

No.10 June 1928



THE IRON DUKE

*THE MAGAZINE OF
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGT
(WEST RIDING)*

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The
REGIMENTAL MAGAZINE
of the
DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S
REGIMENT
(WEST RIDING)

VOL. IV.

No. 10. JUNE, 1928.

Printed for the Regimental Committee by

LAWRENCE BROS. (Weston-super-Mare), Ltd., and Published for the Proprietors by Major Palmer, O.B.E.
39-43 Queen's Road, Bristol.

Members Association of Service Newspapers.

Advertising Agents for National Advertising Association of Service Newspapers, 1 Albemarle St., W.1.
For local advertisers, Advertising Manager.

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R. R. Mello

THE IRON DUKE

EDITORIAL.

SINCE our last issue the Nation has had to mourn the loss of Field-Marshal the Earl Haig of Bemersyde, K.T. The tribute paid to his services to the Empire is recorded in the Special Army Order of the 2nd February, which we reproduce on page 151; and the National Memorial for homes for disabled soldiers will perpetuate the work for ex-service men to which he gave so much of his time and thought until the day of his death.

Both the 1st and 2nd Battalions have been prominent in the world of sport. The 1st Battalion was, we may perhaps be permitted to say, rather unlucky to be beaten in the semi-finals of the Army Rugby Cup, after a hard-fought game. Lts. Browne and Faithfull again played for the Army rugby team during the season, and the former played for Ireland in all their International matches. We most heartily congratulate L/Cpl. Townend on gaining his cap in the Army rugby team, and we include a photograph of him opposite page 85. Of the many appreciations of his play in the inter-services matches in which he took part, the following from a report of the game against the Royal Air Force is perhaps one of the most distinctive:—"Still 8 points down and with the game showing signs of old age, the Air Force again recovered to the extent of snatching another unconverted try, but the last effort of all was made by the Army pack, one of whose members, L/Cpl. Townend, dashed over the goal-line at a speed that even Periton or 'Horsey' Browne might have been proud to show at the beginning, instead of at the end, of a singularly severe struggle in the scrummage." In Pte. Mills, whose photograph also appears in this number, the 1st Battalion have a boxer of merit.

In a rather different way the 2nd Battalion rugby team have been distinguishing themselves, not so much in the results of the play, though this has been successful, as in the fostering of the comradeship of sport and good feeling between the British Army and other nations. They have visited Sarawak, Siam, Penang, Perak, Selanger, and Saigon, the latter at the invitation and expense of the French Government. We imagine that no other regimental team has ever carried out such extensive tours. It would have been a good finish to the tour if Col. Pickering could have carried out his wish to send the team home on leave to play the 1st Battalion, but it was unfortunately impossible.

It is with deep regret that we have to record the death of Col. R. Taylor, T.D., who only recently relinquished the command of the 7th Battalion; an appreciation of his services is given in our obituary columns.

We congratulate Lt.-Col. R. Rippon, T.D., on his appointment to the command of the 5th Battalion, in place of Col. S. C. Brierly, D.S.O., T.D., who recently completed his four years in command.

We also congratulate Major J. W. Clark, T.D., on his appointment to the command of the 7th Battalion in place of the late Col. R. Taylor.

We fear that we may not have any further news from H.M.S. *Iron Duke* for some time to come, as the ship is proceeding to Devonport to undergo extensive repairs. We hope that the interesting letters which we have had up to date will continue as soon as she is in commission again.

This number sees the conclusion of the interesting and instructive series of articles by Col. J. A. C. Gibbs on the Regimental Colours, with their accompanying photographs. We feel we are voicing the thanks of our readers to Col. Gibbs in expressing our appreciation of the labours such accuracy of detail must have entailed. They constitute an historical record whose value will prove itself to all future generations of the Regiment.

On page 112 will be found a notice of the extension of the membership of the Regimental Dinner Club to all ex-officers of the Service Battalions of the Regiment. This seems to us not only eminently satisfactory but the logical fulfilment of that comradeship and *esprit-de-corps* that the Regiment prides itself on. We hope that all ex-officers of the Service Battalions, who are able, will not only join the Club, but attend the annual dinner.

We offer our sincere apologies to Mrs. Exham for the very regrettable mistake in her name printed below the photograph of her wedding, which appeared opposite page 17, and in the list of illustrations of our last issue. It should have read Miss J. E. S. Hamilton, instead of as given. In connection with this photograph, we are making a special award of five shillings to Pte. Eke, of the 2nd Battalion, who took the original snapshot. We hope that this recognition of merit will encourage others to send us snapshots of such a high standard.

We have been asked to correct the footnote to the article "How the 76th Regiment might have become Highlanders," on page 62 of our last issue. It should not read "A further effort to find a copy, etc," but "A further effort to find some possible trace of a reference in Command paper 493, etc."

We would draw the attention of our readers to the Information Page which immediately precedes the Frontispiece of this number. Enquiries are frequently received by the Treasurer and Business Manager on matters fully dealt with on this page. It would save both time and trouble if readers would study this page before writing.

The expansion of the magazine has again been made necessary by the large amount of material received, some of which has again to be held over. This increase in the number of pages and illustrations is made possible by the help of the 1st and 2nd Battalions.

As we go to press, the news has just reached us that the "Lamp of Remembrance," mentioned on page 45 of our last issue, is now in position in the Memorial Chapel in York Minster. It was dedicated by the Dean of York on Saturday, May 5th, and Major M. N. Cox, commanding the Depot, performed the ceremony of lighting it on behalf of the Colonel of the Regiment, who was unavoidably prevented from being present. A full account of the ceremony will appear in our next issue.

FRONTISPIECE.

COLONEL R. R. MELLOR, C.B.E., T.D., J.P., Hon. Colonel of the 7th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, joined the 2nd Volunteer Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment in January, 1888. He received his commission in the Battalion on 1st January, 1890, and served with it (it became the 7th Battalion D.W.R. in 1908) until 12th February, 1913, when, owing to pressure of business, he had to resign. He was then second-in-command of the Battalion.

Shortly after the outbreak of the Great War he raised and commanded the 2/7th Battalion of the Regiment, and subsequently served on the Staff. He was mentioned in despatches, and in June, 1919, was awarded the C.B.E.

On 21st November, 1922, he was appointed Hon. Colonel of the 7th Battalion, which appointment he still holds.

1st BATTALION NEWS.

IN the good old days, so it is said, the Army year was divided into three periods—leave, summer leave, and manœuvres. The last was a great opportunity for returning the hospitality, which you had received, or at any rate thought you ought to have received, during the season. You put all your guests in comfortable chairs on the top of a commanding hill, supplied them with iced drinks and what not, and then charged them at the point of the bayonet, with colours flying and bands playing. It was always fine weather, and lovely ladies in flounces and crinolines said, "How heroic!" *Eheu fugaces!* Things are so different now. The year seems to be split up into winter study, winter training, and training. All three are pursued mostly in a recumbent position, and manœuvres, when there are any, are always wet and very far from hospitable. Moreover, the machine gunners have absorbed one of what they are pleased to call the ordinary infantry companies. Letter "C" company, that famous nursery of famous men, is dead, and the glory is departed.

All this intensive training promises to take us away from Devonport most of the spring and summer. Already companies are going by ones and twos to play their own little games on the moor. May and June will see us at Tregantle for musketry, July on the moor, and August and September on the Plain, as of old. Our new barracks are, on the whole, an improvement on Gosport. We occupy one wing and the Devonshire Regiment the other. Our bands play on alternate Sundays in the square and are highly popular with the neighbourhood. Our own band has been broadcasted from Plymouth with great success. Otherwise entertainment has been chiefly confined to dining the rest of the garrison and the naval establishments.

The playing fields here are excellent when usable, but the soil is heavy, and the wet winter has sadly handicapped all games. Owing to our unexpected move, fixtures have been a great difficulty, especially for the rugby team. The Army Cup still eludes our grasp, but we survived to the semi-final this year, and but for a cruel stroke of luck should have gone further. However, we managed to pull off the Southern Command Cup after a hard tussle. The boxing team must be congratulated on their progress, and there is any amount of material for the future. Congratulations also to L/Cpl. Townend on his Army cap, and to Pte. Mills on his excellent display in the Army Boxing Championships.

We have suffered a great loss in the retirement of R.S.M. Milner after twenty-six years in the Battalion. He became R.S.M. in 1920, at a most difficult time, and it is due largely to his unremitting energy that we have got back to what we hope is our pre-war standard. May the best of luck attend him. His future home will be at Salisbury. R.Q.M.S. Smith succeeds him.

Capt. Fraser has been posted to the 2nd Battalion and Capt. Bolton has taken his place as Adjutant.

Several old friends of the Regiment live quite close, notably Lt.-Col. Hayden, Major Carlyon, and Major Glenn, and we have had the pleasure of entertaining them in the Mess, and hope to do so again.

The Paardeburg Ball was given by the Sergeants' Mess in the garrison gym., and was, if anything, a greater success than ever.

OFFICERS' MESS.

Our first winter in Devonport has passed without any great excitements. A little leave, a little hunting, a little rugger, and a little hockey; a large number of social entertainments, to which we were bidden, and so the winter has passed by.

We have had about six officers hunting, and they have had enjoyable days out with the Dartmoor, Spooner's, and the St. Budeaux packs. Hunting is cheap in this part of the world, and it is likely that there will be even more officers hunting next season.

We were fortunate in playing the second, third, and fourth rounds of the Army Rugby Cup on our home ground in Devonport and seeing our team win. We also were able to watch some excellent games.

For the semi-final we all journeyed to Exeter. We were not so fortunate this time, but though losing to the "King's Own," we had the satisfaction of meeting many old friends, who came from all parts of the country to watch the match. Amongst them were Lt.-Col. Officer, Major Glenn, Capt. Scott, and Capt. Griffin.

We have had a series of Regimental guest nights of late, our guests being Col. Grant and 8th Infantry Brigade Staff, the Rev. A. C. E. Jarvis, Chaplain-General to the Forces, 2nd Bn. The Devonshire Regiment, 1st Bn. The Wiltshire Regiment, 2nd Bn. The Hampshire Regiment, and The Royal Artillery, Plymouth Garrison. Major A. S. Carlyon and Major Glenn were also guests of the Regiment on one evening. We were delighted to see them again.

From now onwards until Battalion training in July our numbers in Mess will be few. This is due to the calls of platoon, company, and weapon training, which necessitate the sending of companies to live at Crownhill and Tregantle. The three rifle companies go to Fort Tregantle in May. This is a charming place on the Cornish side of the river Tamar—at least it is charming "in summer when it's hot," but is pretty grim "in winter when it's not." The M.G. Company had a "not" period. Under such conditions it is the worst place in the world—and our informant is reputed to know intimately every spot in the globe, so he ought to know.

We have suffered several casualties of late. Capt. Kavanagh had a bad fall from his horse a fortnight ago. For some days his condition caused grave anxiety. However, though he will not be back again at duty for many months, he is reported as off the danger list. We are greatly relieved. Lt. Crommelin has also had a bad time with appendicitis, but is now on the mend. Major Hetley is still on sick leave in Switzerland, and has been granted a further six months. We hope he will be recovered at the end of it and come back to us quite fit.

Major W. T. McGuire Bate and Lt. C. K. T. Faithfull have rejoined us from the Depot, but the latter gave up the unequal contest almost at once, and after the Army v. French Army match in Paris retired to hospital with a thick ear, shaped rather like a cauliflower.

We have lost Major Cox and Lt. Haslock, who have both gone to the Depot, the former to command and the latter to get married. We take this opportunity of congratulating Lt. Haslock on his engagement, and wish him the best of luck when he commits matrimony in September next.

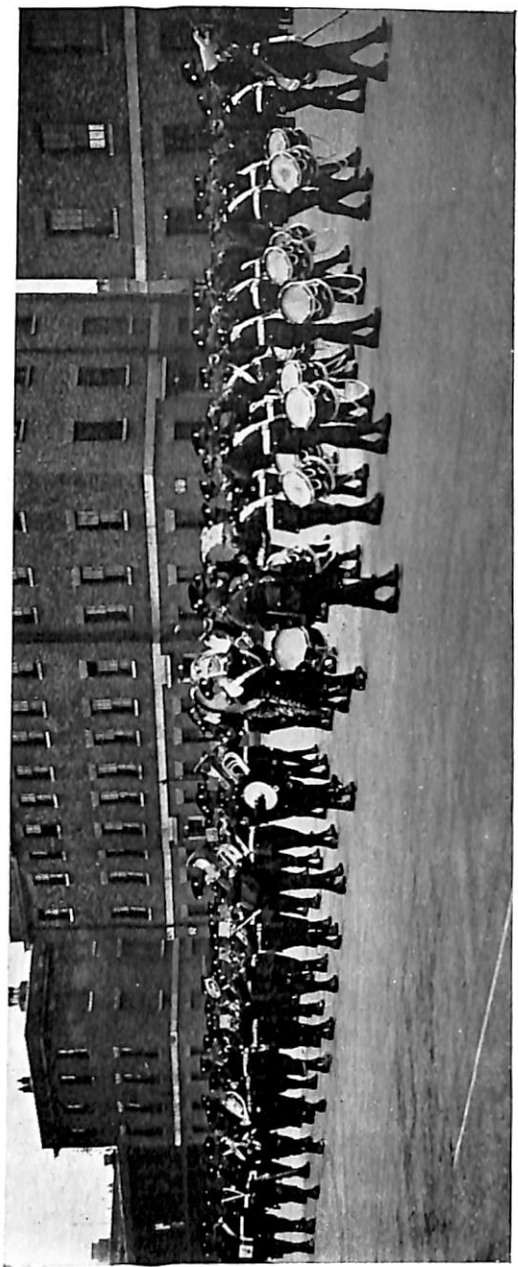
We congratulate Lt. Laverack on his promotion to Lt. and Q.-Mr., and are very glad to have him with us. We also welcome 2nd Lt. R. N. H. C. Bray, who was gazetted to us on 2nd February from the R.M.C., Sandhurst. He is the son of the late Brig.-Gen. R. N. Bray, C.M.G., D.S.O., who commanded the 2nd Battalion during the war and again after the war. We wish him the best of luck and success during his service in the Regiment. 2nd Lt. Coglin, of the Supplementary Reserve of Officers, has just joined us for training. We hope he will enjoy himself with "B" Company at Roborough.

We are very grateful to Col. J. A. C. Gibbs for the presentation of a British and Turkish Crimean medal to the Mess. The former has a Balaclava clasp, which is of peculiar interest to us, as only 30 men of the 33rd Regiment gained the Balaclava clasp.

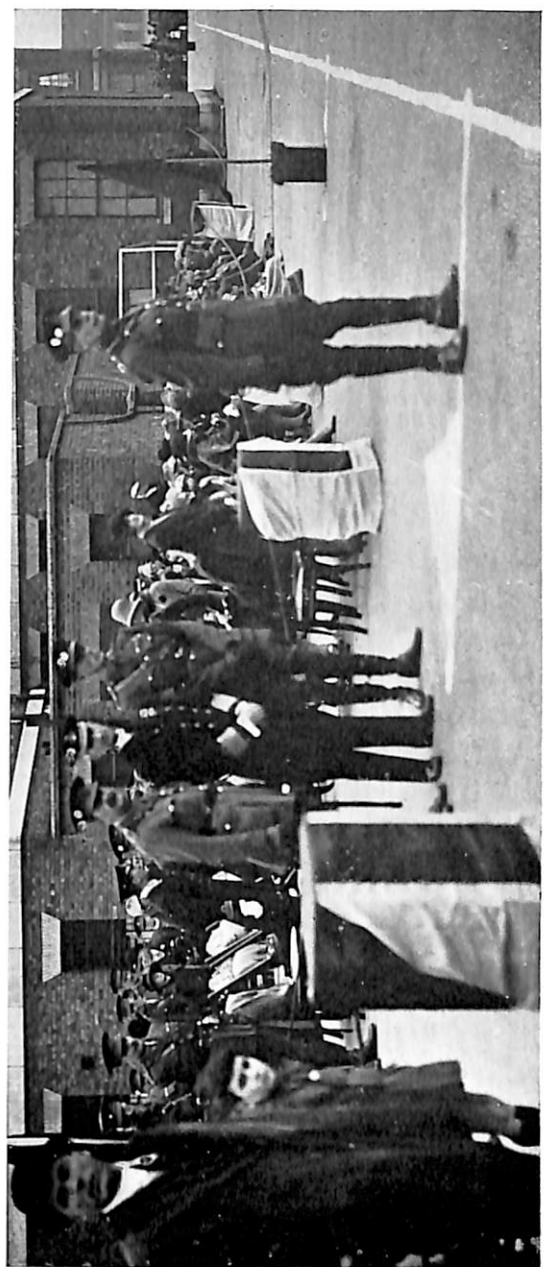
SERGEANTS' MESS.

Our stay in Devonport shows promise of being as pleasant and interesting as was the sojourn at Gosport. We have already been fairly busy with our social programme. The Corporals were successful in the billiard match which took place in December. As, however, several of our members were short of practice, we are hopeful of turning the tables at the next encounter. Billiard matches with the Devonport Police

1st BATTALION. TROOPING THE COLOURS. Devonport, St. George's Day, April 23rd, 1928.



The Band and Drums.



Left to right.—Lt.-Col. WELLESLEY, Admiral Sir RUDOLF BENTICK, Colonel Commandant C. T. GRANT, Major-Gen. Sir G. D. JEFFREYS.
[Photos by Abrahams & Sons, Devonport.]

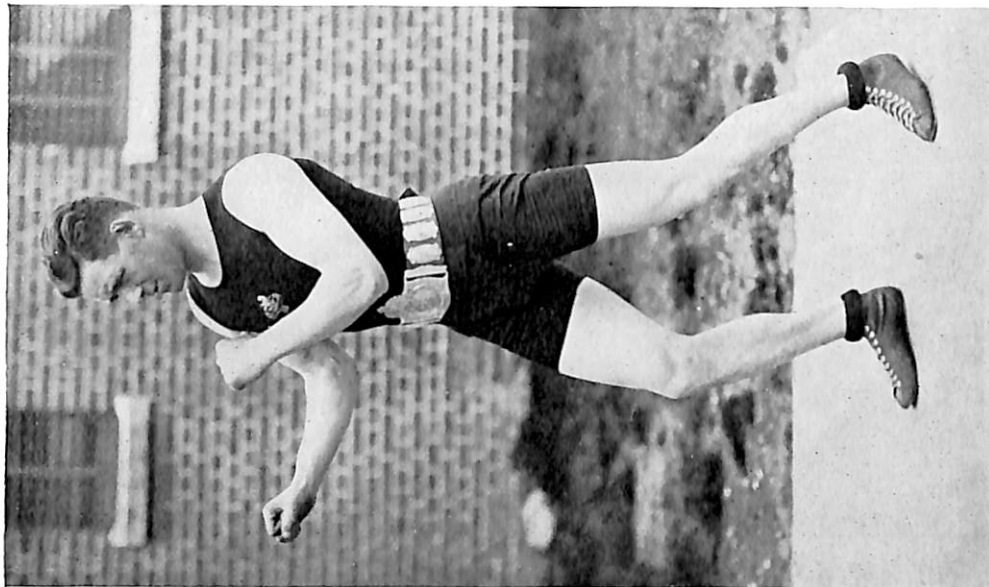


Photo by Abrahams & Sons, Devonport.
No. 4601879 Private L. Mills, 1st Battalion, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, holder of "The Thorold Boxing Belt" for three years—1925/26, 1926/27, 1927/28. Also runner-up Army Individual Championships, Middleweight (11 st. 6 lbs. and under) 1927/28, at the Stadium Club, London



Photo by Abrahams & Sons, Devonport.
No. 4607623 L/Cpl. G. Townend, 1st Battalion, The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, photographed with his Army Cap. Army v Royal Navy, 1928; Army v Royal Air Force, 1928; Army v French Army, 1928. He scored a try in each of these matches

resulted in fairly easy wins for the "minions of the law." The Challenge Cup played for annually in the Mess was won again by C.S.M. Coates. The tournament for the cue kindly given by Lt.-Col. Tidmarsh was won by C.S.M. Coates, who beat Sgt. Merriman in the final.

The inclement weather rather detracted from the interest in the severe struggle for shield and medals between the "Single and Married" members of the Mess on Boxing Day. The game, which was preceded by a full-dress parade in a snowstorm, resulted in the "Single Members" carrying off the spoils. A collection, assisted by a mock auction in the Mess, realised £5, which was forwarded to the local Police Charities Committee.

Games played against the Officers and Corporals resulted as follows:—Hockey, Officers 5 goals, Sergeants 2 goals; soccer, Sergeants 4 goals, Corporals 3 goals; rugby, Sergeants 3 points, Corporals 15 points.

The annual Paardeburg Ball given by the Sergeants was held in the Garrison Gymnasium on 24th February, and was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The Colours and silver trophies were on view and, thanks to the great amount of hard work put in by our committee, and in spite of the very short time at their disposal, the building was exceedingly well decorated.

A game of hockey followed by a match on the miniature range formed part of the programme when the "Dream Bird" Revue Company were entertained for a day by the Mess. Later the artistes were invited to a social and dance in the Mess, at which they very kindly assisted in the entertainment.

R.S.M. Milner left the Regiment on 31st March to take up an appointment with the N.A.A.F.I., after having served with the Regiment for 25 years, of which he spent 19 years as a member of the Mess. All members join in wishing him every success in his new undertaking.

The following members have left the Battalion since the last publication of the IRON DUKE:—C.S.M. Willcocks, to 5th Bn.; C.Q.M.S. Melville, to 2nd Bn.; C.Q.M.S. Crowther, discharged; Sgt. Lees, to 2nd Bn.; Sgts. Slane, McGowan, and Simcox to Depot; Sgt. Ogden, to 6th Bn.; Sgt. Pearson, discharged. Members who have joined us recently.—C.Q.M.S. Kenny, from Depot; Sgts. Hemsworth and Ward, from Depot; Sgt. Batty, from 6th Bn.; Sgts. Briscombe and Tidy, from 2nd Bn.

Congratulations are extended to the following on their promotion:—C.S.M. T. Bourne, C.Q.M.S. L. Ferrari, Sgt. M. Murphy, Sgt. C. Jones, Sgt. J. Thorpe. Members welcomed into the Mess recently are L/Sgts. Yates, Alexander, and Beadnell.

CHRISTMAS CHALLENGE SHIELD.—ANNUAL MATCH. SINGLE v. MARRIED.

Whereas the married men did by divers shady methods illegally obtain possession of the trophy on the occasion of our last encounter, we hereby call upon them to immediately return the said trophy to the rightful owners (*i.e.*, Singles) without stipulation or conditions, or in default thereof to meet us in combat on 26th December, 1927, and prove themselves to be worthy of retaining the same for a further period, or ceding it to those more worthy of possession.

Should the above conciliatory demand be insufficient to avoid hostilities, then let the miserable, week-kneed, insignificant, downtrodden, and hen-pecked specimens take full notice of the following peaceful message.

A MAJOR AD MINORI.

Ho there, "enfants perdus."

"Der Tag" is approaching and "uti possidetis" that which we would have, and mean to have "unguibus et rostro," "mandamus" you to meet us "per terras," "pro forma," "quocunque modo," "quocunque nomine," and "in omnia paratus."

Though you have "le grosse tete et peu de sens" and are "barba tenuis sapientis" take heed, t'is not "brutum fulmen."

TRANSLATION.

Ho there, lost children,

The Day is approaching and as you possess that which we would have, and mean to have by tooth and nail, we command you to meet us by land, as a matter of form, in whatever manner, under whatever name and ready for all things.

Though you have the little wit and the big head, and are sages as far as the beard (having only the appearance of wisdom), take heed, t'is not an empty threat.

"Gambio non e furto" and "chi da presto raddoppia il dono," so "coute que coute," "a main armee," if necessary "detur digniori."

We hope "dictum sapienti sat est," "tu ne cede malis," and say it is "tout a vous," "und so weiter," to us you are "potage au gras," and "miserabile vulgus," and belong to "gens de peu."

It is said that "interdum vulgus rectum videt," and "latest scintillula forsan," so that perhaps by your own "liberum arbitrium," "sine mora," you will "buean mano" of the "casus belli."

"Roma locuta, causa finita," if you "s'amuser a la moutard" "manibus pedibusque," "fiat justitia, ruat coelum."

BAH.

Exchange is no robbery, and he that gives quickly doubles the gift, so cost what it may, with mailed fist if necessary, so let it be given to the more worthy.

We hope a word to the wise is enough, and do not yield to evils and say "it is wholly ours," and so forth, to us you are meat soup, and a wretched crew, and belong to the lower classes.

It is said that now and then the mob sees what is right and perchance some small spark may lie concealed, so that by your own free will, without delay, you will make a small present of the occasion or ground of quarrel.

Rome has spoken, the case is ended, if you stand on trifles, with hands and feet let justice be done though the heavens should fall.

BAH.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

The season 1927-1928 has drawn to a close, and except that we once again missed that elusive Army Cup, it can be said that it has been a most successful one. There has been a general all-round improvement in the game, and it should be said at once that this improvement is not merely based on the fact that we advanced a stage further in the Army Cup Competition than ever before attained by this Battalion. We were beaten in the semi-final by the King's Own at Exeter by 10 points to 5 points. Most of the members of the 1st XV. have steadily improved, and if this improvement continues we should again have a useful side next year. We had a very close game in the final of the Southern Command Cup against the 5th Battalion R.T. Corps, who were greatly inspired by their genius, A. F. Young; but the superiority of our pack carried us through, and our victory, though small in actual number of points scored, was thoroughly deserved. By this victory we were one of the four regiments left to compete in the final stages of the competition. We were drawn to meet The King's Own at Exeter, and were defeated by the above-mentioned score in a very hard, fast, and thrilling game. Whether the loss of our full back, Cpl. Gummersall, at the beginning of a critical second half, lost us the match, will be a subject on which we can always be assured of obtaining much heated argument in this Battalion, no matter when that subject may be raised. It is not for the writer to express a definite opinion, but it might be as well to remind our readers of the great effect the loss of a man must have on a Rugby XV. in an important Army Cup match, both physically and morally. We were 5 points all when the accident occurred, and at that period it seemed, with the wind in our favour, that we had established a definite superiority forward. Lt. Browne had to be withdrawn from the pack, and Goodwin went to wing three-quarter. After this we failed completely to get the ball in the scrum, and even to the most casual observer it must have been apparent that, with a back division such as The King's Own possessed, who were faster all round than we were, and, above all, containing an Aslett, our defence must break down some time. This it did when Aslett went straight through from a scrum in our 25 with a determination and dash reminiscent of his best days for the Army and England. The goal points were added, making the score 10 points to 5 points. We came again and on two occasions looked like scoring, and to our credit it must be stated that when the final whistle blew it found us attacking.

The King's Own were beaten in turn in the final by the S.W.B. by a single point. Thus it can be seen that there really was not much difference between the four teams left in the final rounds, as the S.W.B. only beat the Welsh Guards after extra time and a replay. A little luck is always necessary in these cup matches. Since our return from

abroad this Battalion has always been knocked out of the cup by the eventual winners or the runners-up, except in 1924, when the S.W.B's beat us at Devonport. We must try and get a stage further next year.

The Regiment has once again had the honour of providing another player to represent the Army in their three representative matches against the R.N., the R.A.F., and the French Army. We refer of course to L/Cpl. Townend, whose play as a front-row forward for the Army has been one of the features of this season's team; he has scored a try in each of the representative matches. The Regiment has also three members in the Army pack, a fact that did not pass unnoticed by His Majesty The King when the Army players were being presented to him before the kick-off in the Army and Navy match. Provided he keeps himself fit and free from injury, L/Cpl. Townend may make a very big name for himself and his Regiment in English football. Pte. Dowas found his true form again too late to justify his inclusion in the Army team as hooker-in-chief. In the last few matches of the season he has been playing really well with the Devonport Services, and has done yeoman service for them since the Regiment arrived here. Pte. Foy has gained a new lease of life, and on present form is one of the best forwards in the Services' pack. An Army cap may come his way next season, and none would be more deserved. L/Cpl. Jones is another forward who may do well with more experience.

We have no fears regarding our pack for next season, but we do badly require some new blood and more pace in our three-quarter line and half-back division. Lt. Stone's loss is even greater than we anticipated.

A strong fixture list has been arranged, and if a present surmise is correct, the Devonport Services 1st XV. will consist of at least seven members of our 1st XV. So there will be plenty of room for new players in our 1st XV., and their assistance will be badly required. The large draft which leaves us this summer for the 2nd Battalion may reduce our rugby playing fraternity to an absolute minimum. We live in hopes for the best.

Lt.-Col. F. H. B. Wellesley was elected Vice-President of the Devonport Services at the annual general meeting of the Club, held in March—an election which has given great satisfaction to all rugby enthusiasts in the Regiment.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.

We have just won the "Wallace Wright Cup," competed for by company teams in the Garrison. The result was:—H.Q. Wing, 1st D. W. R. beat "A" Company 2nd Devon Regiment by 2 goals to 1.

BOXING.

The great promise of our boxing team, which was so evident before Christmas, scarcely came up to anticipations. For some reason, not even yet apparent, the interest and keenness in the boxing fell away after Christmas. In what measure a rather heavy defeat by the eventual runners-up in the Army Championships (the 2nd Bn. The East Lancs. Regiment, and, incidentally, one of the best trained and best balanced mens' team ever seen in this competition) was responsible for the falling off of our interest and keenness, it is hard to estimate. In reference to that actual team fight we have nothing for which to reproach ourselves. We were beaten by an infinitely better team, and as far as the writer is concerned, there are no regrets whatsoever.

All this season, and as long as we remain in this station, our boxing team will always suffer from the lack of actual fighting. There is no amateur boxing in Plymouth, and it is impossible to get the members of our boxing team any fights except those obtained against other regiments; thus it can be seen that we labour under a great disadvantage

in comparison with, say, the East Lancs. Regiment, who, being stationed at Pembroke Dock, can get the members of their team plenty of contests with the Welsh A.B.A. Ring experience, gained by actual fighting, is half the battle to any man who hopes to go far in boxing, whether that boxing happens to be professional or amateur.

Our boxing team this season, well trained though it always was, greatly missed the main essential—*i.e.*, "Ring Experience."

We can count ourselves unlucky not to have added the Southern Command Boxing Cup to our collection. The final of this took place at Tidworth against the 7th Hussars, and we lost the cup by a single point, after a close and interesting team fight. Some of our old and experienced boxers decided not to take part in this contest, and thereby greatly weakened our team, though it was good to see such a splendid show put up by our new men.

If our proper team had fought, we must have won, with something to spare. All our men fought well, but special praise must go to Boy Tucker, who, as our third string light weight, put up a wonderful fight against an older and bigger opponent. He was most unfortunate not to get the referee's decision. Boy Tucker may yet make a name for himself in Army boxing, as he is still quite young.

For the second time since we came home, we sent up six competitors for the "Army Individual Championships," which took place at the Stadium Club in London. We had the great honour of providing the runner-up in the middleweights open to the Army, in the person of Pte. L. Mills, who has been a great asset to the Regimental boxing team for a great number of years. He put up some magnificent fights to reach the final, and gave the holder of the title, Gunner Smith, R.A., a good run for his money. Smith had just that extra bit more experience and cleverness necessary to get the verdict. Boy Tucker also got into the semi-final of the Boys' lightweight, when he was beaten after a good fight too. We congratulate them both, and wish them better luck next year. "The Thorold Belt" has once again been awarded to Pte. L. Mills, and Pte. Topps receives the Regimental Boxing Cup for the next most useful boxer in the team. Congratulations to them both.

It should be mentioned that in all our team contests this season we have won all our Officers' fights. In the two contests that Lt. Dalrymple took part in he showed himself to be a middleweight boxer of high class. If he took it seriously he would certainly go a long way in Army boxing. He is the best Officer boxer we have had since Anno Domini put a stop to Capt. Fleming's boxing career.

The result of our team fight with the E. Lancs. is given below:—

OFFICERS.—Lightweight.—Lt. Haslock (1st D.W.R.) beat 2nd Lt. Barnett (E. Lancs.) in first round. Heavyweight.—Lt. Faithfull (1st D.W.R.) beat Lt. Thatcher (E. Lancs.) on points; Lt. Dalrymple (1st D.W.R.) beat Lt. Davidson (E. Lancs.) in second round. OTHER RANKS.—Welterweight.—First String.—Cpl. Head (E. Lancs.) k.o. Cpl. Hawley (1st D.W.R.) in the third round. Second String.—Pte. Bailey (E. Lancs.) beat Pte. Farnell (1st D.W.R.) on points. Third String.—Pte. Mason (E. Lancs.) k.o. L/Cpl. Evans (1st D.W.R.) in first round. Lightweight.—Second String.—L/Cpl. Hill (E. Lancs.) beat Pte. McGough (1st D.W.R.) on points. Third String.—Boy Quilter (E. Lancs.) beat L/Cpl. Outing (1st D.W.R.) on points. First String.—Pte. Ramsden (E. Lancs.) beat Pte. Joyce (1st D.W.R.), the referee stopping the fight in the second round. Featherweight.—L/Cpl. Holcroft (E. Lancs.) beat Pte. Topps (1st D.W.R.) on points in the best bout of the evening. Bantamweight.—Dmr. Bennett (E. Lancs.) beat Pte. Unit (1st D.W.R.) on points. Heavyweight.—Dmr. Kennedy (E. Lancs.) k.o. Pte. Humpish (1st D.W.R.) in the first round. Light-Heavyweight.—Cpl. Langton (E. Lancs.) beat Dmr. Boon (1st D.W.R.) on points. Middleweight.—First String.—Pte. Mills (1st D.W.R.) beat L/Cpl. Pepworth (E. Lancs.) on points. Second String.—Cpl. Benson (E. Lancs.) k.o. L/Cpl. Huntingdon (1st D.W.R.) in the second round. Result.—2nd Bn. E. Lancs. Regt., 26 points; 1st D.W.R., 19 points. The result of the team fight v. 7th Hussars will appear in next issue.

