

THE THIRD JUNGLE BOOK

EDITOR

CAPT. I. V. CARREL

No. 8.

September, 1945

CONTENTS

	Page
Honours and Awards	1 & 2
The Victoria Cross	3 & 4
Editorial	5
Hometown Cambridge	6
Lt.-Col. K. R. S. Trevor, D. S. O. (Late 1 CDO)	9
Lt.-Col. C. J. B. Pollitt (MC) Late O.C. 67	11
The Story of L/C. Chappel of 68	14
Release Regulations	17
Frustration	19
Travel	21
Padres Column	23
66 Troop Notes	25
67 Troop Notes	30
68 Troop Notes	36
69 Troop Notes	41
94 Troop Notes	45
Engineers	46
The Not Forgotten	47
Scrap Book	48

HONOURS AND AWARDS.

The following honours and awards have recently been announced for members of Units of this Brigade:—

V.C.				Unit
Posthumous.	...	Lieut. G. A. Knowland	...	66
"	...	Sgt. T. Durrant	...	66
D.S.O.—2nd. Bar to.				
Brigadier	...	C. R. Hardy, DSO	...	94
D.S.O.				
Colonel.	...	H. D. Fellowes	...	68
Lt.-Colonel.	...	K. R. S. Trevor	...	66
Bar to M.C.				
Lt.-Colonel.	...	J. H. S. Turnbull, MC	...	66
M.C.				
Capt.	...	J. J. Y. Dawson	...	66
"	...	J. G. Jones	...	66
"	...	E. Langley	...	68
"	...	J. G. L. Larcher	...	66
"	...	G. Kerr	...	67
Lieut.	...	R. W. Noble	...	67
"	...	R. O. C. Swayne	...	66
D.C.M.				
C.S.M.	...	A. W. Sincup	...	66
T.S.M.	...	A. J. Welsh	...	68
L/Sgt.	...	A. Dockerill	...	66
M.M.				
L/Cpl.	...	H. Snow	...	68
B.S.M.	...	J. J. Downey	...	65
C.S.M.	...	G. W. Kemsley	...	69
L/Sgt.	...	J. Crowe	...	66
Gnr.	...	E. W. Rabbitt	...	66
Pte.	...	L. C. Olver	...	66
Sgt.	...	T. A. Pirie	...	94
Cpl.	...	R. F. Russell	...	68
"	...	E. Fenton	...	68
Mne.	...	W. J. Barks	...	68
Pte.	...	G. Gibson	...	67

						Unit
T.S.M.	...	W. Ferguson	67
Gnr.	...	S. Roast	66
Bdr.	...	E. Barnes	66
Fus.	...	W. Irving	66
Pte.	...	E. Allen, 06	66
Pte. W.	...	W. Aird	65
Pte.	...	J. T. Coker	66
Pte.	...	G. Webb	63
Sgt.	...	G. L. Notley	66
L/Cpl.	...	T. H. Herbert	68
L/Sgt.	...	R. H. Butler	66

Mentions in Despatches.

Lt.-Col.	...	D. B. Drysdale	94
Capt.	...	E. M. Sturges	69
"	...	S. S. Richardson	94
"	...	A. Martin	69
Lieut.	...	A. R. White	69
Rev.	...	H. C. W. Manger	69
Cpl.	...	T. W. Pemberton	69
"	...	W. E. Lavender	69
Fus.	...	A. Glennister	67
L/Cpl.	...	R. King	67
L/Sgt.	...	A. W. King	66

Certificates of Gallantry and Mentions in Despatches.

L/Cpl.	...	W. Tuffy	66
Pte.	...	Vincent	66

M.B.E.

Rev.	...	R. Kirkland	94
------	-----	-------------	-----	-----	-----	----

B.E.M.

Sgt.	...	W. Wright	94
------	-----	-----------	-----	-----	-----	----



VICTORIA CROSS

Lt. G. A. KNOWLAND (323566) Royal Norfolks—66.

ON 31st Jan., '45, on Hill 170 KANGAW, Lt. G. A. Knowland was commanding the forward platoon of the Troop positioned on a feature on the extreme NORTH of the Hill which was subjected to heavy and repeated enemy attacks throughout the whole day. Before the first attack started, Lt. KNOWLAND's platoon was heavily mortared and machine-gunned, yet he moved about amongst his men keeping them alert and encouraging them, though under fire himself at the time. When the enemy, some 300 strong in all, made their first assault they concentrated all their efforts on his platoon of 24 men, but in spite of the ferocity of the attack he moved about from trench to trench distributing ammunition, and firing his rifle and throwing grenades at the enemy, often from completely exposed positions. He accounted for several of the enemy. Later when the crew of one of his forward Brens had all been wounded, he sent back to Troop HQ for another crew and ran forward to man the gun himself until they arrived. The enemy was then less than 10 yards away from him in dead ground down the hill, so in order to get a better shoot at them he stood on top of the trench, firing the LMG from his hip, and successfully keeping them at a distance until a Medical Orderly had dressed and evacuated the 3 wounded Bren gunners in the trench behind him. The new Bren team of two became casualties on the way up, and Lt. KNOWLAND continued to fire the gun until 3 more took over.

Later, when a fresh attack came in, he took over a 2" Mortar, whose

crew had been sent to replace casualties in forward trenches. Once again, in spite of heavy fire and the closeness of the enemy, he stood up in the open to face them, firing the Mortar from his hip, and killing 6 of them with his first bomb. When all bombs were expended he went back through heavy grenade, mortar and machine-gun fire to get more, which he fired in the same way from the open in front of his platoon positions. When these bombs were finished he went back to his own trench and still standing up fired his rifle at them. Being hard pressed and with enemy closing in on him from only 10 yds. away, he had no time to recharge his magazine. Snatching up the Tommy Gun of a casualty he sprayed the enemy and was mortally wounded in stemming this assault, though not before he had killed and wounded some ten of them.

Such was the inspiration of his selfless heroism, that, though fourteen out of twenty-four of his platoon became casualties at an early stage, and six of his positions were over-run by the enemy, his men held on until reinforcements arrived through twelve hours of continuous and fierce fighting. If this Northern end of the Hill had fallen, the rest of Hill 170 would have been endangered, the beach-head dominated by the enemy, and other units further inland cut off from their source of supplies. It would have taken a major operation to clear the feature. As it was, the final successful counter-attack was launched from the ground Lt. KNOWLAND had taken such a great part in holding.

Sgt. Durrant (Royal Engineers)—66.

FOR great gallantry, skill and devotion to duty when in charge of a Lewis gun in H. M. Motor launch 306 in the St. Nazaire raid on 28 March, 1942.

Motor Launch 306 came under heavy fire while proceeding up the River Loire towards the Port. Sgt. Durrant, in his position abaft the bridge, where he had no cover or protection, engaged enemy gun positions and searchlights on shore. During this engagement he was severely wounded in the arm, but refused to leave this gun.

The motor launch subsequently went down the river, and was attacked by a German destroyer at 50-60 yds. range, and often closer. In this action Sgt. Durrant continued to fire at the destroyers bridge with greatest coolness and with complete disregard of the enemy's fire. The motor launch was illuminated by the enemy searchlight and Sgt. Durrant drew on himself the individual attention of the enemy guns,

and was again wounded, in many places. Despite these further wounds, he stayed in his exposed position, still firing his gun, although after a time only able to support himself by holding on to the gun mounting.

After a running fight, the Commander of the German destroyer called on the motor launch to surrender. Sgt. Durrant's answer was a further burst of fire at the destroyers bridge. Although now very weak, he went on firing, using drums of ammunition as fast as they could be replaced. A renewed attack by the enemy vessel eventually silenced the fire of the motor launch, but Sgt. Durrant refused to give up until the destroyer came alongside, grappled the motor launch, and took prisoner those who remained alive.

Sgt. Durrant's gallant fight was commended by the German Officers on boarding the motor launch.

This very gallant N.C.O. later died of the many wounds received in action.



EDITORIAL

NEITHER I nor any of the Sub Editors are professional artists or professional writers. There will therefore be no criticisms in this number or any future numbers of copy that is submitted. The Committee consisting of the Editor and the Sub Editor from each Unit reads all the material and photographs and vote as to what should or should not appear in the magazine. This we think is the best way and we hope this edition will prove it.

At the request of several of you, the readers, we have cut out astrology and music. Some will be disappointed, if so we welcome any letters asking for anything to be put in or any change you wish to make. There has been a complaint in the past that more of one Unit has appeared than of another, this is entirely up to your Sub Editor. If you don't submit the photographs and the articles to me we cannot do your Unit full justice.

The magazine will be produced in future every 3 months. By doing this we hope to afford many more photographs and the standard of short stories, poems, etc. will be very much higher, as we have more from which to choose. There will be a prize for the best short story (approx: 700 words) of Rs. 40 submitted for the next Jungle Book. There will also be a first prize of Rs. 40 and 2nd prize of Rs. 20 for the two best photographs. The Committee's decision will be final.

You will notice a few advertisements in this Jungle Book. These are extremely paying and make it possible for the price to be kept down. With our small circulation it is very difficult to make the Jungle Book pay at all. In fact the first 5 editions lost Rs. 1800. Commando Group and 33 Corps in 2 grants have very kindly paid this debt off. The last edition No. 7 paid for itself. May this one do as well.



HOMETOWN CAMBRIDGE

ALTHOUGH Cambridge is not my home town, I connect it with so many pleasant associations and memories that I have come to regard it as my second home. Unfortunately for me the Editor got to hear of this and detailed me to write an article on it.

Cambridge differs in many respect from Oxford although they are both University Towns. One of the most outstanding differences is that at Cambridge the University plays a greater part in the life of the town than is the case with the University at Oxford, possibly because Oxford is the larger and more industrialised. An illustration of this is given by the Cambridge Gasworks which has the words "Cambridge University and Town Gasworks" painted in large letters on the main gate.

Cambridge is the County Town and Market for the surrounding district of Cambridgeshire and was once quite a prosperous port. Even nowadays small craft and barges can sometimes be seen lying alongside the wharf below Sidney Street Bridge. This, in spite of the fact that the River Cam has at times been described as "nothing more than a glorified ditch". Those who know Cambridge probably regard the river and its tributaries as the most beautiful part of the town. The river has also played quite a large part in the history and development of Cambridge which has been as much affected by its waterways as any other Fenland town. Part of the river passes the backs of several of the Colleges and either

for this reason or because it is little more than a backwater at this point is known as the "Backs". Any man who has a girl who is a "doubtful starter" should undoubtedly take her on a summer's night down the "Backs" in a punt or canoe. If the magic of the river and the silhouettes of the ancient buildings on its banks do not have the desired effect she must be a peculiarly unimaginative sort of a woman and not worth considering anyway.

The College lawns which stretch down to the "Backs" are some of the finest in England. I heard gardener of one of the Colleges, when asked by an American for the secret of the beautiful turf, replied "Well zur, we just rolls and waters 'em". The American was rather sceptical at first and repeated his question saying that he rolled and watered his own lawn at home in America but it could not be compared with this one. "The difference is" said the gardener, "that these have been rolled and watered for hundreds of years". Further down the river broadens slightly to Salter's Lock and the College Boat-houses. It then flows through the outskirts of the town and on down to Baitsbite Lock and Bottisham, picturesque names typical of Cambridgeshire. The whole of the river between Baitsbite and Bottisham is typical of the Fen Country. The town itself is in many ways not dissimilar to many another town in East Anglia such as Ely or Norwich, although the influence of the University can be felt almost everywhere. The surrounding country is very flat except for the "Gogs", two

small hills outside Cambridge, "Gog" and "Magog". The RAF have taken advantage of this flat land and there are a number of aerodromes in the near vicinity of Cambridge.

