



Redcoats Review

173rd Anniversary of the Battle

Chairman's Notes

Festive greetings to all our members. I hope this edition finds you all in good health and ready to face a busy social period. The year at the museum has been a successful and productive one, with numbers only slightly down on previous years, in spite of the Salisbury Novichok attack resulting in a big dip in city visitors overall.

There is much change at the museum in terms of staff. The Curator, Simon Cook, will retire at the end of the year having done nearly eight years at the helm, and the new curator will start in the first two weeks of January. Bethany Joyce has joined us as the new Assistant Curator, while in the Bernieres Restaurant the contract team of Allison and Malcolm Letherbarrow have retired after serving there for eighteen years. A new contractor has been selected and will be announced shortly.

The Society purchased six information banners for museum use at shows and events, and they are a very good addition to static displays. Membership numbers continue to grow and the team of volunteers ensures that the museum functions efficiently.

This Redcoats Newsletter edition has some very interesting articles and I hope you enjoy reading them. Thank you to those who submitted articles and photographs and thank you to Michael Cornwell, who has again spent much time and effort in putting it all together, ably supported by Martin McIntyre. Both of them do so much for the Society and we are all grateful for their efforts.

You will see on the back page a short article referring to the recent Friends Battlefield Tour that took place in September in Belgium and France. It was an excellent week of visiting many battlefield sites involving our former regiments, superbly led and guided by Andy Steel, with others in support. A special Newsletter will be produced in January, which will give an account of this. This has encouraged us to plan another tour, which will be scheduled for 2020 covering mainly WW2 battlefield sites in Normandy and beyond. I mention it here because we would hope that a few more members might consider joining in on this tour, so I hope that goes ahead. We will announce plans in the mid year, next year.

Thank you for supporting the museum and I wish you all a Happy New Year.

Nigel Walker, Chairman.



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Mining the Archives: Casualties of the Crimean War remembered

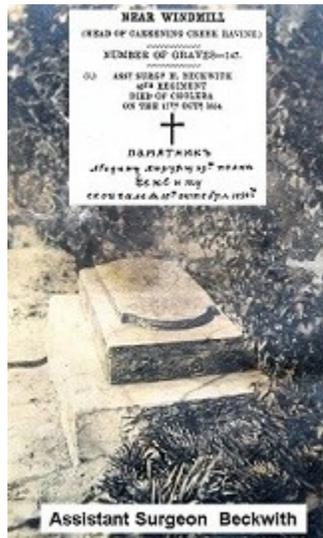
By Mike Hinton

During 1910 Major George Holme Arbuthnot, 49th Regiment, accompanied his father, Major General Henry Thomas Arbuthnot, RA, a Crimean War veteran, on a visit to the Crimea and Constantinople (now Istanbul). A series of photographs that he took during the trip are now preserved in the Rifles (Berkshire, and Wiltshire) Museum.

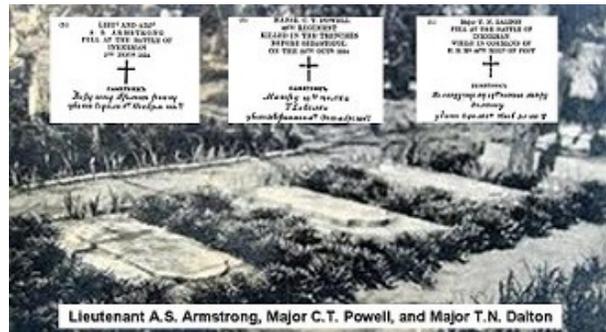
One of my 2 x great grandfathers, Captain, later brevet Major, James William Dewar (of whom more later) served with the 49th Regiment throughout the Crimean campaign. I was thus particularly interested in five images that depicted the tombstones of seven officers of the regiment, since he would have been acquainted with them all; and would probably have attended the funerals of the six who died in the Crimea.

The Crimea: Individuals who died during the Crimean campaign were buried in one of more than 130 locations scattered over the area occupied during the siege. An inventory of the tombstones, grave markers, and regimental memorials was prepared by Captains the Hon. John Colborne and Frederic Brine prior to the evacuation of the Crimea (*The Last of the Brave* published by Ackermann & Co. in 1857). The inscriptions depicted in their book are reproduced in the illustrations.