2nd BATTALION NEWS.

WE are still without definite news as to our next station, though probably by the time these notes appear we shall have heard our fate. At the moment Ahmednagar remains a steady favourite, though occasionally our old friend Jubblepore returns to temporary prominence. As the 28th of May approaches, interest in what will anyway be only a temporary abode is rather giving place to anxiety about our eventual destination, should the events of that day support the British Israelite Society's theory of divine guidance in the building of the Pyramids.

At the moment we are chiefly concerned with the new organisation of the infantry battalion which has recently reached us and which is to come into force on the 1st of April. We take this opportunity of bidding farewell to No. 4 Company as such and welcoming the Machine Gun Company which is to rise from its ashes. Naturally such a change has been received with mixed feelings, and at present a noticeable atmosphere of gloom surrounds all buildings where the "Q" branch have their being. Apart from this nothing of great note has happened since the end of the training season at Port Dickson Camp.

No. 2 Company, under the command of Major R. S. Cholmley, provided a guard of honour on the occasion of the official landing of Admiral Sir R. Tyrwhitt, while No. 4 Company, under Capt. Kirkland, performed a like duty when Sir Hayes Marriott took the oath of allegiance as Officer Administering the Government during H.E. The Governor's absence in Siam and Indo-China.

In January a week's course was held in our barracks for officers and N.C.O's of the Malay States Volunteer Force. During this course we had a demonstration of the first six-wheel lorry to arrive in this country, which, with a rather nervous cargo of officers, performed various evolutions up and down the many banks which abound in Tanglin. On this occasion we too came in for a little extra tuition, as all officers attended a series of lectures at a time of day more usually connected in this country with the ceremony known as "Pahits."

The rugger team has been making history again; during the season they have played in Sarawak, Siam, and Cochin-China. In April the soccer team is having its revenge, as they are going on a three weeks' tour of Java and Sumatra.

In February the Battalion, with the rest of the Garrison, were again the guests of the Ex-Service Association of Malaya. This year the entertainment at the Victoria Theatre was "Mercenary Mary," played by the excellent Banvard Company, and was again accompanied by tea and refreshments. We wish to thank all who were in any way connected with this entertainment and assure them of the appreciation which all ranks of the Battalion feel for their efforts on our behalf.

The competition for the Platoon Flag this year has resulted in a tie for first place between Nos. 5, 7, and 15 platoons. It is proposed to hold an association football league, in which each platoon will play the others twice.

VISIT OF H.M.S. "HAWKINS."

During the early part of January H.M.S. *Hawkins*, flying the flag of Admiral Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt, Bart., K.C.B., D.S.O., C-in-C. of the China Fleet, spent ten days in Singapore, during one of her periodical cruises. This is the first time she has been down here since her visit in March, 1926, very shortly after our arrival in Singapore.

As is always the case on these occasions, the period was one of great activity in every direction. Games of most kinds, from soccer and hockey down to billiards, were played between teams from the Regiment and the Ship. In the rugger world we had been looking forward to having our revenge for the defeat inflicted on us by the naval team during the *Hawkins'* previous visit, but during the greater part of their stay our rugger team was away. Also H.M.S. *Hawkins* has lost most of the rugger stars who were here before so, instead of competing, we combined in a match against the Cricket Club without however managing to defeat them.

The visit also provided an opportunity to compete again for the Lowther Grant Boxing Cup. This is a cup for competition between the Army and Navy in Singapore and, owing to the shortness of the visits that the Navy have paid us of late, had not been competed for since the last time H.M.S. *Hawkins* was down here. It is a very valuable institution, as it provides practically the only boxing that we get against outside teams. An account of the contest appears in our boxing notes in this issue.

Whilst on the subject of sport, one must not forget the golf match which took place between the Ship and the Garrison. Though, in the actual golf, the Garrison won all the matches, it was a very sternly contested affair and at the nineteenth the honours were very evenly divided. After the match most of the naval team had lunch in the Mess.

During her stay, H.M.S. *Hawkins* went and spent one night at the Naval Base which lies in the Straits of Johore between Singapore Island and the mainland, and several of our officers had the privilege of making the cruise round the island. In company with H.E. The Governor, H.E. The G.O.C., and other distinguished personages, we embarked about 11 a.m. and sailed shortly afterwards. It was a very interesting experience to watch the apparent ease with which the ship was manoeuvred as we left the harbour. We did not actually see much of the coast on our voyage round, as most of the time was spent in the wardroom at lunch, on completion of which we found ourselves just entering the Straits. Possibly the excellence of this same lunch was responsible for the rather spasmodic interest displayed by some of our members in the engineering wonders to be seen, or rather imagined (for there is still very little of the Base to be seen from the sea) on our arrival at Seletar.

Socially also the period was one of great activity. An informal dance was held at Government House in honour of the naval officers, while they themselves were hosts at a most excellent dance held in the Ship, at which the Regiment was well represented. Fortunately the evening was fine and the Ship, as always, provided a very charming setting.

On the last Saturday of their stay we had the honour of dining in the Mess Admiral Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt, Capt. Braithwaite, and several of the other officers, while on the following night the Gunroom officers came to an informal supper.

Altogether it was a very enjoyable period and we look forward to another visit before we leave Singapore.

OFFICERS' MESS.

We have always rather fancied our Mess and considered that on the whole it is a fairly good specimen of what a Mess should be; but our pride recently suffered a severe shock when a letter arrived for the P.M.C. addressed to "The Captain in charge of the Mess of Officers." We are still reeling from the blow, so if these notes appear somewhat wild and distraught, allowances must be made for their shortcomings.

At the end of November we dined Capt. Curteis and the officers of H.M.S. *Castor*, and a horrific game of rigger ensued on the Mess verandah, much to the detriment of knees, elbows, and mess kit, and also to a large portion of the verandah railing, which had to be renewed next day. On their return journey H.M.S. *Castor* dined us. A certain nervousness was felt beforehand, but we discovered that the Navy know the texture of their own decks and only play rigger when they come ashore.

In January H.M.S. *Hawkins* spent ten days in Singapore; an account of her visit appears under a separate heading. Since then there has been a continual stream of ships passing through, varying in size from H.M.S. *Cumberland*, the very latest thing in cruisers, to H.M.S. *Hollyhock*, a river gunboat. Few of them stayed long enough to allow of more than the paying of official calls; but in February we dined and were dined by H.M.S. *Melbourne*, of the Royal Australian Navy, who proved that they needed very few lessons from the Mother Country in the art of making an evening go with a swing.

On the 11th of January we dined our G.O.C., Major-General C. C. van Straubenzee, and later in the month Sir Hayes Marriott dined with us when performing the duty of Officer Administering the Government during H.E. The Governor's absence in Siam and Indo-China.

On the occasion of our boxing match against H.M.S. *Cumberland*, the Governor, the G.O.C., and Capt. Snagge, captain of the *Cumberland*, dined informally in the Mess before watching the fights.

Though it may now seem rather ancient history, we must mention the annual New Year's Eve dinner to the married officers and their wives. Owing to the recent epidemic

of matrimony, the "married patch" sadly outnumbered the bachelors; in fact we were only able to raise fourteen hosts as compared with twenty-three guests. However, our guests were not difficult to entertain. After dinner, the Colonel, as the senior "bachelor," proposed the health of the ladies. He mentioned that the occasion was unique in his experience in that we were entertaining two brides, Mrs. Keet and Mrs. Exham. The New Year was heralded by the singing of Auld Lang Syne and the exchange of suitable New Year salutations. Then some of the married officers, not being allowed to participate in this, seemed to think that it was time to go home, and a most enjoyable evening was brought to a close.

For the first time since we came to Singapore we have seen something of the Royal Air Force, for we put up Flight Lt. Freeman and two other officers for a week or so in the Mess, and a party of men in the barracks. They had come out here in advance to prepare the way for the flying boats of the Far Eastern Flight, which arrived here on February 28th.

Among other visitors to the Mess we must mention the following:—Col. H. B. H. Orpen-Palmer, late commanding the 147th (2nd West Riding) Infantry Brigade, T.A., who was on his way to China; Mr. H. M. Ince, brother of Major C. W. G. Ince, who stayed with us for a day or two on his way home on leave from Borneo, and Capt. Henshaw, Royal Canadian Engineers, who gave us a most interesting lecture about affairs in Canada.

Many of our number have left us for various reasons during the past few months. The first to go were Capt. Green and Lt. Frankis, who have both gone for a tour of duty at Halifax. In Capt. Green the Battalion has lost, apart from anything else, a most successful and hard-working sub-editor; while Lt. Frankis will be missed in all branches of Battalion sport. Capt. and Mrs. Keet followed on six months' leave. Capt. and Mrs. Faulkner have also left us, as Capt. Faulkner has become a Volunteer State Adjutant at Kuala Lumpur. Others who have gone on leave are Major and Mrs. Boutflower, Capt. and Mrs. Kirkland, Lt. H. Taylor and Mrs. Burnett, while we understand Major Burnett is following shortly. We sympathise with Mrs. Boutflower on the death of her mother, whom many of us knew when she stayed for some months in Cairo.

Though our losses have been many, we are luckily able to report plenty of arrivals to balance the account. On Christmas Eve arrived Major Cholmley from a tour in East Africa, and Lt. Webb-Carter on posting to this Battalion, also incidentally after a tour in the "open spaces"; while early in February H.T. *City of Marseilles* brought us Capt. Frazer from the 1st Battalion, Lt. F. P. A. Woods, another "East African," and Lt. Frith after a course at the S.A.S., Hythe.

An interesting discovery was made the other day in our guest book which, though still in use, dates back to 1861. On August 13th, 1890, at Halifax, Nova Scotia, we had the honour of dining H.R.H. Prince George of Wales and the wardroom officers H.M.S. *Thrush*. The old whist book also shows that he paid for his dinner by losing 15 points at whist, a total amount of \$1.50.

We have to thank the following for gifts presented to the Mess during the past few months:—H.E. Sir Hugh Clifford, for two of his books—namely, "The Further Side of Silence" and "The Gold Coast Regiment," both of which are greatly appreciated; the 1st Battalion for some old shako plates and badges of the 76th; the M.S.V.R. officers, who lived in the Mess during a volunteer course held in barracks, for a handsome and most useful inkstand; Capt. W. M. Ozanne for a silver goblet.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

During the past quarter we have said good-bye to four of our old members—Sgts. Wood, Briscoe, and Tidy, and C.Q.M.S. Browne. C.Q.M.S. Browne and Sgt. Wood have gone to the Regimental Depot; we wish them all health and success in their new surroundings. L/Sgt. Greagsby, whom we congratulate on his promotion, and Sgt. Lees from the 1st Battalion, have joined us.

As a Mess, our chief sporting activities recently have been with the rifle. An inter-sergeants' Mess shoot has been started in the Garrison, and judging by the keenness

displayed on all sides, has come to stay. Congratulations to C.S.M. Race on winning two silver spoons in the class "A" competition, and to C.S.M. Hardisty on his success also in class "A." Class "B" was won by Sgt. Nicholls of the R.A.F. Far Eastern Flight, and S/Sgt. Attwell, M.P.S.C. The competition took place after church parade, and many competitors seemed to be suffering badly from nerves, though whether this was due to Sunday morning's service or Saturday evening's amusements, is difficult to say. The Mess team also had a match against a team from H.M.S. *Hawkins*, and after a closely-contested shoot on Bukit Timah range we proved the victors by a small margin.

Sgts. Edley and Norman met in the final of the billiards tournament, and we congratulate the winner, Sgt. Edley.

Tennis is just coming into season again and we are looking round for fresh talent, as we mean if possible to keep the garrison tennis shield in the Mess for another year.

Our fortnightly whist drives and dances are becoming quite popular in the Garrison. The only fly in the ointment is that our Mess is not large enough to possess a decent ball-room. However, in spite of difficulties, we always manage to have very enjoyable evenings.

We have welcomed into our midst the Sergeants of the Far Eastern Flight which arrived at its base in February. As a result our conversation has, recently, been mainly about flying boats, and we shall soon be quite efficient airmen, at any rate as regards the "patter."

CORPORALS' MESS.

Since our last notes appeared several members have left us, promotion or transfer to the Army Reserve claiming them. They carry with them the good wishes of all the members.

During the past few months we, as a Mess, have not been very forward as regards sport. We find it very difficult to get together a good representative team of any sort, owing to our members being always required for their own company or platoon teams. However, we have had two games of football against the R.A. from Blakan Mati and have come off best on both occasions.

The Mess inter-company billiards cup has been won by No. 2 Company for the first time. We congratulate them.

Our Annual Ball was held on January 6th, and proved a great success; in fact it was one of the best we have had since coming abroad. Thanks are due to Cpl. Land and his committee for running the show and making such a good job of it.

COMPANY NOTES.

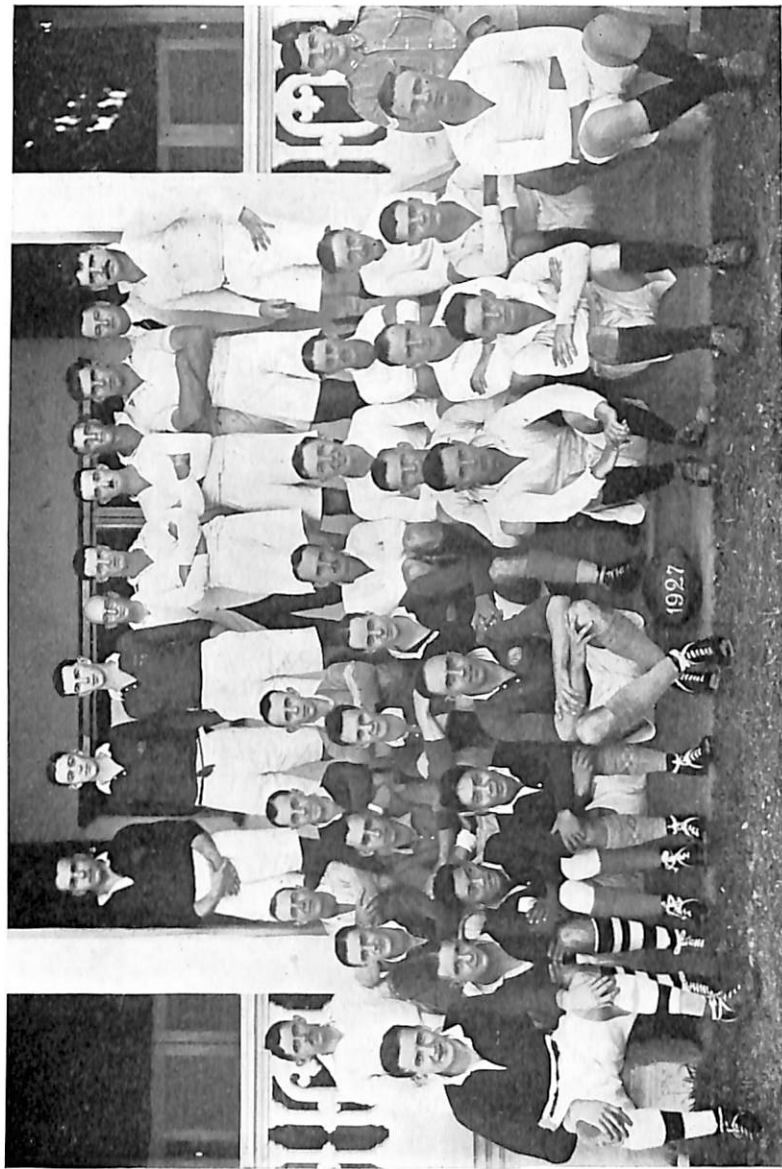
No. 1 COMPANY.

The past year has been a very successful one for us. We were the best shooting company in the 1927 classification and have won the rucker, soccer, and shooting shields and the billiards cup; we were also runners-up in the boxing and cricket. In the hockey we played last year's winners in the first round and were beaten after extra time.

In the company rucker we met our old rivals, No. 4 Company, in the first round. It was unfortunate that both teams had some of their regular players away. We were without Connor, Beeson, Cpl. Holt, and Pte. Payne (who had just left for home), while No. 4 were without Cpls. Hobson and Smith. We had a splendid game, in spite of mud and a slippery ball, and won by 8 points to 4. Capt. Sir Robert Henniker refereed, and congratulated both teams on the high standard and keenness displayed. In the second round we met H.Q. "A," and beat them 37—nil, and in the final we had an excellent game with No. 3 Company, which we won 21—3.

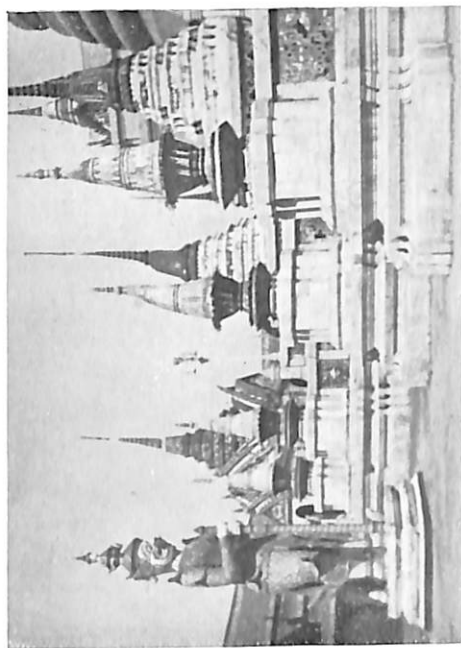
All our platoons did well in the platoon rucker competition. No. 3 Platoon, after beating No. 2 by 3—nil as the last whistle went, reached the final, where they were beaten by No. 15 Platoon by 3 points to nil. In this game No. 3 were unlucky in having Cpl.

2nd BATTALION TOUR IN BANGKOK. Rugby Football Teams.

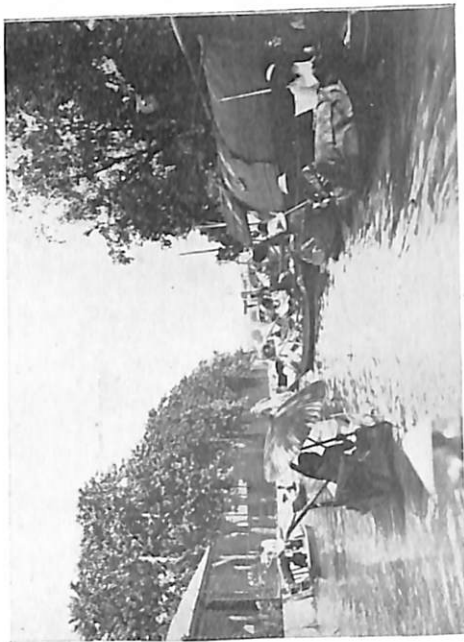


2nd Battalion team on the right (wearing white) reading left to right :—
Back row (standing).—Ptes. Foster, Wagstaffe, Mason, Hirst, Annesley.
Second row.—Lt. Cumberlege, Lt. Miles, Lt. Exham, Lt. Turner, (L/Cpl. Ryan, khaki).
Third row.—Pte. Sherwood, Cpl. Hobson, L/Cpl. Hardement.
Fourth row.—Cpl. Smith, Pte. Payne, Cpl. Holt.

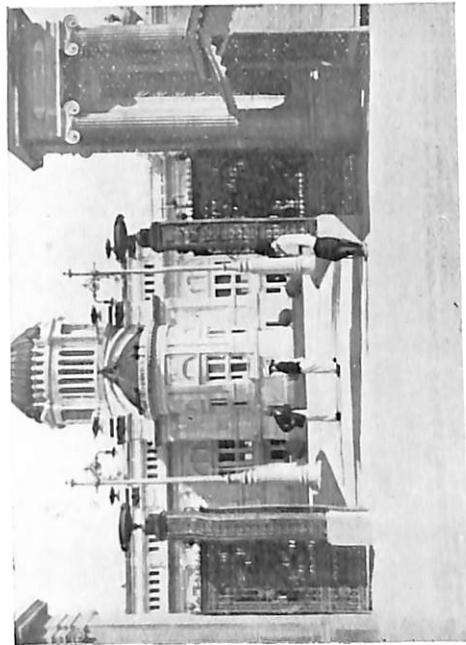
BANGKOK.



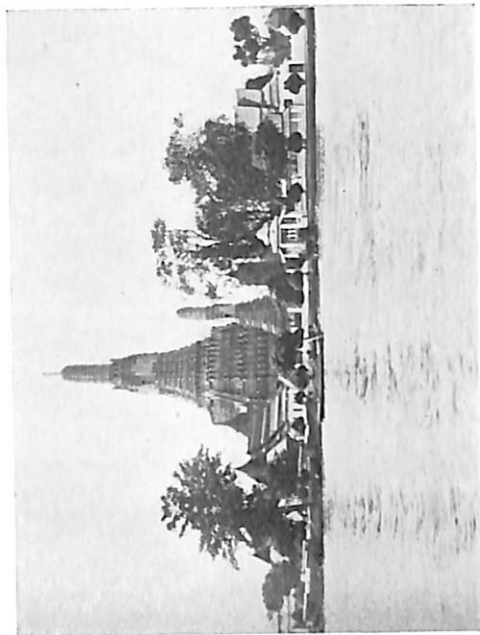
The Old Palace.



A Klong.



The New Throne Room.
(Modern Italian Architecture).



Wat Po from the river.

Holt and Bamford away and Connor injured in the second half. However, it was an excellent game.

Since writing our last notes for the IRON DUKE, we, with No. 4 Company, and the Machine Gunners, have been to Port Dickson Camp, where we spent three very enjoyable weeks, only marred by rain at night. While there, we played a good deal of rugger and hockey amongst ourselves and also against local clubs. We also had a paper-chase, L/Sgt. Foster and Pte. Foley being the hares.

On Christmas Day we were rather split up, as No. 2 Platoon was away at Fort Canning, and Capt. Gibson, our Company Commander, was "chasing pirates" in Hong-Kong. We were very pleased to see our old Company Commander, Capt. Faulkner, at dinner.

There have been few changes in our ranks since our last notes. Lt. Frith has returned from a course at the S.A.S., Hythe, while Sgt. Lucas and ten men have gone to U.K. All of us wish them the best of luck.

No. 2 COMPANY.

A great deal of hockey and rugger has been played during the quarter, and considerable keenness and improvement was seen among all teams and players in the Company.

At rugger, the Company rather fancied its chance in the company shield. We had done well in the earlier games of the season and the critics seemed pleased with the Company's showing. In the competition we met No. 3 Company on a very wet ground. In the second half, playing with the tide, we were on their "25" for about twenty minutes, and wave after wave was launched against No. 3's defences. No. 3 must have been reading the story of King Canute, for they adopted the watchword "Thus far and no further." Unlike the sad sea waves, we had to obey and were beaten 8-3 after a gruelling and well-fought game. We would like to take this opportunity of congratulating Cpl. Ryan on being re-capped for the Battalion, and Lt. Robertson and Pte. Sansom on gaining their Regimental caps.

In the Garrison hockey league the Company began rather well and defeated or drew with some of the teams that were reckoned to be the strongest. Towards the end, when they had only supposedly inferior teams to play, the Company stood a good chance of winning. However, they then proceeded to lose one and draw two, thus crippling their chances.

Several members of the Company left us early in the New Year, proceeding to civilian life or the Depot. We all join in wishing them a happy time in their new spheres of life. Two new members (or possibly we should say one old and one new) have joined us. The old one, a great friend of ours, is Major Cholmley, whom we welcome back to command the Company. There is little to say about the new one—he being so very new—so we will just offer our heartiest congratulations to Cpl. Govus on this addition to his family. There is one other arrival in the Company who is so small that we had almost overlooked him. This is Sgt. Lees, who we sincerely hope will enjoy his stay with us.

We congratulate the Corporals of the Company on winning the Corporals' Mess league billiards championship and No. 7 Platoon, under Cpl. Govus, on being equal first in the platoon drill competition.

No. 3 COMPANY.

Nothing much of interest has happened in the Company apart from sport, so our notes this time will be confined to games.

The Company's best efforts have been in the cross country runs. In the platoon run, all four platoons finished within the first ten, Nos. 11 and 12 being very well placed. In the Company run we won by a considerable margin from No. 4 Company, who beat us easily last time, and who have held the shield for the last two years. Our team consisted of:—Lt. Jones, L/Cpls. Gill and Sullivan, Ptes. Whiston, Wallbank, Cooke, Sullivan, Burke, O'Brien, McKenzie, Hall, and France.

Our rugger team did well to get into the final of the company shield, both their victories being somewhat of a surprise to many people.

In hockey we have not been so successful. We started well in the Garrison league, and after the first half-dozen matches even flattered ourselves that we had a chance of winning it. However, our hopes were not fulfilled, and, indeed, we have a long way to go before we can hope to do really well at hockey, our play being at present much too wild and uncertain.

The Company extends a hearty welcome to Lt. Webb-Carter, who has recently joined us, and congratulations to Pte. Leaper on obtaining a special certificate of education.

No. 4 COMPANY.

By the time these notes appear, No. 4 Company will be no more, as at the end of March the Machine Gun Company takes its place. Naturally none of us who belong to No. 4 like this, but "orders is orders." As a company we have had a good record in Singapore, both at work and at play, and during the last two years have managed to win most of the shields for outdoor sport, both in the Regiment and the Garrison.

Capt. Kirkland, our Company Commander, has just embarked on the *City of Marseilles* for England on six months' leave. We hope to see him back soon in the Regiment, though it will not be as the Company Commander of No. 4. Anyway, our best wishes to him and Mrs. Kirkland, who have been good friends to the Company. We have also with regret said good-bye to Lt. Frankis, who has gone to the Regimental Depot. Lt. Frankis was a tower of strength in the Company, especially at sport.

The following successes are worth recording, and will be of interest to all old members of No. 4 Company:—No. 15 Platoon were again the winners of the platoon run, and the same platoon, after a hard game, brought about the defeat of No. 3 Platoon in the final of the platoon rigger. This was rather unexpected, and was a splendid performance. In the A.R.A. Hopton Cup match No. 13 Platoon obtained first place in the Battalion. No. 15 Platoon were also equal first with No. 7 Platoon in the platoon drill competition, and we congratulate Sgt. Butterworth and his men on an excellent display.

Congratulations to C.Q.M.S. Walker and Sgt. Butterworth on being awarded the Long Service and Good Conduct Medal.

Good-bye, No. 4.

HEADQUARTERS "A."

As our last notes were the first H.Q. "A" notes to be published in the IRON DUKE, so these will be the last, as at the end of the month, owing to the new organisation of the Battalion, we cease being H.Q. "A," and become the "Q" pure and simple.

We have little to record this month except the rather unfortunate fact that we have lost the inter-company hockey, being beaten by H.Q. "B" by two goals. We were unfortunate in losing L/Cpl. Smith, our centre forward, just before this match. The loss is only temporary (L/Cpl. Smith has gone home on six months' leave), but apart from the hockey it is unfortunate, as it deprives us of our fast bowler for the approaching cricket season.

We have suffered another severe loss to all branches of our sport by the departure of Dmr. Care on transfer to the Reserve; we are very sorry to lose him and wish him the best of luck.

The Signal Section did well in their annual classification, thirty-seven signallers classifying with a good average.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

The rugby season has been for us a very full and on the whole a successful one. Our rigger is divided into several parts, which we will deal with in order.

THE MALAYA CUP.—For this, which is an inter-state competition, the United Services enter as a side. The team this year consisted of our Regimental team with the addition of one or two outside officer forwards. Of the four matches in the southern sector we won two (those against Malacca and Johore), but lost to Negri Sembilan and Singapore.

In these last two matches we were unfortunate in that in both we were without some of our best players. However, in each case we only lost by 2 points, being beaten by Negri 13—11 and by Singapore by 11—9. In the Negri match our defeat was chiefly due to the good kicking of our opponents and the weak marking and handling of our own three-quarters. By the time we played Singapore on Christmas Eve our three-quarter line had improved greatly, and considering the run of the play, we may fairly say that we were unlucky not to win. Johore we beat 23—nil, after a rather uninteresting game—while Malacca scratched and yielded us the points, being unable to raise a team.

BATTALION MATCHES.—Most of our Battalion matches this year have been away, six of the matches being played overseas. At Miri, in Sarawak, we won 1 and lost 1; at Bangkok, in Siam, we won 1 and drew 1; while at Saigon, in Cochinchina, we won 2. An account of the Miri trip appeared in the February number of the IRON DUKE, and the Bangkok and Saigon trips are described elsewhere in this number. While at Port Dickson in November we played Malacca (won 21—3), Klang (won 23—nil), and Selangor (drew, 13 all). On January 5th we played Penang, losing (9—6) after a very evenly-contested game, in which our three-quarters crossed their line three times without managing to score. In the last minute, also, Connor hit the upright with a good attempt at a drop goal. Although we lost both our matches against the S.C.C. (which is the same as Singapore), our team has no need to be ashamed, as Singapore possess a really good side, especially outside the scrum. That we have improved during the season is indicated by the fact that our first match, early in the season, was practically a walk over for the Club, while on Dec. 8th we gave them a good hard game. In the Malaya Cup matches the Services were the only team to give Singapore a good game until they met and defeated Perak in the final at Kuala Lumpur. In addition we have had several "A" XV., 2nd XV., and company matches against the rest of the garrison, S.C.C., "A" and "B" teams, and the A.P.C.

The strength of the XV. lies in the forwards, who are a strong hard-working lot in the tight, and show plenty of dash in the loose, but suffer from lack of a leader. It would be invidious to single out any one individual for mention where all have done well. They all need to improve their handling to be a really dangerous pack. Ptes. Beeson and Wagstaffe were selected to play for South Malaya v. the North. We have been unfortunate in losing the services of Lt. Frankis, our stand-off half, and Pte. Payne at left centre three-quarter. The former's place has been filled by Pte. Connor with great credit to himself. His improvement has been the chief feature of our outside play. 2nd Lt. Exham at scrum half has played some excellent games and is very quick with his long passes; his defence is good, but he must learn to go more on his own. At centre Pte. Holt is a young player of promise, who must cultivate more speed. Pte. Sherwood, a temperamental player, is also on the slow side and is apt to be too selfish. Great difficulty was experienced in filling the two wing positions, as of the players tried, those who possessed defensive qualities lacked dash or had poor hands, and those who had speed lacked defence. The final choices were Ptes. Bamford and Sansom. The former is a robust player who goes very hard for the line, but he has still to learn not to snap at his passes. The latter is very quick off the mark and makes good use of a deceptive swerve, which makes him a dangerous attacking wing, but his defence is weak. L/Cpl. Hardiment at full back has only played one bad game, for which he will never forgive himself. He is a safe back and knows no fear in tackling or stopping rushes; his chief handicap is lack of speed.

The following were awarded their caps for the season 1927-28:—Lts. Miles, Robertson, and Cumberlege, 2nd Lt. Exham, Cpl. Ryan, L/Cpls. Mason and Hardiment, Ptes. Annesley, Beeson, Wagstaffe, Connor, Holt, Hirst, Sansom, Bamford, and Sherwood.

INTER-COMPANY SHIELD.—For the third year in succession No. 1 Company won the shield, though No. 4 came very near to wresting it from them in the first round, as they were leading by 4 points to 3 until a converted try in the last five minutes gave No. 1 the victory. It is only fair to mention that in this game No. 1 were without several of their best players. It was unfortunate that these two companies met in the first round,

as the winner of their match was almost certain to win the shield, and after that game, No. 1 Company had an easy passage, though No. 3 Company, who had rather unexpectedly beaten No. 2 in the previous round, put up a very stout fight in the final before being beaten 21—3.

INTER-PLATOON COMPETITION.—The inter-platoon competition, which was started so successfully last season, again proved an excellent institution. All the twenty-three platoons produced teams, and some really good games resulted. A notable feature of the competition was the number of games in which equal scores at full-side necessitated extra time being played. Even this was not always sufficient, and several games had to be replayed. No. 15 Platoon was the eventual winner, beating No. 3 by 3—nil. The other two semi-finalists were Nos. 9 and 23 platoons.

Before concluding these notes, mention must be made of the S.C.C. tournament. As there are so many rugby-playing members of the Club that it is difficult to get games for them all, they are divided up into teams representing the various professions in Singapore. Thus there are teams representing "Public Services and Law," "Bankers, Brokers, and Insurance," "A.P.C.," "Merchants," and "The Services." As all players have to be members of the Club, the Services' team was necessarily composed of officers only.

Our full team was quite a strong side, especially in the "forward division," where it was really formidable, but when sickness or leave removed several of our stalwarts, we were hard put to it to raise a team, and it was only owing to the support of several officers (both our own and from the rest of the garrison), who might quite reasonably have said that their rigger days were long since over, that we were able to take the field at all. Even so in our last match we were only able to produce twelve players, and at one period of the game injuries brought our numbers down to ten. We played three matches, winning 1 and losing the other 2. Our final game had to be cancelled owing to the approach of the cricket season. The following officers from the Battalion took part in these games:—Capts. Sir Robert Henniker, Bt., Kirkland, Cary, Lts. Robertson, Cumberland, K. G. Exham, Miles, Turner, H. Taylor, Jones, 2nd Lt. R. K. Exham.

THE RUGBY XV'S TRIP TO COCHIN-CHINA.

ON the invitation of the Government of French Indo-China to send our rugby XV. to Saigon, we embarked on the *Gouverneur-General Roume*, the local mail boat, on the 9th of January, 1928. Our team consisted of 6 officers, 12 O.R.'s, and 3 lady mascots. The passage to Saigon takes about three days, including a call at the Pulo Condor Islands. Father Neptune was not too kind to us, but the majority of us managed to assemble round the saloon table and renew our acquaintance with "le vin ordinaire."

We arrived off the Pulo Condor Isles at daybreak on the 11th, and anchored in a large bay off the biggest island, Con-non, which is used by the French as a penal settlement and has a garrison of one company of colonial infantry. Con-non was occupied by the East India Company from 1702 to 1705.

We reached Cap St. Jacques, the forts of which command the mouth of the river Dong-nai, at about 9.30 p.m., and anchored to take on board the pilot for the last stage of fifty miles up the river. The last twelve hours had been most unpleasant, but a full muster now appeared on deck and were rewarded for their effort by a magnificent picture of the full moon rising over the rugged tops of the twin headlands.

