on board the *Dunera*.



43rd and 52nd Disembarking at Southampton.

Arrival of the Regiment at Southampton

BY JOHN OWEN

WITH the Regimental buglers sounding 'Light Infantry Assembly' and the band of the 2nd Green Jackets (60th) playing the Regimental March on the quayside, the troopship *Dunera*, flying the Regimental flag, nosed into her berth at Southampton Docks on the afternoon of Saturday, 30th May.

On board were the 670 members of the Regiment back from Cyprus to sojourn at Tidworth for three or four months before it began its new duties at Warminster.

On the quayside were past and present officers, many of whom had come from long distances, headed by the Colonel-Commandant who had left a sick bed to greet the Regiment, while up above hundreds of mums and dads who had also come from all parts of the country, shouted themselves hoarse and waved frantically at the serried lines of troops along the rails and peering from the portholes.

Also waiting were two parties of soldiers who, leaving the ship at Malta, had hitch-hiked home following a wager made in the Mess at Limassol between Lieut. Draco and 2nd Lieut. Davis. Mr Draco's party won—arriving in England four days before the rival squad. Doubtless the story of their adventures will appear in these columns in due course.

The troops were not disembarked until the following morning, but relatives and friends were allowed to meet

soldier sons, husbands and boy-friends for half-an-hour or so in the canteen on the dockside which was the scene of many happy reunions.

These had ended and most of the visitors had departed when, shortly before 8 p.m. the black civic limousine flying the Oxford City pennant drove on to the quayside, bringing the Mayor of Oxford, Dr F. M. Brewer, and the Sheriff, Dr C. A. Cooke, with the official greetings of the City to the Regiment on whom it conferred the honorary Freedom after the War.

They were loudly cheered by the troops still lining the rails as they walked up the gang plank to be greeted by the Captain and then the Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Colonel R. A. St G. Martin. Afterwards they met the officers and their wives, as well as senior ranks in the music room, and before leaving for home the Mayor insisted on saying a few words to as many of the soldiers whose homes were in the city as was possible.

The ship was early astir the next morning—there was little sleep for anyone, and in two hours the task of disembarkation had been completed, with the Customs formalities working with commendable despatch. At last the Colours were marched off with the usual simple ceremony and the special train steamed out for Tidworth, leaving behind a mountain of baggage and those National Servicemen due for immediate release.

So ended another chapter in the Regiment's activities.

Celebrations on the 150th Anniversary of the Battle of Corunna

BY Sjt J. PRICE

A PARTY consisting of Sjt Price, L.-Cpl Boddy, Rfn Clarke, Dixey and Davies, had the honour to represent the 43rd and 52nd at the celebrations marking the 150th anniversary of the battle of Elvina. These took place in La Corunna (North West Spain) from 26th July to 3rd August 1959.

The British Army contingent consisting of representatives from all Regiments who took part in the battle, were flown to Santiago Airport by the Royal Air Force in two Hastings transport aircraft on 26th July. The trip lasted three and a half hours and owing to low clouds there was little of interest except for a few 'ups and downs'. The party was met at the airport by Spanish Army officials who conveyed us in two 'fast flying, horn blaring, Spanish driven' coaches from Santiago to the town of La Corunna.

The contingent was accommodated in a Spanish Artillery Barracks where things were laid on extremely well and to say the least we were made very comfortable.

During the next three days we spent our time swimming on the beaches, touring the town and making ourselves familiar with the local attractions, and partaking of the local wines and beers at night. It was during these three days that the Royal Navy contingent consisting of

H.M.S. *Saints*, H.M.S. *Armada* and H.M.S. *Camberdown* arrived in Corunna. It took very little time for the matelots and squadies to join forces, this was most noticeable in the local bars at night.

On Thursday, 30th July, the whole British contingent marched from the docks to the grave of Sir John Moore. The Parade was led by the pipe band of the Gordon Highlanders. On arrival at the grave speeches were made both in Spanish and English, after which, wreaths were laid by all regiments present. The parade was a great success and was watched by great numbers of the local inhabitants who seemed very impressed by the proceedings and in particular by the kilts of the Gordon Highlanders' Pipe Band.

On the Friday the whole Army contingent were the guests of the Mayor and Corporation of La Corunna at a cocktail party held in the town hall, where once again we showed our capabilities for fast drinking as indeed we had to owing to the excellent service. This was followed by a grand carnival and procession in La Corunna square which ended in a marvellous firework display lasting well into the early hours of the morning. I think that by this time we had realized that in Spain frivolities go on each night at a terrific pace until three

or four o'clock in the morning. We found this most enjoyable but very tiring, whereas the Spaniards seemed to thrive on it.

The greatest thrill of all for us was to watch the bull-fights, these we found were full of excitement and danger. I think that in the two bull-fights we attended we saw all there is to be seen in bull-fighting. Twice a bull jumped out of the arena causing pandemonium and panic among some of the spectators. This bull in particular was, as they say in bull-fighting, a Great Bull for having given us the thrill of leaping over the barrier twice he then went on, having been ripped open with lances and spears, to kill the young Matador who was fighting him. I think that quite a few of the English soldiers were almost pleased to see the bull win a fight but any pleasure they had was soon dispelled as the next senior Matador then fought and killed the bull. In general, although we enjoyed the bull-fights we considered them to be extremely cruel.

On Sunday, 2nd August, the contingent was taken to the top of the hills south of La Corunna where Captain Trustram-Eve of the Rifle Brigade described the battle of Elvina in detail outlining the rôles played by each regiment in the battle, and explaining how and

where Sir John Moore met his end. This brought up an interesting point as to which Regiment actually buried Sir John Moore. A Lance-Corporal in the Norfolk Regiment put forward a very strong argument for his Regiment but he was shot down in flames by the Drum-Major of the Gordons who said, 'Although we allowed the Norfolks to dig the hole we actually buried Sir John Moore'. Unfortunately, Captain Trustram-Eve was unable to give a firm ruling on this point and we very nearly had a second battle of Elvina.

On Monday, 3rd August, we boarded the three destroyers and became the guests of the Royal Navy. We ourselves were the guests of H.M.S. *Armada* and on the first day out it had been arranged for the three destroyers to go flat out for one hour. Much to our delight we left the remaining two destroyers behind. The trip was very smooth and fast and we arrived at Portsmouth early Wednesday morning.

In conclusion, I think I speak for all those present on the trip when I say that we were extremely well looked after and well treated by both the Spanish Authorities and the local inhabitants and that we had a cracking good time that we shall never forget.

Nijmegen March

BY CAPT. I. S. RUTHERFORD

PICTURED marching through the streets of Nijmegen on the last lap of the 43rd Annual International Marching Festival, which was held from 21st to 24th July, is a team from the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry (T.A.).

The festival is held in the Dutch town of Nijmegen for the purpose of encouraging physical fitness and stamina.

This year seventy-eight British Army units took part in the festival, which consisted of marching twenty-five miles for four consecutive days. All members of the teams after finishing on the fourth day receive a highly prized medal for their achievement.

Fourteen nations took part in this year's festival and the humour, kindness and generosity which was so

clearly apparent, must make this international event unique.

The following are shown in the accompanying photograph:

2nd Lieut. M. D. Symonds
 C.S.M. W. E. Garrett
 Sjt H. Johnson
 Sjt E. C. Smith
 Cpl C. S. Cleeve
 L.-Cpl C. A. Cowley
 L.-Cpl B. Mills
 Pte K. J. Hunt
 Pte G. Nichols
 Pte T. Pendrey.

Collection

Digitized



OXF & BUCKS LT INFNTY

The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry (T.A.)
on the Nijmegen March.

Collection

Life with the Green Jackets in Cyprus

By C.S.M. S. E. ABBOTT

DURING recent years the island of Cyprus has been very much in the public eye due to the unhappy situation which has developed. A great deal has been said and written concerning the Security Forces and their task of maintaining law and order; some comments have been factual and to the point, others unfortunately have been misleading and grossly inaccurate. This is not intended to be yet another version of the Cyprus situation but simply a general picture of one Regiment, the daily lives of its members, and the overall impressions gained by one soldier over the past two and a quarter years.

Opinions of Cyprus as expressed by Green Jackets' soldiers are varied and in not a few cases lurid! However, ignoring the restrictions imposed on all Security Forces troops in order to safeguard them against terrorist attacks, this island has much to offer. Situated in the Eastern Mediterranean, the winters are mild and the summers hot. The plains in springtime are a mass of wild cyclamen, rhododendrons and orange blossom. The mountains are stark ridges of rock dotted with carob, olive and pine trees. The highest mountain is Mount Olympus which is 6,400 feet high and wears a cap of snow for all but three months of the year. The mountains in the Limassol area are known as 'our estate' with a rather rueful affection to those who know them in all their moods. They are scarred with boulder strewn beds which are a nightmare to patrols in the summer and rushing torrents in the rainy season. This mountain scenery has a majesty and grandeur which even the most jaded foot patrol cannot but admire, although they would probably forfeit a week's leave rather than admit the fact. To complete the picture in all its strangeness to our British eyes are the flickering lizards and metallic snakes which abound on every rock and tree and the large birds of prey wheeling above.

Buckingham Camp, which is the Regimental base, is situated on the lower slopes of these hills and has a clear view of the country climbing away to the clouds on the north and sweeping down to Limassol and the sea on the southern side. The entire Regiment is quartered in orderly rows of brown tents usually accommodating three or four persons. Although far from palatial each tent has electric light and lockers are provided for clothes and personal belongings. Conditions are not all that a soldier could desire but each tent reflects the individuality of its occupants. Many men from the High Wycombe area have used their occupational skill to transform boxes and packing cases into very serviceable tables, stools and lockers. From all locker doors the 'casual visitor is greeted by dazzling and highly improbable pin-up girls. Pride of place is almost invariably given to photographs of girl friends and families with an occasional picture of motor-cycles, aircraft and even prize-winning farm animals to reveal the interests of the occupant.

There are a number of more substantial buildings including bath houses, cinema, dining hall and messes. The N.A.A.F.I. canteen has a bar, supper counter, dart board and even boasts a juke box. This is staffed by soldiers at the moment owing to the unpleasant habit of planting bombs which the previous Greek staff were

suspected of cultivating. The dining hall and cook-house have been recently improved and the ice-water machines are very popular in summer when midday temperatures hover around the 105 mark. There is a Regimental Church Tent where the Padre conducts Services and Confirmation classes. Several candidates were rushed from an operation in a hill village for Confirmation at Episkopi. The sight of soldiers coated from head to foot in white alkaline dust kneeling alongside members of the W.R.A.C. in their Confirmation dresses was a sight which will not be readily forgotten by those present.

Our task of keeping the peace assumes many forms. The rifle companies plus Support Company share the various Internal Security duties, usually changing over once every fortnight. A large proportion of the work is routine and necessarily rather dull. Police stations, power stations, explosive stores and even copper mines have to be guarded. At one copper mine high in the hills, the members of the detachment are required to don miners' helmet, and lamp in hand, descend into the depths to ensure that fuses, detonators and dynamite are used for blasting copper ore and not smuggled to the surface to manufacture terrorist bombs and mines. Law courts and Government buildings have to be guarded and quite frequently the shopping area of Limassol is cordoned and patrolled to enable British wives to shop in safety. One of the more difficult aspects of this task is to prevent the ladies from straying into areas which under more peaceful conditions they would never dream of entering. Some wives of the Regiment are also volunteer workers in the N.A.A.F.I. Families Shop, following the dismissal of all Greek employees.

One source of terrorist arms has naturally been from ships calling at Cyprus ports from other countries. When a suspect ship calls at Limassol the Port Security authorities frequently call for a party to supervise the movement of cargo and passengers from ship to shore. More than one young soldier has been assisted ashore horribly sea-sick after a four-hour spell of circling a ship in a small launch in order to prevent the passing of contraband over the side to local boats. Others with more salt water in their blood have been guests of the Royal Navy, travelling as far afield as Israel and the Lebanon. When this happens an equivalent number of sailors become temporary Green Jackets and accompany us on our various alarms and excursions.

The most interesting and satisfying of all anti-terrorist work is carried out on operations in the country. This may consist of small 'walk about' patrols of about six men who patrol an area for about four days, or a full size cordon and search of a suspect village. Several cordons have been placed in position by flying the men out in helicopters and lowering them down ropes in a circle around the village. At other times troops are taken part of the way in transport in complete darkness and then led into position on foot by guides who either know the area thoroughly or have studied aerial photographs. One main enemy is the ubiquitous Cypriot dog. One dislodged stone or careless step and the nearest dog begins to howl. The chorus is taken up by hounds of all

shapes, sizes and denominations while the local donkeys provide the background music. This is absolutely disastrous to any operation. No terrorist is far from a bolt hole and they have been found on occasions in holes under open fireplaces in which fires have been burning, down wells, under straw in donkey shelters and in the roof. Therefore without an utterly silent approach all other preparations are in vain.

The hours before dawn are not wholly pleasant for the sentry who is in the cordon. Bushes begin to develop, heads and arms change position. The rock on which he is sprawled becomes harder and the ridges sharper. A persistent mosquito whines first in one ear and then the other. The clicking of a tree lizard becomes a stealthily operated safety catch and a ripe carob bean dropping from a tree is exactly like a footstep. At long last the mountain ridges in the East become visible against the lightening sky and the sun's rays begin to glow on the highest peaks. Now is the time for the search parties to move quickly in among the mud hovels and dusty gardens. Contrary to the time-honoured pattern of all good stories, all hell does not break loose. Fortunately for those involved, most of the noise is provided by our friends the dogs, frantic chickens and equally frantic old ladies, none of whom come to any harm at all. The rattle of gunfire and exploding bombs is reserved for those whose imagination is rather wider than their experience. A police vehicle tours the village telling all the inhabitants to remain indoors. A central 'pen' is established, usually at the village school and all males are taken there for screening by a highly trained police team. Suspect houses are carefully searched for hidden terrorists and arms and outside areas examined for possible hides and arms caches. The Medical Officer is often in attendance and more often than not may be seen treating the entire sick, lame and lazy element of the village. He is confronted by everything from cut fingers to downright senile decay. If the church or graveyard is to be searched both the Padre and the local priest are present. Shepherds are escorted out to their flocks and women allowed to draw water. If the men are detained for screening for any length of time their womenfolk are allowed to bring them food. This of course is carefully supervised to prevent the passing of messages or incriminating documents. The only discomfort suffered by the children is often from a surfeit of ration chocolate and sweets. No comment is needed on their attitude to the school being closed for the day!

Generally speaking, operations are not dramatic rushes into terrorist strongholds but rather a sequence of painstaking preparations, a certain amount of discomfort and downright solid sloggling. Terrorists have been captured, their hides and bombs destroyed, and their lines of communication wrecked. Results are seldom spectacular, but even the recovery of one battered and many times refilled shotgun cartridge may mean a life saved and this justifies any effort no matter how great.

Much more could be said of this unusual life which is the lot of the man who was reared on the green lands of Oxfordshire or among the beechwoods of Bucks. The clear warm waters of the Mediterranean are a far

cry from the Thames. The undersea fairyland of coral and bright sea plants, octopi and sea urchins is a great contrast to our homely roach and pike and tadpoles. The Regimental underwater hunting club visits secluded coves along the coast overlooked by the ancient Curium and the Temple of Appollo. In spring when the wild cyclamen covers the grassy coastal slopes and the olive groves are green, one does not have to be too much of a dreamer to see Ulysses and the folk of Greek mythology playing and hunting in these surroundings.

More orthodox forms of sport are keenly played by almost every member of the Regiment. Football, hockey, cricket and even rugby are played and the Green Jackets still maintain their reputation as sportsmen in the face of opposition from units whose duties are perhaps not as arduous as our own. To close one's eyes and listen to the touchline comments one could well be at Witney or Headington or Wycombe instead of Polemidhia, Ktima or Zyyi.

In conclusion, what of the mark left on a young man's life by his experiences here. Naturally enough he would much prefer to be at home among less outlandish surroundings. Many are the nostalgic references to the fish and chip shop, the cinema and the Saturday night dances. Nevertheless, the young man who returns home will be a very much more mature person than when he left to become a member of the Green Jackets. He has learned to be a member of a team and to take pride in the accomplishments of that team. This applies equally to scoring goals on the football field, having more operational successes than the other companies and marching past just that fraction better on Regimental Serjeant-Major's drill. He has realized that there is nothing anti-social in making more effort than the next man and that in difficult times self-discipline is everything. He has in fact become more than a good soldier, he has become potentially a good citizen. He hears the accent and sees the men of his own village or town around him constantly. At the same time he has seen people of other lands with other customs and approaches to life. The chances of Wycombe for the cup this year have been heatedly discussed in mountain caves with the bats and scorpions listening in, and many a scathing comment has been passed on local methods of agriculture by a farmer's lad from Kidlington. In short, his view of life has been widened beyond all belief.

What memories will be taken home by each of us depends entirely on the individual. Life as a Green Jackets soldier is one mass of contradictions. Married soldiers have had supper in a comfortable quarter with their wives and two hours later have been crouched in ambush on a mountain track. Companies have been called from the cinema to rush to the town where a Cypriot has been shot by terrorist gunmen. A company football match may be postponed because information on a terrorist has come in. Life is a curious mixture of normal regimental life and active service. It is not a 'terror island' as described by one half of the press nor yet a 'millionaires playground' as we once saw reported; it is, well, just Cyprus. Any change, however small which may have been made during our sojourn here will have been worth every effort if it helps to bring back peace.



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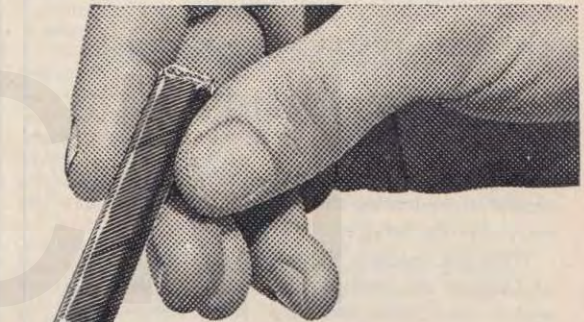
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THE LIFE OF COLONEL GODFREY DRAGE, D.S.O.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THE opening chapter of Charles Drage's book deals with the history of the Drage family. This is not included in our serialization of the book in the Journal. However, to set the scene for Godfrey Drage, the following are the opening paragraphs of the book:

'The Drages came from Norway some four centuries ago and settled in East Anglia. The reason for this emigration is unknown but from the family character it is safe to assume that they had offended their local overlord and been more or less forcibly expelled.

Since then they had run remarkably true to type—able, energetic and intelligent but incurably pugnacious; their family feuds being only equalled in ferocity by their quarrels with outsiders. They rise somewhat in the world, attract an intense degree of loyalty and admiration from their subordinates and then ruin their careers by bitter strife with superiors.

They usually succeed in marrying beautiful women of sweet disposition and sound commonsense, and altogether too good for their husbands. It has been suggested that this may go far to account for the tolerably high opinion which most male Drages have of themselves.'

True to form was Godfrey Drages' father, William Drage, of whom the author of our book relates:

'William was born on 27th January 1828 and grew up with his full share of the hardiness necessary for survival in those harsher days. Aged five, he rode his pony every morning into Ely to collect the post. At Cardinal Wolsey's Grammar School in Ipswich, whither he went by coach, his feet well wrapped in straw, he was a noted boxer and wrestler who fought the champions of other East Anglian schools. Unfortunately, he began his adult life with no less than three false starts. First he walked the wards of St Bartholomew's Hospital with his elder brother, Charles, carried a special constable's baton in the Chartist Riots of 1848 and saw the horrors of the great cholera epidemic that followed. But medicine was not for him and in the ensuing years he was successively unhappy in a Scottish engineering firm and unsettled in a London solicitor's office.

It was not till the age of twenty-five that he at last discovered his true vocation and joined the Essex Rifles Militia. Those were the days of rigid seniority, which only the rich could evade by purchasing their promotion, and this late beginning was to cost him dear. The following year came war with Russia; William somehow achieved an audience with the Duke of Cambridge, begged for a commission in any regiment ordered to the Crimea and, when this was refused, burst out:

'Then, Sir, I shall desert the militia and enlist as a private soldier!'

'Don't be a damn fool, boy. Go away!'

However the interview must have stuck in the great man's mind for, two years later, he was unexpectedly given an ensign's commission in the Shropshire Light Infantry and went with them to the Cape where he was happy enough. Before leaving home he had saved sufficient to purchase a double-barrelled muzzle-loading big-game rifle and with this he hunted lion and buffalo whenever he could get leave. He also rode his own steeplechaser, but this had soon to be sold again, for in 1862 he met and immediately married at Pietermaritzburg,

twenty-year-old Frances Gertrude, whose mother had been a Miss Devenish of Westmeath and whose father, Dr Edward Kretschmar of Leipzig, had come out to the Cape with the Hanoverian Legion.