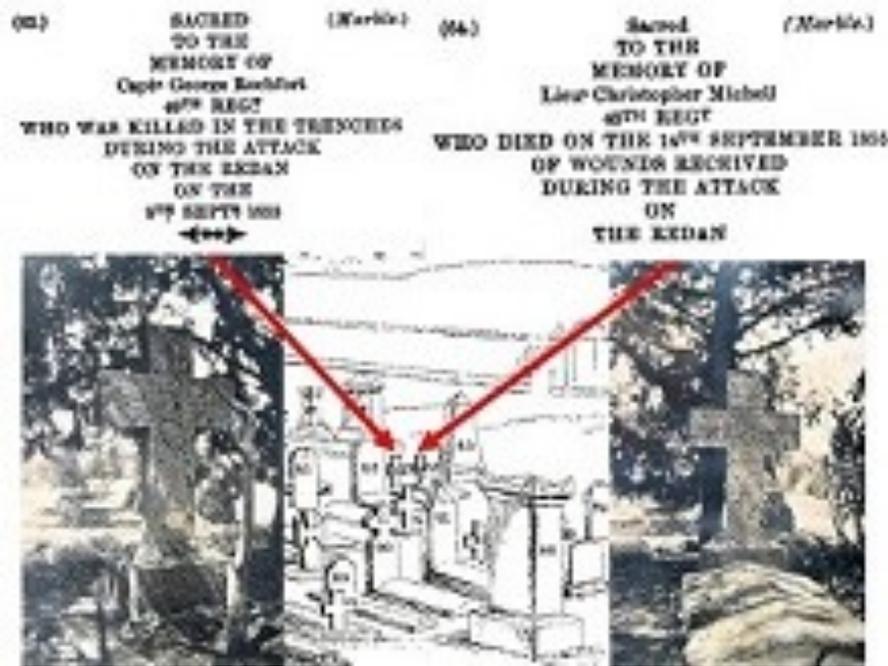
The management of such a large number of cemeteries proved an impossible task and during the 1880s the surviving tombstones, but not the mortal remains, were relocated at the principal cemetery on Cathcart's Hill; and this is where Arbuthnot took the three photographs illustrated:



Assistant Surgeon Henry Beckwith died of cholera on 11 October 1854. He was interred initially near the windmill at the head of the Careening Creek Ravine.



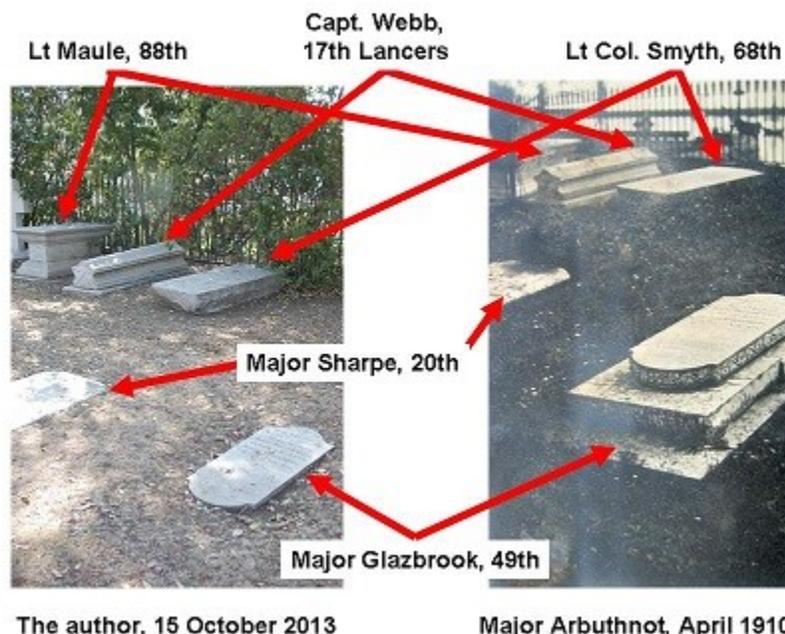
Major Charles Thomas Powell was shot in the head by a Russian sharp shooter when in the trenches on 28 October 1854. Eight days later Major Thomas Northcliff Dalton, who was commanding the regiment, and Adjutant Arthur Savory Armstrong were killed during the battle of Inkerman. All three were buried initially 'near French camp of the 49th Regt.



Captain George Rochfort was killed during the assault on the Redan on 8 September 1855 while Lieutenant Christopher Michell died on 14 September from wounds he received on the same day. They were buried on Cathcart's Hill in adjacent graves.

