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**Palestine**  
**Police Magazine**

July, 1936

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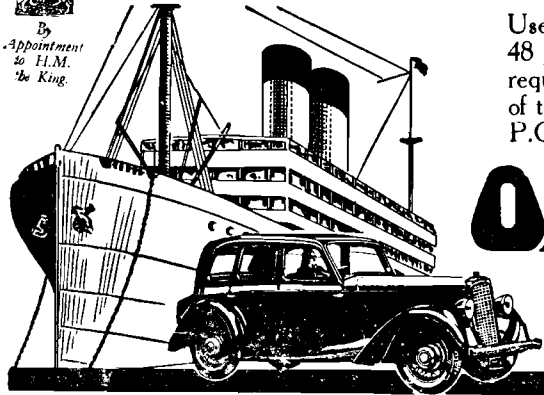
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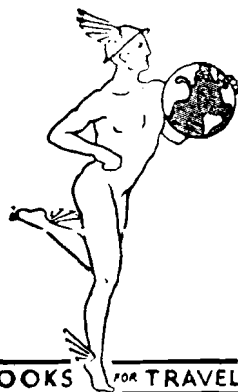
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# The Palestine Police Magazine

Published Monthly in Jerusalem by the Deputy Inspector-General, (C. I. D.)  
on behalf of the Inspector-General.

Vol. IV.

JULY, 1936

No. 7

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## Editorial and Personal

IT IS a matter of deep regret that these notes are penned while this country is still in a disturbed state. Mankind can, if it wants to, get used to anything, but we do not want to get used to the experiences of the last 11 weeks. By writing the above we suggest we make a suitable opening to express our firm conviction that no Police Force in the world would have stood up to things as this Force has done recently, and as it is still continuing to do.

Messrs. O'Rorke, Buttolph and Swain had their U.K. leave suddenly cut short, and received instructions to report back to duty as soon as possible. These instructions were carried out literally, and it was a case of swinging a cane in Piccadilly on one Thursday, and swinging a baton in Jerusalem the next Thursday. They returned to duty on June 4th. Mr. Barker received similar instructions, but as he was at Belgrade attending a Police Officer's conference, his arrival here was delayed somewhat, and he arrived back on the 14th June.

The Force has lost a very good friend by the retirement of Jarvis Bey, late Governor of Sinai. We wish him many pleasant days to come in his own country.

We offer our deepest sympathies to the family of the late Constable Khalaf Abdel Latif Idrissi, who lost his life in the gallant execution of his duty. He was one of a devoted and loyal family, who are headed in this Force by his cousin, Assistant Superintendent of Police, Faiz Eff. Idrissi.

We also offer our sympathy to the Seaforths in the sad loss of Sgt. Henry Sills and L/Cpl. Hunter, to the Cheshires in the death of Pte. Houltram, and to the Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment in the accidental death of one of their number.

We also deeply regret the death of Sgt. Fadel Rizkalla who died of natural causes, in the Government Hospital, Jerusalem on the 29th June.

We are glad to report that Captain Sigrist, Sgt. Reat and Constable Lendrum, though still on the "seriously ill" list are progressing favourably, as are also Constables Paton and McNeil. On learning that Constable Lendrum was ill, his mother and younger brother caught the next aeroplane from England to Gaza and are now staying in Jerusalem. Capt. and Mrs. Sigrist's cup of ill luck seems to be full, and we ask them to accept our sympathy in the sad loss of their infant daughter.

There appears to be a variety of names for the Herts and Beds Regt, for to our knowledge they have been called the "Herds and Bertis — as well as the "Bed in Heart". We understand their army soubriquet is "The Peacemakers". They would now appear to have one of those jobs which are called "permanent and punishable!"

Force Cricket seems to be flourishing in Jerusalem. The Depot and Jerusalem XI have played several successful matches, but had their colours lowered by the "Dorsets". In an all day match between a Force XI and this Regt., the previous defeat was well wiped out.

It appears unfortunate that with the penchant the army authorities have for abbreviations, that the old R.A.F. Headquarters is now known as "Headquarters British Force in Palestine and Trans-Jordan"!

