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Lieut.-Colonel D. G. House, O.B.E., M.C.
Commanding 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd

Chronicle of
1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd
and
The Oxfordshire and
Buckinghamshire Light Infantry
1964

An Annual Record

Compiled and Edited

by

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. B. JARVIS

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- N. E. Shaw, Esq., The Green Jackets Brigade Depôt, Winchester.
- Major M. G. Shewell, M.C., c/o Coutts Bank Ltd, 6 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.
- Major C. St C. Simmons, 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd, H.Q. 5 Inf. Bde Group, Jellalabad Barracks, Tidworth, Hants.
- Major J. St C. Simmons, The Green Jackets Brigade Depôt, Winchester.
- Captain C. C. Simpson, The White House, Rooks Hill, Underriver, Sevenoaks, Kent.

- Colonel J. B. Slade-Baker, Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.
 Major S. C. P. Slattery, c/o Lloyds Bank Ltd, 6 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.
 Major K. J. Smith, 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd.
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 Captain N. L. Smith, Woodlands, Woodgreen, Witney, Oxon.
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 Major P. J. Somers, 65 Grange Close, Banbury, Oxon.
 Major J. S. Southey, Tintenhall Court, Yeovil, Somerset.
 Major G. C. Stacey, Bradbury Cottage, Fyfield, Andover, Hants.
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 T. E. F. Taylor, Esq., 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd.
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 Captain D. H. Whinney, South Moreton Manor, Didcot, Berks.
 Major G. J. F. White, M.B.E., Longacre, Andover Road, Winchester, Hants.
 Captain A. P. Whitfeld, 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd.
 Lieut.-Colonel E. H. Whitfeld, M.C., St Ann's, Mere, Wiltshire.
 Colonel G. E. Whittall, M.C., 73 Clarewood Court, Seymour Place, London, W.1.
 Major J. B. Wigdor, Carlton Hotel, North Bridge, Edinburgh.
 Major M. C. Wiggins, T.D., 111 Clidesden Road, Basingstoke, Hants.
 Major-General Sir John Winterton, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., C.B.E., Craven Lodge, Speen, Newbury, Berks.
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 Major D. J. Wood, M.B.E., 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd, M.A. to Chief of Staff, H.Q., B.A.O.R., B.F.P.O. 40.
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Wilts.

Officers' Mess, 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd.

The P.R.I., 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd.

Serjeants' Mess, 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd.

Officers' Mess, The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry
(T.A.), Headington Hill T.A. Centre, Marston Road, Oxford.

Serjeants' Mess, The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry
(T.A.), Headington Hill T.A. Centre, Marston Road, Oxford.

The City Librarian, Oxford City Library, Oxford.

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Oxon.

PREFACE

The Editor invites subscribers to offer articles of Regimental or general interest for publication in the CHRONICLE. Such contributions should be typed with double spacing between the lines and must reach Regimental H.Q., Cowley Barracks, Oxford, not later than 1st February each year. Photographs to illustrate articles would be welcome.

The Editor does not necessarily agree or disagree with facts stated or opinions expressed.

Reviews of new books in which the Regiment is frequently mentioned are of particular interest.

A loose leaf register of the services of officers who received regular commissions after the beginning of Hitler's War does not exist, and the Editor would therefore be grateful to a subscriber who would undertake this task. The Editor maintains a register of officers who were commissioned before that date and will do his best to answer any enquiries that subscribers care to make of him.

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MAJOR C. H. POWELL	

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LIEUT.-COLONEL L. L. PARGITER

MAJOR C. J. LAMBERT

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R.S.M. D. HORNBLOWER

CARTOON BY JAK

LIEUT.-COLONEL P. E. GERAHTY, M.B.E.

PEGASUS BRIDGE, 1964

A MORNING'S CATCH AT MALINDI

"LADY OF THE LAKE"

PERHAM DOWN, 1913

THE SIR JOHN MOORE DIAMOND STAR

OBITUARIES—

MAJOR C. T. MOODY

COLONEL E. SCOTT

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1st GREEN JACKETS, 43rd and 52nd

A bugle horn strangled

"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, 1900-02."

The Great War—17 Battalions.—"Mons," "Retreat from Mons," "Marne, 1914," "Aisne, 1914," "Ypres 1914, '17," "Langemarck, 1914, '17," "Gheluvelt," "Nonne Bosschen," "Aubers," "Festubert, 1915," "Hooge, 1915," "Loos," "Mount Sorrel," "Somme, 1916, '18," "Albert, 1916, '18," "Bazentin," "Delville Wood," "Pozières," "Guillemont," "Fiers-Courcellette," "Morval," "Le Transloy," "Ancre Heights," "Ancre, 1916," "Bapaume, 1917, '18," "Arras, 1917," "Vimy, 1917," "Scarpe, 1917," "Arleux," "Menin Road," "Polygon Wood," "Broodseinde," "Poelcappelle," "Passchendaele," "Cambrai, 1917, '18," "St. Quentin," "Rosières," "Avre," "Lys," "Hazebrouck," "Béthune," "Hindenburg Line," "Havrincourt," "Canal du Nord," "Selle," "Valenciennes," "France and Flanders, 1914-18," "Piave," "Vittorio Veneto," "Italy, 1917-18," "Doiran, 1917, '18," "Macedonia, 1915-18," "Kut al Amara, 1915," "Ctesiphon," "Defence of Kut al Amara," "Tigris, 1916," "Khan Baghdadi," "Mesopotamia, 1914-18," "Archangel, 1919."

The Second World War—"Defence of Escaut," "Cassel," "Ypres-Comines Canal," "Normandy Landing," "Pegasus Bridge," "Caen," "Esquay," "Lower Maas," "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."

Agents—Lloyds Bank Limited, Cox's & King's Branch.

Regimental Headquarters—Cowley Barracks, Oxford.

Regimental Journal—"The Gorget," Cowley Barracks, Oxford.

Regimental Association—Cowley Barracks, Oxford.

For Record Office Exeter

For Regimental Pay Office Taunton

Jacket—Dark Green. Trousers—Blue. Piping—White. Facing Colour—White.

Allied Regiment of New Zealand Army
The Hauraki RegimentAllied Regiment of Australian Military Forces
Western Australia University RegimentColonel Commandant ... Lathbury, Gen. Sir Gerald, G.C.B., D.S.O., M.B.E., A.D.C.,
i.d.c., p.s.c., Col. The Jamaica Regt., Col. Comdt. Para. ... 31/12/60

Regular Army

Lieut.-Colonels

Sweeney, H. J., M.C., p.s.c.,
f.s.c. (US) 12/1/62
Workman, R. R. W., j.s.c.c.,
p.s.c. 31/3/63
Gerahty, P. E., M.B.E., j.s.c.c.,
p.s.c. 1/4/63

Lieut.-Colonels (Employed List

(1)
Higgins, F. H. G., p.s.c., f.s.c.
(US) 7/12/58
Thompson, P. G., M.C., T.D.,
p.s.c. 19/10/60
Tillett, J. M. A., p.s.c. (T/Col.
22/11/63) 30/3/63
Newton, H. J. W., M.B.E., p.s.c.,
f.s.c. (US) 27/5/63

Lieut.-Colonel (Special List)

Hill, R. F. E., p.s.c. 21/1/64
26/5/58

Majors

Astley-Cooper, G. N. A., p.s.c.
30/1/49
Ballard, J. F., p.s.c. 28/1/50
Everett, P. K., p.s.c. 15/10/53
Blake, D. C. 12/1/57
Garcia, E. F. 22/1/57
Hicks, E. R. R., p.s.c. 5/2/57
Wood, D. J., M.B.E., j.s.c.c.
(US), p.s.c. 23/2/57
Dowden, R. S. C., j.s.c.c., p.s.c.
(local Lt.-Col. 4/6/62) 9/6/57

j Supernumerary.

Regular Army—*contd.*Majors—*contd.*

Pratt, O. G., j.s.c.c., p.s.c. 14/10/61
16/7/58
Greenlees, I. R. C., p.s.c. 4/10/58
Hay-Will, M. G. A. 8/7/59
Haddon, J. H. W., j.s.c.c., p.s.c.
27/9/59
Mitchell, P. W. 19/1/60
Byrne, T. D. R. D., p.s.c. 9/10/60
Pennell, M. R., M.B.E., p.s.c. 14/4/61
Chevis, W. S. C., p.s.c. 15/7/61
Colville, R. M., s.g. 23/8/61
Hinton, C. A. S., p.s.c. 22/12/61
Mostyn, J. D. F., M.B.E., p.s.c.
(local Lt.-Col. 9/12/63) 22/12/61
Stacey, G. C. 8/7/62
Cracknell, W. M., p.s.c. 14/7/62
Simmons, J. St C., p.s.c. 9/2/64
Leask, E. W. 11/3/64
Koe, R. M., v., p.s.c. 3/8/64

Captains

Balls, B. W. 8/2/58
Pascoe, R. A., p.s.c. (T/Maj.
16/1/64) 1/8/58
Eveleigh, J. R. G. N. 1/8/58
Simmons, C. St C., p.s.c. 6/2/59
Massy-Beresford, M. J., v. 4/2/61
Elliott, I. G. (T/Maj. 5/5/64) 31/5/61

Regular Army—*contd.*Captains—*contd.*

Smith, K. J. (T/Maj. 14/4/64) 14/10/61
Hartley, T. M. 16/12/61
Taylor, F. J. B. 7/7/62
Jones, C. E. W. (Adj. 21/12/63) 27/7/62
Pascoe, B. E. A. 15/11/62
Blaker, G. P. 2/3/63

Lieutenants

Goodwyn, J. G. C. (T/Capt. 5/2/63) 20/3/60
Bennett, N. C. 18/6/61
Sale, N. J. R. (T/Capt. 16/9/63) 18/6/61
Whitfield, A. P. (T/Capt. 17/9/63) 18/6/61

Prideaux, N. M. (T/Capt. 21/12/63) 18/8/61
Letts, R. D. 23/1/62
Mogg, J. N. B. 23/1/62
Gibson, N. W. (T/Capt. 1/4/63) 23/1/62
Theobalds, S. L. 16/6/62
Hay-Drummond-Hay, R. P. 4/9/62

Shaw, N. E. 22/6/63
Bayley, K. I. 22/6/63
Taylor, T. E. F. 4/2/64
Dumas, H. P. E. 21/6/64

2nd Lieutenants

Daunt, M. S. 21/12/62
Chamberlin, P. G. 2/8/63
Roberts, D. J. M. 2/8/63

Regular Army—contd.

Quartermasters
Clay, F., M.B.E. (Seconded to O.T.C.) 1/3/49
lt.-col. 4/7/62
Cox, B. 26/4/51
maj. 18/6/61
Cox, S. A. G., M.B.E. 21/1/54
maj. 21/11/54
Howland, A. J. 1/1/57
capt. 8/5/59
Stevenson, J., M.B.E., D.C.M. 1/4/61
capt. 1/4/63
Field, E. G., B.E.M. 23/9/63

Regular Army
Short Service Officers

Lieutenant
Meynell, C. M. (T/Capt. 10/12/62) 6/12/62

2nd Lieutenants
Hume-Rothery, R. 14/4/62
Green, A. F. 27/4/63
Robinson, T. M. 27/7/63
Gutteridge, R. H. S. 15/2/64
Lewis, S. M. J. 15/2/64
Darell-Brown, A. M. 2/5/64

Quartermasters
Brown, C. A. 3/11/44
maj. 11/4/57

Regular Army—contd.

Quartermasters—contd.
Welshman, S. F. 15/7/57
capt. 1/8/61

Extended Service Officers
Majors
Peake, E. A. (Emp. List (3)) 5/11/55
Bennett, J. P. (Emp. List (3)) 9/4/61

Captain
Morley, A. H. (T/Maj. 1/1/63) 1/11/49

Army Emergency Reserve
National Service Officers

Lieutenants
Scott, J. H. 11/8/61
Studholme-Wilson, S. 4/11/62

Territorial Army
The Oxfordshire and
Buckinghamshire Light Infantry

Majors
Battley, R. W., T.D. 12/11/54
Asser, R. K., T.D. 1/6/58
Lander, K. H. 16/1/61
Orton, S. W., T.D. 1/3/61
Thomas, R. J. 1/1/62

Territorial Army—contd.

Captains
Persson, A. N., E.R.D. 3/5/52
Simpson, C. C. 1/8/57
Gardner, J. C. (Res. of Off.) 1/11/59

Pasternak, C. A. 22/3/61
Jackson, W. D. 1/2/62
Robinson, D. M. 1/2/63
Leeming, M. W. 1/9/63
Denny, J. P. M. 1/11/63
Dawson, D. W. B. 22/11/63

Lieutenants
Adnitt, J. C. 17/10/57
Davies, A. J. 10/1/60
Von Maltzahn, E. J. C. R. 3/2/60

Phillips, C. A. 30/5/60
Symonds, M. D. 19/6/60
Norris, C. W. 24/4/61
Chapples, G. H. 22/4/62
Saint, J. P. 14/6/62
Stones, D. A. 17/3/63
Draper, R. A. 19/4/64

2nd Lieutenants
†Cross, J. S. 20/5/59
†Smirthwaite, C. J. 12/7/63
†Jones, F. R. 12/7/63
†Heaton, M. C. 23/9/63
†Theobald, R. C. 12/6/64
†Janes, E. H. 12/6/64
†On probation.

FORMER OFFICERS OF THE REGIMENT
ON THE ACTIVE LIST

31ST DECEMBER 1964

1ST GREEN JACKETS, 43RD AND 52ND

General Sir Gerald Lathbury, G.C.B., D.S.O., M.B.E., A.D.C.
Q.M.G. to the Forces.

General Sir Michael West, G.C.B., D.S.O., A.D.C.
Chairman, British Defence Staff, Washington.

Major-General H. J. Mogg, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.
Commandant, Royal Military Academy Sandhurst.

Major-General P. G. F. Young, C.B.E.
On leave pending assumption of appointment as Director of Infantry.

Major-General J. A. J. Read, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C.
Vice-Q.M.G. to the Forces.

Brigadier M. N. Harbottle, O.B.E.
Commanding 129 Infantry Brigade (T.A.)

Colonel R. A. St G. Martin, O.B.E.
Comd. (Col.) Recruiting and Liaison Staff, Western Command.

Colonel P. R. Hayter, M.B.E., M.C.
Colonel G.S., Directorate of Combat Development, Ministry of
Defence (Army).

Colonel D. R. L. Bright, O.B.E.
Colonel G.S. M.O.3, Ministry of Defence (Army).

REGIMENTAL CHRONICLE

REGULAR OFFICERS OF THE REGIMENT
EXTRA-REGIMENTALLY EMPLOYED
31ST DECEMBER 1964

Lt.-Colonel	R. F. E. Hill	Camp Commandant, H.Q. Mid. East Command, Aden
Lt.-Colonel	F. H. G. Higgins	Camp Commandant, R.M.C.S., Shrivenham
Lt.-Colonel	P. G. Thompson, M.C., T.D.	G.S.O. 1, The School of Infantry, Warminster
Lt.-Colonel	H. J. Sweeney, M.C.	A.Q.M.G., Q2, Ministry of Defence (Army)
Lt.-Colonel	J. M. A. Tillett	British Defence Liaison Staff, Canada
Lt.-Colonel	R. R. W. Workman	Comd., The Green Jackets Depôt
Lt.-Colonel	H. J. W. Newton, M.B.E.	Comd., 3rd Bn Federal Army, Aden
Major	G. N. A. Astley-Cooper	G.S.O. 2, Joint School of Nuclear and Chemical Warfare
Major	J. F. Ballard	A.M.A., British Defence Staff, South Africa
Major	P. K. Everett	G.S.O. 1 (S.D. & T.R.G.), H.Q. Cyprus District
Major	D. C. Blake	H.Q. 1(Br.) Corps, B.A.O.R.
Major	E. F. Garcia	Public Relations, G.H.Q., FARELF
Major	E. R. R. Hicks	D.A.A.G., H.Q. 43 (Wessex) Div./Dist.
Major	D. J. Wood, M.B.E.	M.A. to Deputy Commander, B.A.O.R.
Major (Local Lt.-Col.)	R. S. C. Dowden	D.A.A. & Q.M.G., The Staff College
Major	I. R. C. Greenlees	G.S.O. 2, H.Q., Berlin Inf. Bde Gp
Major	P. W. Mitchell	School of Infantry, Hythe
Major	M. R. Pennell, M.B.E.	G.S.O. 2, Inf. 1, Ministry of Defence (Army)
Major	W. S. C. Chevis	D.A.A.G. (M.P.A. 1), H.Q., B.A.O.R.
Major	C. A. S. Hinton	Brigade Major, Local Forces, Persian Gulf
Major (Local Lt.-Col.)	J. D. F. Mostyn, M.B.E.	G.S.O. 2, The Staff College
Major	G. C. Stacey	G.S.O. 2, Ops (Air Tpt), Air Ministry, London
Major	E. W. Leask	G.S.O. 3 (S.D.), H.Q. Cyprus District
Captain	J. R. G. N. Eveleigh	The Staff College
Major	C. St C. Simmons	Brigade Major, H.Q. 5 Inf. Bde Gp
Captain	M. J. Massy-Beresford	Royal Military College of Science, Shrivenham
Captain	T. M. Hartley	G.S.O. 3, D.I.(M.I.), Ministry of Defence (Army)
Captain	A. H. Morley	Youth Liaison Officer, Recruiting Staff, Plymouth
Captain	G. P. Blaker	Army Air Corps
Captain	J. G. C. Goodwyn	A.D.C. to Commandant, Royal Military Academy Sandhurst
Lieut. (Q.M.)	J. N. B. Mogg	Cambridge University
Lt.-Colonel (Q.M.)	F. Clay, M.B.E.	Cambridge University O.T.C.
Major (Q.M.)	S. A. G. Cox, M.B.E.	Royal Military Academy Sandhurst
Major (Q.M.)	B. Cox	The School of Infantry, Tactical Wing, Warminster
Major	C. A. Brown	H.Q., Colchester Garrison
Captain (Q.M.)	S. F. Welshman	London Assembly Centre

EXTRACTS FROM
THE "LONDON GAZETTE" 1964

January 17th

REGULAR ARMY

Lieut.-Colonel R. F. E. Hill from Emp. List (1) is appointed to the Special List, 21st January 1964.

January 31st

REGULAR ARMY

2nd Lieut. T. E. F. Taylor (471342) to be Lieutenant, 4th February 1964.

February 7th

REGULAR ARMY

Captain J. St C. Simmons (414974) to be Major, 9th February 1964.

February 21st

REGULAR ARMY

Captain (Q.M.) Ernest George Field, B.E.M. (459716), from Short Service Commission, to be Lieutenant (Q.M.), 1st April 1963. To be Captain (Q.M.), 23rd September 1963.

March 6th

REGULAR ARMY

Captain E. W. Leask (387197) to be Major, 11th March 1964.

March 24th

COMMANDS AND STAFF

Major-General J. A. J. Read, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., late Inf., relinquishes his appointment as General Officer Commanding 50 (Northumbrian) Division/District, remaining on full pay, 26th March 1964.

April 10th

REGULAR ARMY

Short Service Commissions

The undermentioned Officer Cadets from Mons Officer Cadet School to be 2nd Lieutenants, 15th February 1964:

1st Green Jackets

Robert Hugh Stuart Gutteridge (475676).

Stephen Michael Hardwicke Lewis (475677).

April 14th

COMMANDS AND STAFF

Major-General J. A. J. Read, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., late Inf., is appointed Vice-Quartermaster-General, Ministry of Defence, 16th April 1964.

April 17th

TERRITORIAL ARMY

2nd Lieut. R. A. Draper (471133) (on probation) is confirmed in his appointment as 2nd Lieutenant, 19th April 1962. To be Lieutenant, 19th April 1964.

May 8th

TERRITORIAL ARMY

Captain D. M. Robinson (469329) ceases to be seconded for Service on the Staff and at his own request reverts to the rank of Lieutenant, 1st February 1964, with seniority 19th May 1962.

May 12th

The Queen has been graciously pleased to confer the award of the Territorial Efficiency Decoration upon the following officers:
Major R. W. Battley (422510).
Captain (A/Major) R. K. Asser (407472).

June 12th

REGULAR ARMY

Short Service Commissions

The undermentioned Officer Cadet from Mons Officer Cadet School to be 2nd Lieutenant, 2nd May 1964:
1st Green Jackets
Anthony Mark Darell-Brown (476080) (Direct Entry).

June 19th

REGULAR ARMY

2nd Lieut. H. P. E. Dumas (472530) to be Lieutenant, 21st June 1964.

July 14th

TERRITORIAL ARMY

Richard Charter Theobald (476976) to be 2nd Lieutenant (on probation), 12th June 1964.

July 28th

TERRITORIAL ARMY

Lieut. (A/Captain) D. W. B. Dawson (454546) to be Captain, 30th July 1964, with seniority 22nd November 1963.

July 31st

REGULAR ARMY

Captain R. M. Koe (418308) to be Major, 3rd August 1964, with seniority in the Green Jackets Bde, next below P. M. Welsh (418431), 2nd Green Jackets.

TERRITORIAL ARMY

Captain (A/Major) R. K. Asser, T.D. (407472), to be Major, 5th August 1964, with seniority 1st June 1959.

August 18th

The Queen has been graciously pleased to approve the following awards in recognition of gallant and distinguished services in the Borneo Territories.

Mentioned in Despatches:

Lieut. Robin David Letts (465796), 1st Green Jackets, 43rd and 52nd.

September 8th

REGULAR ARMY

Short Service Commissions

The undermentioned Officer Cadets from Mons Officer Cadet School to be 2nd Lieutenants, 18th July 1964:
1st Green Jackets
Richard Henry Francis Attwater (476880) (Direct Entry).
The Hon. Phillip Reginald Smith (476888) (Direct Entry).

September 15th

Major (Hon. Lieut.-Colonel) Leslie William Giles, O.B.E., M.C. (13051), retired Oxf. and Bucks., to be a Military Knight of Windsor, 16th July 1964, in succession to Lieut.-Colonel John Munro Mackenzie, D.S.O. (3858), retired R.S.

September 29th

REGULAR ARMY

The undermentioned Colonel retires on the date shown:

Colonel A. Clerke-Brown, O.B.E. (58158), late Inf., 30th September 1964.

November 13th

REGULAR ARMY RESERVE OF OFFICERS

Short Service Commissions

2nd Lieut. R. Hume-Rothery (470864) from Active List to be 2nd Lieutenant, 16th November 1964.

December 1st

REGULAR ARMY

Lieut.-Colonel F. H. G. Higgins (62630) from Emp. List (1) is appointed to the Special List, 19th November 1964.

December 8th

REGULAR ARMY

1st Green Jackets

Major and Bt. Lieut.-Colonel D. G. House, O.B.E., M.C. (203138), from 2nd Green Jackets, to be Lieut.-Colonel, 28th January 1964.

December 11th

COMMANDS AND STAFF

Major-General P. G. F. Young, C.B.E., late Inf., relinquishes his appointment as General Officer Commanding, Cyprus District, remaining on full pay, 9th December 1964.

TERRITORIAL ARMY

Lieut. R. G. Bradshaw (442818), from Reserve of Officers, Class III, 1st Green Jackets, to be Lieutenant, 16th October 1964, with seniority 22nd August 1962.

December 29th

TERRITORIAL ARMY

Major K. H. Lander (314035) to be Major (Q.M.), 1st January 1965, with seniority 16th January 1961.

RECORDS OF THE FIRST GREEN JACKETS,
43RD AND 52ND

ROLL OF OFFICERS—31ST DECEMBER 1964

Lieut.-Colonel

D. G. House, O.B.E., M.C.

Majors

O. G. Pratt

J. H. W. Haddon

R. M. Koe, B.A.

M. G. A. Hay-Will

W. M. Cracknell

Captains

K. J. Smith (T/Major)

F. J. B. Taylor

Lieutenants

N. J. R. Sale (T/Capt.)

N. W. Gibson (T/Capt.)

N. M. Prideaux (T/Capt.)

T. E. F. Taylor

P. G. Chamberlin

J. P. O. Beddard

R. H. S. Gutteridge

A. M. Darell-Brown

The Hon. P. R. Smith

A. P. Whitfield (T/Capt.)

S. L. Theobalds

C. J. P. Miers

M. S. Daunt

D. J. M. Roberts

A. F. Green

S. M. H. Lewis

R. H. F. Attwater

Adjutant

Captain C. E. W. Jones

Quartermaster

Captain A. J. Howland

REGIMENTAL CHRONICLE

Attached

Captain W. J. C. Parker, M.B.B.S., M.R.C.S.,
L.R.C.P., D.OBST., R.C.O.G., R.A.M.C.
Captain B. Sanders, R.A.P.C.
Captain (CF) R. T. J. K. Wood, R.A.CH.D.
Lieutenant K. C. Benner, B.A., R.A.E.C.

Regimental Sergeant-Major

W.O.I D. T. Hornblower

Bandmaster

W.O.I B. E. Simpson

Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant

W.O.II M. Kempster

Orderly Room Colour Sergeant

C/Sjt H. Sykes

COMPANIES OF THE 1ST GREEN JACKETS, 43RD AND 52ND—DECEMBER 1964

<i>Coy</i>	<i>Commander</i>	<i>Company Officers</i>	<i>Coy Sjt-Major</i>	<i>Coy Q.M. Sjt</i>
Bn H.Q.	Lieut.-Colonel D. G. House, O.B.E., M.C.	Major O. G. Pratt (2I.C.) Major J. H. W. Haddon (2I.C. Designate) Captain C. E. W. Jones (Adjt) Captain N. J. R. Sale (I.O.) Captain W. J. C. Parker, M.B.B.S., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., D.OBST., R.C.O.G., R.A.M.C. (M.O.)	—	—
"A"	Captain F. J. B. Taylor	Lieut. T. E. F. Taylor 2nd Lieut. M. S. Daunt 2nd Lieut. The Hon. P. R. Smith	W.O.II P. Lawless	C/Sjt B. Hickmott
"B"	Major R. M. Koe, B.A.	Lieut. C. J. P. Miers 2nd Lieut. P. G. Chamberlin 2nd Lieut. R. H. S. Gutteridge 2nd Lieut. A. M. Darell-Brown	W.O.II L. Haydon	C/Sjt L. Harris
"C"	Major W. M. Cracknell	Captain N. W. Gibson Lieut. S. L. Theobalds 2nd Lieut. D. J. M. Roberts 2nd Lieut. J. P. O. Beddard 2nd Lieut. S. M. H. Lewis 2nd Lieut. R. H. F. Attwater	C/Sjt B. Walker	C/Sjt J. Newton
"D"	Major K. J. Smith	2nd Lieut. A. F. Green	W.O.II P. Bullen	Sjt R. Green
H.Q.	Major M. G. A. Hay-Will	Captain A. P. Whitfeld Captain N. M. Prideaux Captain (Q.M.) A. J. Howland Captain B. Sanders, R.A.P.C. Captain (C.F.) R. T. J. K. Wood, R.A.CH.D. Lieut. K. C. Benner, B.A., R.A.E.C.	W.O.II J. Trahearn	W.O.II A. Morgan

DIARY OF EVENTS 1964

January

- 1 Lieut. N. M. Prideaux arrived and assumed the duties of Signals Officer.
- 2 Captain M. F. H. Scrase-Dickins arrived and took command of "D" Company and later command of the Recce Platoon in Borneo.
- 4 Lieut. N. M. Prideaux promoted Temporary Captain.
- 7 The Commanding Officer, Major J. H. W. Haddon, Major M. G. A. Hay-Will, Major S. A. G. Cox, Captain T. M. Hartley, Captain C. E. W. Jones and Captain N. J. R. Sale attended an operational briefing at Terendak Camp. The Regiment was under operational command of 28 Commonwealth Infantry Brigade during the absence of 1 K.O.Y.L.I. in Borneo.
- 17 The Regiment was placed on eight hours' notice to move to Borneo. This was a routine operational commitment.
- 19 Lieut.-Colonel D. G. House, O.B.E., M.C., and Mrs House arrived in Penang.
- 20 Lieut. M. W. Friedberger and riflemen, who had been to Hong Kong aboard H.M.S. *Albion*, returned to Penang.
- 27 Commanding Officer's Farewell Parade, commanded by Major P. J. Durant.
- 28 Lieut.-Colonel D. G. House, O.B.E., M.C., assumed command of the Regiment.
- 29 Lieut.-Colonel H. J. Sweeney, M.C., and Mrs Sweeney left for Singapore *en route* to England.

