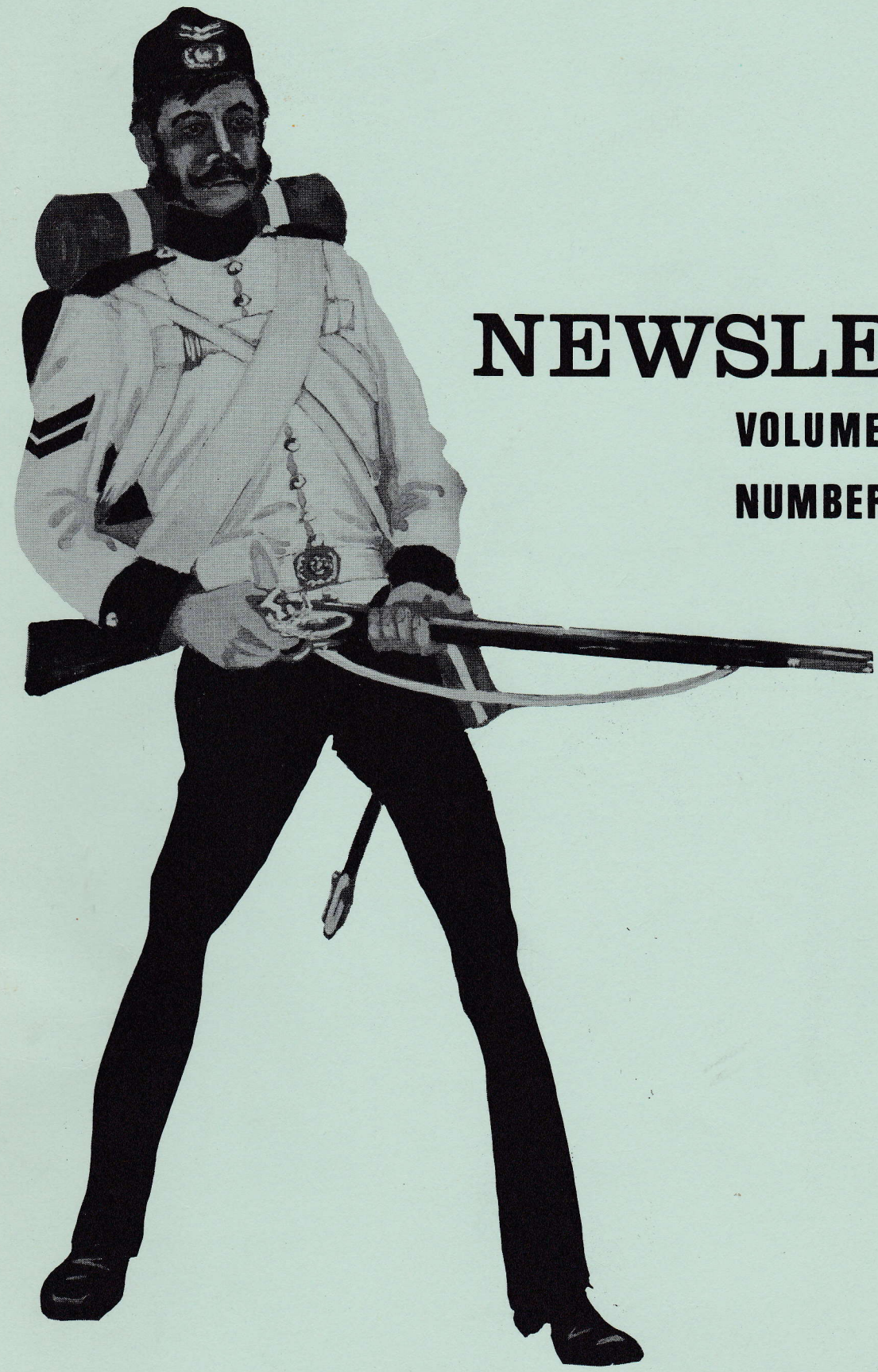
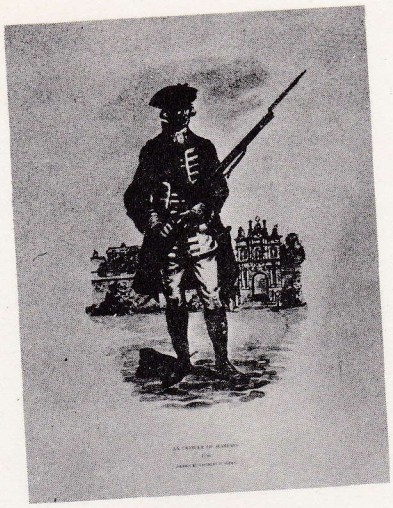
ROYAL MARINES HISTORICAL SOCIETY



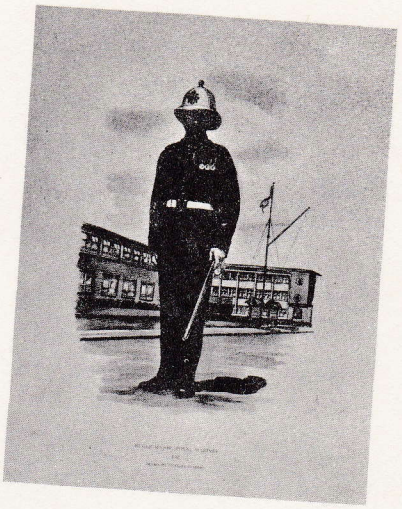
NEWSLETTER

VOLUME III

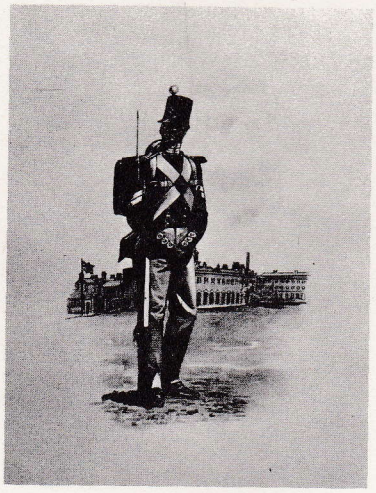
NUMBER 2



1755
(The Royal Citadel Plymouth)



1967
(The Depot RM Deal)



1845
(Stonehouse Barracks — Original Setting)



1970
(CTCRM Lympstone)

ROYAL MARINES UNIFORM PRINTS

Copies of the above prints are now available from the Royal Marines Museum at Eastney.

The original paintings were by Charles Stadden and they conform in size and paper and price to the original series of six. The background is an authentic Corps background and is shown in brackets above.

There are still a few of the original prints in stock. Please apply to:

The Curator, RM Museum
RM Barracks Eastney
Southsea, Hants.

EDITOR'S NOTES

I regret that this edition is somewhat later in coming to publication than I had originally hoped. However, as there has now been an excellent response to earlier pleas for suitable copy, I feel that the delay has been justified.

I hope that suitable articles will continue to flow in and that the promise of some extremely interesting material from one or two of our North American Members will be fulfilled in time to make the next edition of the Newsletter.

T I SCOTT-BELL RM
RM Museum
RM Barracks
Eastney
Southsea
Hants

ROYAL MARINES HISTORICAL SOCIETY NEWSLETTER

VOLUME III NUMBER 2

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Errata

Volume 3 No. 1	Page 18	Insert heading to the article by Graham Hennessy "The Commandant General and his predecessors".
Volume 3 No. 1	Page 18	Ninth line from bottom, the date should read "19 December 1855"

CORPS MUSEUM NOTES

BY

THE CURATOR

With recruiting very much to the fore in the Corps at present, it is interesting to reflect on the incentives offered to obtain recruits throughout nearly two centuries of RM History, as depicted in the recruiting poster display of the Museum. An original authority to Lt William Gould dated 12 June 1790 to beat for volunteers provides for the princely sum of 5 guineas plus subsistence to be paid to him for every recruit delivered and attested. Such an incentive in those days must surely have spurred him on to the most extreme measures! The phraseology of the recruiting posters from 1800 to 1900 concentrates on food, drink and good quarters and of course on the rewards and honour of participating in the innumerable wars of the 19th century. To quote a few:

"Prize Money and bounties"

"A glass of grog, jovial life, visit foreign parts and return with pockets well lined with gold"

"Beef, Plum Pudding and a pint of grog daily"

"Comfortable Barracks on shore and on ships same allowances as the Navy"

"Comfort and Independence and the strongest brandy or rum"

"To gain glorious honour"

"An enterprising respectable Corps"

"An honourable Corps possessing advantages superior to others under the Crown"

"Free medical and dental, generous leave, ration allowance, marriage allowance, cheap travelling"

And then of course there are the pictorial posters directed at the association of the Corps with the Royal Navy, colourful uniforms and pageantry - Marines at the ships' guns, Quarterdeck guards, backgrounds of splendid ships such as the Nelson or Hood, ceremonial parades in No 1 uniforms, RMLI red and RMA blue uniforms and so on. I sympathize with the present recruiters. There have been improvements in social conditions and welfare services; Service conditions have undergone many changes; Defence policies have reduced the opportunities of visiting foreign parts and serving afloat; with the result that words like good pay and quarters, free medical, grog, plum pudding, bounties, allowances, no longer have any impact. But let us not delude ourselves. What is left is still worth having and selling and I have not the slightest doubt that in a hundred years time, the Commando recruiting posters of today will still have earned an honourable place in the history of our "enterprising, respectable and honourable Corps" indeed with the addition of many other superlatives. Incidently it might be worth heeding that the business of the "Kings Shilling" was always transacted in a public house, all prominently noted in the recruiting posters!

The occasion of the 25th anniversary of the RMA afforded an opportunity for a visit by HRH The Captain General and The Earl Mountbatten to the Museum. They were accompanied by the Commandant General and received by the Curator, Honorary Adviser and RM Historian. In the three quarters of an hour they spent in the Museum, both the Captain General and the Earl Mountbatten expressed a keen interest in the displays. Needless to say the day also provided an opportunity for many old blue and red Marines to recount their service through the Museum Exhibits and it is our sincere wish that the Museum did justice to them.

Space precludes mention of all the important historical items we have received recently for display, archive and photographic purposes. I never cease to be amazed at the generosity of so many people who so willingly donate items which have been in their family for years and which are reminders of loved ones and happy days spent in and with the Corps. In particular many Medals continue to be added to the Museum display, both by purchase and donation. Our current medal case now in the process of preparation includes the DSMs of Captain Hatcher (Dover Patrol), C/Sgts Sessions (Flanders), and Waterloo (Jutland), Musician Flippance (Jutland) and Mne Barningham (Normandy), the MC of Col Foster, CO of the RM Siege Regt, Croix de Guerre of C/Sgt Mulligan and many other distinguished Groups. From the Depot we have had the compass from the French Flagship Alexandre taken at the Battle of San Domingo in 1806, and amongst others acquisitions are the uniforms of Major General Weir, many more valuable prints and engravings and countless other items of Corps historical interest. Whilst it is impossible to display every item received, we do have extensive manuscript and document archives, a large photographic section and a library in which all items are carefully recorded, filed and preserved. All medals received are mounted and displayed with the name of the recipient. Complete family groups are given a special case with photographs where possible and we are privileged at present to be able to display the family groups of the Flory, Moyse and Ashby families. Incidently from the son of Cpl George Moyse of Zeebrugge fame we have recently acquired a lamp from Vindictive presented to George by Vice Admiral Carpenter VC in recognition of his services as Hon Sec of the Zeebrugge 1918 Association, and a book on the Blocking of Zeebrugge written by then Captain Carpenter and containing the autographs of Admiral Keyes and many Zeebrugge veterans.

Souvenir Shop

This continues to flourish. We are now able to offer a superb "Pitkin" Pictorial brochure containing many historical photographs from the Museum and other sources with a condensed history of the Corps. The cost is 20p per copy plus postage. The brochure contains two composite groups of uniforms never yet published. These are by Charles Stadden who has been commissioned to produce 8 composite paintings from 1664-1970 with 14 different uniforms on each painting. When they are completed we shall be considering their possible sale as prints or postcards. Some prints of Charles Stadden's earlier individual paintings of Uniforms, shown on the back cover of this edition are still available on request from the Museum.

COUNCIL NOTES

The Annual General Meeting was held on the 17th April in the Officers' Mess at Portsmouth. It was well attended and successful, and the Council feel that Portsmouth is probably the most suitable place for future Annual General Meetings.

The Annual General Meeting approved an immediate increase in subscriptions from the present 50p to £1 for UK members, and £1.50 for overseas members.

Members are reminded that back-numbers of Newsletters are now available at a cost of 25p each, although the first two or three Newsletters are priced at $12\frac{1}{2}$p.

In order to minimise costs, the Council have agreed that, in future, no receipts will be issued for subscription payments. A form of bankers' order payment form is being prepared.

Change of ex-officio members. The Council wish to advise members of the following changes:

The Hon Secretary, Mr G. H. Hennessy, has with regret had to tender his resignation from office, although he has been co-opted on to the Council. The present Hon Treasurer, Mr A. L. Brend, will take over the duties of Hon Secretary, and the duties of Hon Treasurer will be taken over by Mr P. Tilbury. When noting and approving these changes the Council particularly recorded its appreciation for the considerable work undertaken by Mr Hennessy.

Notice has also been received that Captain T. I. Scott-Bell will be unable to continue as Hon Editor after the publication of this Newsletter. His efforts and enthusiasm have been of tremendous value to the Society and the Council very much regret that he will be unable to continue in office.

A. L. B.

* *

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Mr Graham Hennessy

Congratulations to Mr W E Davey on his very interesting article on Colour Sergeants of the Royal Marine Artillery, which is obviously the result of a considerable amount of research.

My own opinion is that it is necessary to distinguish between appointment and rank. General Standing Orders for the Royal Marines of 1902 state that appointments will be held as follows:

Sergeants Major	)	
Superintending Clerks	)	Warrant Officers
Trained Bandmasters	)	
Schoolmasters	)	
Quartermasters	)	Staff Sergeants
Armour Sergeants	)	
Hospital Staff Sergeant	)	
Master Tailor	)	
Provost Sergeant	)	
Drum Major	)	Colour Sergeants or Sergeants
Bugle Major	)	
Police Sergeant	)	
Company Sergeants	)	

The earliest reference to Colour Sergeants as a separate rank which I have found is the NCOs pay scales of 11 August 1854 which includes the following rates:

	RMA	RM
Colour Sergeant	2-11¼	2-4
Sergeant	2-5¼	1-10
Corporal	2-4	1-6
Etc		

G. G. H.

From Mr A J Perrett

I am certain that all members would join me in expressing appreciation and gratitude for the sterling work of Captain Scott-Bell in his capacity as the new Editor.