We were soon under way again, and finally berthed alongside the docks of Saigon at about 4 a.m. At this early hour we were rudely awakened by some officious gentleman who took great delight in knocking at our cabin doors and shouting, "Monsieur! The police wait for you!" This cry, apparently, was familiar to our party, for no activity other than verbal was noticeable for a long time. Eventually, however, a long, lean, lanky figure was seen to stagger slowly in his sleep to the saloon and proffer the much-demanded passport to any official who would be so kind as to relieve him of it and leave us in peace.

About breakfast time two French officers and M. Tellier, the secretary of the Saigon Sports Board, came on board to welcome us. The former took off the N.C.O.'s and men to the barracks. The latter expressed his regret, but informed us that we should have to stay on board, as unfortunately our accommodation had been given up to the King of Cambodia, who had suddenly arrived with his thirty-four wives. He told us that owing to the International Fair which was in progress all the hotels were full. However, in the end, we all managed to get fixed up in some of the less fashionable quarters of the town.

A match against the 11th Colonial Infantry Regiment had been arranged for that afternoon, so after a first-class lunch at the Pagoda Café with M. Tellier as our host, we snatched a short "forty winks" and found our way to the ground of the "Cercle Sportif." As to the game, our team was still very much at sea, as the account of the match in the French paper said—"On avait l'estomac sens dessus-dessous," so that half-time found us 6 points down. However in the second half things improved, and largely owing to some good movements by the three-quarters, we scrambled home winners by 13-6. King Monivong of Cambodia was a spectator for the first half. It was the first game of rugby he had seen and he expressed surprise at seeing the French and English, whom he understood to be friends, fighting in this way.

The next day we spent in looking round the town and visiting the Fair. Saigon itself is a well-laid-out town of straight streets and boulevards intersecting at right angles. Many of these bear English names, such as the Boulevard Lord Kitchener and Rue Miss Cavell. The local atmosphere is French, and the incessant squeaking of motor horns and the sight of the open-air cafés brought back vivid memories of "La Belle France."

On the Friday evening M. Tellier took a party of us in motors to a local beauty spot, "Le Café de Cascade," where we enjoyed a fresh-water bathe and an excellent dinner. After dinner four young Annamite boys gave us an amusing exhibition of the "Black Bottom" and a demonstration of Annamite boxing. On our way back our host insisted on our visiting a Chinese restaurant in Cholon, where we were regaled with beer and such delicacies as shark's fin soup, to the accompaniment of incidental music supplied by a "Sing-Song Girl."

The next day, Saturday, six of us were very kindly invited to tiffin by Mr. Gordon, the British Consul-General. That afternoon we played the local civilian team and produced our best form of the season. The forwards carried out some excellent wheels and rushes followed by a quick heel and gave the three-quarters plenty of opportunities. These were made good use of and the final score was 34-nil in our favour. In both our games the spectators were extraordinarily appreciative of our play. At the second match, however, the local press apparently took exception to the enthusiastic applause of the military spectators who, said *L'Impartial* next morning, "se réjouirent non point de la victoire des militaires anglais mais de la défaite du Cercle."

In the evening a football dinner was given in our honour. This was a very cheery and informal function. In the unavoidable absence of the President of the Sports Board, the Vice-President in the course of a short speech, paid our team many compliments on their play, and expressed the hope that the lessons they had taught the Saigon teams would not be forgotten. Capt. Carey answered briefly, thanking our hosts for their hospitality and voicing our pleasure in having met such worthy and sporting opponents. The evening finished with an impromptu smoking concert.

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear, which was more than could be said for some of us, and 10 a.m. saw us once more aboard the good ship *Roume*. The saloon passengers were fewer, but deck passengers, comprising pigs, ducks, and poultry, were present in large numbers, and gave us constant reminders (both by scent and sound) of their presence all the way back to Singapore, where we arrived on the 18th of January.

R. O'D. C.

HOCKEY.

The Battalion hockey team have had a very successful season this year, only losing four matches out of the twelve played. Three of our losses were against the S.C.C., while the other was against a Punjabi battalion who were on their way to China and who gave us a good idea of the standard of hockey in India. Dmr. Care went home in the middle of the season, and for a short while we were at a loss for a centre half; however, Pte. Colk now promises, with more experience, to be as good, if not better.

The Services team this year was stronger than last year, and except for one lapse against the S.C.C. was unbeaten. We had a larger proportion of Regimental players in the team this year, and when they beat Negri Sembilan ten of the Regiment were playing. The team suffered a severe loss when Lt. Frankis went home to the Depot. He is probably missed more at hockey than at any other game.

Lt. Cumberlege played centre forward for the Colony in their annual match against the F.M.S., which took place at Kuala Lumpur.

The Garrison League was this year won by the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Gunners by the odd point from H.Q. "B.," while H.Q. "A" and No. 3 Company were not far behind. H.Q. "B" won the Company Shield, beating No. 2 Company in the final by 4 goals to 3 after an excellent game.

The inter-platoon competition has not yet been finished owing to excessive rain. The finalists are Nos. 19 and 23 Platoons.

BOXING.

In the middle of January H.M.S. *Hawkins* came down from Hong-Kong, and we were able to box them again for the Lowther Grant Cup. This is a cup for competition between the Navy and Army, and was last competed for in 1926, shortly after we arrived here, when the Navy won.

We were beaten again by five fights to three, though if Pte. Tomkins had had a little luck in his fight it might have been a different story ; as it was, he went very near beating his man.

The Navy had three of the team which beat us before. Stemp, who last time lost to Pte. Gill, won the return fight ; McManus, who beat Pte. Harris before in the featherweights, this time beat Pte. Birch in the bantams, and Pelling, who last year lost to Pte. Whiston in the light-heavyweights, this time fought heavy and beat Pte. Annesley after an extra round. Results :—

Flyweight.—L. S. Stemp beat Pte. Gill. Bantamweight.—Cpl. McManus beat Pte. Birch, J. Featherweight.—A. B. Quick lost to Pte. Harris. Lightweight.—Stoker Malt lost to L/Cpl. Hobbs. Welterweight.—O. C. Smart beat Pte. Tomkins. Middleweight.—Stoker Cunningham beat Pte. Birch, H. Light-Heavyweight.—Sig. Marshall lost to Pte. Whiston. Heavyweight.—L. S. Pelling beat Pte. Annesley. Best Losers.—Sig. Marshall and Pte. Birch, J.

A few weeks later we boxed against H.M.S. *Cumberland*, who was on her way to China. Having a new ship's company they had not had time to know their boxers, and we won all the fights. Our team, who boxed excellently throughout, consisted of :—Bantam, Pte. Lockwood ; feather, Pte. Harris ; light, L/Cpl. Hobbs and Pte. Burke ; welter, Pte. Birch, H., Pte. Tomkins, and Pte. McKenna ; middle, Pte. Coyle ; heavy, Pte. Whiston.

In March we held an open competition, and though the entries were not very large, the boxing was of a much higher standard than that shown in previous competitions :—Results :—

Flyweight.—Pte. Jacoby beat Pte. Hulbert. Bantamweight.—Pte. Bowman, w.o. Featherweight.—Pte. Harris beat Pte. Sheehan. Lightweight.—L/Cpl. Hobbs beat Pte. Burke. Welterweight.—Pte. Tomkins beat Pte. Kirby. Middleweight.—Pte. Birch, H., beat Pte. Coyle (k.o.). Light-Heavyweight.—Pte. Scott beat Pte. Beanland. Heavyweight.—L/Cpl. Dockray beat Pte. Annesley. Best Loser.—Pte. Sheehan.

To complete the programme there were four contests with the Royal Artillery, the results of which were :—Pte. Coyle beat Gnr. Mitchell ; Pte. Birch, H. beat Gnr. Prescott ; L/Cpl. Bawtry beat Gnr. Taylor ; Gnr. Stamp beat Gnr. Benton. Gnr. Prescott was awarded the best loser's prize for the first night.

CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING.

The inter-platoon cross country run was held in the first week in February over a short but heavy course of two and a half miles round the barracks. The teams consisted of eight men from each platoon with six to count. As was the case last year, No. 15 Platoon won it comparatively easily. Out of the twenty-three platoons, eleven only completed the course and so scored points in the inter-platoon flag competition. The first three platoons home were Nos. 15, 21, and 12.

A week later the inter-company cross country run took place. The course was a mile longer than the course for the platoon run. Twelve men (ten to count) started from each company. It was won easily by No. 3 Company, who did well to beat No. 4, who have held the shield for the last two years.

The teams were placed as follows :—1st, No. 3 Coy., 143 pts. ; 2nd, No. 4 Coy., 241 pts. ; 3rd, No. 2 Coy., 396 pts. ; 4th, No. 1 Coy., 416 pts. ; 5th, H.Q. " B," 433 pts. ; 6th, H.Q. " A " (unfinished).

RACING.

Our interest in "The Sport of Kings" in this Peninsula continues undiminished, and has taken a more practical turn now that some of us are able to enter horses in competition for the very generous stakes offered by the Straits Racing Association.

We must, first of all, offer our congratulations to Lt. W. A. Woods on the two successes gained in the professional meetings at Ipoh and Penang during July last by his brown mare Nargis, especially as the mare had literally been running for her life, when at Singapore in the previous May, she suddenly turned up at odds of nearly 50 to 1 against. Needless to say, on this particular occasion, none of us were "on" her. Following on last year's successes, Nargis again put up a sterling performance at Penang in January of this year. In a six furlong race she dead-heated for second place, after a great race up the straight, being caught in the last stride and beaten by the winner by the shortest of short heads. She has indeed justified her new lease of life and hopes are entertained that she will score again for her owner during the current racing year.

From the professional meetings which, from the point of view of local executives, are growing at an almost alarming rate in respect of entries and attendances (new and larger courses are being sought for on every side), we must now turn to what is really of greater personal interest to us—namely, the meetings confined to amateur riders. In common with the professional meetings these gatherings have also become exceedingly popular, and in consequence very good stake money can be picked up by those fortunate enough to own winners.

During the month of December, 1927, two-day meetings were held at Kuala Lumpur, Ipoh, and Taiping. At Ipoh Lt. F. R. Armitage, riding his own bay gelding Brown Laddie, was placed third, while Lt. A. G. Hiddingh's bay mare Mimosa (ridden by "Mr. Don") secured a second. At Taiping, on the first day, Lt. Armitage was again third on Brown Laddie, who, however, next day secured a second place. At this meeting Mimosa, carrying 9st. 10lb., and ridden by Lt. Armitage, won the Krian Stakes (five furlongs), thereby securing for her jockey his first winning race. This was her second race that day, as she had previously run third in a two furlong race, for polo ponies only, under the crushing burden of 13st. 12lb. Mimosa was also successful on the second day, over six furlongs, when ridden by Mr. G. M. Gifford—a very creditable performance for a polo pony who had not previously been given the credit of being able to stay five furlongs. On the first day at Taiping Lt. H. B. Owen again rode Capt. Lindsay Vears' bay gelding Sophocles in H.H. The Sultan of Perak's Gold Challenge Cup. Unfortunately he was thrown the second time round, and although remounting, was unable to finish higher than third. Lts. Armitage and Owen had to return to Singapore after the first day, owing to the proximity of Christmas, and so were unable to ride on the second day (Christmas Eve). In five days' racing Lt. Armitage, rode in a total of sixteen races, obtaining one win, one second, and three thirds.

Further amateur meetings are held during April and May, and it is hoped that now the ice has been broken our Regimental entries, both man and mount, may proceed from strength to strength.

B. O. Y.

BANGKOK.

MY interest in Bangkok was, so far as I remember, first aroused when in my extreme youth a successful deal brought into my possession a gaudy and probably completely spurious specimen, purporting to be the legal postage tender of that city. I cannot record that this interest led me to ascertain the exact whereabouts of Bangkok; in fact I always regarded it rather as a legendary country, or at best one invented by philatelists for their own fell uses. It fell in the same category in my mind as a country called Gaboon, which was responsible for a set of even more unlikely stamps. In later years, support was lent to the possible existence of Bangkok by the London office of one of our greater shipping companies, which displayed in its windows a selection of posters showing various improbable buildings, apparently the temples of this same city. Even then I had a sneaking feeling that Mr. Cook must

have been deceived by the stamp dealers. However now I have been there, and can assure anyone who like myself may have had doubts, that there really is such a place. My only hope is that this article, however unworthy, may do some good in clearing the character of Mr. Cook. For it is not right that the masses should doubt the probity of our leaders of commerce.

Bangkok lies some miles up a river, which everybody calls the Me-nam. But if you go and call it the Me-nam river you will be wrong, for Me-nam is apparently the Siamese for river; though this is only what we were told up there, and I see that the atlas which is generally pretty accurate about such matters, calls it the Me-nam river, so perhaps you will be able to get away with it. Bangkok is a very confusing city. Mr. Whitaker, who seems to know about this sort of thing, says, in his excellent almanack, that it has a population of 450,000. I have no doubt that he is right, but that really gives one no idea of its size. It is a large straggling city, parts of which seem to have more than their fair share of inhabitants, while other parts seem to have none at all. The parts without the inhabitants are the more pleasant. The town itself is a strange mixture. The shopping and business quarter, like those of most towns in this part of the world, is mainly Chinese; the residential parts are very like the corresponding quarter in Alexandria, while the temples and palaces resemble nothing so much as a pantomime setting of Aladdin. One thing however is common to all parts. Everywhere there are waterways, which vary in size from quite large canals to ordinary ditches. For this reason, when writing an article, one should take every opportunity of referring to Bangkok as the "Venice of the East." Really, of course, it is quite remarkably unlike Venice. The reason for all this water is that the ground is so swampy that, in order to build a house, extra earth has to be heaped up to form a foundation. This earth is dug from a neighbouring locality which, *ipso facto*, becomes a ditch or canal according to the size of the house being built. A large proportion of the inhabitants live in house-boats on these canals, or "Klongs," as they are called in the vernacular. Some of the larger klongs, which are really tributaries of the Me-nam, are very beautiful.

Our activities during our all-too-short stay may be divided like Gaul into three parts—namely, sporting, social, and sight-seeing. No. 1, the cause of our journey, was responsible for two excellent games of rugger. On the first day of our stay we played an "A" team. This was chiefly to stretch our legs after our voyage, and we had a fairly easy victory—winning 24—nil. On the second day we played Bangkok's full side, and after an excellent game, drew 13 all. Both teams had good forwards, but we got slightly more of the ball in the tight scrums. Our backs, however, were not handling as well as on the previous day. Bangkok scored twice in the first ten minutes. After this, however, we rallied and before half-time had ourselves scored two tries, and converting both led 10—8. Both sides scored again shortly after re-commencing, Bangkok's try being converted. This made the score 13 all, at which stage it remained until the final whistle brought an end to one of the best games of the season.

An account of our social activities, pleasant as they were, would not, I am afraid, make very interesting reading. Mention must be made, however, of the excellent dinner given in our honour at the Royal Bangkok Sporting Club. To quote our estimable daily papers, an enjoyable evening was spent by all concerned and the customary speeches, toasts, and other ceremonials were observed, not forgetting the singing of that excellent ditty beginning "We don't want to march like the Infantry," which, accompanied by appropriate actions, seems to be indispensable to any dinner in Malaya.

As to the sight-seeing, Bangkok is a veritable tourists' paradise, and before going any further, I must apologise to Mr. Cook for my doubts about the accuracy of his posters. The temples, or Wats as they are called, and particularly the Old Palace, are beyond exaggeration. Space will not allow even the shortest description of their quaintness and charm, which is probably a good thing, as I, at any rate, am quite incapable of describing them. The Palace alone would require days of hard work to examine properly, whereas we, in true tourist fashion, were only able to devote a bare half-hour to it, having a date to see a man about a dog at the club. As it was, one came away with a confused impression of roofs tiled brilliantly in green, orange, and red; of immense figures of strange gods; of dwarf trees hundreds of years old and but a few feet high; and everywhere walls decorated with quaint designs of dragons and flowers, fashioned out of small pieces of brightly-coloured china, which look as though the least breath of wind would blow them off, or else adorned with every conceivable type of carving, painting, and inlay. The whole time one had the impression that one had strayed into one of the excellent settings designed by Mr. Gordon Harker, or whoever it was, for "Chu Chin Chow."

However, if I go on in this strain much longer, you will begin to think that I also am in the pay of Mr. Stanly Gibbons & Co., so I will end by mentioning the fly in the ointment—namely, the mosquitoes. Large as flies they were too, and as pugnacious as a troop of lionesses robbed of their whelps. Never were there such mosquitoes. They could bite with the greatest of ease through two pairs of thick socks, white flannel trousers meant nothing in their young lives. Even in the middle of the day, if one was foolish enough to open a drawer or cupboard—well! One might just as well have opened a bee-hive to see how the honey was getting on. And bad as they were in Bangkok, they were worse at the mouth of the Me-nam. For you must know that at the mouth of this river there is a bar, which resembles the variety probably better known to the majority of my readers only in that it is generally closed. This means that if you have as many people to see you off as we had, you will probably miss the tide, as we did, and if that happens you are lost, for you wait at the bar all night and are at the mercy of all the insects in creation. And, believe me, there are specimens of most of them at that bar.

However, even the horrors of that night cannot overshadow the pleasantness of our memories of Bangkok. We owe a very deep debt of gratitude to all those who were responsible for getting us up there and to everybody in Bangkok for the wonderful time they gave us while we were with them.

Does anybody know if they play ruggar in Gaboon?

R. G. T.

DEPOT NEWS.

THERE have been many changes at the Depot since our last notes were written. Major M. N. Cox has taken over command from Major W. T. McGuire Bate, Lt. C. I. E. Haslock (complete with two large Alsations) has come to us in place of Lt. C. K. T. Faithfull, whilst Capt. V. C. Green and Lt. J. E. Frankis have, as anticipated in the last issue, arrived from Singapore in relief of Capt. M. E. Crane and Lt. W. A. Marshman. We welcome Major Cox on his appointment and hope that the Royal Engineers will speedily effect the alterations which they are carrying out to the C.O.'s quarters, and thus allow of Mrs. Cox and the family coming up here in the near future. We also take this opportunity of tendering our congratulations to Major and Mrs. Cox on the birth of another daughter.

The number of recruits at the Depot has been small so far this year, but at the time of writing things are looking brighter. We have one squad in being and two more in process of formation. One of the latter is from the Northumbrian Area.

On Sunday, 5th February, 1928, a Memorial Service was held in the afternoon at the Parish Church for Earl Haig. Attendance at this service was voluntary, but many representatives of all ranks from the Depot were present. The Church was packed, and the congregation consisted mainly of men, a remarkable tribute to the late Field-Marshal.

On Sunday, the 4th March, 1928, a Church Parade took place in our Gymnasium, when the altar and church fittings were dedicated by the Rev. L. A. Hughes, M.A., C.F., A.C.G., Northern Command. Services had been held previously many months ago in the gymnasium, but owing to the small numbers at the Depot, these had been discontinued. It is hoped in future to hold a service once a month in barracks, if our Padre, the Rev. D. W. Scott, Vicar of Pellon, can manage it. The necessary altar linen has been presented to us by Dr. McWilliams Henry, of Halifax, to whom our thanks are due, and the cross on the altar, presented by the Rev. D. W. Scott, is one from the Flanders battlefields. In addition, and striking a more personal note for us, raised behind the altar we have the original cross erected at Reninghelst, bearing the names of the 10 Officers and 1 Sergeant referred to in No. 5 of the IRON DUKE, page 311, and No. 7, page 121.

Work is being pressed forward on the new playing field, all officers, led by Major Cox, doing an hour's digging daily, but in spite of this immense increase in the labour force available, there is no prospect of the ground being ready for many months to come.

On the 18th March, 1928, the Depot Officers were the guests of Colonel Goldthorp and the Officers of the 4th Battalion, at their annual dance. This was held in the Queen's Hall, and provided a most enjoyable evening.

It may interest all readers to know the situation of the Section "A" reservists who returned from China. The total number mobilized was 50. Of these, on demobilization, 12 were reinstated by their former employers; 6 others stated that they had work to go to; a further 7 have since obtained work. The remaining 25 did not live in our area and their application forms for employment were, therefore, transferred to the branch of the N.A.E.R.S.S. and A. nearest to their homes. No record is as yet to hand as to whether these men have found employment. Of all those living in the Halifax district there is only one who is unemployed.

National Savings Association. The total amount invested during the year ended 31st March, 1928, was £164 11s. 6d. The number of certificates issued was 183.

SHOOTING.—The N.R.A. medal is still being keenly contested for amongst the recruits, but owing to the small numbers at present at the Depot it has not been possible to hold competitive shoots, and therefore only individual shoots were held. The following were the winners of the monthly medals:—January, Pte. Lister, October squad; February, Pte. Scaife, October squad; March, Pte. Heslop, February squad.

SERGEANTS' MESS.

The Annual Dinner followed by a concert, in which Mr. Len Taylor's party gave an excellent programme, took place in the Mess on the 18th January, 1928. This event has proved very popular and is looked forward to by all members.

Carnival dances were held on New Year's Eve and St. Patrick's Day, on both occasions we had a good attendance of friends and ex-members of the Regiment. We are now looking forward to fine weather so that we may indulge in a few games of tennis. The square has been laid with asphalt and a court has been laid out in the south east corner. This court should prove an asset in a place like Halifax, where we have Heinz weather and get the 57 varieties in one day.

A billiard match between the Sergeants and the Corporals resulted in a win for the latter by 59 points, the Sergeants only winning two games out of eight. This has been duly noted by the Mess billiard instructor, and his pupils have been put back for further instruction.

The Officers and Sergeants' shoot was fired on 24th February, 1928, the cup being won by the Sergeants. Silver spoons: Major M. N. Cox, Lt. J. E. Frankis, R.S.M. H. Matthews, Sgt. J. McGowan. Wooden spoon: Sgt. T. Sharman.

Several changes have occurred in the Mess since last issue and we are pleased to welcome:—L/Sgts. Seaton and Brown, and to congratulate them on their appointment. C.Q.M.S. M. F. Browne, Sgts. McGowan, Slane, Simcox and Wood posted for a tour of duty. C.S.M. Bourne, C.Q.M.S. T. Kenny, Sgts. Hemsworth and Ward, reposted to the 1st Battalion. Sgt. Thompson has retired on pension, and our best wishes go with him. We understand that he is going out to Canada.

CORPORALS' MESS.

All members congratulate Cpl. Seaton on his appointment to the rank of L/Sergeant. This appointment was made just after our last notes had been submitted for publication.

We relieved the monotony of our six months silence by having a chara. trip to Sheffield, to witness a football match in the fourth round of the English Cup, Sheffield United v. Wolverhampton Wanderers, on the 28th January. The weather could have been worse, but not much. We arrived in Sheffield about 11 a.m. and split up into groups of twos and threes, to wander round the city until 12.30 p.m., the time appointed for dinner. Previously we had arranged the matter of feeding with Mr. Stephenson of Castle St. We met as arranged, and after a little delay, we sat down to an excellent dinner. One of our aristocratic members called it luncheon, perhaps it was, we won't argue, but there were too many knives and forks for him to deal properly with; however, we had a good time and there were no complaints.

In the afternoon the soccer match was the attraction for several of the company, and even though the rain had ceased, one or two preferred the theatre matinée. The evening was spent in much the same way, and time passed on almost unnoticed, until the hour for departure arrived; several were out of breath, but all were present though tired.

On February 9th, we made an exciting attack on the Sergeants' Mess, to take up the challenge of a billiard match. The evening was spent very pleasantly in the company of our seniors, and we could not have wished to have been made more comfortable. We think it is quite enough to say we won the day by six matches to two.

SPORT.

ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL.—Our XI has again been successful in winning the Thursday League very easily, and has achieved a phenomenal goal average.

HOCKEY.—A hockey side has recently been started which is doing fairly well considering the short time a number of the team have been playing. Two outside matches have been played, one won and one drawn, and a number of practice games have taken place.

147th (2nd WEST RIDING) INFANTRY BRIGADE NEWS.

THE strength of the Brigade on 1st April, 1928, was :—Officers, 73 ; other ranks, 2,000. Col. A. E. Irvine, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., assumed command of the Brigade as from 28th January, 1928.

WINTER TRAINING.—Winter training has been carried out much on the same lines as last year. Courses of instruction for W.O's and N.C.O's were held at the Regimental Depot. In addition, the Depot Training Cadre visited all Battalions to impart instruction and deliver lectures. Evening classes for leaders and specialists were formed in all Battalions and were very well attended.

FOOTBALL.—No Brigade football competition was held this season, only the team of the 7th Battalion entering. This team represented the Brigade in the Divisional Tournament and succeeded in reaching the final, in which they were beaten by the 5th Bn. Y. & L. Regt. by 4 goals to nil.

CROSS COUNTRY.—The Brigade cross country run took place near Kirkheaton on 17th March, 1928. Two teams (5th and 7th Battalions) competed. 7th Battalion team were the winners and represented the Brigade in the Divisional final held at York on 14th April, 1928. The team was beaten into second place by the Yorkshire Dragoons. Pte. Norcliffe, 7th Battalion, was the first man home.

BOXING.—The 49th Divisional boxing tournament took place at Endcliffe Drill Hall, Sheffield, on 27th February, 1928. The following representatives of the Brigade won their respective competitions :—Bantamweights.—Pte. T. A. Lister, 6th Battalion. Featherweights.—L/Cpl. G. A. Hill, 5th Battalion.

4th BATTALION NEWS.

Evening classes for N.C.O's and selected privates were held during the winter months, terminating in March. These were fairly well attended. A Battalion tactical exercise for Officers and N.C.O's was carried out on the 11th March. The Depot Training Cadre visited the Battalion in January, their help being very much appreciated.

The annual children's Christmas tree was held in the Drill Hall, Halifax, on the 27th December, 1928. Each child received a suitable present, also a bag of fruit and sweets. The presents were distributed by Miss Mary and Master John Goldthorp. Sgt. Langley performed the duties of "Father Christmas" in his usual style, much to the delight of the kiddies.

The Annual Prize Distribution and Mens' Ball was held on the 13th January. The prizes were presented by the Mayor of Halifax (Alderman A. L. Whittaker). Among the guests were Col. Sugden, Col. Atkinson, and Col. Walker, late commanding officers of the Battalion. After the distribution of prizes, the hall was cleared and dancing was continued until 1 a.m. Approximately 1,200 people were present.

The Officers' Annual Ball was held in the Queen's Hall, Halifax, on the 9th March. This was voted one of the most successful ever held.

The Sergeants' Annual Ball was held in the Drill Hall, Halifax, on the 27th January. The hall was very tastefully decorated, many hundreds of coloured electric lamps being used with excellent effect. Seven hundred guests enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

The return billiards match with the Officers of the Battalion was played on the 13th March, resulting in another win for the Sergeants' team. The Officers, not satisfied with the results of the two matches played, suggested a further match. This was played on the 3rd April, when a third defeat was sustained by the Officers, although it was a close finish. Eight games played, Officers won 4, Sergeants won 4. The match was won by the narrow margin of 2 points in favour of the Sergeants' team.

The fortnightly whist drives have been continued throughout the winter months, and have been very successful.

5th BATTALION NEWS.

It is with very sincere regret from all ranks that we have to record the retirement of Lt.-Col. S. C. Brierly on completion of his four years' command. We congratulate him most heartily on his promotion to Brevet Colonel.

Lt.-Col. R. Rippon has assumed command of the Battalion, with Major Keith Sykes as Second in Command and Capt. E. Butterworth has been transferred from Headquarters Wing to command "B" Company (Holmfirth). Capt. E. H. P. Norton is appointed to command Headquarters Wing.

We very much regret to report the death of Lt.-Col. H. W. Williams, M.D., at Holmfirth on March 8th. Col. Williams joined the Holmfirth Company as Surgeon-Lieutenant in 1897 and was promoted Surgeon-Captain in 1900, and held this rank until he retired in 1909. During the war he served as Medical Officer to the 2/5th Battalion and subsequently commanded a C.C.S. in France. He kept up his active connection with the Battalion right up to the date of his death as medical examiner of all recruits of the Holmfirth platoons of "B" Company.

"C" and "D" Companies held their Annual Prize Distributions at Kirkburton and Mirfield on Saturdays, January 8th and 22nd respectively. Wilfred Carter, Esq., of Kirkburton, presented the "C" Company prizes and Mrs. Harold Wilson, of Mirfield, those of "D" Company. "A" Company followed with their Annual Prize Distribution in February, when Capt. W. G. Wrigley, J.P., presented the prizes, and on Sunday, the 12th, "B" Company attended Divine service at St. John's Church, Upperthong, accompanied by the Band and Drums. "A" Company also held their annual Church parade at St. John's Church, Huddersfield, on Sunday, February 19th.

Dances, smoking concerts, pie-suppers, and other social functions have all helped to make the social life of this period a busy and successful one. The Officers' Annual Ball was held on the 8th of February and was very successful, as was the Sergeants' Annual Ball, held on 2nd March.

Equitation training for Officers has been carried out under the Adjutant, Capt. A. G. Smith, on Sunday mornings during the period at Bradford Moor Barracks.

L/Cpl. G. A. Hill, "A" Company, is congratulated on winning the featherweight competition at the 49th Divisional Boxing Tournament held at Sheffield on February 27th. Pte. F. Berry, "A" Company, Pte. F. Hill, Headquarter Wing, Pte. T. Horsfall, "C" Company, and Boy W. Smith, Headquarter Wing, also took part in the tournament. Sgt. W. C. Hardy is congratulated on being awarded the "Clasp" to the Territorial Efficiency Medal and Pte. J. Fisher on being awarded the Territorial Efficiency Medal.

6th BATTALION NEWS.

This being the quiet season, there is very little to report. The evening classes have been concluded, and all Companies have carried out a small tactical scheme, and some very instructive training has been done. Companies are now commencing their drills and musketry for the year.

Congratulations to Band Sgt. E. McLelland and Sgt. A. Wear on being awarded the Territorial Efficiency Medal.

Camp is to be held this year at Ripon from 29th July to 12th August.

Sgt. G. T. Batty has been re-posted to the 1st Battalion at Devonport on completion of his tour of duty on the Permanent Staff, and has been relieved by Sgt. J. R. Ogdan.

A considerable number of N.C.O's and men have attended courses of instruction at the Depot and other centres, and all have received satisfactory reports.

Pte. T. A. Lister, "A" Company, was successful in winning the 49th Divisional Trophy (bantamweight) in the boxing competition held at Sheffield.

The Annual Dinner of the Officers was held at the Midland Hotel, Bradford, on the 14th April, when about 40 Officers (past and present) attended. Col. J. Birkbeck (Hon. Colonel of the Battalion) presided, and a pleasant evening was spent. The arrangements were in the capable hands of the P.M.C., Major F. L. Smith.

It is with the deepest regret that we have to record the death of 2nd Lt. C. H. N. Tower; an obituary notice appears elsewhere.

7th BATTALION NEWS.

It is with deep regret that we have to report in this issue the passing of Col. Robert Taylor, T.D., who died on the 5th of March, 1928, after a painful and trying illness. A great number of friends attended his funeral on the 8th of March at Golcar Parish Church, when full military honours were accorded. Col. Taylor had only a few days before his death relinquished his tour of command of this Battalion. A very great loss has been sustained by the Battalion and district by the passing of a robust personality; one who displayed in all he did, whether work or play, that thoroughness, vigour, and energy which are characteristic of the neighbourhood in which he resided. He served throughout the Great War, and with this Battalion for many years, with honour and distinction, and it may perhaps not be fully realised what is due to Col. Taylor and his work in re-building the 7th Battalion since the Great War. One may truly say that he did his duty. Our heartfelt sympathies are tendered to his widow and family in their bereavement.

ANNUAL DINNER.—The Annual Dinner was this year held on Friday, January 27th, 1928, at the George Hotel, Huddersfield, and was well attended by present and past Officers of the Battalion.

WINTER SHOOTING LEAGUE COMPETITION.—This has been won by "C" Company this season, and the medal for the highest average score below the rank of sergeant went to Pte. H. L. Hansom of "B" Company.

We welcome heartily to the new command of the Battalion Lt.-Col. J. W. Clark, T.D., who has had long service with the 7th Battalion from his being commissioned. Also Capt. M. E. Crane, who has come from the Line Battalion to take up the duties of Adjutant, *vice* Capt. V. C. Farrell. We also welcome in our midst 2nd Lts. H. Coop and P. B. Tanner on receiving their commissions.

"A" Company's Prize Distribution was held this year on February 18th, 1928, at Milnsbridge Drill Hall, the prizes being presented by Mrs. J. W. Clark. "C" Company held their Prize Distribution at Mossley Drill Hall on February 25th, 1928, and Major-Gen. Cameron (the Divisional Commander) presented the prizes here. Both these events were most successful and enjoyable.

N.C.O's classes and lectures have been held at the various drill halls during the winter, and these have been most profitable.

The choice of venue for the annual training this year is Ripon, which may have aroused a variety of hopes, the realisation of which must be left to time.

The cross country group competition held on the 17th March at Kirkheaton has been won by this Battalion, with Pte. J. Norcliffe of "B" Company as first man home.

We are sorry to hear that the Divisional Football Championship has not come our

way this time, but was decided in favour of the 5th York and Lancaster Regt., at York, on February 25th, 1928.

The Mellor shield competition, held on April 22nd, 1928, has this year been won by "D" Company, with the prizes for best turned-out men going to Pte. H. L. Hansom (1st) and Pte. A. Norcliffe (2nd), both of "B" Company. The weather on this occasion was good and the general turn-out of teams splendid.

1st BATTALION THE YORKTON REGT. NEWS.

ONE of the chief difficulties facing a correspondent of a unit situated in Canada is that of keeping himself thawed out sufficiently during the winter months to enable him to pound the refractory keys of a typewriter. When he is able to accomplish this he has then to contend with the possibility that the various members of the unit are not leaving the fireside long enough to do anything which would be of any interest to anybody else in the world.