An amusing experience recently befell a special constable, well known throughout the Force. He was sitting on his verandah, after a spell of "special duty", and for some reason or other had to return to his police station. Whilst there a telephone call was received from a settlement in the area to the effect that a big fire could be seen blazing. Our worthy "special" volunteered to go with the regular police, and lend a helping hand. On arriving at the house of the person who had telephoned, the fire was pointed out to the party, which then went to the scene. Much to the amazement of our "special" the "fire" was in the garden of his next door neighbour, who was burning garden rubbish.

We congratulate Const. Viall on his appointment as an Assistant Inspector of Police Tanganyika. Viall, during his service

here, was a tower of strength to the Force Cricket XI, and his batting was always "pretty to watch".

There is not much humour floating about at Headquarters nowadays, but we recently received a letter asking for authority to purchase an axe. The letter amongst other things said. "This axe is urgently required in connection with the defence of the..... police station". The office humourist (not the Quartermaster!) completed the letter by adding "Presumably "Red Indian" mode of warfare taking place in this area"!!

We congratulate those officers, Inspectors, and other ranks whose promotions have recently been gazetted, and wish them all success in their new appointments.

We also congratulate Sergt. H. McLeod and Constable G. H. Rance on the award of the Medal of the British Empire for gallantry. These awards were made in connection with the operations last November in the Jenin area. It is not generally known that recipients of this Medal for gallantry may place after their names the letters E.G.M. These letters signify "Empire Gallantry Medal."

Sub-Inspector W.H. Mulcock, the Ceylon Police has just passed out of the Ceylon Police Training School, and is now starting on a ten weeks' course of instructions in the Colombo Divisional Headquarters.

The Inspector-General of The Ceylon Police, Sir H.L. Dowbiggin, C.M.G., reports that he gets on well with all ranks and has done well in drill, law and Force Orders, and has taken an interest in all games and boxing. We hope that Mackie, Rutland, Imrie and Temple will do as well as Mulcock.

We have heard from Major A. Saunders now I.G. Nigeria, who has been travelling a great deal, but who has not yet seen the whole of his new territory. He writes that he is sorry that he is not with us in our troubles.

## The Cricket Ball Sings.

Leather — the heart o'me, leather — the rind o'me,  
O but the soul of me's other than that !  
Else, should I thrill as I do so exultingly  
Climbing the air from the thick of the bat ?

Leather — the heart o'me : ay, but in verity  
Kindred I claim with the sun in the sky.  
Heroes, bow all to the little red ball,  
And bow to my brother ball blazing on high.

Pour on us torrents light, good Sun,  
Shine in the hearts of my cricketers, shine ;  
Fill them with gladness and might, good Sun  
Touch them with glory, O Brother of mine,  
Brother of mine,  
Brother of mine !  
We are the lords of them, Brother and Mate,  
I but a little ball, thou but a Great.

Give me the bowler whose fingers embracing me  
Tingle and throb with joy of the game,  
One who can laugh at a smack to the boundary,  
Single of purpose and steady of aim.  
That is the man for me : striving in sympathy,  
Ours is a fellowship sure to prevail.  
Willow must fall in the end to the ball—  
See, like a tiger I leap for the bail.

Give me the fieldsman whose eyes never stray from me,  
Eager to clutch me, a roebuck in pace:  
Perish the unalert, perish the "Buttery,"  
Perish the laggard I strip in the race.  
Grand is the ecstasy soaring triumphantly,  
Holding the gaze of the meadow is grand,  
Grandest of all to the soul of the ball  
Is the finishing grip of the honest brown hand.

Give me the batsman who squanders his force on me,  
 Crowding the strength of his soul in a stroke ;  
 Perish the muff and the little in Shrewsbury,  
 Meantly contented to pötter and poke.  
 He who would pleasure me, he must do doughtily, -  
 Bruises and buffetings stir me like wine.  
 Giants, come all, do your worst with the ball,  
 Sooner or later you're mine, sirs, you're mine.

Pour on us torrents of light, good Sun,  
 Shine in the hearts of my cricketers, shine,  
 Fill them with gladness and might, good Sun,  
 Touch them with glory, O Brother of mine,  
 Brother of mine,  
 Brother of mine ;  
 We are the lords of them, Brother and Mate :  
 I but a little ball, thou but a Great.

E.V. LUCAS.

It gives us much pleasure to announce the transfer of British Constable E.O. Viall to Tanganyika on promotion to the rank of assistant inspector.

