WE ARE IN!

We are delighted to announce that The Soldiers’ Charity has completed basic training and is ready to enter the RHS Chelsea Flower Show 2014. Despite a number of lapses which resulted in ‘dropping and giving 20’ including one notable incident where a small explosive device was used instead of an excavator, we have passed and have earned our stripes.

We have been entrenched in our studies learning that plants don’t grow underwater, the common garden wasp is a more than worthy adversary and that flowers have sillier names than Generals. All barbed wire has been banned on health and safety grounds, sandbags are not suitable for building water features, and despite our best efforts you cannot gaffer tape trees back together.

It has been a long tour of duty, come see what we have achieved and we look forward to welcoming you all.

We are proud to join the ranks of General Titchmarsh, Platoon Sergeant Cleve West and the Italian One in having our own garden ready to stand for inspection.

STEPHEN FRY WRITES

As the grandson (on my Mother’s side) of a successful, highly decorated and even more decorative General who distinguished himself in what was to become known as the First World War, perhaps it is time that this whole notion of “lions led by donkeys” is put to rest and the record set straight.

The general staff, as exemplified by Grandpapa Melchett (who sadly died in a shouting accident just twenty years before I was born) were serious and dedicated men and women. Well men, but one has to add “women” these days or one gets a bollocking on twitter. It was perhaps the last era in British history where respect was unquestioningly given to those whose moustaches, swagger sticks and airs of authority demanded it.

My grandfather was a professional soldier, having cut his teeth and once by accident his batman’s carotid artery, in the colonial wars that included the Boer War and the Mahdi uprising, which saw him take part in the last cavalry charge in British military history at Omdurman under Kitchener, a successful and dashing assault in which the young Winston Churchill also participated.

A man whose bark was infinitely better than his bite. Grandpapa was promoted swiftly out of the way of actual field combat and it was behind a desk, poring over a map and pouring out a good claret that he found his true talent and vocation. He inspired those under him to extraordinary feats of daring and exemplary acts of sacrifice. Yet throughout his life after the war he always maintained that, despite his experience quartered in Château Vieuxcul-du-Romarre, he would happily undergo the experience of the Great War again.

What a man. What a legend. Before they made him they broke the mould. There will never be another Sir Anthony Cecil Hogmanay Melchett. Or will there? It is rumoured that his kind still stalks the corridors of the Ministry of Defence and the Combined Service College. I do hope so.

FLOWER OF THE DAY

Cornus candensis

The ‘creeping dogwood’ is most commonly found at the edges of moist woodlands. Native to the New World, Cornus candensis was used in traditional Native American medicine, taken internally or applied as a poultice to reduce the potency of poisons. Not to be brought inside. Chews the furniture. Partial to slippers and postmen.

* Text costs your donation; ensure plan network charge. ABF The Soldiers’ Charity receives 100% of your donation. Obtain all prearrangements. Customer care 08448479800.
BREAKING NEWS!!!
The Flower Show Will Be Over By Christmas!

Exhaustive actions and research from the Intelligence Corps has lead to new reports that the 2014 RHS Chelsea Flower Show will be over by Christmas.

Judges, gardeners and RHS members were heartened by the news that they would be home with families by the New Year.

CHANGES TO STANDARD ISSUE RATION PACKS

The temporary (remember we’ll be home by Christmas) relocation to Chelsea has meant we’ve had to make some amendments to the standard ration pack.

Spam is unavailable so will be replaced with Jamon Iberico – please attempt to make best of this situation.

We have been forced to substitute “Bully and a biscuit” with Chateaubriand on Focaccia, with a cheeky virgin olive oil dressing.

The traditional Tot of Rum has gone but we are instead able to offer a dash of Laurent-Perrier while it might not be to all soldiers taste such a drop will give you the courage to face the crowds of Sloane Square. Should families back home wish to send a care package – Gin is always welcome though as per regulations must be drunk from a china tea cup.

Military Definitions *

Hooge ............... See Hell.
Quarter Master or Master Quarter, one or Q.M. { A bird of strange habits - when attacked covers itself with indents and talks backwards.
Rum ............... See Warrant Officers.
Dump ............... A collection of odds and ends, sometimes known as the Divisional Toyshop.
Hell ............... See Hooge.
Fokker ............ The name given by all infantry officers and men to any aeroplane that flies at a great height.
Adjutant ........... See grenades or birds.
Infantryman .......... An animal of weird habits, whose peculiarities have only just been discovered. It displays a strange aversion to light and lives in holes in the earth during the day, coming out at night seeking whom it may devour. In colour it assimilates itself to the ground in which it lives.
Grenades ........... These are used to cause annoyance to any luckless person who happens to be near them.
Birds ............... Are of two kinds only - The Carrier Pigeon (a delicacy for front line trenches), and the nameless untamed variety usually collected by junior officers.