Since we have been reminded of the fact that the February issue of the IRON DUKE came out without any news from this outpost of the British Empire, we have ventured to enquire whether anybody has done anything worthy of being recorded in the annals of military history, and we are astonished at the tremendous activity which has been manifest during the past few months.

First in importance we find that an Athletic Club has been organised for the N.C.O.'s and men of the Regiment. This meets regularly every week in the Club rooms, where various gymnastic gyrations are performed by the enthusiastic members. Rumour has it that Canada will choose all her athletes for the next Olympic sports from the vicinity of Yorkton, but we doubt the veracity of such a rumour. However, one can truthfully say that the talent brought to light so far is simply astonishing. Shades of Dan Leno, Sims Reeves, and the Russian ballet are in remarkable evidence.

Then we had the annual shooting match at Christmas, when R.Q.M.S. Steele and Sgt. Bugler Gilbert made possibles, and had to shoot off for the honour of winning the turkey. This particular competition was eventually won by R.Q.M.S. Steele. Not to be outdone Lt.-Col. Laban and Capt. Crosthwaite turned in possibles for the Officers, and it was only after the Colonel had made 24 consecutive "bulls," that the contest was finally decided in his favour. We mustn't forget the friendly shooting match held between representatives of our brother officers of the 16th Light Horse and officers of our own Regiment. Some excellent shooting was exhibited, especially by Major A. C. McConnell of the cavalry, who obtained a very remarkable 99%. We were forced to acknowledge defeat before such excellent marksmanship, but are hoping to avenge this at a later date.

Major S. L. Waterman (O.C. "D" Company) writes from Canora that his company is quite determined to retain the Peaker Cup, won last year for the best all-round company in training and sports, and with this end in view his men are fixing up a short-distance rifle range so that they can get in some rifle shooting before annual training. As an illustration of how seriously some of the "D" Company people take their soldiering, it might be of interest in some quarters to know that one of the N.C.O.'s has for the last 3 years travelled to camp at his own expense from distances of 150 to 300 miles.

Major O'Regan (examining recruit): "Have you any scars on you?"
 Recruit: "No, but I can give you a cigarette."

Captain Goater (who in civil life is a teacher): "Norman, give me a sentence using the word 'diadem.'"

Norman: "People who drive on to railroad crossings without looking, di-a-dem sight quicker than those who stop, look and listen."

H.M.S. IRON DUKE.

AT PORTLAND, 30th March, 1928.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Our spring cruise is rapidly coming to an end, the final act being performed in the Channel on Tuesday next before King Amanullah. His Majesty is being taken to sea in the *Nelson*, whilst the remainder of the Fleet put up a series of turns which it is hoped will impress and please him and his staff.

Our cruise to Arosa Bay, Gibraltar, and Almeria was attended on the whole by good weather, the first three weeks at Gibraltar being delightful. We met hosts of military friends at Gibraltar and a sort of wave of dances and entertainments ensued, which must have more than satisfied the keenest exponent of the terpsichorean art. The *Iron Duke* started the business by a dance given by the Admiral and Officers, at which His Excellency the Governor, Sir Charles Munro, and Lady Munro, the C.-in-C. Atlantic Fleet, and some 450 guests attended. Vast numbers of officers and men attended the Gibraltar races at the North Front, but it is reported that very little money left the Rock in the pockets of the naval officers attending (despite the fact that one horse paid 90—1 for a win).

Our visit to Almeria was fortunately short; I should not advise anyone who wants a holiday to go there. The only excitement was getting to and from the shore, as most of the time a heavy swell was running. Even the Spanish Captain of the Port lost an epaulette climbing on board *Iron Duke* when paying an official call on the Admiral. Whilst there, the obstacle cutter race for boys was held. In this race the boats alternately sail and pull, and the crew have to be well trained in hoisting sails, getting masts up and down, etc. *Iron Duke's* boys won easily and had a great reception when they arrived alongside.

Boxing, bayonet, sabre, épée, and other competitions took place whilst at Gibraltar, and the hockey team played a good many matches with varying success. The Gun Rooms of *Iron Duke* and *Nelson* indulged in an Olympiad. The events consisted of boxing, hockey, tennis, boat pulling, rifle shooting, and a Marathon. *Iron Duke* won by 39 points to *Nelson's* 16 points. The prize was a dinner at Portsmouth, to be paid for by the losing team. It is reported that the Gun Room of *Iron Duke* are already in training for this final event.

Our meeting with the Mediterranean Fleet resulted in two large exercises with a spell for reminiscences and refreshments in between. They were extraordinarily interesting as every phase of modern naval warfare was fully exploited, and at times, if the air was not full of aeroplanes from the *Furious* and *Eagle*, it was darkened by smoke screens from destroyers. Many old friends from the Mediterranean Fleet were met during the spell between the exercises and the number of re-union dinners was legion. If Past and Present *Iron Duke's* dinner had been held, Olympia would scarcely have held those entitled to attend.

On the way home the *Iron Duke* and several other battleships represented troop ships in a convoy. It was hoped that several of the higher officials of the Ship would wear Bowler Hats on the Bridge during this exercise, but they wouldn't play. When the Lizard light was sighted the exercise finished and once more we became the *Iron Duke* and not ship No. 11, which was our convoy number.

On arrival at Portsmouth we are giving our usual Easter leave and then proceeding north again.

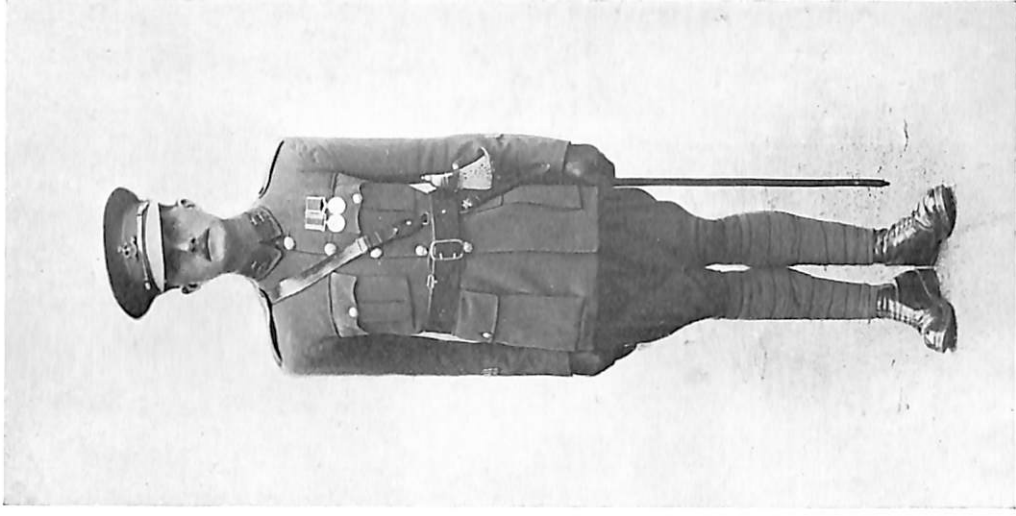
With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

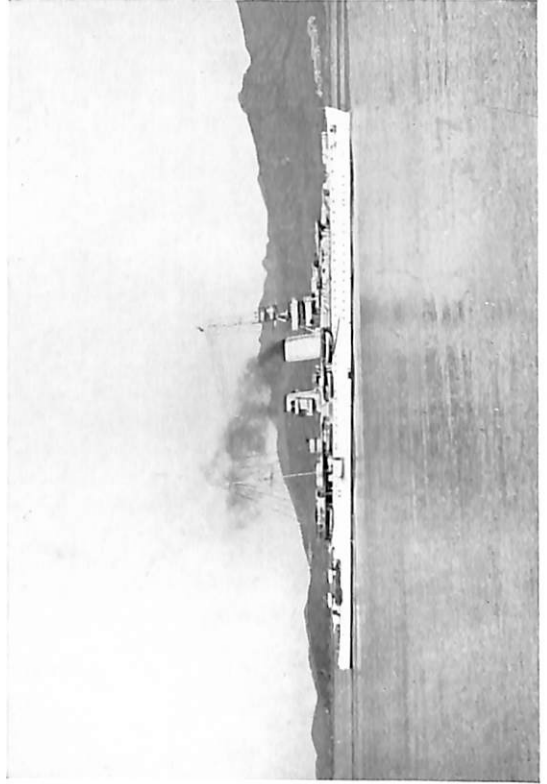
H.M.S. "IRON DUKE."



Lieut. W. A. Woods' Brown Mare, "Nargis" (Mahoney up). See page 99.



R.S.M. T. Milner,
1st Bn. The Duke of Wellington's Regiment.



H.M.S. *Hawkins* flying the Flag of Admiral Sir Reginald Tyrwhitt.
Singapore, January, 1928.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL C. D. BRUCE, C.B.E.,
Author of the Regimental History, 1st and 2nd Battalions (1881-1923).

OLD COMRADES' ASSOCIATIONS.

1st, 2nd and 3rd BATTALIONS.

AT the General Meeting, held in the R.U.S.I. Theatre, Whitehall, London, on the 23rd April last year, a suggestion was put forward to the effect that the Committee should endeavour to expend to the amount of the annual income of the Association. Up to the present this year the Committee have practically done so, but without any especial endeavour on its part, the principal causes being a reduction of income and an increase in expenditure. The chief cause of the reduction of income is that there has not been any windfall this period, such as the Military Tattoo in Singapore, which resulted in extra income to a total of £151 11s. 3d., and no donations have been received from the Depot Piggery, which, during the corresponding period of last year granted £70. The principal increases on account of expenditure are due to grants for pensions £117 6s. 6d., grants to individuals £34 2s. 10d., and loans £12 over those of the same period of last year. The Committee have pleasure in reporting that there has been a great increase in the amount refunded in repayment of loans—viz., £100 14s. over that of last year. It is regretted that some of those to whom loans have been granted have not been able to repay owing to sickness and unemployment, but there are one or two cases in which there is not the same excuse to be made; it is to be hoped that they will make a better effort for the future.

Since the 1st July last year there have been 170 applications for assistance, an increase of 21 over those of the same period in last year, of which 109 have been assisted to a total of £213 7s. 6d. by grants and ten by loans to a total of £189. Nine are in course of investigation, etc.

The Committee regret to announce the deaths of the following:—Mr. W. H. Gordge, Canteen Manager, The Tower of London, and Mr. W. Burberry, 23 Birkbeck Road, South Ealing, W.5.

Seventy-one members of the Old Comrades' Association attended the London Dinner held at the Maison Lyons, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1, on Saturday, April the 21st, 1928. Lt.-Gen. Sir Herbert Belfield, K.C.B., etc., presided, and others present were:—

Brig.-Gens. W. M. Watson and P. A. Turner, Col. J. A. C. Gibbs, Lt.-Cols. K. A. Macleod and W. G. Officer, Lt.-Col. F. H. B. Wellesley (Commanding 1st Battalion), Major E. C. Boutflower and Capt. J. V. Kirkland, 2nd Battalion, Major M. N. Cox (Commanding Depot), Capt. V. C. Green, Depot, Capt. C. E. Naylor, R. A. Scott, D. W. Foster, G. P. Bennett, J. H. Moore, Lts. E. Readings, J. G. Lepper, Major C. W. G. Ince (Hon. Secretary, London Dinner), Messrs. T. White, F. May, W. Cowling, E. Hanwell, J. W. Dunn, J. Brewer, G. R. Carney, W. J. Simmonds, E. Brooks, P. V. E. Green and two others, F. J. Postlewaite, C. L. Foster, W. Blackwell, J. A. Stafford, A. Westbrook, C. A. Lea, C. C. Perry, L. A. Harper, A. Dell, W. T. F. Cooper, F. A. E. English, B. J. Taylor, J. Dodman, A. H. Pope, L. Taylor, J. Leach, H. Rawson, A. E. Lindsell, A. C. Blanchard, J. W. Paling, J. J. Hart, A. C. Smith, M. Grady, J. Tippet, G. Birkett, J. Humphreys, Pensioner J. George, C.S.M. A. P. Downey, 1st Bn. K.O.Y.L.I. Depot.—Sgts. F. Balls, C. Spink, J. Slane, C. J. Wood, Cpls. G. Lee and G. White. 1st Battalion.—R.S.M. T. Milner, O.R.Q.M.S. T. Norman, Sgt. S. Broadbent, Sgt. Instr. (P.T.) W. P. Austin, C.S.M. F. Allsop, Condr. Longbottom. Mr. A. Westbrook was the oldest soldier present, having enlisted in 1870 in the 76th Foot.

The meeting of so many old comrades, some of whom have not been able to attend on past occasions, was most enjoyable, and from the cheery sounds all round it was evident that all enjoyed themselves.

After an excellent dinner and after the King's health had been drunk, the Chairman gave a short account of the doings of both Battalions during the previous year, together with many other matters of Regimental interest. He congratulated the 1st Battalion on its successful career in the field of sport—rugby, boxing, Southern Command horse show, the 2nd Battalion also on all its successes in sport in Malaya. On this subject he read extracts from a letter he had received from Lt.-Col. Pickering.

The Chairman, in referring to the progress of the Regimental Chapel in York Minster, said how much the Regiment were indebted to Col. Gibbs for the interest he took in this, and to Lt. W. J. Clarke, who acted as representative of the Regiment on the spot and took

particular care of the Chapel. He then referred to the Regimental History, and expressed the hope that those who had not procured a copy would so do. He added that our thanks were due to Brig.-Gen. Bruce for producing such an interesting book. He then mentioned the Regimental Magazine, the IRON DUKE, which he hoped all present took in. Our thanks were due to the Editor, Lt.-Col. Trench, and its Hon. Treasurer, Brig.-Gen. Turner, for all the trouble they took in producing such an excellent paper. The state of the funds of the O.C.A. on the 5th of April showed a very satisfactory balance. Help had been given in grants to needy cases to a total of £209 15s., loans £189, and pensions £173 2s. 6d., a portion of the latter being contributed from the War Memorial Pensions Fund. A most satisfactory item in the statement was the amount shown as refund of loans, £185. Referring to the amounts received previously from the Depot Piggery, he mentioned that the cessation of these must be due to the loss of the services of Capt. Oliver. Our thanks were due to Mr. Paling for all the trouble and hard work he put in on behalf of the O.C.A. Finally, the Chairman expressed a hearty vote of thanks to Major C. W. G. Ince, who had brought them together that evening.

Previous to his speech, the Chairman read telegrams from the 2nd Battalion at Singapore, Lt.-Col. Trench, and a telephone message from Col. Herapath, wishing members a happy evening.

4th BATTALION.

An old friend to the Association (Lt. Evans), along with a Committee raised by R.Q.M.S. F. Cooke, organised a dance at the Drill Hall on Saturday, 21st January, which proved to be a great success, many of the old members of the Battalion putting in an appearance, accompanied by their wives. The result was a profit of £25 to the Association, a splendid achievement considering the short time at the disposal of the committee. A willing, hard-working, and harmonious band of workers is bound to succeed. Col. Atkinson was there, as usual. He seldom misses a function, and all ranks are always glad to see the C.O. who took the Battalion to France. Col. Mowat is back with us once more, looking quite fit, as all are pleased to notice. The new members of the Committee are quite enthusiastic, and up to the present the meetings have been well attended.

The ninth annual meeting of the 4th Duke of Wellington's Old Comrades' Association was held on Saturday at the Saddle Hotel, Halifax, with Q.M.S. Barker in the chair, supported by Gen. Sugden, Col. Atkinson, Major Chambers, Major Learoyd, Major Fenton, Capt. Bales, Capt. Farrar, Capt. Yates, and other well-known old "Dukes." Apologies for absence were received from Col. Mowat and Capt. Kirk.

Major Denning, submitting the ninth annual report, spoke of the valuable work done by the Association in the past twelve months. A number of pension cases had been dealt with, and the Committee had been successful in placing 17 members in suitable employment. During the past year groceries to the value of £127 13s. 10d. had been distributed. Several members who had been seriously ill had been sent away to the seaside for convalescent treatment. The sum of £84 6s. 8d. had been advanced in loans to enable members to extend or commence in small businesses of their own, and the sum of £84 2s. 3d. had been repaid by members. The Committee also interested itself in the welfare of children who lost their fathers during the war, and in three cases, thanks to the assistance granted by the Committee, those children were receiving higher and better education than they otherwise would have had. In order to augment the funds of the Association, dances had been held, the total profit of the same being £125.

Ex-Sgt.-Major Haigh was unanimously appointed Chairman for the ensuing year, and other officers were re-elected.

Gen. Sugden, in proposing a hearty vote of thanks to the officials, spoke of the great calls upon the time of the Treasurer



Ex-Sgt.-Major HAIGH,
D.C.M., M.M.

(photo by courtesy of the
Editor of the Halifax
Courier & Guardian.)

and Secretaries, and the Chairman, all busy men. The Treasurer he especially sympathised with—he was the man on the spot, handiest to see, and had to give the hard word many times. He also stated that the thanks of the Association were due to Mrs. Mowat for her work for them. The work of the Association, he said, was not yet over. There were many old "Dukes" out of work and having a hard struggle.

Immediately after the meeting, a record number of 169 Old Comrades sat down to dinner, and mine host at the Saddle Hotel had a busy time. The evening was spent in a social manner, many old "Dukes" contributing to the success of the gathering.

Hard moments in the life of an infantry general at the front, well known in Brighouse.—Playing bridge—expecting a gas attack—each player wearing gas-mask—General's partner revokes—rubber lost—General unable to express his feelings in a Yorkshire fashion.

5th BATTALION.

The Association held its Annual Children's Party on the 31st of December and entertained some 500 children of men who served in the 5th Battalion during the war, to tea and an entertainment in the evening; each child on leaving was presented with a bag containing sweets, apple, orange, and a new penny.

On Friday, February 2nd, members of the Association attended the Annual Dinner of the Sergeants' Mess, and on Friday, March 2nd, members, with their wives, attended the Annual Ball of the Sergeants' Mess.

We regret to record the death of one of our members since the last "Notes."

Lt.-Col. R. Rippon and Major K. Sykes, the new Commanding Officer and second in command of the Battalion, have been elected vice-presidents of the Association.

We have had a large number of applications for assistance during the period under review, and we are pleased to be able to record that we have been able to assist practically all of them, including cases as far away and apart as Airdrie in Scotland, Newcastle, Staffs, and Southend-on-Sea.

Both the Holmfirth and Mirfield Branches of the Association are holding Children's Parties this month and expect to entertain over 100 children each.

The Holmfirth Branch organised a prize draw at Easter, offering as prizes a ticket to Wembley and expenses on the occasion of the English Cup final, and a ticket to seaside and expenses, etc., by which they have considerably augmented their funds.

On Sunday, the 22nd inst., the members of the Association are invited to attend Divine Service at the Huddersfield Parish Church in connection with the Annual Festival of the Royal Society of St. George. As this is Col. Rippon's first parade with the Battalion as its new C.O., every effort is being made to obtain a good attendance.

Arrangements have begun for the organising of a party to visit the Battalion whilst in camp at Ripon in July-August.

6th BATTALION.

The Annual Report and Balance Sheet have been issued to all members.

The strength of the Association on the 31st December, 1927, was 201, an increase of 38 during the year. One other rank has become a life-member, making a total of 14 life-members—10 officers and 4 other ranks.

The finances of the Association are still on the upward grade, the balance at the bank on the 31st December being £95 7s. 2d., and cash in hand 12s. 3d., making a total of £95 19s. 5d., an increase of £14 9s. 7d. on the preceding year.

Several cases of distress have been investigated during the year, and those eligible have been assisted financially.

The next Annual Meeting and Dinner is to be held at Bingley on the 24th November, 1928, due notice of which will be sent to members.

The Annual Re-union of old "H" Company was held at the Drill Hall, Bingley, on the 18th February, 1928, when about 80 officers and other ranks were present. Ex-Clr.-Sgt. J. Scully presided, and the officers present were Major T. K. Wright, Capt. S. H. Sarsby, and Capt. J. Churchman. A very entertaining evening was spent in musical items, toasts, etc., preceded by the usual "Pie Supper."

The second Re-union of old "D" Company took place at the Drill Hall, Keighley, on the 14th April, 1928, Major F. L. Smith presiding. About 150 members were present. "Pie Supper" opened the proceedings, and the evening was spent in musical numbers, the Company Band giving selections. Toasts were given or responded to by Capt. S. P. Stoker, J. Churchman, K. Nicholson, and B. G. Buxton. Among the Officers present were Major T. K. Wright, H. Dixon, Capt. J. R. Walker, A. P. Smith, R. M. Robinson, J. S. Spencer, H. Farrar, Sir J. D. Horsfall, Bt., and Lt. P. F. Stuck.

DINNER CLUB.

THE Dinner and Tea will be held on Friday, June 8th, at 8 p.m. and 4.15 p.m. respectively, at the Royal Adelaide Gallery (Oddenino's), the entrance being in King William St. Late intimations of attendance should be sent to the Treasurer of the Dinner Club, F Section, Lloyds Bank, Ltd., 6 Pall Mall, S.W.1. (Telegrams—Aldridge, F., Coxia, London.)

The Rules of the Club have just been revised; the most important change, which was carried unanimously, is the alteration in Rule 2, which now reads:—"The Colonel of the Regiment and all Officers who have been gazetted to and served in any of the existing or Service Battalions of the Regiment are eligible to become Members of the Club."

Two new members have been added to the Committee, one to represent the 147th (West Riding) Infantry Brigade, and the other the late Service Battalions, should ten of their officers join the Club. The other alterations are minor ones of no particular interest.

Any officers who are desirous of joining should communicate with the Honorary Secretary, Kilsyth, Storey's Way, Cambridge.

Not Out!!!

"Dux femina facti"

I WAS invited to act as umpire to the cricket match "Ladies v. Gentlemen." The conditions were: The gentlemen to bowl with the left hand and to bat with broomsticks. The ladies won the toss and decided to bat.

It was her first match, I speak "cricketly," and her first ball, I speak "bowlingly." She hit it and ran to my end. Her judgment was faulty, her hit weak, such is often the case with girls *at first*.

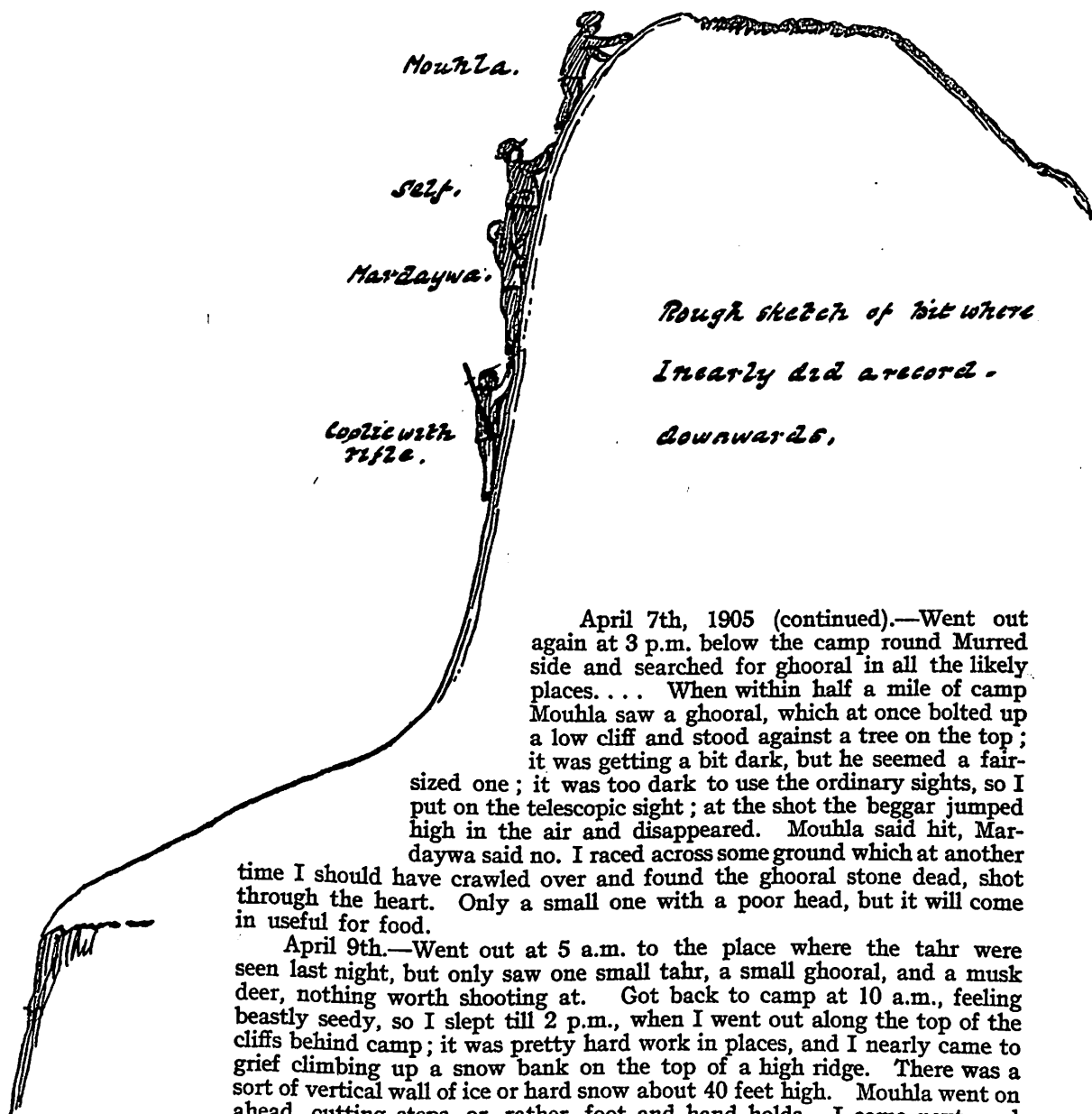
Alas! she arrived about one yard or less short of the crease. A shout arose from the field, "How's that, umpire?" She heard it—out of a pair of brilliant brown eyes she flashed an appealing glance at me—I noticed two little salt tears sparkling like diamonds on her long eyelashes and a nervous quiver hesitating on such a pretty mouth—for she *knew* that she was "out." That was enough for me. I had not the heart to assume the cricket "black cap." "Not out," I shouted at the top of my voice, but in a lower tone to her, "*Don't do it again.*" It was all over in a flash.

Expecting general condemnation, I glanced round the field. A broad grin yawned on the countenance of every fielder—not indeed in anger, but in approval. Apparently there was not one of them who would not have done likewise. Then—when I saw such an Heavenly Smile break out, and in *my* direction, from the Fair Suppliant, I was rewarded. I had "done evil that good might come," and it did!! Kind reader, what would you have done?

A. J. P.

Extracts from a Shooting Diary by the late Lt.-Col. A. G. Horsfall, D.S.O.

(Continued from page 58, No. 9, February, 1928.)



*Rough sketch of bit where
I nearly did a record -
downwards.*

April 7th, 1905 (continued).—Went out again at 3 p.m. below the camp round Murred side and searched for ghooral in all the likely places. . . . When within half a mile of camp Mouhla saw a ghooral, which at once bolted up a low cliff and stood against a tree on the top; it was getting a bit dark, but he seemed a fair-sized one; it was too dark to use the ordinary sights, so I put on the telescopic sight; at the shot the beggar jumped high in the air and disappeared. Mouhla said hit, Mar-daywa said no. I raced across some ground which at another time I should have crawled over and found the ghooral stone dead, shot through the heart. Only a small one with a poor head, but it will come in useful for food.

April 9th.—Went out at 5 a.m. to the place where the tahr were seen last night, but only saw one small tahr, a small ghooral, and a musk deer, nothing worth shooting at. Got back to camp at 10 a.m., feeling beastly seedy, so I slept till 2 p.m., when I went out along the top of the cliffs behind camp; it was pretty hard work in places, and I nearly came to grief climbing up a snow bank on the top of a high ridge. There was a sort of vertical wall of ice or hard snow about 40 feet high. Mouhla went on ahead, cutting steps, or, rather, foot and hand holds. I came next, and

behind me came Mardaywa. It was very slow work, as I had to wait, hanging on with hands and feet, while Mouhla, who was immediately above me, was cutting the next niches. We had nearly reached the top, Mouhla was in fact cutting the last two niches, and it was bitterly cold, a driving wind catching one as one got near the top of the ridge. I was pretty well dead beat and all of a sudden felt I could not hang on any longer. I did not feel at all giddy or in a funk, but just absolutely done up. I let go with my hands and was gradually beginning to lean outwards from the ice when Mardaywa saw what was happening. He took a step up and, reaching up, put one hand on my back and pressed me in towards the ice and held me there for about a minute, till I felt all right again. Old Mouhla, when he saw what was happening, got in an awful funk; he scrambled up on to the top of the ridge and took off his puggri and let it down to me and practically pulled me up. Jolly lucky Mardaywa acted as he did, as otherwise I should probably have done the journey into the nullah below in about record time; but for one or two steep bits of snow slope it was practically sheer cliff all the way. We did rather a wide circuit along the top of the ridge and came down over nearly the same ground that we had been on in the morning. I saw two small ghooral and two small tahr and stalked up to the latter, but they were not worth firing at.

April 10th.—Went out at 6 a.m. Mouhla had been out since 5 a.m. on the hill just above camp spying with the glasses and had sighted a black bear about a mile away feeding on a sort of horse-shoe-shaped hill with cliffs all round on the inside and a gentle slope on the outside, the whole hill gradually sloping up to the centre, which was the highest part of it. We raced off as hard as we could towards the place and, on reaching one end of the hill, cautiously crept up and peeped over. The bear was quietly feeding about 500 yards away at the end of the other arm of the horse shoe. We crept back under cover, leaving one man to watch the bear, and ran round to where we had seen him. The last hundred yards or so I was very excited, as we were crawling up to the crest of the hill, expecting to see the bear almost any minute. Finally, when we did get on to the hill top there was no bear to be seen. The coolie we had left behind came towards us along the top of the hill and said that soon after we started, the bear must have got our wind, as it suddenly stopped feeding and bolted; very curious, as except for the one place where we had left the man, we were out of sight of the bear the whole time and the wind was blowing straight up the horse shoe towards the centre of it. However, whatever the cause was, the bear had gone, and from its tracks seemed to have gone off top speed, so it was no good going after it. I took a turn round looking for ghooral and saw one good one, but it saw me as soon as I saw it and bolted clean away.

Coming back to camp, we saw a musk deer and, by crawling cautiously along behind some rocks, got within twenty yards of it. I lay there quite still watching it. It knew something was near it and stood perfectly motionless, except for its ears, which kept twitching; we tried flicking pebbles at it and still it never moved, till finally Mouhla nearly hit it with a biggish stone, and then it bolted. Both Mouhla and Mardaywa kept urging me to shoot, but I had only got permission to kill one, and had done that already.

After breakfast I shifted camp to Murred nullah, the coolies being in a big cave on the opposite bank of the stream, which was just below my camp. I went out in the evening to look for tahr and worked some very likely-looking ground, but saw nothing.

April 11th.—Went out at 5.30 a.m. to Choochool nullah, about four miles away, and some bad ground to get over; we got there about 8.30 and lay down on a ledge of rock to have a look round. We had not been there five minutes before we sighted a herd of tahr below us, feeding up towards the cliffs; in a few minutes they ceased grazing and began to come nearly straight to us. None of them looked very good, but the leader seemed much better than the others, so when they had come up level with us and about 100 yards away I fired. I thought I hit him, but Mouhla said not, so I fired again, and

down he came. Just then I spotted another one about the same size and fired at it. It went on as if unhit and I was going to fire again when Mouhla said, "Don't fire, as it is very hard hit." However, I thought I had better make sure, but before I could fire, it fell and after one or two struggles rolled away down the hill. Just then I spotted a bear about three-quarters of a mile below us, going to a den in the rocks near the stream and was very sorry I had fired at the tahr. While Mouhla and a coolie went down to fetch the tahr, I heard the bear roaring. Mouhla, when he came back, said this meant there was a female near. Both tahr had heads just worth keeping, but neither of them very good. I had to come back top speed, as I only had my puttoo hat on, but did not reach camp till 11 a.m. As we were coming back, a thick mist suddenly came on. I saw some way ahead of us what I thought was a shepherd with a flock of sheep, and was very annoyed, as Mouhla had said the sheep never came up here to graze till much later in the year. It was only on getting closer that I saw it was a big colony of monkeys who in the mist looked nearly double their size. Close to camp I saw an animal like a dikloo, but smaller, and bright chestnut in colour. Mardaywa and the coolie arrived some time after us with one of the tahr, having hidden the other under some bushes, so I sent off a couple of fresh coolies to fetch it. They were all very delighted at the prospect of a big feed.

(To be continued.)

MEN OF MOMENT.

THE DEFAULTER.

My company commander said
My kit was far from neat,
And what the sergeant-major said,
I'd shudder to repeat.
The Colonel said that Wormwood Scrubbs
Was far too good for me,
But as a compromise he'd give
Me fourteen days' C.B.

So now I'm a defaulter,
And when the bugles blow,
I doubles to the guard room
And shivers in a row
With all the other criminals,
A melancholy crew,
While the brutal provost-sergeant
Tells us what we've got to do.

"From 6 to 'arf-past 7
There's pertaters to be peeled,
And when you've 'ad your dinners
You can roll the cricket field.
By the time your teas are over,
If there's any still alive,
I'll 'ave you weedin' plantains
In the Colonel's drive."

When the sergeants gives a ball dance
We polishes the floor
By slidin' on our trousers-seats
For 'arf an hour or more.
The band they gits a supper,
With a pint of bitter beer ;
But we, who made the bloomin' show—
Do we get 'owt? No fear.