Since the war Cambridge has been flooded with Service personnel and many are billeted in or near the town. All the Colleges have given some part of their accommodation to the Services or to Government Offices, etc. In St. John's College for instance, there is an RAF Initial Training Wing. There are a number of good cinemas and pubs in Cambridge and the "Arts" theatre provides very good and fairly inexpensive entertainment. Many of the plays shown in London go first to the "Arts" for a "dummy run". There are several good hotels and a number of first rate eating houses amongst which was numbered an excellent Chinese Restaurant, until it was hit by a bomb in the early part of the War.

A civilian in Cambridge who is so minded can have quite a lot of quiet fun with the proctors, if he happens to be in the town at the beginning of the University year, before the new undergraduates become well known. All undergraduates have to wear a cap and gown if they are outside their rooms after 2200 hrs. The proctors or "regimental police" of the University are responsible for ensuring that discipline is enforced. Anybody looking like an undergraduate who is walking round after 10 p.m. will probably be asked "Are you a member of the University?". The answer to this is to double smartly away keeping just ahead of the proctors

runner or "bulls" who will almost certainly give chase. After a suitable distance stop and say "No, I am not a member of the University". This proves more infuriating to the proctor and his satellite than might at first be supposed.

In Cambridge there are Clubs for everything from draughts to mountaineering. In peace-time some of the more intrepid mountaineers used to expend much time and ingenuity in climbing some of the higher pinnacles of College Chapels and Public Buildings to adorn them with articles of household use, ladies panties and various other articles of a somewhat disreputable nature. It was the practice to choose places completely inaccessible to the police and usually requiring the help of the Fire Brigade such as Kings Chapel, which must have been a hair-raising climb to say the least. No doubt these midnight mountaineers like Commandos at Achnacarry had frequent recourse to "Absaling" to make good their retreat, when caught halfway to their objective. Kings College Chapel is the most beautiful of the college chapels and is one of the few which is not dark and gloomy inside.

Cambridge is the motorists nightmare. There are numerous narrow one way streets such as "Pretty Curie" and at about nine in the morning and midday the streets are one mass of cyclists mostly without bells or brakes, all travelling at the fastest possible speed in order to avoid being late on parade or lectures, etc.

Since the war the number of undergraduates in residence has

naturally been greatly reduced, practically all men who "go up" now being either medical or engineering students. Curiously enough, although the male population of the University has decreased the number of female students has increased considerably. They are mostly of

the rather studious and bespectacled variety.

Here's my hope that Cambridge, unlike this article, will go on from strength to strength and that it may not be long before I can return there.

When in

BOMBAY

CALCUTTA

NEW DELHI

Shop first at

**ARMY & NAVY
STORES LTD.**

**LONDON'S LEADING STORE
IN THE EAST**

LT.-COLONEL K. R. S. Trevor, D.S.O. (Late 1 CDO)

LT-COL. Kenneth Rowland Swetenham Trevor (he was known as "Junior" on first joining 1. Commando when his cousin Lt.-Col. Tom Trevor was in Command) was born in April, 1914. Coming of a Military family—several Trevors had risen as high as Ensign during the Owen Tudor Wars—he naturally went into the Army, being commissioned to the Cheshire Regiment from Sandhurst in August, 1934.

By 1935 he was overseas serving with his Regiment in India, and did a tour of duty on the North-West Frontier, after which he got the job of ADC to the G.O.C. Bombay District. During this period he was known as "Taj" Trevor.

While home on his first leave, he came to the conclusion that he could stand India no longer, so got himself seconded from the Cheshires to the R.W.A.F.F., being posted to 3rd. Bn. The Nigerian Regt. in February, 1939. In Nigeria he did a period of service in Kano, where he was affectionately known by his Hausa soldiers as M'Shimba Bulongo ("Black Scorpion"), and where he accumulated that extensive knowledge of West African folklore which was so well demonstrated in his series of articles (the veracity of which has seldom been questioned) for the "Jungle Book".

After serving as an Instructor at the West African O.C.T.U. and on the Staff of LAGOS Area, he returned to the U.K. in February, 1941, where he was posted to the M.G.T.C.

and later to the 5th Bn. Cheshire Regt. During this period he got married.

In August, 1941, he arrived at No. 1. Commando, then stationed in private billets in Ayrshire. Finding himself the senior Troop Commander of the three-troop detachment at Kilwinning, he set about reforming the morning forming-up parade from a sort of matey "getting together", into a grim military rite. In February, 1942, he was promoted Major and became 2 i/c of the commando, taking part in raiding operations.

In November, 1942, he commanded 4, 5 and 6 Tps. in their attack on Fort D'Estrees and the Batterie de Lazaret near Algiers, and after a day's fighting succeeded in taking them. From then on he took a leading part in most of the Unit's actions, and a familiar sight to all was Ken Trevor (with Buckley his half-pint size batmen), each in their American helmets, smoking Buckley's cigarettes by the packet, standing around Tac. H.Q. set controlling one of the several rather dismal and confused rear-guard actions which occupied so much of our time just then. He was invariably cool and cheerful, and ready with his celebrated dry cracks at all times. For his good work in Tunisia he was awarded a well-deserved Mention in Despatches.

A few days before leaving for the East in Nov., 1943, he was given command of No. 1., to everyone's delight. It was not easy taking over a Unit

at a moments notice just before going overseas, but all ranks were very much behind him, and he soon became the dominating figure of the Commando. His knowledge of India—he would be the first to agree that it was mostly knowledge of hill stations, clubs, hotels and rather unreliable natural history—was useful, but his greatest value lay in his ability to be always the same in any variety of circumstances—unruffled and full of sound common-sense. During those trying months in India he raised the Commando to a state more efficient than it had ever seen before—and what is more, really happy in itself.

At Maungdaw in November, 1944 he commanded 1 and 42 (RM) Commandos during an energetic and successful three weeks of patrolling on

the plain and in the Mayu foothills, and later led No. 1. at Akyab, Myebon and Kangaw with success.

To the great regret of all ranks of this Unit—and, I am sure, everyone in the Brigade who knew him—he left in February for a Course at the Staff College at Camberley. We miss him badly, but wish him and his wife and young son the very best of luck, and hope that we may see him again—with p.s.c. after his name. Many men of the Commando will remember him, I think, for his part in his last, fiercest, and most successful battle, on Hill 170; where he won his D.S.O. standing about in the middle of the forward troop directing the action with courage and coolness, and slowly disappearing behind a mound of cigarette stubs.



LT-COLONEL C. J. B. POLLITT (MC) Late O. C. 67.

IT is with great regret that we cheer Col. Pollitt on his way home to England and his family. To those of us who have become so accustomed to his fine leadership and companionship, his going leaves a distinct gap in a long relationship.

Col. Pollitt and "old and bold" Terrier of the first quality was commissioned in the Border Regt, but like so many of us in the early days of the war became dissatisfied with the inactivity and monotony of regimental routine, and joined the 10th Independent Coy with which he carried out the operation on Dakar. He describes this operation as "a voyage of good food and high pressure gin soaking".

In 1940 he arrived in No. 1 Cdo and had the difficult task of controlling that particularly high spirited troop—No. 6. He turned out to be the right man for the job. He trained hard and played hard. The results of his work were seen in Africa, where, after the initial landings at Algiers, he went forward to the many more battles in Tunisia. He was awarded the M. C. for his splendid work with the 1st Parachute Brigade.

The spring of 1943 saw No. 1 Cdo's last African battle, also the interruption of Col. Pollitt's military career by some flying shell splinters which he insisted upon collecting. The unit returned to England and Col. Pollitt remained in a red blanketed bed in Algiers—a comfortable but very envious man.

It wasn't very much later that a smiling yet somewhat drawn face re-appeared at Winchester. He was far from fit but by sheer will power he soon recovered and was regarded

A. 1. Later he was promoted to Major i/c training where with the new reinforcements he did a splendid job.

No. 1 Cdo again moved overseas—this time to India where there were many trials and tribulation which Col. Pollitt overcame with his customary quiet efficiency and throughout he maintained his very high sense of humour.

From India to Ceylon. From No. 1 Commando to No. 5 Commando Col. Pollitt after heavy good-byes took command of No. 5 Commando. It was felt that he was lost to us for all time but that was a premature thought because later in Burma, No. 5 and No. 1 worked in very close co-operation and we were all in the battles cheek by jowl.

In the fierce battles which culminated in the epic struggle for Hill 170 Col. Pollitt's leadership, good cheer and good judgment were an inspiration to everyone. Finally, he was wounded and evacuated to hospital where he now awaits a ship for home. May he be on his way very soon and when he goes he will be accompanied by the good wishes and good will of all those who were fortunate enough to serve with him. We can be certain that when he returns to his Lakeland home his thoughts will be with everyone in No. 3 Commando Bde.

67 now 5 years old.

IN the dusk of an early July evening 5 years ago, a Special Despatch rider left Whitehall carrying an enciphered message. He rode quickly through the darkness and some 5 hrs. later in the little Yorkshire town of Bridlington the

message was delivered. It ordered the formation of "67". The Officers and men from every unit and Corps in the British army who slept in those houses and hotels were henceforward to be known as "Commandos".

On the 18th July, 1945, we were able to look back on 5 crowded years as a unit.

"67" was formed—as one of 12—at a time when the provision of an independent raiding force composed of men of initiative and stamina was a matter of premier urgency. The very name "Commando" was one which any group of men might truly respect: bands of courageous Boer farmers—armed more with their indefatigable spirit than the weapons of war—had contested every inch of our encroachment upon their territory. Their example was ours. In those days the one uniformity was in the tam o' shaners with its yellow heckle of cocks feathers—civvy billets and black faces—knives and pistols—parades in "light tennis order" with behind it the same insouciant spirit of the men of the Free Companies who fought in France in the Middle Ages.

Of the men who joined us then, there are but few left: time, war and delinquency have all taken their toll and the release of those age groups has sadly diminished the remainder. Of the old contemptibles scarcely more than a score remain. Since its inception the Commando has seen many stations, done much work. Amphibious schemes at Inverary, muscle building contests with Lockailorts hills, sleepy afternoons on sun swept downlands in the Isle of Wight, periods of comfortable living in billets. But with all these, it needs no relation of "67's" battles to say that they have taken their flag to remote and hard won battle fronts.

Of those who have left us there are many we shall remember with pride and affection. The twenty men who went on the St. Nazaire raid of whom two survived; the dominating figure of Major Jack Churchill DSO, an ex-Second in Command of this unit, whose pipes led the assault on Vaagso and whose sword was seen on many a Dalmatian beach; Lt-Colonel Charles Pollitt, MC our late C.O. whom we lost—severely wounded with such deep regret on Hill 170. These and many more have passed through our ranks and we can but hope that the time is not far distant when we shall all foregather over some convivial brew—to yarn of men that we have known, schemes that have been schemed, battles fought and days that have gone.

"66"—Five long years.

IN the momentous year of 1940 when Britishers everywhere were perplexed but unshaken by the overpowering German might, there appeared from every service in the British Army, a band of volunteers determined to stem the armies of arrogant Germany. These men were gathered and trained and were fittingly known as Independent Coys.