February

- 3 Captain K. J. Smith rejoined the Regiment and assumed command of "D" Company.
- 7 The Regimental Cross-country Team were placed third in the 17th Gurkha Division Cross-country Championship.

March

- 3 Major R. M. Koe joined the Regiment.
- 20 2nd Lieut. R. H. S. Gutteridge joined the Regiment from Mons O.C.T.U. and was posted to "B" Company.
- 21 2nd Lieut. S. M. H. Lewis joined the Regiment from Mons O.C.T.U. and was posted to "C" Company.
- 25 Major W. M. Cracknell rejoined the Regiment and assumed command of "C" Company.

April

- 2 The Regiment was brought to readiness to move to Borneo aboard H.M.S. *Bulwark*. One company was ordered to move and "A" Company was chosen.
- 5 "A" Company embarked in H.M.S. *Bulwark*.
- 7 "A" Company arrived in Kuching. Their task was to support the police field force in patrolling the rear areas.
- 9 Captain B. Sanders, R.A.P.C., joined the Regiment to take over as paymaster vice Lieut. J. P. Carter, R.A.P.C.
- 21 "C" Company and H.Q. Company paraded in honour of the Queen's Birthday. The Commanding Officer took the salute.
- 23 Captain A. J. Howland rejoined the Regiment.
- 27 A recce party consisting of the Commanding Officer, Major K. J. Smith, Captain N. J. R. Sale, Captain N. M. Prideaux and W.O.II Bullen arrived in Kuching and were met by Major J. H. W. Haddon.

May

- 5 Major S. A. G. Cox, M.B.E., and Mrs Cox left the Regiment for U.K. on posting to R.M.A. Sandhurst.
- 20 The Advance Party embarked in H.T. *Auby*.
- 22 Advance Party arrived in Kuching.
- 23 "C" Company left by air for Sibul.
- 24 The L.S.T. Party under Captain A. P. Whitfeld embarked for Kuching.
- 26 "C" Company arrived at Kapit in the 3rd Division of Sarawak.
- 29 The Main Body left for Kuching aboard H.T. *Auby*.

June

- 2 Main Body arrived in Kuching.
- 3 Major O. G. Pratt rejoined the Regiment.
- 13 Major I. R. C. Greenlees left the Regiment on posting to Berlin.
- 14 5 Platoon commanded by Lieut. C. J. P. Miers flew to Simanggang to come under command of 2nd/2nd Gurkha Rifles, who required reinforcement as a result of a contact with a large party of enemy in the border area of the 2nd Administration Division.
- 20 The Minister of Defence, Mr James Ramsden, G.O.C.-in-C. (Designate) Lieut.-General A. Jolly, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., and A.O.C.-in-C. (Designate) Air Marshal P. G. Wykeham, C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E., D.F.C., A.F.C., visited "A" Company at Padawan.

- 27 An enemy force about 40 strong approached 2 Platoon, commanded by 2nd Lieut. A. F. Green at Sapit, but withdrew after losing the sight of their rocket launcher and getting into difficulties with the defences.
- 29 Lieut.-Colonel E. N. W. Brammall, M.C., the commanding officer of 2nd Green Jackets, K.R.R.C., visited the Regiment.

July

- 4 The Colonel-Commandant, General Sir Gerald Lathbury, G.C.B., D.S.O., M.B.E., A.D.C., visited the Regiment in the 1st Administration Division.
- 5 The Colonel-Commandant visited "C" Company at Kapit in the 3rd Division.
- 11 "C" Company rejoined the Regiment from the 3rd Division.
- 12 5 Platoon commanded by Lieut. C. J. P. Miers moved to Bukit Knuckle Patrol Base in the Bau District.
- 13 6 Platoon commanded by 2nd Lieut. R. Hume-Rothery moved to Serikin Patrol Base and 7 Platoon commanded by 2nd Lieut. P. G. Chamberlin moved to Stass Patrol Base.
- 14 Command of the Bau sector passed to Major R. M. Koe.
- 15 10 Platoon commanded by 2nd Lieut. S. M. H. Lewis and 11 Platoon commanded by 2nd Lieut. D. J. M. Roberts came under command of "B" Company at Bau.
- 18 5 Platoon attacked at Bukit Knuckle, resulting in possibly seven enemy dead.
- 20 Enemy reconnaissance of Bukit Knuckle. Fire was opened but there were no known casualties.
- 23 Report of two armed and uniformed men seen in the Bukit Skunyiit area south-west of Semengo Camp. 10 and 11 Platoons and a combat tracker team under the overall command of Captain T. M. Hartley searched the area and found tracks but these were obliterated by heavy rain.
- Lieut. S. L. Theobalds rejoined the Regiment and was posted to "C" Company.
- 25 A small enemy party made a further recce of Bukit Knuckle.
- 27 Captain F. J. B. Taylor rejoined the Regiment and was posted to "A" Company as second-in-command.
- 30 Attack by 60 enemy on Stass patrol base held by 7 Platoon commanded by 2nd Lieut. P. G. Chamberlin. Enemy withdrew in two parties, one of which walked into an ambush laid by 11 Platoon

commanded by 2nd Lieut. D. G. Roberts. Six enemy were killed and it is thought that four may have died of their wounds.

August

- 11 Cpl N. J. Fewell of the Recce Platoon killed by an accidental discharge while out on patrol.
- 2nd Lieuts. R. H. F. Attwater and the Hon. P. R. Smith joined the Regiment from Mons O.C.S. and were posted to "C" and "A" Companies respectively.
- 13 Shield presented to the Dragon School by Major J. H. W. Haddon on behalf of the Commanding Officer in thanks for help given to "A" Company during May.
- 14 Funeral of Cpl Fewell held in Singapore.
- 17 Recce Party of 1st/7th Gurkha Rifles arrived prior to taking over the Padawan sector.
- 30 A small enemy party was seen near the perimeter of Bukit Knuckle.

September

- 1 2nd Lieut. R. Hume-Rothery left Kuching for Penang on the termination of his short service commission.
- 4 News received from Ministry of Defence of the return of the Regiment to England in January 1965.
- 5 Tracker Team deployed in the area of Pang Tebang to investigate reports of an enemy incursion.
- 8 As part of the "Hearts and Minds" campaign Major R. M. Koe presented bookcases and books to villages in the Bau District.
- 12 Rifleman C. V. Campbell died in Bangkok.
- 17 Colonel H. D. G. Butler, Brigade Colonel, The Green Jackets Brigade, arrived for a short visit to the Regiment.
- 21 Captain T. M. Hartley left the Regiment on posting to the Ministry of Defence.
- 24 "A" Company left for Penang aboard H.T. *Auby* on relief by "D" Company, 1st/7th Gurkha Rifles, in the Padawan Area.
- 27 Rifleman P. J. Keogh died at Minden Barracks.

October

- 22 Rifleman F. Hunt and Rifleman C. Saunders were killed by an accidental explosion at Bukit Knuckle.

- 23 Main Body 1st/7th Gurkha Rifles arrived. The Main Body of the Regiment embarked on H.T. *Auby* for return to Penang. Fly pasts were flown by 66 Squadron R.A.F. (Belvederes), 225 Squadron R.A.F. (Whirlwinds) and 14 Flight A.A.C.
- 26 The funeral of Riflemen Hunt and Saunders was held in Singapore. The Commanding Officer arrived in Penang.
- 27 The Main Body arrived in Penang. Four Sabre jet fighters of the R.A.A.F. flew past in welcome.

November

- 13 Captain F. J. B. Taylor assumed command of "A" Company vice Major J. H. W. Haddon.
- 14 The Regiment came to 24 hours' notice to move to Borneo or Hong Kong as "Follow up" Battalion.
- 21 The newly formed Assault Pioneer Platoon commanded by 2nd Lieut. A. F. Green moved to Kluang for pre-Berlin training under the Gurkha Engineers.
- 28 The Regiment became "Spearhead" Battalion for reinforcement of Borneo or Hong Kong.

December

- 2 Major J. H. W. Haddon departed for U.K.
- 6 The Band departed for U.K.
- 19 "Spearhead" commitment ended.
- 26 Officers versus serjeants football match resulting in a draw.
- 28 Swimming Gala. The inter-company competition was won by H.Q. Company.
- 31 First aircraft of 2nd Green Jackets Advance Party arrived at Butterworth. First aircraft of Advance Party flew from Butterworth.

43RD AND 52ND LETTER

Dear Editor,

This letter marks almost the end of an era. Within a few days the Regiment will be leaving Penang for England, where everyone will spend two months on leave before moving to our next station in Berlin. In common with the trend of change that has taken place during our tour in the Far East we now fly home, completing the move in a week as opposed to the three weeks' sea voyage of our outward journey in 1962.

I write looking out over the sea; the view is unchanged since the day the Regiment arrived. The Barracks are quiet, resting in the aftermath of Christmas. To all outward appearance things have not noticeably changed from the time of our coming. However, let us look closer. First the riflemen. There is literally no rifleman in the Regiment at the moment who has not served on operations; the majority have seen three tours in Borneo. This is reflected by the one, or more usually two, medals on their uniforms. The logical outcome of the experience is not only a professional competence and self-assurance but the development of a fierce pride in the Regiment. An outsider comparing the men who landed in Malaya three years ago with the same men on the eve of their departure would be struck by the confidence and steadiness he would find. The majority are mature, independent and more settled in their ways. The prophesy of the 1962 CHRONICLE has been born out. Departments are settled and one sees the same faces doing the same jobs month after month. Inevitably, as a result of this stability in H.Q. Company, the administrative efficiency of the Regiment has increased. All these qualities will serve the Regiment well in Berlin where the challenge will be an entirely different one.

In direct contrast to what I have just said is the lack of stability among officers and senior N.C.O.s. Of the officers who arrived with the Regiment only one remains; of the company serjeant-majors none. No platoon has the same platoon commander or platoon serjeant. This constant changing that takes place is unsettling and unsatisfactory and makes long-term planning within the Regiment terribly difficult. The best-laid plans of mice and men are exposed to continual adjustment.

On the eve of the move, the reactions to the tour in Penang and the Far East from the riflemen and families are interesting. Talking to riflemen, it is quite obvious that generally they have enjoyed the tours in Borneo where they "were doing a proper job." The fact that they were deprived of all creature comforts mattered not one wit and for those trying to build up recruiting this is a most noteworthy point. They enjoyed the independence and responsibility of operating by platoon and sections, and the



1ST BATTALION
 Captain C. E. W. Jones, adjutant, Lieut.-Colonel D. G. House, O.B.E., M.C., commanding officer, R.S.M. D. Hornblower

knowledge that they were regarded as real men and treated as such. They took pride in the results of their work, the efficiency of their rugged patrols and arduous ambushes, and the strength and effectiveness of their patrol bases. They experienced the active support of artillery and mortar fire to the extent of nightly harassing fire becoming routine. And, above all, those who were lucky enough to have actual contacts dealt very severely with the Indonesian enemy without loss to themselves. Thus their spirit was high, and they earned and enjoyed the confidence of the local people. The families, too, despite the separations and difficulties of the past two and a half years, are sad to be leaving. They have enjoyed a high standard of living in Penang and their children have bloomed in the climate. The cold uncertainties of Europe loom damp and unattractive.

Of course, the pace of political and military life in the Far East, particularly over the past two years, dictated that everything should take second place to operations or training for operations. The result has been that a number of less serious but very proper activities have been neglected during our stay out here. There has been no chance to produce properly trained sports teams. Individuals have not had the chance to make the best use of their leave. Adventure training has never started. These are things that everyone looks forward to in Berlin where we sincerely hope that life will be more orderly and predictable. There has been no opportunity in Penang for the Regiment to measure its ability against other Regiments in the way that will happen in Berlin. Soldiers are already looking forward to adventure training in Norway, skiing in Germany and the other activities that will replace the strictly professional and operational way of life in the Far East. Everyone is confident that the Regiment will take the challenge of this entirely different existence in its stride. And so, Mr Editor, I close for another year.

Your ever,
 43rd and 52nd.



"I STILL SAY IT'S ONE OF THE ROYAL ULSTER RIFLES ON THE SCROUNGE."

Cartoon drawn by Jak of the *Evening Standard* after visiting the Regiment at Bukit Knuckle in Sarawak
 Reproduced by kind permission of the Editor of the "*Evening Standard*"

REGIMENTAL SHOOTING: 1964

In common with all unessential activities, purely competition shooting has suffered in the interests of training and the Regiment's third and final five-month tour in Borneo.

However, early in the year 5 Platoon of "B" Company pulled off an unexpected coup by winning the FARELF Night Shooting Competition and this with only 24 hours' forewarning.

With special licence we were allowed to shoot the A.R.A. non-central matches for the 1963 competition in February. Shortage of time forced us to make use of the non-central matches as a basis for an inter-company shooting championship and the results also counted towards the 17th Gurkha Division/Malaya Area Competition.

Domestically, the results of the inter-company championship were as follows:

Champion Company	H.Q. 2.
Winners inter-company rifle and L.M.G. team match	"A" Company.
Winners inter-platoon rifle and L.M.G. team match	9 Platoon.
Champion rifle shot	Cpl Archer, P. ("C" Company).
Champion young soldier shot	Rfn Messenger, M. ("C" Company).
Best S.M.G. shot	Sjt Partridge, M. (H.Q. Company).
Best L.M.G. pair	Sjt Wall and Rfn Godley ("A" Company).
Winners—"The Lea Cup"	The Officers.
Winners inter-company falling plate match	"A" Company.

In spite of some very indifferent shooting we were agreeably surprised to find ourselves placed third in the Queen Victoria Trophy and fifth in the King George Cup. And finally, within 17th Gurkha Division/Malaya Area, we won the major unit competition for British and Commonwealth units.

Occasional friendly matches have been fired against visiting naval teams in all of which the Regiment has proved too strong for the opposition.

With the imminence of our move to Berlin thoughts turn once again to European style and standards of shooting. Though we arrive in Berlin in April and the Berlin Brigade meeting takes place in May we are entering a team as much to gain competition practice as to win. Then the following year we will once again enter the Bisley lists in earnest.

REGIMENTAL SPORTS AND ATHLETICS

1964

When he said "Little visits to East Malaysia do not help" the previous contributor was quite right.

From a sporting point of view, 1964 was marred by a tour in Sarawak from May to October. The powers-that-be have yet to realise fully the disruptive effect that active service has on Regimental sporting activity.

This was disappointingly demonstrated when it came to playing for the championship trophy in the 3rd Division League of the Penang Football Association on our return from Sarawak in October. But we must start at the beginning.

On returning to Penang in December 1963, after playing a series of trial games against local sides, a Regimental football team was formed. It promised to be a strong team and was entered in the 3rd Division League in Penang. This we won with ease, dropping only one point in the process and scoring 62 goals with the loss of only four. All the matches had to be brought forward because of our imminent move in May. The only match which was not played was the final play-off for the championship trophy and this was postponed until our return from Sarawak in October. The match was played in early November and, because the team had not played together for six months and were not match-fit, not unnaturally we lost to a team we had beaten earlier in the season.

However, undaunted, we then played three friendly games against the 1st Division champions, beating them twice. Although there has been no opportunity to match our strength against other major units, our team was the best we have had for several years and the season can only be described as most successful. We hope to make a good showing in Berlin.

Rugger has been played this year with varied success. We started on our return from Brunei, half way through the 1963-64 season. Potentially we had a good team with a number of known players coming into a reasonably good team of the previous year. Notable performers were Tim Hartley, Hugh Dumas and David Roberts. Our season started with a minor defeat at the hands of the Penang Sports Club. This had a salutary effect on the team's ego and, thereafter, they went from strength to strength, being unbeaten for the rest of the season. The highlight of the season came in two matches against R.A.A.F. Butterworth. The first match set the scene for the second, which was played on the Minden Barracks ground in a fever heat of excitement. The score after a close, well-played match was eight points to five to the Regiment.

Two teams were entered in the Penang Seven-a-side Competition. The "B" team was knocked out early on, but the "A" team, despite having had to play off a bye round, went through to the finals where once again they met and defeated the Australians in a close match.

The post Sarawak season was not quite so successful. The grave mistake was made of sending Hugh Dumas and David Roberts on courses in U.K. and Tim Hartley to the Ministry of Defence, and in the short time available it was impossible to fill their places adequately. Sad to relate not one match was won, but a lot of valuable and violent exercise was taken.

The very closely guarded secret mentioned in the previous CHRONICLE of "Who, when and where" the Boxing Team were to fight, can now be released to the public. The training that was started in Brunei was momentarily forgotten over the Christmas period of 1963. Then in January 1964 the team underwent intensive training for the Far East championships. Disappointingly we were narrowly beaten by two points in the first round by 12 Regiment R.A., who, incidentally, went on to win the Far East Championships.

Due to our enforced absence in Borneo, cricket, hockey and athletics were all non-starters this year. But while we were away the Regimental wives organised a hockey team of their own. I am told they were a joy to watch—and played well too.

Water-skiing continued to provide endless amusement for everybody and a headache for the account holder. The standard improved immensely with a full-time driver for the boat and coaching by S/Sjt Heague, our P.T. Instructor.

Of the other aquatic sports, sailing was outdone in the popularity stakes by water-skiing and only a few took advantage of the facilities available. Swimming, of course, was very popular and our own open-air pool was used to the full. There was no opportunity during the year to show our paces in the swimming world but there is no lack of talent in the Regiment. This was evident when an inter-company swimming gala was held during the Christmas leave. The competition was very warmly contested and Headquarter Company were the winners with "C" Company a very creditable second.

Polo has been played steadily by Mark Scrase-Dickins, Tim Hartley, Nicholas Prideaux, Tim Robinson and Mark Friedberger. Their activities were rather restricted during the latter half of the year because the two regimental ponies had been sold before we went to Borneo.

Tennis continued to be played socially but no one had the temerity to enter the Penang Championships this year. Squash increased in popularity

and some of the younger members of the mess have taken it up for the first time.

The time available for playing sport in 1964 was filled successfully, particularly by the football and rugby teams. It is a pity that time did not allow us to take part in the swimming and athletic competitions. Looking ahead to a better regulated stay in Berlin, in which we should be able to train without interruption, we hope for successes in all major and minor sports in 1965.

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

ROLL OF OFFICERS—31ST DECEMBER 1964

Lieut.-Colonel

P. E. Gerahty, M.B.E.

Majors

R. W. Battley, T.D.	R. K. Asser, T.D.
K. H. Lander	S. W. Orton, T.D.
G. L. Flint-Shipman	R. J. Thomas
H. N. Smith, M.C., R.A.M.C.	E. N. O. Gray, R.A.CH.D.

Captains

J. P. M. Denny	J. C. Gardner
W. D. Jackson	M. W. Leeming
C. A. Pasternak	A. N. Persson, E.R.D.
C. C. Simpson	P. A. Lawrence, R.A.M.C.
J. A. Smith, R.A.P.C.	K. W. Pratt, R.A.CH.D.

Lieutenants

G. H. Chapples	J. S. Cross
A. J. Davies	E. von Maltzahn
C. W. Norris	C. A. Phillips
J. P. Saint	D. A. Stones
M. D. Symonds	D. M. Robinson
R. A. Draper	

2nd Lieutenants

M. C. C. Heaton	F. R. Jones
E. H. Janes	M. R. Long
R. C. Theobald	C. J. Smirthwaite

Adjutant

Captain I. G. Elliott

Quartermaster

Captain E. G. Field, B.E.M.

REGIMENTAL CHRONICLE
SERVING TERRITORIAL OFFICERS
DETACHED TO H.Q.

Captain D. W. B. Dawson	H.Q. 43 (Wx) Division
Lieutenant J. C. Adnitt	H.Q. 129 Inf. Bde (T.A.)
Lieutenant R. G. Bradshaw	H.Q. 129 Inf. Bde (T.A.)

Regimental Sergeant-Major
W.O.I F. A. Petra

Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant
W.O.II F. J. Belcher

Bandmaster
W.O.I W. N. Davies

Rank	STRENGTH OF BATTALION	Volunteers	Regular Army	Total
Officers	35	3	1	38
Warrant Officers Class I	—	1	2	3
Warrant Officers Class II	8	2	—	10
Colour Sergeants	7	—	—	7
Sergeants	25	4	—	29
Corporals	36	—	—	36
Lance-Corporals	50	—	—	50
Riflemen	243	—	—	243
Totals	404	10	—	414

BAND

Warrant Officers	1
Sergeants	3
Corporals	2
Lance-Corporals	3
Bandsmen	22
Total	31

31st DECEMBER 1964

Coy	Commander	Company Officers	C.S.M. & P.S.I.	Coy Q.M. Sjt
Bn H.Q.	Lieut.-Colonel P. E. Gerahty, M.B.E.	Major R. W. Battley, T.D. (2i.c.) Captain I. G. Elliott (Adjnt) Captain C. A. Pasternak (Int. Offr) Captain C. C. Simpson (A/Adjnt) Captain (Q.M.) E. Field (Q.M.) Major H. N. Smith, M.C., R.A.M.C. Captain P. A. Lawrence, R.A.M.C. Major (Rev.) E. N. O. Gray, R.A.CH.D. Captain (Rev.) K. W. Pratt, R.A.CH.D. Captain J. A. Smith, R.A.P.C.	R.S.M. F. A. Petra	R.Q.M.S. F. J. Belcher C/Sjt D. Vokins
"A"	Major R. J. Thomas	Lieut. A. J. Davies Lieut. G. H. Chapples Lieut. M. D. Symonds	C.S.M. D. J. Allen; P.S.I. Sjt D. Walters	C.Q.M.S. W. Hook
"B"	Major G. L. Flint-Shipman	Lieut. D. M. Robinson 2nd Lieut. F. R. Jones (A.Tk Pls) 2nd Lieut. M. R. Long	C.S.M. G. J. Bartlett P.S.I. Sjt B. Scott	C.S.M. D. Offord (Bicester Det.)
"C"	Major R. K. Asser, T.D.	Captain J. C. Gardner Lieut. C. A. Phillips 2nd Lieut. C. J. Smirthwaite 2nd Lieut. R. C. Theobald	C.S.M. J. C. Brock P.S.I. Sjt M. Smith, 3rd Green Jackets	C.Q.M.S. C. R. Gentry
"D"	Major S. W. Orton, T.D.	Captain M. W. Leeming Lieut. E. J. C. R. Von Maltzahn Lieut. D. A. Stones Lieut. J. P. Saint Captain W. D. Jackson } 3-in. Mor. Lieut. C. W. Norris } Pls	C.S.M. J. Dell P.S.I. C.S.M. G. Arthurs	C.Q.M.S. H. Johnson
H.Q.	Major K. H. Lander	Captain A. N. Persson, E.R.D. Captain J. P. M. Denny (Sigs) Lieut. J. S. Cross (Sigs) Lieut. R. A. Draper (Recce) 2nd Lieut. M. C. C. Heaton 2nd Lieut. E. H. Janes	C.S.M. W. Webb Bandmaster W. N. Davis P.S.I. C.S.M. J. Neill	C.Q.M.S. G. T. Pearson



Lieut.-Colonel P. E. Gerahty, M.B.E.
Commanding The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry (T.A.)

TERRITORIAL BATTALION LETTER

Dear Editor,

The 1963 CHRONICLE recorded the fact that the 43rd and 52nd changed to a Rifle Regiment with Her Majesty the Queen's consent on 29th June 1963. I should like to start this letter with the information that Army Order No. 59 of 30th September 1964 stated that "Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to approve that the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, Territorial Army, shall henceforth be a Rifle battalion." The wheel has now gone full cycle and as a volunteer battalion our official status is now the same as that held by our predecessors, the "Oxfordshire Rifle Volunteer Corps," until 1881 and by the Buckinghamshire battalions until they ceased to be infantry after the Second War. In practice, however, the traditions and customs of the battalion remain as ever unchanged, although we shall no longer be permitted to carry Colours on parade and will have to lay them up in 1965.

In starting to write this letter it is with envy that I compare the task of the writer of the "43rd and 52nd" letter with mine. How easy it must be for him to describe in interesting terms life in a part of the world where real war exists. For our part one peace-time year follows another, producing the same problems and similar achievements. Hum-drum our existence may be, but in the Territorial Army life is seldom dull and never idle. We believe we have an important national job to do, and as a Regular soldier I am constantly and gratefully amazed by the average volunteer's enthusiastic approach to soldiering, by the way he will give up most of his free time to learning his professional hobby and by the speed with which he will absorb instruction.

We have in the Territorial Army today three specific tasks—to provide "Ever Ready" Volunteers for duty with the Regular Army in an emergency anywhere overseas and at any time; to provide individual reinforcements for overseas units on mobilisation, and to play our part as a unit in the defence of this country in war. In cold statistical terms, we have recruited all the "Ever Readies" we are allowed, and many of them have attended 15 days' training with Regular battalions overseas, either in lieu of or in addition to attending camp with this battalion. In 1964 we enlisted 127 new recruits but lost as many on release or transfer to other areas—accordingly we remain at about 60% of our war establishment, but in our opinion well able to carry out our "Home Defence" role in war. Our officer strength now amounts to 38, and as we never do things by half we have two padres and two doctors—who is in compensation for whom I am not certain! Anyway both padres are fortunately of the same faith,

so there is little danger of a repetition of the Irish situation. Whilst on recruiting I should mention that 14 of our volunteers joined the Regular Forces in 1963, most joining the Regiment. It is often forgotten that the Territorial Army provides a valuable recruiting source for the Regular Army—undoubtedly at a smaller financial outlay than those produced by TV or Press advertising.

Our Band and Bugles flourish under our very experienced Bandmaster Davis, two of whose sons are Regular soldiers serving with the Regiment, and at full strength we can muster over 40. They have given concerts in many places in the County and played at two University "At Homes." They also achieved fifth place in a national military band competition in the autumn. They would like more engagements still, however, in the future, and we hope local readers will remember their existence if a band is required for a local fete or show.