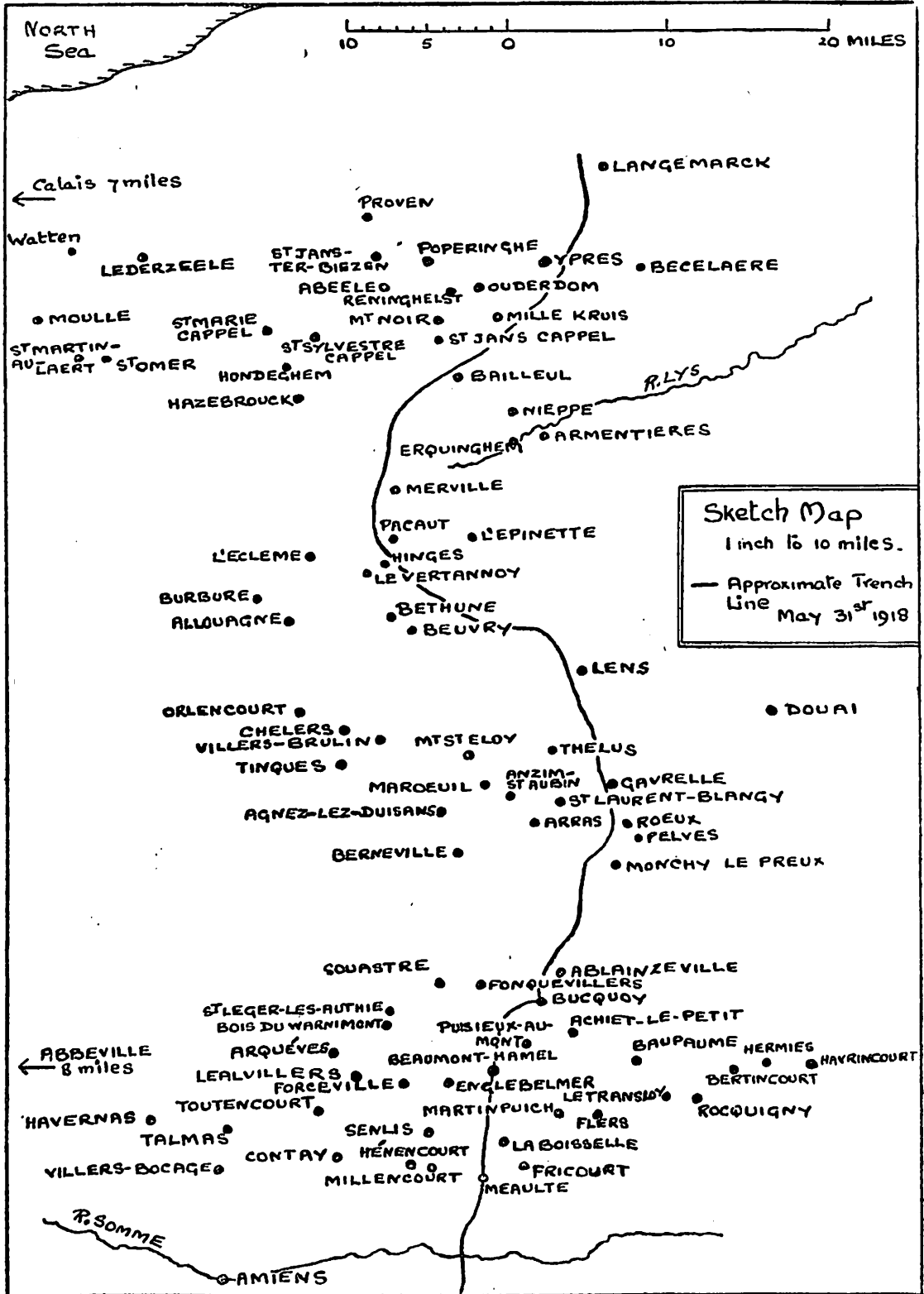
There isn't no canteen for us,
There ain't no Wednesday league,
With the bugle always callin'
For another blame fatigue.
There's the P.M.C. creatin'
For an extra load of coals,
Or the cook-'ouse wants a party
For to scrub their puddin'-bowls.

So I'm givin' up the business,
I'm retiring from C.B.,
In future when your bugle calls,
You won't get little me.
I'm going to get a pass, my lad,
And clean my buttons well,
And when I gets my sergeant's stripes,
I'll give defaulters —

(Bugle : "You can be a defaulter as much as you like,
So long as you answer your name.")

BERR !

O. P.



TEN YEARS AGO.

(Continued from page 43, No. 9, February, 1928.)

THIS period witnessed the great German offensive of the spring of 1918, their last bid for victory. It commenced on the Somme on March 21st, and this particular effort lasted till April 5th. The official names of the other German offensives are the Battles of the Lys (April 9th to 29th) and the Battle of the *Aisne* (south of the sketch map), 1918 (May 27th to June 6th), during which the German forces reached the *Marne* on May 31st. It was on April 11th, during the Battles of the Lys, that Earl Haig's famous order was issued. The measure of success that attended the enemy's attacks may be easily seen by comparing the approximate trench lines shown in the sketch maps of this and the last period.

On March 26th General Foch was appointed to the supreme command on the Western Front, to co-ordinate the efforts of the allies.

Early in February, owing to the shortage of reinforcements, the 8th Battalion was disbanded, the majority of the *personnel* being absorbed into other units of the Regiment.

It has been thought best to put off any attempt to produce a sketch map of the 10th Battalion's movements in Italy till the next issue, so that all their movements may be included.

The names printed in italics will not be found on the accompanying sketch map.

TENTH PERIOD.

FEBRUARY 1ST, 1918—MAY 31ST, 1918.

The 1st Battalion were at *Burhan Camp* in the *Attock District* from the commencement of this period until April 1st, when they proceeded by rail to *Rawalpindi*, and thence by route march to *Gharial*, which they reached on the 10th of that month, and where they still were on May 31st.

The first few days of February were spent by the 2nd Battalion east of Monchy le Preux. On relief, they moved to *Schramm Barracks*, Arras, and then to rest billets at Berneville. On February 10th they left the 12th Brigade to join the 10th, and the remainder of this month and the early part of March was spent in training at Arras. On March 19th the Battalion moved to trenches in the Rouex sector. Then followed Ludendorff's push for Amiens. At the end of the month the Battalion was holding the "Army" line (*Pelves Lane* to the Arras-Douai Railway). On April 3rd they moved back to the intermediate line on the eastern outskirts of St. Laurent-Blangy. On the 8th they went in motor lorries to Agnez-lez-Duisans, and on the 12th north to Burbure, thence to l'Ecleme and le Vertannoy, at which place they were in support to the 10th Brigade. On the 15th they attacked Pacaut Wood, then moved to trenches on the bank of the *La Bassée Canal* near Hinges. For the remainder of the period the Battalion was in and out of the line in the vicinity of Pacaut Wood and the *La Bassée Canal*, the brief intervals of rest being spent mostly at l'Ecleme, where the Battalion was on May 31st.

The Depot at *Halifax* and the 3rd (Special Reserve) Battalion at *North Shields* had an exceptionally busy time throughout this period, training and despatching drafts to the hard-pressed troops at the front.

At the beginning of February the 147th Brigade were in billets as follows:—1/7th Battalion at St. Marie Cappel, 1/4th at St. Sylvestre Cappel, and 1/6th at Hondeghem. On February 5th the Brigade moved by train to the Moule area, detraining at Watten station. Five days later they marched through the Lederzeele area back to their billets in and near Hondeghem. On the 21st the Brigade entrained for Ypres, going into the line the following day in the Becelaere sector, and the whole of March was spent in and out of the line in the vicinity of Ypres. At the beginning of April the Brigade entrained at *Birr Cross Roads* for camps behind the lines. On the 9th they marched to camps

in the Reninghelst area, going on at once by 'bus to *de Seule*, and marching to the neighbourhood of l'Épinette. The 4th Battalion moved up to Erquinghem, and later in the day (April 10th) the 6th and 7th Battalions occupied the Nieppe system, the 4th Battalion being withdrawn to reserve in Nieppe village. Next day the Nieppe system became the front line, owing to the falling back of troops. This same day the Brigade withdrew to the vicinity of Bailleul, where a new line was taken up. On the 14th another withdrawal took place. Relief came on the 15th, and the Brigade moved back to a defensive position near St. Jans Cappel. This quickly became the front line. On the 19th the Brigade was relieved and moved back to Mont Noir *Chateau*. They then marched to camp near Abeele, and finally to billets at Poperinghe. After a few days' rest they moved to Ouderdom. The 6th and 7th Battalions went forward to form a defensive flank from *Beaver Corner* to Mille Kruis, while the 4th remained in reserve. From May 4th to the 14th the Brigade were at St. Jans-ter-Biezen. On the latter date they bussed to St. Martin-au-Laert area, where they remained nearly a week, next to the Proven area for another week, and then back to St. Jans-ter-Biezen on the 26th, where they were at the end of this period.

On February 1st the 186th Brigade went into the line near Gavrelle. Inter-Battalion reliefs were carried out. On the 8th the Brigade was relieved and moved from Maroeuil to Tinques by rail, thence to Orlencourt. The 2/4th Battalion went into billets at Anzim-St. Aubin. On the 10th the Brigade, less 2/4th Battalion, went to Chelers, the 2/4th going to *Roclincourt* (2½ miles north of Arras) the same day, and later to Villers-Brulin for training. The Brigade remained at Chelers till March 1st, on the 2nd they trained to Mont St. Eloy, next day they moved to Thelus, and thence to the trenches south of Acheville. On relief, on the 23rd, the Brigade moved back to Mont St. Eloy and next day went into huts east of Agnez-lez-Duisans. On the 25th they went down to Bucquoy, and from there went forward to take up a defensive line in the vicinity of Achiet-le-Petit. On the 26th the Brigade fell back to a line running from the north of Puisieux-au-Mont to south-east of Bucquoy. They were relieved on the last day of the month, and for the first week of April were in or near Souastre—thence to the line in front of Ablainzeville on the 7th. The 18th-25th was spent in reserve in and around Fonquevillers. On the 25th the Brigade moved to St. Leger-les-Authie and Bois du Warnimont. During all the latter part of May the Brigade was in the trenches or in support in the Bucquoy-Ablainzeville sector.

Our 3rd Line Territorials (4th and 6th Reserve Battalions) were stationed during the whole of this period at *Rugeley Camp, Cannock Chase, Staffordshire*; and, like other training and reinforcing units at this time, worked at high pressure, as the following extract from a letter from Mr. Maurice Hill, who was a member of the 4th Reserve Battalion, bears out:—" . . . both Battalions sent out many drafts to the B.E.F. (the 4th Reserve Battalion sent over 600 men overseas on Easter Saturday night, 1918)." The same writer definitely fixes the approximate date when our 3rd Line Units became the 4th and 6th Reserve Battalions as being "about the 25th August, 1916."

On February 1st the 8th Battalion was relieved from the front line and went into billets at Beuvry. On the 3rd orders were received for posting 34 officers and 700 O.R. to the 2nd, 1/4th, 1/6th, 1/7th, and 9th Battalions The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Two days later the Battalion was inspected by the Divisional General, and on the 7th and 8th drafts left for the different Battalions mentioned above. On the 13th, five Officers and 68 O.R., who had not been posted, marched off to the 1st Corps Reinforcement Camp at Allouagne.

For the first six days of February the 9th Battalion were behind the line at *Slag Heap*. For the remainder of the month and the beginning of March they were in support, with the exception of a few days spent in reserve at Hermies. On March 9th they proceeded to Bertincourt for a week. From the 16th till the end of the month they were almost continuously in the trenches in various parts of the line, being near Havrincourt on the 22nd and withdrawing gradually through Rocquigny, le Transloy, *Gueudecourt* (2½ miles

west of le Transloy), and Flers to Martinpuich; thence they went to La Boisselle, and took up a position in front of Fricourt. On the 26th they moved back through Meaulte and Millencourt to Hénencourt, and later proceeded to Senlis with the tanks, taking up a position south of Millencourt. Here they remained, except for two days in billets at Hénencourt, till April 2nd, when they were relieved and proceeded to Contay. From there they marched to Villers Bocage and, on the 5th, to Havernas. On the 11th they moved forward to Toutencourt, on the 15th to Forceville, and on the 23rd up to the front line. They moved back on the 29th to reserve near Englebelmer. On May 1st they moved up again to support trenches. On the 8th they proceeded to billets at Talmas, going *via* Forceville and Arquèves; on the 18th they moved to the Lealvillers area, and on the 25th went up to the front line near Beaumont-Hamel, being there at the end of May.

At the beginning of this period the 10th Battalion were on Il Montello, with Battalion Headquarters at Ciano. They moved back on February 3rd to billets near Crocetta. From the 11th to the 16th they were again in the trenches, and on relief marched *via* Biadene to Valla, and returned to the line on the 24th. On March 1st they proceeded to billets at Venegazzu, and on the 6th to Biadene, where they were in reserve till the 11th. They then moved to Marola for training. At the end of the month they went to Thiene, and thence to Granezza, where they took over from the Italian troops. On April 3rd the Battalion took up a position in Brigade support at Malga Fassa. On the 11th they went into the front line from San Sisto to Poslen. They were relieved on the 20th and moved back to Cornedo. After a good rest, the Battalion marched through Fontanelli and Mare to the Valle di Sopra, and towards the end of May they returned to Granezza. On the 24th they occupied a support position in the left sector of the Divisional front, being in camp above Piazza Croce on May 31st.

P. A. T.

(To be continued.)

A Sentry's Romance.

"Damn!" The exclamation came from a young fellow who, being attired in the time-honoured khaki drill and wearing a red flash in his topi, obviously belonged to the Regiment at present in the garrison, which was made fairly conclusive by the fact that he was at the moment studying the detail board of "A" Company, and something on the said detail board was apparently the cause of the above exclamation of disgust.

"Guard again! two nights in bed, wonder they don't put me on permanent, and have done with it."

Thus, musing on the unfairness and injustice of orderly Sergeants and everybody of rank in general, he walked away, and his thoughts gave way to more practical ones, if the dhobi would chance to come in his erratic wanderings, with his guard-mounting suit, at present in that worthy's possession, and if he would stand a chance of the "stick."

Jim Smith presently found himself in the "wet" portion of the N.A.A.F.I.'s premises, whither instinct had led him like a homing pigeon.

"Hallo, Jim, going to have one?"

Jim found himself holding forth to the origin of the invitation, his views on orderly Sergeants and the service in general.

"Which guard are you on?" asked his pal, and on being informed, broke out into exclamations of envy.

"Of course you know that down at the G.O.C.'s they've got a new governess, just come out, and, I tell you she's a peach, gave me a smile enough to melt a provost Sergeant while I was on sentry yesterday, I could hardly eat any dinner when I was relieved."

The latter part of the statement interested Jim most, because, anything short of an earthquake that put George off his meals, must be pretty hot stuff, he reflected, but, as the latter could talk of nothing else until the B.O. Sergeant called time, Jim's interest

waned, and he wandered over to the barrack-room to spend the four or five hours necessary, to get the spick and span appearance, so vital to the adjutant.

As his anticipations of the "stick" did not materialise he found himself in due course taking over "all government property in view of his post," and being urged to "walk about his beat in a smart and soldierlike manner," etc. etc., all of which bored him exceedingly, as he could read the lot at any time; if at any time he was required to do so, he was wont to do so, without pause between sentences, the whole sounding like anything on earth but "Orders for Sentries."

At length the old guard marched away, Jim's companions congregated round the table to play cards and smoke, and Jim had two hours in front of him, to do nothing else but stand at ease and view the landscape, with an occasional trudge from one end of the 20 yds. beat to the other.

The guard-room was at the beginning of a fairly secluded drive, and his attention was easily attracted, when a glimpse of pink showed, coming round the bend.

As the owner of the pink dress drew nearer, leading the G.O.C.'s two children by the hand, he guessed that this was the governess, who caused such ecstasies of admiration from his pal.

"No wonder too," thought he, "she is a peach, and no mistake," and his reflections were multiplied when she smiled showing two rows of dazzling white teeth, and wished Jim "Good morning."

He stuttered something in answer, and began to entertain sympathy with George, as he watched the graceful form out of sight. His two hours slipped away like two minutes and he was surprised when his relief appeared.

Jim spent his hours off for the remainder of the day, walking up and down the verandah of the guard-room hoping to see the governess again.

This proceeding met with unanimous disapproval from his chums inside, who had been relying on him to take the hand vacated by the second relief, but realising that no amount of argument would induce him to come inside he was voted mad, and the game went on.

He was disappointed, however, for the pretty one made no further appearance that day, and the day came to a close.

He looked at the clock, "Half eleven, I'll be on at twelve, so its no use going to sleep." He felt tired, and sat on a form on the verandah until he was due to go on sentry.

Nothing could he hear, but the hum of mosquitoes, and the occasional shuffle of the sentry.

Jim felt drowsy, how still it was.

Suddenly he looked up with a start, and peered anxiously into the trees, on the opposite side of the drive, "Funny, I could have sworn I saw something," and even as he spoke he saw a white arm with uplifted finger which seemed to beckon.

He rubbed his eyes and looked again unbelievably there it was again, he hesitated no longer but walked across the road into the trees, to find, queerly enough as he had expected, the pretty governess.

"I say—" he began, but she cut him short by laying a a slim finger across his lips, "Shh," she whispered, "not too loud or they may hear us."

Her voice thought Jim, had the quality of bells, silver bells, and was, in fact, in keeping with the rest of this wonderful person.

Too fuddled to realise any details of her dress, he could only stare into her eyes, great big eyes, like pools, with a dim realisation of ruby lips and delicate nose, which had just a hint of being turned up, enough to make it perfect.

"You see," she continued, "I only came here last week, and of course, I walked about to see the place, and to-day I passed you on sentry, and I knew I li-liked you," this with eyes cast down demurely.

"And so you came here to-night to see me," he whispered incredulously.

She had, by this time, taken to unbuttoning and buttoning his tunic, going higher

up his tunic until her eyes, perforce, met his and he knew by what he saw, that it was a case of love at first sight.

"You darling!" his arm encircled her and they drew together, she placing her hands on his shoulder and shaking him playfully.

Suddenly he realized her hand on his shoulder was tightening in grip and although her loving demeanour was unaltered she was shaking him with increasing force, and when again she spoke her voice had all the irritability of a guard commander just woken from sleep.

"Come along, first relief, it's twelve o'clock."

J. S.

Extracts from Letters written by Capt. William Thain.

ADJUTANT 33RD FOOT, 11th May, 1815—13th July, 1826.

(Continued from page 54, No. 9, February, 1928.)

" Armagh, November 9, 1828.

" MY DEAR FATHER,

" You are all on the fidget, I dare say, at not hearing from me. Whatever be the matter that he doesn't write? He has got into some damp bed on the march, fever has ensued. Some scrap or other, what can it be? Nothing of the sort. We certainly did get one tremendous wetting, and a brother captain's horse did fall with me and bruise my foot, but the former was not attended with any ill consequences and the latter only laid me up a couple of days and formed a good excuse for taking a rattling good dose of physic. But Lord bless you, we have got under a General who takes up every moment of our time. A General who is not satisfied with half-yearly inspections, inspections by regiments, inspections by detachments, or inspections by companies, but who inspects by squads and inspects every day, or three times a week. Why I thought, everything considered, we were as a depot in very tolerable order. My arms were excellent, my company could fire very well at the target, and if our clothing was not fitted in the very best style, our brasses not polished in the highest manner, still I thought with reasonable allowance we were as well as could be expected. Not at all! My company was bad. This cockade not set on right nor polished as it should be, this ramrod tube not shining, too much oil with your rotten stone, that yellow appearance must be got rid of, a white polish, Sir—Sir, and more turpentine. Goodness gracious! I had thought that if anything we had come rather too much under the appellation of pipeclay soldiers. On the contrary, we have been quite the reverse. Why, every door and window seat in the mens' rooms must be polished inside and out with black lead, the bedsteads ditto, and as to the tables and forms, why we have them like snow—if a spot upon the edge or reverse of one of them, to the officer arrest, to the non-commissioned officer or private lashes. It is the funniest thing altogether that I have ever met with.

" General Thornton* was in the Duke of York's office under Sir Henry Torrens.† He is made honourable mention of in the unfortunate business at New Orleans. When we were in Dublin he was Deputy Adjutant-General and commanded the infantry in the grand review in Phoenix Park before the King. Here he is in his native town, where he has quarrelled with the Primate and most of the inhabitants. He was our President of the Court-Martial at Loughrea. I dine with him the day after to-morrow. I never was wigged in my life before. But here I must tell you that Major Knight, in the handsomest manner, told the General afterwards that he was very sorry indeed that he should have had occasion to find fault with Captain Thain, who had always been considered, etc., etc., etc. It only made me laugh, knowing his character before."

* Lt.-Gen. Sir William Thornton.

† Major-Gen. Sir Henry Torrens, Adjutant-General, 1820.

“ Armagh, 15th Nov., 1828.

“ MY DEAR FATHER,

“ Our first day's march from Mullingar was to a small market town called Castle Pollard. The day was very fine and our road through a well cultivated country along the sides of two fine large lakes, which however were hid from our view by a range of hills, except here and there, where an opening occurred. We halted the next day, being Sunday, and went to church. This is a handsome modern edifice. The inside of the church is quite plain but neat and well calculated to hold commodiously the largest number of people. The congregation was much more numerous than I expected, and it was remarkable that the labouring class of people formed by far the largest portion, which is seldom the case in Protestant places of worship further to the south of Ireland. There is a small gallery divided into three large pews, that at one end is for Mr. Pollard's family, that at the other for Lord Longford's, and the centre for the domestics of both. I am glad to say they were well filled. His Lordship's party came in a handsome coach, but he came alone, and soon after service came up and introduced himself to Major Knight* and me as we were lounging about, and asked us to dinner at Pakenham Hall in the most friendly manner. . . . We had a long chat with him about the Duke of Wellington when he commanded our Regiment, about the West Indies, and his brother, the very distinguished General, who sacrificed his life in that New Orleans affair.

* * * * *

“ We dined with Major Powell and the officers of the 8th Foot† on detachment at Cavan and learnt about as many stories of General Thornton (whose district we had now entered) as we did of the yellow fever on our first arrival in Jamaica.

“ Dec. 2nd.—We are getting on very comfortably here (Armagh). Yesterday was our half-yearly inspection—my company declared to be the best in every respect my poor friend Grote‡ brought by the General to look and see the superiority. My companies books the best kept, and to crown all, General Thornton, after examination, pronounced me perfect. He had us all drawn up in the Mess for this examination, asking us questions and making us explain how such and such manœuvres were done—adapting the whole to the length of time each of us had served and beginning with the junior.

* * * * *

“ We had him to dinner and very pleasant he made himself—his dinner consisted literally of roast beef, potatoes, bread, and six glasses of sherry.

* * * * *

“ Frauds have been discovered in the 17th Foot§ which, if they existed to the same extent in every regiment would cost the country £50,000 a year. Committees are now sitting in every district in consequence. They were of a nature touching the mens' services, which in near two hundred cases in the 17th had been fraudulently increased, thereby to obtain higher pay, higher pension, and earlier discharge.

“ Each committee consisting of the General of the District as President and two or more staff officers, is assisted by a gentleman from the War Office, and a most arduous task is assigned them. The discovery and subsequent measures are highly creditable to the new War Secretary,** who they say is to exceed all his predecessors in economy.

* * * * *

“ The uniform of the infantry is about to be changed, but the first plan of the new Adjutant-General†† has been frustrated by the discovery that there are only two gold

* Major Charles Knight.

† Now the King's Regiment (Liverpool).

‡ Major William Henry Grote.

§ Now the Leicestershire Regiment.

** Col. Sir Henry Hardinge, afterwards Viscount Hardinge, Secretary at War.

†† Lt.-Gen. Sir Herbert Taylor.

and silver embroiderers in England. The Prussian is to be our model. Nothing but what is good and proper will be sanctioned by Sir Herbert Taylor.* He has been lately entering very much by means of circular letters into the (?) of messing, mess and band subscriptions, wine, dinners, etc. Everybody in office is apparently kept hard at work.

"They say nothing can equal the satisfaction which Sir George Murray is giving to everyone as Colonial Secretary and that the Ministry has been kept together more than once by Sir George, such is the influence and ascendancy which he has attained by his talents and application to business.

"Your affect. son,

"WILLIAM THAIN."

(To be continued.)

THE PIVOT.

When a Company gets on without "unfortunate occurrences,"
 When Saturday's Inspection goes off smoothly every time,
 When their Guards are turned out spotless and they never miss the Governor,
 And their conduct sheets go mouldy 'cos there isn't any crime;
 People try to find the reason for the Company's efficiency,
 The brilliance of their barrack-rooms, the soundness of their schemes,
 And say "They've got good subalterns or excellent lance-corporals,"
 Or "Possibly the Captain's not so hopeless as he seems."
 But there's a power behind the throne,
 Who works unnoticed all day long.
 To him I dedicate my song,
 His be the praise and his alone.

When the Captain avoids sending indents in late,
 And doesn't abscond with the pay;
 When "National Savings" are bought by the crate,
 When the C.O.M.S. makes the Pay Sheets come straight,
 When the subalterns' books are amended to date,
 And the rifle board's signed every day;
 Though others get praised, still their trouble's been small,
 It's the Company Clerk who has seen to it all.

If, through some little incident, the Colonel gets a liver on,
 And sending for the Captain hands him out some nasty smacks;
 The Captain leaves the interview with baskets full of raspberries
 And lets his sergeants have it where the chicken got the axe.
 And the N.C.O's, in their platoons, revenge themselves by threatening
 Quite inoffensive Privates with a fortnight in the clink;
 Which doesn't really matter, as at 12 o'clock the Company
 Fades softly to the wet canteen and drowns its cares in drink.
 But when the Captain's on the mat,
 My hero bears the brunt of it;
 You see there's no one he can hit,
 Except perhaps the office cat.

If Pte. Snookes fails to salute the C.O.,
 Or the Boxing Team's hair is too long;
 If the Company arms-drill's too fast or too slow;
 If the Colonel's disturbed by the Transport's banjo,
 If everything isn't just quite "comme il faut"
 (Which means if there's anything wrong)
 No matter who's guilty, it's always the same,
 It's the Company Clerk who comes in for the blame.

R. G. T.

* Appointed Adjutant-General, 1828.

UNPUBLISHED RECORDS, 33rd REGIMENT, A.D. 1771-87,

BEING THE LETTERS OF CAPTAIN W. DANSEY.

IN the Editorial Notes of our last issue, reference was made to a sale which took place in November last in London of a number of letters written by Captain William Dansey,* 33rd Regiment, to his mother, during the War of the American Revolution; also of the Colour of the Delaware Militia Regiment captured by him and his light company. By the courtesy of Messrs. Hodgson & Co., the auctioneers, I was able to inspect these prior to the sale—a really wonderfully preserved collection, especially the flag—and am also able to reproduce *in extenso* "Lot 492" as it appeared in the descriptive sale catalogue, as well as four interesting photographs mentioned later. Some of the events and dates given in the excerpts have never hitherto been recorded regimentally, also in one or two cases dates given in the letters themselves vary with those in the published history of the 33rd Regiment, no doubt owing to the imperfect manner digests of services were kept up by regiments in those days. I should have liked to have taken further extracts from the letters, but this of course was not permissible without the sanction, after the sale, of the future owner, who I had even hoped with luck might be the Regiment!

492 Dansey (Colonel, W., of the 33rd Regiment). A series of thirty-nine autograph letters, all written (with one exception) to his mother, Mrs. Dansey Dansey, of Hereford, between 1775 and 1783, while on Service in America, comprising approximately 80 pages, on 4to and folio note-paper (some damaged by damp), one having a sepia sketch of a tent patented by him and used "on the memorable field of the Battle of the Brandywine," together with a flag of green silk, with seven red and six white stripes in the corner (measuring 5ft. 2in. by 3ft. 11in.), with two silk tassels, being the Colours of the Delaware Militia, taken a few days before the battle (see letter dated Oct. 9th, 1777, written from the camp at German Town), 1775-1783, together with copies of letters to Lord Cornwallis and others written during 1782-3, 26 pp., sm. 4to, wrapper, also some letters of an earlier period, and a letter-book of a post-war period, 1771-1787.

A remarkably interesting series of letters, covering practically the entire period of the War of the American Revolution. Though not, perhaps, of historical importance in the higher sense, they record many incidents and passing reflections of a kind rarely found in the more formal despatches of Commanding Officers. As a whole they convey an admirably vivid impression of the War as viewed by a keen, high-spirited young British officer, and recorded with ingenuous freedom and in a lively style. It is not possible in a limited space to give an adequate idea of the letters, but the following brief notes and quotations may be of use. *First letter, dated London, Nov. 29th, 1775, the 33rd under immediate orders for America.* Dec. 2nd., Dansey breakfasts with Lord Cornwallis, and on 30th embarks at Cork. First engagement, Bedford, near New York, August 30th, 1776. Succeeding letters written from Long Island, Rhode Island, etc., with a reference to various engagements and to "that daring fellow Arnold." April 4th, 1777, stationed at Piscataway, New Jersey—describes a skirmish at such close quarters that Dansey calls to the enemy, "By G—d, my lads, we have you now." Letter of August 30th describes Lord Howe's fleet sailing up Chesapeake Bay—"the grandest sight—upward of 300 sail." Oct. 9th, Taking of Philadelphia—tells of the capture of "horse, arms, and colours . . . the latter [which 'come to my share'] I hope to bring as a Trophy to Brinsop." Jan. 19th, 1778, in high spirits—"very good fun . . . like it prodigiously," though after two years "think the War only beginning. March 4th, hardships of the campaign, "I assure you I have had not my cloths off from August 23rd to Nov. 27th." July 28th, a fine letter written on board H.M.S. *Experiment*, off Sandy Hook—if "the Spirit, Bravery, and Unanimity [were] to reign in the Councils of Great Britain as manifested in her Fleets and Armies, she may yet be Great." Oct. 21st, purchase of his majority for £1,850, and reference to Lord Cornwallis—"from whom I have experienced such distinguished marks of friendship." Feb., 1779, writes on a piece of paper on which is drawn a tent of Dansey's invention—"if patronised, I shall immortalize my name . . . they are called 'Danseys' now . . . the Original I had pitched on the memorable field of the Battle of Brandywine." May 12th, 1780, reference to the fall of Charlestown. Dec. 4th, 1782, at Charlestown in command of the remains of the Guards—gives Colonel

* In Lee's History of 33rd there is only one reference made to this officer—viz., p. 107, where it states, when giving the losses of the Regiment in September, 1777, "Its light Company had Captain Dansey wounded." From War Office Records he joined as Ensign 30/7/1760, under the name of William Collins, but in 1763 he appears as William Collins Dansey, Lieutenant 17/1/1763, Captain 24/1/1774, Major 14/10/1778, Lt.-Colonel 49th Foot 21/7/1790. He died *circa* February, 1794.

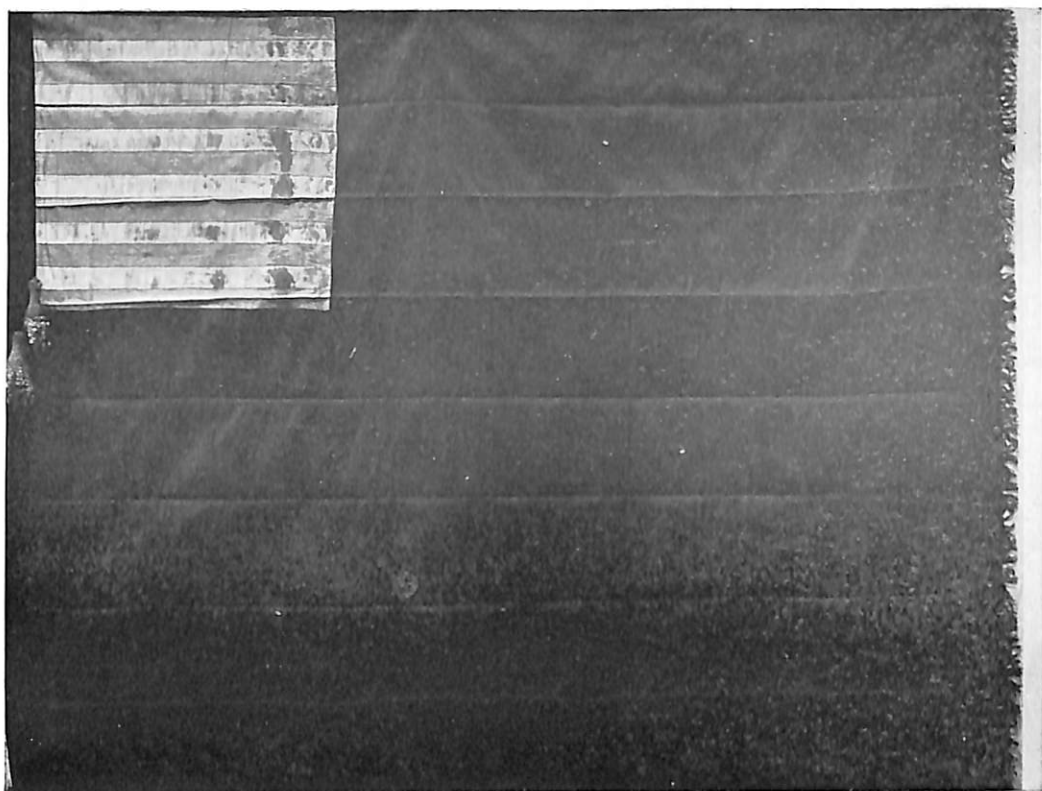


Fig. 1.

Regimental Colour, Delaware Militia.

I am much obliged to ~~the~~ and all Friends
at Hereford for their Remembrance of me and
beg my most respectful Compliments to them.
I must tell you a Piece of good Luck I had
a few Days before the Battle of the Brandywine
On a Flanking Party I took the Horse Arms, Colours
and Drums belonging to a Rebel Colonel of the
Delaware Militia made his Brother Prisoner &
caused all his Baggage to be taken, which the General
very politely sent back again but the Horse, Arms &
Colours come to my share, the latter I hope to bring me
a Trophy to Burlington. I have not told ~~the~~ this but you

Fig. 2.

Portion of autographed letter dated 9th Oct., 1777.

