



43<sup>rd</sup> and 52<sup>nd</sup>



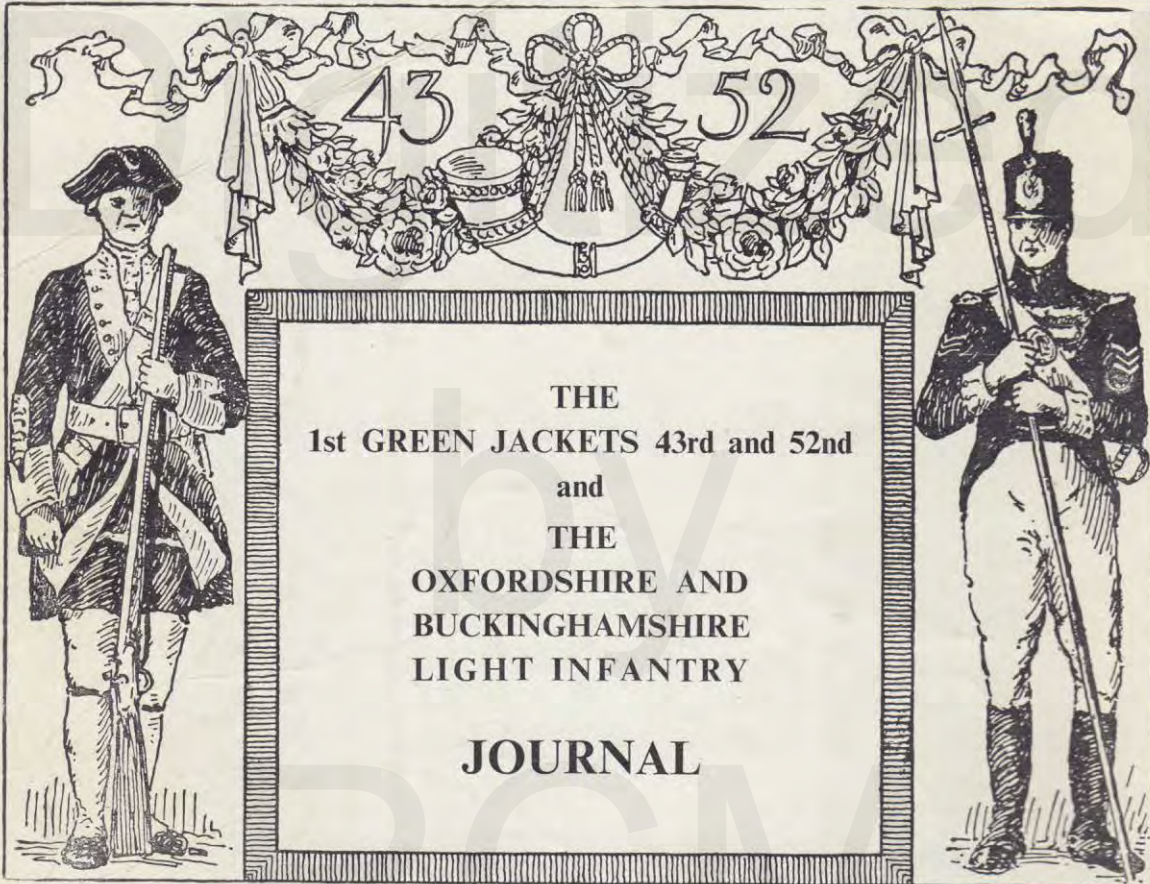
(1809)

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

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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-Courcelette, 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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## CONTENTS

	Page		Page
<b>Editor's Notes</b>		<b>Regimental News</b>	
Recruiting Supplement	2	Regimental Headquarters Notes	31
Acknowledgements	2	43rd and 52nd Letter	31
52nd Light Infantry Dinners	2	Serjeants' Mess, 43rd and 52nd, Notes	32
<i>Events for 1960</i>		Corporals' Room, 43rd and 52nd, Notes	33
Regimental Dinner	3	Regimental Band Notes	33
Regimental 'At Home'	3	Cross Country Running, 43rd and 52nd	34
The Old Comrades' Association	3	Association Football	34
Green Jackets Week	3	Hockey, 43rd and 52nd	35
Remembrance Sunday	3	Regimental Cycling Club, 43rd and 52nd	35
<i>Promotions, Honours and Awards</i>	3	The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire	
Former Officers of the Regiment on the		Light Infantry (T.A.) Notes	37
Active List	4	The Green Jackets Brigade Depot Notes	39
Appointments of Regular Officers	4	The Old Comrades' Notes	39
<i>Museum</i>		<b>Obituaries</b>	
Presentations and Purchases	5	Colonel John Arthur Ballard	43
<b>Articles</b>		Richard George Jones, D.C.M.	43
Our Note-Book by Arthur Bryant	6	James Hone	43
Remembrance Day 1959	7	William John Bowden	43
A Tale of Three Colonels	8	Horace Thurgood	43
The Parade at Bicester	9	Lieut-Colonel Reginald Coad, O.B.E., M.M.	44
Chindwin to Criccieth (Serial)	10	Frederick Charles Sibley	44
Impressions of the School of Infantry	18	<b>Notices</b>	
Our 'Battesbury Bowl' Demonstration	19	The Light Infantry Club	45
Soldiering 1800 Years Ago	19	British Legion	45
The Army Boot still slogs on	22	Regular Forces Employment Association	45
Sixty Years On	27	'The Regimental Chronicle'	45
		'The Journal'	45
		Books	45
<b>Supplement</b>		<b>RECRUITING SUPPLEMENT</b>	

## Editor's Notes

### Recruiting Supplement

This edition of the JOURNAL includes a special Recruiting Supplement prepared by the 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd, Recruiting Staff, which is based on Warminster but which operates throughout the country.

The supplement gives full details of the Regiment's requirements for good men as regular recruits. It shows the life to be expected in the Regiment and gives particulars of conditions of service and rates of pay.

The Colonel of the Regiment has already written to members of the Old Comrades Association—who know the high standard of recruit that the Regiment demands—telling them how they can assist the Regiment to swell the number of regulars that are required now that National Service is about to end.

All readers of the JOURNAL are asked to make full use of the Recruiting Supplement. When you have read it use it as your aid to get recruits for the Regiment or pass it on to anybody who is thinking of joining the Regiment. If you are unable to use it for active recruiting let the supplement do some work on its own—don't burn or throw it away—but leave it in some public place where some interested person may pick it up! If you want any more copies let us know; we will be delighted to send them.

### Acknowledgements

'Our Note-Book' by Arthur Bryant is reprinted by kind permission of the Author and *The Illustrated London News*. It was published in *The Illustrated London News* on 16th January 1960.

The second instalment of the serialization of Charles Drage's book *Chindwin to Criccieth* is published in this edition of the JOURNAL. We again wish to thank the author for giving us permission so to use his book.

*Chindwin to Criccieth* has proved very popular with JOURNAL readers. Those who wish to buy copies of the book can obtain them from the publisher, Gwenlyn Evans Ltd, Eastgate Street, Caernarvon, Wales, price 12s. 6d.

We wish to thank Major D. O. Dixon for his article entitled 'Soldiering 1800 Years Ago'. Major Dixon writes:

'I was schoolmaster-serjeant at the Depot at Cowley from 1923 to 1925. I helped the late Major Saunderson to found the JOURNAL of the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, and contributed a lot of material to the JOURNAL up to 1939, writing from many parts of the world. I went out on disability pay in 1946 and was fortunate to get a job as deputy headmaster of Wycliffe School in Battersea. Unluckily I did not pick up the threads again with the Regiment of which I always regarded myself as an honorary member, though I sometimes met old comrades such as General Paget during the time that he was a neighbour here.

I have recently retired for a second time, 'permanently incapacitated', but I find I am as busy as ever with voluntary work in connection with military and professional societies.

The brigading of my old comrades into a Regiment, in the old sense, has led me to do a little piece showing how close to ancient tradition is the new set up . . .'

Photographs are reproduced by courtesy of the *Oxford Mail* and those of the Bicester parade by courtesy of the *Bicester Advertiser*.

### 52nd Light Infantry Luncheon (First World War)

The twenty-seventh reunion of officers who served with the 52nd during the First World War took the form of a luncheon held at the Naval and Military Club on 23rd October 1959.

The chair was taken by the Colonel of the Regiment and other officers present were:

General Sir Bernard Paget, G.C.B., D.S.O., M.C., Brigadier C. R. Horley, M.C., Colonels P. Booth, E. Scott, D.S.O., Lieut.-Colonels R. H. Coad, O.B.E., M.M., F. Clare, M.B.E., D.C.M., D. C. Colvill, D.S.O., M.C., R. B. Crosse, D.S.O., L. W. Giles, O.B.E., M.C., P. Godsal, M.C., Sir Edmund Neville Bart, M.C., E. C. Simmons, E. H. Whitfeld, M.C., Majors C. B. Baker, O.B.E., E. K. Blyth, J. W. Neave, F. H. Plaistowe, Captains C. T. Chevallier, N. G. Clarke, C. A. Fowke, M.B.E., M.C., L. E. W. O. Fullbrook-Leggat, M.C., L. J. Goodwyn, C. H. Sheppard, W. A. Creak Esq., C. T. O. O'Neill Esq., M.C., G. E. Pearson Esq., H. E. Wells Esq., The Reverend Canon E. H. Gallop, The Reverend E. M. Guilford, M.C., and the Reverend S. M. Minifie-Hawkins.

Guests were Colonel R. A. St G. Martin, O.B.E., Lieut.-Colonel M. N. Harbottle, O.B.E., M. J. Thorne Esq., and Regimental Serjeant-Major H. Lay, D.C.M., M.M. Serving officers, guests of their fathers, were Captains J. St C. Simmons and C. St C. Simmons, J. G. C. Goodwyn Esq., and J. M. Meade Esq.

#### 52nd Light Infantry Dinner (Second World War)

The thirteenth reunion of officers who served with the 52nd Light Infantry during the Second World War took place at a dinner held at the Officers Mess, The Inns of Court Regiment on Friday, 15th January 1960.

Lieut.-Colonel L. W. Giles, O.B.E., M.C., presided and the guest at the dinner was the Reverend E. M. Guilford, M.C.

The following were present:

Colonel J. R. P. Montgomery, M.C., Lieut.-Colonels M. Darell-Brown, D.S.O., J. Granville, T. G. D. Rowley, Majors J. F. Ballard, R. A. Colville, R. J. B. Gentry, P. E. Gerahy, M. G. A. Hay-Will, R. Hornsby-Wright, J. L. Naimaster, H. J. Sweeney, M.C., F. S. Barrow Esq., C. J. Cross Esq., C. A. Hooper Esq., M.C., E. H. Nankivell Esq., S. F. Robin Esq., B. C. E. Priday Esq., T. B. Russell Esq., S. Sebba Esq., F. B. Scott Esq., M.C., M. J. Thorne Esq., H. C. Yeatman Esq. Lieut.-Colonel C. J. C. Ward and Major J. S. R. Edmunds were prevented from attending at the last moment by the wintry weather.

#### Events for 1960

##### Regimental Dinner and Regimental 'At Home'

The Officers' Regimental Dinner will be held at the Hyde Park Hotel on Friday, 24th June 1960.

The Regimental 'At Home' will be held on University College Cricket Ground, Abingdon Road, Oxford, on Saturday, 25th June 1960. University College has again kindly granted us the use of their ground. The cricket match will be the Regiment versus the 60th (The King's Royal Rifle Corps). Teas will be provided for officers and their friends and for members of the Old Comrades' Association. Luncheon will also be obtainable on the ground.

#### The Old Comrades' Association

The special reunion at Warminster will take place on Saturday, 18th June 1960 when members of the Old Comrades' Association will be guests of the Regiment.

The London Reunion will take place at the Headquarters of the 21st S.A.S. Regiment (Artists) T.A. on Saturday, 8th October.

The Oxford Reunion will, by kind permission of the Officer Commanding, The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry (T.A.), take place at the Territorial Army Headquarters, Marston Road, Oxford, on Saturday, 22nd October.

Full particulars of all reunions will be issued to members.

#### Green Jacket Week

Green Jacket Week at Winchester will be held from Monday, 11th July to Saturday, 16th July 1960.

Cricket fixtures are:

Monday and Tuesday, 11th and 12th July.—v.

The Free Foresters.

Wednesday, 13th July.—43rd and 52nd v. Rifle Brigade.

Thursday, 14th July.—v. Winchester College.

Friday, 15th July.—60th v. Rifle Brigade.

Saturday, 16th July.—Past v. Present.

It is hoped that members of the Regiment, who belong to the Green Jackets Club, will attend during the week. Luncheons and Teas will be available for them, their families, and guests on the cricket ground.

#### Remembrance Sunday

The usual Service will be held at the Regimental War Memorial, Rose Hill, on Sunday, 13th November.

#### Promotions

Colonel to be Brigadier:

Colonel P. G. F. Young, C.B.E., 1st January 1960.

Major to be Lieutenant-Colonel:

Major M. N. Harbottle, O.B.E., 12th July 1959.

Captains to be Majors:

Captain M. G. A. Hay-Will, 8th July 1959.

Captain J. H. W. Haddon, 27th September 1959.

Captain P. W. Mitchell, 19th January 1960.

**Honours and Awards***M.B.E.*

Major D. B. Fox.  
Major H. J. W. Newton.  
R.S.M. J. O. Jones.

**Former Officers of the Regiment on the Active List**

Lieut-General Sir Gerald Lathbury, K.C.B., D.S.O.,  
M.B.E.

G.O.C.-in-C. Eastern Command, Hounslow,  
Middlesex.

Lieut-General Sir Michael West, K.C.B., D.S.O.,  
G.O.C.-in-C. Northern Command, York.

Brigadier H. J. Mogg, D.S.O.  
Commander 28 Commonwealth Brigade, N.  
Malaya.

Brigadier P. G. F. Young, C.B.E.  
Commander Northern District, Royal Nigerian  
Military Forces, Kaduna, Nigeria.

Brigadier J. A. J. Read, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C.  
Commandant School of Infantry, Warminster.

Colonel A. Clerke-Brown, O.B.E.  
Colonel Q (Qtg/Lab.), H.Q., B.A.O.R.

Colonel R. A. St G. Martin, O.B.E.  
Brigade Colonel.

Colonel J. R. P. Montgomery, M.C.  
A.A.G.(R.), H.Q. Eastern Command, Houn-  
slow, Middlesex.

Lieut.-Colonel F. H. G. Higgins  
A.Q.M.G. (Plans), H.Q. Command, S.H.A.P.E.

Lieut.-Colonel R. F. E. Hill  
Camp Commandant G.H.Q., F.A.R.E.L.F.,  
Singapore.

**Appointments of Regular Officers of 1st Green  
Jackets, 43rd and 52nd**

Lieut.-Colonel M. N. Harbottle, O.B.E.  
C.O. 1, Green Jackets, 7/59.

Major G. N. A. Astley-Cooper  
D.A.Q.M.G.(M.), G.H.Q. M.E.L.F., 3/59.

Major J. F. Ballard  
Joint Sec. of Army Board (N.A.T.O.), 6/59.

T/Lieut.-Colonel D. R. L. Bright  
G.S.O. 1, B.J.S.M., Washington, 1/60.

T/Lieut.-Colonel A. C. Mason  
Dep. Comd T.O. Scouts, 1/60.

Major A. V. Brown  
D.A.Q.M.G.(Q.6), War Office, 11/59.

T/Lieut.-Colonel P. R. Hayter, M.B.E., M.C.  
C.O. 2 Q.O. Nigerian Regt, 11/59.

Major P. K. Everett  
Instr School of Tactics and Admin, Australia,  
11/58

Major J. M. A. Tillett  
2 I.C., 1 Green Jackets, 7/59.

Major H. J. Sweeney, M.C.  
G.S.O. 2 (M.O.2), War Office, 4/59

Major R. R. W. Workman  
1 Green Jackets, 10/59.

Major P. G. Thompson, M.C., T.D.  
R.M.A. Sandhurst, 12/57.

Major D. B. Fox, M.B.E.  
M.A. to Governor of Cyprus, 11/57.  
For Oxf. Bucks (T.A.), 5/60.

Major P. E. Gerahty  
1 Green Jackets, 9/58.

Major P. J. E. Durant, M.B.E.  
1 Green Jackets, 11/58.

Major H. J. W. Newton, M.B.E.  
K.R.R.C., 8/59.

Major D. C. Blake  
Coy Comd, A.A. School, Chepstow, 10/56.

Major E. F. Garcia  
All Arms Training Centre, B.A.O.R., 6/59.

Major E. R. R. Hicks  
Oxf. Bucks (T.A.), 3/59. For 1 Green Jackets,  
5/60.

Major D. J. Wood  
D.A.A. and Q.M.G., H.Q. 39 Inf. Bde, 3/59.

Major R. S. C. Dowden  
1 Green Jackets, 1/60.

Major O. G. Pratt  
1 Green Jackets, 8/59. For J.S.S.C., 6/60.

Major I. R. C. Greenlees  
G.S.O. 3, H.Q. 1 (B.R.) Corps, B.A.O.R., 2/59.  
For G.S.O. 2 (Trg) H.Q.1 (B.R.) Corps, 2/60.

Major M. G. A. Hay-Will  
Green Jackets Bde Depot, 6/59.

Major J. H. W. Haddon  
S.C. 'A' H.Q., 24 Inf. Bde Gp, 1/60.

T/Major P. W. Mitchell  
D.A.A. and Q.M.G., Northern Sub-District,  
Nigeria, 10/59.

Captain T. D. R. D. Byrne  
1 Green Jackets, 1/60.

T/Major M. R. Pennell, M.B.E.  
G.S.O. 2, H.Q., Aden Prot. Levies, 1/60.

T/Major W. S. C. Chevis  
M.A. to M.G.A., G.H.Q., F.A.R.E.L.F., 1/60.

T/Major R. M. Colville  
G.S.O. 3, M.I. 2, War Office, 3/60.

Captain C. A. S. Hinton  
1 Green Jackets, 11/57.

T/Major J. D. F. Mostyn  
G.S.O. 2 (S.D.2), War Office, 1/60.

Captain G. C. Stacey  
1 Green Jackets, 11/57.

- Captain W. M. Cracknell  
Staff College, 1/60.
- Captain J. St C. Simmons  
K.R.R.C., 7/59.
- Captain E. W. Leask  
5 Malay, 8/57. For 1 Green Jackets, 12/60.
- Captain S. E. Thistlethwayte  
Adj't, Green Jackets Bde Depot, 3/59.
- Captain A. S. Payne  
Somaliland Scouts, 1/59.
- Captain B. W. Balls  
W.T.O. Mons O.C.S., 5/59.
- Captain R. A. Pascoe  
G.S.O. 2 (Int.) H.Q. Land Forces, Persian Gulf,  
3/60.
- Captain J. R. G. N. Evelegh  
Adj't, 1 Green Jackets.
- Captain C. St C. Simmons  
1 Green Jackets, 6/53.
- T/Captain M. J. Massy-Beresford  
1 Green Jackets, 7/59.
- Lieut. I. G. Elliott  
1 Green Jackets, 6/56.
- Lieut. K. J. Smith  
1 Green Jackets, 6/56.
- Lieut. T. M. Hartley  
A.D.C. to G.O.C.-in-C., Eastern Command,  
1/60.
- Lieut. J. M. Meade  
1 Green Jackets, 6/56.
- Lieut. F. J. B. Taylor  
1 Green Jackets, 2/59.
- T/Captain C. E. W. Jones  
School of Infantry (Small Arms Wing), 12/59.
- Lieut. B. E. A. Pascoe  
Green Jackets Bde Depot, 7/59.
- Lieut. J. P. Watts  
1 Green Jackets, 6/59.
- Lieut. M. J. C. Draco  
1 Green Jackets, 12/58.
- 2nd-Lieut. N. C. Bennett  
1 Green Jackets, 1/60.
- 2nd/Lieut. N. J. R. Sale  
1 Green Jackets, 1/60.
- 2nd Lieut. A. P. Whitfeld  
1 Green Jackets, 1/60.
- Captain A. H. Morley  
(E.S.C.) 1 Green Jackets, 9/59.
- Lieut. C. S. Downie  
(S.S.C.) 1 Green Jackets, 7/58.
- Lieut. J. G. C. Goodwyn  
(S.S.C.) 1 Green Jackets, 8/58.
- Lieut. P. G. Costley-White  
(S.S.C.) 1 Green Jackets, 12/58.
- 2nd Lieut. N. M. Prideaux  
(D.S.S.C.) 1 Green Jackets, 11/59.
- 2nd Lieut. P. E. Dobbs  
(S.S.C.) 1 Green Jackets, 12/59.
- Major (Q.M.) F. Clay, M.B.E.  
G.S.O. 3, H.Q. Mid West District, 8/59.
- Captain (Q.M.) B. Cox  
Oxf. Bucks (T.A.).
- Major (Q.M.) S. A. G. Cox, M.B.E.  
1 Green Jackets, 1/55.
- Captain (Q.M.) A. J. Howland  
1 Green Jackets, 9/57.
- Major (Q.M.) C. A. Brown  
(S.S.C.) H.Q. Colchester Grn, 6/59.
- Lieut. (Q.M.) S. F. Welchman  
(S.S.C.) 4 Nigeria Regt, 8/57.
- Lieut. (Q.M.) E. G. Field, B.E.M.  
(S.S.C.) 2 P.A.L., Aden, 2/59.

#### Museum

The following articles have been presented to, or purchased for, the Museum:

A gong presented to the 3rd Battalion (Royal Bucks Militia) by Captain Charles Hall in 1900.

On the disbandment of the Battalion in 1900 the gong was given to the Commanding Officer, Colonel William Terry. On his death it came into the possession of his son, Colonel W. E. C. Terry, who died in May 1959 and at his request it has been presented to the museum by his widow, Mrs Nesta Terry.

German Gas Warning Bell taken from the entrance of a German dug-out at the Battle of Arras 1917.

Presented by the Rev. E. M. Guilford, M.C., former chaplain to the 52nd.

Indian Mutiny Medal, No. 38, Pte A. Quarterman, 52nd Light Infantry. Purchased.