British Constable Viall joined the Force on the 31st October 1931, since then has served in various parts of the country employed in executive work and also in the Laboratory at C.I.D. Headquarters.

British Constable Viall is a class cricketer and during the 1933,34 and 35 seasons was the opening bat for the Force.

We feel sure that all our readers will join us in congratulating British Constable Viall and in wishing him every success in his new career.

## Cricket

THE Palestine Police Force XI, played their first game of the Season on Sunday June 28th. against the 2nd. Battalion The Dorsetshire Regiment and the game resulted in a victory for the Police by the decisive margin of 177 runs.

The Dorsetshire Regiment had come to Palestine with a big reputation in the cricket world and following upon their defeat of the Depot and District XI the previous week by six wickets it was expected that the present match would fully extend the full strength of the Force but the result proved that fine a side as the Police have been in the past, it is going to take an extraordinarily strong XI to lower their colours.

It must be admitted however that the Regiment were given a very gruelling time in a hot sun for 3½ hours while the Police ran up 250 runs for the loss of only 4 wickets but when the Regiment took their innings they never at any time looked like getting the runs and were dismissed for the very meagre total of 73, Fletcher and Johnston doing all the damage, their averages reading 5 for 25 and 5 for 17 respectively. It is a doubtful point whether the result would have been different if the Regiment had taken first knock on winning the toss.

Mr. Swain with 75 and Meikle with 70 not out were outstanding in the batting list while Lawrence and Young who opened the innings and stayed together until 50 was reached, certainly took the sting out of the bowling.

### SCORES :

#### *The Palestine Police.*

Lawrence	c. Mr. Carter b. Major Woodhouse	29
Young	b. Mr. Carter	31
Mr. Swain	b. Wheeler	75
Meikle	not out	70
Armstrong	b. Wheeler	0
Price	not out	28
	Extras	17
	Total	<u>250</u>

Mr. Spicer, Riley, Clarke, Fletcher and Johnston did not bat.

*2nd. Battn The Dorsetshire Regiment.*

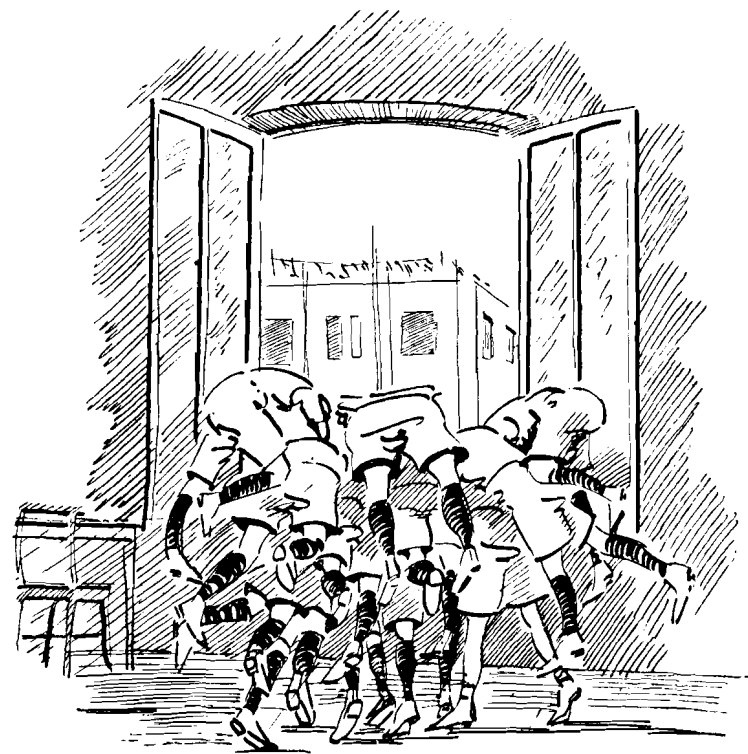
Mr. Jones	b. Fletcher	8
Mr. Carter	c. Mr. Swain b. Johnston	19
Mr. Bredin	lbw. b. Fletcher	2
Mr. Tarrant	b. Johnston	5
Capt. Hewitt	b. Johnston	11
Major Woodhouse	b. Fletcher	0
Cpl. Jackson	c. Fletcher b. Johnston	0
Sgt. Doughty	lbw. b. Fletcher	0
Cpl. Jacques	b. Fletcher	5
Nutt	c. Fletcher b. Johnston	0
Wheeler	not out	2
	Extras	21
	Total	73

**OTHER RESULTS.**

Depot and District XI defeated The Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire Regiment by five wickets.