No Society can succeed without either frequent verbal or literary contact, and as our meetings are rare we must have a good regular bulletin if we are to maintain interest, and judging from the last recent editions the future looks very promising indeed.

Of course a magazine is only as good as its contributors, (I believe I borrowed that expression from the editor of the 'Globe and Laurel', so it must be good!) and each of us at some time or another can produce something of interest.

It is my experience that there is a wealth of facts about the Corps tucked away in small museums, libraries, and graveyards etc, all over the place which should be 'centralised' here in Eastney archives, and that could be achieved through this venue, by us.

By virtue of the 'Great Globe' having been bestowed as the Corps emblem it follows that wherever you take your holiday there is likely to be something of interest appertaining to Royal Marines nearby, and although it is not everyone's

idea of the perfect vacation to go ferreting around graveyards etc, it can prove to be a most rewarding way of seeing a place if, like me, you are the type who cannot sit still very long on beaches!

Who for instance would expect to find a RM grave on the island of San Lorenzo off Callao (Peru), now a prison island; but there is one 'dedicated to William Edwards of HMS HARRIER who died 29th November 1837 aged 26 years'.

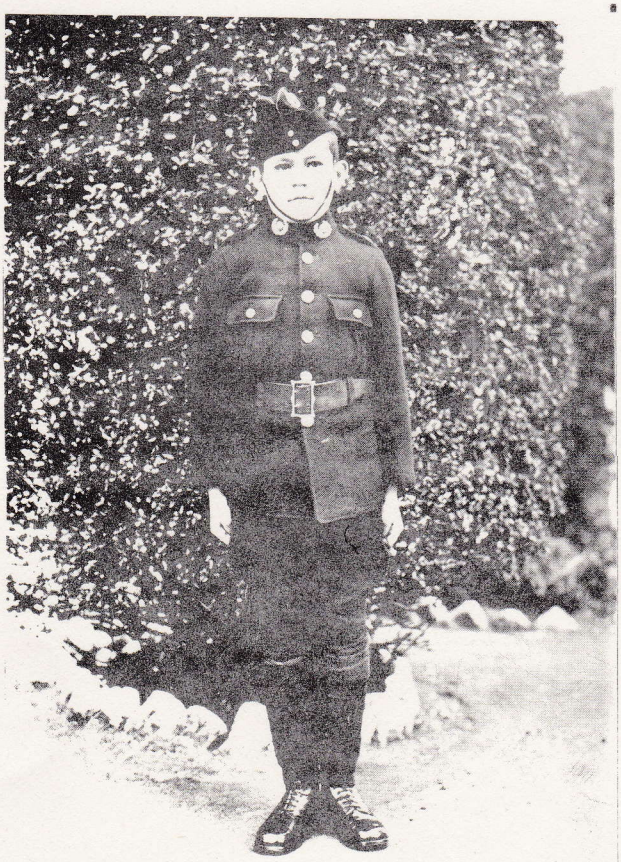
'I'm here at rest from busy scenes,
I once belonged to the Royal Marines;
I'm now confined within these borders,
Remaining here for further orders.'

You see what I mean! ?

A. J. P.

See 'Even Harder Times' the final article in this edition. Editor.

From Mr Ross Penny



..... It was at Deal that I joined the Royal Marine Cadet Corps, the year 1936.

Our uniform consisted of tunic, breeches puttees, boots and side hat, NCOs wore a peaked cap with a half circle of red behind the badge.

Our training consisted of foot drill, we fell in, in file, and were taught the drill of "forming fours and form two deep", arms drill, we had wooden rifles specially made for us.

We were taught elementary seamanship, and also physical training, this was a must.

We had an annual camp at Kingsdown and apart from usual corps training, we were taught how to build bivouacs, using branches, how to cook over camp fires, in fact survival routine. At times we staged a play at the 'Globe' theatre, to help raise funds. .....

R. G. P.

A contempory photograph of Cadet Penny. Editor.

THE WAGER AND HERMIONE MUTINIES - PART I

BY

TONY PERRET

'Mutiny', a word which seems to send tremors through Admiralty corridors, has in the past I feel resulted in many skeletons being locked away in dusty cupboards within that sanctum. Everyone of course is familiar with the 'Bounty', Spithead, Nore and Invergordon mutinies, but two lesser known ones are the subject of this article.

I do not take any credit for research in this instance for it was historians Captain S W C Pack CBE, RN, and Mr Dudley Pope who brushed aside the cobwebs over piles of Admiralty logs and correspondence to produce thorough studies on the respective subjects, I have merely sifted the relevent details to the Corps from their resultant books.

Not all these facts will be pleasant, for in recording deeds of valour I regret that it is also necessary to mention the few who brought discredit to the Corps; at least that is if one is to present a true history of events rather than adopting the Ostrich attitude!

'Britain's Sea Soldiers' (Vol One, Appdx B) gives a brief resume of the 'Wager' affair in three pages, mainly concerning four Marines abandoned on an island whom it is stated are nameless, but their names will in fact be revealed later in this article; whilst the 'Hermione' tragedy is dismissed in four lines.

If I might digress for a moment, there is another brief reference to 'Hermione' of interest (quote) "The 11th Light Dragoons, now better known as the 17th Lancers, the 'Death or Glory Boys' were for many a year known as the 'Horse Marines' in consequence of a squadron having been embarked as Marines onboard HMS HERMIONE in the fighting in the West Indies in 1795." (unquote).... only two years prior to our story.

Both ships were commanded by tyrannical young inexperienced Captains, who, lacking essential qualities of leadership resorted to bullying, fear and the lash. Both mutinies were sparked off by antagonism between Captain and a young Midshipman, both were inspired by a 'Lower Deck Lawyer' encouraged by an excess of grog, and both feature Hyde Parker, as a young Naval Officer in Ansons Fleet in the 'Wager' incidence, and fifty six years later as Commander-in-Chief hounding the 'HERMIONE' mutineers on the West Indies Station, ... but there the similarity ends. The latter affair was unquestionable mutiny of the worst possible kind (the bloodiest in Naval history according to Pope) whereas the case of the 'Wager' was perhaps no more than a difference of opinion.

Anson's fleet sailed from Portsmouth on 18th September 1740 to harass Spanish shipping around South America, and HMS WAGER was the second smallest ship of that fleet, being a sixth rate of 559 tons, 28 guns and complement of 160. The others were 'CENTURION' (flagship), 'GLOUCESTER', 'SEVERN', 'PEARL' and 'TRYAL'.

This was the famous 'invalid fleet', and as such one might think was doomed from the start. Commodore George Anson was short of some 300 seamen, and also he needed a similar number of troops as landing parties when they attacked Spanish ports ..... but men at this time were at a premium. He eyed the six Marine regiments encamped on the Isle of Wight most covetously but could not touch, because they were already assigned to another ill-fated expedition ..... Vernon's assault on Cartagena. What he got in fact was a motley array of Chelsea Pensioners (mostly over sixty) and invalids, fifty of whom deserted before he could hustle them aboard, and many more never made it to the port. As for the seamen, apart from the normal press-gang methods, he literally dragged sick and maimed men from hospital beds, but even now he was still short and rather than delay sailing any longer his complement was made up with newly recruited Marines ..... "so raw and undisciplined that they were not considered fit to be allowed to fire their muskets"!

On 8th April, after rounding Cape Horn the fleet was separated by a violent storm which persisted even beyond the fatal day of 13th May, when the mastless 'WAGER' with only a dozen seamen fit for duty struck aground on some rocks off a desolate island in the Gulf of Penas.

Captain David Cheap RN nursing a dislocated shoulder rowed ashore with some others of the crew, and by the time this boat returned to the ship to evacuate more, the liquor store and Officers cabins had been looted and a merry time was being had by all! By nightfall of the next day 140 men were brought onto Wager Island, and as each boatload landed they faced Marine Lieutenant Hamilton armed with a pistol who proceeded to disarm them and strip them of their loot, assisted by the Purser Harvey.

A few days later when the storm abated they were able to salvage some provisions from the ship, and of this the Captain who had set himself up in an abandoned Indian hut took the lions share.

Cheap could count his friends, I use the word lightly, on one hand; Midshipman John Byron, grandfather to the famous poet who later as Vice Admiral was to earn the nickname of 'Foul Weather Jack', Surgeon William Elliot, Midshipman Alexander Campbell, and Lieutenant Hamilton ..... and of these he liked the latter the most. Some measure of the feelings the remainder of the crew had for him can perhaps be judged from the size of the gunpowder deposit found one night close to his hut! Of the thirty soldiers who started out, many died on the way, and by the end of July only two were left ..... Captain Robert Pemberton and Surgeon Vincent Oakley.

In classing Pemberton as OC of the Army unit, author S W C Pack contradicts 'Britain's Sea Soldiers' which claims him as OCRM, but as Colonel Field RMLI does not appear to be very sure of his facts on this particular subject and Pack quite emphatically gives him the title 'Commander of HM Land Forces' and is very positive on all his facts, I believe his definition to be the correct one. (HM in this case was of course George II.)

A small scouting party of friendly Indians turned up one day and left them some food, but when a group of fifty returned at a later date bearing sheep and fish

etc, the seamen tried to seduce their women and so they left hurriedly and angrily, and the starvation diet of limpets, mussels or the occassional wild fowl was resumed.

On the subject of 'victuals' the Marines do not feature very complimentary, for two Rowland Crusset and Thomas Smith, were very nearly lynched by the seamen when it was discovered that they had robbed the food store, and later Marines Smith and Butler were named as suspects in the case of the missing Brandy! In both cases they were punished by flogging.

It is therefore not surprising perhaps to learn that when the food store was again robbed on 6th September, five marines fled from camp to join a small group of seamen deserters who had set up a base elsewhere!

Led by Boatswain John King the rebellious element of seamen mumbled away, refusing to take orders from any officers. 'Lower-deck Lawyer' King thought they had good reason for doing so, arguing that as pay ceased with the loss of a ship, so did the authority of the officers.

Matters came to a head when Midshipman Henry Cozens, emboldened with drink and encouragement from King, became insolent to the Captain. Placed under arrest, Cozens again abused the Captain when he later visited him, and but for the intervention of the sentry Marine Thomas Smith there might have been a brawl. In another verbal skirmish on 10th June, Cheap shot the midshipman in the cheek, and denying him medical aid until the last minute the boy died a fortnight later. Now the seeds of mutiny were sown, for Cozens had been quite popular with the majority of the crew, of whom about 100 now survived, and they pounced on this affair to their advantage when the boats that they had made ready for their escape were prepared. Whereas the Captain was for going north on the off chance of reuniting with Anson's fleet, the men wanted to go south round the Cape again and up to civilisation in the Rio Grande area; so to thwart anymore argument they promptly 'arrested' him on a charge of murdering Midshipman Cozens. At the same time they also made Lieutenant Hamilton captive.

On 13th October, the southbound majority set off, with 59 men in a longboat which they had converted into a schooner, and a further 12 in a small cutter. Left behind, with a yawl and barge at their disposal were the Captain and 18 of his supporters, including Mr Oakley (surgeon), Lieutenant Hamilton, Midshipman Byron and Marine R Crusset; in so doing of course the men had abandoned their plan to take Cheap home as a prisoner.

Shortly after setting off south the cutter was wrecked on some rocks during the night and all but one of the men in her were picked up by the 'Speedwell' (longboat), but it was not long before overcrowding forced ten men to beg to be put ashore with some rations to try their luck.

Marines Harry Mortimer, John Williamson and eight seamen who stepped ashore that eighth day of November were never heard of again.

By the end of that month they had negotiated the tricky Magellon Straits, but Marines Thomas Thorpe and Thomas Woodhead had died meantime, as did 'the Barber' also. They were at starvation level existing only on limpets and mussels etc, or the occassional dog bartered from Indians spotted at rare intervals.

Marine John Turner died on 8th December, followed next day by Marine Robert Vicars, and Sergeant Ringall four weeks later.

Why were the marines dying off at a higher rate than the sailors one might ask? It could well have been that they were either older or less healthy specimens, but the author Captain Pack maintains that because the marines did not contribute towards working the boats passage home they did not receive a full share of the rations. Whilst it is well known that marines at that time took no part in seaman's duties aboard ship, I find it extremely difficult to believe, even in this age of 'closed shop unions', that under such conditions they would not lift a finger, or be allowed to do so, to assist in running their boats of salvation! ? I would be very interested to hear any views on this if someone has any similar instance to quote.

Eventually, on 28th January, after a voyage of some 2000 miles, 30 of the original 81 men reached Rio Grande, unable to walk and of such wretched appearance as to horrify the Portugese who gave them shelter. When sufficiently revived, they were passed through Spanish lines to Rio where HMS 'SEVERN' and 'PEARL' were stranded, awaiting replacements for sadly depleated crews ..... and so they came back to England.

Returning now to Wager Island, as it became known, the northbound crew also lost one boat soon after departure, resulting in all being crammed in the small barge, and again a group 'volunteered' to be abandoned ashore in order that the rest might survive ..... and here we come to the incident related in 'Britain's Sea Soldiers'.

Corporal Cross and Marines Hereford, Smith and Hales were very weak from exhaustion and hunger, but they were able to draw themselves up stiffly to attention as the small boat drifted away to raise three cheers, and the last words drifting across the water to the conscience stricken escapees were in the cry "God Save the King".

As might be expected, Cheap's decision was the wrong one and he was forced to turn south after all, returning to Wager Island having wasted two months of precious time and effort. They had called back at Marine Bay, as they named it, but of those four heroic marines there was no sign..... only a musket with some ammunition laying on that barren rocky shore gave evidence of there having been anyone there at all.

"We're soldiers, we know how to die" one had called out as they were about to be marooned ..... and thus Robert Louis Stevenson was moved to write about them in his essay 'The English Admirals'.

"Where death is certain it seems all one from a personal point of view. The man who lost his life against a hen-roost is in the same pickle with him who lost his life against a fortified place of the first order. Whether he has missed a peerage or only the corporal's stripes, it is all one if he has missed them and is quietly in his grave."