They fought in Norway and returned to Glasgow "pushed over" but undefeated. A month later Dunkirk was in everyones mind. What was the formula now? A static defence of England or a modern version of raids such as those carried out during the Napoleonic Wars? The answer was both. The Field Army to man the defences of England and the Independent Coys to be the spearhead of British offensive action.

Operations were planned in London and executed from Southampton where the men trained hard and in

great secrecy. Uniform was only worn on specific parades otherwise it was plain clothes. Many small and invaluable reconnaissance raids were successfully carried out.

Later, several Independent Coys were amalgamated so that this raiding policy could be carried out on a larger scale. Assault ships were fitted out to take complete Special Service Brigades but the formation turned out to be unwieldy and in November, 1940 No. 1 S. S. Bn. was reduced in size and out of it emerged Nos. 1 and 2 Commandos.

Both these units carried out raids on Boulogne, Bayonne, St. Nazaire, Vaagso, No. 2 Commando losing many of its officers in the St. Nazaire raid. No. 1 Commando continued and fought through the North African Campaign and has since served in India, Ceylon and Burma.

No. 1 Commando whose motto is "PRIMUS INTER PARES" is in fine form for the future.



George Reaching for a lower age group.

THE STORY OF L/C. CHAPPEL OF 68.

Hello Doug.

Like the bad penny I have turned up once again, having spent a few hectic months with honourable yellow faced B—but despite a number of beatings and acts of toughness by those imbeciles I am in fairly good shape.

I was fed daily in pukka Rajah style, a few spoonfuls of boiled rice in a rusty tin (the height of luxury). I couldn't grumble because I had a room all to myself (Yeah! a crumby dark cell), they kept me in solitary all the time, no smokes, in fact, No love No nothing.

Well Pal I don't intend to bore you with the happenings at the Rangoon Mansion House, instead I will give you the dope on my disappearance, I fully realise it must have been a complete mystery to the members of our little party.

It happened like this—During our march across the Island back to the point of re-embarkation you may recall a number of figures were seen in a paddy field, as they were spotted so came an order to me—Down! I immediately went to ground and took a sight on them with the Bren, and awaited further orders, incidentally one of our party went to cover on my right—at least that was my opinion at the time, but after waiting some time and receiving no further order I crawled round to what I thought to be the other fellows position, only to find that it was a sheltered track leading down to the path. At this stage I realised you must be well on the way to the beach and I started off at a good speed to endeavour to reach you before you pushed off but unfortunately I ran into a number of men they were in the undergrowth on either side of the path, I dived for

cover and kept low for quite a time, owing to this delay I knew then that I couldn't reach the beach in time. I eventually made my way to the spot where we landed. I looked around hoping somebody had thought to leave a few rations behind, but no such luck so I made my way to the rendezvous and had a little sleep. The next day I made a complete tour of the island hoping to get some valuable information, to find out all I could before the evening when I fully expected to be picked up in the manner arranged. So passed the first day, night came and there was no sign of a rescue party, I didn't bother a great deal because I thought maybe it was too much to expect of them so early and I consoled myself with the thought that there were still three more nights.

My second day on the island was a real eventful one, I made my way to a water hole, had a drink and then rested in the near vicinity, I took my equipment off for the first time, suddenly there was a hell of a noise in a bush behind me and I swung round like lightning with my colt at the ready but there was no sign of anybody. But my movement had given away my position to a Burmese woman who had come for water, seeing me she raced off at top speed, naturally my first thought was to change my position, so I made my way to the point where we had landed because I figured they would not expect to find me there, because the Japs had spent quite a while searching that area the day before. I found a decent bit of cover near a little stream and not having slept the previous night it wasn't long before I found myself dozing, I must have been there about two hours when I was disturbed by a crackling sound, I was soon wide

awake with the gun at the ready—lucky for me because not more than 20 yds. from me I counted eleven Japs, they were beating the undergrowth in a thorough search for me. I did the only possible (no I have made a wrong statement) I should say I had to act and think fast, my first action was to open fire on them, to hold them up and so give me time to think out my next move. As soon as I opened fire they kicked up a hell of a noise, all of them seemed to be giving orders, and then they almost surrounded me leaving the stream as my only exit, they returned my fire, I of course kept as low as possible and they themselves were in as much danger from their own fire as I was, I then figured it was time to use my grenades and I slung them but I am afraid they had no effect, the Japs retaliated, I counted 17 grenades, from these I was only hit with five pieces the largest about the size of a sixpence—all of which were on the left side of the body (I am awaiting an X-ray because the biggest piece is still inside). Well Doug, it was just after I had been hit that I sensed danger behind me and I turned just in time to see one of the Japs coming on aim, luckily I had my .45 and I beat him to it, after that I thought to myself "I must make a bid for it", so I gave a few spasmodic burn and at the same wriggled into the stream, I crossed it and made my way to the dense undergrowth, I had about a ten yard open stretch to cross, and did I keep low? I can assure you it was no Marines crouch!

I made my way round the rear of them and back to the hill that was the rendezvous, and for a good 20 mins. after I had left my position they were still firing (this may all sound fantastic but I give you my word of honour it is absolutely true)

for quite a time I could hardly realise my good fortune.

The next narrow escape I had was on the fourth day, the search party had given up their search owing to the heavy rain and they passed right beneath my hiding place which was on an out jutting piece of rock covered by an overhanging tree, they were so close I could have touched them as they passed, my one regret was that my Bren had ceased up owing to the mud and rust—you see I had no means of cleaning it. The fourth night passed with still no signs of a rescue party, so I decided on the fifth day to leave the Island, I figured it was getting to warm for me. If you remember, at the point of landing there was a san-pan, well I managed to launch it and with the aid of a small slat of wood I set off, I wasn't doing too bad until it started to rain and the sea became very choppy and the san-pan was under water all but about two inches, it rained all night and instead of propelling the boat along I had to spend my time scooping the water out with my beret and allowing the boat to drift anywhere. At dawn the rain ceased, but it was still very choppy and the waves were breaking over the side of the san-pan, this continued throughout the day, I felt dead tired but dare not relax in my scooping out process owing to a not so friendly shark being in close attendance, after a time the shark disappeared and I had brighter hopes, two of our aircraft passed directly overhead, I waved my tunic frantically again no luck. That evening I struck land, and with a vengeance, the san-pan was bashed against some rocks and smashed, I was again lucky I received only slight scratches about my feet and legs, but I lost my best friend so I was now completely unarmed I also lost my tunic and one boot (I was

only wearing my trousers whilst in the san-pan) I managed to grab one boot as the boat over turned.

When I got ashore the ground seemed to come up and hit me so I made my way to a fallen tree and tried to sleep, but my trousers were of course saturated and the insects were making a meal of me so it was by no means a comfortable night. Morning came and I had two thoughts in mind "Are there Japs here" and "Is there food". Well Doug for 5 days I tramped this island and found no sign of food, and boy was I hungry it was almost ten days and all I had eaten was the meagre ration in the celluloid packet. On the fifth day, I was feeling rather depressed because I had seen no sign of life and I figured my end was very near. I thought of the wife and kiddy and folk at home and began to wonder what kind of a death starvation would turn out to be. I was annoyed at having lost my colt, if it had been in my possession at that time I should have undoubtedly used it, right now I thank God that I did lose it.

After a time I thought of the old saying "Whilst there is life there is hope" so I carried on and that evening I came across a Burman fishing, he was about waist high in water, he spotted me and immediately made his way to the beach and legged off, I gave chase and eventually he reached his home, the sight of this gave me new life and I ap-

proached cautiously and asked for food, his wife gave me some water and whilst I was drinking, the fellow and his daughter left in a hurry, a few minutes later, the old girl gathered some of her belongings and she left.

My hunger had got the better of me and I helped myself to some boiled rice and scouted around for what other food I could find, at this instant three Burmen came on the scene armed with knives, and beckoned me over, I obeyed and I was told to follow them, I did and after walking two miles I was handed over to about twenty Japs.

That is how I became to be a prisoner, at a later date I will give you a story of the happenings in Rangoon Prison, believe me it would fill a book. I will also tell you of our liberation and how the Japs tried to get us across to Siam.

In the meantime Doug please inform Major Davis of my safety and let him know the above story. Give my regards to all and you can tell them I have heard of their exploits and I am really proud to have been associated with men who have made such a good account of themselves and I wish them one and all good luck in all their under-takings.

One other thing please send me your home address also Charles', tell him I have some stories to beat his and they are true ones.

Cheerio Pal

God Bless you and all "42"



RELEASE REGULATIONS

Admin. Section, A Commando.

Information: The majority of Admin. Section fall within Age and Service Groups 25 to 28. There is a possibility that these groups will leave the unit simultaneously. Thus in order to avoid a sudden and ill-organised rush upon the Imprest, Clothing, and Ration Store, it is necessary to lay down a clear drill for the removal of loot, swag and buckshees.

Initiation of Release: It is hoped that 3 clear days warning of R-Day will be given. Immediately this warning is received Operation 'LOOT' will commence.

Operation LOOT: On receipt of code word 'Loot Begins'; departments will act as follows:—

Pay Sergeant:— Send requisition to Field Cashier for Rupees 100,000. This sum will be drawn by A.O. at H—60 minutes. This money will be expended as follows:—

Hush Money Rs. 5.
Incidental Expenses on Journey Rs. 98,995.

Repayment of amounts already borrowed from Till Rs. 1,000.

The Pay Office will be destroyed by fire immediately the A.O. is in possession of this money.

Cook Corporal: W. E. F. receipt of this order, all used tea-leaves will be dried and stored. (The Ration Corporal will cease to mix dirt with the tea-issue w.e.f. today—this will decrease the present profit on sales to char wallahs—but will pay in the long run.)

All used tea-leaves will be packed in sand bags and will be covered with a fine layer of unused tea.

This tea will be sold to natives en route at Rs. 6 per sack.

Jeep Driver: On receipt of code word, Jeep Driver will paint out all distinguishing marks and signs and will substitute any phoney number which comes into his head.

At H—30, the Jeep will be loaded to the hilt with petrol, the engine will thereafter be kept running ready for a quick get-away.

N. C. O. i/c Stores: Since the A.O., R.Q.M.S., and Storemen have already removed everything of any value from the stores, any odds and ends remaining will be left behind for the benefit of those who are soldiering on.

A.O's Batman: Batman will draw 60 Panniers from the stores for the purpose of packing A.O's small kit.

The following articles of clothing only will be taken:—

Boots (assorted)	26
Battle Dress Suits	16
Socks Pairs	75
Colts .45	12
Watches G. S.	45
Binoculars	19

All surplus articles in the A.O's Kit will be sold to the men on repayment.

N.C.O. i/c Camp Stores: All camp furniture at present in use in

the various ghats occupied by the R.Q.M.S.'s Bibbies, Molls, Little Boys, and Odd Women, will be withdrawn into store on R-1. Bibbies will be disposed of to Salvage. The remaining furniture, being as useless as anything else ever issued by this department will be sold as firewood.

R.Q.M.S. : R.Q.M.S. will retain his diamond studded colt and cap badge.

R.Q.M.S. will make his own arrangements with Movement Control regarding a special train to move his kit

Post-War Employment: By arrangement with the Ministry of National Service, the following posts are available in civilian life for ex-members of Admin. Section.