He had meanwhile suffered one more military disappointment when, the Indian Mutiny having broken out in 1857, his colonel most unreasonably refused to allow his last joined officer, after barely a year under his command, to exchange forthwith into any regiment serving or about to serve on the sub-continent. But his luck was presently to change. From South Africa the regiment proceeded to Ireland where the Fenian Conspiracy was coming gradually to a head and he found himself at last engaged in operations that at all events approximated to warfare. Here he was in his element and "showed himself so active against the Irish Fenians that Lord Strathnairn, the Commander-in-Chief offered to go to London and get him a capacity in another regiment". The offer was indeed tempting, but by now he had developed that intensely localized loyalty that caused a great foreign soldier to comment: "England has no army, only an assembly of regiments". He elected to remain with the Shropshires and in doing so, drove one more nail into the coffin of his army career. For sixteen years he was to serve on as subaltern and although out of that time he was adjutant for the unprecedentedly long term of fourteen years, the rules of seniority were too strong and on the active list he was never to rise beyond the rank of captain.

In 1868 the regiment moved to India and here his two boys were born. Here too, came his long delayed captaincy, which caused much comment. On 25th January 1873 the Editor of the *Army and Navy Gazette* wrote:

"A correspondent, 'X' asks us to state what principle regulated the choice of Lieutenant Drage, 85th Regiment, to a company of the 52nd Regiment, over the heads—he says—of 'fourteen senior to him, many of whom have much stronger claims and have since been gazetted to companies'. 'Z' must know that we cannot tell on what principle the Horse Guards acts, and still less can we say what right 'X' has to assert that the fourteen officers he refers to, or many of them had stronger claims than the officer selected for the 52nd. The Duke of Cambridge has always objected to being called upon to make a selection of officers; but he has been forced to select, and it is obvious that he has better data to go upon in the record of the Horse Guards, in reports and confidential communications, than 'X' or 'Z' or we can possess. Besides, there is no compulsion to make His Royal Highness give his reasons, if they were plenty as blackberries. The Commanding Officer-in-Chief is now converted into a judicial officer and we know of no means of making him give account of the faith that is in him in his discharge of duties as to selection. At all events, it is a bad policy on the part of officers to lessen the weight of the Duke's authority by cavilling at his selection, unless it is obvious they are based on a general want of principle; to do so now is to strengthen the enemy."¹

¹ 'The enemy' being that villainous innovator Mr Gladstone, who had recently invoked the Royal Prerogative to abolish the purchase of Commissions.

But promotion came too late; he was already forty-five and not long afterwards his age made retirement—with the rank of major—inevitable.

His declining years—the phrase is singularly unsuitable—were full and happy. From 1879 to 1893 he managed the Oxfordshire and Berkshire properties of Colonel E. H. Morrell, M.P. Long after the age of seventy he shot on every neighbouring estate, invariably walking to and from the shoot carrying his own gun and cartridges. He sailed a small yacht single-handed on the Orwell and south along the Essex coast. Till well past eighty he was never known to wear an overcoat. He saw his two sons off to the First World War, deeply moved at the parting but recovering sufficiently to shout 'Tally-ho' after them from his bedroom window.

He lived long enough to welcome both his boys back from the wars and died on the evening before his ninety-third birthday.'

Godfrey Drage was born at Mianmir on 19th June 1868; this is his story.

'CHILLIES AND CYDER'

I was a happy little boy and so most of my memories are of things that stood out just because they made me unhappy.

When I was four I saw some red chillies and thought they must be good to eat because they were such a lovely colour. Of course they burnt me and I put my fingers in my mouth to pull them out. Then I began to cry and rubbed my fingers in my eyes. That really hurt and I howled and the whole household came running, thinking I'd been bitten by a snake—my ayah and the plump, pompous old khitmagar in his white coat and the water-coolie and one of my father's syces. Then my mother appeared and made a fuss of me, washed my face and gave me a sweet to suck.

But when my father came back from barracks and was told of the tragedy, he said, 'Silly young ass. That'll teach him.'

Those snakes were a bit of a bugbear and my mother always worried about them. The lean, wizened little mali used to kill dozens in the garden every day, and each morning he'd lay his bag on the front doorsteps. I'd stand and look at them, half-frightened and half-fascinated. They had been slain expertly, their backs broken with one blow of the gardener's lathi and they looked as if they might come alive again and wriggle up the steps after me.

When I was five, my father was promoted captain into the 52nd, the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, and joined them at Malta. His captain's pay made us a lot better off and he was able to buy a mule for us to learn to ride. That ought to have been a happy memory for me, but it wasn't. I had two elder sisters and a brother and we all rode the mule together. Though not the youngest I was then the smallest, and so had the back seat nearest the tail. I was always falling off over the mule's rump and it was a long way to fall.

Our usual ride led us past the garrison canteen and the soldiers would play with us and give us their regimental buttons for our collection, but some of them would let our mule drink out of their beer mugs until it got quite tipsy. This seemed a joke till one day they gave the poor beast too much and it fell down and lay there snorting. After that my father sent his soldier servant with us, which was not nearly so much fun, but I liked it

better because he would put me up in front where the mule's withers were nice and narrow and I could stick on all right.

When I was six, the regiment came home to Portsmouth and on the voyage another small boy threw my cap overboard. I knew the cap cost money we could ill afford and I ran to tell my father who looked very stern.

'Was he more than twice your size?' he asked.

'No father, just a little bit bigger.'

'Well, go and throw his cap overboard, then you'll be square.'

While the family were settling into their new married quarters, I was sent to stay with my grandfather at Westerfield Rectory. He was the old style of country parson who ate roast beef and plum pudding after morning service every single Sunday of the year. He'd have the same side of beef and the remains of the pudding cold for supper after his evening service. I used to remember those Sunday meals later on when I went away to boarding school.

He drove a tandem round his parish and he drove pretty fast too: sometimes he'd take me with him as a treat. But one day he cut a corner too fine, we overturned and the leading horse broke a leg and had to be shot. My father happened to be on leave, so he did it and I stood by him when he pulled the trigger. I was too awed to feel much at the time, but the next day when I passed the spot where it had happened, I burst into tears. My father was with me and I felt ashamed and lagged behind so he wouldn't notice. But he waited until I had to catch up and then patted my shoulder and said:

'No harm in crying over a good horse. Shows your heart's in the right place.'

The rectory was very ancient and picturesque; it was also dark and damp and unhealthy, and presently I caught whooping cough followed by rheumatic fever. When I got up again I couldn't walk properly and found myself on crutches. At first I didn't realize what this meant, but when I did I felt awful. There was a solitary bull in the big field that marched with our rectory garden. He wasn't really fierce—more lonely and inquisitive, I think—and we used to cut across the field at a safe distance and run for the nearest gate if he trotted after us. I got the use of my legs back again soon enough but ever since then the sight of a cripple has made me sad.

By the time I was ten there were six children; my father had nothing beside his captain's pay and my chances of a decent education seemed pretty slim, but I was lucky enough to get a nomination to Christ's Hospital—the famous 'Bluecoat School'. I stayed there till I was sixteen but never became a 'Grecian' as the Sixth Form were called. In the Latin class we had a strict master who gave us one stroke of the cane for each false quantity and I used to hold out my hand as soon as it came my turn to read. My two best friends were called Brown and Aldin and of course there was the inevitable pedagogue's joke about surnames spelling 'B.A.D.'

However I was made a monitor in Ward 10 (being a hospital, our dormitories were called 'wards'), I was once second in mental arithmetic for the whole school and once—only once—gained a prize for scripture. The headmaster seemed surprised to see me walk up and stand in front of him and he said something sarcastic but I didn't mind that.

At sixteen I was sent to Blundell's which in those days must have been the free-est school in England. Once out of the classroom you could go where you liked and on whole holidays we wandered so far afield that, just before



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I left, an afternoon roll-call had to be instituted to keep some sort of tab on us. We were not much good at cricket but first-rate at rugger and our fifteen swept the West Country. I had come on a lot by this time and managed to make both the teams, but my real love was athletics, especially cross country running.

Mrs Drew's shop on the outskirts of Tiverton sold Devonshire cream and what she called 'Champagne cider', but it was really ordinary 'hard' cider and much too strong for schoolboys' heads. Just before my first steeplechase (seven miles across stiff country) a rival took me down there and filled me up with it. The result was that I developed a shocking stitch in the first half-mile and had to give up before the water-jump. I tried really hard at running all my time at Blundell's but never won a race as a boy called Gooch always beat me.

I was at 'North Close' and the Headmaster, Mr Francis, who had his own house, was supposed to be biased in favour of his own boys. He never took the slightest notice of me and it was a great surprise when he wrote on my leaving report: 'He will be a leader of men'.

I needed a little encouragement just then as I'd had the first real, knock-down blow of my life. My school work had been pretty sketchy and that wasn't entirely my own fault. I'd tried far harder at games, true enough; but on the other hand many of the masters showed interest only in the boys at the top of their forms who looked likely to carry off scholarships. On top of that, it was classics, classics, classics all the time and very little else. I knew well enough what subjects I needed for Sandhurst and I was usually to be found with a French grammar up my sleeve in the Latin class and a geography book under the lid of my desk when we were supposed to be learning Greek.

When the results of the R.M.C. examination were published I was too low for the infantry. This meant the cavalry or nothing and a commission in a cavalry regiment was something that my father just couldn't afford. I'd never thought about anything except the Army ever since I'd thought at all and when I realized that the Army was not for me, life looked black.

However my father turned up trumps as he always did in a crisis. Somehow or other he scraped together cash enough to give me one year at a crammer's in Southsea. I worked—my God! how I worked—and the next time I passed in 85th. It wasn't very high but it was good enough.

The year that followed was the happiest one of my life. Everything seemed to come right for me. I got a prize for equitation, I was in the Duke of Cambridge's single-stick class and I even began to do well at work. Sketching and map-making have always been a difficult and laborious business for me but I was very conscientious and to my delight was given a 'distinguished' for 'Fortifications'. Years afterwards I discovered that the ground worked over and the problems set were nearly always much the same and that most of the other cadets had used maps and plans made by their fathers, their uncles or even, in one case, by a grandfather.

I rose in my term and passed out 52nd which seemed a good omen as that was the number of my father's old regiment where I'd set my heart on going.

'TROOPING EAST'

Those were the days of the Cardwell Reforms when the old line battalions, hitherto known only by their numbers, were being reorganized in pairs to form the new county

regiments, of which one battalion was to be at home and the other abroad. An unpopular reform it was too; 'the end of the old regimental spirit' people said. The 52nd in India had, after a kind of flirtation with the 85th been linked up with the 43rd, who were at Parkhurst in the Isle of Wight and so it was there I went on the 23rd March 1889, to await my passage to the East.

The subaltern who showed me my quarters was known as 'Dare-Devil' Colville. He was a quiet, unassuming, shy sort of chap and I wondered what he had done to deserve such a dashing nickname. Two days later the Island held their annual race meeting and he took me to our regimental luncheon tent, introduced me to a few of the locals and then slipped off in his apologetic way to ride in the third race. His horse was the wildest thing I'd ever seen face a starter. It ran away with him from the 'off' and at the first bend swung wide and jumped the wire out of the course. I turned back to watch the race but heard a shout from the crowd and there was Colville who had got his mount under some kind of control, but instead of trotting back to the paddock, was heading straight for the wire again. He jumped back into the course and then his reins broke, but he finished the race all right, lying along the horse's neck and holding on to the bridle.

The 43rd were a sporting, hard-bitten lot and inclined to make fun of the 52nd who were more serious and sedate—they called them the 'butterfly hunters'. However, I belonged to the 52nd and I wasn't going to let anyone forget it. That summer I was in the cricket eleven and I always wore the 52nd colours which were a good deal gaudier than the 43rd's. Our biggest match was against Hampshire and I turned out very pleased with myself wearing the regimental blazer and a regimental sash round my waist. The first man I met was the adjutant, Peter Clarke; he looked me up and down.

'Good heavens, Drage, you look like a Burmese whore!'

'Then I'd better take care to keep out of your way, sir.'

After that I wore my colours in peace.

We were an old-fashioned crowd and, looking back I suppose we were rather narrow in our views and rather harsh in our judgements. One of the young officers had to leave the regiment because his girl-friend wasn't quite up to our standard: and when the senior subaltern, who was inclined to be musical and artistic, made himself unpopular, his room was wrecked and his piano carried out onto the barrack square. But against that, you only had to conform to a not-too-strict code of behaviour and straightway you found yourself perfectly happy in a circle of men who were your friends for life. As for our all being moulded into one pattern—nonsense! There was plenty of personal idiosyncrasy in that mess.

There was Major Williamson who was seldom to be seen without a rifle in his hands. He used to make me throw pennies in the air and he'd hit them seven times in ten before they fell. He used to shoot swallows on the wing and I've seen him score a bull on the five hundred yard range standing upright and holding his rifle with only one hand. There was 'Lame' Thurston, a frail, sickly-looking fellow who sat about all day dreaming of the future when he would command large formations of coloured troops; and who, when Major Dalzell, the heftiest man in the mess, started to rag him one guest night, suddenly took him round the waist and laid him flat on his back. Poor devil, he got his wish all right, commanded a big native force in East Africa and was murdered in a mysterious mutiny that has never been properly cleared up.

That spring the Emperor of Germany (the 'Kaiser Bill' of the First World War) visited Queen Victoria at Osborne and we provided a Guard of Honour. Captain Porter commanded it while the Colours were carried by Ruck-Keene and myself. We set off cheerfully enough to the tune of 'Captain Porter's Company Horn', one of the regimental quick-steps, but it was seven miles from our barracks to Osborne House the road was unmetalled and by the time we reached the gates, our red coats were white with chalk-dust and with every breath we blew it off our moustaches. I was terrified of starting to choke during the ceremonial inspection and—oh, the weight of those Colours!

However I managed to get a good look at the Kaiser who had then been barely a year on his throne. He was a magnificent spectacle with his eagle-crowned helmet, his fiercely upturned moustache and his padded uniform squared off by the epaulettes and dripping with decorations. He kept his left hand on the hilt of his sword so that his helpless arm was unnoticeable. The next time I saw him he looked very different.

Impatient though I was to get overseas, that summer with all its sport and fun went like the wind and it was quite a wrench when, on 2nd September, I embarked in the troopship *Malabar* with a draft for the 52nd under the command of Captain Dawson of the Rifle Brigade. My parents came to Portsmouth to see me off. My father seemed more interested in the troops than in me and kept asking questions about their uniform and equipment. Just before we said good-bye my mother took me aside and whispered:

'Write to him as often as you can. He loved his life in the army and now that he's out of it, he's living it over again in you.'

They then left and I went below and was seasick. Even in harbour the *Malabar* rolled enough for that and it was just as well because, by the time we got to sea, I'd recovered and I've hardly ever been seasick since. I shared a three-berthed cabin with Alexander of the Rifle Brigade and Wood of the 5th Lancers in what was well named the 'Pandemonium', an after section of the troop deck that was just level with the waterline so that, although there certainly were portholes in the ship's side, we could never open them once throughout the whole voyage. Every inch of space beneath and between our bunks was crammed with uniform cases, kitbags, top boots and bits of baggage; and more odds and ends were slung up under the deck beams overhead. I'm afraid that my guns and rods and sports gear took up more than their fair share of the space.

Of course the men were far worse off than us. Their hammocks touched all the way along the troop deck—none of the regulation six inches between them—they had nowhere to stow their kit and nowhere to wash. That was the worst of it, because as we steamed south and the weather grew warmer, the troop decks began to stink. In the end I paraded my draft, stood naked in front of them and had my servant play a hose all over me. That convinced them it was the best way of washing and, having seen me, they didn't mind doing it themselves.

After Gibraltar it was too hot to stay in our cabin for more than a minute at a time. We slept and dressed round the old-fashioned square ports in the stern and only went there to collect the clothes we needed. The ship was infested with rats that ran over your face as you slept and now the heat brought out those huge Indian cockroaches, two inches long and the colour of well polished mahogany. I'd refused to believe the stories of their nibbling one's

toes, but it was true enough. You'd wake up with a sharp little pain like a pin-prick and see the brute streaking off across the deck. They moved like lightning and you could never catch them.

Of Malta I've two memories. One is of an old ironclad, H.M.S. *Severn*, that had somehow sunk in the Grand Harbour, been salvaged after years on the bottom and now lay in French Creek, her guns all encrusted with barnacles. The other was of a young A.D.C. called Baden-Powell. I met him trotting round behind the Governor—Sir Henry Smythe—and thought him a pleasant, friendly fellow, but never dreamed that anything like the wonderful world-wide Boy Scout movement would have its birth in his brain.

I'd heard about Port Said being the wickedest place in the world and went ashore to have a look at it; but all that happened to me was that I was stopped by a Salvation Army lady and given a tract titled 'Sinner Shun the Fleshpots!'

There was no night navigation on the Canal in those days and so when we got to the Salt Lakes we anchored to wait for the day. By now we were all sleeping on the upper deck. Just after midnight I was awakened by a funny plopping noise and got up to see what it was. All round the ship big fish were on the rise, making first a phosphorescent splash and then a spreading phosphorescent ripple. It was a lovely sight but I didn't stay long to look at it. I plunged down into 'Pandemonium', put my light rod together with a medium-sized triangular hook on the trace and routed out the ship's military Quartermaster who baited it with a lump of salt pork. It scarcely touched the water when away went the line with a screech from the reel. It was a sixteen pound 'lake salmon' that fought like a fiend and by the time he was inboard I'd woken up every sleeper on the deck.

Over the long dining table where we ate there was an old-fashioned flapping punkah worked by some sort of Heath Robinson machinery. No sooner were we in the Red Sea than the device broke down and none of the ship's engineers could get it to go again. Our meals weren't much fun after that and we were jolly glad to land at Bombay and relax ourselves in the rest camp at Colaba Point. I was starting to unpack my kit when I saw a native salaaming in the doorway. (You must remember that this was my first day in India and all the vast collection of castes and races were still just 'natives' to me.)

'Sahib, I am your bearer', he said. 'Regiment send me to you.'

They'd sent him all the way from Bangalore to meet me and on top of that they'd chosen one who could speak more English than most. My next visitor was Dawson, the draft commander, who came to say that the officers of the Rifle Brigade who had come out in the *Malabar* were giving a farewell dinner that night and I was to be guest of honour. The Rifle Brigade, the 52nd and the Chestnut Troop of the R.H.A., having been trained together by Sir John Moore at Shorncliffe and having served together in the Light Division during the Peninsular War, were honorary members of each other's messes and they were doing all this for me, the last joined subaltern.

The day had begun well because just before disembarking I'd persuaded my batman to sell me his fox-terrier, a game little beast that I'd fallen in love with on the voyage. Life was looking very good indeed. I changed into plain clothes and walked down to the Colaba Cemetery to look for the grave of my great-great-grandfather, Lieutenant-Fireworker Smithers who



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died here after the siege of Surat. I searched everywhere including the pathetic children's corner—white babies in Bombay seem to have died almost automatically at the age of a year and a few months—but could find no trace of him. Still I hoped that perhaps the old boy knew that his own blood were back in India again and that he wasn't forgotten.

The dinner was a big success—almost too much of a success. I was just dozing off with the fox-terrier curled up against my feet when I heard the most appalling screams: 'Help, help! My room's full of rats! Thousands of red rats! Help!' The fox-terrier began to bark and my bearer, who'd been sleeping across my door, rushed in saying, 'Captain Dawson, sahib; very fearful'. The poor chap had found the voyage in command of our draft rather a strain, had drunk a bit too much at the dinner, and then foolishly gone off on the razzle afterwards. The doctor quietened him down and he was on parade again next day, but it was a lesson I never forgot.

After a week we re-embarked in an Indian Marine troopship, steamed south, rounded Ceylon, north again for Madras and then at last I met the Regiment.

THE REGIMENT

Ever since I could remember anything, the Regiment had dominated my life. Of course I knew that my father had spent most of his service with the 85th, but that belonged to the realm of legend and all my babyhood and boyhood was bound up with the 52nd. I was proud of their being real light infantry who executed all movements at the double, marched with their own special very-quick step and called their bugles 'horns'. I was proud of their being the only regiment in the army allowed to show a straight stiff white linen collar above the neck of their uniform and to wear patent leather pumps instead of half-Wellingtons in mess. Above all I was proud of Napier's description of them, 'a regiment unsurpassed in arms since arms were borne by man'.

I was proud too that it had been my own father who had made the first sketch of, and written the first report on the site of what was to become Cowley Barracks, our regimental depot. Altogether, my joining them was a great and long-looked-forward-to moment. But like so many such moments it didn't quite come up to expectations.

It was a typical monsoon day when we landed in Madras, hot and steamy with only the faintest hint of sun glinting through the haze. To wear a topee seemed perfectly absurd and I landed—rather pleased with my appearance—in my best tropical uniform and wearing a forage cap. I saw one of our officers—it was Major Pocklington—and gave him my very smartest salute; all he said was:

'You damned young fool; go straight back on board and get your helmet. Do you want to die your first day of duty?'

The Regiment was moving to Burma and had come down to Madras to embark. We crossed the Bay of Bengal to the Andamans and left one company in Port Blair before turning north. I rather wished that I'd been left there too, as it was a fascinating place, the penal settlement for the whole of India. Your household was staffed from the gaol and you might have a murderer for a bodyservant and an unsuccessful poisoner for cook. The Jarawas, the local aborigines, were a strange race—negroid dwarfs who absolutely refuse to have any truck with the white man and shoot him up with bows and blow-pipes whenever they get a chance.

We reached Rangoon when the monsoon was ending, though the water still streamed down. It was like living in a hot-house. My clothes were always soaked with sweat and, when I got to the Gymkhana Club in the evening after a short and easy day's work, I felt as if I had no backbone. After mess we just sank to sleep in those comfortable, low-slung Indian chairs with the arm-rests prolonged to support your feet. I've seen Fanshawe, the adjutant who had to be up at dawn, fall fast asleep at the mess table. For myself, I did all the usual silly things, began the day with a cold bath, ate masses of meat and took my shotgun out in the paddy fields at midday; but I was young and strong and came to no harm.