N^o 3

Stanton July 3^d 1777

My Dear Madam

As I have not heard from you since yours of March 9th I have but little to say, but as you see I never neglect any opportunity of writing I will tell you that I am well and as hearty as ever ~~and~~ we had a Brush or two with the Rebels lately in the Jerseys, which were as usual to their disadvantage in the last we took three pieces of Cannon from them & upwards of 100 Prisoners with less than 20 Men lost on our side, the Officer was mostly with our Battalion of Light Infantry and thank God my usual good Luck attended me the beloved original song to the Author of which I am an intimate stranger, will I rather you that your son and his Company are very well known in the Corps of Light Infantry. The song was found by an Officer of my Acquaintance who tells me it was wrote by a Highlander I send it you for to laugh at as I have done, please to keep it till I come to laugh with you which I hope before March next War or Peace. Remember me most kindly to my Aunt Dancy and all Friends and believe me Dear Madam You ever most Dutiful Son
W. Dancy

Fig 4.

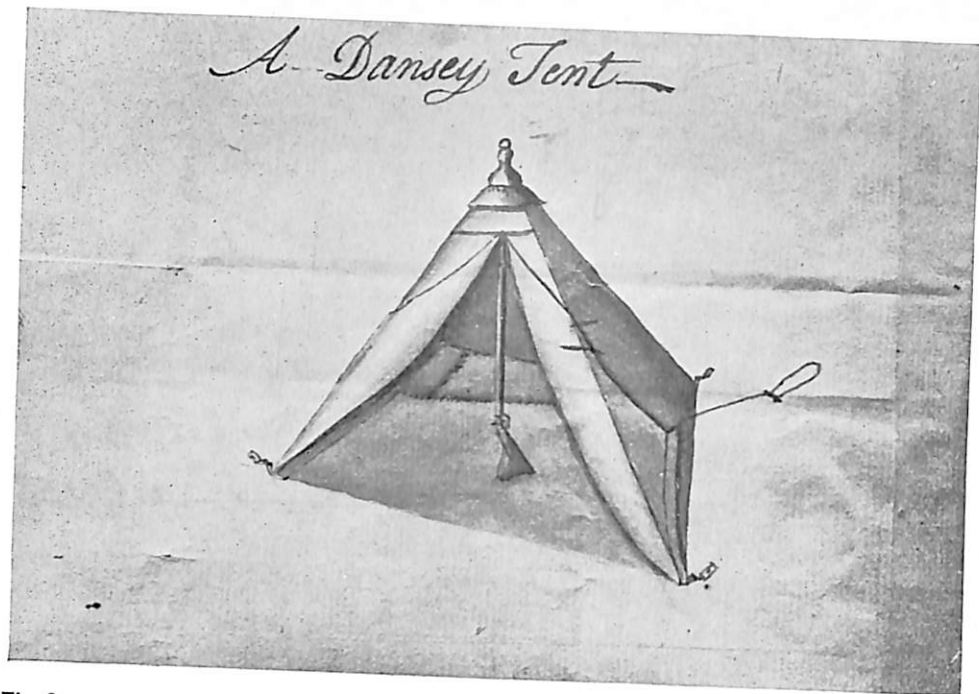


Fig. 3.

The Dansey Tent.

Kosciusko a 'trimming.' April 13th, 1783, written from Kingsbridge, near New York, and containing the important statement that ". . . . I was flatter'd with the singular honor of firing the last shot in this long and bloody contest, that is now confirm'd to me by the Proclamation of Peace here on Tuesday last." Final letter records Dansey's "command of the first line of British a thing more flattering than being among the Minions of a Court the name of Dansey will remain on the Records and in the minds of this Army among the last who persevered in the Defence of the Honour of our Sovereign and Country."

The photographs reproduced consist of:—

1. Facsimile of one of the best-preserved autographed letters, showing *inter alia* the courteous manner in which sons addressed their parents in those days! (Fig. 4).

2. The captured Colour (fully described in the catalogue) (Fig. 1).

3. Portion of letter dated Oct. 9th, 1777, referring to the capture (Fig. 2).

4. Photo of the Dansey tent, original sketch (Fig. 3).

At the sale a very gallant attempt was made by the Regiment to purchase these historical mementos, but the bidding soon got beyond its purse, and the "lot," after further competition, was acquired for the Delaware Historical Society for £850!

J. A. C. G.

The Bahamas.

[NOTE.—The G.S.O. (2) at Jamaica also acts as Staff Officer to the Inspector-General of the West Indian Local Forces and accompanies him in that capacity on his inspections. The I.G. (Colonel-Commandant A. Mudge, C.B., C.M.G.) has to visit each island once every twelve months.

The following account of our visit to the Bahamas may be of interest to readers of the IRON DUKE.]

TO the writer, whose knowledge of the West Indies has up to the present been confined to Jamaica, life and conditions in the Bahamas have certainly been a surprise.

I had heard rumours that in the city of Nassau the colour question assumed a different aspect, but I was not prepared to find the line so sharply drawn. Whereas in other colonies, and in particular in Jamaica, it is really difficult to see where the line is—if indeed it exists at all—in Nassau it stands out bold and clear for all to see. One sees none of the intermediate shades—each race seems to have kept itself to itself in a manner which is as unusual as it is praiseworthy. The two do not intermix, and the white population in its games, recreation and social life in general, holds itself entirely aloof. Undoubtedly the proximity of the Colony to the United States of America accounts for this, and that brings me to the second point—which is that although from their conversation one would suppose that most of the charming people who make one's stay so pleasant, are one hundred per cent American, such is by no means the case, and any suggestion to this effect would be very strongly resented. "Tho' the voice is the voice of Jonathan, the hands are the hands of John Bull!!"

The Bahamas consist of a chain of coral islands with a total area of 4,403½ square miles. They lie between latitude 21° 42' and 27° 34' N, and longitude 72° 40' and 79° 5' West, and extend from the coast of Florida, to the North of Haiti. They include 29 inhabited islands and over 3,000 islets and rocks. The population is 52,031.

It was very hot during our visit in August, but the winter is delightful; when the Colony becomes a playground for visitors from the United States of America in search of the amenities of life which are at present, in theory at all events, denied them in their own country.

The voyage from Kingston to the capital, Nassau, which is situated on the island of New Providence, occupies three days and is made in one of the steamers of the Canadian Government Merchant Marine.

We disembarked at Nassau in the early morning and drove to Government House, where we were received by His Excellency the Governor, Major C. W. Orr, C.M.G. Many of the 33rd will no doubt remember H.E. when he was Colonial Secretary at Gibraltar. It goes without saying that we spent a most comfortable week there and that everything was done to make our visit a pleasant one. H.E. was kindness itself.

The city of Nassau is picturesquely situated on a gently rising coral strand at the north-east end of the island facing north, and on the shore of a harbour protected by a long flat and narrow island which is called Hog Island. It is on this island that the Porcupine Club with its famous bathing beaches is situated. I had looked forward to a visit there, but alas, I found that it was closed for the summer. It is an attractive little town, very clean and well kept, and the gardens of the houses are bright with flowers, poinciana, oleanders and, above all, bougainvillea.

The chief industry of the Colony is the collection of sponges. These one can buy at the rate of 20/- for one pound, which means anything from 8 to 10 good-sized sponges—but this I might add is about the only thing in Nassau that is cheap.

Students of military history will find much to interest them in the two old forts—Fort Charlotte and Fort Fincastle, both of which date from about 1788.

Fort Montague—or rather a spot just to the east of it—was the scene of a brilliant little battle in the year 1783, when the Spaniards had captured Nassau in 1782. It was here that on April 14th, a certain Colonel Deveaux of the Royal Fusiliers of South Carolina, a young officer barely 25 years of age, landed, when he made his memorable descent into New Providence and bluffed the Spaniards into submission. The expedition was conducted entirely at his own expense, the remains of his fortune, shattered by the war just then concluded, being devoted to it. With a handful of volunteers, embarked in two brigantines, he sailed for Harbour Island and Eleuthera, where he collected a few recruits, but his force never exceeded 220 men. The Spaniards in Fort Montague were caught napping, only one of the sentries was awake, and he was taken prisoner with a lighted match in his hand, just as he was about to blow up the Fort. Deveaux took up a position on the ridge overlooking the works which commanded the town, and in order to make the Spaniards believe that he had a large force at his disposal, caused his men to be rowed backwards and forwards between the ships and the shore. On their way to the shore they stood up, but as they were rowed back to the brigantine they hid below the gunwales. He also placed dummy soldiers on the heights, and—in order to terrorise the Spaniards—dressed up some of his own men as Indians. The ruse succeeded admirably and the Spanish Governor capitulated after only one round of shot had been fired from Deveaux's batteries.

It would be interesting to know what became of Deveaux. He certainly had the makings of a great commander.

We paid a visit to the famous "Sea Gardens" at the eastern end of Nassau Harbour. One goes out either in a glass-bottomed boat, or else one takes water buckets (*i.e.* wooden buckets with glass bottoms) and looks over the side. It is a wonderful sight—coral, sponges, sea fans of every colour, go to make this submarine garden, among which swim fishes of every size, shape and hue.

We visited also that day the island of Salt Cay, which is owned by an American, who has built himself a house there, and has turned the island into a winter resort. We found a very cheery party there who were caretaking and we were told stories of midnight parties when the moon was full which made one's heart beat a trifle faster.

The bathing at Nassau was certainly wonderful, especially between the hours of 10 p.m. and midnight with a full moon. The members of the Nassau Club very kindly invited me to one of their famous turtle suppers which take place every Saturday night. The turtle is cooked in its shell and comes in covered with a layer of pastry. Nothing else is served except a fascinating salad and a small piece of cheese to follow. Iced beer is the only drink. In the course of a mis-spent life I can claim to have sampled many dinners of the kind that inspire men to great deeds, but it will be long before that turtle supper fades from my memory. It was really exquisite—the trouble was to stop!

In order to attract tourists, the colony has assisted in the construction of two large hotels—The New Colonial and The Montague, each having accommodation for some 600 people, and I believe they get them too, although in the season I am told the prices start at £3 a day. The former hotel was closed, but the latter was open, and was a nightly

resort of the youth and beauty for dancing. The A.D.C. and I patronised it on more than one occasion and found it good. One strange thing about Nassau, in the summer at all events, is that everybody seems to work there. The sweet young thing in whose ear one whispered sweet nothings while dancing at the Montague, and they certainly can dance, will be found the next morning at her desk behind the counter of a drug store, or hitting the typewriter in one of the Government offices ; while the charming host who mixed such wonderful cocktails before dinner will be seen the following day working the gasolene pump in his garage, or selling cigars over the counter of his store. It is all very democratic and very delightful.

As regards sport, there is an excellent golf course and tennis is played on hard courts, and of course there is boat sailing and fishing. The correct kit for golf is white linen plus-fours and a coloured shirt, and of course tortoiseshell spectacles. Leslie Henson or George Grossmith would look sweet in it. Polo used I believe to be played some years ago but seems to have dropped out. In fact I doubt if there are any horses in the island now, though one enterprising individual is contemplating the purchase of a horse or two for the benefit of any American tourists who may wish to go "horse riding." The fishing I am sure is excellent but we must have been unlucky. We tried it when we were coming back from one visit to the Sea Gardens. The procedure appeared to be very simple. One was given a line with an enormous hook at the end of it on which was impaled a considerable sized fish as bait. The line was then heaved over the side, about 40 fathoms paid out, and one waited for the expected catch, the details as to the ensuing struggle and the size of the fish already shaping in one's mind to be retailed after dinner. Unfortunately, from the fishes' point of view the procedure was even more simple. They appeared to have a most uncanny knowledge as to where the hook ended, and proceeded to bite off the fish up to but not including the hook, with a regularity which almost became monotonous. We tried to be very clever and use two hooks—this certainly resulted in the fish getting rather a smaller meal, but even so he avoided the hook to a nicety.

The limiting factor, therefore, was the supply of unmutilated fishes and when this gave out we hied us home. Still it was a pleasant afternoon's sport and I feel sure the fishes enjoyed it as much as we did.

With the exception of our trip to Salt Cay we were unable to visit any of the other islands, not that there is very much to see except large storehouses for whiskey. Life out there is fairly hectic, however, as continued fights take place between the "bootleggers" and the prohibition agents ; and as neither side hesitates to shoot on sight, life can never be really dull. Bootlegging has, of course, been a wonderful source of revenue both to the individual and to the Colony, but one hears on all sides that things are not what they used to be, and that there is very little profit to be made at the game nowadays—so much gets into the U.S.A. through other channels.

However, with its many attractions, Nassau should have no difficulty in drawing the tourist ; and if the cultivation of pineapples, sisal and tomatoes is revived the loss of revenue due to the disappearance of the bootlegger will, to a certain extent anyway, be counterbalanced. Yes, it is a charming spot, Nassau, I parted from it with sorrow, and I trust that the military affairs of the Colony will soon render another visit by the Inspector-General necessary—if possible during the winter months.

G. S. W. R.

The Calpe Hunt.

ON page 172 of No. 8 of the IRON DUKE we gave a short account of the picture of the Calpe Hunt shewn on the page opposite. We are indebted to the Editor of the *Field* for permission to reproduce the following interesting details, together with a key to the picture, which appeared in a recent number of the *Field*.

Major-Gen. J. C. Dalton, R.A., who was hon. secretary of the Calpe Hunt, 1883-7, and is in possession of the list of members and hunt officials from the earliest recorded date, has been good enough to draw up a key to the picture, and he writes as follows:—

"The existence of this picture became known to the Hunt during the time I was secretary, and we managed to get copies of a photograph of it which we sold to members. I bought one for myself about 1884, and find written under it in my scrap album:—'Calpe Hunt, First Pine Wood; contains portraits of the Duke of Cambridge, Lt. Williamson, secretary, and his future wife.' Having gone carefully through the names which Major Napier is said to have given, by way of a key, to the painter or owner of the picture—viz., Prince George, Lts. Williamson and Mills, Majors Garrett and Napier, Lt.-Col. Bridgeman and Lt. Morrill and Miss Devayne; and having checked these with Hunt lists between the years of 1838 and 1842, I have no hesitation in coming to the conclusion that Lt. Mills's drawing did not depict a meet of the hounds on one particular day, but is to some extent a composition to bring in the Prince and other contemporaneous distinguished members of the Hunt during the Governorship of Lt.-Gen. Sir A. Woodford. I therefore submit with confidence the accompanying key as agreeing with Miss Rendall's (or rather, Major Napier's) description, combined with the undoubted knowledge from the records as to who would naturally be there at the time.

"I propose to give the names in order from left to right, together with the dates on which each person must have been on 'the Rock' according to the roster of the Garrison from 1812 onwards, taken from the Gibraltar Almanac and from the Royal Calpe Hunt List for January, 1907:—

"1. Two Spanish *Guardas* (gamekeepers), with guns, in conversation with the Spanish earth-stopper on his pony.

"2. H.R.H. Prince George of Cambridge (1838-9).

"3. Lt. R. Warburton, 48th Ft. (in hunting cap), Whip (1840-1).

"4. Lt.-Col. H. E. Bridgeman, K.P., A.M.S., M.F.H. (1838-9).

"4a. Major E. H. Napier, 46th Ft. (1839-41).

"5. Major R. H. Garrett, K.H., 46th Ft. (1839-41) (was M.F.H. 1839-41).

"6. (Uncertain.) Probably H.E. Lt.-Gen. Sir A. Woodford (1835-42) (as Governor, would naturally be out with the Prince).

"7. Lt. H. E. Morrill, R.A., Huntsman (1838-42) (in hunting cap, with whip extended, possibly rating a hound or indicating H.R.H. coming up).

"8. Lt. J. Williamson, 33rd Ft., Hon. Secretary (1838-40).

"9. (Uncertain.) Lt. C. Mills, 33rd Ft. (the artist) (1838-41). (From modesty he may have stood in the background.)

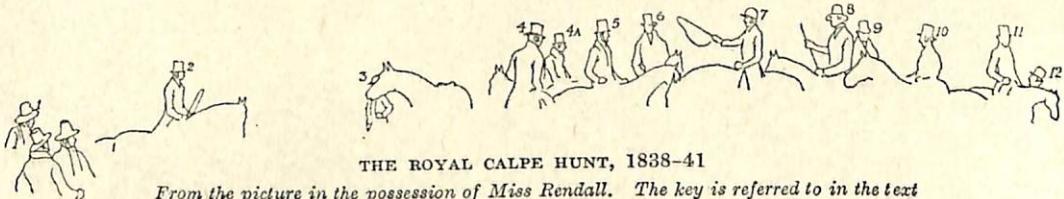
"10. Miss Devayne (near her *fiancé*) (1838).

"11 and 12. (Uncertain.) May be the Governor's son, Lt. C. J. Woodford, R.B., A.D.C., or very likely Lt. Alex. Fraser, 7th Fus. (later Lord Saltoun) (1839-44).

"In his book *Scraps* (Longman's, 1883) Fraser gives a chapter of 100 pages to the Calpe Hunt, but as he does not mention Prince George, the latter may have left Gib. before the 7th arrived—viz., Christmas, 1839. This confirms my view that the figures in the group extend over about three seasons. Fraser mentions helping to whip in to Warburton and to Lt. Torrens, R.A., when Acting Huntsman *vice* Morrill, 1841-2, until a servant, J. Clark, took over Huntsman. This book is most interesting as regards Hunt matters and is probably not well known. It should also be noted that as the 33rd Foot went to Gib. in 1836, it is possible H.R.H. was attached to them.

"The fortified village of Castellar is on a hill in the background of the picture."

General Dalton also informs us that this Hunt existed in a very simple way at Gibraltar before the time of Wellington's packs; but there was a Peninsula Pack at Cadiz (known as the Isla de Leon Hunt) and in 1814, when the British left the Peninsula, the officers decided to present this pack "to the officers of the 29th Regiment who originally subscribed to them, and to the officers composing the *Hunting Club now established at Gibraltar*."



THE ROYAL CALPE HUNT, 1838-41

From the picture in the possession of Miss Rendall. The key is referred to in the text

AN ECHO OF "THE '45."

(By favour of the Editor, *The Scottish Field*)

FOR many hours one beautiful day in late August I had been fishing all the best pools the River Karnak holds. As usual, Angus Macdonald was with me.

The sources of the Karnak, one of the most delightful of Highland streams, are to be found somewhere in the vicinity of Mam Barrisdale. That pass is rough and steep enough, yet its crest is still a thousand feet below the high top of Meal Buidhe. Off the lonely ridge of the latter, incipient burns begin their precipitous fall of three thousand odd feet to the loch below.

Though it was August, no great month for catching salmon, I had been unusually successful. The summer fishing of this season seemed—like the weather—to have gone wrong altogether. But the fishing bag on Angus's back, which nowadays does duty for the old creel, held one salmon of 18lb. and another of 16lb. In his own quiet way Angus Macdonald was quite content. Angus was first and foremost a stalker by profession and by preference. One could hardly imagine him anything else but a stalker. As for his forbears in "the '45," the hills and glens of that wild west coast meant to him everything that made life worth living. Angus was also—nothing unusual in his profession—a complete gentleman. God alone could have been responsible for the making of Angus Macdonald. Evolution as represented by modern elementary schools could never have done it. Wiry and thin almost to attenuation, Angus was as hard as steel. His deep-set eyes and coal-black hair gave every support to the well-known theory that blue blood from the wrecked Spanish Armada is mingled with that of the Highlanders of the West Coast. Angus's features, too, might well have been derived from some grandee ancestor, as also might the innate aloofness of the man unless he was directly addressed. During the long winter nights in the lonely glen Angus was a great reader, though he had not "the English" quite so fluent as some of the other stalkers and gillies. Angus and his gillies always whispered in Gaelic while we were spying high on the hillside trying to make out some good head or a beast worth the stalking. He could walk and climb all day and be prepared to do exactly the same the next. This somewhat stern-featured Highlander never seemed to tire. Only once did he as much as hint at a long day. He and I had finished a full day's stalking on a very hard beat. The second and a very good stag had been got down to the only other pony left out, so there was nothing for it but to foot it home to the house.

"How far is it, Angus?" I had asked. In those days this particular forest was not so well known to me as it is now.

"It will be over twenty miles we have walked," came the quiet but prompt answer, "and there will be seven more to be done."

Such was Angus Macdonald.

Once again he and I had spent a perfect day of sport together. Once again we were resting—this time by the river bank—prior to strolling home only an odd mile or so. My eyes, as always, were resting with unqualified delight upon the beautiful surroundings—steep green slopes, rocky ridges, and high peaks near and distant. The glen, through which the little river foamed and swirled over its rock-strewn bed, could not have looked more peaceful. Barely a couple of hundred feet above where we were sitting, my eye was held by what I took to be a disused old sheep-fold, or fank, as they are known on the West Coast. A low, circular, tumbled-down wall surrounded it. Three old trees and some rowan bushes grew inside. Signs as though someone had been cleaning up outside the broken wall caused me to look closer. It was an unusual proceeding in this wild spot. The same thing had obviously been going on within, for through one of the gaps in the broken-down wall it was plain that all the nettles and long grass had been cleared away. Above another gap I also noticed something unusual showing up. At first glance this might have been an old rubbing stone set there for the ewes.

"What is the sheep-fold, Angus?" I asked idly.

The answer came in the stalker's slow, quiet voice.

"It will not be a sheep-fold; it is a burying-ground of the Macdonalds."

I was both surprised and interested.

"What is that stone I can see?" I continued, hoping for more enlightenment.

"That will be the Cross of Iona," came the brief reply.

The piercing eyes of Angus seemed to meet mine shyly, as if deprecating any further discussion. But now I wanted keenly to hear more. This wonderful cross from the burial-place of kings, Reilig Oiran, as it is known in Gaelic! Half a dozen questions sprang to my lips as I rose to my feet. Knowing Angus, they remained unuttered. Having climbed the slope, pipe in mouth, I leaned for a couple of minutes on the moss-grown stones meditating over the burial-ground of the Macdonalds. Angus did not stir. What I saw was no rubbing stone nor ordinary gravestone, but one of a very different calibre. From where we had been sitting the stone had stood sideways on to me. Now I faced it. It was planted almost in the centre of the little circle that was God's acre. The stone was one of the beautiful old carved crosses from the island of Iona, the latter known to Highlanders as *Inuis nan Druidhneah*—"the island of the Druids."

"How had such a treasure become transferred to this lonely glen to grace so humble a resting place? Did not these wonderful crosses usually mark the resting-places of kings in the famous island of Columba? Who could answer such questions?" So my thoughts ran.

Then Angus moved. He had evidently been watching me. Grasping his stick, he stood up, almost hurriedly, adjusting to a convenient position on his back the fishing bag he was carrying.

All the way down the glen, across the flats, we talked of other matters—days on the hill or on the loch, things which for once failed to hold any interest for me. For the moment I could think of nothing but that wonderful old cross in its strange and beautiful surroundings. So we parted at the deer larder that summer evening with a grave "good-night."

It was only under much pressure and after many a long tramp, that Angus Macdonald told me the outline of the story of the beautiful cross, and then only because he was my friend.

Translated from Angus's halting phrases the story ran thus:—

It was "the '45." The clans were "up" and every honest Highlander "out" for the "Bonnie Prince," no longer "over the water." Not all the clans, though, for to their eternal shame there were some who still sat on the fence. With June of that fatal year came perhaps the most heroic attempt ever made to snatch a crown. A gamble! Surely. But did hill-folk ever wait to count the cost when they rose for liberty? Then followed the landing of the Prince at Borodale in Moidart. The Lochiel gathering at beautiful Glenfinnan. The raising of the standard. The enthusiastic descent on Edinburgh. A Scottish Prince holding high revel at Holyrood, a Scottish royal palace. The threat to London, the turn of the tide at Derby. The fatal retreat and final disaster by Duncan Forbes's house of Culloden.

As every clansman knows, it was near Arisaig that the ill-fated Prince had landed, and from that vicinity it was understood that he was endeavouring to take ship again for France. From Glenmoriston to the Sound of Mull the coast was securely watched by "Butcher" Cumberland's late troops. Almost every inlet along that most beautiful stretch of shore was constantly under observation. For this purpose small detachments of Hanoverian—King George's—soldiers were dotted about from Applecross to Ardnamurchan. Between Mallaig and Arisaig was, if anywhere, the stretch most carefully watched. It seemed as if no living being could evade the vigilance of these Lowland soldiers.

In those days a small change-house or inn stood immediately north of where the

little river runs from Loch Morar into the bay. It was then as lonely and as picturesque a spot as well could be imagined. A little ridge rose above the inn, the former more open than the surrounding thickly-wooded country. On the ridge, and seen for some distance either from the sea or from north or south, stood a single lonely cross. Tucked under the ridge and partly sheltered was the little military camp, less than a dozen tents. The camp held some two score soldiers of the Royal Scots or Lothian Regiment, the three officers finding adequate though poor shelter in the change-house. Major Peter Cadell was the commandant.

The inn was kept by a Highlander, one Ranald Macdonald. This handsome, black-haired, black-bearded giant had come originally from Skye, but his croft-home was in Knoydart, where he had earlier acted as gillie to his chief when stalking or as body servant when the latter went abroad. He, Ranald, had lately married a lassie from Inverie who had been maid to the laird's lady. Though married, and having more at stake, this seemed to make little, if any, difference to the insensate hate Ranald Macdonald bore to the little detachment of Lowlanders quartered upon him. The men composing the detachment, in the ever-growing dreariness of their lonely quarters, soon began to reciprocate the bitter feelings of their unwilling host. Major Cadell, the senior officer, was a keen soldier to the extent of being almost a martinet. Long, weary night patrols, which never seemed to lead to anything, tried highly the discipline of this famous regiment. To the rank and file it seemed as if there was no difference between the daywork and what they were ordered to do at night. Nor was the camp itself much to boast of. The men longed for the comparative excitement of Inverness as only men do who have no resources outside social intercourse with their fellows. Not even the enormous sum of £30,000, offered but never earned, for the head of Prince Charlie could raise their enthusiasm.

As weeks passed during this summer of 1746 the daily routine of Morar became, if possible, even more strenuous. To be out in the hot sun all day marching through heavy sand, then to lie through half the night watching for a French ship which never seemed to come, became a burden hardly to be borne. Incipient mutiny hung over the heads of Major Peter Cadell and his officers, and even they themselves were deadly weary of the task.

So far the story was clear and coherent. After this point Angus Macdonald was neither coherent nor clear. Whether the record was one of tragedy mingled with sublime loyalty, or one of tragedy only, Angus could not or would not say. That Ranald Macdonald was mainly responsible for the failure of the detachment quartered upon him to prevent the Prince's escape or that of other chieftains wanted, is more than likely. That he paid for these failures with his life is a fact. According to Angus he met a violent death. That he died within sight of the Cross of Iona, which then graced the little headland is more than probable.

It is but true Highland sentiment that he should rest within sight of it in his own glen in the burying-ground of the Macdonalds at Knoydart.

C. D. B.

"HALT. TAKE OFF YOUR CREEPERS."

Ex-members of the 2nd Battalion who served in Halifax, N.S., 1888-91, will remember the above command given on arrival at the Garrison Church for Divine service on wintry Sunday mornings. This building was totally destroyed by fire during the early hours of 5th March last and so passed away one of the landmarks of Imperial military occupation. On the withdrawal of Imperial troops from Canada in 1907 it was sold to a civil community.

The Bluff.

ON February 5th, 1916, the 9th Battalion were moved up from the pleasant village of Eperlecques, behind St. Omer, where they had been enjoying much needed rest, to the Salient again. This time they were to occupy the famous trench sector enclosing the village of St. Eloi, and looking on to the Mound with a crater in its side which formed a much-coveted salient in the German lines. The land rose gently to the front line from the Ypres-Dickebusch road, and we could see a broad panorama, including Wyttschaet and the Messines Ridge to the right, Voermezele and its ruined church just behind us, Ypres in the far background, and, on our left, only a mile or so away, a long, low embankment largely made of clay thrown up when the Ypres-Comines canal was made. This was the so-called "Bluff," a name given because it ended abruptly in a steep slope in front of the German lines, of which it gave an admirable view. Now it was covered with bushes and trees, many of them firs, and looked jolly enough in the winter sunlight. Our first days at St. Eloi were uneventful, but the presence of a Canadian tunnelling company gave rise to grave apprehensions, by no means allayed by the grisly stories which they told us when we enjoyed their lavish hospitality, of hand-to-hand encounters with German miners, of the peculiar noises which would foretell the imminent explosion of a mine underneath us, and of the efforts the Germans were always making to seal up our saps by means of "flying pigs." The German lines were so close that shell fire was almost negligible as a rule. On one occasion two Germans appeared at a listening post only 20 yards from our lines, and treated us to several jocular speeches, which everybody was so amazed at that no attempt was made to interrupt. But after we had been in for a week and were expecting our first relief, early one fine afternoon a heavy bombardment began, so far as we were concerned of such a scattered nature that practically no casualties were caused. When after half an hour it ceased, great glee was caused by the news that General Pilcher and his staff had been caught in the front line during it and had lain as flat as was humanly possible on the trench boards.

Some of us had leisure enough to observe that the bombardment was heaviest on the Bluff, where great fountains spouting earth and trees seemed to have opened. Later we learnt that on the other side of the canal a German attack had been launched and part of the Bluff taken. In front of it a company of the Lancashire Fusiliers had been trapped in the International Trench and destroyed. With them died H. G. Bache, one of the finest all-round athletes and most modest of men whom Cambridge had produced. That night, and almost every night for a week, we watched sudden bombardments on the Bluff itself, wreathed in white smoke clouds, revealed by orange flashes, while giant tea-trays were banged all round. These heralded night attacks, made by various units of our Division, and all we learned were unsuccessful; highly coloured reasons for the failure of which Dame Rumour was always willing to supply.

We were all agreed that it could only be a question of a day or two before we were withdrawn from our own safe spot and sent on just such another murderous errand as the rest, but when it was told that the 3rd Division had relieved our Brigade on the other side of the canal, our cowardly hopes of release rose high. Shortly after we were at last relieved and marched back to Reninghelst. But after only one day's absence from the trenches, orders to relieve the 165th Brigade of the 3rd Division were given out, and the dawn of a miserable February day found us endeavouring to find our positions in somewhat impromptu trenches (the old support trenches) on the Bluff and in its neighbourhood.

The days that followed were full of excitements and casualties. The Germans in their newly-captured trenches were full of nerves and "wind." Our own artillery, we thought, was a great deal too prodigal with their 9in. shells, which made the most horrible gaps in our own defences. Snow fell, and one night the German Verey lights surprised a working party on a dazzling background, and a machine gun accounted for Wood, who was in charge. Of the two months he had spent in France, he had enjoyed it all with boyish ardour.

At last we left the Bluff, but only to sidestep a few hundred yards to the right, in front of one of the most famous spots of the war, Hill 60. We were relieved by the Northumberland Fusiliers, but we had hardly had time to settle down in our new trenches before most unpleasant preparations began to be made. Several 60-pound trench mortars made their appearance and began to register on the German lines. A new and most mysterious invention, afterwards well known to fame as the Stokes' gun, was installed with great secrecy, and what seemed most wonderful to us, a section of 18-pounder field guns was brought up within 100 yards of the front line. When the Northumberlands and our Brigade Headquarters callously vanished, relieved by the 165th Brigade, most uncomfortable feelings beset us all. That night the Brigade Major of the 165th Brigade came round to see that the stage was properly set for the performance of the next day. Some of us will remember the tall figure of Congreve, young in years but already practised and confident in the direction of war. He had that night explored No Man's Land and satisfied himself that the German wire had been well cut by the activities of the trench mortars, now used for this purpose, we were told, for the first time.

At half-past 3 all the witches in hell began to scream, and for more than half an hour every kind of thing was thrown by us at the Germans and very little returned. When the din ceased we were left to speculate in quiet, and just as the eastern sky began to lighten we saw against it strings of men crossing No Man's Land on the right. A German counter-attack?—the 165th repulsed? No, German prisoners in scores! Our attack had been timed for a German trench relief. Into our trenches the grey gentlemen came, escorted by the strutting Gordons, who showed another innovation—their great orange and black "flashes" in the middle of their backs. The greatest curiosity and excitement prevailed amongst us, for was not this the first attack we had seen? Alas, the curiosity was fatal to more than one man, standing on the firestep, oblivious of the fact that many riflemen still existed in the trenches opposite.

Then the turn of the Germans began. All the well registered batteries in the Salient, it seemed, were turned on the Bluff and its neighbourhood. Trenches dissolved in dust, bomb stores went up in smoke, forward guns were destroyed. One by one Cunningham's gallant bombers were killed as they manned the bombing post by the Ravine. Well might Gelder exclaim, his comical long face appearing out of the midst of shell smoke "I wish I was at home listening to my gramophone!" So the day wore on, our own shell fire (as well as the Germans') being so heavy that no counter-attacks proved possible. Then when night fell we heard that we were to be relieved. It was, however, many hours before the Borderers of the 51st Brigade came up, and a long time before we got clear. The Lewis gunners of the Battalion, who had had perhaps the hardest time of all, were the last to go, and as they got out of the communication trench behind Battalion headquarters, a shell burst in the middle of them, wounding many and one, Wilfred Rhodes, so badly that he could not be brought in, but lay there suffering terribly till he died. Then when all were through the woods at the back of the Bluff, so full of death, the long, long way back to Reninghelst had to be faced. Some went one way, others got lost or found stray limbers. I with Sgt. Hartley (known to fame because his pipe was knocked out of his mouth by a dud shell on the Somme) and another eventually reached the White Chateau, and beyond it found a motor 'bus from the Putney run, comfortably ditched by the side of the road, with the driver making tea on a Primus stove. Even with the spiritual and material refreshment he provided we could not have got on to Reninghelst, but fortunately a motor 'bus sent to fetch us came along, and as we lurched along the awful roads, no power on earth was able to keep us from sleeping.

And so the Battalion arrived back in camp, after a tour of practically thirty days in front line trenches, ending up with an attack which, though not made by us, caused us 200 casualties. In Haig's next dispatch the 9th Battalion was cited as one of a select list of New Army battalions which had proved their worth. We supposed that this was a consolation prize for having endured a good deal of the beastliness of an attack without the glory of having made it ourselves.