A plan of the Cathcart's Hill cemetery was prepared after the relocation of the monuments and, this, together with a survey of the inscriptions carried out during 1929/30 by V. Khlebnikov, the Russian superintendent of the cemetery, made it possible to identify the position of the tombstones (The National Archives: WO 78/2729 and Commonwealth War Graves Commission Archive: WG 1500/1/19/5). Sadly, this is now only of historical interest as the cemetery was destroyed during World War II, and none of these monuments survived.

Haidar Pasha cemetery, Üsküdar, Istanbul: Arbuthnot's photograph of the grave of Major Charles Stuart Glazbrook includes those of four other individuals; and they all survive to this day as the image taken by the author in 2012 attests.



In the intervening century the stones have sunk several inches into the ground, presumably the result of worms evacuating soil from beneath and depositing it on the surface. The iron boundary fence can be seen in both images. Its installation under the direction of Major Edward Charles Acheson Gordon, RE, during 1860, was achieved with some difficulty as the ground was irregular – although with ultimate success, given the railings have survived in remarkably good condition for over 150 years.

Major Charles Stuart Glazbrook was the DAQMG, 2nd Division, when he was wounded in the left thigh on 17 November. He contracted tetanus and died on 18 December, aged 33. His wife Marianne, who was pregnant with their second child, was at his bedside. Edward Stuart, was born in Constantinople on 6 January 1855 and christened at the British Embassy on 13 February. Incidentally, Glazbrook's tombstone, and those of the five officers who died in the Crimea during 1854 have a similar appearance. This suggests that they were obtained from the same source; and were possibly paid for by their brother officers.

The other tombstones in Arbuthnot's photograph were, in the order of decease:

Captain Augustus Frederick Cavendish Webb, 17th Lancers, was severely wounded during the charge of the Light Cavalry Brigade on 25 October. He was assisted from the battlefield by Troop Sergeant Major John Berryman and Sergeants John Farrell and Joseph Malone – all were awarded the Victoria Cross. His leg was amputated soon after he arrived at Scutari, but died on 6 November aged 22.

Lieutenant Arthur Dillon Maule, 88th Regiment, had his left arm 'carried off by a round shot' when in the trenches on 26 October. He died on the 14 November shortly after his arrival at Scutari.

Brevet Lieutenant Colonel Harry Smyth, 68th Regiment, was 'badly shot thro' the body' during the battle of Inkerman on 5 November. He was evacuated to Scutari and died there on the 28th. Incidentally, his eldest son, Lieutenant Harry Edmund Smyth, also of the 68th, died of fever at Balaklava on the 14 March 1855, aged 20.

Major James Birch Sharpe, 20th Regiment, received a bad wound in his back from a wounded Russian during the battle of Inkerman. He died on the 28 December – 'his remains were followed to the grave by all his brother officers who were well enough to attend.'



Two surviving 49th Regiment tombstones are not represented in Arbuthnot's collection. Ensign Arthur Ferdinand Platt, died of disease on 11 August 1855, aged 20, and Private Frederick Litchfield who died on 2 April 1855, aged 27. His tombstone was 'erected by his beloved and affectionate wife.'



(66.)

ARTHUR FERDINAND
PLATT
49th REGT.
11th August 1855
Aged 20

(74.)

Sacred to the Memory
of
P. Frederick Litchfield 49th Regt
Who departed this life on 2 April 1855
Aged 27 Years
This Tablet was erected
by his beloved and affectionate
Wife

On returning home General Arbuthnot informed a meeting at the Royal Artillery Institute on 3 November 1910 that the Haidar Pasha cemetery was: 'a beautifully kept' and was being cared for by 'a retired Sergeant of Engineers [William Henry Lyne; who was superintendent for 54 years until his death in 1914], and nothing could be nicer than the way it is kept.' The cemetery was subsequently used for the interment of members of the expatriate community and then casualties of both World Wars. The whole property is now under the care of the Commonwealth War Graves Commission.