In November we moved up country to Toungoo to relieve the 5th battalion of the Rifle Brigade, who gave us a brotherly welcome but did their best to scare us with snake stories—cobras, Russell's vipers, kraits and the rest. They succeeded too.

Our bungalows were built of teak with bamboo-thatched roofs and little compounds separated by hedges of cactus through which you made gaps to suit yourself. A few nights later we were gathering in the ante-room before mess when a subaltern appeared pale as death and with beads of sweat on his forehead. He fell into a chair, clutched his left calf and told us how he'd been pushing his way through the cactus hedge when he'd felt an agonizing pain in his leg and seen an unmistakable krait glide away.

We all knew what to do. Somebody brought him half a glass of whisky, somebody else ripped up his trouser-leg and put a tourniquet on above the knee, someone else stood by with pen and paper to write down his Will and somebody did think of sending for the surgeon. That worthy came in half-dressed and inclined to be cross. He wiped the spot of blood from the puncture, felt all round the place and looked at it very closely. By this time his orderly had arrived with a case of instruments and a first-aid kit. He took a pair of forceps, pressed hard with the fingers of his other hand, groped a little and drew out a long, wicked-looking cactus thorn.

When Christmas came I took ten days leave and spent them tramping through the hill country behind Toungoo with a S.P.G. missionary called Salmon. He was a wonderful old gentleman and he'd done wonderful work there. The Karens had been converted to Christianity and real Christians they were too, with their own pastors and deacons, their churches that they'd built themselves and their Karen hymns that they sang to old English hymn tunes. They'd a real love and respect for the Reverend Salmon and when we met them on jungle trails their faces would light up with pure pleasure as they came to shake hands with him.

Presently I noticed that this only happens with some of the people we met; with others there would be a perfectly polite salutation but no handshake. The next time it happened, I asked:

'Well . . . you see . . . I'm sorry to say he was an American Baptist.'

And what about that fine looking fellow with the young wife we passed first thing this morning?'

'Oh dear, that was much worse. He was a Roman Catholic convert.'

That set me wondering whether the Almighty really worried all that much about the particular way in which His people worshipped Him; and I went on to wonder just what the Karens and other Christian Burmese made of all our quaint little distinctions—and then gave it up.

We always did our best for the health of our young soldiers and in the spring of 1890 I took a hundred of them to Wellington, a lovely cool station up in the Nilghiri Hills. My feelings were mixed. Oh one hand I'd miss the coming hot weather and I'd seen enough of that the previous autumn; on the other, I'd just managed to save up enough to buy myself a little Burmese tat and start to knock a polo ball about. I was finding life in the Regiment terribly expensive and at first I couldn't afford a pony at all. Clark, our colonel, had lent me one of his, but that wasn't the same as having a mount of my own and I hated leaving it behind.

I forgot all about it when I found myself at Ootacamund, the famous Nilghiri hill station, playing cricket on green grass just like England. I had meant to work hard at soldiering and flung myself into signals training—lamps, flags and the then novel heliograph—but in these parts no officer was ever seen in uniform after midday and I soon settled down to enjoy myself. We shot all round about, driving the deep wooded hollows for barking deer and spur fowl whose variegated hackle feathers were valuable for making trout flies. On one of these local shooting parties I met the Todas, a strange tribe who wore their hair long and lived almost entirely on buffalo milk. Their womenfolk had several husbands each and the one who was actually sleeping with her left his shoes outside the door as a warning to the others.

There was even fly-fishing in the Ooty waters where rainbow trout had been acclimatised by Major Grant, one of the earliest V.C.s. apart from those given in the Crimea and the Mutiny. He got his cross after the Manipur rebellion, for leading eighty Indian soldiers against the city when every other European, including the notorious Mrs Grimwood of the Residency, was fleeing as fast as horses could carry them. He had been one of my heroes—and more so than ever when I heard how he had refused to take his English leave because he couldn't bear the idea of being lionised in London—but at Ooty he was just known as the man who had introduced rainbow trout.

I'll spare you the usual shooting stories that are told by everyone who has ever been in India. At least I'll spare you all except my vividest memories: my first sambhur who came out of the woods in his lordly manner having first sent his hinds out ahead of him to sniff for danger; the deer whose ears I could just see sticking out of the scrub and which I took for a tiger because I thought my shikari had whispered 'bagh!' when what he'd really said was 'nahin bagh'; the ibex that I saw topple over as I fired and which I hunted up and down one ravine for a day and night, finding him at last caught by his horns in the cleft of a tree in the cliff face well above my head. And one beastly memory of shooting at a big black she-bear just at twilight, hitting one of her cubs and hearing the poor little fellow crying just like a hurt child as they padded away into the quick-falling tropical dusk. That night I swore I'd never shoot again, but I changed my mind the next day.

My worst trouble in Wellington was the lightning. In the hot weather thunderstorms would come whirling up over the burning Madras plains and burst on the mountain peaks around us. They were so frequent that the rocky ground above the camp was dotted with brown patches of scorched grass where the lightning had struck. As the barracks were full, we were billeted in bell tents, each of which held about fifteen men sleeping with their feet towards the centre pole to which their rifles were chained.

On our third or fourth night there, I was lying listening to the rain beating on my tent and thunder rumbling round the hill-tops when there was a flash and a crash and the ground under my camp-bed shook. I rushed out and found one tent collapsed with dazed men crawling out from under the canvas. The tent pole had been struck and the rifles round it wrecked but none of the soldiers had been injured.

I'd always been scared of lightning and this put the finishing touch to my fear. After that, as soon as I heard distant thunder, I used to wrap my sword and my rifles in a blanket and stow them under my bed with some vague idea that they might otherwise attract the flash; and then I'd lie there trembling till the storm blew itself out. Of course it was just as silly as old ladies covering up their looking-glasses and I knew it was silly—but we all of us have some particular horror that defeats us and that happened to be mine.

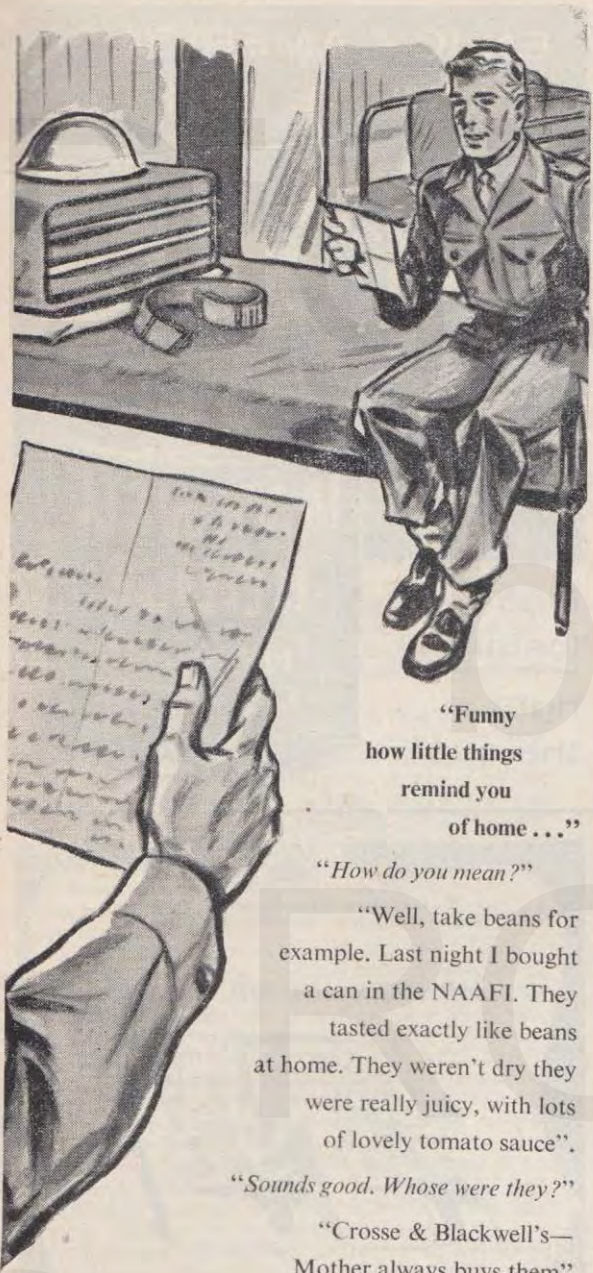
Big game never worried me, although tiger, elephant and buffalo were dangerous enough. While I was there, Lord Wenlock, the Governor of Madras, died, after having his foot mauled by a wounded tiger. However, the one narrow squeak that came my way was not due to my quarry. It happened on a shooting expedition to Coimbatore which was a hunter's paradise, full of game of all kinds—ibex, bear, sambhur, black buck, nilghai, and the rest. Unfortunately this was one of those trips where every single thing goes wrong. First I ran into trouble over my shooting licences which cost a lot more than I'd expected; then I found I was wounding and losing game that I ought to have killed and presently discovered that my last bought batch of .500 express cartridges were old and had lost most of their penetration; and finally I met with a disaster that might have been the end of me.

I set out with my shikari, an elderly man and a Christian of whom I'd become very fond, and took a two-pony tonga to the foot of the ghats, where we hired a couple of hooded bullock carts for the rest of the journey, two or three days jolting over rocky tracks to a village near some big caves that were said to harbour bear. We engaged a local man to guide us and set out next morning, my shikari in front carrying my light cavalry carbine, then myself and then the local man carrying my heavy rifle, which of course I'd carefully put at half-cock. An hour after dawn we spotted a herd of black buck; I took my heavy rifle, had a kneeling shot and missed.

'Come on, sahib', said the shikari. 'You'll get another shot from these rocks.'

He started off at a jog trot and I followed, handing my rifle back to the man behind me but—like a lunatic—leaving it at full-cock. The next thing I knew was a deafening report in my left ear and my old shikari fell with an expanding bullet in the base of his spine. The other man just threw down his rifle and ran, leaving me standing in the scrub with a corpse at my feet.

The next twenty-four hours were a nightmare that I don't care to think about even now. I managed to find my way back to the village which wasn't so easy in strange, featureless country. I had the body brought in and reported to the local native magistrate who held a formal inquest. It was the height of the hot weather and so the poor old chap had to be buried at once, but luckily I had my prayerbook with me and was able to read the burial service over him. Then I sent back the bullock carts, loaded up as much of my gear as I could carry and made for Wellington, forty-five miles away over hilly country. I covered the distance in fifteen hours—I



"Funny
how little things
remind you
of home ..."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, take beans for
example. Last night I bought
a can in the NAAFI. They
tasted exactly like beans
at home. They weren't dry they
were really juicy, with lots
of lovely tomato sauce".

"Sounds good. Whose were they?"

"Crosse & Blackwell's—
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"Ah well, that's why they
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suppose I was trying to escape from my own thoughts—reported to the C.O. of the camp, gave the shikari's widow as big a present as I could afford and then had plenty of time to blame myself for what I knew was my own criminal carelessness.

A day or two later I had a cable: 'Most anxious about your health and safety reply urgently—Father'.

In those days and especially in families like ours, cables were rare events—and rather expensive ones too. I wondered what on earth could have happened and then, about three weeks afterwards, there came a letter from my mother:

'... your father was so terribly worried. It must have been about half-past one in the morning when he woke me saying "Something awful has happened to Geoff. He's either dead or in great danger." He got up, but was shaking so that he could hardly stand, and sat on the side of the bed with his head in his hands. I tried to calm him and presently he lay down again, but he couldn't sleep and just stared at the ceiling till we were called. As soon as the post office opened I sent off that cable. You will think it was silly of me, but your father was in such a state that I had to.'

The day she gave was the day of the accident; dawn is always round about six in the tropics and Coimbatore is between eighty and ninety degrees East of Greenwich, or say five and half hours ahead in time; so the moment he leapt out of bed must have been pretty well the same moment that the man's fingers tightened on the trigger and the bullet grazed my side. But fancy such an experience befalling my father! And how he'd have hated to be told he was 'psychic'!

From Wellington I went to Poona in the spring of 1891 for a three months' signalling course. I worked jolly hard, passed out second and then went straight back to Toungoo, where I landed bang in the middle of the hot season. My first evening I mounted my little Burmese tat that I'd left behind so regretfully eighteen months ago. Everyone had used him for polo practice and the result was that he could follow the ball like a cat—in fact he almost had me off with his twists and turns—but he was badly gone in the legs and would never be any use for serious matches.

I'd dodged the previous summer and now I began to realise my luck. In the monsoon between seventy and ninety inches of rain fell in solid sheets and every single out-of-door activity was carried on in a downpour. One's boots and clothes grew long threads of mildew overnight and had to be dried out in huge wicker baskets hung over pots of smouldering charcoal. The mosquitoes made Mess a torture. For the sake of coolness we sat at table on cane-bottomed chairs and they would contrive to bite one's backside between the gaps, piercing clean through one's duck trousers. Then too, we clung to our regimental privilege of wearing pumps instead of half-Wellingtons and that exposed our ankles to the little brutes. Throughout the long mess dinners you sat uncomfortably shifting about on your chair and taking surreptitious swipes at your feet with the table napkin. It was now that I had my first dose of malaria and I've no doubt it was due to those ridiculously unsuitable shoes.

We were proud of our string band which included some famous instrumentalists like Cavagnola who afterwards went to Covent Garden. It was the best of its kind in Burma and on guest nights people would come long distances to listen to it. But of course the soaking wet was fatal to the strings which were always having to be renewed and led to some acrimonious mess

committee meetings with the less musical complaining of the ruinous expense.

I was soon sent away again, this time to Meiktila, midway between Toungoo and Mandalay, where one of our companies was permanently stationed. It was a pleasant spot with fine new teak-wood barracks, a large lake and plenty of shooting round about. Our Company Colour Serjeant was called Breese, the son of a Welsh gamekeeper and as keen on wildfowling as I was. We used to take three or four men and go off for ten days together, getting big bags of snipe and duck, particularly the whistling teal, a fat heavy bird with a plum coloured breast that made excellent eating. Big game was scarce except for strange bow-antlered Burmese deer called 'thamin' and they were extremely hard to get. They lived deep in the swamps and only came down to drink in the dark of the night. We would wait for them on the brink of the lake with our foresights doctored with luminous paint, but only once did we have any luck.

That same lake was nearly the end of me. A Captain Bernard from another regiment was keen on sailing and had rigged up a little ricketty boat with a lateen sail far too big for it. One evening we were tacking up and down in a nice steady breeze when suddenly a squall hit us, we took too long lowering the big lateen sail and before we knew what was happening the boat capsized and we were clinging to the keel.

'Can you swim?' asked Bernard.

'Not very far in this fresh water.'

'Well, I think I can reach the shore, if you can hold on here.'

Bit by bit he wriggled out of his clothes and set off, leaving me chilled and cheerless. The lake was still choppy, the boat was bobbing about so that it was hard to hold on and I was frightened of cramp. I tried to get out of my clothes but my flannel trousers clung to my legs and all I could do was to kick off my shoes. Then I struck out for the shore, which seemed an awful long way off in the fading light, and soon began to tire. Several times I trod water to look at the land which seemed no nearer. It was now nearly dark and I was almost losing hope when my feet touched the bottom. One end of the lake was shallow and shelving and, though we had been sailing at the deep end near the dam, the boat had drifted down to the other.

I dragged myself back to the mess furious with Bernard for leaving me in the lurch and was greeted with shouts of joy. But when the chaffing had subsided and someone said, 'Where's the other whipwrecked mariner?' he was nowhere to be found. A search party was organised and I was peeling out of my wet clothes to join them when there was another roar from the verandah and there stood Bernard stark naked and so angry he couldn't speak. We gave him a dressing gown and his bearer brought a basin to wash his feet which were filthy and badly cut. At first all he would say was 'Get me a drink', but at length we heard his story.

'I had plenty of strength to spare so I headed for that little village you can see on the far side, where I'd be certain to get help for Geoffrey and some sort of cart to drive us back. But I'd forgotten how shocked these people are by nudity. As soon as they saw me, every man, woman and child bolted down the street into the jungle and I've had to walk the whole way back.'

My time at Meiktila passed too quickly and once more I was back at Toungoo and making up my mind to a heart-breaking decision—nothing less than leaving the Regiment.

The Amiable Prussian

BY CHARLES DRAGE

To those who may be tired of war books let it be stated at once that this is not a story of battle in the accepted sense of the word. War, of course, must come into it if for no other reason that the hero, Walther Stennes, is a dedicated Prussian junker, owing his allegiance to Kaiser Wilhelm of first war fame or infamy, whichever you prefer, and no other.

When that monarch was defeated and deposed, the old Officer Corps was scattered to the four winds, and its members were left largely to their own devices to remake their lives as best they could in a new world of which they knew little and understood less. It is little wonder therefore that these men offered their services to almost any enterprise at home or abroad that would seem to afford some sort of security, and above all provide the bare necessities of life for themselves and their families. Of these Stennes was one, with the overriding difference that his first loyalty to Fatherland, Emperor, and Regiment never wavered, with the result that he was almost invariably on the losing side. It was not long before he was pronounced a rebel by many of the organisations whose causes he espoused.

It was only his personal courage in and out of battle, well known throughout Germany and indeed well beyond its boundaries, that attracted to his person a wide cross section of influential people in all parts of the world, who time and again saved him from what seemed certain liquidation.

After 1918 the only real instances of solidarity that he displayed lay in devotion to his Brown Shirts, which was fully reciprocated, and loyalty to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek whom he served as faithfully as his nature would permit for sixteen years, until in fact the Marshal, defeated by the Communists, was forced to leave China and take refuge in Formosa.

But long before this he had been mixed up in one capacity or another with most of the political movements in post first war Germany. In 1927, when Hitler's ultimate leadership was virtually assured, Stennes was coerced into accepting a high command in the Brown Shirts. As it turned out this for Stennes was virtually the beginning of the end so far as his services to the Fatherland were concerned. The characters of the two men were diametrically opposed. Hitler, the undistinguished little Corporal in battle, loathed everything that Stennes held most dear, the Hohenzollerns, the traditions of the Corps of Officers, and the esprit de corps with which the old German army was imbued. At the same time he realised that he would have to depend on selected old officers until the moment arrived when he would achieve supreme authority that would enable him to dispense with their services if necessary by means

of political murder. In this stage of evolution it was inevitable that Stennes would find himself at loggerheads firstly with the Gestapo and then with the S.S., both fanatical Nazi Police organisations. Hitler never forgave him, and edicts for his elimination were issued from time to time, even after by force of circumstances he had been compelled to fly from Germany as soon as possible and by any means available. Herein lies a matter of some interest, because after Hitler's charred remains were found in Berlin and Germany had lost the war beyond all possibility of doubt, it was difficult for the Allies to find anybody who would confess or acknowledge his adherence to the Nazi regime, which in the circumstances was quite understandable. Stennes on the other hand seems to be one of those rare people who could prove their hatred of Hitler and all his works before the debacle.

Little mention has been made of his married life. The unfortunate wife and daughter of a restless reactionary, at one moment condemned to death, and at others not knowing which way to turn, must surely have existed from day to day living on the lip of a volcano that might erupt at any uncertain moment, and provide a situation that was quite beyond their powers to control.

The story is well told in Drage's inimitable style. It has the inestimable value of having been acquired from first hand evidence, unlike so many biographies that have to rely solely on documents that may or may not be correct. At the same time one must make allowance for a certain amount of hero worship, which very likely is justified, but has to be accepted with a certain amount of caution.

Stennes is still a staunch supporter of the old German military hierarchy, and it may not be entirely unfair to suggest that even in the twilight of his life he, and perhaps a few others like him, may not still constitute a threat to the peace of the world. On the last page of the book he pleads for the reunification of the whole of Germany both east and west, and there is little doubt that what he really means is the capacity of Germany to reorganise and re-equip sufficiently to ensure at long last final victory for Deutschland in Europe and throughout the world. This is the future of which the U.S.S.R. is most afraid, and though we do not often agree with Russia we might be disposed to agree with them on this score, in spite of the apparent trend of our present policy.

Finally, it is difficult to understand the significance of the epithet 'Amiable' in the title of the book. Except possibly in the personal dealings of Stennes with Drage, his Prussian antecedents and characteristics give rise to some doubt about the appropriateness of such a pacific pseudonym. Let us hope that in his advancing years age may weary so that the years will not condemn.

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Centenary Dinner

OXFORD UNIVERSITY O.T.C.

BY JOHN OWEN

AN occasion which should be of some interest to the Regiment, the commemoration of the centenary of the Oxford University Officers' Training Corps, was celebrated with a dinner at Rhodes House, Oxford, on 29th May.

Although it was a hundred years ago that the Oxford University Rifle Corps was founded, its origins go back much further and it was in 1642 when Oxford was the headquarters of King Charles I during the Civil War that the members of the University, both senior and junior, paraded with their servants and other 'privileged persons' to support the Stuart cause.

In June 1859 the newly revived body had become the University Volunteer Regiment and twenty years later its title had changed again to the 1st (Oxford University) Volunteer Battalion of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry.

Its badge was the 'bugle horn stringed' which it still bears on the Corps tie, in gold on an Oxford blue ground.