F. A. P.

Canadian Jottings.

WELL, what shall I write about, Canadian-Rugby football, ice hockey, street cars, prohibition, or Canadian railways? The latter is a large subject, but here goes, anyway.

Open level crossings are the rule and not the exception in this country. This applies to main roads, which are known as highways, and also to bye roads; hence the number of accidents. The railways do their best and put up such notices as "Stop, Look, Listen," but a certain number of motorists do none of these things and just chance it, and as at least 95 per cent. of the cars are closed the danger becomes intensified.

A few weeks ago I was travelling east to Toronto on a C.P.R. express at an approximate rate of 50 miles an hour, when the emergency brake was applied which nearly threw us all out of our seats. I asked the conductor a few minutes later "what was the matter," and he told me a motorist had cleared the express by a matter of inches, and as he expressed it, "he sure had a close call."

It certainly is annoying to wait at a level crossing for a freight train to pass. I have seen one with 76 cars (a lucky number); now as each car measures 42 feet long inside measurement, you can more or less calculate the length of that train, something like 1,200 yards. The meals on the train are excellent, but a good deal more expensive than in England, and you also have the additional trouble of writing down everything you require; as far as I can remember, iced water and the contents of the cruet-stand are the only exceptions. All meals are served à la carte. The sleeping accommodation is a bit of a shock to some people; to see the car by day there is nothing to denote that it is a sleeping car, it merely looks like an ordinary Pullman, but when berths are made up, the seats opposite one another are pulled together to form the lower berth, the top berth is pulled down on chains from the roof, and section boards placed crossways to divide the two berths from the next section; a gangway is left down the centre of the car, and heavy curtains hung from the top to screen the berths from view. It is possible by paying extra and being first in the field to secure what is known as the "drawing-room." Of these there is one in each car, and it is entirely cut off, being a compartment of its own.

To get into a top berth requires some agility of a gymnastic nature, and it is better to wait for the small step ladder which is provided, as otherwise it is impossible to get there without putting a foot on the lower berth, and as you may not know who is in it, he or she may naturally object. Undressing in your berth is a very unsatisfactory and difficult matter and is full of disadvantages, such things as collar studs are apt to be lost by the morning—and your temper also.

Owing to the length of the journeys, about 4½ days from Montreal to Vancouver, Pullman cars have to do double duty; this accounts for the present system; it certainly has a great many drawbacks, but works fairly well on the whole. A dining car and baggage cars, etc., make up the rest of the train. A black porter is attached to each car and he makes up the berths and is always on hand with a whisk to brush you down and to see to your hand baggage, etc.

An amusing story is told of a newly-married couple who joined the train going west en route for Banff, which was reached the next afternoon. When boarding the train they made the porter clear away all signs of confetti, etc., which appeared on their hand baggage, and the bridegroom said, "Say, John, don't you go and tell any of the passengers that we've just been married." However, when they appeared at meals in the dining car they noticed that all heads were turned in their direction and that much interest was evinced by their fellow passengers; so when they got off at Banff the bridegroom said to the porter, "Say, John, I believe you told them after all."

"No, sah, no, sah, suttinly not, sah. I just said yo was best o' frens, best o' frens, that's all."

I can hear the Editor calling time, so I'll quit with a hope of renewing my Canadian jottings in another number.

"CHARLES."

At last we left the Bluff, but only to sidestep a few hundred yards to the right, in front of one of the most famous spots of the war, Hill 60. We were relieved by the Northumberland Fusiliers, but we had hardly had time to settle down in our new trenches before most unpleasant preparations began to be made. Several 60-pound trench mortars made their appearance and began to register on the German lines. A new and most mysterious invention, afterwards well known to fame as the Stokes' gun, was installed with great secrecy, and what seemed most wonderful to us, a section of 18-pounder field guns was brought up within 100 yards of the front line. When the Northumberlands and our Brigade Headquarters callously vanished, relieved by the 165th Brigade, most uncomfortable feelings beset us all. That night the Brigade Major of the 165th Brigade came round to see that the stage was properly set for the performance of the next day. Some of us will remember the tall figure of Congreve, young in years but already practised and confident in the direction of war. He had that night explored No Man's Land and satisfied himself that the German wire had been well cut by the activities of the trench mortars, now used for this purpose, we were told, for the first time.

At half-past 3 all the witches in hell began to scream, and for more than half an hour every kind of thing was thrown by us at the Germans and very little returned. When the din ceased we were left to speculate in quiet, and just as the eastern sky began to lighten we saw against it strings of men crossing No Man's Land on the right. A German counter-attack?—the 165th repulsed? No, German prisoners in scores! Our attack had been timed for a German trench relief. Into our trenches the grey gentlemen came, escorted by the strutting Gordons, who showed another innovation—their great orange and black "flashes" in the middle of their backs. The greatest curiosity and excitement prevailed amongst us, for was not this the first attack we had seen? Alas, the curiosity was fatal to more than one man, standing on the firestep, oblivious of the fact that many riflemen still existed in the trenches opposite.

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F. A. P.

EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY OF THE GREAT WAR.

(Continued from page 67, No. 9, February, 1928.)

MARCH 21ST, 1916.—I have just returned from 48 hours' leave to that very historical and biblical place, Cairo. Three of us went together, Sgt. Hully, Sgt. Hinchcliffe, and myself. It is a long train ride, but we left El Ferdan at 8.30 a.m. and arrived at Cairo just after 3 p.m. It is a fine old place, very Egyptian, the flat roofs being very conspicuous. We went straight to the Princess Hotel, which had previously been recommended to us, and booked our room (we all had a bed in one room).

After tea we went to the theatre, but found a "full house," so we went to the cinema instead. Gee! it was "some" place. Talk about hub-bub. Whilst the pictures were showing, everybody, mostly Egyptians, was gesticulating and talking at the top of their voice.

We returned to bed early, as we had arranged a good round of sight-seeing on the morrow. Up early the next day, although we breakfasted in bed (we intended doing the thing in style), we immediately go on a tram to the Pyramids. They were worth seeing. It was blazingly hot when we arrived. Guides were waiting for the visitors, but we had been warned about them, so left them severely alone. Arriving at the first Pyramid, we started to climb up to the top, but gave it up after we had gone a little way. It was far too hot.

Walking round this same Pyramid (I forget the name of it), our curiosity was aroused by an opening a little way up the side, so climbing up, we discovered it was a long shaft about 3ft. square with a gradual slope, reaching right down into the centre of the Pyramid.

As we were turning away from it, a soldier (British) came up and told us we were not allowed to go down there, as some British Tommies had been taken down there by some natives and done to death. Of course this only made us more curious, so when his back was turned (he was on sentry go) we took off our boots and were just deciding who should go first when a little Egyptian boy ran up and said we should want a candle or else we should break our necks. He then produced one from his peculiar clothing and said he would take us down for a few piastres. So off we went. Slipping and sliding, although we were in our stockinged feet, we arrived at the bottom. Here we had to go flat on our stomachs through a small hole about four feet long, scarcely large enough for me to get my shoulders through. The hole had been closed up some time or other with stones thrown in by the visitors. Anyhow, after scraping our feet along the floor and knocking the back of our heads on the roof, we came to an opening, but to reach beyond it we had to jump across to a large boulder. The guide, who was very talkative, said that the opening in the rock we had to jump across was nearly 50 feet deep. Still, with a bit of an effort, we did it, and proceeded serenely on our way, headed by the boy with a lighted candle (there was no other light). Soon we came to the end of this small passage, where there was an opening about 15 feet square. Here was a tomb of one of the Pharaohs. The coffin was cut out of solid stone and must have been the work of years. There were two or three Egyptian mummies, also carved from stone, up in the corners, and altogether looked very grotesque.

After having a good look round we decided to return, as we had left our boots and puttees at the top and thought perhaps the sentry might have spotted them. So, after more knocks and bruises, we arrived into the fresh air again, both our minds and curiosity very much relieved.

After paying the guide for his services, we proceeded to the Sphinx, a huge stone rising out of the desert, on which is carved a man's head and shoulders. It is a sight to be remembered. Whilst there, we are persuaded to have our photographs taken,

which we do on camels. We must have looked very formidable, as just as the photographer was getting ready to "snap" us, he fell down in a fit, so his understudy had to carry on with the good work. I was a bit dubious when he said he would send the photos on to us, as we never knew more than two days ahead where we were off to next. After we had settled up with the photographer, we hired the camels to take us over to the nearest pyramid, to which we raced. Phew! talk about being seasick! These camels are like an old barge in a rough sea when they begin to run. Never any more.

On our way back to the city we called in at the "Zoo." There were some queer animals in there. Two tortoises, great big ones, they were supposed to be over 200 years old (an Egyptian yarn).

After tea, we went into the bazaar. My word, it is typical Eastern. Here I bought a pink scarf and a tablecloth, which I am dispatching home. It was very interesting to hear the lingo of the natives and see the way they bargain with and cajole a would-be customer. There were some very fine curios for a curious hunter, provided he was well supplied with the "needful" to buy them. From there we walked along some very narrow and dirty streets to the "Dead City," which we read of in the Bible as being swept by a plague. Some call it the "Forbidden City." It is a dismal place, not a living thing to be seen, although we are told that the "scum of Cairo" lurk there, hiding from the police, and waiting to pounce on anybody who was foolish or curious enough to pass through there alone. We were told that some Australians who were taking a "short cut" through there alone were done to death and robbed of all they possessed. We had had enough.

THE END OF MAY AND BEGINNING OF JUNE.—Well, I entered for the boxing competition and managed, with the help of a bye in the first round, to get into the final. We fought at catch weights. The 11st. 7lb. limit was abandoned, as it was impossible for the majority to make that weight. A fellow named McIlroy beat me on points. He came out of the Yorkshire Regiment and was middle weight champion of India four years ago, so I was rather proud that I had gone the full distance (six rounds) with him. I believe he was only playing with me and could have knocked me out any time he had so wished. However, I had the pleasure of being congratulated by the Brigadier-General and very much pleasure in receiving 30s. for being punched about a bit.

JUNE 22ND.—We have moved back on to the canal bank, only this time we are on the other side, the railway side, and it is rumoured that we are going back to Alexandria to embark for France. We all hope it is true, as we are beginning to get a bit fed up with this eternal sand. We were relieved by the Manchester Regiment, of the 42nd Division. Well, we have just finished straightening our new camp up, where we are to remain to-day and to-morrow, after which we entrain for Alexandria.

4 p.m.—I have just returned to my tent after winning 5s. for helping my company win the Regimental tournament. The best of it is, I have not been away from my tent for more than half an hour and we have only had to meet one team previous to this one, and that was a "walk over," owing to the team (it was a detachment of the Yorks) having to join their Regiment. So I think the 5s. "was a gift from the gods."

JUNE 24TH, 6 a.m.—We are at Alexandria docks, waiting to embark. We travelled all last night in open trucks. It was bitterly cold, but rather a novel experience, I thought. We have been hanging about these docks nearly five hours, making tea and buying articles of food from the vendors, who swarm about us.

JUNE 25TH.—We are on our way to France. We steamed out yesterday evening. This is a rotten boat called the *Ionian* and by the state of it I should say that it had been carrying cattle previously. So far we have only had bully and biscuits with black coffee to drink. There are four of us in a four-bunked cabin, and none too clean. Hully and Hinchcliffe are with me, and a sergeant named Broadbent. Lights are not allowed after dark, but we manage by putting a blanket up to the porthole, it is too hot to shut up. The weather is stifling.

(To be continued.)

E. M.

Handsome, or the Reward of Virtue.

[Complaints have been received that the IRON DUKE is not of sufficient interest to the younger members of our Regiment. There is nothing that Daddy can read to the children at bedtime, except possibly what he did in the Great War. I feel that since our children have contributed so handsomely to "The Memorial Flower Fund," it is up to us to do something in return. That is my only excuse for the following nonsense.]

ONCE upon a time there was a King who had only one son, though he had plenty of other worries.

Now this King had no new-fangled ideas about small families; but, unfortunately, shortly after the birth of the infant, the Queen, who was optimistic by nature, invited his Fairy God-Mother to take pot-luck on the cook's evening out. Well, the kitchen-maid was a good girl, but she was no cook, and the dinner was not a success. The Fairy was fond of her food, and in a hasty moment, transformed the Queen into a cheese-mite, and turned her loose in a particularly fruity piece of gorgonzola which the King had matured with great care and a quantity of old port.

This upset the King considerably—he being very partial to gorgonzola.

He turned all the best magicians in the country on to the job, but it was found impossible to distinguish the ex-Queen from the numerous other inhabitants of the cheese, and they had made very little headway when the cheese reached such an advanced state that the work had to be discontinued.

There did not appear to be any clause in the divorce laws of the country which met the case, so the King was left with his one son, whom the Queen (I think I mentioned her optimistic nature) had insisted on christening Prince Handsome.

Now everybody agreed that the Prince was a very nice boy, but nobody could call him good-looking. At the age of nineteen he was short and rather stout, and his eyes, though individually charming, undoubtedly lacked co-operation.

The King's subjects got over the matter by saying "Handsome is as Handsome does," but one could see that they were rather disappointed about it, and the comic papers of the neighbouring countries found the Prince's shortcomings a particularly fruitful field for copy. So altogether, what with one thing and another, the Prince, who really was one of our better types, felt his position very keenly.

However, one day, with the usual luck of Princes, he hit on the right disreputable beggar-woman to rescue from the village toughs, and when she turned into a glittering fairy and gave him three wishes, his first thought was how he could best please his father's people.

"Please," he said, "I should like to become a tall good-looking fellow as befits my station in life." "Not that I set much store by looks myself," he added, "but you see how it is."

Immediately there was a loud cracking noise, and when he opened his eyes the fairy had disappeared, and in a convenient shop window he saw that he was now a fine upstanding young man with the figure of a lounge-snake and a pair of steely blue eyes like those of the gentleman in one of Mr. Pelman's excellent advertisements.

On closer inspection, he also discovered the reason for the cracking noise which had accompanied his metamorphosis, for his clothes had evidently been unable to compete with his sudden change of stature, and in fact he was not at all in a proper state to be standing in the High Street in broad daylight.

Luckily it was a Saturday afternoon, and most of the villagers were at the football match, so he was able to reach his apartment without causing undue scandal. Here, however, another difficulty presented itself, for although his wardrobe had prudently been ordered on the large size to allow for shrinkage, it could not be expected to meet such a very drastic change.

"Dash it!" said the Prince to his handsome reflection, "What on earth am I to do? All the tailors are on strike and anyway I've overdrawn my next quarter's allowance

already. 'The trouble is that the villagers are so old-fashioned. I'm afraid they would prefer me ugly to undressed.'

Suddenly he bethought himself of the fairy's second wish. It was a pity to use it in this way as he had been making plans all the way home and had just decided to get an Austin saloon, or possibly a good tenor voice, so that he need not limit his vocal activities to the bathroom. However, one must consider the prejudices of the populace.

"Noblesse oblige," he muttered unenthusiastically, and having secured a suitable costume, sallied out to show himself to the people.

However, as so often happens, virtue did not immediately meet with its proper reward, for the people, with their customary lack of intelligence, refused to believe his story.

"You Prince Handsome?" they mocked, "Oh, no. You are a monstrous good-looking fellow, but you are evidently a rogue and a poor one at that. For our Prince is a good boy, but he is homely not to say plain."—"Though of course," they added quickly, "we prefer him that way."

So they set on him and beat him, and eventually put him in the stocks, where they threw unpleasant things at him, among which was the particularly fruity piece of gorgonzola in which his mother probably still resided.

Handsome was in despair, until he remembered that he still had one wish left.

Feeling that, as things were going, he was unlikely ever to have the leisure to enjoy his bath-room operations, he wished very hard to be transported as far away as possible from his present position.

The fairy (though as a matter of fact, having resumed her beggar-woman's disguise, she was enjoying the fun as much as anybody) did her best for him and landed him in America, where he was found by a film-magnate. From him Handsome obtained an engagement, and owing to his fine figure and blameless life, soon rose to the top of his profession, and was always able to tell the reporters that he attributed his success to having always done what he considered right, regardless of personal convenience.

"ABRACADABRA."

Selections from the Diary and Letters of the late Lt. J. W. Russell, an Officer of the 9th Battalion.

(Continued from page 61, No. 9, February, 1928.)

AUGUST 18TH, 1915.—(In trenches again, having relieved 12th Manchesters.) At 1 a.m. I joined Sgt.-Major Walker, who was mending the parapet, quite a spicy job. Found a new name for him, "Old Sandbag"; he squatted just like one when the flares went up!

AUGUST 19TH.—We have a little stream which runs through our trenches (Bois confluent), but it cannot be drunk as it comes from the Germans and is supposed to be poisoned. Saw some little fish 1in. long, which may be trout. A trout stream would be a good advertisement for a trench! By the bye, little Potts arrived up here last night with his little machine gun; seems quite annoyed with me for having finished his tin of Bath Oliver biscuits on the parapet at 1 a.m. this morning! After 6 p.m. the rats always begin to come out. . . . We tried a covert of thistles; Sgt.-Major Walker did the beating. . . . I got my sights on a little path they always seem to cross and soon saw a rat's head appear. I pulled the trigger and got him clean through the nose. Sgt.-Major retrieved him and found he was the biggest rat he had ever seen. . . .

This is certainly a most desirable trench, private fishing and shooting within a second's walk from "H.Q." Supper at 9 p.m., and then the night's work started.

AUGUST 24TH.—At about 10 a.m. I met Savory, and, wanting something to do, offered to take him out along a disused trench which runs outside our barbed wire, to see a supposed

German sniper's post. . . . We had to crawl on hands and knees, in many places absolutely flat ; in one spot it was only half a foot deep with thick barbed wire close over it. . . . I have two tears in my shirt about two feet long and three in my breeches. . . . Savory followed, and used some language on me for having enticed him along such a place !

The afternoon passed quite peacefully. When it was dark we derived some amusement by making Sgt. Harrison, a choice old humourist, fire the flare pistol, telling him it did not kick. He fired it like a revolver and got quite a shock—it almost knocked his wrist off !

AUGUST 27TH.—I enclose a photo of the Church in this town (Reninghelst). The graves in the foreground include those of eleven officers of the 2nd Battalion (Hill 60). Met Cully, took him to the Field Cashier and got 125 francs each ; had lunch, dozed, tea, and just finished censoring letters of Divisional " H.Q. " staff.

AUGUST 28TH.—I join the Battalion again to-morrow, when we go up to reserve dugouts (Ridgewood). It is a glorious evening now—we ought to be fishing our way back to supper down the Tweed. Cheerio ! I still have the Teddy bear in my pocket ; he is getting as flat as a pancake.

AUGUST 30TH.—At 9.50 went off with Capt. Robertson (the Bobber) and four sergeants to inspect some third and fourth line trenches (Vierstraat line). Wandered about them for 1½ hours, taking notes ; met Capt. Wannell coming down the side of a hedge with Sgt. Riles, picking blackberries. We set to work ourselves and found them really luscious ! . . . During tea I showed my proficiency as an animal-tamer. I saw some mice feeding off an old biscuit in the hedge, so crept up and eventually got one little thing eating off my hand. One of the R.S.F. officers actually tamed a mouse to share his meals with him on a table. I have failed to tame any of the cats which hang round all the redoubts here !

SEPT. 2ND.—Fletcher ill again, so I had to take his fatigue party at 8.30 to work in a trench connecting S.7 eastern redoubt C.T. to N. 9 C.T. Got the men working, then strolled along to S.7 and saw " D " Company—Stanton, Doggy, and Savory. Went a stroll with Doggy and met Geoffrey Hawkes. We three were standing in an open field in full view of the Germans when they shoved a shell, apparently at us, but it was short. Went on our way rather more quickly. Lunched with Doggy and Giles. Ferguson dropped in, and we all determined we would not mind if the war was over to-morrow, but that it was infinitely better out here than training at Bovington ! . . . Potts sends his kind regards and wishes me to tell mother I am looking very well and not " starved " to death yet either by hunger or cold. Let me know all about the fishing at Horrabridge, and mind you enjoy yourselves !

SEPT. 5TH.—Went along to " D " Company in W redoubt to try and get some " eggs " * from them. Found Savory and the Bobber, who needed a lot of persuading ! During the argument I drank lemonade, and in the end they decided to go shares with me ; so I put six nice little eggs in a sandbag and then, since it was raining, spent half an hour in Bobber's dugout, looking at *Punch* and eating peppermint creams. . . . After tea, we left the reserve dugouts for the trenches. I carried my big cat (he had " tamed " one by now.—M.R.) in one sandbag and bombs in another. Fletcher carried the kitten. We had great fun going up the C.T. with the cat swearing and scrabbling inside the bag, while we floundered knee-deep in sludge. Stayed on duty till 3.30 a.m., F. and W. going to bed at 10 p.m. Forgot to say I met Marsden of the Manchesters, an old school house boy who knew most of the people who were seniors in my day. Spent an hour talking about Oundle, and decided we would rather be back there than in the trenches !

SEPT. 7TH.—Cpl. Regan told me he had seen a German 20 yards from our line during the night and had fired at him. I thought he might have been winged, so I fetched Capt. W's revolver and crawled out with Regan along a disused trench, but could not get through

*These were the first Mills' bombs, one dozen, received by our Battalion.—M.R.

the barbed wire. One only takes a revolver on such an occasion as a precaution in case anyone is lying up; it is really as safe as anything. As I came out of the saphead I met Sgt.-Major Walker, who promised to "bring me up on a crime" for breaking orders. As a matter of fact we have practically discarded the Divisional order (against officers patrolling—M.R.), as it is a futile one, and Capt. W. goes out so often himself that he can't say very much.

(At night). A red flare from the Hun went up, after a lot of rapid firing on our left. He then started to shell some support trenches just behind us; it looked beastly lively, and we were rather afraid he might shorten his range. When it stopped, I went over to "A" Company, saw Simner and Robertson (Young Bobber), and had some whiskey. Went back and turned in after waking up Potts and Fletcher.

SEPT. 8TH.—Went down to Battalion "H.Q." to see Kingston about my wrist, which had got puffed up with some bite or poisoned scratch. Practically every scratch here becomes septic; the earth is so well manured with rubbish and dead bodies!

K. prescribed a poultice and another in four hours. Went and saw the Major (Johnson) and R.S.M. Bennett, then slept on a stretcher till lunch with Kingston and Smith. After second poultice walked back to trenches, meeting Benjamin and Knight ("B" Company) in Fusilier Alley. After censoring letters and a bit of supper, went out with Pte. Rhodes and revolver and bombs and lay up about 50 yards up a hedge running out in front of our trench. We were put there to prevent anyone cutting off Capt. W., the C.S.M., and Sgt. Green, who were going to lay a tape along the whole of our front, 40 yards from our wire. (This was the beginning of "Pilcher's Ditch," which all will remember.—M.R.)

SEPT. 9TH.—Slept till 11 a.m., when the Hun started strafing. I heard "stretcher-bearers," so turned out in my slippers to see what damage was done—two hit, flesh wounds arm, back, and leg. Stayed with Sgt. Riles near place where shells were bursting in case of further casualties. Turned in again at 1 p.m. At 5 p.m. I was woken by Sgt. Green, who told me the awful news that C.S.M. Walker* had been killed looking over the parapet. Poor fellow, we shall miss him terribly, he was a gloriously cool man to have in the company. It knocked us all over pretty much, Capt. Wannell and everyone. After making a poor supper, I went to get a party to dig a trench along the tape. I went out with Sgt. Green and Mooney to find a way through our wire from our second listening post. I felt rotten before I went out, but this crawl steadied me down a bit; but we could find no way out here.

(To be continued.)

THE MUSTARD POT or YELLOW PERIL.

Our Colonel has a motor car,
Of miniature design;
Its quality and workmanship,
We're told, are really fine.

It's one of Gordon's Specials,
A "Suku," I suppose,
But the owner swears she holds the road
When fifty miles he goes.

With chassis low and roomy seats,
He knows what he's about,
"It's just the stuff," our friends will say,
For one who's getting —

This car's not meant for night-work,
I'd have you understand,
For Dinners, "Pahits," and Dances,
A bigger one's on hand.

The artist's drawn a picture of
This miniature saloon,
If bad luck comes, its size, you see,
May prove a perfect boon.

For this advantage overwhelms
All other points by far,
That the Colonel keeps his dignity,
Though harm befalls his car.

E. C. B.

* D.C.M. in South African War.

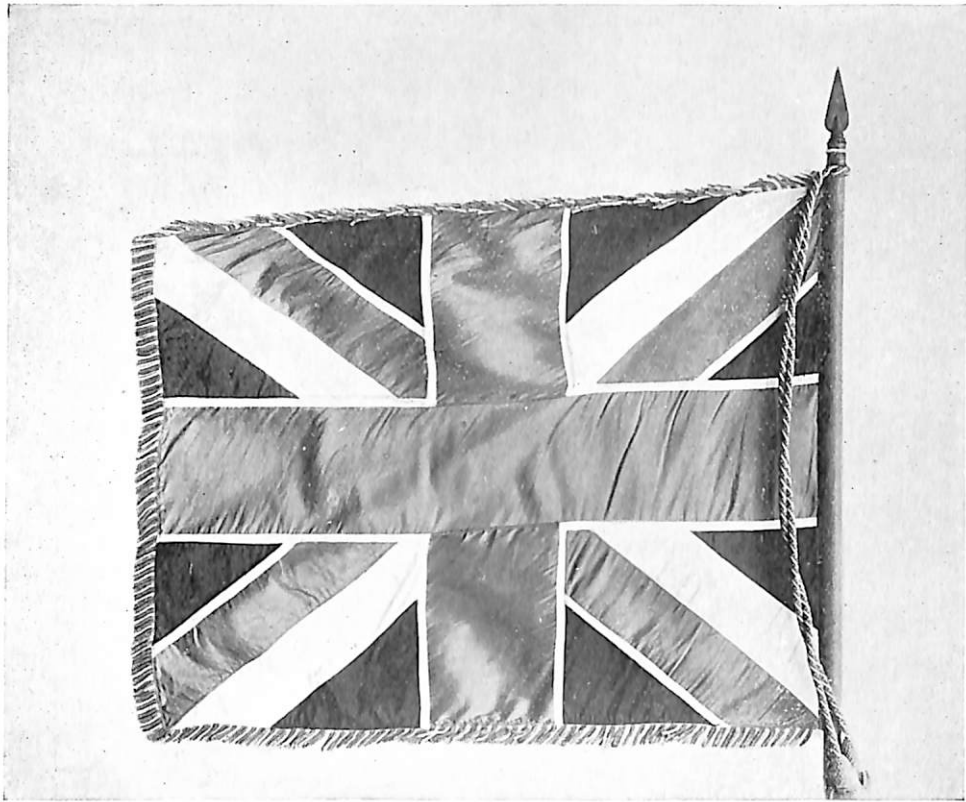


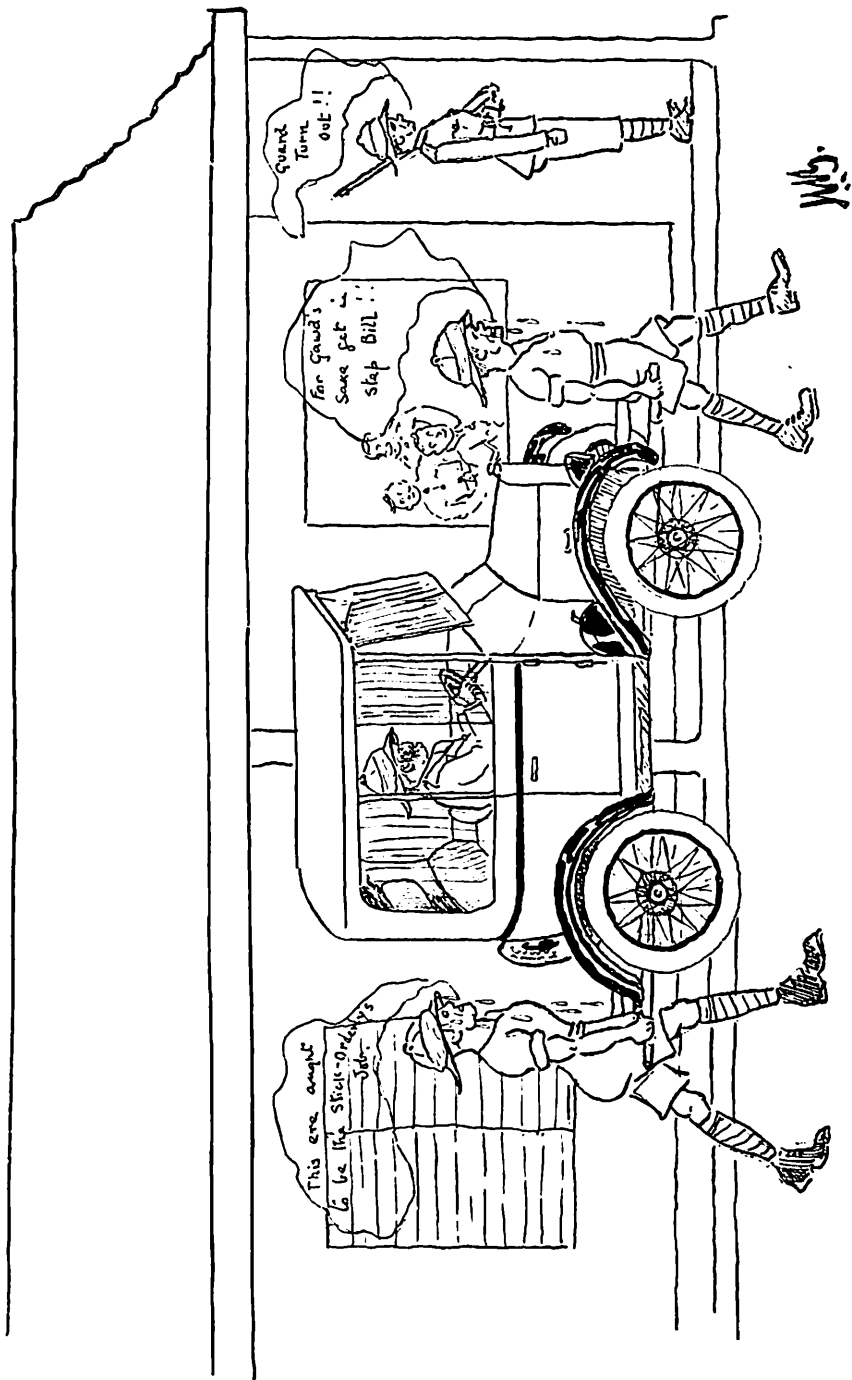
Fig. 1.

2/4th "Battalion" King's Colour.



Fig. 2.

2/5th Battalion Regimental Colour.



GIN

THE MUSTARD POT.

There is one point about a small car. Dignity can always be maintained in the event of a breakdown.

REGIMENTAL COLOURS

(continued)

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT.

(7) "WAR" BATTALIONS.

ALTHOUGH issues had been made early in 1919 to battalions serving in France, it was not until the following July that Army Council Instruction No. 444 was promulgated, para. 1 of which reads:—

His Majesty the King has been graciously pleased to approve of the presentation of a silk Union Flag to each Service, Young Soldier, Graduated, and Garrison Battalion of the Regular Army; to each second and third line Territorial Force Battalion, to each T.F. unit which had served as Infantry, and which under its normal organization is not entitled to a guidon or colours, and to each Battalion of Overseas Troops, Rifle Battalions excepted, which has served abroad during the War.

Para. 2 gave His Majesty's further command "that these Flags which will represent the King's Colour were to be consecrated and granted all the Salutes and compliments authorized to be paid to Colours."

Para. 4 decreed that these "Flags remain the property of the State," and that on disbandment of a battalion or its otherwise ceasing to exist, they are to be "deposited in some sacred or public building" . . . "and are not to pass into the possession of, or to be handed over for custody to any private individual."

Fig. 1 shows these "Flags" as issued from Woolwich Arsenal under Vote 8 (Stores)—perfectly plain Unions save for the scarlet and gold fringe—borne on poles of the usual Colours dimensions but not so well finished off and having no brass shoe cap. A brass spear surmounts the pole.

Para. 6 of the A.C.I. gives permission for battalions to whom these Flags had been issued to have embroidered on them *at their own expense* the regimental titles and battalion numerals in accordance with the design approved for a King's Colour (*vide* Fig. 2).

At a later period, and although no Army Order on the subject was issued, the War Office decided that the Great War Battle Honours could also be added by units, provided sanction was first obtained from the Under-Secretary of State, War Office, to whom also permission to obtain the necessary Scrolls on repayment from the R.A.C.D., Pimlico, was to be addressed.

In the case of the Regiment, the cost of the 10 pairs of Honours so obtained is £9 7s. 2d.

The following is a short summary of those "Flags" issued to Battalions of the Regiment.

SERVICE BATTALIONS.

"Silk Unions" were issued to the 8th, 9th, 10th, 12th, and 13th Service Battalions; the 11th Battalion, never having been sent as a unit overseas, was not entitled to one. Those of the 9th and 13th Battalions were consecrated and presented whilst they were still in France.

On Saturday, 24th July, 1920, at a special parade held at the Depot Barracks, Halifax, the Colours for the 8th, 10th, and 12th Battalions were consecrated by the Venerable Archdeacon How, and presented to representative detachments of the Battalions by Lieutenant-General Sir Herbert Belfield, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., K.B.E., D.S.O., Colonel of The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Following the ceremony, the Colours (as well as those of the 9th and 13th Battalions which had been on parade) were marched to the Parish Church, where they were handed over to the Rev. Canon Burn, D.D., the Vicar, to be deposited in the Church for safe keeping.

Although each of the five Colours has the Battalion numeral in the top corner (as in Fig. 2), it is to be regretted that the Regimental title allowed by the A.C.I. appears on none of them.

TERRITORIAL BATTALIONS.

2/4TH BATTALION.—The "Union Flag" was presented to the Battalion in January, 1919, whilst still in France, by the G.O.C. 49th Division. It was deposited in Halifax Parish Church on Sunday, 10th September, 1922. Fig. 1 shows this Colour, which up to the present has had neither the Battalion number nor Regimental title placed on it.