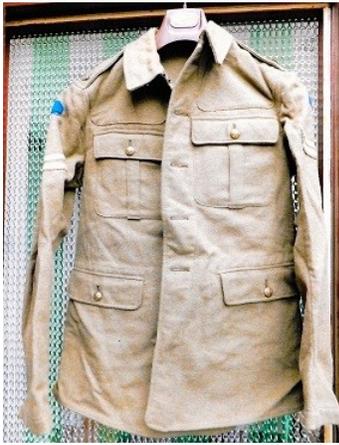
Postscript: A summary of General Arbuthnot's career was published after his death in *The Times* 6 May 1919. Major Arbuthnot, was born on 8 July 1864; saw service with the Sudan [Soudan] Field Force 1885-6; retired from the Army on 4 March 1914; and died at Rora, Great Austins, Farnham, Surrey on 20 January 1952. His will was proved at London on 27 March and one of the executors was Esme Barbara Cramer-Roberts, the widow of Francis William H. Cramer-Roberts (1882-1942). Her late father-in-law, Charles John Cramer-Roberts (1834-1895), served with the 49th Regiment in the Crimea from April 1855. His cousin, the Revd Alexander Randal Cramer-Roberts (1841-1901), married Anna Maria Charlotte de Steigar in 1867. She had previously been married, as his second wife, to Major James William Dewar (1827-1961), to whom reference has been made. It is a small world indeed!

A New Accession into the Museum

Every now and again something is donated to the Regimental Museum that really stands out. This happened recently when an original complete First World War Uniform was donated to the museum by the family of a Royal Berkshire Soldier.



The soldier in question was Corporal Fred BUTTER of the 2nd/4th Battalion, Royal Berkshire Regiment. He was gassed in 1918 and after demob became a Police Officer in the Hampshire Constabulary, retiring as an Inspector and dying in 1957. When he was demobbed and after receiving hospital treatment he retained his full uniform, including his greatcoat, puttees, gloves, cap and other similar items. In addition he kept a 'Gas Rattle' which was used in the trenches to warn of a gas attack. The retention of the rattle is very unusual as most were left to rot in the trenches],



Other items included a trench club, used on trench raids and fighting patrols. After his death his family kept these items intact until this year. Unusually the uniform jacket still has the Divisional arm badge which is a round blue circle signifying the 61st Division to which the battalion was attached on both arms, and the Regimental shoulder titles.

A Memorial for Uncle Fred

[The following article is a very much abridged version of a family story written by Roy Bailey, who has kindly given the editor permission to publish this shortened version]

I started researching the World War I activities of my father and two uncles some 15 years ago, and this turned into a project to write a book about their military careers.

Dad served in the Army Service Corps as a driver, while his brother Fred and my mother's brother Frederick Percy Clark were both in the 8th Battalion the Royal Berkshire Regiment. There is no evidence that my two uncles knew each other, as my parents were not married until 1928.