LOVE AND WAR

ANON *

In the line a soldier's fancy
Oft may turn to thoughts of love.
But too hard to dream of Nancy
When the whizz-bangs sing above.

In the midst of some sweet picture
Vision of a love swept mind,
Bang! “A whizz-bang almost nicked yer!”

“Duck, yer blighter, are yer blind?”

Take the case of poor Bill Arris
Deep in love with Rosy Gret.
So forgot to grease his tooties,
Stayed outside and got "trench feet"

Then remember old Tom Stoner,
Ponder on his awful fate,
Always writing to his Donah,
Lost his rum 'cos 'e was late.

Then again there is 'Arty' Atkins
Stopped to dream at Gordon Farm.
Got a 'blighty' found his Polly,
Walking out on Johnson's Arm.

 Plenty more of such examples
I could give had I but time
War on tender feeling tramples
H.E. breaks up thoughts sublime.

"Don't dream when you are near machine guns!"

Is the thing to bear in mind
Think of love when not between Huns
A snipers quick and love is blind.

RUPERT CARY
WORLD WAR ONE MEMOR

EXTRACTS FROM THE MEMOIRS OF MAJOR GENERAL RTO CARY, GRANDFATHER OF OUR GARDEN DESIGNER DESIGNER, CHARLOTTE ROWE

RUPERT TRISTRAM OLIVER CARY
17TH AUGUST 1890 - 9 SEPTEMBER 1980

The rats in the trenches were a filthy lot!
But I suppose that the most expert rat exterminator was my old harman who was a master at crawling out at night under the wire and stabbing the vermin with his bayonet.

There was one rat in particular that was known throughout the Company and rejoiced in the name ‘Humpy’. He had a hump on his back relative to the size of that of a camel.

There was not a single soul in the platoon who would have raised their finger against Humpy. He became almost a legend and I if did not enquire after the health of Humpy on my inspections down the trench Line, the troops would have been very,offended.

COMING THROUGH TODAY'S NO MAN'S LAND: CHRIS PARROTT

I was 18 when I first deployed with 2nd Battalion, The Mercian Regiment in 2007. While on tour, a bullet shattered my leg in a battle that claimed the lives of two of my mates and injured 16 other soldiers. I was evacuated back to the UK and went through rehab at Headley Court. I was able to return to active service and went back to Afghanistan for a second tour in 2009.

I was injured again when fragments of a grenade got through the gap between my helmet and glasses. I remember blood dripping down my face and I could think was not ----- again. Luckily operations to repair the damage were successful but I was medically discharged in 2011. I never wanted a desk job, I enjoy being outdoors, I got the chance to do a college course in Horticulture and The Soldiers’ Charity covered all of the essential costs.

It’s because of the this support that I’ve now got the skills to work on The Soldiers’ Charity’s garden at Chelsea. When you leave the Army, you have to adjust to a whole new way of life and I felt a bit lost and quite alone. But I soon found my way, thanks to the support of my family and The Soldiers’ Charity.

THE SERIOUS PART

While it’s all fun at the Chelsea Flower Show and it’s a great British trait to make light of serious situations ‘No Man’s Land’ was a terrifying place for soldiers during World War One.

Today’s reality is that any soldier, veteran or family member can find themselves in a kind of ‘No Man’s Land.’ The Soldiers’ Charity exists to support them in those times of greatest need.

The understanding that today, soldiers, can feel terrified when they leave the Army is very powerful, especially if they leave as the result of injury or redundancy. We are seeing an increasing demand for help with training and employment during the transition period between leaving the army and finding a new direction in life, and it is now that we as a Charity are stepping in to provide assistance.

TO SIGN UP TO RECEIVE YOUR DAILY WIPERS TIMES RELEASED EVERY MORNING DURING THE RHS CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW REGISTER AT WWW.SOLDIERSCHARITY.ORG/WIPERS

PLEASE HELP US SUPPORT THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE SERVED – VISIT WWW.SOLDIERSCHARITY.ORG

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The NO MAN’S LAND GARDEN AT THE RHS CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW 2014 IS SUPPORTED BY

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