In 1964 the training emphasis was on improving the standard of rifle shooting within the battalion and we feel we achieved much of our aim, as the separate note regarding our shooting will, I hope, show. Mention must be made here, however, of the outstanding success of Serjeants Allnutt, Cavanagh and Wilkinson in winning the Cambridgeshire L.M.G. Cup, open to all T.A. units, at this year's Bisley and in coming a very close second to the Small Arms School, Hythe, in the National Rifle Association's L.M.G. Cup. We feel now that we have earned the right to the "Green Jackets" shoulder titles we wear.

Camp took place at Plasterdown Camp, near Tavistock, which solved the Commanding Officer's map reading problems for him, from 4th to 18th July. It was our year for a battalion camp, but we shared accommodation with a Scottish R.A.S.C. Column and a Scottish W.R.A.C. Company. A certain amount of fraternisation was reported, and it is felt that the R.A.S.C. Column were glad when the competition for the company of their charming compatriots came to an end. I am told that certain officers of the battalion will remember a rough shark fishing expedition with mixed feelings. However, the battalion also did its fair share of training at camp, and we were pleased to welcome a training visit from our Divisional Commander, Major-General Jock Holden, and a combined training/social visit from our Brigade Commander (Mike Harbottle) and our Brigade Major (Peter Trustram-Eve of the Rifle Brigade). Colonel "Nobby" Clarke, Ian Greenless, Dicky Hicks and David Coysh-Busby (all Devonians) came and sampled a Mess Dinner night and it was good to see them again. "A" Company, led by Michael Symonds, won the inter-platoon drill competition and H.Q. Company the Tug-of-War cup.

Out of camp, the training highlight of the year was a week-end exercise

"Black Button" carried out near Camberley in October. For this exercise the battalion was reinforced by Bob James's Company of the L.R.B.R. and by 150 cadets from Public Schools C.C.F.s, with whom we are connected, and from the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Cadet Forces. The "terrorist enemy" was supplied by the Junior Riflemen's Company from Winchester under Nicholas Shaw. We were delighted to be visited during the exercise by the Colonel Commandant and also by Ronnie Dowden and David Mostyn—the latter's house was on the perimeter of the area around which we carried out a dawn cordon and search, and we were satisfied to learn that we had not woken him up. It was good to have so many cadets with us. Now that there is no active Depot in Oxford, one of our tasks is to give training help to our affiliated C.C.F. and A.C.F. Cadets. We feel this is a most worthwhile task and we know that it has helped Officer and Other Rank Regular recruiting for the Brigade. As most of this instruction is given by the P.S.I.s, it is very much in the Brigade's interest that we are given P.S.I.s who look and are a credit to the Regiment. They do have a tremendous influence on whether or not potential officer and other ranks army recruits do or do not opt for the Green Jackets. At present we are fortunate to have a very good team of P.S.I.s.

Captain David Dawson has had to leave the battalion for Divisional H.Q. since his civil job now requires him to live at Taunton. He did a great job in his year in command of "B" Company at Witney and the fact that his company won the annual competition for the company with the best average out of camp training attendance—185 hours per man—is a fitting testimony to his enthusiasm. In his place we have welcomed Major Gerald Flint-Shipman, who now lives in the area and comes to us from commanding an H.A.C. Company. This is also a fitting time to mention the retirement of Ron Battley w.e.f. 4th January 1965 after 13 years' continuous service with the battalion at Banbury and then as battalion Second-in-Command. He did a tremendous amount of good, solid work for the battalion and we shall miss his accounting skill. His place as 2 i/c is being taken by Richard Asser who hands over command of "C" Company to John Gardner. We also welcomed during the year George Elliott as Erik Leask's replacement as Adjutant, and Ernie Field in place of Jack Howland. The Army Department obviously felt the rarified atmosphere of Oxford would be a compensation for the mutinous air of East Africa. New officers include Edwin Janes, the nephew of Harry Janes of the Bucks battalion, and Martin Long, a nephew of Bertram Long of the pre-war 4th Battalion.

Finally, just in case it is felt that we play no games, the battalion were 3rd in the Southern Command Cross-country Race and we did win the

Brigade Football Competition before succumbing to the Somerset Light Infantry by 4—3 in the Command semi-final. A rugby team is being formed and badminton flourishes in many of our T.A. Centres after "parade hours."

We do hope serving and retired members of the Regiment will look us up when they are in Oxford. We are now the only visible sign that the Regiment continues to exist in our two counties, and we do enjoy visits. We would also hope that those of our readers who live near our two counties will remember that we still need more volunteers, and will encourage suitable young men to call in to see us. We do not operate a press-gang and we do like potential recruits to have a good look round before they decide to join us. We like to think we are true volunteers—and that includes, and so it should, all the Regular Permanent Staff.

Yours, as always,

The Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry (T.A.)

BATTALION SHOOTING: 1964

For some years the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry had gained little distinction in the shooting world so we were determined to improve matters in 1965. Accordingly a battalion shooting club was formed in the autumn of 1963 which held monthly meetings at Otmoor Range throughout the winter in an endeavour to raise shooting standards and to train volunteers to handle confidently the self-loading rifle, which was to be used for the first time in 1964 in Territorial competition shooting.

Results exceeded all our early hopes, and it was a triumphant team which returned from the N.R.A. Bisley Meeting in July, together with the Cambridgeshire L.M.G. Cup. This was the first major trophy to be won by the battalion at Bisley since records were kept. The full record of our 1964 successes reads:

43 (WX) DIVISIONAL MEETING	
Class "A" Individual Rifle	2nd—Sjt F. Allnutt
Regular Army Individual Rifle	3rd—Sjt B. Scott
Young Soldiers L.M.G. Pairs	2nd—Rfn J. Dimmock and J. McLaughlin
Sten Team Match	2nd—The Battalion
<i>Young Soldiers China Cup</i>	2nd—The Battalion
<i>Inter-Unit Falling Plate</i>	2nd—The Battalion
Inter-Unit Rifle Match	3rd—The Battalion
Inter-Unit Meeting Aggregate	4th—The Battalion
N.R.A. MEETING AT BISLEY	
<i>Cambridgeshire L.M.G. Cup (T.A.)</i>	Winners—The Battalion
<i>N.R.A. Open L.M.G. Cup</i>	2nd—The Battalion
Individual N.R.A. and T.A.R.A. Rifle	2nd Lieut. M. Heaton (2)
Match bronze medals were won by	Sjt T. Wilkinson
	Sjt W. Cavanagh
	L/Cpl D. Richards
	Major R. K. Asser

2nd Lieut. M. Heaton was selected to shoot for the T.A. VIII in the Inter-Services Long-Range Match.

LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE RANGERS MEETING

<i>Visitors Cup</i>	1st—Sjt T. Wilkinson
	2nd—C/Sjt D. Vokins
	3rd—Captain P. A. Lawrence

QUEEN'S ROYAL RIFLES MEETING

Visitors Cup 1st—Sjt F. Allnutt

L.M.G. Cup 1st—Sjt F. Allnutt

4/6 BN THE ROYAL BERKSHIRE REGIMENT MEETING

Open Rifle Championship 1st—Sjt T. Wilkinson

Visitors Cup 1st—Sjt T. Wilkinson

In the Green Jackets Small Bore Postal League, open to all Regular and T.A. units, H.Q. Company finished second to the Depôt with a score only two points behind, out of an aggregate of 6,000. "B" Company was a good third.

The battalion Rifle Meeting was held on 19th/20th September. Major-General Sir John Winterton very kindly presented the prizes. Some 150 members of the battalion shot. H.Q. Company were resounding winners of the "Angels" (inter-company) Cup since they won each team event and provided the winners of each individual event.

The above shows, I hope, that we succeeded in our aim for 1964. More important, however, than competition successes is the fact that these results created greater interest in shooting throughout the battalion. As a result, classification standards of the ordinary rifleman have improved and we now have some 50 members attending winter meetings of the battalion club.

POSTSCRIPT

The results of the 1964 Territorial Army Rifle Association decentral matches have just been published. The battalion entered three of these matches for the first time for many years. They were fired at annual camp on the edge of Dartmoor on a bleak and windy day and we thought our results were poor. However, the official positions were:

Inter-Company (or equivalent sub-unit) Rifle Match 3rd—H.Q. Company, The Battalion

Inter-Unit L.M.G. Challenge Cup 2nd—The Battalion

Inter-Units Individual Pairs Match (Sjts W. Cavanagh and T. Wilkinson) 2nd—The Battalion "B" Team

GREEN JACKETS CRICKET WEEK 1964

J. N. B. MOGG

On the Sunday of Green Jackets Week, the Regiment returned to the familiar surroundings of Worcester College, Oxford, to take the field against The Rifle Brigade. This new venue was chosen as the St Cross brethren do not allow cricket to be played at St Cross on a Sunday, combined with the fact that Regimental sides are easier to raise at weekends. The Worcester ground is extremely attractive and an excellent lunch and tea laid on by Pat Patterson ensured that the standard was fully up to that of St Cross; this experiment may be tried again in future years when Regular battalions are abroad.

The Regiment elected to bat, with ominous clouds overhead; two short stops for rain after about half an hour put a bit of life into the wicket and both John Bendit and Christopher Dunphie were doing some quite exciting things with the ball, but fortunately seldom near the wicket with the ball becoming quite impossible to hold in soaked outfield conditions. All the batsmen who were given a chance made runs, with Robin Peppiatt giving evidence of his all-round prowess; the Regiment was able to declare with the score at 207 for the loss of three wickets giving The Rifle Brigade an equal amount of time.

The Regimental attack made little impression on The Rifle Brigade openers and it was Willoughby Wynne who struck first in bowling Rodney Holmes. A good second wicket partnership followed, but the scoring rate was slow and it was at this stage that one felt that The Rifle Brigade lost any chance of winning that they had. John Raison came on from the Banbury Road end and his first ball went back towards Banbury. The next, however, was a beautiful ball which came in just enough to remove Hughes Onslow's off stump. Next over, he had Peter De Lisle caught at deep mid-on by Tommy Thompson—a magnificent catch taken high. At this juncture, The Rifle Brigade with Tim Dawson in evidence set out successfully to play for a draw and had lost five wickets at the close.

Against the 60th on the following Wednesday at St Cross the Regiment again elected to bat, and failed to realise the potential shown on the previous Sunday. Wickets fell steadily throughout the morning against adequate bowling on the usual perfect St Cross wicket. Julian Taylor, making a welcome return from north of the border, found himself in touch with some sparkling straight drives until he ran out of partners soon after lunch with the score at 144.

The 60th, facing 144 with time to spare, were quickly in trouble. David

Gascoigne was bowled playing a shot which any well-appointed golf course would have disowned and John Shepherd found a good one for Michael Dunning. However, a masterly innings of glide and deflect by Dwin Bramall was enough to delight any purist of the game. When he was finally beaten by Robin Peppiatt, the match was virtually won.

Mention must be made of Harry Ruck-Keene who kept wicket in both matches and failed to concede a bye in either!

DETAIL OF SCORES

43rd and 52nd v. The Rifle Brigade, 12th July 1964. Worcester College, Oxford

<i>1st innings of 43rd and 52nd</i>		<i>1st innings of The Rifle Brigade</i>	
D. R. Peppiatt, ct Hughes-Onslow, b Dawson	83	J. R. R. Holmes, b Wynne	11
J. N. B. Mogg, ct Fiennes, b Dunphie	73	F. Hughes-Onslow, b Raison	40
A. L. Ambrose, ct Wemyss, b Dunphie	37	G. P. S. De Lisle, ct Thompson, b Raison	49
J. P. Raison, not out	7	T. M. F. Dawson, ct Peppiatt, b Raison	12
O. R. W. Wynne, not out	1	N. T. A. Fiennes, not out	19
M. N. Harbottle, H. W. A. Ruck- Keene, R. A. St G. Martin, P. G. Thompson, H. J. Mogg and J. Shepherd did not bat.		A. J. N. Dawson, b Shepherd	18
		J. R. Cornell, not out	13
		C. C. Dunphie, F. N. S. Blake, J. D. Benditt and G. C. Wemyss did not bat.	
Extras	6	Extras	1
Total for 3 wickets declared	207	Total for 5 wickets	163

60th Rifles v. 43rd and 52nd, 15th July 1964. St. Cross

<i>1st innings of 43rd and 52nd</i>		<i>1st innings of 60th</i>	
D. R. Peppiatt, lbw, b McCausland	15	E. N. W. Bramall, b Peppiatt	60
J. N. B. Mogg, ct Wallace, b Dunning	58	D. C. Gascoigne, b Shepherd	11
A. L. Ambrose, b McCausland	3	M. L. Dunning, b Shepherd	0
J. P. Raison, b Wallace	7	C. A. Humphreys, ct Ambrose, b Peppiatt	54
O. R. W. Wynne, ct Hopton, b Welsh	12	G. B. C. Hopton, b Peppiatt	0
H. W. A. Ruck-Keene, b Welsh	6	C. W. Brinkley, run out	2
F. J. B. Taylor, not out	23	I. H. McCausland, not out	8
P. G. Thompson, b Wallace	1	N. E. I. A. Wells, not out	10
B. W. Balls, b Wallace	0	P. M. Welsh, A. S. G. Drew and C. B. D. Wallace did not bat.	
J. G. C. Goodwyn, st Drew, b Welsh	2	Extras	2
J. Shepherd, b Welsh	0		
Extras	17	Total for 6 wickets	147
Total	144		

THE THIRD DIVISION OF SARAWAK

W. M. CRACKNELL

At the beginning of the Regiment's third Borneo tour "C" Company found itself detached from the remainder and under command of the 1st Battalion, The Royal Ulster Rifles, in the Third Division of Sarawak for just under two months.

The Company took over an area which until a short time before had been occupied by a Gurkha battalion, but at the time there was only a large company group left on the ground. Security forces were stationed in this area, which appeared from the enemy point of view to be an unlikely and uninviting incursion route, because there had in fact been a large-scale incursion there about six months before the Company arrived.

The area to be occupied was known as the Third Division East and comprised almost all the Kapit District. The surface area was some 16,000 square miles, nearly half the area of Ireland, and had nearly 300 miles of frontier with Indonesia. The defence of this was an interesting task for the some 110 men of the Company.

The boundary to the Company area was the watershed of the Rajang River and its two main tributaries, the Balleh and Balui Rivers. The border with Indonesia to the south and south-east was a high range of mountains rising to over 6,000 feet in places, the watershed to the east and north was less pronounced but also mountainous and to the west were rolling hills, which, further west beyond our area, gave way to the flat swamps of the Rajang Delta. Cutting the area in two was a high and rugged range of limestone mountains which at some prehistoric time had been pushed up through the jungle-clad hills from beneath. These are the Hose Mountains, which run out from the main southern watershed feature in a north-westerly direction and rise to over 6,000 feet.

This is big and wild country covered for the most part by high and uninhabited primary jungle. There is life and cultivation however along the banks of the three large rivers and on many of the smaller ones. Beside these rivers the primary jungle gives way to stretches of secondary jungle which mark the abandoned hill padi fields. Here and there are cleared patches which are the hill padi fields in current use. No other cultivation is visible except for fruit trees in the immediate vicinity of the longhouses which are perched high on the river banks, standing on their stilts above the high water mark.

Living in these longhouses are the famous "Wildmen of Borneo," the handsome Ibans or Sea Dyaks, the less picturesque but more brave and

artistic Kayans and Kenyahs, and not in houses at all but in rudimentary shelters deep in the jungle the most primitive of all, the Punans. These were fascinating people to live amongst.

The only town in the area is Kapit, where the District Officer has his offices, his various officers live and an old Rajah Brooke fort is in use as the administrative building. This is a more cosmopolitan community. Kapit is the administrative and trading centre for this vast area and as such supports a large Chinese bazaar with several communities of Chinese, speaking different dialects. It has a large Malay kampong, a government cantonment with a rest house and most beautiful lily-strewn ornamental lake. Each tribe living up river also has its own little community in Kapit. There is a large Methodist mission running schools and a modern, well-equipped hospital. The town also has its own water and electricity supply and telephone service.

It was naturally to Kapit that Company Headquarters went. The town was completely indefensible by its small garrison and the administration seemed only interested in our presence, almost forbidding the carriage of arms or digging of trenches.

The platoon positions were more warlike. 9 Platoon, commanded by 2nd Lieut. John Beddard, was at Belaga Airstrip on the Rajang some 80 miles up-stream from Kapit. The airstrip which was used at very irregular intervals by Borneo Airways Twin Pioneers is about three miles down river from Belaga Bazaar, the only administrative outpost of the district officer. Here there is another splendid, robust, wooden Rajah Brooke fort in which one found the Sarawak administrative officer, his clerk, a post-man who worked the radio and in a filthy dark corner underneath, the maternity room. There was also the bazaar which consisted of a long row of shops, the dispensary and the school.

Although 9 Platoon spent a great deal of time and effort in preparing for battle with the Indonesians, their only warlike act was when firing from their stand-to positions to shoot the sump out of a P.W.D. runway roller.

10 Platoon, who were under the command of Lieut. Hugh Dumas, were no luckier as far as catching Indonesians was concerned. It was at Long Jawi, the site of the large incursion, which had prompted the presence of troops in the district, some 120 miles east of Company Headquarters tucked in behind the Hose Mountains on the River Balui. This defensive position was almost of the Korean War style except the platoon lived above ground. Long Jawi is about 30 miles from the frontier and is the last permanent habitation on the River Balui on the Sarawak side of the frontier. Many of its inhabitants had their tribal homes over the border

in Indonesia but no intelligence was forthcoming from this source as they were too frightened to travel across the boundary.

The third platoon position was on the southern tributary of the Rajang, the River Balleh, at a place named Nunga Gaat. This means mouth of the River Gaat. It is in the heart of the Iban country and their Paramount Chief, Dato Temonggong Jugah, had his house within the platoon perimeter.

At Nunga Gaat there was also a forward base from which operated three Royal Naval Wessex helicopters. Their security was 11 Platoon's chief concern and the task was such that they were augmented by the anti-tank section of 12 Platoon, the mortar section of which was with Company Headquarters.

2nd Lieut. David Roberts commanded this platoon who also saw no enemy in this part of their tour but were kept alert by cows wandering near the wire by night and the spirits of Japanese soldiers said to have been divorced from their heads by Ibans in the area of one of the section positions.

The control and administration of this vast area presented considerable problems for a normal rifle company and without the magnificent support of the helicopters, which never once failed to complete a task, life would have been difficult in the extreme.

The normal re-supply was about as diverse as could be under the circumstances. Kapit was well served by nightly launch schedules down-stream to the divisional capital of Sibul, where the Royal Ulster Rifles had their Battalion Headquarters. This journey was just over 90 miles and could take anything from 16 hours in a Chinese launch to three hours in a tiny speed boat—the latter means could be quite exciting in the dark as the Rajang was always strewn with logs. Food and many of the extras of life could be obtained in the bazaar, so Company Headquarters were well looked after.

Nunga Gaat is only about 35 miles upstream from Kapit so they were supplied every other day from Company Headquarters by native long-boat. There was only one set of rapids on this journey and the Company boatmen soon mastered the navigational intricacies of this trip. 11 Platoon were also well placed as the helicopters brought in supplies from Sibul and Kapit when they had room.

Belaga was on air re-supply, and air-dropping was easy on to the airstrip. They were also able to buy certain small items in the bazaar. The positioning of 9 Platoon on take-over and abandonment of the airstrip on our departure was not so simple. Twin Pioneers which could operate from the strip were not available and the helicopters were doing other tasks so

these two trips had to be done by water in the local longboats. The journey involved traversing a very severe series of rapids around which the passengers had to walk. Our predecessors unluckily lost a boat load of stores on these Pelagus Rapids but we were more fortunate and came through unscathed on both journeys.

Long Jawi was the most distant and remote outpost which had to rely entirely on airdrops and helicopters. Here the dropping zone was not so satisfactory and often parachutes would land in the river or a bog.

Salvaging 44-gallon helicopter fuel drums was an interesting exercise which was put out to local tender. Local boatmen carried them from Long Jawi down river to Belaga in longboats where there were many more awaiting salvaging. A "Kon Tiki"-type raft was then made out of the thousand-odd barrels which were held together with rattan. This raft was floated down stream gently nudged by a little longboat with an out-board motor until it reached the Pelagus Rapids. Here the raft was dismantled and each barrel took its chance over the rapids. At the bottom they were collected and assembled again for their journey to Sibiu via Kapit. The raft crew cooked, ate and slept on the raft during their three-week journey but at the end they made what for them was a small fortune out of their adventure. They had never seen so much money and were unable to count it.

"C" Company saw no enemy during this initial period of the third Borneo tour but it was fascinating to live amongst these near-legendary people and to see their beautiful, unspoilt country. The whole period was a very useful and interesting exercise for us all.

MINIVANSERAI

G. P. BLAKER

I bought the motor-car in Penang at the end of November 1962; ten days later we all rushed off to war, and my brand-new Morris mini-traveller spent her first four months asleep in her garage behind the officers' mess. The following August I tested her by driving to Bangkok and back: ten days' leave and two thousand miles over appalling roads in the middle of the monsoon season.

When the time came to think about returning to England the problem of the car arose. I wanted to keep her; shipping was expensive anyway, so why not drive home? I had always wanted to see India.

Time was against me. Overland trips are usually made by not less than four people, with at least a Land-Rover, and take not less than two months. I was to go alone in a mini, and had only six weeks available between leaving the Regiment and reporting for duty with the Army Air Corps. A few calculations convinced me that the risk was worthwhile.

On 10th June I handed over my job as second-in-command of "A" Company in the middle of the Sarawak jungle and flew from Kuching by way of Singapore to Madras. The car arrived too. As an act of faith I had left her in the hands of the Automobile Association of Malaya in Penang some three weeks previously. My faith was justified, and she sailed in on board an elderly B.I. ship the day after I landed in India, but it took another whole day of traipsing from one bureaucratic department to another before officialdom, courteous yet firm, was satisfied and I was allowed to drive away from the docks. One final night of comfort in Madras's best hotel and then my journey began. Across to Bangalore, where Queen Victoria frowned down upon me as I ate curry beneath her statue, then northwards through yellow-grey hills baking in the sun. Wide open spaces, mile after mile, hill after hill: one felt very naked all of a sudden after two and a half years of rubber and jungle. Each night I pulled off the road and made my bed in the back of the car. Air mattress, sleeping bag and an outsize Union Jack for a blanket. No one molested me; even the crowd of spectators that one had got used to in South-East Asia was absent. Only an occasional peasant would stare a greeting from the top of his timeless bullock cart, or some small child with those dark entrancing eyes would smile shyly as I rose in the cool of each dawn and washed and shaved and munched a bar of chocolate before starting the day's 400-mile ration. Chitradurga, Belgaum, then Poona—disappointing and dirty. Mile after mile after mile of hot tarmac; bullock cart after

bullock cart after bullock cart. A motorist's nightmare—truly one cannot hustle the East. By-pass Bombay and onward through Indore. A welcome beer at Cawnpore (prohibition stretches its ugly fingers over much of India), then a pilgrimage to the Residency at Lucknow and a spiritual nocturne at Agra, where I walked round the precincts of the exquisite Taj Mahal at dusk.

In Delhi the British military attaché and his wife very kindly entertained me for two nights, and much refreshed I headed westward for Amritsar and the frontier. Getting the car out of India proved to be as easy as getting it in had been difficult, but no sooner had I driven into Pakistan than the petrol pump ceased to work. I coaxed the car as far as Lahore where a friendly garage repaired it free of charge while I sat and re-read Kim under Zam-Zammah. Then onwards over smoother roads than in India. North-West Frontier names began to appear now. I lunched with a cavalry regiment near Jhelum; at Attock Bridge—a fascinating old fort high up overlooking the river Indus—the officers of a Baluchi regiment entertained me royally and put me to bed, after much beer and curry, in the mess's guest room, and at Nowshera I visited the cavalry regiment which had been raised by my great-grandfather during the Mutiny. His photograph, flanked by one of Queen Mary, still adorns a wall in the mess: "We are proud of our British traditions," said the colonel. Rawalpindi and Peshawar; everywhere military cantonments still looking very British: one felt very much at home. Up through the Khyber, with a last look back over the Punjab stretching away grey-green-yellow into the misty distance. ("Once the British had gone," said an enormous monument, "there was peace in the Khyber!") Then Landi Kotal and the Afghan frontier and suddenly for the first time one felt oneself to be very much abroad. For the first time too the tarmac ceased and the little car bumped over stones and rocks and ruts, slowly upwards following the torrent of the Kabul river. Magnificent towering cliffs on either side, desolate and lonely, and in the distance almost-forgotten snow. Kabul to Kandahar. Lord Roberts and his army took three weeks, I covered the 300-odd miles in a day; two-thirds of the way a stony track across a grey-brown plateau, the remaining third new Russian-built asphalt and the best road that I met throughout the whole journey home. In Kandahar I chose an open space behind a large building as a suitable place in which to pass the night. Not until I had scrambled into bed did I discover that the building was the local police station and that the police were not in favour of my plans. We argued politely in German and I ended up sleeping in the garden of a local hotel!

Next day down over the Bolan pass to Quetta where the car was serviced

and I ate a final curry, then out into the desert past a signpost proclaiming hopefully "London—5,877 miles." No sooner was I committed irrevocably to the wilderness than the petrol pump expired completely. Necessity is the mother of invention. I fitted a length of plastic piping from the carburettor through the dashboard to my spare jerrycan perched precariously on top of a suitcase in the back, and so drove into Persia. My first encounter with imperial Iran was not encouraging; a guard at the frontier post, going off duty, demanded that I gave him a lift to the village 14 miles away. He earned his passage by pointing, rather like a bloodhound, to the road where it lay hidden under the drifting sand. The mini struggled through. At the customs I found a group of English youths fast asleep in a tent. They woke up long enough to assure me that they had spent two days trying to get out of the country and laughed cynically when I explained that I had to be in London in three weeks time. Dusk was falling as I reached Zahedan. Tarmac streets, electric lighting, almost European shops. Thankfully I bought myself a meal and as an afterthought visited the barber. Then at dawn like Moses onward into the desert. The memory of it all is like a blur now. A panorama of yellow-grey sand sifting, swirling against a background of dark stark hills; curious stunted scrub surviving against all probabilities; the ruminative glance of the camel. Occasionally one passed a collection of mud huts which must have been there since the beginning of time, and even more occasionally a minor town that boasted a petrol pump. The road snaked onward, a thin long line of eternal corrugations that threatened to shake both car and driver to pieces. Sometimes dangerous potholes would appear as though in ambush, so one's concentration could never lapse. The sun shone relentlessly and the wind blew as though straight from a furnace. At one stage we had both had enough and the little car stood and steamed like a railway engine while I lay prostrate and exhausted inside the shelter of an ancient building in mid-desert while friendly Persians poured buckets of cold water over me. Travel in the heat of the day was clearly impossible, so on through the night instead. At Bam I squatted on the pavement at a roundabout in the middle of the sleeping town at two in the morning and ate compo tinned steak and peas to the surprise of two sleepy children. Things began to go wrong now. My jury-rig petrol feed was inefficient and suffered indigestion every 50 miles or so. The dynamo failed and I limped thankfully into Kerman with the battery almost flat. Kerman was old in biblical days and the passage of time seems to have left little impression, but I discovered a cheerful mechanic who knew his job and soon we were ready to move again. It was at this stage that I found a companion. An 18-year-old youth who spoke excellent English and seemed a confirmed

anglophile begged a lift to Teheran. I warned him of his folly but he was adamant and so we set off. After a few hours the engine stopped. We hailed a large lorry, whose driver discoursed knowledgeably with my companion and stirred the engine into life again. This happened twice more that day and wearily we stopped for the night at a small village where I slept as usual in the back of the car and he on the floor of the local tavern. Next day, at about ten in the morning, the battery died—miles from anywhere. Luckily I had a towrope on board and after an hour a lorry appeared and was persuaded to give us a tow as far as Nain. During this stretch a stone, kicked up by the wheels of the lorry, shattered the windscreen, to my fury and to the terror of the youth beside me. I managed to buy a pair of spectacles off a nomadic Persian for a shilling and these served me faithfully in place of a windscreen for the remaining 5,000 miles home. It would have helped more had they been of my focus! At Nain everyone steadfastly refused to tow us any further. My companion chattered volubly in Persian to no avail. The local policeman was clearly embarrassed by the presence of an irate Englishman, and even more disturbed when I insisted on sleeping in the middle of the village street. At noon next day someone volunteered to tow us, for a sum, the hundred-odd miles to Isfahan. We travelled at breakneck speed and the dust poured in clouds into the car through where the windscreen had been, until at last, looking no doubt like two street urchins, we reached one of the oldest cities in old Persia. I quite understood how Alexander the Great had lost 10,000 men on the route over which I had just come.