Fred Bailey and Harry Bailey

R Berks

ASC



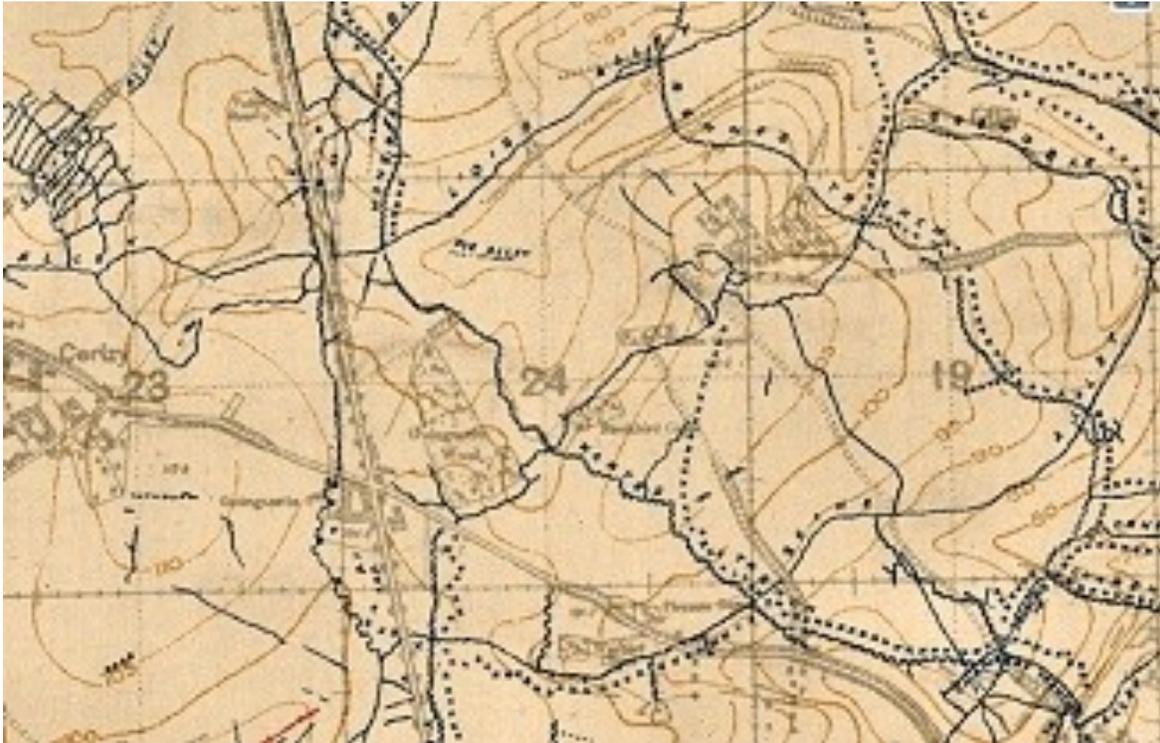
Fred Clark

R Berks

In 1918 the 8th Royal Berkshires were stationed south of Saint Quentin, near a small town called Moÿ de l'Aisne, when they were on the receiving end of the German Spring Offensive of 21st March. Like other units in that thinly-defended part of the line, they were quickly overrun. Fred Bailey survived, Frederick Clark did not.

In the early part of 2017 I decided that it would be appropriate to honour the only member of my family to die in combat by laying a wreath on the centenary of his death at the spot where I believe he fell. This, I discovered, was a wood named Bois de Frémont, but called Magpie Wood by the British, which stands on high ground above Moÿ (pronounced 'Mow').

It was one of four such woods which stretch in a line north-eastward from a cross-roads on the main road south from Saint Quentin to Laon. Here, around a farm called La Guinguette, the battalion's headquarters were situated on 21st March, and two of the four companies were stationed forward of Magpie Wood. The area is much like Salisbury Plain or the Berkshire Downs – rolling downland and long straight sweeps of road, with river valleys populated by strings of small towns and villages.



By luck I had been put in touch with Murielle Castier, the Managing Director of Historical Consulting- Tourism and Patrimony, a battlefield tour company based in Saint Quentin, and so began the quest to follow Uncle Fred's footsteps. With my wife Annabel, our first appointment (October 2017) was in the Moÿ Mairie with Murielle plus Marc Bideaux, the Commonwealth War Graves Commission local representative; an amiable local historian called André Schlecht who spoke no English; and a local photographer/journalist .

As the object of the visit was to recce Magpie Wood and select a location for the wreath, the six of us drove up in three vehicles. Fortunately, the ground was fairly dry, and we were able to wander around the area. This was the most forward area of the 8th Royal Berks on 21st March 1918 and was occupied by 'D' Company who were housed in a sand quarry with the platoons in trenches or foxholes forward in the direction of Alaincourt. I just have a gut feeling that this is where Uncle Fred died. In any event, it is a good spot; secluded but with a farm track running past which connects the main road near La Guinguette to the road between Moÿ and Alaincourt, so the wreath may be seen by the occasional walker and farm worker.

As well as a large pit which had been the quarry, there were the remains of at least one communication trench from the period. As we wandered through the wood André bent down and picked up a very rusty object which was a German shell case from World War I. We also walked through the wood and out into the open ground beyond to see if there was any trace of the platoons' positions, but there were none. A century had done its work well, as it had done in most of France.

Bois de Frémont is now divided into two unequal-sized portions by the trackway, and we walked along the face of the main wood in the direction of Moÿ to see if we could look down at the village. I had been intrigued by a contemporary account I had discovered by an 8th Battalion officer who wrote:

There were also the ruins of two villages on the Battalion front - Alancourt, facing our northern boundary and Moy which was opposite the southern end of the sector. It was interesting to study these with binoculars and in Moy the Chateau and Railway Station could be easily picked out. The outside of the station buildings was still standing and, on the wall, the large white letters "MOÿ" could be plainly seen.

Moÿ could not be seen from the forward part of the wood and I walked for several hundred yards down towards it without success, which suggested that the writer must either have ventured a long way towards the German lines or had seen the station while on patrol elsewhere. Back at the wood we discussed the position for the wreath and decided that the most appropriate place was on the side of the track where a rough pathway led into the main wood. André undertook to tidy up the site during the winter, and I scattered some poppy seeds which we had gathered from a field on the outskirts of Moÿ in 2015. We would not see them in March, but with luck they would grow and flower later.