For those wishing to stay in India :—

Char Wallah's Assistant	2
Flying Dhobie (Ground Crew)	3
Wet Sweepers with a Royal Marine Commando	4

In England :—

Dustman (Shanklin Corporation)	1
Midwife (Bognor Corporation)	1
Floor-Sweeper (Crab Hotel)	1

Isaac Graball, Captain.

Administrative Officer, A Commando.



Line Astern.

FRUSTRATION

THE sky looked down on the arid waste of virgin dust unsullied save by the foot-prints of the tired men wending their way from a dusty nowhere to an even dustier somewhere else.

Before them lay their goal, behind them lay memories, and with them was the dust.

Slowly through the yellow grey-ness, they sighted their objective and greeted it with the contemptuous silence of tired but determined men.

Their very tiredness spurred them forward, and they forgot the ravages of disease and repatriation which had reduced their ranks to six. What mattered that they were no longer led by an officer—what mattered that they no longer had an N.C.O., not even the most unpaid? They had their determination and they had a Shovel G.S.

Twenty more weary but nevertheless thirty inch paces, and two of their number peeled off into the mist to face the mystery of the unknown. The rest plodded on; four men—their tiredness—their determination—and a shovel G.S.

Left foot—Right foot—Left Boot—Right Boot—One Pain—The Other Pain—still they plodded on, and then two more spirals of dust peeled off to the left to fulfil their mission.

Two men; their thoughts—their tiredness—their determination—and their Shovel G.S. remained to bespoil the arid waste. What thoughts ran through their weary minds? What mattered that they were volunteers—that made their task no less sordid, no less distasteful. They thought not of the hazards of their task, for them there was no hazard, just the weary plod up the hill, five

minutes of harrowing activity, and then, they hoped, the long march back to their own particular piece of dust.

They shared not their thoughts. They shared not their tiredness—each was too proud to admit or shew his tiredness. They shared not their determination—for they did not know that they possessed it. But they shared the Shovel G.S.

The leader, so-called because he stirred up the first spiral of dust, thought how many times he had been on similar missions. Thought how differently he had done the same thing before Dunkirk—after Crete—before Alamein—before Mareth—and in the woods beyond the beach at Arromanches. Thought of home and how different it all was there. How much more simple—how much more pleasant.

Still—this had to be done—he was the one to do it. Even if his last companion fell—he would still have to go on—on to get this awful thing over—he knew that there could be no coming back until it was done. He thought of his tiredness and the Shovel G.S. whose warm handle nudged pleasantly into his right hand—his link with the world—his link with civilisation.

Suddenly his mind revolted—he knew that he could not face it—knew that he must give up—knew that he must go back.

His tired body sensed that his mind had weakened—sensed that his determination was flagging—sensed that the battle was being lost; and involuntarily burst into sudden activity, so that he hurried forward again dragging the Shovel G.S. and his companion with him.

His red rimmed eyes scanned the arid waste with a sudden urgency. A great sadness came into them as he found what he sought. Again he thought of home and the Shovel G.S.

His companion came up to him. Carefully, reverently they laid the Shovel G.S. in the dust at their feet and gazed soundlessly at the awful mess which confronted them.

This indeed was one of the horrors of war—they had seen the same thing many times before—each time it appeared more horrible

—but out here in the heat, the dust and the arid waste it appeared doubly horrible. Each man breathed a silent prayer of gratitude that their loved ones would never see a sight like this—then with a sigh of resignation each bent to his allotted task, turning his back upon the dregs of manhood which had confronted them.

Suddenly with an outburst of blasphemy, the leader straightened himself, a look of unutterable disgust swept his face an awful shout rent the air—'No bloody paper!'



TRAVEL

IMAGINE a large ridged and broken backbone of once molten rocks, ascending in precipitous stratae to a height of some 2,000 feet. Picture an Islet of some 2,000 gorges, buttresses, razorbacks, steps and chimneys—there you have two basis of Aden—an outpost of Imperial Britain; one of the hottest places in the world, where it rains—if one is lucky—perhaps one in every 5 years.

When you approach it from the sea, you look to the North-Westward, to the Aden hinterland. The rocky promontory is joined to it by a great sweep of flat sandy gulf, dotted with the white piles of salt which are mined there. Look beyond that and away off to the dusty distance "the lone and level sands stretched far away". The mountains within your vision are like misty dim mirages. From here, travelling to the North-east you may go in an unbroken line to the furthest reaches of Siberia—near y halfway across the face of the world. Your senses are inclined to be a little staggered by the fact that this hinterland contains cities which no white man has ever visited—or at least, ever returned; that its desert is the largest area without water in the world, and that as late as the early 1930's there were instances of dhow-borne Barbary pirates attacking small vessels in the Red Sea off this Coast.

To return to Aden itself. On the verge of these barren rocks, close to the sea, nature and man have combined to produce bush-like trees which provided partial shelter for the coast-wise road. All around the fringes of the Penninsular are bungalows. Coal, with Pagoda-like peaked roofs. The hospital stands large and white in the sunlight and an incongruous church of grey and red mingles on the waterfront with warehouses, barracks, storerooms—

all the paraphernalia one invariably connects with shipping activities. Surmounting the little eminence over the harbour itself is the original port which proclaimed British Sovereignty when the Colony was started. But the history of Aden goes further back than that—much further. It was here that Solomon—of the wisdom and the song—had his summer palace, his water tanks and conduits still supply the inhabitants with that all too precious Commodity—fresh water.

We sighted Aden just before midday; we studied it from various angles as our ship drew nearer: we unanimously decided that it was a Bit Much. Its grimness was accentuated by the greeny blueness of the Sea, and the knowledge that it contained a large swimming population—of Sharks. As we closed in and, early in the afternoon, made our entrance into the harbour, the first out to greet us was a tiny 22 ft. Cutter, one scupper under, careering along with a stiff breeze. The crew, a Naval Officer and girl friend didn't even notice us—they were far too busy manœuvring their dancing conveyance! Following them, the Reception Committee, we presumed, came a host of ship's lifeboats scudding along with all sail set. There was an interchange of waved greetings. We developed a List to starboard with the rush of interested spectators to the rails.

A fussy little tug, built in Brecon, fumed and butted and pulled us to our anchorage. We stopped. We were surrounded by multifarious life; Motor boats chugged and tore over the water; near sailing boats, bu'warks under, raced up to our sides, came about and tacked away again butting up and down over the wake of rassing steamers. A native boat came up to us and soon the ragged crew were scrambling for the shower of pennies which came down

to them—the throwers howling with laughter as each fortune seeking bandit scuttled for the coins: scuppers, winches, boats, tubs, coils of rope—each saw its battle!

Four heads in the water; four little native boys alongside having swum 600 yards from shore to dive for our money. But they wouldn't dive for pennies—oh! no! "Six-pence, Tommee"—nothing less would do—their income was small that day.

We waited for something new to enchant and hadn't very long to wait. Before long dusk came, then quickly, night. The town was picked out in lights. "Looks like Colman's Shangri-La" commented one. And indeed it did.

Towering against the luminous night sky were the mountains, a grim back cloth to the fantasy of fairy lights on the stage. We were a thrilled audience. Blue neon lights and the brilliant green reflection of a Signal Searchlight on the water provided colour. Sound was never absent. A subdued but perpetual clamour from our own vessel, an occasional steam whist'e, a distant car horn and then, incongruously the sound of bagpipes. We stared—we wondered—we understood. Highland dancing was in progress on another ship—vaguely an Eightsome Real filtered across the water. For a moment we were home again.



".....OF COURSE HE'S FRIGHTFULLY SENIOR—USED TO BE IN INDEPENDENT COMPANIES OR SOMETHING....."

PADRES COLUMN

PERFECTION.

"CAN we as a nation or individuals attain anywhere near to perfection? Will the world ever be rid of war, famine, poverty, disease?" That question is always in our minds, and especially, now we have elected a new government and are waiting eagerly to see them go through their paces and introduce new policies now used for the first time.

Do you think we can get perfection, given time, or at least get rid of the more glaring evils? If you think so you are being influenced by your Christian heritage. Other non-Christian creeds have taken it over, but basically it is Christian.

The ancient Greeks reached a high standard of civilization but they had no hope like that. Their word for pleasure "Ecstasy" means only "Getting outside yourself", "Getting away from it all".

The Buddhist will tell you the main thing in the world is the reality of suffering and he hopes to get away from it all to Nirvana or nothingness. Ask a Chinese and he will tell you "Man is like a fish in a muddy pool, he wriggles and swims for an hour, and that is an hour gone". And you know, at present there are many signs to show that man is approaching perfection. There was never more light in the world than there is now—the glow of New York at night is visible a hundred miles out at sea, and yet our cities have to be blacked out.

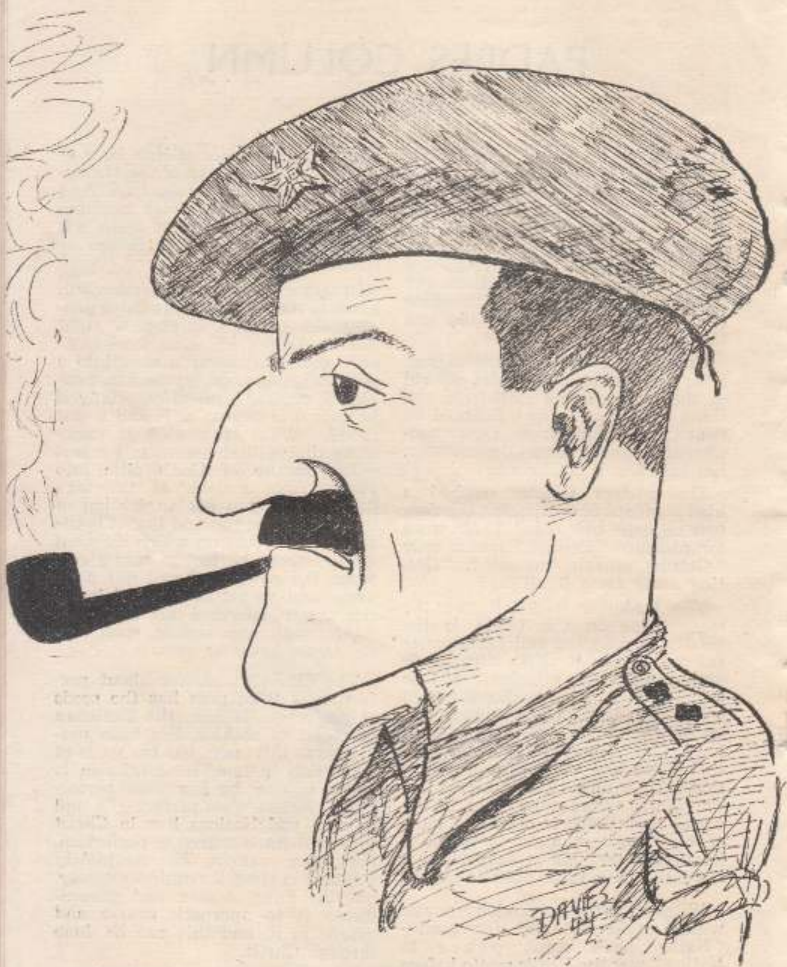
Wireless is a tremendous power which could be used for good—"Nation shall speak peace to Nation" was the BBC's motto before the war but wireless served to bring the voice of Goebbels to German

homes and the voice of Haw-Haw to our homes, and is one of the strongest weapons a dictator can have. And of course science besides building splendid cities can blast them flat and organise places like Belsen or Buchenwald.

