



ABF THE SOLDIERS' CHARITY AND THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY
PRESENT ANOTHER HIGHLY COLLECTABLE EDITION OF

ABF

THE SOLDIERS'

CHARITY

THE WIPERS TIMES

CHRISTMAS 2015

OPTIONAL PRICE: DONATE NOW AT: WWW.SOLDIERSCHARITY.ORG/HAC

'THE WIPERS TIMES' WAS A TRENCH MAGAZINE THAT WAS PUBLISHED BY BRITISH SOLDIERS FROM THE THE 12TH BATTALION, SHERWOOD FORESTERS FIGHTING IN THE YPRES SALIENT DURING THE FIRST WORLD WAR. OFTEN PRODUCED IN HAZARDOUS CONDITIONS, AT ONE POINT ONLY 700 YARDS FROM THE FRONT LINE, IT ACTED AS THE VOICE OF THE AVERAGE BRITISH SOLDIER, RELAYING HIS EXPERIENCES, GRIEF, AND ANGER DURING THE CONFLICT. AT TIMES IRREVERENT, AT TIMES HYSTERICAL, IT WAS A VALUABLE INSIGHT INTO THE TIMES AND THE TEMPER OF LIFE IN THE TRENCHES. IT ADOPTED SUCH TITLES AS 'NEW CHURCH TIMES', 'SOMME TIMES', 'BEF [BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE] TIMES' AND RAN UNTIL CHRISTMAS, 1918, WHEN IT WAS NAMED 'THE BETTER TIMES'.

**THERE WAS A YOUNG GIRL OF THE SOMME. WHO SAT ON A NUMBER FIVE BOMB,
SHE THOUGHT 'T WAS A DUD 'UN. BUT IT WENT OFF SUDDEN -
HER EXIT SHE MADE WITH APLOMB!**

From the original Wipers Times (The Somme Times) Monday, 31 July, 1916

EDITOR'S LETTER

Welcome to this special edition of the Wipers Times, produced exclusively for members of the HAC as part of the Company's partnership with ABF The Soldiers' Charity. The following pages contain the top-class blend of satire and humour that you've come to expect from the Wipers Times. I do hope you enjoy perusing this periodical parody, written by some of the greatest literary minds of our time (well, The Soldiers' Charity staff), with contributions from some special guests (I'll be nice to them as they're doing us a favour!).

It's fitting that, during the centenary of the First World War, the HAC, the second oldest military organisation in the world - the one behind that well known outfit the Pontifical Swiss Guard (I had to Google them too...) - should join forces with the oldest (well, the only!) National Charity of the British Army, ABF The Soldiers' Charity (née Army Benevolent Fund). The two have come together to form a new charitable partnership called the HAC1537 - drawing inspiration (and a huge lack of imagination) from the HAC's founding year - with the aim of raising significant funds over two years to support the sterling work of the Charity.

More details about the partnership are included on the back page, but one of its exciting elements is the generation of exclusive events & content for members of the HAC, including this highly entertaining special edition of the Wipers Times, and the Football match between the UK Parliamentary FC and The Army Crusaders (match report on the back page too). The quick-witted few among you may have seen through this plot to encourage our members to part with their hard earned cash...but we will combat that by simply saying, it is for a very good cause!

Anyway, I'll leave you to enjoy this special edition and hope you have as much fun reading it as we did writing it.

OUR SHORT STORY.

—10:—

It was Xmas morning in the trenches!
M-m-m-m-m-m.

THE END.

From the original Wipers Times (The B.E.F Times), No.2 Vol.1 25th December 1916

A STORY ABOUT MAN'S BEST FRIEND

The Wipers Times can report that it has been contacted by a lady who has revealed that in her childhood home was a memorial to a dog which the Tommys had brought back from the battlefield after the war.

The dog lived for more than a decade afterwards, and was called 'Wipers'. You could say he is now our very own mascot.



BERNARD CRIBBINS WRITES

RECOUNTING THE MOST MEMORABLE
CHRISTMAS EVE OF MY LIFE

I was 18 years old, a couple of months into National Service with 3rd Battalion, the Parachute Regt and my first posting was to Palestine. We sailed out on the Empire Windrush, the ship which later brought the first Jamaican immigrants to Britain.