We all returned to the Mairie where André had a surprise for us. He lived alone in an elegant house a few streets away from the Mairie, his wife having died of cancer some 15 years earlier, and, through Marc, he invited the four of us to visit his museum. This occupies two rooms on the top floor of his house and contains an amazing collection of military memorabilia from both World Wars, collected by him over many years. We spent an enthralling hour viewing all the many exhibits, and before we left André presented me with a copy of a small book about the 1914 Battle of Moÿ by Major P.A. Watson.

The next day it had been arranged for us to meet some of the local 'movers and shakers' in the Mayor's office and I was able to explain my wish to hold a small ceremony and lay a wreath at Bois de Frémont and showed the Mayor, Patrick Feuillet, some copies of maps that I had brought along. He readily gave his consent because not only is he the Mayor of the Commune, with all that means in terms of power and influence in France, but he also happens to own the land on which the wood and its companions stand.

He also offered to erect a stone plaque at the same spot, but I turned this down as politely as possible because the ceremony was to be a private one in honour of one person and because the site is off the beaten track and not likely to be seen by many people. Patrick accepted this, but later agreed to my suggestion to erect such a memorial to the whole battalion.

We chatted away via the interpreters for some while, with Patrick doing most of the talking, then made ready to leave. He was much taken with Annabel and gave her a big kiss on the cheek, while I received one on the top of my head!

As a gift for Murielle and her husband we left a small package containing a bottle of English beer and some of Annabel's home-made chutney at the hotel reception. We later heard that they enjoyed both.

Our ferry booking on the Wednesday was not until 4pm, but we left the hotel at about 8.30 as there were two visits I wanted to make – the sites where my other uncle, Fred Bailey, won his two Military Medals. The first site was a little to the east of Amiens near the village of Gentelles.



Fred Bailey MM and Bar

On 4th April 1918 the 8th Bn Royal Berkshire Regiment, who like the rest of Fifth Army had retreated many miles since 21st March, were attacking German positions at Hangard Wood, who were responding with heavy fire. The Commanding Officer, Lt Colonel R.E. Dewing DSO, was wounded and was being helped back to safety by Fred when he was shot dead in Fred's arms, either by a sniper or a stray shot. Some reports say that Fred was also wounded, but not seriously. For this he was awarded a Bar to his M.M.

The site today is two woods separated by a narrow country road and surrounded by farmland, and it was impossible to imagine what it must have been like on that day in 1918. We could only stand and look and think.

Fred's first M.M. was won further north at Bazentin-le Petit, north-east of Albert, so we detoured there to visit the Somme 1916 Museum. This is a gallery over 250 metres long and 10 metres underground, winding around in a loop and full of dioramas, displays, collections of weapons, moving artefacts and photographs.

From Albert we took the road towards Bapaume, stopping briefly to look at the Bapaume Road military cemetery on the outskirts of Albert, where the grave of a Royal Berkshire soldier is just inside the entrance. We branched off towards Contalmaison and through pleasant wooded countryside until a left turn took us into Bazentin-le Petit, which is a village composed of just one street running uphill to a small crossroads.

On 18th August 1916, the 8th Royal Berkshires, whose HQ was beside the crossroads, were poised to attack an enemy trench system a few hundred yards ahead when friendly artillery accidentally shelled them, destroying communications and burying men. Fred won his medal for 'carrying despatches under fire', which doesn't tell half the story.

The reconnaissance over and back in UK, it was now time to plan the personal ceremony to honour Uncle Fred (Clark); my aim being to lay the wreath at about 11 a.m. I was fortunate to be put in contact with Colonel Mike Vernon-Powell who advised on the wording for the stele which would be in English and French, the final wordings being:

*Here on 21st March 1918
soldiers of the 8th Bn The Royal Berkshire Regiment
stood side by side with their French comrades*

Official invitations were drafted and approved, bugler appropriated, wreaths obtained, and Regimental items of the Royal Berkshire Regiment secured, including a Regimental Plaque donated by Colonel Mike Vernon-Powell for presentation to the Mayor of Moÿ, accompanied with a letter of thanks in his excellent French.

One final addition to the luggage was a WWI brass shell case which my father had brought back from France and engraved with the dates of the start and finish of the war, together with other decorations. This had been sitting for many years by our fireplace, holding toasting forks, but I thought our French friends would find it interesting, so I gave it a good polish and carefully packed it.

On 19 March we set off from the UK to carry out the commemoration.