## Our Note-Book

BY ARTHUR BRYANT

(Reprinted by kind permission of the Author and 'The Illustrated London News'.)

AMONG the centenaries and celebrations of 1959 one passed almost unnoticed. It was the death, in the hour of victory, of Sir John Moore at the end of a near-disastrous retreat that all but ended in the destruction of Britain's Army. Owing to our country's congenital refusal to maintain an adequate military establishment in time of peace, her Army fighting against odds in the early stages of all her wars, has become accustomed to retreats. With Mons and Dunkirk, that to Corunna shares pride of place among the greatest of them all. Like Dunkirk, it was a retreat to Britain's ultimate stronghold, the sea and, without command of the sea—which we then enjoyed—would have been unavailing. Yet, like Dunkirk, it was a fighting retreat against odds and only escaped being a disaster because of supreme military endurance and valour.

The retreat to Corunna was a far harder ordeal even than that to Dunkirk. It was conducted across 200 miles of barren mountain in the depth of winter and without any of the mechanical aids that existed in 1940. Much of the way was through icy defiles in which thousands perished through cold, hunger and exhaustion, and the Army's morale all but broke. But for the discipline of the rearguard—drawn mainly from the Rifle and Light Infantry regiments of the Light Brigade—the whole Army would have been lost. In two other respects the Corunna retreat differed from Dunkirk. Though caused by the defeat and collapse of a Continental ally, it saved that ally at the eleventh hour and enabled her to continue the fight by Britain's side; in this it resembled Mons. Like Mons, too, it culminated in a brilliant victory which inflicted severe losses on the foe and avenged the sufferings of the retreat. During that victory the British Commander-in-Chief, General Moore, was mortally wounded, dying in the hour that the Army he had saved and used with such far-reaching effect was embarking in its transports.

No soldier has made a greater impress on our Army than Moore. His immediate achievement was twofold: that he upset Napoleon's strategy at a vital turning-point in history and left his successor, Wellington, the nucleus of the finest body of infantry in the world. By striking at Napoleon's communications in the dead of winter and timing his bold stroke with such accuracy that, having relieved Spain and the British base in Portugal for another year, he extricated his troops in the nick of time, he enabled a British force to remain permanently in the Peninsula and ensured that, with its help, the 'Spanish ulcer' should continue to drain Napoleon's strength until the reviving forces of independence in Europe were strong enough to rise against him and break his power. And by his training of the Light Brigade on what was then a novel principle of war he bequeathed to Wellington the instrument the latter needed to maintain the long, uphill struggle for four victorious years—an outpost line that was never surprised or penetrated and a striking force whose élan was such that in the end it could, in Wellington's words, go anywhere and do anything and which became a model and inspiration for the whole Army.

But Moore did something greater. He transmitted to future generations, through the Rifle and Light Infantry

Regiments he had inspired and trained, a tradition of priceless value and a corps d'élite which has made its mark on almost every campaign of the past 150 years. It is arguable that the sacrificial stand of the Rifles at Calais which a century-and-quarter later saved the British Army before Dunkirk itself derived from Moore's example and teaching. His system of training was the very opposite of that which prevailed in his own day. It was based, not on the rigid obedience of automata to formal commands, but on the 'thinking fighting man' with the soldierly virtues of quickness of mind and body, perfect physical fitness and high technical skill. It depended on an elastic discipline, born of mutual self-confidence and teamwork, that demanded of the soldier 'everything that was necessary and nothing that was not'. In the teeth of the stupid barrack-room and lash régime of his time, Moore sought to humanize the Army. He worked with nature instead of against it. Thus, in the Rifles' quick-march which he adopted for all the Regiments of his famous Light Brigade at Shorncliffe, the military ideal of the Prussian ramrod was abandoned for a free and natural rhythm whose object was the maximum of speed with the minimum of fatigue. The art of fire was taught, not as a succession of mechanical volleys, but as an exercise in the combined fire-power and movement of accurate and mobile marksmen using individual judgement in the use of cover and ground. It was the pride and hall-mark of a Rifleman that he fired to kill and never wasted a shot.

In all this, Moore owed much to the experimental Corps of Rifleman which had been formed in 1800 under Colonel Coote Manningham, partly on the model of the green-coated foreign Rifle Battalion of the 60th Foot—to-day the 2nd Green Jackets, King's Royal Rifle Corps—which had been raised a generation earlier during the American War of Independence. Manningham's training of the 95th Rifles, as under Moore's command it became called—later re-christened the Rifle Brigade—is commemorated in the old Rifleman's song:

'He dressed them all in jackets of green  
And placed them where they could not be seen  
And sent them in front, an invisible screen,  
To fight for England's glory.'

This is what throughout the Peninsular War the Rifles did when, with the two scarlet-coated Light Infantry regiments which Moore had trained with them—the 43rd and 52nd Foot, later amalgamated as the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry and to-day the 1st Green Jackets—they constituted, under another brilliant soldier, General Robin Craufurd, the infantry of the celebrated Light Division, the screen and advance-guard of Wellington's Peninsular Army. Never once during the war did these superb Regiments allow their lines to be penetrated or any intelligence of Wellington's movements to reach the enemy. In Sir Charles Oman's words, 'the whole web of communication quivered at the slightest touch'. 'There perhaps never was', wrote Kincaid, 'such a war brigade as that which was composed of the 43rd, 52nd and the Rifles.' It was the boast of the last-named that in the whole war they never lost a piquet.

It was during the terrible retreat across the Galician mountains to Vigo and Corunna that Moore's training first bore fruit. The conduct of the two rearguards, composed largely of the men he had personally trained at Shorncliffe, is one of the classics of British military history. When the discipline and morale of the rest of the Army had all but broken under indescribable hardships, the proud troops who covered the retreat drove off the pursuing French again and again and rose superior to everything that Fate and the enemy could do. Their spirit is epitomized in the words of that serjeant of the 43rd who, throttling the cough that was killing him, called out to the stragglers by the roadside, 'Now show your nerve; if you die to-day you won't have to die to-morrow!' The ex-Dorset shepherd, Rifleman Harris, of the 95th, has drawn for all time the picture of those unshaven, shoeless, savage-

looking, exhausted men, responding at the command of their leader, 'Black Bob' Craufurd, to demands which seemed beyond the capacity of human nature: leaning upon their weapons and scowling up in his face as he scolded; and, when he dashed the spurs into his reeking horse, they would throw up their rifles and hobble after him again.

To-day, a century-and-a-half after their discipline first saved a British Army, these great Regiments are once more brigaded together, under the new re-organization of our ever-changing yet unchangeable Army, as the Green Jackets Brigade. Of all of them it has been true, as William IV said of the Rifles:

'Wherever there has been fighting there you have been, and wherever you have been you have distinguished yourselves'.

## Remembrance Day—8th November 1959



The Regimental Plot at the Field of Remembrance, Westminster Abbey

To those who wish to honour and remember those members of the Regiment and, indeed, all those who fell in the two World Wars there is surely no better place to do so than at the Remembrance Day service held at the Regimental War Memorial which stands on our own piece of Oxfordshire land on Rose Hill. The simple, short and always moving service for the day assumes much meaning to those who lost many friends in the Regiment during the war years.

The service for 1959 was conducted by the Vicar of Cowley, the Rev. J. R. Betton and the lesson was read by the Colonel of the Regiment. A detachment from the Regiment, under command of Major P. E. Durant, came from Warminster to attend the service and formed up

around the edge of the grass plot of the memorial together with members of the Old Comrades' Association, representatives from the 1/4th and 2/4th Battalions (1914-18) and the British Legion from Cowley.

Music was provided by volunteers from the Morris Motors Band to whom our thanks are due. Two buglers from the Regiment sounded the Last Post and Reveille to mark the two minutes silence.

Although there was a good attendance at the service it is hoped that more members, past and present, of the Regiment will attend the service next year. It is appreciated that the local services held throughout the country on Remembrance Day call for attendance—but at Rose Hill is a worthy alternative.

## A Tale of Three Colonels



THE photograph above shows Lieutenant-Colonel M. N. Harbottle, Brigadier J. A. J. Read and Colonel R. A. St G. Martin after the investiture at Buckingham Palace on 3rd November 1959.

The following paragraph appeared in *The Daily Telegraph* of that day. It was written for 'Peterborough' by Captain J. D. F. Mostyn.

### THREE GREEN JACKET COLONELS

When the Duke of Edinburgh holds an investiture on behalf of the Queen at Buckingham Palace this morning,

insignia are to be presented to three commanding officers of the same battalion.

It is the 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd, at present demonstration battalion at the School of Infantry, Warminster.

Brigadier J. A. J. Read, who is now Commandant of the School and commanded the battalion from 1955 to 1957, will be invested with the C.B.E.

The O.B.E. goes to Col. R. A. St G. Martin, commanding officer from 1957 to earlier this year, and to Lieut.-Col. M. N. Harbottle, the present commanding officer.



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## The Parade at Bicester

ON the evening of 28th September 1959 a memorable parade took place at Bicester. It was the occasion of the presentation of a bugle-major's silver inscribed parade stick to the Regiment. The gift was decided upon by the Bicester Council when the Regiment returned from Cyprus, to mark the long association between the Town and the Regiment.

On parade were the Regimental Colour, carried by Lieutenant J. P. Watts, a Guard of Honour commanded by Major R. M. Colvile and the Band and Buglers.

Before the ceremony Councillor and Mrs Winterbone entertained the members of the Council, Officers of the Regiment and other prominent guests to tea. Among the guests were the Colonel of the Regiment and Lady Winterton, Colonel and Mrs R. A. St G. Martin, Lieut.-Colonel M. N. Harbottle, Lieut.-Colonel D. L. Morris, Major and Mrs R. M. Colvile, Wing Commander A. S. Mann (R.A.F. Station, Bicester) and Mrs Mann, Major A. G. C. Fane, Mr G. G. Burkitt (Clerk of the Oxfordshire County Council), Alderman Frank Wise, J.P. (Chairman of Ploughley R.D.C.) and Mrs Wise, Councillor H. W. Vines (Vice-Chairman Ploughley R.D.C.), Mr Wilfred Wigney (Clerk of Ploughley R.D.C.), Councillor W. J. Marriott (Vice-Chairman Bicester Council), Councillor and Mrs E. A. Clifton, Councillor and Mrs F. Hill, Councillor and Mrs J. Leach, Councillor and Mrs G. Archer, Councillor E. T. Clothier, Councillor Mrs E. Evans, and Mr A. J. Evans, Councillor and Mrs M. O'Brien, Mrs Douglas, Mr R. W. Bainton (Clerk of Bicester Council) and Mrs Bainton and Mrs Barber.

In welcoming his guests Councillor Winterbone said: 'As Chairman of Bicester Council I welcome you to Bicester to-day. My wife and I are happy to have you with us and we are glad that you were able to accept our invitation.' 'I appreciate the presence of all of you to-day and your support. This is a memorable day in the history of Bicester and I hope it will be long remembered, for it is a day when we meet to pay tribute to the county Regiment.'

Meanwhile a large crowd had assembled in Market Square, the scene of the presentation, and by the time the Colonel of the Regiment and Councillor Winterbone mounted the dais it must have numbered some 2,000 persons.

The detachment of the Regiment on parade started their march at the T.A. Headquarters in Chapel Street and took a route through Market Square, into Sheep Street, St John's Street, Queens Avenue, Kings End, Church Street, Causeway and back to Market Square. The detachment was headed by Bugle-Major Dunwell with the Band and Buglers and followed by the Regimental Colour and the Guard of Honour. Escorts to the Regimental Colour were Colour-Serjeants Musty and Bailey and C.Q.M.S. Trahearne.

On return to Market Square the Guard of Honour and Colour Party formed up facing the saluting dais with the Band and Buglers in the rear. The parade was then inspected by Councillor Winterbone accompanied by the Colonel of the Regiment.

After the inspection the presentation was made by Councillor Winterbone to the Colonel of the Regiment of a bugle-major's stick mounted with a silver top and bearing the inscription 'Presented by the Bicester Urban

District Council on behalf of the inhabitants of Bicester to the 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd, in recognition of the services of the Regiment at home and abroad—Presented 28th September 1959.'

In his speech at the presentation Councillor Winterbone said: 'It is my proud privilege this evening, as Chairman of the Bicester Urban District Council, to have the honour of making the presentation of the Bugle-Major's Parade stick to the 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd.'

'When my Council learned of the return of the Regiment from Cyprus a letter of welcome home was sent. But in view of the close association between Bicester and district and the former Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry it was felt that some more tangible expression of goodwill should be made to the Regiment.'

'Accordingly my council unanimously agreed to present this Bugle-Major's Parade Stick and that is why we are here assembled.'

The Councillor then gave a brief résumé of the Regiment's history, mentioning the Regiment's battles at Quebec, Corunna, Waterloo, the Relief of Kimberley and its distinguished service in both World Wars.

He then continued: 'Events in Cyprus caused the return of the Regiment there and in Cyprus it remained for three years. Army reforms led to the Regiment being re-named the 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd, and it was as the 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd, that the Regiment returned to England in May 1959 being stationed at Tidworth before moving to the School of Infantry, Warminster, in October, where it takes over the duties of Demonstration Battalion to the British Army.'

After mentioning the Regiment's success in the Cyprus Area rifle meetings, hockey and boxing competitions the Councillor continued: 'In all its activities the Regiment maintained the highest traditions of the British Army'. 'It is, therefore, with the greatest of pleasure, and in honour of the former Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, that I now ask Major-General Sir John Winterton, Colonel Commandant, 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd to accept this Bugle-Major's Parade Stick from the Bicester Urban District Council on behalf of the citizens of Bicester.'

In reply Major-General Sir John Winterton said: 'On behalf of the 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd, of which I have the honour of being Colonel Commandant, let me offer my grateful thanks for the handsome present. This generous gesture and the thought that prompted it will be greatly appreciated by all members of the Regiment, past and present. It forms, moreover, one more link in the bond which binds us to the county of Oxfordshire, a bond which has existed since the title of Oxfordshire was conferred on the Regiment in 1782. Since that time a great number of Oxfordshire men, including many from Bicester and district, have passed through the ranks of the Regiment and also through the ranks of its Territorial Battalion. We have always valued the qualities of the soldiers from this County and hope that they will continue to form a large part of our men. You have referred to the fact that the Regiment is to become the Demonstration Battalion of the School of Infantry and will be much in the public eye. I know, however, that they will take this in their stride. In

conclusion let me say that we will be glad to welcome you and your Council for a visit at any time. May I once again thank you.'

The presentation stick was then handed over to Bugle-Major Dunwell, and the Guard of Honour and the Colour Party marched back to the T.A. Drill Hall. Retreat was then sounded and the proceedings ended with the playing of the Evening Hymn and the National Anthem.

Among the large crowd which watched the ceremony were many former members of the Regiment including ex-servicemen from both World Wars and National Servicemen who were with the Regiment in Cyprus.

We feel that all members of the Regiment, past and present, will wish their thanks recorded through the medium of the JOURNAL to the Bicester Urban District Council and the citizens of Bicester and district for the honour accorded and the hospitality given to the Regiment on this memorable day.

There is no doubt that the parade was a success for, to quote from a reliable source: 'Not for a long time has Bicester seen such a tip-top military parade. The men of the 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd, in their smart dark green uniforms were the admiration of the crowd with their skill and precision . . .'

## Chindwin to Criccieth

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

(Continued from 'Journal', No. 139, November 1959)

### THE CHINS

'My trouble, of course, was money. The 52nd was not by any means a rich man's regiment, but we liked to do ourselves well. Besides the string band, we had our bugle band and then there was cricket, football, polo and other sports, while one of the biggest and quite unavoidable items was your share of mess guests and other general expenses. You had to pay rent for the teak-walled, bamboo-thatched bungalow that you shared with another officer and when you wanted to take home leave, you had to pay your passage.

To meet these outgoings I drew a 2nd lieutenant's pay of five shillings and threepence a day which, now that I'd completed my first three years service and been promoted to lieutenant, would rise to six and six. Other officers had private incomes of say two or three hundred a year. My father, who'd have made any sacrifice to keep the family connection with the Regiment, managed somehow to make me an allowance of ten pounds a month. That left a gap of eighty pounds plus, but up to date I'd made both ends meet by drinking nothing but water, smoking nothing at all and, at first, even going without a pony and the indispensable syce. Even so, I never saw a penny of my pay which went just straight to the mess secretary.

But now there was a new drain on the family purse. My younger brother, Gilbert, had joined the Blue Marines and would soon be going to sea. My father couldn't support two military careers and something had to be done. The obvious answer for me was the Indian Army, where a lieutenant drew more pay than a captain in the British Forces and, on top of that, there was every sort of allowance and perquisite, ninety days 'privilege leave' a year on full pay and a paid passage to England at longer intervals. Some new regiments were being raised for special service in Burma and it happened that Pearson, the Adjutant-General in Madras, was an old friend of my father.

I decided to talk things over with Fanshawe who was still adjutant and had developed into a considerable character. Though he'd had little riding experience as a youngster, he was stubbornly determined to become a horseman and, as soon as we'd settled down in Burma, had started riding any and every sort of pony he could

get his leg over. Besides that, he made a routine of getting up at the first glimmer of daylight and going round the steeplechase course before early parade. So far he hadn't had much success because he found himself pitted against the Burmese owners and jockeys who were even craftier than their Indian opposite numbers, but later on his determination paid off and one day he was to win the Kadir Cup and lead mounted columns in the Boer War. He'd become a real friend of mine and while on my signalling course at Poona, his brother who was commanding a R.H.A. Battery there, had mounted me for gallops on one of his battery wheelers. There was no man on earth whose opinion I valued more.

But when it came to the point, there wasn't much to talk about. He listened to what I had to say, leaning back in his office chair, fiddling with a fly-whisk and looking up at the white-washed ceiling. When I'd finished he sat silent for a bit and then—

'If you stay on with us, it means you'll be a poor man for the whole of your life. We'll miss you, Godfrey, but you'd much better make up your mind and go.'

All the same it was a sad day for me, that 22nd July 1892, when it came to saying good-bye; and one of the little things that made me saddest was when, at the first mealtime on my long, lonely trek, I opened my hamper of provisions and found that our Mess Serjeant, Bridgewater (he afterwards became Captain and Quartermaster), had filled it with every one of my favourite delicacies. He must have taken endless trouble to collect them and have them cooked in the way I liked. It was that, even more than my farewell dinner the night before with the speeches and parting presents and so on, that made me realize what a happy family I was leaving for ever.

Taunggyi, the capital of the Southern Shan States, is over four thousand feet up and at Thazi Junction my climb began. There was a sort of track which the maps showed as an 'unmetalled road', but in the wet weather it had become a quagmire dotted with enormous pot-holes made by the big transport elephants, and almost impassable. I set out grandly in a bullock cart with my baggage carried on mules, but we were bogged down twice in the first two hours and I found it easier to walk. As for the mosquitoes, they were larger and hungrier than

the Toungoo breed. However, as we struggled upwards, matters improved and at Kalaw I found a rest-house set amid pines and bracken, crab apple trees and wild raspberry bushes. From there the going wasn't so bad and at my destination I found a lovely cool climate.

Unfortunately I wasn't allowed to stay there long. The Madras Infantry Regiment I'd joined packed me straight off on detachment at Loikaw, far to the south in the heart of the wild Karenni country. It was another long journey and one stretch of it lasting two or three days took me down a narrow, sixty-mile-long lake. My boatmen rowed in the oddest fashion. They balanced on their left leg, stuck their right foot out over the water and grasped the loom of the oar with their right knee joint. Then they took the top of the oar in both hands and paddled. You might say that they used knee as a kind of rowlock, but actually they kicked out with their leg as well and went along at a fine pace.

Loikaw was a depressing sort of place. Tiger and panther were said to abound and of course I went after them, but never even got a shot. I was lonely and idle and very glad indeed to be recalled to Mandalay and to join a newly-formed regiment, the 90th Punjaubis, which together with two Gurkha battalions and three or four others, were being raised for permanent service in Burma.

After that I had no cause to complain about idleness for a long, long time. The battalion was being built up from scratch and the men came from all kinds of units run on all sorts of lines, sometimes pretty casual ones. Some kept proper records, some kept sketchy records and some seemed to have kept no records at all. Arming and equipping and building up the necessary foundation of paper-asserie was an awful business and I was tied to my stool in the quartermaster's office twelve hours a day.

When it came to paying the troops we ran into 'babu trouble'. As you know, the Indian Army Pay Department is staffed by babus or native clerks and you've probably heard tales of their comical sayings; like the station-master in the isolated post who was about to become a father and wrote: 'Sir, I pray you deliver me from these backsides, for my wife is impregnable . . .' But when you've got a lot of these chaps over your head, or at any rate, sitting between you and the ultimate authority, it isn't so funny. Apparently they spent their time trying to see how many items they could disallow, how many fiddling little faults they could find with your accounts and how often they could get in a reminder that some beastly return was overdue. It was no good losing your temper with them, because they knew their job and were always in the right.

All such petty vexations vanished before the supreme satisfaction of seeing what a splendid lot of fellows one was to serve with. Our colonel was a great big chap called Cook who had come from the North West Frontier Force. He'd seen a lot of fighting in those parts, had been shot through both thighs and had—so the story went—been recommended for the V.C. which, however, was given to his brother by mistake. (The tale sounds true enough to me; put a War Office muddle on top of an Indian H.Q. muddle and anything could happen.) Besides myself there were barely half-a-dozen British Officers, the Major, the Adjutant, a couple of captains and some other subalterns, but they all had two things in common, they were keen soldiers and they wanted excitement of some sort. As for the Indian Officers, the the subadars and jemadars, they were mostly bemedalled veterans of former campaigns, some even of the Second Afghan War of 1879. I felt proud to be with them and

secretly hoped that before long I'd see how they shaped on active service.

My wish came true in the way that wishes so seldom do and, before the year was out, we'd abandoned our battles with the Bengali babus for an expedition against the Chins of Upper Burma.

One needn't go very deeply into history to explain what was happening; Kipling put the whole thing into four lines when he made the company poet write:

'Theebaw, the Burmese king, did a very foolish thing,  
When 'e mustered 'ostile forces in array.  
'E little thought that we, from far across the sea,  
Would send our army up to Mandalay.'