Four years and four months after Captain Cheap had left Wager Island on 15th December 1741, when all the mutineer survivors were home feeling quite secure. he turned up in England again quite suddenly to everyone's amazement ..... and for 30 men in the country that night was no doubt spent listlessly dreaming of yard-arms!

Arriving with Cheap there also came Marine Lieutenant Thomas Hamilton and Midshipman Byron; Midshipman Campbell came separately sometime later, and these four were all that were left of the original 19 in that party.

Their tale of rescue is too lengthy to detail in this short narrative, for it involved long periods with Indians, and as prisoners of the Spanish, but long before it was over even Lieutenant Hamilton had tired of the Captain, appalled with his greed over the food rations, denying even dying men their fair share.

Now at last their Lordships of the Admiralty were forced to hold a court martial and summon all concerned to HMS 'PRINCE GEORGE' at Spithead.

Though many sweated none were convicted, but as a result of the enquiry held in April 1746 an act was passed "..... for extending the discipline of the Navy to crews of HM ships wrecked, lost, or taken, and continuing to receive their wages upon certain conditions".

Captain Cheap had one more appointment to fulfil onboard HMS 'LARK'; ..... two years later he married ..... and before another four had passed he was dead.

A. J. P.

('THE WAGER MUTINY' by S W C Pack, published by Alvin Redman (London) makes absorbing reading.)

(To be continued)

COLONEL J F (TOBY) CREASE RMA

BY

MRS A C GREEN

One of the most famous Officers of the RMA was John Frederick Crease. ('Toby' to his friends.) He had entered the service as a 2nd Lieutenant in 1854, and as a young Lieutenant served with the China Expedition of 1857/59, which included the blockade of the Canton River and the bombardment and storming of the city. He was also an Assistant Engineer at Shanghai and in 1860 accompanied an expedition to the North of China.

Captain Crease took part in the Ashantee war of 1873 and was present at the action at Essaman, for which he was mentioned in Despatches. (Brevet Major and Medal.)

He was equally famous for his inventions and in the 1880's invented a composition for coating the bottoms of iron ships ..... an anti-fouling device.

In May 1887, Crease (now Lt/Col) invented a system for the drainage of Portsmouth which had hitherto baffled other engineers. The 'Hampshire Telegraph' reported that "Portsmouth Town Council had consulted Colonel Crease, who explained his plan for the new drainage outfall at Fort Cumberland. This was accepted by the Council on certain conditions laid down by Lt/Col Crease, one of which was that Sir Frederick Bramwell should be selected as Architect and Engineer."

By this time 'Toby' was also 2nd Commandant at Eastney, and with his Canadian accent and bouncing self-confident manner, had acquired a reputation for being an awful 'liar', although he surely could never have imagined that his 'lies' would be believed.

One Saturday morning he took a Battalion for drill on the Glacis. Later the Commandant rode out to look on, but as he approached the Glacis, he was dumbfounded to see 'Toby' thrown from his horse and rolling on the turf in front of the Battalion; whereupon the Commandant unobtrusively returned to his office.

When Lt/Col Crease entered the office to report the return of the Battalion, the Commandant said, "So you took a toss this morning, Crease". To which 'Toby' replied confidently and with great good humour "Very nearly, Colonel, Ve...ry ne...arly". This became a catch-phrase in the Corps, and for years afterwards no Officer definitely committed a fault or caused an accident without someone saying "Very nearly, Colonel, ve...ry ne...arly".

Still a Lt/Col and again on the Glacis, Fort Cumberland, and the second day of the DAG's Inspection, a Brigade of two Battalions had been formed for close order drill, and various officers were 'fallen out' by the DAG (nowadays the CGRM) to display their skill or ignorance, and 'Toby' was 'fallen out' to drill the Brigade giving detail for the movements.

'Toby' addressed the Brigade: "Now, I'm going to drill the Brigade, giving exact detail for every movement. Now when I give the order "The Brigade will

advance, stepping off with the left foot. The left foot, remember, not the right. Now then, wait for the order." "The Brigade will advance. Move. As you were. Now men, that will not do at all. I distinctly saw some men preparing to step off with the right foot. Now we will try this movement again. The left foot, remember, and I hope you will do it smartly. Now, now, now! Wait for the order. The Brigade will advance ..... move, Splendid! Splendid! I knew I could make you do it well!"

There is no record of what the DAG thought of all this ..... perhaps his thoughts were unprintable!

Crease became Colonel Commandant in 1888 and during his three year tenure of office was the central figure of many celebrated incidents, one of which occurred at Church Parade. It was his custom to walk over from the Commandant's House to the parade ground to meet the troops returning from Church. The favourite march tune of that time was "Whist, Here Comes the Bogey Man".

One Sunday morning he met the troops as usual and to the consternation of all present, suddenly held up his hand and shouted "Stop ..... that ..... damned ..... tune. Everytime you see me coming to meet you, you play 'Here comes the Bogey Man'." The astonished Bandmaster, John Winterbottom, immediately stopped the band.

Another famous occasion was when the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, HRH the Duke of Cambridge, dined at Eastney at the invitation of the Commandant, Colonel Crease and the Officers of the RMA. For days and nights beforehand the Band and Drums had been rehearsing a Tattoo march with torches around the Parade ground. After dinner, the Duke was escorted to the Balcony, and the march began. His Royal Highness graciously expressed his pleasure at the Band's performance and added that "It must have taken a lot of rehearsal", to which 'Toby' replied "Oh no, your Royal Highness, quite spontaneous, I assure you, quite spontaneous".

Colonel Crease's Amphibious Operations

One of the earliest examples of Combined Operations ..... on Easter Monday, 1891. Colonel Crease was of the opinion that the Portsmouth Defences could be taken in reverse and obtained permission of his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, GOC, to attempt to do so with Royal Marines.

Plan of Campaign

The London and County of Hampshire Volunteers, based on Winchester, attack Portsmouth from North and East. Portsmouth Garrison are holding Portsdown Hill Forts as the first line of defence and Hilsea Lines as the second.

At 7 am, a Battalion RMA and a Battalion RMLI (Portsmouth) embarked in gunboats of the flat-iron variety and steamed up Langstone Harbour at 9 am ..... zero hour. The attacking troops marched across the Harbour with large boards attached to their boots, and landed just South of Hayling Ferry. There was heavy rain, visibility was bad and tempers were frayed. A specially selected advance party rushed Fort Cumberland, which was held by militia Artillery. The objective, Ravelin Gate, the key of which was produced from someone's pocket, and the party was through and into Fort Cumberland.

EASTER MONDAY SHAM FIGHT. 1891
CAPTURE OF FORT CUMBERLAND



Col. Crease Turning the Defences.

They then marched off through Milton to Hilsea, capturing the Colonel, RA and the CO of the Hants Volunteer Artillery en route, as they were riding home for lunch.

In 1932, a 'Retired Officer' wrote in the 'Globe and Laurel': "I took part in the Easter Monday operations of 1891, though luckily for myself I was not one of the mud-larking battalions, but a horse marine, doing galloper for Colonel Ogle, RMA, who was commanding a Brigade of volunteers on the defending side.

Our Brigade took up a position from Farlington Road Redoubt to the shore of Langstone Harbour facing East, and during the morning, easily repelled a somewhat feeble attack from Havant. We expected to find two Battalions RMA amongst the attackers, but saw no sign of them. At the usual dinner-hour, "Cease Fire", "Close of Operations" was sounded. We were summoned to the "pow-wow" in Hilsea Field, and there we found Colonel/Commandant Crease who commanded the attacks and with him were the RMA looking very muddy about the trousers."

The caricature shows Colonel Crease looking very proud and smiling on his charger, saying to the Duke of Connaught: "Here I am Your Royal Highness with 1500 men and I have Hilsea defences at my mercy". The Duke is not looking very pleased, and his glittering mounted Staff behind him are suppressing laughter. Between Crease and the Duke are two dejected, dismounted Colonels of RA, who are being presented as prisoners.



I believe they were commanding a reserve of our Brigade, but had not been called upon to aid us. In fact the show as a blank firing display had fizzled out. The RMA had been expected to cross Hayling Island and join the attack at Havant, as coming from Brighton. Instead 'Toby' Crease had fitted them with board 'ski' and had brought them straight across from the glacis, Fort Cumberland over the mud to Hilsea and so turned the defences.

Although the Duke's ruling was that it was not 'playing the game', and the Company Officers had not enjoyed themselves, everyone thought it was an enormous joke at the time, and typical of 'Toby's' stunts.

Another celebrated incident in Colonel Crease's career occurred when he was commanding a 'Blue' Force at manoeuvres. He produced a battery of 9

pounder guns from a barn, manned them, and horsed them with cart horses, and then claimed superiority over his 'Red' opponent.

Colonel Crease's Smoke Screen

On 6th August 1890 there was a splendid luncheon in the Officers' Mess at Eastney, at which the Duke of Edinburgh, as Head of the Corps presided. The Prince of Wales (later King Edward VII) was also present with the Royal Dukes of Clarence and Connaught; the Kaiser, the Grand Duke Karl Styan of Austria; and several high-ranking British and German Officers.

Colonel Crease was convinced that a smoke screen was essential to cover an attack, since the introduction of smokeless powder had rendered the old frontal attack by short rushes in the open, a very dangerous evolution, so he invented a composition to raise as dense a smoke as possible.

A field day was arranged for the visit of the German Emperor with the British Royal Family ..... a Battalion starting from Fort Cumberland would attack the Glacis and through the drill field so that the Royal observers could watch the whole show from the windows of the Officers Mess.

The smoke screen was provided by two or three Buglers in each company carrying smoke balls, capable of producing a dense smoke. They were placed in front of the attacking Battalion, and whenever a rush was to be made, they had to light the smoke balls and hurl them as far as possible so as to cover the advance of the troops. The new position was taken up, the process repeated and so on until the object of attack was reached.

The whole exercise is best described in the words of a retired officer, who forty years later wrote:

"It was my ill luck to be one of the smoke ball party. We each had three of the things, of varying sizes ..... two large ones slung around us and one in hand to start with. They had been specially designed by the Armourer-Sergeant and his helpers (with Tom Bamfield, then Lance/Sgt, as O/C 'Stinks', I believe) and were made from component parts of gunpowder to give as dense a smoke as possible.

The first part of the attack was a "long range bombardment" of the position by a battery of Field Artillery from Hilsea. The Battalion then moved off, as soon as a proportion of the smoke-ball party in front of them had hurled their first smoke balls and created a screen. Immediately behind this screen they lay down while a further screen was made, the artillery still banging away from behind.

There was no doubt about the efficiency of the smoke screen. We were in a vile pea soup fog all the time, and if the defenders ever saw anything of us, we certainly saw nothing of them, as a light wind helped us by spreading the smoke in front of us. How the attack was steered was always a mystery to me, except that we all knew the ground and made our own way.

What nobody had foreseen, however, was the effect of the smoke on the smoke ball party. We had no gas masks of course, so we simply had to live in it and swallow it. Our eyes and our throats burnt; we were all coughing badly. We had had the usual barrack breakfast of 'slingers' ..... bread dipped in coffee ..... and this was soon heaved overboard. Still we plugged on, with a flow of language as sulphurous as the smoke.

As we threw our last bombs, individually, we became 'casualties', and my turn to fall 'dead' came when I was in the middle of the drill-field. We were then, of course, getting near to our objective, and my rest was a short one, for suddenly a bugle call rang out, and by the rattle of wheels in the rear, we realised that the artillery was dashing up behind us to be in at the 'finale'.

For us the bugle call was Gabriel's Trump, for with one accord the 'dead' rose up and standing painfully erect, prayed that the guns wouldn't mow us down. The artillery drivers dodged us cleverly however, and we followed them up to be in the Parade before the German Emperor.

The Kaiser walked down the ranks, apparently keenly interested in the smoke-ball party, for our faces were a ghastly bilious colour, while our brass helmet ornaments had been turned a dark copper shade. From his questions it seemed that he wanted to know how the fumes had affected us and we thought it was kind of him to be so solicitous.

Twentyfive years later ..... at Ypres, the Germans launched their first gas attack. Had we made them a present of the idea, free, gratis and for nothing?"

The German Emperor and his party were certainly impressed with Colonel Crease's idea, but the distinguished British visitors were inclined to ridicule it.

RMA Theatre, Eastney

The Theatre had a good amateur dramatic company in Colonel Crease's time, but some hitch occurred about the licence, and there was no entertainment. However, the Commandant was not going to be 'outdone' and he ordered two well-known officers to organise variety entertainments, which they did much to the delight of the young officers and the men. Unfortunately, after they had been running for some time the Commandant, Colonel Crease, attended one evening when a particularly spicy show was being given, and next day the Colonel showed his disapproval by ordering the Theatre to be closed.

Colonel/Commandant Crease retired on full pay on 21st May 1891, with the Honorary rank of Major-General, and created KCB 1902.

In 1892, the year after Major-General Crease retired, he invented and patented a flying machine, which according to the Press of the day, "presented many points of considerable novelty and ingenuity, and though at first it appeared somewhat crude, it seemed likely that when perfected, it would become a really efficient mode of traversing the air in any required direction".

Major-General Crease was strongly opposed to the idea of a Channel Tunnel, as the following letter, written in May 1907, to the Editor of the 'Daily Mail' shows:

"Sir,

No doubt it is possible to construct a Channel Tunnel, to defend our end of it with powerful works, and to arrange for the blocking of our end of it when necessary by means of electric mines, or even more readily still, and without flooding, by the method suggested by the late Sir Frederick Bramwell, of which no doubt he has left a record.

Before Englishmen however, commit themselves to such a scheme there are two points which they should very seriously consider:

a. There never has been, nor does there exist, nor will there ever be, any fortresss so strong and so well guarded that it is not, or will not at some time be, open to surprise attack. Human arrangements are fallible, and the stronger the Channel and defensive works the more easily can they be held by an enemy after capture.

b. Should the necessary Channel end protective works be captured, such capture would mean practically the loss to us, at one blow, of the whole of our Fleet and the command of the sea. The action of our strongest arm for defence, our navy, would be paralysed and no longer useful for the defence of the Kingdom against invasion, which would then be effected by troops on rail through the Tunnel, independent of all water conveyance.