In Isfahan we found a competent garage, and while they were fitting a new battery and petrol pump my travelling companion explained politely that he thought he would finish the rest of the journey to Teheran by express coach. I gave him luncheon at a respectable hotel and he tapped me for his coach fare as well! When he had gone I wandered round the city, thankful to be in touch with the twentieth century again, but sorry to be unable to have more time there to see all the wonders of centuries gone by. Tarmac again at last, and I sped happily along the road leading to the capital, but I had underestimated the perversion of the Persian mind. At one point a gang of road menders had dug five or six trenches half way across the road. These things happen in England too, but in England such hazards are lit and signposted by night. Not so in Persia. My headlights picked up the scars in the road too late for evasive action, and I had been in and out of three of them before the mini came to a stop. The engine made a noise that resembled an aeroplane about to take off, and inspection revealed that the large bracket that harnesses donkey to cart had disintegrated, and the fan was busily churning up the water tank. Frustrated,

overtired, lonely, behind schedule, and not feeling too well, filled with nineteenth century thoughts on foreign incompetence, I struggled to keep morale and temper. A lorry driver was persuaded to lend his tools and his labour and with the engine propped precariously I struggled into Teheran the next morning. An official at the embassy was most helpful and put me in touch with a garage whose proprietor had served the British Army during the war. His mechanics worked efficiently for a day while I relaxed, ate, slept and collected welcome letters from home at the post office. Then northwards towards the Caspian Sea; for 115 miles good tarmac roads with much traffic, then at Kazvin turn north-west and the depressing trek over corrugated dust and stone began once more. Gradually the countryside grew more hilly and the hills began to be coloured an anaemic green instead of grey. The roof rack fell off the car and had to be rescued. A puncture in a rear tyre—remarkably the only one on the whole journey—then at last Tabriz. Next stop Turkey, though the roads were so dreadful now that one despaired of ever getting there. At lunchtime the next day I drove wearily up the hill to the frontier, but “there’s many a slip. . . .” The Persian officials were idle, inefficient, rude and totally disinterested. Two very pleasant young Frenchmen were tearfully trying to explain that all they needed now was one rubber stamp on their motor car carnet before they could continue their journey. They had, I gathered, been explaining this since early morning and seemed well set to go on explaining for the rest of the day. A disconsolate Persian student had already spent two days trying to re-enter his native land. I took a firmer line; high words were spoken on both sides, but after two hours a guard, tapping his head and exclaiming “you are crazeee!” unlocked the gate and let me into Turkey, leaving the Frenchmen explaining their case with renewed vigour. One shuddered at the thought of the fate of the western world had Darius not been defeated at Salamis by the Athenians so many centuries before.

By contrast the Turkish authorities could not have been more courteous and I drove onward with a lighter heart as I realized that the next frontier would at least be in Europe. The road led under the shadow of Mount Ararat—legendary landfall of Noah’s Ark—then suddenly, inexplicably, a miracle: the barren Asiatic steppe melted into a European countryside; European flowers, trees, birds: the scent of home. Erzurum, and the direct path to Ankara lay barred by the Turkish army on manoeuvres. Right turn and head north to the Black Sea. Up over a range of mountains; the road twisted and turned and rose so steeply that I began to be alarmed seriously that the little car, coughing and spluttering, might not be equal to the climb. But the view was beautiful: the mountains lay clothed under

a mantle of flowers and soft gentle grass, watched over by platoons of pine trees under a cloudless sky, and for the first time the air was fresh and cool, with just a hint of the fragrance of the flowers. It might have been Austria or Switzerland or somewhere in Bavaria, and one longed to be able to throw oneself on the grass and lie and listen, and gently fall asleep. But one cannot stop time, and I was still behind schedule, so we careered down the other side of the mountain, through several villages, to the little port of Trabzon. So far most of the Turkish roads had been metalled, and I had thought that the worst was over, but the road westwards was under construction, and the muddy track that wound its way along the coast was worse than anything that the little car had encountered since Thailand a year before. Running even more short of time now, I decided to drive through the night. All went well until suddenly the road seemed to disappear and I found myself, immobile, on the beach with sand up to the axles and the Black Sea a few yards away. A quick reconnaissance with a torch revealed a steep bank covered with thick bushes. I scrambled up this and discovered a road at the top. In the distance were the headlights of a coach. I stood firmly in the middle of the road and the coach stopped; out of it poured a collection of men, obviously on their way home from a party. The language barrier arose. I mimed, gesticulated and pointed; the men stared stupidly. Finally I grabbed one by the arm and led him down through the bushes until he could see my car with its lights pointing out to sea. Comprehension dawned, and with much mirth several burly Turks hauled the machine back to the road. After hands had been shaken all round I started off again and as day broke reached Samsun, just in time to shelter at a garage from a heavy downpour of rain. Fighting to stay awake I drove on and on until I arrived at Ankara where I made for the first decent hotel, and for the first time since leaving India was able to relax in the luxury of a hot bath, change into respectable clothes and finally fall asleep in a real bed. The worst was over. Tarmac all the way home now, and as the sun was setting the next evening I left Asia behind me and steamed across the narrow Bosphoros on board a large ferry to Istanbul. Europe at last!

The rest was simple. Along the top of Thrace, stopping for the night at Salonika where I searched my memory for classical Greek learned at school and dished it up successfully in modern pronunciation. A single-lane motorway led all the way up Yugoslavia, but it rained all the way too, so I made a windscreen for the car out of a poncho and stuck my head through the hole in the middle, though I soon wished that my Persian spectacles had had automatic wipers! Chilled and soaked by the time I reached Belgrade, I treated myself to another night in a hotel. Next morn-

ing the car would not start, but the hotel's mechanics rectified the trouble and refused to accept payment. Mosques gave way to churches as I got farther north and with a profound sense of relief I crossed into Austria and into a part of the world with which I was familiar. Graz to Salzburg, with a stop for lunch beside the Wolfgangsee, looking utterly beautiful, then on to Munich where a friend from Cambridge days put me up for the night, and up the autobahn to Cologne. One final drive through the darkness, past a sleeping Brussels to Ostend and down the coast to Le Touquet. The second aircraft of the day took us across to Lydd and by lunchtime I was in the middle of a typical London traffic jam.

It was 17th July—exactly five weeks after setting out from Madras—and I had travelled a total distance of 9,700 miles. The motor car had stood the test well, though I myself was utterly exhausted. It had been a fascinating experience, but it was sad that the journey had been of necessity a race against the clock with no opportunity to linger and explore all the interesting places through which I had travelled. I felt however that I had had an unusually worthwhile disembarkation leave.

A SWIFT WALTZ "DOWN UNDER"

A. F. GREEN

In March this year (1964) I was lucky enough to arrange an indulgence flight to Australia and luckier still to have been granted a month's leave to take advantage of it.

The flight down was hardly de luxe, but as I squatted on my wooden packing case I contemplated the £100 fare that I hadn't had to pay and I felt much more comfortable! After a bird's-eye view of Sumatra we stopped overnight at Darwin and pressed on the next day to Sydney. I had a few days there which included a visit to the notorious King's Cross—a tamer version of Soho but interesting nevertheless. Then, having done some of the things one should do in Sydney, luck was with me again and I was able to thumb a lift on a V.I.P. flight across to Perth—a distance of some 1,700 miles.

I had ten thoroughly enjoyable days there, for which many thanks are due to the Western Australia University Regiment. This is the T.A. regiment which is affiliated to us and which was kind enough to take me under its wing and show me around. Largely through them I met a tremendous number and variety of Australians and it was with reluctance that I moved on to see some of the rest of Australia.

I crossed the Nullabor Desert by car and succeeded, strangely enough, in getting bogged down in mud—their annual three inches of rain fell on the day I was in the middle of the desert! However, a spade, some large rocks, considerable straining and not a few indigenous oaths from my Australian friends succeeded in getting us out again. After three days in the car we reached Adelaide for a weekend and then moved on to Melbourne for a final week.

By then my time was up but my luck held out and, combined with sheer good will of the R.A.F., it enabled me to "indulge" back via the Cocos Islands to Butterworth. I was slightly exhausted by a month's continuous travelling but my travels were not yet over. On reaching Penang I found that "A" Company had already left for Borneo and within 24 hours I was in the air again on the way to Kuching.

I mention this because looking back now, my waltz "down under" appears as a pleasant interlude in what has been a most interesting and very hectic year—a year that has included two trips to Borneo, a visit to Australia, a month in Singapore, a short stay in Bangkok, a month in Singapore, a month in Kluang and the odd month or two in Penang.

Nevertheless, perhaps one should try to form some kind of conclusion

about Australia and the Australians even if based on so short a visit in so crowded a year.

The cocktail party question "What did you think of Australia?" really requires rather more than a cocktail party answer, but it is one that is very difficult to give. Basically there was little that surprised me about Australia. It is big but then so are most places except England. The scenery is little different in places from Africa and in other places from England. Its cities are very similar to each other and any one of them could be Toronto or St Louis or Johannesburg. The way of life is a rather Americanised form of the English one, but with a lot of sport thrown in. The people still have an affection for England but, like the Canadians, are becoming increasingly conscious of themselves as a nation and, again like the Canadians, they are moving rapidly closer to the American sphere of influence. In fact one could draw many comparisons with Canada. Both countries are rich; there is great opportunity; the people are proud, individualistic, internally progressive, but usually parochial. Both countries have a strong puritanical streak which shows up particularly in their liquor laws and both peoples do "odd" things like eating prunes for breakfast and drinking ice-cold beer.

To sum up, I found Australia a land of space, wealth, opportunity and progress; the people are kind and hospitable. No one, if offered the chance, should miss a trip "down under."

THE WEST COAST

R. M. KOE

Seated one day in the Pentagon I reflected on the 34,999 other workers pushing paper within the same five walls. Clearly one more or less ought not unduly to upset the balance of the vast machinery. And, given four or five weeks, I could drive to the West Coast and probably back. The idea germinated.

Some weeks later, John and Jill Whiteley moved off from the British Embassy in an old Chevrolet station wagon towing a new caravan trailer on a 3,000-odd mile journey from Washington D.C. to San Francisco. A further four weeks later Sara, Simon aged four, Jamie aged two and I climbed into a parlour car on the Washington-Chicago Flier. Fifteen hours rattling through built-up industrial country brought us to Chicago. There we changed and joined the Californian Zephyr, a dome car express train that takes two and a half days' scenic travel before arriving in San Francisco. After the first night you awake at the start of 150 miles winding alongside the Colorado River with technicolor canyons rising abruptly on either side in awesome and beautiful splendour. Only the cowboys and Indians are missing. At last the train emerges from the canyon country into incredibly desolate radioactive grey wastelands of central Utah. It was here we learnt that a wildcat railstrike was due to start. The train stopped at a small outback shanty town just 900 miles from our destination. An hour later the dispute was settled. Breathing deeply, we moved on. From Utah the train entered the Feather River canyons and on a single precarious line, followed the precipitous winding route blazed by the miners in the Californian gold rush in the early twentieth century. Sated with two days' unrivalled scenery we sat admiringly in the dome car whilst enthusiastic Americans clicked away with flashy cameras and the country slid by.

Eventually we arrived in San Francisco, or more accurately across the bay at Oakland, for there is no rail system into San Francisco, and were delighted to see the Whiteleys with their Chevrolet and trailer awaiting us. We drove together across the Bay bridge, a remarkable engineering masterpiece. The longest suspension bridge in the world, it has two road surfaces one above the other, with the four-lane eastbound lanes directly under the westbound lanes. Once in San Francisco we drove to the Praesidio, a military fort with spacious guest rooms overlooking the Bay and the Golden Gate Bridge. Here, by courtesy of the United States Army, we spent the next week, during which we explored San Francisco. It is,

in most people's opinion, the most beautiful city in America. It has a unique atmosphere and the same type of enchanting views and scenery as Hong Kong. Like Hong Kong, it is built on a series of hills overlooking the sea. Across the bay is Alcatraz, the isle of ill repute, where until very recently long-term federal prisoners were housed. Due mainly to the extremely strong currents in the bay no successful escape has ever been made from it. Further down the Golden Gate Suspension Bridge sweeps majestically across to the mainland. For the gourmet, the food at the Omar Khayyam is an essential part of any visit here. Owned and run by George Mardikian, an immigrant from Armenia, the atmosphere is nice and the food delicious. A meal at the Top of the Mark and the Fisherman's Wharf are the other musts. The night life is around Broadway. We visited the "hungry i" where Peter Cook and the Establishment were performing and then moved on to watch some high-class belly dancing by which time the girls thought it was time we went home.

Having seen off John and Jill on the returning Californian Zephyr we motored south from San Francisco along the coast and then inland to try our hand at camping at the Yosemite National Park. A flat grassy pine-treed valley with sheer granite cliffs rising 4,000 feet on three sides, it is one of the most beautiful sights and a rock climber's paradise. It tends to be overpopulated with tourists and bears. On Saturday nights an enormous fire is lit at the top of the highest peak and the red-hot coals are shovelled down the vertical face forming an incandescent waterfall dropping to the valley below. After three days at Yosemite we moved on through Monterey which has a wild rocky coast like Cornwall along which swarm cormorants and seals, back on to the fast turnpike to Los Angeles. This turnpike enlarges to 16 lanes each way to cope with the rush-hour traffic which we met as we entered the sprawling suburbs. I began to dislike L.A. Twenty-four hours viewing Hollywood, "Downtown," Malibu and Long Beach in a minor heatwave finally removed any remaining glamour that the name Los Angeles has always conjured up. Of course we had to take the children to see Marineland and Disneyland. Marineland is a large number of water tanks with glass sides in which a larger number of fishes, porpoises and even whales move around and perform. Disneyland is divided into Frontierland, Fantasiland, Adventureland and Tomorrowland with a monorail circling around and a largish copy of the Matterhorn in the centre. We tried our hand at Peter Pan, a submarine voyage, bear hunting and a rocket ship to the moon but with the temperature playing around 110 degrees, drinking quantities of fresh Californian orange juice was the most popular item.

From Disneyland we drove to San Bernadino and then up a remarkable

highway full of hairpin bends which takes you 6,000 feet up to, aptly named, the Rim of the World, from where, pleasantly cool again, you look down over the whole Los Angeles plain. In order to cross the Mojave Desert before the heat became unbearable we started very early and entered the Los Angeles turnpike around six o'clock. During the next hour we covered 80 miles across the arid wastelands of sandy cactus desert, only relieved by hoardings and advertisements exhorting one to get married, divorced, drunk or into debt at various dens ahead. We arrived at the Strip, which is a continuation of the turnpike, around nine and found a hotel with a swimming pool and a casino. After settling into an air-conditioned luxury suite of rooms we went down to sense the atmosphere. Alas, the suave dinner-jacketed European croupier and sophisticated clientele were sadly missing. An open-necked hairy American called Joe was the typical croupier, and hard-bitten cigar-chewing Texans, straight, without changing, from the oil wells were the clientele. We went for a swim. The temperature had risen to 120. We were glad we were not still moving through the Mojave Desert. In the evening I toyed with roulette and, shunning the "one-armed bandits," fell for blackjack played as a simplified version of vingt-et-un. I had a long run of luck and despite later losses we cleared our stay in considerable luxury and took away a small profit and memories of a vulgar, gay, easy living, garish and brash gambling town.

From Las Vegas we drove across the Hoover Dam, an epic piece of engineering and an awe inspiring sight, on to the even more awe inspiring natural phenomenon, the Grand Canyon. Here we lingered two days admiring the views, resisting the temptation of a walk or mule ride to the bottom. Although a majestic and unforgettable sight it is not easy to describe the Grand Canyon. Approaching from the south side the ground is flat rising gently to the north through wood and scrub. Then suddenly as the road turns you can see the north rim 15 miles away and between it and you nothing but a void one mile deep, partially filled by bare red rock and sandstone twisted to curious shapes and eroded by the Colorado River to form gigantic pyramids dwarfed by the even greater size of the canyon itself. The swift and 300-foot-wide Colorado River looks, from the top, in the very few places you can see it at all, like a narrow brown ribbon with no sign of movement. It is a mile below you.

From the canyon we drove eastwards through the Painted Desert on to the Mersa Verde reservation and park. Here prehistoric cliff dwellers are advertised. They turned out to be mainly thirteenth and fourteenth century but nevertheless interesting enough. Sara wondered how they stopped their children falling down the cliff face. Perhaps that is why they

died off and not as I thought from some plague caused by the sanitary conditions of 300 all living together in a small cave on the side of a cliff.

From Mersa Verde we drove north-east through the Rockies to Kansas to stay in civilisation for a few days with some friends of ours at Fort Leavenworth. The Middle West and on is another story which I intend to reserve for any further contribution I may be asked to make. As a point of history I did return to the Pentagon on the planned day. John even sold his long-suffering Chevrolet which had covered 7,500 miles without a major breakdown.

NORMANDY—TWENTY YEARS AFTER

H. J. SWEENEY

The charter aircraft flew smoothly over the silvery sea to the distant coast just visible under the broken cloud. It is a coastline familiar to millions. It has been seen in newsreels, fiction films and picture books. It is in fact a very ordinary piece of coastline; sandy beaches, some villas and an uninteresting flat hinterland but to the occupants of the plane it appeared to have an attraction that no amount of familiarity could overcome, a fascination that could not be satisfied. They strained to peer through the perspex windows as the plane made its final run in. This was Normandy and the passengers were "guest artists" for the Staff College Battlefield Tour of 1964; soldiers who had fought in Normandy, now returning to speak on the battles in which they had taken part. They were a mixed bunch, an armoured divisional commander, a parachute battalion commander, who had the unique distinction of gaining four wartime D.S.O.s, various ex-company commanders and subalterns as well as serjeant-majors and serjeants. All of them were civilians now. I was the only serving officer but it did not affect our outlook. Whether general or subaltern, serving or retired, Normandy had been the most momentous point in all our lives. To return even a generation later was to relive again a vivid period when one knew that history was in the making and the participants were ourselves.

The invasion of France did not come upon us suddenly. For four years those of us who remained in England had known that sooner or later the British Army had to get back into Western Europe. We trained and marched, parachuted and glided, enjoyed ourselves and became bored. We went through all the excitements, tensions and frustrations of troops awaiting a big battle. We saw others go to North Africa, Sicily and the East. But we knew that one day an invasion force would open up the "Second Front" and we would be there. There was no getting away from that. You could see the realisation hit others as it did oneself. We were all heading for a supreme clash—Armageddon—and one never thought beyond that. So when it did come it made an indelible mark on one's mind.

Looking back, one forgets because of the outstanding success of the invasion what a hazardous operation it all was. The Allies staked everything on this one throw of the dice. If it had failed, the German rocket attacks on London which started a few days later might have changed the course of the war completely. One also forgets that it was largely a British

operation in its conception and execution. Although the assaulting forces were American and British in equal numbers, the invasion was based on a British plan and under a British field headquarters—21 Army Group. It was the highpoint of the British Army. Afterwards the Americans took on an ever-increasing part of the burden of war in Western Europe.

Europe in those days was "Fortress Europa," overrun by Germans, dark, impregnable, satanic with gothic lettering and Gestapo spreading like a rash over the once fair land. The West Wall, bolstered up with massive concrete defences, was unassailable, the beaches and the landing fields were spiked with mines and in front of it all was the Channel, storm ridden, hazardous and treacherous.

The soldiers that left England on 5th June 1944 were young. They were also largely non-professional, the equivalent to Kitchener's men in the First World War. Many of them had never fought but they had been trained as no British Army had been trained before. They had evolved new invasion techniques and one of these was to use airborne troops on a massive scale to seize key areas ahead of the seaborne troops. On the left flank the British 6th Airborne Division, untried and untested, had such a task. It was to secure an area around two bridges to protect the invasion forces from the east.

So it was that as a young man never having seen a shot fired in anger I had travelled with 25 others in a glider to France 20 years before, slightly ahead but in concert with thousands of other young men, in the air and on the sea. Now with a few of these companions I was returning.

Deauville was garlanded with banners from the celebration of the 20th Anniversary of D-Day as we drove from the airport. Frenchmen stopped to stare again at the sight of British Army vehicles and soldiers rattling through the cobbled streets. There was no evidence of war here, it had swept past in a rush, but nearer to the scene of the invasion the new houses in the villages bore witness to the scale of the fighting.

A hard, bright sun shone down on the wide, unfenced fields, full of standing corn where the airborne troops had landed. Coming round corners one half expected to see burned-out tanks, parachutes dangling from trees, broken gliders and corpses of animals. But the litter of war has been cleared away and the thrifty French farmers once more till every acre of land. Only the new buildings and the Imperial War graves bear witness to the passage of war.

Down by the bridges where we had landed one and half hours after leaving Tarrant Rushton Airfield in 1944 the afternoon breeze blew in from the sea. Very little has changed here. It is not difficult to recall one's first impressions of 20 years ago. There was the hushed, expectant silence

as the glider released from its tow-plane dipped and wheeled towards the landing area, then, as tumult broke out from the other bridge, the dash through the dark to the objective only to find another platoon had beaten us to it. There was the surprise at finding the bridge was signposted. Next there was the mounting excitement as the first German vehicles sped into our ambush and the first enemy patrol crept stealthily through the woods towards our positions. There is no other night in my life which I can remember in such detail; the parachutists dropping, the air raids on Caen, the sound of battle on the other bridge, the long wait for the dawn when the sea-borne invasion would begin.

The rosy light of that first dawn on enemy soil brought into relief the shadowy trees, fields and buildings of Normandy amongst which we had lived through the long night. We had our first view of this foreign land. It also brought the bombers and guns into action, raining their high explosive on the coastal defences. At H hour, the noise ceased and we knew the troops were landing. So began our long wait through increasing German counter attacks for the first of our commando reliefs to appear. They finally arrived and marched through our positions all afternoon, staring with some surprise at the crashed gliders and resting airborne troops. But their greetings warmed our hearts as with true comradeship they sang out, "Well done, mates."

Escoville in June 1964 slept in the afternoon sun. Behind closed shutters the eyes watched as they had done 20 years before when we slipped like wraiths through the silent, deserted streets to our positions marked out on map and model in England. But now, no sudden shock awaited us. Instead of the crash of mortar and shell which had greeted us then, a French farmer rushed out to offer us a glass of wine. It was in Escoville that we first learned of the harsh realities of war. The attack on the bridges and the subsequent fighting had gone according to plan. Everything had been foreseen. We had the initiative. Now as we probed the edges of the bridgehead the Germans reacted with ferocious suddenness. A beautifully timed and co-ordinated armoured infantry attack supported by mortars hit us. In spite of our long years of training we were green. We were up against veterans—the 21st Panzer Division. After two hours of fighting and many casualties we withdrew. As I marched with my platoon towards the high ground I saw the wastefulness of war, jeeps wrecked, guns overturned, chaos and disorder. I also saw the resilience of the British soldier when things go wrong and I learned the great lesson of calmness in the face of adversity. There on the track was the commanding officer, imperious, putting the withdrawing units into their new positions and lifting our spirits with a "well done" as we trudged past him.



PEGASUS BRIDGE, 1964
Madame Gondrée, Lieut.-Colonel H. J. Sweeney, M.C., Major John Howard, D.S.O.

Twenty years later we drank our glass of wine and then walked to the enemy positions to see how relatively simple had been the Germans' task. They had waited on the high ground where we now stood and watched us slip into the village. Their observation posts had seen every move we made. Well, we had learned our lesson.

We retraced our steps and went to Herouvillette, the high ground to which we had withdrawn after the debacle in Escoville. It was here that we had hastily dug in and awaited the Panzer follow-up. But it did not come. It was two days before we were attacked and the ease with which this was repulsed showed it was not a panzer division. Later we learned that they had been switched to attack the main landing.

Herouvillette has been partially rebuilt but in a barn we came across an old caravan on the side of which was written "'D' Coy 52nd Light Infantry." It was where company headquarters had been. In the tiny cemetery the gardener was tending the graves and seemed interested when we pointed to those buried there whom we knew.

From Herouvillette one can look across towards Breville. It was here that the final battle for the airborne bridgehead was fought. By some

mischance Breville was left out of the D-Day objectives. No one had spotted its vital importance—it overlooked the entire bridgehead—so the Germans walked into it without firing a shot. From there they mounted a serious attack on the two vital bridges over the river and canal. If these had fallen they could have swept along behind the invasion forces. A brigade of highland troops and tanks were brought in but they could not retake Breville. The exhausted airborne troops having fought continuously for a week were thrown in once more and although swept by artillery fire, as much our own as the Germans, they obtained a foothold in the vital village. The next morning the 52nd was switched from Herouvillette to consolidate the position. It was never lost again although for two months the battle swayed along the high ground before the break-out took place.

Today Breville is a new town—completely rebuilt. We looked down towards the beaches and the glistening sea that was once black with ships. Rommel stood on the spot before D-Day. Montgomery stood there a few weeks later.

Twenty years later we stood there again and wondered about it all and looked at the beautiful lines of chestnut trees and the great, green sweep of the fields down to the Normandy coast. The church bells rang and the children in their blue smocks tumbled out from school and stared at the strangers, grey-haired and slightly paunchy. They did not know that they were seeing those who 20 years ago were the sunburned youths with green smocks and red berets who dug and marched and fought through these forests and fields.

We had a final look at the Château St Come nearby, once a scene of devastation with more dead than I have ever seen before or since, but now restored, neat and picturesque with white-painted fences and mares cropping the grass. Then we set off for our hotel.