In fact any hope of perfection will have to be Religious faith dependent on people's having a right heart. As you know no laws however good will make a man into a good neighbour, no system can completely control a rascal especially if he gets into power, he'll find a way round. What is needed is something that will change man's minus—The misuse of God's gifts into Plus. Take a look at the sign "Plus" and you get an inkling of the answer for you find that it is the sign of the Cross, on which the final answer about perfection was given, when the powers of evil did their worse and an act of criminal injustice was transformed into the greatest triumph and highest good that the world has ever seen.

The Christian answer about perfection is this; man has the seeds of perfection in him, the Christian is called to nothing less than perfection is this: man has the seeds of perfection in him, the Christian is called to nothing less than perfection ("Be therefore perfect—") and as men and Nations live in Christ they will come nearer to perfection. Perfection cannot be completely attained in time, it requires eternity, but the duty of men and governments is to approach nearer and nearer to it, and this can be done through Christ.

Sgd. (W. P. MacNaughton)
Chaplain R.N. 66



Lt.-Col. K. R. S. TREVOR, D.S.O.
Late 1 Cdo.

66 TROOP NOTES

No. 2 TROOP

IT gave us great pleasure to play our opposite troop in 5 Commando at football. The game was fast and thrilling and we just managed to scrape home the winners, the score being 4-3 in our favour. We hope to meet them in a return match.

We welcome the three new members to our Troop, Pte Young, Pte Greenop and Pte Greenall.

Congratulations to Dvr Barnes to drawing Blighty Leave. It is rumoured in the Troop that Wedding Bells have been rung in London for him. We are anxiously awaiting his return to confirm the rumour.

Again the Mortars return to the Kedgaon days as, on the recent Commando field firing exercise, they learnt from past experience of Wog Ammo that he who dives quickest lives longest, only this time Capt. Turpin and his Troop were on duty in camp.

3 TROOP NOTES.....

WELL. Much pani has fallen since last notes and 3 Troop embarks on another phase of its swashbuckling carrier. New faces now haunt the dining hall and Troop Office and a set of home-ly faces you never did see!

Welcome to Capt. Nias, Lts Milne, "Flash" Corry and "Joe" Taberner (may their patience be rewarded!), also to TSM Ewen who seized the opportunity to be one of the Troop.

Welcome to Sgts Berry, Jagers, Barnett, Sid Rudgley and Ptes Baker, Cooper, Constant, Doughty, "Souse" Drake, Edwards, Fleming, Henders Inglis, Jacobs and the Jones's 02 & 58, Kingabay, Knight, Latham, Manning, McGrath, Mills,

Middlesborough, Nevans, Patterson, Palmer, Salter, Shaw (ex 6 Troop) Starling, Smithson, Speakman, Wallett, Wallace Watson, McKerrigan, Cossey, Kane, Wilson, Parrot, Kirk and Hall 73, "PHEW"!

Sports.

Humble opinion is that we should have been Cup Holders, but we were glad to see our friend rivals No 6 Troop get it, Congratulations.

Our "A" team is quietly, but thoroughly, thrashing all comers, and are nonchalantly thinking of taking on the Brigade Team.

A violent epidemic of age-groupitis is raging amongst the Troop. Symptoms of the patient is prowling around Part I orders and of believing the rumours, broadcast hourly, from radio Latrine, an exclamation of a 27 Grouper was, 'If I go in action again, I'll dig my Foxhole so deep it will be near desertion!' Some of the later groups firmly believe they will go home by rocket!

Drake, he of the hearty appetite, will insist on calling Smudger and Joney, our excellent chefs, 'Belly Robers', and Walsh, another gourmet, thinks he is in Belsen! Strain, Lt Corry's runner, says that he runs about so much he is ready to take on Gunter Haag! Dai Morgan insists on an issue of asbestos gloves with that so-called Rum Issue!

Why did a member of this Troop ask when did he have to report to the M.I. Room for Battle inoculation? We were glad to see Blanco our pet goat (and our emergency ration) perform so fine drill, on one of the RSM's drill parades. Et tu, goat!

And so for the present we leave 3 Troop, those hardy backwoods men (we never see our charpoys these days, "Fitzzy" can't keep

his bearer from out of his!) to march on, out of step, "to greater sporting exploits in the brighter, we hope! future. Time staggers on!

No. 4 TROOP NOTES

WE have lost many friends in the Groups I-24 including the inimitable "Pongo". We were very sorry to see them go but we couldn't wish for a better "Blighty" advance party. Amongst those to go were Billy Ling, Len Mundy and Joe Smith. Best of luck to all of them.

We welcome back to the troop old "George" Cowap. He has fully recovered from his wounds and his face is still as cheery as ever. (Shut b.....y up!) Well done, Dalton. We also extend a welcome to all the newcomers amongst whom were Lts. Williamson, Gillies and Mordecai-Jones.

Who mentioned Hockey!

All right! we'll just say we won the cup and leave it at that. We tried our best to settle a few old scores with our "friends" in H.Q. but failed miserably.

Congratulations to 6 Troop on winning the Soccer Cup. Well done Northern Command.

Casualties at the Troop Party were light. I Broken Bank, I broken arm (Sgt. Reuben) and a guest from another troop is suffering from broken knuckles. Our medical orderly is still suffering from loss of memory. Who "dun it". We congratulate Sgt. Hobbs on his excellent "run" punch. "Phew"! What a mixture. It burst through 2 montainers and 6ins. of concrete floor.

HERES TO THE NEXT TIMES.

No. 5 TROOP NOTES.....

THE sudden passing of Lieut. Thursby was a great blow to the Troop we offer our sincerest condolences to his family on their great loss.

In starting our notes this month we offer congratulations to Capt. "Dick" Turpin on his promotion, and appointment to Troop Commander.

The Troop has been diminished by the loss of many friends who, "lucky men", were in age groups 1 to 24. Led by BSM Downey, MM. who quoted, "What WILL THE COMMANDO DO WITHOUT ME", they all seemed eager to get back to the hard life "CIVVY STREET".

We offer congratulations to our new Sgt-Major CSM Sincup, DCM and to Sgts Ball and Wilkins, also Cpls Bear and Stanley on their promotion and posting to 5 Troop.

Troop Jottings.

It is NOT true that a certain Sgt obtained his Third stripe by Blancoing his plaster cast for a C.O's Parade. Some say had he Blancoed both arms, he would have reached the Crown & Laurels!

What is the official name for that union of overworked batmen?

At last! 5 Troops secret weapon is made public. Nobles plastic placed around the nose of a M 9 A I bomb! Is it true L/Cpl Aird, MM cannot sleep at nights. Go on give him back that Bren Gun.

Sport Section.

After our terrific struggle to defeat 3 Troop we did it at the third attempt, 2-1. We were beaten in the final for the Commando Cup by 6 Troop who scored 3 goals against us during the extra time. Score 3-0.

No. 6 TROOP NOTES.**Sport.**

WE were there in the Soccer Final giving them the 'One-Two' Everybody in the Troop had a good drink out of the Cup, except the NCO's and men!

Comings and Goings.

These have been occurring so frequently that we are still in a whirl. The Cits pretty Crit now that Sgt "Bubbly Chat" Cook has received his "Cease Fire" orders. By the time this is printed Tadge along with our Q—"June" Martin, "Rice" Rob. "Ginger" Griffiths, Richardson, Olsen and the 2 Joes—Felmington and Morgan will probably be hanging over the side of the BOAT heaving their hearts up. We shall probably be doing the same only in a different boat and not going in the same direction as these lucky 25 groupers! However to take their place we have a likely lot of lads and welcome the latest arrivals which includes:—

- Lt Deacon (The Deac)
- Lt Peckam (The Peck)
- Lt Owens (No name yet)
- CSM Hayes (Blond Bomn Shell)

- L/Sgt Wally Waldron.
- L/Sgt Harry Irvine
- L/Sgt McCudden (House Clear)
- L/Cpl Newal & second time out.
- L/Cpl Jimmy Coker, MM.

Demobb.

- 26 Group (DONT PANIC)
- 27 Group (The Cits Crit)
- 28 Group (Pretty Grim)
- Other Groups (PACIFIC STAR)

Election.

Excitement would have been greater when we received the news if it hadn't been for:—Night Scheme—Digging In—Hard Ground—Rain and One Tin of M & V...

H.Q. NOTES (If any).

SO many new faces these days, hard to say who's who. Several fellows were trampled under foot in the mad rush for soft numbers. Hence the proverbial saying A change is as good as a rest. Now for the low down here goes.

Sigs. Still as mad as ever. No 2 has his hands full. Why doesn't he join the boys. Welcome to new Signallers—poor chaps. May their sets never go diss. The Young and Twitchy Gladwell are all smiles now. What 25 Group Pop Burden complete with red flag carries on, but it looks as if the coppers have had it! G. B. for now.

I. Sect. Capt. Davies looks very sure of himself these days—the cadre must be fairly intelligent. Killer Lawrence can now be seen complete with paper, pencil and worried look, it's never failed yet! Successors to these galant men, bigger and better maps and some one to read 'em.

M. I. Room. The Doc! Still has his hands full with the fly pest can't figure out where they go to in the winter. Why doesn't he ask Cpl. Corrot, with his "I'd love to polish you off" smile—a fly man?

P. R. I. Major Garner Jones, M.C., 39-45, N.A.S., B.S., T.A. will soon be on his second bar. Hasn't found a way as yet to make money hand over fist! But Cpl. Cawse has the beer situation well in hand, not a drop wasted

ORD Room. Welcome back to No. 6 after his business trip he looks very fit, chubbier than ever! Never looks down! Sgt. Reid has at long last acquired the telephone voice! Hulloo!! Copper Wakefield can be seen scanning all incoming despatches for Copper News! Keep looking!

Q. Stores. Capt Semple has now commenced to feather his nest, Adm Officer may he never go short! With so many pets in the stores—monkies, puppies, mongoose, etc., one has to be very careful who you ask for kit. Mallem.

R. S. M. God bless him, now he can use two arms! As a compère here is a wow! No truth in the E.N.S.A. rumour may be George Black who knows. And Charlie Harry MacKenzie is still in Troop Office, drink up.

M. T. Tiny got out just in time, Eddie Hutton rumours are by far the best! Heared on way to town! pukka! It has been stated by one who knows, they have a name for every bump on the Poona Road, I agree!



A Civil Servant Enjoying Sleep.



Lt.-Col. C. J. B. POLLITT, M.C.
Late 8 Cdo.



TROOP NOTE 67.

Sgt's Mess Notes.

THE Lancaster regime is over, and from amid the ruins of many mess meetings, depreciations, and countless minutes of last meetings, rises the figure of smiling Jimmy Mackie, the new R.S.M.

The mess has changed both in location and personnel since the last "Jungle Book". The location is not too bad under monsoon conditions, except that the interior of the mess is a little blinding to the eye after its baptism of paint by Messrs. Flatley, Bird and Brown, and the display of flags of all countries, which competes rather well with the crop of Burma Stars and Defence medals.

The change in personnel is far too all embracing for complete details, but some of the new members have as many gin stains on their jackets as Spud Murphy or Coker Coles, no names, no Provost Sergeants.

Amongst the gallery of missing members are old and respected "Busty" Wilson who wrestled the Hyderbads, leaving a lasting impression on Akyab Island; Bob Fleet, who lost his honour; and Eddie Earle, whose last act was to marry the idol of the mess to our old friend J. H. H.