It is true we may under present conditions at no distant date meet with some serious naval reverse of such character as to lose for us temporarily the command of the Channel, during which period we might be successfully invaded. But in the absence of any Tunnel there would still remain the possibility, by the aid of Allies, or otherwise, of regaining the command of the Channel, by which means, any invading army, so separated from its base, would be open to defeat.

Were either France or Germany situated as we are, they would, I am certain, never dream of a Channel Tunnel."

A month after writing this letter, Major-General Sir John Frederick Crease, KCB, died on 21st June 1906, at his home, Ince, near Guildford, at the age of 70 years.

Looking back over Crease's career, it is difficult to visualise him as a Senior Officer of that elite Division of the Corps, the Royal Marine Artillery. His methods were unorthodox, and he "got away with" the most outrageous stunts, but he certainly added a gaiety to the Victorian scene with his lively, colourful personality; yet there was another side to his character ..... he was prudish enough to close down the Eastney Variety entertainments because he strongly disapproved of them.

He was certainly a brilliant inventor, but whether he was a military genius, is a matter for conjecture. 'Toby' was born too soon; had he been born 30 years later, he would undoubtedly have thought up some hair-raising schemes for outwitting the enemy and shortening the 1914/18 war.

Marjorie Green.

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FROM NORTH AFRICA TO ANZIO - PART I

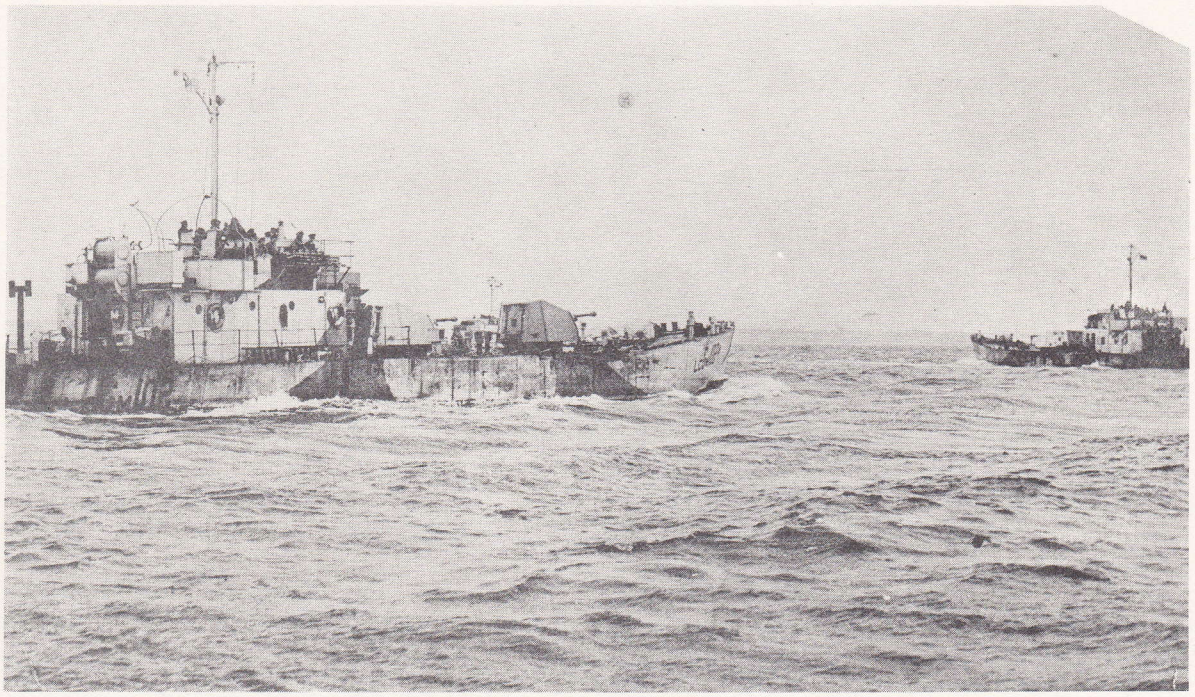
BY

HARRY PLAYFORD

A personal account of training for combined operations with a Support Craft Squadron of 'J' Force, and subsequent employment on operations in the Mediterranean 1942 - 1944.

The exploits of the RM Commandos and other major units of the Corps during operations in the Mediterranean throughout World War II are well known. However, the part played in many of these operations by Royal Marines manning the guns of the support craft squadrons, each craft with a 'Cruiser size' Royal Marine detachment are less well known. When deciding to write this record some twentyseven years after the events took place, I discovered how difficult it is to remember names of some individuals, and the exact dates of moves from one port to another. Nevertheless I trust readers will bear with me as I describe from memory the events I found myself involved in from the time I volunteered for service with Combined Operations in the summer of 1942 until my return to the United Kingdom in February, 1944.

Support craft squadrons consisted of LCG(L) (Landing Craft Gun) and LCF(L) (Landing Craft Flak) the earlier types of both craft were converted Landing Craft Tank, during the conversion the ramp for'd was sealed, a deck added, space below deck being adapted to provide accommodation, storerooms, magazines etc. Twenty craft were converted for use as LCG(L)'s, these craft were armed with two 4.7 inch guns removed from some of the older pre-war destroyers in order to give these ships a greater depth charge carrying capacity. In addition, four 20 mm oerlikon AA guns, two of which were mounted aft either side of the superstructure and two for'd. Later types of LCG(L) purpose built for the Normandy landings had a main armament of two 25 Pdrs Army guns enclosed in gunhouses for their role on support craft, a number of LCG(M)'s armed with 17 Pdrs were also built for the Normandy landings, the 17 Pdrs which like the 25 Pdr were Army guns were also adapted for use on support craft by the addition of gunhouses.



LCG(M)'s Off Normandy Coast

The first six LCF(L)'s were also converted from LCT's five of these were armed with eight 2 Pdr Pom Poms and four 20 mm Oerlikons all in single mountings, LCF 1 was the exception, this craft was armed with two twin 4" guns and four 20 mm Oerlikons (for its size it was probably the heaviest armed craft flying the white ensign). All of the later built craft purpose built for their role as LCF(L) mounted eight 20 mm Oerlikons and four 2 Pdr Pom Poms or vice versa depending apparently on the availability of each type of gun when craft were nearing completion.

Both craft had a crew of approximately 73. LCF 12 the craft in which I was serving had a Lieutenant RNVR as Captain, a Sub Lieutenant RNVR and 19 ratings, a Petty Officer Coxswain being the senior rating. The RM detachment consisted of a temporary Captain RM as OCRM and Gunnery Officer, a Temporary Lieutenant RM, two Sergeants and 44 Corporals and Marines. With the exception of the Senior Sergeant and the Coxswain the crew were entirely HOs (enlisted for Hostilities Only).

Accommodation consisted of a wardroom aft for the four officers, an enclosed mess for the RM Sergeants and Senior ratings, the remainder of the crew being accommodated in one large messdeck. Kit stowage consisted of lockers welded to the deck either side of four large mess tables each seating 16 men, cushions on the lockers provided seating. Space available for accommodation aboard the LCG's was restricted by the numerous stanchions required to support the weight of the 4.7" mountings.

Initial training took place in Portsmouth Division. Fort Gomer at Gosport was requisitioned by the Admiralty to provide accommodation for Royal Marines destined for Support Craft squadrons, in addition marines who were to serve as crews of the AA Forts in the Thames Estuary and along the East Coast, whose training was similar to that of the support craft crews, were also accommodated in the Fort. The majority of marines were volunteers, having selected sea service in preference to service in a battalion.

Primary training consisted of a six weeks course in small arms and field-craft at the nearby Browndown ranges. This was to be followed by an eight week combined gunnery and seamanship course at Sea Service Battery, Eastney (better known in later years as RM Gunnery School).

Marines on arrival at Fort Gomer were allocated to special service squads, and remained with these squads until reformed as detachments at the commencement of gunnery and seamanship training when the type of craft to which they were to be drafted 'F' or 'G' became known.

In the summer of 1942, with a large number of marines undergoing training for various Corps commitments in the Portsmouth area the accommodation problem was acute. On completion of the first stage of training at Browndown we moved across the harbour to complete gunnery training and seamanship. Many of us were billeted with families in the city, this was only a temporary measure however, eventually all support craft squads were accommodated in two hotels at Eastern Parade, Southsea, and became 'Y' Company of RM Barracks, Eastney. Our Parade ground was the road in front of the hotels. At this period of the war the road was closed to all but military traffic, anti-invasion precautions were still in force. Our dining hall was a former cafe on the seafront, situated on the site where the Rock Gardens Restaurant now stands. Our journey to and from the dining hall was rather like an obstacle course, through the barb wire defences erected in the rock gardens.

Detachments selected for Flakships completed an eight weeks course in Close Range weapons at Sea Service Battery. Frequent lectures and exercises on aircraft recognition together with elementary seamanship were included in the gunnery course.

Marines destined for the 'G's underwent a gunnery course which was primarily 4.7" with some close range weapon handling included. Practise firings of close range weapons took place from Bognor Pier, Sussex, which during the war was used by the Royal Navy as a gunnery range. Detachments travelled to and from Bognor by train, returning to Portsmouth daily.

One incident occurred during this time which was the subject of conversation by our detachment for some time. We had travelled to Bognor for an AA shoot one day in September, 1942 but on arrival at the pier found that because of poor visibility and low cloud firing for the day had to be cancelled. We returned to Bognor station for the return journey to Portsmouth. It was while we were waiting for our train to arrive that we heard the sound of heavy gunfire coming from the direction of the pier. A JU 88 taking advantage of the low cloud and flying at almost sea level appeared through the mist. It was engaged by the guns on the pier manned by the RN Gunnery Instructors and Ordnance Artificers and finally crashed farther along the Sussex coast. We had missed firing at a 'live' target by only a few minutes.

It was late in September 1942, when we completed training, and with last minute kitting up and medicals we were ready for embarkation. LCF(L)'s 10 and 12 had been built at Deptford in South East London, and both detachments for these craft travelled to London, being accommodated overnight in a Deptford hostel the only available accommodation locally. We were joined here by the ratings who were to be our shipmates for the next eighteen months, and commissioned ship the next morning, the remainder of the day being spent storing ship and settling in our quarters onboard.

Acceptance trials took place the following day. This took the form of a trip down the Thames, followed by engine trials in the Thames Estuary where the craft reached a maximum speed of 11.7 knots. We returned to Deptford to disembark representatives of the builders and Admiralty officials who had embarked for the trials, sailing a few hours later in company with LCF 10 for Sheerness to ammunition ship. A last minute change in plans however took place off Sheerness where we arrived late the same evening, in time to join a small convoy of LCT's proceeding down channel escorted by two armed trawlers. Our destination we discovered was Southampton, and passed through the straits of Dover under cover of darkness. It was while we were off Dover that one of the trawlers came close alongside, one of their officers using a loud hailer informed us that German E-boats had been reported operating off Dungeness, the number of lookouts were increased and among ourselves their was a good deal of speculation as to the course of events likely to occur should we be unfortunate enough to encounter enemy E-Boats during our passage, bearing in mind that we had no ammunition aboard and depended on the two trawlers to counter any attack. Fortunately the remainder of the night proved uneventful, apart from a few false alarms from the lookouts often of torpedo tracks which proved to be harmless porpoises their phosphorus glow shining brightly in the darkness of the night. Soon after our arrival at Southampton the next day we heard on the BBC news that light coastal forces of the Royal Navy had clashed with E-Boats in the channel off Dungeness.

Southampton was the base of 'J' Force, a rapidly expanding force of combined operations craft, the nucleus of which consisted of craft and personnel who had taken part in the Dieppe and St Nazaire raids. 'J' Force was commanded by Commodore Hughes Hallet RN, who had commanded the Naval Forces engaged in the Dieppe raid. The senior operations officer was Commander R E B Ryder VC, RN who had taken part in both raids, and had subsequently been awarded the Victoria Cross for gallantry at St Nazaire when commanding the Naval Force. The old US Navy destroyer CAMPBELTOWN filled with explosives was used to ram the lock gates of the Normandy dock to prevent its use by capital ships of the German Navy.

The passenger liners including the two 'Queens' which before the war used Southampton as the home port had moved north to the Scottish port of Gourock. After the German occupation of the French coast they were too vulnerable to air attack on the south coast. In addition to Force 'J' a large number of destroyers, minesweepers and armed trawlers engaged mainly on coastal convoy duties were based at Southampton, so also were flotillas of MTB's and MGB's. The largest ships of Force 'J' were the LSI (Landing Ships Infantry) PRINCE ALBERT and PRINCESS BEATRIX which before the war had been employed on the Dover to Ostend cross channel service. We were to see a lot more of both ships in the months ahead on operations in the Mediterranean.

Almost immediately after arriving at Southampton we ammunitioned ship, a task which was completed in record time after our recent experience in the channel. With other craft of our squadron LCFs 9, 10 and 11 we commenced intensive work-up for operational service, much of our time was spent at sea particularly on night exercises, these frequently consisted of a night navigational exercise steaming around the Isle of Wight followed early the next morning by an AA shoot at a drogue target off the Needles. The heavy roll of the craft caused some sea sickness onboard, but once we had adjusted ourselves to these conditions physical fitness improved.

During the first week in November after replenishing stores and ammunition, our squadron of LCF's accompanied by a squadron of LCG's and several LCTs proceeded along the coast to Weymouth Bay joining other craft already assembled there. Loading of the LCTs commenced the next day, a large number of vehicles, together with tanks and artillery being embarked, loading was completed the same evening a small number of troops being embarked in each craft. During the night the convoy sailed from Weymouth Bay some forty craft escorted by a corvette and two armed trawlers. The Commodore commanding the convoy being embarked in the corvette. As dawn broke the following morning we were steaming south in misty weather, only the craft nearest to us being visable, most of the convoy being hidden in the mist, a heavy swell was running as we entered the Bay of Biscay, however, the mist cleared and bright sunshine made conditions more pleasant. Occasionally a Sunderland Flying boat or Lockheed Hudson of Coastal Command flew over the convoy exchanging signals with the corvette before flying off to continue their patrol. Apart from the interest aroused by these aircraft, our journey to our destination Gibraltar was uneventful.

After the blackout and rationing in England, the bright lights of Gibraltar and the well stocked shops were a welcome sight, and each watch was given shore leave. Our stay at Gibraltar was all too short and within 48 hours of our arrival having disembarked a small quantity of stores from the LCTs and embarked fresh provisions and fuel we sailed for our next destination Algiers.