Depot and District XI defeated Royal Air Force, Jerusalem by six wickets

Depot and District XI lost to The 2nd. Battn. The Dorsetshire Regiment by six wickets.



The Strenuous Life of a Traffic Policeman

On a certain evening last month a doctor presented the personnel of the Traffic Section Jerusalem with such a nice Mills bomb which he had found on his door step. The pin had been removed and the lever was flapping. The traffic police present, very unmannerly, which is unlike them, did not stop to thank the doctor for his gift but left by the quickest means which appeared to be the window.

Now this is not a picture of their hurried exit although it is a picture of the same traffic police. This is just an ordinary scene of any Friday night in that very popular new billet which has such a good outlook. It's summer of course and warm, and windows must be left open. Friday is bath night in the neighbourhood and we are told, so far we have not been honoured by the Traffic Section with an invitation for Friday night, that the younger element among the neighbours have definitely other attractions than their eyes.



## Per Ardua.

IN life's journey, if fortune is kind, you will pass along sidewalks rich in the harmonious blooms of tradition and it is with reluctance that you quit them for the bare concrete highway as devoid of sentiment as concrete is of beauty.

If you believe that tradition is a Tory octopus whose constitutional tentacles reach out to strangle progress, you are a poor historian and a worse student of human nature.

For even Sir Charles Oman, that master of English fiction had to call tradition to his aid in order to fill the academic gaps in his concise History of England. And Sigmund Freud, eminent psychoanalyst, had to fight tradition tooth and nail to gain recognition from the faculty of Medicine which bituerto had scoffed at psychoanalysis as the prostitute of their fraternity.

Tradition preserves all that is finest in a race. It invests the past in a mantle of dignity. It brings faith and courage to the present and is the Lode Stone of the future. It stands adamant against rash speculation in a frenzied world which perforce must try anything new because nothing remains of the old.

England is the anachronism of the twentieth century. The world may well gape amazed at a country whose eminently practical citizens permit the survival of institutions, medieaval in their foundation and frequently in their discharge of office, and then prosper in spite of them.

Other nations trumpeting like elephants amid the havoc of their monarchies cast aside tradition when they peeled off their imperial tunics and fared forth in the shirts of the proletariat whence their leaders came. Some of the leaders fell in the economic struggle but a few survived to catch the public imagination like the snatch of a popular song. Their hard won democracy gave place to an oligarchy which usurped more power than had the kings and princes whom it had deposed for they did not demand the allegiance of souls as well as bodies.

And because the people had not yet learnt to do without relaxation, they were scourged with political programs and hysterical propaganda — a pitiful compromise for the simple enjoyment which an innocuous pageantry could no longer provide.

We have observed them from our haven of sanity; tramping along with tired, haunted eyes too proud to admit delusionment. Millions of marching men actuated by a single brain, a frankenstein monster made in a decade, directing their footsteps to eternity.

Men have lived and died for tradition because in truest form it seemed to them a manifestation of the purpose of life; an ideal for which they were proud to die.

We dare not renounce tradition and the things it stands for unless we wish to tread the path which leads to hell.

Can our navy forget its illustrious sailors who carried the British flag across the seven seas in brigantine and cruiser; or our army its battle honours won by the steadfastness of its squares at Waterloo and canonised in Flanders?

Are our famous statesmen, poets and dramatists dead in fact, dead in memory also?

Patriotism is a dangerous quality when upholstered in barbarons trappings and put together without the mortar of tradition because the whole edifice will surely collapse at the passing of its architect.

And this brings me to our own doorstep.

Our service is a young service and I have heard thoughtless people say hard things about us — engendered by the intolerance of old age for the inexperience of youth. They deplore our lack of the manifold virtues enjoyed by elder brethren. Albeit, our critics are, in a measure, true critics. Because, in diagnosis we find that tradition and esprit de corps are germane. Neither can bear fruit without the other and of the twain, the latter is the parent body.