The introduction of the Hudson Plan which provides for, two dinners for all and quizzes for the quizzical, has been met with universal approval, at least we've had the quizzes, and a neutral source suggests that Bob Nesbitt has had the dinners but we know that's untrue.

Unobstusive is the word. He is a little man, inoffensive as the man behind the counter of any village store, until that gun appears in his hand. Then he changes, he becomes a hard, vicious, killer, and the eyes that stare mercilessly through the haze of tobacco smoke in his hand spells his motto—"Without pity, without fear, without remorse". Gentlemen I give you the one and only.....Jesse Flatley.

I. TROOP.

HERE we are once again bright and breezy as ever. Firstly we would like to extend greetings to Lt's. Turnbull and Gorely who have joined us from "Blighty" and to T. S. M. Graham who has come to us from 2 Tp.

Since the last issue we have had some leave—one and a half had a good time. "Paddy" Hamilton,—minus pipes, succeeded in getting some extra beer money as a conductor on a bus, at the end of his day's work

his total takings was annas 10, at least that's the sum he checked in.

The Troops Dance held in July was a huge success—everybody being well “under the influence” at the close.

The Soccer Team's form has been all haywire lately and we expect some better results in the future now that Pte. Jameson and the “Manx Mauler”, have gone into a huddle over the selection of the team.

“Blake” is now Troop Clerk. Since he took over there has been a distinct improvement in his moustache,—so we presume the postage profits are taken up with Naffy wallah expenses.

To finish, our regards to Capt. Sergeant, for the way he is bearing up under the strain or having such a Troop of “Bolshies” under his charge.

2 TROOP.

SINCE the last publication many changes have taken place within the Troop.

Our Sergeant Major has recently been appointed R. S. M. of the Unit, though his service in the Troop has been short our loss is the Unit's Gain. In his place, comes Sergeant Major Crutchly from 3 Troop like R. S. M. Mackie one of the foundation stones of the Commando. Other promotions are:—

L/Sgts. Sanderson, Drury, and Cooper ... To Sergeant.

Cpls. Calvert; Price; Disney ... L/Sgts.

L/Cpls. McDonald; McGilchrist; Tomlinson; Miller, D.; Wall ... promoted to Cpl.

Cpl. Wall has also become T.Q.M.S. and up to date, with his Storeman Fus. Gruan has already made much use of pen and ink, and must now hold more signatures

than those given at the ‘Frisco Conference’

Ptes. Ccrutton; Wales, Strowger; Timmis; McCarthy; McPherson; Dryden; Jones; McNamova Burrill ... promoted to L/Cpl.

L/Cpl. Welch (Joe) was also promoted to Cpl.—the same day he was snatched from the Troop and appointed “Provost Defence” Sgt. Cpl. Welch vies with the Supreme Commander in rapid promotion.

Pte Howe one of the M.O's right hand men, was transferred to H.Q. (Medics) — promoted L/Cpl. and is now waging war against the FLIES. Pte. Steele ... Transferred to H.Q. (Cookhouse — God help them!)

Pte. Carvell ... “ “ (Admin — Cobbler)

Pte. Wallace ... “ “ (Sgt's Mess — Walter)

Pte. Edmonds ... “ “ (M.T. — along with Andy Younger)

Pte. Hack ... “ “ (M.T.)

Last but not least of the transfers:—

Lt. Stephens — Transferred to H.Q. (Intelligence) in his place, and appointed 2 i/c Troop Lieut. Duncan, (Sports Officer) With Lieut. Stephens went Pte. Scott, Lieut. Duncan brought Fus Shadbolt. We wish them all well.

Many of our staunchest and oldest comrades have left for other civilian realms — we wish them all the very best of luck.

Major W. C. S. Beard (Troop Leader) and his batman, Jack Webster. Jack had been in hospital for some time, and we were unable to say ‘cheerio’ to him L/Sgt. Cain; Cpl. McLoughlan; Cpl. Davies; Pte Marshall (Slopper) McMillen (Paddy) Pursglove; (Frank) Elder (Bill) Williams (Willy) Brooks and Allan. The Grahame and Nevatt Co., have dissolved partnership for the time being. Jim (Sgt. Grahame)

Jock replied, "If I wasn't a Scotsman I would be ashamed of myself", or was it Bob Nesbit that said that.

Another thing which is worth putting on record is the fact that Charge-hand Crowden has actually had a tour of duty without making a 252.

Muir reports that Joe actually smiled the other day, but Joe denies this vigorously.

There is one queery before we close, the support section would like to know who the geezer is that has got five years and eleven months war service in, we guess someone will tell them soon.

Well we have to break off now owing to pressure of training, hers mud your eye's, or on your boots if you don't have take cover like us.

5 TROOP.

FRIDAY the 13th July, '45, No. 1 and 2 Troops held a dance in town. About a 100 members were present, and those that danced had a partner each, and those who did not dance kept the Bar occupied. Lofty Bairstow; Vic. Cooper; Tojo Calvert; George Ashton; Sniffy Gratton; Chico Perkins; Tiny Clayton and Artist Ledingham were just a few of the Troop who invested in 'soft Drings'; which included the week's rum ration

"Frank Sinatra", was represented by Cpl. Tomlinson—alias:—"Two Gun Tommo"; "Wingate of 2 Troop". He acted as M.C. and fulfilled duties as he would have done in the Tower Ballroom, Blackpool. The Troop wishes to thank 'the man behind the scenes', Lieut. Oliver—for the grand way he organised the evening.

FLASHES.

Paddy Coleman has returned to the Troop after being on sick leave in Secunderbad. already he is talking of visiting the M.O. again.

Ptes. Robertson, Bishap, and Charlie Nevatt have gone to the land of green fields.

FLASH DUGGIN—is still in hospital—improving as the days roll on. All our good wishes Flash. We have also heard that CUSH TAYLOR is with the "one and only" 'Pimblett' in some natty depot in U.K. Good hunting.

BOBBY FOXALL—who was seriously wounded in our first operation, rejoined the Unit after the last leave. He was appointed Post Cpl.—now we are pleased to say—he is on his way home. BOBBY, you deserve it—you have done your work.

JOCK COSGROVE—another one wounded with Bobby Foxall is and has been for some time in U.K. We haven't heard from him—we presume he is going on well.

BILL TURNER—another casualty with Cosgrove and Foxall is very comfortable in U.K.

This is all the news to date. Bags of Training—and does it rain? ask the boy!

No. 6 TROOP.

WE sincerely hope that this the last we are called upon to write these notes, our demob group being in the late fifties which, according to our bearer, who mixes with the best circles (obviously), makes us a dead cert for Xmas. But what about the POLICE Our information varies almost daily. Authoritative circles in Romford and Falkirk assure us that the police will be home last March.

Already we have bidden farewell to some old friends Phil Johns, John Jones, Old Man Davis, and Harry Corfield. The first named will be remembered for his enterprise in cornering the market in photographs; John Jones for his championing of the working man; Bill

has been promoted to the rank of T.S.M. and went to No. 1. Troop: Charlie—after a spell in hospital, has gone back home. We sincerely hope that he finds everything O.K. He has all our good wishes.

RHODESIA — RECALLS.

Lieut. Salt, who had been with the Troop since 'Ventner' days has been recalled via England to Rhodesia. At the same time went F. G. Wass his devoted batman. I have heard a whisper that there is to be a duel wedding back in England when they arrive. Congratulation to them and theirs.

No. 3 TROOP.

SINCE the last edition of the Jungle Book 3 troop has undergone a tremendous change in personnel. We have lost, to our regret, our troop leader, Capt Bowyer, and both our Platoon officers, Lt's King Scott. The troop is now led by Capt Thomas, administered by Lt Buckle, and messed about by Lt's Gascoigne and Alting du Cloux, (whom God preserve, of Holland). Amongst the stalwarts who have departed for Blighty—the list is too long to include all—we see:—

Benny Lingstaff, L/Bdr Bennett, "Spud" Murphy and Andy McKenzie.

Promotion has been fast and furious, practically everyone going up one rank, and new brasshats appearing in the form of L/Bdr Edwards, Clarke and Prangle.

Sport has'n't shewn any signs of variation from football, which has been supported with all the usual enthusiasm. Unfortunately there are no swimming facilities handy, though 5 Platoon have taken up midnight bathing under the direction of Lt du Cloux, (whom God preserve, of Holland).

The entertainment question is rapidly being settled by a committee headed by Cpl Cooper, and during

the next week both a dance and a "Stag Party" have been arranged, which, according to the amount of liquor available promise to be successful.

Training has precluded further activities, and the usual periodical move prevents us from settling too comfortably in one spot.

No. 4 TROOP.

WE have got to get this off our chests. Thick has left for another troop, so what happens? He goes and starts sending in reports to the R.S.M., possibly he thinks he is back home already.

Heard last week for the first time was the voice of the Dickie Bird. Tiny was so shocked when he learnt of this amazing phenomenon that he walked straight down the nearest well.

Just before we started to write, an application for a bodyguard came in, it seems that Cpl. Lambell has to bring some rum out on the next night scheme. Let's hope that the bodyguard knows how to find his way across country without a hurricane lamp, "cos" we likes our little tot of rum, and so says that staunch conservative Nobby Clarke.

We have got to say a few words about our football team, just enough to point out that every other football fan in the unit goes dumb whenever four troops is mentioned, and we aren't the ones to rub it in.

Busty Hassall has now taken the lead in the race for the troops hospital cup, and Cpl Addiscott, who has now dropped back to second place, keeps going around with a long face, muttering to himself, the gist of which is "Well, Well".

Jock Brown, who thought that Tiny had been getting too much publicity, shook everyone by walking at a rapid rate under fifteen feet of water, when asked why he did it,

Davis for being the only man to be shanghied into Bangalore hospital; Harry Corfield for having more socks and less teeth than anyone else in the troop.

The loss is offset, however, by the arrival of many newcomers bringing a welcome breath of dear old Blighty to us old hands. Outstanding among these is a young soldier, Wretched Rennie by name, We feel we have seen him before but the ravages of time, jungle sores, and malaria do strange things.

Johnny Coghlan, the only man to put three bombs down a barrel, is now, playing Tinker to Mr. Booths Sexton Blake and assures us that all Coppers are'n't.

We would like to know:—

Since when has it been the orderly corporals job to polish the T.S.M's crown.

Who broke the habit of a lifetime and drew five Rupees to celebrate his promotion.

Who remarked, on hearing of our recent promotions, that someone had better get a new barrel as they've scraped this.....dry?

ADVERT. Officer has six months unbound copies of the Wizard, well, thumbd but otherwise in good condition. Would exchange for a kukri, a pair of S. V. boots, a walkie talkie, or a Burma Star.

Incidentally when is Chippy Wood going back to his native Italy.

SPACE DONATED

by

HALL & ANDERSON LTD.



Col. H. D. FELLOWES, D.S.O.,
Deputy Commander Late 42 (R.M.) Cdo.

68 TROOP NOTES

"A" TROOP.

I TAKE this opportunity to welcome into A Troop fold, in the name of all the old originals, the reinforcements that arrived a few months ago. They are a good bunch of lads, infusing into A Troop some badly needed young blood. The Old Originals are getting old and decrepit (26 Group). We can no longer stand the pace these youngsters set, our day is almost over (we hope), anyway we are pleased to see you lads.