By 1885 we were finally fed-up with the behaviour of Thibaw (amongst other efforts, he'd slaughtered the whole of his own numerous family), so we seized his capital, dethroned him and annexed his kingdom. It was a brief and not unduly arduous campaign, but it was immortalized by Kipling's 'Mandalay', which made what must be the most popular song of my time. The next three or four years saw the country more or less pacified, but only by dint of continual and costly warfare with Dacoits, disbanded soldiers and robbers of all sorts. The more the peasants became settled, peaceful and prosperous, the more tempting targets they offered for the warlike lawless tribes of the surrounding mountains; and of these the most troublesome were the Chins who inhabited a range between the Chindwin River and the Indian Frontier. They weren't content with robbing, burning and slaying but actually had the cheek to carry off men and women as slaves.

It was the slaves that brought matters to a head. Something had to be done pretty promptly and so, although the Special Burma Force was by no means ready for large scale operations, three thousand Indian troops were assembled to undertake what they called a 'punitive expedition'. The general idea was to form two columns with headquarters respectively at Kalewa and Falam, then build and garrison posts round about, from them make forays farther afield and 'force the Chins to surrender by destroying their villages, burning their crops and driving off their livestock'. It sounded simple enough.

I've always had an inquisitive streak and thought it would be interesting to learn a little more about the people we proposed to civilize in this drastic manner, so I looked into the local library and found exactly nothing; in the end I turned up the good old *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and of the Chins I read that:

'The slow speech, the serious manner, the respect for birth and the knowledge of pedigree, the duty of revenge, the taste for, and the treacherous method of warfare, the curse of drink, the virtue of hospitality, the clannish feeling, the vice of avarice, the filthy state of the body, mutual distrust, impatience under control, the want of power of combination and of continued effort, arrogance in victory, speedy discouragement and panic in defeat, are common traits . . . noted for the secrecy of their plans, the suddenness of their raids, and their extraordinary speed in retreating to their fastnesses.'

Well, when I got back at the end of the show I doubt if I could have added two words to that.

The first part was a picnic. We went by steamer to Kalembo, the limit of navigation, then in boats sometimes poled and sometimes paddled, till we reached the rapids where they had to be dragged. Some of my Sikhs were a little nervous of the water and soon I found myself in up to my waist and hauling with them. At Kalewa we

disembarked and split up into small formations and the march began.

My column was led by Captain Taylor and another captain as second-in-command, a doctor and myself, while Bertram Carey, the political officer in charge, came along to hold our hands till we'd learnt the ropes. We were to establish a post at Mantok barely ten miles away and it looked too easy.

That impression didn't last long. I was rearguard officer in charge of 'transport' and the said transport consisted neither of mules nor pack-ponies, but a few hundred Burmese coolies carrying sixty pounds weight apiece and walking single file up the precipitous mountain tracks. Every scrap of stuff that wasn't on our own backs had to be carried like that—ammunition, food, camp equipment, the doctor's medical gear and my own signalling outfit. I'd had a tussle about that with Taylor who distrusted anything new-fangled. As regards helios and flags I'd had my way, but when it came to the heavy flashing lamps he'd put his foot down and on that first day's march I wondered if perhaps he hadn't been right.

When I said that the coolies carried sixty pounds apiece, that was only the weight they were officially supposed to carry; and they couldn't carry it very far or very fast. If they thought the man in front was getting along too quickly they would deliberately slow up and increase the gap; while their reaction to any obstacle in their path was just to sit down and wait for something to happen. I was young and fit and full of enthusiasm and I'd run downhill to the end of the cavalcade to chase up stragglers. Then I'd find that the whole lot had stopped so I'd pant back up to the head and there I'd see the leading coolies squatting in a row looking at a big boulder, or a fallen tree, or just an awkward slippery patch—any excuse was good enough.

By nightfall I was all in. I could hear there was something wrong at the tail of the column and was just about to plunge downhill once more when an old jemadar stopped me saying:

'Save your strength, sahib. Now it is dark the coolies will be fearful of the Chins and they won't dare straggle any more.'

So I planted myself at the head of the procession and just plodded on. We'd lost touch with the troops in front; my watch told me it was past midnight and I was wondering whether I shouldn't halt and camp on the trail, when I saw a light bobbing down towards me. Out of the dark appeared a tall dignified figure carrying a lantern in one hand and in the other a waterbottle which he thrust into my hands. It was so hot I nearly dropped it.

'Carey Sahib bearer', he said, 'Carey Sahib send supper for master.'

It was freshly made curry soup and of all the drinks I've had in the whole of my life that was the best one.

At Montok the advance guard had marked out a camp perimeter, posted pickets and even pitched two or three tents. I flopped down exhausted and was dead to the world before my head touched the folded coat that did as my pillow. But not for long. Gradually I became conscious of sharp cracks coming from different directions and at irregular intervals. There would be one, then silence, and then two or three together, then a longer silence, then another solitary one and then silence again. I didn't think much of it till there was a pop and a zip above my head that brought me awake with a start. There was no mistaking the sound of a bullet tearing the canvas of my tent.

I grabbed my light cavalry carbine and went outside, saw a flash and had a shot at it, saw another flash and shot at that one too. Then there were three together from the brow of a nearby hill, so I let them have three shots back. I was beginning to enjoy myself when a bored voice came from another tent:

'Look here, young Drage, if you want to have your own private war, don't keep us poor devils awake. Do something useful and visit the pickets.'

Rather crestfallen, I summoned my orderly and set off. At the first post a havildar sprang to attention and saluted.

'Anything to report?'

'No, sahib.'

'Haven't the Chins been sniping at you?'

'Yes, Sahib.'

There seemed no more to be said and we went on. At the next post the same dialogue was repeated and the next. Then I found a very youthful looking lance-naik in charge and asked him:

'But didn't you shoot back at them?'

'No, sahib; that would only waste ammunition.'

I gave it up and went back to bed. The next morning we set about felling trees and building a stockade. I tried to find Carey and thank him for his heaven-sent soup, but he'd left camp long before dawn with a small escort and was away over the hills, visiting villages, bullying headmen and collecting more carriers. It was days before I saw him again.

When our perimeter was reasonably secure we started to make forays into the surrounding country and then we learnt how difficult the terrain was. As soon as we left camp we were sniped from close quarters and that meant throwing out flank guards. But the moment you left the narrow tracks, you found yourself in thick mountainside jungle and had to use both hands to get along at all. The Sikhs and Punjaubi Moslems were unaccustomed to such country, tired quickly and had to be relieved at ever shorter intervals.

Luckily we had a detachment of Gurkhas who were born hillmen and made light of it. They had, however, their own little weaknesses as I discovered when one of them thought he'd winged a Chin. He just gave one whoop and disappeared down the mountainside followed by half his friends drawing their kukhris as they went. It was hopeless to follow them and all we could do was to sit down and wait for them to climb back. When they did, they looked so dejected that I hadn't the heart to slang them. But the next time it happened and after half-an-hour the man who'd fired the shot returned grinning all over his face swinging a hideous bloodstained head by the topknot. I let them have it. It was just like scolding schoolboys; they stood silent and sulky while I lectured them and then five minutes later they were laughing again.

Late that afternoon I led my Sikhs into a village and bumped up against a different sort of difficulty. Amongst the miserable cultivation surrounding it was a field of tobacco. Our orders were to destroy all crops and down it had to come, but the Sikh religion rigorously forbids smoking and the prohibition extends even to touching tobacco. Not long before, I'd seen a Sikh mess orderly refuse to pick up a box of cigars. It was a pretty problem but I couldn't stop to ponder it; I just drew my sword and started hacking at the plants. Sikhs are great gentlemen; they knew I couldn't cut down the whole field myself and they wouldn't let me look a fool. They drew their bayonets and started cutting behind me.

When we got inside the village the fun really started. There wasn't a Chin to be seen, but there were plenty of swine and 'myitthun' or native cattle. Sikhs are allowed to eat pork and they like it. My men fixed bayonets, hunted pigs down the street and round the compounds and stuck them to the accompaniment of ear-splitting squeals. Now the sons of Islam are taught that the pig is the uncleanest of animals so the Moslems just looked on disgustedly and made rude remarks to each other. However, there is no embargo for them on beef and they speedily rounded up the fattest cattle, killed them and cut them up. This in turn upset the caste Hindoos to whom the cow is sacred and they were really upset—not just disapproving. There might have been a nasty flare-up, but we knew what to expect and took care that the killing was done out of sight and the sides of meat covered up before they could be seen by the Hindoos.

Amid all the turmoil I found a group of Gurkhas gazing gloomily at a couple of roughly made stretchers, one of them stained with blood. They were silent for once and I asked their British Officer what the trouble was. He chuckled and told me:

'Each of these Chin gunmen has a pair of stretcher-bearers with him and if he's hit it's their duty to get him away alive or dead. That's why my boys get so few heads and they think it's darned unsporting.'

That was the end of the foray. We camped for the night, burned down the wretched huts, cut down the crops, slaughtered the beasts; and the next day we marched back with the occasional sniper's bullet still singing over our heads. All our subsequent sorties were much the same, except that we were seldom so lucky with the livestock.

In fact, our worst worry was food. The Burmese coolies were rather naturally frightened of the Chin country and in spite of all Carey's efforts, there were never enough carriers to keep us properly supplied. For the first six weeks we were on very short commons and I grew to hate the sight of the corned beef, hard biscuits and dried potatoes that made up our diet. Tea we had, but there was no tinned milk to go with it and of course no bread. Every scrap of fresh meat went to the sick and wounded. Even a jungle-cock that I shot early one morning as he ran down a path, was grabbed by the doctor for his ailing orderly.

Luckily the water was good and this is more important than it sounds, as Indian soldiers are connoisseurs of water in much the same way that Frenchmen are of wine. They can distinguish not only between districts, but between two wells or streams quite close together and apparently identical. Later on, in the Shan States, I was to meet 'bad' water and see perfectly healthy men—certainly free from ascertainable illness—pine away and even die from it.

Meanwhile I got busy with signalling, which had always been my hobby. Not far off was a four thousand foot peak and I would take a havildar (whom I'd tried to train) and half-a-dozen sepoy to the top day after day in the hopes of making contact with our troops in the valley towards Kalewa. It was a disheartening enterprise. We were always being sniped and a near miss made me drop one of our precious helio reflectors down the hillside and smash it. Then on dull days the helio was of course no good; the distance was too great for flags and—thanks to Taylor—we had no lamps with us. I was reduced to building a fire and trying to produce dots and dashes by flapping a rug in front of it. However, after endless failures I did at last make contact and pass messages both ways—and even Taylor was obliged to admit that

there might be something in these crackpot inventions.

As soon as my success became known, everyone wanted to send signals; column commanders asking for reinforcements, Political Officers reporting on the situation and anxious—or jealous—husbands with messages to their wives. I was the only trained officer in the whole force and began to find myself overworked. Then one day I spelt out:

'W-h-y a-r-e y-o-u-r s-i-g-n-a-l-s s-o s-l-o-w?'

'B-e-c-a-u-s-e I a-m b-o-t-h s-e-n-d-i-n-g a-n-d r-e-c-e-i-v-i-n-g m-y-s-e-l-f.'

'W-h-a-t a-r-e y-o-u-r I-n-d-i-a-n s-i-g-n-a-l-m-e-n-d-o-i-n-g?'

'T-h-e-y h-o-l-d s-i-g-n-a-l b-o-o-k-s a-n-d w-r-i-t-e c-a-p-i-t-a-l l-e-t-t-e-r-s o-n-e a-t a t-i-m-e c-o-m-m-a-u-s-u-a-l-l-y w-r-o-n-g o-n-e.'

'E-x-p-l-a-n-a-t-i-o-n s-a-t-i-s-f-a-c-t-o-r-y s-t-o-p C-o-m-m-a-n-d-e-r i-n C-h-i-e-f.'

That was the first time I'd banded words with a General, but I'm afraid it wasn't to be the last.

Soon after this we were relieved and for myself I was quite glad. As soon as a lot of senior officers come on the scene, you can be sure that the real work is over. Of course the Chins held out for a long time after that and it wasn't till 1895 that the country finally became an integral part of Burma, but once we'd established ourselves in the hills, it was only a question of time.

As we dropped down the Chindwin en route to Mandalay I did some hard thinking. The campaign had been good fun, but the one part I hadn't enjoyed was destroying those wretched people's houses and belongings. In fact it was only by remembering the horrors they'd inflicted on poor, inoffensive Burmese peasants that one could bring oneself to do it at all. The responsibility for everything lay with the Political Officers and, however superior we might think ourselves as regular soldiers, we were, in fact, nothing but their servants. There and then I made up my mind to sweat away at languages, study native affairs and eastern history—and have a shot at getting into the Political Service myself.

#### 'MILITARY POLICEMAN'

The Chin Hill water had suited me as well as my Sikhs and I reached Mandalay in crashing form. I weighed 12 stone 6 pounds, the 'all-time-high' of my life; my clothes had to be let out to the limit of the material and my calf muscles had been so developed by hill-climbing that I had to buy new riding-boots. For once I put my surplus energy to useful work, hired a 'munshi' (native teacher), and sweated away at Hindustani. I stuck to it all through the hot weather and it was well worth while. I passed the higher standard with an 'honourable mention', not only in Hindustani but 'Gurmakhi' as well.

My examiners were astonished, as I'd been less than a year with the battalion, and I was surprised too. I'd never thought of myself as a scholar or linguist and yet I found that I'd done best of all in reading manuscript. The reason was simple. The letters and postcards one was handed by the examiners were almost illegible and it was a question of knowing—or guessing—what the man was likely to write and how he would probably express himself. Well, I'd lived for months in tents, or more often grass huts, cheek by jowl with my men, chatting with them and hearing their troubles, which were nearly always overland. I'd even embarked on correspondence with District Commissioners about their lawsuits and disputes; so I

knew exactly the sort of thing to expect and to make a guess at the meaning was easy.

I'd made a few mistakes myself in the past. Once, without thinking, I asked my orderly to polish the buttons of my mess kit. He drew himself up and said:

'Sahib, I am a soldier; my duties are to polish your spurs and your sword!'

Now I had a handsome, long-tailed white pony, which I used to ride on parade and of which I was very proud. One day my syce went sick. This time I knew better than ask my orderly to groom him and went on parade on foot. But the next morning he led up the horse beautifully groomed, and the next morning too and every morning after that till my syce came back to work. I never mentioned the matter—it was far too delicate for the spoken word—but later on I gave him a quoit—that's a Sikh weapon—that I'd bought one day in the bazaar and seen him admiring as it hung in my room.

Anyway I passed in two languages and celebrated my success by taking three months annual leave and going after elephant and wild cattle on the slopes of the Shan Hills. I never got an elephant but came back with my first serious attack of malaria—not the mild kind I'd had before. It dragged on week after week; then I got fed-up and went on parade with a temperature of 102 and that set me right back again. In the end I cured myself—I'm convinced of this, though the doctor never agreed—with heavy draughts of good brown stout.

The local beer was poor stuff, but we could buy a splendid brand of brown stout, about the brewing of which there was some sort of secret. I believe that legs of mutton were dropped into the vat and that this somehow absorbed the acids, but the legend was that lots were drawn among the brewery coolies and the unlucky one was knocked on the head and thrown in whole. Whatever the truth, a quart a day of the stuff certainly cured me and I named my second pony 'Brown Stout' in its honour.

Once I was fit again, I found Mandalay a very pleasant place. The rainfall was reasonable—only ten inches on the average—and if the summer day was hot and one came to hate the stench of the mud and oil with which the walls of one's bungalow were daubed every spring, still the nights were comparatively cool. In the winter there was first-class snipe shooting close to town and plenty of duck farther afield. Our club house was nothing less than the palace of ex-king Thibaw, fantastically decorated with chandeliers of coloured glass and gilded pillars; and with fairyland gardens where one used to play badminton by lantern light with the few English girls available. Girls had been pretty scarce in my life for the past five years, but now there was to be a change as in 1894 I took my first home leave; P. & O. to Marseilles, train across France and then England.

Everybody who's ever served in the East has tried to describe his first home leave and he usually rhapsodies over the green countryside and the cool, grey skies and cosy little villages and so on. For myself, my one outstanding impression was the faces of the English girls because, in the course of five years, I'd quite forgotten what they looked like. Our womenfolk in India and Burma were a splendid lot; they had character and intelligence and they knew how to make sacrifices without grumbling; but the climate had spoiled their skins and all too often had ruined their health as well. As for the young ones, some of them—those who hadn't been out too long—were as bonny as could be, but there just weren't enough to go round. Every single girl who landed in

India with a passably pretty face had a swarm of young fellows at her beck and call and at first her embarrassment was rather charming. But all too soon she got used to it; then she grew to expect it as her right and then she became impossibly spoilt.

Sport and soldiering had kept me pretty busy but I've always had an eye for beauty and once or twice I'd embarked on a little decorous poodle-faking. However, within forty-eight hours I heard myself labelled as 'one of Miss So-and-so's beaux'; within a week I learnt that she had established proprietary rights on my spare time and within a fortnight I was thoroughly fed-up with her airs and graces and went back to my ponies.

But at home once more with my brother and sisters and the endless Drage cousins (there were twelve aunts and uncles) I found myself meeting lots and lots of English girls on level terms; and their clear, delicate skins, quiet low voices and simple, casual unaffected friendliness left an impression that was to last right through my next spell of duty in the East.

The best bit of my leave was a visit to some old family friends, the Cassons at Portmadoc. She had been Lucy Nisbet of the Old Mill House at Sandford and I could recollect seeing her run with the Christchurch beagles, her long hair streaming down her back—and thinking that she seemed quite a nice kid. Now she was a self-possessed young wife and, like all happily married women, wanted to see her friends happily married too. She rustled up all the prettiest young things of the neighbourhood and I had a wonderful time. Then, before I realized how quickly it was passing I was back on board the same old P. & O. chugging down the Channel (no cash to spare now for rail trips across France) and my leave was just a glorious and rather unreal memory.

During my absence the battalion had moved to Bhamo, high up the Irrawady and close to the mountains that fringe the Chinese frontier. In the rains the country was mostly under water and in the dry season it was just one sea of elephant grass right over your head. I tried to train the troops with little schemes and plenty of signalling as usual, but we were always getting lost till I hit on the idea of mounting my orderly on Brown Stout and giving him a long bamboo pole (later on a lance) on which I could take compass bearings.

It was very necessary to keep the sepoy busy, as one incident taught me. Another subaltern had a Pathan orderly, a handsome fellow like most Pathans, but bone idle like his master and much given to standing around and looking haughty. That same summer the subaltern went on leave and nobody particularly wanted his orderly, so the man reverted to ordinary regimental duties. He brooded over the insult for a day or two and then barricaded himself in his master's bungalow with a Winchester repeater and twenty-five rounds of ammo. I was roused from my afternoon nap and led a party of his friends out to parley with him:

'Don't be an ass', I said, 'Nobody meant to hurt your feelings. Give me that gun and come out.'

He wouldn't answer me but just stood in a window with the rifle at the 'ready' looking sullen. We walked away and I'll freely admit that, with my back to him, I didn't feel so happy and it was all I could do not to break into a trot. The day wore on towards dusk and the C.O. said:

'If he runs amuck in the dark he could cause a lot of casualties. We'll have to rush the house.'

'Give me one more chance, sir.'

'All right, but you won't do any good.'

So back to the window I went and told him:

'You're surrounded by a full company under arms. If you don't surrender within fifteen minutes, they'll open fire.'

Still no reply and this time, as I walked away, I was uneasily aware that my shoulder blades were twitching. But a moment later we heard a muffled report. I raced back with a ladder, set it up against the window, looked inside and saw that the poor devil had put the muzzle of the Winchester in his mouth and blown off the back of his head.

The mule caravans from China would camp nearby after passing the frontier posts. They were picturesque parties but we avoided them as their mules were always infected with anthrax; and our grass cutters were sent right away to the foot of the mountains where the fodder would be free from taint. One morning I rode my long-tailed white pony on parade. He was friskier than usual and I cursed him once or twice. That evening he was dying. He had eaten a bundle of grass cut from an infected camping ground and there was no hope for him.

A Board of Officers was assembled to certify that he was my charger and I was entitled to compensation; and then I begged one of them to shoot him but they all refused. I brought him a bucket of water and he neighed feebly when I knelt by his side, but he was too weak to drink. Then I put the muzzle of my shotgun against his forehead; the charge made a hole the size of a shilling and he died instantly. It's funny how the same situations seem to recur in one's life—the unhappy situations, that is. I was a man of twenty-seven and thought myself pretty tough, but for one moment I was just a small schoolboy standing again by my father, looking down at a dead horse and trying not to cry.

I hated Bhamo after that, but luckily I wasn't there much longer. My ambitions were still for the Political Service; I'd been sweating away at Burmese since the end of my leave and now I passed the higher standard (making three languages to my credit) and formally applied for the post of Assistant Commissioner. As a first stepping-stone I was transferred in 1895 to a battalion of Military Police with headquarters at Tiddim, back in the Chin Hills again.

Though called Military Police, they were a good deal less 'police' than 'military', being in fact special formations organized to take care of the local tribes and their troubles, so as to give the regular forces time for their regular training. I was put in charge of a mixed force of Gurkhas and Garwahlis at Fort White which, though only some twenty miles to the east of Tiddim, was cut off from it by a 9,000 foot pass crossed only by a mule track and where the icy wind often caused plainmen to collapse. I had two or three little outposts along the ranges, and, mounted on my new pony, I used to 'hunt travel allowance' at one rupee a mile, just as if I was any young cavalry subaltern who'd got too deep in debt to the coucar and come to Burma to achieve solvency again.

Fort White was a lonely life after my battalion at Bhamo and Mandalay. It was over 6,000 feet up and in the rainy season thick mist drifted past your door by night and day so that for weeks on end you literally could not see twenty yards away. If you tried to walk or ride, tiny little leeches hanging to the underside of every leaf, fastened on your pony or yourself as you brushed along the narrow tracks. There were grizzly stories of villagers who lay down to rest, fell asleep and were later found with every drop of blood drawn from their veins. When the weather cleared you saw, which-

ever way you looked, nothing but knife-edged ridges, jungle-covered on the northern slopes and bare of all but scrub bushes on the southern; miles and miles of them and that was all.