We arrived in early December and by Christmas Eve were based in Haifa. I'd heard there was a truck going down to Bethlehem for Midnight Mass, and I put my name down. But I never got there, instead I found myself on patrol, crouching at an observation point on a flat roof in the town. It was very, very cold. I had a greatcoat on, there were tiny flurries of snow coming down, but the interesting thing was all the nonsense that was going on at the time.

The two sides were having a ding dong and all sorts of stuff was flying about. I felt quite safe, no one was shooting at me, or if they were, they were terrible shots. There was this stuff flying about - whee, bang, all over the place and I thought 'this is the most remarkable Christmas Eve I've ever spent'. Normally, at home, I was an altar boy, I did Midnight Mass, that sort of thing. This was quite spectacular, nothing could have prepared me for it.

The memory is etched in my mind. When I think about it, I see it like a movie. I can see me, Private Cribbins, standing there, it's like an out of body experience, very, very strange indeed. It was my first ever trip away from home, suddenly I'm a proper soldier, under fire.

I look at the TV news now and see those square houses, mainly white and things going boom all over. I still have my black and white photographs, with the same square white houses, and it seems nothing has changed since 1947.

Christmas is supposed to be the season of peace and goodwill to all men, but it doesn't seem to apply where the story actually started. Very sad.

SHATTERED ILLUSIONS

—:0:—

It may be love that makes the world go round,
Yet with the statement I oft disagree;
It was not love (on that I'll bet a pound)
That, last night, made the world go round for me.

—:0:—

I cannot bring my mind to realise
That love inspired friend Fritz, when he propelled
A Minnie of a most terrific size
In my direction, so, I had him shelled.

—:0:—

Anon.

From The BEF (British Expeditionary Force) Times, Monday, 25 December, 1916

JENNY AGUTTER

CHRISTMAS 1998

My son Jonathan was born on Christmas Day in 1990. He arrived five weeks early and took my husband John and I by surprise. We didn't have a pram, cot or a single nappy in the house! The labour went on all day and I had five shifts of midwives, my husband was there and my sister-in-law sweetly gave up her Family Christmas to be with me. At 10pm when the obstetrician was saying forceps would be needed, it was her gentle encouragement that persuaded me to go ahead as advised. She said if the baby isn't delivered now it will arrive on Boxing Day! Midwives and Christmas are now a part of my life. This Christmas will be the fourth Christmas special of Call the Midwife, and yes I will watch it.

ALL GOOD WISHES



Good morning! The compliments of the season!

Illustration by Private Fergus Mackain, who served in the Royal Fusiliers during World War I and created the "Sketches of Tommy's Life" postcards

RAY MEARS

CHRISTMAS IS ALMOST UPON US

The maelstrom of human activity is reaching its pre-festivity crescendo. Now is the perfect moment to step aside from the hurl and burl of shopping to sit by a campfire and reflect upon the natural world. December 21st is the shortest day of the year, despite our calendar's prediction of the year's start, it is then the Northern Hemisphere will begin its inexorable tilt back towards the sun and our days will grow longer.

Already underground plants are readying themselves to burst forth in the early spring, while inside the bellies of our deer new life has started to grow. Together with the creatures of the wild we may still have to face the storms and cold of January and February, but there is potential in the air.

Christmas falls perfectly in mid winter, a time for family, a time to celebrate and a time for community. Nothing nature can throw at us will withstand the cheer and spirit of Christmas.

HAVE ANOTHER COCKTAIL

Alfred leant in towards Archibald, his crimson cheeks illuminating the dimly lit bar.

"Terrible time we are having here with all of these cockatiel's" he mused. "where have they all been appearing from?"

"Brandy Alexander" barked Archibald
"easy on the nutmeg"

"you misunderstand Sir - I was discussing the dreadful business of cockatiel's in our stunning gymnasium"

"in the gymnasium? Well then it would have to be a corpse reviver my dear chap" amusing himself with his stunning wit" but for now a White Russian would suffice"

"cockatiels, Archibald" Alfred implored
"we have cockatiels all over the place"

"indeed, indeed. In fact today I have already consumed two Old Etonians, Four Horsemen, a Moscow Mule and a Kremlin Colonel"

"there are feathers everywhere, the stench is appalling and I am getting genuinely concerned about the noise, what are we to do"

"ah" Archibald exclaimed "never fear Alfred old chap, have another cocktail I recommend the Horse's Neck"

THE NEUVE EGLISE HIPPODROME

GRAND NEW REVIEW, ENTITLED:

"SHELL IN"

POSITIVELY THE GREATEST SPECTACULAR PERFORMANCE EVER STAGED.