A Troop football team profitted indeed by these reinforcements, L/Lloyd, Mne's Mackenzie and Davies are stalwarts in defence and attacks, making A Troop the most formidable of the Cdo—on the football field, other troops will disagree, but that is to be expected, it remains a mystery why L/Lloyd and Mne Mackenzie were dropped from the Cdo team, the team that almost beat the "all conquering 44" was the best team I have seen fielded in this unit for years, maybe not so much a mystery, maybe a change in the selection would make a difference, so long as the same old gang play, so will this Cdo never have a first rate Cdo team.

At the time of writing this, the most discussed is undoubtedly "Campaign Medals", while Cooky Gray fights hard for his well earned "Terrier" medal, it is believed that certain of the "Chairborne" have dug their ribbons out of the same chest their fighting knives came from. Paddy Marshall, meantime is seen around proudly disporting his "Order of the Rising Sun." (Captured). From all this it seems that is more dignified and certainly more

distinguished to dispence with the ribbons altogether, certainly any man seen anywhere without a row of ribbons would cause a mild sensation, sensation hunters Please Note.

Mne Baker has departed from our midst, to hit the really bright spots—London, Cpl Smith is now pigging it at Wrexham, and the rest are wrapped up in their age groups, and finally convincing themselves: that it's a bigger gamble than Littlewoods.

Archibald is still the biggest talker, and Gilbert is chocker, they've got this war taped between them, as for the rest they are mad, I pity their women folk.

So T.T.F.N. till Bill King wears equipment, and Ken Bellhouse and Ptee Mellor can cook Bully without the wrappers on. Watch your square number Alfie, there's a waiting list.

"B" TROOP.

IT is with regret that we say goodbye to T.S.M. Blackie Blackmore and we all wish him the very best and a speedy return to health. For the remainder, well we've all had our leave now and are busy recuperating.

Congratulations to L/Cpl Williams and his 2" mortar team on winning the mortar competition "Boy, dey sho' can chuck a wicked bomb" War-cry—"Watch your heads". Mne Hawkins, Hawk to you, is feeling more cheerful of late as his rival, "Big Ug" Alloway has rejoined us, who said competition is the spice of life?

Flash/Sgt "Lew" Harrison still entertaining the thought of a big

ship before the end of the year. Lt Mansfield and Sgt Mortimer having been admitted to the select "Brotherhood of the Gun", may be seen slinking around, hat pulled low over the eyes, collars turned up, their hands in their pockets, and conversing out of the corners of their mouths, God help us, should gang-warfare break out.

QUERY? Was it a certain S.N.C.O. who walked round the race-course striking matches. **BUZZ.** 26 Group out before August. Phooey, I've heard that one before. In conclusion we welcome to our fold T. S. M. Buzzard, long may "Buzzy" stay.

"W" TROOP.

PERHAPS the most sensational news which "W" can report is that, not long ago, the chief of No 2 "Doe Truck", achieved the seemingly impossible by pulling a muscle. It had never been considered that this slender pillar of the Eusa Group was the possessor of any muscles worthy of the name. Proof of this phenomenon, however, can be obtained from the Archives of the sick bay. "Geordie" Simonette or any other reliable person.

"Corpse Tug Wilson" has recently completed a mighty undertaking whereby-by means of carefully dug canals comparable only to Suez and Panama—all superfluous rain-water bequeathed to us by the "Heavy" boys, is diverted into the Troop office via every other tent in the lines... Kerry has been seen pleading with "Stanley" for a gash Mac West.

There has been fierce competition for the troop "Romeo Stakes". After their Bombay leave "Benny Goodman" and "Classic C" were a length to the good. Since the goings on at a certain cafe of ill repute, Drummer Dalley and the "Boy Wilkie" to say nothing or Audy (a dark horse this one despite his hair)

have pulled out way ahead of the field. Having recently been on "Recce" with a fair haired gentleman of his acquaintance "Wilkie" must have his ducky little nose in front by now, that is unless "Drummer Dalley" has put in another all night leave chit—"In order to attend a garden party"??

We heartily congratulate Colin Fletcher on his promotion to his present position. With a little more practice in phrases such as "Half past eight's the time for dhobie" and "Fourbetoo"?? You had two bits last week", he should do well.

Sporting pastimes have not flourished of late but during the pre-deluge era we were dragging ourselves from our football slough of despond aided by our chic line of natty shirtings provided by our officers and S.N.C.O'S. At hockey we suffered our "first ever" defeat at the sticks of "B" Troop and at cricket—ask "A" Troop.

Some of our old members have departed for less gruelling modes of life. Our thoughts went with them and we wish our bodies had too, however "New boys" have settled down well, some have even earned to become members of the "Eusa Party", the chief point though is that "The mouth" has refrained from, at long last, variations on the theme of "Somewhere in France".

Two items alone baffle us, Firstly, why didn't "League B" let anyone see that letter from his tutor "Charles A" and secondly where does "Battle Crouch Stanes" get his 26 Group buzzes?????

"X" TROOP.

THE best laid plans of mice and crack pistol shots have strongly affected at least two of the troops compliment, both homicide Houghton and Gravestone Everett have been busy clearing leather at incredible speed, even more attention

being paid to the facial expression (without fear—without pity or remorse) with Sgt Everett the expression is natural, but Sgt Houghton encounters some difficulty—you can't be a sucker for a dame and a potential torpedo... (can you Jim???)

The notorious chest of Herman Harvey (nature's gift to starving sweeper bibby's) causes an awe inspiring atmosphere on his dramatic evening appearance in the Rec space, it is rumoured he counter balances the weight of his left breast with two full bren mags in the upper pocket of his right—"watcha me ole Rhubarb".

The disappointed dining hall attendant so near and yet so far from Blighty leave, in turn disappoints the more hungry and infinitely larger members of the troop, the wailings of Cpl. Whayling the bull like tenacity of Big Boy Bessie plus the abnormal appetite of Finnickly Hicklin leaves poor meek and gentle Bullen as potential Buzzard bait.

"X" Troops banker and cashier George Bernard Delamain (shave off) spends sleepless nights working out the percentage interest on six annas plus a fortnight, whilst Snitch Fowkes and Snatch Moore ignore the troops lament—"Please put Slim behind the Rec space bar".....

Francoir Fryer the Napoleonic and equally ambitious Cpl. is gradually becoming puzzled under the fantastic quiz questioner Wimpey Rouson, is this the face that launched a thousand ships????

Our congratulations go to members of the troop having won recent awards:—

T. S. M. Welsh	...	D.C.M.
Mne. Derby. Barks	...	M.M.
L/Cpl. Herbert	...	M.M.

"HEAVY TROOP"

HEAVERY troop, for no reason whatsoever, has, at long last, decided to add its contribution to the historic pages of this great literary masterpiece. Famed throughout the unit as we are in many ways we feel we must first bring to your notice recent breath-taking displays of football.

Who, after witnessing the amazing games played by "Flash Cotley", "Darkie Cox" and "Bilge Fraser" can doubt that we will, through sheer science, win a point before the end of the season.

The heavy troop rugby team is in the making, already two of the players know some of the rules, and with this great advantage we have high hopes of future glory.

Even outclassing our interest in sport at the moment is the Political situation, led by L/Cpl "Gor Blimey" Quinlan, staunch upholder of the Narkings Mans rights, we hold lengthily and heated arguments concerning the future prospects of ourselves and our country. After one of these sessions, during which we have practically torn ourselves and the government to pieces, and placed the old country in imminent danger of collapse, the outlook appears so gloomy that we are either in favour of mass immigration or consider signing on for twelve.

We are, in common with you all, delighted with our present camp, as we gaze with shining eyes, from our dripping tent flaps, at the endless Vista's of mud and water, we recall fond memories of Achnaccarry, and dread the time when we shall once again steal into the sunshine..... Well chums this is Heavy troop signing off,

Over to you chums,

"THE COUNT"

"HQ" TROOP.

LEAVE produced its usual quota of queer incidents, most of which would not be really suitable for consumption by respectable people back home. Sticks Lakin went to Madras for an unspecified reason, and attempted to juggle his finances upon a seale worthy of Professor Keynes, chancellor of the exchequer, Cpl Philips seems to have aged since then.

Inhabitants of OOTIE were shocked by the sartorial apparition of Mne. Tam. Cooke who put on a dress rehearsal for Civvy St, in clothes that denied all descriptive splendour.

At the new location which the authorities so kindly afforded us, the rains came one night, and the tents of HQ went with the wind. A Hollywoodian scene was enacted with half the Signal Section, and sundry gash hands hanging on to flies (tent type) and poles, but as always Nature won.

Last years saga of the jungle was repeated for a while and charpoys of amazing sizes and proportions appeared in spaces previously received exclusively for monkeys. The change was barely noticeable. On

the train journey for this period of history, Mnes, Ginger Haynes, and Limey Healey created an international co-operational air by teaching a crowd of small Indian songsters the Song of Egypt:—King Farouk, King Farouk, etc., Mne Adam Cook has put through claims to change his christian name to Melvyn after a trip to a Wog hairdresser who did things to his moustache on the Melvyn Douglas style How Ducky.

An old and revered figure has left our midst with the going of Cpl Ted Chitty. He was the L. L. George of the troop, but many of us are doubtful how long he will last now he's left our tender care.

There are rumours that Sgt Trigger Tom Perrit, fresh from his lessons in the gentle art of Gunmanship, is to leave us, and go and help the F. B. I. in their post-war crime wave.

With the absence of all foods of a delicate nature research under speculation has been aroused by the appearance of a permanent fruit salad on Mne. Heads Purcells breast. He says they are well earned ribbons, but I tell him to come up ten fathoms and come clean.





Lt.-Col. F. C. HORTON, Late 44 (R.M.) Cdo.

TROOP NOTES 69

"HQ" TROOP.

ONCE more we take the pleasure of producing a few words for our Bde Mag. Many new members have joined us and already the TSM has trouble in finding them for working parties, and the TQMS is definitely going grey-haired with Kit Musters. When one reads the Notice Board these days by the time you have read the first order and the last you have forgotten what chit you have got to hand in or what order you have to comply with.

Football has been lacking in the past due to the Mud, we have managed to get a few games, the last one being played in the Troop colours (yes at last we have got organised), by all accounts we should have won the last match as S Troop were undoubtedly dazzled by the colours, but unfortunately the opposing centre forward slid one past our goalkeeper (his hat must have dropped over his eyes). Had HQ had their colours on for the "Horton Trophy" we might have done better than we did. The Sigs were rather trounced by B Troop, in a game the other day, but on looking at the strength of B Troop to the strength of the Sigs it was not surprising.

At a meeting of the Troop Fund the other day, we can see at last that HQ intend to do something with the large stocks of chips they have been hoarding for sometime. Recently we have had installed a Loud Hailer on the Roof of the 'I' Office which gives forth the daily news bulletin and also gramophone request programmes which is very much appreciated by all.

Don't let it get you down—the mud I mean.

"A" TROOP.

FOOTBALL Competitions and Cups filled with Beer! What roseate visions we had! Well at least we beat the Officers only to be later disillusioned by a rival troop. However we still remember with a certain amount of glee the "Bier Killer" incident during the VE days.

Although we worked hard during the period in the jungle everyone did enjoy the daily bathing and several have cause to regret the ducking they had from a highly efficient "capsizable" boat. We can also recall our success against the "enemy" during the last few days, and how we annihilated them in a night attack after fighting the darkness of the jungle and an occasional snake fortunately they didn't stand much chance of retaliating considering the almost "lost" position of our encampment.