2/5TH BATTALION.—The Colour for this Battalion was not received prior to its disbandment. It was handed over to the 5th Battalion by the Officer in Charge Infantry Records at York during the return journey from the annual camp at Whitby in 1921.

Fig. 2 shows the Colour with the Regimental Title and Battalion number added. It hangs in a specially constructed frame in Huddersfield Drill Hall.

2/6TH BATTALION.—The "Union flag" originally presented was totally destroyed by fire when Skipton Parish Church was struck by lightning on 7th April, 1925. It had been consecrated on Saturday, 14th April, 1923, at the Drill Hall by the Rev. R. S. Stoney (Rector of Skipton and at one period Chaplain to the 2/6th), and was then marched to the Parish Church and formally handed over to the Rector for safe keeping. It was replaced on repayment out of the church fire insurance money, and the new flag was consecrated at the Drill Hall and then deposited in the Parish Church on 27th June, 1926. A full account of the ceremony, which was similar to that of the original one, appeared on page 303, IRON DUKE, Vol. 2, No. 5.

The Colour, which resembles Fig. 1, has had neither the Battalion number nor the Regimental title placed on it.

2/7TH BATTALION.—The "Union Flag" of this Battalion was presented by Major-General H. R. Davies, C.B., Commanding the 49th (West Riding) Division (T.A.) on 3rd December, 1921, following consecration by the Rev. T. W. Hunt, C.F. The Colour was deposited in Slaithwaite Parish Church on Sunday, 1st March, 1925.

It, alone of all the Colours issued to War Battalions of the Duke of Wellington's Regiment under the A.C.I., has been fully embroidered as allowed; and now conforms in every detail (including the Lion and Crown in place of the spear head) to the standard pattern of a King's Colour for all Battalions of the Regiment. The Battalion number in this case has been worked "2/7"—*i.e.*, in ordinary Arabic instead of Roman figures.

None of the third line T.A. Battalions were eligible under the A.C.I. to receive this special flag.

With this instalment ends all I am able to tell about the various Stands of Colours issued to Battalions of the Regiment, but it is hoped that some day information may yet be forthcoming, possibly through some readers of the IRON DUKE (as in the case of the first Stand issued to the 76th Regiment, mentioned in our last issue) which will throw light on the missing links of the earlier Colours of the 33rd. I should like in conclusion to thank all those who have so kindly helped me in my task by supplying first-hand information, as well as photographs, thus enabling me to make the subject dealt with as complete as possible.

(Concluded)

J. A. C. G.

Thoughts on Sport.

RUGBY FOOTBALL.

AS I commence to put down a few of my thoughts of the last four months, the rugby season of 1928 is having its expiring Easter effort, and now the minds of many keen rugger players are thinking more of the small round hard ball than of the big oval one.

The English side came out at the top of the International tree with a clean record of five wins, including the Waratah match. This sounds as if they must have been an outstanding team, and some people argue that on account of their record they must have been, but I think that luck had a considerable say in the matter—anyway luck or no luck, it was a great season for England!

There has been a lot of talk this year about the filling of the position of scrum and stand-off half in the English side, and certain writers have kept on insisting that the selectors should discover a scrum half that would fit in with Laird; to my mind the job in hand should have been to find a stand-off half who could fit in with Arthur Young. It always appears to me most futile to compare the capabilities of a present-day player with one of a different era, and especially perhaps those of a scrum half, whose play is so "mixed up" with that of his stand-off partner, but if I was tempted to do so I should certainly compare Young with the outstanding players of the past.

Putting the ball into the scrum has been just as big a nuisance to players, referees, and onlookers as ever, and though there have been many suggestions how to overcome the nuisance, I do not think that a solution has yet been found. There has also been a lot of talk about the scoring value of the different kind of goals with relation to each other and to a try. This is a subject that will never be settled to the satisfaction of everybody, and it is therefore well for those who have the power to make changes to think well before they do so.

The 1927-28 season witnessed the bow of two great rugger personalities, W. W. Wakefield and T. H. Vile, and international football will probably see no more of either of them in the respective rôles of forward and referee; of course Wakefield may in future years be known as a great referee as well as a great forward. In both cases they leave a gap that it will be hard to fill. Wakefield was Wakefield, and at his best or even his second best was a power of strength on any side and a very pleasant power to watch, and I for one missed "something" in the English scrum when it turned out without him. Whenever one heard that Vile was to referee the game, one at once felt that an added pleasure was in store and that when the whistle was sounded, it would be unavoidable; it is difficult to give any greater praise. He was undoubtedly in the very first flight of referees.

When the last consignment of "Thoughts" was despatched to the Editorial Office in the wilds of North Wales I had the pleasure of congratulating the 1st Battalion on winning the Southern Cup; since then they have made a real good, though unfortunately unsuccessful effort to obtain possession of the Army Cup; they were beaten in the semi-final by 2 goals to 1 (10—5) by the King's Own Regiment, who in their turn lost (so I am informed, though I missed it in the papers) to the South Wales Borderers by a point or two. I think without being accused of favouritism we may say that the luck was not exactly with us; we lost our full back through concussion just after half-time, when the score was 5 all, and we were going very strong, and had to pull out an international forward to fill his place when we were getting the lion's share of the ball in the scrum, and so lost our superiority there as well as our back. It was a bit hard, but it's all in the game and I still have great pleasure in congratulating our 1st Battalion team on its 1927-28 Season.

In the Far East our 2nd Battalion have also been having an interesting and successful season. They certainly have not been letting the grass grow, at any rate, under their football feet, to my knowledge the team have been away to Sarawak (Miri), Penang,

Bangkok, and Saigon. I hear their only regret is that they cannot get home to take on the 1st Battalion team!

OLD STAGER.

HISTORY OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT.

(1st and 2nd Battalions, 1881—1923).

THE Regimental Committee intend in due course to publish an addenda and corrigenda to the Regimental History. With this object in view they request that any suggested amendments or any errors that may have been noted will be forwarded to the Hon. Secretary of the Committee (Major C. W. G. Ince, M.C., Littlecroft, West Clandon, nr. Guildford) as soon as possible, and at the latest by the 31st March, 1929.

Owing to the decision of the Committee to keep the selling price as low as possible, the cost of production has not yet been cleared off, although the sales to date have been very satisfactory. The Committee therefore hope that those who have not yet purchased a copy will support the issue by doing so, and thus enable the present deficit to be wiped out before the accounts are published. Any profit that may eventually arise from the sales will be credited to the fund for the provision of the much-required Memorial Chapel gates and screen.

The history is published in two editions, the de-luxe at 26/- post free, and a cheaper edition at two prices (a) to serving and ex-service members of the Regiment, other than officers, 6/- post free, (b) to ex-officers and others desirous of buying this edition, 12/6 post free. The issue of the cheap edition at 6/-, which is under cost price, has been made possible by the practical assistance received from the 1st and 2nd Battalions' funds, and from officers and friends of the Regiment, who have subscribed to the Production Fund. This fund is still open and anyone who is willing to help it, is asked to send their donation to the Hon. Treasurer. Subscribers of £2 2s. and upwards, will receive a de-luxe copy, and their names will be included in the addenda to be issued, so that they may be added to the list which already appears in an appendix to the history.

The Hon. Treasurer's address is:—Col. J. A. C. Gibbs, C.B., 40, Eaton Rise, Ealing, W.5.

Personalia.

We offer our congratulations to Major and Mrs. M. N. Cox on the birth of a daughter. Major Cox has recently been posted to the command of the Depot.

We also congratulate Major and Mrs. C. S. W. Rusbridger on the birth of a son at Up Park Camp, Jamaica, on 26th February, 1928. Major Rusbridger is G.S.O.2 on the staff of H.E. the Governor and C.-in-C. of Jamaica.

We offer our congratulations to Col. P. W. T. H. Wortham on his appointment as Inspector of Army Ordnance Services. Col. Wortham joined the Regiment in 1895, and transferred to the Ordnance as a captain in 1904.

We hear that Major and Mrs. H. W. W. Wood are in Toronto; they are disappointed at being away from their home in Devonport whilst the 1st Battalion are stationed there. We are glad to hear that their son, whose very severe motor accident early last year is the cause of their prolonged stay in Canada, is now sufficiently recovered to be able to propel himself about in a wheeled chair.

Some of our readers will remember Major "Tom" Wickham as a subaltern, when he was attached to the 1st Battalion in Ambala in 1911, prior to being posted to the Indian Army. We hear that he is in England, and was attached to the staff of H.M. the King of Afghanistan during the latter's visit to this country.

We recently heard from Capt. C. E. Naylor, whom many of our readers will remember as orderly room sergeant of the 2nd Battalion. Capt. and Mrs. Naylor have settled in Jersey and have taken to motoring as a hobby; they have done several interesting tours in France during the last few years, and are planning a trip to the battlefield area this summer.

SIMPLE DOGS.

(1) RAB.

Rab
Knocked at the Ante-Room-Door,
And said
May-I-come-in-and-sit-by-the-fire
Please.
A Man said
Well, as it's Christmas Eve and You and I
Are The-Only-Two-Not-On-Leave
Perhaps
Just this once
You may.
So Rab came-in-and-sat-by-the-fire
Smiling Contentedly.

Rab
Strolled-into-the-ante-room-and-sat-by-the-fire
Smiling Contentedly.
In stalked A Man Who
Without so much as a How-d'ye-do
To Rab
Rang the Bell.
Waiter, said He,
(A-Waiter-having-on-this-occasion-answered-
the-bell)
Remove that-er-dog
And tell the Mess Sergeant
That his owner is fined Half-A-Crown.

Well
Thought Rab
Because-he-was-much-too-polite-to-Say-it
Of all the Extra-ordinary
Incomprehensible
Irrational
Unreasonable
Inconsistent
Unsympathetic
Creatures
Give Me
Humans.

NEVOR.

A SPORTSMAN.

1. Plays the game for the game's sake.
 2. Plays for his side and not for himself.
 3. Is a good winner and a good loser—*i.e.*, is modest in victory and generous in defeat.
 4. Accepts all decisions in a proper spirit.
 5. Is chivalrous towards a defeated opponent.
 6. Is unselfish and always ready to help others to become proficient.
 7. As a spectator applauds good play on both sides.
 8. Never interferes with referees, umpires, or judges, no matter what their decisions.
- From Army Sports Handbooks.

Obituary.

We regret to have to record the following deaths :—

BLACKWELL.—On March 12th, 1928, at a Westminster nursing home, Major Francis Victor Blackwell, C.B.E., M.C., late 4th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, aged 38. Major Blackwell joined the 4th Battalion in July, 1915, and saw service with it in France, and was awarded the M.C. in September, 1916. In 1917 he served with the British Military Mission, and in 1919 was specially employed with the Canadian Mission in London, with the temporary rank of Major.

BURBERY.—On the 29th December, 1927, Mr. W. Burbery, late C.S.M. and Officers' Mess sergeant of the 1st Battalion. Mr. Burbery joined the details of the 1st Battalion at Mullingar in November, 1900. In early 1903 he went out with a draft of the 1st Battalion from York to join the 2nd Battalion in India. He was transferred to the 1st Battalion at Lebong when the 2nd came home in November, 1905. He was made Officers' Mess sergeant of the 1st Battalion in 1912, in place of Sgt. Wilkinson, who was appointed Instructor to the Australian Volunteer Forces, and he held this post until his discharge in January, 1923. He was a first-class Mess sergeant, and many friends of all ranks will be grieved to hear of his death at a comparatively early age.

ELLAM.—On the 11th February, 1928, at Greenfields, Meopham, Kent, after a long and trying illness, bravely born, Mary Ann Ellam, wife of Major A. Ellam, late Quartermaster of the 2nd Battalion, aged 60. Mrs. Ellam was married on the 2nd September, 1886, and joined the 2nd Battalion in Bermuda in March, 1887. She remained with the Battalion until the outbreak of the Great War in 1914, moving with it from station to station. On the departure of the 2nd Battalion for France, she remained with the married families in Portobello Barracks, Dublin, until the accommodation there was required in April, 1917. Mrs. Ellam thus had a long connection of 30 years with the Regiment, during which she made a host of friends.

EXSHAW.—On the 16th March, 1927, Mr. W. Exshaw, late 2nd Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Mr. Exshaw joined the 2nd Battalion on 24th November, 1886, and served with it in Halifax, N.S., and Bermuda, retiring in 1891. The news of his death has only just reached us.

GORDGE.—On the 6th January, 1928, at West Norwood, Mr. W. H. Gorge, late Officers' Mess sergeant, 1st Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment, and canteen manager, the Tower of London. Mr. Gorge joined the Regiment at the Depot in 1886, and remained there till the return of the 1st Battalion to England in 1889, when he joined it. He was later appointed Mess sergeant of the Officers' Mess, which post he held until his discharge to pension in 1907.* Older members of the 1st Battalion will remember what an excellent Mess caterer he was and what a familiar character he became in the Battalion. He served throughout the South African War and proved himself as good a caterer on service as in peace time. He was seldom at a loss to keep the Mess well supplied, even under the great difficulties of long marches without transport and short rations. An example of his foresight and sense of humour is illustrated in the following incident. After a particularly trying day, some days after all the Mess whiskey had ostensibly been finished, he produced a bottle of it which he pretended he had discovered hidden in the (now extinct) Mess stores. His strict attention to Mess etiquette, especially where newly-joined subalterns were concerned, was not the least of his good qualities as a Mess sergeant. He was a staunch supporter of the Old Comrades' Association, and his loss is keenly felt by the members.

* We are not quite certain of the accuracy of these dates, which we have been unable to verify.

HAYDEN.—On February 27th, 1928, at 7 Albemarle Villas, Stoke, Devonport, Henrietta Grace Lambert, wife of Lt.-Col. F. A. Hayden, who formerly commanded the 2nd Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. Mrs. Hayden had borne with fortitude many years of ill-health, and latterly had undergone a severe operation.

TAYLOR.—On March 5th, 1928, at Myrtle Grove, Golcar, near Huddersfield, Colonel Robert Taylor, T.D., late Commanding 7th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment (West Riding), the beloved husband of Hannah Taylor, in his 43rd year. A correspondent has sent us the following appreciation :—

On 16th February, 1928, Lt.-Col. R. Taylor, T.D., relinquished command of the 7th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment ; on 5th March, 1928, Brevet Colonel R. Taylor, T.D., died ; thus by a tragic coincidence there are recorded in this same issue of the IRON DUKE his retirement, his promotion, and his death.

Colonel Taylor was commissioned as 2nd Lt. in the 7th West Riding Regiment in 1908, and from that moment devoted himself whole-heartedly to " A " Company and to the Territorial movement in Golcar and Milnsbridge. He was promoted Lieutenant in 1909 and Captain in 1910, which rank he held at the outbreak of war. He mobilized with the Battalion in August, 1914, was with it during its training in England, and went abroad with it. During his long spell in France, which extended, with occasional breaks due to illness, till the end of 1917, he spent a considerable time as second in command of the Battalion ; but he will best be remembered as the officer commanding " A " Company, and his happiest recollections were of the early part of the war, while he still had under his command substantially the same company as he had taken out in April, 1915.

Immediately after the war he was able, as Adjutant, to render splendid service to the Battalion during the inevitable difficulties of re-formation ; in 1924 he took command, and during the four years which followed, the Battalion so prospered in strength, in shooting, in sport, and in its work at camp that practically all Col. Taylor's ambitions were realised before the end of his period of command.

At the last camp, at Catterick, those officers who were most closely in touch with him, remarked on his lack of energy, and on his readiness to accept an order or a situation without that quick reaction to it which one had learnt to expect. This, it is now clear, was the first effect of the disease which was so soon to sap his strength and bring to an end, at the early age of 42, a life which still seemed full of promise for the future.

In his death we have all to mourn the loss of one who displayed in exceptional measure the business-like outlook, the capacity for hard work, the gift of natural leadership, the independence, the loyalty and the comradeship which one would wish to associate with the ideal of a Territorial officer. Long may his memory live to be a help and an inspiration to coming generations of Territorial officers.

TOWER.—On the 11th April, 1928, in a motor cycle accident in London whilst returning to Yorkshire on completion of his Easter holiday, 2nd Lt. C. H. N. Tower, 6th Battalion The Duke of Wellington's Regiment. 2nd Lt. Tower was the son of the London Editor of the *Yorkshire Post*, and was born on 28th October, 1907. He was gazetted to the 6th Battalion on 28th June, 1927. The Adjutant of the Battalion writes :—" The Battalion has sustained a severe loss in his death. He showed promise well above the average, and had a delightful disposition. His untimely end is most keenly felt by all ranks.

In reference to the obituary notice, on page 73 of our last issue, of the late Brig.-Gen. C. L. Smith, V.C., M.C., a correspondent has sent us the following appreciation, which appeared in the *Times* :—

The Imperial Camel Corps was formed in April, 1916. Its *personnel* were officers and men transferred from various Yeomanry, Australian Light Horse, and New Zealand Mounted Rifle regiments, very few of whom had ever ridden a camel or been in the desert in their lives. General Smith was its

commandant, and afterwards, when it became a brigade, its brigadier, until the brigade was disbanded in 1918, on the conclusion of hostilities in that part of Palestine where it could be usefully employed. He led the brigade in every action in which it was engaged; the long list of engagements can be seen on the plinth of the Memorial to the Corps in Victoria Gardens. The whole of the original *personne* was trained by him at the depot at Abbasia, and subsequent recruits under his close supervision, through the agency of Col. R. V. Buxton, D.S.O., and Lord Winterton.

Leslie Smith was the founder, the leader, the inspiration of the I.C.C. His task was one of great difficulty, not only because never before had there been so large a Camel Corps Force composed, with one small exception, of British and Australasian *personnel*, but because of the intermingling of men from three countries and a score of regiments. Leslie Smith overcame these difficulties triumphantly by personal popularity, charm, courage, and tact, together with a knowledge of the possibilities of desert warfare which was almost uncanny. Indeed, those who have served under both men would agree that he was fit to be compared with Lawrence himself in this respect. Nor does the resemblance end there. Like Lawrence, he combined an apparent indifference to heat, cold, hunger, thirst, and fatigue, when he was in the desert, with a kind of undergraduate sense of humour and love of adventure, provided it was both dangerous and unusual.

Many of us felt he should have been given a division when the brigade was disbanded, because Smith, in addition to the qualities enumerated above, was a very fine soldier in the orthodox sense of the term, with a long experience of staff work. But it was not to be, for the reason, possibly, that the I.C.C. was regarded by authority as a "rough and ready" and rather "Bashi-Bazouk" organization. Though he never gave a hint of this, it is probable that disappointment, added to the mental and physical strain of long, continuous service on frontiers and in deserts, was the main cause of his breakdown in health four or five years ago, from which he never fully recovered. His memory will be cherished with deep affection by every one of the members of the old I.C.C. in two continents.

A correspondent has sent us the following:—"The many ex-prisoners of war of the Regiment who were interned in Holland will learn with deep regret of the death, at the age of 21, of the eldest son, 'Alex,' of Baron A. de Heeckeren de Kell—the ever kind and courteous Commandant of the British interned at The Hague—which occurred on 6th March last, as a result of a fall from his horse while serving with the Dutch Horse Artillery. Although only a lad at the time (1918), this young officer took the greatest interest in all the sports and other interests of the British interned, on whose behalf we offer our sincere condolences to Baron and Baroness de Heeckeren de Kell and their family."

Reviews.

THE JOURNAL OF THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION, February, 1928.—This number is noteworthy for the attention given to the subject of mechanization, whose problems are considered in several lectures and articles. Col. C. F. N. Broad contributes a stimulating paper on "A Mechanized Formation"; Major H. C. H. Eden writes on "A Mobile Light Division"; and Capt. R. Hilton, in discussing "Fire Power or Armour," concludes that "Mechanization will restore the scope for generalship which was lost during the war, provided that we do not destroy its value by weighing down our armies with useless armour." One of the most memorable articles is that on "Commerical Air Routes," by Air Vice-Marshal Sir Sefton Brancker. After a full description, with maps, of the existing British and foreign air routes, the writer urges the wisdom of a subsidy to enable us to develop commercial aviation. We have the material, the pilots, and the mechanics; but in our small island, with its good railways and bad climate, we have less incentive to fly than the big Continental countries. "Thus, more than any other nation, we must help the growth of this young industry—artificially if necessary." One reason why we ought to be in the front rank in all matters connected with aviation is that "commerical air transport can bring the scattered units of the Empire closer together, and facilitate administration, co-operation, and mutual understanding."

In lighter vein are Admiral Sir R. F. Phillimore's reminiscences of "Naval Traditions"; and those who may not know the origin of the present system of "physical jerks" will be interested in Major A. C. Amy's account of its evolution, in 1813, by the famous Swede, Per Henrik Ling, and its adoption and adaptation in this country twenty-one years ago. Then there is a short plea by Professor Eric Shepherd against the overlapping of the activities of Service institutes and philanthropic bodies. As he points out, the N.A.A.F.I. undertakes to provide the whole of the material requirements of the Services, and at the same time to save the purse of the service man. Philanthropic bodies should not encroach on this, but confine themselves to their own spheres—his social and religious welfare.

A paper on Empire Settlement and Imperial Defence ; a full and informative account of the International Situation ; Navy, Army, and Air Notes ; and reviews of books, complete a very interesting number of this outstanding periodical.

THE JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY OF ARMY HISTORICAL RESEARCH, January, 1928, contains "The Adventures of Benjamin Miller," during his service in the 4th Battalion Royal Artillery, from 1796 to 1815. This is a straightforward and entertaining diary, rather reminiscent of that of Sgt. Bourgeois, which was reviewed in our last number. Miller began life as a page-boy, and though he never went to school, he somehow picked up a good education, and was at all events well grounded in the Scriptures. We find him tackling the Roman priests and friars in Minorca on the subject of Confession and Absolution, giving texts with chapter and verse in support of his arguments, which he clinches by saying : "Before I would give a priest a shilling to confess me, I would go and spend it in a halter to hang him."

He enlisted in 1795, and volunteered for Gibraltar, about which he breaks into verse :

"How hard is the soldier's lot
That is transported to that barren Rock,
To be tormented by bugs and fleas
And do hard duty on pork and peas."

Here he suffered from fever and was in hospital for fourteen weeks. "Was given up by seven doctors, but by God's help deceived them all."

He went to Egypt, and has some lively impressions to relate of that country. "On the 5th (June, 1801) we passed two villages, surrounded by mud walls. As we came nigh them we heard a great noise, much like the noise of turkey cocks, but as we came nearer we perceived it to be some hundreds of women's heads, looking over the walls, warbling [? wobbling] their tongues in a very ridiculous manner—their fashion of saluting us, so we displayed our Colours and the bands were ordered to play." Another entry runs : "Went to a village to buy milk. . . . The women all ran away as soon as they saw us, which did not grieve us much, for they are quite frightful. . . . They are marked on the chin, cheeks, nose, forehead, and arms, with Indian ink, and look more like blue-faced monkeys than human beings."

In 1804 he was promoted to bombardier, and in 1808 took part in the Retreat to Corunna. Of this he gives a full and remarkably accurate account, as can be seen by comparison with the despatch of Col. John Harding (who commanded the Artillery of Sir John Moore's Army), which is here inserted in the "Journal." Our hero had the distinction of being addressed by Sir John Moore on the very day of his death : "We continued firing until Generals Moore and Baird, who were standing by the gun which I commanded, came and looked over the wheel of the gun with a spy-glass, and said to me : 'Don't fire any more, Artillerymen, for I don't think it will come to a general engagement to-day.' But he found to the contrary, for he was killed by a French cannon ball that evening, and General Baird's arm was shot off."

After his discharge in 1815, Benjamin, we are told, returned to his native village, and lived there till he was eighty-eight. His diary is well worth reading throughout, and forms an attractive feature in this number of the "Journal."

Another item which should be of interest to the Regiment is an article on "The War Medals of the Ross Family," with a picture of General Sir John Ross, G.C.B., who was the General at Halifax, Nova Scotia, when the 2nd Battalion were stationed there.

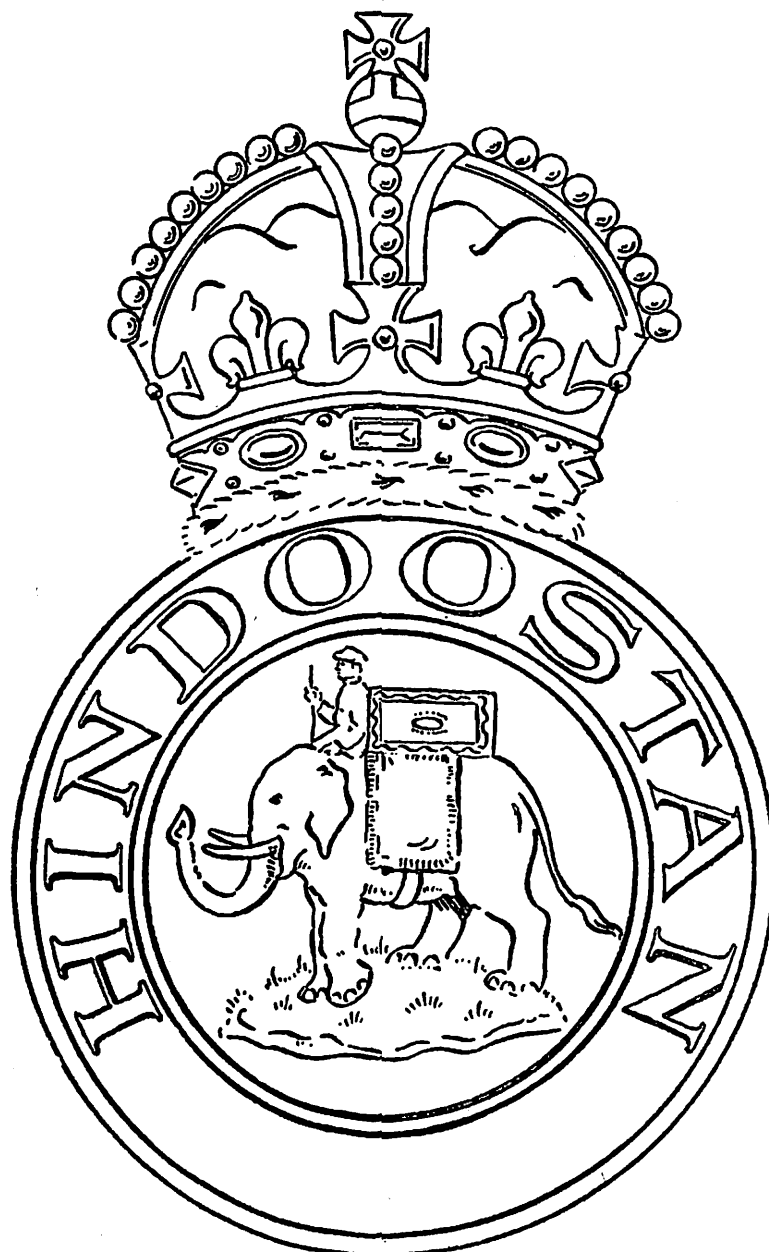
"MIDDLEBROW."

Our Contemporaries.

We have to acknowledge with thanks the following regimental journals :—*The Covenanter* (March), *The Tiger and Sphinx* (March), *The Dragon* (January, February, March, April), *The Snapper* (January, February, March, April), *The Bugle* (January, February, March), *The Light Bob* (January, April), *The Argyllshire Highlanders' News* (December, 1927), *The Suffolk Regimental Gazette* (September, December, 1927), also the *Journal of the Society of Army Historical Research* (January).

Notices.

THE NAVY, ARMY AND AIR FORCE INSTITUTES' SPORTS CATALOGUE (Summer, 1928).—This full illustrated catalogue contains a comprehensive list of sports gear of every description. Cricket gear takes pride of place and occupies some nine pages of the 36, while tennis, golf, athletics, squash, and other games and sports are well represented. A page is also devoted to children's toys. Those who wish to make a personal selection of sports goods can do so at the Sports Department of the N.A.A.F.I. at White Hart Street, Lower Kennington Lane, London, S.E.11.

The Regimental Badge.

Enlarged Sketch of the New Badge approved by H.M. The King, shewing the actual size it will appear on future issues of Regimental Colours.

War Office Notes.**DEATH OF FIELD-MARSHAL THE EARL HAIG.**

2nd February, 1928.

The Army Council, on the melancholy occasion of the death of Field-Marshal the Earl Haig, K.T., G.C.B., O.M., G.C.V.O., K.C.I.E., D.C.L., LL.D., Colonel, Royal Horse Guards, 17th/21st Lancers and King's Own Scottish Borderers, desire to place on record their sense of the heavy loss which the Army and the Empire have sustained. The late Field-Marshal had already served in many campaigns with great distinction and had held high appointments where he had had opportunities of training troops whom he subsequently commanded in the Great War. As Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force in France and Flanders, he bore through four long years the heaviest burden which has ever been carried by a British soldier in the history of the Empire. He led the forces of the Empire to victory and placed his countrymen under a debt of gratitude which is fully acknowledged now and will, the Council are persuaded, be no less fully recognized by succeeding generations.

Always studious of the welfare of the troops under his command in the field, since the war he devoted without stint his time and great energy to promoting the interests of those who had risked their employment, their health, and their lives in the service of the King.

He has left to the Army an imperishable memory and to the Empire a glorious example.

MACHINE GUNNER SKILL-AT-ARMS BADGES.

27th March, 1928.

A skill-at-arms badge is to be awarded to the best machine gunner, in Part II. of the annual machine gun course among the lance-corporals and troopers or privates in each machine gun squadron, company or platoon of the Regular and Territorial armies.

ALL-BRITISH PENTATHLON CHAMPIONSHIPS.

29th March, 1928.

Permission has been given by the War Office to officers and other ranks, with approval of their Commanders-in-Chief, to take part in the All-British Modern Pentathlon Championships for the purpose of finding a team to represent Great Britain at the Olympic Games at Amsterdam. The Commander-in-Chief, Aldershot Command, has given consent for the All-British Championships to be held at Aldershot on May 20th and 22nd. This championship is open to amateur civilians as well as all the Services. The conditions of the competition are as follows:—

Revolver shooting (rapid fire at 28 yards, 20 shots in four series of five each at standing silhouette).

Swimming, 330 yards (free style).

Sword Fencing (Epee).

Riding (3 miles 200 yards across country, natural and artificial obstacles).

Running (cross country, 2½ miles with natural obstacles).

Each competitor has to compete in all events. The competitor who comes out best in all events is the winner; he will receive a challenge cup, which he will hold for a year, also a medal. Medals will be given to all competitors who attain certain standards in the events.

As it may be necessary to hold eliminating competitions in various military centres, any intending competitor, other than those serving in His Majesty's Arms, should communicate immediately with the Hon. Secretary, Capt. W. P. Bradley-Williams, D.S.O., Chief Instructor, Army School of Physical Training, Aldershot.

ASSOCIATIONS FOR ASSISTING SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

31st March, 1928.

A list of organisations for the assistance of serving and ex-service officers, men, women, and their dependants has been compiled by the War Office and published by His Majesty's Stationery Office (price 6d.). The Army organizations, which include Regimental Associations, Old Comrades' Associations, War Memorial Funds and other charities, number approximately 250; and, in addition, there are some 40 organizations devoted to the interests of naval officers and men, nurses who have been employed in military hospitals, former members of the Women's Legion, and others. Requests for further information or enquiries should be addressed to the Under-Secretary of State (C.1), The War Office London, S.W.1.

INFORMATION PAGE.

Dates of Publication. Binding.

The Magazine is published in February, June, and October. Annual subscriptions, including postage, 3/-, payable on or before 1st February. Single copies 1/3, post free.

Those who desire to have their copies of the IRON DUKE bound should send them to Messrs. W. H. Bessell & Co., 2 St. Augustine's Parade, College Green, Bristol, with whom arrangements for binding have been made. They will be bound in yearly volumes at 5/- per volume, including postage. The following instructions, etc., should be enclosed :—

(a) Name and address of sender ; (b) postal order at rate of 5/- per volume ; (c) any extra instructions that it may be desired to give the binder.

The books will be bound in red linen stiff board covers, gold blocked on back edge, and printed in black on front of cover, in the same manner as the Magazine.

The advertisements will be removed.

Indexes.

Yearly Indexes for 1925, 1926, and 1927 are with the binder. They can also be obtained free from the Business Manager by those who desire to bind privately.

Back Numbers. Requests.

Back numbers can be obtained from the Business Manager at 1/3 per copy, including postage. These can be sent direct to the binder if desired.

The Editor would like :—

- (i) More light articles, stories, and personal notes.
- (ii) Strict observance of the date for contributions, which for No. 10 is 15th August. Punctuality in this respect helps him immensely.
- (iii) Subscribers to show the IRON DUKE to any old members of the Regiment who are not subscribers.

The Treasurer would like :—

- (i) All subscribers who have not paid their 1928 subscription to do so and thus save reminders. Subscriptions are now four months overdue.
- (ii) All subscribers who have banking accounts to use the form at the bottom of the page ; it saves both them and him much trouble.
- (iii) All old members of the Regiment to become subscribers

The Advertising Manager would like :—

MORE ADVERTISEMENTS.

Addresses.

All communications should be addressed as follows :—

Contributions and correspondence on Editorial matters—

TO THE EDITOR (LT.-COL. M. V. le P. TRENCH), LLWYN-CELYN, PENNAL, MACHYNLLETH, N. WALES.

Subscriptions and correspondence on business matters—

TO THE TREASURER AND BUSINESS MANAGER (BRIG.-GEN. P. A. TURNER), KILSYTH, STOREY'S WAY, CAMBRIDGE.

Advertisements and correspondence on this subject—

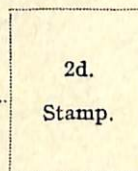
TO THE ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER (MAJOR L. E. PALMER), 43 QUEEN'S ROAD, CLIFTON, BRISTOL.

THE IRON DUKE.

(INSERT YOUR) To..... Date.....
(BANKER'S NAME)

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