At the Mairie Annabel and I were asked to give an explanation to the assembled audience for our presence in Moÿ, which I did in English, aided by expat Bill Adderley who did the interpretation into French

The following morning was fine but cold and promised to be even colder out at Bois de Frémont. We had been instructed to meet at the farm at La Guinguette at 9.30 and found the large farmyard full of people. In the corner of the yard was a tractor hitched to a large metal trailer with high sides shrouded in camouflage material. With much laughing and joking we all climbed aboard and soon had bits of straw all over our clothes.



Annabel Bailey sitting in the corner



Roy Bailey with the Wreath

We stopped at the first wood, called Bois Guinguette, and I saw the stele for the first time. It had been erected at the northern point of the wood just off the track and looked very impressive. I had assumed that it would be sited at the La Guinguette crossroads or, failing that, at the junction of the track and the main road, but obviously that had not been possible. Still, the selected position was a good one; visible to anyone walking up towards the other woods.

The majority of the party disembarked here, but Annabel and I, Patrick and Jean Crossat (chairman of the local Old Comrades), interpreters Bill and Linda Adderley, André, Marc and his fellow standard-bearer Jacques Droy, trumpeter Jean-Baptiste and photographer Marie remained aboard, and we trundled up to Magpie Wood. We assembled at the point I had selected last year, and I began my address.

100 years ago, today two members of my family were here. They were Private Fred Bailey, my father's brother, and Private Frederick Percy Clark, my mother's brother. They were soldiers of the 8th Battalion of the Royal Berkshire Regiment who were stationed in these woods between here and the farm of La Guinguette. This was the front line.

That morning, after a fierce artillery bombardment, the Germans attacked from the direction of Alaincourt in great numbers in thick fog, killing many of the men of the Royal Berkshires and driving the rest back many miles. Fred Bailey survived this; Frederick Clark did not.

I am reminded of a poem by Rupert Brooke, a poet and soldier who also died in the Great War.

*If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;*

*My uncle has no known grave, and his body
may lie in these woods or may have been buried
elsewhere in these now peaceful fields of
France.*



Roy Bailey giving his Address, wearing his Uncle Fred Clark's British War medal and Victory Medal. You will note Roy is wearing the Royal Berkshire Beret to honour Fred Clark

This was repeated in French, with Annabel reading the Rupert Brooke extract in both cases. The trumpeter played *The Last Post* and the two standards were lowered. This was followed by a minute's silence, with everyone standing to attention, then *Reveille*, which proved to be a much longer one than the one used in ceremonies in the UK.

I laid the wreath, stepped back and saluted, thought for some moments about my mother's brother - the uncle I never knew - then turned away. The ceremony was over, and I had accomplished what I had set out to do.

We then returned to the site of the stele. This was a large lump of granite approximately 4 feet in height and about 3 feet square, completely covered by a large Union Flag and with two more and two French tricolours on staffs on either side. Inserted in the ground behind it were three World War I corkscrews (used for holding barbed wire); each one surmounted by a very rusty helmet of the same period – one British, one French, and one German. This was the brainchild of André Schlecht, who had sourced the artefacts and assembled the display. It was a marvellous addition to the memorial



To the left and below are two images of the Stele donated by the Commune of Mōy dedicated to the 8th Battalion The Royal Berkshire Regiment and their French Comrades who fell on 21st March 1918



Following the address by the Mayor, to my surprise - as I had assumed my official duties were over - Annabel and I were then invited to unveil the stele, which we did, pulling back the Union Flag to reveal a splendid golden plaque affixed to the sloping top, bearing the Royal Berkshires' China Dragon badge, the coat of arms of the Commune of Moÿ de l'Aisne, and the wording that Mike Vernon-Powell and I had devised. A most fitting memorial to the men who fought and died that day a century earlier.

I was also asked to lay the second wreath, which I did, saluting it in honour of the dead. A bouquet of flowers in a plastic wrapper, bearing a tricolor ribbon of UNC Brissy-Hamegicourt and Moÿ de l'Aisne, was laid by Marc Bideaux, Jean Baptiste played *The Last Post* again, and the ceremony was concluded.