Operation 'Torch' the North African landings had taken place a few days earlier. We had arrived too late to participate in the initial landings, the landings had been made at Casablanca, Oran and Algiers and by the 12th most resistance from the French had been overcome. The heaviest fighting of the campaign, clearing the Axis forces from Tunisia was still to come. We were told shortly after our arrival at Algiers that we would be employed on follow-up operations along the North African coast. The Flakships, however, were soon fully employed as AA

Guardships. It was on 14th November 1942, when the LCF(L) squadron arrived off Bougie where a landing had been made two days earlier by troops of the British 78th Division. The day before our arrival a heavy air attack had been made on the supply ships anchored offshore by Axis aircraft, several ships being sunk.

At the time enemy aircraft operating mainly from airfields in Sicily and Sardinia were very active along the whole of the North African coast. Italian Motor Torpedo Boats operating from the island of Pantelleria were an additional hazard which convoys on passage along the coast had to contend with. The four craft of the LCF squadron were employed until early December 1942 at Bougie and Bone at the latter port No 6 Commando and some US Rangers had been landed on 11th November to seize the port and the nearby airfields at Allerick and Duzzerville. A battalion of the 1st Airborne Brigade were also employed on these operations, landing from Dakotas of the US Army Air Force. At both ports the Flakships were frequently in action against enemy aircraft. These attacks were occasionally made by formations of JU 88's but more often by FW 190 fighter bombers operating in pairs. The heavy barrage of AA fire put up by all ships usually kept the JU 88's at a high level, but fighter bombers with their high speed were a more difficult target to hit, coming in at a low level before releasing their bombs some ships receiving minor damage, although these were mainly from near misses, the high speed with which these attacks were made prevented accurate bombing. A number of enemy aircraft were shot down and others disappeared out to sea trailing smoke and probably never reached their home base. Few claims were made by individual ships however, the volume of tracer put up by so many guns being difficult to claim as from any particular ship.

As the 1st and 8th armies advanced and more German and Italian airfields were captured, fighter cover by the allied air forces for the ports enabled the support craft to be employed on other duties, both 'F's and 'G's were used to provide escorts for small convoys of LST's and LCTs between Algiers, Philipeville and Bone carrying stores, ammunition and equipment for the troops advancing into Tunisia.

The brief spells spend in port enabled each craft to embark quantities of fresh provisions to supplement the army compo rations which for several weeks had been our staple diet. Shore leave was granted where local conditions permitted. Late in February 1943 LCF 12 arrived at Algiers for a ten day self maintenance and rest period, and was dry docked in order to descale the bottom a task undertaken by the crew in the absence of suitable local labour. Chipping barnacles proved to be a dirty and monotonous task, it was while we were engaged in this task that it was discovered that large numbers of rivets on the hull plates were loose, apparently due to the pounding the craft had taken in rough weather since being commissioned the previous October. Our refit was extended to three weeks, during this period the crew were accommodated in a depot ship in the harbour, taking full advantage of the facilities available.

It was towards the end of March when LCF 12 rejoined the squadron, to continue coastal patrol duties, the absence of enemy aircraft resulted in these patrols becoming routine, by this time the allied air forces had air superiority, and the few enemy aircraft which occasionally attacked shipping usually chose the larger ships proceeding along the coast.

On 7th May the British 8th Army entered Tunis, the same day American troops of the 1st Army entered Bizerta, with the link up of the 1st and 8th armies, all of North Africa was now clear of Axis forces, except for the Cap Bonn peninsula where some two hundred thousand German and Italian troops under German General Arnim continued to hold out.

H. P.

(To be continued)

W. P. D.

Many years ago I was obliged to spend a night at Stonehouse Barracks, Plymouth and was shown to a guest room, which was and I believe still is, called the Drury Room. There was nothing particularly remarkable about the room except that it contained a framed photograph of a Victorian looking gentleman in Mayoral Robes and a rather cluttered desk, obviously not of Service origin. Upon examination I found the drawers of the desk to contain a number of longhand manuscripts. And so it was that I entered the world of Druriana, or rather the world of Private Paget RMLI, Admiral Telfer Bragge and the resourceful Lieutenant Pringle RN who once sailed an engineless train across Peru. Ever since that evening in the Drury Room I have spent endless hours searching secondhand bookshops for works by W. P. D. That time has not been entirely wasted as I now have some six or seven books of short stories and a number of novels. The cunning Padget, spinner of outrageous yarns, predominates in nearly all W. P. D. 's short stories. Paget's span of service is difficult to establish as he is such a liar but he seems to have gone straight from Recruit Training to Egypt and the Battle of Tel-el-Kebir in 1882, and after service and many peradventures in every part of the world, appears to have taken his pension in the early 1900s. He was recalled for service during the Great War, and claimed to have shot down a Messerschmitt with a rifle when a member of the Home Guard during the Second World War.

The short stories, which I find most enjoyable are mainly humorous although some are touched with mysticism, have stood the test of time and are still very readable if somewhat quaint.

The autobiography that follows is taken from W. P. D. 's notes for a series of lectures given at the Plymouth Free Library in the 1930s. W. P. D's wonderful faculty for description and his wit, bring the events in his career vividly to life. I hope that some members may be sufficiently captivated by W. P. D's autobiography to try and obtain some of his books.

Editor



Lieutenant Colonel W. P. DRURY CBE RMLI

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SEA SOLDIER - PART I

ADVENTURES AFLOAT AND ASHORE

(By Lieut-Col W P DRURY)

A Curious Trick

The late Dr Joseph May, of Devonport who stage-managed my first appearance in that evergreen comedy "The Seven Ages", had seen, when a boy, the great Napolean on board the BELLEROPHON in Plymouth Sound. To this early, if somewhat shadowy, connection with the French nations I attribute a curious trick of the brain, which has recurred daily throughout my subsequent career. In spite of the fact that my bowing acquaintance with the French irregular verbs has never ripened into friendship, and that more than one Frenchman has assured me that I speak his tongue with the purest of British accents, I never fail, during those semi-conscious moments between sleep and wakefulness, to think in French.

My Grandmother

It is true that my grandmother, having been a Frenchwoman - she was a refugee as a child from the Revolution - heredity may be an alternative explanation. But I prefer to think that I derive my early morning fluency in French from Napolean himself. I may add, incidently, that I take off my hat to my late grandmother for her consideration in crossing the English Channel. For, if she hadn't, it's a thousand to one I should have been a Frenchman.

Brentwood School

I first acquired the rudiments of grammar - Latin, that is, for in the matter of English grammar my Victorian contemporaries and I are, so to speak, self-made men - at Sir Anthony Browne's ancient school at Brentwood, in Essex. It was founded in the reign of the lady pleasantly known to posterity as 'Bloody Mary', and a reminder of her monomania for roasting those of her subjects who did not share her religious beliefs still stands before the old buildings in the form of the Martyr's Oak. The school celebrated its 360th anniversary on speech-day a few years ago, when Sir Neville Chamberlain, a distinguished old boy, gave away the prizes. He and I were contemporaries at Brentwood, though as he was in the August sixth and I was a lower first form boy, the only occasion he would have had to address me would have been to order me out of his path. Yet I, too, had he but known it, was destined in the dim future to play the principal role on speech-day. For last summer, half a century to the day after I had left it as a very small boy, I journeyed to Brentwood at the invitation of the governors, and addressed my old school. The Latin oration in which the captain of the school welcomed me gave me a temperature which only fell again to normal when I discovered that I was not expected to reply in the same tongue.

Two other notable Brentwood boys, long before my time, were Captain Hedley Vicars - described in 'The Biographical Dictionary' (somewhat smugly, one thinks) as 'Crimean hero and Christian soldier' - and Sir Herbert Oakley, the famous organist and composer. All our names are enshrined in the school song - I blush each time I hear myself in such august company - and some of them are still to be seen carved on the ancient desks. I saw mine there exactly fifty years after I was caned for cutting it.

Another Boy

There was one other boy at Brentwood who so impressed himself on my memory that I have dedicated one of my books to him. May I read that dedication to you?

> To the Boy of the Unremembered Name (it runs) who, upon a summer's afternoon some decades since, fought with me (a novice in the art) behind the chapel of the ancient school at Brentwood, and who, by a well-directed blow upon my chin, first gave me furiously to think.

Plymouth College

My last school was Plymouth College, where I was one of the handful of boys with which it opened in September, 1877, under the head mastership of the late G L Bennett. There are many of his pupils still in the town, some of them possibly in this room; and I am confident that they will all agree with me that we owe his memory a deep debt of gratitude. He possessed a magnetic personality, the gift of imagination and a keen sense of humour - a combination which, added to high scholarly attainments, made him an ideal school-master. What he didn't know about the human boy wasn't worth knowing, and I think we all sorrowfully recognized the fact. He was fond of setting up the most unexpected passages of English prose to turn into Latin in school and without the aid of a dictionary. One such passage especially sticks in the memory. It ran - "Betsy Prig was a one-eyed charwoman, the loss of whose other orb was commonly attributed to the too frequent indulgence in alcoholic liquor." Anyone who has read Virgil and Cicero will appreciate the humour of translating Dickens into the tongue of those stately classics!

Many years later my two brothers and I, chancing to forgather in London, made a pilgrimage to Sutton Vallance, in Kent, to which school our old headmaster had meanwhile been transferred. I am afraid that in the old days at Plymouth we had all three caused him worry enough for remembrance. For, on expressing the fear that he might have forgotten us in the interval, he replied with one of his cheery laughs, "Forgotten you? My dear fellows, I should have recognized your skins if I had seen them hanging out on the hedge to dry."

My Only Prize

I am afraid my school career was not a brilliant one, for the only prize I ever handled was supposed to have been awarded me for the theory of music. My uneasy suspicions that all was not right were aroused by the title of the volume, which was 'Creasy's Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World', a work that did not seem to have any particular bearing on music. My suspicions were confirmed, however, when it was subsequently discovered that I had been awarded another fellow's history prize in error, and that my original views on the theory of music had left the examiners quite cold. I should add that G L Bennett was so impressed by the fact that I had even handled a prize that he paid for it out of his own pocket, and requested me to keep it as a mark of his esteem.

Whether it was the subsequent perusal of this spurious music prize, or a course of Marrayt's novels, or heredity - my father was in the Navy and my grandfather in the Marines - which lured me to the sea and the profession of arms, I

cannot say. The immediate result, however, was another surprise for G L Bennett. For when, contrary to his emphatic prediction, I succeeded in passing the entrance examination for Sandhurst, he received such a shock that he gave the school a half-holiday, and was seen no more till the following morning.

A Murder Mystery

I joined the Royal Marines at Chatham in October, 1880. It was shortly after that date that we were startled by a mysterious murder in our midst, a murder which remains a mystery to this day.

A young officer of the Royal Engineers, Roper by name, left the messroom after dinner one night to finish a letter in his quarters for the evening post. An hour later he was found on the staircase, shot through the heart. A poker was clenched in his hand. The revolver had been fired at such close range that his mess jacket was scorched by the flash. His room had been ransacked, though nothing was missing; the ink on the half-written letter was scarcely dry. In the absence of the revolver the theory of suicide was untenable. Yet the police failed to find the slightest clue, and neither the murderer nor his motive was ever discovered. I was present at the inquest and attended the funeral on duty and it was long before the sinister impression made by the tragedy faded from my mind.

HMS VALIANT

After completing my recruit training at Chatham, Gravesend, Portsmouth and Deal I was ordered to embark in HMS VALIANT, the coastguard ship then stationed on the West Coast of Ireland. My first experience of the sea was very nearly my last. Outside Plymouth the ominously named Rolling Dodo, the Irish pigboat in which my detachment and I took passage, ran into one of the worst gales of wind I have ever experienced. The passage to Cork usually took 24 hours. On this occasion we were four days at sea, and were reported lost.

But I laugh still when I recall the appearance of the detachment when it crawled from between decks in Queenstown Harbour. The hold, which had been hastily cleared out for their accommodation, had lately contained a cargo of flour. We had, of course been battened down during the gale; but the sea nevertheless had contrived to get into the hold, with the result that every man was thickly coated from head to foot with white paste. We wore scarlet in those days, remember. The sergeant-major was heartbroken, till I pointed out that if the men baked themselves before a fire they could easily chip the pie-crust off each other with their bayonets.

Black Sheep

The invariable greeting to a new arrival on board the VALIANT was: "Hullo! what have you been tried for?" As a first introduction to the Navy the question was not encouraging, though I soon discovered that it was justified. For the majority of my future messmates had been tried by court-martial, and most of the remainder had black marks against their names at the Admiralty. One gallant officer indeed, had achieved the distinction of trial on three several occasions by the naval, military, and civil power respectively. But he was in a class by himself. In short, the VALIANT was a sort of glorified convict ship, to which all the black sheep of the Navy drifted in turn. It may not have been an ideal fold for a lamb like

myself. But I do not think the sheep were as black as they pretended to be, and, in any case, they were infinitely more amusing than a ship-load of saints like the Mayflower could have been. On the other hand, of course, the feminine saints on board that historic emigrant vessel may have bucked things up a bit, whereas the eminently masculine VALIANT lacked the flutter of a single mid-Victorian petticoat.

An Act of Gallantry

Shortly after joining her I witnessed one of those many acts of gallantry I have seen performed all over the globe by the officers and men of the Royal Navy.

One pitch-black night - the ship at the time was lying in the broad estuary of the River Shannon - while the officers were at dinner in the wardroom, the poignant sea cry of "Man overboard!" was raised by the watch on deck. The tide was running like a mill-race: a whole gale of wind blowing from the opposite direction had raised so big a sea that all the boats had been hoisted at the davits. The ship possessed neither the searchlights nor the electric light installation of more recent times: the clamour of wind and sea would have stifled the noise of a drowning ship's company. To attempt under the conditions to pick up a single man seemed as hopeless as the proverbial impossibility of finding a needle in a stack of hay.

But nothing is impossible to the Navy. A lieutenant - his historic name, Cochrane, should be recorded - quietly rose from the table, ascended the ladder, leisurely crossed the deck, and went overboard into the howling blackness of the night, dinner-jacket and all! The water was icy cold: he must have known that the chances against being picked up were a thousand to one. But somewhere out there in the darkness and the leaping seas a shipmate was fighting for his life, and that was all that concerned Cochrane. Boats were lowered and eagerly manned, though at considerable risk - indeed, one of them was blown so far up the river that she did not regain the ship till the following forenoon.