Among eminent guests invited to the centenary dinner was the Colonel-Commandant of the Regiment, but Major-General Sir John Winterton had to cry off at the last moment owing to indisposition.

Regimental Notes

REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS

As an opening gambit to the first Journal Notes to emerge from the newly-established Regimental Headquarters at Cowley Barracks, we think it appropriate to publish a pictorial record of the last 'Passing Out' parade at the Old Regimental Headquarters and also one of some personalities who were the last survivors at the Establishment that will always be known within the Regiment as 'The Depot'.

Regimental Headquarters, in its new guise, is now established in the Officers' Mess building at Cowley Barracks. The offices are on the first floor in the afore-time 'boudoirs' and the ground floor, at the time of writing, is being prepared to receive the Museum. The work should be completed by the time these notes are published. There is also a Regimental Headquarter's office at Winchester which we hope all officers of the Regiment past and present will use at their convenience.

Major F. Clay was the last member of the old Regimental Headquarters Staff, and indeed the last serving officer of the Regiment, to leave Cowley Barracks. Until August he was busy handing over the buildings and returning to store ('by vouchers') all public property accumulated by the Regiment during its eighty-three years' sojourn at Oxford. If he found any 'dead bodies' lying in hitherto unexplored dungeons he must have disposed of them in a suitable manner for he did not report their presence to Regimental Headquarters.

Apart from the hundred and one routine duties of Regimental Headquarters, perhaps the most stirring activity during the summer was the determined assault, led by Lieut.-Colonel F. Clare in person and suitably equipped with ledger and pencil, in support Mr Martin, against 'The Keep'. This 'bastion' having been captured, all 'loot' was laid out for inspection by the Regiment so that its representatives could take away items of Regimental property required at Tidworth.

Those members of the Regiment who think that 'that missing property' of theirs is in The Keep may rest assured that it is not.

The Regimental 'At Home' and the cricket match versus Major Ruck-Keene's XI was held on University College cricket ground on 11th July. Mr Bennett, late groundsman at Cowley Barracks, is now in charge of that ground. It rained hard all the morning but the weather cleared in the afternoon and thanks to hard work by Mr Bennett, and C.S.M. Hornblower's working party from the Regiment, things were 'mopped' up enough for the cricket to start after luncheon. Over two hundred Regimental guests, members of the Regiment and Old Comrades attended the 'At Home' and enjoyed tea produced by Mr and Mrs Bennett and their hard working assistants 'press ganged' for the occasion. We were particularly pleased to entertain The Right Worshipful The Mayor of Oxford and The High Sheriff of Oxford who are such keen supporters of the Regiment.

Cricket on this kind of occasion is apt to be rather incidental and we believe the Regiment lost the match to the strong side, mainly from Henley, playing for Major Ruck-Keene. We did notice Lieut.-Colonel P. T. Van Straubenzee fielding in his usual inimitable manner near the tea tent. Later he was moved away. We wondered why!

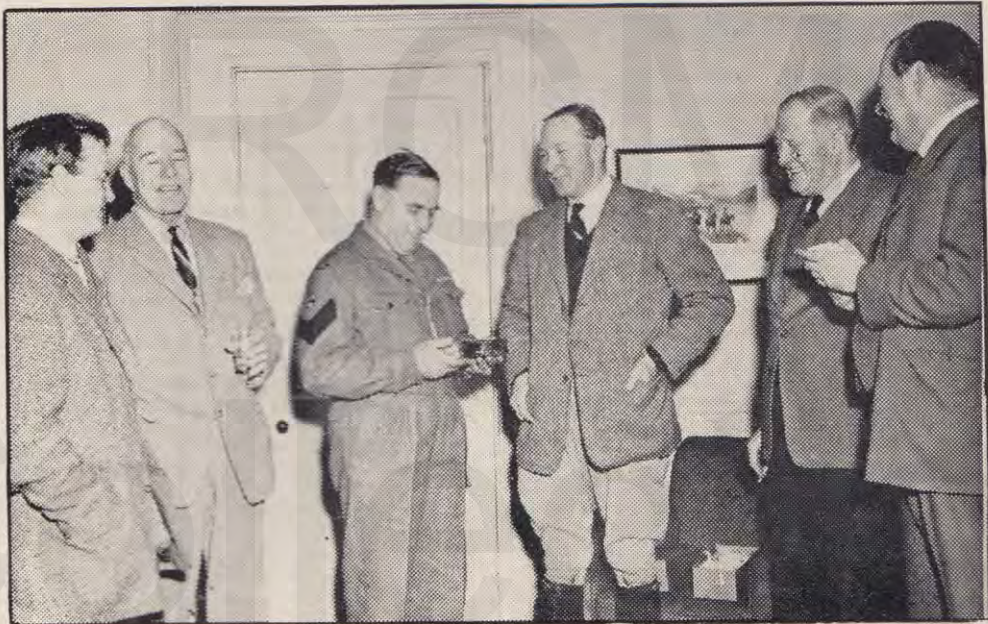
Events have overtaken the old Depot. Except for the Officers' Mess building and the married quarters all is deserted and at the mercy of gangs of children who delight in breaking the windows of a night. The fate of the barracks is still unknown but rumours come and go. We hoped that there would be some truth in a report that a Police Training College would move in, for this would have meant good neighbours, little alteration to the lay-out and the preservation of the playing fields. Nothing further has been heard of this possibility.

All however is not lost for, although the present situation is somewhat depressing, when alterations are completed the building now occupied by Regimental Headquarters, together with the Museum and the old 'Officers' garden', will make a very pleasant 'corner' salvaged from the wreck.

We intend that this 'corner' be very much part of the Regiment and indeed the main Regimental 'exchange'



The Colonel of the Regiment inspecting the last passing out parade at Cowley Barracks.



Presentation to Serjeant G. Wall, Officers' Mess Serjeant, on closing of the Officers' Mess at Cowley Barracks.

with direct lines to the Regiment, The Green Jackets Brigade Depot, all past and present members of the Regiment, and the counties of Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire.

The Staff at Regimental Headquarters very much look forward to visits from past and present members of the Regiment be they Riflemen/Privatees or Generals. In particular we hope that many will visit the Regimental Museum in its new surroundings. Accommodation cannot be offered but a few glasses have been misappropriated from the old Officers' Mess and we are prepared to fill them for our visitors with the more usual kinds of alcoholic beverages.

PERMANENT STAFF

Lieutenant-Colonel J. Granville.

Lieutenant-Colonel F. Clare, M.B.E., D.C.M. (officially till 31st March 1960).

Mr E. S. Martin.

Mr T. W. Meadows.

43RD & 52ND LETTER

DEAR EDITOR,

Since the last, unfortunately rather brief letter, the Regiment has returned to England to be stationed in the United Kingdom for the first time since the war. For the next two years or so we are to be Demonstration Battalion at the School of Infantry, Warminster. However, first things first, and we must go back to Cyprus where we were at the time of the last letter.

The most important factor affecting our life in Cyprus was, of course, the signing of the London Agreement at the end of February. As a result of this, tension in the island, which had eased considerably in the previous few weeks, eased still more, and at last we were able to move about freely and unarmed. The hotels and cafes in the towns were gradually put back in bounds, the barbed wire slowly disappeared, and life became quite pleasant again.

At the beginning of March, news was received that our advance party was to fly home in a week's time, six weeks earlier than had been expected. This of course started all sorts of wild rumours about our date of departure. Speculation continued to be rife for some time, but eventually it was learned that we were to sail in the *Dunera* on 20th May, only about a fortnight earlier than had been originally intended.

The last few weeks in Cyprus passed slowly. Ships came and went in Limassol harbour and everybody seemed to be waiting for the day when the *Dunera* would appear. We started withdrawing our outside guards, and more and more of our duties were taken over by the Devonshire and Dorset Regiment.

During the quiet terrorist-free period after Christmas the Regiment started to train seriously for the more conventional duties that we should have to demonstrate on at Warminster. There had been no opportunity for this sort of training previously. Activity was particularly noticeable in Support Company, where B.A.T.S., M.M.G.s and three-inch Mortars, weapons that had not been seen for many a long day, were brought out from hibernation in the Quartermaster's stores, and enthusiastic teams of men were seen practising gun drills and making 'long carries' around the perimeter wire.

At the beginning of March, the Colonel of the Regiment came out for a week to pay us a very welcome visit. An account of his visit appears elsewhere in this edition.

Now that peace reigned once more, it was possible for many more recreational activities to take place. The Regimental hockey team succeeded in carrying off the Island Cup, while the boxers reached the Island semi-finals. Much to everyone's surprise the Pentathlon team, which for several weeks previously had been seen roaring around the camp on motor-cycles came a very creditable fourth in the Island Championships. The shooting team won the Western Area Rifle meeting by a comfortable margin.

Meanwhile boxes were being packed and painted and Regimental Headquarters was almost invisible beneath the mountain of baggage that was piling up outside. Innumerable farewell parties were held; the Sergeants' Mess gave a very successful Ball, while the Officers' Mess had a Cocktail Party to which well over three hundred people came to say good-bye to the Regiment. On 12th May Lieut.-Colonel R. A. St G. Martin handed over his duties as Military Commander, Limassol, to the Commanding Officer of the Devonshire and Dorset Regiment and, at long last, Limassol was off our hands. There now only remained the final farewell parade, when the salute was taken by Major-General K. T. Darling, the Director of Operations, who was accompanied by Brigadier J. A. J. Read, and as the Battalion marched off the Square for the last time, 37 Field Engineer Regiment, who had been our neighbours for so long, lined the route and presented arms to us.

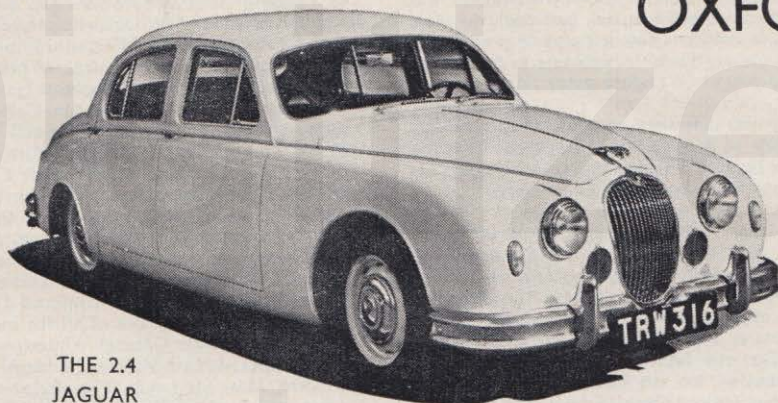
That afternoon the *Dunera* came into Limassol, and the Ship's Advance Party went on board. A final inspection of camp by the Commanding Officer, and the next morning innumerable three-tonners performed a shuttle service taking the troops down to the harbour. We were taken out to the *Dunera* in launches and were played off from the docks by the bands of the Royal Engineers and the Devonshire and Dorset Regiment.

A farewell luncheon and drinks party was held on board to which a large number of people came, including the Governor, and the Commissioner of Limassol. The Commander-in-Chief, Middle East Land Forces, was to have come, but he was unfortunately prevented from attending due to illness. At last the time came for us to sail, and sadly we said good-bye to the many friends we had made during our stay in Cyprus. Now that the day for which we had waited so long had arrived there were many sad hearts and faces. The gangplank was hauled up, the ship's siren sounded, the Governor's Auster flew overhead and dipped its wings in salute, and to the strains of the Regimental March, played by the Royal Engineers Band in a 'Z' craft alongside, we sailed away from the island that had been our home for three years, leaving behind many friends, but taking home memories that will not quickly be forgotten.

The journey home was uneventful, but very cheerful. The boat stopped at Malta where the two parties who were to race each other and the boat home across Europe disembarked. Shore leave was granted for a few hours and nearly everybody took advantage of the opportunity to have a look at Malta.

On to Southampton and, after waiting in Southampton Water for nearly four hours, we came alongside the docks. The Buglers on board sounded the Light Division Assembly and the Band of the 60th on the dockside broke into the Regimental March. Everyone was cheering

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and waving to their friends and relations on the dockside and on board. At last we were home. The two parties who had travelled overland from Malta had both beaten the ship home and were waiting on the dockside. That night was to be spent on board whilst the baggage was unloaded, but those whose relatives had come to meet them were allowed off for a few minutes to greet them. Many people came on board to welcome us home and that evening the Mayor of Oxford came down to greet the Regiment.

The next day we disembarked and, after Customs clearance, went on to Tidworth by train where we found that the Advance Party had made admirable arrangements for our reception. Two days at Tidworth and then we went off on block leave for varying periods.

Now that we have settled down in England life seems very uneventful after Cyprus. Letter 'A' Company live permanently at Warminster where they are walking the course preparatory to taking over from the Somerset Light Infantry in September. The remainder of the Regiment remains at Tidworth and much hard training is being done for our future rôle as Demonstration Battalion. In addition we are sending detachments to Netheravon, Mons Officer Cadet School and Hythe. It was with much regret that we said good-bye to Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs Martin in July, but they will not be far away from us at Winchester, and we wish Colonel Martin every success in his new post as Brigade Colonel of the Green Jackets. We are glad to welcome back Lieut.-Colonel Harbottle and his wife to the Regiment, and hope that his tour of command will be a happy and successful one.

Everyone was delighted that both Colonel Martin and Colonel Harbottle have received the O.B.E., Captain Stacey received a Mention-in-Despatches and R.Q.M.S. Clarke and Colour-Serjeant Bailey were awarded Commander-in-Chief's Certificates of Commendation.

We are now about to prepare for another move, but this time only twenty miles down the road to Knook Camp, Heytesbury, near Warminster. This promises to be nothing like as comfortable as our present, rather luxurious barracks and some may feel the comparative warmth of Cyprus is preferable to the rigours of a winter on Salisbury Plain.

Yours,

43RD AND 52ND.

VISIT OF THE COLONEL COMMANDANT TO 1ST GREEN JACKETS, 43RD & 52ND POLEMIDHIA, LIMASSOL, CYPRUS

On Sunday, 1st March, the B.E.A. Viscount bringing Major-General Sir John Winterton, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.B.E., the Colonel Commandant of 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd, to Cyprus, landed at Nicosia Airport. At the airport to meet the Colonel Commandant, on his second visit to the Regiment in Cyprus since it began its overseas tour in 1956, were Brigadier J. A. J. Read, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C., the last commanding officer of the Regiment who is now commanding 3rd Infantry Brigade in Nicosia, Major D. B. Fox, the Governor's Military Assistant and also a member of the Regiment, and Lieut. I. G. Elliott who was to act as A.D.C. to General Winterton throughout his visit. As the plane arrived late in the evening General Winterton drove straight to

Brigadier Read's house for the night. The following morning the Commanding Officer of the Regiment, Lieut.-Colonel R. A. St G. Martin, M.B.E., went to Nicosia to meet the Colonel Commandant and bring him down to Limassol in the staff car. The escorting Landrover was driven by Cpl Murdoch who comes from 45 Lamerton Road, Reading, and Cpl Hall who lives at 41 The Crescent Slough, had the important task of being personal escort to General Winterton throughout his visit.

On arriving at Limassol the Colonel Commandant drove straight to the parade ground where the Colour Party, four companies and the Band and Bugles were drawn up on parade to welcome their Colonel Commandant with a general salute. After he had inspected the parade General Winterton took the salute as the Regiment marched past in column of companies and subsequently in column of route. He was very impressed with the steadiness of all those taking part, of the high standard of the recently introduced Green Jacket drill, and the fitness and health of all the men.

After the parade General Winterton met a number of the families, before walking through the camp to the Officers' Mess for lunch. The afternoon and evening he spent quietly at the Commanding Officer's house.

On Tuesday, 3rd March, General Winterton was escorted to camp where he inspected the Regimental Quarter Guard. Then after a visit to the Officers' Mess, he held a long discussion of Regimental matters with the Commanding Officer, Company Commanders, Adjutant, Regimental Serjeant-Major and Bandmaster. The Colonel Commandant was the guest of the Warrant Officers and Serjeants Mess at a cocktail party in the evening.

All morning of Wednesday, 4th March, was spent in touring the camp, seeing members of the Regiment on training, and at their various employments, and finally visiting the main Dining Hall to watch the fairly recently introduced self-service system in operation. General Winterton and the Commanding Officer then left camp and drove to Limassol where they were the guests of Mr Williams, the Commissioner. The afternoon was spent watching the Regiment's football and hockey teams playing against 42 Survey Regiment, Royal Engineers.

On Thursday, the Commissioner of Limassol arranged for General Winterton to tour the Haggipavlu Winery, the oldest wine and brandy producers on the island, and after a most interesting tour he was presented with a case containing a selection of local wines and brandies. Subsequently he and the Commanding Officer drove the fifteen miles to G.H.Q. Middle East, at Episkopi, to lunch with the Commander-in-Chief, Lieut.-General Sir Roger Bower, K.B.E., C.B.

Most of Friday, 6th, was spent visiting the outlying detachments of the Regiment on guard at the power station at Ayia Phyla, at the mines at Moutayiaka and Kalavassos, at a cement quarry at Moni and at the Central Police Station at Limassol. He was accompanied by Major P. E. Gerahy, whose company, 'A' Company, was finding the Guard at Kalavassos, and by Major P. J. E. Durant, M.B.E., whose company, 'B' Company, was finding the remaining guards. In the evening the officers held a large cocktail party so that the Colonel Commandant could meet officers and their wives from the many Headquarters and units in the West of Cyprus.

The last day of the visit, Saturday, 8th March, was a day of farewells. In the morning the Colonel Commandant gave his final address to the Regiment in which he said:

'Ever since its arrival in Cyprus, I have had very good reports about the Regiment and on coming here now it is particularly gratifying to me to hear on every side of the high regard in which the Regiment is held.

I would like to congratulate the Commanding Officer and the whole Regiment on this. I myself have been very impressed by the turnout and alert bearing of all ranks.'

In the afternoon he watched the finals of the West of Cyprus Hockey Competition and had the pleasure of presenting the cup to his own Regiment who beat the Devonshire and Dorset Regiment 4-0 in a very good game. After tea General Winterton drove up to Nicosia with the Commanding Officer and Mrs Martin, to spend his last night on the island as the guest of the Governor and Lady Foot at Government House.

On Sunday morning, 8th March, in brilliant sunshine General Winterton took off for home by air after an extremely successful, and we hope enjoyable visit.

AND SO I BECAME A SOLDIER

By CPL WOODBURN

After the usual preliminaries, X-ray, and medical examination I was informed that my medical grading was A 1. I was ushered in to see a retired Major whose job it was to take down particulars such as sporting interests, and who advised me on choice of Regiments with which to serve. We were talking for a while and he did his utmost to try and get me to select the Glosters which was his own Regiment. However, having just completed an engineering apprenticeship I plumped for the R.E.M.E., with the Somerset Light Infantry as a second choice. Then came the waiting days.

I always left for work just after the first post delivery and in the morning I would sit by the window with a cup of tea wondering whether or not this is going to be the day. In fact when my call-up papers did come it was by the midday post. I was like, I expect the majority of National Servicemen, all fingers and thumbs opening the envelope. At last I had the thing open and then I read that I had been posted to the Somerset Light Infantry. My first reaction was of slight disappointment as I had been looking forward to maybe improving my knowledge of engineering in different fields in the R.E.M.E.

However, on a Thursday afternoon in January 1958 I packed my bags and travelled to Taunton to the depot of the Somerset Light Infantry.

The depot there is a most imposing looking place and from the outside the impression I had was of a small castle. The barrack blocks were in extremely good condition.

Our training was hard and enjoyable. Our training sergeant had completed fifteen years' service. He was a Scot and had all the army sayings and descriptions at his finger tips and never failed to use them in full force especially when we were on the training square.

After completing our training, instead of joining the regiment at Warminster, we were posted to the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry in Cyprus. We had known about this almost from our first day in the Army and there were various schools of thought. Some who were looking forward to going and some not. The Officers in the Somersets had given the 43rd and 52nd a very good build up. They had told us it was a very good Regiment and much the same as the

Somersets. However, the only similarity (that we could see) between the drills of the regiments was the marching pace. Consequently we had to forget a lot of our drill and start re-learning.

Our journey to Cyprus was by sea on a fairly new ship named *Nevassa*. Apart from the first day at sea when nearly everyone was sick we had a good journey over, and five very enjoyable hours shore leave in Gibraltar.

I was in Cyprus about thirteen months and one of the things that really struck me was the different standards of living between some of the villages and the towns. Some villagers live no better than the cattle they own.

Soldiering in Cyprus was definitely my best time in the Army because there we were doing a job for a reason. If we stayed out at night there was always the chance we would get someone. I will always remember stand-by calls and the mad dash for the wagons: time went very quickly out there.

On arriving back in England I went on my twenty-eight days leave during which time I was married. Now with not much time left in the Army (I shall not sign on as I have a trade to go back to) I look back over my National Service and draw these conclusions. That the Army (N.S.) does a lot of people a power of good. I myself have noticed changes in the lads I have served with, but I think if I were going to sign on I should definitely make a career of it, and sign for twenty-two years. To my mind signing on for less means giving a good few years work to the service and not reaping the benefits that are to be had.