There is a quality altogether splendid in blazing a trail whether it be through the tangled undergrowth of Australian Mallee or the complexity of the political jungles which infest this country.

And as we go, let us eschew the science known universally as 'giving the baby to some one else to carry'.

A police force is dependent upon individual rather than collective action and there are times when each has to make a decision for himself unaided by precedent. Success may well depend upon the rapidity with which we assess the situation: if we fail through an error in judgement; well that were better than sitting down to wait for someone else with a little more backbone to show us the way and almost certainly rendering any subsequent action ineffectual through our own supine procrastination.

The traditions we need are made by idealists, not mercenaries with their swords for hire.....Mr. Biographer.

But tradition alone is not enough. You may harness life's wagon to tradition but don't expect to be pulled over all manner of obstacles. Only place endeavour alongside it in the traces and you may ride beyond the sunset.

EGO.

---

### Naval And Military Parades.

---

Naval and military centres at home celebrated the King's birthday with the customary ceremonial. At Portsmouth all ships were dressed overall, including those of the U.S. midshipmen's practice squadron now visiting the port. Royal salutes were fired by the Navy, the Garrison, and the American warships.

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*Extract from the Official Communique No. of the June.*

.....During the night of the 10th and the early morning of the 11th rifle fire was directed at the Jewish Colony of Mikor Haim by Arabs lying among the hills in the vicinity of Safafa. The firing, which continued for some considerable time, was finally silenced by counter firing from Police Patrols. There were no casualties among the Police but it is believed several Arabs were hit.....

## The Battle of Mikor Haim.

---

'Ere is a tale of a night in June,  
Lit by the light of a full time moon,  
Blotched nah and then, when a wind, blowin' 'igh'  
Kept chasin' the clauds across the sky.  
One moment, flood lit the rock strewn grahd,  
So you could see for miles arahnd,  
The next: well, talk abaht Egypt's night!  
Tike it from me that were blinkin' bright  
Compared wiy the dark that strook yer blind  
And got at yer next in file be'ind,  
'Oo could never be sure, when tikin' stock,  
If 'e was up agin you or a rock.

We knew that the foe lay out in front,  
We was all of us ready to bear the brunt  
Of any fightin' there 'ad to be  
Though, speakin' frank, it appeared to me  
That the blighter in charge 'ad got it wrong  
When 'e kept repeatin' 'is battle song :-  
"Shoot when ye mark the white o' their eyes"  
"See that the blighter ye shoot at dies".

The form I 'ad got from the orders was :-  
'Ave some respect for the rebels' cause :  
You're 'ere to please both Arab and Jew,  
Be kind to the blokes, so they don't 'ate you :

And : You're 'ere to be shot at, not to shoot ;  
 'Avin' 'eard of that I 'ad got at the root,  
 The stem and the bud and the perishin' flower,  
 The secret of 'Dear old England's power !!

'Avin' swallowed the 'ole, you've the scene and the time  
 When we fought the battle of Mikor Haim.

A day 'ad come you must understand,  
 When the "Status Quo" in the 'oly Land  
 'Ad fixed itself in a steady run  
 Of bombin' and shootin', till hevery one.  
 From the I.G.P. to the larst joined Cop.  
 Kept shahtin' alahd it 'ad got to stop.

Nah, bombin' and shootin' for such as we  
 Was the bread and butter we'd 'ad to tea  
 When, nigh on seventeen years before,  
 In that self sime land and a bloodier war,  
 We 'ad thrown our bombs and packed our guns  
 In a manner befittin' Britanier's sons.

You've eard the tale of the old cab 'oss,  
 Wot give 'is ruddy mane a toss  
 And broke the strap of 'is old 'ead stall  
 When 'e eard the sound of the bugle call :  
 Ho, that was nuffink to our delight,  
 'Oo 'ad featured in many a 'ard won fight,  
 When we got a call (we 'ad 'ad before)  
 To join the Special Constabulary Corps.

All of a 'undred strong were we,  
 Used to fightin' as you could see,  
 From the way we buckled our armlets on  
 And blew our whistles in echelon,  
 True we was mixed' there was some of us  
 That 'adnt been long wivout a nuss ;  
 There was men wiv 'air as white as snow,  
 Nearin' the plice where the best men go.