For half an hour blue flares were burnt, their ghostly light adding to the weirdness of the scene. Then, just as hope was being abandoned a flicker of blue flame chanced to fall upon the anchor buoy, to which the two men were seen to be clinging. They were quickly hauled on deck, though by that time the stoker, the man who had fallen overboard, was, unfortunately, dead. Cochrane, exhausted as he was, calmly descended to the wardroom as if nothing unusual had occurred. His first act on reaching it was typical of the sang-froid of the Navy. It was to call for a glass of oil, into which he carefully dropped his watch!

Not long afterwards I saw a seaman fall overboard from the same ship. He was smoking at the time, and he came to the surface with his pipe still clenched between his teeth. His first act after being rescued was to knock the wet tobacco from the pipe, borrow a refill and a match from a shipmate, and continue his interrupted smoke. Can you wonder that the German Fleet is at the bottom of the sea? I should add that Lieut Cochrane was subsequently awarded the Royal Humane Society's silver medal for his act of gallantry. I doubt if the gold one has ever been more deservedly won.

The VALIANT

The VALIANT was a three-masted Mid-Victorian ironclad, with a broadside battery of 18 muzzle-loading guns. She was barque rigged, and she and her sisters of the old Reserve Squadron used to go to sea in favourable weather under a noble spread of canvas, including royals and stun's'ls. They were undoubtedly picturesque: but as they only added a knot or two to the speed of the engines, I question whether they were worth the very forcible sea language expended on their manipulation. Looking back one sees the pathos of the persistency with which the old school of sailors clung to sail power long after it had been superseded by steam.

The ship rolled so dangerously that the Admiralty would not permit her to cruise during the winter months in the Atlantic. Indeed, I recall one summer's day off the coast of Donegal when, encountering a long, glassy, beam swell, she worked up such a terrific swing that she rolled the water through her upper-deck ports, which stood as high above the sea level as the first storey windows of a house. This liveliness in a seemingly flat sea was very disquieting. The ship eventually had to be steered a point or two off her course to meet the swell, otherwise she would probably have capsized. I have often wondered whether the Admiralty sent all the black sheep to the VALIANT in the pious hope that an act of God would one day rid the Navy of a peck of trouble.

Heligoland

While in the VALIANT I visited, among many other places in the Northern seas, the Hebrides, the Orkneys and Shetlands, Norway and Heligoland - the little island off the mouth of the Elbe being then, of course, a British possession. I was one of several hundred officers and men who were weatherbound on the island for 24 hours. A gale suddenly springing up while we were on shore, we were unable to get off to our ships, whose hulls loomed mistily far out in the offing. The sleeping accommodation of the little fishing community was soon exhausted, and I and many others spent the night on the brick floor of the inn kitchen. One wonders if any of those slumberers about the crimson fire that wild night dreamed of the battle of Heligoland destined to be fought 30 years later!

Wreck of the WASP

As I have hinted, we had no use for gales at sea in the old VALIANT. But there came a gale when, willy-nilly, we had to leave our sheltered billet in Lough Swilley and face the full violence of the Atlantic. News reached us that the gunboat WASP had been wrecked with the loss of all hands but six on Tory Island and we were sent in quest of those six survivors. Creeping as close under the towering cliffs as we dare, we managed eventually to pick up the castaways, who were brought out to us in a tremendous sea by the intrepid islanders.

The story of the wreck was the story of a ship and some fifty lives (including his own) thrown away by a stupid attempt on the part of a young officer to carry out the letter rather than the spirit of his instructions. He was the officer of the middle watch, and had been set a course by the navigator which should have taken him well to wind'ard of the island. The ship was under easy sail, the night fine and clear. Tory light was burning brightly. But a strong and unforeseen current was bearing the doomed gunboat towards the island. Instead of rousing his superior, instead even of running inside the island - as he could easily have done up to the

last moment - he held on the course that had been given him and crashed the ship upon the rocks right under the lighthouse. She went to pieces instantly, all that we saw of her being her mainmast washing about in the sea. The survivors clung to the face of the cliff all night, from which they were picked off like limpets by the lighthouse keepers in the morning.

Not long afterwards another WASP, also a gunboat curiously enough, was lost in a typhoon in the China seas. That was roughly thirty years ago, and ever since the ill-omened name has been conspicuous by its absence from the Navy List.

A Collision

I will conclude my reminiscences of the VALIANT with the following instance of the imperturbability of the Navy in the face of danger. One night - the fleet at the time was cruising in the Atlantic - the captain chanced to be dining with the officers in the wardroom, when the quartermaster of the watch appeared at the doorway. For a moment he stood there, his eye roving gloomily round the table until he marked where the captain sat. Then with no trace of hurry, he removed his cap, leisurely made the circuit of the wardroom, and bent over the skipper's chair.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for disturbing you at dinner", he politely murmered, "but the officer of the watch's compliments, and the Defence is about to ram us."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before the crash came! I have never seen a wardroomful of officers shin up three flights of ladders in quicker time - nor, when I reached the quarterdeck - two ships in more hopeless confusion. Their yards and rigging were closely interlocked and in an indescribable tangle; both ships were rolling heavily in a long ground swell, with a grinding and screeching of steel plates that set one's teeth on edge. It was long before the two vessels could shake each other off, and both were in considerable danger till we crawled into Berehaven at daybreak.

HMS HECATE

My next ship, after another spell of soldiering at Deal, was the HECATE, in which I was embarked for the Jubilee Review at Spithead in 1887. She was described in the Navy List as a coast defence turret ship, and by les miserables, who were sent to sea in her as a nightmare among sea horses. There was very little of her visible above the surface, and when that little was steaming against a head sea she looked like a burst water main. Down below we lived in lamplight and on tinned air; and, since the humorist who designed her had placed the uncased rudder-chains along the wardroom bulkheads, every time the helm was moved (which was about ten times a minute, as she steered abominably) the resulting clatter recalled a train passing through a tunnel. Conversation soon degenerated into stentorian interludes of sea profanity, and for months afterwards in drawing-rooms and elsewhere we bellowed like bulls of Bashan.

After the review we started to tow a couple of flat-bottomed gunboats round to Milford Haven, got caught in a gale of wind off the Land's End, parted our hawser, and lost sight of our two 'flat-irons' in as nasty a night as I can recall. With several fathoms of steel wire hawser threshing about astern our position was an

unpleasant one, for had it fouled the screws the ship would have become unmanageable, and we should have probably fetched up on the Land's End. Even the wardroom officers were all called on deck to help get the hawser on board, which we eventually succeeded in doing: and the subsequent midnight banquet of gin and sardines, proper to such a naval occasion, lives in my memory still. A peaceful week at Lundy Island, where I spent most of my time staring at the Shutter Rock and trying to visualize the great scene in "Westward Ho!" brought the brief commission to a close: and I for one was thankful enough to be quit of the old "'E Cat", as the lower-deck were wont to Anglicise her classic name.

A Pair of Socks

I think the subsequent spell of soldiering in Plymouth must have been very uneventful, for I can only recall the following incident. Inspecting the kits of my company one morning, I came across a new pair of socks, which had been badly burnt. As the owner could give no explanation of the damage, I had no option but to order him to pay for another pair. He objected, and I referred the matter to the captain of the company, who, after investigation, upheld my decision.

The man then appealed to Caesar; and in due course the captain and I, the company sergeant-major, and half the man's barrackroom, the man himself, and the burnt socks appeared before the colonel commandant. He listened, asked questions, examined the socks with a magnifying glass, called in the expert opinion of the master tailor, and confirmed the decree of the company officers. Still the man protested, with the result that the CO ordered a court of inquiry to sit on the burnt socks. It assembled next morning, sat for three days, examined a crowd of witnesses, and recorded its opinion that, since there were no fires in the barrack-room at midsummer, the socks must have been burnt by the heat of the man's feet!

Ars Longa

It was during this year ashore that I went through a course of anatomy and painting from the living model at the Plymouth School of Art under Mr Godfrey Evans, whom many here will remember. I do not know what has become of him, or even if he is still alive. But the little knowledge acquired under his able tuition has afforded me - I do not say others - so much enjoyment in various parts of the world that I am glad to have this opportunity of recording my indebtedness. And while I am on the subject I may mention, as an instance of the curious literal-mindedness of some people, the following incident.

In a South Kensington examination paper set to the life class - a class composed mainly of women - we were asked, "How many ribs has (a) a man (b) a woman?" While all gave woman her proper complement of 24, 75 per cent of the class were of opinion that mere man possessed but 23. Adam's rib was a bone of contention with us for long afterwards.

China

My next ship was her Majesty's 14-gun corvette CONSTANCE on the China Station, to which remote part of the globe I took passage in the old troopship TAMAR. She was taking out reliefs both for the fleet and the garrisons in the Far East, and we were packed like ill-assorted herrings in a barrel. One pair of hostile cabin mates - a studious young sapper, who read 'Whittaker's Almanac' page by page, as

though it were a novel, and a Highland subaltern, whose only literature was a file of the 'Pink Un' - fought incessantly from Plymouth to Hong Kong. Anyone here who keeps my books to read himself to sleep with may have met the belligerent pair in a story called 'Under the Hurricane Deck'.

Between the hour I joined the Constance at Singapore and the hour we paid off at Devonport were compressed the two happiest years of my sea life. A smart yet comfortable little ship, the cheeriest of messmates one of the best captains in the service, and all about one the magic of the China seas, the romance and glamour of the Far East! What more could a subaltern of Marines, with memories of the VALIANT, and HECATE, and northern gales, desire? I saw the China coast from the Gulf of Tartary to Borneo - points 3,200 miles apart; the greater portion of that exquisite fairyland - it has greatly changed since then - the Empire of Japan: the Philippines sweltering in the tropic heat; the snow-clad mountains of Korea: the original willow pattern bridge at Shanghai: Fusiyama in the moonlight: a tiger swimming in the gorges of the River Min at dawn. A commission, too, packed with adventurous episodes, which come pattering into the memory like brightly tinted autumn leaves into an arbour, but which must be ruthlessly swept aside by the gardener. To my shipmates in those far-off adventures I dedicated my last book, 'All the King's Men', in these words:

A Dedication

"The globe has rolled its course about the sun some thirty times since you and I sailed the China seas together in one of her late Majesty's 14-gun corvettes. Through the dim vista of the years one spies again the little ship, now mirrored in some haven of Japan, now under close-reefed tops'ls riding out the gale. Across the gulf of time come stealing in a retrospective hour faint echoes from those purposeful sea watches - the slatting canvas of a ship in stays, the boom of puny broadsides, the 'Last Post's' wail, and shipmates' cheery voices long since stilled.

And she herself? A ship of shadows manned by memories! Gone the most feminine type of a Queen-ruled Navy. Gone the majestic grace of sail and tapering spar. And, though her woman's name still stands amid the sterner nomenclature of a King's armada, it pertains today to a roaring virago, who bears small semblance to the dainty lady of our dreams. Her last voyage done, there fell a pitiful day when the ship-breaker's hammer knelled her ignoble doom and neither the inland nor the seven outer seas will know her like again.

None the less, I would have you believe that she still sets her royals on some zephyr-kissed ultimate ocean, where all good ships, their lawful occasions accomplished, assuredly gather. And, since the sea life is for the most part what the captain makes it, I think you would have me include in her epitaph the name of Leicester C Keppel, the kindly seaman who commanded her, and whose gallant spirit - so the fancy takes me - has now rejoined his phantom ship.

In pace Constantia navis ad anchoras stet!"

No use for Garrison life

The routine of garrison life never attracted me, and I soon grew tired of dry-nursing recruits at Deal, whither I was banished on my return from China. The

sea has always intrigued me, and I keenly appreciated the humour of seeing the world at the taxpayers' expense. As exchanges on the sea roster were occasionally permitted, I took full advantage of 'doing a deal' with more than one seagoing benedict, who, to my secret contempt in those days, was eager to pay for the privilege of staying at home with his wife. It was in this way that I laid the foundations of that princely fortune which now enables me to live in a Duchy and wear a Mallaby-Deely suit on Sundays.

My first experiment in that line of business was a 'dud', for it literally 'stranded' me in the old Indus, which sat twice in every twelve hours upon the mud off Devonport Dockyard. But I soon had the opportunity of once more playing the benefactor (at a price) to a married brother officer ordered to sea; and with something akin to a Boy Scout's proud consciousness of having done a good turn (and with an adequate cheque in my pocket) I took his place in HMS EDINBURGH, battleship, on the Mediterranean Station.

HMS EDINBURGH

The cheque was well earned, for it was the best part of four years before I saw 'England, home, and beauty' again. I think that during that long commission I must have visited every hole and cranny of that treacherous inland sea, though by far the greater part of the time was spent in cruising among the barren islands of the Greek Archipelago. We always understood, in a vague sort of way, that the Eastern Question was responsible for our exile. Anyhow, I know of many pleasanter places in which to spend the winter months. It is curious how many people picture the Mediterranean as a sea of perpetual blue and sunshine. I have been in far worse weather in the Mediterranean than any I have experienced in China or round the British Isles. Off the Straits of Messina on one occasion the big battleship was knocked about like a dinghy and the stout torpedo-netting booms ranged along the ship's side - spars as thick as a man's body - were snapped off by the seas like a row of carrots.

We were on our way to Naples at the time to embark the late Duke of Cambridge for a cruise. He was a notoriously bad sailor: the extreme violence of the gale had - to employ a not inapt classicism - 'put the wind up him', and he spent most of his time on board in tapping the barometer and asking us what we thought of the weather. The wardroom officersdinedwith him in the cabin each night in relays, and, when he was settled in a comfortable armchair after dinner with a big cigar between his teeth, there was no better company than the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army. If some of his stories turned the electric light blue, they were always witty, and were told with the artistic instinct of the born raconteur.

Beresford

I was dining one night at the British Consulate in Salonika when Lord Charles Beresford, then the captain of the UNDAUNTED, was the principal guest. A particularly good-looking parlourmaid, who was handing round the soup, at once caught his roving eye. His conversation grew more and more desultory: his face wore the expression of a man trying to recall an elusive likeness. Then, in the middle of a sentence, he sprang to his feet, while the parlourmaid fled with a whirlwind of skirts through the open door. "You young rascal", he laughed, shaking his fist after her, "I'll stop your leave for a month for this! Dashed if she isn't one

of my own midshipmen!" The joke had been stage-managed, though with extreme reluctance on the unhappy midshipman's part, by the daughter of the house, for whom he cherished a youthful passion.