'THAT WEEKLY WAIT'

By CPL M. CYSTER

The last working day of any week before soldiers go on week-end leave must be the same almost anywhere. I know that with our platoon when Saturday morning comes round there is always that same air of excitement and everyone jumps out of bed and gets moving instead of having the usual extra few minutes sleep and getting up looking like nothing on earth as we crawl to the washroom.

It's quite amazing what the thought of 'a week-end at home with the girl friend', will do for a chap on a Saturday morning. A real effort is made to make the rooms look presentable for the Company Commander's inspection, as no one wants to stay behind to clean them at the end of the day. That would be the end of it all.

Hard as we try, things always seem to go wrong and it seems as if we shall never get away on time to catch that train or bus.

We might go out to the range or to the training area doing section attacks, and when the Platoon Commander says we will have just one more shoot or do one more attack, it is the end. We just won't be back in time to catch our homeward bound transport. Our hopes have now sunk below all depths.

But no, wait a moment. Did I hear him say that last shoot was cancelled! Yes, and before the order can be given to clear up, chaps are dashing to and fro picking up empty cases, taking down flags and preparing to return to barracks.

The Officer has once more become our friend, and if we hurry, we might still catch that train. Yes, everyone is once more happy as we are about to get on the vehicles to return. That is until Rifleman Snooks realises that he

has lost his bayonet. Everyone is ordered off the trucks again to look for it and Snooks is on the receiving end of much abusive language and harsh names especially when he says, 'I don't care, I wasn't going home anyway'.

When he remembers that he didn't bring one with him the platoon are near to mobbing him, but are held back by the thought of the time and that 'Week-end at home, with the girl friend', and we are once more concerned with getting back to barracks.

Returning to camp the journey seems twice as long as usual and the trucks seem to be just crawling along. All sorts of odd remarks can be heard on the journey back, such as, 'If I can get a lift to the station I might just catch it', or 'Would you give me a hand to clean my rifle so that I can catch my coach?'

Back in barracks as it nears the time to leave, everyone is happy again, whistling and singing as we change into our civilian clothes.

Then zero hour arrives and hordes of chaps can be seen dashing in all directions. Cycles, motor-cycles and cars of all shapes, colours and descriptions can be seen exceeding the speed limit in an effort to get home a few minutes earlier.

Then when all the rush and noise has died down Rifleman Bloggs can be seen ambling down the road to the station with all the time in the world to catch his train, and he's just the one who has been so worried all morning whether or not he would make it in time.

When all is said and done it's one big rush and worry for nothing as we always get home just the same.

SERGEANTS' MESS

The Regiment has once again moved, and by the time these notes are printed, we will be at Warminster. At the moment, however, we are temporarily stationed at Tidworth, in quite pleasant surroundings, with temperatures in the nineties not making acclimatisation too difficult.

To bring you up to date, the last notes were written about two weeks before we left Cyprus. In spite of packing and handing over, this period proved to be the most enjoyable time of our tour there. The London Conference took place, the Internal Security situation gradually eased, and our operational commitments became less and less. 'Uncle George' and his Lieutenants came out of hiding, to become locally a nine days wonder, and then disappeared to Greece. As the duties decreased, so more and more mess members appeared from such semi-permanent abodes as Central Police Station, Kalavassos and finally Gibraltar Camp (the last rejoicing in a somewhat different name in certain circles).

Naturally the social side of Mess life picked up, for many more members were able to attend functions. We had two very enjoyable games of hockey against the Sergeants Mess of the Devonshire & Dorsets. We were not, however, able to hold them; mainly, I think, because some of our stalwarts had disappeared on the Advance Party.

Our Farewell Ball turned out to be rather a hectic affair. Although the evening was not too warm, with a consequent break in the outside activities, all seemed to enjoy themselves which is, after all, what mattered. Full justice was done to the excellent buffet provided

by W.O. II Slater, and the band, provided by the Sergeants' Mess of the Devonshire & Dorsets, performed well throughout the evening.

The voyage home was most relaxing and the weather good. Trying to organise a game of 'Phatt' among certain members was about the most difficult job. But I think that paled into insignificance when it came to digging the Regimental Serjeant-Major's box out of the hold—the proverbial needle in a haystack. We played a cricket match against the Officers one afternoon, and trying to hit a small ball with a miniature bat proved to be rather difficult. The Officers won by one run, most of our score being made up of extras. The Ship's race meeting was a great success; the Regimental wives turned out to be outstanding jockeys, and there was a great deal of support for Mesdames Hornblower, Young, Ball and Trehearne. Mrs Ball eventually beat Mrs Hornblower by a neck in a great final. Much money changed hands, and C.-Sjt Bailey looked even more cheerful than usual for the rest of the evening.

As we neared England, the weather seemed to get warmer and warmer. We even thought the Regimental Serjeant-Major was going to disembark in KD, but he changed his mind at the last moment. We had a considerable welcome to our native shores. There were some 300 people on the quay to meet us, including Regimental Serjeant-Major Besant, C.S.M.s Gater and Hatton, Sjts Morgan and MacCreedy and, of course, members of our advance party, who we found to be experts on the subject of 36-hour and 48-hour passes.

Now, as far as work is concerned, the main subject is not operations but nights on Salisbury Plain, though fortunately it has not yet been either cold or wet. Also we seem to be very anxious to keep up our reputation for long, tough route marches. Needless to say there have been one or two discreet enquiries as to the whereabouts of a chiropodist in the district. We will certainly be fit when we get to Warminster.

Television has come to the Mess, and several members complain already of square eyes. There is also much lively discussion on the relative merits of B.B.C. and I.T.V. Certain members have been heard to remark that members' cars should only be allowed to arrive at the Mess during the commercials. I also hear the TV watchers are saving to buy the Orderly Room Quartermaster-Serjeant's car a suppressor.

Fortunately not many members have departed from the Mess. Sjt Dannan has gone to Winchester as Training Sjt and S.S.I. Lashbrook remained in Cyprus, together with C.Q.M.S. Boustead who had not been with us long. On the other hand we welcome back Sjt Brown from Regimental Headquarters, and Sjt McCracken, who is once more playing with the Band after his sojourn at Winchester, having done a straight swap with Sjt Summerfield.

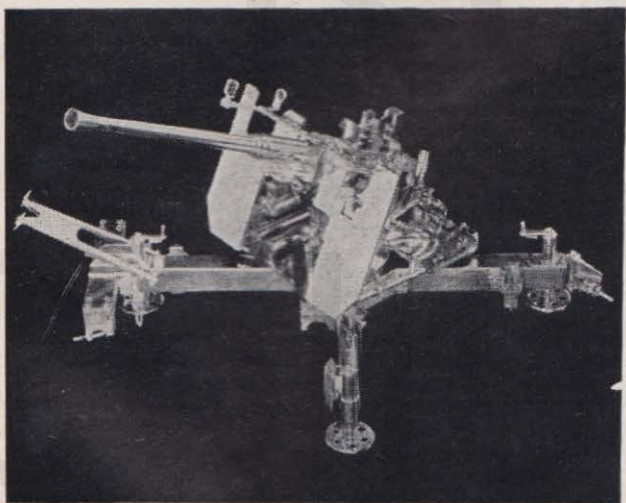
Our heartiest congratulations to Regimental Quartermaster-Serjeant Clarke and C.-Sjt Bailey on the award of the Commander-in-Chief's Certificate. They were well earned, and of course christened in the right 'Spirit'.

Finally, our very best wishes to Mess Members of the 60th and the Rifle Brigade, the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry (T.A.) and any friends of Light Infantry days, not of course forgetting our Honorary Members. We hope to see far more of you while we are in the U.K. If you should be in the Tidworth or Warminster areas, come and visit us, you will be made most welcome.

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CORPORALS' ROOM

Since the last issue of the REGIMENTAL JOURNAL, there has been little activity on the entertainment side, mainly due to the general unheaval of the situation in Cyprus and the move home of the Regiment.

A new Committee was appointed and the Entertainments Section arranged a Social Evening for Saturday, 25th April. By common consent, a Stag Party was decided upon, and those invited included a contingent from the two companies of the Devonshire & Dorsets that were stationed at Gibraltar Camp. Our thanks are due to the two N.C.O. Cooks who provided such a magnificent Buffet at such little expense. The outside Enclosure of the N.A.A.F.I. was used for the first time and when it was illuminated, it provided an unusual setting. We are also very grateful to the Manageress and the Staff of the N.A.A.F.I. for the use of the Room and their efforts behind the Bar.

The Club was then invited to send a party to a Social Evening over at Waterloo Camp, the home of the 1st Bn Devonshire & Dorsets at Episkopi. Due to various duties only twenty members were able to attend but they were given a most enjoyable evening. The highlight was a Snooker and Darts Challenge Match between the Commanding Officer and Adjutant of the Devonshire & Dorsets, and Cpl Rowe and L.-Cpl Haynes, which resulted in a riotous win for the Green Jackets. This evening we all felt, helped to establish a friendly relationship between the two Regiments, and we wish them the best of luck in the remainder of their Tour.

Soon after this, the Regiment moved back to England and owing to disembarkation leave the Club was temporarily closed. It is hoped, however, that many social evenings and events will be held at Tidworth and again at Warminster in the near future.

BAND

The Band had to leave Cyprus in advance of the Regiment owing to two important engagements which had been booked for the massed Green Jackets bands in England. Before giving an account of the engagements something must be said about the journey home on board the *Devonshire*. Most of the troops on board consisted of officers and men of 25 Medium Regiment, Royal Artillery. As is the custom the band had their instruments on hand and a good supply of music and were able to entertain in various ways throughout the trip with the exception of two days when the weather was unpleasant and Sjt Frith amongst others looked decidedly 'green'. The administration of the ship was in the hands of the Royal Air Force, a job they did very well with one black spot only. At the conclusion of the morning band concert the inevitable 'tannoy' began pouring forth request records. That did not upset anyone but the first record was always the R.A.F. march past. That in itself was quite appropriate, the complaint being that the band was unable to finish its programme properly. After a day or two Mr Kenney in collaboration with the Regimental Serjeant-Major of the gunners stopped the band playing at a minute or so before 12 noon and the moment the tannoy clicked on the band and bugles played the regimental march as loudly as possible followed by 'The British Grenadiers', thus drowning the R.A.F. march. Loud cheers were raised by the gunners in appreciation

The ship sailed into Southampton in perfect weather and the journey to Winchester was made by road. After a few days leave the bands of the 1st and 2nd Green Jackets got down to rehearsals for the first engagement—the international match between England and Italy. The standard of football was very low in the England team and to make matters worse the bandmaster (despite previous consultations with the other bandmasters of the brigade) committed the 'faux pas' of the year by playing the old Royalist anthem of Italy before the game started.

It was now necessary to send all the instruments away for a badly needed overhaul, and the band were able to enjoy a month's leave, but to our dismay the Regiment arrived at Southampton whilst we were still without any instruments. Mr Jeanes with the band of the 2nd Green Jackets, King's Royal Rifle Corps, kindly stepped into the breach and played the ship in to the dock.

Meanwhile, the band of the 3rd Green Jackets, The Rifle Brigade, under Mr Snowden, had arrived at Winchester from B.A.O.R. This then, was the first time that all three bands of the Green Jackets Brigade had ever been together. We were not entirely strangers as a great number of the bandmen had met at Kneller Hall and, for that matter, so had the bandmasters. We were soon rehearsing for the Royal Show at Oxford and also for the Green Jackets cricket week. The 'Royal' was held on 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th July and the rôle of the massed bands and bugles was to 'Sound Retreat' at 5.10 p.m. daily. The ground was particularly bad for marching but the standard of drill and playing was very high. Some colour was added to the dark uniforms by reason of the 'full dress' worn by the bandmasters and bugle-majors, including the 'shako' and 'plume' which was also worn by the buglers. Although these notes are headed 'Regimental Band' it is felt that the buglers should be mentioned as having played better than we have heard for many years.

The other two bands returned to Winchester after the last performance but we stayed in Oxford in order to entertain at the annual cricket match which was held this year on University College ground. The weather somewhat spoilt this particular day by producing rain right up to lunchtime when the sun appeared and shone for the remainder of the day. Unfortunately, many people stayed away and therefore missed hearing the band and the Sounding of Retreat.

Rehearsals now began in earnest for Cricket Week at Winchester. The bands each played for two days cricket. On the Wednesday evening a fine concert was given in 'Upper Barracks' which was attended by some 3,000 people. This was followed by the Sounding of Massed Retreat by floodlight. (It is understood that a vote of thanks has been given to the Adjutant of the Depot for arranging a full moon to be placed centrally over the echo Buglers during the Retreat.) Again the bugling was beyond criticism and the whole performance was most impressive. Massed Retreat was again sounded on the cricket field at the close of play on Thursday. On the Saturday the Brigade boys under Mr Rogers also sounded Retreat at the close of play. They must be congratulated for their keenness and good drill.

On 22nd July we moved to Tidworth to rejoin the Regiment. Major Colville was now able to take over the reins very firmly in the capacity of Band President and his 'In' tray now includes many letters concerning engagements which seem to be coming in thick and fast.

An advertising campaign has been undertaken in order to replace periodical losses of Bandmen who are

lured by the call of civilian life. But we are pleased to have Atchison still with us, he has decided to remain for a few more years.

Cpl Sumner is now on probation as a Student-Bandmaster at Kneller Hall and we wish him luck on the fateful day in October when he has to 'Pass-in'. Bdsman Bowen is doing well on his one-year course as a pupil in the same establishment and we are looking forward to having him with us again very soon.

ROLL OF OFFICERS

1ST GREEN JACKETS, 43RD & 52ND

Regimental Headquarters

Lieutenant-Colonel M. N. Harbottle, O.B.E.
Major J. M. A. Tillett
Captain W. M. Cracknell
Lieutenant C. E. W. Jones
Major (Q.M.) S. A. G. Cox, M.B.E.

Headquarter Company

Major R. M. Colvile
Major H. P. Patterson
Captain J. D. F. Mostyn
Captain C. St C. Simmons
2nd Lieutenant A. J. Davies
Lieutenant (Q.M.) A. J. Howland

'A' Company

Major P. E. Gerahty
Lieutenant M. J. C. Draco
2nd Lieutenant J. G. C. Goodwyn

'B' Company

Major P. J. E. Durant, M.B.E.
Lieutenant M. J. Massy-Berresford
Lieutenant F. J. B. Taylor
Lieutenant J. P. Watts
2nd Lieutenant E. J. H. Acton
2nd Lieutenant P. G. Costley-White

'C' Company

Major O. G. Pratt
Major P. W. Mitchell
Captain C. A. S. Hinton
Lieutenant J. M. Meade
2nd Lieutenant J. G. Morgan
2nd Lieutenant M. Whitfield
2nd Lieutenant R. P. Radcliffe

Support Company

Major W. S. C. Chevis
Lieutenant I. G. Elliott
Lieutenant K. J. Smith
Lieutenant T. M. Hartley

Mons Platoon

Captain J. R. G. N. Eveleigh

ATHLETICS

This year the Regimental meeting was held on 16th and 17th April. Within half a mile of Buckingham Camp, there was, supposedly, the finest athletic field in Cyprus, and the Royal Engineers indeed had spent a considerable amount of time perfecting it. Certain items of kit, however, were almost unobtainable, and it was not until the eve of our meeting that one of the two sets of hurdles in the island arrived, by three-tonner, from another unit, right on the other side of the island. On both days the weather was superb.

On the afternoon of the 16th heats of the various races were run off, to give five finalists, as Headquarter Company entered only one team. Despite some opposition, preliminaries were also held in all the jumping and throwing events; this halved the number of finalists, and considerably reduced the time required for the final. The 4 x 220 Yards Relay was an easy win for Headquarter Company, and the Three Miles was a well-earned win for Lieut. Elliott.

The morning of the 17th was devoted mainly to rounds of the Tug-o'-War. By now it was quite apparent that 'A' Company had more than just two teams: they were almost up to Regimental standard, which was a superb display of gamesmanship on the part of Company Serjeant-Major Young, who coached the teams right from the start. The afternoon's programme was very tight, with seldom less than two events going on concurrently. A great victory went to 'B' Company, when their two pole-vaulters, L.-Cpl Joseph and Rfn Ayres, went on far above any others and decided, eventually, to stop jumping at a few inches over 9 feet. The final of the Lightweight Tug-o'-War went to 'A' Company in two straight pulls from Support Company.

Perhaps one of the greatest attractions of the afternoon was the handicapped 100 Yards old soldiers dash. The Commanding Officer, who started about half-way down the field, came through with splendid verve to win by a few feet from the Quartermaster. The children's race was well supported, although some of the entrants could not be identified as children of members of the Regiment; fortunately there were enough sweets to go round. The third novelty race was won easily by Mrs Mitchell, in almost record time for the 100 Yards.

In the Long Jump Rfn Beasley, of Headquarter Company, was the first to jump, and set up a distance of over 21 feet, which he never bettered. This was his third victory, as he had already won the Weight with a throw of 39 feet in the preliminaries, and the 100 Yards in a time of 11.9 seconds. In the final of the Mile there was a close contest between Lieut. Elliott, who led the whole way, and Rfn Sharpe, who snatched the lead within the last few yards and went on to win. Despite the lack of hurdles for practice, the competitors put up a good show: Lieut. Hartley won this event from Rfn Cowdy. The Medley Relay turned out to be yet another win for Headquarter Company, and the last event of the day, the final of the Heavyweight Tug-o'-War, was won by 'A' Company, after a fine fight against 'B' Company. The meeting finished at five in the evening, and the inter-Company Cup went to Headquarter Company, with Support Company second. Mrs Martin very kindly presented the prizes.

As a result of the Regimental meeting a team was picked to train for the Western Area Athletics, which took place on 9th May on the same ground. With Lieut. Elliott and S.S.I. Lashbrook keeping an eye on the

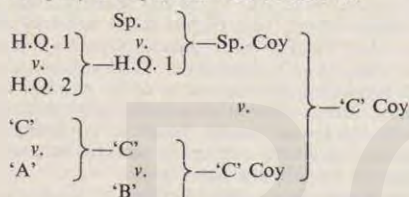
training, it was largely up to individuals to find time for practice, as by now the Regiment was deep in the throes of packing.

Our first victory was in the Mile, when Rfn Allam, who had just come out of hospital, took the lead in the last hundred yards, and went on to win after a tremendous sprint. Rfn Colbourne won the Javelin after three no-throws by an expert in the Royal Engineers. The only event which the team from the Regiment won was the Pole Vault, in which L.-Cpl Joseph and Rfn Ayres again distinguished themselves. L.-Cpl Joseph was the first string winner by several inches, and their aggregate height gave them an easy win. In the final of the Heavy-weight Tug-o'-War the Regiment was beaten by a superb team from Command Workshops after a long struggle. The area winner was the 1st Bn The Devonshire & Dorsets, who eventually won the Cyprus District Athletics.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

The bulk of the 1958-59 season was covered in the last edition of the JOURNAL, but the all important inter-Company Knock-out Competition had not been played, and in addition an inter-Platoon Competition was run at the close of the season.

In both competitions Support and Headquarter Companies were the favourites as they had shown better form in the league matches and had the bulk of the Regimental players. The eventual winners of both competitions were 'C' Company who once again proved that eleven keen and fit men, playing well together, can often beat a more experienced team who are not playing quite up to their best form. The draw and results of the inter-Company Competition were as follows:



In the preliminary round half Headquarter Company composed of the Administrative Platoon and Regimental Headquarters, were much too good for the other half of the Company composed of the Transport and Signal Platoons. In the other preliminary round 'C' Company defeated 'A' Company rather surprisingly by 3-1. Both semi-finals were won by the odd goal and in the final 'C' Company again confounded the form experts by beating Support Company 3-1. This game was played in an exceptionally high wind and Support Company found difficulty in settling down, but it was a most exciting game up to the final whistle. Corporal Budge deserves special mention for his tireless work as captain of the winning team and others worth special mention were Rfn Winterton, Goode and Shorter.

'C' Company were run down to platoon strength by the time the inter-Platoon Competition was played and consequently practically the same team was fielded. It was therefore not surprising that they won this prize also, but they had to play very hard to beat the Assault Pioneer Platoon who were the giant killers of the early rounds, and their performance was particularly creditable

when it is realised that they had barely eleven men from which to select their team.

At the time these notes are being written the 1959-60 season is about to start. We already have a full programme with the Army Cup and the East Wiltshire Services League, which runs throughout the season. As we have some half-dozen tried players of Regimental standard still available we are hopeful of a successful season.

CRICKET

Regimental Cricket this year has been a little disappointing as far as fixtures were concerned. Having returned from Cyprus the bulk of the Regiment were sent off on six weeks leave, and the first match was not played until the beginning of July. On return from leave, it was extremely difficult to arrange matches with nearby units; firstly because their own fixture lists were complete, and secondly most units were on block leave.

However, matches were arranged as follows:

July 1st v. The Green Jackets Depot at Winchester.

July 29th v. 18 Fd Regt R.A., at Larkhill.

August 5th v. 18 Fd Regt, R.A., at Larkhill.

August 12th v. 16 L.A.A. Regt, R.A., at Bulford.

August 26th v. Queen's Own Hussars at Tidworth.

August 27th v. R.A.F. Boscombe Down, at Boscombe Down.

Sept. 2nd v. Somerset Light Infantry at Knook Camp.

Sept. 10th v. 3rd R.H.A. at Perham Down.