That evening I met a charming German aged about 50. He had commanded a regiment in the 21st Panzer Division. He too was assisting in the battlefield tour. "Where," I asked him, "did you fight when the invasion took place?" "Against the airborne troops around Escoville and Herouvillette," he answered. "Do you remember attacking Escoville on the afternoon of 7th June?" I asked. He replied in the affirmative, and it was clear that here was our adversary of 20 years before. "Why then did you not follow up your successful attack?" "Because we were withdrawn on Hitler's orders to attack the seaborne troops in the west," he said. "I wonder what would have happened if you had not been withdrawn," I mused. He fixed his cold blue eyes on me. "We should have driven you into the sea," I wonder!

TO CATCH A FISH IN KENYA

J. ST C. SIMMONS

The variety of game fish in Kenya does justice to any fisherman's most optimistic tale. Bill fish, trout and Nile perch exist in all their forms. To catch them, however, means a journey of nearly 700 miles from the Kenya coast, through the highlands to the deserts of the Northern Region and Lake Rudolph. From the excitable and freely taking rainbow trout of eight ounces to the giant Nile perch of over 200 pounds, these fish provide a reason for a most exciting and carefully planned safari.

The long white-sanded beaches of the Kenya coast washed by the Indian Ocean are hardly exploited. Along the many miles of coastline, visitors come only to Mombasa and Malindi in any numbers. Elsewhere the beaches are empty save for the African fishermen tending their lines of stick-studded fish traps. It is along this coast that the annual migration of bill fish takes place, sweeping southwards within the warm currents. Sailfish are most numerous, but blue, black and striped marlin are all present and are occasionally caught. Hooking and playing a sailfish which averages about 70 lb. is as difficult as catching a salmon. The best bait is fish, mackerel-type, fresh caught. This is trolled behind the boat, a rod on each side. The line is tied to an outrigger by strands of cotton to form a giant loop and the bait skims the surface in a way which would seem quite irresistible to a hungry fish.

As we sailed out of Malindi harbour just after dawn, the Arab captain of our hired boat told us, turning his face to the horizon, that the sailfish were running about eight miles out. Two hours later, we were in the area and were fishing close to the splashing shoals of tunny, bonito and fry with their attendant terns and gulls screaming and swooping above them. We were becoming mesmerised, staring into the dark blue-green seas, when suddenly a black fin broke the surface. The sailfish was stalking my bait. After a breathless moment the fish struck with his bill. The cotton on the outrigger snapped. The fish came again to the bait lying stationary in the water as the moving boat took up the slack line. For about 200 yards the sailfish pulled out the line on its free spool. Then with a silent prayer I struck, struck hard and for a moment thought that I had missed him. The hooked fish broke through the surface in a breathtaking frenzied leap, then leaped again and again with his sail fully extended, back and bill arched in a desperate attempt to cut the line. After curbing all his struggles and with a little patience, the fish was tired and was eventually boated. Of every six taking fish,



The author with a morning's catch at Malindi

only one, I suppose, is eventually caught. We were lucky and caught two that morning.

Leaving the coast for the Kenya Highlands is a journey of about 350 miles. From tropical palm groves growing at sea level; through wheat fields and pastures at 6,000 feet grazed by sheep and dairy herds; to the Kikuyu reserves where half-acre plots of maize, coffee, tea and pineapples are grown on the red soil of the foothills of Mount Kenya and the Aberdares. Then along the dusty tracks to the edge of the mountain podo and olive forests to where the streams, rising from the Mount Kenya glaciers and Aberdare moorland bogs, are full of small voracious trout. These streams have been heavily stocked with rainbow trout, but in a few rivers brown trout and occasionally, the American brook trout, which have recently been introduced, are sometimes caught. After the long rains of May and June, when the streams are still high but cleansed of the red mud washed down from the forests, big fish have often been taken. Several

weighing 5 lb. are caught every year and in one unforgettable deep dark sluggish pool just below the Kenya Creamery factory, a fish of 13 lb. and several of 8 lb. have been caught.

Perhaps the most exciting place to catch trout in Kenya is to fish the Aberdare moorland streams and to spend a night camping on the plateau at 10,000 feet. At this height the sun seems unusually bright. It lights the short tussocky grass, emphasising the different shades of green that colour the moorland plateau. The country is interspersed with small clear streams each with its own fringe of waist-high bushes. Growing on each hillock are clumps of giant heather coated with lichen. Along the sides of these hills grow gladioli, red-hot pokers and giant lobelias. African snipe feed between the tussocks and the red-beaked, red-legged Jackson's francolin scurry along the only track, picking up grit during the early evening. At this height the leopards are so dark that their spots merge into a velvet blackness. The elephants, crossing from one side of the mountain to the forests of the other, trample a great game trail through the marshland leaving the peaty water to seep into and finally obliterate their footprints.

We spent two days on the Aberdares. It was so cold that my wife, sleeping in a tent with three sleeping-bags one inside another, woke before dawn with a cold-all-over feeling. The grass outside was covered with white hoar frost. As the sun rose lighting the Kinangop peak, the lone bull buffalo was taking a last drink from the stream before turning into the wraiths of mist that curled amongst the valleys, finally to disappear for the day into the heart of the heather clumps. Each moorland stream was full of trout and in one stream we caught all the three varieties weighing from 3 oz. to almost 2 lb. The afternoon rain chased us off the mountains, for to be caught in a storm is to be bogged in the black moorland soil until the sun shines again. That weekend we came away with a basket of 35 fish.

In Kenya Nile perch live only in Lake Rudolph whose northern end is equally placed in Ethiopia and the Sudan. To get to the lake is an adventure in itself, unless of course you fly, which is considered to be rather a ritzy way to go about it. Of the three main tracks to the lake, we decided on the Maralal, South Horr route from Thompson's Falls. Through the rain forest of the Maralal Mountain, the track descended to the El Barta plains where herds of oryx and zebra grazed on the short dry grass. Sixty miles away we saw the mountain range at the bottom of which lay the South Horr oasis. After South Horr and through the mountain defile the sparse thorn trees and grass of the higher plains soon gave way to a sandy soil scrubland. Closer to the lake, volcanic boulders littered the



Lady of the Lake. Fishing on Lake Rudolph

edges of the lava fields and lay on the track that wound its way down the escarpment to the floor of the Great Rift Valley. Here and there a few fresh-water springs flowed into the lake and it is at Loiengalani that a fishing camp has been built.

The fishing camp is a collection of reed-thatched rondavels each with a waist-high wall. The swimming pool is fed from a warm spring. All food and drink except water has to be flown in from Nairobi. Nile perch, which is delicious, appears on the menu for most meals. We even had it curried. "Lady of the Lake" is a 30-foot cabin cruiser brought up in sections from Mombasa some 700 miles away and was constructed on the lake shore. It was designed and built especially for big game fishing.

The Nile perch is a small-headed, humped-back fish generally of about 30 lb. The bigger the fish the bigger the hump, but surprisingly the better the taste. Like fishing for bill fish in the Indian Ocean, heavy spinning rods are used, but for Nile perch, brightly coloured lures are trolled directly behind the boat. When a really big fish takes, and some of these are over 200 lb., the fish fights with a sullen slow-moving determination that needs a considerable effort to hold him. Just occasionally you might catch the rare golden perch which seems nothing more than a gigantic goldfish. On one occasion, we decided to fish for these monsters in a dif-

ferent way and set out in a dinghy where the water ran deep near the shore. Having hooked a fish and to avoid being towed into the middle of the lake, we rowed as fast as we could to the beach and played him on a light line. The crocodiles among the rocks added spice to the excitement. In two days' fishing we caught over 1,500 lb. of fish most of which was eaten by the tribes living by the lake.

During our 700-mile journey from the palm groves of the coast to the desert scrub surrounding Lake Rudolph, we had met the Arabs at Malindi, the Kikuyu living amongst the Aberdare foothills and the El Molo on the lake shore. As we left Lake Rudolph for the long journey back to Nairobi and began the slow climb up the "staircase" track to the top of the escarpment, the sun was just rising over the Chalbi desert to the east of the lake. We were turning our backs to retrace the tracks of what had been the most interesting and challenging journey that many of us had ever undertaken.

SHRIVENHAM

M. J. MASSY-BERESFORD

The Royal Military College of Science was born in 1864, as the "Advanced Class" of the Royal Artillery Institute at Woolwich. At about that time, the engineering discoveries of the Industrial Revolution were beginning to have an impact on military equipment and it was thought right that officers should be given instruction in some of the fundamentals of science. In 1885, the Advanced Class was opened to officers of all arms, and in 1927 its title was changed to that of the Military College of Science. The Royal prefix was granted in 1953. At the outbreak of World War II, the site at Woolwich was evacuated and the College was split up over the whole of the country. In 1946 the College was reconcentrated at Shrivenham. So much for history. Now for some details.

The College has two duties to perform. The first is to run courses of instruction in scientific studies for the Army. The second is to conduct research, some of which has a military application. The academic members of the College, who instruct the students and carry out the research, consist of the dean, seven professors in charge of seven departments (namely physics, chemistry, civil engineering, mechanical engineering, electrical engineering, mathematics and ballistics, and instrument technology, the latter of which includes radar, electronics, computing and control systems) and about a hundred lecturers of various grades. The departments are divided into branches and the lecturers in each branch usually specialise in some particular field. The military side of the College consists of the commandant and his deputy, and three divisions. These are entitled weapons and vehicles, electronics and guided weapons, and general. This last division is responsible for the organisation of the military studies within the College. This includes both the staff training of all the students on the technical staff courses and making the arrangements for the ten-week visit which the Camberley students pay to the College each autumn. This latter, named the general staff science course, has been run for the last few years and is a major commitment for the College.

The College is very lucky in its situation. It lies in the Vale of the White Horse alongside the Oxford-Swindon road on an estate which was bought by the Army in 1938. The barracks then built were intended as a home for an anti-aircraft brigade. The park belonged to the Barrington family, and their home, Beckett Hall, now serves as one of the four messes. The grounds have been kept in good order; there is a nine-hole golf course, extensive playing fields and many lovely rare trees on the lawns. What land is not

otherwise used is run as a farm, at a profit. The original barrack blocks and gunsheds have converted well into the type of accommodation needed by the College. The main blocks provide ample room for classrooms, laboratories, store-rooms and offices. The gunsheds have been turned into further laboratories, including one which contains a fascinating collection of British and German tanks (all of which it is claimed will move under their own power) and another full of guns each of which illustrates some principle of design. The College has a large number of workshops. Nearly every branch has its own small workshop for knocking up small items of apparatus, and in addition there are other larger premises staffed with skilled craftsmen who can produce anything from a rose bowl, which was presented to the Queen Mother during her visit here this summer, to a glass bottle inside which, one within the one before, lie a further eight glass bottles.

There are really only two types of student at the College. The degree students form the first type. They come on from Sandhurst within a couple of years of commissioning, and remain here for three years. They mostly read for degrees in engineering or maths and physics. The second type of student is posted to Shrivenham to take the technical staff course. This (at present) is an alternative to the better-known Staff College course at Camberley. To be nominated for either course one must needs pass the Staff College Exam; after which a selection board will decide which type of training one will subsequently take. Some bright persons are nominated to go to both Staff Colleges, obtaining a double qualification. Whilst the Camberley Staff course is 15 months long, the first three months being at Shrivenham, the technical staff course is 27 months long. Those with a previous degree in some scientific subject are normally excused the first nine months. Such is the system at present. Within the next couple of years, there will be major changes. All officers selected for staff training will do a full year at Camberley, and they all will do a spell at Shrivenham beforehand, either for about four months, or for a full year. These changes will bring closer together the technical and general staffs, as all staff officers will be trained and available to fulfil all staff jobs, except for a very small number of jobs which will be reserved for technical specialists.

I have already mentioned the degree courses, and the technical staff courses, and the general science staff course. A number of smaller courses also run concurrently with these. There is a guided weapons course, on which there are always some sailors and airmen. There is a nuclear science and technology course every two years, and there is an annual course in ammunition. The College is visited by various groups, such as the I.D.C. and other bodies. In the peak period, from October to November, there

are nearly 500 officers under instruction in the College. The Commonwealth is well represented. Nearly a quarter of the technical staff courses speak with a Canadian intonation, and (more important) receive a large monthly ration of duty-free spirits. There are always a few officers from India, Pakistan and Australia. I have recently seen a Rhodesian, and there are a number of Africans on the degree courses.

I have often been asked what I, as an infantry officer, am doing at the Royal Military College of Science. In point of fact the infantry is well represented . . . there are even a number of guardsmen about now. I think it understandable that people should wonder how one can get quite so far away from the life one is used to. However, the basic fact of this day and age is that science has come to stay. However much one may yearn for the days when the infantry went to war with a rifle, bayonet and a grenade one cannot escape the fact that today's army is equipped with radio, helicopters and anti-tank guided missiles and infantry radar and infra-red night sights are only just around the corner. All this new equipment is more complicated and more expensive than whatever it is that it replaces. And it takes on average not less than ten years to bring it into service from the time that an idea is born in a research establishment. Thus it is vital that in the early stages of design there are officers on the staff who are able to discuss with the scientists and engineers the problems and the various solutions, and at the same time consider the poor old infantry soldier who one day is going to have to operate the new device and carry it around with him. At Shrivenham one is not taught to be a scientist. But one is taught a great deal of their language, and one is introduced to the fundamental principles on which equipment is based and taught to know where trouble can be found and what to do about it. The staff jobs available to those who pass out of Shrivenham are very varied. There are hardly two alike. Some officers will be posted to the Ministries of Defence or Aviation, where they will help to draw up specifications for new equipment, or help along equipment in the pipeline. Others are involved in trials. Some of the brighter ones are attached to the establishments where they actually help on some projected equipment, advising the designers and keeping the Army Department informed of its progress. A few disappear into the realms of intelligence, and the occasional one is posted to an Iron Curtain embassy. Whatever job one gets on leaving the College, it is recognised to be of great importance that one is sooner or later returned to regimental duty. In the past, technical staff officers have tended to get out of touch with their own professions. This is clearly defeating the purpose of the technical staff. One cannot visualise the effect a new weapon will have on a soldier if one has forgotten what soldiers are,

and what they have to carry, and how much time they have for learning new skills.

Let there be no doubt about it, Shrivenham is a very pleasant posting. The surroundings are ideal. There is always plenty to do. In the College there is no atmosphere or competition. There is no rat race. The staff, both military and civilian, are there to help one, not to strip bare one's inner soul. I hope the picture that I have painted will do something to explain the College, for after next year it will figure more prominently than ever in the life of anyone who is training for the Staff.

RIBBONS ON OUR CHESTS

M. R. PENNELL

The announcement of the award of a new General Service Medal with a clasp for Borneo, for which those serving there with the Regiment will qualify, brings to an end the life of a medal which is older than most of us, and which is seen so often on our uniforms.

The General Service Medal (Army and Royal Air Force) was instituted in January 1923 for award with distinctive clasps for minor campaigns which did not warrant the issue of a separate medal, and for which the India or Africa General Service Medals were inappropriate. The familiar ribbon from which the medal hangs is of three equal stripes of violet, green and violet, to which are attached the clasps indicating where the medal was earned. The obverse of the medal shows the effigy of the reigning sovereign, and on the reverse is a full-length figure of Victory, holding a trident in one hand and with a wreath in the other. Below the wreath is a pair of wings, symbolising the Royal Air Force, and a sword, symbolising the Army. The wings were placed above the sword because at the time the designer thought that the R.A.F. would play a more important part in any small campaign than the Army.

The first awards were for the expeditions in the Middle East between 1918 and 1923, and were awarded with the clasps "Iraq," "Kurdistan," "N.W. Persia" and "S. Persia." Some of these campaigns did not involve much fighting, though there was a great deal of marching to and fro, and aeroplanes were first used for carrying troops in Kurdistan. In 1929 the medal was again issued, with a clasp "Southern Desert: Iraq." This clasp is rare, and was issued only to four squadrons of the Royal Air Force. All the issues so far had borne the plain coinage head of King George V (as on British coins), and the medal was unusual in that it was thinner than most others, and had no raised rim round the edge. It was rigidly fixed to the suspender, and did not swivel. The Rifle Brigade (now 3rd Green Jackets) was awarded the clasps "Iraq" and "N.W. Persia."

In 1932 a clasp for "Northern Kurdistan" was issued to the Iraq Levies (which had British officers), and three squadrons of the Royal Air Force. It is the rarest clasp of all, and less than 400 were issued. There was sufficient fighting for at least two Army officers to be awarded the Military Cross. For this issue the front of the General Service Medal was re-designed to show the crowned and robed effigy of the King.

The medal was issued again bearing the crowned head of King George VI (as on colonial coins) and a clasp "Palestine" for service there between 1936 and 1939. Both the King's Royal Rifle Corps (now 2nd Green Jackets) and The Rifle Brigade qualified. The medal was thicker than the earlier ones, and had a slight rim. It was issued to the Palestine police as well as to the Army and Royal Air Force, and since then it has been the practice to give the Army and R.A.F. medal to the police, N.A.A.F.I., W.V.S. and other civilians who qualify, rather than the Naval General Service Medal, even though this may have been awarded to the Navy and Royal Marines for the same occasion. So occasionally one sees someone who used to be in the Royal Navy, and then joined a colonial police force, wearing both the Army and Navy ribbons. The Naval General Service Medal with its red and white ribbon was instituted in 1915, to commemorate service in the Persian Gulf after 1909, and in the main it has been awarded on the same occasions as the Army medal.

After the Second World War, the medal was again issued, with a clasp "S.E. Asia 1945-46" for service in French Indo-China and the Dutch East Indies. The White Paper instituting the award acknowledges that there was something to be said for starting the post-war period with a completely new medal, common to all services, but as so many new awards had just been instituted for the war, the same General Service Medals would go on, to avoid too many new ribbons being given at the same time.

Before the war, the conditions of award always specified that the grant of the medal or clasp would not be made in respect of visits to the sphere of operations, or for service of a temporary nature. Since the war a minimum time qualification has always been laid down for those engaged in the operations, and generally a separate and longer qualifying period for those making visits to the area.

An award with the clasp "Bomb and Mine Clearance 1945-49" was given sparingly to those actively engaged for six months on these tasks, and this was the only time that the medal could be earned in the United Kingdom.

The next award was with the clasp "Palestine 1945-48" for which both the 52nd and the King's Royal Rifle Corps were eligible. This was followed by "Malaya," which is the most common clasp, being issued for one day's service between 1948 and 1960 in Malaya or Singapore. As King George VI died in 1952, medals awarded since then carry the crowned effigy of Queen Elizabeth II, and since 1953 the medals have swivelled on their suspenders, and been rather thicker. In fact these later awards are amongst the most handsome medals awarded. The medal has always been made in silver, and has the recipient's rank, name and regiment stamped on the rim.

The Rifle Brigade qualified for the medal for Malaya.

The medal was again given with clasps "Near East" for one day's service at Suez in 1956, and "Cyprus" for 120 days' service there between 1955 and 1959, where several hundred National Servicemen qualified with the Regiment. It was given again with a clasp "Arabian Peninsula" for 28 days' service against dissidents between 1957 and 1960, and the relevant order said that the same clasp would be issued again for any approved service in the same area. In the event this has not happened.

The most recent White Paper on the medal states that consideration has been given to the need for the general recognition of service in the Brunei Operations between 8th and 23rd December 1962, with special regard to the hardships and dangers which have accompanied this service. The General Service Medal with clasp "Brunei" was awarded to those of the Army and R.A.F. who served in the state of Brunei, or in North Borneo, or in Sarawak in a unit or formation taking part in operations against rebels between those dates. This includes those of the Regiment who started the first tour in Borneo. Again provision was made for the subsequent award of the same clasp, should later operations warrant it, but the institution of a new medal, common to all services, has now been approved with a clasp "Borneo" for those who serve there for 30 days after 23rd December 1962. This means two medals for a great many soldiers in the Regiment, and ensures that the clasp for Brunei is kept suitably exclusive.

Once anyone was awarded the General Service Medal, he got only the clasp for subsequent services, as general service medals were first introduced to avoid having to award too many different medals for similar minor campaigns in the same part of the world. The number of medals issued in India between 1839 and 1854 shows the need for cutting down the different awards and issuing medals with different clasps instead. This need gave rise to four India General Service medals in all, two Naval General Service Medals, and an Africa General Service Medal, before the General Service Medal (Army and Royal Air Force) was born. Now, instead of having a number of different awards to indicate relatively small services, an individual may have but one ribbon to mark service in many different parts of the world over a long period or years. It is to avoid the pendulum swinging too far that the General Service Medal 1962 has recently been instituted, to replace a well known and much worn award.

CATCHING A TWENTY-POUND PIKE

M. S. DAUNT

I grew up in the old Queen Anne house opposite the manor. My kindergarten consisted of the two sons of the colonel, who lived in the manor, the two sons of the vicar, the daughter of the colonel's sister and the two sons of an air force officer in the village. When we were not at the kindergarten, which took place in the schoolroom of the manor, we met nearly every day with our catapults to try and shoot a rabbit, or roamed the woods birds-nesting or fishing in the moat of the manor for roach, with long roach-poles, quill floats and dough scrounged from the housekeeper in the kitchen.

After we had all been sent to prep school, we drifted apart to a certain extent, each pursuing his own particular interest, in the school holidays. The youngest son of the colonel, whom I shall call Adrian, and I spent nearly all our time fishing in the moat. I would go across in the morning and come back for lunch, then dash across again, rod in hand until it was time for dinner.

I should explain here something about the moat and the fish it held. It was not really a moat at all, in that it did not surround the house; it was instead a lake, shaped like a horizontal Z. At no place was it more than four feet deep and had a thick, muddy bottom. In those days it contained only three sorts of fish, pike, chub and roach. All these had been put in by the colonel before the war, just after the moat had completely dried up and all the fish had died. He had restocked it with a few dozen roach, two pairs of chub and a pair of pike. The pike he had caught on a fly-spool in the river Thame and had put them in at no larger than a pound. The war had come, and nobody fished the moat until the colonel retired in the early 1950s, when I and his two sons spent hours catching roach.

When we first started fishing, knowing little about it, we caught dozens of roach who threw themselves suicidally at our squashy lumps of dough. However half way through our first summer holidays, Adrian and I decided to try our hand at catching a chub. We saw these fish lying in shoals of about a dozen, none of them under a pound. To us they seemed enormous after catching so many tiny roach. All the remainder of the summer holidays we spent long days stalking these fish with our dough and dropping it on top of them; however, because the water was so clear, and we so unskilled, we never ever had one look at our offering. We gave up in disappointment at the end of the holidays and returned to school.

When we came home for Christmas both of us were longing to go fishing again and the first day found us sitting, wrapped in sweaters, by the moat. But what a different moat from the summer, the weeds had disappeared, the water was dirty and cloudy, now there were no thick bushes to hide behind whilst we fished. That first morning we caught only four roach between us, instead of the dozens we were used to catching. Disappointedly we told our troubles to the colonel. He said that we should try for the pike which were very evident by their great swirls accompanied by roach leaping out of the water. He supplied us with two short metal rods, some thick line, some huge and wicked looking hooks and a free spinning reel. We spent the rest of the day catching roach, as live bait, and put them, 12 altogether, into an old water butt, to keep for the morrow.

The next day, full of hope, we set up our tackle and cast out our live bait. For the whole of that day, until Adrian had to go in to tea, we fished with not a sign of a pike. I continued fishing after Adrian had gone and threw my float to where we had seen a huge fish splash earlier on that day. The splash had been so big that we thought it must be one of the original pair that the colonel had put in. Suddenly the float rushed sideways and disappeared under the surface. I struck immediately, as I had always done with roach, and was horrified to feel nothing and my live bait dragged miserably across the surface. I had struck far too soon. However, luckily for me, these pike had never been fished for before, and a huge head and tail broke the surface near the float, grabbed the roach, and made off with it. This was fine, I waited and was rewarded, when I struck, by a tremendous pull. The pike rushed away making my reel scream. I also screamed, for I had no idea how to handle this monster, as I had no landing net or gaff with me. I continued shouting, and the pike continued to pull, until the colonel, hearing my cries, came to my rescue with advice and a landing net. The pike soon tired, for it was not the big one I had hoped, and the colonel shortly had it flapping on the grass. Adrian arrived and we weighed it. It turned the scales at eight pounds and then we gently slipped it back, for the colonel had ruled that all pike should be returned to keep up the stock. I was trembling with excitement as I returned home that evening.

The next day Adrian and I set forth, greatly encouraged. He was obviously determined to be equal with me and catch a pike, and I was equally determined to catch another. We fished with our floats no more than ten yards apart, just up from where I had caught my fish. The place was in the deepest part of the moat, just in one of the two pools at the corners of the Z.

For a long while nothing happened. Suddenly a huge fish leapt clean out of the water near Adrian's float and there was an enormous splash.

Almost simultaneously his float disappeared and he struck. The tiny, six-foot rod bent almost to the water and the reel screamed. The pike made off across the pool and the line cut through the water. Adrian shouted, "It's the big one," and I was certain it was too. Suddenly the fish turned and came towards us fast, making Adrian reel in the slack line. Then, seeing us, it turned and went off again with a bump that nearly broke the line and made the reel fall off the rod. "Play the fish for a moment," shouted Adrian, and handed me the rod, whilst he fixed the reel, revolving fast, to the rod again. Miraculously, this was achieved without any further disaster and after more rushes, the pike began to tire. This time we had a landing net, but only a small one. Adrian wanted to land the fish himself and managed to get the pike's head into the net but no more. Obviously drastic measures were called for. I slipped into the water, which came well above my boots, and with Adrian pulling from above and myself pushing from below, we at last had the pike on dry land.

We carried it well away from the water and stood there a while looking at it. The pike was almost as big as Adrian and lay there opening and shutting its mouth showing its wicked teeth. "We'll have to put it into the keep net until Dad returns," said Adrian, for the colonel had gone into the local town that morning. After we had removed the hooks the two of us staggered to the keep net and put the pike in. It was so big that its tail stuck out of the top.

At last the colonel returned and we both rushed up to him shouting, "Adrian's caught the 15 pounder, Adrian's caught the 15 pounder." The colonel looked amazed and came to see Adrian's prize. When he saw it he whistled and said, "That fish is more like 20." We weighed it and it was exactly 20½ lb. Adrian said, "You promised to stuff a 20 pounder if we caught one, Dad." "I certainly did," said the colonel, "and stuffed it shall be."

Today the fish stares from behind a glass case, in the hall of the manor, with the following inscription: "Caught by A. R. D.-H. at Pyrton, aged 9 years."

OCCASIONAL NOTES

“Descriptive Return of Color Serjeant Thomas Horan
H.M.’s 41st Regiment.

Enlisted for the 41st Regiment of Foot on the 3rd July 1835 at Arcot in the East Indies. At the age of 18 years. Born in the parish of Naas or near the Town of Naas in the County Kildare.

Trade or calling	a clerk
Size	6 feet 1½ inches
Complexion	fair
Eyes	grey
Hair	light brown
Marks	—

Promotion or Reduction in Ranks

To Corporal	on the 7th February 1838
To Serjeant	on the 12th August 1838
To Color Serjeant	on the 2nd May 1839

A true extract

X.X.X. Major
Commanding H.M.’s 41st Regt.

Y.Y.Y. Lieutenant
& Acting Adjutant
H.M.’s 41st Regt.”