BRINGING BEFORE THE PUBLIC AT ONE AND THE SAME TIME THE FOLLOWING HIGHLY-PAID STARS:

THE CRUMPS.

LITTLE PIP-SQUEAK

DUDDY WHIZZ-BANG.

HURLA SHELOG, etc., etc.

THRILLING OPENING CHORUS ARRANGED BY LEWIS VICKERS.

Exciting! Hair-raising!! Awe-inspiring!!!

SEE WHAT THE PAPERS SAY. BOOK EARLY. PRICES DOUBLE THIS WEEK.

From the original Wipers Times (The New Church Times), No.2 Vol.1 8th May 1916

HAC IN WWI

FEARFUL TRAMPS...: AN HAC OFFICER'S LIFE IN THE TRENCHES, DECEMBER 1914

Second-Lieutenant William Savage Newton, known as Tim, seen here in Service Dress c. 1914, joined the HAC in 1906 and was a member of the 1st Battalion. His family ran the Winsor & Newton art supplies business, founded by his grandfather Henry Newton and William Winsor in 1832.

Tim Newton wrote what would be his last letter home (to his sister Topsy) on 2 December 1914 - he would be killed in action at Hooge on 6 January 1915.

In this letter he told her about the HAC's first frontline casualty, Francis James Milne, killed on 14 November 1914 whilst the 1st Battalion was trench digging near Les Lobes, France, as well as describing aspects of his day-to-day life in the trenches:

"I knew the man 'Milne' who was the first of the HAC to be killed because he was in my Company but he wasn't a pal of mine. All my Company were out that day digging reserve trenches in a dangerous place, except my platoon or the one I look after as I was to go into the firing trench that night, so did not go digging trenches. A German shell burst near our fellows and killed Milne and wounded 8 others.

On previous days when we were working in that place heaps of shells were fired at us but luckily we escaped, none coming near the trenches...

You ought to see the room in the farm I'm sitting in now. There are piles of old trunks and all sorts. A bed in one corner, a fireplace without any grate. The logs are burning on the floor, brick floor littered with straw which makes sleeping a little easier. A table in the centre of the room with one guttering candle held up by two bully beef tins. Over our heads are strings which we have rigged up it hangs our washing which we are trying to dry. Over the back of the chair I'm sitting on hangs a pair of my unmentionables near the fire...

Your watch is still going A1 although it was rather upset by the shock of our big guns but now it seems to have got used to them or else it is that nobody knows the correct time. Certainly we all differ in our opinion of what the time really is. It is also quite difficult to keep track of the date and as to the day of the week almost impossible...

Our regiment look fearful tramps now. Most of them have taken the wires out of the top of their caps and of course the caps are all shapes - mine included. This is done as a disguise as the round flat top of a military cap is so easily distinguished."



SAM'S CHRISTMAS PUDDING BY MARRIOTT EDGAR

It was Christmas Day in the trenches
In Spain in Peninsular War,
And Sam Small were cleaning his musket
A thing as he'd ne're done before.

They'd had 'em inspected that morning
And Sam had got into disgrace,
For when sergeant had looked down the barrel
A sparrow flew out in his face.

The sergeant reported the matter
To Lieutenant Bird then and there.
Said Lieutenant 'How very disgusting'
The Duke must be told of this 'ere.'

The Duke were upset when he heard
He said, 'I'm astonished, I am.
I must make a most drastic example
There'll be no Christmas pudding for Sam.'

When Sam were informed of his sentence
Surprise, rooted him to the spot.
'Twas much worse than he had expected,
He thought as he'd only be shot.

And so he sat cleaning his musket
And polishing barrel and butt.
While the pudding his mother had sent him,
Lay there in the mud at his foot.

Now the centre that Sam's lot were holding
Ran around a place called Badajoz.
Where the Spaniards had put up a bastion
And ooh...! what a bastion it was.