The match against the Green Jackets Depot was arranged on the spur of the moment, and the Green Jackets having won the toss, decided to bat on a beautiful wicket. L.-Cpl Wilson, R.A.P.C., took the first 4 wickets which fell for 32 runs but then there was a good stand of 46 between Glazebrook and Wells. This was stopped when Radcliffe bowled Wells for a hard hit 39. The Depot declared at 118 for 6, of which Glazebrook had made 38 not out.

The Regiment started off badly when Taylor, trying to hook too early on, was easily caught at forward short leg with the score at 8. The Regiment finally won by 6 wickets, Colonel Martin making an excellent 45 not out.

We got 18 Fd Regt all out for 149, and had plenty of time in which to make the runs. With the score at 53 for 2 it looked as if we would win easily, but Rfn Hutton (H.Q.) was lbw for 37 and then Taylor ('B') was bowled for 39. Due to some excellent spin bowling by Boxall, the Regiment was finally all out for 102, thereby losing by 47 runs. This was maddening as we should have won quite easily. The following Wednesday against the same side, we fared even worse, being all out for 66, of which Taylor made 31 before being run out. When it was our turn to field, we had 6 of their wickets down for 39 runs, and our tails were right up, but their 7 and 8 batsmen managed to get the remaining runs easily, so once again we lost 4 wickets.

Against 16 L.A.A. Regt, which incidentally was played in appalling conditions, we did none too well. Two of their wickets were down for 22 runs, but a stand between Crabtree and McPartlin produced a further 168 runs. Crabtree was finally bowled for 55 by L.-Cpl Wilson, leaving McPartlin with 102 not out. 16 L.A.A. finally declared at 190 for 3 leaving us just under two hours in which to make the runs. Brown ('C') was bowled with no runs on the board, but the game finally had to be abandoned on account of rain with the score at 34 of which Taylor had made 25 not out. Although the



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Regiment has not done terribly well the players have enjoyed themselves. Not having a good star bowler has been a great handicap, and for one reason or another, we have never had our strongest side in the field.

The following have played for the Regiment:

Lieut.-Colonel R. A. St G. Martin O.B.E. HQ, Major S. A. G. Cox M.B.E. HQ, Lieut. F. J. B. Taylor B, Lieut. I. G. Elliott SP, 2nd Lieut. A. T. Davies HQ, 2nd Lieut. Radcliffe B, 2nd Lieut. Whitfeld C, 2nd Lieut. Downie A, R.S.M. Shepherd A. HQ, Sjt Overy HQ, Sjt Wightman B, Sjt McCracken HQ, Cpl Richards HQ, L.-Cpl Shiels HQ, L.-Cpl Wilson HQ, L.-Cpl Munday C, Rfn Brown C, Rfn Hutton HQ, Pte Cansdale HQ, Rfn Cowdy B, Rfn Frith HQ, Rfn Antill HQ.

CROSS COUNTRY

The notes in the last REGIMENTAL JOURNAL covered all races in the Cross Country running season except for the last one. On 28th February the All Island Championship took place in Nicosia. We entered three individuals: Rfn Barnard, Allum and Clifton. The course was over rough, undulating country covering six miles, with a fair proportion under plough. Rfn Barnard and Allum did well to come in 8th and 18th respectively, against very strong opposition. Rfn Clifton came 30th, after finding the pace too fast to remain with the leaders.

This brought to an end a successful Cross Country season. The Regiment owes a great deal to Rfn Barnard, Cpl Tobin and L.-Cpl Godsell. These three were the foundations of the team. Unfortunately they have now left the Regiment. We hope that this winter brings forth new talent, so that we have another successful season.

HOCKEY

When the last Hockey Notes were compiled for the JOURNAL, the Hockey Team was going through an indifferent period and we were suffering one or two defeats in our League fixtures. However in mid-February, the side suddenly 'clicked' and we went through the remainder of the season undefeated. During this period we:

- Won the S.W. Cyprus Area Cup Knock-out Competition defeating the fancied Devonshire and Dorset side 5—0.
- Won the Island Major Unit Knock-out Cup Competition defeating 1 Suffolk after a tense game and extra time.
- Beat the R.A.F. champions, so confirming our claim to be the best 'Unit' side in the Island.
- Scored 43 goals 'for' as opposed to 8 goals 'against'.

These feats were all the more satisfactory because after winning the Area Competition we lost the services of four of our best players—W.O. I Kenney (half), Cpl Cowan (left-wing), L.-Cpl Wendeatt (back) and Rfn Meanwell (goal)—on posting to England. The departure of Meanwell in particular was a sore blow as we were left without an experienced goalkeeper. However Rfn Lloyd was discovered in an inter-Company game and turned out to be a 'natural' goalkeeper who saved the side in the Island Final, played on a very rough tarmac ground, with some splendid saves. In this match Major (Q.M.) Cox played the game of his long career and subdued a very distinguished and youthful Suffolk right-Inner.

H.Q. Company won the Polemedhia inter-Company/ Squadron Knock-out Competition with some ease.

Prospects next season are good, provided we can find some forward talent and our veterans can re-adapt themselves to playing on grass.

The Regimental Team for the Island Final was: Rfn Lloyd (goal); Capt. Mostyn and Major (Q.M.) Cox (backs); Cpl Warwick, Major Gerahy (Capt.) and Lieut. Pascoe (halves); Lieut.-Col. Martin, Lieut. Hartley, Capt. Cracknell, Lieut. Elliott and Rfn Cowdy (forwards).

RESULTS

1 Devonshire & Dorset	Away	Won	5—0
3 G.H.Q. Signals Regt	Away	Won	4—1
42 Survey Engineers Regt	Home	Won	4—0
1 Devonshire & Dorset	Away	Won	4—0
37 Field Engineer Regt	Home	Won	2—0
1 R.W.F.	Home	Won	7—0
R.A.F., Episkopi	Away	Won	3—2
47 G.H.Q. Survey Squadron R.E.	Home	Won	4—1
1 Devonshire & Dorset	Home	Won	5—1
2 Wireless Regt, Royal Signals	Neutral	Won	3—2
1 Suffolk	Neutral	Won	2—1

Total: Goals For 43, Against 8.

MARCH THROUGH OXFORD

On 28th July a letter was received from the Secretary to the Right Worshipful The Mayor of Oxford, informing us of the City Council's decision to invite the Regiment to exercise its privilege 'to enter the City of Oxford in full panoply with Colours flying and Band and Bugles playing'. With the approval of the Colonel of the Regiment, the Commanding Officer, Lieutenant-Colonel M. N. Harbottle, replied that the Regiment would be 'delighted to accept and very honoured to do so'.

Initial planning for the parade was made at a meeting at the Town Hall with, in the chair, Mr H. Plowden (Town Clerk) and attended by Mr C. G. Burrows (Chief Constable), Mr A. Rooke (Secretary to the Mayor), Lieut.-Colonel M. N. Harbottle, Capt. W. M. Cracknell (Adjutant), R.S.M. Shepherd and Lieut.-Colonel J. Granville (representing Regimental Headquarters). The Mayor invited those attending to luncheon in the Mayor's Parlour after the meeting and perhaps it was the excellence of the meal and drinks provided that sealed the very cordial relations that existed between the City Council and the Regiment throughout the planning stages and execution of the Parade.

The City Council invited Officers of the Regiment and their ladies to tea in the Town Hall and other ranks to high tea and beer at the T.A. Centre, Marston Road. We are sure that all members of the Regiment would wish us to express in the JOURNAL our great appreciation of the very generous hospitality given by the City Council.

The Regiment arrived in Oxford on the morning of 10th September, a day typical of this year's wonderful summer and one on which for comfort it is less exhausting to be a spectator than a participant on a parade. The move was made from Tidworth and Warminster in regimental transport under Captain A. J. Howland.

The Regiment's strength for the parade was twenty officers and 360 rank and file. On parade was every officer and other rank who could be spared from essential

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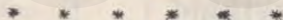
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KIWI



43rd and 52nd Regimental Hockey Team. Winners of Cyprus Major Units Cup 1958/59.
 Lieut Elliott, L/Col Windeatt, Cpl Warwick, Rfn Meanwell, Lieut Paseoe, Cpl Cowan, Sjt Price (Umpire)
 Captain Cracknell, Lieut-Col Martin, Major Gerahty, Major (QM) Cox, WO I Kenney



43rd and 52nd Regimental Boxing Team. Winners of S.W. Cyprus Area Cup 1958/59.



The Colour Party, Support and Headquarter Companies marching along Cornmarket Street

duties at Tidworth, Warminster, Netheravon, Hythe and Mons O.C.S. It was unfortunate that greater numbers could not be mustered but such is the present dispersion of the Regiment. O.R.Q.M.S. Bayliss was left as Orderly Officer at Tidworth for the day!

The T.A. Centre, Marston Road, was used as a base for the Parade. There the Regiment de-bussed, had dinners, changed into best battledress and, after the parade, had the meal given by the City Council. The buildings are very convenient for this kind of affair and thanks are due to the members of the Permanent Staff there for the excellent arrangements made for the Regiment.

Large crowds in Oxford gave a warm welcome to the Regiment during its march along the prescribed route. Particularly of interest were the Band and Bugles in their new uniform. A special greeting to the Regiment, and in particular to R.S.M. Shepherd, was given by a party from 5817 National Service Group who turned out complete with a banner to cheer the Regiment in St Clement's. They had been 'demobbed' that very day!

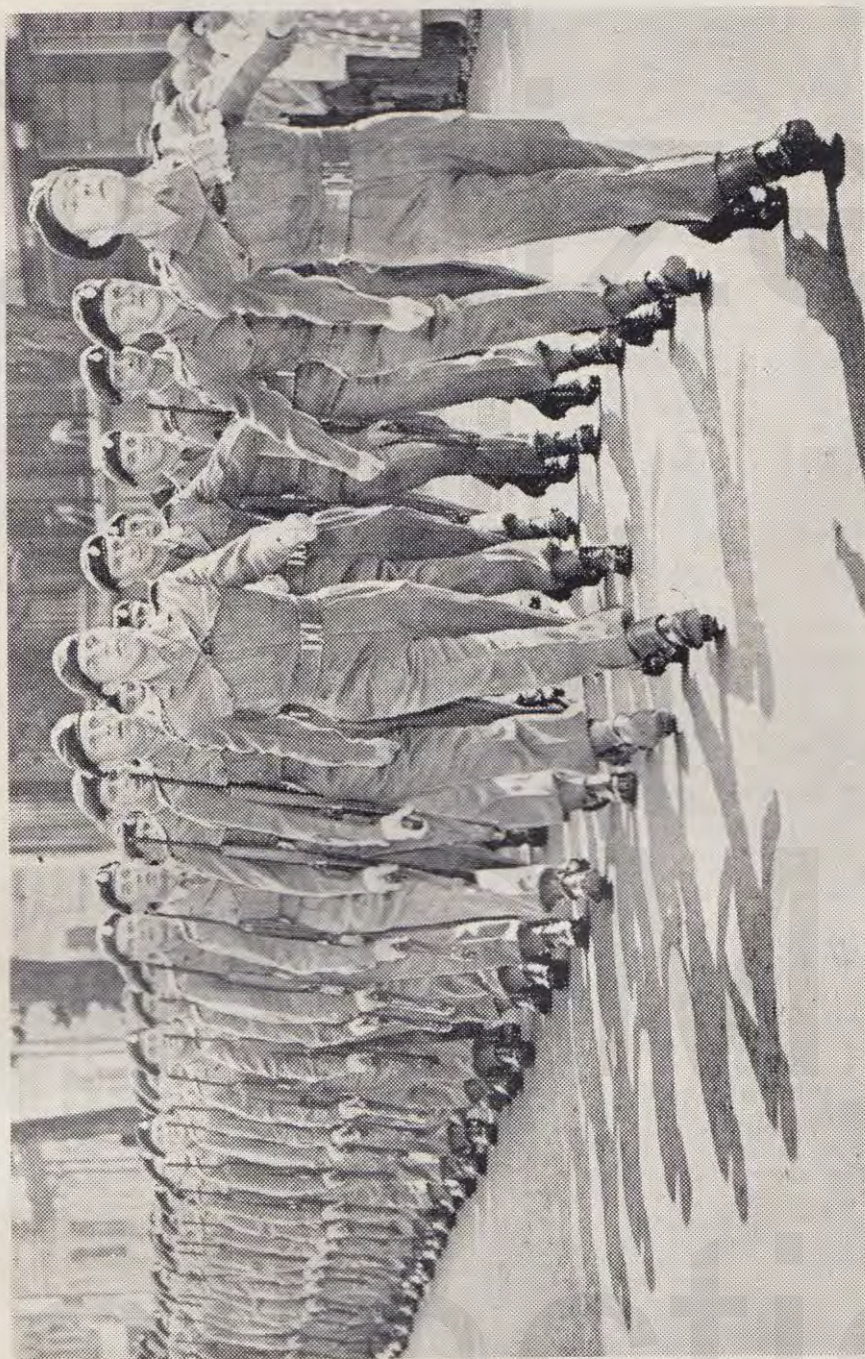
Whilst the Regiment was making its way to St Giles a large number of past and present members of the Regiment, including a strong contingent of Old Comrades, assembled in the enclosures by the saluting base on the terrace of St John's College. Amongst such a large and distinguished gathering it would be invidious to mention

a name here and there but it is of interest to record that the last three commanding officers to precede Lieut.-Colonel M. N. Harbottle, namely Brigadier P. G. F. Young, Brigadier J. A. J. Read and Colonel R. A. St G. Martin, were there to watch the parade with critical eye.

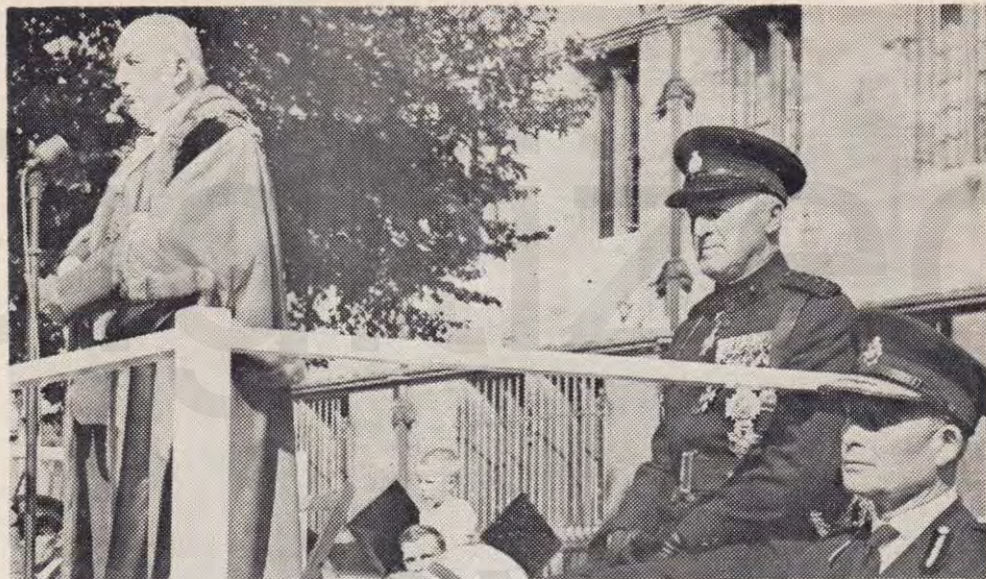
Whilst waiting for the arrival of the Regiment spectators at St Giles were entertained with martial music from the loudspeaker van and inspired by the arrival of the Mayoral procession of the City Council, robed, with Mace, headed by the Mayor, Councillor Brewer, and the Colonel of the Regiment. The sedate speed of this procession provided a remarkable contrast to that of the arrival of the Regiment at its accustomed pace.

At St Giles the salute at the march past was taken by the Mayor. With him on the saluting base was the Colonel of the Regiment. The Oxford City Council were seated in a special enclosure at the foot of the platform.

After the march past the Regiment wheeled at the War Memorial at the northern end of St Giles and formed up in line opposite the saluting base to give the general salute. The Mayor then addressed the Regiment and said that when in 1948 the citizens of Oxford conferred the freedom of entry of the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, they did so to mark in formal manner the long association between the Regiment and the City and to pay tribute to the long and distinguished service of the Regiment over a period of 200 years. 'This afternoon,



Letter 'A' Company, or Major P. E. Gerality's Company, during the march



The Colonel Commandant and the Mayor of Oxford on the saluting dais at St Giles during the Mayoral Address

as the 1st Green Jackets 43rd and 52nd, you could have enjoyed the privilege of your own right', he continued. 'But you do so by invitation of the City of Oxford because once again the citizens of Oxford would wish to place on record the services you have rendered for the defence of this country and what is even above that—for the peace of the world.' Lieut.-Colonel M. N. Harbottle, Commanding Officer, 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd, in returning thanks to the Mayor and Corporation on behalf of the Regiment, said how pleased they were to be back once more in their home city. Emphasising the importance of maintaining the close ties which exist between the Regiment and the City he went on: 'We may have lost our county title and we may wear a different badge in our berets but fundamentally nothing has been changed. We are still the county regiment of Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire and the bonds of friendship and loyalty that have united us in the past are as strong to-day as they have ever been. Now that National Service is drawing to an end, we need to build up our regular strength. It is from this city and the two counties that we wish to see the bulk of our recruits come, for only in this way can we ensure that those close ties are maintained.'

At the conclusion of the speeches the Regiment marched off parade to their transport and thence to the T.A. Centre.

Thus ended a very notable parade at which the Regiment undoubtedly created a very favourable impression on the citizens of Oxford by their drill, turnout and bearing. From a historical aspect the parade was unique in that it was the first occasion that a 'Green Jacket' Regiment has carried colours and also the first occasion on which the Regiment has carried out 'Green Jacket' drill on a public ceremonial parade.

The Regiment's thanks are due to the City of Oxford both for the honour accorded and the hospitality given.

DETAIL OF PARADE

Commanding Officer: Lieut.-Col. M. N. Harbottle, O.B.E.
Second-in-Command: Major J. M. A. Tillett
Adjutant: Capt. W. M. Cracknell
Regimental Serjeant-Major: R.S.M. A. Shepherd

THE COLOUR PARTY

Lieut. J. P. Watts, *Queen's Colour*
 2nd Lieut. P. G. Costley-White, *Regimental Colour*
 C.Q.M.S. Trahearn, C.-Sjt Bailey, Sjt Haydon: *Escorts*

No. 1 Coy ('A' Coy)

Major P. E. Gerahy
 Capt. C. A. S. Hinton
 Lieut. M. J. C. Draco
 2nd Lt. J. G. C. Goodwin
 C.S.M. Ball
 C.Q.M.S. Alcock

No. 2 Coy ('B' Coy)

Major P. J. E. Durant, M.B.E.
 Lieut. M. J. Massy-Beresford
 2nd Lieut. E. J. H. Acton
 2nd Lieut. R. P. Radcliffe
 C.S.M. Abbott
 C.Q.M.S. Dean

No. 3 Coy ('SP' Coy)

Major W. S. C. Chevis
 Lieut. J. M. Meade
 2nd Lieut. C. S. Downie
 2nd Lieut. M. Whitfield
 C.S.M. Kears
 C.Q.M.S. Bullen

No. 4 Coy ('HQ' Coy)

Major R. M. Colvile
 Capt. J. D. F. Mostyn
 2nd Lieut. A. J. Davies
 C.S.M. Hornblower
 C.-Sjt Musty

Band and Bugles

Bandmaster: H. Kenney, I.R.A.M., A.R.C.M.
Bugle Major: B. Dunwell

C.S.M. Arthurs was Right Marker for the Regiment.



There's nothing like Leather

THE GREEN JACKETS BRIGADE DEPOT LETTER

It has been the custom in the past for the Depot news to be incorporated in the REGIMENTAL JOURNAL. Since there is no longer a Regimental Depot this will lapse and in its place there will be a Green Jackets Brigade Letter containing news of interest to all three Regiments.

There may, however, be a number of readers to whom the Brigade Depot is still something of a mystery. It is for these especially that this introductory letter is written, containing, as it does, information of the past, the present and the future.

'THE BARRACKS, WINCHESTER'

The present barracks are sited on the spot where originally stood the Royalist Winchester castle, razed to the ground by Cromwell's Ironsides. Charles II purchased the site from Sir Henry Tichbourne in 1662 for the princely sum of 5s., intending to build himself a palace and commissioned Sir Christopher Wren to model 'The King's house', as it was to be called, upon Versailles.

King Charles II laid the foundation stone in 1663 and the following year the palace was completed as to shell and roof. (Estimates for modernisation in this age of progress allow for a minimum two years!), King Charles never lived to see his 'house' completed and his successor, Queen Anne, though most enthusiastic had to abandon the project for lack of money. George I, lacking aesthetic appreciation, did not care much for the building and so it became neglected.

From 1756 when we read that the 'Old Palace' housed French Prisoners of War, Winchester Barracks has been occupied almost continuously.

In 1779 a hospital ship's crew brought the plague. Sickness ravaged the inmates of the 160-roomed palace. The dead were thrown into the old castle ditch only to be resurrected years later by the navvies cutting the railway. These worthies exhibiting a macabre sense of humour placed the skulls upon pedestals of earth to the amusement of the townspeople.

In 1793, however, setting a regrettable precedent, the palace prison was converted into a Barracks to be known as King's Barracks'. From then on it housed a variety of Regiments until, in 1855, Depot Companies of the 1st Battalion The Rifle Brigade, established the first connection of Rifle Regiments with Winchester. In 1858 the K.R.R.C. with The Rifle Brigade set up a combined Rifle Depot.