This document was probably part of the correspondence in which Thomas Horan was recommended by his commanding officer for the purchase of a commission as a young man of good education who had recently come into some property. As he was born in Naas and enlisted at Arcot he may have been born and bred in the Regiment as William Fuller was in the 52nd. However, Horan was not required to pay the £450 for the ensigncy as he received one free in the 41st during the Afghan War, no doubt in the place of a casualty: but he bought his next step into the 84th Regiment on 23rd September 1845. He got his captaincy without purchase on 24th April 1855 and transferred to the 43rd on 10th March 1857: he obtained his majority on 20th July 1866 and retired as an honorary lieutenant-colonel on full pay on 28th October 1868. He had fought during the whole of the campaign of 1842 in Afghanistan, for which he received the medal, and was present in the engagements with the enemy on 28th March and 28th April in the Pisheen Valley: in that of the 29th May near Candahar, 30th August at Goamine, 5th September before Ghuznee, occupation and destruction of the fortress and of Cabool, expedition into Kohistan, storm, capture and destruction of Istaliif, and in various minor affairs in and between the Bolan and Khyber passes.

He was present with the 43rd during the Indian Mutiny from December 1857 to 1859, and saw the surrender of Kirwee and subsequent operations, for which he received the medal.

From 11th December 1863 to 8th March 1866 he served with the 43rd in New Zealand, where at the height of one very fierce battle he was heard shouting to his company: “Be more peppery, men: be more peppery!” In this campaign he took part in the expeditions into the Province of Tararaki and destroyed many paha and villages. He died in 1880 and was the grandfather of Lieut.-Colonel K. Horan.

* * *

At a 52nd field firing exercise at Limerick in the 1860s Major Joshua Allen Vigors was heard to give the following order: “Check the fire of musketry, men: and ply them with the bayonet.”

* * *

As far as the Regiment is concerned the words “forlorn hope” always conjure up thoughts of the sieges in the Peninsular War, but this military term had quite a different meaning originally.

C. C. Bombaugh, the American etymologist, says:

“FORLORN HOPE. The adjective has nothing to do with despair, nor the substantive with the ‘charmer which lingers still behind’: there was no such poetical depth in the words as originally used. Every corps marching in an enemy’s country had a small body of men at the head (*haupt* or *hope*) of the advanced guard: and which was termed the ‘forlorn hope’ (*lorn* being here but a termination similar to ‘ward’ in forward) while another small body at the head of the rearguard was called the ‘rere-lorn hope.’”

The *New Oxford Dictionary* says:

“FORLORN HOPE. An adaptation from the Dutch ‘*vidoren hoop*,’ in Kilan 1598, literally ‘lost troop,’ c/f. French ‘*enfants perdus*.’ Among sailors pronounced mistakenly ‘flowing hope.’ In early use a picked body of men detailed to the front to begin the attack: a body of skirmishers. Now usually a storming party.”

1579 “He must also so order the Forlorn Hope in front of hys Battayle with fresh supplies.”

Digger: *Stralioit*.

1600 “Before the vanguard marched the forlorn hope.”

Dymmon: *Ireland*.

1643 "Our forlorn hope of horse marched within a mile of the enemy." (i.e. our horse piquet sent forward to reconnoitre approached within a mile of the enemy's camp.)

Cromwell.

1678 "Called the forlorn hope because they fall on first and make a passage for the rest."

Gayds: *Art of War*.

1799 "The forlorn hope of each attack consisted of a serjeant and 12 Europeans."

Wellington's *Despatches*, edited by
G. V. Gurwood, 52nd.

1874 "Compelled to lead a forlorn hope up the scaling ladders."
L. Stephens: *Hours Libr*.

* * *

In 1829 the War Office instituted the first systematic Records of Officers' Service and these were made by officers of the rank of lieutenant-colonel downwards. More genealogical information was required than is now. In the 43rd Orderly Room some 30 years ago there existed a record of officers' service in book form of about the 1890s: in the front of this book was an alphabetical roll showing in whose vacancy each had joined. In the body of this book the same type of detail was completed against each officer's promotion. The records of 43rd officers from 1829 to 1870 are missing from the Public Record Office, or were never deposited there.

* * *

In the past it has been stated that the rebus of the Ox Crossing The Ford was of comparatively modern origin but the following will show that this assumption is incorrect. This device was used by the 52nd in various ways and one that lasted for many years was as part of the crest at the head of the officers' writing paper.

OXFORD

Arms: Argent an ox gules armed or passing over a ford of water in base barry wavy azure and argent. The shield encircled with a ribbon azure charged with four roses and four fleur-de-lis or, placed alternately, the ribbon edged of the last.

Crest: A demi-lion rampant guardant or crowned with an imperial crown proper and semée of fleur-de-lis azure, holding between the paws a rose gules charged with another argent.

Supporters: On the dexter side an elephant ermines eared argent tusked or collared and lined or, and on the sinister side a beaver vert its tail barry wavy azure and argent, ducally gorged and lined or.

Antiquarians have different theories for the inclusion of the elephant and the beaver, but the one favoured by the Corporation is as follows. Until the sixteenth century the city arms did not include the supporters or crest but merely the representation of the ox and ford. In the time of Queen Elizabeth I it was apparently not possible to secure an addition to arms without having friends at Court, and in this particular case the city's sponsors were Sir Francis Knollys, the High Steward, and Henry Norreys, Captain of the City Musters. They succeeded in getting authority for the present city arms to be used in future, and as a compliment to them Oxford took the elephant from the Knollys arms and the beaver from the arms of Norreys.

Motto: Fortis est Veritas—"Strong is Truth."

* * *

The figures portrayed in the Regimental Christmas Card are Major James Forlong, κ.η. (on the right), Ensign Bruere, Lieut. Johnson Ford, S.M. James Wasp and Ensign the Hon. Charles Hugh Lindsay, and seated Lieut. George Talbot. Their services are given in Levinge but the following details are of interest: Bruere was one of three brothers who served in the 43rd, Wasp was adjutant from 1841 to 1847 and Lindsay, who was of the Balcarres and Crawford family, was later a Groom-in-Waiting to Her Majesty The Queen. He married on 24th April 1851 Emilia Anne, daughter of the Hon. and Very Reverend Henry Montague Brown, and died on 25th March 1889. Talbot, who was born on 19th August 1809, was the third son of the Rev. Charles Talbot, Dean of Salisbury, and Elizabeth, daughter of the fifth Duke of Beaufort: he married firstly in 1836 Frances, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel R. West, 33rd Regiment, and secondly in 1863 Angelina, widow of H. Daniel. He died on 2nd February 1871.

* * *

CYPRUS COMMANDS

Sir A. Douglas-Home, in a written reply to Mr Bottomley (Middlesbrough, East, Lab.) about the change of command in Cyprus, stated:

"The Commander of all British forces in Cyprus is Air Chief Marshal Barnett. Under him, the command of British Army units in the sovereign base areas is exercised by Major-General Young, General Officer Commanding Cyprus District.

"When a joint force of British, Greek and Turkish units was set up after Christmas to supervise the truce in the Republic of Cyprus, Major-General Young was appointed to command it. He thus held two posts, in both of which he remained responsible to Air Chief Marshal Barnett.

"The urgency of establishing the joint force made this necessary as a short-term arrangement, but it was recognised that if, in the absence of an early political solution, the life of the joint force had to be prolonged, it would be essential to appoint a full-time commander.

"This has now been done. Major-General Young is handing over the command of the joint force to Major-General Carver, and will concentrate on his duties as General Officer Commanding, Cyprus District.

"I am sure that members on both sides of the House will appreciate that, with the situation in Cyprus as it is, both these officers and Air Marshal Barnett will have heavy burdens to bear. We owe a great debt to Air Marshal Barnett and General Young for the work they have already done."

ANNIVERSARIES

154 YEARS AGO

The following extract from *The Times* recalls the Battle of Busaco in which the Light Division distinguished itself: our casualties were:

	43RD				
Officers wounded	1
Soldiers	7
	52ND				
Officers wounded*	3
Soldiers killed	3
„ wounded	10

*Lieut.-Colonel Robert Barclay died from the effects of his wound in May 1811.

PORTUGAL'S TRIBUTE TO WELLINGTON

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

BUSACO, N. Portugal, Sept 27

Britain and Portugal today celebrated here the 154th anniversary of the Battle of Busaco, in which Wellington's armies helped the Portuguese to defeat Napoleon in 1810. The battle on the rocky, mountainous slopes of the Busaco ridge was one of the decisive actions in the Peninsular War.

Today's celebrations began at dawn with a salvo of 21 guns from the high plateau which crowns the battlefield, and where an obelisk stands to the memory of those fallen. The French army is reported to have lost 4,500 men that day. An open-air Mass on this spot was attended, among others, by Lieut.-Colonel Luz da Cunha, the Minister of the Army, General Câmara Pina, the Chief of Staff, and Lieut.-Colonel Desmond Lang, the British military attaché.

After Mass, there was another salvo in which one of the original cannon used at the Battle of Busaco was fired. The band of the Middlesex Regiment (prominent in the battle), which had been brought specially from Gibraltar, paraded and played, and there was a march-past by Portuguese troops.

In recent years this occasion has become a little core of Anglo-Portuguese friendship, and each year it has remained above all a festival for the

people. The peasants came in their hundreds. Women bore great picnic hampers on their heads, the men small kegs of wine. Some carried tambourines and rattles. They came on foot, on donkeys, in carts, country buses, and in cars.

Peasants and officials knelt side by side on the stony ground to pray once again in memory of the Portuguese, British and French soldiers who fell in the battle.

* * *

100 YEARS AGO

The details of the battle of the Gate Pa, which was fought on 29th April 1864 are well known. A hundred years later to the day an impressive ceremony was held alongside the memorial church on the hill of the Gate Pa. It was attended by some 2,000 people of both races and the occasion was the unveiling of a memorial to those who fell on both sides. On the plaque is an embossed representation of the famous gift of water by a Maori after the battle to an Englishman, dying from his wounds. The ceremony was conducted by the acting Governor, Sir Harold Barraclogh, the Chief Justice; and it was unfortunate that the Governor-General, Sir Bernard Fergusson, could not be present as he is descended on his mother's side from Captain Charles Reginald Mure, 43rd, who after serving in the Crimea, was killed at the Gate Pa. Sir Harold opened his speech with the words, "I know of no battle in history where there was more bravery or chivalry shown than in the battle of the Gate Pa."

The Services were fully represented and the consecration was performed by an all-denomination group of clergy. The memorial was erected by the Tauranga Historical Society.

"Tauranga Tribal Executive
Kaihwa Road R.D.5
Tauranga
30 July 1964

Dear Colonel,

I am instructed by our Maori Executive to acknowledge your letter of appreciation dated the 15th June 1964, and to let you know that we also appreciate your act of courtesy in sending your thanks.

We feel that, in joining to do homage to the memories of those who fought for different ideals 100 years ago, our community has

added something to the sum total of human relationships. Our executive was very pleased to associate itself with the Historical Society in providing the necessary funds for the memorial.

In addition that our action in placing a wreath on your forebear's grave, though originally only intended as a tribute to his memory, should have been brought to your notice, and has therefore given you a measure of pride.

Kia Ora

W. Oria Hon. Sec.

Colonel P. Booth
Brynmelin
Hay-on-Wye
Hereford."

This letter refers to Lieut.-Colonel Henry Jackson Parker Booth, the addressee's grandfather, who died of wounds received in this battle.

Later in the same week a Maori historian unveiled a cairn on the battlefield of Te Ranga, fought on 21st June 1864. This battle, which caused the surrender of the Maoris, is memorable for the race between Major F. A. Colville, later Colonel of the Regiment, and Captain F. A. Smith, later commanding officer of the 43rd, as to who should be the first to lead his men into the enemy's rifle pits. The latter won, was shortly afterwards severely wounded, and awarded the V.C.

The main speech is interesting as it shows how even after 100 years the Maoris feel about their ancestral lands:

"Last night at Mount Maunganui, Maori Tribal Leaders met, and I can say that all would be well if the Tauranga compensation were settled. After the Maori surrender following the Gate Pa, the terms imposed by the British were accepted by the tribes as they had nowhere to seek refuge. As a result 290,000 acres of tribal lands were handed over and while it is true that 240,000 acres were handed back it did not all go to the original owners. Only about 700 acres went to them.

"Most of it went to Maoris who were friendly to the British, and they sold it before the ink was dry on the deeds. Other tribes who had land confiscated after fighting with the British have all had compensation made, but this is not so in the case of Tauranga. . . ."

The cairn was built by the National Historical Places Trust, the Services were represented by the officers and ratings of H.M.N.Z.S. *Pukaki*, and the consecration was carried out by the Rev. Brown Turei. Colonel Peter Awatere made the traditional Maori challenge to the official party when it arrived. At the ceremony there was a larger proportion of Maori people.

50 YEARS AGO

OLD COMRADES MEET AGAIN
(From the *Oxford Times*)

Nearly 50 years ago, a month after the outbreak of the First World War, the 2nd-4th Battalion of what was then the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry was formed with its headquarters at Exeter College, Oxford.

On Saturday night 60 former members of the Battalion, which was disbanded at the end of the war, met for their Jubilee Reunion dinner at the Clarendon Restaurant, Oxford.

Their chairman was one of their best-known officers, now Dr T. S. R. Boase, President of Magdalen College, whose exploits at St Venent in the last year of the war gained him the Military Cross and the distinction of having a farm named after him on the battle maps.

Other former officers who were present included Lieut.-General Sir Edward Wetherall, who commanded the Battalion, Sir Walter Moberly (D.S.O. and twice mentioned in despatches), known familiarly to his men as "Mobs," and Lieut.-Colonel R. F. Symonds, who was to command the 4th Battalion of the Regiment at the beginning of the last war.

General Sir Gerald Lathbury, Quartermaster-General to the Forces, and Colonel-Commandant of the 1st Green Jackets (43rd and 52nd) was guest of honour.

The old comrades, who voted enthusiastically for the dinner to continue as an annual event, came from all parts of the country.

The chairman, replying to the toast, pointed out that the young men with whom he was much concerned now studied the events with which they had been involved nearly half a century ago as history.

General Sir Gerald Lathbury, in reply, said the 2nd/4th Battalion was famous, not only for being a very gallant battalion, but also for the wonderful spirit of comradeship between its members which had endured down to the present time.

No fears

General Sir Edward Wetherall told the comrades: "We are jolly lucky people and I think our generation has everything to be proud of.

"We fought in the greatest infantry war there has ever been in the history of man, and there will probably never be anything like it again.

"But I think the modern Army has done, and is doing, wonders and I have no fear of the future.

"You have passed on your good stock to your children and they in their turn have passed it on too; if this continues we shall be all right."

* * *

The 7th and 8th Service Battalions of the Regiment held a joint reunion in Oxford on 11th April to mark the 50th anniversary of their formation in the first two months of the Kaiser's War. Both Battalions were in the 26th Division, the 7th being in the 78th Brigade, while the 8th was attached to Divisional H.Q. for special duties. By kind permission of the Dean of Christ Church, the 120 members assembled in Tom Quad. Major-General Sir John Winterton inspected the parade, and by speaking to and shaking hands with every man, each of those present was made to feel that he still belonged to the Regiment. In a stirring address he spoke of the present doings of the Regiment, the unity and loyalty of those who had served in it and the importance of the individual in peace and war.

A service in the Cathedral followed, where during the winter of 1914-15 parts of the 7th held their church parade Sunday by Sunday. Many saw for the first time their Colours laid up in the Regimental Chapel. Once more to sing Psalm 121, "I will lift up mine eyes to the hills from whence cometh my help," a psalm which always formed part of the Sunday church parade service in the Macedonian hills, brought back many memories.

The third part of the reunion followed in the new hall of the T.A. H.Q. That the musical programme, previously arranged, was cut out, proved without doubt that the reunion had achieved its purpose.

THE MILITIA AND SPECIAL RESERVE—
A FORGOTTEN FORCE

A. VERE SPENCER

There must be now very few people who remember the Militia and still fewer who actually served in it. The only one I know who did so besides myself in our two counties, is my old friend and neighbour Lieut.-Colonel C. R. C. Boyle, D.S.O. We were in the Bucks Militia together for about a year, before he left to join the 52nd.

But there will be a number of officers who served in the Regiment in the 1914-18 War who remember the Special Reserve as most of them passed through that battalion at one time or another, on first posting from Sandhurst or an O.T.C., or after recovering from wounds or sickness, and pending being sent to one of the other battalions overseas.

So, before all is forgotten, it may be of interest to record something about this force.

The earliest record of formed regiments of Militia is at the time of the Civil War when Parliament raised a number. Among these was the Bucks but there does not seem to have been an Oxfordshire Militia in those days. Buckinghamshire was much under the influence of parliament while that of the King was greater in Oxfordshire. The loyal men of that county presumably joined his standard voluntarily.

The Bucks Militia was raised in 1642, Colonel Bulstrode of Hedgerley, near Beaconsfield, Bucks, being the first commanding officer. They fought, it is said, with distinction at Edge Hill and are also reported to have been in action at Holman's Bridge, near Aylesbury. But no record remains of other engagements in which they took part, though no doubt there were many.

After the Civil War, the Militia appears to have been disbanded and is not heard of again until the Napoleonic Wars, when many more regiments were raised. The Bucks were embodied in 1778 under command of Sir John Dashwood, Bart, of West Wycombe Park. In 1794 they were at Weymouth and formed the guard over King George III's residence there. He was so pleased with their efficiency and smartness that he bestowed on them the title of "Royal Bucks, King's Own" and presented the officers' mess with a beautiful silver snuff box which is now in the Regimental museum at Winchester.

The Regiment was in Ireland in 1798 under the command of Colonel the Marquess of Buckingham and in 1813 served in the Duke of Welling-

ton's army in France in the final stages of the Peninsular War. In 1815 a number of the Royal Bucks were drafted into the 14th Foot, then the Buckinghamshire Regiment, and fought with them at Waterloo, still wearing their Militia uniforms.

From 1854 to 1856, during the Crimean War, they were again embodied, Lord Carrington being in command. For part of that time they were stationed at Canterbury and marched thence to Dover to form a guard of honour on the arrival of the Emperor Napoleon III, who came on a visit to this country.

At the time of the South African War the Royal Bucks, together with other militias, were embodied, spent part of the time in Ireland and sent drafts to the 43rd.

The Oxfordshire Militia was raised in 1778. My Great-great-great-Grandfather, Lord Charles Spencer, was the first commanding officer until he retired in 1798. They were stationed in various garrisons including Dover, Ireland and the Tower of London, until 1815 when they were disembodied. There still is, under the walls of Dover Castle, a small graveyard in which were buried men of the Regiment who died there.

The next embodiment was in 1854 to 1856 during the Crimean War and they were stationed at Portsmouth and in Corfu, Colonel Charles Bowles being in command. They were granted the right to bear "Mediterranean" on their colours in recognition of the latter service.

They were again embodied at the time of the Indian Mutiny from 1857 to 1860 and served at Woolwich, Aldershot and Dover.

1900-1901 saw the Oxfordshire at Portsmouth and Gosport in the South African War embodiment. On the occasion of the funeral of Queen Victoria they formed a guard of honour at Osborne and hurried thence to help line the streets in London. Colonel Rivers Bulkeley commanded from 1891 to 1901.

The Militia was a force quite separate from the Regular Army, having its own Regimental numbers and wearing its own uniforms. The Royal Bucks was the 35th and the Oxfordshire the 51st.

During the periods between embodiments they usually were called up for, normally, a month's training in the summer, recruits having a longer period beforehand. They did no other service, except that officers, soon after joining, would attend courses of instruction at the School of Musketry at Hythe and at the Depôt, and an attachment of a month or so to a regular battalion.

In the earlier days, at any rate, the officers came mainly from the land-owning families and looking through the old lists one sees many well-known county names. The Oxfordshire more recently tended to go outside

the county for some of their officers and there were at one time several from Shropshire and Cheshire, no doubt due to the influence of Colonel Rivers Bulkeley, who came from those parts. Also, commanding officers had an eye open for likely officer material among the under-graduates at the University and persuaded them to join. There were, too, young men unable to pass the examination for entry to Sandhurst who joined the Militia—the back-door into the Army—and after a period of training an easier examination would qualify them for a regular commission.

The other ranks were drawn largely from those in casual employment of which formerly there was a considerable number. In those days it would have been difficult for a man in full employment to obtain a month's leave to attend annual training and there was no such thing as holidays with pay. They joined for the sake of the bounty, for a month's certain employment and pay, with regular meals and beer, and some I suppose from a liking for soldiering and good company.

At the time of the Napoleonic Wars, which saw the raising of many of the Militia regiments, when voluntary enlistment did not suffice, the men were got together by ballot. To the Lieutenants of Counties was entrusted the raising of enough men to form one or more regiments. This duty they delegated to the Deputy Lieutenants, each of whom was responsible for a certain quota from each of the several hundreds into which the county was divided. A ballot was taken to make up the required number who were then conscribed. If anyone thus selected did not want to or could not, for business or other reasons, give up the time, he was allowed to pay another to take his place. Consequently the more well-to-do sometimes evaded the Service unless they joined as officers.

In later years and after the wars of the 18th and early 19th centuries, the ranks were filled by voluntary enlistment and N.C.O.s and men served on a definite engagement.

Before 1881 a reorganisation of the Army was undertaken by Mr Cardwell, the Secretary of State for War, assisted by Lord Wolseley, the Commander-in-Chief. The Militia regiments were then linked to Regular regiments, who were also affiliated to counties. The Royal Bucks and Oxfordshire Militias became, respectively, the 3rd and 4th (Militia) Battalions of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry, while the 43rd became the 1st and the 52nd, the 2nd, Battalions. They now adopted the uniform of the Regiment, its drill and other characteristics, becoming light, instead of heavy, infantry and giving up drums and fifes in favour of bugles. The uniform was now the same, except that officers wore a metal "M" on their shoulder straps. The other ranks were not issued with cloth tunics but



Perham Down, 1913. Polo players

wore the red serge, then the working uniform of the regulars, for ceremonial and walking out.

The Royal Bucks had their Depôt at High Wycombe, while that of the Oxfordshire had formerly been at what is now the County Police Headquarters in New Road, Oxford, until 1876 when it was moved to Cowley Barracks. The adjutants of the two Militias were always regulars, usually, though not necessarily, of the Regiment until 1881, when they always were. Both battalions had their permanent staff apart from that of the Regimental Depôt at Cowley in the case of the Oxfordshire, and Militia recruits were drilled independently.

In 1908, when Lord Haldane was Secretary of State for War, a further reorganisation was carried out. Among other reforms, the Militia was abolished and became the Special Reserve, more closely connected with the regular battalions and considered to be part of the regular Army. Some Militia battalions were disbanded and the Royal Bucks was one of them. This caused considerable dissatisfaction in Buckinghamshire and, with a view to appeasing it, that county's name was added to Oxfordshire in the Regimental title.

The old 4th (Oxfordshire Militia) Battalion became the 3rd (Special Reserve) Battalion, Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry. Those of the personnel of all ranks of the old 3rd (Bucks Militia) Battalion who so desired were transferred to the new 3rd (Special Reserve) Battalion. The majority did so and this proved a very happy union.

The permanent staff of the Regimental Depôt of all ranks were now held on the strength of the 3rd Battalion for the annual training, while the adjutant served both Depôt and Special Reserve. This led to a much closer link between the Regiment and the Special Reserve, the latter felt themselves more part of the former and it undoubtedly made for greater efficiency.

The Depôt at High Wycombe was done away with and all recruits were now trained at the Depôt at Cowley, having to decide at a certain stage whether they intended to serve as regulars or special reservists.

The Oxfordshire Militia had always been a rather sporting Regiment. There was an Officers' Tandem Club in 1857 and for the last five years before the 1914-18 War broke out, a Regimental point-to-point race meeting was held. This was in the Bicester country near the home of Lieut.-Colonel F. T. H. Bernard, the Commanding Officer. There was a Regimental race, one open to past and present officers of all battalions of the Regiment, which always filled well, a farmers' race and an open race. There were no made-up fences and the course was over a natural line of country, mostly stake and bound hedges, with the Chearsley brook twice. We rode in real hunting costume, top hats and red or black coats—no jockeys' silk colours.

The Regiment started playing polo in 1903 and the transfer of officers from the Royal Bucks in 1908 added to the number of potential players. I was one of those who welcomed this opportunity of learning and playing the best of all games.

There were several ponies belonging to the Regimental Polo Club, one or two officers had ponies of their own, and for the rest Major the Earl Fitzwilliam, D.S.O., generously provided a number. All these ponies were looked after by Captain A. K. ("Snatcher") North, who was Lord Fitzwilliam's "Master of Horse" in civil life. Sad to relate, Snatcher was blinded as the result of a wound in the 1914-18 War. A terrible fate for so accomplished and keen a horseman.

Besides playing during the annual training—and we always found or made a ground near our camp—we played matches with other teams after the training was over.

The Oxfordshire was a rather expensive Regiment, and what with the Polo Club, a perhaps better-than-usual band and a somewhat extravagant

mess, there was not much left from the 5s. 5d. a day pay of a junior subaltern! It must be remembered that in those days officers did not draw rations, so that everything they ate had to be purchased and the mess was run by a caterer. There was no allowance for uniform and we had to buy, out of our own pockets, or those of our parents, full dress (helmet, tunic and trousers), mess dress, undress (blue patrol) and khaki service dress, besides belts, sword, boots, etc.

It would be tedious to record all the camps: Gosport, Grange Field, Browndown, Salisbury Plain, Tidworth Pennings, Bulford and Perham Down were the most frequent places where we trained. But one or two are worth mention. In 1912 it was near Felixstowe, where the camp was pitched on shingle, which made marching at all, let alone light infantry time, very difficult, as for every pace taken forward one slipped back half a pace! But there was sound ground outside the camp and here new colours were presented by Colonel Sir Courtenay Warner, Bart, M.P., the previous commanding officer, and Lieutenant of Suffolk, on behalf of H.M. the King.

In 1914 the camp was in South Park, Headington, with a week at Kimble, near Chequers in Bucks, for musketry. At the end of this training the colours were trooped in Tom Quad, Christ Church. This was the first, and probably the last, time that the sacred grass in this quadrangle was sullied by horses' hoofs and soldiers' boots!

During this training some games of polo were played with Oxford University sides, of which the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VIII, and his Equerry, Major the Hon. W. Cadogan, 10th Hussars, were members. It was here, too, that after dinner on a guest night the late Captain Maitland Wilson, Rifle Brigade and adjutant of the University O.T.C., climbed over the top of the mess tent. His figure was sligher than when he became a field marshal!

This brings me to the pre-war end of the Special Reserve, of which I think Captain C. A. Fowke, M.B.E., M.C., and I are the only surviving officers. Its doings in the 1914-18 War have been described in the CHRONICLE, Vol. XXVIII, 1919-20, page 54, from which it will be seen that it more than justified its existence and the training and work it had put in previously.