They pounded away all the morning
With canister, grape shot and ball.
But the face of the bastion defied them,
They made no impression at all.

They started again after dinner
Bombarding as hard as they could.
And the Duke brought his own private cannon
But that weren't a ha'pence o' good.

The Duke said, 'Sam, put down thy musket
And help me lay this gun true.'
Sam answered, 'You'd best ask your favours
From them as you give pudding to.'

The Duke looked at Sam so reproachful
'And don't take it that way,' said he.
'Us Generals have got to be ruthless
It hurts me more than it did thee.'

Sam sniffed at these words kind of sceptic,
Then looked down the Duke's private gun.
And said 'We'd best put in two charges,
We'll never bust bastion with one.'

He tipped cannon ball out of muzzle
He took out the wadding and all.
He filled barrel chock full of powder,
Then picked up and replaced the ball.

He took a good aim at the bastion
Then said 'Right-o, Duke, let her fly.'
The cannon nigh jumped off her trunnions,
And up went the bastion, sky high.

The Duke, he weren't 'alf elated
He danced around trench full of glee.
And said, 'Sam, for this gallant action,
You can hot up your pudding for tea.'

Sam looked 'round to pick up his pudding
But it wasn't there, nowhere about.
In the place where he thought he had left it,
Lay the cannon ball he'd just tipped out.

Sam saw in a flash what 'ad happened:
By an unprecedented mishap.
The pudding his mother had sent him,
Had blown Badajoz off map.

That's why Fusiliers wear to this moment
A badge which they think's a grenade.
But they're wrong.... it's a brass reproduction,
Of the pudding Sam's mother once made.

ABF

THE SOLDIERS'

CHARITY

SUPPORTING OUR VETERANS AT CHRISTMAS: BEN RISHTON



When and why did you join the Army? I joined the Army at the end of 2003; I had always wanted to be a soldier. I never thought twice about it; it was just one of those things I'd always wanted to do from a young age. I joined the Princess of Wales Royal Regiment (PWRR) initially, and then did a tour of Afghan with the RLC, before transferring into the Fusiliers.

What was the best thing about being a soldier? It's the friends that you make. I still have a ton of friends - some who I haven't seen in years but we still talk online all of the time. It was only the other day that I got invited to a PWRR memorial event in London even though I left the Regiment ages ago. The friends you make, you just pick off from where you left off.

What was the worst thing about being a soldier? The toughest thing was starting in new places. That's why I didn't like the RLC because every two years you'd be reposted so always had to reassert yourself and start again.

Why did you leave the Army? Olivia was born two days after I came back from Afghan. I was living in Abingdon and, although married, was living unaccompanied because there wasn't much in the way of married quarters. From there we went to Tidworth where we were able to live together. But in 2012 I was posted to Bovington as an instructor and it was then that I started noticing stuff about myself that wasn't normal. And everything just spiralled out of control.

The problem was that I was only meant to be at Bovington for four months so I wasn't entitled to married quarters. However, it was 10 months in the end so I had to stay there on my own, with everything going on in my head. It just took its toll. There was nothing in Bovington so it got on top of me.

When I got back to Battalion in Tidworth at the end of 2012, we started training for Afghan. But on the 18th November I tried to kill myself. I don't remember a lot about it, but from then on I didn't wear any uniform until I was discharged.

You had a grant from The Soldiers' Charity, one for £1,000, which gave you the rental deposit and one month's rent advance. How did you feel when you were told that you were getting the funding? It was a big relief. My PRO [Personnel Recovery Officer] sorted it all out as I was still serving, but we're really grateful.

How is life now? It's taken a lot of pressure off; we're closer to family and the pressure has massively been relieved. It's a nice home for the family - it's only a two-bedroomed house, but that's not an issue whilst they're at this age because they can share bunk beds. My work has taken me on for another year; it doesn't pay nearly as much as the Army but it's a good steady job. Being near family helps a lot: they take Olivia and Harry out all of the time, which gives us time to sit down and have a break.

What are your thoughts about The Soldiers' Charity? The Charity existing is a great thing, knowing it's there now or further down the line. You never quite know what you need until it's right on top of you. If the funding hadn't been there we wouldn't have been able to move and make this one small step in the right direction.