In 1894 L.-Cpl Jackson, K.R.R.C., earned his niche in history being the first to raise the alarm on discovering a fire which raged for four hours destroying much of the barracks. The Depot was evacuated to Gosport where it remained for ten years. Finally, in 1904, 'the new barracks of red brick, commodious and four storeys high' once again echoed to the Rifle Regiments at drill.

Thus it has remained. Winchester Barracks has been the home of the two Rifle Regiments for over one hundred years. Now it has accepted a third Regiment and also the new name, 'The Green Jackets Brigade Depot'.

THE GREEN JACKETS BRIGADE DEPOT

The part of Winchester Barracks which houses the Depot is known as Upper Barracks and is built on the site of the former castle. Lower barracks is immediately

adjoining but built on a lower plane. Architecturally it bears no resemblance to its twin. The lofty elegance in red brick and slender white columns of Upper Barracks literally and aesthetically overshadows this untidy huddle of ugly yellow-bricked tenements. At present Lower barracks stands empty undergoing a de-gutting process known as modernisation. The two, upper and lower, lie in the heart of Winchester looking over the rooftops of this ancient city, a wonderful sight as the early morning sun breaking through the valley mist highlights hallowed stone and mellowed brick.

The Depot consists of Brigade Headquarters, Depot Headquarters, Headquarter and Training Companies. Here also are the Regimental Headquarters of the 60th and Rifle Brigade. The 43rd and 52nd maintains a small office being an offshoot from the Regimental Headquarters at Oxford.

The functions of the various components of the Depot are self explanatory. There are, however, some peculiarities which may not be generally known. Brigade Headquarters is something new. Here the Brigade Colonel with his adjutant co-ordinates the domestic policies of the Green Jackets Brigade. The scope and diversity of matters dealt with here is very great, and includes documentation and records of officers, Warrant officers and Sergeants, postings and promotions, strengths call-up and drafting. Recruiting and Army reorganisation. Junior leaders battalion. Liaison with T.A. and the Kenya Regiment. These are some of the major responsibilities.

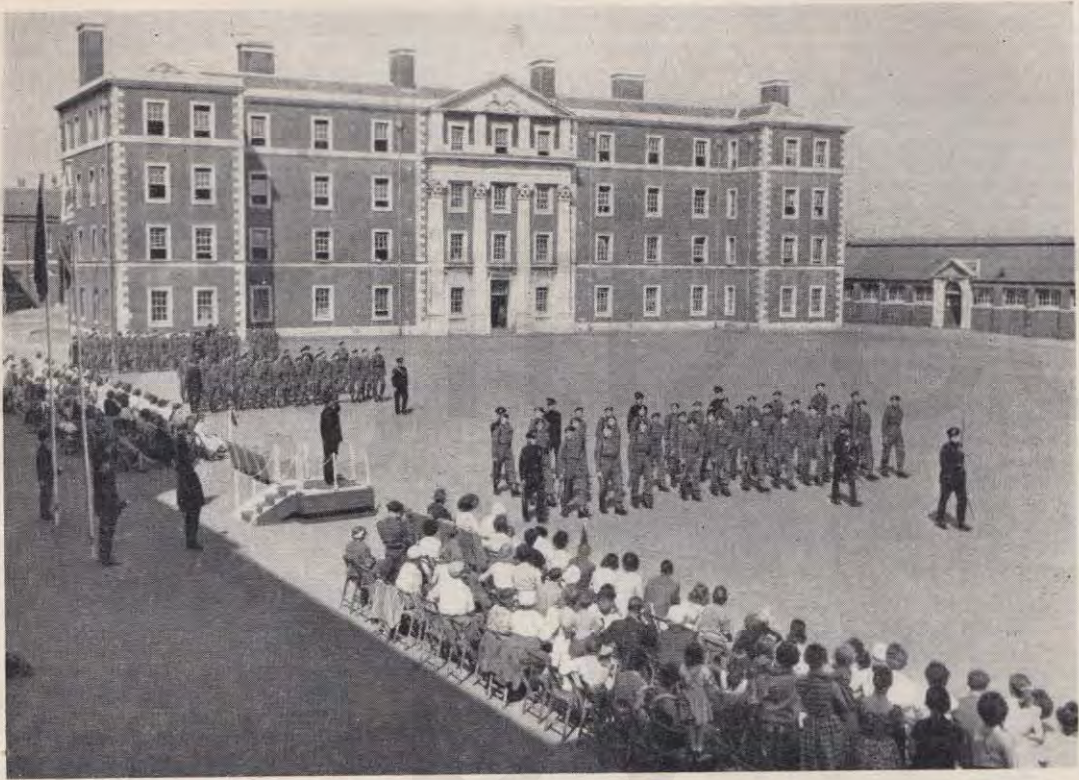
Headquarter Company functions in the same way as its counterpart in a Regiment but has under its wing the sixty boys divided equally between junior bandmen and junior buglers. Training Company carries the burden of work in the Depot. The term company is a misnomer for there are at the present time eight platoons undergoing training, a total of nearly 250 recruits with, in addition, the large numbers of instructors required to train them. It is probable that this inflated company will continue at its present strength for some time to come but as National Service dies so the number of recruits in training will dwindle to the eventual anticipated strength of seventy-five regulars.

Each Regimental Headquarters has its staff of re-employed officers, excepting the 43rd and 52nd, which is visited regularly by a re-employed officer from Cowley. Between visits the senior serving officer of the Regiment at the Depot keeps an eye on R.H.Q. affairs aided by a shorthand typist. The R.H.Q.s of the 60th and Rifle Brigade have a combined museum which is at present in temporary quarters but this does not detract from its very great interest as is evinced by the numbers of tourists, mostly American, who provide a constant flow of visitors.

So much for the Depot. In a brief account it is not possible, nor will it interest the majority of readers, to go into great detail. We hope that in time all members of the Regiment both past and present will find an opportunity to visit us. They are assured of a warm welcome and they will see amongst other things how complete is the integration of all ranks of the three Regiments in the Depot and evidence of the genuine success of the new reorganisation.

BUSHFIELD CAMP

To round off this account we should look a little into the future to the time that Bushfield Camp, especially familiar to the 60th and Rifle Brigade, will for a short while house the Depot. As you go out of Winchester



Green Jackets Brigade Depot.



Buglers of the 43rd and 52nd wearing the new uniform.

on the Southampton road leaving St Cross cricket ground on your left, you pass over the main Winchester to Southampton railway line and almost immediately turn sharp right into Bushfield Camp. Erected in 1939 as a temporary measure for the duration of the emergency it has become one of the many semi-permanent hutted camps which are generally a feature of the bleaker spots in the English landscape.

The 60th were the first to occupy Bushfield whilst it was still under construction in 1939. More recently the Rifle Depot spent some years there. It now houses record offices and the Depot Officers' Mess which moved from Upper Barracks when the old mess, built on insecure foundations, was finally declared unsafe. In 1961 the record offices will move into their permanent location in Lower Barracks and the Depot moves out to Bushfield. Upper Barracks in its turn is being modernised. Ostensibly this is to be a temporary stay of only two years but then it is a feature of modern life to be sceptical of forecasts of this nature.

But we may hope in four years' time to look forward to our return to a rejuvenated home and to a new era of soldierly contentment at the Green Jackets Brigade Depot.

ROLL OF OFFICERS

Commandant (Brigade Colonel): Colonel R. A. St G. Martin, O.B.E.

D.A.A.G. (Brigade Adjutant): Major R. S. Stewart-Wilson, M.C., R.B.

A./D.A.A.G.: Lieut.-Colonel A. D. G. Palmer, M.C., R.B. (Ret.).

Deputy Commandant: Lieut.-Colonel R. A. Flower, M.C., R.B.

Depot Adjutant: Captain S. E. Thistlethwayte, 1 Green Jackets.

Quartermaster: Major (Q.M.) H. P. Edwards, M.B.E., K.R.R.C.

O.I.C. Central Pay Office: Colonel R. A. Macgeorge, R.B. (Ret.).

R.S.M.: R.S.M. W. Cooper, M.B.E., R.B.

Brigade Bandmaster: Bandmaster R. Rodgers, A.R.C.M., K.R.R.C.

R.Q.M.S.: R.Q.M.S. F. A. Hinton, 1 Green Jackets.

O.R.Q.M.S.: O.R.Q.M.S. R. S. Robbins, K.R.R.C.

Unit Pay Clerk: W.O. II N. Vessey, R.A.P.C.

HEADQUARTER COMPANY

Officer Commanding: Major M. G. A. Hay-Will, 1 Green Jackets.

2 I.C.: Captain M. W. M. Tarleton, R.B.

Subalterns: 2nd Lieut. D. R. H. Cooke, R.B.

C.S.M.: C.S.M. R. Cooke, R.B.

TRAINING COMPANY

Officer Commanding: Major J. H. Hanscombe, R.B.

2 I.C.: Captain J. W. Mason, K.R.R.C.

Subalterns: Lieut R. N. H. Alers Hankey, R.B. Lieut.

B. E. A. Pascoe, 1 Green Jackets. Lieut. P. B.

Mitford-Slade, K.R.R.C. 2nd Lieut. C. J. M. Haines,

R.B. 2nd Lieut. I. S. Burge, K.R.R.C. 2nd Lieut. D.

Orr-Deas, 1 Green Jackets. 2nd Lieut. T. Bathurst,

R.B.

C.S.M.: C.S.M. T. B. Fowley, K.R.R.C.

THE OXFORDSHIRE AND BUCKINGHAMSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY (T.A.)

Readers may be surprised to read the heading above. We are not guilty of a monumental clerical error, however. The above title has been approved for the 4th Battalion, and came into use on 1st August, the same date on which we were transferred from the Light Infantry Brigade (T.A.) to the Green Jackets Brigade (T.A.). These changes, plus certain proposed changes in dress which have yet to be approved, are designed to bring us into the Green Jacket family while preserving our traditions. *Tout ca change, tout c'est la même chose.*

Our last notes concluded with a hint of things to come in the form of a visit to the County of Her Majesty the Queen. The Guard of Honour provided by the Battalion put on a very creditable display in the short time available. Regimental Serjeant-Major Besant assembled a squad of seventy Volunteers, some of whom had done no drill, some of whom had done a lot during their service with the Brigade of Guards, or the Royal Marines, and some who knew the correct drill but were a little rusty, and by dint of arts known only to Regimental Serjeant-Majors produced a Guard of Honour which drew favourable comments from Her Majesty. Major R. F. Barnes, T.D., commanded the Guard, the Queen's Colour was carried by Lieut. R. V. R. Sale, and Lieut. J. C. Gardner was Officer of the Guard. The Commanding Officer had the honour of being presented to Her Majesty on her arrival at Ditchley Park.

The next important event on the Calendar was the Battalion Rifle Meeting. Glorious weather made this event a great success, and we were delighted to see several Old Comrades who came along to shoot. Lieut. Sale won the Battalion Individual Championship, while 'C' and 'H.Q.' Companies tied for the Company Championship. The honour of the Budd family was upheld by Mrs Budd who won the Wives' Match.

Our Camp this year was attended by fine weather which unfortunately brought out the horse flies in hordes. These wee beasties bit unmercifully through shirts and socks, ate with relish the anti-fly cream with which we were issued, and generally made life unbearable outside the immediate Camp area. We were delighted to be visited by the Army Commander, Lieut.-General Sir Nigel Poett, K.C.B., D.S.O., by the Divisional Commander, Major-General H. A. Borradaile, C.B., D.S.O., by our T.A. Association Secretary, Major E. R. Oxlade, and by Lieut.-Colonels R. A. St G. Martin and M. N. Harbottle.

The Royal Marine Commandos very kindly lent us two Instructors who ran a most interesting day's training in cliff climbing. Both those who knew no better and those who should have known better hurled themselves over a sixty-foot overhanging cliff and arrived to their astonishment on the beach below in one piece. Quite how many Volunteers will enlist into the Royal Marines remains to be seen!

We have been quiet socially with the exception of a combined Midsummer's Waterloo Day Ball run by the Warrant Officers and Serjeants' Mess. We were very pleased to welcome the Colonel of the Regiment to this excellently arranged Ball, and to see so many friends of the Regiment enjoying themselves.

So many other events have been crowded into this busy season that it is impossible to devote more than a mention to them. Cpl Jones and L.-Cpl Chapman, from

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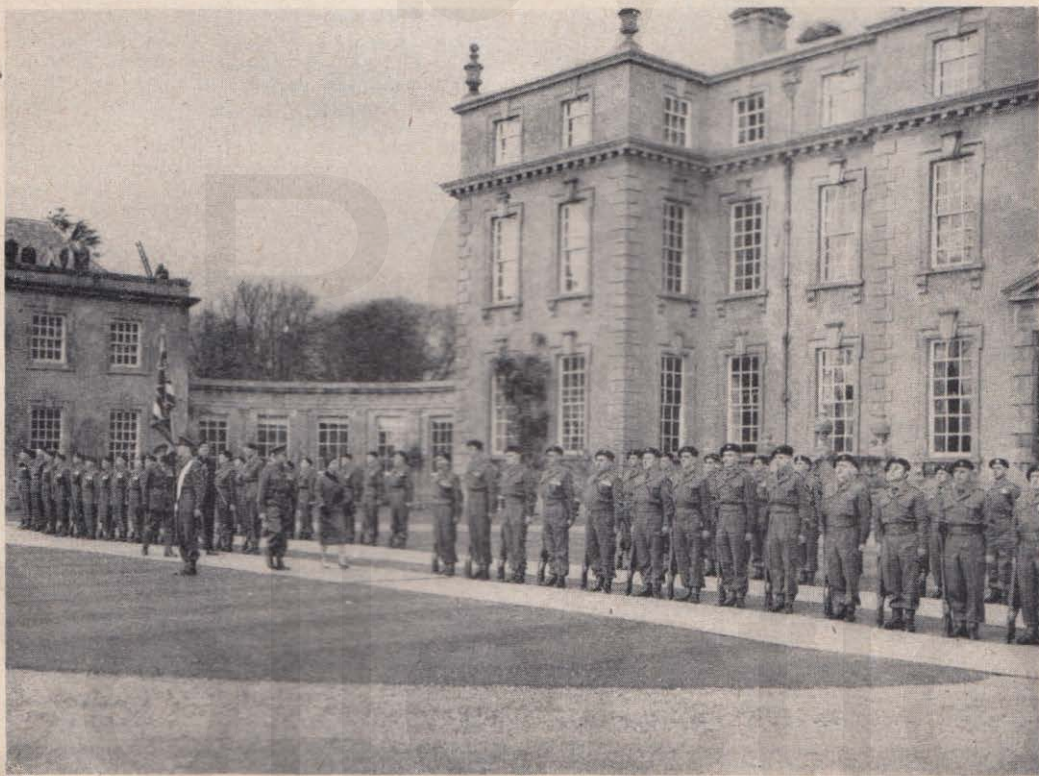
JACOB'S
ORIGINAL
AND BEST

CREAM CRACKERS





Brigadier D. D. Zvegintzov, O.B.E., and Lieutenant-Colonel D. H. Morris, T.D., being presented to Her Majesty The Queen.



Her Majesty The Queen inspecting the Guard of Honour of The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry (T.A.) Commanded by Major R. F. Barnes, T.D., during her tour of Oxfordshire.

'A' Company and Ptes Lee and Pettett, from 'D' Company acquitted themselves nobly in the Devizes-Westminster Canoe Race. The Battalion Rifle Team shot at the Divisional Rifle Meeting and returned full of determination to do better next year. C.S.M. Garrett of 'C' Company took a team to Nijmegen for the second time and completed the course in blazing heat which soon put paid to those who had not trained sufficiently. The Band marched a party from the Battalion through Oxford to the City Church for the Annual Regimental Service.

Changes have taken place, as they always do. We have lost Lieuts Melliush, Micklem, and Birchall, the latter having transferred to the Yeomanry to maintain a long family connection with that unit. We welcome Capt. Smith, Capt. Thomas, Lieut. Wilde and 2nd Lieuts Symonds and Owen. Our Permanent Staff remains unaltered except for Sjt Hopkins who will never be the same after a night march over the Welsh mountains in weather that made an Indian Monsoon seem like a spring shower!

We are delighted that the 43rd and 52nd is going to be stationed so near to us and are looking forward to meeting as many of them as possible over the next few years. We hope that it will be taken for granted that our Clubs and Messes will offer a warm welcome to anyone who cares to drop in to see us.

ROLL OF OFFICERS

Battalion Headquarters

Lieut.-Colonel D. H. Morris, T.D.
 Major G. Montague-Jones, T.D.
 Major E. R. R. Hicks
 Capt. J. A. Rowlatt
 Major H. N. Smith, M.C., R.A.M.C.
 Capt. B. Cox (Q.M.)
 2nd Lieut. M. D. Symonds

Headquarter Company

Major R. F. Barnes, T.D.
 Capt. J. Daniel
 Capt. K. H. Lander
 Lieut. R. C. Mitchinson
 Lieut. N. Owen

Support Company

Major J. R. Hollis
 Capt. C. C. Simpson
 Lieut. C. A. Pasternak
 Capt. A. E. Smith, T.D.
 Lieut. B. Wilde

'A' Company

Major H. A. R. Long
 Capt. R. J. Thomas
 Lieut. J. C. Adnitt
 Lieut. G. P. Blaker

'B' Company

Major R. A. Colville, M.A.
 Capt. P. J. Robinson
 Lieut. M. R. Radcliffe
 Lieut. M. St E. Burton

'C' Company

Major R. W. Battley
 Lieut. J. C. Gardner
 Lieut. P. A. Raymond Barker

'D' Company

Major E. R. Smith
 Capt. J. P. Raison
 Lieut. T. Clarke
 Lieut. R. V. R. Sale
 Lieut. O. R. W. Wynne

Obituaries

COLONEL WILLIAM EDWARD CECIL TERRY died on 24th May 1959 at his home at Brockenhurst. He was born on 6th July 1887, the son of Colonel William Terry, J.P., of Lulworth, Aylesbury, and Laura Barbarie, daughter of C. L. Throckmorton, of New Jersey. His father served in the Royal Bucks Militia from 1884 to its disbandment in 1908: he commanded for the last five years, and died on 8th May 1925.

Gazetted into the Regiment on 4th May 1907 he joined the 2nd Battalion in June, in March the next year he was posted to the 1st Battalion and served with them for two years in Burma. He was promoted to Lieutenant in 1910. At the outbreak of the war he went to France as Staff Captain of the 5 Inf. Bde, being promoted Captain in 1915.

He served on the Staff until 1916, when he joined the 1st Battalion in Mesopotamia and took over command of Letter 'C' Company. In 1918 he became D.A.Q.M.G. at Hillah Hindiyah District. He was Mentioned in Despatches in the *London Gazette* of 21st February 1919.

In the summer of 1919 he joined the 2nd Battalion at Cork and then served on the Staff in Northern Ireland until 1923 when he became adjutant of the Buckinghamshire Battalion.

He retired in 1924 but commanded the Queen's Westminster Civil Service Rifles for four years from November 1930, on relinquishing this command he was appointed a brevet Colonel in the Territorial Army.

On 30th September 1919 he married Edith N. F. Palmer who survives him.

MAJOR GEOFFREY KEITH ROSE, M.C., died in harness at his home at Ipsden, Oxon, on 2nd June 1959 in his 70th year. He was a barrister by profession, and a distinguished front line soldier in the Kaiser's War.

He was born on 27th October 1889, the younger son of T. H. Rose of Oxford. He had a fine academic career which began at the Dragon School and was followed by a scholarship at Harrow, and another at King's, Cambridge. He went down with a First in history and a Second in the Law Tripos in 1911. He was called to the Bar by the Inner Temple the next year with a first class and certificate of honour in the examination and joined the Oxford Circuit.

Commissioned in the 4th Battalion on 6th August 1914 he went to France with them in the spring of the following year and was promoted Captain in October. A mention in despatches on New Year's Day 1916 was followed a fortnight later by the award of the Military Cross for his services at Ploegsteert (Plugstreet).

In the summer of 1916 he was cross-posted to 2/4th Battalion at Laventie. On 28th February 1917 German storm troops raided his battalion position at Ablaincourt using poison gas and Rose was trapped in his Company H.Q. dug-out. He fought his way out, killing three Germans with four shots from his pistol: after an hour's struggle through the mud and darkness he joined two of his platoons.

His revenge came exactly two months later when he planned and led a raid at Fayet for which he won a bar to his Military Cross, and Company Serjeant-Major E. Brooks, formally of the Grenadier Guards, won the first Victoria Cross for the Regiment in that war. The enemy they fought that night were the same battalion of Jaegers, who had attacked them on 28th February.

He finished the war as second-in-command, and in 1920 published a very readable story of the 2/4th in which his share in the fighting is most modestly told.

In January 1934 he was appointed a Metropolitan Police Magistrate and most of his career in that field was spent at the Lambeth Court. He was a competent water-colour artist and some of his work is to be seen in the Imperial War Museum. He had always been a regular subscriber to Regimental Funds.

Several tributes were paid to his humanity and ability, and at Bow Street, Sir Laurence Dunne, the Chief Metropolitan Magistrate, said of him, 'We, who knew him, knew him as a magistrate of great experience, completely conscientious, equitable, and always fair'.