More recently the very pleasant memory of "Mud Training" in Bombay still lingers. What a reward for hard work, and a marvelous troop spirit, well, and conscientiously carried out to the end.

"B" TROOP.

HIYAH fellow loafers, greetings from the Busy Bees. Many moons have passed since our Bde Mag was last published and with them have passed many events. Among the more outstanding was the departure of Capt Sturges. Everyone was sorry to see him leave. Wherever he may be we wish him the very best of luck. In his place we welcome Capt Gilks. Bash on! We're with you all the way. Congratulations are dished out to Cpls Kelly and Skelton on their stooping so low as to allow themselves to be promoted to the rank of

Sgt. A certain Mne was heard to remark "Well, that's got rid of two of them anyway".

We had several pleasant social evenings recently in the form of Whist Drives. Fortunately no females were present to give ear to the mutterings of Mne Joyce when he fell partner to Mne Smith. For the benefit of the former, the dictionary adjective which best describes the latter's mode of play is just "non-co-operative". The loud hailer which has been installed on the roof of the 'I' Office, and over which is broadcast the daily news and excellent gramophone record request programmes, is much appreciated by all. Long may it continue to function.

Mne Turvey that past-master of (good) music, is still producing melodies outside the guardroom in spite of this unforeseen competition from the 'I' Office roof. His efforts are invariably greeted with boos and catcalls—except when he sounds the mail call. In the past there have been many theories as to who put the 'K' in K ration. Having been lavishly supplied with so many of these sumptuous, super vitimized little meals in recent weeks by our benevolent TQMS there can be no doubt as to whom the honour goes. (Can there, Sgt Kaye?). Owing to adverse weather conditions, activities in the field of sport have been somewhat restricted. However, we did manage to play a couple of games of soccer last week, beating the Sigs Section 7-1 and losing to HQ Tp 2-0.

Rather than question the judgment of the Brigadier we extend our congratulations to 'A' Troop on winning the Inter-Troop Competition which took place a few weeks ago. We attribute some of our own failure to TSM Bell who just

couldn't produce as much Flannel as his A Troop counterpart.

That's all for now boys—here's hoping we will be home for X'mas. All the best.

'X' TROOP.

LET'S start with a pleasant memory... Leave! Quite successful on the whole, and X troop distinguished themselves in pastimes of eating, drinking, train driving and lady killing.

There was a certain amount of 'fraternisation' especially in Madras where it is said Cpl R. (for Romeo?) Shxxxxs and friends made quite an impression. However, leave soon ended and X Troop slowly recovered its strength by the extensive use of Charpoys—the new draft came along and training started.

Just lately the troop office has been beset by BUZZES. 26 Gp Sgt RXXKXXN started a few about his favourite subject (26) Cp—make a noise like a leaky tap somebody. These buzzes have been getting a little out of hand, and we think we ought to say that, as far as we know, there is no truth in the rumour that, Shortly Mellor has slapped in a chit for Human Torpedoes or that Capt F L G? Lt G Y and the TSM are starting a Brag School in the office (or that Mine F L T N has a rifle which is anything like clean).

In conclusion, it would be impossible to record the arrivals and the departures in full, but we would like to welcome Sgts Durnford and Miles and to say good-bye and good luck to Sgt Flack who has gone to 'A' Troop, and of course to TSM Rendell whose chin was a source of inspiration to us all, and although there may be some who will tell you TSM Rendell had a weakness for draining off the water in his slit

trench into other peoples nearby—(won't they Cpl Priestley?). We are sorry to see him go,—but X Troop is flourishing.

We have had our say—we call it a day.

'S' TROOP

MUCH water has passed under the bridge since we were last in print, however, here we are still alive, and kicking. The most outstanding event of the month was the inter-troop football competition. The "Horton Trophy" presented by our former CO, was played for the first time and won by the noble effort of our Troop Team, who beat 'C' troop by two goals to nil. We also congratulate a very sporting losing team.

We have seen quite a number of changes in the troop and several of the old faces will soon be seen in their favourite "Local". (How about a board Doc?). We take this

opportunity to welcome our new members, most of whom are now "in the groove". Amongst the newcomers we welcome Mne Headon who graduates from "Chota" to "Burra" mortars and who undoubtedly strengthened "S" Troop football team. Another very prominent arrival is TSM Rendell, formerly X Troop (and HMS Black Prince)! This Sergeant Major is probably classed as one of the finest LAMP—SWINGERS amongst the CS ranks, but even so he has his work cut out to keep up with certain members of this troop (no names—no pack drill).

The troop fund is doing well these days thanks to Lt Hough who welcomes one directly after Pay Parade with "Ha! Yes! that will be a chip from you this week"—what would you do chums.

Where is the H.O rank that said "As a gentleman to a C.S rating.....?"



The Brigade Association Football Team.



"Little man you've had a busy day."—
Staff Captain A.

94 TROOP NOTES

THE period covered by these notes has been kaleidiscopic in it's activities, we have been on leave, moved into camps out camps, up the hill and down the hill, changed step left right left, now we have come to rest amidst Eleyasian fields in country strongly reminiscent of the rugged Scottish Highlands.

We have sped many old staunchions on their way back home, trusted friends whom we shall miss, their happy, blissful faces now shining through the haze of the local pub are lost to us forever.

We welcome and encourage those who have replaced them, and hope their beginning will be as sober as their predecessors departure was inebriated.

To record the names in detail of those who have left us would be too large a task and to select some and leave others would be unjust.

Our future is always a matter for eager speculation and fantastic rumours. We look forward to see those who are coming from England to swell our ranks and we will be indulgent in our advice and helpful in our suggestions. But remember, we too thought at first we could reform the East, but have succumbed to its magic spell.

With the end of the war in the West and the swing over to our all out effort against the NIP, with the load of supplies and reinforcements to this theatre reaching gigantic heights we are confident that the end is not too far off; our spirits have been unmeasurably lifted by the fresh interest and support coming from home.

ENGINEERS.

SINCE our last notes little of importance has happened to disturb our tranquility. However we welcome into our fold some extremely keen (?) volunteers who incited by some glowing reports from the old hands just couldn't be stopped from leaving the horrible discomforts of STEYNING.

Our principle occupation during this period of peaceful chaos has been losing lists of signs to be completed and getting those completed caught up in sandstorms while the paint was still wet. Even the most obtuse W.O.G. driver can now find his way round Bde HQ and invariably reports at the right place at the right time.

At long last we have spent some of our time playing around with REEL ENGINEER EQUIPMENT at the ROYAL BOMBAY SAPPERS & MINERS SCHOOL. To become a member of the good old Bailey Bridging Panel Parties was an honour keenly contested for, especially on the model. It was noticeable how few were the volunteers for "Pin Man".

Since then the DCI RMEC (Q to you) and his super staff have disseminated the germs of learning amongst the non-technical troops. So well has he done this that we do not consider our presence in SEAC any longer a necessity.

Our technical equipment is now rapidly approaching the standard of WIMPEY'S. Our Compressor (without tools) makes a lovely noise and fitted in an office would make a wizard fan. The Bulldozer has been fitted with periscopes and apart from that in future the Bde

need never be without a football pitch.

SPORT. In the field of sport our football team has more than held it's own, reaching the Final of the Bde HQ Knockout Competition only to lose that and R's 50 to the Defence Platoon by the only goal of the match. We had our revenge a week later however when we administered a two nil defeat to them.

For music lovers within the Tp a Gramophone has been purchased, together with 40 or more records. With the aid of the Loud Hailer a programme of both classical and swing music is broadcast three times per week during the evening, announced by the dulcet tones of Cpl J. N. Scannell. The records are not really necessary as we can always rely on THE VOICE or THE FACE or THE BODY to perform. (Come and get me Ken).



"THE NOT FORGOTTEN"

(With abject apologies to the Western Brothers)

The prevailing British attitude is
giving food for thought,
Munition workers are quite scared of
doing what they ought,
No ones really worried if shells are
running short,
But take no notice chaps, you're not
forgotten.

* * * *

Monty's men have done their stuff—
knocked Jerry off the map,
Hitlers dead and buried—never mind
the Jap,
Break up all the Spitfires, make sauce-
pans of the scrap,
But take no notice chaps, you're not
forgotten.

* * * *

Lord Munster came to look at us to
see just how things are,
He reported to their Lordships
"Things will improve by far",
Still Soya Links for breakfast and no
sugar in the char,
But take no notice chaps you're not
forgotten.

The Brass Hats were quite worried—
the war we couldn't win,
When we didn't have our ENSA and
were fed up to the chin,
So they put their heads together and
out came Vera Lynn,
But take no notice chaps, you're not
forgotten.

* * * *

They fly them home from Germany—
if you go its by boat,
You're lucky dip for "Blighty Leave"
forever seems remote,
And you get your ballot papers and its
far to late to vote,
But take no notice chaps you're not
forgotten.

* * * *

When the initial leave percentage
reached their native land,
There was no one there to welcome
them—none to wave a hand,
Not even Lady Astor with her little
yellow band,
But take no notice chaps you're not
forgotten.

Theres one thing to console us, the likes of me and you,
Our mother back in blighty they won't forget us few,
But don't talk about the girl friends—yes mine forgot me too,
But take no notice chaps you're not forgotten.



3 Troop, A Study in Torso's

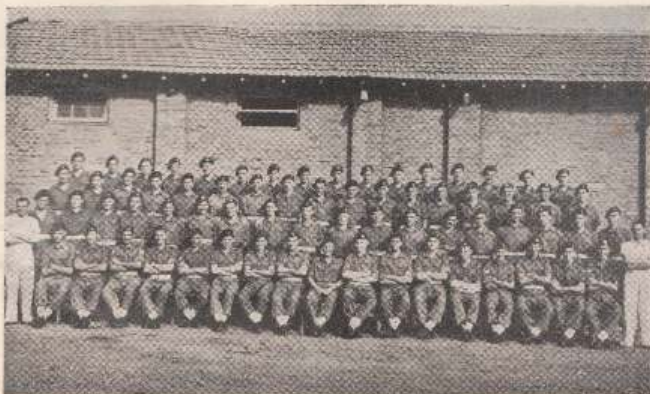
SCRAP BOOK



66



Our Supply Route.



R. I. N. sloop in support of Commandos in an Arakan Chaung.



68



68



67

ORDER FORM—THE THIRD JUNGLE BOOK

To The Finance Manager, H.Q. 3 Cdo. Bde., SEAC.

Please send.....copy/copies each of your magazine Number(s).....

to.....

for which I enclose cheque/postal order valued.....

Signature.....

PRICE: As. 12 per copy.

Current Issue

POSTAGE: As. 1½.

No.....

ORDER FORM—THE THIRD JUNGLE BOOK

To The Finance Manager, H.Q. 3 Cdo. Bde., SEAC.

Please send.....copy/copies each of your magazine Number(s).....

to.....

for which I enclose cheque/postal order valued.....

Signature.....

PRICE: As. 12 per copy.

Current Issue

POSTAGE: As. 1½.

No.....

ORDER FORM—THE THIRD JUNGLE BOOK

To The Finance Manager, H.Q. 3 Cdo. Bde., SEAC.

Please send.....copy/copies each of your magazine Number(s).....

to.....

for which I enclose cheque/postal order valued.....

Signature.....

PRICE: As. 12 per copy.

Current Issue

POSTAGE: As. 1½.

No.....