For want of something better to do, I set my sepoy to cutting paths along the steep hillsides and—after a due interval to get accustomed to the idea—little parties of Chin women began to use the paths. They often wore flowers in their hair, in particular a fine large, deep scarlet orchid and one day I asked them where they found it. (By this time I'd picked up quite a lot of the Chin dialect; it's supposed to be difficult, but is no more so than the others and—one great advantage—they speak in a slow, measured style and don't jabber.) The girls giggled and pointed into the deep jungle in the valleys. A little later I took a party of sepoy down and collected a few dozen, roots and all. Amongst them was a single specimen of what looked like nothing more than a bright green snapdragon. It was singularly ugly—or so it seemed to me—but evidently rare.

Having got the orchids, I realized that they could never be made to grow on top of my mountain and wondered what on earth I was going to do with them. I thought at once of my handsome and gifted but rather erratic cousin, Mildred, the only daughter of my eldest uncle, Dr Charles Drage of Hatfield, who had a well-warmed greenhouse. I'd seen a lot of her on my last leave and liked her but found her rather frightening. On the one hand she spoke several languages, wrote articles for the heavyweight reviews and painted pictures that were hung in the Royal Academy. On the other she was—like me—frequently broke, especially on her European painting expeditions when she sometimes had to pawn her watch to pay her passage home. Also she was—like me—crazy over horses and owned a beautiful white Arab called the Sheik, which used to walk into the dining-room and share the family's meals.

In the end I packed the whole lot and sent them off to her. She wisely passed them on to Sander the famous orchid grower of St Albans and I forgot all about it till a year later and quite out of the blue, I received a most welcome cheque for £18. Still later I heard that the ugly orchid had proved to be a new and hitherto unknown species and had been carried by Queen Victoria in her bouquet at the Diamond Jubilee. I thought of that marvellous little old lady—the eyes of the whole world upon her—driving in her gilded coach through the packed streets of London and followed by all the crowned heads of Europe; and I thought of those cheerful, chattering little Chin women on my mountain path; and I wondered what they would have said if they could have seen her.

However, 'hunting T.A.', path-making and collecting orchids were hardly sufficient outlet for my youthful energy and I was frankly delighted when, in the late autumn, the perpetual trouble in the Lushai Hills came to a head and Major Shakespear, the Superintendent, called for assistance. His domain lay at the back of beyond and by comparison the Chin Hills were positively metropolitan. It was away to the north-west across the borders of Assam and Bengal. No one ever went there and for myself—having had no chance this time of consulting the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*—I was so utterly ignorant of our adversaries that I actually thought they were Nagas.

<sup>1</sup> The orchid in question is not easy to identify but it is most probably *Cybidium parishii* Sanderae.

The disturbances were due, not so much to the people themselves as to their chiefs, of whom there were dozens, each owning two or three little villages and with names that all sounded much alike, such as Jacopa, Jaduna, Kaplehya and Kairuma. Most of their time was spent intriguing against each other, but when they all ganged up together, they could be dangerous and this was what had happened. Shakespear was a man of strong nerves and sound judgement who knew his territory like the palm of his hand and hated to have to ask for help from outside. If he had done so, the situation must be serious and so an impressive force was assembled.

Three columns—from Bengal, Assam and Burma—converged on the area and I was one of some twenty British Officers in the Burma column, which will give you an idea of its size. We even had a battery of seven-pounder mountain guns (the 'Screw-Guns' of Kipling's poem) manned by the largest and strongest Sikhs I've ever met. Some of them could pick up the whole gun and carry it single-handed on their shoulders. The rest of the column were an unusually mixed lot with Gurkhas predominating, which was fortunate as they are great builders and used to run up shelters for us to sleep in every night. Some of the other troops were rather 'jungly' and the result was that none of our servants trusted each other. They stood behind our chairs at the mess table watching our crockery and cutlery, and as soon as we'd finished with a knife or fork or spoon or cup, they would grab it off the table in case someone stole it.

There was a comic undercurrent throughout this campaign that was lacking in the Chin Hills expedition. For instance, one of the more outlandish contingents was commanded by a Captain Cobbe who snored so loudly that no one could sleep within fifty yards of him. We stood it for the first few nights and then talked to the Gurkhas who built him a special little shelter outside the perimeter where he was guarded by one of his own soldiers. The strange thing was that his snoring never seemed to disturb his sentry and, whenever 'visiting rounds' approached his shelter, the man was always blissfully asleep.

I found myself back at my old job of Transport Officer, but with a difference and a big one too. This time the transport was not Burmese coolies but Chinese mules plus a few ponies. None had ever been seen in the Lushai Hills before and villagers came from miles away to look at them. This was all very flattering and I thought how enterprising and original we were, till a burst of cackling from two geese brought me running up the track to see what had gone wrong. They were destined for our Christmas dinner and about the most important load in the baggage train, so naturally they led the procession.

Like everything else they were carried slung across the back of a mule in two wicker cages. The path had become so narrow and the hillside so sheer that the inner cage was rubbing against the cliff face and forcing the unfortunate mule off the track and over the edge of the precipitous ravine below. I collected a party of sepoy and we attacked the cliff face and widened the path till the mules could get past the narrow stretch. This seemed all right till it was gradually born in on me that there was no such thing as a 'narrow stretch' but that the path was going to stay narrow all the rest of the journey.

So for the next four weeks I just sweated it out. My gang of amateur navvies were changed every day; every dawn we started in with pickaxe, mattock and crowbar

and every dusk we knocked off exhausted and that went on for nearly four weeks. My reward came on Christmas Eve when we pitched our last camp and I was able to report to the O.C. Column:

'No casualties in the convoy, sir.'

'That's splendid', he said, 'now you'll need a rest. We attack on Boxing Day, but I intend to leave you in charge of the camp guard.'

That was a nasty knock for me. A chief called Jacopa was leading the rebellion. His principal village was just over the pass and it looked like being a tough nut to crack. It was big, as hill villages go, with three or four hundred houses and a strong, newly built stockade; and all our information went to show that he meant business. Nearly every night, dead beat as I'd been, I'd got out my Infantry Manual and boned up on Assault Tactics—and now I was to sit out my first real fight as a spectator enthroned on a pile of baggage.

I felt pretty sick and my face must have shown it because help came from a totally unexpected quarter. Major Shakespear's two young assistants—Fowler and Tuck by name—were standing by us. I'd never had much to do with them, in fact I doubt if we'd exchanged a dozen words till that moment, but now one of them spoke up like a trump:

'Colonel, that's not fair. Drage has been sweating blood the whole way, while we've been sitting round smoking our pipes. You ought to let him have his share of the fun at the finish.'

The O.C. Column wasn't a bad sort really, just a bit bone-headed like so many commanding officers.

'True enough', he said, 'he's done most of the work. I'll give him one of the storming parties.'

I marched off to my shelter treading on air. After my supper my orderly took my sword to the armourer for an extra sharpening; I oiled my revolver and I wrote to my father telling him the good news. Then I had another look at the Infantry Manual and went to sleep feeling much as I'd done the night before my first football match for Blundell's. (I know that this sounds very trite and commonplace, but those were simpler days and that was how I really did feel.)

Then it all fizzled out. On Christmas morning when we'd held a little extempore service and opened three precious bottles of port, and the mess servants were decorating the table with flowers from the jungle and the smell of the roasting geese was wafted gently across the camp, a party of village elders approached with Chief Jacopa in their midst. Major Shakespear went out to talk to them and when he came back the Chief was by his side. Overnight they had sent spies round our camp and when they heard about the mountain guns—and the big Sikh gunners—they decided on surrender.

After that it looked like being an anti-climax. Kairuma, the next most important chief, made his submission too. He haggled a bit about his fine and only gave up sixty muskets instead of the eighty we'd demanded, saying they were all he had (which was a lie but then made up for it by offering to supply coolies for labour in our public works at Aijal. That left only Jaduna and Kaplehya, both hopelessly elusive blokes and not so very important either—except that, if they succeeded in escaping us, they would become the top troublemakers for next time. Meanwhile there had been some cases of dysentery and it seemed high time to pull out. On 3rd January the O.C. decided to strike camp on the next day and start for home.

That evening Shakespear strode into my shelter:

'Look here, Drage, an informer has just told me where

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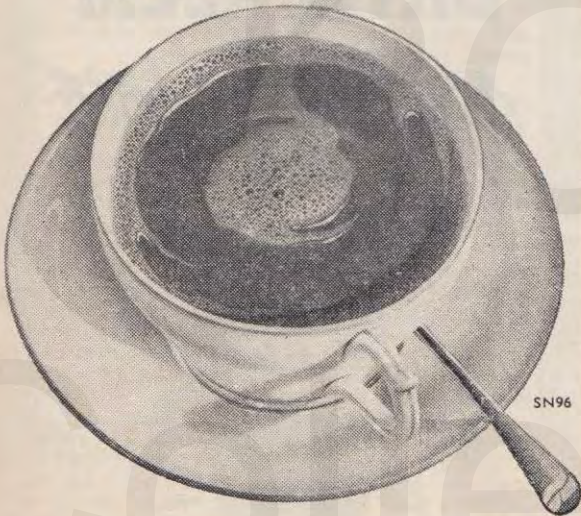
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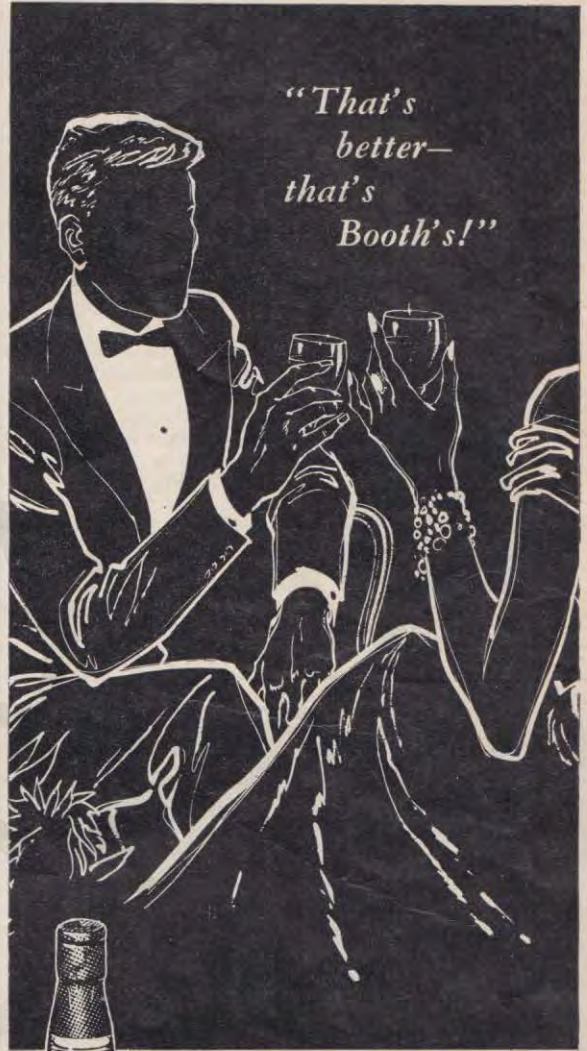
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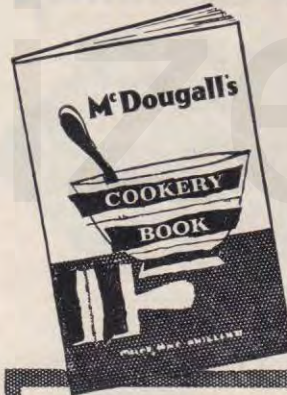
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Jaduna and Kaplehya are hiding. They're not far from here and if we kick off now we can catch them at dawn. Both Williamson and Drake-Brockman have bad tummy trouble and can't possibly manage the march. What about it?"

I mustered a party of thirty sepoy under two of our best men, Subadar-Major Bikaram and Havildar-Major Tillach Thappa, and while they were getting ready Shakespear put me in the picture. It was a sad little story but typical of the way these savages treat the weaker man. The informer and his brother had owned two tiny villages. One day a neighbouring chief called Lienpunga picked a quarrel with the brother and cut off both his ears. They appealed for help to another chief, Bunkhua by name, and this offended Jaduna who claimed a sort of local suzerainty so, aided by Jacopa and Kaplehya, he raided the two brothers' territory, destroyed everything they had and left them pretty well destitute. What the informer wanted was revenge, but the additional bribe of two hundred rupees, if we caught his old enemy, induced him to agree to guide us to the hiding place as well. Naturally enough he was a little nervous.

We set out at a quarter to eight and the first bit wasn't so bad, but just as we were crossing Kaplehya's land a light appeared on the road ahead.

'Stop', whispered the guide, 'that must be a guard.'

'It can't be a guard', grumbled Shakespear, 'there's nothing there for anyone to be guarding.'

However, we lay down and waited and presently the light vanished and what it was we never knew. Then we plunged down into dense forest, the trees shut out every vestige of moonlight, the slope grew steeper and everytime one of us dislodged a stone it fell into the Vomkhan (a tributary of the Tyao River) with a splash loud enough to wake the dead, let alone a presumably light-sleeping fugitive. Then we had to ford the Vomkhan—not once but several times and then we started a stiff climb. Half-way up our guide gave tongue again:

'There's a house ahead and it's probably occupied. I'll go on and find out.'

We weren't sorry to have a rest as we'd been going hard for nearly four hours and it seemed all too soon that the chap came back saying that the house was empty. It proved to be the usual shooting-fishing-box, raised high up on stakes and occupied at the moment by nothing more dangerous than flocks of fowls fastened up in baskets. After that the climb got worse and worse till at last we emerged on the hilltop and saw far below us the Tyao gleaming in the moonlight.

That descent was even nastier than the climb—pitch dark again under the trees, loose soil and loose stones, and we did most of it on our backsides. There followed a really frightening scramble along a cliff face overhanging the river and then at last we found ourselves at the water's edge. It was now after midnight: our guide cheered us by saying that we had come barely half-way and that the next bit was very bad indeed; and worst of all eleven sepoy were missing.

However, we still had plenty of men for the job, so we plunged into the water, which was icy cold but luckily only knee deep, and pushed on again. Now we met a new trouble, for the guide began missing his way in the forest and making us retrace our steps while he found the path. There followed another long climb, another cliff face, another descent and we were back once more on the bank of the Tyao. By this time it was a quarter-past three; there was little more than two hours to dawn and our hopes of catching up with Jaduna before he woke seemed slender.

But now our guide changed his tune.

'There's only a mile to go', he announced cheerfully.

What a mile that was. The going was easier again and we made good progress but we never seemed to get any nearer. A quarter-to-four came, and quarter-past-four and a quarter-to-five. We began to look anxiously eastward for the first lightening of the sky and then, just at five, the guide stopped us and said the hiding place of the two chiefs was just ahead. He was a pretty frightened man, but he knew the position and sketched it clearly. Over the hilltop and by the side of the road was a house with five or six of Jaduna's slaves sleeping in it and probably Kaplehya as well. Jaduna himself was in a small hut two hundred yards beyond and on the very edge of the jungle.

We obviously had to attack both simultaneously or one would alarm the other and so we divided our force and detailed half the sepoy under the Havildar-Major to surround the house on the road and, if the inmates made any noise, to seize them somehow; while Shakespear, the Subadar-Major and myself led the rest of the sepoy against Jaduna's hut.

We started cautiously, reached the top of the hill and had our first surprise when we found we had to walk within a few feet of the house. However, the occupants were sleeping soundly and we slipped past unheard. The guide and Shakespear's Lushai interpreter ran on ahead followed by the Subadar-Major who wanted to be first inside the hut and we followed, imagining that the troops were close behind. After a hundred yards or so, we looked back and saw no one except our two orderlies and a solitary sepoy. That reduced us to a total strength of eight, of whom the guide and interpreter were not likely to be much good in a scrap; while of course we had no idea how many Lushais we'd find inside. On the other-hand my orderly, a Sikh lance-naik, was an army himself, six feet four, broad in proportion, as strong as an ox and as brave as a lion.

It was hopeless to try to signal to the sepoy and too late to turn back and find them, so we pushed on hoping for the best and caught up with the guide who pointed downhill into the darkness and whispered:

'There's the hut; there's a back door opening on the jungle and you'll have to guard it or he'll escape that way.'

So once more we had to divide our forces. Shakespear, myself and my orderly wore boots which meant we made far more noise than the barefooted ones and so it was arranged that we three should watch the back door from a little distance, while the others rushed the front door. We could hear them making their way through the undergrowth, first to the left, then round to the right directly up to the door, and we'd just started to close in ourselves when there was a shout of:

'Who's that? Who's there?'

We plunged on but between us and the hut was a hollow and the hollow was filled with dense, thorny jungle. Just beyond it we could hear the sound of a fight and even see the glow of Jaduna's camp fire, but we were stuck and only forcing our way forward a foot at a time. At last we were in the open with a steep bank and the hut directly beneath us. Shakespear rushed ahead, put his foot on something loose and slippery, shot into the air and landed flat on his face almost up against the wall of the hut.

Round the corner ran the Subadar-Major with Jaduna struggling in his grasp while from inside rose the wails of women and children. Kaplehya, coming out to investigate, had met him face to face, knocked him down with a cudgel and turned back inside to help Jaduna to escape.

The Subadar-Major had grabbed both of them in the doorway, but before the two sepoy could come to his aid Kalpehya had wrenched himself free and vanished in the jungle.

As dawn broke we sorted out the situation with the aid of our captives. Inside the hut were Jaduna's wife, his daughter and two of his grandchildren. The grief of the daughter was pathetic. She clung to his neck sobbing:

'Oh, my father, I begged you not to stay here. Only this very night I besought you not to stay, but you wouldn't listen to me.'

The old gentleman comforted her and told us:

'She's right. Chief Louler advised me to hide with him, but I knew that Jacopa had been caught in a village and thought I'd be safer in the jungle. I put my slaves in the house on the road to give warning and piled tree trunks on that bank behind the hut, but it was all in vain.

'Not quite in vain', grunted Shakespear rubbing his bruises. He was a big heavy man and had fallen heavily.

Now we had to think about getting home again. We couldn't leave Jaduna's family there without his protection, so we started up the rough hillside with Shakespear carrying one child and myself the other. At the house two of the slaves were told off to take turns carrying Jaduna himself pick-a-pack, as he was old and frail and couldn't walk far. On the bank of the Tyao we stopped for food and there the missing eleven sepoy

rejoined us, very sheepish and sad at having missed the fun. When we reached the Vomkhan, Shakespear and I left the party and pushed on as fast as possible, getting to Jaduna's village with the news of his capture by half-past two.

I'd been on the move for nineteen hours, but couldn't rest long as my own column had pulled out that morning and I had to catch up with them before nightfall. However, my orderly and I stowed away a whacking great meal, and while we were eating, the rest of the party came in. Jaduna's family had quite forgotten about being prisoners. The children were playing with the sepoy, Jaduna was chatting away to the interpreter and it rather looked as if his daughter was inclined to flirt with the Havildar-Major.

I was given an escort of three Gurkhas for my last lap but their legs were so short that my orderly and I walked away from them and finished up alone. The column was camping near Kairuma's village and I saw their camp fires just as night fell. I'd covered about forty-four miles of rough going in just over twenty-two hours and felt pretty pleased with myself; but all the same I wasn't prepared for the big write-up that Shakespear gave me a month later—a two-column article in the *Pioneer*.

Anyway that was the first and last arrest I made as a policeman. My hard work on native languages was beginning to bear fruit and I was soon to be wafted upwards into the more rarified realms of the Civil Service.

(To be continued)

## Impressions of the School of Infantry

BY CPL G. HORNE

My first impression of the School of Infantry was a good one. Compared with other Army camps and barracks which I have known it has almost an air of homeliness. The layout is pleasant, the buildings modern, and there is plenty of grass and a few trees to enhance the general appearance. Dominating this not unpleasant scene is the camp's most imposing building, the N.A.A.F.I. (now called the 'Junior Ranks Club'). In architecture it rivals even the 'Old Mess'.

The 'School' is staffed by representatives of, I should think, nearly every regiment in the British Army, with, seemingly, a high proportion of Scotsmen, although as we were on leave over the New Year, we did not see them in action. There are also, in addition to ourselves, the Queen's Own Hussars who provide the armoured support for our demonstration.

Very soon now there will be a new course starting, which will keep us busy. The Platoon Commanders' Course culminates in a freezing five days on Dartmoor,

in which we take part. It is, however, rather gratifying to see officers wearing Battle Order and being chased around by their instructors.

Many days and some nights are spent out on the training area. This is a generous slice of Salisbury Plain in the middle of which is the ghost village of Imber, complete even to the village pub although I do not think that anything drinkable has ever been salvaged from its cellars. A description of Imber would provide a story in itself, but I cannot suppress a regret that the place is now only a cluster of ruins.

As the training area around the 'School' is the proving ground for most of the new ideas connected with Infantry, the better the weather on it, the more enjoyable are the demonstrations, although up to now no weather has stopped a demo taking part.

At the moment we are enjoying ourselves very much here, with the new equipment and it looks as if our two years here will be most interesting.

## Our 'Battlesbury Bowl' Demonstration

By 23630340 RFN S. FARIS

WHAT an exciting day it was when our draft went to Battlesbury Bowl to watch the Regiment demonstrate its skill in handling and firing all Infantry weapons. This is a demonstration laid on for the Student Officers who are on a course at the School of Infantry, Warminster.

A section of six of the better Rifle shots in the platoon started the demonstration by doubling towards their trenches, and assembling themselves behind their rifles. They were about to prove the advantages of the Self-Loading Rifle over the No. 4. Their targets were thirty-six plates, each one square foot, placed at 200 yards, from the firers.

The fire order was given. Riflemen . . . 200 . . . Rapid . . . Fire, and in no more than twenty-eight seconds the plates were flat. Immediately the section changed over to their self-loading rifles and waited for the commentator to give them a second Fire Order. The Order was given and the procedure was much the same except that the time taken to put the plates down was decreased by a matter of nine seconds. The audience were suitably impressed by this feat of arms.

But what sort of effort does Battlesbury Bowl entail for this section of six riflemen.

Well, six weeks later I was one of them and this is how we trained.