Lieutenant-General Sir Harry Wetherall, his old commanding officer, writes: 'I took over command of the 2/4th during April 1917 when it was holding a sector of the front line trenches during the battle of Arras. It is a long time ago—I have forgotten many but I remember Rose very well, not only because he was one of my company commanders but because he was the sort of person one does remember. A battle inevitably leads to some confusion but I recollect that Major Rose had things well under control, in fact his qualities that I remember were his tidiness of mind and his steadfastness in action.'

He was buried at his home and his old battalion provided a bearer party, their Adjutant, Major E. R. R. Hicks, representing the Regiment.

MAJOR W. P. WARNOCK died on 22nd March 1959 at Newport, Monmouthshire. He enlisted in the Regiment on 26th April 1915. During the First World War he served in Mesopotamia and saw service in Russia in 1919. He was commissioned as Quartermaster in the 43rd in 1939.

During the Second World War he served in France and Belgium in 1939-40, and in North West Europe in 1944-45. He subsequently was with the 43rd in Trieste and in the British Army of the Rhine during 1946-49.

When the Regiment went to Salonika in 1949, Warnock became Quartermaster of the 4th Battalion after thirty-four years' unbroken service with the 43rd, apart from a few months at the Depot in 1923.

He was awarded the M.B.E., and the Meritorious Service Medal, and was mentioned in despatches during the Second World War. He retired from the active list on 26th April 1952, and was subsequently employed as a retired officer at the Army Apprentices School at Chesham until the time of his death.

The funeral took place at Newport on Thursday, 26th March, Lieut.-Colonel D. R. L. Bright represented the Regiment, and Major D. C. Blake of the Regiment represented the Commandant of the Army Apprentices School. Among those present was Major Bonner, late of the Highland Light Infantry. Major Bonner was Quartermaster of his regiment in the 71st Brigade when Warnock was Quartermaster of the 43rd in that formation. They served in action together in 1944-45 and were close friends.

The following tributes to Major Warnock have been received from Lieut.-Colonel D. R. L. Bright and Lieut.-Colonel E. H. Whitfield:



**Poor
Mr. Long**



**Poor
Mr. Short**

Mr. Long and Mr. Short are both Men of Vision. But up till now their visions haven't shown any sign of materialising. Mr. Long longs for a car of his own—he has his eye on a 5½-litre AC/DC super-choked Newton-le-Willows Gran Turismo Special.

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In the death of 'Popeye' Warnock many of us have lost and old and valued friend, and the Regiment one of its finest old soldiers. His total continuous service with the 43rd was far longer than that of anyone else, and it is worth recording that he was quartermaster to no less than nine different commanding officers. I will not speak here of his technical ability as a quartermaster, excellent though that was. It is for his influence in the Regiment that he should be remembered. In the officers' mess, the sergeants' mess and with the soldiers, that influence was always felt, his advice often asked, and the selfless service which he gave was an example to us all. He was one of those rare individuals, against whom I never heard a word spoken, by anyone of any rank. He had the gift of friendship for everyone, and we were all proud to accept it. He took a keen interest in sport, and for several years ran the Regimental Football Team. He also ran the Hockey, and played for the Regiment regularly until shortly before his retirement.

In recent years he had rather dropped out of Regimental affairs, but the year before his death he was among the party from the Regiment who were present at the dedication of the Memorial to those killed in action of the 53rd (Welsh) Division, and he also attended the reunion dinner for officers who served with the 43rd in the Second World War. Just before his death, when he was very seriously ill, he sent a message that he would attend the 1959 43rd Dinner if he were well enough. Unfortunately it was not to be.

His last illness was so severe that one could only wish him a quick release. We shall not see his like again, and his memory will live with those who knew him.

D.R.L.B.

The death of Major Warnock, or 'Popeye' as he was affectionately called, is a great loss to his many friends.

I had never served with him until I took command of the 43rd in the spring of 1939. He was then Quartermaster.

I was lucky to have him; not only were his stores a model of what such places should be in peacetime but he proved himself equally capable, under the somewhat trying conditions in which we lived and worked, in France during the so called 'phony war' and the 'blitz'.

I saw him a year ago at the ceremony at Llandaf Cathedral; he was then looking very well and was in great form. It therefore came as a great shock to hear, in February this year, that he had only a few days to live.

I, who only knew him for a short time, feel that I have lost a true friend and I am sure that the Regiment has lost a loyal son; those who served with him longer will feel his loss even more.

E.H.W.

JOHN COOPER, formerly OX/8082 died at his home at 36 Parsons Place, Morrell Avenue, Oxford, on 14th May 1959, after a long and painful illness, aged 71 years.

He enlisted in the Regiment on 7th November 1905 and the following year proceeded with a draft to join the 43rd in India. On mobilization in 1914 he went with the Regiment to take part in the Mesopotamia campaign. He returned to England in 1919 and took his discharge to pension in July 1926. During the last two years of his service he was employed as waiter in the Officers' Mess at the Depot.

On his discharge in 1926 he took up employment with Morris Motors and continued to work until he was 68. Unfortunately soon after he retired he was taken ill and subsequently became totally blind. He was a great sufferer but never complained.

Cooper left the Army with an exemplary character and received excellent reports from officers under whom he had served. He is survived by his widow and two sons.

Medals: 1914-15 Star, British War, Victory and the L.S. and G.C. medals.

MR WILLIAM HENRY MORGAN, formerly OX/9869, died at The Prince of Wales Hospital, London, N.17, on 20th May 1959, aged 65 years. He had been in failing health for some time. Cremation took place at Enfield Crematorium on 25th May. Mr C. Scott attended and represented the Regiment.

Morgan enlisted in the Regiment at High Wycombe on 14th August 1912 and was discharged to pension on 29th January 1934. In 1913 he proceeded to India with a draft to join the 43rd and went with the Regiment to Mesopotamia. He again served in India with the 52nd from 1925 to 1934. On taking his discharge he became a postman but was obliged to retire in 1956 owing to ill health. After his discharge from the Army and having no relations living, iorgan made his home with Mr Scott who served with the 43rd from 1915 to 1924. Both were staunch supporters of the Old Comrades' Association.

Medals: 1914-15 Star; British War and Victory medals; India General Service medal with clasp—Burma 1930-32, and the Long Service and Good Conduct medal.

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Old Comrades

60 YEARS ON — OR '1898 TO 1958'

(fourth instalment)

Our last article dealt with arrival of the 43rd at Crownhill, Plymouth. There the Regiment had to march some miles to the 'Brickfields', Plymouth, for all garrison parades.

Two fresh items at Plymouth made an interesting change from parades in Ireland. The first was the presence at garrison reviews of the Royal Navy and the Royal Marines. All the infantry of the garrison were Light Infantry regiments; the Royal Marine L.I., the Duke of Cornwall L.I., the Highland L.I., not forgetting the 43rd L.I. Later in India in 1905 under Lord Kitchener's re-organisation scheme, the 8th Lucknow Division brought together the Light Infantry and Rifle Regiments. We little thought then that the 43rd and 52nd would become the 1st Green Jackets and be linked up with the 60th and 95th. What historical memories of Sir John Moore and the Peninsula War are recalled by this new uniform; how proud past and present members of the Regiment must be that we are not disbanded but honoured by the new re-organisation. This should help to console for the loss of the well-known Cowley Depot and our 'Red Jacket'.

The second item of interest at Plymouth was working with the Royal Garrison Artillery when at times we helped man the forts around Plymouth. This was good practice for within three months some of us would be helping the Naval Brigade pulling their 12-pounder guns up the rocky kopjes under fire of the Boers at the Relief of Kimberley. (See page 41 of REGIMENTAL CHRONICLE 1900 and *Daily Graphic* drawing showing 'Bluejackets' and men of 43rd carrying a naval gun up a kopje.) Later with the 52nd at Bombay I was detailed for duty with the Gunners on Oyster Rock in Bombay Harbour. Gun drill was a welcome change to the usual foot sloggling.

For a time I took on extra duty as Hon. Army Scripture Reader, Plymouth, in addition to camp work near Dartmoor and I was glad of my car then as even a modern Light Infantryman (let alone a pensioner) could hardly have covered both Plymouth and Dartmoor. I mention this as one night, when in uniform as A.S.R. and visiting Crownhill Barracks, in dashed an excited Provost Serjeant with a patrol who wanted to arrest me as an unauthorised person. Not wanting to cause a scene before the recruits I went to the guard room with the Serjeant but without any intention of 'remaining inside' as I had the usual authority of the Army Council, the Chaplain General and the Adjutant, to visit barracks. Neither the Serjeant nor his men had ever seen an A.S.R. before but eventually they agreed I was not a suspicious person, and on exchanging experiences before leaving I was interested to find the Serjeant was the son of a Scottish minister, the Serjeant in turn was surprised to hear that he had found me in a barrack room where I had soldiered fifty years before. 'A soft answer turneth away wrath!' (Proverbs).

The mention of Plymouth brings back many memories. It was there in July 1941 through the kind invitation of Lieut.-Colonel J. B. Jarvis then commanding the 70th Bn at Teignmouth (one of the units I was pleased to visit as A.S.R.) that I was privileged to be present for the bi-centenary celebrations of the Regiment. I met

a few old friends but was disappointed not to meet amongst the spectators any that were at Crownhill in 1899 when the 43rd left for the South African War via Aldershot. The 43rd put up a good show on that parade. Did we really march at that rate in 'the good old days?' Of course we did. We all felt that whatever was in store for the 43rd they would follow the traditions and loyalty of the 'Light of Foot'. Records show that they did.

After the parade I went across to the garrison church for the thanksgiving service. An empty church, but the verger told me there was very little hope of being allowed in as all the seats were reserved for the Regiment. I waited until the 43rd came swinging along. Fortunately General Eden, who had taken the salute at the march past, spotted me, and asked if I was not coming to the service. I told him of NO ADMISSION. He replied, 'That's all right Dancy, you come and sit with me'. I did much to the surprise of the verger. A kind thought of the General's for one of his old O.R.s.

Back now to Plymouth 1899. There were two parades which caused some excitement. The first was a parade at Bristol on the occasion of the visit of Queen Victoria. Colonel Dalzell told of the great honour it meant in being selected for this. At the rehearsal parade we lined a road marked to correspond with our position on the royal route. There we awaited the Regimental pioneers with flags representing the escort of the Life Guards followed by the Royal carriage, etc. Alas no allowance was made for the human element that makes or mars many occasions. The fates decreed that Mrs Harvey the wife of a pioneer was about to deliver the washing of 'H' Company. She was perched up amongst the laundry at the top of the donkey cart. By a strange coincidence her conveyance joined the procession behind the pioneer with the flag representing the Royal carriage. This was Mrs Harvey's 'Royal Day' and she made the most of it, firing off complimentary and other remarks to 'her loyal soldiers' who presented arms as she passed. One quip will suffice. 'Hullo Jock, shure 'tis a fat head you'll be having after the serjeants' dance.' 'However did you get your helmet on this morning?' Who could help laughing and shuffling? The parade nearly became a fiasco. Back on the paradeground the Colonel told us what he thought about us. If you would like to know his style just read *The Last of the Gentlemen's Wars* by General J. F. C. Fuller, who probably may remember this parade. (Most public libraries have a copy of this and of his other books.) It meant an extra rehearsal later, when all went well as fortunately things did at Bristol later.

There was one unrehearsed item on the parade at Bristol in which the Colonel and his Adjutant were concerned. Their grooms made a mistake in taking the officers' chargers to where the Regiment lined the route, instead of waiting at Temple Meads Station where we detrained. Those of you who remember the full kit of a mounted officer in review order in the last century can picture the feelings of the C.O. and his Adjutant just then. To keep up the Light Infantry pace for about two miles, uphill, in jack boots, spurs, sword and sabretache, in addition to the usual clothes and fittings of officers, and not forgetting the heavy helmets and brass fittings, was quite an endurance test. Colonel Dalzell and Captain Cobb stuck it like Spartans and certainly showed the rank



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and file an example of physical fitness. What the Colonel told his groom afterwards cannot be recorded here. A less heroic effort was made by the Recruiting Serjeant of the Guards at Bristol who was detailed to conduct the Regiment to the position to be taken up on the Royal route. A fine specimen of manhood, probably over six feet tall and wearing a gigantic bearskin, his massive swagger cane could have been envied even by a drum major. All went well with our conductor and his lengthy strides until our band and bugles struck up a march, probably 'The Monmouthshire'. The Guardsman changed step and, all in vain, tried to fit in his long legs with the regimental step. For once we saw a guardsman defeated as very sensibly he let us 'gang our ain gait' whilst he resumed the Guards style of marching.

Apparently we put up a better show in Bristol than in the first rehearsal parade at Crownhill. We must have impressed the Bristolians as the *Bristol Times and Mirror*, in an appreciative article on the Regiment, mentioned 'the excellent bearing and discipline' not forgetting 'the stirring music of the band' adding 'The blood of the spectators tingled as they looked on the "Oxfords" recognising in them the physical fitness and high standard of the British Army of to-day'. R.S.M. Pears asked me for a copy of the paper to send on to the Regimental Chronicle, but apparently with all the exciting events of mobilisation for the South African War the article was crowded out. The motto 'Better late than never' must cover the last few lines above.

The second and more exciting parade soon followed whilst my Company ('H') was on detachment at Bull Point, Devonport, near the famous Brunnel viaduct.

I have just returned from a visit to Plymouth, passing the old barracks at Crownhill but could not show my wife the fields where we used to pick mushrooms early in the morning when under canvas in 1899, as all the fields have now been built on. As a consolation I had to point out that there I reached the exalted (?) position of Lance-Corporal (Unpaid of course). Neither could I point out the detachment barracks at Bull Point as other buildings have sprung up. Our only consolation was to see the painters busy at the top of the viaduct painting the name of Brunnel in large letters for the centenary ceremonies there this year. We also saw Normandy Way and the memorial to the American Army who left Bull Point for the landing in Normandy.

Sorry to keep you waiting for the excitement, but with the experiences some of you later warriors have endured you may wonder why we Victorians should have got excited simply because orders had come for us to rejoin Headquarters and later to move to Aldershot. Visions of our first medal were getting brighter. We soon packed up kits and marched some miles to rejoin Headquarters at Crownhill. To-day these moves are much easier with transport for kits and often for troops also.

So on to Aldershot where orders came to mobilise for the South African War. As a Lance-Corporal and regimental range finder I was kept busy with range finding classes. A good investment, as my fellow range finder in each of the first two days in action in South Africa was shot. On the third day my fellow range finder with the machine gun section was stunned when a bullet smashed the metal on his bayonet scabbard, fortunately the bayonet stopped the bullet.

What excitement the mobilisation caused. First the daily arrival of reservists from the Depot. The Band and Bugles met them at the railway station to play them into barracks. What an inspiration to see and hear them march

in, to the tunes of 'Monmouthshire', 'Marching through Georgia' and similar well-known marches, followed by the Regimental March Past. How we cheered as they marched in. We were glad to see them as we were much under war strength.

Then came staining of white haversacks in coffee. White buff equipment, on which we had spent many hours as well as much of our small amount of pocket money, had now to be scraped and scrubbed to match our khaki and even brass buckles, etc. dulled. I suppose even Serjeant-Majors do 'fade away' in their graves, if not, to use a well-known term, they must have 'turned in their graves' if they heard of such desecration.

As usual there was a shortage of stores and other things at the beginning of the South African War and as a result we could not be supplied with lightweight colonial helmets but had to wear the heavy green helmets, home pattern, covered with khaki cloth.

How much we crowded in the few days left before embarkation. Medical inspections, various kit inspections, fitting colonial clothing. Any of you left who remember R.Q.M.S. Ivey will recall that clothing, rations or coal parades were not to be lightly taken in those days. Musketry, trench digging and route marching were all fitted in somehow.

Anyone who seemed to have a chance of passing an educational exam was given a chance of doing so and with all the excitement it was a wonder any of us passed. 'Grace marks' perhaps! I managed to get away with a second class certificate in this final scramble. In India in 1901 I was warned to sit again as no particulars or certificate had reached the 52nd. For once I jibbed, and would only attend if I joined the first class certificate students. This compromise worked and I got the First Class Certificate of Education.

Yet with all this excitement the days seemed very long and we were afraid peace might be settled even before we could embark for South Africa. All things come to those who wait, and on 22nd December 1899 we embarked for South Africa with a strength of 660 of all ranks. For embarkation we wore red serge and blue trousers but changed into colonial clothing on board. Again the Press spoke well of the appearance of the 43rd. Even the Embarkation Officer who had seen many troops leave for the war was quite complimentary (see pages 45 and 47 REGIMENTAL CHRONICLE 1899). The superstitious were not much encouraged by the omens as they saw them for we were in the 13th Brigade and we sailed on a Friday.

Whilst attending a conference in Bournemouth last May, I took the opportunity to visit Winchester and look around the Green Jackets Brigade Depot. The first officer I met was one of our own and he gave me a warm welcome and some valuable information. Then the R.S.M. kindly conducted me around. After a visit to the Rifle Brigade Museum we went to hear the Buglers at practice. They were in good form as they played 'Marching through Georgia'. At the entrance to Upper Barracks the Battle Honours of the 43rd and 52nd, the 60th Rifles and the 95th Rifle Brigade are separately and prominently displayed. My wife brought her cine-camera into action there, so we have a coloured film of the Honours as a pleasing reminder of our first visit to The Green Jackets.

I am sorry the review of the survivors of the Boer War by the Queen in Hyde Park on the 60th Anniversary of the war has been postponed until next year. Some of us will probably have answered Last Roll Call ere then. In the *Daily Telegraph*, Field-Marshal Lord Ironside,

President of the South African veterans, is reported as saying, 'There are more than 5,000 of us still living. I am about the youngest at 78'. On the age question I must challenge the Field-Marshal, I being only a youngster of 77 at the time he made that statement.

Since writing the above I also have been celebrating my 78th birthday by being 'On Parade' to welcome the Princess Royal on her visit to Denbury Camp, to review the Junior Leaders Regt of the Royal Signals of which the Princess is Colonel-in-Chief. I am still privileged to be attached to the Camp as Hon. Army Scripture Reader. Readers who saw my photo in the JOURNAL for May as a recruit of sixteen years, may be interested in a photo of the 'Old Soldier on Parade sixty-one years later'.



Major A. J. Dancey.

I applogise to the Editor for exceeding by one year the '60 Years On' at the head of this article.

I should be glad to hear from any who soldiered with me in the 43rd or 52nd. Address: Burma, 38 Shiphay Park Road, Torquay, Devon.

ARTHUR JAMES DANCEY, MAJOR (Retired),
Formerly OX/35636.

TO THE EDITOR,
The Regimental Journal.

DEAR EDITOR,

Your contributors welcome you as the new Editor. May you not have to use too many 'Blue Pencils' on their 'amateurish' efforts. Trusting the Printer's Devil will be kind to you and us. He is on strike as I write.

Our grateful thanks are due to Colonel F. Clare, your long suffering yet patient predecessor in the Editorial Chair for over thirteen years. His efficiency, tact and kindness has been an inspiration to all, and especially to the writer of

'60 Years On'.

A. J. DANCEY, MAJOR (Retired).

SERGEANT DYSON—LATE 43RD

Information has been received that Mr Dyson is now living at the Western Hotel, Penzance, Cornwall.

Mr Dyson served with the 43rd in the First World War, he was a Serjeant in 'A' Company and took part in the relief of Kut.

He would very much like to hear from any member of the 43rd who knew him in those days and hopes that some of his old Comrades will get in touch with him at the Western Hotel.

THE SOUTH BUCKS AREA OLD COMRADES' 'GET-TOGETHER ASSOCIATION'

DEAR EDITOR,

Attendance at our group April meeting was seriously affected by a deluge of rain on the occasion of our trip to Amersham Common, but some members counteracted this by their efforts to get wet inside as well as out.

The evening, however, was a very pleasant one thanks to the good work of those ladies who attended, in spite of the rain. They served some excellent refreshments and took a vigorous part in the entertainments that followed our meeting. The proposed Tombola at the barracks did not take place and it was decided to make arrangements for one to be held during the winter months.

Our September meeting was not so well attended as it usually is but this probably was due to local Flower Shows or perhaps a football match. However, we had a very successful meeting and many items were keenly debated.

The omission of the usual tea party on the journey to the Oxford reunion last year was a very sore point. The Secretary explained that the reason for this was because it was decided to make a late start with the coach to enable some members to travel by it who could not have done so had it started early in the afternoon. By making a late start it was not possible to halt on the way for tea.

It was reported that Mr Sindell is now out of hospital and has restarted work. Mr Pocock is still hobbling about on crutches but we hope he will soon be able to do without them.

The activities of one of our members at our last meeting has probably resulted in giving some of his competitors severe attacks of indigestion, as the prize depended on the speed at which they could dispose of beer and biscuits. He was, however, more merciful to the ladies and the winner is now displaying a charming pair of ear-rings.

It was decided to hold our next meeting at the barracks at High Wycombe at the end of January 1960 and we hope to have a good attendance.

Yours truly,

DAN REGAN.



Some Members of the South Bucks area Old Comrades' 'Get together Association'

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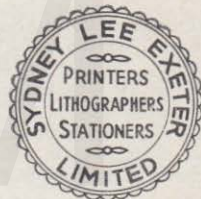
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