There was nuffink we could'nt do or say—  
 In a manner of speakin'—any day ;  
 Nuffink we was'nt expected to do  
 So long as the job did'nt start till two :  
 An eight hour spell at drivin' a pen  
 In a Station Diary nah and then,  
 Bookin' a Constable out to tea  
 And bookin' 'im in again, ye see ;  
 Pickin' up tacks off a dusty street,  
 Muckin' abaht where two roads meet ;  
 Searchin' the cars in a taxi rank,  
 Guardin' the ledgers in Barclay's Bank ;  
 Always lookin' rahnd for a row,  
 Never meetin' one any old how ;  
 Always ready, birt never there,  
 When the old balloon went up in the air ;

*But one thing 'appened to s'ave our name :  
 We fought in the battle of Mikor Haim.*

Did we do the job on our own ? ho no,  
 There was Regulars tikin' part in the show,  
 Nah, these Regulars 'adnt seen no war  
 Such as we Specials 'ad years before ;  
 It were'nt the fault of the young B.C.  
 That 'e never 'ad killed 'is man, like me ;  
 Give 'im his due, 'e played the game,  
 The way 'e'd been taught, when the right time caime  
 And takin' it broad, w'otever you say,  
 'E 'elped us to win the fight that day.

Not all of the S.O.S.C. Corps  
 Was keen on the deadly perils of war :  
 True, we was out to do our spell,  
 But, sittin' just hover the mouth of Hell  
 Is a game that appeals to very few ;  
 For myself, I prefers the distant view :  
 But, 'ere was danger right enuf,  
 Honest to Gawd, real 'ero stuff :

Was there one of the craud dismayed  
 When arst by the Chief if he'd be afraid  
 To tike 'is part in the 'orrible gaime ?  
 No, not at the battle of Mikor Haim.

There's some of the men 'oo fought that fight  
 Sittin' among us 'ere to night;  
 Honour says I, to 'oom honour is due,  
 And its honly right that such as you  
 Should tike orf yer 'ats to men like these,  
 'Oo kept their 'eads when a vertical breeze  
 Froze their toenails and combed their 'air—  
 I speaks for myself, for I was there.

There was Jerry Masson from Adelaide,  
 One of the old Light 'orse Brigade;  
 "Gawd strike me lucky" its men like' im  
 Is the start and the end of a battle 'ymn;  
 "By cripes" you've the Saints in 'eaven to thank  
 When you 've men like Jerry on either flank;  
 Steeped in the bloodiest kind of gore,  
 There was nuffink 'e did'nt know abaht war.

There was Jacky Freeman, calm and cool,  
 Wot 'ad done 'is bit in a transport pool;  
 'E was mikin' a fortune sellin' cars,  
 When 'e 'eard the call of the red God Mars ;  
 Did 'e carry on in 'is blinkin' shop ?  
 No, 'e volunteered as a Special Cop.

There was Bintley and Moss and 'Arvey and me,  
 'Arf of Pudsey's P.W.D.;  
 While, well be'ind, was a bloke naimed Dess  
 'Oo called 'imself boss of the S.O.S.

There was Boering and Woodeson, fresh from school,  
 Wiv a first for blood that was somethink crool;  
 We kept them in front, for a .30?  
 Was better a'ead it seemed to me,  
 Wot 'ad watched them learnin' the use of the saime  
 On the eve of the battle of Mikor Haim.

Added to us there was nine or ten  
 Of the soundest cream of Spicer's men;  
 British Constables, ready to die  
 For Gawd and the King — and the old school tie.  
 Honour again to 'oom honour is due,  
 You'll search the 'ole of the wide World through  
 And never you'll meet a better crahd  
 Than that band of 'eroes, it mikes me prahd  
 To think 'ow together we played the gaime  
 When we fought the battle of Mikor Haim.

Nah, presumin' you've got the details right  
 I'll get dahn to describin' that fearful fight:  
 Discardin' the blood that might ha' been shed  
 Till it painted the 'ole of the landscape red;  
 The bits of us that might ha' been found,  
 Strewin' the rocks of that barren grahd  
 If the struggle 'ad lasted till Curfew time  
 On the battle field of Mikor Haim.