(To be continued)



LIEUT. COLONEL W.P. DRURY, C.B.E.

ROYAL MARINES.

BANDS OF THE ROYAL MARINES

BY

JIMMY GREEN

Early History

It would appear that the earliest Military Band consisted of Drums and Fifes and as there is a reference to these instruments in the year 1664, it follows that the Admiral's Regiment must also have had its own Band Service. This very early mention states:

"All Captains must have drommes and ffifes and men to use the same, who should be faithful, secrete, and engenieous, of able performance to use their instruments and office, and of sundrie languages, for often they be sent to parley and to summon the enemy's forts or townes or divers other messages which of necessitie requireth languages."

A warrant issued on 22nd March 1693, under the hand and seal of John Magridge, His Majesty's Drum Major General, indicating that the Marine Regiments had a rudimentary Band consisting of "Drums, Ffifes and Hoboyes as shall be necessary for His Majesty's service by sea or land". Ffifes were then commonly known as whistlers, and Hoboyes (really Hautbois (French) or Hautboys (English) are now known as Oboes.

The warrant went on: "Captain William Prince of Their Majesties' 1st Mareen Regiment to impresse two Drums and two Hautboys for the service of his Company in aforesaid Regiment"

The 18th Century

1704 ..... Gibraltar ..... under the command of Colonel Sir Charles Wills, six companies of 'Mareens' were ordered to march up the hill in six columns, and to beat 'The Grenadiers' March' when in sight of the enemy. This is the first reference to the Grenadiers' March, which apparently was the march past of the Marines for many years from the early 18th century.

In a book called 'Granger's Wonderful Museum', published in 1808, it is recorded that Thomas Marshall, aged 106 years, a 'Mareen' drummer, of Plymouth, had died in the year 1755, and had been the first man to beat the Grenadiers' March. Marshall had been 90 years in the service.

6th June 1773. "Chatham Band ordered to be sent aboard 'ORPHEUS' at Sheerness in order to be carried to Spithead there being occasion for it when the King reviews his Fleet assembled there."

1775 ..... Lord Percy led the troops, including a force of Marines, from Boston and the Band as a gesture of defiance played 'Yanky Doodle Dandy' as the troops marched off.

11th December, 1787. "A Captain's Guard of Marines together with the Band of the First Division, marched to London to attend His Majesty to St Paul's Cathedral on the 19th to offer Thanksgiving for the many signal and important victories etc."

6th February 1796, Chatham. "Musicians to assemble every evening at 7 o'clock to practise and receive instruction from Mr Radigar, the Music Master."

As a result of the great mutinies of 1798, Earl St Vincent issued orders for the parading of Guards and Bands in the Fleet, and for the playing of "God Save the King" every morning.

During all this period, it seems highly probable that each Regiment of 'Mareens' had its own band, and each Company its own combination of 'Drums and Fifes'. It appears also that Bandsmen were an integral part of the Corps, and as such were considered by their Officers to have the same qualities of loyalty, courage and honour which were always to be found in the Marine.

The Nineteenth Century

Brass instruments began to be used instead of fifes about 1817, the keyed bugle being one of the first.

Cymbals and tambourines were played by black men about 1823. 'Jingling Johnny' was used about the same time.

1821. RMLI (Portsmouth) Band and the Royal Yacht 'GEORGE'

21st January, 1821. A letter from Major-General R Williams, RM Barracks, stating that the period of service of the Master of the Band having expired, he has been discharged in consequence of His Majesty's having been graciously pleased to order him to be received into his private band; and "I have now an opportunity of enlisting an efficient person, without bounty, to fill that station, named John Smally, aged 29 years, five feet seven inches in height, and reported fit by the Surgeon. I request their Lordships will be pleased to sanction this man being enlisted for a term of three years".

22nd February, 1821. A letter from the Admiralty Office approved John Smally's enlistment.

2nd August, 1821 ..... Copy of a letter:

"Sir, I request you will be pleased to acquaint My Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty that, by His Majesty's command, the Band of this Division have been embarked in the 'Active' to accompany the Royal Squadron to Ireland."

signed R Moncreiffe, Colonel.

14th August 1821 ..... extract from a Dublin newspaper:

"His Majesty's Royal Marine Band arrived yesterday morning at Dunleary, per the 'Active', frigate."

14th August, 1821 ..... extract from the 'Dublin Evening Post':

"His Majesty's Marine Band reached town yesterday evening from Dunleary, and having remained some time in the Lower Castle Yard were conveyed in carriages to His Majesty's Palace in the Park."

4th September, 1821 ..... extract from the 'Dublin Evening Post':

"The Band of the 23rd or Royal Fusiliers was stationed near the slip and His Majesty's Marine Band stood on the deck of the 'Royal George'."

Saturday 8th September, 1821: "On His Majesty's return to King's Town on Wednesday evening, dinner was served up in the State apartment of the Royal Yacht 'GEORGE' to the King and Lords in Waiting. The King afterwards sat on his sofa on deck, where His Majesty was entertained by his Marine Band. They performed several favourite pieces of music; 'St Patrick's Day' and 'Garryowen' were called for and applauded by the King most heartily.

November. Correspondence between Colonel Moncreiffe and Admiralty, "That the Band was in attendance from the 1st August till 17th September. That Commodore Paget gave a certificate showing that it was intended that the men should receive their full shore pay. Colonel Moncreiffe asks that the difference between sea and shore pay may be made a charge in the contingent account". Admiralty asks "How the men were victualled during the time". In reply, Band victualled from 'Active' with the exception of 21 days, from 13th August to 2nd September, when Band on shore in Ireland. "By HM's command the Bandmaster received five shillings a day, and the remainder 2/6 during the 21 days the Band were on shore in Ireland." The judgment: "That as the persons in question were victualled during the period, they can only be allowed sea-pay for the time". The Band also attended King George during a cruise in the autumn of 1822 and again in the Royal Yacht in the autumn of 1823.

The RMLI Band (Portsmouth) grew in importance during the life of the Prince Consort, being frequently ordered to Osborne and staying there sometimes for a week at a time, and in 1855, Mr Earle, the Band Master, formed a 'string band'. In 1858, the band accompanied Queen Victoria and Prince Consort in the Royal Yacht to Cherbourg for the opening of the Grand Napoleon Dock. The Queen afterwards presented the bandmaster with a silver cornet.

RMLI Portsmouth Division

The Band was selected to accompany HRH The Prince of Wales in HMS 'SERAPIS', when he visited India in 1875/76 and held the big Durbar there. In commemoration of this visit the band were authorised to wear the Prince of Wales Plume upon the regimental badge in their helmet plates and caps, which they continued to do until their final disbandment.

By Order in Council of 29th November 1881, Warrant Rank was introduced into the Corps, and the Bandmasters became Warrant Officers.

In 1884, Mr George Miller succeeded Mr Kreyer as Bandmaster. Mr Miller had been Bandmaster of the 16th Foot and later Bandmaster at Sandhurst, where he became acquainted with Sir Arthur Sullivan. There were 115 applicants for the

vacant post at Portsmouth and at that time it was the fashion to have a German Bandmaster. Out of the short list of six, Miller was the only Englishman. His attainments and experience were so unique and his backing by HRH The Duke of Edinburgh (Colonel-in-Chief of the Corps), Sullivan and Dan Godfrey, so influential, that he was appointed Bandmaster (WO) on 18th November 1884.

In 1892, 2nd Lt Miller gained the Bachelor of Music degree at Cambridge.

Between the years 1890 and 1897 the band played before HM Queen Victoria 66 times. It always went to the Royal Yacht when the Queen was at Cowes, but was replaced in King Edward VII's regiment by the Royal Marine Artillery Band.

When the Adjutant, Captain F Luard, initiated Torchlight Tattoos in 1896, the band was the mainstay, and with Mr Miller's marching songs formed the principal attraction.

In the manoeuvres on Salisbury Plain in 1898, the band accompanied the 2nd Bn RMLI all through.

Miller was a great upholder of the Military band, and during his regime the band was noted for playing on the march. A great characteristic of the band was its depth of tone, due to the excellent euphoniums and the old circular basses.

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1900 - 1923

In 1910, Musicians of Divisional and Depot Bands were allowed to be classed for pensions as Corporals, after five years in the recognised establishment of musicians. In 1914 this was extended to the four privates and six buglers who had been attached to the bands as part of the recognised establishment and both classes were made eligible for Long Service and Good Conduct gratuity as Corporal. It was not until 1922 that all became musicians.

By Order in Council of 19th May, 1914, the Corps was allowed two Musical Directors, with the rank of Honorary Lieutenant, eligible for promotion to Captain after ten years and to Honorary Major after 15 years, and to be compulsorily retired at the age of 65 years. Second Lieutenant Miller accordingly became Major.

The Portsmouth Band was the first of the Divisional Bands to be sent to France, in November 1916, and rendered excellent service, playing for the RMLI Battalions of the 63rd RN Division and the RMA Howitzers in that sector. They met the 2nd Battalion at Abbeville and played them to rest billets at Rue, after the battle of Ancre. They remained in France until January 1917, but Major Miller was taken ill and had to be invalided to England a few weeks before the band returned. He was invalided from the service in March 1917, having directed the band for 32 years. During that time he and his band had become famous all over the country, and in the North and the Midlands the band was known as Miller's band. He composed many works, and was the originator of marching songs. During his directorship the band secured more commissions from Royalty than any other band, and his death in 1927 closed the career of a great and famous band-master. No bandmaster in any service received so many Royal acknowledgements for duty done, for pleasure given, or for the band's stirling worth.

Bandmaster B Walton O'Donnell, of the 7th Hussars, succeeded Major Miller and was made Lieutenant on appointment. In 1923, on the amalgamation of the RMA and RMLI, the band, became the band of the Depot Royal Marines, remaining under the directorship of Lieutenant B W O'Donnell.

RMLI Band Plymouth Division

1767. Antonio Rocca was engaged to teach 'musik' at a salary of 2/6 per week.

1770. William Gilborn, Master of the Band, was sacked as being incapable of "leading a martial band, and not able to teach the softer musick".

1783. James Parsons, Master of the Band. Promoted from the band to succeed William Gilborn, and to "instruck the fifers in martial tunes only", but the executive part of the musick of the band was to be under the sole direction of Lieutenants Gibson and Gordon, who had volunteered for this duty and undertaken to make them a martial Band and capable of the 'softer musick'.

1796. Mr Ashweek, Master of the Band.

1826 - 1850. Mr Thomas Stockham kept a music shop in Edgecumbe Street, Stonehouse, combining this with his duties as Master of the Band. 'The Devonport Independent' of 1st June 1850 reported: "The Band played for the last time under the leadership of Mr Stockham, who has for a long number of years been the Master, on Saturday last, he having been superannuated from the Corps at his own request on that day. In the evening the members of the band invited Mr Stockham to spend a few hours with them at Quatermain's 'Army and Navy Inn', Stonehouse, when Mr Kilbee on behalf of his musical comrades, presented their much respected leader with a handsome silver snuff-box and, in doing so, expressed on behalf of the band, their high estimation of Mr Stockham's ability, and their hearty thanks for the urbanity and kindness he had manifested during the period he had so ably filled the office from which he had that day retired. The following inscription was chastely engraven on the lid of the box: "Presented by the Band of the Plymouth Division RM to Mr Thomas Stockham, their late Master, as a token of respect and esteem, he having presided over them for 24 years"."

1851. Mr Thomas Winterbottom, joined as a civilian, still with the title of Master of the Band, and received regimental pay equivalent to a Sergeant, plus a salary paid by Divisional funds. Mr Winterbottom wore uniform occasionally and played his own instrument, the flageolet, a yellow wooden instrument with bone keys. He died in 1859 and was buried with military honours.

1859. Mr William Winterbottom. He was the first to be referred to as Bandmaster and not Master of the Band. He later exchanged Bands and positions with Mr Froenhert, Bandmaster of the Life Guards. About that time the band wore a white tunic with scarlet collar and cuffs, and scarlet trousers with a white braided stripe.

1873. Mr Carl von Froenhert, German Bandmaster, who spoke very poor English and undoubtedly gained this position as a result of influence exercised by the Prince Consort when he was alive. He joined as a civilian but was made a

Warrant Officer in 1881. He first appeared in uniform with the band in 1883, at Bridgewater, Somerset, when the Chatham and Plymouth RM Bands played a massed band programme for the Bath and West Show. Mr Froenhert and Mr Kappey, the Chatham Bandmaster, both wore uniform for the first time. The former was short and stout, and the latter, tall and thin, making a complete contrast, and both were very critical of each other's uniform.

A band photograph of 1887, shows Froenhert wearing a high 'Billycock' hat and frock coat. He occasionally went to Germany and brought back all the latest compositions, including the famous 'Turkish Patrol'; as a result, the RM Band, Plymouth was the first of its kind to play this piece in England. The 'Morning News' two years later wrote an article claiming that one of the bands of the Foot Guards was the first band to play it in England. Mr Froenhert wrote a letter to the paper correcting this. He died in harness in 1890 and was buried with military honours in Plymouth Cemetery.

1890. Mr Frank Winterbottom came to the Royal Marines from Dulwich College, where he was a Preceptor. He was the first Bandmaster to join as a Warrant Officer. He wore plain clothes on parade, but occasionally appeared in the band uniform, with a slightly wider lace front on the front and on the skirt of the tunic, and a broad design on the bottom of each sleeve. He was a fine cellist, well known for his cello solos, particularly when he played in the Officers' Mess after dinner on Guest nights.

Frank Winterbottom had studied orchestral and Military Band scoring under his uncle, Bandmaster William Winterbottom.

He had to retire for health reasons in 1910.

1910. John William Newton, Bandmaster. Came from the Durham Light Infantry and always wore uniform, as an order had come out about 1900 that Bandmasters were not to wear plain clothes when conducting the band on parade or when conducting band practice in the band practice room. He was a fine performer on the cornet and was famous for his arrangement of 'O Sole Mio' as a cornet solo. He died in 1916 after a long illness in the Royal Naval Hospital and was buried with military honours in Plymouth Cemetery.