THE FIFTH DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON¹

Charles Lennox was one of the most distinguished men from every point of view ever to have served in the Regiment. He was born at Richmond House, Whitehall Gardens, on 3rd August 1791, the first son of the fourth duke, who was a general, and Charlotte, first daughter of the fourth Duke of Gordon. He was educated at Mr Howes' at Chiswick for a few months before going to Westminster, where he boarded at Glover's in Great Dean's Yard. One of his greatest friends there was Robert Lifford, a son of the Duke of York, with whom the fourth Duke of Richmond once fought a duel though the rank of the former did not make the acceptance of challenges obligatory. Lifford joined the 52nd in 1810 and died of wounds received at Redenha on 17th March of the next year: before he died he gave Charles Lennox his sword and sash to return to his father, a commission that was faithfully carried out.

He left Westminster in 1809 and went to Trinity College, Dublin, who made him a B.A. in 1813: at the same time he was A.D.C. to his father, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, but, although his abilities were far above the average and any career was open to him, his heart was set on becoming a soldier. On 3rd June 1809, at the age of nearly 18, he was gazetted an ensign in the 8th Garrison Battalion, but a year later on 21st June became a lieutenant in the 13th Light Dragoons. His father was a great friend of the Duke of Wellington to be, who had been his Chief Secretary in Ireland, so the Earl of March, as Lennox had become in 1806, was given a position as one of the A.D.C.s at G.H.Q. on the Peninsular. He said goodbye to his 13 brothers and sisters and crossed to Lisbon in the transport 9 M.L., arriving at G.H.Q. on 12th July 1810.

The first action in which he was engaged was Busaco and shortly afterwards the Commander-in-Chief, writing from Celerico on 10th August, used the following words in a letter to Vice-Admiral H. G. Berkeley, who lived at Lisbon and with whom March had stayed on landing, "I think that Lord March can do without his helmet for a time." After Albuhera, March was granted some sick leave which he spent with Vice-Admiral and Mrs Berkeley, who was his aunt. It should be borne in mind that March had never been physically robust and though he was good at games this success was entirely due to application and not strength. There he met Charles Napier,² a relative, who was recovering from a wound in the jaw received at Foz d'Aronce on 27th September 1811.

¹ For portrait and resumé of his military career see the 1899 CHRONICLE, page 117.

² Eldest brother of Sir George Napier, K.C.B., 52nd 1803-14.

However, he was back on duty again by the time Ciudad Rodrigo was taken, as he entered the lesser breach on 19th January 1812 as a volunteer with two of the other A.D.C.s, the Prince of Orange (Slender Billy) and Lord Fitzroy Somerset³: their precipitate action brought a reproof from their Chief. Lieut. John Gurwood, 52nd,⁴ who commanded the forlorn hope at this storming, captured the French Governor, General Barrie, in the citadel. The general surrendered his sword to Gurwood, and the latter was about to return it to him again in acknowledgment of the bravery of the defence: but March, who was standing beside Gurwood, and had in mind the cost in British lives of the victory, whispered to him, "Do not be such a fool." Later Wellington presented Gurwood with this sword on the breach by which he had entered.

Here George Napier was again severely wounded and afterwards March wrote as follows to the former's mother and his paternal aunt:

"Gallegos, 21st January 1812.

My dear Lady Sarah,

I am sorry to tell you that George has had his arm amputated, in consequence of a musket shot he received at the top of the breach of Ciudad Rodrigo: it has been done just above the elbow of the right arm. He suffers very little pain, and is in high spirits. He volunteered, leading 300 as fine fellows as ever marched from the Light Division and with them stormed the small breach. Everybody in the army admires his gallantry, and I trust they cannot refuse to make him a lieutenant-colonel⁵: his friend, Lieutenant Gurwood, led the forlorn hope, and they were the first two up the breach. I will let you know how he is by next mail, but I am convinced it will be favourable account. He wanted to write to you, but I told him I would. He is coming to my quarters and I will take every care of him.

Believe me, dear Lady Sarah,
ever yours affectionately,
March.

PS. Pray, write to Charles⁶ that I hope George will soon be a lieutenant-colonel, as he deserves it better than anyone in the army."

March, after Salamanca, was sent back to England via Corunna for the first of two journeys he made, carrying the duplicate of Wellington's despatches: the second occasion was after the capture of Astorga and the

³ Later Field Marshal the Earl of Raglan, 43rd 1808-14.

⁴ 52nd 1808-12, see 1896 CHRONICLE, page 120.

⁵ He was appointed a lieutenant-colonel in the army on 6th February 1812.

⁶ Later General Sir Charles Napier, the Conqueror of Scinde.

entry into France. In this year he purchased a captaincy in the 92nd Highlanders. Returning to Spain before Christmas 1812, he was, on 23rd February 1813, sent into the French lines at Frenada with a flag of truce and dined with the French general. The French escort on the return journey did not ride far with him as they were afraid of the guerillas: this caused caustic comment by March. On 12th June in a melee his charger "Busaco"—named after the battle and one of the three horses he had brought out with him from England—was struck by a sword blow intended for himself. "Busaco" bore this and many other scars to the end of his days, which were spent in the peaceful surroundings of Halnakar Park. When full of years the end had to come he was buried in the Home Park, near the old Ice House: a tree specially planted over his grave marks the spot.

On 22nd June March had one of the most depressing experiences in his life and one which in after years he could not forget: this was his ride across the battlefield of Vittoria on the day after the event. He had been sent from headquarters with a message for the commandant of the captured town and on his way he heard the moans of the dying and the groans of the wounded. The roads were strewn with innumerable dead and maimed horses, and almost entirely blocked with broken-down ammunition wagons, dismantled gun carriages and vehicles for private use, crowded with articles of luxury for King Joseph. With these were intermingled goats, milch cows, sheep, oxen, asses and pigs, while villages and houses were blazing, the owners reduced to misery and want, and the fugitives revenging themselves for their defeat by plundering and ill-treating all those who came across their path.

On 8th April 1813 he was transferred to the 52nd but did not join it till 26th February 1814—the eve of Orthes. In that battle he led his company against the enemy's right and on reaching the crest of the hill was struck in the chest by a musket ball: a spectator describes the sequel thus:

"This gallant young officer, after receiving his severe wound, was carried on a stretcher to the rear. The wound caused internal hæmorrhage which the surgeons were unable to control and he was slowly bleeding to death. The surgeon-major⁷ consulted his assistants⁸; he said, 'There is only one chance left for him—that is to open a vein in his foot and to set up an external flow of blood: this would probably stop the internal bleeding and might save his life, but should it not be so, he would be dead in ten minutes. If he were one of the rank and file I would do this at once: but he is heir to a duke and the responsibility is great. But what is your

opinion?' The other medical officers concurred in the diagnosis, but no one seemed ready to begin, when a junior surgeon, named Archibald Hair, said to have been sent by Wellington, seeing the reluctance of his superiors to put their counsel to the test, came forward and said, 'It is a shame that lad should die for want of a doctor, even if he be a duke's son and if no one else will do it, I will.' Accordingly he venesected the foot and set up an outward flow of blood and in a few moments the internal flow of blood was stanchied and the wounded officer's life preserved. The bullet remained in the body till death."

Archibald Hair was at that time an assistant-surgeon in the 43rd, having been so appointed on 12th November 1812 from the Forfar Militia. He was present with the Regiment at Vittoria, San Sebastian, Nivelles, Nive, Vera and New Orleans, and received the Military General Service Medal 1793-1814 with four clasps. He transferred to the Royal Horse Guards on 12th June 1826 and retired on half-pay of the Regiment on 2nd June 1843. He was always a friend of the Lennox family and was the Duke's private secretary at Goodwood for many years after 1843.

On the day after Orthes Wellington hobbled in on crutches to see March, who enquired after the outcome of the battle, to which his chief replied: "I have given them a good licking, and I shall follow it up." He rejoined G.H.Q. on the day after the battle of Toulouse, whence he went to the Coa H.Q. of the 4th Division: there he remained till he returned to England. His younger brother, George, had also been one of Wellington's A.D.C.s and was the father of Wilbraham, who won the V.C. at Tregon's Rifle Pit in the Crimean War. A German describes Wellington's A.D.C.s in the following terms: "His A.D.C.s and 'galopins' were young men, belonging to the best families of England, who thought it an honour to devote to their country and its greatest commander all the energies of their will and intellect. Mounted on the finest horses of England's famous breed, they made it a point of honour, whenever the Duke added the word 'Quick!' to a message, to cover three German miles in an hour or, for a shorter distance, one German mile (5¼ English) in 18 minutes."⁹

March was appointed a brevet-major on 15th June 1815 and in this instance it would not appear to have been the reward for bringing home despatches describing a successful operation. It was the custom for only A.D.C.s of the commander in the field to bring home despatches and their reward was a fresh warrant. His parents had settled in Brussels after his father had left Viceregal Lodge and so it came about that his mother gave the famous ball there on 17th June: March attended this dance but left

⁷ John Bushby Gibson.

⁸ Pryce Jones and William Macartney.

⁹ General von Muffling in his *Aus Meines Leben*.

for a short time with his sister to return to his lodgings to make certain his accoutrements were in order. At Waterloo he acted as A.D.C. to his friend, the Prince of Orange, and when the latter was wounded again attached himself to Wellington as an extra A.D.C. He was advanced to brevet-lieutenant-colonel on 25th July 1816 and went on half-pay the same day.

On 4th December 1819 he was appointed colonel of the Royal Sussex (Light Infantry) Militia, which bore the number "52" of which he was very proud. Although a very busy man he did his duty with his Regiment most meticulously, and his park was always available for exercises. When the Regiment was embodied and stationed at Chichester he invariably occupied the field officers' quarters in the hut barracks there rather than remaining in the comfort of Goodwood. All the sporting facilities he possessed were at the disposal of his officers and they were regularly invited to dine with him. It has always been a tradition in the Regiment that it had a right to a tent at Goodwood for the Week, but when, in 1928, the matter was raised with the agent for the estate, it transpired that all the catering rights had long ago been exclusively let to a London firm and so nothing came of it. In 1852 he appointed William Fuller his quartermaster: the latter had been born in the Regiment and was serjeant-major of the 52nd when he was promoted ensign on 25th June 1844. He was adjutant of the 52nd from 20th August 1844 to 22nd July 1852, when he retired. (A later article will deal with Fuller's interesting career in detail.)

In 1812 he was elected M.P. for Chichester in the Conservative interest but did not take any part in the debates as he did not consider such action compatible with his position as an officer. In 1816 King Louis XVIII created him Prince of Aubigny¹⁰—a title that was to bring considerable legal arguments in its train, concerning property in France. On 10th April of the same year he married Caroline, first daughter of the first Marquess of Anglesey: his father-in-law was already a friend of his and had commanded the cavalry at Waterloo, where he lost his leg. In 1818 March's father had been appointed Governor-General of Canada and in June of the following year was inspecting some barracks at Mount Henry on the south bank of the St Lawrence, when he went to the help of a tame fox, which was the property of a private soldier, and which was being attacked by a dog. In so doing he was bitten by one of the animals and died of hydrophobia some two months later on 28th August, in the backwoods of the River Ottawa. So March inherited the three dukedoms of Richmond, Lennox and Aubigny: but he continued to live at Molecomb for another 18 months before reopening Goodwood House.

¹⁰ This was one of the Lennox titles conferred on an ancestor in the sixteenth century.

He became Militia A.D.C. to King William IV in 1832, and he held the position of extra A.D.C. to Queen Victoria from 1837 to 1841, and A.D.C. from then onwards. He was appointed Lieutenant of Sussex in 1835, and these last two positions he held for life. On 12th May 1829 he was made a Knight of the Garter, and became Vice-Admiral of Sussex two years later. He was pall-bearer at the funeral of King George IV at Windsor on 13th July 1830, and at the coronations of both King William IV on 9th September 1831 and of Queen Victoria on 29th June 1838 he carried the sceptre and the dove. He was further honoured by his daughter the Lady Caroline Gordon Lennox, later the Countess of Bessborough, being invited to be a bridesmaid at Queen Victoria's wedding. On 9th August 1836 he took by royal licence the additional surname of Gordon on succeeding to the estates of his maternal uncle, the fifth and last Duke of Gordon, so becoming a duke four times over, which is believed to be a record. Alexander, the fourth Duke of Gordon, had entailed the Scottish estates on Charles Lennox, who was his grandson, in the event of his son, the fifth duke, dying without issue, which was what occurred.

He enjoyed a very happy married life, which was darkened in 1841 by the loss of his second son, Fitzroy. The latter had joined the 43rd in 1837 and was serving in Canada in 1841 when he transferred to the 13th Light Dragoons, Levinge, says the 10th Hussars. On his way back to England he met in New York a well-known actor, Tyrone Power, with whom he embarked in the steamer *President*. She sailed on 11th March and was last seen in a great storm between the Nantucket Shoals and George's Bank: although long after she was overdue Richmond and his wife did not give up hope, the ship was never heard of again.

His career in the House of Lords is outside the scope of this short article but he took part in the debates on some of the most important bills that Parliament has ever considered, such as Roman Catholic Emancipation, Reform, Abolition of Slavery, Corn Laws, etc. Three of his activities will be mentioned: first, the case in 1830 before the House of Lords of King George IV v. Queen Caroline, which lasted four days. On the second reading of the bill the motion was carried by 123 against 95: his opinion was:

"Dissentient No. 1—Because the second reading of the bill is equivalent to a decision that adulterous intercourse (the only foundation on which the bill can rest) has been satisfactorily proved. Because that adulterous intercourse has been inferred, but not proved, it is a doubtful case in which the imputed guilt is not proved, although innocence be not established, the benefit of that doubt, conformably to the principles of British justice, must be given to the defendant."

Richmond and Lennox. For the first reason only.

Second, his struggle to gain a medal for those who had fought in the Napoleonic Wars. It will be recalled that all those who fought at Quatre Bras, Ligny and Waterloo were awarded a medal, and those who had served through the long years of the Peninsular War felt aggrieved that their services had not been similarly appreciated. Richmond brought the matter forward whenever he could and, strange though it may seem, Wellington was one of his chief opponents: the former's speech of 21st July 1843 is considered to have won the day, particularly as the armies that had recently fought in Afghanistan and China had been awarded medals. The results of all his efforts were crowned by the publication of the following:

“General Order

Horse Guards, June 1847.

Her Majesty having been graciously pleased to command that a medal should be struck to record the services of her fleets and armies during the wars commencing in 1793 and ending in 1814, and that one should be conferred upon every officer, non-commissioned officer and soldier of the army who was present in any battle, or siege, to commemorate which medals had been struck by command of Her Majesty's royal predecessors, and had been distributed to the general or superior officers of the several armies and corps of troops engaged in conformity with the regulations of the service at that time in force: general and other officers, non-commissioned officers and soldiers who consider that they have claims to receive this mark of their Sovereign's gracious recollection of their services and of her desire to record the same are each to apply to the Secretary of the Board of General Officers, Whitehall, London, and to send, in writing, to the same officer a statement of his claim for what action, at what period of time, and the name of the persons or the titles of the documents by which the claim can be proved.

By command of Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington,
John Macdonald,¹¹
Adjutant-General.”

¹¹ Joined the 43rd as a major in 1806; D.A.G., Horse Guards 1820-1830; Adjutant-General to the Forces 1830 till his death in 1850.

<i>Actions for which the Medal and Clasps could be won, with dates</i>	<i>Clasps won by the</i>	
	<i>43rd</i>	<i>52nd</i>
Egypt 2nd March–2nd September 1801 ¹²	—	—
Maida 4th July 1806	—	—
Roleia 17th August 1808	—	1
Vimiera 21st August 1808	126	83
Sahagun, Benevente, December and January 1808 and 1809	—	—
Corunna 16th January 1809	101	62
Martinique February 1809	—	—
Talavera 27th and 28th July 1809	23	26
Guadeloupe January and February 1810	—	—
Busaco 27th September 1810	48	175
Barrossa 5th March 1811	—	1
Fuentes d'Onor 5th May 1811	140	121
Albuhera 16th May 1811	—	—
Java August and September 1811	—	—
Ciudad Rodrigo January 1812	268	302
Badajoz 17th March and 16th April 1812	269	260
Salamanca 22nd July 1812	252	251
Fort Detroit, America, August 1812	—	—
Vittoria 21st June 1813	307	269
Pyrenees 28th July–2nd August 1813	191	215
San Sebastian August and September 1813	21	52
Chateaugnay, America, 26th October 1813	—	—
Nivelle 10th November 1813	162	135
Chrystler's Farm, America, 11th November 1813	—	—
Nive 9th–13th December 1813	138	115
Orthes 27th February 1813	3	214
Toulouse 10th April 1814	290	239
Number of Medals won	485	452

¹² This clasp was not authorised till 1850.

Privates Patrick Haggerty and James Morris of the 52nd both won 14 clasps, and the decoration of the latter was sold at auction in 1962 for £500. The medals and clasps were issued in 1848 and each recipient was charged 2s. 6d. for having his name engraved on his medal! As the applications did not flow in as fast as had been expected the following was issued:

“Horse Guards, 1st May 1849.

Nearly two years have elapsed since General Orders were issued by command of Her Majesty, dated 1st June 1847, requiring all those to make applications who should consider themselves qualified to receive a medal for their services during the late war, as therein specified. Although 20,369 officers, non-commissioned officers and soldiers have, after investigation, been declared qualified, there are still many claims outstanding, which have not yet been sent forward. And notice is hereby given that no claim will be taken into consideration unless submitted in the manner required by the order of 1st June 1847, on or before 1st May 1850.”

Arrangements were also made for the issue of the medals to next-of-kin of those who died since 1st June 1847. It will be noticed that those who had fought in Sicily, Bergen-op-Zoom, New Orleans, etc., were outside the terms of the General Order. Richmond himself received the Military General Service Medal 1793–1814, with clasps, for Busaco, Fuentes d’Onor, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, Pyrenees and Orthes.

The veterans of the Napoleonic Wars were most appreciative of his efforts on their behalf and presented him, on 21st June 1851—the 38th anniversary of Vittoria—at Willis’s Rooms, with a magnificent piece of plate, valued at 1,500 guineas. This gift was designed by A. Brown and executed by Hunt & Roskell: it stood nearly four feet high and consisted briefly of Richmond handing a petition to an imaginary Queen Victoria. There were also bas-reliefs depicting various scenes.¹³ The chairman at this presentation was Lieut.-General the Right Honourable Lord Saltoun and among those present were Surgeon Hair, serving with the Royal Horse Guards, Major, later Lieut.-Colonel, J. H. Cooke, 43rd 1809-1826 and Secretary and Military Vice-Chairman for the Army Recipients of the Medal, Colonel C. Wood, 52nd 1809-1813, Colonel, later Field-Marshal, C. Yorke, 52nd 1807-1825, Colonel Gawler, 52nd 1810-1834, Dr J. Gilchrist, M.D. with the 43rd in the Peninsular and North America,¹⁴ Captain E. R. Northey, 52nd 1812-1822, Colonel J. F. Love, 52nd 1805-1825, Lieut.-Colonel Sir John Maxwell Tylden, 43rd and 52nd 1804-1816,

¹³ This is on display in a glass case at Goodwood House at the end of the Long Hall.

¹⁴ This surgeon served in the West Indies, the Peninsular and America, and received the medal with 12 clasps; he joined in 1804 and was appointed inspector-general on 16th December 1841.

Major W. Austin, 52nd 1811-1845, Colonel C. Patrickson, 43rd 1803-1826, and Major J. P. Hopkins, 43rd 1804-1825.

Third, his support for his previous commanding officer: on 17th June 1852 he presented a petition from old lieutenants of the Peninsular army, and those who had served in the war, praying that the brevet rank of captain might be conferred on them: nor was he unmindful of his old friend Colborne of the 52nd, for, when the order of the day was read for considering Her Majesty’s most gracious message, in relation to conferring upon Lord Seaton some signal mark of her favour in consideration of his services as Governor-General of Canada, and commander of the forces in that province, he paid the following just tribute to his old comrade:

“My lords, having served under my noble and gallant friend, I beg your lordships to allow me to express the gratification I feel on the present occasion in concurring in the sentiments expressed by the noble viscount (Melbourne) at the head of the government, and most particularly in what has been stated by the noble duke (Wellington) with respect to my noble and gallant friend. When I first heard of the rebellion breaking out in Canada, it was a great consolation to me to know that he, who had commanded the 52nd Light Infantry in the Peninsular—who had gained the goodwill of the inhabitants of the country through which he had passed—who had obtained the love and respect of the officers and soldiers whom he had commanded—who had administered justice to all with equal measure, was now in command of Her Majesty’s troops in Canada, and I had the highest confidence in him. I agree with the noble viscount in what he has stated, in thinking that to my noble and gallant friend is mainly to be attributed the tranquillity which followed. Having had the honour of serving under his command, I thought I was justified in addressing your lordships, and I beg to say that I have never been called upon to give a vote which I shall give with more satisfaction than this, for the provision for Lord Seaton, who has a greater claim upon the country for his services than any other man alive.”

Before going to the Peninsular he was passionately fond of hunting and used to ride to hounds with the Earl of Egremont’s pack. He was a fearless rider and once rode down one of the steepest parts of Bow Hill, about four miles from Goodwood, a feat never before attempted: so impressed were the estate workers with this exploit that they kept the tracks of the horse open for years afterwards. After the war when he was galloping downhill at Goodwood, which had been in his family since 1720, he had a very heavy fall indeed, his horse putting a foot on his chest: this moved the ball he had received at Orthes. He was seriously ill and his life despaired

of a second time. On his recovery he reluctantly gave up hunting and took to racing: this he began in 1817 and in 1823, on the advice of Lord Dunwich,¹⁵ appointed the elder Kent his private trainer. For nearly 40 years he bred and trained at Goodwood and such was his success and generosity that he allowed all his friends to use his facilities there for their horses. Some of his greater successes were: the Goodwood Cup in 1827 and 1828; the Oaks with "Culnare" in 1827, and with "Reparation" in 1845; the 1,000 Guineas with "Pic-Nic" in 1845; the Chester Cup with "Red Deer" in 1844 (the jockey weighed under four stone); the Ascot Stakes in 1838 and 1849. His "Red Hart" won £6,405.

His gross winnings were £112,000. On 10th March 1854 he sold his brood mares to M. Lupin of France, and his horses in training were disposed of at Tattersall's. He was a steward of the Jockey Club in 1831 and helped in the revision of the rules of racing: he also carried through the repeal of certain archaic Acts of Parliament, which dealt with the same subject. He improved the Goodwood racecourse and the following is a description of the meeting from the Annual Register of 1860, the year of his death:

"He was one of the princely supporters of the turf: the annual races at Goodwood Park affording scope for the display of his generous hospitality, and his honourable bearing and frank manner on all occasions had endeared him to a large circle of friends, while both in England and Scotland he was esteemed by his tenantry as one of the best of landlords."

He was very keen on shooting and often entertained Wellington, Anglesey, Stradbroke, Raglan¹⁶ and Sir Charles Rowan.¹⁷ On these occasions, at the convivial luncheons the conversation, as befitted old soldiers, was usually of the wars, and once the host made the following remark to Stradbroke, who had had one of his heels shot off in battle, causing him to walk upon his toes ever afterwards: "I am afraid, Stradbroke, that you must have been a bolter, showing the enemy a clean pair of heels at the time." Richmond's wound and his fall made the use of shooting ponies essential and he had one called "Pigeon" of which he was very fond: she was very fat and comfortable to sit. A bridle was fitted as a matter of etiquette but it was never used, "Pigeon's" movements being entirely directed by her master's voice. She was followed by "Peggy," also of generous proportions and from whose back one could shoot in any direction, even between her ears.

¹⁵ Also a Peninsular veteran and later Earl of Stradbroke: his grandson is Lieutenant of Suffolk.

¹⁶ Formerly Lord Fitzroy Somerset, 43rd 1806-1814.

¹⁷ 52nd 1798-1822, first Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police.

As if his life was not full enough, he was very active in local government and was High Steward of Chichester: he interested himself in agricultural matters both in England and Scotland. He ran his estates in a most enlightened, humane and successful manner and was a founder member of the Royal Agricultural Society of England and its president in 1845. He was also a founder member of the 52nd Dining Club and always presided.

Taken ill at his Scottish seat of Gordon Castle,¹⁸ he was brought by easy stages to Richmond House,¹⁹ where, attended by the faithful Hair and others, he died of dropsy on 21st October 1860. His death is said to have brought a sense of personal loss to all who knew him, from the highest to the lowest. "He died in a good old age, full of days, riches and honour."

¹⁸ Sold to the Crown in 1936.

¹⁹ Now New Scotland Yard.

LENNOX FAMILY

It stems from a Saxon Lord, Aykfrith, who was a contemporary of King Canute, and who owned vast estates in the north of England. His son, being an adversary of King William I, crossed into Scotland and was warmly received by King Malcolm Canmore (1057-1093). His grandson was created first Earl of Lennox and his descendants played a major part in Scottish history, holding such appointments as Lords of Secret Council. The member of the family best known to Englishmen was the ill-fated Darnley of Kirk-o-the-Field and it was through him that King Charles II inherited the Lennox honours when that line failed. A dukedom was conferred on Esme in 1581 and the title of Duke of Richmond on his son Ludovic in 1603. Charles, sixth Duke of Richmond, died childless in 1672 and the title and estates, as mentioned, devolved on the Sovereign, who permitted the dowager to enjoy the life rent of the whole estate.

GORDON FAMILY

It is supposed to have come to England with King William I and to have been given lands by King Malcolm Canmore. They were Crusaders, and supporters of Mary, Queen of Scots, and of King Charles I. The son of the last named created him the first duke; the fourth duke and duchess were patrons of Robert Burns.

REFERENCES

1. *Memoir of Charles Gordon Lennox, fifth Duke of Richmond, K.G., P.C.*, author anonymous, but was in fact Lord William Pitt Lennox. Published by Chapman & Hall, 1862.
2. *British Family Antiquity*, by Playfair.
3. *Records and Reminiscences of Goodwood and the Dukes of Richmond*, by J. Kent. Published by Samson Low, 1896.
4. *The Complete Peerage*.

PORTRAITS

Some of these are:

1. Full face, three-quarter length, in the uniform of a field officer of the 52nd, his shako in his dexter hand. Painted by W. Salter in 1841.
2. Full face, three-quarter length, bareheaded, in a cutaway coat, wearing the star and sash of the Garter, his dexter hand on a table on some papers, and the thumb of his sinister hand in his trouser pocket. Painted by W. Salter in 1842.
3. Full face, three-quarter length, as an old man, in the uniform of the Royal Sussex (Light Infantry) Militia, wearing the Garter, General Service Medal 1793-1814, and his Waterloo medal. His sinister hand holds the hilt of his sword. Reproduced as the frontispiece of Moorsom's 52nd. From a photograph taken in 1860: the original, now coloured, stands on a table in the hall at Goodwood.
4. Full face, life size, in Garter robes, painted, not before 1829, by Lane at Goodwood.
5. Lord George Charles Fitzroy Lennox: head and shoulders, bareheaded, in the full dress uniform of the 43rd. There would appear to be scarlet aiguillettes on his dexter shoulder. This is at Goodwood but the date and artist are unknown.

(This article has been read and approved by the present Duke of Richmond.)

REGIMENTAL MUSEUM

One of the first barracks to be modernised in the Army rebuilding programme was the Green Jackets Depôt at Winchester and at this time it was decided that the museums of the three regiments should be concentrated on the top floor of one of the main blocks.