ABF The Soldiers' Charity, as the Army's National Charity, helps soldiers, veterans and families in times of need, as well as supporting a wide range of specialist charities, which sustain the British Army family around the world.

ARE YOU A VICTIM TO OPTIMISM?

YOU DON'T KNOW?

THEN ASK YOURSELF THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS.

- 1.—DO YOU SUFFER FROM CHEERFULNESS?
- 2.—DO YOU WAKE UP IN A MORNING FEELING THAT ALL IS GOING WELL FOR THE ALLIES?
- 3.—DO YOU SOMETIMES THINK THAT THE WAR WILL END WITHIN THE NEXT TWELVE MONTHS?
- 4.—DO YOU BELIEVE GOOD NEWS IN PREFERENCE TO BAD?
- 5.—DO YOU CONSIDER OUR LEADERS ARE COMPETENT TO CONDUCT THE WAR TO A SUCCESSFUL ISSUE?

IF YOUR ANSWER IS "YES" TO ANYONE OF THESE QUESTIONS THEN YOU ARE IN THE CLUTCHES OF THAT DREAD DISEASE.

WE CAN CURE YOU.

TWO DAYS SPENT AT OUR ESTABLISHMENT WILL EFFECTUALLY ERADICATE ALL TRACES OF IT FROM YOUR SYSTEM.

DO NOT HESITATE—APPLY FOR TERMS AT ONCE TO:—

Messrs. Walthorpe, Foxley, Nelmes and Co.

TELEPHONE 72, "GRUMBLESTONES."

TELEGRAMS: "GROUSE."

UK PARLIAMENT FC VS THE ARMY CRUSADERS

MATCH REPORT

ROUND TWO. LONDON 27TH OCTOBER 2015



Image by Charlie Hopkinson

It was a crisp, Autumnal morning, and the streets and offices of the Nation's great capital had only just begun to stir. Millions of Londoners idly ambled their way to their desks, unaware that behind the castle-like façade of the HAC, a football match of legendary proportions was about to take place.

This was, of course, the UK Parliament FC Football team facing off against the Army Crusaders. The finest decision makers in the country once more pitted themselves against 11 of the British Army's finest warriors. Following on from a resounding 5-1 defeat in the reverse fixture last year, regular spectators to this grudge match could be forgiven for asking why the MPs team decided to have another go. Still, the MPs arrived in good spirits, hoping to banish the memories of 2014 with a renewed optimism.

It didn't last long. Wave after wave of Crusaders attacked the Parliament line, rushing their flanks and sending countless crosses into the penalty area under a fierce bombardment. Quite apt for a game taking place at the Honourable Artillery Company.

Still, the MPs held on, gradually finding their feet in the game until the deadlock was broken in the 30th

minute by the Crusaders' No.7. Dismay took root in the Parliamentary ranks when the first Crusaders goal was soon followed by another. A strong appeal for a penalty by the MPs fell on deaf ears as the referee waved play on - play that led directly to a third goal for the Crusaders! Would the MPs' morale ever recover? Were the floodgates irreversibly open to another whitewash?

The Parliament keeper was stoically doing his best to keep a somewhat respectable score line, making a string of fine saves (or was it poor finishing from an otherwise clinical Crusaders frontline?), but with his defence withering in the face of a relentless assault from the Army, it wasn't long before goals 4 and 5 were etched forever in the fixture's memory. The referee, looking at the state of play (or his watch) blew for half time. Oranges and a much needed team-talk would ensue.

No one really knows the secrets to a great team talk, but whatever was said amongst the MPs at half time seemed to have had an effect. A strong start surprised the Crusaders, who were unable to stop a spirited rally from the Parliamentary team, conceding on 55 minutes. John Donaldson, the man in-between the sticks for the Crusaders would have to wait another day for his clean-sheet bonus.

Undeterred, the Crusaders forged ahead, finishing from close range after some poor defending to make it 6-1. Like two boxers swinging in the 50th round, both sides continued to exchange blows in frantic end-to-end play. The Crusaders, already up on their previous result against Parliament went in for the knockout blow, making it 7 and officially a 'thumping'.

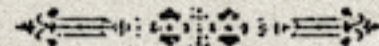
But the MPs weren't done yet, and with a bit of sting left in their tail, they rallied late on, having a dipping shot cleared off the line by a Crusader head before finally striking right at the death to make it 7-2.