There was firin' in front and, away on the left,  
 Pink white flashes the darkness cleft ;  
 Each one signallin' certain death,  
 Each one mikin' you hold your breath,  
 Fearin' the message was meant for you  
 (There was such a 'ell of a lot of em too)  
 'Strewth, the number of times I died  
 In the orful surge of that battle tide !

There was Sergt. Miller from north of the Tweed,  
 No need to tell of 'is type and breed,  
 When 'e kept us silent for fear the loss  
 Of ammunition would vex 'is boss.  
 Yes, 'e kept us quiet in that murderin' fire  
 Placid as cows in 'is highland byre,  
 Till 'e felt our moral was gettin' low  
 Awaitin' attack from an unseen foe :  
 Then 'e hups and, curbin' 'is clansman's yell,  
 Says, quiet like, "nah lads you can fire as well".

Did we hopen fire ? well, I've a 'unch  
 There warnt a lad in that ruddy bunch  
 That did'nt let orf five 'undred rahnd,  
 (Hin for a penny hin for a pahnd)  
 Gawd ! it was fine to see the way  
 We 'andled our .303's that day.  
 "Day" says you, "But you said it were night"  
 Well, it seemed to me all of a noontide bright,  
 For the flashes that lit hup that little spore  
 Was the Crystal Palace - and then some more.

Then Sergt. Miller says " 'Old your 'and,"  
 "I wont 'ave yer firin' another rahnd,"  
 "This waste of powder's a ruddy crime ;  
 "Get hon wiv the battle of Mikor Haim".

'E detailed some to a forward sap  
 And two of us, flirtin' wiv death may 'ap,  
 Crawled out, each prayin' to Gawd for 'is soul,  
 Till 'e tumbled into a quarry 'ole.

Its a 'orrible death when yer all alone,  
 Countin' the sins wot are bred in the bone  
 And come out in the flesh against yer will,  
 Its never no good sayin' "peace be still",  
 Its never no good sayin' "Gawd and the King"  
 "Made it my duty to faice this thing : "  
 "This shatterin' death wots comin' to me"  
 "This orful thought : - 'ow long will it be ?

But Jerry and me, lyin' side by side, -  
 Our Country's 'ope and our Country's pride, -  
 'E wrung my 'and wiv a quiverin' sigh,  
 And me ? I kissed 'im a long good bye !

We 'ad reckoned the henemy all along  
 At nuffink short of 2000 strong ;  
 We knew the quarry was cover enuf  
 So long as they kept on Safafa Bluff :  
 Three thousand yards out, both left and a'ead :  
 But Jerry, 'e mnttered "I'm sore afraid"

"The blighters will move along to the right"  
 "And henfalade us from Katamon 'eight".

The words 'adut 'ardly left 'is lips,  
 When out on the right where the pine wood dips,  
 We sees some flashes, rahnd nine or ten,  
 And Jerry 'e whispers. "They've got us again".  
 Then 'e raises 'is sights another mile  
 And pumps a magazine through in style,  
 Cursin' the sods that were makin' it 'ot  
 For 'im and me in our sheltered spot.

Nah we 'adnt come out not a biscuit throw  
 From our main reserve in the Colony Row,  
 And Sergt. Miller 'e sees the plan  
 Wot Jerry was mikin' to get 'is man.  
 Strite 'e lets out an orful yell,  
 Consignin' the Light 'orseman to Hell.  
 You see, 'e 'ad 'eard by telephone  
 That a bloke called 'Egerty, all hon 'is own  
 Might be playin' a gime of cat and mouse  
 In the country lyin' in front of 'is 'ouse,  
 And 'e knew that the plice where the battle lours  
 Was a paradise for 'is leisure hours.

But Jerry 'e just kept blazin' away  
 At the spot where 'reckoned the henemy lay.  
 No thought of murder was in 'is 'eart  
 'E only felt 'e was playin' 'is part;  
 And there weren't no time for reason nor rhyme  
 When we fought in the battle of Mikor Haim.

But the Sergt. 'e felt 'e was right for the drop  
 If 'e could'nt get rough riding Jerry to stop.  
 The bullets was whinin' their flight across  
 The space between : that biscuit toss,  
 That lane of death, that canyon wild  
 Wot kept 'im apart from 'is wilful child.