[Editor's comments: For those who would wish to read the full account written by Roy Bailey I do recommend going to his online account at <https://btcloud.bt.com/web/app/share/invite/KK8paiqxhx>

BERKSHIRE REGIMENT VOLUNTEERS IN ACTION - Boer War

EDITORS NOTE - *The actions of the Volunteer Service Company of the Royal Berkshire Regiment, attached to the 2nd Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment in South Africa during the Boer War has had very little written about them. The following item has been uncovered by Harry Angier, an Ex Drummer of the Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment. Coincidentally at about the same time that Harry submitted this article some outstanding artefacts were donated to the museum from Canada relating to Private Swain, a stretcher bearer in this company.*



Captain Ewen

Captain Ewen, who is in command of the Volunteer Company of the 2nd Royal Berks Regiment in South Africa, writing from Rietfontein, west of Pretoria, on July 8th, to Lord Wantage, says:- "It is with the greatest possible pleasure that I have to send you so excellent a report of the Volunteer Company under my command, and to inform you that they have been under shell as well as cross rifle fire. I was proud of them before, but still prouder now that they have been under fire and so steady. I thought they would be, and right well they have come out complimented and praised by our General (General Ian Hamilton), who also promised to report their steadiness and excellent work done to Lord Roberts. The General rode up to us after the battle.

We were under a terrible hot cross rifle fire for three hours, and had to climb an awful hill, which took us an hour and a half. The battalion, over 1,000 strong, left Bloemfontein about a month ago, and on reaching Pretoria our division was made up of two brigades under General Ian Hamilton, our brigade consisting of ourselves, K.O. Scottish Borderers, the Border Regiment, and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, under General Cunningham, and Mounted Infantry Brigade and guns, under General Mahon. We first marched North to Waterval, where the English prisoners were kept, and on North again to Hammanskraal, then South to De Wagon Drift and East to Bronkerspruit, all the time in touch with the enemy. Here we drove them further East towards Middelburg, where General French went for them; then we returned to Pretoria and marched past Lord Roberts.

Started next day for Rietfontein, about ten miles from Pretoria. We found the Boers in force in the mountains, and had to make a frontal attack, which was carried out by the Royal Berks. From the time we attacked we were under a terrible cross rifle fire for three hours. My company were on the right in the second line, but soon got in the fighting line, and had to climb an awful hill. The colonel ordered me to take a small detachment of another company [a sergeant and ten men], climb the ridge, and rush the enemy's left. This we did, and one man was killed at my side. The enemy turned and bolted, and directly after their whole line bolted, and the position was ours. I cleared the kopje with my handful of men, and our names have since been sent to the General, with my report of what we carried out.

Once we were only twenty yards from thirty of the Boers, whom we went for, and managed to stop the cross fire. Men in the battalion were falling fast, and we had two officers slightly wounded, four men killed, and thirty wounded.

I cannot speak too highly of the company, which is praised by everybody. The county of Berkshire may well be proud of their service company. and the good men have certainly worked hard to keep up their reputation.



A very unusual photograph taken on the hill during the action described. It shows Private Henry Swain, a company stretcher bearer giving first aid to a wounded Boer.

[This image was donated to the Regimental Museum together with other documentation, diaries and other items including a wire splint carried and used by him in South Africa.]

BUDDING SUBSCRIBERS?

Anyone who has a particular topic that they would like to have included or a story that they wish to recount please get in touch with either Mac or me.

Mac's email address is

Researcher2@thewardrobe.org.uk

My email address is

Researcher3@thewarrobe.org.uk

Museum's Facebook :

See the foot of this main page.

The Society of Friends of
The Rifles, Berkshire &
Wiltshire Museum,

The Wardrobe

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Find out why Norman Minty and his sister Vera Richmond are standing in beside this particular World War Cemetery name plate in a Special Edition of the Society of Friends Newsletter dedicated to the Society's World War 1 Battlefield Tour, which will be coming out in the New Year. Why? Because we had a brilliant tour guide and we are seriously thinking of doing a D-Day and Break out of Normandy Tour in 2019, the 75th anniversary of those epic events for 5th Bn Royal Berkshire Regiment and 4th & 5th Bns Wiltshire Regiment with same guide.....if he will take us!

CAN YOU RECRUIT ANOTHER MEMBER?

We are always looking to recruit new members, and a good method of advertising is by each of us spreading the good word ourselves . So please think about passing this Newsletter one to friends relations etc. Application forms to become members can be found on :

Your web page on the Museum web site is:

<http://www.thewardrobe.org.uk/museum/contact-us/support-us/friends-events-and-publications>

If you want to join us on Facebook the link is:

<https://www.facebook.com/The-Rifles-Berkshire-and-Wiltshire-Museum-500832510060892/>