1916. P S G O'Donnell. Came from Royal Garrison Artillery, joining as Warrant Officer. When he went to Canada with HRH The Prince of Wales in HMS RENOWN in 1920, he was appointed Temporary Lieutenant whilst afloat, but had to revert to WO on return to Barracks. In 1921, he regained Officer rank when five Directors of Music were allowed to the Royal Marines. Transferred to Chatham Division 1928, and was succeeded by Lieutenant G W E Grayson, LRAM, ARCM.

1930. Lieutenant F J Ricketts, transferred from the Depot Band. A former Bandmaster of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders he was better known as Kenneth Alford, composer of the world famous 'Colonel Bogey' and many other well known marches.

Due to retire in 1940, he stayed on at the request of the Admiralty, but had to retire for health reasons in 1944.

1944. Lieutenant R H Stoner, LRAM was the first Director of Music of a Divisional Band appointed from the Royal Naval School of Music, which he had joined as a Band Boy in 1916. Retired December 1953.

From then on, appointments to the Group Bands were from the Royal Marines School of Music.

1953 - 1960. Captain W T Lang, MBE, LRAM.

1960 - 1963. Captain P J Neville.

1963 - 1966. Captain L H A Arnold.

1966 - 1970. Captain J Pottle.

1970 - Captain W W Shillitto.

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Reminiscences of Mr George Miller, who was a Band Corporal under Mr Froenhert and Band Sergeant under Mr Frank Winterbottom

In Mr Froenhert's day, boys aged 14 and upwards with a slight knowledge of music were enlisted as supernumeries, and trained in efficiency. In many cases, fathers and sons would be serving in the band at the same time, and in due course the boy might succeed his father as solo performer, or in some cases as Band Corporal and Band Sergeant. About 1877 there were 10 supernumeries attached to the band for instruction, 5 drummers and 5 privates. They were not fitted up with band uniform and so looked very conspicuous when fallen in with the band, especially when on parade in Review Order. The Band were then in their scarlet and gold, whilst the ten 'Supers' drummers were in tunics and the shako. About that time the band wore a busby with a grenade in front and a plume of scarlet feathers on the side. This anomaly of dress was the cause of much criticism by a certain personage, and an order was issued that the 10 extra privates and drummers were to be dressed in band uniform and the cost to be defrayed by the Officers. Shortly after this the busby was condemned and replaced by a blue helmet.

Truro Cathedral. In May 1880, TRH the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by the Dukes of Clarence and of York, were guests of Lord Falmouth at Truro for the laying of the foundation stone of the Cathedral. During this time, the Royal guests were at the Castle for a week and the Orchestral band of the Plymouth Division was in attendance and played during luncheon, Dinner and at dances after dinner.

Laying of the Foundation Stone ..... the full Military Band under Mr Froenhert, provided musical honours for the ceremony. Later, the Royal visitors paid a visit to Falmouth and the Royal Party embarked in the Admiral's Yacht 'VIVID' on the River Fal and the band played on deck during the journey to Falmouth.

A few years later the Prince of Wales again visited Truro and opened a new building which had been added to the Cathedral. Ten brass instrumentalists of the band had the unique experience of wearing surplices over their full dress and side arms as they proceeded behind the Cathedral Choir from the Cathedral to the new building playing a hymn. Helmets were left in the vestry and recovered after the ceremony when the surplices were returned.

Church Parade, 1878

The Division used to parade on Sunday mornings at 8 am. The Band would march across the Parade playing 'Christ Church Bells', with a glockenspiel player in the front rank. Whilst the Companies were being inspected, the band would form a circle and play suitable music, such as Handel's 'Largo'. On completion of the inspection the Companies were formed into columns, the Band took up their positions by the Main Gate and marched the Battalion to St George's Church, Stonehouse, and a portion of the band played the hymn tunes.

When the roads were very dirty and muddy, the Band and the Battalion would open up, two ranks marching on the edge of the pavement on each side of the road. The band would continue to play, despite the difficulties of this formation.

If the weather was very wet and stormy, a Bugler would proceed to the street corners and sound the 'Disperse', to indicate that Church Parade had been cancelled.

One of Mr Frank Winterbottom's greatest achievements was the success of his Symphony concerts, which were held fortnightly during the winter season.

In July 1896, Mr Winterbottom obtained six weeks 'Continental' leave, and like his predecessor, went to Germany and returned with many novelties, including symphonies and new suites. During his absence, the Divisional band under the Band Sergeant, was sent with a battalion of Royal Marines to Pirbright, which was brigaded with HM Foot Guards. At Cowshot Meadow, Aldershot, the band of the Coldstream Guards (under B/M Rogan) was waiting to play the Royal Marines into Pirbright. On reaching the camping ground, the Guards band returned to London, leaving the Royal Marine Band to carry on with the band duties of the Brigade. These were to play at luncheon in the Officers Mess, and at the Sunday morning open air Church service, also all the usual band duties.

It was the first time that the band had been sent out to duty to sleep under canvas, and proved an interesting and beneficial experience.

In 1900, a battalion of Royal Marines under command of the Colonel Commandant, entrained at Millbay Station for Bristol for the opening of the new wing of College Green Hospital by Queen Victoria. The Divisional Band under Mr Frank Winterbottom, who had been playing a two day engagement in Barnstaple, joined the battalion at Taunton Station. On arrival at Bristol, the battalion marched through the streets to the hospital, where they lined the route. The whole party returned to Plymouth at midnight, and in the darkness the band played the Battalion back to barracks with a 'memory' march.

Royal Naval Bands

Bands were started in the Royal Navy by private enterprise, and during the Napoleonic War most flagships and some private line-of-battleships had them; but it was not until the mid-nineteenth century that the Admiralty began to encourage the movement. The rating of Bandsman was introduced in 1847 and in 1856 a new scale of complements stated that 18 Bandsmen were allowed for First and Second rates, 15 for Third and Fourth rates, and that foreigners might be entered. Both then and as long as the old system lasted, foreigners were entered in considerable numbers.

1863. The Admiralty took its first small step towards the training of Naval bands by entering a few Band Boys in Boys Training ships. In 1867, it first made grants for the purchase of instruments; and a year later established Bandmasters and Chief Bandmasters with rating of Petty Officers. In 1874 a service uniform was introduced for band ratings, and in the same year the connection of the Royal



The FULL BAND of the PORTSMOUTH DIVISION

OF

THE ROYAL MARINES

LIEUT. GEO. MILLER, M.V.O., Mus. Bac., Cantab., Bandmaster

Marines with Naval bands began, the Adjutant-General being directed to order the Bandmasters of Divisions to inspect bands of Training ships twice a year, and also to grant certificates of competence to Bandmasters.

The foreign bandsmen were mainly Maltese or Italians and bands were dismissed at termination of a commission, being taken on again by another ship.

There are several illustrations in the 'Regulations for Naval Uniform' of 1879, showing the rather un-nautical rig of the Naval Bands and which caused them to be nicknamed the 'Hamoase Hussars'. Bandsmen wore a blue uniform, the front of the tunic and cuffs were decorated with white braid, and the trousers had two white braid stripes. A dark blue 'pill box' hat had a black braid band edged with white piping, with a white cord decoration in the centre of the crown. Chief Bandmasters and Bandmasters wore a similar uniform, but had silver braid, cord and piping, instead of white.

This uniform was exchanged in the 1890's for a rather more sober 'fore and aft' rig of blue cloth with a small peak cap of the same colour.

On 25th May 1903 the first Naval band were paid off to join the newly formed Royal Naval School of Music. A band of 34 with Chief Bandmaster H Lidiard in charge marched through the gates of Eastney Barracks and became the Royal Marine Band Service of the Royal School of Music. As ships bands paid off, the Naval bandsmen were discharged to the Royal Naval School of Music, those already on foreign stations did not reach the School until much later, some from the China Station did not arrive for transfer until 1905/06.

A. C. G.

THE TITLE CAPTAIN GENERAL

BY

IAN SCOTT BELL

The first Honorary Colonel of the Royal Marine Forces was HRH The Duke of Edinburgh KG (later the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha) who was appointed Honorary Colonal RM on 9th December 1882. From the contemporary press it appears that the Corps was a trifle disappointed that the terms of His Royal Highness's appointment were 'Honorary Colonel' and not 'Colonel in Chief'. HRH The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha died in July 1900 and on 1st January 1901, HRH The Duke of Cornwall and York KG later HM King George V was appointed Colonel in Chief of the Royal Marines. From his accession to the Throne until the appointment was changed to that of Captain General at the wish of HM King George VI in 1948, the Colonelcy-in-Chief was held by the reigning monarch. HM King Edward VIII assumed the appointment on 18th March 1936 and HM King George VI 11th December 1936. The title of 'Captain General' was approved by HM King George VI by an Order-in-Council on 8th October 1948.

The style of Captain General stems from that of High Constable which, as part of the Curia Regis, the Court of Chivalry, of which the High Constable was head, exercised considerable civil and criminal jurisdiction. The office virtually came to an end in the reign of Henry VIII, when the Duke of Buckingham was executed on Tower Hill in 1521. Thereafter it fell into disuse, being only revived for State Occasions. Since the Restoration in 1660 and the raising of a Standing Army the office of Captain General has been held by two commoners, George Monk, Duke of Albermarle and John Churchill, Duke of Malborough. It was an Office of State and one of considerable power and importance. In 1709 the Duke of Malborough asked Queen Anne for permission to be Captain General for life, but was refused. Since then the office of Captain General has not been held by a commoner, the rights of the office being entirely within the Royal Prerogative. During the Peninsular War the Duke of Wellington complained bitterly that he did not possess the Prerogative powers of his predecessors in command of a British Army, although he was appointed a 'Captain General' in the Spanish Army in 1809.

The 'Honorary' title of Captain General has been used in the Honourable Artillery Company since the appointment of HRH The Prince of Wales to that Corps in 1641. The title is also used in the Royal Artillery and by some odd constitutional freek the style was kept alive in the former colony of Jamaica, where the Governor was not 'Governor and C in C' but 'Governor and Captain General'. However, the 'honorary' title of Captain General is personal to the Sovereign or, in the case of HRH Duke of Edinburgh, the Sovereign's consort.

In March 1952 an official submission was made inviting HM The Queen to assume the title Captain General of the Royal Marines but HM deferred her decision until after the Coronation. In due course HM The Queen decided the HRH The Duke of Edinburgh should assume the appointment and he was gazetted 1st June 1953.

T. I. S. B.

EVEN HARDER TIMES

As if in answer to Tony Perrett's letter, Mr G S Fisher sent in photocopies of the two pathetic petitions of Thomas Hoole which follow. The originals are held in the Lancashire Record Office where Mr Fisher works.

Editor

Thomas Hoole tells this pathetic story:

"..... I am not able to gett a living, haveing been Eighteene years in the Naitons service and not an Houer out of itt, as first a marine souldger and ever since a seaman before the mast. Which in distress of wether on the 27th of November, 1703, being cast away, lousing all that I had; but, God bee praised, escaped with life but got great damage, the ship being lost; and in 1704 in distress of wether haveing a falle from the maneyard of the ship Boyne, broake boath my hand wrists, and att the same time I receaved a greatt damage in my head and the wharle boane of my right knee cloven and out of joynt, and a small shott in my bodey on my left side by the enemie, and severall splinters taken out of my left legg by the graysing of a shott across my shinn, and severall other bruysis aboutt my bodey and limbs .....

Furder this is to satisfie your Worships that from the year 1694 I served a souldger in the Right Hon. Sir Clousdell Shovels Regement, Colonel of Marines and Admirall at Sea, in Capt. Bearmouth's Company, till 1702, and ever since I have been in her Majesties Roiall Navy ships of warr, and at the taiking of all the towns in Spain by sea this lait warr, as Giberalter, Alegent, Calary, Portemohon, St. Philips, Castall and Majorka, Minorka and Basselona, and other places of smaler acount; and in the raigne of King William being with Colonel Gibbson at the taiking of St. Johns in Newfoundland, and taking Petegrovas in the West Eindes; and in the peace along with Sir William Norris, Ambasedor to the Greatt Magull, and with a pardon to the piratts att Malagasker ....."

Having "a wife and a small child of six months oald" to support he asked for relief and was granted 8d a week, about 7s 6d today.

April, 1715.

(QSP. 1078/11 - from the archives of Lancashire Quarter Sessions)

Your Worships Humble Petitioner Belonging to Uper Raucklife Cum Tarnikar To His Majesties Honourabl Justiceses.

Being foarced for want to acquaint you with the reason haveing been 18 years in the Nations Service and not an hour out of it ventering my life and fortune in the defenc of our Kingdoms and for our privelidges and Causes and freedoms and the maintainance of our Relidgion and haveing receaved great damages in King William and Queen Anns reagn as boath my hand wrists broken by a fall from a ships main-yard in distress of weather and the wharl bone of my knee cloven and a pistall shot in my body and sevarall other damageis and brusis in my head and body: viz. with

ingageing our enemy and distress of weather and shipwrak as I have suffered and sevrall others which I omitt etc., and now not able to do any manner of work but in teaching of Petty Scolors, and having a wife and three small children and all being in want of cloaths and hows rent and fireing being very dear and chargabl and having but therteen penc a week from the town and my geting not sixpence a week and my childrn being daily chargablar and wanting a greater supportment in dyat and cloaths and I haveing no dependanc by scolors being I am in a place that Children cannot come to me for water and being in a by place besids and our Heads of the Town for spite will not let mee com into the Town but have put mee of from time to time in teling fals storis for to agree mee to be easy with them which thear words is not to be taken for they think it no sin to ly to a poor man, neither have they either pity, charity or hospatality for it is the worst Towne in the County to its poor and wee haveing had great sikness and our Children the small pox which have caused us to be a great deal indepted and nessesity hath caused mee to break my credit and except that I have releife wee shall starve for want etc., so hoaping your Worships will be pleased to consider your poor and humble petitioner who is in great want and nessescity for they regard not what fals formaccion they say of the poor for it is the worst town in the Kingdom to its poor.

So your needy petitioner to your Worships pleasure for wee have butt a farthing and a half a day.

THOMAS HOOLE

(Clerk of the Peace's note) 18d. a weeke

(Petition presented to Preston Quarter Sessions in October 1719.)