The reconstructed barracks were ready for occupation in April and the larger part of the Cowley Museum was moved to Winchester. The floor space is equally shared among the three regiments with dividing walls and 12-foot gaps in the middle, which give a most impressive open "vista" for all the exhibits, and especially of our full-length portrait of Sir John Moore, which has underneath it the replica of Sir John Moore's K.C.B. in diamonds presented to him by the officers of the 52nd. Competition within the Green Jackets Museum is not our policy, but our section matches up very well with the very high standards of the 60th and Rifle Brigade.

Members of the Regiment will feel sad about the move from the familiar surroundings at Cowley, but the interest shown by the recruits joining at Winchester, and the steady flow of visitors from all over the world should provide much consolation.

We acknowledge with many thanks, the following additions during the year:

The decorations and medals of Brigadier R. J. Brett, D.S.O.: D.S.O.; 1914 Star; British War Medal; Victory Medal; Defence Medal; War Medal 1939-45; and the French Croix de Guerre. Also the gold badge of the Civil Order of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, which was originally the property of an ancestor of Brigadier Brett. Presented by his widow.

The medals of Sjt James Hone: Indian General Service Medal with clasps Tirah 1897-98 and Punjab Frontier 1897-98; The Queen's South Africa Medal with clasps Orange Free State, Transvaal and South Africa 1902 and the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal. Presented by his widow.

The medals of Major C. T. Moody: 1914 Star; British War Medal; Victory Medal; Meritorious Service Medal; Long Service and Good Conduct Medal; King George V Jubilee Medal; King George VI Coronation Medal and the 1939-45 War Medal. Presented by his widow.

The sword of Lieut. Charles Dawson, 52nd—Ensign 8th June 1810; wounded 21st June 1810; was severely wounded at the Battle of Waterloo and died of his wounds. Presented by the 2nd Green Jackets, K.R.R.C.

The following medals which were the property of Lieut.-Colonel K. Horan: Lieut. Thomas Horan—Colonel Horan's grandfather: Canda-

har, Ghuznee, Cabal 1842 (one medal); the Puniar Star; Indian Mutiny and New Zealand Medal.

Rev. Horan—Colonel Horan's father: 1914 Star; British War and Victory Medals.

Colonel Horan's own medals: 1914-15 Star; British War Medal; Victory Medal; I.G.S. Medal with clasp Burma 1932; Defence Medal and the War Medal 1939-45.

Two directives sent to Colonel J. M. A. Tillett when in command of The Uganda Rifles at the time of the mutiny in January 1964, signed by the Prime Minister of Uganda, Mr Obote, with instructions as to the action to be taken against the mutineers. Presented by Lieut.-Colonel J. M. A. Tillett.

Returned from loan from the School of Infantry: The picture of Lieut.-General Sir John Moore, K.B., painted in 1820-21 by Northcott. (The figure of the corporal holding the general's horse is a portrait of Cpl Hobey, who was present with the 52nd at Waterloo.)



The Sir John Moore Diamond Star. A replica of the Star of a Knight of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, presented to Sir John Moore by the officers of the 52nd, as displayed in the case presented by the Old Comrades' Association in the Museum at Winchester

Collection

REGIMENTAL DINNER 1964

THE Regimental dinner was held at Quaglino's Restaurant, Bury Street, on 8th May. Guests were Colonel H. D. G. Butler, Colonel, The Green Jackets Brigade, Major P. Pearce, representing the Chestnut Troop R.H.A.; Lieut.-Colonel E. N. W. Bramall, M.C., representing the 60th Rifles; and Major P. Hudson, representing the Rifle Brigade.

Regimental officers present were:

Adnitt, Esq., J. C.	Lishman, Esq., J. P.
Ashe, Captain D. R.	Lord, Captain J. A. D.
Bayley, Esq., K. I.	Martin, Colonel R. A. St G.
Bennett, Esq., N. C.	Massy-Beresford, Captain M. J.
Binns, Lieut.-Colonel W. L.	Meade, Major J. W.
Birch-Reynardson, Lieut.-Colonel H. T.	Micklem, Captain D. R.
Blewitt, Lieut.-Colonel G.	Mogg, Major-General H. J.
Bradshaw, Esq., R. G.	Mogg, Esq., J. N. B.
Bright, Colonel D. R. L.	Montague-Jones, Lieut.-Colonel G.
Burt-Smith, Major B.	Montgomery, Colonel J. R. P.
Callingham, Major N. J.	Morris, Colonel D. H.
Childe, Major J. W.	Mostyn, Lieut.-Colonel J. D. F.
Clarke, Lieut.-Colonel W. G.	Neville, Lieut.-Colonel Sir J. E. H. Bt
Clerke-Brown, Colonel A.	Nott-Bower, Esq., J. H.
Colville, Major R. A.	Orton, Major S. W.
Cook, Captain W. S.	Pascoe, Major R. A.
Cox, Major B.	Pasternak, Captain C. A.
Cox, Major S. A. G.	Patterson, Major H. P.
Davies, Esq., A. J.	Portal, Major J. L.
Dowden, Lieut.-Colonel R. S. C.	Pulteney, Captain M. J.
Doyne, Colonel R. H.	Read, Major-General J. A. J.
Draper, Esq., R. A.	Ruck-Keene, Major J. R.
Ducat-Hamersley, Colonel H. J. C.	Rush, Major G. C.
Elliott, Captain I. G.	Ryder, Lieut.-Colonel G. F.
Eveleigh, Captain J. R. G. N.	Simmons, Major C. St C.
Field, Captain E. G.	Smyth, Brigadier H. E. F.
Fullick, Major R. F.	Sweeney, Lieut.-Colonel H. J.
Gentry, Major R. J. B.	Symonds, Esq., M. D.
Gerahty, Lieut.-Colonel P. E.	Taylor, Captain F. J. B.
Giles, Lieut.-Colonel L. W.	Theobalds, Esq., S. L.
Goodhart, Esq., W. H.	Thompson, Lieut.-Colonel P. G.
Goodwyn, Captain J. G. C.	Thorne, Esq., M. J.
Granville, Lieut.-Colonel J.	Trape, Captain J. H. R.
Hamilton, Major A. B.	Van Straubensee, Lieut.-Colonel H. H.
Harbottle, Brigadier M. N.	Van Straubensee, Colonel P. T.
Hay-Drummond-Hay, Esq., R. P.	Ward, Lieut.-Colonel C. L. C.
Higgins, Lieut.-Colonel F. H. G.	White, Major G. J. F.
James, Captain R. H.	Whitfield, Lieut.-Colonel E. H.
Jarvis, Lieut.-Colonel J. B.	Wilson, Esq., J.
Lambert, Major C. J.	Winterton, Major-General Sir John
Lander, Major K. H.	Wood, Major D. J.
Lathbury, General Sir Gerald	Workman, Lieut.-Colonel R. R. W.
Letts, Esq., R. D.	Wynne, Esq., O. R. W.

43RD LIGHT INFANTRY
MESOPOTAMIAN LUNCHEON

(FIRST WORLD WAR)

A REUNION luncheon of officers was held at Kettner's Restaurant, London, W.1, on 29th October 1964.

Those present were:

Brigadier H. E. F. Smyth; Colonel G. E. Whittall; Lieut.-Colonel H. Birch-Reynardson; Major J. W. Meade; Captains W. R. Rance, J. O. Pender Smith, R.A.M.C.; Messrs H. C. Adams, Sir James R. Brown, C. T. Davenport, E. B. Parkinson, H. O. H. Radford, B. F. Roberts, L. R. Watts.

43RD LIGHT INFANTRY
DINNER

(SECOND WORLD WAR)

THE annual reunion of officers who served with the 43rd Light Infantry in the Second World War took place at Gow's Restaurant, St Martin's Lane, London, W.C, on Friday 10th April.

The Colonel Commandant of the Regiment was unavoidably prevented from attending and in his absence Lieut.-Colonel E. H. Whitfield presided.

The following officers attended:

Lieut.-Colonels E. H. Whitfield, D. C. Colvill, W. D. Flower, F. H. Howard, T. G. D. Rowley.
Majors N. J. Callingham, J. S. R. Edmunds, S. F. Florey, A. B. Gillespie-Hill, P. N. Janes, C. F. V. Martin, H. P. Patterson, T. E. Sawyer, J. S. Southey, D. C. Taylor.
Captains D. C. Humphreys, J. C. F. Measures, A. H. Morley, The Rev. W. H. Cox, S. R. Cullis, H. A. Stapleton, D. W. Sutherland.

LUNCHEON

(FIRST AND SECOND WORLD WARS)

THE officers of the 52nd Light Infantry who served in the First and Second World Wars held a combined reunion luncheon at The Naval and Military Club on Friday 30th October to mark the 50th anniversary of the outbreak of the First World War and 25th anniversary of the outbreak of the Second World War.

The chair was taken by the Colonel Commandant and the guests were Lieut.-Colonel J. B. Jarvis and Lieut.-Colonel R. R. W. Workman.

Others present were:

Major-Generals Sir John Winterton, J. A. J. Read; Brigadiers M. W. Roberts, M. N. Harbottle; Colonels P. Booth, A. Clerke-Brown, J. R. P. Montgomery; Lieut.-Colonels G. Blewitt, F. Clare, D. C. Colvill, R. B. Crosse, P. E. Gerahty, L. W. Giles, J. Granville, Sir E. Neville, Bt, P. M. Ridout, T. G. D. Rowley, E. C. Simmons, H. J. Sweeney, C. L. C. Ward, E. H. Whitfeld; Majors C. W. H. Bailie, C. B. Baker, E. K. Blyth, J. F. S. Busher, R. A. Colvile, J. S. R. Edmunds, D. B. Fox, P. H. Godsal, J. W. Meade, J. L. Naimaster, E. H. Nankivell, H. P. Patterson, F. H. Plaistowe, G. B. Rahr, F. B. Scott, H. G. Temple, H. C. Yeatman; Captains F. J. Barroll, F. S. Barrow, C. T. Chevallier, N. G. Clarke, C. T. Cross, M. G. Hensman, S. F. Robin, S. Sebba, O. H. M. Sturges; W. A. Creak, Esq., Rev. Canon E. H. Gallop, Rev. E. M. Guilford, R.S.M. H. Lay.

OBITUARIES

MAJOR WALTER THOMAS YEOMAN, M.B.E., who died on 18th December, was the son of the serjeant-major of the Royal Bucks Militia and was born on 7th September 1887. He enlisted in the Regiment on his 18th birthday and went to Flanders on active service with the 52nd on 13th August 1914 as the serjeant of its machine-gun section, returning to England on 20th November. He went back to Flanders on 7th April 1915, being promoted company serjeant-major in December, and was transferred to the Machine Gun Corps on 4th January 1916. He was appointed to a commission in the Regiment on 1st December 1917 but continued to serve with the Machine Gun Corps, returning to England again on 23rd September. From 13th April 1918 to the Armistice he fought with the Egyptian Expeditionary Force, being mentioned in despatches on 25th May 1918; he was awarded the medal and clasp for the Iraq Operations 1919-20.

On 17th August 1921 he rejoined the 52nd at Tipperary and, although it was after the so-called truce proclaimed on 12th July, he was involved in the following incident. For some time two well-known rebels had been trying to buy ammunition from N.C.O.s stationed at Callan. These N.C.O.s reported the matter to him and he laid a trap for them, and actually caught two I.R.A. officials red-handed receiving ammunition. The arrest of these two men led to great dissatisfaction amongst their friends and relations in Callan, and it was quite obvious that his (Yeoman's) life was in danger. On 1st December he was sitting in a smoking-room of an hotel in Callan with the late J. E. Dunbar-Kilburn when six armed men walked in and told him to put his hands up. This he refused to do, and the rebels immediately opened fire. Yeoman, who had been warned that something of this nature might occur, was sitting facing the door with his pistol ready, and consequently was able to retaliate at once. It was believed that three of the rebels were wounded. Seven shots were fired at him and he was lucky not to be hit.

For his services during the Waziristan Campaign as Railway Transport Officer he was again mentioned in despatches on 13th March 1925 and received the medal and clasp. From October 1925 to February 1928 he was Station Staff Officer and Executive Officer at Chakrata, and then immediately commenced a tour of probation as a quartermaster on the Special List of the Indian Army with the 10th Battalion of the 7th Rajput Regiment. His transfer to the Indian Army was dated 7th July 1928 and his captaincy antedated to 1st December 1925; he was promoted

major on 1st December 1932. He retired from the Indian Army on 8th August 1942 in his 55th year.

During Hitler's War he served with the Army Cadet Force County Cadet Committee Survey from 15th March 1943 to 28th November 1945. His wife was the former Ada Simms and there were two sons of the marriage. He was cremated on 27th December.

MAJOR CHARLES THOMAS MOODY died on 14th January. He was born on 9th January 1888 and enlisted in the Regiment on 26th June 1906, serving with the 52nd till his transfer to the reserve in 1913. Recalled in 1914, he went on active service to Flanders as a signaller on 13th August and returned to England on 25th January 1915; from 10th December to 16th September 1919 he served with the 43rd in Mesopotamia. On 19th July 1915 he was promoted to warrant rank and was for many years R.Q.M.S., before becoming quartermaster on 11th February 1928 and being posted to the Regimental Depôt. On 18th March 1936 he took Colonel Clare's place in the 52nd in India, in which country he stayed till 11th February 1940. Later he served with the R.E.M.E. and retired on 5th September 1945, having exceeded the age limit, with the rank of major. He had been promoted captain on 11th February 1936 and attained his majority four



Major C. T. Moody

years later. He had been awarded the Meritorious Service Medal, the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal with gratuity, the 1914 Star, British War and Victory Medals, the King's Silver Jubilee Medal 1935, Defence Medal, and War Medal 1939-45. He married on 29th January 1913 Amy May Craft of Tylers Green, Penn, at that place, and celebrated his golden wedding last year.

J. B. J. writes:

"I had the pleasure of serving with Moody after 1919 at home and in India for many years; he was one of those fortunate people of equable temperament—success or failure did not change him. His cheerful manner and readiness to help all ranks made him a popular personality, and his stocky and genial figure will be much missed at Regimental functions. In his younger days he was a good footballer and often represented the Regiment."

LIEUT.-COLONEL KEITH HORAN died in a London hospital on 6th March, having been born on 24th November 1893 at Liverpool while his father, Archdeacon Horan, was chaplain to the Missions to Seamen. His grandfather, Thomas Horan (I), who died in 1880, had started life in the ranks of the 41st Regiment and retired from the 43rd as an honorary lieutenant-colonel. His father, after service in the Indian Marine, had taken Holy Orders and had served in the Kaiser's War. Keith Horan was educated at Cheltenham College and Sandhurst, being commissioned into the Regiment on 8th February 1913. He went to Mesopotamia in November 1914 with the 43rd and was present at the Qurna Regatta on 31st May 1915, but was invalided to India on 13th June and then to England, being promoted to captain on 14th December. On 23rd May 1916 he was appointed adjutant of the Calcutta Scottish, whence he rejoined at Cork on 5th November 1919. After further service with the 43rd in Southern Ireland he was adjutant of the Malacca Volunteers from 8th July 1922 to 18th November 1925; and from 1st March 1928 till he was promoted major on 11th October 1930 he was adjutant of the 52nd. He retired on 7th January 1932.

Recalled from the reserve for Hitler's War, he commanded the 7th Battalion from its formation till 6th June 1941, when, greatly to his disappointment, he was superseded on account of age from proceeding with it on active service; this battalion under Lieut.-Colonel R. C. Cruddas, The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, had a distinguished career in North Africa and Italy. He was then commandant of a Bomber Command Battle School and later G.S.O.1 of a R.A.F. Group, retiring at the end of the war with the same rank as his grandfather. He was cremated on 11th March and the Regiment was represented by Colonel G. E. Whittall,

M.C., and Captain P. R. Hayter, M.B.E., M.C. He left his grandfather's, father's and his own medals to the Regiment.

(1) See "Occasional Notes" herein.

COLONEL ERNEST SCOTT, D.S.O., O.B.E., T.D., M.D., Army Medical Services, retired, died suddenly at his home at Westwell, Kent, on 10th July in his 78th year. He was third in a long line of medical officers, British and, latterly, United States Medical Corps, who served the 52nd so well in the field in 1914-18.

At the outbreak of that war, "Doctor Scott" obtained a temporary regular commission in the R.A.M.C. and joined the 52nd in January 1915. He was the Regimental Medical Officer until March 1916, when he became D.A.D.M.S., 2nd Division, a position which he held until October of that year, when he was transferred to England, sick. It is noteworthy that he was succeeded in the latter appointment by another medical officer of the 52nd, the Rev. Captain K. W. Mackenzie, D.S.O., M.C., subsequently promoted to the command of a Field Ambulance.

The Doctor was educated at Reading School, St John's College, Oxford, and trained for the medical profession at St George's Hospital.

His period with the Regiment included the actions known to 52nd men of that time as Richebourg (or Festubert), May 1915, and Givenchy (Loos), September 1915. In both the Regiment suffered heavy casualties.



Colonel E. Scott, D.S.O., O.B.E., T.D., M.D.

In his reports on these the then Commanding Officer, Lieut.-Colonel Eden, wrote of Captain Scott's "untiring energy in searching for and tending wounded on the battlefield and in organising the stretcher-bearers . . . on 25th September he tended the wounded under fire until slightly wounded himself. On both occasions all the arrangements he had made for collecting and evacuating the wounded proved extremely satisfactory."

He was mentioned in despatches and awarded the D.S.O. on 1st January 1917 and was demobilised as major. In general medical practice at Ashford, Kent, since 1919, he became Lieutenant-Colonel, R.A.M.C., T.A.

In the 1939-45 War he was mobilised and first served with the Norwegian Expedition, and finally was in Athens during the civil war, having commanded successively Nos. 104, 16, 97, 2 General Hospitals in Africa, Italy and Sicily. He was mentioned in despatches on 24th June 1943 and subsequently awarded the O.B.E.

It may truly be said that he endeared himself to all ranks, and his affection for the Regiment continued to the last. He corresponded with his old comrades and regularly attended the annual 52nd gatherings in October.

He will long be remembered with respect and affection by those with whom he served.

Following the service at Westwell Church on 14th July, he was privately cremated at Charing. R.S.M. H. Lay, D.C.M., M.M., 52nd, his former medical orderly, represented the Regiment.

COLONEL WILLIAM HUMPHREY MAY FREESTUN, C.M.G., D.S.O., died on 15th July; he was the son of M. J. Freestun of Claverton, Bath, and was born on 19th December 1878. He was educated at Harrow School and gazetted into The Somersetshire Light Infantry on 20th May 1899. He fought in the South African War and in the Kaiser's War, winning the D.S.O. and the Croix de Guerre and being mentioned six times in despatches. He was awarded the C.M.G. in 1919. He had been promoted major on 1st September 1915 and appointed brevet-lieutenant-colonel on 3rd June 1917. On 20th January 1923 he was transferred to the Regiment as fourth senior major, retaining his seniority, while serving as D.A.A.G., Scottish Command. He was promoted lieutenant-colonel to command the 52nd in India on 17th December 1924; a position he held for four years, when he was promoted colonel with an antedate of seven and a half years. In 1930 he was appointed to command the 158th (Royal Welch) Infantry Brigade (T.A.), and the following year the 129th (South Wessex) Infantry Brigade (T.A.); he retired on 1st January 1934, but was re-employed in Hitler's War from 1939 to 1942 as commandant of a prisoner-of-war camp.

In 1904 he married Emily Mary, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel E. Morrell, who died in 1953; their only child, Nora, who married Lieut.-Colonel J. E. D. Kilburn in 1925, died in 1957. His son-in-law died in 1956, and his only grandson, who was a Gunner subaltern, was killed in a flying accident in Egypt some years ago.

E. C. R. writes:

"The writer, his young and inexperienced adjutant during three years of his tenure of command of the 52nd, had good reason to remember much kindness, forbearance and perhaps undeserved loyalty from him. It was sad indeed that the fact that he was perhaps not always consistent in his handling of men blinded so many of them to his real goodness of heart and devotion to the interests of the Regiment, in the service of which he neither spared himself nor feared to oppose his superiors when he saw need. It was even sadder that his retirement was clouded by a succession of bereavements which, at the end of his life, left him very much alone."

(Portrait in 1928 CHRONICLE, frontispiece.)

MAJOR COLIN HUGHES POWELL died on 21st July at his home at St Leonards. He was born in Hastings on 8th September 1915, the son of the late F. A. Powell of 177 Queen's Road, Hastings. He was educated at the grammar school and afterwards joined his father in the latter's meat business. He enlisted in The Royal Sussex Regiment in 1940, attaining the rank of serjeant before being commissioned into the Regiment from the 163rd O.C.T.U. in July 1942. He joined the 4th Battalion and held the appointment of M.T. officer from March 1943; after demobilisation he returned to his business. In the Hastings area he was very active in cricketing and rowing circles. He was married with two sons.

LIEUT.-COLONEL LAWRENCE LEWIN PARGITER, D.S.O., died in an Exmouth nursing home on 11th October. He was born on 3rd May 1885, the eldest son of E. H. Pargiter, Secretary to Government, P.W.D., Punjab, and commissioned into The Duke of Cambridge's Own Middlesex Regiment from the Militia on 27th May 1908. He was promoted lieutenant on 9th May 1911 and began the Kaiser's War as adjutant of the 11th Battalion of his regiment from 11th August 1914 to 17th July 1916, and with whom he fought in Flanders as a captain. His active service in Flanders totalled some 38 months, during which he was twice wounded; in 1918 and 1919 he commanded various battalions of The London Regiment. He won the D.S.O., was three times mentioned in despatches, and received the brevet of major. After the war he was again adjutant, promoted major on 28th September 1928, and commanded the Depot at Mill Hill from 1929 to

1931. On the retirement of Lieut.-Colonel A. E. Sanderson on 17th December 1932, he was transferred to the Regiment and promoted into that vacancy; he commanded the 43rd at Bordon Camp and Colchester for four years. He retired on 17th June 1937, but served in Hitler's War, firstly at G.H.Q., Scottish Command, and secondly as Chief Instructor, Army School of Passive Air Defence. He was finally retired from the Service in 1942 on reaching the age of 57. He married in 1914 Marjorie, second daughter of A. A. Horn of Adelaide, who survives him.

J. B. J. writes:

"I remember asking 'Parge,' as we called him, how he had managed to obtain accelerated promotion and pass over so many majors in both Regiments, and he replied that he really did not know, except perhaps that he had invariably requested an interview with the Military Secretary at his annual visits in order to press his claims for promotion."

MAJOR CLIFFORD JAMES LAMBERT was born on 10th December 1917 and enlisted, as a man, in the Regiment on 16th January 1935, just after his 17th birthday.

I first met Rocky when he was posted from the 52nd in India to the 5th Battalion in 1940. He was signals serjeant and one of the best shots in the Battalion. I was intelligence officer and weapon-training officer, so our paths crossed often.

When he joined the 5th Battalion he must have been the youngest regular serjeant we had. Forthright, independent, practical and competent, he has left the impression through 25 years as a very positive leader of his signals platoon. He was always vigorous and tough and something of a daredevil. Yet, a hunter at heart, there was always the streak of "stalkiness" which made his risks calculated and usually successful.

He married Mary Cathrine McCarthy on 6th March 1943 and was commissioned in August the same year on posting to the 7th Battalion as signals officer.

When the 7th Battalion became too weak to exist any longer Lieut.-Colonel Houchin, then commanding, took Rocky on to the Northhamptons as his signals officer. The end of the war found him overlord of fishing and shooting rights of a large area of Austria.

He returned to the 43rd and saw service in Trieste and Pola, where his wife, May, joined him. Many of us enjoyed their hospitality both in Italy and, later, in Luneburg.

He was granted a Short Service Commission in 1946. In 1949 he seconded to serve with the Sudan Defence Force. In 1954, ten days after that secondment ended, he joined the Somaliland Scouts, where he remained until

1957. He returned with his normal run of delightful and "likely" tales from that spell of service too. At least one, concerning an elephant and ivory, has been confirmed from an entirely separate source.

When he returned, as a major, he was appointed Camp Commandant of the War Office Selection Board at Barton Stacey. He relinquished his commission on 10th June 1961 but returned, as a retired officer, to run the same camp.

Some three weeks before he died in Tidworth Military Hospital on 31st December 1964, he was walking back to the cars with Steve Cox and put up a snipe. His successful shot put up a lone partridge which fell to the left barrel.

Many of us, junior and senior, have lost the friendship of an unusual and uncompromising character. Our sympathies are very much with his widow, May, to whom he was devoted.

P. G. T.

Brigadier C. C. L. Browne, late of the War Office Selection Board, Barton Stacey, writes:

"Rocky and I spent our last years in the Army together, and though I was ten years older and three ranks senior it never impressed him greatly. I saw him at very close quarters for six years, at work, shooting and fishing, and it is hard to say for which I respected him most.

"In our establishment we were supposed to have soldiers of at least 'average' character, but units were prone to send their discards and Rocky refused none of them. He had such a clear purpose of mind, so strong a personality and was so liable to appear anywhere at any hour of the day or night that they learned it was easier to behave.

"He was a first-class shot and an outstanding fisherman but regarded both skills as secondary to building up our shoot and improving our river. He could trap anything from a cat to a pike and contrive anything out of a few boxes and some wire. He started the rearing of pheasants on our shoot and one year turned out 900 birds at a cost of under a shilling each, bantam mothers, coops and food included. He would arrive on the river when everything was dead, point out a place where he swore a good trout lay, put a fly over it and catch it within three casts. I have seen him do it too often to think it a fluke. He was that very rare individual who talks big but does bigger.

"As a friend he was voluble, insistent, often mocking and always loyal. The better one knew him the more gold one struck. He was kindness itself to boys and beginners but blistering to self-satisfied mediocrity. He was one of the most outstanding characters that I have ever known and his dog (now mine) and I both miss him greatly."

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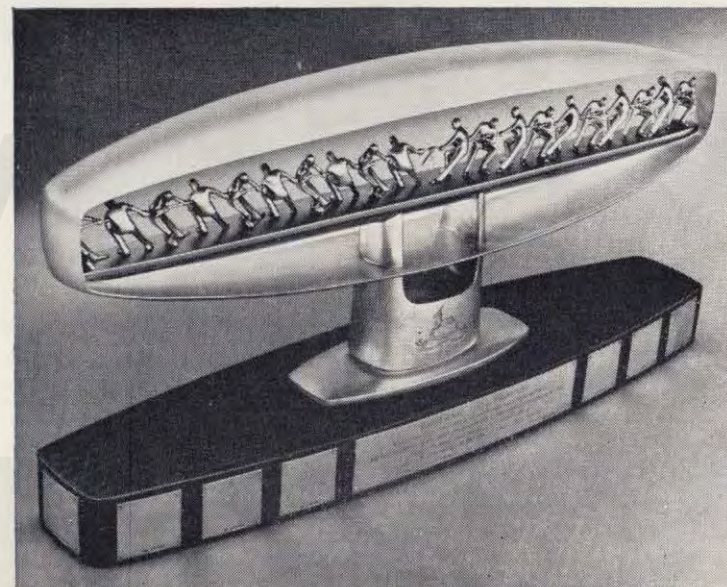
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