Preparations started immediately under the supervision of our Platoon Serjeant.

If we were to achieve the necessary standard, distinct improvement was essential each time we fired, and this was accomplished with the help of the Zeroing Kit, which was never more than a few yards away.

In the early stage of our practices in the week before the demonstration the weather began to deteriorate and so did our enthusiasm, but only because it made everything extremely uncomfortable. Mud and rainwater settled nicely in our trenches.

However, even in this condition we stated to get results which although satisfactory to us were 'Not good enough!' said the Officer. 'I expect far better by to-morrow.' Fortunately for us the following day we reached our peak which just saved our week-end.

Alas to me the first demonstration at Battlesbury Bowl in which I personally took part did not give me the same sense of excitement as that day on which I watched my first demonstration. Then it was fine and sunny, this time it was cold, miserable and the ground was crisp with ice. However, we completed our demonstration to the best of our ability.

Was it good or was it bad? That we cannot tell but the one thing that was proved, was that the new rifle is better than the old.

## Soldiering 1800 Years Ago

By D. O. DIXON

A YOUNG Briton hoping to become a Roman legionary might present himself at a training-depot such as Winchester at about the age of seventeen. Most likely he would come with a recommendation from a Roman squire who was an ex-officer, for he was aspiring to a life which, though hard, meant regular pay and employment; and after twenty-five years' service a gratuity, a grant of Roman citizenship, and a good standing in civilian life.

The word 'soldier' meant paid in salt, and the recruit had to prove that he was worth it. He started on 'probation', another word coming from those days. It meant that he was put through efficiency-tests and had to pass the doctor. If he failed he got a rejection certificate to take back home.

If accepted he began with the rank of Ordinary Military Man, and was proud to call himself a 'boot-wearer'. The meaning was the same as footslogger; and with good reason. His early training was all square-bashing with plenty of 'bull'—he had a word for that, too. There was a lot of chasing about to secure smartness and a good turn-out.

The first thing to be learnt was the heavy-infantry pace of thirty inches and three and a half miles an hour (our miles) when on the move, till he could keep it up all day

without variation. He was drilled into steadiness on parade until nothing was likely to make him break formation no matter how difficult the movement. He did squad-drill to become accustomed to the formations used in the field. He was broken in to twenty-five mile route marches; sometimes practising the light-infantry step of four and a half miles an hour that was ordered on special occasions.

When it came to weapon-training he was exercised with sword and shield against a post as tall as a man; at first with a wooden sword and later with the regulation article, which was short and heavy and made of bronze. It was held low and used with a stabbing motion: a legionary never slashed. He practised with a wicker shield until he could manage the service shield in combat. The shield could be locked to the next man's to form a 'tortoise' when attacking earthworks. Besides shield and sword he had a light throwing-javelin, very deadly when flung just before coming hand-to-hand with the enemy.

After basic training he received his full kit. He had a leather tunic lapped over with strips of armour, some separate pieces of armour, a leather kilt, an iron helmet which could be fitted with a plume for ceremonial duties, leggings, toe-rags, and of course the famous iron-shod boots. As a boy one Roman Emperor was presented



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with a miniature pair of these boots and given the name 'Little Boot-Wearer', a fact that made him the darling of private soldiers everywhere in spite of all his subsequent misdeeds.

Besides sword and shield and throwing-spear the legionary's marching-order included a kit-bag with carrying-rope, a mess-tin, and his share of tools, implements, rations, and camp-kit. The rope of the kit-bag could be used for lacing together the leather sheets of the section's pup-tent. In the kit-bag there would be a dress of coarse wool for fatigues and walking-out, and necessities and small-kit, including a razor shaped like a butter-knife.

Thus equipped, the trained recruit was sent off with a draft to join his Legion. A Legion was something like an independent infantry group, all the battalions of which belonged to the same regiment. The Legion had its own special number, name, traditions, and battle-honours: such as the 20th, The Empress's Own, Ever Victorious. The commander of the Legion was the Military Legate, something like a Major-General, who also had the powers of a Governor in civil affairs. In an outlying province like Britain there would be a certain number of self-governing Municipalities with a Council of Roman citizens and a civilian Mayor: the rest of the country would be under a kind of military government, and the commander and staff-officers of the Legion had civilian as well as military duties. The legionary Provost-Marshal acted as a senior civil judge before whom malefactors were produced for sentence of death. The legionary Paymaster also controlled the civil treasury. The Commanding Engineer was responsible for public works and buildings as well as military installations: and so on. These staff-officers were nearly all young men of the leading Roman families, making a career in Government and Military service.

There were ten Cohorts—roughly, battalions—in a Legion. Each Cohort had an establishment of 500 fighting men, and the fighting men of the First Cohort were picked troops. The First Cohort was double the size of the others, because beside the 500 assault-troops it had Legion H.Q. on its strength—clerks, orderlies, artificers, medicals, and so on. There might also be attached sections of artillery (heavy catapults), cavalry, engineers, and marines; and some pack-transport and a few carts.

Commanding each Cohort was a First Centurion, similar to a Lieutenant-Colonel. The Cohort was divided into six Centuries, each commanded by a Centurion. Ordinary Centurions were junior officers, some with a rank similar to Captain, but mostly the equivalent of Lieutenants. A few Centurions came up from the ranks, but a good many joined as cadets and might on promotion go to civil posts in the Military Government, perhaps coming back to the Legion later as senior officers.

A Century could never muster 100 men: it would be only eighty at full strength. The men of a Century were always mustered in sections of ten, because a section could not work well with fewer than that. When our *Miles Gregarius* joined the Legion, he would be posted to a Cohort, a Century, and a Section.

Of the ten soldiers in the section, there would most likely be two who were 'Immune'—a word still in our language; but nowadays we would say 'excused fatigues.' They were old soldiers, or lance-corporals or junior N.C.O.s. In the Century there would be two full sergeants, and perhaps the Cohort Standard-Bearer. Like our Colour-Sergeant his rank was derived from his ceremonial place

on parade, but his duties had to do with money and stores. He even ran a savings-bank for troops who did not draw their credits! Up at Regimental Headquarters there would be the Eagle-Bearer of the Legion (we might say R.S.M.) and another warrant officer, Bearer of the Horn, in charge of administration: we would call him the R.Q.M.S.

There were three Legions stationed permanently in Britain, at Caerleon, Chester and York: strategic centres from which the Regulars could march on any danger-point along the frontiers. Hadrian's Wall and the Welsh Marches were manned by squadrons of auxiliary troops such as Syrian bowmen, Spanish slingers, Berber cavalry, Nubian spearmen, and German axe-fighters. They did not have the same status as the legionaries, and received a lower rate of pay. In battle they acted as a screen for the regular troops.

The money a private soldier received was worth about a shilling a day in 1914 money, or three shillings a day now: the real value of a soldier's pay has changed hardly at all in 1800 years. Like all his successors, Miles Gregarius had to pay stoppages—for clothing, messing, boots and straps, bedding, Regimental Association dinners, and the Old Comrades' Burial Fund. If he was entitled to allowances, he had to put half the extra money into his savings account.

The rations were corn, bread, oil, lard, onions, vegetables for the pot, and vinegar. Meat was not supplied, and was seldom eaten. The legionaries swilled vinegar-and-water as we would drink beer or wine. The soldier who gave our Lord vinegar was sharing his rations with a dying criminal: the one who pierced His side was giving a swift merciful release with his javelin—a javelin made a small deep hole that brought death at once, and a legionary never missed.

Miles Gregarius would learn his business on the line of march with the Legion, which was always tramping the long straight roads running from the peaceful and prosperous south-east into the troubled borderlands of the west and north. There was much to do besides marching and fighting. The legions had built all those roads, camps, staging-posts, and settlements; and were always building more. Every time a legion halted it put up a temporary fortified town.

At the sound of the horn to make camp, each century and each section knew just where to go in relation to the Eagle. Staff-officers had marked the four corners of the camp, and in a few minutes the entire force was in position in a big rectangle, twice as long as wide. Each section of ten men having dumped their kit, they carried out detail—a word we still use. Two of them laced and put up the section's tent, and then proceeded to cook the evening meal. Two paraded in drill-order for outlying picquet. Two went to their place on the perimeter and began digging the trench and throwing up the rampart. Two reported for camp fatigues such as digging the latrines, moving boulders, and levelling the roads that divided the camp into four. They made an entrance in the middle of each side, and cleared a site for Headquarters at the central intersection. The 'Immunes' supervised the jobs for which they were individually responsible. Anyone who has formed a perimeter-camp on the Indian frontier will recognize the routine: in fact life in the 20th Legion at Chester would very be like life in our own Peshawar Brigade in the early years of this century.

All camps and forts were laid out in much the same way, though not of course always to Legion-size. The

permanent cantonments of a Legion were built to the same pattern as its marching-camps, but in brick and stone. The ramparts were substantial, there were arched entrance-gates with guard-rooms, the corner forts were strong and would have artillery. Inside the ramparts the 'Lines' were of brick-built bungalows. Each of the 'Lines' housed a Cohort, and each bungalow held a Century. The central area included the G.O.C.'s residence, some civil government buildings, a ceremonial courtyard, the armoury, offices, and chapel; and staff accommodation.

The Centurion had quarters at the end of the bungalow occupied by his men. He had a batman, but the room-orderlies did the rough cleaning, and one was detailed to clean the officers' shoes: officers were not boot-wearers. The Centurion's service dress was of good cloth, and he wore a double kilt of fine material. He carried a cane. If he were a young dandy he might have gilded armour and a magnificent helmet-plume.

The rest of the bungalow was divided into barrack-rooms, one for each section of ten men. Each barrack-room was entered by a lobby with racks and brackets where the men stowed their arms and kit. There was kit-inspection, boot-inspection, arms-inspection, barrack-inspection, foot-inspection, duty-rosters, sick-reports, charge-sheets, leave-passes, fuel-carrying, ration-fatigue, and all the things that have always kept soldiers busy in barracks.

The parade ground was a big level space well outside the ramparts: it was usually a sports arena as well, with terraces big enough to hold the whole garrison. It had obstacle-courses and weapon-training devices, and might also be used as a theatre. Some legions, however, built a special theatre with much steeper tiers that brought the audience close to the open-air platform (with dressing-rooms underneath) that served as a stage.

Somewhere nearby was the Baths. This was always the largest building outside the camp, being really a huge Regimental Club. Besides the steam-baths with its hot and cool rooms and all the facilities with which we are still familiar, the building contained everything you would now find in a super N.A.A.F.I. Here the

legionaries could drink, play indoor games, gamble, box, swim, or just take their ease. Regimental competitions and concerts were held there. The legionaries' favourite game was a kind of draughts.

Beyond the baths and the parade ground were the houses of the camp-followers, the shops of Army contractors—in fact, everything you would now find in a garrison town. Generally the town grew so large and prosperous that it was granted a charter as a Municipality with its own civil government. One of the first garrison towns to become a Municipality was Leicester, which was a Legion headquarters when the frontier ran along the Fosse Way.

The Municipality was run by Roman citizens, who were important people. Most of them were not Romans, but had been granted Roman citizenship as a reward for services. In most Municipalities in Britain several of the Councillors, and perhaps the Mayor, would be old soldiers enjoying their savings and retirement gratuity, proud possessors of a bronze tablet certifying their status and their honourable discharge.

Most legionaries were country boys before enlistment, and on discharge a good many of them settled down in one of the Colonies. A Colony was a settlement of ex-soldiers, generally not far from a garrison town. There was one near Colchester, and some readers will remember a place not far from Jerusalem which is still called Colonia.

The ex-soldier was given a grant of land, built himself a farm-house, took a wife from among the local people, and generally became a prosperous farmer.

An old soldier who had had an 'employed' job in the Legion, perhaps something in the quartermaster's department, often became the steward of a country squire, running a big manor-house and farm called a Villa; or might get a job on the manorial staff.

When we look at a place like Winchester and its surrounding countryside, we can still see signs of all the things I have described, showing the part played by the soldiers of 1800 years ago in the making of the England we know to-day.

## The Army Boot still slogs on

We're foot-slog-slog-slog-sloggin' over Africa,  
Foot, foot, foot, foot-sloggin' over Africa;  
(Boots, boots, boots, boots, movin' up an' down again)  
There's no discharge in the war!

RUDYARD KIPLING's description of the P.B.I. in his poem 'Boots' describes—in words a soldier might have used—the tremendous strain of a sustained route march, and how well the British soldier, and his boots, have always stood up to it.

Next to his rifle, a soldier's boots are his most precious possession. The Duke of Wellington's axiom still holds good: 'The most important item of equipment for a soldier is, first, a good serviceable pair of boots; second, another pair of boots; and third, a pair of half-soles'.

Without his boots, a soldier loses mobility and becomes a sitting pigeon for the enemy. Even without an enemy, he wouldn't last long bare-footed. Arctic cold would give him gangrene and frostbite; jungle depths would find his feet and ankles smothered with filthy clinging leeches; a mountain climb would leave him with feet bleeding and incapacitated.

Of course, no soldier has any illusions about his job. It is to go anywhere and do anything. War is full of the unexpected, and not even the most detailed planning can provide for the unpredictable. But in facing these hazards, every soldier is entitled to expect that any hazard which can be foreseen should be minimised by the provision of the best and most hard-wearing equipment possible.

Only leather, it is justifiably claimed can meet the variety of conditions and strains for which a soldier must be prepared. There are good scientific reasons for this. The fibres of leather, as the microscope show, are three dimensional, and interlock in the most intricate way, combining pliancy and strength in a way which no other natural material can equal and which no synthetic material can even begin to imitate.

Woven fibres criss-cross in two directions. Try to imagine the weave not only horizontal, but vertical as well, and you will have some idea of how tough leather is. No known method of weaving can duplicate the qualities of leather.

In other respects, too, synthetic materials, ingenious though they are, cannot do what leather does. Leather combines opposite qualities. It can be made to resist moisture—and yet retain its porosity and absorbent qualities. If leather weren't absorbent, perspiration from the foot would not be able to escape; perspiration which cannot be absorbed by the shoe causes the foot to become inflamed, with resultant skin troubles such as athlete's foot.

Repelling moisture and absorbing perspiration, the leather army boot does two opposite jobs at once, but it does another—it ventilates the foot as well. Leather 'breathes', for it is actually porous. Here again no synthetic material has this quality. The Leather Manufacturers' Research Association has proved that the feet of an active man on a warm day give off an average of six ounces of perspiration in twelve hours—two pints in a week. But the soldier is more active than any civilian, and it is easy to see that he would soon be in a state if he were ever compelled to wear boots with anything but leather soles.

The British Army Boot has a long and honourable history. It has stood up to every imaginable climate, to every possible condition. It has been abused, outraged, misused and overworked, and come through with flying colours.

Leather has been the soldier's friend for thousands of years. Sandals of leather from the tomb of Tutankhamen can still be seen in Cairo Museum. Sir Leonard Woolley, in his excavations at 'Ur of the Chaldees' found proof of their extensive use of leather. There is in the Turin Museum a fragment of leather 7,000 years old, while flints used for scraping hides have been estimated by archaeologists and geologists to be at least 18,000 years old.

From classical statuary it would seem that sandals were the most popular type of footwear in ancient times, but boots were known to the ancients too. Homer mentions them about 907 B.C., and so do Roman historians.

Haydn, in his *Dictionary of Dates*—a standard reference work—says that boots 'are said to be the invention of the Carians, and were made of iron, brass or leather'. I don't know who the Carians were, for even the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* is silent on the subject,

but I'm willing to wager that the Carian soldiers had something to say if they were forced to go on long marches in iron boots!

The ancestor, one might say the Adam, of all Army boots is the Army Ankle Boot, which was introduced in 1913. Until then the handsewn Blucher was issued, but these, it was realized, could never be produced in sufficient quantities for a modern army. It was clear that Britain would need a million pairs, and that a revolution in manufacturing techniques was called for.

And so the First World War saw the triumph of the machine-riveted seam against the old hand-sewn welt, and the widespread use of full or semi-chrome leather for uppers. Chrome tanned leather can be given any surface colour required, but can be recognized, by a cross section, by its bluish tinge.

The poor old quartermaster is usually accused of handing out any old pair of boots which comes to hand, with sadistic indifference as to whether they fit or not. In fact an immense range of sizes is made, ranging from size 3 to 22!

Even before 1914, immense research had gone into the designing of the Army Ankle Boot. Measurements of whole regiments were consulted and averaged, it was thought that the boot produced could never be improved, and under the most terrible conditions it proved equal to every ordeal. The scrape of gravel and rock, the impact of flying metal, the endless squelch of mud, left the boots wearable and sound.

The research, however, continued. By 1938 the orthopaedists (who understand the bone structure of the body, and the stresses which they can sustain) and scientists had combined to design a new type of ankle boot which saw service in every field in the Second World War.

The complexities of modern war, have of course, increased the range and the specifications of the sort of Army Boots required. More than 150 different varieties of footwear had to be designed and manufactured in the last war. The Arctic Boot, which saw service in Norway and other cold climates, had to be specially treated so that the hide wouldn't set hard in extreme temperatures. The Climbing Boot had a reinforced toe and metal sole fittings to give grip in climbing rough surfaces and the Assault Boot was made to withstand anything—sand, gravel and rock.

Then there were the Jungle Boots worn during the Burma Campaign. Red ants leeches, snakes, termites, torrential rain, all-enveloping mud—it had to resist them all. The loathsome leech was excluded by a leather tongue sewn right across the 'throat' of the boot to the top of the upper and tightly laced. And it had double soles. No use looking for a boot repairer in the heart of the jungle! Without boots the jungle would soon get you if the enemy didn't.

A soldier will put up with most things, but not with boots which don't fit him, or cause him discomfort in wear—and quite rightly too!

Collection

## THE PARADE



TOP (left to right)

1. Councillor Winterbone inspecting the Guard of Honour accompanied by the Colonel of the Regiment and Major R. M. Colvile.
2. The Band and Buglers in Market Square, Bicester.
3. Bugle-Major B. Dunwell with the Band and Buglers during the march through Bicester.

(Inset) The Presentation Bugle-Major's parade stick.

## AT BICESTER



## BOTTOM (left to right)

4. Major R. M. Colville and the Guard of Honour in Sheep Street.
5. The Presentation of the Bugle-Major's parade stick by Councillor Winterbone to the Colonel of the Regiment.
6. General view of the Parade in Market Square.

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## Old Comrades

60 YEARS ON — OR '1898 TO 1958'

(Fifth instalment)

I HAVE looked up the November 1959 JOURNAL to see what stage was reached in my fourth instalment. I find we were still in the last century and looking ahead to South Africa. I was very fortunate to have embarked with the 43rd. Joining up early 1898 the recruiting Serjeant added eighteen months to my 16 years 6 months, to bring me up to 18 years. Birth or registration certificates were fortunately not required in those days. I nearly tripped up at times over this as sometimes a quick request to state date of birth and age would have me guessing. Two different birthdays and years of birth had to be carefully watched. Being quick at mental arithmetic I generally pulled through. When the Medical Officer came on the parade ground at Aldershot to decide if any in 'H' Company were unfit for active service he ordered any under 20 years of age to fall out, as they were to be sent to the Depot. I made a quick calculation—18 years in February 1898, plus twenty months to December 1899—19 years 10 months. Just two months short. What a shock. Still a famous British Admiral had a blind eye, which he used (or 'misused') as he considered special circumstances required. I was never famous or even a sailor, but if a sailor could use a blind eye, surely a young soldier could have a deaf ear if it would help him to get on Active Service. So like the ten year son of Casabianca I stood fast. My faith (or sauce) was rewarded. The M.O. checked ages of the privates but took it for granted that N.C.O.s, even unpaid Lance-Jacks, were grown up. So there was no need risking my precious stripe and becoming a stowaway. We were fortunate in sailing to South Africa on a Union Liner (*Gaika*) instead of on a 'Trooper' or old Transport. We had an ideal voyage, with many novelties and bright sunshine and the knowledge we had left the worst half of an English winter behind. One of the novelties was the African voyage itself. Those of you who have read the old *Regimental Chronicles* will know the 43rd and 52nd generally relieved one another in India. This meant going via the Suez Canal, Red Sea and the North Part of the Indian Ocean. Of course drafts in the Trooping Season went and returned the same route. Having done both trips I prefer the journey to the Cape rather than going to Bombay. Since then the two Great Wars have taken troops all around the Globe, even by air, so the present generation may not feel a journey to South Africa a novelty. We enjoyed it. 'The Flying Fish' were always assured of an interested audience. (Shades of Rudyard Kipling.) The rich tropical vegetation of the Canary Isles, assorted fruits, bright coloured dresses of the islanders, their clever diving after coins, the noisy confusion of the hawkers in 'bumboats' with fruit, flowers, silken clothes and birds, interested us youngsters and helped to relieve any monotony of the three weeks voyage. At St Helena some of the garrison came on board with their families. This was the first time for most of us, that we saw the problems of mixed marriages. For the information of the young soldiers of to-day, I mention that we slept in hammocks two or three decks

down near the hold, not well lit or ventilated. For those who got seasick it must have been quite an ordeal to dash up to the top deck and 'Feed the Fishes'. I escaped that ordeal then and since in voyages around the world.

Another interesting item was donning Colonial Khaki. This was not a novelty to the 'Old Sweats' who had soldiered in India or Burma. We started 1900 in our new thin uniforms. Our happiness at this was somewhat sobered by the report that thirty of the Buffs and fifty of the 43rd were in hospital with influenza. This number increased later. On 3rd January Father Neptune with his retinue came aboard, or at least climbed up from one of the lower decks. They performed the usual ceremonies on a selected few of the 'first timers' who all were glad of a ducking in the sunshine. Our pleasant voyage was soon to end as the *Gaika* reached Table Bay at midnight on 13th January 1900. Again the superstitious found something to ponder over. We were in the 13th Brigade, sailed on a Friday and arrived on the 13th. I should have mentioned the voyage lasted twenty-three days, now by air one day.