So 'e called for a man and hevery one  
 Of our gallant Constables parks 'is gun  
 And says "I begs of you, Sir, send me",  
 For I've only one death to die you see",  
 And if there be death in that orful gap  
 Wot lies between me and the forward sap,  
 My Mother will know 'ow her 'ero lad  
 Was killed defendin' the dear old flag".

Then a British Constable, nime of Jim, -  
 All glory and honour will come to 'im -  
 Was choosen by Miller from out them all  
 To answer that special duty call.  
 And did 'e answer it? Why arsk me?  
 'E crossed that gap as hif goin' to tea  
 And though 'e talked like a bleeding torf  
 'E told old Jerry where 'e got orf.  
 But Jerry, 'e says "You get up that hill"  
 "And tell the blighter 'e'll get 'is fill  
 Of 'olesome lead from my .303  
 If 'e dont stop drorin' a bead on me"

\* \* \*

Jim 'adnt no need to pass the tip  
 To 'Egerty up at the pine tree dip ;  
 For, whether the henemy's eyes 'ad seen  
 The nonchalant air, the gallant mien  
 Of Constable Jim, as 'e walked along,  
 Disdainin' the 'um of the bullet's song ;  
 Or whether our fire 'ad killed them all,  
 As you might 'ave thought from the smokey pall  
 That covered the 'ole of that wind swept land  
 On which they 'ad made such a desperate stand ;  
 Or whether they'd come to the end of their stock  
 Of powder and shot; or the blinkin' clock  
 'Ad chimed the call to their mornin' prayer  
 And took their attention away elsewhere;  
 Whatever the reason, the moon was drahned  
 In the mornin' mist, and the daily rahnd

Of old King Sol 'ad just begun  
 When the battle of Mikor Haim was done.  
 Done to frazzel, as you might say,  
 For, 'owever it appened, we'd won the day.

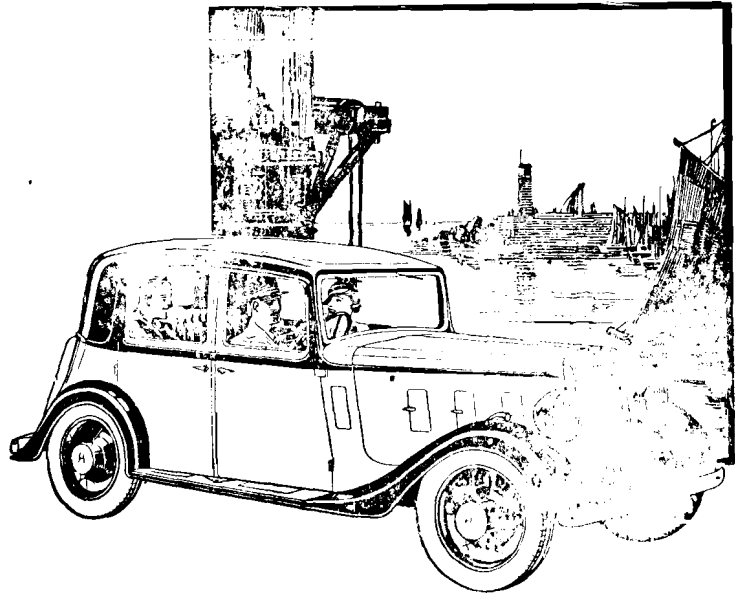
We 'adnt no dead to carry 'ome  
 Nor wounded to ship across the foam  
 For to tell the people in London Tahn  
 Just 'ow we 'ad cooked the henemy brahn.

Ten thousands of them and us a score.  
 Such odds 'ave never been known before;  
 Small wonder the paipers never revealed  
 The number of Dead picked up on that field,  
 But, countin' wot we saw carried away  
 When the Arabs retreated at break of day,  
 I reckon the toll, all said and done  
 At a 'undred of them to our hevery one.

\* \* \*

You've 'eard of the charge of the Light Brigade,  
 You've 'eard of the stand our soldiers made  
 When they faced the foe in a thin red line  
 That never was broke ; That's all very fine  
 And interesting readin', the sort of thing  
 That gives the poets a song to sing ;  
 But me, 'oo never was taught to write,  
 I've told the tale of an 'e - man's fight  
 That should stir the blood and go dahn in faime  
 As the 'orrible battle of Mikor Haim.

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