The referee blew for full time, putting an end to one of the darkest days in the history of the UK Parliamentary Football team. Still, they could claim that in the second half it was only 2-2. Football, however, is about victory, and bragging rights, with both belonging to the Army Crusaders at the end of 90 minutes. Both teams left the pitch to handshakes and applause, heading to some well-earned lunch after another great game in what is fast becoming a highlight in the football calendar.

THE END

KEEP OFF THE GRASS!

THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY
COMPANY AND CRICKET MATCHES IN
THE EARLY EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

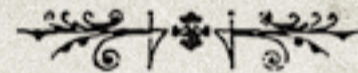


Long before the Marylebone Cricket Club (MCC) was established in 1787, cricket was being played, although not necessarily encouraged, on the Honourable Artillery Company's Artillery Garden, located just outside the City of London.

The growth of the game of cricket before 1675 has been traced to the counties of Kent, Sussex and Surrey, although its origins and name remain hazy. By the early 1700s, the game had spread to London and matches in the Capital became increasingly frequent.

The first reference to cricket being played on the Artillery Garden is found in HAC records as early as 7 October 1725, when a minute notes that *'The Court took into consideration the abuse which Mr Robinson had done to the Herbage of the Ground by permitting Horses to be Rode and Breathed in the said Ground and also by Cricket Players'*. This is a reference to Nathaniel Robinson who gave his address as being *'at the Swan by the Artillery Ground'* on his admission to the Company in 1719.

The local press of the late 1730s and the 1740s contains many references to more cricket matches being played on the Artillery Garden, including some with heavy betting, whilst the earliest match for which scores are recorded was that on the Artillery Garden between Kent and All England in 1744, and which was won by the Kentish side.



THE SERIOUS PART: HAC1537

The HAC1537 fund is a new charitable partnership between the HAC and The Soldiers' Charity - the National Charity of the British Army. Drawing inspiration from the HAC's founding year, the partnership exists with the intent to raise significant funds, which will help every cap badge in the British Army, including the HAC - read about the support they gave to HAC veteran Harry Molineaux (right hand side). The Soldiers' Charity gives grants to individuals and provides funding to other specialist charities, which help support the wider Army family.

The two organisations will be collaborating on a number of fundraising events and activities over the next two years as part of the partnership, and there will also be the opportunity for HAC members to get involved in some of The Soldiers' Charity external events, such as the Virgin Money London Marathon and the Frontline Walk.

All money raised will go towards the overall total, with a target of £500,000 being set, but individuals will be rewarded for their own fundraising efforts - raise £153.70 and you'll receive a limited edition HAC1537 pin badge; raise £1,537 and you'll be given a very exclusive HAC1537 tie (or scarf). There will also be other rewards and benefits to members, including invitations to special events like Beating Retreat on Horse Guards or a very exclusive summer garden party in 2017.

To date, a fantastic £20,000 has been raised by the partnership, but this Christmas the HAC are asking all members to go that extra step further, and show their support by making a donation of £153.70 to help work towards the fundraising target. Together, we can provide a lifetime of support to soldiers, veterans and their families.

STRENGTH AND PEACE FOR HAC VETERAN

In March, the HAC said farewell to one of its oldest veterans, Harry Molineaux, who passed away just a few weeks away from celebrating his 105th birthday.

Born in 1910, Harry served with the Seventh Armoured Division in WW2 and saw action as a gunner in Egypt, Libya, Palestine and South Africa. He was a regular and popular visitor to Armoury House and a life-long Arsenal supporter.

From 2006, he lived at the Queen Alexandra Hospital Home (QAHH) through support from a yearly grant from The Soldiers' Charity that allowed Harry to live out his days with independence and dignity.

To donate, or for more information on the partnership, please visit www.soldierscharity.org/hac or contact Bernie Critchley on 020 7811 3201 or bcritchley@soldierscharity.org

ABF The Soldiers' Charity is a charity registered in England and Wales (1146420) and in Scotland (SC039189). Registered as a company limited by guarantee in England and Wales (07974609) Registered Office: Mountbarrow House, 6-20 Elizabeth Street, London SW1W 9RB. Tel: 020 7901 8900. Email: fundraising@soldierscharity.org