At dawn of the 13th all were on deck to enjoy their first view of Table Bay, Table Mountain and Cape Town, a striking sight indeed. I still remember the deep clear water of the Bay with innumerable numbers of small jelly fish floating around. The last time I saw a similar sight was at Shan-hai-Kwan, North China, where the Great Wall of China reaches the Yellow Sea. There whilst with the Shanghai Defence Force, 1927-28, we not only saw the jelly fish, but felt their stings. Excuse this diversion, now back to Table Bay to note the clouds floating down on Table Mountain, which the inhabitants describe as 'Laying the Table Cloth', not that we had long to admire the beautiful surroundings, for orders were not 'All aboard' but 'All ashore'. After some time spent in trying to clear the chaos in the baggage hold, we could not make any headway so were very glad when orders came to entrain for Naauwpoort, via De Aar, and trust that our baggage would follow. We arrived there 16th January. Fruit was very abundant there and at times over ripe, which if eaten soon produced symptoms of dysentery. The clear atmosphere made us alter our ideas of judging distance. Some of the senior N.C.O.s at one judging distance test were critical of the correctness of the Watkins mekometers, and (more often) of the abilities of Corporal Parmiter and myself, the Regimental Rangefinders. I think it was Colonel Dalzell who came to our rescue by ordering a protesting Serjeant to pace out the distance across the veldt to the object selected for the judging distance test. The distance we recorded was correct, so Watkins and 'Co.' (or 'Co'-rpls) were vindicated.

My apologies to the gallant 43rd for leaving off recording them before they were in action in South Africa, but I have to give some space in this instalment to our Mounted Infantry Company. As I write we are celebrating the 60th Anniversary of the Relief of Kimberley and the Surrender of General Cronje at Paardeberg. Being born Majuba Year 1881 I was very interested to read Lord Roberts' despatch after Cronje and 4,000 men had surrendered. 'I hope', he said, 'the

Government will consider this event satisfactory, occurring as it does on the Anniversary of Majuba' (and so said all of us).

Pity our poor Editor and his many correspondents. News has just been published of a News Editor and Staff being fined hundreds of pounds for publishing comments on a case before trial. Be warned my fellow correspondents. My case is quite different. 'Not for publishing' but 'For not publishing'. So like the News Editor above I tender my humble apologies. Please don't sue me or our Editor for 'Thousands' you will never get. Now to explain. My last instalment mentioned 'We embarked for South Africa with a strength of 660 all ranks'. This was correct, but the Mounted Infantry Company was not only 'left out', but 'left behind', until 13th January 1900. The reason for this was because each regiment in the 6th Division had to furnish a Mounted Infantry Company. As my articles are not meant to cover all regimental news, but only to include items in which I was privileged to have a small share, I could hardly include therein further adventures of the Mounted Infantry Company. Having explained this I try to make amends by briefly referring to the movements of our M.I. for the first few weeks of the South Africa campaign, even before recording the 43rd share in the battles mentioned above. I trust this will satisfy the few M.I. men left amongst the JOURNAL readers.

The M.I. Company embarked for South Africa on 13th January 1900. (Still another 13 for the Battalion.) Disembarked Cape Town, 5th February, to Naauwpoort 15th. They were disappointed to find they had arrived too late to contact the 43rd here, as the Battalion left to join Lord Roberts' Force and were in action when the M.I. arrived at Naauwpoort. The actions went on to the end of February (see next instalment) and included Klip Kraal (Relief of Kimberley), Paardeberg. These two engagements brought two more battle honours to our Colours and clasps to the South African War Medal, followed by Driefontein (another clasp) followed by the Occupation of Bloemfontein, capital of the Orange Free State, in first fortnight of March 1900.

Now for the last note on the M.I. Company. The Company did not have long to bemoan their bad luck in missing the 43rd at Naauwpoort. Their chance came with orders to go to Arundel, where General Clements' Force had retired to from Colesburg. Soon our M.I. were in action against the Boers. The visit of Lord Kitchener implied further activity ahead. On 27th February a general advance was made towards Norval Pont, but not in time to prevent the Pont (bridge) being blown up. The M.I. were in Donkerpoort the first station, Orange Free State on 18th March, and at Bloemfontein 3rd April, where the 43rd and the M.I. met once again. But not for long as the M.I. Company joined the M.I. Division and had the honour of pushing on to Johannesburg, which was occupied 31st May and Pretoria on 5th June 1900. Comparisons are 'odious', yet considering the small strength of the M.I. compared with the 43rd, and the fact that they were unfortunate on arrival in being switched off Colesburg way instead of joining up with the 43rd, thus missing the earlier and larger battles, the honours collected by the M.I. compare more than favourably with that of the parent battalion, as we 'Foot Sloggers' were the first to admit.

What a pity Colour-Serjeant Aspey was killed with the M.I. He was a 'real character', typical of many of the senior other ranks in the army of Kipling's days. The

men always enjoyed parades when 'Jock Aspey' was allowed a free hand. Among other memories of him was once in 1898 I saw him in the drill field in Mullingar trying single-handed to push the huge caravan containing Serjeant Cook Easden's photographic studio, out of the line of sight, when he was carrying out a scheme with 'G' Company. I never dreamt that at that time he was over 30 years of age. He well deserved the full page obituary notice given him on page 264 of the *Regimental Chronicle*, 1901. If any of our readers know any of his relations, please tell them I will gladly pass on my copy of the *Chronicle* if they get in touch with me.

Having now made the 'Amende honorable' to our Temporary Cavalrymen, perhaps they will forgive a joke at their expense, if I mention that the Real Infantry, who like Felix 'kept on walking' thought of them as 'The M.I. (Dis-)Mounted'. I would not have dared to mention this had not one of their most distinguished officers, Captain C. E. Forrest, D.S.O., recorded this humorous description of the first parade of our M.I. Company in South Africa.

'The scene on mounting when leaving Maitland Camp for Cape Town Station was most amusing. Men mounting from the near side; others from the off side; men lying on their backs on the ground; men with their arms round their horses' necks, and the horses kicking and squealing all over the field.

With that I say good-bye to the M.I. as in my next article I must get back to the 43rd on the veldt in South Africa.

Now for a change. At times when amongst the present day soldiers in camp or barracks, I suggest to them that between us we represent the title of their Church Hymnal, i.e. 'ANCIENT AND MODERN'. They soon see the point, recognizing in me the 'ANCIENT' part, and in themselves the real 'MODERN' part. Above we have dealt with 'ANCIENT' history, now to go 'MODERN' for a change. But for the fact the article for the last JOURNAL had to be submitted early, most of this 'MODERN' section could have been included therein.

Home Tours. Last July duty called me to Crowborough, Sussex. My wife and I were pleased to again look up General and Mrs Fuller, this time in their new home. An ideal spot, restful gardens and a miniature wood, leading out to miles of open country, where the General gets the exercise he needs after hours of writing up articles or one of his new books. Like others of the many Generals of our old Regiment that we meet, he reminds us of the old song, 'Old soldiers never . . .' or 'even fade away'. The next day we made a long detour to Whitstable to look up ex-R.S.M. 'Alf' Clare, brother of Colonel Clare, late Editor of this JOURNAL. We were next-door neighbours on the banks of the River Irrawaddy until I left the 43rd to join the Divisional H.Q., Upper Burma, in 1909. I was especially pleased to see the R.S.M. looking so well. The words used above in describing my old Paymaster, General Fuller, also apply to the R.S.M. Not only so, but I saw proofs of his energy and efficiency in house and garden. Well done the 'October Geranium'. (A title Devonians give to those of Alf's age.) 'All the flowers' are not for him, most of what I record (except the age) could be said of his capable wife and her labour of love in their comfortable home. At 'elevenes' we chatted over old times, places and friends, not forgetting the snakes and other 'creepy crawlers' that invaded the married quarters at Thayetmyo. Alf

has some wonderful photos of those days. I wish his brother, or the present Editor could persuade him to become a contributor to the JOURNAL. I was glad to answer in person the letters of congratulations my two friends above (Officer and W.O.) had kindly sent me about 'Sixty Years On'.

On the return journey we were privileged to look in at Tidworth for a brief look at the 1st Green Jackets by kind permission of the Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Colonel M. N. Harbottle, O.B.E. Lieut. Mead assumed responsibility for showing us around between the showers. A capable guide, leading us from 'Canteen to Cookhouse' and 'School to Sergeants' Mess', where the Mess President produced some of the mess silver not previously unpacked since brought back from Cyprus. It was too late in the day to see a parade but we saw the Green Jackets later on at Oxford. Only one snag at Tidworth. How often I had teased my wife by telling her how neat we 'made up our beds' and 'swept out our cots' in the days of single bliss we enjoyed (?) in the Army. It is not easy to explain to a civilian wife how a soldier 'makes up his bed'. What an opportunity here to see a soldier's bed ready for inspection. So into a barrack room we marched. Alas the proposed object lesson failed. All the beds were made down, not one made up at midday. After this I am not planning object lessons for my 'better half'. Yes, the joke was against me.

September 1959 provided more contacts with Old Comrades and the Army of to-day. The 9th was another of the wonderful days we all enjoyed during last year's record summer. 'So early in the morning' my Minx ran me out of Glorious Devon through various pleasant shires until, by a detour, I reached Aylesbury. I had often wanted to contact 6933 Greenwood after reading his interesting letter in the May 1958 JOURNAL, and this lovely day gave the opportunity. Greenwood seems a common name in Bucks and it was some time before I located his home. Alas he was 'Not at Home'. I hung on for a bit but having an appointment at Oxford I started off. Just then J.T.G. appeared, also looking hale and hearty. Not having met for over fifty years you can imagine us having a real 'chinwag'. We were first and second respectively in the 43rd mile race at Subathu 1904. I am afraid it would have to be a rolling race if we had one now. I was glad to introduce my old comrade to my wife the next day at the Green Jacket march past at Oxford.

And so to Cowley Barracks where all were busy in connection with the visits of the 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd, on the morrow. This was no place or time for drones, so after a brief greeting I moved on. All was confusion there then but probably things are more settled there now. As my mind went back to 1898 and my recruit days at the Depot, I pictured Colonel Kingscote in review order with plumed helmet and bright red tunic, etc., with band playing at the weekly inspection of recruits and staff. Then, too, how different are the two spots which seemd sacred to the recruits. The cricket ground to be passed by, woe-betide the recruit who trod on it. The other the Officers' Mess where when on fatigue we spoke in whispers and trod gingerly in our new 'gym' shoes. How different now (or rather last September). No carpets, pictures or other comforts we associate with the Officers' Mess. Rubble on the floor and stairs, pictures and other oddments awaiting floor or wall space.

I realized this was unavoidable owing to re-organization. Yet as I walked down the stairs to leave the old mess and quarters, I must own, sad as I am to confess it, that 'Ichabod' was the only word that could describe our dear old Depot that afternoon. Still out in the bright sunshine I cheered up and could only hope that if I am spared to visit the Depot again I shall see something of a 'Phoenix'-like spirit in evidence.

Then another disappointment as I spent the afternoon driving around Oxford in a vain effort to contact my old running chum in the 43rd, Jack Rawlins. Called at his home, allotment and even his old club. Then gave it up, leaving a message hoping to see him at the Green Jackets march on the morrow, but again disappointed.

On 10th September my wife and I were early at the saluting base on the terrace of St John's College to see the 1st Green Jackets march in and march past the Mayor and Corporation, then form up to receive the welcome of the City of Oxford. It seemed appropriate that Old Comrades who had carried the name 'Oxford' on our tunics in so many parts of the world should be at Oxford on this wonderful day. I was very interested having attended a vacation course some years back at College. As our Editor has given such a helpful report of the ceremony in the last JOURNAL, I need not add much, but I was glad to read the familiar words which the old Army often heard, 'In full panoply with colours flying and band and buglers playing'. I presume the 1st Battalion is the only battalion of the Green Jackets that can do this with 'Colours flying'. As I saw the Battalion march past (did someone say 'Fly past') I felt it was a good thing the C.O. and Adjutant were not in the predicament that confronted Colonel Dalzell and Captain Cobb when Queen Victoria visited Bristol 1899. See pages 48-50, November 1959 JOURNAL.

As usual, and as expected, we felt the Battalion had put up 'a good show'. We their predecessors congratulate and thank them. Carry on the good work.

Do any readers remember that in the last JOURNAL the Printers' Devil was mentioned as being on strike. He must have got busy again very soon, as he (or his typing colleague) added thirty thousand to my old regimental number. 'What a cheek!' No infantry men in the nineteenth century, especially Light Infantry, laboured under the handicap of FIVE numbers.

All being well I may be in Spain this summer, and hope to see some of the Peninsular War battlefields, so shall be thinking of the Regiment whilst there. Do not feel too relieved at this news, I plan to be back in time to inflict another article on you in November (D.V.).

ARTHUR JAMES DANCEY, MAJOR (Retired).

Burma, 38 Shipway Park Road, Torquay.

P.S.

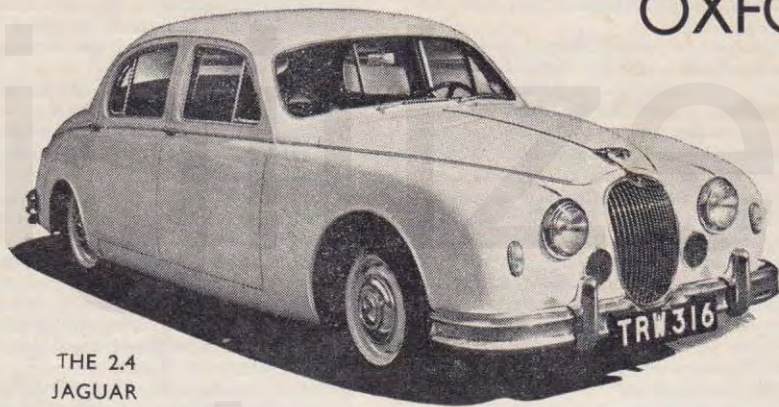
Thanks to the many readers who wrote about my last article. Letters of appreciation came from the Royal Chelsea Hospital, from Banbury, Warwick and Torquay.

Just one extract: 'I am glad to write not having had contact with anyone in the Regiment for years'.

I have answered all the letters and am now waiting for some more.

A.J.D.

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## Regimental Notes

### REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS

THE old Depot barracks are still unoccupied except for a small community in the south-west corner. Here live Regimental Headquarters with the Barrack Officer, the Garrison Engineer and various 'married families' as neighbours. We have not yet become an 'enclave' which, according to our dictionary, means 'a piece of territory entirely enclosed within foreign territories'. We may do so if the rumour is true that the Ministry of Works will, for purposes unknown, take over the barracks area and the Air Ministry the land immediately in front of our building—including the Officers' Mess garden.

In our last notes for the JOURNAL we reported that the Museum would be in its new position on the ground floor of Regimental Headquarters by last Christmas time. Owing to the singular disinclination of the contractors to get on with the necessary alterations and decoration of the old Mess ante-rooms and dining room, the Museum still languishes in its old location. This time we prophesy that it will be ready for re-opening in June (this year!). We have ideas of holding a celebration to mark this auspicious occasion but have not yet solved the administrative problems that arise, in particular finance and accommodation.

Although there are no stirring events to report from Regimental Headquarters we seem to have been very busy during the past six months dealing with all kinds of regimental matters both routine and out of the ordinary. We can report no sporting activities except that there is sometimes a vacant chair in the office on a Tuesday when the normal occupant is away engaged on 'secretarial' duties with the South Oxfordshire Hunt.

Before these notes will have appeared in print, Lieut.-Colonel Fred Clare will have retired from employment at Regimental Headquarters. Such notes are not an appropriate place to record an appreciation of his services to the Regiment over many years or indeed to comment on his long and gallant record of service. They are so well known that his is a 'household' name in the Regiment. Suffice it to say here that we shall miss him very much and we are hoping that he will continue, when he so wishes, to give us the benefit of his wisdom and knowledge of regimental affairs.

Mr Martin has also left us for a more lucrative post around the corner. He did a great deal for the Regiment during his years at Cowley Barracks especially for the Old Comrades' Association. We offer him our thanks and wish him the best of luck in his new job.

We welcome Mr Hore and Michael Church to our staff.

### PERMANENT STAFF

Lieutenant-Colonel J. Granville.  
Mr T. W. Meadows (Clerical Officer).  
Mr H. F. Hore (Storeman).  
Michael Church (Cleaner).

### 43RD & 52ND LETTER

DEAR EDITOR,

Since our last letter, which was written from Jellalabad Barracks, Tidworth, we have taken over our Demonstration commitment at the School of Infantry, Warminster, and have completed one full course. A number of events have occurred during this last six months, and it is as well to review them in chronological sequence.

It was on 24th September, just as the advance party was preparing to leave for Warminster, that a warning order was received that the Regiment would be required to send a detachment to London to line the route for the funeral of Field Marshal Lord Ironside. After a reconnaissance by the Commanding Officer, and a demonstration of the necessary arms drill from some experts of the Grenadier Guards, the Regiment began in earnest to rehearse the movements required in this infrequent ceremony. The Regiment was divided into twelve sections of twenty-four men, with a Warrant-Officer or Serjeant and an Officer in charge. Each section was responsible for lining sixty-five yards of road on both sides, and to pay compliments to the cortège at the correct moment. After continuous rehearsal the Regiment embused for Andover on 28th September and a special train went direct to Woolwich Arsenal, where accommodation was arranged by the Gunners. A fleet of buses drove quickly to Milbank Barracks, with the assistance of a Police Escort, early the following morning, and there was about an hour to wait before the streets were closed and the Regiment moved into its position. The Regiment was responsible for lining the route from Milbank Hospital to Lambeth Bridge. The funeral cortège moved out exactly on time, and in a few minutes the solemn music had faded and the first London duty performed the Regiment for many years had been successfully completed.

On 5th October the Regiment moved to Knook Camp, Heytesbury, about four miles from Warminster. The camp is a collection of old war-time huts, which, despite continual maintenance, are nearing the end of their lives. The camp as occupied was in an appalling state of cleanliness. As soon as the Regiment moved in rumours spread that we would move shortly to Boreham Barracks much nearer the School, but a further inspection showed that these barracks would be much too small for a major unit, even with two companies living in the School of Infantry.

The full course of demonstrations started in earnest on 11th October and it is fitting that a few words be said about this duty, which is after all our 'raison d'être'. The demonstrations can be divided in general into four kinds. Firstly the tactical demonstrations which illustrate a company group in all phases of war, supported by tanks and artillery, and carried in Saracen Armoured Personnel Carriers. (These are mostly done by Letter 'A' Company.) Secondly there are the display and drill demonstrations, which include minelaying drills, battle

drills, wiring drills and patrol work (this is Letter 'B' Company's responsibility). Thirdly, there are fire power demonstrations, in which Support Company plays a vital part, and lastly there are the end-of-course exercises, in which the Officers and Senior Ranks of the '1st Warminster Rifles' are provided by the Student Officers, and the Regiment provides the rank and file, and is also committed to provide enemy forces, the transport and signals. These large exercises involve nearly every fit man in station, and for the period concerned the administration of the Regiment has virtually to cease. In addition to all this we are required from time to time to test and carry out trials on all kinds of new equipment and clothing from boots to guided missiles.

This is perhaps a suitable moment to mention the manpower situation which for the next three months is likely to be a considerable headache. In early 1958 the Regiment received large National Service drafts which provided the men necessary to see us through the final months in Cyprus. On return to England the drafts from Winchester dwindled, and now these large National Service intakes are nearing the end of their engagement. To make matters worse, in August we had to detach on to a separate establishment the large Demonstration Platoon at Mons O.C.S. at Aldershot. The detachments we have to supply at Hythe and Netheravon are uneconomic in manpower, and together with Letter 'A' Company and the pioneer section away at the School of Infantry, it leaves very few men in camp to provide the duties and guards. The position is not expected to ease until April, when in addition to extra intakes the first results of the Regimental Recruiting Team will be passing out from Winchester.

It is however, possible to say that leave is relatively good in this station. Breaks between courses at the School make it possible to send away on block leave a large proportion of the Regiment, leaving a skeleton staff and security guards to look after the camp.

On the personal side, there have been many changes, Major Pratt has taken over 'C' Company until he leaves for the Joint Services Staff College in June. Major Chevis has flown to Singapore, Major Dowden taking his place in command of Support Company. Captain Colville is on a course preparatory to disappearing into the mysterious caverns of Military Intelligence. We welcome Captain Byrne to Headquarter Company. Captain David Mostyn left P.R.I. and Recruiting for the War Office, handing over the former to Captain Morley, and the latter to Major Workman. Captain Cracknell has abandoned the Adjutants' chair for the Staff College and Captain Eveleigh will not take over until late February. Captain Simmons is temporarily in charge. We welcome Mr Dobbs and Mr Scott from Mons O.C.S., and Messrs Whitfeld, Sale and Bennett from Sandhurst. Mention must be made of C.S.M. Abbott who has handed over his duties as Serjeant-Major of Letter 'B' Company after five years (surely a post-war record) to C.S.M. Gater, and is at present applying his energy and personality in the field of recruiting before leaving for Bristol University Officers' Training Corps as Regimental Serjeant-Major.

It is with deep regret that we record the tragic death of 2nd Lieut. D. Orr-Deas who was killed instantly in a car accident on his way from a hockey match in Devizes to London. The Commanding Officer laid a wreath at the funeral on behalf of all ranks of 43rd and 52nd, and wreaths were also laid from Letter 'A' Company and the Band.

What then can we expect from the future? Our Demonstration commitment will remain, and must take first priority. After that, recruiting is really perhaps our greatest worry, and it is heartening to see the efforts of the recruiting team reflected in the monthly figures from the Depot. There is a great deal to be done and this subject will be fully covered in the supplement to this JOURNAL. An 'Outward Bound' training camp is to be set up in Wales in May for the purpose of giving outdoor adventure training to young regular soldiers during the summer. There is talk of canoeing day and night, and of Nijmegen (but not of John o' Groats to Lands End). The Band is working up for a major engagement in March at the Albert Hall. The P.R.I. is busy organizing monthly dances and weekly film shows. As a result of the recent snowstorms, a call was received from the Police in Warminster to ask help in carrying down from an exposed part of the A 303 road near Wylie, some people who had been trapped in their cars. This was answered by over 100 volunteers from camp, an incident which was given generous space on the front page of a daily newspaper. No one can say we are idle, nor can we be accused of failing to take the opportunity offered by this unique posting at Warminster.

Yours,

43RD AND 52ND.

## SERJEANTS' MESS

After the move from our temporary abode at Tidworth, these notes find us in a state of permanency at Warminster, a fact that does not seem to be as popular as may be expected. This is no doubt due to the prospect of the first winter at home for a few years, as can be seen by the greatcoats and gloves which have been in evidence during the past few weeks. However, with the Christmas and New Year over we may be lucky enough to get another Indian Summer a fact that will be greatly appreciated.

After our move from Tidworth, the Mess was in a state of emergency for the first few weeks and it was a question of paint brushes to the fore as the Regimental painting squad swung into action. It was safer to keep moving all the time, being fatal to stand near the walls or get in the way of the squad. Now that the job is completed everyone agrees that it was worth the inconvenience, and our thanks are expressed to the members of the squad who did such a good job.

Since we have been here our social life seems to have found its even keel. Of course we have to compete with the TV and the fact that the majority of married members live about five miles from the Mess, however we have held one or two successful Socials. The Cocktail party which was held in place of the proposed Nonne Boschen Ball was a great success, and we were pleased to welcome the Regimental Serjeant-Major and members of the Brigade Depot Mess. The Christmas Draw and Social had to be held early this year owing to the block leave period at Christmas, but in spite of the late start of the ticket sales it was a greater success than expected.

The indoor recreation facilities are rather restricted owing to the size of the Mess building, and it has not been possible to erect the billiard table; however, the dart board seems to be kept in good use especially as it is adjacent to the bar. There is no doubt that the TV still holds the number one place, so much so, that it has to be curtained off at the end of the lounge to enable

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the separate factions to pursue their particular vocation undisturbed.

We have to say good-bye for the time being to Sjt Beesley who has been posted to the Army School of Civil Defence and to C.S.M. Young and to Sjt Morgan A. who have left to join the 4th Bn. In their place we welcome C.S.M. Gater from the 4th Bn, Sjt Morgan (Taffy) from the Depot and we congratulate Sjt Cowan (Band) on his promotion and welcome him to the Mess at the same time.

In the days of the modern Army the car park has taken the place of the bicycle rack outside the Sjts Mess, the strain of the moment is to find the wherewithal to get the tax for the next year, but we would like to know who started the rumour that the Insurance premiums were being doubled because if they are we shall have to indent for another cycle rack. It has been duly noticed that the trend seems to be towards walking but we are still waiting to see anyone limbering up for the road from the town to Knook in the mornings.

We would like, through the medium of these notes, to thank the many members and the ex-members who sent Christmas cards, and to send our greetings and best wishes to all for the New Year, and if you are in the Warminster area we will be pleased to see you.

### CORPORALS' ROOM

While at Tidworth there was very little activity in the Corporals' Room owing to the Regiment being split up, with Letter 'A' Company at Warminster and part of Support Company at Netheravon. There was also the fact that we were only staying there temporarily prior to our move to Knook Camp in October.

When we arrived at Knook Camp the first job was to improve the Corporals' Room. The lighting was improved, a carpet laid and the room furnished with easy chairs. This being completed we then concentrated on social activities.

The first was a darts match held at the White Hart, one of the 'locals' in Warminster. After an exciting game and a most enjoyable evening we lost by four matches to three. A return fixture was arranged and played at Knook Camp on 23rd November where once again we lost by four matches to three. A delightful evening was had by all, especially by the White Hart team, who seemed to have a fascination for the 'pickled onions'.

Our next venture was the Christmas Dance which was held on 16th December. It was attended by Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs M. N. Harbottle and other officers and their ladies and the Regimental Serjeant-Major and members of the Serjeants' Mess with their ladies. Other guests included ladies from Frome Nurses' Hostel, Dent's and Clarke's factories in Warminster. Approximately 200 attended.

The evening was an outstanding success and thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, which was evident by the atmosphere of joviality and exciting gaiety throughout the entire evening. There were many and varied prizes to be won, refreshments were plentiful and 'most' kinds of beverages were available—and consumed. It will long be remembered by our members and guests, who are anticipating many more such dances in the coming year. Our thanks go to Cpl Evans and the committee for the excellent organization and to W.O.II Slater and his cooks for the buffet which was on par with anything

we have ever seen. Members of the Regimental Band kept the proceedings going with some lively music.

We congratulate Cpl Cowan (Band) on his promotion to Serjeant.

We regret the departure to Civvy Street of the following: Corporals Carr, Murdoch, Price, Stroddy, Wilkins, Swift, Bloxham, Syster, Coles, Gage, Hall, Kirkland, Oakley, Peachey, Richards, Wheeler, Lewis, Freninbeck, Catlin, Day and Humphries. Lance-Corporals Lee, Humphry, Long, Elkins, Bowden, Burroughs, Munday, Webb, Yates, Beesley, Routledge, Denton, Green, Joseph, Morgan and Powell.

We congratulate and welcome the following to our club: Lance-Corporals Birch, Weatherhead, Harrison, Buckley, Emmett, Jacob, Archer, Callaghan, Griffiths, Dall and Clarke.

We also congratulate the following on their promotion to Corporal: Lance-Corporals Hailstone, Corbett, Haynes, Boddy, Scott, Bradbury, Newbold, Davies, Rolph, Timberlake, Udy, Wingrove, Haydon and Didcock.

### BAND

The end of the summer brought to an end the continual round of engagements which the Band had been fulfilling. After a spell of leave the next task was to settle into Knook Camp. The Band store and practice room taken over from the Somerset Light Infantry was badly placed, in that it was only a few yards from Regimental Headquarters. The Commanding Officer rather naturally found the noise rather disturbing when the Bandsmen were doing individual practice. However, at the far end of the camp was a hut which had formerly been used as the Camp Chapel and this was found to be an ideal spot for the band, so the former practice room became the Regimental Church. It is ideal for the purpose because of the large number of officers and men who attend the weekly service.

As in all bands the winter period is one of make and mend. Many small things go wrong during the rush of the summer and also, even though it may seem strange, the standard of drill and playing falls off during the summer. This is due to the lack of time for adequate rehearsal. The winter, therefore, is an ideal time to put one's house in order.

The engagements carried out during the past three months have consisted mainly of playing for 'Guest Nights' at various Officers' Messes, namely the 'School of Infantry', 'Salisbury Plain District', and of course, our own mess.

A Christmas concert was given in the cinema at the School of Infantry which was very well received, and the dance band has played at a number of places. It is to be hoped that the dance band will improve as the playing is not quite up to the standard required. The going of Cpl Frith made a tremendous difference as he was a leader of the highest standard. It is pleasing to be able to report that he is Solo Clarinet of Ford Motor Works Band under the direction of Major Willcocks, late Director of Music of the Irish Guards. Frith is also playing as a free-lance in several leading bands in the West End.

Student-Bandmaster R. Tonks who went to Kneller Hall during the spring of 1956, has now completed his training and has qualified for the appointment of Bandmaster. With the amalgamation of some regiments there will be some delay in his appointment, vacancies

are few and far between, but his future is assured and he is to be congratulated. It is interesting to note that the Regimental Band has produced a Bandmaster once in three years since the School of Music re-opened after the war. Mr Jackson of the Middlesex Regiment, Mr Stevens of the Green Howards and now R. Tonks awaiting appointment. In order to keep up that good record Student Bandmaster M. Sumner has successfully 'passed-in' at the conclusion of six months probationary service and should qualify in 1962. Two more young N.C.O.s and possibly a third are studying the advanced theory of music under the Bandmaster in order that the name of the Regiment is always to the fore in the sphere of Military music.

Booking for engagements to be carried out next summer are being made and a number of very remunerative ones are included. That is very essential to the well-being of the Band fund which has had to foot extremely heavy bills for the overhaul of instruments and the purchase of new standard banners. The latter are very smart indeed and give the band a much better show in public.

At the time of writing much activity is going on in connection with the first important engagement of the year. The band has been engaged by the famous 'Billy Butlin' of holiday camps to play at the annual reunion which is held at the Royal Albert Hall during the second week of March. The band and buglers are appearing in parade formation and by way of preparation a period of intensive drill has been undertaken with the assistance of C.S.M. Hornblower in his capacity of 'Drill Sjt-Major'. To disclose the fee for the engagement would not be professional etiquette but the writer feels it would be quite in order to describe it as 'fantabulous'. Further details of this engagement must necessarily be left until the next series of notes.

Our congratulations to Cpl Best and L.-Cpl Cattle on their recent weddings. 'May all their troubles be little ones.' Several other weddings are rumoured—one can only think that spring is round the corner or that married quarters with warm slippers is a pleasant thought amidst the snow and slush of Knook Camp.

### CROSS COUNTRY

The Regiment began the Cross Country season in mid-November. It was most important that all good runners within the Regiment were recognized before Christmas. By the beginning of January the team had to be chosen, and then trained by 20th January, when the Inter-Unit District Final, Southern Command, was due to take place.

Unfortunately throughout November the Regiment was extremely busy and was fully committed demonstrating for the School of Infantry. The Inter-Company Race was finally held on Friday, 27th November, which was the only possible date to suit all Companies. It was not possible to do very much training, except for 'A' Company, and this was clearly brought out in the result.

The day of the race turned out mild and dry for the end of November. The countryside near the village of Heytesbury is ideal for cross country. The course stretched in a semi-circle over undulating track, field, and plough, and eventually finished down Knook valley into the Camp. The course was just under four miles.

The Company teams consisted of ten runners, with seven to count. There were a varied collection of colours on the start line, as each team as usual ran in their

Company colours. At 2.30 in the afternoon the runners lined up on the square outside the Sjt's Mess. Down came the flag and away they went. A mad sprint and scramble up the hill, through the gate, and along the track by Heytesbury Estate. Within no time the field opened out and by the top of the hill was spreading fast. After the first half-mile Rfn Allum took the lead, which he held until the end. Behind him the red shirts of 'A' Company could be seen in a tight bunch. Headquarter Company were also well to the front.

It was a beautiful day for running, and on the high ground the air was crisp and clean. Rfn Allum set a fast pace, although at no time was he unduly pressed. The first half of the course was hard going. The last mile and half ran down a gentle slope to the finishing pen, which gave new life to all the runners. Here the 'A' Company team proved their fitness as they kept together and succeeded in having seven runners in the first fifteen. This was a great achievement.

'A' Company won extremely easily, with 'B' Company second but well behind on points. Rfn Allum won the race by a good fifty yards, looking comparatively fresh at the finish. This was most encouraging for the future, but unfortunately one man does not make a team.

Training had to begin immediately, as our first fixture was due to take place on 9th December against five regiments at Tidworth. The result was most unfortunate, and we hope to be much more successful in the future. However, experience was gained which the team had to have before eventually competing in the District Races. These take place towards the end of January and the finals in February. The Regiment should have a good team if the weather remains fine and the training goes according to plan.

### RESULTS

#### Inter Company Race

1st	'A' Coy	55 points
2nd	'B' Coy	121 "
3rd	H.Q. Coy 'A' Team	128 "
4th	'C' Coy	224 "
5th	H.Q. 'B' Team	236 "
6th	S.P. Coy	268 "

#### Individuals

1st	Rfn Allum	23 mins 27 secs
2nd	Capt. Elliott	23 mins 48 secs
3rd	Rfn Callaghan	24 mins 6 secs

#### Regimental Team

Cpl Cox  
Rfn Allum  
Rfn Callaghan  
Rfn Yates  
Rfn Stevens.  
Rfn Power  
Rfn Smith  
Rfn Humphries  
Rfn Price  
Rfn Simmons

### ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

After the exceptional summer in England, we found conditions very much the same as Cyprus when the 1959-60 season opened with the Regiment at Tidworth, and the facilities were excellent. The Regimental team was entered for the East Wiltshire Services League and

of course for the Army Cup, which is a knock-out competition for all units in U.K. and B.A.O.R. We were hopeful of doing really well in both these competitions, as a nucleus of at least half a dozen experienced players from the previous season were available, some of whom played for good civilian clubs. Our hopes were shortlived however, as we were defeated in our first league match by 18th Field Regiment, 3—1. This was unfortunately the pattern of too many of the early matches in the league. The team was obviously capable of really good football, but through being over-confident and lacking co-ordination, they lost too many games which should have been won. By the time we moved to our permanent camp at Warminster there was a different story to tell, and we have recently defeated the School of Artillery at Larkhill, 3rd Royal Horse Artillery and many others.

In the first round of the Army Cup we were drawn against 17 Bn R.A.O.C. (Bicester), who were a fairly static unit and have several professional players. This match was played at the Tidworth Stadium under perfect conditions and the football was certainly equal to the setting. 17 Bn led 2—0 at half-time but Lance-Corporal Cox, the Regimental captain, scored a lovely goal to make it 2—1 soon after the restart. The Regimental Team tried desperately hard to equalise but the Ordnance Corps team held on to their lead until the end. This was a great disappointment to our team, but we were obviously taking on a good side, as we have since heard that they, later defeated the R.A.P.C. Depot who were the finalist in last year's Army Cup.

The following have played regularly for the Regimental Team: 'A' Company: L.-Cpls Beasley and Quartermain, Rfn Rogers, Knowles and Ryder.

'B' Company: Cpl Hall, Rfn Davidson and Wynes.

'C' Company: Pte Cansdale (R.A.P.C.).

SP Company: L.-Cpl Cox (Capt.), Rfn Makepeace.

H.Q. Company: L.-Cpls Codling and Hookham, Rfn Lawton, Jones (38) and Bush.

An inter-Company league has been running throughout the season in which each company plays all other companies twice. This has of course been very popular, and some desperately keen games have been played. 'B' Company went off to a flying start and had the best record in the early games but recently 'A' and 'Sp' Companies have been challenging strongly and the eventual placings are still very open. The league positions at the time of going to press are as follows:

	P.	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	Pts
'A' Company	5	3	1	1	20	10	7
H.Q. 2 Company	5	2	2	1	24	19	6
'Sp.' Company	5	2	2	1	23	22	6
'B' Company	6	3	0	3	24	25	6
'C' Company	6	2	2	2	15	20	6
H.Q. 3 Company	5	0	1	4	11	21	1

## HOCKEY

Since returning to the U.K. the Regimental Team has not managed to maintain its fine form of last season in Cyprus. In part this can be put down to the strangeness of playing on muddy grounds in a cold climate, but its cause is more probably due to the increasing age of many of our more experienced players and to the loss on posting of one or two of our previous younger stars.

However, despite our poor record of successes, the team have enjoyed their games and there have been sufficient players available to run two teams on the same day.

In the Army Cup we were beaten in the First Round by our opponents of Cyprus days—1st D.L.I.—after a close struggle played in torrential rain throughout in Devonshire. However, the wonderful hospitality we received more than made up for the disappointment of losing to them for the first time in recent years.

We still survive in the Salisbury Plain District Cup, having defeated the Depot of the Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment by 5—3 after extra time and after being 3 goals to 1 down with ten minutes left to play. This victory was largely due to the finishing skill of Captain Cracknell who will be sorely missed now that he has left us for the Staff College.

Of our other games, perhaps the one we enjoyed most was that against the Green Jackets Depot. It was good to play with Colonel Martin, Major Hay-Will, Lieut. Pascoe and the late 2nd Lieut Orr-Deas again, and before the game was over we were indeed sorry that they were not still available to play for the Regiment.

The Regimental Team was: Rfn Lloyd (*goal*); Major (Q.M.) Cox and R.S.M. Shepherd (*backs*); Rfn Reason, Major Gerahty (*Capt.*) and W.O.1 Kenney (*halves*); Capt. Cracknell, C.-Sjt Alcock, Sjt McCracken, Capt. Elliott and Sjt Cowan (*forwards*)

## 1ST XI RESULTS

1 Somerset L.I.	Away	Lost	1—3
18 Med. Regt R.A.	Away	Won	5—3
Green Jackets Depot	Away	Drawn	2—2
1 D.E.R.R.	Home	Lost	0—1
Depot R.A.P.C.	Home	Lost	1—6
1 D.L.I.	Away	Lost	0—2
Depot D.E.R.R.	Away	Won	5—3

## 2ND XI RESULTS

27 Command Workshops	Away	Drawn	0—0
School of Infantry	Away	Won	3—2
C.C.D., School of Infantry	Away	Lost	3—5

## CYCLING CLUB

On the initiative of Rfn Hutchins of the Orderly Room, a cycling Officer was appointed in the last few weeks before the Regiment moved from Warminster to Knook. The first meeting of the Club was held at Knook on 21st October, and since that date the Club has met on a number of occasions. The membership of the Club has remained low, but this is amply compensated by the enthusiasm of those who have joined, most of whom have some racing experience already. The Club Hut is slowly growing into a workshop-cum-meeting room, and contains several bicycles as well as wall-posters and magazines. In the very near future we hope to acquire an indoor training machine which will enable members to keep fit even in the foulest weather conditions outside. Our first fixture is on 20th January, an indoor racing meeting at Tidworth for which there are four individual entries. The first road racing fixture is in April when it is intended to enter a team in the Regimental colours. By the time the next issue of the JOURNAL is due, we hope to be able to record a flourishing membership and a number of successes on the road.



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

Our last notes finished with an account of Annual Camp. It was shortly after this that we learned for certain that our Camp in 1960 was to be at the Army School of Civil Defence at Millom, Cumberland. After the summer lull, when both Volunteers and Permanent Staff stopped soldiering for a few weeks and drew breath, we turned our minds to the problems of Civil Defence Training.

Of course the pessimists gave full vent to their gloomy outlook and forecast that we would lose Volunteers. 'We've joined the T.A.' they said, 'to do a bit of soldiering, not to be . . . pick and shovel boys for the Civil Defence.' Readers may have heard this before. Readers may also be interested to hear that there has been a fairly constant stream of Volunteers on the move, not out of, but into the unit. So sucks and boo to the pessimists! and three cheers for the optimists, who say that you can interest men in anything provided that the training is made alive by using a spot of imagination!

There has been movement amongst the Permanent Staff Instructors as well. Protesting (but not half as loudly as their Company Commanders), they have been packed off on Light Rescue Courses. A great deal of ticking has been heard since they returned—not of the usual type, but the noise of Survey Meters reacting to radio active sources. The T.A. Centres are a bustle of activity, again, not the usual bustle, but that caused by reluctant Volunteers being lowered off the roof, strapped to stretcher, and by others trying to master the intricacies of the Chair Knot. St John's Ambulance Instructors, Civil Defence Wardens, Policemen, Firemen—all can be seen at our T.A. Centres, all doing their best to send us off to Camp with a fair chance of acquitting ourselves well.

We have not neglected our conventional military training. We are mastering the complications of Green Jackets drill. We have found that our shooting results do not fulfil the requirements of our star grading, and this is being put to rights. We are running centralized training for recruits who have no previous military service, and hope that we may be forgiven if we mention that our forty vacancies are over-subscribed. Our Officers are being trained in various aspects of military life. We have just finished a Signal Cadre which has been run most ably by Capt. Daniel, our Signals Officer. In fact we have something on most evenings and every week-end. We wonder how our wives stand the pace!

We were delighted to hear of the award of the M.B.E. to C.S.M. Hickman of 'B' Company in the Birthday Honours List. This was presented to him by H.M. The Queen early in November. C.S.M. Hickman has served with this Battalion since 1933, and is still game for anything. His drive and energy is helping to build 'B' Company up, and they have enlisted eight Volunteers in the last four months. Carry on, Serjeant-Major!

Recruiting is ever in our thoughts, we had a mighty rush of blood to the head in November when thirty-one new recruits were enlisted. We got out our slide rule and reckoned that we could fill our higher establishment within two years if this rate of progress was maintained. However, this gratifying increase proved to be a flash in the pan, and we are now content with a steady trickle

of enlistments, plus a pleasing percentage of re-engagements, minus a meticulous weeding out of absent friends. The net result is a strength of over three hundred plus a gradual raising of standards. We rest content with this.

A more detailed account of our activities will be found in the *Chronicle*, so we ask to be excused if this letter is short and rather general. In finishing, however, we would ask readers to help us solve a few mysteries that have baffled us so far.

1. Who is the C.Q.M.S. whose left ear is cleaner than his right due to his walking through the beaten zone of a fire hose?
2. Who is the Serjeant who found that the distance between the bank of the Cherwell and an assault boat became wider than the span of his legs?
3. Who is the officer who received a letter from a Continental hotelier saying, 'There is a French widow in every room, offering delightful prospects'?

## ROLL OF OFFICERS

### *Battalion Headquarters*

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

### *Headquarter Company*

Major R. F. Barnes  
Captain J. Daniel  
Capt. K. H. Lander  
2nd Lieut. N. J. Owen

### *Supply Company*

Major J. R. Hollis  
Captain A. E. Smith, T.D.  
Capt. C. C. Simpson  
Lieut. C. A. Pasternak  
Lieut. B. T. Wilde  
2nd Lieut. Whitfeld

### *'A' Company*

Major H. A. R. Long  
Captain R. J. Thomas  
Lieut. J. C. Adnitt  
Lieut. G. P. Blaker  
Lieut. J. P. M. Denny

### *'B' Company*

Captain P. J. Robinson  
Lieut. Moisey (att. for trg)  
Lieut. D. B. Rice (att. for trg)

### *'C' Company*

Major R. W. Battley  
Captain J. C. Gardner

### *'D' Company*

Major E. R. Smith  
Captain R. V. Sale  
Lieut. T. Clarke

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## THE GREEN JACKETS BRIGADE DEPOT NOTES

How many articles appearing in Regimental Journals are prefaced with the words, 'this has been a busy time for all of us'. No one else really believes it. In any case by tradition Depots are havens of rest. Underworked, overstaffed and essentially egoistical. Therefore no one save ourselves is really expected to believe us when, in conformity with tradition we say 'we have been busy'.

The Brigade Colonel, Brigadier J. F. C. Mellor, D.S.O., O.B.E., K.R.R.C., left us in August to be succeeded by Colonel R. A. St G. Martin, O.B.E., Lieut.-Colonel R. A. Flower, M.C., R.B., continues as Deputy Commandant and Commanding Officer of the Depot. The Adjutant, Captain P. E. Willis-Fleming, K.R.R.C., left in August and his place was taken by Captain S. E. Thistlethwayte, 43rd and 52nd. Major M. G. Hay-Will, 43rd and 52nd continues in command of Headquarters Company and the Brigade Boys' Wing, and Major J. H. Hanscombe, R.B., similarly continues in Command of Training Company. The 2nd I.C.s of both Companies, Captain M. W. M. Tarleton, R.B. and Captain J. W. Mason, K.R.R.C., left to be succeeded in Headquarter Company in April 1960 by Captain D. J. Rambsotham, R.B., and in Training Company by Captain P. B. Mitford-Slade, K.R.R.C. Both Major (Q.M.) H. P. Edwards, M.B.E., K.R.R.C., and Major E. A. Peake, 43rd and 52nd, our Quartermaster and P.S.O. are still in office.

Though this account should properly open in July because it is the first of its kind, we would like to take you back to the beginning of the year when in January the Depot took its new title, the Green Jackets Brigade Depot. Simultaneously, it took a drastic reduction in establishment. However, dismayed but undaunted, we opened the year with victory for the football team in the Southampton Wednesday League. Followed shortly and very properly with a conclusive win in the Aldershot District Rifle Meeting. The minute team of four that went on to represent the Depot at Bisley acquitted itself well to bring home the Worcestershire and Lindley Cup. Green Jacket week had hardly passed in a flurry of activity when with depressed resignation we started on the annual administrative 'spring clean'. All went well and our hearts gladdened to the tersely expressive 'Very good'. Towards the close of the year the boys came momentarily into the limelight when their football team suddenly leapt into the finals of the Army boys' football minor units league, only to be beaten in a very close match. At the year's close small-bore shooting, football and hockey with quiet dogged effort began to attract attention. Almost before anyone became aware of the fact, the hockey team won the Aldershot District Minor Units Hockey Knock-out Competition and now goes on into the Southern Command semi-finals. The football team lies second in the Southampton Wednesday League and the Small-bore 'A' and 'B' teams lie second and top in their respective divisions of the Hampshire League.

All the while, less spectacularly, the sausage machine has churned out its finished products for consumption by insatiable regiments. At the beginning of the year six platoons were under training. This figure has gradually mounted to the present unprecedented and, we hope, never to be equalled thirteen platoons. This growth has placed an enormous burden on Training Company and

the Depot as a whole. It should not be forgotten that the establishment is designed for three platoons.

Thus with some justification we can honestly say, 'we have been busy'.

## SERGEANTS' MESS

We commence our notes with a trip to Epsom Downs in June for a day at the Derby. This proved, as in the past, to be a first-class way of spending a day (and some money), we were most fortunate in having one of those scorching June days which we dream about but seldom get. The coach was well stocked with everything necessary for such a trip, and the buffet lunch provided by our Caterer Serjeant Cox was the envy of passers by (we expected to get a large rush of recruits next day). However, at the end of the day, no fortunes had been won, or lost, and all agreed that every endeavour should be made to go again next year.

Since our last publication the Regiment has returned from Cyprus, and consequently we have had the pleasure of entertaining, and being entertained by Regimental Serjeant-Major Shepherd and his Mess members.

To name the main events: during Green Jackets Week in July we were entertained on the Parade Ground by the Massed Bands of the Green Jackets Brigade to a combined concert and sounding of Retreat which was greatly appreciated by all. Later in the week we had our Mess Ball in the Guildhall to which the Officers and Serjeants' Mess members of the Regiment were invited, this went off with quite a 'swing', aided we think by the 'primer' which was issued at the door to all on arrival.

In October we paid a visit to the Mess at Tidworth for a Games Evening, and although we came out very well on results at the end of the evening, we lost the gallon on darts after a very exciting finish.

Our next get-together with the Regimental Mess was in November, the Regiment by this time being established at Warminster. The Regimental Serjeant-Major and several members, including all available 43rd and 52nd members, visited the Mess at Warminster for cocktails and were rather hard put to disengage themselves from the battle.

To round off the year we had our usual festivities ending with the Christmas Draw which was excellently organized by W.O. II Vessey and his Committee.

The members of the Regiment now in Brigade Depot Mess are: R.Q.M.S. Hinton, Serjeants Towns, Dannan, Green and Rowden. Serjeants Morgan and Hill who were here have returned to the Regiment, and Colour-Serjeant Musty is expected to join us in the near future.

## OLD COMRADES

### REUNIONS 1959

THE London Reunion took place at the Headquarters of the 21st S.A.S. Regiment (Artists) T.A., Dukess Road, Euston, W.C.1, on Saturday, 10th October. Ninety-five members attended and spent a very enjoyable evening. We again were fortunate in having a small string orchestra from the Royal Horse Guards (The Blues) to play a selection of music during the evening. Their smart uniforms added a splash of colour to the gathering



O.C.A. LONDON REUNION—10th October 1959

Mr P. May, M.B.E.

R.S.M. H. Lay, D.C.M., M.M.

Lieut.-Colonel F. Clare, M.B.E., D.C.M.

R.S.M. A. Clare

Major J. W. Meade

assembled in the comfortable and well furnished room in which the reunion is held. An excellent buffet supper was provided by the Club steward.

We were pleased to have with us the following Officers: The Colonel of the Regiment Major-General Sir John Winterton, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.B.E., Lieut.-General Sir Gerald Lathbury, K.C.B., D.S.O., M.B.E., Colonels P. Booth, R. A. St G. Martin, O.B.E., Lieut.-Colonels F. Clare, M.B.E., D.C.M., R. B. Crosse, D.S.O., M. N. Harbottle, O.B.E., E. H. Whitfeld, M.C., Majors C. A. Brown, P. J. Durant, M.B.E., J. W. Meade, J. L. Naimaster, R. H. L. Philpin, Captains F. S. Barrow, A. H. Morley, R. O. Scott, Lieut. C. T. O'Neill.

Major D. O. Dixon (retired), Royal Army Educational Corps, was the guest of the Association. From 1923 to 1925 he was Educational Instructor at the Regimental Depot when he was a regular contributor to the JOURNAL. The present number contains an article by him and it is hoped that others will follow.

A telegram of good wishes was received during the evening from General Sir Bernard Paget.

The two oldest Old Comrades present were Mr A. W. Slaymaker, aged 82, who has a long record of voluntary service in the Regiment. As a member of the old 4th

Oxford Militia Battalion he volunteered for service with the 43rd in South Africa and received the Queen's medal with clasps Cape Colony, Orange Free State and Transvaal, and the King's Medal with clasps S.A. 1901 and S.A. 1902. In the First World War he arrived at the 52nd early in 1915 and served with it throughout the war. He never misses a reunion whether held in London or at Oxford.

The next oldest Old Comrade was Regimental Serjeant-Major Alfred Clare (OX/5338), the brother of Lieut.-Colonel F. Clare. He served in the Regiment from 1896 to 1918, and saw active service with the 52nd, in the N.W. Frontier campaign 1897-98 and with the 43rd in the South African war.

This reunion is always very enjoyable and it is a pity more members do not go to it.

The Oxford Reunion was held on Saturday, 7th November and 296 were present. As the Regimental Depot has moved to Winchester, this reunion can no longer be held at Cowley Barracks and, therefore, this year it took place at the new Territorial Army Headquarters at Marston Road, Oxford.

Although a visit to Cowley Barracks for the reunion was a great attraction the change to the T.A. Headquarters is all for the good as it is more conveniently

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situated and the amenities are considerably better than those at the barracks. The room in which the reunion is held is well lighted and centrally heated. The modern fittings make the room attractive and it is nicely furnished. We are grateful to the permanent staff of the Territorial Battalion for their co-operation and help as they took on the various jobs that previously were undertaken by the Depot staff.

The T.A. Battalion Band under their Bandmaster, Mr Bagwell, played a programme of music during the evening which was much appreciated. The members of the Band had to be collected from various villages in the County and as there was a rather dense fog that night some of them had a very unpleasant journey.

The Annual General Meeting took place immediately before the reunion. Lieut.-Colonel F. Clare, the Vice-Chairman, presided.

The Reunion this year was notable for the much larger attendance of members who belong to the younger generation, which is a good sign. We also were pleased to see a party from the Regiment at Warminster. Officers present were: The Colonel of the Regiment, Colonels H. J. C. Ducat-Hamersley, R. A. St G. Martin, O.B.E., Lieut.-Colonels F. Clare, M.B.E., D.C.M., R. B. Crosse, D.S.O., J. Granville, M. N. Harbottle, O.B.E., D. H. Morris, T.D., J. H. Lawton Smith, M.B.E., T.D., W. A. Ramsay, Majors A. V. Brown, R. A. Colville, T.D., F. J. Connell, S. A. G. Cox, M.B.E., P. T. Durant, M.B.E., M. G. A. Hay-Will, E. R. R. Hicks, G. Montague-Jones, T.D., R. H. L. Philpin, J. A. Ruck Keene, Captains B. Cox, W. M. Cracknell, B. Dudley, P. J. Palmer, N. L. Smith, Lieut. W. T. Aldsworth.

During the evening the Colonel of the Regiment made a presentation to Lieut.-Colonel F. Clare of a writing desk, which was the gift of the members of the Old Comrades' Association in recognition of his work for the Association during the past fourteen years. The Colonel then addressed the gathering and spoke of the activities of the regular and the Territorial Battalion during the past year, and in particular the situation with regard to recruiting. He requested the members to do all they could to help and encourage suitable young men to enlist on a regular engagement in the Regiment or to become Territorial soldiers.

Fog caused some members to be absent from the reunion. Lieut.-Colonel E. H. Whitfield, M.C., a regular attender, telephoned to say that he could not undertake the journey and a letter was received from Major D. C. Taylor to say that he, Major P. N. Janes and Captain D. W. Sutherland started their journey from London but the fog was too much and they were obliged to give up.

*Note.*—Several requests have been received from members asking for the Oxford reunion to take place in October because of the foggy weather that is usually experienced during November. The Oxford reunion this year, therefore, will take place at the T.A. Headquarters on Saturday, 22nd October.

Members will be sorry to learn that Mr Martin, our very efficient Hon. Secretary, left his employment at Regimental Headquarters in November last year to take up employment as a clerk with Morris Exports. He was quite happy in his work but the conditions of his salary under Civil Service Regulations compelled him to make the change. It is unnecessary to go into details but these conditions, although no doubt necessary in some cases, worked very unfairly for him.

Mr Martin was an excellent Hon. Secretary and he took a great interest in his work. His efficiency and pleasant manner won for him the admiration of all those who came in contact with him. He is a sad loss and we wish him every success in his new employment.

Another old member of the Regiment has entered the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, as an in-Pensioner. He is Serjeant Alfred Thomas Green (OX/5821), aged 81 years, who enlisted on 17th October 1898 and took his discharge on 31st October 1910. He served with the 43rd in the South African war receiving the Queen's medal with clasps Paardeberg, Dreifontein and Relief of Kimberley. He also served in the Royal Hampshire Regiment 3-9-14 to 3-11-16. The Royal Field Artillery 4-11-16 to 17-10-20 and the Royal Army Pay Corps from 18-10-20 to 17-10-24. Medals 1915 Star, British War Medal and the Victory Medal.

Serjeant Green has written to say he is quite happy in the Royal Hospital. He previously lived at Portsmouth and at Fareham.

#### THE ACTIVITIES OF THE SOUTH BUCKS AREA OLD COMRADES' 'GET-TOGETHER' ASSOCIATION

The Entertainment Committee excelled themselves at a social held at the Barracks, High Wycombe, during October. The arrangements made by that very efficient body gave no cause for complaint from anyone.

The ladies were particularly vigilant in trotting round the tables with ample supplies of sandwiches, etc. very tastefully cut to tempt the appetites of their men-folk; though it must be added very little urging was required.

The Secretary, Alf Hazell, manipulated the housey-house numbers with a skill born of long experience, possibly within the period of his Regimental career; however, a nice little profit was made for the Funds, and a few pockets were filled for the winners.

Heartfelt thanks from all who were present are due to Mr Badrick for his excellent arrangements which ensured the comfort of all those who attended.

The Annual General Meeting held early in the year brought a surprise to all members who attended. At the election of the Officers for the year Mr Alf Hazell announced that, owing to his very poor health, he would not seek re-election and hoped that another comrade would take up the task. After we had recovered from the shock of the announcement the business proceeded with the election of Mr Turney as Chairman, the re-election of the Treasurer, and the election of Mr Dan Regan as Secretary, so everything is organized for the coming year.

Tribute was paid to Alf Hazell who founded this Get-together Association with the help of other stalwarts on 8th January 1955. Alf was the moving spirit and the Group progressed until the meetings became events to be looked forward to. He spared himself no effort to make our gatherings a pleasure to all, especially the womenfolk who seemed to carry away most of the prizes. Alf obtained the prizes for raffles and tombolas from generous donors using his able gift of persuasion.

The members gave a very sincere vote of thanks to Alf with the profound wish that his health would improve. We were also sorry to learn that Mr Martin has resigned as Hon. Secretary of the Old Comrades' Association but he has not gone far away and we hope to see him again at the Oxford reunion and trust that he is happy in his new employment.

E. P. REGAN (DAN), *Secretary.*



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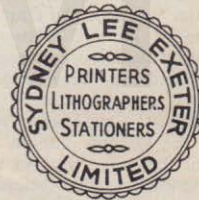
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## Obituaries

COLONEL JOHN ARTHUR BALLARD of Over Worton House, Over Worton, near Chipping Norton, died at his home on 1st November 1959 after a short illness. He was 81.

Those who served with the 1/4th Battalion of the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry remember him as the adjutant of the T.A. battalion who took it overseas.

Colonel Ballard was the son of a soldier and joined the Army after going to Eton. He went into the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, as it was then, in 1897, and served in the South African War and throughout the first World War, which he ended as a Battalion Commander.

After leaving the Army he maintained his connection with the T.A. until 1928.

He was made a magistrate in 1924, sitting first at Woodstock and then at Deddington, for some years as chairman. He was Deputy-Lieutenant for Oxfordshire.

A great lover of horses and a keen follower of hounds, he was for many years a member of the Heythrop Hunt.

MR RICHARD GEORGE JONES, D.C.M. (OX/10053), died on 7th September 1959, aged 66 years. He enlisted on 7th July 1914, and was drafted to the 52nd in France in the following November. He was awarded the Distinguished Conduct Medal for going out alone in daylight at Richebourg on 11th May 1915 and bringing in a man lying in No-mans-land who had been badly wounded in an action two days previously.

In January 1916 Jones was discharged as no longer fit for service due to wounds received in action. In 1921 he emigrated to Australia where he was a cattle drover. He returned to England in September 1953 on account of ill health and for the past three years he had been a permanent resident at the British Legion Home, Halsey House, Cromer.

He possessed the following medals which his brother has presented to the Regimental Museum: D.C.M., 1914-15 Star, British War Medal, Victory Medal.

SERGEANT JAMES HONE (OX/4996) died at the Star and Garter Home for Disabled Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen, Richmond, Surrey, on 18th December 1959. He had been an inmate of the Home for the past three years and died a few days before his 85th birthday.

MR WILLIAM JOHN BOWDEN (Jerry) OX/7171 died at his home, 'Nilgirie', Morrell Avenue, Oxford, on 30th September 1959, after a long illness, aged 74 years.

He enlisted in October 1902 and in the next year was drafted to the 43rd in India. He proceeded with the Regiment to Mesopotamia but early in 1916 was invalided back to India with Beri-beri. Later in that year he was posted to the newly-formed 43rd in Mesopotamia and served with it throughout the campaign. He returned to England in 1919 and remained with the 43rd until he took his discharge to pension in 1923. He was promoted Warrant-Officer Class II in 1917 and was twice Mentioned in Despatches (*London Gazette*, 2-11-17 and 7-2-19).

On taking his discharge he became a member of the 4th Battalion (T.A.) and was employed in the Orderly Room. In the war of 1939-45 he held a Commission in the Oxford Home Guard.



C.S.M. W. BOWDEN

Medals: 1914-15 Star, British War Medal, Victory Medal, Long Service and Good Conduct Medal and the Defence Medal.

He was cremated at the Oxford Crematorium on 2nd October. Lieut.-Colonel F. Clare, M.B.E., D.C.M., attended and represented the Old Comrades' Association.

Bowden was a first class soldier and after leaving the Service he continued to take the greatest interest in the Regiment and was a member of the Old Comrades' Association. He had a very long illness which he bore cheerfully. He is survived by his widow and two sons.

MR HORACE THURGOOD (CACK) died at his home at Beckenham, Kent, on 10th September 1959 after an illness which lasted for two years, aged 60 years.

He enlisted on 19th March 1915 and took his discharge after completing his period of engagement on 18th March 1924, when he joined the London Metropolitan Police in which he served for twenty-five years. On retiring from the police force he was employed as security officer at a factory in Beckenham. He was a member of the Old Comrades' Association and although for the past two years his illness prevented him from attending the reunions he continued to take a great interest in the activities of the Association.

He was cremated at Beckenham on 15th September.  
Medals: British War and Victory Medal.

LIEUT.-COLONEL REGINALD COAD, O.B.E., M.M., died at his home at Portsmouth, on 24th February 1960, aged 69 years. He had been in very indifferent health for some years, brought on by long service in India.

He was commissioned into the Regiment from the Royal Army Medical Corps on 22nd February 1917, and fought on the Western Front with the 6th Battalion. He was invalided to England in October of the same year and in November 1918 he joined the 52nd with which he served in Germany, Ireland and India.

In 1928 he was transferred to the Indian Army in the Special List of Quartermasters and appointed to the 10th Battalion, 5th Maharatta Light Infantry.

During his service with the Regiment he did a great deal for all ranks by his organization and enthusiasm for games, particularly swimming.

He regularly attended the Regimental Dinner and the 52nd Officers (First World War) luncheon, and since he retired took a great interest in all Regimental affairs.

Cremation took place at the Woking Crematorium on 1st March. The following Officers of the Regiment attended: Colonel R. A. St G. Martin, O.B.E., and representing the Colonel of the Regiment, Colonel P. Booth also representing Lieut.-Colonel E. H. Whitfeld, M.C., and Major J. L. Portal, D.S.O., Lieut.-Colonel F. Clare, M.B.E., D.C.M., representing Regimental Headquarters, and Lieut.-Colonel C. L. C. Ward.

A bugler of the Regiment from the Green Jackets Brigade Depot, Winchester, sounded the Last Post and Reveille.

MR FREDERICK CHARLES SIBLEY died peacefully at his home in Oxford on 28th February 1960, aged 76. Well known to older soldiers as the Pioneer-Serjeant of the 52nd from 1907 to 1914, he enlisted for the Regiment in London as OX/6362 on 18th June 1900.

After a tour of duty at the Depot, he rejoined the 52nd as a corporal from the School of Military Engineering, Chatham, early in 1907 and, having qualified there, was at once promoted and appointed Pioneer-Serjeant, in which capacity he served continuously at Tidworth, Shorncliffe and Aldershot, and embarked for France with the 52nd in August 1914.

He was present with the Regiment until 3rd November, when the rearward services and first line transport, which had been parked at the road and railway crossing known later as Hellfire Corner, were heavily shelled, and Lieut. Brett, transport officer, the Regimental Quartermaster-Serjeant, the Bugle-Major, the Pioneer-Serjeant and the Orderly Room Clerk were wounded. The two last mentioned, Serjeants Sibley and Smith, suffered leg amputations.

Then and thus Mr Sibley's active soldiering ended, and there began a period of almost perpetual pain which was to endure for the rest of his life, and which frequent operations and periods in hospital seemed able to do little to alleviate.

Yet he never gave in. That was not the way of his kind. Appointed to the staff of the Ashmolean Museum, he held the post for forty years, meanwhile busying himself with the welfare of ex-Servicemen by becoming a founder-member of the Comrades of the Great War and then honorary secretary of the British Legion in Oxford after the merging of the two organizations in 1921. This



MR F. C. SIBLEY

position he held till 1950, when in recognition of his services he became a life Vice-President. It is pleasant to note how all these his services brought many marks of appreciation.

To one who has known him well from the Tidworth days to a happy afternoon at his home in November 1959, when his one regret was that he could not come on to the Old Comrades' gathering the same evening, there come so many memories of a soldier of the old pattern, setting duty and the Regimental honour before all things, always ready to help, to oblige and to instruct, and bearing for forty-five years with a courage and fortitude which only those of his own household can have known, the constant suffering from those wounds of one of the 52nd's black days of 1914.

So passes a great Pioneer-Serjeant, like the greatest light infantryman of all time, 'from the tyranny of pain to the gentle dominion of death', respected and honoured by all who knew him.

The funeral service was held at the Church of St Mary Magdalene on 3rd March, followed by cremation at the Oxford Crematorium. In addition to the family mourners there was a large congregation of friends and representatives of several organizations with which Mr Sibley had been connected. The Ashmolean Museum was represented by the Keeper, Sir Karl Parker, Dr C. H. V. Sutherland and Mr C. T. Lilley (Secretary). The Regiment was represented by Lieut.-Colonel F. Clare, M.B.E., D.C.M.

R.C.

## Notices

### LIGHT INFANTRY CLUB, 1960

May 20th and 21st.—Annual Golf Meeting at Camberley Heath.

June 4th.—Light Infantry Club 'At Home', Shrewsbury. September 24th.—Autumn Golf Meeting.

October 14th.—Light Infantry Club Annual Dinner at the United Services Club.

October 15th and 16th.—Annual Squash Competition, Bath Club.

### BRITISH LEGION

From many letters received at British Legion Headquarters, it would appear that their Overseas Wreath Laying and Photographic Service is still not widely known. The service enables relatives of the fallen to obtain photographs of individual headstones, memorials and cemeteries, and to have Poppy Wreaths placed on graves or at memorials when desired. At present more than 3,000 wreaths are placed each year at the request of relatives, and a similar number of photographs is obtained annually.

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### 'THE JOURNAL'

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Contributions to the *JOURNAL* are welcome. They should be typed if possible with double spacing. If photographs are sent they will be returned after use.

### BOOKS

The following may be obtained from the Secretary, Regimental Committee:

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*A Short History of the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry 1741-1922* by Lieut.-Colonel R. B. Crosse, D.S.O., price 1s. 6d.

*A Record of the 52nd in 1914* by Lieut.-Colonel R. B. Crosse, D.S.O. Price 10s. bound in stiff cloth covers.



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